

BMWClub



RA CHARTER #273

Officers

President

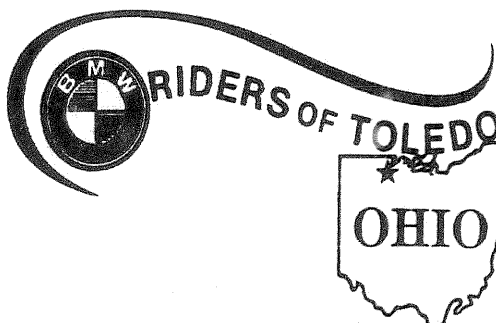
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Port Clinton, Ohio 43452
419-732-3407

Secretary

Jim Hale
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Road Captain

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Rossford, Ohio 43460
419-265-8144



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April, 2005

Inside this Newsletter

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- The April meeting will be held Saturday, April 9th at the home of Delbert Schwab. The address is 6116 Navarre, Oregon, Ohio 43618
Eat at 11:00, Meeting at 12:00. Ride afterwards.

- * Meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month with the exception of a club function.

- * For more information, contact any club officer or go to our website at:
www.bmwridersoftoledo.org

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MOA CHARTER #16

Officers

Vice-President

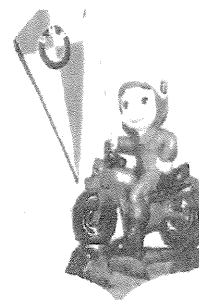
Ron Berry
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Treasurer

Sonja Litalien
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Sylvania, Ohio 43560
419-882-2943

Webmaster

Wade Kemp
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Bowling Green, Oh 43402
419-352-0866



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BMW RIDERS OF TOLEDO April, 2005

Minutes For January 2005

The BMW Riders of Toledo Club Meeting was called to order at 7:15PM. Eleven members were present including the following officers: Daryl Apple, President; Ron Berry, Vice President; Gary Haydel, Road Captain; and Wade Kemp, Webmaster.

Vice Presidents Report

Ron Berry contacted the Toussaint Tavern regarding the 2006 Annual Banquet. The Toussaint Tavern said that they could provide an all you can eat buffet with 2 meats for \$10.95 or 3 meats for \$11.95. Meat would be a choice of: ham, bbq ribs, Swiss steak, quartered chicken. The buffet would include the meats, one vegetable and one potato. The quoted cost would NOT include any beverages, dessert, or the tip. Assorted desserts can be provided for an additional \$2.50 per person. You can begin at 4PM and the restaurant closes at 10PM. They need the prepaid reservation 2 weeks in advance. There would be no refunds if you pay for a reservation and do not show up. Gary Haydel mentioned that the "pay ahead" requirement may adversely affect attendance. Ron said that the Toussaint Tavern would not accept reservations until about a month before the event was scheduled. Gary said he would like to lock in a date so that people can put it on their calendars. Frank Crawford motioned (Wade Kemp seconded) that the 2006 Annual Banquet be held on Saturday, January 14, 2006, with dinner served at 6PM. Nine were in favor, one abstained, Gary neighed. Motion carried. Gary mentioned that Reynolds Gardens was another possible location that had been suggested but that he did not have any information regarding pricing. Julie Schwartz mentioned that the American Legion was also suggested as a possible location. Gary recommended waiting until the next meeting to vote on the Annual Banquet location and hopefully more members will be present at that time. Al Basting said that anyone who has a different suggestion for the location of the Annual Banquet needs to come to the next meeting prepared to give all the relevant information such as: the type of food served, the type of banquet accommodations the restaurant has, the pricing information, the hours, etc. Everyone agreed with this. The club will vote on the Annual Banquet location at the next meeting. If there are no other fully researched options presented, then a vote will be taken regarding the Toussaint Tavern. If the Toussaint Tavern is chosen,

then discussion will be held regarding the number and type of meats for the buffet. Ron Berry said that "The Pit" now has hot water showers so you might want to consider this as a possible location for the Fall Campout this year or the Spring Campout next year. (Suggested in case club members want to avoid the new State Park \$5 parking fees.)

Secretary's Report

(Secretary not present)

Al moved (Gary seconded) that the minutes from last month's meeting be accepted. Motion carried with only a neigh from Gary.

Treasurer Report

Sonja Litalien called to say that she had to work late but gave Daryl the Treasurer's Report. The beginning balance was \$758.73. \$130 income. \$76.18 expenses (postage, copies, \$10 to MOA). Current checking balance is \$737.49, cash \$58.06, total \$795.55. Sonja also mentioned that 12 or 13 people haven't paid their dues yet. Wade motioned (Al seconded) that the Treasurer's Report be accepted as read. Motion carried with only a neigh from Gary.

Road Captain

Gary mentioned that he was down in Nashville two weeks ago and he rode down to Shelbyville where the 2005 RA Rally will be held. He said the fairgrounds are very nice and that the riding is great. Nashville is only an hour away from Shelbyville. There is a Best Western located across from the fairgrounds. There are hotels close around - lots of fast food. They have a nice arena. Delbert said that the RA website has local hotels listed on it. Gary said that Bloodworth will be on hand for minor repairs at the Rally but will trailer any major problems back to the shop. Gary thinks this will be a pretty good Rally. Lima Rally - Ron mentioned that the rumor is that the Lima area hotels are tripling their rates during the Rally. He also said that Roger from the Cleveland Club is in charge of security and they need volunteers. Plus remember that our Club volunteered for cleanup on Sunday.

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Old Business

Daryl said that the thank you cards were mailed out to Re-Psyche and Schiets for the donations for the 2005 Annual Banquet. John Meese is organizing a mini rolling rally to Southeastern Ohio on May 13, 14 & 15. Contact John for more information.

Jim Hale would like people to submit articles for the newsletter.

New Business

Vintage Days is July 15-17. Volunteers are needed to set up air walls and will get free passes and free camping starting on Wednesday night.

Superbike Weekend at Mid Ohio is July 22-24 which is the same weekend as the MOA Rally in Lima. MOA Rally in Lima is July 21-24.

Ron Berry would like to organize some Sunday morning rides for people that are interested. He wants to meet for breakfast and then go out for a ride. Some suggested starting points were: Cozy Corners in Oak Harbor, Maggie's, Charlie's, The Edgewood, Cousins in Grand Rapids... Everyone expressed interest so dates were set up. The rides will be held on the 1st and 3rd Sundays, meeting at 8:30AM. The first ride will be: April 17, meeting at The Edgewood (east of BG on RT 6) at 8:30AM. The second ride will be on May 1, meeting at Cousins (same as Family Affair) in Grand Rapids at 8:30AM. Meeting and riding, rain or shine!!

Delbert brought and shared an article about bike sales being up!

50/50 Raffle – Total in pot = \$44. Bart won \$22 in the raffle with his double arm length ticket purchase!!

Frank motioned (Wade seconded) to adjourn the meeting.

President's Message

Ok, that's it! I can't stand it any more! I ran out of antifreeze, I ran out of oil and now I'm stalled on finishing the winter maintenance because no motorcycle shops are open on Sunday. I could have the K75RT back together in an hour if I wasn't out of supplies. At least the weather isn't good, so if it's not finished it really doesn't matter. I guess I could ride one of the other bikes instead. Speaking of riding, today is the first day of spring, March 20, 2005. They say if March comes like a "LION" it goes out like a "LAMB". I never really know who "They" are, but "They" seem to know a lot. If it holds true, the end of the month should be awesome, because the beginning ..., well you know.

I've been a member of the BMWMOA for about 14 years and this is the first time I can remember the BMW ON actually announcing the rally site over a year in advance. If you missed it see page 94 of the magazine. It will be July 20-24, 2006, in the Champlain Valley Exposition Center in Burlington, VT. I've been through Vermont several times and I must say the riding and scenery are FANTASTIC! I sure hope we can make it.

The weather is slowly improving and maybe if we're all lucky we can ride to the next meeting. Take special notice it will be on Saturday, April 9, 2005, at Delbert and Julie's home. You can start showing up about 11:00 am and we'll have the meeting at 12:00 noon. Then Delbert promises to have on exhilarating ride through the mountains near his home. I believe we may ride around the sledding hill in Maumee Bay State Park. Delbert also promises to pay the \$5.00 parking fee the state is now charging. Maybe we should tell them we're only riding through - since we aren't parking we shouldn't have to pay!

That is all, Daryl Apple, President

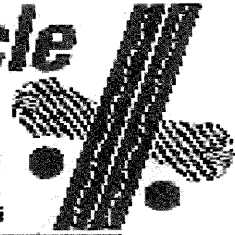
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 Summer hours: M-W-F 10:00 to 6:00
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 Closed Sunday & Monday

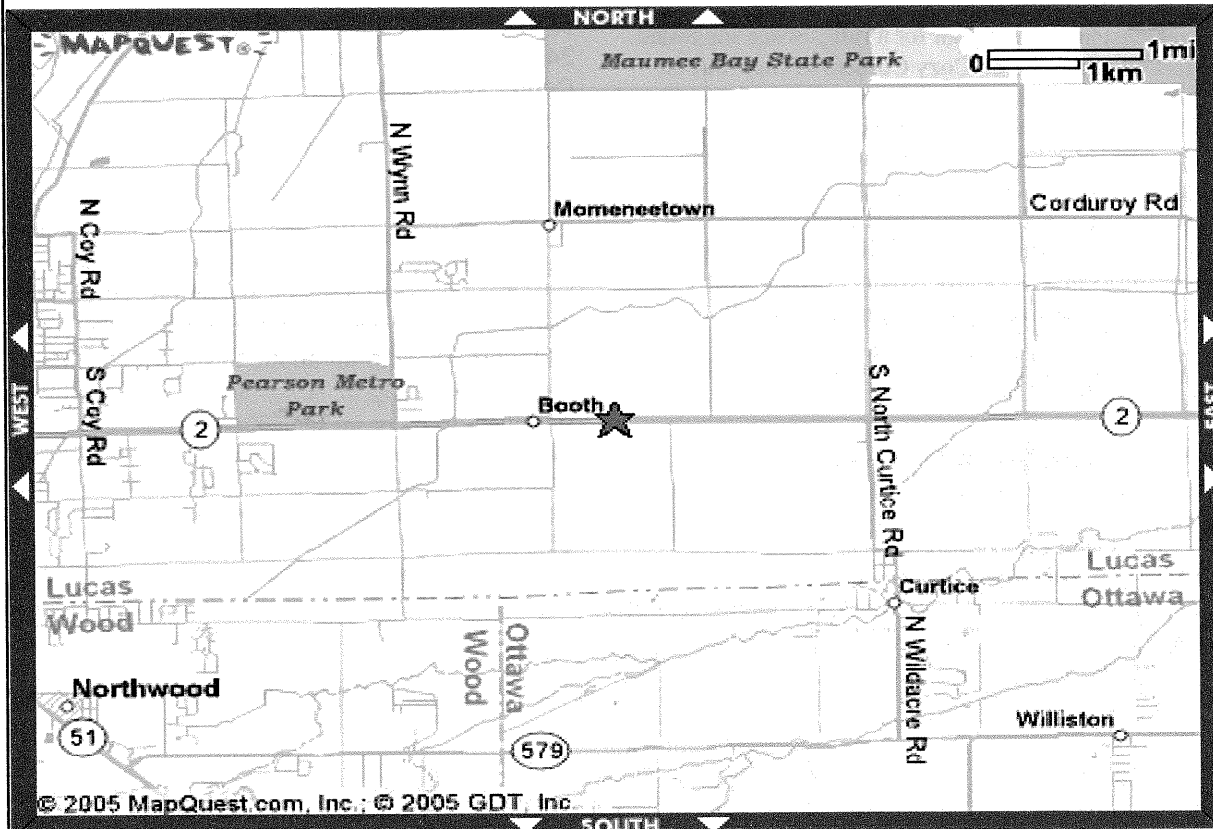
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Certified BMW Technician (Eric Knapf) on Staff
 Please Call Kathy for an Appointment at
 419-332-9902

Directions: Take the Ohio Turnpike to Exit 6 (Fremont). Take SR32
 south just past the traffic light at W. Main and Lucas's (on your right)
 take SR32 west and get off at the very next exit (Stone Street/Oak Harbor
 Road), at the K-34 exit sign. Go left (ac) at the traffic light off ramp. Take a

- Map to home of Delbert Schwab. Site of February meeting- 6116 Navarre Ave, Oregon, Ohio 43618



Big Shot

by Mark Nicholas

I pulled the bike into the parking lot at the Big Boy restaurant where I had agreed to meet Henry Vickers. I sold him on the interview by telling him my article would boost his business, free advertising etc. *Desperate people will believe almost anything*, I thought to myself. I finished my cigarette and when in. My hostess guided me to a booth of orange vinyl with a brown laminate table. The usual condiments huddled by the wall like happy food toys. "I'm Debbie, I'll be your waitress!" A middle weight 19 year old girl piped at me. "Hello Debbie, I'll just have a cup of coffee" I said with a huge grin. Debbie's expression adjusted to a frown. "Are you sure?" "Yes hon" I said as she scurried away. I lifted my sunglasses to the top of my forehead so I could check out the glamorous food pictures on the ledger size menu Debbie had left me.

I happen to glance out the window in time to see a man kick the rear wheel of my bike. I involuntarily flinched. *It's just a tire, just a tire* I thought. *Your tire did fall off the bike once though.* The man shuffled across the parking lot to entrance. I stood up as the man approached. Late 50's; very worn Dockers; white tee shirt with a flannel unbuttoned shirt over the well deserved pot belly. I listened to the unmistakable sound of his flip flops as he ambled toward me. His disheveled gray hair was sculpted in a style that said he was a life time member of the Elvis fan club. "You Mark, the reporter?" he asked thrusting out his hand. "I'm Mark, but I'm just a writer, you must me Henry right?" "Yep, Henry Vickers, Big Top Artillery" he said handing me a dirty Business card. He gazed at my bike through the window. I knew he was going to give the proverbial statement before he opened his mouth. My mind screamed, *No, et tu Henry!*

"I didn't know BMW made motorcycles". "Yes, they do" I said smiling. Oh, I could have given the history lesson about the aircraft engine, explaining the roundel, but it had become redundant. Besides, what's the result when you enlighten people on the subject? They look at you with glassy eyes like a dumb cow and say "Hum". You can't blame people though. It has no bearing on *their* lives. Just a useless piece of trivia. I could have said, *You got me Henry! It's a Vespa! I just put some BMW stickers on it for a goof!* Nobody likes a wise cracker. So I just said "yes", keeping it *simple by choice*.

"So you shoot people out of a circus cannon Henry? Or do *you* get shot out of it? Explain the business to me" I said. Henry swirled his spoon around in the ice of his water glass as if he were fishing for a diamond. "I contract with county fairs, or any big event for a shot. Well, basically anyone that can come up with \$700 dollars for one shot, an additional \$200 for any shots thereafter. I have an assistant, Mandi that is the *star* of the show," Henry said with a distant look in his blue eyes. "You shoot a woman out of the cannon?" I inquired. "Yeah, well she's just a young girl, 22. When I met her she was a wire walker for Bailey Circus. She didn't do the high wire act though. You know the kind, about 15 feet high between 2 poles. The height is not important though. It's rather you can walk the wire. Mandi has been with me about a year. I bill her as *The Lovely Katrina*, Henry said, opening and closing his baseball mitt size hand in the air as if he were spelling her name in lights.

I settled the bill and we walked out to the parking lot where Henry had parked his truck with the mounted cannon. A tired looking 2 ton Ford truck with a flat bed sat waiting. The 25 foot cannon loomed over the top of the cab of

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the truck. The 36 inch bore cannon was fixed to the back of the flat bed on a pivoting hydraulic base that raised and lowered the barrel. A four cylinder air compressor motor was mounted behind the cab which fed a 10 foot air tank that ran along the side of the truck. I *assumed* it held air. It looked like a butane tank that you might see in someone's backyard. Seeing someone shot from the barrel using ignited butane would be well worth the ticket price. It would be like watching a flaming marsh mallow streak across the night sky to the oohs' and ahs' of the crowd.

"What do you think" Henry said grinning with his hands on his hips. "You did say you would like to try being shot from it didn't you?" I was speechless and swallowed hard. "Ah, well" I mumbled. Henry bellowed a Santa laugh as we climbed in the truck and headed out Highway 20 towards Luckey Ohio. "Should I bring my helmet Henry?" I asked. "No, I got a costume for you to wear that has a head cover" Henry said. My mind reeled with the idea of a costume. *What kind of costume? Barney the Dinosaur? The San Diego Chicken would be more appropriate.* On the way to Luckey I listened to Henry (over the whine of the truck's transmission) explain the finer points of ballistics; arc of descent; weight of the projectile (me), and other factors of artillery. The record for human cannon ball flight is 185 feet 10 inches that is held by some Romanian dude. (who later was killed by completely missing the net in 1991) Neither the mundane scenery of N.W. Ohio, or the crisp spring morning could quell my apprehension as we rolled along.

We pulled into the driveway of a farm with a large pole barn and a 60 foot trailer parked adjacent to it. A chimney stood on blacken ground where a farmhouse had once been. We enter the trailer to the background noise of the TV. Dr. Phil, (the daddy of America) was giving instructions in common sense and how to apply it in our lives. The living room/kitchen was wood paneled with several 8X10's of strangers. "That ones of Mandi when she was with the Chicago Ballet" Henry said. I turned to see a young woman waddling down the hallway, skirting the 52 inch TV. Her brunette pig tails danced pass her shoulders. She was walking on the heels of her feet with tissues stuffed between her toes. The Pink sweat pants and tube top matched the blush that was rising in her cheeks at the embarrassment of her awkward situation. "The lovely Katrina I presume" I said smiling. "Mark-Mandi, Mandi-Mark" Henry interjected. Her arms frayed as she stepped backward than forward keeping her balance. A cigarette in one hand, a nail polish applicator in the other. Her tiny hand fell into mine like an orchid. Soft, cool and fragrant. The nail polish applicator placed a pink wet kiss on the inside of my wrist, but she didn't notice. "Nice to meet you" she spoke in an elfin voice. She had those beyond blue gray eyes. Hypnotic like an alien ocean. I was awakened from my stupor by Henry rattling a spray paint can. "Find him a costume Mandi. I'll move the truck" he said.

I follow Mandi to a bedroom down the hall where she began rummaging through a closet. She threw a shiny silver suit on the bed. "I know it looks small but it's spandex; it stretches." Mandi giggled. Is he really serious about wearing this?" I asked. "Yeah, something to do with the aerodynamics" she said leaving the room, closing the door behind her. The suit looked like a flat dead alien complete with footies and an attached hood. I got undress, sat on the bed, and struggled with the stretchy suit. Looking at myself in the full length mirror on the back of the door, I began to wonder how it would look if I had an accident and had to go to the emergency room. *Would they call the Air force?* I noticed that the suit really accentuated my *love handles*. No, these were more than handles, they had grown to the size of fins on a 59 Cadillac. I laughed out loud thinking, *maybe Mandi has a tutu you can borrow to cover them up.* I looked.....utterly ridiculous.

I stuck my head out the door of the trailer making sure there was no one there but Mandi and Henry. Henry was on the back of the flat bed truck fiddling with the compressor motor. Mandi was at the other end of the field on a 4X4 ATV pulling something like a huge tarp with it. I thought Henry would choke from laughter when he saw me. "Ha ha ha, man you lookspectacular.. ha ha! Come on up here, you got to help me" Henry said wiping a tear from his eye. We climbed on top of the cab of the truck. There was a rack up there holding bricks, rope and other tools. Henry threw a bathroom scale on the hood of the truck saying, "weigh yourself". He pulled an Army duffel bag down from the rack and placed it on the scale. We added bricks till the bag's weight matched my weight. We both lifted the duffel bag and loaded it into the barrel of the cannon. Mandi was running a long extension cord out to an air pump on the other end of the field.

(Continued next issue)