



Black Swamp Beemer

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#16**



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**Our next meeting will be held at The Pit
REMINDER: I NEED YOUR DINNER ORDER BY 5/28**
So I can get it placed in time for you to eat.

Meetings are held the second Tuesday of the month with the exception of a club event.

For more information contact a club officer or visit our website at

May Meeting Minutes

The May meeting was called to order by Gary. There were 12 members and one guest in attendance.

OFFICERS REPORTS

President

No real report was given because he... *“ain’t done squat.”*
Gary did report having gone on his annual trip to the Blackhawk swap meet outside of Chicago. This is becoming more disappointing as it’s getting smaller every year.

Vice-President

Ed went to the Mount Vernon campout. It was 80 degrees on the ride down and 40 when he got up. There was no snow this year however there was a little rain on Saturday. Ed also went to Mini-Sturgis on that Saturday. He enjoyed the hog roast and pancake breakfast.

Treasurer

Dues in the amount of \$49 was collected and sold one patch making \$54 income. There is \$904.67 in the account; \$21 cash for a total of \$925.67.

May Meeting Minutes

Officers Reports cont.

Secretary

I sent an email out to past members we haven't heard from or seen in a while letting them know we'd love to see their smiling faces, hearing back from only one person.

I'll be doing a write-up on our summer campout to have published in the ON and OTL.

We didn't make it to Mini-Sturgis due to not being able to find the poles to the tent.

Road Captain

Daryl has everything squared away at East Harbor for the summer campout, Aug 22-24th. Cost will be \$6 per person/night of which \$1 will go to the club. \$12 will cover breakfast Saturday and Sunday and the Jumbalaya dinner Saturday night. There are two sites reserved. We need a head count two weeks ahead of time to plan for the meals.

Volunteers are needed at the Pit to collect money/pay MOC (I'll be doing that). Daryl will be able to help only a little this year so he'll need help setting up a Saturday ride.

Webmaster

Here!

Wade has been changing and updating the website. Looks great!



Bonus points to anyone correctly guessing this broken part.

Business at Hand

Old Business

Tech session at Schiets on the 17th at 3:00. Eric is ready. Show of hands of those going: Delbert, Tom and Ed. Daryl volunteered his transmission as one of the tech items. Mention may have been made by someone regarding Daryls shifting habits. There was discussion of getting Eric a \$20 gift certificate from a local marina... which would buy all of two gallons of gas. The ante was upped to \$30. Motion made and approved by almost everyone. *Naysayer voted.....*

May 31st is the ride to Hopedale to lay the brick for Dale Foster. We leave at 10:00 from Denny's across from Schiets. Get there early if you want to have breakfast.

Most everyone is going to the U.P. It's urged to go up early and volunteer for setup. There will be dorm rooms available, hot showers and day passes to the athletic facilities.

New Business

Delbert and Julie bought provisions for breakfast at the Pit last year. A motion was made to do the same this year. Seconded and approved. June meeting will be held at the Pit and we'll do our own 50/50.

Motion was made to buy a brick for John Meese. Seconded and Approved by all. Date and Time TBA

We welcomed guest Ted Duvall to the meeting. Ted rides a GS and heard about us through Julie Schwartz via a club newsletter.

Motion made to call meeting. Seconded and approved.

Adjourned to the parking lot to kick tires.

Even a bad day on a bike is better than a good day at work.

Faster, faster, faster, until the thrill of speed overcomes the fear of death...

Hunter S. Thompson

Gary-

A Story

Packed, stacked and ready to roll. This is my first of many firsts... My first big trip, my first big trip out of state, my first big trip out of state on my first Beemer. The Shinefest in Campbellsville, Kentucky is the scene for our first trip of the season. The plan was to ride into Florence, Kentucky on Thursday night and hit the rally Friday afternoon. Then a trip to Burkesville on Saturday to visit at the European Riders Rally.

Leaving home Thursday the skies were ominous. We had checked the weather here, checked the weather there but never gave a thought to the weather in between. Somewhere around Troy, Ohio it had started sprinkling. By the time we hit Dayton the skies opened up and said.... **BWAHAHAHAHA!!** It rained so torrentially hard we found out later there were flood warnings. We still had about 50 miles to go until Florence where a room was waiting but it was obvious we were not going to make it. I could not see, my shield began fogging up reducing visibility, forcing me to crack it open and further soaking myself. I couldn't continue so we were on and off the expressway looking for a room. I no longer fear rain. I've embraced it, accepted it. I don't like it but I don't fear it.

Friday morning was nice and clear. Somewhat dried out and ready to go we figured we'd hit the rally late afternoon. We should have stopped at the Florence hotel for our free continental breakfast. What the hell, the room was paid for. Oh how I love construction on 75. After three miles of first gear, feet touching only once, I think I can take Gary in the slow race. *big cheesy grin* All in all, driving 75 through Cincy... I hate it. It irritates the hell out of me. What's the deal with the 50 foot Jesus on I-75? Anybody?

Stopped to grab lunch at some nasty truck stop and decided to get off the expressway and take State Route 68 for the scenery. This was basically a nice ride... until we hit the Shaker Village area. Then the twisties began. And they didn't end for what seemed like 50 miles though I'm sure it was only two. They kept getting tighter and slower and I found out what it's like to go too slow through a curve, I think I threw up a little bit in my mouth. I remember thinking that was it, I'm done, if there's one more curve I swear I'm just going to pull over, get off and push the bike through the rest of them. But I persevered and made it through. Unlike the rain, I have yet to embrace the twisties. Don't get me wrong, I love twisties... when I'm on the back of his bike! Coming out of the twisties and onto the straight-away I noticed Gary slowing down. Then I see his bike wobbling as though he had a flat but a quick look disproved that. Hitting first gear he pulled into a drive (the only drive) on the left. We didn't think about getting pictures because we had bigger things to worry about. His right fork tube had sheered completely off. The only thing holding it in place was the spring and that wasn't doing a good job. We were stranded and beginning to make phone calls to see who could give up the weekend to make a trip to bodunk with a trailer in tow.

A Good Samaritan by the name of Paul pulled up and asked if we needed help. Gary unloaded his bike into Paul's van and I followed them about 100 yards back to his nieces' house. Yes, back, the way we just came from and my first thought was "good grief, not this again." Calls were made to obtain a U-Haul to get the bike home. Paul took us into Harrodsburg to get a room. We rode my bike two-up 40 miles to pick up the U-Haul. We neither one want to ride mine like that again. It's about as comfortable as riding a tricycle. We got the U-Haul, stopped at Lowes for steel pipe and parted ways... me back to the room to eat and relax. He went to fashion the fork to be able to get it up in the truck.

Saturday morning we left for the Shinefest and rolled in around noon. I followed the truck. Heads turned as we pulled up, how could they not with a U-Haul pulling up. We sat up camp, introduced ourselves, explained the situation and went off for grub. The bike was eventually pulled out and set up as the conversation piece on the basketball court. Nobody has ever seen such a break and were equally impressed with his quick fix.

The Shinefest was a very nice camp-out and the folks were extremely nice. Quiet and laid back, kind of like our summer camp-out. We cleaned up on awards and door prizes. I took both the "Youngest female to ride in on an Airhead" and "Aging gracefully (oldest female) to ride in on an Airhead." Obviously, I was the only female on an Airhead. If the mileage had been done a little differently I could have taken the 'Longest distance.'" *shrugs* We won 4 door prizes total. There was outstanding barbeque Saturday night followed up by a jug of shine. We'll be back next year.

The Ride Home



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