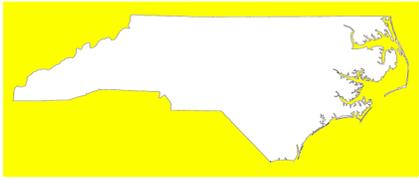




# The Tarheel Traveler

The monthly Publication of the BMW-NC Tarheel Travelers



**BMW MOA No. 57**

**September 2010**

**BMW RA No. 34**

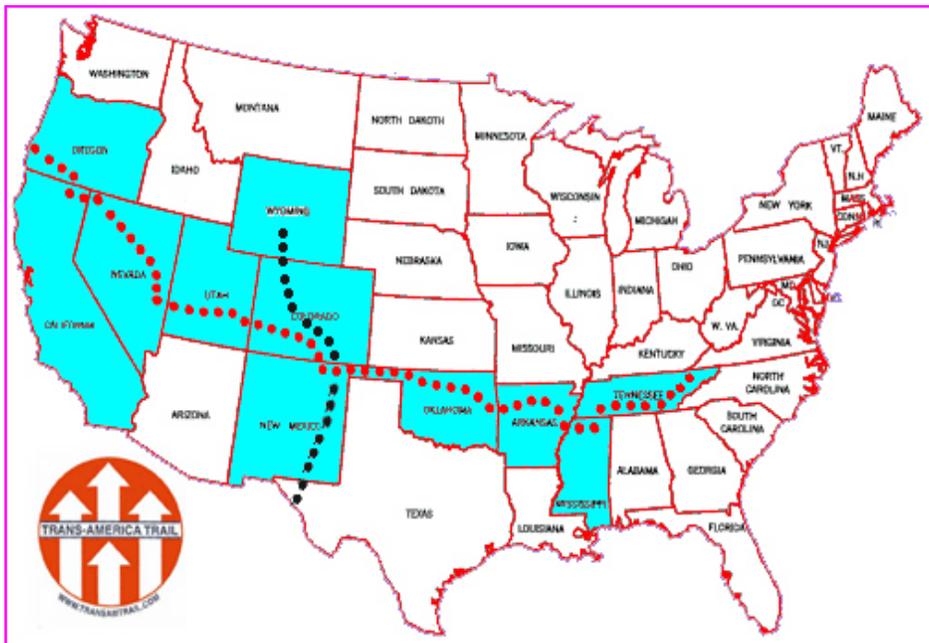
## Tennessee TAT by Rick Lee

**D**ue to some family commitments and to save wear on the tires, Nate and I had trailered our bikes to Lexington, KY for the beginning of our week long adventure. The plan called for us to ride to Jellico, TN where we'd head out on the Trans-America Trail and go as far as we could in four days. We'd then split up with Nate heading to Illinois to join his family and with me hitting as many twisty roads and dirt trails as I could for the remaining five days in route back to Fayetteville.

### Saturday 11 April:

Nate on his KLR650 and I on my DR650, loaded with camping gear, tools, a few spare parts, food and water, headed out of Lexington around 9 am Saturday. It was cold but clear as we motored south 115 miles on I-75 to Jellico... until we got to Jellico. Then the weather added a constant drizzle and fog to the cold temperatures. We headed out proclaiming that nothing could stop us; we were ready for anything! The Trans-America Trail (TAT) is a series of roads and trails covering approximately 5,000 miles from Jellico, TN to the Pacific Coast in Oregon.

The TAT was mapped out patiently by Sam Correro over a 12 year span. The original intent was all dirt roads and trails the entire way. However, encroaching civilization has paved many of the dirt sections in the eastern states.



The Trans-America Trail is a west bound ride across America. The Trail starts in Northeastern Tennessee (as of now), and ends at the Pacific Ocean in SW Oregon.

On that first day there was a couple of fun dirt sections, some country two lane roads and lots of single lane, pot-holed, twisty, hilly roads. It was a bit of a challenge to maintain a decent pace on the latter while avoiding holes, gravel, intermittent wet spots, the few cars, and lots of dogs.

In the middle of the afternoon the route sheet took us into a wooded area protected by signs stating, "No Entry Except for Big Game Hunters". Neither the map nor the GPS showed an easy detour so we decided to try our luck. Hopefully none of the big game hunters would mistake us for lions or tigers. We cruised through the 10 mile stretch in the stealth mode without encounters.

*(Continued on page 3)*

# BMW-NC Tarheel Travelers of North Carolina

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## Out & About by Al Jones

We had ambitious plans for August, of which many were realized. Medical issues prevented accomplishment of all goals though. We did succeed in visiting up North and attending the RA rally in Vermont. On the way up we detoured and visited Niagara Falls for the first time. It's quite a spectacle and best viewed from the Canadian side but if you have time visit both sides. We had a wonderful tour of the Canadian side and were impressed by the Falls from both land and boat.

After the brief layover in Niagara, we traveled across New York to Pownal, VT and arrived about three days early to attend the RA rally. We stayed at a great campground about five miles from the rally site and made good use of those three days traveling the Green Mountains of VT and the Berkshires of Massachusetts. We made



RA Rally Site

a trip down to Springfield, Mass and visited the museums there, where they have a large collection of early Indian motorcycles. I was very impressed with the wide array of models that Indian made over the years. The museum even paid tribute to "die Deustchen" with a reproduction of the Daimler bike built in 1885 [see picture on page 12]. Our journeys in the area even allowed us to visit a Picasso exhibit at a nearby museum, I suspect he would have liked the appearance of the Victory Vision far more than I.

The RA rally was great with a couple of thousand in attendance. There were even some riders who rode from the MOA site in Redmond, OR. It was held at an old race track in the foothills of the Green Mountains, a great location with lots of good roads, scenery and places to visit. There were just enough vendors to tempt your wallet, a collection of wonderful early BMWs to peruse, live bands every night, junk food on-site and entertainment to be had by just a walk through the site. On the race track itself Max BMW had set-up a skills course for the GS riders and many took up the challenge. We spent Saturday afternoon just watching the different riders try their luck and demonstrate their skills on the course. There were some extremely fast knobby attired bikes running around the perimeter as well. All in all a great Rally to attend in a new location for us.

We had also planned on attending the "Daniel Boone Rally" in Boone. That is one of our favorite locations. It is relatively close and offers wonderful roads in NC, TN and VA. A sudden hospitalization caused us to miss that one. The August meeting was held there on Saturday and we had to ask President emeritus Steve Brunner to do the honors for the meeting. I'm sure things went well.

The roadside clean-up event is next weekend and recovery time will prevent me from attending but we do look forward to the September meeting to be co-hosted by Ed Gray, Joel and Judy Harris in Raleigh. *Hope to get back on the road and see you soon.*

*(Continued from page 1)*

Late that afternoon the weather cleared up but it was about time to start looking for a spot to fix dinner and set up camp for the night. We only did about 120 miles on the TAT that first day. We didn't start the TAT until around noon but the real cause of the low mileage was the almost constant direction changes. To follow TAT, you buy the maps and roll chart by state from Sam Correro at [www.transamtrail.com/](http://www.transamtrail.com/). Some of the route legs were longer, ten miles or so, but most were much

shorter, .1 mile to 2 miles in length. I've ridden a few dual sport rides that use the roll chart to navigate and had gotten hopelessly lost a couple times when trying to go too fast. So I was being very careful. But we found Sam's roll charts to be very accurate and easy to follow. Our navigational abilities were challenged a couple times but because Sam

included the grid coordinates for each waypoint, we easily got back on track with the help of Nate's GPS receiver. My Garmin Zumo had gone the way of Lucas electronics unfortunately. While the short legs were a bit aggravating, the fantastic forests and farm scenery more than made up for the aggravation. Also, other than the occasional very small town, the routes were all rural with little if any traffic.

Nate located a state park about 20 miles off of the TAT. I think it was Cumberland State Park though I may be wrong. We set up the tent, collected wet wood for a fire, and fixed dinner. I ate a fine MRE or Meals Ready to Eat courtesy of the U.S. Army. The fire was a pain in the butt to keep burning but well worth it. A fire is hypnotic and relaxing after a long day. A bit of Captain Morgan added to the ambiance!

**Sunday, 12 April:**

A thick coat of frost covered the tent, motorcycles and camp ground Sunday morning. After a cup of coffee with hot chocolate and a handful of trail-mix we were packed up and on the road. 80% of Sunday's route was the many short route legs on paved roads. However there were a couple of nice, long dirt roads. One of the dirt sections went through an off-highway vehicle park. Unfortunately there wasn't enough time to try some of the tougher trails. It definitely looked like a place to check out when not following a master plan.



**First Night on the TAT**

In the early afternoon we moved the roll chart holder from my DR650 to Nate's KLR650 and Nate took over navigation responsibilities. He wanted to try to speed things up by not stopping at every waypoint. As we passed one node, Nate would roll the chart to the next set of directions without stopping and

could usually see the next turn on the GPS. This worked out pretty well and allowed us to make a little faster progress. I enjoyed kicking back and following while Nate worried with the many short sections and turns. It gave me more time to take in the beautiful scenery that we were passing through.

We hadn't ridden very far after swapping navigation duties when I felt something under my shirt... and it was wiggling around. I tried to squeeze the varmint's little neck off but it stung the dickens out of me first. I stopped as quickly as I could, unzipped my jacket and pulled my shirt out of my pants. I never did see what it was but the critter left a nice red, painful welt as a sign of its last act of defiance.

While most of the paved roads were tight and twisty, they were too narrow with too many blind corners to

*(Continued on page 4)*

*(Continued from page 3)*

safely maintain a more sporting pace. However, there was one exceptionally nice section of twisties that invited more aggressive lean angles. It felt good to “wick it up” for a few miles.

Nate, an avid white water kayaker, recognized a damn and river famous for its challenging white water. We detoured to check it out. We struck up a conversation with a man

and his teenage son who'd just finished kayaking.

They liked our motorcycles and we told them about the TAT and our adventure.

They showed us some video that they'd recorded of the son doing tricks in the white water. It looked like a lot of fun but I'll probably stick to motorcycles.

One of the challenges of the TAT is that occasionally riders run into a section that has been changed since Sam Correro created the roll chart directions. Land owners occasionally put up a gate on private property, construction causes changes in the roads or roads are closed for repairs. We ran into that last situation not far from the damn. A bridge over the river was closed for repairs. We thought we'd be able to squeeze through on our bikes but the way was completely blocked by construction equipment. Nate used his GPS to quickly navigate around the blocked route leg. A rider could do the TAT without a GPS; I'm sure many have, but the GPS sure makes things easier at times. However, even the GPS cannot know all. Late that afternoon we were ready for a break and needing gas in the bikes. About every 100 miles or so, the roll chart indicates where you can detour off the route in order to find gas and possibly a restaurant. And about every 200 miles the roll chart will indicate where you can locate a motel if necessary.



**One-lane bridge in Tennessee.**

We were between the indicated gas stops so Nate used the GPS to search for the closest gas station. The GPS showed a station about 6 miles away. We headed out only to find the place closed for Easter Sunday. No problem – Nate punched up directions for the next closest gas station. 3 miles later we found out that that place had gone out of business. Ok, let the GPS lead us to the next gas station. We ended up in the middle of nowhere. After studying the GPS and maps for few

minutes, I told Nate that I'd ride ahead to find someone that could tell us where to find the closest, open, in-business gas station. A few miles down the road I found a small community and someone to ask for directions.

Upon returning to where I'd left Nate, he wasn't there. I looked around; Nate was nowhere to be seen. I headed to the gas station the

locals had told me about. I filled a near empty gas tank and guzzled some water. Then I called Nate on my cell phone. Since my Zumo had first stopped working I'd figured out that it wasn't getting power from the DR's battery but it worked on the internal battery – for a couple hours at least. I fired up the Zumo and gave Nate my grid coordinates. He showed up about 5 minutes later. About that time a fellow pulled into the gas station on a Honda XL650. He was from the area and had been doing some dirt riding. He was planning on doing the TAT in the next year or so. After swapping tall tales and big lies for about 30 minutes he headed off toward home.

I could tell Nate was upset about something. He said the TAT wasn't exactly what he expected and if I didn't mind, he'd head up to Illinois to join his family. Nate had become exasperated with the many short route legs and lack of more challenging dirt sections. I could

*(Continued on page 5)*

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understand. Even though we'd read that a lot of the TAT in the eastern states was paved and the guy on the XL650 confirmed that most of remainder of Tennessee was the same, I was hoping that there'd be some nice sections mixed in amongst all the paved sections. If nothing else, I enjoy anytime I spend on a motorcycle – even boring interstate is better than doing the couch potato thing. I decided to forge on.

I got a hotel room in nearby McMinnville, TN. As the rain came down I rolled the DR650 into my room and started looking for the problem getting power to my GPS receiver. Not being an electrical wizard, I figured my wiring job was at fault. I'd wired the GPS power to a wire behind the headlight and under the

instruments that provided switched power. The switched power connection would cut power to the Zumo when the key was off. This, of course, would keep the GPS from draining the motorcycle battery if I forgot to turn off the GPS when shutting off the bike. I was surprised to find that my wiring job was fine and I was getting power to the Zumo mount but the mount was not passing the power to the GPS receiver. Alas, the mount was the culprit. The mount required a jeweler's screw driver to disassemble which I didn't have. I would have to press on navigating the old fashion - way with a map and trip meter.

### **Monday 13 April:**

I headed out later than planned the next morning. I rode about 30 miles to an easily identifiable waypoint to get back on the TAT. The trail was still mostly short sections and paved but it was unique. This part of the TAT went through relatively flat cattle and horse ranches. The route legs would go perfectly straight for a mile or so and then do an abrupt 90 degree left or right turn as the

TAT maneuvered around square fields. The ranches, horses and cattle made for a scenic trip even though the ride wasn't overly exciting. Another unique feature was all the dead animals in or on the side of the road with cows, dogs and snakes providing scrumptious cuisine for the biggest and most abundant buzzards I've ever seen. Then, realizing that I'd seen no other human beings for a while but lots of dead animals and the giant



**Note the skeleton of the deer that didn't make it!**

buzzards, I wondered, am I starring in an Alfred Hitchcock movie, or *The Twilight Zone*?

I'd read that one of the biggest hazards on the TAT in Tennessee was the rocky stream bottoms made extremely slippery by a coat of moss and the water. We had not yet encountered any significant streams. Then, as I rounded a curve I

came upon a wide stream which flowed over a cement section of the road. Well this is cement, not rocks, but I better be cautious to be on the safe side, I thought. I slowed down, set a straight path across the stream and cement section, and held steady throttle. Half way across I felt the tires slip. I relaxed and let the DR do its thing... we made it across. The sensation reminded me of the time I hydroplaned a VFR750 at about 80mph on an unexpectedly deep, wide puddle in Bavaria. You get the feeling that if you move a muscle, breath or even blink an eye, you're going to crash.

Later in the afternoon I hit some hillier and twistier roads – much more interesting. Then I noticed a weird exhaust note coming from the DR. I stopped. It sounded like the exhaust gasket was gone. I placed my bare hand close to the exhaust header where it bolts to the head. I felt air pulsating. I headed back a mile or so to a place where I could get off of the road and see what I could do to fix the problem. I figured that if the gasket had blown

(Continued on page 6)

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out the header bolts might be loose but they were tight. About that time the skies turned dark, the wind started gusting violently and I felt a few rain drops. It was just a few days earlier when tornados had struck Murfreesboro – not too far from where I was at that time. I quickly packed up my tools and got my gear back on just as the skies opened up. Rolling the roll chart ahead I saw that the TAT crossed Highway 245 about 10 miles ahead. If I could make it that far I'd find a convenience store or at least some type of shelter so I could patch up the DR or call and wait for help if necessary. I rode very easy for two reasons. I was worried about doing further damage to the DR plus the strong, gusty winds and driving rain made riding on the narrow, twisty roads very precarious. I found Highway 245 but there was no indication which direction led to the closest town. I went left. About that time the thunder storm cleared as quickly as it had appeared and I noticed that the exhaust sounded noticeably louder. I found a spot at an intersection where I could safely work on the bike. Now the header pipe had actually fallen about 1½ inch away from the head... what the heck is going on? Then I noticed that the header pipe had also come loose from the SuperTrapp muffler. Aha, there's the problem! The weld holding the exhaust flange onto the header pipe had failed so that even though the exhaust gasket and collar were still in place, the disconnected flange allowed the header pipe to fall free. I pushed the header pipe back into position, tightened the muffler clamp and used a couple feet of safety wire to hold the pipe into the exhaust port. The bike made a racket but at least it seemed rideable. I asked a couple locals that stopped where the nearest auto parts (I figured the safety wire would not last too long) and hotel were. They said Columbia was about 15



**A road side engineering marvel!**

miles north of there. In Columbia I bought some mechanics wire, considerably stronger than the safety wire, and a couple springs. I figured the springs would be less susceptible to vibration from the big single cylinder motor. I did such a fine job of wiring the pipe in place that even BMW's finest engineers would be envious. I'm waiting for a job offer any day now. I had

several options but I decided to try to make it back to my brother's house in Clyde, NC, about 280 miles away and mostly on I-40. I was getting very tired when I hit the twisty section of I-40 east of Clyde and Asheville. Thick fog and drizzle cut visibility even more in the dark, overcast night. Finally I arrived at brother's Mike's

house around 11 pm. It'd been a long day.

#### **Tuesday 14 April:**

I called Waynesville Cycle first thing Tuesday morning. As expected they did not have a header pipe for a DR650 in stock. I could have had it welded but decided to order a new pipe and pay for overnight shipping.

#### **Wednesday 15 April:**

UPS delivered the pipe surprisingly early Wednesday morning. We picked up the pipe and got it mounted in short order. My brother had a set of jeweler's screwdrivers so I decided to take the Zumo mount apart and see if the problem was something simple that I could fix. But the insides looked like in the inner workings of a computer and there was nothing obviously wrong like a broken or disconnected wire. The assorted parts fit nicely into a zip lock bag for the remainder of the trip – ain't technology great!

After packing up I headed out. It was too late in my vacation to pick up the TAT again so I decided to hit

*(Continued on page 7)*

*(Continued from page 6)*

some of the places that I'd planned to check out on my way home. I headed out for Deals Gap. I had not been there in a couple years and now, in the middle of the week, I would be able to enjoy the "318 turns in 11 miles" without the

big weekend crowd. Highway 28 from Highway 74/19 to Deals Gap is a beautiful ride in itself. There's a nice variety of turns, generally getting tighter as you get closer to Deals Gap. Most of the turns are nice, constant radius. I did remember a particularly nasty blind, right-hand, decreasing radius turn before I got there. I probably remembered it because my wife, when she'd been with me as a passenger so many times on that stretch of road, would slap me on the side of my helmet if I approached this particular turn too fast. For some reason my motorcycles always seem to run better with her on the back.

Deals Gap was perfect. The weather was clear, dry and comfortably cool, and there was very little traffic – bikes or cars. After a short break I headed out on the Tail of the Dragon. I rode to the turn-around point at the overlook about 11.5 miles away. I only encountered about two vehicles going the same direction as I and two or three coming from the other direction. That has to be some kind of record. There were five young guys on sport bikes at the overlook. They headed back up the Gap after a few minutes. This might be a good opportunity to get some video. I turned on the video camera and headed out to see if I could catch them. I caught up with the last three fairly quickly. They were either tired from a long day of riding or just in the cruise mode, or mature novices; they were riding fairly smoothly and not out of control. I passed each in turn with a safe margin. I didn't catch the last two sport bikes

until near the end and then we were held up by two cars.

The DR650 handled light and lithely on the tight twisties. The light weight, the leverage provided by the wide dirt bike handlebar and the Continental TKC80



**The DR650 ready for adventure.**

front and Dunlop D606 rear tires made for a nice package. The TKC and 606, while not providing the ultimate traction of a pure sport tire, were extremely predictable. The 606 rear tire allowed a nice, controllable drift while exiting curves and while rolling on the throttle. It's fun to ride a twisty road

and connect one curve to the next seamlessly with a combination of smooth transitions between braking and throttle, carve the perfect line that permits a single steering input to get you through the curve with the minimum expenditure of energy, and sets you up perfectly for the next turn. The little DR responded well in this two-wheeled ballet... maybe we can enter the "Dancing with the Stars" competition next year?

After a short break back at Deals Gap Motorcycle Resort I decided to ride to Robbinsville, about 20 miles south on Highway 129 To find a room for the night. Highway 129 is another great road. Flowing smoothly through its sweeping turns at a relaxed pace was a great ending to a great day. I stayed at Phillips Motel, owned by a very nice older couple. The rooms are the antithesis of the chain motels. The rooms are quaint, cozy and comfortable, and very reasonably priced. Check out Phillips if you're ever up that way.

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To be continued in October 2010 Newsletter

## My First Bike Was a Dream by Al Jones

I'm an "Army Brat" and just as I graduated High School in 1971 my father was transferred from New Jersey to El Paso, Texas. Up until that point in life, I had a rather colorful driving career. The judge had already decreed that I would no longer drive in New Jersey and my previous experiences in North Carolina during my junior year of High School were not much better. Once we arrived in El Paso, it was obvious that any future driving possibilities were entirely up to me as insurance on a car was unobtainable. The possibility of motorcycles, was very enticing. They seemed extremely cheap to buy and operate and the insurance (despite my checkered past) was also very economical.

About two miles from the house was Hondo Pass Honda. I started out with a CT-70 step through that I rode all

over town until difficulties obtaining a title required that the dealer take the bike back. After that it was an enduro motorcycle, a Jawa 250. That was loads of fun and allowed me all sorts of adventures in the nearby desert. As time went by, and dissatisfaction with local jobs grew, it became evident that I needed to obtain a more roadworthy bike.

After a long search, I located a used 1969 Honda Dream. It was red with bags and a windshield. 305cc of power to take you up most hills. The brakes (drums front and rear) were effective enough since I did not know any better and the suspension just kind of floated. I did not even know the difference between pre-load and rebound back then, not that it would matter since you certainly weren't adjusting anything.

Oh well, it was gleaming there in the garage where I first encountered it. There did not seem to be a scratch on it. Three hundred dollars made it mine. I rode it all over El Paso and even ran it off Scenic Drive after striking a rock. The bug had bitten my father by now as well and he found a 1961 Honda Dream that we painted

and we had matching motorcycles as there was little visible difference in the appearances of the 61 and 69.

Later that year when I decided to leave home and seek employment on the East Coast, I loaded up the Dream and rode to Ayden, NC. It was quite a journey on a bike that was limited to about 50mph on some of the hills. I arrived and eventually obtained employment at Fieldcrest Mills in Greenville, NC. The bike had been

dependable and had proven itself roadworthy though it seemed that every night as I left for work (third shift), it would rain. So, the Honda was eventually traded on a 1968 Camaro.

I enjoyed that bike immensely and remember it with the nostalgia that allows you to forgive so many imperfections. My MBD (Multi-Bike -Disorder) affliction

was only starting though. Many years and bikes later, I dreamed of owning a Dream once again. First, I searched for the original but, too many dead ends were encountered. I located one in Tennessee that we checked out and looked very promising. We could not get together on price though. I was about to give up, when a few months later the owner called and accepted my offer.

I'm ashamed to say what it cost in comparison to the original one. I had it shipped to Fayetteville and began work on making it appear as well as possible and improving the starting and running capabilities. Parts are much more available for older BMWs than early Honda Dreams. I'm happy with the result and crank it about every two weeks and ride it around the neighborhood. It brings back memories of those days in the desert and my first long distance adventure ride.

It also sure makes me appreciate the improvements in motors, suspension, brakes, comfort and carrying capacity of the newer bikes I have owned and own. So, now the dream has been realized twice – *1971 and nearly forty years later.*



Honda 305 Dream

## Tarheel Traveler Calendar

**9/4 - 1st Saturday Ride, 10:00 am.** Gassed up and ready to ride at 10:00 a.m. Carolina Euro, 2407 Greengate Drive, Greensboro, NC (GPS N36 01.592 W79 48.083)

**9/5 - TriadRiders 1st Sunday ride - 9:00 am.** Gassed up and ready to ride at 9:00. Cheesecake by Alex, 315 South Elm Street, Greensboro, NC (GPS N36 04.195 W79 47.422)

**9/8 - 2nd Wednesday TT Dinner, 7:00 pm.** Fat Daddy's Market and Grill, 6201 Glenwood Ave, Raleigh, NC 27612. Across from Pleasant Valley Promenade. (GPS N35 51.336 W78 42.119)

**9/12 - 2nd Sunday Ride - 10:00 am.** Breakfast at 9:00 am., gassed up and ready to ride at 10:00 a.m. Hardees, 28 East Rd, Pittsboro, NC (GPS N35 43.212 W79 10.603)

**9/15 - 3rd Wednesday Dinner - 6:30 pm.** Orchid Garden, 5048 Yadkin Road, Fayetteville, NC 28303 (910) 864-2305 (GPS N35 04.999 W78 58.102)

**9/18 - Destination Ride - 9:00 am.** Gassed up and ready to ride at 9:00 at the BP Station, 5016 Spring Forest Road, Raleigh, NC (GPS N35 51.359 W78 33.399) The ride is cancelled if it is raining.

**9/19 - Monthly Meeting - 11:30 am.** tire kicking, 1:00 pm meeting with lunch served afterward. Joel and Julie Harris, 3045 Cinder Bluff Drive, Raleigh, NC 27603 (GPS N35 38.515 W78 41.446)

For additional event/rally dates be sure to check the TT website [www.tarheelbmw.org](http://www.tarheelbmw.org)

### September 2010

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4 <b>1st Saturday Ride. Greensboro.</b>
5 <b>1st Sunday Triad Ride. Greensboro.</b>	6	7	8 <b>2nd Wednesday Dinner. Raleigh</b>	9	10	11
12 <b>2nd Sunday ride. Pittsboro.</b>	13	14	15 <b>3rd Wednesday dinner. Fayetteville</b>	16	17	18 <b>Destination Ride. Raleigh.</b>
19 <b>Monthly Meeting. Raleigh.</b>	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

# The Meeting Place – Saturday September 19

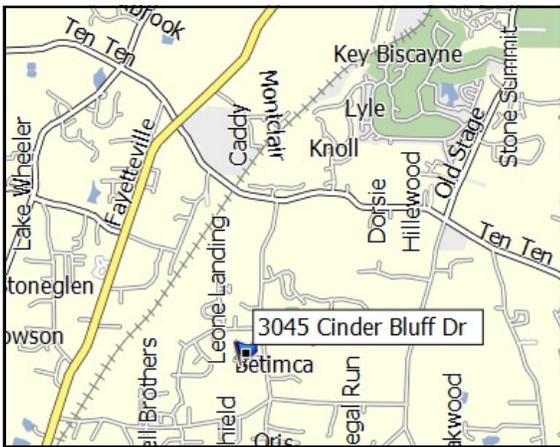
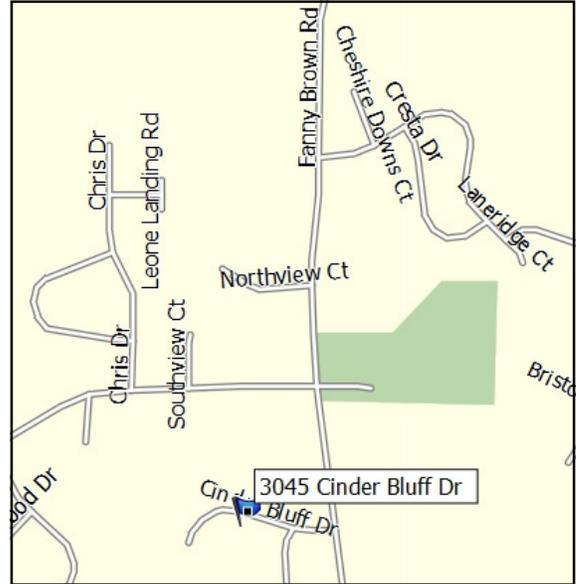
Joel and Julie Harris, 3045 Cinder Bluff Drive, Raleigh, NC 27603  
 GPS (N35 38.515 W78 41.446)

**From Raleigh:**

Take US 1 South to Exit 96 at Ten Ten Road.  
 Right on Ten Ten Road [east] to Fanny Brown Road. 9.6 miles.  
 Right on Fanny Brown Road to Cinder Bluff Drive. 1.1 miles.

**From Fayetteville:**

Take US 401 North to Ten Ten Road.  
 Right on Ten Ten Road [east] to Fanny Brown Road. 1.0 mile.  
 Right on Fanny Brown Road to Cinder Bluff Drive. 1.1 miles



## 2010 Meeting Hosts

May: Gary and Tina Shimizu - Fayetteville	Sep: Joel Harris & Ed Gray - Raleigh
Jun: Annual Picnic - Harris Lake County Park	Oct: Steve & Belva - Fayetteville
Jul: Sandy & Pete Osta	Nov: Bombar's Beemers - Durham
Aug: 33rd Annual Daniel Boone Rally	Dec: Al and Karol Jones - Fayetteville

## The Market Place

2005 BMW R1200ST, Graphite & Sydney Blue, 27,500 miles. Accessories include BMW saddle bags with liners & luggage rack, ABS brakes, centerstand, Z-Technik smoked windshield (original clear windshield also included), BMW head guards, Chase Harper tank bag...\$9,900.00. E-mail [wildviking@bellsouth.net](mailto:wildviking@bellsouth.net) or call (919) 274-0716.



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**10% Credit if you mention this ad !!**  
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**Anderson Powerpole connectors** for DC power interconnection/distribution for your motorcycles. Several members are already using these rugged connectors with great success. See Brian Young's website at [www.alt-moto.com](http://www.alt-moto.com) for more information. You can also call Brian at 919-954-2178 or email him at [brianyoung@alt-moto.com](mailto:brianyoung@alt-moto.com).

**Motorcycle Accident Attorney**  
**Gary Poole**  
*24 Years Experience*



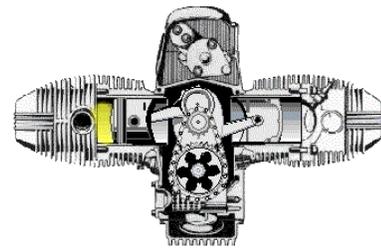
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### 2011 Meeting Hosts Needed !!

Please consider hosting a meeting sometime during 2011. All months are currently available! If you don't feel able to do it alone, consider teaming up with another member to co-host. Or book a park shelter and have a stress free outdoor meeting. **We're flexible!**

The meetings are held on the third Sunday of each month. There are two hosting formats you can choose from 1) 11:30 a.m. tire kicking with the meeting at 1:00 p.m. and lunched served afterward and 2) 1:00 p.m. tire kicking followed by a 2:00 p.m. meeting with snacks served, not a full lunch. Your choice!

If you're interested, drop a line to the editor or one of our officers so we can get you on the list. Thanks to everyone who has graciously agreed to host.

***Member Written Articles Are Needed  
For The Tarheel Traveler Newsletter !!***

Slam some words and pictures together and let me worry about copy editing and polishing. You'll be a star.

**Send editorial copy to:**

Marc Krouse  
106 Beaver Pine Way  
Cary, NC 27511

**Or email to:**

Editor at TarheelBMW.org

Funny story - Great long trip - Everything went wrong trip - Unintended purchase - **My first BMW** - My last BMW - Road went right, I went left - How to repair it yourownself - Dirt bike riding after retirement - GPS tips & techniques - Using maps to plan a bike trip - Sidecars are for wimps - Best roads in Idaho - Why I ride alone...now.



**Indian Motorcycle Museum, Springfield, MA also pays tribute to "die Deustchen" with a reproduction of the Daimler bike built in 1885.**

**Appears to be how Corbin got started in business.  
Rake and trail not invented yet, or marketing holding back for subsequent model introductions?**

**Tarheel Editor  
C/o Marc Krouse  
106 Beaver Pine Way  
Cary, NC 27511**