

THE SHAFT



The Journal of the Riders Association of the Mid-South



<http://www.bmwrams.com>



Due to a concussion I received in the fall, I have been on restricted computer time, making it very hard for me to finish my work, and I missed a couple of newsletters - I apologize. I had a couple of submissions that were sent to me earlier, so I just put them both in this issue. Thank you, Mark Campbell and Bruce Ottway.



A brief catch up on me: I had a rough time in Colorado this year with a sticking front brake causing me to go down a few times and giving me the concussion. After returning from Colorado, I had a few short camping trips and very little time on the bikes. I have been getting progressively better and feel like I might be back to my old self soon.

My newest brainstorm - I will learn to work on my bikes so I will be able to catch things like my brake sticking before I kill myself. (At this time, I can check the tire pressure and the oil. That's about it) I have a pretty decent instructional course online and have bought my first rat bike to practice rebuilding.

Everett found a 2000 DR 200 Suzuki with less than 200 miles on it and worked them down to \$500! It runs, so it will be great for me to try and rebuild - If I ruin it I am out \$500 and probably a ton in parts and tools LOL - If I don't ruin the bike, I will end up with a nice little trail and sand runner. Now I own five motorcycles and still want a trials bike. I need a warehouse. Everyone wish me luck as I start tearing into this new project.



I hope everyone had a great Thanksgiving and I wish you the best Christmas and New Years.



"I turn my head to the inside of the curve, roll the throttle wide open, and break free from the world that affords me the passion to ride"

Tula Price



Interesting Rides/Road Trips



TOURING BIKES

SPORTS BIKES

DUAL SPORTS

37th Annual Winter Rally

January 17th-18th, 2020

BMW Motorcycle Owners of North-east Florida invite you to make plans to attend the 37th Annual Winter Rally January 17th-18th, 2020 at Camp Blanding, near Starke, Florida, south of Jacksonville.

Camp Blanding, Joint Training Center United States
5629 SR 16 West Starke, Florida 32091



<https://bmwra.org/events/bmw-motorcycle-owners-of-northeast-florida-37th-annual-winter-rally/>

25th Annual Polar Bear Run

January 1, 2020 9:30 AM

Ride begins & ends at the Senior Citizens Building, 1020 Maury County Park Drive, Columbia, TN and will be held Rain or Shine.

Contact: Denisa Jones 615-519-3199
email: denisa.g.jones@gmail.com



www.cmaser6.org/TN/KNIGHTS-FORCHRIST/events.aspx?region=6&state=TN&chapter=KNIGHTSFORCHRIST

March Moto Madness

March 26 - March 29, 2020

March Moto Madness is an annual motorcycle riding rally held at Tellico Plains, Tennessee. We spend a few days riding motorcycles and competing, camping, enjoying great food and music. Best of all, we catch up with old friends and make some new ones. So come join us!

ON-SITE REGISTRATION ONLY



Ladies Corner



Joy-Now Travel French Press
Coffee Maker – Mini Handheld
Coffee Machine for Camping
Fishing Outdoor

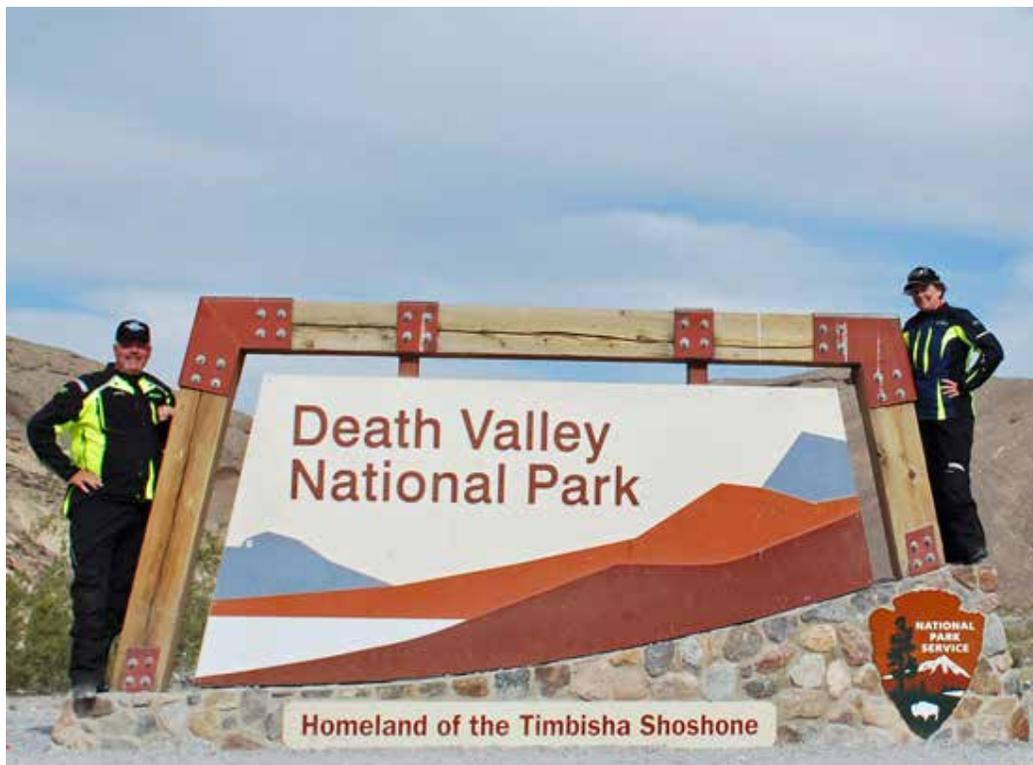
\$34.99

<https://www.amazon.com/Joy-Now-Travel-French-Press-Coffee/dp/B07Q7XY9VC>



Newbies – Our Story

By: Mark Campbell



the GS & GSA. When the new R1250GSA arrived, We were back at the dealership to check it out and ask about the upgrades. Marvin was a big help! He didn't hover around us while we crawled all over the bike to check it out. After that, we went home to talk about it and to see if there was room in the garage for a second bike!

Part of the discussion was "what color do we want?" Mark didn't care too much for the red, white and blue Captain America look. Karen wasn't sure about the olive green color. We both agreed the ice grey model that we crawled all over looked great! The other part of the discussion was garage space. Well, we walked out into our garage, shuffled a few of items around and miraculously made room!



2019 R1250GSA

After taking delivery of the new bike at the beginning of May, it didn't take many miles to figure out the seat was not going to work. So, we called Russell Day-Long to order a new one. They were busy with orders and couldn't start on our seat until August 1. We would need to send our seat to them prior to that date for the modifications.

Hello! Our names are Mark and Karen Campbell and we have a riding problem!

We have been touring for the past 20 years. Since 1999, we have averaged over 26,000 miles a year. Last year, we celebrated half-a-million miles.

2-up, we have ridden to all lower 48 states and Hawaii, plus 5 Canadian Provinces. Mark has also ridden to Alaska and 5 other Canadian Provinces.

We have been active with the Iron Butt Association (IBA) since 2004. We enjoy competing in Long-Distance (LD) rallies, also known as scavenger hunts. These LD rallies are 8 hours to multiple days in length. During a 36 hour rally, we can ride up to 1,500 miles and still take the required sleep bonus.

Most of our miles have been on Honda Gold Wings, but we've owned other brands as well. We like'em all and the people that ride them! So, why the GSA?

We wanted a second bike with the following requirements: 2-up capable, water-cooled, shaft drive, cruise control, longer fuel range, plenty of storage capacity and the ability to go off-road. So, no matter where we go, we have the option to ride either bike! It just depends on what we are doing and for how long. During LD rallies, it would be nice to have the extra range and the storage capacity along with the off-road capability. The Gold Wing doesn't do well off pavement (not to say that it has stopped us).

Over the past few years, we have been to Performance Plus in Memphis, a couple times, to look at

We knew a big ride wasn't doable until after we received the new seat. Since we were scheduled to attend an IBA event in Texas at the end of September, we would try to get the bike farked up to meet our needs in time for that event and learn how to operate everything.

Accessories added: BMW Navigator VI, aluminum side cases and top case, reflective tape, tank bag, handlebar risers, BMW car horn, highway pegs, phone mount, electric gear connections, larger windshield and windshield extension.



Russell Seat Arrives!

Up to this point, we had ridden about 4,000 miles. Our longest day was 500 painful miles. The weekend after receiving the Russell seat, Mark took the bike out for a 700 mile day. The seat was great! He knew he wouldn't have any problems on the upcoming Iron Butt event. Karen would have to wait until the event itself to see if the seat was comfortable enough for her on a high mileage day!

The Big as Texas (BAT) Party is one of our favorite events! This was our 4th year attending. The 3-day event included a BaseCamp seminar on Thursday, organized Iron Butt rides on Friday, then a banquet with guest speakers on

Saturday. We were signed up for the "Everything's Bigger in Texas SS1000" ride. This would be the first real test for our new BMW.

On the ride down to the party, Karen's confidence grew with the comfort of the seat. Although, the small rubber backrest was not what she was used to it wasn't a show-stopper. Now, she wasn't too concerned about the upcoming 1,000 mile ride the next day.



Paris, Texas

The Iron Butt ride was great! We were released at 6:00 am and arrived back at 11:31 pm. The route was a big loop from Denison, TX south through Dallas, Waco and Temple, then northwest to Lubback and Amarillo before returning back to Denison. Perfect weather and great scenery! We even stopped by Ft Hood where we lived 40 years ago as newlyweds as this was my first permanent duty station in the Army.



Ft Hood Main Gate

SS1000 Ride Stats

1,036 miles
17 hours, 31 minutes
59.2 mph average
30.5 gallons gas
34 mpg

Here are some thoughts after riding 7,500 miles on the new R1250GSA:

1. Great looking!
2. Fun!
3. Plenty of power!
4. Much lighter than the GW!
5. 300 mile range (4 hrs non-stop) is awesome!
6. The bags have plenty of storage space!
7. Love the latest electronics:
 - a. Different Ride Modes
 - b. TFT with thumb wheel
 - c. Navigator VI
 - d. Hill Start
 - e. Electronic Suspension Adjustment
8. The Power Shift Assist is awesome!

Although the LED lights are fine on well marked/striped roads, we opted to add extra auxiliary lights. We would rather have more than enough light available than not enough. Especially since we tend to end up in some very remote places during LD rallies.

This bike is exactly what we were looking for! Now, it should be equipped to meet our needs! From what we've ridden so far, this bike is fun with the capability to go wherever we want to take it!



*Widgets, Doohickey's & Gadgets***YOHOOOYO Disc Lock \$20.79****Alarm Motorcycle Alarm Padlock with 110db Alarm Sound for Motorcycles**

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01M4MG0YT/?tag=car-bibles-20>

Mini Multitool Clip
 - Multi-Functional Tool Hair Clip Works As A Screw Driver, Wrench, Ruler, and Serrated Knife, Original

\$9.95



<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B00O8RE0JI?imprToken=fleOrdkqgj9coXD4SrkcOCw&slotNum=16&ie=UTF8&tag=tzr-16074937-20&camp=1789&linkCode=xm2&creativeASIN=B00O8RE0JI>

It was a trip! By Bruce Ottway

Sept. 5, Thursday. I bid farewell to Jessie and Josh this morning as they remained at my house while I left for my trip to the West with Kathy. My ride to Kathy's house was a pleasant ride and I took the scenic route through Dixon and along the Rock River.

Sept. 6, Friday. Kathy had to work today and had the cast removed from her broken foot today, while I remained at her house most of the day hanging out with the guys out at the Sport and Specialty shop and mowed her grass. I had time before dark for a short ride out in the northern Illinois countryside before dark. Friday evening when Kathy arrived home from work, we began laying out tentative plans of our ride West.

Sept. 7, Saturday. Kathy and I arose and had a small breakfast and was on the road by 9 a.m. We rode up into Southern Wisconsin through a town called Platteville where we were stopped by the police to allow a parade to go by complete with high school band. The temperature at the time was fairly warm sitting on the bike while stopped. We left with our leathers and long underwear as the temperature was only supposed to be in the mid-70s. Later that afternoon as we entered Iowa via Prairie Du Chein, we ran into rain which was not unbearably cold. We stopped a few miles down the road to enjoy the sandwiches that Kathy had made before we left and placed them into the lunch bag that I brought from home. We stopped at a school that had a huge outdoor sports complex that was completely fenced off and locked up for the season. However, they had left one little man gate unlocked, so we weaved our way through it and went under a large ash tree to eat the sandwiches. After returning to the bike and heading out into the rain, I inadvertently left the lunch box on top of the netting that was supposed to hold it down and promptly rode off and left it on the ground somewhere. We spent the afternoon on the road with decent weather, but seeing rain on the horizon as we headed West. We made it to Spencer, Iowa before dark where we filled up with gas and ordered a pizza. We ate several pieces of the pizza in the parking lot, but took the remainder with us in a grocery bag to be eaten later. We managed to make camp on a small lake just outside of town. We had a pleasant evening in the 60s and sat on the dock and looked at the bright moonlight. We had both bought new travel sleeping bags for this trip that were compact & easy to transport. The temperature probably dropped into the upper 50s that night and we were not exactly comfortable.

September 8, Sunday. Sunday morning we awoke to rain that had fallen during the middle of the night. We were at a lull between storms at the very time we were taking down camp. This was a huge blessing as we rode into a lot of rain just as we left the camping area and headed towards Sioux City, Iowa. We were to attempt a bypass of Sioux City just north before heading west again when we found a McDonald's where we had coffee and breakfast. After leaving McDonald's, we rode northward and as we were leaving town, discovered a small building on the left side of the highway. It looked interesting, so I made a u-turn in the highway and went back to discover a very unique tiny Church built by the local church members called Wayside Chapel and open to anyone who wished to spend time in thought of spiritual matters. Kathy and I went in and we're amazed at the workmanship. It was similar to a child's Playhouse in the yard only it was finished woodwork as in, a tiny church. I could barely stand up in it without touching my helmet to the ceiling. We left the church where we were in Iowa and headed for the Badlands of South Dakota.



We rode seemingly endless miles lined with corn and more corn through Iowa. We stopped at a gas station getting close to South Dakota and bought a couple of pieces of fried chicken to eat with our leftover pizza. As we were at the edge of the parking lot eating our snack, gulls were flying around scouting for food. It started with just one bird and after pitching one piece of pizza crust on the ground to attract the bird. After one piece of scrap food, they seemingly came out of the woodwork and there must have been 10 or 12 at one time begging for food. We were off again on our way to the Badlands and road construction was plentiful and detaining along the way. We reached the Badlands National Park about 2 hours before dark. We went directly to the visitor center and picked up a map of the park. We were looking for a place to camp that was away from the crowds of the parks designated camping areas. Following the young Rangers advice which included a warning that we could wake up with a Buffalo staring at us, we went to the grasslands and looked for a road that had an open gate. We understood that the parks and the local Ranchers were intermixed in their properties and we had permission to go down the roads that were open. The young Ranger advised us to get off the road far enough to be out of sight of traffic. No campfires were allowed. Kathy and I rode into the dusk until almost dark before finding I spot to pitch the tent. I rode down a short grassy road less than 1/8 of a mile and we pitched the tent for the evening. The ground was so hard and cracked open from drought that the kick stand of the bike did not even make an impression. I placed the kick stand plate beneath the stand anyway. As Kathy and I lay in the tent, rain came about 2:30 in the morning. I lay awake for quite a long time listening to the intensity of the rain thinking we could be in trouble, but it was too late to do anything about it. We had both figured a way to sleep more comfortably in our new equipment, so the last thing we wanted to do was get up in the middle of the night and leave.

Sept. 9, Monday. We zipped open the tent this morning with the rain past and leaving a bit of fog across the horizon, but with no buffalo staring at us. Within a few short minutes, the sun had burnt the fog away and we were left with a perfect morning. As with all of my bike trips, this one was no exception in providing a generous amount of adventure. We successfully broke camp and had the bike fully packed and was ready to go back through the Badlands Park on our way to Wall, South Dakota where the famous Wall Drug Store is located. We both got onto the bike as we would any other time and within a hundred feet, the rain that had fallen through the night created a horrible situation and clogged the front wheel of the bike and I lost my balance and we went down. I immediately expressed my dismay to Kathy about having dropped the bike and being concerned about getting it back up. I asked if she was okay and her answer was, she thought so, but within a few minutes she was beginning to feel pain in the left ankle. We did manage to right the bike and proceed a few more feet before the mud had overcome us and I went down again. Kathy did not get on the bike after the first fall. Kathy and I managed to get the bike back up again the second time, but was basically hopelessly stranded. About that time, a worker for the ranch that we had camped on came up on a four-wheeler. He was a very nice young man named Jordan. It was a good thing that he came up on us rather than his boss according to him. Jordan offered to help me get the bike out of his boss's ranch and became quite muddy in doing so. We dropped the bike once more as he was trying to push from behind. We uprighted the bike and proceeded to get it out to the road just before a trail ride of horses were to come through. We thanked Jordan for his helping me and Kathy gave him 40 bucks. The horses were very skittish at my bike sitting there in their way as they were coming into the very road we were trying to exit. I don't think those horses had ever seen a motorcycle. After several minutes of clearing mud from the bike, we managed to return to the Badlands attraction and ride through on our way to Wall, SD. I had asked Kathy along the way how her ankle was feeling. The further we got the more we realized she was hurt. After going to Wall and having lunch at the famous Wall Cafe, we found an urgent care in Rapid City, Iowa and took Kathy to be x-rayed. There was so much mud packed into the frame of the front fork, that by the time we reached the Urgent Care it had cut grooves into my tire. Kathy's x-rays came back showing a fracture in her left ankle. I could kick myself for not having gotten her off the bike in time before that accident happened. After the Urgent Care visit, we took the bike to a car wash and spent a good amount of time trying to get the mud completely out of the forks and the brakes. The day was already winding down, so we rode towards our next stop for the evening which was, Sturgis. I had my GPS set to avoid interstate, and it sent us down a gravel road 12 miles long. I just rode slowly and cautiously while Kathy took pictures as the sun went down. We made it to the Best Western motel and Sturgis by just before 9 p.m. . We had not had anything to eat for supper and was in need of something. Kathy was not feeling well enough to get back on the bike and go looking for food, so I left her in the room while I went in search of something to eat. I ended up going all the way through Sturgis only to find a McDonald's open. I ordered two Southwest salads and took them back to the room. That proved to be a good choice and it was better than I had thought it would be as we dined on a wonderful salad.

Sept. 10, Tuesday. We got up and had a wonderful continental breakfast at the hotel. We met a couple of people who were very nice to talk to and they went on their way and we went on ours. We went back through Sturgis and on to Deadwood on our way to Mount Rushmore. This day was by far the most perfect day, weather wise, of the trip. The weather was pleasant and the scenery was magnificent as we rode to the Mount Rushmore attraction and then on to Custer National Park by way of the Needles Highway in the Black Hills. I had been through this particular area once before in the month of May Before Memorial Day and there was absolutely no traffic. We were not so fortunate this time as the traffic through the Needles Highway was extremely heavy. There is a particular one lane tunnel that is a major attraction of the area and when we arrived, a tour bus had just come through blocking traffic for miles. We made it to Mt Rushmore and visited only briefly as Kathy's foot was not up for very much standing or hiking. We talked with another couple who were riding in the parking lot before leaving. The sky once again looked a bit ominous as we were leaving Mount Rushmore. We managed to ride through the Needles Highway in the Black Hills and enjoyed tremendous scenery before riding into another downpour. The scenery through Custer National Park was also breathtaking, but was tainted by heavy rain before we finished the route. We did come across a wonderful photo op with a family of Buffalo standing right next to the road. We were both quite drenched when we pulled into a Visitor Center to don my heated gear. Initially, just to get out of the rain, we went up to the visitor center where a tour bus load of passengers were coming out. They were all standing there gawking at us while we looked like a couple of drowned rats. Kathy and I were laughing and cutting up and enjoying the ride regardless of the circumstances. What was noticeable to me, was that none of these tourist were smiling and having a good time at all. Perhaps because Kathy and I were the center of attention. The Visitor Center was at the end of the Wildlife Loop that we had just ridden on. After we had our warmer gear on, we headed west towards our next leg of the trip. The rain cleared out and we had a pretty sunset to ride into. Again, riding into the dark we came to Spearfish, South Dakota. The first thing we did upon entering town was to find a place to eat. Not really having any preference. We ended up at Qdoba's. They were near closing, but quite accommodating to Kathy and I. There were three girls that worked the counter and were very patient with me not knowing what I wanted. I finally settled on an quesadilla that Kathy was to share with me. It was quite tasty as they locked the doors while we sat and dined. Kathy was on her phone trying to find us a place to spend the night once again. We spent the night at Travelodge in Spearfish.

September 11, Wednesday. As we arose and had a continental breakfast at the hotel, Kathy noticed the flag at half mast. We both recognized the historic date of 9/11 and why the flag was being flown half-mast. We packed the motorcycle and was ready to continue the adventure "Fear and Loathing in South Dakota". I put it in a destination of Lovell, Wyoming, which was about 6 hours West and it took all day to reach it. While leaving Spearfish, the GPS decided to play games with me and we made about three trips through Spearfish before figuring out the correct route that I wanted. After finally getting the correct route worked out and being well on our way, I needed to top off the gas and get something to eat at about noon time. We snacked on a couple of chicken strips and an M&M cookie. As we left the convenient mart, the GPS again, took us towards Highway 14 where we ran into road construction and the road was blocked. After circling Spearfish about three times this morning, now we were doing it in another city as every direction that the GPS took me, the roads were closed. We finally made it out of that town and on the road again to some beautiful countryside as we were leaving South Dakota entering Wyoming. The riding was fine for several miles before once again approaching inclement weather. It started raining on us about an hour before we reached a pass called Bighorn pass towards Lovell. I was pointing out to Kathy during the ride how the elevation changes can affect the weather. I had no clue of what we were about to encounter in terms of terrain and weather. When I researched the forecast for this area before coming here, it was forecast to be in the 90s. We have worn our heated gear everyday. This day, we were blessed to have it. As we entered the pass, in the rain, the rain had let up just a little bit. We began to climb in elevation relatively quickly and I was astounded that we were climbing a mountain after being in Prairie Land only moments before. I passed a couple of people and was truly enjoying the beautiful scenery of the pass, when approx. 1/3 way up the mountain, I began to notice white mountain tops. I didn't really think much about it because the roads were still just wet from the rain. But, as we continued to climb in elevation, it became treacherous with snow and slush on the road. I pulled over when I came to another road repair section and assessed the situation the best I could. There was only two options. One, turn back or two, proceed. There was a man coming over the pass towards us in an RV and stopped to give us a report on what we were up against. He said that we had about five miles of snow before it turned back into rain. That was a very long five miles as most of it was done in first gear staying within the boundary of the car tracks made by cars that passed me. I got brave enough to switch to second gear after the apex of the mountain and going down in elevation. When reaching the end of the snow and back into rain, I was able to pick up speed only to be completely drenched by rain before reaching Lovell 30 miles later. When reaching the city of Lovell, we pulled into the first and only motel in town. Before we had time to get inside the room, another BMW Rider introduced himself to us, who had been riding in rain all day himself. It turned out that he was a retired Fedex pilot and had been employed in Memphis, Tennessee for 26 years and had been a member of the Rams club that I belong to and knew several people in common. We had supper with him at a grill adjacent to the Motel. Afterwards, we said our goodbyes and traded information. All our gear was completely soaked and the room temp was only in the 60's. We needed heat and discovered the thermostat would not turn it on. Kathy called Mr. Anderson, the proprietor, and asked why the heat didn't work. He said that he hadn't turned on the heat as he nor anyone else expected the cold snap that was currently dominating the weather. He said, "Heck, yesterday it was 90 degrees!" He provided us with a space heater which we put in the bathroom and cooked our gear over night to dry it.

Sept. 12, Thursday. This day was forecast to be beautiful as we headed west towards Beartooth pass in Wyoming. We rode from the hotel to Red Lodge, Montana and had lunch before our next leg of the trip. We found a small cafe called Regis Cafe a couple of blocks off the main drag and it was fabulous. The weather was beautiful as we entered our southern route towards Yellowstone National Park. Beartooth pass was closed until noon due to the previous night's snow storm. However, it surpassed my expectations considerably as it was so vast and beautiful. We climbed to an elevation of nearly 11,000 feet and it was a stunning view around every turn. Our winter gear was really handy once again as the temperatures dropped to 34 near the summit. We stopped for gas at the base of the mountain just before entering Yellowstone. The traffic in Yellowstone was dense and took away some of the pleasure of riding amongst the beauty of the park. We rode southerly on the Grand Loop and reaching the end decided to find a campground. Even though the temperatures during the daytime were very pleasant with our gear on, we knew that we were in for a very cold night. We were in a location where hotel rooms would be at a premium if not sold out completely. Camping was basically our only resort. The camping was a pleasurable experience until we decided to bed down. I built a fire and we ate sandwiches that we had picked up at the gas station. As we were enjoying our evening meal over a campfire and discussing the beauty of the day, Kathy realized that she had misplaced her billfold with her cash, credit cards and driver's license. She became distraught momentarily, but after searching in the dark decided it would be best to look in the daylight the next morning. We finally crawled into the tent and began our preparatory ritual to stay warm. We were not outfitted to handle such cold temperatures. I thought that we could remain separated in our respective sleeping bags and stay warm. I was wrong as we both shivered throughout the night. There was little to no sleep to be had. During the night, I had to get up twice to go outside the tent and take a pee. The only times of the night that I was comfortable were only a few brief moments after exerting the energy of getting out of the tent and back in. The rest of the night was spent trying to keep the frigid temperatures at bay with no success.

Sept. 13, Friday. I did not awake this morning. That's because, I hardly slept any during the night. As I said, Kathy and I were not prepared for freezing temperatures and therefore, was shivering most of the night. The elk were bugling all around us all night long. That was a soothing sound, but did nothing to warm me up. Kathy slept a little bit more than I did. As the light of the morning began filling the sky, I lay my body across hers to warm us up, we just begin to laugh together loudly at the predicament we were in. We arose from our sleeping bags and I began building a fire to have coffee at the campsite while Kathy packed away all of our sleeping gear while searching for her billfold. The fire was very comforting and a welcome addition to our morning. However, I did have to do a long hike to find any dry sticks. Her billfold never showed up in our belongings. We determined that it had fallen out of her pocket on the short trip from the registration area to the camp site. We went to the ranger station and filled out a lost and found report and hoped for the best. I know that put a terrible damper on Kathy's enthusiasm for the day, but she has an uncanny way to put adversity behind her and move forward with a smile on her face. After the sun had been up for a couple of hours, the temperature reached the low 40s. We rode South out of the Yellowstone National Park in full heated gear and enjoying the comfort and beauty of the ride. We had tentatively told Roy that we would be at his house by Friday evening. That did not work out, but we decided to exit the mountains and take a faster route towards Denver. In doing so, we had to go back into the plains area of Wyoming where the winds are fierce. We were cruising along with little wind after eating a fine lunch in Landon, Wyoming. Once we reached the High Plains area, the winds escalated and made riding quite intense. The gusts of wind were like receiving whiplash continuously and my neck and I were completely worn out by the time we reached Rawlins, Wyoming where we obtained a hotel room and would spend the night. We needed beds to regain our strength and reduce our fatigue from lack of sleep the previous night. We were located adjacent to a grocery store, so we went there and bought groceries for supper and had a wonderful healthy meal in the hotel room. We were both ready to crash as soon as possible.

Sept. 14, Saturday. Kathy and I arose from our respective hotel beds at different times. I awoke at 5:15 a.m. when one of the hotel guest started his diesel truck below the window of our room and just left it running for 30 minutes. I was very upset that anyone would do that when it was still dark and obviously not very many people out of their beds yet for the day. I could no longer sleep and tried overcoming my anger by going to the continental breakfast that the hotel served. I had a good breakfast and calmed myself for the day ahead. Kathy and I met two wonderful people at the hotel as is usually the case wherever we go. We met Udo and Cindy who were from just outside of Denver. Udo was a former British car and German car mechanic. He was very intelligent and obviously well-versed on the BMW's. He told me of his several BMW motorcycles at home. We had a wonderful chat, then it was time to leave for Denver from Rawlins, Wyoming. The weather was pleasant that morning as we were heading into the plains of Wyoming. The wind is usually severe in the plains, but it wasn't too bad until later in the afternoon. Udo had given us a route to take to Roy's that took us through some very scenic passes. It was a good day of riding as we arrived at Roy and Vickie's house about 7:30 p.m. Roy and Vicky were extremely happy to see us and had a meal in the works that was fit for a King. Roy and Vicky grow much of their own produce and package much of their own meat from hunting. We had quite a delightful supper and spent time on their deck catching up and enjoying the evening.

Sept. 15, Sunday. Kathy and I just hung around at Roy and Vickie's house allowing Kathy some time to rest her foot and recover from overuse of the injury. Roy and Vickie went for a short motorcycle ride on Roy's new Road King. Kathy and I watched old westerns on TV and allowed her foot to recover as much as possible. Kathy and I went a few blocks over to my Aunt Marriane's that afternoon and had a good visit with she and Darrelyn. We had another wonderful evening with Roy and Vickie as they presented us with yet another magnificent meal. Roy had to get up early for work, so we called it a day fairly early. Kathy and I just hung around at Roy and Vickie's house allowing Kathy some time to rest her foot and recover from overuse of the injury. Roy and Vickie went for a short motorcycle ride on Roy's new Road King. Kathy and I watched old westerns on TV and allowed her foot to recover as much as possible. Kathy and I went a few blocks over to my Aunt Marriane's that afternoon and had a good visit with she and Darrelyn. We had another wonderful evening with Roy and Vickie as they presented us with yet another magnificent meal. Roy had to get up early for work, so we called it a day fairly early.

Sept.16, Monday. We gathered our gear and bound it to the bike in Roy's garage and left Littleton around 10 am. Kathy deemed her foot ready for the road. We headed back to the scenic highways of Colorado bearing north to resume a northerly approach back to Kathy's. We went through some beautiful country before entering the plains of Wyoming once again. We were tentatively headed for the Black Hills once again, but didn't quite make it by night. We gassed up and Googled a place to camp in Torrington, Wyoming, which was out in the plains. It turned out that Torrington was located on the North Platte river with a campground in the city park on the river. We shopped a local grocery to buy a few items for supper that night and went to set up camp in the dark. It was not the best place to camp since the access roads to the river were all deeply pitted with mud holes. We had had enough of trying to ride a K Bike in the mud, so staying on dry ground only kept us from camping closer to the water and with less privacy. All things considered, it wasn't bad and we didn't freeze during the night.

Sept.17,Tuesday. We broke Camp from the riverbank that morning and did a little exploration of the river. It was quite a river! We heard the rushing water during the night from our campsite, but I had no idea how big the river actually was. It was a quiet subdued Park and the camping wasn't bad. That is why I choose to travel mostly in off-season. I don't like people. Having said that, there are some wonderful people that I meet while on motorcycle rides. Those are the people that are just passing through your life. You never will learn who they are well enough to judge who they actually are and find fault with them. Therefore, everyone you meet is on the same level ground. You don't know if their ideals are totally different than yours or not. Generally, you don't have to be concerned with that as the conversation is usually about my motorcycle and the trip I've been on. I am kind and patient with people who approach me while in a parking lot with the motorcycle even though sometimes itching to get on the road. That happens to be nearly every time I stop.

Anyway, we left the park, paying our fee as we exited, and headed for somewhere to have coffee. Torrington turned out to be a nice little town and we found a nice little cafe, named, Sweet Lou's Bakery & Cafe, to have coffee and one of the owners very own homemade cinnamon rolls, before proceeding to the Black Hills of South Dakota once again. We had a few miles left of the plains before we could see the terrain begin to change more beautifully into rolling hills, trees and rocks. The weather was magnificent as we stopped at Wind Cave Park and enjoyed the visitor center and a talk by the Ranger at the very place where the caves were discovered. The barometric pressure dictates whether the caves breathe in or breathe out. Standing next to the hole in the ground that lead to a network of over a hundred and fifty miles worth of caves, the wind coming out of the cave that day felt like standing in front of the air conditioner at full blast.

We got back on the bike headed further into Custer National Park and passed a place where prairie dogs were in abundance. They were cute little fellers. The weather was still holding out nicely, but the forecast was a stormy afternoon. We were going into the afternoon as we entered, for the second time on our trip, the Wildlife Loop in Custer National Park. This time, it was a beautiful ride, but noticed the clouds thicken in the distance. From what we could see, it appeared that we may escape the brewing storm. However, it developed right on top of us and we got drenched once again. This time wasn't as complete of a drenching as the time before exactly one week before, so we just thanked our lucky stars that we came through and the weather cleared up on the other side. We had time to dry out and try to find a place to camp for the night. We found a remarkable campsite that was well maintained right on a creek. We had been shut out on campfires and are campsites all but one time which was in the Yellowstone National Park. Even then, the wood was far from acceptable for a campfire. This time however, Kathy and I rode into town after setting up our tent to hold the space. We went to a small Hometown restaurant that served their chicken pot pie as there special for the day. Afterward, we had a piece of pie with ice cream on it. After eating supper, we gassed the bike up in town and bought some firewood. I have always been highly skeptical of the wood that is sold at a convenient mart, but this particular wood turned out to be fantastic because it was dry. We made it back to the camp just before dark. We were barely off the bike when the ranger pulled in and checked on us. I had purchased a permit to be in the park, but I confessed to her that I did not register the campsite. We had tried doing it online at the restaurant with no good results. Anytime I have to deal with technology, it is a nightmare to me and I just drop it. Therefore, I was willing to risk getting caught with no permit and I did get caught. The lady Ranger was thankful that I was honest about it and helped me get legally registered. We could then spend the night there worry-free that anyone would come and make us move at the last minute. The camping that night was wonderful! We did not get cold that night either. However, there were very high winds during the night. I was concerned about the helmets that were left on the bike getting blown away or even the bike itself getting blown over.

Sept. 18, Wednesday. We did not get extremely cold that night due to us figuring out a way to stay warmer. That particular night, we unzipped both sleeping bags and used them as blankets keeping our body temperature together under one blanket over both of us. We both slept in our clothes. I didn't sleep all that well due to the high winds during the night and not being totally comfortable with my pillow situation. Again, we awoke to a beautiful morning with deep blue sky and the weather was perfect as the winds had also laid. We broke camp about 9 a.m. after having coffee made over the fire and set off for the Needles Highway once again. The first time we went through the Needles Highway, the traffic congestion was horrendous. This time being on a Wednesday, we thought it should be much better. We were pleasantly surprised to find that it was indeed much less traveled on this day. I'm sure Kathy got some very wonderful photos as we had such a wonderful day to travel. We exited the Black Hills by way of Mount Rushmore and were able to view the monument very clearly as we passed by headed east. It wasn't long before we were out of the Black Hills and entering the plains once again. There is always beauty to behold in the plains even if it is repetitious in many ways for many miles. Kathy and I were astounded at the number of sunflower fields we saw. The soil must be good for growing them out there as there were thousands of acres of them. The crops during our time through Eastern South Dakota and into Iowa were very green. It was hard for me to understand how the plants could reach maturity before winter comes. We rode across South Dakota and stopped for the night near the Iowa border. We had to ride into the night to reach our destination and were covered with bugs by the time we got there. We found a fairly cheap hotel to spend the night in and was prepared for the last leg of the journey home the following day. We had a popcorn treat in the room that night before bed.

Minutes by: **Dorene Avritt**

RAMS Meeting Minutes

The meeting was called to order by President Art Manchester IV on November 9, 2019 at 1:30 PM at Joe's Steakhouse in Bolivar, TN. There were 16 RAMS and 7 bikes in attendance.

Call to Order

1. We have two new members for this month.
Mark & Karen Campbell who live in Hernando, MS and ride a R1250 GSA.
2. We currently have 78 new and returning members for 2019.
3. There were no guests for the meeting.
4. Thanks to Meeting Host: Paul Rhodes

New Business

1. We still need Volunteers to host Donut Saturdays. December 30 is still available.
2. Officer Nominations for 2020 are open with the following nominations:

President: Art Manchester IV

Vice-President: Paul Whitworth

Secretary/Treasurer: Spencer Bennett

All the nominated candidates have indicated a willingness to serve in the nominated position.

RAMS Rally Update

RAMS Rally Update

1. Bryan Leonard was nominated for RAMS 2020 Rally Chair at the November Meeting. This was done by consensus of the RAMS in attendance.

VP's Corner

1. We still need some volunteers to set up and lead RAMS Rides. Anyone can do it and it only needs a start point and time, although a destination is sometimes good.
2. The coffee pot continues to be an issue. Possibility of making it more mobile was discussed, perhaps with caster wheels or a wagon of some sort? Paul Whitworth will pull it out and check for possibilities. Do we (the RAMS) want to spend the money to fix the issues with it or not?

Old Business

1. If anyone still does not have their picture in the online directory, please see Spencer or Rosey. We need these for the 2020 on-line directory. The following RAMS do not have pictures in the directory: Dwayne Accardo, Wilson & Jecca Crater, Casey & Rebecca Hardin, John Holiday Jr., Daniel Hovater, Alfred & Kim Torres.
2. If you would like a RAMS patch (old logo only), decal (old and new logos) or need RAMS business cards, please get with Spencer.

Next Meeting: December 14, 2019

The home of Spencer & Rose-Anne Bennett
1780 Green Village Drive
Hernando, MS 38651
Telephone: 901-626-2831

RAMS Christmas Party will begin at 6 pm

Your hosts: Spencer & Rose-Anne Bennett

For the Good of the Club

1. Check RAMS website for rally schedules for other Club's Rallies.
2. RAMS Meeting hosts are needed for 2020.
3. The RAMS Meeting time will be moved from 1:30 to 1:00 with lunch still beginning at 1200.
4. Spencer Bennett, Chip Mann, and Jim Linneman will be attending the North East Florida Rally on January 17-18, 2020. They are renting a house and have one bedroom available. Planned departure is on January 15. Please let Spencer know if you are interested in joining them.
5. The January Meeting will be held on January 11, 2020 at a location to be determined. Contenders are: My Favorite Place, which has changed their menu; Fox Ridge Pizza which has changed their location; or The Side Car Café, which hasn't changed anything. Watch your email for an update.
6. **December 14, 2019 RAMS Meeting LOCATION is:**

The home of Spencer & Rose-Anne Bennett

1780 Green Village Drive

Hernando, MS 38651

Telephone: 901-626-2831

Since this is the RAMS Christmas Party it will begin at 6 pm and the meeting will be conducted at some point. Rick Coffman has volunteered to provide Brisket and you are asked to bring a side dish or dessert to add to the feast. Please call Spencer at the above number to let him know what you would like to bring or see what is still needed. Soft drinks will be provided and you are welcome to bring a cooler with your choice of beverages

Parking will be either on the street in front of the house, in the driveway, or in the hangar driveway which is at the back of the property and will be marked by a sign. Please reserve most of the driveway spaces for those RAMS needing paved access to the house.

There will be the usual RAMS Sneaky Santa Gift Exchange after the meeting. The rules of this are that everyone in the group gets a number, then the first person picks a gift and opens it. The second person may then take the first person's gift or pick another one. If the second person takes the first person's gift, then the first person gets to pick another gift

Treasurer's Reports

1. Balance in Bank plus petty cash = \$6577.07
2. Petty Cash = \$50.00
3. No Major Expenses for the month:

from the pile. The third person then has the option of taking either of the first two gifts or picking a new one, with whoever loses a gift picking another one from the pile, and this continues until all the gifts are distributed. A gift may only be taken a total of three times, once by the original chooser who opens it, and twice by other people. Gifts should be motorcycle or travel/camping related and we are asking that the amount be limited to \$25.00 or less. If you wish to participate, you must bring a wrapped gift with no name on it and place it under the tree. If you didn't understand any of this, please ask Spencer either before the meeting or at the meeting.

A Pre-meeting Ride will likely not be scheduled. Watch your email for details as it gets closer to the meeting date.

7. If you have an item you would like to see in the next meeting agenda, please get it to the Secretary by Wednesday prior to the meeting and it will be added to the next meeting agenda. This is not required for an item to be discussed, but it will make sure it gets in the mix. Send the information to: officers@bmwrams.com

Movement to adjourn:
Second:

Just for Fun!



Webmaster:
webmaster@bmwrams.com

Door Prize / Vendors

Email your articles and submissions to:
newsletter@bmwrams.com

Deadline for submissions to The Shaft is the 25th of each month with publication shortly thereafter!

The Shaft Editor:
Verla Price
newsletter@bmwrams.com

RAMS Officers:
President:
Art Manchester IV

Vice - Pres:
Paul Whitworth

Secretary- Treasurer:
Spencer Bennett
officers@bmwrams.com

2019 RAMS Rally Chair
Bryan Leonard
Rally Co-Chair
Steve Clark

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