



# BLACK GOLD BEEMERS

## News



2007 January

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### NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

Submitted by Wil Wosar

Welcome to what we all hope to be another great year of riding and participation in the Black Gold Beemers Motorcycle Club.

This month's newsletter will be shorter than usual – Christmas has come and gone and we anticipate a great motorcycle show this coming weekend 2007 January 12-14 at the Northlands Agricom in Edmonton.

Not much to report besides some stories and tales still trickling in from last season or years before – it is never too late to share a good, or even average, ride story.

The wind-up banquet will be held at the site of the exhibit making it a complete event. A number of members not able to attend – Darren Lebranche, Geoff Wilson, and others have expressed regret at not being able to attend what promises to be an exciting day.

### BGB NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

- Please submit anything and often to [waaw@shaw.ca](mailto:waaw@shaw.ca)

### THE EDMONTON MOTORCYCLE SHOW

*This years exhibit will be held 2007 January 12-14 with all information relative to the show to be found at the link below.*

<http://www.sportshows.ca/EdCycle/>

Call Rick Wortman if you require details relative to attendance. (780-464-6722)

### 2007 BGB EXECUTIVE MEMBERSHIP

When you are able please thank Laretta Laaning and Bob Brown for assuming the executive positions of Treasurer and Secretary respectively. Not only are they both successful entrepreneurs and independent business owners they are passionate BMW owners. If you haven't met them before they are easy to identify – they are so tall they can harvest geese with a rake...!

President:	Rick Wortman
464-6722	<a href="mailto:rickride@telus.net">rickride@telus.net</a>
Vice President:	Vacant
Registrar:	David Leeb
481-5831	<a href="mailto:theleeb@telus.net">theleeb@telus.net</a>
Treasurer:	Laretta Laaning
986-0303	<a href="mailto:llaaning@telus.net">llaaning@telus.net</a>
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### GLOBAL NEWS

*I have made several references in past newsletters to **Darren LaBranche** being en route to South America: His website,*



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<http://dmotorider.com>, indicates that as of 2006 December 31 he was in Guatemala.

He has given permission to use the pics he has taken to date (1,527 and counting) for a planned slide show during this year end wind-up banquet on 2007 January 13. He is having some troubles with access to both the web and cash to live on – an ATM and money minting compatibility problem. Please visit his website to follow his trip and contact him at [dmotorider@gmail.com](mailto:dmotorider@gmail.com) - I am sure he would like to hear about our bad weather.

*Some other world travelers familiar to the BGB are Kelly and Della Graham. Their travels are being chronicled at <http://www.kellarwt.com>.*

They spent New Year's Eve in Medellin, Colombia cementing some business ties with a local cartel to secure their future upon their return. As of 2007 January 04 they could be found in Ecuador with Kelly now onto a second page of journal. A lot of good pictures can be found in both the photo gallery and in the journal pages.

E-mail them at [mailus@kellarwt.com](mailto:mailus@kellarwt.com) to wish them well in their travels.

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### BLACK GOLD BEEMERS

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[www.blackgoldbeemers.ca](http://www.blackgoldbeemers.ca)

### MEETING SCHEDULE FOR 2007

The second Wednesday of every month:

- **January 13 Banquet**
  - February 14
  - March 14
  - April 11
  - May 09
  - June 13
- 

### CHILL IN THE AIR, EH?

**"Cold! If the thermometer had been an inch longer we'd have frozen to death."  
(Mark Twain)**

*With the impending cold weather over the second weekend of the New Year and most likely for a few more months to come, I thought the following would be appropriate. Note however that the last entry is not indicative of a temperature reading – rather a lifestyle...!*

50° Fahrenheit (10° C)  
Californians shiver uncontrollably,  
Canadians plant gardens.

35° Fahrenheit (1.6° C)  
Italian cars won't start, Canadians drive with  
the windows down.

32° Fahrenheit (0° C) American water  
freezes, Canadian water gets thicker.

0° Fahrenheit (-17.9° C)  
New York City landlords finally turn on the  
heat, Canadians have the last barbecue of the  
season.

-60° Fahrenheit (-51° C)  
Mount St. Helen's freezes, Canadian Girl  
Guides sell cookies door to door.

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-100° Fahrenheit (-73° C) Santa Claus abandons the North Pole, the Rideau Canal opens for skating.

-173° Fahrenheit (-114° C)  
Ethyl alcohol freezes, Canadians get frustrated when they can't thaw the keg.

-460° Fahrenheit (-273° C)  
Absolute zero; all atomic motion stops, Canadians start saying "Cold, eh?"

-500° Fahrenheit (-295° C)  
Hell freezes over, Leafs win Stanley Cup.

-1000° Fahrenheit (-537° C)  
*Vince Kreuzel attaches the sidecar to his bike and goes ice racing...!*

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### ADVENTURES IN CRASHING MOTORCYCLES

*Courtesy of Art Friedman*

*Art Friedman, who has been riding motorcycle for 40 years and testing them for magazine for more than 30, and he survives long enough, can be reached by e-mail at [Art.Friedman@primedia.com](mailto:Art.Friedman@primedia.com) or [ArtoftheMotorcycle@hotmail.com](mailto:ArtoftheMotorcycle@hotmail.com)*

This is **Part 1 of Adventures in Crashing Motorcycles** originally appearing in the publication, Motorcycle Cruiser, and available on-line at <http://www.motorcyclecruiser.com/>

Are you ready for the surprises that might be waiting just ahead? Some strange and unpleasant surprises await unwary riders. Most people who get on a motorcycle probably think they are ready for just about anything that can happen. That may be true, if they have very active imaginations and

give some credence and thought to how they would cope if some of their fantasies became reality. The fact is that almost anything can happen to a motorcycle rider.

The threats that most of us probably think about are the common ones: drivers turning left in front of us, oil in a turn, drivers who don't check their blind spots and change lanes into us. But if you use your imagination and look around, you might conceive of some possible threats that aren't commonplace. And some pretty wild things happen to motorcyclists who are simply riding along, seemingly doing everything right. Over the years I have received letters from a couple of riders who were struck by lightning and woke up in the ditch. I have a clipping about a motorcyclist who was killed after a dog fell on him from a railroad overpass. There are mysteries too, like the rider found dead (the evidence points to a heart attack or falling asleep) miles from where his bike came to rest almost upright against a guard rail.

Even though I'm not a trained accident investigator, I have had opportunities to get a detailed look at the circumstances of some motorcycle crashes or near crashes, which serve as reminders of some of the potential threats awaiting motorcyclists who don't use their imaginations and also prepare themselves for the worst.

Consider the following:

The other guy can do almost anything, and if you drop your guard, he might do it to you. A rider riding down a Los Angeles freeway honked his Laverda's very loud dual horns at a woman who had started to change lanes into him without looking. The woman was startled, lurched away then looked to see what had issued the freight-train-like



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warning. When she saw that the vehicle that had frightened her was a mere motorcycle, she offered him a universally understood single-digit salute, then swerved back at him and continued to try to hit him with her car until he used his superior power and ability to split traffic to escape her homicidal wrath. He rode away wondering what the two young children in the car thought.

A less experienced rider came around a corner on a narrow road to encounter a car coming fairly fast downhill on his side of the road. He swerved to the left side of the road, but the driver did the same. He swerved back to his side of the road, but again she followed. That was where they collided, breaking his leg.

Taking his normal shortcut on a back street near his home, a rider was surprised that the car coming the other way around the turn was way over on his side of the road, even though there was plenty of room for both to pass. The rider moved over to his right as far as he could, but there was a chain link fence right at the edge of the pavement. And when he moved over, the driver crowded him further. They met right at the apex of the corner, and while the rider managed to avoid the car, by millimeters, he clipped the fence with his right handlebar and went flying. The car didn't even slow down.

Riding down a two-lane highway, a motorcyclist was astounded to see an apparently unoccupied oncoming car begin to drift across the center line into his lane. He moved to his right and got on the brakes, pulling off the pavement and on the shoulder. He was about to roll off the embankment to escape when the driver suddenly popped up into view, clutching the cigarette lighter he had apparently been

retrieving from the floor. The driver swerved away, just in time.

Two motorcyclists riding on rural Ohio highway came to a road construction zone marked over a mile ahead by a series of huge fluorescent-orange warning signs. A flagman controlling traffic signaled them to stop. They had been waiting a minute or so when the howling of tires behind them alerted them to unexpected danger. A young girl driver had overlooked the seemingly impossible-to-ignore signs and kept speeding toward the flagman, until alerted by a passenger at the last moment. When she locked up all four tires, the crown of the road caused her to slide slightly to the right, which meant that she struck only the rider on the right. He was thrown well up and forward, landing atop the steel Armco barrier alongside the road.

Not all the transgressions against motorcyclists' right of way come from car drivers. A motorcyclist riding on a popular mountain road in Southern California approached a corner just as two riders, apparently racing, exited it going the opposite direction. They both ran wide into the first rider's lane. One passed on either side of him.

The threat can even come from your riding companion. Two riders on an extended tour had already had a long day of riding, and it was after dark. The leading rider felt fine -- alert and awake. What he didn't know, as they approached a truck stopped on the shoulder and he slowed, was that his companion was nearly asleep. The blurry-eyed trailing rider didn't notice him slow down, struck him from the rear and crashed, though the leader managed to stay on his wheels.



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A passenger can get you in trouble too. Two motorcyclists on one bike were going around a corner when the passenger decided to "help" the rider by leaning into the corner. This caused the bike to lean further, drag hard and crash.

Though accidents caused by mechanical failures are rare, they do happen. As the farmer said when his mule died, "It never did that before." A rider who had just completed a fast dash along a challenging piece of meandering pavement stopped to talk to friends. All were dumfounded when someone spied a missing front axle clamp.

Tires are crucial components that must not be taken for granted, as the rider on a Norton with recently changed tires could testify. The pinched rear tube blew out in the fast lane of an urban interstate, amidst heavy traffic moving at 70 mph. And heed the lesson learned by a Yamaha rider who had just fitted new tires and realized, as he slid on his belly down the street less than a block from the dealer, that they need some scuffing in before you can use the brakes hard. Back in college, one of the more experienced motorcyclists on campus had a lesson taught the same way. His discovery was that the "trials universal" tires on the borrowed Honda Scrambler didn't provide nearly as much braking traction as the street tires on his Honda 450.

Other unexpected and seeming minor failures can spell big trouble too. Consider the Harley rider cruising along, aware that his fuel was getting low. When the engine began to sputter, he was ready. He flipped the fuel selector to reserve, but was alarmed when the engine failed to start again. Suddenly, he was in the left-most of six lanes where two busy interstates converge

on a bike that wouldn't run. The little pipe that creates a reserve supply had vibrated loose from the petcock.

Sometimes your companion's mechanical problem can affect you. Two riders were enjoying a curving stretch of pavement when the front rider suddenly slowed dramatically (in response to a broken primary chain). He got on his brakes and swerved toward the edge of the road, which forced the rider behind him to run off the asphalt on the outside of the turn they were entering and into the grass alongside. There were no apparent obstacles, and the rider was trying to brake to a stop in the slick grass when he hit a hidden ditch and was thrown off the bike.

Even equipment that isn't part of a motorcycle can get you if it's attached to it. A rider was launched off his Honda 600 when one of the bungee cords pulled loose from his tail pack, permitting it to fall into and lock the rear wheel.

*For more information on safe-riding equipment, strategies, techniques and skills, see the [www.MotorcycleCruiser.com](http://www.MotorcycleCruiser.com)*

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### THE HANGING JUDGE

*Submitted by Steve Kurylo*

*During the December meeting Steve Kurylo gave all attending a reason to smile and laugh. This is his experience with U.S. law enforcement.*

It was the first week of May, 2006. Pastor Jim Tillotson and I had flown to Las Vegas, to bring my bikes back to Alberta for the summer riding season. This was my first year of winter riding. We had stored our bikes in Vegas from November until May



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and we had flown to Vegas several times during the winter where we ride for four or five days and return.

We allowed five days for the return trip and were enjoying a leisurely ride around the Grande Canyon. We had a great early start with a one hour helicopter ride over the canyon and were now on our bikes heading for the North Rim then on to Zion National Park as we made our way north. I ride a 2005 BMW K1200 LT suitably decked out for long distance riding and Jim was riding Joan's new 650 Burgman Scooter. This suits her perfectly and can carry all the luggage a lady needs on her travels and is powerful enough to cruise with the bigger LT.

We had navigated the mountain passes of the North rim and seemed to level out on to a fairly straight back road highway. There was very little traffic and I set my cruise control at a respectable GPS 75 mph. and fell into that twilight zone of tranquility that only those on motorcycle can understand. As I topped a small rise on this straight road to nowhere- land I could see a vehicle ahead of me. The game now was to navigate around him without adjusting the speed or the cruise. As the distance closed I noticed a vehicle approaching from the other direction. Now the game really gets interesting...how fast is he coming...how quickly am I gaining on the car ahead...can I do this without touching the brake. As my mind was busy computing the variables I paid absolutely no attention to WHOM or WHAT was coming, I'm only thinking about maintaining my speed without touching the brake. As I watch myself gaining on his rear bumper, I feel the oncoming vehicle whoosh by me and at the last moment I veer to the left passing the vehicle in front without the slightest

variation of speed to break my tranquil state. Oh the joy of a warm day, cruise control and a good steed.

It was about 4 miles down the road when I was rudely brought to my senses by the sound of a siren and flashing lights. I slowed down and pulled over to let the disturbance pass however it remained on my rear fender and I finally got the message that the officer wanted me to pull over.

I stopped, removed my helmet and sunglasses and bid him a cheery good afternoon as he walked toward my bike. "It's a good day to go to Jail" was his reply. "Well", I said, "this doesn't sound good so far, what's the problem?" "Were you trying to out run me, he asked,"

"Absolutely not," said I, "I didn't even know you were behind me."

He said, "I was about to call the next patrol car and set up a road block to stop you. Do you know how fast you were going?" "No", said I, "I guess I just drifted into a trance and was enjoying the ride. Sorry for not paying more attention." By this time he had walked into the shallow ditch to check the firmness of the soil and asked me to bring my bike off the road and park it in the hollow. Next came the request for driver's license, registration and insurance coverage. I fumbled around and produced my driver's license but for the life of me could not find the other two vital documents. As I continued to look, he told me he was going to try to contact the judge and walked back to his vehicle.

In the meantime, my riding buddy had observed the whole scene. He saw that the oncoming vehicle had in fact been a police



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car. He couldn't believe his eyes that I had maintained my speed...and then astoundingly passed the vehicle in front of me at the same instant as the police car passed. He saw the brakes come on and the quick U turn and the chase was on. Fearing that he too would be stopped for speeding on this 50 mph road, he slowed right down and by the time he reached me I was already in the ditch. To my astonishment he drove right by, looking neither left nor right but straight ahead ignoring me waving frantically in the ditch.

About a half hour later, the officer returned and asked me to follow him to the courthouse about 5 miles ahead. He had contacted a judge and the two had arranged an audience for me to meet this distinguished gentleman. Just about then, my friend Jim had gained the courage to come back and associate himself with me. I told him that the officer said I might be going to jail and that an appointment was waiting for me to meet the judge of the county. I suggested it might be a good idea for the two of us to stick together at this point.

Sure enough a short while later, I was turning into the courthouse parking lot in Fredonia Arizona. The officer pointed to where I should park...asked my friend to stay right where he was...and asked me to follow him inside. There with a hand of welcome outstretched was the smiling judge. "And what are we here for today" was his question. I told him I wasn't sure....I hadn't been charged with anything ....I hadn't received a ticket, I was only asked to follow the officer to the courthouse. At that point a piece of paper quickly flowed from the police officer to the judge without pausing in my hands for editing. The officer then left

the building. The judge reviewed the paper, and raising eyebrows said.... my, my, 110 mph in a 50 zone...let me see...he then reached over to what appeared to be a restaurant menu and said, in this county that's going to cost you \$250. \$250 dollars I said...in American dollars? Yep he said. I said, "Well is there an alternative?"

He said, "Yep, its lethal injection."

It didn't take me long to decide which of the two I would choose. He escorted me out to my bike where I kept an emergency stash, and we walked back into the courthouse. I counted out the cash and thanked him for accepting the lesser option. Considering I could not find my registration or insurance and knowing they could probably impound my bike, let along the option of lethal injection, I felt pretty lucky to get away with paying a fine. However, I do want to point out that I know I was not traveling at 110 mph, nor did I ever get charged, nor did I a ticket nor did I get a receipt for my payment, there could be more to this story than even I'm aware of.

Happy to be on our way with only two hours interruption in our days travel, we continued north bound and home. In November of 2006, I once again trucked 5 bikes to Las Vegas to be parked for the winter. On this trip I had a guest from Germany that had never been to the 'States' and had agreed to drive the truck and trailer, which would allow me to relax as a passenger. We had 5 days to spare and Joan had flown to Vegas to meet us on our arrival and the three of us decided to do a little riding.

The weather in November is beautiful and I loved the Grande Canyon and Zion so I decided we should make a circuit to visit



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those sites returning to Las Vegas 5 days later.

The days were beautiful and the fall colors were spectacular, I was anxious to show Joan the splendors of Zion. As we left the mountains of the north rim and entered Fredonia, I remembered my May encounter with the "Hanging Judge" and started relaying the story to Joan. She was riding her Burgman a few hundred feet behind me and as we talked over our Autocom I pointed to the Courthouse, and was reliving the events that took place there, when just as I was getting to the part about 'the lethal injection'...a deep voice came over our channel and as clear as a bell said "And we're still keeping a close eye on you"!!

We both went silent as I quickly glanced at my speedometer...25 mph...thank heaven. Finally, I said honey we better be on our best behavior until we're out of this town. A few blocks ahead was a patrol car parked on the opposite side of the street and so as to be her most friendly self, Joan gave the patrol officer her happiest smile and wave. Only as we passed did we discover it was a blow up mannequin sitting in the patrol car. We never did find where that deep southern voice came from.

Ride safe and watch your speed around Fredonia.

Steve and Joan Kurylo

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### BARGOONS

Submit to [waaw@shaw.ca](mailto:waaw@shaw.ca) to have them included in the next monthly BGBB Newsletter.

- F. Roland Kurzitza 780-489-7597  
[rolandfk@shaw.ca](mailto:rolandfk@shaw.ca) 1978 Ice Blue R100RS \$6,000
  - Peter Trommelen [peter.trommelen@gmail.com](mailto:peter.trommelen@gmail.com)  
1997 Amarena Red BMW R1100RT \$9,700
- 

### FUTURE NEWS

Dwight Hillas: Racing School last summer  
Dwight Hillas: Isle of Man next year  
David Leeb: Washington - Part 2  
Brian Hanasyk: 2007 Ride Schedule  
Rick Wortman: The President's Pen  
Tim Yip: Real Time Bike Reviews  
Wil Wosar: 2008 Alberta 2000  
Vince Kretzel: BMWMOA

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### MOTORCYCLE JOKES

*Courtesy of About: Motorcycles*

<http://motorcycles.about.com/cs/motodiversions/1/bljokeindx.htm>

Al Gore decides to try riding a motorcycle, even though he has had no lessons or prior experience. He mounts the motorcycle uninstructed, turns it on and it immediately roars into motion. As it moves along faster and faster, Al begins to fall from the seat. In terror, he grips tightly on the handlebars, but can't get a firm grip.

He tries to throw his arms around the motorcycle's gas tank, but he slides down the side of the motorcycle anyway.

Finally giving up his frail grip, he tries to leap off the motorcycle and throw himself to safety.

Unfortunately, his foot has become entangled in the exhaust pipes. He is now at the mercy of the roaring wheels as his head is struck against the ground, over and over. He is moments away from unconsciousness when, to his great fortune, Wendell, the Wal-Mart greeter, sees him and unplugs the motorcycle.