

B'Mer's World

By Jim Scott

I got an invitation the other day to re-visit a BMW rally down in Amana, Iowa. I am not going to go. No good reason not to. Just that I am not the guy that has the B'mer, and the guy who did have it has moved, so I don't go to those things like I did when he lived nearby. The invite did trigger some memories though, because I did attend some national rallies with him. Mainly, it gave me an excuse to ride somewhere, and with someone, so my wife would be more inclined to affirm my desires. That, and most all of the B'mer folks she ever met had AARP cards, or pretty close to it. It certainly wasn't like the Harley things we would go to when I piloted a chopped and stretched Ironhead. Those events she worried about. Anyway, I was kind of a "neutral" at the B'mer events because I was riding Victories. Yes. Plural. I have two of them now. Anyway, I was not a threat and kind of an oddity at the events.

The first one I went to was in my back yard....sort off. It was only about twelve miles west of my place, so I rode out to meet and greet since my riding buddy had his 1956 R-something, in the classics, or antique show. One of those. He even got a picture of the bike in their MOA magazine. That stands for Motorcycle Owners of America. They cut the "BMW" part out usually. Guess that's their way of making up for WW II. I really enjoyed my visit with the folks. A group of them wanted to go for a ride in the area and since I was employed as a salesman and spent a lot of time practicing for retirement by using back roads to get from here to there, I was elected to lead them through the Kettle Moraine. I won't bother explaining what that it. Just think hills and curves. I guess they liked it. Some were a little concerned when we stopped at places that had a lot of Harleys (Like mine then) in the parking lot, but we had a good ride. Best part about that rally was all the choices in steak sandwiches. They do know how to dine.

Another rally came up a couple of years later in Gillette, Wyoming. Now we're talking! I loaded up the Victory Vegas with my camping gear and off we went into the Black Hills and beyond. They put us up in the State Fairgrounds, which was all right, but it was located right by the world's largest open-pit coal mine and they load trains 24-7. By the second night we could sleep because of the lack of sleep the first night....and a lot of wine and beer. They had some really good bands and we met some really nice folks from Utah. If it hadn't of been for Joe's really good looking wife Racheal, we might not have met them. They were good riders so we took a side trip to Devil's Tower National Park. Still keep in touch with them. The food was pretty good again too, but the best part was extending the trip to Bear Tooth Pass and riding into Cody on 14A. Cody is a story all by itself.

So when another Rally came up in Sedalia, Missouri, I was ready to go again. The first night on the road found us camped in an Iowa State camp ground. Somehow, we find ourselves in one of those a lot, coming out of eastern Wisconsin. Maybe we should start earlier. The guy who came over to our site looking for a light to fire up his smoke made himself at home for a while. When he left our picnic table, we buttoned things down pretty tight. Said he was applying for a job at the prison. Struck us more like an inmate. Good looking girlfriend though.

When we got to Sedalia, the thermometer on the bank sign said 114. We were in the famous Missouri State Fairgrounds for our camp site. Actually, about all I knew about Sedalia was that Sierra Bullets are manufactured there. But that is another hobby. It is pretty close to Lake of the Ozarks though, and the roads in that area are fantastic, at least the back roads. We made the best of them and found ways to keep cool. Actually pitched our tents in some open cattle stalls. We were under the roof for shade, not because of rain. It did get down to 96 at night. Which brought me to question why these rallies seemed to be in hot spots at hot times of the year. Then I found my answers.

There are guys and gals who come to these things with these GS-whatever's and they must ride through a lot of mud and crap, from the looks of them on arrival. They're all standing on their pegs and they have about 250 stickers on what are supposed to be saddle bags, but look more like aluminum ammo cans. If it were cool, they would never dry out. Then there were the guys who came in with bikes right out of William L. Shirer's The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, complete with sidecars and K98 Mausers in the scabbards and it's really cool to ride around on one of them with your shirt off and your Nazi helmet complimenting your Pilsner belly. Best in hot weather. Seems to work as a chick magnet, and a cop one too.

All in all, I enjoy the company of those folks. They accept you for who you are, right after they comment on something about the black leather crowd (That would be me). Nice to be able to mix it up for them. They share their Crown Royal and their Glenfiddich single malt. There are traditionalist who prefer Rhine wine, but they don't think they really lost the war. Nice folks and nice rallies.



Here are a couple of people we can show support for, even though we don't know them personally, we all share the wind together. Help out if you can. Thx

**1st is Missy. She is the cousin of former FRP writer Kat that needs a little help. On May 3rd her and her bf were out riding and were t-boned by a driver who was allegedly texting and driving. Missy sustained multiple broken bones, a collapsed lung and a head injury that required stitches that ran from just above her eye to the back of her skull. She was flown to a local hospital where she stayed for over a week and is currently at a care facility. Needless to say her loss of work and medical bills are putting a financial strain on her as well. Any help would be greatly appreciated. www.gofundme.com/tr79f4



**2nd is my aunt Michelle. Many of you may know her from the Milwaukee area. Many know her from ABATE were her husband Alpo was a district director. They both ride and are very special to me. Help out Michelle if you can. Thx Preacher

I am starting this campaign because I am in need of a liver transplant from a live donor with O blood type under the age of 50. If you would consider being a live donor please contact please me.

While much of the cost of the organ transplant procedure is covered by my insurance, certain related expenses are not. Funds from this campaign would be used to offset out-of-pocket expenses the live donor would face including unpaid time off work and additional insurance that may be required.

I look forward to a longer life. I want to share the life lessons I have learned with others on the thier journeys.

With gratitude,
Michelle Y Smart-Powell.
www.gofundme.com/v8g8grea2



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