

The Roadster

The official newsletter of the Sandlapper Chapter of the BMW Car Club of America

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BMW Car Club
of America
Sandlapper



The One Lap of America class winning BMW M2

Photo by Brook Harmon

Ode to the Winter Car

By Tim Dennison

First off, yes, I realize it's not winter. In fact, by the time you read this we will have skirted, if not realized, triple digit temperatures. The fact is, the winter car needs to be recognized as the unsung hero of northern climes. We should also celebrate the fact we don't need such winter cars here in the south.

For those of you who grew up in the rust belt, you're very familiar with the winter car. One of mine was a 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit. Yep, riding in the lap of luxury in a car that separated me from only one-hundred dollars. The car would stall every time it came to a stop, so the owner let it go in frustration. Turns out the problem was a faulty idle stop solenoid. Being a permanent part of the carburetor, what did I do? I invested nearly twice what I paid for the car in a brand new Weber carburetor. I have to say the car went through a transformation. It literally breathed new life into those one and six tenths liters, and was actually fun to drive.

What's special about a winter car? When the salt is spread in high dosage to counteract the frozen precipitation, your winter car is the sacrificial lamb that takes one for the team. When roads are slick, it's the car you e-brake around corners without a care in the world because it's not a ditch-magnet like your summer car. Because you don't care, it magically tends to pull out of a skid at the last second, or avoid the four-foot snowbank when drifting around a corner. The winter car has magical powers.

Actually, it just seems that way. Truthfully, it hits everything your summer car would have. Here's the secret; you have little to no emotional attachment to your winter car. You just laugh off those hits. Imagine if your winter car glances off of a giant iceberg sliding along at highway speed that just dislodged from the wheelwell of the car in front of you. Ah yes, every one of you northerners can immediately picture this scenario can't you? If that chunk of ice sliding down the road were to contact your summer car, you'd immediately pull off the road screaming obscenities. And yes, there would be some scratches at the very least because this is not simply a ball of ice. This is a conglomeration of ice, salt, sand and any other twig, nut, bolt, or chunk of rust that fell off someone else's winter car, only to be collected in the wheelwell of another, packed tight, then redeposited on the highway at sixty miles per hour. Yes folks, it's a vicious cycle. If that chunk of ice starts to spin, it

becomes an abrasive sanding device that rivals a grinding wheel spinning upward of 10,000 RPM. Adrenalin would be elevating your heart rate, and your mind racing with visions of caved in fasciae, dented rocker panels, or paint stripped to bare metal. With the winter car, you simply laugh it off. Sometimes you even try to crush the sliding debris with your front tire in an automotive game of whack-a-mole.

Depending on your latitude and the road management strategy of the state you live in, the winter car has a shorter or longer stint in the annual cycle. When the threat of snow is gone, and more importantly, when the spring rain has washed away all the salt, the summer car begins to stir from its winter hibernation. The soft car cover is removed, exposing the shiny, rust-free exterior. Or at least less rust-free than your winter car's exterior. The battery is reinstalled after sitting apart from the car and off the concrete floor. It turns out that's an old wives' tale with weak historical merit, so storing a battery on a concrete floor will not cause it harm. With loving care, all fluids are checked. Then the moment of truth. The engine turns over, catches a few traces of fuel, then comes to life as the fuel pump fills the bowl. A little blue smoke, a little black smoke, and let it warm up. A sputter here and there on the first drive, and you're back to summer.

As I've followed photos and posts from other chapters and enthusiast groups over the past few months, it seemed so sad that they still had their cars in protective cocoons when our last newsletter was published. In those snow-laden states, the driving season is short. When you see folks posting photos of their first spring drive, it happens in a wave. You'll see states like Kentucky or Virginia go first, and Minnesota or Wisconsin the last to reveal their exit from storage, signaling summer for all.

We're lucky to live in an area where a car isn't put away for the winter. At a moment's notice, any time of year, we can attend Cars & Coffee, take a spirited drive, and short of heading up into the mountains in January or February, be pretty much assured that conditions will be just fine for driving. For those of you on the coast, well, you've hit the winter driving conditions jackpot. My wife and I had the top down on the Z4 when we were visiting Hilton Head one Christmas!

Editor's Column

By Brook Harmon

This issue's cover was captured at the Hans and Franz restaurant in Greenville, SC. Our own Mike Renner and Peachtree member Steve Maguire took on higher horsepower cars in this year's One Lap of America. The gathering of support at H&F propelled them to a 1st-in-class finish and an amazing 10th overall!!! Well, Mike's driving skills and Steve's efficient transit skills, etc to and from the track events may have had something to do with the fantastic results, but man, there were a lot of folks that showed up for support that evening. I'd like to think we played a role.

What else is here? We have articles from Tim Dennison, Nikki Weed, and Tom Lappin. All three attended events they enjoyed and decided to share them with you. Thank them for their efforts next time you see them. I invite you to share as well.

In the President's Corner, Tim reminds us what living up North can be like for a car enthusiast. 'Ode to the Winter Car' brings many familiar images to mind. Winter driving conditions can be fun too. Sometimes, it just depends on one's attitude. And if you own a winter car.

The last issue had an article regarding the BMW CCA Foundation Chapter Challenge. The Sandlapper Chapter is now in the lead for our size, so a big thanks to those that bought a brick. This isn't a sprint though; it is a marathon. If you haven't made a purchase yet, I encourage you to do so in support of the Foundation activities. They have now received the first batch of bricks. I decided to honor the car that started it all for me; my 318ti.



Don't pass over the last page. A big thanks to Neil Baer (Events Coordinator) and Wally Higginbotham (Hilton Head VP) for stepping up and taking on these chapter leadership roles. There are also some changes to the regional meeting places. Please take note.

Until next time, enjoy the drive. Wherever it takes you.



A Car Show for the Books

Story and Photos by Nikki Weed

I'm a driver, but not in the sense that most people think of "drivers". I don't escort people around in a taxi or bus, and I don't drive for a transport company. I'm just a driver, I love to drive places. Typically, my driving doesn't include a specific location, but I've been trying to do a little more precision driving lately. Instead of just going on a random path around mountains and lakes, I found a little treasure awaiting me in Abbeville, SC. A car show. Not just any car show. A BMW car show.



Every year Abbeville puts on a French Festival to celebrate the heritage of the town to bring together the residents of the far stretching community of this little Upstate town. Ironically, about ten years ago I happened upon this same exact festival on accident and found myself smack dab in the middle of the Heritage Parade. My little '97 Hyundai Accent, carrying me and my Dad, proceeded down Main Street between the fire truck and the high school 'King and Queen of Homecoming' float. I made sure I didn't make the same mistake twice.

This year it was a very different scene, I actually PLANNED a drive. Leaving home in Duncan, I decided to rely on Waze (the best app ever) to guide me to the heart of downtown Abbeville. At first, the route was a bit disappointing, going straight down 25 for what seemed like forever, but once I got out



of the Greenville sprawl and passed Possum Kingdom on the left, the terrain changed from a stretching suburbia to a fantastic rolling countryside of farms, homes, and wide open four lane highway. Setting my cruise, I sat back and enjoyed the scenery, knowing that once I got to Abbeville there would be eye candy for me to feast my eyes on.

If you haven't been to Abbeville, let me set the scene. Pulling out of an intensely wooded seven miles of back road, the horizon opens up to a sleepy little town square complete with gardens, a civil war memorial, and about three dozen shops that are surprisingly hip for looking like they had been there since about 1920. The parking along the square varies from farm trucks, luxury automobiles, and quite a few motorcycles. The sidewalks are filled with families, couples, single people with big furry dogs, and then there was me. Armed with my camera, I took on the festival with open arms, trying to make up for almost ruining their parade so many years back.



A Car Show for the Books (cont'd)

I was honestly just there for the car show, which once I found it, made my camera and I squeal with glee. Every single mile that I had driven was worth it once I saw a pristine black 840 parked under a tree in a bank parking lot. The way it was parked, the way it looked, the way it was maintained; all reminded me of some nature program that I saw with a black puma sitting atop a big rock awaiting prey to pass by. Sucked into the black hole that was the 840, I finally looked up and saw not only a couple of other pieces of eye candy, but a whole bunch of enthusiasts. People hanging in chairs, drinking bottled water, and enjoying the company of other car folks, much like me.

After looking like a car paparazzi for about five minutes, somebody came up to me and asked, "So, what did you drive here in?" A little bit of me died, but holding my head high I proclaimed "A 2015 Civic, but I have an E24 with almost 300,000 miles on it that I drove across the country." With a knowing nod, I felt accepted.



Continuing on, the display was small, but extremely diverse. Everything from a sharp M3 coupe (one of my dream cars until I sat in one), to an M235i convertible that now occupied one of my "dream car" slots. Convertibles, coupes, station wagons, and the odd Honda out, it was a fantastic time raising the flag of awareness to our Bavarian beauties. Although they vary the make of the car featured in the car show every year, chances are there will be other opportunities for our cars to be the star of a show. Participation is needed, enthusiasm is welcomed, convertibles are optional.



Highlands Run

Story and Photos by
Tom Lappin

Bright and early on a Saturday morning, a group met at the Spinx station on Hwy 14 in Greer for a drive up to the Highlands Motoring Festival. Dwayne Mosley, Johnny Valencia, two of Johnny's friends, Mike Turner, myself and wife Maria made up the five car train. I took up the caboose position of this dynamic drive so as not to upset Maria's breakfast, or embarrass myself with my driving against this group if anyone decided to compare notes at lunch.

It really was a great drive up Hwy 28 from Seneca, SC to Highlands, NC. The road had a good surface, and there wasn't too much traffic. The scenic views along the way were a bonus.

I really must thank Steve Ham for reserving parking spaces next to the event for all of us. The little town of Highlands was certainly maxed out, and convenient parking was much appreciated.

The event itself was very well attended. A broad assortment of American, European, and a few custom cars were presented in the town square. Locally, Scott Hughes displayed his Isetta on the condition it be available for kids to sit in. Well done, Scott.

This was my first time in Highlands, and I found it to be a very nice mountain town. We lunched outside at the Old Edwards Inn, but the town has several great restaurants. I was surprised by the large number of high end shops and restaurants for a small town of around 1,000 people.

Would I go back? In a heartbeat!

[Editor: More info for next year's event and photos from this year can be found by visiting <http://highlandsmotoringfestival.com/>]



Schuh Syndikat 2016

Story and Photos by Tim Dennison

Car-related events typically have a theme that revolve around a particular car. When you see the words “Schuh Syndikat”, it’s a given that this event revolves around the “shoe”. That rare, awkward, BMW Z3 variant, the Coupe, affectionately referred to as “the Clownshoe”. The original Clownshoe gathering is called Dorkfest, and is held on the west coast every year. Since Dorkfest is not very accessible to east-coasters, Eric Peck has organized this event for the past five years. Luckily for me, it’s only an hour and a half away in Charlotte. How could I pass this up?

As I rolled into the host hotel a little before eight o’clock on Saturday morning, I was greeted with the smiling fasciae of more Clownshoes than I’d seen since the BMW Homecoming events. Back then my focus was on the Roadster and I wasn’t paying much attention to the Coupe. This time, things were different. As a coupe owner, I realize there is something very special not only about the car, but also the owners. Quirky? Maybe. A tight-knit family? Yes. Passionate? Absolutely! I was quickly welcomed into the exclusive Coupe family with open arms, and enjoyed my time at Schuh Syndikat from the time I got there to the time I left, which was less than twenty-four hours.



Eric and Nancy Peck, the organizers of Schuh Syndikat, deserve a huge shout-out. It’s no small task to organize three days of activities to keep the fun factor high. I didn’t participate in the Thursday and Friday festivities, but after seeing photos and hearing stories, I definitely plan to next year.

The first order of the day was to drive up to Concord for our very own CCC (Clownshoe Cars and Coffee). The convoy of shoes running up the highway was like nothing I’ve been a part of before. What an emotional high to be a part of this group. Watching the traffic passing us by, you could see their puzzled faces wondering what they had stumbled upon. Sure, there were a few thumbs-up, but mainly I saw bewilderment and pointing. Most people have never seen a shoe before, let alone a line of them rolling down the pavement. It was amazing!



Schuh Syndikat 2016 (cont'd)

Iconic Auto Exchange was a wonderful host. They had coffee and pastries laid out for us in their office area and the showroom was open for us to browse the European cars for sale.

The clownshoe count was sixteen. When you consider the total worldwide Coupe production numbers, that's less than a tenth of one percent of all shoes produced. That seems like a pretty small number, but let me put it into perspective for you. If you had that same percentage of Z3 Roadsters in one

place, you'd need two hundred twenty-seven of them. How about this: If you gathered one tenth of one percent of every Toyota Camry sold in the United States, you'd need to find room for about ten thousand cars. Imagine that group photo!

Speaking of group photos, the next order of business was to gather the coupes in a field across the street to organize the group photo. Mark Scire is a fanatic about setting up the group shot. It took over an hour to set up fourteen cars, but the results are well worth it.



While we were waiting to stage, I had some conversations with shoe owners and got to know these folks even better. These people are passionate. Some are multiple shoe owners. On more than one occasion, I heard "I drive my S52 and I have an S54 at home". With the price of a pristine, low mileage S54 M-Coupe approaching six figures, I can't blame them for leaving those at home.

After the group photo, we were on our own to find lunch in a small village, then meet up after lunch and head to the "Backing Up Classics" Auto Museum. The museum collection was interesting because it wasn't just a building full of cars, there was automobile-related memorabilia (would you call that Automobilia?) scattered about everywhere. I did manage to spy a can of shoe grease, but I'm guessing it's not BMW "Clownshoe" approved.



Schuh Syndikat 2016 (cont'd)

The highlight of the event was the closing dinner on Saturday night. Everyone gets together to reminisce about this event as well as past events.

Another task at the dinner is to vote for our favorite Schuh. The winner was Curtis Reaves with his forced-induction M-Coupe. The prize? A full sized clown shoe mounted to a wooden plaque of course!



The door prizes donated by various sponsors were plentiful. Everyone walked out with with at least two items, some three or four. I happened to win the opening prize which was an awesome M-Coupe banner from Never Done Design House, illustrated in ///M colors by Tyler Coey, which is now proudly displayed in my garage.

The lowlight of the event was the torrential downpours when we left the dinner and headed back to the hotel. A Clownshoe is not exactly the best car for inclement weather, so this time the caravan was running down the highway at a white-knuckle pace of forty-five miles per hour. More of a flotilla than a caravan.

I had reserved a hotel room a while back with the plan to head home early Sunday morning. Luckily I did because it would have been a tough drive home Saturday night. The storms passed while I slept. I had a nice breakfast at Amelie's in NODA, which happens to be open twenty-four hours, so it fits my early schedule. I had to dodge a storm or two on the way home, but by the time I got home the skies were blue and the weather was perfect.

What a special car I have, and what a special group of owners. This year, I know there are at least four Sandlapper members that have recently acquired Clownshoes. Schuh Syndikat is May 4th through the 7th of next year. As always, It will be held in the Charlotte area. If you're a clownshoe owner, be sure to add that to your calendar now. If you're not a clownshoe owner, you're still welcome to tag along and enjoy the fun. This is definitely a friendly bunch.



New Members

We welcome our new members and invite them to attend a monthly club meeting. Please see the last page of this newsletter for the meeting location that works best for you.

April

Edward Albin - Inman, SC
 Alex Anderson - North Augusta, SC
 Adam Andrews - Spartanburg, SC
 Christian Arkenberg - Simpsonville, SC
 Sabriam Brinton - Walterboro, SC
 Jeffrey Corry - Bluffton, SC
 Brian Crotty - Columbia, SC
 Brian Giarrocco - Mount Pleasant, SC
 Mark Herro - Greenville, SC
 Ken McConnell - Greer, SC
 Dylan Muse - Greer, SC
 Frank Smith - Campobello, SC
 William Taney - Aiken, SC
 Tammy Travis - Aiken, SC
 David Ulrich - Hilton Head Island, SC
 Nicholas Whitfield - Walhalla, SC
 Glen Willis - Fort Mill, SC
 Cynthia Wilson - Hilton Head Island, SC

May

Greg Adams - Piedmont, SC
 Haley Addy - West Columbia, SC
 Xavier Adomatis - Simpsonville, SC
 Anna Alexander - Honea Path, SC
 Marianne Alonso - Simpsonville, SC
 Jeremy Brady - Greer, SC
 Will Brown - Laurens, SC

Justin Burrell - Pelzer, SC
 Martin Cheman - Fort Mill, SC
 Katie Christ - Easley, SC
 Patrick Christ - Easley, SC
 Cameron Cook - Greenville, SC
 Christian Cook - Greenville, SC
 Paul Deschamps - Greenville, SC
 Isaac Fitzer - Greenville, SC
 Shona Fitzer - Greenville, SC
 Carrson Ford - Piedmont, SC
 Colin Gaffney - Moore, SC
 Patrick Goodwin - Simpsonville, SC
 Branson Guest - Taylors, SC
 John Hamill - Mount Pleasant, SC
 Harwood Hull - Hilton Head, SC
 Grace Johnson - Greenville, SC
 Daniel Kelley - Honea Path, SC
 Ed Kelly - Charleston, SC
 Geoffrey Long - Woodruff, SC
 Gavin Mayse - Moore, SC
 Hailey Mclemore - Taylors, SC
 Henry Meeuwse - Charleston, SC
 Seth Mize - Pelzer, SC
 William Monprode - Simpsonville, SC
 Adam Moore - Spartanburg, SC
 Greg Morton - Simpsonville, SC
 Mitchell Morton - Simpsonville, SC
 Lexie Overmyer - Honea Path, SC
 Sarah Price - Honea Path, SC
 Alejandra Rangel Estrada - Greer, SC
 Bobby Richmond - Greenville, SC
 Kate Roney - Greer, SC
 Stephen Sellars - Rock Hill, SC
 Tara Spitzer - Simpsonville, SC
 Molina Srey - Inman, SC
 Jim Stathakis - Greenville, SC

Aaron Stewart - Simpsonville, SC
 Roger Sullivan - Spartanburg, SC
 Rollins Tucker - Anderson, SC
 Robert Viscomi - Hilton Head, SC
 Ben Weaver - Woodruff, SC
 Jack Wilcox - Greer, SC

June

Warren Atkinson - Moore, SC
 Victor Baudier - Greenville, SC
 Christopher Clary - Taylors, SC
 Scott Dishman - Greenville, SC
 Jackson Reed Frisch - Mount Pleasant, SC
 John Granger - Greenville, SC
 Walter Hummel - Lexington, SC
 Adam Jenkins - Charleston, SC
 James Lyda - Ware Shoals, SC
 Seth Magee - Montross, VA
 Phil Maiberger - Clemson, SC
 James Sack - Fort Mill, SC
 Anil Salgar - Mt Pleasant, SC
 Robert Schaffner - Greenville, SC
 Andreas Schmidt - Cary, NC
 Michael Schrader - Greer, SC
 Joshua Sutton - Chapin, SC
 Martha Tate - Taylors, SC
 Trey Thomas - Anderson, SC
 Zachary Wente - Spartanburg, SC
 Bradley Wood - Simpsonville, SC
 James Wrona - Simpsonville, SC

Anniversaries

Congrats to All !!!

45 Years

Jack Frasher - Greenville, SC

35 Years

Albert Boyle - Spartanburg, SC

30 Years

B. Pepper - Walhalla, SC

25 Years

S. Patton - Simpsonville, SC

Norris Mitchell - Charleston, SC

Gerald Kelly - Murrells Inlet, SC

20 Years

Thelmus Rhodes - Greenville, SC

15 Years

Susan Martin - Bluffton, SC

Michael Mitchell - Greer, SC

Jay Hudson - Easley, SC

Gary Hinks - Goose Creek, SC

B. Obrien - Greenville, SC

Joel Cook - Daniel Island, SC

Douglas Nickels - Richmond, VA

Mike Sexton - Greenville, SC

10 Years

Randy Greene - Campobello, SC

William Lloyd - Greenville, SC

Scott Walters - Hilton Head Island, SC

Joseph Levy - Hilton Head Island, SC

Gerald Reddick - Charleston, SC

5 Years

Michelle DeSantis - Johns Island, SC

William Devault - Easley, SC

Anna Devault - Easley, SC

James Brogdon - Goose Creek, SC

Zach Pickering - Hilton Head Island, SC

Jonathan Yantis - Charleston, SC

Jim Hess - Sumter, SC

Carl Hinze - Moore, SC

Walter Sustek - Anderson, SC

John Melba - Moore, SC

Glenn Foster - Spartanburg, SC

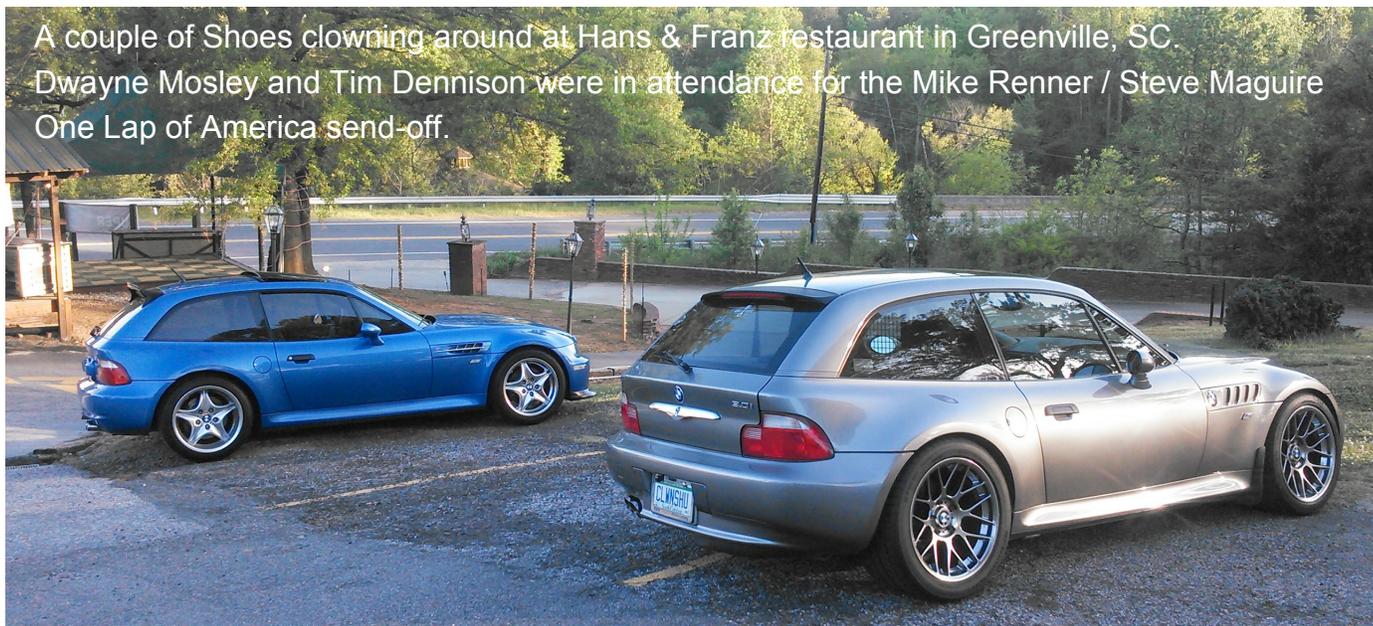
Rich Watson - Aiken, SC

William Walman - Myrtle Beach, SC

Tony Eubanks - Roebuck, SC

Angela Eubanks - Roebuck, SC

A couple of Shoes clowning around at Hans & Franz restaurant in Greenville, SC. Dwayne Mosley and Tim Dennison were in attendance for the Mike Renner / Steve Maguire One Lap of America send-off.



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Monthly Meetings:

Upstate: 3rd Monday of each month
[Quaker Steak & Lube, Greenville, SC](#)

Lowcountry: 2nd Thursday of each month
[West Ashley Crab Shack, Charleston, SC](#)

Midlands: 1st Tuesday of each month
[Gervais & Vine, Columbia, SC](#)

Piedmont: 2nd Thursday of each month
[Fish Market, Baxter Village, Fort Mill, SC](#)

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