

Gesundheit

BMW Car Club of America

Fall 2002

St. Louis Chapter



2002 Challenge!
Page 6

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Al Elbendary
St. Louis, MO

Timothy Grimes
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Chesterfield, MO

Gene Higdon
98 E36 M3/4
Chesterfield, MO

Dennis Horng
'00 E46 323i
St. Louis, MO

James Marino
'02 330i
Fenton, MO

Jim Obermeyer
'98 528i
Eureka, MO

Mark Paradowski
'01 325Ci
St. Louis, MO

(Continued on Page 13)



Gesundheit

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(Cover photo by Bob Phelan, Photographer)

Table of Contents

Presidents Message	5	Tips and Tricks	15
'02 Challenge	6	Calendar	17
Vilmmma	9	Night Watch	18
Driving School	10	Hot Stove	Back

The *Gesundheit* is a publication of the St. Louis BMW Club. Its contents remain the property of the Club. All information furnished herein is provided by the membership of the Club for members only. The Club assumes no liability for any of the information contained herein. Any ideas, opinions and suggestions expressed herein are those of the authors and no authentication is implied. Unless otherwise noted, none of the information in this publication is "factory approved." Modifications within the warranty period of your BMW may void the warranty. Permission is hereby granted to reproduce any material published herein provided full credit is given to the author/photographer and the *Gesundheit*.

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President's Column

By Geoff Tolsdorf

The St. Louis BMW Club needs YOU!

The St. Louis BMW Club is one of the oldest in the country and has a rich heritage in this wonderful marque. We have more than 500 members on the roster. Yet, only some 20 percent are active, participating members. Of that 20 percent, about half dedicate their time, expertise and effort in club activities.

Our members own BMW models from the early 1600's and 2002's to the latest Bavarian technology-laden uber-sedan. And while our taste in models is diverse, the commonality is our passion for BMW's. That brings us back to the BMW CCA, St. Louis Chapter.

Membership to the BMW CCA offers benefits you can't get any other way. Not the least of these is the *Roundel*, an award winning monthly magazine full of informative stories, beautiful photos and endless resources. Other benefits include significant discounts on parts and service and the ever-popular loyalty rebate program.

But to me, the greatest benefit hands down is the camaraderie among active local chapter members. Face it, how many people in your every day world share your enthusiasm and passion for the car you drive? Imagine being in a room full of like-minded Bimmerphiles. All you have to do is ask (or answer) the question, "What model do you drive?" and the conversation takes on a life of its own.

At monthly chapter meetings we plan current and future events and discuss issues on the agenda. After the meeting, many members stay just to talk...and talk...and talk. We learn a little, laugh a lot and tip a few (within the legal limit). A good ol' boys club it is *not*. One and all are welcome! New members are quickly brought into the fold.

For example, **Kris Welhart** recently relocated from Florida to St. Louis and his technical prowess quickly became evident. His willingness to jump under a car made him the perfect choice for our Technical Advisor. Kris led the technical inspections for our Driving School the first weekend in November.

And there's **Dean and Missy Wette** who took the initiative to coordinate a road trip to Memphis one autumn weekend in October. A dozen other members joined in, and by all accounts they had a terrific time. Look for Dean and Missy's Memphis story in the next issue of the *Gesundheit*.

A third example is **Vince Ko**, whose love for BMW's is infectious. He organized a couple of Show & Shines this year as well as several wine tours. Vince is now our Social Chairman and currently planning a festive affair for the club's annual Holiday Celebration.. If you have ideas, Vince would be happy to hear from you. (Social@stlbmwclub.com),

You can have an impact on the club, make new friends and expand your BMW knowledge. . . and we need the help. A perfect opportunity to check it out is the annual Holiday party on Saturday, December 14, 2002. Let us know what you like to do and we'll find a place for you—website, driving school, social events, newsletter. Drop me a line at: President@stlbmwclub.com and tell me how YOU would like to get involved.

A MOST JOYOUS HOLIDAY SEASON
TO ONE AND ALL
Cheers!

(Editor's note: Chapter meeting dates and location are listed on the calendar, page 17. Holiday party invitation is on page 20).

The bottom line. . .Our esteemed club treasurer, **John Hoffner**, reports the club's financial status at the monthly meetings. John is currently working on a yearly report, and says that the annual financial statement will appear in the *Gesundheit's* next issue and cover the period from 01/01/02 to 12/31/02.

Headlines and deadlines. . .This is an unabashed cry for help in the production of the *Gesundheit*. If you know MS Publishers 2000, we need you! Call Joyce Martin (314-752-6607), or e-mail her : gesundheit@stlbmwclub.com.

Shopping for BMW gifts. . .Key chains, shirts, hats, toy BMW cars, are just a few of the unique Holiday gifts available at a couple of our advertisers: **Suntrip BMW** and **Autohaus BMW**. They also have a catalog for special orders that can be delivered in less than a week. Check their ads for phone numbers.

Website is outta sight. . .Hindsight, foresight and insight—all that and more are making the club's website even more user friendly. **Trish Kauffman**, our E-Communicator Advisor, says it's still a work in progress as she, **Geoff Tolsdorf**, **Vince Ko**, and **Darren Ruotolo** tweak it to perfection. In the meantime, let her know if you have any ideas: ecomm@stlbmwclub.com.

Weekend Wizards Work Wonders

By Terry North

“Inka,” my 1976 ‘02 was in a sorry state of disrepair for four years, waiting like Sleeping Beauty to be kissed by a prince (read: restored)



That prince magically morphed into a group of weekend wizards who transformed Inka into a MLDM.

From beginning to end, it was President **Geoff Tolsdorf** who made it happen. “Let’s make it a club project,” he said in August, “and we’ll show it off at the Driving School in November.” He spread the word via e-mail, newsletter and phone calls. There were times when I thought it was just too complex, but Tolsdorf persevered, even offering his own three-car garage as a worksite. What follows are the highlights of the two-day project, which I’ll keep in Inka’s glove box for posterity.

I have Bavarian Motors install the engine and tranny. By starting with perfection with seasoned mechanics, we’re off to a good start. Friday I tow Inka to Geoff Tolsdorf’s garage. Early Saturday morning club members arrive one by one, and Team 2002 becomes official. Members are: **John Cox, John Hoffner and his nephew, Chris Hoffner, Vince Ko, Robert Phelan, Rick Ramsey, Ross Sponholtz, Geoff Tolsdorf, Kris Welhart, Mark Woolley and me.**

Tolsdorf enlists his two friends, **Clement Schmitt** and **Steve Roepken**, to act as co-crew chiefs. Both are members of the Kansas City Chapter, and drive all the way from Wichita to St. Louis for the project. Schmitt lays out two rules for the crew: 1) No beer while tools are out and 2) have fun. Ko and Roepken dismount the front shock towers and switch them with the rear shocks, which had been installed backwards giving the car way too much front-end lift.

Schmitt, Phelan and Sponholtz dig into the rear wheel bearings and sub frame mounts. Cox preps the 320i backing plates for installation under Schmitt’s supervision. Ko, Roepken and Woolley install front suspension dynamics sway bar. Tolsdorf keeps everybody busy and orders pizza.

Next, a Tii brake booster goes in, then new H & R springs and Bilstein shocks. Roepken and Woolley work on the 320i radiator, and coolant hoses are hooked up. Hoffner works on installing rear

sub frame, I glue plastic door liners. A rear brake line breaks. . . Ko and I run off to a donor car for replacement, and also bring back a front sway bar mounting bracket.

Happy hour time arrives and we put away the tools. Woolley goes for beer. Tolsdorf and North go for burgers and brats. All chow down on chef Geoff’s great barbecue and good stories as day turns to night—and for some night turns to morning.

Early Sunday morning (7:30), the crew arrives but not the crew chiefs. “They’ve had it with us,” someone says. “They’re



Vince Ko and Steve Roepken attack the front suspension

headed back to Wichita.” Then we hear the roar of Schmitt’s ’02 and everybody cheers. Fueled with egg and cheese biscuits compliments of Woolley, we begin again.

Ko, Woolley, Welhart and Sponholtz start on the rear sway bar. Tolsdorf tackles the front European side market lights—a mys-



Rick Ramsey and Clement Schmitt fine tune the engine while Chris Hoffner (center) learns the tricks of the trade.

tery to all until he found the solution on the Internet.

Schmitt discovers rear backing plates are all wrong. This is the first and only catastrophe since we’d already done the prep work and installed the brake shoes. *Thank you Korman Motorsport!**#

Ramsey now arrives in his 540 to save the day. He and Schmitt go to some mysterious Bavarian parts bin and return with the right stuff including the correct shoes, fuel line and cold start switch. In the meantime, Tolsdorf gets busy installing the dash pod.

Whaddya know, Tolsdorf’s wife, **Krista**, walks in with a huge plate of bagel sandwiches. Yea! After lunch Sponholtz and Roepken work on the front grill while Woolley drills out rusted bolts in the bumper support and preps bumper mount for installation. I continue to putz around with the interior. Woolley installs outside door handles. Roepken hooks up electric fuel pump (a non-fuelie now converted to a Tii). Wellhart hooks up Ansa exhaust. For a more finished look. I throw in carpet.

Now, the fun begins. What we’ve all been working toward, “*Gentleman, start your engine!*” Chris Hoffner, gets the honors to turn the key. . .click. . .click. . .nothing. She’s turning over but not kicking in. Quick, another battery anything—flashlight, computer, CD—okay, Tolsdorf’s M3 battery. That does it. Inka has M3 DNA, she speaks! She’s a bit horse after four years, but Ramsey fine-tunes the rough fuel injection and timing making her sound even sweeter.

Tools swiftly tucked away, Inka loaded back on the trailer; it’s time for a toast. Woolley clears out the local store of War

steiner, and the team celebrates two days of hard work, fun, food and a lot of bonding.

Words like teamwork, enthusiasm, camaraderie took on a new meaning for me as I watched fellow club members pour their energies and expertise into restoring my car. How do you return such generosity? I’ll be finding ways just that

Inka’s first performance at the November Driving School made me proud, and Team 02 club members who made it happen made me grateful. She looks beautiful, too, with her new paint job—done to perfection by **Mike of M & B Hotrods**. There was only one glitch however. Her alternator gave out, and she stayed overnight at the track until we replaced it the next morning. But even this turned out to be a good thing. See **Garrett Koch’s** story on Page 18.

It was my first school and will not be my last. Even though I drive more than 40,000 miles a year in my work, my Instructor, **Clement Schmitt**, showed me all the things I’ve been doing wrong. Not the least of which is to lose the cell phone while the wheels are rolling.



Ramsey and Schmitt fine tune. North holds his breath. Chris Hoffner turns the key and . . .Inka speaks!

As **Scott Blazey** says in the July/August issue of *The Milepost*, “It’s all about car control, paying attention and using good judgment.”

Terry North is a Board Member and the newly-elected Vice President of the BMW Club, St. Louis Chapter. He replaces Mark Woolley who relocated to North Carolina. North owns TCNorth Design Lines and lives with his wife, Christy, and daughter, Alex, in the St. Louis Hills area of St. Louis. His daily car is a 1993 740i.

Isringhausen ad

VilMMMa's New Attitude

By Mark Woolley

Chapter One

On Saturday, October 5, 2002, VilMMMa, my beloved E30 M3 began her metamorphosis. It was then that we went to Stroco, Kris Welhart's place of business to begin "The Suspension Upgrade."

VilMMMa is a 1990 model year, sporting 99,000 miles on her odometer. I bought her a few years back with 86,000 miles. My purpose in this purchase was to upgrade my track vehicle from a 1985 Toyota MR2. The E30 M3 has been my most lusted after car since I saw one at my first driver's school at Summit Point Raceway in West by God Virginia in the fall of 1988. Those of you who don't participate in the track events may never have seen VilMMMa, as she rarely comes out for normal driving duties.

I had put up with some pretty bad tire wear during track events due to VilMMMa's stock suspension and lack of camber in the front end. Enter Welhart and **Geoff Tolsdorf**. These two characters are track junkies like myself, and both had heard me whine about lack of finances and a list of upgrades I had planned to do to VilMMMa. Their solution? Buy the parts and we'll put them in ourselves. The idea of free labor really appealed to me, and after a couple of events (and beverages) and constantly being nagged to come up with a list I started to generate it. Then I e-mailed it to Welhart. His response? Prioritize, buy parts and we'll put them on the car. The length of the list surprised me when I saw it on paper. It became apparent to me that the first thing I needed to do was some shopping.

In June, Geoff and I trekked out to Council Bluffs, IA to instruct at Mid America Motorplex for the Iowa Chapter's first driver's school. You read about that trip in a previous *Gesundheit*. At that school I managed to crack a front brake rotor. I didn't realize this fact until I was preparing the car for the July joint Porsche/BMW school at Gateway International Raceway. Luckily I had a spare set of rotors in the garage and was able to swap them and go on with the event. It did, however, afford me the opportunity to do some on-line shopping for replacement rotors. Enter Bimmerworld. While ordering the replacements I decided to get some maintenance items as well. Brake wear sensor wires, oil filters, and a spare radiator cap, nothing too outrageous.

When the parts arrived I found that during shipping one of the oil filters was crushed by the rotors shifting in the package. This gave me the opportunity to contact the person behind the automated on-line ordering system to see if we could work out a replacement. Sure enough, James Clay said "no problem, we'll ship a new one right out." At this point I asked him to

hold off because there were some other parts I was thinking about ordering. Stainless Steel Brake Lines? You betcha, about time for those, and in a stretch I can probably afford a set of those Ground Control adjustable camber/caster plates to stop the lousy tire wear—heck, they'll pay for themselves in tire life. I'll also add a set of replacement belts and spark plugs for my track spares box. Good-to-go, I e-mail the list back and wait for confirmation.

Confirmation came in the form of a question, "Which shocks are you running? I need the information to know how to configure the camber/caster plates" At this point I panicked. How was I going to tell this guy I was going to add these trick plates to my 99k mile-old suspension? I was stuck. I had to e-mail and confess, and I had to ask for a recommendation. You see where this is going don't you? Next thing I know, I, who know almost nothing about suspension, have ordered a full Ground Control coil over suspension with Eibach springs (450 F, 600R), re-valved Bilstein shocks along with the camber/caster plates. Now if you're going to do this there are other things you should address "while you're in there." Ever heard those words? Be afraid—be VERY afraid.

Next thing I know we're at Turner Motorsports site buying sway bar and subframe reinforcement kits...While we're there, you know...!

Anyway, after we had all of the parts ordered (yeah, right!), we set a date to install the parts. The weekend of October 5 it would be. I was so optimistic I thought I'd get some other parts to install, and bring along some things I had bought a while back. It was going to be an installation party, right?

I had really enjoyed myself wrenching on **Terry North's** beautiful newly-restored 2002 at the "02 Challenge, and seeing the accomplishments of that weekend, I felt that we could easily do *our* suspension installation with time left over for some other projects.

On October 3, Welhart e-mailed me to say that he had been doing a little research on the web and it looked like we were going to need some welding done. Kris is fairly new to the area and I don't know any welders so we started a frantic search to find someone to do the welding. We located someone who agreed to look at the job, but wouldn't commit until he saw what we were talking about.

Saturday morning, October 5, we met at Welhart's place of business to talk about the welding to be done. The coil over kit requires that the stock front spring perch be removed from the strut tube and a "stop" for the coil over adjuster be welded in place. Also the Turner front sway bar reinforcements and the subframe reinforcements had to be welded in place. Kris and I hoped that Klaus could do this welding while we waited Saturday morning. Klaus had different thoughts.

(To be continued in the next issue)

**"It's amazing to watch
people work
on your car,
and then
thank you
for allowing them
to provide
free labor and expertise!"**

Mark Woolley



Kris Welhart, Tech Advisor, demonstrates brake maintenance to a group of students at the Driving School.

The St. Louis Chapter of BMWCCA held its Driving School at Gateway International Raceway the first weekend in November, a short distance from the city on the east bank of the Mississippi River. It was a record turnout of volunteer instructors and students.

Although the brisk fall weather chilled the air, students were fired up with the excitement of improving their driving skills. An added plus was viewing an array of beautiful cars. Friday night was a get acquainted happy hour event. The club offered folding chairs as part of the package—a very popular item.

Instructors took their students through the classroom phase which underscores the importance of safety, such as losing the cell phone while your wheels are rolling).

Then the real fun began. Time on the track. Thrills, chills and momentary panic were felt as students donned helmets and strapped into seats.

Much of the success goes to **Garrett Koch** who spent many hours of preparation to insure the event went smoothly. He kept everyone focused on the goals and brought a myriad of details together.

Nancy Ganschietz handled the difficult job of registering everyone. The volume of e-mails, paperwork and other detritus would overwhelm all but the most intrepid. Great job, Nancy.

Mark Woolley's outstanding classroom instruction held everyone's rapt attention. Plus he helped **John Hoffner** lug case upon case of the folding chairs to the event on Thursday.

Ron brought together a fantastic team of instructors—more than we needed in fact, but it gave us the luxury of putting the right student with the right instructor.

Kris Welhart conducted the smoothest of technical inspections and his Brake Session was an unqualified success.

“Frost on the pumpkin”

The St. Louis Chapter treats students to tricks of the trade at its Frost on the Pumpkin Driving School.



Terry North drives Inka on her maiden voyage after Team '02 restored her at the '02 Challenge in September.

John Hoffner managed the finances without a hitch and also stored and transported all those folding chairs. No small task and he's always there when needed.

Sean and **Tim Racine** and **Lou Bauer** were at the right place at the right time managing the false grid, pit out and keeping things running smoothly. **Robert Phelan** was ready and willing to do whatever needed to be done and there's always a lot of that.

As I've said before, the Driving School events are *the* most important events the club holds. Its long range, positive effect on students who participate is well documented.

Editors note: Plans are in the works to join with the BMW CCA Foundation in a city-wide safety event for teenage drivers. See their flyer enclosed with this issue.

A renaissance man. . .from Kansas? *You bet . . .*

Clement Schmitt owns 20 BMW's, is an avid cyclist (the human powered kind) and has 15 birds

By Geoff Tolsdorf

He's a man's man. A guy with whom you can be just as comfortable replacing a transmission as tipping a beer. Clement Schmitt is also one hell of a race car driver and driving instructor.

Those of us who have had Clement as an instructor are truly thankful. He has taken our abilities to new levels with his excellent communication and supportive attitude.

However, my favorite Clement story is not as the driver but as a passenger in his 2002 racecar. In the Fall of 2001, I was at a driving school at Heartland Park Topeka with the Kansas City Quattro Club.

Since I was now an instructor myself, I couldn't count on Clement's full attention all weekend but I could certainly scrounge a ride with him. Clement's 2002 is fully prepped for SCCA ITB with a cage, fire system, and all the trappings of a professional racecar. All that is except for a decent passenger seat.

I looked in to see Clement fully strapped in his racing seat—complete with 5 point harnesses. I looked over to the passenger side and was somewhat dismayed to see



Clement Schmitt takes a lunch break at the '02 Challenge in Tolsdorf's garage.

an old, stock 2002 seat—probably from the earliest 2002. The seatbelt was stock too and just as old. The frayed webbing made me only slightly nervous.

Steve Roepken, Clement's intrepid crew chief, helped me crawl through the open window (the door was welded shut). Clement looked over and mentioned that I probably didn't want to touch the large electric connection between my feet. Okay.

We were off! As Clement maneuvered quickly around the famed Topeka road course, my pitiful seat and belt were struggling to keep me from sitting in Clement's lap like a child asking Santa for a new toy. All the while, trying to keep my feet from becoming the ground for the car's electrical system.

A few laps later, Clement brought the car in—with a sheepish grin on his face. I extricated myself from the car, sore from bracing myself against the G's. They both got quite a chuckle from the look on my face. But I have to admit, it was one helluva ride.

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Welcome New Members

(Continued from Page 3)

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Jamie Powell
98 318i
Chesterfield, MO

David Price
99 528iA
St. Louis, MO

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Why, Woolley, Why?

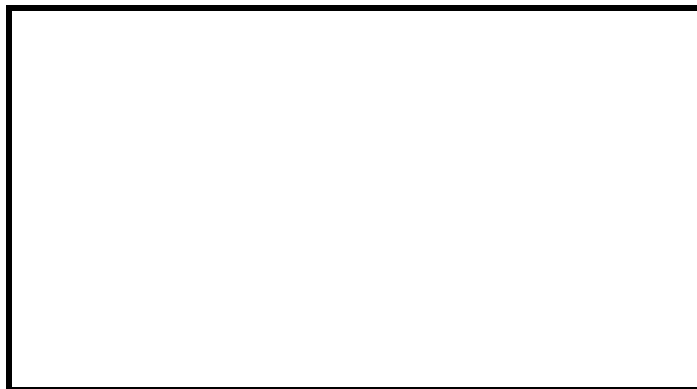
So what if you got an offer you couldn't refuse? So what if North Carolina has the Tarheel Chapter? So what if you are within a few hours drive from some of the finest racetracks on the East Coast—Road Atlanta, VIR, Carolina Motorsports Park, Roebing Road to name a few. So what if you're an hour from Spartanburg. You're leaving our club with a gaping void? How could you do this to us?

Such was the reaction of club members as **Mark Woolley**, our club vice president, former tech advisor, and overall lovable guy announced he would be relocating to North Carolina soon.

He accepted a position with B/E Aerospace in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. One that was too good to turn down and yes, he's excited about furthering his career. He'll be responsible for the firm's Unigraphics, which includes, among other responsibilities, educating some 70 Unigraphics users.

We wish Mark all the best in his new endeavors. But if he comes back talking about needing more wedge in his beloved '89 M3 VILMMa or bragging about how great ovals are we're sending him back. Not!

Good luck, Mark. You'll be missed.



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Tips and Tricks

By Brad Bloomquist

*Believe it or not,
we inflict far more
damage to our beloved
Bimmers by using the
wrong towels and
applicators than by any
other means.*



Photo by Brad Bloomquist

Microfiber towels

These are the best. Microfiber is 100 times finer than a human hair. It's woven into a high thread count with plush, dense loops that make it easier to apply consistent pressure on the surface. This avoids hot spots, finger marks and scratches. The loops contain thousands of tiny hooks per square inch that grab dirt, dust and debris, pulling it into the towel and *away from the surface of the paint*, thus avoiding scratching. These towels can hold seven times their weight in fluid. They can be machine washed and will last for years. Wash cold, never use fabric softener, dry on cool setting or hand to dry.

A word of caution: Lately, many cheap brands have hit the market. They are *not* created equal in quality. They are very bad and *will* scratch! Quality microfiber is very thick and plush. It's well worth the difference in cost. If I were allowed only one detailing tool, it would be my set of microfiber towels.

Waffle weave towels

This is a new variant of the micro-fiber line. The lightweight waffle texture is a microfiber and soaks up lots of water yet wrings virtually all of it away quickly.

Here's the trick: carefully hose off your car with a smooth stream of water after washing. The stream will take most of the water beads off thereby leaving the car with much less standing water on the surface. I can easily dry my 2002tii with just one 24" x 26" waffle weave towel without wringing it out.

Bath towels

If you're stuck on using the ole' standby, be sure it's 100% cotton. The best are made in the US. Don't use 3 dimensional patterns. White is the softest since it hasn't been hardened by dyes. Wash often, tumble dry and again, no softener. Old beach towels are okay, but terry cloth is generally bad because it has a coarse, bumpy surface which causes scratches and swirls when pressed against the paint.

**If I were allowed
only one
detailing tool,
it would be
my set of
microfiber towels**

Diapers

Ouch! Throw them away. Technology has passed you by. The density of the weave is poor and offers no protection from scratching.

Wash mitts

Be sure it's 100% cotton chenille. Wool mitts are nice but expensive. Do not use cheap imitation polyester mitts. They *will* cause swirls. Guaranteed.

Applicators

Pure foam applicators are far superior to rags, sponges or terrycloth

covered sponges for applying wax compounds. Due to its density pure foam provides a smooth consistent feed of the wax or compound and helps to avoid hot spots and finger marks. Hot spots are seen as swirls and mars.

Source finder

Most quality detailing supplies aren't available at your local auto store. Here's a few websites I've found to be good.

properautocare.com
tacscar.com
topoftheline.com
carcareonline.com

My sympathies go out to those of you who already have those dreaded swirls, scratches and mars. That's another story I'll cover in my next column. In the meantime, if you have a detailing question, click on detail@stlbmwclub.com I'll do my best to answer your queries.

Brad Bloomquist is the Club's newly appointed Detailing Adviser. He lives with his wife, Julie, in the historic University City area of St. Louis. He drives a Verona Red 1972 2002tii.

Zisser tire

On the Horizon

December 2002

General Membership Meeting	12/03/02	Lin Capri Clubhouse (See below for directions)	6:30 p.m.
Top gun Road Rally	12/08/02	Dave & Busters 13857 Riverport Drive	Noon
Holiday Party	12/14/02	Culpeppers 12316 Olive Street	5:30 p.m.

January 2003

General Membership Meeting	01/07/03	Lin Capri Clubhouse (See below for directions)	6:30 p.m.
Social Meeting	01/16/03	TBA (check website)	
Hot Stove Challenge	TBA (check website)		
<i>Gesundheit</i> deadline	01/15/03		

February 2003

General Membership Meeting	02/04/04	Lin Capri Clubhouse (See below for directions)	6:30 p.m.
Social Meeting	2/20/03	(check website)	
Quarterly Tech Demonstration	TBA (check website)		

Directions to Chapter meetings Lin Capri Condominiums

From Hwy 270

East on Olive to Lindbergh
North on Lindbergh to next light (Schuetz)
Left on Schuetz to next light (Guelbreth)
Left on Guelbreth a few blocks to Forest Brook
Left on Forest Brook to Clubhouse
(up the hill on the left by pool)
Enter by the door in the alley

From Hwy 70

South on Lindbergh, pass Page
Pass the light at Schuetz
Take second right onto Forest Brook
Clubhouse next to pool

Directions to Holiday Party Culpepper's Restaurant

12316 Olive

Going west on Olive
Culpepper's is just west of I-270

Whether you're an old time member
Or a brand new member
Please join us
And meet
BMW enthusiasts
Just like you.

You and a guest will be warmly welcomed!

Remember to RSVP: social@stlbmwc.lub.com
Or call: 314-752-6607

Night watch at Gateway

Man! Last one outta here! Again! Looking around I realize there's a sordid silence that's totally void of both idle chatter about engines in here and chattering engine idles outside.

Guess I oughtta do some cleanup before I leave, I say to myself... as though I'm really listening. A little beer bottle clearing, some recoup of the cooler remnants, and prepare the tables for AutoTire's morning spread of goodies. I feel like a wayward maintenance man in a cheap motel. I'm just looking for what's in it for me. "Hey! There's a leftover brownie!"

I shut off the lights and step outside into the chilly Illinois autumn. It's raining hard. . .snare drum hard. . . not so loud that it deafens you, but it sure sets the rhythm. Turning cold too. . . Dark. . . windy. . . lonely. . .not a soul around. . .or is there?

The Seduction

I close the door of the catered banquet room of the "Frost-On-the-Pumpkin Drivers School" on November 2, after a couple hours of settled conversation and some good groceries. All have left the track, speeding off into the night Hunching through the nearly freezing raindrops I retreat to the open parking port under the roof.

Wow! It's a veritable showroom in here. I hardly know anything about most of them but who cares, I saw them rifling around this track today. Man, they look good!

In fact, they look satisfied. . .contented. . . downright happy. . . like a 35 to 500 mm zoom lens, I focus in on row after row after row of strong-hearted stallions, lonely but thoroughly satisfied after a day on the track. Maybe I'll get a little refreshment and stretch this night out a little longer! After grabbing a cold and frosty I return to the promontory point of my discovery.

The Lineup

Prominently in front of me stands a friendly, admirable contender, a. . . (ahem) slightly modified 318i from Tennessee. If only all those 318i owners on the other side of the river knew the kind of G-forces it was capable of.

They don't sit here

like targets

of a "strip and fence"

crime ring.

They glow. . .they smile,

and remind each other

Just beyond, a revived 320i turbo. . .yep, Rick Ramsey's toy. Except for the wheels and a little running board work, this one looks stock and tantalizingly pretty. Okay, there's a little inside job here and there. I mean, the guy knows where he can get his hands on the right parts. But some of these 320i Turbo tigers have been epitomized after they had been raced hard and put to bed wet.

Aaaaahhhh! Some of the Porsche contingent! A nine-forty-four S... and a nine-forty-four Turbo, or is that a nine-fifty-nine? No, it's a nine-fifty... oh, whatever! It's a REAL sports car. It has to be—it only has 2 seats! But there's something different about these Porsches, something you don't find on the parking lots of the

Galleria or Frontenac Plaza. . . SMILES! They've had fun today!

Something different! Ford Contour SVT, 24V high output. . .a stallion? No. . . over 200 of them all packed into that engine compartment.

The Hook

Well looky there. It's Clement's 2002. Hey, that's just plain good lookin'. And that cloth interior doesn't even hint at the word affordable. . .it looks so nice it screams "available option", contrary to most of the US versions offered. Truth is, who cares... when it's turning into a corner and you hear that modest 1.8 liter engine sucking up air to take your breath away, it's rolling on something more than tires. . .a legendary reputation. And it's a very clean car but. . . why does it have that "right off the showroom floor" look about it? Hmmmmm. . . could it be the same thing as its boarder mates? Is it the healthy glow of track therapy?

Oh, thank God! A disappearing breed of the 21st century BMW Club drivers schools, an E30 M3. Probably one of the best and hottest BMW's to put you in with the big boys without spending the equivalent of a house. Owners of the E30 know they should get an oil pan baffle because the car can slam around a race track so fast that the oil will literally settle on the side of the pan, defying gravity, due to the side forces.

Geez! There's "The Chief's" M3 lightweight. Speaking of legends, we've seen Ron Flier motoring that angelic aluminum ace around Gateway as though it's a video. No incidents, no mistakes, nothing but lap after lap of heat. That makes two l

egends. Although I've never heard it from Ron, his car says enough about how he would run it if he were into the real racing and the only way to do it. . .with an expectation of excellence. All you puppies had better just stay on the porch.

Wow. This is where I want to be right now. Damn the cold! Damn the rain! Full BMW's ahead! Now I see an E46 M3! What could be a better setting than this? Where could you go on a Saturday night and see such a spectacle? And trust me, it's WAY better than just viewing a dealer's lot – this is a menagerie of masculinity, an array of Right Stuff, a parade of prominence, all lined up like the musical sequence of "That's Entertainment" only motorized.

Lo and behold, what should be next in line but an ironic flashback to BMW's 60's era again, another '02. But not just any '02, it's your '02! Or so says Terry North, owner of "Inka", the car recently restored in the "2002 Challenge." He refers to it as the "club car" and offered many a chapter member at the track the option of turning that key to the "Fahrt" position. (You need to know that word is engraved on the ignition bezel of 2002's and is the German's way of saying "Proceed! Let's go! Let's roll!") And Inka's glowing orange paint literally screams out, "*This is where I am supposed to be!*"

Boy, it's a good thing I don't have the key! I'll tell ya what I'd do. I'd jump in that baby and... well I'd fire that mother up and ... no, I'd better not. Besides, it looks so cool sitting there like a sentinel on the end of the lightweight M3, the E46, the E30, and Clement's cornerstone, act as book ends on a row of classic novels. . . stationed studs alone like a flock of lonely eagles. I know – that didn't make a bit of sense but you had to be here.

Awash in the stillness of a desolate Saturday night, it really did make sense. Each one of these sleds is a standalone story of remarkable success in automotive savvy.

The Voices

Even the rest of the crowd here embodies the same spirit. Just look at 'em... staged here in the paddock of the track... together like they were posing for a Klaus Schnitzer photo. It's the epitome of kinetic energy. I

guess I'm pretty lucky after all being here tonight with these eagles, as they cry out to the prairie and peer across the cliffs of the Mississippi River. I imagine them sharing stories of their escapades of the day. "*Oh, sure!*" says the 540i, "*You and the Carrera were trying to upset us as you both went into turn 5 sideways! Didn't your drivers know that trail braking can bring your rear end around?*"

Okay, call me Edgar Allen Poe or Alfred Hitchcock. I don't care, I'm with "my own." The cold rain still pounds out the beat and I continue down the lineup. . . more Porsche greats... one says RS America. . .it says enough. What's beyond? PINKY! Our favored 2.4 liter (yeah, right!) winged messenger. That makes two Tennessee delights. OK, this one's a little on the noisy side, but hot, hot, hot!

Then there's a Mustang... a Cobra SVT. We used to outlaw them in our schools. Nowadays, they don't just sit around on the waterfront... "*Hey, Adriee-enne! I am a contender!*"

The Chemistry

And finally we come to my personal favorite, my steed, my ix. What a friend I have in this car. Perhaps the most unbiased steering I have ever put through a series of slip angles. Wanna see me point it right at the apex of a turn, nail the throttle, and still miss the apex by six feet? It's all in the momentum. Force it into a drift until it starts to rotate, then full power it through the apex, and I tag the cone without turning the steering wheel! "Look Ma, I can round a turn with no steering!"

It's funny. In the irrationality of them all being personified, what would they say? Would they moan and complain of how they've been treated? Not these test specimens. These aren't like cars parked in the driveway. They don't sit here like targets of a "strip and fence" crime ring... they glow. Somehow, between their grills, they do smile. I know they do. And they remind each other about the day's antics. "*Hey, were you guys in that run group where the 318i lifted the front left tire in turn 7? Wow, that was sooooo cooooool! And he probably went 10 kph faster (they talk metric, you know) down the straight than he'd ever gone before!*"

Well, it's been a pleasure to party with them all tonight. Owners... thank you for leaving them for me to party with.

So, do they have any complaints or regrets? Only a wish that their drivers would listen to them more. . . to understand that *they* determine the potential capabilities, not the driver. That all cars are not equal but deserve equal treatment, and that all cars are more than a necessary burden on the budget. They are a means to accomplish great things thru mastery of a skill, through understanding the concept of propelling mass over the surface of the earth at the limits of directional control... and of humility among the solemn fraternity (or sorority) of velocity. . .in short, they wish to achieve their engineer-given potential.

Epilogue

The flag poles stand naked. Each puddle on the acres and acres of asphalt reflect the neon lights of the distance, the grid-locked perspectives of Gateway International. The sprinkles create poetic movement on the silent raceway where movement is the objective radiating excitement.

In the morning, owners of my night watch friends will return. And I wonder... how many stories do we not hear? Do we really listen to the sounds of silence?

"All right, roll call! Who's not in their stall now?"

Garrett Koch directs the club's Driving Events. He is an applications engineer/instructor and lives in the Hazelwood area of St. Louis with his wife, Carol, and their Dalmatian, Sam. Koch drives a BMW 325ix.

Photos of the "Frost on the Pumpkin" Driving School event may be seen on our website: stlbmwclub.com

You are cordially
Invited to the
BMWCCA
St. Louis Chapter
Celebration of the Holidays
On
December 14, 2002
5:30 p.m.
Culpepper's Restaurant
12316 Olive

Appetizer Buffet
No Host Bar
Door prizes
Annual Awards

RSVP by December 1, 2002 at:
www.social@stlbmwclub.com

President appoints five Advisors to serve club members

Detailing Advisor

Brad Bloomquist drives a 1972 Verona Red 2002tii in pristine condition. Brad is Marketing Manager, D & K Healthcare Resources, Inc. and lives with his wife, Julie, in the University City area of St. Louis. His first article, "Tips and Tricks" appears on Page 15.

Legal Advisor

Burt Garland, Jr. drives a 2001 M3. He received his law degree and M.B.A. at St. Louis University and specializes in management and labor matters. Burt and his wife, Amy, live in the Ladue area of St. Louis with two children, Sophia (4), Jason (2) and a new baby due in December.

E-Communications Advisor

Trish Kauffman drives a 2002M3cic. She is an Estate Manager for a local real estate investor, and lives in Creve Coeur with her husband, Chris, and two beloved retrievers, Cara and Tiki. Trish is working to make the or website better than ever.

Club Liaison

Ray Unger recently sold his 1988 635 CSI so has to resort to his Jaguar. Ray is a retired Defense Contract Management Staff QA Specialist and lives with his wife, Dorothy, in the Rock Hill area of St. Louis. They have three children and eight grandchildren.

Technical Advisor

Kris Welhart is one of our newer members having left sunny Florida in his 1995 M3. He also owns a 1994 325i. He has quickly become an integral member of the club. Kris attended the University of Central Florida and presently lives in the University City area of St. Louis. Look for his tech story in the next issue of the *Gesundheit*.

Party hearty, but don't drink and drive.

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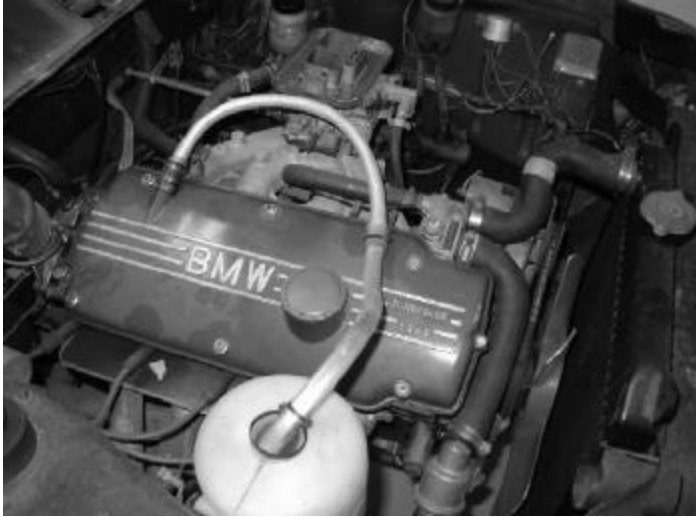


Autohaus
of Clayton

8455 Maryland Ave. • 2 Blks E. of I-170 on Ladue Rd.

Sorry you missed the 2002 Challenge? Don't worry, the **HOT STOVE 2002 CHALLENGE** is coming.

When the snow flies, the temperature drops and the wind howls, as it usually does in January, join us in a nice heated garage as we take on the challenge once again.



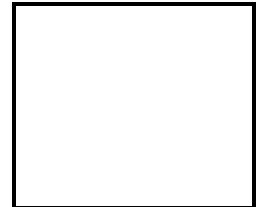
While structurally the car is sound and needing a coat of paint, what the car truly needs is some TLC. Sign up to meet great Bimmerheads, learn some and laugh a lot.

We'll focus on sorting out the mechanicals, changing fluids, re-building brakes, and lots of other assorted projects. Who knows what miserable miscreants lurk under the hood?



This time the car is a 1969 '02, sporting rare Alpina fenderes. Details will be posted on the website: stlbmwclub.com

St. Louis BMW Club
BMW CCA
P.O. Box 11823
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Your Gesundheit is here