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Last April we completed another successful Street Survival course for our younger drivers. This program is geared towards teaching young adults and teens how to handle their vehicle in a "hands-on" real world environment with trained in-car instructors. Safety and car control being the objective. If you know someone that would benefit from such a course the next course is scheduled for September 29th. Enrollment is limited to just 30 students so early registration is strongly recommended. Detailed information and registration can be found at www.streetsurvival.org.

A sincere "Thank You" goes out to Jim Iden who puts a lot of effort into soliciting enough member volunteers to help make this event the success it is. And of course the program would not be possible at all without the efforts of our very dedicated autocross committee. As the Autocross Chair Gerald Anderson has done an excellent job in seeing the Committee performs seamlessly, and the Board is much appreciative. Thank you Gerald for all your efforts, it's been a pleasure. For the remainder of 2012 Aaraj Thyagaraj has stepped up and will be our new Autocross Chair. We are looking forward to working with Aaraj and appreciate his dedication to the Chapter. I can't express how indebted the Board is to the many volunteers and Committee Chairs who take their personal time to organize and put on our various events. All the planning and hard work pays off when you see the turnout and people walking away with a smile and enjoyment for the event and time spent with fellow enthusiasts. The Autocross Committee, Social Events Committee and volunteers are the backbone that keeps out Chapter vibrant. Thanks guys!

This leads me to mention our membership drive which ran through the end of June, again a program being managed primarily through the Autocross Committee. The reason, the IRS has stringent criteria standardizing the means a not-for-profit entity such as ours can generate revenue, member as opposed to non-member proceeds. The majority of non-

member revenue has historically been generated from our monthly autocross events. By offering membership to regular non-member autocross participants we can better manage revenues in accordance with the IRS guidelines.

While the Street Survival course is aimed at making safer young drivers, we also must do our part. How many times have you noticed someone looking down reading or sending a text message, and how many times have you noticed drivers on the phone looking as relaxed as being in an easy chair, or the number of times you noticed the rearview mirror being used for applying makeup, or someone getting their morning shave in a haste to get to the office?

This disregard for others is simply unacceptable. With the number of high performance cars on the roads today, as well as the ruins that shouldn't even be on the road, driving today really does require our undivided attention and concentration. Let's make certain we do what is right to make the roads safer as well. The text message can wait, apply the makeup or shave at home, use hands free devices to talk on the phone while driving. Nothing is more important than preventing an avoidable crash... and with possible bodily injury as the result.

Summer is finally here with a vengeance! It was a cool and welcome spring, what little we had of it, now the oppressive Houston heat and humidity is upon us regularly. Be certain your cooling system, including the hoses and belts, are in good shape; don't just assume they are. If not the reminder can be painful. And you can bet it will be at the most inopportune time!

Have a safe and enjoyable summer... and we'll see ya on the back roads.

- David Dalton, Chapter President



Breezin' Though the Bluebonnets with the Texas Roadster Rowdies!

Mike Wood, DFW ZSCCA area representative



Like Willie Nelson, Shiner Beer, Armadillos and blazin' hot Chili, the Texas bluebonnet is a Texas icon. The Bluebonnet became the state flower in 1901 beating out the Cotton Boll and the Cactus (thank God!)

There's even an official Bluebonnet song and a festival to celebrate the blooming of this colorful flower from March through May each year.

Thousands of Texans hit the highways and byways every spring to take in the wild flower blossoms from bluebonnets to Indian paintbrush and blackeyed susans that literally turn the roadside and fields into a colorful canvas of flowers.

That's also the "start your engines" call for the Texas Roadster Rowdies on the first weekend to April to make our annual Hill Country Spring Drive. No need for speed... just a great two days of tops down and stopping to "smell the bluebonnets". Also, it's a great opportunity for the North Texas Rowdies to drive down and join up with their Southern counterparts on their Hill County stompin' grounds.

The Texas Hill Country is in Central Texas and well named after its tall rugged hills made up of limestone or granite. It includes the second largest granite hill (Enchanted Rock) in the United States, , which our convoy went by just outside of Fredericksburg. The Hill Country is bordered on the North by San Antonio and on the west by Austin.

And, nobody knows the back roads of the Hill Country better than our convoy leader and organizer, Bill Elwell (ZZZIP*E). Thanks to Bill, his wife Pam, Fred Reinemeyer*, ZSCCA Houston area representative, and his wife, Sarah, for putting together the drive's website.

Starting out on Friday morning, the North Texas Rowdies started their own convoy in Fort Worth down the backroads for 281 miles (yep, Texas is big) to get to the drive's starting point in New Braunfels (Braunfels means "brown rock" in German; the city is named for Braunfels in Germany) ...good place for BMW's?

Friday night Bill, Fred and the Southern Rowdies toasted their Z's German mechanical origin by eating at Omas' Haus, home of the Schnitzel, Strudel, German Sausage and Ompa-pa foaming beverages.

Meanwhile the Northern Rowdies, looking for a chance to exercise their Texas appetites on chicken fried steaks, brisket and Tex-Mex along with a few Shiners, remembered that their Zs were assembled at the Spartanburg plant before being transferred back to Regensburg, Germany in 2008...perfect reason to eat local at the Gristmill River Restaurant in Gruene.

Gruene, on the National Register of Historic Places, was started up in 1845 by a German immigrant, Ernst Gruene. Part of the Gristmill River Restaurant was an old cotton gin built by Ernst and his sons right on the Guadalupe River. Gruene Hall, Texas' oldest continually run dance hall, was built in 1878 by Richard Gruene and is "the place" for Texas C&W bands. No Ompa-pa here... just Texas boot scootin'!

The next morning, Saturday, North and South converged in the parking lot of Omas' Haus (no... Omas' wasn't open to serve breakfast potato pancakes and schnitzels...thank goodness). Getting a 9 a.m. start after our normal parts and performance discussions, Bill Elwell led our convey of over twenty Z3s, Z4s, a Z8 and an M3 out of New

Braunfels up 306 across the Guadalupe River, past Canyon Lake and onto Hwy 473 past Sisterdale on into Medina where we stopped for lunch at the Love Creek Orchards Patio Cafe.

The cafe is part of a little rock house in the middle of Medina appropriately named the Apple Store. The store sells everything apple from dwarf trees to jams, jellies, sauces, cookies and melt in your mouth apple ice cream. The cafe's famous "five pounds of apples in every pie delight" was voted the best apple pie in Texas last year by Texas Monthly. You gotta love the Texas atmosphere too. A sign right below the ordering window in the cafe says it all

"We are not fast... We are kind, courteous, friendly, efficient... but we are not fast. If you want fast, go to Austin or Dallas. We are south of the tension line. Sit back, relax & enjoy the country air while we make your order with tender loving care. Thanks!" After a lunch of Texas sized burgers, fries and several helping of Apple pie and apple ice cream, we "rolled" out of the cafe and back on the road up highway 16 on to farm road 2828 crossing several ranches and then hooking into highway 385 which runs alongside the Nueces River. A nice relaxing drive with only one mechanical problem for the day and that couldn't have happen to a more qualified driver.

Tim Reeves, a technician at the Import Car Center in Grapevine, had the hose come loose on his M3 (the Rowdies unofficial beverage cooler carrier) spraying water like Old Faithful. Just like the Viagra commercial where the guy in the '69 Camaro has an overheated radiator and pulls into a convenience store for a quart of drinking water, Tim "takes charge" and "knows what to do". Only difference



is that we have bluebonnets, not convenience stores on our Texas trails. So, the convey stops and everyone contributes their bottles of AquaFina, Ozarka and DaSani to the M3's thirsty radiator.... Problem solved!

Back on the road, it's on to highway 39 and a battle with every motorcycle in the state of Texas. Seems like we ran into a big motorcycle rally down in Bandera called the "Thunder in the Hill Country". Texas bikers have this funny habit of riding three abreast on the highways and not noticing a line of fired up Zs behind them basketweaving on the yellow highway stripes. So, it was a challenging afternoon of some very well executed "fly-bys" by the Rowdies for our biker brethren. We nicknamed their rally, "Blunder in the Hill Country".

Normally, it's white utility pickups doing 15 MPH on the curves or the soccer moms on their cellphones doing their nails while unconsciously pointing their Ford Excursion in a general direction. But today, the bikers added a lot of entertainment to our drive in additional to a house in the middle of the road. Yep, only in Texas can you pull up on a two lane back road and come right up on Pa Kettle's house

taking up a lane and a half. Luckily, the house didn't lead our convoy for long as he pulled off on a one-lane side road to create a real adventure for anyone going down the same road.

Intersecting with I-10 we aired out the Zs and pulled on into our hotels for the night in Kerrville located near the headwaters of the Guadalupe River. All in all, a great 270 mile day.

That night, it was dinner at Cowboys Steakhouse in our own party room. Cowboys was actually bought in 1977 by a local doctor who couldn't find a decent place to town to eat so he just decided to make his own "watering hole". The good doctor did just that as the steaks, quail and lobster are extraordinary with plenty of Texas toast, fries and a selection of over 600 wines to choose from...plus, the doctor's collection of hundred of bottles of hot sauces that line the dining room walls. For desert, home made pecan pie or the chocoholic's dream.... the Chocolate Eruption!

After dinner, we had a few more wine-tasting discussions at our hotel, the Y. O. Ranch, and then settled in for the evening.

Sunday morning, everyone gathered in the Y.O. parking lot and Bill Ewell led us out again along FM 1870 across ranches and some of those Texas roads that hadn't seen a center stripe since they were put in... but, great places to catch all the color.

Our rest break was in Fredericksburg at the Visitors Center right across the street from the National Museum of the Pacific War. Back on the road again, we went on FR 965 and past Enchanted Rock which the Indians named the "Spirit Song Rock" as they regarded the rock as a holy portal to other worlds and swore that you could hear it sing in the night. Fortunately, it was before noon when we passed and the spirits were not in tune for the day. Then, it was on into Llano and the end of our 79mile journey for the day. To wrap up our weekend, we had lunch at Cooper's Old Time Pit Bar-B-Que, "Home of the Big Chop." Cooper's is definitely an old time smoke pit as the big pits are located right outside the front door and you can place your order for any meat from beef or pork ribs to cabrito (goat for anyone living the other side of the Red River). Topped off with pintos, potato salad and a steaming bowl of blackberry cobbler, Cooper's is a real taste of Texas.

After finishing our lunch, it was goodbye to all of our driving buddies as the North and South Texas Rowdies split up once more and hit the road for home. A great weekend of good food, good friends, great backroads and lot of Texas color to enjoy and remember until next year!





*(On a very sad note, this was Fred Reinemeyer's last ZSCCA drive as he suffered a massive heart attack on April 29th and passed away suddenly. For those of you attending Zfest 2011, you will prob-

ably remember him from his seat-bushing clinic. Fred was a true enthusiast who knew anything you ever wanted to know about BMWs.

He was a great friend and a real pleasure to be

around and share driving experiences with... Fred will be sorely missed by his Texas Roadster Rowdy friends. Our deepest sympathies and prayers are with his wife, Sarah and the entire Reinemeyer family)





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Las Vegas, NV districtSpeed.com

Where can you find flashing lights, mountains, large open roads, endless after-parties, exotics, and a wide spectrum of BMWs? Thats right. MFEST. This

past April we embarked our second trip to the west to attend MFEST VI "A Cut Above" .

This year instead of making the 3200 mile round-trip by car, we decided to join one of our "sister cars" in Los Angeles. DistrictSpeed.com member and owner Benjo Padilla was gracious enough to let us fly out to LA and join him in the final prep and caravan from LA-Barstow-Jean,NV to Las Vegas.

Once we arrived in LA, it was all 0-60 from there. We started off prepping the widebody e60 M5 by adjusting the height of the suspension to allow us to keep up with the caravan from LA to Vegas.

We set up the car with Go-Pros and got the final sticker sets on for the sponsors of the M5.

Now 1am, we went to bed for a couple

hours, then immediately head to the starting point at 5am. With little sleep, and adrenaline pumping we dashed out to the LA meet up point; there we are greeted in a parking lot full of BMW M cars, Porsches, a couple Lamborghinis and a Audi R8. The smell of rich exhaust at 5am was something to experience right before we all got on route to our 1st check point in Barstow.

The whole duration of the drive there was a blend of beautiful Bavarian engineering stretching their muscles. During the drive you could see M5's, 1 M coupes, M3's and so on just carve up the mountain side on the way to Vegas. At this point we have already left our 1st checkpoint and headed to the Gold Strike Casino in Jean, NV where everyone from all the national caravans were meeting up to hopefully break the Guinness Book of World Record of having the most BMW's in a caravan.

The final stretch was intense from Gold Strike to Las Vegas, Helicopters were out filming the drive, once the highway opened up, all you can hear is BMWs rev high in harmony, in the distance you can see police on motorcycles waiting to get a few of the rowdy drivers. Luckily we all made it to Palazzo/ Venetian Hotel in Vegas with minimal cars taken down by the police on the way in. Checked in to our



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room, we decide to rest up for the races at the Las Vegas Speedway Drag-strip and the after-parties that come way later that night.

After our naps, we head off to the drag strip, were there is a nice blend of all the MFEST attendees running each other. Best number I saw was a 10 second Laguna Seca Blue e46 M3. As for the afterparties there's not much to say than the cliché "what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas". Finally the next morning, a lot of us with headaches and others with no sleep, we head back to Las Vegas Speedway for the MFEST show and track day. There on top of all the sweet rides on display; event sponsors came out in stronger force than the year before, showing new products and general support of the MFEST/BMW community.

One of the things I noticed this year looking at the event from the outside, I will say of any other event I've been in or apart of; MFEST/BMW Owners have that vibe that everyone wants to empower each other and help each other reach the full enjoyment and potential of their cars. Thats what sets BMW owners apart in my opinion and makes me proud to have a few M cars in my stable.

You may view more pictures and a Video of this event at http://districtspeed.com/euro/mfest-2012-coverage/













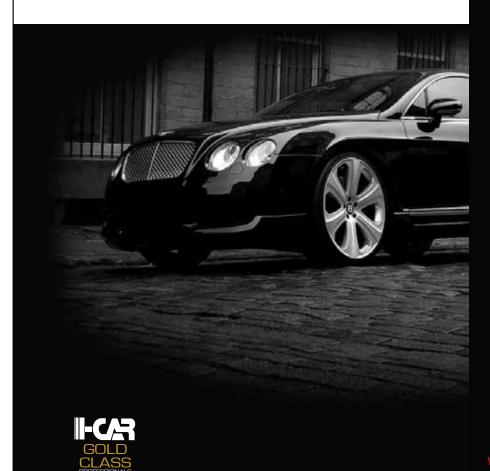
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Enrollment is limited to 30 students. Early reservations are strongly recommended.

Registration: www.streetsurvival.org





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Leather Maintenance -

The most common mistake people make when taking care of leather is using too much conditioner. Leather comes with surfactants (protection) from the tannery. BMW leathers are all very well protected when new. If you apply too much leather chemicals and/or too often, you will strip off the protection the tannery applied. Your leather will begin to crack and wear prematurely. The best analogy for this is like the enamel on your teeth. Once the enamel is gone, your teeth have no defense. The best thing you can do for leather, to keep it soft, supple and preserve the matte-finish, is to wipe it down with a damp cloth whenever you think to. Wiping the leather with a damp cloth will pick up any loose dirt particles on the surface. Loose dirt, between you on the seat and the leather, will begin to work it's way into the surface of the leather. This action will begin to buff or polish the leather, making it shiny and the leather will begin to become thinner.

Guidelines -

Clean the leather area(s) once every two weeks with a clean, cotton cloth that is damp (not wet). This is the most important thing you can do to keep your leather looking new.

For areas that need to be cleaned with a soap, we recommend Neutrogena facial soap (just soap, nothing with an exfoliate). If it is good enough for your face, it is good enough for your car.

Do not over condition your leather. You should not need to use a chemical more than 2 times per year. You can over condition leather will do more harm than you think. Too many chemicals on leather will remove surfactants applied at the tannery. This will dramatically decrease the life of your leather.

Apply chemicals when the leather is warm to the touch to get maximum penetration.

Wait a few minutes before buffing the chemicals. Do not leave on overnight!







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God hates me.

I've known this for a while. Sunday just confirmed it. He hates me, plain and simple.

I'm not talking about the why-can't-I ever-hit-the-lottery kind of hate. In that respect, he hates most of us ... except for that couple in Minneapolis... No. I'm talking about the walking-down-the street-piano falling-out-the-30th-story-window kind of hate.

A quick recap: in the mid-'70s I was a high school kid who liked cars and racing. So I dragged my buddies to every race in the San Francisco Bay Area and found something at Sears Point or Laguna Seca at least once a month until, eventually, my buddies had had enough. Too much racing, they complained either in unison or individually.

As one could imagine, this was confusing to me. How is there ever too much racing? Football, maybe. Baseball, sure. But racing? No way.

So I wandered semi-aimlessly, inviting everybody from perfect strangers to first-dates to motor races. Several times I even took my father. That's how desperate I was. But I started writing about racing for a small newspaper then expanded to a couple of small newspapers, then a bigger newspaper, until I was the motorsport dude at the San Francisco Chronicle. This was great, and I should have been happy, right?

Not so much. I still yearned for something I never had: a race buddy.

I mean, the average fan goes to a race, sits in the

bleachers, has a corn dog and a couple of beers and watches cars whizz past, inhaling methanol, nitro-methane, two-stroke fumes or whatever happens to be running. Some watch more than others, but you just sit and talk racing and enjoy the sun, the sounds, the smells and the noise of racing.

Not me. I was inside. Sure, I was in the press box and, figuratively, I was in the 'in' crowd -- I mean all the way in, but I was working and I haven't paid for a race ticket in 30 years. Not that it wasn't great; not that it wasn't the best job in the world, but you couldn't drink beers. I mean, not before deadline, not during the show. So, as good as it was, I was still lonely, still searching.

So in 1987, working for the Chronicle, I headed to Mexico City for the Mexican F1 GP, where, in the press box I met my future wife. She was cute and she was exotic and she was, obviously, a motorsports fan. We dated long-distance for three years and then got married in 1991. I was elated. I had a racing partner. Finally.

That's when I first felt God's wrath.

It was August, a year later. She had gone with me to every race for a full year, but when it was time for the Autoline Nationals NHRA at Sears Point for the second time, she said she didn't feel like going.

Maybe she was sick. Maybe it was some symptom of a tenacious terminal disease. But no. it was far worse.

"I don't like racing," she said, matter-of-factly.

No. Lord, no!

As if I'd been hit in the ear with a Cricket bat. I remember feeling faint. I remember my face flush. I remember feeling like somebody had emptied my bank account and I was poor (okay, poorer). She seemed surprised at my reactions.

"Sorry," she continued, "I only go with you because you like it."

Because I like it? Because I like it? What about you?

She shrugged. And you know how it goes: now married, she could care less what I liked.

I never really got over that, but fast forward a few years and we procreated and begot a son. A son. A boy. A built-in buddy. A guy to drag to the races because, well, because I could. And so I did. When he was a few months old I took him to the GP motorcycle races and then the NHRA drag races. NASCAR. IndyCar, where he met Dan Gurney and Adrian Fernandez and, hell, a bunch of guys. And as he grew I groomed him for being my race pal.

Alas, as I mentioned, God hates me.

So somewhere down the line my son, Nick, my boy, the product of my loins, the apple of my tree, the chip off my old block, mentioned casually that not only does he not like racing, but doesn't even like cars.

WHAT?



I want a freaking DNA test, for crying out loud! Are you freaking kidding me?!

Neither cars nor racing? I was born ugly and dumb, but to smite me with a male child that hates racing and cars? That's one step too far, Lord. What did I do? What Second Messiah did I screw over on the freeway by accident? Why me?

But even blighted with non-believers, so to speak, you always have hope. I dragged him to sprint car races, to the Indy 500, Supercross, to the Houston GP where he met all kinds of name drivers and riders. No dice. After all the stuff I dragged him to, you know what he loves? Monster trucks.

Whatever you're thinking at this point, you're spot on.

Monster trucks? If you don't know me, I'm shaking my head in disgust even as I type the words.

Are you seeing my point yet?

At any rate, the synopsis of my race-loving life brings me to the point of my story ... at last.

I bought him an old BMW 318 to learn on, taught him to drive a stick and then bought him ... okay, me ... a Mini Cooper S to drive. And he loves it.

Ho ho! There's light. There's hope! He's a late bloomer. Like me. It took me until I had my first car as a Junior in High school before I was smitten. Maybe the Mini is just the thing.

So I schedule a day at an autocross ASAP. Thus, we find ourselves at the Police Academy one Sunday in April. I give him some tips, borrow a helmet, send him down track with (???) ...

Okay, so he's slow as toenail growth. But that's okay. I'm buoyed - no, ecstatic -- by the interest. He's talking about corners and apexes and carrying speed and all that glorious stuff I yearn to talk about. He takes the second run and DNFs; no problem. Happens to the best of us. I DNFed too.

Third run, same thing, a DNF; and fourth run ... and fifth run.

He's frowning.

"How is it out there?" I ask.

Shrug. "I dunno. Okay, I guess."

Not the fawning reaction, not the blissful excitement, I was hoping for.

I offer more driving tips, but he keeps asking me about the flash bangs and the rifle shots from the SWAT range next door. Stay on task, I say. He nods dispassionately.

No. Worse than dispassionately. He nods like a guy who doesn't want to tell the truth to a guy like me. He probably even sees me praying - praying with all my soul -- that he lies to me and tells me what I want to hear; that he likes it, that he loves it; that he can't wait to do it again; that, Wow, dad, you were right, this racing thing is Fantastic.

But he doesn't.

The truth, I feel in the pit of my stomach, is that he really doesn't care.

I'm crushed.

Again.

Since we drove Group One, we worked Group Two. His mother may be Mexican and dark-complected, but this kid is Clorox bottle white. Well,

after being outside on Corner One for two hours, he looks more like a BBQ-Chipotle Doritos bag. And he seems to be just as steaming hot.

"Well, whattaya think? You want to do it again?" I ask when we get back to the car.

He doesn't have to answer. I already know.

But he does anyway. He gives me long boy-areyou-stupid look and says in that sing-songy voice only a high school Senior can create by making a one-syllable work into a two-syllable word, : "No-00."

But, you know how it is. Hope still springs eternal. Or maybe it's just the dumb side of me, still clinging to ... well, clinging to anything. So I think back on Ibrahim Mourtada, a BMW buyer I dragged to a track day at Grandsport who said the same thing, but who's now a rabid track guy.

Maybe ... maybe that's Nick ...

On the way home, he checks his sunburn in the passenger side mirror and we talk about the upcoming election and the economy, college, housing prices, and the future. But nothing serious. Nothing about cars or racing.

I still have hope. I'm sure I'll drag him to another autocross, maybe even a couple. We'll see how it goes.But deep down, I know that some things just aren't meant to be.

Only God knows why.

Stay Informed!! - eBlast Signup
Once a month the Chapter emails an eBlast to all members who have indicated they want to be kept abreast of Chapter activities and events, as well as news and information involving the Chapter. If you wish to receive this information and are not already signed up you may do so on the website at www.houston-

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2012 Bluebonnet Drive

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ON THE COVER:

A fine line of BMW Z-Cars on the annual Z-Drive in the Hill Country. Enchanted Rock is seen in the background with a rare Z8 leading the pack MOVING? Please send address changes directly to:

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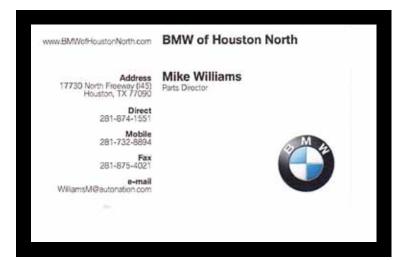


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Editor's Corner



It was one of those awkward situations – heading downhill and no front brakes!!!! What to do??? Well as fortune should have it I was able to get out of that little situation without harm. That did it! I had an obvious malfunction. So like any responsible person I took the thing in for service. The diagnosis was dire – front caliper was dead and to make matters worse the rear caliper was locking up!!! WOW – no wonder why I felt I was dragging. So I looked for new calipers, pads and rotors for the heck of it.....the end result? \$300 worth of kit. Now this might sound rather inexpensive, but I am talking about a mountain bike, not a car! \$300 for a bloody bike!!! A new chain was in order (my 4th), new rear bearing, new cables....I am not even going to admit the amount of the resulting bill.

Like a bike or a motorcycle our cars need the care of preventative maintenance and regular checkups to make them run at their best. While I choked on the bike repair bill, at least I know that I can tackle the trails with confidence – and that simply is the point.

Our BMW's are engineered to exact tolerances. Using genuine BMW parts will ensure a safe and sound machine that you can rely on. However, there are plenty of aftermarket suppliers that provide the same level of quality. Be wary though and do your homework! For every acceptable aftermarket supplier there is one (or more) of lower quality than the original factory spec. It all comes down to your budget, your willingness to do research and your gut.

\$300 is nothing in the big picture when compared to the peace of mind that I will indeed stop the next time I apply the brakes....

There is a lot that we as responsible BMW owners can do to keep our cars in tip top shape. Check your oil level (either via computer or dipstick), brake pads, tire pressure, tire condition and now that we are in the summer season, your coolant level.

Properly maintaining your BMW will bring you years of unbridled service and joy.

On a more somber note, the Houston BMW Chapter lost one of its own when Fred Reinemeyer passed. Our hearts go out to his family and he will be missed.

So here we are in the middle of 2012. So many good events have occurred and so many are on the way. Remember to check the Houston Chapter website and the Events Calendar for upcoming activities.

Until then, keep two hands on the wheel and all four on the ground.

- James

VOLUNTEER SPOTLIGHT



Member: James Weaver

Nominated by: James Saynay

Look around at any Houston BMW CCA Event and you will always see one person relentlessly capturing photos.

Who is that you might ask? Well it's the guy in the white Z3 with the uniquie suntop of course!!!

I am talking about James Weaver.

James always is on hand documenting our events on camera. Additionally he posts the good, the bad and the ugly photos on our Club Forum page. If you have not visited it you really need to do so. Our events are forever captured for history thanks to him.

James is always willing to help with social events, Torque of the Town articles and driver education events.

In addition, James did a fantasitc job during the annual dinner cataloging new and vintage BMW ads on video during the evenng.

So THANK YOU James for all of the unsolicited work you do for our Chapter!

Members - your club needs your help. We need volunteers for Teen Street Survival, finding sponsors for the Torque of the Town and help with social events. Please help our chapter to be more than it could be by volunteering.

Street Survival contact Jim Iden at jiden@ sbcglobal.net,

Torque of the Town contact James Saynay, newsletter@houston-bmwcca.com,

Social Committee contact Kathy Kehoe-Lee at socialevents@houston-bmwcca.com

WELCOME New Members to the Houston Chapter!

In order to help us keep you informed of last minute changes to event schedules, please send your email address to: **membership@houston-bmwcca.com**

We will add your name to the e-mail list that goes out on a more frequent basis. Also, be sure and visit our website and forum at **www.houston-bmwcca.com**

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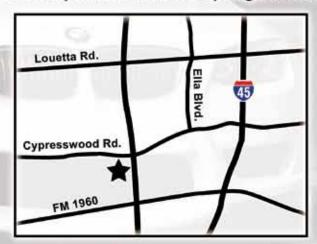
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