

LONG-TERM BMW M3

we would later repeat the exercise, we discounted BMW's explanation and included the charge in our repair costs.)

Our Bavarian-built fireball continued to blur the passing lane, bending two more expensive wheels in the process. Then tragedy struck. "I was on my way to work this morning, driving alongside a Pontiac Bonneville," Winfield wrote. "In mid-pass, there was a huge cracking sound, and the next thing I knew the dome light and flashers were on and the right-side mirror was hanging by its cable." The Bonny had kicked up a rock and pitched it neatly at the BMW's mirror.

Before a new mirror could be located, the com-

puter called for another service, at 18,376 miles. This otherwise routine oil-and-filter swap carried with it a laundry list of inspections, from checking the brake lines and the brake pads to—holy Philip Morris, Batman—checking the lamp in the ashtray. The service technicians also adjusted the

interior driver-side door handle, which had tightened up considerably. *Cha-ching*, \$289.39.

The M3 begged for hard driving, and we administered it. BMW recommends against rotation, so we needed a new set of rear treads at 23,668 miles. We mounted a fresh pair of Michelin MXX3s, but didn't include the cost in the specs because the front tires had a projected life of 49,500 miles, for an average of 36,500.

Once again, the engine computer ordered a maintenance stop, this time at 27,821 miles. We were informed that both the left fog-lamp lens and the right fog lamp itself were cracked and needed to be

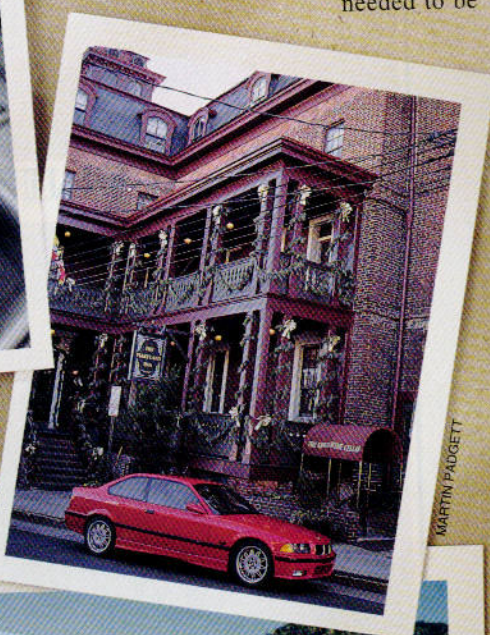


MARTIN PADGETT



DICK KELLEY

Left: visiting Newt and friends. Right: Annapolis, the Paris of Maryland, north of Helena, Montana, the Paris of, uh, never mind.



MARTIN PADGETT



LARRY GRIFFIN