



# The BEEMER READER

Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Vancouver Island

Volume 5, Number 7

MOR #237

JULY, 1995

## FROM THE EDITORS



**NEXT MEETING**  
**OLYMPIC VIEW GOLF CLUB**  
**JULY 8, SATURDAY**

Hello, just checking - those "oh's!" had me worried at the last meeting, when it was verbally (re-)announced we'd be doing this move. While I'm at it -



**party**  
**at 2000 12th Avenue**  
**JULY 15, SATURDAY**

There, that should do it.

Love, Sally

## 1995 MEETING SCHEDULE

January 7 .....	Saturday
February 5 .....	Sunday
March 4 .....	Saturday
April 2 .....	Sunday
May 6 .....	Saturday
June 4 .....	Sunday
<b>July 8 .....</b>	<b>Saturday</b>
August 6 .....	Sunday
September 9 .....	Saturday
October 1 .....	Sunday
November 4 .....	Saturday
December 3 .....	Sunday

## OLYMPIC VIEW GOLF CLUB 9:30 AM

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## BADGES

by Geoff Stevenson

Have you noticed that nifty name badge that Gay Miller wears to our breakfast meetings? Some of us wondered whether we could all buy something similar and if so, what they would cost. I volunteered to find out: here's what I discovered.

We can have them custom made by a company called Lenar, on Grant St., just east of Cook. (There may be other sources, but I'm satisfied Lenar would do a good job for us at a fair price). The badges are plastic, 3 inches wide and an inch and a quarter high, and come with a clip on the back. Al Wickes, who runs the company, says that if we bought 50 or more, the price per badge, including taxes, is about \$7 or \$8 each. (Price varies depending on exactly what you want printed on the badge.) For that price, you'd get a BMW badge and your name. Additional digits are 12 cents each - some people might want their bike model, for example. If we order between 25 and 50, the unit cost increases slightly, but the setup charge (for the BMW logo) remains the same.

Because we usually get together only once a month, some of us are often searching for a name over breakfast. (Of course, the over-50 gang with fading memories will clutch at any straw to explain this problem!)

What do you think? If more than 25 people were prepared to pay for a badge, perhaps we could have a volunteer get the details to Al Wickes. I'd tackle the project, except that I'll be away most of the summer. However, I'd be happy to supervise things after that if members want to wait until the fall before ordering. In the meantime, Sally has literature from Lenar and a sample badge.

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## TIRE PRICES

On the following page is a list of prices that Shail's in Vancouver offered to members of our club and the Bee Cee Beemers. It shows some initiative on his part, and a willingness to be of service to us. It also gives us good bargaining power with local dealers, who may be willing to bend to our numbers if confronted with a competitor's offer. Either way, we stand to gain. Thanks to Al Malone for obtaining this information.



Okay so I know I ran this guy last time, but I needed a filler and he's cute - and I also do need more writers! C'mon you guys - get creative!

## SHAILS MOTORCYCLES LTD, VANCOUVER

<b>METZLER PRICES:</b>		<b>REGULAR</b>	<b>SALE</b>	<b>SAVE</b>
ME1 - Comp K rear	120/80 V 18	197.95	182.88	15.07
ME Z1 front	120/70 ZR17	195.95	164.55	31.40
ME Z2 rear	160/60 ZR18	235.95	198.57	37.38
ME33 Laser	3.25 H 19	149.95	125.96	23.99
ME33 Laser	3.25 V 19	159.95	134.24	25.71
ME33 Laser	3.50 H 19	166.95	154.56	12.39
ME33 Laser	90/90 H 18	145.95	134.37	13.58
ME33 Laser	90/90 H 21	166.95	154.55	12.40
ME33 Laser	100/90 V 18	162.95	137.07	25.88
ME33 Laser	110/80 V 18	162.95	137.07	25.88
ME33 RADIAL front	120/70 ZR17	197.95	182.93	15.02
ME55 Metronic	120/90 V 18	178.95	150.74	28.21
ME55 Metronic	130/80 V 18	192.95	177.75	15.20
ME55 Metronic	130/90 V 17	185.95	156.30	29.65
ME55 Metronic	140/80 V 17	202.95	170.97	31.98
ME55A RADIAL	160/60 ZR17	237.89	184.50	53.39
ME77 Perfect	4.00 H 18	123.95	103.82	20.13
ME77 Perfect front	100/90 H 18	103.95	95.97	7.98
ME77 Perfect	120/90 H 18	126.95	117.23	9.72
ME77 Perfect	130/90 H 17	134.95	124.31	10.64
ME88 Marathon	120/90 H 18	185.95	156.27	29.68
ME88 Marathon	130/90 H 17	192.95	161.91	31.04
ME88 Marathon	130/80 H 18	195.95	180.75	15.20
Me88 Marathon	130/90 H 18	192.95	177.92	15.03
ME99 Perfect	4.00 V 18	151.95	127.73	24.22
ME99 Perfect	120/90 V 17	172.95	160.02	12.93
ME99 Perfect	120/90 V 18	171.95	142.89	29.06
ME99 Perfect	130/90 V 17	176.95	148.97	27.98
ME99 Perfect	130/80 V 18	182.95	168.77	14.18
SAHARA (Enduro 3)	4.00 H 16	186.95	157.23	29.72
SAHARA (Enduro 3)	90/90 - 21	172.95	145.29	
SAHARA (Enduro 3)	120/80 - 18	193.95	162.68	31.27
SAHARA (Enduro 3)	130/80 H 17	199.95	168.33	31.62
ENDURO 4 front	90/90 - 21	183.95	154.82	29.13
ENDURO 4 front	110/80 - 19	199.95	154.82	45.13
ENDURO 4	120/80 - 18	207.95	174.95	33.00
ENDURO 4	120/90 - 17	196.95	181.82	15.02
ENDURO 4	130/80 R 17	216.95	182.34	34.61
ENDURO 4	150/70 - 17	239.95	202.11	37.84
BLOCK "K" sidecar	4.00 - 18	125.69	105.90	19.79

## THE '49ER RALLY - NOT JUST ANYRALLY

by Kristin Ackerson

Allow me a moment of philosophical digression: motorcycling is not linear. Now I will admit that this little gem was blurted out in mixed company after several rounds of Rusty Nails one fine Sunday evening, but the thought was formed while my brain was still sober. Or as sober as I am when riding. Alcohol I won't do on a motorcycle, but on my way to Quincy for the annual (and my first ride-to) '49er Rally, I found myself getting a little drunk on the scenery, Babe's (the little blue R65) capabilities and my newfound confidence in them. That's when I decided that logical progression and orderliness had nothing to do with how one should feel on a motorcycle. We all experience time, learning (with occasional slides into a ditch) and life in general as a straight line stretching from A to B. Sometimes my hands, knees and back ached so badly the only way I could keep going was to chant a monologue of miles as the signs marking distances to the upcoming towns rolled past. All of these things are seen in a linear perspective. The experience itself, the soul of being on a motorcycle, is different.

Digression completed, let me tell you about the ride and the rally. Derek and I rode with Sally and Dennis from Sally's mum's in Port Angeles. Perhaps "rode with" is too strong a phrase. Sally and Dennis sprinted ahead, doing side trips and passing station wagons with bicycles on the back and runny-nosed children within. Derek and I cruised along at a pace that got us where we were going without punishing this novice too much. We made Astoria the first night, rooming at a place that had both a hot tub and a battery charger. I'm not sure which was more vital. Babe developed a charging problem that left the instruments dead and the headlight inoperable. We

zapped it while soaking with a beefy family from California. Our bodies caused a lot of water to spill over, but Green Eye Shadow Wife, Big, Successful Husband, and Brother-In-Law with Bimbo Embroidered Baseball Cap did not seem to mind the addition of our strange tribe.



*The crew at Lincoln City*

Continuing along 101, the four of us met at the park in Lincoln City to laze in the sunshine and marvel a bit at the coast. Dennis learned lots of otherwise unknowable things from the information found in the gazebo. Derek took it all in, I frolicked on the beach and Sally reminisced about her first trip down 101, amazed at how the sight of the ocean and the rocks recalled other great times. Her remembrance reminded me of a comment sister Lynn once made about "Anyrally". Her rally-worn theory was that the pictures of one trip or another looked remarkably like the past and future pictures: same cast of characters, performing similar antics and telling the stories everyone has heard a dozen times. In a sense, she is right. However, standing on Oregon's beautiful coastline, listening to Sally tell her story and living my own, I knew that each trip has its own flavor. From this point the journey began to stew in its own juices.

Once again my battery lost more and more power. We didn't want to say the dread word,

but it was on all of our minds: rotor. After much cruising around, we settled on the state campground in Bandon, Oregon. My battery was failing faster than the light and Sally's eyes were glazing over at our Three Stooges-like indecision over whether or not to continue to the next little tent symbol on the map, Myrtle Point. All four of us cruised up and down the stretch of 101 between the campground and 425 a few times in a mock parade before Sally finally said she wasn't going another fifty miles in the dark and then setting up camp. A sound decision. We broke out the fruit, almonds and scotch along with the gear and Sally and I walked up to the pay phone to get ahold of Hanson's BMW in Medford. It was already past closing time. Armed with the Anonymous, we tried calling some of the folks in that part of the world to secure Craig Hansen's unlisted phone number. After several abortive attempts, we decided Craig's number was unpublished for this very reason. A few more sips of good scotch convinced us that showing up on his doorstep unannounced the next morning would just have to do. While Sally and Dennis hiked, Derek and I plotted how to get the immobile Babe on the road the next day. Domestic tranquillise aside, Babe was dead. The battery had gotten so low that she seemed in danger of cutting out the last few miles of the day's ride. When I finally turned her off, she remained silent, refusing even to turn over.

This crisis of energy required emergency measures. Derek sent me around the campground in search of a battery charger. "OK." said I, "why don't you come with?" At this point Derek explained to me the greatly increased chances of a single woman in leathers gaining the aid of other travellers. He was right. I set out like the matchstick girl, stopping at every site inhabited by both people and campers that looked large enough to house a few life-sized velvet paintings of Elvis

just for kicks. The British family called out "sorry, luv" in response to my query, but I soon met up with Ray, a big, boisterous good ol' boy with a long unindulged fascination for two wheels. To my complete surprise, Ray was a Beemerphile.

I told him the sad story and his wife let him act a little foolish in his delight at being my benefactor. "I'll bet your husband is a big guy with a beard" he said when I gave him a hug for having a charger to lend me. I guess my smile said it all because the other three burst out laughing. When Babe was fully charged I rode her back to their campsite and once again made Ray's night. He went on about DKWs and the other bikes he had owned, petted the R65 and never once met by big, bearded husband.

Derek and I cleared camp by 6:30 AM and left Sally and Dennis to snooze. They were going to continue down 101 to meet up with Otto, another of our compatriots, in Eureka while we took a side trip to Medford. The I5 was not a big treat, especially with an ailing motorcycle. Once again I performed mental gymnastics to keep me going. Please refrain from commenting on the quality of my mind if I tell you the exercises consisted to three new, personalized verses to She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes. We got 'Round the Mountain around 11 AM, wondering if those were the last miles we were to make that day.

Ask any ten people their opinion of a dealer and you will probably receive twelve different answers. Such, I found out, was also true of Hansen's. Whatever your experience with this dealership, reader, I trust that you can survive another opinion. Craig's shop has all the hot doo-dads, as well as a wall impres-

sively filled with BMW special tools. Derek and I unparched ourselves in the southern sun while Craig order parts and attended to sundry other tasks of business for half an hour. When he finally emerged, our hopes weren't high for getting back on the road that day. Silly us: Craig wheeled the bike in and had the problem diagnosed in under 15 minutes. Of course, the rotor was bad. While this wasn't exactly welcome news, the service was impressive. Craig produced a rebuilt rotor at half the price of a new one like a guy who always knows which toadstool to look under for the fairy treasure. Then he packed us off to lunch with offers to use his van. The remaining hours passed uneventfully in catnap, except for Craig waking me to report on progress and a very loud man driving up on a Suzuki to sell. We passed on the interloper's enticing sales pitch: if we bought his faired Japanese monster we could "ride with the big boys for half the price of a BMW". Derek thoughtfully directed him inside after explaining that we both already had BMW's. I wonder if we've been forgiven yet. At any rate, the battery charged and we were on our way at 3:30 PM.

Now by this time I was so ecstatic that my bike was not only rideable but much improved, fighting the highway gusts and the trucks scarcely phased me. Slightly more frightening was the Spector of Bambi rising from the Redwoods of the National Forest along 101. We had backtracked up The Slab and down 199 to regain the coast. The light was that funky-bright end of the day stuff that renders you blind around every curve. I couldn't chase deer shadows and maintain my grip on the road, so I elected to stay on blacktop and hoped the deer stayed in the trees. I have long imagined that my meeting with the Redwoods would be a deep, spiritual experience. In a way I suppose it was: it scared the Bejesus out of me. Hitting furry creatures

on a motorcycle is not my idea of becoming one with Nature.

We did clear the forest (not in the usual British Colombian sense of the words) and entertained notions of showing up in Eureka with big cheesy smiles on our faces. My impression of that last part of the day's ride was of chasing the sun into the end of the earth. The sun, of course, won. Derek passed the state campground outside of Trinidad, where I thought we had agreed to stop, in spite of my horn honking and light flashing. Where we ended up I can only describe as a cow pasture. I was fuming a little after our tense passage through the forest and the rest of the day's events, so it took all of Derek's persuasiveness to convince me to follow him into the campground where four-footed and two-footed slumbered together in some grotesque bucolic parody.

You are no doubt asking yourself "why is this tree-hugger going on about setting up camp in a field with cows?" The reality of the place was a retro private campground where folks left their campers year-round and returned every summer to their own little slice of flatland. Not a motorcycle to be seen. We stopped first at the camp store to purchase a few bags of deep fried comfort food. The guy on the register was fascinated with our bikes and the exotic Loonies in my change purse. He offered to buy one from me for an American buck, but refused its eight companions. We were then directed to the "office". There we were informed that nonmembers were not allowed to use the showers and also had separate bathroom facilities. Now that I felt like a pariah, the twelve-year-old bandit behind the counter asked for more information than I had to give Canadian Immigration. I calmly asked "why?" Well friends, to me it was a perfectly normal request, raised as I was by a pack of Establishment-distrustful hippies.

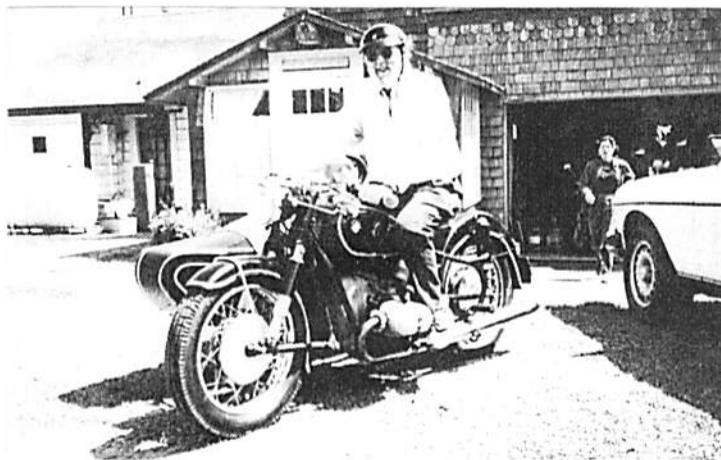
The twelve-year-old told me she was sick of dealing with uppity tourists off the road. I told Derek it was his turn to handle it. Hew told me to go stand by the bikes and cool off. Thus the night passed . . .

We greet Sally and Dennis at the Motel 6, bearing coffee. Otto hadn't made it, so we waited for the duo to revive sufficiently to breakfast. We parted company in Eureka, meeting up again on the ultra-twisty road to Leggett. Derek and I had taken the shorter route, so we had time to stop for a smoke with the Carver for Christ who was toiling at the entrance to Switchback Heaven. Mendocino was but a short hop.

We all gassed up in lovely Fort Bragg (sarcasm noted for the uninitiated) and rode to the John Dougherty House, a superb B & B owned and operated by Dave (Mad Dog) (*who is our newest club member - that's two from California! -ed.*) and Marion Wells. Every year in preparation for the '49er, Dave holds a feast for his travelling companions, other riders and various local friends. Dave beamed in his apron when we rode up and the Indian food was incredible. Sally got her first sidecar ride in Dave's old /2 rig whose windshield reads "John Dougherty House Airport Shuttle". Mendocino is the epitome of yuppie charm, nestled high above the ocean. It was the perfect jumping off point for the last leg of our



*Dave and Kristin*



*Dave and his sidecar rig, with passenger (Sally)*

leisurely five-day ride to Quincy.

Our group consisted of the Canadian Contingent, Dave, Otto and a lone Norton Fastback ridden by the skilled Cindy Grant. The Norton, which goes by the name of Funky, is a most beautiful creature. Bright red and polished chrome, it was the recipient of many an admiring glance along the way. Last year was also Cindy's first BMW rally. She came with Derek and I left with him, so we thought it only fair to further enhance has reputation by continuing to ride to Quincy together. But that story is for another day.

After many a smoke break and wait for me to catch up to the rest of the crew, we landed at rally central. One wait was somewhat augmented by me missing a turn-off and flying down the road wondering how this group of speed demons had gotten away from me so quickly. Derek had to over take me and turn us around. I claim genetics as my excuse for an inability to find my way out of paper bags and such. The road where Sally took her infamous deer spill was closed, so we were unable to commune by the marker Dave and Marion built last summer. And here, dear readers, is where I will leave you until next month. Ride safely in the hiatus. I look forward to recounting the (mild) depravity that comprised the 1995 '49 Rally.

## COMING EVENTS

### July 8, Saturday

Breakfast meeting, Olympic View Golf Club

### July 15, Saturday

#### Party!

Stan and Suzanne Jensen are hosting a party at their place, 1365 Hastings Street. It's a BYOB (bike, booze, and barbeque food). Talk about Durango - bring your maps! To get to their house, take a right off the highway onto Helmeken Road, pass through the first light and take a left turn on Holland; go to the end and turn right on Hastings, up a hill, and they are on the right just past the 30 km sign. Once again, they request an RSVP in order to plan. See you there.

### BUY AND SELL

K100 bars (with ends

/2 wide seat

R100GS fork brace

Rear shock (fits R100GS)

R65 bag mounts

Derek and Kristin Hamlet - 592-8590.

#### Editors:

**Sally Harvey - submissions**

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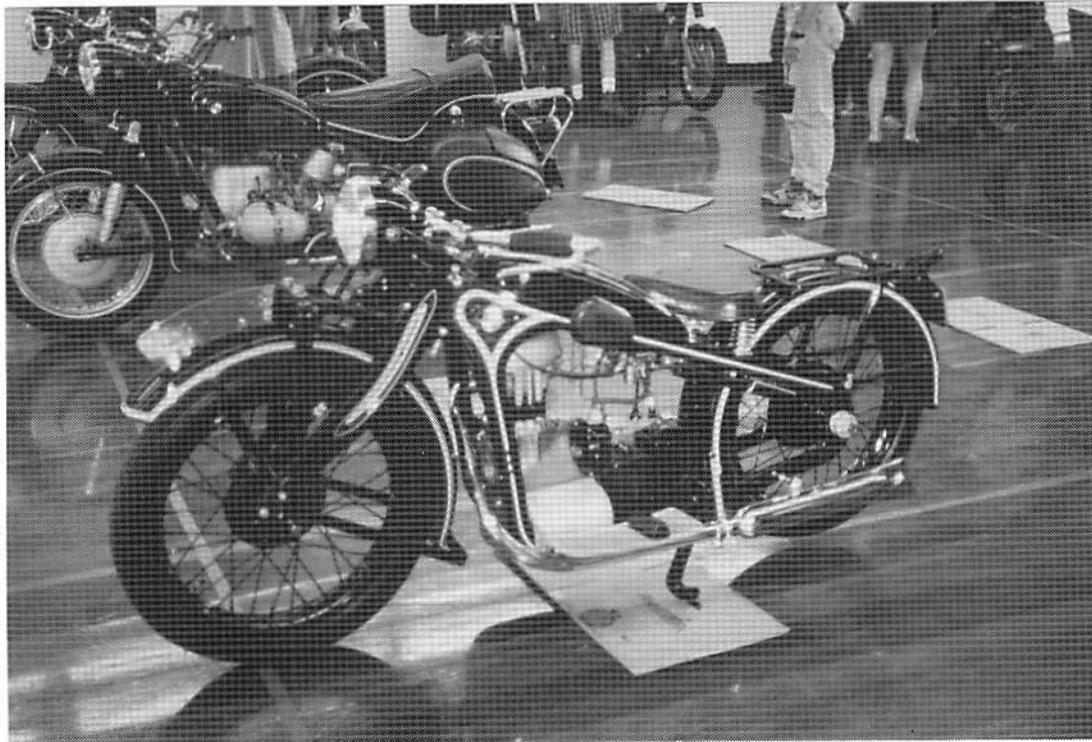
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*A beautiful R27 at the Concours at Quincy*