



The BEEMER READER

Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Vancouver Island

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FROM THE EDITORS

'Tis the season again, unbelievable as that may seem. Has it been a whole year that I've been writing this column?! Guess time flies when you're having fun (mostly). If I don't see you all before the holidays, may they be full of harmony and happiness.



Unfortunately for one of our members, this season has started rather badly: as many of you will have heard by the time you read this, Brian Davies took a nasty tumble off the breakwater on Monday evening (Nov. 18) and ended up in the Jubilee Hospital. He has to undergo surgery for his hip, but is otherwise fairly okay (other than being very battered and bruised, that is). I'm sure we all wish him a speedy recovery - if anyone wants to help cheer him up, I think he'll be in hospital until at least Nov. 28.

Stan asks me to remind everyone that they should pick up their pins from him before January. After that he hands them over to Gay Miller, and they go on sale on a first come, first serve basis.



Happy holidays, everyone

Love, Sally

1995 MEETING SCHEDULE

January 7	Saturday
February 5	Sunday
March 4	Saturday
April 2	Sunday
May 6	Saturday
June 4	Sunday
July 8	Saturday
August 6	Sunday
September 9	Saturday
October 14	Saturday
November 4	Saturday
December 3	Sunday

PRINCESS MARY RESTAURANT 9:30 AM

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Chrissy Schulz Roger Godlonton

MOTORCYCLE CAMPING

by Derek Hamlet

Now that winter is upon us, albeit in the wussy Victoria rendition of same,, there are fewer bikes on the roads and we're all starting to plan for next year, or perhaps reminisce about the great rides from this year's season. As I contemplate building a motorcycle stand to start the R75/5 rebuild, I wanted to share a few moments of last summer's joy with you.

Many of our fellow bikers like to travel in packs, register in motels as a group (to save money of course) and enjoy the comforts of showers, warm beds and hot tubs. It's a great way to go. Because we are poor (if you believe that, then let's talk bridges) we like to camp. This has created a somewhat different approach to biking for us. For one thing, it is a lot cheaper in that many of our meals, accommodation costs and extras are kept to a minimum. On the other hand, it has meant an outlay of cash on a variety of equipment pieces that must be amortized over time, because when I talk camping I also don't want to be without some creature comforts. At the end of a long day I don't want to perch my already numb buns on a rock and pretend I'm having a good time. So, item #1 is a decent chair.

Packing a chair immediately means fewer of something else to pack when you are making those all important decisions on what to take on your trek. There are two basic approaches to this. Pack your bike up like a camel and hit the road, or pack less, more compact, smarter etc. and live with the consequences. Packing your bike like a camel both looks bad, and in my opinion is downright dangerous. Personally I don't like the weight too high or too far back. Anything behind the axle of the rear wheel makes me downright nervous. For

this reason, I try to keep my load off the rear rack and strapped on the seat behind me. Same goes for tank bags. They are great inventions, but, when the start to take on similarities to the leaning tower of Pisa, then I believe they are going beyond their usefulness and contribute to potentially poor handling. So with this in mind, there are limitations to what gets packed.

This started with the butt comfort zone, so let's get back to that. Kristin and I have opted for the Kermit camping chair, designed and built in the states for motorcyclists. They are a terrifically compact design of finished hardwood, sturdy aluminium fittings and canvas back and seat. When dismantled, they form a package about 18 inches long and 4 inches in diameter. So, that goes into the "gotta have" pile along with the leathers and rain gear. Now that my chair's up, and the wines open, it's time to think about food. Before we do that, however, you have to understand that we're not in a serviced campground in the middle of Podunk Kansas. Somewhere along the road we've found a national forest or a pretty river or some other combination, and have headed off the road and found something picturesque. So whatever is going to keep us going better be in our packs.

Food's easy. We pretty much buy what we need somewhere along the road. We don't carry a bunch of provisions other than a little salt, pepper, spices etc. because it would take precious packing space. However, cooking over an open fire with collected twigs and branches is a little too unpredictable for me. That brings us to a stove. There are lots of good ones on the market. We opted for a Coleman dual fuel stove. The neat thing about this stove is that it burns unleaded gas. Hence no problems with where the fuel comes from; just detach a fuel line, fill it up, fire it up and get cooking. It's not quite as efficient

as naptha (which it also burns), but a lot more convenient.

I won't get into a debate about cookware. Every enthusiast out there has their own truth about that; suffice to say there is lots of good stuff. For us, cookware doubles as eating ware also. Not pretty, but a lot less to pack and less to wash up. Psst - don't forget a really good knife. Swiss army knives aren't pretty, but they are sharp, and more importantly, have that all important corkscrew.

We haven't bought this next little comfort toy, but we're going to. That is, a very small lantern manufactured by Coleman that runs on unleaded gas. Again, the convenience is that you always have your fuel source. Sometimes after a long day, I'm not ready to hit the pillow when the sun goes down, so a lantern to illuminate maps, novels etc. is a great idea. As far as I know, these things are only available south of the 49th.

Occasionally we find a great camp site with no water. That's where our "turtle" comes into play. It is a collapsable canteen that hold 3 US gallons of water. Manufactured by the military for the cavalry, it is really a heavy duty plastic inside a canvas cover. It can be strapped to the outside of rear pack and is always available. They are not cheap, but oh so handy.

Well, by sacrificing motels to enjoy the delights of motorcycle camping we are also giving up precious packing space to carry around those camping creature comforts. That can only mean one thing. You got it ----- fewer clothes. That's where my father-in-law Wayne and my good friend Otto come in. These folks are master packers.

For years I thought I was a pretty good packer. Not so. I have learned a great deal in the last

few years from the above two people. These folks know how to get air out of clothing that I didn't know existed. Starting with sleeping bags (I know Chris, it's not a sentence). Stuff bags are good, but, that's just the starting point. Then you need compression straps - two around the side and two lengthwise that can cinch that puppy down into something that will almost slip into your pocket. The same goes for T shirts, undies, sox, pants and shirts. There are any number of folding patterns, but, the trick is to roll them and compress them so they stay folded and compressed. It works - and every square cm counts.

I don't like weight behind my rear axle; it affects handling. I therefore will only put my thermarest back there in a pinch. Everything else goes in my waterproof bag. I use a large version of one of the Cascade design bags. It will hold my sleeping bag, thermarest, chair, stove, lantern, cookware, tent etc. Clothes go in my pannier and all the little essentials like maps, cameras, rain gear, radar etc. go in my tank bag. Packed tight and packed small we get to maintain good handling so we can enjoy the twisties even with full gear, yet not look like Dromedary's struggling up a sand dune.

Now this little article started as a homage to Highway 12 out of Missoula, Montana west into Idaho. That's 75 miles of the best twisties in North America. Somewhere between the idea and here I seem to have gotten into the joys of motorcycle camping. Oh well, the view of Flaming Gorge at night must have been what did it. Maybe next issue, I'll tell you about a special hot springs one mile off the road on an unmarked trail, and the old hippy drop-out who lived under a cedar tree and made it his home. But that's another story. Happy riding, tuning, wrenching or whatever is turning your crank this winter.

WHY ARE THEY CALLED BOXERS?

by David Svoboda (svoboda@rtsg.mot.com)

Well, you see, the name comes from the fact that all BMW bikes (with the exception of that current abomination) use shaft-drive for turning the rear wheel.

How does a shaft-drive imply the name "boxer", you ask? Well, the VERY first shaft-drive bike was of course the Spagthorpe Boxer, an experimental design of the earlier years of the company. And that motorcycle has quite the history.

The best theory of the time said that if you were to use longitudinal crankshafts (the Spag models of that time were all opposed-triples, so had two cranks) with a shaft-drive turning in the same direction, the application of counter-steering, along with the requisite roll-on throttle, would produce an uncontrollably violent wheelie. (The theory is quite complicated; suffice to say that the waffle-cone had not yet been invented).

Well, Lord Julian and his trusty engineers knew a seductive challenge when they saw one, and rose to the occasion. They invented the wheelie bar, but not like the ones we have now for drag-racers. No, their wheelie bar consisted of a bicycle wheel mounted to the back of the bike, barely touching the ground, such that when a wheelie occurred and the bicycle wheel was pushed upward against a spring, it would wheelie-equilibrium. (This design was so unquestionably effective that you still see it in automotive testing grounds to this day.) This wheelie-stopper system was necessary because such a system could respond with super-human speed, to counteract the incredibly instant loops that would otherwise inescapably result.

So, the Spagthorpe Experimental Model 105nSD was created. First ride was on the secret Scroddum-Srattche Proving Grounds. The engine was started, and with a staccato bark the machine took off. First turn, the pilot applied a strong counter-steer, rolled on the throttle . . . and crashed. The pilot didn't have a clear picture of what happened, or a clear picture of much of anything. He was bruised and bleeding, but only in the facial area. Hmmm. They replayed it on their slow-motion moving-picture device the next day. It seems that the wheelie device worked admirably except for a little feedback oscillation problem; the front wheel popped up, and just before it looped, the clutch disengaged and it lowered back down. Unfortunately, the pilot couldn't quite get out of the way of the rising instrument cluster, so received a solid thwack, right in the face. Of course, he was still holding the throttle open, and the countersteering force, so as soon as the clutch re-engaged, WHAP, and again, WHAP, and WHAP and WHAP WHAP WHAP! Faster than the eye could see, the pilot was beat about the head and face until unconscious, and then lost control and crashed.

Coincidentally at that point, the Spagthorpe Testriding Union went on strike. So, Lord Julian, still needing to test his concept, went to the local college and recruited the toughest young men they had to offer: their amateur fighting club. On them, the facial bruises and lacerations were not even a concern, and Lord Julian was able to soon find the correct feedback settings, finish the research, and from that time forward, in honor of the valiant college men who came through in a pinch, the Spagthorpe Experimental Model 105nSD was called the Spagthorpe Boxer.

A supercharged version of the Boxer showed up for a much touted race on a quaint little island just offshore, but unfortunately the en-

tire race bike and equipment wagon was stolen just before the race started. The culprit was never found. Lord Julian doggedly put the entire ugly incident behind him and went on to his next project: the famous Spagthorpe Rottweiler.

Incidentally, rumor has it that one of the striking test riders was at that time dating a young woman, a lovely German girl by the name of Mercedes (last name was lost to history). Now, I certainly would never want to accuse a fine company of anything untoward, but coincidentally a few years after the unfortunate Incident on the Isle, an upstart company in Germany began manufacturing their own version of the "Boxer", except they carefully limited the engine output and frame design, such that it was absolutely impossible to countersteer, thus eliminating the danger of wheelies, and relegating acceleration and turning performance to somewhat lackluster proportions in the process. To this day these design compromises have made all shaft-driven motorcycles impervious to countersteering or wheelies, and has radically limited the performance of these cycles, even though the compromise is completely unnecessary with transversely mounted engines. It's a gray-area in motorcycle design, you see, and no modern company will do such testing, as they do not have the commitment, determination, or sheer gall of Lord Julian Spagthorpe.

So, I hope that sufficiently answered your question about "Boxers".

Captured for us from the 'Net by Fred Lang -thanks, that was great!

ALTERNATE OIL FILTERS

by Rob Lentini

There seems to be a lot of discussion on K/new R filters of late. I'll tell you what I know, then the decision is yours.

I requested and received a catalog from Fram. In researching what should be used on Ks and the new R, Fram specifies their PH6063 filter. When I tried to buy one I was told by a local distributor that they don't move fast, and I could only purchase a case (of 24, I think) for \$8.50 per filter. Hardly a good deal! That's when I started cross-checking specifications to see if any other Fram part number would meet the PH6063 spec. Here's what I've found.

The external dimensions of the PH6063 filter are exactly the same as the specified BMW filter at your dealership. The internal bypass valve is set at 9-11 psi, and there isn't an anti-drain valve (needed to prevent oil drainback to the sump when a filter is installed in other than a vertical position).

Bypass valves are installed to allow oil to circulate through the filter when the oil is extremely cold, or if the filter gets plugged from contamination. The bypass spec is selected to meet particular engine requirements.

The Fram PH3614 filter has almost the same external dimensions (slightly longer and narrower), has a bypass valve set at 9-12 psi, an anti-drain valve, and the exact same pipe thread screw mount and gasket configuration as the PH6063. It will spin onto your K or R perfectly. The anti-drain valve is an unneeded bonus feature in that K/R filters mount vertically.

Absolute casing burst specifications for all Fram spin-on filters are the same - over 300 psi.

All this information is available to anyone at any auto parts store that sells Fram. Just find their catalog, or ask Fram to mail you one. Sorry, I forgot their 800 number.

The bottom line appears to be this: BMW filters are costly, and may safely be replaced by the common inexpensive Fram PH3614. Checker Auto Parts' normal price is \$2.99, with a recent sale in Tucson of 2 for \$4.00.

Note: You will need a different filter socket wrench, again commonly available for less than \$5.00. I found one at Pep Boys, size "A".

Enjoy your savings! Now you can economically change oil and filter more often.

Rob Lentini
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Captured from the 'Net by Fred Lang, dated February 1995.

FOR SALE

1989 K75 Standard, low seat. Some extras. 70,000 km. Lady driven. Excellent. \$5995. 477-7102 Leslie or Chris Bell - Leave a message.

1957 BMW R26 - 250 c.c. single. This bike has been sandblasted and repainted with new pinstriping. Engine runs fine. A true vintage machine offered at \$4300. Phone Kristin or Derek (592-8590)

1980 BMW R 65 - 650c.c. twin. This bike has 40,000 miles on the bike, but has a very tight 1982 engine with 20,000 miles. Runs great. Comes with BMW hard bags. \$3000. Phone Kristin at 592-8590.

1971 Norton Commando. Not for the faint of heart. This vintage British canyon carver has a 750 c.c. engine. This torque monster pulls strongly. Canary yellow in colour, the bike has many new parts including new swingarm bushings and spindle, new tires, new seat and grab rail, new mufflers and electronic ignition. Runs well. \$3800. Phone Derek at 592-8590.

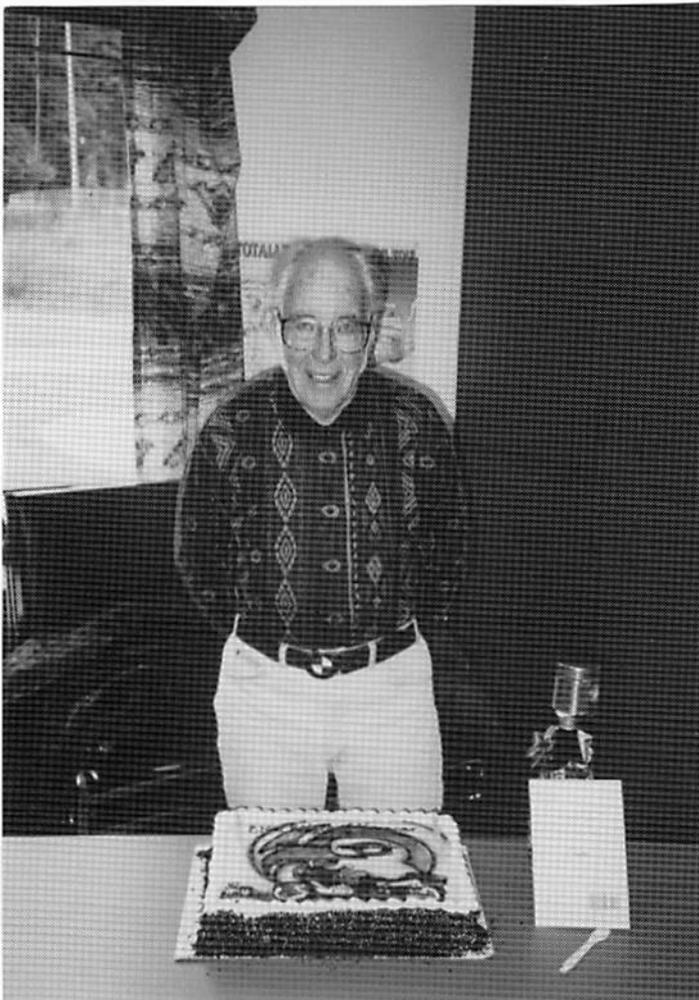
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Memories from our 5th Anniversary Meeting



One of our newest members, Michael Ziegler, comes to us bearing gifts from a gift of his own - a talent for drawing. He has given me eight drawings of different BMW models, two of which are reproduced below. (I tried valiantly to scan them into the computer with less than satisfactory results, so this is cut-and-paste, but if anyone can help me with the process I'd be grateful.) Best of all, he's quite willing to do more, if people have other ideas. Thanks, Michael!

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