



the Beemer Reader

Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Vancouver Island

Volume 6, Number 2

MOR #237

FEBRUARY, 1996

FROM THE EDITORS

The New Year's Day turnout just keeps getting better and better - I counted 38 people by the end of the hour we spent mingling in the mist, and 11 bikes. Catch the photos on the back page. It was great to see Brian Davies there, on crutches but not complaining! (I remember how good that felt, going to your first club gathering after the Big Bang - almost as good as your first time back on the bike!) The party at Geoff Stevenson's afterwards was a perfect follow-up - the chilli and other goodies that he and his wife provided and the warm atmosphere of their home chased away the damp cold. Thank you both so much from all of us.

I just got off the phone with Gay Miller, and unfortunately I have a bit of bad news: Les Blow is in hospital in Vancouver, having been injured when the car in which he was a passenger was struck by another car running a red light. He and fellow club member Gordie Bean were on their way to the Vancouver Motorcycle Show with Dave Moore, who was driving his Audi (possibly why Les is still with us). They are keeping him in Vancouver General (this as of Wednesday), but apparently plan to transfer him here soon, where we can all pull together to hopefully help him to a speedy recovery.

I visited Laurie Keating last week and picked up the disc he made of Michael Ziegler's scanned drawings, one of which appears on page 3. As you can see, it's just as good as a photocopy, but now it's in my computer - thanks Laurie! He also showed me the work he's done on adding a 259 (R11RS, of course) to the list of possibilities for clothing logos (along with the K and airhead R's) - I want one! And he's working on set-

PRINCESS MARY RESTAURANT ⊕ 9:30 AM ⊕

January 6	Saturday
February 4	Sunday
March 2	Saturday
April 14	Sunday
May 4	Saturday
June 2	Sunday
July 6	Saturday
August 11	Sunday
September 7	Saturday
October 6	Sunday
November 2	Saturday
December 1	Sunday

● IN THIS ISSUE ●

Letter from Chris	2
Whistles and Whitetails from the "Net"	2
Seattle Motorcycle Show by Derek Hamlet	4
Winter Travels by Gerd Berger	5
Buy and Sell	7
Pictures!	8

ting up a homepage on the World Wide Web for our club - gee it's nice to have a computer whiz in our midst.

While we were rummaging around in his computer we came across an unfinished file containing the start (we won't mention just when that was) of his first-bike story, which he has now promised to finish. It made me think that even I had forgotten about those. Ahem, variety is the spice, as they say - how about some more new writers?

Don't miss Derek's and Gerd's accounts of their travels - my thanks to both of them.

Love, Sally

LETTER FROM CHRIS

I love the new style of the newsletter. It is taking on a really professional look. Sally and Nigel are doing such a great job! My congrats

How encouraging it was to see so many members out at Island View Beach on New Year's Day. We all owe a special thanks to Geoff Stevenson for the delicious chilli and stuff he provided after the get-together. Thanks Geoff!

I wanted to express my special thanks to all of you who have paid your 1996 membership dues already. I have received several by mail - thanks for those too. We have 32 members paid up. Please make an effort to bring your \$15 to the February meeting, or send it by mail to C. Jones, 3229 Service St., Victoria, V8P 4M8.

Shirt orders are going to begin again soon. Alan Malone has taken on the task of organizing it. There will be a limited offering of a single logo in one size, sweat shirts and T's only. Prepare to order from Alan promptly so you won't be disappointed.

Chris Jones

Thanks for the encouraging words, Chris! - Sally

WHISTLES AND WHITETAILS (or Oh Deer, They Don't Work?)

Fred Lang sent me this article (minus the subtitle - sorry, couldn't resist) from the Nov. 1989 issue of DEER AND DEER HUNTING, captured from the 'Net. While it's not exactly what we'd like to hear, it does present a more objective approach to the question than do manufacturer's claims or third-person testimonials. But hey, it's not conclusive, and I'm keepin' mine on!

Recently, several wildlife researchers questioned the validity of these claims (manufacturer claims that deer whistles work). A need to physically test deer whistles and explore the absence of ultrasonic sound arose from the absence of scientific literature coupled with the general unwillingness of companies that market deer whistles to provide any meaningful data supporting their claims. Working independently and using different methods, researchers in both Georgia and Wisconsin arrived at similar conclusions.

These findings identify factors that indicate considerable doubt concerning the effectiveness of these whistle as deterrents to car/deer collisions:

1) Some deer whistles do not emit the ultrasonic sound under the advertised operating conditions (typically when the vehicle exceeds 30 mph).

2) The physical properties of ultrasonic sound negate its effectiveness at distances required to warn deer.

3) We know little about the auditory limits of deer, but what we do know indicates that deer hear approximately the same frequencies as humans.

4) If deer could hear ultrasound, we do not know that it would alarm them or induce a flight response.

The Georgia Game and Fish Department began their investigation by requesting data

from the "scientific tests" the advertisers had used to support their product claims. In response, one distributor sent a packet of newspaper clippings and letters from sheriffs (sic) departments, all attesting the whistles were a godsend. One deputy had tested them by driving his whistle-equipped patrol car toward a herd of deer in a field. The deer scattered, he reported with enthusiasm. Such testimonials - of no scientific significance - prompted responsible evaluation.

The (Georgia Game and Fish) department recognized that rigorous investigation of the whistles' effect on animals was dependent on the whistles making the sound in the first place . . . Using a Custom Telemetry Ultrasonic Receiver (plus more measuring equip), they did not detect any ultrasonic sounds (at speeds from 25-55mph). According to Greg Schidwachter, "Apparently, the force of air through the device was too weak to produce sound of any frequency."

Even if the device did make the sound claimed at frequencies from 16 to 20 kHz, we found no published research indicating those frequencies elicit a flight response in deer. A study of the hearing ability of white-tailed deer at the University of Georgia sheds additional light. Unpublished results by Stattleman indicate that deer cannot hear sounds with frequencies of 6 to 20 kHz. In this respect, white-tailed deer hear approximately the same frequencies as humans.

To complete the study, the Georgia Game and Fish personnel blew the whistles by mount near some captive deer. This did not affect their behavior in any way. The team concluded, "The whistle we tested does not emit an ultrasonic sound under the advertised conditions, and deer could not hear it, if it did."

Timothy J. Lawhern, an undergraduate student at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, arrived at similar conclusions through a separate and perhaps more rigorous investiga-

tion of deer whistles. In contrast to the Georgia study, Lawhern found the three devices he tested to produce ultrasonic frequencies up to 48 kHz; however, he still concluded that "it is highly unlikely deer would be capable of responding to this signal".

Interestingly, in the course of his research Lawhern tested the whistles in the presence of seven species of the deer family, including 45 white-tailed deer. Possible responses he looked for included ears or head turning, flinching, or looking in the direction of the sound. Out of all these animals, however, only one response was noted, this from a single bull elk. At the shrill sound of the lower pitched whistle (audible to human ears), he charged the enclosing fence, in the process breaking a 2X4 post. In prolonged rage, he then bugled and urinated.

Lawhern summed it up: "Based on the knowledge of ultrasonic frequency coupled with observed field testing of various animal species, it is highly unlikely that an ultrasonic signal produced by the whistle devices would reach a deer at a decibel level such that it would be detected even at ten meters, much less than the 300 to 400 meters claimed."

Randall P. Schwalbach



SEATTLE MOTORCYCLE SHOW

January 12-14 1996 Convention Centre
by Derek Hamlet

Friday the 12th was a rush day as I got to the office early, rushed through a series of meetings and reports that would allow me to boogie out of the office by 1:30, change my clothes, kiss my eternal beloved (yes, Kristin, not my bike) and head for the 3:00 pm. ferry to Port Angeles. There was no line-up for the ferry so we whisked right on, grabbed a seat and relaxed. As we rode over the waves I contemplated my last year and indeed there were a lot of good memories: getting married, great riding to, around and back from the National. I bought and sold a few bikes, rebuilt one, repaired many and generally learned a lot.

Arriving in Port Angeles, we made a quick pit stop at Sally's Mum's to say hello, pick up some boxes, have a quick gin and tonic and conversation. Half an hour with Sally's Mum and you begin to get a sense of where Sally's sense of adventure comes from. From there it was across the peninsula, over the bridge and down to our friend Ron's place in Poulsbo. Seattle seemed just too far away at that point so we sipped a few cocktails, told some lies, and went to bed early.

Saturday was going to be a long day so we threw our stuff in the cage, grabbed a coffee, made a quick stop at the instant teller machine and caught the Bainbridge Is. ferry into downtown Seattle. With helpful directions from fellow ferry passengers we soon found ourselves at the convention centre by 9:15 am. Cruising in the door, who should we see but some of the Victoria contingent, coffee in hand, already there. There were a few bleary eyes, but someone kindly directed us down four levels to the ticket line-up. Four escalators later found us at the ticket booths set up in the parking parkade.

Again we were in luck as second in line was one Colin "Scotty Ducati" McClennan of R1100GS fame. No one seemed to mind us joining the front of the line so we proceeded to then wait for 1 1/2 hours for the ticket booths to open up. Tickets in hand, we headed back to level four and entered the exhibition. What follows are merely my perceptions. I'm sure others had different experiences and saw things entirely differently.

First to the Beemers. BMW NA had their big tractor-trailer there and a selection of the new R11 bikes including the new R850. This bike is a carbon copy of the R1100 R with a smaller displacement engine. Price is reduced by about \$4k American over the 1100R. Nice looking bikes and although they don't have the top end power, I hear they do very well as a general all round tourer. Generally speaking the 850R and the RT seemed to be getting the lion's share of attention with some attention being spent on the K bikes. Personally I found the K bikes to be verging into Goldwing territory with their custom dashboards, built-in speakers etc., but hey, call me biased. Technical expertise was provided by local BMW dealer reps from Washington state, and it was a pleasure to see that my old friend Moe Mosely is now a sales manager with Tacoma BMW. I wonder if he can get me a deal.

What to say about the rest of the show. What can you say about a plethora of Harley wannabees. They are low, wide, shiny and look more like a Harley than a Harley. For the most part they seem to emulate the late 40's and 50's knucklehead look in terms of styling except for the engines, which are closer to the evolution look. Rumour has it that some of them have copied the look to the degree that they even handle and vibrate like Milwaukee iron. That's quite a feat for the engineers from the land of the rising sun.

There was a fairly good selection of after market stuff ranging from clothing through to tires and shocks, and a fair representation of groups like the MSF, ABATE, AMA Seattle Vintage Motorcycle Enthusiasts etc. In addition there were a number of displays of vintage bikes that covered the gamut of British, American and European models, most of which had been lovingly restored. Entertainment was provided by a group of Harley trick riders who demonstrated their skill and riding techniques in a small enclosure off to the side. If you've never seen eight riders on 2 Harleys riding in circles forming a giant pyramid, it was worth a look. It might be hard to do, riding the twisties in Metchosin.

At the end of the day Saturday we wended our weary way out of the convention centre to West Seattle where fellow club members Al Malone, Steve Daniels and other Victoria riders were to spend the night at friend Vicki Stav's house. You will be pleased to know that there was no consumption of alcoholic beverages, raucous music, nor the usual habitual telling of stories for the 27th time; and if you believe that, then I have a bridge for sale. In short, a good time was held by all.

As motorcycle shows go this one was relatively large, reasonably well organized. For BMW aficionados it was a bit on the light side particularly with regards to literature, add-ons and supplementary gear.

WINTER TRAVELS

by Gerd Berger

Well, for many reasons it was not the best timing to leave for a motorcycle trip on Boxing Day. But there were valid reasons as well. But rather than to go into the whys and wherefores, I will try to give a short account of our trip to the tip of the Baja California. My friend Jorgen had wanted to go for a number of years but was unable to find a willing participant until he ran into me. So it was decided to go. As some sanity remained, it was also decided to put the bikes in the back of J.'s pick-up, which in light of the fact that his starting point would be Vernon, was almost a necessity. He would leave there at about 6 am and I would catch the 7:50 ferry; we'd meet at a friend's place not far from Whiterock, add my bike to his on the truck, and be on our way.

Boxing Day was the day of the freezing rain, and Pender was a sheet of ice - even my half-mile long gravel driveway was icy. I never got past second gear and it took nearly 30 minutes to make the five miles to the ferry dock, but I made it. I then made my connection at Swartz Bay, and finding J. already at my friend's place when I arrived, we were soon on our way.

First stop was Portland, where we stayed with a biking buddy, and then it took two days to get to Desert Hot Springs, where I had arranged with other friends to leave the truck. Everything worked out well and after we met with two more friends from Colorado, we crossed the border into Mexico at Mexicali on December 30. The other two rode GS 80s and told us wondrous stories about "Mike's Skyranch", a dirtbiker's heaven but accessible even to Goldwings. So we decided to change our plans and give it a try. 30 km of dirt road would not be so bad, as we had planned to take the 140km of dirt from Puertocitos south to Highway #1

anyhow. Well, let me tell you friends, if I could have gotten a bus out of Mike's Skyranch, I would have. That area might be a dirtbiker's heaven, but for two street bikes it was absolute hell. There were about 20 people up at the place, and they took pictures of our bikes (K75, K100) as they could not believe that we rode "those things" up. The place is a regular pirate's hideaway and expensive to boot - \$40 US per person per night. However, that included dinner and breakfast.

As there was no bus, I had to overcome my nervousness and apprehension, so after breakfast, and after the temperature had recovered somewhat from the freezing point it had hovered around all night, we set off. Within a hundred yards of the camp we encountered the first creek crossing, about 25' wide. It went surprisingly well, and after that things were not quite so bad any more. So we decided to take a different road out, one that would get us to #1 south of Ensenada. I do not really mind gravel roads, but those were different from anything I had ever been on before. Big boulders, solid rock and loose sand, sometimes for hundreds of yards. My back was sore, my arms numb and everything was shaken loose. Then, when we'd finally made it through and had reached pavement, we were stopped by the army searching for guns and drugs. It actually happened twice more on this trip - quite an annoyance. I finally climbed out of my Aerostich as they insisted on opening every saddlebag, topcase, tankbag and dufflebag, and they all looked like 14-year-olds! Anyhow, they were friendly enough and we tried our best to smile. We made it to San Quintin that night, where we stayed at a very posh beachside Hotel which allowed us to put the bikes into their locked workshop. We slept well that night, listening to the sound of the surf and knowing that there would be no more dirt roads. More on that later however.

The next day we trundled on to Guerrero Negro, doing a little sightseeing on the way and almost losing each other in the process. Actually, as far as motorcycling is concerned, the roads of the Baja are uninspiring, just straight for the most part, and narrow - about 9' per lane with no shoulders. Potholes were not too bad and usually avoidable with a bike if you didn't go too fast, which you didn't want to do anyhow as some unpleasant surprises might await you. Like livestock, dogs, oil spills, stalled vehicles and the like. The motel we found was pleasant enough except for the strong smell of sewer around our room (no snide remarks please). In the restaurant next door we found the best meal of the whole trip. Specialty of the house - you no like, you no pay. How can you refuse that? It started out with some shellfish, with bits and pieces of squid, I think - very tasty. Then a small bowl of finely seasoned bean soup. The main course was a big platter with what looked to me like a horseshoe crab almost the size of my hand, about 10 shrimp the size of my thumb, an abalone the size of my hand, and a piece of halibut, served with rice, coleslaw, a basket full of tortillas and a beer. And because it was so good, and it was New Year's Day, we had desert of chocolate mousse, coffee and brandy. All about \$8 each, but we left a generous tip. (*Good thing they didn't have to negotiate gravel roads after that!*)

The next night saw us in Loreto, where we stayed at a Canadian-owned motel on the beach, with a Palapa roof and quite palatial features. We walked into town and did a little shopping and dined that night on bananas, oranges and cookies. We had to start saving money. Actually the cost of things was not too bad, if we stayed away from posh beachside resorts, skyranches and Canadian-owned facilities. The cost of gas was about \$00.37 a liter, and sometimes that would even be indicated on the pump.

The next day we went to La Paz, where we visited Pender friends and then found a very good motel surrounding a courtyard, very near to downtown and about \$10 for two. Then it was a short trip to Cabo San Lucas, which seems like a big tourist trap, and San Jose del Cabo, which is a lot more intimate, quieter and friendly. We pitched our tent in Brisa del Mar Trailer Park, where Jorgen had a number of friends, and we had a long walk on the beautiful beach. The night was awful however, as the traffic never stopped and high revving engines competed with jake brakes. Also they charged \$9 a night, so we decided to move into the hills where we camped on a friend's neighbour's rooftop. We stayed two nights, had a swim in the ocean, played a round of golf and had to turn down invitations for dinner. We were starting to become popular. Maybe that was because our American friends had left us. The four of us just did not get along.

Now we started for home. We went to La Paz again to have dinner with our friends there, then left early in the morning fog, making it to Guerro Negro. Had that same fabulous dinner again, got a room without the smell this time, and left the next morning, again in deep fog. Decided to take the "short-cut" to Puertocitos - 87 miles of washboard, 5 hours - and wound up in San Felipe where we were the only guests at a pretty fancy hotel, which let us park the bikes under the roof of the front entrance.

Getting through the border at Mexicali was a breeze. We loaded up the bikes at Desert Hot Springs, visited a few friends and made it to Shoshone that night. The next stop was John Day, and then it was Vernon. I took the bus home from there the next day.

For the whole trip we had nothing but sunshine and bare roads, except for the aforementioned for. All in all a very pleasant winter break.

BUY AND SELL

Wanted, for 1984 R100S Last Edition:
'S' Fairing Windshield; crossover pipes - exhaust; switch hole cover plates for handlebar safety pad; No. 5 oil filters, air filter. Also wanted: summer gloves (L), padded leather pants (W 31, L 33), European style touring boots (10 1/2, Euro 44). Douglas Hunter - 384-7661

STAINWARE

This company, out of Airdrie, Alberta, provides metric stainless steel hardware for motorcycles, and special kits for BMWs that have a wide range of fasteners. They break the bike into separate pieces, then supply a picture that shows where the fasteners are to be installed. The grade of hardware they use is the North American grade 304 (grade 18-8). I have a price list if anyone is interested.

Stainware
440 1 Ave., S.E.
Airdrie, Alberta T4B 1H1
(403) 948-0857 or FAX: (403) 948-5251

Don't forget **dues** are due by the March meeting at the latest - bring them in or send them to:

Chris Jones
3229 Service St.
Victoria, BC V8P 4M8

Editors:

Sally Harvey - submissions
#301 - 940 Inverness Ave.
Victoria, B.C. V8X 2R9
383-1810 we546@freenet.victoria.bc.ca

Nigel Beattie - mailing
2430 Mowat St.
Victoria, B.C. V8R 5S9
595-6369

As we were on New Year's Day - grouping for The Shot, pouring over maps to Geoff's, and mugging for the camera. Hats off to Brian for coming out and standing around that whole time on one leg!

