



the Beemer Reader

Newsletter of the BMW Riders of Vancouver Island

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FROM THE EDITORS

If I might call your attention to the box on the right-hand side of the page. In it you will find not only the dates, days and times of the breakfast meetings, but also the location, in fancy fit-to-image text. It's also to be found in the Coming Events section. Let me repeat: our *normal* meeting place is the **Princess Mary** - when we are to be there, there will be no bells and whistles in the newsletter, just a few references. In the summer, in the months whose meetings fall on Saturday, we will be at the **Olympic View Golf Club**. We don't go there on Sundays because they only have a \$16 brunch on Sundays. When we are to go there, I will announce it in bold letters, thus:

**NEXT BREAKFAST MEETING:
JULY 6, SATURDAY
OLYMPIC VIEW GOLF CLUB**

Sorry we didn't get in an extra event for June, but it was the fault of the weather that the farmer's brunch planned for June 8 got cancelled - the farmers had farming to do, due to the late spring. Hopefully to be rescheduled later in the summer. For July, our outing will be a picnic at French beach, something we haven't done for a while. Let's hope for lots of sunshine, and spend an afternoon together at the beach.

**PICNIC AT FRENCH BEACH
JULY 14, SUNDAY**



See Coming Events (last page) for details.

Love, Sally

OLYMPIC VIEW GOLF CLUB ⊕ 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

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CALIFORNIA'S 49'ER RALLY

by Sally Harvey

Yep, still my favorite rally. My sixth - would have been seventh without the deer - and their 23rd, the last four in Quincy. After a while the rallies do tend to blend into each other, but there are always some things that stand out about each of them, this year being no exception.



When I said I was tired of the rain, that ain't what I meant!

One of those things this year was SNOW - almost everyone coming in from the north or west got snowed upon! One fellow from Vancouver wound up following a snow plough near Sisters Oregon. We - our Mendocino CA member Dave Wells and I - got dumped on near Diamond Lake, just north of Crater Lake. Our experience was not quite as scary as following a plough, since the snow was not accumulating on the sun-warmed pavement and at 40° there was no danger of ice. But the visibility was something else altogether! With a mass of huge, sticky flakes

falling, one hand was permanently relegated to windshield wiper duties while the other, fighting it's natural inclination to return the throttle to point 0, tried to keep up with Dave, who was in heads-up/throttle-on mode. Coming up to two cars on a long straight stretch, I'm muttering in my helmet I am NOT passing those cars, don't you DARE pass those . . . oh my god I'm passing those cars!! At we won't mention what speed. Defending the mark, Dave says. Happily, it quit

snowing not too long after I began to tire of the uniqueness of the experience, and we could start looking forward to bragging about our feat, a first for both of us (the snow, not the bragging).

I had met Dave at Florence, Oregon after he decided to skip his traditional pre-rally party due to limited numbers (me) and instead leave earlier to

meet me on the road and ride longer. We stayed in a great place that's become a standard when heading south on the 101, the Americana Motel at the northern end of Florence, whose main draw, besides reasonable prices and motorcycle-friendly owners, is the separate building with pool and jacuzzi. Another draw is the Windward Inn, an excellent restaurant half a block away where fine dining by the fireplace is the order of the day - how's that for a winning combination?

The next day we headed for Klamath Falls via #38 from Reedsport to #138, a very scenic and highly recommended route that takes you to Crater Lake, and #97. We stayed at a very nice but more expensive Super 8 Motel, also with hot tub, and ate at another superlative restaurant within walking distance. (Spoiled? Nah!) This one was a most unlikely looking place that came highly recommended by the motel staff, and as it turned out, with very good reason. Called Schatzle's Gasthof, it's almost worth a trip to Klamath Falls by itself! I could have eaten nothing but the first-course mushroom soup, made from morels, but the rest was equally great. With an engaging and friendly chef who is also a motorcycle enthusiast, this place deserves to be put on your list of possibilities when heading south.

Thursday, getting to the rally - always a great moment! By this time the sun was smiling down on us (and would remain so for the rest of the trip, with one small aberration that I'll get to later). Many people were already there set up, visiting old friends, looking at bikes, drinking beer - the stuff of rallies! Dave and I set up our tents in our group's usual spot, then moved them to join some of our bud's who opted for the cover of one of the barns, and then moved back again the next morning to be able to thaw out in the morning sun (never mind what they said). Usually you try to avoid having to be awakened by the heat, but this year it was freezing at night! So cold in fact that one of our group went out and bought an electric blanket - needless to say they slept in the barn where they managed to jimmy a light socket, although we did wonder at first if Otto's bike was going to be pressed into another ingenious electrical service.

I have this tendency, when I get to rallies, to be so involved in visiting the clan that I forget to investigate what other possibilities exist. Hence the poker runs, fun runs, field

events, etc. tend to pass me by (except for the English Trials at the 49'er). This time however, I decided to at least try the self-directed tour, a 120-mile route. Another fellow, Jeff, new to our group but fitting in like an old shoe, opted to come with me. Two gas fill-ups later, we decided we hadn't exactly studied the map very carefully, but were having a helluva good time anyway. There are truly some wonderful roads in the Quincy area, more so I think than around the old site in Mariposa, and we found a bunch of them. Including The Road, where I hit the Deer, a little connector road going up to the Gold Lakes area near Graeagle that is a short-cut if you are travelling south from Quincy on Route 49. First time revisited, eerie feeling. We looked for the rock cairn that Dave had erected on the spot later that summer, but didn't find it. But Dave and I went back and found it when we left the rally, complete with little blue pieces of my bike, three years later.

Jeff and I got back to the rally just in time for dinner, and in time to hear some tragic news - Richard Hood, whom we had known for many years as a fun-loving, high-spirited and above all amazingly talented rider, had gone into massive cardiac arrest at the rally and been taken to the hospital with very little prospect of recovery, an accurate assessment as it turned out later that evening. He will be remembered as the best trials-style rider anyone had ever seen at the rallies - he had been, in fact, a factory trials rider for Bultaco in the late 60's, and he always won the slow races and the English Trials. I remember when I first met him at Port Angeles in 1989, dancing a jig on his seat while riding across the grass - who could not admire such a rider! I was his passenger for the field events at a subsequent PA rally - I still have the trophy. It's hard to imagine how one so full of life, and at 59 so relatively young, could be gone. He will be missed.



Richard and I doing the field events in Port Angeles, 1991

Needless to say, we didn't attend to the band very closely that night. But the next night - the last of the rally - we vowed to put grief aside and get back to the living. The band they had for that night was excellent, and many people stayed to dance as they played extra sets. Things were finally winding down, the last late-night snack and the last beers finished and everyone tucked in their tents, when KABOOM!! A monster thunderstorm hit camp, with the interval between lightening and thunder shrinking to nothing as the storm center moved directly overhead and the heavens opened up. Man, it was broad daylight with your eyes closed inside the tent! And speaking of tents, was I glad that I'd decided on a new one this year - it passed the ultimate test. It was really quite neat actually, sort of like the snow. . .

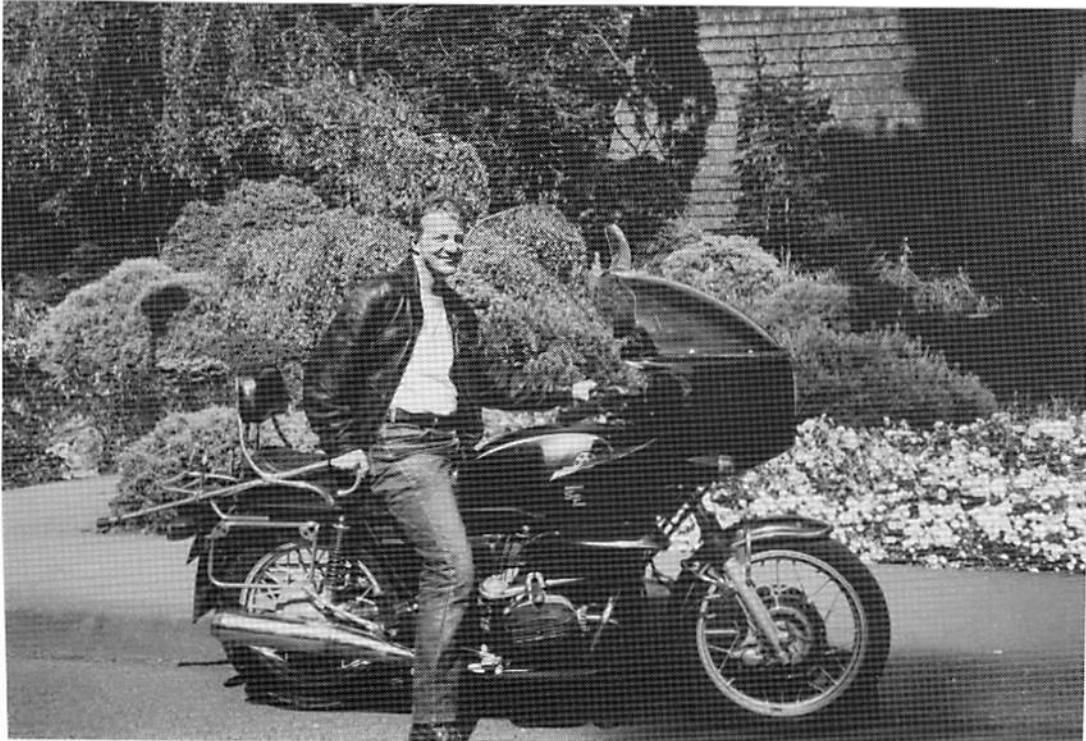
914 people attended the rally this year, not quite the 11 or 12 hundred of Mariposa with it's day closer proximity to the southern Cal

hordes, but a goodly amount. The fairgrounds at Quincy could easily absorb more, in fact could probably house a national rally, particularly of the size that would come to an extreme western site. But certainly no more people are *needed*. What would be nice though is a return to the vendor level of Mariposa - those numbers dropped for the

same reason as did the general attendance. Still, the ones they have are great - Kari Prager from Mountain View always comes, and what more do you need? Maybe it's just as well anyway, to limit temptation!

Once again I didn't win anything, not the Gerbing electric jacket, or the 3-man 4-season Walrus tent, or the tire of your choice, or the System 3 BMW helmet presented as a final (grand finale) mystery prize, or any of the myriad other prizes. But *somebody* wins those things, which just adds incentive, if any need be added, to attend the 49'er. Mark it on your calendar for next year, same time, same place. I'll be there.

Okay here's the deal. I'm going on vacation tomorrow and I haven't got any more articles
ahem ahem ahem



Brian Davies out doing a little rehab on his bike - with cane bungied on the back.



COMING EVENTS

JULY 6, SATURDAY

Breakfast meeting, Olympic View Golf Club

JULY 14, SUNDAY

Picnic at French Beach

Meet at the Muffin Break across from the Tillicum Mall at 10:00, or meet us out there any time after noon. Bring a picnic, kites, frisbees, stories, pictures . . . let's hang out together at the beach.

AUGUST 1-4

Cascade Country Rendezvous, Cashmere, WA

Pre-registration must be received by July 15 - \$33 - or \$38 at gate (I have pre-registration forms). Let's go check out the new location (as of last year that is, but not many of us made it). Looks good, on the Wenatchee River, near the picturesque town of Leavenworth. This rally has always been a good deal, even after the good old days of free beer ended.

August 10, SATURDAY

Party at Stan and Suzanne's - 1365 Hastings St

BYOBBB same as last year - bring your own bike, booze and barbecue food, condiments provided. I'll print directions in next months issue.

BUY AND SELL

FOR SALE:

1989 K75 Standard
Low seat, 70,000 km, lady driven \$5995

Chris/Leslie Bell - 477-7102
Leave a message.

Brand new H4 55-60 watt headlight bulbs. I have 20 which will be offered to members at \$7 each, approximately half the regular price. Need a spare? Doug Hunter - 384-7661, or see him at the next meeting.

WANTED TO BUY:

Sidecar (any!) Russ Blow 656-9150 or
Les Blow 658-4482.

R100RT 1981-84 Geoff Stevenson 652-9127.

Extra large summer gloves; Red Gortex Riding Jacket; Touring boots, size 44; Leather pants, 32 waist, 33 leg; Windshield for R100S fairing.
Doug Hunter 384-7661

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