



THE BEEMER READER

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EDITORIAL

By Brian Radford

September approaches its inevitable end, the sun is lower in the sky and is usually fully in my face so that I'm only dimly aware of where the road's edges might be, but you won't hear me knocking Ol' Sol even if he is squarely in my eyes. The Big Rain is bound to come, and when it does so it will be with us for six months. Right?

I'm not thinking beyond Valley Riders' "Last Chance to Camp and Ride" which happens on 3rd and 4th October at a new location, i.e. Osoyoos Lake State Park in downtown Oroville, Washington.

I hope that, like me, you can look back fondly on this year's riding. We didn't cover much ground but it was quality time. Gretchen took us to the Chief Joseph Rally and an extended ride in eastern Oregon, the Ural took us to Nakusp, and then it was Gretchen's turn again and we went back to the ancestral Idaho home of the Nez Perce people which in fact comprises Chief Joseph's tribe. Other than that, our riding consisted of very modest day outings in this immediate area. Gretchen has new rubber, a new battery and has been thoroughly gone over by Tommy Ryser of Blaine, whose expertise with Airhead bikes is beyond question. So I will in fact look further than Last Chance to the 2010 season.

Ride Safely and we will see you sometime this fall, hopefully under skies that are not overly gloomy.

AGM:

Sorry, we were unable to find any further information about the AGM except it's slated for October 24 and Klaus is away until October 3. Eds

SUN. OCT.4TH, BREAKFAST CHEQUERED FLAG 9:30 AM

FATHER AND SON RIDE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE **(Third of three parts)**

By Geoff Stevenson

Now we had two days in which to return Brad's bike, so we rode north and then west, eventually going right through Anchorage and stopping in Girdwood, about 40 miles south.

This is the village for the Alyeska ski hill. We could have checked into a 5-star hotel (\$2,200 a night for the fanciest suite), but settled for a fairly new B&B, an easy walk from the town centre.

We were keen to try the Double Musky Inn, rated by critics more qualified than me as one of the ten best restaurants in the U.S.

The B&B owner also offered high praise for the Musky, but added excellent local knowledge. We already knew that the New York Pepper Steak, one of the specialties of the house, was listed at 20 to 22 ounces.

Order the steak, she advised, but ask for two plates and share it. We followed her advice – and were pleasantly full. (It was as good a steak as I've had anywhere – and I lived in Montreal with a generous expense account for four years).

This was a VERY serious restaurant. We had to wait 20 minutes for a table (on a Thursday night), but this gave us a chance to inspect the wine cellar. I reckoned it was half the size of my house (although this might have been a slight exaggeration).

Of course, this guaranteed an impressive wine list. Leather bound, it was probably an inch thick and listed vintages from around the globe. The most expensive bottle: A French burgundy for a mere \$3,000. (I settled for a \$9 glass of wonderful California Pinot Noir).

If you get to Anchorage, do not come home without a detour to Girdwood and the Double Musky.

I was keen to inspect some old Russian churches down the Kenai Peninsula, so next morning we rode south to Ninilchik, not far from Homer, where our Lonely Planet guide had persuaded me that we'd see an Orthodox church to rate with, say, St. Peter's or Notre Dame in Paris.

It wasn't quite that impressive, but it featured five classic onion domes and the graveyard surrounding the church had Russian names on most of the headstones.

In the town of Kenai, on the ride back to Anchorage, we visited another old Orthodox Church and waited patiently (?) while a retired priest in his 80s told us all about the building, the last visit by the bishop, the highlights of his priesthood, and

We returned Brad's bike in Anchorage (and I changed engine oil on mine) and we then had a full day before he was to fly home to Seattle.

A city bus took us downtown and we inspected a big market (and bought a few souvenirs) and took in a movie about the Alaska earthquake of 1964. There were perhaps 50 seats (we were the only two in the theatre), all set on a platform that vibrated at appropriate points during the film.

This seemed a bit over the top, especially since the noise of the platform shaking drowned out the movie's audio.

Downtown Anchorage was a strange mixture of government buildings and tourist traps. We avoided both – and had an excellent meal at the Glacier Brewpub, washed down with – what else? – more Glacier Blonde.

The taxi next morning was right on schedule to go to the airport at 0600 and Brad flew south at around 600 miles an hour, while I rode slightly slower than that.

I retraced my route through Tok to Haines Junction. These were the worst roads of all, especially the area immediately south of Beaver Creek in the Yukon, Canada's most westerly town.

There were three long stretches under construction. The first one was mostly mud - and it had rained overnight. I rode in first gear at just over idle speed with little or no control over the bike. Everyone else passed me (I didn't see another bike here), but I made it through unscathed. I parked for a rest – and noticed that the mud had obscured my licence plate. I wondered what the judge would have said about that.

At Haines Junction, my retracing ended as I now took the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse and eventually got on the Stewart-Cassiar Highway and rode back into BC just west of Watson Lake.

This was another highway (# 37) under major re-construction, with long stretches of gravel, but I rode carefully to Dease Lake (an overnight stop) and on to Stewart and Hyder, AK.

This was also the only day mosquitoes were a serious problem. South of Dease Lake, traffic was stopped while work crews cleared a mudslide. I talked to the flag person for while to pass the time. She was covered head to foot (and was wearing gloves), with a mosquito net over her head. I stood there in full motorcycle regalia, visor pulled down firmly on my helmet – and with gloves.

(The slide had been several days before and the road was closed for about 48 hours. I talked to a guy near Watson Lake a day earlier who told me he'd been stopped at the slide and told to detour through Dawson Creek., According to Streets & Trips, this forced him to backtrack precisely 2,369.5km!)

Now we were close to sea level again (Stewart is at the head of Portland Canal) and the road was smooth – and fast. Nice scenery, too – the mountains hereabouts soar up to 8,000 feet and there's a glacier to admire as you whiz past.

Stewart was a sleepy little town. I spent a comfortable night at the King Edward Hotel (\$59/single) and enjoyed a wonderful dinner of wild salmon at the nearby Bayview Cafe. (This place was packed with antiques – including a nearly-perfect 1930 four-door Pontiac).

There were lots of cheap houses for sale in Stewart, if you're interested in moving. They ranged from \$39,000 to \$95,000. Heck, for \$145,000, you could have bought a fully-equipped 6-bedroom B&B.

It's a well-serviced town, too. As I walked around, I noted a new hospital, K-12 school, arena and an indoor swimming pool

I rode across the border to Hyder, AK., but didn't find much worth staying for. The pavement ends at Canada Customs (Canada handles customs and immigration for both countries here) and Hyder featured numerous empty buildings and gravel everywhere.

Hyder's tourist attraction is the Salmon Glacier. But it's 20km out of town on a gravel road and I reckoned I'd ridden enough gravel for a while.

I'd planned to spend the next night in Prince George, but instead pressed on to Hixon, perhaps 50km south on Highway 97. I'd been through here several times over the years, but had never stopped. It was a pleasant surprise.

Who knew that Hixon, pop. 500, has three liquor stores within perhaps a hundred yards (no, I didn't patronize any of 'em)?

But I had a comfortable and affordable motel room for the night (although the highway was only 25-30 yards away and it was a little noisy). The Neighborhood Pub offered a tasty home-made pizza for supper and sensibly-priced draft beer.

I'd allowed six days for the 3,600km from Anchorage to Salmon Arm and I was right on schedule. Riding alone can be a bit solitary, but it certainly makes it easy to be on the road by 0700 (or earlier) and thus be able to stop mid-afternoon – and have time for the really important things (like pizza and beer!)

I slipped down Highway 97 to Hundred Mile House, then veered east on Highway 24 to Little Fort, south to Kamloops and east again to Salmon Arm.

At 1500, I walked into the Salmon Arm Legion, my brother-in-law's favorite watering hole, ordered a draft Canadian and started telling him tall tales about Alaska.



ADVANCED RIDER TRAINING COURSE**Submitted by Bob Leitch**

Due to demand Paul and I have been able to secure dates for one additional full Advanced Rider Course on October 2-4th, 2009.

This is going out to everyone who has expressed interest this year but were not able to get into one of the previously scheduled courses.

If you are interested in this course please let us know as soon as possible to secure your spot. The 2010 course schedule will be released in late January if you would like to wait until next year.

If there are any questions please E-mail us and we will get back to you.

Ryan Austin

Advanced Rider Training

www.advancedridertraining.ca

Also, at the Rider training Session, a local manufacturer of LED replacement tail lights stopped by. If you are interested, they have a website at: www.adventuretech.ca

PASSED ON TO US FROM MARTIN HOBBS OF THE VALLEY RIDERS

Here is an excellent test, to check out your powers of observation and hazard recognition skills while riding.
<http://www.msf-usa.org/riderperception/>

UPCOMING RALLYS**The 2010 BMW MOA International Rally is in Redmond, Oregon.****July 15 - 18 2010**

This is the same location the Rally was held in 2001.

It's a great location, a great venue with good riding all around the area.

Now you have plenty of time for advance planning.

FOR SALE:

2002 R1150R rust/red, imperial gauges, BMW hard bags.

About 51,000km.

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ANKE-EVE GOLDMANN

We're indebted to Mr. Doug Hawley for directing us to this website:

<http://thevintagent.blogspot.com/2009/02/anka-eve-goldmann.htm>

For illustrations, go to the website. Ed.

It seems we have found our Madame X, and her name is Anke-Eve. Six feet tall, slim, and striking, she felt comfortable with cameras and eyes focussed on her, as she proved her abilities on two wheels.

Our first image of her is astride BMW R67/3 in 1954. This model can be distinguished by the plunger rear suspension, tiny taillamp, and fishtail exhaust pipes. The 'Schorsch Meier' dualseat is an unusual item for a plunger-frame BMW - original equipment was a rubber Denfield saddle. It appears she competed in Endurance and Speed competition, but was barred, as a woman, from competing at a higher level of Club or GP racing. from seeking fast motorcycles and race tracks; in many photographs she is hurtling down the tarmac, and mixing with other motorcyclists at Hockenheim and Nurburgring - such as here examining a Norton Manx at Nurburgring.

Her 'pass' at the tracks, beyond her riding ability, was a facility with writing a good story for the press, and she regularly sent racing and riding reports to Moto Revue in France, as well as publications in Spain, Sweden, Germany, the US, and Japan. Here at Hockenheim, she waits for track time with a pair of Jawa two-strokes and a Zundapp outfit - her suitcase strapped to the parcel rack of her R69.

She worked at a U.S. Air Force base, teaching German to the children of soldiers stationed there. She also spoke other languages, and her command of English was good enough to write two articles for Cycle World magazine in 1962. 'An Invitation to a Lap Around the Nurburgring' was published in the June issue of 1962, and a report on women racers in the Soviet Union (!) was printed in October of that year [and yes, I will definitely post it]. In this photo, noted motorcycle author Erwin Tragatsch, author of the definitive 'Illustrated History of Motorcycles', stands with a group visiting Anke-Eve with her late-model R69S, now with a British 'Peel' fairing (distinguishable by the clear panel in the nose - the headlamp is not mounted to the actual fairing, but is retained in the standard position. The clear section is elongated for a full sweep of light).

And don't you wish your Elementary School teacher rode a motorcycle like Anke-Eve! She cut quite a figure in those drab days of the late 1950s, and had a bit of an exhibitionist streak.

By 1956, she had a new BMW R69, which was the fastest Bavarian flat-twin roadster, topping 100mph with aplomb. And she repaid the bike's excellent qualities with loyalty and by becoming an extremely visible spokesperson for the marque, always wearing her pudding basin helmet with a large 'BMW' sticker at the front. These photos show Anka-Eve at the Nurburgring race track, usually alone! Perhaps the male riders were afraid to ride with her...

In 1958, in concert with 9 other women riders, including Ellen Pfeiffer, she helped found W.I.M.A. (Women's International Motorcycling Association) in Europe. W.I.M.A. U.S.A. was founded in 1950 by Louise Scherbyn, and the idea spread quickly to Britain and Europe. Ellen Pfeiffer is now considered the 'Urmutter' of the organization in Europe.

I don't think Ms. Goldmann was ever sponsored or employed by the BMW factory, but she was clearly given priority when purchasing one of the first half-dozen BMW R69S models in 1960; her new machine has the ultra-rare rearview mirror mounted above the cylinder head. The R69S had 42hp, was capable of 110mph, and made a superb and reliable sports-touring machine.

And tour she did; attending the Elephant Rally mid-winter for many years on her BMW, and riding throughout the year, regardless of the season or road conditions. It seems she worked with German leather riding gear manufacturer 'Harro' in creating her own personalized attire. In winter months, she can be seen wearing a large buckled body belt, too large to be merely a 'kidney belt', which must have been an aid to keeping warm in very cold weather.

Her riding suit for winter is significantly bulkier and larger than the svelte summer catsuit, and can clearly accommodate woolens underneath - leggings, sweaters, the lot - the suit approaches Bibendum proportions on her coldest rides.

Her summer one-piece riding suit had the distinctive feature of a diagonal zipper from the neck, crossing over to the side of the body, which may have aided the 'fit' of the leathers, especially on a woman's torso. Her leathers certainly fit well...

Harro went on to manufacture 'her' design for public consumption.

And then, she gave up her beloved BMWs. Perhaps she was bored by the R75/5 model which supplanted the R69S in 1969, or felt that it's performance lagged behind what 'the competition' was offering, especially as Japanese and Italian machines had much faster and better-handling machines at the time. Whatever the reason, Ms. Goldmann moved right on up to M.V. Agusta's 750cc DOHC 4-cylinder hotrods, perhaps the first and only woman to do so - she was a sensation.

While M.V. had been producing 4-cylinder racers since the 1950s, the 750S, introduced in 1969, was their first sporting 4, and what the public had been clamoring for. But, the public couldn't afford the M.V.! It was always an expensive and exclusive motorcycle, revered by collectors today, and out of reach for all but the lucky few in 1969.

Anke-Eve seems totally at home with her Italian rocket, and she kept this bike for several years, upgrading over time with items such as cast magnesium Campagnolo wheels, triple disc Brembo brakes, and a set of aftermarket 'Arturo Magni' 4-in-1 exhaust pipes - all items which were added to the newest M.V. models. This machine was the total antithesis of her old BMWs! Loud, fast, and a bit fragile, it certainly wasn't the best Touring machine, especially with the clip-on handlebars and rearsets she favored. Her riding position really tells the tale; Anke-Eve had evolved into a full-blown Cafe Racer, and given the noise (however glorious) emanating from those Magni pipes, a bit of a hooligan!

After the death of her closest friend in a riding accident, Anke-Eve Goldmann seems to have given up motorcycles altogether, and began to travel with a backpack to remote Asian locations. Traveling alone, she trekked through Burma, the Sunda Islands, Vietnam, and Cambodia, not many years after the conflicts there had ended.

THIS LIST ENABLES YOU TO: submit articles or ideas for future issues of Beemer Reader, pay your dues of \$15, order club clothing, and borrow books and DVD's.

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Club Ride Schedule 2009-10

www.bmwrv.org bmwrv@shaw.ca

Date	Event	Location	Type	Organizer
Oct 4 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Colleen Barnes
Oct 24 Saturday	Annual Meeting	TBD	Meeting	Klaus Kreye
Nov 7 Saturday	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Klaus Kreye
Dec 6 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Klaus Kreye
Jan 1 Thursday	TROC	Islandview Beach	Other	Bob Leitch
Jan 9 Saturday	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Kaus Kreye
Feb 7 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Kaus Kreye
March 6	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag	Breakfast	Kaus Kreye