



THE BEEMER READER

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EDITORIAL

By **Brian Radford**

As these words are being written, it is the morning of Thursday, the 27th of May, and through the foggy damp cool (not cold) I am watching the grass grow faster than I can keep up with the mowing and trimming. Nothing very exciting but what the heck? It sure could be a lot worse. I am looking back on the merry month of May with a very modest amount of riding, one trip up-island where I became lost (twice) in down town Cumberland and a longer expedition with Marjie and sidecar to Kamloops with side trips to such locales as Lac du Bois, Tranquille, Tunkwa Lake, Marble Canyon and Fountain Valley. We also went to Calgary but that was in a “cage” so it doesn’t count, right? Anyway there was a bit of snow in the Rockies and, not being the Iceman, I was relatively happy on 4 wheels rather than 3 or 2. Other than becoming one year older it was time to stop looking back at May and turn the page to June.

The calendar features the Breakfast Ride to the Pioneer House at Whipple Tree Junction south of Duncan on the 6th, where yours truly will not be seen as I’ll be participating (thanks to my good friend Gerd) in the West Coast “Ride to Live 2010” to raise funds to battle against prostate cancer.

Also on the calendar is the ride via Duffy Lake and Lillooet with Klaus and other friends including the editor (although I don’t guarantee to keep pace with the pack). The ride starts on Saturday the 26th and you can catch the details on these pages. Speaking of which, there are fully eight of them in this issue, thanks in part to Geoff Stevenson’s account of his 12,000 Km recent odyssey to the deep south of the U.S. of A. This will be the first of three parts, so you can enjoy Geoff’s prose for a while yet.

Also in this issue is another of John Marczyk’s biographies, this one featuring Bill Wallace, and Bill is definitely to be commended for his story in the May issue of BMW Owner’s News. His illustrated article on his 2006 ride to Alaska was professionally done, with meticulous attention to the preparation of bike and rider for this solo adventure. Quite a contrast to my own rides in 1992 and ’94 over some of the same roads which received minimal preparation and a lot of blind luck. Probably a case of “the less said the better” so I will leave the field to Bill, and you will assuredly enjoy his story on pages 42 to 51 of the Owner’s News. Brian

SUN. JUNE 6, PIONEER HOUSE, DUNCAN 9:30 AM

INTRODUCING WILLIAM “BILL” WALLACE

by John S. Marczyk

It's a great pleasure to introduce William Wallace, who lives on Wallace Drive in Brentwood Bay, a core member of BMW Riders of Vancouver Island (BMWRVI) since 1995. Not only is Bill a good natured dedicated member, but he is an awesome Braveheart, who has received the coveted 100,000 mile (160,000 km) long distance award in 2007 from BMW Motorcycle of America (MOA).

Bill was a Construction Engineer from the Canadian Military, and it shows in his attention to detail. He has put hours, days, months and even years of research into the long distance routes he has ridden all over North America. The love and attention Bill has given to his BMW K75RT, which he has owned since 1990, shows in its show room condition. Purchased with just 11,000 km on the clock, today it heralds 216,000 km!



*William Wallace, the Scot Mel Gibson, as Wallace
Three Generations of William Wallace*

Our William “Bill” Wallace

Bill stands out in BMW Riders of VI as is quick to assist new members who have maintenance questions, coordinating an annual tire drive with the Adrenaline Cooperative in Victoria to save over 30 percent for members on tire replacement, and so much more. Bill is also very kind, offering assistance to all with trip planning advice and sharing his research and road adventures with visiting BMW riders from as far as Arizona. As a newbie BMW Rider of VI member, I am one of the recipients of Bill's vast knowledge transfers. There are many others in our club have benefited as well, so it's time to recognize his outstanding contribution.

As a result of an incredible grounding in military focus, discipline and order started early in his formative years. As both a “military brat” and a career member, Bill's geographical footprint is truly a testimonial to the Department of National Defence's “Come Join the Army and See the World!” recruiting poster. Born in Ottawa, Bill has lived with his family in Canadian Forces Bases (CFB) at Gimli Manitoba, Angus Ontario (Camp Borden), Cold Lake, Alberta, Baden Sollingen, Germany, and Trenton, Ontario.

Because of Bill's military background he signed on for boot camp in the Canadian Forces Recruit School Cornwallis, Nova Scotia. Basic training was soon followed by air traffic school in Moose Jaw and Borden, active air traffic duty in Comox (where he married Karin, his wife of 35 years), Goose Bay, Labrador, and Trenton, Ontario. Then he returned to CFB Borden for air traffic specialty training, and carried on to active air traffic duty at Trenton, Ontario. While in Trenton he decided to prepare for civilian life by retraining in waste and water systems technology at CFB Chilliwack. After training he was posted to North Bay, Ontario, CFB Penhold, then on to CFB Alert (6 months of darkness) before being posted to Canadian Forces School of Military Engineering as an instructor for 3 years. After a 22 year career in the military, Bill decided to start a new career (1991) in the Capital Regional District as a water utilities operator in the Saanich Peninsula Water System where he has been for the past 19 years.

Bill's passion for motorcycling began in Europe, during his family's posting in Germany. In 1965, Bill purchased a spanking brand new Honda 50 cc Sport Cub, recalling “It was the rage at the time!”

Demonstrating his keen memory, Bill adds, “I bought the Sport Cub for \$206.25 with money from barrack ward mess cleaning jobs on Saturday and Sunday mornings.” Bill rode the Sport Cub for one year before it was time

to return to Canada, and laments the fate of his loved possession: “I always regret leaving Germany without the Honda “.

While in Comox in 1970-71, Bill purchased a Honda 500 CBX, eventually selling it to a family member who Bill adds, failed to follow the proper manual directions, and “seized up the cylinders!”

Fifteen years later (1986), Bill recalls, “I talked the wife into getting a 250 Honda Elite Scooter. I put 53,000 km on it!”

After living in Brentwood Bay in 1994 Bill purchased his present 1990 BMW K75RT. With diligent winter maintenance projects and love and attention given the bike on the transcontinental summer rides, the K75 will be ridden for many years to come.

Asked about his most significant ride ever, Bill identifies his 2006 Victoria-Yukon and Alaska epic with no hesitation. “An older rider told me to learn a lot about my bike so I could fix it on the road. It was 10 years from the time I started thinking about this trip to the time I left. I had to do 18 months of planning as this was a solo trip, I had never been in the region before, and had to ensure I had access to gas over the remote legs of the route.”

Bill’s epic Alaskan adventure is featured on the cover of May 2010 BMW Owners News, *BMW ON* magazine. The 10-page article, written by Bill, highlights his trip, provides tips to “wannabe riders of the route”, and has attracted calls to Bill for advice from across North America and overseas! One has to be proud of Bill’s accomplishment, and the service he continues to provide his riding colleagues.

For his dream ride, Bill responded with a key principle before getting into the ride itself. “There’re lots of things I would like to do. What’s important for me, is that it has to be feasible and practical.” On that note, Bill identified a ride to the eastern seaboard of the United States, taking in the 13 American colonies and motorcycle rallies en route from Victoria. A spectacular portion of which is the “Dragon’s Tail”. Bill’s anticipation and excitement about the “Tail” is evident.

“There are 318 curves in just 11 miles!”

Bill estimates the dream ride will take a couple of months to do, that he would start out in May 1st while it’s still cool, and return June 30th by “bee lining back to Victoria from Florida before it gets too hot!”

At the close of the interview, I asked Bill when he would retire his sun discoloured and worn one-piece “Aerostitch Roadcrafter” safety riding overalls. Bill informed me he purchased the gear in 1997, has put over 100,000 km on the suite, and agreed, “They look pretty tired,” but went on to indicate he has replaced the internal armor and that he’d get another 100,000 km out of it! With lightness in his voice, we end the interview with Bill saying, “My wife is thinking of buying me another one when I retire.”

So everyone knows, Bill is not really of Scottish heritage... His ancestry and heritage are found in central & eastern Europe, like the author’s, in the countries of Poland and Germany. Due to the challenges his family faced in England during World War II, and the need to melt into the population at the time, Bill’s grandfather changed the many century-old family name, and with that change the recognition of it deep cultural heritage, to “Wallace”.

This event was very common during WWII, and the decade after, at the ports of London, Halifax and New York. Immigration officials, often perplexed and frustrated with unpronounceable European names, freely Anglicized names for convenience on immigration entry documents. These changes persist today. Luckily, “Marczyk”, escaped Immigration Canada’s pen in 1959.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Sarah Green

Ken Sherkin

Derick Allen

Andrew Cowan

Keith Owen

RIDE TO LIVE

Submitted by Gerd Berger

The Prostate Centre on Richmond in Victoria is organizing a "Ride to Live" similar to the "Ride for Dad" with the difference that all the money collected will stay on the Island, which I think is an important consideration. It will take place on Sunday June 6 and will start at 10 am from the Cruise ship terminal at Ogden Point. I will bring some registration forms to our next meeting.

A 12,000KM RIDE INTO MOTORCYCLE HISTORY**by Geoff Stevenson****First of three parts**

First there was the rain. And these were no gentle April showers. They were torrential downpours day after day. The sort of stuff that has you wringing your gloves out every time you stop. Thank goodness it was reasonably warm in Texas, where we had the heaviest rain.

Then there were the tornadoes. We were hunkered down in Birmingham, AL., when the storm passed about 25 miles to the north. Twelve people died in those twisters - and we'd been planning to ride that day right along the storm's path.

And the never-ending wind. Through most of Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Washington on our way home, it blew and blew and We rode for days, it seemed, holding our bikes at an angle to the relentless crosswinds. The day after we left Albuquerque, the peak gust was 99 m.p.h.; in the Columbia Gorge, only a day from home, the wind twice blew Ernie Lalonde into the wrong lane.

But the fates weren't finished with us yet: We had four tires and three of them attracted nails. Thank goodness for Ernie's plugging kit - and the accommodating Honda dealer near Salt Lake City who replaced my front tire at short notice.

Three of us left Victoria April 6 en route to the Barber Vintage Motorsports Museum near Birmingham. Jorgen Andersson unfortunately had to leave us in Texas because of a family medical emergency at home, but Ernie and I rode on, covering just under 12,000 km when we got home four weeks later.

We rode by Lisbon, Paris, Detroit, Moscow and Cape Horn. (That would be Lisbon, AR., Paris and Detroit in Texas, Moscow, ID., and Cape Horn, WA - in the windy Columbia Gorge).

We stayed in lots of sensibly-priced (mostly Motel 6) rooms - and a few over-priced fleabag motels

Apart from the tire problems, Ernie's Suzuki 650 V-Strom and my Honda ST1100 ran perfectly (My Honda has now done more than 130,000km and has yet to burn a drop of oil. The dealer says it's probably broken in now). On the way home we covered almost 5,000km in just eight days, most of it away from the Interstates, and while this required some pretty determined riding, we got home fresh enough for another trip - but not perhaps for a week or two!

We met at the Coho dock in downtown Victoria for the 1030 sailing April 6 and spent our first night at a Motel 6 (yes, the first rooms did cost \$6 a night way back when) in Vancouver, WA.

Originally, there were to be four of us, but a friend of mine in Vancouver dropped out at the last minute (he's now a former friend!)

We reckoned we'd be able to get a cot so everyone would have a bed, but Motel 6 doesn't offer cots - and, in any case, most of its rooms are so small that you couldn't fit one in.

This led to some uneasy foot-shuffling and embarrassing glances as we checked in. Could three guys really fit in two beds? Yes, our wives do this sort of thing all the time when they're away with girlfriends, but two guys in one bed?

Eventually, commonsense prevailed. We decided that whoever paid for the room that night would get a bed to himself. The others would have to bunk in together - although, one guy got the bedspread and the other the sheets and blanket so there was always a layer of fabric between the sleeping bodies.

And, it worked really well. Heck, in Del Rio, TX., a double room for three guys was \$33.55. Is this a deal or what? Could you even camp that cheaply?

After Vancouver, we wanted to get south ASAP, so we rode Interstate 84 along the south side of the Columbia, right across Oregon and Idaho and onto I-15 through Salt Lake City (which has an HoV lane that might be 70km long and is a very comfortable place for bikes on a busy freeway).

In Provo, just south of Salt Lake, we took Highway 6 over Soldier Summit. This eventually becomes Highway 191 and leads into Arizona. We spent a night in St. Johns, AZ., slanted southeast into New Mexico and were soon in Las Cruces, N.M. in a new Motel 6 within easy walking distance of a variety of restaurants.

We'd planned to spend a night in El Paso, TX., but instead rode east on some great mountain roads in New Mexico and finally into Texas and south to Pecos.

Early morning starts in the second week of April needed heated vests (the Suzuki riders had heated gloves, too; I used old-fashioned heated grips), but we had mostly sunny days, dry roads - and little wind.

Our first serious sight-seeing was at the McDonald Observatory in the hills high above Fort Davis, TX. There's a relaxing loop of perhaps 100km that we rode, having breakfast first in Fort Davis and then lunch there after checking out the astronomers and their tools.

They have two of the biggest telescopes (one has 91 mirrors) in the world. They're almost 7,000 feet above sea level and, with no city lights close by, offer mostly perfect viewing conditions for scientists from all over the world.

From Fort Davis we rode to Presidio, on the Texas-Mexico border, and then southeast into Big Bend National Park. This is a beautiful (and mostly undeveloped) tract of land and, with cactus and other flowers in bloom on every hand, provided a welcome break from riding yet another straight road in Texas.

We left Presidio around 0700; in hindsight we should have had breakfast in town first and waited until the sun was a little higher. Ernie, leading carefully (as usual) narrowly avoided both a burro and javelina (wild pig that can grow up to 60 pounds) on the road as we rode east.

And there were more surprises on this route: Around one bend we discovered several huge boulders on the pavement. And I mean huge: The biggest one reached to Ernie's shoulder.

They'd come down in a rainstorm the night before and we reckoned they'd have crushed any motorbike or car unfortunate enough to be below as they slid down the hillside.

We stopped for photographs and rode on. Somehow, the boulders had stopped far enough apart for cars to get through, too, and we passed a works crew en route to clear the road a few minutes after we'd taken our photos and were on the bikes again.

There's a campground in the park and limited accommodation in Terlingua, on the park's western boundary. We found an affordable motel for two nights, checked out the restaurants within walking distance and spent a relaxing time touring the park.

The roads are all paved, but the speed limit's mostly 40 m.p.h. - and, we were warned by everyone, rigorously patrolled. In fact traffic was light and we saw just one cop in our time there.

The same storm that had loosened the boulders had also caused some flooding in the park. When we rode into Santa Elena Canyon the next morning, there was standing water over the road. There was no easy way to determine its depth, so Ernie bravely (recklessly?) rode through - to discover that it was just under a foot.

The V-Stroms (Jorgen had the same bike) have a single, raised muffler, but my old ST (which was never designed for fording rivers) has two mufflers about 10 inches off the road. I just kept the revs up in first gear and had no problems with water trying to flow into the mufflers.

Through the temporary ford, it was time to park the bikes and hike into the canyon. Most of the walk appeared to be in Mexico (although it was never clear where the border was and nobody seemed to care anyway) and we admired the thousand-foot-high cliffs carved by the Rio Grande over the years.

There were a number of bikers at the Terlingua motel. We found two couples especially interesting: They had a regular Harley and a Harley trike, both of which seemed unusually clean.

Next morning we found out why. The closest restaurant was perhaps 250 yards from the motel and the three of us walked over for breakfast. The Harley quartet came, too - but they rode!

And those 500 yards, we suspected, were the extent of their riding for the day. As we were leaving, they were loading both Harleys onto a double-axle trailer pulled by a new GM SUV.

We never found out where they were going - or whether this was a typical day - but it certainly gave new meaning to the term Trailer Queens.

This was the end of dry roads for a while. We rode north and east to Del Rio (and that cheap Motel 6 room) and we wore full raingear for the next several days.

Jorgen decided in Mountain Home, TX., that he needed to get home pronto, so Ernie and I rode on, thoroughly soaked for the third day on end. We knew the forecast was for more heavy rain, but reckoned we could reach Fredericksburg, about 80km east.

This is the centre of the Texas Hill Country. If there were hills, we never saw 'em (perhaps the rain obscured them); if there was great riding and canyons to carve, we never found them.

But Fredericksburg, to be fair to the Texans, is a charming little town - although a bit too touristified for my

tastes. We found a Super 8 on the main street, parked the bikes for a couple of days and enjoyed the town's variety - and yet even more rain.

A major attraction was the National Museum of the Pacific War. My late father fought the Japanese in the Solomons during World War II with the New Zealand army; I found this a very emotional place. (I am named for Geoff Smith, his best buddy, who was killed by the Japanese).

Ernie and I met there after lunch and found it so engrossing we had to be escorted out by security guards after the museum closed. It was yet another poignant reminder of how much we 60-somethings owe our parents' generation who defeated the Japanese (and, in other theatres of the war, the Germans and Italians).

Every second store on the main street of Fredericksburg seemed to be either a ladies wear store or restaurant. But there was also a brewpub (with an excellent IPA) - and a handsome old stone library, where I caught up with e-mail for free.

It was easy to see why the town was so popular: It's an easy day's drive from Houston, Dallas, San Antonio and Austin. With a catchment area of something like ten million people, I suddenly understood all those ladies wear shops.

There were six Harley riders from Wichita Falls (in northern Texas) in the Super 8 and they invited us to one of their rooms on our second night. At least one of the wives had obviously spent too long investigating out the clothing stores (or was it the pub?): She was asleep on a bed, but the other five were determined to party.

I had two Bourbons and Cokes (with hindsight, I should have brought my own beer). Both the booze and the mix seemed to be going down steadily - but the drinking was interrupted frequently for a cigarette break outside.

We eyed the drinking and the smoking - and the bellies hanging over waistbands (both male and female) - and felt very glad that we live in Canada with its imperfect but mostly damn good health system.

To be continued.



Jorgen Andersson fords a flooded section of the road to Santa Elena Canyon in Big Bend National Park.

The club needs to congratulate **Bill Wallace** for his article and photographs in the recent May 2010 issue of MOA Owners News.

Page 42 starts with a super photo of Bill's bike on the Alaska Hwy. From there one reads about his 12 day trip with anecdotes and photos.

More importantly, Bill's bike adorns the cover page of the May issue with a beautiful rainbow in the background. We should all pat Bill on the back when we see him at the next meeting. **Chris Jones**

DUFFY LAKE**By Bob Leitch**

Here is the initial plan for the Duffey Lake Loop ride on June 26-27, 2010

1030 Ferry from Departure Bay to Horseshoe Bay (eat on ferry)

1230 Head north off ferry

- Option 1: late lunch in Whistler area, assuming you don't eat on ferry

- Option 2: bio/coffee break in Pemberton, assuming you eat on ferry

1430 Coffee break in Pemberton

1630 Arrive Lillooet

1900 Dinner/Evening at local Pub – Currently looking like the pub in the Reynolds Hotel, but am open to suggestions ???? Call it a night

The return will probably have several options depending upon departure time, route (via Cache Creek or Lytton), and target ferry sailing. This may be a topic for the initial ferry ride. Here are some tentative times for a return via Cache Creek

0800 Depart Lillooet

1015 Stretch Spence's Bridge (15 minutes)

1200 Lunch Hope Area

1500 Tsawwassen Ferry

Accommodation (note I have asked the hotels if they offer group rates):

- Reynolds Hotel: Main drag, pub, restaurant for breakfast, could be noisy if a party in the pub

<http://www.reynoldshotel.com/>

- 4 Pines Motel: little off main drag, need to travel to pub and restaurants (Colleen's pick)

<http://www.4pinesmotel.com/>

- Hotel De Oro: new hotel has opened in down town <http://www.hoteldeoro.com/>

- Cayoosh Campground: <http://www.cayooshcampground.ca/>

- Fraser Cove Campground: <http://www3.telus.net/public/gator100/>

- BC Hydro Campground: free, about 4 km this side of Lillooet (Brian's pick)

If you have questions or comments please forward them to me.

FOR SALE

K75 in perfect shape. It has very low mileage -55,000km., new tires front and back, and a new rear shock. All the servicing has been done and it is fit for the road this year with nothing needing to be done to it. It also has hard luggage and a hard rear seat luggage compartment. All these can be easily removed.

It is garage stored with a bike cover over it.

Contact Don or Lora 250-743-3612 in Shawnigan Lake 604-765-5676 (Lora's cell number) hicircle@telus.net

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.

Treasurer: Peter Juergensen

6-310 Goldstream Ave. Colwood, BC V9B-2W3

250-478-3244 *motonanny@telus.net

Mailing: Brian Davies

905 Park Heights Rd. Sooke, BC V9Z 1B4

250-642-7047 *hekngon@uniserve.com

Editor: Brian Radford

456 Dukes Rd. Salt Spring Island, BC V8K-2B6

250-653-9370 *bmwrad@shaw.ca

Librarian: Bob Leitch

2986 Barrett Dr. North Saanich V8L-1A3

(250) 656-6694 *bleitch@telus.net

Webmaster: Tom Thornton

1580 Marine Circle, Parksville. BC V9P 1Y6

(206) 497-6304 *tomndi@shaw.ca

Clothing: Conrad Moller

*conrad@jacktar.ca

TOURING TIP: Riding in the Rain**Copied from Road Runner Magazine**

Riding a motorcycle in the rain is often a fearful prospect for new riders, but usually "no big deal" for most experienced motorcyclists. The good news is that most motorcycles have much better traction (75% to 80%) on wet surfaces than their riders often assume. The bad news is that certain unrecognized hazards can trigger an all to quick loss of traction, often resulting in a crash. The key to riding safely on wet pavement is to be aware of the hazards, and how to avoid or mitigate them. Here are ten of the most common hazards riders can face while riding in the rain.

Read the complete article in our forum: '[Riding in the Rain](#)'.

WEBSITE FOR ADVANCED RIDER TRAINING COURSES

www.advancedridertraining.ca

June 11-13th Advanced Rider Training Course

September 3-5th Advanced Rider Training Course

October 29-31st Advanced Rider Training Course

October 29-31st Advanced Rider Training Course

Club Ride Schedule 2010

Date	Event	Location	Type	Organizer
June 6 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Pioneer House Duncan	Breakfast	Cindy Liboiron
June 17- 20	Chief Joseph Rally Pre-reg by 4 June	John Day, Oregon	Rally	Volunteer needed
June 26/27 Saturday/Sunday	Ride & Camp	Duffy Loop / Lillooet	Road	Bob Leitch
July 3 Saturday	Monthly Gathering	RC Grill & Bar	Breakfast	Bill Wallace
July 9-13	Rocky Bow Lunatic Fringe Rally Pre-reg 30 June	Cochrane, Alberta	Rally	Volunteer needed
July 15 -18	BMWMOA National Rally Pre-reg by 30 June	Redmond, Oregon	Rally	Volunteer needed
July 18 Sunday	Mystery Ride	?	Road	Volunteer needed
July 22 - 25	Cascade Rendezvous Pre-reg by 1 July	Menlo, Washington	Rally	Volunteer needed
Aug 5-8	37 th Stanley Stomp Rally Must pre-reg!	Grandjean, ID	Rally	Volunteer needed
Aug 6 – 8 tentative	Tour Blues Fest	Port Townsend	Road	John Marczyk Please indicate support
Aug 8 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Salt Spring Island	Breakfast	Brian Radford
Aug 12 - 15	Hotsprings Rally Pre-reg by 1 Aug	Nakusp, BC	Rally	Volunteer needed
Aug 21 or 22	Ride and BBQ	Cobble Hill	Road	Catherine Hobbs
Sep 11/12	20 th Anniversary Ride	Sayward	Road	Sally Harvey Bob Leach Don Robertson
Sep 26 Sunday	Monthly Ride	Port Renfrew / Cowichan loop	Road	Volunteer needed
Oct 3 Sunday	Monthly Gathering	Blue Peter	Breakfast	Colleen Barnes
Oct 23 Saturday	Annual Meeting	TBD	Meeting	Klaus Kreye