



# das Rundschreiben

DECEMBER 2009

## 2009 NAKUSP RALLY A SUCCESS!

### Inside this issue:

#### A swell time was had by all

Well, summer has come and is definitely gone. BeeCeeBeemers is pleased to announce that the 2009 rally was a great success despite some challenges with the weather. Fortunately most of the wet stuff came down at night when we were safely tucked away in our tents and shelters although some late arrivals on Friday night might disagree! We had some extremely wet riders arrive just after 10 pm that were a sight to behold. I particularly remember one couple all the way from Saskatchewan whose perseverance was remarkable. They had come from the foothills that day and all of it, in the rain! Good rain suits and stamina were the key. Fortunately our caterer Debbie Guest had left some wonderful Greek dinner leftovers and all who arrived late were fed and housed in the Seniors Hall for some dry out time. As for the rally itself, we managed to make a small profit this year and the club has voted to rally in Nakusp once again next year! Stay tuned..

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## THE REINHARD BARTEL WRITING AWARD

#### Yes Folks we have a WINNER!

The winning story is **Father and Daughter Journey** by *Ed and Emily von Euw*

**CONGRATULATIONS ED & EMILY !!!**

In 2008 John Valk BMW Ducati generously offered a prize for the best article printed in das Rundschreiben. Well, we didn't make it in '08 so the contest was held over in '09 due to lack of issues etc. We had the same problem in '09 so remember, if you have a tale to tell, please do! Here are some ideas of stories we'd all like to see.

- **Book review:** Read a great motorcycling book lately? Write it up.
- **Movie review:** Got a favorite motorcycle movie? Write it up.

- **Jokes:** Got a great motorcycling joke? Send it in. Got some bad jokes? Send two.
- **Letters to the editor:** Go ahead. Blow off steam, pontificate, rant, or rave.
- **Favourite trips:** Do you have a favourite camp ground/hotel/view/ road? Share it with us.
- **Dream Rides:** Do you have a fantasy ride you've always wanted to take but need to motivate yourself? Write and tell us about it. I bet someone else has the same dream and maybe you can go together!
- **Perennial Rides:** Do have an annual ride? Let us know so others can join

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In Memory of  
*Bernie Missler*

*September 19, 1941 — October 23, 2009*

**May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind be always at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face;  
the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,  
may God hold you in the palm of His hand**



# THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

This year we have lost a great friend and rider from our club. Bernie Missler has had a long fight with cancer and on the 23rd of Oct he passed away. He was born on the 19th of Sept 1941 in Goreliz Germany. At the age of 18 he had his first BMW motorcycle and never looked back. We I got to know him in 1991 he had already been to Mexico and lots of other places. He was also ready to go for rides but hard to keep up with. At least I thought so. He was a fast but careful rider. He was also ready to give a helping hand in our rallies especially in registration. He will never be forgotten. If anyone who knew him better that I wants to write about him please let Mike know so that he can put it in the next newsletter This year we have had a good riding season with the good weather we have had. I have gone for a great ride

to Memphis Tenn to a convention. It was a 12 Thousand KM ride .I had a fair share of rain on that trip but with good gear I remained warm and dry. The bike ran well with no major incidents (no deer slaying).I did part of the Blue



The Deer Slayer rides again ...

Ridge Parkway and the awesome Tail of the Dragon. What a great ride.

The ride with Doug Williams on Vancouver Island (The West Coast Road) was just as great and I hope to do that again next year.I think that he will be doing a weekend ride. More of that next year.

We should do more rides next year so if anyone has a ride that they want to do, let us know and we will put that on the the web.

Let us remember our GM meeting in Jan12th and I hope that we have a great turn out. Let your name stand for nominations and hope we have a great year. Also, the motorcycle show is coming up in Jan so let's join the volunteers. I would like to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you all have a great riding season and lets keep the rubber on the road - Reinhard

# THE EDITOR'S DESK



Everyone keeps asking me, "So now that the rally is over when is the next newsletter coming out eh?" Well, here it is, such as it is. This past summer was a busy one for me and also a time of change. As some of you know I have been on a very extended medical adventure for a few years now and the past summer marks a bit of a turning point. Having gone from a position that was mainly horizontal or seated most of the time to one that was comfortably vertical again was a welcome and long awaited change!

It is hard to describe the feeling of thinking you might never ride again

to the the exhilaration of once again being in the saddle and flying down the road with the wind in your face and a nice buzz in your boots. All those things I love most about two wheeling come rushing back, so familiar but until recently, just distant memories. The smells of spring, summer and fall. So different, so sublime and so unique. Do you ever grin inside your helmet as the cars, RVs and trucks go roaring by? I know I do.

Is it really our little secret? It seems so as you ride down the blacktop passing all these larger vehicles full of passengers you are sure must be oblivious to all that you see and feel on two wheels, out in the open. The simple fact that so much is missed on four wheels brings a very personal kind of enjoyment it seems. The incredible 360 degree vistas and the touch of even the slightest change in temperature and humidity. One sees and feels so much more on two wheels and this year that was more of a gift somehow than ever before. I missed it badly.

Our biggest annual event, the rally in Nakusp was a success again this year and I for one am relieved it's over. My guess is that Randy Bell is too! Although we had some rain, the big events went off pretty well. The parade was a success, and the rain held off for the senior's ride AND the bike games! I want to once again thank everyone who pitched in at the rally. Margie and Brian for filling in for Reinhard on the 50/50, Rob Owen/ Prizes, Mark Millman/Registration, Darryl Brown/Bike Games, Reinhard Bartel/Coffee and 50/50, John James/ GS Ride. We owe special thanks to John Valk for making this a very generous prize year and also to non club members like Wolfgang Haerter who donated firewood, fixed flats and acts as our emergency go to guy and Randy's cousin Bob Thack for the generous use of his sidecar Ural all weekend.

We have voted to once again hold our annual rally in Nakusp in 2010. Your continued support and help is appreciated!  
-Michael McPeak

# INTO THE BOXER RING:

## *A LIFE-LONG LOVE AFFAIR WITH BAVARIAN MACHINERY*

BY SCOTT JACKSON

### BMW

Three, simple, unassuming letters of the alphabet, yet-like the understated and reserved persona of the company they represent: the oldest, surviving motorcycle manufacturer in the world known-not by a pronounceable word-but by mere letters.

How can they become so seared into one's psyche that the mere mention of them in that order triggers an instantaneous flood of fond memories, vivid mental images of glossy-black, low-slung machines sporting a one-of-a-kind engine, proudly carried in full view, so that all can marvel at the sheer brilliance of its design: two, magnificently-cast cylinders boldly extending sideways instead of upright or in a "V", mounted so low that they simultaneously get maximum cooling airflow and keep the rider's feet warm, while standing ready to sacrifice themselves to protect one's lower limbs should one have the misfortune to lay it down?

The crankcase is also a thing of beauty: save for the HT leads, no external wires or pipes or hoses to clutter the aesthetics, and so well designed that some-to whom the appreciation of these machines has penetrated right to their very soul-park a rare or vintage edition in their living room to be admired as the art form they rightfully are, secure in the knowledge that it would never, EVER, lose so much as a single drop of oil, for to do so would stain far more than the floor beneath: it would sully three-quarters of a century of reputation.

No traditional final-drive for this marque, either. Not for it the thrumming, hissing menace of an exposed, metal chain, immediately flinging off its life-saving lubricant upon the wheel, tire, chassis, saddlebag and rider, gathering road dust at an alarming rate and efficiently combining the two into a paste eerily similar to valve-grinding compound in consistency and abrasiveness, thus having a predictable and undesirable

effect upon the hapless chain's links and the gears' teeth.

Instead, a design that's noiseless, vibration- and, virtually, maintenance- free, a rare appearance of chrome-plated metal: a shaft, exposed in the earliest models, looking so delicate and fragile that surely it would bend should a pillion rider accidentally step upon it, but, instead, reflecting perfectly the designer's complete understanding of the demands upon it and the world in which it would labour, and, in later models, enclosed in an elegant casting, so well executed that-given a modicum of occasional oil changes-it outlasts the rest of the machine.

Of course, this method both costs more and takes longer to make, and its inclusion in the design requires a comfortable familiarity with, and a high degree of experience and skill in the manipulation of, machine tools. But, then, the entire machine mirrors this same approach.

This entire package-silently illustrating the attractiveness of form following function-is finished off with elegant pinstripping. Even here, in something that appears so insignificant at first glance, the indications of the heritage and reputation are displayed in the usual, subtle form we've come to expect: no easily-applied decals, no artificially-uniform line as if it were airbrushed on by machine or using a mask. Look very closely: one can see where a brush stroke began, where it ended, before being almost-imperceptibly overlapped by the beginning of the next brush-full. Considering that none of this detail is laid down on flat surfaces but follows compound curves and crosses ridges, one can only marvel at the steadiness of hand and high degree of pride reflected in those tiny, unassuming stripes.

It doesn't take much imagination to envision the creation of these old machines: a tidy factory situated in a gently-

rolling, wooded countryside, its sawtooth-shaped roof sporting row after row of wire-reinforced glass panels, optimally sited and angled to pass a maximum of natural lighting below, narrow rows of hip-high lanes of steel rollers with angle-iron curbs, conveying pallets, each holding a single chassis, tended on both sides by men, big men, experienced and thorough, with big hands and honest, black lines beneath their fingernails, men who say a guttural, "Jah" and "Nein" with deep, clipped voices, men who wear the nationally-recognized, dark-blue shop-coats that proudly proclaim their chosen vocation and-off to the side-away from the din and clatter of assembly and rows of heavy, wooden boxes and metal racks carefully offering up their new parts: the pin-stripping team, robust frauleins with thick, tawny-hued hair tied back, white glass jar in one hand and the pinstripping brush in the other, held just right so it can be twirled between the fingers to effect a curve without lifting the brush from the surface, toiling confidently with the quick-drying lacquer before dust motes detract from the quality of their work.

And retiring to the Gasthaus after their workday, there to enjoy a hearty sandwich and a stein of something else for which their country is also famous around the world.

If it wasn't like that, don't spoil my dream.

It is difficult to realize that these were designed in an era when the first Beetle was over a decade in the future, when Model T's where the symbol of affluence in North America, when state-of-the-art airplanes had two sets of wings, a tailskid instead of wheel brakes, and were made of spruce and tensioned with wire and turnbuckles, the structure enclosed in fabric taughtened with a soup of boiled vegetation.

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# A RALLY SUMMER NorCal 49er, Auburn CA, May 2009

BY MICHAEL MCPEAK

*The following is a collection of photos and comments on this past summer's BMW motorcycle events. Let's start with the famous 49er which was held in Auburn, CA this year. Attendance was over 800. That's a LOT of bikes and tents! The BeeCeeBeemers won an award for most riders who came the longest distance to attend.*



Line em up Folks!



Damn it's hot, how bout' a beer boys?



Shady campsites were at a premium



I got my spot!



California is home to so many amazing collectors



The ride home from Auburn is tough eh? ;-)

## A RALLY SUMMER—BMWOR, CHIEF JOSEPH RALLY, JULY 2009

Next on the list is John Day Oregon where this year's Chief Joseph Rally was held. They had a banner year with the highest attendance yet. Like the 40er, the Chief Joseph Rally is host to a lot of vendors but this year there were very few.



Oregon: Loggers Paradise but going bald fast !



Mighty lonely Beer Tent Operator



The Island Riders contingent at John Day



The BBQ dinner line up was worth the wait !

## INTO THE BOXER RING:

*(Continued from page 4)*

How better to grasp the foresight of BMW's designers than to understand the brilliance of their ideas, when contemporary vehicles rolled on solid-rubber tyres mounted of wooden wheels, when farm tractors featured fireboxes and boilers, when most armies' elite units were cavalry, when factories were dim and dangerous places, with ceilings sporting a spiderweb of spinning shafts and drums, the air filled with long, wide, flapping and slapping belts of leather or fabric, reaching down to spin machine tools that were a mass of exposed, spinning gears. It borders on being unbelievable, too far a leap into the future, more fortuitous chance than divine insight.

Heady stuff indeed, and easily under-

stood by an adult, but it does not so easily explain how a boy-years away from being a teenager-could become so smitten with a quiet, black motorcycle sporting a blue-and-white symbol.

My first motorcycle rides were-interestingly enough-not on a BMW, but on a scooter before I was ten years old, a perfect example of recognizing and seizing an opportunity.

My first motorcycle rides were-interestingly enough-not on a BMW, but on a scooter before I was ten years old, a perfect example of recognizing and seizing an opportunity.

The man who lived across the street in Saskatoon had a powder-blue Lambretta in his garage, and would-with reasonable predictability-go for a ride on Saturday

afternoons after washing the family car. Each week in elementary school seemed to take forever to pass, and I would begin my vigil on the concrete, front steps of my home around noon on Saturday. When this neighbour would open his garage door, I would sprint across the street and energetically scrub away on his tires, wheels, bumpers and fender skirts, which was both easier on him and truthfully all I could reach. Neither of us would say much, but I kept glancing at the scooter in the dark corner of the garage, perkily perched on its centerstand, steering casually flopped one way, giving a side view of its front wheel and tire, better sized for a wheelbarrow.

My youthful mind silently screaming, "Come on already," we laboured through the interminable steps of rinsing, rubbing

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# INTO THE BOXER RING:

*(Continued from page 6)*

with a chamois, waxing and buffing. I can't for the life of me remember the make nor even the colour of that car but- finally, when it was done- nothing would be said, it was just understood between us: the scooter was solemnly rolled out into the sunshine, kicked reluctantly to life, and, at his nod, I would spring astride the saddle behind him.

I have no idea what my Mother was always doing around this time each Saturday, but I'm eternally grateful that she was consistent too: one sight of her only son, barefoot, wearing shorts and a T-shirt, decades before helmets were even thought of, too small for his feet to reach the running boards or for his arms to reach far enough around the rider for a secure grip, would have brought an abrupt end to the high point of my week.

I never saw where we were going, my chin barely even with his elbows, his shoulders towering above, and to lean far enough to peer around would have ensured my falling off. Thus, my world was one of looking sideways and down, entranced by the blurring of the asphalt-textured surface beneath and- by turning and looking backwards- to be almost hypnotized by the sight of the rapidly-receding road, I could see the thin, blue trail of exhaust, only now- fifty years on- realizing that the bike and the exhaust were the same colour.

Reveling in the buzzing of the little, single-cylinder, two-stroke, buzzing me around the saddle like a water droplet on a hot skillet, the clanking of the transmission, the roaring of the wind, the lean in the corners, the bonking of my skull into his spine on the downshifting, the freeze-drying of my waterlogged shorts, legs and feet, I clung to my hero with two, little fistfuls of his shirt, heart pounding, eyes watering, all senses online and receiving data at their maximum upload rate, shaking uncontrollably from an intoxicating mixture of exposure, fright and exhilaration.

We never left the neighbourhood, never went anywhere near fifty kilometers per hour, never rode longer than ten-to-fifteen minutes, but- I just have to tell you- to a kid who still had some baby teeth: It was wonderful!

The only other motorcycles I saw at that time were Saskatoon City Police bikes: white, hulking-huge, menacing looking and sounding, their very bulk pressing down on the big tires, constantly grimy and oil streaked, visibly shaking as they stood at a stoplight. Did nothing for me, I don't know why. Perhaps, for some sensitive types, bigger and louder is not better. Nonetheless, they were what toys were modeled after, right down to the policeman's peaked cap and sunglasses. Gradually, by spending my weekly chore allowance at Woolworth's, I built up a respect-

able fleet of these flexible-rubber toys, and would play in the dirt outside the basement window, skidding and sliding them around to create dust clouds, making the appropriate noises until my lips were numb.

I used a black wax crayon to make the bottom halves of the bikes look more authentic.

With great sorrow I was wrenched from this idyllic existence and plunked down in southern England, to be delightfully surprised by the wonderful world of BSA, Norton and Triumph, with their upright cylinders and exhaust note declaring a bulldog-like bark and determination that I'm sure Churchill would have approved of.

My family soon moved to southern Germany, where the "Boxer Bug" at once bit, bit hard, and has yet to let go. By now approaching adolescence and acutely aware of all things bike-like, I was stunned at the motorcycles. Not the Zundapp, DKW and Sach, which seemed to be most usefully employed to keep the inner-city, mosquito population in check, but the constant parade of a type of motorcycle I had never before seen. Very-distinctive looking, with a unique cylinder arrangement, extra parts at odd angles on the front suspension, a delicate and intriguing driveshaft, always painted black with fine, white pinstripes and that distinctive em-

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## INTO THE BOXER RING:

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blem.

Their exhaust note I had never heard before, yet it resonated right into my soul, sounding so perfectly suited to its appearance. Coupled tastefully with the clean and uncluttered design, the distinctive timbre—neither announcing raw power like a chest-beating ape nor the demonic scream of a high-revving engine racing its way to an early demise, the deliberate balance between mellow and audibly pleasant on the one hand, powerful and capable on the other—the

combination joined to project a mutual, yet purposeful, aura: "I am alive, I will do whatever you ask of me without flash or fuss, I will convey you as you wish, I will never let you down". The perfect conveyance, one could not wish for more.

I was drawn to these magnificent machines by a force I was helpless to resist. When we went camping, my parents always knew where to find their usually-introverted son: down by the pup tents beside the Boxers, sitting in the grass so close to them that I could smell the

aroma of fuel, hot metal, combustion byproducts and rubber without actually touching, neither their owners nor I able to comprehend a single word each other said, but somehow, pointing, miming, nodding and smiling overcame the barriers of language and age and we understood and shared our common interest, and it was enough.

Despite all my interest, to the point of being able to draw the machine down to

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## SADDLESORE 1000: HELLO OFFICER, IS THERE A PROBLEM?

BY ED VON EUW, 2009

Yuk. It's 9 am, I'm cold and hungry and kneeling behind my crippled motorcycle in a McDonald's parking lot in Des Moines, Washington. I'm staring incredulously at a 5" finishing nail that I just pulled out of my new Metzeler rear tire (why is it always the rear tire?!). How did I get myself into this? Just one week ago in mid-Sept, my brother Mike and I agreed that there was still time for one more good ride this season. He was probably thinking of a leisurely cruise up to Whistler Resort for a lunch and a brew, and then meander back to Metro Vancouver - which sounds really good just now. Too easy methinks. Why not get in a good ride AND receive recognition for our efforts? My brother looked puzzled so I explained about the Iron Butt Association and their open invitation to complete a nice ride, then they would award a badge and licence plate holder as a prize. "Sounds cool, let's do it", agreed Mike. We planned a lovely ride from Vancouver BC, across the border through Washington and most of Oregon to Coos Bay and back. Our trusty BMW steeds - his an R1100RS, mine an R850R - were tuned and ready. Sounds easy so far...

We agreed to meet at 5 am at Mike's place, no problem since he lives only 10 minutes from my place. Except that the

first gas station I found was closed, and the next one didn't have time-stamped receipts. Finally I found a trusty Shell station, prepared to fill'r up and promptly had my credit card rejected. By the time I sorted that out, I was 30 minutes late for my brother. He was very understanding and kindly pointed out that we had all day (up to 24 hours) to log 1000 miles, so why stress? We decided to enjoy the hot coffee he'd made, while we bragged how we'd be back in time for supper (we're both engineers and the math was simple). We went to fill up his bike, and he had minor problems at the gas station with a rough idle and resetting his ABS. We finally fixed both after another 30 minutes passed. No problem, we've got all day.

Finally we were on our way to the truck border crossing, but it was very cold with icy mist in the valley bottoms! We slowed down for the poor visibility and possibility of black ice. I alternately placed my gloved

hands on my engine to keep warm and then wiped the frost from my faceshield so I could see. At the border, there was only a 15 minute line up and we make it through despite the guard's obvious scepticism about our 'iron butt' intentions. We left the bright lights and structured formalities of the border behind, rode into the dark unknown, and quickly got up to freeway speed. My sense of adventure was somewhat dimmed by my numb hands and freezing butt at freeway speeds; perhaps those expensive heated



Mike's BMW R1100RS and Ed's R850R - no real problems with either bike for the entire trip.

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# SADDLESORE 1000: HELLO OFFICER, IS THERE A PROBLEM?

(Continued from page 4)

vests have some merit after all? My brother - demon - chose to deal with the cold by leaving it behind, the faster the better. I didn't argue since we were on a deserted slab at 6 am, and I couldn't argue anyway since his taillight was rapidly shrinking towards the vanishing point. I went from cruise to manual control and decided to catch up in safe, orderly and very fast manner.

After a few miles and long downhill, I caught up with Mike just as I saw the flash of light off to our right in the shrubbery...probably nothing. Moments later, our rear-view mirrors sparkled with bright lights flashing red and blue. Oh, oh, not good. We pulled over to the side and the state trooper screeched to a stop right behind me. He didn't get out right away, but his lights kept flashing, so I really started worrying (and warming my hands on the engine) - major fine, impoundment, both? Suddenly he was standing right beside me, "Licence and ownership." I handed them over silently. "You know why I pulled you over, don't you?" I thought his question was rhetorical, and I was more than a bit sheepish, so I remained silent. "You're definitely not riding any further today (well that's the end of this trip, I thought), unless you ride in front of your buddy". Whoa, I did NOT see that one coming! "I noticed your taillight was out when you flew past; you'll need to ride in front so your buddy's taillight is visible from behind. And you need to promise to stop at the big truck stop about 10 miles up the way and replace your bulb". Mike and I both nodded quickly, and said "Yes

Sir!" in unison. He smiled and asked us about our trip plans - turned out he was a Harley rider, bit of very good luck! We spent 20 minutes with him, and then another 30 fixing the tail light - oh well, we've got all day!

We put some miles behind us after the tail-light incident, cruised through light traffic in Seattle, and saluted many other bikes - mostly Harleys - heading north to a big crab festival. Passing through Tacoma, the traffic picked up and I noticed a bit of odd handling as I switched lanes, hmmm. We both needed food and coffee, so in the interest of time pulled into McD's just past Tacoma. That's when Mike noticed my flaccid Metzeler (ok, that does not sound good). Being an annoying glass-half-full individual, I said "Excellent, I can finally use that fancy repair kit under my seat!" Fortunately, Mike had recently repaired his tire so was able to provide lots of hands-on advice. The repair process using the gooey camel-snot string was much easier than the tiny complex instructions implied, and we fixed my tire within an hour. No worries, we've got all day.

We pounded down an egg-McRubber and coffee, filled up with gas, and merged onto the freeway. 200 miles later, we pulled into a service station and the

attendant handed me the nozzle and said something about a "stinky beaver" (or maybe it was sticky lever). In hindsight, I should have asked for clarification. I filled the tank, and at the point where I normally release the lever to finish the fill-up, the hand lever did not release and the gas tank immediately overflowed with the pump going at maximum (so that's what he meant, why would he even hand it to me?!). I kept my cool, but my bike was really hot and sent up clouds of volatile gas vapour as the fuel cascaded down the tank, onto the engine, and pooled on the concrete below. Somebody screamed in horror (maybe that was me) and I knew an exploding fireball was only seconds away. Fortunately the station attendants sprang into action: one shut down the pump, another grabbed a big fire extinguisher, and a third dumped



Ed von Euw (on left) and brother Mike at the Umpqua Lighthouse lookout near Coos Bay, Oregon - just over the 1/2 way point

## THE REINHARD BARTEL WRITING AWARD

(Continued from page 1)

in. We'll put it in the Calendar.

- **DIY Maintenance:** Do you fix your own bike? You'd be surprised how envious some of us are; tell us how it's done.
- **Gadgets & Gizmos:** Did you buy something cool? Did it work as expected? Was it really cool? Was it a flop?
- **Got a classic or vintage bike?** Let us know what it's really like to ride that R26 thumper?
- **Got a new bike** or done a test ride? Share your thoughts!

Submissions can be long or short and you don't worry about being a *perfect* grammar wiz', that's what editors are for. So, please write and write often; I'm looking forward to reading it all and most especially to picking the cream of the crop next December for the Reinhard Bartel Writing Award!

Send submissions to [mcppeak@telus.net](mailto:mcppeak@telus.net) and put BMW in the Subject line or mail them to Michael McPeak 4326 Atlin St. Vancouver B.C. V5R 2C2. All submissions will be acknowledged upon receipt.

# SADDLESORE 1000: HELLO OFFICER, IS THERE A PROBLEM?

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kitty litter all over the puddles of gas. Tragedy was averted, my tank and engine were inadvertently degreased and debugged, and after profuse apologies from the station manager, we were on our way. You can't buy drama like that!

Our plan had us leaving the express slab for a scenic ride to the ocean via Oregon route 38, a noted motorcycle destination ride. Perhaps we should have reconsidered since we were already more than three hours behind schedule, but it didn't feel late and we figured we'd already encountered all possible delays. Plus we had all day, and it was a lovely weekend. The scenery was certainly beautiful but we were more interested in carving extreme curves and defying gravity on the steep hills. Sadly we found ourselves engulfed in a slow-moving herd of giant RVs. The herd was on a weekend migration and preferred to bunch up in the best biking sections, then slowly regrouped once they found the open passing lanes. This resulted in us travelling at a crawl behind the smelly herds through the S-curves, and safely slipping around several behemoths at each passing lane. All in all, this proved to be a very slow and frustrating portion of the trip – no stress, it wasn't even dinner time yet.

After about one hour of this annoying stop and go show, we glimpsed the ocean between some towering sand dunes, crossed a massive steel girder bridge and then arrived at our destination: Coos Bay, Oregon. Our arrival was surprisingly anti-climatic, perhaps because there was no welcoming committee and we were only half-way on our 1000 mile trip. We got the obligatory stamped gas receipt and then bonus handshakes from the attendants who were intrigued by our crazy quest. We wolfed down some grub at Arby's next door, phoned home with an update, then turned the bikes north for home. We did take ten minutes to stop at the Umpqua Lighthouse lookout, where we celebrated the half-way point with a

toast (Mike was thinking ahead) and took our only photos on the trip. With the sun heading for the horizon, we pulled back onto the painfully slow RV conveyor belt. An hour later we were back on the I-5 slab heading north towards home, with the sun just above the horizon. Oh well, we've got all evening!

The remainder of the trip was thankfully free of major delays. We did encounter an over-abundance of police keeping the weekend traffic well within the posted limit of 55-60 mph, and several slow-downs due to construction equipment setting up for their midnight shift. The sunset was a spectacular yellow-orange, silhouetting the trees and mountains between us and the ocean. Unfortunately, the fading sunset was an apt metaphor for the warmth and energy leaving our bodies. Our next gas stop was near Olympia, Washington; we donned every piece of clothing we had, and the station attendant gave us free pity-coffee. We reviewed our day: it was 10 pm and we'd been riding for 18 hours straight and still had three or four to go. A chilly fog was setting in again. We were cold, tired, our butts ached, our wrists hurt, and we were both getting grumpy. No problem, we've got all night to get home!

The next four hours were a long blurr. I mostly following my own hypnotic oval of light, occasionally checking to make sure brother Mike was still within sight. I find that night riding is conducive to contemplation. Thoughts touched down at random: "hope there's a deer fence here, blessed to have such a great wife and kids, hope there's no state troopers, stupid speeding lane-changers, great brother but his halogen sure is bright, will this ride never end, crap I have to work tomorrow, when can I go on my next ride, no wonder they call this ride the saddlesore". Possibly the only advantage of crossing the border at 2 am is that there is no line up - we drove right up and must have looked really pathetic since they didn't even ask us to remove our helmets. This was our last stop be-

fore we split up for our own homes, so we said our quick "good-ride-see-yallaters". (Mike and I are close brothers and have been on some major-league adventures; long goodbyes are not part of our tradition.) Anyway, he needed to get up for work in just over 2 hours, and me in about 4 hours – yuk!

In hindsight, it was definitely fun (especially in hindsight), and I eventually got a cool badge and licence plate frame for riding 1110 miles in just over 21 hours. Would I ride another Saddlesore 1000? Hmm, it was tough but rewarding, so yes - definitely!



The coveted Iron Butt Badge...

Ed's been riding for over 30 years, most recently on a BMW (peer pressure – five other family members ride Beemers), and is a member of BeeCeeBeemers Motorcycle Club. Ed's ridden across North America eight times and explored the backroads of Thailand from Chiang Rai down to the Gulf of Thailand. Look for him at various BMW rally's with one of his kids or wife riding pillion.

Note : Ed is also the recipient of the 2009 Reinhard Bartel Writing Award – MJM Editor

# A RALLY SUMMER— NORCAL, RANGE OF LIGHT

*(Continued from page 6)*

Held every September is the NorCal Range of Light Mistery Tour! Start in Red Bluff, camp out in the fairgrounds then in the morning ride 500KM to Southern Oregon, camp out again by a reservoir and enjoy an awesome BBQ dinner, next day get up and ride to the California coast for another awesome Creole style dinner and head home the next morning. Each evening next day's mystery destination is handed out. And the routes vary every year. It's a great formula for fun and the territory they play in is first class!



The early bird gets the sweet camping spot at this event !



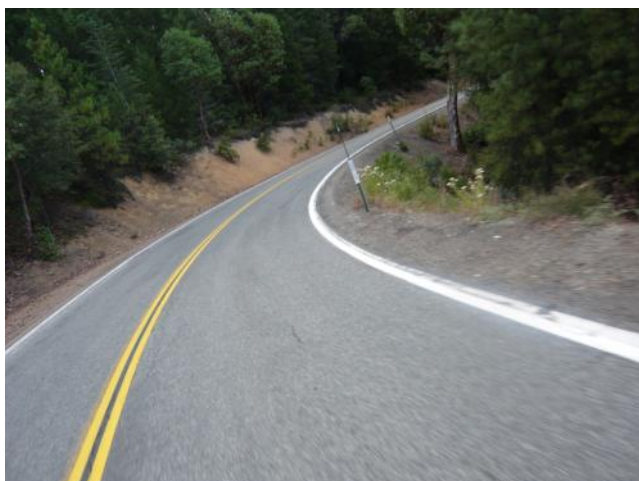
Oregon was chilly and by nightfall the place was PACKED



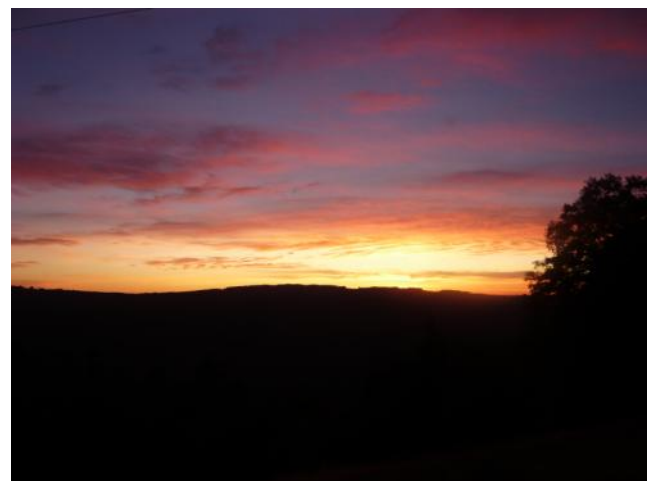
With over 800 riders gathering poker run clues = trafficjam !



The roads in Northern California are a motorcycle paradise



It's not hard to do this all day long folks,



And finally, the ride home along the spine of the Sierra Madre

# INTO THE BOXER RING:

*(Continued from page 8)*

the tiniest detail from memory, I never actually experienced a ride on one in the four years I lived in that country; my folks were waking up to the extent of my affliction. At that time, the single-cylinder, 250-cc model was commonplace, and all police forces rode the bigger, half-litre twins. Many times, going flat out on the Autobahn in our overloaded VW Microbus, we would be overtaken by a pair of mounted Polizei so fast it was as if we were rolling backwards, them leaving behind a youthful face pressed to a window with eyes like saucers. Hardly a sound accompanied their passage, a racehorse not making much-more noise at full speed than standing in a pasture: fine machinery as it should be.

A short and unhappy fling with a Honda Trail 90 followed my return to Canada, then a very-long hiatus from motorcycling ensued as sometimes happens, sporadically broken with machines like an RD350 or a CB360T, but I should have known that having been blindsided in the Boxer Ring is like contracting malaria: it never leaves and can always be counted on to reappear periodically, an itch that needs scratching, but in this case to be embraced rather than dreaded, depending upon the timing.

While I had to wait years, you won't: Tangerine Dream and Old Gold were waiting, and my love affair was about to go into high gear, but I didn't see it coming... THE END

## A RALLY SUMMER

If you can only attend one rally per summer, the Washington State BMW Riders annual rally is a good choice. These guys do it up right. This summer saw a return to Republic and the Ferry County Fairgrounds. Pretty much an ideal site for a rally with really nice permanent vendor booths, a great little stage for movies, bands and presentations all of which happen over the course of the weekend. Almost every NorthWest motorcycle rally this past summer saw it's share of rain and Republic was no exception however theirs had the best special effects. Spectacular lightning and thunder tried to stop the bike games and a few other planned events but failed to dampen (no pun intended) the fun. Randy Bell and I attended this year to see what we could learn by volunteering and I have to thank Bill Vogan, Andy Vaughn and Mike Webb especially for all their help and information. These guys put on a great rally and we learned a few things. It was great to see a bunch of BeeCeeBeemers at Republic and then see familiar Washington State faces up in Nakusp. Both our clubs have a long history of association and helping each other out and it is great to see that tradition alive and well. That silly line at the 49th does not mean much to this crowd! It's all about fun, games, good food and of course BEER! This year was no exception.



The Washington boys head out to parade



The only real difference is the snoring volume



OK, so it rained a bit.. But that did not stop the fun! Or dinner either. Our own Doug Williams took first prize in the games on his trusty RS. Tina Hansen helped out with some fine balancing skills. Think it's easy to push a beer barrel all that way? Try it! And the good old ring grab is still a crowd favorite. The wet field conditions also added to the challenge !

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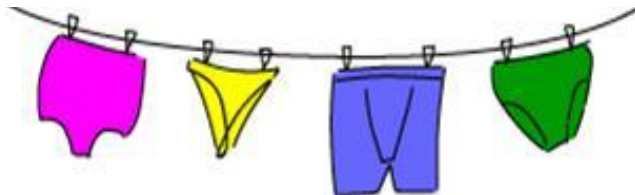
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Association

We are  
BMW MOA Charter Club #114  
BMW RA Charter Club #52

Editor: Michael McPeak  
[mcpeak@telus.net](mailto:mcpeak@telus.net)

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## 10% Discount

All companies advertising in das Rundschreiben offer a 10% discount (or more) to card carrying members of the club; with limitations, you're not getting 10% off your new GS!

Be sure to show your card before they make up your bill to ensure that you get your discount.

We're on the web at  
[Beeceebeemers.com](http://Beeceebeemers.com)



## Monthly Meetings

The club meets on the second Tuesday of each month at the ABC Restaurant at School House and Lougheed in Coquitlam. Members begin gathering after 6:30 pm and the meeting starts around 7:00 and goes on until we get fed up with each other or they kick us out.

## A SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OUR 2009 RALLY SPONSORS

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### Bee Cee Beemers Association

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Motorcycles:		
Year:	Make	Model Miles
Year:	Make	Model Miles
Year:	Make	Model Miles

The Bee Cee Beemers Association is a group of individuals who share a passion for motorcycling and for BMW bikes in particular. The cost to join the Club is \$25 which includes the following:

Subscription to our newsletter, 'das Rundschreiben'. 10% discount on parts at participating BMW Motorcycle Dealers.

Access to a comprehensive set of specialized BMW Motorcycle tools. Reflective club decal. Club Website complete with message board. Regular monthly meetings. Parties. Club rides and much more.

*The renewal fee for current members is \$20 for 12 months. Membership Renewal Date is May 1<sup>st</sup> of each year.*

To join, please send a cheque for \$25 made payable to 'Bee Cee Beemers' and mail along with this filled in application to:

**Bee Cee Beemers Association**

c/o 3575 Brighton Avenue, Burnaby B.C. Canada

If you have any questions, please contact a Membership Director at:

Email: [voneuw5@telus.net](mailto:voneuw5@telus.net)

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