



We are BMW affiliated... finally

Well, it has finally happened: Late last year our club officially affiliated with BMW Clubs Canada. Earlier this year we received our new logo. I've just collected the new rally flag/banner.

The drive to affiliate BMW clubs is a worldwide initiative by BMW AG (Germany). It started at least 10 to 15 years ago and includes car and motorcycle clubs. In so doing there were considerable discussions with both the RA (Riders Association) and the MOA (Motorcycle Owners of America) and agreements reached that Canadian Clubs would affiliate to Clubs Canada.

**BMW Motorcycle Club
BMW Riders
Vancouver Island**



Here is a listing of items that have/will affect us:

1. Standardised logos. As you can see our "Thunderhead" is retained.
2. Access and communications with other Canadian clubs.
Web presence with links off the Clubs Canada website.
3. Insurance coverage for club events, indemnities and coverage for club officers.
4. No national membership fees – local club fees still apply.
5. Possible discounts on new motorcycles for our members. (I'm still trying to find out the details – there is a 2% discount for cars)
6. Occasional direct offers from BMW (eg special events or offers)

Thanks to John at Alley Kat Signs for producing our new banner.

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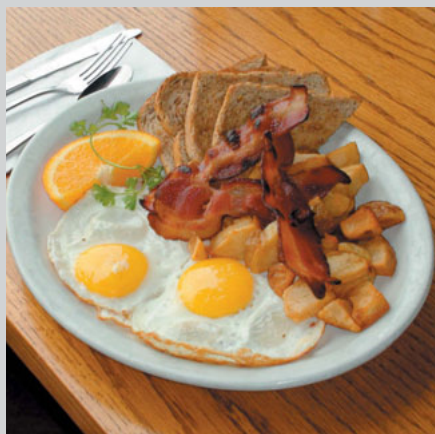
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Next Breakfast/Brunch

Saturday, June 7



WHERE:

**Shady Rest Restaurant
Qualicum Beach**

3109 West Island Highway
Qualicum Beach

TIME:

11:0 am

*In Victoria, meet at Timmy's to
leave no later than 8:45 pm*



Chasing the Arizona winter sun

by Geoff Stevenson
(Second of two parts)

A few years back, with Jorgen Andersson, Ernie and I had been in Alpine and had breakfast at the Bear Wallow Cafe. It had been a fund-raising effort by the local firemen; the firefighters all wore frilly aprons as they waited on tables.

We were keen to return, so we headed up Highway 191, known locally as The Trail (as in "Y'all rode The Trail today?") We knew Alpine is over 8,000 feet, but hadn't appreciated that the road tops out at around 10,000 feet before dropping down into Alpine as you ride north.

And what a road! Again, we couldn't count the switchbacks, but the only snow to be seen was fortunately in the ditches and the woods. However, it was cold: Well below freezing for a long section and Ernie (without heated grips or gloves) had blue fingers when we rode into Alpine.

We headed south to Safford through New Mexico on Highway 180. This parallels 191, but you're not as far above sea level and the riding is easier - and faster.

Next morning, we headed north from Safford to Alpine again, but this time took 180 and avoided all those hairpin bends.

Safford was also an interesting lesson on copper mining's impact



on a local economy - often miles from the mine site.

The first two motels we tried in Safford were full and we were referred to an operation a couple of miles west. It looked less than attractive - even though the room rate was \$80. By now it was clear that miners working in the Clifton area were occupying large numbers of motel rooms in Safford - and we could forget those \$45-odd Motel 6 rooms we'd been enjoying until now.

So we choked down and paid around \$80 for a room at the Garden Inn, which turned out to be comfortable and quiet.

After our second visit to Alpine, we rode west. With apologies to the Nepalese, we were now on the roof of the world (or at least the roof of Arizona). It was about 150 miles

to Payson; not until the last few miles did we ever dip below 6,000 feet. There was little traffic and it would have been no place to have a mechanical breakdown. (Probably poor cell phone service, too; we can't be sure since neither of us has one).

Our next gravel road expedition was the Apache Trail, state route 88, from the Roosevelt Dam to Tortilla Flat. Most of this wasn't too bad, apart from some challenging washboard, but one short, steep section had been accurately described to us a few days before as "a glorified goat track."

(On the roughest stretch, I dropped my front wheel into a big rut I couldn't see and promptly went down - but only at walking pace. Bike damage was cosmetic and I had a moderately sore shoulder for a few days. Otherwise, both bikes ran perfectly (and stayed upright); in the end, we covered just under 4,000km in the state.)

Riding south on the Apache Trail, the gravel ended just north of Tortilla Flat. This tourist trap was jammed with both cars and bikes - but most of these sensible people had come north on pavement all the way.

My front tire was now cupping badly and I had it replaced in Globe. We asked about a motorbike shop at a NAPA store on the outskirts of Globe, another former



Minor repairs and on the road

mining town that had fallen on hard times, and were directed down the road “just past the tattoo parlour.”

We found the tattoo outfit easily enough, but no motorbike shop could be seen. More research revealed that it had no sign, but that it shared space with an electronic security company.

The owner explained later that he did have a sign, but was trying to save money by not putting it up. We wondered how many other potential customers had ridden past - perhaps several times.

The replacement tire duly arrived on the UPS truck the next morning and was promptly fitted. I knew the balance was not perfect (but it was fine at cruising speed) and I had it checked in Prescott a couple of days later. Turned out that a wheel bearing was shot - which made the wheel impossible to balance - so I had new bearings fitted while we waited (they were in stock, luckily).

Price to remove the wheel, supply and fit two bearings, balance the wheel and fit it back on the bike: \$93.18. In Victoria??

We walked several hours in Globe waiting for the new tire to arrive (we're both keen walkers and several days did more than 10 miles). This allowed us to visit Besh Ba Gowah archaeological park, site of an Indian pueblo believed to date back to 1225.

Today, there are only partially reconstructed stone walls, but there's a scale model inside to show clearly how the ancient people lived there 700 years earlier. Plus an informative film.

Prescott (population just over 40,000) was my favorite Arizona town. Capital of the Territory of Arizona before it became a state in 1912, it has a charming few blocks downtown with a lot of attractive buildings - and the aptly-named Whisky Row (which poured a lot more than just whisky).

The centrepiece is a European-style square in the middle of town, grassed and heavily treed and the site of the Yavapai County Courthouse, an imposing stone building still in use (we sat in briefly on a medical malpractice trial being conducted by video link - we will never know how it ended).

Prescott's a few miles of south of Jerome, another former mining-town-turned-tourist-trap. We don't care much about tourist traps, but we did enjoy the exceptional pavement on Highway 89A between the two towns.

Prescott had another surprise, too. We stayed two nights there and thought we'd take in a movie as part of our break from those hard V-Strom seats.

In fact, there were two surprises: The first movie at the local theatre (10 screens) started at 9 a.m. The



In Oatman, on Route 66, wild burros wander into town every morning - because they know the tourists will feed them.

clerk explained that there were lots of retired people in Prescott (but this was also school break week in Arizona).

Then, when we got to the theatre for the 7:30 p.m. screening of *The Monuments Men*, we found a small screening room with about five feet of legroom for each seat. When we sat down, we realized why: The 45-odd seats were leather recliners and



Lake Havasu – an oasis in the desert



Lake Havasu, in the southwestern corner of the state, looked like a mecca for boaters.

you could watch the whole show in full relaxation mode. (And there was still room to walk the aisle in front of the extended chairs).

(The movie's based on the true story of an American team trying to recover art treasures stolen by the Nazis during World War II. It stars George Clooney and Matt Damon; we both enjoyed it, even if the critics have not been universally kind).

The trip's biggest change of pace (and scenery) came in Lake Havasu, on the California border. The Parker Dam on the Colorado River forms the lake; the town is perhaps best known for being the

current site of the original London Bridge, erected there in 1832, but later deemed too narrow and then taken apart stone (granite) by stone, numbered carefully, shipped and trucked to western Arizona and reassembled in 1971.

Here, the water was blue and the grass green; the town looked prosperous and busy. We had breakfast at McDonalds; almost everyone (including us) had grey hair.

Best roads uncovered:

89A, Flagstaff to Sedona. A bit rough in places, but wonderful scenery in Oak Creek Canyon. Farther south, from Clarkdale to

Prescott, this road is even better - and much smoother.

260, Cottonwood to Payson. Lots of twisties and blessedly little traffic.

Route 66, of course. Be warned, though, that the western section (from Golden Shores to Kingman) is poorly maintained and very bumpy. But stick it out: This takes you to Oatman, the most authentic town we saw on the Mother Road.

191, especially Clifton to Alpine. Numerous switchbacks and lots of other challenging corners. Dress warmly: You're going up to 10,000 feet. Watch the speed limit: It's just 25 mph for long periods (and you'll barely manage that on those switchbacks).

78, which links #180 in western New Mexico and #191 just south of Clifton. The Arizona section is much smoother; it seems New Mexico spends less on pavement than the Copper State.

60, from Superior to Show Low. This cuts through the Salt River Canyon. We found traffic to be very light.

Best eating/drinking experiences:

We had several breakfasts under The Arches. No, none of those high-calorie Egg McMuffins. Just plain old oatmeal (with fruit) and a senior's coffee. Usually around \$3.25 each and less than 300 calories (including cream in the coffee).



The Arizona Ale Trail – missed that

The omelette in the Family Cafe in Yarnell got my vote for best eggs of the trip. Ellen, the waitress, provided impeccable service - and we later met the (male) cook.

A (portable) truck BBQ in Parker, just south of Lake Havasu, served up spicy chicken, a generous helping of cole slaw and an orange for \$5. We ate in style under a parasol - it was in the 80s in the southwestern corner of the state.

In Ely, NV., on the return truck journey, we ordered spaghetti and meatballs in the colorful Nevada Hotel and casino on the main street. The food was just fine.

Unfortunately, it came in a bowl the size of a small dinghy. An NFL lineman might have eaten the whole thing, but we didn't stand a chance.

Ernie (sensible guy that he is) doesn't drink. But I've been known to quaff an ale or three - although

only after the bikes have been parked for the night. Arizona seemed to be a bit behind, say, Washington and Oregon in the microbrewery business, but a map of the Arizona Ale Trail showed almost 40 such business in the state, albeit mostly in Phoenix and Tucson.

We tried the Prescott Brewing Co., ideally located for walking right downtown. The IPA was excellent and I suspect other brews were just as good: The lineup for a table (and, presumably, a glass) stretched for yards on our first visit there. This brewpub served good food, too.

The Palace, on Prescott's Whisky Row, has recently undergone a seven-figure restoration. It's a big barn of a building; service was forgettable but the food was fine. (It has some terrific historical photos on its high walls, too).

My best meal was Rockfish

Florentine at the Rockfish Cafe on Commercial Ave., Anacortes' main street. The cafe also brews its own beer; it's both tasty and affordable.

We routinely had just two meals a day, often eating supper around 5 p.m. This turned out to be a good plan: We both took our belts in another notch by the end of the trip.

We're already planning a return engagement next year. But we'll probably take our dirt bikes (in a truck again) and go in April. A number of Forest Service roads and other dirt trails were still closed in March and we're keen to explore some of those.

The Mogollon (say "Mergoyan") Rim Road (not far from Payson) is probably the best-known dirt road in the state. We saw the gate blocking it off on this trip; next time we'd like to actually ride it.

We need people to help organize club rides

The warm weather is here and we are well into the riding season. So why not step up and volunteer to organize one of the rides from our ride calendar. Organizing a ride is fairly easy: make a reservation at the restaurant, decide on a ride route to get us there, and establish a start time. Show us your favourite

back roads as we wind our way to the destination.

On the day of the ride, bring about six copies of a route map and/or tank bag directions to the departure point, divide the group into packets, and send them on their way.

If you want to volunteer, pick a ride from the calendar and let me know.

If you have questions give me a call at 250-656-6694 or drop me an email bleitch@telus.net.

Note: In particular we are looking for an organizer for the Duffy Lake ride on June 14, 2014.



Bee Cee Beemers 2014 Nakusp Hot Springs 28th Annual Rally



BMW Motorcycle Club
Bee Cee Beemers



Date: August 14-17, 2014

Time: Starts around 3 PM



Nakusp Municipal Campground
4th Street and 10th Avenue NW
Nakusp, B.C. Canada
GPS:
N50 14.678 W117 48.693

- Camping
- Road Rides & GS Adv Rides
- Great Food
- Skills Competition
- Technical Seminars By David Hough & Paul and Voni Glaves
- Prizes
- Silent Auction

www.beeceebeemers.com



Club 2014 Event Schedule

Date	Event	Location
Saturday, June 7, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Shady Rest Restuarant, Qualicum Beach
Sunday, June 1, 2014	Motorcycle Ride to Live	Fountain Tire, Langford
June 12 - 15, 2014	Chief Joseph Rally	John Day, Oregon
Saturday, June 14, 2014	Ride & Camp	Duffy Loop / Lillooet
July 4 - 6, 2014	Rocky Bow Lunatic Fringe Rally	Cochrane, Alberta
Saturday, July 5, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Saltspring Island
Sunday, July 20, 2014	Ride to Brunch	TBD
July 24 - 27, 2014	BMWMOA National Rally	St. Paul, Minnesota
July 24 - 27, 2014	Cascade Country Rendezvous	Republic, Washington
August 1 - 2, 2014	Blues Festival	Port Townsend
August 1 - 4, 2014	Up Island Event	Port MacNeill
August 7 - 10, 2014	38th Stanley Stomp Rally	Grandjean, ID
August 14- 17, 2014	Hotsprings Rally	Nakusp, BC
August 16, 2014	4th Vintage (pre-85) Motorcycle Show and Swapmeet	Western Speedway
Sunday, August 24, 2014	Club BBQ	Chez Conrad's
Saturday, September 6, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Pioneer House Duncan
Sunday, September 21, 2014	Monthly Ride	Port Renfrew / Cowichan loop
Sunday, September 28, 2014	33rd Annual "Oyster Run" Motorcycle Rally	Anacortes, WA
Sunday, October 5, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag
October	Annual Meeting	TBD
Saturday, November 1, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Log House Pub
Sunday, December 7, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag
Thursday, January 1, 2015	TROC	Island View Beach
Saturday, January 3, 2015	Monthly Gathering	Log House Pub

Motorcycle Stuff
For Sale



K&N Air Filter

model BM-0400

for R1100 and 1150 motors

Unused, in original packing. This retails for around \$60 in Victoria; this one is yours for \$40.

Geoff Stevenson, 250-652-9127