

# KING OF THE ALPS

PHOTOS & TEXT BY JOHN HERMANN

You know I like the 1100GS.

Well. I think Henry VIII told me once this story about the nail that came out of the shoe and the shoe came off the horse and the horse fell during the charge and the charge faltered and the battle and the war were lost... all for want of a nail.

On the GS (and all the new twins) a 29 cent (that's twenty-nine US cents) clip holds the fuel line onto the fuel injector. If it comes off, the fuel line disconnects, and the pump will fill you boot with gas unless you quickly turn off the ignition. And, of course, the bike won't run.

But you wonder how I know this? Mine came off one Saturday in the mountains. The cup on the end of the hose fits snugly over the injector, but won't stay put under pressure. So we tried a zip-tie. That lasted until I got onto the approaches of the bridge to Coronado. Hugging the rail, with high speed traffic just inches away and the flashers flashing, I tried reconnecting, restarting, but I all got was a boot full of gas.

Soon, the bridge rescue truck pulled up behind with flashing lights. What a relief. I wasn't going to get knocked over the side by a speeding vehicle.

The truck driver announced over his loud speaker, "The best thing for you to do is push!"

So I pushed the giant thing up the mile and up the 200 feet and beyond and coasted down to the Coronado side.

Jonesy and Kim Johnson had been crossing the bridge and came back and took me home.

Early, very early daylight time, Hugo Schreiner met me and diagnosed that I had everything but the clip... the 29¢ clip.

So we met Don Picker at his storage unit where he was to deliver a rental bike, and he lent me a clip.

With some gas and the clip, the bike worked fine.

My leg is another story. That gas in the boot burned it good.

Some say the U-shaped clip should be open to the bottom, so it won't slip up and off. Some say that it's more likely to get snagged in that position and rotate off.

Mine is now safety-wired on.

Don Petrick has a new silver 1150 GS from Brecht in Escondido. And it has the exact same clip as the 1100.



Here, Don's fiddling with it under the watchful gaze of Don Picker, who promised to toss his cigarette if the hose started pumping gas.

The 1150 has a bracket that would seem to hold the hose in place, even without the clip.



Wildcat Canyon Day, 2000, dawned clear, and the lot at Giovanni's was packed early in eager anticipation.

Thousands, or at least a hundred made sure that Herm made it safely through Wildcat Canyon.

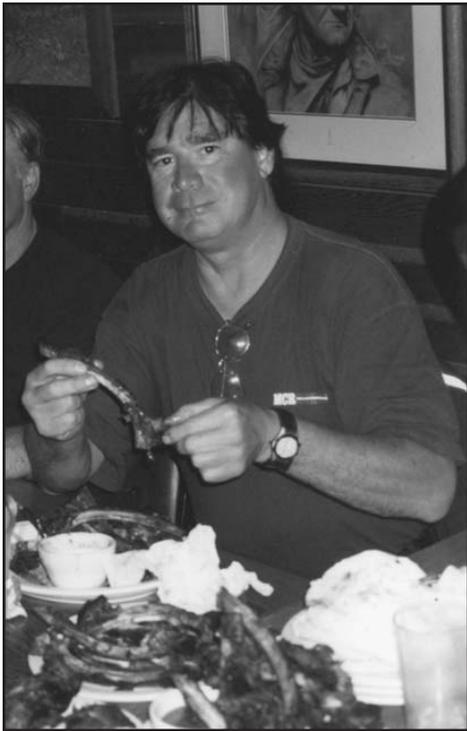


Many were picked up along the way, including Airmarshal Bill Snyder, left, and world explorer Dr. Gregory Frazier, right. During a late Saturday Airhead session they had concluded that Herm needed a genuine "Whomp 'em" stick, which was concocted and decorated with various totems and fetishes and mockingbird feathers. They presented it, too late for use, at Mother's Kitchen atop Palomar Mountain.



Dr. Gregory had flown in from Japan, continuing his around the world trip. Somehow, BMW arranged for him to come to the 22<sup>nd</sup> anniversary Wildcat Canyon ride on a new 650, very possibly the first to be seen on Palomar.

From thence, Dr. Gregory joined the A-team on a ride down the South Grade and up Cole Grade to *Fat Ivor's* where more than a dozen hearty souls succeeded in refortifying themselves.



It must be admitted that Dr. Gregory is a champion rib eater.

John Collins reports from Rainbow Ranch near Pagosa Springs, CO, that the goats are multiplying, the Halflinger has foaled and the snow needs plowing.

From Miami, where all is not Elián, John Dyer reports that he at last has an estimate for repair of the black K75.

From Rolando, Scott Olson reports of a trip to Idylwild and a new home in University City. Aha, the hand of Ken Robb, again.

From Balboa Park East, Bill Siebold reports that he's functioning.

Up in Oxnard, Norm Heath is working for Grumman and riding the Santa Monica's and chewing with Jay Leno at the Rock Store.

Nanna Frye reports that Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*, (you know, from the 9<sup>th</sup> Symphony) was appropriate for Turf McTaggart's "Cactus in Bloom" ride.



That's Turf here on the right, getting his coffee refill at Margarita's from Sandy, of a Friday morn on Newport in Ocean Beach. Tom Mooney and John Barnes are sharing a private joke, and Butch Hays in the striped shirt is explaining how to plug a flat.

These BMW folk and their toys.

Don Picker rates a silver 1150 GS from Brattin Motors (and let Herm ride it first). Now he says there's a Moto Guzzi headed for his Alta La Jolla garage.

And Bob Landes, the fast dentist from Pauma Valley, gave up dentistry and his wrecked 1100 for a new 1150 GS from Irv Seaver. (The deal was made with Evan Bell as the last man in his chair!)

Will Creedon flew to Dallas, fell in love with a Jaguar there, and drove it home via Joe and Lisa Myers' in New Mexico, where he admired their new daughter.

Vern Henderson let go of that 1100S and rode home smiling on the limited edition 1100RS.

Dave Mishalof is off on a 4 Corners ride, and celebrates that Mike Kneebone has him listed for the 2001 Iron Butt.

Back to the Rainbow Ranch in Colorado, where John says, "We have sheared, inoculated, dewormed, and trimmed the hooves of all the goats with the exception of five or six young kids that escaped the barn before we could catch them." Then the giant

puppy, the Bernese Mountain Dog flown home at great expense from the Alps, dug up Lee's tulips. The little dog's name is Charm, for short.

April Fool. The infamous incident on Wildcat Canyon was on April Fool's Day, 1978.

On April Fools' Day, 2000, Bill Siebold went exploring up the cliffs of Mesa Grande, then while Herm and Tom Mooney guarded the bike, the tow truck took four-plus hours to get to the scene. Jim Cheng started the watch, then left. Then Herm had the fuel injector clip dilemma on the way home. April Fool it wasn't.

The BMW Social Kalendar is so-o-o full. One of several gatherings last month was at the Karl Strauss establishment in the very Japanese garden in Sorrento Valley.



Here's one end of the table, with Treasurer Doug Tyrone, Stacy Silverwood, Don Picker and Brad Baum. (Back to the camera, the social wheels, Turf McTaggart and Ron Jensen.)



The other end had Pete Swanson, Bob of Julian, Peggie Picker, Herm, Elena Balas, Marilyn Jensen, Greg Balas and Ron Jensen.

# KING...



No, not the signs. Not the handicapped. Not the no parking. It's the tile down there at the base of the post, just above the second "d" of Disabled. **Fulton Martin's** pointing to it, and so is president **Ken Shortt's** right boot. It's Fulton's own tile, in place these many years, right on Newport Avenue in Ocean Beach not too many steps from Margarita's. It's inscribed "Obecean..."

Special congratulations to all San Diego's long distance riders. Listed in the April *BMW Owner's News*: #1 **Dave Mishalof**, #5 **Gene Dalton**. **Tom Mooney** missed the top 25 list by just a couple of miles. **Nanna Frye** also made the list.



Then **Ron Jensen** solved all his problems with this red Triumph. It does have lots of chrome pipes. **Bruce Redding** and **Turf McTaggart** are withholding judgement.



Some GS's and a few other types took to the mountains recently to follow Road Captain **John Barnes** through the twisties to the "Truck Museum" on the far side of Campo, and then to lunch at the famous La Posta Diner. That's **Jim Cheng** getting instructions from Captain Barnes.



After lunch, everyone escaped via Kitchen Creek toward Sunrise Highway. Behind the windscreen are **Fulton** and **Susan Martin**, fronted by Captain **Barnes** and **John Dewar** (down for the weekend) on **Ken Shortt's** mighty K75.



On Kitchen Creek... one lane, mostly paved... **Hugo Schreiner**, **Barnes**, **Martins**.



On the far side of the continent, in flat Florida, near Orlando, they piled up some concrete to make a race track, near which thousands of Harley riders gather each March. And some riders of other things, like these three. Smiling are **Dick** and **Priscilla Climes**, and smiling under the hat is **Dave Rives**. (Don't know about Priscilla's T-shirt.)

They actually went to the races.