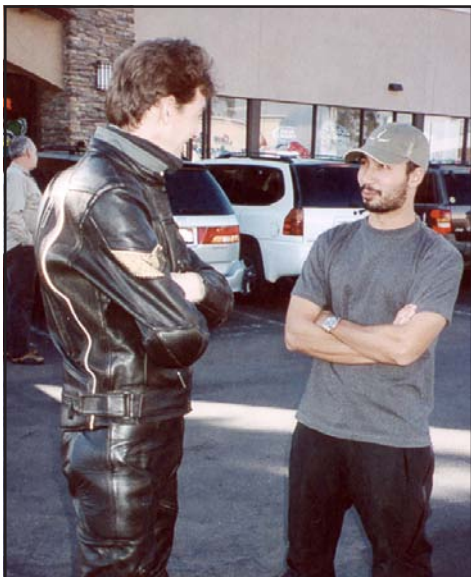


KING OF THE ALPS

TEXT & PHOTOS BY JOHN HERMANN



Done deal. In a matter of minutes. Mark Pohlson's fine yellow R1200 GS is poised here on E Avenue in Coronado in the care of its new owner, **Chris Sullivan**, who took off immediately for the Sacramento area, where, according to rumor, he has thoroughly tested the bike on and off road.



Newly installed vice president **Brian Muldoon** is entertaining **Wes Ross** with tales of a run over Sunrise. Wes is heading for Loveland, Colorado, and from thence to Thailand, and who knows, maybe back to San Diego someday.



Dick Climes and the mighty 1100GS. Dick did a quick run to Death Valley and back to get the clock over one hundred thousand miles.



Don Picker has assumed the sad but necessary responsibility of finding new homes for **Tom Mooney's** motorcycles and gear. The "for sale" sign on Tom's R1200 GS attracted attention at Giovanni's recently. **Ron Spicer** has taken over the red R100GS that Tom had kept in Munich.



Rex Neilson, right, with Ducati specialist **John Volkman**, is full of stories about the recent week day overnigher to Mike's Sky Ranch. Rex rode his R1200 GS. **Wesley** rode his. **Bill Siebold** rode his new HP 1200GS. **Bruce Rogers** rode the mighty KTM, which stalled in the middle of a stream crossing. **Gary Walker** was on his KLR.



Ken Shortt rode his R100GS, here, still proudly coated with Baja dirt. Ken tried the Ocean Beach car wash on it.



There was this fabulous party last month. Our president **Rich Kapushinski** with **Katie Bray**, here, did a masterful job of presiding while everybody enjoyed the beautiful view of San Diego skyline across the bay.



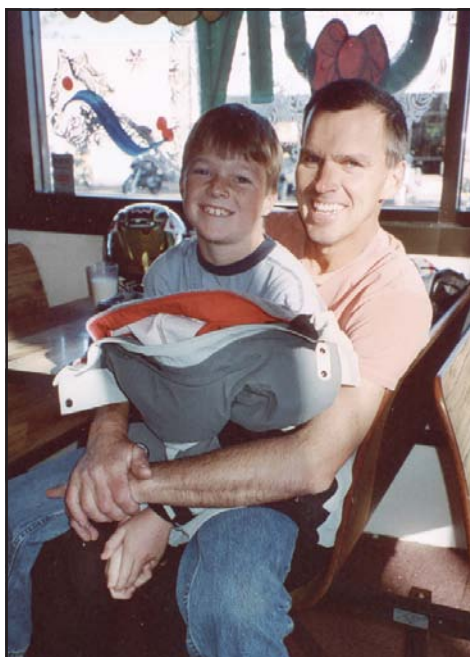
How do he do it? Look at **Stacy Silverwood's** smile at the party. He's surrounded by **Pat Wagner** and **Herta Salzmman** on one side, and his lovely daughter, **Jenny**, on the other.



Former president **Vern Henderson** was at the party in rare form, with **Reva Randall** and **Cheryl Nemec** and **Walter Gates**. Reva, a club founder, came with **Butch** and **Esther Hays**.



New members **Mark Jannon** and **Chuck Bakken**, right, showed up at Giovanni's just before the party riding K1200RS's. They are getting the low down from **Dan Toporoski** while our distinguished editor savors his coffee.



And there was **Gary Kepple** and son **Noah**, on their new R1200 GS. Noah had his own BMW riding suit.



Gary compared GS notes with our new Road Captain **Carol Hughes**.



While back at Brattin Motors on the Boulevard, **Lance Olds** was introducing his daughter to the new F650 with the help of **Gary Orr**.

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KING...

LAST OF THE OCTOBER RIDE TALES

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And here, former Road Captain, Painter **Don Francque** on his Rockster and **Richard Amiton** on his R1200 GS head for Banner Grade.



Mark Pohlson is telling like it is after a whole 50 miles on his new dream machine, a silver K1200S. The attentive gallery includes MOA Ambassador **Dave Mishalof**, **Bob Ingram** and the guy who started the K1200S game, our club vp, **Brian Muldoon** himself. On the right is our new president, **Bob Miller**. Not in the picture is the wondrous new machine belonging to our editor, **Fulton Martin**.

As you read this, **Herm's** plan was to be sailing from Buenos Aires for Montevideo on his way to Cape Horn. **Tom Mooney** was scheduled to make the same trip before his horrendous accident in November. Now, Herm is home also, nursing a broken leg. On crutches. Herm's story is that the leg was broken when he fell putting on his pants. Meanwhile, those that visit Tom at the Veterans Hospital in La Jolla are reassured by his admirable spirit.



Molen Reef is just north of I-70, off UT10; this ride had the twin goals of visiting the Rochester Rock Art (petroglyphs) and exploring the top of the reef.



My intention was to take a jeep road I saw on the map to get up to the top of the reef and then to the petroglyphs but despite riding up and down this road about four times I couldn't find the jeep trail, even with the help of my GPS. I found the sign rather amusing, "uh, we don't know how long this is twisty for, so just put 'several miles,' yeah, that'll do."



The "several miles" twisted down Miller's Canyon, which was paved all the way despite the map saying it was dirt.



Since I couldn't find the jeep trail I had to go up to the little town of Emery, where *This Old House* was slowly disintegrating.



Arriving at the Rochester Rock Art site, I discover that it is a half mile hike down this canyon, which contains Rochester Creek; that would be fine, but it was a bit chilly when I left the house, so I had my thermal underwear on. By the time I got here, it was 70F, and the sun felt really hot. Still, it is probably 100F in the middle of summer...



The path led a ways down the canyon, then back up onto the spine between the stream bed in the last picture and the Muddy River which starts up here somewhere.

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