

KING OF THE ALPS

TEXT & PHOTOS BY JOHN HERMANN

This club is going straight to Hell on a GS. A 1200 GS to be exact. How many did our editor count recently? 57. Fifty Seven. In the good old days, that'd represent a reasonable portion of BMW production.

And it doesn't end there.



Our president, **Bob Miller**, back in the saddle after too long a hiatus, abandoned the creature comforts possible on other models and the certain acceleration claimed by an R1200 R, and headed straight for this new 1200GS.



And **Mark Pohlson**, beaming at left here, abandoned the silver K1200 S

with its mighty sex appeal and acceleration, and took on this new yellow 1200GS. He managed to put on 600 miles overnight, so he could get the service and be on the road for the club's big trip to King City and beyond. Apparently, the bike works. According to reports from spies on Lockwood Valley and SR 33 over Pine Mountain to Ojai, Mark and the GS set a very brisk pace. Here, **Don Walker**, who witnessed the Pine Mountain affair, is casting an interested eye on the new bike. It must be confessed that Mark bought the first 1200GS in the club, before he back slid onto the K.



Then. Then **Brian Muldoon**, of late master of a couple of K1200 S's and an RT, fresh out with a new hardware necklace, shows up with a new R1200 GS.

It can't be because the GS is beautiful. Sexy? It's tall, a bit top heavy, has limited saddle bag capacity. Years ago, a wag said, "It's because people see me go by and think I'm on my way to Patagonia."



Meanwhile, **Gary Orr** at SDBMWMC celebrated his first year as honcho of the shop by that name. He seems to be on the job day and night, and appears to be enjoying it all. The shop is full of customers and bikes and stuff.



That first anniversary was celebrated with a luscious cake full of fresh strawberries made by the French Gourmet. With **Mike O'Keefe's** supervision, **Gary** served cake to all comers. On the wall between them is the famous San Diego BMW club map, grading the riding quality of local roads.

You should know that Gary's wife, **Heather**, is home at last after the long siege with a kidney transplant. Mike, left, was the donor.



A good person to know. Lucy at San Diego Leather Jacket Factory on National Avenue, National City, between 3rd and 4th. It's a big store with lots of over stuffed leather sofas and Harley stuff, and some jackets actually made on the site. They specialize in jackets for enforcement agencies. Lucy is the person to know, as she sits up front, just to the left of the entrance, and does nothing but repairs. She can replace zippers of any size and intricacy. Here she's working on a Vanson jacket. Usually she has worked stacked up at her sewing machine. She speaks little English, but is good at smiling. Usually, it's necessary to check work in at the desk in back.



Some with plenty of 1200GS's back up in the garage, dare to encumber the parking lot at Giovanni's with Italian stuff, like Mike More here.



As mentioned elsewhere, there was a club ride for most of a week in May. Some started via Idyllwild and Big Bear to Cajon Summit. Then via Wrightwood and N3, skirting Palmdale across to Gorman and Frazier Park, then dancing across Lockwood Valley, over Pine Mountain to Ojai, across to Santa Barbara. Thence via San Marcos Pass (check with our secretary), Cold Springs Tavern to Foxen Canyon and in the backside of Santa Maria, where the comforts of the Best Western awaited. The route was engineered by Bill Siebold, but he wouldn't pose by the sign.



Only Bill Siebold can master the intricate routes north of Santa Maria. Who'd guess there were so many back roads with twisties and no traffic. All the way to **King City**, via Lockwood. For miles in the spaces between the coast and 101, there were signs for

Lockwood. Finally, only 10 miles to Lockwood. Arrival. Lockwood is marked by a stop sign and one building which is sort of a do-it-yourself 7-11. Views of nothing in all directions. The guy behind the counter said, "King City. Why are you going to King City?" You may not know it, but when the club arrives, King City is a party town. Former club member Ted Kucklick came down from the Bay area to join the party. And there's riding. One morning was sunny as the gang prepared for departure.



On the next morning, coastal fog had made it all the way to Keefer's Inn in King City. That's Clayton Churchill, left, with Rick Kapushinski. Luke Yam is helmeted and ready to ride, Ron Spicer is packing his R1200 GS, while Mark Pohlson is already aboard his.



One day out of King City was G16 across the mountains to Carmel Valley, then south on ONE to Nepenthe overlooking Big Sur. Here are Luke and Clayton and Gary Walker and Ken Shortt at repast.

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KING...



Heading south, across SR 58, several sweated out the long haul with no services with nearly empty tanks. Finally, Taft. Not necessarily a garden spot, but certainly a spot with services. A local directed part of the gang to the Cookhouse, which turned out to be great. Spacious, good menu, quick efficient service, and very reasonable prices. It's off the main drag, behind McDonalds.

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Thus refreshed and nourished, the gang in the Cookhouse parking lot, is ready for more play. Cerro Noroeste is just ahead.

Oh, what wonders that road affords.



Ron Jensen has a second home at Pine Mountain near the east end of Cerro Noroeste. He arranged for Don Picker to enjoy some of his favorite coffee there.



Riding into Palmdale, some of the SD riders picked up Neil Johnston on a 1098 Ducati. Seems Neil is creator, editor, and owner of a web magazine called OneWheelDrive. He gets factory rides, usually after the press, but his review is on line before the press comes out. From Vancouver, BC., he'd flown to L.A. to pick up the 1098 and had it for four days in the L.A. canyons and mountains. It was the end of a day when the SD folks came along, and he was ready for some human debriefing, like here with Don Walker.

Nice guy. Check out <onewheeldrive.net> on line. It's huge. He even has a couple of pictures of SD riders on the road.



All is not lost. Gery Marcelino is off to see the world on a new RT. 'Course, he really doesn't fit a GS. In no time he was reporting in from Utah.



And Ken Wagner had his dog out on this immaculate 1977 RS. They don't make them like they used to. Note it does have non-stock wheels and no lower fairing. And the dog does have goggles.



And Frida and Ariel Silveira have new bikes, which they rode to the fantastic Mother's Day party at the Walker Resort.



On Mother's Day, Ariel (with Frida) presided at the grill for a long time, turning out pork loin, chicken and tri-tip. Then Luke Yam was the carver and server. Nobody went hungry. That's the host, Gary Walker, above Frida talking with Mark Ruhm. Gary's resort is spacious and comfortable and beautiful.



Looking clean and spiffy at the May club meeting, Lisa and Simon Thomas of <2ridetheworld.com> and England held court around their bikes. Simon, left, has the Adventure with huge gas tank. The bike and Simon have been across Eurasia and around South America. In the Amazon, Simon and the bike fell through a bridge. He was unconscious and had a broken neck and paralysis. Lisa had to get him and the bikes up and running, and then veto proposed therapy at several hospitals, until Sao Paulo where the broken neck was repaired with surgery, similar in many ways to that experienced by Tom Mooney.



Lisa's 650 had a huge gas tank, too. She said it'd go about 1,000 kilometers, roughly 600 miles. Bill Taylor and Ken Shortt are checking it out.

Rumor has Will Creedon listed as the proud owner of the red GS that Tom Mooney shipped to Germany that he sold to Ron Spicer.

Dick Climes showed up at Margarita's of a recent Friday morn. Then Priscilla flew in for the weekend and a visit to Giovanni's. Dick and Walter Gates plan to head for the 49'er.

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