

KING OF THE ALPS

PHOTOS & TEXT BY JOHN HERMANN



Bill Siebold led this gang of Saturday riders out of Bates Nut Farm in December. It's a certified rest stop and debriefing point on Woods Valley Road, and you can get anywhere from it.

Paul Dietz left San Diego and his R80 GS for *Florida*. But he's had a change of heart. He just bought some acreage near Oakhurst in the Sierra foothills.

Hit a deer? **Jim Cheng** did on the East Grade of Palomar, recently. The animal gave its all, and took out a saddlebag on the 1100GS. Jim stayed up, even though he was in a 30 degree left lean.

A couple from Crofton, MD, made news recently when they took delivery of a yellow BMW 2000 M coupe at Spartenburg. They had four BMW bikes. They got instruction at the Spartenburg driving course, and a trip to the Zentrum museum. **Charlie Parks**, take note.

Former *Road Signs* editor, **Steve Coburn**, had a bike mishap in Costa Rica, sustaining a collarbone fracture.

After his Triumph unfall on Banner Grade at 5:30 A.M., **Ernie Jensen** has recuperated enough to sit on his BMW in the garage.

And **Bob Landes**, Pauma Valley expert and DDS, clipped a car that was turning left; below the groves on Palomar. Broken pelvis, and at Palomar Hospital, they eventually discovered he had a broken leg, too. He's recovered

enough from that to get a new heart valve at St. Joseph's Hospital in Orange.

Peggie Picker's still on the mend after being struck by a car near Scripps on Torrey Pines. Peggie was crossing the street with the light.

Mike and Reva Randall assembled old-time BMW clubbers — like from the 1960's — at the Red Lobster on Sports Arena Blvd. recently.

Jonesy always said that a real BMW loyalist would use only German oil and only German air in the tires. Well, **Herm** decided to have a real German official BMW seat cover on his K75. The old one was coming apart at the seams, and Herm wanted no seams on the replacement. So **Blair** at Brattin Motors ordered from Munich, or thereabouts, a genuine BMW replacement cover.



Then Herm took it to **Mike** at NBI, shown here in the photo. Mike opened the official BMW box and then the BMW part number plastic bag to discover a flat piece of plastic ... but

official BMW plastic. Mike mounted it handsomely on the K75 seat (note, the bike in the picture is Herm's R80, not the K75). Come to find out, the official BMW plastic stretches to perfectly fit the seat. NBI, a *Road Signs* advertiser, is on Midway, not far from Home Depot.



Our new club president, **Ken Shortt**, tried out **Ira Grossman's** K1200 for size, while **Rob Cheeseman** looked on enviously.



What's to become of us? **Bill Adams** and **Vern Henderson** have added these hot ticket Suzuki's to their stables. And then dared to ride them to Giovanni's.



Oh, well. The genuine BMW hot tickets were there, too. **Ira Grossman** on the lovely and fast K1200, silver and blue; **Michael McPherson** on his yellow 1100S; and **David Kuhnle** on his new yellow (well, it seems yellow, no matter what BMW calls it) R1150GS.



How do you tell right from left? **Bill Siebold** sports different boots. Right has a lace-up from a thrift store, big enough to go over the bandages from surgery.



Recognize this pretty Mystique? It's the **Don Francque** special, now being ridden by **Jimi Uvadia** of the Brecht staff. Don is riding Jimi's Triumph (one of those sea-sick green ones with a mini-off-center fairing) and loving it.

There was this party at Stone Ridge Country Club in Poway, no less. It was the club holiday party, last month. And there was food at the party.



Hogging the carving station and omelette center were **Stacy Silverwood** (rear), **Greg Balas**, **Bill Siebold** and **Art Valencia**.



Around the corner with the salads and salmon (three kinds) and chicken were **Dick and Priscilla Climes**, **Nancy Siebold** and **Ron Jensen**.



Ready to eat were **Susan and Fulton Martin**, foreground, **John and Pat Wagner** behind Susan, **Butch and Esther Hays**, right, and **Doc Williams**, center. Doc's wife **Sandy** was off socializing.



Two ladies gracing the party ... Our former first lady, **Sonja Kijora**, left, with her mother, **Mrs. Heinz Gietz**. Both divided their time with the Mercedes club, celebrating in the next room.

KING...

You must have noticed the bright full moon, just before Christmas. Somehow, **Ron Spicer** reckoned that it was the brightest and fullest for years and years, and that it'd rise just before sunset. He also reckoned that the moon would rise in the east, and the sun would be setting in the west, and that the best spot to observe this once-in-a-lifetime phenomena would be from the view point near the old radar dome atop Mount Laguna, just off Sunrise Highway.

John Barnes reckoned that one ought to start out to observe the phenomena about noon from the Mobil station at Greenfield. So a reasonable crowd of BMW riders assembled to follow him. Only **Stacy Silverwood** cried "When do we eat lunch?" So John lead the assembled out and about to the Posta Diner, which happens to be on old Highway 80, some miles east of Kitchen Creek. The cafe was sporting brand new carpeting and brand new restroom tiles for the occasion.

John managed to get the group to the observation point, elevation about 6500 feet, well before the scheduled appearance of the moon at 4:12 P.M. One could see across the desert, across the Salton Sea, across the Chocolate Mountains, certainly to Arizona. Except over it all hung a smog that must have been imported from L.A.

To the west, some claimed to see Point Loma and the Pacific. And the setting sun. Somewhat late, the moon also appeared above the L.A. smog. In the awestruck crowd were **Ken Robb**, **Karen** and **Terry May** (on his newly RS faired airhead), **Tom Mooney**, **Bill Siebold**, **Herm** as well as **Ron Spicer**, **John Barnes** and **Stacy Silverwood**.

To some, the moonrise looked remarkably like other moonrises.

Off to *Home Town Buffet* in El Cajon.

A needle in the desert. Over Thanksgiving, there was held the famous Barstow to Vegas. **Gary Orr** finished. **Harry Brattin** finished. **Larkin Wight** finished. **Ron Spicer** lost a carburetor needle in the desert someplace and didn't.

Don Petrick took off on his K75 and came back with this enormous truck-size-wheel base Kawasaki, with sort-of old Indian flairs on its fenders. **Doc Williams** thinks it'd do fine at Sturgis. That's Doc on it, and Don checking.

