

KING OF THE ALPS

PHOTOS & TEXT BY JOHN HERMANN

Some went to West Virginia ...
John Ciccone on a Harley, no less.

Some went to Florida ... **Ron Spicer** on a Suzuki, no less.

Some went to San Francisco ... **Ken and Pat Shortt** to welcome a new grandson.

Some went to the Alps, where as *the* book says, Andermatt, Switzerland is one place that roads and motorcycles come together.



Here's a view down the main drag of Andermatt from the balcony of a room at Hotel Schluessel. That was near the beginning of the **Picker and Schreiner** and **Mooney and Herm** and **Silverwood and Alley** and **Hudsons** (two) and **Roachs** (two) adventure last September.

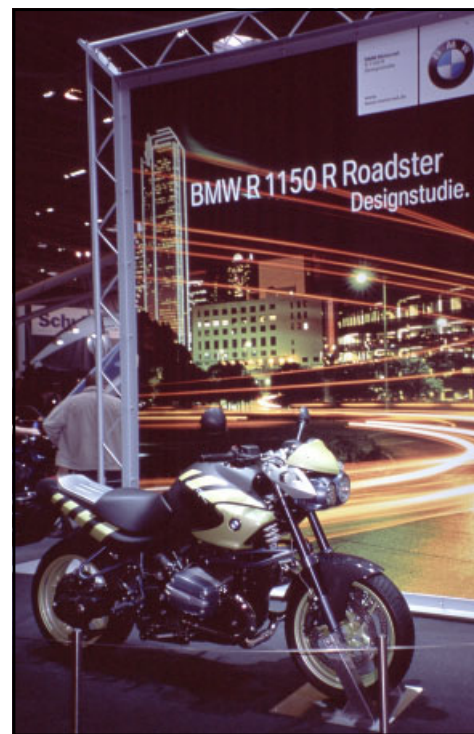


Nothing but blue skies and fine roads for the gang's trip around Mont Blanc through Italy, France and Switzerland. Here's **Tom Mooney** on the Col de Pre on the French leg of the trip.



The last day on the road found the gang on the Rossfeld Ring Strasse, the highest road in Germany. Here are **Don Picker** and **Tom Mooney** circulating near Hitler's former Eagles Nest.

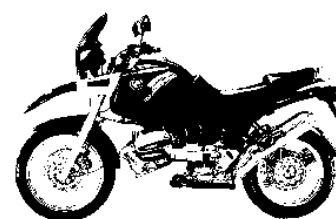
Meanwhile, some went to *Intermot*, the very very huge motorcycle show in Munich. As an 1150 owner and lover, **Hermann** was interested in how it was displayed at the show.



BMW had a design study ...



... as did Matisse.





Motorrad had tested one for 30,000 miles and then disassembled it to find if there was any wear. The only wear they found was at the plastic timing chain tensioner.



And at the Michelin Tire display, they were trumpeting a new tire for GS's, called an *Anakee*.



There was time for **Don Picker** and **Hugo Schreiner** to check out a castle in Austria called *Hochosterwitz*.



And **Herm** stopped to visit the wonders of BMW Group Mobile Tradition. They collect and keep running all the old models of BMW and arrange for new replacement factory parts. The boss of the place, **Joerg Dieter Huebner**, was kind enough to show Herm the many wonders of the place, and stop out front for a picture.

Jenny and Dave Rives were members of BMWOCSD while Jenny was in med school at UCSD. Now she's a pediatric orthopedic surgeon at Shriner's Hospital in Sacramento. She and Dave joined the San Diego gang that was playing in the Alps in September, and she took these photos.



Herm said, "There's this road on the map that seems to go from the valley we're in, Val Cogne in Italy, to the next valley at Pila. At this point, the road has lead to a mud hole, and one of the gang who shall remain anonymous had just fallen in it. Herm was anxious, so **Hugo Schreiner**, mostly hidden, is steadying his resolve from behind.



Same road. Later. **Tom Mooney** on his R100GS has just explored ahead and reported that the road gets worse. So all have turned around. **Herm**, on the 1100S, left, is contemplating the best course through the rocks, while **Tom Mooney**, behind him, patiently awaits his action. **Dave and Jenny** were on the 1150GS.

KING...



There's this dead end valley, the Val Ferret, that takes off from the Great St. Bernard Pass. So some of the gang decided to explore it to the end. That's **Don Picker** disappearing around the bend.

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Hotel Evaldo in the Dolomites of Italy has lovely spacious rooms, a huge indoor pool with water games, a jacuzzi, sauna, steam room, wonderful food, and at the time the San Diego gang arrived, it had 62 motorcycles in the garage, including a Beach tour group.



Then it added snow to the fun and games. **Rob Beach** encouraged his group to build a snow man, using BMW turn signals as eyes, and a genuine carrot as a nose.

Meanwhile, the fearless San Diego gang decided to head out and over the mountain, the Passo Compolongo. **Don Picker** and **Hugo Schreiner** and **Tom** and **Sybil Roach** (you know, the BMW rider who owns the Harley shop in Palm Springs) all headed out along with **George Young**



from BMWBMW. This picture shows **Herm** and **Tom Mooney** at the Hotel driveway, contemplating the falling snow.

Fast forward 20 minutes. The snow is coming down fast and hard. Many hairpins up the mountain, **Tom** and **Sybil** have fallen, and **Hugo** and **Tom** had lost traction. **Tom** helped **Herm** turn his 1100S around. (It'd slide sideways faster than **Herm** could turn it.) Finally, **Herm** headed down through all the hairpins, with both feet flat on the deck, skiing, and the bike in neutral, as idle was way too fast. Using just a feather of the power brakes, **Herm** made it back to the Hotel, but not before passing a couple of other fallen motorcyclists.



Here's **Rob Beach** and a Floridian named **Gary** rushing to keep **Herm** from sliding sideways into the hotel parking lot.

The Hotel sent its 4-wheel drive van up the mountain to retrieve the bikers. The bikes stayed on the mountain until afternoon and snow-plows, when the van took the riders back up with snow shovels to dig out their mounts.

