

KING OF THE ALPS

PHOTOS & TEXT BY JOHN HERMANN

The Fourth of July is on the Fifth. Join the fun and crowds and story telling at John Hermann's on Monday, July 5. The doors open before 10 AM when the parade is supposed to begin. Hot dogs and soft drinks and coffee will be available about noon. The parade is on Orange Avenue. John's house at 1010 E Avenue, is a couple of blocks toward the air station. (619) 435-0058. Sometimes it's easier to ride all the way to the air station, then towards the ocean to 10th, then back across 10th to E. It's usually easier to park in the alley behind John's house. Bring something to share if you like.



More than a dozen riders from our club were riding in Europe last month. On the first day out, climbing up into the Dolomites, we came across some construction that brought everything to a halt for a while. That's a red light up right. Don Walker's Rockster, left, Kit and Mike Lynch's RT on the right. Maybe you can tell that the license plates of bikes rented from BMW in Munich have the big "M" for München, and the letters "NL" for Niederlassung.



Ride into the maw of the Corsica Ferry at Savonna, Italy. There are supposed to be dinner and cabins aboard for the overnight ride to Bastia on the northwest coast of Corsica.

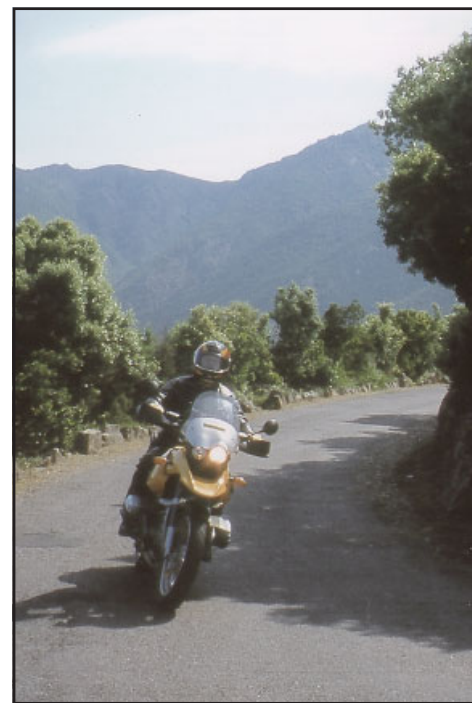


Awaiting us on the dock were Sybil and Tom Roach, club members from Palm Springs (remember, he's the Harley dealer there). Sybil was on the 650 and Tom on the 1150 GS. The picture is in the hotel parking lot at Favone, Corsica.



The scenery is great, but it's the roads we come to Corsica for. Here are Lin and Pru van Kopenhagen (the

Australians who visited San Diego last summer) on their K1200 RS being chased by Don Picker on his mighty K100 on the road around Cap Corse. (Corsica is the English and Italian spelling. In French, it's Corse.)



And here's Ron Spicer on his R1150 GS on the Col de St. Eustache on Corsica.



And Tom Mooney on his R100GS on the Corniche road north of Porto.



And Don Walker chasing Lin and Pru over the Col de Bigorno.



Not all riding. Lunch at St. Florent, Corsica. Tom Mooney who wasn't dining, checks up on Ira Grossman, Ron Spicer and Don Walker who were.



Don Picker here is checking the bikes, taking over St. Florent at lunch time. The sign, right, "INTERDIT AUX CARAVANES," means, "No Motorhomes."



Tom Mooney and C.B. Gwyn are ready to head back to mainland France on this much bigger Corsica Ferry, loading several decks of vehicles from two rear ramps.



In France, this is the kind of road we were looking for, cut into the cliffs of the Grand Goulets.



This is what the Grand Goulets road looked like.



Lunch is important in France, here in the village, Die. That's Kit Lynch, left, Don Picker facing the camera, and Ira Grossman kibitzing to the right.



From the German Black Forest, excuse me, *Schwarzwald* Hotel Sonnenbuehl, the gang started heading separate ways. Kit and Mike Lynch, left with the RT, and most of the gang were heading back to Munich. Pru, right, and Lin were heading north, and Tom Mooney south to Switzerland.



The remnant that found their way back to Munich, really Hotel Soller in Ismaning, found the parking lot full of collector BMW cars from the 1960's.

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Then Herr Soller, the Hotel owner, took us into his garage to inspect his collection of BMW cars and bikes. Left here are Johannes and Josef Radlmaier who rode out of San Diego a few years ago, Herr Soller, Don Walker, Ira Grossman, and Anna Maria Radlmaier. Josef and Anna Maria rode their RT from their home at Altotting, just to visit. Then they headed for Spain, probably a 8,000 kilometer trip.



The next day was time to hit all the bike shops in Munich. Then have a genuine McDonald's burger at Karls Platz, then ice cream at the City Hall, back ground, better known as the Rathaus at Marien Platz. Don Walker is carrying the big bag of new leathers.

Meanwhile, Stacy Silverwood tested the new R1200GS. In Switzerland. He flew into Zurich and picked up the bike at his friend's dealership and proceeded to check all the Swiss passes. Most still closed with snow. Some opened as he watched. In Interlaken, he ran across Tom Mooney, who had just left the gang in the Schwarzwald.

And, also meanwhile, Bruce Redding with his Interpol Varadero riding friend, Lionel, went about checking passes in Italy and Switzerland and verified that they were mostly closed with winter snow and slides. Bruce briefly checked in with Ron Spicer at Ismaning near Munich, and then claimed some sort of Harley business.

