

# BLACK GOLD BEEMERS

## News

2006 November

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### FROM THE PRESIDENT'S PEN

Submitted by Rick Wortman  
Black Gold Beemers - President 2006

Today, 2006 November 8<sup>th</sup> is the day of our annual elections for the Leadership of our club for the upcoming year. This will have been your chance for input into the direction that the club is heading and the things it is doing and planning. This is also your chance to make a contribution to your club by your involvement and participation; by taking on a leadership role you can make us stronger.

By the presence of that hard precipitation outside, I take that as a concrete message that our riding season is over again, too quickly, too soon. The trips that I did get out on were very enjoyable and safe.

A major highlight for 2006 was the appointment of our demur and quiet Vince Kretzel as BMW/MOA Ambassador. This was definitely a groundbreaking decision for the MOA, to have an ambassador, who is a rider that does not even own a BMW! Wear the responsibility proudly Mr. Ambassador.

For the past few months Club Leadership has been investigating the possibility of a new meeting location - this has not been an easy process. Venues are suggested and investigated and when we go through the list of desirable and needed features, we have to date come up short - so the search is still ongoing.

BGB Leadership has committed to several events for 2007: first, participation in the Motorcycle Awareness weekend in late April or early May, and second, to help with the Rocky Bow Lunatic Fringe Rally in July. This is their 20<sup>th</sup> year – it is an important milestone that should be celebrated, please join us at the party!

The club is also focusing energies and efforts on an Alberta 2000 event in 2008 more in the line with the classic event we have hosted in the past. We are also looking to provide more opportunities for the involvement of the families of club members during events in 2007.

Last, I want to thank each member of the Leadership team that have served in 2006 for the things seen by all, and for the other things that were done and went unseen. Thank you to: Brian, David, Dwight, Gerry, Jacqueline, Jerry, Melanie, and Wil.

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### BGB NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

- Please submit anything and often to [waaw@shaw.ca](mailto:waaw@shaw.ca)
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### MEETING SCHEDULE FOR 2006 – 2007 MAY

The second Wednesday of every month:

- December 13
- January 10
- February 14
- March 14
- April 11
- May 09

### MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS

Submitted by Tim Yip

**Tipovers:** An informal survey being conducted on the BMW SportTouring website, <http://bmwsporttouring.com>, in early November reports that of 205 respondents, 73 percent of oilhead owners have tipped over their machines “at zero mph or very slow speed”; 27 percent say they have not tipped over their bikes. Which camp do you fall into?

**Kawasaki GTR 1400:** Kawasaki has announced a replacement for the venerable Concours, a motorcycle that has been in production since 1986. Will the powerhouse Kwacker have enough motor, comfort and protection to woo would-be BMW K1200GT and Yamaha FJR 1300 buyers? Without yet having seen the new model ‘in the metal’, armchair critics are already pointing their fingers at the GTR’s bloated muffler and too-many strakes-styling, shaking their heads and saying ‘what were Kawasaki designers thinking?’

**Winter:** It’s here. It’ll be a long time until we can say, ‘spring has sprung’. Have you filled up the gas tank, added fuel stabilizer and hooked up your Battery Tender?

**Darren LaBranche en route to South America:** If you haven’t visited his website chronicling his trip to South America, check it out at <http://dmotorider.com> - he would like to hear from you via email.

### **Kelly and Della Graham Round the World**

**Tour:** Ditto for Kelly and Della (or ‘Kella’ as they use as their joint email name.) Check out the Graham’s website and journal at: <http://www.kellarwt.com> - more email in order.

### **Ducati unveiling at Argyll MotorSports:**

Rumour has it there will be a ‘special’ unveiling of new Ducatis on November 15. Don’t know if it’s ‘by invitation only’ or open to all, but we should all go anyway.

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**Motorcycles and Good Food:** My favourite topic - If you haven't been watching the 4-part series on The Food Network – 'Feasting on Asphalt' – with BMW R1200RT-riding chef, Alton Brown, watch it! He's accompanied by a camera crew (two riders on R1150GSes, a third rider on a Triumph Speed Triple, and an SUV.) Brown meanders across America from his home in South Carolina to California, looking for and reporting on classic road food. You also get to watch him crash his RT in the final episode. Although the four episodes have aired, they're already being re-run. It's good, winter entertainment.

**RiDER Power 2006 Annual Survey:** The British motorcycle magazine RiDER released its annual reader survey (more than 10,000 respondents) on the U.K.'s top 150 used bikes, as ranked by owner satisfaction (build quality, engine performance, handling, comfort, brakes, controls, dealer backup, reliability, running costs, wind protection, ease of maintenance, mirrors and headlights.)

Selected overall rankings (and sub-category):

- 1: BMW R1200RT (#1 Tourer)
- 2: Honda ST1100 (#2 Tourer)
- 3: Triumph Rocket III (#1 Cruiser)
- 4: KTM Adventure (#1 Big Trailie)
- 5: BMW K1200S (#1 Hyperbike)
- 6: Honda ST1300 (#3 Tourer)
- 7: BMW R1100GS (#2 Big Trailie)
- 8: Honda VFR800 VTEC (#1 Sports Tourer)
- 9: BMW K1200S (#1 Hyperbike)
- 21: BMW R1150GS Adventure (#3 Big Trailie)
- 23: BMW R1150RT (#4 Tourer)
- 25: BMW R1100S
- 27: BMW R1150GS (#4 Big Trailie)
- 29: BMW R1150RS
- 32: Yamaha FJR 1300 (#4 Sports Tourer)
- 60: Suzuki DL1000 V-Strom
- 61: BMW R1200GS
- 106: BMW R1100RT
- 131: BMW K1200LT
- 150: Suzuki GSX-R750

...and a couple of others that didn't make the list - RiDER excluded results for which they received fewer than 20 respondents.

- BMW R1200s: scored 86 % (more than the #1 ranked R1200RT's 85.14 %)
- Aprilia Capo Nord: scored an impressive 84 % (higher than the #2 ranked ST1100)

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### BARGOONS

Submit your queries and needs to [waaw@shaw.ca](mailto:waaw@shaw.ca) to have them included in the next monthly BGB Newsletter

Received from:

**F. Roland Kurzitza 780-489-7597 [rolandfk@shaw.ca](mailto:rolandfk@shaw.ca)**  
1978 Ice Blue R100RS **\$6,000**

- manufactured in late 1977
- 61,000 Km
- not ridden last two years, stored inside
- starts and runs fine, needs all fluids changed, old tires
- all gauges and clock are original and work fine
- original tank and saddle bags in excellent condition.
- original tool kit, new crash bars, exhaust, electronic timing, LED tail light, front signal lights, progressive springs, paint on upper fairing only, higher wind screen, and higher bars
- all original parts that were taken off
- Reason for selling - Doctor's orders not to ride



Received from:

**Peter Trommelen ([peter.trommelen@gmail.com](mailto:peter.trommelen@gmail.com))**  
1997 Amarena Red BMW R1100RT **\$9,700**

- 97,000 Km
- Secdem windshield and Headlight shield
- Throttlemeister, speed-bleeders
- Fat foot sidestand pad
- Moto-Equip rear reflectors (see photo)
- RCU Shelf and Heated grips
- Russell Day Long vinyl quilted saddle with pillion backrest

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- Side cases (some scratches) & BMW top case
  - Hyperlites (rear)
  - GS tubes (have originals) & Cylinder guards



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### LONG DISTANCE DOODLES

#### **THERE AND BACK AGAIN – PART 1**

Submitted by Owen Clark

Wow, what a trip. It's amazing just how quickly 6 days can seem to fly by when you are riding a motorcycle across the country. There were a lot of very good moments, and there were also some very bad moments. I met some very wonderful people along the way and got to experience firsthand that no matter where you are from, or what you ride, as long as you ride you are a brother in spirit.

But perhaps I should start at the beginning, with my departure from home the evening before I was to 'officially' begin my assault on what would be my most ambitious endurance ride to date – a Border to Border ride, from Canada to Mexico, with a Saddlesore 1000 and Bunburner 1500 thrown in for good measure.

Friday, September 1, 2006  
~1730hrs (T-12 hrs)

Having gotten out of work early, I had run off and gotten some last minute shopping done, then headed home for a shower and a bite to eat before I finished packing up the bike to head south to my designated start location.

<http://www.mindsvirge.com/whytegryphon/gallery/album04/HPIM0682>

After saying goodbye to my parents and my daughter, I headed off to gas up the bike and hit the road. My dad, packing my daughter along behind him, rode with me for the first 20km, then I peeled off to hit the #2 southbound to Calgary and points beyond.

Stopped to visit my brother in Calgary briefly and to get some cash from him, then headed off to see Steve Broadhead elsewhere in the city. He was hunting electrical gremlins on his ST, and I was there to get his signature as a start witness (a little unorthodox, I know, as I would be starting 200km and 8hrs away from him). Finally, at around 9pm, I said goodbye to Steve and hit the highway again, with the intention of getting to Lethbridge that night for a nice comfy 5 hrs of sleep in a motel before I had to get up and officially start my endurance ride.

About an hour down the road, I stopped in High River to grab something hot to drink and a quick snack, as well as throw on some extra layers as it was starting to get cool out. Typical for me, however, being as rushed as I was, I completely forgot that I had plugged in my electric vest when I left Steve's, and when I hopped off the bike and stepped backwards, the cord stretched out and pulled the plugs apart. Given that the vest never did work again after that, my only thought is that I pulled the wiring apart inside the vest, as the connection on the bike and the fuse are still good. Another painful lesson in paying attention.

Rolled into Fort MacLeod shortly before 2300hrs, and decided that I was going to grab a cheap motel there, rather than push on to Lethbridge that night. It would just mean that I would have to get up about 10 minutes earlier in order to cover the distance to Lethbridge so that my start time there would be as close to 5am as I could get.

After unpacking what I needed off the bike and making sure that it was locked up, I set my (newly purchased) Screaming Meanie for 5hrs and settled into sleep.

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When they say these things will wake the dead, they most certainly are not kidding. I think I was awake and lunging for the 'off' button before that infernal device had emitted it's second tone at the '10 minutes to go' mark.

After having a shower and getting dressed, I repacked the bike and headed off into the pre-dawn darkness, with my destination being Lethbridge and my first gas stop to get my official start time. Once that happened, the clock would truly be ticking and I would have 24hrs to get to Page, AZ to get my SS1000 mileage done, and only an additional 12hrs to get to Nogales, MX for the BB1500 mileage and my precious B2B.

0522, Sept. 2 2006 (23544.1km)

Topped off my tank at the Esso station in Lethbridge and started the clock counting down. After I explained to the clerk what I was doing, he was more than happy to sign my witness form and start me on my way. For his trouble, he received a 'Canada' neck lanyard (I packed some 'Canada' souvenirs to hand out to my witnesses as a token of appreciation. Much better than a generic 'Thank You' card in my opinion).

Rolled out of the Esso station and picked up Highway 4 to take me south to Coutts and the crossing into Montana. Unfortunately, approximately 54km down the road, my GPS decided to have 'issues' and dumped my route. Oh well, at least I can still use it to monitor my actual speed and keep a running total of my mileage. Or so I thought.

When I arrived at the border, I handed the guard my ID and asked where the nearest place to get something hot to drink was, as the temperature was hovering around 8C and I was a little chilled (damn that non-functional electric vest!) 'Shelby is the closest, about 30 miles down the road'. He waved me through, I thanked him, and headed off into what was now getting to be sunrise.

Stopped in Shelby to grab a hot chocolate and a quick bite to eat, as I hadn't had breakfast yet. I was planning to do that when I got to my next gas stop, scheduled to be Great Falls. Again, things wouldn't quite go as planned. Northern Montana doesn't have much in the way of scenery, but it does have a lot of wind, and this affected my mileage so much that I was very shocked when my bike started to sputter and I had to flip to reserve about 10 miles north of Vaughn Montana.

0836, Sept. 2 (Vaughn Montana, 23826.2 km)  
Filled up the bike and shivered a bit, as the temperature had been steadily dropping as I headed south (what the heck is up with that?) I think it stopped getting colder when my thermometer hit 2.6C, and I wouldn't start to see the temps climb again until I hit Great Falls.

1022, Sept. 2 (Montana City, Montana, 23992.6 km)

Was starting to get back on track and did a quick gas and go. Oil level on the bike was fine, and everything was running smoothly.

1248, Sept. 2 (Dillon, Montana, 24194.3 km)  
Pulled in for fuel again, and saw a brand new BMW R1200GS at one of the pumps. I knew which gas pump I was going to. As I was fuelling up, the owner of the bike came out to check out my ride, and when I told her who I was and what I was doing, she recognized me right away. Her enthusiasm for my ride and encouragement picked up my spirits and gave me a new drive to keep going. After some well wishes on both sides, I rode off, with my intended destination being Idaho Falls for fuel and lunch.

1520, Sept. 2 (Idaho Falls, Idaho, 24424.3 km)  
Fueled the bike at the Flying J and myself at the McDonalds – gotta love their dollar menu. Also called my SS1000 finish witness, Doug Banfelder, to let him know where I was and that I was running a little behind schedule due to the winds and the slowly increasing temperature. I

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had been hoping to be further south at this point in time.

1739, Sept 2 (Perry, Utah, 24678 km)

I had wanted to make this a quick gas and go, but the heat was starting to get to me, and I refilled my hydration pack and gave the bike a once over to make sure that it was handling the heat. Still hadn't burned a drop of oil, and I was fairly impressed. These bikes are supposed to have a reputation for burning oil when running for a long time at freeway speeds. Of course, I had been trying to keep my speed down to between 70 and 75 mph in order to maximize my fuel economy. I was getting into a nice steady groove and eating up the miles, even though I was still running behind.

2124, Sept 2 (Nephi, Utah, 24903.8 km)

This was a long stop, as I was getting tired and needed a breather. Got to talking to a wonderful mormon gentleman by the name of Kevin who gave me some great advice about things to watch for and where I would be able to get gas on my chosen route. Thanks Kevin, your advice was spot on. Also tossed my extra layers back on, as the temps were starting to come down and I knew I was going to be heading into the mountains in just a few more miles.

2337, Sept. 2 (Beaver, Utah, 25085.5 km)

Stopped for fuel and also gave Doug another call to let him know where I was and that I figured I would be at least another 2 hours or so getting to Page. Boy, was I ever optimistic. After I left Beaver I headed off down I15 for the last time that night, turning off to head East on SR20 over the mountains. I started to doubt my choice of routes when the first thing I encountered was a Texas gate and a long climb with several warning signs – deer, elk, and cows. 'Great, just what I needed to watch out for at this time of night'

The state really needs to put up another warning sign on that road though, for rabbits. I had more close encounters on that short 20 mile stretch of sadistically slow and twisty pavement with the

small furry vermin than I did with bambi. Never did see any elk or cows though, for which I was thankful. Once I got onto US89 I was able to get my speed up to a much more respectable 50 – 60 mph, still staying on the lookout for critters.

0223, Sept. 3 (Kanab, Utah, 25272.3 km)

Last fuel before Arizona, and I was stoked. I was running well behind my planned schedule, but I was still on track to make it to Page within the 24hrs to get my SS1000. Hit the road again and headed East for the last 70 miles before breakfast. The road was a little rough, and I still had to watch out for bambi (again, no deer, but just about spiked Wiley 3 miles out of town). It was a beautiful stretch of road, and one that I thought would be nice to ride during daylight when I could actually see the scenery around me (haha, fool that I am). Started to get tired when I got closer to Big Water, Utah, but when I got to the top of the last rise before I started my descent to Glen Canyon dam and the bridge over the Little Colorado River, I really perked up. At the 'Page, 9 miles' sign I was almost cheering in my helmet, as I knew I was going to make it.

As I rolled over the bridge, I could see the lights of the dam and thought to myself 'this isn't so bad, it's not that far down to the water' Yah, silly me. Thank god it was as dark as it was and I couldn't see the reality of it.

0356 MST/0456 MDT (Page, Arizona 25389.7 km)

All times after this are Mountain Standard Time. Arizona does not use Daylight Savings Time. This really bugged me up initially.

Rolled into the parking lot of Denny's where Doug Banfelder was waiting for me. After some initial greetings, we headed inside to where he had taken over a booth to get the paperwork signed and also to get me some food – I needed the receipt to show my arrival time, so I ordered quickly and asked for the bill at the same time.

While we shared coffee (my first in over 20hrs) and I had something to eat, Doug and I

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discussed my options for how to continue. I had made it to Page within the 24hr window to get my SS1000, but I was still over 3hrs behind schedule. I had initially planned to grab a couple hours of sleep in Page, but that option was quickly dismissed. The food was picking me up and re-energizing me, so we decided to top up the tanks on our bikes and push on to Flagstaff. If I was too tired to continue there, then we would find a cheap motel and I would try to grab some sleep. Doug hadn't slept much himself while waiting for me, but he volunteered to ride with me all the way to Phoenix, where he lived. We could keep an eye on each other this way, and he knew the roads. So we took a quick photo, then headed off to fuel up the bikes and hit the road

<http://www.mindsvirge.com/whytegryphon/gallery/album04/HPIM0684>

0453, Sept. 3 (Page, Arizona, 25391.8 km)  
Fueled up and headed off into the sunrise.

As we climbed out of Page and up to the top of the escarpment, I started to have some power problems with Kylie; she just didn't want to run very well, and seemed to be skipping a beat every so often. I chalked this up to the altitude we were heading up to and settled into the ride as best as I could.

Coming down off the bluff into the Navajo Reservation was very scary for me, as I've never been a big fan of downhill curves (that whole thing about gravity working against you), and there were a lot of curves on this short stretch of pavement, with a really nasty drop off on one side and solid rock on the other. I was glad to get down into the valley, where we could roll along and admire the view. I wished I could have stopped to take pictures, as the bluff looked spectacular in the light of the rising sun.

As the sun came up though, I started to get tired, and I pulled ahead of Doug as we got closer to Grey Mountain, just outside of the Reserve Lands. I needed to get off the bike and take a

walk around. Doug bought me a hot chocolate and he had an iced coffee drink, as he admitted that he had started to get a little tired as well. I also took this opportunity to adjust my chain, which had started to stretch a little, and gave it a shot of lube. Doug rolled the bike forward while I waddled along behind spraying the chain (really need to get myself a Scottoiler). After a few minutes, we pushed on towards Flagstaff and cooler temperatures. Doug led the way through the interchange between US89 and I40, which would take us to I17 and south to Phoenix.

0802, Sept. 3 (Munds Park, Arizona, 25639.5 km)  
Stopped for a quick gas and go, then pushed on to Camp Verde for second breakfast.

After Camp Verde, the land started to go down again, and we wound our way down out of the mountains and into the valley, where the temperature started to climb, and I really started to feel uncomfortable. As we got into Phoenix, Doug waved goodbye and peeled off to his exit towards home, leaving me to navigate the rest of the way through to the end on my own. I was feeling the heat by this time, and starting to question why I was doing this. The traffic in Phoenix, and the sheer size of the highway (8 lanes each direction with heavily banked curves) was starting to take it's toll on my, and really weighed heavily on my mind.

As I finally navigated my way onto I10 towards Tucson, I rolled into a Flying J for what I hoped would be my last fuel stop before Mexico.

1133, Sept. 3 (Phoenix, Arizona, 25868.0 km)  
The heat, lack of sleep, and the sheer stupidity of Arizona's 'prepay for fuel' setup was really getting to me, and I was extremely pissed off at the clerks in the truck stop. I'm on a motorcycle for cryin' out loud. How the hell am I supposed to know exactly how much fuel it's going to take? Somewhere between 4 and 5 gallons I think. After I left my entire wallet with them, they were finally nice enough to turn the pump

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on for me so that I could fuel up. I also bought a gallon jug of cold water and a 32oz Powerade while I was at it. Used the water to refill my hydration pack and soak down my t-shirt and bandanna, while I guzzled a good portion of the Powerade and had a smoke. Finally got my ass out of there and back onto I10, thinking that I wasn't far from Tucson and the last stretch to the finish.

Shortly after I saw the sign saying that it was 92 miles to Tucson, I started to have a complete breakdown while I rolled along. The oppressive heat was sapping my energy and the lack of sleep was starting to make me loopy. As I rolled along, the only thing that I could think about was how much I just wanted to be home with my girlfriend and away from there. The fact that I still had to ride back through what I was experiencing to get home just made things worse. For the first time during the whole ordeal, I seriously thought about just giving up and quitting the ride, to the extent that I had tears streaming down inside my helmet. I remember Steve Broadhead telling me about a similar experience he had during one of his rides. I now know how you felt Steve.

As I continued to roll along though, I remembered that I had other people waiting for me in Nogales, and I couldn't let them down. I also remembered a message that my girlfriend had left on my voicemail, telling me that she had faith in me and she knew that I could make it. This gave me the will the keep going, and I gritted my teeth, continued to sip the (now lukewarm) water from my drinking tube and pushed on to the end. As I came to the junction of I10 and I19, I saw one of the most welcome sights that I had ever seen – a sign telling me that all distances were in kilometers from that point on. Looking at the mileage to Nogales, and the time remaining on my countdown timer, I knew I was going to make it. I was on the home stretch, and still had a couple hours of leeway.

1422, Sept. 3 (Green Valley, Arizona, 26062.7 km)

Stopped at the Texaco to top up the bike and put my rain gear on, as I was starting to get rained on. I was both annoyed and overjoyed.

Annoyed, as the rain was going to slow me down a little bit, but overjoyed because the storm was also dropping the air temperature down to a much more tolerable 20C. I was finally comfortable for the first time since I had left Flagstaff.

After gassing up the bike and making sure the stuff I didn't want to get wet was safely tucked away, I headed off into the now slacking off rain. A couple miles down the road, and the rain quit altogether. Having a full tank of gas and only slightly damp pavement, I was no longer concerned about conserving fuel, and wicked the bike up to a blistering 80mph for the last stretch.

As I got into Nogales Arizona and made the turn to enter Mexico, I was at the go/no-go point of the trip. The next few minutes would make or break my trip. If Mexican Customs let me in, I was home free. If they refused me entry, I was hosed. I rolled up to the entry lane and waited for the light to go green so that I could move forward. One of the officials waved me into the line and I came to the Red Light/Green Light station. If the light turned green, I was free to enter Mexico, no questions asked. If the light turned red, I would have to pull over to the side and produce my paperwork and go through the whole customs rigamarole. I sat on the bike and patiently waited for the computer to make its decision - Green.

Restraining myself from cheering, I snicked the bike into gear and rolled into Mexico. I had done it. After aimlessly riding around in the chaos for a few minutes, I finally managed to snag a guide who took me to a secure underground parking lot. I locked up the bike, took a couple pictures to ensure nothing went missing while I was gone, and explained what I needed. My guide took me a couple blocks down to a jewelry shop for my first purchase in Mexico and my finish receipt. Once I had that done, I was finally able

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to relax. My goal had been reached, and everything after that was pure cake.

1530, Sept. 3 (Nogales, Mexico, 26143 km)  
Bought some jewelry and some leather (which I know I paid way too much for. I didn't care), then headed back to the bike and loaded up my spoils. After bidding my guide goodbye, I headed deeper into the city to get myself turned around and into the exit lane back to the U.S. and my finish witness waiting for me.

Sitting in the line waiting to leave Mexico, I called Duane and let him know where I was and that I would be meeting up with him shortly. Snapped a couple pics while I was in the line.

<http://www.mindsvirge.com/whytegyphon/gallery/album04/HPIM0688>

<http://www.mindsvirge.com/whytegyphon/gallery/album04/HPIM0689>

Also bought a small Mexican flag from a vendor while I was in the exit line (which now adorns my bedroom wall). Rolled up to the U.S. Customs booth, declared my purchases, and was allowed to roll off back into Arizona. After about a half hour of meandering around Nogales (Arizona) I finally found the Burger King where I was meeting Duane and got my finish paperwork done, as well as grabbed a bite to eat.

35 grueling hours, but I had finally done it. After having a bite to eat, I called my girlfriend to let her know that I had made it, then called my parents to give them the good news as well. Fatigue started to set in, so I packed my precious paperwork on the bike, then headed off to the outskirts of Nogales and the Motel 6 where I grabbed a room for the night. I spent the first couple hours reorganizing all of my belongings, packing away things that I knew I wasn't going to need again for the trip home, and getting things I might need a little more accessible. Finally, after about 40hrs with no sleep, enduring some of the worst temperatures I have ever ridden in, I finally crawled under the covers and switched off the light.

Alarm clock? Not on your life. I wasn't going to get up until my body decided it had had enough of sleep - The End (for now)

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### BIKE TRIP TO NORWAY – PART 5

Submitted by Jouni Herronen

*Jouni Herronen submitted this article about his trip to Norway. This is part 5 of an unedited version of his account. The original document complete with both maps and pictures was over 20 pages and 7000 words in length. All maps and pictures will be available when this article is posted on the BGB website.*

*His trip lasted from July 7-12 in 2000 and this is Part 5 covering the day of July 11<sup>th</sup>, 2000*



#### 11.7 Moskenes-Boden

I took a quick look around and took myself a good place from the lounge. Some people were already asleep. I planned to sleep myself, but felt a bit restless and decided to stay awake and see what is going on the boat. The sun was still shining, but it was behind the mountains while we were still close to the shore.

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The canteen of the boat was closed, but there was a big coffee pot where you could take coffee and put the money to a cup. No guarding, but the system seemed to work OK, the people are still honest here. I was acting like a techno freak sending SMS messages with my GSM phone, listening to the minidisk and writing travel notes to my PalmPilot. Only non-techno stuff in my pocket was the pouch of dried reindeer meat. After a while I fell asleep (still listening to the music). I woke up once in a while to watch the sunshine and enjoy the feeling of just being there.

When the ferry arrived to Bodö it was already half past three in the morning. I went down to the bike. One car was blocking my way out of the ferry and the driver was obviously still sleeping somewhere. I got tired of waiting and managed to move some oil barrels so much that I got bike away from the jam and off the ferry. On the shore I realized that there was a flaw in my plan. I had planned to sleep when I got to Bodö. Well pitching a tent into middle of a town is maybe not the best idea and going to a hotel 4 in the morning does not sound sensible either. So I decided to drive a bit further towards Fauske to a quiet place where I can pitch the tent. No quiet places! There was always a house near by or the place was already taken. Temperature was about 6 degrees and I was tired, so I felt I was freezing. The sun was warming, but the road was mostly still in the shadows of the mountains. Coming to Fauske I felt that I can no longer pitch the tent since my fingers are so stiff and cold. Fortunately there was an open petrol station, I refueled the bike and went inside. Washing my hands with hot water was great. I bought a hot dog and discussed with the cashier so long that I got warm again.

The scenery after Fauske was beautiful, but I was getting so tired that I was just watching the road. Finally I found a nice grassy spot by a

parking place just big enough for my tent. I only pitched the outer part of my two-layer tent, threw the thermarest mattress inside and crawled in. I did not even take the boots of my feet, only took my jacket off and used it as a blanket and fell asleep immediately. Not even the traffic rushing past could disturb my sleep.

I woke up sometime before noon when the sun was making the tent too hot. I was laughing to myself, sleeping with the boots on. Only now I took a proper look of how pretty camping place I had selected. Nice view to the fjord and to Fauske, not a bad place to use the Trangia stove and cook some ... breakfast... or lunch. Considering the circumstances I was feeling quite fresh and ready for the road. I was thinking should I go to some town to do some shopping to have something to bring home, as a souvenir, but I just couldn't force myself away from the road to the cities. The road was going through the tunnels to Saltdalen and then along a river in a valley surrounded by steep mountains towards Storjord. From Storjord begins a road number 95 also known as the silver road towards the Swedish border. Near the place where that road starts is a big waterfall, but there were already so many people in the parking place that I decided to drive to the silver road. The first signs were warning about steep ascent and tight curves. Looks good! After a while I took a look at the rear view mirror and I just had to stop. The view was awesome. The waterfall was several kilometers away, but I could still hear its rumble. Only few kilometers further and I had to stop again. There was a river by the road and it was running so deep between the mountains that it looked like a giant knife has cut through the mountains and the river was running through that cut. A few kilometers and a couple of more scenery stops later the landscape started changing into a more gentle hilly type. I was approaching the Swedish border.

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I did not want to leave Norway quite yet, so I decided to visit an Fjeldstua in Graddis even if it meant driving a few kilometers along narrow gravel road. At the end of the road I found a camping place and a guesthouse. It was again time for a cup of coffee, instead of self-service, which is quite typical in Nordic countries an old lady instructed me to sit down to the table, and brought the coffee to the table. Not only that she also filled my water bottles. After getting back to the main road there was no more excuses to stay in Norway and I crossed the border. Fortunately there was a nice reason to stop soon in the Sweden as well. There were big patches of snow by the road and I just had to go throwing snowballs and standing there and to make a phone call back home to ask "Guess where I'm standing? ... on snow".

In Sweden the speed limit changed from 90 to 110km/h. The road was gently curving but sometimes really bumpy. I was driving quite fast and was worried that I'd loose fillings from my teeth when the suspension bottomed. I didn't loose any. For a few kilometers I had to slow down for road construction work, the gravel felt like I was riding on ball bearings. Not a nice feeling. The scenery was quite OK, but after the views of Norway these failed to impress. The fjell scenery turned into a forest area before I arrived to Arjeplog. When I was refueling a Finnish with an old (1981) 1300cc 6 cylinder Kawasaki sopped beside me. He was coming from Stockholm via Oslo to Tornio where he lived. He seemed to know this area, so I asked if he knows any restaurants nearby. He did not

know any in Arjeplog, but recommended me to drive with him to Arvidsjaur and eat there. I was so used to diving alone that I did not really jump to the idea, but since I did not have any good excuse to refuse his kind suggestion and went along. There were reindeers in several places between Arjeplog and Arvidsjaur, but fortunately there were no dangerous situations even though we were driving about 120-130km/h. Once a reindeer started running along the road in front of my bike and I could not pass it before it went out of the road. Only when we turned from the roundabout to Arvidsjaur I realized that I have been here before. We had stopped on our skiing trip Tärnaby/Hemavan. I just had to keep the tradition and eat at the same place even if it was a burger place, not a real restaurant.



The Kawasaki guy thought obviously that we would drive together all the way to Tornio, but I preferred to drive on my own. He was a very nice guy, but I just prefer to set my own pace. I figured out a suitable excuse not to continue with him without offending him and continued on my own towards Älvsby. There was not much to see by the road and therefore the speed was increasing again to 140 km/h. There were not even reindeers now to slow me down. I drove through Älvsby straight to Boden. I could have continued all the way to Oulu, but did not want to stop the trip too early. So I refueled, bought some snacks for the evening and searched the local camping place. It was very good and very popular! Once again the girl in

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reception was real nice. The normal price for a tent was 100SEK, but the girl asked me if I was a member of some organization that would give me a discount. I told that I wasn't, but the girl smiled and said "Let's agree that you are ;-)". So the price of the tent place for me was only 60 SEK. Who says that a smile is not worth any money? She also showed me a good place to pitch the tent and told that the sauna is on and free for use. Still smiling I pitched the tent and went to enjoy the sauna. After the sauna I lit the Trangia and used it as my campfire to make some supper. Since the previous "nights sleep" was quite short I fell asleep quite easily.

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### 2006 ALDERS RALLY

Submitted by Bob Mckay

*Our Rallymaster for the 2004 Alberta 2000 was able to take part in a major rally himself this year – it sounds like an event to keep an eye on and plan towards attending.*

I first heard of the ALDERS RALLY in January of this year while I was surfing the net. It was a 24 hour, 1600 km, rally originating in Moncton....I signed up immediately! Ronnie at first failed to see the wisdom in me riding 5000 km, just to ride another 1600, and then ride 5000 km home again. When I suggested that she fly and meet me at different points along the way, it seemed like a much better idea.

I had a great cross-country trip with beautiful riding weather. I spent a weekend in St Catherines, ON. where my wife had flown, then carried on to Miramichi, NB where she magically appeared again. We spent 4 days riding around my hometown and visiting relatives and friends.

I arrived in Moncton on June 23. I checked into the 'host' Holiday Inn, dumped my gear, and headed for *Atlantic Motoplex*, where I had an appointment for an oil change. This beautiful new shop is a dealership for BMW and Yamaha and was one of the sponsors of the event. It was

also the site of the tech inspection, 'meet & greet', and where we would be given our rally instructions.

The ALDERS (Atlantic Long Distance and Endurance Riders) Rally is the brainchild of Don Wescott, an orthopedic surgeon from Antigonish, NS. Don got his first taste of endurance riding in the late 90's in...(drum roll, please)...the Alberta 2000! He and co-rallymaster Graham Chenell were on hand at Atlantic Motoplex to meet entrants as they arrived.

Most riders were from NB or NS but, there was also Elsie Smith from Baltimore, MD and Joe Levasseur from Hull, QE. Joe had competed in all of Peter Hoogveen's *Blackfly 1600* rallies as well as in the *Michigan 1000*. Elsie was a veteran of the *Minuteman Rally* and other eastern US endurance events.

As we received our rally packs it was obvious that most of the rally would be run in NS and PEI. Don explained why. "Moose--- they are everywhere in NB." "Also on Cape Breton Island.....and watch for deer anywhere in NS. PEI should be safe though..." While we were eating and chatting it began to rain.....

The next morning was damp and foggy but the rain had stopped, temporarily. Riders were leaving two-at-a-time every two minutes and at 06:08 Elsie Smith and I hit the highway. Shediac is a beach town and lobster port about 20 miles from Moncton and our first bonus location was there.

From Shediac we made our way through the fog to the Cape Tormentine lighthouse to get a picture. Because the fog was so thick, we would have to park the bikes and walk closer to get a photo. I grabbed my Rally Towel and camera, turned, and was 3 steps away when I heard the sickening 'thud' of my bike falling over on the sand. It had decided to collect its own souvenir of Cape Tormentine. Elsie and I separated as we returned to the highway.

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I was on my way to NS and the first checkpoint on the Tignish docks. The weather was improving and I was doing ok...until I missed a turn-off and had to back-track 30 km. I made it to the checkpoint with seconds to spare! I had 2 hours to make it to the next check-point in Truro...enough time to pick up a couple more bonuses along the way.

The rain started up again as I got to Truro. The next check-point was at Don Westcott's house near Antigonish. It was a long, hard, pound down the TransCanada in the pouring rain. I made it with 15 minutes to spare.

I was fueling up at a gas station on the highway when Joe Levasseur and Allan Archibald arrived. They were planning on 'going the wrong way' around Cape Breton and invited me to join them. They reasoned that it would be better to get the northern Cabot Trail part of the ride out of the way early in the day, then concentrate on the bonuses in the southern part of the island later. Sounded good to me!

As we made our way towards Cheticamp and the entrance to Cape Breton Highlands National Park, the rains became torrential. When we climbed to higher elevations the rain backed off but was replaced by fog so thick that we were reduced to riding in second gear with emergency flashers on while desperately watching the center line.

By the time we reached Wreck Cove My 'waterproof' gear had given up the ghost. Gloves that had never let me down were soaked through. One foot was wet. A trickle at my neck had spread so that my shirt was soaked under my jacket and the dampness was spreading to my pants. My tank bag was soaked also and all the receipts and other papers we were required to save were slowly turning into soup. My GPS was still working but I unplugged it and put it in a saddlebag before it shorted out. To make it worse, my head was pounding and I realized that I had forgotten to take my blood pressure

medication that morning. It was sitting in the bathroom at my hotel room...580 km away. It was 4:00pm and I told Joe and Allan to go on without me. I needed a break for a few minutes.

After a meal I decided to head back towards Moncton, skipping the bonuses along the way and also skipping PEI where I had planned on spending the night collecting big points.

I arrived in Moncton about 11:00 pm. , still not sure what I would do. I had dry clothes at my hotel, but my riding gear was soaked and I was feeling weak, feverish, and chilled.. Finally, I took my medication, took a shower, and went to bed. My rally was over.

The next morning I realized that I was only about 150 km short of the 1600 km required to officially finish the ride. If I had only gone back out last night, I wouldn't have to stare at that prominent DNF after my name on the finishers list.

The weather had claimed other victims as well. Two other riders had also dropped out. Denis Leblanc had ridden all night long with only his auxillary lights after his headlight shorted out. His Harley was sitting at the hotel with it's headlight still  $\frac{3}{4}$  full of water...just crying out for a goldfish. My friend Elsie had spent 2 hours digging out her R1150 RT after getting stuck on a beach while trying to reach the Cape George lighthouse. Scott Cameron sideswiped a moose at the NB end of the Centennial Bridge but managed to keep his Yamaha FJR upright and carried on to finish in 2<sup>nd</sup> place behind winner Thomas Sullivan.

The awards were handed out at a Sunday brunch at a restaurant near the hotel. Afterwards, as everyone scattered in different directions, the sun came out. I made my way across the 12 km bridge to PEI where Ronnie was waiting for me at my sister's house.

Three days later I was on the road again...this time headed west via northern Quebec and

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northern Ontario. When I finally made it back to Alberta, I had covered 13,200 km. The FJR ran perfectly

The Alders Rally was a great success. It was well planned, and it had beautiful scenery and interesting bonus locations, ( a candy store! a restaurant owned by music's Rankin Family!) as well as great motorcycle roads. The weather was the only downer. I'm seriously considering doing it again next year. After all, I have some unfinished business down there...

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### DOUBLE TROUBLE

Submitted by Wil Wosar

Last issue I did a short feature on the 2006 Northwest Passage (NWP).

This year the five and a half day event saw Monte and Tammy Levaux of Nevada on a 2005 BMW K1200LT do 4,595 miles (7352 Km) win quite convincingly – it may not sound like much in terms of distance but having experienced the antics of 'rallybastard' Joe Zalaski in 2004 it sounds like it was a real challenge – I was privy to an on-going e-mail reply / forward / response session that went on for over a week after completion of the rally – it appears there were some extreme challenges - our BGB friend Steve Broadhead out of Calgary elaborated in the last issue that he didn't do nearly as well as in 2004. I will feature some of these on-line discussions in upcoming newsletters.

<http://www.wci.ms/NWP/2006NWP/Standings/FinalRiderStandings.html>

What is most interesting about a couple finishing first in the NWP is that the second place "finishers" (plural) – was also a couple - Reiner & Lisa Kappenberger from Colorado on a 2001 Honda GL1800.

This trend continued in the LOE 1000 a few weeks later out of Albuquerque, New Mexico during the first weekend of October –

[www.loe.org](http://www.loe.org) - when Tom and Rosie Sperry from California finished 2<sup>nd</sup> on a BMW K1200LT and another couple, Michael Schenck & Teresa Mullins from Albuquerque, New Mexico finished 13<sup>th</sup> out of 35 finishers on a 2002 Honda ST1100.

While there are certain obvious advantages to doing a rally two up it is difficult at times – Barbara Peter will attest to that as she was my co-pilot and navigator on two AB2Ks and one NWP. We were the only 'two up' ride in the 2004 NWP event and people, thinking we were married when they met us, warned us that this event would test our mettle – it did more than that. The last compulsory thing to do in the rally that year was to get off your bike, jump on a Sea Doo, and do a quick pass around some floats on the lake – I was more interested in holding her head under water for a while but there were no points for that...!!!

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### FINAL REMINDER

Submitted by Rick Wortman

- 2006 BGB's Miles/Kms Contest
  - Cut off date is November 15
  - We need time to get the awards made up and checked before the Season End Wind Up Banquet
  - Three categories each for Men & Women: Local, Provincial, Inter-provincial /International.
  - Submit your bike brand, model, cc's and miles or Kms
  - If you didn't enter this spring you can give your info now so you can be entered for the 2007 distance contest.
- The Season End BGB Wind Up Banquet
  - Please choose - Wind Up on the Saturday night of the Edmonton Motorcycle Show weekend, January 13, or a different weekend?
  - The club exec is contemplating two possible sites in the City – responses will determine when and where.

Please reply ASAP – by November 15<sup>th</sup> - to [rickride@telus.net](mailto:rickride@telus.net)