



Dishin' the Dirt on the Circle Tour Part 2

Part Two: Circle Tour
By Geoff Stevenson

Which way to turn?

Ernie's GPS insisted we should turn left at an intersection close to Clinton. My common sense said, that since the sun was behind us in the south, we should turn right to get to Highway 97 and then ride south to the town.

Ernie rode off to follow his electronic wizardry, since his unit was trying to tell us the highway was just 6km away. But, in just a couple of minutes, he met some hunters who confirmed that the GPS was somehow wrong and that



Ernie's trusty F150 carried the three bikes (and their riders) from Victoria to Mount Currie and back.

COORDINATOR:

Klaus Kreye
bmwrvi@shaw.ca

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP:

Peter Juergensen
motonanny@telus.net

NEWSLETTER EDITOR:

Roy Sweet
victoriarides@gmail.com

MAILING:

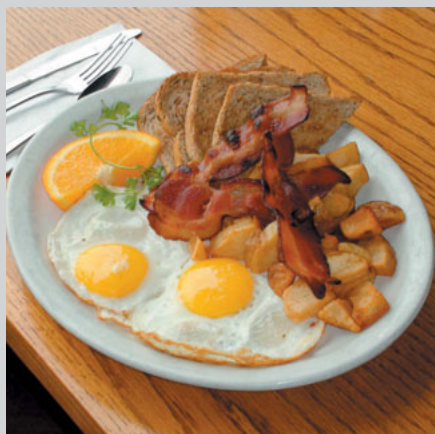
Bob Leitch
bleitch@telus.net

MAILING ADDRESS:

BMW Riders of Vancouver Island
6-310 Goldstream Avenue
Victoria BC V9B 2W3

Next Breakfast/Brunch

Saturday, November 1



WHERE:

Log House Pub
2323 Millstream Road
Langford

WHEN:

9:30 am



Clinton made a good overnight stop



Joel Thompson shows how it's done as he crests a rise at Kingdom Lake, near Bralorne.

we should indeed turn right to get to the main road. (We never figured out what happened here).

Back on the pavement of Highway 97, we were soon in Clinton. My odometer showed 209km for the day, but my fuel light was yet to flash. Joel and Ernie both have big, after-market tanks, but I was concerned about the Honda, which has a tank holding two US gallons (7.7 litres). However, the bike gets close to 90mpg (Imperial

gallons) and I reckoned I could probably go 240km on a tankful.

(Note to reader: Forgive this confusing litres-to-gallons mishmash; it's just that your correspondent grew up using Imperial gallons and calculating miles per gallon and although he now has to buy fuel - in most of the world, anyway - in litres, he still computes - in his head - in mpg. Given all the grey heads

in the club, he suspects many of you do the same).

Just to be sure, I carried a 5-litre jerry can on the bike. This was never needed, but when gas stations are often hours away, you need a range of at least 300km to feel secure.

Clinton was an ideal pit stop. The Nomad Hotel was good value (\$69 for a double room) and the owner pointed us to an RV park 300

yards away for a BBQ supper. (He also sagely advised that this was strictly BYOB. Ernie, sensible guy that he is, doesn't drink, but Joel and I shared a bottle of cabernet-sauvignon).

The owner of the campground, chef, general manager and all-round engaging guy turned out to be Micheal (sic). He talked us into the de luxe Sirloin steak dinner (this was \$14.99, but the side dishes were all-you-could-eat for that price).

There were excellent baked beans ("No damn refried beans around here," Micheal bellowed), curried rice, home-grown tomatoes, squash and beets. The steak was oversold (and medium rare turned out to be rare), but the atmosphere made up for any shortcomings with the food.

Guests were invited to leave a message in the (unpainted) rafters, so Ernie wrote "3 old farts on dirt bikes, Geoff, Joel + Ernie," which struck just the right tone.

Up East Pavilion

Now we were on the homeward stretch.

From Clinton we rode south and onto East Pavilion Road. This is another narrow, steep and twisty gravel road that climbs over the hill and down into the small town of Pavilion.

Here we flew down the (mostly) smooth pavement of Highway 99



Small displacement bikes work well

into Lillooet, stopped for a coffee and GPS check, and then headed northwest again towards Gold Bridge.

Small bikes are fun! We were cruising at 90-95 km/h and modern knobby tires handle remarkably well at this speed. So long as it's warm enough to ignore the wind rushing past your non-existent windshield, leaning into corners on a bike that weighs around 300 pounds is vastly more entertaining than your customary 600-pound (or more) sport-tourer or cruiser.

(Joel's bike wore Dunlop 606 tires, Ernie was on Kenda K270s and my Honda was on the factory IRC Trails rubber, made in Thailand, like the bike).

At the dam on the south end of Carpenter Lake, we rode through a short tunnel, then up and down the vertiginous Mission Mountain and into the town of Seton Portage, between Seton Lake to the east and Anderson Lake to the west.

Here, it seems, you're surrounded by generating plants, huge water pipes and the accompanying high-tension lines on tall towers.

Now part of the BC Hydro network, the Bridge River power complex was the biggest in the province before the Bennett Dam was built.

According to Wikipedia, the project harnesses the power of the Bridge River, a tributary of the Fraser, by diverting it through a mountainside

to the separate drainage basin of Seton Lake. To do this, it uses three dams, four powerhouses and a canal, plus the huge pipes you see when descending into Seton Portage.

Work began in 1927, but was delayed by the Depression and World War 11 and no power was generated until around 1950. (For a while during the war, Japanese-Canadians exiled from the coast, were housed here).

The Mission Mountain road (we use the term "road" loosely) goes up and down 3,500 feet from the Carpenter Lake dam to Seton Portage. It's very steep in many places, but there are spectacular

views of both Seton and Anderson Lakes as you descend into Seton Portage.

By now, we reckoned we'd earned lunch. The only restaurant to be seen was the Highline Pub, so we settled in and ordered chicken wraps with a salad.. As they say, you couldn't complain about the service: There wasn't any.

Fortunately, the chairs were comfortable. Finally, after exactly 51 minutes, our wraps arrived. The food was fine and we weren't in any hurry - but in a more competitive world, most customers would have walked out (or died of starvation awaiting their meal).



Civic pride is on every hand in small, but growing Bralorne.



Hot showers beckon at day's end



What can we say? Two club members and a friend leave their mark in a Clinton restaurant.

Now we were ready to tackle the Highline Road. This climbs high above Anderson Lake as it heads to D'Arcy, at the south end of the lake - and about 20km on pavement from our truck and trailer back in Mount Currie.

We rode conservatively and had no serious problems. But, as we neared D'Arcy, a V Strom 650 roared past. Our rear-view mirrors showed a BMW 650GS also anxious to pass (even though we were only a few hundred yards away from pavement).

Finally, the GS rider thought he

had room to pass Ernie and me. He accelerated past, then suddenly realized that there was a switchback between him and the safety of the pavement. He locked up the back wheel twice and somehow managed to keep the bike up as he slithered around the switchback.

We're not sure whether he realized how close he was to (a) going down or (b) encountering another vehicle in the switchback and being unable to avoid it. When Ernie correctly admonished him when we were all stopped in D'Arcy, he just smiled. A bit sheepishly, perhaps.

A hot shower was welcome back in Mount Currie after another dusty day in the mountains. Supper at The Pony pub in downtown Pemberton was pizza and a local IPA - a perfect end to a perfect day.

(Just for the record, I don't believe beer and bikes mix. By now, we had loaded the bikes back in truck and trailer and, with the abstemious Ernie, we had a designated driver).

The highs

World-class scenery. Some of the views of the Fraser Canyon from West Pavilion Road and Seton Lake from the Mission Mountain Road belonged in National Geographic. I loved the rolling ranchland near Clinton, too.

Bralorne is a charming little town. It's a big snowmobiling centre in winter and Bruce and Sally deserve to succeed with their pub and motel. They put on breakfast specially for us on the morning we left (the pub normally doesn't open until 11 a.m.). We thought their customer service was just excellent.

Three bikes that ran perfectly. Six tires that stayed full of air. We were prepared to change tubes if we had a flat - but were very glad we didn't have to tackle this.

The lows

There were no lows on this ride. We recommend any or all of the legs to those of you interested in going offroad.



A Sign of the Club's Worldwide Presence



The next time you are going over the Col Agnel Pass between France and Italy, you should stop and admire the efforts of those that have gone before, evidenced by the BMW Riders Vancouver Island club sticker prominently displayed on one of the highway signs. It's the third highest paved road in the Alps.

Club 2014 Event Schedule

Date	Event	Location
Saturday, November 1, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Log House Pub
Sunday, December 7, 2014	Monthly Gathering	Chequered Flag
Thursday, January 1, 2015	TROC	Island View Beach
Saturday, January 3, 2015	Monthly Gathering	Log House Pub