

* See Page re show * Gary



GOLD NUGGETS



G.W.R.R.A.

REGION J - CHAPTER BCA, VANCOUVER, B.C.

AUGUST, 2001

Late on a Thursday evening winging my way home after two heavy days in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Good time to take a few minutes and write this article.

Motorcycling has been quiet for Margaret and I since the camp-out. Margaret's broken ankle has kept her off the bike (tried to convince her that it would be no problem but without success). Other Chapter BC-A types have been a bit more active.

Simon Scott and I believe Ivan Armstrong or Ian McAlpine took part in the Thornton led ride to Nakusp over the July long weekend. By all reports it was a fabulous ride with some 1200 kilometres showing on trip meters when all was done.

On July 21st we held our annual barbecue at our place. As this is being written prior to that date you will be able to see what sort of forecaster I am - the weather was in the high 20's and dry - a great day to take a dip in the pool and sit around talking biking and other important subjects. Some 20 - 25 people enjoyed the afternoon.

Coming up on the August long weekend is the Region/District rally in Kamloops. I understand the registration numbers are way up there so it promises to be a lot of fun. If riding in dry, warm weather turns you on this will be the place to be.

While I was travelling from the San Francisco Airport rental car centre to the airport terminal by shuttle, a motorcyclist just ahead of the bus took a left turn and lost the bike, losing it to the low or left hand side. Best guess is that he hit a patch of oil. He got up immediately and seemed okay. He had a decent helmet on (not a beanie) but with bare arms and a t-shirt and vest. No apparent road rash so he was lucky. I saw a number of riders while in California that were wearing the minimum of safety protection. Hopefully no one else went down.

Ivan Armstrong has been doing a great job with the Tuesday evening rides. Ian McAlpine, Fred Grosser and Gary Robins have been pretty regular attendees. Destination for the rides has been rotated as a responsibility of various members with some great rides resulting. It still amazes me that people can find roads less traveled in what is a fairly confined area between the mountains and the border. If you haven't joined us on Tuesday evening why not come out and ride along. It is an absolutely great way to enjoy this super summer weather. Rodeo drive-in, 152nd Street and

#10 Highway at 7pm.

Other Chapter events coming up are the August 25th ride to Mount Baker. We will be meeting at Denny's in Blaine for the usual sustenance and then heading out about 8:30am. For the top of the mountain. With less snow this winter we are hopeful that we'll make it all the way to the top parking lot. Please sign up for the ride if you can make it so we know whom to wait for. Don't forget to bring a picnic.

On the September long weekend BC-D holds their annual Gold Run. This year will be last that ends up in Clinton. After some 5 or 6 years in Clinton Chapter D decided that it was time to venture into new territories. More news on where they plan on going when I get details.

Congratulations to Emery and Jenny Laroque, new directors for Chapter D and to Glen and Shirley Williams, new assistant CD's. They bring a wealth of experience to the positions and will do a great job. Thanks to Louise and Wayne Manuel for their work as CD's since taking over from Russ and Sharon Ideson. They attacked the job with vigor and their efforts are much appreciated.

I see the food cart coming down the aisle. I hate eating this late at night (10:20pm.) but since Air Canada were kind enough to prepare a special low cholesterol meal for me it would be terribly impolite to turn it down.

The meal has been quaffed. Not a bad meal. Pretty light really and certainly better than the scrambled egg wrap that I had for breakfast on United yesterday. Heavens they can think up some weird meals!!!

Totally off topic but very much safety related. As I drive around or ride the bike I see an increasing number of people using their cell phones while on the go in their cars. I suspect a few motorcyclists with cell phones mounted on their bikes and wired into their audio systems also make use of them while on the move. An employee of one of our companies in the states was using their cell phone while driving. The result was a rear end collision of significant proportions. The worst of it was that the car was a Porsche. Sorry - that wasn't the worst. What was even worse was that the driver was a lawyer specializing in litigation who now claims that he is unable to work because of injuries sustained.

...../2

Chapter Director: Barry & Margaret Irvine Phone: (604) 597-8547
Ass't Chapter Director: Rick & Heather McIvor Phone: (604) 273-7282
BCA Web Site: <http://users.imag.net/~opie/>

If you have a habit of using your cell phone while on the go, please reconsider before you learn that less than full attention in driving can end in disaster.

I hope all of you are getting in as much riding as you had hope for. The weather of late has been as good as it could be. Don't waste it!

Barry and Margaret

CLASSIFIED

For sale (2)

BC-G has two riders getting out of biking due to health reasons.

Their bikes are a 1994 Suzuki Intruder 17,000 Km asking \$5,500 O.B.O.includes soft saddle bags.

#2 is a 1983 wineberry Aspencade (GL1100) plus cargo trailer. asking \$3,500 O.B.O.

Contact; Linda Matheson 250-579-9477

For Sale (1)

1991 Anniversary Edition Trike with color matched Cargo Trailer. Easy steer. Outstanding condition. 34,644kms.

Best offers on \$19,500.

Call Darlene Church 250-474-1229

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

This is one of the best Web Sites I have logged onto in a long time. You could spend hours just looking at all the wonderful Wing Pictures. Wing Ding 2001 is at the bottom of his index page (home Page). He has put a lot of work into this and his photos are outstanding, great pictures.

<http://www.angelfire.com/ok4/wingman26/index.html>

Ride Safe, Grizzly, GWRRA,
105668 Webmaster, <http://gwr.ra.bcv.8m.com>

Greetings

BIRTHDAY RIDE

Tuesday, 31 July is my birthday and I invite all biking friends to come for a gathering and a ride.

5:30 to 7:30

Meet at my house **1130 Fulton Avenue West Vancouver** for dinner on the deck.

Please bring a sandwich for yourself and something to drink. (*non alcoholic*)

7:30 to 9:00

Ride along Marine Drive to Whitecliff Park, then to Horseshoe Bay, then Upper Levels Highway and up to Cypress Park and back.

9:00

Coffee and cookies at my house again.

I hope you can come. Everyone is welcome. The more the merrier.

Please RSVP

SIMON SCOTT

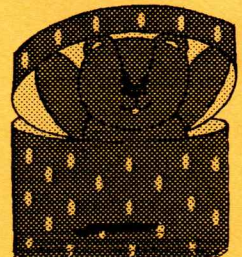
Birthdays & Anniversaries

JULY	6th	Pat Armstrong
	8th	Tracie Smith
	12th	Joan Maki
	17th	Henry Bahn
	21st	Barbara Dueck
	22nd	Jordan MacRae
	31st	Simon Scott

AUGUST	3rd	Carol McRae
	11th	Chris Maki
	18th	Ian McAlpine
	28th	Hanne Hoogstins

JULY	10th	Dale and Wendy Campbell
	26th	Amanda and Kelly Irvine

AUGUST	6th	Bruce and Manon Eburne
	10th	Gloria and Ron Maki
	20th	Chris and Joan Maki
	22nd	Gilbert and Julie Brennenstuhl



BOOK REVIEWS

Storm

By Robyn Davis

May 2001

Allen Noren has the adventurous heart of a motorcyclist. From his home in California, he has traveled by foot, airplane, bicycle, train, automobile and kayak through some 40 countries, though before the trip described in *Storm*, his first book, he had never ridden a motorcycle. Then one day, he saw a couple in worn leathers two-up on a beat-up, pack-laden Moto Guzzi with German plates, and was so taken by the grace and compactness of their movement through traffic, that he decided the next expedition should be on a bike.

Noren and Suzanne, his girlfriend and traveling partner of seven years, plotted their trip and both learned to ride. They purchased a used BMW, and in the spring of 1993, shortly after the Iron Curtain fell, they left for Germany to begin an exploration that took them north through Denmark and Sweden to the Arctic Circle, down the Finnish coast, through the Baltic States, Poland and back to Germany.

But nothing they'd experienced on previous travels compared to the violent summer storms and physical hardships that plagued this trip.

Noren takes the reader on a keenly observant journey through altering terrain, chaotic weather and eccentric characters with an honest, unself-conscious prose. He also manages, acutely, to illustrate how wide a chasm can open between one intrepid traveler and his companion when their perspectives of the world and expectations of each other diverge.

Storm, Allen Noren, 355 pages, \$24; Whitehorse Press, P. O. Box 60, North Conway, NH 03860; 800/531-1133; www.whitehorsepress.com

Bonneville Salt Flats

By Kevin Cameron

May 2001

This is the history of racing on the Bonneville Salt Flats, and a rich volume it is, full of the names that created hot-rodding, and full of the simple, powerful enthusiasm that drives such people.

Bonneville is an otherworldly place, the bed of an ancient salt lake, rimmed by faraway mountains that float between salt and sky. The flat surface stretches for miles — ideal for high-speed running. All the names that as a boy I read in newsprint speed magazines raced here: Ab Jenkins, Tom Spalding, John Cobb and hundreds of others. The salt is a university, educating those who race on it, making of them formidable engineers, engine-builders, aerodynamicists, survivors. Some of us humans feel a strong impulse to leave normal life behind and distill everything into one simple idea. There is no place like the salt for this. You pack all the horsepower you can build into a wheeled missile, then track down that long black line toward the imaginary mountains. They become real all too quickly. Your accomplishment then exists on two levels; you have the timing slip that says how fast you went, and, record or no, you have the pleasure of being part of this endless celebration.

The book is packed with photos, most in color, of the great machines and the people who built and ran them. Motorcycles have full citizenship here, so you'll see Don Vesco, Bob Leppan, Jess Thomas, Warner Riley and many others who had to go fast on two wheels in strange, 20-foot-long projectiles.

As you read, you may find yourself wondering if maybe you ought to go out there to Utah and have a look, talk to some people, maybe build something you've been thinking about for a long time.

Bonneville Salt Flats, Louise Ann Noeth, 156 pages, \$40, MBI Publishing, 729 Prospect Ave., Osceola, WI 54020; 800/826-6600; www.motorbooks.com



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Thoughts From a Novice

by Eric Mitchell

AS A NEW RIDER, I thought I'd share my impressions so that others may get an idea of what it's like to start out on a sport-bike, against the advice of other, more educated riders. My choice for a first motorcycle (Yamaha YZF600) was completely out of line. My actual selection (1995 Honda VFR750) wasn't a whole lot better in retrospect, but has at least been a more "practical" mount, and a bit more comfortable. The VFR has actually been easy to ride. I found that the linear power delivery and predictable handling were a godsend. I still appreciate these qualities today after 5000 miles.

It was a bear at low speeds (parking lots, driveway, etc.). I have committed most of the MSF instruction to memory, and a lot of it's becoming second nature, but I found myself repeating instructions out loud to myself in low speed situations. Of course, any idiot can ride a bike fast, so I practiced a lot and have become better at the lower speed drills. But when you're top heavy on top of a 475-pound bike, it can be a bit disconcerting.

I learned to countersteer quickly on the bike. Consciously! I don't know how anyone who rides a sportbike cannot be intimately familiar with the idea of countersteering, but apparently they're out there.

Forget whatever you learned about brakes in a car. Even the brakes on a 6-year-old VFR stop you *right now!* I had to learn quickly how to apply the brakes properly and in a progressive manner in order to avoid locking up the front (and rear). I did this in a parking lot with an experienced friend. Do this on the street and you're screwed. Of course, now I love them, and am comfortable with their ability...but be warned.

I typically ride alone. This has kept me away from the temptation of keeping pace with better, faster riders. I have found that riding alone allows me to focus on my abilities, and to concentrate on improving on them and riding within them. When I do ride with others, they are usually of the sport touring or cruiser variety. Speed is not important to them, and we keep the pace down. Canyon carving is fine, until the canyon carves you. Had I been introduced to a group of sport riding squids, who knows where I'd be now.

If I had it to do over again, I'd probably get a smaller bike. It's nice not having to worry about outgrowing my current ride, but I think I would have been comfortable sooner on a smaller bike.

Avoid peaky power plants like the plague. Regardless of what bike you end up with as a first bike, predictable power delivery is a *huge* learning advantage. The V4 bailed me out a couple of times where a peaky motor would have sent me to the pavement.

Dress for the crash. I wear an armored suit every time out. Doesn't matter where I'm going. Find a comfortable one and wear it every time. You might feel like a dork; you may actually look like a dork. But in the early days of riding, you're

going to look and feel like dork anyway as you come to grips with riding on the street. I did *not* look any cooler on a VFR than I would have on anything else. I looked...like a dork. Don't buy a bike before you attend the MSF course. It saved me from making a *really* big mistake. You'll learn a lot about what you like and don't like about riding. You may even decide that you don't like it at all.

Get a bike with reasonable maintenance intervals. My V4 is pretty good about this, but I do have to hassle with a chain. The idea is to be riding, not wrenching. My next bike will likely be shaft.

Be meticulous with your bike. Check the fluids. Check the chain lube. Check the signals. Take the time every time to make sure everything is in perfect working order. Sport-bikes especially need constant attention to detail. There's just way too much performance to be negligent in any respect. My friend who owns a shaft drive cruiser mocks me for spending so much time preening my bike. If someone objects, offer to tie them to your car bumper and drag them down the street at 70 mph.

Trust no one in a car. Paranoia is your friend. They *are* out to get you. No, they *do not* see you. I try not to be neurotic about it, but my point is that you are responsible for staying out of their way, because fault doesn't matter when you careen off a car and into oncoming traffic. And guess what, I have found that riding a sport bike seems to elevate the testosterone level with most punks in hot cars. Avoid them. If you can't avoid them, try to ignore them.

It's been hard to keep my wrist out of the throttle. I was one of those guys that figured "yeah, well I'm different." In reality, it has taken a lot of mental discipline to keep the speed within reason. Fortunately, I'm not a real speed freak; I just enjoy being out there on a bike for the most part. It's a real temptation, and I was surprised at just how strong the urge can be. The faster you go, the more stable the bike gets, and the better it feels. It's like a drug.

Be patient. I have learned a lot, but I have tons more to learn, and I will never stop learning. It's a process. You'll suck the first time you ride. You'll suck a little less the second time you ride, but you'll still suck. But if you can manage to keep thinking and stay focused, you can still be safe and learn. It's hard to be patient on a machine capable of so much performance, but you have to have the mental discipline or you're done. Better yet, get a bike that doesn't tempt.

In the end, I've been fortunate on many levels. I'm content with building confidence at a slow and steady pace, and I have nothing to prove. Yeah, I really dig my VFR. It does lots of things well, and typically does anything I ask. As long as I don't ask it to do anything stupid, I might just be okay.

I'm 31, married, own a home, have a responsible job, and am a semi-upstanding member of my community. And none of that has helped me become a better rider. Time and patience. Rinse, lather, repeat.

Courtesy: *The Interactive Motorcycle*. www.activebike.com/

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**If you can lend a hand, please contact
Barry Irvine or anyone on the Chapter
Committee.**

IN SEARCH OF QUALITY

Why ride, indeed? A huge amount of paper and ink have been used as various writers have tried to put into cold objective words the essentially ethereal experience most of us have when riding. Still, why ride? Come along with me and maybe you can feel the answer as I felt it.

Imperceptibly, the big SE's 1520CC engine sounded louder and louder. Usually, quiet as the breathing of a new born, the gradual rising sound level signaled climbing. The ride had begun as a mundane trip to the post office to mail some letters. It grew into a memory; a memory worth having, a memory worth sharing.

About 25 or so miles northbound on I-25 from *Las Vegas, NM*, a side road caught my eye. I'd just the week before taken residence in this Winter Wonderland of spell-binding roads, beautiful mountains, meadows, and gleaming snow. It was time to exercise Lady Blue II. She'd patiently endured two snow storms in the garage, waiting... Now, today was her day to roam. Sure, it was cold... in a physical sense. Somehow, it was mid-summer season as the miles slid by, seemingly without effort.

The sign said: *NM 161 Mora*. Hum... I'd just been through Mora the day before in my box _ it is in a lovely location... The Sangre de Christo range hovers overhead, was now robed with winter's top coat of white. Lady Blue II turned, as if of her own volition, the brakes came on, pause for a full stop at the red octagonal sign, then left. _ shift down and accelerate gently through the gears _ strange road _ snow piled on both sides of a narrow ribbon of black. _ luring me on _ with caution.

Robert Persig wrote of riding half across the country in pursuit of Quality. Does this mean, a ride must be long for Quality to exist in it? The road swings sharply to the right, then the engine noise begins to intrude, I become aware we, Lady Blue II and I are climbing. Ahead are the mountains, we're still out on the vegas _ the "meadows", the knolls are impressive however, and bald as my pate. Still with interspersing of arroyos _ the ride is getting interesting. The curves and switchbacks come more quickly. Yes! Ski gloves, just purchased, are a must. The temp indicator on the left mirror hovers at 28/F. _ the hills are blanketed with white _ in spots snow is still piled on the road surface, extra caution is required. Speed is building, have to back it down, might top a rise and find a surprise! Don't want rude surprises, not now; not anytime. Too, there could be a sheet of ice covering a shaded place by the looming wall of rock as I sweep into an arroyo and bank left, hard. The surface is dry, I breathe easier. Lady Blue II seemed to know the road was "OK" for she urges me to loose the reins. I don't. Still, there's something ephemeral at work here.

Inside the helmet. _ silence. We are too far from I-25 for "trucker talk" on the two-way radio and too far from the pollution called civilization for the "good time" radio to be hearing anything but the strongest AM stations. Click, both radios are off. This is a time to feel, a time to experience. What is the gestalt at work?

I wonder as Lady Blue II again slows and sounds like she's working a bit in top gear, climbing again. I look around. The mountains ahead loom deep blue crowned with the most brilliant white the mind can conjure. Along side, the ranching land is all white _ even the air feels alive, the place has spirit. "No wonder," I think aloud to myself "*New Mexico* is called The Land of En-

chantment." Phaedrus is alive and about on this day.

Here I am feeling, searching _ rationally I know I've never been on this road before. I've never been in this place before, but like Persig and his inner nemesis Phaedrus _ I've been here before. There is a sense about this I am feeling, an ephemeral experience, one if put in words is somehow diminished for like Persig's "Quality" if it is defined it ceases to exist; thus it has to be something felt; something experienced. Onward, I have no choice. Quality is in control. Quality is calling.

On climbs the road, there are some more trees along side now. We are climbing into the heavily wooded reaches of the foothills where the mountains shoulder up against the great plains to the east. The transition is slow, we aren't running fast. I still have enough rational control to exercise caution on a strange road in icing conditions. The sky, however, is a deep azure blue. The sun hovers in the south, above the mountains. I sense no wind. The movement of Lady Blue II and my involvement in being a part of the beauty all around me is all I know at the moment. There are no other travelers on this road. Perhaps they have too much good sense.

The trees thicken, the snow is deeper. This tells me we are higher now. I can feel it too _ feel it in a way which has nothing to do with the physical. I don't have an altimeter, but my ears pop. From long years of flying, I know this means dropping barometric pressure due to increasing elevation. I breathe deeper; Lady Blue II seems also to breathe more deeply; she's still urging me on. I see both the tachometer and the speedometer winding up. What's going on? Are we still climbing? Are we going down grade? My senses are all focused on the moment, on the place, on the feel and I am not sure. Still I back off the throttle purposefully. Like the Lady she is, Lady Blue II does not complain, but lets me know in a gentle way, she'd prefer to keep on 'cranking on it'.

This is my time _ not her's. I resume command. I purposefully slow the pace. To the right is a stock pond. It is totally frozen. It looks to be a solid block of ice. I wonder if skaters will come from the ranch I see on a far hill. Not likely. They probably are glad to be indoors near a crackling fire, only a dreamer or a fool is out and about on a day this cold. What of me... and on a motorcycle too?

Warning! Dead end _ must turn.. It's an intersection. It is *NM 518* just south of *La Queva*. A quick stop, Lady Blue II wants to keep rolling. I force the stop and make sure the way is clear. I'm a bit clumsy in all these clothes and with these ski gloves, control is not as fine and precise as when I'm wearing lighter coats and gloves. The road is clear, I swing left heading reluctantly homeward.

It's not the length or the speed of the ride. What matters is the Quality of the ride! This one was short, 65 miles, but....If you felt what I felt _ you felt Quality! Isn't this what riding is all about, I ask you?

Courtesy: J.Reviere GWRRA#7138, Albuquerque, NM.

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4th Sunday BC-A Vancouver
Barry & Margaret Irvine 604-597-8547
CB#33 ABC Restaurant @ 9:15am
2350 Boundary at Lougheed Hwy.

3rd Sunday BC-B Campbell River/Courtney
Ernie & Halina Lambert 250-923-4871
CB#33 Popsies Log Grill @ 9:00am
1120 Ironwood St.
Every Tuesday @ Tim Hortons
Coffee @ 7:00pm.

3rd Monday BC-C Chilliwack/Fraser Valley
Bruce & Joan Dunmall 604-703-0498
CB#33 Cross Roads Family Restaurant @ 6:30pm
1821 Sumas Way, Abbotsford. 852-1614
www.geocities.com/chapter c.

1st Wednesday BC-D Surrey
Wayne & Louise Manuel 604 584-1452
CB#33 Ricky's @ 7pm. 152nd St./Fraser Hwy.
IHOP -19700 Hwy.10 Bypass, Langley
Friday 7pm.

1st Tuesday BC-G Kamloops
Ron & Penny Marshall 250-573-4037
CB#33 Brass Kettle @ 7:00pm.1485 West T.C.H.
Coffee: West Rock Bakery, Thurs. 7:00

2nd Wednesday BC-H Dawson Creek
Ken & Marion Guay 250-782-2959
CB#33 Hart of the North Café @ 7:30
Apr.-Oct. Coffee & Ride Wed. 7:30

Every Saturday BC-K Kelowna
Ralph & Joan Young, 250-766-1390
CB#33 The Specialty Bakery, 833 Finns Rd..
Kelowna. Every Saturday Breakfast
(8:00am Summer, 9:00am Winter)
www.ogopogo.com/bck

2nd Monday BC-P Prince George
Henri & June Plouffe 250-964-3867
CB#33 Fortune Palace @ 6:00pm Peden Hill.
www.members.pgonline.com/~haggis

2nd Sunday BC-V Victoria
Garry & Monique Shrive 250-380-4624
CB#33 DG's Rest. @ 9:00am
617 Gorge Road East.
garryshrive@home.com

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The Fourth Sunday of each Month

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Breakfast at 8:00am.
Meeting at 9:15am.

*Enjoy breakfast with new and old friends, or come
for a cup of coffee before the meeting.*
See you there!

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Deadline for articles to go in the newsletter
is one week prior to the monthly meeting.

Meryl Davies,
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