

Ed / Sylvia



GOLD NUGGETS



G.W.R.R.A.

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

FEBRUARY, 2002

Welcome to 2002!

It just seems a few months ago that many of us were worrying about what might happen with Y2K and the passing of 1999 and emergence of 2000. Now, here we are, two years after Y2K and many more years after we first started thinking about it. As someone said to me a few days ago, the older you get the faster they go!!!!

2001 ended for Chapter BC-A with our annual potluck dinner. We had 40 in attendance for what was another great feast. It was great to see so many of our number that have moved on to other hobbies and adventures mixing with the many new riders that have joined us in recent years. This was the last year for Unwin Hall as it is scheduled to be torn down this summer. There will be no immediate replacement. Too bad!!! It is a great community hall with a lot of history and character.

Margaret and I spent Christmas at home with our eldest daughter and her family and Margaret's sister and her family from Toronto. Unfortunately no snow this year although it was chilly. We had planned on taking a boat ride on Boxing Day and drove to the boat only to find about 3/8 to 1/2 inch of ice in our part of the marina. After looking at another boat that had played ice breaker (and showed it) we decided on a stationary visit.



on a

New Years saw us travel to LaConner and a rendezvous with Chapter BC-A RV'ers. 6 couples got together at thousand Trails to spend a few days and celebrate New Years. The weather was good and it was a great time. On the Friday prior to New Year's we celebrated Bob Hoogstins retirement. Bob and Hanne are now free to travel as and where they wish with no requirement for Bob to show up at work. They both are looking forward to their new freedom.

The January meeting marks the beginning of our 4th year at the helm of Chapter BC-A. Your executive has lined up an active year with a good mix of social and riding events. None will suc-

ceed without your participation. You were most supportive last year and I hope we can count on you once again this year to take an active part in chapter activities.

The early sign of an approaching riding season is the annual Vancouver Motorcycle Show. By the time you read this the show will have come and gone. I hope all of you had a chance to drop out to the Tradex and to spend a bit of time at the GWRRA booth, organized capably by Gil Gilbert.

We are adding one or two "old" events to the calendar. We'll stay at LaConner on the way to and from WA-C's Early Spring Fun Run. This is a fun way to enjoy a weekend. In August we'll try the Progressive Dinner again. This was a popular event which starts at noon and winds up late in the afternoon after a number of stops for various meal courses. "We Ride to Eat" really applies for this event.



what ICBC charges.

And of course, as with the start of every season, we get a chance to visit ICBC once again. Having just recently talked with a Harley touring bike rider in Seattle and having found out that his full coverage insurance for the year is \$270 US, I will of course be in a great mood when I pick up my insurance. Remember that there are a number of private insurers that offer coverage above the basic insurance we all MUST buy from ICBC but at rates less than 1/2 of

And so preparations for the riding season begin. Margaret and I are looking forward to a great season riding with all of you. Tuesday evening rides, after meeting rides, events like the Fun Run and Vedder campout – all will be tremendous if YOU participate.

Best wishes for a safe and fun season.

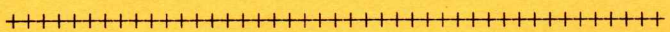
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Ass't. Chapter Directors: Rick & Heather McIvor 604-273-7282
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For Sale: (1)

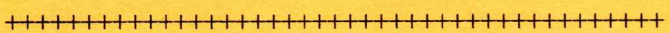
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February	4	Gail Watson
	10	David Morrow
	11	Gilbert Brennenstuhl
	15	Ivan Armstrong
	16	Kathy Drozdik
	28	Kristin Maki
March	16	Derek Watson
	29	Sylvia Clifford
	30	Don Mackintosh

ANNIVERSARIES:

March 29 - Don and Tracie Smith



BC-A CHRISTMAS POTLUCK PARTY

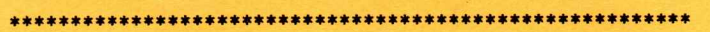
This year the Christmas Potluck party started early for me. I had volunteered to cook a turkey. I wrestled the 22lb. bird into the oven on Saturday morning. A few hours later it was all snugged up in foil etc. along with some gravy in my slow cooker and dressing in a bowl. I felt like I belonged to a catering outfit, never mind my gift and food bank stuff. Having got all this loaded into the truck and having got myself tidied up and dressed I headed out for Unwin Hall feeling like I'd partied already.

I arrived to find Barry and Margaret making the hall look Christmassy and then we set up tables and chairs. Gloria Maki arrived with the other turkey and Bob Hoogstins and Gord Auld proceeded to surgically dismember the birds, I must say they make quite the art of carving. Around 6.30pm. most people had arrived and were nibbling on some excellent munchies. It's easy to get carried away on some of those and whoops, less room for the dinner things, never mind that special trifle that arrives every year.

At 7pm. with our potluck buffet displayed in precision style, everybody tucked in. I also learned from a long time member that certain strategies are employed by some to get to the grits in front of the line!! However, as usual, the food was excellent, great turkey, dressing, gravy, and mashed spuds not to mention salads and casseroles. It's hard to push away from the table, but then again you have to remember that trifle. I have to say that Donna Broerken excelled herself this year. A serving of her trifle along with some other enjoyable desserts finished the meal off very well.

Thank goodness nobody decided dancing was the order of the day, my digestive system would have rebelled for sure. Instead we sang carols to the expert accompaniment of our minstrel, Ivan. We seemed to be in good voice this year. Then the piece de resistance, the gifts. We picked them by ticket as usual but were directed not to open them. When they had all been distributed we could exchange, if people were willing. It was tough, hardly anybody was willing!! I had to resort to subterfuge and snitch Little Gil's present, he was asleep at the switch. However when I tried to exchange, nobody else was willing!! Santa as usual did an excellent job of refereeing things, although Thomas Maki was highly suspicious of him and didn't want to know, even when held by Chris. Thomas and Pat Pearce's little granddaughter made an awesome pair and were a delight to watch as they whizzed around the room. A great evening with friends and good food.
Meryl

PS: *This is to let you all know that I am going on holiday on January 18th. I am going on the trip that was cancelled last year, but new ship this time, but same trip to South America. This means that Barry, with help, I hope, will construct the next two newsletters. All the best to everybody for the New Year. See you in March.*



It's that time of year for those who love to travel, to make plans, search out ideas and and travel vicariously when it's doing the liquid sunshine bit outside.

A couple of websites I found while surfing are of interest:

www.byways.org/

www.topozone.com/



HOW TO AVOID AN ACCIDENT ON A MOTORCYCLE

(YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE – HERE IT IS
AGAIN!)

Avoiding accidents in the first place is your best defense. Here are some simple steps to follow.

Here's How:

Ride assuming that you are totally invisible to motorists.

Leave plenty of space in front and back and to the sides from all other vehicles.

Anticipate trouble situations and know what to do when you see them.

Beware of motorists turning left in front of you at intersections. This is the leading killer of motorcyclists.

Slow down before you enter an intersection and be prepared to make an evasive maneuver if necessary.

Never drink or take drugs and try to ride a motorcycle.

Don't ride if you are on medication that makes you sleepy.

Avoid riding at night, especially late Saturday night and early Sunday when drunken drivers may be on the road.

Beware of riding into sun glare.

Don't try to keep up with your friends who may be more experienced. Know your personal limits.

Beware of taking curves that you can't see around. A parked truck or a patch of sand may be awaiting you.

Do not give in to road rage and try to 'get even' with another rider or motorist.

If someone is tailgating you, either speed up to open more space or pull over and let them pass.

Tips:

Do not prescribe to the tactic of throwing something on the road behind you to warn a tailgater to back off.

Take a motorcycle safety course to learn what to look for to avoid accidents.

Wear protective clothing and a helmet in case you forget these tips and find yourself sliding across a concrete road on your backside.

How to Pack a Motorcycle For a Trip

Packing a motorcycle is more of a challenge than packing your car. Learn the techniques here. This procedure is geared for one rider. *If you have a co-rider, you'll probably need a trunk or other external trunk behind the passenger.*

Here's How:

Create a packing list of everything you want to take and where it will be placed on the bike. See Related Feature below.

Depending on the bike, you'll need saddlebags, a tailpack, possibly a tank bag, and at least 3 bungee cords.

Clothes should be tightly rolled up to assume the smallest space.

Use the packing list to place items in the various storage areas. Include your jacket as a storage area.

Evenly distribute the load on the left and right sides.

Weigh the bags on a scale.

Don't put too much weight on the back of the bike. See your owner's manual for limits.

After all necessities are loaded, place your rain gear somewhere on top of the bike secured by bungee cords. You don't want to have to unpack when it starts to rain.

Double check your list to ensure that everything is on-board.

Place the packing list in your jacket or other readily available spot.

Have a great trip!

Tips:

Use removable bags in your saddlebags to be able to easily move the contents from your bike to a motel or campsite.

Always place items you don't want to get wet in plastic zip-type bags.

Try to keep items you need on the road in a place where they can be easily accessed.

Co-riders have very diverse ideas of what is necessary on a motorcycle trip. This usually calls for some kind of summit meeting. The word compromise is a good one.

It goes without saying the above is a guideline, depending upon whether you are on a big touring bike or something small and less well equipped.

Courtesy: motorcycles.about.com.



Riding the Wind

One Woman's View on Why We Ride

By D. J. Jones

When life throws you a curve, ride it. Ride it hard. As if it were your last. Because it just might be!

This philosophy is one we all should consider, whether we ride or not. Having said that, like everyone, I have been dealt my share of curves. But without them, I can't help but think how boring my life would be. "Riding the Wind" is my story of triumph, determination, and putting fun back into life and living it to the fullest.

When I arrived home, he took my hand and led me out to the garage. There sat a brand new black and chrome Kawasaki Vulcan 800. My eyes lit up, and I said to him. "Where's yours?" He thought I was kidding, but I wasn't! At age 40 I had my first motorcycle, which I fondly tagged The Predator. Now it was time for the fun part—learning how to ride the damn thing. I wanted to get it right the first time, so I practiced on the kitchen chair, mentally familiarizing myself with the controls and going through the gears. I read the owner's manual cover-to-cover at least a dozen times. A few short weeks later I successfully completed a motorcycle safety course and received my motorcycle endorsement.

The feeling of joy and satisfaction I felt was unbelievable. This was the realization of a lifelong dream. It was time to spread my wings. Soon after I took over ownership the 800 Vulcan, my husband purchased a black and chrome Kawasaki Vulcan 1500. We took a few trips together, but what I really enjoyed was riding alone. Meeting challenges and dealing with whatever lay ahead unleashed my passion for life and led to great satisfaction.

As we know, sudden curves in life can happen when you least expect them. Two days before Thanksgiving, Tuesday, November 24, 1998, at about 2:00pm, I confronted one of those sudden curves. I was out for a short Fall ride. The sun was shining, and the temperature was about 60 degrees—the perfect fall day. Remembering from the safety course the importance of wearing the proper protective riding attire, I had taken the time to gear up. The extra time was well worth it. My helmet, jacket, gloves, chaps, Levi's, and boots, on this day, saved my life.

I had been out for a couple of hours with the crisp air wafting through my helmet. I was thoroughly enjoying myself, when I came upon a car preparing to enter the highway from the Country Club driveway. My hands were poised ready over the brake and clutch, my headlight was on high beam, and I was honking my horn like a mad woman. I was sure the driver saw me, but when I reached the front of her car, she abruptly pulled out and struck me and my Predator broadside. I was thrown 120 feet, landing face first and skidding on the pavement. It wasn't until I finally stopped sliding that I realized my right foot had been crushed between the car and bike.

It took two long and extensive surgeries to save my foot from amputation. I knew I had a lot of work ahead of me. My first thought was to walk again, because the possibility was great I would not. Hour-after-hour, day-after-day I worked endlessly through the pain. After two months of hard work and rehabilitation I was walking.

After the accident, I was asked on several occasions if I would ride again.

At that time my main goal was to regain the same quality of life I once had. All kinds of thoughts go through your mind when you almost lose your life. What if I had left a little earlier that day? What if I had taken a different road? The days passed, and I put riding on hold, not knowing what the future would bring. Then one day a strong feeling came over me, and a smile came to my face. I couldn't wait to ride, so I did!

Four months after my life almost ended I bought a 1999 Yamaha V-Star 650. Feeling as if no time had passed from one bike to the next, I was pumped! I needed to ride—and not just around the neighborhood. So I planned a long weekend ride. My husband joined me on a trip to Niagara Falls, Canada. I was able to drive the 400 miles from our home in New Jersey to Canada in one day, in high winds and with temperatures hovering around the 40-degree mark. I was so pumped I wanted to go a little further but my husband, an around-the-town kind of guy, said, "No way!" We stayed in Canada a couple of days before returning home. I had just made it over the first of many hurdles. I began to realize everything happens for a reason. It's not for us to ask why, but to take the strengths we gain from our experiences and soar. Boy, was I soaring!!

Since the fall of 1998, I have logged almost 100,000 miles traveling through the US, Canada, Spain, and Africa. I've seen Mother Nature at her finest, from the Appalachians to the Florida Keys, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. I've stood in awe of the Rocky Mountains and driven the length of the St. Lawrence River. I've gazed in wonder at the Grand Canyon and explored the vastness of the Sahara Desert. There are so many positives in covering mile after mile by motorcycle.

The friends I have made all over the world are priceless. The people I've met have given me a new hope for humankind. There are times when things get pretty exhausting out there on the road, but you just keep riding. Through high wind, rain, extreme heat, freezing temperatures, avoiding the occasional animal that wanders into your way, and dealing with the ever-present road construction! But it's all worth it—you get satisfaction in return a thousand times over.

I've been asked on several occasions, "Is there a radio on your bike?" The answer is, "No". I don't need to be entertained, and I never get lonely out there. No need for music—just the sound of my bike, my thoughts, and the wind are enough. I have a lot to be thankful for, and I don't ever take anything for granted.

On my many journeys there have been a lot of people who have helped facilitate my safe return home. I'd like to thank my husband, Mark, for all his love, support, and putting up with me setting my alarm for 1:00am to leave on my trips. Green Brook Cycle and Marine in Green Brook, New Jersey always keeps my bike roadworthy. Lake City Honda in Seattle, Washington gave me fast, friendly service. Forman Honda in Brandon, Manitoba, for getting me a new back tire after I picked up a nail while traveling across Canada. I have stayed in many digs on the road, but the Whitehouse B & B in Manitoba, Canada holds a special place in my heart. Thanks to you all!

It wasn't my time that day in November 1998—it was my new beginning. I will celebrate that day as if it were another birthday. I will continue to explore all the world has to offer! I will continue to set and achieve new goals! I will not be defeated! I will continue riding the wind.

Courtesy: www.swbike.com

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Ken & Karen. — Karl (club dir.)

2002 ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

January

- 02 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 14 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 18/19/20 Vancouver Motorcycle Show
- 27 BC-A Breakfast Meeting
- WA-I Casino Night

February

- 06 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 16 BC-A Bowling
- 18 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 24 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

March

- 06 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 09 BC-A Spaghetti House
- 18 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 24 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

April

- 03 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 12/13/14 BC-A LaConnor Tulip Festival and WA-C Spring Fun Run
- 15 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 28 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

May

- 01 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 04 BC-A, BC-C, BC-D Mall Shows
- 04/05 Bob Merriman Governor's Run
- 11 BC-A ERC Course
- 3/19/20 WA-S Victoria Days Weekend (place tba.)
- 20 BC-C Dinner meeting
- 26 BC-A Breakfast Meeting in Squamish
- BC-C Green Heart Run

June

- 05 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 02 BC-A Bob Davies Memorial Fun Run
- 07/08/09 BC-A CAMPOUT - Vedder Campground
- 17 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 21 BC-A Almost the Longest Day of the Year Ride!
- Can Am Rally, Osoyoos

July

- 03 BC-D Meeting
- 15 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 27 BC-A Backyard Barbecue and Swim
- 28 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

August

- 07 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 03/04/05 Region J/District BC Rally
- 10 BC-A Progressive Dinner
- 19 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 24 BC-A Ferndale-Mt. Baker Ride
- BC-A Breakfast Meeting

September

- 31/01/02 BC-C Gold Run
- 07 BC-A Bug run

September (cont.)

- 07 BC-C Campout
- BC-D Corn Roast
- 16 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 22 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

October

- 02 BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 06 Vancouver Toy Run
- 13 Fraser Valley Toy Run
- 21 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 25 BC-A Fun and Games Night
- 27 BC-A Breakfast Meeting

November

- 06 BC-D Meeting
- 18 BC-C Dinner Meeting
- 24 BC-A Breakfast Meeting
- BC-C Christmas Dinner

December

- 06 BC-A Christmas Potluck Dinner
- BC-D Dinner Meeting
- 16 BC-C Dinner Meeting

TBA: First Aid Course, Tuesday Evening Rides, After Meeting Rides.

For more information call your chapter directors - see Page 7

COMING EVENTS - PLEASE JOIN US FOR SOME FUN!

February 16 Bowling and after bowling eats, at Brentwood Lanes in Burnaby. Exact times will be available at the January meeting.

March 9 dinner at Spaghetti House in Gastown - 7 PM. For those for whom it makes sense, tie dinner in with a Sky Train ride.

Sign up sheets for both events will be out at the January meeting.

Jewelry - Ken Parks?

Mountains and Memories by George Ellis

Just as all roads are connected, and then so are we the riders that use them. To ride with others, there has to be an understanding of what is coming around the next corner, what the corner will do, what the corner expects. What the rider in front will do, what the rider behind expects. It has to do with predictability, to survive. On a higher plane, we have all experienced the thought connection when we are riding with friends, who are enjoying the same moment, the same comprehension and concentration levels. From front rider to the last, the communication of how to ride the road ahead gets sent back silently from biker to biker. It had been a long time since these thoughts had passed through my mind. Let me take you back.

My early riding years were in the backcountry roads of England, where having a Norton Dominator in the late '60's was the *raison d'être*. To be precise, the Cotswold hills were the playground of my spent youth. This area, almost on the border with Wales, is made up of rolling hills, sprinkled with some higher elevations. Crisscrossed by the two lane roads that the British system would call the 'B' roads. The busier 'A' roads were those highways that connected cities such as London to York, the 'B' roads connected little villages such as Upper Slaughter, to well, Lower Slaughter. Or, Old Sodbury to Little Sodbury... get the picture? Learning English is not so hard after all!

Recently, memories of those days came flooding back, reminding me of old friends I used to ride with. Chicko on the Gold Star Clubmans', that took for ever to start, Mog on his BSA that took forever to stop and Mart on the Triumph. We were usually accompanied by a host of other rockers that rode with us to nowhere in particular, using pubs as waypoints rendering maps unnecessary. Those were carefree days, where winding up in an unknown village meant we were welcome strangers, bringing news from the outside world to the girls, and sinister looks from the local lads; self appointed protectors of the virtuous.....

Fast-forward the picture to this summer. There are six of us, threading our way through the roads flung off the Blue Ridge parkway to the valleys below. No Mogs or Chicko's on Birmingham's best, but Jack and Tom on new BMW's from Munich, Jamie on a /5 that comes from the early seventies, and Preston on his silver Ducati. Right behind, my college roommate, John, on a well running Harley, and me once again on yet another Norton, a seventy five Commando.

The rain is hammering down, the fog is light, then thick, the wind blows giant raindrops off the swaying trees that hit my chest making me believe they have to be composed of heavy water, specially formulated to be shot from cannons. We are on our way descending from the Parkway en route to Brevard, skimming along on roads that are transposed, or seemingly reincarnated from the Cotswolds, designed to connect the landscape created by the same artist. As in all well-orchestrated ballets, I see the front rider, I think it's Preston, gracefully flick the Ducati from one side to the other around hairpins, then he vanishes, the next rider doing the same. The roads are now starting to get patches of dryness on them. My handgrip relaxes somewhat. A long sweeping left-hander comes into the viewfinder, and like Spanish galleons caught in a storm force wind from

starboard we all lean over at the same angle for what seems like hours.

The road now follows the river, and we ride the ridge of the asphalt harder and harder as if this serpentine road will end soon. It doesn't. The bikes ahead of me sway back and fro in silence. I am amazed that riders used to the straight Florida roads can adapt to this environment so well and so quickly. All I hear and feel are the twin vertical cylinders firing below me. The sound of my exhausts reverberates off the granite walls as we circle downwards in stretched spirals. The revs rising and falling with the gearbox cogs meshing in and out, sending vibrations through the bars until revving to the twenty seven hundred mark when the hard rubber isoelastics intervene, bringing on an almost eerie, magical calm. This symphony continues through several movements until we finally see civilization, as we now know it. At least a few houses and a small gas station, run by a cheery woman making a fresh pot of coffee. We stop for much needed warmth, the temperature coming off the Parkway was all the way up into the forties at the start. Pulling into the forecourt, an inquisitive little dog decides to bark at the Norton. A few of us top off our tanks, some meander back to the outhouse behind the station, then meander back inside to replenish the recycled coffee. I find the rest of the lads outside with their jackets off, the little Yorkshire terrier still gruffly threatening the Commando. The bike returns this affront with sharp contraction clicks and metallic pings back to the dog as both slowly cool off. A few minutes later the sun breaks through bringing warmth to the outside as the hot coffee does to the insides. It is soon time to suit up and think about the route back up to the mountains, now four thousand feet above. Gloves go on, the ritual of zipping jackets, fastening helmet straps, legs swing over trusty steeds plays on. Right hand thumbs press buttons and engines come back to life. I still like kicking the bike into life although there is an electric start on the Mark three Commandos, which actually works quite well if needed.

During moments of reflection, one learns you can never go back to the past. Sometimes, for the good, the past can catch up with us. We all lived out our different memories up in the mountains. Plus, we all made new ones. The main thing is not to put off such a trip until that certain dream bike is in the garage, or waiting for the right moment, such as paying off the mortgage. It can be done and enjoyed with good friends to ride along with, and it can be done with any classic, well-fettled, bike. The old bikes ran without a flaw. Plus, they kept up very well with the other modern bikes on the fast stretches. So, all right, these guys were gracious, but the classic Norton and BMW having the advantage of lightweight, were just as quick in the curves. The twisty bits do tend to even out the score over sheer speed. It begs the answer to the question of why bikes run well when they are ridden in the climate similar to the country in which they were made. The weather was atrocious way up there in the hills, the cold wind, fog, and drizzle turning into rain. Was the weather as inclement as this the day the old bikes, gleaming in new paint and fresh chrome, were wheeled out of their European factories some time ago? Did they now sense they were on the road going home? After all, the old bikes took to those roads like they had been there sometime before....

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www.surrey.quik.com/merchison

Phoenix

1-800-843-9460

"A"-CTIVITY CO-ORDINATORS

Sign-in Table	Margaret Irvine	597-8547
Newsletter	Meryl Davies	936-3358
Rider Educ. Courses	Ian McAlpine	990-4919
Mall Show	Barry/Margaret Irvine	597-8547
Senior's Ride		
Fun Run	R. McIvor & Others	984-7776
Camp-out	Pat Pearce	530-5133
Longest Day		
Backyard BBQ	Barry/Margaret Irvine	597-8547
Mt. Baker Ride	" " " "	
Prog. Dinner	Fun & Games Committee	
Xmas Dinner	Committee	
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	Heinz Blisse	937-3123
	Herb Broerken	574-7021
	Paul Wing	322-3488

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

B.C. CHAPTER MEETINGS.

- 4th Sunday BC-A Vancouver**
Barry & Margaret Irvine 604- 597-8547
CB#33 ABC Restaurant,
2350 Boundary at Lougheed Hwy.
Breakfast 8am. Meeting 9:30am.
- 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**
Ken & Karen Thornton 604-826-0590
CB#33 Cross Roads Family Restaurant @ 6:30pm
1821 Sumas Way, Abbotsford. 852-1614
- 1st Wednesday BC-D Surrey**
Emery & Jenny Larocque 604-591-6460
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**
Randy & Carol Werger
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**
9am.Nov-Mar. 8:30am.Apr.-Oct.
Garry & Monique Shrive 250-380-4624
CB#33 Princess Mary Restaurant,
358 Harbour St.Victoria.
garryshrive@home.com

Please Plan On Joining Us:

The Fourth Sunday of each Month

ABC RESTAURANT
2350 Boundary
(Boundary Rd. at Lougheed Highway)

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!



NEWSLETTER ARTICLES

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

Meryl Davies,

2231 Haversley Avenue, Coquitlam, B.C.

V3J 1W3

(604) 936-3358

Or E-mailed to:

Meryl_Davies@telus.net

