

in place and functioning. Now I removed the left fairing and was amazed to find that the throttle pulley had fallen off! It too was dangling by the cable. The butterfly shaft bearings were completely shot, so that shaft and pulley had vibrated themselves to death. Even the square boss on the shaft end was mostly eroded from wear. What to do? It was still two hours' ride to the dealer in Edmonton, it was getting dark and starting to rain. As I stood pondering in the tall grass at the side of the road I noticed my foot was on an old sardine can...

About an hour later the sardine can was strapped onto the left throttle body with cable ties, holding the pulley in place. A little bit of JB Weld also secured the connection. A spare piece of shock cord given to me by Steve in Coldfoot was now working as return spring here on the left side too. The bike was now back in operation. I reached Edmonton and found Argyll Motor Sports just

before closing time. They confirmed my part was expected in the morning and very kindly helped me get to a motel room.

Friday morning I walked back to the BMW dealer. The new throttle body arrived at 11 a.m.. The shop techs already had a fully scheduled day but they allowed me to install the part myself, giving useful tips now and then. By 2 p.m. the bike was ready to go. I had decided to continue riding home with the sardine can on the left side since otherwise it would be Tuesday before they could obtain another new throttle body. I had to be at work on Monday and there were about 3,000 miles to go.

The bike held up pretty well the rest of the way. To avoid traffic jams near Chicago I rode through Duluth, the Upper Peninsula, Mackinac Strait and Detroit on the way home. In both Duluth and Detroit the left throttle pulley jammed open several times. I had to downshift

and load up the engine to keep it from red-lining. Then and at other times I had to stop and re-tie the shock cord or adjust the sardine can.

The Upper Peninsula is a beautiful ride through evergreen forests and country scenery. But at night it's like riding through a zoo. There are too many deer and other critters, especially on a 40-mile stretch of country road through Foster City, which my GPS selected as a shortcut. Once I rode between two porcupines walking slowly three feet apart.

The bike continued to perform well. It got me safely home just in time for a short nap before showing up at work at 8 a.m. Monday. It took more than a week to rest up from this 10,000 mile ride. 🌀

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*Muncho Lake, British Columbia, is famous for the turquoise color.*

