



AUGUST 2006

MOA Charter #217
BMW RA #300

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Submission of advertisements/articles/product evaluations are due to the editor by the 15th of each month to the Newsletter Editor.

The Monterey Bay BMW Riders meet Saturdays at 9am (when a ride is not scheduled) for breakfast and conversation
 See web site for current location
 Social Coordinator: Denny Adkins
 web site: www.mbr.org

President's Message



Cross-Country Traveler

We recently hosted a surprise motorcycling visitor for an overnight stay. It is the first time we've been called up from the MOA Anonymous book even though our number

has been listed for years. A young woman named Sarah Lyon from Louisville, Kentucky, was on a cross-country photographic trip when an awful bout with poison oak caused her to abandon her camping plans and seek overnight accommodations where she might do some laundry, clean off all her gear, and let the doctor's medicine start bringing some relief.



We were happy to oblige and were treated ourselves with making the acquaintance of a very interesting and independent young lady. Sarah and

I both have ties to Kentucky and Ohio; she attended Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Her photographs have been displayed in numerous shows and galleries and her current cross-country journey (her second!) is part of a project to create a calendar featuring portraits of female mechanics in their work environments. In fact, she came to the Monterey area and the Moto GP races at Laguna Seca in order to photograph one of the women mechanics there.

Sarah was riding a 1978 Yamaha 750 XS which she maintains mostly herself, having worked for a time as motorcycle mechanic in Louisville. We wish her the best of luck in the rest of her travels and with her calendar project.

You can learn more about Sarah and her work at <http://www.sarahlyon.com>.

August Ride: "A Grave Undertaking"

It is a tale of epic proportions, a story of mystery and discovery, of intrepid explorers, some irrevocably lost, and over a million dead.

No, really!

The "mystery" part was created by me. I was determined to make much of the ride a surprise, especially our stop at a "point of interest" before going to lunch. Of course, the ride's the thing and I found inspiration, as I often do, from that famous old English cartographer, Sir Cuitous Root, in mapping out what I hope was a sufficiently scenic and convoluted path.

The ride began from Mollie's Café in Scotts Valley with what may have been a club record for the number of bikes in attendance: 15. Unfortunately that number soon dwindled, partly because of the "mysterious" nature of the intended destination. After a brief rest stop in Saratoga, Dick

Dodd, graciously riding sag as he usually does when not leading, lost sight of the group while waiting to get back into traffic from the 76 station. I had taken a right turn onto Pierce Road about a mile and a half outside Saratoga, but since I had neglected to inform even the sag rider of my route, Dick missed the turn and the rest of the ride.

When everyone finally realized Dick wasn't with us any longer, Bob and Sally Wilson graciously volunteered to go back and look for him. The plan, vaguely stated, was that Bob and Sally would meet up with us again in Woodside as we passed through. This did not happen, and as cell phone contact was not coordinated, we lost Bob and Sally for the rest of the day as well.

The majority of the party made its way finally to Colma, the object of mystery I had been saving, which is a few miles east of Daly City. Colma, as I had learned sometime last year, is the "graveyard of San Francisco." In 1902 the city had outlawed any more burials on the city of San Francisco. It was evident that the growing city would quickly run out of expensive real estate burying its dead in the city environs, so moved most of the existing graves down the peninsula to what is now the town of Colma. Colma has about 1400 living residents, and over 1.1 million deceased. The 17 cemeteries in the

town include a pet cemetery. As a group, we spent some time in the interesting Colma History Museum.

As you might guess, there are a number of well-known personages buried in Colma, including Joe DiMaggio, William Randolph Hearst, and Wyatt Earp. There are also some very impressive monuments and mausoleums.

From Colma we rode across the peninsula to the west and had lunch at Nick's Seafood Restaurant in Rockaway Beach.





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The 2006 RA Rally

By Ricardo Dodriguez

Travels with Carlos

"All Men are animals, but some make good pets." (bumper sticker)

Some months ago, a friend Bob called from Idaho and asked me if I was interested in going to the RA Rally this year in Boise, Id., July 6-9. He would be there and we could bum around together. We would meet a third friend there from San Diego. I decided I'd camp but the Idahoan reminded me how hot it would be in Boise at that time of year. I thought back to the rally in Spokane and I wasn't hard to convince about getting a motel.

I left bright and early on July 5, well not exactly bright nor early. I managed to arrive in Winnemucca, Nv by 4:30 and checked in to the Super 8. Little did I know that friend from San

Diego checked in to the Holiday Inn Express in same town at about the same time. Oh well. It started to cloud up and look like rain as I started walking to dinner. I know you can't guess where I ate. I had eaten in the Mexican Restaurant at the Holiday Inn Express a couple of years ago and wasn't too pleased so I asked the clerk at the motel where another place might be. Well she told me about a place about two stop lights away and decided to walk. Two stop lights away turned out to be a mile away and it poured rain for about 60 seconds on the way. It was a nice walk and good Mexican Food.

The next morning it was up highway 95 all the way to Boise. Northern Nevada fooled me. It was very green with crops and it was quite enjoyable traveling especially since 95 is a two lane road and the speed limit is 70 mph. But I was too soon in Oregon and it is very high desert and the speed limit dropped to 55. The

weather was cool and great for putting some miles on the odometer. I arrived in Boise at noon and after having lunch (not Mexican Food) I headed for the Super 8. There were a few sprinkles. Bob got in about 4 and we went out to the fairgrounds and in air conditioned luxury we registered.

Where is everybody? Here it was July 6, the starting day and very few people around. We were the only ones registering. We asked where the vendors were and they were two air conditioned buildings down. Where are all the vendors? I guess there may have been 15 vendors inside the building and maybe 5 outside. Now, if you went to the Rally for vendors you'd be disappointed but if you went for the seminars it was wonderful.

One seminar was put on by Paul and Voni Glaves. They showed pictures of some of their travels. Voni now has over 800,000 BMW miles. They are now both retired, she with over 300,000 miles on her 1994 R1100RS and he has over 373,000 miles on his K75. We had a wide range of pics from US and abroad. Another seminar was put on Matthew Parkhouse and wife about their travels in Europe on R60 Airheads. Another on New Zealand. Ted Simon was there and mumbled through two seminars. But the best seminar was on the Oilhead put on by a Master Technician tearing apart a 1100 Gs checking the clutch splines. He had a young lady doing all the work and she looked like she was probably 16, maybe 17. She took the entire rearend of that bike off and I and 60 other men fell in love. I wanted to adopt her and she could sleep in the garage and do all the maintenance on the RT. (I even told Marilyn about her that night when I called I was so impressed.) Several people stayed around after she tore it apart one of whom was my friend from San Diego – Henri. The next morning I saw Henri, who had camped, and he told me that the young lady was 34 years old, has a PHD in microbiology, rode to the rally on 1100GS from Virginia and was the girl friend of

the mechanic. I asked him if she was Mormon. I figured if she was, I could marry her along with being married to Marilyn and she could sleep in the garage with RT and be head mechanic in the Dodriguez family. (Friends, I am cognizant that the main Mormon Church does not believe in polygamy, it was meant as a joke)

By Saturday, there were a few more camping at the fairgrounds and I finally found Darrell Richman, too. Saturday evening was the closing ceremonies and we found out that there 961 people there, the oldest male rider being 87, the oldest female rider 74. the youngest I don't know. Oh, the 34 year old, PHd got long distance female.

The fairgrounds were excellent. All seminars were in air conditioned buildings and it was a good thing. It was 104 on Saturday and hotter on Sunday. The evenings were nice. It is too bad that more people did not turn out for a very well organized and interesting Rally in a very nice setting.

Since Bob was a transplanted San Diegoan living in Post Falls, Id. All I heard all the previous winter was how wonderful Idaho was. So I decided to follow him home. We left early Sunday morning and went up Idaho highway 55. Folks, this is a premier road to ride a bike on. Nice, well maintained, curvy road that goes into the mountains after leaving Boise and follows the Payette River to Payette Lake and soon ends at highway 95 which goes all the way to Canada.

While visiting with Bob and Nancy I decided I'd look in the Yellow Pages to see if there was a MFDC (Mexican Food Disorder Clinic) in Post Falls. As it turned out they had one. Dr S. Cotton Ball, Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat. Our motto (Dr Ball Knows Noses). I called for an appointment. "Dr Ball, as you can see, I have a rather large schnozzle and lately, I perceive it is growing even larger. I just got a new Motorcycle helmet and I can't get the face shield closed on it. In fact it won't

even come close to closing and the shield rests on my nose." "Ricardo, you have what we call in the profession TBN, Terminal Big Nose. Have you always had a large nose?" "Well, my father, two of my sisters had large proboscis. When I was born, I came out nose first. One time while changing a tire on the car, I hit my nose with the tire iron. Another time I was looking in the refrigerator and closed the refrigerator door on my nose. When I have to look at something close up, all I can see is my nose." "Does your wife lead you around by the nose?" "Yes. Also, when I have a cold it about breaks me up buying Kleenex. Costco has to order an extra shipment." "Have your children escaped your malady." "Before our daughter was born, I prayed she would be normal but the two boys unfortunately both have large noses. Rick's nose looks like a can opener. It goes out and hooks down." "How tragic." "By the way, what does S. stand for in your first name?" "Sterile. I was one of 13 children and

my parents had run out of names and one day my mother saw a box of sterile cotton balls. I have a sister named SyPhillis. Even though I knows noses I don't know what to do about yours. About the only thing I can advise is make friends with larger nosed people. Also, you might have a sheet of rubber vulcanized to your nose to protect it from your self destructive ways. I could build up your forehead and you could wear a larger size helmet and then you could probably close the face shield." "The cure sounds worse than the problem." "Sorry."

I bid a fond farewell to Bob and Nancy on Tuesday morning and was home Wednesday night. A good trip, a good rally and good companionship. "On the road again...."

NORTH TO THE RIVER.....

Good sense should have told me after being sick for a week that I shouldn't be setting off on a motorcycle trip to the Russian River, but "good sense" hit the road and so did I. Chuck and I met Ed and Brook Pare and Kit and Rick Frank at Tiny's restaurant in Capitola on a foggy Saturday morning at 9:00a.m.

This was to be Brook's longest ride as a novice rider on her 2006 Moto Guzi . The rest of us on our BMWs headed out of Santa Cruz along Hiway 1 going north, yeh! As I was just recuperating and Brook a new rider, we made two stops on our way to our lunch break at Point Reyes Station.

It looked like we were going to have the fog riding along with us until we got past Pescadero, but then the sun broke through and we could see our "shadow bikes" riding along

with us. When we reached Half Moon Bay we had to cut over before reaching San Francisco because as some of you may or may not know, the Devil's Slide part of 1 is closed.

Going through San Francisco traffic on 19th Avenue can be a challenge on weekends and this time was no exception because of an accident.

This was Brook's first ride over the Golden Gate and Kit's first time crossing as a "pillion princess" and no matter how many times we cross it, I always enjoy it. In fact, as a San Francisco born child, I love everything about "the City".

We turned off at Fairfax and made a gas/stretch stop. We all congratulated Brook on making it through San Francisco as a

beginning rider. We took the Sir Francis Drake Blvd. cut off going through Fairfax and winding are way up to the coast.

After the traffic, riding through the trees and seeing the area was a relaxing visual break. We reached hiway 1 at Olema and turned north following the coast to the Station House restaurant in Point Reyes where we had a delightful lunch under our own gazebo on the patio.

Time to hit the road again. We headed along the coast for a short while then cut off at Bodega Hiway taking us through the rolling hills and fields of the valley. I especially liked this part of the ride because I got to see lots of "sheeps"; very reminiscent of our trip to New Zealand. We would go back there in a heart beat! If anyone is thinking about a trip there let us know we still have info on the bike rental, etc..

We had discovered on our preride that Guerneville was having a Blues Festival and was packed and there were absolutely no single night accommodations at any lodging there, Sebastopol, or Occidental so we had made reservations at a motel in Santa Rosa. While there was no pool, which I wanted, it was a nice, clean place just down from the old Santa Rosa Junior College in a pleasant area, and it had air conditioning, yeh! We arrived there hot and tired, about 2:00 p.m. and all agreed a shower and a rest would be a good idea.

After a rest, an early dinner was the next thing on our hungry minds so we set off for an Applebees where they accepted helmet-headed, rumped guests. It is always a lot of fun to eat with club members and get to know each other better and after a week of being housebound, the chatter was medicinal. The ladies finished the evening with a walk through the park grounds of the college. It was really enjoyable to see the ivy covered brick buildings. They are so neat compared to the clean, white architecture of so many schools and colleges built today. I have to admit, I do like old houses and buildings, but Kit and Brook also appreciated the campus. Brook took pictures of the statue of their mascot, Woodstock. History bit: The creator of Peanuts lived in Santa Rosa for a while.

While we didn't get to see the Russian River this time, everyone agreed they had enjoyed the ride and the diversity of roads and scenery. Chuck planned the trip and route well so we all had an enjoyable trip including "good sense". We wish more of you could have come along, but I can guarantee, if possible, we will head North again.

Author: Denny Adkins

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SATURDAY'S, WHEN A RIDE OR CLUB EVENT IS NOT PLANNED, THE CLUB MEETS FOR BREAKFAST at 9am – please see web site for current location.

Down the road.....

August Cambria/Hearst Castle – Ron Aikins, ride leader

September TBD

October Castle Air Museum – Tom Brazier, ride leader

November Solvang M/C Museum – Dick Dodd, ride leader

December Holiday Party! December 2nd at the Hursts

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