

# THE MONTEREY BAY WATCH



OCTOBER 2006

MOA Charter #217  
BMW RA #300

## 2006 CLUB OFFICERS

President: Ron Aikins  
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 Director: Mike Clark  
 Director: Dick Dodd  
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 Newsletter Editor: Dale Whyte  
 Club Postmaster: Jay Whyte

Submission of advertisements/articles/product evaluations are due to the editor by the 15<sup>th</sup> 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](http://www.mbr.org)

## President's Message



***“I Love Paris in the Summer, When It Sizzles”***

The words of the old song came to mind while Donna and I were in Paris the first part of September. I don't suppose it was really “sizzling,” the daytime temperatures mostly in the upper 80s, but it was plenty hot enough for a couple of Monterey Peninsula weather wimps. The weather did not prohibit us from thoroughly enjoying the trip, the first time in the City of Lights for both of us.

We took in as many of the sightseeing standards as we felt comfortable doing. My favorites were the Louvre Museum and walking around the Monmartre area. Rather than push ourselves to exhaustion visiting every must-see attraction in the tourist guide, we saw what interested us

each day and made plenty of room for simply walking around Paris and sitting down often in cafes for a rest and some marvelous food and wine. That also made for a nice venue for watching the people and traffic go by.

But what does this have to do with a motorcycling club? Not much, I admit, especially as we did no riding while we were



there. However, I did enjoy watching the busy, yet mostly congenial, traffic flow in the city. As I had heard about Europe in general, the percentage of two-wheeled traffic is much higher in Paris than here in the States. Scooters far outnumber motorcycles, although I saw plenty of Beemers in the mix, including some K1200LTs and the K75RTPs ridden by the cops. There was the occasional, obnoxiously loud

Harley, and I did see one 1800 Gold Wing riding down the Rue de Rivoli.

Car drivers accommodate the two-wheelers as a matter of course. Typically, I would watch cars collect at a red light, then the

bikes would filter in among them so they could take off first when the green light appeared. All this ebb and flow occurred with a minimum of honks and other expressions of frustration.

I noted a model of Honda which I'd never heard of, the Varadero. I saw several of these, so took a picture of one to include in this newsletter. At first glance I thought it was a Suzuki V-Strom. The Varadero is also a two-cylinder, and I found a Web site (<http://www.motorcycledaily.com/31january03varadero.html>) which expresses optimism about Honda introducing it to the U.S.

I also included a photo of the BMW C1 scooter. We saw a few of these darting around town as well.



## Coming up next month November Club Ride

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 2006**

**RIDE TO PARKFIELD  
"THE REHABILITATION RIDE"**

(You may ask? "What happened to the Solvang Motorcycle Museum Ride? What happened to it? Marilyn and I visited Solvang – Buellton last weekend on our way back from L.A. Staring us in the face was the Motel 6 sign was \$99.95 one person. Marilyn checked the computer for motels the Holiday Inn Express was \$239 a night. The Days Inn in Buellton had rooms but they were all smoking and \$119. Friends, I guess I'm living in the 30's but that is too rich for my blood. So may be this winter prices will come down and we can try again. I hope I have not inconvenienced anyone.)

This ride is being called, "The Rehabilitation Ride" because Indian Valley Rd is posted that the road is being rehabilitated. Now I presume that means counseling, drying out at the Betty Ford Center in Palm Desert. Really, it is in pretty good shape and we will be going that way.

Saturday, November 4, we will meet at the Shell Station in Salinas at Blanco and S. Main and leave at 9 am. Please come with an empty bladder and stomach and a full tank of gas. We will have one break at the Valero Station along 101 in King City. Please come and enjoy the ride and fellowship.

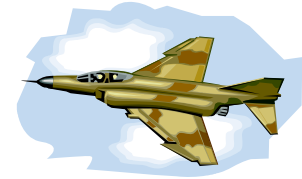
Thank you.

Ricardo



## CLUB RIDE TO CASTLE AIR MUSEUM

*Saturday, October 14, 2006*  
*Led by Tom & Venita Brazier*



Please join us on Saturday, October 14<sup>th</sup> for a ride to the Castle Air Museum in Modesto for a docent (not to mention decent) tour of the museum as well as an early dinner in Los Baños on our way back. The ride will start from the Cozy Cup Café (380 Fourth Street in Hollister, one block off San Benito Street which is the main drag) at 9:00 a.m. Anyone who would like to join us for breakfast around 8:00 a.m. is more than welcome! Frank and Wendy own the Cozy Cup and also ride.

The approximate schedule for the ride is as follows:

8:00 a.m.	Breakfast (Optional)
9:00 a.m.	Ride leaves
11:00 a.m.	Arrive at Castle Air Museum
1:00 p.m.	Leave Castle
1:30	Lunch at Richwood Meats
2:30	Start Home

As most of you know, there is no way to get from Hollister to Modesto in a timely manner without some freeway. (We could get there on all backroads, but we'd miss the museum!) So we will be going over Highway 156 (Pacheco Pass) just for efficiency sake. The balance of the ride, however, will be on backroads until we turn you loose to ride home. Or of course you can ride with us over some great roads home without a single curve for miles. Roads like West Sandy Mush past the dairies which will be in full flagrant bloom at that time of year (Not to be confused with East Sandy Mush and its unremarkable views).

We also may have a special mystery tour if it all works out right. Total distance is just a bit over 200 miles from Hollister. Easy ride.

Please RSVP to [tom@tbrazier.com](mailto:tom@tbrazier.com) or 831-636-1911 so we know how many for lunch at Richwood.

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# HOLY SMOKE

## By Ricardo Dodriguez

### Travels with Carlos

“Real men don’t need to ask directions” (Anonymous, but true)

The start of the 31<sup>st</sup> running of the Three Flags Classic was in Tijuana this year and the destination was Penticton, B.C. As usual we had four days to do the ride starting on Friday morning and finishing on Monday, Labor Day Weekend. 2168 miles. I got down to Idaho Bob’s Lakeside residence on Wednesday afternoon after a very, very hot ride. It had been well over 100 degrees down I15 and finally I pulled off the freeway sopping wet from sweat down by Nudist Colony south of Lake Elsinore. Nope, I didn’t see any nudists at the Carl’s I stopped at. After I spent considerable time in the restroom splashing myself with water I continued on knowing that the Three Flags this year was going to furnish very warm riding.

Thursday about noon Idaho Bob and I crossed the border in to Mexico after getting our Mexican Insurance. The San Diego newspaper had been full of reports on how long it took to get back in the States, being two hours in a car. Promising, eh what? Ahhh, but we were going to have a rolling start at 3 am on Friday morning. At 2 pm we went down to register. We received our Passport, had our picture taken for the Passport and got our free goodies. This year we received free 3 Flags Classic cap, coffee cup, plaque, evening meal ticket, overnight bag, breakfast meal ticket in Penticton, patches and stickers commemorating the ride and the closing ceremonies meal ticket. The idea of the Passport is when presenting yourself at a checkpoint and there were four, you show the passport look at your picture to make sure you are who you say you are and stamp it. Ok?



The room in the hotel was nice, the buffet was good (Mexican dishes) and we were happy. Friday morning it was up at 2 am and carting our bags to the bikes so we could start at 3 am. We had to turn in our Start Tickets at the door to the hotel however 250 riders had to line up at 2:45 am and

stand and sweat waiting for the 3 am departure. Bob and I had agreed that if we got separated at the border crossing. We'd meet over on the other side. Well, traffic was backed up ad nauseum. At 3 am yet. As one fellow said after he got back in the States, that was the first time he ever white lined it. I started cutting through cars, curb sneaking and everything else. Finally I followed a bunch of Harley Riders and the head honcho came out of his house and brought two border guards and shoved the Harley riders to the far left and I followed suit. 35 minutes it took me and Bob? I did not find him even after calling numerous times on the cell. It started getting really warm on hiway 99 at Tipton. It got warmer after the burrito I had for lunch and Fresno was really cooking but it was even hotter at the first checkpoint in Oakhurst. After getting the Passport stamped It was too hot to wait around so I took off for Mariposa on hiway 49. The route called for us to take 49 to 88 to Tahoe. Too many people for me. Bob and I had made motel reservations in Woodland the first night and when I pulled in it was 103 degrees at 6:30 pm. Bob had beaten me there and he later told me it took him an hour and a half to get through the border. Reminds me of the Roach Motel, you can get in but can't get back out.

That night in the motel 6 I was watching TV and I came upon a commercial that caught my attention. The man in the commercial was complaining that he got his nose sunburned while working in the yard while wearing a sombrero. He also stated that it took a whole 16 oz bottle of sunscreen to apply to his nose so he decided he'd go to his doctor. "Well, my doctor recommended I try a product called 'Noseshrink.' It is a crème that comes in a tube or if you have a very huge nose you can buy it in a 44 gallon barrel. He said it would shrink my nose and could even be applied to my hemorrhoids. He said it was best to use it on the nose first. So in just two applications I noticed my nose noticeably shrinking. So if you have a large nose that gives you problems why not ask your doctor if 'Noseshrink' is right for you. 'Noseshrink is not right for everybody, people who have liver problems, women who are pregnant or who wish to be pregnant, or people with small noses. If you are unable

to pay for 'Noseshrink' please call Big Nose Pharmaceuticals at 1 800 Big Nose to see if you qualify for a month's free supply of 'Noseshrink.'"

After a good night of sleep we left at 7 on Saturday morning and went up to Redding and went over hiway 299 headed for the second Checkpoint at Willow Creek. It was a very beautiful morning on a very curvy road and life couldn't be better. When we got to Weaverville we noticed they had just had another fire on the outskirts of town. We went through Junction City and about another mile or so and three 3 Flaggers flagged us down. Fire ahead and the road completely closed. Smoke everywhere. Back to Weaverville, called the 3 Flags hotline and voice told us to get a



receipt from town and go on, skip the checkpoint. The only thing was, they didn't tell everyone that so some backtracked and came in from 299 from the west end. Took them an extra 5 or so hours. Bob and I got our receipts by buying gas and a horn sounded in Weaverville and the electricity for the whole town went off. Zilch. We headed north on highway 3 and what a wonderful, curvy road. Sometimes it doubled back on itself and was first gear only. There was also a fire in Oregon and smoke was making the sun hazy. We got to Medford, Ore. And it was 100 degrees. After taking a break and wetting ourselves down we continued on to our destination for the night of Roseburg. At dinnertime it started cooling off. We'd heard there was a fire along the 3 Flags route in Oregon so we went up 15 instead and over 84 to The Dalles the third checkpoint. We went in to Washington and there were several fires in that state. We stopped for the night in Yakima. The final day it was easy ride to Penticton and we got in about 2:30.

There Bob introduced me to a fellow on a yellow 2001 Gold Wing. 277,000 miles on it. He was from Pennsylvania. Rode out to Califony just to ride the 3 Flags. He had my admiration. On Tuesday night we had the Banquet. The oldest male rider is 90. He rides an 1800 Gold Wing but since he turned 90 he had it made in to a trike. I had met Murile at the start and he was an inspiration. I kept thinking if a 90 year old can take this heat then I can too. Don Clark is 87. The oldest female is 80 riding a 1500 Gold Wing. Another successful 3 Flags. 10 of them. Anybody want to buy a belt buckle?

I followed Bob to his home in Post Falls, Idaho, spent the night and headed out the next morning. I followed hiway 3 all the way to Lewiston, Id. Tom, if you haven't ridden highway 3 give it a try. Good road. I took in some Nez Perce information signs like "Nez tinkled here." Crossed into Clarkston, Wa and south on 129 in to the Grande Ronde Canyon and at the bottom had lunch at Boggams Oasis. Wonderful. They have the best burgers and homemade apple pie you could ever eat. Ask Ron Aikins, he knows. It had truly been a wonderful riding day, one that you feel fulfilled. The next morning at Baker City it was up in the mountains where it was really cold and then on home.

Next year, it will be Mexicali to Medicine Hat, over Labor Day weekend. How about making that our September Club Ride. Anybody want to go?



**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.....

**October 14 Castle Air Museum – Tom Brazier, ride leader – DETAILS INSIDE**

**November 4 Solvang M/C Museum – Dick Dodd, ride leader -- DETAILS INSIDE**

**December Holiday Party! December 2<sup>nd</sup> at the Hursts**

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