



November 2007

MOA Charter #217  
BMW RA #300

2006 CLUB OFFICERS

President: Ron Aikins  
Vice President: Tom Brazier  
Secretary/Treasurer/  
Pillion Princess: Dale 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.

Director: Mike Clark  
Director: Dick Dodd  
Director: Bob Wilson  
Director: Jay Whyte  
Newsletter Editor: Dale Whyte  
Club Postmaster: Jay Whyte

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.mbbr.org](http://www.mbbr.org)

## President's Message

### *Now Open - Nominations for President for 2008!*

It's finally time for a change, for me and the club. I have sincerely enjoyed "leading" the club (the phrase "herding chickens" comes to mind) the last few (umm, how many?) years. All good things must end so that other good things can begin. It's time for the club to show a different face on the cover of the newsletter.

I know we've suffered some losses as a club in the recent past. Some are permanent in the absences of enthusiastic members who have moved away. Some are on temporary "sick call" from riding activities for medical reasons. But there's still plenty of enthusiasm for Beemers, riding, and get-togethers out there, and I'm sure the membership is ready to support its next leader. I know I am.



*Editor's Note: Ron, wait just one minute! I thought you signed on as President-for-life! Seriously, though --- Thank you Ron for your many years of service! You've been great to have as club president! Okay, folks - batter up! Nominations for all club positions (President, Vice-President, Director, Secretary-Treasurer) can be submitted to me at [dalewhyte@comcast.net](mailto:dalewhyte@comcast.net). The voting ballot will be in the December newsletter. As President - you write a short article each month for the newsletter - you conduct a planning meeting once or twice a year to schedule rides for the club - and you have the pleasure of working with the newsletter editor!*

### *October Ride - Onward and (Far) Upward*

This was one of those rides that nearly wasn't. The turnout was disappointingly small: there were the two ride leaders, Tom & Venita, and myself. It's not that a group of three is a bad riding group. Many feel that much more than that is unwieldy. However, when folks have done some planning and looked forward to a rare overnight club experience, it can be something of a letdown when virtually no one shows interest.

As the three of us later confessed to each other, the smallness of the group made us consider canceling the ride altogether. Thank goodness we didn't, as the weather and general riding conditions were something not to be missed.

There were also some mechanical gremlins along on the ride which could have put the brakes to the whole trip. These chose to make themselves known as we approached the Golden Gate via the Palace of the



Legion of Honor. Tom pulled his RT into the parking lot there and announced he had no clutch. Tom's account elsewhere in the newsletter gives a more complete description of his dilemma, but as I write this I'm raising a glass to his optimism and pluckiness in deciding to ride the darn thing until it finally quit, which fortunately it didn't.

We made it to the vista point just t'other side of the Golden Gate for a short stop, but not long after we reentered the highway Tom pulled off at an exit in San Rafael and then quickly pulled into a parking lot. I judged correctly that he wasn't doing so to get a good view of Frank Lloyd Wright's Marin County Civic Center just across the street. I feared the worst and the question, "I wonder if the motel will refund our money on those reservations," ran through my mind.

The news was not so grim, however: the right-hand mirror had come loose again and hung by its tether. (Hear that, all you RT/LT owners? The mirror was still there. If you haven't tethered yours yet, take heed!) It was once again reattached with hopes that that would hold it for good, and we were back on the road.

In true roundabout fashion, we made our way to Garberville (and as it turned out, back again) via Napa Valley along the Silverado Trail. Now that's the way to avoid the congestion along Hwy 29! We stopped for lunch in Middletown, then made our way around the south side of Clear Lake amidst wonderful scenery to join up with Hwy 20 then 101. After that we simply cruised up the now-it's-freeway-now-it's-not part of 101 until we took the first Garberville exit and made an abrupt right into the parking lot of the Humboldt Redwoods Inn.

As usual when we're in Garberville, the Water Wheel restaurant was our dining venue. After dinner I decided I still needed to keep moving a bit, so walked all the way down the main drag of that part of town, Redwood Drive, and back to the motel which required a good ten minutes or so. That included





stopping at the grocery/drug store in town for some antacid in case of adverse reactions to my rewarding myself for a day's ride well done.

I could try waxing poetic about the scenery on the way home, but I will just say I was filled with regret for those of you who couldn't come along. The sunny, blue-sky day illuminated the fall colors on the forests and vineyards in such a way that rounding every curve revealed a scene worthy of recording and contemplating. The unfortunate thing was that we hadn't time to stop and savor each tableau as we came upon it. In the words of a song, we had "a long way to go and a short time to get there."



Beemers in the Mist

As we rode south of Napa on the way home I actually saw Tom's mirror pop off again as he entered the on-ramp for Hwy 80. It wasn't until San Ramon, though, that he pulled the poor, lopped-earred thing into a filling station looking as though it had been through a couple of rounds with Mike Tyson. This time he performed some cosmetic field surgery to keep it in place. (For those of you contemplating the color of your next Beemer, it is worth noting that duct tape on a silver bike is virtually unnoticeable by any but the keenest eye.)

The rest of the way home was on the freeway, as fast as the traffic in the far left lane would go, arriving home well after dark.



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## GARBERVILLE 2007

The intrepid "Gang of Three", (Tom and Venita Brazier and Ron Aikins) trotted up the coast for a peek at the fall colors and the big trees of the North Coast for the October ride. The ride was spectacular and fun. We went up the coast toward the Bridge and just about the time we arrived at the Legion of Honor, the clutch went on my bike. You could still get it in gear and nothing slipped, but the clutch would not disengage the engine completely. I let it cool down a little and then rode it around the parking lot. It worked with minimal requirements for double clutching. Rational minds would have headed to SFX BMW, or home or to Ted's. So, over the Bridge we went. I figured that if I was going to come to a grinding stop it may as well be in the middle of the Golden Gate where the view was good. Made it! Then we stopped at the lot on the other end of the Bridge and celebrated life there.

The ride across Hwy 37 and then 121 was cool! There were great fall colors on the trees and vineyards going into Napa. Everything was brilliant yellow and red and against the greening of the hills started by the recent rains. We took the Silverado trail all the way around Napa, then up the backroads into Middletown and Clearlake. You could smell the freshly produced wine everywhere! It sure got us ready for a bottle up in Garberville. The Lake was its usual spectacular self as we followed Hwy 29 around the Lake and again the trees were staggeringly beautiful.

We took Hwy 20 over to 101 and then headed north. The morning rain had cleared and it was cool and crisp with unlimited visibility and fluffy clouds on a deep blue sparkling sky all the way up. The redwood groves on the way were stunning in the failing light, like ghosts from the ancient past, with shadows and damp ground with leaves on the road that kept you on your toes.

We checked in, cleaned up, and headed to the restaurant across the street from the hotel - Water Wheel - Wagon Wheel - something like that. We did polish off a bottle of wine with a very good dinner, and then Ron went for a walking tour of central, northern and southern Garberville and we went to bed and slept like logs.

All the way up the bike shifted, kind of, and I could actually disengage the transmission so as to stop for gas. Once on the road, it shifted with a bit of effort, but no gear grinding. I was starting to get the hang of riding without a clutch. Shifts up were not bad, just a bit jerky. Shifts down were a bit more of a challenge. However God always does good things for you, something to lighten your load. He arranged a scenario where my right mirror popped off every few miles which distracted me from the shift problems while the mirror assembly was flying around on its tether! Duct tape eventually fixed that. I am so glad that I do all of my own maintenance! There was a person there to blame for all my troubles instead of venting on a nameless service person. It was

strangely comforting and confusing at the same time. I felt truly schizophrenic. I was both the angry customer of the shop and simultaneously the hapless service person.

Morning found us pouring over a map, and making decisions that took us down the road a bit and then over to the coast north of Ft. Bragg. We started in heavy fog and 34 degree temperatures, for almost 10 minutes. Then we popped out into the sunshine a few miles south of Garberville and started warming up. The ride to the coast gave us another tour of the almost obscene fall foliage, followed by that ho-hum route down the Pacific Ocean with crashing surf on rock spires with ocean spray blowing everywhere. It is a shallow coast so the surf went out for half a mile of more in places turning everything "white with foam" (... just like in the song!) on a deep cobalt background. The ocean smell was wonderful and strong.

South of Mendocino we picked up Hwy 128 and road it all the way back into Napa with lunch at Booneville at the Highpockety Ox. Temps climbed to shirtsleeve weather along the way, but it was never oppressively hot. Then we headed down to Vallejo via the Silverado Trail and high-tailed it home on the freeways in the dark.

Shifting had become increasingly problematic but the duct tape was working well at least! You got to love that stuff! It got to the point that on a down shift I had to step down on the shifter, wait until it hit a stop, bring up the RPMs, then push harder and was rewarded with a satisfying clunk as the bike shifted. As rolled into the driveway I could not get it into neutral so as we coasted to a stop the engine died with a little sigh and a cough. We were home and it was not yet 9:00. We covered 688 miles according to Venita's odometer.

I got into the books and figured out that it was probably the hydraulic slave cylinder that had failed. That only requires a disassembly of the entire rear of the bike to get to and repair. I am sure it won't cost much more than a new Kawasaki 1400 Concourse to repair. So it is off to Ted's on a trailer tomorrow.

It's funny how things work out. I had reservations about going on the ride because it was "just" Ron and us. I almost cancelled at Jeffrey's but Red was there and we had a nice time talking to him. Ron was his usual wonderful self, and I decided, "What the hell, I would go on any ride with Ron and Venita, Club ride or otherwise, now that I made the time for it." So, off we went on one of the most enjoyable, and challenging, rides that I have had for a long time.

P.S. - There was no bloodshed on this ride. Julio was not there.

Tom

**SATURDAY'S, WHEN A RIDE OR CLUB EVENT IS NOT PLANNED, THE CLUB MEETS FOR BREAKFAST at 8:30am – please see web site for current location.**

**Down the road..... 2007**

**December 8 Club Holiday Party at the Clark's! Fun, food, and group photo! More info very soon!**

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