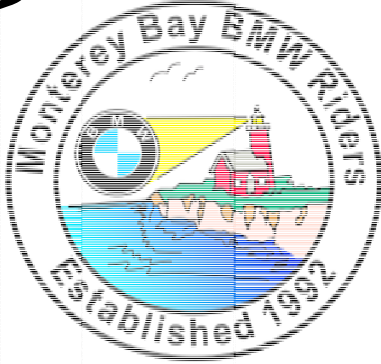


THE MONTEREY BAY WATCH



2010 CLUB OFFICERS

President: Jay Whyte
 Vice President: Tim Carpenter (and...FaceBook Coordinator)
 Secretary/Treasurer/Pillion Princess: Dale Whyte

Directors:

Chuck Adkins (2009 President)
 Ron Aikins -- Formerly President (for Life)
 Tom Brazier
 Mike Clark (and...Club Webmaster)
 James Martin

Newsletter Editor: Dale Whyte
 Club Postmaster: Jay Whyte

Social Coordinator: Denny Adkins
 web site: www.mbr.org

Submissions for the newsletter are due to the editor by the 15th of each month.

President's Message

In Memory of Kari Prager, 10/21/1947 - 11/14/2010

I'd like to dedicate this month's message to my friend Kari Prager. He was not the kind of friend whose house I went to for dinner or the kind of friend I ever borrow tools from. As a matter of fact I have never been to his house. I didn't know his birthday or even how old he was or how many kids he had.

I call Kari my friend because that's how he acted whenever I was around him. He was a buddy. He always showed interest in what was going on and how I was doing. Always willing to help out and offer advice.

I always thought of him as an older mentor type because he had such a calming demeanor. As it turns out, he was only 10 years my senior. Not that much older. We shared some interests, Kari liked to ride motorcycles and shoot firearms, both hobbies of mine too.

One of my first encounters with Kari in the spring of '93 I think. I had just bought a used '88 R100RT from his dealership, Cal BMW, my first BMW as a matter of fact. It needed a backrest so my wife Dale would be comfortable and to ensure she didn't slide off the back. I ordered a Reynolds Rack, Dale and I rode the bike to Mt. View and I proceeded to install it right there in the parking lot. I was prepared, I brought my own tools. After a couple of hours of me working on it, Dale sitting on the curb, patiently waiting for me to finish the job, Kari came around and saw my progress and said something like "Well, it's looking pretty good, I see you're in the putting things back together phase" You couldn't believe my relief, I thought I was going to catch hell, I didn't think you were supposed to disassemble your bike in the parking lot. Not to mention the fact that at least now I knew was somewhere nearing being finished.

Another memorable moment, about four years ago was at the first American Adventure Riders Challenge in Southern California. Kari was one of the first guys I saw when I arrived. He asked me "Are you here to compete in the obstacle course?" I said "Sure, I came for the whole experience." He said "Don't forget to

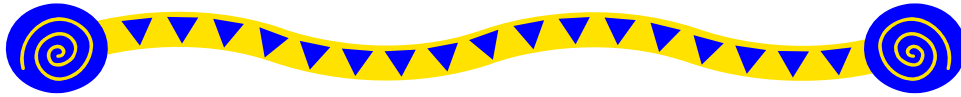


The Monterey Bay BMW Riders meet Saturdays at 9am (when a ride is not scheduled) for breakfast and conversation. See website for current location.

air down your tires for better traction.” Not a big deal, but I was competing against him and 50 others too. He cared enough to give me some good advice and I appreciated that. BTW, after three days of the completion, Kari was in the top ten. I dropped out on day one. I was no competition.

Remember to always keep the rubber side down and the shinny side up.

Jay W



And now a word from.....the Editor

I don't usually write a "regular" column in the newsletter. Mostly I get your articles, photos and information and compile them in a hopefully appealing format that isn't too complicated for my editing skills. Then I send the newsletter to our Webmaster Extraordinaire, Mike Clark and he posts the newsletter on the club website (thanks Mike!). Those of you who request a hard copy are mailed the newsletter. And the rest is history – saved on a jump drive and on the club website.



I want to take the opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed to the newsletter this year. As I've said on numerous occasions – even a photo can tell a story. The club is what we all make it – your suggestions and comments are always welcome. Thanks to everyone who led a ride – took part in a ride and/or club event (what a fun Holiday party!) and those who come to the Saturday breakfasts at the Red Apple (yum, yum).

Also, thanks to everyone for the blanket donations for the Share Your Holiday event coming up this Friday!

Last weekend Jay and I attended Kari Prager's memorial service in Redwood City. There were hundreds of people in attendance. I thought, gee Kari touched all these people's lives – what a rich and fulfilling life this man experienced! His wife, Gail and their daughters spoke – expressing their love and sharing the special man Kari was in their lives. Then people that knew Kari for many years and from many different aspects spoke – within an hour I had discovered even more about this multi-faceted man than I could ever have imagined.

Jay and I started going to the Cal BMW shop's Open House events soon after we bought our first BMW motorcycle from them so many years ago. This is where we were introduced to the Monterey Bay BMW Rider's Club. We were introduced to Dan and BB there. Fortuitous indeed!

There were always really great raffle prizes and either Jay or I (sometimes both of us) were fortunate winners of some really nice prizes. I remember at one open house Kari said to me "You haven't won anything yet – we'll have to do something about that!" Towards the end of the events – the crowd would get thinner and Kari was still drawing for winners and after calling out many names of people who had already departed he handed Jay the prize – a BMW ball cap if I remember correctly. I think our sincere and exuberant enthusiasm at winning anything from a motorcycle jacket to a BMW ball cap endeared us to him.

God speed Kari Prager!

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2010 Club Officer Election Ballot

DEADLINE: 12/31/10

Vote for one

President:

- Neil Talbert

Vice President:

- Ken Farmer

Secretary/Treasurer:

- Dale Whyte

Directors -- Vote for four (4):

- Chuck Adkins
 Dennis Chase
 Mike Clark
 Red Davis
 James Martin
 David Ow
 Steve Pribula

(Note: Current club president holds a Director position in 2011)

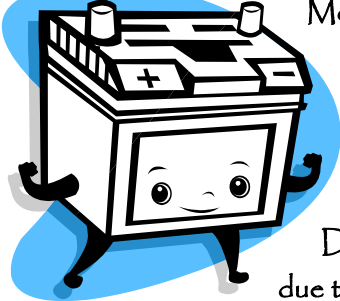
Vote by email to: dalewhyte@comcast.net or mail ballot to:

Monterey Bay BMW Riders
629 Main Street, PMB 385
Watsonville, CA 95076

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EVEN MORE THOUGHTS FROM THE NURSING HOME

By James Martin



We've been busy lately here in the nursing home; I rode to the Bonneville Salt Flats for the BUB Motorcycle Speed Trails with a side trip to the Marine Corps Airbase in Fallon, Nevada and then a club ride to La Honda the following weekend. For both trips, I chose the subject of my last article, my 2005 BMW R1100S Box Cup for my mount. The thrill of riding my newer (and much faster) motorcycle, a 2009 HP2 Sport has finally worn off a little bit.

Despite my bitter comments regarding its turn signal wiring in the last article, it turns out that, due to its extended stay on the lift, its battery was just dead enough to fail to activate the turn signal flasher, but just alive enough to elicit a glow from the license plate light. Who figured! I've always been an atheist when it comes to believing in devils or demons (electrical or otherwise), but I'm beginning to get religion. With a new battery, everything worked fine. Not that I knew it would, but the engine wouldn't start, I got the battery.

Why did I let the battery go dead (I have a Battery Tender for each bike)? This one is harder to explain. Batteries in motorcycles don't last as long as they do in automobiles. Motorcycles, especially singles and twins, vibrate a lot more than (modern) automobiles and batteries don't like vibration. A Battery Tender actually tells you when this happens. When it can no longer fully charge the slowly dying batter, its light will remain blinking on and off longer and longer at first, and then in perpetuity instead of going to green. If only I had read the Battery Tender directions sooner!

Over an endless Basque meal in Fallon, I dimly remember hearing someone say that he would write an article for the newsletter on the base tour. I'm not going to mention his name, just in case I misunderstood or he gets busy...suffice it to say that the experience brought me back to my childhood when my dad (a Marine test pilot who died a very long time ago) took me to work with him at el Toro. The Fallon tour was an unexpected pleasure.



Onward toward the Bonneville Salt Flats! In an effort to avoid the superslab, we were using "the loneliest road in the US", Highway 50, when Dennis Chase's bike, a 1985 R80 started crapping out. We did the usual checks; fuel was flowing freely (even though it had a few mysterious red paint flakes in it) and the plugs were sparking (at least some of the time). Ken Farmer, by far the most confident mechanic among us, concluded that it was probably the electronic ignition module.

After spending about four hours on a two-foot wide shoulder along the aforementioned "loneliest road...", a kindly gentleman on a BMW stopped and, after inquiring about our plight, offer to ride ahead twenty-eight to Eureka and try to get us some help. I'm sorry, I have forgotten his name, though Neil probably knows it, but nursing home inmates are not generally known for their feats of memory. And help he found! Not too long afterward, a crazy-looking

highway patrolman (when a guy as a gun, you can get nervous) came roaring up in a Dodge Charger and finally gave us some protection from being rear-ended by parking behind us with his flashing lights.

He made a phone call to a local friend, and, low and behold, a blue pickup soon showed up with the world's shortest motorcycle ramp in the back, a six-foot long 2x8. Ok, maybe it was eight feet long.

Dennis and his busted beemer went on to Eureka to spend a couple of purgatorial days, while the rest of us, Ken, Neil and myself, along with another, Joe Sparrow, who had joined us for moral support during our long sojourn alongside "the loneliest road..." proceeded to blast down the road toward Ely, where we had motel reservations.

By this time, it was getting dark and I discovered that Joe's Goldwing had the brightest lights I've ever seen on a motorcycle. He followed us in the rear-most position with his brings and driving lights shining right into my mirrors. My pupils constricted to the size of pin-points for the entire seventy miles and I could see a damn thing. Wouldn't you know that finally the road became curvy enough to make this part of the trip even more interesting. If riding seventy to eighty curvy miles an hour in the dark almost completely blind is interesting... Good thing I trust Ken's riding skill, all I could do was follow his tail light.

Later we would run into Joe again at Bonneville and I learned to appreciate him, but I think I would still decline to ride right in front of him at night.



the salt flats

A night at Ely and Ken rode on to Montana for some business. Neil and I rode back to Eureka to encourage Dennis and see if we could help him. Apparently a local mechanic had already looked at the bike and had agreed with Ken about the R80's illness. It was not Sunday, so no electronic module for an 85 R80 was forthcoming until Tuesday, unless Neil and I could come up with one by hooking up with San Jose BMW (they run two airheads at the salt). Neil was actually willing to ride all the way back to Eureka from (some 200 miles each way) with the part o help Dennis fix his bike and join us at Bonneville!

Just in case someone reading this doesn't already know it, Neil Talbert is in class by himself when it comes to generosity.

Pause and think about that for a while. Travel is not only about the beauty of the places you go or the recreational activities you do when you get there. Neither is it about the machine you ride. Travel is about the new people you meet and the new things you learn about the friends you travel with.

The next morning was rainy and the salt was wet. As soon as we could get onto the salt we did so, only to discover than San Jose BMW could not help us with the WGM. Neil called Dennis with that news, Dennis and his bike were subsequently taken to Sierra BMW in Sparks to be fixed and then ride home. I have to mention the kindness

of the motel owner from Eureka who took Dennis to Sparks. I'd say that a lot of nice people live in Nevada, except that not a lot of people live in Nevada period. Some of them are very nice, though.

This is getting long, and I have to type it, but I have to mention some of the highlights of the visit to the salt flats, just in case some of you are considering making the trip next year. I've been waiting to go since I had read about the meets in Hot Rod Magazine, which I inhaled every month as a kid. The specialized machines that compete here are often the products of unusual and creative people in small garages all over the world. Quite the opposite of what you see in the highly regulated and often economically dominated forms of car and motorcycle racing that you see elsewhere.



Finally, I got to see those machine and their constructors close up. I was not disappointed. Motorcycles from 50cc to over 2000cc. Speed potentials from 70 mph to over 300. Production bikes, pure racing bikes, scooters, dirt bikes, side hacks of all ages. Something for everybody. An example is the motorcycle known as the "Ak Attack", a long cigar shaped red machine that is powered by two ancient (but powerful) Vincent engines that has to be hung from books to be moved from place to place because it has zero low speed maneuverability. This motorcycle is immaculate (as most race cars and motorcycles are) and is probably very expensive as it is almost entire handmade. The Ak Attack pit, however, is quite informal. Consisting of a rack from which the streamliner hangs and a group of very old men standing around giving the one young guy (35-40 yrs young), the mechanic, advice. Apparently, he is the only one who can bend his knees enough to hold his hands steady enough to actually work on the thing. While I was there, I could find the Rider (driver?), unless maybe the young guy did that too. Since most of the old guys weren't really that busy, they had no problem chatting with me. In fact, it was actually hard getting away! They all wanted to tell me stories about Big Sid, Rollie Free, Burt Monroe, who they all knew personally.

That's what I did. I walked around all day talking to the competitors. Neil seemed to stick close to the San Jose BMW pits. Later he would tell me that they were disappointed that the new S1000R superbike "only" ran 188 mph. Not bad, considering it was having major traction problems. "Only 188" from a bone stock machine straight from their showroom! They had an airhead than ran 164! At least I was impressed.

Ken showed up on Wednesday. Neil went on to Colorado to ride "the highest road in the USA". Ken and I rode home. His Kawasaki Concours 14 is a truly awesome machine. Ken's secret is furniture polish - he even got the Boxer Cup looking pretty good after days on the road.



I guess I won't relate to you any of the details about the ride to La Honda - maybe Mike will step up. Besides it time for my medication...

From the CALmoto web site:

In Memory of Kari Prager, 10/21/1947 - 11/14/2010



It is with a heavy heart that we inform our friends and customers of the passing of Kari Prager.

Kari passed away peacefully and suddenly at home early this past Sunday morning. He had enjoyed the Saturday shooting with friends and then spent much of that evening reloading in preparation for his next outing.

Kari was passionate about many things but it was his family, motorcycling, shooting and poetry that brought him the most joy. His passion, energy and zeal to share these joys brought us into the circle of his friendship and we are all the richer for it.

There will be a Celebration of Kari's Life on Sunday, December 5 at 2pm at:

The Sofitel Hotel
223 Twin Dolphin Drive
Redwood City, CA
Phone: 650-598-9000

Reduced room rates will be available for anyone interested. Parking is free and motorcycles will be welcome.

We are also planning a Memorial Ride for Kari on December 12, the ride will depart from CALmoto at 9am. Details will be posted on the website and sent out through our E-moto newsletter.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in Kari's honor to:

CHAC (Community Health Awareness Council)
PO Box 335
Mountain View, CA 94042

In The Pines

By Kari Prager

The trees are always green here.
My glance dances from branch to
branch. Sunlight's broken shards lay
a mosaic on forest floor.

I came here to be alone
but I am not. The under story
rumbles with the munching of beetles,
the millipede's tiny feet prance
over pine needles slowly turning
to mulch, smelling of tomorrow.
Deeper, earthworms tunnel blindly
through the podsol, turning the
earth with earnest diligence.

This place is a comfort. I lean against
the scratchy trunk of a lodge pole pine.
The melancholy that brought me here
sloughs off, nibbled away by busy
legions of ants, trudging back with
countless morsels for their queen.

I don't fear death here. If it
came to me, strangely comforting,
no regret would outlast it. I can play
with such musings while I know
for now the pulse of blood is strong.

Perhaps will come a time when,
undiscovered, I'd be but a bag
of skin covering whitening bones
that once held me up against the pull
of the earth. I can't say why,
but it comforts me that the forest
would turn me into something
written in a language scratched by
foraging partridges under the deadfall.

Nothing can harm me once
this beautiful life joins something
common to every creature in this place.

SATURDAY'S, WHEN A RIDE OR CLUB EVENT IS NOT PLANNED, THE CLUB MEETS FOR BREAKFAST at 9:00am – please see web site for current location.

Down the road..... 2010

Note: Check out the change of address for Ted Porter's Beemer Shop!

- Dec. 4 Club Holiday Party at the Hurst club house.
- Dec. 5 Kari Prager Memorial (details inside)
- Dec. 10 KSBW Share Your Holiday – Club On-Air at 6:45pm from Capitola Auto Mall
- Dec. 12 Kari Prager Memorial Ride (details inside)

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<http://www.mbbbr.org>

