



ESTABLISHED 1992

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The Monterey Bay BMW Riders
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object is to fill the pot of
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Ride to Eat, Eat to Ride



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JULY 2013

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Oh to be young again! Sometimes I wish I were. I think back to those days of my youth often. Motorcycling can bring me back to the days when I was 17 and cruising around San Jose on a Honda 350 Scrambler, later converted to a Café Racer. In those days I didn't own a car. High school, a job, I got there by motorcycle. Why walk when you can ride! Or in my mid-twenties riding around Hollister Hills and Carnegie Off-Road Park on a Honda XL500 stripped of lights so I wouldn't break them off when I fell down. Promising my fiancé that I wouldn't break my leg before the wedding day. By then I had a truck and a full-time job.



JAY WHYTE

Have you ever ridden down a road just to see where it goes? That's something I used to do growing up. Now I look on Google Earth. It's not the same and not as satisfying. I remember my first attempt to ride up to Mt. Hamilton with my brother. We finally decided to turn around and go home because it seemed too far and we weren't sure if we had enough gas. To relive that experience, I recently jumped on my dual sport bike with a couple of buddies with the intent to following a dirt road to the end. Starting near Casa de Fruta on Pacheco

Pass (Hwy 152) I was hoping to come out the north side of Henry Coe Park Sate Park. We didn't reach the end exactly; we found a gate. That's as far as the authorities would allow. Bummer. I wasn't feeling lucky that day so

we respected the gate and turned around. No worries, we got about six miles in and back, of peaceful rolling hills I would never have ventured on if my curiosity wasn't so great. Maybe next time I'll move that big rock next to the gate and sneak past. Shhhh... don't tell anyone.

Are you trying to relive yesteryear? Apparently, I'm not alone. I offer as an example to make my point is Wunderlich America Conversion kit to transform any model year R1200GS into an early (1980-'95ish) R120 G/S, Adventurer. For only \$4,999 you too can convert the latest technology GS into something you may have ridden in some earlier day. That's right; you too can make something new look old. Something I would like to do in reverse for my own body. Just open your mind, and your wallet. This is not a purely frivolous idea. After all, you may have trashed your old ride bad enough that it needs a face lift anyway, or you may appreciate the weight savings of this

Continued on next page 

new body work for your off road adventures. Either way, it's nice to know that the motorcycle aftermarket suppliers have got you covered.

BTW, I still have an old 1990 R100GS/PD in my

garage. It's not even worth \$5K. I'll try to remember how much money I'm saving by riding the real thing.

Ride, Eat & Repeat!

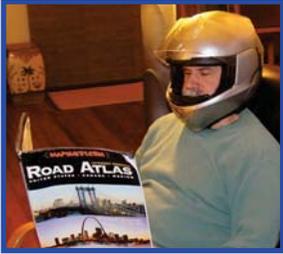
Jay Whyte



Jay and Neil present SJBW owner Chris Hodgson a MBBR contraband club patch at the Grand Opening of the shops new location. 7/13/13

Editor's Note

A Tale of Two Rides:



RON AIKINS

First an Impromptu

As the Fourth of July holiday fell on a Thursday this year, I took leave the following Friday so as to create a four-day "weekend." Now, what to do with all that free time?

Naturally the thought occurred that at least one of the days should be spent astride a moving motorcycle. I had no specific plans for a ride route or destination, but that didn't stop me from inviting others to join me. I was surprised and delighted that five other club members wanted to come along.

The only "plan" I announced was to meet for breakfast at 9:00 AM at Dona Esther's in San Juan Bautista. I and others arrived well before that time, only to find out that the restaurant does not open at nine as their website indicates, but eleven. We considered eating elsewhere in SJB, but someone mentioned that the corned beef hash breakfast at Flapjack's in Tres Pinos was an experience not to be missed. That sealed it; the first decision of the day was quickly made and off we went, taking Southside Road off Union Road around Hollister to avoid the Fourth of July rally crowd in town.

We did not completely avoid the impact of the rally. The restaurant was somewhat understaffed even for a regular day, and while we were there the crowd swell overwhelmed them. Most of us did manage to verify the reputation of the corned beef hash. Warning: unless you possess the appetite, capacity, and caloric requirement of an actual working lumberjack, go for the half order. Even then you may be wise to share it with a friend.

The second decision came up for discussion during breakfast: where do we go? Since we were already

partway down Highway 25, we decided to continue south on that route. I suggested the ultimate destination might be Parkfield. What the heck, mid-summer days are long and I wanted a full day's ride for a change.

Tim Clark decided to return home after breakfast, so that left Jim Martin, Daniel Astier, James Kmetovic, Kurt Gibson, and I to enjoy some truly fine weather on a truly fine highway. At the outset we did experience one benefit to being near the Hollister rally. As you know, just after Paicines Highway 25 stretches for a number of miles in a nearly perfect straight line. If one is not careful, one *could* find one's self inadvertently traveling somewhat in excess of the posted speed limit. As luck would have it, a number of bikers coming north for the rally passed me going in the opposite direction giving me a signal by patting the tops of their helmets. This I took correctly to mean that some kind of law enforcement presence was just down the road a piece. We soon passed the CHP car parked on the west side of the road traveling at a perfectly legal rate. For several miles I tried to pass on the helpful information to other northbound bikers we passed.

Highway 25 was its normal, beautiful self and the weather was likewise ideal. Our first rest stop might reasonably become known as our club's southern meeting place, the intersection of 25 and Lonoak Road. After several minutes of resting, rehydrating, and kicking tires, all but Jim Martin and I took Lonoak Road to King City and made their way back home. Too bad for them. Jim and I continued to enjoy great riding down the usual route to Parkfield: 25 to Peach Tree and Indian Valley Roads, gassed up in San Miguel then backtracked to catch Vineyard Canyon Road on into Parkfield.

Parkfield Cafe is much as it always is, though service

seems to get longer with each visit. Even though Jim and I were in no particular hurry, the time it took order, eat, and pay was, by anyone's standards, excessive. On return we stayed mostly off the freeway until King City. At that point Jim was a little concerned about some oil leakage (his "oilhead" was earning its name) his bike was experiencing, so we hunkered down against the wind and slabbed it back to Salinas.

The Ride to Alice's That Wasn't

Jay knew the third Saturday this month offered many activities for members which might take precedence over the monthly club ride. But to keep the standard option open, Jay was willing to lead a ride to Alice's. As it happened, I was the only one with him at breakfast that morning or on the ride.

Since it was just we two, we ad-libbed a bit from the advertised route. We did not take Eureka Canyon Road but rode up Highway 1 to catch Soquel-San Jose Road up to Summit Road and eventually to Skyline Boulevard. At the junction of Skyline and Highway 9 we stopped at the rest area there (devoid that day of portable toilets, darn it), then determined that neither of us was that interested in actually going all the way to Alice's that particular day. We went our separate ways from there. Since the "club" did not actually get to Alice's in July, I'll steal the idea for August's ride, take a different route, and see how many would like to join me then.



Sharing shade at Lonoak & Hwy. 25



It was Alice's Or Bust and -- we busted



A couple of us did make to Parkfield



Waitin' for the hash in Tres Pinos

Thoughts from the Nursing Home

The Second Coming



JIM MARTIN

I went to traffic school this weekend. I'll start the same way to class started: "Give us your name, what you were cited for, and the amount of the fine." I know what the instructor, a retired fireman, was after here. He wanted

all of us to see that, yes, if you break the law, you might well get a ticket and it will cost you plenty. A point to his side. The fines ranged from 250 to 1600 dollars! Plenty. With a fine of only \$640, I felt like a piker, whatever a "piker" is... I just know that it's bad.

I was coming down Carmel Valley Road toward the coast to make a right turn onto Highway 1. The intersection has two right turn lanes and is controlled by a light. Right turners could have a green arrow or a red one -- mine was red. Now I know that a red right turn arrow means that one must wait until one gets a green one. Even though I know that, I was busy eying my mirrors to make sure the car behind me was actually going to stop, trying to find neutral, pulling up my helmet visor so I wouldn't fog up (an old habit -- my new Schubert doesn't fog up), scanning the ground ahead for gravel or undulations in case I had to put my foot down (Ken), and, oh yes, checking to see if anyone was coming who had the right of way. Wait, there's a cop over there at the light! While doing all of these things, I had only glanced at the light to see that it was red. I didn't consciously acknowledge that it was a red arrow. Maybe that's why they usually put up a sign to remind you. At the time, there was no sign, an oversight, according to my beloved traffic school instructor, that has since been remedied.

No matter how many excuses I can belatedly think of, the fact is that I made a careless error. An

expensive error. That's why I paid my fine and went to traffic school and didn't complain about it (much). Traffic school is a joke. For the life of me, except for its cost, I can't see that it teaches you anything about avoiding tickets. You spend five hours or so, squirming around in an uncomfortable chair, bored out of your tree, spending 55 extra dollars (in my case) to avoid spending a lot more as a result of getting a point on your license. No attempt whatsoever is made to tailor the curriculum to the needs of its students. We were all looking at each other wondering why he was showing us an hour and a half of videos about preparing for your first driver's test. The driver's test for cars is, of course, totally different than the one for motorcycle riders which consists of pointless, tight, low-speed maneuvers around a parking lot between white lines and pylons, the difficulty of which depends, to a large extent, on the motorcycle you choose to take the test with. (I don't recommend a Ducati with a grabby clutch and almost no steering lock!) The car test is a much more realistic test of city type driving, which makes first timers (as well as old crones like myself) pretty nervous. However, the median age of our group was thirty-something, no newbies here.

The rest of the time was spent listening to him telling us what was going to be on the test he was about to give us. I hate to admit it (as a retired teacher of some forty years), but as my ability to concentrate and my eyesight deteriorate, tests make me a little nervous. However, I passed with a score of 100%. You don't get tickets because you don't know the vehicle code. In my view, you get tickets because there is almost no enforcement out there and, therefore, little incentive to follow the rules. In fact, I believe that the more competent you are, the more likely you are to get a ticket; you do unwise things because you assume you can get away with them.

Continuation

Given my driving record, therefore, I must be very competent. Logic. I love it.

Every teacher knows that having rules that you don't enforce equitably is worse than having no rules at all. If you don't enforce your own rules, it tells your students that you don't respect these rules, so, of course, why should they? No matter what the severity of the punishment you impose, it is human nature to think that, because I'm basically a good person (Jeffrey Dahmer thought he was basically a good person) I can get away with it just this once.

What we need, if we are really interested in improving public safety (I think the statistics indicate

that we lose more lives to traffic accidents every year than we did during the entire Vietnam war) is to increase enforcement. How do we do that? We must pump up the economy so we can hire more Chippies. My recommendation is that everybody should go out and buy a new motorcycle. Since there aren't any decent American motorcycles, buy two German, Italian, British, or Japanese bikes. At least some of the profits should find their way back into our economy.

I sure feel great when I figure out how to save the world, as I often do these days, sitting in the nursing home in between reruns of *The Gong Show*.

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2013 International BMW Rally in Salem OR



SALLY HESS

Neil and I rode up to Salem to enjoy what the Rally might offer, and we were glad we did. It was fun, well organized, and there were lots of vendor offerings. The most interesting workshop we went to had to do with being seen. The guy who led this workshop founded Skene Design, and he presented the results of some research that shows a vehicle is much more easily seen if it has lights in a triangular configuration. (Locomotives in this country now all have the large headlight and two lower lights.) It's not only easier to see vehicles, but it's easier to judge their distance away from you. (Maybe this is why all of our cars now have a third brake light in the back window?) I decided to buy the Photon Blaster setup for my front forks (they flicker) when I went back in to the vendor area, and you can check them out on my bike at breakfast. Makes sense that flickering lights are more noticeable than a steady light. A couple of years ago at the motorcycle show in San Mateo I bought a light system that mounts near my brake light that flickers when I decelerate. I like that it's one more

backup to my brake light. In general, LED lights come on .2 seconds faster than incandescent bulbs (= a car stopping 17 feet sooner at 60mph). Human reaction to a rapidly flashing light is .2 seconds faster than a steady light. When you combine an LED brake light with one that also flashes, that means a vehicle behind you can stop 34 feet sooner at 60mph. The Skene Design people have flashing LED's also for the rear of the bike - check them out at PhotonBlaster.com.

The Rider Perception workshop was also very good. 1/2 of all crashes could be prevented if the rider could be aware of the danger one second sooner! Increase scanning aggressively! Try to always be aware of a possible escape route. A good safety tip mentioned at one of the workshops was to move around in your lane a bit when you're afraid a car might turn in front of you. Interesting: a red or yellow top or jacket combined with a white helmet had the lowest representation in multiple vehicle crashes. Food for thought.

We met up with Dick and Marilyn Dodd in Salem and enjoyed spending some time with them. They had some really good music at the rally! Jonny Lang, Tommy Castro, Paul Thorn and more. Wow! A pretty cool event.



Sally & Neil at the MOA rally in Oregon

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CALENDAR AT A GLANCE

Aug 17 -	Leader: Ron Aikins Destination: Alice's Restaurant Leave after breakfast at the Red Apple	Oct 19 -	Leader: Dick Dodd Destination: TBA
Aug 24-29 -	BUB Motorcycle Speed Trials, Bonneville Salt Flats, Neil Talbert leading ride	Nov 16 -	Leader: James Kmetovic Destination: TBA
Sep 21 -	Leader: Jay Whyte Destination: Wool Growers, Los Banos	Dec 7-	(Tentative) Christmas Party
		Jan 2014 -	Leader: Ron Aikins Destination: TBA

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