

The Southcoaster



The Official Newsletter of the South Coast BMW Riders Club



Spring Riding - It's Time. Brad Christiansen somewhere on the Central Coast

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Treasurer's Report

by Doug Merker

Month Ending March 31, 2003

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South Coast BMW Riders Club

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Submissions to the newsletter should be sent via e-mail to: Mmoon1@attbi.com.

This newsletter is prepared using with Adobe Pagemaker™. Send submissions in electronic form (preferably a Word document) without a lot of formatting. Pictures should be in .tif, .jpg, .pcx or .gif format. It's easier for me if you don't 'paste' the pictures into the document - just send them along as email attachments.

Submissions made in hard copy take time to retype to put in this publication. Try to avoid this method. If you want your submission returned mark it clearly as such and include a stamped self addressed envelope so I can get the thing back to you.

Send hard copy submissions to:

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The opinions of the authors are their own and are not necessarily those of the editor or the SCBMWRC. Neither the editor nor the SCBMWRC shall take responsibility for the author's submissions.

Presidents Message

By Werner von Hartmann

Last weekend, I had a great ride. Moonman had organized a trip to Mitchell Caverns. This was first rained out and tentatively rescheduled for the last weekend in March. To my dismay the great Santana Winds started to blow, which meant that we were blown out this time. But not to worry. Mr. Moon resorted to email queries and before I knew it I was on the road to a great alternate destination: San Simeon State Campground. I rode at leisurely pace, took the San Marcos Pass route north of Santa Barbara and rejoined the El Camino Real in Los Olivos whence I stayed on it to where the magic Highway One branches off toward San Simeon.

There are those who say California has no seasons. I am here to tell you otherwise. The hills were draped in sundry shades of lush greens accented by expanses of yellow mustard – a delight to the olfactory senses as much as to the eye. Wild flowers abounded everywhere and cattle to their stomachs in grass were chewing contentedly. The air, not to be outdone, carried birds and insects of every kind. To the left of me lay the great pacific sparkling with jewels and rivaled by the cloudless sky above. The temperature was seventy-five and Channel Islands of all sizes floated close enough to touch just this side of heaven.

When I got to the campground, I was way too high to just sit there. The tent went up in a flash, the gear went in and I hit the starter again. Off I went north on Highway One. There were sunbathing sea lions in sandy coves and sinuous curves to be grooved through. A Hawk, hanging overhead, wondered about the strange creature on this blue bike, plying asphalt.

As the road carried me up, gnarly, twisted trees bore witness to relentless Western winds, leaving them all the more beautiful for their plight.

After an hour, I turned south again. I love running over a road going the way I came. I get to drink reality from both sides this way. Never does it bore. By this time the camp was alive with fellow travelers. Soon more arrived and as the daylight began to fade, Denise Moon treated us to a wondrous feast of her making. We had good fellowship, cigars and spirits to carry us long into the warm night by the fire. And stars there were in untold numbers. No marine layer to obscure them. Just dry air to make them sparkle. Waves rolling onto the shore like the pulse of the earth lulled me to sleep.

The morning brought wall-to-wall sunshine, the smell of coffee and bacon. Dale Leadbetter, generously curbed his urge to ride and loaded his truck with cooking gear, eggs and such. He rose with the sun to prepare a delicious breakfast for us all. I munched on muffins and got high on coffee before turning my sights southward. Highway One was once again my choice, this time to cross the Lompoc Peninsula and hug the cliffs in Santa Monica. What a ride! I am hoping to forget it soon lest I be comparing future ones to it.

This is our rally month. Do come and join us. I promise you will not regret it. There is something for everyone to enjoy. You can help to make it happen by volunteering for a task or you can make it happen just by being there. I am told that we have currently a record number of members. I realize that I probably have not met the majority of you. So come out and say “Hi”. I’d love to shake your hand and see your smile.

New Member Welcome

Pete MacLachlan

Five newcomers and two associates have joined us this past Feb/March, to whom we extend a warm welcome:

New Member List

NAME	CITY	MOTORCYCLE
Murray Olson	San Marcos	R1100R, R75/5
Arnel Casanova I	rvine	K1200GT
Michael Perez	Long Beach	R100RT
James & Judy Budimlya	Aliso Viejo	R1150GS, R1100RA
David & Lynn Cross	Brea	K1200LTe

Murray Olson has only been riding motorcycles for 4 years but has clocked up an impressive 60,000 miles in that time. 20 years of racing, touring and commuting on bicycles has made his transition to motorcycles painless. His future is likely to include some dirt and gravel dual sport riding.

Arnel Casanova (steady ladies, yes he is single) met another new member Mark Odom at Seavers when they were encouraging each other to buy their new GTs. He's an architect in Orange County who has dreamed of owning a BMW since college, so attending the Fiesta Rally this year will be his first experience of camping with his new steed. Be kind to him!

Nobody messes with **Michael** – active cop and NRA member – he learned of the club from the MOA mag and in addition to his beemer, owns a Kawasaki 650 and Honda Magna. His preferences include long-distance touring and he plans to head out to the MOA rally in July.

Also planning to ride out to Charleston, **Jim and Judy** enjoy motorcycle camping trips and have recently moved here from Boston where they were active 'Yankee Beemer' club members. No doubt they will find California riding a 'breeze' compared to back east!

David last rode back in the 60's when his hair was much longer and MotoGuzzi was a REAL bike! He & Lynn heard of us from Seavers when they were buying their new Titan Silver LTe, and before the ink dried on his application form he had already joined us on the Iron Man ride.

We look forward to meeting y'all and your better halves at the club meets and events. Welcome, and ride safe.

Pete

Fiesta Rally 2003 Schedule of Activities

Spend the whole weekend or spend the day. How about breakfast and the General Meeting and then a Poker Run on Saturday? We'll be there under the oaks of San Diego County - and here's a schedule you can use to be a part of the club at this rally. This is the SouthCoasters 'big' event. Hope to see you there!

Friday, April 11

- 8:00 AM – 8:00 PM Registration and Check-in at Clubhouse
- 12 Noon – 2:00 PM Lunch Available at Chuck Wagon
- 6:00 PM – 9:00 PM Fiesta Dinner #1 at Chuck Wagon
- 8:00 PM+ Campfire

Saturday, April 12

- 8:00 AM – 2:00 PM Registration and Check-in at Clubhouse
- 7:00 AM – 8:30 AM LIONS CLUB All you can Eat Breakfast
- 9:00 AM – 9:45 AM Poker Run Sign-up at Clubhouse
- 11:00 AM SCBMWRC General Meeting**
- 12:00 Noon – 2:00 PM Lunch Available at Chuck Wagon
- 3:00 PM Poker Run Check-in at Clubhouse
- 4:00 PM Door Prize Drawing and Prize Pick-up at Clubhouse
- 6:00 PM – 7:45 PM Fiesta Dinner #2 at Chuck Wagon
- 8:00 PM Rally Awards and Prizes at Amphitheater
- 9:00 PM – 'til Campfire

Sunday, April 13

- 7:00 AM – 8:30 AM LIONS CLUB All you can Eat Breakfast
- 9:00 AM Prize Pick-up at Clubhouse
- 12 Noon Departure

Download a registration form off the internet. Type this into your 'browser' window:
http://www.scbmwrc.com/Fiesta2003/Fiesta%20Rally_2003%20-%20Registration.pdf

How I Succumbed to New Bike (K1200GT) Fever

by Mark Odum SCBMWRC member #163

November, 2002: I'm flipping through the latest issue of Motorcyclist and it even though the image only takes up a small corner of the page, my attention is immediately drawn to it: It's a K1200 GT.

The write-up is skimpy but it says that the new add-ons (which I can barely make out in the photo) make the bike a more "ergo-friendly" sport-tourer. I'm into friendly ergos and I like to push my 1985 K100 RT to the sport side. I want to learn more.

The next day Rider arrived in the box. Similar picture. Not much more info. I gotta know more; want to get a better view. A bright idea emerges: surf the net and find the BMW motorcycle site. A quick search finds bmwmotorcycles.com. Lots of promotional stuff and even some useful specifics and nice photos, but still not the view I was looking for. I need to see it bigger.

That next week my beloved K100 relieves itself all over my boots. It putts and hiccups over to Irv Seavers and I seek help from the wise men in the back. In the end, I'm writing a check and checking out the only picture Brian Bell has of the new GT: a view from BMW's 2003 Calendar. The photo of the GT is big and glossy, and depicts the "Orient Blue" version of the GT. The grey-green (or is it green-grey?) version on depicted on BMW's site and in the magazines remind me of champagne and Lawrence Welk: a little bubbly but not too thrilling. I want something a little dark, a little mysterious, and fast, sorta like tequila and rock-n-roll. Orient Blue is THE color. But I still need to see it bigger. Brian expects a GT in

late December. Color is a crap shoot.

December, 2002: At the Long Beach motorcycle show I urge my 12 year old son past the Yamahondas to the BMW corner. After a quick search, I ask a rep if they brought a GT. Silly me, it's hiding behind a long line of anxious test sitters. I join the party. This view of the GT is full size.

Smudges on the shiny parts, scuff marks on the bags, and the seat is warm like the heater is on. Despite the grey green paint, it's beautiful; at this proximity it reminds me of Stevie Nicks—a softer version of rock-n-roll. A slight lean on the bars, pegs a little higher than usual, but not bad. Just sitting there, forward lean, knees bent; the GT feels fast, and not uncomfortable.

Three days later I'm back at Irv's. This time it's the K100's fuel pump. No news concerning GT's arrival. I'm writing a second check in as many months.

Right before Christmas I'm heading back to Irv's to visit Chris and Barry, my new close friends (if writing checks can buy friends). Its a third trip to the lifts for the K100 in six weeks. Now they're looking for the electrical short that's causing the '85 K to burp and hiccup and blow all kinds of foul stuff into the air.

There, on the showroom floor, is the Orient Blue GT, a tequila and rock-n-roll, ZZ Top version. Bummer. Dale has placed someone's name on it.

I examine it carefully. I even get down on my hands and knees. It's beautiful, sleek, and has authority. Even without moving, this GT is fast. I leave my K100 in the hands of the professional wrenches hoping it won't be too expensive to fix.

January, 2003: They found the short in the electrics and I'm writing a third check to Irv's in as many months. This 17 year old still runs smooth. But these are tough payments to make on a 17 year old who is not college bound. I'm no wrench, but maybe I should be.

Brian walks by as I'm discussing the K100 with Chris, the service manager. Maybe Brian will make be on offer on the K100 I can't refuse and we can deal on a new GT. Brian says sure, in fact BMW Corporate just announced an offer that might seal the deal. He's right on both accounts. He offers me than what I originally paid for the K100 2.5 years ago (firesale deal—previous owner had to move out of town, quickly!). BMW has an unheard of financing deal thru February. Either put up or shut up. I put up a deposit.

I'm #2 on the wait list. Who knows when the next one will come in, or the one after that in my case. Per Brian, normally the introductory shipment of a new model is via air freight. Those bikes that follow are by slow boat. The first one has already come and gone and there are none in the Southern California warehouse. Be patient I think to myself. If it doesn't get here soon maybe I'll lose the new bike fever.

I come back the next day. And the next. And the next. I know everyone's first name at Irv's by now. After many visits Brian finally says there is some good news. The #1 on the wait list took himself off. Evidently he got impatient and bought a new Gold Wing. There is justice in this world I think.

Two days later more good news. Brian says they've been billed for the next GT. It's on the way. But from where (New

Jersey?), he doesn't know.

The next Tuesday I do another drive by. There are four crates in the parking lot. I park the K-100 next to the crates. Outside, bottom crate—a half dressed Orient Blue GT. The shipping tag on the box says "Port of entry: LAX." This is fabulous! Can't wait to shake this fever and see if she's got legs!

Who Runs This Club Anyway?

Well...you could! Or, if you know someone you believe would enjoy planning rides and events and leading one—then nominate that noble soul.

There's no better way to get to know our members and enjoy the club then serving. Our club needs board members, ride planners, and volunteers available to do what they can. There's a plethora (lots) of opportunities. Everyone has something to give, come find yourself a niche.

Contact any of the following to discuss your ideas and we'll see you at the Rally!

Jim Bollingmo
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taylor@semprautilities.com
(310) 514-3463

I'm Just Singin' in the Rain

By Bill Allen

Flashback to the beginning of the year during a session when I was planning my trips for the first part of the year. January: Borrego Springs. Check. February: Death Valley. Check. April: Fiesta Rally. Absolutely! March: Mitchell Caverns? Hmmmm...been there, done that. Let me see, what other alternatives are there? While surfing the 'net (which I've been known to do on occasion) I discover the NorCal club is having a campout at Woodson Bridge, just east of Chico and south of Redding. That's about 550 miles from South Orange County and all on Interstate. Gotta take two days and the backroads. Hmm... how 'bout camping in Limekiln on the coast on the way up and somewhere on Highway 25 on the way back? That route sounds much more attractive.

Now to round up some riding buddies who might be interested and available for a four day ride. Checking the usual suspects, Dave Doran can't take four days off, Doug Merker's new work schedule also makes this very difficult so I won't even tease him about this ride. This trip is farther than Ralph Dutra's 100 mile limit, so I won't even bother him. Jon Taylor's always game for this kind of adventure and this is quickly confirmed after getting a response to an e-mail I send him. Mike Davis is interested, but only available for one night but said he would join us in Limekiln. The next step is to contact Pat Potter, president of the BMW Club of Northern California to see if there would be room for a couple of South Coasters at their campout. In her response, Pat said that we were absolutely welcome and would be looking forward to meeting us. O.K., so we're set.

As the weekend draws near, the weather report looks less and less favorable, par-

ticularly up the coast. The three of us decide to alter our route and schedule and choose a two day trip to Parker instead. We thoroughly enjoyed our trip to the RA Rendezvous there last November and River Island State Park (12 miles north of Parker on Hwy 95) has turned into one of my favorite campsites. If you have not been there, River Island is nestled in a bowl of mountains on the Colorado River. The campsites are grass and the showers are great!

The three of meet Ralph at Starbucks Friday morning. We discuss the current weather report which now predicts rain in the L.A. Basin for Saturday. "*What's a little rain*"? I say. The group shrugs and we are off. We head south on I-5 to Oceanside and pick up Hwy 78 towards our first objective: Julian for pie! If you're thinking that Julian is not on the way to Parker, then you have not ridden with us. We believe that the shortest distance between two points is boring!

After our pie break, we take Hwy 78 through Brawley where we stop for gas and lunch and continue to head East. Jon keeps talking about a road he saw that cuts over to Yuma (from Glamis to Ogilby), but I can't find it on my AAA map. We roll slowly through Glamis and can't find a (paved) road going south until we reach S34. Even though S34 is not very direct, we opt for this route since we've seen the Hwy 78 alternative through Blythe. We take S34 south to I-8 (for a short stretch) then East to Yuma where we pick up S24 through the date farms in Bard. We take a break where S24 tees into Hwy 95. Since this stop is in the middle of the Yuma Proving Grounds, there are displays of Army artillery abound. I share a story with my colleagues about the last time I paid a visit to this facility. Unimpressed, Jon and Mike get ready for our last leg into Parker.

We stop for gas and liquids in Quartzite

before our last hour into Parker. The sun is starting to get low on the horizon and concern starts to grow about pitching tents in the daylight. We pull into River Island just as the sun is setting. It appears that there is a spot open on the river, and a conversation with one of the campers confirms this. We nestle in between a tour group consisting of a dozen 20 year olds and a solo Harley rider from Olympia, Washington. We quickly pitch tents, the last part of which we do in complete darkness. Mike and I make a run to the grocery store for charcoal, ice and beverages. We pay for our campsite on the way back. Dinner ensues and we enjoy the rest of the evening on the banks of the Colorado River.

We wake the next morning to the sounds of ducks as if they are right outside my tent. After poking my head out, I find that those damn ducks ARE right outside my tent! We all rise, have coffee and enjoy the beginning of the day at this wonderful campsite (have I said (“wonderful campsite” too many times?). We pack up and get ready to roll at the shock of our neighbors. They can't believe that we are leaving so soon, considering we just arrived the evening before and we are leaving already. Jon mentions to one of our neighbors “It's about the ride”, but I don't think he understood. We depart and, 12 miles later, stop for breakfast in Parker.

We review our route, which is to take Hwy 62 and then Hwy 177 to Desert Center. We calculate the distance to ensure we have plenty of gas. According to my map, it's 108 miles to Chiriaco Summit. We all nod and confirm we have enough gas. We go through the agriculture checkpoint at the border and pick up Hwy 62. We roll for about a half an hour or when I check my rear view mirror and there is no one in sight. I slow down to no avail. I turn around and start to back

track. A few minutes later, I see Mike with his flashers on and flashing me with his high beam. I start to think the worst and accelerate west. I get to the point where I believe I last saw Mike and Jon, but no one is there, no one along the side of the road. I look in my rear view mirror, and Mike is not in pursuit, either. Did Jon turn around? Did he decide on another route (say, Hwy 95 south to I-10 to get home sooner?).

I'm now in the middle of the desert with Mike heading east and Jon heading west (or south). Great. Convinced that Jon is not lying on the side of the road, bleeding, I turn around and try to catch Mike. For the first time in two days, Mike decides to ride a quick pace and there is no way I can catch him. After a while, I resign myself to the possibility that I will be riding the rest of the trip solo, when I see a faint single headlight in my rear view mirror. The light gets larger until it gets close enough for me to make out that it's Jon. We pull over when Jon tells me that he saw a sign that said “I-10 132 miles”. Knowing that he did not have that range on his GS (Mike and I are carefree on our RTs), he turned around to get gas at the border crossing. Jon said that he stopped and told Mike and instructed Mike to fill me in, but I never gave Mike the chance. I inform Jon that the 132 miles is via Hwy 62 through Twentynine Palms and not via our route.

As it turns out, Jon would have had plenty of gas and all that anxiety was a waste of energy and could have been avoided. If you are ever involved in a group ride and decide to bail, please let the ride leader know and don't assume that he/she will know what your intentions are or that

Calendar of Events

April

5th (Sat.) -Iron Man Event in Oceanside. We've been asked to coordinate the motorcycle volunteers for the Iron Man Event held in Oceanside - 6.45am swim; full lap cycle once through the back of Camp Pendleton (not usually seen by the public); run along Oceanside beachfront. Approx 25 bikes needed, half marshals half film crew. More details to follow. Contact [Pete MacLachlan](#) for more information.

6th -(Sun.) Board of Directors Meeting/Rally Packet Stuffing Party . 11:00 am at the Barbour's residence. Contact Keith Barbour by phone or email for precise directions to his house. Get 'ahead of the curve' on Rally info and updates. Help us get the 'packets' out. All members are welcome to attend and observe the inner workings of the SouthCoasters.

11th – 12th – 13th (Fri - Sun.) Fiesta Rally – Our very own rally. At Lilac Oaks campground in San Diego County (near Fallbrook). Located at 30821 Lilac Rd., Valley Center, CA. From Riverside, CA take I-15 south to Old Castle Rd., go east to Champagne Blvd. and turn right. Turn left onto Old Castle Rd. and go 6 miles to Lilac Rd. Turn left & go 1.2 miles to campground entrance. Visit www.lilacoaks.com for map and details. Rally includes two nights camping, Rally Pin, Poker Run, Awards/ Door prizes, Fri. & Sat. dinner, Sat. & Sun. all you can eat pancake breakfast, and campfire each night. Pre-order your heavyweight, all cotton, rally t-shirts available in Ash grey: short sleeve (\$15.00) or mock turtleneck (\$20.00). Pre-registration is \$35.00/person or \$45.00 at the gate. Pre-registration deadline is April 1, 2003. No foolin! Early registration guarantees you the chance to win the world famous "Kermit Chair". Contact Keith Barbour if you'd like to help at the rally. His phone number and email are listed with the Club Officers on page 2.

30th (Wed.) Fiesta Rally Review and Board Meeting – The Board of Directors and the Fiesta Rally Committee meet to review the Rally results and hash it over. All club members are welcome to attend and be a part of it all. Mike Moons house in Costa Mesa. Send an Email to Mmoon1@attbi.com or call at 949-631-8870 if you're going to attend.

May

2nd – 4th (Fri – Sun) Airheads Campout at Lake Isabella - 3 Day Weekend camp-out at Lake Isabella, California will once again take place at the French Gulch group site. This campsite is worth waiting for as it is located in the trees on a peninsula extending into

Lake Isabella with terrific views, a large, covered gazebo, private restrooms and hot showers, and a rope swing into the lake. We'll have control of the access road, which can be closed off. There are many excellent paved and dirt roads in the area, some through passes as high as 9000 ft. Bring your fishing rod and hiking boots. There are shopping facilities nearby, and barbeque grills on site. The cost for 3 nights camping is \$20 per person if you pre-register before March 31. April 1 and later it will be \$25.

Send your registration fee to: Kelly Pixton, 6323 Charing St., San Diego, CA 92117, Ph: 858 922-6235 or email kpixton@san.rr.com

4th - (Sun.) General Meeting 10:00 am at the Country Garden Restaurant in Temecula. 29000 Front St, Temecula, CA 92590, (909) 695-2421.

16th – 18th – Road Runner Rally – Held by the ‘Phoenix International Touring Society’. Experience the “Best of the West” in the tall pines of Heber, Arizona. Great mountain roads, terrific scenery, state & national parks, hiking, lakes, casinos, poker run & much more. \$35 pre-registration by 5/1 (\$40 at gate) includes: BMW demo rides, vendors, door prizes, shady camping, hot showers, famous Fri night chili, Sat night dinner & music by “Rhondavous” both nights. Breakfast, lunch, dorm bunks, rally shirts available for additional fee. Motels & cabins nearby. Rally pins & AMA pins to first 250. For registration form, maps & additional info: www.azbeemers.org or Michael: 480-987-9339. Send pre registration & fee to: PITS, PO Box 21514, Mesa, AZ 85277-1514.

23rd – 26th – 49er Rally – Organized by the the BMW Club of Northern California. Gold Country Fairgrounds in Auburn, CA, 30 mi east of Sacramento in the Sierra Nevada Foothills—the Heart of Gold Rush Country. Includes 3 nights camping, early bird camping available, poker run, GS ride, skills class, tech seminars, vendors & live entertainment. \$28 pre-reg (\$42 with Sat BBQ), \$32 at the gate (BBQ only available for pre-reg attendees), Children under 12 yrs \$13 pre-reg (\$27 with BBQ), \$20 at the gate (BBQ only avail for pre-reg kids). Info or registration write: 2003 '49er Rally Registration, PO Box 2472, Santa Clara, CA 95055, www.bmwncal.org/49er, Pat Potter 650-593-6009, 49erregistration@bmwncal.org.

June

5th – (Thu.) SCBMWRC Board Meeting – 7:00 pm at Starbucks in Corona Del Mar. Right on PCH in the middle of ‘high buck beachtown’. 2801 E. Pacific Coast Hwy Corona Del Mar, CA 92625. (949) 675-4416. Come by, have a coffee, get fired up and say something fueled by caffeine.

8th – (Sun.) SCBMWRC General Meeting and Board Elections – This is the Board Election meeting. Be somebody. Be a Board member. It’s not difficult which is balanced by the fact there’s no pay and no stock options. Step up. It’s your turn. **10:00 am at Gustav’s Jagerhaus:**
2525 E. Ball Rd. (Ball Rd. at 57). Anaheim, CA 92806

12th – 15th (Thu. – Sun) Chief Joseph Rally – Organized by the BMW Riders of Oregon. It will be at Grant County Fairgrounds in scenic & historic John Day, OR, an old-west town with all the modern conveniences. Oregon riders know that the John Day area has the best roads in the state, paved or dual-sport! Visit John Day Fossil Beds National Monument. Fri & Sat nt dinner. Entertainment, seminars, awards & vendors. \$35 pre-reg before 5/31, \$45 at the gate. Pre-register/info: Dan & Ellie Hall, 200 Hartman Ln, Grants Pass, OR 97527; 541-962-7411; duckhall@cdsnet.net or see www.bmwro.org.

20th - 22nd - (Sat.-Sun.) SCBMWRC Overnighter at San Simeon Two campsites have been reserved at San Simeon State Park. This campsite, a SouthCoaster favorite, is just north of Cambria on the right hand side of PCH. The site features nice campsites, showers and is within walking distance of the ocean. Contact Pete MacLachlan to reserve your spot.

20th - 22nd (Fri.-Sun.) Red Rock Rendezvous - Sponsored by the Beehive Beemer Motorcycle Club of Utah. New for 2003: On-Site Showers! In Panguitch, UT, gateway to the Utah Color Country. Day rides to Zion, Bryce, Cedar Breaks, Grand Canyon, Capitol Reef, Kodachrome & Grand Staircase Escalante. 3 nights camping (Thurs, Fri & Sat). Sat night dinner. Shaded camping at County Fairgrounds. Downtown poker walk and bike & hike. Download registration form at www.beehive-beemers.org. Pre-registration (thru 6/1) \$25, at gate \$30, couples pre-registration \$45, at gate \$50. Send to: Red Rock Rendezvous, c/o Vik Arnold, PO Box 500, Farmington, UT 84025. Info: Vik at 801-712-5775, vik@dea.org or rallymatyer@beehive-beemers.org.

28th - (Sat.) In and Out Dinner Our annual dinner extravaganza to give kudos to our outgoing officers and board of directors and to welcome the incoming leadership.

July

10th-13th (Thu.-Sun.) 31st BMW MOA International Rally. Charleston, West Virginia. Come help us celebrate the 80th anniversary of BMW motorcycles. Experience the scenic beauty and rich history of West Virginia along with the best on- and off-road motorcycling experiences to be found anywhere on the East Coast. Lots of camping space, extremely convenient lodging, air conditioned venue for vendors, seminars, vintage bikes, BMW Mobile Tradition & more. All the ingredients you expect at a BMW MOA Rally in a slightly different recipe. Charleston information: 800-733-5469, www.charlestonwv.com. WV Division of Tourism information: 800-CALLWVA ext 336, www.callwva.com. Rally Chair Michael Friedle: 845-473-1337, mfriedle@bmwmoa.org.

11th-13th (Fri.-Sun.) International Superbike Classic at Laguna Seca. A rite of passage for any west coast motorcyclist. Spend \$10, spend \$495 – the track offers all levels and prices. Buy tickets online or call Main Office (831) 648-5111. Tickets / Information (800) 327-SECA (7322)

17th-20th (Thu.-Sun.) Top of the Rockies Rally - Paonia, Colorado Sponsored by the BMW Club of Colorado. 70 Miles southwest of Glenwood Springs on Highway 133. Altitude is 5,645 Feet. 38:52:06 N - 107:35:29 W. Preregistration (until 6/21) is \$30, at the gate \$35. Kids 8-15 are \$15. Under 8, free. Camping at Paonia City Park Thurs-Sun. Grand Door Prize: 1973 BMW R75/5; Door prizes and awards ; Vendors and more Vendors; Motels available, but limited! ; Field events ; Rally pin guaranteed only to preregistered ; Saturday Morning Pancake Breakfast ; Saturday Evening dinner ; Food Vendors ; Music (Thurs. Fri. & Sat. nights; BMW of Denver on Site ; Off-site (but close) RV parking ; Marvelous Rally T-Shirts available ; Quiet camping available ; Hot showers ; Self-guided tours. To help celebrate our 30th Anniversary we have included in the registration fee a performance Friday night by special musical guest:

Chris Daniels and the Kings!

25th-27th (Fri.-Sun.) Campout at Bass Lake We have 3 sites at the Wishon Camp on beautiful sylvan Bass Lake that can hold up to 24 people. These are great facilities in a wonderful location. And don't forget, Yosemite is close by. We also have a 6-person site on Thursday, but you will be responsible for claiming the 3 sites for the weekend crowd on Friday. Email Jon Taylor.

August

2nd (Sat.) 100,000 Foot Colorado Pass Ride. Jointly sponsored by BMW M/C of Colorado and Foothills BMW. 480 miles over 10 different mountain passes in the Colorado Rockies totaling over 100,000 feet in elevation. Begins & ends in Denver. Free ride T-shirts to the first 250 registrants. 75% "short-cut" options for more leisurely-paced riders to reduce the mileage. Pre-registration required. Forms available from the club website or Foothills BMW. Limited to 300 registrations, which sell out every year. Early pre-registration is recommended. \$40 fee. Info: Foothills BMW, 1435 Wadsworth Blvd, Lakewood CO 80215, 303-202-1400, or visit www.coloradobeemers.com

7th – 10th (Thu. – Sun) 30th Stanley Stomp. Sponsored by the Bavarian Mountain West MC Club of Idaho. Set in the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains of central Idaho. To get there, travel along the Salmon River between Stanley and Challis on Hwy 75, turn north at Sunbeam along the Yankee Fork & travel 8 miles to Bonanza campground. Dinners: Thurs; gourmet burgers, Fri; Sven & Olies' famous beer brats & kraut, Sat; 1-lb ribeye steaks & Idaho bakers. White Cloud Mountain Coffee every morning, hot springs at Sunbeam, showers nearby, ice and firewood provided. Fantastic day rides. Fee \$45 pre-registration ONLY limited to first 200 sign-ups due to remoteness of site and to guarantee enough food. Awards, rally pack and pins. Order T-shirts when you pre-register online at www.idahobmwriders.com. Info: Bob Edmondson 208-424-1443 or robert-edmondson@cableone.net.

28th- 29th (Tue.- Fri.) Curve Cowboy Reunion. Come join hundreds of fellow **K12LT** riders at our premier touring event. Activities include educational sessions, vendors, receptions, special entertainment, a banquet & lots of great riding. We're particularly excited about the Gatlinburg location because it offers easy access to some of the most breathtaking motorcycle roads in the country: Deals Gap & the Tail of the Dragon, Cherohala Skyway & the Blue Ridge Parkway. Gatlinburg also offers dining, shopping & entertainment that will appeal to the whole family. Last year's event in Santa Fe, NM (see *BMW ON* Nov '02) was a huge success and attended by riders from around the world. Space is limited. For registration/info: www.curvecowboyreunion.com or questions@curvecowboyreunion.com or call Dick Largen 210-416-0306.

29th – 1st (Fri. – Mon) Range of Lights Gypsy Tour. Sponsored by the Northern California BMW club. Think about it now, set aside the days, and then go. You will not regret it. Ask Pete MacLachlan or Ted Taylor about this riding adventure – they'll say it was one of the best rides they've ever taken.

Continued from page 9

someone else can/will relay that information to the ride leader. This causes way too much confusion. For more group riding tips, you can download a document that I use at:

http://www.scbmwrc.com/docs/group_riding.doc (that's an underscore between "group" and "riding")

I usually print several copies of this document, split in half, have everyone put their cell phone numbers on the back and pass out to the group at our first meeting spot.

Jon and I stop at the intersection of Hwy 62 and 177 to don warmer clothing. We can see the storm from out in front of us and the temperature is dropping pretty quickly. While we are stopped, a group of Harley riders stop and they ask about distance to a gas station. Finally, a question Jon can answer! Jon shouts out "42.7 miles!" We continue on Hwy 177 to Desert Center where we pick up I-10. We reach Chiriaco Summit and find Mike relaxing at the restaurant. Jon and I gas up and then meet up with Mike for refreshments.

We agree that our next stop is Beaumont. The skies look more and more ominous every mile we ride and the rain finally starts with earnest in Palm Springs. Traffic slows as visibility diminishes. We stop in Beaumont and quickly take a vote whether to have lunch at the Farm House or at Denny's. Mike observes that the Farm House appeared to be busy so we choose Denny's. We dry out a little bit as we fill up on much deserved comfort food.

The rain remains constant and fairly heavy all the way in. In fact, the rainfall seems to be getting heavier the closer we get to the coast. The ride through Riverside on Hwy 60 was "interesting" with the traffic and

twisties in the heavy rain. We reach Hwy 91 and soon Mike is off way ahead of us as his home tracking device is apparently engaged. I move to the right lanes in anticipation of picking up the toll road (Hwy 241). I wave to Jon and take the route.

Traffic is light on the toll road but the rain is heavy. My gear has failed by this point. My head is wet. My hands are wet. My jeans are wet. Only my jacket and boots are working keeping my torso and feet warm (fortunately). My electric vest is no longer functioning. Visibility is difficult so I ride slower. Concern increases as I see cars off the road and into the center median and temporary signs erected saying only "Flooded". Fortunately, I do not encounter any flooded sections and I take a stretch break in Lake Forest. While doing so, I discover a broken and exposed electrical lead to my vest.

I remount my trusty RT for the last leg home. I pull up to the garage door and my opener doesn't work (of course). I go to the front door and ask my awaiting, loving wife Nancy to open the garage for me. I peel out of my gear, take a shower then a well deserved nap. From what I understand, the area got 5 inches of rain that day. It felt like more than that and seemed worse than that now infamous ride from Death Valley a few years ago. Glad it was over, but it did not dampen (sorry for the pun) the memories of the ride through Julian and the campout in Parker with some very good friends.

Now my search begins for better rain gear!

Canada or Bust!

by Vern Shrader

Ed. Note: Vernon Shrader is the newest SCBMWRC board member. He has a new K1200LT, a new Schuberth Helmet, and a broad smile. He's not new to riding - as this story from 1971 proves. This story is long for our newsletter so it'll be spread over an issue or so. Imagine its' 1971, Creedence Clearwater is playing on the radio and that new Honda 350SL is setup for a road trip....

Ah youth, full of endless confidence, energy, and time! This is a true story of youthful adventure and transition from post adolescent irresponsibility to responsible adulthood. In the early summer of 1971, three of my motorcycle buddy's and I embarked on a three-week, 6,000 mile motorcycle adventure from Southern California through Western Canada. As with all youth, we were cocky, sure of ourselves and absolutely positive that nothing could be learned from the advice of our "out of touch" parents. Besides, we had reached the ripe old age of 19 to 20, been riding since age 16 and had several thousand riding miles under our belts. Plus, we were experienced campers having done a couple of overnight bike trips together to our local beach. We were blooded veterans right?

The Equipment - By today's standard, only one bike could be reasonably considered a decent mount for such a trip. A Triumph Bonneville 650 (the rich kids). The other three were Honda 350's, a "CB" and two "SL" models. The "SL's" were supposedly on/off road bikes of the day (yeah, right) with lower gear ratios and trail-knobby tires. On the positive side, two of us (the poor kids with the SL's) were highly proficient mechanics

and felt there was nothing we couldn't fix on a motorcycle. Plus our bikes were new, so what could go wrong? Our financial portfolios were definitely on the weak side so it was to be a "run what you brung" and camp along the way event.

Our highly refined plan included the latest in motorcycle camping attire. We had canvas saddlebags and a large waterproof duffel bag all courtesy of our local Army/Navy surplus store. Our gear included one man tents (no bug screens), old cotton sleeping bags, pool style inflatable air mattress', camp mess kit, canteen, Sterno cans for cooking, a huge aviator style coat, plastic rain suit, tools, cloths and a bag of bungee cords. Some equipment was designated as "group supplies" so every man was not self-contained (i.e. maps, tools, spare parts). Our plan specified camp locations and meals to be defined along the way (no strings for us, no sir, just wild and free).

We Begin (Day 1) - At 8:00 am on a warm Saturday morning in early June we set off from Fullerton, CA with the goal of camping near San Simon along the California coast our first night. But, immediately upon gathering, there was a dispute about the route we would take. I wanted to go Hwy 101, arrive early, set-up camp with daylight to spare and explore the general area. The rest wanted to do the "Easy Rider" bit and follow Hwy 1 wherever it presented us with the opportunity. I lost the vote and Hwy 1 it was! Down Beach Blvd. to Huntington Beach and north on Hwy 1. Our vast years of experience were showing thin from the very beginning. No one had considered how long it would take to get out of the LA Basin from Orange County using Hwy 1 with all traffic signals and

city traffic. Somehow the glamour of leaving town in view of our peers along the So Cal Beaches faded fast in the bumper to bumper traffic. I think we were all dead tired before we even got out of LA County? Traveled Hwy 1 much in June? We froze our butts off in pee soup fog from Santa Monica to Santa Barbara! The weather cleared north of Santa Barbara, so we warmed up a bit and now on Hwy 101 we could make some time. Near Lompoc, Hwy 1 appeared again. You guessed it. The collective memory was very short, so off we headed off towards Lompoc. These are great twisty roads on a BMW with lots of great scenery. But, did I mention that an overloaded Honda SL 350 with knobby tires handles worse than 57 Buick with bald tires on wet roads! We no more than cleared the first ridge and hit the pee soup again. No scenery, just cold, wet roads and tired bodies. These conditions continued all the way to San Simon. We finally arrived at the camp ground about 8:00 PM. By the time we had setup camp, we were dirty, dead tired and tempers were short. As I recall, we just blew off dinner and went to bed. There wasn't much discussion that night about the day's ride. I for one was already home sick and could honestly say I did not enjoy riding for 12 hours in the wet and fog. It's a good thing none of us had the courage to bring up our feelings. As we found out later, everyone was feeling the same way, had we discussed it, all of us would have probably headed for home the next day.

And This Too Shall Pass (Day 2) -

Fortunately, the next day broke bright and clear and by dumb luck there was a nice little local eatery serving breakfast within walking distance of our camp. Its

amazing how quickly hot food and coffee can erase bad memories and feelings of self-doubt. Thoughts of the previous day quickly faded and we were soon crowding around the map spread on the table to chart out the day's ride. All agreed that an inland route, away from the coast, although somewhat more boring, sounded like a great idea. So, with rekindled spirits we headed north again. We found a KOA just off Hwy 101 near Santa Rosa and ended our ride early enough to enjoy the sunset, relax a bit and have a delightful dinner courtesy of the local greasy spoon. No doubt about it, we had it all figured out now! I was a late getting back from dinner (1-2 hours) as a result of a being distracted by a member of the fairer sex that had been dishing up hash at the diner (hey, I was on vacation right?). Boy, when I arrived back at camp you could have hung meat in the cold atmosphere. I ask innocently, What's wrong? LISTEN was the response (I was expecting a lecture on my moral conduct) Well! I said? NO LISTEN! For the first time I noticed the roar of the road and vibration in the ground from the semi trucks rumbling up and down the highway. Needless to say, it was a long night and nobody got much sleep. Another "oops" to add to our wisdom file.

Murphy Who? (Day 3) - Everyone rose grumpy due to the lack of sleep, sore muscles and the dreary gray overcast sky. We ate breakfast "in camp" since nobody felt like shaping up enough to be seen in a restaurant. It was a gourmet meal as I recall; coffee with chocolate chip cookies that someone's mom had sent along as a CARE package. We broke camp with the intent on reaching the Oregon border that night. Unfortunately "Murphy" had also spent the night with us! As soon as the

big Triumph was fired up, the owner knew he had problems. The thing vibrated and shook like a wild horse that needed breaking. A quick inspection found the cause. One missing engine mount bolt and a second just flopping loose in the mounting with chewed up threads. We scoured a half-destroyed phone book at the camp pay phone and fed the phone with an endless amount of quarters to locate a motorcycle shop in the area. (Makes you really appreciate the cell phone technology of today) There were no Triumph dealers in the area, but we found a guy that claimed to be a "Motorcycle Dealer" (I think his name was Fast Freddie?). This turned out to be motorcycle scrap yard and we had to rummage around like we were on a scavenger hunt looking for something that would work. Fortunately, we found a Triumph wreck that matched. The guy acted like we were buying the crown jewels. He charged us \$15 for the two bolts and nuts (remember these were used parts, we had to locate and disassemble them ourselves and it was 1971!). I think this guy started the "Pick Your Part" chain and made a million bucks on scrap! We decided to go all out and spring another \$1.50 at a local auto parts store for a tube of Lock-Tite. We were not going to get caught by Mr. Murphy twice. By noon we had the bike fixed and were ready to head for Oregon. I don't remember much about the trip to Eureka that day. We were all hot shoeing it, trying to make up for the late start. Someone commented later about the grandeur of the "Giant Red Woods", but I only remember driving too fast on overloaded, squirrely tires and trying not to end up as a squashed bug on the front of the endless oncoming lumber trucks. Again, we arrived in the dark, exhausted and asking

ourselves "are we having fun yet."

The Surprise (Day 4) - The next morning over coffee my two - high school friends, Drew and Dave, casually informed us they would not be continuing on to Canada with us! Huh, WHAT? They had discovered at the last minute that they could only get one week off of work. Nothing had been said for fear of ruining the trip. They were going to head east towards Hwy 395 and work their way down the eastern edge of California towards home. I was in disbelief and shock! I instantly saw our trip; our plans, our dreams, and probably our last youthful male bonding experience collapsing like a house of cards! A few seconds passed in silence, then Alan, my friend since 1st grade, looked over at me and with a sheepish grin said, "well buddy, looks like it's you and me and all those Maple Leaf girls!" I let out a slight chuckle, but in an instant I realized his statement had re-affirmed everything and my disappointment turned to renewed enthusiasm!

The Dashing Duo- We divided up the community gear, although most of it went with Alan and I since we still had 3+ weeks ahead of us. We stopped at the campground entrance and said our good byes. Alan and I turned north while Dave and Drew turned east. No one knew at the time that we were witnessing a "life" change as well. I lost track of Drew and Dave for over 30 years that summer, but Alan and I have been best friends ever since. Wow!

To be Continued.....

Sign, Sign, Everywhere a Sign..

Gary and Laura Drake Open Their own Small Business.

Ed Note: As a couple these two have been associated with the SCBMWRC for many years. With the recent 'downsizing' experienced by Gary Drake - they thought no better time than now to finally open their own business.

Sigma SIGNS

2705 N. Grand Ave
Santa Ana
(714)-516-1916

“You’d love a “Customized” paint job for your bike but can’t afford it? Can’t stand your boring helmet?”

They have stock or custom vinyl graphics for your bike and helmet. Aftermarket vinyl Graphics Kit for the R1100S also available. Call or stop by and see what’s available!”

Fiesta Rally Registration

Rally admission is \$45.00 at the gate. Your registration fee includes camping, Rally Pin and dinner on both Friday and Saturday night. It also includes an all you can eat pancake, sausage and egg breakfast on Saturday and Sunday morning.

Door prizes will be given away including a Grand Prize Drawing. There will also be a 50/50 drawing and a poker run during the Rally. The club monthly general meeting coincides with the Rally and the monthly ride, this month, is ‘the poker run’.

For additional information, please contact Pete MacLachlan. Early registration is encouraged as space is limited. Don’t be left out.

Fiesta Rally 2003 Organizers

Contact them if you have any questions or comments. You can find their email addresses and phone numbers in the club officers section of the newsletter.

Keith Barbour - Chairman
Ralph Dutra - Publicity & T-Shirts
Dan Stewart - Sponsors
Mike Davis - Food
Jim Bollingmo - Awards & Site Preparation
Pete MacLachla - Registration
Mike Bacon - Rally Pins



Just about the coolest old BMW I’ve ever seen. From the talbot mirrors on the race fairing to the custom tank, leather tractor seat, modern alloy rims, and polished valve covers. The owner has owned it for more than 20 years and rode it, back in the day, from Boston to Santa Barbara over a 6 week period. Parked in the lot at Cold Springs Tavern somewhere between Santa Barbara and Santa Maria. No, the rider isn’t a member of the club - but if he ever chooses to sell that bike I’d sure like to know about it.



unclassified Ads

1982 R100S Classic. Excellent condition, Lot's of extras. 68K. No unreasonable offer accepted! Dell'Orto Carbs, Konis Staintune style exhaust, Brown side stand, Metzler tires, Gustafsson windscreen, Fork brace, powder coated wheels, oil cooler, luggage rack, manual. Maintenance/service records available. \$3,495. Mission Viejo, CA. Ralph Dutra, ralphdutra@earthlink.net 949.597.0745

FirstGear Summer Chief Jacket - Men's Medium (MSRP \$459.95) - Like NEW - \$229.00. Full weight, top grain, perforated leather (1.1-1.3mm thick), Nylon mesh lining, Hidden handwarmer pockets, internal wallet pocket and sleeve key/coin pocket, Exclusive hidden cargo storage system in front torso area, Optional armor for shoulders, elbows and back. Contact Ralph Dutra 949.0597.0745

1998 R1100R, 46k, metallic green, BMW tank bag, luggage bags, amber safety lights, throttle control, stock windscreen and bike cover. Excellent condition - runs great! \$5465 I just have too many bikes! ;-) Contact Jon Taylor by email or phone. His email address is: taylor@semprautilities.com. Phone: (310) 514-3463.

1987K75T – Low mileage bike has outlasted its owner. Windscreen, BMW cases, in excellent shape. Contact Jkennel@cox.net or give him a call at 714-544-2974 to arrange a viewing. He lives in Tustin near Foothill and Newport ave. He took delivery of this bike in Germany – it has pride of ownership and maintenance records. This would be that classic K75 you've been looking for.

BMW Topcase – fits BMW R1100GS (and likely other models too). Excellent condition \$275. BMW tankbag \$75. Lin (714-996-1520)

2002 Suzuki Bandit 1200s – 9k miles. 3 year extended warranty. Maintained by the book. Givi windscreen, GelSeat, new tires, new chain, new sprockets, fresh oil. \$5700. It is fast, versatile, and easy to maintain. Contact Mike Moon at 949-631-8870. No, you may not test ride it at the Pomona raceway!

1990 K1 - Only 19k miles. All BMW maintained. New Dunlop D207s, new battery, new never used soft touring luggage. Real head turner! Flagship model only produced for four years. ABS brakes and ahead of its time styling. Rear seat cowl easily removes for 2up riding. Bike is truly loved but home purchase induces sale. I will be buying another just as soon as possible. Please give this great bike a loving home. \$8,500 call Eric @ (818)558-3772

About the UnClassified Ads

If you are private owner and have something motorcycle related you want to advertise in the newsletter contact Mike Moon by Email at mmoon1@attbi.com or call at (949) 631-8870.

South Coast BMW Riders Club

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