

The *South Coaster*

September 2003 *A Publication of the SCBMWRC*



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September 2003

WWW.SCBMWRC.COM

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Newsletter details...a.k.a. The Complaint Department

The South Coast BMW Rider's Club publishes this newsletter, okay Pete does all the actual printing, folding, stapling, mailing. Hopefully, his workload will be decreased by your email to him indicating that you no longer need the hardcopy mailed to you. It's so much prettier in color online don't you agree? Publication date is usually the 1st week of the month, if all goes well. **Stories and pictures from members are welcomed by the 15th of the month.** After that you may have to wait until the next issue is published. Procrastinators take note.

Contact us at:

SCBMWRC P.O. Box 11521 **Santa Ana, CA 92771**

Articles should be sent via e-mail to: Editor@scbmwrc.com

Send articles in electronic form without any formatting. Pictures should be in .jpg, format, just send them along as email attachments. As Editor it is my job to find space in this newsletter for your story. Limit yourself to 1500 words if possible. *If not, I'll help you reach that goal.* A pix of the author & bike is always welcome.

Submissions that are sent as hard copy take time for the secretarial pool to retype and are less likely to be published in the next edition of this publication. **Avoid this method.** If you want your submission returned, mark it clearly as such and include a stamped self-addressed envelope. Send hard copy submissions to:

Art Zamarripa 2362 Harbor Blvd. #103 **Costa Mesa, CA 92626**

The opinions expressed by the various authors are theirs, not necessarily SCBMWRC's and I'm sure they'd be pleased if you adopted it as your own, do so at your own discretion. The South Coaster will take credit for all the good in this newsletter; you can blame someone else for the rest.

President's Message

By Vern Shrader

As the summer riding season comes to a close there is a definite feeling of change in the air. The rally season is winding down, the bike needs service and tires, and those pesky house maintenance items I foolishly put off to get just one more ride through the Sierra's are still there waiting for me. The importance of ordering that new custom seat for the bike has become lost among the demands for school supplies, new cloths and my son's concern over getting to and from football practice. Yes, fall is about change, but fortunately for the Coaster's the seasonal change does not impact our riding very much. Fall riding is a true joy in southern California. The days do indeed grow shorter, but the weather is still warm with only a hint of chill in the mornings and evenings. Riding through the local mountains provides colorful indicators of the seasonal change but it's hard to remember it's fall when the temperatures are still in the 80's.

One thing that doesn't follow the seasonal change is the Coaster Activity Calendar. Since we are blessed with so many great riding days during the year we have the luxury of enjoying our sport almost year round. Appropriately, our activities don't go into hibernation just because the leaves turn color and begin to fall. The next few months offer our members several terrific opportunities to witness these ideal weather conditions and the fall color displays. In September, our monthly campout will take us north to Lake Lopez. This large lake is nestled in an Oak Woodland in the central California coastal foothills about 10 miles east of the town of Arroyo Grande. It offers great coastal mountain roads, local Wineries and is in close proximity to Pismo Beach, Morro Bay and San Simeon. For those who prefer camping with clean sheets and private bath the surrounding local towns offer plenty of hotel rooms. October offers up our annual trek along the Kern River to the little town of Kernville located in the lower Sierra Nevada Mountains. This trip has become a Coaster tradition and offers members the opportunity to really rough it at the Kernville Inn. A block of rooms has been reserved for the Coasters, but they go fast, so check your calendar for details. This area offers beautiful mountain roads along the Kern River for the canyon carvers and numerous dirt trails for the get dirty GS'ers. It also offers the opportunity to just relax with a weekend away, exploring the town and to socialize with your fellow club members.

So if you think the fall changes means putting the bike on the back burner, think again! I for one plan to get those new tires, freshen up the fluids, pull out the heavier jacket and go play tag with the leaves on the road. I'll worry about those clogged up rain gutters when it rains! Hey, this is southern California; I may never have to do it! Honnnnnny, let me show you this custom seat I've been looking at!

New Member Welcome Page

We extend a warm welcome to another 5 newcomers and 2 associates who have joined us this month.

<u>Name</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>Bike</u>
James Jacoby	Irvine	F650GS
Dan & Carole Burt	Mission Viejo	R1150RT
George & Kristie Sanchez	La Canada	R1150GS
Brian Olsen	Aliso Viejo	R1100RS
Lee & Karen Lantz	Whittier	R1150RT

James moved here from West Virginia about 10 years ago and recently re-started his riding career after a 30 year break. Lives locally in Timberwood, Irvine.

Dan & Carole have been around motorcycles together for the last 40 years (yowza!) and enjoy sport touring and attending road race events. Carole is retired but Dan is still working as a data system director.

George & Kristie sound like a real active couple who enjoy basketball, baseball (Dodger fan), watersports, skiing, hiking and camping. He refers to using his GS for “grey line” touring.

Brian and wife Andrea have just had their first child but despite being busy with the family would like to meet other beemer riders and learn to do some maintenance on his RS. He’s been riding for about 30 years.

Lee & Karen, like a lot of other new members, found out about us from the internet. It would appear that Lee started riding in May 2002 with the MSF course and has since put 12000 miles on his RT this year, touring through Utah Colorado and California.

Welcome all, and ride safe.

Treasurer's Report

by Pete MacLachlan

September 4, 2003
Accrual Basis

South Coast BMW Riders Club Balance Sheet As of August 31, 2003

	<u>Aug 31, 03</u>	<u>Jul 31, 03</u>
ASSETS		
Current Assets		
Checking/Savings		
Washington Mutual	7,808.25	7,163.91
PayPal	25.00	125.00
Total Checking/Savings	<u>7,833.25</u>	<u>7,288.91</u>
Accounts Receivable		
Accounts Receivable	985.00	1,465.00
Total Accounts Receivable	<u>985.00</u>	<u>1,465.00</u>
Other Current Assets		
Undeposited Funds	180.00	230.00
Total Other Current Assets	<u>180.00</u>	<u>230.00</u>
Total Current Assets	<u>8,998.25</u>	<u>8,983.91</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u><u>8,998.25</u></u>	<u><u>8,983.91</u></u>
LIABILITIES & EQUIT	0.00	0.00

September 4, 2003
Accrual Basis

South Coast BMW Riders Club Treasurer's Report - Monthly August 2003

	<u>Aug 03</u>
Ordinary Income/Expense	
Income	
Camping Reimbursement	60.00
Cash Draws (50/50)	22.00
Membership Fees	70.00
Total Income	<u>152.00</u>
Gross Profit	152.00
Expense	
Engraving	18.16
Postage and Delivery	44.50
Web Services	75.00
Total Expense	<u>137.66</u>
Net Ordinary Income	<u>14.34</u>
Net Income	<u><u>14.34</u></u>

A Message from the Board of Directors

Dear SouthCoaster:

Your board of directors and club officers would like your vote on an important issue. Please choose one^oof the following three options with regard to publication of your monthly newsletter:

Option 1: I am willing to download and print the newsletter to save the club time to print, time to fold and mail, and cost of paper, ink, and printing.

Option 2: I would like the club to continue sending me the newsletter in the mail. I like things the way they are.

Option 3: No preference - either delivery method would work for me.^o

Choice: _____

Please indicate your option choice on the blank line above to Phil Degnan at pdegnan@cox.net or his phone 949 388-6151. Phil will tablulate the replies for delivery to the Board at the BOD meeting. Please note that even if a substantial majority of the club are willing to accept delivery of the newsletter electronically, we will still provide printed copies to those members who do not have electronic access, or request a paper copy. Everyone will still get a newsletter monthly, whether delivered via email or snail mail.

Thank You!

SCBMWRC Board of Directors.

Bill Battle Writes Us

28 Aug

Hi:

I'm in northern Thailand now. For some unknown reason this region is known as the golden triangle. I have no idea how it got this name, so far the only gold I've seen has been in the windows of jewelry shops. But if I happen to see any gold alongside of the road I'll be sure to pick up as much of it as I can carry. Since I finished my ride to Singapore way sooner than I had expected and still have some time on my hands, I decided to put the Holey Skinkmobile on a train north and cycle back to Bangkok. This will allow me to experience a little more of life in rural Thailand.

I'm a little worried that if I don't have something like cycling to keep me occupied I may end up like a lot of the tourists I've met over here who think that seeing the country involves nothing more than a nightly commute between Khao Shun Road and Pat Pong St. I should be back in Bangkok in another week or so; this will still allow me a few days to visit Ankor Wat. I had also considered spending another 11 days at the monastery, I felt so sleep deprived last time that I'm afraid that I missed out on a lot of the meditation experience. But I did bring back some literature to read at my leisure when I get back.

I'm now in my third day of my return trip back to Bangkok, and it looks like I didn't plan this as carefully as I should have. Tomorrow I have 144 km over some mountains before the next town with a hotel, which is a little too ambitious for me, so I will take the train for this leg of the trip. This will then leave me with about 500 km to Bangkok, but when I get close enough to the city and the traffic starts to get too heavy I'll probably take the train or buss for the last 50 km or so.

Talk to ya later
Bill

The Bass Lake Gig

By Werner von Hartmann

I took a route north on the I-5 to the turn off for Arvin and from there through the little hamlet known as Caliente. Thence to Bodfish and on to Lake Isabella. In Woford Heights, I branched off onto the 155 and proceeded to wind my way through the foothills of the western Sierra. My goal was to end up in Exeter, a little farming town south of Fresno. Instead I lost my way in the maize of roads, winding willy-nilly through this area and in the end just sat by the side of the road until a passer-by offered the much needed counsel: go west young man. "West" meant Porterville. Unfortunately, the day had worn on and the sun, merciless as he is, was high in the sky. Temperatures, fueled by this nuclear cauldron, were soaring above 100 and I was flying down farm roads on my way through Fresno, Oakhurst and finally Bass Lake.

The heat sapped my remaining energy so that when I arrived, I was so exhausted that I just sat there on a stump and stared ahead of me. The only thoughts that would come, were vivid fantasies about getting rid of the bike and never doing such a stupid thing again. The campground host's wife a plump fiftyish woman with wearing bright-colored rubber gloves up to her elbows (she was cleaning toilets), a genuine smile and fueled by a heart of gold, took pity upon me and found me a nice camping spot. I pitched my tent, took a shower (5 minutes for \$2.00), ate a few fig bars and slid into my silken sheets to drift away in blessed apathy.

The following morning, sleep had purged all thoughts of selling or giving away my bike. I rented a canoe and went out in the lake. It was refreshing for the soul to be on the water. I paddled about, took some pictures and returned for breakfast by the lake. Renewed and satiated, I remembered that I was, after all, a motorcyclist. And what was more, I was in some of the most exiting riding county I have ever known. So I mounted up and headed out.

At the entrance to Yosemite, a mere ten miles away, I flashed my magic Golden Age Passport card, and was immediately admitted free of further charges. All the ordinary fools had to pay \$20 per vehicle to be afforded the same privilege. It gives me such a feeling of glee to use this card that I sometimes think of just touring all the national parks in the country to experience this feeling over and over again. The card cost me \$15 about six years ago and is valid for life. Right there is all the reason I need to live on for decades to come.

I danced on the sinuous roads of the park, climbed and fell with abandon, ignored all inconveniences and double yellow lines and managed to stay clear of tourist-operated cars jerking unsteadily down the road in eerie procession as though they were chain-linked tiny gondolas in a Disneyesque amusement park. There were tunnels and cliffs and altitude to be conquered. My focus was on the road and the endless curves to be carved. And the road did rise and the air-cooled one degree at a time until the trees grew sparser and more minute and large areas of naked rock began to assert themselves. The sky began to darken some with large clouds overhead and the mesh-riding jacket, that had been my friend below, was now abandoning me as the first goose bumps appeared. It felt good to feel chilled. As I stood at a viewpoint, drinking of all this majestic nature around me, it began to rain.

I had wanted to exit the park at Tioga Pass, turn around and enter once again, free of charge and return the way I came. Furthermore, I had planned to turn around at 2 pm no matter where I was, so that I could be back at camp to guide the other riders to the campsite when they arrived, burned-out, just as I had the night before. So I did turn and I did fly. It was just as good going the other way. Elation in every twist of the asphalt and songs of the mind that had no sound.

When I got back, I was hot and sticky and the wonderful expanse of fresh water beckoned. I did the natural thing. I went swimming in the lake. What a delight! I forget how wonderful it is to swim in fresh water, to luxuriate in the endless expanse and

dimension of it, to indeed see the lake and the mountains beyond with the eye at water level. Living in the arid West, we have so few chances to immerse ourselves in fresh water like this. Moral: never travel without swimming trunks.

After relaxing in camp for some time, the first clubbies rolled in. Mike Davis was the first. He had followed the Pacific coast and cut inland on Hwy 41. A while later, we greeted the smiling and exhausted faces of Jon Taylor, Ted Taylor, Chuck Benson and Dave Doran. This gang had conquered Hwy 395 and crested the Tioga Pass! They too were hot and eager to swim. So I had my second immersion in this wonderful lake. Last to join were Bill Allen, Doug Merker and Steve Smith. They had taken a route somewhat similar to mine and we had much animated conversation over dinner at the little Miller's Landing store. Good friends around the flickering campfire topped off another precious day. Not long after, sleepiness crept over us and stars sparkled overhead. Jon got a head start, nodding off in his camping chair.

Saturday morning saw us up early. We ate and some decided to ride over the Tioga and Sonora passes while others, me included, opted for a lazy day on the lake. Mike Tait, unable to find our site in the dark, joined us. Bill already described the pass bagging in his article. Jon, Chuck, Dave and I rented a pontoon boat and a large inner tube and proceeded to circle the lake, pull into little bays, swim and get towed on the tube when the mood struck. We took in the wonderful day from ample seats, protected by shade canopy. The day was capped by a dinner of many types as each of us ate what we wanted or had by the campfire. Dave and Jon managed to consume one gigantic steak each. Check this out on the web site.

Sunday was go-home day. Several of us were fed up with the heat along Hwy 99 but wanted the directness of that route. So Mike Davis woke me at 5 am and we packed in the coolness of the dawn. He left about 15 minutes ahead of me. I rolled southward at max speed, climbed the Vine at 9:30 and arrived home at 11:30. Great to have gone, great to be home.

Don William's Son

Brian Matthew Williams in Iraq

Try to include the banner after our names and the pictures if possible.

BMW Supports US Operations in IRAQ

One of our own, Brian Williams SPC, US Army Reserves, 113th Med Co, 30th Med Brigade, has been deployed to IRAQ since mid April. Brian Matthew Williams aka BMW is son of Don and Gail Williams. Brian and his Dad attended many SCBMWRC meetings, weekend rides and the Southcoast, Road Runner and 49'er Rallies. Brian, currently assigned to the 3RD ID deployed from Baghdad west to Ar Amaradi, is a medical stress specialist. Brian's wife Kristy, son Brandon Michael (2nd generation BMW) and family are proud to report that Brian is expected to receive the Purple Heart for injuries suffered in a July 8th attack on their convoy to Baghdad. Brian recovered from those injuries and returned to duty one week later.



Members may write short notes of encouragement to Brian at:



BRIAN WILLIAMS, SPC

113TH ED CO
30TH MED BRIGADE
CAMP VIRGINIA
APO, AE 09302-1260

Don & Gail Williams



Specialist Williams

Calendar of Events

September

5th-7th (Fri.-Sun.)

Bavarian Mountain Weekend

Sponsored by the Land of Enchantment BMW Riders Sipapu Ski Resort Vadito, New Mexico

7th (Sun.)

Board of Directors Meeting

°7:00 am – Starbucks, 665 E Foothill Blvd, Claremont, CA 91711

909 625-5359 All members are welcome to attend and observe the inner workings of the SouthCoasters.

General Meeting

°9:00 am Mt. Baldy Lodge Mt. Baldy, CA 91759

Website:° <http://www.baldylodge.com/index.lasso> There will be an optional group ride after the general meeting, lead by ride captain, Bill Reitz.° The exact route is pending, but may include Old Route 66, Hwy 138, Hwy 2, Wrightwood, ??? - watch for future details. Telephone: (909) 982-1115, Fax: (909) 931-7681, E-mail: info@baldylodge.com , Mailing Address: Mt Baldy Lodge P.O.Box 399, Mt Baldy, CA 91759

Global position: 117.719 W, 34.167 N

12th - 14th (Fri. - Sun)

SCBMWRC Campout at Lopez Lake

We have reserved four (4) campsites at Lopez Lake.° Lopez lake is set amid oak woodlands southeast of San Luis Obispo, near Arroyo Grande.° Enjoy a great drive up the coast and join your fellow club members on this trip.° Each site should accommodate four people.° Picnic tables and fire rings are provided along with restrooms and showers.° There is a store with ice and snacks near by.°

19th-21st (Fri.-Sun.)

Autumn Beemer Bash

To be held this year at Plumas County Fairgrounds in [Quincy, CA](#). Stay tuned for more details.

27th (Sat.)

SCBMWRC Picnic in the Park - 12:00 PM (Noon)

°Meet at noon at Busy Bee Market DELI and SANDWICHES in San Pedro.° Pick-up the World's greatest pastrami sandwiches then ride a few miles to Pt. Fermin to eat in the park.° While you are at Pt. Fermin, you can also visit an infamous HD biker bar, Walkers Café, it's nearby.

°BUSY BEE MARKET

2413 S. Walker Street

San Pedro, CA 90731

310 832-8660

October

2nd - 5th (Thurs.-Sun.)

RA's Triple B in 2003

Sponsored by the [BMWRA](#) Barber Motorsports Park, East of Birmingham, Alabama.°

5th Sun

Long Beach Airport "AirFest"

Join your fellow SCBMWRC club members at the Long Beach Airport "AirFest" on Sunday, October 5th.° The show will feature performances by both the Navy famed Blue Angels and the Canadian Snow Birds.°

10th - 12th (Fri.-Sun)

Oktoberfest Rally

Sponsored by the [BMW Owners Club of San Diego](#) The 34th annual rally, Oktoberfest XXXIV at Rancho Corrido campground, 14715 Hwy 76, Pauma Valley, CA.°

Registration will be available beginning in August, and additional information will be included here when available from the BMW Owners Club of San Diego

12th Sun

General Meeting - Hennessey's Tavern - Carlsbad

10:00 Breakfast from the menu

Hennessey's Tavern

2777 Roosevelt St

Carlsbad, CA 92008

790 729-6951

17th - 19th (Fri - Sun)

Kernville Overnighter - Kernville Inn

Kernville Inn, 11042 Kernville Rd, Kernville, CA 93238

760 376-2206

This is a great annual club outing to the Kernville Inn located just north of Lake Isabella, a location that offers a beautiful river with fishing, tubing, and float trips available.° Great riding is available throughout the area, and the Inn is located near the center of town, and is convenient to shops and restaurants.°

We have 14 rooms currently available, and they are on a "first come - first served" basis.° To reserve your room, please call Pauline at 760 376-2206.° Rates start at \$62 per night plus tax.° This event is well attended, so make your reservations early.

Mt. Laguna Campout

By Vern Shrader

The SCBMWRC held the August Campout event at Mt. Laguna Campground on Highway S-1 (Sunrise Highway) in eastern San Diego County on the 15th & 16th. Located at an elevation of 6,000 feet in the Pine covered forests at the southern end of the Cleveland National Forest, Mt Laguna is only 125 miles southeast of Orange County, providing short travel times and many great back roads to explore. Our campground was just 18 miles south of the town of Julian, CA, a 19th century mining town famous for it's Apple Pie. This little town is a beehive of activity on weekends and a favorite destination for motorcyclist and car clubs because of the roads and scenery. Julian is loaded with B&B's as well as hotel opportunities for those members wishing to not camp out under the stars. Although the Coaster event turn out was minimal (it's hard to compete with August's family vacation time and preparations for the Curve Cowboy Reunion) the camp location was one that truly deserves a repeat visit by the Coaster's.

Our campsites were located under large Pine trees at the edge of a large open meadow area providing a semi-private camp location. Weather was perfect, with clear skies and warm days peaking around 85-90 and nighttime lows of about 55 degrees. The afternoon treated us to huge white Cumulus cloud buildups rising from the deserts to the east. The clouds completely vanished by sundown providing tremendous celestial views of the Milky Way, Satellites, Mars and the

Moon. Attendance was limited to Bob Woodward, Bill Reitz and Vern Shrader. Unfortunately, Ralph Dutra and Chuck Benson had to back out at the last minute due to business conflicts although Ralph Dutra road by on Saturday just too say hi, but found an empty camp (we were all out riding). Later in the day, Bill Allen and Mike Davis swung by on their way home from having lunch in Ensenada. Saturday evening was filled with great conversations, the scent of Bratwurst cooking over an open fire and the sounds of Coyotes singing at the moon. I can't think of a better way to spend a summer weekend. Sorry so many of our members missed it!





I Don't Do 2-Up...

By Art Zamarripa

I overheard the salesman at Irv's describe my return to motorcycling with such precision that I realized I must be a common phenomenon. The kids are grown and now it's time for daddy to have some fun on the motorcycle again. Well in my case, not all the kids are grown, but I waited 20 years, that was long enough for this cycle junkie.

My last machine was a Yamaha 250, which I rode on the beaches of Ensenada. No helmet, riding gear or even sunglasses. I was 19, ten foot tall and bulletproof...as the song goes. I rode only in Ensenada for 10 years on my trips to the beach house.

Eventually I took my fiancée on a ride into town to get a Raspberry soda and a TV dinner. We had been living there for 5 weeks during the summer vacation from our teaching jobs. She sat on the back and the air rushed through our salted hair and tanned bodies. We were not going to use the car to go into town for such a small purchase. It would only take 5 minutes.

I didn't see the car stalled in the fast lane of Federal Hwy 1, as I came off the city street. I swerved in time to avoid a rear end collision. I only nicked my pinkie, but her arms were no longer wrapped around me. I turned and saw her sliding on her back down Hwy 1, in her tennis shoes, jeans, and cut T-shirt. I pulled off the road, dropped the bike, and ran to her. A city policeman at the intersection had seen the entire incident and we met to carry her off the road. I grabbed her ankles. The leg bent wrong, broken tibia and fibula, snapped

instantly between the bumper and bike. We moved her to the side of the road and he called for an ambulance.

Then he asked me an important question. "Is this your wife?" We weren't married yet, so I said, "No." That was a big mistake. I saw the ambulance take her as I was put into a police car and taken to the Federal prison. If I had said, "Yes." I would have been allowed to go with her. Several hours later they decided to transfer me to the city jail, it was a jurisdictional battle and the city won, lucky for me.

The car had disappeared; there was no other party to consider, except for one small detail. She wasn't my property; therefore I'd have to go to prison until this was all sorted out. That was Friday evening. My dad traveled down from Los Angeles to get her out of the hospital. The lawyer he found me was the prison's former warden. I was bailed out Sunday morning. That meant I wouldn't have to appear before a judge Monday.

We hightailed it out of Ensenada to a hospital in Hollywood. Monday morning they set her leg with screws and put her in a thigh high cast. We decorated it with paper mache each time it was changed until it was just at calf high. She wore that cast during our wedding and after 9 months was free of it. We never rode together again.

When I finally decided to ride again it was with her blessing, but she wasn't interested in riding with me. Nowadays I warn women, "Sure you could ride with me, but my last passenger broke her leg, and became my wife." I'm not sure which of those two facts scares them most, but it seems to keep me free of passengers.

I like it that way.

Dear Friends and Supporters...

Yesterday I rode here to the famous silver mining city of Potosi in central-south Bolivia, a place that bankrolled Spain for two centuries. Tomorrow I'm going down a mine to do the tourist bit. I'll take with me a present for the miners, some dynamite. Bolivia has been quite explosive actually. I met a German-English couple on their motorbikes at Uyuni, next to the world's biggest salt lake the Salar de Uyuni in the SW of the country. Arno is into dynamite. With a twinkle in his eye and a grin on his face he produced two sticks with fuses and asked, "Shall we?" "Wow yes where?" I answered excitedly already laughing. We decided on the train graveyard south of town, out in the desert. Dusk would be best, when tourists were safely back in town. Off we went with his girlfriend Siam and Yuki, a Japanese girl who is riding a 250cc around the world. We advised two locals, stripping metal for a car repair, to take cover. We planted the explosive, lit the meter long fuse, and legged it to join the girls behind a mud wall. With fingers in our ears and mouth open to absorb the pressure wave (Arno's tips were learnt in the army he said, he knew all about making different sorts of bombs, more like a terrorist I thought), it went boooooom.

We rushed out to inspect the damage amid the dust cloud, quite impressive on the 1cm thick steel, and ran off in a circular route back to town. The army barracks are the closest part of town to the train graveyard, and we laughed at the prospect a diplomatic incident involving Japanese, German and English launching an attack on a Bolivian outpost. But the explosion didn't perk the interest of the army nor police. Anyway, it was an interesting pre-dinner diversion, and quite legal since anything goes in Bolivia.

The Bolivian train story is a bit sad. Invasions by Brazil, Argentina and Chile resulted in compensation from those countries by building railways for Bolivia. One was never finished and some lines have been closed for decades. Hence the train graveyard. Paraguay, to the East, and Peru to the West, also took chunks of Bolivia. Bolivians lost about half of their country and their

Pacific Ocean access. Bolivians are a very gentle people (it might be the coca!) and the land is hard to protect because it's so remote and mountainous. Bolivia was also responsible for the capture and death of some romantic guerrillas and criminals like Che Gueverra and Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The latter were killed after creating havoc throughout the Americas a little south of here where I'll visit on my way to Argentina in a few days. Bolivia, straddling the Andes, is a land of gaunt mountains, cold desolate plateau and semi tropical lowlands.

For the last week or so I have been on the bleak, treeless, windswept Altiplano, most of it 4000m above sea level, with peaks jutting upward to 6500m. It's a bit strange up here, and for me that makes it nice. There are salt and fresh water lakes, deserts, lots of llamas and snow-capped mountains. Most of the population lives on the Altiplano in cities but there are efforts to encourage people to move to the lowland jungle areas where the soil is more fertile and where there is plenty of water. It is a weird experience to ride on a salt lake. The surface has more grip than tarmac. You can close your eyes, open the throttle, and turn whatever way you want with no fear! (OK I know some of you think that I do this on a regular basis anyway.) Nearly all of Bolivia's roads are dirt tracks. My bike has been working very hard, and so have a few welding shops ha ha!

I rode the world's most dangerous road, climbing the Andes from the jungle region north of the city of La Paz (meaning 'Peace'). This muddy track is cut into the sheer cliff face and is usually wide enough for just one four wheeler. It is usually foggy. Last week a bus toppled over the edge and fell a km or so, and a bicycle tourist was getting out of the way for a bus when she fell down. Trucks go off all the time. I was taking extra care one wrong move and it could have been The End. Two girls sitting next to me in this Internet cafe were too scared to go on it.

Jagged cliffs surround La Paz and towering snow capped mountains. The south of the city is 500m lower than the north. I won't forget the dried llama fetuses stacked up on market stalls that you can buy for use in religious festivals as offerings. There are small several inch ones, and bigger meter long ones with fur. One stallholder told me they bring luck!

All the best
Simon

Newbies Can Lean

By James R. Davis

There are two things that tend to cause new riders to want to keep their bikes vertical:

They are afraid, based on a previous dump caused by a combination of slow-speed turn and the application of brakes.

They are afraid, based on a concern that their engines will die in a slow speed turn and result in a dump.

Engines die if they are cold and not properly choked or if setup with idle too slow. Thus, you do not practice slow speed turns with a cold bike. The rider must 'know' that their engines will continue to run without having to 'race' them. Otherwise, they focus on throttle action rather than balance during their turns.

One trick I have learned that tends to loosen up fears of leaving the vertical for newbies is to have them experience 'low center of gravity' - first with their imaginations, then in real life. That is, I have them imagine a broomstick with a bowling ball fastened on one end. I ask them to imagine holding that broomstick with one end on the ground and the end with the bowling ball on it straight into the air. I ask them to tell me how far they would allow the top of the broomstick to move away from vertical. They understand instantly that you need to keep that broomstick standing virtually straight up or it will fall. Then I ask

them the same question with the only difference being that the bowling ball end is on the ground. Clearly the top of the stick can wander very far indeed from being straight up without fear of losing control of it. This is the 'power' of having a low center of gravity.

[This article represents parking lot practice exercises I put together for some friends before I became an MSF Instructor. I never 'taught' motorcycle riding to anyone except friends other than as an MSF Instructor.]

Then I have them drive their bikes while standing on their pegs rather than sitting in the saddle. I ask them to 'weave a little' but not to allow their heads to move at all. The bikes are moved left and right under them, but manage a relatively straight line. There is not the slightest possibility that they will fall. Clearly the center of gravity must be very low for this to be true and they see that. I ask them to make a few more laps, keeping their heads 'straight up', but this time sitting in their saddles.

While most of us enjoy leaning with our bikes when we make turns, I have found that a newbie can be encouraged to lean their bikes more easily if you show them that they can do so without they themselves having to lean. Thus, after I have them 'weave a little' while keeping their heads in the same place, I have them make a turn leaning only their bikes. Keeping their heads absolutely vertical so that they 'see the horizon the same way all the time'. This is almost nonsense, but it does seem to work for some. After a

few laps they are amazed at how far they have managed to lean their bikes without moving their heads from vertical. I have them practice this until they are able to ‘push the bike away from them until their arms are straight.’ It gets easier over time.

Now, as to how to get them to lean their bikes and make sweet turns - In a parking lot I have them sit on their bikes (engine running) at a dead stop and then turn their handlebars all the way to their stops in both directions. I insist that from either extreme they can drive away from where they are. To begin with, they are to slip their clutches and walk the bikes out of their positions. This is most intimidating, but proves to be easy enough with effort. I have them practice this in both directions.

Then I challenge them: “*OK, that is a simple exercise for you to do each time you come to this parking lot. Full stop, handlebars turned in either direction to their full stop position, then drive out of it. Oh, and for your personal score, see how fast you can get your feet onto the pegs.*” Before they know it they are leaning their bikes instantly, feet up on their pegs, from a dead stop and they can make any corner they ever come to.

Please! You must explain to them that they will drop their bikes if they ever hit the brakes doing this!!! That slow speed turning and brakes do not mix well. That is why I teach them that a slow speed dump is nothing to be afraid of first.

Finally, I show them some VCR footage of motorcycle racing. I point out how the rider keeps his head vertical and that if the bike is moving 20 MPH or more you can SAFELY lean it until the pegs touch the ground!! That you must get into your head that if you think it cannot lean any farther then THAT is the time that you should lean it a bit farther and to roll on a bit more gas (not less!!!!).

In all of the practice I misdirect their minds away from their brakes. I constantly tell them that slow speed control is a function of the left hand, not the right. I make them play with their friction-zones using the clutch to see how slowly they can drive in a straight line! I tell them, over and over, that if you are leaning a bike (meaning you are turning) you MUST NOT USE YOUR BRAKE or you will dump it. That to stop you must straighten the bike out FIRST! Anyway, these lessons all conspire to demonstrate that they are capable of controlling a bike at slow speeds better than they imagined. And they soon take corners like a pro. Leaning becomes ‘fun’ and ‘normal’.

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Rider To Rider: Passing the Cyber Hat

Caveat Emptor:

This article is not meant as an endorsement by the SCBMWRC. Please investigate for yourselves before making any contribution. This is informational and without any bias presented for your consideration.
(The Editor)

Injured BMW Rider Needs Your Help

From: DancinDave@aol.com

Greetings. I'm looking to you for help with an injured BMW rider and offering as well to help your Club. You may have heard that Tom Pomeroy had a serious accident at the Rocket City Rally while on a group ride led by a Rocket City club member. His medical bills now total over \$50,000 and the Club itself did a wonderful thing to pass the hat for him at the Rally. Tom at the time and currently was laid off of work and has no health insurance coverage.

His injury was the impetus for the creation of a web site to help injured riders and also clubs who may wish to raise funds for an injured member of their club. That web site is www.RiderToRider.Com. It would be great if you could call the site to the attention of your club members. The goal is to create a web site that is simply a mechanism for folks to directly pass the hat and contribute, in this case to Tom, but at other times to others including their own club members should it come to that.

The goal of RiderToRider.Com is simply to use the internet to pass the hat to help other riders in need facing serious medical bills with little ability to pay following an accident. Let's see if folks reach out to Tom Pomeroy who is now listed on the site. Riders are also invited to sign up so they can get word of others like Tom facing a similar predicament. All

funds go directly to the intended person by the means reviewed at the web site...and I mean directly into the rider's checking account.

RiderToRider.Com also makes it easy for clubs to help their own members. If clubs need to, they can use the web site so that members can "pass the hat in cyber space". This will happen as funds go directly to the rider and the web site is simply the agent to link RiderToRider. The mechanism for this is described at the web site. And I'm happy to personally address any concerns or issues you might have.

I'm not sure if this concept is going to take root. The larger goal of course would be to have a large pool of folks who "gift" \$5 a couple of times a year to a rider in need. If we had 10,000 such folks then their pocket change we could make a huge difference for a rider in need.

Let's see if anyone takes an interest. If not, we can always just close it down. I'm sure Tom could use a good word in any case. His contact e-mail is on the web site. And if this first salvo and test case gets a response we can keep pushing along so that once in a while we can help others. Feel free to use the site to help any of your club members should you need a mechanism whereby all funds go to the rider so that your club members can easily help one of their own.

So, I'd appreciate your calling this site and Tom's situation to the attention of your members. And if that gives you any anxiety or concern please get back to me with your questions.

Thanks!

Dancin Dave Cwi on behalf of
RiderToRider.Com

Minutes of Board of Director's Meeting

The board met at 9:00 am, August 10 at Harley's Rock Inn, Lake Hughes, CA.

Attendee's: Vern Shrader, Michael Moon, Pete MacLachlan,
Other Attendees: Jon Taylor, Phil Degnan, O.K. Upchurch III

Old Business:

Newsletter:

1. The board re-visited the subject of content variations in Printed versus Web form. All members agreed that both forms should be identical.
2. A minor content issue was discussed: Vern to work out with Editor.
3. Phil Degnan reported on the Publication Form Survey response. Of 53 member responses, 32 preferred e-mail, 13 mail and 8 had no preference. The board agreed the survey to run 90-days for all members to vote. Only those preferring e-mail would cease receiving a print copy and a member could revert back to a mailed copy by simply requesting it from the Publication Chairman. No changes will be made for 90 days.
4. A new position of Publication Chairmanship was discussed. The club now owns the print equipment to publish the newsletter internally. The position should be a non-sitting board member. A list of candidates forthcoming.

Treasurer:

It was suggested that the club consider switching banking institutions because of continuous difficulties with name changes on the account when officers change annually and lack of electronic account viewing. The board agreed and authorized the change and name corrections.

Calendar:

The event calendar status was discussed. All empty areas were filled.

New Business:

Membership:

1. It was suggested that the club offer a "lifetime" membership. Mike Moon to investigate pro and cons with other clubs. Phil Degnan to create a membership survey to determine interest level.
2. Membership reported that 62 members still have not renewed for 2003/2004. A deadline of October 1 was set as the cutoff date.
3. Growth was discussed. Membership will consider options and submit ideas.

Club Gear:

1. Club Logo items were discussed. Possibly obtaining embroidered logo's that could be sewn to any item (hats, shirts, jackets, etc.) versus the club providing the entire item. Mike Moon & Ralph Dutra to investigate.

Advertisement:

1. The board discussed utilizing outside advertising as a means of financing the cost of publishing the club Newsletter. Mike Moon to investigate options based on other club's experience. Subject tabled until more info available.

Meeting adjourned at 11:00 am



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