



## December 2010 Newsletter

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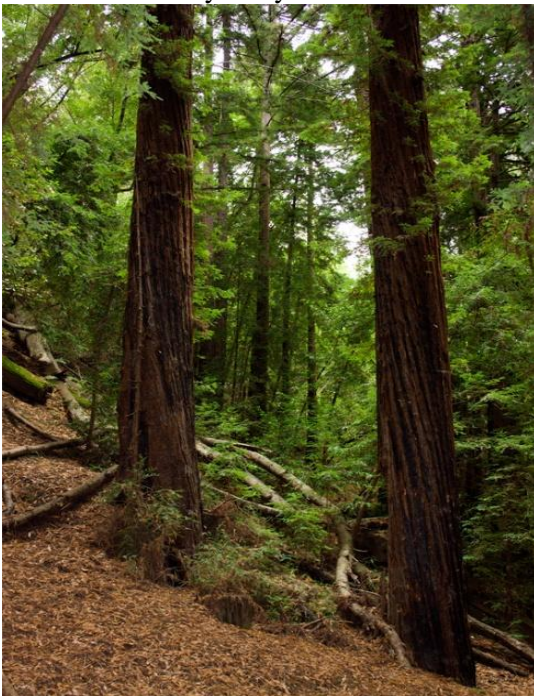
### Follow-up to November Issue Question:

**"Are They Lost or Drenched on This Dangerous Road??** The fate is unknown of 3 valiant women SBBMW Riders near Big Sur as a 2<sup>nd</sup> rainstorm in two days gathers there...."

Answer: No. They returned safely. Here is an account of the Big Sur week-end with photos by Tony Suhrer unless otherwise flagged.<sup>1</sup>

### The Big Sur Week-End

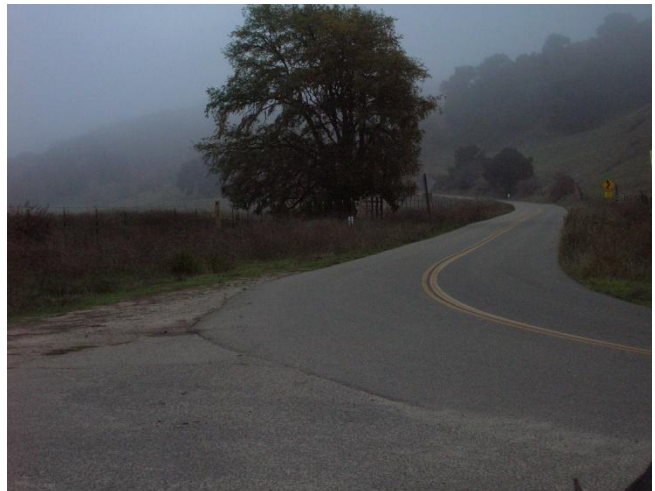
By Tony Suhrer



Two Redwoods, this photo by Harvey Rawn

This will be my sixth camping ride to Big Sur in the past seven years. I still get excited when the bike is packed and all I have to do is get some sleep before departure.

We'll probably get some rain showers on the way. Phil, of the Wilson brothers, and I ride together. Dagi and Chris have ridden up the day before to secure campsites and have more time to explore the region. Harvey and John White are leaving from Ventura. Martin Walkker has a starter problem on his airhead after eighteen years of flawless performance and will not be joining us, bummer.<sup>2</sup> We'll take Foxen Canyon up to Santa Maria, let the fun begin. The spirited riding will have to wait as it is real foggy.



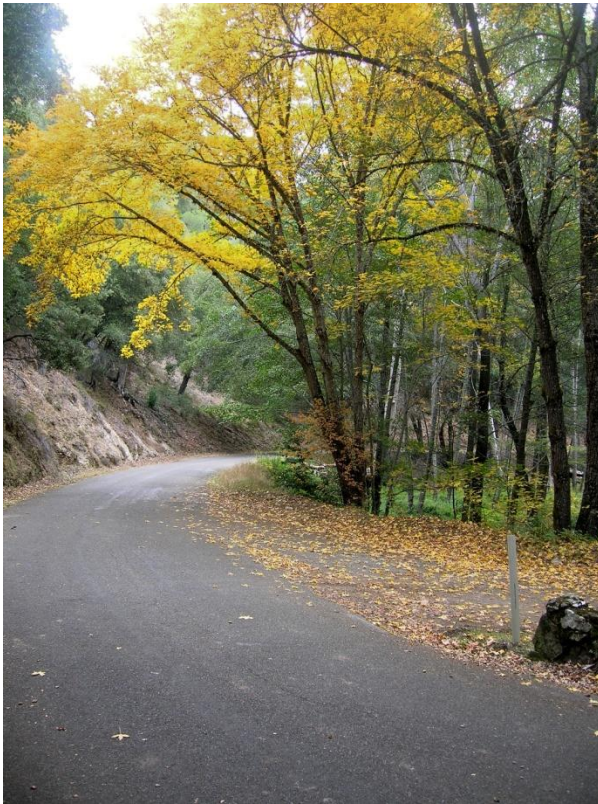
Morning Fog on Foxen Canyon Road

I have ridden this road enough mornings to know there are deer, turkeys, wild boar, bobcat, snakes, squirrels, and numerous other birds waiting to blast across our path. Since our visibility barely extends beyond the edge of the wet pavement the speed stays down and I amuse myself with the ever-changing patterns the fog makes as it condenses on the windscreen and is blown across the surface.

<sup>1</sup>There may be errors of attribution due to non-response of some photographers to the editor's e-mailed queries and to collapse of his computer.

<sup>2</sup> Editor's Note. On the other hand, as Walkker is German, his coming along might have turned the outing into a Ride of die Walkuere (=German for Valkyrie) with untoward results.

We get some raindrops at Morro Bay but the showers never develop into more than several minutes of moisture. Jack Creek Rd, Vineyard, Adelaida, and Chimney Rock roads are all most pleasant jaunts through wine country and old oaks. Thankfully the rain stayed on the coast so the leaves covering the pavement swirl up behind Phil instead of creating a slick surface for us. California doesn't get much of a fall foliage color change other than yellows.



California Fall Foliage

Nacimiento Fergusson Road is clean and dry. We pull into the campground just before the crest which has been our lunch stop on several previous rides. Today we are too early for eats but this is still a nice place to walk around a bit and enjoy the sense of old California. Luckily the recent fires did not reach this spot, but they certainly came close which is readily evident on the stretch towards the ocean. As tempting as it is to maintain a quick pace, I feel that I'm missing much of the

ride by not stopping and observing the terrain I'm passing through; fire here but not there, constantly changing cloud formations and lighting, distinct geologic differences (hence slides in some areas but not others) as well as pockets of redwoods and other plant-life zones. Right now, I'm riding to travel. Hey Phil, I see you down there waiting for me, look up, can't you see me waving?? Highway 1 is a venerable freeway compared to Nac. Ferg. We arrive in camp in time for lunch. Chris and Dagi are already there.



Editor's Observation. Probably not Chris & Dagi as photo is seemingly by Dagi. Possibly one is Phil (of the Wilson Brothers) at whom the author waved.

Dagi, thanks for suggesting riding to McWay Falls at Julia Pfeiffer Burns State Park.



Several people we see along the way are proudly wearing SF Giants garb honoring the

new baseball champions All this extra time to cruise around the area instead of just staying in camp is rather cool. We should do it more often.

John White (who else in the club is known by full name?) and Harvey have pulled in by the time we return to Big Sur.



Riders at Big Sur -- left to right, Dagmar, Wilson, John White, Chris Lucadello, Tony Suhrer. Photo by Rawn



John White.

Dinner is the usual collection of whatever each camper brought for them. Dagi and Chris seem to have put much more effort into their collective meals than the rest of us, which is hardly a surprise. Hot meal, campfire, libations, and good conversation with great people are a fitting ending of the day.

No rain all night. Showers are expected this morning so most of us eat, break camp, and pack the bikes with a bit of urgency. Phil is heading over to Lake

Nacimiento to see his mom, John [White], Harvey and I ride on down Hwy 1, while Chris and Dagi remain in camp to greet the precipitation. John [White] thanks for stopping when the drizzle started so I could put on my glove covers. It doesn't take us very long to get ahead of the rain and back on to dry pavement. We only have to pass a couple of cars all the way to San Simeon State Park. This is another usual stop complete with a stroll out on the pier.



Looking down from California 1 -- photo by Dagmar

Harvey, what do you mean you didn't know I don't stop to eat? Why, I'm munching on a Power Bar right now, and I've got snack mix and jerky for a chaser. Oh, at a restaurant.

The entire adventure was, for me, only a day plus a few hours and took less than a tank and a half of gas, yet I feel it was a true vacation, the kind that puts me in a good mood long after it is over. Yes, I'll be excited again next year. Ride on.

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**REMEMBER THE CLUB'S XMAS  
 PARTY AT SIZZLER'S, DEC. 20.**

**& DON'T FORGET SPORT CYCLE  
 PACIFIC. DAVE BLUNK WOULD  
 LIKE TO SELL YOU  
 SOMETHING.**



Here are Elephant seals (or something of the sort, possibly very large mussels or rhinoceros-otters). It is possible to use a brilliant Sherlock Holmes deductive approach to identify the photo as by Dagmar, Pacific Coast, 7 November 2010. She uses the logical European date order: day, month, year.

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