

# SANTA BARBARA

## BMW RIDERS, Inc.

JULY 2012  
NEWS LETTER

BMW MOA  
CLUB 165



### Herr Marten Walkker, Club Member at the 49er

*Photo by Harvey Rawn*

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**H**ello John, here is a short story for you.

Many moons ago I worked for a Hotel resort in southern Turkey.

I bought a Jawa 350 at the beginning but traded it soon to a coworker for a 62 BMW R50/2. He liked American choppers and always wanted a Harley. So he started chopping the Beemer: longer forks, lower seat and ape-hangers!

I stayed nearly a year at that resort, had my own workshop and some large storage rooms.

One room became the "garage" and I took the whole bike apart and started the rebuild.

In the next town, 20 miles away was a mechanic that worked on old bikes, I went there often to have parts fixed or questions answered.

Cont'd on Pg. 2



JULY 16, 2012

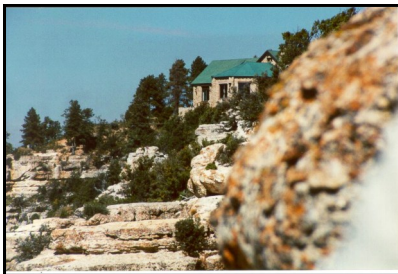
VOLUME 14, ISSUE 7



**I**t's all just Stories I tell you! I thought it would be fun, a good read, to ask the Members to send in a motorcycle story from their Mind's Eye. Every so often a ride comes back to me, a pleasant one which reminds me why I ride.

The Sun was rising on our left and it was raining lightly on and off. We were on a newly paved black top with a lot of double yellow traveling through forests and meadows.

Phyllis was in the lead that day and her Bike was kicking up multi-colored red and orange leaves. Such a striking sight, the leaves were highlighted by the sun set against the shiny wet black top. The leaves, to me, were in slow motion, mesmerizing, floating and rotating in the air.



North Lodge

It was cold and windy when we arrived and we stayed in our Aerostitch Suits.

My Bike was a '91 K75S Red Topaz, P was on her '83 R100RS Alaskan Blue and we were

traveling South across the Kaibab Plateau, Hwy 67, to the North Rim, Grand Canyon, AZ. Late in the year about '97?

Don't forget about the Club Annual Pic Nick at Rocky Nook Park, sort of across from the Mission in Santa Barbara, Free Food! 6pm and bring a side dish, Club supplies the main course with cooking!

**Keep a prayer handy for Jim Rowley and his family .....Good Luck my friend!**

**Marten Cont'd from Pg. 1**

Everything was done squatting on the floor there were no workbenches or tables.

That year my wife at that time was pregnant and had to go into town for her medical checkups. The Beemer was far enough along that I took her on the back into town.

Something in the translation from Turkish to German must have been backwards because so was my rear brake set up, halfway down a steep hill I had no brakes, the front one was not working properly either. So we had to put our feet down, me in sneakers she in sandals to get the bike to a stop. For the ride home and all the other visits to the doctor she took a taxi.



When it came to the end of my employment I loaded up the bike and toured the Turkish coast up to Izmir. There were lots of ancient Greek villages and ruins that made for some great stops along the way. From Izmir I took the ferry to Venice and from there over the Alps to Frankfurt.

That was my last great ride for a long time, at home wife and kids had their demands, work has to be found and money to be made. Soon the Beemer was in the way and it was suggested to sell and use the money for furniture!

It would be seventeen years later, now here in California, that I got my next bike a 92 R100R and just recently an '86 K100RS.

There are some similarities in the landscape here that remind me often at the great time I had back then.

Marten

**Phyllis' Story**

**A**t first we ran down a ridge line only as wide as the road with mauve colored cliffs dropping off on each side. Then we climbed up onto a mountain and entered the tree-line. The sky was blue and since it was early Fall the leaves were changing color. The late afternoon sun was getting lower causing the colors to seem even more varied. We were on a two lane country



road with little traffic as we climbed over the top. Then we started to drop down. We were riding a giant snake coursing down the mountain slopes, through big sweeping corners in the cooling evening air.

We were riding through mountains in western Utah on highway 12 between Panguitch and Torrey Utah. Same bikes as in John's article. *P, I remember that road!* Scenic Byway, **Ed**

May 1994, I made a late decision to attend my first BMW rally in Quincy, California. It's popularly referred to as the 49er rally. I took off work on a Friday, planning to make the trek in one day, despite it being about 550 miles from my home.

Got up early and headed out to I-5 to Sacramento and then caught Hwy 70 out of Yuba City.

As luck would have it, the weather had turned warm and by the time I got to Yuba



City temperatures were in the high 90's.

Hwy 70 follows the Feather river gorge and is a spectacular scenic route for this time of year.

As I climbed into the Sierras the temps got a little cooler and more tolerable, saw a few other bikes going my way but not many.

Arrived in Quincy tired but in one piece and got directions to the Plumas County fairgrounds on the edge of town, by the time I got registered and found the clubs area, it was nearly 8pm.

Pitched my tent on the only vacant ground to be had and got things put away. Most of our club members were over having dinner, but Doug Haigh was relaxing and doing the crossword puzzle (see pic). Doug was quite surprised I made the trip in one day.

The days ride was the longest I have ever made at 550 miles and it took a day to recover. Really enjoyed my first BMW rally and the town of Quincy, great riding roads. My new to me, 87 R100RS worked perfectly.

Gary, that Alaskan Blue next to yours was P's! Ed. RIP Doug

Gary Turner



....there is a road that winds over the coast range and far off into the empty plains to the east, it

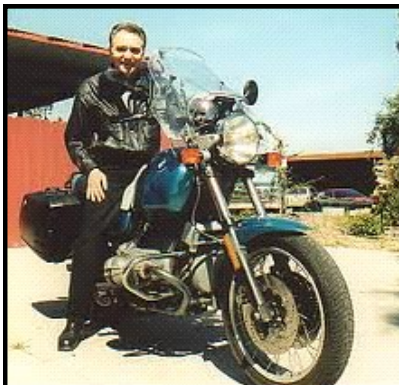
goes from a series of tight, kinked switchbacks into a long stretch of sweeping high speed curves mile after mile. Then, there are long arrow-straight stretches through a desert basin and then back into the mountains winding upwards through the pine forest, followed by a long descent into sprawling LA.

As the morning went on, I just kept going, no plan, no goal, but drawn somehow south. I've ridden that road scores of times, sometimes on the way to LA, and sometimes just for the hell of it on a long loop from my house and back. I know just about every curve now and I work at taking them at little more smoothly each time, going just a little faster, trying for a little more control. It's an exercise you never do perfectly, just better or worse, a competition with yourself and the road.

That day, I was in some sort of a groove. I swooped, I flew, I nailed the apexes, the engine note rose and fell seamlessly on the shifts. I was doing well over 100 on the straights. It just felt so good to be alive, to be doing this thing I love and doing it well...

Talking about going south from the central coast, -San Luis Obispo county- to Topanga Canyon LA county, via 101 south to 166 east to 33 south...

Adolfo de la Parra "Fito"



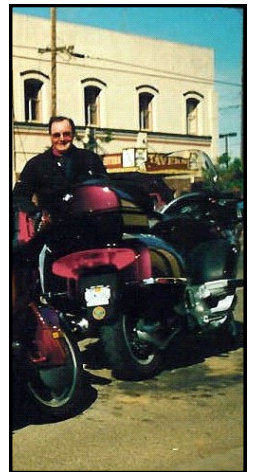
After a half a million miles on two wheels and the ride that comes to mind is this.

It began on a cold dark winters night in 1953 in Scotland. I was returning home from work on my ex-army 350CC Royal Enfield. I was traveling on a two lane country road as fast as the old bike would go, maybe 60MPH. The one candle power six volt headlight would barely shine past the front wheel when all of a sudden a big black pre-war sedan came out from a partially blind crossroads and we met head-on in the middle of the road! The momentum of the impact threw me over the car and onto the road. I



walked around the car and found the driver looking for me mashed in the front grille. I scared the hell out of him when I came up behind him and said I was ok. I escaped with a bruised ankle and not a scratch on my clothing or helmet.

A few days later I went to the garage to see the damage and there was the bike still imbedded in the front of the car. A man came over and said "that poor guy didn't survive" and was surprised when I said "I did!"



John Templeton



It was Father's Day in 1980 and we were riding two-up with a group from West L.A. to breakfast at Keely's. The group then split up and we went inland led by a small man on a large Gold Wing. Harvey's new bike had less than 1000 miles on it. As we rode east on 5<sup>th</sup> Street in Oxnard he said, "Boy do I love this bike". The next thing he said was "Oh shit". There was a scraping sound as we entered a decreasing radius curve. The Gold Wing slid into a red sports car. Harvey dropped the bike to keep from hitting the biker in front of us. (Harvey was on his GS1000 and the bike that went down was the Goldwing). The next thing I remember is being taken to the hospital in a CHP car. While a nurse was scrubbing out my road rash I asked about how this went with Hells Angels. She said, "We just don't give them anesthetics".

Harvey's Memorable Ride

Many years ago, I was riding with friends during the rainy season on Highway 33 north from Ojai. I followed my friend Vinny as we passed the Pine Mountain summit and headed down toward Lockwood Valley Road. He was a middle-aged, short realtor who was a bit of a dandy and rode wearing meticulously-kept black leathers from head to toe. On this day he was riding his spotless black full-dress Honda.

Near the bottom of the grade, the road crossed a concrete streambed containing a few inches of water from the recent rains. As I crested a small hill on the approach, I saw that Vinny had slowed to a crawl and was crossing the stream very carefully. Not wanting to splash him, I applied the brakes to slow my GS1000G Suzuki. However, previous vehicle traffic had coated the road with mud and I started sliding down the hill. To avoid a spill, I got off the brakes and on the gas, which launched me through the stream at a good clip.

As I passed Vinny in the middle of the stream, my bike threw up a giant wall of muddy water that completely drenched him and his bike.

We stopped on the far side where I offered to help clean the mud off him and/or his bike. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but Vinny was a stout fellow and accepted his fate gracefully.



**"Where is your sense of adventure?"**

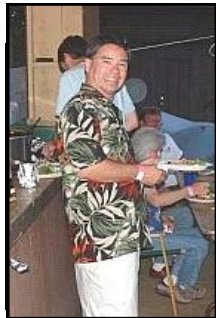
A long time ago James Chen and I rode north on Hwy 33. It was drizzling in Ojai so we kept going. What's a little water, right? As we carved our way to the switchbacks, rain turned into snow. It wasn't bad at all, just slushy. We stopped at the Sespe Road intersection to discuss the situation. I suggested to keep going since we were almost at the top and so we did.

Not a quarter mile further, the road turned into packed snow. I looked in the mirror and James was down. As I looked forward again, I went down. It was as if it was the obvious thing to do when riding on packed snow.

We picked up our bikes and gently escaped back to slush and then wet pavement. I took my body panels back to Hank, I lost count how many times. James was on his K100RS and had to replace some parts as well. Maybe that's why we ride dualsport bikes now. I was riding my K1.

Anyone up for a ride here in the winter time?

Trust me. **Jim Rowley**



I got my learner's permit on Dec. 7, 1964. On Dec. 25, 1964 my parents gave me a 150cc Lambretta which cut one of my tethers. I could now explore places beyond the reach of my bicycle.

That afternoon, with my little brother on the back, I went exploring Palos Verdes. The only twisty roads around.

I was having a blast until a cop decided I deserved a ticket for having a passenger and only a permit. But I was smiling as soon as I started home with my brother. I still smile when I ride today but my helmet hides it. **Phil Wilson**



**J**ohn asked me to write a short little blurb about a ride that stands out in my mind. While I was immediately tempted to write about some near-miss and the lessons learned from it, I soon thought better of it when I remembered a ride I had several years ago.

I don't recall the exact date of the ride, but it was not too long after I had purchased my R1100S. After riding the R11 for a time I realized that the stock seat was not to my liking. The rake angle had me sliding forward into the tank during hard braking and was not comfortable for me at all.



I decided I would ride up to the Corbin factory in Hollister,



CA and have one of their saddles custom fitted. They offer that service at no extra charge, which is great. Well, after taking delivery of my new saddle I decided to take the 25 South out of Hollister and reconnect with the 101 closer to King City.

The weather was perfect, the landscape was serene and beautiful the whole way down. I was really liking the new seat as it got me a bit lower into the bike and made for a better handling ride. For anybody unfamiliar with that stretch of hwy 25 there is one stretch that is positively made for motorcycling with nice winding bends that wrap around various shapes of farmlands and forest.

The ride with the new seat was fantastic and definitely one of my best rides ever.

**Blake Monson**

# CALENDAR

## Santa Barbara BMW Riders Today



**I** find myself fourth in the lineup and we start gaining elevation quickly as we leave the Quincy area. The sound of the bikes is like music to my ears – a dozen old boxers from the mid-70's each singing the same song, hitting the same note, with only slight variations from bike to bike. The sound echoes through my head, a wonderful throaty sound that can only be found in these old air-head twins. It's different from the more pedestrian sounds of the regular /6 models – deeper and more urgent. The R90S has those wonderful Dell'Orto carbs with accelerator pumps and high compression pistons that helped to get these bikes a 1975 Daytona 200 win and the 1976 AMA Superbike championship. Compared to a modern bike the R90S is a bit of a dinosaur, but when everybody is on the same old bike you just don't care. I ask myself if I'll ever have the opportunity to ride with this many R90S bikes again. The sound and smell fill my senses and I'm fully consumed by the experience.

After a few miles Bill and Pete jump off the front and I'm right with them on Pete's rear wheel. We push each other up the hill, occasionally scraping foot pegs and side-stands as we dart from corner to corner. We've dropped the others as we climb toward the summit. Yesterday was all about riding to a destination – today was all about the pure joy and excitement of pushing the bikes and ourselves to whatever our personal limits were. The three of us press on, clawing upwards, our concentration on the twisty road ahead. Near the top we find a pull-out and stop to regroup. I pull out my camera and run down the road to take some pictures of the others as they round the bend.

I wait and wait, but nobody comes up. Then I hear the sound of an engine, growing louder as the bike approaches. First one, then another and another arrive and I try to take pictures of everybody as they approach. We line the bikes up and take some pictures. Grins are painted on all of our faces – this was one of the finest roads I've ever been on and I think others share the same thought.

**Randy Lum**

2012

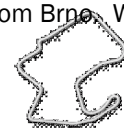
July

**26th Rocky Nook BBQ**, Volunteers may be needed i.e. getting the food, saving the site and cooking! Bring your appetite and a side dish, Club supplies Main Course, bring your own drink. Please contact George Rice, 805-312-6553

**Through Sept. 30, Santa Paula Oil Museum—"The British Bikes are Coming: Vintage British Bikes"**. Aerial, BSA, Norton, Velocette and a Vincent! 10 am to 4pm Weds- Sundays, admission \$4. P and I will lead a ride to the to see the Bikes!

**22nd, FIM Superbike World Championships**, Round 9 , Czech Republic Automotodrom Brno. Watch BMW play, perhaps going to the Grand Prix some day.

**29th, United States Grand Prix** at Laguna Seca, Monterey, CA. Starts at 2 pm



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### SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC., JULY '12 NEWSLETTER

One of my favorite rides was February 2005 to Death Valley. I was on my 1993 BMW 1100LT fully loaded for a 4 day adventure. This was my 1st time to Death Valley. I was thinking that riding in the desert was going to be dull and boring, boy was I wrong. Death Valley was so peaceful, vast, and textured with colors and shapes in the terrain.

The ride started at Tony Suhrer's house around 7am. Other riders include Phil Wilson and Doug Wilson. Meeting us at Tony's and then again at the campsite in their truck were John W. White and Phyllis A. Mlynek. (John rode his bike, Phyllis brought truck and dog, Ed.)

Highlights of the ride included

- Standing at one of the lowest elevations on earth, 282 feet below sea level (the Badwater Basin). The basin is normally dry but due to extreme rains, there was standing water, making the basin look like a large lake. The salt flats are 40 miles long and 5 miles wide.
- A visit to Scotty's Castle - A blast back to the roaring 20's and Depression 30's. "Death Valley Scotty" convinced everyone that he had built the castle with money from his secret rich mines in the area. Albert Mussey Johnson actually built the house as a vacation getaway for himself and his wife Bessie. Scotty was the mystery, the cowboy, and the entertainer, and friend to most in the Valley.
- Staying warm around the night campfire, sharing food, drinks and stories was a great way to deepen friendships
- Ubehebe Crater: Just a few hundred years ago a massive volcanic explosion caused by magma mixing with an underground spring, shattered an area of northern Death Valley. When the cinders and dust settled, this 600 foot deep crater remained.

Riding out of the valley we experienced gusts of wind over 50mph. I like riding in wind ;-)

I've since made 2 more rides to Death Valley and look forward to my next ride to discover more about the amazing Death Valley.

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