

THE MONTEREY BAY WATCH



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Submissions for the newsletter are due to the editor by the 15th of each month.

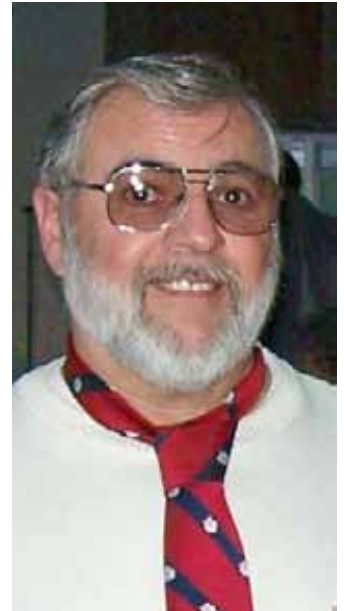
President's Message

Hi ya'all,
Saturday's breakfast at the Red Apple on July 18th was a special breakfast. What made it "special" was a visit from the Arizona contingent, Bob and Sally Wilson. Bob and Sally set aside one day on their vacation to California and Oregon to spend with the club. In addition to having them visit we also were fortunate to have Ken and Janet Farmer (formerly of Colorado), Walt and Zinta Sanders and approximately 20 long time and new members bringing our total breakfast attendance to around 26. Janet, the owner of the Red Apple, accommodated all of us with seating and the usual, good breakfasts. It was nice for everyone to be able to visit our guest/members and they assured me they enjoyed seeing everyone also.

A ride along the coast was planned for right after breakfast and it was good to be on the road again with Bob and Sally (more details inside). Dick Dodd has offered to lead the October ride to San Luis Obispo and if you haven't been on a Ricardo Doddriguez ride before, you've been missing a good ride. August and November still haven't ride leaders yet so think about where "you" would like to lead us.

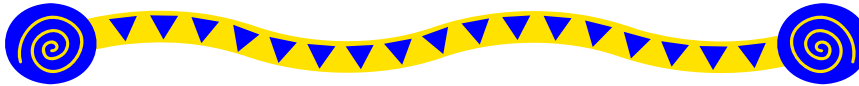
I would like to take this opportunity to thank Tim Carpenter, our July ride leader, for a really fun ride July 25th. Tim did an exceptional job for a first time ride leader. The weather cooperated and he planned the ride route and all the details very well. Thanks again to Tim and his "Pillion Princess", Elaine.

Prez, Chuck





www.cowboyscornercafe.com



September 5th^t
9 am

1st Saturday Breakfast Location

Cowboy's Corner Cafe
946 Main Street
Watsonville, CA 95076
(831) 761-8996



Visitors from Sedona....

July 18th Chuck and I set out for the Club breakfast in Watsonville, but took a detour on the way to pick up Bob and Sally Wilson in Aptos. They were spending a couple of days with friends before they continued on to Oregon to visit family.

Sally had called us in advance to let us know they were planning to attend breakfast and wanted to include a ride with anyone who could go. Their preference as "desert dwellers" was a ride along the coast.

We had a great turnout at breakfast with Ken and Janet Farmer, Walt and Zinta, and some long time members mingling with our newer members. We took over most of the back section of the restaurant and everyone got an opportunity to visit during and after breakfast. The weather was a little overcast along the coast, but we headed south with the Wilson's, the Frankes, Red and his son, Bob, Louie, Neil, and Chuck and I in the lead. We stopped at

the Red River Inn and some of the group turned back while Sally, Bob, Red, Bob, Chuck and I continued on eventually stopping in Gordo. The weather gave us a break and we had intermittent overcast and sunshine. We turned around at Gordo because of time constraints and headed back to Aptos with Bob and Sally in the lead. It was great to be following them down the road again. Sally and Bob assured us that for them, the weather, the view and the ride were perfect.

I know Sally and Bob want to thank everyone who was able to be there and missed some of you who could not attend.

These spontaneous rides are always enjoyable, but then, riding is always fun! Hurry back Sally and Bob and some of you we haven't seen for a while. You are missed.

Denny Adkins

From Hills to Chills: MBBR Group Ride, July 25, 2009

By Tim Carpenter



Riverside had cost us a few of riders from the get-go. Neil and Dick did not make the light and Jay, being the only one who had noticed, pulled off to wait. Unaware of the separation, the rest of us continued east on Hwy 129 until we reached Rogge Ln., where we made a right turn and rolled into Aromas. Waiving at James and Deidre Kmetovic's empty house (they were in Oregon); we passed Rose St. and made a left turn on Carr Rd. We climbed and bounced our way through the hills and eucalyptus trees east of Aromas until

The day started like many other summer days in Santa Cruz County—a foggy drizzle with temperatures in the low- to mid-50s. Elaine Dale (my better half) and I began our day at 8:00 a.m. by stopping at People's Coffee on Brommer St. in Santa Cruz. I had fueled my RT the night before, so we felt we owed ourselves the same courtesy the following morning. Caffeinated and nourished, we started our 14-mile ride to Watsonville.



We arrived at BMW of Santa Cruz around 8:40 a.m. to find Neil Talbert and Bill Linn waiting patiently for the arrival of other MBBR members. Slowly but surely, ride participants began to roll in: Chuck and Denny Adkins riding two-up; Dennis Chase arrived around the same time as Jim Martin; then, Rick Phister, followed shortly by Brooke and Ed Pare; and finally Dick Dodd and Jay Whyte. All told, we had 13 ride participants on 11 bikes.

Leaving BMW of Santa Cruz at 9:05 a.m., we headed south on Main St. through downtown Watsonville. We made a left turn at Riverside Dr. and headed east towards Hollister. Unfortunately, the light at Main and

Carr Rd. becomes Anzar Rd. We followed Anzar as it passed under Hwy 101 and twisted a short distance through some fields where it ends at San Justo Rd.

At this point, still not realizing that we had dropped three riders, we continued our ride by zigging and zagging through the farmlands around San Juan Bautista. After several miles of farmland riding, we made the sharp right turn onto Mitchell Rd. heading towards the intersection of Hwy 156 and Union Rd. It was at this point when, attempting a head-count through my right side mirror, I counted only eight bikes (including us). As we rolled up to the intersection of 156 and Union, Chuck suggested a head-count. Just then, we noticed Jay Whyte making a right turn from Hwy 156 onto Union Rd. The, now, nine bikes headed up Union Rd. a short distance until we found a safe pull out to wait for our missing

comrades. When Jay pulled up, he explained what had happened at the intersection of Main and Riverside. Not long after Jay's tale, Neil and Dick caught up to reclaim their places in the group.

With our group safe and intact, we continued on Union Rd. until we reached Southside Rd., where we made a right turn en route to Tres Pinos. I had never ridden this road before (nor did I plan to), so this was a new experience for me. Southside Rd. rolls and winds its way through the orchards and vineyards south of Hollister where it eventually emerges on Hwy 25 in Tres Pinos. Southside Rd. was also the point where we had finally left the fog behind and the realization of a very beautiful day had begun. What a great road—thanks to Chuck for his pre-ride suggestion!



From here we turned right onto Hwy 25, where we rode the next 5 ½ miles to our first stop at Paicines.

After some wonderful conversation (such as Rick, Elaine, and I comparing our southern Utah stories), and my lunch confirmation call to The Chopperstop Deli, we climbed and twisted and turned our way south through the gold, brown, and rust-colored hills surrounding Hwy 25. At Paicines, the temperature was still very comfortable (probably around 70 degrees), but the temperature was gradually climbing with each passing mile. As we passed a large group of riders who had pulled over near the Pinnacles, the temperature had probably climbed to

about 85 degrees. Warm, but still very pleasant compared to last weekend's heat wave (about 108 degrees in the same location), we motored on until we reached the right turn at King City Rd. (which eventually becomes Badwater Rd.).

We pulled into The Chopperstop Deli at about 11:30 a.m., where George Talbert, Neil's brother from Paso Robles, patiently awaited our slightly late arrival. It was also here where



Andy Nuño, the very hospitable owner of The Chopperstop Deli, welcomed us with plenty of seating, delicious food, and a specials menu specifically for our BMW riders. Even though (to my knowledge) only Elaine and I ordered from the specials menu (spicy chicken breast sandwiches—Mmm), everyone seemed

to find a menu item to satisfy their hungry palates. If you have never stopped by The Chopperstop Deli, I (and probably 13 others) would recommend making this a lunch destination sometime. You will not be sorry. Their hours are Monday through Friday 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., but they are only available on weekends for specials events.

After lunch, we bid farewell to Dick Dodd, who decided to bypass the long ride to the coast by heading home via Hwy 101. It was good to see you, Dick, thanks for coming along. The remaining 13 participants on 11 bikes (now with George Talbert replacing Dick Dodd) headed down Broadway through the heart of King City. We entered northbound

Hwy 101 for a short distance until we reached the Jolon Rd. exit. It was here, a short distance up Jolon Rd., where we pulled into the Chevron to top-off our tanks before continuing our 37-mile trek through the hills and on to the coast. After fueling up, we were off to Fort Hunter-Liggett.

Traveling up and down Jolon Rd. for next 22 miles, we finally approached the main entrance of Fort Hunter-Liggett, where the electronic billboard welcomed us with a 98-degree temperature reading. The checkpoint officers cordially greeted us by checking our licenses, registrations, and proofs of insurance. They even checked the IDs of Denny and Elaine, who were riding two-up with Chuck and I, respectively. Fortunately, everyone behaved themselves, so strip-searches were not required; however, Officer Honeycutt reprimanded Elaine for attempting to take a group photo at the checkpoint. After meeting

the PX at Fort-Hunter Liggett. Thank you, gentlemen, for coming along.

The remaining 11 participants on 9 bikes twisted, turned, and rolled our way through the military base and, even though I was very tempted to lead the ride through Nacimiento Creek across the concrete pad used by military vehicles, I was a good boy and crossed the green, steel grate, one-lane bridge designed for civilian vehicles. We made a brief stop to snap a picture of a retired tank (okayed by Officer Honeycutt), and then we continued our coastal quest. After passing the checkpoint at the western entrance of Fort Hunter-Liggett, we slithered our way through the Los Padres National Forest like an 18-wheeled centipede.

Upon reaching the crest of the ascent, we could see that our warm (bordering on hot) group ride would begin to cool down as the descent of Nacimiento-Fergusson Rd. revealed

a blanket of fog covering the coast like a gray friendship quilt. The cool breath of mother Pacific penetrated our vents and light layers causing goose bumps that, just a few miles before, we could not have imagined. As the MBBR centipede crawled its way down to Hwy 1, we could see the coastal campground where we had decided to stop for a little rest, to

add a few layers, and to seek some bladder relief. After a short break, we began the final stretch homeward bound; but not before Jay found himself on a down-slope facing the wrong way on a one-way road through the



"The Man," we continued on Mission Rd. until our left turn on Nacimiento-Fergusson Rd. It was here the group ride ended for the Talbert brothers, when they decided to head up to

campground. Denny and I came to Jay's rescue by pushing him up the slope backwards, where he, then, righted himself to make the trip home.

We twisted and turned our way northward for the next 30 miles blessed by the presence of an ever-so-steady flow of tourist traffic. We made one final pit stop at the Chevron in Big Sur; where we poured into a large group of bikes (mostly Harleys) like a small, quite stream flowing into a large, noisy river. Due to time constraints, Dennis Chase and Rick Phister decided to bypass this stop and head on home. After a short rest, Brooke and Ed Pare also decided to depart on their way up to Carmel. Thank you all for joining my first MBBR ride as ride-leader. It was an absolute pleasure. After a bit of breeze shooting and liquid consumption, the remaining seven riders on five bikes continued on our way.

In Big Sur, the fog had receded from the



coast, but the farther north we travelled the closer we edged toward the looming fog bank. We spent the next 20 miles rubbing elbows with the fog, and this brought with it significant cross- and head-winds. As we reached Point Lobos, the fog bank had overtaken the coast; thus, calming the winds a bit. From this point, however, our speeds slowed significantly, as an onslaught of tourist traffic engulfed the remnants of our group ride. With the glow of 10,000 taillights, Jim Martin decided

to depart on Rio Rd. in Carmel; presumably, to take a shortcut to the Monterey-Salinas Hwy. en route back to Salinas. Thank you, Jim, for joining us on the ride.

Creeping our way through Carmel, Elaine and I, Chuck and Denny, Jay Whyte, and Bill Linn headed north on Hwy 1 with the sketchy current of Saturday afternoon traffic. Bill Linn eventually turned off on Dolan Rd. in Moss Landing to make his way home to Prunedale—thank you, Bill, for coming along—while the remaining five of us (all Santa Cruz residents) rode together the rest of the way. As we travelled farther into Santa Cruz County, it was becoming apparent that the fog had receded from the coastline, and the Santa Cruz sunshine would welcome us home with a warm and embracing hug. The three remaining bikes, with their five tired jockeys, who all live within a two-mile radius of one-another, capped off their 248-mile, eight-hour day by heading in three different directions with waves of a fond farewell. Elaine and I decided to finish our day just as it had begun, by having coffee at People's Coffee on Brommer St. in Santa Cruz (true story).

I would like to thank all of you who made my first MBBR ride as ride-leader an amazing and enjoyable success. I sincerely hope you all enjoyed the ride as much as I



enjoyed leading the ride, and I look forward to sharing many more rides with my MBBR family. I would also like to give special thanks to Andy Nuño, owner of the Chopperstop Deli in King

City, for his gracious hospitality and excellent food.



Take care, my friends, and be well.

P.S. For more ride photos, please feel free to visit the following link to my Flickr site:

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/timmybig-time/sets/72157621834683388/>



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SATURDAY'S, WHEN A RIDE OR CLUB EVENT IS NOT PLANNED, THE CLUB MEETS FOR BREAKFAST at 9:00am – please see web site for current location.

Down the road..... 2009

- Aug 1** **1st Saturday Club Breakfast at IHOP – 41st Avenue, Capitola**
- August** **Open**
- Sept.** **Jay Whyte leads a ride to Woolgrowers in Los Banos – don't miss this one!**
- Oct.** **Dick Dodd leads a ride to SLO – don't miss this one either!**
- Nov** **Open**
- Nov 20-22** **Cycle World International Motorcycle Show – San Mateo Cty. Event Center**
- Dec. 5** **Club Holiday Party – Hosted by Tom and Venita Brazier**
- July 15-18** **BMW MOA Rally – Redmond, Oregon -- practically in our backyard!**
- 2010**

MONTEREY BAY BMW RIDERS
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check out our web site:
<http://www.mbr.org>