

APRIL 2017

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride

All Makes Welcome

The '49er

Let's Roll!



BMW NorCal | Mariposa 2017

Bikes! Bands! Beer!

Memorial Day Weekend, May 25-29

**Speakers, Vendors, GS Giants,
Skill& Field Events, Prizes & More**

BMW Motorcycle Club of Northern California

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of Northern California



Ride to Camp
Camp to Ride

Editors Corner

This month the big thanks for content go to Fred Montano for part one of his epic ride to Baja and Mexico last December. It was a real challenge to fit the story and a small selection of photos he took into just 4 pages of the newsletter, so part two will follow next month.

Kevin Coleman has taken over organizing the SSBR and deserves everyone's thanks and support. On page 4 there is an impassioned plea from Kevin for help. There are a lot of people out there who know the good roads around the bay area much better than Kevin or myself. Kevin is asking for suggestions, and is perfectly willing to do the work to turn them into GPS files and successful rides. You just need to send him an email.

I also have Kevin to thank for the article on the new cruise control he recently added to his bike.

Richard Burton put together the historians report for the Death Valley camp out. Thanks as well to Buddy for the pictures from Death Valley - so many great pictures and so little space. I would like to see them showing up on our web site. Hope our webmaster is reading this. :)

With the 49er coming up really soon, there will be many calls for volunteers to help out. I hope you take notice of these requests and sign up to spend a few hours helping out.

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SECOND SUNDAY BREAK-FAST

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**Board Member*



Parts for Sale

Russ Drake has a bunch of parts that came off a 2000 R1100RT with 52k miles. Many of these parts may be compatible with other

R1100/1150 models. Contact Russ at Twobeemers@aol.com for a list.

49er Rally Memorial Day Weekend, May 25-29, 2017, Mariposa County Fairgrounds

The '49er is the BMW Club of Northern California's annual rally with 40 plus years of tradition and predates BMW Motorcycle Owners of America's (MOA) National Rally.

Admission includes four nights flat grassy camping, super hot showers, fantastic rides, tons of events and seminars, live music, cold drinks, great food and a lot of very nice people!

Free shuttle to/from downtown Mariposa (Friday & Saturday), guided rides, Poker Run, GS Rides, Field Trials, Skills Seminars, Vintage Motorcycle Show, Ride and Shine, Vendors, including BMS building custom seats onsite, Beer Garden, Free WiFi, Charging Stations and lots of Prizes!

On line early bird special registration \$55 until May 11 2017
After May 11 \$65 for general admission
Children 6 to 12 \$25. Under 6 years old free
Saturday dinner \$20 with a vegetarian option available

Keynote Speakers Shalmarie Wilson and Stephanie Terrien, from SheAdv present 27,000 miles of Adventure, Love, & Learning, culminating in a record-breaking feat of being the first and only people to ride five Backcountry Discovery Routes in a single season!

GS Giants Skills & Field Trials

GS Training by Lance Thomas

Historic GS Guided Ride!

Live Music, Beer Garden, Poker Run, 50/50, Daily Events & Competitions and much more!

The GS Clinic will once again be held at our 2017 49er Rally...

Two classes will be held, one Friday and one Saturday.

Registration is \$65 per rider.

Check in is at 7:45AM

Skills class on the track 8:30-11:30am

GS guided and instructed ride 12-3pm

GS Skills course will work on various off road riding techniques. Riders will learn and practice balance, use of body weight, tight turns, locking up front and rear wheels safely. Turning on level and off camber slopes. Riding in loose and sandy soil will be practiced ..along with up hill climbing, down hill braking and cross rut riding. Following the 3 hours skills class their will be a guided and instructed off road GS ride Near Yosemite Park.

The cost of running this event and the Rally as a whole is reflected in the increased registration fee.

Buddy Scauzzo, GS clinic organizer.



49'er Rally RV Parking!

Things to Know About RV Parking

Flat fee of \$60 for 4 nights, Thursday to Sunday

To guarantee a space, pay in advance when registering to attend the 49'er Rally!

Maximum RV length is 45 feet

All spaces include water and 30 amp electrical hookups

RV parking is available in the following two areas:

- General Public: large grassy field left of the main entrance along the fence
- Upper RV parking lot

Individual spaces will not be assigned and all spaces are available on a first come, first serve basis

Event security will control access to the RV parking areas based on a list provided by the Rally Chair and both areas will be cleared of all RVs on Thursday, AM.

All cars, trucks, trailers, tow vehicles, etc., must be parked in the parking lot (not in the RV parking areas)

Anyone arriving prior to Thursday or staying after Sunday must check in and pay the fairgrounds for an RV space

If you have questions, please contact the 49'er chair at 49erchair@bmwnorcal.org!

BMW Norcal Big Bike Adventure Challenge, a 2 day GS Adventure Ride

Dual sport adventure ride with riding skill and navigational challenges for club members and guests. Starting - Middle Creek Campground, Upper Lake, CA

June 9-11 2107. Limited to 50 entrants

Cost: \$35

Second Sunday Breakfast Ride

We need your secret roads!

I recently volunteered to coordinate the Second Sunday Breakfast Rides. The SSBRs are a great way to get your fill of your favorite club in between the monthly weekend rides and campouts. Even better if you can help plan or lead a ride and show your fellow club members a local road or two. If you are thinking about putting together a route, the SSBR starts with breakfast so find a starting location with an awesome breakfast spot. The route should last between two and three and one-half hours including a short break before the halfway point. Bonus points if you have a stopping point that can make for a great picture. It would also be nice to end the ride close to a lunch spot for the group. The last two SSBR's had great lunch spots and many of the riders stuck around to have a quick lunch and socialize.

The plan is to get a diversity of starting locations throughout the year so we give as many members and prospective members the chance to participate without having to drive a long distance to start. In addition, we will try and vary the locations to not overlap with the location of the monthly campout ride

I am relatively new to riding motorcycles so I depend heavily on others to suggest great roads to ride in addition to using Butler Maps, Pashnit.com and other online forums to find the good roads. If you have some ideas on roads, destinations or routes or would like to volunteer to lead a Second Sunday Ride send me an email at kevmc@kevmc.com. I can help develop the route and create a GPX and route sheet if you need help doing that.

Kevin Coleman

Gear Review: Atlas Throttle Lock

www.atlasthrottlelock.com

With the long ride to Death Valley last month I started looking at various throttle locks to be able to give my right hand a little rest. I ride an F800 and it doesn't have cruise control, which can be a real pain when you want to flex your hand or stretch out your right arm. I was reviewing recommendations in the vendor thread at Advrider.com and came across the Atlas Throttle Lock. The Atlas was the idea of David Winters and his wife who came up with the design while they were on a 15-month around the world adventure trip. They launched the Atlas through a Kickstarter campaign and now sell through their website and Amazon.



The throttle lock is made from hardened stainless steel and fits in between the throttle housing and handgrip. The installation takes less than 60 seconds by installing one of two

different clamp arms in one of three different notches on the clamp (depending on the diameter of your throttle tube) and securing it with a small allen bolt. It also comes with three different thickness friction pads to custom fit the lock to your specific bike depending on the distance between the grip and throttle housing. They also provide the allen wrench which I keep in my on board toolkit in case I need to adjust on the road. There is a fitment guide on the website that tells you which clamp and pad thickness to use for most bikes on the market. I followed the recommendations for my F800 and it fit without any issues. Some users have complained that its too hard to push the button to engage the lock but if you have installed it correctly with the correct friction pad that's not an issue.

The throttle lock is engaged by pushing a button with your thumb to lock the grip at whatever speed you want. When you push the lock button a friction pad expands from the lock body against the throttle body to hold the throttle in

place. To disengage the lock you push the button down with your thumb and the lock disengages.

I like this design for a couple of reasons. The first is I can engage and disengage without removing any hands from the handlebar and after a few times it becomes very automatic to lock and unlock. In addition, you can adjust the speed while its locked either up or down by adjusting the throttle. With the friction fit of the lock you can make very minute changes to your speed just by turning the throttle up or down.



The second is that the lock is not bike specific so you can transfer it to different bikes if you have more than one bike or change bikes. With the 60 second installation it takes no time to transfer the lock to another bike assuming you have the correct clamping arm and correct pad. The Atlas ships with the two arms and three pads so keep the parts safe.

It goes without saying that since this is a completely manual cruise control you have to remember to unlock the device manually and will not disengage when you apply the brakes or pull in the clutch. In an emergency you can twist the throttle closed without unlocking the device given it's a friction fit that is holding the throttle open but its best to remain alert and keep your thumb close to the button to unlock.

The one down side of the Atlas is the price. Compared to competing locks, it may be the most expensive mechanical lock on the market at \$135. Since it's made from all hardened steel in the United States with one moving part, it should last a long time and I prefer to support small and home businesses, especially when the produce is of very high quality such as the Atlas. If you send a message to Atlas on advrider.com Dave will give you a small discount. There is also an active support thread on Advrider as well as a nice install video made by a BMW rider.

If you have a bike without cruise control check out the Atlas. If you want to check it out in person track me down at an upcoming SSBR or Monthly meeting.

Kevin Coleman

Death Valley Campout – March 24-26th, 2017

This year's campout was extremely successful with over 50 people in attendance. The weather was perfect with temperatures only hitting the high 80's. Five new members in attendance were Mark Jolley, Fram Ventura, Ken Ward, John Howard and Adrain Pineta. Guests included Evin Acar, Andy Williams plus 2 guests of Puck from SoCal. Buddy led a GS ride on Saturday. Some of the great pictures are shown here. Nick Gloyd led a less energetic group to the Date Farm for date smoothies.

Historian's Report A Ghost Town and Three Die-hard Prospectors

Death Valley and the surrounding desert are full of old settlements gone bust, also known as ghost towns. Most of them only lasted a few years. Ballarat, Rhyolite, Skiddoo, Darwin, and many others were like that. You find it; you dig it all up; and then you move. If you rode through Trona to get here (Furnace Creek) you passed the turn-off to Ballarat in Panamint Valley. The ruins can be seen by riding 2 miles on a gravel access road. It was established in 1897 as a supply town for mines in the Panamint Mountains to the East. Its heyday lasted just 8 years until 1905. With a maximum population of about 500, it had 7 saloons, 3 hotels, a post office, a school, a jail, a morgue, a Wells Fargo Station, and an unknown number of brothels. Things in Ballarat went downhill after the mines played out but a few die-hards stayed on.... die-hards like Shorty Harris, Pete Aguerberry, and Seldom Seen Slim

Shorty Harris was a legendary prospector who made many gold finds in and around Death Valley. The biggest one was the famous Bullfrog strike in Rhyolite. He was very good at finding gold but not so good at keeping it. One day he got drunk on his favorite whiskey, brand name "O Be Joyful", and sold the Bullfrog for far less than it was worth.

Another time, on 4th of July, Shorty had too much "O Be Joyful" and he passed out in the corner. This was not unusual for him. As a joke, his friends put him in a coffin; set it on the pool table; and lit candles all around. They

started the eulogy and began carrying him off to the graveyard. Shorty woke up; gave a shout; jumped out of the coffin; and ran off. They didn't see him again for several months. He died in 1934. You can see his marker along Westside Road.

Pete Aguerberry was a Basque from France. In 1905 he met Shorty in Furnace Creek where they agreed to walk to Ballarat together. Pete needed supplies and Shorty needed to celebrate 4th of July again. In those days, traveling in pairs was much safer than going it alone. They were an odd pair because Pete was kind of tall and Shorty was not much more than 5 feet. Along the way they found high grade ore. Both men made their claims. Shorty named his claim Providence and lost it almost immediately. Pete named his claim Eureka and worked it for the next 40 years until his death in 1945. One of his greatest achievements is the road he built from Wildrose pass to Aguerberry Point which overlooks Death Valley from the West side. This is a great view if you don't mind going gravel for a few miles.

The last die-hard prospector in this report was Charles Ferge, also known as Seldom Seen Slim. Somewhat of a recluse and known to have a cantankerous side, Slim stayed around Ballarat until his death in 1968 at age 80. Known as the last of the old-time prospectors, his funeral was televised on the news from coast to coast. As the last official resident of Ballarat, he was asked from time to time if he was lonely. These words are inscribed on his grave marker: "Me lonely? Hell no! I'm half coyote and half wild burro."

Richard Burton





Fred's Mexican Adventure - Part 1

My Mexico trip was initially discussed with Ed Perry on our ride to the MOA International Rally in Hamburg, New York in July. We were sitting around the campfire and I mentioned that I would like to ride to Mexico. However I had been holding off due to security reasons. I had been informed that there were bad hombres that would rob or kidnap Americanos for ransom. Ed informed me that he has been to Mexico a few times in the past with no problems. He had a train ride from Las Mochies to Copper Canyon, Chihuahua, and back to the states. He also rode the Copper Canyon with Chia, (his wife), with a well-known guide. Ed also has ridden Baja by himself, and in 2015 he rode with other riders from the Nor Cal BMW Motorcycle Club. So I felt confident that Ed would be the right partner to ride to Mexico with. Also, since Ed had retired from the San Jose police force and Santa Clara Sheriffs department, I felt as secure as possible. Ed had planned a trip to Taiwan and Vietnam with his wife in October and November. So he informed me that the planning for our Mexico trip would be my project. We decided on December 1st through the 12th. His wife had a work engagement on the 17th, so he needed to be back by then. This would give us a couple days extra in case we needed more time.

The dates of the trip were agreed upon. Buddy Scauzzo indicated that he wanted to join us. And after conversing with members of the board at a meeting, Nick Gloyd overheard me talking to Steve Kisinger and indicated that he wanted to join our group. OK, now there were four potential riders. Steve wanted to join us but he had too many Christmas social commitments, so he dropped out. I drew up a riding plan and schedule. It looked aggressive but doable. Ride from Oakland to San Diego, San Diego to El Rosario, then to La Paz. 7.5-hour ferry ride to Topolobampo, and then ride to Las Mochies, and on to Copper Canyon. Two day stay in Copper Canyon and return home. The overall miles were calculated at 3,300 miles round trip from Oakland. Buddy determined that he needed more time to attend his son's graduation so he dropped out. Nick was awarded a contract that he had been working on and had to perform on it by the middle of December. So Nick dropped out. I had called an old college fraternity brother, Kevin McKinney, (a retired San Jose Judge), to invite him on our journey. I knew he had ridden to Alaska and rode a KTM Adventure. I thought he and Ed would know each other and people in common. Kevin convinced his wife regarding the security precautions in Mexico and our riding ability. So now it came down to three riders - Ed Perry, Kevin McKinney, and me.

Ed got back from his vacation to Vietnam and Taiwan on November 26th. Kevin and I had been preparing our bikes for the long tough ride throughout November. I went on line and bought Mexico insurance from Baja Bound. I also found the site to purchase ferry tickets from La Paz to Topolobampo on line. Kevin also purchased insurance and ferry tickets. The import permit and deposit would be arranged at the border. You can also get this at the port in La Paz - you don't need an import permit if you just travel in Baja. Baja is a free zone. But since we were traveling to the mainland we

needed the import permit. Ed quickly managed to get his bike ready with new tires, oil change, adjustments, insurance and other stuff. On December 1st we met at Anderson's Split Pea Soup Restaurant in Santa Nella at 7am. It was a very cold morning so I was wearing all my winter warm clothes, (long John's and sweaters). Brrrr! As I pulled into the Anderson's parking lot Ed & Kevin were waiting. The restaurant was not open yet so we motored to Denny's and had breakfast. We discussed our ride and a few parameters of riding together. By 8am we took to the road. Ed on his BMW GS, Kevin on his KTM, and me on my '92 R100R BMW Airhead. We were finally off on our adventure to Mexico.

At first we were on the well-known and traveled boring highway I-5. The traffic was light and we zoomed into Los Angeles. I was leading and splitting lanes through the LA freeway commuter parking lot (better known as I-5 Freeway). As we approached Orange County I could not see Ed or Kevin following me. I slowed and Kevin caught up with me. We did not see Ed so we turned off at an exit and waited. I noticed that Ed had texted me. He had a flat and was on the side of the road. We rode back to the freeway exit where Ed indicated he was and we parked at a gas station. Ed pushed his bike down the off-ramp and Kevin helped him push to the gas station. A leaky valve stem caused his flat. Ed remembered that Irv Seaver BMW Dealer was close by our location. So Ed called the service department. They asked for us to bring the tire to them. The guy mentioned that they were located on West Katella Ave, (the West was very important). Ed removed his wheel and we tied it on my bike. I put the address in my iPhone (but did not put the west before Katella). The Google Map took me to the closest Katella, which was east Katella and miles away from the dealership. This added another 45 minutes to the repair! However, the tire was fixed quickly and back on the bike. We took off and headed again on I-5 toward San Diego. The sun went down by this time and we were traveling at night. By the time we got to San Diego I was ready to stop. Traffic was horrible and difficult to navigate either in the lane or splitting the lane. So I pulled off on a road that looked like there would be motels. I pulled into the parking lot of the first motel I saw, (just to talk with the guys). We decided not to ride any further, so we rented a room right there. Not the best accommodations but we were tired. The room did not have three beds so I slept on the floor on my air mattress and sleeping bag. No problem, I went fast to sleep!

We woke up in the morning and to Ed's pleasant surprise; there was a McDonald's across the street. Good coffee, good Wi-Fi, not so good breakfast. We ate, performed Internet duties, then packed and rode off to the Mexican border. It was quick. Before we knew we had passed through the border into Mexico. We had to stop and get our traveling visa and import papers for the motorcycles. We each had to make a refundable deposit (we get the deposit back when we leave Mexico). My deposit was \$200 (older vehicle) and Ed & Kevin deposited \$400 each. They accept

a credit card so that makes the deposit easier and traceable. This took about an hour to complete. There were no lines or hassles. After taking a few pictures we were on the road again winding through the highway around Tijuana. No traffic and clearly marked to Ensenada. The toll road was wide, smooth, and wound along the Pacific coastline. The day was clear, mild, and the ocean was beautiful. There were palm trees, other vegetation, and nice looking houses on the coast. Some high rise structures that looked like condominiums that were lived in and some under construction. Most of the vehicles I saw were rather new. The trucks & buses were

newer and did not spew diesel smoke, like I remembered from the 1960's. It was a pleasant ride with long curves, good road, and beautiful geography. I saw beautiful long, clean, wide sandy beaches. We quickly reached Ensenada and stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. We had a great lunch, good service, with a good view of the port and city. All for about 100 pesos (\$5) each.



We were rested, full of good food and ready to

ride. Highway 1 becomes narrower, more inland, windy, and does not follow the coastline. We saw cactus, and rode on a well-paved clean surface. There were more little towns and people on this stretch of road. Once in a while we would get a glimpse of the beautiful blue Ocean and beaches. We headed to San Quintin, which is a good-sized city. There was Costco, Wal-Mart, KFC, McD's, and Autozone stores there. These stores were also located in Tijuana. The towns were full of hustle and bustle. People appeared to be busy coming and going, and doing things. Very lively! Ed needed to stop at the bank ATM, so we stopped and got more pesos. And before leaving town we stopped at a sidewalk café for a break.

After our break, we were rested and ready to ride to El Rosario. The highway began to follow the coast. Then it headed into the mountains in the middle of Baja. We were having a good ride and enjoying the scenery of cactus, mountains, small villages, and good weather. However, the sun went down and the temperature cooled. It was time to find a motel but we were not close to any towns. So we traveled through the mountains until we came around a "curva peligrosa". This hill is where all sorts of strange things happen, from uphill-bound trucks stalling and blocking half the road to downhill-bound trucks losing their brakes. A look down in the gullies can be sobering. As I negotiated the downhill curve I came upon a well-lighted motel & restaurant. I quickly pulled into the gravel driveway. Ed followed me. We waited for Kevin. Finally we spotted him. He did not see us and passed us by. Ed took off to catch Kevin and I went in to get a room for the night. We had arrived at the town of El Rosario and the motel had a room with three beds for 450

pesos (about \$23). The room was big, clean, and had a large bathroom with plenty of hot water. Yes! I needed a good shower. Also, Mama Espinoza's famous restaurant was next door. This restaurant has been around for half a century and is well known. We really scored with this one! After we checked in to our room and parked our bikes in the courtyard, we quickly went to the restaurant for some good food. The food was wonderful. I had garlic prawns with rice, beans, and a salad for \$6. After dinner we wandered throughout the place. They had pictures & trophies of the



Baja 1000 desert race and a Honda off road motorcycle that had been ridden in the Baja 1000 race years ago. There was a pool table so we played. I first played Ed and won (this was truly luck and the best slop player won). Then I played Kevin, and guess what – I won again. No money just bragging rights! Now it was time for a hot shower and bed. I got the master bed and enjoyed every sleeping minute.

We woke up about 6am, had a tasty breakfast, and checked the air in our tires. Our bikes were parked outside our room in a lovely courtyard with trees and vegetation. Everything looked good on the moto's so we saddled up and got back on Highway 1 headed for Guerrero Negro and Santa Rosalia. We had about three-quarters of a tank of gas so we did not top off at the Pemex station. This was a mistake. This stretch of road is fabulous riding but it does separate the sightseer from the true traveler. It is 221 miles to Guerrero Negro. From the coast you ride along a narrow ridge in the Sierra San Miguel until you drop down to Lake Chapala, through the western foothills of the Sierra Asamblea, and onto the Vizcaino Desert. The landscape of the Central Desert looks like something out of a Star Wars movie. The road turns south crossing over a long bridge and then starts to climb up on the Pitahaya Mesa. It is a superb motorcycle road that runs along the ridges, dodging in and out, with occasional "vado" or dips to keep your mind alert. If you go off the edge you will land on rock and cactus. As we were traveling on the long road with cactus and rocky mountains and curves, Kevin pulls up next to me and indicates that he needs gas. I follow him over to the side of the road where he

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tells me his yellow fuel light has been on for a few miles. At this point I still had gas and a reserve tank. So I told Kevin to keep riding until he runs out of gas. Ed did not seem to be bothered by the amount of gas in his tank. So we took off again and with-in a few miles over a hill there was a sign for gasoline and a guy with jerry cans with gas. We gladly pulled off the road for gas. I asked the guy to fill our tanks with gasolina, (I did not ask the price or care at this point). He got busy siphoning the gas out of the jerry can into our fuel tanks. This guy knew how to work the old siphon system, (hose in his mouth and just enough suction). For \$5 a gallon we filled our tanks and had piece of mind, and did not run out of gas in the middle of the desert.



We continued through to Guerrero Negro and crossed into Baja Sur where we passed into Mountain Standard Time. The mountains were very rocky and many looked like the boulders were just stacked on top of each other to form a high mountain range. This landmark is known as El Pedregoso (The Rocky Place), a pile of boulders just to the right of the road that goes up more than 3,000 feet above the distant sea. Very interesting and picturesque! The road is curvy in places and reaches high plateau with not much traffic. The road surface was good so we were able to travel quickly and safely.

We reached the sign to San Ignacio and Ed turned off the highway and down a street leading by a Hotel where he and Chia stayed in Yaks. San Ignacio is called by some, "the most delightful town in Baja". When the Padres came through, a quarter-millennium ago, they found a steady supply of water in this little oasis, and decided the word of God could be spread more easily from reasonably comfortable surroundings. The mission, which claims to have been in



continuous service, was begun by the Jesuits in 1728 and finished by the Dominicans in 1786, and restored by the Mexican government in 1976. The road into town goes past a small lagoon and a large grove of 80,000 date palms, and enters into a zocalo (town square) with the mission church on the west side. This is truly a beautiful town to visit and I hope to come back and stay awhile. We took pictures of the church and town plaza and classic old buildings. Now it was time to ride on to Santa



Rosalia before the sun went down.

Back on the highway we head south on a wonderful twisty road that points upward, around tight curves, down the hills, and is in good condition. So we can travel at a good clip and challenge our riding skills. There were huge cactus, rocks, and vegetation. Soon we were crossing over the mountain range that runs the length of Baja, and start descending to the Sea of Cortez. The sun had gone down so we did not get the full affect of viewing the sea. We rounded a rather tight curve that declined rapidly toward the town of Santa Rosalia. It had rained the day before so there was water on the road. People were getting out of work so there was some traffic as we rode toward the center of town. Santa Rosalia is a charming (and somewhat scruffy industrial)



town. It is a ferry terminal for those wanting to cross to Guaymas on the mainland. As we rode along the waterfront, it seemed that everything is covered in a dingy brown residue from more than 100 years of mining and smelting. It's a working town, not a vacation spot. A shabby park by the side of the road is home to a collection of mining equipment, though a passerby might think it is a junkyard.

Mining concerns first found copper deposits in the 1860's. A French company moved in to exploit this resource in 1885. The French ran this operation until 1954 when the Mexican government took over the operation until it was shut down in 1990. The French connection explains why the town church, Santa Barbara, is a metal pre-fab structure designed by A.G. Eiffel (of the Eiffel Tower fame in Paris). The church was originally set up at the Paris World Fair of 1889, and was later sent to Baja in pieces. The town is built

in an arroyo between two mesas with many old buildings that house businesses and a few hotels within a few blocks (a main street and another narrow street to return on). We rode up and down the main street looking for a hotel. We had stopped at the Hotel Frances, which is a wooden structure built to house visiting French company executives in the day. It was very upscale so we decided to continue looking. I stopped and asked a policeman for a hotel. He directed me to the Industrial Hotel, which was located at the entrance of town and looked more like what we needed, (basic accommodations). We checked into the motel. Our room was secluded and secure for our bikes. We walked toward town and found the restaurant "Terco's Pollito". This is a restaurant that Ed had eaten at before and had good food. Well, he was right on, the food was good and we had a good time there. We even encountered a couple we had met entering at Immigration in Tijuana. They had a boat in La Paz. It was a nice evening and now it was time for a shower and bed.

The next morning we got up, filled our tanks with gas, and headed for breakfast in Mulege. We stopped at a good restaurant in Mulege. It seemed that the local American residents frequent here. The food was terrific and the town



was nice. After breakfast I took pictures of the quaint town and we headed for La Paz, some 303 miles down the road. Along the way Kevin wanted to

stop to say hello to the inventors of Jesse Bags who have a home in Playa Santispac. We rounded a curve and saw the beautiful Bahia Conception that looks out into the Sea of Cortez. This is a beautiful beach that has a variety of homes and boats in the bay. We were told that the Jesse Bags people had not arrived from the U.S. After taking a few photos and talking to one of the residents, we took off again toward La Paz. We stopped in Loreto to get gas. We did not drive through town but kept on riding since our ferry crossing was scheduled for the next day. Loreto was the first Spanish settlement in the Californias. Loreto was the capital of Spanish Baja until it was hit by the hurricane of 1829. The capital was moved to La Paz.

From here the road heads inland and over some hills. It is 218 miles from Loreto to La Paz. It was a quick ride and we arrived in La Paz at about 3pm. The town was celebrating a bicycle race and fiesta. Many of the streets were blocked off. The town square was blocked and Ed could not locate the hotel where he had stayed. There was congestion in town and Kevin got stuck at an intersection. Meanwhile Ed and I found a hotel named Nuevo Pekin that was located off the Malecon (sea wall). I went into the hotel and negotiated a room. Great, we scored again; the room had three beds, a

large bathroom, a view of the Bahia de la Paz and the Malecon, all for 450 pesos (about \$7 each). We were right on the Malecon with a beautiful view. Kevin called and we directed him to the Nuevo Pekin hotel. The hotel let us park our motorcycles in their basement garage that was very secure. We settled in to our room, changed clothes, and then walked on the beautiful Malecon. The sidewalk was lined with palm trees and Christmas lights, and sculptures of fish – mermaids – and children. The sunset was bright red but then turned rose colored, then a soft and beautiful amber color. The fiesta was still in full swing. There were people out strolling with their familia, lovers embracing, and folks eating at outdoor restaurants. It was a beautiful sight. We sat down to eat another delicious meal at a restaurant on the promenade. We sat and talked and soaked in all the ambiance La Paz and the night had to offer. On our way back to the hotel there were many shops, arcades, bars, and music. We continued walking past our hotel and enjoyed looking at the houses and the bay, the water twinkled in the moonlight. Another great day! Now it was time to crawl into bed and rest. Tomorrow we will catch the ferry to Topolobampo.


It's the fifth day of our adventure and we are on schedule to catch the ferry at 2:30pm. It would be a 7 1/2 hour crossing. The weather had been perfect and very mild. I looked out the window and saw that the bay was still and like a mirror. Pleasure boats were docked along the water and people were strolling along the sea wall. We were not in a hurry but ready for a good breakfast. We went back to the restaurant where we ate the night before. We sat at an outside table under a canopy. We could look out on the Malecon and the bay beyond. It was a beautiful quiet morning as people began their day. We strolled back to the hotel and packed our gear. It was time to go but it is hard to leave such a beautiful place. We walked to the bikes, parked in the basement garage, and packed our stuff in the saddlebags. We rode down the Calle Alvaro Obregon to the ferry terminal. The day was clear and the Malecon and city was gleaming in sunlight.

A great day for the ferry to Topolobampo.

Fred Montano



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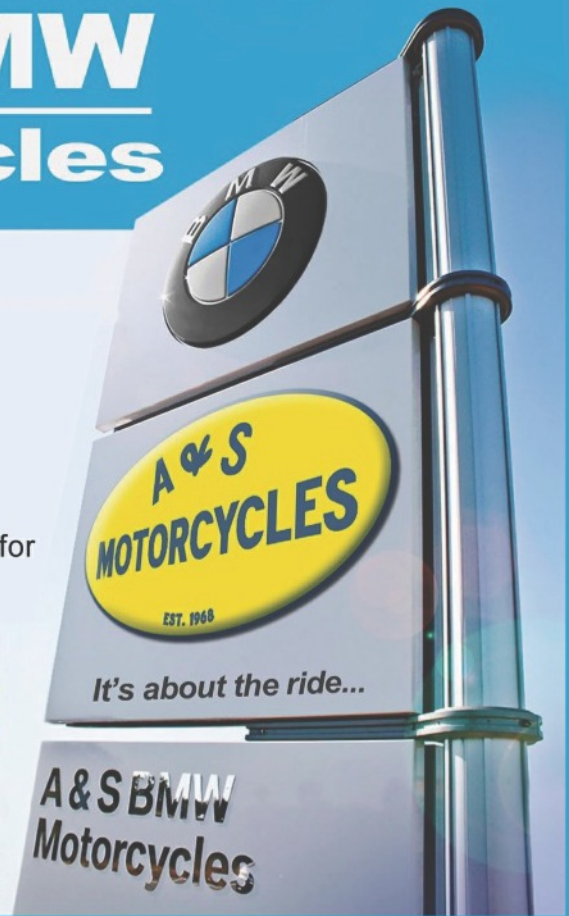
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Anniversaries

None this month but if you think
you are missing a pin contact John Vashon.

Upcoming Events

Adopt-A-Highway Clean Up Day!

20 Apr 2017 9:00 AM - 2:00 PM

Location Scrambl'z Diner, 775 E. Dunn Ave, Morgan Hill, California

San Luis Reservoir State Recreational Area! Monthly Campout

8:00 am 29-30 Apr 2017

Black Bear Diner, 700 Bancroft Rd, Walnut Creek, CA

Board Of Directors Meeting

03 May 2017 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM

Oakland/Berkeley Restaurant, TBA

Second Sunday Breakfast Ride (Let's Do Your Local Ride!)

8:00 AM - 1:30 PM 14 May 2017

TBA

49'er Rally 2017!

12:00pm 25 May 2017 to 9.00am 29 May 2017



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