

KING OF THE ALPS

PHOTOS & TEXT BY JOHN HERMANN



Isn't it nice. Wayne Bratt's R100RS, circa 1977. The original came with these spoke wheels, this beautiful silver paint, and a solo seat.



Who should happen by the La Posta Diner recently, but Bill Watt of Canada, having just finished a 100ccc, from San Diego to Jacksonville to San Diego in a hundred hours. He got his Adventure reshod at Brattin Motors, and headed off for dinner in Tucson, obviously by back roads.

Meanwhile, Dave Mishalof is off on his Adventure to visit all 48 states, in 10,000 miles, in ten days. That's a thousand miles a day for ten days. Then he'll dash up to Alaska. In theory, it's all planned.



Ken Shortt (center) is celebrating a "new" bike, a real steal, this clean black K75S which passes inspection by Tom Mooney, left, and Bill Soracco.



One Saturday ride recently, Road Captain Bill Siebold herded the gang into the Descanso Depot for lunch. A foreign bike (left) saw the crowd and joined in.



Another Saturday stop was the So. Cal. Rally at Lilac Oaks. Not all rode in. We debated how this RT got turned around and ridden down the tail gate.



Where's everybody going? Kit Lynch, in the driver's seat of Wes Stark's T-Bird, is off now with the San Diego gang in the French Alps and Corsica, while Wes plans to leave his Bird at home and head for the 60th anniversary D-Day doings in Normandy ... riding in a Wehrmacht sidecar rig.



Jan Lauerbach lives on Farmer's Road just out of Julian, and she decided this 650 at Brecht was just what she needs to commute to San Diego.



Tailgaters at Giovanni's aren't cooking ... they're marketing "swap" meet stuff.



The soft ice place across from the Sheriff's office at Pine Valley makes real thick chocolate malts ... not shakes, malts. Worth a journey. Then spin out Pine Creek Road where that rocky ford has been made into a smooth one-lane-wide bridge.



Heading for Santa Maria, as ten or so worthies of the BMWOCSD did recently, there's N3 across the top of L.A. County, and then a nifty race across Cerro Noroeste from Frazier

Park, then a bit of a drone westerly across SR 166 past the metro center of Cuyama. Then comes Tepusoet Canyon Road: tightly twisting, one lane wide, up and then down, southwesterly more or less toward Santa Maria. The north part, in San Luis Obispo County, is pretty rough. The Santa Barbara County part has lovely new smooth stuff. Here, **Don Picker** on the R1150 R, **Ken Shortt** on the K75S, **Bob Ingram** on the K75, and **Lee Steinauer** on the R100GS, have just cleared the top.



Mornings (there were three of them) at Santa Maria Best Western, the Road Captain, **Bill Siebold**, rallied the riders under the clock. Bill had maps and inspiration and faithfully awaited all to mount up.



Climbing the single lane Figueroa Mountain into Los Padres Forest, a sign read "road closed ahead." So at a view point, **Ron Spicer** sped ahead on his Yamaha. He's returning here, just

over **Don Picker's** head. Word was ... "they heard we were coming, so they just opened it."



After Figueroa Mountain, the gang sought sustenance at Cold Spring Tavern on the Old Stagecoach Road across San Marcos Pass.



Further on up San Marcos Pass, **Bill Siebold** leads **Gary Walker**, **Don Picker**, and **Tom Mooney**. Then came some really wild tight narrow rough twisty stuff. Try Painted Cave Road some day.



Another day, into San Luis Obispo's best roads, like Santa Rosa Creek and Peachy Canyon, allowed for lunch at Cambria. Then out in the wilds to downtown Pozo. They must not have known we were coming, because everything was buttoned up. Pozo is

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about 30 miles east of Santa Margarita as the crow flies. The roads don't follow crows. Anyway, here is Pozo, with Tom Mooney, left, Bill Siebold, Ron Spicer, Bob Ingram, Gary Walker, and Lee Steinauer. North of Pozo, starting at Creston, it's possible to play on a wonderful piece of SR 229 ... a State highway, mind you ... that is one lane wide with the smoothest possible asphalt, and laid out like a roller coaster. Nobody at Pozo. Nobody on SR 229.



Heading home along N2 at Lake Hughes, there was refreshment at the Harley Rock Cafe ... an old time place ... where Stephanie proved to be the waitress Tom Mooney had been waiting for.



Tom was less excited at the Diner on Ruffin Road where Bob Ingram was taking on a huge banana split. Bob needed the nourishment, because he rode all week with the BMW folk on the Santa Maria trip, got home Friday evening (I-15 was a nightmare)

and left Saturday morning with the Blue Knights for Hearst Castle.



BMW clubbers travel. Uwe Gerach, left, is a member who lives in Hamburg, Germany. He was here riding a few days in May, then flew home, then flew back to a meeting in Las Vegas. Meanwhile, Dan Toporoski, making notes here with Don Nimon, usually going to or from Guatemala, is now on his way to British Columbia.

And road captain Bill Siebold with Nancy are heading for Kansas.

And Charlie and Mary Parks for Illinois.

And as this issue hits the streets, Don Picker, Tom Mooney, Don Walker, Ira Grossman, Ron Spicer, Kit and Mike Lynch, John Hermann, and a few others are to be hitting the beach at Toulon on the Mediterranean coast of France, fresh in from several days on Corsica.

