



SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS NEWSLETTER

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BMW MOA CLUB #165

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June 2020

Member News and Rides

For our May 18th Zoom meeting, there were about 16 attendees.

Steve asked if members who had signed up for the 2020 National Rally got their money back, or if they are letting the money go to next year's rally. Most said they were letting it go to next year, with plans to attend in 2021.

Chuck said he tries to get out once a week for a ride on local roads. He rode up Gibraltar Road to the very end and had a picnic; from there, he was able to see the F-16 flyover on May 15.

Dave M. has been driving to the Bay area to visit family, and he has exploring various roads in the Big Sur vicinity. He found Gloria Road, just south of Gonzales. It heads east from Highway 101, goes north of Pinnacles National Monument, and then all the way to Highway 25 and Hollister.

Bob, John A, Cody and Tanja went on a ride together. Bob and John split off and rode to McKittrick/Carrizo Plains area, for a 400-mile day.

Deb has put in 500+ miles on her bicycle. She called it a CDC ride: a Covid Distance Century.

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Steve has worn out a set of tires. He and **Fran** rode to Big Sur as a day ride, 400+ miles, and noticed mental fatigue on the return trip. Definitely a future topic for discussion!

Tanja wanted to ride with Dagi, but she had a cooling leak and had to get her bike towed. ☹️ There was some discussion about how to check for leaks, either at a radiator shop or using a pressure check leak test (from O'Reilly's, for example).

Wayne and Diane did a loop ride, from Los Alamos to Drum Canyon, then Highway 246, Harrison Grade Road, Highway 135, Clark Road, Dominion Road, then Cat Canyon Road back to Highway 101.

Photos from Out on the Road



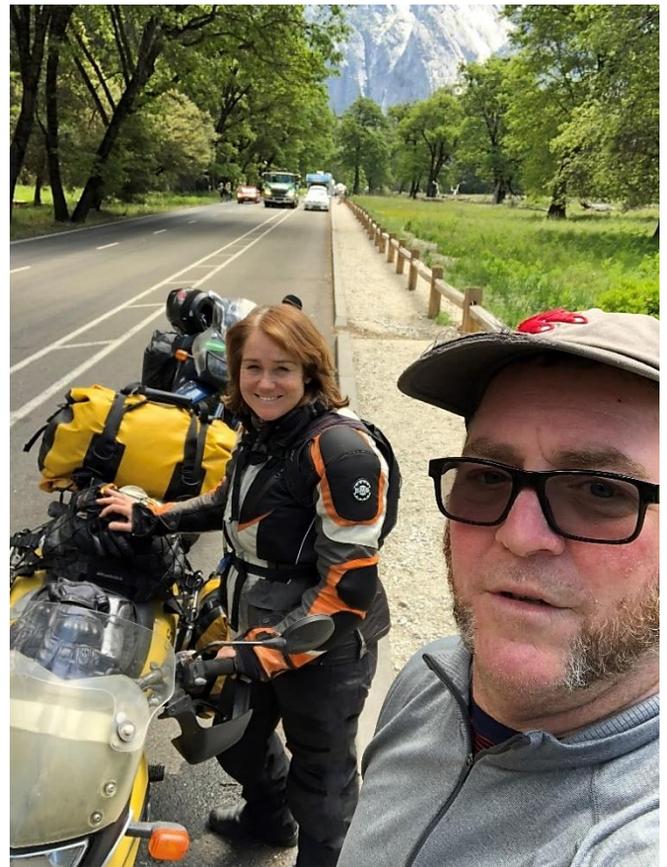
*Stella at sunset.
Photo by Eddie.*

On the way to Salt Lake City. A stop along the road to Oxbow Dam, Idaho, 2017. Photo by Wayne.



SB BMW Riders Calendar

- ❖ Monday, June 15: Club meeting, 6 p.m. via Zoom. The Zoom link will be sent a few days before the meeting.
- ❖ We will be having Zoom meetings in lieu of meetings at Cody's Café for the indefinite future.
- ❖ Any other activities or rides scheduled, let me know! djkrohn@cox.net



Tanja and Eddie on their way home from the 49'er Rally, 2018. They cut through Yosemite Valley, with Tanja leading the way weaving through the traffic line. Photo by Eddie.

We Have Electronic Payments!

At our May Zoom meeting, Chuck mentioned that he was trying to set up a PayPal account for the Club. We had some discussion about the pros and cons of PayPal, but—during the meeting!—Michael set up a system for electronic payments on our site!

Thank you, Michael, for setting up this option, especially during this time when we aren't having meetings in person.

If you would like to pay for your Club dues this way, go to our site:

www.sbbmwridders.org

then go to "Member Store" tab, click on "Member Dues" and follow the prompts.

You can still pay your dues the old-fashioned way, with a check or with cash. Contact Chuck: chuckles44@gmail.com

Upcoming Events

Note: With the current physical distancing requirements, many events and rallies have been cancelled or postponed.

- June 27: Big Bear Run, Big Bear, CA. Due to Covid-19, this will be only be one-day this year. It is a dual-sport motorcycle tour of the mountains surrounding Big Bear Lake. All skill levels are welcome: [Big Bear Run 2020](#)
- CANCELLED: July 16-18: 49th Annual Top O' The Rockies Rally, Paonia, CO. [49th Annual Top O' The Rockies Rally](#)
- July 16-19: Bucks Lake Rendezvous 2020, Quincy, CA. Limited to 25 people. [Bucks Lake Rendezvous 2020](#)
- CANCELLED: July 24-26: Overland Expo West, Flagstaff, AZ. [Overland Expo West](#)
- July 24-26: MOA Getaway Los Osos, Los Osos, CA: [MOA Getaway Los Osos](#)
- August 13-16: 22nd Annual Beartooth Beemers Rendezvous, Red Lodge, MT. [22nd Annual Beartooth Beemers Rendezvous](#)
- September 11-13: MOA Getaway Cedar City, Cedar City, UT. [MOA Getaway Cedar City](#)

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Munich to Istanbul: Part 2

By Marilyn Makepeace

Note from Marilyn: *These are abbreviated notes are from my daily journal. Our hotels were all 4-5 star with a couple of exceptions. Over Pentecost, all hotels were booked a year in advance, too soon for Ayres to book for the group, so the best ones weren't always available. I talk about members of the group and I've deleted many, but not all, comments about Bob and Donna because it sounded like complaining. It wasn't, it's observation only and my response to their behavior. Donna had many good ideas for the group through this trip. On occasion I refer to people I've ridden with on other trips.*

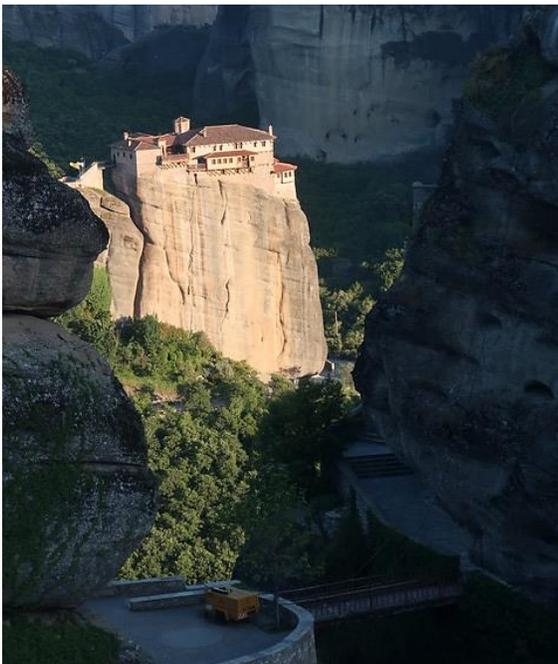
We last left Marilyn in Aristi, Greece...

Tuesday, May 21st: Aristi to Kalambaka

Mountain riding to Kalambaka. More twisties and sweeps. Beautiful day; reminded me of late summer or early autumn. The mountain pass road was in pretty good condition with a few glaring exceptions. There had been some slides and washouts over this past winter.

Long tour of the Meteora Monasteries. The monasteries were built in the 12th and 13th centuries on top of rock pinnacles safe from invaders. This is where part of *Game of Thrones* was filmed. I'm glad I went, but there were times when our guide's accent was so heavy that I couldn't understand him. I was exhausted, hot and hungry. It was a sunset tour, which

meant we had to wait until after 8:30 p.m. at the top of the mountain outside the city before going down to the village and to the restaurant.



Meteora Monastery, Greece

Wednesday, May 22nd: Kalambaka to Elia Beach, Sithonia

Beautiful morning ride through upper country starting on the mountain road that passed some of the monasteries. We took the mountain road past Mount Olympus, home of the ancient gods, but I totally missed it. Apparently, it's hard to find. Overrated.

Thursday, May 23rd: Elia Beach to Thassos

Early start for a shorter, easier ride to meet a ferry that took us to the island of Thassos.

Friday: Rest day

Slept in, had a late breakfast. Walked into town to be a tourist. Spent a fair amount of entertaining time with Donna trying to find a barbershop for Bob. He likes his military flat top haircut. Got my dog fix from a pair of oversized Boston terrier-mix dogs. I squatted down to pet the; the girl dog climbed up on me almost knocking me over, started licking my chin and snuggling.

For dinner, Donna suggested the group go to a grocery store near the hotel and buy cheese, crackers, bread, olives, sliced meat and wine for a poolside dinner at the hotel. Donna likes to herd and organize people. Since I hate grocery shopping, I wasn't thrilled with the idea, but I went because it was a group endeavor. Food was awful. Greasy, not a good dinner, a restaurant would have been better. The only thing I liked about it was the group effort.

Saturday, May 25th: Thassos to Canakkale, Turkey

First, the ferry back to the mainland. Second, a ride through Nestos Canyon. One section was filled with sheep shit, harmless little round pallets. Another section had cow patties the size of small cars that we mostly zigzagged through. Occasionally someone couldn't avoid them and slid/splashed through. We couldn't imagine the size of a cow big enough for those gargantuan pies. We never saw the cows. Despite all the poop, it was a good ride in beautiful countryside.

On the other side of the canyon we stopped for coffee. This was a typically Greek coffee stop with village elders (men only) filling several tables outside along the side of the building. Greek music played on the sound system. As was often the case, Donna and I were the only women. This was our last stop in Greece.

Axle was worried about crossing into Turkey; it can be tricky, but it turned out to be unexpectedly easy. As we rode to the Turkish entry post, we passed roughly 2 km of trucks lined up waiting to go in. Sometimes they wait several days long before gaining entrance. Some drivers had set up cook stoves and mini camps. We followed the van and drove right up to the terminal. An officer waved us to another line, motorcycles first. We showed passports, visas, bike papers. At the next window we did it again, plus we showed the green cards for the bikes (insurance). At a third window, we showed our authorization papers along with all of the above...again. The van went through and was told to pull over for inspection; Janis opened the back doors. I thought he was going to have to unload everything and we would be asked to open our bags. It has happened. A truck in front of him had unloaded all of its furniture, and another car had to take everything out. All the inspector wanted to do was to check the extra bike and ask how much alcohol we had. It's a Muslim country; alcohol is forbidden and it's Ramadan. We're allowed 2 liters of alcohol per person. He didn't find the second case of wine.

The roads and the feel of everything changed the minute we entered Turkey. Our first stop was for lunch at a mall. There were three ATM machines outside, and we each withdrew 500 Turkish lira, the equivalent of about \$88US. Inside, there was a Burger King and a fast food chain for kebabs. We opted for kebabs. Yum.

At the next ferry, we waited in line for about a half hour. It was an hour across the Dardanelles from Europe to Canakkale in Asia Minor. The hotel was about three blocks from the ferry dock, my room overlooked the harbor. On our way to dinner we passed the Hollywood version of the Trojan horse used in the movie *Troy*.

Sunday, May something-or-other: Canakkale to Foca

Lousy breakfast. You know something is trouble when the only thing appealing at the buffet is Nutella. There was a dark fruit bread of some sort that wasn't too bad.

We left early for what turned out to be another very long, hot day. First stop, gas. Since I owed Axel €13 for gas and we can't get euros for another couple of countries, I paid for his fill up. The station attendant assumed I was his wife; that was good for some laughs. I'm older than his mother. Our next stop was the ancient city of Troy.

We rode inland quite a while on Turkish country roads, then back to the shore and back again before arriving at Assos. The access road to the parking area at the base of Assos was steep, with old rounded cobblestones and curved sharply to the right. Getting in was a challenge, I needed help parking.

I walked to the top of the hill to see the ancient ruins of the temple to Athena and the view of the sea and nearby islands. The steep cobblestone path (no fun in boots) was lined with vendors selling all kinds of junk. They were all the same. I got lost walking down and backtracked before finding my way to the group at lunch. I walked in and the restaurant owner grabbed my hand. His hand was slimy and sweaty and he wouldn't let go but I finally pulled away. Yuk. But lunch was good.

Going out an elder woman stood in front of several bikes trying to sell trinkets. She wouldn't budge. Each time I tried to go around her she'd step in front of my bike.

It was a long, hot, boring ride to Foca, all on the highway but at least we could go fast and stay cool. The hottest my temperature gauge registered was 33°C. Once in Foca, the route continued on slippery cobblestone streets, into back alleys winding through town including riding through the middle of a restaurant until we got to the hotel. I hope getting out is easier.

Our B&B was on a charming ancient circular harbor with fishing boats tied to the stone quay. My room was on the second floor overlooking the harbor. Quick shower after another 100-degree day. Fresh seafood dinner at a restaurant down the street; the one we rode through coming in.

Monday, May 27th: Foca to Akyaka

Sunday night, dogs barking all night and roosters crowing, and a 4:30 a.m. call to prayer. As the day broke, the birds started singing, the harbor started to wake up.

Departure at 9:00 a.m. Ride to Ephesus. If we take a taxi or shuttle to the top of Ephesus and walk down, the government mandates that we stop at a state-run rug and jewelry outlet first. Nobody had any intention of buying anything, but Estuardo bought diamond earrings for his daughters. Brad was annoyed by the whole thing. I like Estuardo, he's respectful and kind. He smokes too much; it's going to kill him.

The rest of the afternoon was high-speed big roads to Akyaka. The thermometer on my bike hit 35°C, over 100°F. Last bit of the afternoon ride was an 8% downhill on a highway with hairpin turns at high speed. Going fast, leaning hard, dragging pegs, passing big trucks in tight turns. Never seen a major highway set up like that. Close to the bottom I saw the hairpin turn off for Akyaka. I was going too fast and I didn't see anyone waiting, so I kept going. Good move: Axel flagged us down at the bottom. We U-turned and went back and took the Akyaka exit from the other direction. Rode into town on those ubiquitous, steep, narrow, cobblestone roads. The hotel is old Turkish traditional style. It's funky and cool at the same time (after the second night I changed my mind).

Tuesday. Rest day in Akyaka. Coastal village, population about 2,500

Earthquake?!?! At 6:27 a.m. the building started shaking. I was downloading photos, editing, having morning tea and chocolate when I felt it.

Donna and Bob chartered a boat for a three-hour tour and 8 of us went out to sea. It was a hot day, well over 90, but no one thought to bring bathing suits or towels. What were we THINKING?!?! We anchored off the shore of a small island across the bay and one by one, starting with Estuardo, JP and Ricardo, we stripped to our boudjikaws and jumped in. Swimming in the Mediterranean was delightful; the water was clear, clean and refreshing. This is one way to get to know your traveling companions. The captain is a chef and offered to cook dinner on board that evening; of course, we signed on.



Charter boat like the one we took in Akyaka.

Dinner was delightfully honest, unpretentious and filled with Turkish flavors. The captain/chef told us some of his stories about his younger days working all over the world. He's creative, determined and making a good living in a tough place in a tough situation.

Wednesday, May 29th: Akyaka to Pamukkale

Slept through the 4 a.m. call to prayer. It's the first time it hasn't woken me up.

The days are a blur, they're starting to blend.

Hot day: 105°. I'm tired of being so sweaty that I can't take my clothes off to shower and my hair is so crusty I can't brush it. After a swim at the hotel, we took a shuttle to the calcium pools. Don't know what that was about, no info, no guide. I was too hot to care. Waste of time.

Thursday, May 30th: Pamukkale to Kuhtaya

Short day, in early. Shower. Riding through a small town, up very steep twisting village street on slick pavers, first gear, riding the clutch. Was behind a truck that I prayed – keep going keep going keep going - would not stop. Morning ride, back roads through the countryside. The real deal. First coffee stop in a small village, elders playing a game with tiles. We met a man ranting about Che.

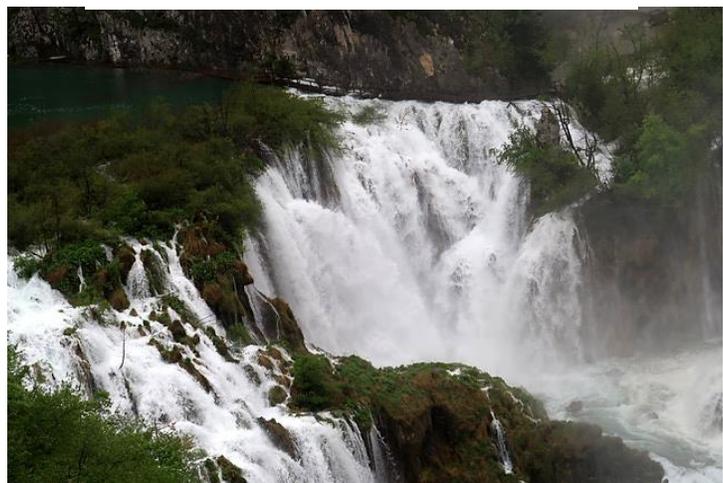
Beautiful sweeps on the highway. Fast ride, cooler day, 85°. Who knew that would feel cool? Got into heavy leaning on tight curves. Still not used to dragging my pegs. Beautiful easy sweeping ride surrounded by mountains, forests and meadows. Group cheer when we got to the end.

Had a bee inside my faceplate. Stopped, let it out, went on. Another bee inside my faceplate. Stopped again, took off my helmet, no bee but it must have flown away. Others also had bees in/on their gear. Honeybee swarm. Famous Greek honey.



One of the very few border crossing signs.

Lakes of Plitvice (Croatia) after days of torrential downpour.



To be continued....