

SCMA



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NEWS

SCMA - More Than Miles

Chairman's Letter

Winter is here! It is heated gear weather in southern USA and northern Mexico and snowplow weather in the rest of the USA and Canada. I hope everyone who is experiencing the winter wonderland weather is all warm and comfy in their motorcycle cave putting the finishing touches on winterizing and cleaning up their bikes. My wife has commented on how magical it is that holiday gifts are showing up from various motorcycle parts and accessory dealer at our front door. I just wink and say, "Yes it is." I can't wait to open boxes and see what has arrived. After all, I've been very good this year!

New Website. We have been working on a new website after having many difficulties maintaining and operating our old one. We will be moving to the new website in a week or so. We think it looks good and it is operational. We still will be improving and adding more content over the next few months. You will be able to renew memberships, maintain your own passwords and profiles, and register for rides. You will need to generate a new password for your login. We will be sending out an e-blast right before cutover so you will have details on the password reset process and maintaining your profile. We expect to enable the ride registration process on 1/7/2023 and registration for Three Flags to open on 1/15/2023. We will also be using the new website for producing the newsletters and e-blasts so expect an improved but different look and feel to those too.

Membership renewals. We are asking you to hold off on renewing your registrations until after we get on the new website. The new site already has its production database in place and we want to avoid performing manual migration of new and renewed membership.

Membership cards The Board re-evaluated the high costs of upgrading our card software, card printer, and PC along with the time/effort required (by a volunteer) to print and ship cards and decided to discontinue this practice. SCMA did not use this card in any fashion for our operations, vendors, sponsors, or rides. We are in discussions, as part of the new website, looking at providing a way to print a stock card from your profile page. The plastic cards are nice but most of our wallets are bulging from cards and this one is likely to end up in a desk drawer. Most importantly, the Board wants to hold down membership costs and this new policy helps us do that.

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2023 3FC News. As mentioned before, you can register for the 2023 3FC on January 15. We have announced that Puerto Penasco, MX will be our start on September 2 and finish in Calgary, Ca on Monday, September 5. We will be announcing the route, checkpoints, and hotels on February 15. After running this event for 46 years, you may observe that we do repeat start/end cities and parts of routes. We are limited to cities that can host an event of our size for hotels/checkpoints and the effect of that does limit the routing we can do. We want everyone to have a fun and safe ride and want the daily milage manageable. Remember, you can always create your own routes between checkpoints and stay in locations where we haven't negotiated special rates. If you do, please work your routes where you will be able to be at the checkpoints within their operating hours. They won't open early or stay open late to accommodate your schedule. Having to wait over to get your credentials authenticated because you took a special route, started late or did too much sightseeing will ripple through your entire tour.

We've closed all the 2022 rides and everyone should be turning in their completion documents. I'm already planning ahead for 2023 as you are, I bet. I hope you will consider signing up for a couple of tours, including last year's newest SCMA ride - the Great Lakes Cabot Trail tour.

I hope you and your family have a great holiday season and a happy new year.

Ride safe and ride often!

Mark Burdick
Chairman, Southern California
Motorcycling Association



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ASSISTANCE FOR MOTORCYCLISTS

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best15@sc-ma.com

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marketing@sc-ma.com

Questions?
Contact a director directly

Dear Members,

It is with a sad heart to inform you that the SCMA has lost a stalwart member and leader. On December 15th, after four years of dealing with Alzheimer's, Kenn Hatke passed away.

Kenn lived a full life: Eight years in the Marine Corps, 5 years in the Air Force Reserve, and 28 years in the Sacramento Police Department. During all those years he enjoyed riding motorcycles, which is how he ultimately joined the SCMA.



Kenn held many positions within SCMA, He was the Treasurer preceding John Mickus, and served on numerous committees. He designed a number of 3FC routes, and was the Chairman of the 2007 Three Flags Classic. In 2012 Kenn was one of the original recipients of the Legacy Award.

Kenn is survived by his wife Phyllis and 5 children.

Gonzo spoke with his wife Phyllis yesterday and, despite her loss, she is doing well.

Plans will be made for a service and memorial in mid to latter January so that Kenn's sons can participate.

The SCMA membership will be informed of the dates and times of the memorial as soon as it is known. In the meantime, you may send condolences to Phyllis Shaw at:

38685 Via Taffia (T-a-f-f-i-a)
Murrieta, CA 92653
or
pshaw2003@verizon.net

Sincerely,
Mark Burdick
Chairman, Southern California Motorcycling Association

SOUTHWEST Regional News Section

(Pages 4 – 10)

To help our readers track and group the information provided in this newsletter, we have grouped the articles into Regional, National, and International sections. This section contains info on events in SoCal, NorCal, NV, and AZ in the SW Region.

Thank you Irv Seaver BMW for supporting SCMA and the Three Flags Classic.



SCMA Turkey Ride

Hosted by Red Hot Riders of San Diego

by Scott Simerson
Red Hot Riders

November 12, 2022 Turkey Ride: Poway to Temecula via Pine Valley

The morning was bright and briskly chilly as we gathered at the Mainstream Bar and Grill. The owner greeted us and lit the patio heaters to make us comfortable as our server, Renee, brought us coffee and took our orders. I have always enjoyed the food there, and everyone, including the other customers, are very friendly. It is a great place to start the day and a ride.

We had eleven riders for this adventure, most were from the Orange County and Los Angeles areas, on a variety of motorcycles. Cruisers were well represented, outnumbering the dual-sports and sport bikes. With full tanks and bellies, everyone was "all smiles" as we briefed the route and planned stops, then geared up and mounted up at 9:00am.



Leaving Mainstream, we used Scripps Poway Parkway to make our way to 67 North. Skirting Ramona by way of Dye Road, San Vicente Road, Hanson Lane and Keyes Road, we passed fields and farms to the south, semi-suburbs to the north. I noted an organic chicken farm, with hens and roosters clustered around multiple wheeled chicken coops, hunting for their breakfast in the tall grass, and I felt glad they were able to have that life, as opposed to the chickens held in industrial eggs farms.

Making our way to East Old Julian Highway, one of my favorite roads in this area, I could see our group stretched out in a line behind me as we rolled through hills dotted with houses and horses. The temperature was climbing, but was not warm enough to make me think of removing any layers. Finding a good-sized traffic gap at 78-East was not difficult, and we roared down the hill into Santa Ysabel, and then up towards Julian.

Turning on Wynola Road, we found clean fresh asphalt and I relished the beautiful tree-studded hills and green grassy valleys glimpsed between turns.

Turning onto Farmer Road, I vainly looked for the named farmer, but found only pleasant curves and vistas. We did find Julian to be filling with tourists as we made our way to the gas station on the east side of town. One of the guys had asked to stop here so he could gas up if needed, but he wasn't the only one who ended up taking advantage of the opportunity. I did not notice the price per gallon, but I'm sure it was stratospheric. The stop provided the rest of us a moment to get a drink of water and adjust gear.



Leaving Julian, we headed south on 79, then made our way to S1, another favorite of mine, Sunrise Highway. The group order had shuffled at Julian, and I found a dual sport behind me eagerly matching the pace of my VFR; we had plenty of fun and grins before we passed the desert overlook! Up ahead, was our originally planned stop, the Laguna General Store. I have stopped there only once before, and was not familiar with the layout. I parked us at the south end of the store, not realizing the bathrooms are at the visitor center, on the other side of the cross road, north of the store! Well, nobody complained about it and I needed to get my steps in, so I guess it worked.

Continuing down this gorgeous road, we turned on to Old Highway 80, and into Pine Valley. I must mention we had very little traffic on our entire route, and Pine Valley was no exception. I did see only a couple of bikes at Major's Coffee Shop, and the village was relaxingly peaceful. Guatay was the same, and we soon found ourselves turning north on 79. About three or four miles into this stretch, we did pick up a slow driver who was not

inclined to pull over and let us pass, so we relaxed and enjoyed the scenery. I did consider passing the car but getting all of us around would not have been quick or easy. It's all good, we had a nice ride back up to Julian, where they turned left, into the now-jam-packed main street.

We turned right and headed on to 78 East and Banner Grade. I normally love this road, but not today. Most of the eastbound lane was in perpetual shade and looked damp; I was not feeling a strong connection between me, the bike, the tires, and the road. I never felt either tire sliding, but I was not pushing my lean angles, either. I took a relaxed pace down the hill, wishing for summer, when the road would have been hot and grippy.

At the bottom, we pushed on, not going too fast, because I usually see a few of our CHP buddies, and soon came upon Scissor Crossing. Turning left on San Felipe Road, we rode through the brown and dusty green desert, and watched as the landscape slowly changed to high desert scrub and small pine trees.

We headed north on 79, breathing freely in the open highway and sunshine. Past Warner Springs and the glider port, up through Aguanga, ducking under the rusted metal horses leaping the highway. We were practically alone on the road, at least until we returned to civilization, AKA Temecula. There was plenty of traffic now, mostly due to a car and pickup truck who had very recently tangoed under a red light. It was hard to say who ran the light, but both vehicles were very non-drivable and the rubberneckers trying to gawk while merging from three lanes to one, made for slow going.

Fortunately, Butterfield Stage Road was the very next intersection, and we ducked into the neatly manicured neighborhood. Along Welton Way, Camino Piedro Rojo, Vail Ranch Parkway to Redhawk Parkway we wound, and that's where I lost my bearings. I should have continued straight, where Vail Ranch Parkway becomes Redhawk Parkway, then turned right onto Wolf Valley Road, and then left on Pechanga Parkway, but I didn't. Instead, I turned right on Redhawk Parkway and pulled into a parking lot just before Temecula Parkway to get my bearings.

As it was, the guys from O.C. and L.A. decided this was a good place to decamp and head back home, so us three remainders headed on to Pechanga Casino. We enjoyed a great late lunch at the Pechanga Café, and I learned tips and tricks for riding the Three Flags Classic. It was a great day and I'm looking forward to the next time.

Ride Safe and ATGATT,

Scott Simerson

Editor's Note: SCMA Members Mike Barber and Pat Julien, riding 2-up, departed Hawthorne at a very early hour to reach the start in Poway. In preparing for the ride, Mike had his Garmin programmed for the route. Now, a key point to remember here is that Mike doesn't know where Poway is.....and Mike is always directionally challenged. So he and Pat get on the bike, and he opens the Garmin directions and gets prompted with two choices.....one of which is "Go Direct", or something like that. The result is that they were taken directly to the finish point. Once they arrived there they realized their mistake, but it was too late to head to Poway. So they had a wonderful breakfast and then returned home. Despite not getting to socialize with the RHR;s, they did admit to having a great ride !!

2022 Finishers

CALIFORNIA ADVENTURE SERIES

Missions Tour:

1. Wayne Green
2. Victoria Green
3. Gary Whitehead
4. Erik Whitley
5. Kurt Worden
6. Ken Whetstone
7. Jerry Walsh
8. Edward Monsour
9. Robert Govier
10. Joseph Otto
11. Pradeep Kundur
12. Rambabu Uppu
13. Jagen Borra

Parks Adventure:

1. Wayne Green
2. Victoria Green
3. Ken Whetstone
4. Gary Whitehead
5. Kurt Worden
6. Edward Monsour

Roads Challenge:

1. Wayne Green
2. Victoria Green
3. Gary Whitehead
4. Ben Greenwood
5. Kurt Worden
6. Ken Whetstone
7. Edward Monsour
8. Ben Lee

2022 "CA TRIPLE CROWN" Winners

Wayne Green
Victoria Green
Ken Whetstone
Gary Whitehead
Kurt Worden
Ed Monsour

CONGRATULATIONS on completing all three CA Adventure Series:
Missions Tour
Parks Adventure
CA Best 15 Roads Challenge

Thanks to all riders who participated in the 2022 California Adventure Series,
Les Gullery,
2022 California Adventure Series Chairman

Sell it here !!

We accept free motorcycle-related ads from our members. Send your ad to the newsletter editor by the 25th of the month.



2017 Honda VFR1200XT – DCT Adventure Bike.

This is a **V-4 engine, 1,237cc, shaft drive** bike.

Previously owned by Miles, this bike was originally destined for James Bond (see VIN plate photo) and has numerous upgrades performed by Miles in his Magical Mechanics “Barn Garage”. Sale includes 20 qts of Honda Oil, 4 sets of filters, Givi side boxes with carry bag inserts, travel suitcase with wheels, lowering kit, Russell Day Long Saddle.

Mileage under 1,700 miles

Asking Price: \$14,000

Contact Gonzo (949) 433-0761 or
GonzoCrossUSA@gmail.com



California Triple Crown

SCMA will continue to offer challenge for SCMA members riding the CA Series.

This is a challenge that is completely doable, within reach of everyone, especially members in the southwest region or within a few states close to California.

With the introduction of the California Best 15 Roads, SCMA now has 3 rides with destinations that are often co-located with each other.

The Board of Directors came up with the idea of recognizing those riders who successfully complete the full CA Adventure Series in one calendar year between January 1st and November 30th.

The award is very similar to the SCMA Triple Crown and is a beautiful plaque to display in your home.

The **CA Triple Crown** will join the ranks of the other major awards designed to recognize riders that accomplish riding a significant distance in the calendar year.

Those other major awards are the **Triple Crown** award for riding three of the premier events, and the **Premier Grand Slam** for riding all seven premier events in a single calendar year.

The **California Triple Crown** is defined as completing the full California Adventure Series in one calendar year. There is one year of eligibility, defined as the year a rider registers for the event, to complete the series and qualify for the California Triple Crown

Be one of the few of the SCMA riders to receive this CA Triple Crown and sign up now!!

Contact Les Gullery, Chair of CA Adventures and the CA Triple Crown, if you have any questions.

<https://sc-ma.com/rides/california-missions-parent/california-missions-tour/>

From Home Page>Rides>CA Adventure Series>select ride>select info page



National News Section

(page 11 – 21)

This section has articles about the SCMA National Rides: The USA Four Corners Tour and the Best 15 USA Roads Challenge.

Million Mile Bio of Don Deuel (Known as Red Rider)



Don Deuel has completed 1 million miles riding on 7 two-wheel motorcycles listed below.

- 1977 Suzuki GS-750,
- 1985 Honda Shadow 1100
- 1992 Honda Goldwing 1500
- 1996 Honda Goldwing 1500
- 2008 Honda Goldwing 1800
- 2014 Honda Goldwing 1800, and
- 2019 Honda Goldwing 1800.

Don has received his Million Mile Certificates from GWRRA and AMA. Don holds active memberships in the following motorcycle organizations:

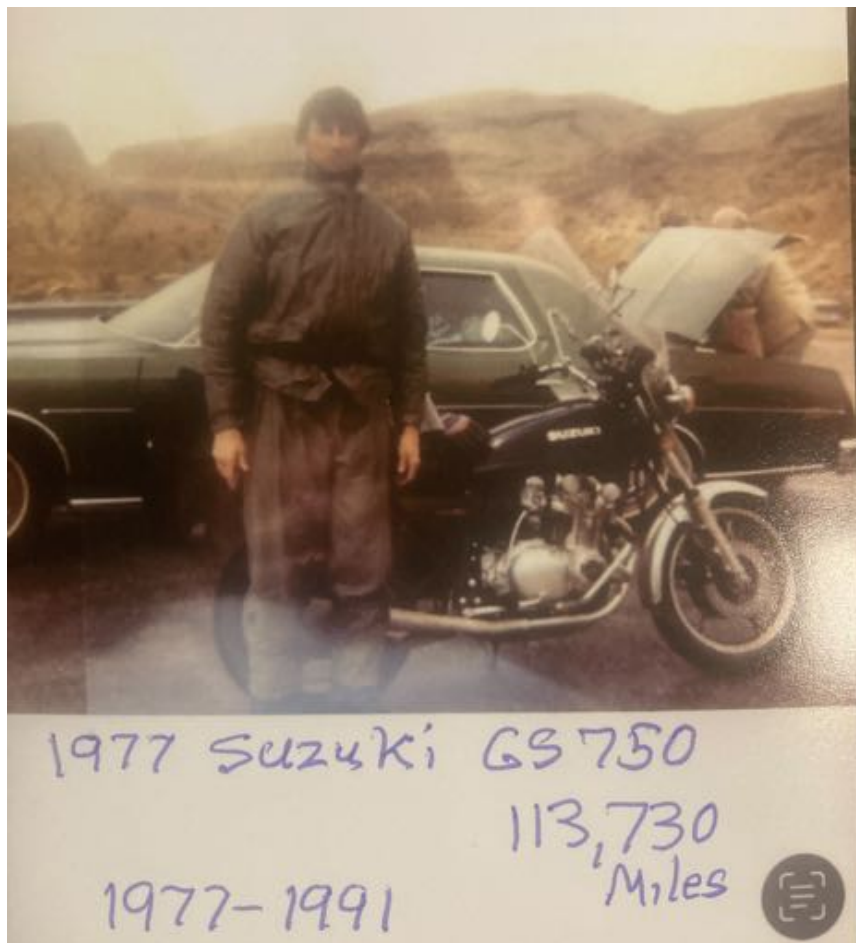
AMA (life member 32 years)
GWRRA (life member 32 years)
SCMA (#25164)
IBA (#55788) (completed 38 certified rides)
EWMA
Wing*d Rider, and
93 Riders.

He made the million miles on SCMA's 2022 Three Flags Classic (3FC22) this year on September 3, 2022 in Rawlins, Wyoming.

He has ridden these SCMA rides,
4 corners,
Best 15 Roads US,
Calif Missions Tour,
7 Three Flags Classic

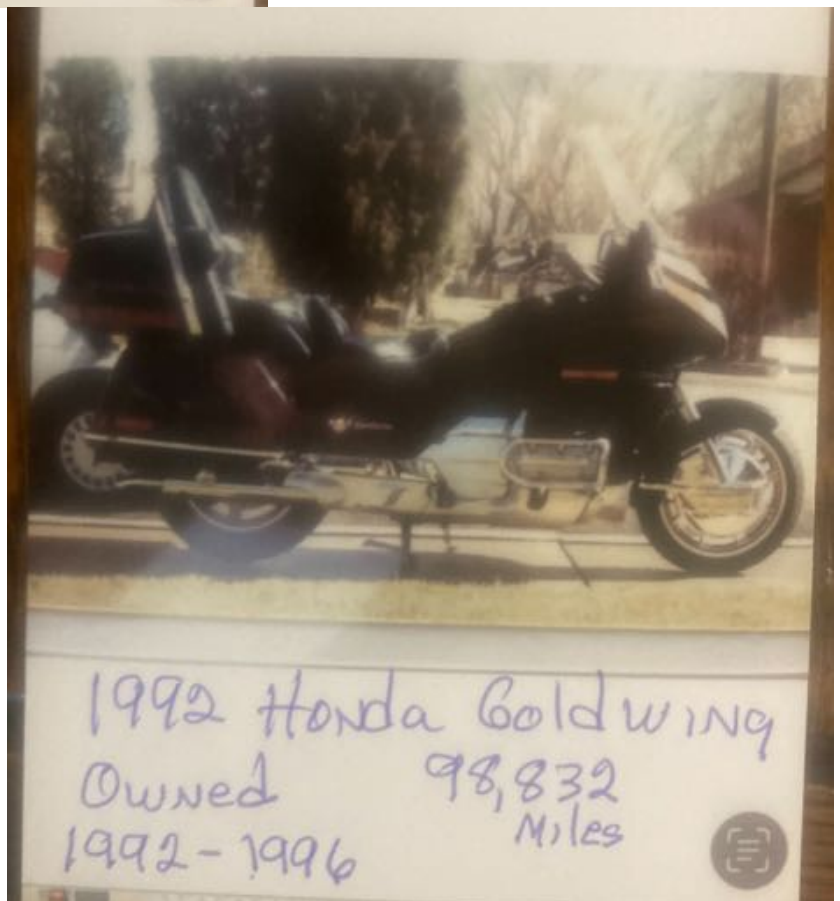
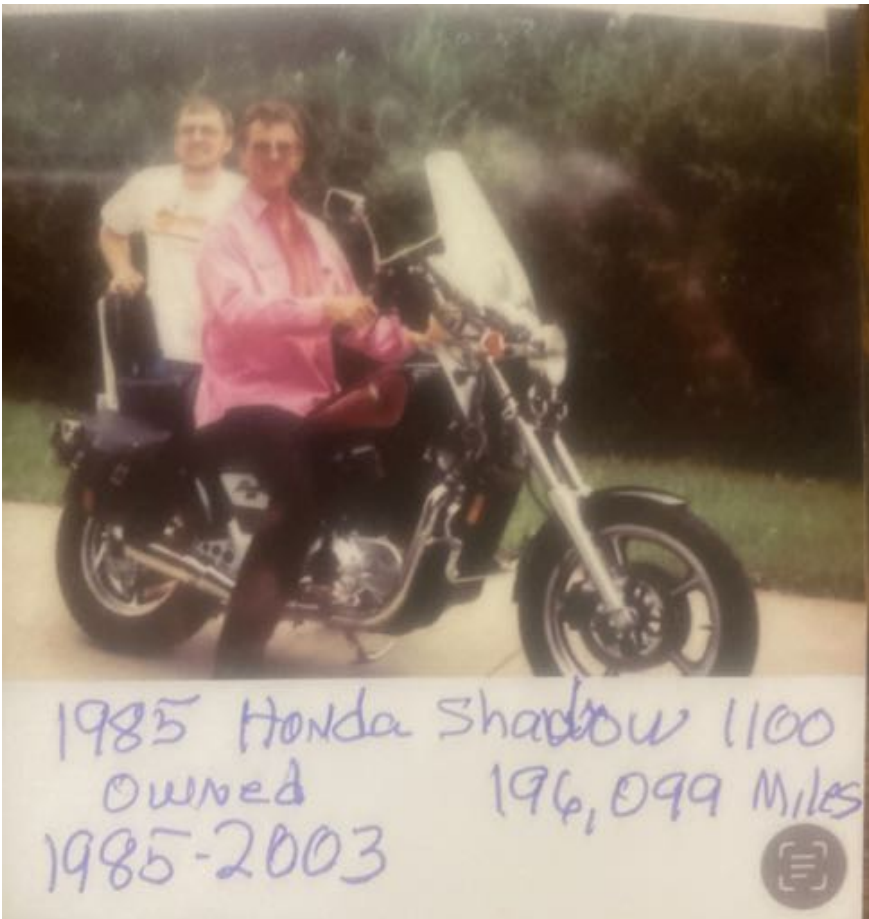
In 2015 Don received the SCMA Triple Crown Award.

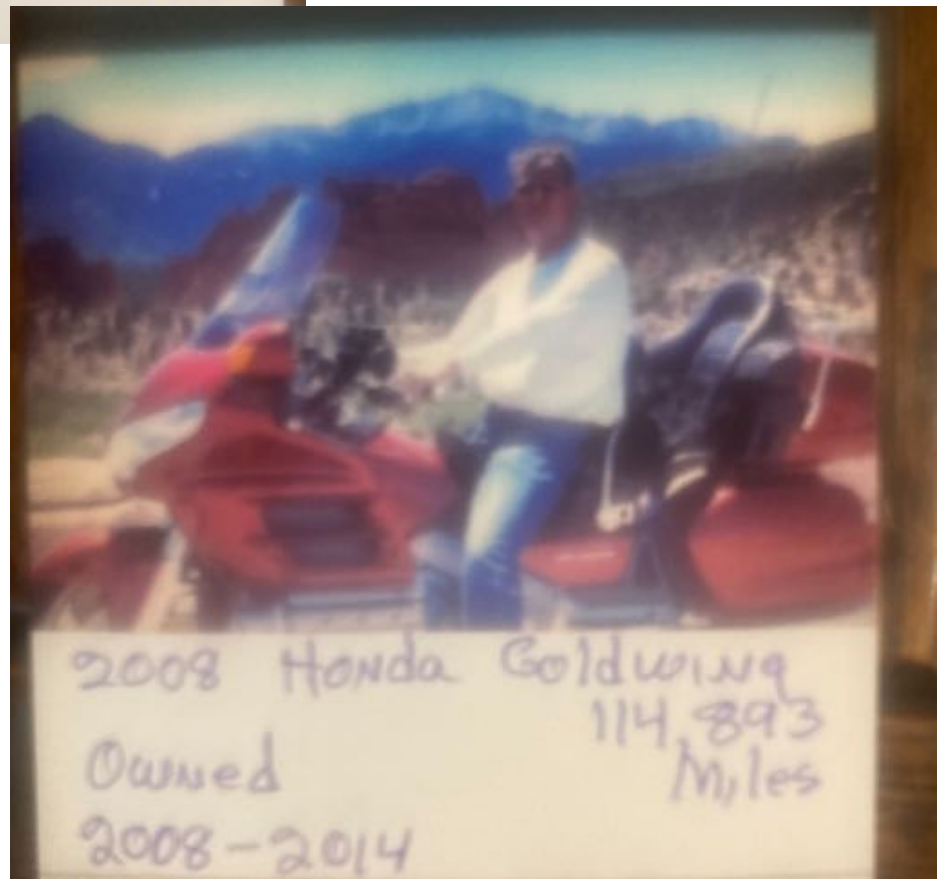
CONGRATULATIONS DON !!!

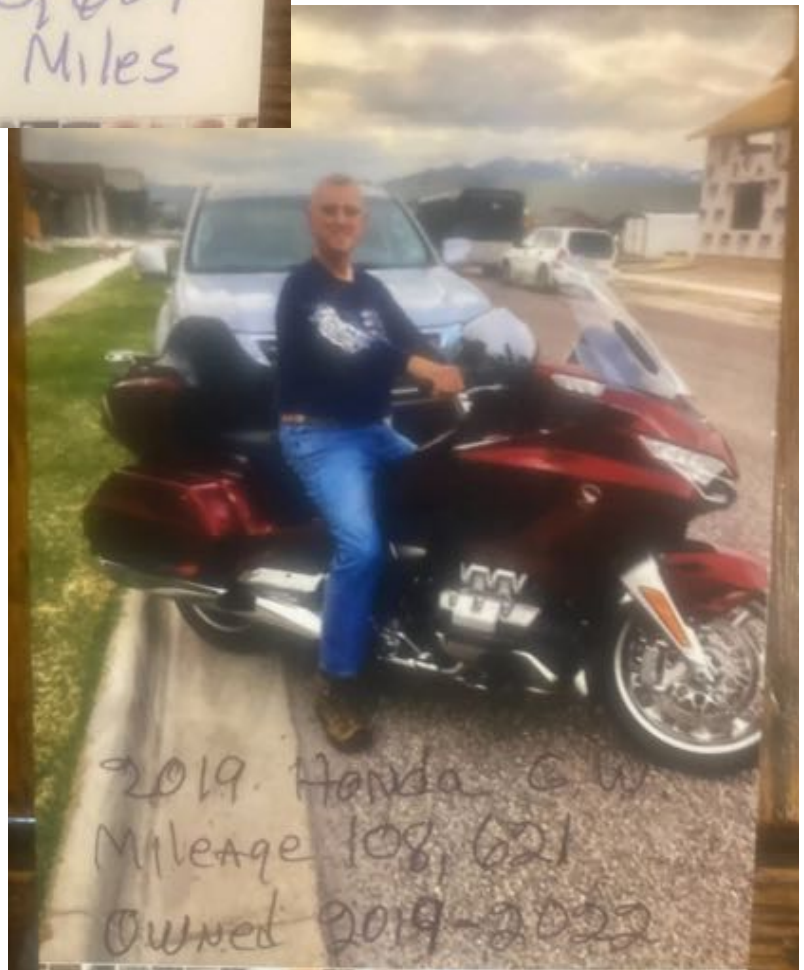
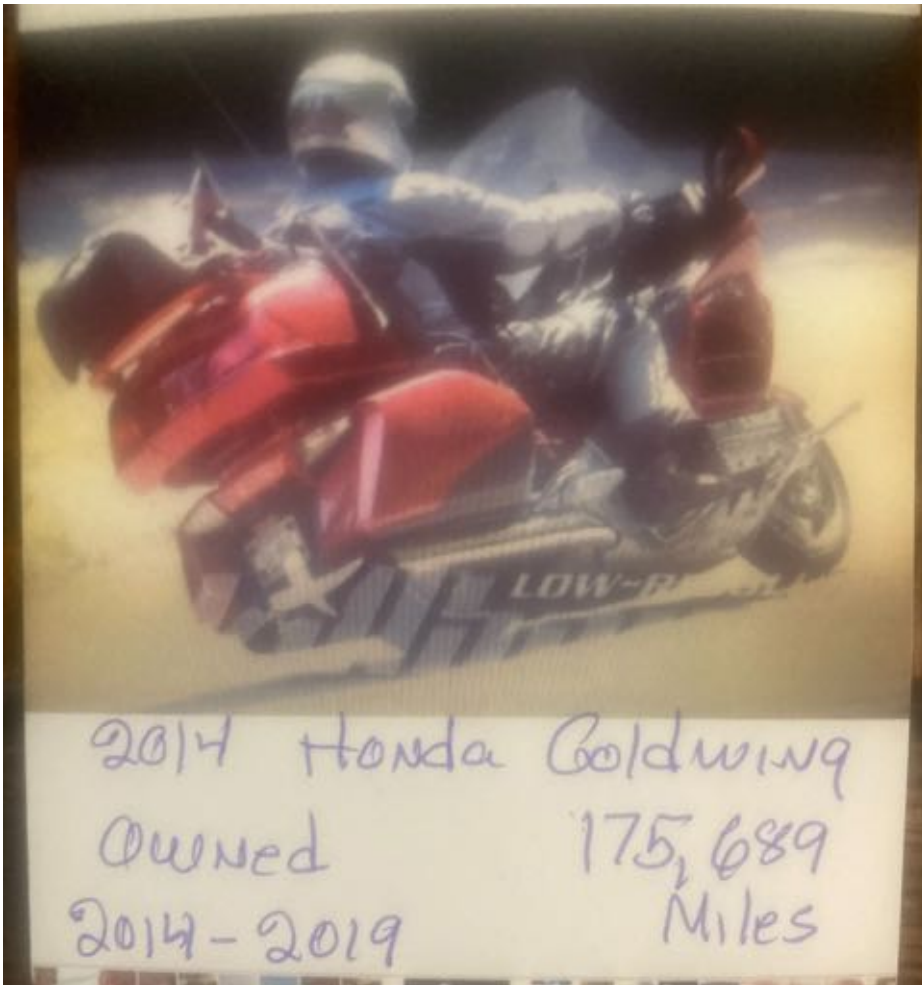


Our apologies to our readers on the blurriness of the photos.

Don did the best he could in copying them but this is the best we could do.







Four Corner Finishers

By Dannie Fox
#10198
Chairman
USA Four Corners Tour

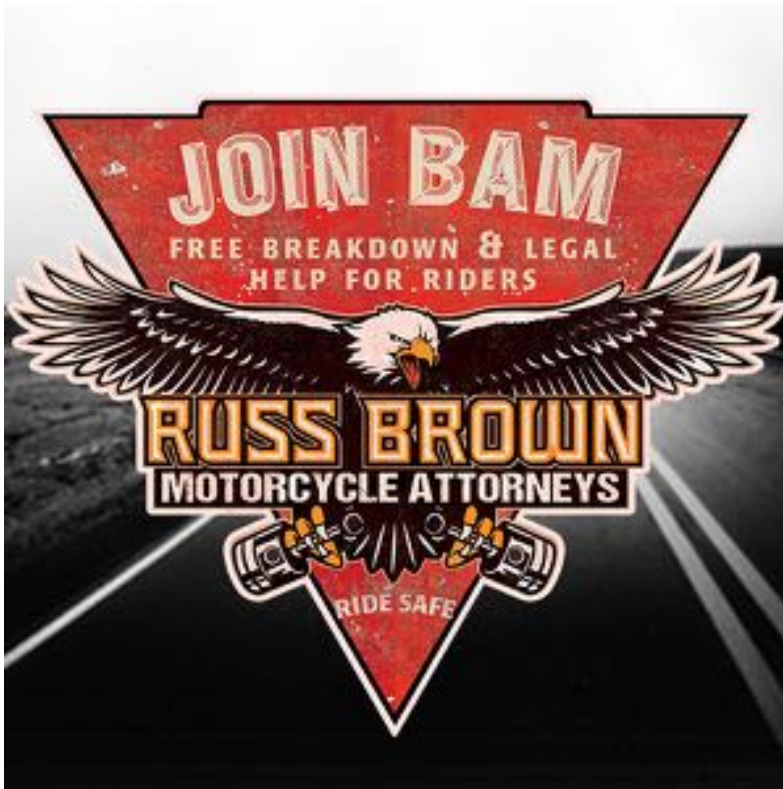
Hello SCMA members,
Below is the list of the 2022 USA Four Corners finishers
Safe Riding everyone,

Dannie Fox
Chair
USA Four Corners

Andy	Andresen	8/6	17	10,058
Ursula	Ashton	7/5	13	8,544
Javier	Ashton	7/5	13	8,874
Mary	Begley	5/18	19	11,602
Jim	Begley	5/18	19	11,614
Jim	Brelsford	6/17	11	6,782
Rebecca	Brown	6/14	19	7,101
Dennis	Brown	7/27	12	6,889
Jerry	Bullock	6/8	20	9,204
David	Burkel	9/30	16	10,879
Patricia	Caya	6/14	19	6,812
Timothy	Clark	9/2	9	6,520
James	Davis	7/16	16	7,491
Andre	Dennert	9/29	14	7,663
Karen	Dixon	9/19	12	6,479
Doug	Fields	5/9	20	7,300
William&Mary Beth	Francis	5/30	18	6,760
David	Grant	9/13	17	7,642
Carl	Harris	9/17	11	6,627
Kim	Henry	6/12	10	7,975
Lynn	Jackson	8/11	14	7,646
Lynn	Jackson	9/13	16	10,322
Thomas	Jacobs	8/7	13	6,809
Larry	Janssen	5/30	22	11,378
Dennis	Joyner	6/15	20	11,301
Henry	Mros	5/23	11	6,902
Richard	Pedersen	6/20	15	8,371
Gentry	Sharpe	6/8	20	9,616
Bryan	Weber	8/29	19	8,916
Douglas	Wilson	9/19	20	10,684

ABOUT BAM

Katherine Markowicz
Marketing & Promotions
Brown, Koro & Romag LLP



BAM: Breakdown and Legal Assistance for Motorcyclists

BAM is a unique volunteer organization of bikers helping bikers. Motorcycle Attorney and long-time SCMA supporter, Russ Brown started BAM over 30 years ago when he experienced a breakdown 100 miles from home. Stranded in a remote location with no one he knew nearby that could help him, Russ thought “Wouldn’t it be great to have a fellow biker to call anytime, anywhere you needed help?” And so, BAM was born! Today, BAM’s nationwide volunteer network of roughly 2 million motorcyclists can help provide you with emergency breakdown assistance across the country. If you experience a breakdown or mechanical problems while on the road, call 1-800-4-BIKERS, and we will search our volunteer network and send someone out to help.

Roadside Assistance for Motorcycles

Russ also wanted to provide the support of his legal muscle to every BAM member. Today, Russ Brown Motorcycle Attorneys, and their nationwide network provide free legal advice 24/7 to all its members nationwide. Started by the Los Angeles motorcycle accident attorneys who ride, BAM is the ultimate resource for riders—one that has developed and flourished for over 30 years. As a result, the motorcycle accident attorneys at Russ Brown have developed trusted relationships with the best lawyers across the country. No matter where you ride, you can rest assured knowing you have the very best biker-friendly lawyers ready to help you if you are involved in a motorcycle crash. BAM’s emergency ID card can speak for you if you are incapacitated in a crash: we list your emergency contact person, medical problems, and blood type. With your permission, should emergency personnel call, we will supply this information and provide donors if necessary.

BAM membership is FREE!

All we ask is that you volunteer to help another member in need of assistance if called upon and only if you are available to do so. In turn, your Los Angeles Motorcycle Accident attorneys are here to advise you whether you need our representation or just some guidance and advice after an accident.

Join 2 million fellow bikers who have the strong backing of each other as well as the original Motorcycle Attorneys. Enhance your SCMA membership with all the added benefits of BAM: get your FREE BAM Benefit card by calling 1-800-4-BIKERS or visiting www.russbrown.com.



2022 Finishers
Best 15 US Roads Challenge



Hello SCMA members,

Below is the list of the 2022 finishers of the GLCTT

Safe Riding everyone,

Bob Roger

Chair

B15 US

1. **Charles Lamb Hopewell, VA**
2. **Andy Andresen Newnan, GA**
3. **Jay Yanick Mercer Island, WA**
4. **Don McFarlane Turlock, CA**
5. **Craig Lanphear Lewisville, CO**
6. **Keith Cromie Livermore, CA**
7. **Doug Wilson Henderson, NV**
8. **Brian LaFollette, Turlock, CA**



Southern California Motorcycling Association 2023 Best 15 US Roads Challenge



It's still the Best 15 US Roads Challenge, but with a little twist for 2023! There are 20 Roads listed, all of which have been on a Best 15 US list over the past Twelve years, the life of the Challenge. As usual, just 15 of these roads must be ridden to complete the Challenge, but a 150 mile section of Road #1, **the Blue Ridge Parkway MUST be included on your list of 15 Roads.** The registrant can then choose any 14 of the remaining 19 Roads to complete his or her Road list. The BRP is required to ensure that the registrants will travel on roads east of the Mississippi River. These Roads could possibly be ridden in one continuous loop around the country without any back tracking. So, ride 15, or ride 'em all, it's up to the ride planner. Just remember to include the Blue Ridge Parkway!

The registrant will have a two year window to complete the Challenge, BUT, ALL Roads must be ridden within one calendar year, with riding dates being January 1 to November 15.

Registrants will receive a registration packet containing a Best 15 US Roads Challenge short sleeve t-shirt, pin and patch. Finishers will be awarded an engraved Buck 112 Ranger Knife and a finisher's certificate "suitable for framing!"

If you have questions, please contact me at best15us@sc-ma.com or call me at (330)857 8131.

Riding Long Distances Alone And With Friends



SCMA - More Than Miles

Join Us and Ride

Southern California Motorcycling Association's
2023 Road Collection

Best 15 US Roads



Yes, There are 20 stars, each representing a road or road group. A section of the Blue Ridge Parkway (red star) is the only Road that MUST be included on your Best 15 list. The registrant can choose 14 of the remaining 19 roads to fill out a list of 15 Roads to complete the Challenge. If you have questions, or would like further information, contact Bob Roger at best15us@sc-ma.com or (330) 857 8131.

2023 Best 15 U.S. Roads Challenge

1. Blue Ridge Parkway Virginia and/or North Carolina Any 150 mile segment. **This ROAD is required to get you east of the Mississippi River!**
2. Pig Trail Arkansas Rt23 Ozark to Eureka Springs 80 miles.
3. Twisted Sisters Texas RR335 RR36 RR337 155 miles.
4. Big Bend National Park Texas US385 Ross Maxwell Scenic Drive Maverick Drive to Santa Elena Canyon 33 miles out and 33 back.
5. Coronado Trail Arizona US191 Three Way to Springerville.
6. Monument Valley Arizona US163 Kayenta to Mexican Hat.
7. San Juan Skyway Colorado CO-145 Cortez to Placerville 83 miles.
8. Dinosaur Diamond Prehistoric Highway Utah UT128 Moab to I-70 45 miles.
9. Grand Staircase Escalante NM Utah UT12 Torrey to Brice Canyon exit 102 miles.
10. Loneliest Road in America Nevada US50 Ely to Fernley 285 miles.
11. Feather River Scenic Byway California CA70 Quincy to Oroville 79 miles.
12. Northern Cascades Highway Washington WA20 Concrete to Okanogan 148 miles.
13. WA129/OR3 Clarkston Washington to Enterprise Oregon 84 miles.
14. Lolo Trail US12 Lewiston Idaho to Lolo Montana 206 miles.
15. Beartooth Pass/ Chief Joseph Scenic Byway US212/WY296 Red Lodge Montana to Cody Wyoming 112miles.
16. Bighorn Scenic Byway Wyoming US14 Greybull to Ranchester 80 miles.
17. Theodore Roosevelt National Park Medora North Dakota Park Loop 35 miles.
18. Great River Road, Wisconsin WI-35, LaCrosse to Prairie du Chien 63 miles.
19. Triple Nickel Ohio OH555 Zanesville to Little Hocking 62 miles.
20. Back of the Dragon Virginia VA16 Tazewell to Marion 32miles.

It's still the Best 15 US Roads Challenge, but with a little twist for 2023. There are 20 roads listed, all of which have been on a Best 15 US list over the past twelve years. **Number One, the Blue Ridge Parkway is the only Road that must be included on your list**, the registrant can choose 14 of the remaining 19 roads to complete his/her list of Best 15 US Roads for the Ride Log. I have included all of these roads on one continuous loop around the country so that 20 roads could be ridden. Ride 15, or ride'em all, it's up to the ride planner, Just remember to include the BRP!

For further clarification or questions about this event, contact **Bob Roger**, Chairman, Best 15 US Roads Challenge, at either

(330) 857-8131 or email to
 Best15us@sc-ma.com
rsroger03@gmail.com

International News Section

(pages 22 – 42)

This section has articles about the SCMA Three Flags Classic and information of a general nature for all SCMA members throughout the world.

The Great Lakes Cabot Trail Tour



The Tour will be a self-guided ride to twelve designated checkpoints scattered along a suggested route through the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada. The preferred starting point would be the Perry Monument on the Presque Isle peninsula in Erie, PA., though riders from western Canada may want to begin at Thunder Bay, Ontario. A registrant can start at any point, and visit the checkpoints in any order as long as all twelve checkpoints are visited. From Erie, the next checkpoint is Niagara Falls, on either the US or Canadian side. From New York, there are several checkpoints through Vermont and New Hampshire before crossing into Maine. Stop at the Four Corners Park before or after riding the Cabot Trail. Then, the ride heads back into Canada to ride along the St. Lawrence River to the “walled cities” of Quebec and Montreal. A stop at either city will qualify as a visit to the walled cities checkpoint. The suggested route turns west away from the St. Lawrence River, through Ottawa and Sudbury to the north shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. The route follows the shoreline of Lake Superior back into the US, turns the corner at Duluth, Minnesota, and heads east through Wisconsin into the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. After a ride over the famous Mackinac Bridge, the 4200 mile long Tour finishes in Mackinaw City, Michigan.

All 12 checkpoints must be visited. Proof of the visits will be a personal ride log containing a photo at each checkpoint which needs to include the rider, the motorcycle and a sign or landmark showing the location, and a sales receipt showing the date and location. The registrant will have a two year window to complete the ride, BUT all checkpoints must be visited in one calendar year. Ride logs must be submitted by November 15.

Registrants will receive a Great Lakes Cabot Trail Tour t-shirt and patch. Finishers will also be awarded an engraved Buck Ranger 112 Knife and a Finisher's Certificate to commemorate the long distance riding accomplishment. For further assistance, contact Bob Roger at best15us@sc-ma.com or 330 857 8131.

2022 Finishers of the GLCTT

Bob Roger
#24838
Chair GLCTT

Hello SCMA members,

Below is the list of the 2022 finishers of the GLCTT

Bob Roger

1. Charles Lamb Hopewell, VA
2. Andy Andresen Newnan, GA
3. Jeff Kramer Las Cruces, NM
4. Richard Pedersen Aloha, OR
5. Bob Roger Dalton, Ohio
6. Steven Jackson Lindon, UT
7. Anthony Handy, Philadelphia, PA
8. Noel Henderson, 150 Mile House, BC CAN

Riding Long Distances Alone And With Friends



SCMA - More Than Miles

SCMA

2023 GREAT LAKES CABOT TRAIL TOUR

CHECK POINTS

1. Perry Monument Presque Isle Peninsula, Erie, PA
2. Niagara Falls Either side, New York, or Ontario
3. Whiteface Mountain Summit, Lake Placid, NY
4. Ferry across Lake Champlain, The Essex NY to Charlotte VT.
The Ferry is now the recommended crossing
5. Kancamagus Scenic Byway, RT112 Lincoln, NH to Bartlett,
NH
6. Cabot Trail Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia HWY19
7. Four Corners Park, Madawaska, Maine
8. Quebec City or Montreal, the walled cities
9. The Giant Canadian Nickel at the Dynamic Earth Science
Museum, 122 Big Nickel Mine Road, Sudbury, Ontario
10. Kakabeka Falls, TC11 20 miles west of Thunder Bay Ont
11. Split Rock Lighthouse, MN61, Two Harbors, Minnesota
12. Mackinac Bridge to Mackinaw City, Michigan





The promotional poster features a dark background with golden decorative elements including circles, a four-petaled flower, and a starburst. The Playa Bonita Resort logo is at the top center, and the price '\$279 DLS' is in the top right. The main text 'Happy New Year 2023' is written in a large, elegant cursive font. Below this, two bullet points describe the offer: a stay from Friday, Dec 30th to Sunday, Jan 1st, and a New Year's Eve dinner for two. Contact information and a 'RESTRICTIONS APPLY' notice are at the bottom.

PlayaBonita
RESORT

PROMO
\$279 DLS

*Happy
New
Year*
2023

* VALID TO STAY FROM FRIDAY, DEC 30th
THRU SUNDAY, JANUARY 1st.

* NEW YEAR'S EVE DINNER
FOR TWO INCLUDED.

MORE INFO

- USA: 888 232 8142 - 602 512 1182
- México: 638 383 2238
- WhatsApp: 638 107 7227
- info@playabonitaresort.com

*RESTRICTIONS APPLY

From Ordinary to Awe

Extracted from the **2022 Moto Farmboy Analogs**

by Jim Kingdon



Credit to Woody

From Mexicali to Penticton

Three Flags Classic 2022 in the Rear View

Have you ever had one of those frustrating dreams where nothing goes as expected? Where everyday, simple tasks become unimaginably and inexplicably impossible? These are dreams where I can't find the classroom I need to attend, even though I've been there many times before. When I'm late, but keep getting road blocked by inexplicable obstacles. They feel like the dreamworld universe is conspiring to prevent me from carrying out what should be something entirely normal by throwing up the most abnormal hurdles. These are surreal dreams. Not scary dreams. But frustrating beyond belief.

I felt like I was in one of these dreams as I prepared for the 2022 Three Flags Classic from Mexicali MX to Penticton BC. Except it wasn't a dream. This was very, very real.

Nothing was easy as I prepared to leave for the Three Flags tour. Just as I was updating the firmware on my Motorrad Garmin, and just as the progress bar on the screen was almost done, the internet suddenly dropped. Only later did I discover the internet router for the entire house had gone inexplicably dead, after it had worked flawlessly for months. It died twice more after rebooting and restarting the router before I could finally complete the update. Then when I went to plug in the Three

Editor's Note: This is an excellently written story of riding the 3FC22. A part of this was first published in the Sep-Oct Newsletter. Having received a number of positive comments from readers, we decided to publish the complete article.

Enjoy !!

Flags Route in the Garmin, the screen would not respond. When I pushed an icon, it wouldn't respond under my finger. Only after pushing and poking at the screen in frustration did I discover that if I pushed the screen well under the icon – not close to the

icon itself – I could make the screen work. But then the electronic responses did not correspond to the icon itself. Instead of jumping to the map, it would jump to 'system preferences.' It was bizarre. These abnormal responses to normal inputs are all classic scenarios within a frustrating dream. Yet none of these frustrations compared with the expense of destroying a brand-new Michelin tire. Yes – that happened too.

Our local BMW dealership finally closed in response to COVID supply chain delays, just at a time when I was trying to become more self-reliant. This triggered my decision to jump in with both feet and purchase a new, German-designed, 'Rabaconda Three-Minute Tire Changer' made for heavy adventure touring motos. Now – I can imagine what you are thinking - any reasonably thinking motorcyclist who has ever changed a tire will immediately question the claim of a 'three-minute tire changer.' Surely, I must be old enough not to believe such obviously rubbish claims. But beyond the obvious, the more pertinent question is: "Just how much do I hate my life that I would buy a tire changer rather than getting them changed for me?" I mean – who enjoys changing tires? But there we go... Old motorcyclists are nothing if not inexplicable. Such as it is, I soldiered on. I watched all the YouTube vids on the tire changer, summoned my youthful optimism, and went for it. Hook, line, and sinker.



Assembling the tire changer from its storage bag was not too arduous. I sustained my wide-eyed optimism as I gazed at the shiny new tire changer erected on my shop floor. It looked like a solid piece of German efficiency – well designed and constructed. I adjusted the tire changer to fit my rim size and set the BMW rim with the old tire on it in place. This was all familiar. And this is how my tire changing experience began - with an earnest heart and yet cautious spirit.

I started by pulling the valve stem core, then I sprayed the tire rim and bead with some Windex. Next, I started reefing down on the leverage bar to break the bead. This went well. Optimism was still high. Then I flipped the rim and tire over and used the breaker bar again to push the tire off the rim from the low side. This also went well. I began to feel dominant as the tire pushed off the rim with relative ease. Then I stood back to admire my handywork as I stared at my massive, elegantly designed, and now naked, Bavarian spoked rim. I felt like a tire changing king. A master of my universe. "That really went well," I allowed myself to admit. In that moment, I was a smug, wise old YouTube-trained professional moto wrencher. "All I have to do now is spoon the new tire on," I voiced smugly, which appeared self-evident. Now, at this point, I'm sure you are a way ahead of me. Because this is where everything went very wrong. Smug rhymes with rug for a reason. Because as soon as I start to feel smug, that's when I get the rug pulled from under my feet.

Michelin Anakees are the tire of choice for adventure riders who ride 99% of the time on the street but still feel like they have an off-road tire when they ride down a few

miles of gravel road. This is only an illusion of course compared with the aggressively lugged Continental TKC 80 tires I took off. But Anakees make us feel better about such false equivalencies. Regardless, the Michelin Anakees are a top-drawer tire. Yet what is only known to those foolish enough to change their own tires is that Anakees also have an extremely stiff sidewall. Which is admirable. We all want this. But this also makes them extremely stiff to install on the rim. Now combine this by-design sidewall stiffness with BMW's extremely high shouldered adventure rims, and the combination is lethal for tire changing novices. Even for a farmboy who has been well educated by all the Rabaconda YouTube vids. But keep in mind – prior to this moment – I was invincible. I was a farmboy in control of his domain and his equipment. Of course, this was before my entire tire changing experience went south.

I began installing the new tire by matching the directional arrows on the tire with the rim. Then I thoroughly lubricated both with Windex. The first bead of the tire slipped on the rim by hand. "Oh – look at that!" I marveled in my old farmboy brain. I was so impressed that "Easy Peasy" may have escaped my lips. Of course, that proclamation spelled doom for what came next. I then began sorting out the tire irons. Rabaconda had provided an impressive assortment of spoons. More than I needed I reckoned, and they were well designed for the task. "How nice is that!" I silently praised Rabaconda once again for their stellar German engineering. Then as I began spooning on the second tire bead, the tire tightened up surprisingly quickly. Yet as a YouTube trained professional tire changer, I was careful to avoid damaging the tire valve sensor. This is when the tire got really, really tight. So tight, that I was compelled to double check that the tire size matched the rim size. Then my overinflated confidence began to deflate my unfounded optimism. The harder I tried to spoon on the tire, the tighter it got. The harder I tried to succeed, the more I made matters worse. The Germans have a word for this: 'Verschlimmbesserung', which literally means: 'An attempt at improving a bad or hopeless situation, but this attempt only makes things worse.'

While the nuances of the German language are well beyond my farmboy education, I do possess a surprisingly deep-dive education on a litany of German curse words gleaned from an old German hermit-farmer who was my neighbour as I grew up. He was old, so we called him 'Old-Martin.' And he was hard-of-hearing, which meant I could hear him yelling his creative assortment of German cuss words from a mile away. Old-Martin spoke *Plattdüütsch*, or Low-German, which meant he had different terminology for Verschlimmbesserung. But the meaning was comparable. I have always kept his Low-German equivalent for verschlimmbesserung in careful reserve for use in such frustrating occasions. In *Plattdüütsch*, the term takes on a smooth guttural intonation that phonetically sounds like: 'sonofabitchbastard.' Thanks to Old-Martin, and his Low-German superlatives, this term has become a highly effective application for all such frustrating scenarios I have encountered since then. But after a couple of vociferous repetitions of sonofabitchbastard spewed in the direction of my shiny new Rabaconda, I walked out of the shop, totally defeated, with little hope of recovery. That's when I came in the house and wrote an embarrassingly strong worded email to the Rabaconda helpline concerning the highly questionable merits of their overly expensive, overpromised, and underdelivered piece-of-crap tire changer. Of course,

this later turned out to be a highly exaggerated untruth.

I waited a few days after my initial experience with the Rabaconda to lick my wounds and soothe my highly agitated soul. Then I went out and purchased a spanking new Michelin Anakee. I ruined the first one, brutally crushing the bead against my handsome Bavarian rim with a highly efficient, German-designed tire spoon. This purchase of a new tire in the service department was the quintessential embodiment of a walk-of-shame. So much so that we shall never speak of it again. Then, only after going back at the Rabaconda again – with a clear head and more grounded expectations - did I learn the first tire bead on the rim must be pushed well down deep into the centre of the narrowest part of the rim. Setting the tire in this manner was actually quite easily done with the palm of my hand. Otherwise – if the bead of the first side is left high up on the rim shoulder - it's like trying to install an already inflated tire, with the bead already set. Like trying to pull your riding pants on with the waist button already fastened and the fly already done up – we know the pants fit, but the order of events is important. In other words, changing the tire is impossible unless the first bead is set properly inside the rim. This would have been helpful to know beforehand. Perhaps this point could have been more clearly emphasised with a yellow highlighter on Rabaconda's install vids. Or perhaps, it was just me. Either way, once I figured it out, I had the new one installed in about four minutes. So - no – not a 'three-minute-tire-changer', but even as a 'four-minute-tire-changer,' the Rabaconda is a piece of equipment well deserving of a place in my humble shop. Regardless, this



Las Vegas NV Baby

was a very expensive, very embarrassing, and highly unnecessary lesson to learn. Yet most certainly Rabaconda did not deserve the wrath of my strongly worded email, liberally sprinkled with highly nuanced Low-German nomenclature.

But software quirks and hardware screw-ups aside, this was not the end of my surreal, abnormal start to this year's Three Flags tour.

My wife and I had a little spat before I left Winnipeg MB for Mexicali MX on the 2022 Three Flags Classic – 4,000 Kms (2,500 Miles), two time zones, and two international borders away. For some reason, after all our years together, she decided for this year's Three Flags, I should become more like a 'normal person.'

And as you can no doubt imagine, this did not go well.

She knew I would visit old friends in SoCal first, on my way to Mexicali. Which meant, she knew I would ride to SoCal in two and a half days – slightly less than the distance from Mexicali MX to Penticton BC, but in roughly half the time. As it turned out, I got to SoCal in time for a lovely calamari sandwich lunch with surrogate Brother Steve beside the ocean in Dana Point CA on the third day.

Regardless, in my defence, she launched her 'be normal' pitch while I was still sitting at our kitchen island. I was studying the five-day route from Mexicali to Penticton. I was caught off guard. So, I never bothered to look up from the screen when she

started. I was feeling the stress of my total lack of planning to attend the Three Flags. My mind was fully occupied.

I'm a 'wing-it' kind of guy. I only ever have a half-baked plan before I swing a leg over the saddle. My Winnipeg buddy Mel kindly offered a cot in his room in Mexicali, but otherwise I had no hotels booked. My plan was to ready-fire-aim the entire ride as per my usual. Then, over my screen, I overheard my Sweetheart insisting I book ahead in all four check-stop towns along the route. Imagine that! I had never done that before. Then she insisted she would book them for me. Imagine that! Keep in mind, on Three Flags tours, I usually ride through to the second check stop town on the first night to get a full day ahead on the ride north. Why? - I have no idea. It's just been 'my thing' on previous Three Flags tours. But this was where things really went south between my Sweetheart and me. I mean, I understood her insistence was based on her care for me, but what would make her think I would suddenly want to become a normal person after 66 years of being an eccentric wacko? The idea was bat-poop-crazy to my ears. But I understand now how wrong it was to take this position with the love of one's life. Especially after I mumbled, or growled, without looking up: "Well Sweetheart - I gotta do what I gotta do!" My voice trailed off as I voiced the words to try to put an end the conversation. This response really seemed to detract from marital bliss, turning out to be the absolute wrong response. Who knew?

But in the end, for the sake of domestic world peace and harmony, I capitulated. On the ride down to SoCal, I relented - by text of course - and kindly asked if she would book the check stop hotels on my behalf. Or alternate hotels, because of course all the check stop hotels were already booked by this time. "Of course, they were!" my Sweetheart acidly assured me. Yet somehow, I felt better prepared in light of her insistence, as I rode over to Mexicali from San Juan Capistrano CA in 43C (110F) heat, I knew this Three Flags would be very different than any other tour I had ridden. This time I would be forced to pretend to be a 'normal person.' And it was not going to be an easy transition.

I ride alone so I can follow my own body rhythm. At least that's my excuse. The fact is, I'm selfish. I like to ride the way I want, and how I want, when I'm on the road. Plus, I ride too fast and too long for most, but too slow and too short for some. So, riding alone just works better. This meant, of course, I also didn't ride down to Mexicali from Winnipeg - like a normal person would do - with Buddy Mel, who most kindly offered me a cot in Mexicali. But then again, riding alone, I meet people all along the way, which I wouldn't if I rode with a pal. These are the trade-off benefits to riding alone. I think of them as long-distance swings and roundabouts.

Riding into Mexico made me a little nervous. It usually does. But I'm not sure why, especially when I have always been treated so well there. But all that disappeared as soon as I rolled into the start hotel in Mexicali. It is such a wonderful moment to ride in knowing there will be an entire parking lot of kindred spirits there.

*Hotel Araiza,
Mexicali, Sonora,
MEX*



It can be lonely sometimes outside the comradery of other like-minded, abnormal riders. But when I'm with the 250ish SCMA Three Flags riders – these are my people. People to whom I do not have to explain myself. Because they understand the lunacy of long-distance riding without explanation. Plus, they (mostly) forgive my eccentricities, abnormalities, and long-distance crustiness within a spirit of empathetic forgiveness. After all, I view all long-distance riders as just different versions of myself. We all have 'normal lives.' But amongst like-minded people, we can finally be ourselves. We are no longer forced to pretend. Or suffer the strange looks when we tell 'normies' we plan to ride from Mexico to Canada on the labour day weekend. As if we are just popping out to Costco to pick up a nice salad and an oven-roasted chicken for supper.

The ride up from Mexicali to Penticton was simply spectacular. But then I knew it would be. There were only a few roads I hadn't ridden before. Most were familiar. But the Ride Chair and his Three Flags team wove together a fabric of roads that was simply spectacular. These folks deserve a ton of credit. Imagine the pre-planning before we 'participants' casually decide to sign up for the Three Flags Classic – the route planning, registration logistics, check-stop prep, and banquet planning. This is a thankless job done by countless people who deserve our utmost respect and appreciation. Because of their efforts, I can casually sit back in the saddle on autopilot and follow the little pink line on the GPS, and simply enjoy myself.

I particularly enjoyed leaving Mexicali at 2:30 A.M. It was a rush. I was in the second wave of riders to leave the hotel compound. I rolled through the sea of motos to the staging area and found a spot in front of the security gates. I nestled in amongst a bunch of Harleys with their lumpy, potato-potato engine idle. Dash lights were glowing, and head lights were dancing around creating spooky patterns of light and shadow everywhere. The desert air was warm and still. The temp was still in the high 30sC (100F) – not bad compared with what it was going to be later in the morning on the open desert. As I glanced over at the other riders in line, a salty mixture of anxiety and excitement hung in the air. The tension was palpable. Everyone was outwardly cool, but let's be serious – no one is that cool. In a moment, we were all going to be dumped out on the streets of Mexicali, trying to find our way to the Mexico-US International border following a red-light-lit police escort in the middle of the night. No one is that cool! Just then, the eight-foot (2.5m) security barrier swung open in front of us like a magic gateway to the unknown. Game on!

Finding a safe place amongst a pack of motorcyclists takes a few minutes as we all slip our clutches into first gear at the same moment. We were all social distanced about 6 feet (2m) apart. Everyone was anxious, but respectful. Plus, no one wants to screw up in this moment. The social shame would be unbearable to bump into another rider at the start of a tour. But things move quickly in that moment. The order and momentum of the pack is set in an instant as everyone finds their place within the flow. The police cruiser set a lively pace. Then after a mile or so, I recognized where we were. We were streaming along a short city block away from the border fence. No one can get near the fence in an urban area on the US side without the US Border Patrol coming down on them like a ton of bricks. But on the Mexico side, you can walk right up to the fence and peer through the bars like puppy in a kennel. Structures are

built within a few feet of the fence. The overall effect of the border, as a demarcation between two worlds, is surreal. There is nothing 'normal' about borders, regardless of their necessity.

In no time, the police pace car began to pick up speed. We were rolling at a smooth, spirited pace now. But none of us could lose the pace car with its blazing red and blue light bar illuminating the entire urban night scene as it motored down dark streets. There was a steady flow of motorcycles, ahead and behind me, headlight-to-taillight, rolling through the strange urban setting. Our headlights danced off unfamiliar spooky surroundings. I felt like we were in a scene of an action movie. We were a convoy of a CIA swat team in blacked-out Suburbans. Or a special forces team on an urban night raid. Control signs and intersection red lights did not apply to us. We were renegades, or bandidos, or a resistance army of insurgents - depending on which action movie I wanted to conjure. At one point, I imagined I was Ewan McGregor gone rogue on the Long-Way-Up on my Bavarian GSA. But then things changed - suddenly - as they can at high speeds and limited night visibility in an urban setting.

I noticed the Christmas-tree-lit police cruiser peel off the main road ahead, abandoning the flow of motos and leaving us leaderless. It was replaced with uniformed officers waving us forward like airport runway personnel making big sweeping motions with their arms holding high intensity flashlights. I could see them yelling - encouraging us forward: "Avance! Avance! Avance!" in Spanish as we rolled past them. We had no idea if we had just been abandoned or directed. Either way, we had nowhere else to go than to descend underground into a concrete, two-lane tunnel that had no foreseeable end and no way out. Whatever would happen next, there would be no escape for us. Then the flow of motos crawled to a stop. We were lined up like salmon at an imaginary water gate. Engines still rumbling. Clutches all pulled in at the ready. There was no choice but to watch and wait to see what would happen next.

A few street vendors were in the concrete tunnel on foot selling water and gum. They walked between the motos looking for customers. But there would be no sales made that morning with all the riders in full touring gear - armoured jackets, gauntlets, and helmets. Then, we inched our way forward along the tunnel. Stop. Start. Stop. Start. Until it became clear the international border must be on the other end of the tunnel, and we were all inline to be checked. Meanwhile, with military precision, we had all been serendipitously contained within a concrete bunker. 'Clever security design,' I mused to myself inside my helmet. Then finally the road surface began to climb. I could begin to see the glare of fluorescent lights flooding the exit of the tunnel. There was organized chaos as we rolled up to the surface again. Cars and trucks filled with dayworkers trying to get across the border were suddenly mixed with a pack of looney long-distance motorcyclists. We were unintentionally making their day even more complicated than it already was by their daily necessity to cross an international border. The border patrol had been alerted we would all be rolling through that morning, but this was where advance warning met the harsh reality of the situation. But finally, in recognition that 200+ motorcyclists on heavy touring machines were probably the least threat of anything else that morning to homeland security, the US

patrol guards began streaming us into one queue. Then one poor, young border guard was left to determine which among us was a security threat. He only glanced at our passports before sending us rolling off. What else could he possibly have done with over 200 riders on touring motos as they descended on his workplace that morning.

After skirting various barricades and traffic flow devices, the stream of motos found its way through the small Arizona border town of Calexico. It took a hot minute before we were all spit out on the pitch-black Arizona desert in the middle of the night. But the border chaos had spread us all out. I could see only a few single headlights ahead of me and a small number of lights in my mirror, but the pack had been instantly dispersed. The new reality of the day was upon us. We had to get over and off the desert before the +40C (+110F) sun started its ascent over the horizon. Typically, my speed is slow in the morning. It takes a while before I become comfortable with speed. So, I hooked up behind the taillights of a few motos ahead of me and just followed their lead. It was comforting to feel connected to someone else in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night. It can be sobering sitting alone in the elements on the saddle in the middle of nowhere. So, I rolled along, following at a respectful distance for some miles before I noticed a headlight streaming up behind me at low altitude warp drive. He was going around 15 miles an hour (25 Kph) faster



Grand Canyon, AZ

than the pack ahead. As the rider flowed past me on his Yamaha FJR steamroller, I knew this was exactly the guy I was waiting for. I hooked onto his taillight and the day instantly began to pick up pace. Prescott, Jerome, Flagstaff, the Grand Canyon, and, eventually, Cortez CO, all awaited me. It

was going to be an exciting day ahead. And I couldn't wait to get on with it.

As a long-distance rider, I think of myself as an 'explorer of awe.' Because each day I find at least one moment, when I look through my face-shield, and find myself involuntarily exclaiming 'awe' at the vistas we long distance riders get to discover from the saddle. And yes – I rode a couple of hours most days in temps as low as 4C (40F) in the morning and as high as 43C (110F) in late afternoon, but there is no better

viewing seat from which to experience the North American continent than from the saddle of a moto. This is what long-distance riders know that precious few others do not. One such moment of awe came a few days later in the tour in Utah.

Two days after leaving Mexicali, I had left the hotel at Longmont CO at 4:30 a.m. to get to the gates of Estes Park before 8:00. Not that I needed that much time, but I can be an impatient eager Canadian beaver in the morning when I can't sleep. Plus, I needed a reservation to get in the park if I entered after 8:00 a.m. So why be late when you can be early. This just meant riding a few hours in the dark, again. As it was, I'm sure the ride from Longmont northwest on Highway 34 to the park was beautiful, but I never saw any of it at that time in the morning. The stock lighting on the GSA reminded me I must upgrade to some landing-strip-quality ClearWater LED lights to both see where I am going and just for basic safety. Passing 'Deer Warning' signs in pitch-black, when I could see no more than 50 yards ahead, was not reassuring at all. Even slow speeds are disconcerting. Even when I rolled through the unstaffed park gates around 5:40 a.m., there was still no sign of light on the horizon.

It wasn't long after I entered the park gates though that I began to see elk warning signs everywhere. Not that I would have seen any elk. But I could sense the majesty of the place. Having paved access to such naturally preserved spaces leaves me with a feeling of somber reverence. I imagine myself as somewhere between a visitor and an intruder riding my noisy, mechanical device. The temp had never really gone above 7C (45F) on

the ride over to the park that morning. But as soon as I began to wind my way up through elevation, the dash light glow of the temp readout steadily began to sink. By the time I got to the top, it was 4C (40F) and my electric gear was set to warp drive. Old men get cold. I couldn't see the sun rise yet, but the glow had begun to backlight the mountains like a giant movie prop. Their black silhouette shadow against the glowing horizon was the highest pixel screen nature could offer. The effect was stunning. I pulled off the road at the top in a panoramic pullout for tourists at a little over 12,000 feet (3,700 m) of elevation. I turned the boxer engine off and then got off the moto. I pulled my helmet off as well. The air was fresh on my sparsely hedged head. Yet the scene before me commanded my full attention. I was alone on a mountain top, but not lonely. The universe had just offered up a vista of unimaginable proportions and beauty. This natural drama on the horizon had been my reward for simply getting out of bed so early and swinging a leg over a moto. The universe had not waited for me, but since I put in the effort to get there, it put on a

Estes Rocky Mountain National Park, Eastern Rockies Corridor



show that reminded me why I ride. And if I hadn't made the effort, it would have carried on without me regardless. My loss. Such moments are discovered only by explorers on adventure. They require effort, discomfort, and a degree of risk. But in this moment, I was an explorer who had just discovered awe, in all its stupendous glory. No wonder explorers are such romantics.

I never saw any elk until later that morning – one young teenager calf was running hard to keep up with his mom. In the process, he got up way too up close and personal with me, exceeded both our personal comfort zones - well within the social distancing 6-foot (2m) rule. He probably hadn't read the COVID warning emails. Yet strangely, I took a video at the top of that +12,000-foot peak and only later did I discover I had inadvertently captured the high-pitched squeal of a bull elk announcing his presence in the rut. For a mere Canadian farmboy, and visitor to the US, I could not have asked for more.

After leaving the park, I began to weave my way northwest again along Highway 40, on my way to turn right/north up Highway 191. But as usual, I hadn't really given much thought to the route beforehand. As a seat-of-the-pants rider, I just got on the saddle that morning and began following the little pink line on my GPS. But as soon as I turned on the 191, I had a *deja vu* moment. I had been on the road before – more than once - on a well-appointed Ducati ST4S. My suspicion of past familiarity was soon confirmed as I saw a brilliantly red Ducati Panigale rolling hard out of a right hand sweeper ahead of me. The rider and machine had the look of a mountain lion coming back from a hunt after having just eaten a goat. 'Oh yes,' I confirmed from under my helmet. 'Goodness, yes – I know this road,' confirming my recollection. 'This strip of asphalt has a series of crazy uphill hairpins,' I recalled fondly from my Ducati touring days. In truth, Highway 191 is a moto maniac's dream. 'But here I am on this lumpy beast of an adventure touring moto,' I grumbled. 'Oh well – perhaps it's time to conduct some quality control of my Michelin Anakee installation while checking out this supposedly super trick Bavarian suspension.' I quickly flicked the suspension over to sport mode with a focused eye fixed on the first curve ahead. The giant techno-German-designed marvel rolled through it like a champ. 'Is that all you got old farmboy?' – the GSA seemed to mock me at my lack luster effort to test its prowess. Challenging me to go harder. Deeper in the corners. Keep in mind, I was carrying at least 7 gallons of fuel in a tank the size of a tugboat. The GSA is many things, but no one would mistake it for a nimble canyon racer. But then again, is it? The reviews on the GS keep saying: "If you can only have one moto (however pitiful that poor sod must be!) the GS is the moto to have." So, I got on the gas and gave the well-appointed German Land Rover a run for its exorbitant price tag. In other words, a good old-fashioned thrashing was in order.

The moto ate up the curves effortlessly. The suspension was indeed German-designed perfection. Despite the voluminous bulk of the machine, compounded by the comfort-wingtips of my Russel Day-Long fuggly saddle, I seemed to be able to flip the Barbarian behemoth from side-to-side with relative ease. Getting a knee down however was never going to happen from a saddle height set up to the sky. But I did my very best Valentino Rossi impression regardless. And things were going swimmingly well until I rolled hard through a tight sweeper only to scream up behind a white pick-

up truck with light bar on its roof. 'HmMMM...', I pondered. Yet it was hard to come to any other conclusion than the obvious. I describe such moments as a frustrating conundrum. Does one risk it all and proceed with reckless abandon? Or does one shrink like a worm and tuck in behind, only to ride in parade formation for the next 10 miles?

'HmMMM...'

Deep within my eighteen-year-old farmboy brain, I gave the matter a mere cursory ponder. Not nearly as much as it deserved, I realize now, in retrospect. But I had been having so much fun throwing my land barge around the corners. To have pulled up then - and ride in parade formation like a goody-two-shoes sap - I would have felt like a big Canadian ninny. Then as I pondered the most appropriate response for the given circumstance, the universe gave me just the sign I was looking for. It was like a big highlighted directional aero that said, 'Look here farmboy. Here's your answer!' The engineers who had designed the road had been so exceedingly thoughtful as to offer me a way around this obstacle, being slower moving traffic. Rather shockingly, the hairpin had a double lane running through it. 'A passing lane!' I said to myself with delight. 'How considerate is that to offer a passing lane on a hairpin turn obviously designed for farmboys like me!' This is when I started to carefully rationalize the obviously immature and ill-conceived decision I was about to make. I considered: A) It may NOT be a law enforcement truck; or B) I may be correct in my optimism that Utah police, like some Nevada law enforcement, have a certain moral flexibility or negotiable latitude with respect to posted speed limits. Either way, I am sure you have already guessed the ultimate decision I made under such circumstances. Of course, the only correct response is to get in-it-to-win-it, like a bandit, and ride that ginormous moto beast like I stole it. I was really trying to be a normal person like my Sweetheart wanted, but the farmboy inside me had other plans.

This was my first mistake.

In the next moment, I swung the moto purposefully over into the passing lane just ahead of the upcoming curve ahead. Not erratically - I made no immediate sudden power move that would attract attention. Then I got hard on the gas like Hunter S. Thompson on acid riding a blood-red Ducati SS. But my mistake was that I had given way too much attention to the occupant in the truck ahead rather than on the hairpin I was about to face.

This was my second mistake.

As I got deep into the turn - without argument, coming in way, way too hot - I was forced to deal with my poor decision-making in real time. But there is really only one response when you have gone in too hard on a corner - keep on the gas, start shoving hard on that lower bar end, and counter-steer like a banshee. Either that, or back off, crash, and lose all self-respect. Of course, I hit it hard with reckless abandon.

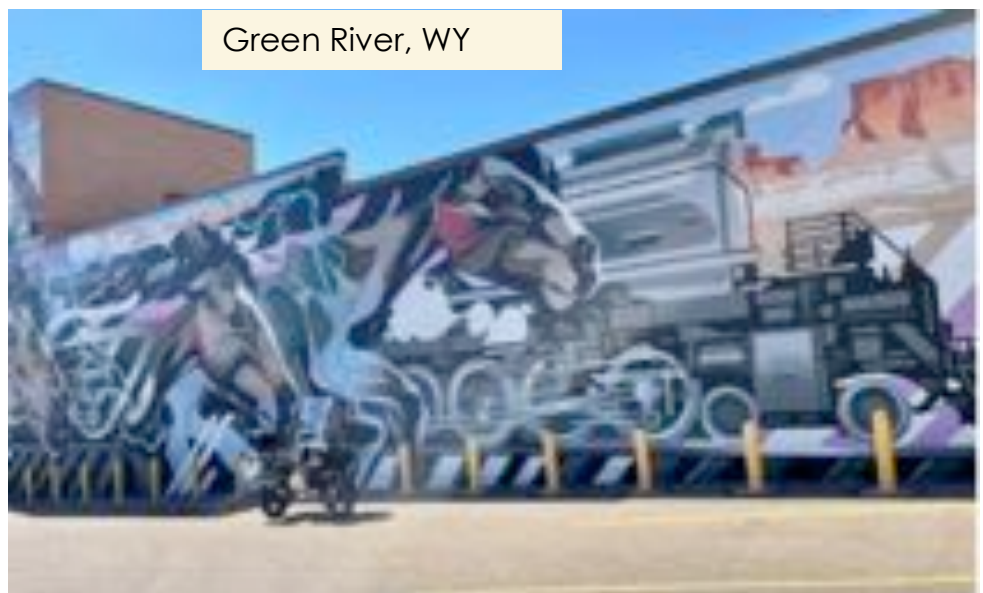
And this was when then the universe gave me a shockingly unearned, nod of approval.

Just as my front wheel started to climb past the side of the truck – as I was looking over the handlebars on a 45-degree angle – ‘eat your heart out Rossi’ – the badging on the driver’s side door came into sharp focus. This was just at the point where my exhaust note began to bounce off the side of his truck and my aeronautically inspired boxer twin began to sound like a low flying Messerschmidt diving in on a daytime air attack. ‘Yup – no joy here for me today,’ I was forced to admit from under my helmet. It was clear as mud - the badging on the truck door indeed read: ‘Blah-blah-blah LAW ENFORCEMENT.’ Printed in full caps. The font was so clear I could read it at full lean - knee down as far as I could reach - while fully occupied with the ludicrous speed at which I had entered the hairpin. But even with a quick glance, there was no doubt. Thus, there was no question as to the occupant inside the vehicle. I was screwed. Rather, I screwed myself. And there was no one else to blame. So, now what?

Then, in that moment, the most inexplicable thing happened.

The uniform from inside the truck glanced over at me. He gave me wry little smile. Then as casually as you can please, he gave me a pleasant little nod and raised his hand with a two-finger wave of approval. ‘Whaaaaat,’ I screamed from under my helmet. ‘What the heck is that!’ My Sweetheart wanted me to be more normal on this tour, but law enforcement officers giving me a friendly wave is most definitely NOT normal. I was flummoxed. This was the last two finger hand gesture I had ever expected from a law enforcement officer while I was behaving like a flagrant scofflaw farmboy thumbing his nose at the speed limit in the face the law enforcement officer. In that moment, I had fully expected to have been summarily pulled over and given a certificate of outstanding performance. If not worse. But no – instead I got a smile, an affirmative nod, and a friendly two-finger wave in my direction! It was actually more of a neighbourly wave, like; ‘Hey... I see’ya there boy ... and you seem to be doin pretty good on that land yacht. Looks like you’re have’n some fun. So, God go with’ya son.’ Damn straight he did!! That was the sentiment, if not his exact words I imagined him saying.

I was dumbfounded. The kindness of the man left me no choice. There was no way I could snub his honest nod of respect without a reciprocal response. Oh no – this neighbourly gesture deserved a neighbourly response. Besides, we Canadian farmboys may be scofflaws, but if nothing else, we are polite. So, I casually took my left hand off the high-side, 45-degree handlebar in the apex of the hairpin – as if it was just an everyday



sort of thing farmboys do - and gave him my very best 'howdy-doody' wave back. Once again - 'eat your heart out Rossi!' Then - to ensure I didn't inadvertently disrespect the officer's obvious vote of confidence in my otherwise questionable abilities - I got back hard on the gas and hammered that land yacht off down the road. Putting as much distance as I could between us before he could change his mind.

Between the young teenager elk calf, the moment of awe at 12,000 feet, and the moment of awe with the law enforcement officer, I had had quite a day by the time I pulled into Rock Springs WY that evening. These are adventure moments one does not forget. And of course, there were more moments of awe on my way up through Montana and back into Canada. But as wonderful as the ride and the Three Flags route was, it was the people I met along the way that I will remember most.

Of course, my Sweetheart was right. As unusual. I stayed at all the check point towns and discovered the true gem of the Three Flags Classic tour - the people that ride them. These are otherwise normal people, that are in truth, not normal. All you have to do is walk up to a rider and start talking about their motorcycle, and the stories will start to flow like Gatorade in Mexicali. Under the helmets of these riders are the most extraordinary people I have ever met. Sure - the ride is amazing. But the people are the true hidden treasure of the ride. This is where riding alone pays off. Because it forces me to reach out to them. And I never have a shortage of friends on these tours.

From Dieter I learned about travelling in Europe and how much more I have yet to see. John pulled off his helmet only to reveal that he had recently retired and ridden from north of Edmonton AB to the tip of South America, but only after spending two winters in Ecuador to acquire a deep immersion into the Spanish language. Karen chatted with me about her Three Flags tours on an exquisite red Ducati ST4S - a very similar ride to the Ducati ST4S I rode on my first Three Flags tour years ago. Then over some very good beer and steaks, an unassuming man named Solo blew me away with tales of his Hoka Hey ride - 10,000 turn-by-turn-paper-direction-miles, with no GPS or electronic navigation allowed. Ridden in 9 days! Who in the world does that? Solo did. Reef talked to me about his switch to an Indian moto. He also made me aware of 'stickers.' "What's a sticker," I asked as Reef as he handed me his. "It's a sticker," Reef simply responded. I mean - the answer wasn't that difficult for me to figure out. Felipe offered to help me ride the Baja: "Whatever you need in Mexico, I gotta guy!" How can you beat that? Dave talked me into riding from Prudhoe Bay AK to Key West FL - a ride I have been inexplicably resisting for years. Then Philip added a new route to get to Prudhoe to make things more interesting. I had breakfast with Keith and Steve where I learnt the attributes of the new Goldwing. At the group picture event, I ran into a past Three Flags acquaintance from Nigeria - Ogbonnaya. He and his friend had flown from Nigeria to Houston TX, bought their motos and then had ridden over to Mexicali to start the ride. Again - who does this? But these guys did. And of course, I met up with my old friend Charlie - who is so devilishly deceiving with his Virginian charm - yet holds a long-distance riding resume that would stun any normal rider. But Charlie is most definitely not normal. He has ridden the USA Four Corners tour in every month of the year, having ridden it over twenty times. Yet he is

still too modest to share the exact number of times with me. Keeping company with such riders will forever keep me humble in the saddle.

Yes – the Three Flags tour is always amazing. But the people who ride it are the real reason to come. All you have to do is say: “Hey - nice bike,” and then follow the trail of conversation from there. You will be amazed at what you can learn from the most unassuming people. As it turns out, adventure lust is a most cunning drug that makes ordinary folks achieve extraordinary feats. And surely we can all do more with our lives than be ordinary. Ordinary has to be a pretty low bar for living a meaningful life.

So, in retrospect, I really don’t know if I became any more normal during of this year’s Three Flags Classic. Probably not. But I do know my wife was right. (I can see her grinning reading that.) Stopping more. Talking more. Yes – even pretending to be more normal – can yield tremendous benefits. Yet, in the end, I still can’t promise to be more normal.

Yet I have pledged to spend more time getting to know more people on future Three Flags Classic tours. This is how I plan to spend my time on these rides -exploring awe with folks who, if not normal, are perhaps at least a little quirky, but certainly not

ordinary. These are the best ones to get to know. Because in the end, it seems to me, normal is vastly overrated.

But don't tell my Sweetheart I said this.

*James Kingdon
Explorer of Awe*



Day 1: The Grand Canyon AZ

Day 3: Estes Park CO at 12,000', 6:00 AM



Day 5: Plains MT 6:00 AM



Day 4: US-191 WY ^:00 AM



Day 5: Kettle River WA



SCMA - More Than Miles



SCMA's Premier Events

Three Flags Classic (an AMA "Extreme Grand Tour")

The planning for the 2022, 45th Annual Three Flags Classic is beginning. The ride will start in Mexicali, Baja Mexico, and head north for a finish in Penticton, BC Canada. The ride will be 5 days in duration. A lot of exciting things are happening and it's shaping up to be a continuation of our return to our Three Flags roots of riding through three countries!!!

<https://sc-ma.com/rides/3-flag-parent/three-flags-classic/>

Great Lakes Cabot Trail Tour (New Premier Ride in 2022)

Ride this 4,000+mile tour around the Great Lakes and along the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River into Nova Scotia. Bob Roger is chairing this event in 2022.

USA Four Corners Tour/USA Four Corners True X Tour (an AMA "Extreme Grand Tour")

Imagine the adventure and satisfaction of visiting San Ysidro, CA; Blaine, WA; Madawaska, ME; and Key West, FL in 21 days or less. The USA Four Corners Tour is a self-guided tour visiting these four locations in any order you select and at any time of the year. Add Lebanon, KS between each corner and do it in 26 days or less and you have a "True X". Starters shall receive a numbered towel, pin, hat and t-shirt. Certified finishers receive a plaque, patch and finisher's decal. Visit our website for complete information and online registration for this World Class event. Dannie Fox is chairing this event in 2022. <https://sc-ma.com/rides/usa-four-corners-tour-site/usa-four-corners-tour-ride-summary/>

SCMA Best 15 US Roads Challenge

During 2022, travel our annual list of Best 15 US Roads. Rules, application information and details can be found on our website. <https://sc-ma.com/rides/best-15-parent/best-15-us-roads-challenge/> Bob Roger is chairing this event in 2022 and can be contacted at rsroger03@gmail.com

California Adventure Series: The California Adventure Series includes three different rides: The CA Parks Adventure (CPA), the CA Mission Tour (CMT), and CA Best 15 Roads (CB15). Completing one or the other helps to qualify for the Premier Triple Crown award. Les Gullery is chairing these events in 2022.

CPA: During any single calendar year, in any order and at any pace, visit 24 of the 25 National Parks and Monuments in California as outlined in the rules: <http://sc-ma.com/rides/california-parks-adventure>.

CMT: During any single calendar year, in any order, and at any pace, visit all of the 21 California Missions. It works just like the CPA listed above <https://sc-ma.com/rides/california-missions-parent/california-missions-tour/>

CB15: Ride the CA Best 15 Roads; select 5 each located in northern, central and southern CA. Riders will select their roads from a list of 60 CA roads. Rules for this event can be found online at: <https://sc-ma.com/ca-best-15-parent/ca-best-15-roads-challenge/ca-best-15-roads-rules/>

SCMA's California Triple Crown

Awarded to riders who successfully finish all three CA Adventure Series events in a single calendar year. Les Gullery will be chairing the selection committee in 2022.

The SCMA Premier Triple Crown Award

Imagine completing a three-pack of any combination of USA Four Corners, Best 15 USA Roads, Three Flags Classic, and one of the three CA Adventure Series rides in a single calendar year (15Jan to 30Nov of the same year). It is a rare achievement--completed by only 10-15 riders per year. SCMA honors this significant accomplishment with a limited-edition plaque that tags you as a very unique long-distance rider: A Triple Crown Winner. Mark Burdick will be chairing the selection committee in 2022.

The SCMA Premier Grand Slam Award

Complete all seven (7) Premier Events: the USA Four Corners Tour, the Three Flags Classic, The Best 15 US Roads Challenge, Great Lakes Cabot Trail Tour, and all three of the California Parks Adventure Series (Parks, Missions, CA Best 15) in a single calendar year. Mark Burdick will be chairing the selection committee in 2022.

Some Valuable Fine Print (REALLY !)

Articles and advertising must be received by the 25th of the month in order to appear in the next published issue of the SCMA News. Newsletters are circulated electronically and posted on the SCMA website. Send written correspondence to: Southern California Motorcycle Association, PO Box 487, Norwalk, CA 90651-0487

Email Newsletter submittals to:
Chairman@sc-ma.com

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SCMA's website is always your best source for complete and current information on our rides and events. Our membership application is

there. For more information go to

www.sc-ma.com. Links to all our affiliated clubs are there also.

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Advertising space is provided to our members only. Regular membership is \$35 for one year and \$60 for two years. Want ads are free for regular members.

Businesses interested in sponsor membership advertising of a half page ad in the newsletter for 12 months, and prominent mention at SCMA's March Awards and Appreciation Banquet and the September Three Flags Banquet, should contact the Chairman.

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