



Newsletter for the Dual Sport Enthusiast

March-April 2007

All ride flyers are available online at: www.district37ama.org/dualsport/ridingevents.php

March 13 (Tuesday) D-37 Dual Sport Committee meeting at 7:30 p.m., 3550 Foothill Blvd., Glendale.

March 10-11 or 17-18 or 24-25 Countdown's Death Valley 350 has reached the rider entry limit. No additional entries will be accepted. Make your plans to ride this one next year. Ride flyer was enclosed in the previous newsletter. For information call: 775-884-0399.

March 18 - 19 are Lobby Days in Sacramento. Come join with AMA, District 37 Dual Sport and Off Road, California Off Road Vehicle Association (CORVA), San Diego Off Road Coalition and Off Road Business Association to learn how to lobby for issues on Sunday afternoon. On Monday, go in small groups to meet with your state senators and assembly representatives to discuss our vital off highway issues. Visit the state capitol building to learn the ins and outs of the legislative process. Students also welcome. For more information call Paul Flanders at 626-792-7384 or Jim Woods at 805-526-4122.

April 29 Cal Poly Penguins Hi Mountain ride starts and finishes in parking lot H-12 at Cal Poly State University in San Luis Obispo. The 125 mile ride will tour the coastal mountains and private ranches in the area. A barbecue lunch is included with your entry. If you want a motel for this ride, you should book it right away! No camping on campus. Event flyer was enclosed in the previous newsletter. Visit their web site at <http://www.penguinsmc.org> or call Kyle Davenport at 831-345-3877 or Chris Lencioni at 650-208-9475.

May 2 (Wednesday) Possibly another Orange County Dualies special benefit movie. See: <http://www.dualies.com/> to see if it's on.

May 7 - 11 Countdown presents the first leg of the **Mexico to Canada** ride from Tecate, CA, to Fallon, NV; a five day, 1,000 mile self-guided tour. A flyer was enclosed in a previous newsletter. Visit the web site: <http://www.mex2can.com> or call 775-884-0399 for more information.

May 8 (Tuesday) D-37 Dual Sport Committee meeting at 7:30 p.m., 3550 Foothill Blvd., Glendale.

May 19 (Saturday) will be the **Orange County Dualies** ride starting and finishing at Beaumont Motorcycles in Beaumont. Tour the mountains of the San Jacinto District of the San Bernardino National Forest to beautiful Idyllwild for lunch and gas. The route will be 100-150 miles, depending on your selection of extra loops or hard way options. The amount of riders is limited, so pre-entry is recommended! Proceeds from this ride will be donated to the Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation. See enclosed flyer/entry form. For more info call 714-842-6066 or 714-693-1401.

June 10 Ride For Kids dual sport ride at Glen Helen Raceway Park in San Bernardino. The route will tour the mountains of the San Bernardino National Forest. This charity ride benefits the Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation. If you have ridden this event before, you know the great cause it benefits. The fundraising kit flyer is enclosed or available at <http://www.rideforkids.org> or at the start. No pre-entry. \$35 minimum donation to ride. Directions: Take the 215 Freeway to just north of San Bernardino. Turn off at Palm Ave and go west. Then follow the signs. For more info, call Jim Woods at 805-526-4122.

Visit the D-37 web site and message board to make connections with other riders, get current updates for all rides, learn about pressing political land or legal issues, and for equipment and product discussions. See <http://www.district37ama.org/forum>.

AMA DISTRICT 37 DUAL SPORT – REPORTS

President's Report

To all of my fellow riders that obeyed the speed restriction during our 2006 LA-Barstow to Las Vegas Dual Sport Event, I say a huge "THANK YOU!" But there was ONE rider that had to speed through Red Rock State Park and was issued a citation. He should be very relieved that the State officials won't give me his name. But all the rest of you should know that because of this ONE rider, our event will most likely be denied the permit for 2007 and may forever lose our chance to ride through Red Rock ever again.

So how does that make the rest of us feel? It takes hours and hours to put on an event this size and to have one person ruin it for everyone is a shame. Our event is very high profile and we take great pride that all the LA-Barstow to Vegas events run under a permit unlike some others in the District. Yes - it costs more. Yes - it is extremely difficult but it is **the right thing to do**. We cannot ask the BLM or any other agency for the routes we use without doing it the legal way. Until now, we the board for the last 10 years have only received A+ report cards. It really broke our hearts to hear that due to ONE rider all the rest of us will be punished and not be allowed to see the beauty of Red Rock again. Is it fair to have our permit denied due to one rider? Probably not, but this is a true lesson on how fragile this event and all other off-road, jeep, buggy, dual sport, race, or non-race events have become. So the next time you are going to speed, do a wheelie, stoppie, or any other dumb thing, don't do it when I'm around. Or maybe just stay home!! We Don't Need Any More BAD APPLES! We need more people standing up and demanding our fellow riders obey the law so we can all keep the privilege of using the areas we have left. If we don't – we won't have LA-B2V or any other options left. That's just not good enough for me. How about you? Join me and the rest of the District 37 Dual Sport along with a multitude of Off Road groups at Lobby Day in Sacramento on March 18-19, 2007. Let's not let the bad apples ruin everything for us all.

Jim Woods

President, D-37 Dual Sport

P.S. Dear Mr. Speedy Rider (aka the jerk),

How about a \$300 donation to CORVA? It may or may not be more than the ticket cost you, but considering what you lost for the rest of us – I think you would be getting off cheap.

LA-B-V Update

We're off and running for 2007 LA-B-V! We have our start confirmed. We'll be starting at AV KTM at 45310 23rd Street West in Lancaster. They're located just west of the 14 Freeway. The location is chewin' tobacco spittin' distance from the baseball stadium. Paul Flanders will get hotel info soon. Look for that info on the message board and in future newsletters.

This start location will get us to the dirt very quickly. The Map team, as they are now known by the BLM and others, consisting of Gil and Dan have the route laid out and partly ridden. Once again we'll have some new trails that weren't available on previous rides.

We've decided not to do a separate Adventure bike route for 07, but will still have the hard/easy splits. A GS can do the easy routes and most riders mix hard and easy throughout the day's ride. We'll have some surprises and at least one Oooh and Ahhh section that we almost had last year.

On March 5th we will be having our post-ride meeting with the BLM and Land Managers in Barstow. This will be regarding the 2006 ride. Most of the reports I'm hearing are positive. There is room for improvement. I was denied a five year permit in Nevada due to riders exceeding posted speed limits in Nevada. This was on a paved road. Our permit stipulations must be followed from the inception of the paperwork to the last rider check-in at The Orleans in Vegas. ALL LAWS MUST BE OBEYED ON AND OFF THE ROAD.

As of today, February 28th, I will probably be denied a permit by the Forest Service to use Forest Service trails and roads. The ride is still going on, but will require many more hours of mapping and re-routing to get us the best route for our riders. The Forest Service is getting sued just like the BLM by the greens and is just covering all the bases. We have to help them, and they have to understand we're an outreach to riders as well. Lots of riders coming back to off-roading come to dual sport. A lot has changed over the past 20 years and we're a great resource for riders. In the mean time, I'm getting chapped lips, if ya know what I mean.

We'll do our part by making notes on the roll chart but please be aware of your surroundings. This ride is under a microscope locally and nationally. There were a lot of riders from other states this year: Ohio, Indiana, Oklahoma, Colorado, and others. Thanks for making the trip! I think Perry King needs to bring his sidehack back this year.

Rest assured, the D-37 board and friends are working hard to bring a unique ride to our riders this year. In the meantime, get out and meet some of the riders on a calendar ride; there are a bunch of good ones coming up.

See ya out there.....or at least in the parking lot!

Keith
LA-B-V Coordinator

Ride Report

The Tortoise Finds The Bomb on the Desert Dash

By Julie Angell

Wait a minute! Isn't this a story about a dual sport ride? Well, yes, but I knew the above title would catch the attention of the desert racers. I really meant it as a joke because I just rode my first desert race a couple of weeks ago. It was the Four Aces National Hare and Hound at Charlie's Place near Ridgecrest. I think they should rename it the National Tortoise and the Hare. The Hare started first and the Tortoise finished last.....but, I did finish. I had a lot of fun on those 40 miles and just treated it like a leisurely dual sport ride, stopping to help people numerous times and finishing in three hours. Really, the only people I raced were the sweep crew.

Well, that's kind of like the dual sport rides. I seem to be racing the sweep crew sometimes, and the Desert Dash was no exception. And there was a bomb on the Desert Dash. You just had to be in the right place at the right time to see it. And if you keep on reading, you'll find it.

Randy Lazar's Desert Dash in the low desert is one of my favorite dual sport rides. It's a tough ride because of the sandy terrain with seemingly unending whoops and the long distances both days, but it's a beautiful ride. The Butterfield Campground may be out in the middle of nowhere on Highway S2 south off Highway 78, but it's clean and has hot showers and level ground. Plus, it's fun to have all of us dualsporters camping together versus being in motels.

I was going to ride with my buddies, Russ and Des. Des was breaking in his engine and knew he had two choices; ride with me and break it in correctly or ride with Russ and break the engine because of Russ's high speeds. It's amazing the excuses that people use for riding with me. I've heard everything from "My wife is making me ride with you because we're leaving on a cruise tomorrow and she doesn't want me to get hurt" to "This is my first dualsport ride and I don't know how to read a roll chart." However, it's all good and we always have fun and some type of adventure, it seems.



Before we started the ride Saturday morning I had already loaned out both my spare rollchart holders to newbies and also my spare riding gear. Yep, another one of Troy's buddies showed up without his gear. This time it wasn't long underwear that was left at home but a whole gear bag. The person did have his helmet and goggles, thank goodness. Since I had brought rain gear just in case, I loaned him those pants, which look and feel like regular riding pants. I also had a spare pair of gloves, just in case someone ever needed any. Well, that time had finally arrived. However, I couldn't scrounge up elbow or knee

guards for him. But, he (name left off to protect the embarrassed) was wearing a good pair of sturdy shoes. Thank goodness he hadn't shown up in flip-flops. So, he would just make the best out of what he had.

So, it was time to leave for the ride before I ended up with nothing left in my gear or parts bag. The first part of the ride took us through Oriflamme Canyon. It's pretty rocky, but once you're through it you've done most of the rocks on the ride. We jumped onto Highway 78 from Oriflamme Canyon and turned onto Grapevine Canyon. With the recent rain, the traction was wonderful through the sandy curves of this trail, and you didn't even need to follow the roll chart to see where to turn. You just followed the brown tracks in the sand.

Now, the next part of the ride, which was Jasper Trail, really surprised me. I've ridden it several times over the last several years. It's off camber, hard dirt, some rocks, and has deep ruts in the middle. As a result, you have to really hug

the edge of the trail to avoid the ruts. But, the trail is lined with cactus on both sides. So, it's challenging to reach the end of the trail with no thorns in your arms or hands.

But, this didn't seem like the old Jasper Trail. It had been graded, apparently, because it was just shallow sand. It was a high speed, have-lots-of-fun trail this time. I still saw bits and pieces of cholla cactus laying in the trail like I did last year, so I knew a few people had overshot some turns and ended up being pricked. Ouch!

We headed down Culp Valley to Highway S-22 to ride over the grade into Borrego Springs where I topped off my tank. Next gas would be in 30 miles.

After leaving Borrego Springs we went by the dump and into some very sandy washes. This was definitely the most challenging section of the day for us. Sand dunes have formed in the wash, so you just have to give it the gas and have good balance. We finally came to San Felipe wash, where we flew at high speeds (well, Russ and Des flew. The tortoise only flies at about 45 mph on dirt) to the Blu Inn at Highway 78 for the next gas stop. Lunch was 51 miles away.

We continued down San Felipe Wash for about five miles south of the Highway until we hit a pole line road and the start of Trail #84. Here was a split. You could ride the "challenging" section, which was last year's easy section. Since I rode that section last year, and on my RT180 to boot, I knew there was mile after mile of deep sand washes and then mile after mile of big, sandy whoops. So, I talked Des and Russ into trying the easy route, which Randy said was more scenic and skirted near Coyote Canyon. Well, I was expecting less whoops than the other route. They were made out of terrain that was more like dried mud than sand, but they still counted as whoops in my book. I stood for as long as I could, but when the thighs gave out, then the speed went way down as I sat down and rode slowly over them. Then I experienced some hidden, silty sections. Okay, it might be a little tricky but I made it through it. We eventually reached the Superstition Mountain area.

We finally came to railroad tracks, and followed them south toward Ocotillo. In a canyon, we came upon a rider on a Yamaha that couldn't start his bike. He said that his camp was about a mile away and he'd just push the bike there. I told him he was in luck since we had two expert mechanics with us. However, Russ said when you're that close to camp it's better just to tow the bike there. Russ got his tow rope out, and hooked it up to his luggage carrier on his 525 KTM. I asked the guy if he'd been towed before. He said yes so I thought he knew what he was doing. Well, he tied the rope to his crossbar. Anyone that's been towed knows that leads to disaster the first time you fall, which you probably will. There's nothing like being drug on the ground, as I have found out before from not letting go of a tow rope. Duh!

So, Russ and Des showed him how to wrap the rope around the crossbar a few times and hold it with his thumb so he could let go if he got wobbly. I have to say he caught on quickly and only let go of the rope once, I think, even though they had to go over some whoops. It was a challenge because the bike was a lot taller than the guy, so he had to maintain his balance right off.

Russ had so much fun towing him that when the guy let go of the rope when Russ rode by his camp, Russ just kept on going. Yes, he did come back in a moment. The guy thanked us and we continued on toward our third gas stop and lunch stop in Ocotillo. The lunch stop was in a bar/cafe, and the food was delicious. It was nice to sit down and relax. Only 50 miles left to go.

After we topped off our tanks for the last time, we followed along the railroad tracks until we came to a water tower. We had another choice of hard or easy section. I knew Russ and Des wanted to do the hard section, so I agreed. The roll chart said rocks and deep sand were part of the hard section. Hopefully I could handle that.

Well, I did. There was a drop-off that wasn't too bad, and there were deep sand washes, one of which was narrow and winding through a canyon. It had some huge rocks scattered throughout it that you had to avoid. I might have ridden a little squirrely through it, but I made it through it okay without falling.

We eventually came to Highway S2 and in a couple of miles turned off toward Canyon Sin Nombre, where signs warned us of deep sand ahead. It wasn't so bad, and I just gassed it and had fun. We eventually came to the neat mud formations which are along this wash. I stopped to take a picture, and then found Russ had stopped a bit ahead of me to take pictures of us riding by. I noticed that there was a little canyon off the mud formations, and wondered where it went. It had a sign in the middle of it. I hollered at the guys that I was going to check it out.

I rode my bike in and there were a group of people in there that were camping. They waved me in so I rode all the way in toward their campfire. They said that there was a really neat hike up the canyon and the walls got really narrow. They said to wave my buddies in and they'd watch our bikes while we took the hike.

I convinced Russ and Des to join me, but they left their bikes near the mouth of the canyon. We took off our helmets and gloves and took off on foot up the canyon. Russ didn't get far since his ankle was bothering him from a fall on the Death Valley Rally a week earlier. He turned around to go back to the campfire and Des and I continued. It was challenging to climb over some big boulders to get through the narrow canyon, and walk slightly uphill in the sand, but what neat scenery we got as our reward. The canyon walls narrowed down to only a foot across, similar to The Slot in Ocotillo Wells. We took lots of pictures of each other. We walked all the way to the end of the canyon, which came out on top of the mud formations and overlooked the wash.

I was starting to get worn out as we turned around to walk back through the narrow canyon. Although my boots are very comfortable, it's hard to climb boulders in them since your knee guards only let your knees bend so much. Also, my backpack weighs a ton, but since my water was in it, I had left it on for this hike. We really had to twist and turn to squeeze through the narrow sections, and since the walls of the canyon are sandy mud, I was wishing I had kept my gloves on since my hands were getting scratched up. But, it was worth it, and we finally walked out of the canyon back into the people's camp.

Lo and behold, more riders had come on in when they saw the bikes parked near the mouth of the canyon. Who was there but Stephen, the guy that had found my tortoise on the ground on the Barstow to Laughlin ride a couple of years ago and then held it hostage for nine months. We laughed at running into each other again. He said his name really wasn't Stephen; he had just said that two years ago so I wouldn't know who he was. I told him that although I now knew his name was Mike I would continue calling him Stephen just to irk him.

The riders were enjoying visiting with the campers, and I wondered if that's because the women were a little on the younger side and seemed drunk. But, they were very nice and had certainly welcomed us in. They were really interested in hearing about our dirt bike adventures.



I told our guys we had to get moving. We had probably already been there for at least an hour, and we could hear many groups of riders riding past the canyon. I hadn't realized there were so many people still behind us on the ride.

I got on the bike and rode toward the mouth of the canyon and sat and waited. Well, one of the campers called me back in. As I turned and rode back in, she said to watch what they were doing. Apparently, one of the guys knew how to make a firebomb using a bottle. He tossed it in the fire and a tall and narrow flame shot up all the way to the top of the canyon, leaving a perfectly formed smoke ring that lingered for quite a while. The guys joked about sending smoke signals to their friends.

I finally got everyone out of the canyon and along the way. We turned into Vallecito Creek Wash, and had less than ten miles to go to the highway, which would then take us to the campground. Well, Des's bike must have been broken in by then since we had already ridden about 150 miles, so he and Russ zoomed off. So did Stephen and his two friends. I was left alone in their dust.

Until I saw someone stopped on the side of the wash with a buddy. Oh, it's Stephen. Oh, his seat has fallen off his KTM. Oh, I wonder what it would be like to have his seat held hostage for nine months? Nah, too hard to carry it back to camp with me.

Stephen said he realized something was wrong when he stood up and the seat stayed between his legs. Now, that's funny.

I asked him if he need a bolt. Nah, he said he had bolts on him. After a minute of him looking for them and wondering where they really were, I asked him again if he'd like a bolt, because I KNEW where mine were.

I got off my bike, unzipped my tool bag, and pulled out a bag of bolts. Yep, he immediately found the right one. But then he realized he didn't have a tool that would fit under the seat to tighten it. I handed him my 10 mm wrench and his friend handed him some Loctite.

I gloated in the feeling of having to help someone that had had my property in his possession for so long. His third buddy soon came riding back looking for them. I asked him if he had seen Russ and Des, since I knew they were way ahead. Nope, he hadn't seen them. Well, I asked them to ride to the highway and let them know I was coming and to tell them why I was delayed.

When I arrived at the highway, the three guys were there, but Russ and Des weren't. The guys said they hadn't seen them. I couldn't believe that my buddies would just take off for the campground 13 miles away on the highway and not wait for me! I know we were close to the campground, but still. That wasn't very nice of them. What if I had taken a wrong turn in the canyon? This ride doesn't have GPS, and you can't always tell if you're in the right place. Or, I could have been lying back there trapped with the bike on top of me.

Well, I was disgusted but I turned onto Highway S-2 and headed for the campground. When I pulled in I rode straight to their truck.....AND THEY WEREN'T THERE! Oh, no! They were out there somewhere looking for me. I don't understand how I could have missed them when I didn't see any dust in the canyon as I approached the highway.

I rode to my car and got off my bike. I didn't think it would do any good to ride the 13 miles back to the turnoff, since they probably weren't there, and who knows how far back they were in the canyon looking for me. I felt really awful.

Well, in about 20 minutes they rode up. Russ was furious with me for abandoning them. Des said it was really Russ's fault and to not take him too seriously since Russ had gotten them lost and that's why there weren't at the highway waiting for me. Apparently Russ turned off into the wrong canyon (which Des says is now called Russ's Canyon), and since they ride at a million miles an hour, it was some time before they realized they weren't in the correct wash. After backtracking and then finding the correct route to the highway, and finding me absent, they thought I had gotten lost and turned back to look for me. What a nightmare.

I felt terrible. Russ had had a similar thing happen to him a week earlier on the Death Valley Rally where he spent two hours riding around looking for his buddy who had decided to take his own route and had already been sitting at his truck for four hours waiting for Russ. Since that little disaster had been posted on the D-37 message board, Russ didn't understand why I didn't learn that you always wait for your buddies at the reset. I told him I was mad at them, too, because I didn't think they had waited for me. What silliness.

Well, we both got over our anger and we all got cleaned up and headed for dinner. Randy has quite the spread at his Saturday night banquet, so I was looking forward to that. Plus, it gave me a chance to visit with everyone else and see how their day was.

Well, everyone had a tail to tell, and it was fun kidding everyone. After dinner, Randy had a raffle and almost everyone won something. We all headed off to bed because the day had been long, although I wasn't so beat like I had been last year after 170 miles of deep sand and whoops on my little RT180. What a difference it makes to ride the same route on a TTR250 and have to expend less energy while riding. Think what it will be like someday when I get a real bike with real suspension. You guys better watch out!

The next morning, Ralph decided to join us since his buddy, Gordon, had only been able to ride for one day. We decided to leave around 7:30. I woke up early enough to do some maintenance on my bike and be on time. Well, Russ and Des weren't ready. The waist strap on Russ's backpack had torn away from the pack, and he said he needed me to help him with some surgery. Well, I had learned a trick from my aunt a couple of years ago. When I had really big holes in the fingers of my gloves, she used dental floss to stitch them up. She said that held better than thread. Well, I went back to my car for my sewing kit, and ran into Ralph. He had quite the handy dandy sewing kit in his truck, and found some dental floss, which I took to Russ. Fortunately, the eye of the needle was large enough to thread the dental floss through it. He stitched that strap in over and over so it was guaranteed not to go anywhere. Then we were ready to take off. It was now around 8:30 a.m.

First gas would be in 95 miles, so I was carrying two plastic bottles in my backpack so I could be my own fire bomb if I fell off my bike today. You never know if Des will be in the mood to share some gas. Just kidding, Des!

We jumped on the Highway and headed toward Pinyon Mountain Road. We'd be riding to Fish Creek Wash and then Split Mountain. This is a one way route. Once you start, you're committed. I think the one way is meant for the jeeps, but I've yet to see a dirt bike riding backwards on this route.

First off we hit The Squeeze. This is a section of the



canyon where the walls, which are made out of rock, are only about six feet wide. I do not know how four wheel-drive vehicles “squeeze” through here, but apparently they do. Now, every time I ride the Squeeze, I move all the rocks out of the way so you can just “glide” down the two foot drop off. And every year, someone seems to put them back. This year was no exception. Russ had ridden ahead and had his camera aimed at me, and he would not move that darn rock out of my way that was blocking my front tire. So, since a picture is worth a thousand words, you can see what I was trying to do because Russ wouldn’t walk ten feet over to help me.

Well, I was later accused of being the plug in the Squeeze, but I did finally make it down it, although I walked my bike this year. What is it about being on a lower bike that gives a person so much more confidence? I didn’t have it this year on the TTR250 like I had the last couple of times I had ridden this route on the RT180. Oh well. How many years does it take to get used to a taller bike?

Anyway, Des got impatient and squeezed around me but the guy behind me on the BMW said there was no room for him to ride around me. So, I soon cleared the trail. We came to the other obstacles, I mean challenges, in this section. The first stair step section is about two feet tall. It looks worse than it is. I decided this was a good time to pour the gas in my tank so that I wouldn’t have any chance of exploding if I fell over on the boulders. I made a run for it and made it up the stair steps with no problem. Okay, what’s next?

Ah, yes, The Dropoff. Well, this is where my tortoise jumped ship on me last year. However, he was hanging on tight this time. Russ, Des, and Ralph went down this steep, slippery slope and sat at the bottom watching me. Why was I so scared?

I did go down it, upright I might add, but it was with both brakes on the whole way. Darn it! Why can’t I just have the guts to stand up and ride down without brakes or any fear? Well, maybe next year.

After turning into Fish Creek Wash, the last challenging hill came into view. It’s a hill made out of granite, and it has a stairstep about four feet tall. It’s really not a big deal if you just go for it. Russ and Ralph rode right up it, although the wheelies they popped while doing it scared me. Again, I’ve done this before on a smaller bike. Why was I psyching myself out? Well, I saw a little trail that someone had carved in the dirt around the side of the rock. I decided to try that little trail, since it was soft dirt. I did stall on the curve, but with the handy dandy electric start, I made it the rest of the way. Now, all the hard stuff was out of the way. Whew!

I told Des that I was going to take him into Sandstone Canyon which is off Fish Creek Wash. Russ and Ralph had already seen it. The canyon narrows to about six feet across, and it’s really neat to take a picture of someone riding his bike through it. I warned Des not to ride ahead at a million miles an hour or he’d go right by the little sign at the entry of the wash.

We found the sign, and entered the wash. I had Des and Russ ride back through the neat canyon section a couple of times so I could take their pictures. Des made a comment about me treating them like uber-models. What, Des? But, he did say it was a neat canyon.

By this time, the guys started to get into their impatient mode. I told them there was one more scenic sight to show them, the Anticline, and then we would be on our way. I warned Des to again let me lead or he would ride right past this “wonder of nature”.

We did get a neat picture in front of it, and then the sweep riders caught up with us. Darn it. I’m always having to race them, it seems. I told them that we were going to skip part of the route ahead that I knew to be rocky whoops, since sticking to the highway was faster. Wait a minute. Why are we in a hurry again? Oh yeah, we left late. Why did we leave late? Okay, I won’t go there.

We took Split Mountain Road to Highway 78 and headed east. It was difficult to find the place where the trail we were supposed to be on crossed the road leading to the Slot. Fortunately, a couple of dualsporters were sitting there changing a tire, or we might have ridden right by it.





They were okay, so I hurried my tour-guiding section since the natives were getting restless or irritable or hungry or something like that. After going down another dropoff, but this one consisting of an actual sand dune, we headed down a sandy canyon with red rock stairsteps in the floor of the canyon. We came out at San Felipe Wash. I guess at this time Russ started grumbling about wanting a cheeseburger. Ralph was grumbling about not wanting to take the route that went through a sandy section, and Des was.....well, probably just wanting someone to make up his mind. I got out one of my maps of the area, and found the fastest way to the highway and thus to lunch. We would take the San Felipe Wash south to the Cut Across Trail headed east and then take the Palo Verde wash north to Highway S-22. This meant that we would miss Tule Wash, 5 Palms Oasis, Font's Point, and

Inspiration Point. But, we needed to make Russ happy. Is now the time to kid about finding future riders that will actually do the whole ride? Just kidding, Russ. What would I do without you guys?

So, I put away the map, warned the guys to follow me since we'd be off the rollchart soon, and headed toward the "Julie Angell Cut The Course" trail. We lost Russ one time when he was going 80 in a wash and missed the sign for the Palo Verde Wash. But, Russ and Des have helmet radios, so Des "communicated" to Russ to get back here and join us, unless he preferred a longer route to lunch? Russ zoomed up a moment later, and we eventually reached Highway S-22. Now we were minutes and miles away from lunch.

We got gas in Borrego Springs and had lunch at Carlee's Place. The food was good, and we ran into a lot of other riders, many of who looked tired. I was wondering how we managed to beat so many of them to lunch until I remembered our "abbreviated" route.

After lunch we headed off toward Montezuma Grade to hit the hills and finish the ride with Culp Valley and Grapevine Canyon. However, we were met with a police barricade, and they would not let us through. There was a fatality on the grade, and the road was closed. I later found out it was a head-on collision between two street bike riders. One of the dualsporters in our group had come upon the accident and given the rider CPR, but the downed rider didn't make it. Yikes.

Anyway, this meant that we had to take a long, round-about 31 mile route back to the campground and miss the dirt trails. So, we took S3 headed toward Highway 78. Boy, the cross winds were so strong in this section that it was all I could do to control my bike and not get blown into the oncoming traffic in the other lane. Even leaning down over the gas tank didn't help much. I kept to the right side of the road to give myself room when the cross winds kept blowing over certain sections of the terrain.

We reached Highway 78 and got behind a caravan of motorhomes all going home from Ocotillo Wells. No room for passing in this area. We all of a sudden went into a dark cloud and I could have sworn that some snow flakes were coming down. But, since it wasn't cold, it must have just been some rain drops tossed by the wind. But, it didn't amount to much so we didn't get wet.

We finally turned onto S-2 and eventually reached the camp ground. We had made it! And I wasn't even tired. Course, the 300 mile ride over two days had turned into only 256 miles (per my handy GPS). So, there would be a good reason for that, especially since we had skipped some of the sandier sections on Sunday. Nevertheless, it had been a fun and scenic two days, and I knew I had enough good material for a story.

Randy says that next year he will change the route, so I can't wait to see what he has to offer to us. If you've missed this ride, you have to do it next year. Work on those sand skills, and I'll see you there!

Thanks, Russ, for sharing the pictures!

CLUBS AND PROMOTERS

Big Bear Trail Riders, Jim Nicholson
Cal Poly Penguins, Chris Lencioni
Chaparrals M.C., Mike Adams
Countdown, Jerry Counts
Las Vegas Dual Sport, Steve Makar
Lost Coyotes M.C., Jim Wilson
Malcolm Smith Motorsports
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San Diego Adventure Riders, Randy Lazar
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AMA D-37 DUAL SPORT RIDE CALENDAR 2007

Ride Hotline: 626-429-2407

Date	Promoter	Location	Ride Name
3/13	D-37 Dual Sport meeting	Glendale, CA	
3/10-11	Countdown (entry full)	Ridgecrest, CA-Beatty, NV	Death Valley 350
3/17-18	Countdown (entry full)	Ridgecrest, CA-Beatty, NV	Death Valley 350
3/24-25	Countdown (entry full)	Ridgecrest, CA-Beatty, NV	Death Valley 350
4/29	Cal Poly Penguins	San Luis Obispo, CA	High Mountain
5/7-11	Countdown (5 days)	San Diego-Tecate (1 st half)	Mexico to Canada
5/8	D-37 Dual Sport meeting	Glendale, CA	
5/19 (Sat.)	Orange County Dualies	Beaumont, CA	
6/10	Pediatric Brain Tumor Foundation	San Bernardino, CA	Ride For Kids
6/23-24	Big Bear Trail Riders	Big Bear Lake, CA	Big Bear Run
7/10	D-37 Dual Sport meeting	Glendale, CA	
7/28 (Sat.)	Big Bear Trail Riders	Big Bear Lake	Moonlite Madness
8/17-24	Countdown (8 days)	Fallon, NV (2 nd half)	Mexico to Canada
9/8-9	Countdown	Mammoth Lakes, CA	Mammoth 250
9/23-23	Chaparrals M.C.	Jawbone Canyon, Mojave	Alpine Trails
10/6-7	Countdown	Topaz, NV	Topaz 300
10/13 (Sat.)	Big Bear Trail Riders	Big Bear Lake, CA	Octoberfest
10/21	Ventura County M.C.	Lebec, CA	Casa Pacifica
10/27-28	Las Vegas Dual Sport.com	Las Vegas, NV	Royal Flush 350

Note: Schedule is subject to change. Refer to ride flyers, website, message board, bi-monthly newsletter, promoters, and the rider hotline at 626-429-2407 for up-to-date ride information. Visit our web-site: www.district37ama.org/dualsport for updates, message-board discussions, and email addresses.

D-37 Dual Sport committee meetings are held on the second Tuesday of odd numbered months starting around 7:30 p.m. at 3550 Foothill Blvd., Glendale, CA. Enter from parking lot in back.

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