

Celebrating 50,000 miles with a ride to Mexico

Story and photos by Randall Bohl

An ice cream sandwich costs 30 pesos, I learned while in Puerto Peñasco—important knowledge.

It was November, and my '95 Honda Nighthawk was in the garage just 58 miles shy of its 50,000 mile odometer reading, when my friend Linda said I was welcome to stay at her place during the Rocky Point Rally. It was the perfect excuse to ride close to 700 miles, when I really only needed to go 58 miles for a photo of the odo.

I arrived at Linda's just before dusk on a Thursday, opening day of the rally. I found that Diane, a mutual friend, and Shawn, a new friend, were staying at Linda's, also. Sharing a house with three ladies for the weekend what could go wrong? Don't say.

The four of us walked a block to the beach next to Manny's Beach Club for sunset. I had a second story bedroom/bath with balcony overlooking Manny's—pret-

ty cool until that night, as I listened to live bands and Harleys until almost 3 am. This would not be a sleeping trip.

Friday morning, I rode over to the Malecón, ground zero of the rally. By 10 am, the streets were lined with bikes and packed with people. I found old friends Brenda and Jamie at the Tekila Bar, and we watched the festivities from the balcony until early afternoon. We then rode out to Cholla Bay and the much quieter JJ's Cantina for the afternoon. Dinner was Carne Asada from a street vendor in front of Manny's.

Saturday morning, with Shawn on the back the bike, we rode through Las Conchas, east of Rocky Point, admiring the beachfront homes. In the afternoon, Linda and Shawn headed to the Malecón to party, I did some riding around town, now filled with bikers, and landed at Las Palmas Resort, hanging poolside with Brenda and Jamie at their rented beachfront home.

Arizona-based photographer-writer-rider Randall Bohl's 50,000 miles on the 1995 Honda Nighthawk have covered 25 states, from west of the Continental Divide to South Carolina and from North Dakota to Mexico.



Nobody was home at Linda's upon my return, so I walked a couple of blocks to a restaurant above the American Legion (yes, in Mexico) for a shrimp basket. Linda and Shawn came home with stories of rally debauchery I won't share here, but all true, I'm sure!

Sunday morning, we could hear the exodus of Harley-Davidsons headed north. We were staying until Monday, to avoid the inevitable backup at the border.

Linda put Shawn and me in her Polaris Ranger and took us for the same ride we'd done through Las Conchas, only this time beyond road's end over a giant sand dune to a fantastically lonely section of beach. We spent hours following the receding tide out hundreds of yards on the sandy ocean floor. It was tough leaving Monday morning. ■

