



March 2009

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, Inc.

www.sbbmwriders.org



SBBMWRiders meet every 3rd Monday of the month at Sizzler @ 5555 Hollister Avenue in Goleta (Hollister & Kellogg) Dinner is around 6:00 PM and the meeting starts around 7:30.

Next meeting: Mar. 16th.

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Ed's Turn

I never learn. Here it is, Sunday night and I'm putting this thing together. I try to cram all my projects into the weekend but they never get done. Wonder why? Are there classes in time management? Maybe I'll sign up for one, some day.

Today was a very nice day. Sunny and warm, I didn't come inside until six or so. I did some maintenance on my new to me truck and weather-proofed the also new to me trailer. The Great White trailer is history, along with the 10k lb. flatbed. You can't tow those very well with a Ranger. My replacement is a single axle ATV trailer with two ramps, one on the side and a split one in the back. It even has brakes so I can load it down with four bikes and all the gear.

Anyone in the market for an F250, slightly modified?

Jim.

BLAKE'S TIPS

On Vacation

The Perfect Storm Ride

The February weather report indicated high chance of 5 days of light rain. We had 6 riders prepared



and interested in an adventure. All seasoned riders with well outfitted gear including XM rolling radar weather reports, GPS, Google earth maps and electric heated clothing. My BMW happened to be 3x larger displacement than the other 5 Japanese machines but I didn't flinch at this opportunity to have 5 days of desert fun. I was assured I wouldn't have to have my machine helicopter rescued. Joining me were three Suzuki DR400's, a Honda XR400 and CRF450 all street legal.

Left Santa Barbara on pavement in heavy rain until Ventura, rt 126 thru lake Hughes

light drizzle where the pavement ended. Following the aqueduct and power lines we made it to a Ridge-

crest hotel before sunset. Nice showers all night. Hot tub and heated pool open 24 hours. Did I

mention steak dinners?

Off in the morning on black top just past Trona. Back on dirt we proceeded up Goler canyon as a steady stream of water worked its way

down the normally dry creek bed. Canyon walls protrude as verticals walls as we follow creek bed over the pass. Descending the pass...past Bakers ranch (Charlie Manson's old hangout).. down the waterfall rocks and on thru Butte valley in nice slow steady drizzle. No dust, great traction and surreal cloud scenery not normally associated with the desert. Butte valley



ends up merging with Furnace creek drive which skirts the west side of Death valley heading south.

Later in the afternoon the blue skies protruded between massive black clouds with the sky illuminated with rainbows created but the low winter setting sun. Ken following my tail decided not to turn at the bend in the dirt road but trail blaze into the weeds and rocks. A few minutes later I suspected trouble when the exhaust rattle of Ken's DR disappeared. Ken had crashed and within a few minutes realized he had broken ribs (three days later we would find out he had broken 11 ribs and had internal bleeding). We were able to convince Ken to ride on and after a long soak in the Tecopa hot springs he brain stormed plans for himself and his machine.

Dinner was @ Pastels Bistro the only choice in Tecopa . Most of us had the roasted lamb dinner which was awesome complemented by a couple of bottles of red wine Andy brought in. We arranged a driver and truck to come rescue Ken and his bike. We headed done pavement towards Baker in the morning under gray skies and light drizzle. Andrew drafted me as we passed a few cars and RV's on his CRF 450 but I lost him after a few high speed blips. When I arrived in Baker I pulled off out of the rain and waited, and waited... and waited.

Continued next issue

McQ.



Goler pass thru Butte valley





Big Bend 2009.

It all happened so quickly. I remember rushing to get a couple of bikes finished so I can deliver them back to their owner. Next thing I know the week was over. Let me try to recapture the moments.

Ted and I took the Friday off from work so to get a head start. Ted lives in Superior, CO and rides down with me. The usual was to leave after work and get to our destination late the following day. Not this year. We had plenty of time to shop for stuff we forgot to pack. There's a Wal-Mart in Pecos, TX that's open 24-7. We arrived in Alpine to meet up with the rest of the group. After everyone showed up, we had us a convoy, good buddy.

For some reason, we all fell into the groove right away. After a leisurely breakfast at a local café, we

set out to ride... at 11:00 AM. I guess things do move slower down south. It was a warm-up ride anyway. Some warm-up though, the terrain went from packed dirt to deep wash in an instant. After about three miles of wash, the trail turned into a tighter single track. Then it widened back up. FYI, I hadn't ridden off road since last September. I was sore after a short 25 mile ride.

The next day, we were doing the big loop. It's about two hundred miles with only twenty or so on pavement. Unlike the previous day, we got an earlier start and the weather was cooperating nicely. The temps were in the 70's. I secretly pretended I was in the Dakar until I volunteered to ride sweep. However, after switching ends of the group, I disappeared in the distance. What a blast.

We took turns cooking for the group each night.



Mine was the Wednesday evening. My menu consisted of tri-tip, baked beans, baked potato, vegetable kabobs, salad and French bread. Delicious.

On the last day, a friend and I played tourists and rode the park. Sure we ride in the park a lot but this time, we actually looked around at the scenery. It was a good ending to a great week.

Plans are already in the works for next year.

Jim.

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IF I WERE IN YOUR
SHOES I WOULD
SEE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY



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I AM NOT A SIZE 12
AND SO WOULD
HAVE FALLEN OVER

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