



April 2009

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

www.sbbmwriders.org

Fellow Beemeristas,

Six of our members volunteered to accompany the individual time trialers for the Amgen Tour of California. Chen, Mace, Miller, Rawn, and yours truly, joined race official and club member David Walls, in running interference for the top riders in the world.

It was fun to be amongst the scores of CHP officers, race officials, and the various team support vehicles with their loud graphics and foreign tongued occupants. Steve Miller and myself looked like we were going to be able to go out on the 15 mile course for a second time, heralding the arrival of the likes of race leaders Leipheimer and Armstrong, but alas we lost out to the paid CHP escorts!%#*!

Stumbled onto a restoration in progress at Sport Cycle Pacific. Lee Cockerill (with Dave Blunk assisting) are reviving a 1958 R60 with a Hoske tank and factory optional Hella spotlight mirrors for Mike Keane.

A moment of silence for the Oakland Moto Officers that were killed without being able to fire their weapons.

See y'all 4/20...

Cy Madrone



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: Apr. 20th.

Cy's Message	Pg 1
Ed's Turn	Pg 2
Blake's Tips	Pg 2
Michael's Pics	Pg 2
Longest Ride by Georgi	Pg 3
Groovin' by Tony	Pg 4

Ed's Turn

Riders, you should get out and ride. I would if I could. Sometimes, Mother Nature doesn't cooperate. It seems lately the weekend weather delivers plenty of the white stuff and it's not light and fluffy either. Spring snow is wet and heavy. I'm now on muscle relaxing medication.

On a lighter note (pun intended) my F250 is history. I downsized to a Ranger and have been personalizing it. I have been ignoring my bikes but not for long. It's about time I update the Transalp's dated image. I purchased a Boano (Italian bike tuning company) fairing and it should bring the looks into the 21st century. Stay tuned.

Jim.

BLAKE'S TIPS

Keep an eye out for pedestrians. I'm writing this one because, yesterday, I saw a guy in an F650 (not me this time Michael) attempt a left hand turn just as a pedestrian darted into the intersection to cross the street. This poor guy on the 650 got hung out to dry in the opposing lanes of traffic waiting for them to cross. This could have really ended badly for him if somebody had been coming the other direction, and not paying attention. I think stuff like this has happened to all of us, at one time or another, whether on our motorcycles or driving. So, always, always, always scan your intended route to for the unwary foot traffic to avoid this unpleasant scenario.

Blake.



CHP escort backup bike



Put your helmet on. NO! It'll mess my hair.

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Photos by Michael

The Longest Ride...

I'd been riding my motorcycle with my best friend, Michael Kramer, when we decided to pull over and take a break to admire the view from the top of a mountain. The afternoon sun had peaked an hour earlier. I was about to mount back up on my bike when I spotted a truck barreling down the road – it actually started to slow when they saw us. The passengers were a young couple and explained that they had just witnessed a horrible motorcycle accident about seven miles back. Most likely there were life threatening injuries. No one was able to get phone reception at the scene of the accident; the couple had left to find help. They asked if we had a cell phone and if so, would we place a call to 911.

I am certified in first aid and asked the couple to take me to the scene to help. I left Michael to place the 911 call and had the couple lead me to the accident. After what seemed a lifetime, but was only ten minutes, we pulled into the area of the crash. We were in a dirt covered safety lane located against a very sharp curve off a two-lane paved fire road. The first thing I noticed was the tire marks of the motorcycle that crashed. It was going so fast, it never made the turn into the curve, but instead continued straight. Unfortunately, "straight" was about ten yards which at the end of, dropped off into a 2 ½ story drop – straight down onto a bed of boulders. The 2nd thing I noticed was a huge tree branch that was broken – it was about 25 feet straight out beyond the edge of the cliff. The broken branch had a diameter of about six or seven inches.

I immediately ran to the edge of the cliff, where, at the bottom I saw two people working over a third. I ran down the face of the cliff to the bottom, where I saw two young men frantic over the body of the crash victim. I've seen death in too many faces and knew immediately I was looking into it again. The crash victim's head was about twice its normal size, eyes bulging and tongue swollen. As I got closer I saw his body positioned in an unnatural state and it was cool to touch. The two friends were in a state of panic. I felt that they needed to know that they had attempted every possible scenario of saving him. Very calmly and as gently as possible I checked the pulse, positioned him for CPR and got the friends to help. After 10 or 15 minutes of CPR, they began to realize that their friend was gone. In the meantime, I was keeping a watch for some type of emergency services.

Eventually, after about 35 or 40 minutes, a ranger truck and fire truck arrived on the scene. The firemen begin their descent down the side of the cliff. They glanced around and as our eyes meet I shook my head. Speaking to the friends, I instruct them to let the firemen take over. The young man is pronounced dead and the three of us are helped back to the top of the cliff where Rangers, firemen and various rescue personnel have gathered. I search for Michael who has been waiting. He leads me to the area where the motorcycle went down. I still have no idea how it ended up where it did. It was lying on top of some boulders on the other side of the tree, literally in a 1000 pieces. It was a brand new BMW, special edition, priced probably at \$45,000.

The pieces of the story start coming together. Three friends, all 23 years old, all local, who had grown up together since elementary school, had reunited that weekend. One was on a three week layover from Iraq, the other two college grads and hard workers. The crash victim was a business owner, actually a very popular internet business owner and quite successful. They had been out riding for the weekend when they had stopped for a quick pitcher of beer. Once they were ready to ride, the crash victim told his friends to drive ahead and he would catch up. When he did catch up, he was going so fast that when he reached the curve, he never even had a chance to turn. His bike shot straight out, went airborne, hit the tree, breaking the huge branch, which ended his short flight, and fell down to his death. I later learned almost every bone in his body was broken. The three young men were on the way to spend the night with the mother of the crash victim.

Michael and I stayed until the two friends felt able to continue their journey to the crash victim's mother's house to break the news to her in person.

We drove back to Michael's house where we spent the rest of the evening in silence, trying to sort out the day's events. That young man's face stayed with me everyday for several weeks and to this day still haunts my dreams.

Georgi.

Ride safely and within your limits.

Groovin'

Several weeks ago I planned to go for a Saturday morning ride on Foxen Canyon (note that next year there will be a bridge across the Sisquoc River at Tepusquet Rd.) Diversions kept popping up and by the time I could put on the gear the sun was already down. Bummer, there are enough animals on Foxen during the morning, nighttime is probably worse. If I was truly smart I wouldn't go. Years ago a friend asked me if it was intelligent to buy a black helmet just after I'd made the switch from a white one, excess heat and all. "Don, I don't ride to be smart" was my answer. That doesn't mean I don't try to ride smart. Anyhow, I'm riding this evening, just more slowly. It's completely dark a few miles onto Foxen Canyon. I've got the iPod on shuffle, and it's playing songs that take me back many years. Most of the songs that come on make me smile and think "what a great tune" and relive particular events from that era. There is not a single other vehicle on the road the entire ride. I run the high beam, looking for the telltale glow of animal eyeballs. This is the ride I do the most so I certainly know the road. What I cannot see is sand/gravel in the turns, which I know often exist in abundance. Turns I would normally carve through I take with caution, rolling on the throttle only after I get a good assessment of the

pavement. This is really fun! My senses are alive, bike running well, mood great, and I'm riding for the joy of riding, instead of the challenge (mild) that I usually undertake. My entire world is what is in my headlight and on the iPod. The sensation is much like riding in the rain.

Several years ago a NASCAR driver named Matt Kenseth was leading the points race near the end of the season and having a hard time with all the pressure of not only the racing but the demands

from all directions for publicity appearances. An interviewer (former driver) asked him how he was able to relax in his current situation. He said it was really getting to him and he brought this up in conversation with an older past champion. "Go ride your motorcycle in the rain, it'll clear your mind" was the response.

This was one of my most enjoyable jaunts along Foxen Canyon, and certainly the slowest. When I got back home I felt I'd gone for a much longer ride than the forty five miles that I actually traversed. Was it dangerous? Potentially yes. My concentra-

tion was strictly on my riding and the immediate conditions; no gazing up at the hills. Speed was down and other traffic nonexistent. Would I do it again? Certainly. In fact, a couple of weeks ago Phil and I rode back from Bike Night in Santa Maria on the same route, same darkness, same cautious speed, and same enjoyable experience. Ride on.

Tony.



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