



June 2009

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

www.sbbmwriders.org

Fellow One Percenters,

Had the RT12 serviced at Ventura BMW and took the loaner ST12 out for a tortuous ride on Decker Canyon Rd. Makes me appreciate the relaxed upright position of the RT & GS.

Speaking of the Gelande Sport, while waiting for the aforementioned loaner, I encountered a recently traded GSA on the showroom floor with 3K miles on the odo and more importantly, an educated guestimate of 6K dollars in modifications!

Note the painted rims to match the non-stock black tank color, upgraded skid-plate, HID lighting, carbon fiber fenders... ad nauseam.

But alas boredom must have set in and the fully festooned with not a speck of dirt GSA was traded for an RT. Now that's a bike I want to see in a year!



Amused and confused,



Brother Cy



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: June 15th.

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Ed's Turn

Funny thing happened to me this last month, I test rode a Buell Lightning. I don't know what brought that on but it felt great. It was a chance to be a hooligan for a few minutes. The salesman was in front. I was very impressed with the front brake. For a moment, I thought of doing a stoppie at a red light next to him. But my responsible side kicked in. I remembered saying once that I would not buy another bike that wasn't capable of offroad duties. So I bought a Ulysses, used of course. 2006 XB12X with 8k miles. I went for a quick get acquainted ride and oh boy, I could get in trouble with this bike. Sure enough, two weeks later, I get my first ticket in 15 years on a bike. Cars don't count. It was out in the middle of nowhere and the speed limit had to be 45 mph. It should have been 65 or higher. Must learn self control.

Jim.

BLAKE'S TIPS

Maximize your space. When in traffic, look to place yourself as far away from the surrounding traffic as possible. The added space you create will give you that split second more time to react to danger and could be the difference in making it home safely.

- Blake

Damn that Tony.

Once upon a time, May 16th, 2009, the Wilson Brothers invited the Santa Barbara BMW Riders motorcycle club, henceforth known as the club, to El Mirage Dry Lake to watch land speed trial racing. We had a good turnout. Besides Doug and myself, Hank showed up but the one name I want on any ride list is Tony. Tony has a great memory and likes to write about his trips. He declined to go on this trip so I have to write the story, hence the title of this story.

We got there about 9:00 AM Sat. We only got to watch a couple hours of racing because the winds shut it down. So for the next 6 hours Doug and I took turns holding down the sun shade as we were hit time and again by dust devils.

It's now about 5:30 PM and the wind is letting up so finally we take off on the bikes with Doug leading me up this tit shaped hill with boulder strewn trails. A boulder being any rock over 5-6" across. Now I'm at the top peering over the edge looking for the least intimidating path down. I pick one and within seconds I've hit speeds in excess of 2 mph when I hit one of those aforementioned boulders which kicks the bars hard right. No problem I tell myself, just put your foot down and stop. What really happens is I find myself on the ground with my foot between the bike and the rocks. When I get to my feet or I should say foot since I can't put any weight on my right foot and my toes are pointing off in a weird direction.

The KLR gods have let me down but the Thing god saves me. As I fall down, a 30 year old VW Thing shows up. The Thing driver rides my bike back to camp and his wife drives me back to our camp.

I sit and watch as Uncle Doug packs up and drives me home. The poor guy drove there then had to sit in the heat and dust devils only to ride his bike for less than one hour. He had been up about 22 hours by the time we got home. Thanks Bro.

My ankle is mending with the help of a plate and some screws. I also fractured a bone below the knee at the top of my MX boot. Maybe next time I should bring my GS.

Phil.

Ed's note: Do bad things happen when you're not on a BMW?



I DO MY OWN STUNTS

2009 49er Rally

I attended the Memorial Day 49er Rally in Auburn for the first time since 2001. It was the maiden trip for my new Dyna Bead balanced Pilot Road 2 tires, and they performed beautifully. The ride was smooth and soft and my R1150R sought out curves, took them with neutral steering input, and floated through them.

I rode up on Friday, May 22, taking freeways to Stockton, where I transferred to Hwys 88 and 49 into Auburn. As usual, the San Joaquin Valley heated up, and I was glad to get into more moderate temperatures in the gold country. The Rally was more lightly attended than I had seen it and I easily found a good camping spot in the ballfield near all the happenings.



Traditional Rally events were observed, including Vendor Booths, Bier Garten, Fast Fridays Speedway Racing, Travel and Tech Seminars, Saturday Bar-be-que Dinner, Concours D' Everybody, English Trials and Door Prizes.

For me, the highlight of that Rally is the chance to ride the local roads, which the Saturday poker run fulfilled perfectly. It totaled 117 miles and could be run on any of the Rally Days.

The sponsors did not man checkpoints along the route, opting to include questions in the route sheet about features along the way, such as: "What type of horses do they keep at Aralia?" Each correct answer provided at the finish earned one card toward a poker hand. My pair of kings did not win. I met a couple of nice guys who were camped near me, Ted Crum who works at UC Berkeley and Ollie Wright who recently moved from Santa Cruz to Oakland. Ted and I rode the poker run together.



I headed home Sunday on Hwy 49 south from Auburn. South of Jackson, Hwy 26 provided another nice ride through rolling farmland back over to Stockton. Then down Hwy 99 past Fresno before veering onto Hwy 43 for a change of scenery where I could make good time without being too closely observed.

I enjoyed returning to the Rally. Got a little nostalgic for Chris's campsite meals, SBBMWR bull sessions, Dave's and Doug's meanderings, and other memorable events, but that's part of the fun of going.



Harvey R.



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