



July 2009

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

www.sbbmwriders.org

Date : 14 juillet

Le jour de la prise de la Bastille, la fête nationale française, commémore la prise de la Bastille, qui a eu lieu le 14 juillet 1789 et a marqué le début de la Révolution française. La Bastille était une prison et un symbole du pouvoir absolu et arbitraire de l'Ancien Régime de Louis XVI. Sa prise par le peuple a démontré que le pouvoir du roi n'était plus absolu : ce pouvoir devait se fonder sur la Nation et être limité par une séparation des pouvoirs.

The French recognize Bastille Day as the end of the monarchy and beginning of the modern republic. The lasting significance of the event was in its recognition that power could be held by ordinary citizens, not in the King or in God.

Today, Parisians celebrate this national holiday with a grand military parade up the Champs Elysées, colorful arts festivals, and raucous parties marking the holiday. Uncork a bottle of wine, pop in a Jacques Dutronc CD, and join the celebration!



Pass the French fries!



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.

Happy Bastille Day	Pg 1
Ed's Turn	Pg 2
Blake's Tips	Pg 2
Tony's Ride	Pg 2-3

Ed's Turn

Sometimes, things seem to get out of control. That's when one must regroup and lay out a new strategy. For a little while, I thought about doing the right thing and sold my big diesel truck, along with the two heavy duty trailers. I replaced my F250 with a Ranger. For three months I agonized over the power loss. I bought a tuner programmer and played with the different settings but no noticeable increase was found. So I picked up an F150 and the world is one again.



F250—Too big.

Ranger—Too small. (Sorry Doug)

F150—Just right.

BLAKE'S TIPS

Very often, as motorcyclists, the threats we encounter come at us one at a time, and we are able to deal with them easily. Sometime however, threats can come in pairs, with multiple threatening events unfolding simultaneously or very nearly so. My tip this month is, don't focus your attention on one obstacle or hazard to the exclusion of other hazards. I know on at least a couple of occasions when I've been watching something for just a spit second too long, and had other threats appear seemingly out of nowhere, when if I would have been paying attention, all around, I probably would have seen the other hazard developing and been more prepared. So, focus your attention where it needs to be, but as soon as possible get your head back in the game and start scanning again asap

- Blake

Tony's Lonely Ride.

Alan, a good friend /riding buddy and past SBBMWR member, and I had planned to ride the Rockies this fall. In September of 2003 we had undertaken a trek with Rocky Mountain National Park as the turn-around point. We got within 120 miles of the park and had to turn around due to the weather, and the accumulation of snow at the higher elevations that had closed the road. This was going to be the completion of that ride. Due to recent work constraints Alan could not participate this year. September looks like it will not be available for me as well; however, I do have a couple of free weeks early in June, 2009. Phil recently broke his ankle on his KLR so he could not go either. Bummer Phil, I'll call you with updates. This will not be the first trip I've taken solo. I have just serviced the bike; tires are new, ignition switch replaced. Good to go. This is going to be a camping trip. I leave from Santa Ynez late afternoon on June 1 and ride past Lake Isabella over the Sierras on 178 to Death Valley, my first night camp. Yes, I just did this ride a few months ago, but it's a few hours I will always enjoy. I spend some time talking to the neighbor campers in the morning. You are never really alone when riding/camping single. It's actually an invitation for company, especially in the campgrounds and National Parks where everyone is a traveler. We've all got stories and are happy to share. In the morning when I hit the starter the engine spins over like it is already warm. The temperature is ninety-two degrees at 7:30 in the morning. I ride up past Scotty's Castle and to Tonopah, NV. Central Nevada (Hwy 375) is 5000' to 6000' in elevation, the temps never got above 81 degrees and the cloud cover kept things very comfortable. There are even a few rain drops.



You can see oncoming cars half an hour before they arrive.

The southern portion of this highway is up in the juniper forest. The road now is up/down and has sweeping



curves, hardly exciting but quite pleasant, good riding. Traffic, ha. Nobody here but us chickens, and that's the way a riding vacation should be. I cut across to Cedar City, UT and up past Cedar Breaks (fantastic road from Cedar City to Cedar Breaks). I had thought of camping here, but it's still early in the day, and the campgrounds are closed until the middle of June (danger of frozen water pipes).



I ride north from Cedar Breaks on the less travelled back road, through the town of Panguich, and on to Bryce Canyon, my second night camp spot. Dinner, evening ranger program (standing room only), and some night sky viewing through telescopes finish the day. (There are several telescopes set up in the parking lot adjacent to the visitors' center. Each scope has a volunteer to explain what is in the viewfinder and answer questions.) I do take a couple of hours to ride the rim the next morning.



Highway 12 through southern UT is always a kick as is the winding path over Boulder Mountain.



There is wet pavement occasionally throughout the day, but I catch no more than a few drops and don't even consider donning rain gear. I stop at about 6:30 at Colorado River State Park near Grand Junction, CO... Storm clouds have all the mountains obscured that I'd cross if I ride any further. Besides, this campground has showers (bring extra quarters). Phil and I had stopped here for lunch on our ride back in 2005 which is how I knew about the amenities. (You'll find a more verbose description of this collection of riding bliss in the ride reports from 2003 & 2005.)



Lower speeds and higher elevation equal great fuel mileage. I go 335 miles on this tank.



The view from the gas station in Torrey I ride down the scenic trail in Capitol Reef Nat'l Park and stop for lunch at the end of the pavement. Three German couples on American bikes, one American on a German bike. The grass is always greener.....



On the way out I can't help but notice the sky. Dodging squalls will become the theme of the trip, which is fantastic, seriously.

Yes, this is why I ride.



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