

September 2009

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

www.sbbmwriders.org



Fellow One Percenters,

It's been a busy summer with the defective toilet supply hose and subsequent flood, clunkering the Trooper for a new to the US market Ford Cargo Van (a miniature Quig-Wagen), and preparing for Burning Man with the subsequent 4 day clean-up of the fine alkali dust. Never again!

Oh yeah, this is a newsletter about motorcycling... It's been a tentative riding summer, with both the upper support arm struts of my windscreen breaking. A quick search of the BMW Sport Touring

site revealed several posts relating to said malady. It seems that installing an oversized aftermarket screen taxes the OEM potmetal struts that were engineered with a minimal safety factor. Alas a small machine shop in Minnesota has sold over 250 pairs of billet aluminum struts at \$80 a pair...beats paying \$120 for the genuine bound to fail again.



Well the bright side of this story was that on being squeamish and aborting the DIY repair, I rode to our local BMW dealer and spent the afternoon on a loaner G800S, taking it over Decker Cyn to the PCH. This took some of the sting out of the \$92 an hour labor rate.

Speaking of riding our coastal canyons...Kudos to JW for organizing a ride to the Petersen Auto Museum. Led by Phyllis we travelled some unknown scenic back roads, before arriving at the Rock Store, where Cousin Jay showed up as scheduled on a Cushman with a V

-Twin shoehorned in a custom frame. Joining John & Phyllis was Lindsley riding pillion with yours truly, as well as Hank Hughes, Randy Lum, and Harvey Rawn. We ate at the Farmers Market in LA, joined by Ms Chris & Mr Bruno (who allegedly arrived in a cage) before taking in the Petersen.

See you at the meeting... Solstice Worshippers!



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: Sept. 21st.

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Ed's Turn

The Big Dog ride was a lot of fun. I met up with old friends and missed some as no-shows. Fifty riders were present for three plus days of riding in three different groups. My friend Jeff and I went with the A group the first day. He was on his G650X and I took the rare and "why are you riding that bike out here?" Africa Twin. Why not? After what seemed like pass after pass, we stopped in Tincup for lunch. It was a welcomed break but I found myself tired and sleepy. Not good as we were going over yet another pass. With the stop and go traffic ahead, I lost my momentum and dropped the AT. The crashbars did their job but I still have some battle scars anyway.



The next day, I took out the Transalp. That bike is fun and much lighter than the AT. It took the water bars quite well. I caught air every chance I could. I have plans for that one.

Jim.



BLAKE'S TIPS

Blake is recovering from something to do with margaritas. He'll have an update next month.

2009 Range of Light

The NorCal BMW Club staged a great Range of Light Gypsy Tour over the Labor Day weekend. That Friday, I rode to the starting point, the Tehama Fairgrounds in Red Bluff.

The daily routes and camping grounds are disclosed one day at a time, so Saturday morning I took off with new riding buddies Mike and Mike, for the day's poker run. The route took us generally west and north on outstanding riding roads from fast sweepers to twisty mountain park one-laners. 306 miles later, I arrived at the Sugar Pines campground at Hyatt Lake in southern Oregon. About mid day, I had separated from Mike and Mike as they dealt with navigation issues. I learned that one needs to keep on truckin' through the day as I arrived at dusk just in time for the catered dinner before setting up my tent by the lake.

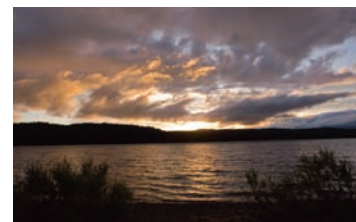


Sunday morning, I enjoyed seeing the mist on the lake while walking around a small cove to the neighboring showers. Sunday's route went west through Oregon and south to the California coast to the fairgrounds at Ferndale. During the morning, I hooked up with three riders who are active on the South Bay Riders forum, Laura, Doug, and Curt. We had lunch and rode together briefly before they headed for the optional GS loop of the route. Again, the 298-mile poker run covered excellent roads through beautiful scenery. My front brakes got spongy and then faded completely during the afternoon due to a small leak in the line and I finished the day using the rear brake only. Before dinner at Ferndale, I scavenged some brake fluid from an R100 that was being trailered home after a slight mishap in a mountain curve.

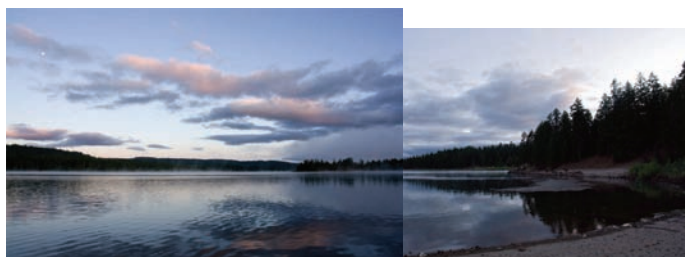


Monday morning, I bought a can of brake fluid in Fortuna, topped off the handlebar reservoir, and nursed the bike home. I had front brakes available in the event of an emergency, but didn't use them to avoid pumping out fluid at the leak. That night, I camped at an RV park in Carmel Valley and managed to lay the bike down, gently, on a hillside dirt road. Chalk it up to fatigue-induced poor judgment. I got it upright and backed down the hill with help, pitched my tent, and had a rum and coke for dinner.

I had a delightful ride home down the coast on Tuesday. The outing had covered about 2000 miles, more than half on great roads that were new to me. I encourage you to join the tour next year, but I will give it second thoughts if the beginning point is over 500 miles from home again.



Curt posted his numerous tour photos on the SBR site at <http://www.southbayriders.com/forums/showthread.php?t=83623>.

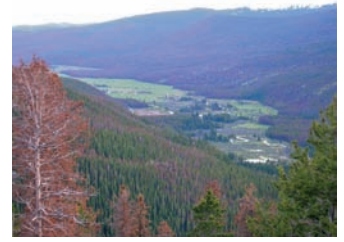


Tony's Ride (Part 2)

I'm camping/riding/hiking in Rocky Mtn. National Park in June of '09. Today will not include much riding as the plan is to take in some ranger talks, hike around a bit, avoid deer and elk on the roadway, talk to people, and just generally enjoy myself. I'm going to move to another campground in the Park be closer to the "action". My first stop is only a few miles down the road. There is going to be a ranger discussion of Rocky Mtn. Big Horn sheep next to one of the meadows. Enough sheep come down from the adjacent mountains at this particular point to feed and drink that the roadway is closed when the sheep approach the pavement. Volunteers man the area all day. On occasion it can take forty five minutes for the sheep to finally decide to cross and



12,00'+ elevation, snowbanks, wind, temperature in the thirties, spectacular views, all wonderful stuff as the sun is out and I'm not the least bit chilled. The bark beetle has killed hundreds of thousands of acres of trees in the western Rockies, some of which are all too evident on the west side of RMNP. Forest fire suppression has let the root fungus spread more



successfully make the journey; too bad for you if you're in a hurry. I have almost an hour to kill from when I first arrived before the program started. This is actually a good thing as it allowed plenty of time to meet some of the other folks. The ranger starts by asking where people are from, twenty six states are represented by the crowd of maybe forty people. He gives a good presentation, but no sheep show up. From here I ride to the Moraine Park campground to establish my new digs and drop a lot of the gear for the rest of the day's riding. A visitor's center here, view point there, walk to Bear Lake, a couple of hours hiking to and from Bierstadt Lake (about an hour of this spent hiking with a grad student from the University of Prague who had flown out from Europe for a convention in Denver), more stops for animal viewing, and it's now early evening. I think I'll ride back to the meadow where the big horn sheep hang out. Still no luck. Oh well, the alluvial fan is just a few miles up the road and as there is still daylight, I'll take that in to finish the days travels. Excellent choice as there are sheep up and across the canyon! Those animals are running along and jumping to areas so steep and loose that I don't think I could even stand on them. By now there are lots of deer and elk out and near the road which are not a problem as the speeds in the Park are pretty low. It's nice to see all the wildlife. The clouds that have been hanging around all day (and occasionally spitting a little rain) are pulling back from the valleys (like the campground) to the mountains



than it normally would which weakens the trees, which then can't fight off the beetle larvae. At some time there will be a fire, and it will be an inferno with all these dead trees waiting to explode. After leaving the Park through the southwest exit I ride to Steamboat Springs on the two-lane highways. Most of today will be out of the forest, hardly challenging but pleasant nonetheless. I take note of the three vehicles pulled over by the local LEOs in the first couple of hours and let that set the tone of the riding. Just across the state line into Wyoming I make a right on Hwy 70 and ride east for fifty seven miles over Battle Mountain. This is actually out of the way but was recommended by a person on the BMWST site. The first portion is open ranchland with great visibility, yeah; here I do ramp up the speed a bit. Once the elevation starts to climb the radius of the turns begin to tighten up, I see maybe three cars the entire way; most excellent riding. The pass tops out just over ten thousand feet, birch and pine trees, green grass, and wide open Wyoming skies. This is a good time to stop for a snack and simply enjoy being here.



Now I'm on the east side of the continental divide. This fact is brought home by the sight of the North Platte River, which I've always in my mind associated with Nebraska and such. That river is big and is running bank to bank full, just a few feet below the houses that line it. Drop a canoe in here and you'll ride it all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. The next couple hundred miles are spent on the high plains of Wyoming. Looks like I'm heading into more storms. Strong westerly winds plaster the helmet against the side of my head for half an hour until I make the left turn at Muddy Gap. The clouds are getting thicker, but the wind drops, fair trade. The Wind River Mountain Range is pretty much obscured by now, producing a rather spectacular sky. I stop in Lander for gas and a dinner at Subway. It's 8:30 when I pass through Dubois and head up over the mountains. If I punch through the storm and catch clear weather at the Grand Tetons all will be well, if I can get a campsite, if, if, if. Or, I could be riding into a large weather system and be totally screwed. There is a KOA on the edge of Dubois that I just passed. It has showers and laundry, both of which I can use. KOA it is, and yes, the shower is nice. Light rain begins to fall not long after I get into the tent; I love that sound.



as I pull in to the campsite. Everything is wet and there are a few lingering drops but that is the end of it as I make dinner once again right at dark.



Today's destination is somewhere in Wyoming in the vicinity of Grand Tetons and Yellowstone National Parks. The route I've planned is nowhere near the shortest or fastest. My primary goal is to ride roads I've never ridden and see areas I've never seen before. Hours in the saddle are a good thing. I head west back over the Trail Ridge Road and once again get to experience the



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