

February 2010

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

www.sbbmwriders.org

Fellow Riders,

All this week I contemplated posting a Superbowl Sunday Ride, but laziness and uncertainty regarding the weather won out until Superbowl Eve when I ran into Steve & Fran Miller at the Brewhouse and we both expressed a desire to ride Hwy 33as far as the pass.

My apologies for the late posting and not stating a meeting place for the Ventura contingent.



Lindsley and I prepared for the cold, met Steve at the Java Station, and rode to Wheeler Gorge where we were turned back by the CHP. When life gives you lemons...you improvise, which in this case meant riding to the end of Matilija Creek road, and then heading back through Ojai and taking Hwy 150 past Dennison Grade to St. Thomas Aquinas College where we parted ways.

Lindsley & I had the Birria at Los Arcos Restaurante in Santa Paula before heading up the Northbound 101 so that I could photograph the atrocious road conditions for the several miles west of Exit 72.

Concerned for my safety, can you say "edge traps?", I ceased riding that stretch of Hwy over a year ago, taking the "old road" along the ocean, home after Weds night Cribbage. Recently I got so angry at the lack of maintenance that I contacted Cal Trans and made my way through

the maze and talked to Patrick Porteus who is in charge of maintaining that portion of the highway. patrick_porteus@dot.ca.gov

Drop him an Email and express some righteous indignation and maybe the squeaky wheel will get some grease.

Off to the biggest, baddest Cribbage Shindig in Reno, with stops in Susanville, Topaz, and Antioch, so see you in March at the meeting.

What a great day to be a riding...

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: Feb. 15th.



Cy's Message

Pg 1

Editor's Note

Pg 2

Tony's Everlasting Ride

Pg 2- 4

Family Car Suggestions

Pg 5

Ed's Turn

I really appreciate the sudden influx of newsletter fodder. Did it have anything to do with the job opening advertised last month? It's still open. But for now, I'll keep pushing on. What's new these days? I've been itching at a new project but my brain says no. Finish all the other projects first. Oh crap, am I growing up? Let's see, there's the Transalp that's on the lift. The Buell needs new tires. And then there's...

Tony's Epic Ride *cont'd*

I'm at a motel in Livingston, Montana, heading towards Glacier National Park. It's continental breakfast at 6:00, and back on the road. I much prefer to camp, but motels do save time. After a short stop in Bozeman to restock the food pantry I'm on the bike for a lengthy ride. Montana is a large state. The gas gauge is dropping much faster than in the previous days, but since I'm sitting on 85mph the miles click by in a hurry. I hang a right just before Missoula onto the Highway 200, then a left on Highway 83, indicated as scenic on the AAA map (I'm also using the Garmin 2610). Indeed it is; a winding mountain canyon with are several lakes right along the road. I stop at one of the lakeside picnic areas for lunch. This time of year is payback for the long brutal winters. There are lots of 35mph warning signs in the curvy areas, but the posted speed limit remains 70mph, cool. But, you better slow down to 45mph at the towns! Lots of LEO. I arrive at Glacier mid/late afternoon. The Highway to the Sun is still closed by snow! The clear pavement from the earlier snow removal effort was short-lived as the weather I had recently enjoyed plopped several feet of new snow on the road-way. AAHHH. The road is open to the end of Lake McDonald. Here is a shot of the lake taken near the visitor center/tourist shop part of the park. (There was no color enhancement of the picture.) I briefly entertain the idea of travelling around to the eastern portion of the Park. Instead I decide to head back towards home and save eastern Glacier and the Canadian Rockies for another ride (when I have a passport).

ciér parks that I'd picked up the past few days but hadn't had the chance to read. It's light even later here up (next to the Canadian border) than it was at Yellowstone. I wake up when it's already fairly light, a good night's sleep, or so it seems. My travel clock is still set to Pacific Time, an hour behind local time. Still why does it say 3:35??? My first reaction is rats, the clock is broken. I get up and check the clock on the bike, ditto. Egads, there isn't a whole lot of night up here. I get a little more shut-eye and take off for Oregon. My route is half way down the west side of Flathead Lake, right on hwy 28 (47 miles) and another right on hwy 200 (100 miles). Montana is pretty wide open but definitely in the mountains. Very pleasant riding. Once again the posted



speed limit on the two-lane highway is seventy, and there is an officer parked on the edge of the towns to make sure you scrub off the speed before entering the populated areas.



In spite of the fact that it diminishes the true experience, the fence around the campground to keep the bears out does offer some peace of mind. I have enough time after dinner to read through some of the literature from Teton, Yellowstone, and Gla-



The Clark Fork River runs along Hwy 200. It is a much bigger river than what I'm used to in CA.



I stop at one of the picnic areas for a break. There is a couple a few years older than I taking a four month tour in their RV stopped there as well. They are

fishing off the platform next to the water. I talk with them for a few minutes, during which time he pulls in a fish, impressive. A 1200 RT and a new GT pull in not long after I stop. They are from Victoria, BC and are meeting up with four riders from New Mexico. Unfortunately two of those four had bike issues; the final drive on the 1200GS on one of the NM bikes had just gone out, and the 850GS crapped out a few hours later, both were on flatbed tow trucks heading for the nearest (misnomer) BMW dealer. Sort of a bummer to see this RT with some scratches and gouges on the left side. He'd taken a curve too hot earlier in the day, run wide off the road and ripped through a 4x4 sign post. Aside from a few bumps and bruises he is fine. Even more of a bummer is the fact that the bike is not truly his anymore as he recently purchased a new GT. Since that bike hadn't arrived in time for this trek the dealer let him back on the RT (which had been traded in) with the warning, "don't get a single scratch on it!" The lady from the RV came over and offered to take a picture of me and my friends. I explain to her that we are not riding together, I had just met them. Oh, she said, you all seem



like you've known each other for a long time. That's kind of how it is.

As I get closer to Idaho the river gets permanent dwellings along its banks.

Finally it dumps into Lake Pend Oreille.



A true houseboat.



Where I had lunch.

At Sandpoint, ID I turn south on hwy 95 and ride through Couer D'Alene (much bigger city than I expected, small high-rise

buildings even). About 30 miles south of Couer D'Alene I stop for gas and to put on the rain-gear. There are squalls over the Palouse Mtn. (My son goes to school up here in Pullman, at WA State so it's fun to visit his home away from home.)





I ride on a lot of wet pavement, but only catch a few showers.

At Lewiston/Clarkston (ID/WA) the Snake River is navigable for large ships.

Before Walla Walla on hwy 12 I stop to change from the tinted visor to the clear as it's now dusk. Wheat-field and lots of sky.

I camp in Pendleton, Oregon for the night, actually part of the night as it's just after 11:00 PM when I get the tent up and the gear stowed. Today's ride was through a portion of our country I'd mostly never been to before. The towns are all so clean (maybe it's the recent rain) and people

friendly. Chatting with folks during the stops puts a much more personal touch to the day than simply passing through. The waves from kids as I ride by make me smile.

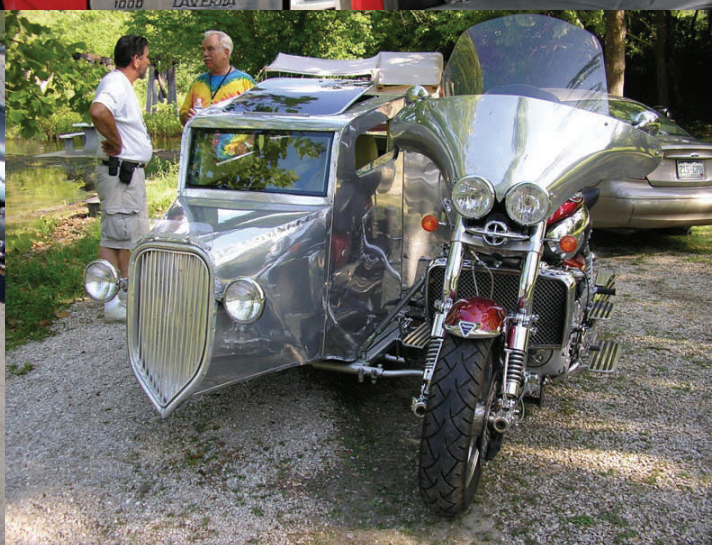
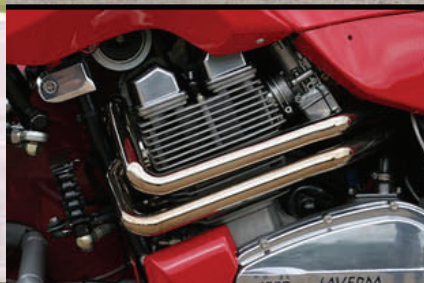
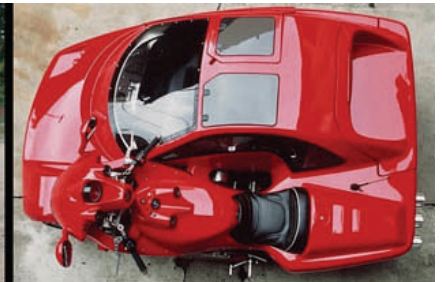


A friend of mine is a hardcore BMW rider in Superior, CO. He rides year-round, even in snow. For the slick commute, he rides with knobbies and studs installed. He told me he had to get a new family car. I gave him a few suggestions as did my friends. For some reason, his wife wouldn't go for it. Their current car is a Passat so this rig would be a natural. Don't you think?



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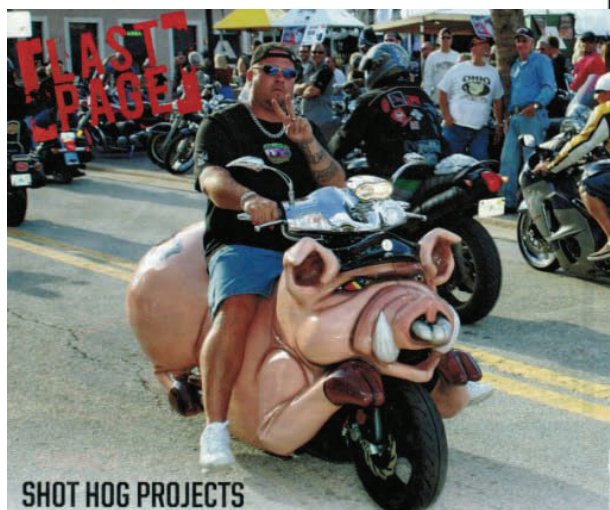
What are friends for?



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**SHOT HOG PROJECTS
 HEALTHY MESSAGE, MILD REVULSION**

WORDS: Jeff Kay PHOTO: Bob Clark

IRVINE, Calif., Dec. 18—With the economy curled up in a fetal position and racked with a hacking cough, the motorcycle industry is going all-out to preserve what's left of its wifering customer base. Thus, a new industry-backed vaccination program is designed to encourage motorcyclists to get the Swine Flu shot. Because healthy motorcyclists ride more, buy more bikes and consume like good capitalist pigs should. And how better to convey the important vaccination message to low-brow bikers than

with a rolling mascot? After all, didn't we all respond positively to Smokey Bear, McGruff the Crime Dog and Captain Cutanem by preventing fires, fighting crime and wearing sunscreens? Scheduled to troll the streets of major motorcycle destinations like Daytona Beach and Sturgis, the Shot Hog puts a whinny face on the not-all-that-funny H1N1 pandemic. Already telegenic Harley-Davidson is looking to dash in with a production version. Code-named: Swine Glide. **REC**



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