



March 2010

SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS, INC.

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Leaving the Kitchen Sink at Home

The dates of the 2008 Beemer Bash in Quincy, CA let my friend Robyn schedule several days off from her firefighter's job. We made plans to travel with the valley boys, Tony Suhrer and the Wilson brothers. Since they eschew restaurants and motels, packing the necessities on classic, somewhat spartan motorcycles

was a challenge. (An S-faired '85 R80 with panniers and an '81 R65, with a small rack and panniers don't pander to a love for luxury, but then they are real motorcycles.) I volunteered to take care of the meals for the two of us which meant breaking out my Rev Pack seat pack. (see photo of the pack on the bike) To show what had to be packed in order to fuel Robyn and me, I took a photo showing the equipment and

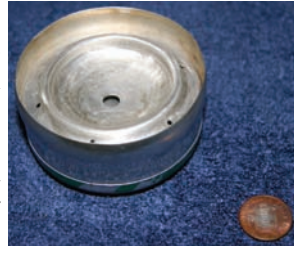
food for 8 meals: two breakfasts, four lunches and two dinners. (Water and an additional stove with fuel were in one Robyn's panniers.) Wrapped in foil were hearty breakfast "cookies"; oranges, hard-boiled eggs, & coffee completed the morning menus. The infamous chewy and filling hardtack were in Ziploc bags; along with peanut butter and jam extruded from backpackers' squeeze tubes, they formed the basis of lunches. We had several items for snacking: carrots, apples, prunes, nuts and trail mix. Dinner makings were sourced from grocery store shelves; ready-to-eat salads purchased en route rounded out the meals. For a simple dinner at the end of a long day's ride, Indian fare in aseptic packaging was heated in simmering water. Our other, more elaborate campsite dinner was a concoction of canned chicken and tiny ears of corn combined with nuts, coconut milk and Asian seasonings and served over lemongrass-flavored rice. The tiny, home-made stove that heated most of our meals can be seen between the cook pots and the can of alcohol. The low-tech "penny stove", is fragile and needs to be packed inside of something that will give it protection. It needs a pot support (which I stored inside the cook pots) and a wind screen is helpful. However, as pictured, it weighs all of .5 ounces, including the pressure regulating penny. A simmer ring for longer burn time adds .125 ounce. Though it had a few

wrinkles that needed to be worked out, it did the job. Doug and Tony held their tongues and didn't diss it too badly. Phil, however, with his pricey and huge Jet Boil, delighted in crowing about how much faster he got down to the business of eating. But then, his bike looked as if it was carrying a lot more gear than Robyn's and mine; we had to be minimalists! (However, to be honest, we had enjoyed the good wine that Phil had stashed somewhere in with all his stuff.) Since most of your mounts are more capacious than ours, why not consider carrying with you the necessities of at least some of your meals while touring? Some planning before departure and some savvy shopping make it entirely possible. If it sounds like too much trouble, consider that one never knows when circumstances might demand such readiness. Even BMWs can fail and it's nice to know you can eat without being dependent on proximity to a restaurant. After all, one of the reasons for riding motorcycles in the first place is the pursuit of freedom, right? So, remember the Scout motto and "Be prepared.*)" Bon appetit!

*This is not to be used against me by those who may recall my failure to carry a spare tube or patch kit.



Food and gear packed in a seat pack on a motorcycle.



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: Mar. 15th.



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Ed's Turn

Howdy folks. I must admit I am a little jealous of everyone out riding. Just when Spring makes a sneak peak, Winter strikes back. Although, it is losing the battle. It is slowly warming in these areas and I am ready to do some riding.

I've been looking at small bikes to play with in the rough stuff. Something like the XT250, KLX250 or even the CRF230 should fit the bill. I NEED another bike. It would finish off the stable and keep the others company. That's my excuse and I'm sticking with it. Keep the articles coming. Thanks. Jim.

Tony's Epic Ride *Finale*

Pendleton OR, KOA, convenient, nice showers; besides, all the motels were full when I pulled in last night as high school graduation is this weekend. Since the weather has been rather eventful, I tune in the weather radio during breakfast to help me decide which part of Oregon I should ride through on the way back to CA. Hmm, eastern Oregon and southern Idaho have flashflood warnings, high winds, heavy rain, hail, thunderstorms. Intriguing, but that's a little more than I care to challenge. I don't fully understand the boundaries given for the watch areas, but I'm heading west for Bend, OR, and down to Crater Lake, not east. Highway 395 south winds up and through some pretty neat forests. I recognize the name of the mountain I'm riding over from the weather report; I'm right on the western edge of the excitement. I do ride through some rain, but it's mostly just wet roads. I stop when I can see a squall ahead, they don't last long. Right on hwy 26 and through the John Day Fossil Beds Nat'l Monument. Pretty interesting geology.

I stop for a couple of hours in Bend, OR to visit some friends, and then head south for Crater Lake. There are showers off and on the whole way. I'm back in the edge of the clouds as I approach the lake.



The elevation is above 7600' at the highest point around the lake. The road around the east side of the lake is closed, still under several feet of snow. I spend a few minutes at the main viewpoint; the clouds just begin to lift. A gentleman who

is also taking pictures says he's been coming here every year for fifteen years, and this is the first time he's seen it fogged in.



Note the bend in the earth's layers.



The clouds do pull back for several minutes.





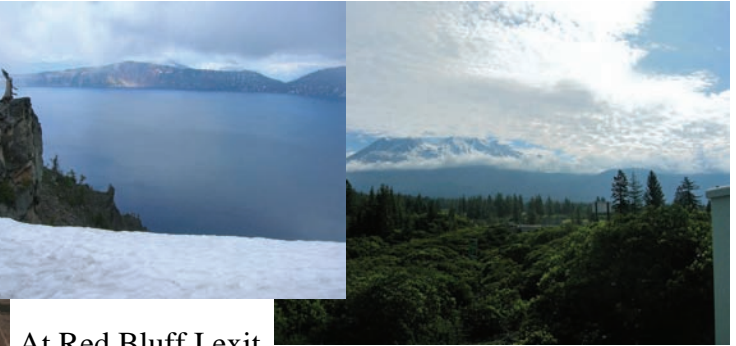
Then the clouds return. The other bike belongs to Chris, from Seattle. He's headed down the eastern side of CA. It's forty two degrees and windy. I don't take the helmet or



gloves off when walking around and taking pictures. I head southeast out of the park through the light rain on hwy 62. After an



walking speeds. The clouds pull back from Mount Shasta not long after I start south on I5.



hour it is time to change out the face shield as the sun is going down. As long as I'm stopped I'll snack a bit and watch the rain squalls. Luckily they seem to be pulling back from the highway and collecting on the nearby hills. Here is the storm clouding Crater Lake. And the highway ahead.

Yes, roads are wet, but I never actually get rained on. These cows just had to walk over and see what I was eating.



I ride on down to Weed, CA and once again stay in a motel, the SisQInn, 10:30 PM. Nice place, especially for \$48. The pleasant lady at the counter suggests that I bring the bike under the covered entrance to be out of the rain. In the morning I take the bike over to the gas station before it's all packed up, what a difference the weight makes; pulling it up on the center stand is simple and it's so much easier to maneuver at slow or

At Red Bluff I exit right onto Highway 36, 136 miles of riding bliss through the hills and mountains of northern CA. Even the riders from Victoria, BC spoke reverently of this road, though they had only heard of it. The destination tonight is my folk's house in the San Francisco Bay area. None of these 136 miles take me any closer, but this trip is about the ride, and avoiding the crowded inter-



state. Hwy 101 through the redwoods sure beats I5 and the central valley. Crossing the Golden Gate Bridge on a bike is always a thrill. I get to my parents' just in time for a beer and dinner. Very nice to see them. The next day I ride back to Santa Ynez, home at 4:00, almost 14 days to the minute from when I left. Total trip, just over 5000 GPS miles. The weather, while almost horrible, was instead fantastic; I wouldn't have changed it for a moment even if I could have. The bike was perfect. Fuel mileage goes way up in the higher elevations, where also the speeds go down. I twice went 325 miles, and once 335 miles on a tank. The oil level went from the top of the circle to the middle. Tires didn't loose any air. Ironically, the only piece of gear I took and did not use was the pant liners. The warmest temperature of the whole trip was 92 degrees at 7:30 in the morning in Death Valley. All the people I met along the way were wonderful and made the ride most memorable. Ride on and on and on.

CAL CITY SAGA

I am lying on my back, looking at the blue sky with some clouds, toward the end of the day, what a perfect day, how can I describe the area?,... how am I feeling? I'd say bucolic in nature? Am I reflective? Wistful? The area around me is beautiful; I am on one ridge of the surrounding mountains, no one around us, any time now I expect a Shepard and his flock to come around that outcropping over there....I come back to my senses, like hearing a needle scratch across a record until it hits a music groove. Reality breaks in...I'm completely exhausted, my head is pointed downhill on a single track and the KLR is crushing my R leg. Fuel is starting to pour out of the evap canister (the KLR on its left side). Well, how did I get here? Phyllis takes over:



Preparing for the Indian Attacks

John and I drove out to California City in the Mojave Desert with the trailer, the dirt bikes and Winslow to do some

camping and riding with several of my friends from P&G. The weather was beautiful with daytime temps in the mid 70's, nights in the low 40's and **NO WIND!** There was a new moon so the sky was dark and there were more stars than one can imagine.

The Saturday plan was to ride up to a mountain called



Condemned mans last meal

“Government Peak” (has lots of antennas), then down to Randsberg for a burger at the saloon and finally out

about 5 miles east to see a monument to a crashed X-15 from the 50's. John & I aim to stay on 4x4 trails with the thinking that if a truck can go over it must not be too hard for bikes, right? The 20 mile ride to the peak was fine. It had actually rained quite a bit out there in the recent storms with large puddles and some good sized ruts and that was on the good roads, but the dampish sand kept the dust down. The final climb to the peak was fairly steep with a few ruts, but not extremely difficult. I would call it a solid intermediate trail and the view from the top was worth it. A quick glance at the map showed a 4x4 trail (#30) we hadn't been on before that was a shorter route down to Randsberg, let's go on that!

It started out as a decent dirt road that went to a couple other antenna installations. At the end of the installations the trail marker pointed to the trail dropping down a fairly steep hill. Now I should have noticed right off that the trail was no longer wide enough for a truck and it was way to steep for one, but the map said it was ok and maps never lie, do they? After getting down that hill we went up another steep hill and then down another steep hill with some rocks, then up a steep hill with medium sized rocks, then down a steep hill with medium sized rocks. Some other folks came by and said this wasn't a 4x4 road, yeah I had figured that out by now. The next uphill had large rock ledges which at one point were 2 foot high and only 3 foot wide with a steep drop off the side. Fortunately we made it past that ok.



Injuries Can Happen. Be Prepared!

Then down a long, fairly steep, loose surface hill. I hit a rock wrong and fell down skinning by right arm. With P's help we got the bike upright and I continued down the hill. The right front turn signal is broken off and hanging by the wire so we disconnected the wires and put it in the tail bag. At every hill we're thinking “ok, this is the worst and now it will get better”, but up ahead more large, rocky hills. Some more riders came from that direction and we asked them what it was like. They said there were a lot more hills and rocks that way and that this was a double diamond expert trail.

Should I write thanks Phyllis? I don't know, but one thing is definite, the KLR is too heavy!! What I noticed

made it! I wonder what P is thinking as she watches me on this second attempt.



Not Too Bad

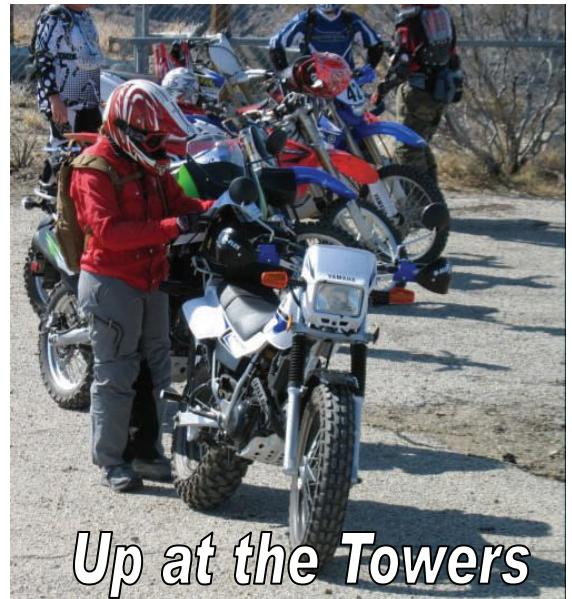
in this trial by fire was the skid plate actually lifted the bike up at times causing loss of traction which led to my eventual literal downfall. The front rim bead is

Phyllis and I can see the end of my folly not much farther to go. Oh no, P left the key on, her bike battery is dead!! All right P what we have to do is turn the bike around and bump start it on this narrow ridge. We get the bike around and P says let's do third. We are both exhausted (she from walking up and down the ridge to help me) but accomplish the task.

What have I learned? It is a strange sensation letting a bike squirm all over the place under you while standing up. The KLR was dancing as never before on that ridge will it ride again?. I need a smaller bike and more training. It was touch and go; there was a chance I couldn't make it out of there. P's TRW is a perfect bike for that terrain. Yet, I feel quite good about how we worked together as a team to get out of trouble. Not bad for a rookie eh?

bowed out and I'll have to send it off to Buchanan's in Azusa for straightening. I am so fortunate that the front tire did not give out; the bike would have stayed on that mountain... I've done it again, another thrashed bike to my collection..

I am laying downhill sweat is going uphill in my helmet and I am waiting for Phyllis to come back over that dangerous precipice to get the bike off me. Not funny, the leg is starting to hurt a bit but because of the awkward position, I really can't get out from under the bike. P yells down from above: "Are you okay?" It took some time for me to stand back up and with here help, lift the bike up one more time. We rested a bit after this. I should have listened to her ... "John go back down the hill and get a running start!" I did this time and made it over without crashing or going down the side of the cliff. At the very top a quick right was necessary over a rock face and huge bolder to my right. I almost lost the bike mid way up -not enough throttle but I brought it and



Up at the Towers



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