



Club Newsletter



From 42 years of riding BMW's it's hard to pick just one memorable ride. However in 1972 while riding my R75/5 south of Jacala in Mexico, headed toward Veracruz, I almost ended my biking experiences. With an overloaded bike (these were the days of canvas Coleman pop tents and large heavy sleeping bags) I crested a steep pass on a narrow mountain road to find a yellow taxi stopped on the road in front of me. His fare was running up to him and a large green diesel bus was approaching in the other lane. This road dropped off steeply on my side, and went straight up on the busses side. With both brakes applied I expected to crash into the cab. At the last moment the bus driver moved over just enough to allow me to squeak between vehicles with millimeters to spare. As our vehicles met the universe came to a halt for me, for two heart beats as time slowed and then stopped I expected the crash. Then the bus roared by with the passengers hanging out the windows all yelling "OLE", as I found a place to stop and try to overcome the adrenaline that was making it hard to stand or move.

Patrick Lander

An Alien Encounter

Who knew that aliens rode BMW HP2's and had names like ConfigurationSpace? I met him in cyber-space 8-9 years ago and a few weeks ago, he landed at UCSB for a conference of some sort. I volunteered to show him around the County a little.

We met at the Java Station and exchanged greetings. He told me that his name translated to "Ryan the Math Geek." Let's ride! It was a nice clear and warm Sunday morning in the nicest June in my memory, so we headed up San Marcos Rd which put a smile on his face right away.

Figuring that if he rode an HP2 all the way from another planet, he could handle some dirt, we headed out West Camino Cielo and down Refugio to Santa Ynez and Los Olivos. I was able to show him the locations that two of our great leaders, Ronald Regan and Michael Jackson, had their ranches along the way.



Lake Cachuma from West Camino Cielo

With temperatures climbing, so did we. Up the Figueroa Mountain. Some more dirt by heading out the Catway Rd to Zaca Peak. I was able to show off Santa Barbara County's only natural lake. The whopping 3 acre Zaca Lake. From there we headed down the trail to Davey Brown camp and back out Sunset Valley and Happy Canyon Rd to Hwy 154.

Temps were heading above the 80's by this time, so off to the Cold Spring Tavern for a tri-tip sandwich, a beer, and some Tom & Kenny. It was a busy day there, lots of bikes of all types. Not quite finished with the tour, we headed across East Camino Cielo and down Gibraltar Rd back to town.

All total about one hundred and thirty-five miles with about thirty-five of that on the dirt. The alien confided that we live in a lovely place to ride motorcycles and that he would return the favor if I was to visit his home. Happy Alien

David Prato.....



Well this is NOT a motorcycle riding story but it is about a 67 year old guy and 4 month trip across the country. I am taking my motorcycle in a trailer with a kayak to New Hampshire. Attached is a photo of me and the kayak in Tenaya Lake near Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite. On the way east, I am visiting with family and friends and doing what sight-seeing they want. BUT, on the East Coast, the R1100GS will get ridden and well. I am staying near a family resort that Duffy Morong is attached to and he and I may find the time to ride. Photos from the ride will make their way to you.

Robert Phinney



Best memory? It was the time I made my own "motorcycle". It was a cruiser sort of like a Whizzer but not quite like one. I had to use my right foot to tighten the belt drive. That was the clutch! I welded two angle irons on a bicycle frame and mounted a four stroke one horse motor. I was about nine years old and my parents were pretty upset about it. There were no handle bars so I used two vise grips to steer it. One reason they were so angry was that they just spent 2k puttin' braces on my teeth...they caught me ridin' down the street in Metfield Mass., a suburb outside Boston. This was about 1968 and I started a craze in High School. Everybody else practically followed me. I sold it for twenty dollars when we moved. It cost about 8 cents to fill it, had a little tank on it about the size of a canteen mounted on the down tube of the bike. There was a banana seat on it and the bike could carry two people. My first paint job was on this bike, I found a fluorescent spray can on the road, one that street maintenance people used. It looked like

Hank Hughes

(Am I close? Ed.)



The Days of Greeves and Roses!

In the late 50s early 60s I bought a 250cc Greeves. This was basically their scrambler machine with mudguards, lights, and a dual seat. The Velliers engine was a trials two stroke with a close ratio gear-box, and as the bike only weighed around 200lbs it was quick up to 55 mph and topped at around 65-70 on a good day! The guys I rode with mostly rode Triumphs with the odd BSA and AJS all in the 500 to 650cc classes . Being the smallest bike I was usually in the back.

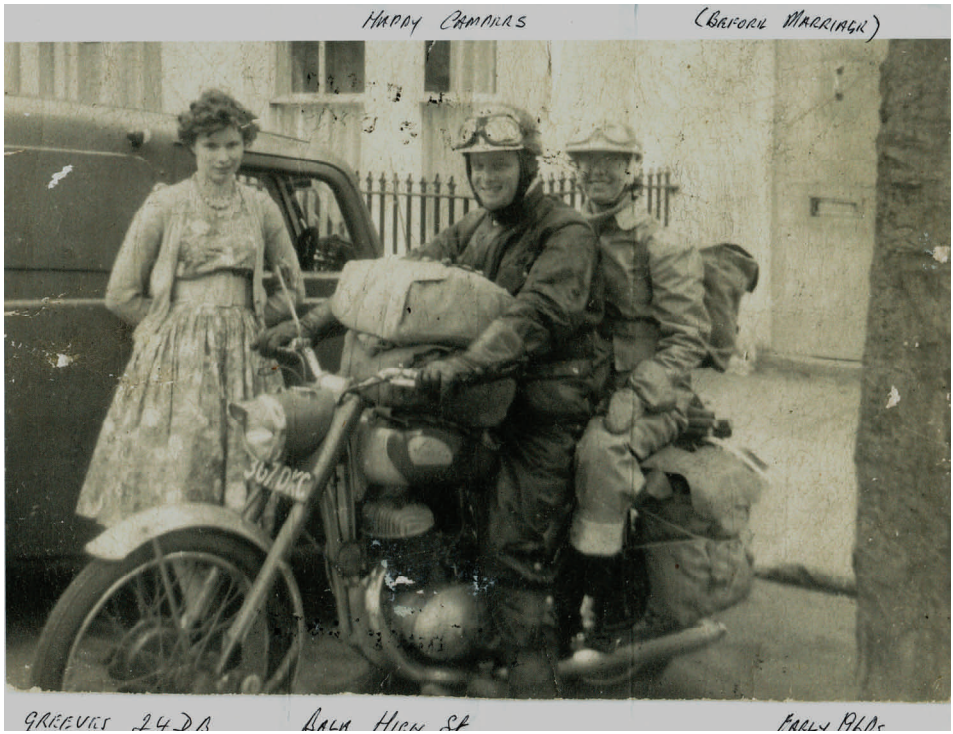
We had decided to go camping at Black Rock sands in the Cardigan Bay, so we drew a line on the map from Queens Ferry on the North Wales border to Porthmadog about 2 miles from the sands. So it was up the hill to Mold over the Vale of Cloyd to Ruthin. From Ruthin to Cesrogydrion. Then it was down the A5 at warp speed for about 8 miles. (The A5 is the main road from London to Holyhead) Turn left at Pentafoelasthrough Ysbty-Ifan, and then 12 miles over the moon to the B4391 (Crimea Pass) and down into Lhan Festimog. From there we went along the banks of the estuary and over the causeway (used to be a toll bridge to the town of Porthmadog. A run of 52 miles (as the crow flies) but we were delighted to do it in 2.5 hours of spirited riding.

The village of Isbty Ifan was used in a movie in which Kathryn Hepburn played a school teacher. From these road over the moon, would be better described as a cart track that had been covered with tar and stone chips. No attempt has been made to smooth out the bumps or fill the pot holes. The results was a paved scrambles course. This was Greeves country and one of the few places where I could pull away from the Triumphs. It rapidly became a race of No Fear and No Brains.

My father told me a lot about Portmadog as his first job was a cook on the Progress a 90ft Sail Schooner. They would load on cargo of roofing slates and then sail them to Northern Europe. A pleasant trip it was not.

I still remember those rides of 50 years ago and was thankful that I survived and have those memories today!

Doug Cowin



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In case you didn't know...

- Valentino Rossi signed a two-year deal with Yamaha starting in 2013.
- BMW is leading the manufacturers race in World Superbike with 316 points and four more races to the end of the season.
- The next round of MotoGP is in Indianapolis on August 19th. Eight more races left in the season.
- Formula One returns to the States. It's at the Circuit of the Americas in Austin, Texas. Nov. 16-18.
- Approximately 132 days left until Dakar 2013.
- And most importantly, the club meeting is Monday, August 20th at Cody's Café. (Be sure to raise a glass. It will be my first day back on a bike.)

Jim Rowley, Editor.

Have a story to tell? Want to set up an upcoming event?

Send it to me at mapenginc@hotmail.com.

2013 BMW F700GS & F800GS

Make every ride count.



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