



SANTA BARBARA BMW RIDERS NEWSLETTER

[HTTP://WWW.SBBMWRIDERS.ORG](http://www.sbbmwrider.org)

BMW MOA CLUB #165

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Member News and Rides

Deborah, Tanja, Steve and Marten attended the Death Valley Rendezvous, February 14-18. Initial reports indicated that the camping and riding was good in Death Valley, but the ride back to Santa Barbara was quite chilly!

Bob P. had an appointment in Ventura and used it as an excuse to take an extended ride around Los Angeles and Ventura counties. His pictures of our very beautiful and green Southern California winter are on Page 9.

Bob P., John A. and Ron took a day ride to Parkfield.

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*Bob, Ron and John on their ride to Parkfield,
February 22.*

SB BMW Riders Nominations and Election

At the February meeting, we had nominations and voting for the Officers and At-Large Members for the club. They are as follows:

President: Steve Miller

Vice-President: Michael Kramer

Treasurer: Chuck Beattie

Secretary: Diane Krohn

At-Large Members: John Alexander, Marten Walkker and Eddie Vertucci.

February Technical Topic: Road Hazards

Road hazards! Animals, furniture, diesel fuel, antifreeze, tar snakes, water crossings, car wash exits, black ice, sand in road curves – it seems that road hazards are endless.

Diesel fuel: Several members recounted stories of slipping in areas where diesel fuel is on the road. Diesel fuel spills tend to occur in curves and near on-ramps and off-ramps, on the outside of a curve, due to the diesel-fueled vehicle spilling the fuel if the fuel tank has been over-filled or just filled. Also watch out for exits from fuel stations. Diesel does not evaporate readily from the road surface. You might be able to detect it from the smell, but you should also avoid wet-looking patches on a dry road, or long dark lines on the road. Also avoid the center of a lane to avoid oil drips.

Water crossings can be slippery due to algae growth. Members have experienced that with some of our local crossings, such as along Figueroa Mountain Road and Lockwood Valley Road. One member recalled a slippery water crossing due to frog eggs – certainly an unusual situation but still a hazard. Wayne says that he always tries to go through them with no control inputs, i.e. coasting, clutch in, no brakes and no turning. That reduces the odds of tires slipping even on a very slippery surface.

Sand can be deposited by wind and tends to occur in curves in areas with bare ground, but it

SB BMW Riders Calendar

- ❖ Monday, March 18: Club meeting at Cody's Café, 4898 Hollister Avenue, Goleta, CA. Come at around 6:00 to 6:30 p.m. for dinner and stay for the 7:30 p.m. meeting.
- ❖ Monday, April 15: Club meeting at Cody's Café, 4898 Hollister Avenue, Goleta, CA. Come at around 6:00 to 6:30 p.m. for dinner and stay for the 7:30 p.m. meeting.
- ❖ If members want to do any pick-up rides, post them on the member email list: <https://www.sbbmwriders.org/>
- ❖ Any other activities or rides scheduled? Let me know! djkrohn@cox.net

can also be a problem on roads where it snows as it gets leftover from sanding the roads. Watch for it in roads in the Sierras and other snowy locales.

Tar snakes are areas where cracks in the road have been filled with a sealant. They have a different texture than the asphalt and can be slippery or soft when the road gets hot, or they can get slippery in wet weather; it depends on the type of crack sealant. Typically, it is a high-performance polymer-asphalt mix.

Car washes can have slippery exits due to the soap residue.

Icy roads are not too much of a problem locally, but Highway 33 can have ice in the shady corners when temperatures are below freezing, so be aware of it on that road in winter.

Judge Rules that the Mongols Bike Club Can Keep Their Logo

*SANTA ANA, Calif. (Courthouse News Service),
March 1 — In an unprecedented ruling, a federal
judge blocked the U.S. government Thursday from
stripping the Mongol Nation Motorcycle Club of
its identifying logo...*

Good news for our club! Our hats are safe!! 😊



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Upcoming Events

- March 8-10: Chaos Ranch – Powow Camp and Ride, Oracle, AZ. [Powow Camp and Ride](#)
- March 22-24: GS Giants March Moto Madness, Song Dog Ranch, New Cuyama, CA. [GS Giants March Moto Madness](#)
- March 28-31: ADV Rider 2019 Death Valley Noobs Rally, Panamint Springs Resort, Panamint Springs, CA. [2019 Death Valley Noobs Rally](#)
- March 29-April 1: BMW of Northern California Meeting and Campout, Furnace Creek, CA. [2019 Death Valley Campout](#)
- April 25-29: ADV Rider WARPED XV Campout and rally, Kernville, CA. [ADV Warped 2019](#)
- April 26-28: Babes in the Dirt 5, Hungry Valley SVRA, Lebec, CA. [Babes in the Dirt 5](#)
- May 17-19: BMW Getaway Cambria. Lodging at the Cambria Pines Lodge. [BMW Getaway Cambria](#)
- May 17-19: Overland Expo West, Flagstaff, AZ. [Overland Expo West](#)
- May 23-27: 47th Annual 49er Rally, Mariposa, CA. [49'er Rally 2019](#)
- June 27-30: Chief Joseph Rally, John Day, OR. [Chief Joseph Rally 2019](#)

The “Epic” Trip Around the United States (sort of): Chapter 2 By Chuck Beattie

A brief recap:

September 5 - October 16, 2018, 42 days.

Participants: Chuck Beattie, Santa Barbara, CA, 2005 R1200RT, repairs: headlight connector block, replace windscreen upper riser arms, 10,115 miles, 52 mpg average.

Jim Schmidt, Dublin, CA, 2015 R1200RT, repairs: none, 10,600 miles.

Chuck left Santa Barbara and met up with friend Jim in Dublin (CA) and they headed up the coast. They were last in Edmonds, WA, where we rejoin them now:

Part 3, Across the Northern Part

Highway 20 is an awesome road, nicknamed “the Alps of the US.” Washington Pass is fairly high and has beautiful views as well as great curvy roads, which go through the Ross Lake National Recreation Area and the Okanogan National Forest (closed in winter).

We ended the day in Winthrop, WA, which has an old west theme for the town, with saloons, general stores, wooden boardwalks, etc. We ended up renting a cabin over a small river, called the Chewuch, which merges into the Methow River, east of town. As I picked up the keys and walked out of the office to go to the cabin, two good friends, Pat and Jim, ride up on their beemers, stop and say, “What the hell are you doing here?” I said the same back. It was serendipity. We were on a side street a bit away from town. Amazing they ran into us right then. I had talked with them weeks prior to starting the trip, but we hadn’t scheduled to meet here at all. We just planned to connect somewhere along the line and ride together for a while. Luckily, the cabin was just right for four people.

We walked to dinner at the Old Schoolhouse Brewery which was pretty good. The most amazing thing was we were treated to opera by Ricardo, the Cuban bus boy. He had a huge voice and was phenomenal! He had us spellbound.

Next day, to Grand Coulee Dam to explore the dam, take pictures, etc. It is an amazing place. The book called *The Boys in the Boat* has a big section about one of the guys who worked on

the building of the dam and later participated in rowing for the University of Washington in the 1936 Olympics where they pissed off Hitler by beating the Germans. Good book. At night, there is a very cool laser light show that uses the dam as the screen! It's worth seeing (I saw it some years ago), but we moved on. Gotta make miles, ya know.

We moved on to Highway 12, the Lolo Pass. It was a little rainy at the outset, but cleared as we approached the top of the pass and on into Missoula, MT. A little rain, cool temps, good food at a brewery, and a Motel 6. It could be worse!

On through Butte, MT, and then to Yellowstone Park. Old Faithful did not disappoint! The Old Faithful Inn always blows my mind. The amount of wood used to build that building is immense and so is the size of the building. On to Cody, WY, for the night with dinner at Bubba's BBQ - really good.

Then to Chief Joseph Highway and the Beartooth Pass. Clear day, nice temps, hardly any traffic--awesome. It couldn't have been better. This is primo riding territory. Red Lodge is a great little town north of the Beartooth where we stayed the night and caught up with Janet, an old friend from Malibu, who lives there. We had a fun get together and caught up on the local news and travels.

The next morning, Jim and I said goodbye to Pat and Jim C. who were heading back to CA. They wanted to go back over the Beartooth again. On the way out of town, Jim Schmidt had a VERY close call with a deer. About a half hour later, a moose decided to cross the road right in front of me. Hot breaks - no contact! That was enough of the close encounters for us. Did you know there is a firefighting airplane graveyard near Greybull, WY? There is. Jim, being a former flight instructor, among other things, had to stop. Fine by me, I like this stuff. The people who flew these planes must have had some really big ones. The planes are awfully primitive by today's versions. Check the photos on Polarsteps.

We stayed the night in Buffalo, WY, and explored the town. Lots of buffalo stuff. The Occidental Hotel is a classic old west kind of place with good food and drinks, buffalo heads poking through the walls, elk heads, bear pelts, etc. Next day, we moved on and discovered we were pretty close to the Devil's Tower National Monument. So, there we went. There was a number of very large aliens on two legs, some of whom spoke an odd type of English along with a lot of gibberish. Many even had odd decorations on their skin! We could barely understand them. They were feeding their faces with all sorts of weird alien food that was alien to me. There were even some alien mountaineers actually climbing up Devil's Tower

too. The Tower is a very impressive natural structure, just poking up in the middle of nowhere.

We moved on to Sturgis, to the BMW store to see about parts I needed, which they didn't have. The town is loaded with bars, saloons and bike shops. The banners stretched across main street advertising sleazy-looking attorneys looking for motorcycle accident "victims" were impressive too.

We buzzed on to Deadwood, SD, a very old west kind of tourist town that turned out to be a lot of fun. Good steaks, good drinks, and a really funny wine shop featuring the "Bare Naked" label, with all sorts of variations - just use your imagination.

The next morning, we headed to Mt. Rushmore in the rain. It was a good thing they have a very good museum about the carving of Mt. Rushmore because the mountain was totally fogged in and we didn't even get a glimpse of it. And so it goes.

From there we headed north, finally stopping in Bowman, ND for the night. We hit the trifecta again - the drive-up motel with a restaurant next door and a liquor store a block away. Good thing too, as we were stuck there two nights due to a big cold, wet, windy weather system that came through. A very large truck stop was across the highway that turned out to be fascinating. The highway from the south comes into a "T" intersection to continue north. Very long load trucks had to make the hard right which required the police to shut down traffic both ways and the lead car, the truck and loooooonngggg trailer and the chase car would make the turn, with the chase car steering the rear wheels of the trailer with a joystick. First, there were trucks hauling huge tanks approximately ~170' long with the entire rig being about ~210'. The tanks were built in Texas and were being hauled all the way up to the North Dakota oil fields, where they are used to process gas products. Then came the trucks hauling giant wind turbine blades and turbine tower assemblies. The blades themselves were ~190' long. We talked with some of the truckers who told us all about their loads, what they had to do to get from here to there. Nice folks. These opportunities to meet people of all stripes and learn from them are what make these trips so much fun.

We headed north, then turned right to go through Fargo and on to Two Harbors, MN. This is where the other riser arm broke, while parked, due to high winds. We definitely ran out of twisties. The road was flat and straight, for miles and miles and miles and miles. Leaving Two Harbors, we had planned to ride over the top of Lake Superior but changed our plans again due to weather and went back to Duluth and headed east along the bottom of Lake Superior.

The bridge over the waterway out of Duluth is a very high and open structure that allowed the high winds to knock us around quite a bit. Not so bad after that.

Sault Ste. Marie and the Soo Locks were fascinating. There is a good viewing area where you can watch huge ore boats, some are 1000' long, come in and out of the locks from Lake Superior to Lake Huron or vice versa. The history of shipping on the Great Lakes is the stuff of lore, and the transport system is crucial to much of the area. From here we crossed the bridge into Canada and on to Spanish River. We rose to a new low at the struggling Spanish Inn where we stayed the night. Good thing we had trail mix and jerky.

Eastward, we found there were no motel rooms available due to highway construction workers taking them all. Riding into the night, we landed in the Bonnechere Valley, Eganville, Ontario, where we called ahead for a room. The small town was delightful. We needed tires at this point and called ahead to a bike store in Ottawa. Jim was down to the steel cord on the rear - scary! Getting to Ottawa was also scary, not only for the tire issue, but going through an intense squall that lasted about 30 minutes and started filling up the roadway with water. Raindrops nearly the size of basketballs! Huge! We got through the squall, broke into sunlight and into the store for new tires on both bikes. What a relief! Five days before we arrived there was a tornado that leveled several blocks of homes about a block from the bike store. I didn't know they even had tornados in Canada! From there, we rode on to the little town of Rigaud and landed for the night, at a trifecta ride-up motel.

Back across the border into Maine, we stopped for lunch at the Whitewolf Inn. Cool local stuff again - they served deep fried fiddleheads and fiddlehead soup that was great. Fiddleheads are from the top of a particular fern plant. On to Kingfield, ME, where we stayed at the Herbert Hotel, another classic old place. Coming back from Canada, the road was awesome and the fall colors were really kicking in. The Herbert had a nice pool table in the lobby, where I put myself to shame. Jim was a better shot.

Trenton, ME, is about 30 minutes from Bar Harbor. We hit the trifecta again: a drive up to the room motel, a lobster "pound" (like a dog pound, but for lobsters) hole in the wall right across the street (really good!) and a liquor store a block away. No, we're not big drinkers, but it is good to get a bottle of wine or some beer for the evening, after riding. Bar Harbor is really beautiful and very tourist-oriented. In fact, there were three floating hotels/cruise ships in the harbor, so it was really crowded. We were there early, made the rounds, took pictures and headed out pretty quickly. Acadia National Park and Cadillac Mountain had

spectacular views all around. From there, we headed to Belfast, ME, which was beautiful, uncrowded and interesting. The carved wooden piling was my favorite.

Back into Canada, we rode to Moncton, NB, the home of the Bay of Fundy Tidal Bore. When the bore comes up the river, it has a wave that people can surf - for a long way. Check it out on *YouTube*. Yep, it was raining again, so we found a hotel. We were instructed to go into the parking lot both at the same time, since we had only one token. So, Jim pops the token, the arm raises and we weren't quite synchronized going into the lot. Jim was lagging - I went through - Jim was coming through - and the arm came down and smacked him in the helmet. Well, let me tell you, I still haven't heard the end of that one! What a complainer! To hear Jim tell it, it was a steel bar the size of a telephone pole! It was actually a plastic arm that hardly weighed anything. We checked the "Tidal Bore Schedule" and found that the next big wave wouldn't occur until late the next day, so on we went.

There is a bridge about 8 miles long connecting New Brunswick to Prince Edward Island, that we traversed and on into Charlottetown. PEI is quite rural and beautiful, with rolling hills in brilliant green farmland. We rode to Wood Islands and picked up the ferry to Pictou Harbor, Nova Scotia. Yep, Jim was still complaining about having a headache and a stiff neck.

The small town of Pictou was beautiful with interesting history of Highland Scots beginning to settle the area starting in 1773. The replica ship they came in was tied nearby. See the photos in Polarsteps. Fortunately, Jim was not carrying on quite so much after the "Big Incident." What a relief!

The town of Antigonish, NS, was probably our most north easterly point of travel. We had heard about riding the Cape Breton Highlands further north east but with rain, time, etc., decided to turn southward.

...To Be Continued....

Winter in SoCal

Photos by Bob and enhanced by Harvey

