

River City Beemers



BMW MOA Club #210 & BMWRA Club #104

Catch us on the Web at WWW.RCB.ORG

JUNE 2013

Club Information

President

Gordy Olson 916-642-2221

Vice President

Jack Klauschie 510-677-6395

Secretary

Tom Moe 916-742-4287

Treasurer

Dave Alexander 916-612-6616

Membership

Ray Nuguit 916-625-0799

Newsletter

Bob Lawrence 916-208-6641

Web Master

Ken Caruthers 916-712-1014

Directors through 2013

Mike Herte 916-726-7334

Terry Lee 916-355-2575

Dave Alexander 916-612-6616

Fred Jewell 916-683-3047

Directors through 2014

Ken Caruthers 916-712-1014

Marv Lewis 916-652-0575

Rand Olson 916-599-0819

Kim Rydalch 209-521-8425

Ray Nuguit 916-625-0799

Director Emeritus

Stan Paolini 530-622-4808

Rick Blake 916-927-0000

Membership Meeting

First Sat of Month at 8:00am
Susie's Country Oaks Cafe
500-G Kirby Way
Roseville CA

Director's Meeting

Second Tue of Month at
Cabos Restaurant 7:00 pm
8570 Auburn-Folsom Road
Granite Bay, CA
916-797-1996

Breakfast - Be There!

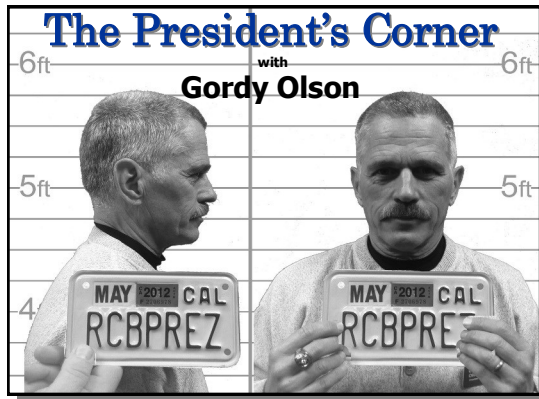
Every Saturday 8 am
Susie's Country Oaks Cafe
500-G Kirby Way Roseville CA

Weds. Dinner Ride

Meet between 5-6:30 pm
Leaves every Wednesday
evening at 6:30 pm from The
Coffee Republic in Folsom

Thurs. Breakfast crew

Meet at 8am and ride by 9am
Brookfield's Restaurant
11135 Folsom Blvd
Rancho Cordova, CA 95670



I am happy to report that we are all back safely from Salem, Oregon after a truly fantastic BMW MOA National rally. The River City Beemers had 68 members in attendance – more than any other chartered club! Naturally, as an outlaw club we are all about stickin' it to The Man. So when we were advised by the authorities that we would need to complete some paperwork before receiving our certificate we responded that "We don't need no stinkin' certificate!" and went back to drinking beer and swapping stories. We not only had the largest turnout of any club, we also had the largest banner! Make no mistake – size matters! You could sense the feelings of inadequacy from the other clubs, but we were all mature enough not to gloat.

There were only a few minor disappointments at the Rally. The biggest downer was that not a single RCB'er rode away on any of the new BMW's that were raffled off. In fact, the only RCB'er that won anything at all was Cousin Rand. Unfortunately, his gift certificate from Bing Carburetors was of no value to him, since I already take care of any of his carburetor problems for free (as I do for all RCB members riding fuel-injected bikes). The other disappointment was Ken's inability to lead us home on one of his circuitous routes after his unfortunate encounter with a wayward tent guy line (resulting in a cut hand and a trip to the ER.) Without Ken to lead us, many of us simply came straight down I-5 and wore out the centers of our tires. In honor of Ken's accident – and effective immediately – all tents requiring

any sort of ropes, lines, or other tripping hazards are banned from all RCB camping events (the "Caruthers' Rule"). This action is taken to avoid the alternative of requiring all members to wear ATGATT at all club functions -- even when they are off their bikes.

Before leaving Salem (metaphorically, that is!), I have to give a special "thank you" to the RRCB (the Rocklin River City Beemers). This crack special ops detachment was forward deployed and established the base camp that was the envy of all the other clubs. George Boyse's graciously agreed to drive up to Salem with lots of Club gear, making it possible for the RRCB baristas to prepare "gourmet-ish" coffee each morning. Several of the more luxurious tents (including the PREZidential suite) could not have made it to Salem without the RRCB.

Next year's BMW MOA rally will be in St. Paul, so I am not quite so confident in another record-setting club attendance level. Maybe we could all go to Paonia instead that week. We have plenty of time to come up with a plan.

It's not too early to start thinking about volunteering to serve as a Club Director or Officer for next year. We will hold the election at the November monthly meeting and I am already aware of at least one anticipated vacancy on the Board. Service on the Board is a good way to give back to the Club. Let me know if you are interested.

The timely renewal discount program is getting underway, so make sure to renew your Club membership (during the month that it is expiring) so you get the 10% discount at A&S on nearly all purchases during the subsequent month. Remember, if you spend \$240 or more, the discount covers your dues!

Ride hard, ride often, ride smart, and ride with your buddies!

Cheers,

Gordy

RCBPRES

MONTHLY MEETING

Club Membership Numbers: 195

Membership Report: Ray Nuguit

Please welcome new Members:

FNAME	LNAME	CITY	STATE
Royce	Krieger	Grass Valley	CA
Steve & Tammi	Bonilla	Orangevale	CA
Eric and Fran	Kammerer	Dixon	CA
Larry	Johnson	Carmichael	CA

Treasurers Report: Dave Alexander reported as of June 30 the total current assets were \$11,383.64 including \$1,840 carried for fixed assets. Dave transferred \$1,500 from Pay Pal to the Wells Fargo Checking Account and \$500 from the savings to the checking account. The \$2,000 deposit for track day was written off as a loss for the year.

Raffle prize winners:

Grand Prize raffle winner was Ken Caruthers (our very own RideMeister!) a very cool man cave style wall clock personalized with River City Beemers across the bottom.

PAST CLUB EVENTS

BLOWING OUT THE CARBON

WHAT IS THE MARKLEEVILLE DEATH RIDE?

By Bruce L. Hilger

River City Beemers are fortunate to have Kim Rydalch because of what he does, and all that he does, to dovetail the BMW motorcycle into an auspicious event known as the Markleeville Death Ride, or (less threatening) Tour of the



California Alps. Knowing how a motorcycle effectively weaves between struggling and speeding bicycles aids members of the Alpine County Chamber of Commerce which organizes the event. The job of the BMW starts with tire/tube replacement, transport riders and broken bikes and administer aid for injuries. The communication on the 130 miles of roads closed to traffic is through 9 CB radio stations where we never ride by one of them without checking with Central Control at Turtle Rock. For the 3 thousand riders, hundreds of support people and fifteen stations, anything can come up and the BMW is a respected physical contact and currier; much like the Swiss

Army Knife is to the camper.

My first experience with the Markleeville Death Ride was in '86, '87 and '88 when I bicycled 3 passes, 3 passes and then 5 passes. Eight years ago when Kim Rydalch told me of doing Sag Work on BMW motorcycles because of their unique features on roads, closed to all vehicles for the DR, was intriguing and I have volunteered repeatedly since. The River City Beemers had been helping for many of the Death Rides 33 years. The emotional content generated by this super-physical phenomenon (130 highway miles, 15 thousand vertical climb, 5 passes) because of its toughness draws sellout crowds filling the 3000 positions. Kim Rydalch, our leader, is a particularly unique success with the organizational skills and the politics that blends riders abilities with people who know only bicycling. The BMW riders are roused out of their sleeping bags and tents at 4 o'clock in the morning as the sounds of our National Anthem echoes off the mountains; when riders hit the blackened roads and are finished between 6 and 9 in the evening makes this a difficult but rewarding task for everyone. Threading a motorcycle between uphill, 4 miles per hour, climbers adjacent to riders coming down on the other side of a one and a half lane road, two feet away, at 50 miles per hour is physically draining and demands riding skill and constant attention. The Sag maintains his route, alert for the moment a bike breaks, tires blow, someone has a mild or serious accident/injury (mostly from falls), or later in the day dehydration from the heat, exhaustion, or physical/human problems similar to heart attack or breathing problems as acute Emergency Room problems, the motorcyclist is the first to be assistance at the scene.

Our Sag Work routine is to spread 8-15 riders over the 135 mile course with its 9 support stops for food, drink and bike repair, and three medical stations with ambulances and one helicopter. At the slow speeds we are on intimate contact with the struggling riders. A stopped-bike at the roadside, or even a look from a rider draws our attention. A nod, longer look or pointing a finger acknowledges and establishes a relationship between Sag and Rider. We are in the middle of and a part of the intense and long struggle of these peddling individuals. Our dedication and attention is greatly recognized by everyone on the mountain. Most of the men or women are identified by the developed thigh muscles, that come from the particular training to attain/attempt/complete this superman event. The calm demeanor of their faces reflects the extreme concentration to focus on the demands that stress the many months of their long training rides. Even facial muscles remain smooth and relaxed, a contrast to the rest of their body to maintain maximum efficiency of effort as a response to The Death Ride.

In the gray, early morning on the Monitor Pass grade, my first stop is a gentleman bending over his bike. I park the motorcycle and walk over, we find he has a broken rear derailleur which is the end for him, this Death Ride.

Mike Lingsch was asked at Top Ebbetts if he would transport rider and bike back to Turtle Rock. Having such a pillion on the narrow Ebbetts road with speeding bicycles makes very little room for error and the potential for accident outweighs

PAST CLUB EVENTS CONTINUED

the risk. He declined with explanation.

A young gentleman, rider at Wolfe Creek in the late, hot, afternoon asks me, hopefully, how far it is to Turtle Rock (which is home base). I notice behind him a "girlfriend" who is sweat streaked, sagging at the knees, barely able to stand, with lowered gaze, and they choose to take an ambulance back, because the 20 miles is beyond her present ability.

At the close of Ebbetts Pass station I am still riding the pass road where late riders continue their struggle to meet a deadline that is now over. I note particularly an overweight, 30-ish girl with large dark glasses and bright red lipstick doing a tired, weaving cadence in her slow progress, 2 steep miles from the top. Later on my last trip to the top I see the same person coasting down and toward the finish with a relaxed, smile on her face. I quietly cheer.

Conversation around the shower. Juxtapose their conversations onto the ride. A blessing of the long day are the hot showers. I sit listening to a young, fellow with hair down to his shoulders and his girlfriend. They talk of GPS and monitor so they can download the ride with their heart rate and speed to show exertion capturing their effort to see and compare for the same ride next year. She describes her heart rate of 186 being maximum, but above the 160 being the norm today. I mentally juxtapose this on one of the many bikes and riders I watched today.

Kim Rydalch's story: As I was riding downhill about one mile from the Half Ebbetts radio and water site I found the rider laying on his back in a ditch at the apex of a tight hairpin turn. He was told to not move until I could summon an Ambulance. There were at least three riders nearby to help keep the downed rider calm. I turned around and headed uphill towards Half Ebbetts when I saw an Ambulance driving downhill. I turned around and followed the ambulance until it stopped for the downed rider. I then parked my bike near the Ambulance and dismounted. I grabbed my cow bell and ran up the hill about 100 yards so I could warn the speeding downhill riders about the accident scene. The Ambulance was concealed to the downhill riders so I wanted to warn them so there would be no further accidents. Everything worked like clock work. The bicyclists slowed down and the EMT's did their check and the rider was able to walk under his own power into the Ambulance and with the bicycle safely aboard the Ambulance they proceeded down the hill to Turtle Rock. I wasn't able to speak to the EMT's but they saw me up the hill and gave me a thumbs up in appreciation before departing the accident scene.

At our orientation meeting Friday night the gps apparatus, one of eight we were instructed on how to use was supposed to locate us to arriving emergency services where we found a problem. Paul, new to Death Ride, took this on himself, and with this idea we were told to have only 8 riders and the other 5 would sit out. We nodded acceptance knowing he would be at Central with his receiver and computer, and all 13 of us would be on the road. We got several calls from him over the

day but ignored him and it turned out the system never worked properly. This was an isolated top-down control issue midst a well-organized group of well-meaning people. We created a nick name for Paul that is unprintable. We were reassured that our time, tested method of being on the road was best for the event. As it turned out the expensive device didn't work.

I had a problem with the motorcycle.

The Death Ride on Saturday went well. Tent and bag until 4 am when the music blares reveille across Turtle Rock Camp Ground, breakfast with all the riders, and then out on the road. First was Monitor Pass, but I got so busy helping broken bikes and kicking rocks off the road, fixing flat tires, that I had to turn around at half way and proceed to do my part on Ebbetts Pass, which usually starts at 8:30 am. Initially Eric, Mike and Sid cleared the road of debris and then we covered the riders through the day. I got back to Turtle Rock at 5:30. They open Ebbetts Pass to regular traffic at 3 pm with the few remaining riders not wanting to quit the Death Ride. At midafternoon my R80ST started missing and running poorly at low rpms (1000-2500 rpms), but at higher rpms it seemed to be fine. I had totaled 135 miles at very slow speed on the course for the day, helping many people, in the process going up and down Ebbetts many times.

In the evening, I decided to return straight home. My first impression was valves out of adjustment. But I had adjusted the valves just earlier in the week and that should easily last 3K miles. So the chance of something else being a progressive problem that could eventually leave me down at the roadside was pretty good.

Sunday morning I packed up, said goodbye to the others in the Sag Group and headed home from Turtle Rock. At about 30 miles I was passing South Shore Tahoe and I was aware that the bike was running perfectly fine. You need to do some speed and acceleration tests to be sure and as I rode around Emerald Bay, then Tahoe City and Truckee and was having a great ride and no motorcycle problems.

I thought I knew what the problem was. All of the slow speed, very low rpm activity for such a long time is not the way these bikes are designed to run. A diesel tractor loves this mode of low rpm operation but a motorcycle engine is made to operate between 4-6000 rpm or even higher. So my riding home at normal speeds, between 4-6000 rpm, effectively blew out carbon deposits that build up in the combustion chambers of the opposed twin cylinder engine. The next time I have this situation and the symptoms occur, running at 7-8200 rpm for 10 minutes will clear out the combustion chambers and I am back to absolute normal motor function. I could have done this Saturday evening on Hwy 89 or Hwy 88 in first or second gear and it would have fixed the problem. I have heard of carbon build-up and old timers talking of blowing out the carbon, but rarely does this situation come up as a significant problem. We just run the bikes at the usual speeds which is preventative for the condition of carbon buildup before it becomes a noticeable thing.

A good lesson.

Shopdoc

BMWMOA NATIONAL RALLY NEWS

THE MOA RALLY IN SALEM

HOW I LEARNED THAT GOLFERS PAY \$\$\$ TO PLAY ON A DRIED UP COURSE

By Fred Jewell

It was a fairly sizeable contingent of RCBers that headed up towards Salem on that Wednesday, stopping to gather at the 49er Truck Stop and in Red Bluff before tackling the famous route 36 to the coast. A short stop in Mad River (did I say short? I meant really long) for lunch at the best (because it's now the only) burger joint on 36, then it was onward to Crescent City and the KOA there for the night. Found a good seafood restaurant in town for dinner that we all seemed to enjoy.



The next morning found us splitting up into smaller groups for the ride to Salem, yet we still ended up all eating breakfast together at Matty's in Brookings, a well-known spot with good food and a cool atmosphere. As we worked our way up the Oregon coast, we soon found out why Gary Stofer

claimed there must be some kind of contest for Oregon drivers to hold back as many vehicles behind them as possible. In other words, we did a lot of passing, then some more passing, then some more, without seeming to get ahead, but at least the scenery was beautiful and the weather was cool. We took a short detour (did I say a short detour? I meant sorta long) in Bandon to see a golf course that needed to be irrigated and fertilized but still cost \$350 a round. It was a beautiful location, though, and the rest of the grounds were very well maintained. Nice place, but the fairways needed water.

Turning East at Waldport on route 34 we found that the weather changed quite a bit to the warm side just a few miles away from the coast, but the road was a fun one with low traffic and a river next to it most of the way. It took us into Corvallis and the Interstate just south of Salem. The fairgrounds weren't hard to find, just follow the stream of BMWs and you don't even need your GPS. This is where we ran into the first of the MOA communication failures - they didn't have any record of us reserving a spot in the club group camping site, so we just took a big spot anyway. The MOA volunteer there was helpful but agitated, but I warned him there was strength in numbers so he coalesced into letting us have the spot. I think we had about 25 of us



camping there.



This was my third MOA rally, plus the RA rally last year, so I think I am qualified to say that this was a top notch rally, easily the best of my experience.

There were the most vendors I've seen at a rally, lots of accessories, several tire vendors, the food vendors were plentiful

and had quality food at reasonable prices. The site itself was excellent with ample parking and camping available, air conditioned buildings for shopping, seminars and the ending ceremonies. The live entertainment was excellent with big name performers (I liked Canned Heat particularly) going on most of the afternoons and through the evenings. Others were thrilled to hear Tommy Castro and Jonny Lang show us their virtuosity on the guitar, incredible talents both.

There were some good routes to ride around the area, and a number of RCBers went on a ride around Mt. Hood and the Columbia Gorge and pronounced it worthy. Others just rode their Pico chair all day and still had a good time. From what I understand there were many flavorful beers available in the beer tent along with the usual "canoe" beers, and this seemed to be a destination for many after a day's ride. Revzilla had a coupon for everyone for a free beer at the tent, and those of us who don't imbibe gladly handed them over to those who do, and some imbibers seemed to have LOTS of coupons.

The closing ceremonies were indoors thankfully, and they were fairly well organized aside from a few technical glitches. Here's where we ran into more of the MOA's communication failures. Earlier, when we got the form to list our member's attendance, we were told then that we should have provided them with a roster of our membership in total for comparison purposes (communication failure #2). Then, when presenting the attendance roster to the MOA officials, we were told that they had to be in by 2:00 PM, and it was now 4:00 PM (communication failure #3). Had we done both of these things properly we would have won the award for most members at the rally, and would have taken second for the highest percentage of members there. Oh well, there's no place to hang these plaques anyway. A final rubbing of salt in the wound was that no one from RCB won any of the grand prizes this time, whether they were present or not.



All in all, I would have to say that it was a great rally at a great location with a great group of people to hang out with. Now who's planning to go to St. Paul, MN next year? Stay tuned, as there just might be something brewing that would include the Paonia rally and a tour of the Southwest before going to the Land of 10,000 Lakes.

IN MEMORY AND HONOR OF



The BMW world lost its grandmother June 24th 2013 when Ardys Kellerman, a legend among BMW and Ironbutt Association riders, was fatally injured in a motorcycle accident. One of only two women to ride more than one million miles on BMWs, she was an inspiration to all who knew her.



So Ray sends me this picture of himself and Voni Glaves from the BMW MOA Rally with Mike and the rest of the crew. I return his text and ask Who is Voni G.? Ray replies.... Look her up dude! Well needless to say the rest is due diligence as Jack W would say... Voni & Ardys have quite the history. Take a minute and read some of the inspiration these two women have given the BMW community.

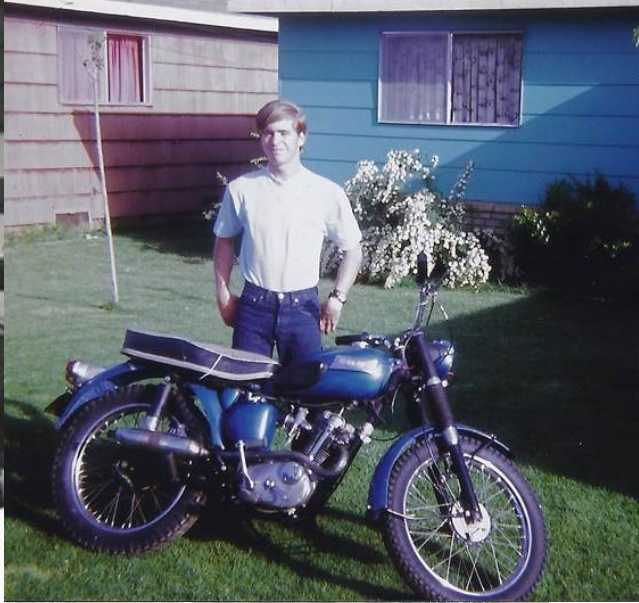
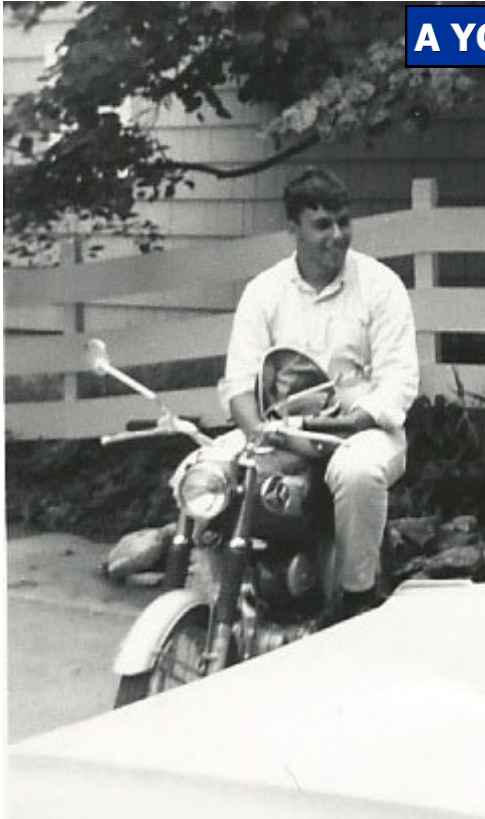
<http://www.lonestarcycle.com/voni133.htm>

A YOUTHFUL VIEW



As promised here are the good looking, the handsome, the youthful guys that still see themselves in this mindful picture. This column and the following pages are pictures of club hooligans still living the two wheel dream. See if you recognize your fellow riding enthusiasts.

A YOUTHFUL VIEW





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