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Club #210 & BMWRA Club #104 Catch us on the Web at WWW.RCB.ORG

Recurring Events:

Member Meeting:1st Saturday of Every Month

Location: Susie's Country Oaks Cafe, 1000 Melody Lane, Roseville, CA 95678

Breakfast or such whenever you arrive. Meeting starts more or less at 8:00 A.M. and runs until 9:00 A.M. or so, depending on what the Rafflemeister has in his goodie bag. Weather and other factors permitting there is a member ride after the meeting. Check the web site for details at rcb.org.

Wednesday Night Dinner Ride

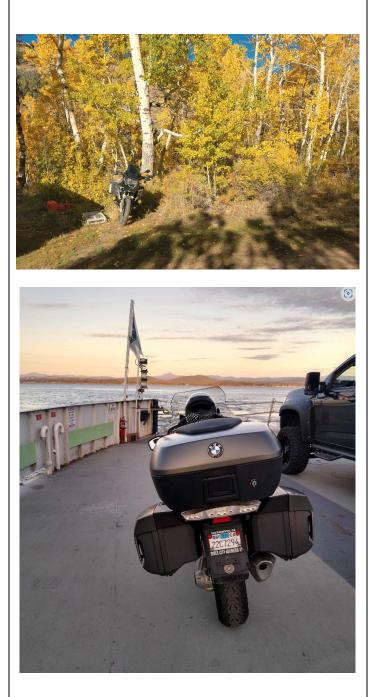
Location: Coffee Republic 6610 Folsom-Auburn Road, Folsom, CA 95630

Riders meet at the Folsom Coffee Republic before heading out to a local dining establishment 30-45 minutes away. After dinner, the riders return home on their own. Locations are chosen the previous week by the participants. Yes, we ride in rain and during holiday periods. Each week's destination is usually posted in the forum on the previous Monday or Tuesday.

Board of Directors Meeting

Location: Pete's Restaurant & Brewhouse 6608 Folsom-Auburn Road Folsom, CA

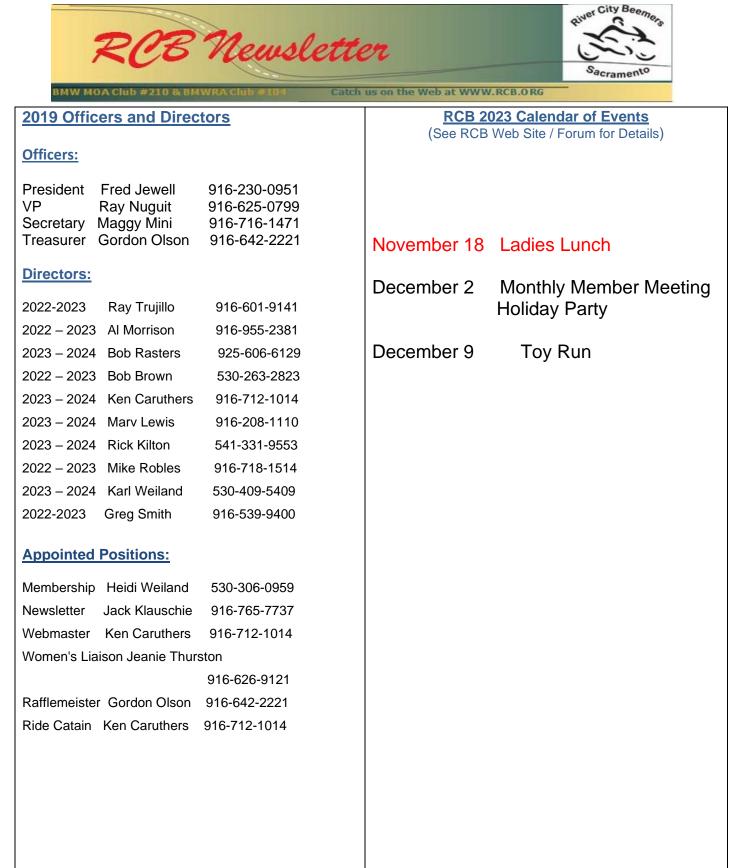
The RCB board of directors meets monthly to review past activities and plan future events. Consideration is given to member interest and cost, and the meeting is open to all. While the meeting begins at 7:00 P.M., most of the directors gather earlier to have dinner.





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President's Corner November 2023

If you haven't figured out by now, I was able to make it to Manchester Beach and enjoy a wonderful weekend with absolutely the best motorcycle club. Becki was able to get around on her wheelchair by herself and had friends over to help, so it worked out for me to leave, but it may have contributed to my "crabby bartender" shtick I portrayed. I do want to thank everyone who helped put on the event, in particular Karl and Heidi, Bob and Terri Rasters, Marv, Ray, Lisa Cornelius, and others I'm sure I forgot. It would not have been the excellent event it was without them.

November is almost here and that means elections! By that I mean the important ones – officers and directors for the club. Maggie Mini has decided to run for president, and I can't think of anyone better than she for that position. She is an excellent rider with extensive experience with how the club functions through her service as club secretary. That means we will need someone to fill that position, and I hope there is someone out there who will, please let me know. Greg Smith is going to give it his best as treasurer to relieve Gordy, which means there is a director position open, which if no one steps up I will fill that one myself. I believe all the other positions are remaining as is, but I do hear that Heidi is grooming someone for the appointed position of membership director.

November is also the month we plan out the next year's events, and this year we are going to be doing that at the regular board of directors meeting on the ninth at Pete's Brewhouse in Folsom. I encourage anyone who wants to volunteer or has an idea for an event to attend. Please realize that space is limited there, and you are on your own for dinner and drinks. The food and service are very good there, worth it just for that.

Bob Findlay was the winner of the tires in the Where's My Name contest. He had the most raffle tickets of those attending which gave him the best odds, although Larry Campbell was very close. Both members should be very thankful that last year's winner, Chris Navarrete, who went to every location in the Ride to Eat contest, went to every location in the Where's My Name contest but was unable to attend Manchester Beach. He is an air traffic controller and often works 6 days and double shifts. Bob did tell me he set out to go to every location this year, but a faulty alternator on his bike (Yikes!!!) prevented him from doing so. He did say the tires helped soothe the pain of having the alternator replaced by a little. Congratulations to him, Larry, and all the others who participated. Now look forward to next year's contest, which I'm calling Beemer Bingo. Stay tuned for details, I'm still working on it.

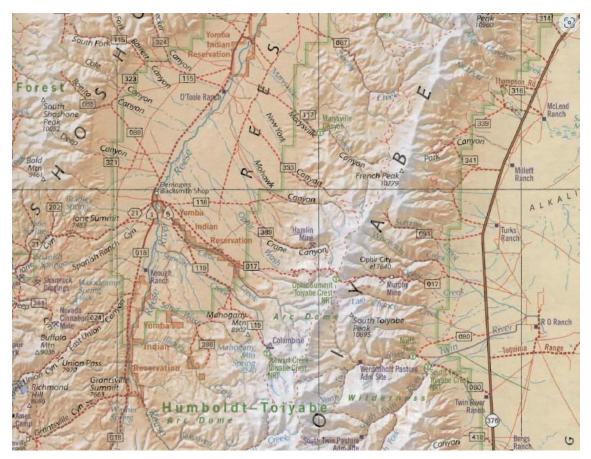
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Even though the weather is starting to change, we still have lots going on in the club. The Fall Colors ride is going to be the club ride, there will be a Day After Thanksgiving ride, the club Holiday Potluck is coming up, as well as the toy run and BBQ. The road goes on forever and the party never ends! (Who did that song?)

by Fred Jewell RCB Prez

Central Nevada – Smith Valley Hot Springs; Columbine Campground; Ophir Canyon Wash October 6-8, 2023 By Scott Moseman



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Day 1: Destination Smith Valley Hot Springs

Head east on I-80 to Fernley, NV and take Hwy 50 east to Hwy 722 (I advise stopping in Middle Gate to top off your fuel). Once on Hwy 722, turn left on Smith Creek Valley Road and ride about ten miles to the Smith Creek Valley Hot Springs. The map makes it appear they are right next to the gravel road, they are not! They are about a mile to the east of the road, and they border the playa. Since we arrived in total darkness, it wasn't until the next morning that we realized we were in the right area because of the plumes of steam in the distance.



An interesting and funny side note. As we were eating breakfast, I heard the thumping of helicopters to the south of our camp. In the distance two UH-60 Black Hawks were flying very low (200 feet) and headed in our direction. I readied my phone to get some photos and as they flew over, I could hear the "fake shutter" sound on my phone camera rattle off three photos in succession. After giving them a friendly wave, they headed northeast up the valley and disappeared. Excited about what I had just experienced, I opened the camera app on the phone to review my photos. To my astonishment, the three photos that I had just taken were nowhere to be found on the phone. I came to the conclusion that they were using some kind of electronic warfare device that had momentary jammed my phone. I mentioned this to my friend and his reply was "What helicopters? We didn't see any helicopters". About thirty minutes later, they returned again, but this time about a mile east of our location. I was able to get two photos, but

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they looked like birds in the distance. I'm sure I was the laughing stock of the two air crews that morning who were more likely Spec Op spooks from NAS Fallon conducting training.

Day 2: Destination Columbine Campground

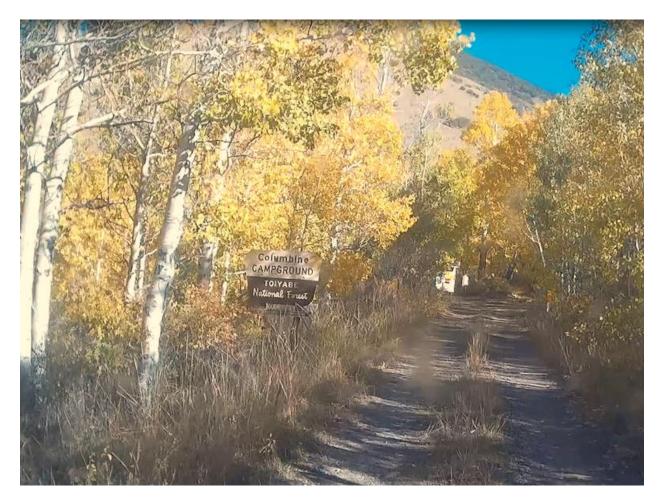
From Smith Creek Valley Road, head north until you connect with Overland Road. Continue right until you intersect with Hwy 722. Turn right and continue on Hwy 722 until you reach Elkhorn Road. Take the nine mile gravel road up over the summit to the Reese River Valley Road. Turn right and continue south about 26 miles until you reach the Yomba Indian Reservation. At the tribal police station, veer left onto TR5. Take TR5 until it turns into FR119. Continue another ten miles until you reach the campground. The campground is situated at 8,500ft elevation among the aspens, has six campsites, and a vaulted toilet.



Road to Columbine Campground

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Columbine Campground

The weekend we were there, five of the six spaces were occupied by deer hunters. The evenings and mornings were cold, but once the sun came up over the mountains, it warmed up into the low 70's.

Columbine Campground was our base camp for the weekend.

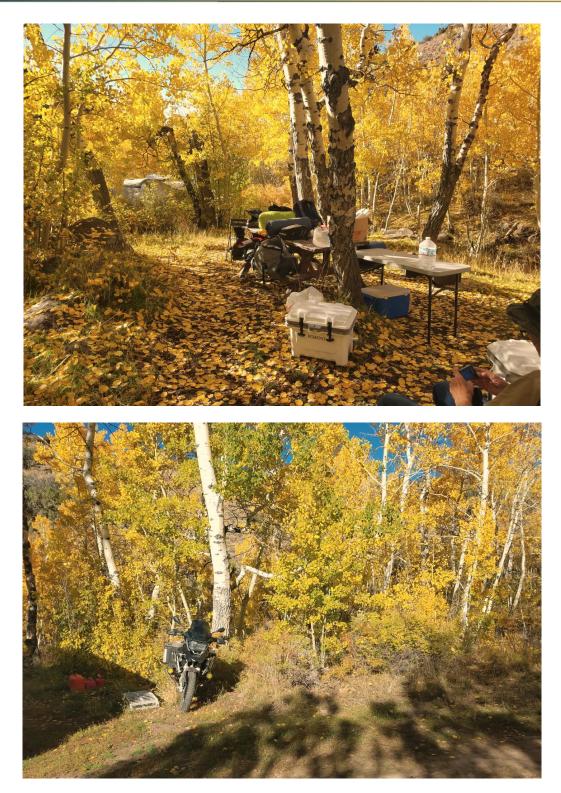
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BMW MOA Club #210 & BMWRA Club #10*

Catch us on the Web at WWW.RCB.ORG



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Stewart Creek water crossing

Stewart Creek runs through the campground.

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Day 3: Destination Ophir Canyon Ghost Town

First a little history about the ghost town of Ophir Canyon. The discovery that drove the activity of Ophir Canyon occurred in 1863 when a Frenchman named Boulrand found silver in the canyon. He was able to keep his claim a secret until 1864 when his discovery leaked out. By 1867 the town of Ophir Canyon, also known as Ophir City, grew to approximately 400 residents. As the mine operations progressed, the town included a school, church, several saloons, and a post office. A freight line from Austin serviced the town three days a week. By 1894, all the mines were closed. Sporadic mining occurred in the early 1950's and 1970's with insignificant results.



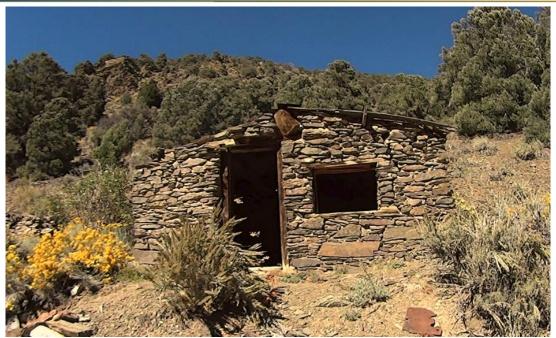
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BMW MOA Club #210 & BMWRA Club #104

Catch us on the Web at WWW.RCB.ORG



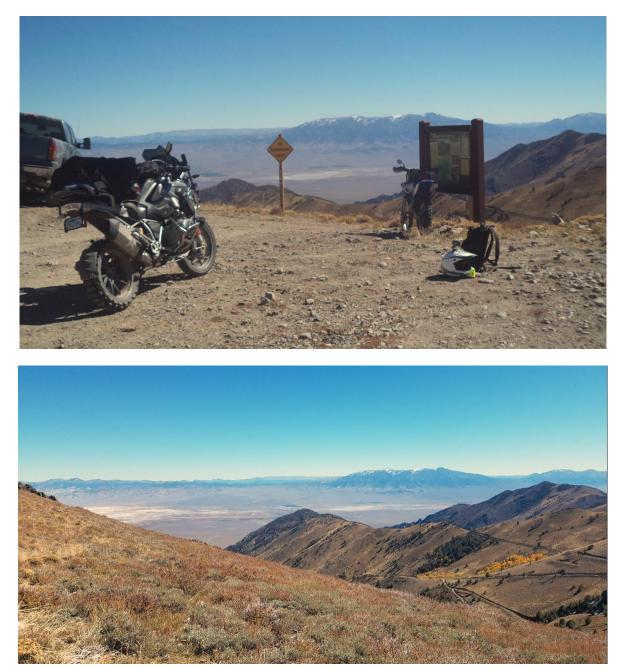
Stone House Ophir City



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We departed Saturday mid-morning from the Columbine Campground back down the mountain to the Yomba Indian Reservation. At the reservation, take FR017 and head east. The road to the summit is narrow and has some rocky sections, but nothing too technical. Once we reached the 10,109 ft Ophir Summit/Toiyabe Crest, we had lunch and surveyed the Big Smokey Valley below and the snow-capped Toquima Range in the distance.



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Our goal was to make it down into the canyon to check out the ruins, then turn around and return the way we came. I sized up the trail heading down the summit towards Ophir Canyon. From what I could see, the trail didn't look that steep and the road was in fair condition. So, we proceeded down the road. About a half a mile down, I realized I had miscalculated, and it was much steeper than I had estimated. The conditions were very poor with copious amounts of loose rocks and dirt. I was fighting to keep my 530 lb. R1200GS upright and eventually made it to a spot on the road where I could rest and make a decision on what I was going to do next. My riding partner, who was riding a much lighter two-stroke dirt bike, preceded further down into the canyon. Since I was very tired and winded (elevation was over 9,500ft), I made the decision to try and make it back up to the summit and wait for my partner to return. I spent the next hour trying to get the big bike up the steep incline, only to have it bog down in the loose rock and dirt, then fall over numerous times.



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My riding partner eventually returned, and he assisted me a couple more times without success. There was only one alternative left on the table and that was to turn the bike around and head down the canyon to Hwy 376. Since my partner's bike only had a two-gallon fuel tank, no headlight, and not licensed for street use, I would be on my own to make it back to camp. It was late afternoon, and I was burning daylight, so we parted ways.

The ride down the canyon to the ghost town was uneventful. There were some sections that had some loose rock, but I rode through it gaining confidence from what had demoralized me earlier.

Once I cleared the ghost town, I headed down further into the deep canyon where I encountered a bad gully wash (the result of tropical storm Hilary a few months ago) with a lot of loose rocks. I tried to keep the bike balanced and stable, but my front tire hit some rocks and jammed the handlebars to the right while my hand inadvertently gassed the throttle. The bike spun around 180 degrees and threw me off. I laid there for a minute and assessed if I was hurt. I was very tired, but by God's grace I didn't have any broken bones. Next was to check on the bike, get it upright and turned around. After three attempts, I was finally able to get the bike up and turned around.

During my struggle to get the bike up, some shadowy figures were making their way up the canyon towards my direction. Since the canyon walls were over 100 ft on each side, there wasn't much sunlight. I had taken off my riding glasses, so I'm in Mr. Magoo mode. I'm thinking to myself they could be deer hunters and they could assist me in my predicament. I called out to them, but there wasn't a reply. They continued to get closer, so I readied my pistol and put on my glasses. I laughed out loud when I determined they were three mountain sheep. They were probably thinking who's this idiot in our backyard?

On a side note, the canyons in the Toiyabe Range are a renowned habitat for mountain lions, among other wild animals.

I continued on the next eighth of a mile walking the bike through the debris field one step at a time. I finally made it out of that section to where I felt comfortable to continue riding again. After two shallow water crossings and another two miles, I reached Hwy 376 just as the sun was going down (5:45 PM). I headed north to Hwy 50 then on to Austin where I refueled, replenished my drinking water, and texted my wife. I had my SPOT tracker with me and didn't want her to get worried that I was still riding so late in the day. (When I got home, I reviewed my SPOT tracking and noticed there were no tracks through the deepest part of the canyon. I'm assuming the height of the canyon walls were blocking the satellites SPOT depends upon.)

I departed Austin and headed back to Columbine Campground 120 miles away (two mountain ranges over with two water crossings). My Clearwater Erica lights saved the night making it easier to navigate the way back. I finally made it back to camp at 9:30 PM, cold, wet, and very tired.

I was very thankful that I had no injuries or mechanical issues. I was bruised all over and sore for two weeks after my unintended adventure. As for the bike, the crash bars did what they were

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designed for. I did sustain a broken brake handle, broken mirror (which I broke while riding out Sunday morning on the last water crossing), and broken handguards. All minor repairs considering the hell the bike went through. Ebay is a lifesaver.

A dirt bike would've been better suited for the Ophir Canyon ride. The GS was just too heavy and a lot of bike to handle, which resulted in my extreme fatigue. Sometimes bigger isn't always better.

Scott A. Moseman

A Little Ride Across the Country By Greg Gibson

Starting about spring of this year, I was thinking about another ride to the east coast. In 2017 I rode to the Carolinas, stayed a couple of nights at the Deals Gap Resort, did the Blue Ridge Parkway, etc. then went to the Barber Vintage Races on the way home.

In 2021, I reprised the concept but ended up in Indiana and Kentucky. So, my idea for '23 was to visit my son and family in MI then continue on to the RA National in Canaan Valley WV. From there I planned to meander north through the Finger Lakes, NY area and then on to New England and Nova Scotia. This was not a superslab trip but primarily backroads, the twistier the better.

I headed out for MI at the end of August. I've done plenty of riding in the west ,so I broke my superslab rule and did 500 mile days east on I 80. It was actually more pleasant than I imagined, fairly light traffic and good weather. I made a detour north at Grand Island NE to skirt Omaha and then rejoined I 80 to Des Moines. Out of Des Moines I went north and east to Anamosa to tour the National Motorcycle Museum just 4 days prior to its close and Mecum auction. I spent that night in Le Clair, IA on the Mississippi River. Le Clair is home to the American Pickers antique showroom. And while Le Clair has a great brewery and distillery, a Buffalo Bill Museum (he was born there), and a preserved paddlewheel riverboat museum, the Antique Archeology store was a letdown. The next day I was up at 5 am to beat the traffic around Chicago (mostly successful).

After several days visiting in MI, it was on to Ohio. Many magazine articles have been written about the riding in SE Ohio and it does not disappoint. For some reason OH traffic engineers figure that the crest of a hill is also a great place for a turn, which

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means that you are always on your toes. Ohio was settled in the 1700s and many towns have squares and buildings dating back nearly 300 years, particularly around the Ohio River. Between history, scenery and the roads, OH is a touring motorcyclist's paradise.



View of the Ohio River from Gallipolis, OH town square, founded about 1750

Finally, wandering around Ohio became mundane (lol) so I headed off for WV and the RA National in Canaan Valley. Before getting there, I circumnavigated the small state, including the coal country and lots of small backroads.



Seneca Rocks, WV. Not far from the Canan Valley RA Rally.

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Many of these backroads are billiard-table smooth, banked, and nearly deserted. We're all used to the yellow signs warning a curve ahead. For Beemer riders they're a suggestion. If it says 25 maybe, we'll slow to 45-50.

WV has yellow signs that say 5 mph and that's pretty close to the number.

One morning I stumbled on the famous "Back of the Dragon."

(https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DmxKz3JUDK4) while heading into VA. 33 miles of corners between Tazewell and Marion, VA.



Back of the Dragon, VA 33 miles of smiles.

That night I ended up alongside the Blue Ridge Parkway at Willville Motorcycle Campground in Meadows of Dan.

The RA National was held at the Canaan Valley Resort near Davis WV. It is a wintertime ski area, and so more mountainous than might be expected. The rally was OK. The RA Rally had at least two RCB representatives. While walking around

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Saturday I ran into RCB member Dennis Alstead who now lives in central Michigan. Dennis invited any members passing through to visit. (You may have to look up Stan Davis or others for his number as I neglected to get it.)



Camping area at the RA National Rally

After the RA rally I headed north through PA to the Finger Lakes region of NY. I rode through the Adirondaks via Lake Saranac and Lake Placid. Taking the ferry across Lake Champlain into Vermont I was fortunate to find myself near Mt Washington, NH on a clear morning.



Crossing Lake Champlain into Vermont

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Paying \$45 for the 8 mile drive up the auto road (average grade about 10%) ended up being a bargain with unlimited views from the peak and many other bikers to talk with.

A clear day on Mt. Washington is said to be rare and, sure enough, within a half-hour or so a big wet cloud started rolling over the peak from the west.



Weather changing on top of Mt. Washington

Time to retreat down the hill and on to lunch at Big Day Brewing in Gorham, NH.

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In line at the Digby to St John ferry, Nova Scotia.

After crossing Maine and the Canadian border I set up in Antigonish Nova Scotia for a few nights.

Loop rides included the Cabot Trail and coastal Nova Scotia.

Great riding everywhere. Had a memorable early dinner off the Cabot Trail, overlooking the Atlantic while dining on fresh lobster and mussels. Only \$85 Cdn! (\$69US)

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Lighthouse at Neals Harbor, Cabot Trail, Nova Scotia. Easternmost point.

Then it was time to head west and towards home. At this point I was about 6500 miles and 30 days into my little trip. After wandering down the NS and Maine coasts I ended up near Portland, ME. Dropping into Street Cycles at 8:45 am they were able to squeeze me in for an overdue oil change. The owner, Dwight, is a long-time BMW dealer and it was a pleasure chatting with him (between the typical phone-calls, etc.). He raced BMWs for years and was well acquainted with Ozzie (RIP) and my old friend Kari Prager (RIP) of Cal BMW. Hopefully, I wasn't too much of a PIA that morning! If you're in the area and need BMW service, you can't go wrong at Street Cycles.

My original plans had me going into the Carolinas before heading west. However, the FL hurricane was flooding NY and the east coast at the time, so I ended up skirting north and back through Lake George and PA back into SE OH. Slogging through the rain had no appeal, so I hit a few more roads in OH I'd missed previously. I stayed in downtown Marietta, OH at the Lafayette Hotel one night. Right on the river. Beautifully appointed and reasonably priced.

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Lafayette Hotel bar, Marietta, OH

After another day of OH and then KY backroads I pointed due west on the old Hwy 50. I'd been on and off 50 here and there while going east but now it was cruise west. Hwy 50 out of Cincinnati started off empty and relaxing but then turned into a long day of construction zones and stoplights every 10-20 miles near St Louis.

I jumped on I 70 and watched the rest of Illinois and Missouri slide into the rear-view mirrors.

Near Salina KS I left I-70 and wandered down through mid-state.

On Hwy 96 sits the small town of Dighton, where my Dad was born and raised. In nearby Shields are Gibsons dating back to 1830s, buried in a line, and anchoring a small windswept cemetery in the middle of nowhere. I expect one day I will occupy the opening at the end of the row.

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Entering Dighton, KS. Not much change since 1933.

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I ended the day in Pueblo, CO and made reservations for the following two nights at Three Step Hideaway outside Moab, UT. If you're ever in the Moab area treat yourself to a night or two with Scott and Julie at 3-Step. The road there is paved (except for the 1/2 mile smooth dirt driveway). Breakfast and Dinner is included. Scott can give you ADV Riders tips on the local trails.



3-Step Hideaway, near Moab UT

3-Step was the final denouement. I was going to take the RT across the Bullfrog Ferry and then up the Burr Trail, but the ferry is "permanently" closed (supposedly). So, the 50 mile one-lane canyon road to Boulder UT would have to wait for another trip. Instead, I headed out for Salt Lake City, looping around south to Tooelle at Payson, and spent the night in Elko. A 6:30 am departure (my internal clock was still on EDT) put me home about 2 in the afternoon. The traffic from Fernley to Grass Valley was by far the worst of the trip. Pulling into the driveway showed 10,856 miles since leaving some 45 days earlier.

So, what are the takeaways?

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The R1200RT is the Ne Plus Ultra of touring bikes. No heat, even on a hot day. Will handle sport bike-like in the twisties. Will knock off 600-mile days without breaking a sweat and get 50+ MPG at 80 mph. All while bathing your palms and rear in glorious electric heat on cold days, and the fairing makes even 40-degree Colorado mornings a piece of cake.

This is a big country with history dating back 500 or more years. CA was only settled 150 or so years ago. Much of the east was 300 years old then. One could easily spend months in just one area learning about the history and people who came before. There are just too many places to see and enjoy.

Nothing makes the day a long grind more than having a fixed destination. Instead, get up early and get on the road. Somewhere about 2 or so in the afternoon, you can access modern technology and find a place to stay. I averaged 500/miles/day transiting between CA and the Mississippi roughly. I averaged about 200-250 miles per day otherwise with many down days. It's amazing how enjoyable a 300-mile day can be when you have no end point in mind.

I put a set of Michelin PR6 tires on just prior to departure. They went 12,000 miles total and still had 1000 or so miles left in the middle when I pulled into the garage. WV pretty much roasted the sides and trail-braking the front for the ride home was out. As opposed to finding a dealer and paying for a new set of tires midtrip I'm pretty satisfied. I rarely get more than 6000 miles out of most other tires.

New England is really expensive. The nice room you can get in OH or KS for \$100 is \$250 once you get east of NY/VT. I have no idea why. But be prepared to spend \$\$\$ in the Northeast.

While the roads are scenic, the east coast was settled long ago, when travel by horse or foot meant short distances. So, while you may find a really great road here or there, within a few miles you are in another town with speed limits and stop signs/lights. If you decide to emphasize these routes, your daily mileage will drop to 150 or 200 miles per day at most not counting sight-seeing.

Lots of road construction everywhere. Many signs warning of double fines, etc. If you slow down to the mandated speed, you will soon be tailgated by the locals. So, you have to ride along with the traffic, hoping to not attract the attention of LEOs. One exception was IN or OH (can't remember) where the construction sign said photo enforced. Sure enough, there was a photo-equipped patrol car and traffic was proceeding at precisely 45mph. Interesting the regulations that some abide while others flaunt.



I passed over 500,000 BMW miles while out on this trip. I have another couple hundred thousand miles on Hondas, etc. But there was nothing better, after all these years and miles (I started street riding in '71), than pulling out of the hotel (or campground) as the sun comes up and then just riding down the road. There are times when the temperature, the road, and the beauty are perfect and there's nowhere better to be.

Editor's Request

Please take photos and write notes.

Better yet write an article or ride report.

If you read an interesting article, send me a copy.

Please send them to me at <u>jackklau@comcast.net</u> and I will add them to the newsletter to share with members.

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Please Check the Forum often to stay updated on club functions and events.



Log on @ rcb.org.

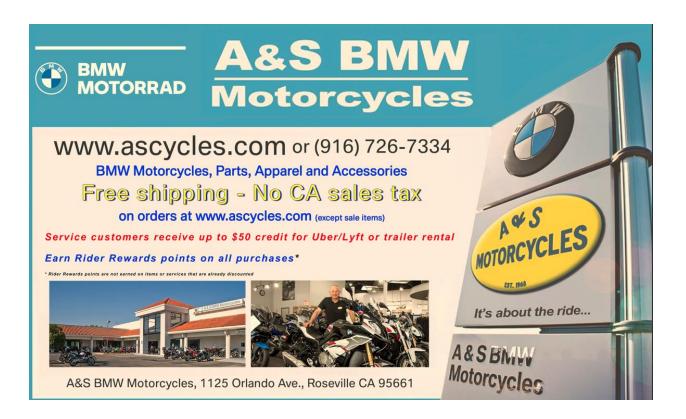
Create a member account with username and

password to access the Forum.

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A&S BMW Motorcycles

1125 Orlando Ave Roseville, CA 95661 (916) 726-7734 www.ascycles.com

Ozzie's BMW Motorcycles

2438 Cohasset Rd. Chico, CA 95926 (530) 345-4462

Cycle Specialties, Inc.

1201 North Carpenter Rd. Modesto, CA 95351 (209) 524-2955

CALMOTO

952 North Canyons Parkway Livermore, CA 94551 925.583.3300

Santa Rosa BMW

800 American Way Santa Rosa, CA 95492 (707) 838-9100

BMW Motorcycles of San Francisco

790 Bryant St. San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 503-9988

San Jose BMW

1990 W. San Carlos St. San Jose, CA 95128 (408) 295-0205