

River City Beemers

December 2023

RCB Newsletter



BMW MOA 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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Officers and Directors

Officers:

President	Fred Jewell	916-230-0951
VP	Ray Nuguit	916-625-0799
Secretary	Maggy Mini	916-716-1471
Treasurer	Gordon Olson	916-642-2221

Directors:

2022-2023	Ray Trujillo	916-601-9141
2022 – 2023	Al Morrison	916-955-2381
2023 – 2024	Bob Rasters	925-606-6129
2022 – 2023	Bob Brown	530-263-2823
2023 – 2024	Ken Caruthers	916-712-1014
2023 – 2024	Marv Lewis	916-208-1110
2023 – 2024	Rick Kilton	541-331-9553
2022 – 2023	Mike Robles	916-718-1514
2023 – 2024	Karl Weiland	530-409-5409
2022-2023	Greg Smith	916-539-9400

Appointed Positions:

Membership	Heidi Weiland	530-306-0959
Newsletter	Jack Klauschie	916-765-7737
Webmaster	Ken Caruthers	916-712-1014
Women's Liaison	Jeanie Thurston	916-626-9121
Rafflemeister	Gordon Olson	916-642-2221
Ride Captain	Ken Caruthers	916-712-1014

RCB 2023 Calendar of Events

(See RCB Web Site / Forum for Details)

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President's Corner December 2023

Here it is, my last monthly column as president (again), and it seems like the year has gone by too fast. I have enjoyed being president (again) of the club; I truly have found some wonderful people in this organization, and I believe we have a most excellent club because of them. I also believe it's a good time to get some new perspectives on what the club does and how we do it, and having Maggy as president next year is a way to do it. She is going to be great. I know it. Please give her the support you have given me in the past year. We will be going through the motions of electing officers and directors Saturday morning, so if you want to be part of the operations of the club make your presence known.

Just because the weather is turning colder doesn't mean we're not doing anything; we've got the holiday potluck/Xmas party coming up on the 2nd with lots of great raffle prizes and the SCRH toy run and BBQ on the 9th. Because we want to give our members time to prepare their favorite item for the party, there will be no club ride Saturday. Rest assured though that, weather permitting, we will have club rides in the months ahead, and look for a New Year's Day ride too, which this year will be held on January 1. (A nod to Mike Miller there).

Just because I'm not going to be president next year doesn't mean I'm going to fade away, I'll be on the board of directors, I'm currently working on next year's mileage/destination contest, Bloody Mary's will still be served at Manchester Beach, and of course I'll organize the Toy Run/BBQ again. It's going to be another fantastic year with the RCB, I know it!

So, in conclusion let me say it's been my honor and privilege to have served in this club, and I hope to see you on the road next year. Get your bikes ready, now is the time to do it. Don't be one of those who show up at the national rally with cords showing on your tires! Which reminds me, the national is going to be in Redmond, OR and I would love to see us turn out in numbers that will win the #1 club award again. Everyone take care, be safe, and go out and ride as much as you can.

by Fred Jewell RCB Prez

[Editor: Many thanks Fred for stepping up, again!]

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The Santa Fe Jacket Lady

By Joe Meyers

It Started out in California with a promising morning, I've been riding for 2 days now. The guidance and beauty of that early dawn is all but forgotten. There is a storm that's been following me like a mad posse that's chasing a horse thief. Its angry soul keeps trying to corral me.

I'm dropping down a summit into New Mexico....black clouds moving like they are nuclear powered. Lightening is everywhere, the clouds explode like shotgun blasts and I'm truly amazed at the sheer size of the bolts that are stabbing the terrain all around me.

The rain starts and the New Mexico countryside seems like a alcoholic that's tired of drinking...but takes the drink all the same.

With its weathered faces of creases and cracks, rocks of acne that refuse to take the skies healing nectar.

Gutters turn into filled ditches, dried stream beds into menacing rivers... all willing to take away anything that comes into its path. The New Mexico landscape sheds the good and embraces its centuries of scars. I can understand this.

I make another run for it, the lighting is just too crazy and the wind is blowing the posse ever so close.

I see the markings of a town up ahead.... objects appear to be in groups of lighted shacks on its perimeter, I continue forward accompanied by the pounding rain, the clouds open on the artistic town of Santa Fe.

I make myself a guest in a "cozy" cabin at a KOA. I'm beat today, my mind constantly questioning my choice of a divorce. Your ghosts kept me running for 2 daysaway from you.....Tonight this cabin is too small for me, much like the presence of you in my mind. I'm not experiencing the solitude and comfort I am sure the Unabomber did in his coveted 140 square foot cabin.

I leave the cabin looking for solace. Instead, I found a bar.

The old cinder block building standing lonely by itself with its red door off center, a cracked wired diamond shaped window in its middle. I'm sure no real light ever penetrates to expose its patrons. I open the door with only the light of a streetlamp behind me. No one turns, locked in their poses only glancing occasionally at the blue neon rimmed mirror behind the bar. These regulars are in for the long haul. No strangers to cocktails here. All are skilled drinkers because of some weakness within them to deal with their lives.

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Funny how one can get so hypnotized so easily in a bar. You have to love the depth of reflection you can get from staring to the bottom of empty rocks glass. I was trying to understand the situation that has been tearing me apart. Foolish to think things could ever be right. There are some things you just can't fight.

I start my 3rd drink.

I pick up the rocks glass with the amber reflection of her looking at me. Swirling the image away I stand and leave, leaving the drink and her behind.

Morning comes quick, the wind has blown the sun away, leaving only metallic grey skies. I roll over in my bunk, feeling like crap and I decide to stay the day, at least my mind's chanting rants have been muffled.

By noon I sneak out from the Kaczynski tight walls to gather some forgotten food to re-stabilize my body.

I heard through the tall grass that the "Bobcat Bite" was a local favorite, and one couldn't go wrong.

So, I ventured out.

I found the Bobcat parking lot filled with cars, paved with the customary red rock looking much like a river's bottom. Pulling off my helmet the air was warm and wet. I knew the posse was in town.

Walking in, the expected line was a half a dozen people or so. All sitting on old wooden benches with cigarette burns and gouches cut into them. I sit next to this cat with two or three days growth of beard and wearing a broken down cowboy hat. Having the look of someone that just had his life wrecked. I'll bet you it was his girl...his lover...his friend.

I sit forward, elbows on my knees as I scan the swirling stucco walls with everyone else.

There is a large doorway in the center... opening up, with a view of the restaurant counter seating. Hanging from the wall on the right was an old schoolhouse chalkboard. I scrawled my name on the tired blackboard as if I were waiting for a game of pool, waiting for my name to be called.

I sit back down again next to the cowboy who sits with his constant stare at the empty wall.

My lazy eyes drift easily. Movement from the right catches my attention. A customer leaving? Yes, around the wall comes this tall stunning 6' tall lady in a beautiful full-length coat, screaming of being a Santa Fe original. It was embroidered with spring like

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flowers and laced with colorful tapestry from collar to bottom. All resting on top a pleasant grey wool fabric.

Our eyes meet, I say "what a beautiful coat", she smiles and says "it's my favorite it makes me feel good".

Seeing a more beautiful women I cannot remember. She walks into the walls opening with a cautious step. I was so drawn to her beauty.... looking at her face then following her coat as it flowed around her. I missed the 3-pronged walker in front of her as well as the brace that encased her leg. When I noticed it, I smiled and said "how did you hurt your leg"?

She smiled back and said "I have MS" with a slight off-set smile that was meant to defeat the disease but failed miserably.

I was so shaken; I felt her anger and acceptance all in that moment.

I pull my pant leg up and show her my prosthetic saying "we should go dancing together sometime!" She looks down and says with the most sincere voice "I would love that."

I get up and get the door for her. She takes her time walking through then turns gives me a genuine smile and says "Thank you so much."

I return to the wooden bench next to the cowboy who was still blocking out life. I pull at my eye to hide the tear that was welling, biting my tongue hoping to stop any more from coming.

It is now my turn to be seated, I get the best seat in the house. Center stool smack in the middle of the picture window. The Window is draped with wine red velvet curtains, looping the top sill with gold dust like sprinkles in its pores, then falling to the floor.

The view from the giant picture window looks on to a desert wall, landscaped with modern adobe architecture that's nestled in the orange rifled ridges. I'm treated by awesome beauty twice today.

I sit and order an ice tea, I grab a packet of sugar from a woven basket, flick it with my finger a couple times like it was an old packet of joy.

The chemicals settle to the bottom, tearing instead of unfolding, I kick the crystals out and watch them disappear again.

I scan their menu way too long and decide on their famous green chili burger.

The burger comes to me from the hands of a waitress that looked like "I love Lucy" with her bleached blonde hair up in a 50's look and with Ink designs of Ed Hardy or possibly Sailer Jerry hiding under her transparent White blouse...very cool and sexy.

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She floats the burger plate in front of me with her ringless fingers ...my eyes drift up her arm and stop at her lilac-colored bra. I fall into her trap. She “gives up her smile”, knowing that she just snapped the lock closed on a very good tip.

The burger had to be 6" tall. My first bite failed to make it to the other side of the massive grilled delight. I decided to cut it up with the antique silverware from a different era. I slowly enjoy my dinner and Lucy.

Truly the best burger I have ever tasted.

The Bobcat really takes care of their locals. You could see amazing relationships there. Awesome to watch Lucy and crew in action.

As I leave, I see the cowboy slowly eating his soup like he never wants to leave. What happened to him? You must have really screwed up.

Outside the posse of clouds are back and acting crazy again.

I get on my bike and the rain starts, soon it's raining nickels everywhere. It was hard to see and I get soaked on the slow ride back to my cabin.

I skip and jump over the puddles and on to my deck. Standing staring into the grey skies, no answers this time, just depression... bleeding from the skies.

I lift the wooden peg of the door and walk into my cabin. I sit on the edge of my bunk and stare into the rooms corner. With that gaze the tears come back for the "Santa Fe Jacket Lady "

I went to sleep hoping everyone had a reflective day tomorrow.

To Alaska & Back

By Maggie Mini

When Roger announced his plan in March to ride to Alaska and invited anyone in the RCB club to join him I thought “could I manage this ride?”. Knowing I'd be riding into lotsa rain - like everyday, dirt & gravel roads, long riding days, 18 hours of daylight, lotsa mosquitoes, and wild animals. Well I thought “hell ya” I can do this.

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Every day was a let's ride, adventurous day, these are the highlights.

On July 7 we left Susie's for our 1st of 17 days. Our group of 6: Roger Sweitzer-1200RT, Gordy Olson-1200GS, Jeanie Thurston-1200RT, Al Morrison-1250GS, Ernesto Rivera-1200GS, and me, Maggy Mini-1250R. Sooo, off we rode.....

On the 2nd day we rode Idaho 21 out of Boise, a great curvy rode to an out of place, excellent breakfast at Sourdough Lodge, Lowman, ID. Then rode 93 into Montana following the spectacular Flathead Lake (is one of the cleanest lakes in the world due to low nutrients) to Kalispell.

Once we all passed the 3rd degree at the Canadian border, it seems the men were questioned more than us honest looking women.

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Once in Canada it started raining, every day. We rode the Ice Fields Parkway through Jasper National Park, which had gorgeous scenery and spectacular lakes, so spectacular that the pictures don't look real.



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The biggest challenge and hardest day was the Alaskan Hwy from Whitehorse to Delta Junction a 500 mile day. It rained for 300 miles and of course about 100 miles was through the gravel, bumpy, pothole sections, which turned the road into a muddy, slick road. The traffic was also heavy that day with lots of trucks, travel trailers and cars! So, keeping a distance behind vehicles was key, also putting my motorcycle in "rain mode" and a fierce concentration on speed and lane placement.

A couple of fun tourist traps as the town "North Pole", Alaska. Where we enjoyed Christmas in July!



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In Fairbanks was the “Alaska Salmon Bake” a rickety blue school bus ride picking up tourists at hotels to a venue enjoying their mother lode salmon with other yummy fish and fixings.



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We also came upon the "Sign Post Forest" at Watson Lake, Yukon along the ALCAN Hwy which was started in 1942 and now has over 100,000 signs. We discovered this forest because we stopped at the only gas station in town along with all the other RV's and cars. We stopped to view the license plates & other signs people had added. Gordy just happened to have a RCB license plate frame on hand! so we added RCB to the forest.

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Then we went to the only restaurant in town which was a store & cafeteria style warehouse.

We stopped at Denali National Park. Unfortunately, you must make an appointment to ride the shuttle into the park. So, we enjoyed the visitor center and the park film regarding the mountain and wild animals. Another park film was about the sled dogs the rangers use as transportation in the winter months.

The remaining 200 miles we rode in rain to Palmer, AK. The rental house in which we were to stay was so far back in the woods Ernesto was sure we could be murdered, and no one would find us. We asked passing cars for directions, and they didn't even know. Eventually Jeanie found the gravel road to the house.

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On Day 10 we headed back home, and it was a 500-mile day to Haines Junction. Again, we're back on the Alaskan Hwy but this time there was less traffic, no rain, nice & sunny so the gravel road was dry a little dusty but easier to ride this time. Yippee! We rode into town at 11 pm and it was still daylight.



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Prince Rupert, BC is where we got on the 16-hour ferry to Port Hardy, Victoria Island. They had workers who tied down our motorcycles for us. They advised us not to leave anything on the floor, as during the voyage people will come down to walk their dogs and the dogs may pee on anything on the floor. Yuck!



It was a long, long day consisting of 3 meals at the nice cafeteria, 2 movies, and many walks on the deck, but the view from the boat was beautiful.



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The next ferry ride was only 1.5 hours from Victoria Island to Port Angeles, WA. On this ferry they provided ropes, but we had to tie down our motorcycles ourselves. Once we docked, Jeanie, Ernesto & me rode towards Hwy 5 south to Grants Pass. Al & Gordy headed west to Hwy 1 and Roger rode all, all the way home!

Other interesting bits of info:

- Ernesto had a "Spot" satellite and shared the link, so our families were able to follow us online.
- Knowing we had motel reservations at the end of long day was a comfort. Because a lot of small towns roll up the sidewalk by 7pm. We stayed at some eclectic motels which made the trip memorable.

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- We arrived at 11 pm still daylight at The Glacier View Inn, where a note was on the door “Roger rooms 6, 7, 8.” .
- The Arctic Lodge, a very nice place but you had to take your shoes off when you entered and of course it started raining harder, So, we carried all our gear to the front porch then took our boots off and carried our gear upstairs to our room.
- After getting off the long ferry ride at 11:30 pm our next motel was The Thunder Bird Motor Inn. Arriving after midnight we needed a code to enter as the front staff had already gone home, well after several phone calls we eventually got into our rooms.
- The best road was out of Boise, ID Hwy 21 & 93. And Hwy 1 to 37, nice curvy road to the Arctic Lodge at Dease lake, BC.
- The motorcycles got really, really dirty, I mean dirty from the ALCAN Hwy. We did stop at a truck wash in Delta Junction and rinse the motorcycles off but they continued to get dirty from the dirt & gravel parking lots and another trip back on the ALCAN hwy. Thanks to my husband, Henry, for cleaning my motorcycle when I got home.
- We were never bothered by mosquitoes, so we didn't have to use the bug nets that Ernesto so kindly bought us.
- And, of course, riding rain gear and water proof travel gear is a must since it rained every day in Canada & Alaska. Also, a heated vest made riding in the cold & rain tolerable.
- This was an 18 day, 6000 mile trip, Our motto was “Ride, Eat, Ride, Eat, Sleep, Repeat.”

This trip was a great adventure but mostly lasting memories of lotsa riding, spectacular scenery and especially a great group to travel with. Special thanks to Roger for planning the trip and Ken for providing the routes. Also, to our spouses for supporting our dream of riding to Alaska and back!

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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 jackklau@comcast.net and I will add them to the newsletter to share with members.

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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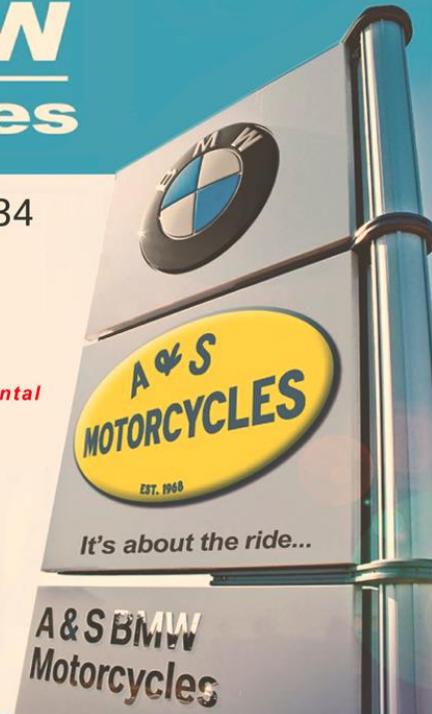
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