

FEBRUARY 2021

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride



BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Presidents Column

Some much uncertainty but we are moving forward with our planning efforts for the Summer assuming group campsites will be open. Right now, we have reservations for Gurnsey Creek in July, Gate Group in Aug, Cedar Flat in September and Lake Sonoma for Octoberfest. Because of the uncertainty in the situation, we are planning to limit attendance to Club Members for the time being. We have many pending members wanting to attend our campouts and will evaluate how many pending members we can accommodate as we get closer to each of the camping dates and rules and regulations related to Covid are clearer. Also, while we are doing some planning regarding the 49er, it's looking to be quite challenging to hold this event in May. If that's the case, we will look for other options that enable club members to get out and ride and camp over the long weekend. One idea is a two day overnight to a somewhat remote campsite. Stay tuned for further developments and announcements from our website. One important note is that when we limit registration to club members, you have to log in to your account before you are able to view and register for club events.

We have posted the Death Valley event to the site. As a result of group sites not being opened, several club members booked individual sites that will be used for the event. We have 19 individual sites that will hold up to three separate tents. Assuming one person for tent, we can accommodate roughly 40 additional club members in addition to the club members that have site reservations. So please sign up early. There are first

come first serve sites around Furnace Creek that will likely be able to accommodate additional members, especially if you can arrive on Wednesday or Thursday. Plus there is always the option to use a hotel in Parump. I know its not ideal but it's the hand we were dealt and doing the best with the current restrictions.

We are working to finalize the election meeting campout assuming we can hold that. This is an important meeting as we will likely have several positions up for election. Most notably, after serving for 3+ years Nick Gloyd will be stepping down from the Tour Captain position. His position at Kendall Jackson is keeping him very busy and his role in firefighting expanding which necessitates him being close by home during the ever lengthening and intense fire season. I know I speak for the entire Board and club members in thanking Nick for doing a great job delivering outstanding routes and campouts, two really important aspects of our club. So we are looking for another member to step up and into the big shoes Nick is leaving. Please reach out to me or Nick if you are interested in filling this role. We have lots of support to help. Plus, the first have of next year is already mostly organized!

As always stay safe

Kevin Coleman

Editors Corner

Last month in Editors Corner I mentioned that there was nothing left in the cupboard for the next month. Usually, a miracle happens half way through the month and new content is magically arrives. This month was different. My mail box stayed empty. I have to admit I lied a bit last month because I still had Rick Klien's European touring trip to Sicily and Italy that he made in 2005. Great pictures as usual – thanks Rick. The other item I had was a yarn chronicling an eventful ride back from Death Valley by Terry Burnes with his "Mild Bunch" gang from nearly 30 years ago.

I added a few page fillers based on stuff I had read over the last month but that was it. With days to go until publication date I still had blank pages and no picture for the front cover. In desperation I emailed Greg Hutchinson to see if he had any interesting projects on the go in his shop. He responded immediately with an epic tale describing how he managed to

Alan Huntzinger health update

Alan writes "During my annual tune-up, it was discovered that my main circulation pump was not performing up to par. Running at less than half capacity. I've been told that I need a Supercharger to increase flow. Supposedly they will clamp the damaged part of my pump to increase the venturi effect. The restricted back pressure will provide more oxygen to the entire machine. Procedures start the first of February"

I am sure all club members will join me in wishing our Club Icon a speedy recovery.

find and bring back to the USA a very rare pre-war R51SS racer compete with beautiful studio pictures. This story is great. Read slowly and savor. The picture of the front of bike did not fit the space on the front cover and I needed some sort of border or frame. Then I remembered I had a set books with photographs of pre-war TT riders. I found one that I could use, added sepia toning and I had the background for the front cover. Job done.

Around 18 months back I started using a new piece of software (Affinity Publisher) to put the newsletter together with. Unfortunately, it was a bit of a disaster. "Ligatures" was set as default ON which messed up some pairs of letters when viewing with a particular type of browser. (If you don't know what a ligature is then look it up – I had to). The other problem was adding URLs to some objects (There is a link to every advertiser web site from the ads in this newsletter). I thought it was time to try again, particular as Affinity published a real paper workbook in December. Even with the book the program takes time to learn, but hopefully things will get easier. I am also using Affinity Photo. I used it to convert the pictures of the R51SS from pdf to jpeg which Photoshop Elements could not do. Publisher, besides being a layout program, also supports import and editing of PDF documents. If you buy when the software is on sale each program cost around \$36 – and no monthly charges.

Seems like the Covid vaccines are slowly being made available for us old fogies, and new ones (JnJ) are just coming available. Maybe we are getting closer to the point where things will start getting back too normal and we will be able to organize club rides again.

Last month I lied a little (pure white). This month it's the truth. The cupboard is bare. I really do need content please....

John Ellis

How a rare (and expensive) pre-war R51SS was found, stored, and finally brought to the States

It was just another cold and wet London afternoon in the early 1990's as I sat in a Hampstead Heath pub, The Three Horsemen, trying to keep warm, nurse a pint of Guinness and read the latest edition of the Motorcycle Classic magazine. In the back section of Classified was buried a 2 line ad from someone seeking to sell a BMW R51SS. I mulled over the potential of such a bike being the original 1938 version and how long it would take me to travel out to Hounslow, just a few miles from Heathrow Airport. I decided to pass on the advert and continued my efforts to keep warm and drinking another pint. A month passed, I have my familiar seat at the bar; a new pint and the new edition of Motorcycle Classic magazine. I was surprised to see that the BMW was still offered for sale. Odd I thought, but then I also realized that BMW motorcycles are not that popular in England with memories of WWII still fresh. I called the number listed and spoke with Patrick Garland who was quite willing to meet me where the bike was stored. I asked what was the year and model, he replied R51SS and made in 1938. Well, this was enough to get me off my bar stool and down to the Tube (underground train) for a 2 hours trek. It was a long train journey and I was not sure what I would see, but on the way I became more depressed calculating 25,000 pubs in London proper 25 sq. miles...I'd be 150 year old before frequenting all of the pubs. As I got to the house I shook off these thoughts and back on the hunt for the R51SS. I was met by an elderly Brit who introduced himself as the person on the telephone, Patrick Garland. Patrick was full of energy and eager to show me the bike at his relative's house.

My first impression when I got there was a lone standing house, sparse lawn and several sheds in the back garden.

The shed closest to the house is where we found the R51SS, under a cover deep with dust and a few dead flies. Off came the canvas cover, and voila! the long awaited viewing. The bike was wonderful looking, complete as far as I could tell and amazingly the tires were both holding over 20 lbs of air!!! (the tires are still holding the same British air as when I saw it 30 years ago). I asked when was the last time the bike ran. Patrick amazingly said that he believed that a fresh tank of petrol should be all that's needed...I was skeptical. Well, perhaps more than just substantially skeptical, more like major miracle would be required! Off with an empty petrol can to a nearby BP petrol station with 5 star gas and then back to the bike. I held the funnel and Patrick poured the high octane petrol. Checking the oil level and after poor me pushing Patrick around the back garden the BMW came to life! Well I was blown over with amazement. After a short ride around the yard and back in the garage, we went inside where he pulled a large file of paperwork on the bike that went back to 1938 to current, impressive! Official BMW Bild-Dokumentation documents showed the bike was 1 of 3 R51SS shipped to the United Kingdom, arrived from Germany on "25-3-38", March 25, 1938. He also had the first MOT round disk dated April 21, 1938 inspected at the Middlesex License Station describing the motorcycle as a "BICYCLE B.M.W. LICENSE FOR A MECHANICALLY PROPELLED VEHICLE". MOT stands for the Ministry Of Transport. The original round disk is put on top of the front fender to show road tax is paid similar to our motorcycle registration of today. The disks go from 1938 through 1956. The disk is missing for year 1941, but that was the year the bike was put into a crate and buried in the backyard; but that's another story.



R51SS Tim Reed Bike 1938

This story starts again when the bike arrived at the UK BMW distributor, A.F. N. Limited, Falcon Works, Isleworth where the bike was uncrated direct from the BMW factory where only 50 BMW R51SS bikes were made and shipped to Privateers around the globe that had established themselves as non-factory racers who had attained a high level of racing skills acknowledged by various countries. Tim Reid was one of these recognized racers. Of course, back then the prize for winning was a small trophy and no cash winnings. To support himself, Tim worked as a development engineer and a designer of the Vee-Twin 998cc



Watsonian-JAP which then stood in the foyer of the National Motorcycle Museum. Tim has a lot of natural talent as a motorcycle racer and a lot of luck too. In 1939, just a few weeks before the announcement of War breaking out and all BMW factory teams were ordered to return to Germany, Tim had taken the ferry to the Isle of Man preparing for the Isle of Man TT races. At this world-famous race, Tim was practicing with other racers from all over the globe and built up a friendship with the BMW factory team. Before the War, all motorcycle enthusiasts helped one another and shared friendship and camaraderie without regard to nationality. During the BMW factory team practice, Karl Gall, a factory team racer, crashed on the course and was taken to Ramsey Cottage Hospital where he died a few days later. Knowing that Tim was the only other racer with a BMW race bike, just not to the level of the works bikes and supercharged bikes. But the BMW team desperately needed a racer to qualify for a team race, so Tim was drafted in to the BMW official race team! Now how is that for luck for this lucky bike? I say this because

after the WWII broke out, Britain was thrown into a war that consumed at a huge price the lives of human lives. The exhausting war efforts meant the British factories had a never satisfied need for metal to make ammunition, bombs, airplanes, tanks, trucks and other vehicles and implements needed for the front. Any and all personal cars and motorcycles were requisitioned by the government to be either used for government purposes or to be melted down for additional metal needed to equip the troops as they proceeded on to Europe.

To protect the R51SS from being requisitioned by the British government and used for either transportation or to be melted down and transformed into a truck or a bomb, Tim Reid had a wooden crate constructed. The bike was placed in the crate, a hole dug in the back garden and the entire bike and crate was lowered down in the middle of the night so that neighbors would be unaware of what happened to the motorcycle. The hole was covered up before sunrise and it would stay there for

almost 2 years before exhumed and stored in the shed, the same shed that the bike was in when I first laid eyes on it almost 50 years later. Now that is not to say the bike was not exercised after the War. It was and I have the original receipts for repairs and servicing as well as articles written by writers for Cycle magazine and MotorCycle magazine. Now the bike is luck again to find me as its current curator, like fine art it is never truly owned, just cared for until the next curator is lucky enough to have it and lavish attention and pride upon it, just 1 of 50 R51SS ever made and as of today possibly 1 of only a hand-full that exists today, 82 years later.



Greg Hutchinson

Mild Bunch by Terry Burnes

Dedicated to Greg Gibson, who got us going and kept us going

To tell you the truth, I've always found the analogy which some motorcyclists make between riding a motorcycle and riding a horse to be a bit tedious, but several times on this trip home from Death Valley I found myself thinking, "This is what it must have been like to ride with a gang in the old west."

It all began for me just after sundown on Saturday evening when I walked through the swinging doors of the saloon at Furnace Creek Ranch. Sitting at the first table inside the door were four weather-beaten but grinning faces surrounding a pitcher of beer: Greg Gibson, Lars Swartz, Ray Trujillo and Mike Miller. I'd been in Death Valley since Friday morning, had been out to Titus Canyon and Greenwater Valley, but not much had "developed," if you know what I mean. Well, all that was about to change.

In response to questions about where people were bunked and what they were doing, a theme began to emerge. There was general disgruntlement with the Fred Harvey Company, whose local bosses had decided that riders would no longer be allowed to bed down on the grass at the Ranch, even though all the bunk houses were full. Seems that some gang camped out there last year had trashed the place, which was just the excuse the Company needed to ban those who prefer to sleep on the ground. I suppose by next year the grass will have been converted to a couple more graveled patches for the conestogas which increasingly seem to be the preferred mode of encampment in Death Valley.

Well, Greg Gibson, always the quiet instigator, was having none of that. "If they don't want our business, then the hell with 'em, let's go on over to Song Dog Ranch." Of course by then we were well into the process of leaving the Harvey Company about fifty hard-earned dollars in exchange for a few buckets of beer, but the principle seemed to strike a chord with the group gathered around the table.

As the evening wore on other riders drifted in and out of the saloon. Dave Valentine and Jim Luke had cornered a tall item at the end of the bar. Dave was working hard to charm her socks off (and a few other garments, too, I suppose). He eventually disappeared with her over to the Furnace Creek Inn for some music and who knows what else, but returned a couple of hours later with nothing to show for it but an inability to talk clearly. Thane Beckstrand dropped by with his lady and eventually moved on. Dave Weiss ambled by, too. He and Thane had already made plans to ride to the coast on Sunday, so they were having none of the Song Dog idea. But the Song Dog idea was slowly taking hold of the minds of everyone else. We finally left the saloon on towards midnight and rode back to camp with a general agreement to meet in the morning to make up our minds about leaving.

I woke at dawn, packed up everything but my bedroll and rode over to where the others were camped. Coffee was brewing and Dave Valentine was looking a bit groggy, but the talk was of Song Dog, and there wasn't much doubt that we were going. Greg suggested heading south out of the Valley down to Shoshone for breakfast, and said after that we could stop at Tecopa for a soak in the hot springs before heading south and west for the long dusty ride to Song Dog. The trail to Shoshone was a good one through an area the law generally avoided, so we all agreed that was a good way to go. Jim Luke had decided to stay behind, but Ray Hutchins and Rick Klain had signed on. About a half hour later eight of us assembled at Badwater for the ride south. We were finally quit of those infernal bastards at Furnace Creek and all the tin horns who'd come to characterize the place.

As we rode out the southern end of the Valley, Greg pointed out where he'd forded the Amargosa the day before on his ride in from Goler Wash. The Amargosa was running high this year and it was a muddy mess. We could still see Greg's tracks and the quicksand he'd almost sunk in. But he'd made it and now it was just another story to tell. Not much later, we were in Shoshone.

The cafe looked closed but was in fact open and as we dismounted we got the usual strange looks from the Sunday morning passers by. The hell with 'em. We were feeling good and looking forward to breakfast, which was excellent and cheap. Whenever a gang first gets together for one of these rides it always takes a bit of talking to adjust to each other's company and that's what took place over breakfast. Good natured kidding, checking out what's appropriate and what isn't. Just settling in with each other, so to speak.

It turned out that Dave Valentine had business in Nevada, so we were just seven when we left Shoshone and headed for Tecopa. Tecopa's a nasty looking place but the hot springs seem to have drawn every old hand in that part of California, whose wagons and shacks dot the surrounding flats. Some old timer there gave us the lowdown on how you now had to wash before you could bathe in the springs. Sounded odd, but we always try to fit in with the locals, so did our best to comply. There's nothing like a hot soak to improve one's spirits, so we left Tecopa feeling even better than we had upon arriving.

As we headed south, the beauty of the Mojave unfolded before us, huge sand dunes to the left and usually dry lakes filled with water to the right. The weather was crisp and clear, a perfect day for riding. We made good time and got to Baker by about noon. Another tawdry desert town with peddlers selling their junk by the road. That's where it became clear that while we agreed on where we were going it wasn't at all clear what route we were going to take to get there. Greg Gibson suggested some options for crossing the mountains to Song Dog and everyone alternated between having an opinion and not caring. What was clear was that we all wanted to stick together and we just wanted to get going, in hopes of reaching Song Dog before nightfall. Somehow Gorman emerged as preferable to the Tehachapis and we were off.

As we approached Rosamond, the choice of routes began to look a bit questionable. What appeared to be a large thunderstorm loomed over the mountains ahead, right between us and Song Dog. We knew the Lockwood Canyon trail claimed to 5500 feet and that snow was a distinct possibility this time of year, but there was little choice now. We continued west, on the flats for a while and then into the mountains. At Gorman, a cold fog spilled over from the San Joaquin and enshrouded us. Visibility dropped to only a few feet and our progress was slowed, but as we approached Frazier Park we emerged from the dank and found ourselves surrounded by snowy mountains, the ground damp from a recent shower. It was cold, but things were looking up.

Lockwood Canyon was filled with rugged beauty, truly the west in all its glory. We crossed wash after wash filled with gravel, mud and flowing water from the recent storm and finally crossed Reyes Creek on the lip of a waterfall. We emerged into the Cuyama Valley exhilarated, knowing we were almost to Song Dog, our hole-in-the-wall where we could spend a peaceful, comfortable night undisturbed by the hostile world around us. Just then, however, reality intruded. Around the corner came the Sheriff in pursuit of a couple of outlaws, a grim reminder that society is always close at hand, ready to rein in

Terry wrote this back in 1993 and it was in a newsletter he published at the time

any man who dares flout its conventions. Would we make it to Song Dog in time?

We headed down the trail, but several of us stragglers ran into the Sheriff a short time later. He looked at us suspiciously, but only asked if we'd seen the outlaws he was after up in Lockwood Canyon and then let us go. A close call.

Then finally we were there. After a short ride up Ballinger Canyon, we passed through the gate of Songdog Ranch, where we were greeted warmly by Jim Revely, who homesteaded there with his family a few years ago, built himself a hay bale house and has always welcomed the wayward riders who don't quite fit in most other places. Jim pointed us across the wash ("Be careful, the sand's a bit deep this year 'cause of all the storms") to the trail up to the top of the mesa where he allows riders like us to hole up for awhile. His crew dragged up a pile of firewood awhile later. We made camp just as it got dark, had a beer and then headed back to a place in Ventucopa to get some dinner.

It didn't look like much from the outside, an unassuming shack by the trail with a light or two in the window, but as we passed through the door a warm glow overcame us and every one of us smiled and gave a sigh of relief, feeling like we'd come home. No more cold, dank wind, no more Sheriff, not a care in the world but what to have for dinner. As it turned out, we were the only ones in the place, save for the cook and the waitress. She seated us at a big table by the fire and got us all beers. Believe me, there's nothin' like an ice cold beer by the fire after a long, dirty ride. We decided to take our time ordering dinner so that we could put off the inevitable trek back to camp as long as possible.

It turned out that the specialty of the house was steaks, with ranch style beans, fried potatoes and warm rolls, all served family-style. And the proprietor knew how to cook his steaks, charred on the outside and pink in the middle. I honestly believe we could have searched the world over and not found a more fitting place to eat that night. By this time, of course, we were feeling real easy with each other and the talk and laughter just flowed along, one story or joke after another.

Just as we were finishing dinner, the door opened and two hombres and a rather rough looking lady walked in, long hair hanging scraggly and loose, boots clomping and bandannas tied around various parts of their bodies. Turns out they were riding through on their way down from Ojai to Taft. One of their lanterns had lost its wick and they were wondering if one of our riders might have a spare. Most of us said we did, but not readily at hand, as they were back at camp. But Ray Hutchins had one in his saddlebag which he offered to get. While Ray worked with them to repair their lantern, the rest of us haggled over paying for dinner. By the time the lantern was more or less

fixed, Ray had learned that these riders he was helping didn't have a dime to their name. Now Ray's known for being a bit cantankerous at times, but he can be real generous, too, and he just shrugged his shoulders and said maybe they'd have a chance to help him somewhere down the trail.

We thanked the proprietors for the excellent meal and over and headed back to camp, where we found things cold and damp. A fire was soon roaring, however, the fog cleared and the whiskey and beer flowed. The weather actually seemed to improve as we stood around the fire telling more stories. The theme of the evening's conversation was our general disgruntlement with all the blockheads we constantly run into on the trail and how much better the world would be if these folks would just get out of our way. Mike in particular had several stories to tell about how he'd had to take matters into his own hands at one time or another when the frustration level just got too high. We all mumbled as to how we'd probably be giving Mike a bit more room on the trail in the future.

Next morning we woke to frozen tents and saddles, but once the sun cleared the hill, it warmed up into what was obviously going to be a perfect day for riding. We took our time breaking camp, enjoying a few cups of Greg's camp were coffee as we packed. Finally, it was off to New Cuyama for breakfast. Things run at a slow pace in that town and getting fed took awhile, but the grub was good and we but really had no need to hurry.

After eating, we headed out of town to the east and split into two groups. The two Rays continued around to the east through Maricopa and Taft (some of us wondered if, with the dawn of a new day, Ray Hutchins just might have been looking for those two hombres from the night before, to see if he couldn't collect for his spare wick). The rest of us headed north through the Carrizo Plain. The Rays rejoined us in California Valley, from which we rode north through the Temblor Range to San Miguel, where we took a brief rest. Greg gave up the lead at that point. Mike took promptly got lost as we headed out of San Miguel looking for Indian Valley. We eventually got squared away and Mike led us hell-bent-for-leather toward San Jose.

After heading east on the slippery trail through Indian Valley we turned north again along the San Andreas rift zone, past the Pinnacles, our encampment the previous month, to Hollister. This was a fast ride on a lonely trail. We got to San Jose just before sundown. I don't know about the other riders, but for me this ride was one of the best, two days of hard riding through some of the prettiest country in the west with good company all the way. As they say, it just doesn't get much better than this

Terry Burnes.

BMW Motorrad sold a total of 169,272 motorcycles in 2020

In 2020 BMW Motorrad sold a total of 169,272 motorcycles and scooters in various markets all over the world. This, in fact, was the second-best sales result the company had ever achieved. For the record, the best sales record BMW posted was in 2019, with a total of 175,162 motorcycles and scooters sold. Early year sales were well down but picked up markedly toward the end.

The BMW G 310 R and G 310 GS which accounted for over 17,000 unit sales in 2020 thanks to their affordable price tag and friendly riding characteristics. BMW now have a bike suitable for first time motorcyclists.

The BMW F 900 R and F 900 XR also contributed a healthy 14,429 units, with the F 750 GS and F 850 GS and Adventure models contributing 35,000 units.

More than 80,000 boxer-equipped machines ranging from the R 1250 GS to the R NineT were sold in 2020, cementing this iconic engine layout as BMW's backbone for success.

For 2021, BMW Motorrad is getting ready with the launch of the new BMW S 1000 R naked, as well as the BMW M 1000 RR superbike, the first motorcycle model to come with the 'M' branding.

Heated Clothing

I know many of our club members swear by their heated jackets and gloves. I have a heated jacket which I use occasionally but always have a problem with the wiring and temperature control, so I mostly rely on extra layers to keep the cold out. It's been a few years since I last looked at buying heated clothing, but an article I spotted in a news app I read entitled "11 Best Heated Socks to Wear This Winter" caught my eye.

A link to the article is here.

<https://www.purewow.com/wellness/best-heated-socks?>

All of the socks are powered by lithium-ion battery and claim they last from 4 to 10 hours depending on the heat setting. Most of them are in the \$30 to \$100 range.

I can think of a couple of cases where such socks would work for me.

1. Wear when actually riding in cold weather. One of the socks comes with a remote Bluetooth control (which is really essential for this application since the socks will be a few layers down).
2. When camping either in winter or bad (especially wet) weather when for whatever reason you can't retain body heat and there is no place to go to warm up. Maybe your camping equipment can't deal with the conditions. Socks should pack small and could be treated as part of an emergency kit. Nice to have at 4am in the morning when outside temperature is at the lowest.

All the socks identified are available in the article from Amazon.

While looking I noticed how many battery powered gloves are out there, although most do not have the protection motorcycle gloves should have. I did notice heated glove liners are available so maybe something like this would provide the best compromise and allow you to continue to use your favorite gloves. (yes, I do know most BMWs come with heated grips but from experience the back of your hands can still get really cold).

If someone has experience of any of these products or have useful recommendations please send to me.



Wunderlich Front Caliper Protection for BMW motorcycles

Those who regularly take their BMWs off road are probably aware of the wide range of add on parts Wunderlich sells to provide additional protection to potentially vulnerable parts. Its fairly easy to imagine a situation where small critical parts are damaged and result inn a situation where the bike becomes unrideable.

This month I noticed Wunderlich highlighted the availability of protection for the front disk calipers of various BMW models. They have some nice-looking protectors for the outside of the disk calipers, but what really caught my interest was the Wunderlich Caliper Dirt Trap \$89.95. These fit on the inside of the calipers and protect the brake piston and the piston seals from damage due to dirt built up.

Every time I remove a wheel to change a tire or whatever, the disk calipers are removed, and I always take the time to clean the brake pistons using brake cleaner and wipes. I think that by keeping the piston clean this will prevent rust spots and prolong the life of the seals, thus avoiding leaks and unnecessary rebuilds or even replacement.

Anything that can prevent dirt build up on the brake piston or prevent dirt getting between the brake pad and the disk is a good thing.

The Caliper Covers and Caliper Dirt Trap are sold separately. Check to see if they are available for your model. They look to be very easy to install.





The HELITE Turtle2 Vest provides ultimate protection in case of an accident!

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Available at www.HeliteMoto.com

Fall Safety

It is important that motorcycle riders always have proper protection in case of a crash or accident. One way riders can protect themselves is through Helite Airbags.

If anybody is looking to purchase from Helite Airbags, now is the time. For a limited period, BmwNorcal Club Members will a 15% discount for all Helite Airbag products, except accessories.

To get the discount, all you need to do is go to Helites website www.HeliteMoto.com and enter BMWNORCAL as the discount code.

Members can get an additional 10% (25% in total) on Helite Airbags when ordering 8 or more products. Again, accessories are not including in the discount. If you are interested in placing an order and you are willing to wait until we get 8 orders, you can email:

Safetydirector@bmwnorcal.org

and we will keep you informed as of when the goal is reached.

We have all heard stories from riders who used the Helite Airbags and can attest the to the product performance. From slow falls to high speed crashes, riders claim that if they hadn't used the Helite Airbag, they would have been in much worse shape.

The holidays are upon us, and what better way to treat yourself - you deserve it.

Regards

Jorgen Larsen

Minimoto Motorcycle Tracker

Interesting product written up in Cycle News 2021 #4. This is basically a tracking device that will allow you to monitor the whereabouts of your bike from your cell phone. The system consists of three parts. A battery powered unit about the size of a TV controller that you hide on your bike. The unit is self-powered and will detect any movement. If movement is detected it sends an alert to the cellular network and then to an app that runs on your phone. The app will track the location of your bike. The third part of the system is a small puck you carry in your jacket. This prevents an alert being sent if you move the bike. Cost is around \$200 with a \$3.50 monthly charge for cell connectivity.

Might be a useful accessory for those who park their bike on the street or in a public garage.

<https://monimoto.com/product/monimoto-tracker-mm6/>

You don't need to spend \$20000 to have fun on a motorcycle

I found this YouTube video of this guy riding in the snow on a 30 year old motorcycle with road tires. So outrageous and just plain good fun. Just click here to get redirected to YouTube



<https://youtu.be/ITn9hQCkgI8>

Sicily-to-Italy Edelweiss Motorcycle Tour 1-9 May 2005

We all met for the first time at our "base" hotel in Catania, Italy (Sicily) on a Sunday. The only couple that rode on separate bikes were 30-somethings from Stuttgart, Germany. Of the five other couples who rode on one bike, one was from South Africa, and the rest were from the U.S. There were also four single guys riding on their own bikes, including me. Our first day's ride was on mostly back country roads, through fertile farmland, ranches, low mountain twisties, and quaint little villages that had centuries-old local flavor on display. We also had our first taste of Italian drivers, pedestrians and the occasional well-behaved farm animal.

Day two took us from Siculiana to Siracusa, founded about 2,500 years ago by the Greeks, then Valle dei Templi and a quick tour of the ruins, ending the day in Cefalu, Sicily.

The next day took us through Agrigento, Corleone, to Cefalu. Then, we headed through the mountains to Giardini Naxos.

On Thursday we sort of rested, by riding up to the Etna Volcano, and also checked out the town of Taormina, where we had dinner.

Friday we awoke to rain, which continued throughout the day, leaving Sicily by ferry from Messina, and we rode up a little way to Tropea on Italy's boot.

Saturday was clear and bright for the ride up the coast, inland, then a visit to Acquafredda, at the top of ocean cliffs. Next, the amazing Amalfi coast road, and then Pompeii.

Monday we toured Pompeii, and then rode to Rome and the trip's end.

Rick Klien









BMW Motorrad

A&S BMW Motorcycles

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CONTACTS

PRESIDENT*

Kevin Coleman
(president@bmwnorcal.org) (925) 890-8449

VICE-PRESIDENT*

Jeff Zane
(vicepresident@bmwnorcal.org) (415) 948-4329

SECRETARY*

Mike Murphy
(secretary@bmwnorcal.org) (310) 497-0618

TREASURER*

Hugo Bonilla
treasurer@bmwnorcal.org (650) 534-8739

TOUR CAPTAIN*

Nick Gloyd
(tourcaptain@bmwnorcal.org) (707) 849-5582

SAFETY/TECH DIRECTOR*

Jorgen Larson
(safetytech@bmwnorcal.org) (870) 273-4746

HISTORIAN*

Rick Webb
(historian@bmwnorcal.org) (707) 494-6629

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

John Ellis
(newseditor@bmwnorcal.org) (925) 918 3106

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY

Russ Drake
(twobeemers@aol.com) (510) 427-3309

ADVERTISING CHAIR

Manny Rubio
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	Terry Kieb	40
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Javier Sanchez	10	

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