

APRIL 2022

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride



BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

PRESIDENTS COLUMN

March was a busy month for the club. We spent a lot of time on the 49er. Mark Rodda and the entire 49er Committee has been working hard to bring in new sponsors, vendors, speakers, and events with great success. I am confident the 50th year of the 49er will be a huge success. We are looking for a few more committee members so please consider helping out the club. Connect with Mark via email 49erchair@bmnorcal.org to volunteer.

We had a great turnout at the BMW Motorcycle of San Jose Wyoming Backcountry Discovery Route movie premiere. The club had a table and we had the opportunity to talk to the crowd about our club and the 49er. We also were able to connect with the general manager for BMW US rider Academy about training programs for the club. I am pleased to announce we will be offering an outstanding training opportunity for club members at the training site in South Carolina for a really good price. Stay tuned for more details soon

Then we held the Cross Border Rally ride to Baja Mexico the week before Death Valley. It was a huge success with more than 40 riders participating in the ride. We rode down to San Ignacio and back to Furnace Creek over 7 days staying at

hotels and camping. I am happy to report we had minimal problems with bikes and everyone made it back home safely. We finished up the month with our campout at Furnace Creek. The concerns over too many people showing up were all for naught as the 100-degree weather kept many people from the ride and campout but it was still a great time for everyone. It was definitely hot during the middle of the day but the nighttime temps were perfect. We had a nice campfire and cold beer thanks to Russ Drake and lots of great riding around Death Valley including tall tales of challenging considerations in Titus Canyon. The wind on the way home made for a challenging ride but it was nice to avoid the much-needed rain on Monday.

Next up is a catered meal at our April campout at Russ Drake's daughters' property in La Grange. We will have a big bonfire, beverages, and catered BBQ meal for attendees. This has always been an outstanding event so don't delay in signing up. We have a limit of 100 people.

Stay Safe

Kevin Coleman President

EDITORS CORNER

This is the strangest newsletter I have ever edited. Five days ago at the death Valley camp out I made a public appeal for content. At that time I had 8 empty pages to fill and no idea of how to do it. As of today the newsletter has a massive 23 pages (the on-line version) which is the biggest ever.

First to arrive was a piece written by Alberto Savilla. He is not a club member but accompanied Hakki Orun on the Baja ride. It was written as a day by day record so I cleverly created the title Baja Diary. I did not go on the ride but reading this made me feel like I was there.

I spoke with Jamie Johnson at Death Valley and she said that she rode Baja with Chris King and she had loads of pictures of bikes down. Pictures of bikes down is one of my favorites (as long as its not mine) so she promised to send them.

Kevin Coleman, concerned at having an empty newsletter, assembled photos by Mylene Larsen, Tom Short and himself, and then Ravi Verma provided a link to over 100 pictures he had taken. So now I had over 150 pictures with the problem of how to organize them. I then realized the metadata associated with the pictures showed the date and time taken. I therefore created a picture diary.

I took pictures at Death Valley plus more from Ken Kastle and others named above and it was finished.

All newsletter content sent at any time is gratefully accepted, but save my nerves and send early in the month, please.

John Ellis

BMW Central Cal Spring Fling Friday April 29th to Sunday May 1st

This is an annual event held by the CCBR at American River Resort in Coloma, situated on Highway 49 between Auburn and Placerville. This is normally a CCBR member only event, but this year, at the time of writing there are still a few spaces that are open to NorCal members.

Full details can be found here

https://www.ccb.org/content.aspx?page_id=4002&club_id=309760&item_id=1531353

The cost is \$65 which included a catered Saturday dinner and Sunday breakfast. Friday night is a pot luck supper. A great event that I can highly recommend.

LEARN FIX AND RIDE

MOTO GUILD®

TREASURE ISLAND SAN FRANCISCO (415) 624-3795

A DO-IT-YOURSELF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP



Locations in California include San Jose, San Francisco, Eureka, Fresno, Grass Valley, Inland Empire, Los Angeles, Martinez, Orange County, Sacramento and San Diego

Register at <https://www.gentlemansride.com/>



A Picture from a Bygone Age

Chris Weld says:

“Rob Hyman delivered this print to me, brings back many memories. Both motorcycles pictured here are mine, Rob was piloting one. The occasion was a North Bay M/C poker run.

When? Well Esther (pictured), was born in '75 so I'd guess '78 or '79. Note the ride-off center stand, air horns and balloon .

I still have the rolling frame attached to my sidecar.”

THE 50TH YEAR OF THE BEST RALLY IN THE WEST

May 26th Till May 30th

BMW NORCAL PRESENTS 49er Rally

50TH ANNIVERSARY

Plumas County Fairgrounds Quincy, Ca

Buy your ticket now!

**GUEST SPEAKERS | SKILLS COMPETITION
POKER RUNS | LIVE MUSIC | GRASSY CAMPING
RAWHYDE TRAINING
HOT SHOWERS | RV HOOKUP | GREAT FOOD & BEVERAGE
GS CHALLENGE COURSE**

NorCal's 49er Rally - Sign Up Now

The 50th 49er will be held at Plumas County Fairgrounds in Quincy, California from May 26th to 30th

Four nights of grassy tent camping (or RV hookups if tents are not your thing) along with hot showers, cold beverages, live bands, a beer garden, great speakers and moto-centric vendor booths. This years Saturday night dinner is included in your registration fee.

Rawhyde will run beginner and intermediate off-road training programs and we will continue our basic pavement-only motorcycle skills program. In addition, Road Guardians will run their Accident Scene Management training sessions.

For those interested you can complete in the English Trials, or step up to the next level with the GS Challenge but if you are more inclined towards on road riding there will be a poker run, with prizes for the winners.

For more details or to register for this event go to 49erRally.org

The 49er Rally is open to all makes of motorcycle, but those that attend this even on a BMW have an opportunity to join BMW Norcal motorcycle club.

BAJA DIARY

BY ALBERTO SEVILLA

Thursday March 17, 2022

It's 2:00 am. Will I get any sleep? It's always the same. After 74 years I should be more put together with common sense prevailing. Tomorrow Hakki Orun will come from San Ramon to my house. The plan is we will meet at around 8:00 am and head south on our way to Baja California, Mexico. At 5:15 am I get a message from Hakki, "you can expect me by 5:30". 5:45 and Hakki is rolling into my driveway. Fortunately, I'm an early riser... five minutes later, after pairing the Sena communicators we were rolling.

The plan: from Saratoga take highway 17 to the coast, Santa Cruz, and stay on highway 1, thru Big Sur, Cambria (get gas), take the shortcut highway 154 and Santa Barbara is just a bit further.

The plan is good. The execution, ah altogether a different story. Last Friday (four days ago) I had eye surgery (cataracts), supposedly no big deal. And it isn't, with one caveat: your eyes will not focus very well for about 10 days. I am on day four... read on.

It is 5:50 am. Very dark. Highway 17 is curvy... eyes cannot focus. I'll tell you the truth: I am scared as I cannot see the curve all that well, and the cars in front of me are a bunch of rear-red lights halos. Slow down, close one eye and it should work, plus: "Hakki, you mind slowing down a bit?" To my relief, Santa Cruz is just ahead. There is more daylight and my eyeball is doing better. I made it, but I'm not driving at night again! End of it.

Heading south on highway 1, was fun. No traffic. On a Thursday morning at 7:00 am, the tourists are still in bed, it is as perfect as this stretch of highway will ever get... throttle up, and go! At Big Sur, there is a construction crew doing Hwy repair holding 20 cars or so. Wooowhoo! Hakki and I went to the "front seats" and were ready to, again throttle up. This time guaranteed... no traffic for us. Cambria is a little further south and topped off the tank. If you consider "topping off" adding five and a half gallons to a six-gallon tank. These bikes were on empty!

I'll skip the details of a Chinese lunch in Santa Bárbara... Yuck! Back on the road and quick.

A little further at Ojai, the fun started. Hwy 33. Put your seat belt on, cause we're going to rip it. Second and third gear and you lean that bike, "al gusto" a little Spanish lingo for you. Later, 156. Later again a dream road... Hy 74 all the way (kinda) to Lancaster.

Lancaster, CA. If you get pleasure out of Motel Six I'll say this: 1). Your taste in accommodations needs improvement and 2). don't bother reporting the "bad facility".... They are already at the bottom of the heap. Any reporting will have no effect.

Friday March 18

We just took a GPS suggested curvy roads from Lancaster to the Salton Sea. I have no idea what roads they were. I did enjoy the ride though eventually coming down onto the Salton Sea camping area. 2:00 pm. We are the first to arrive and wondered if we are at the right place. We were. Around 3:00 pm people commence to arrive. I think we were about 20 bikes.

Everyone figured on camping. Everyone has their own food. Soon enough beer appears out of nowhere and the yapping by the fire-pit starts in earnest. It was a happy first-day reunion.

9:00 pm. Most call the day (some after riding 800 miles or more). Sleep time...? As tired as they look, sleep will come easy. But... there is always a "but".

A train travels next to the Salton Sea campground area, but I swear the train went through my tent. Oddly enough others had the same train go right thru their tents. Steve remarked, "how ya slept?" - I did okay. "Without mincing words he tells me, "Bull Shit, Alberto". Truth? I kinda liked the train noise. Woke up every 1/2 hour as they went by all night long! Instead of counting sheep, I counted wagon-train-cars. It worked.

Saturday March 19

Today we cross into Mexico. Customs police, soldiers. You'd think all those Americans will come by the thousands to the border and demand asylum thereby over-run their social resources. Oooops got that backward and this is not a political forum.

We all passed the first customs inspection. The Second inspection was more severe; "Come this way please. Passport please and your FMM". That was simple. You hand over the FMM which you get from the Mexican Government website after you pay the amount indicated, and out comes the FMM.

But here is the best part at the customs office: "where is your proof of payment please". Huh?? "Yes, the invoice indicating that you paid".

"You have got to be kidding"! No he wasn't and to continue onto Mexico you must submit payment ... so pay it. Again? Yes. So there we were all forking another \$33 bucks! Welcome to the Third World! (I am certain the Mexican official is running a side scam because you cannot pay with a credit card... cash, and cash only!)

Off we are, out of Mexicali. The traffic is not that heavy. The traffic light signals are lacking clarity. You just have to know where to look and guess which direction is the traffic light. More, you have to guess what color it is!

Ahh, don't you dare think that things are less than perfect, they are! But that's the point! You come to a third-world country to experience imperfection, which they do perfectly.

We are out! The City is receding behind. The group is now relaxing focusing only on riding their bikes. After a half hour we stopped for a potty break, lucky us!! Diez Pesos to take a puny piss, I wonder, how much for a dump? Let us not discuss that aspect.

San Felipe. This community is 100 or so miles south of the border, suggested you get gas here. The rule-of-thumb, when in doubt, get gas! We all stopped, with some departing quite fast, others awaiting their turn to get gas at the pump. Free spirits, of which this group has aplenty, some depart right away not waiting for those still at the pump, and we got separated. No big deal, we are all accustomed to riding alone.

In the distance, there seems to be a commotion. It does not look good from here. Flashing emergency lights and a bunch of motorcycles on the opposite side of the road.

Ouch!! It is our group. I am concerned. I stopped my bike proceeding to be useful by signaling the oncoming cars on my side of the road to slow down and to proceed with caution.

A bike is down with many helping to right it. It is laying deep on the sand like a wounded cow. Righting the bike will take effort. Deep, soft sand some five feet below the pavement.

That was a mistake on my part. Looking to help I forgot to get my phone out and take pictures. What an idiot! There were plenty of helpers already, one more (me) was unneeded.

The fallen rider has no name, suffice it to say, he was our "fearless leader". Now henceforth known as just "leader".

Bike is up. Time to keep going. While getting up from the lower sand, another bike goes down. Not so bad. This one was easy to correct. And a final touch, Steve Brakebill attempting to get from the sand did a masterful motorcycle-leap (popped the clutch) to get onto the paved road. Impressive!

We are all up and on the pavement, time to keep going! Another twenty or so miles, Kevin signals to detour on a barely discernible side trail. "This is it! We are taking this trail to the ocean for lunch".

I have no experience on the sand, and I am questioning the wisdom of heading down the trail. "Kevin, how far is it?" - He quite unfazed tells me "Just a few miles, you can do it".

Prudence over valor is what my daddy preached. I tell Hakki, "you can go, I'm not". Another lady Debbie says she will not go there either. Steve Butterfield stays with us as well. Hakki as a good biking-buddy stays with the three of us. We continued south on Hwy 1 toward our destination for the day: La Poma Camping area.

Kevin had told us how to spot La Poma Camping from the freeway, indicating "there is a big sign. Kevin tells us "it is about 100 kilometers further down..."

100 kilometers? What-da-heck-is-that? For the benefit of the readers... 1.5 kilometers is 1 mile, and for the mathematically challenged that's about 66 miles "further down". But the truth, Kevin could have said sixty miles down the road, easy. But no. Kevin is in full Mexican form, kilometers!

La Poma Camping. Get off the main highway and go down the trail.

Checking the trail, it looks hard-pack. I can do that! Looks like a mile long easy-does-it trail. That was true until the sand section when the fish-tailing started. Everyone had no problem riding GS bikes. I ride a sissy 1200 RT, with 40 pounds front and back tire pressure. If you don't get the meaning of these features, let me say... you do not want to ride anywhere near me. Translation: inexperience and wrong equipment. Disaster looms. Phew! Nothing happened.

The rest of the evening went very well. There was a Mexican group partying. A bunch of happy campers with a radio discotheque that played Um-Pa at full volume. Sleep? With Um-Pa music... I don't think so. Complain? Who to? Deborah comes and offers "\$20 if I walked over to them and asked them to lower the music", hmmm... possible? Yes, absolutely... so I offered her \$100 dollars if she did it instead of me. Needless to say the music went on at full volume.

Sometime past midnight, a wind starts blowing. 20 mph wind. By midnight the wind is blowing 30 mph, gusting to 40 or 50 mph. Well!! That shut up the music. Replaced by the howling wind. We all preferred the music, All night long a howling wind. Everyone's tent was buffeted hard... with only one thought in mind: is this tent going to blow away? When is this shit gonna stop?

Sunday March 20

The next day we all woke up to tents full of sand. Other than that... all remained intact, no one got blown away.

Breakfast. And ready to get going again. Hakki, Kevin, Steve everyone volunteered a sand lesson to Debbie Hansen and myself. After the dreaded mile, I GOT IT!! I kid you not. Throttle and rear brake at the same time - no clutch! That simple. It worked wonders! Making that mile of sand was... nothing. The group is broken up by different departure times. Destination San Ignacio some 150 plus miles south. After receiving the sand-primer from Hakki we reached the pavement after the mile of sand the three (Debbie, Hakki and Alberto) stayed together on the way to San Ignacio.

Hakki and I have been communicating with Sena helmet communicators and noticed Debbie also having one. We paired all three communicators off we went. Hakki and Debbie chitchatted all the way, mainly hakki teaching her the fundamentals of high RPM and gear shifting on the curves. We all benefitted from this impromptu lesson as it made the ride entertaining, educational, and short. It was great! And Debbie a better rider.

San Ignacio. Everybody stayed at the Spring Campground. Hakki and did not have a reservation and we were turned away. 100 yards away is the Fong Hotel operated by a Mexican-Chinese. I think we lucked out... it was magnificent! Dinner and off to bed by 8:30 pm (remember last night hardly anyone slept from the Mexican Um-Pa party and the howling wind). At breakfast people are talking about whale watching, rides to caves, and other places.

Hakki and Steve Butterfield went riding the neighboring mountains. Others went looking for mountain caves, while others went whale watching. One whale watching at a place requiring dirt riding (not for me) and a second group to yet a second whale watching at the Oje de Libre Lagoon... short motorcycle ride of 60 miles to Guerrero Negro and a van would

take us the rest of the way 1/2 hour van-ride away... Debbie talked me into joining this group.

Boy was I glad! Best \$50 trip I could go to. Many Gray Wales came by the boat, we petted them. These animals are very docile and come to the boats trustingly. They roll onto their backs and you touch them which they seem to enjoy. Coming next to the boat they look at you with intent.

Debbie petting, the whale rolls over and we could see the nostrils pointing at us, still petting the whale blows its hole right on her face!! What an experience! I am sure she will not forget that one. Three hours of this and is time to head back. We have another destination for tonight.

My GPS is acting up, fortunately, Debbie agrees to be the leader. 100 miles or so later we arrive to Bahia de Los Angeles. What a hotel! Very modern, clean sporting all the luxuries of America including the price. Oh, yes. Not cheap... worth it? You bet!!

Monday March 21

At breakfast people are talking about whale watching, rides to caves, and other places.

Hakki and Steve Bloomfield went riding the neighboring mountains. Others went looking for mountain caves, while others went whale watching. One whale watching at a place requiring dirt riding (not for me) and a second group to yet a second whale watching at the Rabbit-Eye Lagoon... short motorcycle ride of 60 miles to Guerrero Negro and a van would take us the rest of the way a 1/2 hour van-ride away... Debbie talked me into joining this group.

Boy was I glad! Best \$50 trip I could go to.

Many Gray Whales came by the boat, we petted them. These animals are very docile and come to the boats trustingly. They roll onto their backs and you touch them which they seem to enjoy. Coming next to the boat they look at you with intent.

Debbie is petting, the whale rolls over and we could see the nostrils pointing at us, still petting the whale blows its hole right on her face!! What an experience! I am sure she will not forget that one. Three hours of this and is time to head back. We have another destination for tonight.

My GPS is acting up, fortunately Debbie agrees to be leader. 100 miles or so later we arrive to Bahia De Los Angeles.

What a hotel! Very modern, clean sporting all the luxuries of America including the price. Oh, yes. Not cheap... worth it? You bet!!

Tuesday March 22

This day is a challenge because getting gas is questionable. No one is certain where we will get gas. Some say, "go to Catavina and there will be a truck... buy it from him! It may be piss, or it may be gas. Take your chances.

There we are at the "gas truck". I have still 129 miles left on my tank. Hakki has about the same. Debbie who is riding with us has a smaller tank and she has 61 miles left... the next possibility for gas is - maybe in 49 miles. Decision gas now? Possibly piss) or chance the next gas station in 49 miles. Taking a chance was the consensus.

To finish this day we are going to Rancho Meling (don't look it up, it ain't there). To get there you must take Hwy 1 north which goes thru community after community and all the traffic that goes with it. A forty mile stretch of non stop cars, trucks and buses. Pedestrians wishing to cross the road are politely treated by a driver stopping and creating a gap for them to cross. Run! And run fast! The traffic is polite but of limited patience. Still it was a beautiful display of civility.

Debbie is running out of gas. 4 miles to the gas station, Debbie's bike says ZERO miles in her tank. We'll find out what empty really means. One, two, three... five miles beyond zero. Pemex is just there.

Gas and next door the renowned restaurant: Mama Espinoza Restaurant. We go to it and, lo and behold! Seven other riders had already arrived, eating like there is no tomorrow. We applied ourselves to fill up our own tanks... chille relleno, carne asada, chicken tacos. You get the picture.

From Hwy 1 we turn East, and luck has it, another Pemex (petroleos Mexicanos). All of us it top off, whatever little we needed. Once we head east, it's going to be a long uphill for two hours or so.

Tomorrow we will have to return the same way we came up, and guess what, there will be no gas at all. Now you know: get gas WHENEVER you can!

The ride to Rancho Meling is interesting. A seriously twisty-road climbing to 2,300 feet of elevation. Once at the ranch, a sign marks the start of a dirt/sand-road. It is a hard pack surface and should pose no

Problem... except.

Why must there be an "except" every time things should be okay?, from the gate it goes down on a serious slope. I am scared just to look down it. Debbie wants no part of it. Hakki encourages all by stating that the dirt/sand is hard packed. I volunteered to go first to give Debbie encouragement. She knows that I am as scared as she is.

I go. She follows. Hakki cheering us all the way down. No incidents, it was hard packed sand.

The rest of the group arrive by twos and threes, before you know it the pastoral setting looks like a gas station with thirty plus motorcycles and a bunch of rowdy fellows. Tents go up, the beer starts flowing soon we are all ready for dinner after a long ride.

By 7:30 pm... Steaks! Thick, tasty steaks crediting its history as a Cattle ranch.

By 8:30 pm ... I don't know what others did, I was beaten and disappeared to my tent. Ahhh, what a relief.

Wednesday March 22

It is morning. After a ranch-style breakfast, all are eager to get going to the paved road and once there choose: to the right further up or the left back down.

The ranch is on a dead-end road. To continue this journey we must go back the way we came, just down instead of up.

Further up, 40 miles from the ranch is Mexico's premier astrological telescope. Up on a twisty road to seven or eight thousand feet of elevation. Could be interesting.

Or down to our next destination on this journey. A short riding day.

If I had known what the day held in-store for us... I would have stayed in bed. Read on...

Hakki and I opted to go up and I think most chose likewise. But before we go up, we must get out of this ranch. Remember the serious downhill when we entered the ranch? Well, it's the same hill in reverse, up.

Hakki is in front leading. Sand! Overnight and by now that sand is powdery soft.

Soft sand. I remain comfortable with my newly acquired sand technique... Half the way ... the fishtailing starts, and no technique is working. I announce "Hakki, down! I am down!". Three seconds later I hear from Hakki: "I am also down!" I feel bad for Hakki because he is such a good rider, and being down with his bike, I am certain that his sense of pride is hurt. On the other hand, what chance did I ever have? None! I'm feeling a little better. Hakki walks over to where my bike is down. There lying on the sand like a wounded cow it lies, what a sad view. With effort, we get the "cow" up. Now, Hakki's. His bike is down with the wheels on the upside of the hill. It's heavy. 1,2,3 ...

push! Push! More! We get the bike up. Hakki studied the road and sand as to why he went down. A ridge with soft sand was the culprit. Other bikes are approaching from below and we encourage them to stay on the right of the road. Sandy still, but no ridge. Hakki and I get back on our bikes and continue uphill to the paved road. We made without any further incidents.

Once, back on the paved road, the spirits have not been injured and up the road toward eight thousand feet and the telescope we go. "This is a great road". Uphill, lots of sharp turns. It will take another thirty miles to the telescope. As we near the crest a couple of bikes are coming down already. A short while later we come to a gate with government officialdom. Sure enough, we see a military post, armed soldiers, and a bunch of riders. Barbara tells us that the telescope is closed to the public and cannot proceed any further. Some seem a little miffed.

Hakki and without any hesitation made a U-turn saying "still a great ride, telescope or not". And down we went. Whoo wee! This is fabulous! We passed a few riders and zipped like there is no tomorrow. Thirty miles and we are passing by the Rancho Meiling of last night. Thirty more miles and we are back to the main road on the way to Guadalupe.

(I should have stayed in bed this morning...)

"Alberto, I am losing pressure, it seems a slow leak". We decide to go the opposite way (from Guadalupe to the gas station we visited yesterday, Upon close inspection we see a shiny nail sticking out of the rear tire. It is a good size nail. Neither of us brought a tire repair kit. Speaking with the gas attendant we connect with a "llantero" (tire-man) who can be here in five to ten minutes. Great! The tire got repaired with effort. How much? 200 pesos. Imagine home service for that much? We gave him an extra 100 pesos. And we were delighted.

We took off on our way to Guadalupe in good spirits until...

(I should have stayed in bed this morning...)

I get a message from Hakki. "Alberto I'm still leaking air, very slowly. But leaking. We did a careful review of the leak rate. 10 pounds of PSI every 25 - 28 miles. No other choice. We take our little air pump. Get the tire up to 44 PSI, and like a bat-out-hell, we hit the throttle. Man! We were flying! Along the way, we passed several from our group. They probably wondered about those two showing off. Aww, if they only knew our predicament.

In this bat-out-of-hell style, we arrived to the south end of Ensenada. "Alberto, I just saw a llantero store. We made a turn and a beeline to it. This new llantero tells us the hole is too big for an outside patch. Better try from the inside. After evaluating the circumstances (pressure sensors, torque for tire bolts, etc.) we conclude there is no other option. Take the tire off and do an internal patch.

1 hour later and (imagine this) a measly 100 pesos (we gave him an extra 100) we are on our way!! Woohoo! A few checks and the tire is holding perfectly!

Guadalupe... here we come! Or so we thought. The day-from-hell ain't over.

(I should have stayed in bed this morning...)

We are on highway 3. The correct highway. We come to a toll booth, pay it, and get going. Tollbooth? Kevin would never have done that! But here we are, heading north on a limited-access road heading to TIJUANA!! Yes-sir-bob. We really blew it. And it is now 6:45 pm

We get gas,

The traffic in Tijuana is horrendous. Getting out of the city at 7:00 pm will not be simple. No other alternative, take back the toll road and throttle it hard!

Oh, small detail. The night is setting. "Hakki, not looking at the road very well. My eyeball is showing a lot of flares".

With every minute things get worse. "Hakki, stay on one lane

only, no lane change, please. I really cannot see that well"

We proceed as best we can with Hakki telling me the road features that I cannot see. This is riding a motorcycle by Braille 101. A rather strange and dangerous performance.

Eventually we reach the town of Guadalupe, find our hotel and ask for our room reservation. Room No 5.

(I should have stayed in bed this morning...)

The attendant tells that the room has been given to someone else. "Okay, no problem m. Give us a different room." "Sorry, we are sold out". It was a marvel to see Hakki not explode. Wow! Such self-control! I'm saying nothing. "Where is the restaurant?" The attendant tells us to walk to the main road some five hundred yards to the right. We found the group. Dinner was already finished, and the kitchen was closed. Kevin, our fearless leader reasserts his position and manages a dinner for Hakki and me. So, there we are eating leftovers at 9:00 pm. And Kevin also solves the room dilemma.... All right chief!!

No washing. No shower. No nothing. Straight to bed... Sleep came in under in one minute. Don't recall much else. Finally, our day had ended! Thank you, Lord.

Thursday 23 March

The next morning Plaza Fatima Hotel does not have any coffee facilities, nor are there any breakfast places around. Most have decided to get on their bikes and find something along the way.

Highway 3 heading north will in 60 miles or so have in Tecate and the US border. Along the way we saw a few motorcycles at a breakfast place but did not stop to join them. We are all intending a McDonald's in Tecate. Is it McDonald's or is it American food? Not sure which is the driving force. We found a McDonald's just a few blocks from the border and I think everybody blew the last remaining pesos.

Crossing the border back to the US was an uneventful experience. No elation... just a crossing.

Four of us crossed the border together. Brian Welsh, Steve Butterfield, Hakki, and myself. We set the GPS to 29 Palms and hit the throttle hard. Sixty or so miles later Brian points out that we are on the wrong road. We must go back... sixty miles later we are at our starting point. We top off the tank and get ready to go... again.

Sixty miles up, sixty miles down at a frantic pace. These three guys ride hard and fast. Their bikes have so much torque that I fall behind constantly (GS vs RT). Not a match. I opted to separate from them and do it at "my pace".

Within a few miles, "Hakki, I think I will not continue the ride... I am going to Santa Monica instead. Have a good ride, and will see you back at the Bay". Without much ado, I went my own way I spent the night visiting friends in Newport Beach and Santa Monica.

Friday 24 March

Departing for the Bay Area by way of Highway 5. Two hours later I see on the highway a familiar green-yellow jacket and the flowing blond hair coming out from the helmet. Debbie Jansen who is by herself probably heading home. I pass her and with a hand wave say hello-goodbye. As I see her bright, four front yellow lights merge into one a single bright spot in the mirror ... and disappear, I realize this adventure has come to an end.

Thank you all for a wonderful week in Baja California

Alberto Sevilla

MARCH 17



MARCH 18



MARCH 19



MARCH 20



MARCH 21





MARCH 22







MARCH 23



MARCH 25



Join a Slash 5 ride to the 2022 MOA National Rally

**They're here. The all-new BMW's.
Hottest, sportiest BMW's ever.
500, 600 and 750 cc's!**



Wunderbike.

The 1972 BMW.

300 cc with a punchy 4-Cylinder

2-Cylinder 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

and 1000 cc 4-Valve Head, 1000 cc

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

BMW

This year's MOA national rally is in Springfield, MO and is this event's 50th anniversary. In addition, the BMW /5's are also 50 years old. This planetary alignment will be celebrated by a huge gathering of /5's at the rally.

Kim Dromlewicz, the CCBP President is planning a ride of like-minded individuals riding /5s from California to Missouri. No CCBP membership required.

Anyone interested in joining the ride should contact Kim directly at dromlewicz@yahoo.com.

JAMIE JOHNSON'S VIEWS BAJA FROM THE PILLION SEAT

Jamie Johnson rode pillion on the back of Chris King's GS on the 2022 Norcal Baja ride. Terry Lowe and Delf Hedde accompanied the pair on a ride filled with many of ups and downs. Photos and words are Jamie's



Chris found some deep sand getting to Chenoweth Lodge



Terry on his RT living up to his nickname 'Crash' at Valle de los Gigantes. Kudos for taking the RT off road with street tires and being a good sport!



Steven finding more sand!



Dumping the bike on part of the Baja 1000 route...



Off road riding near Mission Borja. Rode two up through Mexico and yes I got blisters from holding on!! Chris rode dirt every chance he got! Well worth it!



Quick stop to check out Alfonsinas.. and some margaritas!



Three amigos after having made it to Valle de los Gigantes.



Careful where you step!

PICTURES FROM 2022 DEATH VALLEY CAMPOUT





SAN JOSE BMW

Feel the Ride

// We've forgotten more about BMW's than most shops know



- #1 BMW Dealership in the US
- Greatest New and Used Bike inventory in the Bay Area
- Largest in stock selection of KLIM in the US
- Massive Parts and Accessory inventory
- World Class Service Department for all of your 2 wheel needs



Follow us on  &  San Jose BMW

www.sjbmw.com

RIDE LIKE YOU ARE WEARING AN INVISIBILITY CLOAK

Returning from the Junction on Mines Road a couple of weeks ago, I came across a traffic hold up. A long line of cars with a police vehicle at the front. This was on the flat part, about 3 miles from the Tesla Road junction. The wait was about 10 minutes, until traffic started coming in the opposite direction.

Approaching the scene, there was an ambulance parked to the left, with the attendants standing around with their hands in their pockets, and three highway patrol cars.

I have a rule that when passing an accident scene, I will keep my eyes pointing straight ahead to avoid running into the guy in front, who slows down to gawp. I did, however, glimpse a motorcycle lying on the road. I don't think I have ever seen a bike so badly smashed up. I knew immediately that it was a fatal accident.

At the time I couldn't figure out how it could have happened. No tight corners, nice surface, great visibility in the middle of the day.

Next day I checked online to see the accident report. The rider of the BMW had died at the scene of the crash. What had happened was he was heading north. A woman driving a Jeep heading south made a left-hand turn in front of him into the drive of a house. The report also included weaselly words about the police being unable to determine the speed of the two vehicles. My guess is she won't be charged.

My personal observation suggests motorists in the USA use their indicator when making a left hand turn less than 50% of



the time, and maybe less than 5% of the time when making a right hand turn. Having a driving license in the USA is like some God given right. I personally do not know of anyone who has actually failed a USA driving test. I do not drive around much, but inevitably it seems just driving around town I run across people who simply should not be allowed to drive. They are incompetent and dangerous to others.

So what to do about it....

As the title says "Ride like you are wearing an invisibility cloak".

Assume other road users cannot see you. For some reason

people just don't notice motorcycles. Ride with a full beam headlight during the day, or add accessory lights, spaced as widely as possible. If someone is slowing, or doing something weird, or coming out of a side road, even if you have the right of way, slow down with your hand over the brake lever. Be prepared for anything.

If you see a car ahead that's acting strangely, slowing down for no apparent reason, hang back until the "driver" has figured out what he/she is attempting to do. I nearly met an early end in two incidents, one in Colorado and one in Canada. The car in front slows nearly to a stop with no indicators, I think about making a pass and at the last minute the vehicle makes a left hand turn into a dirt road. In both cases I was saved by my brakes.

John Ellis

Wunderlich America are now stocking AceBikes Storage and Transportation Solutions

There are a bunch of different products aimed at transporting and storing bike and are worth checking out on the Wunderlich site.

One item that caught my eye was the Bike-A-Side - Center Stand Dolly \$339.95. Basically, you side the item under your bike's center stand pull the bike on the stand. The Center Stand Dolly has a lever on the side which raises it off the ground on to the dolly's wheels. The bike can then be easily maneuvered into a small space in your garage. To better understand how it works check out this video.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QPJTLG7GVU0&t=2s>



**Wunderlich
America**
complete your BMW.





complete your BMW.
start your
ADVENTURE!



Find thousands of parts & accessories to help you complete your BMW!



**Wunderlich
America**
complete your BMW.

Store Hours - Monday through Friday
9am to 4pm ET 1 (828) 489-3747

wunderlichamerica.com
info@wunderlichamerica.com



1201 N CARPENTER RD MODESTO, CA 95351 209 524 2955

www.cyclespecialties.com

CELEBRATING 45 YEARS
UNDER SAME OWNERSHIP



FUN AND FRIENDLY STORE TO COME AND BROWSE AROUND
THREE MASTER CERTIFIED TECHNICIANS TO SERVE YOU
WE DO MONTHLY RIDES - BOTH ON AND OFF ROAD

SPYDER



can-am



TRIUMPH

Store hours - Tuesday through Saturday from 9:00am until 6:00pm



EXPERIENCE SHARED
PASSION, INSIGHT, COMMUNITY

LIVERMORE, CA
925.583.3300



STOP DREAMING.
START RIDING.
MAKE LIFE A RIDE.

SHOP BY
BRAND:



SALES, FULL SERVICE PLUS A MASSIVE PARTS AND ACCESSORIES INVENTORY

WE CARRY THE NEWEST BMW, KLIM AND KTM APPAREL

OVER 100 HELMETS IN STOCK AND 14000 SQ FT OF SHOWROOM SPACE

MONTHLY SUNDAY SHOP RIDES

CHECK OUT CALMOTO ON-LINE STORE FOR SPECIAL DEALS ON PARTS AND CLOTHING

CalMoto

952 North Canyons Parkway

Livermore, CA 94551

Phone: (925) 583-3300



BMW Motorrad

A&S BMW Motorcycles

Parts

Free Freight, Price Match Guarantee, We pay Sales Tax
Rider Rewards Program - earn points for every dollar you spend on parts, sales and service
Online Microfiche at www.ascycles.com

Service

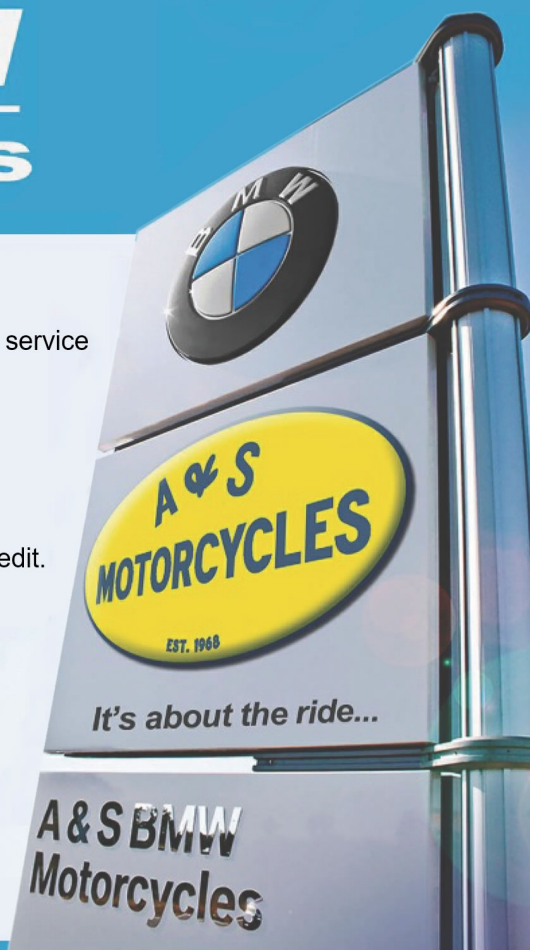
Free one day rental car or Lyft/Uber reimbursement. Trailer rental reimbursement
Full motorcycle inspection with every service

Sales

Huge inventory of New and Used motorcycles; access to financing for challenged credit.
We take motorcycles *and* automobiles in trade.



A&S BMW Motorcycles, 1125 Orlando Ave., Roseville CA 95661
916-726-7334



THE MOST IMPRESSIVE BRAKE LIGHT SYSTEM YOU CAN BUY...



OEM



weiser
UltraBRIGHTS 2-in-1

weiser

DRIVING LIGHTS / BRAKE LIGHTS / TURN SIGNALS

weisertechnik.com



Ted Porter's BeemerShop

Suspension Specialists & Unique Motorcycle Products

HEX ezCAN 03

EASY SWITCH SOLUTION

All F800 Models

All R1200 Models

All K1600 Models



Power to Manage your accessories!

Add Horns, Brake Lights & Driving Lights Safely!

**Warranty safe
No splicing
No switches
No relays**

Works with your Multi-Controller

GS-911wifi

Diagnostic Tool for BMW Motorcycles

Don't leave home without it!



- Read and clear fault codes
- Re-set service reminders
- View real-time sensor values
- Do component function tests
- Calibrations and much more!

learn more @ BeemerShop.com

Your Source for

Ei Parts & Accessories

- Omega Charging Systems
- Alpha Ignition Systems
- Rebuildable Driveshafts for:
R100GS, R100R
R1200GS '05-'12
R1200GSA '06-'13
R1200R & R1200RT
R1200S, R1200ST
RnineT & RnineT Scrambler
HP2 Sport
- ND Starters
- 1/2 Ignition Coils

See all the
*Ei Replica Parts & Accessories
at beemershop.com*

TRUST ...we earn it!

More Training - More Experience - More Brands



Ted Porter

37-year Industry Expert
with Suspension Training
Certificates from five
Major Shock Manufacturers



Jeff Favorite

25 years Tuning & Designing
Suspension Systems at
Fox Racing Shocks

Ted Porter's
BeemerShop

Suspension Masters

visit www.beemershop.com 831-438-1100



**BMW Motorcycle Club
of Northern California**



BMW Club of Northern California
P.O. Box 2472
Santa Clara
CA 95055
www.norcal.org

CONTACTS

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

VICE-PRESIDENT*
Jorgan Larsen
(vicepresident@bmwnorcal.org) (870)273-4746

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

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

TOUR CAPTAIN*
David Fliehr
tourcaptain@bmwnorcal.org (925)518-3939

SAFETY/TECH DIRECTOR*
Bert Lankins
safetytech@bmwnorcal.org (408)705-6013

HISTORIAN*
Rick Webb
historian@bmwnorcal.org (925)708-1759

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

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

ADVERTISING CHAIR
Manny Rubio
Adchair@bmwnorcal.org (925) 784-4856

SECOND SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Mark Rodda
ssbr@bmwnorcal.org (650) 213-6253

49er CHAIR
Mark Rodda
49erChair@bmwnorcal.org (650) 213-4253

*Board Member

EVENTS

Monthly Board of Director Meetings
05 Feb 2022, 10:00 am 12:00 pm
MotoGuild SF, 849 13Th St. San Francisco

April Member Meeting and Campout - La Grange!
23-24 Apr 2022 Las Cruces Rd., La Grange CA
Pre-Registration is a requirement. Saturday evening dinner and drinks and camping for the entire weekend will be \$25.00

2022 BMW Norcal 49er Rally
26 May 2022 3:00 pm to 30 May 2022
Plumas County Fairgrounds, Quincy, CA
Pre Registration – \$100.00 Registration
Includes 4 nights of camping,
admission to all seminars,
and Saturday dinner.

ANNIVERSARIES

April	Ben Long	5
	Michael Pagianti	5
	Raymond Tantarelli	5
May	Jeff Zane	5
	Jeff Albritton	5
	Alicia Brown-Docken	10
	Robert Fuller	5
June	Lee Fulton	15
	John Notch	10
	Ron Winingar	10
	Scott Clemmons	5
	Max Gomez	10
	Tom Harris	15
	Mike Huntzinger	15
	Claire Palmgren	5

Printed by

Printingcenterusa.com
Fast, Easy & Affordable

BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA