

JUNE 2020

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride



BMW Motorcycle Club of Northern California

Presidents Column

After the Covid Shelter in place what could get worse. How about a senseless killing of an unarmed black man in Minneapolis? Then looters that disrupted peaceful protests all around the world. I am disheartened by the chain of events but have faith that we will overcome these challenges and be stronger as a nation. No matter your race, be kind to the people you meet. The color of our skin has no bearing on who we are as a person.

I am happy to see some lessening of various restrictions. While we are still far way from being able to have large group meetings in public, I am starting to see a path towards resuming at least some group rides and possible smaller campouts with the club. Stay tuned to our website and email blasts for developments.

Election

June is the typical time we elect a new Board. This year the President, Treasurer and Secretary are up for re-election. Unfortunately, we are not going to be able to hold our normal June meeting and election. After reviewing our bylaws and discussing as a Board, we agreed to postpone the election until we can hold our meeting. All current Board Members have agreed to remain in their position until we can hold our meeting and election. If the election cannot be held for an extended period we may look at alternatives, understanding none of these really fit into our current election process included in our bylaws. Please let me know if you have any feedback on this or thoughts on an election process during the SiP.

More importantly please nominate yourself or a member you think would make a good Board Member. The time commitment is not significant and a great way to meet more people and put your ideas to action.

Dues

We are in our dues renewal period. Most of our members signed up for recurring payments last year so your dues will automatically renew on June 15th if your credit card is still valid. For those not on recurring payments, please login to the site, click on your name in the upper right-hand corner and follow the instructions. We recognize that some of our members may have been significantly impacted by the Covid shutdown. If you are experiencing an economic hardship due to Covid please email me at president@bmwnorcal.org can provide a dues waiver.

I am sure many of us have not ridden much over the past 4 months so be careful riding. Be sure and check your tire pressure, brake fluids etc before heading out and take it slow until you get back in the groove. Also be mindful of the cars that are driving a lot faster than normal and letting their attention wander with the reduced congestion on the road.

Stay Safe

Kevin Coleman

Editors Corner

The front cover picture is Brittany Hawks on her F800. Brittany attended a RawHyde training session and took the time to write up her experiences. Jorgen Larson and Ed Perry provided some tech tips and Russ Taylor and Steve Kesinger followed up on the Ken Kastle challenge with early pics of themselves on motorcycles. Terry Burns and Dan Allison sent in a couple of very well written stories from the archive, and Rich Klain submitted a fabulous Portuguese photo montage from an earlier trip.

Massive thanks to you all. I am very pleased with how this newsletter turned out. Enjoy!

John Ellis

Captain's Log

Well it's June and we are still in limbo with our group rides and campouts, and of course we missed the 49er on Memorial Day Weekend. For the time being travel is still limited to "essential" travel, and while the state is loosening up some of the regulations for camping, to date that only pertains to individuals and immediate families (those that have been in isolation together) but no group camping or activities. Unfortunately, this keeps the Club's hands tied and prevents us from scheduling SSBRs and our monthly member meeting campouts and tour. And as a club BMW NorCal will continue to adhere to the state and local regulations.

That said, some NorCal members are volunteering and delivering meals on their bikes, and delivering PPE supplies – both of which are essential these days. This is a great way to get out on two wheels and there are more volunteer opportunities available. We are currently working with Mercy Brown Bag in Alameda County and Meals on Wheels on the Peninsula. Check with your local food banks to see if they need help. And personally, I've been lucky to be able to take my bike for some of my work meetings and my wife and I will do some grocery shopping on the R1150R as well.

So this is the state of our group functions for now. I've got a great ROL lined up but that is wholly dependent on how these county and state restrictions play out and if we can maintain as safe but socially distant event. And as I shared before, some parts of the ROL are ideally suited for social distancing, and some definitely aren't. In the meantime, I am keeping an eye on restrictions and working on tweaks to the ROL format that might allow us to be safe and compliant. Fingers crossed on this one.

Hope everyone is well and staying safe. We'll get through this and before you know it we'll be back to our regular format.

Nick Gloyd Tour Captain

NorCal Board meetings

With the Covid shut down board meeting are now virtual using Zoom. If any member is interested in attending one of these meeting usually held on the first Saturday of very month go to the NorCal web site event schedule to get a URL and meeting ID for upcoming meetings



Adopt a Highway update from Caltrans

Caltrans recognizes the hardships caused by COVID-19 and during this challenging time, please know that Caltrans continues its 24/7 commitment to our transportation system. In response to Governor Newsome's Executive Order N-33-20 proclaiming a State of Emergency and for Californians to stay at home or at place of residence and to only travel for essential goods or services, all Adopt-A-Highway (AAH) operations have been canceled until further notice

It's Just Mud by Terry Burnes

"How are you going back?" It was Lars Swartz, passing by as I packed my things for the ride home from the January BMW Club meeting at the Pinnacles. I told him I'd noticed a road on the map along Clear Creek over to New Idria. Not realizing how prophetic he was being, he responded by saying something like, "This time of year your tires pack up with that slick mud and you don't get any grip." I didn't really see what that had to do with the route I was proposing. After all, this was a road on a map. Lars walked back to finish his packing.

We encountered each other again awhile later. "So you're taking that road?" he asked. "Yeah, I guess so. Wanna come along?" "Why not?" It began as simply as that. We finished packing, hopped on our R100GS's and headed south on Highway 25 to Coalinga Road. A few miles east we turned off on the dirt road to Clear Creek and immediately encountered a ford over a small river. Not bad, especially since it was concrete. The water was just deep enough to be fun.

A half mile or so later we encountered another paved ford. No problem. Then more. Then some muddy stretches on the road. Also started noticing the dirt bikers camped all over the place with their 4WD pick-ups. Not too many of them riding. We rode by, waving. They stared, probably wondering why anyone would ride "road bikes" east on this road.

A bit later it happened. A muddy stretch, slightly uphill. I was riding the crown between the ruts. Slipped into a rut, did something wrong (not sure what) and was on the ground. My GS was overdue for that. By this point in the life of my K-RT it had been on the ground two or three times, for several thousand in damages, but my relatively indestructible GS had always managed to stay upright. Lars helped me pick it up, we exchanged humorous remarks and pressed on.

More fords, but everything under control. Just after we'd crossed the stream for the seventh or eighth time I was beginning to think that we must be near the end of this. We rounded the corner and there it was. A hundred yard stretch of mud most reminiscent of the Greg Gibson Memorial Hog Wallow in Mariposa. A couple of dirt bikers were digging out some little bike at the far end of it, all covered with mud.

We parked just far enough into it to make it basically impossible to turn around and scouted it on foot. By now I had learned that the ruts are where you want to be in this stuff. We both agreed that there appeared to be one rut that went all the way through from beginning to end, but I suggested that maybe we should cut our losses and go

back (it was almost noon and I wanted to get home to watch the Super Bowl, not spend the afternoon digging a 500 pound piece of iron out of the mud).

By this time a group of dirt bikers had pulled up behind us in their pick-ups, blocking our escape and, without saying or doing anything, challenging our manhood. I asked how long the mud went on. They said this was the last bad stretch (of course they'd never gone all the way to New Idria). I looked at Lars, a man of few words, who said "It's just mud."

What could I say? "OK, let's go." Of course, I was in front and so got to go first. On the other hand, I didn't have to stand around with those other guys and watch me, like Lars did. Slow steady duck walk all the way, no doubt looking very silly on my big expensive German dirt bike, but I made it. Lars did too. We smiled, laughed, and, feeling pretty good, headed up the hill toward the summit (about 4500'). About halfway up I started to think, "What about the road down the other side?"

We got to the crest, stopped for a breather and water and noticed that the first downhill stretch was muddy and slick and much steeper than anything we'd encountered on the way up. I didn't feel so good as I envisioned falling, my bike careening down the slick hill at ever increasing speed until it finally hurtled over the edge, hopefully without me still on it. Lars just grinned. We waited a bit, putting off the inevitable.

Eventually a couple of guys in a 4WD pick-up came slithering up the hill. I signaled them to stop and asked how the road to New Idria was. "You mean Idra?" the driver asked in a friendly drawl. He reported "A couple of real slick stretches but once you get to the bottom it's all over," which, of course, is just what I feared. I asked what they were doing out there. "Piggin'." Oh great. Now I had havelina phobia to add to my woes.

Well, there wasn't much to do but give it a try. In the meantime, Lars had mentioned something about sticking to the high and dry spots, which sounded sensible and erased the lessons about staying in the ruts which I'd just spent 45 minutes learning. Off I went on the high and dry, slipped into a rut, did something wrong (don't know what) and down I went, this time on the other side of the bike on a much steeper slope. Just as I got to my feet and looked to the top of the hill, two dirt bikers appeared, staring down at us. Always good to have an audience for your humiliation.

Cont.....

This story was written by Terry in 1993 and featured in a one off publication put together by Terry called MotoPsycho. As you can see Terry and Lars still ride together



Terry Burnes and Lars Swartz riding together though the south west on the same bikes - twenty five years later

Lars stopped behind me and began dismounting and putting his side stand down in the mud so he could come and help. Nice thought but didn't he realize how steep this was? I pictured his bike rolling forward and then tumbling down the hill to crush us both. He whispered to it to stay put and it did (this guy has a way with words). We got the bike vertical (a task I could have spent a week at if alone) and aimed it down a rut.

I climbed on, started it, took a deep breath and found that by keeping light pressure on both brakes, with the clutch disengaged, I could ease my way down and not lose traction. I actually got to the bottom upright and under control. Lars too. Amazing. We got through a couple more stretches like that, eventually made it to "Idra," found pavement (wonderful twisty pavement) and had a giddy ride to Hollister.

At a subsequent stop we agreed that in retrospect it was a fun trip (that white knuckle sort of fun) that neither one of us would have completed if we hadn't had the other to encourage us and to fall back on (literally, in my case). As we parted Lars asked, "So you're going to Death Valley?" "Yeah, I think so." "When are you leaving?" "Probably Thursday afternoon." "I'll call you— maybe we can go together." I found myself thinking of the end of "Casablanca," when Rick says, "Louie, I think this may be the start of a beautiful friendship." When I got home I washed about ten pounds of mud off my bike, watched the second half of the Super Bowl and started thinking about the desert

Terry Burnes

Park-n-MOVE review by Ed Perry

Like most, I prefer to work smart not hard. And like many of you, I have more than one motorcycles and too little space. Of course I'd have a lot more if my wife didn't insist on keeping her car in the garage. But she does, which means I have to move the bikes around. This lead me to look for a dolly that would allow me to push a bike into the corner, move it out, spin it around, etc. And though there are many dollies on the market, I wanted one just for center stand application that was well built. The Park-n-MOVE fits the bill. After seeing it demonstrated at a motorcycle show some years ago, and noting how well made it was, I decided to splurge and get one. There are cheaper motorcycle dollies out there, but not as well constructed with top notch materials. I've not been disappointed at all. It has made life much better for me and after many years of use it still works like new and will probably outlive me.

My 1200 GS is very easy to get on and off. I don't even have to lock the wheels. But if you're particularly safety conscious, unlike me, one can tighten the set screws on the wheels to keep it from moving while getting the bike on and off. I also use it on an Africa Twin, which has more of the weight forward when on the center stand. The difference is that with the GS I can spin and move it around on the Park-n-MOVE with one hand, as it is very well center balanced on the stand. With the AT I have to push down on the rear or lift on the front. No big deal. And a Vespa— piece of cake.

As we're forced to spend a lot more time at home, some of us are dusting off old projects and spending more time in the garage. If you have a need for a motorcycle dolly, this is a good one. www.legalspeeding.com.



Wunderlich Instrument Protection Film

I have used protection film LCD instruments on my motorcycle. My initial thought was to stop the plastic lenses from getting scratched. In practice it stopped damage when involved in an accident so it was worthwhile. A secondary advantage is that the surface of the film which is without the minute irregularities of plastic lens, which in my opinion improves the LCD display clarity. The film is available in shiny or matt but I would definitely recommend going for the shiny. Just make sure you clean and polish the plastic lenses before applying. Wunderlich now stocks the custom made screens for many BMW models. The price is low compared to the cost of instrument panels.





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RawHyde Adventure Days - At Zakar, California City, March 12-15 2020

I decided to go to the RawHyde Adventure Days because I had heard such good things about the training which RawHyde puts on. Let me tell you, I was not disappointed.

A little about myself, my name is Brittany Hawks. I have been riding my BMW GS 800 since 2016, and I got my motorcycle license in 2015. I am a 33 year old female who has fallen in love with this sport.

Ok, back to the RawHyde Adventure Days.

I went on this trip solo. I arrived at the Zakar facility and I was immediately in awe of all the motorcycles and people at the event. After setting up camp, I headed to the main area which had a bar, and an eating area which was covered by a tent. This area was constructed with several con-ex boxes shaped in a huge rectangle. I got to the bar to order a drink and hang out with everyone. I ended up meeting a couple of overland guys who were there for that portion of the event. They welcomed me into their conversation, and I ended up hanging out with them the entire weekend.

Day 1

I woke up early the next morning after enjoying a night of good food, drinks, and good people. In one of the con-ex boxes, RawHyde has 4 full bathrooms set up which are amazing. After sleeping in a tent all night, the hot shower was wonderful. Breakfast was served by an amazing crew of people. Every single meal was catered at this event and they did a great job feeding the amount of people at the event, which all included was probably around 300.

I signed up for the Intro to Adventure Riding Class, which was an extra cost, but so worth it. There were only 5 people in the class and the instructor was the lead instructor for Rawhyde, named Bill.

Bill was amazing, he knew how to instruct on various different elements which we were working on. Coming into this, I had very limited off road experience, but after this class I felt more comfortable with off-road riding. The body positioning while off road is so important. I learned how to stand up properly while off road, do a tight turn, go through sand, go up hills, how to start a stalled bike on a hill and so much more.

After a hard day of riding, I had dinner with my new friends and enjoyed telling them about everything which I had learned. Even

though my new friends, Joe and Paul, were there for the overland portion, they also ride motorcycles.

Day 2

Since I wasn't signed up for any particular class, I looked at the class schedule and decided to take a couple of classes from Jim Hyde. One was on GPS and the other was on what to pack for an adventure ride. Both classes had a wealth of information and I enjoyed hearing about the stories which Jim told. I later took a class on bike maintenance which was good information, and a class on tires and how to patch or plug them.

During the afternoon portion there were several rides which we could go on with groups of people. I connected up with a couple of guys and we rode out to the Pinnacles. It was fun being able to use the new skills which I had learned the day before, on gravel roads and ditches.

After the ride, everyone got together and there was a raffle. I won a handlebar bag for my GS. I have never had one before, but I love it. Dinner was great, and after, there was a live band for the entertainment for the evening. I love to dance, and I ended up dancing to the music. Later I was joined by other people who were also attending the event.

I can't say enough about all the amazing people I met over the course of the weekend.

The event was run very smooth and professionally. I was surprised at how welcoming everyone was. Here I was, a 33 year old female who had traveled to the event alone, and I was welcomed with open arms by everyone I met.

If you have the opportunity to take any course offered by RawHyde, or have the chance to go to Adventure Days next year, I highly recommend going. The people you get to connect with are fun and the training is top notch.

Day 3

I was so sad to leave on Sunday morning. I made new friends and was excited about where this new avenue of riding would take me.

Brittany Hawks



EDELWEISS Motorcycle Scouting Tour Portugal — 6-14 October 2001

This was EDELWEISS Bike Travel's first organized tour of Portugal, known as a scouting tour. We all came to the City of Porto which sits astride the Douro river, right at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. It's still a famous wine making and shipping center. Now, we're ready to explore, heading up north into areas relatively unexplored by most tourists. After a visit to the city of Guimaraes, we reached the Viana do Castelo. Our second riding day winds its way over wet cobblestones into and through the Peneda-Geres National Park, close to the Spanish Border. We have a rest stop right in the middle of the 16th century Forte de San Francisco, in the city center of Chaves. We next head east, crossing briefly back into Spain to visit the medieval town of Puebla de Sanabria. Returning to Portugal we ride through the

Montesinho Natural Park, and spend the next night in one of the unique Pousadas in Braganca. We're heading into the famous Portuguese wine regions along the Duoro river, where the vintage includes many Kodak moments. In Pinhao we take our second rest day to sample the famous wines of the region, including a rare tour of a winery in the final throes of getting ready for a big wedding. Our last riding day takes us along the Duoro river, back to Porto, where we explore the old part of town and its famous bodegas right under the Ei el Bridge. The next day I take a day trip by rail to Lisbon. You might recognize some of the scenery if you've been there.

Richard Klain





Jorgen Larsen's spline saved by on-line Owner Groups

On line owner groups are incredibly useful resources. They identify potential problems and are an excellent source of information for the DIY mechanic. The only down side is that constant reading can turn you in to the mechanical equivalent of a hypochondriac - you worry that your bike is suffering every ailment discussed. In this case Jorgen Larsen read that the final drive spline grease can disappear.

Jorgen writes " Having heard and various discussions and posts, I decided to check the final drive and spline on my 2016 1200 GSA. The bike has 49k miles and I only had one water crossing and just a few rides in rain.

To my big surprise I found the spline had no grease and I doubt it ever had any. You can see some rust started already and I am happy I caught it before it got worse.

Since spline lube is not a part of a regular service I am afraid some if not most bikes will see premature spline failures if this service is not done.

Since no local BMW dealer stocks the spline lube product, I purchased some from Ted Porter, Beemershop.com and applied this to the spline. I put everything together and now am ready for the next ride "



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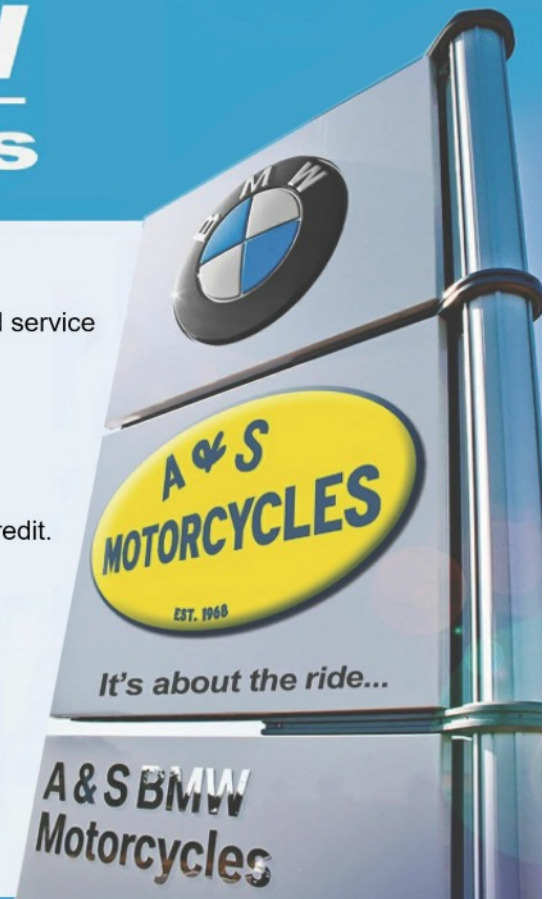
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The Ken Kastle Challenge -First picture of you on a motorcycle



Russ Taylor

My Fifteen dollar 74 cuin. 1936 indian chief I bought about 1961 from a junk pile on the Jolon Grade , Monterey County (wearing my frito bandito disguise). I sold it twice and bought it back once. My roommate in college had it when we graduated and he offered to give it to me but I was going into Coast Guard OCS in Yorktown, VA. (1965) . HIS MOTHER GAVE IT TO THE GARBAGE MAN. Go figure.

It's probably in Salinas. If you see a rigid Indian chief with a Eisemann aircraft magneto from a A65 Continental aircraft engine mounted where the distributor goes on top of the oil pump, that's my mod and I want my chief back. It had a 1944 motor in it which I bought from Ed Brooks in Salinas at the Cycle Mart on North Main for \$100. It ended up with Harley springer front forks and ran like a striped ape. Russ Taylor, X CCBR Exhaust Notes editor, Cayucos,

Steve Kesinger

Here's the oldest photo I have of myself with my then new 1967 250cc Yamaha Big Bear Scrambler! I was 17 years old there and I must have been checking the chain or washing it??? In the background is my Dad's 1965 650cc BSA Thunderbolt. The other picture is of me on the drive dressed in 60's style protective clothing.

The next picture I'm proud of is my Dad on his Indian sometime in the late '40's, so I come from a riding family!

Cheers; Steve K.



It was a dark and stormy morning. As I barreled across the Dumbarton Bridge toward East Bay the strong south wind tried its best to blow my bike from under me. It wasn't raining much (yet), but the forecast was for rain all day. It was sure to come. Because of El Nino practically any fool could accurately forecast the weekend weather lately. Surely no one would be at the Sonol restaurant where the tour was scheduled to begin at 9 a.m.

Wrong I was. I was greeted by the sight of three motorcycles in the parking lot as I arrived at Bobbi Jo's Old Town Cafe 15 minutes before scheduled departure time. Bill Jarvis, Bob Love and Tom Gorman were waiting for me as well as their food while an undermanned and overworked staff struggled to serve our small group as well as the many regulars filling the small establishment. As I was ordering an English muffin in walked Daryl Hall to complete our band of five. The Saturday morning meeting of Certified Loonies could now begin. Steve and Cynthia Kessinger were enjoying breakfast with us, but judging from their tidy coifs they hadn't had helmets on for a while and wouldn't be sharing our adventure in hydroplaning this day.

As we donned our rain gear and prepared to get underway a group of departing diners stood nearby watching. I caught snippets of their conversation but especially the words "flooding" and "washouts." They looked skeptical as they smiled and shook their heads at our apparent foolhardiness. As usual the tour departed dead on time, give or take 25 minutes.

The rains didn't come right away; we must have gotten all the way to Livermore before the tapping of drops on our helmets and face shields gave way to an insistent and steady drumming, a sound which would accompany us throughout the day. But as we turned onto Mines Road we saw nothing to prepare us for the conditions to come. The turn past the entrance to Del Valle Regional Park marked our passage into a different world as we climbed and snaked through the hills above Arroyo Mocho.

Traffic was nonexistent, so our progress was unimpeded by pickup trucks normally encountered in these parts. The road itself was another story, however. We were forced to maintain a fairly moderate pace, not only because of the rain but due to the presence of all the elements we'd been advised about the past few weeks: mudslides, washouts and flooding. Mud and gravel on the roadway made turns challenging and the occasional missing or sagging lane made simply staying on the road problematical; never mind the several stretches where creeks were flowing over the road.

All but one of the crossings were fairly innocuous; but the last, over Colorado Creek, just a few miles before Lolly's Junction at San Antonio Valley and Del Puerto Roads, was an obstacle with pucker power.

As we downshifted and braked on our approach certain differences between this and the previous crossings became apparent; it was considerably deeper, and I could only guess at the condition of the road under the fast flowing water. I shifted into first gear and slowly guided my K75 into the stream while trying vainly to read the vague and shadowy shapes beneath me. As I quickly discovered, part of the road had washed away, and as my bike's front tire marked that reality my short handlebars twisted sharply in my hands, and my belly pan crunched onto something as I dropped into a break in the

submerged pavement. Somehow I remained upright. Although the rough and uneven surface caused me an anxious moment or two, the rest of the crossing was uncomplicated. I paused a short distance up the exposed road to regain my composure and observe the rest of the group as they made their way slowly through the water. Each rider waited until the rider ahead reached safety before beginning his own approach and choosing a path based on what he'd seen his predecessor do. Everyone stayed up.

The Junction was a welcome sight. It seemed we'd been riding much longer than the mere hour since our departure.

We parked in the almost deserted parking lot and scurried to get inside, pausing just long enough to help Bill Jarvis pick up his F650, which had fallen over when his foot slipped off the wet center stand. As we stood under the front porch roof removing helmets, gloves and such, a departing local filled us in on what to expect down Del Puerto Road. Officially the road was closed, she said, but could be ridden if we were careful. She was impressed that we'd come down Mines Road, but told us, "that was nothing compared to Del Puerto." She wished us well and drove away as we filed inside to warm ourselves and ponder what lay ahead.

Bob was already inside, and I caught sight of him wringing prodigious amounts of water from his gloves into the unlit fireplace. The rest of us dribbled water everywhere as we walked about on the flagstone floor, providing amusement for the two

women behind the counter and their lone customer, a grizzled regular from the area. We were happy to begin a warm, dry room, and the trio welcoming us was glad to have some company, so we entertained each other for the next half hour and shared some yucks while we drank coffee.

Considering how complicated the simple act of relieving oneself while sporting multiple layers of leather, rubber and Gore-Tex, drinking coffee may not have been prudent, eh Daryl?

Once sufficiently warmed we slowly wrestled our gear back on and prepared to get underway. The proprietor presented us with souvenir key chains and admonished us to ride safely as we slogged out the door into the waiting rain. We wasted little time as we quickly mounted up and pushed past a barricade announcing the closure of Del Puerto Road due to flooding. Our tour pressed on.

We saw no floods on the length of Del Puerto Road, but there had been flooding, to be sure. What we found instead was tons of mud and rock blocking lanes throughout our run down the canyon. The area was absolutely devastated.

There seemed barely a bluff that hadn't sent major parts of itself onto the roadway. The road was never completely blocked, but any vehicle larger than a golf cart would have found the going tough.

Eventually the rutted canyon gave way to the gentle, rolling hills that marked our approach into the valley. We stopped under the I-5 overpass just west of Patterson where we regrouped and agreed to continue to LaGrange before breaking for lunch.

This piece was written by Don Allison when he was Norcal Tour Captain back in March 1998.

Riders On

But then I got lost in Turlock. I had pre-ridden this route and thought I knew the turns, but somehow the turn onto J17 eluded me. As I stopped to ask a passerby directions Daryl walked over the explain he'd had to pee a lot that day and was experiencing urgent needs. I nodded and told him we'd stop at the first station.

As we finally found J17 and rode out of town I could sense Daryl clinching his knees together tightly enough to dent the tank of his R3, but there was nothing around for miles except farmland. I settled on a farm road guarded by two grassy berms which would offer some small privacy for the thing that needed doing. Daryl

was dancing up the road before my kickstand was down; and Bob decided he too would take advantage of the stop while the rest of us hung out with our bikes back on the shoulder of the road. There was little traffic about, but mere moments had passed following our boys' departure before two vehicles slowed and turned into the road. Bill, Tom and I laughed so hard we practically made pee pee ourselves.

The dining room at the LaGrange Hotel provided a much needed respite from the elements, and we took our time over lunch. Once our bellies were full and our gear semi-dry we made ready to ride the final tour segment to New Hogan Reservoir, only about an hour away. Bob announced he was cold and wouldn't be completing the journey with us, so we waved to him as we pulled away from the curb while maybe feeling just a little bit envious.

After riding north on LaGrange Road to Hwy 120 the plan was to proceed west to Knights Ferry and north via Sonora and Milton Roads

to Hwy 26. It seemed a good plan to shorten the home stretch to our destination, but I failed to discuss it with anyone else before departing the station. I turned at O'Byrnes Ferry; and Bill, who was immediately behind me, followed. What I didn't realize was that Tom was separated from Bill by a few cars and hadn't seen him turn. Bill and I stopped to wait after the turn, but we never saw Tom go by. I observed Daryl in my mirror slow at the turn but then continue on 120, but when I went back to check I saw neither rider. We didn't have much time left before the meeting was scheduled to begin, and even thought the meeting wasn't going to start without president Bill, it seemed prudent to continue to the campsite without waiting any longer.

As I later learned Tom stuck to the original route and had a rather deep and dicey solo water adventure on Sonora Road. He also got points for riding the route from memory after the wind tore his well worn Yosemite map in half. Daryl had seen Tom pass O'Byrnes Ferry Road and raced to catch him, but turned back because Tom had too great a lead and was going fast because he was trying to catch Bill and me. Daryl followed the new route we had discussed at the station but was several minutes behind Don's and Bill's tour of two. Bill and I arrived at Acorn Campground about ten minutes late just as the rain stopped. Tom arrived a couple of minutes later and, with hardly a trace of sarcasm, thanked me for waiting. About the time Tom finished relating his recent experiences Daryl appeared at the entrance to the campground, but we wouldn't hear his comments for several minutes; he parked his bike by the gate and quickly entered the restroom there.

Don Allison

to Hwy 26. I turned onto 120 and rode west for about a half mile before noticing the rest of the group wasn't behind me. After pulling to the shoulder and waiting a couple of minutes I turned back toward LaGrange Road where I found the others waiting for me and pointing at their gas tanks. We then turned east and rode a short distance to a gas station at Chinese Camp. While stopped Daryl and I discussed altering our course to O'Byrnes Ferry Road/Hwy 4/Pool Station Road

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