



BMW Club
Of Northern
California INC.
September 2002

NEWSLETTER

CHARTER NO. 9 — BMW MOTORCYCLE OWNERS OF AMERICA
CHARTER NO. 210 - BMW RIDERS' ASSOCIATION

September Meeting Eureka Jet Boat Ride September 28-29

September's meeting will take place at 5pm, the 28th at the Eureka KOA located on 4050 N. Highway 101. We will leave at 8:00 AM from the IHOP located at 1825 4th St, San Rafael. We will be heading up Highway 1, so breakout the electric vest and fleece. It looks like we will be taking 101 N out of San Rafael to 128 and then 128W to highway 1. 1 heads north and then turns east back to 101. We'll stay on that into Eureka.

The ride will culminate in a Jet Boat up the Klamath River on September 29. The club has reserved spots for us to take a jet boat ride up the Klamath River, one of the last remaining wild rivers of California. The tour is 55 miles round-trip. We'll have lunch (bring your own or have it included) on the River and we'll get back to the dock by 12:30. Our monthly campout will be somewhere nearby so we can get to the River by 8:45 a.m. The price is \$35 for the tour and \$8 for lunch-what a deal! This is a chance of a lifetime to see the wilderness of the Klamath-don't miss it!! For more information contact our Prez, Pat Potter, at (650) 593-6009 or dzppotter@aol.com. Or check it out at www.jetboattours.com.

Some riders have asked about the pace of the tours. I stress that everyone should ride at the speed that makes him or her comfortable. Several riders have volunteered to ride sweep in the past, I really appreciate that and I hope that continues in the future. My copilot ensures me that we will stop for breaks every hour and a half, or so.

New riders and new to the club riders are welcome! Please contact me with any questions. The normal way things go is we meet for breakfast and then we start each ride with a meeting to go over some essential rules of the road and distribute maps.

We review how to ride on highways, single lane roads and keeping an eye on the person behind you. While we might get spread out after a while, it is important to wait for the person behind you when we are at a stop



sign or light.

We'll stop for gas, breaks and lunch during the day. We hope to be at our destination around 3 PM, give or take an hour. After our meeting some will have dinner at the campsite or other groups will go out for dinner. If you're not into tent camping, feel free to check for local hotels.

I am still making plans for November and January's tours. If anybody has any suggestions, please let me know. Don't forget to mark your calendar for October, we'll be touring a cave, maybe Mercer Caves and we're going to Death Valley during President's Weekend in February. I'm already losing sleep while anticipating the International Motorcycle Show in San Mateo November 10th and 11th, just in time for the holidays.

Ok, enough writing for me, I need to call Gerbing and get our electric stuff. Remember, if you're walking outside to your bike and say, "is it cold enough for my fleece and/or electric vest?" the answer is always, "yes."

*Tour Captain, Ross and Juliana
"Speed Control" Felling*

We Won 1st Place!!!

This year the BMW Club of Northern California won 1st Place at the National Rally for "Farthest Chartered Club with Five or More in attendance". If you were one of the Club members who made this happen, we want to know about it! We are going to have a drawing for all the Club members who attended and the winner will get to keep the plaque for the Club.

So call or e-mail me and let me know if you went to the National!

Pat (650) 593-6009 or dzppotter@aol.com

2nd Sunday Breakfast

October 14, 2002 9:00 AM

Bab's Delta Diner

770 Kellog Street, Suisun City

(707) 421-1926

From I 80 take CA-12 towards Rio Vista. Exit to Suisun City/Business District. Merge onto Lotz Way, Left on Solano and Rt onto Kellog.

**BMW CLUB OF
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**A TOURING
AND CAMPING CLUB**
<http://bmwnorcal.org>

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President's Corner *by Pat Potter, President*



Only Dickens could say it better: It was the best of rides, it was the—of rides! If you were on this year's Range of Light Gypsy Tour, you know what I mean. The roads and trails were awesome—thanks to Jim Cyran, Gary Stofer and Greg Gibson on the street and Rick Wurzelbacher and Bob Love on the dirt. If those guys hadn't done such a great job, I think Patti and I would have been in thrown in the Walker River on Saturday, dragged out and tossed back into the Feather River on Sunday.

The Range of Light is my most favorite Club event. I used to think it's because we get to ride great roads all weekend, but really it's the people who show up that make it so much fun.

I didn't hear one complaint—all I saw were smiling faces—even the GS desperados who showed up at 8 p.m. on Saturday night absolutely filthy and starving were grinning from ear to ear. We should make the Range of Light a week-long event—wouldn't that be a kick!!

There were a ton of folks who stepped up and volunteered for jobs while the Range of Light was going on—no one waited around to be asked, they just took control! It was great!! Special thanks, however, goes to John MacGyver Caramagno who fixed my flat tire Monday morning and Scot Marburger who suffered with me as we kept it at 60 on the Feather River—the repair kit said not to go over 50—yeah, right.

What's up next? EUREKA!! We've reserved spots at the local KOA (so bring your golf putter—there's probably a putting green on the premises). If you're a first timer, this is as luxurious as we get, so don't get spoiled! We'll be spending the night and leaving early Sunday morning to ride north about 1 1/2 hrs. to catch the JET BOAT on the Klamath River. The Klamath is one of California's last remaining wild rivers so a chance to go up backcountry on it shouldn't be missed. We need to be at the river no later than 8:30 a.m. and we'll get back on shore by 12:30 p.m. The ride is \$35 and for \$8 more they'll include lunch (you can bring your own, too). **DON'T MISS IT!! YOU MUST CALL OR E-MAIL ME WITH YOUR RESERVATION BECAUSE SPACE IS LIMITED.**

See you in a couple of weeks!

Pat Potter

(650) 593-6009 or dzppotter@aol.com

Editorial Fine Print:

- The deadline for the next newsletter, the October 2002 issue, is October 3, 2002.
- Ads will run for 3 months unless you call and tell us to cancel sooner, or the editor forgets, which is most likely, or we haven't received any new ones in which case we like to have something in that space!
- Please send all material for the newsletter to the editor at the club PO box (address on back page), or email to twored@pacbell.net

Editor's Corner (And a very small corner it is!)

My thanks to all of you who contributed articles for this month's newsletter. The response to our plea for material was met in the best club tradition and we have been overwhelmed by the response. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

There were several pieces I was unable to include because of space issues and the number of pictures was also reduced. I will do my best to catch up with all of this in October.

I trust you will enjoy reading about the adventures of our contributors as much as I did. Truly outstanding work folks.

August Ride to Indian Creek

August's tour started at 8:45 AM from Emil Villars restaurant in Livermore. 8 bikes left an overcast East Bay and headed East on Tesla and then J2. These roads were great, curvy, without traffic and the clouds disappeared. At the end of J2 we got on 580 and then 132.

132 is...well...very flat. And then in Modesto, 132 gets very...ugly. Where 132 meets J59 we met up w/ Don from Madera. From there the clear skies and nice temperature led us to O'byrnes and Pool Station. These are very nice foothill roads. Everyone rode at their own pace as the roads got narrower, then wider and then curvier. From there we hit highway 26 and got a little separated.

Ok, the map was not perfect. Before we knew it the front six of us lost the two sweeps and Don. We stopped for lunch near West Point on 26 (not in NY, the tour wasn't that long) at a nice outdoor café. We then headed to Volcano Rd, Fiddletown and then onto E16. Volcano and Fiddletown are perfect for motorcycles and judging from seeing

two CHP on BMWs (no, they didn't wave) so do the police. No ticketing took place.

Before E16 gets to 50 we got onto Mormon Immigrant and headed east to 88. The views were very nice and the temptation to increase our speed grew. We arrived at the campsite around 3:30, 277 miles from Livermore where the three separated bikes were waiting for us.

All of these roads, except 132, are very nice and details about them can be found at: <http://www.pashnit.com/motorroads.htm>

The meeting started on time with VP Wayne Opp presiding over a group of 34 people. First timers included Nicky Sinclair and Don McClellan (be sure to read his article in this month's newsletter). Second timers, guests, and existing members new to the campout scene were Don Erickson, Don McClain, Steve Luke and Scott Kerb. Indian Creek is a beautiful campground with groomed tent sites that we quickly filled. Fun filled Markleeville is just a few miles away, but most campers went on to Minden Nevada for dinner.



Indian Creek - BMW parking only!

SJ BMW

Safety/Technical Director's Corner

by Charles Petrie, Safety/Tech Director

I just got back from a ride to Burning Man. No, I'm not going to give you more information than you need. But the ride up and back was interesting to me in terms of what we wear or don't while riding. One of our new members, Mary-Anna, rode with me. We went up a standard club route, 49, to Quincy, and then cut over to Susanville. We were taking it very easy. Realizing that Mary-Anna was a good rider but still fairly new to her bike, and me being Safety Director and all, we rode on the pavement at less than 10 miles per hour over, and never crossed the double yellow unless absolutely necessary. (It was a good ride and I noticed that my gas mileage, which had been dropping dramatically over the years, suddenly improved at these moderate speeds.)

Mary-Anna said she wanted to do some dirt riding on her 1150 GS. We didn't go up the back dirt roads between

Taylorville and Susanville, because they are poorly marked and I didn't want to get us both lost. But we did cut across the Smoke Creek desert north of Susanville on our way to Gerlach, Nevada. Via the Smoke Creek "short cut", it's about 60 miles of desert dirt.

It was of course warm, and once we entered the desert, we could have easily removed our gear. Including helmets. There is hardly anyone out there. But we didn't. We just drank a lot of water and stopped at a little oasis just over the CA/NV border to refresh ourselves. The CA side is about 30 miles of very rocky dirt and we both had to pick up and patch up pieces of the bikes or luggage at least once. (Cable ties and duct tape become safety equipment under these circumstances.) But Mary-Anna handled this rough road very well. The NV side is easier. The next 30 miles are a steadily improving gravel roads. 15

miles from the pavement, it's a very wide hard-packed gravel road. Mary-Anna rode next to me in one of the four tracks so she wouldn't have to eat my dust. While not being Kari, I rate this road safe at 70+ and we rode at 60, slowing for turns. I thought that because she had had a Doc Wong Hollister clinic and had done so well on the rough stuff, that gravel was no problem, but this was my misjudgment. I should have reviewed dirt techniques with her and I should have gone slower. It's not enough to be safe your ownself when you are riding with someone still learning the basics.

Six miles from the pavement, Mary-Anna got out of the track and into the loose stuff and didn't have the experience to cut through it. She slowed and braked. When I came back, she was standing over her bike. The bike was fatally wounded, with oil dripping out of a ground

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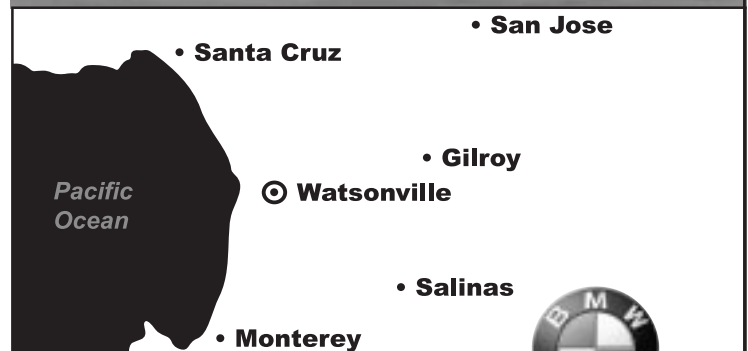
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Motorcycles

Safety/Tech Corner *continued from page 4*

off valve cover, and no clutch, because as soon as the handlebars bend, the hydraulic clutch lever becomes a squirt gun. (As an airhead rider, it is a struggle for me to refrain from commenting on the safety of riding a monster bike that is so easily disabled in a number of ways.) Mary-Anna had abrasions on her elbows where the stitch wore through after the armor shifted. Otherwise, she was mostly ok. It's a long story from there, involving good Samaritans and pickup trucks, but I do have a point here.

First of all, we both wore our gear, and this simple low-side at 60mph would have been a life threatening injury without the stitch. Second, the stitch is good for one such event. My leathers are good for several. Ask me.. So this started me thinking about my leathers. I have to admit now that I wear them because I like leather. I thought it was for maximum

protection. They're made out of the heaviest leather possible and have special European armor sewn in that will absorb the most impact of any armor out there. But, leather is cold in the winter, hot in the summer, and requires a rainsuit for hard rain. When it's hot, even though I have vents in the jacket, I am likely to leave the pants off. With the stitch, you are always adequately protected, and likely always to be wearing it

Coming back over the same 475 mile route Sunday, I encountered a heat wave. It was 99F/37C in Quincy at 1pm. I nearly passed out starting up Gold Lake road and had to go up into the cool mountains to recover. It was very tempting to ride without my leathers, but remembering Mary-Anna, I kept them on and just stopped often to drink water. Apart from wearing gear because it's convenient, I wonder if the leather doesn't provide me with a false sense

of security as my youth once did. I never thought much about crashing then, and later in life haven't with my leathers. Because I usually just got back on the bike. I have noticed that if I do ride without my leather pants, I feel much more exposed, and I ride much more carefully.

Coming back through one of the Yuba passes (and remind me to tell you about the warning signs for bikers the locals are hanging on the trees), I passed a couple on their Harleys cruising behind some cars. Like everyone else on Hogs I saw that day, they were riding bare-shouldered. Their scraps of leather were decorations. But they were driving much slower than me and more carefully. They weren't passing cars on mountain roads and were happily cruising behind the traffic. Hmmm. Maybe I've been thinking too much about gear. Clearly there is a tradeoff in protective gear between maximum protection and

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comfort. But it may be that less protection means that you are more likely to wear the gear. And even less protection may mean that you are more likely to ride more carefully. Gee, following that line of reasoning says that to be really safe, you should ride wearing nothing at all.

My Ride With Ben

I invited my good friend Ben from work to join me riding to the August meeting near Markleeville. Ben is a tall, friendly Dutch fellow who is all elbows and knees when sitting on his immaculate '97 Road King with lots of chrome, especially his custom chrome plated seat, an old Massey-Ferguson tractor seat he found in Fresno. Ben loves his Harley dearly so he was obviously upset when, while stopping for a break along Hwy 26, he discovered a drip of oil under his bike. It seemed that oil was oozing from the primary gear cover. It wasn't much; he wiped it off and we rode on. Ben asked some Harley guys in Jackson if they knew where he could pick up a gasket for the cover and one directed us to a small one-man repair shop off of Hwy 49 where he purchased the \$4 part. We rode on to the campground and I helped Ben install the new gasket that evening. The old one was split along two of its sides.

We left early Sunday morning (I'm sure you heard us leave) and went into Markleeville for a cup of coffee. The cover was now leaking much worse; the "new" gasket has split at two corners. We both shared the concern that oil could fly back onto his rear tire. Ben had the idea that someone may have a bicycle tube that we could fashion a gasket out of and strolled down the deserted (7:30a.m.) downtown Markleeville street in search of one. In the meantime, I had finished my coffee, and looking at the styrofoam cup it had come in, got the idea that maybe it could do the job. I took out the sharp blade on my swiss army knife and trimmed a gasket using the plate as a template. When Ben returned a few minutes later, he had some cardboard and a plastic sign given

to him by Joe and Ronnie who had just bought the bar in town and were fixing it up. We decided to try the makeshift styrofoam gasket. In the meantime, Ms. Ronnie yoohooed to Ben that she called Fritz, a friend of Joe's, he had a gasket, and she gave us directions to his place in Woodfords.

We rode up to Woodfords. It turned out that our visit with Fritz was very interesting. He lived high on a hill up a sandy road with an incredible view to the south and east. Just the week before, he had recorded the best motorcycle speed at the Bonneville Salt Flats on his homemade, Harley powered, aerodynamic rig; 198 mph! There it was in his garage – with the bodywork removed, a long wheelbase, a neatly welded skeleton. Fritz showed us how he had to squeeze into the cockpit and talked about how the parachute would be deployed by a mercury switch if the rig tipped. Some hobby! Fritz had the right gasket. He didn't want to accept the \$5 Ben offered for it saying, "buy yourself a beer", but after some insistence said, "I guess I'll buy me a beer".

Us Beemer folks are a little spoiled by rarely having roadside problems, leaks or breakdowns. At first, my desire to get back to the Bay Area early to have some Sunday left made me impatient. But the delay to tinker on the hog, get a replacement gasket and in the process spend time with my friend Ben and the folks we met, was worth more than the chores at home that would eventually get done anyway. By the way, the styrofoam gasket is still in the bike and hasn't leaked a drop!

Mike Morlin

Fist Timer Article by Donald McClellan

Well, this one is my longest ride so far – a little less than 600 miles in two days with some of the best scenery and vistas to date. I had been on the net with the K1200 LT group when I found a link to the BMW Club of N. Ca. They were having a ride in August and I actually used the old fashioned telephone and called the ride organizer Ross Felling.

Ross told me the route and we agreed to meet at the intersection of highway 132 and J59 outside La Grange, Ca. The group showed up on time and said lets go – and off we went. There are two things here you should know here. These folks firmly believe that "where there is a road, there is a detour", and they do not let any grass grow under their feet. They move and so once again I am near the rear of the pack.

Lucky for me they had a sweeper (Ken) and he had a GPS. We went over roads near highway 49 and I saw a lake I never remember seeing before (and I have traveled there a number of times in the cage). After a bit we wound back up on 49 and I have no idea how we got there, but it was a great twisty ride with good views of the foothills and the mountains. Which is where we were headed, the long way. Well, we lost the main group along 49 and 88 someplace and as I said, Ken had the GPS so he lead Rick and I along a whole bunch of small, off the track wonderful roads until, as luck and GPS would have it, we wound up back on Highway 88 at about the 5,000 foot mark. By this time we were a bit hungry and stopped at a little spot for a bite of heart stopper special. Rick, the smart one, ordered up what he could with veggies and did his level best to look full.

We traveled down 88 for a bit and I finally just pulled over for a fantastic view point and we took some pictures. (These guys don't stop and smell the roses much.) We got into Markleeville by about 3 and got gas at the one unmanned gas station. We went to Indian Creek campground and there we met a whole slew of other Beemer riders that came for the event.

I found a couple of real interesting notes here that I had not expected. One is all the people I met were very friendly and took pity on this poor new comer and offered advise and did their best not to embarrass me too much. The other was meeting Nicky (SP) you talk about a woman that leaves an impression!! She was great – She was out riding her Beemer and she was two up. Her

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RANGE OF LIGHT 2002

The Range of Light (ROL) gypsy tour is one of northern California's premier motorcycling events. This is a rally for riders and riding and this years tour lived up to its reputation. This ride generates enough enthusiasm that Rick Wurzelbacher, Patti Gardner, Gary Clark, and others all prepared articles to tell the ROL story. Enjoy their stories and **do not miss next years ride.**

Rick Wurzelbacher

The GS legs on this years Range of Light prove that BMW motorcycles are fully capable some very adventurous off-road travel. With over 150 miles of unpaved roads and trails in tandem to the road routes, the GS'ers had their hands full. There were legs at various degrees of difficulty to attract riders at all levels of experience. For riders who had never taken their GS off road, the first leg on each day offered that opportunity.

The core group of nine came together by way of the Adventure Rider online forums (ADVrider.com). Most had ridden trails together in the past and were closely matched in both on and off road skill. From the start it was clear that this was going to be an aggressive group of riders pushing the limits and not afraid to take a spill now and again. Three 1150's rode the course. All were bruised, battered and knobby equipped for speedy excursion on exceptionally rough terrain. Also in the group was a R100GS, KTM Adventure, KLR, Jean-Luc's F650GS/PD and the amazing R11S/GS convert that Ricardo Kuhn hacked together just in time to join the fun.

The first two legs on Day One averaged about twenty miles each. The first followed Dogtown Road up from Coulterville to Buck Meadows on Hwy 120. The mixed gravel and dirt sections were a good warm-up and included a small water crossing. Due to a couple of trick turns and few stragglers (like myself) getting lost, the core group gave up precious time. The second leg started from the paved road above Cherry Lake. That's about where we lost Jean-Luc. He was pacing a fast lead, as is his custom, and did an end-o into the ditch on a downhill turn. The bike tumbled and so did he. A badly sprained wrist and bend fork tubes sent him packing for an early trip home. More time lost, we started

the trail by a little after 11:30am. The dirt sections were mostly gravel covered with some broken pavement to keep thing lively. It was a fast trail with dust being the most challenging factor. With eight riders spaced more closely than conditions warranted, it was difficult to read the trail. This resulted in at least one gravel slide which landed "Mongo's" big 1150 sideways and on the ground. He picked it up, and we kept moving. The trail ended at Pinecrest.

After a speedy ride over Sonora Pass the group was ready to begin our most challenging section of trail. The Sweetwater Mountains just east of Sonora Junction are high, Nevada desert. There were storm clouds and a cool breeze. This is a good thing, because when Bob love and I did the pre-ride, it was full sun and 110f in the shade. We got to the trailhead just in time for a light shower, ideal dust-free conditions to ride the sandy terrain. Sand can be very tricky on a big GS. The front wheel wants to plow in deep if you go too slow; too fast and you lose the bike in an instant. The first half of the 35-mile trail was not too steep and had a number of great little water crossings and a bunch of big dips that would launch the bikes on the way out. Ricardo's rig lacked rear wheel travel and had a instrument / fairing pod that could not withstand the abuse. He strapped the stuff back on twice, but eventually he stripped the bike and rode bare. It was now getting to be past 4:00 and the group was getting tired.

About halfway through the sandy trail we took a hard right up the side of a mountain. The soft surface was deceptive, since buried within were many very sharp rocks that threatened to rip our tires or put big dents into some very expensive rims. As we traversed along the ridgeline, the off camber trail became increasingly rocky. One by one, we dropped our bikes on the rocks. Moving slowly to avoid disaster, the GS becomes impossible to hold upright. It requires powering up and over a large rocks and sliding sideways as the ruts drag you into the bottom. After two or three miles of struggling to remain upright through numerous rocky descents, I was totally exhausted. Ricardo

piloted his broken rig like a champ. At last, a narrow, twisty desert creek lead us a few more miles towards the highway that would end our day in Yerrington, still 70 miles away. We approached the highway on a fast, roughly graded, gravel road. Tony, on his KLR, came into a rutted corner just a bit too quickly and high-sided onto the rocky embankment. His shoulder took a big hit. We picked him up and suffered one last delay. Ricardo rode ahead in an effort to reach camp before nightfall. His lights had broken loose along with most everything else on the front of his bike. The rest of us hit camp at 7:30, a twelve-hour day.

Day Two promised to be more straightforward. Between crashes, broken bikes and an early departure, the group had fallen to five riders. The route that Bob and I had crafted during the preceding weeks left us with two short legs in the morning and a very long excursion over Henness Pass in the afternoon. The road route was shorter and the GS legs were long but not so treacherous as the day before. We started late in order to send off our fallen friends and hit the road at about 9:00 AM.

The first leg was a ten-mile sand and gravel road, which followed the Carson River. The first few miles were an excellent opportunity to hone some basic skills on a wide, but slippery, sand surface. As the road hardened to washboard, the speeds increased to well over 60mph as we blasted toward Virginia City. After a long break, we skipped the second leg, which would have been a rough downhill road along Gieger Grade.

The third and final GS leg came in three sections totaling 75 miles. Beginning north of Truckee off of 89, the route led us through scenic high meadows and over Henness Pass. The mixed dirt, gravel and rock surfaces were generally fairly fast with some long rocky climbs and a number of outstanding mountain vistas. After forty miles of awesome dirt roads, the route took a narrow trail excursion "down" to Downieville. The twenty-mile trail was twisty and steep, winding through heavily wooded slopes and ravines. Mongo took another spectacular fall and planted his hip into a rock. That must

ROL Continued

have hurt, but back on the saddle, he got. The final decent into town was a mile of spectacular drop on a dirt trail that offered great traction considering the 40-50% grade. We all skidded our way to the bottom at about 4:30. Three tired guys decided to call it a day and headed for camp in Quincy. Juerg Fluri, my new friend from Sonoma, joined me on his R100GS for the final section of dirt. We road the last 25 miles in less than 40 minutes. Traveling a twisty, rooster tail, gravel road back up to the ridge-line, we then followed a rocky, rutted course called Mountain House Road towards Camptonville. It was a grand end to a long couple of days. The camp was still 75 miles away via an amazing stretch of new, twisty asphalt. We were tired, dirty and grinning ear-to-ear when we arrived just in time for the pizza that was a couple of hours late.

The event was a big success in large measure due to the careful routing that Bob Love documented. Unfortunately, Bob was unable to ride the tour due to mechanical problems. On behalf of the other riders I want to thank him for a fine effort and a great ride. I also want to thank ADVrider.com for providing a great worldwide forum for dirt road travelers to get together online.

J.C.

One of the BEST parts of the whole rally was getting the use of the hotel room for an hour or so. My wife and I had a great couple of showers each. What we did in between our showers is our own business-But be advised IT WAS THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE Rally

Patti Gardner The Gypsy in All of Us

“Have you done the Range of Light?” comes the question. Either response is telling, eliciting an acknowledging nod. There is just something mysterious and magical about this rally that sets it apart from all other BMW events — like a badge of courage worn by a distinct fraternity of very special people. It is The Pinnacle: a riders’ rally that breeds a level of enjoyment and excitement from the time that riders check in on Friday night and receive their first packet with directions, to the end of the ride on Sunday with the almost reluctant celebration of its completion that night.

So now 123 participants look back on

another in a series, punctuated by the mildest weather I can remember, an enthusiastic crowd, and a last night in Quincy with comfortably warm temperatures well into the wee hours and the ever-popular Morning Thunder breakfast before our Monday take-off. Ahhhhhh...life is good!!

On Sunday evening at the rally, Pat Potter and I recognized a number of club members and supporters who were instrumental in putting the Range of Light together. Allow me to repeat ourselves by identifying them all once again with feeling! Our very first volunteers were Gene and Glenna Harlamoff who ferried a payload of gear and bags each day. Once the three Pats agreed to take the plunge in late April, Greg Gibson picked our campsites and made initial contacts. Gary Stofer and Jim Cyran from the River City Beemers took Greg’s cue and laid out our street routes and quiz questions. Bob Love with Rick Wurzelbacher took the ball from there and developed the GS routes that so many Gypsy Tourers explored. VP and WebMaster Wayne Opp had our rally prizes by the end of June! Lars Swartz provided all our printing. Once we got rolling, Mike Murray, Pat Holland, Scot Marburger, Erica James and Greg Deckrow all jumped in to help check poker run answers, deal cards and help players get the most out of their game hands. Liz and John Schulze ran for beverages on Sunday evening and managed dispersal with amazing aplomb. I’d also like to recognize Cindy Sampson with the Swim Club in Yerington for pulling our food and beverage together there; and on a similar note, I’ve gotta hand it to the Pizza Factory and Round Table in Quincy for their sense of humor and respectable response with short notice! Our club is very fortunate to have these members and friends who sincerely wanted to see the Range of Light take place. What’s more, this year’s rally was attended by the most appreciative and cooperative crowd as ever I’ve seen. Thank you all.

Congratulations, again, go to our seventeen door prize winners and to

poker run winners Peter Granoff, David Wallace and Laura Carpenter winning \$50 for third place hands; Jay Miller, Beate Clark and Linda Satterfield winning \$75 for second place hands; and David Newman, Chris Geuting and Steve Gallantine for their \$100 winning hands!

To all this year’s elite, I offer “the nod.” To the rest, I offer my encouragement to join in next year!

Gary Clark

It was early Saturday morning, the first ride day of the 2002 Rage of Light Gypsy Tour. After finishing his morning Starbucks coffee and fresh bagel with cream cheese (boy, those LT guys know how to travel), South Coast BMW Rider Club member, Gary Clark was attacked by a rogue picnic table gang operating undercover at the Waterford campground. Witnesses who wish to remain anonymous for their own protection (fearing retaliation from a roving band of picnic tables who frequent BMW rider events), claim that after quietly rising from the picnic table to pack up for the day’s ride, this rouge picnic table suddenly reached out grabbing Gary’s ankle. Struggling to free himself of the death grip of the picnic table, Gary in a last ditch effort was launched, face first into a companion table. The second table, who was obviously operating in concert with the first table, inflicted wounds upon this unsuspecting victim. Finally, after freeing himself, a damage assessment was completed. Suffering a split lip requiring 12 stitches, and a sprained ankle, rendering the victim “chair bound” for several days, Gary is recuperating well, and preparing for his next camping event. Contacted in Camarillo at his home, Gary said “Next year for this Gypsy Tour, I’m going to be prepared to protect myself against this group of thug picnic tables, I’m packing an axe”!

The watchword here for all BMW riders to be constantly on the look out for this roving group of rogue picnic tables. Sometimes it is more than just the obstacles on the road we have to watch out for!

Continued from page 7

passenger and great companion was her little Scotty dog. I will tell you that Nicky showed a whole lot of class and pitched right in with everyone else. For what it is worth, keep riding Nicky, you are an inspiration whether you know it or not.

Ok next unexpected thing – this group said they were going to have a meeting at 5:00 pm and they got it started right near the button and started by reading the previous minutes. That was a heads up they were professional and kept to a schedule and tended to business so they could have fun later.

We pitched our tents and then we were ready for dinner. We had heard that the hotel/restaurant had closed (we found out later the restaurant was open and serving Salmon). So we went off to Minden Nevada some 25 miles away. Now I did not know this place existed but like a lot of Nevada towns next to the California border it had its own casino so we tried there for dinner. We wound up next door at a nice steak house. I can say that the food was good, and I wish

Nevada had California's no smoking laws, oh well.

The next morning I headed back out over highway 89 to cross monitor pass out to highway 395. Highway 89 was great – lots of twisties with enough straight to build some speed and back to the twisties once more. Kool! Then it became real obvious with many miles of nothing but burnt forest and bushes. Trees are a bit few and far between the closer you get to 395 as it goes down the desert route.

Highway 395 could get to be a bit boring here but I was not on it that long before reached highway 108 and Sonora pass. That was one crooked road. Since that was the end of a weekend, traffic began to pick up a little bit and we had to just roll and follow and by that time I was a bit tired and the tail sore. I can tell it will be a while, a long while before this ole fool goes after a cast iron but award. I would definitely have to get a custom seat.

Great Ride and Great Weekend – Thank you to the BMW club of Northern

California!!

Intercom Product Review by Ross Felling

For the past six months my wife and I have been using the HJC-50 Tandom Pro rider to passenger communicator and it is great. This communicator is a very small box that attaches to the rider's helmet. A cord then connects to the passenger; it is not wireless and the quality is very good. The Tandom Pro is "always on" full duplex, so you do not have to start each sentence with, "ummm" or end each sentence with "over."

The battery is rechargeable and seems to last forever. There are also inputs for certain cell phones and a walkman. The best feature is the price, only \$75.00 for the communicator and then you buy the headsets separately, depending on if you have an open face helmet, or not. These cost around \$30.00 each. So the entire outfit can cost around \$135.

<http://www.vigorsports.com/chatterbox/hjc50.asp>

SF BMW

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO: WIN A 2003 HARLEY ROAD KING CLASSIC

Some of you have sent in for tickets already—I know because I got a really nice thank you note from Terri Serice at ABC House. Can you imagine if one of us won—that would be SO COOL! Glad I got my \$20 bucks in because if I win I'm going on a Harley poker run wearing a full-face helmet and leathers so maybe we can at least get the passengers on those bikes thinking (the riders are probably hopeless!) In case you missed last month's info on all of this, here it is:

Here is an excellent opportunity to win a very expensive motorcycle and help a really worthy cause. \$10 gets you in the drawing for a 2003 Road King Classic. The only requirement is that if you win, you can't dump us and join the HOGs!! This raffle is in support of the ABC House, a child advocacy center in Albany, Oregon. We got an e-mail from them because they are having trouble selling their minimum 2000 tickets. Statistically, that's good news for us! So get out your checkbook, make a check payable to ABC House for \$10 or more, mail it to ABC House, P.O. Box 274, Albany, OR 97321. Or you can pay on line by going to www.proaxis.com/~abchouse. The drawing is December 14th, you don't need to be present to win (though it would be a hoot to ride the bike home!). As soon as they receive your check, they will mail you your ticket(s) so be sure to include your name, address and phone number! If you have any questions, call Terri Serice at ABC House (541)926-2203 or e-mail abchouse@proaxis.com.

Your Club Needs You!

We are still looking for a few good people to fill critical positions such as Chairperson and Committee heads for the '49er Rally. You do not have to worry about being left stranded with a lot to do and no one to do because this group provides a lot of support. Give the Prez a call and chat about it.

CHECK THE DIRECTORY & DUES ARE DUE SEPTEMBER 30

Be sure to check this year's directory for any changes you want to make—new address, different e-mail address, new phone number, new significant other, etc.!! If you don't tell us, we don't know!!! If we don't have your dues by September 30, you won't be in this year's directory!

Contact Brad Hepler with any changes: bradhepler@yahoo.com or call me at (650) 593-6009. Pat Potter

Board Meeting

The September Board of Directors Meeting will be held at the home of Charles Petrie on October 2 at 7:00 PM. Please call (650) 961-5571 for directions.

Finding Us Online

You'll find the club at www.bmwnorcal.org. Go online for updates. You'll also find updated news for club and other events, and a pdf version of the club newsletter with color images.

For Sale

1996 R1100GS for sale. Red, 41 litre tank, heated grip, RID, ABS, Jesse bags, Givi top box, PIAA's, Aeroflow Screen, Corbin seat w/ backrest, engine guards, hiway pegs, upgraded rear suspension. 40,000 miles. \$8,000 obo MUST sell. ttuba@earthlink.net 408/377-3493 Pictures available online.

1996 R850R, red, 57k, very good condition with extras. \$5,000.00
1993 R100PD, purple/white, 59k excellent condition with extras \$6,000.00

Greg Gibson, 530-271-7103 or grgibson@mindspring.com

2000 R1150GS meticulously maintained, 34k miles, titan silver with custom paint and lettering, hard bags, Touratech side panels with BMW logo, center stand bash plate, luggage rack bag, tank bag, injector covers, new Ohlins shocks front and rear, Remus Genesis racing exhaust system with Carbon Fiber can (sounds awesome). Includes extra gas tank (not cheap) and stock exhaust system with cat. converter, and cover. \$12,250. Scott 707-257-8353 or email mkerbs@najasda.com

2001 Harley-Davidson Heritage Springer, Blue/White, 4565 miles, perfect condition. Extended 7-year warranty. Over \$1,500 in extra chrome parts + original parts. \$20,000. Bike is in Monterey. Call for details. Steve & Vicki Wilson (831) 372-0670 mailto:mbayengr@mabay.net

1987 K75S 81K, Custom Marakesch red paint, Corbin, Progressive fork springs, Progressive shock, heated BMW grips, smoked windshield, altitude switch, stainless front brake lines, upgraded K-saddlebags, nearly new Metzeler, bar backs, service records, well maintained, only ridden by a little old lady on Sundays, photos by email. Price \$3,900.00 Contact Russ Drake (510) 278-9342 or twobeemers@aol.com (03/02)

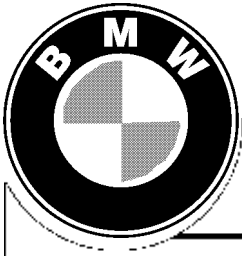
1996 R1100GS for sale. Red, 41 litre tank, heated grip, RID, ABS, Jesse bags, Givi top box, PIAA's, Aeroflow Screen, Corbin seat w/ backrest, engine guards, hiway pegs, upgraded rear suspension. 40,000 miles. \$10,000 obo MUST sell. ttuba@earthlink.net 408/366-3493 Pictures available online. (7/02)

1983 R80ST Grey, 40K, Very good condition, P-38 Eclipse soft bags, Fox tank bag, Best offer over \$2500. Jim 530 274-2936 or jpsmith@infostations.com (7/02)

Plan Ahead

Baby Butt 1000, September 21-22, 2002. The Red Hot Riders present a 1000 mile ride in a day with a route that will take you from San Diego to Laughlin, Nevada - the long way. For information call Eric Levy at (858) 635-6729. (In cooperation with Iron Butt Association.)

Octoberfest XXXIII, October 11-13. The BMW Owners Club of San Diego holds this rally every year and it combines great weather and great roads for your riding enjoyment. It will be held at the Rancho Corrido Campground, 14715 Hwy 76 in beautiful Pauma Valley. For information contact www.bmwocsd.com or Fulkton Martin (619) 262-1006.



CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

September 28-29	September Club Meeting - Eureka Ca., KOA, Jet Boat Ride
October 2	Board of Directors Meeting
October 14	Second Sunday Breakfast - Babs Diner, Suisun City
October 26-27	October Club Meeting - Angels Camp
November	Second Sunday Breakfast - Half Moon Bay - Ride to Motorcycle show follows
November 23-24	November Club Meeting
December 14	Christmas Party

The Club meets for breakfast the second Sunday of every month at a location announced in the Club Newsletter.
See inside for details.

Prospective members may receive a complimentary newsletter by contacting the Secretary.



BMW Club
Of Northern
California INC.

<http://bmwnorcal.org>
Ride to Camp; Camp to Ride

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

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