

AUGUST 2020

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride

This month featuring

Riding the Triple S - Samoa, Sawtooth, Sierra



BMW Motorcycle Club of Northern California

Captain's Log

Well it's August and ordinarily I would be bombing around doing the top-secret pre-riding for the ROL. But as we know, that has been cancelled this year and we are unfortunately still faced with no permissible group outings or group campouts. And while the response to increased Covid cases has been to rein back certain public services (bars, indoor dining, etc.), individual/family activities and camping are still open. But these places are also clear in asking for observance of social distancing, use of face coverings, and that you stay close to your local area. That said, it doesn't seem that there is much enforcement, only sporadic ticketing for obvious and flagrant disregard of local ordinances. So far. As the Covid cases increase, there's more talk of possible fines so be careful.

So while our club activities have been curtailed, there is always solo rides as well as some small groups getting out for rides and camping and even some heading out on longer road trips. This is always great to see. If you are some of the folks out for some socially distant riding/camping – consider sharing your adventures with John Ellis, crack editor of our fine newsletter.

Editors Corner

Big thanks to Paul Bosco et al for sharing their their ride to Idaho they made earlier this year. Great story and pictures of some places I have visited in the past but still more that I will be making a note of for future adventures. The article arrived towards the end of the month just about the time that I was starting to panic with empty pages to fill.

Greg Hutchinson is back on the road again with a ride across three Sierra passes in one day. The picture on the cover is also one of Greg's that he took earlier this year on Ebberts Pass.

Great local rides, weekend or longer trips, and gear or pro tips are always appreciated. He keeps an eye out for great content and photos and if you're out it would be helpful to hear what services you found available or unavailable in those areas. Also feel free to post on our Club Facebook page: BMW Motorcycle Club of Northern California. We've got 933 members sharing and enjoying great moto camping and riding content. Check it out if you haven't already!

Also on our horizon is Oktoberfest. As of now we still have a reservation at our favorite spot, Liberty Glen campground at Lake Sonoma. This is the last standing campground reservation of this year that has yet to be canceled on us, and we are guardedly optimistic that come October we will be able to put on a Covid compliant version of our annual campout. Stay tuned, we'll see as we get closer to that date.

Stay safe folks. We'll get through this and before you know it we'll be back to our regular format.

Nick Gloyd

Finally we have a classic from Alan Huntzinger who explored the remote islands in Samoa on a Honda way back in the 1970's.

Big thanks to everyone who has sent in newsletter content. However with the lock down carrying on for so long I am running out again. If you have something that would be of interest please sent it to me

John Ellis



NorCal members Friday lunch at the Junction Bar and Grill

Roger Rapp, John Ellis, Fred Montano and Ed Perry met up at the newly reopened Junction Bar and Grill on Mines Road to enjoy a burger, ride and general catch up.

Open Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Bring a mask, and eat outside



A set of Jesse Panniers for sale

Jesse Pannier/Bags 10 Inch Odyssey from 1998 BMW 1100. Fits multiple BMW models particularly R1100GS and R1150GS. May fit other models. Rack not included. Both panniers in pristine condition without scratches, dings, scraps, blemishes. Pannier soft bags included. Original Cost \$1,200. Now \$700
Bob Kuykendall Walnut Creek, 925 570-9957

Riding Idaho's Backroads - Paul Bosco, Don Wilson, and Blake Sorrell

Earlier this year in January, Don and I were planning to attend the Stanley Stomp in Idaho. Don was telling me how much he enjoys the event, food and riding there. After the virus broke out the event was canceled, but we decided that we were going to create our own getaway! We invited another rider named Blake. Blake was a former Norcal member whose membership had lapsed, but was planning to rejoin this year until the 49er got canceled. When I mentioned our plans he was excited to join as he was eager to try some adventure riding on his 07 R1200GS for the first time. This trip was a great destination for us as there were some areas in Eastern Oregon and Idaho we had not explored yet. Our final destination would be the rustic Sawtooth Lodge and hot springs in Grandjean, Idaho. We would stay there 3 nights and plan on doing day rides.

Our trip began with Don and I meeting in Calistoga for coffee and breakfast and we rode towards Clearlake to meet Blake near Williams. We got an early start To try and "beat the heat" since it was going to be a long road day. From Red Bluff we took some fun twisty roads past Lassen National park heading east. I had booked hotel rooms in Lakeview, Oregon for us so we could hit the road early the following morning. After arriving in Lakeview and unloading we found a friendly local establishment to have some burgers, salads, beers and gave cheers to a good day of riding.

The following day our plans were to ride east to the Alvord Desert then to Silver City, Idaho to camp. We rode over 3 mountain passes and into the high dry plateaus of Eastern Oregon keeping an eye out for Pronghorn Antelope along the way. Highway 140 goes into Nevada through the Sheldon National Wildlife Refuge and then back into Oregon. We were finally in riding nirvana just us and the open road! We took a short break at a rest stop in the middle of who knows where and kept going, heading back into Oregon and to the small town of Fields. This was the last area to get gas and lunch before going to the Alvord. They had the best homemade milkshakes blended in metal containers so they stay cold.



The road to the Alvord desert consists of long gravel road. Not really exciting for adventure riding but riding on the desert is! It is a 12 by 7 mile dry lake bed. There is no speed limit with the top speed recorded at 522 miles per hour in a jet powered car. It felt like we were riding on the surface of the moon.

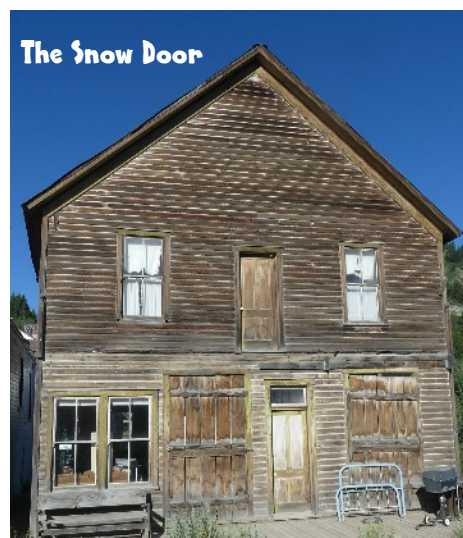
After playing on the Alvord, we rode 33 miles of gravel north past the Steens Range and other open areas to Highway 78 to go further east to the Jordan Valley. From there we rode to Silver City via the Southeastern end of the Owyhee Mountain range.

On the dirt roads we encountered thousands of the infamous Mormon Crickets. There were so many of them in some spots the road looked completely black. Fortunately they stayed on the

ground and not on us! Silver City is a Ghost town founded in 1864 and was one of the major cities in Idaho territory. The placer and quartz vein mines there became depleted around 1890. There are still folks who reside there today in the summer months to run the historic Idaho Hotel in the center of town. Also, Don found out that the women of Silver City do a



play in the summer dressed up in period costumes telling real and tall tales of what went on years ago. It snows there in the winter and some of the buildings have what are called "snow doors." They are doors located on the second level of the buildings so occupants can enter and exit. Silver City is listed on the Register of National Historic Places in Idaho and is overseen by the BLM.



Camping is not allowed in town so there are a handful of sites within walking distance of the town at a creeks edge. If you go be sure to bring water as the creek is not drinkable due to the mining activity over the years.

The next day we exited the Owyhee range heading east to Murphy and worked our way to the town of Pine to get fuel before we headed into the mountains.

We were going to be riding a portion of Section 2 of the Idaho BDR for the next 2 days. Our destination for the day would be a campsite at Trinity Lakes. When we got to the area we found out we weren't the only ones on vacation as many campsites were taken. So while looking we ran into a couple of guys in a Jeep who told us about a vacant spot on the other side of the lake. We scored as it may have been the last one left. Everyone was tired and ready to set up camp. It got cold at night since we were camping at 7,500ft. but fortunately a camping neighbor gave us some firewood to burn. The next day we packed up and rode north. The BDR would lead us through the Boise National Forest. To make things more interesting, Blake noticed his oil temperature was higher than usual so after we checked his oil



Camp at Trinity Lake



Riding the IDBDR

sight glass we realized his bike is going to need more oil pretty soon. The only problem is that we are in the backcountry with 70 miles of forest road to go! Next, there was a short uphill sandy section that we encountered along the way and somehow Don's front wheel hit a rock underneath the sand and down he went. So we had to figure out how to get the bike up since it was lying off camber. We carefully rotated it a bit and with some teamwork managed to get it up on the kickstand. Around 70 miles later over 2 steep mountain passes and 3 valleys along beautiful rivers and forest we arrived at Highway 21 near Edna Creek. From there we took the road past Lowman on the way to Grandjean. Then it was a six mile dirt road following the South Fork Payette River to get to the Lodge.



Cabin at Sawtooth Lakes

The Sawtooth Lodge has cabins for rent and campgrounds as well as areas for RVs or toy haulers. The owner Jesse runs the show and all of the staff were very accommodating to their guests. We quickly bonded with one of the staff (her name is Jesse as well) as she rides a BMW R nine T scrambler. We began talking rides to find out that she was recently doing a bunch of off-road passes in Colorado. Interestingly enough, we also found out that they recently had a series of earthquakes in the valley. The last one was large enough (6.3 magnitude) to collapse the brick chimney at the lodge. There was also some rock fall from the mountain slopes. There are different menus depending on which days you stay at the lodge. For us it was a varied selection of beer, wine, milkshakes and for dinner pot pies. We couldn't get enough of them. One of our favorites was the Chicken Thai version with ginger and lemongrass. Jesse was also kind enough to cook us breakfast one morning.

The following day we decided to take a rest day, sleep in and ride to Stanley and have breakfast at the Stanley Baking Company. Blake got some much needed oil for his bike and we purchased some provisions for the ride to the Yankee Fork Gold Dredge and ghost town of Custer the following day.

One morning I woke early to get in the hot springs and relax my bones. The water is a wonderful 110 degrees and I was soaking in a full size swimming pool by myself. It was such a fantastic way to begin a cold morning in the mountains.



Sawtooth Range

The next day had us riding back towards Stanley where we stopped to take some photos of the Sawtooth Range. We then headed towards Sunbeam and the town of Custer. First, a gravel road took us to the Yankee Fork Gold Dredge. In 1939 after the gold mining towns of Custer and Bonanza sprang up came the dredge.

It ran from 1940 until 1952. The dredge is 112 feet long, 54 feet wide, 64 feet high and weighs 988 tons. There are 71 buckets



Yankee Fork gold dredge

and each one holds 8 cubic feet of dirt and weighs a little over a ton. The pins to connect them alone weigh 200 pounds each. The dredge parts were shipped separately by train to Mackay, then hauled by trucks to the Yankee Fork and assembled there. During its lifetime it processed \$1.2 million dollars in gold. In today's dollars that would equal roughly \$59 million.

We then worked our way down the road to the beautifully preserved mining town of Custer. Each building has placards explaining their contents and we entered an old schoolhouse that had a wide variety of artifacts and information about the town. It was there we talked to an 83 year old docent named Elmer who had many stories of Custer's history. There were miner's cabins, stables, a stamp mill, and the list goes on and on. The locals at



the Empire Saloon were hand churning ice cream on the porch for \$2 a scoop. One could spend an entire day exploring the area. Well it was time to go so Don and Blake headed back to camp while I decided to explore some of the Custer Highway. It is a 33 mile backcountry route that ends up in Challis. I had done it a few years back so I went for a bit then decided to head back to Stanley for lunch and head home before it got too late.

Well, with heavy hearts it was time to leave the Sawtooth. We said our goodbyes to Jesse and the staff. Blake said goodbye to his camping neighbor Dave as we started packing. Don and I were headed back to Lakeview, while Blake decided to do a mini iron butt and ride back to the Bay Area in 1 day via highway 80. Don led us down the Lowman Banks road which was challenging but very scenic.

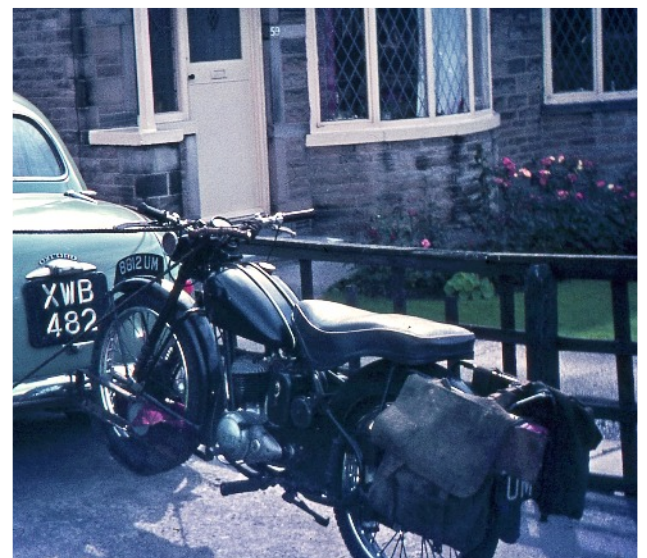
From Banks Don's GPS led us west through an interesting slice of America that included reservoirs, rivers and farms until we reached highway 20. From there we headed west to Burns then South to Lakeview. The next day we found a small café in town that was serving a full breakfast for \$10 per person. Heading home was uneventful except in the morning when we slowed for a buck that wanted to cross the road. The fires that broke out east of Redding led us riding through a lot of smoke as we watched the Cal Fire trucks and heavy firefighting equipment going in the opposite direction. Blake had made it home in one day as planned although he had to pull over for a massive rainstorm near Truckee and wait it out.

All in all it was a fine trip and we look forward to seeing everyone next year at the 49er or another event. In the meantime let's get out and ride!

Paul Bosco, Don Wilson, and Blake Sorrell

Ken Castle's First Bike Challenge

OK I realize this is not a picture of me on my first bike but it is close. Images of me from my youth are incredibly rare and I did not have this one of me or the picture of my first bike until a couple of weeks ago when my brother sent them from England. The bike is a 125cc BSA Bantam probably previously a Post Office telegram delivery bike. Here it is just after my Dad picked it up. I rode it around a field at the back of my house before riding on the road. It would do 60 mph down a very long hill with my chin on the gas tank. Otherwise it was good for about 35 mph on the flat. I managed to break a gear in the gearbox twice but made it home in top (3rd gear) which was a challenge since we lived on top of a hill. I still remember getting both wheels off the ground on a ramp in a car park with my mate on the back. Oh to be indestructible again.



John Ellis



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Greg rides three Sierra Passes in a day

After over 6 months, I finally got out of the shop for an appropriate social distancing event.- a day ride of around 450 miles over three great Sierra Passes and back home in time for a late dinner.

From the Bay across the valley to Sonora Pass - 9600' then Monitor Pass at 8300', then Markleeville for lunch, and finally Ebbetts Pass - 8700' for the ride home back to home and 10' over sea level. Didn't stop for the Ebbetts Pass marker so you get a previous springtime ride picture instead (see front cover of this newsletter).

Fun ride, great food at Markleeville. A couple of sprinkles from an afternoon thunderstorm leaving Markleeville over Ebbetts, then 96 degrees riding across the central valley back to the Bay to be greeted by cold fog. Over a 40 degree difference in temp from start to finish.

Virtually no traffic on the passes and the ride back through Niles Canyon, NO traffic and not a single car in front or behind the entire road.

Greg Hutchinson



Monitor Pass



Sonora Pass needing a haircut



GS in front of Markleeville General Store



A Samoan Adventure by Alan Huntzinger

Alan's story takes place in the 1970's when he worked and lived in American Samoa from 1975-76.

Samoa is an island archipelago similar to Hawaii. The western islands were known as Western Samoa, (now Samoa); the eastern portion of Samoa is a U.S. Territory (American Samoa) with the largest island, "Tutuila" about the size of Catalina. The most famous city there is Pago Pago. I lived there for two years with my wife, Carol, and two kids, Mike and Sue. How did we get there? By answering an ad for a Highway Engineer and flying in on a new Pan Am 747. The island of Tutuila is about 15 miles long and 5 miles wide and at the time there was just one road passing through Pago Pago. After a few months we got "Island Fever" and decided we needed to get out and see what Western Samoa was like.

We were joined by Graham Davidson, an engineer from Gimpy, Australia, who had previously designed freeways in Hong Kong, and Mark Nelson, a Peace Corp road builder from the Santa Cruz California who had previously served in Africa.

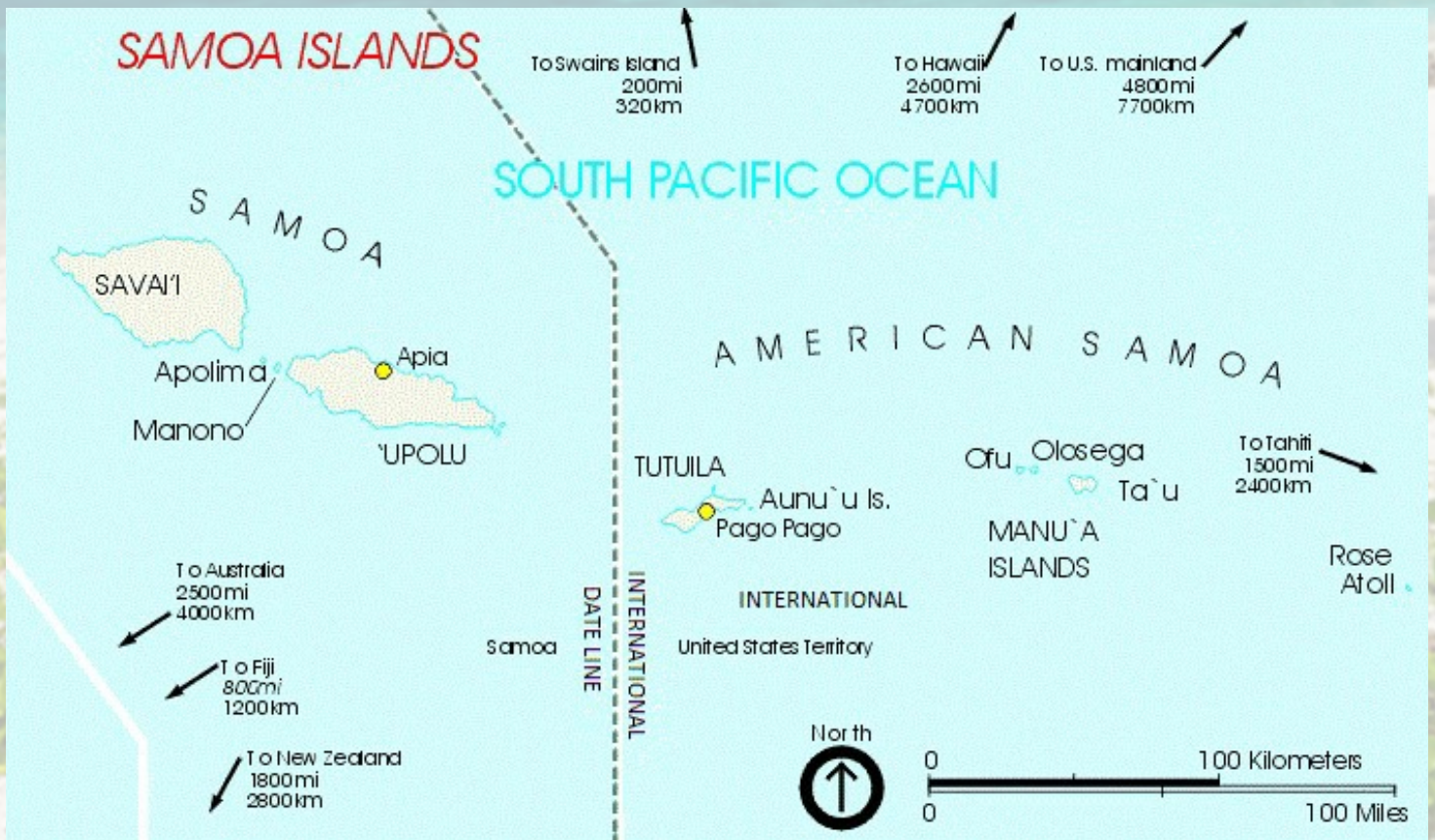
We all wanted to see how the real Polynesians really lived and get away from all of life's necessities, such as electricity, piped water, and houses with walls, indoor plumbing and paved roads. We chose the island of Savai'i, at the far end of Western Samoa island chain for our big



adventure. To get to Samai'i from Pago Pago required us to first island hop to Apia the capital city on the island of Upolu in Western Samoa.

It cost us each \$10 for transportation of self and motorcycle by inter-island ferry from Pago Pago to Apia in Western Samoa. In Apia, with the help of a friend of Mark's who happened to be the son of a Samoan high chief, Ali Ilirna, we cleared customs and obtained drivers licenses. Amazingly I had previously read a book titled "My Samoan Chief" which was about Ali Ilima, and written by an English teacher. What a small world!

We relaxed for a couple of days in Apia, marveling at the three story skyscrapers, traffic policemen wearing lavalava (wrap around skirts), and the old colonial architecture. We ate Polynesian food at world famous colonial Aggie Grey's Hotel and saw a typical dance review at the Tusi Tala Hotel, named after



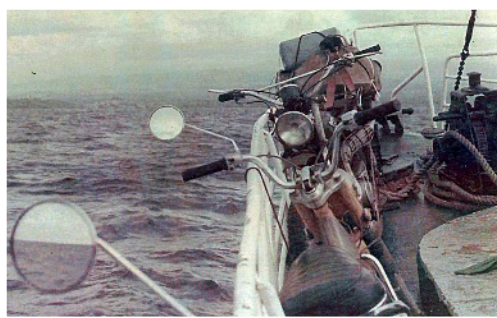
Robert Louis Stevenson, the "Teller of Tales". Stevenson lived out his life in Samoa and is buried on a hill overlooking Apia. We were so close to the dancers that we had to back up our table to keep from getting hit by coconuts. I took Carol and kids to the "Hide Away" resort on the south side of the island, where we paddled outrigger canoes and took a picture for our first Christmas card, in front of a palm thatched "fales", in our lavalavas and holding coconuts.

After leaving the Hide Away, I sent Carol and the kids back to Pago Pago on the ferry, and left to join Mark and Graham in Apia on my motorcycle. A 300 lbs pig emerged from the jungle while I passed a bus. I set up to pass behind the pig but he heard me coming and turned around. I hit him in the ham bone and flipped the Honda 90. Cracked my shin bone, peeled both hands raw. The native bus riders had a big laugh over me hitting the pig. I washed my hands with a canteen of water and poured pure iodine on the palms. I didn't know what was in the pig shit on the road. I had to ride the rest of the trip standing on one leg.



In the morning we were to leave for a second island in Western Samoa - Savai'i. We awoke at 5 a.m. to catch the first ferry, since we had already missed the last ferry the day before. I rode the Honda 90 flat out for

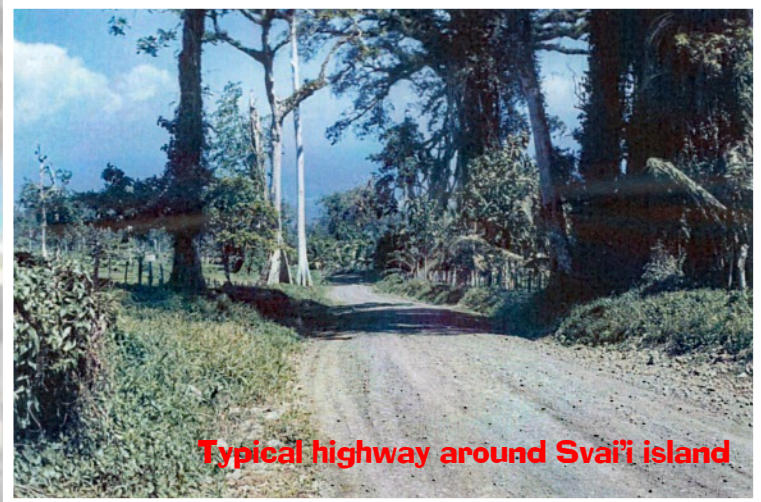
45 minutes only to arrive as the last line was cast off. When Mark and Graham arrived 5 minutes later we all watched the boat sail without us. We thought all was not in vain; at least we would have time for breakfast back at the airport. Wrong! Food service didn't open until 8am, so we returned to the dock, drank a soda and ate a packaged pie and waited for the next ferry. The next one was a passenger only model with no loading ramp for vehicles. This, of course, didn't stop us and we lifted the motorcycles up over the side rails and lashed them to the rails for the one hour journey. Sure glad we all had small motorcycles. The fumes from the diesel engine made me very queasy on top of the intestinal bug I picked up the day before. I had asked the chemist in Apia for some Pepto Bismol, but that is a US only product. All he had for my woes was kaolin clay mixed with morphine. Over the counter morphine, who would have thought?



Upon our successful arrival at Salelologa on Savai'i, we toasted a safe crossing with a beer, and headed away from the wharf along the island north shore road. We passed through many small picturesque villages where all the children would rush out to wave at the visitors on motorcycles. The village fales, were all set well back from the dirt road and surrounded with manicured lawns that they cut with a bush knife. It is common courtesy to slow down, not to raise excessive dust and look out for children and animals.



The road follows the gently rolling contours of the land, over large rock outcroppings, down through small streams, all not much wider than a car. We found riding on the pegs gave better control over roads recently "paved" with ball bearing rocks. Try that, standing on only one leg, and jumping small bumps. The curves were gentle enough to maintain an average speed of 30 to 40 mph. In one place the road went right up over a lava flow dating from the last major volcanic eruption. Mt. Matavanu is an active volcano on the island of Savai'i and most recent eruptions



occurred between 1905 and 1911 with lava flows on its northern side flowing towards the island's coastline.

A friend of Mark's, with whom we were to spend the night, had unexpectedly gone to Apia. So we looked up a member in the Peace Corps who had extra room. Joe had four walls, a concrete floor and roof, but no furniture. To say sleeping that night was somewhat hard would be an understatement, but we were thankful for Joe's hospitality and a dinner of Red Chinese duck and rice.

In the village of Asau we toured the new Potlatch lumber mill. They cut exotic virgin forest into lumber. The natives won't let Potlatch replant trees, because they want to plant vegetables in sunlight. So, in a short time there will be no more trees to cut. (I still have some Potlatch lumber, here in San Jose - *Editor talked to Alan and he still has it*). Graham had the misfortune to slice his tire open 4 inches on a piece of metal. The saw mill truck garage was able to repair the tire and tube while we visited the steam powered mill. The cook for the saw mill had built himself a beautiful fale which was available for rent.

The cook's fale has floors so well waxed that you can see your face in the tile. Blaupunkt shortwave radio and record player are the only entertainment. I actually returned there next year with Carol, kids, and another engineer with family from Bishop, CA and we rented the place. It cost the eight of us \$100 for the whole week, including food fresh from the sea and Potlatch plantation. One day I asked the wife of the cook to make some hot chocolate for the kids. I ran to get the kids to watch her grind coco beans, boil goats milk on a coconut husk fire, and mix with raw sugar - can't get any fresher than that. We spent one day at the plantation, hid under taro leaves from the rain, and convinced the four kids that it was all right to eat sugar cane.

The next morning, Mark, Graham, and I left looking for a bush store to buy breakfast food. A bush store is a small store in the bush, there are no other kinds. Anyway, we rode clear to the end of the island and the village of Falealupo. The bush store only had kerosene and tins of crackers. No food, no soda pop. We found a fale next to the store where we asked a boy to climb a 50 foot coconut tree and fetch us some drinking coconuts. They are full of carbonated water and very sweet. We shared Sao crackers, and more hot chocolate. It sure tasted good after the several hours ride.

On the western side of Falealupo, the seldom used road continues along the ocean for many miles. The loose sand road is covered with fallen palm fronds, which got stuck in the wheels and chains. Slipping in the deep sand was no fun either. However, we found a beautiful isolated beach and refreshed ourselves with a restful swim and lunch. Underwater it was possible to see for hundreds of yards. There were many fish, including tuna, grouper and then a shark. I got out at the shark sighting. Graham had to swim through some of the underwater arches to escape.

In the village of Neiafu, we stopped to find stone arches that were listed on a tourist map. There are no arches anywhere in Neiafu. The villagers never have seen any. A small boy ran out with two



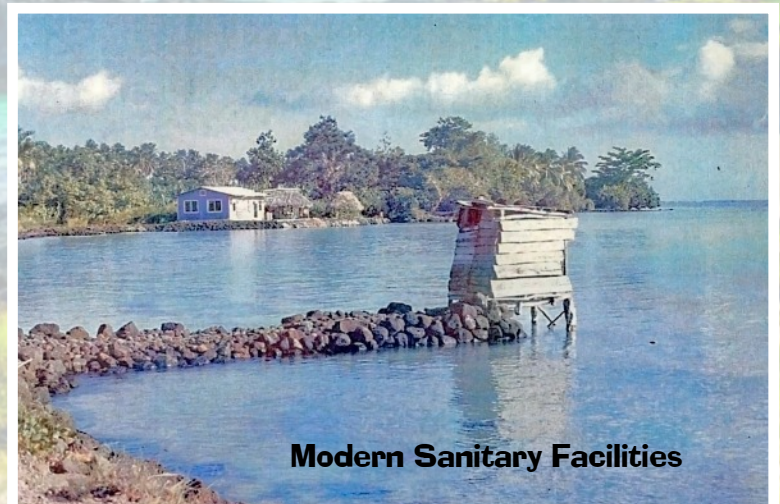
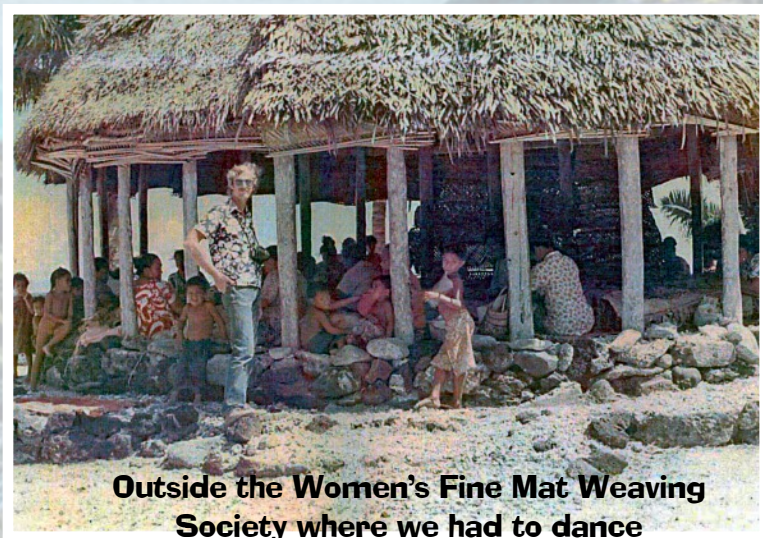
glasses of an orange drink. After a while Mark rode up and third drink was provided. Mark was always last as he kept breaking spokes which required him to reduce his pace.

Graham insisted on personally thanking the nice lady who sent out the orange drink. So, Mark and I accompanied him, whereupon we were invited into the fale to meet the village Amiatu Tafua. True to Samoan custom, we were invited to join the Chie (chief) in a mid-day meal. We attempted to decline as we had just finished our own lunch, but to no avail. Not eating is simply not accepted. While lunch was being prepared, Mark and I visited the Women's Society fine mat weekly weaving bee. There were about 20 women each working on their own fine mats, which are used as a form of money in a barter system. The women stopped their weaving and performed a "siva" clap dance for us. When they finished their dance, they insisted that we must dance for them as a fair trade. Can you imagine two white boys dancing a hula, trying to copy their graceful movements? I'm sure we didn't know how to do the moves, because there were howls of laughter from the women watching our antics. We ate as much as we could of the fresh caught fish, taro, breadfruit, rice, tea, and more orange drink, before gracefully saying goodbye to our new found friend and Village Chief - Amiatu Tafua.

Upon leaving Nieafu village, I picked up a nail in my rear tire. I applied two patches to the holes I could see near the nail without removing the wheel from the bike. I tried to inflate the tire with several different pumps, while Mark went looking for a better pump with a village maiden, I took the wheel off and discovered the tire had slipped all around the wheel and poked a hole every inch around the tube. We sent Graham back round the island to Asau to buy an inner tube off a young man that was building a sidecar with the swing arm off a motorcycle matching mine. Mark and I walked back to the village Chief, to explain our problem of a flat tire and request lodging for the night. We had to seek the aid of the same family, as it would be a big slap against the Chief's ego to stay with someone else.

The Chief did invite us to stay in his fale. He would provide us with more food, a place to sleep and several maidens for an evening of entertainment. After some discussion about the ring on my finger, I assured him that I was happily married, but that Mark and Graham were both bachelors.

While waiting for Graham to return with the inner tube, Mark and I were invited to go for a swim. We headed down to the sandy beach, but were promptly stopped. The problem was this village has no sewer system. The villagers go to the toilet at low tide and let high tide wash the soil away. We were headed to go for a swim in their toilet. Yuk! The Chief lead us to an "Ava" where the lava



flow into the sea had left narrow gaps between. We passed a naked maiden doing her laundry where fresh water flowed under the lava. She waved for us to join her, but I didn't want to swim in soap suds. We followed the chief to a wave crashing "Ava" where Mark and I were afraid to dive because of the car sized underwater rocks. (An AVA .is a point along the shore where lava has flowed out to sea in two streams leaving a gap between the two strips of rock). The 250 + pound Chief took about two steps and dived in smooth as a seal. We followed him in the same place. We body surfed and clowned around much to the enjoyment of the throng of village children. I surfaced with a breadfruit leaf on top of my head. The children behind all laughed. I spun around to scowl at them, and they shut up and the children on the other side all laughed. It was great fun. We were about to get out when Graham returned and joined us for more swim time. We rinsed off in the fresh water spring after the naked maiden left. We ate the evening meal back at the fale. Honored guests and the Chief eat the first and finest food. Women and men eat next, and children receive whatever is left over when everyone else is through.

After the full dinner we walked the length of the large, clean, dark village and were amazed at how far apart the fales were, and how neat and tidy everything was. It was dark because of no electricity, and no moon. We felt like Pied Pipers walking with 24 curious faces following us and the big brothers carrying huge war clubs to protect their sisters from the White Boys. Graham disappeared somewhere with his female companion. Mark and I returned to talk with the Chief. He had stored all our gear under cover in the middle of the fale and locked our bikes in a shed. He kept a loaded shotgun beside his bed and informed us how safe and trustworthy his villagers were. Maybe the gun was to protect HIM from this motorcycle gang. Thievery is a common problem in this part of the world, and he was not taking any chances. We turned in probably about 11pm but there was no sign of Graham.

About 8am. the whole village was awake and moving about. Graham was still sound asleep. The Chief walked over to Graham and grabbed him by the crotch and said "You have a good time boy? Graham replied with a start "I didn't touch her sir". Graham insisted that they played a mean game of Dominoes all night. I'm not so sure, because Graham got many love letters back at work for months afterward.

After a typical hearty breakfast of rice and cold canned spaghetti, we departed and had to go back around the island to Asau village, to the sidecar builder to return the whole wheel and tire that Graham and borrowed. While there Mark got a flat tire, which made one for each of us. I helped the sidecar builder with modifications that would make the sidecar handle better, while waiting for Mark.

We returned to Nieafu village with a case of beer as a "Mea Lofa"- a gift of love, and definitely not a payment for lodging. This was gladly accepted. I took pictures of the Chiefs whole family, as he had no camera to use. We also slipped him a few dollars for the pig.

After a late start we pushed on toward the ferry at the far end of the island. We almost ran off the road watching topless maidens and the beautiful scenery, and more maidens. One wooden bridge was particularly memorable because of it steep dirt approach which obscured the wood deck. We barged up the ramp and jumped onto the center of the bridge, only to find out that the driving boards were only spaced at the sides to match a car width.

It was rather bumpy, like riding on railroad ties.

We came across a man carving a wooden dug-out canoe from one log. He had been working on this outrigger for three weeks and had another week to finish it.



We unwound for a couple of days in Apia, and then the short ferry ride back to Pago Pago and the comfort of hot showers, and cold beer, and Carol.

Mark, from Santa Cruz, actually did marry a Samoan girl.

Alan Huntzinger

Wunderlich Crossbars

This is another interesting product from Wunderlich America, the long time sponsor of the Norcal Newsletter.

The cross bar are made to fit more than 30 different BMW modes. The claim is that these cross bars improve the stability of handlebars to provide improved stability and more precise handling. They also claim to reduce vibrations especially when using the bike for rigorous off road rides.

The cross bar is mounted using elastic adaptor sleeves, to provide a vibration insulated base to mount accessories such as GPS or cell phone. The crossbars are made of 12mm aluminum and are available in anodized silver or black. Universal crossbars are available that may be used on non-BMW bikes.





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