

JULY 2022

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride



BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

PRESIDENTS COLUMN

Many thanks to the club members who braved the heat to come to our annual election meeting to elect the new Historian, Treasurer, Secretary, and President. Well, at least we got one new Board member. Chris King was elected to a two-year term as Historian, replacing Rick Webb who has held that position for several years with great distinction. Not only did Rick make it to almost every single club meeting to provide the Historian's report over his term, but he also made it to our monthly Board Meetings with few exceptions. I have appreciated the dedication to the Club that Rick has shown. And I look forward to welcoming Chris King to the Board. He has big shoes to fill but I know he will bring a great perspective to the Board.

As for the other positions, we had no one step up for Secretary, Treasurer, or President so Mike Murphy, Hugo Bonilla, and I agreed to stay on for one more term. I certainly appreciate the confidence the members have in me as your President and have enjoyed the experience immensely however, I shared it would be only for one more year, not a two-year term. We are going to create a nominating committee to help identify a slate of candidates for next year when we elect the Vice President, Tour Captain, Safety Director, and President. We must focus on this so you will notice a recurring theme at our monthly meetings to identify a slate for next year.

We are mostly finished with our annual dues process. Thank you to all the members who paid their dues on time. We are currently at 330 full members and our renewal rate was approximately 90%. We added more than 50 members last year. The annual dues represent a great value considering the free camping and member discounts to the ROL. If you haven't paid your dues yet, your membership will remain pending until our September meeting when it will be automatically canceled if not paid. During that time, you will not be able to register for member-only events, free camping, or the discounted ROL registration so be sure and renew!

We have an exciting lineup of camping rides coming up this summer. Our July meeting will be held at Soppiago Springs off of Highway 88 east of Pioneer. It's a great campground with miles of on and off-road riding. Let's hope the fire season doesn't impact our plans too much this year. Sign up for all our events, including our annual Range of Light Tour on the Club site.

Stay Safe

Kevin Coleman President

EDITORS CORNER

Last month I promised additional coverage of this years truly outstanding 49er rally. Pride of place goes to another Alberto Sevilla missive. Continuing in the style of his Baja Diary from couple of months back Alberto provides a newbie's view of the 49er. No pictures required.

Thanks also go to Fred Montano and Jeff Zane for providing illustrated descriptions of the rides they took while at the 49er.

Harry Bahlman reveals the full story behind the unexpected presence of a police car at the 49er, and why garbage cans were overturned all over the Quincy camp site and their contents searched. Rumors suggest at an unnamed NorCal founding member may be involved.

The web version of the newsletter also contains four pages of pictures from the rally. I would like to thank the following people - Jeff Zane, Mini McMahan, Jorgen Larson, Fred Montano, Jody Gary, and Harry Bahlman.

Rick Webb, our retiring historian, provided me with his last historians report at the Folsom camp-out. It was my first visit to Folsom, and although I listened to the Johnny Cash Folsom concert as a teenager while living in the north of England I had no idea Folsom was in California. Another missing piece of my North American education has been completed. Thanks to Don Allison for sending photos.

In previous years I have volunteered to download GPX files at the Range of Light. This year RoL organizer Nick Gloyd is expecting the biggest ever attendance. To avoid long lines involved in physically connecting Garmin to a PC and I have included a page of instructions (web version of newsletter only) that will allow many attendees to download and share GPX files. The old methods and paper route maps will still be available, but I hope those who can, will take advantage of these alternative methods.

I am really pleased with how this newsletter turned out. Packed with great content. Looking forward to next month I am sad to say the cupboard is bare again. If you have something that others may be interested in please send it to me.

John Ellis

MYSTERY ENGINE - WINNERS

Ted Crum and **Jag Patel** correctly identified the engine and are therefore joint winners. **Russ Drake** was runner-up for identifying its aeronautical application, and with additional clues identified the maker as Cosworth, the same company which also created winning Formula One engines.

This engine, Cosworth AG2, was designed and developed as part of a contract with the US Navy to power a UAV (unmanned aerial vehicle). It was a Navy requirement that the engine run on jet fuel. The boxer design is a two stroke, relying on compression ignition (like a diesel engine) with direct fuel injection. The engine directly drives the propeller as well as an electrical generator to power the UAV.

For further information check out https://www.cosworth.com/case_studies/ag2-engine/



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THE 2022 RANGE OF LIGHT GYPSY TOUR

RANGE OF LIGHT GYPSY TOUR



**STARTS: Sept 2, 3:00pm at the Silver Dollar Fairgrounds,
2357 Fair St, Chico CA 95928 - ENDS: Sept 5, 10:00am**

The BMW NorCal Range of Light Gypsy Tour is a rally like no other. This is a riding rally, a two-day event for riders. Participants will be treated to exceptional road and optional GS routes, showcasing some of the best riding and scenery in the West. Expect to ride around 300 miles each day so make sure your tires are in good shape. The destination each day will not be known until the day before. This is a closely guarded secret - all we can tell you is the starting point.

Riders can look forward to:

- Two days of some of the best riding in the State, destinations unknown.
- 3 nights grassy camping.
- Hot showers and catered dinners Saturday and Sunday Nights.
- Cold drinks - included with registration.
- Poker Run with cash prizes!
- Fun door prizes and sponsor swag.
- Sag wagon to haul your gear (soft luggage only).
- Rescue wagon in case there's a problem.
- Printed route booklet, shared REVER route files and downloadable GPX files
- Rally Shirts, pins, and stickers.
- Great Camaraderie.

And as with all BMW NorCal events, riders of all brands of motorcycles are welcome to ride in the ROL, as long as the bikes are street legal, in sound working order, registered and insured. Any BMW riders attending this event are eligible for immediate NorCal membership

For more information or to register for the Range of Light go to:
<https://bmwnorcal.org/>

A RIDING RALLY
LABOR DAY WEEKEND SINCE 1991
BRING FRESH TIRES

SPECIAL EVENT AND CAMP OUT - 2.00PM JULY 23TH

Mike Ferguson is hosting a special event for Norcal members on 23 July at his home/vineyard in Sebastopol. Mike has arranged for the author C. Jane Taylor to give a reading of her new book "Spirit Traffic - A Woman's Journey of Self-Discovery and Letting Go". Jane learned to ride at 50 and then took off on an epic cross-country ride with her family on BMW F650GSs. The book plus an audio version is available on Amazon.

At 2.00pm Jane will lead a gathering that will include a book reading and Q & A session. Attendees are also invited to participate by sharing a Moth-style personal story following the theme "Adventure as I see it".

After the session the plan is to go to nearby Occidental for a group dinner. Since a



reservation will be required for a large group, Mike will be taking a head count at around 2.00pm. Those who are who are camping can then go back to Mike's place and spend the evening sitting around a fire pit and do what Norcal members normally expect do in such a situation.

Anyone who is planning to camp or attend should register on the club webpage. Camping space is limited to around 20.

Parking is on asphalt and camping is in a shaded grove. The location is 1000 Scott-Robin Road, Sebastopol, Freestone area. Off of Freestone Flat Road. Scott-Robin Rd. dead ends at the gate entrance to Ferguson Vineyards. The gate will be open. Straight up ¼ mile paved driveway, and directions where to go will be given. Call Mike at 707-753-1198 with any questions.

NEWEST NORCAL MEMBER WINS "NORTH AMERICAN TOUR" AWARD AT SPRINGFIELD MOA

In last month's Editors Corner I mentioned that I was approached by John Lang from Virginia, who regularly read the Norcal Newsletter, and had traveled across country to attend the 49er and check out the club. John was accompanied by his friend James "Knick" Knickerbocker, who rode from his home near Jacksonville FL. Knick won the longest distance traveled award at the 49er. Both John and Knick took the opportunity offered at the 49er rally to join NorCal as fully paid-up members.

From Quincy they rode onto Springfield Missouri to attend the 2022 MOA rally. Here Knick won the coveted "North American Tour" award presented to the rider who had covered the most miles since leaving home. The distance covered on his arrival in Springfield was 6,677 miles and he had ridden through 17 states since leaving home on May 3rd.

John Lang reports he wasn't the only one wearing a 2022 49er t-shirt at the MOA. Yea!!



2022 49ER RALLY - A NEWBIE'S TAKE OF THE NORCAL RALLY

Tuesday, May 24.

"Chris, When are you leaving for the 49er Rally?" - Well, Lester Katz is here, staying at my house, and we will probably leave early Thursday morning.

"If it's OK, may I ride with you guys? Friday starts the Memorial Day weekend, it will not be fun with the traffic." - no problem Alberto, be at my house by 8:30. We are meeting three other guys at Denny's in Cordelia at 10:00 am.

The more I thought about it, the more convinced I got that it wasn't a good idea to go from the South Bay to Pacifica, just to cut East thru San Francisco during rush hour. I went back to the phone and called: "Chris, I'll see you at the Denny's in Cordelia".

Thursday May 26

From the South Bay, to Cordelia, it's up highway 680 all the way. At 8:30 am the traffic is low, plus using the carpool lane, it's a breeze. And what a breeze it is! Crossing the Benicia bridge the wind was blowing hard. Made me wonder if I have enough clothing layers.

Denny's. There they were. Chris, John, Lester and Bill yappin' like high school girls. Now, Denny's ain't bad, but not great either I settled for two fried eggs and an English muffin, the rest of this crew had ordered a manly-breakfast, you'd think this was their first outing from prison.

An hour later, Chris, at the lead, took us through Winters, Woodlawn, and Yuba City. Traveling country lanes and mostly county agricultural fields. Yes, it is boring but far more fun than riding the freeway. I was grateful.

State route 70 starts at Yuba City- Now you're talking! This is the reason we ride motorcycles! There was no need to go fast. The Feather River provided such scenery you would rather it never end. It was perfect until the "Road Work Ahead" sign, with the corresponding bunching of cars. Yep, it will be slow going from here, and it was.

Quincy is in the middle of mountains. It seems like a sleepy community. We went directly to the county Fair Grounds. It's beautiful! First thing we registered for the rally. They process you fast and efficient... "you've done this before!" This is my first rally and as a newbie I marvel at the organization. Chris brings a bit of reality, "Stop day-dreaming Alberto, get registered and let's find a place to camp. By tomorrow you'll be lucky to find a patch of dirt to camp". I applied myself to the task.

The Fairgrounds are quite extensive. Jeff Zane and Harry Bahlman had already selected an area that was both close enough and far enough. The criteria is beyond me. Just follow those that have been here before.

Tents are up. I am busy showing my latest acquisition, a cot. I learned about cots (Debbie Jansen) while on the latest Nor Cal trip to Baja California a few months back. I am excited at my new acquisition, today it is on its maiden voyage, first night out.

Dinner. Socializing before the day ends. It is 8:00 pm and I am beginning to fade... "Socialize Alberto!" Admonishes Chris Weld, "If anything, try". By 8:30 I head to my tent and I was out before I had realized I was laying down.

Friday May 27

You go to bed at 8:30 pm and you are likely to wake up some eight hours later. Yep, it's 4:30 am. The night is yielding to the light, the birds are chirping and the dawn is crisp from the night.

Breakfast will not be available until 7:00 am. Gotta wait. Not so bad. Early morning walk and scenery checking should do it. By 6:30 the coffee area is active. Thank you Lord!

Not complaining, as I am rather grateful, by 7:30 I was getting coffee. It was hot and dark. A few minutes later eggs, sausage and hashed potatoes. Good enough. One by one arrived to the dining hall with the same aim: breakfast. Chris, Lester, Jeff, Bill and a couple more.

We stayed in the dining hall for at least an hour discussing the several possibilities for the day. Volunteer duty (helping with different rally things). Then there's the train river crossing, there's also a train museum, and finally just a motorcycle ride in the mountains.

Lester, being a train-buff gets his way, and I am willing to share in his enthusiasm. After all, I know nothing about trains and I will get a knowledgeable description from Lester.

By eleven in the morning Chris went to volunteer duty. Lester, Bill and I went back on highway 70 for eight miles or so to find the train-river-crossing. We had to walk on the highway much to the displeasure of the passing traffic. Dangerous? Nah! Just some disgruntled drivers afraid of running us down. Not for our lives... but the liability of running down an idiot-pedestrian weighs heavy. What! Do I need permission to be an idiot all on my own? - skip it, don't answer that.

Soon we find the Trusses forming the letter "Y" right in the middle of the river. It is down in the canyon. All good things take an effort and this one was worth every bit. Just looking around carefully and a decent hike. What a strange sight! This one is an unusual bit of engineering. The tracks splits right in the middle of the river span. As we are enjoying the bridge, a rumbling sound is heard all over... the train! It could only be the train. Two minutes later... there it was. What an amazing stroke of luck! As we see an old train cross the river with the sound of the whistle blowing. Lester is like a kid in a candy store.

We head back to camp. A short stop at the supermarket for lunch supplies. We will wait for Chris and others... not that long. (I fell asleep on my chair while waiting, that was quick!).

At 2:00 pm we are heading to the town of Portola, some 35 miles away. The Train Museum awaits us. It sounds better than the reality, lots of trains parked... so what! Yes, yes we climbed a few. After the first car they all looked the same. Nothing major. You were not allowed to climb the the parked locomotive engines. That could have been interesting, but no dice. After one hour at the museum. Our little group, which had grown from three to eight motorcycles, started back to Quincy. After all, we did manage a live-train ... a motorcycle-train. We rode like the wind on a semi-empty road. The highlight of this day's riding.

Back at camp, more munchies, reading for a while, and easy hangin' around. Next activity...prolly dinner.

We sat by our tents grazing on the Ham-n-Swiss cheese I had bought in the morning, Harry bought crackers and cheddar. I munched on these goodies fast and furious... I don't think I will need dinner. Walked over to the beer hall to listen a couple of guys, a guitar guy and another with a violin looking contraption. What they lacked in talent they sure made up with enthusiasm. They were perfect for the venue-people listening while talking at the top of their lungs. That was good for thirty minutes before my ears requested a bit of silence. Just then Harry showed up intending on listening to the music. Ten minutes later we were leaving.

This evening they are showing a movie. 'The Fastest Indian' with Anthony Hopkins. Great movie! It restores one's faith in humanity. For some reason I kept thinking of Allan Huntzinger as Burt Munro (the New Zealander), I conclude that I liked them both for their ingenuity and perseverance, features I have in short supply.

My regular bed time is around 8 to 8:30 pm and the movies went

ion until 10:00 pm. I was so zoned-out that I could not find my bearings. Good thing Harry was there as tour guide back to the tents, It now is dark. The clouds which threatened all afternoon, are starting to drizzle. Let it rain!

Saturday May 28

At six am a puddle of water atop the tent was the first clue. Did anything else get wet? A quick glance inside the tent reassures me, barely a little bit of water got inside. Not bad. Time to get-up-and-at-them...

I caught up with Hakki, Steve Butterfield and Bryan Wood (Welsh). Supposedly we are heading on some REVER ride already programmed by NCal-club. There they were, struggling to wake up. Removing panniers, back packs. Time to review tools and ready to get on with it. Everything is fine, "until"....

For Steve Butterfield today it is no exception. Let me repeat so we don't confuse this Steve with some other Steve. This is Steve Butterfield... got it? I hear Steve calling "Push! Push again, harder!" He tells a struggling volunteer. It turns out Steve's bike was parked right by his tent on the grass on the center stand. Smart. Overnight the center stand-pegs had gone into the soil. Those puppy legs were deep. "Push!" - all the while I can hear Steve's engine roaring wanting to get purchase on the ground. But the rear wheel is off the ground... push! Until... Push! ... The bike gets off the center stand, the rear wheel touches the ground engaging traction ... WHOA! WOW!. In the blink of an eye Steve is heading toward a tent. It's either thru-the-tent or ditch the bike. Ditch, ditch! Next we are all running to get Steve's bike out of the almost flattened tent and making every effort to get the bike upright. Some people immediately came to Steve's aid. Others, just as fast, got their phones out. I am certain they thought, forget Steve! Take pictures, lots of pictures.

So here's the report, let's start at the top. The bike was OK. The tent was not damaged. The grass showed deep ruts, but otherwise all was in good shape. Oh, sorry. I think Steve is OK. You can see the pictures later. He up-righted the bike "almost" by himself. Showing good skills, and presence of mind, but still...

On a personal level. I had been apprehensive about riding with Hakki, Bryan and Steve. These guys are good, fast aggressive riders. Worried that I may be too slow, or not up to par.

However, apprehensive no more! Thank you Steve, I no longer worry about making a buffoon out of myself. I'll probably mess up, but now I know... even the best goof! . You-da-best!

Half hour later we are off. Out of the fairgrounds, turn left on hwy 70. Yes, when Bryan leads you are bound to follow... behind. Way behind. The hwy is empty. We are sailing!

Five minutes later, in the Sena communicator, Hakki tells me, "this is cold. Continue, I'll catch up later. I'm gonna layer-up". Hmmmm.... I tell him that I'll stay with him. Hakki by hand signal indicates to Steve and Bryan to continue. Hakki and I did try to catch up. Steve and Bryan were going fast, and we were going faster than fast. Still no sight of them. 90 - 100 - 110 mph. I am talking to myself. This is loony toons. Just as I am about to share this with Hakki, he pulls off the road we are on and turns onto another road. I think it's 89, but I am not certain. Phewww, thank you, is all can think.

This new side road is highway 89, which took us to 49 and eventually to Sierra City, where we stopped to eat. What a breakfast!! Fresh eggs, sausage and 5 gallons of coffee. Yum! As we are eating Hakki spots Steve Butterfield going by - minus Bryan. He was going one way and then a few minutes later come back the other way. He seem to be looking for someone. We got out of the restaurant yelling to get his attention. "This person" saw my bike and Hakki's but kept right on going. Strange. (Later we learned it was not Steve... just a look alike)

After breakfast we took Porter-something road. Imagine this, 34 miles of twisty road, up and down, where the best you can go is on second gear, 60 mph and 7,500 plus rpm, but second gear. Holly smokes it must have been the most twisty road I have ever been on. No traffic. Google said 1 hour 12 minutes to make it to the next intersection.... Not for us! Heck we were flying ... until

Correct. It is my turn to get an "until".

" Hakki, I have to stop. A light on my dashboard is on, and now it's blinking red!".

Hakki, turns around to join me. Looks at my dash board and announces: "Alberto you have no tire pressure! 22 psi." Yikes!, my rear tire is almost flat. Looking closely, big ugly nail, right there! But we are prepared. We pull out our "brand new screw-type tire plug" and set ourselves to the task. In five minutes we are impressed and rolling. Back at camp. The tire screw-plug is holding. We gave it no further thought.

Dinner was fantastic, tri-tip steak, potatoes, veggies and a cookie. After that we went to watch a movie which lasted until 10:00 pm. 'On Any Sunday' (with Steve McQueen). That was a fabulous story.

"Hey guys, see you in the morning. Coffee and ready to head home by 8:00 am. "

Sunday May 29

I got up early, heading home Alberto! I started packing my pop-up tent... it took me four attempts. (Suggestion: open the windows before you pack it or it will inflate like a balloon! No fun). Finally I was done folding it and stuffing it in the bag. All packed, just in time to rendezvous with Hakki. And Steve Butterfield, who has decided to join us heading home.

Steve figured on heading home swiftly. Had he known what the future held, he would've gone on his own. But I get ahead of the events...

First, gas. Next pump up tires. Steve puts in the ten pounds he took off to go dirt riding yesterday with Bryan Welsh. Final activity applied ourselves to breakfast, the real thing at Patti's Coffee House (no offense NorCal). Steve had Huevos Rancheros. Hakki had waffles and Alberto had... listen to this:

Waitress: What would you like?

Alberto: Oh, miss I'll have a number 7

Waitress: How would you like your eggs?

Alberto: "Pointing up, not very cooked"

Waitress: Excuse me?

Hakki: What was that Alberto?

Steve: What?

Alberto: Well you know, cooked one side and not not very cooked.

Waitress: Got it! Sunny side up, right.

It may not be much. But everybody, including myself admitted that fried eggs "pointing up" was very descriptive, while the actual term failed me, I knew what I meant. The waitress loved it. Steve asserted that it would be better to ask for "pointing-up-n-firm, I saw you looking at the waitress, you dog". (I will not make any editorials, and yes, she was beautiful). Breakfast ended with laughs and giggles, and we are ready to go.

Hit the road Jack!! And we did with gusto. Bright sunny day, clear road. Low traffic. Ten or fifteen miles of beauty ... UNTIL. Oh no, here it comes...

" Hey guys! I gotta stop! ZERO tire pressure!" I could not tell if hey heard me, but I had to stop. My bike was swaying left-n-

right. Flat. This is a hideous feeling. The bike is completely out of control. Managed to stop, wondering about Hakki and Steve. A couple of minutes and thank goodness they came back.

You must understand that Alberto is useless. You'd think he is being modest. That would be the case until you see him try to fix anything. It's painful to watch. The correct term is USELESS!

Hakki automatically gets one of yesterday's screw-plugs. Five minutes later, 42 psi, and we are rolling baby! Five more miles. That's it. "Hey guys, my psi has dropped to 20, and dropping!" Another screw-plug. A bigger Screw-plug this time.

Mike Murphy, who is heading home, makes a stop to check on our predicament. With a south of east, west of north London accent asks: "You guys okay?" I noticed he has a motorcycle trailer and I venture, tongue-in-cheek: "Hey, maybe I put my bike on your trailer and I will take your bike to the bay". I think he was glad to not have to answer that one, and off he went quickly. But truly, we did not need any help. "Thanks for the stop!".

Five minutes later, Back On The Road Again... I've heard that one! You are guessing this ain't finished... correct! But this time Steve is more assertive: screw-the-screw, we will use a regular plug. This took a bit longer, but Steve ain't Steve for nothing. He is a rider! And he knows how to do things. Five minutes. Back On The Road Again This time twenty miles, Steve chimes in: "The hole is now bigger, we will put a plug, right on top of the last plug. In this way it will be twice as thick. It will

hold". Something about confidence. If you are wondering, if ever you get a flat tire, skip the guessing, just call Steve. The plug held all the way home (about 120 miles, I live in the South Bay).

Moral of the story, well the last little bit of this saga anyway. The screw-plugs are good but only to get you to the next gas station, or for use in any city. Country riding... forget it! Get a regular folding plug with rubber cement, or call Steve. Check your membership roster: Steve Butterfield (you are welcome for this commercial Steve).

The rest of the way home had the typical Highway 80 traffic, the Benicia bridge high winds, and pick up speed on Hwy 680. Steve is the first to split. Exits off on Hwy 24 to head home. Hakki exits on Diablo Blvd leaving me and my wounded tire (Alberto) on my own for the final hour home. On my own, but not worried, 43.6 psi and holding!

Alberto Sevilla

Editors Note: Just before finishing this newsletter I read a piece in the July CCBR newsletter about a rider who set off to John Day rally with a tire that he had plugged a week previously. The plug failed on route and couldn't be plugged again. In the end he needed to get it trailered to Ozzies for a new tire. There is a lesson to be learned here.

THE ADVENTURE OF KAPTAIN KNICKERS

There once was a motorcycle rally in the beautiful hills of Quincy. Where all the state's BMW riders converged for a 5-day gathering of fun roads, good food, and with what seemed like good people. But after the first night of wine, song, and dance, one particular celebrant awoke the next morning, his pants nowhere to be found. Positive that he left the Levi's outside his tent, many an eyebrow was raised. After a so-called thorough search of tent and campsite, he declared the lost knickers had indeed been absconded with, along with billfold, badge wallet (handy for avoiding speeding tickets I hear) and heaven forbid, even the cherished pipe lighter had been pilfered. What???, gasped his fellow campers, can't be, this is a BMW Rally, not a Sturgis gathering! Have you looked everywhere? in your tent? on your motorcycle? or, in your girlfriend's tent? Yes, yes, yes, and sadly no need, was replied.

After some talk on the quality of BMW riders these days, money was borrowed, search parties were formed and fairground officials informed. Trash cans were upturned, campsites and neighboring home yards were inspected, even the local homeless were eyed for any sign of the inspector's trousers. After the local county constable was summoned, and a lengthy discussion ensued, which included something about Little Johnny's Fire Hat, the report was then taken, banks were notified, and a trip was charted to the local DMV for a legal permit of motorcycle operation. The who-coulda-dunnit banter continued for days among the rally goers, some leaving early to beat the Memorial Holiday traffic, but first making sure all their possessions were accounted for and packed safely. Those staying until the rally's bitter end may have been treated to the "Cat that Swallowed the Canary" look on our subject's face when finally, the long-lost leggings were located, in his tent...

Until next time, Ride well my Friends.

Harry F. Bahlman 99



A 49ER VIGNETTE - FRED MONTANO HITS THE TRAIL

The 49er Rally is always a good place to discover new and unfamiliar off-road adventures. The area around Quincy posed excellent opportunity to ride challenging roads and trails. The NorCal members mapping out the off-road possibilities did not let us down. Ed Perry and I arrived at the fairground Wednesday afternoon and set up camp. On Thursday Steve Lawton, Don Condon, Mini Mahon, joined our group campsite. Steve announced that he would be riding the newly announced figure eight off-road ride to Taylorville and invited us to join him Friday morning. After reading the course route I decided to join Steve, Ed, Don and Ted Crum on a challenging mountain off-road ride.

So there I was with four experienced off-road riders hoping to just hang on and enjoy the experience. After breakfast we left the fairground and headed up the mountain on a dirt/gravel logging road. The road was dry and solidly packed. Riding was good as we traversed curves, steep up and down hills, and past downed trees and logs. We arrived at a viewing point where we could view Taylorville and the entire valley. We descended down the mountain and reached the park outside of Taylorville for a needed bladder stop. Ed decided to leave our group and head back to the Rally, since he had volunteered to work registration. We rode on and encountered unexpected sand that was a bit soft and longer than my comfort level anticipated. We all made it through the sand and stopped to view a beautiful lake surrounded by trees and rocks jutting out of the water and outlining the waters edge. The road led us back to Taylorville where we stopped for lunch at the old western looking cafe.

After lunch Don decided to ride back to the Rally. Steve wanted to ride on roads that were not open due to snow when he

charted off-road rides for the rally. So Steve, Ted and I rode up the mountain to Argentina Rock. Along the way we moved logs and trees off the road and rode past wet areas. The road to Argentina Rock was steep and had a log across the road. We rode around the log and arrived at the foot of the steep stairs where we climbed to the top of the lookout structure. A strong wind was blowing and it was difficult to stand up without holding onto something. The view was fantastic. We could see the beautiful valley, Quincy, green vegetation all around, and birds enjoying the clear day. We lingered for awhile before heading down the mountain. Steve decided to take some uncharted roads where we encountered mud holes across the steep road. We ended up at a dead end. Ted said that his GPS indicated that the main road was 100 yards over the heavily treed mountain where we stopped. We turned around and headed back up the gnarly road for six miles. I was slow, white knuckled, and went through a couple mud holes. But I made it out without falling. Steve and Ted were waiting for me. Ted said his GPS indicated that we should go down this small trail to the main road. That was almost a disaster. The trail got narrower as we descended and became impassable. We turned around on a narrow path and finally made it back to the main road and down to Quincy.

It was a beautiful 140 mile mountain ride through the forest, lakes, sand, vista points, and wildlife. We all made it back safe and sound and happy for the adventure and experience

Fred Montano



PICTURES FROM THE 2022 49ER IN QUINCY









JEFF ZANE VISITS WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD MUSEUM IN PORTOLA

On the Friday of the 49er, after hearing about the museum from Chris Weld, a small group of us decided to ride 45 minutes to Portola to visit the Western Pacific Railroad Museum. Chris, Harry Bahlman, Lester Katz, Ran Bush and myself explored the expansive grounds which contained a wide variety of vintage locomotive engines, passenger cars, cabooses and other interesting relics of history.

Of particular interest was a working snow plow engine—I took a pic of Harry in front to give one the perspective of how huge it is! This plow was built in 1927 and was the last on the railroad to be converted to diesel power. It was leased to the Western Pacific and used at Keddie and on the High Line after the Western Pacific retired their own plows. It was also one of the

plows used to rescue the City of San Francisco in 1952

Also of interest were the famous California Zephyr and a huge collection of cabooses that we were able to enter and explore.

We also spoke to the docent who recounted the fire from last summer had burned most of the Feather River Canyon. Even though the tunnels were burned out, along extensive track damage, the freight trains were only shutdown for 11 days!

All in all, our visit was definitely worth the \$7 they asked for donation!

Jeff Zane



Yes, this platform was made just for carrying coffins!



Alberto Sevilla in a lounge car from back in the day



Here's where all the cabooses have gone!!

2022 ANNUAL ELECTION MEETING- FOLSOM STATE PARK

The first railroad in the West was between Folsom and Sacramento, a distance of 22 miles. The first long distance transmission of electricity in the world was from Folsom to Sacramento. Also, earlier, the Folsom Assay Office was the western terminus for the Pony Express. And the link to gold mining was the foundation for the rapid economic growth of the region. African Americans were among the first miners, those who are known as the 49ers. Their camp in this area, near where we pitched our tents, was named Negro Bar, and is now under Lake Natoma.

Folsom was named after Captain Joseph Folsom. He graduated from West Point and arrived in California to serve as Quartermaster at San Francisco. When William Leidesdorff, a San Francisco businessman, died, his estate included a 35,000-acre Mexican land grant. Captain Folsom purchased the land from the Leidesdorff heirs and hired Theodore Judah, a railway engineer and surveyor, to lay out the town he called Granite City. When Folsom died, the executors of his estate changed the town name to Folsom.

The Sacramento Valley Railroad was organized by a group of San Francisco businessmen. Charles Wilson, who owned a steamship company, a toll road, and bridges, hired Theodore Judah to lay out the route of a railroad from Sacramento to Folsom. Capt. Folsom became the second president of the railroad. It made its first official run in 1856. Today, a light rail runs from Sacramento to Folsom on the line laid out by Judah.

Folsom Prison was established in 1880 when the Livermore family made an agreement with the state to donate land for the prison in exchange for prison labor. They planned a hydro-electric dam on the American River for a sawmill. Though the sawmill didn't work out, the Livermores realized they could generate enough power to transmit it to Sacramento. The Folsom powerhouse, now a National Historic Landmark, was opened. Its success was

made possible by what were then two recent inventions: Alternating current generators (alternators), and transformers. Combined, they allowed the voltage to be raised for long-distance transmission and to be lowered for local use in Sacramento.

Folsom Prison initially had no outer wall, only guard towers, and, perhaps not coincidentally, it was the first U.S. prison to get electric lights. The outer wall was not completed until 40 years after the original construction. There were a number of notable escapes:

In 1920 three convicts hijacked a train that the prison had purchased in 1909 to assist with construction of the granite walls. The convicts smashed the train through a prison gate to make their escape.

In 1932 a 24-year-old robber from Los Angeles, Dwight Abbott, made a lifelike dummy using his own hair and plaster of Paris face. His dummy fooled guards until late the next day, when they finally realized Abbott had escaped.

In 1987 Glen Stewart Godwin fled from Folsom Prison through a hole he cut in the fence wire using tools that were smuggled in for him. He fled through a storm drain which took him to the American River, where a raft waited to float him away to freedom. Godwin's accomplices were arrested for aiding his escape, and Godwin himself was later arrested in Mexico. But he escaped again - this time from a Guadalajara prison - and remains at large to this day.

U.S. Highway 50, which runs through Folsom, previously had the somewhat disturbing name "Johnson's Cutoff", and is the route Snowshoe Thompson took over the Sierras delivering mail for 20 winters.

Rick Webb, Historian



RANGE OF LIGHT – IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR GARMIN GPS AND PHONE NAVIGATION USERS

When the RoL started in 1991 everyone relied on paper directions handed out to participants just prior to the ride. Around the year 2000 consumer GPS navigation systems started to become available. 15 years later cell phone navigation apps started to appear.

To maintain the spirit of the original RoL (i.e., not publishing routes ahead of time) volunteers with PCs downloaded GPX files directly to Garmin GPS on Friday and Saturday evenings. This practice will continue for the 2022 RoL along with the printed route sheets.

The RoL grows in popularity every year and in 2022 plans

were prepared to support a rally attendance of up to 300 riders. Since probably over 90% of riders now use some form of GPS navigation, in 2022 we are looking for ways to distribute the GPX files more efficiently.

The plan for RoL 2022 is to send emails with links to next day's rides to all registered participants and/or provide printed and scannable QR Codes at the event. Either way this will provide a mechanism to allow the download of a selected GPX file to your phone. In addition, for REVER users, a link to a shared REVER routes will be also provided using the email and/or QR code mechanism.

Importing GPX file using Phone Navigation Apps

All phone navigation apps, with a paid subscription, support the import of GPX files. First download the specific GPX file needed using either email link or QR code.

Open the Files app on your phone and the GPX file will be in the download section. Select the file and then the SHARE function. Select the specific navigation app that you plan on using and the app should open with the route displayed.

Route Sharing Between Garmin GPS

Route Sharing over Bluetooth is a Garmin feature supported on the following devices. •

- Zumo XT
- BMW Motorrad Navigator V
- BMW Motorrad Navigator VI
- Zumo 395
- Zumo 396
- Zumo 590
- Zumo 595

So even if you don't have a Garmin XT, you can save yourself a whole lot of time, and avoid lining up, by finding someone who has one of the above Garmin, and also has the GPX file you need on their device.

The two Garmin need to be turned on, Bluetooth enabled, and be in fairly close proximity.

To route share: On the Garmin that already has the GPX file installed, open the route to be shared in Trip Planner. Then Select the wrench symbol in the top left-hand corner and then select Share. Select Bluetooth. Then follow instructions on both sending and receiving GPS.

Garmin XT Users – Downloading GPX files via Cell Phone

For owners of the Garmin XT, it is possible to download GPX files via your phone. The following description explains the steps you must take to be able to make this work.

IT IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED THAT YOU SET THIS UP BEFORE THE RALLY. IF YOU ARRIVE AT THE RALLY AND HAVE NOT DONE THIS, THEN THE GPX FILES WILL BE DOWNLOADED FROM A PC USING A USB CONNECTION, SO YOU WILL NEED TO GET IN LINE AND WAIT. NO EXCEPTIONS.

Following these instructions will allow you to be ready to ride without waiting in line

Before you can download GPX file to your Garmin XT via phone you first need to install on your cell phone the app GARMIN DRIVE. GARMIN DRIVE allows your phone to connect to your XT via Bluetooth. Installation is very straightforward - just follow instructions. As long as Bluetooth in your phone is turned on and the XT is powered up, they will easily find each other

Stay away from, and DO NOT INSTALL, Garmin Explore. It's a really dumb app and its design intent includes messing with your GPX files.

GARMIN DRIVE app allows your XT to receive smart notifications such as live traffic data and weather information and can also take a GPX file located on the phone and send it to the XT. For this to work you first need to have the GPX file on your phone. In the case of this year's RoL, use either the email link or QR code described above to download the GPX file.

Open the Files app on your phone. The GPX file will be in the download section. Select the file and then the SHARE function.

The GARMIN DRIVE app will show up as a SHARE option. Select the GARMIN DRIVE app and the app should open. (It maybe that on your phone the GARMIN DRIVE App will open immediately on selecting the GPX file). Stand close to your Garmin XT, make sure Bluetooth is enabled on the phone and the XT.

A GARMIN DRIVE window will pop up saying "GPX File Received", select "Send" and you are done.

On the Garmin XT to see the route go to

Apps -> Trip Planner -> Saved trips and you may see the route already. If not then select wrench symbols in the top left corner, then select import. All downloaded GPX files should show here. Select the one you want to import to Trip Planner. The route GPX file is then converted into a form that the GPS unit can perform turn by turn navigation and will show under Trip Planner -> Saved Trips

Everyone who owns a Garmin XT is encouraged to follow the above instructions and get familiar with the process. It's easy and it avoids the need to remove the XT from the bike to install a NorCal GPX route. It will also save everyone's time at this year's Range of Light.



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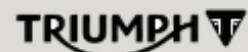
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EVENTS

Board of Directors Meeting

09 July, 2022 MotoGuild SF,
849 13Th St. San Francisco, 10:00 am 12:00 pm

Mike Ferguson's Special Event and Camp Out

23 July, 2022 2.00pm. See this newsletter for details
1000 Scott-Robin Road, Sebastopol, Freestone area
All attendees MUST register at www.bmwnorcal.org

July Club Meeting and Campout

30-31 July, 2022 8:00am Squeeze In at 3020 Floyd
Ave #101, Modesto for breakfast. Leave at 9.00am
Soppiago Springs Resort 6941 N South Rd,
Somerset, CA 95684

All attendees MUST register at www.bmwnorcal.org

August Club Meeting and Campout

27-28 August, 2022
Pioneer Trail Group Camp Site Pinecrest, CA 95364
All attendees MUST register at www.bmwnorcal.org

2022 RANGE OF LIGHT GYPSY TOUR

2-5 Sep 2022
Silver Dollar Fairgrounds, 2357 Fair St,
Chico CA 95928
All attendees MUST register at www.bmwnorcal.org

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	Ferdinand Rios	5
	Dan Rowe	10
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