

NOVEMBER 2018

NORCAL NEWS



Ride to Camp

Camp to Ride



This month featuring:

Oktoberfest Pictures

Advanced Rider Clinic

Disaster strikes the Alaska Ride

Wynne Benti's recounts her first 100,000 miles

BMW Motorcycle Club of Northern California

President's Column

The only thing missing from the Club's Oktoberfest meeting at Lake Sonoma was a fraulein from the bierhaus carrying 6 steins of beer in each hand. We had lots of beer, brats, sauerkraut, cake, and snacks so no one was left wanting more. Almost 100 attendees from all over compared lederhosen, enjoyed the campfire, and generally had a wonderful time.

New members, old members, people passing by made for lots of conversations and pictures. A very big round of applause to Kevin, Nick, Sam, and all the other volunteers for supporting the Club by bringing and preparing the food, lots of beverages – sometimes too much and too soon - and especially the stamina by cooking for this gang. And what a sight to see Thane Beckstrom ride over from Utah to get his 35 years pin. Something like 87 years young and still rides like the wind.

We now have a new Ad Chair with Manny Rubio who will work with Buddy during the transition. He has already presented some new ideas on extending our relationship with our advertisers with more and varied joint events. Welcome Manny.

Hugo is ahead of the timeline for planning next year's 49er and we already have some great speakers and events in motion. Now is the time to get involved by volunteering ..having fun and meeting fellow riders.

Per Kevin, we are close to 300 members now and there were discussions on an outreach programs for those who live in SoCal, Nev, OR, on ways to encourage them to attend some club meetings when the monthly meetings are held close to them. This club does plan campouts from one end of CA to the other N-S and E., so come meet the people and participate in the fun.

At the next Club meeting, we'll be presenting the next group of By-Law updates for discussion. These changes will formalize some actions and positions that have evolved over the years and changed with technology.

So get ready for a little jog down south for the next Club meeting at Fremont Peak close to San Juan Batista.

Register for the Christmas Party!! Always fun and the view across the Bay from the restaurant is magical.

Happy Holidays!!

Greg Hutchinson

Captain's Log

Well we survived the Oktoberfest and one thing still holds true – BMW NorCal can sure throw a party! We had in the neighborhood of 100 folks come out for this ever-popular event. This year I offered two excellent routes to the meeting, partly to give folks the convenience of a starting point easier for them, but mainly because I just couldn't decide which route would be more fun. I was torn and the Club benefitted. Option 2 was really an all-star route to Lake Sonoma but Option 1 was just as great. (And if you couldn't attend or ride either of these routes, check them out at the bottom of the Event Page on the website and ride them at your leisure. You won't be disappointed!).

A huge thanks goes to Kevin Coleman and the rest of the volunteers that cooked up an excellent spread. Building off the set-up from last year, Kevin, et al, easily handled the dinner and a breakfast the next day. One added treat this year was homemade Spaetzle by Linda Rodda! Thanks All!

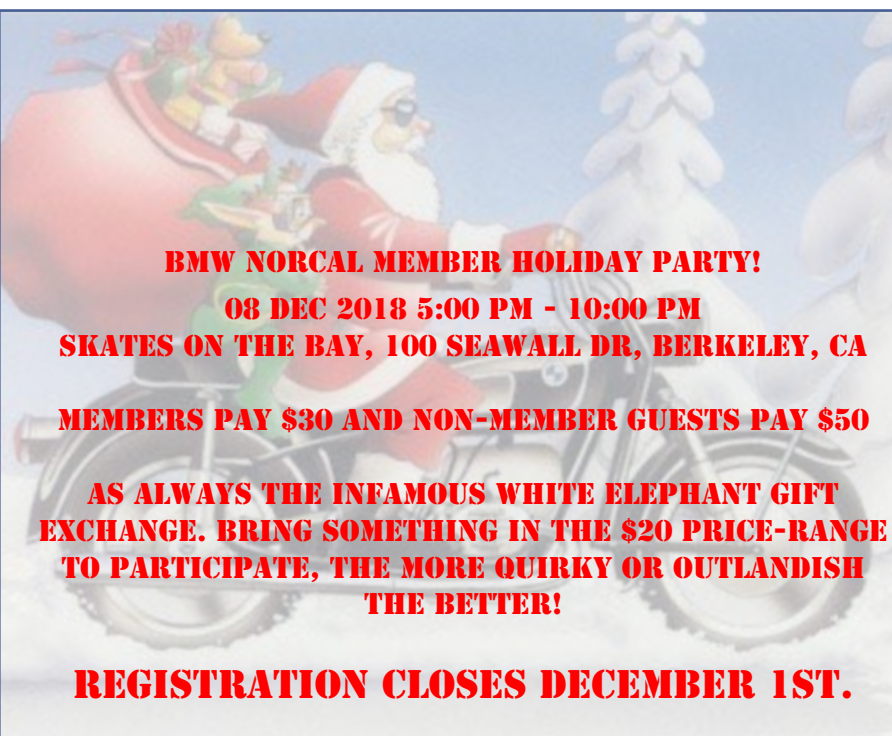
Next month we are at scenic Fremont Peak State park, with a possible stop-over at San Jose BMW. This is something new Ad Chair Manny Rubio and I are cooking up. Stay tuned for details...

And speaking of cooking up – we are still looking for folks to offer ideas for Second Sunday Breakfast Rides. Or, even better would be a volunteer to step up and coordinate the SSBs. This person wouldn't need to lead the rides, mostly just coordinate where and when we hold them.

Lastly – be sure to register now for the Holiday Party. See the details elsewhere in this fine newsletter.

Thanks, and get out and ride while this weather still holds!

Nick Gloyd



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10 years, 100,000 miles by Wynne Benti

I was 47 when my husband, Richard, died of cancer. Four years later, I was sitting in our art gallery with Rose, my cattle dog, watching the years go by, when one day, local mountain guide, John Fischer stopped by with his new V-Strom 650 and asked if I would like to go for a ride. We rode from Bishop, thirty miles to the old Glacier Lodge site in Big Pine Canyon. The sensory immersion of that afternoon will always stay with me—the lengthening shadows; the fragrance of changing scenery—from lilacs and sagebrush, to campfire smoke and pine trees; the temperature changes of different elevations; riding back in the dark watching the sagebrush flicker by in the periphery of the headlamp.

The dogwoods were blooming in Yosemite. I said to John, “Wouldn’t it be great to ride over Tioga Pass and see them?” Two days later, he called and said, “Guess where I am? Yosemite!” At that moment, I realized that to experience the joy of motorcycling without relying on someone else, that I would have to learn to ride. I took a three-day MSF course in beautiful Barstow. Within a week of passing the class, I had a motorcycle license, bought a street legal Honda 230 CRF, and owned a copy of David Hough’s Proficient Motorcycling, which I read religiously. Each day, I put on my day pack and rode 85 miles by myself on remote dirt roads.

Six months after I bought the Honda, I drove 700 miles to San Diego BMW and trailered home a used 2005 BMW F650GS. While waiting for the salesman to finish the paperwork, an employee, aka ‘Bos’, sidled up next to me and asked me if I’d ever been to a rally. Never heard of it. He handed me a copy of BMW On and said, take it home, find a club and join.

After studying the magazine, I sent a check to BMW NorCal, the only California club with monthly campouts. I was pretty sure I could ride to the Forty-Niner in Auburn and the Death Valley meeting, which would meet the minimum requirements for membership.

My first overnight motorcycle trip was to the club’s 2008 Death Valley camp out in Furnace Creek. I didn’t even know how to attach my soft bag to my bike. An old motocross racer rode with me to the campout, until he had to lay his Honda 450 down at 65 mph on US 395 when 3rd gear broke and locked up the back wheel. I thought he was dead. He got up, brushed himself off. He and the bike were towed back to Bishop, so I forged onward, alone.

Saturday morning, a small group of riders that included John Parodi, Scot Marburger, Mark Montana, Warren and Sarah Barnes, and Lee Blake rode over Titus Canyon. Warren and Sarah, left a half hour early in their Ural to meet us at the road head. Five minutes after we started, I heard chattering and saw my front fender bouncing up and down on the tire. The bolts holding it on had fallen out and were gone. Lee pulled it off the bike and stuffed it into one of his tank bags. We all stopped at the old mining camp of Leadville where, 22 years earlier, I’d hiked up to the summits of Corkscrew and Thimble Peaks.

When we got back to Furnace Creek, Lee talked about his upcoming summer trip to Alaska. I said, “I would love to ride to Alaska.” He turned to me and said, “It’s a guy trip.”

A month later, I rode from Bishop through Saline Valley, a 200-mile loop on my F650GS with rider Chris K. on a Honda 650. When blinding dust kicked up, I could only see his brake lights, and when they dropped a half-foot, I knew a washout was ahead. Going up South Pass, my front wheel became wedged inside the washed-out center rocky rut of the road. I couldn’t pull it out, so I stood on the pegs and opened the throttle for two or more miles and eventually got out of it. I had planned to ride to the April NorCal campout, but discovered that my entire brake light and license plate assembly was gone, laying out in Saline Valley beneath a creosote bush. Scott McKay, the service manager at Sierra BMW in Sparks, Nevada, the closest dealer to me, ordered a Touratech reinforcement plate and entire new brake light assembly. Between snowstorms,

I rode the F650 to Sparks, two hundred and five miles one-way across five mountain passes to get that assembly on the bike so I could get to the Forty-Niner.

The day before the Forty-Niner started, a late spring snowstorm made 395 impassable to motorcycles. The CHP in Bridgeport expected a small window of travel between storms on Thursday, so I was on the road early. Fourteen miles from home, snow flurries began to fall. Another BMW GS rider came up behind me, followed me for a bit, then passed and waved. I assumed all BMW riders were heading to the Forty-Niner. I stopped for gas in Walker,

where a guy in a big Dodge Ram pickup truck said, “You have bigger balls than I do.”

By the time I reached Hope Valley, the snow was sticking to the road. I followed a singular tire track over Luther Pass to Meyers, thinking all the while, if I can just make it to the other



Wynne at Pikes Peak, Colorado



Wynne and Carl Bontrager on the Top of the World

side of Echo Summit, it will be downhill and raining. I crawled along, up and over Echo, twenty miles per hour tops with a line of cars behind, eventually making it to Auburn. I volunteered to work the bar, run by Pat Holland. He demanded bartending perfection while taking the occasional swig from his silver flask. There, I saw Lee from the Death Valley trip sitting at a table with some folks and overheard him say, "We are leaving for Alaska in a week and have an extra berth. If you can get your stuff together you can go." Without even thinking, I blurted out, "I'll go! I asked first. Remember Death Valley?" He looked at me then asked, "Did you ride over in that storm?" "Yes," I said. "Then you can go to Alaska with us." Ten months after learning how to ride, I followed three 1200s on my 49.5hp F650GS to Alaska. On the return, we rode to the BMW MOA



Wynne on Waucoba-Saline Road, Saline Valley, 2008

Rally in Gillette, Wyoming, in all just under 11,000 miles total. The last evening of the rally, the MOA presented awards to the oldest riders. He was 91 and she was 89 and they had ridden two up from Detroit. I thought, that's what I want to be doing at 89—still riding.

The day after I received my 10-year membership pin at the NorCal September 2018 campout at Saddlebag Lake, I rode the F650GS one hundred and twenty-two miles and got my first 100,000 miles.

NorCal is what has kept me

riding for ten years, what has kept me connected. I do my trips here and there, but it's the Range of Light, Forty-Niner and Death Valley that keep me coming back.

Wynne Benti

Editors Corner

With so much going on this month I had some difficulty fitting everything in. Big thanks to Rick Klain and Buddy Scauzzo for pictures and Rick for his write up on (from everything I have heard), a very successful Advance training session organized by Jorgen. Rich also provided the picture

on the front cover. Thanks to Fred Montano for part three of our great Alaska adventure. Pay special attention to his tips. Lastly I would like to thank Wynne Benti for explaining how she was introduced to motorcycles, and how Norcal played a part in her reaching her first 100,000 miles.



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How Twelve NorCal Club Members Found Their TC ARC.

Bright and early on a Saturday morning, even before the sun was up, twelve NorCal club members met in a large parking lot at Mission College in Santa Clara. On October 13, out of the darkness, the lucky twelve were joined by two yellow-shirted instructors, Earl and Marcus, for the "Total Control - Advanced Rider Clinic" run by 2 Wheel Safety Training in Hayward. Jorgen Larsen, our club's Safety Director helped make it happen.

As the sun started to rise, folks were becoming acquainted, our instructors were making sure we signed our paperwork, they inspected our bikes, and suggested we deflate our tires a little for better traction. Then our instructors started teaching. We rotated between riding in the parking lot course and a college classroom. Lots of hand-on instructions and feedback. Learning and doing throughout the day. Basically we were learning theory and putting it to use, improving our muscle memory, hand-eye-coordination, and thinking. By the end of the day we were more experienced, confident and safer. Then we had to ride home as the sun was going down!

If you want to know some more about the course and the company, here's two web links; from our club website and the company that ran our course (pardon the pun):

<http://bmwnorcal.org/event-3045908?CalendarViewType=1&SelectedDate=10/15/2018>

www.2wheelsafety.com/

In case you missed it, the course usually costs \$350, but the club pitched in \$200, so for NorCal members it ended up costing \$150. What's more, there was a BMW MOA Foundation scholarship that could be applied for to cover even more of the cost!

If you weren't one of the lucky twelve, then you might want to lobby for a repeat. Just remember, this is a sunrise to sunset course that just might help extend your safety and longevity.

Rick Klain





Richard has put together a video of the event which can be found here
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VGC6TsT7H_c&t=



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Between November 5 and December 2, you can still place your order on our website however, please understand that your order will not ship before the 1st week of December 2018 at the soonest.

Also after Friday November 2, please understand that we will not be able to answer phone calls or e-mails.

We will be operational in our brand new Hendersonville, North Carolina facility on Monday, December 3rd, 2018. At that point we will begin filling all orders placed in the order in which they were received.

THREE PEAS IN THE ALASKAN POD - PART 3 - Disaster Strikes

“Hey let’s get breakfast at the lodge!” “Great idea - the food is good and the John & Peter show is fantastic”. We were the first customers of the day. We discussed the idea of riding to Prince Rupert and catching the ferry, if there were no shows at the last minute. The ferry would take us to Port Hardy on Victoria Island. We had one day to get there, the ferry would depart the following day. So we had to hurry and not waste any time. After eating a good big breakfast we took off on the Cassiar Hwy south to Prince Rupert. The weather was cool and raining. But the road was paved and fun to ride on. We could ride quickly on this road and make Prince Rupert today. We left the lodge at 7:30 to get an early start. About 25 miles from Tatogga Lodge we came to the Devil Creek Bridge. It was not a long bridge but it had a steel grating road base. I knew that John’s tires wobbled on steel grating so I slowed down as I followed him across the bridge. As John reached the end of the bridge his bike suddenly went left across the oncoming lane and hit cement barriers. As I exited the bridge I noticed John and his Super Tenere off to the side, sliding on his side & back, head first against the barriers. “Oh my God what just happened?”. I quickly parked my bike by the side of the road. As I got off I looked in the rear view mirror just in time to see Jerry careening left at the same spot as John, except his angle to the cement barrier was direct. Jerry hit the cement barrier more blunt. I ran to John to see how bad he was hurt. I helped him stand up and he appeared to be OK. His rain suit was torn, helmet was scratched at the back, mirror broken,



bike scratched, tank dented, shift lever bent. Thank God for good equipment it helped keep John safe. Then I went over to Jerry who was sitting on a curb holding his arm and finger. “Are you OK Jerry?” “My back is sore and my little finger hurts”. “Just sit here and be calm and breath slowly”, I said. I turned around and there was a man who had stopped his RV and came over to help. He was a Paramedic on vacation and he went right to work on Jerry. Within minutes an ambulance arrived that was coming back from a construction site. Wow, what luck! They asked John if he was alright and he said yes. Then they went to Jerry and noticed he was

in pain and it was hard for him to breath. They got out a stretcher and board and we lifted Jerry on it. He was strapped in and we put him in the ambulance. As this was taking place I noticed that there were two Honda Goldwing riders that stopped on the bridge when they saw the accident, and they immediately went down. They were going slow so there were no injuries just scratches on the bikes. They picked up their bikes and rode over the bridge and parked by us. I asked them where they were from. “Charlotte”, they said, “and we wish we were there now”. I think the rain, cold, and accident had a lot to do with the comment. Meanwhile the ambulance took Jerry to the clinic at Inkut about 28 miles back. John and I pushed Jerry’s GS to the side of the road and straightened the Tenere’s shift lever and whatever else we could. It started up just fine and we took off to see Jerry at the clinic. We entered the First Nation clinic and found Jerry laying down talking with the male head nurse (Mario). Jerry was very upset because they cut his Aerostich jacket and pants off. He was getting Primo attention and the First Nation people were very concerned and empathetic. I used the clinic landline to call the tow service to pick up Jerry’s bike. I also called the insurance companies on Jerry’s behalf. When I returned to the room Daniel MacIntosh from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was there. He explained that earlier in the morning there was a diesel spill on the bridge from a truck that had a ruptured fuel tank. It was reported but we crossed the bridge before they could clean the spill. The accident was definitely not our fault. He was very cordial and gave us his card and promised to email the report. Damn, what a turn of events!

Mario, the head nurse, said that Jerry had fractured ribs, and a punctured lung. They needed to get him to the hospital in Dease Lake where they can XRay and CT Scan. So they called for an ambulance to pick Jerry up from the hospital. John and I went to the gas station and filled our tanks and had something to eat. While we were there we noticed the tow truck go by with Jerry’s bike. Good, it was not left by the side of the road. Now it was time to go back 30 miles to Dease Lake to join Jerry at the hospital. We rode through the rain, construction area, and gravel and arrived at the hospital to find Jerry laying down in the hospital bed waiting for the doctor to arrive. He did not appear to be in a lot of pain. He said he needed his phone charger, cords, and toiletries he left in his saddlebags. Oh darn - OK we’ll go back and get them. So we

got on our bikes and rode 30 miles through the wind and rain and gravel. We returned with Jerry’s stuff. The doctor had examined Jerry and said he had five broken ribs and a punctured lung. He needed to be airlifted to the U.S. but he needed his passport. “Jerry where is your passport?”. “On the bike in the saddlebags”, he an-



swered. "Oh no! We have to ride 30 miles back to the tow yard""Well, let's get going". It was raining harder and the road felt slippery. We got to Dave Middleton's place, the tow truck guy, and he asked if we wanted to stay in his cabin for the night. We had to get back to Dease Lake and we sure were not going to travel back again. "Thanks Dave but we will stay in Dease Lake". We got back with the passport and all was well. Except we could not find a place to stay for the night. The guys at the hospital, Gordon Lawley & Bernie Van Der Kwast, invited us to stay at the hospital. They had two vacant rooms. What a pleasure that was. We had a shower and went right to bed. It was so comfortable and warm.

I had a great night's rest at the hospital. Actually I didn't want to get up and face another rainy ride. But I knew the chartered medical jet plane was coming to pick up Jerry at 8:15am. Also the guys were already having a cup of coffee. So John and I went to Jerry's bed, where he was awake and talking to his daughter, and wished him well and told him we would see him in Seattle at the hospital. After we thanked everyone for their help and professional service, we took off heading south on the Cassiar Hwy. We stopped for breakfast at the Tatogga Lodge. John, the owner, had already heard about the accident on the Devil Creek Bridge but didn't know it was us. After a good talk and meal we jumped on our bikes in the pouring rain and once again set out south to Prince George. The road was paved and clear and the rain stopped after about 100 miles. The geography was changing from a dramatic rough mountain curvy road with dark clouds and lakes and rivers on the side; to a more rolling hills, agrarian fields, with clearer skies and warmer temperatures. It felt good to be in a less challenging environment. We had lunch at Tim Horton's in a great little town of Smithers. A lot of agriculture, farming and ranching is in this area. We motored about ten miles down the road past big barns, fields of hay, and tractor activity. The farmers were out making hay while the sun shine's. We reached Houston and one of the best campgrounds of the entire trip. The facilities were clean and well maintained. The people were very hospitable and helpful. We met two guys that were riding bicycles from Saskatchewan and going to Fairbanks. As we were talking, two tractors pulled into the campground. An old restored John Deere pulling an enclosed trailer, and a old International tractor . They were from the Seattle area and driving to Deadhorse for Diabetes Fund publicity. The tractors average 16 mph and they drive for 12 hours a day or about 200 miles a day. Wow - there are all different people with different motives reaching out to challenge the rugged territory of Alaska. I was so impressed by these last two adventurers, especially since we had just traveled that road and knew the challenges along the way. Our tents were pitched on flat solid ground, me on grass and John had a roof to sleep under. The weather was warmer and the sky was clear. We could see stars and the moon.



It was the nineteenth day of our adventure to Alaska. We were in Houston, British Columbia and we were in one of the best campgrounds of the trip. Good showers, good washers & dryers, and good tenting facilities. Even the weather was clear but a little on the cool side in the morning. We woke up at 6am (normal for us) and packed our camping gear. We



said goodbye to the bicyclists that were camped close to us, (the tractor guys were already gone). The morning was brisk but I enjoyed seeing the farms and livestock in the fields and the rolling hills with hay and alfalfa growing. We stopped at a little cafe that I thought was closed. We were just early, it was open for business. Good, I needed a cup and a good meal since we did not eat dinner. Once again the people were very cordial and the food was superb. The owner came over to our table and wanted to chat about our adventure. Seems that he has ridden a motorcycle in the past and enjoys riding. The restaurant was a family affair and they took pride in their product. We said adios and climbed on our moto's and headed to Prince George. There were beautiful lakes, rivers, fluffy clouds, and sweeping curvy roads up and down rolling hills as we rode mile after mile. Prince George is a small city with a large business community. It has all the service, manufacturing, and retail organizations for this area. We continued on to Williams Lake where we stopped at Canadian Tire. John discarded his extra oil and I purchased an iPhone cord. Then we went 10 miles down the road and found a campground. We camped for the night by a small lake. By morning the clouds came in and it rained. We were getting pretty good at packing up in wet weather.

Alright, today we will cross the border into the United States and possibly make it to Seattle to visit with Jerry. We arrived in Clinton, B.C. and stopped at Tim Hortons. This was the same one we stopped at on our way up to Alaska. It was a bit cool so the coffee and oatmeal was welcome. We met a man riding a R100GS BumbleBee that was pristine. He was riding from Vancouver where he visited with his ill father. He was on his way home to Prince George. We talked about BMW's, riding, and our adventure to Alaska. Now it was time to ride to Hope through some very interesting roads between mountain passes and rugged terrain and very twisty pavement. A fast moving river runs in the middle of the gorge and the train runs on the opposite side. There is a rock wall on one side of the road and a drop off down the canyon to the river on the other. It was so beautiful it was hard to keep my eyes on the road. We finally arrived at Hope and caught the freeway, Hwy 1, to Chilliwack for lunch and gas. The border is very close at Abbotsford. This would be our last stop in Canada.

The border crossing was quick and easy. We took Highway 9 through beautiful farms, plenty of vegetation, and mild weather. It was a two lane road that meandered through a very productive farming community. It was very pretty and a real change in geography and climate. For lunch we stopped at a good mexican restaurant before we headed to I-5. Going on I-5 to Seattle was a nightmare due to traffic. It was stop and go for miles and miles and miles and no lane splitting. I couldn't believe how bad the congestion is in Seattle. We finally arrived at Harborview Hospital to see Jerry. He was in good spirits and was well taken care of. Jerry said that he had 10 fractured ribs, a punctured lung, and a broken little finger. The ride from Dease Lake was fast, with good medical support, but the plane was small and somewhat claustrophobic. He was getting super help at the hospital. Jerry's daughter and son in law were driving up to pick him up and take him home. We spent a few hours with Jerry then left to find a campground. We stopped at the nearest KOA and that was overflowing with tourists. Someone at the desk told John about a campground at "Wild Game Park" in Auburn. So we were off to find this park before it got to dark. After going in a few circles and stopping at dead ends and backtracking, we found the Wild Game Park in Auburn. The front gate was filled with cars and people so we rode to a second gate where we stopped and I walked into the campground area. I asked a camper if there was any open spaces for a tent. He said that his church had rented all the spaces but there was a "no show and it would cost \$25". Great! But he had to talk with the host. By this time John and I were so tired we started setting up our camp. The guy returned and said the host refused our request to camp there. Oh no... I walked quite a way to the host and pleaded with him and even gave him a hard luck story, (our friend being in hospital and visiting him, etc.). He finally agreed to let us stay and camp. Whew - I was not going anywhere. I was tired. It was a nice park with grass and trees and quiet and no rain!!!

Now we were riding in known territory with good roads and a warmer climate. We cruised on back roads to Tacoma and then down Hwy 101 and enjoyed the Oregon coast. The weather was as good as I have experienced. We could see out to the Pacific Ocean and all the huge rock formations along the coastline. The birds and sea lions were out enjoying the summer weather. We pulled into Tugman State Campground just south of Reedsport, Oregon. John and I have stayed there before. We got the last camping space available. This was luck because it was getting dark and we were ready to stop for the night.

It was the 22nd day of our adventure and we were riding to California today. Our bikes automatically pulled into McD's in Coos Bay. It is always a treat to see all the logging activity in the bay. Lumber mills and logging trucks busy going north and south picking up wood and bring it into port to be sent all over the world. Boats are docked along the bay and many entering and leaving out to sea. We left this scene and soon arrived in Port Orford. The Norwegian Cafe was closed or we would have stopped for fish and chips. Onward to Brookings which is close to the California border with all its tourist activity and excitement. We soon reached Crescent City and I noticed the fairgrounds where the BMW NorCal ended the

Range of Light - Gypsy Tour a few years ago. The weather was gorgeous and I was thoroughly enjoying the ride. I couldn't help thinking how beautiful our state is. The road wound around wide curves, wildflowers and vegetation, big trees, and a coastline that is magnificent. Arcata and Eureka were soon in our mirrors as we headed south. John knew a campground at BenBow, he stayed there with the Velocette Club, so we decided to stay there for the night. Very interesting spot on the east side of Hwy 101. We rode on a gravel road that had construction. It was a one lane rock & gravel path over a hill and over a concrete bridge to the campground. It was a nice flat state campground by a river with not much water.



We had plenty of time to set up camp and take a shower. We did not have dinner because all the cooking gear was left in Jerry's saddlebags. So we sat at the table and enjoyed reminiscing about our adventure to Alaska.

The birds were chirping and the sun was shining on us as we packed our camping gear for the last day of our trip. We stopped at the Eel River Cafe in Garberville. This was a great stop for our

last breakfast on the road together. The food was good, the people were very nice, and the atmosphere was spot on. It is an old cafe with many pictures of days gone by of logging, old cars, and the town in the 1930's. We took pictures, gassed up and took off to the Bay Area. As we rode over the San Rafael Bridge I could see the skyline of San Francisco and Oakland. The weather was perfect and the bay water was



glimmering in the sun. It seemed like a long time had passed since we left this spot. But it was good to be back in our neighborhood. We waved goodbye to each other after our 8,600 mile journey together. John went home to Pleasanton and I turned off at Park Blvd. in Oakland. Another exciting adventure under our belt. I can now check off one more item on my bucket list.

Fred Montano

Riding to Alaska - Lessons Learnt

Note #1: No problem with the availability of gas. Be prepared to have enough gas on the Haul Road (Dalton Highway) from Fairbanks to Deadhorse. Expect 220 miles to Coldfoot, where you can get gas. It is best to carry extra gas just in case.

Note #2: We did not have a mosquito problem. I had sprayed my camping equipment with repellent and we used John's repellent spray when ever we stopped to camp. Mosquito's would swarm around us when we stopped on the road but we kept our helmets on and our gear. I might have gotten a few bites but nothing out of the ordinary. For me that is amazing.

Note #3: We did not make camping reservations in advance. There are plenty of good camping sites along the way, both private and government. They usually charge \$10 cdn each. Some are less expensive. In Prudhoe Bay we stayed at the Brooks Camp complex. This is a four story modular building where the workers live. They charged us \$140 each. We had our own rooms and it included breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and all the snacks we could carry. They also set up a hose so we could wash the mud off our bikes. Everyone was cordial, helpful, and curious about our adventure. This was one of the best decisions of our trip, (although I was very reluctant to spend that amount at first).

Note #4: Be sure to have medical insurance that covers you in Canada & Alaska. And get an evacuation insurance to cover ambulance and air flight (both fixed wing and helicopter). I suggest Sky Med (800-275-9633) or www.skymed.com (they were at the 49er Rally). Be very leery of off brand insurances such as GIO Insurance that is with SPOT, or other cheaper coverage. When you need to be Med A Vac'd you need help not problems. And the cost could put a dent in your budget.

Note #5: If you want to take a ferry to or from Alaska make reservations months in advance. You can find their website online.

NOTE #6: I recommend using an off road tire or 70/30, if you plan on riding to Prudhoe Bay on the Dalton Highway. The weather can get difficult and they use a chalky chemical to keep the gravel road from weathering and getting ruts. This makes the surface slippery. Also the "Top Of The World Highway" is mostly gravel.

Note #6: We all agreed that the best part of the trip was the people we met along the way. Take time to meet and talk with other travelers, service providers, and citizens of the host state or country.

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NorCal Oktoberfest 2018



Another successful Oktoberfest with nearly 100 participants. Massive thanks to the organizers specifically Kevin Colman and Nick Gloyd for putting this event together. Transporting equipment buying and preparing food, beer kegs, ice tables and everything meant that the few worked while the rest enjoyed themselves. Nick (wearing his tour captain hat) and prepared not one but two routes from the breakfast places to the lake Sonoma camp grounds. Around 15 riders rode from each location: San Rafael and Suisun City. The weather was perfect and the roads free of traffic. A truly memorable ride.



The campout ended around the fire and the music, dancing and general hilarity lasted until the late evening.

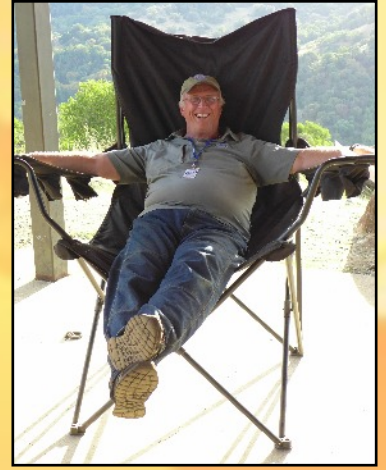
There as coffee and breakfast in the morning with Kevin again scrambling dozens of eggs on the bbq to go along this the Brats that were not consumed the previous evening.

The Norcal club is currently going from strength to strength with half a dozen new new riders seeming to show up at each event.



The club insists Alan Huntzinger gets well soon

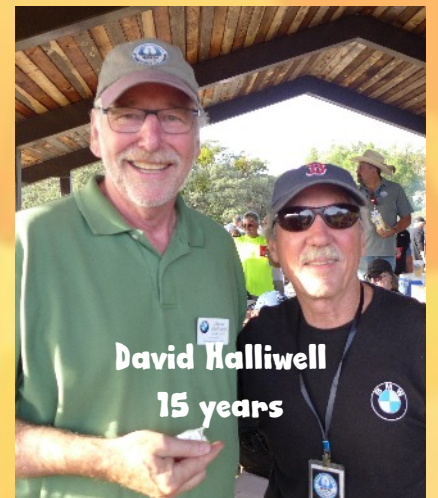




Markus Fournier
15 years



Thane Beckstrand
35 years



David Halliwell
15 years

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Events

- November Member Meeting and Camp out -
Fremont Peak (Doe Flat Group Site)
Start: 01 Dec 2018, 08.00 am,
Black Bear Diner, Pleasanton. End: 02 Dec 2018
Register on-line please.
- Monthly Board of Director Meeting
08 Dec 2018, 10:00 am-12:00 pm
MotoGuild SF,
849 13th St. San Francisco
- BMW NorCal Member Holiday Party!
08 Dec 2018 5:00 pm - 10:00 pm
Skates on the Bay, 100 Seawall Dr, Berkeley, CA
Member \$30.00 Guests \$50.00
Registration Closes December 1

Anniversaries

November 2018 Davis Opheim - 15years
Lee Wolff - 25years

January 2019 Steve Dabrowski 30 years
Pat Holland 30 years

February 2019 Russ Drake 30 years



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