Last Chance....

...this year, to hit the foot hills of our beautiful state. This month, I have found some very interesting ways to get to Calaveras Big Tree State Park, our trip destination, that will put a big smile on the face of all our back road cruisers. I am sure some of the old timers have ridden these black tops jewels in the past, but I would not be surprise if they have not. After all, what I have pre-ridden this past week-end is far from being a standard way to get where we will be going from the Bay area. So, aside the crossing of our Vegetable Valley, which I have tried to make as painless and as quick as I possibly could, the ones who will decide to join me on Saturday morning for this month tour, will definitely be in for a treat.

I have scheduled to depart for the tour on Saturday morning at 9 AM, and this from one of our favorite places in Morgan Hill, called Just Breakfast. The best way to get to the restaurant from the Bay area, is to go South on 101 to Dunne Ave exit. Go West on Dunne Ave for about 1 miles, and make a right on Monterey Street, which takes you to downtown Morgan Hill. The restaurant will be .3 mile to your left.

For the campground, go East on Hwy 4, then about 2 miles East of Arnold, Calaveras Big Tree State Park will be on your right. As you get in the park, you will come across a booth. Ask there for direction. We do have the North group campground available to us for Friday and Saturday night. Also, just as a reminder, and as I brought this up at our last meeting, the rangers will close up the campground on us if there is bad weather (hard freezing and/or snow), and so I am suggesting that if this is the case, who ever makes it up there, we could hold our meeting at the Snowshoe brewery in Arnold and then just go home from there. But, like I said, I am pretty sure this would be unlikely to happen... just a heads up for everyone. Hope to see you all there in numbers.

Your tour captain,
Alain De Roo
Up to Speed
September Campout
by Don Allison, President

Fran Crane died September 12 in a Salt Lake City hospital following her
motorcycle accident three days earlier while she was competing in her fifth
Iron Butt Rally.

It still doesn’t seem real . . . . . that Fran Crane is no longer riding in
our world. It’s been several weeks since I first learned the awful news, but
I’m still troubled by it. I didn’t really know her well. She was a
long-time member of NorCal, but rarely appeared at any of our regular club
events. I knew her name and reputation by various magazine and newspaper
accounts of her exploits at the Iron Butt competitions before my first
encounter with her in person at Pridmore’s Class school in the fall of 1990
at Laguna Seca. She bore a comfortable, self-assured manner and was a
commanding presence in her well-worn leathers and single long braid of hair.
Her diminutive frame belied the larger-than-life impression she made whether
piloting a track bike or leading a classroom discussion.

For our Club’s first ‘49er Rally at Quincy in 1993 I invited Fran to conduct
an open-ended seminar relating to her broad motorcycling experiences, and she
accepted without hesitation. She packed the house. All the chairs were
filled, and people were standing wherever they could find room. Audience
appreciation and interest in what she had to say was intense, and it still
ranks as one of my favorite rally experiences.

So, knowing her only in the small way I did, I’m at something of a loss to
explain why I feel as I do.

As motorcyclists we must accept the dangers inherent in what we do. Oh, we
can blithely shrug off the risks by avering modern life is dangerous, that
death lurks around every corner. Not taking risks is no guarantee you won’t
meet some unexpected and untimely end. And, still it’s dangerous. We
develop and refine our riding skills to enhance enjoyment of our pastime and
increase our odds of survival. You can’t ride in fear but you must always be
aware, have your senses on full scan, be always at yellow alert if survival
is what you have in mind. But as safety conscious as any of us may be there
exists the realization that there may be a large Buick or a decreasing radius
curve or oil slick or deer or . . . . . something with our name on it, just
waiting for some small lapse in our focus.

You can’t ride in fear, and I have no intention of changing what I do in
pursuit of two wheeled pleasure. But I think of Fran and her unexpected and
untimely end. And I feel a little more vulnerable.

Board Meeting
10/31/99

The October board meeting will be held Sunday morning, October
31, at a location and time to be announced at the General Members’ Meeting the night before.

All members are welcome to attend.
Some guys have all the luck...

I was headed north on 580 last Sunday morning when I noticed a CHP officer on a motorcycle swooping down the onramp ahead of me. I followed for a few miles, noticing how he would shoot up an onramp only to appear again zooming down the onramp on the other side. This went on for two or three ramps until my exit came up, where the officer also took. As I pulled along side I noticed a heavy set man in his mid 50s astride a BMW R1100RT.
I rolled the window down.
"How do you like your beemer?"

"I've only had it a couple of weeks, but it sure beats my old Kawasaki."

"I was thinking of renting one next year in the Alps."

"Heyhey, this one sure likes those corners."

"Bet it beats draggin' floorboards on that Kawasaki, eh?"

"Oh, I still drag hardware on this one!" he said with a grin.

"Well it sounds to me like you're havin' too much fun!"

Just then the light turned and I waved as he took off down the next onramp. What a hoot: A middle aged CHP officer dragging pegs and livin' large on BMW's RT. Some guys have all the luck...

Scot Marburger

Safety/Tech Corner
By Tony Westlake, Safety Director

While riding with the tour to Austin, Nevada; I noticed a headlight out on one of the bikes in the group. As we rode, I tried to figure out what kind of bike it was so that I could let them know of the situation. I noticed the problem late in the day, which could mean that the light was functional early on. As a motorcycle training instructor, I always advise my students to do a pre-ride check. This is great but what about during the ride? While riding, I am always checking other bikes & hoping that others are checking mine as well. After talking to Greg & checking his bike, we found a bad connection under the gas tank & easily fixed it.

below - After market steering stop found on Randy Owens' GS.

2nd Sunday Breakfast

Delancy Street Restaurant, San Francisco
November 14, 1999, 10:00 a.m.

November's breakfast outing will find us returning to the Delancy Street Restaurant in San Francisco. The restaurant is the training school of the Delancy Street Foundation, the country's largest and most acclaimed self-help residential organization. The foundation helps those who have hit bottom to completely rebuild their lives through the development of new skills and attitudes while they work at the restaurant. Not that you'd know any of that by just eating at the restaurant (unless you peeked at the back of the menu). The restaurant is beautifully designed and appointed and staffed by helpful and friendly people serving delicious and modestly priced food.

The offerings are varied, ranging from the eggs and meat standards to omelettes, southwestern chicken hash, cheese blintzes, and lemon poppyseed waffles. On a nice day you can enjoy your meal on a spacious patio overlooking the Embarcadero and the Jeremiah O'Brien. To get to the restaurant from the south (or the City) take the 4th St. exit (last before Bay Bridge) and continue toward the Bay on Bryant. At the Embarcadero turn right and go to Brannan where the restaurant is located on the corner. From East Bay take the first exit off the Bay Bridge and turn back toward the Embarcadero. Turn right and go to Brannan.

Delancy Street opens at 10:00, so that's when we'll meet. See you there.
Whose idea was this, anyway?

As exiting tour captain, it was my responsibility to choose and reserve the campsites for July, August, and September. It’s only fair that since I duped Alain into riding 500 miles into the heart of Nevada this month, I should be willing to write the tour article.

When you intend to cover 500 miles in a day, stop for lunch, and still arrive before 5:00, you have to leave early. For me that meant 5:00 AM from Los Gatos. I met up with three other riders in Livermore and we headed across the Central Valley into the rising sun, with the setting full moon resplendent behind us. Arriving at the preordained starting point of Angels Camp, we had breakfast, waited for the rest of the tour to show up. Leaving Angels Camp with about 10 bikes, we started east. We rode over Ebbets and Monitor Passes before dropping into the desert. Presently we arrived in Nevada and had lunch in a (surprise) casino in Yerington. After Yerington the roads became less desolate and more capable to velocity. The group rode north to Fallon then east on US 50, the self-proclaimed “loneliest road in America”. (Who thought you could make a tourist attraction out of the fact that there are no tourists in a place? Seems contradictory to me. What happens if they succeed in making US 50 a tourist destination? Will noone then go there?)

In fact, the loneliest on the tour was Nevada 722, which branches off of US 50 on the way to Austin. It has some nice sweepers followed by some mind-bending long, straight stretches. Ever the diligent scientists, our group set about computing coefficients of drag, frontal areas and throttle cable elasticity. It turns out, in fact, that the throttle cable on Scot Marburger’s K1200 has a higher modulus of elasticity than the cable on my GS, because he was able to accelerate faster than me.

Speaking of experiments, driving through towns in Nevada has interesting psychological consequences, as one slows from 55+ down to 55, then 45, then 35, then 25, when it seems like the bike is going to fall over because you are going so slow. In any case, we rode through the burg of Austin, then a few miles up the mountain to our campground, arriving well before 5:00. Total mileage from Angels Camp was about 350 miles.

While the more gastronomically-oriented folks in the club (i.e., almost everyone) were out eating dinner, a few of us stole away to a nearby natural hot spring called “Area 51 Celsius”. (OK, I just made that name up.) The water temperature was perfect, and sitting out in the high desert with the full moon blazing overhead and warm water under my hiney was the perfect end to a great day of riding. What a great club — combining riding and camping every month like this. Oh yeah, and the people aren’t all that bad either... I guess.

Brad Hepler
"Missing" Members. Take Note: We'd Like to See You Again and Present Your Pin.
List Compiled and Presented Courtesy of Jim Luke, Vice President

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A Tribute to Fran Crane

Ely, Nevada
9/14/99 - Iron Butt: Epilog

Antoine de St. Exupery’s novelette, “The Little Prince,” is usually found in the children’s section of bookstores. Like most good children’s stories, of course, the tale of the diminutive visitor from asteroid B612 is really an allegory for adults. It is a story about life and death and letting go.

St. Exupery knew those subjects first-hand. He had been one of the first French aviators, had flown mail routes through the Andes in the 1930s, and had crashed in the Sahara during an air race from Paris to Saigon. He seemed able to survive anything. But on a routine reconnaissance flight in northern France during World War II, he disappeared, as they say, without a trace.

I once knew a woman from St. Exupery’s asteroid B612. She was a motorcyclist, a very fast and efficient motorcyclist, and she could stay on her bike for so long that it seemed as if she and the machine had bonded together. One day we rode together for about fifty yards. That’s when I figured out that she wasn’t from around here.

It was at a CLASS session at the Willow Springs race track. I had jumped into the sub-novice “B” group and was plowing around on the course on my K75 at speeds that were slow even by sub-novice standards. But I was learning. Even the downhill, off-camber, left-hand corner that had been designed by the devil himself was succumbing to my iron will.

By the middle of the day, I was hammering through there at speeds well in excess of eighteen miles-per-hour. As I approached the corner for perhaps the 30th time, I slung the bike over to a frightening angle of maybe ten degrees off vertical, geared down, cranked up the throttle to 2,500 rpm, clamped both hands on the grips, and hung on for dear life. At that moment my eyes were blurred, naturally, but I still could see a rider coming around the outside of that hellish corner at an unbelievable speed, pointing me with a left thumb up in the air and grinning. In a couple of moments the bike and rider had disappeared, as they say, without a trace.

I am not easily impressed, but that particular feat stepped me back so much that I came into the pits and made an inquiry about the little guy in the gray leathers on the K-bike. I was told that the little guy was Fran Crane and that she was one of the CLASS instructors.

That was the only time I ever saw her ride, those fifty yards. It was enough. It told me that she wasn’t from around here. But, hell, everybody knew that.

If it was a motorcycle endurance competition, at one time or another Fran held the record. The quickest time touching each of the 48 states? In 1986 she and Mike Kneebone did it in 6.6 days, shattering the old record by more than four days and establishing a new one that would stand for ten years. Forty-eight hours later, she went back home across the U.S. in record time from New York to San Francisco. When the American Motorcyclist Association’s museum did a tribute to women in motorcycling some years ago, the rider from asteroid B612 was a significant part of the exhibition.

Now she has gone, the target of a perverse concatenation of bad luck. With 96% of the Iron Butt Rally behind her and only minutes after filling the bike’s tank, she mysteriously lost control of the motorcycle on an interstate highway. A helmet that should not fail failed, but she was otherwise injured only slightly. She was taken to a modern, reputable hospital suffering from nothing more critical than a concussion. She began to recover, but then was mistakenly administered a drug that ended her life. At any point the fracture of a single link in that inexorable chain of circumstances would today have Fran alive and well. But nothing intervened. When people speak of cruel fate, this is what they mean.

It is neither surprising nor ironic to me that the airplane which gave St. Exupery’s life such meaning and expression was also the instrument of his death. Thus it is with Fran and her motorcycle. No machines that toy with gravity or the way airplanes and motorcycles do will ever be safe. Those who love to fly them or ride them appreciate that inchoate risk and accept it for what it is worth. You hope your bet won’t be called; but you know that if you fly or ride long enough and fast enough, it likely will be. When that happens, sadness reigns. It is inevitable.

St. Exupery left us his beautiful words and images; Fran has left us her beautiful grace, skill, and spirit. We cannot ask any more of them than that. We are lucky to have known these magnificent people at all, however tangentially and however briefly. In their deaths they have taught us about life.

Along the lonely roads of Nevada at night, you simply cannot believe the light show that the heavens produce. The stars literally are without number. They wink and sputter and rip across the sky joyously. You can almost hear them laughing. There are comets and meteors and space junk, constellations and nebulas and galaxies, and worlds without end.

There are asteroids up there, too. Look for the one called B612. Any child can point it out to you. That one’s my favorite. I once knew a person from there.  

Bob Higdon

Fran, at the 1997 Iron Butt Rally
California BMW
2490 Old Middlefield Way, Mountain View Between Rengstorff and San Antonio Rd. (650) 966-1183
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Congratulations Long-Timers!!

Alan and Dorothy Yandell received 25 year pins. They recounts that this campground, Bob Scott, was one of the first campgrounds they camped in.

Welcome New Club Members!!

Tim Garb and Gabriella (the motorcycle??) were first-timers from Reno

Randy Owens, Tim Garrett and Mark Engebretson were second-timers and joined the club

Pleasant, sunny weather - September is a perfect time of year to ride and camp in Nevada.
1999 Gypsy Range of Light Tour Remembered
Shots of September
For Sale

Corbin Seat for R1100RT: Includes back rest, $425.00
K1100RT Reynolds Trailer Hitch: complete with wiring, $75.00 Call Skip Orr at AC916-745-1527 or email orr@ps.net
1992 K-75S: 13,000 miles, original owner, garaged, excellent condition, ABS, new tires, new battery, Silver Pearl, $6000.00.
Tom Duffy 650-755-3766
1999 R1100S: Yellow, 3,600 miles. It was purchased one year ago and used on two or three weekend trips. The bike is completely stock except for the addition of a Two Brothers Racing carbon fiber slip on. There are no scratches or dents on the bike as it looks like new. The bike was serviced at the 800 mile mark. Anyone looking for a good deal please call Rob at 714-693-0843. The asking price is $11,000. (paid $16,000 with tax, lic. and pipes). There is a $250 finders fee offered.

What’s Doin’

ATTENTION AMA MEMBERS: Tell us who you are! Please call our ‘49er Rally Chairman, Scot Marburger at (925)294-2551 and give him your name and AMA number. We are in the process of upgrading our AMA affiliation from “social” to “sanctioning” and your membership counts! (If you get the answering machine for Gunsmoke Engineering, you’re in the right place!). Thanks!

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CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

✓ October 30  General Member's Meeting — Calaveras Big Tree State Park
✓ October 31  Board Meeting — Time at Location TBD at General Members' Meeting
✓ November 5  Deadline for November Newsletter
✓ November 14 Second Sunday Breakfast Delancy Street Restaurant, San Francisco
November 27  General Member's Meeting — Location To be Announced
December xx  Christmas Party — Location & Date To Be Determined

✓ In this issue.

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

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

BMW Club
Of Northern California
http://bmwnorcal.org
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