



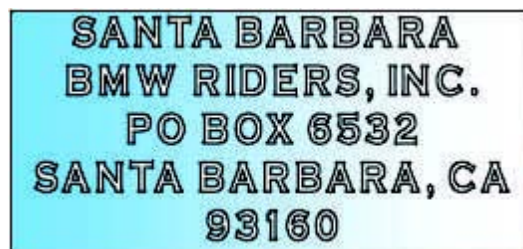
**MYSTERIOUS BAVARIAN
BMW BIKER FINDS GOLD
RIDING HOME FROM
49ER RALLY**

(see story at column 2, page 2)

**THE 2010 Bicyclists' TOUR OF CALIFORNIA
WITH AID FROM BIKERS**



Mr. David Walls, formerly and perhaps in some ways still of Canada, giving ride to medic at bicyclists' Tour of California (Photo by Cy Madrone, story on p. 4)



JUNE 2010 ISSUE

Next monthly club meeting Monday, June 21 at Sizzler's -- the Goleta one, not the Philadelphia one, opposite the Toyota auto dealer and at 5555 Hollister Avenue. Dinner *circa* 6 PM. Meeting at 7:30 P.M.

THE BMW 49ER RALLY, 2010

Narrative and photos by Tony Suhrer

The 49er rally was moved to the Mariposa County Fairgrounds this year, a good thing. It still was scheduled for Memorial Day weekend, not such a good thing. With the good outweighing the

bad I join six other members of the SBBMWR camping for the weekend. Jim and I leave a couple of hours earlier than Harvey, Duffy, and Phil. Dave and Shap also ride together departing a day before the rest of us in order to enjoy the late snow that is falling in Yosemite. They got as far as Crane Flat in the Park where the six inches of snow persuaded them to return to the lower elevations.

We ride to Santa Margarita in order to pick up the 58 and the ever popular go-kart track of a road, 229. Heck, even the 58 for the first several miles is a kick, unless you are the driver of that big-rig hauling the heavy equipment trailer. When the poor guy has to negotiate the winding portions of the highway the rear wheels would completely cross the other lane on the lefts and leave the pavement by at least six feet on the rights. Yes, he did pull over and let us by at the first chance he had. The temps are in the upper sixties, no wind and the road fairly clean, very fun. One hazard that was a bit difficult to observe was the fine, almost invisible, sand powder that accumulates near the edge of the inside turns where towed vehicles tend to cut the corners and throw stuff on the road. While not the favored line it was prudent to swing wide, ask Jim about the slight sliding of the rear wheel when near the edge. Highway 41, before having to join the crowds on 46, is another enjoyable bit of riding.

San Joaquin Valley, never a thrill, but actually pleasant today. Raymond road out of Madera is an excellent crowd avoidance route towards Yosemite. We turn left at the town of Raymond onto Ben Hur Rd. (great name) and ride the twists and hills through the foothills all the way to Mariposa and the fairgrounds. Check-in is quick, authenticated by the gentleman with the heavy German accent behind the little window.

The sprawling grounds offer many options for tent sites. We choose the lesser populated football field as suggested by Doug from his prior visits.



Wandering the grounds looking at all the different bikes and talking with their owners is a big portion of the fun of being at a rally. Venders are not as numerous as expected, but just enough are present as Jim is able to pick up a nice sleeping pad. We find Shap and Dave in the ADV neighborhood just before the rest of the SB contingent pull in. The movie this night is pretty lame, but the blues band next to the bier garden is excellent.

On Sat. Jim, Phil and I peruse the grounds for several hours then depart for an exploration of the Bass Lake area. My son goes there every summer with friends and my mother used to spend part of her summer camped on the shore back in the thirties so I wanted a mental picture of my own to accompany their stories. Lots of LEO on Highway 49.



Once again we grab a burrito for dinner. Before I left for the rally I searched for a microbrewery near Mariposa; up came the Mariposa Microbrewery located at 5004 Fairgrounds Rd. That's pretty close to our rally which is 5007 Fairgrounds Rd. We walk over to the tasting room to sample their wares; my

favorite is the IPA (their Indian Pale Ale). More riders wander in over the next couple of hours. A boisterous German fellow and I engage in a spirited discussion of sailing for well over an hour. A good time was had by all. We walk back to the rally and enjoy another good blues band. Some of the riders we talk to lamented the crowds of Yosemite, from the entrance booth on. Rats, as I hoped to tour the Park on Sunday. However, they had waited until 10:30 to enter the Park so of course there had been crowds on Memorial Weekend. I'll leave around 6:30 and give it a go (Jim and Phil stayed at the rally so you will have to talk to them about the Sunday events).

Highway 140 into Yosemite along the Merced River is indeed scenic, sinuous, and deserted. Only one car is ahead of me at the entrance. Waterfalls, waterfalls, and more waterfalls. They are all flowing and full. I've made several stops and by now there are more than enough people and vehicles. Parking the motorcycle presents little problem, even in the Valley by the visitors' center. My primary destination today is Glacier Point. There is an overlook just out of and above the valley in that direction. Here there is traffic, people trying to make a left turn where they shouldn't, going in the exit, poor parking technique. Perhaps the most disconcerting are the buses puking out hordes of tourists. Fortunately they are shorter than I and do not block the view. Actually I don't mind them at this point as they are to be expected on a Sunday of a holiday weekend. Several ask me to take their picture with their cameras. Glacier Point was opened

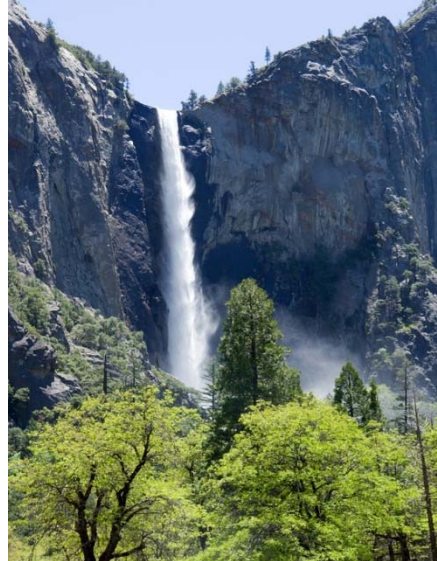


for the year only two days earlier and snow is still in abundance. I stop at the historical site and the visitors' center near the Wawona hotel. What had

been my final stop, the Mariposa Redwood Grove is accessible via shuttle bus only. As I've got all the riding gear and no secure place to store it, I'll catch the grove another time (I've been able to wander the trees on previous trips). In an hour I'm back at the rally.

We catch the awards ceremony that night. The award for the club with the most in attendance went to a group in So Cal with nine members. SB was pretty respectable with seven. Our ride home was the reverse of the route to Mariposa. Phil, Jim and I ride together, and briefly hook up with Dave along Ben Hur Rd. Harvey and Duffy took a different route back. Once again the ride through the San Joaquin Valley was surprisingly pleasant and pretty much without incident.

[Editor's note. I didn't see any p. 2 article on a mysterious Bavarian Beemer gold panhandler, did you? Strange. -- A. E. K. Nash]



Bridal Veil Falls (photo by Harvey Rawn)



Ahwahnee Hotel (photo by Harvey Rawn)



Tony, Dave, & Duffy (photo by Harvey Rawn)

Cy Madrone Reports on the 2010 Tour of California

I promised our new Editor, Keir Nash, some product tonight so here goes... First off, Kudos to Jim Rowley for previously serving as editor of our stately rag. On to the business of riding and the bicyclists' Tour...

I had previously scoped out the 20 mile circuit, and thought that a good place to watch would be in the downhill curvy portion of the course. Lindsay and I took PCH to Deer Creek Road to Mullholland, and I kept expecting to find roadblocks that would require us to park and walk to the course. Imagine my surprise upon arriving at the intersection of Mullholland Dr. and Decker Canyon Rd, and being told by the CHP that I could indeed ride and park along the Decker Canyon descent.

In between each of the circuits we were able to ride the descent portion of the course and thusly take photos from several vantage points. As fellow club-member and Moto Marshall David Walls said in an Email, it was a BMW Fest.

After the 3rd circuit, Lindsay and I rode the course. We caught up to the peloton as it rode along Mullholland Dr. on the 4th and final lap and observe the throngs of spectators. We were inadvertently directly behind the last of the race officials on the

last lap of the circuit and were witness to all of the costumed and body painted fans. We veered off at Decker Canyon and returned to the coast to head home.

Off to New England for a couple of weeks, where I hope to hook up with fellow club-member Mark (Duffy) Morong, who has a stable of BMWs in New Hampshire which he has offered to let me ride. WOW!

Cy Madrone



BMW Fest (photo by Cy Madrone)



The Peloton (photo by Cy Madrone)



The Supporting Cast (photo by Cy Madrone)

[Contact points for comments & questions: the e-mail address of Editor A. E. Keir Nash =: vanplaten@aol.com
Or, phone = 805 687-9315]