



As many of you may have heard, our ACD, Alex Ageev, suffered a mild heart attack this week. A procedure to remove a blockage in the blood vessels was successful and quick. He has been on complete bed rest for the week (no visitors or cell phone) and Sutter Hospital in Antioch. Marce is relieved that the prognosis for Alex looks good and he should be up-and-about soon.

Update: Alex was released from the hospital Saturday afternoon. He and Marce met the group going to Yosemite at 6:40 Sunday morning. Although he looked well, the strain of the experience was visible. Alex will be off work for about six weeks. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Program note: This week's Gathering will be a special one. Chapter Educator has gotten a CHP officer to speak to the chapter. He promises to answer all your questions. Bring along any other riders you know to share the experience. After the meeting we will head out to Cowell Park in Concord to play our district games and have a little BBQ. The hamburgers and drinks are on the chapter. The staff would love to have your feedback regarding the games we have developed. You will choose the five best to use in Mammoth.

P.S. Please join us at the District Rally on Labor Day Weekend. "Call (1-800) MAMMOTH and make your hotel reservations before they are all gone. Be sure to mention the "Gold Wing Motorcycle Fall Rally" or Group ID #9731. Also don't forget to send in your Rally Registration form to ensure you get in on all the great activities being offered." ~ Bill Johnson.

"Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it," or so wrote Charles Dudley Warner, but Tom Taylor did. It was Tom's task to design and lead the annual ride to Yosemite this year. The Admiral, Barry Bullock, would be attending his father's memorial service that day. Tom's plan was to touch on the valley and head south to picnic at Pioneer Village. But, as the day of the ride approached (May 22), it became apparent that the weather was going to be c-o-old. So, rather than take the chapter into the mountains and risk, perhaps, ice in the shady side on the roads, we postponed the ride. The new date replaced the "Brunch in Nevada" ride, June 6, to be re-scheduled at a later date. See below for a play-by-play. Tom H and his son-in-law did do the Yosemite ride on May 22 because of a conflict with the new date. And yes it was cold – 30 degrees and snowing at the Highway 120 entrance (6200 feet elevation). Slush was on the highway but slow careful driving resulted in safe passage. The snow turned to rain below 5,000 feet. Despite the rain, it was a beautiful trip, massive water everywhere and just as massive crowds.

By the way, if you have a GPS that reads GPX files, we can now share our routes before a ride. Let me know if this is for you and we'll start sending you our pre-ride files.

The staff has decided to fund CPR/First Aid classes for any chapter member. The date is not set yet, but we will be asking for commitments to attend the 4-hour class from chapter members at the next Gathering this Saturday.

Calendar (partial)

June 12 ~ Gathering with CHP speaker; Picnic and games to follow

July 31 – Aug. 1 ~ Testostrogen Ride

Sept. 3 – 6 ~ District Rally in Mammoth (to book rooms, see above)

As usual, there will be phone tree messages with particulars for each event. I'm including motel information so folks will have plenty of time to secure rooms for the **Testostrogen Ride**. These motels are close to each other, and are within easy walking distance of the Eel River Brew Pub, Denny's, Subway, and Union 76. Plan on dinner Saturday night at the Samoa Cookhouse in Samoa (Eureka).

Best Western
2025 Riverwalk DR. Fortuna 95540
1-800-679-7511

Comfort Inn (What I booked)
1583 Riverwalk Dr.
1-877-424-6423

Holiday Inn Express
1859 Alamar Way
1-800-315-2621

Super 8
1805 Alamar Way
1-800-800-8000

Road Fables

In May the chapter visited the *Wolfpack*, CA-2W, down in Clovis, basically, Fresno. Barry, Aylesa, and I headed down U.S. 99 at 7:30 in the crispy morn. We got at the meeting site while many chapters were already on the ride route. The donuts were gone. Never-the-less, despite the lack of doughy sustenance, we headed out for a beautiful ride. The hills were a lively green from the recent rains. The roads were fairly unoccupied. Lovely. The lunch was held in huge, beautiful Kearney Park. *Personal bitch*: If a chapter is going to have an event where you have to pay for parking, at least give us a heads-up.

At the BBQ we met up with Jac and Maritha de Werk. He seemed to be a little out of sorts; very quiet. And she was acting a little *funny*, also. It wasn't until later in the day, during the drawings, that I may have stumbled on to an explanation of their strange behavior.

I picked up a section of the *Madera Tatler* flying around the tables, and on page A6, in the police blotter, was a small, but fascinating item. Under *Police Calls* was this:

"Units were called to the *Cock 'n' Bull* last night to investigate a disturbance report. Two individuals, an elderly man and woman were witnessed "putting on a show" for the local clientele. It seems the gentleman had commandeered the piano and the lady sang bawdy songs while dancing suggestively on tabletops. When officers approached they both began speaking in a "strange tongue." They were arrested for "Disorderly Conduct" and "Intoxication in a Public Place." They were released in the morning."

No names were given, but I do know that Jac and Maritha spent the night in Madera. Coincidence? I think not!

Memorial Day Weekend was the date of *West Wing 2*, the Region F Rally in Southern California. The weather was as perfect as any day I remember in L.A. I was practicing blending in with the wallpaper at the Costa Mesa Hilton Saturday morning as Bill Johnson passed by. He did a double take and said, "I almost didn't see you." "I must be slipping," I replied. Just then Pam and Vincent Puterbaugh strolled by. "I'll give you ten buck if you *boyk* Pam," I wagered. Bill smiled and walked right up to Pam, put his arms around her, and right in front of God, Vincent, and everyone else, *boyked* her. "You owe me ten." Vincent came over to say hello, but I

had to check his hand before I would shake it. (Editor's note ~ please see 2J's May newsletter for an explanation of this strange ritual)

I met up with the incorrigible Jac and Maritha on Saturday morning. Other than the social opportunities, our mission at *West Wing 2* was to work the registration table for three hours. Luckily for us, Barbara Jeffries and Rene Johnson were there to show us the ropes. And they should know, they both worked registration eight hours the day before. This was going to be a cakewalk.

Things were going well. Rene and Barbara are great ladies and we were all having fun. Soon, Barbara went to catch up with Tom. It started going downhill when Maritha publicly spanked me for verbalizing some innocent observation. Then, while Rene and Maritha were away from the table doing something - disaster. From out of the blue, Jac attacked me. First he assaulted me with aspersions to my adequacy as a chapter director and a man. When I protested, he flung registration packages at me, Oddjob style. Envelopes whizzed by my head, an eruption of paper! What could I do? By the time the ladies returned from their mission we were both in our quiet corners. No one was the wiser. But as I sat mute in my own thoughts, I couldn't help but wonder, *will God forgive for kicking an octogenarian?*

The day promised to be hot, exactly opposite of the weather that caused the cancellation the first time. Walter was waiting in the Chevron parking lot as Chris and I rolled up. Soon, Barry, Ed, and Tom joined the queue. We were headed for Yosemite, and rumor had it that it was going to be a "free" day. Before we left there was a great surprise. Alex and Marce drove up just to say hello and wish us luck.

It was Tom's ride, so he got to lead. We were going to answer the ancient philosophical question: *Does leading a group of Road Captains make the ride easier or harder on the Ride Leader?* The morning was pristine and warm. The route Tom chose was excellent; back roads all the way. We entered Yosemite through the Merced River Canyon, Highway 140. It was a free day and traffic backed up at the gate. Barry's bike wasn't handling the heat very well. The 1500's thermometer was nearly to the red when we got to the gate. There were two lines; One for people with passes, and one for those who didn't. We all had passes and stayed in the right lane. Except Tom: He needed a new National Parks Pass and wanted to get one while he was in Yosemite. As we buzzed past the kiosk I heard the Ranger say to Tom "But sir, you don't need a pass today . . ." He caught up with us a little up the road, without a new pass.

We picnicked at Wawona, just the other side of the old covered bridge for Pioneer Village. Chris tiptoed in the South Fork of the Merced River only to numb her feet. The village is made of original buildings in Yosemite moved to this location. Most remarkable were the millions of lady bugs floating down through the trees like leaves falling on a crispy autumn morn.

We did the *Little Tail of the Dragon* on our return home. Tom invited all those who like to burn and conquer to ride ahead of the group. Barry and Ed graciously accepted and zoomed away. The rest of the group closely examined the driving habits of one Toyota owner not cognizant enough to use a turn-out. We collected at Coulterville and continued west.

The answer we sought to the philosophical question asked at the beginning of the ride remained somewhat elusive. While I can report that most of the ride was fluid and congenial, there were moments that I heard over the CB phrases like "Speed it up," and "Too many back-seat drivers back there," and "Go, go, go!" and "If you want to lead, be my guest." I guess we'll have to continue our *Search for Truth* on another ride.

Pat Riley (with minor edits by Tom H 6-8-10)

Pace for Space