



Just Got Back from Mammoth (and boy is my right wrist tired!)

D. P. Riley

I'm sorry everyone in the chapter was not able to attend this year's District Rally held in beautiful Mammoth, just tucked in on the east side of Yosemite. The weather was excellent (much cooler than past venues), the accommodations delightful (lots of places to sate your hunger and otherwise spend your money within walking distance), and there was always something Gold Wing related to do if you were of a mind. Bill Johnson and his staff are to be commended.

Congratulations to our own Tom Hendrey for garnering "Honorable Mention" as one of the district's best editors. Well done. Also, it should be mentioned that 2J took third in the District Games, beating the District Staff. Our prize for such a Herculean feat is to have our 2011 franchise fees paid by District.

Also, thanks to all the 2J'ers who came up to run the District Games: Alex & Marce Ageev; Barry & Aylesa Bullock; Jac & Maritha de Werk; Partick, Kathy, and Kaitlyn de Werk; Morris & Carol Carey; Bob Prater; Ed Maloney; and Tom Taylor.

Not to be forgotten are the *Three Musketeers* who dropped in for just a few hours: Walter Murray, Willie Walker, and John Simmons.

Special thanks goes to Maritha for contributing items for the District Door Prizes.

I am proud of you all.

DPR

Pace for Space

Up-coming Events

Sept. 11 Chapter Gathering

Sept. 18 2N's Party at the Barn [Register](#)

Sept. 25-26 Waves to Wine Volunteer Moto-crew (see Tom Taylor)

Oct. 2 CA-C Harvest Run 2010 [Register](#)

Oct. 3 CA-2K Kamping with the Krows [Register](#)

As always, you're invited to go to the [District Rallies](#) page for a complete picture of state events.

Road Tales and Other Lies

Not being able to get Friday off, Aylesa, Christine and I arrived in Mammoth around nine-in-the-evening after a wonderful ride over The Hump on Highway 108. There we were in the lobby wearing obvious motorcycle gear, and the clerk wanted to know if we were all on one bike. *Yeah, right!* We checked into our rooms just as the morning group was returning from the Opening Ceremonies.

Gathering in one of the lovely rooms at Village Lodge a mess of 2J'ers discussed the day's events and swapped personal imprecations as a matter of style. The brawling was kept to a minimum as Jac and Maritha had a previous engagement.

Saturday afternoon our CD looked over his condo porch railing. Below, sauntering by were Walter, Willie, and John. They had just arrived from the Bay Area. He tried to call to them, but a head cold had made his voice into a poor, pitiful shadow of a whisper. They walked on by without a hint.

The games ran smoothly, thanks to Aylesa's excellent managerial skills. The only real hitch was that our team was rather spread out. Patrick didn't mind being stuck in a far corner because he could watch Kaitlyn play in the pool. He looked very relaxed in his chair in the shade, heels kicked up. Carol and Morris quietly entertained themselves enjoying a peaceful afternoon on the grass. Of course, Tom had to be inside because his target game, *Couldn't Hit a Bull Moose in the Butt With a Bass Fiddle*, had to be out of the wind. We hooked the very loquacious Tom with the very taciturn Ed Maloney; a real Mutt and Jeff pairing. There were some very interesting couplings with Bob's *Don't Drop Your Balls*. The hit of the day was Barry's *Suck My Beans*. I was waiting for some of the older GWRRA members to drop their dentures into the bowl of Jelly Bellies (didn't happen). Barry's partner, Maritha, took the role of *heckler* to new heights. I can just imagine what an innocent passer-by might think when hearing a stern, accented "You call that sucking? Suck **harder!!!**"

The Saturday Night Spaghetti Feed went well (thank you Chris and Aylesa). It was a BYOS event (that's bring your own silverware). Everybody was there except Bob Prater. He hadn't slept well the night before and rode all morning to make the games. He didn't need pasta nearly as much as he needed sleep. Jac was his usual loud, surly self. Tom was wrapped-up in his latest eBay deal. Morris was holding court, his entertaining best. Much hooing and hawing was made about the CD's lack of vocal vigor, led by Alex. Unaccountably, from a corner unexposed by light, Ed started a food fight: Poor Marce. Things went downhill after that.

At eight in the morning we met in the parking lot. Ed (the Mad Bomber) was waiting for us. Our destination: the Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest of the White Mountains. The Sunday morning air held a bit of chill as four bikes beat south towards Bishop for a fuel stop and a Subway. At White Mountains (named for the abundance of Dolomite) we stopped at Schulman Grove where the oldest living inhabitant of Earth dwells: "Methuselah," at 4,767 years, has lived more than a millennium longer than any other tree. The trees are short, twisted, gnarled affairs. Oddly compelling: beautiful, really. Nobody knows why the branches twist around themselves so; its secret elusive to the probing eyes of science. Chris and I took a short hike through the grove to get a closer look, Barry, Aylesa, and Ed declining to make the trek; Barry's feet don't take kindly to exertion, Aylesa is tied to Barry, and Ed, well, he just doesn't like to sweat. Chris and I were surprised to find only Ed waiting for us in the parking lot. Barry and Aylesa had gone on a hike after all! We saw them coming back down the hill and it made sudden sense. The trail sign said the walk was "an easy, mostly level one." That's not the way Barry saw it, though.

If you're trying to get home on Monday of Labor Day Weekend, don't. Oh yes, the morning ride on the east side of the Sierra was beguiling. The June Lake Loop is not to be missed. But soon after crossing The Hump westward, strings of slow-moving RV's made traveling more difficult and taxing. And, of course the new engineering style of removing passing lanes made the ride even more challenging. But, we handled it well. I was very proud of how the group worked as a unit negotiating the hazards of passing.

But we weren't the only ones with traveling woes. After refueling in Sonora it took us over an hour just to get to O'Byrne's Ferry Road, about five miles. Aylesa's 1500 was getting hot so she bypassed traffic and slipped along the shoulder. It's worth noting that the only other two willing to risk that route were a highway patrol officer, and about fifteen minutes later, a Harley dude. After regrouping in Copperopolis, we found Highway 4 backed up a couple miles of Farmington. Not wishing another standstill, we took a unknown side road to Copperopolis Road and headed west. Barry led us back to 4 via Jack Tone Road. The traffic had all but disappeared. The Admiral had saved us again.

Morris will soon post pictures of the event on [GWRRR CA2J Delta Wings](#) on Facebook. Check it out

Wing Nut



For August

The wing nut is given to the chapter member who has performed the most notorious deed of the month. It could be a good thing, but it's mostly given for bone-headedness or such.

This month's winner of the Golden Wing Nut: **Barry Bullock**

The story goes like this, if I can remember it correctly. It seems that on one of the few truly hot days we've had this summer, Aylesa Bullock discovered the air conditioning in her house was not working. "Don't worry," said Barry, it's probably the capacitor. I'll take care of it when I get home." Barry was fairly certain of his diagnosis because it had happened before.

Now, you need to understand, Barry is a master mechanic. There is not a problem with an automobile he cannot fix. But at home his problem-solving acumen is a little less than stellar. His motto is *I can fix anything . . . with duct tape.*

At home Barry went earnestly to work on the malfunctioning conditioner. After changing the capacitor he switched the power on. Presently he noticed a wire he had neglected to replace. Because the unrestrained wire was near a hot lead he tried gingerly to move it away. Unfortunately, he slightly pushed instead of pulled, and *zzzappppp* – a bright blue electric arc!

Needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), the big, expensive appliance was now not just malfunctioning, but non-functioning. Dead. Kaput.

After the repair service had left a bill for \$1060 Barry told Aylesa "Next time the air conditioner goes out, don't tell me. Just call Freschi!"

DPR