

Daily Planet

June, 2001

Vol. 26, Number 5

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- JUNE 9-10 Dardanelles—*Earl*
Note: Lisa B's & Barbara M's
birthday weekend
- JUNE 23-24 Little Stonyford—*Steve Hursh*
DIRT!
- JUNE 27 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO.
- JULY 6-8 Laguna Seca World Superbike
- JULY 21-22 Kings Canyon—*Steve Schurman*
- AUG 25 Minden, Nevada—*Gretchen*

DARDANELLES RIDE! JUNE 9-10

Most cabins have already been reserved by the group, but there is camping across the street or we might even arrange for some on the property if any one is interested.

Call Earl with any questions or if you want to camp out. 925.443.4004.

We'll be leaving the Shell station on Vasco road just North of Hwy. 580 at **7:00 A.M.** sharp! Breakfast in Oakdale at 8:00.

It's not too late! Join us!

GRETCHEN'S MINDEN NV RIDE! AUG 25

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25's Northstar ride will be heading to Minden, NV, where we'll be staying at **Best Western Minden Inn (775.782.7766)**. There's a pool so bring your wading suits... no jacuzzi. Can't miss it; it's next to Denny's... Sunday breakfast will be waiting if you want it. I've blocked 10 rooms on my credit card under "Gretchen Hoffman." There are 2 with one bed and 7 more with 2 beds. (Yes, that equals 9 because Joe and I grabbed one.) All are nonsmoking. **\$84** for 2 beds in one room and **\$73.70** for rooms with one bed. This includes a 10% tax. They would not give me a AAA discount, but feel free to ask. This is one of the few hotels in that area willing to hold rooms for more than two weeks. Book now if you want to be sure to get a room. The cut-off date to book is Wed, August 1, providing rooms are still available.

The route will be adventurous... thanks to Joe Fleck who has nicely volunteered do the route. (Also, if you want to give him any suggestions of your favorite roads, feel free... his email is **spirit10@pacbell.net**; or let me know.)

Bring your fellow Northstars and friends!

Questions? e-mail me at **ghoffman@docent.com** or give me a ring @ 415.587.2335.

MEETING MINUTES APR 25

We started the meeting with a fashionably late start time. Members included Gary, Lisa, Tony, Mike, Earl, Allan, and Bret. Guests who graced us with their presence included John Downey, Barbara Morshead, Jim Cairnes, and Steve "Ash" Peltier. ☆ Two new members were democratically voted in; one a girl, no less! Barbara Morshead who's been riding with the Northstars for as long as most, as well as Steve Peltier who's ridden with us for two years. Did anyone collect their dues, yet? Never too soon! ☆ RIDE REPORTS: John Downey described his weekend at the Danny Walker 100 flat track school, riding XR100's. See other ride reports in this issue. ☆ NEW BIKES: After an 8-year Harley phase, and 75,000 miles later, Gary bought a '95 1100 BMW GS. ☆ Bret bought a 2001 GS complete with Olin shocks, 110 watt Pia driving lights and a few more extras. ☆ Tony raved about his FZ1, booking in 1,000 miles a week. ☆ Steve Peltier scored a stock '87 Yamaha FZ700 with 1200 miles... for free! ☆ Jim Cairnes was given a stock '76 Yamaha RD350. Free is good!

MEETING MINUTES MAY 30

There was a shady cast of characters to be found at Wednesday night's meeting, including a familiar face many of us hadn't seen for a while; there sat Pat McCrystle bursting with tales of his lifestyle change and decision to close the shop, fire everyone, and

head off to ride through Mexico on a '93 R100RT which he paid \$900 for with 7,800 miles on it. Other members present and accounted for included Catfish, Alan, Mark Boyd, Earl, Lisa B. Gary, Gretchen and her guest Joe Fleck, as well as guest Jim Cairnes who was given the traditional "Him, Him Fuck him!" Northstar shout after being voted in as the newest member. ☆ RIDE REPORTS: Pat McCrystle painted a colorful tale of his trip leaving Olympia riding via Chico to S.F. He picked up a guy (yes, those were his very words) who he'd never ridden with before, and after losing him while splitting lanes into the City, quickly said "Adios, you can't ride worth shit, see ya' in Puerto Vallarta." Breaking up is hard to do... Pat rode 178 to Lake Isabella to Death Valley to Tucson, down to Sonora, Las Mochoes, Mazatlan then to Puerto Vallarta. The federalies were all over him, as he was searched no less than seven times throughout Baja, putting the dogs on him twice. (Mmmmm, nothing like a cold nose in the right place during a blistering hot day...) "I get to the forth checkpoint, and say to the federalies, "Could ya' just warn the other three checkpoints I'm comin' 'cause I want to get there as fast as I can." As he'd pull into each checkpoint, they'd wave him on through. He finally made it to San Ysidro, then back on U.S. soil! 166 to 25 to Holliseth to 168 to 101, then 280 and finally feeling the cold, realizing the only suntan he got was around his gloves and collar. No "get out of jail card" needed for this excursion! Then came the big question: "She kinda' wants me to go back home, and I kind of want to go to Honduras, so I think I'm gonna flip a coin..." ☆ Jim Cairnes reported on a route finding prob-

lem, where he and some friends ended up riding in circles all day. Yep, that'd be the DP School at Thunderhill. ☆ Gretchen went to Death Valley (see her ride report). ☆ Earl went to Yosemite only to discover the entire end of his boots yellow and thick from grasshoppers. ☆ He and Denise also spent some time in the honeymoon tent during a romantic weekend on Rev's mesa at the Songdog ranch. ☆ MORE RIDES: Roozbeh's Lost Coast Luau ride included his other group, "The Village Idiots" who gather once a year at the Lost Coast Brewery. It was a three-day Eureka adventure, riding up highway 16 to 20 to Leesville Grade, then 36, etc. Saturday's group did 299 to Willow Creek to 96 twisties. Brett on

"Highway 36 is one of my favorite roads...

and it's even better when you can

spank young girls' butts!" —Earl Minkler

his new BMW, and Barbara on her new Ninja and Lisa B. left early doing Highway 1 to meet up with the gang on Saturday. Sunday the young studs (that would be Mike and Earl) wanted to do highway 36 again, so Joanne and Lisa and the two of them headed off to take the long way home! Eventually, Joanne separated from the foursome, leaving Catfish, Earl, and Lisa to enjoy their journey back to the Bay Area. All I'll say is those two men kicked my ass! ☆ NEW BIKE (ALMOST): Mark Boyd had laid down a \$2,000 deposit at Thousand Oaks Honda, for an RC51 with no lights; "the Basic Racer," they called it. Twelve months later, his deposit was finally returned to him. ☆ RIDES TO COME: Jim Cairnes will be doing a Riders Rally with the Dublin Motorcycle Touring Club. He'll be sporting an RD200, joining in with some RD350's, as well as old RDs from the 70's. August 6 is the date. ☆ I'm tired. The end!—Lisa B.



An Australian billboard reflects their sense of humor.

2001 SPRING SONGDOG

It was a dark and stormy Saturday morning, but it didn't rain on me until I caught the backside of the storm at the Pescadero turn off. Nine brave souls met for breakfast; Matt Brockway, Mike Chaplin, Mike Green, Michael Krone, Allan Paul, Pete Slote, Gary Thomas, guest Erik Schaffer, and guest Jim Cairnes. Breakfast and company were excellent! Talked to Earl and Jim Revly on the phone. Jim says its raining like hell on the mesa and that if it continues a while, the mesa would not be accessible. He was offering the chance to cancel. I told him there were folks taking other routes that I couldn't turn back if I tried. I asked if we could stay with him and cook at the ranch house if we can't get up the mesa. He said sure, no problem. Songdog, here we come!

Pulling onto Hwy-1 south from Pescadero, I noticed Erik on the rear wheel of his XR650R in my mirror. As I settle in at my cruisin' pace, he finally sets the front tire down. I give him a BIG thumbs-up. Allan don't-hold-me-back-now Paul suddenly passed the entire group on Hwy-1 and set a brisk early pace on the old airhead RS. Must've been a flashback to the olde days when we RACED down Hwy-1.



Gary loses the Harley and is back on the Beemer so he can get some lean!

Bret and Barbara Morshead joined us in Santa Cruz. The rain joined us again at the gas stop in Carmel. Headed inland on Carmel Valley Rd. Harder rain. Very slick road for the first 20 miles. My glasses were fogging-up inside the faceshield that's fogging-up too. I'm steering with one hand as the other must play windshield wiper, continuously. This is not fun. Erik zooms ahead and then later is found stopped in the middle of the road at a mud flow.

My new Held Goretex gloves were working GREAT... until I noticed water was running down the underside of my wrists from the gauntlets above and starting to moisten my lower palms and wrists. Slowly, this wicked into the fingers and the back. I hate it when that happens. Must remember to cinch the wrist straps tighter next time.

We found Matt and the GS boys at the top of the ridge and stopped to admire the snow-covered hills, or what we could see of them below the storm canopy overhead. Erik tells me the mud flow earlier was a herd of newts crossing the road. OOPS! Allan pulls up and said Bret and Barbara bailed earlier in the REALLY fun part. There were the tiniest snow flakes falling and melting on my nose. The GSes left, Erik takes off to chase 'em as Jim, Allan, and I get our helmets back on.

The rest of the way to King City was mostly dry skys and drying roads. Much better. Hmm...Erik and the GS boys



Alan warms himself from the inside.

"I've seen the biggest sparks flying from his mufflers.

And this is in the day time!" —Barbara M.

were not to be found in King City. We continued on to lunch in Paso Robles with a few random but short rain events. Its partly SUNNY in Paso Robles and the roads were DRY!!! We all converge on the Deli, except Erik. No one has seen him since the stop at the top of the ridge, and the silly boy had refused the offered route sheet and map at breakfast, twice! I had a feelin' we were not going to see him the rest of the weekend. At the Hot Springs Deli, I had the Italian Chicken Breast sandwich, "grilled chicken breast with melted three-cheese blend on a garlic roll with the works," and a double hot chocolate to warm me up. Mmmm-mmmm, I'll be stopping here again.

Creston and La Panza roads led us to Hwy-58 as the storm clouds disappear behind us. It was a gorgeous, sunny afternoon and we had the mother of all tail winds pushing us towards the southeast. A 30-40 mph wind is what you felt, while the speedo showed a 100. WOW! Even Mean Mike Green's KLR was runnin' a 100 across there chasin' the GS boys. The re-paved ribbon through the box canyon was heaven.

continues

In Taft for gas and libations for the evening, we spot 3 other GSeS and a Harley with their camping gear headed south. Hmmm... As we later climb out of Maricopa headed towards the big sweepers over the ridge, we catch the GS/Harley group. As we pass the Harley, the GSeS speed up and it's a sprint to the ridge top. The SuperHawk rewarded the ride leader with the BIG DOG position over the top of the ridge, followed closely by his wingman, Matt Brockway. The rest of the groups were inter-mixed in some incestuous orgy behind us as we all turned down Ballinger Canyon Road for the 'Dog.

Matt, the slimy wingman, passes me just before the dirt road turn and I had to chase his butt-ugly, sand-spittin' GS up the side of the mesa. Up top, we find a number of guests already settling in at the lodge; Jim Franklin and Beth Dixon from WetLeather, Craig Hightower and Kari Holmgren, Jim Bollier and wife and guests whose names I can't remember. Mark Alpen, Ellen Carrico, and Toots the moto poodle arrived in the pickup with the VFR in the back. Coming from Escondido, the rain didn't clear 'til north of the grapevine so they never unloaded the VFR. Toots was obviously going thru a severe case of tankbag withdrawal. With Bowser (the kid who use to live next door to Mike Green in Taft and is now in the Navy) arriving, we had about 20 folks licking their chops for dinner.

After the tents were erected, the tequilas emerged to the delight of everyone! Craig was ready for some target practice and we then figured out that he was the only shooter that the rain didn't frighten away. With his 9mm in hand, Matt and Jim Cairnes walked over to help Craig deal with his excess rounds. Neither remembered my warning to bring their earplugs to the firing range though. Silly, ear-ringing boys!

Jim Revly served up his usual GREAT tri-tip and chicken dinner and a voracious feeding frenzy echoed through the lodge. As the sunset slipped away, the outside temperature dropped and Jim got a fire started behind the lodge. I then noticed a strange phenomenon; most of the guests were socializing inside the lodge, while the brave (or foolish) Northstars circled the campfire out back. While I pondered the significance of this well-defined division, more tequila and other spirits proved it just didn't matter. All were happy.

Every few minutes, someone at the fire would say, "Where's that damn Earl? He's suppose to be here, DAMNIT!" We did remember to raise a toast to the west for Lisa B. over in Australia. Slowly as the night dragged on, folks wandered off to their tents or corners in the lodge. They missed some cool meteors in the sky though that Gary and I fought valiantly to stop their infernal spinning. At midnight, the two remaining songdogs by the fire howled at the moon that was slowly rising in the east. This brought the GS/Harley leader from up the mesa back to our fire again for more tequila and revelry. We slowly faded away after that...

Sunday morning was COLD and I feared the southerly route through the mountains I had planned would be icy. We had a leisurely breakfast

and let the temperature rise some instead. Pete Slote had to leave early though and reminded us that it was the Jewish religious day of Passover. He then told us that we must celebrate Passover today also and were officially authorized to Passover every double yellow in sight on the way home. What a COOL religion!

Matt and the GS boys left next for the Parkfield route home, while the rest of us said our goodbyes and took Hwy-58 to Paso Robles and



Craig Hightower checks out Jim's errrr "form."



Jim, happy to be back at the Songdog!

the usual way home. It was another glorious, cool day with the clouds to the north parting for us all the way home.

Although some of us have been going to the 'Dog for nearly twenty years now, I don't think I will ever get tired of the place and the great roads that lead us there.—*Catfish*

AWAHNEE BRUNCH-----

Catfish got chewed out by the park ranger at the entrance/exit gate, waving her finger in his face telling him that some tourists were complaining about his bike crossing the double yellow.

Roosbeh told lots of goat and sheep stories, errr, jokes. Some speaking from personal experience, some heresy.

I almost made a beline for the dessert table right away, but thought I'd be more adult like than that and have my breakfast first.

Good roads. Good company. Good ride!

—*Lisa B.*

NEW MEMBERS!

Barbara Morshead and Steve Peltier were voted in as members on April 25th.

Jim Cairnes was also crowned as a member at the May 30 meeting.

It's their shout to buy the next round.

MISSION MOTORCYCLES WINS OUTSTANDING DEALER AWARD

In April, the California Motorcycle Safety Program presented the "Outstanding Dealer Award" to **Wendy Epstein** as a motorcycle dealer who has made a unique and outstanding contribution to motorcycle safety in California.

Support of the motorcycle dealerships throughout California is critical to the successful operation of the training sites and programs.

Dealers provide motorcycles for the sites, refer potential riders to our training courses, and show how motorcycle safety goes hand-in hand with motorcycling.

Mission Motorcycles has proven to be a very strong supporter of the CMSP. They provided loan motorcycles to the San Francisco site, and when the South San Francisco site came on board, they supported them as well.

In addition to providing loan motorcycles to two of the largest sites in the program, they recommend and encourage their customers to take the training courses, provide discounts to course grads, and go the extra miles to ensure that motorcycles are repaired and available for training.

As a CMSP instructor, I know first-hand how important it is to have the support of dealers like Wendy. Also important is the fact that it makes our jobs much easier when the training motorcycles are in good running condition. Teaching students is enough of a challenge; instructors don't want to have to worry about the motorcycles, as well. Seeing ten shiny new Nighthawk 250s parked out on the range is a site to behold. And knowing that they're going to start on command helps make our day easier.

—*Lisa B.*

Photos can be found at
<<http://photos.yahoo.com/sfnsmc2001>>

MY FIRST DIRT! -----

Not since I witnessed Brad Luther launch off the road into an onion field have I had such fun on a ride. There were no onion fields, but there was a lot of dirt!

Erik Schaffer and his crew the “East Oakland Moto Bros” invited me on a weekend dirt ride outside of Nevada City. Camping on his friend’s 5-acre property were Erik and myself, Ray Bitter, Jeff Sheets, his wife, Roxeanne, Rene Aguirre (who, coincidentally, was on our two-mountain ride this year), and his wife, Mary. Eric Dove, Paul Bostrom, Rori, and Winston were there, in fine form, as well.

Not much got in their way, regardless if the trail had disappeared from in front of us or not. If a fallen redwood blocked our path these guys worked together like a fine-tuned, well-oiled machine. Erik and Ray assessed the situation, then sent Erik on with the XR100 to scout out the trail ahead (I borrowed Earl’s 100... Erik liked it, too! Thanks, Earl!)

The others waited with anticipation to see what the general consensus would be: “Never turn back!” was to be the oath for the East Oakland Moto Bros.

I kept in front of Erik in the back of the pack, forging rivers and climbing steep rocky hills, dodging trees while riding within the narrow trails which wound between close-set trees. So this is what offroad riding is all about.

Four hours and only 25 miles later, we pulled into the wild Harley-riddled river town of Washington, ready for lunch. “Was this really your first dirt bike ride, Lisa?” they asked. “Yep, I answered proudly!”

Returning the bike with only a bent footpeg (it must have been Erik, Earl!), it was one of the most challenging rides of my life. Not bad for a beginner, aye? —*Lisa B.*



Some opted to lift their bikes up and over the fallen redwood...



Erik with a “K” practices a hill climb.



...while others paved a new trail by riding up and around the obstacle.

STONYFORD —————

It was the night before Christmas and all through the house—No, different night. It was the night before the Stonyford ride in April of 01 when there rang a bell in my ear. It was the candy man Mr. Hursh with a phone call from the road just north of Sacramento telling me that on that Friday morning the rain was falling so hard he wished he would have brought a boat instead of the three bikes for Debbie, Travis and himself. He could hardly see out the windshield of the truck. The rest of that day was dedicated to hanging plastic, digging trenches for the tents and building fires to get away from that insidious liquid falling from the sky. That night the aforementioned liquid turned to white fluffy flakes in the hill just feet from his camp. So much for an early start to beat Joel and I to the trails of Mendocino National Forest. It was survival mode for the Hursh's on Friday.

Enter Saturday and clear skies with abundant Sunshine for Joel and I. We got up at O-dark thirty and watched the sun come up on the way to breakfast in Williams. Upon arrival at Casa Aqua campground I first noticed a kid carrying a stringer of Rainbow trout that looked like they should be from some stream in Alaska. The smallest one being a mere 16 to 18 inches long and the biggest being in the 4-pound range. Well shiiiiiiiit I never caught a rainbow that big in California let alone five of them. The county planted 1000 pounds of trophy trout on Friday for a special kids fishing day on Saturday right there in OUR camp ground. If that was not enough to drive a sane man crazy they also fenced off the stream so they could not get away. This all means there were several hundred salmon size trout in the stream right in our campground and kids all day Saturday and Sunday carrying them through camp.

Double shiiiiiiiit where is my fishing poll when I need it? Sunday morning Joel wonders down to the stream to watch the 100 or so fish swimming in a pool when to his great amazement one of the really big ones jumps right out of the water gnashing his teeth at Joel. Frozen in terror and amazement Joel could not move but just watched as the California Mendocino Attack Trout thrashed around on the bank looking for something or some ones ankle to bite before it returned to the water in wait for its next unsuspecting target.

The dirt bike riding could have not been better. The five of us were riding in snow within a couple of miles of camp on Saturday. Of course this meant the trails were pretty juicy. The bikes turned monochrome within the first few hours and it just got better getting stuck in the snow and playing in the mud. GOD IT WAS FUN. Sunday saw more of the same weather sunny, warm, and clear. The trails lost the juicy status but were still damp and fun. The snow play turned to one of the great laughs when we stopped to watch some quads get stuck and Me do some spectacular crashing on Joel's bike. GOD IT WAS FUN. We all went home muddy but better people for it.

—Julio Hot Stuff Sanchez

Northstars,

You all missed a good one this time. The weekend was perfect for the best riding I've ever seen at Stonyford. Debbie and Travis and myself arrived on Friday in a rain storm. We set up camp and waited for the rain to clear. It didn't stop 'till night fall.

The next morning Earl and Joel showed up to sunshine and some awesome riding conditions. We all should have brought some fishing poles, though.

They had just planted some three hundred trout in the creek for "Kids Day." These little kids about three feet high were pulling in trout three to four pounds in size. Anyway the five of us took off for a spectacular time of creek crossings and mud and sticky trails that were the best! Debbie's first time to Stonyford was the most fun she's ever had on a dirt bike. She kept up with all of us with only a few minor spills. Man that woman can ride! Ask Earl and Joel how much fun they had! You Northstars missed out again. Stay tuned for pictures on the web site soon.

—Steve Hursh

18-YEAR OLDS IN CAMAROS

Calaveras Road is one of the great short stretches of riding roads in the Bay Area. It starts off from Scotts Corner at I-680 (very close to Sunol on Niles Canyon Rd) and ends up in Milpitas. Nice tight turns, little traffic, and magnificent views of the Calaveras Reservoir.

On Saturday my friend Kami and I took this road and, as always, enjoyed it thoroughly. Two hours later a couple of other riders took the same road and presumably were enjoying the ride and the views just as much. But they came to an unfortunate end: coming around a blind corner, a Camaro being driven by an 18-year old on the wrong side of the double yellow ploughed into them head-on. Dead at the scene were the first rider and his wife/passenger. The second rider and his daughter/passenger were critically injured. (The 14-year old daughter—among other critical injuries—lost a leg.) The driver of the car received moderate injuries to his lower leg.

Could the bikers have avoided the accident? Hard to tell. I don't have enough facts. Y'all just be careful out there and hug the right side of your lane as much possible around blind curves just in case you come face to face with another of these irresponsible drivers. There are quite a few of those on our highways. :-(

—Roozbeh

PATRICK RIDES ON FOREIGN SOIL -----

Hey fellow Northstars,

Greetings from Granada, Spain. Been following the clubs ride exploits from afar via the miracle of Cybercafes. Sounds like all's well at your end.

Bought a yellow '99 Tiger in England for a great price, spent about \$400 to set it and myself up and that has been it. As of now, this bike will stay in France at journeys end, ready for the next journey. Did a bit of touring around the UK, went to Boxhill with my Tiger internet friend Jeremy on Sunday. Like Alice's only minus the good roads. And just as many cops and squids.

Boys, the Brits have the most sorry assed roads I've ever been on. No where to get comfortable, no good twisties, and gravel, hedgerows, traffic and shit everywhere. No thanks. I hear the north is better. Have to wait 'till next time.

The Spanish motorways are real Northstar material. If you're going under 100mph you better stay in the slow lane. Seems legal and they don't have max speed signs only signs when to slow down. Coming down through France I took several really good small back roads. Great conditions, no cops or traffic. The French seem to go flat out all the time, where the Spanish are pretty polite and aren't pushy in the city like the French. But you always gotta watch your mirrors. Coming over the Pyrenees was a treat as have been many of the Spanish two laners I've been on as I have worked my way south down to Granada. Distances are greater than imagined and fuel is expensive. Good that the Tiger is getting around 45mpg even at 80 plus mph! That's fuel injection for you!

Food and drink is great of course. The Spanish are either wired on coffee or drunk.

Don't know when anyone works. Little as possible I think. Lots of great castles, churches and countryside everywhere. Went into a hail storm north of Granada so violent it stopped traffic on the motorway and almost knocked me clean off the bike.

Really hairy stuff. Then in ten minutes, it was gone. Just like that. Kind of like our own Sierras I guess. Man, that hail really hurts! (Marble sized).

Anyway, that's my ride report up till now. Will check in from time to time. Photos being collected for the meeting when I return.

—Cheers, Patrick

HOT... DID I SAY HOT?

Joe and I had a nice, but HOT weekend during the month of May in Death Valley. Sunday we left to head back to San Francisco with clutches out at 7:30. We started the morning by picking up the nice "Valley Machine" kickstand holders Earl had nicely left so the heat melting the tarred driveway did not give way and topple ourbikes. Thx Earl!

We wicked it up a bit so Joe could see how fast his new Suzuki GSX R1000 would go—or was it to cool off?

Was that 172mph... I couldn't tell as Joe left me in the dust at a mere 142 on my wimpy F2. As we turned right off Panamint Valley Road to head into Trona, we hit the only set of twisties on the road there and Joe took off, while I tried to climb the short incline of twisties only to roll back.

Geez! Darn! My chain flew off. Joe comes back and finds the chain just back down the road. He discovers that on my relatively new DID chain, the master link fell off and is not to be found, but the rest of the chain is in tact.

Sooooooooo... I called Honda Riders Club—we still can't figure out how I got cell reception—and they sent a tow from Ridgecrest. Wow! Dave of Dave's Towing and Transport showed up within 45 minutes and loaded the F2 on his flatbed.

Dave brings me back to Ridgecrest and he calls his friends at the various local trades. This includes junk yards to look for old bikes we can take the chain from, the police chief to see if his son owns the local motorcycle shop and will open up, two automotive shops, a few hardware stores, yahdaw, yahdaw...

I am 400 miles from home and need to fly to Chicago at 5am for the week so am thinking how much I need to get this bike home. Unbelievable fortune to have on a Sunday morning on Mother's Day (and I am not even a Mom!)....

At Ace Hardware we end up getting a link that if ground down can be made into a master link for my DID O-ring chain.

Then Dave (yes, Dave of Dave's towing is still with us and we are still towing the bike around) calls a buddy of his and asks he open up his shop so we can use his grinder. Joe modified the O-ring chain to accommodate a standard master link. Then Dave brought tools over and laid a blanket down so Joe would not burn on the black flatbed and he and Joe proceeded to fix the chain.

We were on the road that afternoon with Joe and Dave informing me not to go over 75mph and to be very careful. After getting stung by two bees inside my shirt (how the heck?!) in Lake Isabella, then avoiding two cows in Kern River Canyon, I made it home at 10 that night after lane splitting the last 70 miles. I was so happy to be home WITH my bike. If you ever need a tow or are in need of a UHaul, please call. It's refreshing what people will do to help other people out just because...

Motto of this story: Ride to Death Valley in March... and look Dave up next time you are in Ridgecrest and need a tow or UHaul services. (Dave's Towing and Transport in Ridgecrest, 760.371.4601.)

—Gretchen



*“Are you one of those guys we’ve been chasing
ever since the Sierras?”*

Gee, no, officer, I’m just a tourist on a BMW.”

—Pat McCrystle

Northstar Publications
c/o Lisa Brazieal
3861 Greenwood Ave.
Oakland, CA 94602

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED