



San Francisco Motorcycle Club

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June 2010

Keep saving the date! The “Pismo Beach Motorcycle Classic” is September 18th & 19th!

In the 1920s and earlier, Pismo Beach became a destination for adventurous motorcyclists from all over the west. Our club house wall features trophies and panoramic photos of Gypsy Tours and other runs to Pismo from 1920, 1923, 1926, and 1929.



This year, on September 18th and 19th, the San Francisco Motorcycle Club and the Pasadena Motorcycle Club will ride with groups from north and south to meet up in Pismo Beach, and recreate a new version of those classic images. Each club will be organizing a scenic and memorable ride for Saturday September 18th. These rides will conclude at 1300 Railroad Street in Oceano Beach for the “Classic.”

Sunday morning, September 19th all participants will gather at the Pismo Beach Pier for the panoramic photo. This 2010 photo will be a part of history and will continue to inspire the imagination of future motorcyclists. All registered participants will receive a copy of the new photo; there will be raffles, pins, and on-site entertainment. Don't miss this one. Register now!

See <http://www.pismo-beach-motorcycle-classic.com> and <http://sf-mc.org> for more information.

Trip Report: The “Visually Impaired Run”

(The Blind Run) as reported by “The Perfect Guest”

We had a great time on the weekend of May 1st. Wasn't sure what to call the Blind Run as a lot of information had been previously “leaked”, so I've decided to dub this the “Visually Impaired Run”. Whatever it was, I had a great time. Kalle and I woke up at 5 AM, were at the clubhouse by 5:45 AM and on our way to some parts unknown with our diehard travel companions Papa and Santa Bob. Crossed the Carquinez Bridge at 6:45 AM (I know this due to my camera - whose pictures I hope to post sooner than later). Had a beautiful and cold, refreshing, snow-decorated ride to Truckee where we stopped for breakfast at the Squeeze In, where we did just that, and enjoyed good food and a good refueling. Saw an interesting accident (Papa described it as something like everything but the kitchen sink) which included a totaled truck, its very large trailer, and an aluminum row boat. Sure slowed up traffic (unless you were on a motorcycle ;-)). Enjoyed a peaceful, wonderfully scenic ride around Lake Tahoe, ending up on 395 where we had some really gusty winds and grand views of Mono Lake and Panum Crater. I love going through all the small towns with their still existing 50s and 60s architecture and downtowns. Even saw a well-maintained Mobil station with the winged Pegasus and



neon. Didn't know there were any still standing. We stopped in the town of Bishop for gas and discussed stopping for food or continuing on. I admit to having, um, mild narcolepsy at this point in the trip, and it was decided we would have lunch and then continue on. Lunch was at La Casita Mexican restaurant where the locals were having a Kentucky Derby Party and Kalle filled me up with Pepsi, caffeinated of course, which stood me in good stead. We had plenty of daylight left to make it to Mojave. Back on the road, we were treated to awesome views of the Eastern Sierras, Mt. Whitney, cacti, and of course, desert and wide open space. Stopped at Jawbone Canyon, popular for dirt biking, to fuel up and watch two of the dirt bike riders try to get their bikes to start up with help from their buddies. With no luck, they looked into other options. With the gusts of wind reminiscent of the blow-overs at Mono two "Hey Days" ago, continuing the whole rest of the way to Mojave, I was a bit worried, but got on the bike, shut up, hung on and enjoyed the ride. We stayed at a hotel in Mojave appropriately named "Desert Winds". Kalle and I tested the pool (cold) and relaxed in the thankfully somewhat sheltered hot tub where the spray from the white caps from the pool reached us, or rather slapped us. Papa came by to visit and hang onto his hat. Had dinner at a place found by Santa and Papa via internet; less than half a mile away, we hoofed it, the winds being quite whipping. The place had a terrific collection of pedal vehicles - cars, boats, planes decorating the shelves near the ceiling. Papa went to check the bikes before turning in, to make sure the bikes hadn't blown over. They hadn't and didn't. Kalle pointed out that the Mojave trip is my most miles in one day so far (572 miles).



Sunday, we got up and met in the breakfast room for the hotel's included breakfast. I was pleasantly surprised at what was available, plus, it was fresh! Scrambled eggs, bacon, make your own toast, even make your own waffles! There was also cereal, fruit, bagels and cream cheese, juice, and the usual coffee and tea. Back in the saddle by 9 AM, we arrived at the Civilian Flight Test Center (or as the sign currently reads, The Civilian Light Test Enter). Really enjoyed the tour of this place and all the "top secret goings-on" (no photos allowed). Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic is on site, as well as the tanker from *Waterworld*, and *Lost's* Oceanic 815 plane pieces; Clint Eastwood



filmed his Iwo Jima scene there. The bus crash from the Keanu Reeves / Sandra Bullock movie *Speed* was also filmed on site. Besides that, the place is known for being a airplane graveyard, and space is also leased for plane storage. There are a lot of historic and collector planes stored on site as well and the area is also an airport and test site. At one point, Kalle and I pulled off of I-5 to get gas. The station was original 50s or 60s architecture with two of the buildings with the sloping roofs. One building was a small hotel complete with a lovely rose garden and a Mexican restaurant. I went to the restroom and was washing my hands when I saw a small brown furry object scurry by. I looked around to see where a mouse could possibly get in or out - nowhere as far as I could tell. The mouse must have run into the restroom when someone was going in or out or who knows how long it had been in there? I wasn't

able to hold the door open and herd the mouse out. I didn't want the next person to freak out. There was another woman waiting to use the restroom. I opened the door and said, "There's a mouse." She squeaked back at me, "A mouse?" I nodded and then asked her to hold the door open and I said I would try and shoo the mouse out. It took a bit of stomping, but I finally got the mouse to go the right direction. Kalle told me afterwards that he heard and saw me stomping. He thought maybe there was a lizard or a cockroach in the bathroom because he saw the brown, but then he saw the mouse run out. He said he just knew the mouse would head for the woman holding the door (it did). It was really funny. She gave three really good shrieks.

Next stop was the Edwards AFB. We weren't allowed on the base any further than the "turn-around-and-leave" circle as we were told that nowadays reservations, a sponsor, or arriving on designated tour days were the only way for folks like us to get in. Perhaps another time. We rolled over to the B-52 just outside the guard gate and took some photos, Santa translated some of the symbols on the side of the plane for me. We had reached our destination. Having reached the destination and my being scheduled to return to work, Kalle and I headed north and Santa and Papa south to the Pasadena MC and other parts unknown. Kalle and I stopped at the Apricot Inn (thanks to John and Cary) where I reveled in the wall mounted lunch box collection and the best chocolate shake I've had in ages. We stopped in Santa Nella at Pea Soup Anderson's restaurant. Kalle hadn't been there before and it was my third time. It was really fun to see the place again. Kalle and I decided to go to Mercey Hot Springs. I always feel so much better after a good soak there! The woman who works there rescued a black and white lamb when it was a day or less old. It was out in the pasture, wandering alone. She named the lamb May. The lamb was three days old when we met it. It followed the woman everywhere, even indoors! So cute.

Thanks to "Santa" Bob for a scenic and educational trip!

From the Library: The Western Federation of Motorcyclists

With the Pismo Beach Motorcycle Classic coming up in September we've been doing a little digging into the sponsor of many of those events in the 1920s, the Western Federation of Motorcyclists. Here's a primer:

The Western Federation of Motorcyclists (WFM) was founded in 1912, largely through collaboration between the San Francisco Motorcycle Club (SFMC) and the Los Angeles Motorcycle Club (LAMC). The logo of the WFM reflects this strong partnership, symbolized by the handshake forming its foundation. The first President of the WFM was SFMC President Harry Hodges. Affiliated clubs included Bakersfield, San Jose, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle.

Western clubs had been represented within the Federation of American Motorcyclists (FAM) from its founding in 1903, and several prominent members of the SFMC (and other clubs) served the FAM and represented the west in a variety of roles, including as the Vice President of the Pacific Coast District, on the FAM board of governors, or heading the Pacific Coast competition committee.

By 1912 many of the western clubs were the largest individual clubs within the FAM, but felt that they were under-represented and that the revenue generated by their memberships and activities should be invested in the sponsorship of Pacific Coast competition and club events. Walter Collins had been a successful racer, was a past President of the SFMC, and in 1912 was a FAM national director. Despite his standing he was unsuccessful in gaining any concessions for the west. Ignoring Collins' objections, the western clubs went on to establish the WFM, with the intention of organizing and chartering competition and other events in the west.



The FAM was quick to react. In January 1913 it branded the WFM and its member clubs as "outlaws" (maybe the first time the term was thrown around in motorcycling circles, but certainly not the last.) The national organization insisted that the changes made to its constitution in the previous year had given the states all the rights they could want, and it was only their ignorance or laziness that kept them from taking full advantage of it. At the same time, the FAM stated that Pacific Coast members were mistaken in their impression that "they are entitled to some sort of local autonomy and a kind of guarantee that the funds contributed by members of that section of the country should be devoted to their interests." Further the FAM predicted that "no outlaw movement can succeed on the Pacific Coast." A short time later the FAM sent its Western Director, Mr. Sauer, on a goodwill and fact-finding mission through California and the northwest. In San Francisco the SFMC denied him an audience, and went so far as to pass a resolution refusing him admission to their meeting.

Ultimately the FAM couldn't do without its western members, and the Pacific Coast clubs wanted a national

platform so, behind the scenes, there were negotiations toward a compromise. In the summer of 1913 the FAM held its national convention in Denver. Leo Owen of Pasadena was re-elected as the California State Commissioner for FAM, and a number of resolutions developed by the Seattle MC outlined a means to unite the WFM with the FAM. WFM President Hodges attended the convention as a “guest”, and some months afterward the compromise was ratified. As part of the compromise the WFM insisted that the FAM set up a fund to benefit injured racers, and required Mr. Collins to resign as a FAM national director (not exactly the best treatment of a fellow club member.) In the end the WFM would outlast and outlive the FAM; the FAM dissolved in 1919 and the WFM continued to sanction racing, gypsy tours, and other events throughout the 1920s; including tours to Pismo Beach in 1920, 1923, 1926, 1927, and 1929.

Our Newest Member: Ian Bardecki

Our newest member, Ian Bardecki, was voted into the Club on May 20th. He’s kindly answered a few questions for the newsletter:

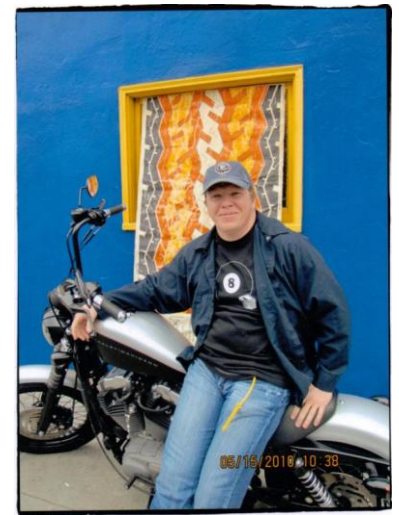
Where are you from, where have you lived or traveled, what do you do for a living? I was born in Dunoon, Scotland. My father was in the U.S. Navy and stationed in Dunoon aboard a Navy submarine escort ship called the USS Simon Lake. My mother was Scottish and working as a nurse in a hospital. With a father in the Navy, we moved around to several places including Norfolk VA, Bay City MI and my parents finally settled in the Chicago area. I moved here two years ago from Chicago due to a job transfer. Eight months after the moved I found myself looking for new work, due to the economy woes.

I have been working in the IT field for about 15 years, which has included help desk, desktop support, IT security, computer forensics and data recovery. I currently am employed by Dell - contracted to work for the U.S. Coast Guard on their government systems in Alameda, CA.

What made you want to join the SFMC? Riding alone isn’t much fun when that’s all you’re doing in a city you just moved to. I didn’t know anyone else with a motorcycle and felt a bit awkward going to a bar where there were other bikes parked outside to meet other riders. I knew I wanted to ride with other people and learn more about the mechanics of the motorcycle (admittedly I am motorcycle-mechanically-handicapped). I figured the best place to do that was to check out some local motorcycle clubs. I found the SFMC while searching for motorcycle clubs on the internet that were more focused on a sense of community and diversity. What I read about the SFMC was always positive in everything from work in the community (volunteering for various city events), to the interviews with individual members, and racing articles. Also, the long and rich history certainly intrigued me, and it still does. There is so much more I want to learn and know about the club’s history. Being a fan of history and living in a city that had so much of it, I knew I had to check out the club. So on October 29th, 2009 I attended my very first SFMC meeting as a guest. The first two people to welcome me to the club were Bob Young and Brian Holm, who coincidentally were also my sponsors during my prospect-ship. After several months of coming to meetings, being introduced to some really cool people, talking to them, learning more about the club and what they were about, how they represented themselves and each other - I knew that this was a place I wanted to call ‘home’.

How long have you been riding? I started riding mini bikes and dirt bikes when I was 8, unbeknownst to my mother, when my father would take me with him to visit one of his friends that he was stationed with. From time to time when we went over to his house, he had these dirt bikes and mini bikes in his garage all gassed up when we came over. So naturally, I’d ride off into the woods with his kids. I learned to ride by just jumping on the bike and learning as I went along - even falling and wiping out several times in the process. I got my license at 16 and have been riding ‘legally’ ever since. I have also helped people learn how to ride as an instructor at the Great Lakes Naval Base in Illinois for the MSF through the Northern Illinois University.

Loving motorcycles as a kid, and even as an adult - I had always read books, articles and watched documentaries about the WWII pilots and their attraction to the motorcycle after the war ended, because it gave them that same



sense of freedom that they had in the cockpit of their fighter plane. I didn't understand it. That is, not until I overcame my fear of flying by taking a flying lesson in a real WWII fighter trainer plane, back in Illinois. It wasn't until that moment that everything just 'clicked', and I understood what it was like to have that sense of freedom both in the fighter plane and on the motorcycle.

What types of bikes do you have (or have you had)? The first bike I owned was an '88 Yamaha Enduro 200. I sold that and then bought a Kawasaki EX500 that I kept for a while then got rid of - it was expensive to keep insurance on a motorcycle year-round in Chicago, in that you could only ride for about four months out of the year at best. My most recent purchase was a 2008 Harley Nightster that I bought from a guy that was getting out of the Coast Guard. I'm already looking for another bike - which is bad, since there's still work I want to do on the current one to get it to where I want it. Unfortunately, motorcycles are like potato chips and tattoos; you can't have "just one".

What kinds of rides do you prefer? Any ride that includes members from the SFMC. I had never really gone on a ride with a large group before, so when I joined as a prospect - that was all new to me. I knew "how" to ride in a group and the proper etiquette in group riding, I just never had the opportunity to ever do so previously. It didn't matter to me where the destination was on the rides I went on, but the stops we made at various places and the history learned from the other towns in the Bay Area, I really found enlightening and exciting. On the whole, it doesn't matter to me what "type" of ride it is, so long as I'm riding.

Another SFMC Privateer Makes Racing History!

The SFMC one again finds its ways into motorcycling's history books when member, motorcycle shop owner, and local club racer Jennifer Bromme made history in the inaugural TTXP electric motorcycle race. Jenn had this to say about her first race aboard the Mavizen: "It was a very exciting weekend! Let me start off with Friday: first time on the track, scrubbing in tires, bike feels awesome, but when I opened the throttle hard after a couple of laps, the 500A fuse blew. Drawing too many amps! Patrick, the BMS guy, builds another fuse, this time 900A, but it was still not enough, and it blew again. We packed up the Mav, went back to the city, and put it on my dyno to see if it would blow an even bigger fuse, and it seemed to be fine.

We were able to get out for the second qualifier, and the bike ran great for a while, but the temperature switch was set conservatively, so the motor was limited in power output when it got warmer, so I couldn't go more than maybe 50mph! But Alex, the Mavizen tech, and Ardivin, CEO of Agni Motors figured out what was going on and loaded up a new map, changed some brushes etc.



And then race day! Butterflies. We had one chance in a 20 minute warm up to test the bike. This was my first full session with the bike, and it ran awesome! Full power, great throttle response, great handling.

We line up on the grid, and, number one board, sidewaaaays, green flag, off we go! I decide to pick the outside line, get around the corner, and then the bike dies. No power. I can't believe it. I sit there for a few seconds, clicking the bike on and off, hoping it's not the fuse again, and after 30 seconds the controller resets and the Mavizen comes back to life! Wow! Ok, now I got some catching up to do. After a lap or so I start seeing the tail end of the pack. Faster! Don't brake too soon! One by one I start picking people off. I'm in the hunt now, single minded on catching people, it's a rush! By the half way mark I got past 5 people. I look down at my Amp hour meter to check what I have left. 38Ah. I was supposed to use no more than 33Ah. I need to scale it back a little, back off a tiny bit to make it to the end of the race which is 6 more laps! I stayed in fourth in the end, it was great."

Learn more about this exciting new racing series, and how you can contribute, online at:
<http://www.werkstattsf.com/blog-section/index.html>

How to find us:

The San Francisco Motorcycle Club is located at the corner of Folsom and 18th Streets, in the Mission District of San Francisco. We meet every Thursday night, and motorcyclists are always welcome! Meetings start at 8:30 PM.

Find us online at <http://sf-mc.org>

The Newsletter Committee is chaired by Brian Holm

San Francisco Motorcycle Club
2194 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94110



SFMC 2010 Official Ride Schedule

March 7Marin
March 20Niles Canyon
April 4.....Mt. Tam - Easter Sunrise
April 17.....Livermore
May 1 - 3Blind Run
May 21- 24.....Street Iron / Sheet Iron
June 6.....Oakland & East Bay
June 12 - 13.....Redwoods Run
July 3 – 4Uncle Gary's & Sierras
July 17.....Clay's Day & Felton
July 31 – Aug 1.....Frank 'n Beans
August 21 - 22.....Markleeville
September 3 – 5.....Hey Day - Sierra Foothills
September 11.....Sacramento
September 18 – 19..Captain's Run - Pismo!
October 3.....Young's BBQ

AMA District 36 Official Runs

March 27 P&D Destination Run to San Jose Races
April 24 Rollin' on the River Run / Capital City MC
May 1-2 Yosemite Adventure Tour / FORA
May 22-23 Sheet Iron 300 / Oakland MC
June 26-27 District 36 Progressive Chow Run / District 36
July 10 Hoot Owl Ride / Stockton MC
July 17 Three Bridge Run / Oakland MC
August 8 10th Dam Run / San Jose Dons MC
September 3-6 Hey Dey Rally / District 36
September 12 Fall Fun Run / Capital City MC
September 18-19 Pismo Beach Run / San Francisco MC
September 25 Barney's Poker Run / Richmond Ramblers MC
September 25-26 Yosemite Dual Sport Ride / FORA
October 2 14th Annual Poker Run / Black Widows - Sac.
November 14 Turkey Run / Oakland MC
December 4 Old Timers' Dance / San Francisco MC