



DAiLY PLanEt

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April 2000

Official and proper newsletter of the Great and Powerful San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club Incorporated

Editor not too large Alan Macias



Events Up Coming

MAY

20-21 STREET RIDE: Kings Canyon Ride. Roozbeh Chubak.

27-29 DIRT RIDE: Elkin's Flat Sierra Dirt Ride and Camping. Joel Buck

31 **MEETING at Alan Macias' house regular time but you can show up early.**

JUNE

1 STREET RIDE: Wine Country and Picnic.

25-26 DIRT RIDE: Cabbage Patch (Hwy. 4) Dirt Ride and Camping. Joel Buck.

28 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

JULY

8-9 RACES: Laguna Seca AMA and WSB

22-23 STREET RIDE: Eureka Ride. Roozbeh Chubak

26 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

Minutes Of The Meeting Of April 28

We met at the Anchor Steam brewery, had munchies and drinkies, there eventually ended up about 16 members and 2 guests who attended.

I apologize ahead of time for any inaccuracies that might crop up in this issue of the Daily Planet. Any time you get the Northstars together with free drinks and eats, and a Sergeant @ Arms who eats and drinks and talks more than most, and I am using a little tippy table for a writing surface, and with the previous many conversations going on at the same time, well don't blame me if this reads a little like Dr. Seuss.

Ride Reports:

John Greene went to... the gist is he is not happy with this GS1100 he has now. Some thing to do with the way he fits on the seat; he keeps slipping back and forth, Joe Volpe suggested using two socks next time.

Wendy went sidecar racing. She is now 3rd in the west region. She will be competing in May on the 20th and 21st at Laguna Seca at the Winston west

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AUGUST

3-7 DIRT and STREET RIDE: Loon Lake Chalet rental. Dirt and camping Mike Chaplin 3-7, Street ride Roozbeh Chubak 5-6. Saturday night potluck dinner.

19 STREET RIDE: Ukiah – Boonville - Manchester ride. Roozbeh Chubak

30 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

SEPTEMBER

16-17 STREET RIDE: Dardanells Sierra Ride. Roozbeh Chubak.

27 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

30 DIRT RIDE: Carnegie Dirt Ride. Joel Buck.

OCTOBER

8 STREET RIDE: Mark Anderson’s Memorial Delta Ride. Earl Minkler.

20-21 STREET RIDE: Death Valley Ride. Matt Brockway.

25 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

29 DIRT RIDE: Carnegie Dirt Ride. Joel Buck

NOVEMBER

12 STREET RIDE: President’s Ride and Dinner. Mike Chaplin.

18-19 DIRT RIDE: Stonyford Dirt Ride and Camping. Joel Buck.

29 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

DECEMBER

10 STREET RIDE: Southbay Day Ride.

18-22 DIRT RIDE: Pismo Beach Party.

27 MEETING at San Francisco Brewing Co.

series. Wendy and her monkey will be at the Island of Mann races the end of May.

We all wish her well, and hope she does not get hurt, but we are waiting for one of those (real good parts all over the track) crashes as sidecars are apt to do once in a while.

Joel Buck took 5 members and 5 guests up to Stonyford a few weeks ago, for some crashing and falling in the snow.

The next weekend Joel was off to Ramsey Bar. It was difficult with snow, a cliff and a river crossing. He fell 12 times in 23 miles and he was pooped, tired and exhausted and never wants to do that again. It was the trials from hell.

Then he went back to Stonyford by himself and did 300 miles.

And finally the weekend later Joel was back at Stonyford with a group of people and did 3 days without mishap.

SongDog happened, please see Mike’s write up of the happening.

You are getting old report:

Russ Johnson and his son were out at Metcalf riding in the dirt when his son flipped going down a hill. The son was not happy with the situation. Russ being the father figure with many years more of riding experience, “now now son, easy does it let me show you how”. And Russ promptly goes out to the very same place and crashes real good in the exact same spot. That’s showing him Russ.

Blow up your bike report:

Pat Lydon blew his ZX10 motor on the way to the meeting, easy come easy go.

Treasury report:

\$919.07

THE MEETING FOR MAY 31 IS MOVED TO ALAN’S HOUSE, FREE FOOD AND DRINK. CALL ME FOR INFO 415-225-6815

BUY THIS STUFF

Hein Gericke Stealth Jacket size 44 black B/O

Widder electric vest size large B/O

Call Joe Volpe 408-245-2351

The Spring Songdog Ride

By Catfish ...

The forecast said sunny with a few clouds all weekend. So why was I riding up into thick fog and getting moist before even reaching the Caldecott Tunnel early Saturday morning! Met Earl Minkler & Denise Lester on his (what *must* be the 8th or 9th) ZX10, and Steve Hursh on his GS at the Shell station in Half Moon Bay. Matt Brockway rode by on his GS, but didn't seem to see us. As I finally found a pump that would take my ATM card, I noticed my socks weren't quite as dry as they had been when I left home. Hmmm... Droning down Hwy-1 in the thick fog, we eventually caught Matt, & the sheriff he was shadowing, just before the Pescadero turn-off.

The rest of the crowd that assembled for breakfast included; Gary Thomas in his Ford Ranger, my guest Angela Barks on Zeek (her ZRX1100), Lisa Brazial on her VFR & guest Laura Sharek on her Duc ST2, Joe Volpe on his GS, Alan Macias in his Subaru, Gretchen Hoffman & guest Jim Cairnes both on F2's, and Tony Tugwell on his *sleeper* Nighthawk. Numerous folks were questioning my sanity about a down-the-coast ride on such a dreary day, but I assured them we'd need our sunglasses before the 1st gas stop in Carmel. Besides, it had cost me a small fortune to bribe CalTrans to re-open Highway 1 the weekend before!

We headed south passing through Davenport, Santa Cruz, Monterey, and on to the gas stop in Carmel. Although the roads were finally dry & my feet were starting to dry out a little, we still didn't need those sunglasses yet. Angela had some cool gloves to match Zeek's bright plumage, but being wet, they were giving her a serious case of Smurf™ hands. In an effort to sooth the restless crowd about the continuing coastal dampness, I called Nepenthe's to see what the weather was like down there. The report was good; sunny with a couple of clouds, and dry roads. I announced that the gods were *really* going to shine on us by Nepenthe's, and the entire group (including the 2 chase vehicles) all left as I got ready to mount up again. Sheesh, I get no respect!!!

Traffic to Big Sur was fairly heavy with just enough coming the other way to rather limit my normal passing. Sure enough, just as I round the last turn for Nepenthe's, the clouds part & show the only blue sky on the coast. So the lizards all shedded their moto-skins, donned their sunglasses, and drank over-priced yuppie coffee. Life is good. The jaunt to Morro Bay for lunch was great as usual with the clouds thinning the further south we went. The only excitement was just outside Cambria where a car was pulled over by a sheriff's car, a CHP, and had a CHP helicopter circling overhead. Must have had a burned out turn signal!

The lunch & view of Morro Bay at the Galley was superb as always. After the Hwy-101 section, I waited at 166 for the stranglers, Earl & Denise. As they ride by at speed, a swarm of GSes & a ZRX1100 give chase before I can even pull back on the road! As I caught this group, we came upon some traffic while entering the canyon & its long sweepers. We cruised through the canyon at a good clip with only scattered clumps of moving pylons to negotiate. As we continued into the hill country after the canyon, we slowly approached a white car that was hauling ass & passing traffic like a madman. As we got close enough to pass him, it was none other than Alan *Road-Warrior* Macias in that damn Subaru! Just before New Cuyama, we discovered why we hadn't seen either of the 2 CHP who patrol this road. There was some cool-looking skid marks leading off the road to an Audi on its roof. For the 2nd year in a row; CHP 0, Northstars 1 on Hwy-166.

The mesa at Songdog wasn't nearly as green as last year, but it was *all* ours. Said "Hi" to Jim Revly & asked where we could setup the shooting range. The back porch of the lodge was selected again and out came the weapons & targets. Steve even brought some official ones with circles & bullseyes & everything! After Gretchen finished spiking a number of oranges with some straws & vodka, she wandered back to the range to get some big, strong Northstar with his long, hard weapon to help her lose her virginity. For *some* unknown reason, she selected Alan, and wanted Angela to help too. Alan whipped his out in front of everyone and then Angela took control and started demonstrating how to properly handle & stroke it. Gretchen became nervous as Angela offered it to her. Alan put his big furry earmuffs on & smiled. Gretchen extended her arms, took hold of his monster with both hands, and slowly squeezed. It went OFF; as Gretchen jumped & squealed with delight! The threesome rejoiced as Gretchen had fired a handgun for the 1st time. Steve, Joe, & Earl had brought numerous guns also & all had plenty of ammo for everyone to shoot.

As Jim prepared dinner, others arrived. Earl's previous secretary, Taylor, has driven over from her new home on the coast. Patrick Lydon & Kelly has been vacationing down south and drove up to join us in the Volvo. Last, but not least, Mike Green arrived on his KLR after a 3-hour ride from his side of the Mojave. A Grande Feast was consumed rapidly just as several containers of libations appeared on the table. I broke the seal on the new, official *gavel* I was given at the dinner in January & instructed the crowd to enjoy & evaluate.

Jim was a (hopefully, only temporary) bachelor for the evening, so he celebrated with us well into the next morning. Rumors have it that as he finally drove off the mesa about 2am, Earl was attempting a tent-crawl that required Denise's assistance and a couple of searches for *Ralph*. Several folks were rather bleary-eyed Sunday morning, but none as bad as Sé nior Minkler. Apparently that Revly character is a little hard to drink under the table. *The Hair of the Dog* has struck big time.

Bright & early the next morning, Jim was all smiles, got the coffee on, & surprised us with a menu change for breakfast. Instead of the usual french toast, the main course was sausage gravy over toast. Mmm-mmm (NOT)...

We headed south on Hwy-33 for 15 miles, and took Lockwood Valley Rd. into the mountains. Only a couple of creek crossings had any water flowing as we climbed in elevation. The road was in good condition, but a little dirty or sandy in areas. The big dips in the high valley were all dry. Well, except for that one sneaky one that had water & mud across it. You couldn't see either until you dove into it at speed. Can you say PUCKER!!!

At Frazier Park, we turned left on Cuddy Valley Rd. & followed this wonderful ridge road all the way back up to Hwy-166. Waiting to regroup here, I noticed that several folks, who had been fairly close behind me down most of the ridge, were no where to be seen. I feared we had lost someone off the road behind me & waited nervously for an update. Slowly folks started trickling in and I learn that Tony *The Inventor* Tugwell (a former Northstar in the late '80s with quite a reputation, I might add) was merely testing his latest creation: the-tent-in-a-stuff-bag Emergency Brake! Apparently, he slides his butt across the seat in some special motion that triggers the tent to fly off the back of the seat, over the tail light, under the fender, and finally wedges itself between the rear tire & the sub frame. According to observers behind him, it was quite a spectacular sight with smoke, flying debris, and maybe even a hint of flames! He said it only slowed him down a little though and requires a full stop to reload the "flinger", so I guess its back to the drawing board for another revision.

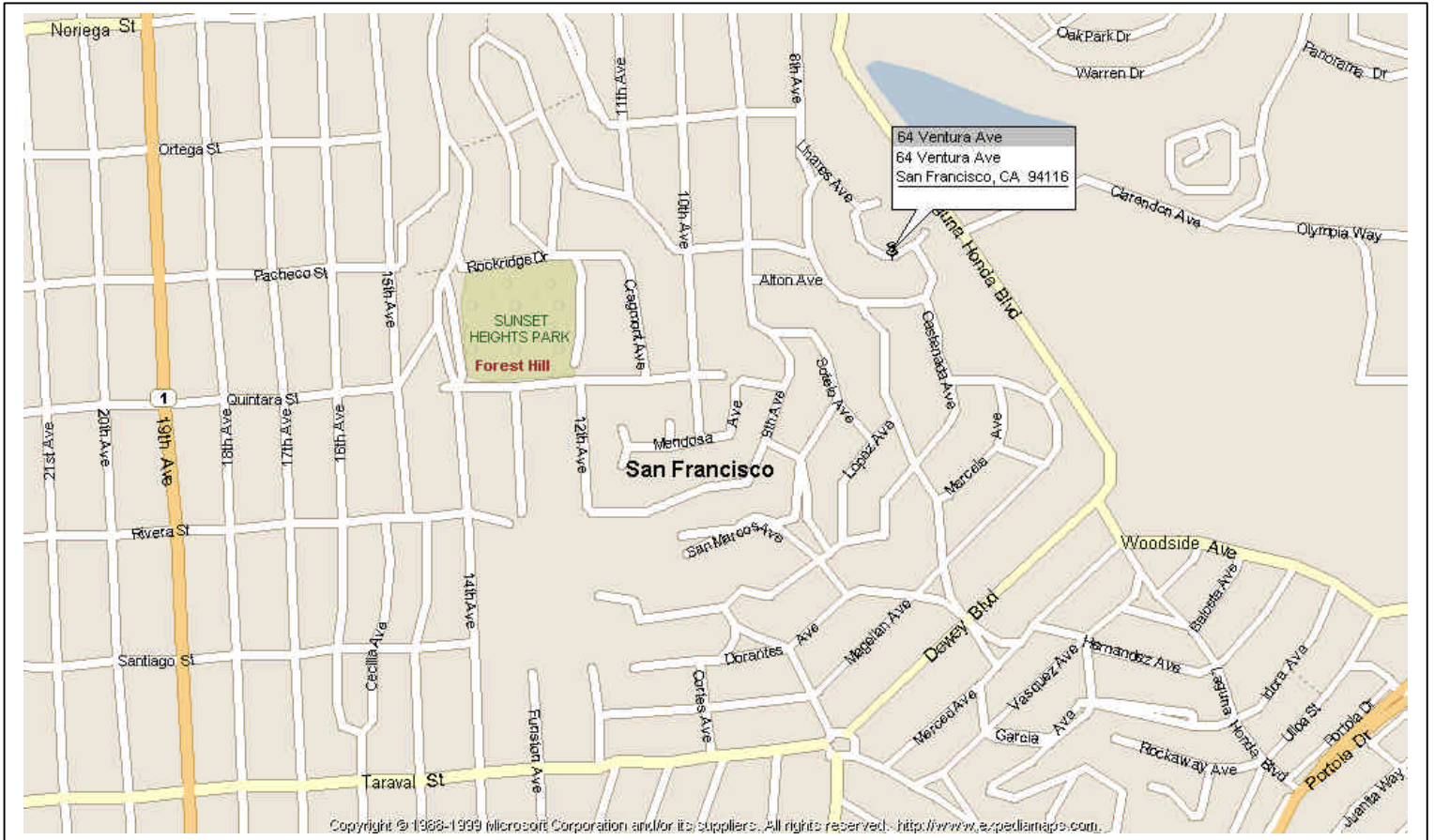
After the gas stop in lovely downtown Taft, we took the back way out of town to run one of the best hidden roller coasters in all of California, the six miles of Mid Oil Rd to Fellows. Mike Green discovered this gem a few years ago when he worked in the neighborhood. Whee! Pulling over to regroup in Fellows I failed to notice that the street dropped away rapidly in elevation to the right where I had stopped. I went to put my right foot down to steady the SuperHawk as I turned to count the followers. There was only air. within the reach of my 28-inch inseam, where I expected to find hard, solid pavement. OOPS!!! Having experienced this exact same sensation dozens of times on my XRL, I knew to extend the right leg out *really* far & step off the bike as it crashed to the ground — in front of the whole group that I, President of the S.F. Northstars, was leading. I really hate it when that happens! I shook my finger at it as a couple of folks came over to help me pick it back up. Damage was limited to a small crack in the fairing and small scratches on the mirror, turn signal, & exhaust can. I pushed it next to the curb where I was certain I could re-mount without repeating my embarrassing act again. It started after

several seconds to clear the carbs & we were off again.

Hwy-58, with its many & varied sections, was excellent as always. We appeared to be too late for the usual spring purple poppy display in California Valley, but the high-speed swoops made up for it. After regrouping at the big oak tree, we stayed on 58 til the stop sign at Hwy-229. We turned right on 229 to enjoy its roller coaster ride over a ridge & hill area into the little community of Creston & on to Paso Robles & Sé nior Sanchez for lunch.

After lunch, we headed up River Rd., Indian Valley Rd., and Peach Tree Rd. to 198. Either Peach Tree is getting rougher than usual, or maybe I finally need to some upgrades to the 3-year-old SuperHawk suspension. Hwy-25 to the last gas stop in Hollister was fun and ticket-free like it had been all weekend. We did see a couple of CHP on the ride, but not anywhere we were being naughty. Lots of hugs & good-byes at the Chevron station as we parted & droned our way back into civilization & the Hwy-101 parking lot.

Another Great Ride!™



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