

Daily Planet

March 6, 2001

Vol. 26, Number 2

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- MAR 25 Barry Olsen's—*Steve Hursh*
DIRT!
- MAR 28 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO
- APR 7-8 SongDog. Meet 7a.m. @ Duarte's,
Pescadero. Ride leaves @ 8.
- APR 11 North Bay ride—*Patrick Moriarty*
Rob Brown's (G&B) open house
- APR 25 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO.
- MAY 4-6 Eureka "Lost Coast Luau"—*Roozbeh*
- MAY 20 Open Day ride—*Lisa B.*

FOR SALE!

'97 KX250—Northstar price: **\$2600!!**
Includes: complete parts kit (came with bike
when new—worth \$300). New rear tire, Renthal
bars, Green sticker 'till 2002, spark arrestor,
Acerbis bark busters, service manuals and
more. Contact Patrick Moriarty 415.479.0718.

LOST!

Appendix—Matt Brockway was rushed to
the hospital Feb. 14 to have his appendix re-
moved. Prognosis is good, although he's quite
frustrated he had to miss the Mojave ride.

FOUND!

Kidney Stones—Matt, talk to Mike so
you'll know what to expect.

SONGDOG RANCH RIDE! APRIL 7-8

WE NEED BODIES! SongDog Ranch needs a
33-count min. for the catered meal and camping
on Rev's beautiful mesa. \$30/person. Checks
payable to "S. F. Northstars M.C" and must be in
by **FRI 3.30** if you plan on attending this ride!
Mail checks to Alan, 64 Ventura Ave. SF 94116

MEETING MINUTES FEB. 28

Members and guests met to drink good beer and
share stories. There was a rare appearance from
Russ who proudly relayed a ride report on his
8-year old son doing face plants on the kiddy trail at
Metcalf. A handful of brake and throttle will do that to ya'
everytime. ☆ **NEW BIKES:** *Who isn't getting
the new FZ1?* So far on the list are Angela Barkes, Tony
Tugwell, and Steve Hursh. Rumor has it they're ship-
ping black, first. ☆ Lisa B. invited Jenny Lefferts and
her sidekicks Kate and Tom to talk about her company
Mad Maps. So far she's published a S.F. Bay Area map,
a Wine Country map, and the recently printed Southern
California map. Jenny was all ears while members shared
their favorite roads. Check it out: madmaps.com. ☆ It
seems Alan Paul's brew pub may be on t.v. The History
Channel is doing a special on saloons, and if it makes it
beyond the cutting room floor, we'll see a familiar pub.
He'll let us know the date it airs. ☆ Mother nature has
been pretty pissed lately, which explains all the resched-
uled rides. I remember the days when members showed
up rain or shine. Check out the web site for the most
recent ride schedule. ☆ Virgins seem to be a theme this
year, and Mike had yet another story of deflowering—
not a road, but a motorcycle. Joanne won a '93 KDX at
a bike show a while back, and was planning on meeting
the gang at Mohave, but she never made it. But, the bike
did. It had 2.3 miles on it, and after that trip now has
well over 100 (kidding, Joanne; Mike was a respectful
gentleman when it came to your virginity). *See ride report.*

TWO MOUNTAINS -----

It was one of those days that screamed “Let’s ride!” And that we did on the annual two-mountain ride.

Ten people had already been served coffee and breakfast when I walked into Hubcaps by 8:25 a.m. There was a thrill in the air, as well as a bit of anticipation. Thirteen more showed up by the time maps were passed out and **The President** spoke his usual diatribe: “Don’t fuck up!”

No one did... aside from a few riders who zoomed past the lunch stop missing the Junction all together (I have absolutely no idea how they could have missed it!) ;-)

Riders pulled out of the gate by 9:15, bellies full, ready to ride. It was a rare and beautiful two-mountain day as twenty-three bikes and 24 riders left for Mt. Diablo, thrilled to no end about paying not five but a two dollar entrance fee to the Park. Several guests were among the members. **Tony Tugwell’s** guests **Craig Foley**, dirtbike racer; **Erika Lockhart**, AFM racer. Patrick’s neighbor, **Frances**, donned his Ducati. **Pee Wee** had a big adventure on his KTM, as well as **Chuck** and **Rich** on theirs. **John Downey** was on top of his R1100RS.

Hans was the first bike to reach the lot, powering out of a turn only to discover the entrance gates closed just 2 miles below the summit. We never did make it to the top. Couldn’t get there. Guess that entrance fee was discounted for a reason.

Bike by bike arrived filling up the overlook. What a stellar view it was. You could see for days. It was a nice but somewhat anticlimactic ride up. The least **Matt** could have done was spice things up a bit and get pulled over to break his “2-ticket on the way up the mountain” record. That’ll be a hard one to beat.

Heading down Diablo, everyone regrouped at the gas stop. Most followed the map’s recommended route, while others made it in a round-about sort of way. (Thanks, **Wendy**. That’ll teach you never to follow me!)

Mine’s road was a jewel having been washed clean from a storm the previous week. Gravel was hard to be found; a rarity for Mine’s.

And then came snow.

White stuff powdered the roadside, making the ride a beautiful site. There were dancing moments; a few steps forward, a few back. Partners changed roles. **Joanne** did the Mambo on Mines with **PeeWee** and **Chuck**, then changed partners (fickle) and danced with **Brett**. **Gary** and **Lisa** waltzed through the snow on their way to lunch. Thank you, **Gary**, for “the Dip.” A woman loves to be dipped after the music ends.

*“Now there goes one
bad ass outlaw...
a real one percenter.”*

At the Junction, **Matt** sat perched atop the hill, waiting with anxious anticipation to head out of the chute, chasing down any riders who whizzed past the lunch stop. Shaking his head after seeing each one go by, he’d wheelie down the hill and reel ’em back in with the rest of the herd.

Mostly sport bikes lined the lot; a few Buells glowed among the GSs, KTMs, and Hondas. One Harley rider chose to rev his beast for a minute too long, chopping the throttle so not a word of conversation could be heard among those trying to ignore him. (I believe the term is “throttle tuner?”) He rode to the end of the parking lot, turned around, and with a snarl on his face, rode by as he opened the throttle; open, close, open, close (how original). As he chopped away, **Patrick** exclaimed, “Now there goes one bad ass outlaw; a real one percenter.”

As 23 bikes were accounted for, one more arrived to greet us, carrying **John** and **Julie Green**. Experiencing their own dance, they enjoyed the ride up the mountain, joining us for lunch.

(continued)



A Row of Twenty Three! A view from not quite the top of Diablo.

Mister Minkler had to rush off after lunch to change hats; Julio Hot Stuff Mountaineer became Driving Instructor Extrordinaire. Guess what? Lee is learning to drive! I feel better knowing I'll be sharing the road with a teenager schooled by Earl.

After a warm, relaxing visit and lunch, it was Hamilton time! (We hope Bruce recovered from 2-upping. He and Wendy discovered that there was no good way home.) Still more dancing to be had by Catfish and Joanne, the road was clear as a bell for a bit then turned progressively more "challenging" as gravel turned into patches of intermittent sand. Powering out through a corner, my rear tire slipped, forcing me to seriously concentrate on all bits of foreign matter on the road.

And then came ice...Black ice. A first for me, patches of ice mixed with sand and dirt mixed with slush made the last few miles up to the top "an experience," needless to say.

And then came more snow. Then tourists... in their cars. For some reason, they all had the same idea to spend Superbowl Sunday on a drive to Mt. Hamilton.

The traffic jam was astounding. There was snow and ice and tourists and motorcycles, all cohabitating in one parking lot. Can't we all just get along?

It was time to move on. Packs of threes and fours made their way down to San Jose, passing cars, apparently pissing 'em off according to the riders in back.

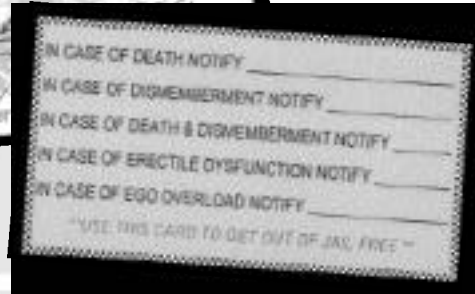
More dancing. More smiles. It was a beautiful chrystal clear rare day for a two-mountain ride. It made you happy to be alive! Care to dance, anyone?

—Lisa B.

EVER WONDER WHY..? Rumor had it that there is a discrepancy among the membership cards. Two versions exist: a male and a female card. I



Exhibit A; male: front/back.



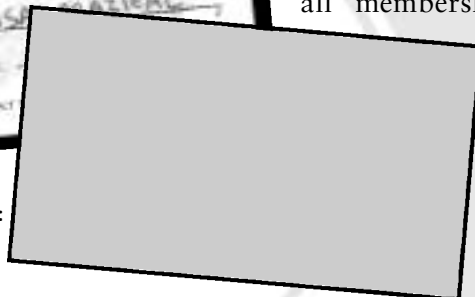
did some investigating, and found that the frontside of the card is the same, but the wom-

ens' cards have nothing written on back (see Exhibit A/B.) •

So I polled the ladies, & here's



Exhibit B; female: front/back.



what we came up with as proper feminine Northstar verbage.

Naturally we would hope that all membership cards read

the same, but there's always work to be done toward paving the road to equality. We

were voted in as members, we should just be happy with that, right? Riiiiight?! (Brought to you by VIAGRA.)

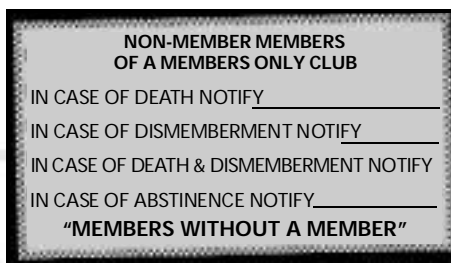


Exhibit C; female proposed card: back

“Is there such a thing as too much fun?”

MOJAVE DESERT -----

With every ride comes preparation. As the riders organize, lists of provisions are created. Common necessities are wood, wine, beer and tequila... even a bic lighter. For this year's Mojave Desert ride, a request to use Earl's generator to grind coffee was critical, with the hope that he would be making "those sweet roll thingies!" (As a side note, is everyone familiar with Van Morrison's famous lyrics, "Let it stone me to my soul; stone me just like jelly roll, let it stone me." Anyone know what the term "jelly roll" means? (Just a bit of trivial!) Guess the correct answer and I'll buy you a beer!

There was a request to bring firewood because "Mike and Hans like white man fires that make lots of heat." Other agenda items for the weekend besides sex, drugs, bikes, campfire lies and rock & roll included High Desert Rock Golf™ and Spud Gun dodge ball.

It's been said that in order to fully appreciate the Northstars and motorcycling, one needs to let your hair down and get DIRTY. The only thing better than sex and Northstars in the desert is sex and Northstars in the dessert! I was told to "just ask Gretchen, Debbie, or Joanne... they keep coming back for more!" Ladies? Share the wealth.

—Lisa B.



Wheeeeeelies Joe practicing wheelie control in anticipation of the arrival of his new Gixxer.

Hans led the way Sat. for the shorter ride in the desert. His co-hertz included his son Sam, Steve Hursch and his date Debbie, Gretchen Hoffman and her man Joe Fleck. Bush dodging together was fun, but once the first real hill hit, Gretchen's DR125 would not cooperate so she and Joe took alternative hilly routes. Ohhhh... where's the power when you need it? After that Gretchen rode her XR200 while the lighter Joe rode the 125 up the hills with more finness... maybe even a few more wheelies! Hans' co-herts had a great day, too. All were grinning ear-to-ear upon returning. And then there was the rush to the new outhouse...



Doggie-doo Which one is constipated, Gretch or Bundles or both?

Trip Highlights

- ◆ The short line for Steve's custom-built desert outhouse (yup, he brought a custom port-a-potty and even dug the hole!). Next time he promises us a magazine rack.
- ◆ Earl's famous monkeybrains cinnamon roll breakfast. Yup, you have to go dirt riding with this crew to enjoy them. They are MMMMMMMM.
- ◆ "White man's" fires. Plenty of firewood and warmth. Yeehaw! It was always fun, though, to be the only one facing the fire as mostly people stood with their butts in the fire to get warm. Ever talk to 8 butts in the fire?

—Gretch & Joe

I pulled into camp Friday afternoon to find Steve Hursh and Debbie setting up their area and Earl's trailer and stuff. He and Joel Buck were out on their first ride. Chris and I unloaded and setup camp. Earl and Joel returned and much chatter commenced. Both were pretty excited about the pair of fighters that had circled them, down on the deck, several times.

Steve Hursh dug the camp latrine and setup his new, patented open-air port-o-potty. The ladies just LOVED it!

Joanne's new '93 KDX200 (rode down on my trailer) caught Earl's eye. Especially the bright "Pink Butt Plug," as he referred to it, that he extracted from the exhaust pipe. I told her she'd get teased with it. With only 2.3 miles on it and none of that in the dirt yet, it was truly an 8-year-old virgin. . . with a big pink butt plug. Earl took it through a couple of heat cycles, and then Chris rode it around the play area next to camp. He returned saying he liked it. It now had 3.1 miles on it. Still, pretty much a virgin.

After dinner, Gretchen and Joe arrived, followed by Patrick Moriarty, and then Hans and Sammy. We had mass quantities of firewood and LARGE white-man fires every evening! Russ would have been PROUD!

The monkey-brain chefs, Chris and his assistant, Julio Hot-Stuff Sanchez, started their preparation early Saturday morning. Worrying where Joanne was, I called her house and asked Mauro if she had left. He handed the phone to her. OOPS! The provider of the rest of OUR breakfast foods (and half of the weekend food in general for Chez Sanchez) was still at home in Palo Alto. We borrowed some, and luckily survived. Joanne, like Matt, had some recent health issues become a little too

Saturday was Joel's 47th birthday and he wanted to do a 100-mile loop to the east side of Cuddeback dry lake bed. Earl, Patrick, Chris, and Catfish tagged along. Hans, Sammy, Gretchen, Joe, Steve, and Debbie rode east with us for a while and then turned north for the Rand Mountains. Julio, that tempter of young men, had offered Chris the CR250 for the ride and Chris accepted.

There was a little standing water on the far east side of the lake bed, but the south side looked safe and inviting. We continued around most of the water to get into the hills further east. We got separated from Joel after he disappeared into thin air, but later came riding up to us.

We returned on a more southerly route that included a fun, little traveled trail that was a continuous set of s-curves for a couple of miles and then continued on with up and down elevation changes too. A fast, fun trail!

Everyone got back to camp safe, had dinner, and celebrated Joel's birthday around the fire with margaritas, yummy Costco chocolate brownie/cake, fireworks (some even in Joel's beard), large fire circles, and pagan fertility rites.

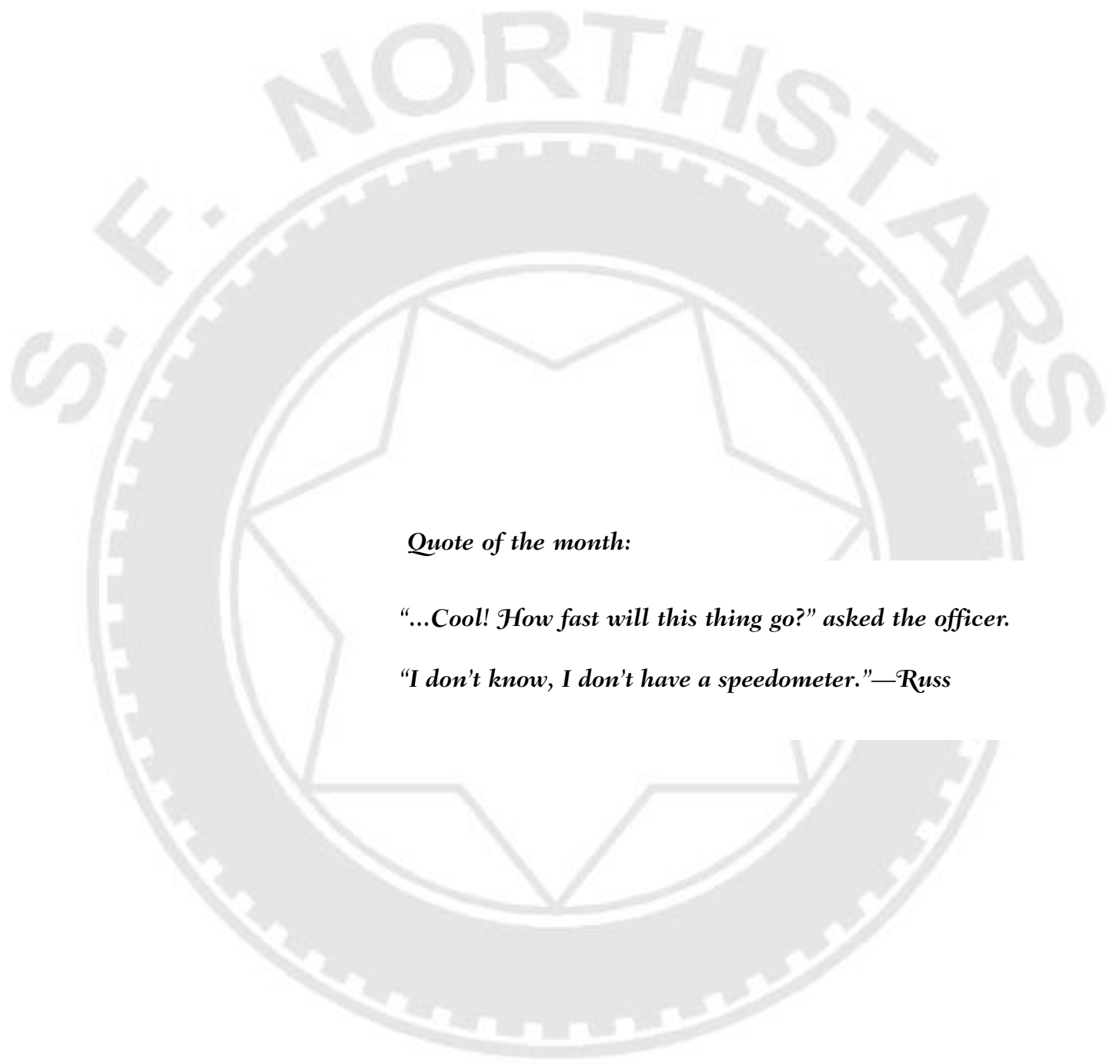
Sunday and Monday was more of the same; monkey brains, desert-riding, Julio's Driving Range, Sammy's miniature golf course, Chris' 300-mph tennis-ball launcher, and giggling in the tents at night. It was another Great™ ride.

—Catfish

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



Is That the New Range Rover?! Keeping track of what's behind you without it interfering with one's focus on what's ahead-is a key component to a rider's street-riding longevity.



Quote of the month:

"...Cool! How fast will this thing go?" asked the officer.

"I don't know, I don't have a speedometer."—Russ

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