

Daily Planet

November, 2001

Vol. 26, Number 11

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- NOV 9-11 **Motorcycle show**
- NOV 11 **President's Ride and early dinner
at his house (see below)—Mike C.**
- NOV 16-19 **Mohave "white trailer-trash" ride see:
DESERT <http://sfnorthstars.tripod.com/Mojave.html>**
- NOV 28 **Club meeting**
- DEC 26 **Club meeting: elect new officers!
Your vote counts!**

MEETING MINUTES NOV. 11

Confusion prevailed, as it was a Thursday night; not the usual weeknight for a Northstar meeting. But those of us who read the newsletter knew; tonight was the night. There we sat: Mister President, Lisa B., Steve S., Bret and Barbara M., Allan, Patrick M., John Downey, and Earl. ☆ **RIDE REPORTS:** Lisa B. did her first TT motorcycle race. Read all about it on the upcoming pages. ☆ Steve S., Roozbeh, Patrick and Frances did a 430 mile round trip ride. Three left from Livermore, heading down Mines road to the Junction to del Puerto Canyon across the valley up 132 to Coulterville where they lunched at the Jeffry Hotel. In walked Frances, looking like a permanent pretzel, stuck in a twisted position from riding his Ducati

PRESIDENT'S RIDE AND DINNER!

When: 10AM, Sunday, November 11, 2001 "Fueled & Ready to Ride!"

Where: Shell Station, Suisun Valley Rd. Exit off I80 North, Cordelia/Fairfield, 1st exit immediately past I680 merge. For those who wish an over-priced greasy breakfast, some of us will converge at Dennys (same exit) just before 9AM.

Route: Shhhhh, its a _secret_! In the fine tradition of Julio's Surprise Rides, I can say that it may, or may NOT, involve the following elements; steamboats, dykes and ferries (OH-MY!), cigars, passes, 7 sisters, territories, and a great selection of backroads. We'll arrive at our home in Concord about 4PM.

Dinner Info: You and your S.O. are invited to dinner, whether you make the ride or not. We'll be serving some tasty pink fish. For those poor, demented souls who might be <gasp!> allergic to tasty pink fish, we may make a pasta dish available also. Please RSVP to 925-798-0189 or <catfish@silcon.com> by **Noon, Saturday, Nov. 10** with your head count and any of those suspected tasty-pink-fish allergies.

When: Arrive 4-5PM, Dinner served between 5:00-5:30. **Where:** 3235 San Gabriel Dr—Concord, CA. 94518-2806—(925-798-0189)

Directions: I680 North from Walnut Creek, Treat Blvd. Exit, turn RIGHT on Treat Blvd; go ~2 miles, turn RIGHT on Oak Grove Rd. (large Chevron station on right); go ~ 2 blocks, turn LEFT on Santa Paula; go to STOP sign, turn LEFT on San Gabriel Dr., white house with blue trim, on left, across from 2nd court. Those arriving in autos are asked to please leave the curb space in front of the house available for motorcycle parking only; thanks. See ya' next Sunday!—Catfish

748. Then some strange GS rider who was self absorbed in his own GPS world joined the group for lunch, talking everyone's ears off. After lunch, they ditched the dude, and took a couple of roads leading to Cherry Lake. Out in the middle of no where, the roads were smooth, perfectly twisty, with no traffic. They turned off Obyrn's Ferry Road to highway 4 through the Deltas. Steve and Rooz lost track of Patrick and Francis as they took Marsh Creek Road, eventually getting to Clayton around dusk. 430 miles in all, a successful ride it was. ☆ Bret decided to do Mines Road one foggy colder than hell day, riding up Mt. Hamilton. Doing 30mph before the observatory, the fog broke. He stopped, turned the engine off, and there in front of him was a family of 25 pigs walking a trail along the road. At the top of the observatory, there was one around for miles, fog layers for as far as the eye could see. Riding by the Junction, which was closed, he didn't see another person on the road until just outside of Livermore. It was one of the best solo rides he's ever experienced. ☆ John Downey, who has been to at least three Northstar meetings, but is just shy of one ride before we can vote him in, bought a new R1, amazed at how easy it is to ride after struggling with the RS and trying to keep up with Earl. He joined Rob Brown, Mark W. among others on a

Songdog ride, and on the way back on Highway 58, ridin' through the oil rigs, only doin' about 95 (luckily), his sleeping bag which sat on the back of the bike, was sucked under his rear wheel, immediately locking it up at 95mph! He had just installed a steering damper (luck strikes twice), therefore the bike stayed upright. As he looked back he could see a quarter mile of straight rubber on the road. It wore a hole through the steel of the tire, but the bike stayed up as did John. ☆ Gretchen had a wild ride home from the same Songdog trip experiencing two holes in her tire. She used the BMW repair kit that she won at a raffle, and was able to get the job done. Along came a nice young man who offered to escort her after he pulled over noticing she was having trouble, but Gretch used and abused him, having patched the tire herself, not really needing his help but enjoying his company just the same. ☆ Patrick sold his VFR800 and is getting ready to turn over the whole fleet, including the XR400 which will turn into a Suzuki 400, among others. ☆ **Chuck Sorenson's** wedding was a high-class, high-dollar affair according to Earl. They were married in the lobby of a museum in Blackhawk, with the reception following at the Barring Auto Museum where everything is marble. The food was excellent, wine was flowing and lots of champagne kept comin'. (On a side

note, Earl told the story about a severely handicapped girl on a tour of the museum one day, who was asked to leave by museum security because her walker was marking up the marble floors.) ☆ Earl drove the "Yamaha" and got it to see 140 on his way back from his trip to Vegas for the Art of the Museum Guggenheim exhibit. He was escorted by Megan and Gretchen. They also ran into Susan and René. The exhibit is astounding, and we're not to miss it, according to everyone who has witnessed it. Nobby Clark is maintaining bikes for this exhibit. Frank Gary's architecture is worth seeing. Built just for the displays, specifically for the location, it stands five stories tall with big freestanding curved sculpture room dividers to set off the different motorcycle displays. One side looked like scales (as Gary's really into snakes) with 20-50,000 mirror quality stainless steel panels to reflect light off the bikes. A must see! ☆ Did you know you could do traffic school for \$18 through the mail? You can also finish a course in about 2-4 hours over the internet, as Steve and John informed us. ☆ Looks like this year's annual Northstar dinner will be held in a restaurant other than the New Pisa. More information about cost and other details to come, so stay tuned! In the meantime, read about our vote, below.
—*Lisa B.*

Officer Nominations!

President	Earl Minkler
Vice President	Gretchen Hoffman
Ride Steward	Bret Morshead Jim Cairnes
Dirt Steward	Mike Chaplin
Word Steward	Lisa Brazieal
Treasurer	Allan Paul

V O T E !

Nominations for '02 Club Officers will CLOSE @ the end of the Nov. 28th meeting. Ballots will be mailed with that newsletter. The Dec. meeting is when ALL ballots are due and will be counted that evening.

Annual Dinner

At the last meeting, we voted in favor of **Vino e Cucina**, subject to being able to reach agreement on terms. They want a guarantee of at least 50 persons to close the restaurant for us. They propose to charge \$30 for:

- appetizers
- soup or salad
- entree
- dessert
- nonalcoholic drinks (coffee, tea, and soda)

Street parking is free. They propose a \$10 corkage fee if we bring our own wine. If we spend another \$12 per bottle for wine and drink two-thirds of a bottle of wine per person, our total cost with tax and tip would be:

$$(\$30 + \$6.67) * 1.25 + \$8 = \$54 \text{ per person.}$$

There might be some flexibility in the total cost—perhaps they'll reduce or waive the corkage fee or we might consider nixing the appetizers. Negotiations still under way. Stay tuned.

My First Race

by Lisa B., #21X

The dress didn't go with the boots, nor with the Thor riding pants for that matter, but it sure was fun passing guys as it flapped in the wind on my way by. It was my turn to wear the dress in the TT race held at the Solano County fairgrounds in Vallejo, Sunday October 21st. No one likes being passed by a girl in a dress, now, do they?

Brock McAllister organizes TT races several times a year, and as many of you know, I've been witness to these races in the past year due to having a new boyfriend who happens to race in them. It's a whole new world for me this sport of dirt riding. But it's good to learn something new, which is what I'm attempting to do here. Always good to broaden the horizons, as it were.

The first time Erik wore a dress in a race that I witnessed, I heard the spectators around me laughing and pointing, some questioning exactly what it was; a dress or a shower curtain? Erik enjoys racing, and thinks people take these competitions too seriously. So he's taken to donning a dress keeping everyone's sense of humor up. It seems to work.

So this time, I wore the dress. It wasn't until my third heat race that I pulled it out... I wanted to gain some confidence first, as I crashed out on the first lap of my first race, yet finished mid-pack in the second.

The track was divided into approximately 70% street, 30% dirt; a perfect combination for a beginner, as my strength lies on the street, with little experience in the dirt. Attending the practice session the day before helped, but they didn't have the 3-foot jump set up in the dirt that day, so I knew my first lap out would be a challenge. Which I was expecting, it being my first race and all.

Fully confident on the pavement, the XR200 performed perfectly. Erik had put a Metzeler Sahara on the front, and an AVON Scorpion on the rear, so the tires were grabbing in the turns. As the blacktop ended and the dirt began, so went the voice in my head with each passing lap: "Nuts against the tank, don't look down at the dirt ruts, Lisa! Eyes up, here comes the jump... accelerate evenly, feet up on the footpegs, center your weight, land... (keep it upright, keep it up!), foot out, turn, ahhhhh, the street... haul ass! And so it went, lap after lap after lap.



Yes, that's a dress she's wearin'!

I haven't had a smile on my face that permanent since I went to my sister's wedding nearly ten years ago. It was nonstop laughter and smiles at the race that day. Especially when I pulled up to the grid before the start, I looked at the guy next to me and said, "You don't want to be passed by a girl in a dress do you?"

After the heat races, Erik returned from looking at the stats and it appeared that I had qualified for the main. Bein' new and all, I didn't realize what a big deal that really was, until I saw Erik beaming. I knew I must have done something right.

As we talked with other racers, I looked up and noticed a gaggle of little seven year olds ganged together, walking toward me. With pen and programs in hand, little Tori looked up at me with big blue eyes, asking for my auto-graph! So this was what fans were all about.

I asked the kids if they all rode their own motorcycles, to which they responded with a hearty "yes" in unison. I told them they could take my street course when they turned 15. They all couldn't wait! "Learn to ride!" I wrote.

Gridded in the waaaay back for the main, I thought to myself, "This is what Tony T. must have felt like at the Laguna Seca Superbike races a few months ago." I'm ridin' with the big boys! Well, kinda. In my world, anyway.

Off to a strong start, I developed a comfortable pace, feeling more confident in the dirt, and forced to feel more confident with being passed by a group of riders. There were crashes left and right, which I'd thread my way through, riding merrily along through the cursing and anger of the fallen riders.

On the second to the last lap, I had landed off the jump and as I was taking the last dirt corner, thwack! came a front tire, t-boning me and down we went. He had come out of no where, tried to take my line and cut me off. I was stunned as I literally didn't know what had hit me... Cursing and angry, yelling "who the @\$% was that?!!," I struggled to get up, but was pinned against the bike, with my elbow pad tangled in my foot peg. Before I knew it, there was Erik picking up my bike, getting it started, telling me to hop on and ride. Which I did, and went on to finish the race. He was behind me and saw the whole thing, choosing to help me get my bike up rather than chasing the bastard down! With merely a scraped elbow, a ripped jersey and a hearty rush of adrenaline I pulled into the pit area, thrilled to no end!

Several people came up to me who had witnessed the crash, telling me the guy had a reputation for playing dirty on the track. One woman confessed that everyone was hoping he would crash out. No one seemed to like him. Most meaningful was the compliment from Dean Joyner, congratulating me for riding smart and holding my line.

Thanks to my friends for coming out to watch me race. And to my sponsors, who I couldn't have done without... Wait a minute, I don't have any sponsors. I suppose there's always next year...

P.S. Did I mention I was the only woman out there?

A big THANK YOU to Gretchen for lending me her gear. It served its purpose, several times over. Thanks again, Gretch!



“If I had to pick anyone to run over me,

Scott, you'd be my first choice!”

—Erik Schaffer

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED