

Daily Planet

September, 2001

Vol. 26, Number 9

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- OCT 26-28 Death Valley—*Matt*
OCT 11 Club Moto—*Earl/Catfish*
DIRT
NOV 11 President's Ride and early dinner
at his house—*Mike C.*
NOV 16-19 Mohave "white trailer-trash" ride
DESERT

FOR SALE!

1989 Honda Hawk NT650—\$2,500 OBO. Current odometer says 38k, but was recently put on to replace broken one. Blue in color with a major paint chip out of the front fender. Brand new Metzler MEZ4's. New chain and sprocket. Runs well but uses oil on a regular basis. Great mileage and good starter bike. Contact Kari Holmgren @ 510.589-9296.

MEETING MINUTES AUG 29 -----

On a typical cold and foggy summer evening, the following members gathered in front of their even colder beers: Gary T., Hans, Lisa B., Gretchen, her guest Joe; Steve Hursh who just got engaged for the first time in his life to Debbie Madden (*congratulations you two!*); Allan, Bret M., Matt; René and his wife, Susan; Angela (who also just got engaged) to Kevin (*congratulations!*); Earl and his son, Lee as well as John Downey. ☆ RIDE REPORTS: See Angela's trip report on her Edelweiss motorcycle tour. ☆ See the ride report on Gretchen's Minden Nevada ride. ☆ Gary had excellent weather when he rode the BMW to Alaska, experiencing maybe twenty minutes of rain, but never had to put his rain gear on. Day 1: Grant's Pass. Day 2: below Canadian border, caught Seattle rush-hour traffic on the way up... splittin' lanes is a definite "no no." People yell obscenities at you like "Jack Ass!" Day 6: Made it to Tok. Caught the ferry at Haynes for a week. It's a three-day trip, but Gary turned it into seven, including a six hour pub crawl experience. Trip highlight was meeting George Rahn, a cantankerous opinionated man who owns a BMW dealership in

RIDGE RUNNER 500 COMING OCTOBER 6-7!

This is a scenic ride over the Sierras and back with spectacular views and great fun to be had on a dual sport bike. The ride will start from Angels Camp and end in Carson City the first day. Then ride back the next day.

The Saturday night festivities will include a buffet dinner and great raffle prizes. There will be a **barbecue lunch Sat. and Sun.** sponsored by the Honda Riders Club and a list of Honda Dealers from around the Bay Area. **\$80 entry fee** includes the above mentioned plus **roll chart, event decal, finisher pin, 2001 Ridge Runner 500 ride shirt, Ridge Runner sweep crew, luggage transportation over and back, raffle with great prizes, and gift goodies.**

Matt Brockway and myself have signed up. I'd like to see some more Northstars sign up and make this the October Dirt club ride. If any are interested give me a call or email me for more info or an application. Hurry though! **There will be a 250 rider limit.**

THEY ONLY TAKE APPLICATIONS UNTIL SEPTEMBER 15TH

"LIVE TO RIDE AND RIDE TO EAT" —Steve, newly engaged Dirt Steward

Gary's favorite bumper sticker: *There isn't a single mosquito on the Alaskan highways... they're all married and have large families.*

Fairbanks and lives there year round in his trailer home that's morphed into a log cabin. Gary's clutch cable broke while he was riding, so called him up. George didn't have the part, but went to his dirt bike parts and ended up assembling something that worked. Gary rode all the way back to California trouble free, thanks to George. He sent off an e-mail to BMW North America telling them all about George, although it seems a whole lot of people had heard of him already. ☆ Matt rode to Colorado via Utah, doing about three hundred miles of dirt on the way. Went through Telluride, Crested Butte, Veil, and Aspen. 3,500 miles and ten days later he returned with a smile on his face and soul, as is what always happens after a good road trip! He had a few eight hundred mile days, back to back. Which spurred Earl's story about a conversation he and Denise had with a man near June Lake. When asked how many miles he had done, he responded, "Yesterday? 1,600."

☆ LANE SPLITTING CATTLE: René duplicated Matt's trip not less than a week apart riding solo to Colorado spending four days in Pueblo watching the AMA Superbike races. He came the closest he's ever come to "meeting the great Nirvana" while riding with his throttle lock set at 100mph on Highway 50 in Western Utah. At about a half an hour after dusk, millions of bug bodies smeared his faceshield creating low visibility with a heavily packed load on the back of the bike. An oncoming car high/low beamed him in some effort to communicate the impending doom René was unknowingly approaching... at speed! Eight cattle immediately appeared crossing the road right in front of him. With throttle lock still set at a hundred, he countersteered to the right, looked for the hole, closed his eyes and made a hole shot forging through a space of one cow's body width. Luckily he made it home without a scratch on either himself, the bike, or a cow. ☆ NEW BIKES: Gretchen loves her brand new GSXR750. The Nevada cops like it, too. ☆ Patrick bought a KTM Duke. Found a 2001 advertised with less than

fifty miles by a Stanford campus police officer whose buddies talked him into buying it. He didn't like the vibration, let it sit, then decided to sell it nine months later. Patrick's dubbing it "The Italian Pacific Coast." ☆ Earl bought a new Yamaha; a 1999, 3.4 litre, 235 horsepower V8 Ford Taurus. 7200 is the factory redline. Wheeee! ☆ Matt picked up a wrecked ZX1200 a few months ago, which he rebuilt and took for a shake-down cruise. Halfway through the ride, one mirror was hanging off. On Hwy 1, on the way home, he notices his reserve light flashing, and runs out of gas. After finally arriving home, he realizes he's shaken off the license plate. In Matt's opinion, it's a "god damn fast motorcycle, and very addictive!"

"Alaska looks just like California... don't bother!"

—Gary

Letter to the Editor

Dear Lisa,

I really appreciate getting the Daily Planet so I can keep up with all the goings on.

When I read the piece about Pat McCrystle, I almost fell over. I have known Pat for over thirty years and am acquainted with Trish, too.

Pat was always wild, a "bull in a china shop;" always good natured and ready to have a lot of fun. One time he was down in Baja riding a BMW twin with his girl, doing about 100 mph and he spots a Federali turning around with his lights on. Pat pegs the throttle and lost him. On the way back it was snowing on the grade on Highway 5 so he stopped and bought a stack of newspapers and they stuffed their clothing and rode on.

There are lots of other stories too. I really liked Pat. All his family is a little weird, but not boring and fun.



Pat with his daughter at the Northstar dinner, 2000.

Trish certainly didn't deserve the bizarre treatment. He must have gone over the edge, and it wasn't like him.

Please say "hello" to everyone for me. I hope to see you people one of these days.

—Pat Munroe

MINDEN NEVADA-----
Aside from breaking a few fingernails, Gretchen's Minden Nevada ride was an absolute success!

We met for breakfast in Pleasanton. Early morning conversation included: fashion; what to do with ones hair that day; as well as the overall concept that it's hard to be beautiful and ride a motorcycle—*see excerpt, step 8, page 4. (This is what happens to a club when women become members. "Quality" just goes down hill from there.)



Two beauties.

The minority almost ruled as we took a head count of five women riders to four men riders. Luckily for the men, in walked Dave to save the day, guest of Gretchen and Joe's. So they all breathed a sigh of relief knowing that Northstar men still ruled.

Day one consisted of a few minor obstacles: bee stings, dead bloated cows, German Shepherds darting out into the road. Not to mention the t-shirt wearin', Hurricane ridin' squid boy who followed way too close for anyone's comfort. He seemed to take a liking to Earl's tail-light—like a moth to a flame...

At the gas stop in Oakdale, up walked Joe with Windex in hand, wiping my mirrors and windscreen. What a handy guy to have around.

Gretchen was administered a battery of tests by Officer Friendly, a

Nevada Highway Patrolman. Can anyone stand on one leg for thirty seconds without teetering? Sober, no less? Gretch had the officer join her in this part of her exam. "You do it with me," she demanded. He did. Both passed, I'm happy to report.

When she asked to see her B.A.C. reading, he refused, saying "What are you worried about if you only had two sips?" He was impressive, this one. Especially as his "M.O." was to park just out-of-site from the Markleeville bar, watch and wait for motorcyclists to leave, then promptly follow them out of town. Now that's fine police work, there.

At Sharkey's for dinner, surrounded by bad Karaoke and background sounds of "chaching" singing from the slot machines, we followed Earl's fine tradition of dessert first, passing a slice of cherry pie a lá mode around the table. Mediocre food

"Dude, buy some motorcycle gear!"

—Lisa B.

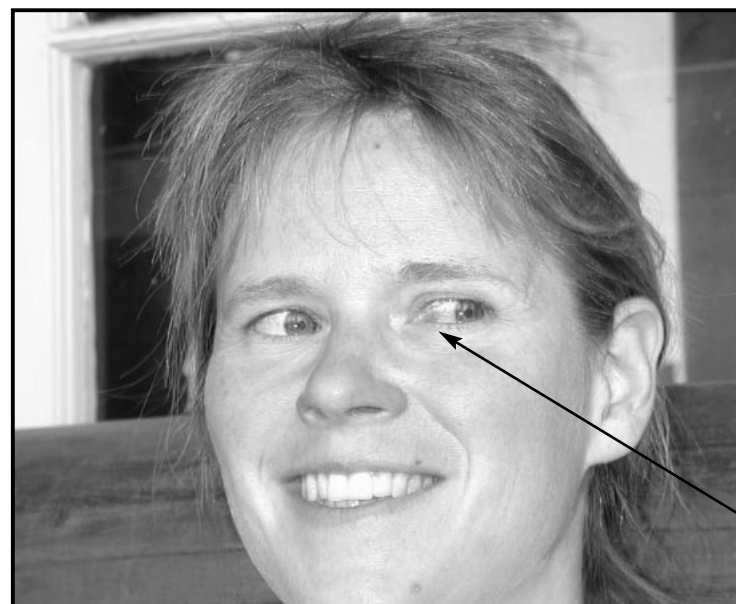
was served by a mediocre waitress, but the girl who we ordered cocktails from was a kick. She raved about her personal relationship working for Mister Sharkey, himself!

Gretchen seemed fascinated with the plate of butter that sat in front of her, while Joe kept his eyes peeled on the ceiling. No one could figure this interaction out, but then again, we didn't try real hard, either. Joanne did mention that Windex just might be able to get out butter stains. Hmhmhmhm.

Lisa B.'s Karaoke rendition of Patsy Cline's "Walkin' After Midnight" could have been an added attraction, but bellies were full, and riders needed a good night's sleep, so we all turned in earlier rather than later.

Don't worry gang, I'll take a rain-check. There's always time for Patsy.

—Lisa B.



bloodshot eye caused by wind through her faceshield

A bloodshot eye could be a deceiving factor to a highway patrolman while administering a DUI test. Especially one who waits outside of bars, ready for action!

The following is an excerpt from a July 1943 issue of *Transportation Magazine*, written for male supervisors of women in the work force during World War II, 57 years ago. Standards have obviously changed since then...

11 TIPS ON GETTING MORE EFFICIENCY OUT OF WOMEN EMPLOYEES:

There's no longer any question whether transit companies should hire women for jobs formerly held by men. The draft and manpower shortage has settled that point. The important things now are to select the most efficient women available and how to use them to the best advantage.

1. Pick young married women. They usually have more of a sense of responsibility than their unmarried sisters, they're less likely to be flirtatious, they need the work or they wouldn't be doing it, they still have the pep and interest to work hard and to deal with the public efficiently.

2. When you have to use older women, try to get ones who have worked outside the home at some time in their lives. Older women who have never contacted the public have a hard time adapting themselves and are inclined to be cantankerous and fussy. It's always well to impress upon older women the importance of friendliness and courtesy.

3. General experience indicates that "husky" girls—those who are just a little on the heavy side—are more even tempered and efficient than their underweight sisters.

4. Retain a physician to give each woman you hire a special physical examination—one covering female conditions. This step not only protects the property against the possibilities of lawsuit, but reveals whether the employee-to-be has any female weaknesses which would make her mentally or physically unfit for the job.

5. Stress at the outset the importance of time; the fact that a minute or two lost here and there makes serious inroads on schedules. Until this point is gotten across, service is likely to be slowed up.

6. Give the female employee a definite day-long schedule of duties so that they'll keep busy without bothering the management for instructions every few minutes. Numerous properties say that women make excellent workers when they have their jobs cut out for them, but that they lack initiative in finding work themselves.

7. Whenever possible, let the inside employee change from one job to another at some time during the day. Women are inclined to be less nervous and happier with change.

8. Give every girl an adequate number of rest periods during the day. You have to make some allowances for feminine psychology. A girl is more confident and is more efficient if she can keep her hair tidied, apply fresh lipstick and wash her hands several times a day.

9. Be tactful when issuing instructions or in making criticisms. Women are often sensitive; they can't shrug off harsh words the way men do. Never ridicule a woman—it breaks her spirit and cuts off her efficiency.

10. Be reasonably considerate about using strong language around women. Even though a girl's husband or father may swear vociferously, she'll grow to dislike a place of business where she hears too much of this.

11. Get enough size variety in operator's uniforms so that each girl can have a proper fit. This point can't be stressed too much in keeping women happy.

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MINDEN IN THE FALL —

The August ride started with a lot of new things for the Northstars. The new and almost new bikes were many. The ride leader, Gretchen, was leading her first ride on her brand new GSXR 750 on its first Northstar ride. Wow! Angela was on her almost new Fazer; Joe on his new GSXR 1000, Barbara Morshead on her new RS1150R and Bret on the almost new GS1150. Then Gretchen lead us off toward the Sierras showing us the new R1 tail lights on her new bike. Oh what a fine ass to be leading a Northstar ride with an even split of X chromosome and Y chromosome contributors.

The gas stop in Oakdale was time for a sugar rush and a little rehashing of the route with the resulting new roads leading us to Knights Ferry and the little known Willms road with new pavement and a great roller coaster section.

Lunch stop at Dardanelle's was a real treat for the Stars when the waitress showed us her new tattoo and told about the new butterfly with flames she was about to get. Angela invented a new dish that had the ingredients of tic tacs and chile. The new name for this dish has yet to be revealed. We had to wait for dinner in Minden for the dessert first tradition to happen.

Markleeville's Cutthroat Saloon was waiting for us to arrive for some refreshments and showed us a good time with lots of biker entertainment in the street. The local CHP was not so entertaining when we left town.

In the biker tradition we then rode off to another bar about twenty five miles down the road in Genoa were we had more refreshments and told road and ticket stories to anyone who would listen including some of the same Harley crowd from Markleeville.

Three hundred sixty miles from home we arrived in Minden for a nights stay and some of the eating part of "ride to eat and eat to ride." Dinner was at the funky Casino named Sharkys with a karaoke bar for your entertainment and some of their world famous prime rib. Before we could get started with the chow we all had to share some cherry pie and vanilla ice cream. The dinners were all good and the prime rib I had was plentiful and tasty.

Breakfast at Hidi's was "same oh same oh" but the ride awaiting us in the Sierras was some of the best California roads there are. The route home lead us to Pioneer where we were invited to a barbecue in Jackson by a heard of Harley riders. I wonder just what they had in mind to barbecue. We all headed home or off on another loop before going back to the stable.

A special thanks to Gretchen for a great weekend.

—Julio Hot Stuff Sanchez



Earl photographs Lisa's best side while Gretchen checks it out.

*"I'll show you mine if
you show me yours."*

—Earl



The past and the present: Earl's R1 in Genoa.

DOIN' THE ALPS -----

This was the first time I had ever been to Europe. A group had planned this trip with Edelweiss Bike Tours for Sunday, July 29–Friday, August 3. Kevin and I arrived in Munich on the 27th and took the train a few miles south to our hotel in Sauerlach. We did the tourist thing in Munich on Saturday before the tour. I was in awe as we walked around the Bavarian district of Munich. Kevin knows German so that helped a lot. We had a walking map and I marveled at the New Town Hall, which was a Neo-Gothic complex built in 1909. The Old Town Hall just a block or so away was built in 1474. Churches were on every block it seemed and some of them exquisite. Michael's Church (1597), Germany's grandest Renaissance church, is a prince's crypt. We went atop of one of the towers of Church of Our Lady (1488), which is Munich's cathedral and landmark, and had an aerial view of Munich. And who can't visit Munich without visiting the beer gardens.

Each day started with a route meeting at 830a after breakfast. There were three guides, two on bikes and one in the chase van with our luggage. One guide explained a little

history of the area we were going to ride in that day and the two routes available to us. They suggested lunch stops. A rider could choose to go with the guides or in a group of their own. Kevin and I chose to ride mostly on our own. One route was a shorter route that afforded a little time to sight see and the other was a little more aggressive and would take most all day riding an average speed of 50kph. We were asked to be at the destination hotel before 730p, which was dinner.

From Sauerlach, Germany, we traveled to Warth, Austria the first day. This day, I think, was the most stressful for me figuring out signs and directions and dealing with traffic. The roads are only a lane and a half wide and will narrow as it goes through villages and across the landscape. At around 4p it started to sprinkle enough for us to put on the rain gear on our way into Warth. This would be one of the two days I would need my raingear. As I lay in my bed in the hotel in Warth, I listened to the wind chimes. Kevin



Praying to the road God.

mentioned that he heard cowbells. I said those weren't cowbells, they were wind chimes. He said he heard a "moo" with those wind chimes. The cows wore bells in order for the owner to tell if his cows were around in the fields. They often had different tones so he could tell his cows from the neighbor's cows.



Two down, only 46 more to go. Passo di Stelvio, Italy.

From Warth, Austria, we traveled to Pontresina, Switzerland the second day via Lechtenstein. This was one of two days Edelweiss put on a picnic lunch for the tour. The lunch was in Maienfeld, the land of Heidi. There was even a statue of Heidi in the park where we had lunch. There were three passes we went over that day. At the top of Abulapass (2316m) there was a herd of cows that insisted on inspecting the group from the middle of the road. Switzerland loves money. You pay for everything, even toilettes. We were told to watch our speed in Switzerland; 30kph means 30, not 32. I didn't want to find out so we watched our speeds through every town in every country.



Hey guys, after lunch let's go climb that! Passo di Giau, Italy.

Pontresina, Switzerland to Karthaus, Italy the third day. This is the day that gave us the mother of all passes that many bikers flock to ride, Passo di Stelvio (2758m); hairpins R Us going up and 48 hairpins going down (they are numbered). The evening at Karthaus was on the road that the iceman was found. Our guides told us there was an exhibit at the end of the little road, but I just trusted their word.

Karthaus, Italy to Anras, Austria the fourth day and fifth day, which was the rest day. There was a picture stop at Karersee. The mountain and trees on this lake will reflect a perfect mirror image in the deep, clear lake. Passo di Falzarego (2105m) was another great, memorable pass. On the rest day, I went back to the pass with a group and took the gondola ride up the mountain. Passo di Giau was a must do by the tour guides and as it was so aptly express by one of the guys in the tour, it was a racerboy's wet dream. The hairpins did not have much of a straight between them as the road climbed to

the top (2236m). Another picture stop was near hohlenstein on road 51. This is where a popular Dolomite photo is taken. We were warned at the beginning of this day that we will be going through the Dolomites and the stone was especially slick. The roads will look like they have good traction but you will slide if you are not careful going around the turns. We took their warning and took it easy, up until

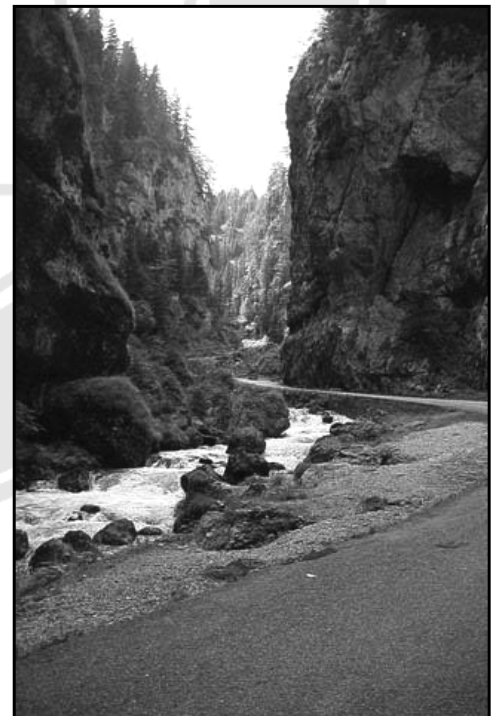
we were on the road to Anras about 300m from the hotel. We were going up a right hander up a slight hill and I was in the lead. As I accelerated up the hill, I heard the guardrail "twang" beside me. Kevin was down. He had apparently found one of those slick spots in the road and the back wheel slid out from under his 1100RS and knocked him down and into the guardrail. He broke his collar bone and that was the end of his riding for the tour. He got to see the country side from the chase truck.

Anras, Austria to Sauerlach, Germany the sixth and final day, and we were to ride over the highest point in Austria, Grossglockner (3799m). The only snow we saw on the trip and it was the glacier at the top. This was the spectacular view of the day. The rest of the day was getting out of the Alps for the most part and into lower elevations on our way into Sauerlach. The group I was with took our time on this day and stopped at all the roadside pic-

ture points. We didn't get on the autobahn until about 430p to see black clouds looming over Munich. The skies opened up to marble sized hail and we took shelter with a couple other bikers under an overpass while I attempted to put on my rain gear. The winds drove the hail at an almost horizontal, and we left our helmets on to save our heads. We later heard there was a funnel cloud in the sky but it didn't touch down.

Saturday after the tour Kevin and I finished our shopping in Munich and wound down from the fun filled week in the Alps on a motorcycle. I'd do it again.

—Angela Barkes



Add guard rails and this walking trail could have been a road. Walking path through a gorge in Sottaguda, Italy.

PATRICK'S TRIP PART II

I blasted south from Oxford to Portsmouth to catch the night ferry to Le Harve, France. As cruel fate would have it, I'm lined up right in the middle of 30 British Harley jockeys headed for some big HOG rally in Toulouse, France. OH JOY.

Well, as it turns out the Brit incarnation of bad ass one per center is far more educated and civilized than their Yankee counterparts, thank you very much. We got along splendidly and they were even civil to another interloper on a BlackBird.

A few questions about my yellow Tiger, but most of these guys already knew the bike and knew about Triumphs in general. One guy owned a T-bird Sport.

The 8 hour crossing went well. I slept. Arrived about 6am and took off on a French Auto-Route (freeway) with some of the Harley guys and rode to the next gas stop. Even though traffic was moving very quickly (90 to 100mph) I sense a much less frenzied attitude, more courtesy and better use of signals. Helps that I'm off the suicide (England) and back on the RIGHT SIDE of the road.

Driving in England gives you a crash course in Dyslexia management. Everything's bassakwards!

After a couple hours on the AutoRoute I head off in search of some good two laners. YES! The French know how to build good motorcycle roads.

Roads are in very good shape, cambered nice, good vision through the corners, all the right stuff. Finally I can tip the Tiger into some good safe corners and see how she behaves. Hmmmm, not bad, but these Bridgestone Trailwings are a bit weird, as they seem to fall into the corner and feel like I'm about to ride off the edge of the tire. These tires were all I could get in England on short notice. Everything was either out of stock or way back-ordered. No Metzlers, No Avons, No Dunlops!

More on these tires later.

Suddenly, ZOOOOOOOM! What the.....Yikes, two maniacs on freakin' blue ST1100's go blasting past me on the outside.

Holy Shite, that SOB has a gun! OH, Dooohh! Those guys are coppers! The second guy hangs his foot off the peg as he goes by, like a wave. Nice. I think I'm gonna' like France! I was traveling in the 65 to 80mph range on a road that would be 50mph in the US. French speed limit is 90kph, so I was a little over but cops didn't blink.

I end up in Chartres at some incredible cathedral. Lunch is great as were many of the meals in France. The ATM works too so now I'm flush with Francs. I decide to make it an early day at 300 miles and out near the highway I experience the future, French style: A completely automated motel. No reception, or receptionist. No nobody. Weird man. Stick in your card, go through the menu and bingo, you get a room code number. The room is like a submariners bunk and the bathroom is this one piece plastic fiasco that rocks around when you move around. Bizarre. This will be my last automotel of the trip!

From here on out I discover Cote'd Chambres (French B&B's), or the usually good, price controlled Hotel d' France. Govt. run group of Hotels that are usually older, classic and everyone different from the other. Wonderful.

Continued south on mostly two lane back roads, discovering rural France at my own pace and stopping for a photo or three. The yellow Tiger just loves to stretch its long legs, and I notice it's more comfortable in the 80 to 90 range than my steam powered beast at home. Smooth, stable, fun and getting around 45 MPG! Only problem is the horrible roar off that screen. Wait till you guys hear how I solved this later on!

French coffee tastes stale and hints of low grown Brazilian Arabica beans. Disappointed with this. For you non coffee snobs out there, imagine espresso that tastes like Nescafe instant. Oh well, at least you can eat a steak and not have to worry about "crazy cow" as my French garcone put it.

Arrived at the lovely town of Oloron, at the foot of the Pyrenees, near Pau. I plan to cross over the Pyrenees at Col' D' Somport into Spain, as suggested by my English friend Jeremy.

The lady of the Hotel is more than accommodating with my bike, and finds a nice shed in the back. Totally safe. I lock up anyway with my usual three lock routine. Disk lock, cable to immovable object, and steering lock. I do this no matter what. Just a habit. Throughout my trip I was amazed how good hotel people were about helping me with the bike. I even left the Tiger in Tarifa, Spain for a couple days when I went off to Morocco. No problems ever.

Some may wonder why I'm not sharing details of quaint little villages, rich in history, replete with incredible chateaux and cathedrals dating back to the 12th century, sites of great battles or historic events.

This trip is really more of a riding trip complete with beautiful backgrounds, not so much an art history and architecture lesson.

My intention is to ride 'till exhausted on the best roads I can find, then over indulge the culinary arts, pay tribute to the local brewers and vintners until I can no longer stand, then get up the next day and do it all over again.

I've read all the guide books so I am aware of what I'm riding through (and missing most of) in terms of sites of historic significance or general interest to the tourist, but none of those side trips will appear here. I did visit many sites, like two days at the Alhambra in Granada, but I don't feel most motorcyclists would want my account of the experience. Best to read an experts view then visit it yourself.

Next up part III: A ride through the Pyrenees and Spain.

Cheers,

—Patrick



***“Ohhhh... I thought you'd
be a big hairy Harley dude!”
—Nevada Highway Patrol Officer***

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