

Daily Planet

April, 2002

Vol. 27, Number 4

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

APR 21	Mendocino Madness— <i>Jim</i>
APR 24	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
APR 26–29 DIRT	California City— <i>Earl</i> Call Earl for details
MAY 10–12	Lost Coast Luau— <i>Mike/Rooz</i> .
MAY 29	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
JUNE 15–16	Carsen City— <i>Gretchen</i> (was the Minden Nevada ride)
JUNE 1–2 DIRT	Stoneyford— <i>Patrick</i>
JUNE 26	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub

Kelly and Patrick, we're thinking of you both!—Love, The NS Gang

LOST COAST LUAU Friday, May 10–12

At Catfish's suggestion, the May 2002 Northstars ride will again be joined with the annual event of the Village Idiots, the Lost Coast Luau. See inside the newsletter for more details.

Where: Northwest California (EUREKA!)

Lodgings: Humboldt Bay Inn (formerly known as the Thunderbird)

Best Western Humboldt Bay Inn
232 W. 5th Street
Eureka, CA 95501
707-443-2234; 800-521-6996

IMPORTANT: MAKE YOUR OWN RESERVATIONS!

20 rooms are set aside for us @ \$62. Each room has 2 beds. Make sure you mention the magic phrase "Lost Coast Luau" to get the group rate. (Mentioning "Village Idiots," "BMW riders," "Northstars," "Shriners," will not result in the desired outcome.)

Mendocino Madness

8:00 a.m. start time from the *East* side of Lucas Valley Road taking Lucas Valley and Nicasio Valley Road to the reservoir; make a right and head out to the coast on the good olde *bumpy* Marshall Petaluma Road, saying Hi to the MCMA dirt slingers on the way. I'm really keen to try Craig's cool jaunts from Dillon Beach to Valley Ford and Bay Hill Road to Bodega. *Pit stop* in Jenner and then on to Meyers Grade and Seaview. We can decide from there how to proceed, *Lobster* in Mendo or Beer in Boonville. Either way should be a whole heap of fun. Cheers!

—*Jim English*

LOST COAST LUAU BBQ DINNER—MAY 11

Where? Humboldt Bay Inn

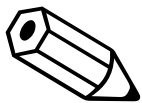
Cost? \$16 per person (make other arrangements for what you drink. Send your check to Ray by Tuesday, April 30:

Raymond Cornelius
1702 S. E. 59th Ave.
Portland, Oregon 97215

Choose one:

- Pork ribs, beans & rice, corn, and ginger carrots
- Tri-tip, beans & rice, corn, and ginger carrots
- Chicken hind-quarter, beans & rice, corn, and ginger carrots

MY WOODY... -----



Ridin' behind a trailered boat whose name read "My Woody," for some reason I couldn't help keep my mind off the topic of sex. But it kept me entertained until I arrived at this month's meeting. ☆ Attendance has been increasing lately, so there sat Gary, Wendy, Patrick M., Earl, Denise, Allan, Lisa B., Gretchen, and Jim Cairnes (crutch free). Guests included Kari, Craig, John, Ken, and Bob. ☆ We voted in two new members. CONGRATULATIONS to Craig Hightower and John Downey! Hymn! Hymn! Fuck Him! ☆ Treasury report shows six hundred and something dollars in the bank. Whoo hoo! ☆ New bike report: Wendy has two deposits down on the new FJ1300. One day a few months back, Earl handed Rob Brown twenty bucks giving Rob a perplexed look on his face. Earl quipped, "You know what this is for, don't you? That's my deposit on the new FJ1300." Looking forward to riding behind you on that one, Earl. ☆ Lots of kudos were forthcoming after our Songdog ride. Bob Pizanni thanked everyone. As a new rider who got through shitty

rain, sandy roads, and maintained a smile the whole way through, I think he's taken to motorcycling rather well.

☆ John Downey said he found it odd having the place to ourselves, wine on the table, then half the group goes to bed at 8:30 in the evening, while others gathered around the campfire talking outside about important things. I could have sworn I heard the word "dildo," which promptly kicked me out of REM sleep for some unknown reason. ☆ It was Kari's first ride down Highway 1. She, too, enjoyed the great roads, and the great people. She gets a hand for riding the SV650 with no wind protection, and a newly healed broken wrist. ☆ Apparently Angela and husband, Kevin will be in town for a conference so will be tagging along on Roozbeh's Lost Coast Luah ride.—Lisa



A Man of Many Hats Earl dons his finest hat before heading to lunch in Morro Bay.

"Did you run off the road?"

No!

Then it was a good map."

—Gary

Mike C. reports: Las Vegas (tourists and traffic) SUCKED, but the Art of the Moto exhibit at the Guggenheim was truly outstanding!! An incredible moto-history lesson too. I can't believe the number of motos there I had never heard of and how long ago some of our modern design features were actually tried for the first time. Get thee to this exhibit before it leaves in June! Too much stuff to write about.

Utah; Zion, Bryce, Escalante, Burr Trail, Wolverine Canyon & Petrified Wood, Capital Reef,

San Rafael Swell, Glen Canyon, Natural Bridges, Canyonlands, Arches, Petroglyphs, dino tracks, Anasazi cliff-dwelling ruins, slot canyons, hoodoos, OH-MY. Chris had me hiking numerous times, one officially classified as STRENUOUS with >500ft. elevation climb! Boy am I glad I quit smoking cigarettes a few years back! Although we got much further into the back country than any of my previous four trips to S. Utah, we only scratched the surface. There is SO MUCH MORE back there I want to see. I think I'll have to retire early & move back there

or something! Found this site recently for info & pictures; <http://www.americansouthwest.net/>

The Caponord is in the garage, but I haven't been home much to ride it yet. The ergos and wind protection are nearly perfect for me, not to mention the wonderful motor and handling. I think I'll be putting a LOT of miles on this bike. Yeah, its got some of that quirky Italian "character," but not nearly as bad as the Japanese character the ZX10 had.

Excuse me, while I go ride my new toy...

—Catfish

SONGDOG RAIN DANCE

A rainbow greeted our arrival into Half Moon Bay as we rode through the wet to meet up with the gang at Original Johnny's. Despite the rain, there sat twelve eager riders ready for a weekend of smiles.

After pulling into Morro Bay for lunch, Craig had a bit of a scare when he reached into the breast pocket of his Aerostitch only to discover it had been unzipped the entire ride down highway 1. His

"Being soft is definitely good for a man."
—Joe Volpe

wallet, which included two hundred bucks and a credit card was no where to be found. Miraculously, it appeared shortly AFTER Lisa bought his lunch; he had put his wallet in another pocket. Deoh!

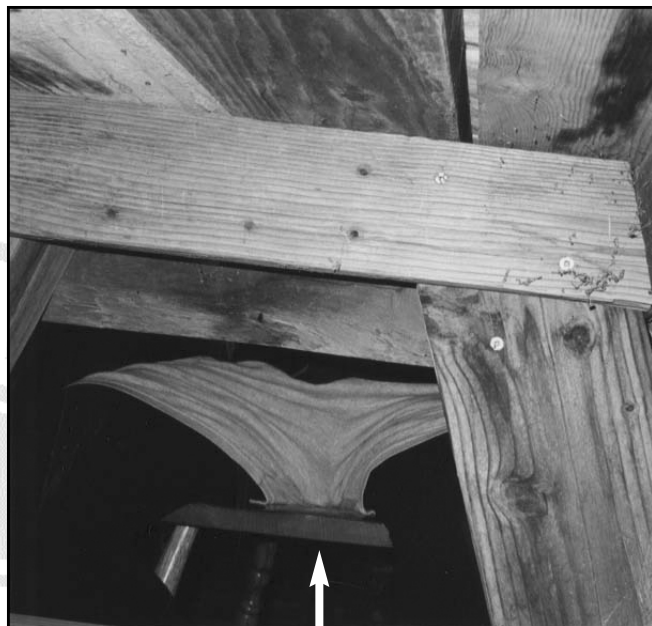
The rain came down harder as we continued down 1 then onto 166. We enjoyed a full day of wet riding and all arrived safe and damp at the Songdog ranch where a table was set for all to enjoy dinner together. Thanks to Earl and Denise for throwin' the meat on the barbie, and cookin' up our feast of chicken and tri tip. The food, wine, cheesecake, and dinner conversations from one end of the table to the other were all brilliant and highly entertaining as usual.

A few of us chose to sleep in the bunk house, while others roughed it and slept outside under the stars, without a rain fly (and yes, still more rain). In the morning someone had to kick Gary out of bed and get him ready to depart for home. Then we discovered John snoozing away in his tent, as well. Songdog ranch bandanas and keychains in tow, we all headed out waving at Rev and Joan as we passed the Ranch.

Riding home Sunday, I found myself wishing the nine miles of highway 229 could be ninety miles, as the freshly paved twisties ended far too abruptly.

"I prefer to keep my potential bottled up just where I need it."

Gary commented that Indian Valley Road was the cleanest he'd seen in a long time, although I was ready for it to end sooner rather than later, as it worked my half empty (half full) bladder—all 34 miles of it. That's the longest 34 miles I've experienced in a while and may teach me a lesson not to drink two cokes at lunch.



What goes on under the table can sometimes be just as entertaining. Guess whose crotch Lisa captured a shot of... Only one Northstar I know of wear shorts over his silks.

Cruising down highway 25, not less than five miles outside the Tres Pinos general store, Earl's brake lights blinked like an owl in the night, prompting us all to lay off our speed. Just in front of us Office Friendly flipped a bitch and pulled over a Jeep Cherokee we were coming up on. Phew! Thank god for radar!

230 miles and two squirrels later we all convened in Hollister; road glow on our faces, a bit sad to have to face the next hour home of super slab, but with another successful Songdog ride experience to log into memory.—Lisa B.



NOT ALL OF THE GANG, BUT SOME OF 'EM... Gary, Earl, John, Kari, Craig, Dave, and Denise enjoy a cool refreshment at Tres Pinos.



AT THE END OF A LONG DAY OF RIDING ...most importantly, there sat the Tequila

**DIRT, SNOW, AND MUD ARE THE
BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE BIRTHDAYS!**

Dear Friends and Members:

Carnegie was F---n great Sat. Erik with a K showed some of us just how to climb the steepest nastiness hills on the planet. The dirt was just right and the weather was sunny. Just some small bruises to show for it. You should of been there.

If carnegie was F---n great then Stoney Ford was DOUBLE that. The weather Monday was clear (you could see all the way to Shasta and Lassen and Tahoe), warm and sunny. God must love dirt bikers, too. The snow from Sunday was one to two inches deep on all the trails up top. We made it to the gate on Goat Mountain. Played in fresh snow all day. Did about 50 miles; got muddy wet and loved every minute. Hans his brother David, Joel and I celebrated our birthdays by getting dirty. A few bruises and bumps to show for it.

It's true Hans, Alan Macias, and I all celebrate Saint Patrick's Day double.—Da Prez

**MINDEN NEVADA RIDE IS
NOW: CARSEN CITY!**

June 15-16

Ok so no one wants to stay next to the sewage place and eat at the swanky place Earl chose for our Sat night stay in Minden last year... so although we had fun, it looks like we are Carson City bound via the Ebbets Pass, Monitor, yaddah, yaddah route. Sorry Earl da Prez, but I am sure we can have "dessert-first" in Carson City!

Soooo....I will be calling Best Western type places to see which ones are in Carson City and would welcome our bikes—and maybe have someone there waiting for us to clean them... especially for the Dad's on Father's Day morning. Yea right.

Anyway, if anyone has suggestions of places they have stayed or dined that would be good for Sat night, please send 'em my way as I want to get this planned this week. Or I'll be at the ride Sunday.

Thx, Gretchen

So I found myself this last weekend in the company of several members of the Oakland Motorcycle Club. These guys had invited me to join them down at Hollister Hills for a weekend of general debauchery interspersed with occasional dirt rides through the hills. It was great!

The weather was perfect. A touch hot in places but generally comfortable with very little wind and lots of sun. Unfortunately the lower area of the park was cordoned off for a Hare Scrambles on Saturday. No big deal. I spent most of my time in the upper reaches of the place enjoying a good romp on the old XR.

Kari had just finished buttoning up her XT250 the weekend before and decided to test her now healed hand by shredding a few good trails. Most of our rides were easy loops through the hills with an occasional foray into the woods.

Saturday was fun but dusty due to the extra folks running about for the race. We finished the day with a large campfire, tequila lime shrimp, chipotle chile chicken, and prosciutto wrapped asparagus and some mushrooms cooked in garlic and rosemary. Urp! It's too bad I hate food...

Waking up out of a tequila induced fog I was greeted by the sound of some idiot throttle tuning his ancient CR500 out behind the campgrounds. Damn dirtbikers!

We arose to the smell of two-stroke smoke and coffee and settled ourselves down in front of the still smoking fire. Soon we were off for another loop around the park. The lower section was still closed off thanks to the lazybastards who raced the day before. They had to take down all their signs and ribbons that

morning. No biggie. We still managed a nice little 20 mile loop.

After a short lunch break I decided to go for my own romp in the dust. This time I chose to hit the sexy little black diamond numbers. You know, those wonderful little single track trails with all the lumps and bumps in the right places. They kept beckoning me to come get in trouble with them. I sure tried but instead left them in a cloud of dust. Toyon Canyon, Jays Way, Peats Path, Bobcat Canyon, Granite Hill... I had way too much fun! 20+ miles later I pulled back into camp satisfied that I had gotten my moneys worth. Afterall, we had only paid \$12 to camp for two nights down there.

All in all a great weekend! Hope y'all had just as much fun!

—Craig

AHHH TO BE A
MOTORCYCLIST IN
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Woke up yesterday morning and decided to go for a ride. There were lots of choices. Kari Praeger was leading a ride up the coast from Mountain View. The girlie bikers were heading to Napa from Berkeley. The Sunday Morning Ride would be out in Marin as usual. Lots of folks at Alices too.

Instead I loaded up the Tiger with a few toys and took off for the coast. Lucas Valley was superb! Highway 1 up to Tomales was wide open! I stopped at my favorite bakery for something chewy and gooey. While fulfilling my desire for baked goods a trio of bikes ripped past, stopped, u-turned and returned. Low and behold it was Patrick, Dick and friend out for a ride to Occidental. We chatted a bit before parting ways. I chose instead to explore the backroads of Sebastapol, Petaluma, Cotati and Rhonert Park before heading out Bennet Valley Road and then Trinity/Oakville Grade.

The Tiger was in rare form. Despite the extra load in the top box in back, I was able to really crank it over in the turns. It was on rails! One of the best motorcycling days I've had in a long time. Confidence level high. Looking down I noticed I'm at 74444 miles and still going strong!

Stopping for gas in St. Helena I noticed a couple of bikes turning in to fuel up. A young lady walks over from her bike to introduce

herself. "Hi, I'm Lusty." What an intro. Ok, so technically we've met before but that was on Creech's Christmas Tree ride and I've slept since then. It was very nice to "formally" meet you yesterday Lusty Wench!

After gassing up I zoomed across the valley and away from the wine crowd. Up past Hennessy reservoir along 128. I stopped briefly at the store by 128 and Berryessa-Knoxville road to hydrate. The "fresh" eggrolls being sold from the bar were a little like normal eggrolls dipped in 10-40 Castrol. A little too thick for my taste.

I motored on up Berryessa-Knoxville taking it easy past all the boaters, fisherman, jetskiers, skiers, and families. Once past the Pope Valley cutoff I wicked it up again. I love patchwork pavement roads and this is one of the best. Winding up the canyon there was only a touch of water in the first couple of water crossings. Otherwise I had the road to myself. At the main gate to Knoxville OHV area I turned in. I hadn't been up here in a while so I decided to do a little exploring. I ended up dropping down to one of the campgrounds before heading back up onto the ridge. I followed the main road way up North to the "shooting area." I turned back and worked my way down to the North Entrance. Back on the pavement I motored on down to the South

Entrance and hit the park again, this time working my way South and West. I finally found a good place to stop. I opened up the Givi to remove my 9mm and a hundred rounds. I spent some time enjoying the freedom of filling an old propane can full of lead. Sucker didn't stand a chance!

Soon I was back on the bike heading South on Knoxville-Berryessa. This time I took the Pope Valley cutoff back to Pope Valley/Chiles Road. Instead of turning off on Lower Chiles I continued back to the dam and then back on 128 toward the lake. Rounding a corner I came upon a crash scene. Some poor cruiser guy had overshot a corner and ran into the hill. A CHP and Sherrif were conferring while the gentleman was being transferred into the ambulance. Bummer.

I stopped at the 121/128 junction for an ice cream sandwich (it was nice and warm out there) and bike watched for a bit. I finally jumped back on the bike and followed the boat traffic down 121 to Wooden Valley and eventually to I-80. Not wanting my 300 mile day to be done quite yet I stopped off at the Lanesplitter in Berkeley for a slice, a salad, a beer and a bit of road racing on the TV.

All in all a great day to ride! Hope you'all had just as much fun!—*Craig*

WHEN IDIOTS AND STARS COLLIDE-----

As announced previously, the May 2002 ride of the San Francisco Northstars will again be taking place along with the “Lost Coast Luau,” the official annual meeting of The Village Idiots up in Eureka (May 10-12).

There is going to be a major change from last year's joint ride: Last year the Best Western Humboldt Bay Inn in Eureka (where we always stay) had received intelligence—wrong intelligence, it turns out—that there was going to be a rumble between the Nutcrushers (the warrior wing of the Northstars) and the Thunderchickens (the militia arm of the Village Idiots). Alarmed and concerned about public safety, Humboldt Bay Inn insisted on a promise from leaders of both clubs that there would be no interaction whatsoever between the Northstars and the Idiots.

After the event, investigations showed that, surprisingly, both clubs

adhered to the letter and spirit of this promise in full. In fact, all indications are that there was not a single word of exchange of any kind between the Northstars and the Village Idiots. Not a word; no “hyadoin’,” no “whatyouridin,” no nothing. (It goes without saying that this no-communication requirement of last year's LCL came at a great sacrifice to both clubs. The Northstars were rebuffed in their ongoing efforts to find suitable potential members for their club among the Idiots. At the same time the Village Idiots had to shelve their plans to subject the Northstars to their 3-card Monty “games” and help finance cost of their brewskies.)

The good news is that for this year's LCL, Best Western Humboldt Bay Inn has dropped their requirement of no-contact between the two clubs. So, fellas, it is OK to talk to one another this year. No one will be ejected from the motel or otherwise get penalized for saying hello to members of the other club.

Released from this no-contact requirement, we are planning a BBQ for Saturday (May 11) dinner so people may mingle. All the details of this BBQ are not in yet, but I am to understand there will be a choice of meat, chicken or vegetarian on the menu. Those who wish to drink may provide their own beer. Once we have details of what-who-\$\$-where, we will provide you with info on how to go about making sure you get something to eat.

I will email details of the route to Eureka and where/when to meet in the next few days.

BTW, One change on the route up to Eureka this year is that we are going to remove “Earl's Turn-off” from the planned route. You may remember the frustrated guest rider from Southland who arrived at the lunch place an hour late after having “missed the signs to Earl's Turnoff.”

As for leading any part of the ride, I am now too old and slow to do any leading but I'll bring maps along for true leaders. :-)—*Roozbeh*

A BIT OF HISTORY: In an earlier post when I said the motel had no reason to expect a rumble between the Northstars and the Village Idiots, I was not being totally honest with you. Why? Because there is a history of an unfortunate incident going a few years back.

At the Luau I am referring to, there was just a lone Northstar presence. It is not clear why John Mulvihill was attending; was he there to scout the Luau for the Northstars for future attendance, or was he there because of the superb company. But he was there alright. It is not clear what set off Mr. Mulvihill on his unfortunate course of action. Perhaps he felt he was being slighted when the comfortable seat he had been occupying was immediately taken over when he got up to help himself to yet another beer. And the situation was not helped when it turned out that Mr. Mulvihill had lost the key to the conference room which had been entrusted to him with the stern warning “Don't you fucking dare lose the key, Muvihill!”

Anyway, Mulvihill made a number of crucial errors: (1) He unilaterally decided to engage a Village Idiot to a wrestling match (2) He decided on a stealth approach: Rather than face the person he had chosen to wrastle, he snuck behind him and without any warning put him in a headlock. (3) Another mistake John made—perhaps his most serious one—was that for his opponent he picked on Village Idiot Maharini, Dan Arnold. Most people who know Dan are aware of his passion for activities that involve him being on his knees. What only a few people know is that one of such [on-his-knees] activities was wrestling which had made Dan a star of some kind at high school. (4) When Mulvihill made his attack, his own back was a mere six inches away from the conference room plate glass window which faced the motel parking lot.

We nearly had a very serious incident. I like to think that it was my wise intervention that prevented John from being unceremoniously thrown through the plate glass window. (Just as after the Gulf War many say the Bush-The-Father should have gone to Baghdad and finished off Saddam, in the same way, with each passing day, more and more of the people who witnessed the incident look back and say “he shoulda throwed that sucker out the window.”) Anyway, to cut a long story short, the following morning, with a considerably lower blood alcohol level, John apologized to all the people he had dissed especially Maharini Dan. In a rare moment of candor, John confessed that he had hurt his own neck in process of putting Dan in a headlock. Naturally from that day onward John Mulvihill earned the nickname of “NeckCrusher.”

The ignoble moniker “NeckCrusher” eventually gave way to “Nutcrusher” as another way of distancing the Nothstars' warrior wing from their first worrier, John Mulvihill. Thought you wanted to know.—*Roozbeh*



If you've never experienced a SuperTT, as Craig Hightower says, "It's the most fun you'll ever have (with your clothes on)!" You can sign up to race SuperTT at: <http://www.supertt.com/>

Here's the SuperTT 2002 schedule (fyi, it's been known to change...)

- April 27-28 Solano County Fairgrounds—Vallejo
- June 1 TBA Northern California
- Aug. 10 Donner Ski Ranch Norden, CA
- Sept. 8 Portland Int'l Raceway
- Oct. TBA (Southern CA)
- Nov. 3 Mesa Marin Raceway Bakersfield, CA



FUTURE NORTHSTAR
Proud papa Brooks Harris with his new son, Jack. Read more about Brooks in the next newsletter!



DELICATE FLOWER Lisa B. at the start (in a dress, no less.)



2001 SUPER TT IN VALLEJO Erik "with a K" competing in last October's Super TT race at the Solano County Fairgrounds.



***“If you happen to run into a
large naked Brazilian,
tell him you’re friends of mine”
—Joanne Ferreira***

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