

# Daily Planet

August, 2002

Vol. 27, Number 8

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

AUG 17-18	Sierra Ride— <i>Earl</i>
AUG 24-25 DIRT	Middlecreek— <i>Patrick</i>
AUG 28	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
SEP 1	Open Terrain—Kari to plan
SEP 21-22	Reno Air Races/Loyalton— <i>Bret</i>
SEP 25	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
OCT 5-6	Songdog Rally, Craig's Hot Springs Ride, or Ridgerunner
OCT 30	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
NOV 3	President's Surprise— <i>Earl</i>
NOV 22-25 DIRT	California City— <i>Earl</i>
NOV 27	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub
DEC 7 DIRT	Middlecreek— <i>Patrick</i>
DEC 15	Shiver 'n Shake
DEC ??	Club Meeting—S.F. Brew Pub

## MEETING MINUTES

**Gretchen**, acting President to preside over this month's meeting due to Earl's absence, pranced into the Brew Pub wearing a lovely flowered skirt over her leather pants as she brought the meeting to order. (Earl was gone for the week, keeping a watchful eye out over the Songdog Ranch.) ☆ Attendees were: **Lisa, Mark, Patrick, Bob, Allan, Craig, Pat, Kari.** Guests included: **Ken, Brian, and Tom.** ☆ **New bike reports:** Nobody has a new bike. Oh, wait, Matt Brockway apparently has a new 2002 R1100RT, but he never comes to meetings anymore, so it's purely heresy. Pay your dues and get your butt to some meetings, Matt. ☆ **Ken Ennor** was voted in as a new member, after attending a handful of rides and as many meetings. Congratulations, Ken! He was pleased with the nomination, complimenting all the women members, saying, "All the women outrode me and out-ate me on the Awhanee brunch ride!" ☆ **Middlecreek Ride:** Call Patrick for those of you interested in attending this ride the weekend of August 24-25. The rangers hadn't done a bit of trail maintenance for the past year and a half, but they're finally up to speed, so the riding should finally be good there. ☆ **Ride reports:** Patrick, Pete, Matt and Francis took a "cheapskate Northcoast Marin ride" the day of the Awhanee brunch ride. As far as they were concerned, they had no desire to cross the valley in ninety-something degree heat, so they branched out on their own. As is the nature of the Bay Area these days, you gotta' get up early to experience riding on an

## EARL'S SIERRA RIDE RIDE August 17-18

**VARY IMPORTANT:** *Make your reservations now!*

- Meet:** Breakfast at Cocos in Livermore: 7:00  
4193 First Street (at the corner of Mines/First)
- Leave:** Ride leaves Livermore at 8:00—bikes & bellies fueled, ready to ride.
- Lunch:** Pack a bag lunch where we'll eat in Yosemite while dangling our feet in a stream in the middle of the park.

## VERY IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT RESERVATIONS

7 rooms are reserved: 2 w/twin beds; 5 with a queen bed.

Earl needed \$money\$ in his hands by Aug. 9th:

**\$90.00 PER ROOM**

So you're on your own to make your own reservations.

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Any questions call Da Prez's cell phone @ 925.980.9488



empty road, so off they went, taking Occidental to Coleman Valley where the

roads were wet and the weather was like the middle of winter. Riding in fog beats the heat any day, according to them. ☆ Kari's SV650 seems to think it's a Harley, as it's spent some time in the back of trucks lately the past few rides she's been on. After discovering a nail while riding home from the Awhanee trip, she tried to patch it, only to realize that it wasn't going to get her home, so into Craig's green pickle van it went. ☆ Craig reported on the great turnout for Doc Wong's rider awareness party on July 28th. Part public relations, part fundraiser for local CHP and firemen,

***"I've been thrown out of better places than this!"—Ken***

\$12,000 worth of prizes were raffled off that day. The shindig included some safety talks as well as demonstrations by a guy from Aftershocks who worked on 96 bikes that day. ☆ We talked about the great racing that took place at World Superbike this year at Laguna Seca. Many were rootin' for the Bostrom brothers, and wondered what happened to them that weekend. They weren't at the top of their game, I guess. ☆ Tom Yasko spoke about spreading the word and educating lawmakers at cityhall encouraging them to include the view of motorcyclists in any upcoming legislation. Tom has been raising the volume on the voice of motorcyclists so that we can be considered when it comes to road laws, parking, and the like. He organized a group of two-wheeled riders to gather in San Francisco that week and encourage DPT to consider bikes in certain zones, including redesigning market street to make it safer for us as well as bicyclists. See more info in this newsletter. ☆ Coincidentally, all the members parked legally for the meeting that night.—Lisa

## SFMSC (SAN FRANCISCO MOTORCYCLE AND SCOOTER COALITION)

<http://www.sfmisc.org>

**Tom Yasko joined our last meeting to tell us about some important events going on in the Bay Area Motorcycling community. For further info, contact Tom at [tom@yasko.com](mailto:tom@yasko.com) or [www.ba-sf.com](http://www.ba-sf.com).**

**6/22/02 Great news. Our first piece of legislation came back from the city attorney and Supervisor Gonzalez is planning to introduce it the Board of Supervisors this Monday. It represents a starting point, but an important one, and we will have a lot of work to do to push it through the Board because it is likely to have some opposition.**

**Essentially, we are introducing an ordinance that modifies Sec. 27 and Sec 219 of the San Francisco Traffic Code. The first part (Sec 27) modifies the law such that parking a non-motorcycle in a motorcycle zone is defined as a towable offense and it also requires the city to put signs up indicating such.**

**The second part requires the city to consider making any available curb space (3 feet or more) into motorcycle parking before they designate it as a red curb.**

**This second part is especially exciting because it introduces a shift in the whole basic paradigm: CONSIDER MOTORCYCLES BEFORE YOU MAKE PLANNING DECISIONS! Plus, this is a really big deal for such a young group to already have legislation before the board. On top of our rally last week we are making quite a splash here. (Hopefully, we can talk Sam and Alex into adding another page to the newsletter so we can fit all of this stuff in.)**

**The process is that it will be introduced Monday and then it will go to the transportation committee in 30 days. It will be our job to get it out of the transportation committee and we will need to do a lot of work to do so. This will include having as many supporters as possible speak in favor at a public hearing and it will include getting our folks to inundate the transportation committee with support in the month leading up to the hearing.**

**We are working on larger issues concurrently with Sup. Gonzalez, especially dealing with the overall parking situation. But this is a more involved process which includes putting together an accurate survey of the current state (demand and supply of safe motorcycle parking) and creating and selling a vision for an improved future state where we show that the whole transit system would benefit if SF provides adequate parking to us. The reason I mention this is that it will be critical that we demonstrate that we have a viable political movement on our hands by slamming this first ordinance through.**

**Sup. Gonzalez is also calling the DPT on our behalf to get us a meeting within the next week or so with the Director to discuss our enforcement issues.**

**We need folks to follow through on this one. I am going to propose these as agenda items for the Tuesday meeting at Zeitgeist (7pm this Tuesday Valencia @ Duboce). We need to form a committee to pound this sucker for a month. We have an attorney, Matt Gramly, who recently joined our group and who is willing to work on our legislative initiatives but we will need another dozen folks to make this possible.**

**It is rumored that Mark Jordon may be willing to help wrestle the DPT down for us, but we can confirm that rumour on Tuesday. Bottom line is: we will need a lot of help here. Show up Tuesday and talk to these guys about how to get involved.—Ted**

**AWHANEY BRUNCH RIDE:  
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE FOOD**

It all started off with bagels; loads of 'em! Due to lots of grumbling when it came to having no breakfast stop for the morning part of the ride, I decided to provide a snack so bellies could be full ready for the riding tasks ahead. Those bagels came in handy throughout the day, as not many people touched them when we met early that morning in Livermore. The creamcheese didn't hold up all that well in the 90 degree heat, but we had bagels to chew on.

I gave the standard "don't fuck up" speech before we headed out Vasco to Tesla road, then 132 to La Grange. While gassing up, riders thanked me for my keen eye at spotting CHP, Sheriff cars and the like as we noticed about five or so within a 65 mile radius. I guess the two years spent in Sonoma County helped hone my skills on spotting officers of the law.

*"Let's nominate Lisa for Jewish Mother of the Year.*

*She fed the entire ride troop with bagels,*

*before, during, and after the ride."*—Wendy

After arriving to gas up, someone told me they weren't too comfortable passing on double yellows, to which I said, "That's fine. Do what you gotta' do." I also heard the comment that I was riding too fast, to which I responded, "Tough! Ride your own ride." Sheesh, these new Northstars I tell ya'...

We enjoyed 132 to Coulterville, then had fun on the all too short Greely Hill road. I lead the crowd into Yosemite at a conservative, "don't cross double yellows and mind the tourists" pace until we reached the entrance gate. While waiting for the car drivers to pay, a shorts-wearin' REI'er clad in the appropriate "hiking gear" jogged up to the gatekeeper, conversing briefly and interrupting the tourists

in the car paying their entrance fee. By the time Erik pulled up, the ranger immediately lectured him that it is unsafe to pass on double yellow lines, and to mind all traffic laws while riding in Yosemite. Apparently, nature boy complained to the ranger that our group of motorcyclists were riding dangerously, passing cars at speed, over double yellows. Geez, and I thought I was being conservative. You can't win.

We arrived at the Awhanee, safe from harm and gawking car-driving tourists veering out of their lane, cutting off others, not paying attention to the traffic on the road. But they weren't crossing double yellow lines, so...

The highlight at the Awhanee, in my opinion, was the older pianist who was a hippy-at-heart. He entertained us by ticklin' the old ivories with songs like Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit." Robert Plant

would have been thoroughly impressed with his rendition of "Stairway to Heaven." While Dave and I were

in line for the seafood buffet, he looked over at me with a smile, picking out Arlo Guthrie's motorcycle song, "I don't want a pickle I just want to ride my motorsickle." The pianist was impressed that we spotted the tune. He kept the atmosphere light and allowed us to enjoy our meal.

The Awhanee experience was great, aside from the dumbwaiter—and I'm not talkin' about a small elevator used for conveying food and dishes from one story of a building to another. I'm tellin' ya' this guy was definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer; a few cards short of a full deck; you know what I'm sayin'... After asking him four or so times whether the \$32 included tax

**The Awhanee Gang**

Lisa	Gretchen
Erik, "the gooser"	Doug
Magda	Terry
Kamile	Kari
Mark	Dave
Allan	Jeff
Chip	Bob (Starboard)
Amy	Ken (Port)
Wendy and pillion,	
Mr. Wendy	

and tip, to which he answered "yes" each time, we then got the bill.

\$724.36 later, the cost of the brunch appeared not to be \$32 total; that **excluded** tax and tip. My bad for not confirming the cost ahead of time. Sorry gang.

Out in front of the hotel, someone pointed out a buck with eight point antlers grazing on leaves as the tourists walked cluelessly by. Beauty!

Many slices of prime rib, shrimp and plates piled high with salmon and desserts later, we set off again at a conservative pace down 140 to Mariposa, then 49 to J16 at Bear Valley where the 15 mile an hour dog legs crept up on us, keeping us on our toes ensuring a challenging ride into Snelling. The smiles on the riders faces told me they enjoyed the high-speed straightaways on Keyes and Grayson roads.

Kudos to Erik' "the sweep" who did an outstanding job keeping the heard reigned in. He was like a loyal, focused sheep dog, herding the group in as we came to each key intersection on the route. Erik kept the girls screaming and laughing, occasionally goosing them as he rode by. That's my guy!

Thanks to Wendy for lending a motorcycle to Magda, Allan Paul's waitress from the Brew Pub. She had a great time, I know!—Lisa B.

## REY'S ROGUE RIVER RIDE

NAMES WILL REMAIN ANONYMOUS TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT

The Bailbondswoman, Laneen, was like a character out of a Quentin Tarantino film. A woman in her mid fifties wearing candies, clad in gaudy jewelry, she told us story after story about the life of a bailbondswoman in Susanville.

As the ex-con squinted while signing the appropriate paperwork, Laneen handed over her Walmart bifocal specials so he could see what it was exactly that he was signing. "The sooner you sign those the quicker you'll be out of here," Laneen quipped. She claims she had a scanner and heard the call when Susanville police asked for backup in order to deal with the Hells Angels motorcycle gang riding into town, appearing to be weaving and under the influence according to the cell call made from a passed motorist and dutiful citizen.

This was just a snapshot as to the fun I had riding with EOMB (East Oakland Moto Bros) on Rey's Rogue River Ride over 4th of July weekend. I was given a lot of shit about the fact that no Northstars came on the trip. I had to hold my ground as they asked where all the "Shiningstars" were. After arriving in Grants Pass, I tried to hook up with Catfish and Joel for dinner, but the timing wasn't on our side. Oh well, there's always next year. I'll write it on the schedule and give ample notice to all members. It's a trip well worth taking.

A motley crew showed up at the Tam Junction meeting spot by 7:00 a.m. ready for the adventure. One had a broken foot, two were missing thumbs, one was missing all his teeth (thank goodness for dentures), while another was missing rubber by the end of the ride, the chord showing through his back tire.

Cast of characters included: Eric Dove on the Sprint with his girlfriend and passenger Stacey Henslee (who never once opted to catch a ride in the car at anytime throughout the trip). Phil Rice on the XR,

Bob Pushwa on the RT, Matt Harvey on the GSXR, Paul Bostrom on the 929, Steve Bales on the RC51, Rey Bitter on the ZX11, Mike Murray on the GSXR, with his brave and daring passenger and wife Lianne; Brian Earl on the KLR, Lisa B. on the Daytona, and Erik "with a K" Schaffer on the Nighthawk. Roberta Rice captained the chase vehicle with daughter Danielle and Kelli, Lianne's daughter,

***"So, Lisa, where are all these 'Shiningstars' you keep talkin' about and why aren't they here ridin' with us?"***

as her copilots. Dannica, Brian's wife, navigated the leather interioered Denali, cranking No Doubt as she tooled along to the next meeting point. Her stereo definitely went to eleven!

10 bikes and 12 riders headed down highway 1. On this day, the coast was clear; literally! No fog hindered our view of the beautiful coastline the entire day until we reached Eureka by 7:30 that night.

Phil Rice, a tall gangly character on an XR600, looked like a praying mantis on that bike; I saw him look back, he strikes a pose, resembling one of the characters in a Keith Hering painting. I haven't seen something that funny in a long time!

Pulling out of Bodega Bay we witnessed a Goldwing rider, two up, doing a wheelie out of town. Almost, but

not quite as impressive as Matt Harvey busting a one-handed look-back wheelie at 80 miles an hour down the road.

We branched off the overcrowded highway 1 onto Meyers Grade to Tin Barn road, then continued the fun onto Annapolis road, popping back onto 1. Further up the coast, we blasted up Mountain View Road, then rode 128 to Flynn Creek onto Comptche Ukiah road back onto highway 1.

From Fort Bragg we continued up 1, flying up 101 outside of Garberville, realizing we had to make our 4th of July dinner reservations at the Harbor restaurant by 8:00. We had window seating and unobstructed views of the fireworks that night.

On our way out of Eureka, cruising along the freeway I looked over and noticed Steve Bales passing me, arms folded across his chest, feet resting on the front turn signals of his RC51. He not only rode that way on the straightaways, but took long sweepers without putting his hands back on the handlebars. I never tired of watching Steve pass me.

Getting a large group of riders to leave at a designated time is more



**Look, Ma, No Hands!** Steve "Barney" Bales passes by at 70 mph, feet up, hands crossed comfy as if on a Barcalounger.



than a challenge, so Steve kept me in stitches, announcing that the ride would be leaving always 2 hours after the time announced earlier by Rey.

After blasting down Hwy 299, I knew this Skaggs Springs-like highway would be my only opportunity to keep up with the front of the pack. After the fun, sitting at the gas station in Willow Creek, Steve started to back up his bike without looking behind him, knocking into me as I struggled to keep the Daytona upright, but alas letting it rest on its side. Before I could even utter more than a yelp, there dashed five men to my side, picking up the bike. A small scratch on the fairing was the only battlescar left from the fall. I let Steve know that if there was anyone who I'd want to knock my bike over, it would be him. I feel strongly that bikes are for riding and not to be kept polished and shining, looking brand new throughout their lives. All my bikes have a history of battlescars, and have been worn well. I'm always suspicious of a pristine looking two-year old motorcycle.

For the flight up to Happy Camp, Steve offered to let me ride the RC51. I had to remind myself while giggling up highway 96 that it wasn't my bike, and to take it easy. It immediately felt like home, so easy to ride.

Erik and I danced down 96 at a comfortable, quick pace, when we noticed a new Mustang ahead, picking off cars as if he was piloting a motorcycle. We eventually caught up to him, although he didn't make it easy to pass. Once we got around, it was hard to lose him. He kept pace with us all the way into Happy Camp, where he pulled off into a residence. He knew that highway like the back of his tires... errr hand.

The technical Indian Creek road provided some surprises; decreasing radius right handers that snuck out of nowhere, leaving a few riders that afternoon on the other side of the road. "Duffy's corner" was

named during a ride one year, when Duffy ended up in the bushes on that very turn.

For the last trek to our destination, I felt the smooth effortless pleasure of riding Paul's 929. Owning Hondas for most of my riding career, again the bike felt familiar like a comfortable pair of worn out motorcycle boots. I did have to work on throttle control with the 929, however, as it was a leeeetle bit more responsive than I was used to than my other bikes.

Pulling into Grants Pass, Phil spotted a pink plastic intertube in the middle of the road. Without question or hesitation, he turned the XR around, snatched it up from the street and escorted the group into town dawning it around his arm. Smiles on our faces, we checked into the Riverside Inn for a 2 night stay.



**Phil's Blow Up Toy** After spotting a plastic intertube lying in the road, Phil swiped it up and escorted us into town with it wrapped on his arm.

Throughout the trip, a loud KABOOM would always catch me offguard; the sign of Eric Dove letting off M1000s at the most appropriate times, the sound blasting off the canyon walls, echoing in our ears as well as those of the entire town of Grants Pass.

The boat trip down the Rogue River allowed some rare sightings of Bald Eagles and Osprey nests perched high above the trees. The water level was low, but the beavers were out in full force as we spotted

***Eating breakfast was always our intention at the beginning of each morning ride, but we found ourselves reading the lunch menu more often than not.***

them along the banks. The riverside mansions leave one jealous with envy, until there's talk of the two big floods that have hit the area. People now build their homes with the living quarters on the second floor and garages on the ground level, constructed with doors on both sides so the water can flow through during times of flood.

The disappearance of Bob's mirror was a bit of a concern when we looked at the bikes parked in the parking lot after returning from the Rogue River dinner cruise (two people shy of a full group). Erik witnessed the BMW and 929 crossing over the bridge just as our boat pulled away from the dock. We brought back a souvenir for Bob and Paul; an \$84 bread stick and after-dinner mint attached to their dinner reservation card. After seeing the missing mirror, concerned there might have been a mishap only to discover later that it was due to a bumpy road; the mirror not securely fastened to the bike. They spent ten minutes climbing around the side of the mountain hunting for the missing and expensive part, never to be found. When I cleaned everyone's mirrors the next day, I exclaimed "whoopsie" when I got to Bob's bike, finding nothing on the right-hand side to wipe clean.

Leaving Grants Pass, heading down AppleGate Road to Thomson Creek, Star Gulch to Siskiyou Summit, we found ourselves on a

dirt road heading to nowhere, climbing a tall peak overlooking a beautiful valley. After turning around a few times, we hooked up with Little Applegate road, headed into the town of Talent then riding to Ashland for lunch. Eating breakfast was always our intention at the beginning of each morning ride, but we found ourselves reading the lunch menu more often than not.



**That's One Expensive \$84 Bread Stick**  
We brought Paul back a souvenir after he missed the boat and dinner cruise down the Rogue River.

After brunch, we rode Dead Indian Memorial, then Keno Access road through Worden. After hitting 143 mph down highway 161 we pulled into Tulelake to gas up. Outside the general store stood a local patrolman lecturing two little six year olds about safety and the importance of not riding their bicycles on the sidewalk. He was still yackin' when we sped away twenty minutes later. I wonder how long he would have lectured us had we met up with him on highway 161.

139 was a road of long straights with a few turns here and there. The best scenery on that stint was blasting past Eagle Lake, climbing down into the town of Susanville.

In Susanville a cop heading up the hill then turned around after "witnessing" a rider speeding or passing "illegally." The rider turned off the main highway when another cop coming the other way followed him, pulling him over. He drew his gun, putting it in his face, saying he was arresting him for evading police. There were several witnesses to attest to the fact that neither cop car had their lights on while following the rider. He was cuffed and thrown in the back of the squad car.

By the time I rolled into town, I passed another rider surrounded by four patrol cars, helmet off, waiting patiently for the officer to finish writing the ticket. They picked him off claiming to have him on radar doing 68 in a 55. The officer practically ran him off the road with his squad car when he turned around to tag him. He was a riled up rookie, mad as hell that we had disobeyed his small town laws.

Once we arrived at the jail to pick up our comrade, cameras snapped away as the jailbird signed all the paperwork, having to borrow Laneen's Walmart bifocal specials in order to read what he was signing. \$2,000 later, he was free, angry and hungry because they hadn't fed him in jail. We were all taking bets as to what the meal would be; a cheese sandwich; watered down soup; macaroni and cheese. He got nothin'!

Waiting for the paperwork to be processed while eating at the local restaurant, we found out that our waitress was the daughter of the Sheriff.

Needless to say, the tip wasn't hearty.

The next morning he had to pay \$140 because the bike had been impounded. It normally would have cost \$230, but Laneen told us to

## *He was a riled up rookie, mad as hell that we had disobeyed his small town laws.*

drop her name because she and the guy who ran it went waaaaay back, and he owed her several favors. Ahhhh small town life.

Not wanting to spend anymore of our money in the friendly town of Susanville, we headed down 36 to Janesville Grade past Antelope Lake into Quincy for brunch. Bucks Lake road encouraged miles of smiles.

From Oroville we took 20 to 53 to 29. Buttes Canyon road, 128, Lower Chiles Canyon road, then along Lake Berryessa, 121 into Fairfield, where we blasted onto Lafayette for an end of the ride dinner at the Cantina Mexican restaurant; Paul, Erik, Lisa, Mike and Rey, the last remnants of a good ride.



**CHP = 1; Steve = 0** Of course, Erik couldn't pass up the opportunity to snap this shot of officer friendly working on Steve's paperwork.



## IN CONCLUSION...

It's always a pleasure riding with a group full of passion, talent, and enjoyment for the sport of motorcycling. For me, being the only woman rider, the scenery isn't just in the mountains and sunsets and twistie miles of road on the horizon; it's in the smiles and personalities and faces of the riders who I share the experience with. And when I tell all my women friends, "Imagine, being surrounded by 12 men on motorcycles," their eyes light up, beaming with envy. They have no idea the infinite pleasures of riding a motorcycle! They rely on me to paint the picture and share with them what they're missing.

Gentlemen, it was a pleasure!

—*Lisa B.*



**Surrounded by Men** I picked up these three fine specimen hanging out on the banks of the Rogue River. I even got lucky with one of them.



Tread

Chord

Someone needs a new tire.



**Miles of Smiles** After taking a wrong turn, we finally ended up back on the pavement. I think most of the group preferred the route of dirt, rock, and ruts over any other road throughout the trip. Tride and true dirt riders, you can see it on their faces, beaming after our dirt detour.



***“Susanville: Come on vacation***

***leave on probation!”***

***—Laneen; Bailbondswoman***

Northstar Publications  
c/o Lisa Brazieal  
3861 Greenwood Ave.  
Oakland, CA 94602

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