

Daily Planet

March, 2002

Vol. 27, Number 3

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

MAR 23-24	Songdog Ride— <i>Earl</i> <i>Meet in Pescadero</i>
APR 14 DIRT	Flat Trackin'— <i>Patrick</i>
APR 21	Mendocino Madness— <i>Jim</i>
MAY 10-12	Lost Coast Luau— <i>Mike/Rooz.</i>
JUNE 1-2 DIRT	Stoneyford— <i>Patrick</i>
MAY 22-23	Minden Nevada— <i>Gretchen</i>

THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN! ---

The first meeting under "the new regime" included free beer bought by our new President, Earl. Of course there was work involved, planning the next six months' worth of rides. Check out the schedule. It should be a good year of riding ahead! ☆ Mark Boyd still found the strength to hold a beer in his newly broken hand. The previous evening while riding his brand new KTM, he spun out and BAM! down he went. He and Patrick Lydon spent some time at SF General, experiencing the usual affair there, witnessing the DOA of a gunshot victim lying on the other side of the curtain right next to them. Mark's hand was swollen like a blow fish. Yet there he sat, beer in hand. What a dedicated Northstar member he is! Either that or the word "free beer" brings 'em out of the woodwork! ☆ Denise was ever-present, stirring the question "how many meetings is this for you?" How many rides have you been on? "Oh, a few," she answered. It seems we'll be electing some new members in the upcoming months, as well. The new potential members just keep gettin prettier and smarter! ☆ Speaking of prettier and smarter, hasn't John Downey been to enough meetings and rides? Just some-

SONGDOG RANCH

March 23-24

It's that time of year... well, maybe a little early, but upon us again is the Songdog ranch ride! Earl needs \$50 per person in his hands by March 17, no later. Make checks payable to Earl Minkler and send in your money to the address below:

4977 Julie Street
Livermore, CA 94550
925.455.1266

Ride will start in Pescadero. Further details to follow. \$50 includes all the bells and whistles including those items listed below. Just bring your toothbrush, condoms, and your gun...

- ✓ sleeping bags included
choose a single or double (for zipping together and sleeping closer to your partner)
- ✓ tents included
- ✓ dinner and breakfast included

thing to keep in mind for the next meeting, folks... ☆ Steve Schurman's name was batted around a bit in reference to the bill from the Northstar dinner at Delancey Street. What happened to you, Steve? You missed a great night! ☆ Patrick Lydon, too, showed up to this month's meeting for the free beer. Get your ass out on some rides this year, Patrick! That goes for the rest of you sorry losers being capable, able men and women with motorcycles just sittin' in your garage. **It's time to ride!** Motorcycles aren't meant to sit, collecting dust. ☆ Seeing how the club has gone downhill, electing chicks and all, now's your chance to

show 'em who's boss. Pass their ass on the road, and come out on some rides! That is, if they don't pass you, first.—Lisa



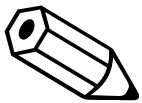
Mister President and his first lady, Denise.

A Ticket for Parking in a Motorcycle Zone?

Bret Morshead, owner of skads of motorcycles, walked up to find a ticket sitting on the windshield of his work vehicle. After scanning to see what the citation was written for, he found that he was tagged for parking in motorcycle parking. It's good to know the City is starting to finally look out for us. That'll teach ya', Bret!

What's the most outrageous thing you had to carry on a motorcycle? It seems that Jim couldn't find a way of putting his crutches on the F2. He blew out his ankle while snowboarding (when he should have been dirt biking in the desert). That'll teach ya', Jim. I still think you can figure out how to carry crutches on the bike. ;-)

SECOND MEETING WITH THE NEW SHERIFF & HIS POSSE!



This month's meeting started off with a strip tease by our President, Earl. Shirtless and looking dapper as he addressed the crowd, the minutes were read, old business was addressed, some new business as well, including the announcement for those to pay their dues, as Craig Hightower waved a one hundred dollar bill in the air. Hmmmmm, and he isn't even a member yet... ☆ Earl spoke of the desert trip the month previous which included five days of riding. They did an eighty mile loop toward Jawbone Canyon as well as Red Rock canyon. Weather was a bit cold one morning as everyone gathered in Earl's trailer, craving monkey brains as usual. With 80mph winds howling throughout the night, no one slept soundly. Someone mentioned to Bret that they thought he was leaving, as Barb was outside packing the trailer up. "I guess we are," said Bret! ☆ Bret & Barb apparently rolled in sometime during the night with one wheel hanging off, the rear axle crammed in under the back of the trailer. They used a tie down to strap the axle to axle, and made it in. ☆ This desert trip included a pair of cracked ribs for a pair of Northstars as Matt and Mike had a challenging rides that week. ☆ This meeting included guests a plenty, as Lisa invited Craig Hightower's Wednesday night crowd, including Ann Goldberg, Josh, Bradley, Scott, Kari and, of course, Craig himself! Other guests included John Downey (soon to be nominated as a member), Denise, Bob, Ken, Joanne, and Jan. Members present were Barb, Bret, Pat. L & M., Gretchen, Mark, and a one crutch-totin' Jim Cairnes. ☆ Joanne Thede Ferreira showed her face, beaming with the news of a "new" (still ridin' a bike made in the eighties) Honda Hawk she will be purchasing any day now. Obviously I had plenty of good tales to support her purchase as the Hawk was the first bike I ever owned, and one of the best. The roads I took that thing down... what an astounding motorcycle!—Lisa

Dues are Due!

Fifty Bucks to be precise. Please make all checks payable to SF Northstars and send your check/money order/food stamps (NO, wait, we don't accept food stamps!) Just get your money in to Allan.

**Allan Paul
San Francisco Brew Pub
155 Columbus Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94133**

Ever see a coyote gnawin' on a bloated cow before? Neither had I, until the ride up to Mount Diablo.

Then again, I've never experienced a ride where Mike Chaplin didn't follow the "rubber side down" mantra. Although Mister Chaplin had ye' little faith that Lisa would actually MAKE the right on Morgan Territory Road this year, there I was ridin' it with the best of 'em. Too bad I wasn't closer to our past Prez, or I would have witnessed his motorcycle pointing in the opposite direction, shiny side down, shall I say. Rey Bitter, East Oakland Moto Bro and guest of mine was scramblin' for his camera, tryin' to get a shot of Mike... but apparently he'd picked the bike up so quickly (he never even killed the engine) Ray missed the photo op!

So there were lots of "firsts" for me on our two mountain ride this year.

At the top of Diablo (yes, we actually made it to the top this year), Officer Friendly or shall I say "Ranger" Friendly warned us about riding waaaaay too fast up the mountain. The posted speed limit, apparently is 15mph. FIFTEEN! He clocked the last guy doin' 35... can you imagine? THIRTY FIVE MILES AN HOUR! Erik was toolin' up the mountain, playin' sweeper, thinking (like most of us) the speed limit was at least 25. A bicycle can exceed a 15 mph speed for gods' sakes! Luckily he and the lead guy (Mister C.) got out of a ticket by showing their motorcycle licenses.

I wish I would have witnessed Jim Cairnes' miraculous save when he came around a tight hairpin coated with sand and ice, on the way up to Hamilton. Apparently he stuck his foot out at juuuust the right time allowing the bike to pop back up on two wheels. Nice save, Jim!

I got to ride with Pete Slote practically for the first time, only because the conditions were such that high speed rides were not in order. Riding through ice and snow-laden roads gave me a chance to actually ride with some of the guys. What a pleasure.

*"I drive way too fast
to worry about
cholesterol."*

—Anonymous

Patrick's guest, Ryan, was on a KLR, and when Pete saw me sitting on it, he rushed over checking to be sure the key wasn't in it! "Good!" he exclaimed. "Don't let her ride this! You may never see it again."

Girls, you just don't know what you missed! The views were spectacular from every angle. There were men for miles! I just stood in the center of the circle, surrounded by guys of all ages, sizes, motorcycles, hairlines, and senses of humor. Like I said, the view was one to behold. I didn't have to share anyone and had 'em all to myself. Sorry you missed it! Then again, maybe I'm not sorry...

Two Mountain Ride Attendees

Catfish

Matt Brockway

Gary Thomas

Guest—Craig Hightower on his Triumph Tiger—Steam driven type

Guest—Unknown (ZRX1200)

Steve Schurman

Roosbeh Chubak

Lisa B. on a borrowed DR650

Guest—Erik Schaffer (XR650)

Guest—René Aguirre (KTM)

Guest—Rey Bitter (ZX11)

Guest—Walt on his Triumph [internal combustion type] Sprint

Guest—Ryan (KLR)

Pete Slote

Pete Silva

Guests—Louie & friend on the Harley

Patrick Moriarty

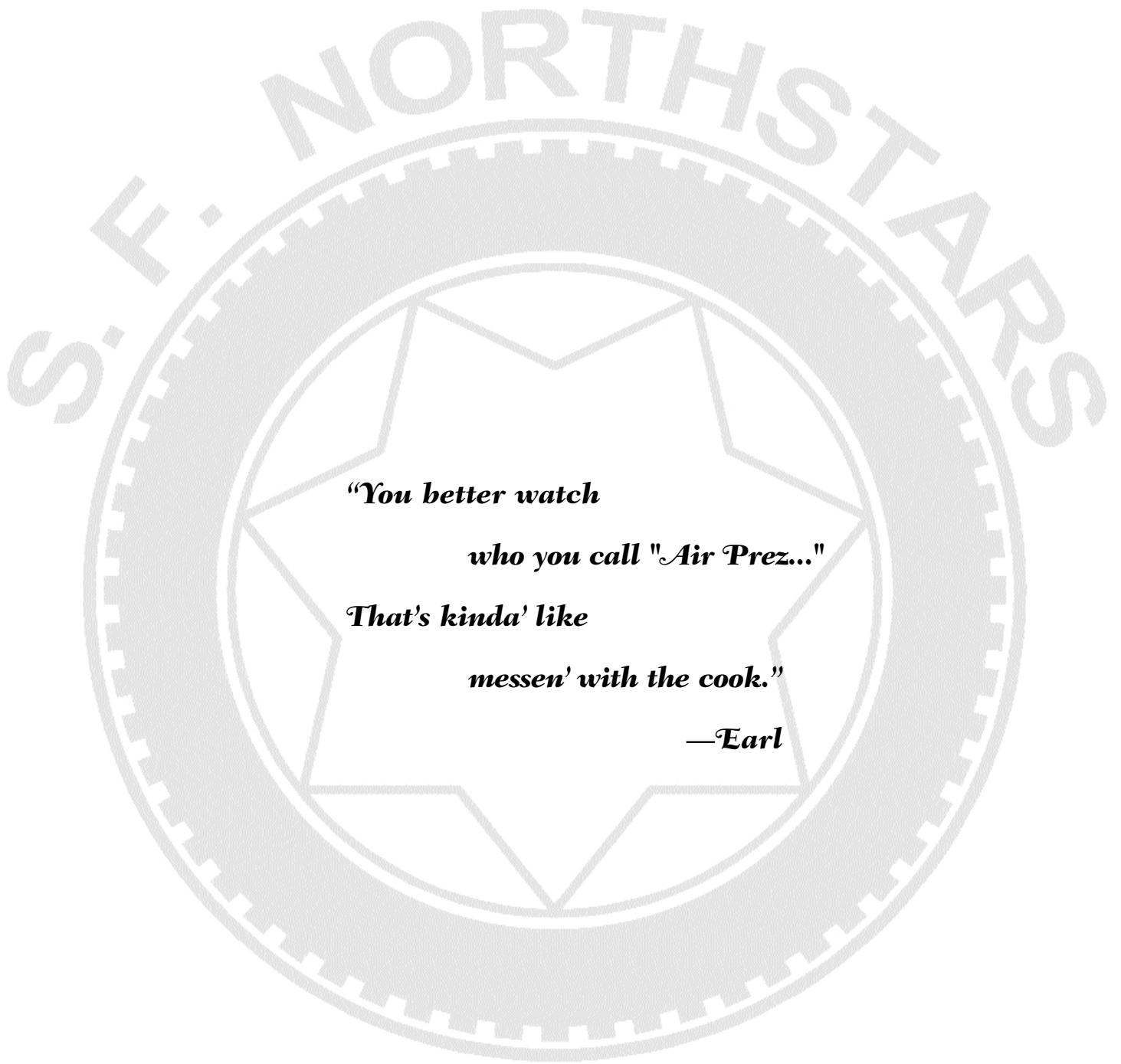
Julio-da-Prez!

Bret Morshead

Guest—PeeWee Schubb

Jim Cairnes

Joe Volpe



***"You better watch
who you call "Air Prez..."
That's kinda' like
messen' with the cook."***

—Earl

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