

# Daily Planet

January 30, 2001

Vol. 25, Number 11

Official Newsletter of the San Francisco Northstars Motorcycle Club

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- JAN 28 Two-Mountain ride—*Catfish*  
Ride report to come
- FEB 17-19 Mojave Desert  
DIRT! California City ride & camping
- FEB. 25 South Bay & Peninsula Day ride
- FEB. 28 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO.
- MAR 11 North Bay day ride
- MAR 17-19 Little Stone (Digger Pine)  
DIRT! ride & camping
- MAR 28 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO.
- APR 6-8 Death Valley ride—*Matt*
- APR ?? ??Open date??  
DIRT! This ride needs to be scheduled
- APR 25 CLUB MEETING, SF BREWING CO.
- APRIL ? Hey, when's the Song Dog ride?
- MAY 4-6 Eureka "Lost Coast Luau"—*Roozbeh*

## NOTES FROM DAPREZ -----

Updated info about the new Northstars mailing lists can be found at; <http://silcon.com/~catfish/ns/mailling-list-info.html>. Members are encouraged to join the discuss list and give us feedback there on the draft ride schedule for 2001; <http://silcon.com/~catfish/ns/2001/calendar.html>.



## WORDS FROM THE WORD STEWARD -----



ON MY HONOR, I WILL TRY to serve my club, write witty tales of rides and roads laden with smiles and bold adventures. I will play fair (yea, right), tell the truth, paint stories backed only by fact—no gossip, just the straight stuff. I will not rant endlessly, nor will I show favoritism

to any club member (status not withstanding). **YOU HAVE MY WORD.** —LISA B. (and if you believe that...)

## The Napkin Notes

This year's annual dinner was as colorful as always. I took extensive notes (on a napkin) from in front of my soggy eggplant dinner, between sips of bad red wine. Here's what I remember. As you notice, my scroll becomes a bit more illegible as the evening progresses. I've tried to explain a few of the comments, but leave the rest to your imagination.

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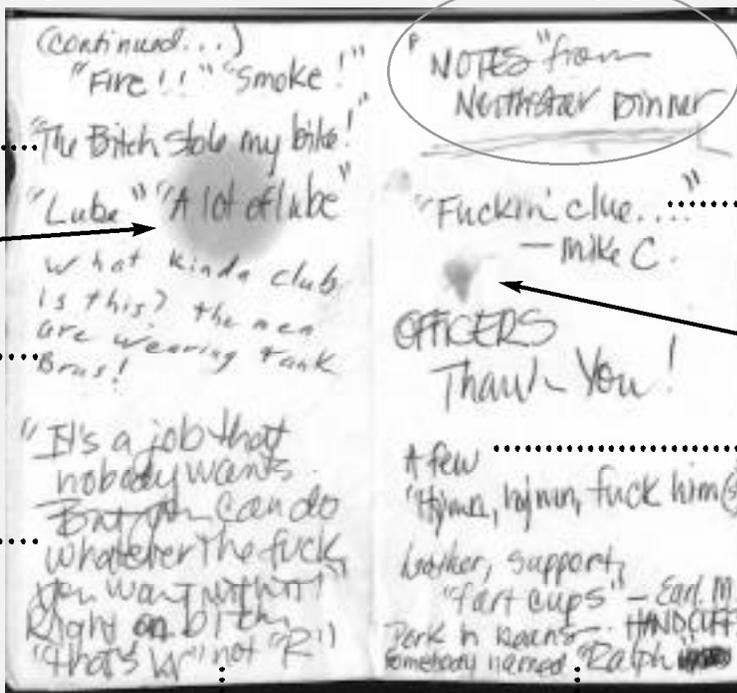
Napkin Notes—page 1

A reference made from last year's 2-mountain ride, this credit goes to **Pete Slote**.

Wine kept flowing. Sometimes it made it into the mouth, sometimes not.

Someone snuck this cryptic message in when I wasn't looking.

(Let me help you out with this one. It was the last note I wrote before catching a cab home.)



These words were repeatedly spewed from our President's mouth at the introduction of the awards ceremony. I have no idea what they mean.

Remnants from dessert.

It helped to have an educated woman sitting across from me. Thanks, **Wendy**, for explaining the history of this chant so that I'm able to provide the correct spelling of the term "Hymn."

"It's a job that nobody wants. But you can do whatever the fuck you want with it. Write on, bitch!" (That's a "W" not an "R!")—**Gary Thomas** on the role of Word Steward.

Quips taken from stories of last year's notoriously successful rides and outrageous meetings.

## 2001 Northstar Officers

**President** Mike Chaplin

**Vice President** Patrick Moriarty

**Word Steward** Lisa Brazieal

**Ride Steward** Roozbeh Chubak

**Dirt Steward** Steve Hursh

**Treasurer** Alan Macias

**Sergeant at Arms** Earl Minkler



Fellow Northstars, on their way to the annual dinner, dress for the occasion.

## PERFECT DIRT-----

Sunday morning after the dinner, several Northstars (Catfish, Julio & Denise, Matt, Joel, Steve & Debbie) had the pleasure of meeting at Barry Olson's place east of Oakdale and getting to play in his wonderful backyard. Barry is an old flat-tracker who has a converted 3-car garage that is now his flat-tracker assembly shop, machine shop, and engine room. Beyond the pool and grass area in the back, are the 1/4-mile groomed oval and what must be a nearly 1/2-mile long groomed TT course. When I say "groomed," I mean he has hauled in sand and whatever-else to mix with the soil, waters it when necessary, and pulls a drag bar behind his truck to smooth the loamy soil to what Matt called, "Perfect dirt!" There was not a speck of dust in the air all day long.

Barry had also invited some of his riding buddies out for the day, so we had a nice mix of people and bikes on the track(s). Eventually, the soft dirt would get some ruts from the larger bikes; but then Barry would drag it for ten minutes and we'd have a perfect virgin track again several times that day. Steve and Barry had the gas grills out and fixed burgers, dogs, and chili for the assembled group's lunch. It was one incredible day and we'll be back soon, I hope!

—Mike Chaplin

Matt Brockway's photos are at  
<<http://photos.yahoo.com/sfnsmc2001>>



Steve Hursh on the oval



Matt "Unicycle" Brockway



Julio "Hot-Shot" Sanchez was flyin' round the oval on the XR120!



Joel spittin' BIG chunks!

**In Case You Didn't Know...** The history of the famous chant, "*Hymn, hymn, fuck him!*" goes as follows: Used by Northstars as a salute to anyone who had done anything outstanding; good or stupid, according to one NS the line comes from an old song sung at the Northstar Bar at Powell & Green. Evidently, off-duty San Francisco police and firemen frequented this bar (which was men-only, including "no civilians"—cops, firemen and armed servicemen, period!) The men would get seriously drunk and sing this to whomever deserved it the most. The hymn had several verses, but memories tend to fade with age, so what is remembered goes as follows:

*"Hurray for Jim  
hurray at last  
hurray for Jim  
he's a horse's ASS!  
Hymn, hymn, fuck him!"*



*Quote of the month:*

*"...just send me copies via email, and refer often to the good old days when I was there, how things were smoother and more fun and everyone was faster."—Ken Hendren*

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED