



First Tuesday of the Month: 7:00 pm:
Officer's Meeting at Mont Olympos Diner in Yonkers. **Please All Try To Attend!**

Second Tuesday of the Month: 7:00 pm:
HOG Chapter Member's meeting at Empire HD.

Wednesday Night: Dinner rides. 7-9 PM. Check the chapter **HOTLINE, (914) 560-2101** or the Yahoo chat group calendar for each week's destination.

Saturday Morn: Early Bird Rides (weather permitting). Every Saturday leaving the Mobil station on the Hutchinson River Parkway. Different destinations each week and a breakfast stop included.

Saturdays: Late Owl rides (weather permitting). Group rides leave from Empire around noon time with different destinations each week.



SAVE THE DATE!!
THE EMPIRE HOG CHAPTER HOLIDAY PARTY IS SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15TH AT THE AMERICAN TURNERS CLUB IN THE BRONX. A MERRY TIME IS GUARANTEED!

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Sept 27-30** **Backroads Magazine Fall Fiesta:** Lancaster, PA. Touring the Amish countryside, visit to the York HD Factory, historic sites and attractions, mayor's charity ride and much more.
- Oct 14** **Ramapo MC Club Fall Foliage Run:** Ride departs from Rhodes North Tavern, 40 Orange Turnpike, Sloatsburg, NY
- Oct 21** **American Spirit MC Club Annual Tombstone Tour:** Hicksville V.F.W. Post. 320 South Broadway, Hicksville, NY. Riders \$20, passengers \$10. Food, music, door prizes and more!
- Oct 28** **Celtic MCC 2012 Fall Foliage Run:** Sign up starts at 9AM. Self guided tour through scenic Hudson Valley. Food and drink provided upon your return. 4360 Bullard Avenue, Bronx, NY 10466, corner of 237th street.
- Dec 15** **Empire HOG Annual Holiday Party:** American Turners Club. 748 Clarence Avenue Bronx, NY. Music and dancing, good food and drink, good company – GOOD TIME! Details to come.



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District# 34
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Separated at Birth?



JOHNNIE WINTER
of "Good Morning Little School Girl" fame...

JERRY "OLD GUY" WEITZENKORN
of "What the hell is this protruding from my belly" fame...

Mmmmm.....



Empire Harley Davidson
8 Industrial Lane
New Rochelle, NY 10805



Empire HOG—Since 2006!



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CHAPTER # 3183

NEW ROCHELLE

NY



20 Years of Helping in Hudson Valley

Reprint from RideForKids.org

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Empire HOG Chapter HOTLINE: (914) 560-2101

A Trip With Ann & Ruby

by Ann Lockyer

Not long ago it was 85° at 10am! It's been a hot, hot summer, so 85° was cool as far as I was concerned. So I jumped at the chance to take "Ruby", my '08 XLR Roadster out for a shake down ride. I zipped her out of the garage, and headed north to the Taconic Parkway. With a speed limit of 55 MPH, the Taconic is a slow road, but beautiful and I keep it to 60 MPH, due to my quota of tickets. Fourth gear was enough. The Deluxe was quite happy in 6th gear on the Taconic but the XLR was humming, singing "bring it on, I got more!" I guess a couple of hundred pounds makes a big difference - a light bike with a big engine.

After a few hours and one gas stop (I miss that 5 gallon gas tank on the Deluxe), I reached the end of the Taconic. After a bite to eat (more gas stops = more eat stops), I headed east to my old standby, Route 22. Well I just kept going

north until early evening and found myself in Pownal, VT. I thought that since I was here I'd re-do VT Route 100, border to border. A few years ago I did it with my cousin in 2 days. It was fun but rushed (*i.e., kickstands up at 6am!*). This time I thought I would take my time. Credit card, a change of clothes, plants watered and 5 unplanned days - I'm free. So I turned around and spent the night at Bascom lodge on the top of Mt. Greylock, just below North Adams, MA. There are two great things about Bascom Lodge; a gorgeous 8 mile touristy mountain road with OMG views and \$30 a night rate - with a happy hour! You can't beat that! If you don't mind being with a bunch of hikers (I was one once), then Bascom Lodge is a great overnight stop.

After a really great breakfast I headed north again to VT Route 100 which starts at the Mass/Vermont border. This was my chance to go slow and really enjoy the gorgeous Vermont countryside. Stop in little towns and spend 5

The Hudson Valley Ride for Kids® roared into its 20th year with \$80,716 in donations for the PBTF.

Of the more than 600 people in attendance, the six most important were Molly, Ashley, James, Megan, Amanda, and Katie. These brain tumor survivors led the scenic ride from the elementary school in Central Valley on a warm, sunny morning.

These young people reminded the motorcyclists that they're riding for a reason. The research and vision of the foundation has helped doctors literally save my daughter's life, said 10-year-old Molly's mom, Patricia.

The leading fundraisers in Hudson Valley were:

Individuals: Jon Ford, \$11,450
Motorcycle club/chapter: Empire H.O.G., \$14,657
Motorcycle business: Empire Harley-Davidson, \$13,407
Special organization: Ride for Liam, \$9,535

Winners of the drawing prizes included our own Rigo Toro who walked away with a Tourmaster luggage package.

Jack Jones, Liz Jones and Mark Perillo led this year's Hudson Valley Ride for Kids® task force, with the assistance of many committed volunteers. Get ready to ride with them again in 2013 on Sunday, Aug. 4.

glorious days in the "cooler" north country. Last years hurricane Irene really left it's mark on Vermont. The first 1/3 of the road was really in need of a new surface and so many of the bridges were washed away that a year later most still have not been repaired. I went over at least 5 temporary crossings. But if the road was bad, traffic was good. It was 40 miles before I saw my first cow, and that was at the first traffic light I came to. Many of the towns don't even have a stop sign. Its riding nirvana.

(con't on next page)

TAR SNAKES

I Can Hardly Wait

by "Pots"

I can't wait for summer to begin. What do you mean "it's over"? You're just getting me upset because I can hardly wait for it to start. I've got a lot of riding plans for this season. It starts with my first time riding as part of Empire HOG and I would like it to be memorable one with great rides and good riding buddies. But first, I'll take a ride to Luray VA for the Backroads Magazine Spring Fling. While in Luray I had a chance to explore the riding on the Skyline Drive and the Blue Ridge Parkway. Also, I got to experience the surrounding countryside.

Back home I have to get ready for a ride to Lake George and Americade followed by a trip to Laconia, New Hampshire the following week. What a busy week. After I get home from Laconia, I had to get my

registration material together for the New York State HOG Rally held this year in Alexandria Bay (Abay) New York. But first, the Celtic Motorcycle Club's Poker Run. This usually is a great back roads ride and this year it didn't let me down. After that, The New York State HOG rally was a really great trip. I enjoy riding in that part of New York State having to remind myself that I'm still in New York. I really didn't have much time to think about that ride. I had to hurry home on Friday for the start of the Ramapo

our chapter. My plan was to say it was a young Guy Richards. Only problem was our Mr. Richards had the same greeting card that I took the picture from and called my hoax at our executive meeting. DAMN! What do they say, "you can fool some of the people some of the time...?"

PR



500, another great back roads ride. I meet a group of my fellow HOG buddies and off we go. The first day covers about 250 miles including an overnight stop with dinner and sleeping arrangements. The next day was scheduled for 250 miles back to the end spot, but rain cut the ride short. Not to be disappointed, we decided to finish the ride the following week, calling it *Ramapo Revisited*. With all this riding I can hardly wait for summer and the real riding season.

Let's not forget the early bird rides



(con't)

Winding its way up though the middle of Vermont, hugging the east side of the Green Mountains and twisting through dairy farms and corn and hay fields, Rte 100 ends at Newport, on the shore of Lake Memphremagog (Pheew) on the Canadian border. Since this trip was planned only when I found myself in Pownal, I didn't have my passport to turn this into an international shakedown.

On my way back I treated myself to the Echo Lake Inn in Tyson, VT. It's a beautiful 1800's full service inn (meaning it serves dinner) with a tennis court, pool, a dock on the lake with boats, a full service bar, and a huge porch. The rooms were lovely and for all you got it was no more expensive than a motel. Dinner with drinks in the same place you're staying always grabs me. The innkeeper, Lawrence Jefferees, was intrigued that I came up on a motorcycle and offered group rates if I came back with my "club". Hell, I will definitely be back, anyone interested?

So my new bike was really fun to ride. I miss the long-range tank and laid back comfort of the Deluxe, but the sort of tight seat and forward

on Saturdays and Sundays. Throw in the dinner rides and a few dealer events and my own "around the block" rides, lunch run to Vermont, Cape Cod for chowder...

Wait! Maybe I did miss Summer. John Lennon once said that "life is what happens while you're busy making other plans". I would say Summer is what happens while your busy riding. I guess you're right. I missed Summer. Or did I? Well I guess it's on to the next great riding season - Fall. That's when the bikes run better because of the cooler temperatures. The colors make the roads traveled seem different plus we get to wear all kinds of great riding gear. I hope I don't miss this Fall. Maybe I should. But if I do, then **SCREW IT - LET'S RIDE!**

RP



gripping of the XLR Roadster (it's a Sportster but it says on the side, Roadster) makes it ok to get gas every 100 or so miles. There's always a trade off. If the Deluxe was a Lincoln Town Car then the XLR Road is an IROC. With dual front disk brakes, stopping is more of a thought than an action. The throttle is so sensitive that a sneeze or a bump in the road increases my speed 10 MPH! I no longer have to look for the "right" parking space and my neighbor Manny no longer comes home to the "Black Swan" in his single space. Secretly, he misses moving my ex out of his space and into mine!

So I'm really happy I made the trade. Things I miss, things I don't miss. I got "Ruby" under control now and am packing for Nova Scotia and the Cabot Trail. See you on the road- ride safe!

-Ann and Ruby

MUSH!

by Ann Lockyer

Ever notice how people who don't ride sometimes ask "so, why do you ride?" We riders all know that there are as many reasons to ride as there are riders. I know that for me, there's as many reasons to ride as there are sunny days. There is, however, one reason that I do not ride and that is as "alternative transportation". Now there's nothing wrong with that. It's just not the reason I ride. But alternative transportation really does work for me. I have walked, roller-skated, roller bladed, bicycled, bussed, driven and even hitchhiked to work. But dog sledging? Now there's an alternative transportation not available to many of us. But in the early 1900's the Alaskan dog sled was the basic form of transportation, as common as the car is today. Alaskans relied on the dog and sled for hauling supplies, mail delivery, and of course bringing out the gold.

Around 1918, gold was discovered in the sands along the beaches of the Bearing Sea, and in less than 5 years a booming "tent city" sprang up. By 1925 the population of "no name" (or Nome as it came to be known) was over 30,000. The winter of '25 was the coldest on record and saw blizzard after blizzard. Housing and sanitation were marginal at best and medical facilities were almost non-existent. Then the diphtheria epidemic broke out. With the nearest life-saving serum in San Francisco, the best that could be done was to ship the serum to the nearest open water port - Anchorage. There it sat while children in (Nome) were dying. Anchorage is well over 600 miles from Nome, and even today there are no roads from Anchorage to Nome. With the Bearing Sea frozen solid, Nome was isolated. It was then that the mushers stepped up. In one of the most heroic feats in history, mushers from all over Alaska relayed the serum over the mountains, through the interior, using frozen rivers as highways. They braved the frozen sound and arrived in Nome in time to save thousands of children. Hundreds of miles,

day and night, in subzero weather, dozens of mushers and their dog teams risked their lives to save the children of Nome. It took about 128 hours, a little over 5 days, for this almost spontaneous rescue effort to reach Nome - never letting the serum freeze.

The statue of Balto, the lead dog on the last relay, stands in Central Park with Disney making a movie of that historic event. What we don't know is that The Iditarod Trail (the combination of all the trails used to get the serum to Nome) as it is called today, is now 100 years old. It has been designated a National Historic Trail - sort of like the Appalachian Trail (or Route 66). This year was the 40th running of the Iditarod Sled Dog Race and I went up to Anchorage and Nome to volunteer. The entire Iditarod Trail Committee is run by volunteers

and people come from all over to be part of this exciting event. In Nome I volunteered for dog watch, security, sales and information. I worked with people from South Carolina, Norway and even South Africa! This year there were competitors from 5 countries. The ceremonial start of the race is in Anchorage has sort of carnival atmosphere with games, rides and the running of the reindeer. Anchorage is a big city. Nome, the end of the race, is a town. The population of Nome is just about 350 and even

at 20 below zero I was able to walk from one end of town to the other before my eyes froze! In Nome it was like St. Patrick's Day, the 4th of July and New Year's Eve all rolled into one week. The population swells to well over 3,000 and everyone rents out any extra beds, sofas and even floor space. It's a party 24/7 with bars and restaurants in full swing. There are snow sculpting contests, craft fairs and snowmobile races. Kind of like Marcus Dairy on Super Sunday only with dogs. Each sled is pulled by a team of 16 dogs and there were 63 sleds. I had my own episode of "Dirty Jobs."

For the week that I was there, the sky was a clear bluebird blue, almost no wind with the temperature hovering around zero. The residents of Nome thought they were having a heat wave. With the Bearing Sea frozen to the horizon, it was a dry cold most of the time. I didn't need a hat and you could always feel the warmth of the sun. I had SO SO SO much fun and I'm already planning to go back next year. The remoteness and emptiness of the Seward Peninsula is just beautiful, and the hardiness of the people who make Nome and the surrounding hamlets their home is amazing. The mushers have almost a rock star status in Alaska and considering that more people have stood on the top of Mt. Everest than have finished the Iditarod Sled Dog race is amazing. So little is known of it in the lower 48.

So what does all this have to do with motorcycling you ask? Well my story began with alternative transportation and why I ride. When you see me on the road now you'll know for sure that I am going nowhere, or anywhere, taking my time. Just having the wind in your face, wings at your feet and time on your hands makes for a great day. Riding, not so much to get somewhere but just to ride.

See you on the road. *Have fun and be safe!*

AL

