



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

First Thursday 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 Empire HOG
website calendar for each week's destination.

Saturday & Sunday Morn: Early Bird Rides (weather
permitting). Leaving the Mobil station on the
Hutchinson River Parkway. KSU at 9am with
different destinations each week with breakfast.

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

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Dec 11-13 Progressive International Motorcycle Show:** Jacob Javits Center, New York, NY. \$18 admission.
- Dec 12 Empire HOG Chapter Holiday Party:** Sprain Lake Golf Course, Yonkers, NY. 6pm to 11:55pm. Members and guests: \$50 per person.
- Jan 8-10 North American International Motorcycle Supershow:** International Centre, Mississauga, Ontario. \$20 admission.
- July 14-16 New York HOG Rally:** Alexandria Bay, NY. Registration deadline: May 26, 2016



Don't Forget... the Empire HOG Chapter's Holiday Party is Saturday, December 12th! This years festivities will be held at the Sprain Lake Golf Course, Yonkers, NY. Great food and drink, great social gathering, great music... What better way to ring in the holidays! See you there!



**AMA# 2651
District# 34**

Newsletter produced by Peter Ruller
<http://www.blackdogdesigns.net>

Mmm... I wonder if there are motorcycles on other planets...



Photo by Carlos Laboy



**Empire Harley Davidson
8 Industrial Lane
New Rochelle, NY 10805**



Empire HOG—Since 2006!



EMPIRE HOG

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NY

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DAYTONA BIKE WEEK 2015

by Ron Watson

With the lousy winter of 2015 ongoing, I was looking forward to Bike Week. This was my 24th trip south for the event – I spend six days at the event and then visit my folks for six days.

I got to Daytona on Tuesday (3/10) and once I unloaded at my motel, I headed up to the Iron Horse Saloon in Ormond Beach. The Iron Horse is owned by 'outlaw country' icon, David Allan Coe. This is an artist that has never had massive radio airplay (until satellite radio). If you don't recognize his name you will recognize the songs he has penned – recorded by other artists – "Take This Job and Shove It" and "Please Come to Boston" – to name two. I always like going to the Iron Horse because they have a lot of good bands playing and a bunch of vendors – kind of a sneak peak at Main Street. The site also has a lot of food vendors and a "Wall of Death." Usually the night act is David himself – this year I got to see him play an early 4:00pm show.

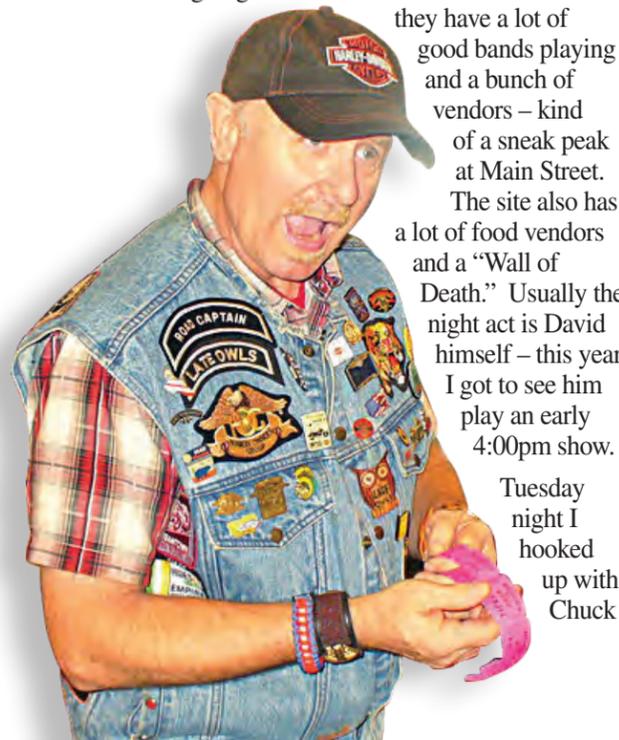
Harris (one of the Late Owls) for a steak dinner – he'd been down at West Palm Beach enjoying his winter getaway. This was Chuck's third Bike Week – I think he's hooked.



On Wednesday I met Chuck and we did Main Street. As "Welcome to Bike Week 2015" banners flew overhead the endless flow of bikes rolled down Main Street – always a sight to see. In Bike Weeks past, Main Street was really a Harley Davidson mecca. Today you see

bikes from all brands and more and more women riding their own bikes.

Main Street is loaded with stores selling everything from bike parts to T-shirts, pins
(con't)



Tuesday night I hooked up with Chuck

TAR SNAKES

FRIENDS

by Robert "Pots" Pizzonia



Through many years of riding a motorcycle, I have seen all kinds of sights and met all sorts of people. I have learned not to judge a book by its cover. Several years ago on one ride I met a rider dressed head - to - toe in leathers, wearing "biker boots" and talking about all the

extra's he had on his bike. I started up a conversation with him only to discover that this was his first organized ride and that he was proud to have passed his motorcycle road test two weeks earlier. He told me his wife wouldn't allow him to look or think about riding a motorcycle due to family obligations – *children, mortgage, etc.* He had to keep his dreams to himself until the kids were grown, the mortgage paid and the wife satisfied. Over the next several years I got to meet a lot of riders who had similar stories. Most rode as teenagers and young adults, gave up riding to "raise a family" and now with the family grown, they are once again back to riding.

Flash forward a few hundred HOG dinner rides when that book thing hit me again. The group would meet at the dealership at 7pm for the Wednesday night HOG Dinner ride. That night our ride was to the Dinosaur BBQ on 125th street in NYC. When I first saw him I thought he was a sales person. He was dressed in chino pants, button down collared shirt and penny loafers. He was walking around talking to others gathered for the night's ride. He
(con't)

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**Empire HOG Chapter HOTLINE:
(914) 560-2101**

In memory of...

Our friend and brother
James Torres

May you find the road to
eternal life peaceful
and wonderful



(con't from page 1)

and patches, jewelry and art work. I find the highlight always to be – bike and people watching - here you will see anything and everything. After we'd loaded up on "doo-dads," Chuck and I headed over to the ocean and boardwalk to have lunch on the roof at Joe's Crab Shack. The interesting thing about the beach here is that it is very straight and hard packed – actually used for racing (both bikes and cars) - they raced on what is called the beach course.

On Thursday, I met Chuck out at the Speedway to check out all the bike manufacturers and vendors. One thing you notice is that with almost no "chopper" shows on TV – you see fewer custom bike builders

here. The Speedway area is where Harley Davidson sets up their huge tents with all the latest bikes, parts, and their HOG information tents. This is an official pin stop, so we got our special event pins.

We had been talking to Danny Sr. and Jr. (more Late Owls) seems like one minute they were in Virginia then in Georgia. Finally they were in Florida and we were going to meet them later Thursday. Destination Daytona is where we finally hooked up. Now to the unknowing,



Destination Daytona is kind of like a motorcycling Disneyland. They have the HD dealership there as well as JP Cycle – vendors – hotel – condos – events and more.

We ate at Hooligan's and caught up on things with Jr. (we don't see him much now that he lives in Queens). They had trailered their bike down and ridden over from in land, so we got to see Jr.'s new blacked out Street Glide – looks sharp.

Being that I'm in a rental car for Bike Week and can't ride, one day there I always like to do

something non-motorcycle related. So on Friday I went to the TICO Warbirds Air Show. The TICO Air Shows usually happens in March – luckily this year the same week as Bike Week. As a special feature, the Air Force Thunderbirds were there. I had seen the Navy Blue Angels before but never the Thunderbirds – I think I was more impressed with the Blue Angels show.

The highlight for me of any bike week has always been the racing of the Daytona

Never let it be said that Ann Lockyer doesn't travel the roads in style!



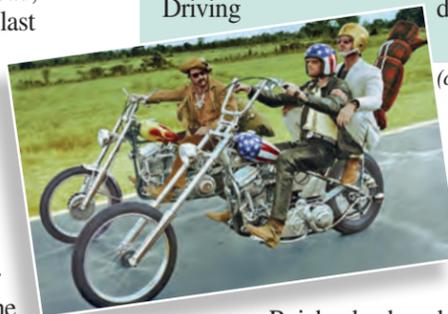
200. From back to when Harley fielded a team for the 200 (pre-2000) and I sat in the infield section known as Harley Heaven – and met Willie G. and Erik Buell there. I always get to the track early for race day because the ticket I buy (for the reasonable price of \$45) gets me into the garage area and then a reserved seat in the grandstand, from which you can see the entire track – a great thing about Daytona.

As you walk around in the garage area you see all the teams making last minute adjustments – this year gear changes because of less windy conditions. Just before the big race, they line up all the bikes and racers on pit road and let everyone come and meet their favorite riders. This is great for fans and I'm sure the riders enjoy it, too. When I was walking along pit road, I saw the No. 69 bike of Danny Eslick (last year's winner-albeit on a Triumph). I took a photo of the bike and hiked up the steeply banked track to take my seat in the grandstand.

With a number of delays in the 200(4) due to a bunch of red flags, when the checkered flag dropped the No. 69 Suzuki of Danny Eslick was the winner – by an unbelievable 0.086 seconds. The irony of that win was that as of just two weeks before, Danny Eslick didn't have a team to ride for. I guess he made the right choice because he won again (2014 and 2015) – the last year of back-to-back wins was in 2000-2001.

That about sums up my Bike Week activities. Next year's event will be the 75th Anniversary – should be one great party!

RW



(con't from page 1) came up to Captain Jack and myself and introduced himself as Bob, Bob

Reichenbach and that he had just joined the HOG group and was happy to be there. As the ride left the dealership, Bob made his way to the front of the group, a position I later learned he liked. At the restaurant Bob sat with Captain Jack and myself as we got to know each other better. That was the start of Bob's involvement not only with Empire HOG group but also my friendship with him.

All By Myself

by Brenda Toro

Rigo and I travel to Delaware several times a year to visit a dear friend of ours. Last month we planned another trip. We got the motel room for 2 nights, Friday and Saturday. I know we can't leave until Rigo gets home from work and we never really know what time that will be. I asked Rigo "Would you trust me going to Delaware by myself?" He thought about it for a while. He said he trusts the way I ride. He knows I know how to get there, plus having a GPS on the bike, he agreed. In talking about it he said he felt going ahead of him might be a good idea. This way I can go with the day's sunlight instead of the cold night. Wow! I was so excited. My first real solo trip. I left that Friday around noon after having lunch with my daughter Jessica. Rigo gave me the lecture- *traffic, speed, cars, trucks, animals, etc.*

I embarked on my trip around noontime. Across the Cross Bronx Expressway, over the GW Bridge and south on I-95. Three quarters of the way down the turnpike, I pull into a rest area to fuel up. Oh crap I realized, Rigo always fuels up the bikes. Ok, I can handle this. I got it done and was back on the road. What a great feeling. Driving down the open

road. Sun on my face. I kept looking in my mirror expecting to see Rigo behind me only to realize that I'm on my own.

Past the turnpike, across the Delaware Memorial Bridge to Route 1. Buzzing down the road feeling real good, I arrived at the motel while still daylight. I entered my room when it hits me – Rigo's not here! I managed to carry my luggage to the room and start to unpack. Tired from my trip, it's now time to find somewhere to eat. By now it's dark so I enter *Jimmy's Chicken Place* on the GPS and out I go. WHAT THE HECK! It's taking me through the back roads. No lights, just total darkness and spooky roads when alone. I get my dinner and start heading back to the motel when I realize that I'll



need drinks and snacks too. I find a gas station/convenience store nearby. Pick up my drinks and snacks and head back to the motel. Stopping momentarily I ask myself - "do I have everything now. Am I forgetting something?" Back at the motel I park the bike, unload my groceries and cover the bike for the night. Rigo always helps me with this. It's hard doing it with only one good arm. By the time I have the bike covered and tied down I look at the bags. MAN, now I've got to carry all this stuff into the room by myself. How come every other time I come down to Delaware it doesn't seem so tiring? Oh yeah, Rigo helps out.

I make it to the room and finish unpacking the luggage and store bags. Climb into bed with my dinner - chicken, mashed potatoes and veggies when I realize I haven't any utensils!

Rigo arrives at the motel around 1 am. I'm tired from the trip from doing it all alone. I tried eating my dinner with my fingers but it just wasn't working so I left it for Rigo. I wasn't able to sleep without my husband but now that he's here, I drifted off to sleep within minutes. In the morning I regaled my adventure - the awesome ride down here, the luggage, the fueling up, the shopping, no utensils... He kissed me and told me how proud he was of me. I was proud too. I did it all by myself. **BT**

family and motorcycling.

When Bob got sick he played it off as no big deal, just as long as it didn't interfere with his riding. He would continue to show up for the early bird rides even though you could tell the treatments were kicking his ass. He never complained. He was there and he was going to ride. Over time his rides got shorter but his enthusiasm never wavered.

I'll miss Bob's style of riding, his crazy hand signals, his 'almost falling off the bike back stretches' and his dream of riding different bikes. Come to think of it, I guess you could say that Bob *was* a sales person not only at work but in life as he sold me on the concept that no matter what life deals you, just – **SCREW IT, LETS RIDE.** **RP**