

**NORTHERN
CHAPTER
H.O.G.**

CLASSIC LEGEND TIMES

Volume 10, Issue 9

September, 2004

NORTHERN CHAPTER RAISES \$11,431 FOR FATHER FRED FOUNDATION

The Northern Chapter Father Fred Benefit Ride was a huge success this year, raising \$11,431 for the Father Fred Foundation. The City opened the streets for us, the weather cooperated, the police made the ride safe for us and the awesome members of this chapter came in numbers never seen before to participate.

This year we scaled it back to follow the current administrations motto—keep it simple—ride and have fun. The poker run route was spectacular—showing a lot of people, not from this area, just how beautiful our area is. The Sunday ride had over 400 bikes with over 60 of them being chapter members! The number of members that stepped up to the plate to help make this all happen are too numerous to count but without Michael Cole and Bob Oliverius' dedication and heart, it wouldn't have been the success it was. Thanks to all who helped, but a special thank-you to Michael who had the vision.

A meeting has already been held to talk about how to make it a better event next year but if anyone who participated has any ideas on things that should change, contact anyone on the board.



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August Chapter & Business Meeting Minutes

Chapter Meeting—August 8

Thanks to the French's for the July House BBQ.

12th annual Father Fred Benefit Ride was a huge success. Traverse City opened the streets for us, police departments made the ride safe for us and we raised \$11,431.

Michael Cole presented a thank-you letter written to the chapter from Father Tome from Father Fred Foundation.

Moving wall is arriving August 20 and members from the chapter are going to escort it from West Branch. There is a bike night ceremony on Friday night, August 27.

Another order for name tags is in the works. Contact Donna Weber to order one.

MDA Northwoods ride moved the week-end from the last few years and consequently is the same day as the Pig Roast. Due to commitments made for the pig roast, we are keeping the pig roast on September 18 and not participating in the MDA ride.

We will have another food drive for the Salvation Army November 12—20th and will be looking for volunteers to man the stations.

For the Christmas Party, the Holiday Inn is giving us rooms at \$79 plus tax (since the Main Street Inn is closing, which is where we planned on staying)

Name Tags,

Get Your Name Tags

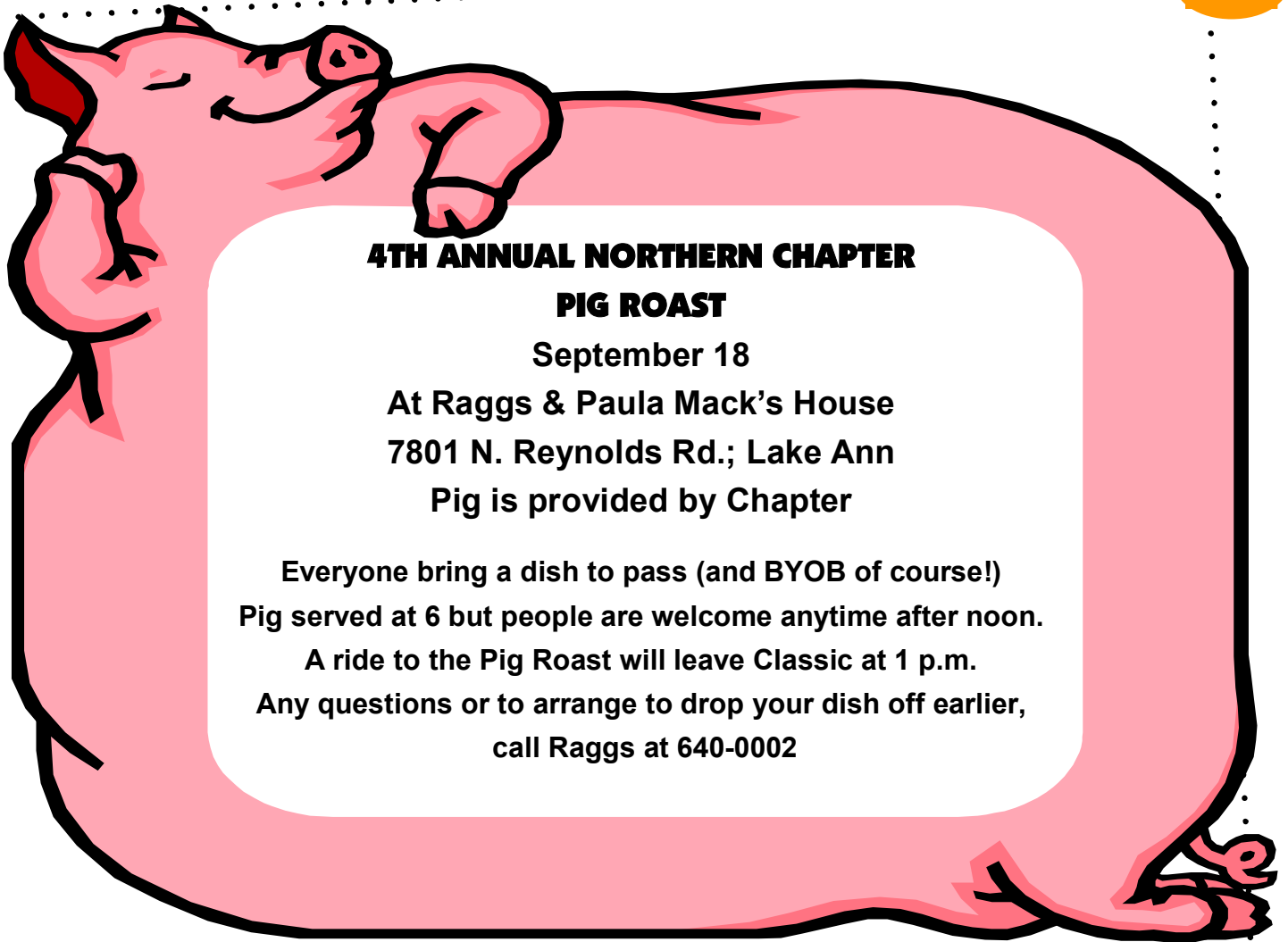
Donna Weber, our Merchandise Coordinator is putting in one last order for name tags. She currently has 5 people who have ordered them, but she needs to have 12 to place an order. October 1 will be the cut off date for taking name tag orders. If you have any questions, give her a call at 938-7034. The cost is \$8.



On the August 18 dinner ride to Dockside, Ken & Sue Buquet were the first to have their food served! (This is newsworthy because Ken is always the last one served)

Thanks to Bob Burns and Nancy Shulte for hosting the August House BBQ. Food was awesome and company, as always, was stupendous!





**4TH ANNUAL NORTHERN CHAPTER
PIG ROAST**

September 18

**At Raggs & Paula Mack's House
7801 N. Reynolds Rd.; Lake Ann
Pig is provided by Chapter**

**Everyone bring a dish to pass (and BYOB of course!)
Pig served at 6 but people are welcome anytime after noon.**

**A ride to the Pig Roast will leave Classic at 1 p.m.
Any questions or to arrange to drop your dish off earlier,
call Raggs at 640-0002**

House BBQ

September 11

**Hosted by Frank Schroeder
at parents lake house in
Frankfort**

Bonfire, Food, Fun

BYOB

**Ride to leave Classic at 3 p.m.
Questions? Call Frank @313-7258**



Greg & Jeanette Sherman

"Shooting The Breeze"

By Michael Cole

To paraphrase Harry Emerson Fosdick (look him up on the web), "The great day comes when a man begins to get himself off his hands. He has lived, let us say, in a mind like a room surrounded by mirrors. Every way he turns, he sees himself. Then, some of the mirrors change to windows. He begins to get out of himself. No longer the prisoner of self-reflections, but a free man in a world where people, truths, and values exist, of values for their own sakes. To pass from a mirror mind to a mind with windows is an essential step in the development of real personality. Without that experience, no one ever achieves a meaningful life."



No matter what our desires in personal growth, we can look forward to exciting results when the mirrors of self-obsession are thrown away and the windows of our minds are thrown open. We must challenge ourselves to look deep inside and make sure that the windows to serving others are open, for our own sake.

Aug. Chapter Meeting Drawings

Fred Nelson (of course!) won the 50/50 drawing

Bob Oliverius won the August drawing for a \$75 gift certificate from Classic because he was wearing a Classic t-shirt.

Kris Cole would have won the Membership drawing for \$80 but she wasn't present. Next month's drawing will be for \$100

CONGRATULATIONS!

Members Earning Their Activity Pin

Rick Baesch	Sue Barner
Terry Coates	Jim Dow
John Emmanuel	Phil Klein
Cheryl Miller	Jack Pallazolo
Frank Schroeder	

An Activity Pin is earned when you attend 12 events (AND SIGN IN). With over 75 events scheduled for the year—it is easy!

Chapter Website Newsletter

Username: newsletter

Password: 2360HOG

www.northernchapter.com



Kevin & Jamie Rierson

FALL COLOR RIDE SEPTEMBER 26 LEAVES CLASSIC AT 11:00

Questions? Call Eric at
943-9344 ex 621



NORTHERN CHAPTER HARLEY OWNERS GROUP 2004 Schedule of Events

DATE		THURSDAY—Dinner Ride leave Classic @ 6:30	SATURDAY RIDE leave Classic @ 10:00	SUNDAY RIDE leave Classic @ 10:00
SEPT	2	Chapter Meeting— Peegeo's		
	5			Harrison
	9	Gordie Howe's		
	11		House BBQ—Schroeder	
	16	City Limits		
	18		Pig Roast—Mack's	
	23	House BBQ—O'Brien's		
	26			Color Tour Ride
OCT	7	Chapter Meeting—Peegeo's		
	21	TBA		
	30		Chili Cook-Off	
NOV	4	Chapter Meeting—TBA		
	18	TBA		
	12-20		Food Drive	Food Drive
DEC	2	Chapter Meeting—TBA		
	4		Christmas Party	



NORTHERN CHAPTER Annual Picnic

GREAT WEATHER GREAT PEOPLE GREAT TIME!!!

The Northern Chapter H.O.G. Annual Picnic was apparently enjoyed by all sixty-six that shared the beauty of Peterson Park of Northport along the shore of Lake Michigan.

I want to personally thank the following volunteers for their tireless effort to help make it come off so well:

Teresa Wasson—Dick Culver—Jim Kavalari—Tim Smith

Steph Altrock—Greg Bickle—Russ Haag— Dick Rusas—Paula Mack

Please remember to thank Dan Deering of Tom's Markets who helped with the groceries and terrific chicken. His staff from Tom's West Bay deli, along with Jamie and Jeff, made it come off without a hitch.

And congratulations to Peggy French for having the smoothest spiral.

Same Place, Same Time next year. See Ya There...

Jim Dow

Event Coordinator

CONFUCIUS SAY...

By LEW KIRCHNER



Confucius say: "Man who blow chow in full-face helmet...." Shoot, I don't really know what Confucius would have said. All I know I'm beating feet down I-81 in Virginia, desperately hoping I make the next rest area before that dose of food poisoning I got night before last catches up with me again. And it's all Puffer's fault.

Puffer's real name is Warren. I met him four years ago on the Appalachian Trail. He's a pharmacist from Panama City, Florida and a raging type A personality. That's probably why, after blowing his knees out half way through his first hike, he decided that this was a perfect year to try again and who better to start out with but **ME**.

Apparently the Michigan winter was starting to affect me because this sounded perfectly reasonable at the time. I could trailer the bike down to Asheville, leave it in my buddy Bill's side yard, hike with Puffer for a couple-three hundred miles and then take the bike out, enjoy the balmy southern weather for the next three weeks or so and be home just about the time Char emerged from the end of tax season. In retrospect, this is where things started to fall apart. I realize now that there's something fundamentally wrong with someone who leaves a perfectly good motorcycle in its trailer while he humps a 40 lb. pack around the mountains.

All things considered, the hike started well. The weather was warm and the trails were dry. This should have been my first clue that all was not well. Three weeks later, on the day I said good-bye to Puffer and headed back into Asheville we had awakened to single digit temps, snow and 25 mph winds. The only saving grace was the brewpub in Gatlinburg, great steaks, lots and lots of cold beer, and a warm ride back to North Carolina in Bill's truck. Yeah, I know. If I was a real hiker, I'd have kept going, but Puffer seemed a little uncomfortable hiking up and down the mountains on trails covered with 2" of ice. Jeez, those Florida folks. No sense of adventure.

So, there I was, firmly ensconced in Bill's family room, wolfing down his wife's homemade, sourdough biscuits, and planning my adventures for the next few weeks. The most ambitious of which was a ride up the Blue Ridge Parkway to Front Royale, VA, a cut over to DC to visit the Colonel and her family (Yes, she's a real Army Colonel attached to the Joint Chiefs. Airborne, no less.) and a ride back through the Virginia countryside. I especially wanted to make stops at Appomattox Courthouse, Monticello, and the Gaines Mill Battlefield Park East of Richmond where my several-times-great granduncle was killed during the Civil War.

I had it all planned out. I knew the route, figured the overnight stops, and was all gassed up. Gonna leave in the morning. Then it started to rain and it rained five of the next seven days. Keep in mind that this is only my second season riding after a hiatus of almost 30 years, so I was a little concerned about running through the mountains in the wet. (Sound a little like Puffer, don't I?)

Things dried out enough mid-week for me to ride the southern end of the BRP and get over to Deals Gap and the Dragon's tail. Everyone thinks this piece of US-129 as a thin slice of biker heaven and with 318 curves in 11 miles they may well be right, but bikers weren't the only ones out that day. I was almost blown off the road by a line of Mazda Miatas running nose-to-tail at close to warp speed. One of them apparently encountered car-sucking black hole part way down the hill, because the next time I saw them they were huddled up on a wide piece of shoulder trying to pry out a piece of fender that had somehow been transported into a wheel well.

This was a weekly run for these guys. They were much more philosophical about the damage than I would have been and were far less worried about the repair bill than they were about what to tell the unlucky driver's wife. When I left they had adopted the Edgar Allen Poe theory of deception and were going to simply hide the car in plain sight, albeit under a cover. Wonder if it worked.

Oh, by the way, a travelers advisory for the folks who haven't been to the gap, yet. No matter which way you ride the tail, unless you want to take the long way back where you came from, you get to ride the whole thing all over again. Fun!

The second dry day saw me riding North on the Parkway – at least as far as I could until I ran into a closed tunnel. Seems there was still ice in there. That required an eight-mile backtrack to an exit, a loong detour north to the next entrance, through ten miles of road construction no less, and then another backtrack to Mt. Mitchell. This little known chunk of rock is actually the highest point east of the Mississippi. I hiked over it several years ago. Riding is easier.

Back to Asheville again and three more days of rain. **FINALLY**, good weather a fast blast down the Interstate to the South Carolina line for pictures (Did I mention I'm doing the ABCs of Touring? Sorry, incipient geezer disease, I guess.) and then a run up to Greensboro, NC for a visit with my favorite niece. Amanda had offered couch space and being ever frugal, I accepted. Next time I'll get a motel. I'd completely forgotten what a spring term Saturday night was like in a college apartment complex, not to mention staying in an apartment shared by four women. They're great kids, but I hadn't seen so much estrogen in one place since my wife's mother and four sisters all chose to visit on the same weekend.

On the bright side, Amanda's next-door neighbor has quit hitting on her since my visit. Muttered something about not wanting to get involved with a family of bikers. Tsk! 'Manda was heartbroken. She's offered to buy me Guinness for life.

From Greensboro I took the back roads into Virginia. Virginia has some great riding. Even on weekends, traffic is light and the roads wander through beautiful green countryside occupied mostly by horse farms and riding stables. The towns still have a nineteenth century feel to them, complete with town squares and statues of the local war heroes. It was a great transition to Appomattox Court House.

Appomattox Court House. Yes, that really is the name of the town, or the National Historical Park, rather. Yes, there really is a courthouse there. No, the courthouse is not where Lee surrendered, but the town is. When General Grant sent an aide to scout out a suitable building in which to accept General Lee's surrender, the courthouse was deemed unacceptable. Enter Mr. William McLean who, in a fit of patriotic fervor, volunteered his parlor. The rest is history. Almost.

As the saying goes, "No good deed goes unpunished," and Mr. McLean's kind gesture was no exception. Immediately after the surrender, souvenir hunters looted his house. If that wasn't bad enough, two years later he defaulted on his mortgage and had to move back to his wife's family home in eastern Virginia. To top it all off, some 25 years later a group of enterprising gentlemen disassembled his former residence and packed it all up, hoping to reconstruct it at the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago; in anticipation of making a ton of money, of course. They never moved it and they never made any money. What they did do was run out of cash and leave it lying around in piles for the next fifty years where it just sort of wandered off, piece by piece, forcing the government to spend taxpayers' hard earned money to replicate it.

Thomas Jefferson's home, Monticello, isn't all that far north of Appomattox. I figured that if I got there early, say about 10 am I should be able to get right in, tour the plantation, and get back on the road early enough to make it to Shenandoah National Park before dark. It was a sound theory – I missed just one variable. Tour busses. After I found a parking spot big enough for the bike (Yeah, the lot was that crowded.), bought my ticket (They give you your change in \$2 bills. Clever, huh?), and waited 45 minutes for the shuttle to take us up the hill to the house I arrived in plenty of time to wait two hours for my scheduled tour.

Monticello is a beautiful place. It's located on top of a hill with a view that goes on, literally, for miles. The house itself is much smaller than I expected, but well and solidly built. I'm constantly amazed at the craftsmanship in places like this. The people who built it (Mostly Mr. Jefferson's slaves.) were real artists. Thinking about them producing all that furniture and trim with only hand tools is humbling. My only disappointment was that we were limited to the main floor and some of the basement rooms. For a guy with an almost pathological compulsion to know the how and why of things, this was a real blow. What saved the day for me was a great old English guy who wanted to know all about "that monstrous motorbike you're riding." "My God! You're joking! The engine in that thing is bigger than the one in my car!" Welcome to the US of A.

I was able to get back on the road shortly after 3 pm and headed directly to Shenandoah National Park and Skyline Drive. I like SNP. When I hiked through here four years ago I did it on the geezer plan. Puffer and I hiked from wayside to wayside (A wayside is a motel/restaurant combination.) There's nothing a long distance hiker likes better than a shower, a beer and restaurant food at the end of the day. Not necessarily in that order, however.

In spite of being a favorite with hikers, SNP and Skyline Drive were originally laid out for automobile traffic. The speed limit on the drive is 40 mph and apparently it's pretty strictly enforced. The first thing I saw after getting out of the admissions booth were two guys on crotch rockets surrounded by three cars full of rangers. I didn't wait around to find out what had happened because by this time the sun was going down, I was hungry, the temperature was a balmy 25° and I still had 25 miles to ride – at the ground eating pace of 40 mph. Yeah, I know, I could have gone faster, but considering what I'd just seen I wasn't taking any chances.

I pulled into the Skyland Wayside just before dark and the desk clerk answered my request for a room with a frightening "I don't know. We're pretty crowded." Crowded? What kind of fool would be up here this time of year? Oh, yeah. Well, never mind.

The dining room at Skyland looks out over a particularly pretty valley. Last time I was there, thunderstorms were rolling through. That night it was snow. Not much, thankfully, just a light fall that skittered across the roads. This place had already had their opening delayed two days because of a blizzard three days earlier. That night was their second night in operation for the season and there was still six inches of snow on the ground.

I decided on a New York strip. The food in these waysides is usually pretty fair, but that night the steak tasted just a little off. Let's see: delayed opening and a funny tasting steak. You'd think that about this time alarm bells would be going off, wouldn't you? You'd think. Not a chance. Not a clue. No indication that anything was wrong until I found myself worshiping the porcelain god just after midnight. I was raised Catholic so the stand up, sit down, kneel routine should be old hat, but nine hours of it is a little more than I'm used to; especially without Sister Mary Elephant maintaining discipline.

I checked out of Skyland at noon the day before yesterday and headed south. I've been living on ginger ale, soda crackers and that pink stuff ever since. Every expansion strip in the road brings a whole new meaning to the word anticipation and I have this recurring vision of Canada Dry dripping down the inside of my helmet visor. So here I am, Asheville's only an hour away and I keep thinking that these things never happen to me when I hike. So tell me, please, why do I love this motorcycle stuff so much?

Putting ticket packets together



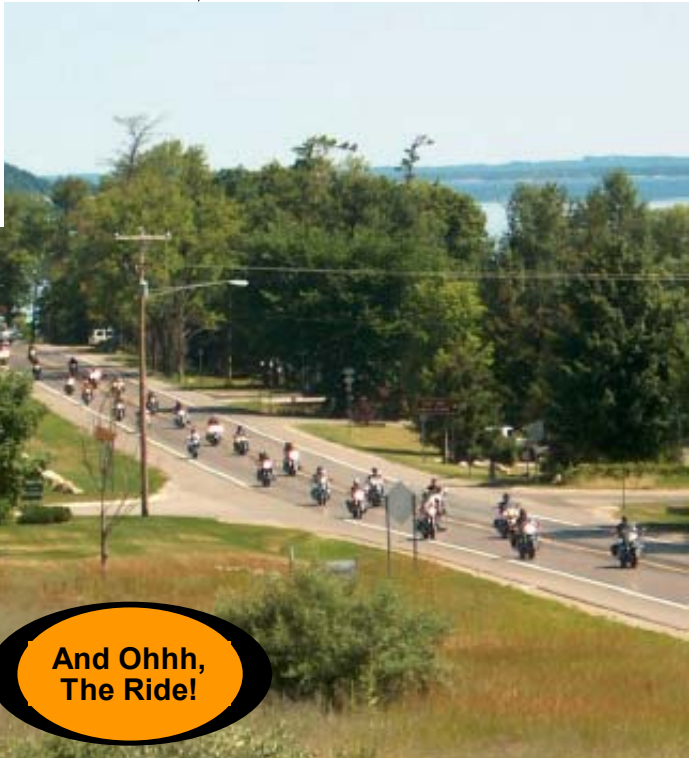
Lew & Char Kirchner after poker run



Michael Cole announcing poker run winners



Presenting the check



And Ohhh, The Ride!



All Good Things Must End

THANK YOU!

The Northern Chapter Father Fred Benefit Ride was a huge success this year, or should we say that the Northern Chapter was a huge success this year, putting on the Father Fred Benefit Ride.

Either way, it was the chapter (and the weather) that made it work.

While it is important to thank Bob and Eric for all they did, the other chapter volunteers should be thanked, also. Volunteers made ticket packs, sold t-shirts and tickets, sold 50/50, tested the poker run and did all of the other detail work to make it work smoothly, full of fun and fellowship. That is what it is all about! Thank you one and all.

Michael Cole
 Father Fred Benefit Officer



Ken & Sue (I think!) Buquet

AUGUST & SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

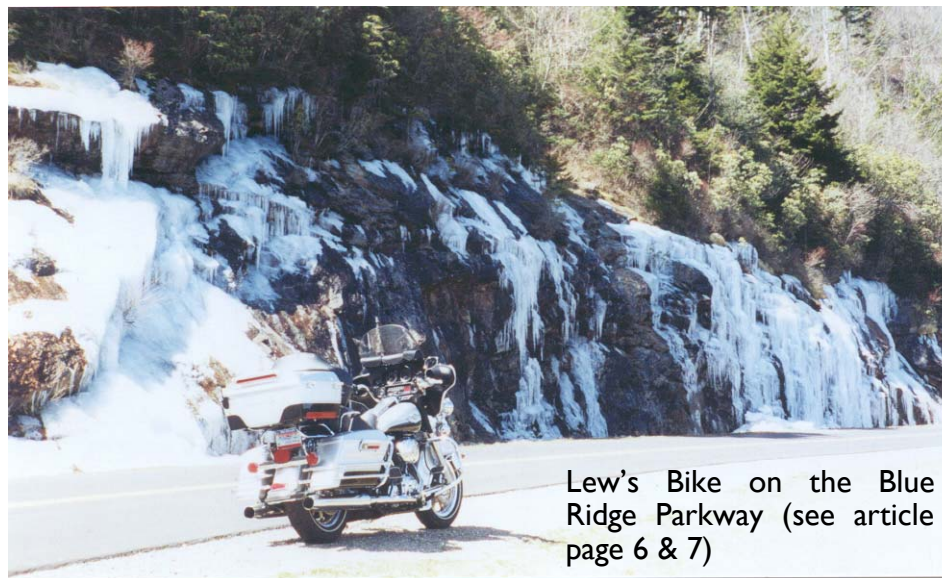
Linda Reinbold	Aug 5	Jeanette Sherman	Sept 3
Jeff Bielas	Aug 6	Peggy French	Sept 4
Darrell Huschke	Aug 8	John Weber	Sept 5
Terry Coates	Aug 10	Jerry Olmstead	Sept 6
Margot Kaiser	Aug 11	Terry Kling	Sept 7
Terri Isaac	Aug 18	John Lefler	Sept 10
Gene Smith	Aug 18	Anne Marie Kucera	Sept 14
Michael Wing	Aug 18	Bob Burns	Sept 21
Russ Haag	Aug 19	Patrick McGuire	Sept 22
Lonna Israel	Aug 21	Kim Stinson	Sept 27
Bob Oliverius	Aug 21	Carolyn Risk	Sept 28
Michael Cole	Aug 24	Ringo Bedtelyon	Sept. 29
Becky Barritt	Aug 26		
Randy Chrysler	Aug 29		

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...



Note from Editor

Marty Hushke suggested I put names with the pictures in the newsletter, so I am doing that where I have room. Thanks for the idea. I am always open to new ideas so please feel free to make suggestions. I also want to take the time to thank everyone who heard my call for stories and pictures. Also a huge thank-you to Sandy Oliverius and Jeannette Sherman, without whose pictures this newsletter would be much more boring!!



Lew's Bike on the Blue Ridge Parkway (see article page 6 & 7)



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Traverse City, MI 49684
Phone: (231) 943-9344

NORTHERN CHAPTER H.O.G.

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Traverse City, MI 49684

We're on the Web!
www.northernchapter.com

Welcome New Members!

Michael Smieska
Mark Kubala Craig Vincent
Mick Waitz Jeff Black
Scott Hocking
Michael Trailer
Mike Stoffell

SEPT CHAPTER MEETING:

September 2
Peegeo's
Ride Leaves Classic at 6:30 or
Meet at Peegeo's at 7:30

SEPTEMBER BUSINESS MEETING

September 21
7:00 pm

South City Limits Restaurant
ALL MEMBERS WELCOME!

SEPTEMBER DINNER RIDES

Thursday, Sept. 2

Chapter Meeting

Peegeo's

Thursday, Sept. 9

Gordie Howe's

Thursday, Sept. 16

City Limits

Thursday, Sept. 23

House BBQ

Vince O'Brien

Thursday, Oct. 7

Chapter Meeting

Peegeo's

The Ride leaves Classic at 6:30
SHARP or you can meet us at the res-
taurant around 7:30.

Dinner Ride Questions?
Call Tom French @
(231)218-4971