



L.I. Harley Riders, Inc.

Huntington Station, NY • AMA Charter #3156 • Founded February 2012 • A Non-Profit Organization



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President's Point of View, by Bill Vultaggio

Yellow Lines

Have you ever found yourself in a rural area – perhaps one off the beaten path – where you didn't have one of those new-fangled, technologically-advanced electronic devices (GPS) and you found yourself riding in "circles"? No doubt that has happened to many of us at some point in time and all the while you are saying to yourself, "I know there is a 'main road' around here someplace" (notwithstanding a few of us guys that would just as soon drive for hours and chance running out of gas before asking for directions). Well, should you find yourself in one of those precarious situations, just look for the "Yellow Lines" – as in the "double" yellow lines we often encounter on many roads. Invariably, roads identified with "double" yellow lines will either lead you to another road having double-yellow lines, which, at some point, will lead you to a major highway. Check it out sometime.

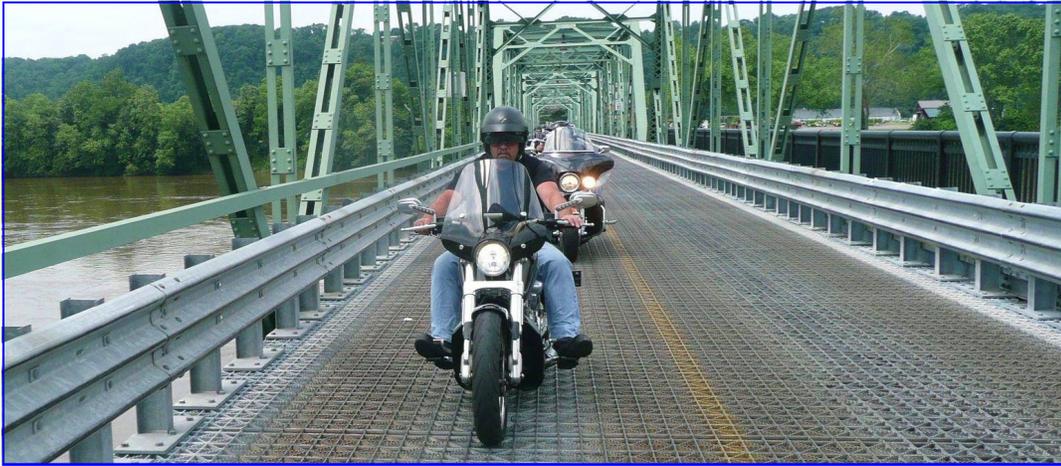
The other association to "yellow lines" is that which is often referenced on many touring maps, where the most favored "scenic roads" are highlighted in yellow. We find this to be the case not only in many popular touring guides but as well in the annual map guides those of us who are members of the National Harley Owners Group receive referencing each state where the most scenic roads are highlighted. Typically, roads along the seashore or in the mountains or along lakes are most favored and invariably are those that you will notice are highlighted.

And if you want to check out some really cool rides, jump on one of our club rides as our Road Captains are most creative when it comes to putting together some really AWESOME RIDES! Our guys spend an inordinate amount of time researching routes (here on Long Island, as well off the island) and go as far as "pre-riding" the route to ensure it is safe for all of us. Talk about dedication!

So the next time you are looking to get away and desire seeking some great roads to ride, check out the "yellow" (highlighted) roads as you will be glad you did. And by chance, should you get lost, look for the "double-yellow" highlighted roads as they will ultimately get you to a major highway and on your way to your destination.

Now that we are into the full swing of summer, the time is right to get out there and go exploring. But as we are now beyond the June 21st date, remember we lose a minute of daylight each day. So get out there and enjoy your Harley. After all, isn't that the reason you bought it? Too Many Roads ... Too Little Time!

Bill's Covered Bridge Ride



Ken & Pat's Most Excellent Adventure—Part 2

By Pat Grant



It was a beautiful, sunny day in Key West as we headed north. We made a few stops along the way, taking some pictures and walking along the Old Seven-mile Bridge. We saw some



bikes heading south. “Oh hell, they are wearing rain gear!” We decided not to take a chance and put ours on. It was a good thing too because the storm hit us again. We pushed on, with the wind now coming off the ocean. At one point, where the road goes along the water, Ken had the bike leaning as the wind was so hard. Not only were we getting hit with the downpour, the wind was blowing the ocean at us! Ken said he was sorry he didn’t get the time to go swimming off the Keys. I tell him, “We are now” ... multi-tasking by getting soaked while riding.

Ken checked his radar and decided to take a different route ... to the west coast of Florida ... where we finally got out of the rain. I wanted to stop somewhere to pick up some sweatpants to change into while we did laundry at the hotel later, so we pulled into a Wal-Mart. Boy, do we look a mess! My mascara ran down my face and smudged all over from me wiping the rain off me. Between my makeup and my hair, I resembled the Bride of Frankenstein! All the rain ran down the inside of Ken’s jacket and he looked like he wet his pants. Ken said, “Don’t worry. You’ll never see these people again.” I replied, “I know, but I don’t want to be in one of those Wal-Mart YouTube videos.” We went in and I headed over to the clothing as Ken asked where the men’s room was. The guy pointed and gave Ken the look like ... “It’s too late for that, buddy.”

The sun came out and we had a beautiful ride through the everglades. Ken saw something in the river along the road and we turned around to check it out. Wow, an alligator lying alongside the river that was about 20 feet from where we stopped! We got a couple of photos and moved on. We took a nice ride through Marco Island and hit back roads from there to Sanibel Island. “Beautiful” is all I can say! We stayed just outside of Sanibel Island and had a relaxing dinner.

The next day, we continued north through Sarasota and Long Boat Key. The weather was great and the scenery was terrific. We went further through St. Petersburg and Tampa. “I can’t believe all of these bridges!”



We continued north along the Suncoast Parkway towards Bronson. There was hardly anybody on the road. The scenery changed from the coast. Part of it reminded me of Pennsylvania, with some rolling hills, farms and horses. We got about an hour

away from Debbie’s house and passed a grocery store. We thought about turning back to pick up some wine and beer to bring to their house, but decided to wait until we were closer. No point in the beer getting warm, right?

As we went further, we saw less and less signs of anything. There had to be a store along here somewhere? We kept going, following Debbie’s directions to their house. Her husband, Bob, said to make sure we took this route; otherwise, we would be coming in on ‘really back roads’ that are not paved. Talk about being off the beaten path! Some of these roads are only paths. Later, we found out from Bob that there are 3 different types of roads by them ... paved, improved and unimproved. We say what? He told us the improved roads are roads that have been graded with crushed shells laid down – that’s improved!!! Unimproved are pretty much just old, dirt roads. I tell you, the unimproved roads looked better with the grass strip in the center and they all had street signs ... if you can really call them streets. Now we realized why some of the cars we saw were covered with white dust. I’m glad we came in on paved roads. Well, we never saw much of any kind of store the rest of the way to their house, but Ken was happy since Bob had cold ones waiting for us. After dinner, Bob and Debbie took us around the area – boy, there was nothing around there but horses and farms. We did go through their town where they just got their first traffic light! The biggest thing around is Bo Diddley’s gravesite ... a real tourist town for sure!

We headed out the following day as the morning mist was floating through the rolling hills ... a beautiful picture. Panama City Beach, here we come, winding through a lot of great back roads towards the panhandle

where we were surprised to see so many tall pine trees and logging trucks. It reminded us a little of Maine.

We made a stop at the Thunder Beach Rally, checking out the vendors and taking a walk along the beach. Ken and I agreed that we had to come back here again sometime and make a longer stay. The water is turquoise and the beaches are white sand. As we were walking around, we saw storm clouds to the west ... the direction we planned on going. We thought about diverting north, but Ken said, "No. We'll stick with the plan." He checked the radar and it looked like the storms were heading north anyway. We are going to get wet again ... and I'm starting to hate that radar! Sure enough, as we got into Alabama, the skies opened up on us. It was so dark it seemed like nighttime. Oh well, we pushed on ... finally getting towards New Orleans and out of the worst storm we've been in. We found out later they had posted tornado warnings for the area. I could have beaten him! Turned out, it was the same storm system that moved out of South Florida and back over the Gulf ... picking up more moisture and dumping on us again!!



Since it was raining, we didn't take the route Ken planned ... going over the Lake Pontchartrain Causeway Bridge. The rain finally cleared and we were happy to see the stars that night. Ken had it in his head that he was riding over that bridge. He came all this way and he didn't want to miss it. Sure enough, he was up early and said, "Let's go." I said, "You go." I went back to

sleep and off he went. He said he was going over that bridge before rush hour traffic started. Two hours later, he was back from taking the bridge both ways and riding around the French Quarter. Ken said it was great riding since nobody was up that early clogging the street ... only a couple of bars that were still open.

We headed out towards Natchez to pick up the Trace Parkway, enjoying the roads. I didn't realize how pretty this part of Mississippi was. Heading north on the Trace was awesome! The trees made a beautiful awning over parts of the road, with nice sweeping curves ... and we pretty much had the road to ourselves. Great weather and with the shade covering parts over the road, I was happy not to be in the full sun. We stopped along areas of the Trace and got a history lesson on the road. It started out as an Indian trail that was used by settlers later on. Meriwether Lewis (Louis and Clark) died while travelling the road and his gravesite is there. We stopped after 250 miles in Tupelo to spend the night.

The next day, we picked up the Trace where we left off and continued on toward Nashville. This part of the road was even more beautiful than the day before. We were getting higher in elevation and a lot more curves made it even more interesting. We pulled off into a historical site and were the only ones around. On the way back out, we saw something across the road that looked like a tree branch. As we got closer, Ken started to go around it, finding that it was a rattlesnake ... just feet from our legs! Guess who decided he had to go back to get a picture? You got it. I was thankful that the snake was gone by the time he turned the bike around.



We continued north and decided to stop at Foster's Harley Davidson in Alabama for a souvenir shirt and to pick one up for Matt Foster ... after all, the name of the dealer was Foster's Harley! Unfortunately, we found the dealer was closed for renovations. A new owner purchased it and renamed it Natchez Harley Davidson. Ken talked to a girl taking out trash around back of the store and explained we rode 20 miles off the Trace to stop by. The next thing I know, she's taking us into the building and brings over to the owner. The Grand Opening was a week away and they were still setting things up and just starting to put up merchandise. Five minutes later, we were in the stock room. The owner had some of his staff, three young women, start to open boxes of shirts so we could get one. It was like Christmas for the women checking out all the clothes and putting shirts aside for themselves. They were all taking shirts out for me. Ken suggested I try them on since I wouldn't be able to return them and the next thing I know, without warning, one of the women has the shirt I was wearing in her hand and the other woman put another shirt on me. They looked at me and said in unison said, "No", and in a single motion, they had a different shirt on me. They decided that one was OK. Poof! I was back in my own shirt. I didn't know what hit me! We picked up a couple of shirts (although Ken did not get the same treatment for fitting!). We were the first customers for Natchez Harley. Luckily, we also found a shirt that had Foster Harley Davidson on it for Matt.

Back on the Trace again and having a great day, we came around a bend to find several deer alongside the road up ahead of us. Ken decided to slow down and, sure enough, they took off ... running across the road just in front of us! Close call. We hit the end of the Trace just outside of Nashville and headed southeast to Chattanooga.

Stay tuned for Part 3 next month!



BOB'S



RIDE



We Toured the Airport...

Rode to Oak Beach...



And The Ladies Picked Antiques...



While the Gents Quarreled Over Mani-Pedi Appointments...



Then, We Ate. (Bob even purchased food from the establishment!)



MOST GOOD TRIPS SEEM TO START IN THE RAIN...



KEN'S RIDE



BUT END ON A HIGH NOTE!





A PRESIDENT'S GAME OF BUTT DARTS



SET-UP:
Mark an X on one side of the floor, and place a shot glass on the other.



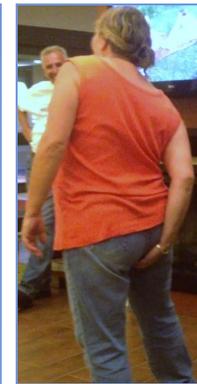
Step #1
For \$1,
Place a
Quarter
between
your butt
cheeks. Close
Tight.



Step #2
While
squeezing
cheeks to
hold
quarter,
shuffle
over to
the shot
glass.



Step #3
Stand
over the
glass and
release
quarter
while
aiming for
the shot
glass.



THE WINNER'S "CIRCLE"



**THIS IS HOW
WE DO IT!**

Laconia Adventures Today and Yesterday

By Steve Metzler



Laconia – For me the name stirs up memories of adventures from long ago. When Ken offered the opportunity for members of our club to participate in a ride to attend the annual Laconia bike event this year, I just had to go. My wife, Susan, was more than understanding about my wanting to go. Although she is great about me going off on Sunday rides without her (arthritis in her spine prevents her from riding anymore than 15-20 minutes), I usually call it an early day and head home to spend some time with her.

I was downright giddy with excitement for several weeks prior to our departure. I felt like a kid again planning for the “Adventure”. The forecast for rain on Wednesday did not dampen my spirits (no pun meant). Laconia isn’t Laconia without rain! We survive weather. It’s part of the two-wheeled experience! We had a good turnout of bikes and members despite the monsoon. Throughout our ride up, we hit pockets of light to absolutely heavy rain. We all made it to the dealer in Concord in one piece. With the exception of Mike having a strange electrical problem with his bike and my front brake light switch shorting out due to water getting in it, no other unexpected inconveniences happened. By the time we arrived at the Hampton Inn, the rain clouds parted and the sunshine appeared! I was looking for the rainbow and the dove to return! Alright! We got the rain out of the way ... now time to make some new memories. We unpacked and dried out.

Thursday and Friday Ken had put together some great rides. We tooled around the mountains and saw some spectacular scenery, including a covered bridge, waterfall, Mt. Washington, rivers, the Kancamagus Highway, other great roads and the list goes on and on. Our first stop at Weirs Beach on Wednesday evening left me in amazement. You see, my last visit to Laconia in 1985, Laconia Bike Week was the Laconia Bike Weekend! Sure, many riders came up early in the week to ride around the state, including my old club, but Weirs Beach was practically empty of bikers and vendors back then. Friday was the big day for bikers to arrive and, other than the established shops, there weren’t any vendors. When Ken mentioned going to the Lobster Pound, I had no idea what that was. Going there and seeing all the vendors and stages reminded me of Daytona Bike Week. I’ve included two photos of Weirs main strip from 1979. One photo is looking south the other photo is looking north.



Sure there were T-shirts to be purchased, but on the side of the roads outside of Weirs Beach. Gypsy vendors were selling from card tables and out of vans. Pinstriping was also available on the side of back roads. There weren’t any signs of corporate America organizing the rally. In fact, back then the rally had a stigma attached to it. It was known to be an “outlaw biker” event. Eventually, there was a “touring” rider rally organized in Lake George just before the Laconia event (originally known as “Aspencade”) from whence the full dressed Goldwing eventually derived its name. (After a couple of years, a rally was started in Colorado and it became the current “Aspencade” and the Lake George rally became known as “Americade”.) This was for the “motorcyclists” and the Laconia rally was for the “bikers”. The stigma came about due to riots that sometimes happened in Laconia and the fact that it was a mostly a rough crowd.

My club had a great place to stay. We were on Route 3 about a half-mile from the beach allowing us to park the bikes and walk to the beach. This was extremely great once Friday rolled around and the crazy business started. We used to bring lawn chairs and sit on the edge of Route 3 and watch daredevils in bumper-to-bumper traffic doing burnouts, wheelies and some crashing into the cars in front of them. Ladies wearing bikinis on the backs of these bikes would suffer road rash in places that would be hard to explain to Momma when they got home. In fact, many of them would oblige the signs being held up by some guys and show their #@&*s, well let’s

just say in New Orleans they would have been paid in beads for showing them.

On some of the trips, I would attend the superbike races at the Loudon track. There is a race track there and really that's what the whole event used to be about. I saw Freddie Spencer, Lawson and Kenny Roberts, Sr. race there. That really was exciting to watch, especially in the rain! But of course, there were the fantastic rides through the mountains.

You know, when we did the ride on the Kancamagus this past trip, I was shocked to see so many bikes on it. We used to ride through it and see just enough bikes going the opposite direction that you could count them on two hands! Seriously! In fact, I confess that on a few trips, we wore down the foot pegs on our metric bikes. There is lots of fun to be had when the highway is empty!

Also, the ride up and down Mt. Washington had much less bikes on it than this year. The organizers actually set aside two days this year just for bikes! I couldn't believe it. I've included a couple of photos from 1979. The rides up and down were far less stressful thanks to the lack of traffic, cage or bike. I was riding a 1978 Goldwing then (photo). Traffic was so light you could stop almost anywhere to take a photo. I didn't take any photos of the year when my wife, infant son and I drove the car up and while coming down ran across a wrecked Honda and a tow truck pulling a Harley Electra Glide up the cliff it went off. Fortunately, the rider and his wife only had scrapes and bruises. I suggested a bumper sticker that reads "This Bike Rode Off Mt Washington". Fortunately there isn't much of a demand for it.

When I was a kid, my Dad took the family on vacation to NH. Since Dad had his own business, family vacations were almost never. That trip was my big adventure, the first time off Long Island for me. I must have had eyes the size of dinner plates at the sights, the smells and the adventure. We went to all the sights in NH. We drove the Kancamagus. My sister, brother and I skinny dipped in the river along it. We saw the Old Man in the mountain (he went to pieces several years ago) and rode the Cog Railway up Mt. Washington. We hiked in the Lost River Reservation and the Flume. What great memories they are. A couple of years after I married, my wife and I retraced that vacation in 1974. After obtaining my first bike, I was sponsored into "The Over The Hill Gang MC" (OTHG) by my older brother. OTHG made annual trips to Laconia which I jumped on! My first overnighter to a land carved into a child's memories of a great adventure.



This past trip to Laconia brought back such sweet and awesome memories ... my Dad and family on the family vacation, my vacation re-living my childhood adventure with my wife, my first overnight trip on a motorcycle and when my first son was born we took the car up with the club. We needed to rent a U-Haul trailer and tow my friend's crashed bike home for him while he recuperated in the North Conway hospital. Then there was the year of the first gas crisis where I had to make it home on one tank of gas early Sunday morning due to the fact that there were no gas stations open all the way down. I had to do thirty-five miles an hour from 191 and 195 across the Throgs Neck Bridge to my parents home in Mineola only to stall out of gas in their driveway. "Hi Dad, Happy Father's Day. Can I siphon a gallon of gas to get home?" Then there was my "100+ mph trip" with a very patient and talented rider friend one month after the death of my wife. Other than tolls and gas we were never under 100mph! Thank God for His angels. Then there was the trip in 1982 that I canceled at the last minute because I had just met the new love of my life and wanted to ask her out on our first date that weekend (my wife Sue!). The marvelous roads, the mountains, the fellowship, the rain, the ice (yes, one trip up Mt Washington we found 8" of ice on one side of everything up there from the overnight ice storm). It was 98 degrees at the bottom and 36 when we got to the top!

This past trip was no disappointment. Ken did a wonderful job laying it all out for us. The fellowship with my brother and sister members was awesome. The rides, the fun and the Friday night "game" will live on in its place in my memories of adventures. We had so many laughs and it was great fun.

On the ferry coming home there was a well-worn biker couple sitting at the bar. They have been attending the Laconia event for more than 50 years! I bet they have some Laconia adventure stories to tell.

Thank you Ken for all the hard work you put into this trip. Road Captains, you guys are the best! Thank you! I want to thank those who were patient with me, for in my excitement, I realize now that I was probably constantly talking about my past adventures in Laconia. I must have bored you to death, I'm sorry. Next year, I promise I will contain myself. If you haven't done this trip, I highly recommend it. Next year is the 90th Anniversary of Laconia Bike Week (Weekend). Be there or be square! "Pssst, can I borrow a quarter? I seem to have lost mine!"



For a complete list of Charter Events and the latest information, visit www.LIHarleyRiders.com for details.

July 2012

July Birthdays

- Paul Saudino6
- John Boll 13
- Lynn O'Connor 13
- Joe Patti 13
- Lauren Sorrentino.... 13
- Tom Urbelis 13
- Chris Armata..... 14
- Gary Stone..... 16
- John Obermeier.....20
- Virginia Stuart.....21
- Bob Corso22
- Dale Solomon25

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Connecticut Ride	2	3	4 Independence Day	5	6	7
8 Local Ride	9	10	11 Bike Night (Beach Hut @ Cedar Beach)	12	13	14
15 Chatter Box Diner (NJ) Ride	16	17 Ladies Night Out	18	19	20	21
22 Monthly Mtg. & Ride	23	24	25 Bike Night (VFW)	26	27	28 Ladies of Harley Ride
29 Poker Run & House Party	30	31				



House Party!
Sunday, 7/29
1 pm
at Lou's place in
East Northport
Check email for
further info

Don't Forget ... Mark Your Calendars *Bike Night at the VFW – July 25th – 6:30 PM — free burgers & hotdogs — Come on down for a great time!*

Charter rides that begin and terminate on Long Island are officially over when the destination is reached. If a Charter Ride leaves Long Island, the ride will officially end upon returning to Long Island. Official charter rides are "dry" rides, no alcohol. Helmets are required on all club rides.

Check the HOTLINE at 631-427-0382 x7 for last minute changes.
 Full tank of gas and empty bladder required for all Rides

**Happy
Fathers
Day!** ★



THANKS to Gary for rushing home from Laconia to pre-ride this great morning for our DADS!

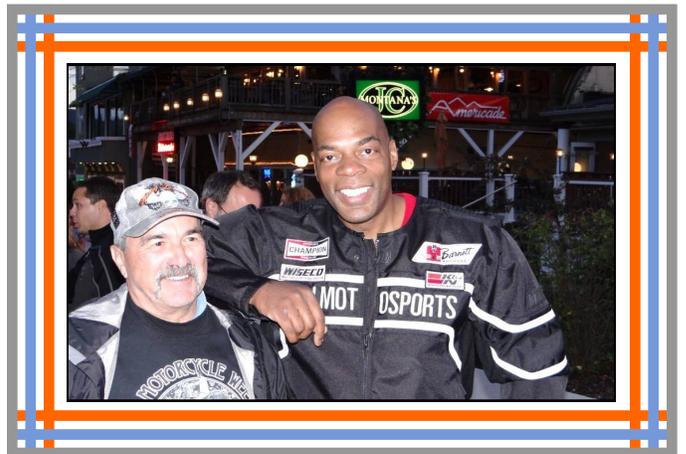
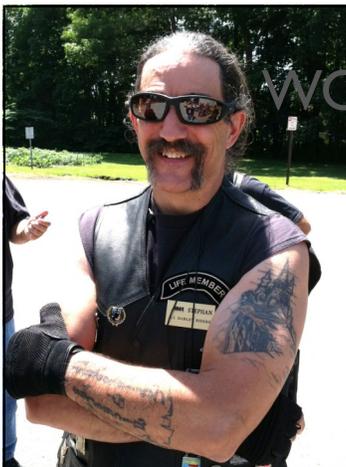
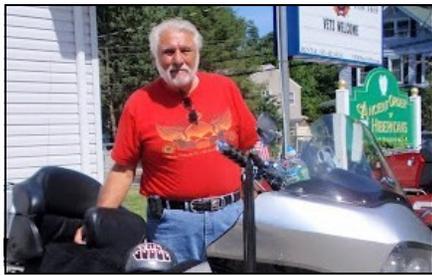
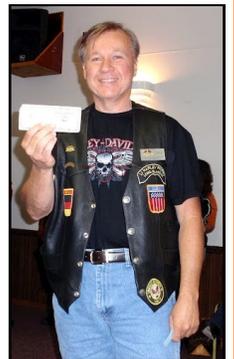
BIKE NIGHT



This looks good with my outfit, right?

JUNE MEETING

Special Thanks to Jimmy Hernandez for addressing all of us about basic maintenance on our motorcycles and a Special Thanks to Dom Mazza's sister for providing the 1st of 5 handcrafted H-D pillows for our raffles.



Welcome New Members



Jordan Freed—Huntington

Jordan rides a 2010 Street Glide and has been riding since 1970, starting out on a Honda 50cc mini trail. Jordan recalls a great time riding at the Syracuse Rally and few years back and last year in Lake Geneva. Jordan is engaged in dentistry, plays the trumpet and enjoys teasing his wife, Dana, and daughter.

Jon Brako—Kings Park

Jon rides a 2012 Road King Classic and has been riding all his life ... anywhere between Deals Gap, NC and Newfoundland Canada. His most memorable rides include camping trips on the Cape Breton Trail in Nova Scotia and in Newfoundland, as well as the "Ice Cream Run" in Delhi, NY. Jon is single, retired and, along with motorcycle touring, enjoys fishing, sailing and travel.



Gene DeSantis—Brookville

Gene rides a 2012 Street Glide (replacing a 2008 Street Glide owned by Bernie Kerik) and has been riding over 53 years ... starting out on home-made motorbikes/minibikes. His first motorcycle was a new 1965 Ducati. Gene's most memorable ride was from NY to Key West and he has also biked in Central America and Europe. Gene is an Army veteran, engineer, craftsman, lawman and founder of DeSantis Gunhide.

Lisa Spatola - Bellmore

Lisa rides as a passenger with Road Captain Mike and is considering a bike of her own. She is president of The Eagle Group USA, Inc. (Printing, Die Cut, Foil Stamp, Emboss all Cosmetic Packaging, scented products and more), has a degree in Broadcasting, as well as in Phlebotomy, EKG and Dialysis. She is a licensed Cosmetologist and cosmetology teacher for 30 years and currently works in a hospital part-time as a Phlebotomist. Her hobbies include dancing, singing and doing Broadway musicals at the Herrick's Community Theater in New Hyde Park. Lisa recently joined the group on its Laconia trip and rode to the top of Mt. Washington!



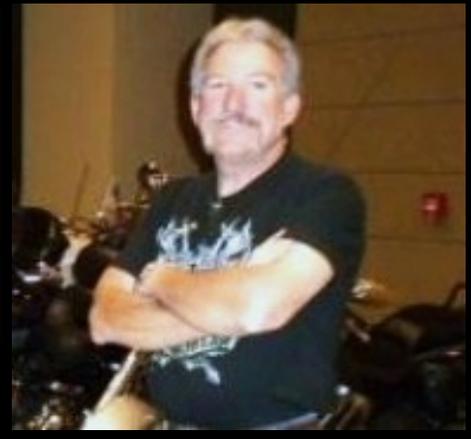
New Ride

**Check out Lynette Radlauer's Softail Deluxe!
Congratuations!**

If you have a new ride, please be sure to send an email to Editor@LIHarleyRiders.com and grab our photographer for a photo at your next chapter ride so we can publish it.



Mario led us to The National Cemetery to see the Vietnam Traveling Memorial



Do you know someone that rides a Harley and is looking for a great riding and social experience?

Then introduce them to our Club!



New Membership Applications for the L.I. Harley Riders, Inc. Available online NOW!

or send an email to Chris at Membership@LIHarleyRiders.com to request one



Roll Out the Barrel!
We're doing a Raffle for a Genuine Jack Daniels Barrel ... \$10 per raffle ticket ... only 100 will be sold. Winner to be selected at the July Monthly Meeting.

Say Cheese!

Attending your first meeting? Be sure to let us know where you're from and what you ride. Welcome to the Family!

After the meeting, our Charter Photographer will take your photo!



HELLO
my name is

See our **Activities Officer** for individual name tags. This way, other members can put a name with a face!

NEXT MEETING
July 22, 2012
10 AM

Nathan Hale VFW Hall
210 West Pulaski Road
Huntington, NY

Charter meetings are held
4th Sunday* of each month
(*unless otherwise noted)

Bagels, Coffee and Tea
served
\$5.00 per person



Do you have a story to tell about a special bike ride or trip you've taken? We would love to publish it.

Please send your stories and photos to:
Editor@LIHarleyRiders.com

Tune in every Saturday 7-8pm to 103.9 WRCN and hear Full Throttle Rocks. Lee Sheridan & G-Man host a lineup of great tunes, music & motorcycle trivia, sex advice by the Mis-



tress of Mayhem, SPEC concert contests, cruisin' calendars, comedy and an array of special guests.

Before leaving for a ride, be sure to call our **Hotline** 631-427-0382 x7 or check the Charter Website at <http://www.LIHarleyRiders.com> for updated information and last minute cancellations.



Are you a member of the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA)?
 Learn more about it at: www.americanmotorcyclist.com

2012 Overnight Trips

Mark your Calendars! Make your Reservations!

York, PA - HD Open House: 3-Night Stay – Sep. 27th (Thu) Return Sep. 30 (Sun)

Newport, RI: 2-Night Stay – Oct. 19th (Fri) Return Oct. 21st (Sun)

Please email Nadine at Activities@LIHarleyRiders.com for hotel information.



Safety First!

Are you interested in taking a Safety Course with us? We're in the process of organizing a group class for the Advanced Rider's Course in the coming weeks. The cost is expected to be \$125 (with a \$25 refund to Chapter members upon course completion). Also, if you're a National HOG member, you could be eligible for an additional \$50 rebate.

To receive further information or updates, please email us at Membership@LIHarleyRiders.com



How About a Big Thanks to Our Road Captains?

Head Road Captain: Ken Grant, Asst Head Road Captain: Mario Ruffolo
 Charlie Abruzzo, Bob Bernstein, Bob Corso, Buzzy Farquhar, Steve Ficalora, Fred (Grumpy) Hartmann, Nadine Hartmann, Gary Kinkle, Dick (Judge) Klein, Mike Macari, Dave Marzola, Cisco Mercado, Dom Mozzone, Kenny Pastor, Bob Read, Lou Vaccarelli & Bill Vultaggio



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