



Point Lookout – East Windham, NY - Sept 30, 2001

by Frank Sole

Up in East Windham NY along route 23 perched on the side of a mountain is an Inn called the Point Lookout. It has been around a long time and was subject to many uses including a disco at one point. For hundreds of years the Inn's spectacular cliffside location has been a resting place for travelers. It is where the Mohican Indians paused on the trail to their summer hunting grounds high in the mountains. Later it became a stagecoach stop and in 1929, the first Point Lookout was established.

The current owners have restored it to its natural beauty and have embarked on a campaign of constant improvement to the building. The view is spectacular and the food has always been gourmet. This year the owners Mariana and Rosemary have hired Jessica and Mathew a newly wed couple fresh out of culinary school who have taken over the cooking and are doing a superb job in the kitchen.

For many years now Margy and I have used the Point Lookout as an R&R spot during the summers as we traveled between motorcycle rallies. It has become one of our favorite getaways. Besides the view, the food, the hot tub and the tranquility, there is an excellent Italian bakery right down the road inside a Getty station!

I've been thinking about leading a ride to the Point Lookout for a few years. I always thought that it was a bit too far for a day ride. So in order to make it happen I decided to make it a remote start from the RAR and to simply take a direct route to get there. So this past June when we were there for a weekend I got out my county maps and started planning the ride. Margy reminded me of UC 16 which is an old mountain road that goes up and over a mountain pass with a sheer drop into a ravine on one side. We used this as a sort of focal point for the ride. On July 4th we drove the route mapping out miles and turns. I then rode the route to get a feel for it and add any tweaks. The ride was ready and scheduled for September 30th.

I week before the ride I read an email from Walter Barlow asking if anyone in the club could help out a visiting Guzzi Rider with a scooter for that Sunday. It turns out that the visitor was Paul Fleckenstein a Red Cross worker from Minnesota working at the family center in NYC. I immediately responded and made contact with Paul. We arranged for him to come out and use my Guzzi for the ride. This really made me feel good being able to help out someone who was doing such an important job.

...story continues on page 9



**Ken and Gina Corsun along with Joe Hughes
outside the Point Lookout Restaurant.**

Why Proper Protective Gear?

by Joe Hughes

How often are you asked, "How can you wear leather on a hot day like this?" The other day, I was asked just this question for the first time this season. I gave my standard reply, "Asphalt doesn't care how hot it is. It's gonna tear you up."

I harp on the benefits of PPG, as we have come to know it, to my fellow riding friends all the time. A few of them ride cruisers of various makes. Some wear "skid lids", others wear real helmets with chin bars. The best reason I've heard yet for wearing a full face helmet is that if today is the day you bonk your head, you have a one in four chance of doing a face plant.

Remember what I said about the pavement not caring about temperature? With that in mind, let's take a close look at the properly protected rider. We've covered the head, so to speak, so lets move on down the body.

Eye protection: You only get one set of eyes. Enough said.

Jacket: A good heavy grade leather or ballistic nylon jacket is one of the minimum requirements for riding with STMC. And for good reason. Should you fall, the upper body and arms are probably going to have a substantial impact with the ground or pavement. That jacket is going to be your only barrier between the pavement, and all that is on top of it, and your flesh. Most crashes I've seen either start or end at the edges of the road, right where all the gravel, sand and other debris builds up.



If you were unlucky enough to slide through all that debris on the side of the road unprotected, you'll have all that much more to deal with when your wounds are cleaned out. If you have opted for the upgraded jacket, with the armored shoulders and elbows, you may be going to work Monday morning saying how you trashed your bike, rather than spending the next eight months learning how to use your elbow again.

Gloves: Good gauntlet style gloves are a must. Again, they are going to be your hand's only protection if you fall. Since it's natural human reaction to stick your hands in front of you to protect yourself, they may be the first things to make contact with the ground. So, unless you have someone who really, really loves you, and is willing to wipe your butt for three to four months while the skin grafts heal, get yourself some good gloves.

Pants: Once again good leather or ballistic nylon is recommended for the same reasons as for the jacket. If the pants and jacket zip together, you will be better protected from the jacket pulling up if you go for a slide. Armor in the knees and padding in the hip and back area is also a good idea. One-piece suits may protect better, but can be a bit of a chore to get in and out of during the course of the day.

Boots: Avoid wearing boots that lace up. If the laces get caught up on the bike while trying to put a foot down, you may end up in an embarrassing situation with the bike on top of you and no one around to help get it off.

That about covers the basics of Proper Protective Gear. Sure, there are a lot of other things you can get to further protect yourself, maybe we'll cover that in another issue.

TheBLAST

The Newsletter of the
Sport Touring Motorcycle Club

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Ramapo Timed Ride - October 22, 2001

by Ron Barr

Think you squid wannabees can't have fun at 30 mph? Well, you're wrong. I had a blast at the Ramapo M. C.'s annual Timed Ride. Dan, Bruce, Jeff and Lori, and Jon did too.

I don't see many sunrises, but on this particular morning I was up early. See, I wanted to get to the starting point in Elmsford early, have breakfast at the diner across the street, sign up at 9:00, and have an hour to figure out the times for each turn on the route sheet.

Perhaps you're scratching your head, wondering what is he talking about, "figure out the times for each turn"? Let me explain. The route is 120 miles, half in the morning and half after lunch. There are several checkpoints along the way, but you don't know where they are.

Each rider leaves one minute apart, starting at 10:01. You start with 1,000 points, and you lose one point for every minute you're late at a checkpoint, and two points get deducted for each minute you're early. The goal is to maintain a constant speed of 30 mph.

Of course, that's impossible. There are traffic lights and traffic. There are wrong turns (at least for some of us). So, when you get your route sheet, you sit down and figure out what time you should hit at each turn, using the formula that it takes 12 seconds to go one-tenth of a mile, at 30 mph. So if you try to hit each turn on time, and endeavor to maintain 30 mph between turns, you have a good chance of scoring well.

Jeff and Lori, eager to win first place in the Duet Division, were first in line. Some guy named James was second, I was third, Bruce fourth, Jon 13th, and Dan 15th. Keep in mind that if everyone rides according to plan, none of us should see each other.



Ron awaits the start.



Class winners Jeff and Lori Wilt

Now, when you're riding along, concentrating on keeping the throttle constant, reading a route sheet, watching your stop watch, and occasionally looking at the road, it's easy to make a wrong turn. At least that's what happened to Jeff and Lori.

One would think that with an extremely skilled rider like Jeff at the helm and intelligent, level-headed Lori holding the clipboard and route sheet, this would be a piece of cake. So imagine my surprise when suddenly they blasted past me at a high rate of speed. (Remember, they were first and I was third.) I cracked up, laughing into my helmet, smug as can be, at their attempt to get back on track.

A little while later, they came whizzing by again! Two wrong turns, and we hadn't even stopped for lunch!!! I was hysterical. And ripe for my own screw-up.

I missed a left turn that came up suddenly and a mile or so later found myself confronted with a large illuminated sign advising me to have photo ID ready and prepare to be searched. I was on the access road to the Westchester County Airport! Oh no!

A quick U-turn and some hasty backtracking, and I found the turn I missed. A quick check of my chronometer and route sheet revealed that I was about four minutes behind schedule. A quick downshift and it was "good-bye 30 mph". After a few minutes, I saw Bruce pause at a right turn. I swung wide, and shot up the hill in front of him, wondering if he was laughing at me as I had laughed at Jeff and Lori.

When this happens, one hopes that one can get back on track before running into a check point, but of course they put the checkpoints just after the most confusing turns. And there it was.

Lunch was at the regular spot, the Red Rooster, which has pretty good hamburgers, hot dogs, and sandwiches. Outdoors dining at picnic tables. We stressed-out Timed Ride participants were able to calm down and socialize with our much more relaxed Foliage Ride STMC friends.

At 1:01, the second leg began. I started at 1:03 and was determined not to make any more mistakes, especially after listening to Dan's boasting that he had made none in the morning. I was sure he was lying, the dirty dog.

Well, it wasn't long before Jeff and Lori, Bruce, and I all were riding back and forth looking for the correct turns. It was pretty much of a mess. At one point, I learned later, Jeff and Lori blasted past a checkpoint so fast that the Ramapo guy almost fell out of his chair. (You're supposed to stop and put a foot down.)

We all made it to the end-point safely, and no matter how we did, we had a great time, enjoying the unseasonably beautiful weather and friendly competition. Can't wait 'til next year! I'll get you next time, Danno!



Dan Morrow communes with his route sheet.

STMC Switches To Winter Schedule

Much as we hate to admit it, time waits for no rider. In deference to the calendar, STMC is now officially in *Off-Season Mode*. Beginning in December, STMC will meet informally at the State Line Lookout any Sunday morning at 10:00 am when the roads are dry and the temperature is 40 degrees or more.

"Informal" means that there will be no designated Road Captain, and no designated route. Those in attendance will decide among themselves as to who will lead where. So bundle up, plug in the electrics, remember cold tires don't stick and ENJOY! Spring will be here soon!

Marky Mark Goes to Woodstock

by Joe Niemec

On this past September 29th Road Captain Mark Yeldham would lead STMC to one of the most popular spots in the Catskills, the town of Woodstock, New York. Unknowing first timers to this town may think this is where the famed 1960's summer concert site was, but actually that site (A.K.A. Yazger's farm) is in the town of Bethel NY, 50 miles south and west. Woodstock is a spot that I am surprised that STMC does not get to more often. An interesting crowd can always be found here visiting its many eclectic and unusual shops and restaurants.

Some 25-30 people would be at the SLL on this perfect Sept. morning. At least 4 groups would head up towards the Catskills as Doug Tuero, Jon Kadis, Mark Yeldham and Joe Hughes would lead. I am writing this some 4 weeks afterwards, but some faces I remember seeing on this day were people like Ken & Gina Corsun, Jack Haberman, Charles Tonking, Marty Baluski and Steve Lenac just to name a few. Due to terrorist concerns, the bridge over the Ashoken reservoir (this supplies NYC) was barricaded closed causing a few detour problems. Hopefully this bridge does not stay permanently shut down, as the view crossing over the reservoir is beautiful.

The Club ended up eating in a few separate places due to lack of table space on this busy Sunday. One group found a place that served ice cream that looked kind of neat. Doug, myself, Marty, Steve, and Charlie took a few neat Ulster county roads north out of Woodstock home that first took us north into Tannersville then south on NY 214 (nice road...)

What a great day to ride! Thanks Mark and to all the ride leaders!

Pride Goeth Before the Jump

by Walter Barlow

So I have this Husqvarna 410 dual-sport, see. Best bike of its type I've ever ridden; much better than me. So I'm scouting out some places to ride it hard, see; and I head over to a nearby construction site. It's off-road paradise! Picture if you will several dozen acres of flat-track and off-road course with a few hill climbs thrown in. Best of all, it's situated in such a way that you can't be seen from the only nearby road. So, I'm roosting, sliding, skidding, bouncing around, and having all sorts of fun.

All the while I'm doing this, I'm conscious of a couple large piles of dirt, one is about 15-20 feet high and the other is about 30 feet high. As I start to pay more attention to them I notice that they are both ramped on one side. I stop and take a long look at them. Visions of nak-naks and the obscene air that the Supercrossers get start dancing in my head. I mosey over to the smaller pile. Looks like other people have had the same idea, as the ramp part is hard packed and there are single track tire marks going up it. I ride around to the other side; it's pretty steep, but there's a lot of room- probably a couple hundred feet before the cliff. I mean, this looks like it was deliberately made for a motorcycle jump. I think to myself....."self, you will probably never have a better setup to do a really high and long jump". This is going to be so cool, too bad there's no one around to see it. Of course, the other side of my brain is saying "too bad there's no one around who can call the ambulance".

I ride the couple hundred feet after the hill to get a sense of the dirt composition. It's hard on the surface, but sort of spongy underneath. Pretty good place to land, actually. No big rocks around. Just to warm up and get used to the idea I ride the hill backwards a couple of times. Then I slowly ride up the hill from the ramp side and stop at the top just to get a bird's eye perspective on the LZ. Still looks okay. A slight wind comes up and I make a mental note to be prepared for it if it happens when I'm airborne.

I spend a good few minutes up there visualizing what's going to happen on the jump and landing. I go down and take a few runs up the ramp at speed to see where the good traction is- it's everywhere, so no worries about that. OK, enough practice; time to earn my bones. So I motor about 100 feet away from the ramp face, grit my teeth, gird my loins, toe it into gear and let it rip. The bike fishtails nicely the first 30-40 feet before the knobbies bite, then the bike hunkers down and tracks straight towards the center of the ramp. Around this time, I'm thinking "this is gonna be soooo cool". Right before I get to the ramp, for some reason, I look down at the speedo. It's reading 80 (kph, not mph) and all of a sudden it occurs to me:

- (a) I'm heading for a 20 foot cliff at about 45 mph
- (b) I haven't the foggiest idea of what I'm doing

Cursing myself for not thinking of (b) earlier, it's off the gas and as hard on the brakes as I can safely get. What with the steepness of the ramp, the fine brakes, and the excellent knobbies, I know I'm not going to actually "jump" off the ramp; my bigger concern now is trying not to "fall" off the face of the ramp and bounce down it tangled up with the bike. I managed to stop with the tire a couple of feet from the edge. Although I had several conversations with myself saying things like "c'mon, you can do it, you were so close", there was no doubt deep in my heart that I wasn't going to try it again.

So, tucking my tail firmly under my seat, I went back to play in an environment where I felt more comfortable. Still had a great time; but now that I'm home safe and warm, I can't help but wonder.....



For illustration purposes only. Professional rider on closed course. Do not try this at home. Prices subject to change without notice. Silica gel – Do not eat.

Unplanned Motocrossing

by Ron Barr

Saturday, Oct. 13 was an unseasonably beautiful day at Pocono Raceway. And I was with four of my favorite people: Hakan, Henrik, Jack, and Mark. In the interest of brevity, I'll skip all the good stuff, which someone else may write about, and get right to the penultimate session on Sunday, which had turned gray and chilly, albeit rain-free.

The East Course has a left-hand sweeper, very slightly downhill, at the end of the longest straight. I usually take that turn in third gear, downshifting from fifth on the straight. However, a couple of times during the day I couldn't make the second downshift in time (i.e., I screwed up), so I stayed in fourth, with steady throttle, and just kept as relaxed as I could, knee on the ground, bike bouncing on the uneven asphalt. I made it each time, so of course I was starting to feel cocky.

In the penultimate session, I figured let's try fourth on purpose, on the gas. So I probably entered the turn around 10 mph faster than usual, I don't know how fast, let's say 70-80. I was way leaned over, hanging off as far as I dared, drifting wide, wider, widest, and I saw I wasn't going to be able to stay on the tarmac. So, rather than low side onto the grass, and risk a high side if the tires caught on something, I stood the bike up and began my short-lived motocross career.

There I was, straight up, standing on the pegs, bouncing across the Pocono meadow that could never be mistaken for an Augusta National fairway. I thought, "This isn't too bad. I might make it. I just wish I wasn't going quite so fast." I figure I was going around 50-60 mph when I stood the bike up and left the track.

Then I saw a gravel path, slightly below grade, running perpendicular to my trajectory, and I thought, "this will be a challenge, down and up, but I might make it." Next thing I know, I'm thrown violently to the ground. I guess the bike landed on my left leg, and I was on my back facing heaven. I gingerly tried to move each of my limbs in turn and was pleased that they responded. My toes hurt a lot, left more than right, and I could feel that I hit my head and left knee.

I rolled over, hit the kill switch, and reached under the bike to turn off the petcock. I got on my knees, thinking of standing up and picking up the bike, but didn't feel up to the task, so I sat down, which automatically brings out the medics. Then I saw the two large rocks that the front wheel was wedged against, each about the size of a helmet, with jagged edges.

The ambulance crew was on the scene in a jiff, and they were very professional and kind. I got to ride back to the paddock in the ambulance, while the track crew loaded the Aprilia into a pickup truck. When they brought the bike back to our paddock, Jack looked at it and said, "Wow, this bike crashes well!" I lost the left foot peg and shifter, and there was some damage to the fairing. The front tire was still inflated, but grass and dirt were stuffed into the bead around its circumference. Jack started pulling the grass out, but I told him to stop because he'd let the air out!

No surprise, Hakan, Henrik, and Jack helped me gather up and load my stuff into my car. They all followed me all the way to I-287, to make sure I (and my car, but that's another story) was okay. Typical devoted STMCers, which is another way of saying extraordinary friends.

At this writing it's been about 48 hours, and I still feel a little woozy. When I lie down to go to sleep, the room spins for a few seconds, and during the day I sometimes feel slightly light-headed. The club medical advisors, DocGonzo and Hakan, said not to worry as long as I have no headache or blurred vision. I plan to send my new Quantum /f to Arai for testing in the hope I won't need to replace it, and I've decided to take early retirement from the track season. That will allow me to get started on "freshening up" the Aprilia so I'm ready for next spring. Can't wait!



Ron on Pocono Raceway's North Course.

Club Diversity

One of the great things about this club is the diversity of riders. Not just personalities and bikes, but riding backgrounds and interests. While we all have a primary interest in sport-touring, the riding histories and even current interests of members include dirt riding, touring, enduro races, motocross, endurance riding, and even (horrors!) commuting, which is quite a sport, especially in the metro area.

A great example of this was demonstrated yesterday when two of our faster, smoother riders, guys who also currently ride track bikes and spend time racing, chose instead to do four hours at 30 (yes, thirty!) mph riding during the Ramapo Fall Foliage Timed Run. For those who may have been living in a cave in Afghanistan, in a timed run (or rally) one not only has to stay on a complicated route, but do so at a constant average speed. That's right, four pages of routing instructions and 120 miles of trying to stay on course AND on time. (OK, there was a lunch break.) Random checkpoints along the route verify how close each rider is to his/her schedule.

Ron ("what's wrong with yellow?") Barr and Bruce ("I look like Andre Agassi?") Egenhauser both participated (and enjoyed!) the timed run, in addition to yours truly, Jon K, and Jeff and Lori W. Final results are not in yet, but the pilots (and co-pilots) gave their all to the competition.

Hats off to those who not only can ride fast, but can also ride slow! -----*Dan Morrow*

STMC Rides and Safety

by Ron Barr

Below are a few points about ride safety that came out of a discussion at a recent Monday night meeting. There were many good ideas, candidly debated without rancor, representing healthy and intelligent differences of opinion.

A few of the ideas will be considered over the off-season, but those shown below met with unanimous agreement among those present. I would like to identify those so we can implement them immediately.

First, a definition, so we're clear: Any rider who is riding with us for the first or second time is to be considered a "newbie". That would even include Eric Bostrom, especially if he shows up wearing a windbreaker and penny loafers.

1. All ride leaders **MUST** tell non-properly-dressed newbies that they can't ride with us. Be friendly and tactful, but firm. Encourage them to come back another time.
2. Any member who observes a newbie riding over his or her head **MUST** take appropriate action. That could include asking the newbie to pull over for a brief chat at the first safe spot (like a traffic light or stop sign), or at the next gas stop. Our "ride your own ride" rule would be re-explained. If the newbie is so unskilled, or unresponsive to constructive criticism, the ride leader will ask him to leave the group.
3. If no one steps forward to lead a Kinder & Gentler group, and a newbie is in attendance, what do we do with him? Let him ride in the fast (only) group, or tell him to come back another time? Personally, if the person is well-dressed and seems mature, I'd let him ride with me, after emphasizing our "ride your own ride" rule.
4. I've gotten strict about the size of a group I lead. Each ride leader can decide for himself or herself, but I will not lead more than five or six bikes. We have more leaders than we used to, which has helped a lot, but some long-term members who have never led may have to start.

Individual Responsibility Makes Group Riding Safer

by John Funke

I have always believed and followed this wisdom. I know it has helped me improve as a rider and to be safer. Hopefully I have helped others to be safer and better riders. However, there was one time I actually said that I saw it coming, yet had done nothing to prevent it.

I've been directly behind 3 get offs, all newbies by the way. One I never expected, another I saw coming at the 15 mph curve sign when the person didn't slow up. The third one I wasn't directly behind because I saw it coming and dropped back a few spots while leaving the gas stop.

How come I didn't say anything or point out my observations to anyone? Well, it is somewhat grayed out over time, but I'll take a whack at it.

I remember that it was annoying following this rider and believe that he had kind of muscled his way in front of me. He had worked his way up from the back spot by passing us and was probably trying to get right behind the leader.

He wasn't going wide or doing anything actually dangerous, but was probably erratic with the controls, not smooth. Excessive braking before corners is annoying to follow behind and was probably my biggest gripe at the time. I didn't feel safe or comfortable directly behind this person and it was more me that was becoming dangerous with mounting aggressive/competitive attitudes.

I spent my time at the gas stop grousing to myself about it and shaking it off. Since it was I who was asking for trouble, the simple resolution was to chill out and drop back several spots. Still, there was something about this rider that said, "Accident waiting to happen." In this case it was probably more premonition than actual observation that had me thinking he was an accident waiting to happen. I may have felt that I was just pissing and moaning and projecting it on him. However, in hindsight, it still would have been a good idea to talk to the Road Captain about it.

Several miles down the road, there it was. A short straight with open visibility, a tight left hander that led to railroad tracks, an uphill and then a fork in the road. Bikes were pulled over, one of them on its side, and riders were dismounting. Of course, my first thought was, "I knew it! Boy I'm sure glad I dropped back and didn't have to witness it."

The rider claimed that he was leaned all the way over and was scraping body panels, nothing more he could do. I think he was full of shit. He was probably scraping body panels after panicking and hitting the front brake. Remember, there is a short straight and you can see the entire curve, so there is plenty of time to act, as evidenced by the fact that following riders were able to stop safely. But not having seen it happen, I can only guess.

So the moral of the story is; if something, ANYTHING, doesn't seem right about a rider, or yourself for that matter, TELL THE ROAD CAPTAIN. Even if it does no good, you won't feel stupid because you did nothing to try and prevent it.

Editor's Corner

In words penned by Stephen King but made memorable by Jack Nicholson, "I'm baaaack."

After producing the STMC newsletter from its inception in 1991 thru 1994, I'm again cutting and pasting the best our members have to offer. With this issue I begin sharing Editor duties with John Funke here in the TheBlast Bunker, as we take turns producing TheBlast from month to month.

You can make the job a lot easier by continuing to submit those great ride recaps and digital photos, and by telling us what you THINK. Share your opinions, ideas and even gripes by sending email to John@JWFunke.net or MTrionfo@2KidsMedia.com. Let us know what you would like to see in your newsletter and we'll do our best to meet the challenge. As always, we reserve the right to claim your best ideas as our own or in extreme cases simply ignore your comments altogether.

Marty Trionfo – Editor, STMC's **TheBLAST**

Point Lookout continued...

The morning of the ride Paul and I met Jack Haberman in Chatham and the 3 of us rode up to the RAR. The rest of the STMC riders that day were : Joe Hughes; Ken and Gina Corsun; Marty Trionfo; Marty Baluski; Mark Yeldham; Charlie Tonking and Steve Lenac. The other new guys were ; Jeff Karmioli a friend of mine from work on a new Kawi ZR-7; (Jeff had an article in the last issue of the Blast) , Chuck Potzer on a R1100RT and Patrick Hochberg on a R1150GS. (Patrick is a friend of Jeff's from a previous job.)



Los Amigos Rápidos! Marty Baluski, Steve Lenac and Jack Haberman

Jack took off first with Marty, Mark, Steve and I think Chuck. I had Jeff, Paul, Ken & Gina, Patrick, and Charlie. Joe caught us at a gas stop in Walkill.

We headed up route 17 to 6 to 293. We were supposed to go up 218 but Jack was sure that it was closed. So we went up 9W and I missed the turn for 218 in Cornwall. I got lost on my own route ! After a slight correction we were back on track. At the gas stop Joe informed me that 218 was open but full of bicycles. The first half of the route is a pretty straight shot to a gas stop on route 28. It's not very technical but does offer some nice vistas. The second half does have some very nice twisty backroads. Riding the route as an STMC ride made it a completely new experience. I enjoyed the twisties in the second half more that I had when planning the route. I guess once it's done you can just relax and enjoy it.

At the gas stop on route 28 we saw Jack and his group ride past us up 28. It turns out he decided to take an alternate route to the Point Lookout. When we arrived at the Lookout not only was Jack there but Dan and John Kadis as well. They had ridden up from the Backroads weekend to join us for lunch. After lunch the three groups departed and rode their own separate ways. All in all a good day and a great ride.



Frank Sole and Paul Fleckenstein

Mark Your Calendar

December Informal Rides, Weather Permitting.
Meet at 10:00 AM, December thru February

2 AMA Insurance Seminar - Yonkers, NY
2 David Goldstein Birthday
2 Frank Minervini Birthday
5 Charles E. Tonking Birthday

8 STMC 10th Anniversary Holiday Party

9 Jon G. Kadis Birthday
12 R. Richard Hirtler Birthday
21 Jason Landau Birthday
23 Barry R. Ellman, M.D. Birthday
28-30 Int'l Motorcycle Show - Javits Center, NY
31 Kevin Glick Birthday

January Gotta start payin' those STMC dues for 2002!
Details to appear in the December issue.

Quik Shifts...

**STMC is in Winter Schedule
Sunday Rides are Potluck**

**Dec 8 is
STMC Holiday Party
Contact Bruce for details at
BruceEgen@AOL.com**

**December 28-30
Int'l Motorcycle Show comes
to Jacob Javits Center, NY.
More info at 800-331-5706**

**Stay In Touch on the
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