



CLUB # 4870

August

2011



CRUISIN' TIMES

The Monthly Newsletter of the Jersey Pine Cruisers Motorcycle Touring Club

Prez Czyz Says

Well, Labor Day is upon us, and at the August membership meeting, we had the first round of scheduling events for 2012. They will be available on the website for you to view after the calendar is approved by the Board. Remember, they are not cast in stone, and there is still time to add in some more events, so step up and chair/cochair an event.

Since the days are now getting shorter, and the temperatures are finally starting to cool down a little bit, remember to check your tire pressures regularly, as they too will be dropping with the temperature. With the moderating temperatures I am hoping that the Sunday rides will be even better attended and enjoyable.

We have had at least three events this last month that were either over-nighters or campouts, and I suspect that in this issue we will be hearing some interesting stories from these events, and hope that you will enjoy them as much as I will. We had a small taste of one of these stories at the meeting from the overnight run, courtesy of Ken Vicker.

Just as an early reminder, if you would like to get more involved with the club, or lead it in a different direction, consider running for office. The more you are involved in the club, the healthier the club remains. Remember, you have to be a director first, before moving up to the board. More to follow in the upcoming monthly newsletters.

I've noticed that this last year a few more of the wives have gotten more involved in the club, to the point of starting their brown card requirements, and hopefully becoming full members. Well, that's one more way of keeping tabs on the husband on Sundays. Besides, why should the hubby have all the fun, after all "girls just want to have fun" too. LOL.

As usual, drive safe, be safe, watch out for those crazy cagers and politicians, and avoid those nasty Illinois potholes....

“Silver One”
Stephen Czyz



Photo courtesy of Steve Mendel from the Lakeshore Overnight Run.

House on the Rock



On Thursday August 4th, Bill scouted a route for Friday's ride. On Friday, Bill led four bikes and five riders on the route he laid out the previous day. Two hundred plus miles later we had completed a ride that will go down as one of the best rides I have been on. On Saturday morning, eleven of us took the long ride to the House on the Rock (15 miles). Five hours later, we finished the tour. If you have never been to the House on the Rock, you have no idea of what you have missed. Dinner that night was at Arthur's; great food. Sunday we woke to rain. By the time we finished breakfast the rain had stopped and the sun came out.



What makes for a great event?

- ✚ Good Weather
- ✚ Good Roads
- ✚ Good Friends
- ✚ Good Food

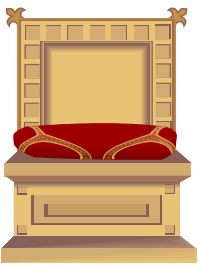
We had all of them. **Great Job Bill!**

GWB



Photos courtesy of Dennis Hyde

From the High Chair



It always amazes me how quickly the summer months slip by. And of course as they slip by I am reminded of the slippage by Sandy's email that another JPC Newsletter article is due. So, I have gathered my thoughts...a process that takes very little time...and shall share them with you my faithful readers.

Another camp out has come and gone as a half dozen or so intrepid campers and a few couch potato motelers gathered for a trip to the House on the Rock somewhere in central Wisconsin. Let me first say that the House on the Rock experience was amazing. If you have never been there it is difficult to describe the size and diversity of the incredible collections of everything imaginable in the museum that is part of the house itself. So vast is the facility that many of us older folk were almost crawling down the final hallways searching for a way out of the maze and into the fudge shop. Bill and George really hit a home run with this one.

The camping on the other hand got off to somewhat of a rocky start for yours truly. Arriving early in the afternoon on Friday, I found that there was no one around so I decided that being a former Marine I could handle setting up camp without assistance. So, I first completely unloaded the trailer at the wrong camp site. This was designed as a dry run to assure that when I had reloaded my gear and moved two slots down to space #7 the process of unloading would go smoothly. I should point out that upon arrival and check in at the campsite office, I displayed my veteran camping expertise by asking if my river-side camp site was a drive thru. The young lady at the desk was very understanding as she stared blankly at me without laughing.

Having taken all of my gear out of the trailer, again, with no incident, I was faced with unloading my bike without assistance. This is probably a relatively simple process for bikers

with vast trailering experience. This would be, after all, my fourth or fifth time unloading the bike. I looked at the bike with four tightly stretched straps holding it in place. My trailer is set up for two bikes so my Sportster was very close to the wall. I reasoned that if I released the straps closest to the wall first, the bike was likely to be pulled over onto the floor into the middle of the trailer by the remaining straps on the other side of the bike. I certainly didn't want that to happen. So I chose to loosen the straps near the center of the trailer reasoning that the bike would be supported by the wall of the trailer allowing me to put down the kick stand and then safely release the other two straps.

In theory the process worked with the possible exception that the two wall side straps were so tight that the right handle end of my handle bar punched a hole through the wall of the trailer. But the bike did not tumble and it isn't such a really big hole anyway. In any event, having released my bike from bondage it was time to back it down the ramp. Again...a simple process in theory. After all, it had not rained and the ramp was not slippery. So I fired up the Harley in the deserted camp area and proceeded to back the bike out onto the ramp. I heard a twang and my bike stopped rather abruptly, not more than a third of the way down the ramp leaning precariously to the right.

It seems that I had passed a bit too close to the right side of the ramp and had caught my right side mirror on the guide wire of the ramp. This presented a rather interesting situation. The wire had actually gone over the mirror and was now between the mirror itself and the mirror post. So I could neither go forward nor backward. And because the bike was now leaning over the void of the ramp edge I could not put the kick stand down and free up the bike without dumping it. And of course there was no one to be seen...anywhere.

So I did what any tough biker would do...I called out in a calm voice, "Hello...is anyone

out there?" There was no immediate response so I increased the volume of my distress call an octave or so with the same disappointing result. I now had visions of other campers eventually finding my skeletal remains impaled on my trailer. But at last a young lady came out of the trailer in the next site. I explained that I was testing the tensile strength of my bike mirror and of the guide wire of the trailer ramp and I could use her assistance in completing the test. She was kind enough to assist and I got the bike onto firm ground with no further trouble. I tried to avoid eye contact during the extraction process.

I am happy to say that the balance of the weekend went off without a hitch. The weather

was excellent right up to an hour or so before it was time to load up. At which point it rained like the hammers of hell soaking all of the gear and making the reloading process (which I was able to accomplish without the assistance of the young lady next door) a soggy affair.

Having rambled on a bit I shall sign off now until I can report on next month's scheduled camping adventure. As always...

Ride safe, Ride Often
Harley One

Mike O'Malley, COB

Old Fart's Ride to the Harley Davidson Museum

On Aug 2nd, I conducted my second attempt at leading a group ride. I have chosen the "Old Farts" ride because of the smaller number of riders (less people to lead into the wilderness). Both of the rides I led ended at a Harley-Davidson museum. The first ride ended in DeKalb and this one in Milwaukee. There seems to be mounting evidence that I am a latent Harley owner want-a-be.

With the weather forecast not that great; mid 90's with possible severe afternoon storms, I wasn't sure if there would be any takers, however six brave souls decided to follow me to Milwaukee, Wisconsin to visit the HD museum. The ride was pretty much a direct route on state roads. There was a little more traffic than when I took the pre-ride and a bit more in the heat department. After 2 1/2 hours we were happy to put down the kick stands.

The museum is home to over 450 motorcycles and thousands of artifacts and currently the "Collection X" exhibit (a wide sampling of HD related items). The bikes, history and memorabilia of motorcycling and the Harley-Davidson Company were well worth the visit.

It was interesting listening to the memories and stories that a particular bike on exhibit would invoke

from someone in our group. While looking at all of the engineering that went into the production of motorcycles and their motors, an un-named member (III) was inspired to state that how an engine works comes down to four words "**suck, squeeze, bang and blow**". This statement turned into a JPC lesson on how an internal combustion engine works.

Considering the weather, the ride was decent and the museum and company were great.

Tom Kearney



Photo by Dennis Hyde

Lakeshore Overnight Run – August 20-21, 2011

The run was two weekends ago and I am glad to report that it was a huge success based on all the feedback I received from all 22 attendees (19 bikes). It goes without saying that it would not have been successful without help from Lynn Vicker, Frank and Candi Wenzon, Steve Penczak, and the sweeps, Joe Fiedler and George Barrington.

Now any two-day ride with the Jersey Pine Cruisers in attendance is going to include two things: many “stories” and tons of laughs. I will touch upon some of these starting with “But I must admit...” For the real effect however, everyone knows that you just had to have been there.

The run started Saturday morning with the largest group leaving the Rolling Meadows McDonalds. The route would lead us to Genoa City, WI where we would pick up a second group of riders. Our final destination would be the Coho Motel in Kewaunee, WI.

Leaving Rolling Meadows the skies looked very dark to the north with occasional lightning. By the time we got to Fox Lake the threat of rain was 100% so on went the rain suits. (But I must admit... that this was my second try at stopping to put on rain suits. My first try, in Volo, was “ignored” by the group, leaving Lynn and I by ourselves. As I mentioned above, you just had to have been there.....)

Upon arriving in Genoa City the skies really opened up with high winds, rain, and lightning. We choose to wait it out at the BP gas station as the storm was reported to be a fast mover and the worst would be over shortly. When the wind and lightning calmed down and the rain returned to “normal”, we got on the bikes and headed north on Route 12. (But I must admit... that mutiny was narrowly avoided as two opposing groups had formed concerning when we should leave; the “Let’s leave now, we can avoid the storm!” group and the “Hell no! We won’t go!” group. I basically ignored both, as I still hadn’t been to the restroom...or made my requisite phone call to our lunch stop.)

By the way, was that Al Large and his bike lying down in the parking lot in the rain? He has to stop using those handle bars....

North of Lake Geneva blue sky showed its face, the sun came out and the roads dried up. We took Route 67 north, past Oconomowoc, WI to our first stop in Neosho, WI. The scenery and the roads were perfect as were the riding talents of the group. The group was spread out due to the intervals between bikes resulting in a comfortable and safe group ride.

Our next stop was in Lomira, WI for a great lunch at Bublitz Restaurant.

My goal was to use a good mix of state, county and local roads while still getting to our destination in a reasonable amount of time. That being the case, we left Route 67 and proceeded to our next stop in New Holstein, WI (using roads G, GG, Q, Dorn Road, and H). It was a great day to be out riding! Leaving New Holstein we continued on more great roads (using roads X, T, Route 151, W, JJ, and Route 42) to Manitowoc, WI and the shoreline of Lake Michigan. It was a beautiful ride along the lake made even better by the fact we were on our bikes!

Our next stop was Two Rivers, WI. We were not far from our destination (23 miles) and the end of our day of riding. (But I must admit... that K. M. took one look at the gas station’s sturdy wooden boundary fence, sat on it, and proceeded to break it...Don’t mess with this guy!)

We made it to Kewaunee and stopped along the shoreline for a group picture that included the lighthouse in the background. We arrived at the Coho Motel in Kewaunee and had a couple of hours to relax before we went for dinner.

Dinner was at CJ’s Restaurant and Banquet Hall in Kewaunee. They were prepared for our arrival and really did a great job with dinner. The food was great and so was the service! (Continued on the next page)

(But I must admit... that a wedding was going on in the banquet hall and I started hearing some of our group saying maybe we should find the bride's father and see if he would like more guests and...I knew it was time to leave...now!)

Back at the Coho, the evening was just getting started. We had a campfire without a fire and all 22 riders attended. It was a beautiful night with the location of the campfire without a fire overlooking the Kewaunee River Valley, the town of Kewaunee, and Lake Michigan. I was hoping for an evening this nice and it turned out perfectly! (But I must admit... that at the campfire without a fire, a new hand signal was developed and approved for use by the JPCs to be used to convey when it is time to put on rain gear. For further information and maybe even a demonstration, contact Steve Penczak.)

When I went to bed Saturday night, I could not decide if I was more tired from riding or more tired from laughing so much. I know it was a good combination of both.

Sunday morning it was apparent that some of us covered our bikes the night before and some did not. (But I must admit...that the Official JPC Bike Cover Inspectors sadly report that some of those who did cover their bikes are still motorcycle cover challenged. They seem to be able to determine front side from back side but are still challenged between inside out and outside in. The official JPC Bike Cover Inspectors are working on an appropriate training class for F. & C. W.)

Sunday morning one of our veteran JPC members, B. W., could not find his keys for his bike. Not to worry though, there are spare keys. (But I must admit... that the spare keys were in the trunk, the locked trunk. Worry. Retracing his steps from the night before led to the ice cream shop 400 feet down the road...Can you believe that?! The owner of the Coho called the owner of the ice cream shop and yes, the ice cream shop owner said he had some keys that were found on the floor the night before. He delivered the keys to the relieved biker within a very short time. Before

leaving, the ice cream shop owner suggested to Bob that he should carry a spare key...!)

Sunday morning brought a brief shower that took place while we were having breakfast at Kunkel's Korner Restaurant in Kewaunee. When we left, the sun was out and the roads were dry.

We then headed south on Route 42. The ride along Lake Michigan in Manitowoc had the sun shining on the water. It was another perfect day to be riding (using Route 42, C, Union Road, FF, and Route 42) to our next stop, Howard's Grove.

Then it was on (using Route 32, J, M, PP, and Route 67) to Campbellsport.

We continued on (using Route 67, W, Route 28, and 175) to Theresa.

Then it was on (using Route 175, P, O, and Route 67) to Oconomowoc to Culver's for lunch.

After the stop in Oconomowoc, the group started splitting off in all directions on routes that took them the best way home.

As Lynn and I turned off of Route 53 onto Euclid, Steve P. and George B. kept heading south to their respective destinations as the last of the group.

It made me think that the start of an adventure, be it 1 hour, 1 day, 1 week or 1 month, the gathering of 1 rider, then 2 riders, then 3 riders and so on, is like the opening of a book. And then at the end of the ride, as riders start heading home in different directions, it is like the closing of a book. This particular book is rich in content with great friends and memories, not to mention the laughs. This, really, is what it is all about.

Thanks to those who were able to be part of this book. Ride Safe.

Ken Vicker



From the Bleachers

Dateline: Thursday, August 25

As I sit here this morning I am thinking about the subject of riding for the sake of riding. I know that most times we will come up with an excuse for doing what we do and going where we go. We all fully realize that what we are doing is coming up with an excuse to ride. Case in point: this Friday (tomorrow) I will ride 330 miles for a Saturday lunch of baloney burgers at the G & R Tavern in Waldo, Ohio. Sure I plan to meet some members of the Motor City Beamer (a left-over vestige of my BMW riding days) for lunch, but I am just using 'going to lunch' as the reasoning I'm using on myself, to justify the ride, the gas and the cost of the motel. The real reason I am going is for 'The Ride'. The 700 miles ride there and back! Don't get me wrong, I am not confessing to this because I feel any sense of guilt, because I don't. The fact is that to one extent or another every rider does this on almost every ride. We use this logic every time we swing a leg over the seat and head out 'somewhere' for a ride and it's how we justify taking the long way to a given destination.

After lunch on Saturday, I will have to shoot home so I can make the JPC's Sunrise/Memorial Run on Sunday. I usually don't like the superslab but time constraints require that I ride it this day to get back home in a timely manner. I will admit however that droning away on the interstate gives one plenty of time to think, clear your mind and even plan for your next ride.

I went on a ride to Kewaunee, WI last weekend. Ken Vicker led and about 20 other cruisers followed. There were great roads, great food, great company and great accommodations. The only thing lacking was a little excitement, we had no flat tires, no bald tires, no member made wrong turns, and some members almost got their bike covers on correctly (practice, practice, practice). In fact, if Bob hadn't found that he had lost his keys we might not have had any extra curricular excitement at all. Thanks guys for a fun weekend.

Speaking of a fun weekend, come on out to the Autumn in the Irish Hills campout at the Waffle Farms Campground in Coldwater, Michigan on September 9, 10 & 11. There will be camp fires, conversation and a group ride to "HELL" and back on Saturday. For those that arrive early there will be a lunch ride to Rosie's Diner leaving from the campground on Friday morning. Hope to see you all there.

Motorcycling is always an adventure so get out there and experience yours.

Steve Penczak

Awards & Recognition

HD Museum Ride

Tom Kearney

House on the Rock

Bill Lindwall

George Barrington

Lakeshore

Overnight

Ken Vicker

Frank Wenzon

Sunrise Memorial

Run

Mike O'Malley

Joe Fiedler

Don Malina

Betty Swoverland

JOB WELL DONE

It is through the sacrifices and efforts of members like the above that keeps the JPCs the best darn club around.

September						
SU	M	T	W	TH	F	SA
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

September 9-11 – Autumn in the Irish Hills

September 27 – Board and Membership Meeting

September 27 - Old Farts Coffee

October						
SU	M	T	W	TH	F	SA
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

October 7-9 – Fall Camp out

October 15 – Fall Color Tour

October 22 – Halloween Potluck

October 25 – Board and Membership Meeting

October 25 – Old Farts Coffee

For flyers of club events, click on the event name below:

September 9-11 [Autumn in the Irish Hills](#)

October 7-9 - [Fall Campout](#)

October 22 - [Halloween Potluck](#)

Every Sunday- [Breakfast Rides](#)

4th Tuesday of the Month - [Old Farts Coffee](#)

Yearlong event - [The Traveler](#)

September 18 – Ride for Autism Speaks

This 85 mile ride through the western suburbs begins at Wild Fire Harley-Davidson in Villa Park. Registration and check in begins at 8:30 AM with the ride beginning at 10:30 AM. The after party will be in Schaumburg. For details and to register online visit: www.ride.autismspeaks.org

The Fall Camp out is being held in a new location this year. Check the flyer on the web site for the details!

Bonnie and Fred Cousins would like to say "THANKS" for the cards!

Web Surfing Monkey

[SOUTHERN DOZEN](#)
[24 HOURS OF LEMONS](#)
[FOR ALL THE SCI-FI FANS](#)
[MAN RECYCLES AUTO PARTS FOR A CUSTOM-BUILT 3-WHEELED MOTORCYCLE](#)
[CAREFUL WHERE U PARK](#)
[WHAT GIVES HARLEY-DAVIDSONS THEIR DISTINCTIVE SOUND?](#)
[MOTORCYCLE POLLUTION](#)
['PORCUPINE' RACING MOTORCYCLE](#)
[A PLUMBER FROM LINCOLNSHIRE BUILDS WORLD'S LONGEST MOTORCYCLE](#)

[VIDEO OF LONGEST SCOOTER](#)
[ONLINE PERCEPTION TEST](#)
[METEORITE FOR A MOTORCYCLE](#)
[BETTER RIDING GUIDE: FILTERING](#)
[MOTOCALCHICAGO](#)
[MEMORABLE MOTORCYCLE: VINCENT BLACK KNIGHT](#)
[THIS IS HOW TO ADVERTISE A MOTORCYCLE](#)
[THE ANSWER TO TAIL GATERS](#)
[2012 FORD F150 HARLEY DAVIDSON](#)
[NEW PRODUCTS REVOLUTIONIZE MOTORCYCLE](#)
[PASSENGER SAFETY](#)
[STOP THE SAG](#)
[GOOGLE PATENTS](#)

Alaskan Adventure

We started out in Vancouver, Canada. We went on a beautiful ship called the "Radiance of the Seas", which is part of the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line. Then we went to Seward, Icy Strait, Juneau, Hubbard Glacier, Skagway, Ketchikan, Anchorage, Talkeetna and Denali. We took a jeep ride which was a rough road and went into a canoe and paddled our arms off. We did an ATV ride and a zip line that was 1300 feet above ground. We went to a dog sled camp to see the huskies.

We also toured Denali National Park and saw two bears, fox, caribou, lynx and sheep. We took a boat and saw a whale and sea lions. We also traveled by train. We stayed at some very nice lodges which were rustic but we did have electricity and showers in the rooms. To sum it up we had a great time and it was great to see. If you have not been there to see it, you're really missing something beautiful. Alaska is really an adventure!

Flo Tymczuk

SEPTEMBER

BIRTHDAYS

RICK TYMCZUK

9/1

BOB CROSSON

9/13



This bike was incorrectly identified by the editor in last month's newsletter. It is a 1970 Honda CD 175 that Steve Mendel restored.

Sunrise Memorial Event 2011



Photos and layouts courtesy of Joe Fiedler

