



HMDA NEWS

Volume 12 • Issue 4 •

The Newsletter of the HMDA

• June-August 2006 •



Now Is the Time For All Good Men to Come To the Aid of Their Party!

Or...in our case, *now is the time for everyone to come to the HMDA Convention!* It's a great opportunity to get together with your friends in the motorcycle industry in Hawaii, see the exciting new products on display, load your plate with good food, check out the competition and enjoy

the entertaining hypnotism of *Greg Gabaylo*.

We'll be raffling off some impressive prizes this year in a different format than in previous conventions. Instead of holding the giveaway after dinner, we'll be calling out winning tickets at random times throughout the evening.

The big stuff will not necessarily be raffled last, so be there early!

Our meetings have been changed to the first Monday of the month, however this month that fell on Labor Day, so....

The
next meeting of
the HMDA will be
on Monday,
September
11th
at 8:30 a.m.
at the
Airport Plaza Hotel
Coffee Shop.

HAWAII MOTORCYCLE DEALERS ASSOCIATION
HMDA
Convention

Waikiki Beach Marriott
Leahi Ballroom
Saturday, October 21st

This years' vendors will include:



COME EARLY
Best prizes will not
be saved for last!!



Time Line: 5:00 - 7:30: Vendor Show / Cocktails / **PuPus**
Raffle Prizes will start @ 5:15
7:45 - 8:45: ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET DINNER
9:00 - 10:00: **Greg Gabaylo Hilarious Hypnotism**
10:00: President's Remarks, Awards, etc.

Greg Gabaylo will be performing his Hilarious Hypnotism routine for our Entertainment. He will be looking for volunteers to help in his act, so have a few beers then get up on stage to be hypnotized. His fun-loving approach to hypnotism will have your sides splitting with laughter.

Sign Up NOW!!

Great Vendors, Buffet Dinner, Plus Great Entertainment for ONLY \$35 per person IF you register BEFORE October 5th. (\$40 after the 5th)
Mail to: HMDA • P.O. Box 1813, Kailua, HI 96734



Robert's Gone...but not forgotten



Sturgis and Daytona Beach: the twin Meccas of motorcycling. For serious enthusiasts, you've either made the pilgrimage or you're planning to make it. This year was my year for Sturgis.

There was nothing remarkable about the ride down. There's an awful lot of nothing between here and there. Trees are rare to non-existent along Highway 212 in Wyoming. There are miles and miles of rolling prairie, a black snake of shimmering asphalt, and the sun beating down relentlessly on you. You're in Indian country, literally. The road passes through both the Crow and Cheyenne reservations. The road isn't regularly patrolled and I let the miles unwind at 85 mph. The closer I got to Sturgis, the more motorcycles I encountered. Most were being ridden, but a surprising number were being hauled on trailers.

People of my generation remember the famous aerial shot of the crowd at Woodstock. Give each one of those people a motorcycle, put them in a town that normally supports 6,600 people, and you've got Sturgis. I was attending the world's largest motorcycle-themed country carnival.

I was disappointed by the gross commercialization and exploitation of the event. I heard that rooms at a Super 8 hotel in Rapid City were going for \$500 a night. I managed to find a "bargain" in the little town of Lead and only paid \$249 for a night's stay in a room that probably goes for less than \$80 the other 51 weeks of the year. Other than beer, my guess is more T-shirts are sold at Sturgis than anything else. There must have been millions of them. Sturgis T-shirts typically sold for \$9 each or 3 for \$25. T-shirts that were nearly identical in every aspect except they had been blessed by the Church of HD and bore the all-important "Authorized by Harley Davidson" label sold for \$23 each. Go figure. If it had something even

remotely to do with motorcycles or Harley Davidson, you could find it at Sturgis: hats, bandanas, shirts, chaps, lighters, knives, stickers, pins, cups, mugs, ashtrays, toilet paper, candy bars, you name it. I felt like I had journeyed to the Vatican only to find a vending machine offering pieces of the true cross. Everything is for sale at Sturgis.

Most, but not all, of the Harley riders at Sturgis were older. Much older. For them, I think Sturgis was more of a remembrance than a celebration.

Tie-dyed shirts were seen in great numbers, as were peace symbols. Several vendors were doing a brisk business selling MIA/POW patches along with ones proclaiming "Jane Fonda is a traitorous bitch." A generation that was

comfort; their motorcycle on a trailer behind their SUV. They off-loaded the bike the following morning and rode the last 20 miles to Sturgis. That's not a lifestyle, that's a weekend diversion. Harley Davidson has not maintained a like number of devotees in the post-Vietnam generations. Maybe a fourth of the riders I saw were on Harley clones or metric cruisers.

The most enjoyment I had during the weekend were the short rides I took in the area. There are several wonderful scenic routes that meander through the Black Hills National Forest. I got up early enough that it was still cool, the road paralleled a small stream; it was perfect. It also provided one of the two exciting moments I had on the trip. I was on a twisting two lane road in the middle of a sweeping left hand turn. Some idiot on a Harley Road King decided that this was the perfect time to pass me. On the right. In my lane. With oncoming traffic in the other lane. All I could do was hold

my line and hope that everyone else did the same. We all made it through without incident. The other bit of excitement was on the way home. I was on Highway 212 just past Broadus. In front of me I could see a string of riders passing a semi. They continued to pass despite the rapidly closing distance between us. In fact, they never stopped passing. I flashed my high beams and got as far to the right as I could in my lane. There was no shoulder. It was a semi in one lane, and two bikes heading in opposite directions closing at over 120 MPH sharing the other lane. Much more excitement than I needed.

There were a surprising number of trikes in the area. I guess that like suspenders, the third wheel is an acknowledgement of the aging process. Maybe our balance isn't what it used to be. . . One of the vehicles on display was based on a Honda automotive engine. This...."thing" (I refuse to call it a motorcycle) had a steering wheel instead of handlebars, an automatic transmission, a full stereo and cruise control. Say it isn't so, Captain America! Where is Peter Fonda when you need him?

Maybe I've become too cynical. Perhaps it was too much to ask for a burning bush or an epiphany from my pilgrimage to Sturgis. I enjoyed the trip, I had a good time, but in the end, what mattered was me and the motorcycle. Hell, maybe that was the message all along.

Robert Becker

Robert Shares Sturgis



defined by Woodstock and Vietnam getting together to relive the past because the present means driving a 5-year old Ford Taurus to your job at Dairy Queen and having to wear a long sleeve shirt to cover your "Ride Free or Die" and Grateful Dead tattoos.

Harley Davidson has acknowledged the aging of their market and now offers official Harley Davidson suspenders and leather vests in larger sizes. Gravity has certainly won the battle, everything sags. The aging process has been easier on the men than on the women. When you reach that stage in your life where you need Depends, it's no longer appropriate to wear hot pants.

For years, Sturgis was synonymous with Harley Davidson. One couple I met at the hotel had driven in from Cody, WY. They traveled less than 300 miles in isolated, air conditioned

Thanks for Sharing Robert!!!

YES!

The following people will attend the HMDA Convention
on October 21st at the Waikiki Beach Marriott Hotel
Leahi Ballroom

Business Name _____

Contact Person _____

Phone Number _____

Name

Name

1. _____

11. _____

2. _____

12. _____

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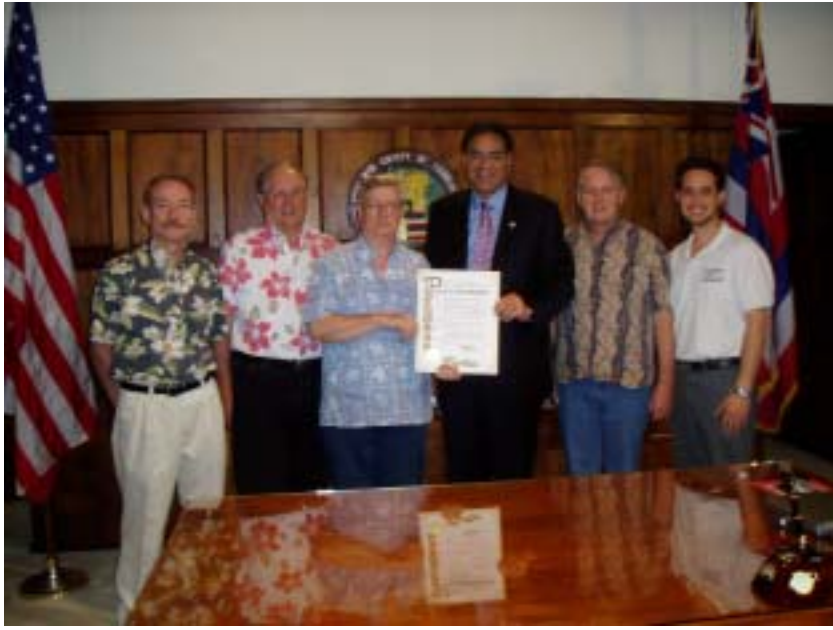
10. _____

20. _____

**Postmark this prior to October 5th and pay only
\$35 per person.**

Anything received after that date will be \$40 per person.

Mail this to: HMDA • P.O. Box 1813 • Kailua, HI 96734



*Mark Morrison, John Winslett, Red Proctor,
Mayor Mufi, Al and Ross Montgomery*

HMDA... WORKING FOR YOU

Lots has happened since our last newsletter...like the signing ceremony, in the Mayor's office, for Motorcycle Awareness Month. May 11, 2006.



Hawaii Motorcycle Dealers Assoc.

P.O. Box 1813 • Kailua, HI 96734
(808) 262-7329; Fax: 263-4982

★ **Convention Flyer**

★ **RSVP NOW
& SAVE!!**

★ **A Few Words from
Robert Becker**

