



Southeast Region



Newsletter

May 2008 Addendum

Murphys Law

No sooner did I get the May 2008 SE Regional Newsletter complete than I received a call from Syd Mayes, winner of the FJR raffle bike at Star 2008.

I'm sure you'll see this article in a future StaReview but I wanted you to see it first here.

So this addendum is Syd's report on picking up the FJR at Destination Cycles in Texas.

Also please note that I had the wrong telephone number for SE Star contact so the correct information is below.

SE Star

**Dillard Georgia
September 19 thru 21, 2008**

Event contacts, information and pre-registration form is on the SE Star web site. Click on link for information or contact event coordinator [Steve Rodnon](#) 828-389-9314 or cell 828-788-2161

I've never met the guys and gals of the HSTA. Although I've been a member for about 4 years, I'm still looking forward to my first HSTA rally. Up until now the rallies have always conflicted with other annual rides that I've done with friends for years. That will have to change! The StaReview is done very well, and I feel that I know some of you, just from what's written there. You are my kind of people!

My big moment in the sun came on Thursday, April the 24th. I was driving to work, talking with another contractor, when a call from a 423 area code beeped in. I finished my conversation, and punched the number in to see what was up. I introduced myself, and asked if someone were looking



for me. A pleasant voice on the other end said I sure am, Syd! My name is George Perry, from the HSTA. Do you remember those raffle tickets you bought a while back? I sure do, I replied. George continued, Well, I'm calling to inform you that you are our grand prize winner, and the owner of a new FJR1300. After saving the truck from the ditch, and stammering You've got to be kidding me, I recovered my senses long enough to find out what needed to transpire for me to claim my prize. Like most of the rest of the world, my winnings for the past 62 years had consisted of a few T shirts. Overcome with excitement, I called my darlin (non-riding) wife, Pam, to share my joy. Quickly blurting the details, just knowing my darlin would be as excited as I was. When I finally shut up, there was a long pause on the other end. My darlin finally broke the silence with, "Well That makes five", I guess you'll just HAVE to sell something now! Luckily, other friends and relatives were much more excited for me.

George and I emailed and chatted, and got the details straight. Then I contacted Bob Kee at Destination Cycles. Bob and Sarah have to be the greatest! I've known friendly dealers before, but those experiences

pale by comparison to my dealings with the family at Destination Cycles.

On April 30th, I flew from RIC to San Antonio, and Bob was nice enough to pick me up at the airport. We seemed to hit it off right from the get go. When we got back to the dealership, Sarah asked me where I had room reservations. When I told her everything had been booked up, so I took a room at the Econo Lodge, her eyes got big, and her jaw jutted out. She said You are Not going to stay at that place! Evidently there is some really bad history. She cancelled my reservations for me, and got a room at the LaQuinta, which is new, and only six bucks more a night.

Bob and I sat down Thursday morning, and mapped out a great ride. We did the same on Friday morning. Thursdays ride was scenic, and not technical at all, to give me a chance to get to know the bike. There was no fear of that. After the first block, I felt I'd known the FJR for years! Fridays ride included the Three Twisted Sisters, and other great roads. I'm sure that some of you have ridden these roads many times. I felt a close relationship with 337. Sensual, lithe, exciting, and always with something new that would heighten my senses to the max. The middle sister, 336 was pretty good as well.

Unfortunately, 335 reminded me too much of my first wife. High peaks and low-low valleys, never knowing which you were going to hit around the next bend or over the next rise, and powerless to do anything about it!

On Saturday, the FJR was at destination early for the 600 mile (closer to 700) service. The guys set up the suspension for my weight (yes, it does go up that high), and riding preferences.

I pulled out of Destination at about 11:30 am, after hugs and handshakes all around. I won't forget the way I've been treated by George Perry, and the folks at Destination Cycles.

Let me give a little of my background. I'm 62, and have been back to riding for about 15 years now, usually riding about 10 to 15K a year. I'm married to the usually wonderful Pam, and, between us, we have four grown children. I'm a semi-retired home builder, who has also been a Farm Bureau Agent, a realtor, and raised 5,000 to 10,000 hogs

a year for 23 years. My bikes in the stable prior to the FJR were a 02 R1150R, a 93 Suzuki GSX1100G, a Yamaha XJ900 Seca, and a restored 81 naked Goldwing.

The R1150R went on Craigslist immediately, when I found out about the FJR. The first guy that looked at it took it home. Now I'll be able to pay the taxes on the FJR!

I had a great trip back to Sutherland, Va. The first night (Sat.), was spent in Houston. The second was spent in a Rodeway Inn in Mobile, Al. I spent a little time there checking between the mattress and box springs for bed bugs.

It was 475 miles on Monday to my nieces home in Greer, SC. I rode into her driveway in time to get a great picture of a rainbow.

On Tues. (I wasn't planning to get home until Wed.) I headed north on 25 and 26 towards Boone, NC. I hit 221 north off of 26, and followed it to Boone. At Boone, I found 421 (otherwise known as the snake), and rode it gleefully to Interstate 81 north. On 81, I started having visions of seeing Pam, and my own bed before the night was over. I stupidly hit 460 east at Roanoke, and waded thru 20+ miles of bumper to bumper stop lights, before there was clear highway ahead. I stayed with it, and pulled into my driveway at about 8:50 pm. There wasn't a spot on either of my cheeks that wasn't still in love with the FJR. I believe it was 600 miles plus on Tues.

I want to express my appreciation to the HSTA, and I hope to meet many of you in the future. My condolences to all who invested in tickets for this bike, only to see it end up in the hands of some unknown guy. I've been in your shoes many times. I almost feel guilty. Well, Almost!

Take care, Syd Mayes

To see more photos Syd took during his trip to bring his FJR home click on the link below

<http://tinyurl.com/6cyy8c>