I am 56 years old and live on the South Shore of Long Island, New York. I married the first girl I met who was old enough to go to bars with me, and 33 years later, the sight of her still takes my breath away. Probably explains the five children. I never attended college, nor have I enjoyed the honor of military service. I haven't been to jail either, which if my early history be known, wasn't for lack of trying. I first visited Gettysburg in the mid sixties on a family day trip. We drove there in a 1958 Eldorado convertible. It took 6 hours, we spent two hours at the visitor’s center where I saw the late lamented electric map, and drove 6 hours home. My memories are understandably sketchy. I did not return to Gettysburg until my youngest son attended McDaniel University in Westminster Md. During a brief stopover at the National Cemetery, I felt what I poetically refer to as a "supernatural" connection. I think its sounds better than, my wife's... "He just went insane!" Shortly after, Chris Army turned me on to the GDG.

I ride a 1978 Shovelhead and have some heavily tattooed friends who have promised to beat me if I ever mention "the G word" in their presence again. Every year I try to arrange a bike run to the burg for the ever unpopular "Bike 'Week", but find myself hampered by the aforementioned "no G word" rule. I have decidedly more luck with the annual "Not the GDG Winter Stomp" and am indebted to Wayne Wachsmuth for gamely leading and those regulars that I fondly think of as "The Gangstas of Gettysburg" for unflinchingly following.

I am currently writing my umpteenth unfinished book, "A Dilettantes Guide to the Battle of Gettysburg" that I believe will greatly add to the overall confusion of the study of the Battle, anger and amuse in equal measure, and become popular enough to get me on the late night talk show circuit.

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