

Well brother ya nailed it most, but missed by a tad, but the words you laid down brought a tear to my eye, and that's not half bad. I'd like to thank you for the kind thoughts you put out, and the knowledge that many people see the Free Riders Press as one of the old dinosaur papers the old school "Brothers & Sisters of the Open Road" can relate to.

Like each issue I print, it's for all you, with my regards to past and present friends that have helped me become the "Preacher" I am. Take Care and again Thanks.



Written & Dedicated For: "Brother Preacher"
-For All Ya Do... For All Ya Done-
"Much Thanks-Much Respect"
"Old Brother"

He's as ugly as dirt, and rougher than sin
 His boots are worn out, and his jeans worn thin
 He's sorta got a job, he ain't caring to toil
 But he shines up his chrome, and runs clean oil.

His hair's getting' frizzled, and so is his beard
 But if he's yer foe, he's still to be feared
 He's quick with a punch, but that's if he's shoved
 As long as he ain't, he's a Bro to be loved.

Little kids jump him, and climb him on sight
 And ladies are eager to take him home nights
 They sense a beauty that's deeper than skin
 And that's pretty damn good, considerin' the shape he's in.

His strength is amazin', his knowledge is vast
 But he's known for weaknesses, both present and past
 Done a lil' time for his temper, maybe possession or sale
 Inciting a riot, and chasing hot tail.

He's drunk & disorderly when he can find the time
 With an unquenchable thirst for "Wild Mountain Wine"
 He drinks it like kool-aid, and then runs amuck
 So when the cops come to get him, they arrive by the truck.

He'll bet his last dollar, or give it away
 Or lend it, or lose it, or spend it on play
 As long as his sled has all that it needs
 The rest is for blowin' on good and bad deeds.

He comes and he goes, as he's done thru the years
 Down highways & by-ways, with laughter and tears
 He seldom says "Hi"...and won't work "So Long"
 If he ain't here, he's coming...going...or gone.

He's over the hill, or maybe he ain't
 He measures his life by "Can" and by "C'ain't"
 As long as he can, he figures he's prime
 And comes the day that he "C'Ain't"... will be dying time!!!

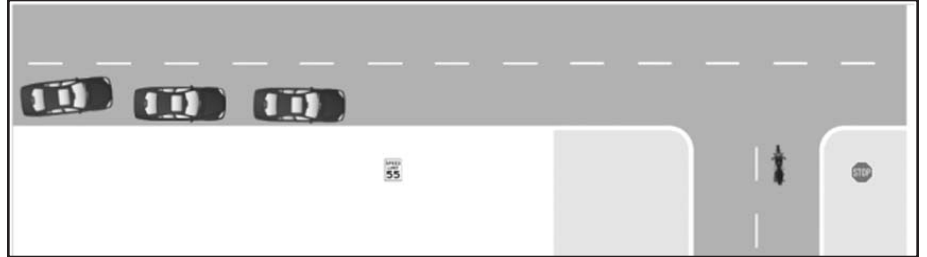
-Smoke- 2014
 "Ironwood State Prison"

The Road Captain column is dedicated to a smarter, safer journey.

By DuWayne Porto

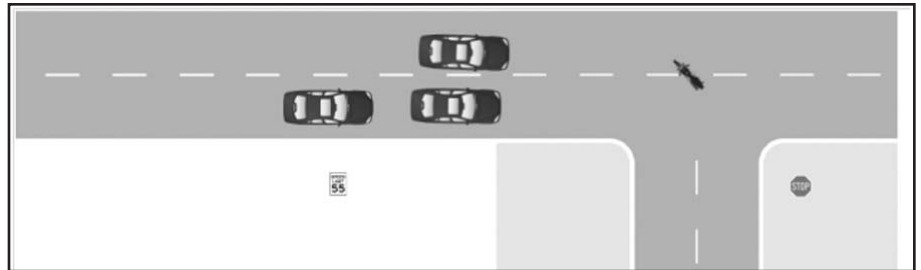
Didn't See That One Coming

Such is life, close calls, would have, should have, could have, and dam that was close. It's sometimes hard to keep in mind all of the rules of the road while the sun is shining as the wind blows is your face. But that's when you need to pay attention the most. This scenario is probably one that you never even thought of, until it happens to you. You're at a



stop sign making a left hand turn onto a two lane road that is a 55 mph zone. Look right, no cars, look left and a chain of cars are coming but you know that you can make it. Look right one more time, no cars, look left and make the turn.

But this particular time you know you have just enough time to make it. So instead of the proper look right, left, right, left you do the scan a second faster, look left, right, left and start to make the turn and part way thru take a quick peek to the right one last time. In this half second that you took to look right, you didn't see the traffic from the left, and



that the 3rd car back is passing the two in front of it and is now in your lane. Almost through your left turn you see the oncoming traffic which is now two lanes wide and the guy in your lane is clipping over 100 and closing fast.

You still have more than enough time to clear the inside car but the guy in the outside lane, your lane, well this one is going to be close. Yup you have no choice but to go wide and hit the shoulder and say that was a close one. Not your fault, and hey I can't really blame the other guy either. We all have done the quick look scenario but never consider the consequences. Maybe because deep down inside we think that we are invincible, or that we can "out throttle" almost any situation. In one more second I wouldn't have been so invincible. So simple rule, right, left, right, left, don't stray from it.

Otherwise "drive like a dumb ass, die like a dumb ass"



AN OVERREACHING FEDERAL GOVERNMENT ENTITY IS CALLING BIKERS A DISEASE OF THE ROADWAYS. THEY ARE WORKING TO TAKE AWAY OUR FREEDOMS OF THE ROAD AS MOTORCYCLISTS.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Are you just going to hand over your motorcycle keys when they come knocking?

WE NEED YOUR HELP — JOIN US AND FIGHT FOR YOUR FREEDOM TO RIDE!



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