

CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.FREERIDERSPRESS.US

Firecracker 300

By: Daniel L Wiedenfeld

The riders were still pulling in, this was going to be the best turn-out yet, which was both good and bad. Good because the Entrance Fees and Beer and Hamburger Sales would be way up, bad because all of the riders streaming into town would surely draw some attention from the local law enforcement officers. It was looking like the First Place Position would pay-out at least \$5000 dollars! Not bad for only the 3rd year running.

Keach headed into the Club House, it was almost time for the Driver's Meeting. The Club House was filling up fast with all kinds of riders, young, old, men, women, a priest... a priest? He was here to bless the riders and give the pre-rally prayer. Guys and gals were slapping each other on the back, greeting each other and talking trash, each one boasting about how they were going to win the Rally this year. Some had worn full racing suits, some their Club Colors, but all were ready to race.

Keach stepped onto the stage and took the podium clearing his throat, with his deep booming gravelly voice; it didn't take long for everyone to find a seat and start to settle down, they were all anxious to get things started.

"Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to the 3rd Annual Firecracker 300!" Keach boomed out at them. Cheering and coming back to their feet, they all clapped their hands and started to slap each other on the back again, unable to contain their excitement. Keach, enjoying the moment, whipped his arm up into the air swirling it around, driving them into even more of a frenzy! Some of these riders had waited all winter for this ride; some had traveled up from as far away as St. Louis, Missouri. Most of the riders were from right here in Wisconsin and Upper Michigan, some had come over from Minnesota.

Smiling (something you didn't see Keach do very often) he raised his large pythons into the air gesturing with his big hands for them to sit, bringing them back under control. Keach continued his briefing, as the back door opened and in walked Jimmy who stood in the doorway crossing his arms. Some of the people in the back turned to see who had just come in, and more and more of them turned to look, until everyone had turned to look... It was Jimmy, the local town Sheriff in his full dress uniform. He didn't get many chances to wear his dress uniform up here in the Northwoods, and today just seemed like a good day to wear it.

Keach stopped and looked up from his papers growling; "Jimmy..." "Keach..." Jimmy replied smiling; "Don't let me interrupt you..." So the word was already out and the local boys were already up and dressed; "Well I guess we'll just have a quicker response time now, in case anything goes wrong", Keach thought to himself, and he had to modify his briefing to the riders, what with Jimmy standing there. "Don't forget, while this Rally is not a timed event this year, for the rider who does come in first, the First Place Purse will be \$5000 dollars!" Again the riders let out a cheer and

clapped, turning their backs on Jimmy and getting back into the mood of the rally.

Keach had some of the Rally Girls hand out the 'Route Sheets' and the 'Vinyl Sponsor Decals' for the rider's bikes. Each rider was required to have the non-sticky decals on his bike for the event or face disqualification. While it did bring attention to the Local Sponsors, it also made it easier for the police department to pick out the riders that were participating in the event. Jimmy thought to himself; "Yep, this Rally is a real money maker!"

Looking at the Route Sheet the riders could see there were 4 different courses they could take to make it to the finish line. While the main route was a true 300 miles, the shorter route cut some 75 miles off the course. You had better know how to ride, to make it through these winding roads with any kind of speed. The longer routes were straighter, but these made it easier for the police, filtered along the way to pick off the riders, one by one as they went flying by. Of course if you rode the speed limit, you had nothing to worry about and you could just donate your \$100 dollar entrance fee to the winner. Jimmy took a Route Sheet as well.

Keach finished off his drivers meeting by reminding them to wear their helmets, as the route's course would take them up into Upper Michigan, and Michigan has a helmet law. Also, he warned them sternly, that he did not want to see any punching or kicking at the other rider's bikes, like what had happened in last years race at the finish line! Hey?! Didn't I have a dream like that? Keach could see Jimmy smiling and nodding his head in agreement in the back of the room and he knew it was time to wrap things up, if Jimmy was starting to agree with him, so he simply added; "Boys... Babes... Have fun, be safe, and we will see you in Copper Harbor!" Again the group let out a wild cheer and started to stand and head out to their bikes.

No fan fare or shooting off the starter's pistol to start the race, just the lighting of a string of firecrackers that Keach lit and threw into the middle of the parking lot. (Usually right behind some unsuspecting Racers) Whenever you were ready you could head out. Keach looked down the road chuckling to himself, Carl (another one of the local's finest) already had some poor slob pulled over on the side of the road, Keach knew that the local riders had an unfair advantage from the start, as the local establishment knew who they were, and would go after some new blood. He could see that Carl was sticking his police baton up inside the poor guy's exhaust pipes; guess there would be a ticket issued for a Muffler Violation, although it was kind of hard to hear the guy's pipes over all the other rider's bikes roaring out of the parking lot.

continued on page 23

Rosholt Motorcycle Co.



**Complete in house
Machine Shop
Antique Restoration
Parts & Accessories
Leather Repair, Patches,
Clothing, Black Hills
Gold & more!**

9-6 Mon-Fri • 8-12 Sat
715-677-4738

207 N. Main Street • Rosholt, WI
www.rosholtmotorcycle.com



**AMERICAN
LEGION
RIDERS
WISCONSIN**

**Are you a believer in the
American way of Life?**

Were you or are you in the Military?

**Are motorcycles a big part
of your life?**

**You may be able to join
one of the fastest growing
riders groups in the U.S.**

*Check us out at www.alrawis.org
or call Roy at 920-231-5310*

**Be the first to start
a Chapter in your area!**

CycleWorks of Elk River



**Paramount Custom Cycles
Customs H-D Viper**
Online Store Now Open
Enter Promo Code
"FreeRider" for 10% Off

(763) 633-2925 www.CycleWorks.us
10908 171st Ave. NW Suite C, Elk River, MN 55330

Leather	Cloth	Canvas	Frogskin
Stingray	Snakeskin	Ostrich	Lizard


CYNDIE
651-775-2742

Can't find it?...Let's make it!

Custom Fittings • Alterations • Zippers
Snaps • Eyelets • Grommets • Fringe
Unique Projects • Bike/Boat Upholstery

E-mail me at: uscynbad2000@yahoo.com

Open 7 days 10am to mid.
715-424-4424



ADULTS ONLY
**The
G-Spot**

**3321 8th Street S.
Wisconsin Rapids**