

Pit Stop - Three Sons' Last Gasp

One of the last farms in the area was demolished about a year ago leaving a bewildered urban coyote sniffing the air and curiously scanning the suddenly vacant landscape. His familiar haunt disrupted, his hunting lair destroyed, he stood frozen in twilight destiny of the corporate world's manifest to pave every wild thing from sea to shining sea. On June 30th of 2004, a lot of lifelong patrons of Three Sons biker bar in Wood Dale gathering for its final night felt like that lost coyote.

The bar closed forever to be replaced by a factory hotel gas station mini mall condo parking lot - of course, vastly improving the world through bland myopia. What is wrong with a little wildness that the powers that be ruthlessly seek to crush it out? The local government passed capricious edicts and raised the permit fee for parties from \$25 to \$450 after our first motorcycle event.



Andy and Eddy

As for the regulars, they're worse off than that coyote because there isn't another bar like Three Sons. It had sinister backrooms, a dank catacomb maze in the basement, a dilapidated second floor apartment hideaway. All off limits but woefully enforced. Patrons seem to dematerialize and reappear as if out of nowhere. Stumbling through the dark toward a distant bare bulb shimmering in the illicit haze of the subterranean cellar, it was not unusual to be confronted by a couple engaged in covert bacchanalia.

In a way, it was like Field of Dreams for the downtrodden dregs of society. Don't get me wrong, you can wear a suit and be a dreg. But for the uninitiated the place was a pit of paranoia and lacking in pulchritude. Other places so trendy and hip may mock poseurs and wannabees. At Three Sons they were devoured. When a hardcore patron once chastised Eddy about the overwhelming lack of desire to improve a single shred of business decorum, Eddy shot back diabolically, "at least nobody has died in here." Ah yes, the one saving grace in a place where the urinal was held together with glue.

But for those few that called this place home, the place was like an Escher painting, filled with odd angles and tangents, always bringing you back to your barstool. At times, the parking lot was full but the bar empty, at times the bar was full but the lot empty. It was nothing and it was everything, the Alpha and Omega of taverns, bathed in light and dark, at once gloomy and sublime. It could be surreal and deathly real. It was what it was and now it's no more.

Kenn Hartmann

www.chicagobikerbars.com

I once asked Eddy, one of the owners about their policy on biker patches called colors. "I don't give a shit what they wear, they can come in naked for I all f**king care," he said in typical poetic non-chalance. In fact there was quite a bit of partial and full nudity at the bar. And some of the most notorious motorcycle clubs in the world made Sons a regular rendezvous when out riding in packs. That kept away the casuals and the cops busy

patrolling the periphery. As for the regulars, they're worse off than that coyote because there isn't another bar like Three Sons. It had sinister backrooms, a dank catacomb maze in the basement, a dilapidated second floor apartment hideaway. All off limits but woefully enforced. Patrons seem to dematerialize and reappear as if out of nowhere. Stumbling through the dark toward a distant bare bulb shimmering in the illicit haze of the subterranean cellar, it was not unusual to be confronted by a couple engaged in covert bacchanalia.



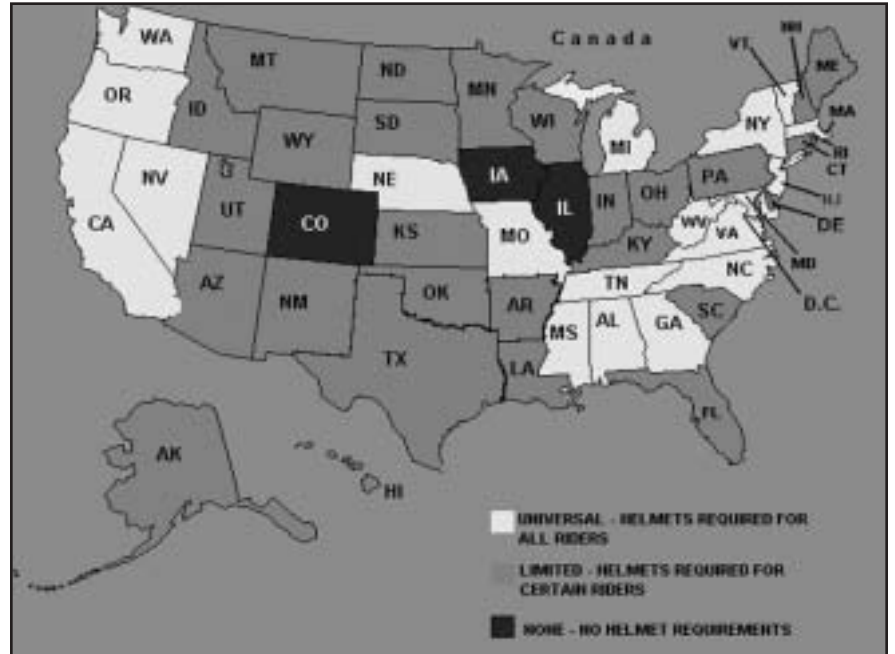
Squeaky

Chow Time

Nothing is better than home cooking! Trouble is now a days, while we're on the road, our meals usually consist of some fast food joint.

If your ever in southeastern Wisconsin between Milw and Chicago, there's a little place right off 94 east called Apple Holler. The sign says farm cooking and it's true. The food is excellent, great farm atmosphere for dining and the prices being very reasonable for what you get. I had a breakfast buffet that was loaded with all the breakfast fixings I could imagine. Lorie had stuffed french toast with apple topping (talk about a meal and a half) all for \$15 and change. The restaurant is an old milking barn that has been converted into a pleasant dining experience. Our waitress told us that the owners basically added tables and carpeting. with the time clock room being a silo.(talk about using what you got).

So if your ever in the area and you got the urge for some good chow, apple picking and a cool gift shop and more stop in.. Their addy is 5006 S. Sylvania Ave. Sturtavant, WI right off exit KR or check out their site at www.appleholler.com. Stop in at Apple Holler for dinner on the way to the harley drags at Great Lakes Dragway to see what I mean.



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