

**The Enigma**

By Jim Scott and Patrick Fleming  
 About 20 some years ago, I met this lanky, grey haired guy while doing business with the company he worked for. We found out we had a lot of common interests. They lead to a lot of adventures. Someday, I'll even write about some of them. Right now, I want him to tell a story, in his words, that he told me. I cannot do justice to it the way he can. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Patrick Fleming; aka The Enigma.



So, it all started with a few beers at Parkmor Liquor and Bar, with Bones, in the mid 70's. He said, "Mike and I are thinking of going for a ride with the old ladies up to Manitowoc, take the ferry across the lake, and riding down thru Michigan and back to Cal City. Are you interested in riding along?" I was just discharged from the Navy and eight months back from the jungles of the Philippines, so I was still full of piss, pot, beer, and anger. I just road the old '69 Sporty across country from San Diego to Calumet City. I had put 28,000 miles on that bike in eight months. I could field strip it blindfolded and did more than a few times. Anyway, here we are at Mike's house, sipping more beer and the plan comes alive. I was always ready for a ride. I had a parachute with a pair of jeans, some extra clothes, and a sleeping bag strapped to the sissy bar and could usually survive for a week with that. I'd use the parachute to turn the bike into a lean-to tent. We would meet at Mike's house the next morning and leave about 9:00 am.

We head out from Cal City, taking the Calumet Expressway, heading up to Chi-town. The plan was to travel thru Milwaukee, Sheboygan, and to Manitowoc. It should take 4-5 hours. The idea was to get the overnight ferry from there to Ludington, Michigan. Then, the next morning after breakfast, ride the east side of the Lake back to Calumet City.

We were cruising along at about 80, Mike leading with his wife riding bitch, and Bones with his girlfriend behind him. I'm behind them in the slot. As we cross the steel-grated bridge that crosses the Calumet River, my bike starts to shutter. Then, out of nowhere, it sounds like a bomb just went off. Smoke and rattling like a chain saw cutting through an Osage Orange tree. It was loud enough that Bones heard it and turned around to see what the hell was going on. Smoke was shooting out of the exhaust and oil was blowing out of everywhere. I nursed it over to the side of the freeway just off 130th street near Lake Calumet and the grain elevators. As I stand up, I grab my crotch to make sure I didn't blow my balls to the Netherland. Yep. Still there.

Bones and Mike are saying the primary was trashed, but I know better. Mike talks me into attempting to start it once. To my surprise, it fires; only to run a minute and stop. I blew the entire bottom end and the crank was turned to metal dust.

The trip was trashed, but we had to figure how to get the bike home. Mike comes up with an idea for him and Bones to push it with their feet. He says he can ride on the right side with his left foot on my right shock, and Bones can do the same thing on the left side, just the other foot and shock. They're both on choppers, which puts their front wheels next to mine. Sounded good to me, but first, we had to get through the cyclone fence between us and the frontage road. We find a hole in it and jumped, pushed, kicked, and shook until the fence is low enough to the ground to get the bikes across.

Ok. On the frontage road. Mike on the right, Bones on the left with their ladies riding along. From 130th street to Torrance Avenue; from Torrance we had to turn left unto Sibley. That worked. No problem, the light is green....WAIT! NO! IT JUST WENT RED! Mike starts to yell, "Don't stop! Don't hit the brakes, or we'll all crash! JUST TURN LEFT!" I'm thinking, this isn't going to work, I'm going to die, but I don't touch the brakes.



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We are moving at speed faster than a single bike should be moving, much less with a bike on each side of me, their feet pushing my shocks, and their front tires bouncing off of mine. I hear cars screeching and horns blowing; Bones and I still bouncing front wheels, Mike screaming not to hit the brakes, and swinging wide right of both of us. Then BANG! I feel the right side of my bike bounce and Mike is back with his foot again on my shock.

A few miles later, we were in my garage, downing beers and laughing. I don't know how we survived, or why we even tried to do it, but it worked. People in cages probably thought we were nuts, especially the ones we passed. As I think back, yes, we were crazy, but it wasn't insane crazy. It was just, "Yeah, we can ride and we can do this crazy." It's called trusting your brother. No man left behind.

Never did make it to the boat in Manitowoc, but sure did laugh about it all these years later.

*I have been thinking (Oh NO, you're saying) and came to the conclusion that we have Brothers & Sisters in the wind from all over that do a positive to the biker image. So I will be printing pictures and info from people I have met over the years from all over the U.S. Hope you enjoy it. Feel free to send in a picture or two from an event you attended. Preacher.*

RJ Sy is a four year old boy, who in August of 2014 was diagnosed with Stage 4 Neuroblastoma, a cancer that attacks nerve cells. For nearly a year RJ has undergone constant treatments of differing varieties starting with the removal of a bagel sized tumor from his abdomen and continuing with chemo, near daily blood transfusions and, recently NK and radiation treatments. On July 11 Redrum Motorcycle Club hosted a ride (called RJ's Ride) to benefit the Sy family and try to at least offset some of his medical costs. We wanted RJ and his family to be heavily involved in the ride so we started it at the church where they are parishoners; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in Tenafly and ended it at Tommy Fox's Public House which is located only a few blocks from where they live. Both places have significance to the Sy family and we thought it was important to make RJ as comfortable as possible around several hundred strangers.



Before the ride, a deacon from the church had all riders stand next to their motorcycles and a prayer was said for all riders. The deacon then walked through the ranks and blessed each bike. After that RJ was presented with a leather vest with the Redrum patch sewn on and he became an honorary member of the club. RJ and his father Richard then mounted as guests onto a trike and led the ride behind its police escort.

All tolled 150 bikers were on the ride. Over 200 total at the after run party and over 30 business ranging from Harley dealerships to restaurants to individual artists donated products for the raffle. Nearly \$2000 was raised for RJ.



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