

FREE RIDERS PRESS
4500 State Hwy 66
STEVENS POINT, WI 54481
(715) 344-6164
preacher@freeriderspress.us
lorie@freeriderspress.us

Published and Editor: Preacher
SALES: Preacher at preacher@freeriderspress.us
N.E WI & U.P- Leroy at bluedogsnation@hotmail.com
IA & W. IL- Gery at Gery@gmaxpro.com
GRAPHIC DESIGN: Lorie, Dude and Leroy
CONTRIBUTORS: All readers of the FRP

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Here we are with it being almost Thanksgiving. The cooler weather has reared its ugly head, Old Man Winter is just itching to show us all what he's made of, but I have a feeling we will all survive his best like most of us have done all of our lives. Tis' the season to trade the 1340 CC shovel for a man powered one, but it will switch back the other way sooner than later I hope.

As far as my latest attempt at public office I am glad to say I went up by 1.2%. Some may say that's nothing to be proud of. For me it's a huge hill that I am glad to say I achieved personally for my friends and fellow riders in the motorcycle community that at least we can say we are giving it the good old American try. Next time a few more hands will be shaken, a few more crowds spoken to and a few extra doors knocked on. We will be WELL represented again in Madison if I have my way. I am also now a legislative representative for ABATE, so I will continue to fight for what I believe on the bikers front. I do want to mention that for those of you that enjoy the freedom of choice, the right to survive as bikers we ALL need to get involved at some level. I don't care if it's the local level, state or federal keep an eye on what's going on. Don't get caught with your pants down because I will darn near guarantee that a helmet bill will be coming down the pike in the next two years. Our rider safety funds will be possibly lost to the budget and registrations and fees will also be raised, BIG TIME in the name of equality.

Next for those of you that are wondering why there was no Free Riders Press out last month, all I can say is read the editorial next time. It should explain what I am doing most of the time. I needed to focus extra on my campaign and less on the slowest time of the year for most of my customers. But we're back, rockin' the world with my words of wisdom, that only the F.R.P fans can appreciate. The rest of the world will smarten up to my level sooner or later, right.

Until then, hope everyone got out for Veterans Day and supported those that fought for us. Have a great Thanksgiving and Christmas if I don't see you before then.

BYE

Brother Lost

We lost a Brother this past month from Milwaukee by the name of Barac, Robert M. A.K.A "Bar-B-Q" who found peace on October 14, 2008, at the age of 54 years. Preceded in death by his parents, Harold and Lois Barac. Loving dad of Melissa who didn't realize how much Bob loved her, and he was truly proud of his son John (most of our conversations were about Johns schooling and sports). Dear brother of Patricia Kompas. Dear uncle of Kyle and Brittini Kompas. Further survived by other relatives and many dear riding friends.

Bar-B-Q passed away with a limited faith in his brothers but a yearning for the old days he felt would never return. A simple ride that would have caused him much pain would have lasted him a lifetime, but it was never to be. A past that showed of a simple man with unique qualities that would stun even the most ardent skeptics. Bar-B-Q had a zest for the future that was torn away with health issues that created a turmoil in his life that only the good Lord and Bob can explain.

I spent many hours with Bar-B-Que in the past year talking about anything and everything with no real verbal destination. He just enjoyed chatting about life, the past and the future. I do miss those days!

Neil O. Knudson

December 20, 1925 - October 17, 2008

Calmly on the morning of Friday, October 17, 2008 Neil Knudson 'closed his tool box' and left this world. This endearing renaissance man graced the shop at Al Muth Harley-Davidson for the last 32 years. You knew Neil if you ever had to have a problem solved with a vintage motorcycle issue. He might have to check through the shop's obsolete part inventory or even resort to his personal cache of vintage Harley-Davidson parts, but Neil knew how to get it done. Neil was always happy to help if you asked. If one of the technicians had an issue that they just couldn't figure out, Neil could help. He worked contentedly on his projects, his full attention absorbed in the task at hand. It was said, you would learn a lot by talking with Neil and even something about motorcycles too. He had vast life experiences from which to draw.

Born on December 20, 1925 and raised in Jackson County, Neil graduated from Black River Falls High School in 1943 and subsequently enlisted in the US Navy. At this time he was trained as an Aviation Radioman for the Grumman Avenger torpedo bomber.

He was a member of the crew on this aircraft in his late teens. I can just imagine the grin on his face as they flew, or the relief he must have felt each time they successfully slammed down on a pitching aircraft carrier. An unsung hero, Admiral Nimitz himself presented Neil with the Purple Heart for his actions when the aircraft carrier USS Franklin was attacked in March 1945. There is a very touching story there.

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Cover Pictures were taken during the Lake Emily Inn run.

Meet this month's Next Generation Rider. Don H. im from Ramsey, Mn



If you have a picture of your Next Generation Rider, feel free to send it in to me. Who knows it just might kick start a Hollywood career for them. Send those pic's to preacher@freeriderspress.us or by snail mail to 4500 Hwy 66, Stevens Point, WI 54481

It would save me a lot
of trouble, if you'd put
this on your frig and
leave it up all year...



Happy Friggin Everything!

" Bingo's Downed Biker Fund"

If you have a Brother or Sister down and would like to get them the Free Riders Press, NO PROBLEM, be glad to do it but it does cost money. A lot of people help out by donating some coin. We here will do what we can, but with everybody giving what they can, we will make it go a long way. We all know somebody that's down, and anything would be greatly appreciated.



Send to:
"Bingo's Downed Biker Fund"
2206 Jefferson
Two Rivers, WI 54241