

Free Riders Press readers: Thanks from Bone Leg "Dog", Lana and Hobo at 2 Wheel Inn in Rockford, IL for coming to the 4th Annual 2 Wheel Inn Bike Show and party. I watched for WI tags and went to talk to the 14 bike folk with WI tags. Out of the WI folk, 8 couples saw Bone Leg "Dogs" article in the Free Riders Press and the other 6 came to check out the numbers for the 2011 Cannon Run and found a bike show and party.

The bike show had 57 scooters entered in the 8 classes. Trophies to 1st place in all 8 classes and a big ass trophy for people's choice won by J.T with his one cylinder nitrous added bike. J.T. had his shit together just a little before the judgin' was to start. The word was passed around that J.T was fixin' to go out on Auburn St. And make a pass in front of 2 Wheel Inn and hit the nitrous button. The bar folk came out to join the 95% of the scooter folk outside all lined up in front of the 2 Wheel to watch the J.T. show. He didn't let anybody down with a flawless run. J.T's blood brother builds these bikes. The bikini bike wash went on most of the day. The band Eight/21 played kick-ass music all afternoon outside.

As the sun went down the party moved inside where the names for the door prizes were drawn throughout the night. At 7pm Lana & Hobo put out free vittles for all. At 9pm Stonefree fired up and rocked the 2 Wheel Inn till 1 a.m. makin' the party complete.

The 4th Saturday of June 2012 will be the 5th Annual 2 Wheel Inn bike show and party and the trophy will be givin' to the scooter rider that rode the furthest. Come join a awesome bunch of scooter folk. The owners and staff at 2 Wheel Inn thank all for makin' the 2011 bike show & party a super success.

Bone Leg "Dog"



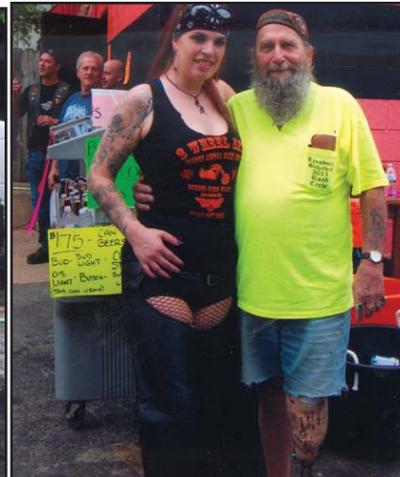
The Bikini Bike Wash Beautiful Girls



Pretty self explanatory



Why Waltz when you can Rock & Roll



Dog and Hot Kristine



Hell yes, we got burn outs...



Lots of scooter folk



**Parking My Ride and Thinking....**

One of the blessings I enjoy is to live in a time when medical science can replace parts I wear out. A year and a half ago, it was a shoulder. This summer, it was my right knee. Not a good time for a rider to hole up, especially in Wisconsin when the season is limited. But it had to be done. The time has not been wasted, just not spent on that vacation ride around Lake Superior my wife and I have planned and worked on for the last nine months. Instead, she got to attend my needs during recovery.

One morning, about a week after I got home from the hospital, my neighbor saw me sitting in my driveway having a cup in the early morning light. He strolled over, as folks in this 40 year old subdivision do, and started asking how things were going. After a little chit-chat he said, "I have never seen as many motorcycles around here since we moved in. And they are all parked in front of your house."

I said something about the brotherhood and sisterhood of riding and how you tend to get real close to people you ride three feet from at interstate speeds. I was babbling on about trust and camaraderie, etc. The last thing I said was it reminded me of some of the relationships I enjoyed in the military.

He is in his early sixties (I am 66), and said that when he had the opportunity, he did his best to stay out of the service. He sounded as though he was missing something.

When I reflected on all this, I firmly believe that the circle of friends I ride with are some of the best people in the world. They might be a little fuzzy in the face and all the leather and stuff can put some folks off, but when I need someone to help, or just to be there, I have no doubts in where to turn.

The irony of this struck me too. I do not wear my faith on my sleeve, but all of my friends know that I work at practicing my professed beliefs. To that end, I have been heavily involved in my church over the years, and in related activities outside of the building walls. During my weeks at home, only one friend from church showed up. Now, maybe that says something about me, or it could say something about them. I know who did show up and it meant a lot.

It also caused me to remember what Jesus said about removing the log from your own eye before you attempt to remove the speck from your brother's. I will be much more attentive to people in need of a visit, or help, or whatever, whether they ride two wheels, three wheels, four, or more. I learn slowly sometimes, but I keep trying.

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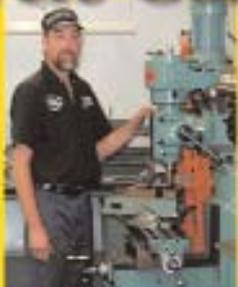
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