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## A Day in the Life by Kenn Hartmann

So I told Preacher I was going to name this "The Reckless Mr. Roethlisberger." However, Gregorio Gonzalez busts in with a copy of FRP and throws it on my writing desk. "I heard your girlfriend's out of circulation." I don't know what the hell he's talking about. "That Potter chick's in rehab, here read it." I told him I read it, she puked in somebody's helmet in the backseat of a car, it made my story about being draped over my Sporty tank while trapped in a parade in the Dells seem benign. "The story after that story." At least I won't be jealous of her in the backseat of a studly dude's Studebaker. "Well, in truth," said Gregorio, "your girl needs beer goggles to look at your ugly mug."

Gregorio dreams of buying a bike but is being kept down by the Man, or whatever they call the Man these days. He thinks it may be a racial issue, but I assure him, they just want his money. They want all of our money. We the people. We the revenue source for a government gone astray. The attack on our freedom is led by do-gooder fanatics and nut-jobs who believe their answer is the only answer. Who are deluded that their vision should be enforced on everyone. That their religion is the only religion. The mainstream media fans the flames. How many times will we hear calls for helmet laws over the next few weeks? If Gregorio, who's hardworking and spirited, ever gets his bike I will advise him to get a helmet. I would be remiss if I advised otherwise. As for me, I'll remain free. Sometimes I wear a helmet, sometimes not. Today I got caught in a downpour. I couldn't find a baseball cap to reel the hard pelting rain.

I blast down 83. Some guy on a chopper cracks his throttle. I can hear him behind me but my mirror is broke off so I don't see him. I gun it hard but he stays with me. Finally I turn and he blows by grinning and waving. Such a thrill. In Bellwood I see a biker wearing colors at an abandoned gas station so I pull over and pass out some biker bar pamphlets for the Great Get Down and give him a FRP. He's in the Dirty Dozen and I tell him about Milwaukee Bars like Tap Whatever on King Drive and Throttle Twisters at 5th and Center. I'm stopping at Tattoo Joints and Gin Mills drumming up business.

So Big Ben Rufusburger got busted up. They're worried about his knees. Nobody worried about Namath's knees. Big Ben didn't have an M class license. A rich dude like that. Could have hired private tutors. I rode bikes for ten years without even having an auto license. But I was an idiot. And very lucky I didn't get killed or caught. Down the road in a puff of smoke. So there's Ben, Superbowl dude and freaking idiot.

A friend, Joe Esparza just bought a bike, got his permit and took classes. We talk about Ben's big boo-boo on his Hayabusa. Nice bike before it got busted up. I've always wished I took classes. It probably would help break some of my bad habits, like taking naps on long cruises, especially through Nebraska. Leaning back on the sissy bar, feet kicked up on the apehangers, catching a few winks. That's why there's rumble strips on the shoulder – to wake you up.

Joe mulls everything he's been taught. The class is an intense fourteen hours over two days. The driving test is a week later. He's studying the course diagrams and practicing moves in his mind. He's establishing a habit. Whatever you do all the time is what you do in an emergency. An emergency isn't two or three seconds away; it's right now. Bam. Say the word 'bam' out loud and that's how much time you have. In that split second before a crash, you will have at least six or seven semi-conscious rapid-fire thoughts. You might remember three of them if you aren't splattered into oblivion. Your memory will be very dreamlike, almost surreal. But your thoughts have nothing to do with the outcome. It will all be based on habits and how you trained yourself to react. If you have time to think what to do, that's just everyday riding. It's when you don't have time to think that life hangs in the balance.

Joe's an accomplished musician and at least 27 of his friends and fans are seriously against him riding because of the dangers. But Joe's methodical in his approach, much the same way he mastered the guitar. He has a biker heart. It's not about what other people do or say, it's about your heart, your mind, what your own quest beckons. A lot of people buy bikes to be cool. Joe wants it to save on gas. To me a bike just beats hitchhiking.

Kenn Hartmann  
www.chicagobikerbars.com



## Brotherhood comes together for Charity

The Immortals M.C./ charity run on Saturday June the 3rd was quite a success! Other motorcycle clubs came from all over the state of Wisconsin to help a good cause! Clubs that were there were - Satans Outcasts, Door Devils, D.C. Eagles, Heathens, Black Pistons, Road Rebels, Rolling Thunder, Titans, Sons Of Silence - and of course - the Immortals.

It was a 100 mile poker run that went through a few towns with stops in 4 of them to get a card - ending up at the Immortals' clubhouse where it was a PARTY! The food was good and plentiful and the music was loud and good. The band was a 5 man - and one woman drummer - 'The Pumpin' Ethyl' band. I didn't stop to count how many bikes were there, but I'd say there was at least over 100. And O good time was had by all!

Bingo'

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