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Editorial continued

90 of them out, just so my numbers are way up there. (Seems like a waste to me though) Have it artsy fartsy gloss just to have the price of advertising rise dramatically, on the advertisers you see in the pages, when all this paper was started out to be was a rag that aimed at the average biker. Many people read it and leave it for the next guy to read. Yes I'd like to expand, but that's in the future, and I am living for today. A dream from the start that has survived many ups and downs, but has came out stronger every time.

I will tell you all that, yes I was asked by one of these fancy magazines if I would be interested in being their chief editor. Oh I'll tell ya, what an honor that was. The thoughts of big, fancy things, the glamor and glitz, very appealing let me tell you. The thoughts that went thru my head! (95% good). Being part of a big magazine. But what would happen to MY dream.

Just some of the people that seen something in the early Free Riders Press, that kicked in with what they could to make this paper what it is today.

Shovel, someone who called me out of the clear blue to see if he could help in any way.

Wizard, who seen the paper and asked if he could help out, knowing the paper was just starting out, and knew the potential.

Mom for the financial backing, and ability to see the conviction in me to want to make this paper succeed. My son DJ for going to events as much as he can to cover stories from a teenagers point of view. And for his help in delivering.

My daughter Tammy for chipping in delivering, and for throwing ideas out that have helped make the paper grow.

My wife Lorie who has done just a phenomenal job from a computer aspect.

Dr. Doodad whom I never even met, but has kept you all entertained for over a year now.

Kenn Hartmann out of Chicago, who gives us his monthly writings, with a very kewl cultural flair that you don't see very often.

Bingo. Someone I never met before this paper, but have heard of. For believing in me as much as he believes in the Downed Brothers and Sisters.

The Downed Brothers that have sent in their thoughts, along with some really kewl art.

All the other contributors in the past that have sent me in a story or two about their experiences.

You see this Paper has grown by the thoughts and actions of the AVERAGE biker. Not professional publishers, writers or artists. Just the Brothers and Sisters I have come to wholeheartedly respect.

A couple of things I need to mention. I have to apologize for not returning calls and e-mails immediately. We got thrown into a quicky move, which made for some interesting days. Things are getting back to normal. So if I forgot something, DON'T SHOOT ME, OK!!



Some of the events I will be attending in June are the Thunder Valley Biker Rally in Crandon, the Black Pistons Pig Roast and the Run to the Hills just to name a few. So get out there and enjoy the wind. I know I have been.

And lastly, if I don't know about your event, I cannot attend it. If you don't send it in I can guarantee you that many others won't hear about it either. As an example. I stopped after seeing some bikes at The Depot Inc Bar in Wavily and found out I missed the Friends for Veteran's Run. Hope you had a great turnout Nice seeing the guys from Tomah Tattoo again.

Till Next Time, Preacher

The Point of Lowest Potential

The first and foremost thing you should know about motorcycles is that they have an innate, engineered desire to be tipped over when they're not moving, or moving very slowly. I call this "lowest potential," a mysterious force permeating the universe, and motorcyclists especially are stuck with it. Like every object, the bike is constantly seeking a place to "rest" where it will have no desire to move again.

Example of lowest potential: a boulder that has fallen off a mountaintop and come to rest in the bottom of an empty valley. Only an earthquake or a flood is going to make that boulder move. And it's not going to cause any more trouble. It's done. Example of highest potential: the same boulder teetering on the mountaintop, ready to fall onto a pile of nuclear weapons set on "hairtrigger." The boulder wants to fall off, and the bombs want to explode. (Another example of high potential is the fertilized egg cell that eventually developed into Thomas Edison.)

Think about it: a motorcycle, if it's lucky, spends its life balanced on two wheels. When unattended, it's up to the sidestand or centerstand to keep it balanced. A strong wind, a brain-dead motorist backing up, or soft asphalt can give the motorcycle what it most wants-to reach its point of lowest potential, the point at which it can no longer move on its own. When you buy it, you become a lowest-potential babysitter.

When you adopt a motorcycle, you take on the responsibility to never let that thing reach its lowest potential. Your entire relationship with that bike will always have an undertone of effort, of watchfulness, of stewardship--when it's not moving or moving slowly, you're charged with keeping it from doing what it really wants to do (fall down), and instead keeping it in an "unnatural" upright state (fun and adventure balanced perfectly on two little patches of rubber).

When an ordinary motorist catches a glimpse of a motorcyclist, out riding around in the big, scary world, they might think: "Wow, that looks like a lot of fun." It is fun, but what they don't see is that awesome responsibility, hidden beneath the surface, of having to constantly be on guard and working against gravity just to keep the "shiny side up." Fortunately, a moving motorcycle has a very strong desire to keep moving and doesn't fall over easily. So what's the best way to keep a motorcycle from falling over? Ride it!

Patrick J. Hahn www.motorcyclesafety.state.mn.us

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