

Continued from page 6

We headed back east toward home with the sky ablaze with crimson and vermilion as the sun said goodnight to wonderful ride. I kept the pace down as the full moon afforded ample light to view the panorama until the ground fogs and deer made me glad for driving lights. We arrived home in the wee hours tired but satisfied.

Other obligations kept me from bike night this week but not from riding. I used to ride year round but common sense and age have put an end to those adventures, instead I winterize the bikes in November and bring the cage out of summer storage about then, so it is a rare site to see me in a four wheeler. My bro Big Rick called me mid week to say he had a couple of days off and wondering if we could bump our annual run to Washington Island up to fit his schedule, as if I need an excuse to ride. The run to the island started for us when we placed my wife's ashes in the water there after her losing battle to cancer. Besides the personal connection those of you who have been to the islands will understand the attraction the stark splendor holds. The sites along the way were not disappointing and the mental images were welcomed as always. My bro is a historical marker freak and I think we found one of the most unique ones at Tornado Memorial Park on the way back. The site memorializes a village that was wiped out in a cyclone of fire with only five survivors who took refuge in a well sited on the grounds.

Saturday I tripped up to Humbird to attend a couple of my old friends from the Christian Motorcycle Association's baptism. What a change from the old hell raising days, but then again how much has stayed the same as the talk turned to our earthly passion for riding. The ceremony was delayed a bit as many of the people were attending a funeral for a fallen bro in Eau Claire. Some of the members from the St. Paul chapter showed for the ceremony and enjoyed the copies of Free Riders Press I turned them on to. The ride there and back was spectacular as always with the obligatory stop at the High grounds to honor my brothers in service.

Tuesday brought the two weeks full circle as Preacher and I headed for another bike night at the Dump in Cambria. Not knowing how long the trip would take we kept the pace pushing the ton on the way down. Sure felt good to feel the harmonic vibrations as our iron ponies synchronized themselves at full gallop. Trust and brotherhood as our machines acted as one at speeds only dreamed of by the tow the line citizens. We of course miscalculated and arrived with time to spare to good food and camaraderie of those who understand that feeling of freedom that defies description when we let our machines carry us on our way. Making new friends and touching our essence with a simple wave of a hand.

After the run we split our separate ways as I wanted to visit my daughter. A mile or so after I left Preacher and Sam my bike started to spit and sputter intermittently. My concern grew when the symptoms seemed to indicate a burned valve, finally on the off chance of trying something I switched to reserve and was met with relief that the problem seemed to be solved. Now the issue was to find some dinosaur juice before the fumes ran out. The high speed run down had obviously taken a toll on my mileage and the trip odometer had deceived me. Heading through the hinterland I found a station with a tenth of a gallon left. Now my machine was happy and fed I could relax. I feed her gas, oil and parts and she feeds my soul.

So that is what it is like riding and writing for Free Riders Press, a tough job but someone has to do it...he he. Anyway I hope I did not bore you and you take the chance to check out my articles again cause that is about all I got for this trip except to hope to see you on the road sometime and remember to keep the thunder between your legs....

Lil Rich



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This form may be copied as needed. Submit hard copy forms by mail to ABATE of Wisconsin, 438 N Water St, Black River Falls, WI 54615.

Please respond as soon as possible upon receiving a Noise and/or Equipment Citation or Warning.

- 1- Location (city or rural, county), date, and time of day
- 2- Alone or in a group
- 3- Activity or Event or just out for a ride
- 4- Moving or Stationary (if stationary was the bike running)
- 5- Officer involved
- 6- Type of motorcycle
- 7- Type of exhaust (Brand, are they stock, modified-baffles in/ shortened, straight pipes)
- 8- Reason given for stop whether warning or citation
- 9- Was a local, state or federal code mentioned or was it based on the Officer's judgement
- 10- anti-noise activity infrequent, so-so, frequent in area
- 11- Are other sources of noise equally being cited in the area or is activity appear motorcycle specific
- 12- Was it a "fix it ticket" and do you need proof of the repair or the correction of the source
- 13- Do you intend to contest this? If so please contact us again with the result

Please include the citation or warning by mail or in a fax or e-mail scan if possible.

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IT's weird how things happen. Sometimes there is a silver lining in things I do. You may remember back in the August issue on the editorial page, were a young man named Max sent me in a story on an event we were both at. He did a great job! There is a part 2 to this story. Max's mom Karen sent me in a quick story, and from my uneducated point of view the story fit right in with what I try to do here in the paper. This paper is made up of many different kind of people with very different views on things. Karen A.K.A. Chopper will be a great asset to us. So without further ado I introduce to you "Chopper's World". ENJOY!!!

"Chopper's World"

In the past 2 weeks, 2 momentous things happened to me. I passed my motorcycle safety course, and my husband and I went to the Mecca of Motorcycling, Sturgis. I didn't drive, and I am glad I didn't, the roads were really curvy, and the stop and go traffic was really complicated. No place for this beginner.

To anyone who wants to learn to ride a bike and are intimidated, I say TAKE THE COURSE! It was well worth it. I've ridden behind others my entire life, now it is time for this Beech to move to the front. This is something I've wanted since my dad gave me my first ride when I was 2. Most people remember Christmases or birthdays, me, I remember my first bike ride. I giggled like a kid possessed. I still get the same feeling going down the highway at 90.

I decided to take the Safety Course for many different reasons, but the main one was I wanted to get over my fears. The fear of the bike just taking off on me, not being able to balance right, and a bunch of other things. I am really glad I did. The first night was devoted to book learning. You were sent a book in the mail before hand, and in the back were 126 questions that as a class we answered. Then there was a quiz afterwards of what we just went through. Most of the questions were common sense; if you read the book and answered the questions before class it was easy.

Then, on the following weekend it was the behind the wheel portion of the course. The instructors were really supportive. There was a lot of clapping, good jobs, thumbs up,(hey even we adults could use a few self esteem boosts.) You get that and more. Would I do it again? You bet! Would I recommend this course to others, in a heartbeat! It was well worth the price. If you have 1 night and 2 mornings to devote to it, (I had to get up at 5:30 am) go, take the course. You won't regret it.

Now about Sturgis...UHHHH I think I'll leave that for another time. Well, Preacher, this has been my humble ramblings. I thank you for your time; I hope to hear from you soon. Even if you didn't like it I take criticism very well.

Karen

Chopper@meltel.net