

Volume 1, Issue 8 - August 2016

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# Louisiana **BIKER**

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# LOUISIANA BIKER MAGAZINE

Volume 1, Issue 8 - August 2016

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Louisiana Biker Magazine is the #1 biker magazine in Louisiana. If anyone else says different, ask them to prove it. We have the most circulation, we believe we print double the number of copies that anyone else prints. Our numbers have been verified and made public. We have the most online presence, on www and social media.

We have 200% the page likes, we have an astounding 7400% on engagement. View the stats, Facebook makes this public. Our Internet traffic rating is on par with national magazines, no one else in Louisiana has enough traffic to get ranked at all. Look it up at <http://www.alexa.com>

We print more articles and pictures from all over Louisiana than anyone else.

We have ad rates below a penny per distributed copy, no one else in the state will even tell you how many copies they put out.

We have real pictures of real riders, we do not photoshop things together from the Internet.

We publish before the first of the month, every month. We have never been late, and we guarantee it. If we are late, your next ad is half price. This is the correct way to do business. Ask anyone else to match this guarantee.

We have not gone through three different publishers since 2012.

We do not get our articles from the Internet or some out of state franchise office.

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We are 100% original. 100% Louisiana, and 100% motorcycles.

We are #1.

*Frosty*



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by Frosty

**June 18, 2016 was the date of the Annual Ride for the Ranch to benefit the Lighthouse Ranch For Boys. This charity ride is put on each year by the Azusa Street Riders S.E. Louisiana Chapter.**

Lighthouse Ranch for Boys is a community based residential treatment facility and program for troubled boys 12 - 17 years of age. It is located at 51453 Highway 443, Loranger, Louisiana 70446.

Azusa Street Riders International is an Apostolic Motorcycle Ministry of Jesus Christ, with chapters in at least 18 states and Canada. The South East Louisiana Chapter covers a large portion of our state.

Early rains caused the event to get off to a slow start, but as the skies cleared, riders came in from all over. The entry was \$20 for a single rider and \$25 for 2 riders on a bike, with all money going directly to the Lighthouse Ranch. Food was served and many items were auctioned off to raise additional money. They said:

"The best one yet! What a blessed day to be a part of the ministry with roots that reach the world. Azusa Street Riders from near and far joined by others for a great cause. God bless everyone for coming.

I'd like to thank those who came to the boys ranch to ride, help, and participate. After our meeting on Saturday we tallied up everything and we will be presenting a check in the amount of \$1400 to them and they received \$2000 in donated items. God truly blessed this year and I give Him all the glory and praise for it."



**Lighthouse Ranch for Boys**  
 51453 Highway 443  
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 (985) 878-6560  
<http://www.lighthouse ranch.com>





June 26, 2016  
Bike Fest  
in the  
Quarter

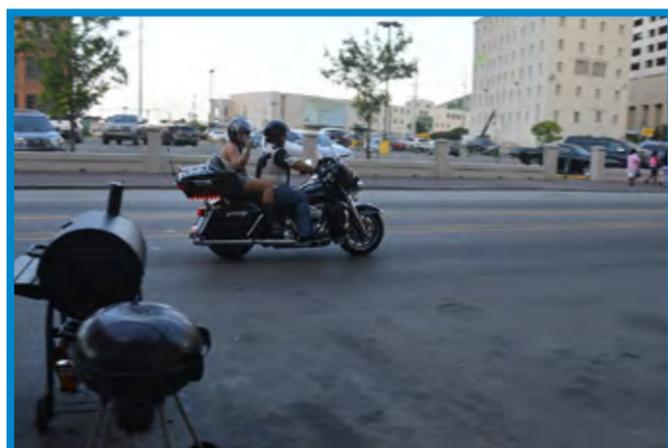
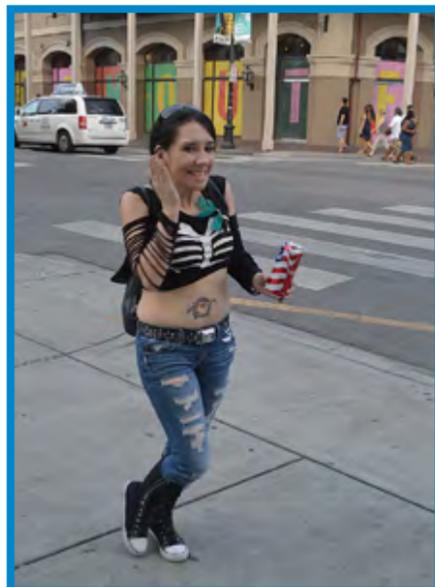
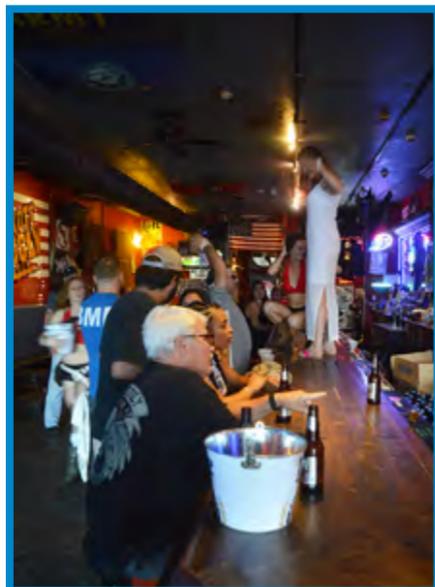
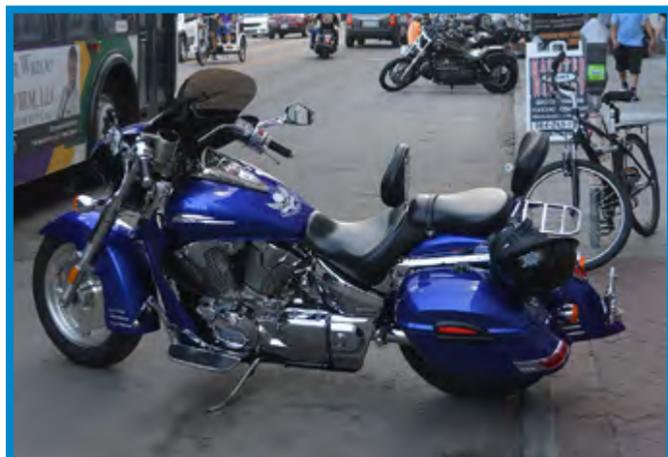


**The Coyote Ugly Saloon in New Orleans** had another Bike Fest on June 26th, and it was great. This was organized by Beth and Mike Fiorillo, along with manager Jasmine. The weather was great and the crowd rolled in early. Bikes line the street, food was cooked on the sidewalk, drink specials were served, and Jasmine, CJ, JoJo, Cassie and Mandy were on hand to take care of the customers. It was also Cassie's birthday, which made it a little extra special. Tomcat, myself, and Ashlie got there a bit late, after some morning commitments. We were able to meet up there with Roamy and MM from the New Orleans Bike Week committee. Coyote Ugly has been one of my favorite spots to meet people in the Quarter. It can be a little loud to talk, but we always get things done and have a good time. I'm pretty much just going to let the pictures speak for themselves, but I should mention some of the other people shown are Edie and Danny Flynn, and Claire Lantier.

*Some photos by Beth Fiorillo*



# Coyote Ugly Bike Fest in the Quarter



SEPTEMBER 23-25, 2016



Good things happen when bikers put their heads together and decide to do something, really do something. After watching several attempts to put on a major rally in New Orleans, one that could possibly reach the magnitude of Steel Pony Express, which ended its seven year run in 2004, several New Orleans bikers decided to stage a rally worthy of the Big Easy. After months of research, countless meetings, phone calls, and a massive amount of soul-searching, New Orleans Bike Week was launched. Five local bikers from all walks a life – a 23 year Marine Corps veteran, a retired mill supervisor, a local bike shop general manager, a home-grown chef-entrepreneur, and an LSU professor – all bikers, spent that last year and a half planning what promises to be a significant Bike Rally right here in Louisiana.

For those of you interested in a bike rally with a cause and fun, New Orleans Bike Week will be

your destination rally in New Orleans, Louisiana, fall 2016. Experience a taste of Louisiana: the unique culture, the food, the music, and the people. New Orleans Bike Week will be held at the foot of the famous French Quarter (four blocks from Bourbon Street) on the Mahalia Jackson Theater Grounds and Louis Armstrong Park. Adequate parking (on a 1st come basis) at the Basin Street parking lot behind the New Orleans' Visitors' Center is available just for bikes. Vendors and sponsors are lining up, ready to feed your biker soul. Musical entertainment will feature artists, such as Louisiana native and biker favorite, Charlie Brechtel, Friday night headliner. Saturday evening's headliner is Midnight Special 70's Classic Rock show. Sunday's headliner is a special treat, T Broussard & the Zydeco Steppers. Providing a musical flavor that will make this rally unique are local musicians, the BB King All Stars, NOLIFIED, Crescent City Soul, and Dr. Rock. Country recording artist, Jaryd Lane, is an astute showman and crowd pleaser while rockers, Remedy and Phoenix Rising will also perform.

But this rally is also one that has a cause – give back to the Armed Forces veterans who served our country. During New Orleans Bike Week, we will also be looking to assist veterans in need and will also be hosting a biker volunteer "recovery day" on Tuesday and Wednesday, (that's the 20th and 21st of September, 2016) in support of one of New Orleans Bike Week's charities, the SBP (former St Bernard Project), rebuilding a Navy Vet's home in the lower 9th Ward. A separate volunteer link on the New Orleans Bike Week website is available if you or your club members are interested in volunteering. A 5 stop poker Run to support local Chapter 23 of the Disabled American Veterans will take place Saturday, and New Orleans Bike Week is also raffling a 2016 Harley-Davidson Road King to help raise money for Chapter 23 of the Disabled American Veterans.

Are you ready to party New Orleans style, where the party never ends??? Make plans now to attend the New Orleans Bike Week Motorcycle Rally. The cost of a one-day pass will be \$25.00 and \$65.00 for a three-day pass that includes venue entry with access to vendors and motorcycle parking (no cars included in this ticket price). Tickets available through Ticket Master. You can also follow New Orleans Bike Week on their official website: [www.neworleansbikeweek.com](http://www.neworleansbikeweek.com) or on face book: <http://www.facebook.com/neworleansbikeweek/>

# Louisiana RIDERS



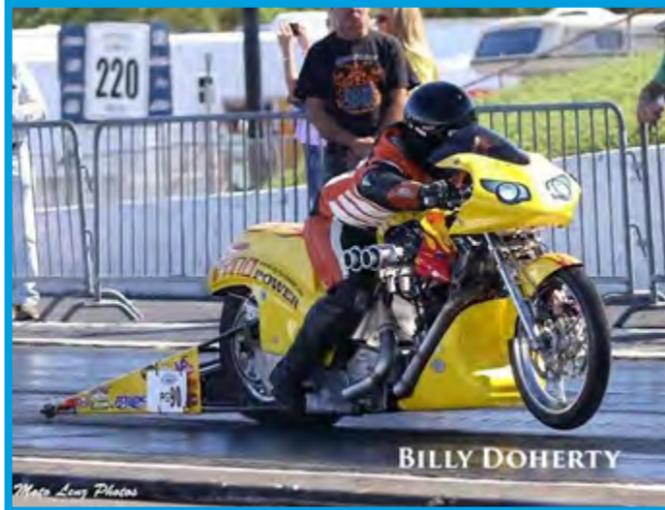
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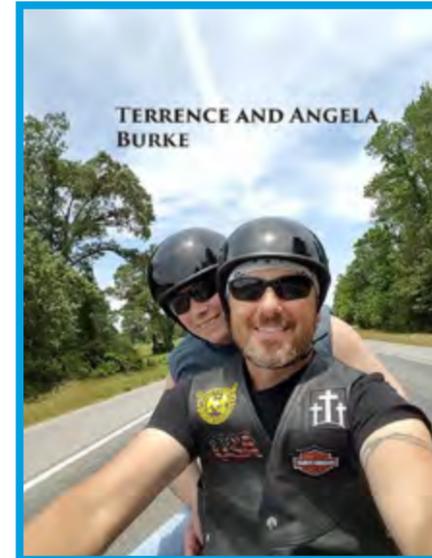
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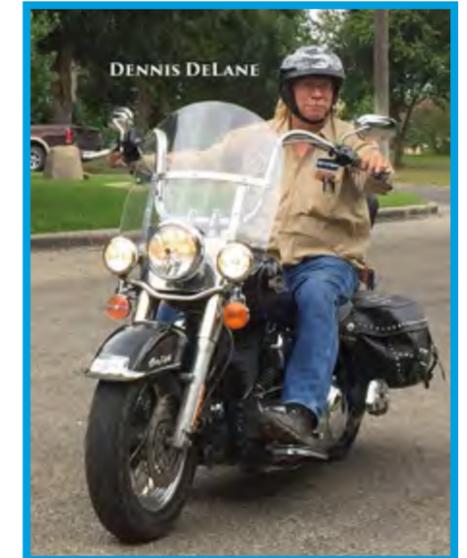
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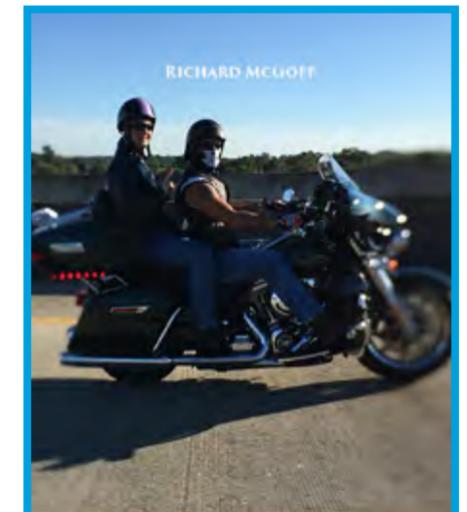
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# RIDE AROUND LOUISIANA

By Bill Ryan and Dean Kratzenberg



It all started with an idea almost two years ago. What would it be like to ride around the State of Louisiana? Could it even be accomplished from the saddle of two wheels? From that simple thought the planning began for what would become a legendary ride encompassing all of the state's environs while avoiding all of the interstate byways, if possible.

The planning took almost 50 hours of reading guidebooks, examining maps, and searching for the correct routes on the computer. In time, a basic route was laid out over the hot summer months in preparation for the prime riding time of autumn. Then Labor Day weekend 2015, Bill convinced his wife to make the trip in a jeep. Maps can only get you so far. Setting out on a Saturday morning from Greenwood, Laura drove allowing Bill to focus on navigation. Detailed notes on the road conditions, fuel stops, restaurants, hotels and rest areas were going to be needed if we were to pull this trip off with a resounding success right from the start of the first engine.

The entire planned route took a day and half in a rather comfortable four-wheeled vehicle. On motorcycles, it quickly became obvious that we needed at least three days to truly enjoy the experience ... and hopefully alleviate most of the anticipated woes! The route would start in Greenwood traveling through Creole to Houma. Thence we would travel across the Lake Pontchartrain through Angie to Marksville. Finally we would turn north past Lake Providence before turning to the west and home to complete the three-day circuit. With the route laid out, and the summer heat behind us, the fourth weekend of October was selected for the ride. It was perfectly planned! What could go wrong? As the weekend approached, the weather had differing plans. Discretion being truly

the better part of valor, it was decided to reschedule for another time. With winter coming upon us, we had to set our sights for 2016.

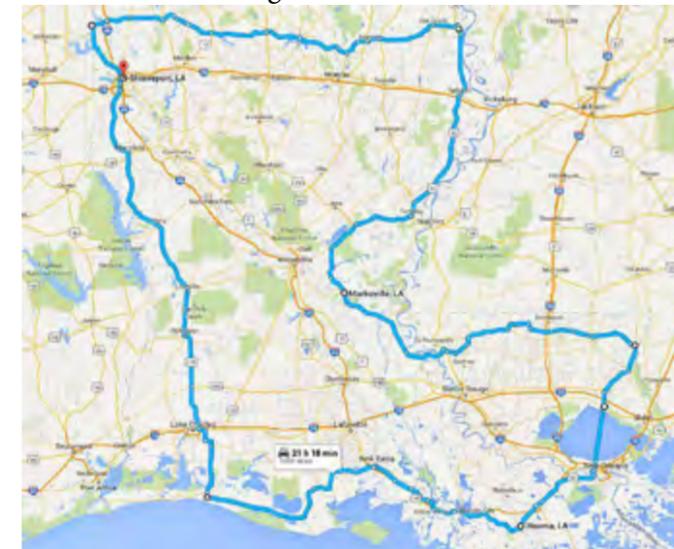
As spring approached in 2016, it was time to make this ride happen. We have been thinking and replanning and we just needed to ride! The last weekend in April (22-24) was selected and, once again, as the event got closer, the weather leading up to the ride was nothing but rain. The dream was in peril. At long last, the forecast for the weekend promised sunshine and warm days. In retrospect for our epic ride, we could not have asked for better weather -- not too cold and not too hot. There was just the right amount of clouds and warm breezes to calm the nerves! It was a great weekend to be out riding.

On Friday morning, April 22nd, members of the Indian Motorcycle Riders Group, Chapter 1965, and the Southern Cruises Riding Club, Chapter 144, met at the Flying J / Denny's in Greenwood for breakfast. A total of eleven riders and three passengers were prepared for three days in the saddle. After a safety briefing and a prayer, we rolled out of the parking lot with the Gulf Coast and Houma as our target by the end of the day. Stops along the route were planned for every 80-100 miles, with the intent of topping off tanks, and emptying "other" vessels. Our route took us south past the length of the Toledo Bend Reservoir to the corner of Highways 110 and 171, north of Ragland. Here is the Family and Friends Market -- a great place for gas and lunch. Our group highly recommends everything from the varied hamburgers to the grilled cheese sandwich. The cooks will not disappoint.

After a satisfying lunch we rode through Lake Charles down to the Intercoastal Waterway and went east on Highway 82 toward New Orleans. What a great

motorway to ride! The road conditions and the views were fantastic. Following a short stop at the Stelly Grocery, we started our last leg of the day when we experienced what all motorcyclists dread -- an accident. While exiting Highway 90 to stretch our legs, two bikes got too close to one another. Everything went fast at that point. The stop was off the highway to the right and then another quick right. Bill recounts, "I lost sight of the bike on my right and slowed down. The bike behind me applied brakes and the rear tire locked up. I then accelerated when I saw another bike in my mirror. One rider hit loose gravel; his bike went down." Other than a broken mirror and some war wounds on the roll bars, the motorcycle bike was okay. More importantly, the rider only tore jeans and scuffed a boot, resulting in a little road rash on one knee and hand. Once ascertaining the good health of the rider, we conducted a quick recounting to learn from the mishap. Maintain a safe following distance -- this is a responsibility of followers and leaders! On curves, slow down and identify potential hazards (e.g. gravel) and adjust accordingly. We are all thankful the rider was fine. We recovered -- it was on to Houma for the night with dinner at Walk-On's.

Day Two found us ready for another exciting day! After briefing about riding through New Orleans, keeping the proper separation distances, watching out for each other and the road, we said a prayer for a safe day and hit the road. Highway 90 took us into New Orleans and we opted for the Pontchartrain Causeway! If you have never rode a motorcycle across this bridge, add it to your bucket list. At one point, no coastline can be seen. We completed the crossing and headed north on Highway 21. An unexpected and awesome lunch found us at the Hog Heaven Smokehouse, south of Bogalusa. As the name implies, the pulled pork po-boy and homemade fries are and absolute must have; and, do not forget the sweet tea. However, do not



overindulge in the latter. Three glasses and there will be (was) an unscheduled/unplanned stop somewhere along Highway 438. Nicknames are created for just such an occasion! We then made our way west to Highway 68 -- nice curves, rolling hills, and shady trees to content every rider. We ended our day in Marksville with dinner at Fresh Catch where the menu is small; however, the food is great. Try the alligator.

Day Three started much like the previous two with the constant reminder of safety and an enduring prayer for no further mishaps. We left Marksville for Ferriday then turned north on Highway 65 along the Mighty Mississippi River. The weather was cooler this morning; but, that just made the ride better. A couple of gas/comfort stops along the way and we had lunch at the Travel America Truck Stop just before we crossed Interstate 20. The restaurant was partially under renovation; plus, we arrived at the same time the Church crowds poured in. Some of us opted for the buffet while others ordered from the menu. Speed did not win out over quality -- it was all delicious. However, orders from the kitchen took an extra-long time, and one of the riders (the giver in the group) decided to pitch in and help the waitress move things along. He was having fun and those around us was enjoying the impromptu comedy show. He even got a few tips for the effort. Eventually we finished up and even met some like-minded individuals on an arduous trek from Savannah, Georgia, to Los Angeles, California! Ours was closer to ending and Highway 65 took us north to Lake Providence where we picked up Highway 2 and the westward leg bound for home. We finished up at the Outpost Travel Center on Highway 3 in Plain Dealing. After giving thanks for a safe journey, and jibes to those who were deserving, we set off on our separate paths a little better for having completed our Cajun Odyssey.

All in all, these were three great days of riding. There will be more this year and beyond; but, this one has earned a special place in our memories. Next up, maybe a trip around Arkansas or just a simple ride down Highway 1 and back. You never know; but we always remember!

# Louisiana READERS



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# RENEGADE HARLEY-DAVIDSON BLOCK PARTY

JULY 7TH-9TH PHOTOS BY MAMA S.





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14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	<i>Louisiana</i> <b>BIKER</b>		

# RUN FOR THE WALL

by Kelley "Gonzo" Perry

"Why are you here?" I was asked this question by a Vietnam Veteran in 2014, my first year of participation with Run for the Wall. My initial thought was, "Who the hell are you to question me?" Fortunately, we continued the discussion and he elaborated. Turns out that his rather blunt question was simply an attempt at discovering why I, an Operation Iraqi Freedom Veteran, would want to be part of an organization made up of mostly Vietnam Veterans. I gave him an answer, but it wasn't a true answer. The irony was; I didn't know the answer – and it would take me some time to find it.

Run for the Wall is an organization started in 1989 by James "Gunny" Gregory and Bill Evans. Both Vietnam Veterans, the pair rode across America and talked to anyone who would listen about the thousands of men and women still unaccounted for from all wars. The mission has continued since 1989, and while POW/MIA awareness remains the major focus of the mission, it also serves to give our Vietnam Veterans the "welcome home" that they so deserved but did not receive.

My wife "Wildcat" and I began the run in 2014 thinking it would either be a one-time thing or something we'd do every 4 or 5 years. It was evident from day one that we were in for something much bigger than we could have ever imagined. We joined the rest of the group in Grand Prairie, Texas. At registration, we were given a pin with the label "FNG", which signified that we were new to the run. We were instantly welcomed with open arms. We staged in a Wal-Mart parking lot with over 300 other riders, but WE were treated like family. We learned very quickly that we were not making friends, but joining a family.

We departed staging at our designated time, and with the assistance of area law enforcement, began that day's journey. My body (and my bike, of course) was in Texas, but my mind was in Iraq. The CB traffic was just like radio traffic on a mission. The level of organization was none other than military precision. All of the joking around had been replaced by extreme focus. It was then that I first realized I was on a mission.



Staging in Grand Prairie, Tx in 2014. From left to right, Kelley "Gonzo" Perry (Iraq), Robin "Wildcat" Perry (Iraq), Richard "Jogger" Conques (Vietnam)

Several days went by, and each day we grew closer to the Vietnam Memorial. Each day, my Assistant Platoon Leader "Old School" said "DO NOT go to the Wall alone." I had been several times before, and while it meant a lot, it had never been emotional. Each day came with the same directive – "DO NOT go to the Wall alone." We eventually made it to Washington, DC. I, along with a thousand or so of my new RFTW family, visited the Wall to lay the "Mission Accomplished" plaque. I saw the apex of the Wall and I lost it. I cried almost uncontrollably for a few minutes. I was again reminded that Run for the Wall was a mission.

I first learned of Run for the Wall from a close friend and Patriot Guard brother Jere Bice. While he left this earth before we could ride with RFTW together, I was honored to carry a shell casing from his funeral with me and place it at the Wall. In some way, I felt like I was bringing Jere home when I laid that shell casing at the base of the Wall. In a way, I felt like I was home. I also had the honor of watching Wildcat's father, himself a Vietnam Veteran, visit the Wall for the first time.

What Wildcat and I thought would be a one-time trip evolved into an integral part of our lives. In 2015, we went "All the Way", riding from Ontario, California to Washington, DC with RFTW and did the same again in 2016. We, along with hundreds of riders across the Nation (and at least one from another country) are already making preparations for 2017. Countless men and women will use all their vacation time to spend 2 weeks or more on a motorcycle in sweltering temperatures, rain, sandstorms, and high wind, all

while riding in tight formation. This is not a "fun ride". It's tough. It's exhausting. More than that, however, it is needed.

"We ride for those who can't" has become a mantra for RFTW riders. While we sweat, ride through rain, ride through dust storms, or make it through the day off energy drinks and stubbornness, there is a family waiting. Thousands of families still await closure. Thousands of children await the return of their parents to American soil. Thousands of men and women await their siblings. Thousands await the return of their spouses. Until they all come home, we will ride.

Even beyond the mission of POW/MIA awareness, there is healing for the Vietnam Veteran still haunted by the sights of war. There is comfort for the Veteran of Desert Storm, Iraq, or Afghanistan who can still smell and hear the land they left years ago. There is a camaraderie found only with brothers and sisters – found only on a mission. This is why WE ride, this is why I ride, and this is why I am here. It is worth the relatively small sacrifice on my part if I can tell just one person about the mission, or bring healing to just one. It isn't about us – it's about the mission. If people see the bikes and remember our mission then



Gonzo and Wildcat after the Road Guard promotion ceremony in Wytheville, Virginia in 2016



Arrival in Arlington, Virginia in 2015. From left to right, Joseph "Gump" Hudson (Repatriated Prisoner of War – Iraq), Wildcat, Gonzo

The mission has continued since its inception because active duty, veterans, military retirees, and civilians choose to get involved. The mission will not continue without new riders and supporters getting involved. While thousands ride "All the Way" each year, that is not a requirement. You can ride for a day, a couple days, a week, or "All the Way". If you don't ride, come hold a flag or wave at an overpass and show your support. The community support makes all the difference on those exhausting days.

If you are interested in participating, think you might do it "one day" or just want to see what the mission is all about, visit [www.rftw.org](http://www.rftw.org). If you can't find the answer to your question on the website, feel free to drop me a note at [perrykw@gmail.com](mailto:perrykw@gmail.com). Either way, give the ride a try at least once. I assure you it will take you by complete surprise, and will be nothing like you imagined. It will, however, be the most emotional, yet worthwhile, thing you can do on two wheels.

"Until they all come home!"



Staging in Ontario, California for all 3 routes in 2016

# Louisiana READERS



KYLEIGH



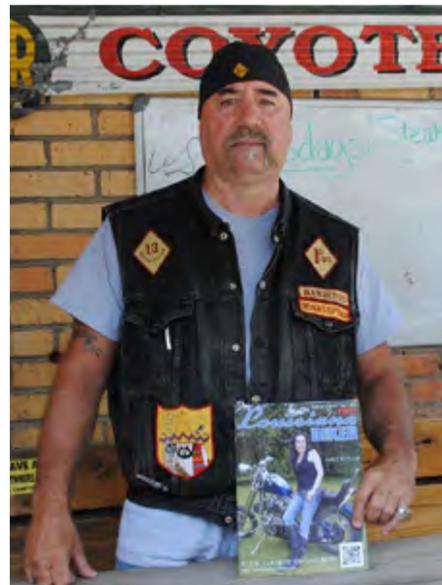
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# OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE CLUBS

by Joshua Dupre

Before a person can begin to understand the importance of an Outlaw Motorcycle Club (OMCs), they must understand what that is. An Outlaw Motorcycle Club is a very unique society of very few men who choose to be a part of something bigger than themselves and a brotherhood beyond any that cannot be found elsewhere. Its origin and structure evolved from the Military many years ago, utilizing the leadership structure and rank system.

Furthermore, there is a very unique few who make up the 1%er Outlaw Motorcycle Club community. Clubs such as the Bandidos, Hells Angels, Outlaws, Pagans, Mongols, and Sons of Silence are all a part of the 1%er Motorcycle Club community. The 1%er designation was labeled by the AMA (American Motorcycle Association) back in 1947 in a statement they wrote for their magazine, stating that 99% of motorcycle riders were law abiding citizens and that only 1% were criminals ("AMA 1947").

The earliest form of Outlaw was Jesus Christ himself, it's because Jesus didn't fit into the religious mold, or the government mold like the other 99% of society. Jesus and his followers were the 1% that didn't "bow down" to the worlds ways. They were in the world, but not of the world. Jesus was an outlaw, but he was not a criminal. Being an "outlaw" doesn't mean you are a criminal; it just means you don't conform to the world system or its leaders and its officers.

Many people will disagree with the importance of Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs. This is largely due to the lack of understanding and positive exposure to what these clubs do for our communities and some will dispute the negative claims while maintaining the integrity of their beliefs of the OMCs.

Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs date as far back as post World War II era when soldiers came home longing for continued brotherhood. They have always played a major role in urban cities social culture. Their existence, although grotesque to some, has always served their communities in a positive light. The actions of individuals at times are spotlighted by the media, which often is government driven, to gain support for banning identifying patches (also known as colors) of the OMCs. For example, the U.S.'s ATF agency tried to ban the Mongols Motorcycle Club's patches in 2013. However, it would have broken the

First Amendment rights of the club. The Government wanted to ban the club from being able to wear their patches publically, due to a few incidents of select individuals who are most likely not in the club anymore, since Clubs often police their own. OMCs all follow strict guidelines or bylaws which consist of their rules and regulations. If a member disobeys these rules, they can be punished by being stripped of their patches then banned from the club. It is possible the Government is afraid of these clubs around the U.S., because of their open display of unity and commitment. They are men willing to stand their ground, even against the court system, to fight for rights, as a whole.

These men are veterans, fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, and uncles. The rights they fight to protect are the same rights that affect non club members, other motorcycle riders, as well as, the general public.

There are many positive examples of these OMCs, that many only see in a negative light. One such positive example was the Hells Angels Toy run of 2015, where the club gathered funds that had been raised throughout the year to purchase a large number of bicycles ("Hells Angels Toys 2015"). They waited in line at Walmart for 5 days to catch the Black Friday sale and bought every bike in stock, roughly 200 bikes, in order to give bicycles to children whose families were too poor to purchase them themselves. Acts like this one can be seen throughout the United States by clubs of all levels. Clubs range from Christian Clubs, Veteran Clubs, Support Clubs, and OMC's. All of which contain some of the biggest-hearted men and women one could ever meet. These are the types of people who manage fundraisers for burn victims, families who have lost their homes, children with special needs, and even the elderly.

Make no mistake, these Clubs are not the Boy Scouts; they abide by a strict code and rules of the road protocol. At times incidents can occur by the acts of individuals that belong to these organizations. These incidents are often made to be more serious than they really are, and some are no worse than the crimes committed by the arresting authority or an average civilian. On May 17th of 2015 in Waco, Texas, men and woman from all clubs throughout

the state of Texas gathered for a Coalition of Clubs meeting, which is to educate riders both independent and Patch holders within clubs of current laws and policies that may or may not affect them. It is also a social gathering amongst riders, and information is commonly shared about upcoming events and benefits. On this day, shots rang out, leaving nine people dead and another eighteen wounded

According to Brian Doherty, who writes for GQ, a grand total of 177 individuals were wrongfully arrested. To this day, it has yet to be proven that the gunfight that broke out started with shots fired from club members, and no police officer has been charged with illegitimate arrest or excessive force. Reports indicate that the first couple of shots were small arms fire, and the rest that followed were all automatic weapons, but no one has been able to identify the first shooter. Everyone present that day was arrested, including both civilians and members of Motorcycle Ministries, all of which are innocent and spent a great deal of time in jail with extremely high bails.

An interview was conducted by KXANS Brian Collister with Bandido Jimmy Graves, who is the Coalition of Clubs President in Waco, where he expressed the Bandidos recognize and respect law enforcement for doing their job, that they do not condone the violence portrayed upon them. "To get the story crooked is to understand that the "straightness" of any story is a rhetorical invention: a story told from a particular perspective, informed by specific trainings told for a particular reason, to serve particular purposes. History is at best a reasoned report on the documented sources of the past".

Members of Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs are professionals; they may not look like professionals by some individuals' standards, because they are bikers. Despite the positive actions of club members, the media still portrays them in a negative light by focusing on the bad behavior of a few; for this reason alone, bad behavior and negative publicity is not condoned by clubs or members. The 1%er clubs often police the activities of the clubs within their area to ensure they are "behaving" accordingly and following protocol within the community of clubs. If they do not do this, then there is the possibility of individuals creating negative chaos in the area in which they reside, causing the local law enforcement to crack down on all bikers and provoke unlawful use of force. In turn, the 1%er Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs are protecting the local community in which they reside

by protecting all bikers and keeping the negative activities to a minimum. If more individuals would spend time amongst these men, they would see, with their own eyes, the good they do for the community, and all of the charity events along with donations raised to help people in need. They would also see the love and the brotherhood shared by the members of these Clubs as well as the bonds from club to club. These men are the kind of men filled with passion to fight to make things like brotherhood and sisterhood possible by protecting an individual's rights and protecting people in need, helping friends and strangers alike, standing tall for freedom, love, loyalty, respect, and trust. In which they believe, in a very powerful and sometimes intimidating force. Similar to a battalion of soldiers on the battlefield who have gone to fight and protect what they believe to be right. While protecting these rights, they provide a blanket of freedom for others to sleep under. A positive impression from an experience in this community could help to spread a positive influence throughout our society. This influence would encourage society to stand together to help others in need, even those who are members of Outlaw Motorcycle Clubs.



*This article was written by Joshua Dupre for English 105 at LSU Shreveport and submitted to Louisiana Biker Magazine for publication. Permission and approvals have been obtained from those mentioned in the Article.*

# FREEDOM RALLY 2016

A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana Union Parish Chapter hosted its second annual Freedom Rally the weekend of June 18th at Valhalla Motorcycle Campground in Homer, La. The weekend kicked off with a Freedom Run on Saturday morning with riders from several parishes. We started at Valhalla in Homer and rode to Shongaloo for our Pledge of Allegiance stop. Then, we rode to the Nite Owl in Springhill for our Bill of Rights stop. Finally, we rode to Dixie Inn and to Minden for our U.S. Constitution stop. We gave out door prizes at every stop based on trivia questions from the founding documents. I do make them multiple choices. Everyone does poker runs but we like the idea of focusing on Freedom! Freedom is what our country was founded on and A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana focuses exclusively on protecting the rights of motorcyclists. All monies raised at Freedom Rally help us promote Freedom of the Road and motorcycle awareness!

After the Freedom Ride we came back to Valhalla Campground to enjoy lots of festivities including a silent auction, door prizes, and some great barbeque! Our chapter Vice-President James White cooked some great chicken and pulled pork plates for everyone! Our chapter worked really hard to get lots of sponsors and door prizes this year and we gave a lot of cool stuff away! Our Freedom Ride was donation only, but we had some cool drawings including a 9mm subcompact handgun and a motorcycle-themed throw blanket. Later in the evening, we had a great band from central Louisiana. DV8 played a variety of classic rock tunes. The drummer, Greg Shone, is the chapter President for our Natchitoches Parish chapter. Valhalla Motorcycle Campground is really nice and is located just south of Homer, La. It is a great location to some nice scenic roads and a friendly atmosphere! We give thanks to our sponsors and to Stacy Conly and Louisiana Biker! We look forward to seeing everyone at Freedom Rally 2016!

Donnie R Brown  
President A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana Union Parish Chapter



Photos taken by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly & B.B. Langston Morris

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# HOKA HEY JOURNEY

Story by Mama S

When I last spoke with Daniel Neathery, he was gearing up for the Hoka Hey Challenge. Talking to him was like talking to a kid waiting on Christmas morning. He was so full of hope and excitement for this journey.

Now I'm going to ATTEMPT to keep this short and sweet, but you know us women.....

Saturday 2am...Left Natchitoches for Las Cruces, New Mexico, where he was meeting his riding partner, Gary. He made his way through Texas to where I-10 and I-20 meet. Pulled over to grab a drink and check the Tracker. Daniel realized Gary was only a few minutes behind him, so he decided to wait there at the gas station for him. "And he flew by me..." "After several miles of running 110, I caught up and we trucked on".



With those kinds of speeds (in some places), they made really good time to Las Cruces and decided to shoot straight through to Tucson, AZ. Once they hit Tucson, it was a cheap motel and time for AC and a halfway decent mattress.

They made it to Pala, CA with a few hours to spare before the driver's meeting, which "basically stressed being prudent; don't act a fool" essentially. Apparently "that was not heeded by everyone, I can tell you that".

Before he knew it, Tuesday morning was already there. Every rider left Pala at 6am heading East. "We were escorted just a few miles away from the Resort and then we were left on our own."

Throughout this expedition, they encountered several obstacles; from scorching heat in Death Valley, to gas stations in the middle of nowhere charging \$5.30/gal for gas, trucks in ditches that hit deer and no cell service, running out of gas with no station in sight, 45mph winds...and that was just the first couple days!

In the spirit of keeping this short, if you'd like to read Daniel's first hand account of his Hoka Hey experience, you can find it on our Facebook page, as well as on our website, louisianabiker.com

Pictures from Daniel Neathery



# HOKA HEY PHOTOGRAPHS

by Federico Arbelaez  
Hoka Hey Winner



## PACO'S HOKA HEY RECAP

by John (Paco) Wener

The Hoka Hey Motorcycle Challenge is the most difficult endeavor I have undertaken. Before the run I spent months on training rides over tens of thousands of miles to test my motorcycle, gear, and nutrition. Once I was confident that I had myself all set up I took off a month before the challenge was to begin so I could be completely fresh for the big ride.

I made my way from South Florida to San Diego in a leisurely 3 day run, connecting with friends along the way. Once I was in San Diego, the bike was serviced and was ready to go.

I planned that I would carry all the nutritional food that I would need to use over the next 2 weeks. My main stay is a mix of ground nuts, dates and Coco powder that has all the electrolyte that I need in the heat so that the only other thing I need is large amounts of water. With that I was able to stay sharp and focused enough to not only handle the fully loaded bike but to keep my mind engaged for navigation using the very cryptic turn by turn directions that are the backbone of the challenge. Most people who are serious riders would be able to run the 10,000 mile distance if they were using a preloaded GPS, and when needed could sleep until fully rested at a hotel. However that is not the way this works. The biggest hurdle to overcome is keeping on course using just the turn by turn instructions, sleeping outside wherever you can lay down, never for more than 4 hours and dodging all of the hazards that come your way when you ride 800-1000 miles of back roads a day. Each competitor makes the challenge as hard or as easy as they want. I went hard deliberately so that I could come to realize what I am capable of doing. I haven't hit my limit but I know I got very close. In that effort I was able to place tied for 3rd place at the finish along side a very honorable rider George Jackman #750. Even though we crossed the line together it is at its core an individual effort.

Looking forward I will definitely take up the challenge again. I now look forward to a road full of out of the way places and grand adventures.

You never know where I'll be next but if you track me down I'd love to burn some miles with you.

Cheers,  
John (Paco) Wener

# PERHAPS HEAVEN: AFTERMATH

Story by John David Saxxon

Introduction by Mama S

For those of you following along at home, this is the third installment of John David Saxxon's second book *Perhaps Heaven: Aftermath*. Book one is available for purchase on his Facebook page or when you run into him! Book Two will be available Spring of 2017.

-Mama S



"Yes, I believe you're right."

Pop's soldiers crawled across the floor, filled the windows with gun barrels and began to return fire.

"When ever'one get tired of try'in'ta shoot the shit out'a each other I want ya' to walk on over and ask Warden Bailey if we can talk this out 'fore too many folks get killed. Till then-" Pop winked, scooped a BAR from the bunk next to him and grabbed a full ammo box from the floor. He walked to the window, pushed one of his men out of the way, stood in full sight and started blasting away. Pop howled with an elated mixture of exhilaration and delight like a man who'd just heard the woman of his dreams say "I do" or a small boy starting down the highest apex of his first rollercoaster ride.

I sat on the side of my bunk, watched and waited, somewhat like a normal person might sit on a park bench and observe the usual events of an ordinary day. Pop continued to howl until his voice began to crack. In the midst of the fracas Brother Lew had staked a makeshift bunker out of mattresses in the far corner and dragged three wounded men inside its shelter. He cared for them throughout the firefight, occasionally poking his

head out to see if anyone else had been hit. He seemed to have absolutely no concern for his personal safety, only the wellbeing of others. The man both baffled and amazed me.

In due course the lull between reloads lengthened until the firing finally stopped all together. Pop turned from the window, squatted to catch his breath and gave me a nod. I stood and walked through the blood pools and across the debris covered floor to the exit, then out the door.

I heard Warden Bailey shout, "Hold your fire, boys." Then I saw his hand from the edge of the open doorway waving me in. When I stepped inside he stood with a smirk to mask the disbelief and rage he experienced when he realized that Pop and his men were armed, and with superior weapons. His plans were to annihilate the source of his antipathy without retribution.

He forced his smile to broaden and asked, "Ol' Pop 'bout had enough?"

There was a cloud of gunpowder smoke that filled the air in C barrack. It clung thick to the ceiling and drifted out through the shattered windows. Brass shell casings covered the floor. The final remnants of sunset merged with the beams from the compound floodlights invading the barracks through the gray haze of spent gunpowder in a thousand tiny shafts of light. The 30-06 rounds from the Pop's M1 Garands and BARs penetrated clean through the substandard cinder blocks used in the construction of the barrack walls. I counted eight of his guards lying unattended in pools of their own blood.

I began to repeat Pop's message, then paused when I thought I caught a glimpse of movement around the outside of the windows at the far side of the barracks. Warden Bailey's head snapped around as he followed my stare. He jumped behind me when I began to back out, just before the gunfire started.

Juan, Alonzo and the other Mexican and Black prisoners crouched low and followed the drainage ditch that ran the length of A barrack. Each man carried at least one carbine and enough ammo to sustain a small scale war. The drainage ditch gave way to woods that surrounded the prison on two sides. The trees and underbrush grew to within only a few dozen yards of the fence that ran beside the length of C barrack. Juan leaned out of sight against a tree trunk and listened to the gunfire until it finally subsided and then stopped all together.

He motioned for everyone to gather around him saying, "The time for talk is over. Now, it is our time for action."

Juan handed the shotgun he was holding to another prisoner and then took the carbine from the man's hands. He breached a round into the chamber. Alonzo and the other did the same. Juan stepped from the cover of the woods and began to boldly walk to a small gate in the only entrance to the yard from that side. He heard keys jangle as Zo ran ahead to open the lock.

He looked over his shoulder to the men who walked in line behind him saying, "When we reach C barrack everyone find a place by a window. Wait until I fire the first shot, then fire at will. We'll attack the guards from behind while they're reloading. After the first volley follow me in. We'll take the barrack and kill them all. Then we'll focus all our fire on Pop's boys in B barrack."

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