

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 7 - JULY 2016

FREE!

Louisiana **BIKER**

ASHLIE BATEMAN



BY, FOR, AND ABOUT LOUISIANA BIKERS
<http://www.louisianabiker.com>



LOUISIANA BIKER MAGAZINE

Volume 1, Issue 7 - July 2016

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"By, For, and About Louisiana Bikers"

We've put that on the cover of every issue so far, and it continues to be the driving force behind our publication. We are about riding, and we are about Louisiana. In this issue, Day Tripping brings us into Texas, and the Gulfport Blowout took us to Mississippi, but we were there following the Louisiana Bikers, and letting them tell their own stories.

Mike Phillips took care of our Day Tripping feature. He rides day trips several times a month, and takes great photographs, so we expect to feature his trips again in the future. We'd like to have others do Day Tripping articles in their part of the state.

Jocelyn Rodriguez went to Gulfport to race in the Blowout, and gives us a first hand account of her experiences there. She had some technical problems and didn't get many runs in, but that doesn't make it any less of a good time. She will be covering other races for us, from the racer's point of view.

Beau Thurman did the write up on his custom Road King. We met him in the parking lot at Hammond Harley-Davidson. The bike is sharp, really classy, but still one of a kind without being over the top.

The point is, we are here to support the Motorcycling Community in Louisiana. We don't need to tell you what we think is cool, or what we're doing. We want to hear from you. Find us on Facebook, and check out our website at <http://www.louisianabiker.com>.

Frosty



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Alexandria BIKE FEST

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH

and Renegade Pre-Party

By: Mama S

I would like to preface this story by saying the ole man and I have NEVER been to Renegade together that it didn't rain on us!

Rolling out of the house Saturday morning was, well it was worrisome to say the least. Everything towards Alexandria looked nice and bright, but rather hellish any other way you looked. We knew we were going to get wet! About halfway there, it sprinkled a little and quit... really thought we were in the clear. (What I get for thinking, right??)

Even at 10am, the Renegade parking lot was full of bikes, patches, and independents. It was a great sight to see all the different clubs mingling together. First thing I did was hit the food; you could smell it all the way in the front parking lot. I'm not sure who was in charge of cooking, but it was incredible! They also had a daiquiri vendor there, Daqs For Days, that made some killer daiquiris.

I was trying to get with Twitch, a salesman there, to do an interview (located in this issue) about his RC, and he was so busy, it took us over an hour to be able to sit down and talk. And that's when the downpour started...

Once it started raining, everybody started piling inside. The rain didn't last too long, but once it was over, that Louisiana muggy came out in force.

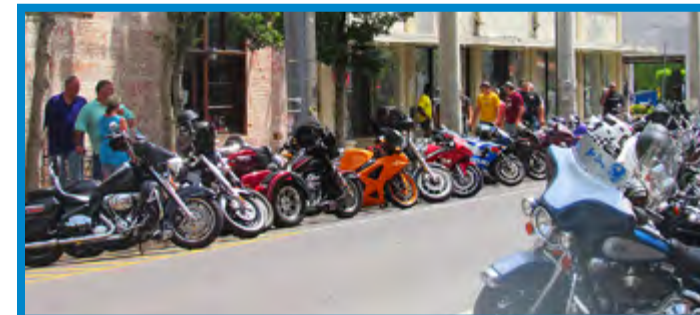
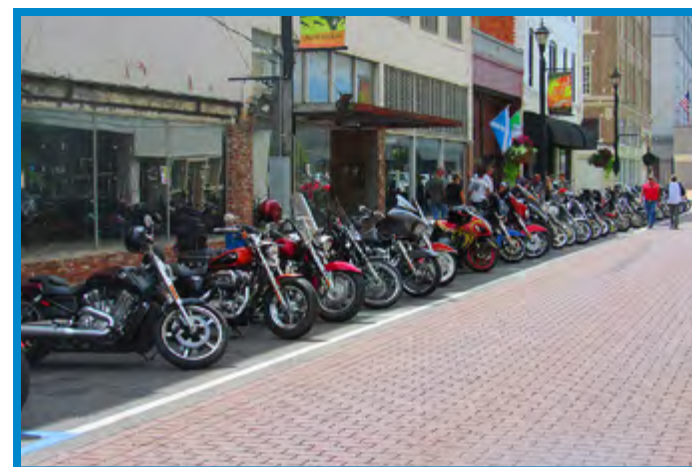
From what I understand the grand total of riders that signed the waiver to go on the group ride to BikeFest was 129, and I know there were at least another 50-60 more that showed up late or didn't ride with the group.

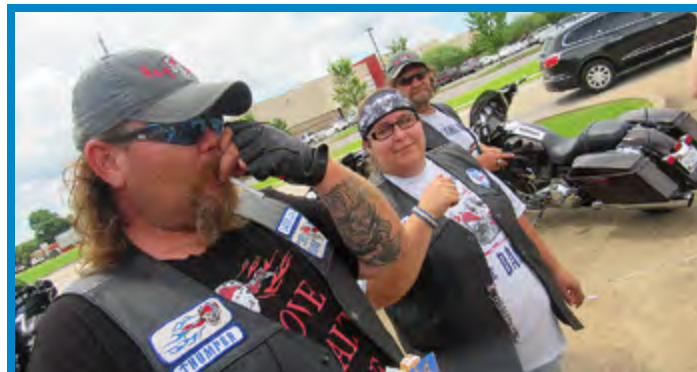
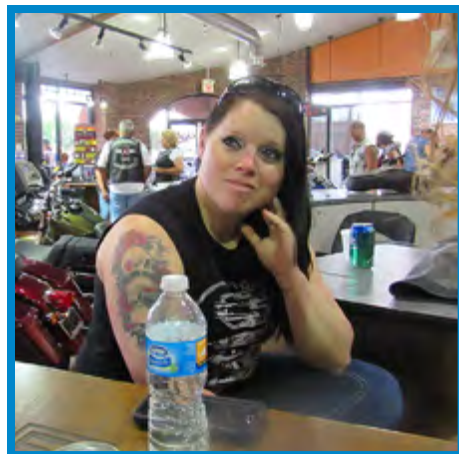
The ride left Renegade at 2:30, and what a sight it was to see, well as far as you could see anyway, with traffic backed up 30 cars deep in both directions.

I hung back for a bit, just to take a few more pictures and I'm glad I did. Pulling into downtown Alexandria was a beautiful sight, motorcycles of every make, model, and color, as far as the eye could see in any direction you looked. I know there were 300+ bikes there if there was one.

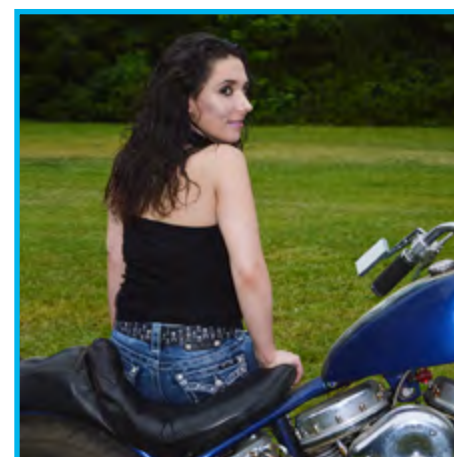
There were vendors set up all over the place with food, drink, trinkets, clothing, just about anything you could want; pretty sure there were tasers for sale out there as well. There was a DynoTune trailer set up that had everyone's attention that walked by.

Renegade also had a bike set up on a trailer for those who had never ridden to give it a shot and run through the gears. The band out there was really good as well. Sadly, I had to cut my visit out there short, and missed the fireworks show, but it was a great time nonetheless. I don't think I'm alone in saying I'm already looking forward to next year!





ASHLIE BATEMAN - JULY 2016



DAY TRIPPING WITH MIKE PHILLIPS

Another great ride with some really great people. Rode from Bossier City down to Grand Cane on hwy 171 with Daryl Adams, Jim and Jackie Powell, and Charlie Tudor. Some of the old buildings have been renovated, but most are gone. The beautiful old Methodist Church is still in use. From there, we traveled south on the Blount Sawmill road hwy 84. I love this little known tree shaded curvy road. West on 84 to Logansport, where they were having their River City Festival. This town sits on the banks of the Sabine River, which feeds Toledo Bend Lake, and is part of the boundary between Texas and Louisiana. The town played a prominent part in the westward migration of American settlers after Texas gained its independence, then later when it became a state. A Dr. Logan moved to this area and not only practiced medicine, but owned a ferry, so the settlement became known as Logans Ferry. It was named Logansport in 1848 when a post office was established here. Anyone that has ever traveled through Logansport in the last 50+ years would be familiar with the cowboy on the bucking horse displayed above one of the old buildings downtown. It is a town trademark. Another local long time fixture is the N. J. Caraway & Company general store, which has been in business continuously since 1897, and has an assortment of just about everything. The present owner, Mrs. Palmer, is a sweet lady, but she will talk your ears off. We checked out the festivals vendors and sampled the refreshments. It's hard to beat an ice cold sarsaparilla in a tin mug on a hot summer day. Really enjoyed looking at and dreaming about the vehicles in the car show. Rode north of town about 10 miles to see the only remaining International Boundary marker in the country. It was placed there in 1840, depicting the boundary between the Republic of Texas and the USA. Back to town, where we crossed the new bridge into Texas, and rode to Center. When we reached the square downtown, we were all impressed with the beautiful old courthouse, which was modeled after an Irish castle. From any angle, the craftsmanship and brickmanship are outstanding. Also, on the grounds, stands the early jail, now used by the chamber of commerce. All around the square, sunk into the concrete curb, are steel rings, very useful for preventing your horse from wandering away. Lunch time found us at the BBQ Joint. Very good



food & friendly people. From there, we rode south to Milam, Tx. (I'm amazed at the number of Texas towns and counties named after Alamo defenders and Texas independence fighters). Milam sits on the El Camino Real, the old road between Natchitoches and Mexico City. So, we headed east across Toledo Bend Lake, then north on La 191 back home. 270 mile round trip from my house, beautiful weather, and everyone made it home safe.

*Article by Kenneth Phillips
Photos by Mike Phillips*



About Mike Phillips:

Born in Texas in 1946, raised in Alabama and Georgia, Mike has lived in Louisiana since 1968. He is a US Air Force veteran, serving from 1964-68. Mike then worked in the air conditioning/refrigeration service field until his recent retirement. He took up riding again in 2014, after a 31 year break to raise kids and grandkids. Mike loves to ride his Harley Road King and take photos.

BACA 100 MILE RIDE

On May 21st if you were out and about, you saw bikers riding in large groups everywhere you may have looked, and for a great reason. Worldwide, BACA had their "100 Mile Ride" and these bikers were seen out riding to raise awareness, that they are here to help abused children. All riding with a non-profit 501 (C) (3) organization named BIKERS AGAINST CHILD ABUSE®. Some that were riding are a part of the organization, some were invited along for the ride. But the goal of the day was to get out and be seen. Our chapter followed our 100 mile ride up with what we call a Level 1. This is when we welcome a new child into our organization and get to know each other. That makes me happier than the sound of firing up your bike with new pipes installed does. All jittery inside!

We do all we can for the kids that need help getting back to being a kid again, to feel safer by empowering them and helping them through it. I won't get into the statistics of it all, but what we do works very well for those who choose to let us help. So the next time you're out and about and you see someone with a B.A.C.A.® patch on their back, I hope you take comfort in knowing there are some rough looking bikers doing a lot of good for all the kids who have been brave enough to tell about it. The show of Strength in Numbers helps towards them feeling they have the strength to get their abuse to stop and keep it that way.

These kids are the real heroes, not us. They prove daily that anyone can face their fears and work past them. We just empower them, and they in turn empower us to keep at it, and to help more kids like



them. To see a kid grow from hiding from everyone and even hiding from life, to taking a stand and say "I do have a choice." "I do have a voice." "That person did this to me." That makes it all worth it. That's our payday. I'd ride through a hurricane to help an abused child in need as would every member in this organization.

Break the chains of abuse by supporting the B.A.C.A.® Mission.

BACA TuTu,
Capitol Region Chapter
BIKERS AGAINST CHILD ABUSE®



LA FAMILLE

Story By: Mama S

Pictures Sent In By: LFRC

On March 27th of this year, after almost a year of working and pushing, Twitch and his Co-Founder Yankee, brought La Famille Riding Club to the CoC and were approved.

They both started in other MCs, but realized that they just didn't have the time to put into the Club family that they felt was needed. Some time after they both resigned, they got together and started talking about forming an RC that would be "truly family first".

"If you tell me you've got your kids or you have to work, then that's that; No questions", Twitch said.

Once a month LFRC has a Family Day where members bring their families for a day of togetherness and food and games for the kids (and adults too I'm betting!).

They aren't a "Christian Club" but hold the same basic values. "We live by three basic principals; Family, Love, and Respect. As long as you share our values, you can ride with us, no matter what you ride."

La Famille has also started doing something pretty amazing that some of our readers may have heard about at the last CoC&i meeting. Once a month, they go down to Manna House in Alexandria where they serve food and do whatever else they can to help while they're there. "We want to focus on the community. Show our local community that bikers aren't all that bad and we're here to help". Manna House is set up to feed and clothe the homeless of the area, and they're always open to donations. LFRC has taken it upon themselves to make it their mission to collect donations for Manna. If you've got clothing (any and every size needed) or new hygiene items you would like to donate, you can drop them off with Twitch at Renegade Harley in Alexandria.



GULFPORT BLOWOUT

Asgard M.C. knows how to throw a party. Each year on Memorial Day Weekend they stage their Blowout at Gulfport Dragway, drawing a crowd from all over the south. They say:

THE BLOWOUT WAS INTENDED TO GIVE BIKERS A CHANCE TO RACE LEGALLY AND SAFELY, TO COME TOGETHER AND SEE OLD FRIENDS AND MAKE NEW ONES THAT MAY NOT OTHERWISE HAVE THAT CHANCE. A PLACE TO ENJOY BIKER EVENTS AND GAMES. A BIKE SHOW, VENDORS SELLING BIKER MERCHANDISE, AND LISTEN TO LIVE MUSIC WHILE WATCHING BIKINI AND WET T-SHIRT CONTESTS. TO HONOR OUR COUNTRY'S FALLEN SOLDIERS FOR MEMORIAL DAY, ALL ON 100 ACRES OF SPACIOUS 24 HOUR A DAY CAMPING. YOU COULD ENJOY THE MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST OR STAY AT THE DRAGWAY THE WHOLE WEEKEND.

ASGARD SMOKEY

Louisiana Biker was there to take pictures, hand out magazines, partake in the fun, and Race! We also sponsored the People's Choice Award, which was won this year by Curt McLeod. Check out the full event at:

www.asgardmc.com/blowout.htm

www.gulfportdragway.com/blowout/ and

www.mississippigulfcoastmemorialdayblowout.com/



GULFPORT DRAGWAY

17085 Racetrack Rd.
Gulfport, MS. 39503
228-863-4408





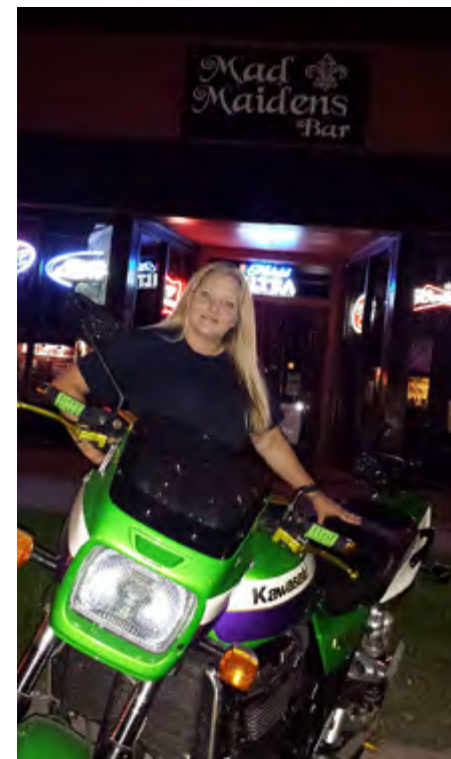
Once upon a race weekend...

Being sooo excited that it would be a stress free weekend, not having to worry about wins or how many AMRA points I would receive, my thoughts were just a fun weekend of racing with friends. Well that didn't happen. First run went smoothly. Second run I red lighted. In the midst of excitement of me wanting a better run I took off back to the staging lanes. Ready Set Where's my glove? Ugh, nowhere in site. So headed back towards race trailer. As I leave staging lanes I smell something burning... Like an electrical fire. I was concerned about the bikes I had just passed so as I slowed down smoke was pouring from my bike. OMG it was ME! Smoke everywhere, couldn't see what or where it was coming from. My first thought "there's my missing glove" but oh no it was my regulator burning up. Got the smoke settled then started pushing back all the way to tkr race trailer. Rode with Chris Hebert on his Road glide (codeine) to Biloxi Harley Davidson to pick up a new regulator and some screaming eagle plug wires. Once we get back everything ready to go and brand new we think. As Chris installs new plug wires the coil fell into pieces. Now we have a new mission to find a coil at track since Harley had closed already. We split into teams to hit every trailer / camper / tent to ask if anyone had a coil. Thanks to Cy for finding one from the FMOTP Rocky. And with the massive search still under way by others that had no idea we had found one the most righteous biker magazine editor Woody stopped on his way to the track to bring us a brand new coil. Yay Woody is the best! Now that everything is fixed once again hahaha we are trying to get one more run in before the track shuts down but we are too late. Track has now been shut down for the day. Time to get some rest to be prepared for a early morning. Eliminations began that beautiful Sunday morning. First run - red lighted. I'm out now with only three runs for the whole weekend. So sad but it happens that way sometimes and other times I can get twenty runs in. I'm glad all the troubles were there and not at any of my AMRA races ! Now off to Bowling Green, Kentucky June 24th ! I wish all the racers good luck!

by Jocelyn Rodriguez
Photos by Deana Berry



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and
<https://facebook.com/louisianabiker/>



Louisiana READERS





July 2016

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BEAU THURMAN'S ROAD KING

by Beau Thurman

I bought the bike in 2010 from a buddy that I gave \$6,000 to pick up a service bike from either the Baton Rouge PD or State Trooper. I ended up with the 2003 Police Edition. It is a former Louisiana State Trooper bike, it was a runner from the get go, but to be candid, like any service bike, it was beat to hell and back. Floor boards and primary covers were ground considerably, fork covers were dented, and basically was a bike that my wife said, "You paid how much!?"



For about a year I perused every bagger bike I could get my hands on. I had a 2006 Victory Jackpot which is a beast of a bike, and although Victory is solid and engineered exceptionally well, it just didn't have that Harley sound or the bagger look I wanted. I wasn't in a huge rush, but also didn't want to borrow funds for the Road King, so I sold it semi- reluctantly to a buddy, so I get to see and ride it every so often, and was able to fund a decent portion of this project bike.

As the bike sat in the garage, I decided I would tackle the tear down myself...thankfully I have a buddy that had a Snap On impact wrench and in about 3 hours he and I had the bike down to a rolling chassis.

A few years ago through my business contacts I had made friends with a biker, Ron, who lived in Hollister, CA and had great contacts of engine builders and his brother, Rob Kemberling, would paint the bike. Since I had time to kill, in order to get the funds together, I made the move to ship the bike to CA and there Rob embraced the project by cleaning up the frame and getting it powder coated.

In the meantime, you know how many parts contribute to a build and the only pieces I salvaged was:

- Frame
- Wiring Harness
- Rear Pulley
- Engine
- Side Covers

Everything else I either bought from a salvage yard in NC or on eBay. The tank is from an Ultra

Classic and all the tins are from Bad Dad. The floor boards and primary covers I bought chrome and pitted, but a quick media blast and powder coat cleared that problem up.

My buddy Ron was able to get me dealer prices on the wheels and rotors and then of course I dropped the money at Harley Davidson as we know they are really proud of their products and prices.

As for the engine build, that was accomplished by Mark Madson and his shop EMF Motorsports in Morgan Hill, CA. They bumped the 88 cubic inch motor to a robust 95 inch, using Screamin' Eagle flat top pistons and an Andrews Cam (55H). I splurged for a Baker 6 speed tranny and went with the Barnett clutch pack.

Two pieces I knew I wanted was a 2 into 1 pipe, but wanted something different, something that didn't disrupt the flow of the bags and would dump out in front of the rear bag. I chose Misfit Baggers pipe...this was before they were a big name, and really had just set up their web page. The pipe I had was just out of being a proto type. The other piece I wanted was a Dakota digital, as with the dash on the new (used) tank, I wanted something different so I chose the Dakota Digital as the readability of those gauges is second to none.

Lastly, the paint. During the initial phase when Rob, the painter, had the bike. He buttoned up the frame and began to fit all the body panels. Once that was to his satisfaction the bike went to Mark, where it would remain until final assembly. Rob came up with the marble theme on the bottom using a candy black and he did all the air brush. Believe it or not, he painted all the parts in his driveway... being in

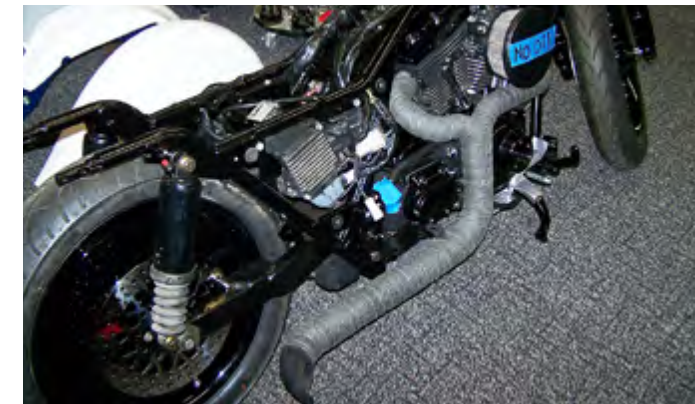
CA, there is no humidity and he was able to set up a temporary paint booth.

I did have Joe Vincent touch up some areas that I needed when I got the bike back...no discredit to Rob, but Joe tightened up the area and brought additional value to it.

All in all the bike took about a year to accomplish, and I was able to have the build done and finalized at a tick over \$20k, which is considerable, however much cheaper than a new bike which a vast majority of bikers will strip and customize anyhow.

The bike pulls like a train, has a balanced ratio of 100 hp and 100 tq, and the mid range power is how Mark at EMF set it up and I couldn't be happier.

I didn't set out to have a Wow Factor! bike. I don't think I do, I tend to think, and have received feedback, that it's a clean lined, eye appealing ride... which is what I wanted.



Louisiana RIDERS



Bayou Thunder Saloon

Friday July 8th
Lingerie Show
Music by Pyro Entertainment
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Saturday July 9th
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Bike Wash
Bike Games * Silent Auction * Bands
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DEWAYNE DALRYMPLE'S 1984 NOSTALGIA SUPER VEE

The 1980's.....

A decade of pioneering that changed many of our lives forever. Cars, clothes, fashion, music and of course our favorite thing, the motorcycle. That is why you read this magazine, right? Anyway, back to the story.....

At a time when H-D refused to sell separate engines to aftermarket bike builders, a new concept engine came into existence. That engine was the Nostalgia Super Vee. The idea for this engine came from the mind of Steve Nelson, a custom bike builder who basically cut the front two cylinders off a Chevrolet small block V8 and machined it down into a motorcycle frame.

In 1983 there was an article layout for it in Super Cycle magazine. At that time, Super Cycle Magazine was a leading motorcycle magazine published by an H-D aftermarket parts supplier named Nostalgia Cycle. In 1984 Nostalgia's efforts produced a SuperVee engine design known as the Gen 1 that came either as an engine or engine/frame kit. It is rumored that only 40 Gen 1 engines were ever produced and if it actually ran then you had an exceptionally rare gem indeed. Well ladies and gentlemen, what we have here for you is an actual running and riding Gen 1 Super Vee.

I met DeWayne a while back as I was doing a service call near the shop he was working at. I had noticed a couple of old hot rod cars there and since I'm a gear head, I just had to ask about them. DeWayne was very laid back and kindly showed me around the shop. As we talked shop, riding bikes came up and he started telling me about his collection. A few minutes later he turned to me and said "Do you want to see something really cool?" and of course me being me, I said hell yeah! So he took me to this little back room in the shop and when he turned on the light, there I was staring at a damn unicorn! Sitting there in all of it's red, white and blue glory was the fabled Gen 1 Nostalgia Super Vee!

The first question I asked was if it ran.... What a dumb question. He started her up and all of a sudden 94 cubic inches of engine was rockin' me out like a heavy metal band. Just WOW! DeWayne ordered the kit out of Super Cycle magazine in 1984 and built the bike from the ground up fabricating some of his own parts for it as well as modifying some of the existing parts to make it a truly one of a kind bike. He also

kept all of the documentation on it including the Super Cycle Magazine that he ordered it from.

As the Associate Editor of Louisiana Biker, I asked him if I could feature it in the magazine and since I'm writing this, we know his answer. His only request was that we put it in the July issue since it was red, white and blue. Well DeWayne.... Here she is! Thank you for taking the time to show me the bike and get pictures of it. We will get together soon for a ride. To our readers.... Thank you for all of the support of our magazine. Keep the wind in your hair my friends.

"Tomcat"



For More Pictures and Information,
Visit our Webpage at:

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New Orleans Bike Week

a rally with a cause

SEPTEMBER 23RD - 25TH, 2016
Mahalia Jackson grounds - Armstrong Park
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BIKE COMPETITION

BIKER GAMES

ORGANIZED EVENTS

FREE FUN RIDES

DISABLED AMERICAN
VETERANS
POKER RUN

THE CULTURE

THE MUSIC

THE FOOD

THE PEOPLE

Watch website for list of live bands
Go to website for self-contained RV parking

www.neworleansbikeweek.com
www.facebook.com/neworleansbikeweek

8TH ANNUAL BIKERS IN THE BELTWAY

It was an honor to represent A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana Inc. at the annual Bikers in the Beltway that is held in our nation's capital in May. "Bikers in the Beltway" is an annual event that is hosted by the Motorcycle Riders Foundation. Many motorcycle rights organizations send representatives to the event. This year there were representatives from 25 states! It gives us the opportunity to speak with our congressmen and their staff. This year there were several items on the agenda pertaining to motorcycling. First, we worked on sponsors for a bill to end motorcycle profiling. Motorcycle profiling is defined as "the arbitrary practice of a law enforcement agent or agency using the fact that a person rides a motorcycle or wears motorcycle related paraphernalia as a factor in deciding to stop and question, take law enforcement action, arrest, or search a person or vehicle with or without legal basis under the United States Constitution". The proposal for the bill became necessary when the federal government began giving grants to states for "motorcycle only checkpoints". We felt that stopping only motorcyclists was profiling and that the monies would be better spent on motorcycle safety and car driver awareness. Last year, with the help of several congressmen, we inserted language into the highway bill that cut the federal funding associated with the grants. However, the National Highway Transportation Department found a new source of monies to fund these grants. Currently, these types of checkpoints due not exist in Louisiana. A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana sponsored a bill that became law and banned these types of checkpoints. Second, we worked on a bill that would protect a biker's right to modify any street motorcycle into a competition-only vehicle. I would like to personally mention that Congressman Ralph Abraham and Senator David Vitter have co-sponsored the bill! We also worked on the "Re-establishment of the Motorcyclist Advisory Council", and updating the federal definition of a motorcycle. We are also working hard to keep our fuel at E-10 levels. The lobbyists for corn growers are pushing to increase ethanol levels to E-15. The higher level fuels are only approved for certain vehicles and have not been tested on motorcycles.

This year at the Capitol I did have some time to take a small tour thanks to the office of John Fleming! I enjoyed seeing some cool history and was able to go the Senate and House floor.



The security was very high! I attended a social in the Lincoln Room with House Majority Whip Steve Scalise. I was standing next to the couch that President John Adams died on! The room is named after Abraham Lincoln and there is a portrait of him over the fireplace.

After a full day of lobbying we gathered together at the local AMVETS to have some drinks and discuss our work. I had the opportunity to meet bikers from several states and made some new friends from Arizona. Looking forward to continue fighting for our rights in our Nation's Capital!

Ride Safe, Ride Free
Donnie R Brown MBA
MRF State Rep





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2120 Broad Street, Lake Charles, LA 70601

THE TRUTH ABOUT MC's

When Frosty asked, or more like expected me to join him in working on this new magazine Louisiana Biker, almost immediately I realized what part in it I really wanted to take. God love him, he pretty much lets me do my own thing and I was so excited (still am). My heart is with showing the truth about the motorcycle club. Much more often than not these "dirty, no good, mean bikers" are actually good ol' boys and I want to show this. There is truly a sad misconception of club brothers being no good, emotionless criminals and anyone who hangs around in the biker world is nothing but trouble also. Or so I found out one morning at church I'm into trouble because of the "gangs" I hang out with. I'm still chuckling over that one. I was even told I was up to no good by another person....wow!

Gray Ghost Freddie Grappe invited me down to Zwolle for Special Olympics. So on May 5th I set my cameras up at the Festival Grounds in Zwolle and waited. At 9am, I was not disappointed when Freddie came through the gate leading the parade of 22 bikes and 24 riders circling the pavilion and all the kids. Oh my gosh, those kids were grinning from ear to ear; they were some happy babies. And it wasn't just those sweet faces grinning big, but so were the teachers and parents. But the biggest grins were actually on the faces of those "big, ol' mean bikers." The Ghosts didn't leave it there, but also gave a donation of \$3,450.00 to Sabine Parish Special Olympics. Clubs and organizations represented were Gray Ghosts MC, Noble Sons RC, Soldiers of the Cross MM, A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, Patriot Guard Riders, and Independents.

On about May 4th, a beautiful 2-year old baby girl, Willow Rain Renteria-Molina went missing and was found a day later passed away. The Bandidos wanted to help with the funeral and the tombstone. To achieve this, on May 21st they held a benefit at the Infirmary just south of Leesville. There were bikers from several clubs; bikers from MC's to independent riders from all across the state who showed. A large percentage of these bikers are fathers and the idea of anything happening to a 2-year old little girl or



boy affects them just as strongly as it would anyone else, maybe even, sometimes a little stronger. The Bandidos raised enough money to pay for Willow's funeral and tombstone thanks to the Central Chapter Bandidos. I wish I was able to name all the clubs who attended, but there is no way possible. At one point I went out to the parking lot and not only was it completely filled with bikes, but areas around the parking lot were filled as well, all for Willow Rain. This is how bikers truly are, not how the media would have you believe.

I grew up being told you are judged by the company you keep. But I've also always been told to never be judgmental or to stereotype. If I am judged by the company I keep, then I am an amazing person because I only hang around amazing people. To anyone who would normally read this magazine, I know I'm preaching to the choir. But if one person picks up this magazine at a bar, restaurant, shop, or wherever who isn't normally in the company of bikers and especially biker clubs; my hope is you will give them a chance and see them as they really are. In many cases I would trust these guys before I would a lot of other types. Bikers are probably the most patriotic of any group of people outside of military, but a huge percentage is military. If it came to defending our country on the home front, bikers will be at the forefront; you can take that to the bank.

Let me ask you, the reader one question: how often would you be at a huge event and feel not only completely safe, but know your possessions were completely safe as well? A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana holds our annual state rally every year in conjunction with the Confederates MC Annual Spring Blow Out at Bonnie & Clyde Trade Days. This year I had my cameras and laptop in my car; I also had money and

some other valuables, but I never once worried about locking the car. I even slept in my car and knew all was safe. When I go to CoCI (Confederation of Clubs & Independents) or to our State A.B.A.T.E. (American Bikers Active Towards Education) of Louisiana, Inc. meetings I don't worry either. Sure, there are bad people in all walks of life, including some churches. But I feel a lot safer in the biker world than I do in any other. And as I've mentioned before in a previous issue, I've never been mistreated, much less disrespected by any club member and this is coming from an outsider and woman who has been allowed a tiny bit into a man's world. Bottom line, show respect and get respect. Maybe everyone should strive to be as loyal and trustworthy as these "dirty, no good motorcycle clubs."

If you want to fight for biker rights, how to be a part of fighting against profiling, be a part of increasing biker safety then you should come to COCI the last Sunday of every odd month and to A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, Inc the 2nd Saturday of every odd month; both meetings take places in Alexandria. Look for the write up on each one's May meeting in this issue for addresses and times.

I'm going to step back off of my soap box for now...for now! Normally I wouldn't add Scripture into one of my articles, although I was born, raised, and still am a Southern Baptist, but I just felt these two verses were very appropriate.

Matthew 7:1-2

King James Version (KJV)

1 Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly



A.B.A.T.E. OF LOUISIANA, INC.
by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly

I'm not quite sure what motivated me to join A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, Inc. other than being curious and having some friends who were members. I believe the first members I met and became friends were Rob Breedlove, Brandie Jensen, Donnie & Michelle Brown, and, Kay & Bennie Whitton. Sure, the annual membership is only \$20, shoot for that matter, lifetime is only \$150. That's not why though, I guess just because I was told it was a good thing to do by some people I trusted. Well as time went on and I got to know more members and especially after I started going to my chapter meetings, I have made some of the dearest friends! But they are fighters! Not only are they fighters, they pull you right into the mix with them before you even realize you've been pulled into it ha!

So here I am today typing this article on what? A.B.A.T.E. of course. A year and a half ago I somehow ended up as North Louisiana PR (because I like to take pictures) and a year ago this very month my car IS the State Store! I love what I do, I love these other A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana members, but I especially love what WE do! We fight, and fight hard, for all biker rights and safety. Yes, we have a whole lot of fun doing it, but we're 100% serious! We have membership drives, cook offs, different rides to let bikers and supporters know who we are and for what we stand.

June 4th, Northwest Chapter A.B.A.T.E. had a rib cook off at Bossier City Harley Davidson. The Rib Cook Off's proceeds went to A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, Inc and Fallen Brothers Foundation, with over \$2000 in proceeds being split evenly between the two. Fallen Brothers Foundation does great things also by helping riders who go down as the name implies. There will be an article on them in the near future.

There were 9 teams completing in the rib cook off. The winners were as follows: 1st place Running Dogs Riding Club, 2nd place – Bossier Parish A.B.A.T.E., tie for 3rd place – CVMA 6-3 and Union Parish A.B.A.T.E., 4th place Shreveport Gray Ghosts MC, 5th place – Team PAC, 6th place – Valley Grinding, 7th place – Confederates MC, 8th place - Northwest A.B.A.T.E. There was also a chicken cook off and those winners were 1st place – Union Parish A.B.A.T.E., 2nd place – CVMA 6-3, 3rd place – Team PAC, tie for 4th place – Shreveport Gray Ghosts MC and Valley Grinding, 5th place – Confederates MC, 6th place – Northwest A.B.A.T.E., and 7th place – Running Dogs Riding Club. Bossier Parish A.B.A.T.E. did not compete in the chicken competition. Let me just say this, everything I tasted was wonderful and I was stuffed when I left! It was a great time and for good causes!

On the serious side of A.B.A.T.E. and what we do. This year already we've had two bills at the Capitol: HB 337 – Freedom of Choice Bill and SB 171 – Vulnerable Road User Bill. Unfortunately both were shot down, but we won't be giving up. We'll keep fighting the fight; in the immortal words of Karen Carpenter, "We've only just begun!"

If you would like to help make a difference plus make some of the best friends around and go to the best of the best events, you need to join A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana! You can join for \$20 per year or \$150 for a lifetime membership, or for a couple a lifetime membership is \$225. As long as your membership is in good standing you will also have \$3500 accidental death and dismemberment insurance. So y'all come on and join us!

To join or to learn more about A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, go to <http://www.abateoflouisiana.org/>



COC&I

by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly

COC&I was on May 22nd with the Presidents Meeting starting at the new time, 12 Noon and our regular meeting now starting at 1pm.

State A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana President, Randy Postlethwait spoke of bills SB 171 coming to vote on the 24th and HB 337 Freedom of Choice being defeated just barely being defeated with a vote of 49 in favor, 46 against on the first vote April 20th, 53 votes are needed for a bill to pass. It came back to a vote on April 26th a vote of 49 in favor and 31 against with 9 representatives walking out before the vote, so again it failed. He also discussed MRF's Bikers In the Beltway and Donnie Brown going to the 3-day event in Washington, DC this year. He also mentioned the AMA fighting the ethanol battle and bill HB 5081 keeping the legal cap at 9.7%. He then thanked all 125-140 participants who showed for the Rally at the Capitol.

Richard Barker, our Louisiana AIM Attorney spoke on benefits of having a free membership through AIM including guaranteed postage to get lost keys back. One-third of their legal fees go back to the corporate office, and they offer countless hours of pro bono although court costs may have to be paid. There is an AIM app for smart phones in order to submit pictures and such. We were also informed an attorney from Waco will be coming soon to talk to us.

John David Saxxon aka Saint spoke on his book "Perhaps Heaven" and the follow-up book which is in the works.

From Swamp: Any new clubs to the COC are strongly encouraged to join A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana, Inc., have a one-year probationary period, have at least three benefits per year, and attend as many other clubs' benefits around the state as possible.

Swamp has a lot of great meetings in the future, starting with our July meeting. Will Dulaney, HOW National President and on the PR Committee of the National COC will be coming to speak at our July 31st meeting. David "Double D" Devereaux of the Outsiders MC from Washington State and also on the National COC board has been a strong anti-profiling advocate and will be at our November COC to speak with us. Slider Gilmore of SOSMC has been an EMT since his 20's and will be coming soon to discuss should and should nots in event someone has an accident. The steps to take in the event of an accident: check on breathing, call 911, traffic control and secure scene, but most importantly do not move the victim.

Per our website:
"The Louisiana Confederation of Clubs &

Independents is a member-based organization of patch holding Motorcycle Clubs, Associations, and Independents who have united to eliminate discrimination against motorcyclists and to increase communication and understanding between clubs, the motorcycling community, Government, and the communities of the state of Louisiana.

Join us as we have a coming together of Motorcycle Clubs, Associations, and Independents to Unite to protect our Rights and Civil Liberties" Our next COC meeting will be July 31st Presidents Meeting will be at Noon Regular Meeting at 1pm

Location
Baptist Temple Church
4200 South MacArthur Drive
Alexandria, LA



PERHAPS HEAVEN: AFTERMATH

Story by John David Saxxon

Introduction by Mama S

This is the second installment of excerpts from Perhaps Heaven: Aftermath, John David Saxxon's second book. We at Louisiana Biker have the privilege of an exclusive sneak peek of the book as its being written. You can pick up the first book on Amazon or through Saxxon's Facebook page.

-Mama S

The Dark Wind

The tent was not large by the standards of most traveling revivals. The Reverend was forced to scale down as time and age took their toll. There was a time when Reverend Samuels could easily set the poles and pull the canvas with little effort. Then he had to install a wench on the front bumper to handle the heavy work. Then it took Anna's help, now Anna did most of the labor, but they always managed, until today. The sunset was beginning to cast long shadows from the oaks at the edge of the carnival grounds. The tarp and ropes still lay across the ground. The old man just didn't have the strength to offer Anna the help she needed.

"Sit with me Anna," Reverend Samuels said patting the ground beside where he sat. His breathing was heavy and it was a struggle for him to get the words out. "I just need a minute," he wheezed and made his best effort to force a smile.

Anna closed her eyes. The wind howled like a living being. In the howls she could hear, in whispers and pleas, the voices of men. They spoke to her in arousal and seduction of the prospects of pleasures she had never allowed to enter her thoughts. Her spirit remained steadfast in righteousness, but her body became eager in response.

Then as quickly as the dark wind had approached, it vanished. Anna opened her eyes to see a hand reaching down to her. A man stood before her. His appearance was immaculate. He seemed to be completely unruffled by the wind, from the part in his jet black hair to the crease in his pants. He was tall and lean with strong arms and shoulders. His

eyes and smile were hauntingly alluring. The features of his face were flawless. He was unquestionably the most striking man she ever seen, no it was more than that, he was beautiful in a way she couldn't quite fathom. She took his hand without reluctance or hesitation and then they both helped the Reverend to his feet.

"What was that?" Reverend Samuels asked bewildered expression on his face.

"What do you mean?" The man replied.

Anna and her grandfather looked at each other in confusion, the experience was horrifying. Then they both stared at the man astonished that he seemed not to have even noticed the event.

He calmly said, "Must have been some sort of freak windstorm. You never know about this Texas weather."

Reverend Samuels was perplexed by the man's response. He dusted himself off and looked at his granddaughter. Her eyes held a spellbound stare on the mysterious man who seemed to have been swept into her life with the dark clouds of a storm.

Without taking his eyes from Anna, he asked the reverend, "May I help?"

"Well yes sir, you surely can," Reverend Samuels answered, slightly wary, but grateful.

The sun had started to set with a glow like an orange veil across the horizon. He stared at the tent, then to Anna and then to her grandfather. When he spoke he was confident and sure, but in the same instance his voice possessed the soft innocents of a child.

He asked the reverend, "If you would allow me I'd like to address the congregation tonight. I have some experience with the persuasion of men's souls."

Reverend Samuels looped the tape on a reel to reel. He often recorded his sermons along with the singing from the congregation of the evening. When played back it gave the effect

of actually being present and served to comfort the bedridden. But this was something truly special. This was the most incredible singing voice he's ever heard. The conviction in which this man sang the old gospel standards brought tears to his eyes.

"Reverend Samuels and I will be back for tonight's sermon after a brief intermission." The man announced.

"I want to speak with you out back about our message to the crowd this evening," he stated. There was a threatening, cold detachment in his tone.

Anna froze at the thought of confrontation between her grandfather and this man who could touch her so deeply with only a glance. She watched as the two men walked to the back of the tent. The discussion turned to an argument. She couldn't hear what was being said. But she could see her grandfather's face grow flushed and exasperated. He lividly pointed to the highway. The mysterious young man turned to walk away. Before he did he fixed his stare on Anna. The glare of anger transformed to a vulnerability. Anna saw in his eyes a helpless need that her heart could not decline or deny. He walked into the night and she followed with no regard to the origins of her decision or the craving of her heart.

Reverend Samuels, filled with the Holy Spirit, took the pulpit and launched into a blistering sermon never realizing that Anna had gone.

The sheriff's department patrol cars lined the sides of the dirt road. Red lights cast beam across a cow pasture, then to the tree line in the far distance. A teenage boy coming home from his first date had found her. He leaned against the fender of a patrol car, in shock, with vomit spatter on his pants legs and polished cowboy boots. The sheriff was attempting to interview him. The boy's voice was shaky and the sheriff was having trouble making sense out of what he was saying.

"I heard this awful growl'en. I figured wolfs or a big cat had one of the herd down. I pulled the rifle from the rack and cut the wheel to shine the headlights. The thing's eyes glowed a weird kind'a red. I'd never seen an animal's eyes reflect light like that, but it wasn't the reflection. It was ..." The boy's voice trailed off for a moment. He shuttered before

he began again. "I- I don't know what it was, the face, the eyes, I've never seen anything like that. Then it disappeared into the night and I saw her laying on the ground. And sheriff, when it got to the wood, it sounded like- like a man standing out there laughing."

The coroner walked from the crime scene. He called the sheriff to the side and spoke in a hushed tone. "You might want'a keep a lid on this."

The coroner looked away for a long moment, collecting a level of professionalism before he gave the sheriff his findings. "It's the body of a female, mid teens. We should be able to identify her by her long golden blond hair. At first appearance the body seemed to be laying supine, but-"

"But what?" the sheriff demanded, growing impatient.

"Her dress is on backward. The torso is prone. Her arms, legs and neck are broken, shattered actually. Her hands, feet and head are twisted around a hundred eighty degrees. I'm not sure of the origin of the bite marks on her back and around her neck, but their not human. And-" The coroner looked to the heavens. The sheriff thought for a moment that perhaps he was going to cross himself. The corner exhaled deeply and looked to the sheriff. "And, she's been brutally raped and sodomized. She's torn to pieces."

It was weeks before Reverend Samuels could bring himself to return to take down the tent and gather his equipment. When the tent poles were let to the ground he found the tops charred as if they had been set ablaze. When he replayed the tapes of the mysterious young man singing, he discovered that his voice had not been recorded.

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Bikes & Bikinis

BLOCK PARTY

THURSDAY, JULY 7TH -
SATURDAY, JULY 9TH

**THURSDAY
JULY 7TH
4PM-8PM**

**WORLD FAMOUS
MARK BRODY PINSTRIPING**

**DYNO TRUCK & WORLD FAMOUS
MARK BRODY PINSTRIPING**

**FRIDAY
JULY 8TH
4PM-8PM**

**SATURDAY
JULY 9TH
8AM-6PM**

BIKINIS, BOXERS, & CROSSDRESSING CONTEST

BIKINIS REQUIRED, DYNO DRAG RACING, DUNK TANK, VENDORS,
& ALL THE NASTY WINGS TO CHOW TILL THEY'RE GONE



**SAT. JULY 16TH
LA FAMILIE RC
FUNDRAISER**

**SAT. JULY 23RD
MDA COOK OUT**

