

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 6 - JUNE 2016

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# LOUISIANA BIKER MAGAZINE

Volume 1, Issue 6 - June 2016

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**On the Calendar - Model:** Chris Lafitte **Bike:** 2012 Street Glide FLHX

**Special Thanks:** Alan and Marjorie Stanton, Larry Friedman, Nikki Jackson, R. E. Daniels, Dennis Brody

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We are already up to our sixth issue, seven if you count the half size sample issue we put together last November. Our website has been active about six months also, and our Facebook page was started just ten months ago. It is really amazing how far we have come in such a short time. We are ahead of our goals in every metric you can measure. We reached our circulation goal in just three months, with 100% distribution and almost zero returns. Most locations run out within days. We have more subscriptions sold than we had ever planned for.

Traffic on our www site is not bad, but we will be working to increase it in the coming months. Our Alexa rank puts us at #1 in Louisiana for web traffic, but I think we can still do better.

Our social networking stats have been phenomenal. On Facebook, we are #1 in the state by a HUGE margin. From the stats I pulled an hour ago (5/19/2016, 7:30am) our Page Likes are 160% of the next local motorcycle magazine, and our Engagement is an astounding 2000% of theirs. This is the metric that shows how active users are on the page, and that is the one that really counts.

All of this progress and success is only possible because of our staff. We really have a great group of people onboard. This month, we would like to thank and congratulate Sherri Harris, who is known here as Mama S, as she moves up to the position of Marketing Princess. I'm pretty sure she just made that job title up, but I am also sure she will do a great job for us with our ad sales and accounts receivables.

*Frosty*



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### RENEGADE'S PATCH HOLDER DAY

Patch Holder Appreciation at Renegade Harley-Davidson . . . . . 6

### RAMBLIN' MAN

The Bob Seymour Journey . . . . . 8

### CONFEDERATES MC SPRING BLOW OUT

Confederates MC and A.B.A.T.E. Rally at Bonnie & Clyde Trade Days . . . . . 10

Renegade's Patch Holder Day . . . . . 6

The Bob Seymour Journey . . . . . 8

Confederates MC Spring Blow Out . . . . . 10

Wrench's Custom Build . . . . . 12

CVMA Poker Run . . . . . 14

Louisiana Readers . . . . . 15

Calendar . . . . . 16

Hoka Hey Challenge . . . . . 18

Street Soldierz Bike Wash . . . . . 19

Louisiana Riders . . . . . 20

Hell on Wheels MC . . . . . 22

Cycle Gear Bike Night . . . . . 24

Camp Rainman Ride . . . . . 26

Farewell to Squirrel . . . . . 28

Love, Loyalty, Respect . . . . . 29

Perhaps Heaven: Aftermath . . . . . 30





# PATCH HOLDER DAY

Renegade Harley-Davidson in Alexandria held a Patch Holder appreciation day on April 30th, and I think this is just a great idea. It was really nice to see something done for the serious, long-time riders. Unfortunately Louisiana weather got in the way of some of the planned events, but it was still a great day. The day was supposed to kick off with an organized ride, which was rained out, but the weather began to clear around noon, and things picked up a lot after that. The two pictures at the bottom of this page were taken just a couple hours apart. Rain might change your plans, but it can't stop a good party. I had to leave early for another appointment, but the crowd was really coming in by the time I left.

The Band DV8 moved indoors, which was a little crowded, but these guys always put on a solid show. Jesse, Greg, and Artie are local favorites and you can catch them at many Biker events.

Renegade provided free food, giveaways, and had other vendors on hand. Heather's Embroidery was kept busy sewing on patches, and The Parlor Tattoo Studio was there with t-shirts and other merchandise, and albums of their work. These guys are worth checking out, their artwork was terrific.

Lots of trophies were available for the bike show, in many different categories. Quality stuff, no cheap prizes here. As with everything else planned for this day, it was all first class. Big thanks to Brandy and everyone else at Renegade who put this together. Even with the weather you pulled off a great event, and I hope Patch Holder Day is a regular thing going forward.

*Frosty*



# RAMBLIN' MAN

## THE BOB SEYMOUR JOURNEY

There comes a time in everyone's life when they just say "screw it!" (Or some variation of that), throw caution to the wind, and do something they think will help them find whatever they may be looking for.

For one man, it's almost like he's chasing a ghost. She's directing him all across our great country, sharing his story, and spreading the word of God to whomever wants to listen.

Bob Seymour grew up in the biker world. After he was discharged from the Marines, he went to ministry school. While he wouldn't change any of that for the world, he knew being a pastor in a church just wasn't his calling. He said he's done more true ministry work this year on the road, than in the 25 years prior in a church.

When his wife, affectionately nicknamed Toots, of 40 years passed in January of 2015, Bob was a man lost. There were so many regrets and "I should haves", that he was tearing himself apart. "The big things don't matter; it's the littlest things that you didn't do are the biggest regrets. The simplest things are the often the loudest. You're going to remember the little things. I'd always make her coffee in the mornings and take her a cup before she got out of bed. For 6 months after she passed, I still woke up at 530 and couldn't figure out why I was so damn restless..."

When he woke on January 1st of this year, he was a new man; a man with a mission. He felt the pull of the road, "God was pulling" him to the road and he kept hearing "48" over and over in his head, in his heart. He made a few calls and many of his minister friends came to him, to pray, and help guide him, maybe help him to understand what he was meant to do. He was, and still is, unsure of his exact purpose, but he knew what he had to do. Bob sold or gave away everything he owned, including his late wife's collection of a TON of stuffed moose (yeah it's a thing...), bought a Harley and decided to just ride. His underlying goal is to ride the lower 48 this year. He took off from Holly Ridge, North Carolina the third week of January this year, with everything he owned strapped to the back of Bullwinkle.

I first caught wind of The Bob Seymour Journey on Facebook while he was in Texas. I was more than blown away by his story. A friend in South Texas put him up for a few days and decided Bob's story needed to be shared with the world; he set



him up a Facebook and gofundme page. Overnight, he went from having a couple hundred friends to thousands! "It's just surreal man. I still can't wrap my head around why people are so interested in me", he's said to me several times as we've spoken. He's been so humbled by the outpouring of love, prayers, and well wishes, it's unreal.

When I first spoke with Bob, he was "somewhere in this state that never ends! (Texas)" and headed west on a mission to see a close friend. While on the phone for close to two hours, we discussed everything from love and death, to bikes and the "entertaining" folks you meet on the road. He mostly sleeps under the stars in his tent, when he has one. He's been through 4 tents since January, because he keeps giving them away to homeless people he runs across in his travels. The money from the GoFundMe account? Occasionally it gets spent on a cheap motel room if the weather is nasty; other than that, it's given away as well. He's been known to buy Servicemen lunch because "well, they damn well deserve it. It's the least I can do".

There really is no set agenda or schedule he's trying to keep, just...go. The only things he would really like to do is get to a Joe Bonamassa concert and try to get to Sturgis this year. These things are kind of hard to do when you're basically living off Survivor Benefits of roughly \$26 a day. The GoFundMe money is not an option for this to him. "I won't take that money to go to a concert while I know there is someone out there that can use it more."

Photo by Sandy Savanna



"My first time in Louisiana, I had to scoot straight through. I remember riding through and seeing something in the distance; couldn't figure out what it was; Holy crap! Is that a bridge? It IS a bridge! I have to go over THAT?!?!?" It was the Lake Charles Bridge, by the way.

He's been offered a place to crash more and more here lately. "The brotherhood of the biker community is unlike any other out there. Who else would open their homes to a stranger like that? Welcome him, feed him, like they've known him for years? And it's like that no matter where you are. I've traveled overseas and it's the same Brotherhood in Tel Aviv as it is here in the States; it's just a huge family."

I finally got the chance to meet Bob face to face in April. We met at a little bakery in Columbia, LA called Freestyle Cakes (shameless plug...this place is great!) for coffee and a little small talk. We discussed his thoughts on Louisiana; "The first time I came through, everything was dead and dreary. This time, everything is alive and just beautiful. It's one of the most beautiful states I've seen; except for the roads, they're awful! I was almost taken out by a missing chunk of highway!" He went on to talk about the people here; "When I first came through, it was down South. It was a like being in another country; they have an amazing accent but I sure had a hard time understanding half of it!" But as whole, "everyone is so kind and generous, and willing to talk and actually listen."

He was at a rest stop, trying to warm up a bit "Somewhere down south I can't begin to try and pronounce the name of" when he ran across a nameless couple he will never forget.

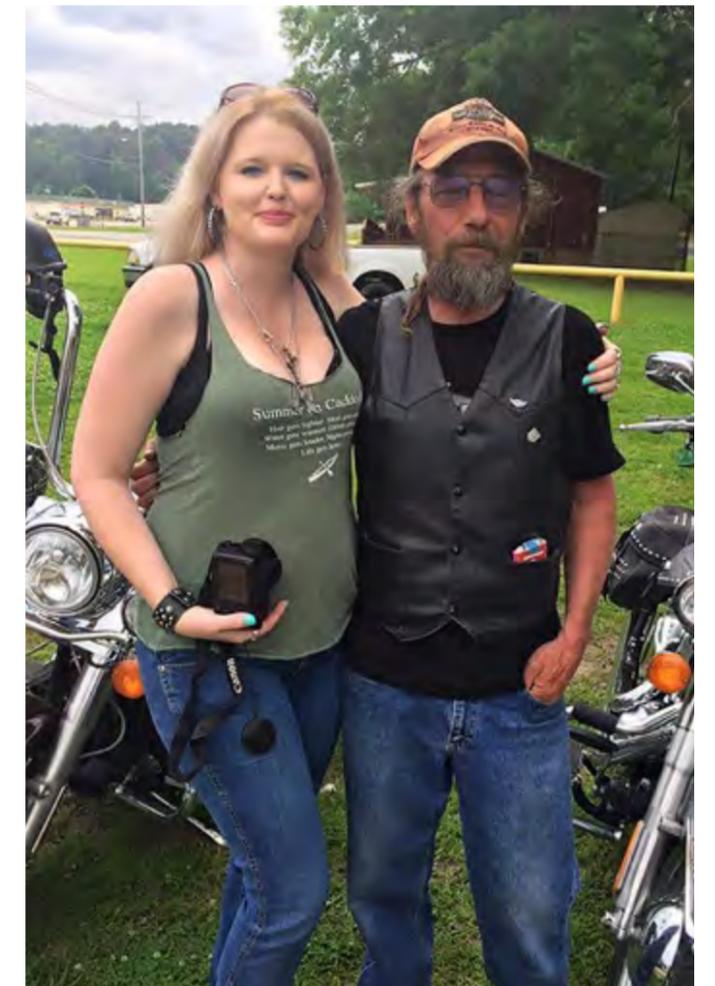
It all started with the man asking about his motorcycle and laughing when Bob told him the 2015 Heritage's name is Bullwinkle. When the man's wife came out, they continued talking and Bob proceeded to tell them about his journey and inadvertently

making them a part of his story. The unnamed woman began to tear up and asked if they could pray with him. Prayers and goodbyes said, they went to part ways. "As I was getting on Bullwinkle, I see these taillights out of the corner of my eye, coming right for me! Freaked me out, I tell ya. This woman jumps out of the car, running towards me, still with tears in her eyes. She then takes the scarf off her neck and wraps it around mine. Said she couldn't do much but at least she could help me stay a little warmer." (If by chance, this couple is reading this, Thank You for taking care of my new friend.)

"I tell this story to tell you this; as far as I've ridden, as many states as I've been in (14 so far this year) I've never met kinder, more genuine people than here in Louisiana."

Thank you Bob, for sharing your story with me and allowing me to share your story with my readers. To completely tell this story, I would've needed to write a whole book! I hope I did you justice. Ride safe and continue chasing that wind, my Brother....

Story and Photos by Mama S.



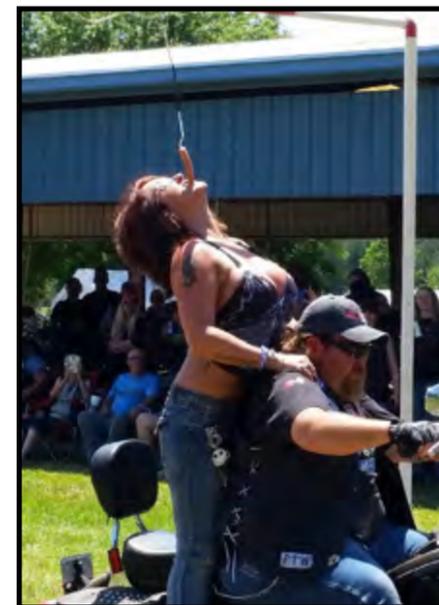
# CONFEDERATES MC ANNUAL SPRING BLOW OUT 2016

By FlipFlop

Every first weekend in May, the thundering sound of Harley Davidsons enters the small town of Arcadia, La. The highways are packed with trucks bearing campers and enclosed trailers to attend the biggest rally in North Louisiana. The Confederates Motorcycle Club host their annual spring blowout at the Bonnie and Clyde Trade Days Park, owned and operated by Dennis Smith and Sherry Bond. Friday is usually a time where everyone comes in to set up camp and by nightfall the park is lit with small campfires. Guests could enjoy vendors, such as Southern Santa, Buster's Leatherworks, and others. Confederate Michael Ray, former president of the Ruston chapter, put on a great show on stage Friday night. The good time rolled well into the night with Diamond Dan Shaddix keeping the music going as the DJ.

Saturday morning you can be met by the smiling faces of Bones and Ms. Betty serving hot coffee and good conversation. Around lunch time, the bike show started featuring different classes of motorcycles and trikes. John David Saxxon, also known as Saint Barnett, who is the founder and president of The Band MC was signing copies of his new book, "Perhaps Heaven."

The bike games began shortly after the bike show featuring games, such as the slow race, the weenie bite, and the keg roll. As the sun began to go down, the White Trash Wannabes took the stage putting on one hell of a show. After the band's performance, the wet t-shirt contest kicked off around midnight. Confederate Jerm, national President of the Confederates MC, thanked everyone for coming out, officially ending the night on Saturday. Everyone gathered around a bonfire at the Confederates camp where one could hear laughter, stories from the past, and an occasional tear. In the land of cotton good times are not forgotten.....see ya next year!



# WRENCH'S CUSTOM BUILD

By: Mama S

So there's this killer bike shop in Columbia, La called Kala's Custom Harleys, owned by Wrench on paper only. You walk in and you KNOW who the real owner of the place is; his young daughter Kala! She knows more about bikes than a lot of men I know!

I was up there a while back and he had just finished wrapping up his newest personal project; She's a beauty too! I was awestruck when I first saw her.

She started out as an '05 HD Deluxe on a stock 88 cu. in. twin cam. All of the work, including the beautifully bad ass "Black Cherry" paint job, was done in-house by Wrench, with a little help from Kala and one of his shop hands. They spent every free moment they had working on this because he had always wanted to build a bike like this. It took about a month to finish this project up.



- Some of the custom work he did to it:
- \*21" front wheel and tire
  - \*Chrome front end
  - \*Chrome hand controls
  - \*16" Apes
  - \*Lowered
  - \*LED light kit
  - \*Smoke lens covers
  - \*Fishtail exhaust
  - \*Solo seat
  - \*Braided Chrome cables
  - \*Side mounted chrome tool box (that blends in seamlessly with the bike)
  - \*Custom Black Cherry paint



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# 4TH ANNUAL CVMA 6-3 PEYTON "JORGE" WILSON POKER RUN

Every year the Combat Veterans Motorcycle Association (CVMA) Louisiana Chapter 6-3 holds their annual Peyton "Jorge" Wilson Poker Run. This year was their 4th annual, which was held on April 23rd starting with registration and leaving from Twin City Cycle World in Bossier City and ending at Marilyn's Place in Shreveport where the silent auction, band, and rally took place.

This year there were a total of 79 participants with more people showing up for the rally at Marilyn's Place; I would say a lot more. The food at Marilyn's was excellent! I split a catfish and shrimp pobo with a friend of mine. It was so good we went back a few days later for another one. The band was the Hollow Decks, who amazed I think all of us. They were a young band, but played Classic Rock and played it very well! A.B.A.T.E.'s Bossier Parish set up at Twin City Cycle World while A.B.A.T.E.'s Northwest Chapter set up at Marilyn's Place, plus Maddog's Silver and Mrs. Maddog's sewing, and she did a lot of sewing of patches thanks in part to some members being patched. Congratulations to those. There were also other vendors selling a variety of things. Jack "Hoss" Frazier was the winner of the silent auction for the gun. Congratulations Hoss!

Money collected has been donated to Hidden Haven Service Dog Training, Inc., Shreveport and Autobody Express in Bossier City. Hidden Haven has received \$3100 to provide a warrior with a service dog; the warrior's service dog has recently passed away. Randy Coburn, Hidden Haven's owner has been working to replace her dog, so as Sherri Bohannon states, "the timing was perfect." Autobody Express also received \$3100 to be used to repair a vehicle to specifications, which will then be donated to a deserving veteran on Veteran's Day.

From CVMA 6-3's PRO, Sherri "IDLE" Bohannon: "I would like to thank all of the businesses in the local and surrounding areas who donated monies and items to us for the event. I would like to thank the band, the "Hollow Decks" for providing us three hours of rocking entertainment on the house.



I would like to thank our vendors, who enabled us to expand our efforts this year with a rally, thus enabling us to raise even more money for local veterans. I would also like to thank all members of the chapter who volunteered their time and efforts. We simply couldn't have pulled this off without you. Thank you. I do want to send a special thanks to Joel and his staff at Twin City Cycle World in Bossier City and BOZ and his staff at Marilyn's Place. They opened their doors to us and allowed us to start and finish our poker run at their establishments. And especially to Boz and his staff, who were completely accommodating to me all the many times I went back and asked for more.

The slogan for Combat Vets is "Vets Helping Vets." If you ever doubted it, go to one of their events and see where the money goes; it actually does go to Vets.

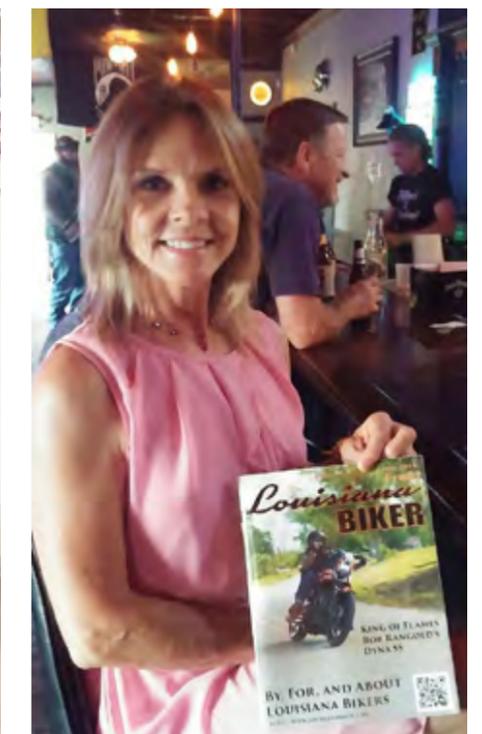
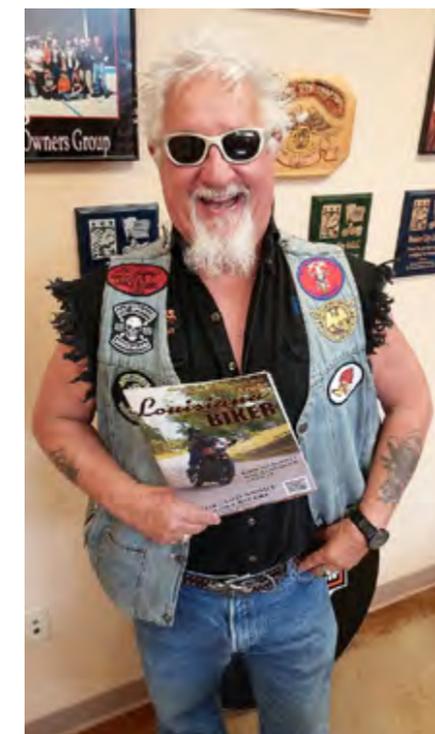
The incorporated colors of CVMA's patch are: Red, representing the blood that has been shed on the battlefield. The Military Gold, representing all branches of the military service of the United States. Black, representing the heavy hearts possessed for those who gave their lives and for those that are considered missing in action or prisoners of war. The Skull and ace of spade represents the death that war leaves in its wake.

If you're a Veteran, ride, and interested in the CVMA, please contact Shawn "BO" Bohannon at (318) 572-7864 or via e-mail at cvmala63@gmail.com  
*by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly*



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# Louisiana READERS



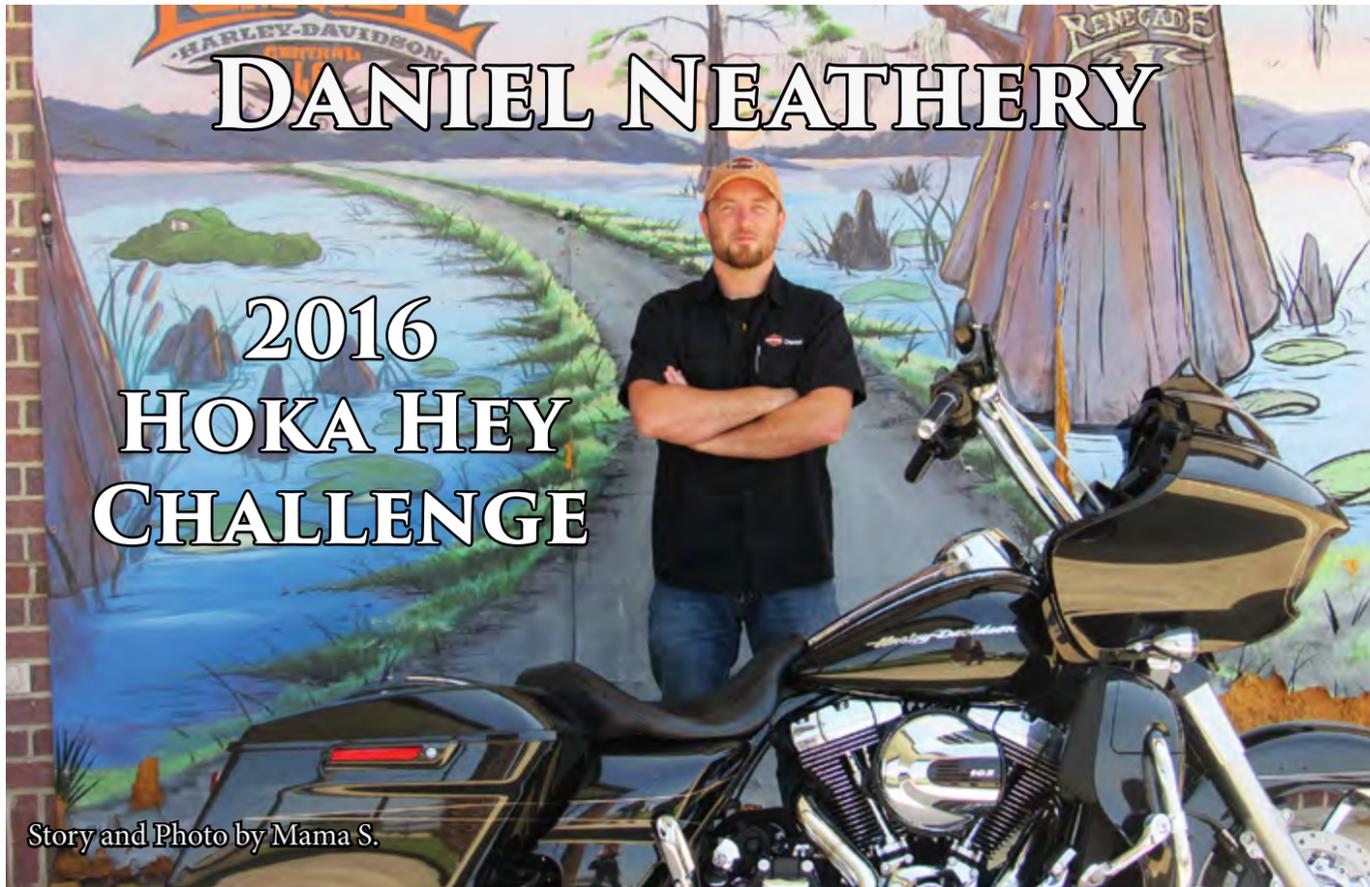


CHRIS "ROAD DAWG" LAFITTE

Photo by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly

## June 2016

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6 D-Day, WW2	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14 Flag Day	15	16	17	18
19 Father's Day	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	<i>Louisiana</i> <b>BIKER</b>	



As I was dropping off May's issue at Renegade HD in Alexandria, I learned of something amazing being sponsored by them.

There's an annual ride called the Hoka Hey Motorcycle Challenge; Riders who sign up will run an intense 10,000 miles, leaving on June 21, 2016 from Pala Indian Resort and Casino on the Pala Indian Reservation which is on the west coast of Southern California. They will end their journey at Wolf's Run in the heart of the Seneca Indian Nation in Irving, New York. Riders are only allowed what will fit in their saddle bags, use cell phones in emergencies only, and must sleep outside next to their bike wherever they stop, throughout the entirety of the journey.

That's where Daniel Neathery (Rider #856), and his 2016 Road Glide come in. He learned of the challenge back in 2012, when Renegade was an official HHMC Checkpoint. With a little push from his friend and now-HHMC riding partner, Gary Cooper, and sponsorship from his long time employer, Renegade HD, Daniel decided this was his year.

Every participant must pick a charity to ride for. Daniel has chosen St. Jude Children's Research Hospital and his goal is to raise \$10,000 for them. The only money used out of any donations will be to help offset fuel costs for both him and the bike.

This is the first year the CheckIn points have ever been announced beforehand. At every stop, participants will be given a paper map with directions to the next CheckIn point, using only the map and their

wits to arrive at the next location. Every bike will be outfitted with GPS so those of us at home can follow along. They will all pull out together, but soon everyone will find their own pace and get comfortable.

"Why did I decide to do this? A couple reasons; One is purely selfish", Daniel laughed, "I love to ride. It's a truly unique experience I don't want to miss out on. Second, it's for the cause. St. Jude does so much and I want to give back to them, do my part."

When asked if he's ever done anything like this, a ride this long, the answer was unexpected. "Cooper and I made a trip to Canada and back in 5 days. There's just nothing there, so we came home."

Daniel is also raffling off a Kimber MicroCarry 911 (.380) with all proceeds going to St. Jude's as well. Tickets can be purchased at the service counter at Renegade.

Louisiana Biker will be getting on-the-road updates from Daniel that we will share with you as they happen, as well as a follow up interview with him when they return.

Check our website often for the latest updates on Daniel... louisianabiker.com and our Facebook page.

If you would like more information or to donate, contact Brandy Wills, Renegade HD's Marketing Director, at 318-488-1509 or bwills@renegadehd.com

<http://www.hokaheychallenge.com/>  
to donate:  
<https://secure.acceptiva.com/?cst=7f7115>

# STREET SOLDIERZ MC CHARITY BIKE WASH

by SSMC Digger

We are Street Soldierz MC Sulphur Creole Chapter. This was our first time doing this bike wash and link sale. We wanted to do something in the community to give back, so we decided to try it out. To our surprise we had an awesome turnout. We have chosen to do this again and each time pick a different group to donate to. For this first event we are donating to Serve Outdoors Bayou State. The money earned was presented at the Roll to the Grove event in Sulphur on May 14th. From Street Soldierz Prez Digger and all of us at the Creole Chapter, we would like to say thanks for the support.



**Serves Outdoors** is a 501 C3 nonprofit organization that assists disabled individuals, veterans, disabled veterans, youth, special needs folks and the elderly to experience the outdoors on hunting and fishing adventures.



# HELL ON WHEELS MC BISTINEAU CHAPTER

February 28, 2016 was an exciting day for me. I went to the Hell on Wheels MC Bistineau clubhouse and left grinning from ear to ear. There were so many friends old and new there. Oh yes, I had a great time, but that wasn't the only reason. Hell on Wheels MC Bistineau Chapter and The Confederates MC were a 50/50 partner in a crawfish boil where all clubs, associations, and independents were invited on Feb 28, 2016. There were 315 pounds of crawfish gone while there was still a long line waiting to get them. There were about 12 clubs and 150-200 people throughout the day who made a showing. It was such a great day, but the best part was when I was saying my goodbyes and National VP Jason Harris and I spoke. I was telling Jason I would love to do an article on the club when he informed me National President Will Dulaney would be coming in for their annual on March 19th and would like for me to meet him and speak with him also. I actually think I floated a little I was so tickled. So on March 18th we met at the Bistineau Chapter clubhouse with Will, Jason, and a few other members; including some who came in from North Carolina chapters for a very relaxed and good natured interview.

Let me start by giving a little information on Will Dulaney. Although he is humble and really doesn't want this to be about him, I would like to give some background on him. Will is a very interesting person; I jokingly asked him if there was anything he didn't do, but at the same time I was serious.



On top of being National President of HOWMC, he was a Special Operator; he is a Professor of International Security Studies specializing in Counter Terrorism and Counter Insurgency; and he is on the PR Committee of National CoC (Confederation of Clubs). Will is one of 1st to train and effectively integrate Female Engagement Teams into meaningful combat operations in Afghanistan, which included Sgt Janeane. He not only stands for what he believes in, he is extremely knowledgeable about. The man knows his stuff. There's not much better than a cool guy who is smart and has a great sense of humor AND a biker! According to Jason, "Will is doing what he can on the National level while the chapter is doing what we can at the community level."

According to Will, Hell on Wheels MC is a new club, which is approximately 10 years old and was "originally started as a motorcycle racing club in the holler of West Virginia back in the early 1900's." HOWMC has a good friendship with other MC's. In our conversation we discussed both the National and Louisiana Coalition of Club and Independents, which lead to John Frank Lewis and his recent passing. John Frank's mentorship was a huge factor to the chapter being started and succeeding in the state of Louisiana and the club owes a huge debt due to this. John told Jason the first benefit must have good food; people must leave fat and happy. I can personally vouch that they are still succeeding at that level! Will and Jason spoke with great respect of John Frank; Will also spoke well of the Louisiana CoC saying the "Louisiana CoC runs like it should be run and is absolutely one of the best." Will's view on being an MC especially



in Louisiana, "it is the best part of being American; honor, honesty, and integrity." I appreciated hearing Will's views on Louisiana and our CoC and not only because he is the HOWMC National President, but also because he is on the National CoC and he has probably seen several state CoC's. On National CoC, Will stated there is true teamwork in National CoC; people who are actually giving of themselves; people giving their time, money, and sacrifice; no part of their involvement is about money.

In February Will and Jason attended the "Rally for Your Rights" in Las Vegas, where a member of a dominate club put a meeting in place between Will and David Devereaux aka Double D. At this point, Will joined with Double D and the team in the great things they have been doing, "A lot of effort is being made on a large scale for anti-biker profiling laws and biker justice. This was done with no self-interest for credit, all for the cause of the greater good, for the good of all bikers. Hell on Wheels is honored to be part of such a movement that could write part of MC history. Motorcycle culture and motorcycle clubs are an important part of American history and what makes our country great. So much so that MC's are now spread across the globe. MC's represent the very core of what it means to be an American." When Will and Jason spoke of Double D, it was with much respect and to the person who brought them together, I thank you! We need more guys like these fighting for us and against profiling!

Hell on Wheels MC holds many benefits each year to aid and support various people and organizations, including [www.stopsoldiersuicide.org](http://www.stopsoldiersuicide.org), [www.woundedwarriorproject.org](http://www.woundedwarriorproject.org), Jackson County Christmas Connection, Jackson County Little League, Buncombe County Toy Run, Hendersonville Toy



Run, Madison County Toy Run, Toys for Tots, CASA, Tiffany Copeland, Bre Promise, Facing Our Risk of Cancer (FOROC) - Compound, Jaime (cancer), Leather & Lace, Austin Trombley (burial), Salvation Army, and many local people in need.

With all of the benefits they put on, they also put on a few events just to have a good time and fellowship with clubs and independents; such as the crawfish boil I had mentioned earlier. At their 3rd anniversary party on March 19th there were approximately 150 people who included HOWMC members, 12 other clubs, independents, and even one patrol officer. These guys have a great friendship with the elderly couple who live next door and watch out for the clubhouse and brothers. As was mentioned during the conversation, "pay forward and help others; it's a known fact where there are motorcycle clubhouses in the area, crime goes down." Jason pointed out, "Grandparents took so much pride in being the best neighbor they could be. Now we barely know our neighbors"

*by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly*



# CYCLE GEAR BIKE NIGHT BATON ROUGE

Cycle Gear is a chain of motorcycle parts and apparel stores, with 112 locations in 38 states. There are two in Louisiana, Baton Rouge and Lafayette. Both have a monthly bike night, and on May 11 we went to the one on Sherwood Forrest Blvd. We had planned to go in April, but the scheduled date was right at the start of the rains and flooding that hit us so hard that month. The weather in May could not have been better, and the staff at Cycle Gear put on a great event.

Keven and Zach Nolde put on a riding exhibitionm showing off some road racing skills and other tricks. Cycle Gear put out a huge stack of free pizzas, but they still went pretty quick with the large crowd. There were drawings for prizes, and sale specials throughout the evening.

The turnout was much larger than I expected, and there was support from other local businesses as well. A large crew from Indian of Baton Rouge showed up, bringing a Polaris Slingshot with them, and Friendly Powersports in Slidell was also represented. Multi-time AMA champion Jamie James showed up on one of his custom Yamahas.

The variety of bikes in attendance was pretty cool. There were cruisers, Harleys, Indians, and metrics, and there were sport bikes, LOTS of R1s... but there were many other styles as well, from dual-purpose bikes and super-motard style to a couple old standards, and even a V-Max. It was nice to see such a diverse crowd coming together, all you needed was two wheels.

Big thanks to Robi and his staff for putting this on, and especially to Courtney who we photographed for this month's cover on her Triumph.



Polaris of Baton Rouge



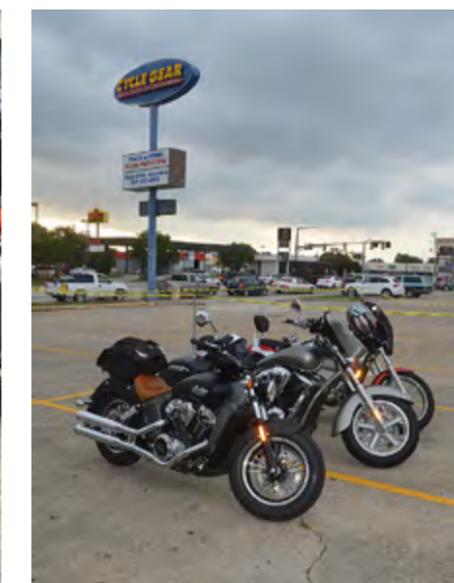
R1 and a V-Max



K and H Racing



Jamie James



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# RUNNING DOGS RC CAMP RAINMAN RIDE

by Stacey "Snoopy" Conly

In our March issue we had a write up on the Running Dogs RC's annual benefit. On April 2nd they surpassed the previous year...yet again.

This year included a \$5 all you can eat pancake breakfast at Applebee's with \$2 out of every \$5 going to Camp Rainman. Applebees was also the registration and staging location. Before leaving on the ride the pledge was said; Dennis "Sherm" Sherman then led us in prayer. RDRC President, Clark "Rooster" McLendon, RDRC Road Captain Loren "Scratch" Martin, and A.B.A.T.E. of Louisiana Bossier Parish Chapter's Road Captain Chris "Spec" Rowell spoke to the riders about the ride, signals, and what to expect.

Thanks to an excellent police escort there was never a foot put down for lights or signs. This was especially impressive considering there were approximately 150 bikes on the ride and it covered 2 parishes. BACAMC, Spec, and Keith "Rainman" Chanler watched the back to assist in it being a smooth and safe ride.

There were about 200 pancake breakfasts sold at Applebees and at the final location, Bayou Thunder Saloon in Shreveport two food vendors were already set up so limited chicken plates were prepared but every plate was sold.

The first year they raised \$800; the following year, \$1600; last year was a "donate and ride" event raising \$5000, which made them the single largest contributor to Camp Rainman. The breakfast, ride, and chicken plate sales raised \$8587 in proceeds this year.



Thank you to all who participated with a special thanks to Chris "Spec" Rowell who raised \$1067 last year and this year raised \$3192, Applebees, Bayou Thunder Saloon, and the Shreveport Police Escort. Special thanks also to the Shreveport Fire Department who showed to eat breakfast wearing their Autism Awareness t-shirts.

I know I speak for the Running Dogs when I say we all look forward to seeing next year grow even larger and bring in even more for such a deserving camp.



## "GOODBYE MY FRIEND...LATER" A FAREWELL TO SQUIRREL

by Mama S.

"You either loved him or passionately disagreed with him, there was no in between with Squirrel; but if you knew him, you admired and respected him."

As I was making my way through the hundreds of people Wednesday, April 20, 2016, I overheard this statement and many more similar to it. This man was adored and cherished by most everyone he met.

"Not many people are known by just one name; you've got Cher, Madonna, Bono, and Squirrel."

Squirrel wasn't a fan of ever saying "Goodbye"; it was always "Later" with him.

Now, I'm not going to sit here claiming I knew the man well; I personally had only spoken to him a few times, but every time I did it was the same thing, "I should be able to remember your name, I'm married to a Sherry!"; and he always got a good chuckle out of that one!

Jimmy "Squirrel" Langston was a beloved asset to the biker community for more years than most of us can remember; from his 30+ years with the Satan's Tramps to Squirrel & Sherry's Cycle Shop.

"He was tight with his money, we all know that, but he was so giving with his heart", especially with the kids. The MDA Poker Run was his baby. This year will mark the 36th Annual. The only thing he was more proud of was his beautiful wife, Sherry, whom was always by his side, even as he took that Last Ride.

When we arrived at the church, the sky was filled with black clouds and a very definite looming chance of rain. It was looking like we were all going to get soaked!



Walking in to the church, I got just a glimpse of what an amazing, beloved, and respected man he was. There were people from all walks of life there, from independent riders to some of the biggest and smallest clubs in the state, as well as regular civilians, and politicians.

His service was full of laughter, and incredible memories were shared. I've never laughed that much during a funeral service, while fighting back tears of sorrow.

As the service ended and we were all standing outside, waiting for Squirrel to make his last ride, I was steadily watching the clouds. Now, I'm not the most religious person in the world but what happened next rocked my soul. As they were bringing out his flag-draped coffin to mount him on the Hearse Bike (that he designed for Griffin Funeral Home, by the way), those evil dark clouds parted and I shit you not, the sun started shining! This girl honestly believes it was Squirrel's way of saying....

"Later"



## LOVE, LOYALTY, RESPECT A PATCH HOLDER'S PERSPECTIVE

These three words you hear quite frequently in the biker world. Words that are spoken from the heart by many, but all too hollow for others. Words that sound cool to them when they say it, but that's about as far as it goes. Let's talk about this a little.

**LOVE:** Love your family...your home family, and your club family.

Love your Brother. Love the freedom. Love the wind...the ride. Just love.

**LOYALTY:** First and foremost....be loyal to yourself. Stand true for what you believe. Never falter on this one. If you can't stand true to yourself, your morals, and your values...you sure as hell can't be truly loyal to anyone or anything else. Be loyal to your patch...your club. They need to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that you'll always have their back....that you'll be there if they ever ring that bell.

**RESPECT:** This is probably, to many of us, the most important of the three. Respect....you either have it, or you don't. There's no middle ground or shady gray area here. And in our world, it's not a good place for you if you don't have it. Respect.... you give it, you get it. Respect doesn't come free in our world...you earn it. Respect covers so, so many different areas. First, respect those old schoolers and 1%ers who paved the way for the rest of us in this life. (and I use the word Life and NOT lifestyle. There is a difference. My bike, my Club is my LIFE, not a life-style) Respect your club brothers. Respect the brothers of other clubs. Respect the fact that their club rules may be a little different than yours, and they may have a different way of getting things done, but respect the fact that that's their choice. Respect...it goes both ways though. Me personally, I show respect to anyone I meet for the first time. And I damn well expect that back. If you disrespect me after I have taken the initiative to respect you, well...let's just say we're gonna talk about that hoss. When you give true respect, DEMAND that back. Accept nothing less. It's a tough world out there, and you're going to be judged accordingly.

You only get one chance on the respect thing. When you first meet someone, especially a patch holder, get the respect thing right the first time. That's how you're going to be looked at from that day forward.

I guess what I'm saying is....don't take these three words lightly. To some of us, these three simple words are the principles and foundation by which we live.

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# PERHAPS HEAVEN: AFTERMATH

Story by John David Saxxon

Introduction by Mama S

Welcome to the first in a series of sneak peaks of JD Saxxon's second book of the Perhaps Heaven trilogy. If you remember, loyal readers, we ran a story about the man behind the first book, **Perhaps Heaven**, back in March. We at Louisiana Biker are privileged to receive excerpts from his second book, **Perhaps Heaven: Aftermath** as it is being written! While you're waiting for next month's installment, pick up a copy of the first book.

- Mama S

*To each ripple in time there is a unique and individual destiny. . . .*

*. . . And for every destiny there is yet another Aftermath.*

Sarah Saxxon

As the warden spoke, I watched a man dressed in black assist the prisoner who had been knocked out, to his feet. He helped him maintain balance for a moment and then he said a few words to him before he stepped away. From the corner of my eye I could see him going from one man to another in line. He would speak to them for only a short time then move on. The indignation deepened to a burning rage from the insolent manner of the warden's berated and demeaning words. My fists were clenched at my side so tightly that the muscles in my forearms burned.

A convict standing down from me whispered to the men beside him and then they all looked at me.

He said, "Don't fuck with him, man, that's da' motherfucker that killed the judge and chief of police over in Blight."

I looked down and closed my eyes, trying to dismiss the statement; I couldn't. The memories I had hoped would be a solace, were no more than a vivid canvas of anguish and grief.

The memory fused to exasperation, the anger

seething just beneath the surface as the man dressed in black stepped before me. I opened my eyes, lifted my head and stared at him. He wore the collar of a priest. He had a kind smile and spoke very softly. The way I felt I was too irate to carry on a conversation with anyone, especially a minister. I had always believed and trusted in God, but right now all of this was too much for my faith to endure.

He extended his hand saying, "My name is Brother Lewis of The Church of-"

I had rarely been tempted to curse and had never been so weak or livid to be blasphemous, but the words burst from my mouth without control, "Well fuck you and fuck your Ch-"

I saw his shoulder shift, but the punch came so fast that I had no hope of blocking or evading it. My eyes shot red and my face grew heavy. The ground rushed up to meet me. The priest caught me in his arms.

He said in a voice tainted with shame and regret, speaking more to himself than to me, "My temper... I'm sorry."

The warden called, "Trouble Brother Lew?"

The priest replied, "No sir, the heat's just too much for him."

\*

There were three cinderblock buildings side by side with a lawn in between each one. The front of the buildings faced the entrance gate and the main yard. I walked in shackles, at gunpoint to the entrance of the far building. The barrack was constructed with the guard's quarters and an open mess hall at one end. To the rear the remaining two thirds of the building was filled to capacity with rolls of bunk beds. A wall of bars and expanded metal ran the width separating the mess hall from the domicile of the main body of convicts. At the opposite end of the barrack a single steel door led to a recreation area that consisted to

two battered and dilapidated basketball goals.

The bunks were aligned with the precision of grave markers in a military cemetery. The barrack had the dismal appeal of an abandon coalmine. I wore the dingy orange uniform of a convict with a six digit number stenciled on a white patch above the breast pocket. It was late in the afternoon. The prisoners working the fields wouldn't return until it became too dark to be productive. I was unshackled and I walked to the far back corner bunk with the coward following silently behind.

A toothless old man, with joints ravaged from arthritis, struggled to sweep the barracks floor. He was bent forward at the waist with hunched shoulders and hands that would barely hold the broom handle. The scars on his arms, neck and face told a story of the violent existence of a man who had spent his life in the brutality of the penal system.

I sat on the bottom bunk. The coward climbed



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to the top rack and let his anemic legs hang off the side. Neither one of us spoke. He seemed to have some inherent knowledge of why he was here. I was clueless, sullen and livid.

The old man straightened his back as best he could. He looked at me with a form of amusement that perhaps a child may have had when he learned the circus was coming to town. He smiles with his gums for much too long a time to imply friendship or greeting.

"Sit'in there, that's a stupid play, boy" he said with an inflection that didn't seem to fit the situation.

I didn't reply. My hard stare spoke the language he understood. He relaxed into his natural posture and continued his awkward slow dance with the broom. I knew I was probably in someone's bunk. It didn't matter, I was eager for a fight.

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