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We're Number 1



"HARLEY RIDERS ARE OLD AND GETTING OLDER."

How often have you heard that vague claim, either in the press or from another rider, usually not riding a Harley®? To some uninformed observers, we're just a bunch of middle-aged white guys getting even older and grayer, but would it surprise you to learn that Harley-Davidson actually sells more motorcycles in the U.S. to people under the age of 35 than any other motorcycle company?

I have to admit it surprised me a bit when I saw the data from automotive research firm R.L. Polk, which reviewed the registrations of all motorcycles sold in the U.S. and found that beginning in 2008 H-D became the top-selling brand in sales of new on-road motorcycles to young adults aged 18-34, popularly

know as Generation Y. In 2009, we extended that lead (the numbers aren't in yet for 2010). And that's for all displacement motorcycles, not just heavyweight bikes. If we only measure heavyweight bikes over 650 cc, we've been number 1 for some time.

What about Gen Y's interest in motorcycling in general? The popular assumption seems to be that "kids today" only play video games. We measure this by looking at the incidence rate, or percentage of people in the population who are riding motorcycles. The good news is that the percentage of young adults aged 18-34 riding motorcycles has been rising. You might also be interested to know that today we sell more new Harley-Davidson® motorcycles to this generation of young adults than we did to Baby Boomers when they were the same age. By total sales, we can say that Harley-Davidson is more popular now with Gen Y than it was for young Boomers back then.

New bike sales aren't the only part of the youth story. As you might expect, younger people are feeling their share of economic pressure these days, and the price of a brandnew Harley-Davidson motorcycle might be out of reach for some of them. So what happens when we add in sales of used H-D® bikes? From 2006-2009 we sold approximately 200,000 used Harleys in the U.S. to this generation of customers, and the number has been increasing. Those used bike buyers tell us that 94 percent of them will eventually buy another Harley. The next highest brand they might consider only appeals to 15 percent of them, which tells us their commitment to the H-D brand is as strong as any generation's has ever been.

Whether you're old, young, or in the middle, this is all good news - not just for Harley-Davidson but for everyone who loves motorcycles. So the next time you are at a big rally or other motorcycle event, take a look at the people around you. Maybe some of the faces will surprise you.

Matt King







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ON THE COVER: Introducing the 2011 Harley-Davidson®

Executive Edito

Editor

att King

Design and Production
GS Design

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We care about you. Ride safely, respectfully, and within the limits of the law and your abilities. Always wear an approved helmet, proper eyewear, and protective clothing and insist your passenger does too. Never ride while under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Know your Harley® motorcycle and read and understand your owner's manual from cover to cover.

HOG magazine is published by Harley-Davidson for owners of Harley-Davidson® motorcycles and anyone interested in news about the Motor Company, its products, and activities. Subscriptions are limited to the U.S.

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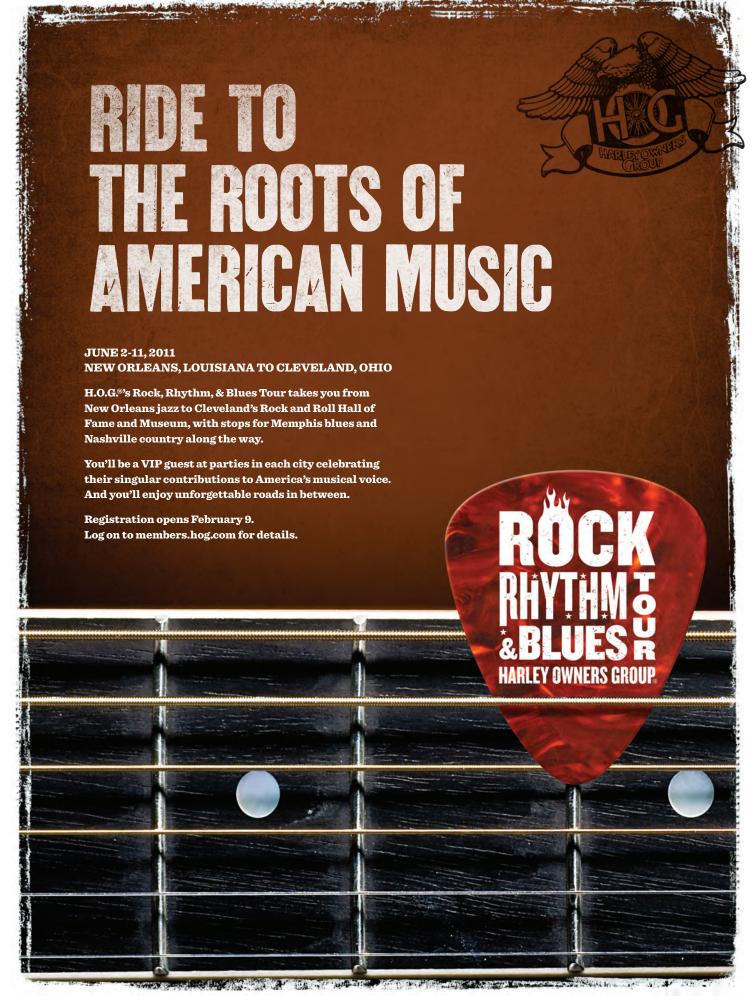
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THE LONG HAUL

I connected with Chris Carr's article, "Going the Distance," in the last edition of HOG° magazine. While riding a loop around Lake Michigan, we hit the "Windy City" at noon on the Friday of a July 4th holiday weekend. During the two hours of constant clutching and eating exhaust fumes, our poor planning was very clear. Chris was on target when he said there's a big difference between hours and miles spent on a bike. I'll take miles any day!

LENET COMPTON

SPRING HILL, KANSAS

In the Fall 2010 magazine [HOG 008], Chris Carr gave advice on taking long rides. He advised that if you're tired and coming to a big city late that you should press on through so you can avoid rush hour traffic the next morning. Are you kidding me? If it's getting late, and you're tired ... STOP. STOP NOW. It's not safe, or smart, to ride through an unfamiliar city in the dark when you're tired. Avoid rush hour traffic by waiting to leave an hour later in the morning. Get some rest, eat breakfast, have an extra cup of coffee. It's much safer to travel through an unfamiliar city rested and in the daylight. PERIOD.

Here's an idea: Stop on the near side of the city, get a good night's sleep, and get up in the morning and go *before* rush hour traffic! Besides, if you're planning every 1/8th second of your trip, why not plan the trip around the cities? And can Chris tell me what happens when my mind enters a "Zen" state and my focus "drifts off and takes me completely somewhere away from my ride" while I'm pushing on through an unfamiliar city, late at night, and I'm tired?

Thanks for the advice, Chris ... but no thanks.

ROBERT L. SMITH

SEYMOUR, TENNESSEE

Thanks for your comments, Robert.
However, please read that section a little more closely. Chris says nothing about being tired. He merely says he will ride through to the other side of the city, even if it's late, to avoid morning traffic the next day. Obviously it's always up to every rider to assess his or her own ability to ride with a sufficient level of awareness regardless of the time of day. –Ed.

TWO FAST WOMEN

That was an excellent article by Jillian Michaels ["Exhaust," HOG 008]. It was great to read about her passion for riding and Harley-Davidson® motorcycles. When I get a chance to catch her show, I think to myself, "Man, she's hot." Now I think she's hot and really cool. She can pass me on the left any day of the week.

JON CHRISTIAANSEN

VIA E-MAIL

As I thumbed through the articles in the Fall 2010 *HOG* magazine, I was pleased to read the "Spotlight" article on Nichole Cheza. The two photos used were perfect. The close-up speaks volumes about her character – she absolutely oozes grit and

determination. The track photo shows her long hair trailing behind her helmet as her pink XR750 slides around the fairgrounds oval like it was on rails.

My wife, Cindy, and I take in the halfmile Grand National dirt track races at Lima, Ohio every year, and we usually tour the pits prior to the races. My wife was drawn to Nichole's pit, while I was collecting autographed posters from the factory riders and taking photos of the awesome bikes. The two ladies were joking around like best friends when I walked up. "Meet Nichole!" Cindy beamed as I extended my hand to the 5'-1" pro racer. Usually the riders seem a bit strained at these public "meet and greet" sessions, but Nichole and I quickly struck up an easy conversation. I was immediately impressed with her poise and confidence. We talked about motocross racing, ice racing, and even a little about her strategy for that day's dirt track race. It was obvious that this girl loves to race motorcycles, and her enthusiasm was contagious.

Other people were waiting for a chance to meet her, too, so my wife and I wished her luck and made our way back to the grandstand. "I don't care who you're rooting for," Cindy said as I thumbed through the event program. "I've got a new favorite."

BOB NETHERTON

MEDINA, OHIO

A JOB WELL DONE

I thoroughly enjoyed the Fall 2010 HOG magazine. With such a variety of articles, it was the best issue yet. I especially liked "A Day's Work" about the Milwaukee Police Department's "bike men." In addition to capturing traits of Officer Rueda's personality, author Mike

Chris was on target when he said there's a big difference between hours and miles spent on a bike. I'll take miles any day!

LENET COMPTON SPRING HILL, KANSAS



Zimmerman and photographer Mark Brautigam provide good insight into the daily activities of MPD's bike riding staff. In the future, I would like to see more articles of other professionals who ride motorcycles on the job: making deliveries, performing stunts, racing, etc.

•••••

CHARLES PETERSON

CLIFTON TOWNSHIP, PENNSYLVANIA

BEE SAFE

I really enjoy HOG magazine and particularly the articles on riding safely. One topic that hasn't been discussed, yet I hope is not relevant to many, is the issue of bee, wasp, and hornet stings while riding. Over the years, I have gotten stung several times. A couple of years ago, while riding a 2008 Dyna® Low Rider,® a hornet got into my shirt and stung me. Within minutes, the condition went from hives to full-blown anaphylactic shock. Fortunately I was near home and a neighbor called an ambulance.

The ride to the hospital was far less pleasant than the afternoon I had been enjoying on the bike. An encounter with a bee, hornet, or wasp while riding a motorcycle is inevitable and will result in a sting. This is true particularly with loose-fitting clothing, such as a T-shirt. My advice is the same as given to me by the physician: If anything other than a small, irritating wound develops from

a bee, hornet, or wasp sting, see an allergist immediately.

RICK THOMAS

STOW, OHIO

I've been stung by a bee while riding and had a bad reaction, so this is great advice.

–Ed.

••••••

MADE IN AMERICA

My buddies and I were in Sturgis, shopping for a few mementos to show off that we once again made the journey. We wear these products proud, and I'm sure this holds true for most who frequent Sturgis each year.

This time we got caught up talking about how so few logoed products are available that are made in America. So as we searched for the perfect pin and shirt we had a mission to shop American-made. For something as American as Sturgis and Harley-Davidson, it was near impossible to find items made in the U.S.A.

As we continued down the street, we discussed how Harley Owners Group® (H.O.G.®) is one of my only customers that still requires American-made products for its membership materials. The die-struck H.O.G., Ladies of Harley,® and annual rocker pins, we as members have collected as proof of our years of loyalty to Harley-Davidson and H.O.G., are all made in America. In fact, many of the production workers are Harley® riders and H.O.G. members. Every pin is crafted with American pride.

I'm writing to say thanks for the business, the loyalty, and keeping American H-D® riders working here at home. My company has been making these pins for more than 15 years and hopes to continue for many more. And even though we die-strike and finish more than one million pins a year for

Harley-Davidson, our employees watch for their membership packages in the mail every renewal season just like you do.

DAVID BRANOVAN

PRESIDENT, A BRANOVAN COMPANY

PREMATURE SURRENDER

The article in the Fall 2010 *HOG* magazine titled "A Yankee Rides In" was very interesting, but you have the war ending June 11, 1918. If history serves me correctly, it was 11/11/11 1918: The 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month.

.....

MONTY BLACKBURN

RICHMOND, INDIANA

Of course, you are correct! The error was the result of a mix-up with the dates that nobody caught. Thank you for bringing it to our attention. –Ed.

RADIO DAZE

Also in the Fall 2010 edition, the article about the 2011 Harley-Davidson® CVO™ models incorrectly indicated which models are equipped with XM Satellite Radio. The Ultra Classic® Electra Glide® and the Road Glide® Ultra only feature XM Satellite Radio as standard equipment. We regret the error. −Ed.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

We welcome your letters, photos, and riding stories. Please e-mail yours to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com or mail them to ... HOG magazine, P.O. Box 453, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Please include your name, address, telephone number and/or e-mail address. All submissions become property of Harley-Davidson. We reserve the right to edit submissions for length and content.



Four Days, Three Nights

GET AN INSIDER'S TOUR of Milwaukee in 2011 with one of the new four-day group tours at the Harley-Davidson Museum.®

Milwaukee Classic Package This package offers the perfect balance of riding, relaxing, and revving up your Harley-Davidson knowledge. Includes motorcycle rental. Available May-September.

Milwaukee Heritage Package For the enthusiast who is passionate about learning more about the history and heritage of the Motor Company, this tour strikes just the right balance. Available year-round.

Both four-day packages include special access at the Museum, three-night hotel accommodations, tickets to special attractions, and more. Minimum 10 guests. For more information or to make a reservation, e-mail the group tour coordinator at groups@h-dmuseum.com.

Share Your Spark

SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE AND PASSION for riding.



Whether you're a new or aspiring rider looking for

someone to help guide you through the learning curve, or an experienced rider who would love to share your passion with others, mentoring is a great way to get even more out of riding. Harley-Davidson created the "Share Your Spark™" kit to make it easier to do just that. The kit is a comprehensive, instructional package that includes a booklet and DVD with tips on mentoring and a variety of informational videos. It's useful for those who wish to mentor, as well as those seeking mentoring. The kits are sold for \$5 but are currently available to H.O.G.® members for FREE, while supplies last.

 $\label{thm:com/spark} \mbox{ Just visit www.harley-davidson.com/spark for more information.}$



Mid-year CVO™

HARLEY-DAVIDSON IS THRILLED to introduce the newest member of the Custom Vehicle Operations™ family: the FLHTCUSE6 CVO™ Ultra Classic® Electra Glide.®

Combining custom paint, a potent powertrain, and a well-chosen array of top-line accessories, this limited-production motorcycle is perfect for the discerning touring rider. It features an exclusive Twilight Blue and Candy Cobalt with Flame graphic color paint scheme, with color-matched inner fairing assembly, inner fairing cap, and rear fender filler strips. Like all 2011 CVO™ models, it also boasts a Screamin' Eagle® Twin Cam 110™ Granite powder-coated powertrain with 110 Screamin' Eagle® identifiers on cylinder heads; new Hammockstyle suspended, dual-control heated seat with leather inserts and reshaped rider area; new Navigation Interface Module with an internal connection to the dash-mounted Road Tech™ zūmo 660 GPS unit; and many more incredible luxuries.

For complete details, visit www.harley-davidson.com. But don't wait – production will be limited to approximately 900 units assembled at the Harley-Davidson Vehicle Operations facility in York, Pennsylvania. Visit your local dealership soon!

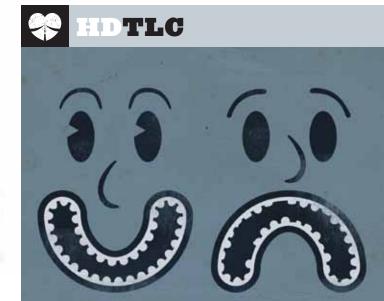
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Take Five



BY POPULAR DEMAND, Harley-Davidson is pleased to announce that it will be increasing the frequency of *HOG®* magazine to five full-color issues per year. That means great features, more spectacular photography, more exclusive product information, more H.O.G. and Harley-Davidson

news, more reader-submitted content, and ... well, just more! You asked for it, we're delivering – right to your mailbox.



Tips for Healthy Teeth

BACK IN 1903, when the founders wheeled the first motorcycle out of the famous shed, it had a belt drive. But modern H-D[®] belt drives have come a long way since that crude (by today's standards) leather strap. Today's belts are stronger than ever, while offering greater efficiency and less maintenance than chain roller or shaft drive systems.

That's not to say they're bulletproof. But with occasional TLC your belt drive will serve you well for many thousands of miles.

Previously in this space (*HOG* 006), we addressed the importance of periodically checking your belt's tension. It's also important to clean and inspect your belt regularly. The more often the better - like every time you clean your bike.

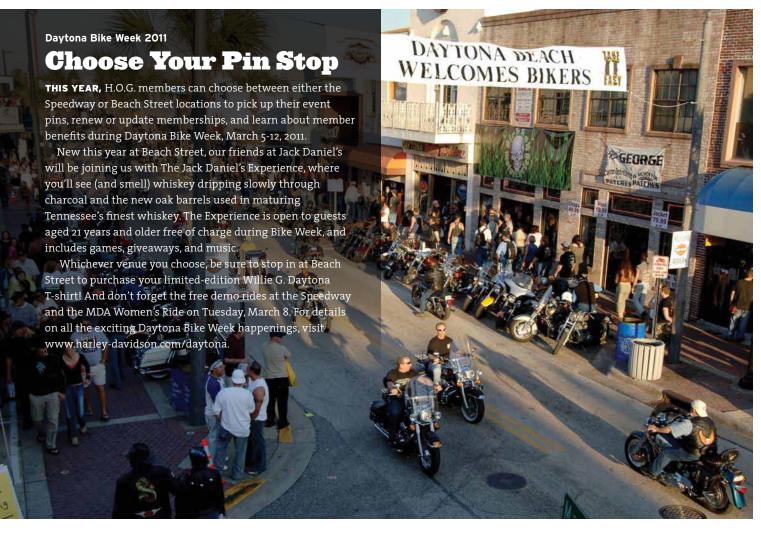
The procedure is simple - in fact, the trickiest part may be getting your rear wheel off the ground so it spins freely. But any simple commercially available rear-wheel lift will do.

Once your rear wheel is airborne, examine each tooth of the drive belt as you clean it with a clean cloth and a mild cleaning agent, such as Harley-Davidson® Sunwash.® Look for cracks, missing teeth, chipping, frayed edges, "hook wear," and small stones that can become embedded in the belt. If you find small internal (hairline) cracks, minor chipping, slight fraying, or "bevel wear" (wear on the outer edge of the belt), it's okay to keep using the belt but keep an ongoing eye on its condition. Minor stone damage is not critical, but if the damage is at the edge, the belt should be replaced.

Larger cracks or missing teeth also indicate a new belt is called for. In the case of hook wear (wear on the teeth in the shape of a hook), both the belt and sprocket should be replaced.

As always, when in doubt, talk to your local Harley-Davidson dealer and get an expert opinion on the condition of your belt drive system. And consult your owner's manual and/or service manual before doing any work yourself.

H.O.G.® News



V.I.P. H.O.G.[®] Access at the Museum



THE HARLEYDAVIDSON MUSEUM®

now offers a special membership for H.O.G. members only. The "H.O.G. Exclusive" membership includes access to unique events and

information to let you experience the Museum in a whole new way. A one-year membership includes:

- · Unlimited free admission to the Museum
- H.O.G. member recognition on your Museum membership card

- A H.O.G./Museum dual member patch with a new rocker patch each year
- A collectible limited-edition dog tag
- Special privileges and private invitations to special programs, events, and exhibits
- Members-only web content and e-mail news
- A 10% discount and "personal shopper service" at The Shop® and online art shop
- A 10% discount at Motor® bar and restaurant
- The "Backroad Chronicles," a pocket-sized guide to the Museum

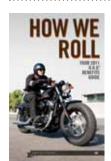
For more information on this exclusive offer, visit www.h-dmuseum.com/membership.

H8 2 W8?



WANT TO GET your 2011 H.O.G. membership materials sooner instead of later? There's no need to wait for your renewal date to renew your H.O.G.

membership. Do it right now at members.hog.com or contact us at 1-800-CLUBHOG (1-800-258-2464), and we'll send your 2011 renewal materials – including your 2011 H.O.G. *Touring Handbook* and a new renewal rocker – right away. Your renewal month will remain the same, but you won't have to wait until later in the year to get the most up-to-date materials.



HOW WE Stay Up to ROLL Date Online

THE 2011 H.O.G. BENEFITS GUIDE is now available for viewing and downloading online. Log on to members.hog.com to reference the latest information on all your valuable H.O.G. benefits, including discounts on select AT&T wireless

service, H.O.G. Roadside Assistance, the expanded H.O.G. Fly & Ride program, and much more!

Take Fly & Ride Farther

BY JOINING FORCES with the Harley-Davidson® Authorized Rentals Program, the H.O.G. Fly & Ride program is now available at more locations, with more flexibility, than ever. The program now offers:

- More than 300 Authorized Rentals locations to choose from
- An exclusive H.O.G./Authorized Rentals pin with each rental
- Your choice of a wider selection of models
- Free use of a helmet and raingear
- 24/7 online reservations at participating dealers
- Free short-term luggage storage
- And more!

To find a participating worldwide Authorized Rentals location, visit www.h-drentals.com. For more information, log on to members.hog.com or call 1-800-CLUBHOG (1-800-258-2464), Monday-Friday, 8AM-4:30PM CST, for assistance.

A Taste of H.O.G.®



BACK WHEN WE AT H.O.G. WERE FIRST KICKING AROUND

"national day of riding"-type of event, the thought was for a general day to promote riding - for all riders. Eventually that idea turned into Million Mile Monday, an event just for H.O.G. members. And one that has been a huge success.

Those of you who are newer to Harley Owners Group® may not remember the uncertainty surrounding the first Million Mile Monday. We really had no idea what to expect. We didn't know how many riders would take part ... how many miles each would ride ... and, most of all, how many would make the effort to log their miles at members.hog.com.

Those of you who have been around H.O.G. for a while remember what happened: H.O.G. members from around the world blew the million-mile mark out of the water by recording more than three times that amount. By the time the virtual odometer stopped spinning, the total settled on 3,000,096 miles. Unbelievable.

That was in 2008. In the two events since we've steadily increased that total and crept ever closer to the elusive 5,000,000 plateau.

Now that the event has really hit its stride, we've decided to ask H.O.G. members to invite their non-member friends to participate - whether they ride a Harley-Davidson or some "other" brand of motorcycle.

I know, I know ... some of you are probably calling me some nasty names right now! But let me be clear: This is not about letting others "into the club" - or making Harley Owners Group less exclusive. Instead, this is about showing the world what H.O.G. and the Harley-Davidson lifestyle are all about.

Think about it: What better way can you imagine to get others interested in H.O.G. than by giving them a taste of one of our favorite events?

Frankly, the idea takes me back to the original MMM in 2008. I have no idea what the result is going to be. But I do know this: If we all put as much energy into getting our friends involved as we put into our riding, it's going to be a truly unforgettable day. And one that may just change the future.

See you on the road,

Joe Dowd Manager, H.O.G. Administration



Matt Olsen

Old at Heart

IF THERE'S SUCH A THING AS BEING "BORN OLD," 25-year-old Matt Olsen probably fits the bill. And that's not a bad thing! Because in Matt's world, old is where it's at.

Matt is the volunteer Youth Coordinator for the Antique Motorcycle Club of America (AMCA). As such, his mission is to draw younger enthusiasts into the fascinating world of antique motorcycles. Having restored his first bike, a 1948 H-D® Hummer,* at the ripe old age of 10, he's perfect for the job.

Matt's father is the "Carl" in Carl's Cycle Supply, a well-known and highly respected restoration shop in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Carl opened the shop in 1982; Matt came along in 1985. Almost as soon as he could walk, perhaps even sooner, Matt became a fixture around the shop.

"When I was 12, Dad gave me a 1945 Knucklehead," Matt recalls. "That is, he gave me the cases and a frame, and told me I could build a bike out of it. I earned all the money for the parts by restoring other bikes. I tried to learn as much as I could about what parts were right for what years. I just kind of got fanatical about it and wanted to figure out as much as I could."

He figured it out well enough that he now works alongside his father in the shop full time. Of course, building the bikes is only part of the fun. There wouldn't be much point to it if you couldn't take a ride when all is said and done.

"They're not just beautiful," he explains. "They're easy to work on and fun to ride. We go all over the country with them. And whenever we break down, it's always fun to get them back up and running again. They're just cool old bikes."

But the best part of being part of the AMCA, Matt says, is the members.

"I think the members are the biggest asset the AMCA has. There are meets all over the country. There are road runs and chapters all over the world. So it's pretty cool that ... everybody my age seems to be so focused on the Internet and message boards and online information. But there's probably somebody just around the corner who can set them up and help them work out a problem on a project."

Last year Matt coordinated an essay contest for 18- to 24-year-old antique motorcycle enthusiasts. More than 100 entrants vied for the prize: a 1942 H-D® WLA Bobber that the winner – 18-year-old Ryan Mackey from Willoughby, Ohio – would help build from parts donated by AMCA members around the world.

Another project Matt is extremely proud of is a 1936 Knucklehead that became the oldest Harley® motorcycle ever to complete an Iron Butt endurance ride – 1,000 miles in 24 hours.

"There's an Indian from the same year that also did it, but they're out of business!" he says with a laugh. "But it's a huge pat on the back for the quality of bikes H-D makes. To beat up and abuse this bike for 24 hours straight – it's 74 years old – it's an amazing statement."

Matt is currently recovering from injuries he suffered when he crashed his 1914 Sears motorcycle during the inaugural Motorcycle Cannonball Run, a cross-country race for pre-1916 motorcycles. Despite his injuries (he broke both bones in his forearm, among other things), he says that the five days he rode before the crash were "one of the best times of [his] life."

"It was just awesome. Everybody was working together and getting things done in the parking lot. Motors were exploding. It was pure insanity! Those pre-'16 guys are a great group of dedicated individuals."

And thanks in part to Matt's efforts they're also a group that's getting younger all the time. [108]

*Don't write! Though Harley-Davidson didn't officially begin production of the 125 cc Hummer model until 1953, antique bike enthusiasts routinely refer to all H-D lightweight bikes of that era as "Hummers"



Rev up the new Harley-Davidson® Visa Signature® card, and watch the rewards roll in! Apply now, and get 2,500 bonus points* — enough for \$25 Harley Chrome® Cash! It's easy to keep earning rewards. For every \$1 you spend on your card, you'll earn:

3 POINTS

at Harley-Davidson® dealerships¹ 2 POINTS

at gas station, restaurant, bar and lodging merchants¹ 1 POINT

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Turn your points into Harley Chrome[®] Cash to spend at participating, authorized H-D[®] dealerships. You'll also enjoy no annual fee² and chances to win a new H-D[®] motorcycle every month!³



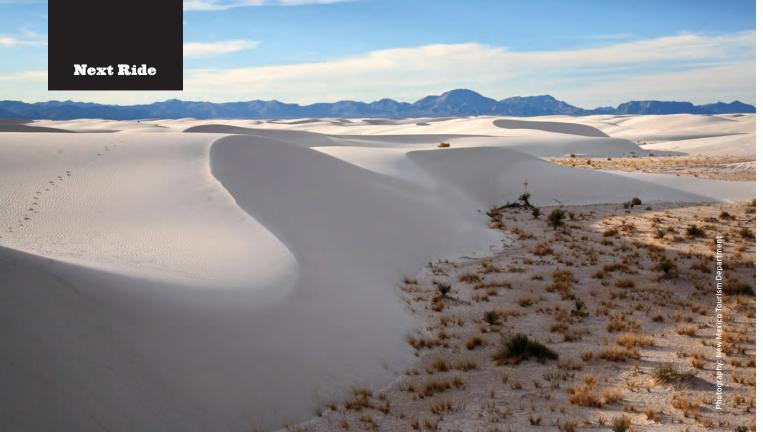
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pstakes ends 12/31/2011. Open to legal residents of the U.S. and Rules at h-dvisa.com/rules. Void where prohibited.

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Alamogordo, New Mexico

White Sands National Monument

IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, 275 square miles of glistening white gypsum sand, nearly blinding in its brilliance, blown into evershifting hills and valleys by steady desert winds. Of course, such a sight is nearly impossible to imagine, which makes a trip to the White Sands National Monument a ride you'll definitely want to put on your bucket list. We recommend including the area in a 193-mile ride from Roswell to Las Cruces (or vice versa) along scenic U.S. 70. Just be sure to pack your sunscreen and a good pair of sunglasses – and call ahead (505-678-1178) in case the area is closed for missile testing!

www.nps.gov/whsa

Northwest Georgia

Chickamauga Battlefield

THIS YEAR MARKS THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY of the outbreak of the American Civil War – so there may be no more appropriate time to take in some rich history while enjoying the stunning Appalachian Mountains. The Chickamauga National Military Park and Battlefield (just south of Chattanooga, Tennessee) is the perfect launching point for a tour of the lush mountains of the Chattahoochee National Forest. A scenic tribute to the many who fought and died to keep the United States united.

www.nps.gov/chch



YOU'RE NEXT! Got an idea for a great Next Ride? Send your suggestion, along with a high-quality photograph to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON MUSEUM® SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP H-D™

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- > www.tristatebbg.com



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22 HOG

> www.harleybay.com



LAUGHLIN RIVER RUN

- > Laughlin, Nevada
- > April 27-May 1
- > www.laughlinriverrun.com



MDA RIDE FOR LIFE 24

- > Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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- > Monterey, California
- > April 14-17
- > www.seaotterclassic.com



- > Sonoma, California
- > www.amaproracing.com



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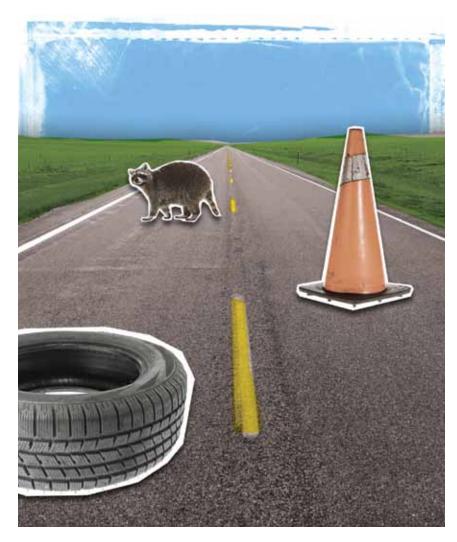
Dates, locations, and event details subject to change

BETWEEN THE LINES

A Course in Obstacles

How to React When Your Path is Not Clear

By **Becky Tillman**, Rider's Edge® Regional Manager, Harley-Davidson Rider Services



Imagine yourself gliding down the highway, without a care in the world, when, suddenly, without warning, a large chunk of concrete (or a board or a dead opossum or that big overdue library book you've been looking for) "emerges" from between the rear wheels of the vehicle in front of you.

What should you do? Stop quickly? Swerve to avoid the obstacle? Hold steady and "ride it out"? The answer depends, of course, on other variables in the situation. Speed, following distance, number of lanes, that sort of thing. Have you left yourself a space cushion?

Complicating the situation is that all of these factors need to be analyzed in an instant. But the good news is that by thinking ahead and riding *actively* (not passively) you can greatly increase your chances of circumventing a tragedy.

First Things First

The best way to deal with an unexpected obstacle in your path is to ... not ever *have* an obstacle in your path. Well, duh, right?

You're probably thinking, "I'm not a psychic - the only way to make sure I never find an obstacle in my path is to never get on my motorcycle!"

True enough. But remember, safe riding is all about risk *reduction* not risk *elimination*. So let's start by going back to some of the very basics - because it's impossible to overemphasize the fundamentals!

If you've taken a basic rider training class, you may recall that much emphasis was placed on "S.E.E." - which stands for Search, Evaluate, Execute. This three-step concept boils down to actively looking for potential hazards and dangerous situations that may develop, analyzing what you see and deciding how to react, and then reacting.

Let's go back to the situation described at the beginning of this article. It doesn't take much searching to see that there's a truck in front of you. But what does that mean? Among other things, it probably means that your visibility - how well you can see the road ahead - is compromised. That's the first step in evaluating the situation. The next is deciding what to do about it. You have several options.

The first choice would probably be to ease off the throttle and increase your following distance, buying yourself a little more reaction time when and if that obstacle appears. Remember the two-second rule: You should leave a minimum of two seconds between your motorcycle and the vehicle ahead of you. And it's okay to leave more if the situation calls for it.

Another good option would be to change your position in relation to the truck. If you're on a multi-lane road, consider changing lanes and getting out from behind it. But maybe there's a lot of traffic and no place to go. In that case, try to leave an escape route; that is, some open space to one side or another, and behind you, that you can move into quickly if needed.

If the road is two-lane, passing is an option – but only if you do it safely! (We'll save those details for another article.) If the road is twisty, making passing difficult, and you're not in any kind of a hurry – and you never really should be on a motorcycle – consider just slowing down and letting the truck get farther ahead of you. Or even pulling off and taking a short break while the truck gets a few miles down the road. Do whatever it takes to get some space and lessen the chance of being taken by surprise.

In other situations, use your *Search* and *Evaluate* skills to pick out situations that may present a hazard - and then *Execute* your plan of action.

The Nerve to Swerve

Now let's assume you tried (or at least considered) all those things and still find yourself face to face with an obstacle in your path - it *does* happen! Your first choice now is often to swerve to avoid the obstacle if you can do so safely.

Again, the space cushion comes into play. If you're fully in tune with your riding situation, you'll already know - or at least have a good idea - if, for instance, there's room in the lane to your left for you to move into. Or perhaps it's the road's shoulder on your right. In either case, the point is to make a quick change of direction to avoid the obstacle - and then turn back to resume your original direction of travel. In other words, a swerve.

A swerve is nothing more than two quick countersteers in opposite directions. A "countersteer," you may recall, is a turn to the left or right made by pushing on the handgrip on the side you intend to turn. This may seem counterintuitive because you're essentially turning the handlebar in

the *opposite* direction you want the vehicle to go. But because of the gyroscopic physics of your motorcycle's rapidly spinning wheels, the bike will lean and turn *toward* whichever handgrip you push on. And it's absolutely crucial that you understand this in an emergency situation.

Remember: Never combine swerving and braking. It's very important to separate these two actions.

This is a good skill to practice in an empty parking lot sometime. Remember to keep your muscles loose and let the motorcycle move underneath you. The more tension you have in your body the less smoothly your bike will respond to your inputs.

... safe riding is all about risk reduction not risk elimination.

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Up and Over

Sometimes, depending on the type of obstacle you're facing, your best choice is just to ride over ("surmount") it. Personally, I don't think I know of anyone who's had a two-by-four unexpectedly drop into their path, but this is the example always used in books and what we use in Rider's Edge classes. It's an easy one to practice.

So if you ever find yourself with a two-by-four-type object in your path that you can't avoid ... first, slow as much as traffic will allow and do your best to approach the obstacle at a 90-degree angle. Lift yourself off the seat slightly and keep your knees bent. Hold on firmly (but again, without introducing excessive tension into the situation), shift your weight to the rear, and roll on the throttle slightly just before

you make contact. This will help the front wheel absorb some of the impact and "lift" over the obstacle. Roll off the throttle on contact and, while continuing to look forward, let your knees flex to absorb the blow as your motorcycle rolls forward over the object.

When executed properly, you may be surprised how well this maneuver helps you surmount obstacles - even ones that are bigger than a two-by-four.

Stop if You Can

Finally, if you can't swerve around the obstacle and don't think you can safely go over it, an emergency stop may be your best option. We discussed emergency stopping in the very first issue of HOG° magazine [001, Winter 2009], but here's a quick summary: 1. Don't panic! 2. Apply both brakes smoothly and firmly. 3. Pull in the clutch and downshift. 4. Check what's happening behind you (very important!). 5. Bring your motorcycle to a quick, safe stop. 6. If necessary, accelerate away from potential additional danger.

In Summary

Remember: Keep yourself out of situations where obstacles may suddenly appear if you can. Learn to expertly swerve to avoid them if you can't. Practice "surmounting" obstacles so you can do it properly when you have to. Know how to bring your bike quickly and safely to a halt if you must.

And take the fear of encountering unexpected obstacles out of your riding experience.

Sources: Harley-Davidson Rider's Edge and the "Motorcycle Safety Foundation's Guide to Motorcycling Excellence."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Do you have a topic you'd like to see us address in Between the Lines? Let us know by writing to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com.





IT STARTS AS AN IDEA. A vision. An artist's conception of a new motorcycle.

For this vision to become reality, it is molded and shaped and crafted and critiqued. It is engineered. It is regulated. And it is marketed - because no matter how beautiful or innovative the concept, if the demand is not there the reality cannot long survive.

It is process. It is art and science. A fusion of alchemy and black magic.

The new Harley-Davidson® Blackline™ motorcycle is the latest result of this creative wizardry. Billed as a "Softail® model stripped to the core," the long and lean Blackline is nonetheless the result of thousands of design and engineering hours. A true team effort that shows reducing a motorcycle to its essence requires more than you might expect.

THE BARE ESSENTIALS

The first thing you notice on the Blackline is its long, low lines, enhanced by the slammed rear fender and the lowest two-up seat ever offered by Harley-Davidson. Less obvious, but just as important to the overall look, is the low-profile gas tank. It's actually a standard Softail tank - what's absent is the center console, along with the gas gauge. Instead, the die-cast trim panel flows down the center of the tank, just high enough to cover the fuel pump hardware. A low-profile fuel cap on the right gives the tank an asymmetric look.

Viewed from the front or rear, the Blackline lives up to its name, cutting a narrow slice through the road ahead.

The concept began in the Styling Department, the creation of lead designer Casey Ketterhagen. Not long after he first joined the team, he was asked to design a bike to appeal to young riders like himself. With input from others on the team, as well as direction from the Marketing Department (which had identified a particular niche to fill), the bike became longer, lower, and leaner.

"Specifically, they were looking for a bike that would stand out from the other Softail models," Ketterhagen says. "Something in the 'long custom' niche, with skinny tires and a long frame. That's where it came from."

"Softail models have fundamentally great proportions," adds Kirk Rasmussen, Styling Manager for the Softail platform. "So when we strip them down and build them up minimalistically we get great results."

It's not unusual for the Marketing Department to get involved early in a motorcycle's development. It may sound crass – as though the "suits" are encroaching where only artists should tread – but in truth it's a dynamic and productive partnership. After all, Marketing is charged with not just selling motorcycles, but also with finding out what customers are hungry for and working together to feed the need. In other words, they bring the voice of the customer to the development process.

>>

In the case of the Blackline motorcycle, Marketing direction two factors in particular - was key to initiating the project.

"We put together a poster of every Softail® model we've ever made and gave it to Styling," says Scott Habegger, Director of Motorcycle Product Planning. "It was very impactful, but we were seeing a lot of similarities. We also thought about the market. Many previous Softail customers have moved on to Touring models, so we wanted to refresh the look to appeal to a younger customer.

Historically, the Softail family has often been considered the most "custom" family within the Harley-Davidson® model lineup. Case in point: the iconic Fat Boy® motorcycle. But with competitive manufacturers trying harder and harder to copy H-D's success - along with the proliferation of cable TV bike-building shows customers have expressed a desire for something new. And at a price point within reach of younger riders.

"Many competitive brand cruiser motorcycles have become bloated and out of proportion," Rasmussen says. "So it was nice to get back to a pure Harley statement of engine, frame, and wheels. In fact, Willie G. [Davidson, Chief Styling Officer] keeps a chopped 1945 Knucklehead in the studio as a model for reference. It is a good reminder of how pure a motorcycle can be."

Though the idea is an old one, it's a look that younger riders are looking for.

"We looked a lot at the 30-45 year-old age group," Habegger says. "Our research showed we needed to differentiate the Softail line a little more, and make it more attractive for Dyna® and Sportster® riders looking for a change. And for competitive riders looking for a distinctive Harley® bike within their price range. The Blackline fits the bill perfectly."

To help keep the price down, the Blackline was assigned "Bin 1" status, a reflection of the number of engineering and design hours allotted to it. This means a premium would be placed on coming up with new ways to use existing components. console is not just cosmetic; it also covers that hole and conceals the center weld. So the designers couldn't just do away with it.

"Our initial idea to replace the console was to add a leather strap," Ketterhagen says. "But it couldn't just be flat because of that trap door, so we were trying to mold leather, make a form. We actually got pretty far down the line before we decided to change it to metal."

Though stylists initially focus primarily on how the bike will look, manufacturing and engineering concerns are on the radar from the very beginning.

"I think those thoughts are in the back of Casey's head the whole time," says Ray Drea, Vice President and Director of Styling. "He may have the desire that something is forged or stamped - or maybe leather, like with the tank strap. But it's a whole other story when you give it to the guy who actually has to make it. So from the beginning the designer may even be calling somebody from manufacturing to see if something can be done."

One of the key challenges was the rear fender, which hugs the rear tire more closely than any previous model. This tight clearance brings into play styling, engineering, and regulatory concerns.

"The essence of this bike is slammed," Drea explains. "But how do you make it look cool and proportional - and legal all at the same time? Not to mention comfortable! It has to have some suspension to it, so there was a lot of back and forth that Casey had to do with Engineering and Regulatory to get that rear fender as tight as possible."

"There's only so much room on the inside of that fender," Ketterhagen explains. "And we traditionally run our wires and everything on the inside. But on this one,

"We were able to take into account the compression of the rubber stop to pull the fender down another half inch," Vorndran says. "That doesn't sound like much, but it makes a big difference."

And then there's the not-so-small matter of regulatory affairs. Maintaining the required clearance is also less simple than it may seem, explains Senior Regulatory Engineer Jath Bautista. It's not something you can just "eyeball."

"There's a dynamic growth element to the tire itself. When it's spinning, it stretches due to centrifugal force. So the designers work closely with the tire manufacturers to account for that."

Sometimes the Regulatory Affairs Department can seem like the bad guys: the ones who say, "No, you can't do that." But in truth, this essential department helps keep everyone on track. They work closely with designers and engineers throughout the development process to make sure there are no surprises late in the game, as the new model moves steadily toward its release date.

One example with the Blackline™ motorcycle would be the mirror placement. To keep the bike looking as narrow as possible, the mirrors were tucked in as closely as possible.

"These are as narrow as they can legally be," Ketterhagen says. "I initially had short-stem mirrors on here, but they didn't pass the test so we had to move the mirrors out."

All in the interest of giving riders a clear view of other motorists admiring their bike from behind.

Stripping the bike down to its essence also meant removing the chrome rear fender support covers. The challenge there is that a part that is normally purely functional - the fender strut becomes cosmetic when exposed.

"It's not as simple as just removing the covers," Vorndran says. "The covers on some bikes share in the durability of the









A great example is the fuel tank. At its heart, the Blackline tank is a standard Softail model but one that has been modified to give it a whole new look. A completely new tank would require many more hours of development and testing to meet regulatory requirements at significantly higher cost.

Modifying the existing tank is not as simple as it may seem, however. A Softail tank consists of two half-tanks welded together, with a "trap door" in the middle to house the fuel pump. The

the way the fender forgings are designed, the wire is hidden between the fender forging and the fender. But we still need to clear up that 3/16 inch on each side."

Ketterhagen worked closely with Korry Vorndran, a staff engineer on the Softail platform and lead project engineer on the Blackline, to slam the rear end even further.



Above: Lead Designer Casey Ketterhagen (left) discusses the Blackline prototype with Styling Manager Kirk Rasmussen and Chief Styling Officer Willie G. Davidson (right). Above right: Clay mockup.

28 HOG HOG 29 rear fender. So when we removed those we needed to extend the function of the rear forging, balancing the line between a raw forging and what a premium product needs to look like. It can't look like crap."

That's where the Finishing Group comes in, to find the right surface texture for the newly exposed part.

"It can have a retro silhouette, but up close it should have modern finishes," Habegger explains.



ALL TOGETHER NOW

Although Ketterhagen was the designated lead designer on the project, the creation of a new motorcycle model is truly a team effort. Sketches, designs, mockups, and prototypes are all continuously reviewed throughout the process. Weekly review meetings with the entire Styling Department are a given, with other creative sessions scheduled as needed at key points in the process. Informal feedback and review go on continuously.

Once the basic concept is fleshed out, a mockup is built. In the case of the Blackline model, a production Softail® motorcycle was stripped way down and then built back up in the image of the initial sketches. Prototype parts were constructed using a variety of methods, including SLS (selective laser sintering) fabrication from a CAD (computer-aided design) drawing; hand-sculpting components from clay; and machining aluminum billets, to name just a few of the tools in the Styling arsenal.

Generally, two initial mockups are built in parallel: one by the Styling Department and another by Engineering. As the two models become more refined they ultimately become one.

"We start with our Styling mockup, with hand-made plastic parts, etc." Ketterhagen says. "Then Engineering will start its mockup. As we move forward the mockups kind of come together, and once we solidify some designs – figure out that yes, we can do this or no, we can't do that – then basically the Styling mockup goes away and the Engineering mockup is the main one that moves forward."

This prototype is presented to the Styling Leadership Council, which consists of key company decision-makers, for a thorough review. It was at this stage that the initial leather tank strap was changed to a metal forging, a decision that considerably simplified the manufacturing process.

Another key decision was to change the handlebar style. The initial concept used a clip-on style bar with a more forward-reaching design, which created a pronounced "clam shell" riding position (legs and arms forward). "It looked cool, but the ergonomics were not very good," Ketterhagen admits.

The new handlebar became a key element of the design, with a thin look you normally only see in custom garage applications, Vorndran says. "It also features a unique interface between the triple clamp and the handlebar: a D-shaped slot that resists rotation. We were able to demonstrate both analytically and in the lab that the clamp load of the nut did all the work."

All new handlebars must meet a rigorous set of internal standards, he adds. "We have a standard suite of tests we've developed over the years, and it's our job to meet that requirement. We have to determine how the product will hold up not just under *normal* use but also under potential *mis*use. We're designing for the life of the vehicle and beyond."

Harley-Davidson testing ensures that Genuine Parts & Accessories are also of the highest quality, Vorndran adds.

In fact, the Parts & Accessories team usually gets involved soon after the concept is established, Drea says. "The P&A people want to lead that market with new components and accessories. And they have to engineer and test any new parts, so we get them involved as soon as possible. The development happens very much in parallel."

HITTING THE ROAD

After the two mockups are merged, a road-worthy prototype is built and presented to the Product Development Leadership (PDL). This group consists of a wide variety of H-D personnel from Marketing, Styling, and Purchasing, and manufacturing executives representing different parts of the development community. "They'll get briefed on what we're trying to accomplish with this bike, who we're trying to reach," Drea says. "And then they'll go for a ride."

Feedback is provided both from a professional, development perspective and from a consumer standpoint. They're all riders, after all, and each member of the team offers a fresh take on the new product experience.

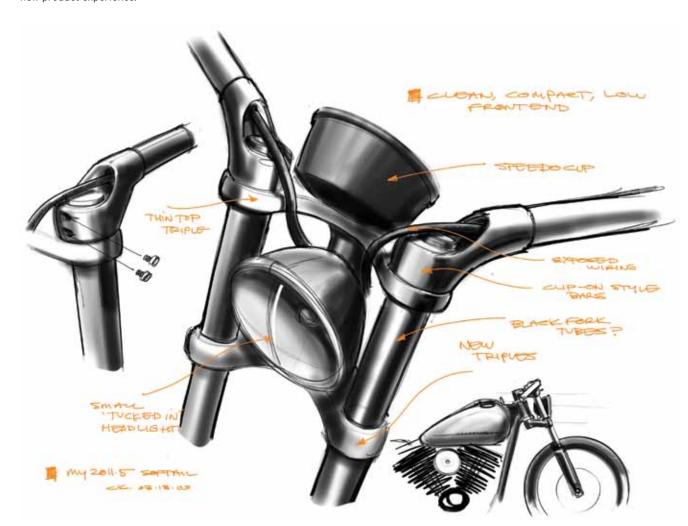
Sometimes the team will take extra steps to make sure members of certain target audiences (women riders, for example) get ample opportunity to test the bike.

Based on this feedback, more changes are made, evaluated, reviewed, and tested.

"I think most people have no idea how much of a team effort it really is to launch a new bike like this, even a 'stripped-down' one like the Blackline model," Drea says. "It's not like building one cool bike in your garage – we have to design it so we can produce thousands of motorcycles that meet very exacting standards of design, performance, and quality. It requires the input of a lot of people.

"But it's not about building consensus. It's not about trying to make everybody happy. It's about making informed decisions in order to provide the best products possible every time. It's about delivering cool to the customer and exceeding their expectations."

That's not magic. But the results are amazing, nonetheless.





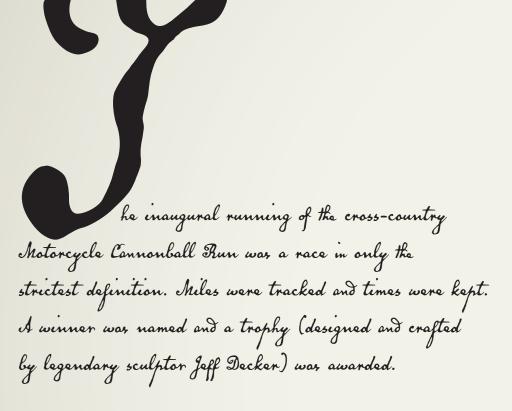
The wenners of the enaugural

Motorcycle Connonball Run were
not just the swift but also those
who kept on running.

STORY BY MIKE ZIMMERMAN • PHOTOS BY MICHAEL LICHTER

Cannonball Run

Right: Bill Rodencal and his 1915 H-D® Boardtrack Racer at the Wright Brothers Memorial. Below left: Fixing up a bike along the way. Below right, top to bottom: A mechanic from Old Fort H-D in Fort Smith, Arkansas; Cassidy and Willa Rodencal with Team 33 mascot, "Pigasus"; Katrin Boehner, Class I winner.



But the only time that really mattered was measured in years, with 1915 as the upper limit. Instead of winners and losers, what the hardy souls who set out across the country from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina on September 10, 2010 will most remember is the team spirit and camaraderie of their fellow competitors. The amazing 3,294-mile adventure. The marathon parking lot wrenching session and the "let's get everyone to the pier" attitude. And the sheer spectacle of so many timeless machines rumbling and rattling their way from one end of the U.S. to the other.

MOTIVE FORCE

Forty-five motorcycles and 45 riders began the journey, each with unique and compelling stories. And each with vastly different motivations for taking on the challenge of riding a pre-1916 motorcycle from coast to coast.

"People always ask me, 'Why would you even do something like that?" says the Harley-Davidson Museum®'s own Bill Rodencal, who piloted his 1914 Harley-Davidson® Model 10-B Short Coupled Boardtrack Racer. "But you may as well ask why someone would ride a lawn mower across Iowa. Everybody has their own reasons"

It's no small commitment, after all. The race itself consisted of 16 stages run over 17 days. But by the time teams get

themselves and their bike to Kitty Hawk for the start and then get them home from Santa Monica, California after the finish it's pretty close to a month-long endeavor. Not to mention the months of preparation that go into it.

For Bill, the event was a true family affair, representing an opportunity for him, his wife, and their two girls to have the adventure of a lifetime. For the home-schooled Cassidy, 11, and Willa, 9, it was also a chance to learn about the U.S. in a way a month of conventional schooling could never provide.

"We decided to make this our big Griswold family trip across America. And everybody was wonderful to my kids the whole trip," he says. "John Classen, the course master, would quiz them every day. Whatever state we were in, he would grill them: 'What's the capital city, the largest city, etc.' Going into something like this, for them at that age, you're not sure if after three days they'll be wanting to go home. But instead what we heard was, 'I don't want this to end.'

"It was a huge learning experience – to see the Grand Canyon and Yosemite, and a lot of things I never got to do with my family. With all the photographs and video we took, they'll carry this thing with them forever."

Keeping the girls going was one thing; keeping the bike going was another. Bill's Boardtrack Racer was not designed with cross-country travel in mind. Or even for stopping. Though



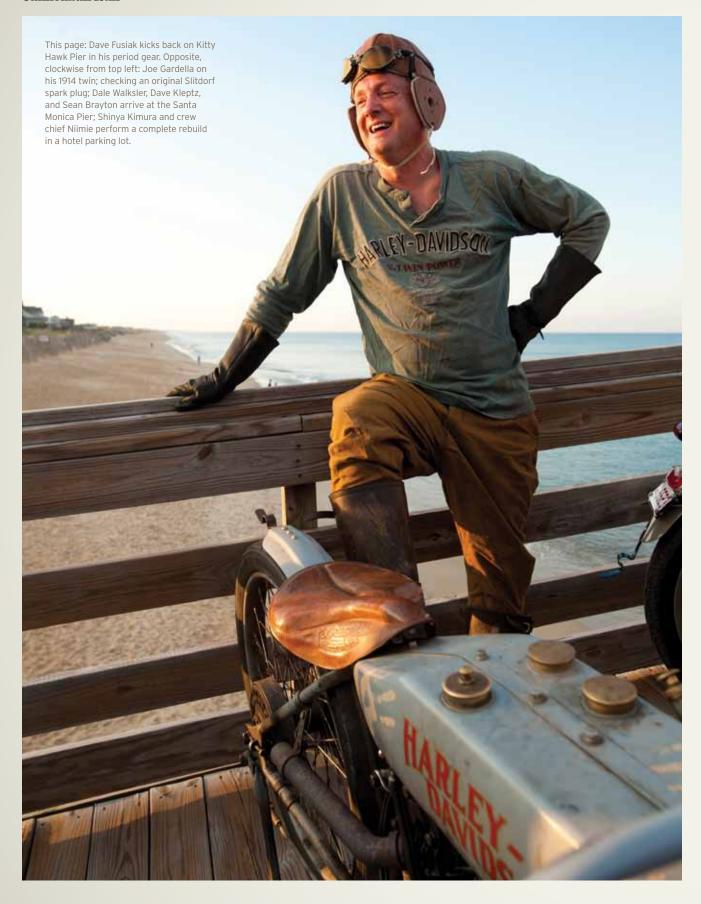






HOG HOG

Cannonball Run







many boardtrackers of that era were not equipped with brakes at all, some used the 1914-style single-speed rear that houses both the clutch (on the left) and a rear band brake (on the right). This original configuration soon proved inadequate for bringing the bike to a halt in time to avoid some dangerous situations – such as stop signs at the bottom of steep hills in the Smoky Mountains.

Bill's on-the-fly solution reflects the ingenuity of all those who took on the Cannonball challenge.

"A guy by the name of Pat Murphy makes a rear brake for the Harley® models that looks totally stock but takes a set of Knucklehead front brake shoes," he explains. "I ended up getting one of those brake plates and had some Knucklehead front shoes sent overnight, and then it was awesome, I had [good] brakes!"

On the whole, Bill says the bike ran exceptionally well. In fact, with all the preparation involved, just getting the bike to Kitty Hawk was a goal in itself. "If I had done just 10 miles it would have been a success! So crossing the finish line that first day was huge, a really big thing."

That preparation was the key to success, he says, explaining that the bike ran almost flawlessly most of the trip. He used only one set of tires and one spark plug, checking every system of the bike every night. They did one major tear-down, on the one off-day in the schedule, to fish a nut from the cylinder that had been sucked in through the carburetor.

A breakdown outside Lula, Mississippi took him off the road for a day. But other than that, it was primarily steep mountain roads and some heavy rains that kept him from logging every mile of every stage. In only two stages, out of 16, did he fail to record a single official mile.





On the plus side, those nightly parking lot wrenching sessions were epic. Everyone helped everyone else as needed, regardless of where the other team stood in terms of official competition. The fact that there was no big cash prize helped foster this attitude, Bill says.

"There was no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Sure, there were guys who wanted to win the trophy and have bragging rights, but toward the end it was like, 'Let's get everyone to the pier. Let's help everybody else out."

The physical and mental challenges were also significant. Mental, both because of the long days and because he didn't want to let down any of his many supporters and sponsors. And physical, because with a "sweet spot" cruising speed of just 37 mph, a 250-mile day meant at least eight bone-jarring hours on a bike with a rigid seat, racing-style drop bars, and no suspension.

"My longest continuous stretch was about 70 miles, two hours," he says. "But I usually tried to stop every hour. And I stretched while I was riding: kick my legs out, look up at the sky, arch my back. And a lot of those days were 100-degree days.

In the end, Bill wheeled his vehicle onto the Santa Monica Pier having logged 1,903 official miles. The "historically significant" total is what you might call a happy accident. When he realized a few miles from the finish that he was at 1,900, he made sure to record exactly three more.

"It would have been nice to get 1,914 for the year of the bike. But 1,903 works well, too. [60]

36 HOG HOG **37**

REASONS TO AIR-COOLED

TWIST THE THROTTLE ON A HARLEY-DAVIDSON®

MOTORCYCLE and you *instantly* know you're on a Harley.[®] The signature sound. The immediate low-end torque. The tingle up your spine. It's all due, more than anything else, to the air-cooled, V-twin engine that has defined H-D[®] motorcycles for the past 100 years.

Yet while the essential air-cooled V-twin architecture has remained in place, the technology within moves forward rapidly. In an age when increasingly strict, worldwide regulatory emissions requirements shape the motorcycle world, the venerable air-cooled V-twin remains at the heart of many Harley-Davidson models.

There are good reasons to love your air-cooled Harley-Davidson engine. Lots of good reasons. Here are just a dozen ...

THEY'RE SMART.

Since 2007, all H-D engines have utilized Electronic Sequential Port Fuel Injection instead of carburetors. The ESPFI system controls fuel/air delivery based on air density, throttle position, engine temperature, and exhaust oxygen sensors. The engine control module monitors these sensors, adjusting the fuel delivery for optimal engine operation.

In addition to controlling the fuel/air mixture, H-D engine management systems control ignition timing based on engine temperature, air temperature, load on the engine, and RPM.

THEY'RE BALANCED.

The counter-balancers on the Twin Cam B engines used in the Softail® family cancel 100 percent of the primary imbalances of the engine, eliminating the need for rubber mounting. Significant engineering produced a balanced engine, of which outside appearance is nearly identical to the non-balanced Twin Cam by having the balancer drive within the cases.

THEY STAND THE

In the mid-1970s, the consensus of many within the motorcycle industry was that air-cooled engines would soon be "dead" because of their inability to meet emissions regulations. Today's engines defy that notion. Thanks to the combination of precise electronically controlled spark timing and fuel delivery with O² feedback, efficient intake systems and camshafts, and 3-way exhaust catalysts, H-D engines meet or exceed current emissions requirements.

THEY'RE "STREAMLINED."
In addition to their aesthetic appeal, air-cooled engines are inherently simple without the radiator, water pump, and plumbing required of liquid-cooled engines.

THEY'RE CLEAN.

During the past decade or so, meeting ever-more-strict exhaust emissions requirements around the world has become a primary influence on engine development and calibration.

The Motor Company must achieve emissions compliance in the more than 50 countries in which it sells motorcycles, which often requires unique calibrations or equipment for various markets.

THEY'RE EFFICIENT ...
The long-stroke/small-bore,
two-cylinder, low-rpm design of H-D
air-cooled engines has inherently
low frictional power losses.

... AND POWERFUL.
This H-D design also
produces its signature strong torque
at low and midrange engine speeds,
where most people ride most of
the time.

Achieving emissions compliance has required leaner fuel/ air mixtures, which in turn could produce a hotter-running engine during long periods of idle. For those interested, H-D made the Engine Idle Temperature Management System (EITMS) available, beginning with certain 2007 models. At idle, when the engine reaches a certain temperature, EITMS shuts off fuel to the rear cylinder, leaving it to idle only on the front cylinder, thus cooling off the rear. To improve heat dissipation, cylinder-cooling fins on the Twin Cam engines are wider than on the Evolution® engine.

THEY SING.

THEY BEAT THE HEAT.

THEY'RE DURABLE.
All Harley-Davidson
engine designs are subjected to rigorous durability testing that includes
dynamometer testing for hundreds
of hours and thousands of miles.

THEY'RE HISTORIC.
The 45-degree, inline
V-twin has been a hallmark of H-D
engine design since 1909 and the
introduction of the Model 5-D.

The signature sound of H-D air-cooled V-twin engines is primarily the result of a narrow 45-degree bank angle, bore-to-stroke ratio, and precise intake and exhaust tuning. Over time, regulatory noise requirements have presented a significant challenge to preserving the iconic sound. Intake, exhaust, and mechanical noise together represent the majority of the bike's sound footprint. To promote higher levels of legal exhaust sound, other sources are engineered to be guieter. Cylinder fins are cut and shaped, gear teeth are ground and honed, cover and cases are shaped and formed. All are analytically modeled and tuned to minimize mechanical noise output. Other refinements, like a hydraulically tensioned roller chain cam drive system and a mechanically tensioned primary drive system, have been designed to create a superior engine sound quality. The end results are an orchestra of sounds that continues to be legendary and rumble along.

THEY'RE
BEAUTIFUL.

What other motorcycle company makes the engine the centerpiece of its design?

38 HOG HOG **39**

ROAM ON THE RANGE

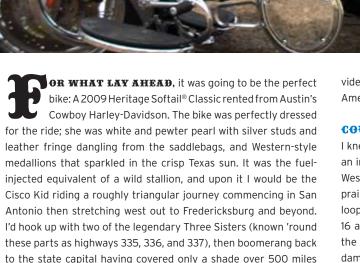
HOW BIG IS TEXAS? IT'S BIG. It's bigger than France. Yes, France. And it's bigger than the United Kingdom, too. It's even bigger than Denmark and Florida and Illinois, New York, and Wisconsin ... combined. Given all that land, it perplexed me that when it came to planning a tour, every Texan I met whittled the Lone Star State down to a single point: Hill Country.

That's probably why you'll go there, too.

★ ★ ★

STORY BY GARY MCKECHNIE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NANCY HOWELL





By the time I reached the jump-off point in San Antonio, I was comfortable with the smooth and steady handling of the Softail. While the city itself is as big as you'd expect a Texas metropolis to be, the historic district is easily manageable on foot or bike, and offers plenty of opportunities to explore. The iconic River Walk itself was great for getting lost and finding new photo ops, but the city's true focal point is the historic Alamo. Although some tourists are disappointed that it's not in the desert and John Wayne's not guarding the walls, it's no longer 1836 either. Adjust your vision to account for the passage of time, and through talks by rangers, free

but feeling as if I had seen 5,000 more.

videos, a walking tour, and splendid museum you'll understand why Americans still remember the Alamo.

COUNTRYSIDE, COWBOYS, AND KOYOTE'S

I knew when I left San Antonio I'd be riding into a different world; an imaginary world that was the creation of television and movie Westerns. It would be a mythical place of dry creek beds and wide prairies, gnarled trees, and brittle tumbleweed. Having grabbed loop road 1604 outside the city, I exited near Helotes on Highway 16 and then, to wash away the highway congestion, I skipped off the main road onto Park Road 37 a few miles down, where - I'll be damned - it was all really here ... the trees and the tumbleweeds and the dry creek beds.

The bike throttled over small hills and moguls, then wrapped around some sinuous twists in the hard Texas country that added a burst of adrenaline because it hinted better things lay ahead - and they did. At the junction of County Road (CR) 1283 I headed north to rejoin State Road (SR) 16 near Pipe Creek, and 10 miles west I rolled into Bandera, the "Cowboy Capital of the World."

Apparently this was the day to be in Bandera, because cowboys on horseback were on every street, a covered wagon was rolling around downtown, and down in a basement honky-tonk called Arkey Blue's Silver Dollar a mess of cowboys who all looked like

Texas Hill Country

either Hank Williams or Wyatt Earp were on the dance floor with their cowgirls, everyone moving to the zephyr-fast sounds of a Western swing band. The air was thick with music and the room packed with characters from a Steinbeck novel, and I knew I was now deep in the heart of Texas.

It was time to dive deeper. A sign in town noted Highway 16 was part of the Texas Hill Country Trail and all I had to do was follow the signs northwest toward Medina. The ride was sometimes slow and sometimes desolate, and about the time I was getting anxious to see something, I did. It was the Koyote Ranch, which impressed me not only for being way out here all alone, but for being a clean, well-placed, and completely unexpected sanctuary for me and other Hill Country riders. With cabins and camping, maps and

food, services and supplies, it's an oasis for riders and the base for November's Three Sisters Veterans Rally. After cooling off at Koyote, the road sprang open like a steel coil, and the Softail leapt up into the hills and tackled some tight curves as the force of the Texas landscape lasted for about 30 miles until it flagged around Kerrville - which wasn't Kerrville's fault; it just happens to border I-10. But after passing beneath the interstate, the road tore open into a sprawling prairie where nearly every inch along the last 20 miles provided that kind of seductive loneliness that cools me down.

Sometime after dark I arrived in Fredericksburg.

HEAD FOR THE HILLS

Fredericksburg impressed me. Right in the middle of the Lone Star State this teutonic Texas town is divided by Main Street (a.k.a. Highway 290), and punctuated by German restaurants and microbreweries

and the National Museum of the Pacific War, a bow to its famous son Admiral Chester Nimitz.

With a goal of immersing myself in Texas Hill Country, locals told me the epicenter of this region was waiting southwest of town. Riders taking the challenge will find a long and eventful ride presenting a series of challenges in the form of steep ascents, fierce Texas heat, and long desolate stretches where you'll pray that the mechanic who performed your bike's pre-ride check-up was having a good day.

Packing a fantastic map I'd picked up from Koyote Ranch, I accessed the far reach of Hill Country by backtracking to Kerrville and heading west on SR 27 en route to SR 39, which veered to the left to again follow the blue and white signs of the Texas Hill Country Trail. The road soon linked up with a tributary of the Guadalupe River, then twisted and dipped, and then split off to follow CR 1340 near the town of Hunt. Along the way, people

Top left: An unexpected shower reveals a unique Hill Country scene: Riding at the end of a rainbow. **Top right:** 'Virgil the Store Guy' keeps an eye on things at the lonely Luckenbach post office. **Bottom left:** A close encounter with the 21st Century American Cowboy in Bandera, the Cowboy Capital of the World. **Bottom right:** San Antonio's version of Canal Street. Popular with tourists, the River Walk boat tours are a must.

were leaping into the river from rope swings, cowboys were riding bareback, and then came Stonehenge and Easter Island.

Yes. Right here in the middle of a field in the middle of nowhere sat massive scale models of those icons. Yet again I had found an affirmation that motorcycle touring consistently delivers unexpected finds.

I was even more jazzed by the road ahead, where arrow-straight lanes mixed with sharp turns, and the odd and unusual landscape was neither forest nor prairie nor desert, but a weird blend of all

THE AIR WAS

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of that. Turning the Softail loose, it took me to SR 41, where, heading southwest, the next dozen and more miles bucked like a bronco over sand hills and past the junction of U.S. 83 until I reached curious CR 336, a road that lives in exile.

The sign that announced the first of The Three Sisters was stark and simple. The road was not. In the 26 miles to Leakey, the essence of Hill Country was delivered on a thin black ribbon that screamed up steep grades and flashed around sharp curves and put the fear of God into me with signs warning of loose livestock, standing water, falling rocks, and flash floods. It sounded like an asphalt Armageddon. From the trough of the hills I could barely see the top of the rising roads, while from higher elevations overlooks revealed endless valleys and broad vistas. The road continued to snap, crackle, and pop over the hills all the way into Leakey, where a handful of service stations, bars, and restaurants

offered some shelter from the heat. What Leakey did best, I felt, was provide a road out of town. It tied into CR 337, the second of The Three Sisters, which sprang off on a wild 16-mile run toward Vanderpool.

From the start, 337 was tied tightly to the mountains, and seemed to soar and swoop around the hills for mile after rugged mile; the hard ride compensated by great views. When 337 T'd at CR 187, I rode north for a long and simple stretch, which was interrupted by little but the Lone Star Motorcycle Museum. The sign read "Fridays through Sundays only," and since this was a Monday I kept riding.

Where 187 ended at Highway 39, I started to close the loop by riding northeast, where the road began to bump up against the Guadalupe River, and the scenery perked up with more lush and verdant vegetation to make up for the dry desert. Connecting with Highway 1340 and traveling east, I rolled past swimmers splashing





around the Ingram Dam and was soon in familiar territory, riding back toward Kerrville, where I searched for any country road to Fredericksburg. I found it at Highway 783, which put me face to face with some long-faced longhorn cattle, and many miles through ranchlands and open range before reaching U.S. 290 for the final run east.

It had been a monumental ride. In Fredericksburg, I dropped into a biergarten to crack my thirst with a brew and then mapped out the final leg of the journey.

WILD IN THE COUNTRY

In a way, I really wasn't looking forward to the upcoming ride. I didn't want to go back. I had bypassed too many interesting roads and had barely scratched the surface of Hill Country – not to mention Texas. But this last leg would show me a good deal more than I deserved.

About 10 miles outside of Fredericksburg is quirky Luckenbach, the Texas equivalent of Jimmy Buffett's fictional Margaritaville. Far more active in the evening when folks gather in the big dance





hall, during the day curious travelers from around the world come here to visit the well-stocked gift shop/post office and chat with Virgil the Store Guy.

A little further out of Fredericksburg on 290 is the LBJ Ranch, the sanctuary of the 36th President. While I love history, I also love finishing rides before dark so I skipped the ranch and worked my way north on Highway 16 toward Llano, veering off in the direction of a speck of a place called Willow City to ride the Willow City Loop. It roughly parallels 16 for about 20 miles and delivers much the same scenery as you would see around Bandera and Medina and Leakey, but riders flood the road each spring when the bluebonnets are in bloom. After it reconnects with 16, the road remains straight and steady all the way to Llano, a town that jolted me into thinking I had traveled back in time. Proclaiming itself as "Texas the Way It Used To Be," I imagine it is. Circling the town square are businesses like Colonel Crow's Trading Post; the Lan-Tex theatre; Acme Café; a general mercantile; and, across the river, a diner called, incredibly, Mom's Café. Was Llano a movie set or a city?

>>

Texas Hill Country

Heading east on Highway 29, I angled off into the country to clear my head on CR 2241, with the goal to circle south of Lake Buchanan ... or what was left of it. After Highway 2241 melded into Ranch Road 261, it spun around the south shore of the nearly dry lake, where there was a depressing vibe in the sight of shuttered bait and tackle stores, and empty beaches. A few miles past Buchanan Dam, though, Park Road 4 - another stretch of the Hill Country Heritage Trail - was on the right, and took the Softail and me into the hills and to a promontory overlooking a canyon at the Devil's Waterhole before passing Inks Lake State Park. Since I wasn't camping out, I pressed on with the road unwinding for several miles before I cut southwest on CR 2342. Once again the empty country satisfied, but after it T'd at Highway 1431 near Kingsland there was dense traffic for a dozen miles between here and Marble Falls to the east. I thought I had blown it.

But once 1431 crossed U.S. 281, the ride shifted into overdrive. Having gotten used to a distinct landscape and a tangle of roads, now I was on a wide two-lane that launched me like a rocket. When it curved, the blacktop banked from side to side to float the bike and me across the countryside in the way a fighter pilot flies. Best of all, there was hardly a trace of traffic in the 30-mile stretch to Lago Vista. Even though it hits a pocket of urban sprawl near here, before reaching Austin the road offers a final burst of super riding between Jonestown and U.S. 183, the traffic-filled road that leads to Austin. A dynamite finish that leads to a dynamic city.

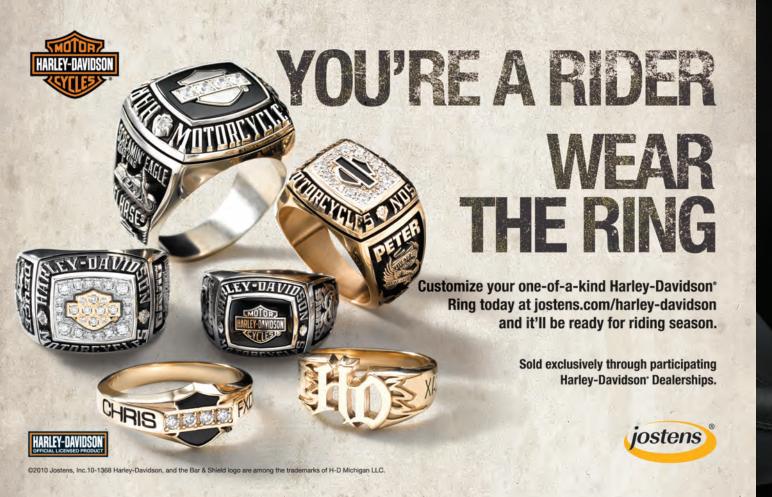
AUSTIN CITY LIMITS

It's hard to explain Austin since the capital of Texas is unlike any place in Texas. You've probably heard that it has more live music venues than any other city and that there are distinct districts for nightlife here. What I loved about it is its energy and blend of youth and history and variety of things to do. Told there were five "must-see" attractions (Texas State Capitol, Texas State History Museum, LBJ Library and Museum, Jack Blanton Museum of Art, and Harry H. Ransom Research Center for the Humanities), with only one day here there was time enough only for a walking tour of the Capitol, a driving tour of the city, and a dining tour of a massive meat platter at the County Line BBQ.

Of course there was always time for a libation. That night while wandering around the Warehouse District I heard sounds flowing down from a rooftop bar. I headed upstairs.

It was nearly midnight, and floating in the sky the full moon gave Austin an eerie, soft glow. I thought of the past few days when I confronted not only demanding roads and rough landscapes, but dealt with my perceptions of Texas. I gathered I hadn't been far off. I had seen cowboys and remote country and scenes that I had only known from films. Sitting on this rooftop bar, sipping a beer, I listened as a band named the Gunhands played a powerful musical montage that sounded like an all-star lineup of the Allmans, Johnny Cash, and ZZ Top.

It was playing the soundtrack of my ride. HOG









NEW 1200 CUSTOM

Any Way You Want It

hat you see here is a whole new meaning to the term "Factory Custom."

The motorcycle is a 1200 Custom model, a fattened-up, mid-year addition to the 2011 Harley-Davidson

fattened-up, mid-year addition to the 2011 Harley-Davidson® model line-up. Sporting a wide front end and chunky 16-inch tires, the 1200 Custom delivers a solid stance while retaining the classic handling and bold styling this family is famous for.

More than its bulldog appeal via wider fork spacing and polished triple clamps, the 1200 comes with new Chrome, 5-spoke Cast Aluminum wheels (both at 16 x 3.0 inches); a reshaped "eyebrow" over the headlamp; a stylized LED taillight; and Michelin® Scorcher® 31 tires. And as the name implies, it rolls to the rhythm of the air-cooled Evolution® 1200 cc V-Twin engine with Electronic Sequential Port Fuel Injection, with 79 ft.-lbs. of torque at 4000 rpm.

The 1200 Custom has a suggested retail price of \$10,299, and comes equipped with the aforementioned cast wheels, pullback handlebar, forward polished foot controls, a two-up seat, black engine with chrome covers, and Vivid Black paint.

Yet what you see here doesn't have to be what you get.

Thanks to a new, first-of-its-kind factory customization
program called H-D1,™ customers can choose component
options from seven different categories – wheels, handlebars,
foot controls, seat, paint/graphics, engine, and security – to
customize their 1200 Custom motorcycle at the factory, with
more than 2,600 possible combinations to choose from.

With more option choices than have ever been available directly from the factory, any would-be owner can personalize the fit, function, and style of their 1200 Custom in thoroughly unique ways.

Like the basic layout but want a different look? Simply select from various wheels, seats, handlebars, paint, and engine finishes.

Likewise, different combinations of foot control location, seat, and handlebars enable owners to fully personalize its fit.

The process of creating your own 1200 Custom is made simple and easy via a customization tool available on www.harley-davidson.com/customizer or as an iPad application through the Apple® iTunes® Store.

1200 Custom



he 1200 Custom comes equipped with Chrome, 5-spoke Cast Aluminum wheels; pull-back handlebar; forward polished foot controls; a two-up seat; black engine with chrome covers; and Vivid Black paint.

Factory-installed options can be swapped out in any combination to this base configuration using these seven different categories:

- WHEELS: Black, 5-spoke Cast Aluminum with machined highlights;
 Chrome Laced; or Black Laced
- HANDLEBAR: Drag or Mini Ape-hanger
- FOOT CONTROLS: Mid-mount polished
- SEAT: Solo
- PAINT/GRAPHICS: (solid colors) Brilliant Silver Pearl, Cool Blue Pearl, Chrome Yellow, Merlot Sunglo, Sedona Orange, Black Denim; (two-tone colors) Scarlet Red/Vivid Black, Merlot Sunglo/Vivid Black, Sedona Orange/Vivid Black, Birch White/Vivid Black; (custom colors) Chrome Yellow/Vivid Black, Cool Blue Pearl with Scalloped graphics, White Hot Pearl with Hot Pink Flame graphics
- ENGINE: Black powder-coat with black covers
- **SECURITY:** Add Harley-Davidson® Smart Security System

Customers can view the bike they're creating as various options are selected, then print out a description of their bike and bring it to a Harley-Davidson® dealership. There they can review the motorcycle with trained staff, add accessories to further customize the motorcycle, and then place an order.

Customers can expect to be riding their new bike in as little as four weeks from the time an order is placed with an authorized Harley-Davidson dealership. Delivery timing may vary depending on demand and will be communicated to customers at the time of order.

The end result will be a fully personalized (and wildly different) 1200 Custom, all built at the factory, which will save the owner money in comparison to buying the complete motorcycle and then performing the customization.

For more information on the new 1200 Custom and the H-D1™ Customization program, log onto www.h-d.com/customizer and see your local dealer. IIII Ride... Rack'em up.



You travel for many reasons, which is why we now have **Best Western®**, **Best Western Plus®** and **Best Western Premier®**. We've made it easy for you to find the hotel that is just right for your trip.

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- 15% bonus points on every stay
- Complimentary room upgrades, early check-in and late check-out when available
- Save a minimum 10% at all Best Western hotels in North America

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State Autorite Dati Rectific Etic Politics

Ha-Ha-Ha Harley

By Jimmy Dunn

"WERE YOU SHOT OUT OF A CANNON TONIGHT?" the comedian asked as I entered the room. It was a pretty funny line considering I was carrying a red, white, and blue helmet that looked like something out of Evel Knievel's wardrobe.

The room was Mottley's Comedy Club in Downtown Boston, the third comedy club I had visited that evening and the third stage on which I would be performing.

I make my living as a stand-up comedian. Most nights I drive a Ford Mustang to work, but that night was so beautiful I decided to ride my new H-D® motorcycle, a 2010 Fat Boy® Lo.

It started with a 30-minute ride to the Kowloon Komedy Club in Saugus, Massachusetts. The Kowloon is a New England landmark, a giant temple of pupu that has been cranking out late-night Chinese food to millions of New Englanders for decades. Most people end their Friday night at the Kowloon. Mine was just getting started.

As you ride down Route One, the smells from the different restaurants hit you in waves: garlic from the Prince, fried clams from Kelly's, flame-broiled steak from the world-famous Hilltop. By the time I reached the parking lot at the Kowloon,



my stomach was growling louder than my Harley.® But there was no time to eat; I was up.

The crowd was great, laughing in rhythm with the jokes while simultaneously drinking from giant scorpion bowls, and chomping on fried ribs and crab rangoon. It's a weird dynamic, but somehow it all works without anyone needing the Heimlich Maneuver.

My next stop was just a few miles up Route 1 at Giggles

Comedy Club, one of the longest-running clubs in New England and one of the best. Behind the club, some of my comic friends were hanging out smoking cigars as I roared in. They hadn't seen my Harley before, and I was very happy to be showing off a bit. "Dunn, you're up next!" the emcee yelled out the kitchen door, interrupting my fun. It was time to go to work. "You mugs stay away from

Twenty minutes later I was back on my Fat Boy on Route 1 headed into the city. The smells again hit me: garlic, clams, steak. The Route 1 landmarks passed by in a blur - the tower of pizza, a giant plastic cactus, the big orange dinosaur. Then as I rose over the Tobin Bridge, the city lights looked like a postcard. I had seen this view a million times but never from that perspective.

I cut through Boston's North End, passing the statue of Paul Revere. If only he had made his historic ride on my new bike, I thought, it would have been a significant upgrade in horsepower from one.

Zipping through downtown Boston was a blast. Friday night at 10PM, the city was buzzing. It was hard to watch the road, and not the ladies in their clubwear and high heels trying to navigate the cobblestone sidewalks.

Mottley's is the newest comedy club in the city, and the late show is the place to



be. After working the other clubs, many comedians stop in to see the late show and have a few drinks. I bought a round of beer for my friends, and sat back and watched some of the freshest, funniest people in the business. I closed out the show with a 20-minute set and was officially off the clock. Another tough night at work in the books.

Riding a motorcycle in the city of Boston on a Friday night at midnight requires full concentration. Partying college kids step into traffic like a game of Frogger. Cars drift out of their lanes as drivers text, tweet, and Google. Let's see Paul Revere navigate this mess, I thought, as I passed his statue on my way out of town.

Back on Route 1, the smells hit me again. I would be home shortly, but first I was getting something to eat.







Battling the Buck

By Russell Lee

LIVING NEAR GETTYSBURG PENNSYLVANIA, you can't help but have some knowledge of the famous Civil War battle fought there. But what about other battles? To enlighten my mind without lightening my wallet, I set out on a journey of discovery. In keeping with the theme of my trip, I started the challenge with a single Grant and 10 Lincolns.

I packed the bike for an overnight trip, including a change of clothes, tent, sleeping bag, flashlight, cookware, portable stove, and camera gear. I traveled Route 97 into Gettysburg, stopping at the visitor's center but without going in, to avoid paying a fee. My next stop was at the Gettysburg National Cemetery, where President Lincoln gave his famous Gettysburg Address. In appreciation of all their sacrifices, I paused for a moment to honor all the soldiers buried here. As I rolled through the battlefields, I made stops at Devil's Den, Little Round Top, and several monuments.

From Gettysburg I traveled south to Frederick, Maryland and the Monocacy National Battlefield. This was the site of the only Confederate victory on Union soil, which has been nicknamed "The Battle That Saved Washington, D.C."

I rode to the free visitor's center and walked through the informative displays. I rode the small battlefield and stopped at the Thomas, Worthington, and Best farms. All of the roads were crushed gravel, so my bike was quickly covered with a layer of white dust

Back on the road, I traveled Route 40 West, and stopped to top off my tank and hydrate my body, parting with my first three Lincolns. From there I turned south on Route 34 to the Antietam National Battlefield. Antietam was the bloodiest, single-day battle of the Civil War, with more than 22,000 casualties.

Again, I didn't go into the visitor's center because it required a fee, and I was trying to keep a tight rein on my limited cash. I rode through part of the battlefield, but, due to renovation, some of the area was off-limits. I did stop to climb the viewing tower and survey the battlefield.



My next stop was Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, the center of numerous battles. It changed hands between the Confederate and Union armies eight times during the Civil War. Again, this

was a fee-based area, so I didn't proceed into the park, deciding instead to ride through the historic town.

From there I rode west on Route 7 to Route 81 South. I jumped off 81 and continued south on Route 11, and began looking for a campground. I found a Good Sam campground, but a primitive site was pricey at \$35.70. I initially balked at the price, but decided to go ahead and part with President Grant. By the time I registered and got my tent set up, it was dark, so I left the campground and went to the grocery store I passed on my way in.

There I bought my dinner: a box of dry red beans and rice, a three-liter bottle of water, and a box of snack cakes. The snack cakes would provide a late night dessert and breakfast. My meals separated me with another Lincoln.

In the morning, freshly showered and my camp packed up, I continued south to Route 64, where I turned east and headed to the Blue Ridge Parkway. I was enjoying the ride and scenery when the GPS sounded, "Prepare to make a left." I followed its instruction and was almost immediately greeted with a sign indicating a 15 percent downgrade. The road dropped so quickly my ears began to pop. I eventually wound up on Route 29 and then onto Route 460 toward Appomattox.

My final stop at Appomattox Court House was quickly approaching. This is where General Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General Ulysses S. Grant. The end of the Civil War was at hand. This park was a fee area, and I initially hesitated about going in with only \$34 left to get me home. But I

quickly did some math and decided I could afford the four bucks.

I turned north and retraced my path home. I made it home in time for a late dinner and still had a Lincoln plus change in my pocket. I succeeded in seeing slices of the Civil War, got a night of camping, and had a 700-mile ride for under \$100.

GAS	942
CAMPING	\$36
F00D	\$5
WATER	\$6
ADMISSION	94
TRIP TOTAL	193
UTH # . BERTERESS. APPROVED - THINK TCE	::

Road Warrior

By Justin Willemsen



IT'S FRIDAY MORNING, and I have three days of freedom before I become property of the U.S. Army. With an economy seat to boot camp waiting for me on Monday, I have to get away and clear my head so I strap a bag to Eleanor, my 2009 Sporty, and head to the jewel of the Sierras: Lake Tahoe. I stay away from the monstrous

interstates, where big box stores and suburban sprawls have covered everything worth looking at, and take the lesser-traveled two-lane highways.

The scenery comes in courses, starting with a flat straightaway through prairies and farmlands, knee-high brush swaying as I fly by. With a single turn, the flat grasslands morph into smooth hills with curves that fade into the vineyards surrounding Lodi. What feels like just moments later, pine trees form walls around me, and the elevation rises into the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

My stomach tells me it's time for lunch just as I stumble upon Peddler Hill Overlook, a vista point that surveys the Lower Bear River Reservoir. I meet a group from Elko, Nevada traveling on a few of those odd trikes with the two wheels in the front. One is kind enough to give me a bottle of water to wash down my trail mix and nectarine, the only sustenance I brought, before they leave with a shaking of hands and wishes of a safe journey.

Big blue is staring right at me, and her face seems exceedingly familiar from this angle. I roll into South Lake Tahoe just before the California-Nevada state line, and I spot where my wife and I tied the knot just shy of three years ago. Cutting across oncoming traffic I stop in the parking lot of the Lakefront Wedding Chapel, putting my decision to join the military into



perspective. A quick text to let the missus know I'm thinking of her, and I get back to the ride. I'm here to circle the lake so I point toward Nevada and follow the closest road to the water.

Closing in on North Lake, I need to fill up and pull into a station where my surroundings are a little unique. Both sides of the main drag are littered with cheering townsfolk. I pop the feeding tube into Eleanor's mouth and nearly spray gasoline all over her back when pounding drums and squealing brass round the corner. A homecoming parade for the local high school is in procession, and I happen to be a guest. Three floats with jocks and cheerleaders crawl by, and from the size of the town my guess is the entire school just passed by me on their makeshift chariots.

I find a campground near Tahoe City, close to the shore, and fork out the 20 bucks they charge to be surrounded by rich folk and their RVs. But I didn't come all this way to stare at mobile mansions. I find a secluded spot on the shore and set up camp. It seems that when I'm on my bike I don't do a lot of thinking, and that's why I needed to come out here. Sitting two feet from the clearest lake I've seen, my mind starts to wander. Thoughts of whether the choices I've made are right fill my head until I snap out of it as a clash of thunder echoes against the mountain walls and a drop of water hits the tip of my nose. I hurry back to the campground and move the tent under some trees, hoping the leaves will keep it a little dry. By the time the last stake is pressed into the ground, the final drop falls and all of my panic was in vain.

I spend the rest of the night lying by the fire staring up at the infinite number of stars. I head back home tomorrow morning,

but I'm going to soak this up until the last log burns out. The Soldier's Creed pops into my head: "I am a guardian of freedom and the American way of life." If this is the life I'm going to defend, then I can't wait to leave.

My trip came in at just under \$70: \$23 on the campsite, \$9 on food, \$26 on gas, \$7 on firewood, and \$4 on water. I rode about 430 miles and would do it all over again tomorrow if I didn't have a plane to catch.



HOG 53

The \$100 Challenge If you have a \$100 Ride story to share, we want to see it. If it appears in HOG® magazine, we'll even foot the bill – in the form of a \$100 Harley-Davidson™ Gift Card. Keep your story to 750 words or less, including a list of your expenses. We also need photography from your adventure, including a photo of you. E-mail your submission with "\$100 Rides" as the subject line to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com.

54 HOG

Climb to Mount Everest

RIDING TO TIBET on our Ultra Classic® Electra Glide® motorcycles ever since our successful ride to the Xinjiang Uyghur region in June 2009. On August 14, 2010, the three of us began an 18-day, 6,000-kilometer (3,700-plus-mile) joy ride toward the Tibet-Qinghai Plateau.

Devoted fans that we are, none of us had heard of anybody attempting to reach the Mount Everest Base Camp in Tibet, at 5,199 meters (17,056 feet), on a Harley-Davidson® motorcycle before. So the task was left to us! To get there, we endured a 102-kilometer (64-mile) ride on unpaved roads with sections we called the "washboard" for the frequent bumps and the "bombed road" for the potholes. But we pushed hard, with Mount Everest waiting as our reward. It's true that you have to take the challenging climb to enjoy the spectacular mountaintop view. It took us five hours to cover those difficult miles and reach Base Camp, but we stayed that night at the tent motel managed by a Tibetan girl. Needless to say, we all

The next day, elated from having reached Mount Everest, we packed up and began the more daunting ride downhill. As if trying to make things more dramatic, it had rained all night, so the road was covered with mud. We rode our Ultra Classic motorcycles as if

our rough, high-altitude ride. At least 3,000 kilometers (1,900 miles) were above an altitude of 3,962 meters (13,000 feet), but all we needed to do was turn on the engines, and our bikes would run



IN MEMORY OF DAD

When I was a kid, my dad bought me a small dirt bike, which I rode off-road and even on an amateur motocross track. Dad loved to see me ride, and he soon bought a 400 cc Honda for himself but was never able to pass the license test. When I passed, the bike became mine for a few years until I went to college and Dad sold the bike.

For the past 10 years, I have had a dream of buying a Harley-Davidson motorcycle – the American dream. It became my goal to own a Harley® before I turned 50 years old. Last year, Dad passed away. He had a life insurance policy with his children listed as the beneficiaries, and I decided there was no better way to honor my dad than by using the proceeds to purchase a Harley. Not only did he help me meet my goal, my dream, but I also know he looks down on me with a smile on his face. I even decided to get a custom plate with his nickname: "KANER." Today I ride in his honor.

ANDREW KANE

LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK



BUCKET LIST

Here I am taking a roadside rest in the hills around Sturgis with my buddies Bill (middle), just retired a week before the trip; and Mark (left) and Arlene (taking the picture), just back from Saudi Arabia. All of us are checking Sturgis off our "bucket list" – FINALLY!

Great ride, great people, and great memories for life!

DANA WHITFIELD

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA



SHORT STORY LONG

The motorcycle vacations keep getting longer and longer. Starting with our short vacation – just 900 miles – on a 2006 Softail® Deluxe in fall 2005, my husband and I have more than doubled our yearly trip miles. As we started traveling on the bikes more and more, I decided in December 2007 to move from my beloved Deluxe to a 2008 Ultra Classic Electra Glide. Funny how people still do double-takes at a girl riding the big bagger, but I wouldn't have it any other way. In spring 2010, we completed a 50-day, 9,935-mile trip venturing from Southern California to Key West to the H-D Museum® in Milwaukee; then home from Chicago to Santa Monica, riding every mile of Route 66. I now have more than 35,000 miles on my Ultra Classic, and I'm loving it!

My husband, relentlessly picked on by my Harley-riding friends and me, doesn't ride a Harley so his bike has been omitted here.

BEVERLY TREADWELL

SIMI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

THE ROAD TO BALI

I had been looking for a cruiser for a while and was considering all my options when I first laid eyes on a picture of a Fat Bob® motorcycle. I knew I had found what I was looking for and am the proud owner of a 2008 model. I'm originally from Indonesia, where Harley-Davidson has a large following and owning a H-D® motorcycle is a true privilege. This picture was taken this past August when my family and I were traveling to Bali, Indonesia. I also occasionally ride with other Indonesian Harley owners in sunny Southern California and always have fun doing it.

AGUNG "A.G." IMANSJAH ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA



A LIFE OF RIDING

The Harley bug bit me in 1958, at age 12, during my first ride on a cousin's 1958 DuoGlide. From that day, it was H-D for me. Years (and four Harleys) later, I find myself retired with my wife of 34 years who loves to ride as much as I do. So far we have logged 130,000 miles on our 1997 Road King® and hope to hit the 200,000 mark. If you make it to eastern North Carolina, stop by. I'm sure we can think of somewhere to ride.

BILLY GEORGE

EMERALD ISLE, NORTH CAROLINA



MONUMENT TO OPPORTUNITY

Pictured here is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. While visiting Sturgis for the 70th anniversary rally (our third), we took some first-timers up to Mount Rushmore. We took a chance and asked the ranger if we could get a picture of Harley (what we call the bike) in front of Mount Rushmore, since we have the mural of it on the tank. To our surprise, he agreed! Harley is a 2005 model with just over 90,000 miles on her, and she's still a beauty. We never thought it would be possible to get a photo like this. Harley posed for about a half hour, while people from around the world took pictures. The scene brought tears to our eyes, as Harley is adorned to signify true American and military spirit, honor, and respect.

MARK AND NANCY MULVANEY

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA





THE OTHER OLD FAITHFUL

Last summer I took a 6,400-mile trip on my 1999 Road King Classic. The odometer read more than 100,900 miles before I started, and nothing but routine maintenance has ever been done to the motor



or drivetrain since I bought it new. It even has the original clutch. Before the trip many people asked me, "Are you going to get a new bike before you leave?"

Twenty-two days later, "Bessy" pulled into the driveway in need of a good wash but nothing else. Along with my friend George Taylor and his 2008 Street Glide," we had ridden all across the country. We saw the Grand Canyon, Grand Tetons, Zion National Park, Yellowstone (and Old Faithful), Route 66, New Mexico, Arizona, the Sturgis Rally, and a whole lot more. I decided during the trip that I can never trade in or sell Bessy – she is now a permanent member of our family. The "other" Old Faithful!

BILL CAIN

WILLOW GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA

NEW CONVERT

I have been riding motorcycles since I was a kid, but when I met my wife, Fawn, I was a poor college student and between bikes. After I got out of school, I bought an import bike, but Fawn was not very happy about it. She was afraid of motorcycles and was not excited about me having one, let alone riding with me. Eventually she warmed up to it and would go with me on short rides.

Last year I bought my first Harley motorcycle, a 2009 Cross Bones.® The new bike got Fawn really excited about riding. All of a sudden she wanted to ride every chance she got and also started collecting Harley-Davidson apparel. Then last spring she totally surprised me by saying she would like to learn to ride her own bike but didn't think she would be able to reach the ground. We made several trips to Saddleback H-D in Logan, Utah, and the staff helped us purchase a 2010 Iron 883™ for her and enrolled her in a Rider's Edge® course.

Now we spend every spare moment riding together. Fawn loves the feeling of control she has on her own bike – and all the attention she gets at stop lights when everyone is checking out the chick on the Harley.

ROGER C. RIGBY

HYDE PARK, UTAH







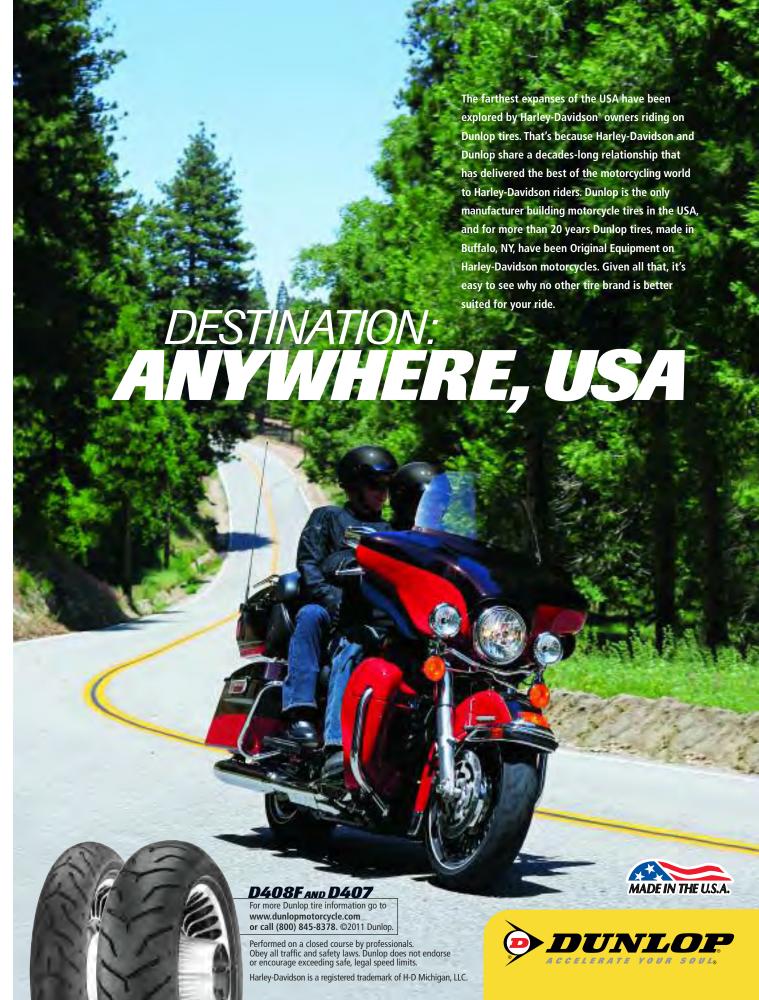
CLASSIC LAW ENFORCEMENT

This photo of my grandfather, Lester Scott, is from 1931, when he was a motorcycle policeman in Springfield, Missouri. As a law enforcement officer in the 1930s Ozark Mountains area, he came into contact with many of the notorious outlaws of the day, such as Pretty Boy Floyd and Bonnie (Parker) and Clyde (Barrow). I don't have quite that level of adventure on my 2008 Road

Glide,® but I have had a great time putting 16,000 trouble-free miles on her over the past two years.

SCOTT CHRISTENSEN
INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS for Enthusiasts to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com. Be sure to include high-quality photos, as well as your name, address, phone number, and e-mail address. You can also mail submissions to Enthusiasts, c/o *HOG* magazine, P.O. Box 453, Milwaukee, WI 53201.





Windproof Outer Jacket, Outer RCS Waterproof Jacket, Outer RCS Mesh Jacket, RCS Functional Jacket.

Rider Comfort System for Women

Easy Ride on the Temperature Swing

The average temperature range on any given day in the U.S. is 22 degrees F.

Not a big deal when that swing goes from 85 to 60, but it can be bone-numbing-hateful when a ride goes from the upper 60s into the 40s, and the only thing separating you and a cold leather jacket is a sweaty cotton T-shirt.

The solution to varying temperatures and body moisture is layering, for which Harley-Davidson® MotorClothes® has simplified the options with its new Rider Comfort System (RCS) for women.

The RCS consists of Base-layer, Mid-layer, and Outer-layer that, when worn together, deliver versatility, comfort, and performance to riders and passengers in varied weather conditions.

It begins with the RCS Layering Top, a next-to-skin performance Base-layer that wicks away sweat to maintain ambient body temperature. It's made from 100 percent polyester Coolon® fabric, which draws moisture away from your skin and transfers it to the next layer of clothing. Even better, it has antimicrobial (to reduce odor) and wicking properties built into the fabric so they won't wash away like many other base layers. Black with contrasting orange seams and 3/4-zipper, the RCS Layering Top actually looks like real clothing.

The Mid-layer helps insulate the body to retain heat by trapping air next to the skin. In cold weather, this layer keeps the body warm so that less energy is wasted on body temperature control and more energy can be spent focusing on the ride.

Three items comprise the Outer-layer of the RCS - the Mesh Jacket, Functional Jacket, and Waterproof Jacket - each designed to fit over the Base- and/or Mid-layers, and provide optimal air-flow, wind-blocking, or waterproofness.

The RCS Mesh Jacket allows ample air flow to the body, with hydration pockets that accept accessory hydration packs for increased core cooling. For complete wind-blocking, the RCS Functional Jacket is constructed of 100 percent waterproof nylon, with two front/back zippered air vents for custom temperature control. The RCS Waterproof Jacket is 100 percent waterproof polyester with a zip-off hood that keeps the water out. All three jackets are loaded with smart engineering, including 3M® Scotchlite® Reflective Material, and each is sized to accommodate the RCS Base- and Mid-layers.

The materials, fit, and integration of RCS make it unique among other layering options, eliminating the guesswork of where to duck when the temperature is swinging.





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A True Pioneer

BY CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

Truly appreciating the spirit and courage of

motorcycling pioneer Bessie Stringfield requires historical context. In 1930s America, a woman riding a motorcycle was an unusual sight. A woman riding alone, cross-country on the dirt roads that laced together rural America was almost scandalous. And if that woman was African American, well, let's just say jaws might drop when Bessie Stringfield motored into town on her Harley-Davidson® motorcycle.

In the 1930s and 1940s, Stringfield made eight long-distance, solo rides, eventually traveling through all 48 states. She left on her first ride at age 19, aiming her Harley-Davidson "61" down the road after tossing a penny on a map to select a destination. She didn't ride to make a statement. She just had a passion for motorcycles and simply refused to let the barriers of her times hold her back. "I was somethin," Stringfield told author Ann Ferrar in a 1990 interview. "What I did was fun and I loved it."

Ferrar profiles Stringfield in her book *Hear Me Roar: Women, Motorcycles and the Rapture of the Road,* an account that provides much of the historic record of her life and exploits. Stringfield was born in Kingston, Jamaica in 1911 and moved to Boston with her parents when she was a young girl. Orphaned at the age of 5, she was adopted by a wealthy white couple in Boston who nurtured her fierce independence. When she was 16, she asked for a motorcycle and was given a 1928 Indian Scout. She had no idea how to ride the motorcycle, so she said she prayed for guidance, placing letters to the Lord under her pillow. One night she dreamed she was shifting gears and riding around the block, and the next day she was aboard the Indian. She learned to do stunts on the motorcycle and began performing, riding sidesaddle, on one footboard, and even standing on the seat.

In 1930, Stringfield replaced the Indian with a new Harley-Davidson and soon set out on her first "gypsy tour" across the country, performing as a barnstorming stunt rider at carnivals along the way. In an era that historian Rayford Logan has called "the nadir of American race relations," when discrimination against African Americans was rampant and often violent, not just in the South but across the country, Stringfield learned to cope. Often denied hotel lodging, she would seek a room with a local black family or just sleep on her motorcycle at a gas station, spreading her leather jacket on the handlebars as a pillow.



otograph courtesy of Ann Fel rights reserved.

"All along the way, wherever I rode," Stringfield told Ferrar, "people were overwhelmed to see a Negro woman riding a motorcycle." She recalled the white gas station owner in the South who filled her Harley® tank for free just because he appreciated her spunk. Not everyone was so impressed. She was once run off the road by two white men in a truck.

During World War II, Stringfield volunteered for the Army's civilian courier service. After passing a rigorous riding test on her own motorcycle, she rode for the Army as the only woman in her unit until 1945, toting documents between bases across the country.

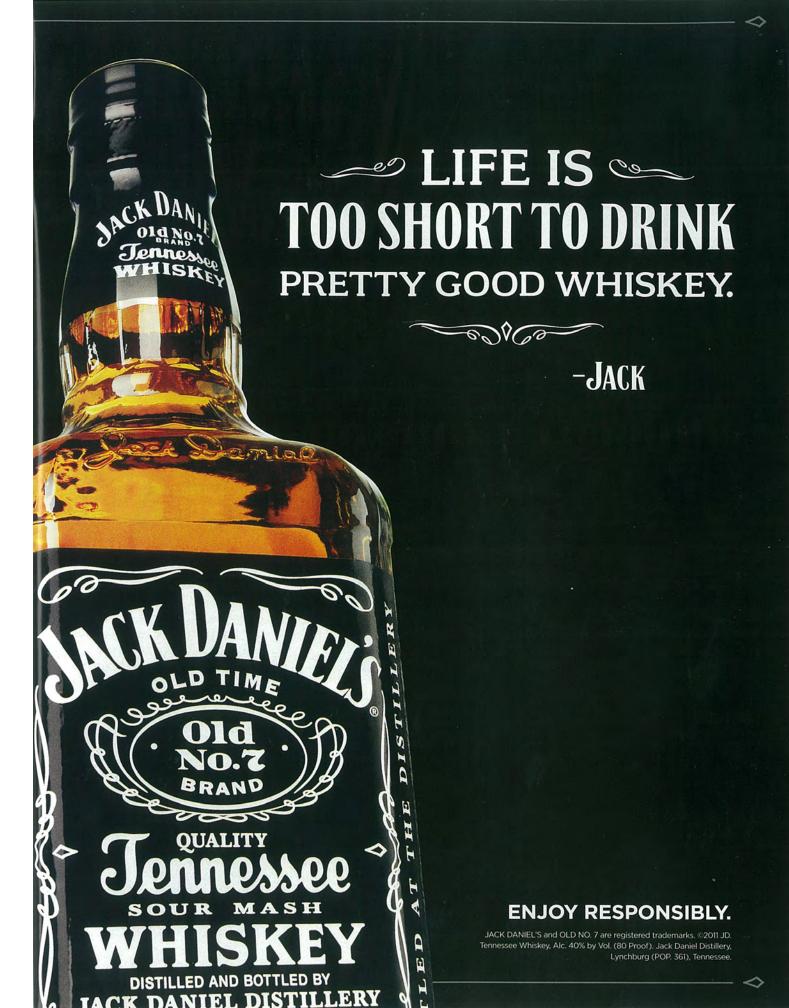
Married and divorced six times, Stringfield lost to illness three children with her first husband and never had another child. She kept the last name of her third husband, Arthur Stringfield, at his request, because he felt she'd made him famous. Stringfield relocated in the Miami, Florida area after her adoptive parents died in the late 1930s. There she cruised the city streets, often with two poodles riding along on her knees, and was dubbed by the local press as the "Negro Motorcycle Queen" and later the "Motorcycle Queen of Miami." In the 1950s, she earned a nursing license and made that her new career. She was also the founder of the Iron Horse Motorcycle Club and purchased a home that became the Iron Horse club house. In a 63-year riding career, Stringfield owned 27 Harley-Davidson bikes, "Always blue, and always new," she told Ferrar. The last was a 1978 FLH. She died of a heart ailment in 1993, at the age of 82.

"Bessie was just one of those people you never forget," said Ferrar, "and an inspiration. Whenever I have faced a challenge, I think of the challenges she faced and overcame."

In 2000, the American Motorcyclist Association created the Bessie Stringfield Memorial Award for Superior Achievement by a Female Motorcyclist. She was inducted into the AMA Motorcycle Hall of Fame in 2002.

DO YOU HAVE AN UNTOLD STORY about your experiences as a rider? Want to send us pictures of your bike, club, or a rally? Go to www.h-d.com/ironelite to upload and share. Your story could be chosen and be part of an exhibit at the Harley-Davidson Museum, debuting during Black History Month 2012.

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Worth the Ride

BY KEN L. PATE

My story begins in 2003 when I bought my new Road King® Classic, complete with sissy bar and spare helmet so my wife, Susan, could ride with me. But when I brought the bike home she was so angry she didn't speak to me for weeks. Not only would she not ride with me, she didn't want any part of owning a motorcycle.

Still, I rode on – sometimes with a group of guys on Saturday or sometimes alone on Sunday. One Saturday when I stopped at Savannah H-D, a group of riders invited me on a lunch ride. I declined, as I had plans already, but this was my first real exposure to Harley Owners Group.®

Soon after, our life changed forever. In 2004, Susan was told she had colon cancer and had immediate surgery. She recovered, but things changed. When I came home from work one afternoon she met me at the door and said she would like to go for a ride. I told her I had been in the car all day and didn't feel like driving anymore. But she was quick to tell me she meant on my bike. You can imagine how fast I put on my riding gear!

We rode to nearby Tybee Island, had dinner and a nice walk on the beach, and enjoyed a wonderful time riding the bike.

Soon we were riding regularly, but Susan wasn't happy riding with the guys on Saturdays. I remembered how H.O.G.® had welcomed me, so we went to a chapter meeting – which turned out to be the best thing we did in our 46 years of married life!

Susan loved that H.O.G. was family-oriented and that many of the women rode their own bikes. We began to get more involved in the Savannah Chapter, and everything was great in our lives. I added a 2003 Ultra Classic® Electra Glide® Trike to make us a two-Harley® family, and we were on the road so much our two sons and grandchildren complained we were never home.

Not long after, at 60 years old, Susan told me she wanted her own bike, so I bought her a 2007 Softail® Deluxe and triked it out for her. She got her license and soon started riding every chance she got. But on October 13, 2009, things changed again when Susan

was diagnosed with Stage IV lung cancer. She started treatments right away – the first one lasted almost eight hours. She was so sick. It was at this time that our H.O.G. chapter rallied to help. One member after another called to see if we needed anything. They brought us more food than we could ever eat. And on Susan's birthday, they threw her a birthday party/fund-raiser we would never forget. Coach's Corner, in Savannah, supplied the location and food, and \$2,600 was raised that day.

On another special night, 18 ladies from the H.O.G. chapter came to our house wearing handmade "turbans." Susan was beginning

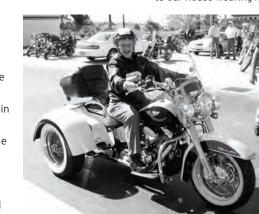
to lose her hair, and they wanted to show their support. Susan laughed so hard at their antics that night.

After her second chemo treatment Susan was too sick to enjoy her family and friends. She wanted to relish whatever time she had left, so she stopped all treatments. As Susan grew weaker, the chapter got stronger, continuing to bring dinner or anything we needed, or to call and just talk with us.

Susan fought hard, but on May 11, 2010 she passed away. We planned her funeral as she had requested: with our

H.O.G. family escorting the hearse and one of Susan's friends riding her trike in front. A police escort led the procession from Pooler, Georgia to Wilmington Island non-stop, even through downtown Savannah. When I spoke with the funeral director beforehand, I told him we might have 25 bikes in attendance. We were all shocked when 74 bikes led Susan to the church. My family drove behind in cars and couldn't believe what our H.O.G. family did for us that day.

I never thought buying a Harley-Davidson® motorcycle would bring me the kind of friends Susan and I made. The Savannah Chapter is the best thing that ever happened in our lives. Though our days of riding together were short, Susan and I are truly blessed to be part of a great family of bikers and true friends.







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