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HOG[®]

FOR THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON[®] ENTHUSIAST SINCE 1916

THE XR1200[™] COMES HOME

THRASHING THE IRON 883[™]

BUENOS AIRES AT REST

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THE XR1200[™] COMES HOME THRASHING THE IRON 883[™] BUENOS AIRES AT REST



**FORM MEETS FUNCTION. THEN THEY GO OUT,
GET TATTOOS AND RAISE SOME SERIOUS HELL.**



F-450 SHOWN, ALSO AVAILABLE IN F-250 AND F-350 MODELS.

'09 FORD HARLEY-DAVIDSON™ F-SERIES SUPER DUTY® EDITION.





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Up and Over

TO CONSERVE SPACE on the manufacturing floor, the Vehicle Operations facility in York, Pennsylvania utilizes a series of overhead tracks to move motorcycles from one assembly station to the next. Here, a partially assembled Electra Glide® model gets a lift from West Line to East Line. The yellow cover on the front fender provides protection to the cosmetic surface during the journey.

The York facility is the birthplace of the Harley-Davidson® Touring and Softail® families of motorcycles, as well as home to the Custom Vehicle Operation™ program. For information on tours of this and other H-D facilities, visit www.harley-davidson.com.



Joe Leonard and the KRTT

LEGENDARY HARLEY-DAVIDSON RACER JOE LEONARD

rounds a turn at the Windber 50-mile National in 1953, Leonard's rookie season in the expert class. The following year, Leonard became the first winner of the AMA Grand National Championship, winning eight of the 18 Grand National races. Previously, the AMA awarded the season championship to the top finisher in the Springfield Mile race.

Leonard's eight national victories that season established a record that would stand for more than 30 years. He won two more AMA Grand National Championships (1956 and '57) before becoming a successful automobile racer in the 1960s. In 1998, he was inducted into the AMA Motorcycle Hall of Fame.

The Harley-Davidson KRTT motorcycle he's shown riding is a version of the KR, the dominant racing motorcycle of the time. The K series was a precursor to both the Sportster® line and the iconic Harley-Davidson® XR-750 dirt-track racer. The XR-750, in turn, was the inspiration for the new Sportster XR1200™ featured beginning on Page 38.



Sign of the Times



Welcome to the all-new *HOG*® magazine, a world-class magazine for a world-class brand. Since the first publication of Harley-Davidson's *Enthusiast*® in 1916, more about motorcycling and our world in general has changed than has stayed the same. But throughout those 90-odd years, one thing has remained true: Harley-Davidson has produced magazines that give riders like you a peek behind the curtain, informing you about our products, educating you about riding, and

sharing your stories with legions of Harley® riders around the world. In 1983, *Enthusiast* was joined by *Hog Tales*® magazine, which grew from a single-sheet newsletter into a bimonthly publication serving a diverse audience of more than one million Harley Owners Group® members internationally.

But the lightning-fast evolution of the information superhighway has presented challenges to the printed word. Where magazines like *Enthusiast* and *Hog Tales* were once the sole source of information about products and events for Harley lovers, now the Internet provides instantaneous access to a wealth of information that can't be duplicated in print. The Motor Company's interactive www.harley-davidson.com Web site conveys the sights and sounds of Harley-Davidson® motorcycles through the use of videos and imagery in a way that no static page can convey or contain. For H.O.G.® members, the club's exclusive members.hog.com Web site contains everything a member needs to know about events and membership benefits, and it's all accessible with the click of a key 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

What this revolution means to a traditional magazine is that the job of a printed page is to augment, not try to compete with pixels and electrons. Magazines still do many things better than a screen: They're easier to read, and great photography translates better onto ink and paper than a computer monitor. Where the Web is a never-ending network of hyperlinked pages that can often be intrusive and overwhelming, a magazine's job is to select the best of the best and organize it in a portable, entertaining, informative, and relaxing format.

Building on a nearly century-old tradition, *HOG* magazine incorporates the best features of *Enthusiast* and *Hog Tales* in a bigger, bolder magazine that has the space to take you deeper into the story than ever before, with more pages and better photography. As you read through this premier edition of *HOG*, you'll recognize many familiar features from its predecessors: like the Enthusiasts section, where we encourage you to share stories and photos from your riding adventures; great riding features; product reviews; the Intake section and Exhaust column; inspiring custom motorcycles; riding tips; the Archives; and more. There are also new features like an expanded calendar section that encourages you to seek out destinations for your next ride, inspirational profiles of Harley riders, and even more in-depth riding reviews of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

For those of you who are used to getting both *Hog Tales* and *Enthusiast* magazines, it may come as a surprise that these venerable titles have been merged into one new magazine. But I want to assure you that the spirit of both is alive and well between the covers of *HOG*.

Do you agree? After you've had a chance to thoroughly peruse the new publication, I hope you'll send your questions, comments, and feedback to hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com.

Matt King

P.S. - For those who are not yet up to speed on the information superhighway, you can also send comments to Editor, HOG Magazine, P.O. Box 453, Milwaukee, WI 53201.



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ON THE COVER: The Sportster® XR1200™ motorcycle was introduced to the North American market in December to wide acclaim.

General Manager, Harley Owners Group®
Benny Suggs

Executive Editor
Paul James

Editor
Matt King

Design and Production
GS Design

Visit Harley-Davidson Motor Co. on the Internet at www.harley-davidson.com.

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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*Subject to Credit Approval.

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LONGEST OWNED

Dear Editor:

My brother Lynn and I bought this used 1952 Harley-Davidson® FL 1200 in June of 1956. We still own the motorcycle and ride it on occasion. It had 20,000 miles when we purchased it for \$185 and today has less than 40,000 miles. It is original, as it came from the factory, except for the paint color, windshield, and kick-start pedal.

FRED HOSSNER

ASHTON, IDAHO

Fred and Homer, those are impressive stories all right, but neither is the longest-owned Harley-Davidson we heard of in response to our challenge. Please see the Enthusiasts section on Pages 56-61 for a couple of other entries. —Ed.

.....

Dear Editor:

I've owned my FLH for 40 years. I purchased it at Stan's Cycle Shop in Batavia, NY on July 20, 1968, and I'm still riding it at 75 years of



age! It's a 1968 Shovelhead dresser Electra Glide® with 35,568 miles. I also own an Electra Glide Classic with 7,327 miles. I still like them both!

HOMER MARCINIAK

MEDINA, NEW YORK

P.S. The 1968 cost \$1,850 back then!

.....

BLOWBACK

Re: "Throttle Down" (*Enthusiast*®, Fall 2008)

Sure, courtesy and respect are needed. But are we all "morons" because we like and enjoy that one-of-a-kind Harley® sound? I think not.

TOM ROSATI

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

.....

If that makes me a moron, that dude must ride a Gold Wing.

SANDY HUSKINS

TOLEDO, OHIO

.....

ROAD KING® CONVERTS

I would like to tell everyone about a great experience my wife and I had with the H.O.G.® Fly & Ride program. Christine is from Montana, but has not visited there since she married an Australian (that would be me), and I had never met her sister and brothers. So we decided to leave our 2000 Fat Boy® at home and fly

to Montana to rent a Road King. We rode the Road King for 1,200 miles throughout northern Montana, and up and over Going to the Sun Road in Glacier National Park. As a result of our experience, we're planning to buy a 2009 Road King this spring!

DANIEL AND CHRISTINE DAVIS

APEX, NORTH CAROLINA

.....

NO FEAR FACTOR

I'll be 59 years old in February, and the thought of riding a motorcycle never crossed my mind. That is, until a full-page advertisement in *USA Today* changed my life in May 2008.

We Don't Do Fear. Fear Sucks. So Screw It. Let's Ride.

Wow! The ad hit me like a 1,000-pound wave crashing right between my eyes. I was so sick of fear. Fast forward to November, when I took delivery on a Vivid Black 2009 Heritage Softail® Classic.

Now here's a real interesting end to this story. A week later, I lost my job. A friend asked me if I was going to sell the new Harley. "Hell, no!" I said. "I might sell my

house, I might sell my car, but there's no way I'm selling the Harley!"

Fear sucks. So screw it, let's ride. Thank you, Harley-Davidson.

PHILIP SHUCET

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA

.....

THANK GOD AND FXRG®!

They say there are two kinds of riders: those who have put it down and those who haven't – yet! Well, I recently became a member of the former.

It was a damp and foggy morning when I left Saint Johns, Florida to take a day ride with a buddy over to the Gulf Coast. The weather was cool, and I debated wearing my vest or my FXRG leather jacket and FXRG gloves. Boy, am I glad I chose the leathers! On the way home, I got a little punchy and ran into a turn way too hot and put my '06 XLC 1200 down pretty hard. After staring at the sky and figuring out that nothing (on me) was broken, I surveyed the damage to my Sporty. Nothing a little elbow grease couldn't fix, I determined.

Later, I realized if it were not for my FXRG jacket and gloves, I would have had some serious road rash. As it turns out, I walked away with only a hip stinger and a few sore muscles. The money I spent on my leathers was a great investment!

TIM PRICE

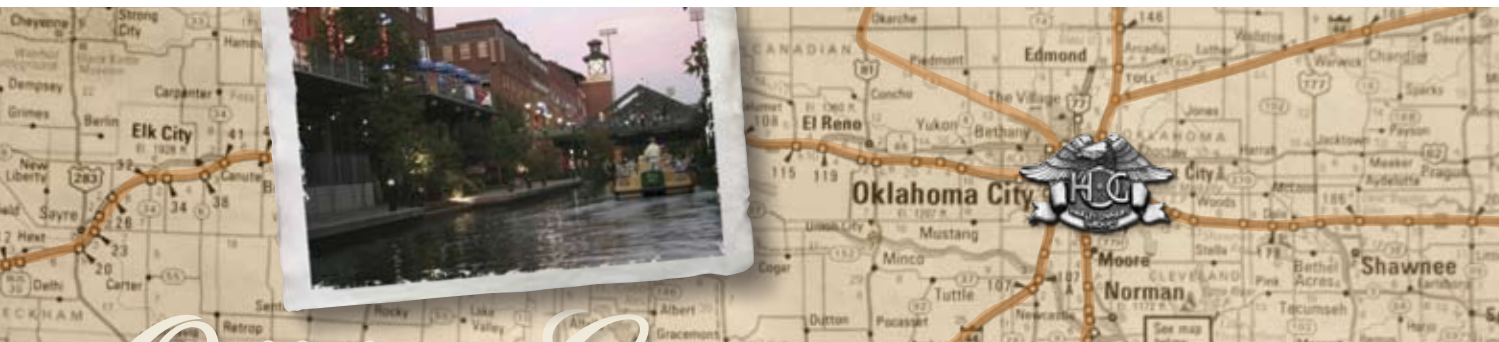
SAINT JOHNS, FLORIDA

Tim, you may be interested to learn that Harley-Davidson has recently made the FXRG line even better. See Pages 62-63 for a look at the new jackets. —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.



Oklahoma City

is about as close as you can come to being smack dab in the center of the United States. Come June 26, it will be party central for Harley Owners Group®, when thousands of H.O.G.® brothers and sisters roll into Oklahoma City for CLUB H.O.G. OKC, the 26th Annual Rally. If there's one rally to attend this year, it's this family gathering. How soon will you register for the party *only* H.O.G. can deliver?



WHERE HOME ON THE RANGE MEETS BORN TO BE WILD

CLUB H.O.G. OKC • OKLAHOMA CITY • JUNE 26-27 • REGISTRATION OPENS FEBRUARY 4

For more information on this rally, visit members.hog.com.

Dates, locations, and event details subject to change.



PURE AMERICAN POWER

Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines for the H.O.G.® American Muscle Tour, a celebration of fast cars, freedom, and legendary motorcycles. Log on to members.hog.com for more information and get ready to muscle through America's heartland on your Harley-Davidson® motorcycle.

THE NATIONAL CORVETTE MUSEUM • NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE™ • HARLEY-DAVIDSON MUSEUM®

JULY 14-19, 2009 • BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY TO MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

REGISTRATION OPENS MARCH 18

Dates, locations, and event details subject to change.



Indio, California • April 17-19, 2009

Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival



PART WOODSTOCK, PART BURNING MAN, this three-day festival in the California Desert is definitely not for everyone. But if big crowds, alt rock, hip-hop, and giant mechanical sculptures are your thing, it's a must-experience event. If not, come back to

the same site the following weekend (April 25-26) for Stagecoach: California's Country Music Festival. Either way, just getting there will be worth the trip.

www.coachella.com

www.stagecoachfestival.com

Dates, locations, and event details subject to change.

Photography: Goldenvoice



Maui, Hawaii

The Hana Highway

THIS 51-MILE (ROUND-TRIP) STRETCH of twisting asphalt is known as a road you don't just ride, you *survive*. Take your time, enjoy its spectacular scenery, hairpin turns, and many waterfalls as you wind along the northern coast of Maui, and you'll do just fine. Harley-Davidson® Authorized Rentals are available from Maui Harley-Davidson in Lahaina, which is also a H.O.G.® Fly & Ride destination.

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.

Photography: MVB/Ron Dahquist

areveport • Montgomery • Tucson • Boulder City • Grand Island • Rogers • Murfreesboro • Lawrence • Springfield • Paducah • Zanesville



THINK YOU'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE, MAN?

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN TO A 2009 U.S. STATE H.O.G.® RALLY!

As always, this diverse group of rallies will be held in some of America's greatest cities and most unforgettable small towns. So no matter where you live, there's sure to be one that suits your budget and your sense of adventure – whether it's around the corner or across the country.

Plus, you never know quite what to expect because each rally takes on the unique "local flavor" of the state or area it represents. So if you think you've "been there, done that," think again! Because there's nothing like a U.S. State H.O.G. Rally. And no time like 2009 to set out for adventure.



Stanwood • Mt. Airy • Albuquerque • Welches • Rostraver • Mandan • Heler • Lansing • Coeur d'Alene • St. Charles • San Marcos • Blount • Rocklin • Ponca City • St. Augustine • Columbia



Don't wait – make plans now to attend a 2009 U.S. State H.O.G. Rally!

Log on to **MEMBERS.HOG.COM** for a complete schedule.

And make 2009 a year to get closer to "everywhere"!

Dates, locations, and event details subject to change.



Super opportunity: Supermodel Marissa Miller takes a moment to make the day of Bill Davidson, Harley-Davidson Vice-President, Core Customer Marketing.

Photography: of Kevin Netz

Marissa Delivers the Muscle

AS IF GETTING A CLOSE-UP LOOK at the newest member of the Harley-Davidson® V-Rod® family weren't enough! Hundreds turned out in New York City in December as Harley-Davidson unveiled the eye-catching 2009 V-Rod Muscle™ motorcycle. But the jury's still out on which turned the most heads, the Muscle or supermodel Marissa Miller (featured in the recent V-Rod Muscle ad campaign) who hosted the affair.

One thing's clear: Whether you were at the party or not, you've got a lot better chance of taking home a V-Rod Muscle than you do Marissa!

A Fat Boy® for Firefighters

HARLEY-DAVIDSON IS PARTNERING with Pierce manufacturing to benefit the families of firefighters who perish in the line of duty. By visiting NFFF.FullThrottleSupport.com, you can enter to win a one-of-a-kind Harley-Davidson Fat Boy Firefighter Special Edition for a \$10 donation. You can also learn more about families who have benefited from the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation (NFFF).

"Every firefighter death is a great tragedy, but the families take comfort in knowing the nation is grateful for their sacrifice," said Ron Siarnicki, executive director of the NFFF. "The NFFF Full Throttle Support campaign is truly a unique way for the country to come together to honor the families of America's heroes."

The deadline for entering the sweepstakes is April 26, 2009, with the winner to be announced in May 2009.



Photography: George Petropoulos

Three Wheels And Change

LIEUTENANT SCOTT FEAR of the United States Park Police rode a specially equipped 2009 Harley-Davidson "Concept Trike" in the Presidential Inaugural Parade in Washington, D.C. on January 20. The Park Police and other law enforcement agencies are helping assess the vehicle for possible future production.

Hitting the Beach

WHAT'S MORE IMPRESSIVE than hundreds of Harley® riders thundering down the highway toward Daytona? Hundreds of women riding to Daytona together for a great cause.

On Tuesday, March 3, 2009, some 500 women riders will shake up the Sunshine State in the 2nd Annual Daytona Women's Ride. Designed as a way to share passion for riding, as well as raise funds for MDA (Muscular Dystrophy Association), last year's ride raised \$67,000. Leslie Previsch, H-D Women's Outreach Manager, considers that a great start.

"Riding down the road with hundreds of women riders was truly inspirational," she says. "Hopefully this year, with the support of our generous female riders, as well as their friends and family, we'll easily eclipse that mark."

Myrtle Beach Update

CHANGE IS IN THE WIND in South Carolina, where two popular motorcycle rallies have come under increasing pressure from the city of Myrtle Beach. The city has announced strict new ordinances that will make it unwelcoming to motorcycle rallies. As a result, events for Myrtle Beach Bike Week – which include the Carolina Harley-Davidson Dealers Association Spring Rally – will be held outside the city limits.

For more information on this developing story, visit www.myrtlebeachbikeweek.com.

On the Web



www.facebook.com/harley-davidson
www.myspace.com/harley-davidson
www.youtube.com/harleydavidson

Face/Space/Tube

DID YOU KNOW that Harley-Davidson has its own pages on Facebook, MySpace, and YouTube? Visit often to view fun and informative Harley-Davidson content.

www.facebook.com/harley-davidson

Pure Horsepower

WHICH IS STRONGER: horsepower or the power of a horse? "Her Need for Speed," the Grand Prize-winning film in Harley-Davidson's Bikes, Camera, Action! women's filmmaking contest, takes a look at this question. For her creative efforts, winning filmmaker Victoria Sampson of Shadow Hill, California took home \$5,000, a new high-definition video camera, a Harley-Davidson leather jacket, and a gift certificate for a five-day bike rental through Harley-Davidson® Authorized Rentals.

"Her Need for Speed," along with the First-Prize films of Melissa Kosar of Orange, California and Marta Masferrer of New York City, can be viewed online.

members.hog.com

H.O.G. Day @ Daytona

NEW FOR 2009 AT DAYTONA: H.O.G. Day, an entire day devoted to honoring H.O.G. members. Stop at the Ocean Center on Saturday, February 28 to pick up an exclusive H.O.G. Daytona Bike Week collectible pin, get the first look at the new product show, purchase Willie G® merchandise, and much more.

H.O.G.® News



Hog Tales® Claims a Silver

HOG TALES CONTRIBUTOR GARY MCKECHNIE

has received a Silver Award in the prestigious Lowell Thomas Awards competition for his article "Prairie Hog" (*Hog Tales*, March/April 2008). Sponsored by the Society of American Travel Writers Foundation, the awards are billed as the "Pulitzer Prize of Travel Writing." McKechnie was honored in the Adventure Travel category.

Congratulations, Gary and *Hog Tales*! It's a nice way to kick off the new publication.

Strive for Five (Million)

IF YOU THOUGHT last year's Million Mile Monday total (3,000,960 miles) was impressive, Harley Owners Group® wants you to know we're just getting warmed up! This year, we're striving for five – five *million* miles that is.

H.O.G. members, mark your calendars for Monday, June 29. And get ready to blow last year's mark out of the water! For details, log on to members.hog.com. (Non-members, visit www.hog.com to find out how *you* can take part in this worldwide riding event.)



Photography: Chris Ijams

Bruce Heilman
Model Patriot

“So as I engage in this journey I celebrate my 82nd birthday, my marriage to the same woman for 60 years, my 55 years as an educator, my 37 years at the University of Richmond, and my 64 years as a U.S. Marine.”

—Excerpt from the sign on Bruce Heilman’s Harley®

Bruce Heilman’s 2007 Ultra Classic® Electra Glide® Patriot model had never seen a drop of rain. But it poured on the first day of his October 2008 cross-country ride. “I got baptized,” he explains.

It must have had a cleansing effect of some sort because that was the only rain he saw for the entire 10-day journey, which he took (among other reasons) to honor his fellow World War II veterans.

“Tom Brokaw called us the ‘Greatest Generation,’ and I wanted to prove that we’re still pretty great!”

Riding with his wife, Betty, who followed in a car, and joined for different stretches by his two daughters, Heilman retraced, in reverse, the route he took when he hitchhiked across the country when he returned from Japan in 1946. With his bike adorned with flags representing the Marines, the United States, and Harley-Davidson, Heilman was greeted all along the way by fellow Marines, veterans, patriots, and Harley lovers of all stripes.

“No matter where I was, people would come up and join me in conversation. It really proved to be an adventure for me unlike I had anticipated.”

As for the journey across America, he likened the experience to returning to Okinawa in 1993, 48 years after he fought there as an 18-year-old Marine. He barely recognized the place, he says, it had changed so much since it was destroyed in the invasion. In a similar way, he barely recognized parts of America he hadn’t seen in 62 years.

“It was like a dream,” he recalls. “I thought, ‘The world has changed so much, did I really do this?’ But I did.”

In California, he was received with appropriate fanfare by the Marines at the Marine Corps Logistics Base in Barstow, where Heilman went through boot camp 64 years earlier. “It was great to see first-hand that they’re still training young people there to do great things for their country.”

But instead of shipping the bike back to Virginia, as he had originally planned, he is now having it stored – for a return trip, in three stages, later this year.

“I fully intend to be riding that Harley at age 92! And why not?” he asks rhetorically. “I firmly believe that the best health of mankind is staying busy. So maybe I’m setting an example.”

.....
Dr. E. Bruce Heilman, 82, is Chancellor of the University of Richmond. He recently published his autobiography, entitled, An Interruption that Lasted a Lifetime: My First Eighty Years.

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- Special room rates with a minimum 10% savings

And after a memorable day on the road, relax and enjoy the comforts of a Best Western Rider-friendly participating hotel with extra benefits like a motorcycle wipe down towel and cleaning station.

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Offer valid for new Best Western Ride Rewards™ members who reside in the U.S., Canada and the Caribbean. New Best Western Ride Rewards™ enrollment/membership is required prior to first Qualified Stay (must be completed by 12/31/2009). Promotion valid January 1 to December 31, 2009. New Best Western Ride Rewards™ members will earn 1,000 bonus points after completing their first Qualified Stay, with a maximum bonus point award of 1,000 per eligible member. *Qualified Stay™ is defined as one or more consecutive nights at the same hotel regardless of the number of check-ins/checkouts at a Best Western Ride Rewards™ qualifying rate (rate eligible for Best Western Rewards™ (BWR) points or miles). Other restrictions may apply. Offer not valid with any other promotion or discount. Promotion subject to cancellation without notice. Best Western Rewards™ (BWR), formerly Gold Crown Club® International (GCC), is owned and operated by BW GCC, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of Best Western International, Inc. All BWR program rules apply. See www.BestWestern.com/H-Driderewards for program terms and conditions with links to airline program rules. ©2009 Best Western International, Inc. Best Western and the Best Western marks are service marks or registered service marks of Best Western International, Inc. Harley-Davidson, Harley, H-D and the Bar and Shield logo are among the trademarks of H-D Michigan, Inc.

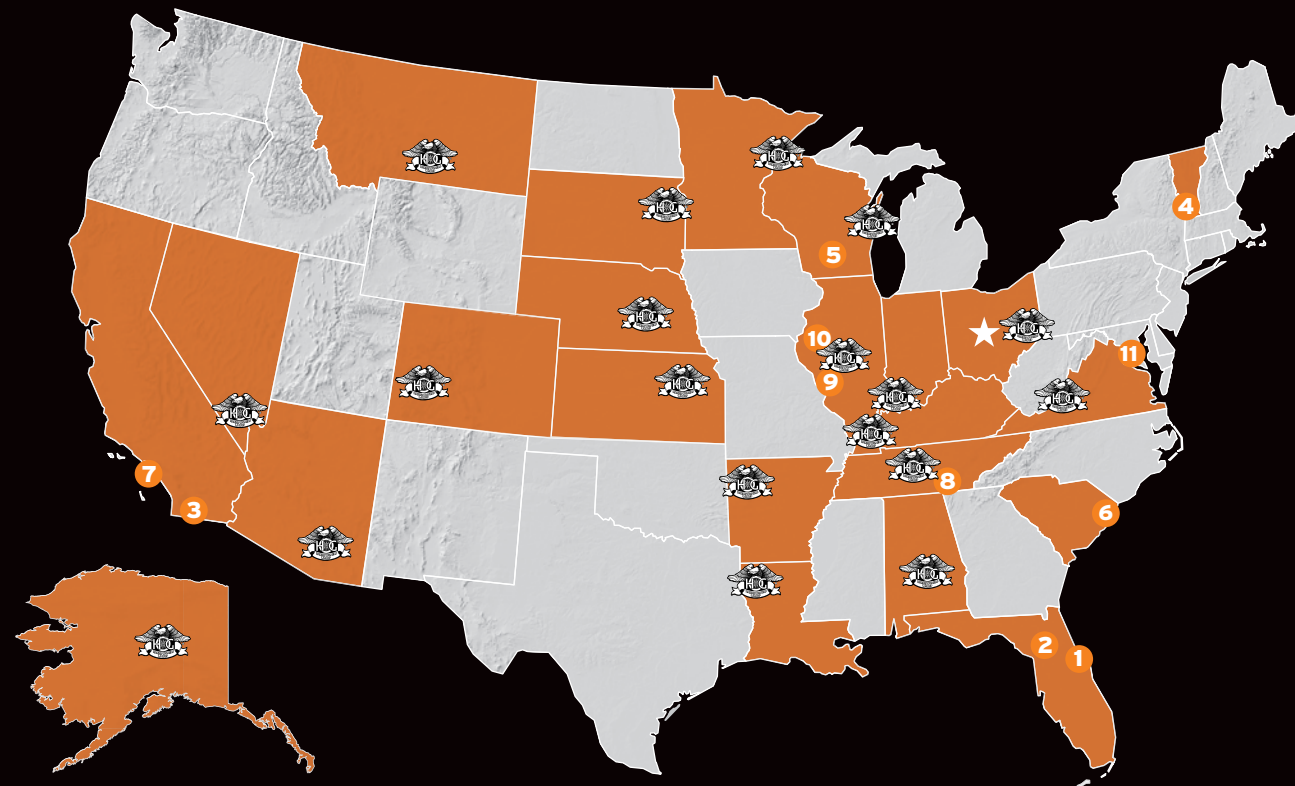


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- > Columbus, Ohio
- > March 7
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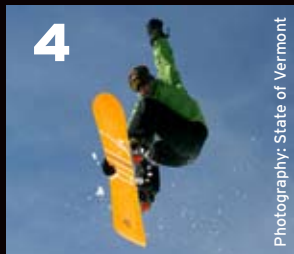
1 DAYTONA BIKE WEEK
 > Daytona Beach, Florida
 > February 27-March 8
 > www.harley-davidson.com
 > H-D Demo Rides



2 NHRA DRAG RACING
 > 40th Annual ACDelco
 NHRA Gatornationals
 > Gainesville, Florida
 > March 12-15
 > www.nhra.com

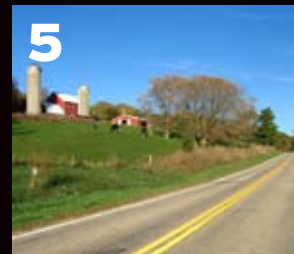


3 THE BLUE ANGELS
 > U.S. Navy Flight
 Demonstration Squadron
 > El Centro, California
 > March 14
 > www.blueangels.navy.mil



4 U.S. OPEN SNOWBOARDING CHAMPIONSHIPS
 > Stratton Mountain, Vermont
 > March 16-22
 > www.usopen-snowboarding.com

Photography: State of Vermont



5 SLIMEY CRUD RUN
 > Pine Bluff, Wisconsin
 > May 3
 > www.slimeycrudrun.com



6 CRUISIN' THE COAST SPRING BIKE WEEK
 > Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
 > May 8-17
 > www.myrtlebeachharley.com
 > H-D Demo Rides/
 H.O.G. Pin Stop: May 13-16



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 Springfield
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WISCONSIN
 Appleton
 June 18-20

ARIZONA
 Tucson
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KENTUCKY
 Paducah
 June 11-13

MONTANA
 Beartooth to
 Bighorns Tour
 June 25-27

NEVADA
 Boulder City
 May 14-16

OHIO
 Zanesville
 June 11-13

MINNESOTA
 Duluth
 June 25-28

NEBRASKA
 Grand Island
 May 22-24

SOUTH DAKOTA
 Watertown
 June 11-13

INDIANA
 Evansville to
 Columbus
 June 26-28

ARKANSAS
 Rogers
 May 28-30

VIRGINIA
 Roanoke
 June 17-20

TENNESSEE
 Murfreesboro
 June 3-6

ALASKA
 Fairbanks
 June 18-20

For a complete 2009 schedule, log on to members.hog.com.



7 ASP SURFING
 > Men's/Women's World
 Qualifying Series
 > Huntington Beach, California
 > March 25-29
 > www.aspworldtour.com



8 FREESTYLE MOTOCROSS
 > Chattanooga, Tennessee
 > April 4
 > www.fmxonline.com

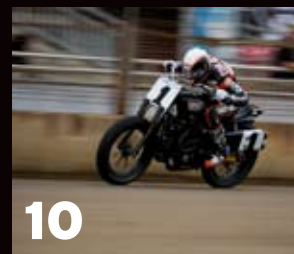
Photography: AP Photo/
 Robert E. Klein



9 AHRA DRAG RACING - SEASON OPENER
 > Screamin' Eagle®
 Championship Series
 > Madison, Illinois
 > April 18-19
 > www.ahdra.com



INTERNATIONAL FEMALE RIDE DAY
 > May 1 (May is Harley-Davidson Women Riders Month)
 > www.harley-davidson.com/womenriders



10 AMA FLAT TRACK RACING - SEASON OPENER
 > Springfield, Illinois
 > May 24
 > www.harley-davidson.com



11 ROLLING THUNDER® XXII
 > H.O.G. Pin Stop Location
 > Washington, D.C.
 > May 23-24
 > www.rollingthunder1.com

BETWEEN THE LINES

The Key to “Panic Stops”: Don’t Panic!

By **Steve Pruett**, Regional Lead Instructor,
Harley-Davidson Rider Services



It’s easy to argue that the ability to stop quickly, safely, and effectively in emergency situations is your most important skill as a motorcyclist. In most such situations, bringing your bike to a quick halt in a straight line is your best chance at escaping unharmed, with your motorcycle intact.

Such stops are often called “panic stops,” but this name is really a misnomer. Because one of the keys to executing the stop successfully is to remain calm and not overreact.

SEE for Yourself

In discussing emergency stops, the best place to start is well *before* the emergency presents itself. If you’re not utilizing the “SEE” strategy, you’re not giving yourself the best chance to avoid the situation altogether.

Let’s review briefly:

S is for “Search”: Actively scan the area ahead of you (up to 12 seconds ahead) for potential hazards and developing situations.

E is for “Evaluate”: Gather information and anticipate problems. Predict what may go wrong and prepare yourself to react.

E is for “Execute”: When a situation requires you to react, adjust your speed, adjust your position, and communicate your intentions (when possible).

For our purposes here, we’ll address the situations where adjusting your speed means coming to a complete stop – quickly.

In such situations, blind instinct may lead an inexperienced or untrained rider to simply apply both brakes as hard as possible. But this would be a grave mistake,

for reasons that are obvious to some but not always obvious to beginners.

The most important factor in stopping quickly and safely is to avoid locking either wheel – but especially the front wheel. When the rear wheel locks up, you lose stopping power because friction is reduced. If you do lock up the rear brake, make sure to keep it locked until you come to a stop! If you release the rear brake after it starts to slide, a high-side fall could result. But as long as you keep your motorcycle pointed straight ahead, you can usually ride out the skid. (The bigger problem is you’re more likely to hit what you’re trying not to hit!)

Locking up the front wheel, however, is a very dangerous situation. It’s extremely difficult to ride out a front-wheel skid. If you feel the front wheel lock up, release the brake immediately and then reapply. If

the front wheel remains locked, it will lose traction and you have lost control of your motorcycle. If you release and reapply the front brake, you can regain control of your bike.

That said, don’t be afraid of the front brake! Remember, the front brake provides about 70 percent of your stopping power – even more in hard-braking situations. On the good news front, today’s tires are so much better than they used to be. It’s much more difficult now – absent a slick surface or debris on the roadway – to lock up the front wheel than in the “old days.”

Stay Cool

So let’s assume you’re doing everything right: You’re *Searching* and scanning the area ahead of you, and you see a potentially hazardous situation develop. You *Evaluate* the situation and decide to cover your brakes, cover the clutch, and maybe even ease off the throttle. But then the unexpected happens, and you decide to *Execute* an emergency stop.

Don’t panic! Squeeze the front brake lever smoothly and firmly while also pressing on the rear brake pedal. Keep your gaze focused straight ahead, not down at your front wheel or the road directly in front of you. (Always look where you want to go and resist the temptation to look at what you’re trying to avoid!)

Keep the front wheel pointed straight ahead and don’t forget to pull in the clutch, downshift, and ease off the throttle. Failure to pull in the clutch and downshift will cause the engine to die, which will prevent you from making a quick “getaway” if necessary. Remember, traffic behind you may not be able to stop as quickly as you can – and almost certainly is not as alert as you are! (Assuming you’re doing everything right, of course.)

So it’s important to watch your mirrors and pay attention to what’s going on behind you, as well as in front of you. If you stop more quickly than necessary, you may be inviting a rear-end collision. And you may well need to accelerate quickly after you stop.

Also, this may seem trivial, but ... don’t forget to put your foot down! There’s a lot going through your brain during an emergency stop, and it’s not uncommon for the “emergency” stuff to crowd out even the most basic stuff.

As with any riding technique, practice is the best teacher. Don’t wait for an emergency to try out your emergency stopping technique. Find an empty parking lot and try these:

- Practice keeping your head and eyes up while stopping, looking out at the horizon (where you want to go).

- Use both brakes simultaneously.
- Downshift to first gear while stopping (so you are in first gear when you stop).
- Use a smooth and steady progressive squeeze of the front brake lever and a smooth press of the rear brake pedal.

By doing this, you’ll build up confidence that the bike is not going to pitch you over the handlebar or lock up the front wheel, and that you *can* stop quickly on your bike.

So when (not *if*) that real-world emergency situation presents itself, your instincts will guide you to a safe, fast, effective stop.

In Summary

1. Be sure to Search, Evaluate, and Execute.
2. When appropriate, cover both brakes and the clutch, and ease off the throttle if necessary.
3. When an emergency stop is called for, *don’t panic!*
4. Apply both brakes smoothly and firmly.
5. Pull in the clutch and downshift.
6. Check what’s happening behind you.
7. Bring your motorcycle to a quick, safe stop.
8. If necessary, accelerate away from potential additional danger.

Emergency Stopping with ABS Brakes

Some Harley-Davidson® models are now available with an anti-lock braking system (ABS) as a factory-installed option. This technology, which uses sophisticated electronics to keep the wheels from locking up on hard braking, can be a lifesaver in emergency stopping situations.

ABS uses sensors in the wheels to detect when they have stopped spinning, and then takes over control of the braking for a fraction of a second, almost instantly releasing and reapplying the brake. In other words, it does exactly what you should do in such a situation, much faster than humanly possible, as many times as necessary.

Simply having ABS, however, is not substitute for proper technique. ABS gives you a larger margin for error, but it’s still best to apply the brakes firmly and smoothly.

And practice is still a good idea. If you don’t know what it feels like when the ABS kicks in (you may feel it pulsating), it could confuse you in an emergency situation and lead you

to let up on the brakes. Find a nice wide-open space with a clean surface and practice your emergency stops. You don’t need high speeds or a slick surface to make the ABS kick in – hard braking will do it. Start slow, maybe 15 or 20 mph, and hit the brakes a little harder each stop until you feel the ABS start to engage.

Additionally, resist the temptation to let go of the brake when that happens. This is a mistake an experienced rider will make more often than a new rider, because that’s what you’re taught to do with a non-ABS motorcycle. Instead, keep applying both brakes* firmly until you come to a stop.

Remember, ABS is a valuable tool to have – it could even save your life someday. But it’s no substitute for good technique. Practice, keep your cool, and keep the rubber side down.

*Unlike some competitive systems, Harley-Davidson ABS controls both the front and rear brakes.

INTO
THE
BLUE

FOUR UNFORGETTABLE DAYS
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE ZIMMERMAN





THE BIG RAM regarded me warily with brilliant, copper-colored eyes as I crept toward him. How close could I get with my camera, I wondered, before he either ran away or charged me with his thick, long, curling horns? Judging by the placid demeanor of his “family,” how-

ever, I didn’t have too much to worry about. I don’t think I’d ever encountered such friendly wildlife as the beautiful bighorn sheep that local H.O.G.[®] members Tim Mabley, Greg Heenan, and I met at a pullover next to Medicine Lake in Jasper National Park in Alberta, Canada. I didn’t see anybody feeding them – there were signs all over warning that it’s both illegal and dangerous. But as tame as they were, I have to think they’ve consumed their share of “people food.”

“I’m afraid I’ve become something of a ‘wildlife snob,’” Tim confessed, explaining that the sight of bears or elk or caribou or mountain sheep along the road just doesn’t faze him much anymore. I, on the other hand, was downright giddy.

“This is amazing!” I gushed. “And I don’t just mean the sheep. I mean the mountains, this road, this weather, this lake ... everything!”

“Yeah, this is really the ‘must-ride’ road when you come to Jasper,” Tim agreed. And we weren’t even halfway to Lake Maligne yet.

Lake Maligne (pronounced muh-LEEN) is the largest lake in Jasper National Park. It’s best known for Spirit Island, which Greg said is one of the most photographed spots in the Canadian Rockies. You can’t see it from the road or even the Visitors Center, however. To get a glimpse you have to book passage on one of the tour boats (the only motorized craft allowed on the lake) or rent a kayak, canoe, or rowboat at the boathouse (built in 1928) and paddle to the far end of the lake

For bikers, of course, the *ride* to the lake is the main attraction.

From Jasper, we followed Maligne Lake Road first to Medicine Lake, which in the still morning air reflected the surrounding mountains with mirror-like brilliance. I forgot all about that when we saw the ram and his kin, however.

After exchanging a few pleasantries with these friendly creatures, we rode another 20 kilometers (12 miles) to Lake Maligne, down yet another road that offers fresh spectacle

around every enticing turn. We stopped at the lake to eat lunch and watch the paddlers make their way toward Spirit Island.

Lunch was about \$50 CDN for the three of us – things were expensive around there, partly due to a poor exchange rate at the time. But the view we enjoyed was priceless.

I had arrived in Canada two days earlier, picking up a rental bike at Calgary Harley-Davidson before heading to Banff. Accompanying me to this beautiful Alpine village were local H.O.G. members Jim Oaks, Jim Lambert, and Wayne Dry, who had graciously agreed to show me around.

After a good night’s sleep in Banff, the crew took me through what locals call the “Golden Triangle,” a loop that runs through Banff, Radium Hot Springs, and Golden. We bundled up for the start of the ride, as temperatures were hovering in the single digits Celsius (high 40s Fahrenheit) under mostly cloudy skies. By the time we hit Golden, however, we had shed all of our cold-weather gear.

The route begins with a ride up the Bow Valley Parkway (a.k.a. Highway 1A) toward Lake Louise. This is a truly fun stretch of road, winding up and down through forested areas, occasionally splitting widely into essentially two separate one-lane highways.

At Castle Mountain, we hung a left on Highway 93 and headed south toward Radium Hot Springs on another 105 kilometers (62 miles) of spectacular road. The ride from there to Golden was tame by comparison, as Highway 95 straightens out and heads northwest through a long valley. But it was still quite scenic.

Turning back toward Banff in Golden, however, the “spectacular” quotient rose considerably. In fact, Highway 1, the »



IT FEELS ENDLESS, BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT JUST CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS, YOU'RE RIDING STRAIGHT UP THE HEART OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RANGES IN THE WORLD.



Trans-Canada Highway, offered probably the day's most majestic mountains. Trouble is, as a major highway, it also offered the most traffic. And I was a little surprised there weren't more scenic vistas to stop at and enjoy.

At Lake Louise we headed back toward Banff on the Bow Valley Parkway, which (like all great mountain roads) looked completely different going the other direction. The light had improved, as well, offering a better look at some of the same mountains we'd seen earlier that morning.

That evening, I rode to the top of Sulphur Mountain on the Banff Gondola. With the sun not yet set behind the mountains (it was almost 9PM!), I wolfed down a ridiculously expensive sandwich while enjoying an impossibly beautiful eagle's-eye view of Banff.

It had been a good day. But the next day I was headed for the Icefields Parkway, billed as "The Most Spectacular Journey in the World."

I'll admit I was skeptical. Paying \$38 CDN and delaying my riding by two hours to stand on a bunch of ice for 30 minutes didn't seem like the best use of my time. But everybody I talked to said, "Oh, you gotta do it!" So I did it. And I have to say it was much cooler than I expected.

The "bunch of ice" in question is the Athabasca Glacier, which flows from the vast Columbia Icefield located about halfway between Saskatchewan River Crossing and Jasper. Paying customers are taken by bus to the base of the glacier, where they then board a specialized six-wheeled "Ice Explorer" to take them onto the heart of the glacier.

I didn't expect the experience to feel quite so "otherworldly." You really do get the feeling you're standing in some primeval landscape – or perhaps making your way to the North Pole – with fellow travelers from around the world dressed, for the most part, quite inappropriately for arctic exploration.

Nor did I expect the ice to feel quite so "alive." Small rivulets and rushing streams run down the glacier at various points, carrying what is said to be the purest water in the world. (Yes, I had a drink. It tasted like water. Very cold water.) And it was very weird to think that the ice is continuously sliding down into the valley, at the rate of about 15 meters (about 50 feet) per year.

The ice is up to 300 meters (about 1,000 feet) thick at points, and I kept expecting a giant crevasse to open up and swallow me whole. I and my fellow adventurers, however, all survived to explore another day.

The glacier excursion was hardly the highlight of Icefields Parkway, however. That would be the scenery. I've been on roads



that are as beautiful – Going to the Sun Road in Glacier National Park comes to mind. But this one is different. It's just kilometer after kilometer of incredible scenery. It feels endless because you're not just crossing the mountains, you're riding straight up the heart of one of the most beautiful ranges in the world.

I've never experienced anything like it. Maybe it really is the most spectacular journey in the world – or close to it. 🏔️

Note: You'll need to purchase a Canadian National Parks pass to ride the Icefields Parkway.

Inspiration

A Seamless Standout: 2009 Road King®

Great custom motorcycles often achieve two effects: Their complementary mix of color, style, and component selection create a seamless, integrated bike whose lines harmoniously flow and blend, yet some elements ever-so-subtly stand out, drawing your eye and consideration.

Illustrating the point with stunning brilliance is this 2009 Road King, whose rich, classic flames and Heavy Breather air cleaner tug for extra attention, but still blend with the myriad chrome accessories, lowered suspensions, and solo seat.

Customizing Harley-Davidson® motorcycles is a skill and art made possible by the thousands of parts available in the 2009 Genuine Motor Accessories and Motor Parts Catalog, and through the professional experience of your local H-D dealer. See both for more inspiring motorcycles.

For details on this and other customized Harley-Davidson motorcycles, visit www.harley-davidson.com/gallery.



EXPRESS DELIVERY

RIDING THE PONY EXPRESS TRAIL

Story and photography by **Beau Allen Pacheco**



The lightning flashes were coming closer, each blast lighting up the midnight plains, each raindrop its own bright prism. This was one of those Western Plains horizon-to-horizon storms where you can see the lightning inside the thunderclouds from 200 miles away. And as it approached, the wind kicked up and the rain came. Big rain. Drops as big as bullets that hit just as hard. They exploded off my helmet and drained down the back of my neck.

The roads were immediately covered, the rain splashed up over the windshield of the Road Glide,[®] and even at 15 mph I couldn't see the white line. The abandoned heavy equipment garage with open doors was a godsend. I rolled up inside the old tin Butler Building and parked the bike next to a 1965 International Harvester dump truck that hadn't been licensed since 1980. Two barn owls flew silently out into the storm, deciding that the towering grain silo across the way was a better roost than here in the dark with me and the Harley.[®]

The rain came so quickly I didn't have time to put on my rainsuit, and I was waterlogged; squishy boots, misformed gloves,

and droopy leather jacket. And I was cold. I dismounted and put my hands next to the Big Twin motor for some warmth as it crackled and spinkled, giving off its heat. Every Harley rider has imagined his bike to be a wild mustang carrying him across endless expanses of the American West. After a few days on the road, when you realize your life depends on your mount, some anthropomorphism starts settling in, and what can pass for love starts to grow between you and the bike. We usually don't talk about such schmaltzy things because we're not living in romantic times, and we can't truly explain it to a non-rider, but it's true. Sitting there soaking wet in that building, gathering warmth from my mount that was equally wet, muddy, and tired reinforced a bond that had been building for a thousand miles.

Four days earlier, I cleared the Salt Lake City limits and pointed the nose of the Road Glide northeast toward the great wide open of Wyoming. The crispness of the early morning Rocky Mountain air matched the dazzling cobalt blue sky; perfect for the first day in the saddle.

There's something magically alluring about the American West that tends to make all memories and stories about it expand over time.

I'm following the central section of the Pony Express route from Utah to Ogallala, Nebraska, and the metaphor of motorcycle to horse and motorcyclist to cowboy is irresistible. And it's great fun. The legacy left to us of the Old West – that of the lone, rugged individual – is still strong, especially among us Boomers who really don't think it takes a village to reinforce our lives. Having grown up in Sparks, Nevada and South Shore Lake Tahoe, the Sierra Mountains Pony Express relay stations were close by. The legend of the Express was real and burnished into my consciousness, and those daring young riders were my first heroes.

Just over the border into Wyoming, off of I-80, the Pony Express Trail heads northwest following U.S. 189. Even though two-lane asphalt has covered much of the old Oregon and Mormon trails that were the guide paths for the famed Pony Express, the parts of Utah, Wyoming, and Nebraska over which I'm riding remain nearly pristine. And it smells wonderful. The scent of damp sagebrush from the morning dew or rain is unforgettable. I've only experienced it one place on earth, and that's here in the Rocky Mountain West. The early pioneers would boil it and make "Brigham tea," which I find quite tasty.

What I'm seeing, except for the asphalt and power lines, is what the Pony riders saw every day. The deer and antelope are the progeny of the animals who stood on the high ground and watched with curiosity, a man and horse race over the tumbleweeds and prairie grass from horizon to horizon.

Riding the same terrain invites comparisons, and I wonder if I would have had the stuff it takes to be one of those incredibly tough young horsemen. The answer is "no" on a lot of levels. The famous recruiting advertisement read:

WANTED

—young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over eighteen.

Must be expert riders, willing to risk death daily.

Orphans preferred. Wages \$25 a week.

Well, that kills it for me. I've never been skinny or wiry, and have never spent much time around horses. Further advertisements stated that the riders cannot tip the scales over 115 pounds, a weight I surpassed in the sixth grade.

And they were tough. Extremely tough. The story of "Pony" Bob Haslam's famous ride is stirring. In March of 1861, the Express Company impressed on all its riders the importance of delivering Lincoln's first inaugural address to the West Coast. Indeed, California's stance as a free or slave state depended on the content of Lincoln's address. When the mail pouch got to Haslam, he spurred his feisty little mustang and thundered west, but he was soon engaged in a running battle with a band of Paiute Indians.

In his book *Riders of the Pony Express*, Ralph Moody chronicles Pony Bob's ride.

"An arrow ripped into the muscle of Bob's left arm, hit the bone and stood quivering. The arm dropped, useless, but Bob's fingers still clutched the half-empty revolver. Carefully slipping the gun from his right hand back under his belt, he jerked the arrow out, then reached down and took the other gun from his useless hand. He was turning to fire when an arrow whanged past his face. It ripped through his lips, knocked out five front teeth, and fractured his jaw.

At the fast pace they had been going, blood from his mouth had blown back to cover his whole face and chest. And his left arm, already swelling, hung at his side like a wet red log. [When he reached the station] Blood dripped from his fingertips as he jumped from the saddle.

Both the station keeper and his helper, men in their fifties, wanted to carry the mail on for Bob but he wouldn't listen to them. With his broken jaw and torn lips, he mumbled, "Fetch me a clean rag to hold in my mouth, and wrop up this arm. I'm a-goin' on through."

When he finally got to his last way station, his wounded arm had swollen until it was bigger around than his thigh, and his face was almost unrecognizable.

Badly wounded and with one arm useless for most of the way, he had ridden 120 miles in 8 hours and 10 minutes and had changed mounts 12 times."

I'm not sure I've ever been that tough, and thanks to the luxury of the Road Glide, I don't need to be, except for the couple hours of riding in the thunderstorm. And even then I could find shelter. Not so the Pony riders; they were always at the mercy of the elements, and the elements have no mercy whatsoever.

There's something magically alluring about the American West that tends to make all memories and stories about it expand over time. Could be the altitude; the air is always crisp and sharp, and so is sound and vision, which is very unlike the heaviness of the lowlands. Everyone seems to feel a little better in the summers of the Rocky Mountain West, although they exactly can't say why. Maybe that's why doctors in the late 1800s prescribed the West as a cure for depression, arthritis, consumption, tuberculosis, and all other manner of aches and pains.

It's an axiom that the mountain states are thinly populated, and it's even more true where I'm riding. This has always been a boom-or-bust area depending on whether the market is for cattle, coal, gold, silver, uranium, or oil. I ride past small towns that are either abandoned or on the decline, and there are people in all of them who are delightful to chat with if one takes the time to stop and listen. The folks here don't have a lot of time for the

The folks here don't have a lot of time for the Internet, their speech is free of big city cadences, and it's clear that the locals enjoy talking to bikers ...

Internet, their speech is free of big city cadences, and it's clear that the locals enjoy talking to bikers much more than the drivers of the monstro spam-in-a-can RVs. On three occasions I linger at the picnic tables of lonely gas stations, and take the time to talk with the cashiers and some other locals about motorcycles, antelope hunting, off-road riding, fishing, touring, and, naturally, the weather. All were eager to share their insights, and I still correspond with a couple of them.

From U.S. 189 I turn onto WY 28 toward Lander. This is Wind River country that defines the term "wide open spaces," and the Pony Express riders roughly paralleled WY 28. Pony Station stops along this road had names like Church Butte, Little Sandy Crossing, Parting of the Ways, Dry Sandy Crossing, Pacific Springs, and South Pass. Up to South Pass, the Mormon and Oregon trails were approximately the same, and the Pony Express followed these trails. But a little west of there, the Mormon Trail continued west, while the Oregon Trail headed in a more northerly direction. The Pony Express followed the Mormon Trail to Salt Lake City and on west to California.

South Pass is still an important cultural spot in Wyoming and well worth a stop. It has been preserved/restored with care and offers a great insight into the pioneering West. It was a major stop for migrants on the Oregon and Mormon trails, as well as the birthplace of women's suffrage. The city's Gold Rush days are held in mid-July, as well as a rollicking baseball tournament using period uniforms and rules, and this historic city is open from May 15 through September 30. At the time of season I am here, first week in September, the town is shutting down for the winter, and not much is happening. I stay to get a couple of photographs and push on. By the time I get in the vicinity of Lander, the sun is shining on Hawaii more than Wyoming so I stay in Lander for the night.

The next morning breaks clear and dazzling, and I sit shivering in the saddle wondering if I'm starting too early. But no, it's not too early because in clear, crisp weather, the bike runs better, more eager to go, and it's nice to have all the power of a V-twin on tap. The Pony Express riders had that sense of power in their mounts, but that power came at a cost. A man named Levi Hensel, who worked with the ponies, called them "the worst imps of Satan, but they never seemed to get tired." The mustangs were half wild, and they bucked and they bit and were generally mean to the bone, but they could outrun anything on the prairie including the Indian ponies. The famed Western writer Frank C. Robertson said of the mustangs, "No horse has ever surpassed the native Cayuse or Mustang in intelligence or hardihood. And the spirit of the devil was born in most of them ... none were easy to ride." Upon leaving the station, a fresh mustang would buck and kick for the first mile or so before settling into its miles-eating lope. And after that, nothing could catch it.

The Road Glide, on the other hand, is a delight from headlight to taillight, and it lives to ride these high plains roads. My rental is a 2008 with about 12 grand on the clock and looks brand-new. On these long straight roads, I set the cruise control to the speed limit and let it lope along in rumbling contentment. While I'm riding, I can think of no other mount as perfect as this. I've had the opportunity to ride several Harleys on the H.O.G.® Fly & Ride program, and the bikes have been uniformly well maintained and pristine.

A couple hours in the saddle on WY 220, and the Big Twin and I pass by the ghost town of Jeffrey City, which is one of those Western boomtowns that in the span of 25 years or so appeared, then disappeared. The city was built around a uranium mine at the height of the Cold War, and what dreams those miners had. The owner of the mine and the town, Western »

Book Excerpt

[The Pony Express] was a splendid moment of history, a rare event where the taming of the West created no victims. It remains forever fond and familiar because it is a recollection of the West unlike any other. This was not the West of the mindless slaughter of the buffalo, the decimation of the Indian, or the greedy exploitation of the land. This was not the West of gunfighters or cattle rustlers. The story of the Pony Express was about a lone rider facing the elements, racing time. It was the story of an audacious adventure and the bravura involved in crossing the country, night and day, in all kinds of weather, a man (or boy) alone on the back of

a galloping horse. It was a story of chance and courage. It was the story of the West that might have been, the West that should have been. Americans love a race, and they love a winner, and they loved that man on the horse. No memory of the vanished nineteenth-century West is more revered, and few are more beloved and cherished, than that of the long-ago riders of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company.

Christopher Corbett
From his book *Orphans Preferred*

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Pony Express Trail



Nuclear Corporation, built beautiful state-of-the-art condos and houses, and a high school complete with an Olympic-sized swimming pool. But the uranium market went away and so did Jeff City's population. Only a few people are left as caretakers.

Another hour in the saddle on WY 220 (Mile Marker 57) brings me to the important landmark of Martin's Cove, which contains the Mormon Handcart Historic Site, Devil's Gate, Fort Seminoe, and a Pony Express station. Depending on the visitor's penchant for history, this could be a 10-minute or three-day stop. For my purposes, which are all things Pony Express-related, this is a treasure trove. Because of its abundant grass for grazing, ready supplies, and a population suited for protection from Indians, this was a major way station. I stay for a couple of hours shooting pictures and talking to the historical staff, which is extremely helpful and knowledgeable. One of the staff, a Mr. Buchanan, directs me to where the Pony station once stood. I wish I could stay longer, but like the Pony riders, I have to keep moving. I make it to Casper a couple hours before sundown.

After I check into the motel, I head to the outskirts of town to get some evening photography. I'm there two minutes when H.O.G. member Skip Harvey stops and asks if I need help. I thank him for his concern, and we start chatting about the Pony Express and Casper in general. He gets on his cell phone and calls his wife Cindy to join us on her Sportster,® along with fellow H.O.G. members Archie and Janet Crichton on their bikes. We have a great time out there on a lonely road, talking about Harleys, the Pony Express, and Wyoming. They invite me to visit their H.O.G. chapter meeting, and some day I surely will. The next morning from Casper, the closest road to the original Pony Express trail is I-25, and we (I'm getting attached to the motorcycle enough to say "we") ride it as far as the U.S. 26 turn-off headed for Fort Laramie.

Fort Laramie is another of those places where the history buff could spend an hour or a whole day exploring the restored buildings and artifacts of this dwelling that was so important to Western expansion. Foreigners and history neophytes who visit come away with an accurate impression of America's not-too-distant past. Europeans, who in the Old Country live next door to relics from a thousand years ago, are sometimes puzzled why Americans revere structures a mere century old. But that only underscores how new this country is. After a couple hours at Fort Laramie, I continue east.

The name of a state conjures up an instant visual of the most scenic aspects of that state: the beaches of Hawaii and the jagged Teton Mountains of Wyoming. But here at the border of Wyoming and Nebraska, the wide-open flatness is the same, and one suspects that the Express riders would have liked this flatness to last forever. And actually, these overland trails that I've been riding along were chosen specifically to avoid the drama of mountain passes.

Ogallala is my final destination, and halfway there the thunderstorms catch us out in the open. And they are spectacular. Some riders prefer perfect weather, and that's what I've had the past week except for this last day on the trail. But myself, I like it when the earth comes alive and these storms put a coda to the ride and why I'm here: to try and parallel the experience of the Pony Express. And it worked because all during the hours in the saddle I've been wondering if it felt like this for those brave young men who accepted the challenge to be a Pony Express rider. After an overnight stay in Ogallala, I hook up on the Interstate system and blast back to Salt Lake City to turn in the bike.

I'm trying to figure out what there is about my ride that is so vivid and etched so deep in my mind. Could be the people I met. Could be the brilliant, wide-open sky ... or the thunderstorm. But I suspect it's because I was recreating a ride that actual living men had done in hardship, and they were men I respect a great deal. This ride was about an innocent and focused time that we won't see again. It was uncluttered in a time when we're bombarded by media and pseudo crises. Or, maybe as I get older, each ride becomes more precious.

But whatever the reason, of all the rides I've taken, this one comes the closest to perfection. 

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BACK ON AMERICAN DIRT

You just knew that the Sportster® XR1200™ motorcycle wouldn't stay confined to Europe. After all, a Harley-Davidson® motorcycle inspired by American dirt-track racing, designed with input by legendary dirt-track racers, and exuding unadulterated American hot rod attitude was destined to come home.

By John Sandberg / Photography by Brian J. Nelson and Tom Riles





And here it is, all 1200 cc of pumped-up Evolution® V-Twin, rubber mounted in a new performance-minded frame with 43 mm inverted Showa® forks, an ultra-rigid cast-aluminum swingarm, a wide dirt-track-style handlebar, and – get this – rear-set footpegs for added cornering clearance.

Light, powerful, and ideally balanced, this is a motorcycle meant to be revved higher and cornered harder than any air-cooled Harley® ever. That includes the famed XLCR Café Racer.™

I can confirm that I could get my knee close to the pavement while cornering (nine-time Grand National champion Scott Parker was consistently dragging knees during the XR1200's development).

Indeed, the XR1200 isn't your typical Harley-Davidson. Nor is the XR-750 that inspired it or the road it took to get here.

PURPOSE-BUILT

Built to battle the half- and mile-oval tracks that dot fairgrounds around the country, the XR-750 has dominated dirt-track racing since its introduction in 1970, achieving a historical record that may never be rivaled by another race bike. That and its iconic style have made street-legal XR1200 replicas a popular niche among custom builders.

“There is nothing more beautiful than a race bike,” says Bill Davidson, Harley-Davidson Vice President, Core Customer Marketing. “They balance simplicity and sophistication in equal measure.”

Bingo! Function first, followed by form: the essence of many riders' passion for race bikes.

So when the company embarked on project “Steroid,” a motorcycle aimed at European riders who trend strongly to sport performance, it drew inspiration from that single-purpose motorcycle whose form had strictly followed its function.

The first public display of Steroid was at the INTERMOT motorcycle show in Cologne, Germany in 2006, which the company used to gauge public interest in the radical street tracker Sportster.

The overwhelmingly positive reaction to that black and orange beauty on both sides of the Atlantic didn't exactly surprise Motor Company officials, but its effect on non-Harley riders was greater than expected. This fact was reinforced in April 2008 when the

first production XR1200s hit European shores and immediately captured riders who had never worn a Harley T-shirt.

Meanwhile, the chorus of “We-want-the-XR1200-here,” chants became louder and more vociferous in North America, with several hundred riders placing deposits at dealerships with only the hope of being heard.

Well, the company heard you loud and clear. The XR1200 is now a North American reality and likely on display at your local dealership as you read this.

So was it worth the wait? Hell yes!

INSPIRED RIDE AND HANDLING

Throw a leg over the XR1200 street tracker and several facts are immediately clear:

- It's light, requiring very little effort to upright it from the jiffy stand.
- The seat, at 29.2 inches off the pavement, is firm and short. The wide handlebar translates into leverage and contributes to its cockpit-like feel.
- It's unadorned, with no unnecessary flourishes or excess stuff. Just pure and purposeful, like a race bike.

Yet it's on the road where these and other design qualities shine in their full glory.

Take the performance-massaged engine: Sporting high 10.0:1 compression, performance cams, and an electronically controlled active intake system, this pumped-up Evo produces 74 ft. lbs. of torque at 4000 rpm and hard acceleration through its 5-speed transmission. The extra horsepower requires extra cooling via precision-cooled cylinder heads and large-capacity oil cooler.

A downdraft fuel injection system with a low-profile induction tract tucks neatly under the fuel tank, delivering instant throttle response while keeping the XR1200's mid-section narrow. »



Legendary dirt-tracker Scott Parker puts the XR1200 through its paces during a closed-course test. Do not try this at home.

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1) Inverted 43 mm Showa forks, lightweight aluminum wheels, and Nissin four-piston caliper brakes offer telepathic performance. 2) Dual upswept mufflers highlight the XR's heritage. 3) Form follows function with no-frills instrument cluster. 4) Active intake system, downdraft EFI, and 10.0:1 compression add muscle. 5) Rear-set footpegs and a 39-degree lean angle speak to your inner-Scott Parker.

Likewise, the 2-1-2 straight shot exhaust utilizes dual upswept mufflers for optimum performance and cornering clearance. Rubber engine mounting means minimal vibration reaches the rider.

Engine performance is strong and linear. Thanks to its ample torque and a 7000 redline, the XR1200 can be revved as high or as low as your mood dictates, although my preference was for stretching the time between shifts, taking advantage of the light clutch and shift action to enjoy the higher rpm. As expected, EFI calibration is spot-on no matter how the engine was worked.

While the XR1200's engine performance is compelling, its ride and handling are what ultimately define this exceptional motorcycle.

"We designed this bike to make a positive connection with the rider," says Davidson. "We aimed to make that same connection that exists between a racer and race bike."

That aim focused on suspension, steering, and reduced unsprung weight.

To achieve the XR1200's confidence-inspiring ride quality, 43 mm Showa inverted forks are matched with twin pre-load adjustable Showa rear shocks. Both ends are calibrated firm for a sport-oriented ride, with a rigid (and light) cast-aluminum swingarm complementing the effort.

Significant work went into developing the Dunlop® Qualifier D209 tires, with engineers testing nearly 80 different tires before settling on the ideal profile and compound. In concert with the lightweight, three-spoke, cast aluminum wheels (18-in. front/17-in. rear), the result is extraordinarily light steering effort, superb flick-ability, and confident traction when leaned hard into a corner.

Speaking of leaning, the XR1200 boasts a 39-degree lean angle before tickling the feelers on the rearset footpegs.

While exploring the XR1200's envelope of handling, I was impressed with Nissin four-piston caliper brakes and twin 292 mm uniform expansion rotors, whose performance is strong and linear, with great feel to the rider.

Most impressive, however, is the pure joy I experienced riding the XR1200. I like sport riding, but I'm not into 150-mph sport bikes whose stretched-out rider position leaves me feeling like a middle-aged superman wannabe. Too much emphasis on sport, not enough on fun.

The XR1200 strikes the right balance between rider comfort and sport handling, offering a more upright position, coupled with the wide, high-leverage handlebar. Engine performance is strong enough to get me into trouble if I'm not careful with the throttle.

And as the pictures confirm, the XR1200 is a beautiful motorcycle to look at. Its simple, purposeful design speaks to the utilitarian in me, and it says "clean" and "focused." That its tank, rear fender, and other elements pay homage to the XR-750 is all the better, since I, too, have lusted over those dirt-track demons for the past 20 years.

Davidson is right on when he says about the XR1200, "Its form follows function, with both reporting to emotion."

Some people will buy an XR1200 because of looks alone, but I believe a greater number will buy one because of a convincing test ride. For some, it will be their tenth Harley; a great number will be buying their first. I, for one, will welcome the first-timers. It will be a sort of homecoming, for both rider and bike. **HOB**

Pictured: Mariano "I've been riding for over 30 years and now own three Harley® motorcycles," wearing the FXRG® Perforated Leather Jacket, FXRG® Leather and Textile Overpant, and holding the FXRG® Full-Face Helmet. Harley-Davidson, H-D, FXRG and the MotorClothes logo are among the trademarks of H-D Michigan, LLC. © 2009 H-D.



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HEAVY METAL SPORTSTER®

*Harley-Davidson Continues Down the Long, Dark Path
of Hardcore with the Iron 883™*

By CHRIS CALLEN

A LITTLE HISTORY

It was 1957 when Harley-Davidson first introduced the Sportster in answer to the much lighter street machines with which the Brits had invaded U.S. shores. Bikes like the Bonneville and Commando could easily pull away from the mammoth production bikes Harley-Davidson was offering in those days, and the company realized the need for better power-to-weight ratio. Once the first XLs hit the street, it was a whole different ball game for H-D as far as performance went, but through the years little has been done about the style of the Sportster - at least until the past few offerings.

Now don't get me wrong: With the Sportster model designs of this decade, H-D made an incredible leap in the realms of both design and functionality. The frame design alone makes today's Sportster a bike for anyone. You see, back when, Sporty frames made you feel like you were sitting on top of the bike, and now they offer a more acceptable rider position. They've added bigger wheels and better engines, fuel injection, and even cooler sheet metal. But until the past few model years, something had always been missing from stock Sportsters, for me at least. They needed something to make them as cool as the bike a lot of us started on, the 1200 Super Glide®, but that was before the Nightster® hit town. In one fell swoop, H-D began to understand that an entirely new customer base existed just outside the confines of its design principles. And those customers were stripping bikes down to the bare minimum, giving them the rattle-can black treatment, and in their own way mimicking the footsteps of returning servicemen of World War II. They wanted a different bike from the chromed-out Softail® the old man rode, they wanted quick and nimble, a little rough around the edges. With the release of the Nightster, Harley gave them all that and more.

THE IRON 883™

Since then, many of us have tried to imagine what the Motor Company would do for Act II of its Sportster production noir. Well, during the winter dealer meeting, Harley-Davidson unveiled the answer in the Iron 883. I was lucky enough to be one of the first people in the U.S. to see this new model and even got to take it out in Southern California for an assessment. My findings were what I can only imagine the first concertgoers exposed to Heavy Metal felt. From the moment I saw it, it just felt right.

THE IRON 883™ BY DESIGN

As soon as they took us into the room where the Iron was parked waiting, I was blown away. I immediately envisioned a tight little Springer on the front and ... well, not to be rude to my host

»





I just kept that to myself. But it has unlimited possibilities, as I'm sure you'll start to see very soon. It would be hard to imagine a cooler, more menacing bike. With features like fork gators, denim finish, chopped rear fender, and side-mounted plate, the Iron 883 looked like it was ready to pick a fight, especially with the blacked-out engine, black cast aluminum wheels, and powder-coated fork legs. The seating position was totally rider friendly. Mid-mounted foot controls, drag bars, and a good solo seat all added up to the right combination for comfort. It was small and still had plenty of room for someone as big as I am. I could hardly wait to ride it.

RIDING THE IRON 883™

From the minute I got on the bike, little horns poked out of the 3/4 lid I strapped on. A few city blocks later I was taking the on-ramp to the 91 in California. The 883 Evolution® engine is no slouch in spite of its smaller cc number, and in spite of my size it climbed through the gears quickly, and I got up to traffic speed with ease. Now here is the place where nimble matters most; anyone who has ridden in So-Cal knows it was only about two miles before I found myself in midday traffic. The great thing about riding in California is that lane splitting is legal; you're permitted to cut through the center of two lanes on a motorcycle when traffic backs up and conditions allow. In this case, the Iron was perfect. I think I was wider than the whole bike was so I zipped through traffic the way a slalom skier would take the gates of a downhill event. I was having so much fun, in fact, I didn't realize the traffic had disappeared by the time I was back on the 15. I slowed down to the legal threshold and then realized why I hadn't noticed my excessive speed - the Iron was missing some of the noise and vibration I had come to associate with Sportsters over the years. The rubber-mounted, Electronic Sequential Port Fuel Injected 883 cc Evolution engine made the ride super smooth, the 5-speed transmission got rid of the hum, and the frame that cradles the rider at a mere 25.3 inches above the ground gave me some deflection from the wind. I was having a blast and laughed at myself when I tried to imagine what the riders of the big bikes I was passing must have been thinking. I mean, I was in my standard riding gear: tennis shoes, a shop jacket, 3/4 lid, and goggles. I probably looked less like a Harley® rider to them than anyone else they'd seen that day. I decided to go have my fun alone and took the Lake Elsinore exit toward where my buddy lives. There, I found some nice twisties to flex the little digger on, and it rose to the challenge. With a generous lean angle for a low-slung bike, I could really throw this thing into the turns, which brings up another huge improvement Harley has made over the years: the suspension. It handled excellently in the turns, never lacking confidence. I pushed it harder and harder, spending most of an afternoon playing with it like a little kid.

And that's the trick, you see. If something is so cool that it makes you forget yourself, letting you just have fun and take things less seriously in this day and age, then it's a keeper. At \$7,899, this is a bike that's priced at entry level but is anything but. With the expansion and diversity of this family of motorcycles, Harley-Davidson has added more steps to the Sportster line. This makes the Sporty a destination and not a bike from which you trade up. **HOG**

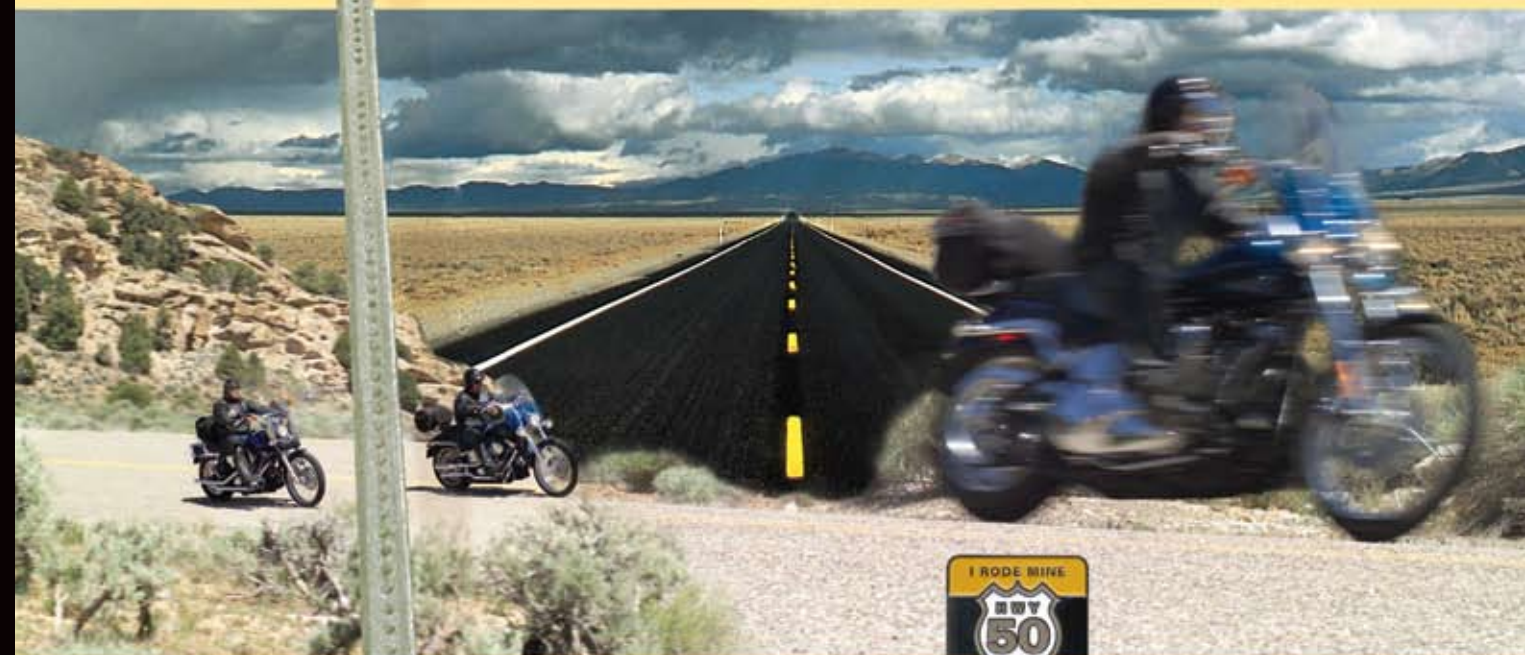
Chris Callen is a lifelong Harley fanatic and editor of Cycle Source magazine. www.cyclesource.com



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Photo Essay

Cuando la Ciudad Descansa

(While the City Rests)

Photography by **Marcelo Esperon**
Text by **Marcelo Esperon** and **Sergio Goyberg**



Sunday morning is the perfect time to connect with Buenos Aires on your Harley.® The avenues are deserted; the narrow cobble streets are empty. Only the rumbling of the engine is felt. It's the ideal moment for discovering the hidden places that go unnoticed in the normally rapid pace of the city and its people. There's always a place to remind you of another time, for a cup of coffee, with the motorcycles parked at the gate. There's time to plan trips, share experiences, or listen to friends, to have the opportunity to learn something from their lives.

In the moment we take comfort, forgetting the troubles of the past week, while gathering strength to face the following. We reaffirm that despite everything, we have family and friends to help us confront our problems. And in our case, something else in common: We are Harley-Davidson® riders.

»





Turning on the ignition of our Harleys sparks much more than our passion for motorcycles. It turns on the motor of friendship, with people who face the same wind, the same codes, the same enthusiasm, the same need. Every Sunday we meet to ride. First in the city, then to the neighborhoods of *La Boca*, *San Telmo*, or *Palermo*. Then to the open road, where we feel real freedom.

»



Life changes with your first Harley. Your fellow riders, your new friends, each understands what the others feel when pressing the start button. Miles traveled with your children or with the person you love on a Harley are unmatched. To feel the excitement in the hearts of the people most dear to you ... makes your own heart soar. *Mientras la ciudad descansa, nosotros rodamos.* HOG

Marcelo Esperon is a H.O.G.® member and photographer living in Buenos Aires, Argentina.



Holy Roller

REV. JOHN G. MCFAYDEN, Senior Pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Arlington Heights, Illinois, arrives at church in style on his 2003 100TH Anniversary Screamin' Eagle® Road King®



Enthusiasts

We received many letters in response to the “Longest Owned Challenge” in the Fall 2008 edition of Enthusiast,[®] but these two stood out. —Ed.



GOOD AS NEW

Jim Garnett of Des Moines, Iowa has owned this 1948 Panhead since, well, 1948 when he purchased it new. Just 19 at the time, Jim probably had no idea the bike would still be with him more than 60 years later. He recently restored it, with only a little help with the engine and transmission, to like-new condition. Congratulations, Jim, on a remarkable job!



BEFORE AND AFTER

I purchased this 1930 VL 74 in July 1982 from a farmer in Minnesota. I rode it as it was for a short while! But the restoration was finally finished this summer. It was almost too far gone to be restored, but I just couldn't let it go!

MARK ELLINGSON
LAKE GEORGE, COLORADO



WE RIDE, TOO

Last spring, Krissie Mason took a Rider's Edge® New Rider Course from Zylstra Harley-Davidson in Elk River, Minnesota and immediately bought a new 2008 Nightster®. She was hooked. She tried encouraging her sister, Mary Anderson, to try it, but she just wasn't ready. With four kids of her own and a childcare business to run, it just wasn't in the cards. Riding on the back of her husband's Harley® was good enough for the time being. Soon after, Krissie gave Mary a copy of *We Ride*, the new women's rider magazine from Harley-Davidson. Just a week later, Mary took the New Rider Course herself. She completed the course on a Sunday and bought a 1998 Sportster® the following Tuesday. "The images I saw weren't typical 'biker chick' shots I had seen from years ago," she explained. "The photos depicted a new image of woman rider, and I felt like I fit *that* picture." To mark the occasion, Krissie, a professional photographer, took the picture shown here.

“The photos depicted a new image of woman rider, and I felt like I fit *that* picture.”



BIRTHDAY CACTUS

This photo was taken in Saguaro National Park in March 2008. My husband, Shannon, and I arranged a H.O.G.® Fly & Ride rental through Chester's H-D in Mesa, Arizona. The staff took great care of us by setting us up with a 2008 Heritage Softail®, which we promptly loaded with all our camping gear and hit the road! Happy 40th birthday to me!

SYLVIA GARDNER
RENO, NEVADA



ME AND WILLIE G®

I decorated my 2003 FLHR with the Willie G skull dude, and I like it so much I decorated myself with it, too! I have about 28,000 miles on the bike so far and ride all year, as long as there's no ice on the road. My wife and I ride at least one day most weekends – normally a 300-mile round-trip, with she on her 2006 Super Glide® and me on my King.

BILL YOUNG
LANSLOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA



LARGER THAN LIFE

My wife, Zoe, and I own a very special 2003 100TH Anniversary Fat Boy®. When the bank where Zoe works decided to do a promo, they chose a photo of Zoe sitting on the Fat Boy. The promo ended up on a billboard about 35 miles from our home, so we rode over and took this photo, with me on the bike in front of a big picture of her on the bike!

DAN DELK
PORTERVILLE, CALIFORNIA

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.

FXRG® Midweight Leather Jacket

**High-Tech.
High-Function.
High-Performance.**

These days, when you think of “technology,” chances are your thoughts go to the latest wireless device or computer gizmo. Or, for the more motorcycle-minded, to performance developments such as those found in the Harley-Davidson redesigned Touring family motorcycles.

But technology applies to riding gear, as well. And nobody puts more science into its gear than Harley-Davidson puts into the FXRG® line.

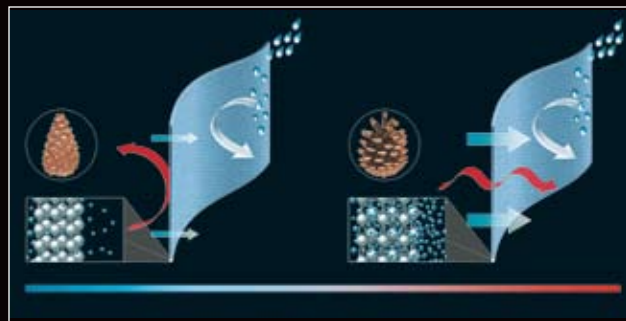
“We’ve spent a tremendous amount of time working to develop the absolute best riding gear available,” says Matt Thompson, Harley-Davidson category manager of Riding Gear, Leathers and Outerwear. “Our job is to continually make the ride better.”

The 2009 line of FXRG jackets - including the FXRG Midweight Leather Jacket shown here - boasts a variety of new and continuing features to help keep riders more comfortable, more protected, and better prepared.

Inspired By Nature

The Revolutionary c_change™ Membrane

Inspired by the humble fir tree cone, the polymer structure of the c_change membrane opens and closes in response to body heat and moisture.



At cooler temperatures (above left), the pores of the c_change membrane close, holding more heat inside the jacket, closer to your body. At warmer temperatures (above right), the pores open, allowing excess heat and water vapor a freer path to escape to the outside air. Meanwhile, at any temperature, the c_change membrane remains both windproof and waterproof.

Also Available

- FXRG® Perforated Leather Jacket
- FXRG® Textile Jacket



Fixed COOLMAX® lining wicks away moisture to keep the body dry and comfortable.

Lightweight removable PrimaLoft® liner can be worn separately as a light jacket. An optional heated liner (sold separately, not pictured) can be layered underneath with easy-to-use pull-tab snaps.

Interior pocket system features two zipper pockets, a cargo pocket, cell phone pocket, and eyewear pocket with lens wipe.

Removable CE-approved lightweight body armor at elbows, shoulders, and back.

Pre-curved sleeves with zipper cuffs.

3M™ Scotchlite™ reflective piping.

Removable kidney belt.

Two large vertical front vents and one horizontal back vent.

Two zipper hand-warmer pockets.

Death Takes the Wheel

Harley-Davidson advertising up to the late 1920s was pleasant in both words and graphics. At times it was mild or even understated (“The Motorcycle that is Not Uncomfortable,” 1912).

The 1920s saw a sharp rise in automobile sales, thanks in part to Henry Ford’s manufacturing renaissance. In turn, the number of traffic accidents increased dramatically. As the car became America’s primary means of transportation, Harley-Davidson rushed to reposition the motorcycle as a leisure-time vehicle. But during that same period, the police market remained strong and was identified as a key part of the Motor Company’s future.

The ad campaign was stark. If the thought of a mere fender-bender was too subtle, posters and magazine ads used images of children in peril as the motivator. Depictions of highway casualties were considered fair game along with such words as *killed*, *death*, and *slaughter*. In sharp contrast, the “pleasure and sporting” sales division continued to depict safe, happy riding scenes.

Simultaneously, Harley-Davidson even published a magazine for cops, *The Mounted Officer*,™ which is still in print. The features of new police bikes were reported, but the need to pace traffic was an equally stressed selling point. As one advertisement asked, “Are your streets and highways adequately patrolled – or is your community under-motorcycled?”

In the challenging times that followed, civilian motorcycle sales dropped, and police sales assisted in keeping the Motor Company solvent, especially in the worst years of the Great Depression.

To see more historical items from the H-D® Archives, visit the Harley-Davidson Museum® in Milwaukee. www.h-dmuseum.com



Photograph courtesy of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company Archives. Copyright H-D®



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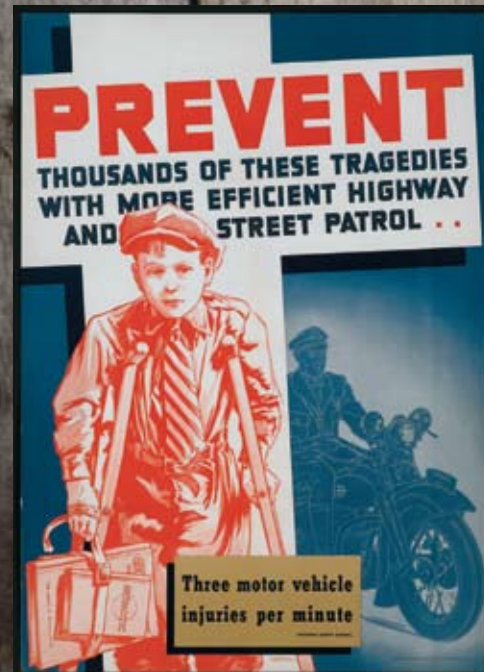


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Changing of the Guard BY BENNY SUGGS

In 1998, when I stepped off the U.S.S. *John Stennis* aircraft carrier following my 12th and final major deployment with the U.S. Navy, I wasn't quite home yet. I was back on U.S. soil (San Diego, California) for the first time in six months, but "home" was still a continent away, in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Normally I would have boarded a military plane - perhaps an F-14 fighter jet, which I flew for many years - and flown back east in just a few hours.

But this time it was different. I was marking the end of a long, successful career in Naval Aviation, and I wanted this last cross-country trip to be special. So instead of a few hours, I took 11 days to get home on my 1994 Heritage Softail® Classic, accompanied by some of my closest friends. It was an unbelievable ride - the perfect way to end one era and usher in a new one.

I didn't know it at the time, but that new era for me would be a career with the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. I have had a love affair with Harley-Davidson® motorcycles since I was a young boy growing up dirt poor in the backwoods of North Carolina. My granddad (perhaps my greatest hero in life) had a couple of old Harleys®, and, oh, how I loved to hear those things roar! I was hooked for life the minute he gave me my first ride when I was about 8.



All throughout my Navy career, as I literally circled the globe, H.O.G.® and Harley-Davidson have been an important part of my life. To this day, for example, I'm an honorary life member of the Dubai Chapter of Harley Owners Group.® Something happens when people come together with a common interest in Harleys. I've often said that if we could get all of our world leaders together on Harley-Davidson motorcycles, the world would be a much more peaceful and better place!

When I left the Navy after 30 years, it didn't take me long to figure out where I wanted my next career to begin. So I went after it. And so far, it's worked out better than I could have dreamed.

I've been with Harley-Davidson since 2000, and today, I'm both honored and humbled to officially introduce myself as the new General Manager of Harley Owners Group. I follow in some big footsteps. For 15 years, Mike Keefe has led this group with passion, grace, and integrity. I've been a member of H.O.G. since 1993, and I can honestly say that never has this club been stronger than it is

today - largely due to Mike's dedication and leadership. So it is with profound respect and gratitude that I ask you to join me in wishing him and his family all the best in the coming years. If you like, you can do that in person when you see him at future H.O.G. events on his new Street Glide®!

Speaking of the future, you hold in your hands the very first edition of *HOG*® magazine. This "all-new" publication is bigger and better than anything the Motor Company has published before. It takes the best of both *Hog Tales*® and *Enthusiast*® magazines and puts them together in one world-class publication. Though it may look and feel unfamiliar at first, we trust you'll soon realize

what a great step forward this magazine represents. It's the beginning of a new era for H.O.G. and Harley-Davidson.

As we take this step forward together, remember that this is still your magazine. We want to continue to tell the stories of H.O.G. members and Harley-Davidson riders from all walks of life. We'll need your help to make it the best magazine we can, so we've set up a new e-mail address - hogmagazine@harley-davidson.com - to make it easy to submit your stories and photos.

One of the bonds I share with that group of guys I rode coast-to-coast with is that we never forget where we came from. My promise to you is that I will never forget the amazing roots of both H.O.G. and Harley-Davidson. Even as we look for new and better ways to help you make the most of your Harley-Davidson ownership experience, I'll make sure we always stay grounded in what matters most.

Finally, if you're looking for a way to mark the occasion, the beginning of this new era, I suggest taking a ride. It doesn't matter if it's a cross-country journey or a trip across town, just get out on your Harley and ride. It's still the best way I know to clear your head, remind yourself of what's important in life, and put things in perspective.

Even if your "other" ride is a supersonic F-14 Tomcat fighter jet.

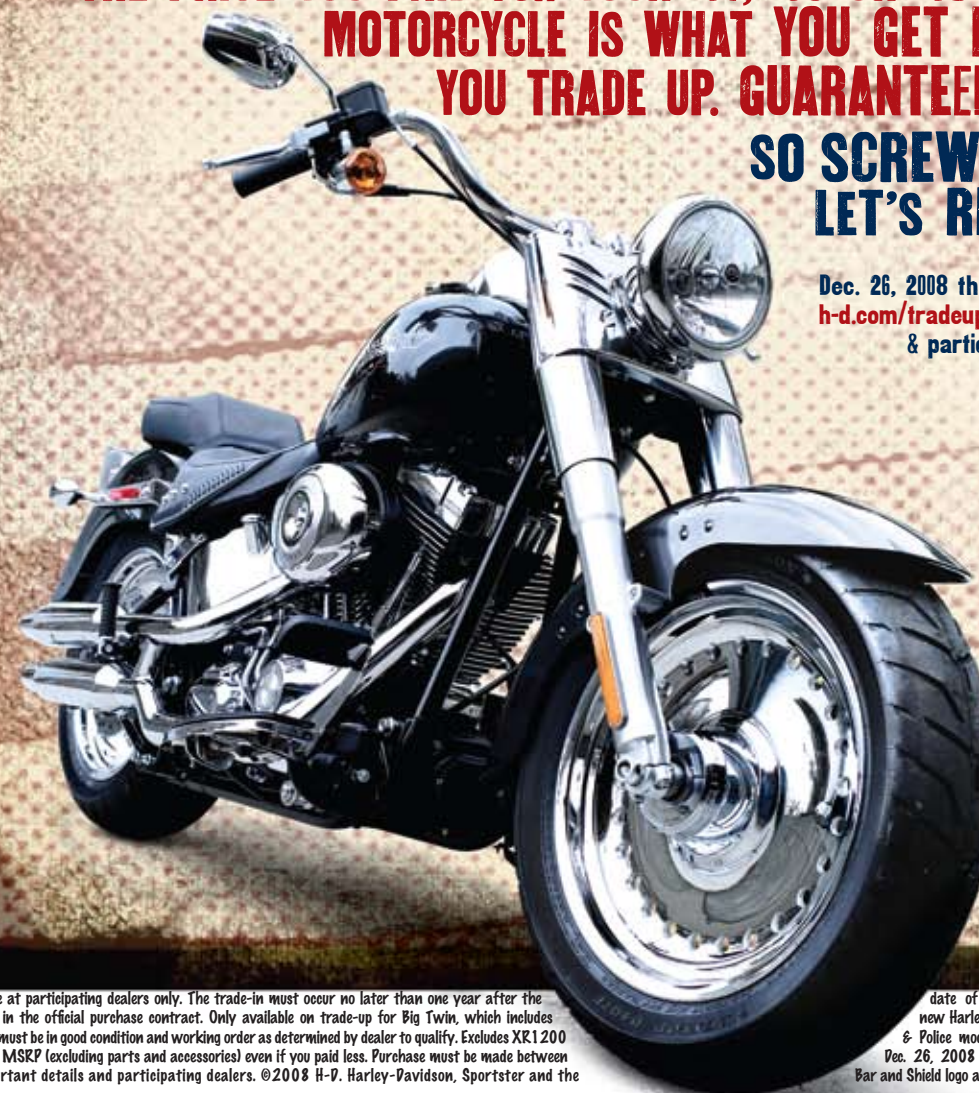
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Benny Suggs is General Manager, H.O.G./Rider Services; a life member of Harley Owners Group; and a retired U.S. Navy Rear Admiral.

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date of purchase of the qualifying new motorcycle as new Harley-Davidson Touring, Softail, Dyna and VRSC models & Police models. Trade-in value will be based on the factory- Dec. 26, 2008 and March 31, 2009. See www.h-d.com/tradeup Bar and Shield logo are among the trademarks of H-D Michigan, Inc.



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