

NOISE FROM THE BACK SEAT

by Barbara Swenson

As the West Bank Club's perennial passenger and a veteran backseater on many cross country tours, I thought I could give some traveling tips to you biker ladies embarking on such.

First of all, you should know your driver and traveling mates fairly well. Some of the best relationships often get strained on a long journey. It is important to know his traveling style. Does he want to eat and sleep occasionally, push miles or barhop. (Once I saw the inside of every tavern between Sturgis and Banff.) Check out his gear. Some guys travel with everything but a bathtub while others tote a toothbrush, can opener and roll of T.P. Often you can augment his gear with your own necessities.

Just in case you start squirting hand lotion at each other in public parking lots or screaming obscenities in the campground at 3:00 A.M. you would be wise to have enough cash tucked away to get you home from any point on the trip. If you are in the middle of the Nevada desert...Well..you had better kiss and make up.

One of the things that made me a "Backseat Bitch" was failing to get a shower, bath or even a dunk in a warm lake. After a week of grubbies and yelling mindlessly into my driver's helmet...I got so excited in the shower I shampooed with my hand lotion. You have a fantastic man if he will motel it every third or fourth night. There are campgrounds with showers but they can cost as much as a cheap hotel. For example, in Missoula, Montana you can get a huge room (Including dirty graffiti) with an old, footed "tub for two" at \$5.00. If your room is above the bandstand, you can keep time to the rock and roll music. An alternative is a Car Wash. If your uninhibited go in nude, a swimsuit is safer, but it is great fun and reamshing for 50¢. (Forget the Hot Wax) Out West the lakes are frigid but many towns have free Municipal Pools. (Skinny after dark.) One that comes to mind is Buffalo, Wyoming. Outside Grand Junction, Colorado there is a \$1.00 campground with a warmwater swimming hole. The numerous State Parks and their beaches have free hot showers whether you camp or not. Two last resorts; Give each other a bedbath in the tent or ride naked in the rain.

It is virtually impossible to be glamorous on a cycle trip. The helmets do nasty things to your hair and the wind and sun can ruin your complexion. However, there is rejuvenation in the rest room. Most of them do have electrical outlets, so pack your curling wand or hairblower. Even a coldwater sink shampoo is better than none. Honey or egg mixed with their powdered or liquid soap is a super shampoo. Stale beer is an excellant conditioner. For want of a moisturizer there is olive oil or even Crisco. A handful of oatmeal mixed with water is an invigorating facial toner as is: Sour cream, sliced cucumbers, mashed bananas or strawberries. (Rutabegas and saurkraut don't work.) The ladies room is also a good place to wash out your dirty lingerie, using your hair dryer to dry them.

Two problems are boredom and "posterior paryalsis". You have it made if you can either nap or read while moving. (I've tried, but failed.) You can compose a poem in your head, sing songs out loud, meditate about your life, do your pelvic exercises or munch bon bons. Do not try eating ripe peaches, plums or watermelon. You and he will be coated in sticky goo. However, dried prunes and apricots will help your plumbing. It is ultimately necessary to change your riding position for comfort. If you trust your driver and he does not mind, there are limitless ways. You can wrap your legs around his waist and lay back on the sissy bar or put your feet on the fairing sides or rear luggage compartments. You could also sit erect, center your mammary glands (boobs) on his back, put your arms around his

neck, squeeze your hands together and whistle Dixie. This is a good position for breast firming. Caution: If you are super endowed you may make permanent indentions in his back. There are numerous ways to make him more comfortable too. David would at times sit on my hands or my lap and in towns he would stand up, while I spanked his rear end. (Really freaked the locals.) Back-rubs are a natural and so are front ones....absolutely no crotch cradling on mountain curves....unless you are particularly anxious to get to the bottom. What with all this body contact there may be some spontaneous off the road romancing. (Isn't that what you hoped for?) Watch out for Poison Ivy (Spearfish Canyon) cows, sheep and donkeys on the loose. (Big Horns) birddroppings, falling rock and tourists with binoculars. (Yellowstone) If your fantasy is the beach, remember sand in the wrong places can cause symptoms similar to a social disease.

One of the most tedious and time-consuming chores on a trip is setting up and breaking camp. Occasionally it is fun to "rip in" with your sleeping bag and snooze under the stars. One of the most comfortable spots is atop a bread-shaped haystack. Motorcycles can reach secluded spots cars cannot and are easily hidden. Use your imagination. Another fantastic advantage to tripping on a bike is that there are no barriers between you and the scenery. Nature is right there...You can feel it...You can smell it... You are part of it. If you have a fairly good camera you can take snapshots while moving. (Don't take a picture of that huge lake in the desert.) At times you may find you are traveling after dark. Many drivers become sleepy at this time. If you value your bones and you see his head drooping occasionally, pound him on the back and play radio, singing songs at the top of your lungs. You sound like a sick cowboy yodeling or a off-key siren but it gets you to your campsite intact.

What clothes you should pack? Your driver will love you forever if you travel as light as possible. (Lose ten pounds) Unless you plan on elegant dining and dancing leave your evening dresses and satin pumps at home. If you visit a laundromat once a week or so, you should get by with 3 pairs jeans (including the ones your wearing) one pair shorts, one sweater, bathing suit, 3 knit shirts, 3 halters, riding jacket and footwear, long johns and sandals. Some things to carry in your purse or totebag, which should be easily accessible are Blistex, suntan lotion, first aid cream, scarf, transistor radio with ear plug, spray cologne to chase away the grubbies and Wet Ones which come in handy for just about anything.

Some people will travel in no less than full leathers and boots. This is appropriate in Metro areas like Denver, where auto drivers disconnect their turn signals. However there are times when the sun is so hot you cannot get a breeze at 90 MPH. The solution is to dress in layers. (Substitute halters or bathing suit tops for bras) Leaving home you will be fully attired, stripping down to a halter if your heading for Sturgis. Getting an even tan on the bike is difficult, It takes specific planning as to what time of day to expose what part of your skin. Usually you end up looking like a racoon with a patchwork tan. Happy tripping.

WISHING YOU SUNSHINE DAYS AND BLUE SKIES.
 Make every day a beautiful memory.

Greetings....This is Barbara, back from romantic San Francisco, I left my heart there a couple years ago... iound it in Sausalito. (A fisherman was using it for whale bait. While there I met some outlaw bikers...Mama's Mistakes M/C and their gorgon females. They were all excited about their upcoming "Chainswingers and Debutante Sweathogs Ball" Strictly black T-shirt and studded leathers. Drag your Hag or attack a Local Lady. Highlight of the evening was to be breast and buttock tattooing and climaxing with the traditional gang rape. I am being facetious, but quite seriously there is yet a lot of apprehension towards bikers. Especially in California. My West Coast friends and relatives gasp when I tell them I ride with a Motorcycle Club...you can imagine the thoughts that run through their mind. A trial is now proceeding in Marin County in an attempt to prosecute an outlaw gang for the atrocities they have reportedly committed. What with all the threats and carrying on, it is likened to the Manson trial. In fact, many thought the recent kidnapping of 26 children in Chowchilla to be an attempt to get these guys released. Hopefully with the continued efforts of our club and other cycle organizations we will someday clean up the image of motorcycling.

Red Wings, Blue Wings, Yellow Wings....Wings all around. I don't know if it is Ron Widell and Fred Wolf's "Gold Wing" propoganda but there have been four new ones in the past month... that K know of. In addition to Brillo, there is Richard Hoagberg, Larry Stitzel and Greg Domke Brillo loves his Yeller one so much he "waters" it in the morning and is buying a twoo room tent... one for the bike and one for him. Greg Domke picked up his new cherry Wing on a Thursday. Friday with just 40 miles on the odometer, he was flipped by a "wronglanerightturner". Ten stitches in the chin, ointement for gravel rash and a day on the bedpan put handsome Greg back together again. Better biking days are coming, my friend.

Should we name our softball team the "West Bank Beer Bellies"? Our seven inning game with Wheeler localites was a hot one in the sun. Strupped down, sexy, tanned Adonis's pushed themselves around the bases and field.. with a cold beer always nearby. Harry Hat's stomach ran faster than his feet causing him to overrun third and tumble. Tom Harder stoked a in-park home run and Ciola was an excellant outfield coach and all around player. Five biker ladies participated: Joan, Becky, Marni, Barb G and myself. Against their "All male" team we all made a hit and run in. (I think they were distracted by our "Bouncing" around bases.) The umpire was impartial and of course, blind. (She broke her glasses.) The outcome was 16 to 12..yeah, we lost, but it was great fun. Lets play another game soon.

The Two Wheel Deal of the month has to be Tom Stewart's purchase of a 1965 BMW at a yard sale. It must have been driven by a lil ol' lady to the market, as it is a "Cream Puff" (Used Car Dealer Slang) with only 23,000 miles.

One benefit of staying around camp Sunday morning with the "Leftover

Beer Drinkers Around the Picnic Table" is that you discover the the tings that happened the night before that you don't remember. Right Bill.

With 27 Rides gone by (Just a memory) I suppose you would like to know where things are at with the ride credits. I know many of you don't give darn, but tallying the members rides serves two purposes. It not only acknowledges our hard-core riders but we know who to ask when we need something done. First of all, Lee Pechacek has a perfect score and he and Rich Nielson are the first members to achieve five years of twenty rides or more. Therefore they no longer have to pay dues.. they have a lifetime membership...even when they may need training wheels for their scooters. Gail Welling is also eligible this year but she has eight rides more to go.

TWENTY RIDE MEMBERS AFTER 27

Lee Pechacek	27
Harry Strand	26
Micheal Ciola	26
Tom Harder	23
Roxanne Brightman	23
John Brightman	22
Ron Widell	22
Don Peters	22
Carol Fisher	22
Joe Frieberg	22
Don Kvasnik	21
Barbara Swenson	21
Rich Nielson	21

REALLY CLOSE:

Fred Kritzman	19
Tom Pilcher	19
Naomi Widell	19
Harold Nendza	18
Lonnie Owens	18
Diane Gorham	17
Lu Ann Schmidtke	17
Pat Magiera	16
Ron Baron	16
Joan Darud	16
Mike Enslin	16
Mike Urseth	15
Paul Nordin	15
Becky Milanese	15
Marty Milanese	15
Larry Stitzel	15
Gerg McCarty	15
Fran Shima	15
John Pierson	15
Tony Wahlstrom	15

Gettin There:

- 14's Shunshine, Steve Park, Lani Gabatino
Paul Schall, Bob Bramstedt, Bill
Brightman
- 13's Barb Gabatino, Sam Lamansky, Ross
Kiihn, Lynn Anderson, Marty Park .
- 12's Tom Carroll, Greg Domke, Linda &
Mike Weber, Gail Welling, Don Burtard
Butch Blawd

11's Tom Mayer, Tina Enslin

Halfway: Viki Frieberg, Liz
Gurrola, Doug Morgan, Laura &
Bruce Ehlers, Dale Schultz, Becky
Davis, Bon Blake, Armer Willenbring

That makes 14 members in the "Twenty Ride Club" already, five for the first time, with 48 more probables. That makes 62 members or more than one-third of our present 175 membership and thirty-two first timers. Don't get discouraged because even if you have made only one ride, you can still be a twenty rider by making all the remaining rides. The club still functions in August with twice weekly rides even though many members are in Sturgis and/or tripping all over the county. Remember you get one ride credit for Sturgis but make sure I see you there or you find a sign up sheet at either the Armory Bulletin Board or the Joint Bar Sturgis. (Who knows where I will be... I may be fulfislng a fantasy on Gierge's nose at Mt. Rushmore.)

***** SERMONETTE *****

The West Bank M/C is a non-profit, non-business, non-organization club, We are a casual, loose knit social/riding group. However, there is a certain amount of work to be done in order for the club to function.

Sermonette continued....

18

The people who do this work are doing so voluntarily...there is no pay, no special privileges and no glory. They donate their time, materials and skills. As humans are known to do errors are sometimes made. We don't mind if you complain on a legitimate beef but lets forget the picky-picky stuff. O.K. Remember the key word for our club is sharing...the work, and the fun. Amen.

An example of sharing the work is the following copy written by Barb and Lani Babatino during my recent vacation. I think they did a fantastic job and I am sure you will all agree they should be permanent members of the newsletter staff.

July Fourth week-end Miller Dam and Madeline Island....

To Madeline the hard core went north from Miller Dam.
A Sunday rid, with Lee out front, we all felt on the lam,
Trying to meet the forces by 2 PM and beat the campground jam

Glory, Glory Pabst Blue Ribbon
Glory, Glory Lienenkugals
Glory to the good old WBMC
and slow that Guzzi down.

Accosted by some tavern keeps just twenty miles along.
Insisting that we try their wares; wine, women, food and songs.
Oh, Harry, Joanie, comrades all, we dared not do them wrong :
Twas a long time 'Bore we'd gone.

--- Chorus ---

Back on the road, we dared make haste, the sun was getting low.
A Suzie couldn't keep the pace, the Yamaha was slow.
But Lee pressed on to Ashland town, ahead of all the rest--
Hey, where the hell is Joe??

--- Chorus ---

Twas late that day before we set upon Madelina's shore
A rag tag trio greets us there, say there ain't an open door
We rest at Emile, send out scouts to check the local lore
but alas they cannot score.

--- Chorus ---

So in the tavern's field we pithh our camp and soon are in like Flynn
Our Tommy with great sacrifice treats a lady just like kin
Thus upon the seas the club has sailed, our banners waving high...
Not many places we ain't been.

--- Chorus ---

Long Lake - Did all those cycles in that big long line really make it through that stretch of Hwy 12 from downtown to Long Lake? Yup- and in one piece and in line. Hats off to the road captains and all you A-1 riders. Hwy 12 should be reserved for suicidal, men at peace with their maker an Greyhound Buses. Even Ralph should agree after making a couple harrowing dashes across the pavement at the rest stop. Just because you can ride a cycle doesn't mean you can ride a horse as some members discovered when a horse showed up at the picnic grounds.

and falling on horseback-even the horse was trying to catch a glimpse of that. Don Peter showed up in a four-wheeler, unfortunately not the exotic Astin Martin which was suffering from vandalitis, but fortunately (for who?) in a slick camper. We sure do miss that three wheel BMW though. And by the way, we think if anyone is going to bring turkey legs they should either 1.) Bring enough for everyone. 2.) bring enough for Lonnie 3) eat them under a blanket. 4) Disguise them as spare Harley parts and eat them out of an oil can.

SPRING VALLEY, WISCONSIN July 10-11

Weatherwise it was a good prep for what the ride to Sturgis must be like___ sunny, humid and hot. All riders arrived in a group, would you believe thanks to our road captains, Becky and Marty Milanses. It looked like we had another member for the Gold Wing club when John and Roxanne showed up on a big red one but alas, twas only being offered for sale for John's Dad. The well selected campsite was under the proverbial spreading chestnut(?) trees beside a clear, cool spring-the latter quickly claimed as bathhouse and beer cooler by Richie and Bear. We question the Hat's claim that the spring had magical powers-placing a case of beer therein, upon arrival, he found himself trying to find room on his Suzie for two cases when leaving Sunday. Sure you weren't drinking Bear's bathwater, it would give anyone magical illusions. Greg and Fran provided some great photos from their trip out West, having just returned. A three piece, old-time band held the social spotlight Saturday night for those going to town. All had the opportunity to preview the new hit "The Dance of the Headless Helmet" performed by one of the local Nursing Home socialites and a helmet donated by the club. As usual members won the praise of the local folks, a tradition with the club that speaks highly of you all.

The Corp of Engineers provided a beautiful recreation/swimming area at the Eau Galle River Dam, a short distance out of town. One member, however, failed to see the DOGS-MUST-BE-LEASHED sign. It took a flip of the coin to decide WHO was out of compliance___ we all enjoyed Ralph's company in the water, while Mike Ciola vociferously complained about being chained to a tree.

When the campfire finally died in the wee hours, a full moon caused some unexplained happenings___ a tent that seemed to go UP and then DOWN like a Spring mushroom, a noisy moon song by a duo about 3:30 A.M., a lone-some sputtering from a BMW looking for its Moto Guzzi 1000 mate and laughter from someone FINALLY piecing together a 45 minute joke. Sunday, several members wheeled their way to Eau Galle for the town's belated July 4th celebration. Wisconsin does have some of the finest roads on a warm, sunny, Sunday afternoon.

HASTINGS (Wednesday) July 14th

If you hold the map right side up and know your right blinker from your left, it really isn't too hard to get the two blocks from the Wine & Liquor House to Roadside Park in Hastings. Everyone did finally arrive for what was almost a new bike show - a full dress Harley, 750 Hondamatic and that evening's Road Captain Fred's 750 Kawasaki. Larry just missed the show with his Yellow Wing. It was good to see that tan 900 BMW back on the road after a short stay at the bike hospital in Mankato - Tell us again, Marni, did it happen before or after those 200 kegs of beer were drained at Esterville, July 4th?? All were glad to see the "wrecking crew" pull in a bit late after quickly and neighborly assisting one of the riders who blew a tire on Hwy 61. Road Captain, Fred Kritzman reported that he was very well received on the pre-ride by the Wine & Liquor House who added extra help for faster service and the local

police who arranged to have the park cleaned up prior to our arrival. Guess the club's reputation is spreading.

ZUMBROTA July 17th (Note from Barbara: Thank you for taking over for me, Fred

Is Zumbrota really 120 plus miles from the Twin Cities. Not Usually; its only when you're on Wisconsin 35 heading south, waiting to get to Wabasha - which is unfortunately on the Minnesota side. We suspect that when you're in the lead on a new Kawasaki with an even newer side car, its tough to watch the map while; checking the oil, watching the mounting bolts rattle loose, trying to find the page in the owners manual that shows where the turn signals are (and when you find it the picture shows old man Kawasaki and his 17 grandchildren tightening front wheel spokes.) and trying to explain to your son in the sidecar that the WBMC on the back of his helmet doesn't mean: Wiggle, Bounce, Motivate and Carry-on. Anyway, once back on the track, Minnesota Hwy 60 from the river westward provided a great ride. A good stretch to put a new Gold Wing through its paces...eh, Larry. When the main group reached Zumbrota they were greeted by several members who managed to make the proper turn in the first place. After taking the anticipated harassment from the latter members we learned the only reason they made the correct turn at Nelson, Wisc. was because some bike never have been able to turn-right. A couple of awful nice custom Gold Wings made the trip (Guess which way they turned?) Reports from camp indicated an unusually quiet Saturday night.

The ride Aug 21 will be to Millville.

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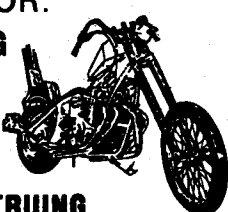
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