

Volume 3 Issue 3 - Autumn 2019  
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# Louisiana BIKER

**Special  
Women's Issue**

Amanda Zo Cobb  
Chain Driven  
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**By, For, and About Louisiana Bikers**  
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# HOG-O-WEEN 2019 DARK CARNIVAL

OCTOBER 24TH @ 6PM - 9PM

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

- OCTOBER 12TH | STARTS 10AM  
ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES EXPO**
- OCTOBER 17TH | 6PM – 9PM  
ROCKY HORROR KARAOKE BIKE NIGHT**
- OCTOBER 19TH | 12PM – 4PM  
ROCKTOBER FEST: BATTLE OF THE BANDS**
- OCTOBER 24TH | 6PM – 9PM  
HOG-O-WEEN 2019: THE DARK CARNIVAL**
- OCTOBER 27TH | KICKSTANDS UP 11AM  
NOLA SO DEALERSHIP RIDE #2**

# LOUISIANA BIKER MAGAZINE

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# INTERNATIONAL FEMALE RIDE DAY

by Glamorous



Vicky Gray introduced the International Female Ride Day in 2007 with the theme of "Just Ride" to be the only global women's motorcycle Ride event that has been embraced by women across the world. Each year, women motorcycle enthusiasts unite together the first weekend in May to fellowship and celebrate the passion shared for being on the open highways. 2014 marked the year that I became aware of this day. Although I was unable to attend the ride in Jackson Mississippi I knew several women who were able to and just by hearing the stories of the remarkable time they had and seeing tons of pictures, I grew more and more eager to attend. Finally in 2015 women bikers from Lafayette Louisiana hosted the ride there, my very first one to attend, and it was more than I could've ever imagined. Women from different states of different nationalities came together not only for the ride but to celebrate one another which was an experience that overwhelmingly warmed my heart and soul. It was then that I promised myself that every opportunity I get, no matter where, I would be in attendance. In 2016 I attended IFRD in Little Rock Arkansas, 2017 was in Killeen Texas. Unfortunately I couldn't attend IFRD in Atlanta Georgia. In July, after attending Black Girls Ride to Essence Festival in New Orleans, Maryann Walker came up with the idea to host IFRD in Hammond Louisiana. A host committee was formed and the plans were set into

motion, within ten months we were ready for our weekend event..Being the 12 year global anniversary of the International Female Ride Day it was also hosted in various states other than Louisiana. Despite the weather conditions that detoured, delayed and even turned around several, there were more than 120 women from as far as Indiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, Florida and Oklahoma in attendance. Thanks go out for the generosity of **Hammond Harley Davidson**, the City of Hammond, the Tourism Center, Hammond Police Motorcycle Officers who escorted our 50 plus mile journey through several parishes, Hammond Fire Department for graciously coming out to wipe our bikes off after the rain, Free Riders Motorcycle Club, Street Hogs Motorcycle Club and Club Hot Spot in Albany for accommodating us by extending their hospitality in helping make this event a great success. We thank you all....Embarking upon the 13th year global anniversary of the International Female Ride Day May 2020, Alexandria Louisiana will be one of host cities...Reservations are currently being made at Baymont Inn & Suites under the room block of IFRD2020 at a special rate. We're diligently working with the City of Alexandria, Taboo Harley Davidson, various organizations & companies to make this event an enjoyable weekend. We're looking forward to seeing you there...  
ALL ARE WELCOMED!!!



# RAT RUN 1 & 2

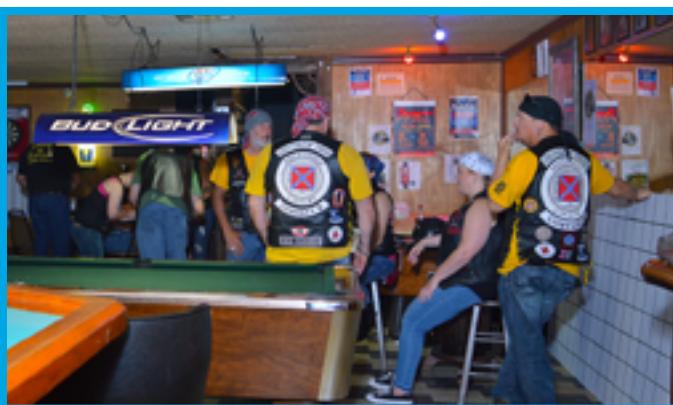
By James Calderaro Vieux-doo Dawgs MC Baton Rouge

As most bikers already know, we (bikers) are some of the most charitable, generous, kind hearted people to walk this green earth. Whenever you go to a benefit sponsored by/with a club or organization, more often than not the bikers are the ones donating their winnings and prizes back to the cause. Not because they are told they have to, but because they feel it's the right choice.

With this in mind, Barry Cowart, owner of the Full Moon Saloon in Hammond, Louisiana, set out to make a run that benefited the very bikers who always donated to every benefit and cause under the sun. In conjunction with a local motorcycle club, Vieux-doo Dawgs MC Baton Rouge charter, the Rat Run was born. Finally a poker run made to benefit the riders.

The Vieux-doo Dawgs provided a rolling escort to ensure safe passage from each location via road guard/ blocking maneuvers for all participants. Both starting and ending at Full Moon Saloon, participants were greeted promptly with hot food, live music, and cold drinks. Finally cash prizes were given out accordingly, and of course the winners tried to donate back as usual but were only told that, they are the cause. With things wrapped up Barry has already begun setting up the next run and locations.

Also we hope to keep this run going to benefit future riders.



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# HOKA HEY CHALLENGE 2020

Women Go the Distance in the Hoka Hey Motorcycle Challenge

by Julie Nordskog Andrews

For the third consecutive Hoka Hey Motorcycle Challenge (HHMC), Taboo Harley-Davidson of Alexandria, LA has a sponsored rider in the running. Their rider in the ten-year anniversary HHMC of 2020 is Julie "Squirrel" Andrews of Austin, Texas. Taboo H-D also sponsored Julie in 2018 when she successfully completed the 10,000-mile route in 21 days without the aid of GPS- or, for that matter, a place to sleep other than the hard ground next to her motorcycle.

Since the Hoka Hey began in 2009, only 12 women riders (or so) have completed the Challenge.\* Some are repeat Finishers. Junie Rose, Hoka Hey Board Member, has completed every route of the Challenge. Last year, 15 women started the 2018 Challenge and 7 qualified as official Finishers— both record numbers for the HHMC.

John Roberts, Taboo H-D's former General Manager, explains, "We were given the choice of two riders (for sponsorship), a man and a woman. We decided we really wanted to support a woman rider." Since that time, Julie and Amanda Marcum, Digital Marketing Manager for Southern Spokes Motorsports, continue to collaborate on women-centric events, such as International Female Ride Day.

Julie's motivation for accepting the Hoka Hey



Challenge was to inspire women riders in person and in online communities to challenge their limits. Indeed, the social media presence of the Hoka Hey made this possible, as friends and family followed the path of all 113 riders' satellite trackers on Facebook. "I would love to see more women applicants this year," says Junie Rose. "Hoka Hey riders are very active in their communities. They love to share their stories and lead by example."

The HHMC strives to raise awareness about social issues. Entry fees fund donations made to initiatives by and for Native Americans. The 2018 beneficiary was N8V Generation, a non-profit youth group to prevent substance abuse. At the same time, Hoka Hey encourages participants to fundraise for charities of their choice.

Julie was able to leverage her Hoka Hey participation to launch a successful online campaign to raise funds providing "10,000 meals for 10,000 miles" through donations to Feeding America, a national non-profit organization comprised of over 200 food banks and 60,000 food pantries and programs.

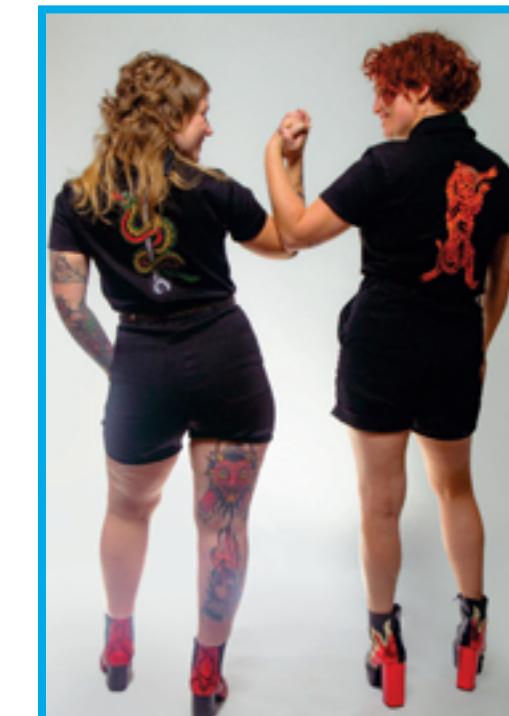
In 2018, Hoka Hey riders collectively raised over \$225,000 for charitable causes.

\*This is an estimate, as early records published on the Hoka Hey website do not identify Finishers.

# JADIAN DANIELS MS. BATON ROUGE 2019

We want to congratulate our friend Jadian Daniels, who is newly crowned as Ms. Baton Rouge 2019.

This is preliminary for the Miss Louisiana Pageant, and if she wins that she will compete for Miss America in Las Vegas! Jadian has been a server at many of our bike nights, we are very happy to see her have such great success.

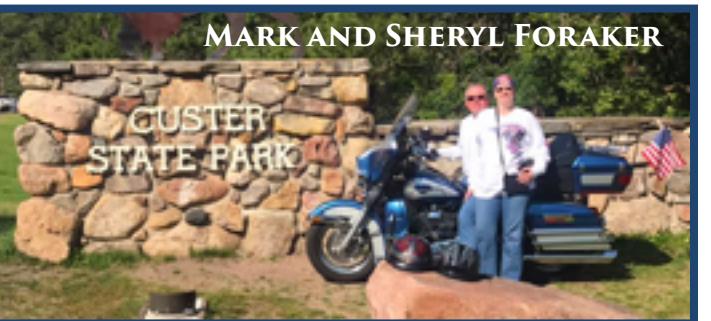
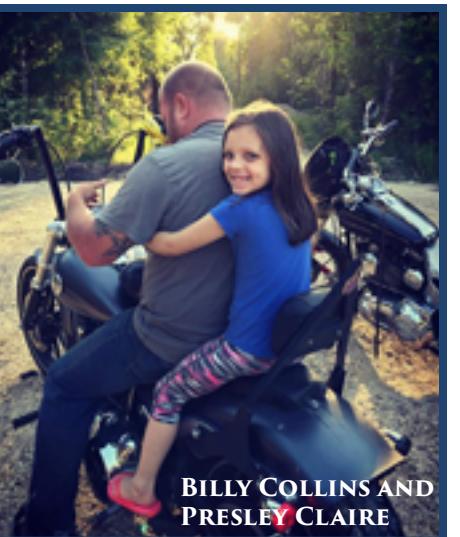
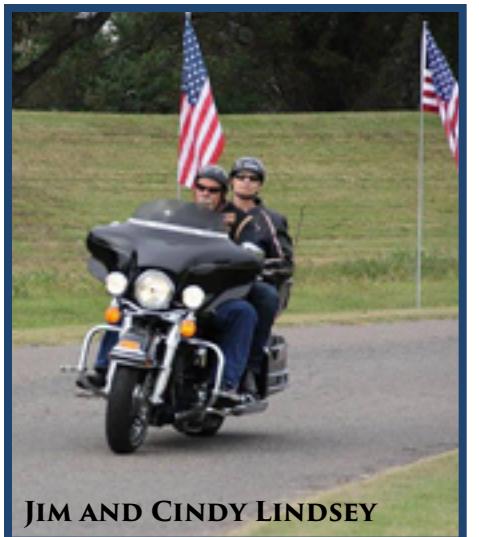


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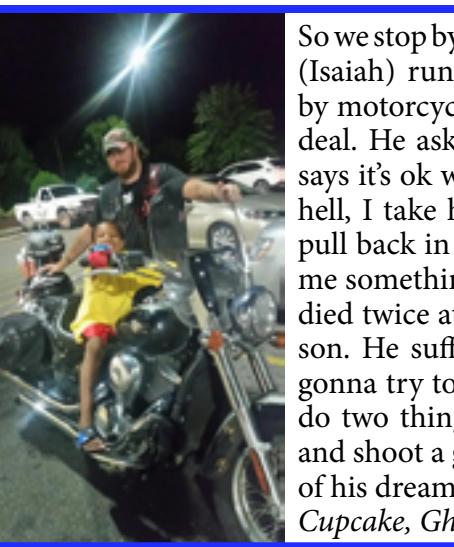
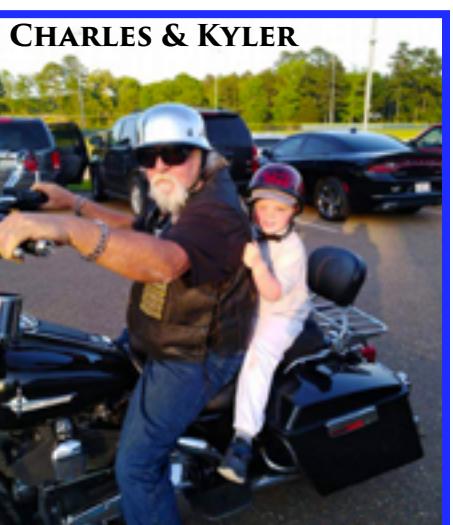
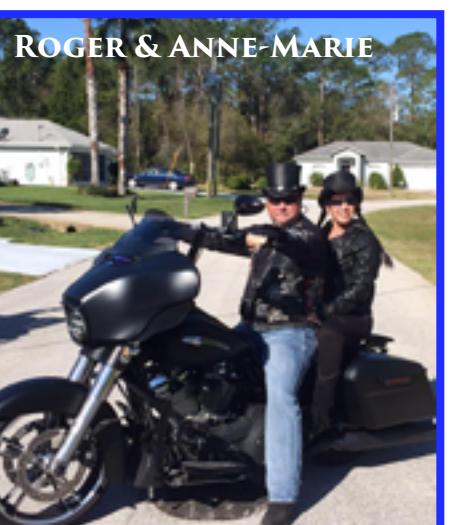
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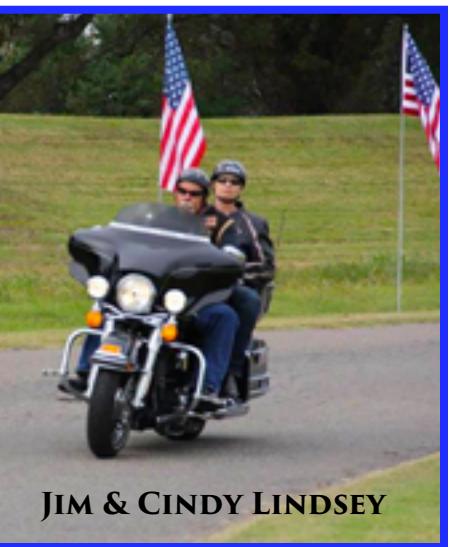


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So we stop by Walmart tonight and this little dude (Isaiah) runs up to me because he's fascinated by motorcycles. I let him sit on my bike, no big deal. He asks if he can ride with me, his mom says it's ok with her if it's ok with me. What the hell, I take him a lap around the parking lot. I pull back in the parking spot and his mom tells me something that hits me right in the feels. He died twice at birth before she ever even saw her son. He suffers from a condition I'm not even gonna try to mangle and he has only wanted to do two things his entire life, ride a motorcycle and shoot a gun. I'm glad I could help make one of his dreams true

Cupcake, Ghost Riders MC Wayne County



# AMANDA ZO COBB

We recently met Amanda in New Orleans. This is her story of coming back from a devastating accident, and what it takes to get back riding. She will be writing articles for us going forward.

## THE CRASH

It's Friday. Just like any other weekday I'm up early and preparing for work. I've coffee'd, showered, walked the dog, and cooked a healthy meal of brown rice and a blend of sauteed vegetables to bring with me. At this time I was very partial to the combination of shredded beets, carrots, and squash.

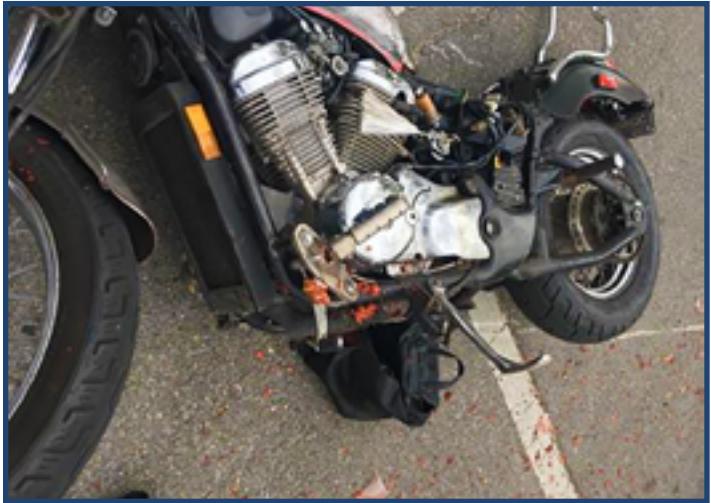
I slap on my helmet and walk out the door. 8 am. I've gotten a couple blocks away when I think "SHIT I didn't fasten my helmet!" It was like a ping, an incoming message. I immediately pull over and strap it tight. Back en route, I enjoy the empty roads of an early New Orleans morning. If you look at a map, I wasn't going far. I worked within 2 miles of my home, but I enjoyed the ride.

I've reached St. Roch via Claiborne and there are no cars in sight. Headed in the direction of St. Claude, I'm going the speed limit and mentally preparing to slow down for the bumps in the road adjacent to the St Roch Market that I am accustomed to maneuvering. Then out of my left field of vision something big and red is blasting through the intersection. I didn't have much time to react, but my instincts said speed up and get out of the way. I've always been told that it's better than slamming on your brakes. But it wasn't fast enough, and I was struck from the side by what ended up being a Ford Econoline van going anywhere from 30-40 miles per hour.

It was a blur. I was in shock, and on the ground when I came to. There is a young woman standing over me who I think could be the driver, but is in fact the first witness to the scene. Though I couldn't see much through my bloody helmet, clearly she was mortified. I confirmed this later on because she told me when I contacted her for a witness report. Here is what she sees: I was lying there, not moving, my shoes had flipped off, my face was covered in blood, my bike was oozing gas, and chunky reddish material covered everything around me. "Oh my gawd...she's fucking dead" thought the woman and the other witnesses joining her at the scene. Now you all know that clearly I didn't die, but what actually happened is my lunch had exploded all around me and on behalf of the beets it appeared to be my brains and body parts. Luckily this was not the case. I broke the illusion with "WHAT HAPPENED!! HOW'S MY BIKE??"

The woman stays with me the whole time we wait for the ambulance, which took 55 minutes to arrive. In this time, I try repeatedly to get up, but didn't yet realize the severity of the situation and the condition of my body. She does her best to comfort me. A cop arrives on the scene and asks for my motorcycle insurance. "It's in my purse...?" He tells me I need to find it, and though I am incapacitated on the ground he pulls out my wallet and pushes it near enough to my head so that I may look for it. I can't find it in my position, so he writes me a ticket and puts it in my purse. Side note, I later got this ticket thrown out in court.

When the ambulance arrives, I am swiftly relocated to University Medical Center. I have a memory of the



woman that hit me. She is standing near my stretcher and tells me she is sorry that she hit me, she was in a hurry and didn't see me. I don't recall my reply, and this is the first and last time I ever saw her.

I am in and out of surgeries for the remainder of the day. Later I get the full disclosure of my injuries. Shattered left knee, fractured right femur and hip, fractured jaw in three places. I can tell my teeth are all over the place by a touch of my tongue. Many of them are broken and some had even gone through face just under my lower lip. From this point on, I do not look into a mirror until probably two weeks later. I take some pictures of myself with my phone so that I might see at some point, but I know that if I were to look at this time, I will lose it.

All of my family is in Washington state, so my network here in Louisiana were the first to be notified. My roommate shows up and immediately starts crying. She asks a jumbled question about what happened and I say "awww, it's bad, I broke my legs, my hips, my face, my teeth....but these still work!" as I hold up both hands in the gesture of horns. I don't quite remember doing that, but I do have a tendency to try and mend difficult situations with humor. Also, it was amazing that my arms were unscathed, so ultimately they deserved the gesture.

More friends trickle in throughout the day and I do my best to maintain a cool composure. I don't want anyone to worrying about me. Then friends start posting about coming to see me, and I know I needed to notify my family in Seattle. I texted my mom and sister "Hey, I was in a motorcycle accident, I'm in the hospital, but I'm okay! Will call you as soon as I'm out of here." I make a similar general post to Facebook. Everyone outside of those who had actually seen me in person think it was a minor collision, and say things like "get better soon" and "oh that sucks!". My mantra during difficult times has always been lay low and get through it on your own if you can. I had never broken a single bone in my body until this point. I was naive as to what my recovery would look like and how impossible it would be to get through this alone. I am so glad I remembered that my helmet wasn't fastened.

THE RECOVERY

I was in the hospital just over a week and well ready to leave by the eighth day. They told me I was cleared to be released, but they wouldn't have any wheelchairs available until a few days later. Now, being a patient there had been an experience in itself, but I decided to simply accepted the

care I received with as much grace and gratefulness that I could show. I would never discredit the extremely hard work of nurses, but I was shocked by some of the internal operations and the way I was treated. Hearing that I may be held up for a few days due to a wheelchair and nothing else, I went straight to craigslist and found one for \$100 within 15 minutes. I had my roommate go pick it up, and was released back in to the world with a stack of papers and a prescription for percocet and antibiotics. On top of being all battered up, I had contracted a pretty bad infection, or in technical terms, a hospital acquired condition during my stay.

Once home I was blown away by the support of the community. A former church across the street from my house was under renovations and had donated a ramp that was being removed. Friends and neighbors came together to fashion me a safe and fortified runway so that I could access my house.

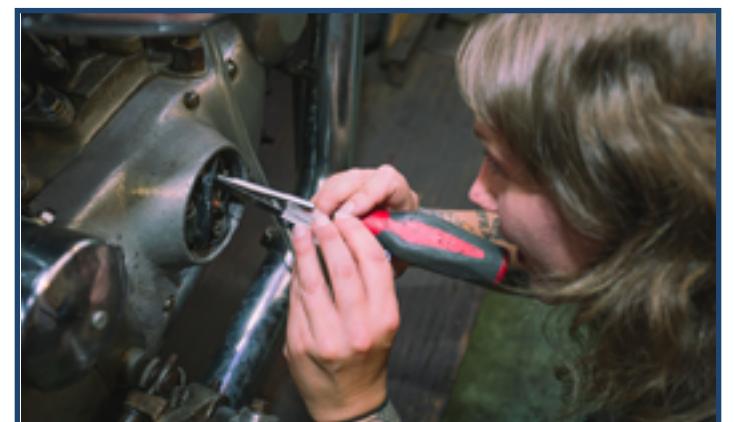
My friends looked through my paperwork, but there were not any instructions on how to proceed in caring for me, so everyone just pulled together with whatever they could contribute and we pushed through for the first couple weeks. It was a very difficult time and I'm lucky that I had the Percocet to diffuse the pain.

My room only had a loft bed I had built, and there was no way I was getting up and down that, so I was stationed in my kitchen on the couch fashioned into a hospital bed. I was very close to the bathroom, and it was all I could handle to be mostly carried back and forth to my bed. My friends stayed by my side in shifts, sleeping on the floor, helping me to the bathroom and blending my meals. There was a lot of makeshift stuff happening all around to accommodate me in this state, but the most creative was the blended meals. For instance, I had only been eating a small portion of broth or soup each day, and it got to a point where I was craving fried chicken unlike ever before! While a friend was driving me somewhere we passed a Raising Canes and I said "ERRR FFRYD CHICKN" (through my wires) and he basically crossed lanes of traffic and get in the drive thru. Another friend of mine had lent me her Vitamix to use as long as I needed it, which I highly recommend if your jaw is ever wired shut! We threw some of that chicken sauce in there with the chicken and let it whir. I don't think I'd eat that now, but at the time it was pretty good!

Another one was Melba's jambalaya. I often had that as a snack if I was doing laundry, but until this time in my life I didn't know it was good blended with some of their gumbo broth. Or Eggs Dauphine from Horns. I love that jalapeno cornbread and the combination of flavors, so why not turn it into a smoothie?? Or Shrimp and Grits from Cake Cafe. They actually blended it for me there in the restaurant so I could eat it right away. At first the doctor who put the wires into my jaw said two or three weeks, but they didn't come off for fourteen weeks.

The first week into my return home, my cousin in Seattle set up a Meal Train to help me out. Family, friends, and fellow motorcycle riders from Washington state, all the way across the country, were able to coordinate and send me food through delivery apps, as well as donate money to my recovery fund. This is when my story really started to circulate, because the Meal Train link was being shared on social media and the details of my accident that I had first omitted from my posts were included. Immediately messages, donations, and food started rolling in, and I was again blown away by the love.

A friend from Washington came to see me for



a few days and got me set up with a proper hospital bed. She walked in and saw me cradled into that old couch all battered up and said "oh no way, this ends now!" This was a great update from the couch, because it lifted and lowered electronically, while before friends had to pick me up from deep couch position. I'm sure that was not easy on them. My mom had booked a trip with friends to come and visit months before. I had previously tried to keep the severity of the situation from her so she would not be distressed knowing the truth, being so far out of range to help me. But she sensed it was bad and before she even saw the social media shares she had called the hospital herself and was fully disclosed of my condition, despite my initial message saying I was fine. Things changed greatly once she got there. With no instruction for care, my friends and I hadn't been icing or elevating my breaks, and we weren't administering my antibiotics on an effective schedule, so when she arrived weeks later I was still very swollen and sick.

With the swelling now beginning to ease up, I got to a point where I could scoot around from the kitchen to the front door, and that gave me a sense of freedom. By now I had done research enough to know it would be some time before I would regain any level of normalcy. I accepted that the world would keep on turning and I would endure this as long as I had to, but I stayed strong deep down knowing that it wouldn't be forever. I had so much support from the community, my friends, and my family. My mom is truly a saint as she ended up staying with me for three weeks to get me through the worst of it. I was going to recover, I just had to be diligent about supporting my health and getting as much rest as possible.

I was cleared to begin physical therapy about six weeks post accident and I found ways to get to and from the hospital. Fortunately I discovered Uber Assist. Drivers could voluntarily sign up to help the elderly or injured with any assistance getting out of their homes and into the next location, as well as any assistance in loading walking aids or wheelchairs. There is no extra pay to the driver, they were just volunteering to help, and I met some of the sweetest folks this way. This easily accessible resource gave me just a bit more freedom to navigate my recovery.

As far as the physical therapy, I became obsessed. It was what I looked forward to throughout the week, and I never missed any of the daily PT sessions I was responsible for at home as advised. I had a primary physical therapist and a graduate-in-training at each appointment. They were both very encouraging, yet realistic, and they maintained that balance with a hint of playfulness. We had a routine that each time I came in for a session they could ask about a different tattoo, and I would tell them "yeah that's a hot sauce heart" or "oh that's a snake with tits" or "you're right, that cactus is definitely giving the middle finger".

I was determined to walk with only the use of a cane by my thirtieth birthday. I was told to listen to my doctors and not be disappointed if this goal could not be met. But in the course of eight weeks in physical therapy I went from wheelchair, to walker, to crutches, and yes indeed, the day before my birthday I was cleared to bear weight as tolerated. As a present to myself I purchased a fifteen dollar gold cane from the Walgreens next to my house and said goodbye to my twenties.

#### THE RETURN

I have scars that show and scars that don't. While I was in the hospital and during each followup appointment after I had been released I asked again and again about how long it would be until I could ride again. But as eager as I was

in that earlier stage of this whole experience, it actually took me much longer to return than I had ever anticipated. Maybe it was out of respect of everyone who came through for me, to prolong the risk of ever putting them through that again. It could have been that I didn't trust my body. My knee now had a rod through it. It was still really painful and couldn't handle much weight. I could easily drop a bike or hurt myself further like that. Or it could have been that I was just scared. I considered all of that, but still knew I was going to continue riding.

My first time back on a bike was actually while visiting Seattle in January this year, nine months after the accident. I rode on the back of my best friend's bike along one of my favorite city routes. We had learned to ride together and I had cultivated most of my riding experiences with her before I moved to Louisiana, and even after I had moved and before the accident, we continued to ride together whenever we were in the same state. It was like returning to my roots. And I wasn't scared. It felt great and I think it was a good way to warm back up to that part of me.

Once back in New Orleans I was ready to part ways with the bike involved in the crash. The frame had a stress fracture, but the engine was still good. I had the option of buying a new frame and building the old bike onto that, but I was ready for a bigger engine anyhow, so I found it a new home as someone else's project and began to hunt for my next bike.

In the meantime I still have the first bike I ever purchased many years ago; a Honda Rebel 250. It was missing its keys, and when my same friend mentioned above was in turn visiting me for Mardi Gras, we took the switch apart and altered it to operate without a key. It took us a couple hours, including a trip to the hardware store. We spent a while at the drawing board figuring out how we wanted to put it together, and then it worked! And no lie, even though I have ordered and received a new ignition switch to install since then, I still have the magievered manual switch in that bike because it makes me of two things. First, it reminds me a lot of why I like motorcycles. I have learned so much about mechanics from learning and working on my own bikes, and it has made me feel more capable on my own and even able to help other people at times. And secondly, it makes me laugh. Where would be without some humility? There is an unsaid and underlying element to motorcycle riding that involves looking "cool. Most of us have done something stupid at an inopportune time that has compromised that element. I've definitely gone to show off to a guy by trying to take off too soon on a cold start, and immediately killed the engine and dropped my bike. But that was only once!

It's been a long and difficult recovery from this incident. I got back to work in September of last year, seven months after the accident, and have been working hard to get my professional life back on track. I co-manage a local sewing studio and I also work there independently as a patternmaker and seamstress. I've been putting all my energy outside of that into getting my clothing line started, Chain Driven Apparel.

I'm in the best place I've been since this all happened eighteen months ago. Now that I've gone through it as I did, I cannot imagine what my life would be like without this major chapter. My body has changed a lot, and I've accepted it but I don't want to let this experience define me for the worst. I feel like I'm ready to get stronger, and more successful with my business, and definitely ride a lot to make up for lost time. End note, I have found my new project, with a bigger engine, stay tuned!



AMANDA ZO COBB

## EUROPEAN RIDE ADVENTURE

by Joanie Nerrettig



After spending a few weeks in Europe, I surely was educated in the fine art of riding in odd traffic. Motorbikes spend time with busses, trucks, cars, scooters, bicycles, and manual foot scooters—all in the same lanes of traffic. Paris was the top spot for watching this phenomena—no one wasted anyone, and more women than men rode scooters. Women also wore dresses, short dresses, on their scooters, and heels! Women wore high heels on bicycles. Women also went without make-up and bras, and most were quite lean and fabulously healthy and natural looking. The scene in Italy was exactly the same, with safe maneuvering in what seems like a death trap occurring all around. And, of course, in Italy, everyone just looked much cooler! Bikes, motorbikes, scooters, cars, all were fabulously dressed and in the summer bike mode.

Upon my return to Louisiana, with a fat credit card debt, and a new found love for a no make up face, I've decided to use my motorbike for most of my travel. At 50 miles per gallon, and the feel of healing in my nostrils, I have submitted to my first European-like voyages. My first trip out I decided to wear shorts on my bike! I have never done this! It was so liberating! I wore white shorts, too, and a Parisian shirt I picked up at a thrift store near Luxembourg Gardens. My next trip out, was to the pool. I decided to wear a dress this time, with no bra, and no makeup. I brought my flip flops with me in my saddle bag. Yes, I am not quite to the point that I feel comfortable operating my bike in flip flops, or high heels, but, I did wear high heel boots on my bike one time, and I must say, it was not a winner for me. But, the dress? It worked great! I kept thinking it would fly up in the wind, but the wind did just the opposite—it pushed it down so it rode around the tank. Even on the freeway, I had no trouble with my dress flying up. It was so fabulous and liberating—no make up, no bra, a dress, and my bike-living life like it should be lived. I still own bras, and when school starts back up, I'll be obliged to wear them to work, but, I will say, the whole European adventure gave me a bit of a nod toward my younger, free, years, and I am embracing them for all the time I can! Ciao!

# OCTOBER 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

# NOVEMBER 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



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# WOMEN RIDERS WORLD RELAY

By: Sarah Worthylake Apel Edited by: Liza Miller

You could easily have missed the lady motorcycle riders carrying a relay baton through Louisiana recently. The riders are part of the Women Riders World Relay (WRWR) - a global initiative to unite and inspire female riders and millions across the world, while promoting awareness of female ridership to the industry as a whole.

Female motorcycle riders used to be few and far between, but these days women represent the fastest growing segment of the motorcycle industry. They are finding, however, that the availability of safety gear and resources have not caught up with the shift in riding demographics.

Hayley Bell, a rider from the UK, noticed and tried to address the lack of protective gear designed specifically with female body shapes and sizes in mind. But when she talked to retailers they stated there wasn't a big enough market to warrant stocking a variety of options in the women's section. Hayley decided to prove that female ridership is global, growing quickly, and very much worthy of notice as a customer group by manufacturers.

Thus began the Women Riders World Relay, an initiative to pass a baton from female rider to female rider in a continuous relay around the world in one year. From a small idea and a simple FaceBook community launched in late August of 2018, membership has reached over 18,000 riders in over 100 countries. WRWR firmly believes in inclusivity, so the relay welcomes bikes of all types. This would include scooters, trikes, sidecars, CanAms and any other type of ride that falls within the motorcycle communities. But inclusivity doesn't stop there, men are welcome to join the Global and Ripple relays as well.

The WRWR baton's journey began on February 28th, 2019 in Scotland and has since traveled nearly 20,000 miles, through 41 countries and including 1,288 participants. It will reach the US at the end of September, passing from the Canadian ladies in the Northeast then traveling for 18 days with US riders, before being passed off to the Mexican riders in the South. For a small part of that journey, the US Ripple Relay and WRWR Global will become one and both batons will travel together. It is for the US portion that Indian Motorcycles recognized the potential market of women riders and became the first manufacturer to come on as a sponsor.

The Global US route will hit iconic motorcycle locations such as the AMA Hall of Fame Museum, the Indian Motorcycle Factory located in Iowa, Sturgis,



South Dakota, and the incredible Pacific Coast Highway.

Ripple Relays were set up in several countries to allow more riders to participate as well as to bring the WRWR message to places the Global relay will not reach due to scheduling constraints. All countries were offered the chance to host their own Ripple. Each participating country has one official Ripple Relay which follows the same format as the global relay -- one year to hand off the baton lady rider to lady rider -- with a bit more flexibility on scheduling and routing options.

As part of the US Ripple Relay, riders have embarked on a year long journey to transport the baton and US flag through all 50 states in support of the Global WRWR relay.

The Ripple baton has been through Louisiana twice since the beginning of the year with different sets of riders each time. In March, the riders headed west on a mission to get the baton to a drop off point in Texas. In June, the Ripple baton came back through the state with riders aiming to make a rendezvous in time for the Iron Butt Rally starting in Greenville, South Carolina later in the month.

"WRWR is all about empowering women," Johanna Noble-Govaars says. As the Ripple Relay Ambassador for Alaska, she is responsible for coordinating the routes and planning events for riders in her area when the Ripple baton comes through. Johanna has traveled several thousand miles to start from Seattle and ride back to Alaska, meeting plenty of women riders along the way. She says of her journey so far: "My travels have allowed me to see some amazing beauty in Canada and the Pacific Northwest, while meeting other women, empowering others, and empowering myself."

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The goal of the Women Riders World Relay is not just to have a relay. It's a vision that extends through the year and beyond with several goals.

1. WRWR aims to ensure manufacturers and retailers take notice of the global female ridership.
2. Increase accessibility to a variety of women's gear and accessories
3. Courses and training that help women overcome physical challenges and leverage advantages to be safe, successful riders, capable of operating bikes of all types.
4. A Global ridership community that is united in support and encouragement of each other. The WRWR community has already embraced this goal, with ladies forming friendships, people offering hospitality to one another outside the confines of the relay, and by encouraging and supporting each other as riders and people.

So far the Global relay has helped to create lifelong friendships; has broken down barriers between countries at odds; inspired many women to start riding; inspired many more women to ride further and harder than ever before; helped women overcome fears; and has brought women from around the globe together through their mutual passion for all things motorcycles. Follow WRWR to see what else is accomplished!

For more information:  
WRWR Global Email: ride@womenridersworldrelay.com  
WRWR Website: WomenRidersWorldRelay.com  
WRWR Social Media: Find us on FaceBook https://www.facebook.com/groups/WomenRidersWorldRelay/ or https://www.facebook.com/WRWR2019/, Instagram https://www.instagram.com/womenridersworldrelay/, Twitter https://twitter.com/WRWR2019

WRWR US Ripple Social Media: Find us on FaceBook https://www.facebook.com/groups/250783009158108/

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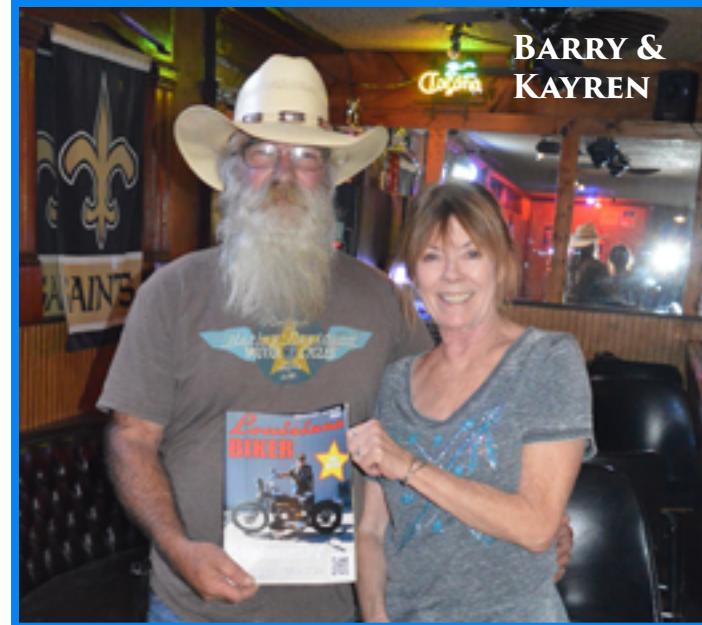
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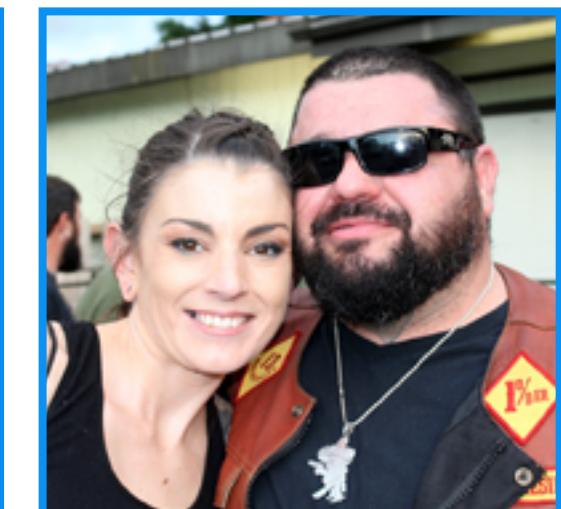
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# BIKE NIGHTS & EVENTS

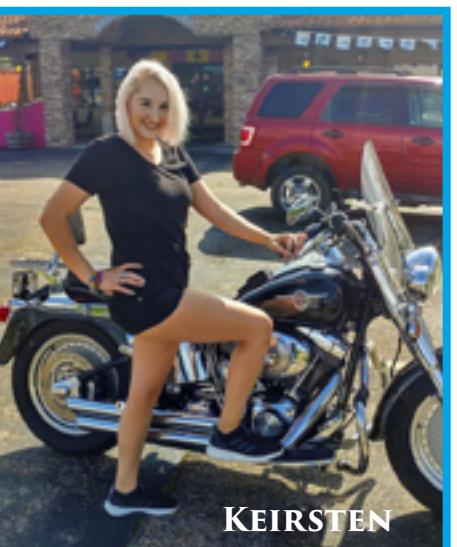
We've been to so many great Bike Nights and events since the last issue, we just don't have enough space to write them all up. The Dealerships had a great summer, with New Orleans Harley-Davidson, Baton Rouge Harley-Davidson, Cajun Harley-Davidson, and Hammond Harley-Davidson really stepping up their game this year. Scoreboards in Baton Rouge has started up a big bike night on Thursdays. Hooters in Denham Springs is winding down their Bike Nights for the year, but they had a great run in 2019. Other national chains like Twin Peaks and Cycle Gear have been holding Bike Nights as well.

The entire length of Highway 22 is pretty much a continuous Bike Event, especially through Springfield.

The Roadhouse, Sharp's Tavern, The Ditch, Whiskey River, Sam's Place, Sheri's Daiquiris, Crazy Daves, The Red Rooster, Full Moon Saloon, Gator's Den, Voodoo Patio Bar, The Kamp, Coyote's and Bayou Thunder Saloon in Shreveport, T's Lodge in Slidell, Whitey's Fishing Hole, and so many other local bars always have something going on.

I know I'm leaving out a bunch, but that's why we ask readers to submit their own stories and pictures. We really want this magazine to be "By, For, and About Louisiana Bikers", and we want to give you a place to tell your own story. Print is expensive, but we try to fit as much as we can. If we get a few more advertisers, I'd love to add more pages to future issues. Anything we can't fit in the Magazine will still go on our websites and social media pages.

If you have anything you'd like to see included in upcoming issues, email your stories and photos to frosty@louisianabiker.com, or send them to us through our Facebook page at:  
<https://www.facebook.com/LouisianaBiker/>



# DAY TRIPPING WITH MIKE PHILLIPS

I ain't sure how many hogs Brad Dennis had to catch just to provide us with bacon and sausage this morning, but I'm pretty sure there's a worldwide pork shortage due to it. He invited a bunch of Gold Wing riders to his Lake Claiborne camp for breakfast this morning. I ain't talking some cheap motel-like continental breakfast either, I'm talking scrambled eggs, fried eggs, patty sausage, link sausage, bacon, boudin, grits, hashbrowns, pancakes, biscuits, watermelon, coffee, orange juice, and milk.

As best as I can remember, it was Mike Lee, Tony Fish, Jack Carmichael, Jack Bossier, Don Glover, Greg Fletcher, Carl Derrick, Billy (sorry, don't remember his last name), and myself that partook of this feast prepared by Brad and Gailyn. It sure was good, and I sure did appreciate the invitation. The food and the scenery was good, and the hospitality was great.

Most of the riders there will be taking an 8 day ride over to the Smoky Mountains, later this month, so we talked about things to do and see over there. It will be a first for me, so I'm really looking forward to the trip. I left there and rode to Homer, La., and took some photos of the old courthouse on the square, and the Confederate soldier statue. They were having a "garage" sale on the courthouse lawn, and the only thing interesting about that was one of the sellers' old pregnant dog, so I took her picture, of which she was most appreciative, as you can see by the excitement written all over her face.

Desperately seeking some dirt for my bikes tires to wallow in, and for me to catchup on the Louisiana state required daily amount of mosquito bites, I found a bayou close to Cotton Valley that fit the bill. I took some pictures of the bayou, my bike, and Cypress knees & roots, then rode home. Once the temperature approaches the 100 degree mark, I begin to get uncomfortable. Besides, there were many college football games in dire need of my attention. Another short, but good ride. Enjoyed the ride over and the visit with the other riders. I appreciate the good Lord watching over us another day.



Visit <https://www.facebook.com/DayTripping.US/> to read more of Mike's adventures, and see a LOT more photographs.

# RUN FOR THE WALL

by Beth Segura

Run For The Wall was founded in 1989 by two Vietnam veterans, James Gregory and Bill Evans. They traveled coast to coast on motorcycles speaking to social media about the thousands of men and women still unaccounted for from war. The mission of Run For The Wall is "To promote healing among all veterans and their families and friends, to call for an accounting of all Prisoners of War and those Missing in Action (POW/MIA), to honor the memory of those Killed in Action (KIA) from all wars and to support our military all over the world."

Every May, the tradition to spread awareness continues through a 10-day ride from Ontario, California, to Washington, D.C. and the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. A rider can choose from three different routes, Central, Midway and Southern, and can join the groups anywhere along the route. On May 16, 2019, Mary Witty and Linda Ledoux joined the Midway Route in Amarillo, Texas, with stops in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia.

Participants ride The Run for many different reasons. Some ride because of pride for their country, educating future generations on accountability and how no one should be left behind, or in remembrance of a lost one. Mary rides for her son, Andrew, who was killed in 2011. She was given the honor to ride in the missing man formation, which is in the front of the platoon. Mary said, "Riding in the missing man formation gave me a feeling that Andrew was riding alongside me."

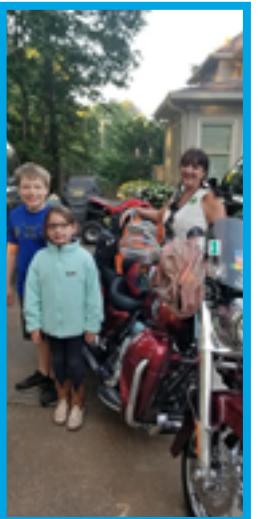
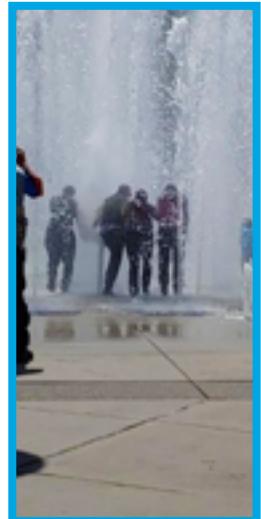
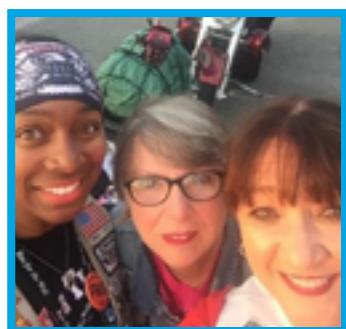
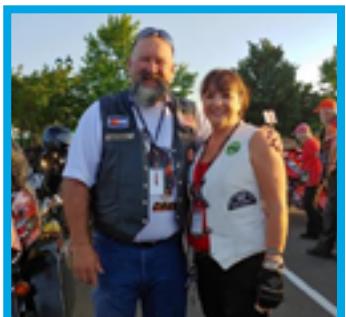
At most stops, riders are entertained by local school bands and fed by many churches, schools and organizations. It has become a tradition at the stop in Knoxville, Tennessee, for members to cool off in the water fountain at the Museum of Art.

An exciting addition to this year's route through North Carolina at the Seymour Johnson AFB, riders were allowed to ride out on the runway during a four-jet missing man flyover. Mary said, "Words cannot describe the emotion I felt about this experience." Riders also were treated to tours of various aircraft. The Run is an opportunity for riders to make friendships and become a member of the Run For The Wall family.

On May 24, the 2019 Run For The Wall Midway Route safely arrived in Arlington, Virginia. The riders paid their respects at the Wall and other memorials in the area to the fallen men and women who have served. With 4,150 miles, 360-plus bikes, 378 registered riders and six states, Mary and Linda completed the 2019 mission and plan to ride the 2020 All The Way Midway Route. Next year, they will ride from Louisiana to California, where they will join others to ride across the U.S. to D.C.



Mary and Linda are members of the Louisiana Lady Cruisers (LLC), a chapter of Women on Wheels (WOW), a not-for-profit, international, family-oriented organization that serves to unite all female motorcycle enthusiasts while promoting a positive image of the motorcycling lifestyle. Learn more about WOW or LLC on Facebook.



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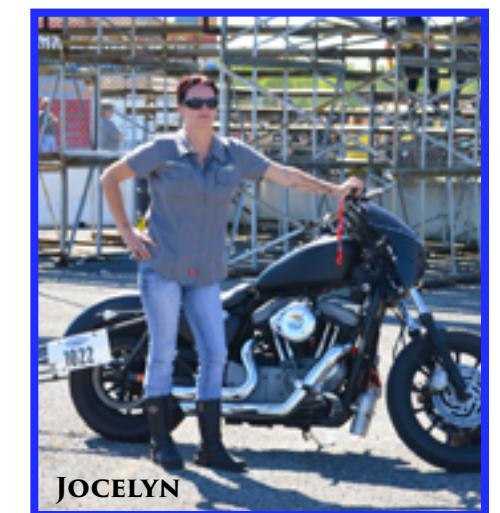
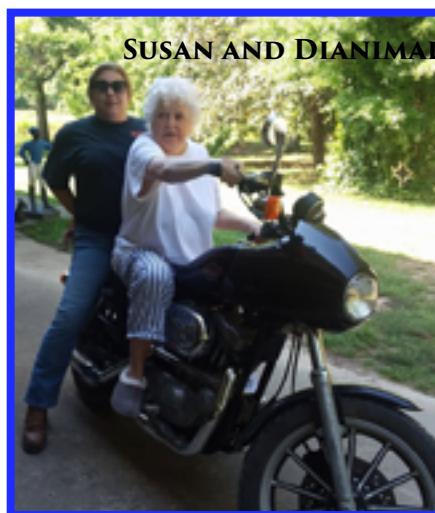
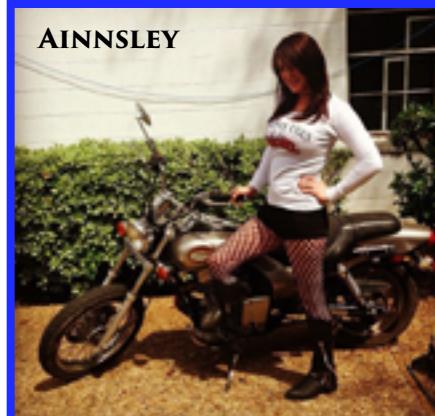
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Our readership at Louisiana Biker Magazine averages about 44% female, our staff is a little higher than that. These are the women that make this whole thing possible, and they all ride.



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