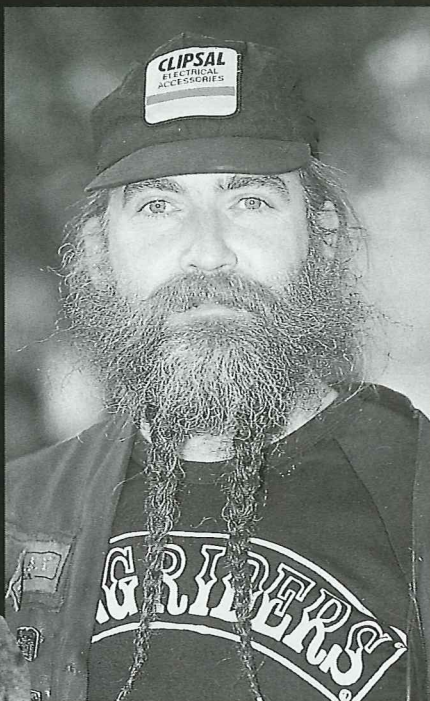


Just like everybody, the good Christian members of the Longriders MC grumble about police harassment, taxes and politicians — they just avoid the excesses and temptations the rest of us succumb to. Highly-respected hedonist Chris Randells attended their bike show and party and was mightily impressed by their style.

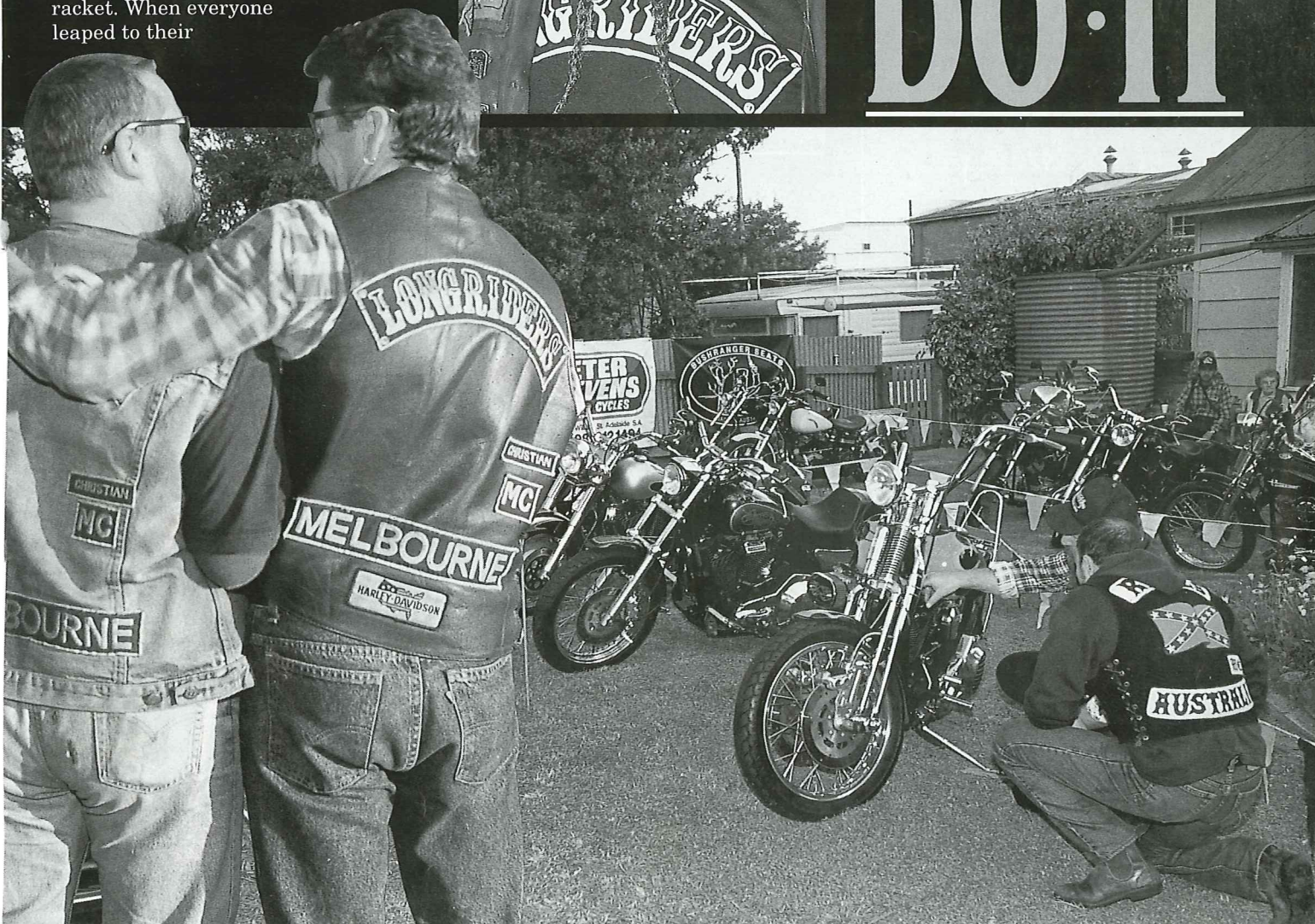
Words & pics by Chris Randells

JUST LIKE the last two years, the Longriders MC held a bike show at its clubhouse in Mount Barker. The main problem for me was the location — up in the Adelaide Hills, five minutes from Hahndorf. That meant I had to travel past the business of that evil leathersmith, John Graham. I should have known better, but I was waylaid for a few hours by John's legendary near-lethal hospitality.

I'd decided to attend the show after witnessing a number of Longriders make a fire and brimstone exit from an all-night party in the very early hours one morning. Through the noise and smoke I made a snide comment about the good Christian boys waking sleeping locals with this unwarranted racket. When everyone leaped to their



THE DEVIL MADE 'EM DO IT





defence I found out they were held in fairly high regard around these parts. When I finally got to the bike show, I found it well attended and the sunny weather showed off to perfection the forty-odd bikes displayed.

Three bands played to a jovial crowd, drinks were in plentiful supply and nobody was expected to say grace before tucking into the barbie. The street outside was knotted with little groups of Longriders, other clubs' members and bike enthusiasts of all shapes, sizes and beliefs — and many more bikes.

Yeah, it was an impressive show and I can't help thinking the organisers had some help from above. At least no-one complained about the noise.

