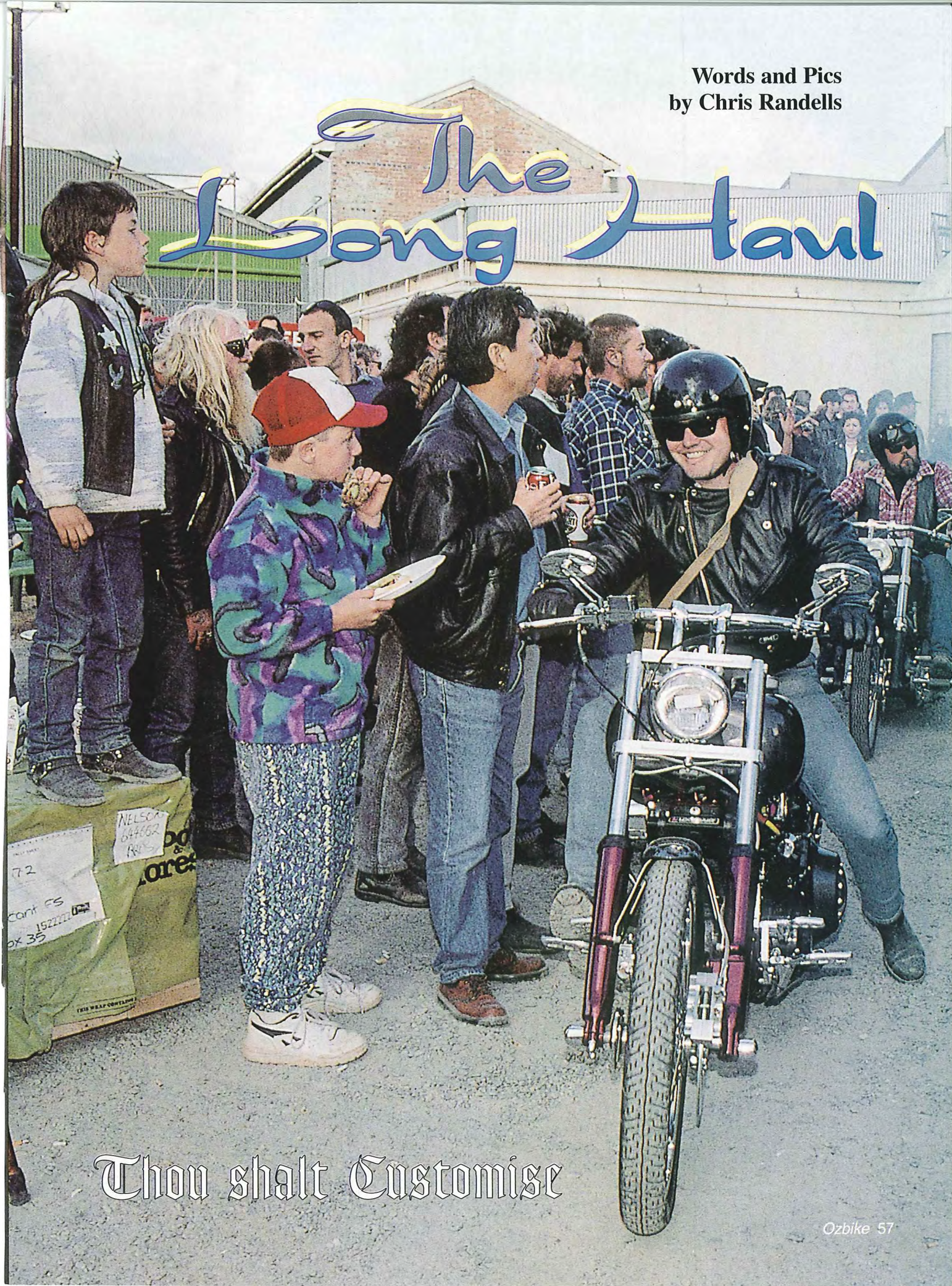
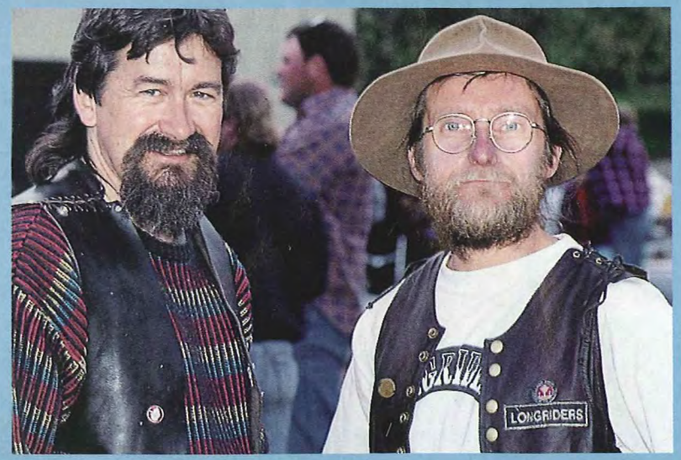
Words and Pics
by Chris Randells

The Long Haul

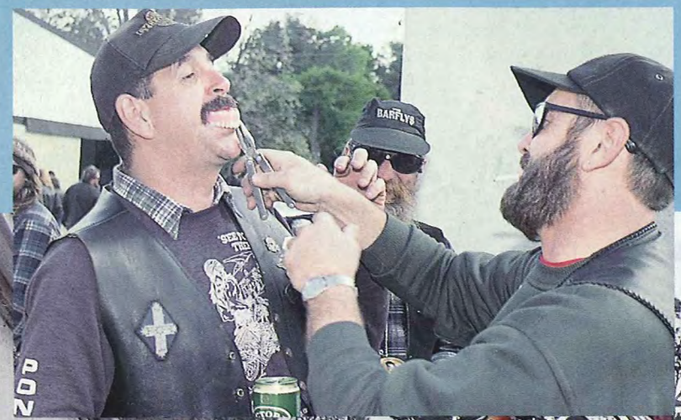


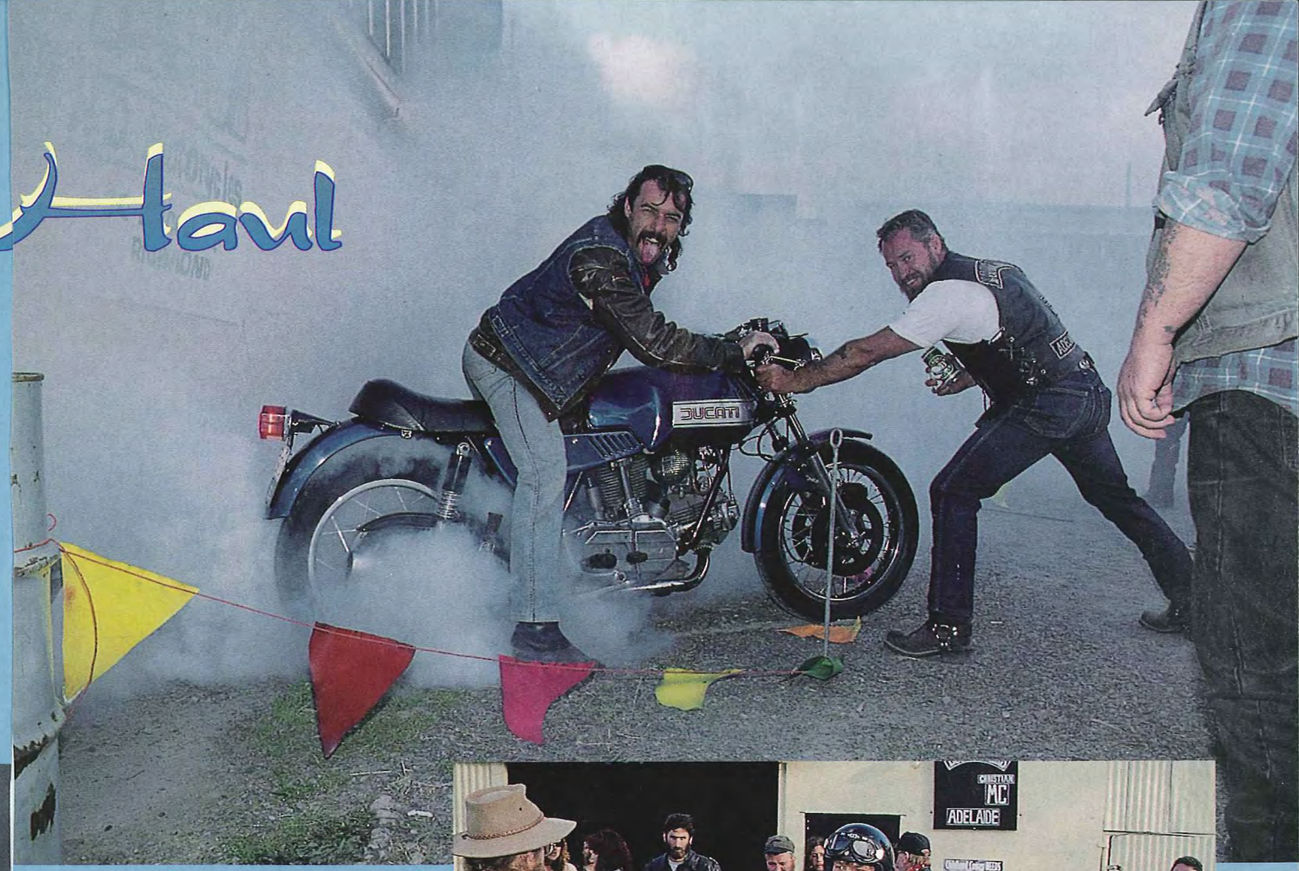
Thou shalt Customise



The Long Haul

The Longriders CMC staged its 4th annual party and bike show at its new Mt Barker Clubhouse in the Adelaide Hills. Once again, Chris Randells made the trek to the show via the usual route which included a stop at John Graham's leather shop. And once again, the evil John plied poor Chris with much alcohol, "just in case the weather turned bad".



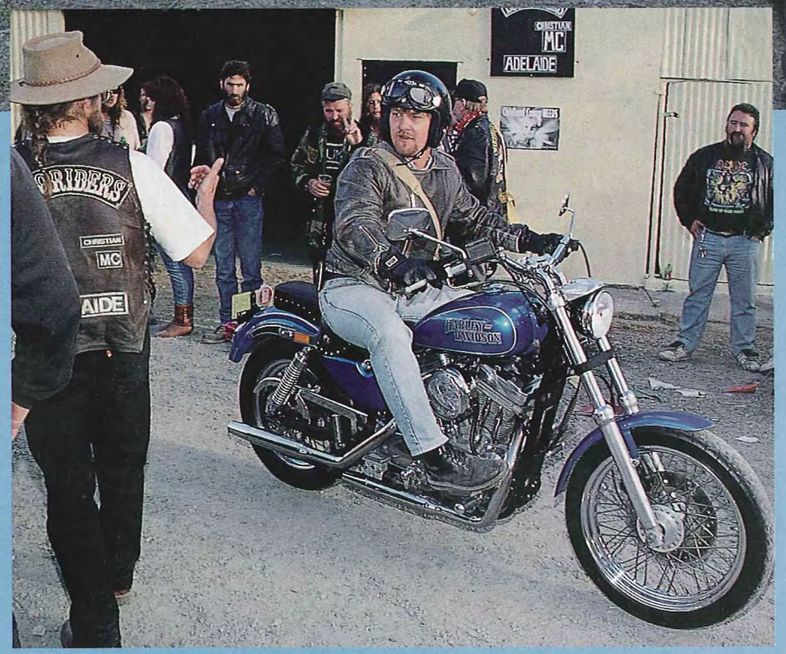


I'VE KNOWN the Longriders CMC long enough to know that I can relax around them. The members wear their beliefs as openly and proudly as other clubs, and they don't force the Good Word on me or tut-tut disapprovingly at aspects of the lifestyle.

Their bike shows are always really enjoyable too; and the fourth one was no exception.

Two bands were on hand to keep the big crowd entertained all day, playing in the high-roofed section of the clubhouse, where everyone got a good view.

Around 60 bikes turned up at the clubhouse, and two thirds of that number entered in the show. The 11th commandment, 'Thou shalt customise' was dutifully obeyed, and well evident in Doc's luscious black-engined, flamed Springer (see pic, page 58). Doc took home the 'Best Handcrafted' trophy, and his bike had some seriously impressive specifications. It runs 10:1 Wiseco pistons, a Crane Fireball cam and a good dose of happy gas. On the outside, 16-inch apehangers set off



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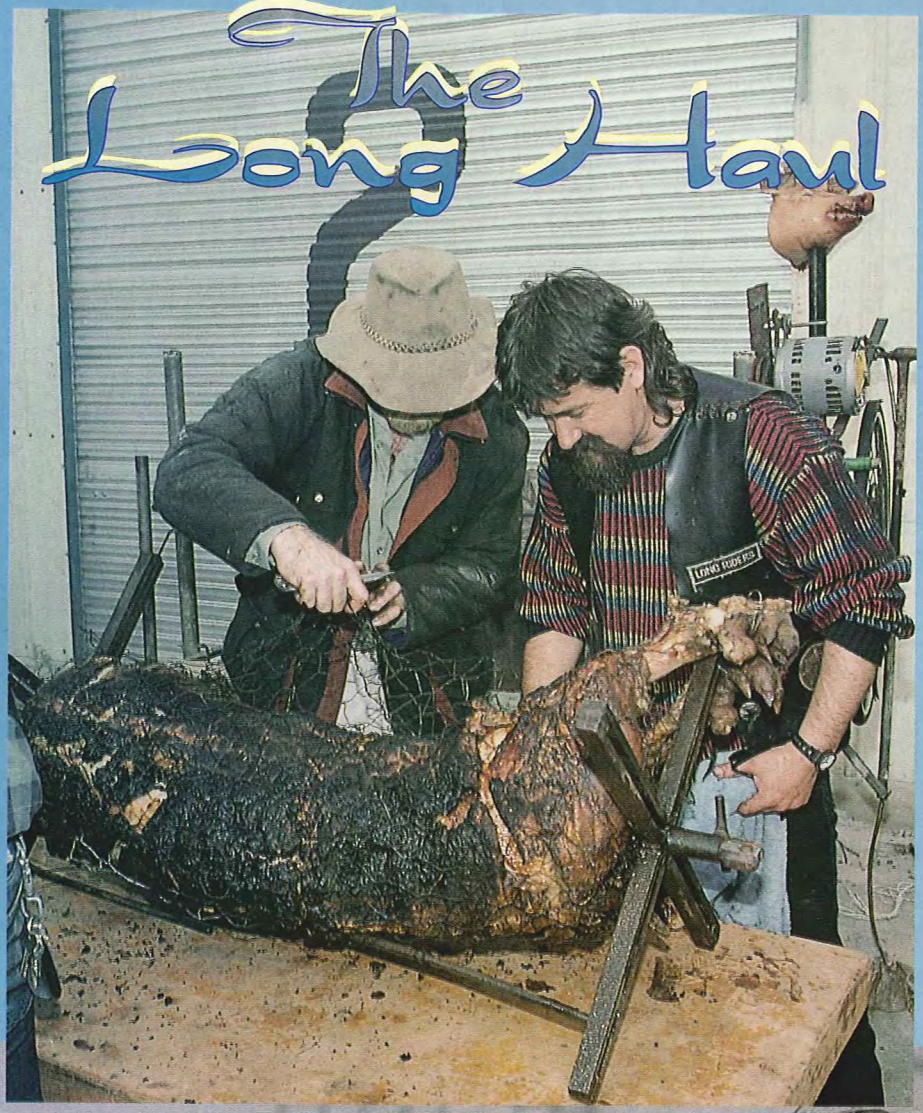

by a fat back wheel – so fat, it necessitated a chain drive conversion as the final-drive belt wouldn't fit.

Frip's silver Fat Boy had evolved somewhat since it featured in *Ozbike* Issue 89, but it was still quite good enough to capture the judges' admiration and become the popular winner of the Best Evo.

At the arse end of the bike show, when people were drifting off home, the editor of the local paper arrived and began scouting around for something, anything, to photograph and write about. He didn't find much, as the much-feared rain had finally began to fall.

Luckily, I was prepared.

Leatherman John Graham had seen to that earlier . . .