

Tiny found his soulmate in this regard when he was introduced to his wife Holly by another club member. Their first date: a 12-pack, a bucket of chicken and a drive-in movie.

"She thought she was in seventh heaven," Tiny muses. "I'll never forget it. We saw 'It's Alive' and 'Burnt Offering.' She drank all of her beer, too. Man, that woman could drink."

"They have a good track record with us in regard to the helmet rallies," says Madison Police Sgt. Jill Klubertanz. "They've been very helpful, very professional, and the rallies in the past have gone very smoothly."

I ask Tiny to name the strangest thing he has seen during his tenure with the club, and he responds with a deep sigh followed by a broad smile: "Me, in a pink bikini, talking to a cop."

It's a long story from a club ride a few years ago. Suffice it to say that the major players were Tiny, two party-minded naked ladies, the Wisconsin River near Mazomanie and a stern, yet curious, local policeman.

"He was a real fun guy," Tiny says of the officer. "He'd just had enough of me for one day, that's all."

Later, Tiny and I are joined by Pan-Ed, who gives me a power handshake, orders a beer and sits on the barstool next to me. When I tell him a female acquaintance of mine will soon return from the ladies' room, he moves to another stool and jokes: "Oh, was that who I just groped a couple of minutes ago in the hall?"

My friend finds it interesting that the women's rest room is decorated with suggestive beefcake photos with cut-outs where some of the faces should be. She blushes a little when she tells me there are cut-outs in other places, too.

Outside the clubhouse early one Saturday, "Spam" and "Hillbilly" load a white flatbed truck with the amenities the club will need for its annual Memorial Day ride: coolers, grills, assorted camping equipment and a Harley trail bike. Spam, a young-looking 25-year-old wearing a bright green handkerchief on his head, is the club's Road Captain. His job is to scout the route and notify the bars they will visit that extra help might be needed. He also makes sure there is no hot-dogging on the way that could lead to an accident.

After the truck is battened down, they

invite me into the clubhouse, and we are soon joined by a few other C.C. Riders and their wives. The conversation covers many things—initiation stories, media biker stereotypes, charity work and the upcoming ride. Eventually, we turn to an age-old topic: the battle of the sexes.

At first, a pretty, brown-haired woman dressed in pink refuses to give me her name when I ask about the club's attitude toward women. "I'm not going to tell you anything," she says, deliberately trying to provoke a reaction from the rest of the group. "I've got nothing good to say about them."

"That's right," her husband eggs her on a bit. "We all talk down to women, don't we?"

Debbie, a denim-clad woman with aviator glasses,

chimes in: "No they don't. They don't always talk down to women. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here."

As the conversation progresses, the woman in pink identifies herself as Bunni, and I ask her what attracted her to a man who lives the biker life.

"What do you mean? I didn't have any special attraction to bikers," Bunni replies. "Don works at the phone company, and he came over to fix my phone one day." She now gently puts her arm around her husband, a clean-cut 50-year-old who has been a C.C. Rider for 23 years. "He fixed it so well it took him three hours to do a 45 minute job. He even came back the next day to see if it was still working okay."

By now, about 20 thundering Harleys are being revved up outside, and it is time to go. The group forms a tight, two-by-two formation, waving Paterson Street traffic around them as they assemble. They depart with a deafening roar — south on John Nolen Drive, west on the Beltline and on to Highway 14 toward Spring Green. There, they park en masse at a municipal lot near one of three bars they will visit during the three-day trip to a camp ground near LaCrosse.

As they file into the tavern, a stunned old man in farmer's work clothes stops in his tracks and watches the spectacle with rapt fascination. Hands on hips, he finally notices me, spits and grins a bewildered grin. "Yes sir. Yes sirree Bob," he says. You can almost see the fantasy dancing in his eyes: him on a monster Harley, headed out on the open road. ■

Chuck Nowlen profiled Suzy Favor Hamilton in the July issue of Madison Magazine.

Letters TO THE EDITOR

We applaud Michael Muckian's undertaking in your "Special Issue 1992" (page 55) describing the plethora of health-care services found in Madison. We also noted the absence of any public health mention.

The City of Madison Department of Public Health, too, provides an array of services to Madison residents. Enclosed you'll find a general Department brochure and a Public Health Nursing brochure which outline the various immunization and screening clinics and the consultation, referral and other functions our nurses serve in the Madison community. We also offer classes throughout the City on topics ranging from breast feeding to smoking cessation.

*Diane K. Franson
Community Relations Specialist*

My staff and I were disappointed in Jenifer Winiger's "Kidsummer" article in the May, 1992 issue. Understanding that the article featured a "smattering" of opportunities for kids and families, there was a major omission regarding low cost recreation through the Madison School-Community Recreation Department, as well as other misleading information.

I think it's unfortunate that Madison's publicly supported, community-wide recreation program was essentially left out of Jenifer Winiger's article. MSCR's programs are an important contributor to Madison's recreational culture all year long, and especially so kids and families in the summer.

Robert P. Humke

I'd like to compliment you on the article "A City of One's Own," (June 1992) which discussed the question on the magazine cover: Is Madison the best city in America for women? I normally don't buy your magazine, partly for financial reasons, but this really caught my attention. I was impressed that you interviewed so many experts, and you did a good job of present-