

## **Biker Information Guide**

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*Biker Billy hosts a syndicated television cooking show*

### **"Biker Billy Cooks with Fire"**

#### **Real Recovery for Real America**



All through the closing of last year and the beginning of this one, the talk from the news networks and Washington, D.C., has been about bailouts and economic recovery. The giants of Wall Street, the titans of banking and commerce, the major car companies—all have their hands out asking for your tax dollars. They're singing a new take on an old song: Now it goes "Buddy, Can You Spare a Billion?" Or ten, or a hundred billion . . . numbers that boggle the mind. I tried to grasp the size of those amounts by using the tool best known to bikers: the odometer. Fat chance of getting a grip on those numbers measured in miles! Heck, the highest number on the odometer of any vehicle I own is only 999,999.9, then it pops back to zero. It can't even count to a million.

Last year H.O.G. (Harley Owners Group) did a little thing called "Million Mile Monday." The idea was that, if all H.O.G. members rode, recorded, and reported their mileage on one set Monday, a million miles could be ridden in one single day. Consider that if we all rode a combined million miles every day for a year, we would only rack up 365 million miles in a year. That, folks, would not come close to a billion, which is a 1,000 million. Now, perhaps, we can all grasp the true size of the billions of our tax dollars that our government is handing out.

Another interesting news tidbit that has trickled out of the hallowed halls of government, this time mostly from state governments, is that their tax income has been declining—specifically, their income from gasoline taxes. Seems that with the credit crisis, the weakening dollar, the rising cost of oil and the resultant gasoline prices of last summer, people drove fewer miles in their gas-thirsty four-wheelers. The result is that the government ain't got enough money to spend from their gasoline taxes. Oh, the pain of tightening budgets at the state capitol—funny how the state house believes that "no pain, no gain" works for you, but not them. But who knows? There may well have been a lot of Million-Motorcycle-Mile-Mondays last year as folks rode their bikes to work.

Well, the good folks in government, along with their friends and supporters in the greenie movement, have for a long time been browbeating us about how terrible it is to drive fossil-fuel-powered vehicles. They all cry that the sky is falling with rampant global warming, the polar caps are melting, and the polar bears won't have anywhere to live. The seas will rise, the world will become a CO<sub>2</sub>-induced greenhouse where life as we know it will come to an end. They sing their mantra that we all must use alternative fuels, give up our internal-combustion engines, and ride bicycles. Folks, none of that carbon-based doom-and-gloom bull-hoey is really true, but consider

what would happen if we all bought into it?

If fuel-hungry vehicles fell out of fashion, more folks would take up riding motorcycles and scooters-face it: most Americans look better in leather than spandex, so bicycles won't catch on. Demand for gasoline and even alternative fuels would plummet, and along with that would be a decline in automobile sales and the required financing. Detroit and Wall Street would spin ever lower into economic malaise. Eventually, even the once-mighty oil companies-the last bastion of that evil windfall of market economics called profits-would have to join the chorus of the Titans of Industry in singing along with that record-smashing record: "Brother, Can You Spare a Billion?"

And of course gasoline-tax income would all but disappear. In an ironically self-induced future crisis, the greenies and the corporate greedies will have bankrupted the fools in government who kowtowed to them. So what is a government bureaucrat to do to save the day? They've already thought up a solution: Tax folks on the miles they drive or ride their vehicles. Yes, that is right-a tax on your mileage. Seems crazy but it's true. Since we have heeded their siren call to conserve gas (actually, I bet we were just unable to afford it) and don't use enough to fill the state and federal coffers with taxes, they must find another way to squeeze us. Of course, bicycles and spandex will be tax-exempt, as will the elected officials and the Titan of Industry (who for security reasons will be allowed their private jets and limos). Folks, ride them motorcycles while you still can this year and invest in some dark sunglasses to protect your eyes from the future, the one that will be sung to those hit tunes by Queen: "Bicycle Races" and "Fat-Bottomed Girls."

### **The Farmer's Daughter, Chuckey, Tennessee - Mom's Potato Salad**

6 medium potatoes  
1 large dill pickle, finely chopped  
2 eggs, hard-cooked and chopped  
1 onion, chopped  
1½ cup vinegar  
1½ teaspoon celery seed  
1 teaspoon mustard  
1 teaspoon salt  
1½ cup sugar

Cook potatoes until tender in boiling salted water; drain and let cool enough to handle.

Peel and cube potatoes. In a large bowl, combine the potatoes with the remaining ingredients, mixing gently.

Makes 6-8 servings.

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