

Remembrances

Dave Bucher looks back at some little gems of experience from his 45 years of riding and writing



A “Biter” Experience

Having been somehow sheltered from the “Biker Lifestyle” aspect of motorcycling during the earlier part of my two-wheel experience, it was somewhat of a shock when I was assigned by *Rider Magazine* to cover the August 1986 HOG Rally held in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

I rode a borrowed Harley to the event and did my journalistic best to blend in, despite being the only person among the thousands present who was dressed differently. I interviewed Vaughn Beals, the savior of the brand, and followed the minions about as they participated in the many events—even a trip to Dollywood. It was quite a feat of cultural accommodation on my part, but there was one event from which I have never quite recovered: The Weenie Biting Contest.

Most who read this are probably familiar with this rally field event, but for those who aren’t, it consists of a large gallows-type structure from

which is suspended a cord tied around an ultra long hot dog, or facsimile. The rider runs his machine, as slowly as possible without dabbing, under this construction while the passenger, usually female, attempts to orally snare the target and bite off the biggest chunk possible.

Positioning myself as close to the action as possible to get a good photo, I found the first couple of passes to be amusing. Seems this wasn’t as easy as it looked and the girls were pretty much being slapped in the face by the dog as they made their way through. But then, along came “Sheila.”

I have no idea if that was her real name, but the thought of meeting up with that woman in Hell has caused me to bypass many a subsequent temptation. Sheila attacked that dog, standing up on the passenger footpegs and faultlessly encircling everything but the knotted cord at the end. And then, in one fluid move, she snapped it off, turned her head in my direction and contemptuously spat it right at me. The severed cylinder hit the ground with a pathetic, emasculating duff and rolled across the asphalt to a stop right at my feet. All I could do was stare at it in total shock. Fellatio forever ruined.