

Dear Friends,

Greetings from **Rapid City, South Dakota.**

The annual motorcycle rally in Sturgis is over and hundreds of thousands of Harley Davidson motorcycles are on their way home. As most of you know, we ride a BMW and frankly we are never too sure of just how welcome we are at the Sturgis events. At any rate, the rally is over and the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota are returning to normal. It's nice to see lower prices, less crowds, and parking for cars. We didn't do a retirement seminar during Bike Week, but we are back in the saddle again at 4:30 on Wednesday, August 17 at the Pool Pod, Hart Ranch, Rapid City, South Dakota. If you are anywhere near Rapid City, come see us.

This is our third year at Bike Week so we've seen most of the biker events. But there was one we had to check out this year. Are you familiar with the fairly famous **Coyote Ugly Saloons**? An outrageous gal by the name of Liliana Lovell opened her first Coyote Ugly Saloon January 27, 1993 in New York City. Today Lil has eleven saloons and is constantly running around the country looking for possible new locations and new female bartenders which she calls, "coyotes." The coyotes regularly do western dance routines on the top of the bar and hustle drinks in a blatant and outrageous way. The coyotes have an attitude. Ask for water and they'll drench you. Ask for a blended drink and they'll tell you, "hell no and for asking for such a stupid drink, you're going to buy a straight shot of whiskey and buy me one too."



**Liliana Lovell, founder of Coyote Ugly Saloons**

Well at any rate, Lil set up a temporary Coyote Ugly Saloon in the conference room of the Deadwood Gulch Convention Center. It was only open during Bike Week. There was plenty of parking for motorcycles and none for cars so you can guess what the

patrons looked like. But hey, there was no cover charge and beer was only \$4 a can. It could have been worse. We decided to check it out.



Two Coyotes dancing on the bar.

The room had a special section set up to sell souvenirs, i.e., shirts, hats, calendars, etc. The stuff was very expensive, but they were really moving tons of it. If you bought a Coyote calendar, then you could get the coyotes to autograph it.



Miss January Coyote.

The January coyote looked very young and innocent and milked it to the hilt. Oh my golly, innocent

she wasn't.



Two patrons dancing on the bar.

The coyotes also invited women in the audience to get up on the bar and dance with them. If they did, they got a free commemorative badge. Now things started to get more interesting as some of the biker babes were pretty outrageous. The gal in the center was a biker wearing a short skirt and a leather jacket. She pulled up her skirt and her panties read, "Kiss My Biker Ass."

And then things got really outrageous when the head coyote called for "minnow shots." She asked if there were any coyotes willing to do a minnow shot if there were men willing to pay for them. We had no idea what a minnow shot was, but two coyotes volunteered. Then the head coyote wanted three guys to do minnow shots with the two coyotes and she bullied three patrons to comply. A very happy Canadian fellow who had been there drinking all afternoon, was having the time of his life. He bought shots for himself and the two coyotes and we know that the \$40 he threw out wasn't enough. He happily tossed out another \$20. Yeah, but what's a minnow shot? We had no idea. Since we were sitting next to the Canadian, we were certainly going to find out.

Oh good grief, a gal with a little net started scooping live minnows out of a small fish tank and put them in a glass of water. Apparently, you were supposed to fish your minnow out of the water, toss it into a shot, and swallow the whole thing!



Two Coyotes on the bar fishing their minnows out of a water glass for the minnow shots.



A patron getting ready to chug a minnow in beer.

The fellow with the hat was the happy Canadian who was sitting next to us. The young guy swallowed his minnow, the Canadian followed suit, and the two coyotes did theirs. The coyote above looked like she was going to throw up for a couple of minutes, but managed to hold it together.

At this point we decided to hop on our iron horse and head for home. It was a beautiful ride on Highway 385 up in the Black Hills. There was no wind, the temperature was about 75, and the scenery was gorgeous. No doubt about it. The scenery in the Black Hills was even more fun than watching drunks swallow live fish.

**ATTENTION: All issues of this newsletter have now been indexed and archived. Feel free to**

**look around our website and read old issues to learn about an area of the country in which you are interested.**

Until next time, home is where we park it.

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