



BURBANK SCOFFLAW

When I'm not doing newsletter pages, in my copious spare time I run a content-rich website about my hometown of Burbank, California called "[Burbankia](#)." It's quite popular with people back home and I've published three books from it. My co-author and high school pal Mike finds lots of old photos for it, as he works for the City.

Recently he found one I really like. The caption is, "*October 12, 1953: No Riding Double! Officer Bill Catlin shows cycle to Mrs. L.J. Osbourne and her son Monte, Miss Evelyn Goga and daughter Grace, who got her ticket for riding double [on a bicycle]. They will attend Saturday session.*"

Check out the look Mom is giving young Monte. That is *not* the Look of Love. And check out the look Monte is giving that cop's Harley. I know what's running through that young miscreant's head: "*Someday - someday - I'm gonna get a Harley like this cop's and take Grace all sorts of places and nobody's gonna stop me!*" Grace, half-smiling, looks like she's up for the ride.

We also have a photo of one of those dreary Saturday remedial sessions. By the time 1956 rolled around, Walt Disney Studios, located in town, came out with a Jiminy Cricket cartoon especially for police departments to show to young bicyclists running afoul of the law. It's annoying as hell ([watch it yourself](#))

and I have seen it about five times as a kid on my precious Saturday mornings.

Strangely enough, the experience of riding my Harley around town (and to various destinations in the state) reminds me a lot of being on my 1964 Schwinn Sting Ray. I swear there are times I'm on my Road King and, mentally, I'm a twelve-year-old again, pedalling around Burbank. It's a wonderful feeling, being free and able to go anywhere I want to go out in the breezy open air.

In fifth and sixth grade I used to get in trouble a lot; let's just say that my teacher and I didn't like one another. I used to have to stay after school nearly every day for some offense. But when I walked across an empty playground to the bike racks where my Schwinn Sting Ray was awaiting me, I felt jubilant and my heart leapt a little. There it was, ready to take me wherever I wanted to go. I loved that bike.

And that cop's Harley! The very minute I stepped into my first Harley-Davidson dealership I knew right away which bike I liked the best and made a beeline for it: A standard Road King, with the three lights, the windshield and the chrome braces on the windshield - as shown in the photo above. That, to me, is what a motorcycle is.

Nowadays I even have a Grace of my own to ride it with me. - Wes