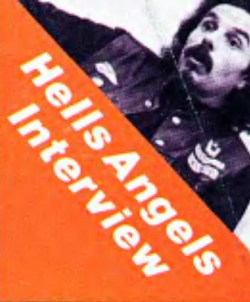


Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Easyriders®

**Hells Angels
Interview**\$3.50
October 1985

Harley Party In France (Of All Places)!
A Run To Jack Daniel's Whiskey Distillery
Vote For The Best Ol' Lady Of The Year
Usual Assortment of Wild Badass Bikes!

**Exposé: Most Used 4-Letter Word**

Easyriders

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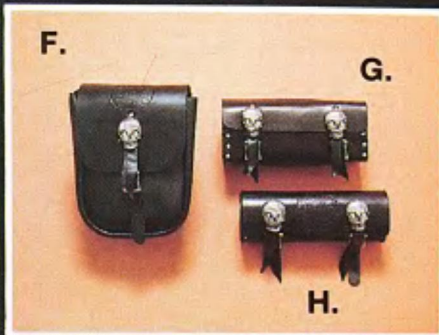
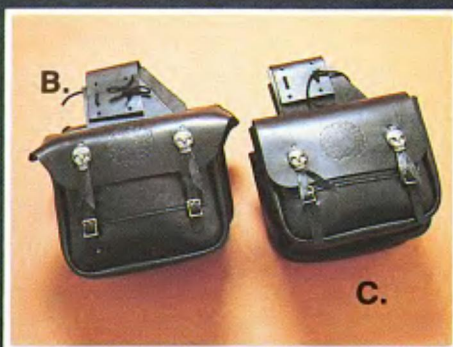
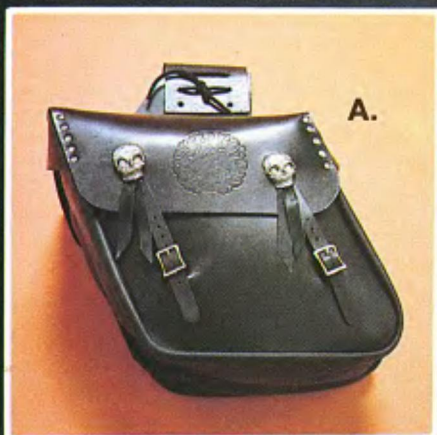
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 26th.

Cover photo of Cindy by Pete Chiodo





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Total

A broad came home to find a huge, hairy dude burglarizing her apartment. The dude grabs her, strips her, and ties her up on the floor, then proceeds to finish the burglarizing. When he's done, he tells her he's going to screw her before going. She says okay, do anything, but please don't hurt me. So he drops his pants and pulls out his humungous crank. She freaks when she sees it (describing it as a foot long and two inches wide), pleading with him that she can't handle such an enormous cock. He says maybe you're right so I'll leave you something to remember me by. He digs out her Polaroid from the bag of goodies he's ripping off and takes a picture of his cock in a mirror. The police recognize a tattoo on his arm (which was in the photo, too). They find him, and between the tattoo in the photo and his huge crank, they have him nailed.

A friend at Ryder Truck Rental got an accident report from one of their customers. It was brief, but said it all: "I was going east 3 miles west of Far- ris when this black cow was going south. She didn't have any lights on and ran the stop sign. She ran in front of me, and there was the sound of brakes grabbing, the smell of burning rubber, the bending of metal, the smell of cow shit. She didn't make it. I did. Truck, \$1000; cow, \$650."

He was pissed at her, so he mailed her a huge dildo—big deal, right? Well, wait, the dildo was rigged to explode when the vibrator was turned on. She got it and when she turned it on, it exploded in her hands. (He should have put a delay on it and it would have exploded in her box or ass—whatta trip!)

If there are any volunteer firemen out there, there's good news in Iowa. They passed a bill referred to as the "be- sotted firefighters bill." It allows you to fight a fire while juiced (if, say, you're at a party when you get the call to save someone's house or business) and even collect compensation for injury or death suffered while fighting the fire (like tripping over a hose). They didn't say if that also applies if you're wasted, but whatdafuck—now at least you're not in trouble if you've had a few when you get the emergency call.

Well, we can be proud of something. The United States has just taken the asswipe record away from West Germany. Wisconsin Tissue Mills beat the previous record of 6396 feet-per-minute for toilet paper production during two consecutive hours by producing 6300 feet-per-minute for 24 hours! If your fingers push through your asswipe, you'll know they musta run it thin to get the record.

There were some gunshot sounds from the apartment, so the neighbors called the heat. When they got there, the guy invited them in to prove to them that it was just firecrackers. He showed them the firecracker residue on the table, but the cops forgot about the fireworks when they spotted some rails of coke lying there, too, ready to be snorted. The guy turned out to be a dealer who'd forgotten about the rails on the table. Can you imagine forgetting that? Plus having a house fulla coke and setting off some firecrackers in such a hot place? Some dipshits dare the cops to send them to the slammer.

She jumped into a van holding nine guys and offered to blow them all for a "group" discount of 20 bucks each. Surprise, surprise! The nine guys turned out to be the city's SWAT team. They arrested her, but didn't say if it was before or after she had some munchies.

He donated one of his kidneys to his brother. So what? Well, his brother turned out to be an ingrate, so now he wants his kidney back and he's suing to make sure he gets it.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Beer Cans

☐ I'm asking fellow bikers in the States to sell, donate, whatever, a couple of empty Harley-Davidson beer cans to a Harley-Davidson fan and fellow biker who is employed overseas in Turkey as a civilian and who misses the real life of riding on the open roads. I would like at least two cans to put on our mantle — if possible, opened from the bottom.

Larry Lillibridge
Box 47
APO, NY 09254-5360

Grumble, Grumble

☐ Two years ago my boyfriend started reading *Easyriders*. Now he spends all his money on his motorcycle and your stupid magazine. He expects me to do all the housework and I have to clean that stupid Harley-Davidson. (What's the deal with that piece of shit?) He'd rather ride it than me! He has become a drunken biker; I fully blame your magazine! You should change your format. Change all those useless biker men into real men; men who put their women first, men who know their place.

Chris "Rosie" Carolan
Fairfield, Iowa

☐ Well, Rosie, all I can say is don't hold your breath — and be sure to shine those spokes before morning.

'Nam Vets

☐ I'm looking for the address of the main chapter of RVN Vets MC.

SSgt. Dallas E. Walters
2936 Thunder Dr.
Oceanside, CA 92056

London Harley

☐ This is for Julie in Buck, England: The closest Harley dealership in your area that I know of is Fred Warr in London. The last address I knew of for him was 611 Kings Road, London, but since then he moved about a block from there.

Bobby
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

No Way

☐ Several issues back you ran an article about a bike rally being banned from Maggie Valley in North Carolina. That rally is a dealer-organized event and is in no way connected with the Carolina Hog Rally presented by *The Carolina Biker* newspaper and HDRA. The second annual Carolina Hog Rally was planned for July 20-21 at Farmington Dragstrip in Winston-Salem, and our national finals are scheduled for October 19-20 at the same track.

Darryl L. Flowers
Pinnacle, N.C.

Human?

☐ After looking through your magazine, I'm sickened by your attitude toward women. Don't you at all consider that a woman is also human?

Leviathan
Sunnyvale, Calif.

☐ They have their moments.

Jail Etiquette

☐ I was wonderin' if you could help me out. I've been writing to "Miss Manners," who has a newspaper column in the *Omaha World Herald* on proper etiquette (you know, manners). She's never done a column on the proper way to dine in jail.

Now, I've dined in several of these establishments during the past few years, and I (and my other dinner companions across the country) have always wondered what the proper way is. How many cigarettes is it proper to trade for your milk or dessert? Which side of the table should we put our plastic knives and forks? Is it proper to eat your beans before you eat your tuna surprise? When you're without a napkin, is it proper to hang toilet paper from your shirt collar to catch the sauce from your Spanish goulash? How about saving the icing off the cake and using it to shave with? When a dinner guest recycles the beans he just ate onto your

plate, should he excuse himself from the table?

After we delicately sniff our gravy to make sure our chef didn't improperly relieve his bladder in it, should we politely dip our noses in our Styrofoam finger bowls? The only thing we know for sure is that when you drop your plastic knife or fork, you *absolutely* mustn't bend over Greek-style to pick it up (same with soap in the shower). It ain't only rude and improper, but you might end up with a tube-steak surprise.

Here's one I'm asked quite often: If a fly lands on your dinner guest's cornbread while he's yappin' away all your phone time, is it proper to swat the fly into the bread and upon your guest's return tell him, "That raisin bread sure is good"? The answer, of course, is yes!

Mr. Manners
aka Joe "Animal" Vandry
Omaha, Neb.

Easyriders Bum-Rapped

☐ I've got good news for those of us locked down.

In April the Alabama DOC told us we could no longer receive *Easyriders* because it was considered pornographic (a crock of shit). Some of us immediately filed inmate grievance forms which, when and if available, are required if you plan to file a lawsuit.

After receiving my grievance form back, I filed a suit saying the ruling violated my First Amendment rights (which cover a lot of ground, including the right to read what you want). My main argument was that if *Playboy* was allowed because it wasn't considered pornographic, then how can mild *Easyriders* be pornographic? I went on to say that *Easyriders* was not violent, drug or sexually oriented, or filled with crime. I said that it may touch upon one or all of the subjects mentioned, but was never explicit.

I also wrote the prison commissioner, telling him

about the suit and a 1976 ruling that I was going to use: *Pugh vs. Alabama* (Locke). One of the rulings in that case stated that when an inmate is restricted in a manner which supports no such valid goal as deterrence, rehabilitation, and institutional security, restriction cannot stand (406 F. Supp. 318).

On May 24 the regional director said that if I would drop the suit, they would allow *Easyriders* back in.

This should affect all prisoners in Alabama; however, there may be some wardens who might want to pull some shit anyhow. All I can say is file your lawsuit and don't give up.

To prisoners everywhere: They already have your freedom. Don't let them take anything else.

Paul Franklin
Elmore, Ala.

Didn't Like/Liked

☐ Austin Animal: Fuck U.
John Lennon,
George Harrison,
Paul McCartney, and
Ringo Starr
Richmond, Va.

☐ Hey, Austin Animal: Right fuckin' on with July's "Downtown"! It's about time someone got the words right to describe that AIDS-rotted faggot.

The only way to get myself back together is to put on some Slim Whitman, who sounds more like rock than Julian Scumbucket!

The Bob Dylan album? I like it.

B.B. Wolf
Schenectady, N.Y.

☐ Well, how about this shit! I thought I was reading some teeny-bopper mag when I read the review of Julian Lennon's "Valotte" album (June '85). But all was cleared up by The Austin Animal in July's issue.

I know there are lots of us with ya on this one. You get the whole fuckin' pie. Even the pan.

Ted "Bondo" Raffin
San Berdo, Calif.

☐ You wouldn't know class if it crawled out of your ass and bit you.

Con
Lawrenceville, Pa.

☐ I dunno, maybe he's got something personal going on

with Bomber. Maybe the Bomber was bombing it to Austin's ol' lady. Who knows?

Rod Denney
New Haven, Ind.

□ My suggestion to Animal is to stick to something more up his alley — like snorting Mutha's pussy farts.

Helder
San Jose, Calif.

□ I think you're just tired of hearing about Julian Kewpiedoll and his daddy, the legend. And I think your chest hairs got a little ruffled when Bomber called you an "artistic over-analyzer."

Whatever your reasons, congratulations on your fine writing. I laughed all the way through it! If you ever leave *Easyriders*, perhaps you might send a resume to Joan Rivers.

Tripp
Brea, Calif.

Good Medicine

□ I had a really hard week at work last week and by Friday I was feeling like shit. Then a friend of mine told me he'd picked up the July *Easyriders*. I could hardly sit still until I got my hands on it. After reading it all my depression left. I had a reason to really smile again.

Sissy Sickles
Riverside, Calif.

Sporty

□ The Sportster in the August '85 issue is the best I've seen. Harley should have built them that way, but there's one fuck-up. Before it ends up costin' him big bucks, someone should tell the owner that he's got the clip on the master link backwards.

Greek
Houston, Tex.

"Dust In The Wind"

□ Just read "Dust In The Wind" by Michael Riley (July '85). It was one of the best fuckin' stories you've had in a long time. Blew my mind. Two pieces of raisin pie for you.

R.W. ("The Indian")
St. Paul, Minn.

□ I've been a reader of your rag for about ten years and have read some great stories. But I tell ya, bro, "Dust In The Wind" took me by surprise!

Dave "Buck" Davis
Columbus, Ohio

□ It's one hell of a great story and tells the true meaning of brotherhood. Michael Riley should receive an extra slice of raisin pie for that piece of work!

Ninja
Parchman, Miss.

Lotsa Pie

□ One hundred raisin pies to the staff for the special knuckle issue.

Doyle Boswell
Sandy, Ore.

About Time!

□ The pigs here are now riding three new 1985 Evolution II H-Ds. The credit goes to Pat Kelly of Harley-Davidson in Wyoming. Wrenching on the Hogs and keepin' 'em in the wind are the best fuckin' wrenches in Grand Rapids: John, Gus, and Ernie, and Bruce behind the counter.

Sporty Annie
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Cussin' and Snivelin'

□ You must have seen the ride pin on my man's leathers. Your story "Brotherhood of the Flat Tire" is my man from start to finish. Everytime the scooter breaks down, there's Mike cussin' and swearin' that he's going to sell it and drive a cage. Then along comes a bro and all is right again. Mike has been a hard-ridin' biker for over 20 years. That story was something else, Tinker.

Gale
Fremont, Calif.

Pansy-Assed Snobs

□ I've come to the conclusion that most Harley riders are a bunch of pansy-assed snobs when it comes to chicks.

Most seem only to want a skinny-assed chick that you have to tie a rock to so she won't blow away in a strong wind — and she's got to be gorgeous on top of that.

Well, I'm not skinny but I'm not bad to look at. At least nobody's ever thrown me a bone to chew on. My association over the years with really beautiful women has taught me that most are so conceited they think their shit don't stink. They're usually afraid to get their hair mussed or their makeup smeared or their nails dirty. They're always checking the mirror to make sure they look good. And what about your buddies trying to put the make on them? Hey, it does happen,

you assholes.

I may not be a pin-up girl on the outside, but beauty is only skin deep — or so I'm told. I'm faithful to my man, love sex (especially giving him head), and don't mind helping him any way I can. I'm kind, have a good sense of humor, and I'm a hell of a cook to boot.

So, come on, all you hard-ass, big shot Harley heads. Find out what's inside before you put a chick down because she's no movie-star type.

Pissed-Off Ol' Lady
Roanoke, Va.

■ We always say that all they have to have is a 98-degree temperature and be between 18 and 80.

Response to Mark

□ I was scoping out your August '85 issue when I came across that "Bikers in the Media" shit ("Easynews"). Whatdafuck's up? Some biker take your ol' lady or what? "Mark Tosh," huh? Won't forget that one.

Just remember, punk, God forgives, bikers don't!

Sipes
Hagerstown, Md.

□ I called up Mark Tosh at the *Montgomery Journal* and explained to him that his journalism made the *Easyriders* rag. He said he heard it had, but hadn't seen it yet. I also asked him to explain. Here's his response: "It's supposed to be satire."

For those of you who enjoyed his "satire," the address is *Montgomery Journal*, 5721 Randolph Rd., Rockville, MD 20852.

Sportster Smith
San Antonio, Tex.

□ How I wish someone would make a quick left turn into his path!

I've lost family that way and know I'm lowering myself to his level when I say I hope that someday he will experience the same.

Carol C.
Edison, N.J.

□ I tried to find his number in Maryland but couldn't get it so I called the paper. They told me it was an opinion article. They said they've gotten a lot of calls and that I should write the editor — so I did.

Pete Howey
E. Stroudsburg, Pa.

A Beef

□ Read your notice at the start of "Choppershopper." You may call 30¢-per-word giving it away, but *Old Cars Weekly* costs 9¢ per word and gets printed in two or three weeks.

The ads as they are now is the only reason I subscribe. Nothing else is newsworthy.

E. E. Tester, Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ A magazine in full color costs more to print than a newspaper.

□ I'd like to compliment you guys on stoppin' the "lonely hearts club" shit in "Choppershopper." I hate readin' that face-wettin' shit just to find only one bike for sale. You deserve some raisin pie.

Bro Cutt 1%er
Jessup, Md.

Blow-Up

□ This is to Mr. Banning K. Lary about his "Miami Beach Blow-Up" (August '85).

I'm an avid reader of the Mack Bolen books and have been for 10 years. I've also been a reader of *Easyriders* for just as long, and your story is one of the best I've read in a long time. You must be a reader of Mack Bolen yourself. Your story was like lookin' at something that Don Pendleton might have written after some kickass smoke. You could almost see the connection between the two — like the way you describe Ballson's weapons.

I take my hat off to you for a job well done. I hope to see more about Mack Ballson and his war against unjust treatment of bikers. Maybe something against helmet laws. Or just more of his work. Keep it up.

Lev
Albuquerque, N.M.

Two Questions

□ Who was Chocolate George?

A buddy of mine found an old poster in the township dump, and it shows a procession of good motorcycles following a purple hearse — looks like San Francisco in the mid-'60s. Does anyone know anything about this work of art?

Lone Wolf
Grand Marsh, Wis.

■ He was an Angel who died in the '60s. As to the poster, a reader may know.

New Clubs

□ We're all doing time right now, all except about five, and there are 15 of us. We're putting a new motorcycle club together and calling it "Six's High." If there's any group by this name, let me know. We don't want to mess with another club's name.

Also, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Eddie Vest, please tell him to get in touch with his son Heath Dean 382949, Pack II Unit, Rt. 1 Box 1000, Navasota, TX 77868.

White Lightning
Navasota, Tex.

□ A few bikers and I from southern New Hampshire are starting up a motorcycle club. We voted for the name "Iron Eagles." If there's another club with this name, please call or write.

Jeff Beck
70 Ash St.
Nashua, NH 03060
(603) 883-6296

□ Last November we founded an outlaw motorcycle club called the "Silent-Breeds." We checked thoroughly before claiming the name for our own, but a source brought to our attention that he had heard the name somewhere before. If there's a club by this name in the U.S., please let me know.

Chuck Doan 634941
Box 520 C-9-5
Walla Walla, WA 99362

A Response To A Response

□ In response to E. B. from LaVergne, Tennessee (August '85): Who are you calling asshole, asshole? You say the reason you're into the biker lifestyle is because it offers freedom of expression and choice. Well, where the fuck is my freedom of choice? I still say she looks like the poster child for "Save The Whales," and as far as who gave me the authority to judge a person on his/her appearance, I did. So off my case, fuckface.

Bird
Centerville, Minn.

"Vet Voice"

□ My subject is Sarge. Sarge's "Vet Voice," my wife, and my Harleys are the three things that have helped me understand many of my emotions after my discharge.

To say that Sarge made a mathematical error or an error in communications

while calculating statistics on Vietnam vets' suicides goes without question. It just proves that even the best of us, at best, are only human.

Barry August
Massapequa, N.Y.

□ First of all, I'd like to thank Sarge for his "Vet Voice" column which I've always found interesting and informative.

I'd like to make a few comments regarding the statement in his July '85 column that "...schizophrenics respond well to drugs known as phenothiazines." While the phenothiazines (the best-known being chlorpromazine, better known by its trade name Thorazine) do relieve psychotic symptoms such as agitation, confusion, withdrawal, hallucinations, and delusions, this calming effect is often accompanied by fatigue and apathy, rendering the patient a virtual "zombie." Side effects include constipation, blurred vision, dry mouth, muscle rigidity and tremors. These side effects can often be relieved by other drugs. One side effect that has thus far proven to be both untreatable and irreversible is a muscle disorder known as tardive dyskinesia which is characterized by uncontrollable grimacing and lip-smacking. This disorder usually appears after six months or more of continuous treatment, and unlike the other symptoms mentioned, it does not disappear when the drug is discontinued.

Like so many other drug side effects, this was discovered only after years of treatment of thousands of patients.

Brian Chelf
Bedford, Ind.

Name Taken

□ To Randall Fuhrman in Westville, Indiana ("Word-monger," June '85): Yes, the Sorcerers MC of Southern California has coveted the name since 1975.

Be aware that any Sorcerers colors, genuine or otherwise, will be confiscated on sight.

Animal
Marina Del Rey, Calif.

Wants Letters

□ I've been an *Easyriders* reader for a while now. I've read all about horny American bikers and would love to

have some of them to write to and exchange flicks. I am a female biker in Scotland.

So please ask all these hunks of fellas to write. I'd also like to hear from female bikers. I am 21 and have good taste in men.

Joan Gray
1, Elrick Cottages
Elrick, Skene
Aberdeenshire, Scotland

■ You're going to get a lot of letters, Joan, so be prepared.

So Long

□ I read your magazine for the first and last time in June. You people live in the Dark Ages. Your articles are geared toward uneducated guys on macho trips who have no self-respect or decent careers. When will you realize that Harley-Davidsons are destined to the same fate as dinosaurs?

Japanese motorcycles are proven superior through excellent workmanship and technology that keeps pace with the times. Harley-Davidson has progressed little since its beginning by grinding out the same old unreliable, troublesome, stone-age V-Twins.

I have a Kawasaki Ninja 900 and I could outrun any Harley ever made. I also proudly own a Mazda RX-7 sports car that is better made than any American car.

Garry Smith
Lake Mary, Fla.

■ Kiss my ass, asshole eyes.

Wants Info

□ In the March '85 issue I saw a piece in "Word-monger" from Baby Huey out of Oakland, California, talking about doing one-third of your time instead of half. Well, here's the problem. The bros here at California Men's Colony haven't been able to find out anything about it except talk. We would greatly appreciate any and all info on it.

Dean Dunlap C-11653
CMC East
Box 8101 (2199-X)
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409

Needs Trump Parts

□ I ride a 1960 Triumph TK6. Sometimes parts are a little hard to find, but I've always managed to find them. A few years back my ex-ol' man and I had a little shop, Roach's Custom Bikes. After we split I lost track of

things. I used to order stuff from Tom's Accessories in Seattle, Washington. They changed names and moved, but where? Are they still around? If so, my buddies and I would like to know. Anyone who knows about them, please drop me a line. I want to give 'em some more business!

Lesli Montgomery
Rt. #6 Box 318
Marietta, OH 45750

A Feminist

□ For the last three issues I've been reading about men versus women. Now I've got to throw in my two cents.

First, I want to clear up a few myths:

1. *Feminists are man-haters.* If this were true, I wouldn't be living with the world's greatest ol' man.

2. *Feminists burn their bras and wear combat boots.* I paid too much for the damn thing, so why would I burn it? And my riding boots suit me just fine, thank you.

3. *Feminists do not have a sense of humor.* I read your magazine, don't I?

I'm a feminist for the same reasons you bros are who you are. So I'll make you a deal. If you won't stereotype me as a castrating dyke, I won't stereotype you as bunch of no-good bikers. Okay, okay, so some of you want to be no-good bikers, but I like you anyway!

Feminists and bikers are a lot alike. Now, before you start gagging, read on. We all like our freedom and our independence, and we don't conform to society's standards. So next time you're out puttin' around and you pull up behind a lady with an ERA bumper sticker, don't judge her too harshly, okay? She just wants the same things out of life that you want.

Denise
Ulysses, Kan.

■ A knob job?

Piercin' Place

□ In reply to Lady Rose (July '85): The place to have piercing done in L.A. is Gauntlet Enterprises, 8720 Santa Monica Blvd. (213) 657-6677. They are very professional and have years of experience.

Tattoo Cathy
Tujunga, Calif.

□ Re. Lady Rose: Tell her to ship her nipples to me pre-

paid. I'll pierce them and send them back by return mail.

Dr. Mess Munroe
Toronto, Ontario

A Mouth's Best

□ Why don't you watch where you put those sweepstakes entries? I cut out the one from July, turned the page, and one chick was missin' a tit and the crotch was gone from the other one. Oh, well, the mouth is still there. That's the best part for fuckin' anyway!

The Indiana Kid
Colorado Springs, Colo.

What's The Matter?

□ Okay, assholes! I've written to you guys till my balls are blue and my dick feels like it's goin' to fall off. I haven't seen any of my letters in your column. What's the matter?

Chuck M.
Tivoli, N.Y.

■ Say something interesting.

No Dicks

□ I was reading my August '85 *Easyriders* when I came across a letter from an ass named Mark Hess. I was trying to figure out what this guy's problem was.

1. He's a fucking idiot.
2. He has something against bikers.
3. He doesn't like Harley-Davidsons.
4. He doesn't like broads showing tits.

But then it dawned on me that he has the same problem as a lot of broads. *Easyriders* doesn't show any dicks!

Bubba
Vernon, Conn.

□ To Mark Hess: I'd be willing to wager that you found *Easyriders* in the john while lovemaking with some elected official. If you found the rag so repulsive, why didn't you just put it back on the floor where you found it instead of reading it cover to cover as you most likely did?

Fish
Cincinnati, Ohio

□ I feel really sorry for you. You'll never know what it feels like to have the wind in your face, you poor, closed-minded fucker!

Donna Cricchio
Brentwood, N.Y.

□ If I had your address, I'd

make it a point to ride up there and shove the Washington Monument up your ass sideways.

Izzy Figuero
Richland, N.C.

Question

□ Would it be possible for you to print a list of states which do not require a thumb print for driver's licenses? I'm sure that this is an item of interest to quite a few.

Blue Eyes
No City

■ It would be possible, but we don't have that info. Maybe one of our readers knows?

Doesn't Fit

□ I saw in the January '85 issue where Animal is using a Fram spin-on oil filter PH966B on his 80 FLT. I have an '84 FXWG and I figured a shovel's a shovel — if the Fram fits the FL, it oughta fit the FX, too. Wrong! The threaded hole in the center of the PH966B is way too big. Shit, you'd think Harley coulda got by with the same size filter for both. Anyhow, till I figure which of the cheaper auto filters will fit, I'm stuck with usin' the factory filters. Anybody got any ideas on this?

MD
Stockton, Calif.

Burned Ass

□ I read a lot about people bitching about lid laws. I was home in good ol' New Hampshire on leave and didn't have to wear a lid at any time while I was putting around on — what else but — a 1985 Sporty. Now that I'm back in Fort Ord, California, I have to wear a lid anywhere I go on the post with my scooter. What burns my ass is that California doesn't have a lid law.

Don "Psyco" Roy
Fort Ord, Calif.

Only Reason

□ The lonely heart ads in "Choppershopper" are the only reason I subscribe to *Easyriders*.

Crazyman
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ If that's the only reason, so long.

Lookin' For Ladies

□ Does anyone know how I can get a hold of the former Ellen E. Ayres and/or Caroline Ayres? They're from Amboy, Washington. I'm

down for the count and need to get a hold of 'em.

Paul "Silent" Cleveland
Box C-99765
Reprea, CA 95671

What's It Worth?

□ I was wondering if you could tell me the cash value of a magazine I have and if you know of anyone interested in purchasing it. It's the official AMA publication, *The Motorcyclist* #457 (October 1935).

Janis Witmer
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Buys American

□ I believe in buying American. I own a Harley and also drive an American-made truck on those not-so-nice days. I try to never buy anything foreign, especially Jap crap. Which leads to this: I went to my neighborhood Harley dealer to buy me and the ol' lady jackets (over \$400). The tag in the neck said, "Made exclusively for Harley-Davidson." After I got home I noticed a small tag on the inside that says, "Made in Korea." What the fuck's the story behind this? Can anyone at H-D headquarters explain that to me?

Pissed Off in Denver
Denver, Colo.

■ Harley is having a lot of parts (made to their specs) manufactured out of the country at lower prices.

The Other Side

□ Print this up for all the Indian brothers here in Soledad North.

Steve Brown is a righteous bro. Because of Sandra (August '85), he is now running from his parole — and this dude had plans to make it on the streets after being down five years! On his second night out, he came home to her after partying all night and she got pissed at him. So instead of blowing it and kicking her ass, he took off and left her.

The Man said he jumped parole and is now looking for him. Soon he'll be back with us in here all because of a lame.

Tony
Soledad, Calif.

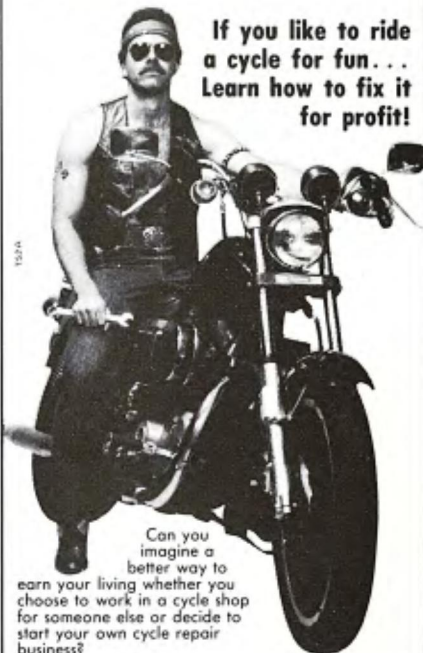
Where's The Scoots?

□ Referring to "Daytona Beach Bash '85" (July '85), your rag is starting to look like *Penthouse*. You guys

Continued on page 86

Learn Motorcycle Repair TRAIN AT HOME TO BE A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC

If you like to ride
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Learn how to fix it
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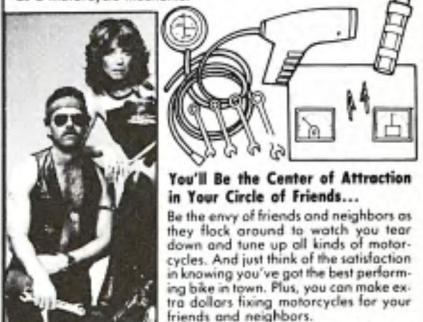
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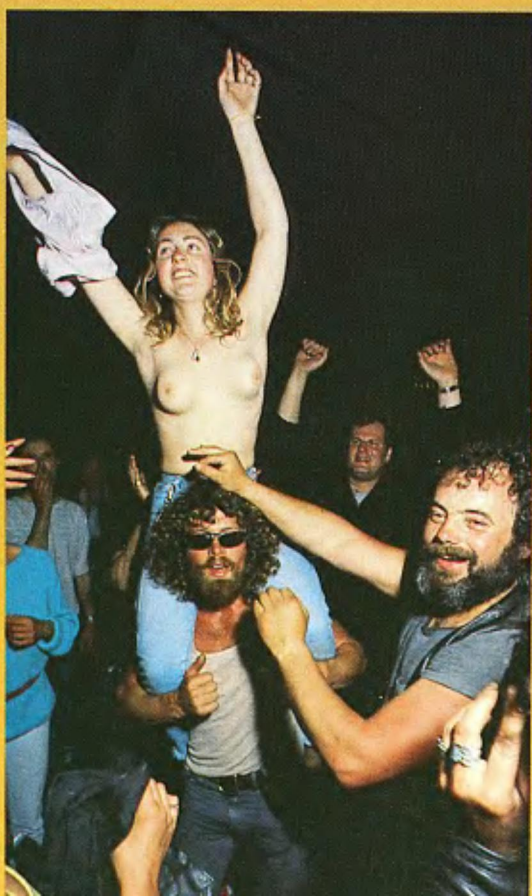
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HARLEYS IN FRANCE

INTERNATIONAL
H-D SUPER RALLY
— PARIS



They say that the French have a word for it — only trouble was, I never could find out which word. I tried — oh, how I tried — but somehow I just couldn't quite come to grips with the vocal contortions required to communicate my intentions to the natives. The phrase book I got from the airport was no help at all. I mean, who the fuck wants to tell a sun-bronzed Parisian honey that you've got all sorts

of vegetables in your garden? Or that the pen of her aunt is in the kitchen? It's hardly any sort of romantic lead-in to a night of passion. Still, by the time we were packing up to leave, I'd mastered the phrase, "L'elephant est sur la bibliotekue," meaning, of course, the elephant is on the library. Regrettably, I fell down on the "voulez vous something or other. . ." and that's what would've cinched the



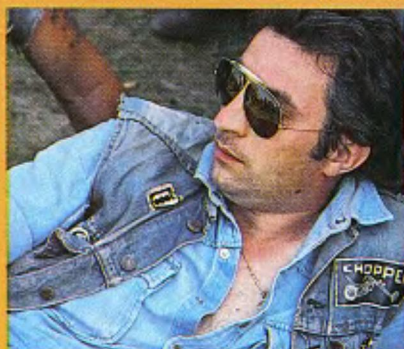
HARLEYS IN FRANCE

deal. I got a quick lesson off a guy from New Jersey who had an absolutely unbelievable French accent, but the only result of the exercise was a

whole lotta laughter and a significant lack of success. Whadafuck, everyone should learn to speak English anyway.

Aside from the language problems (and my inability to strike up a meaningful relationship with les jeunes filles), we had a real good time in the land of champagne and snails. The sun shone, the

people were friendly, and the wine flowed and flowed. It ain't too often that you get to party with 3000 or more Harley riders over here in Europe. For all kinds of reasons, big H-Ds are a rare sight on our roads, so it's especially enjoyable when an event like the annual International Harley-Davidson Super Rally comes around.

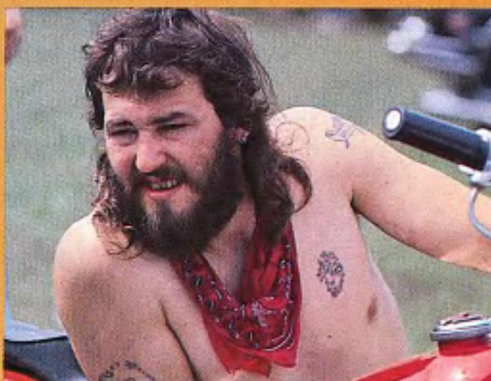
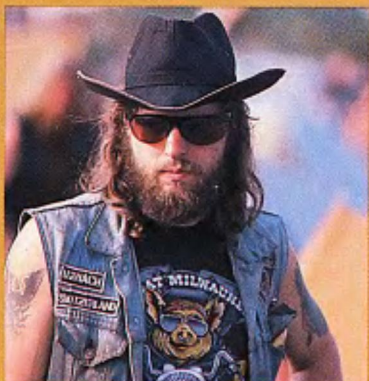
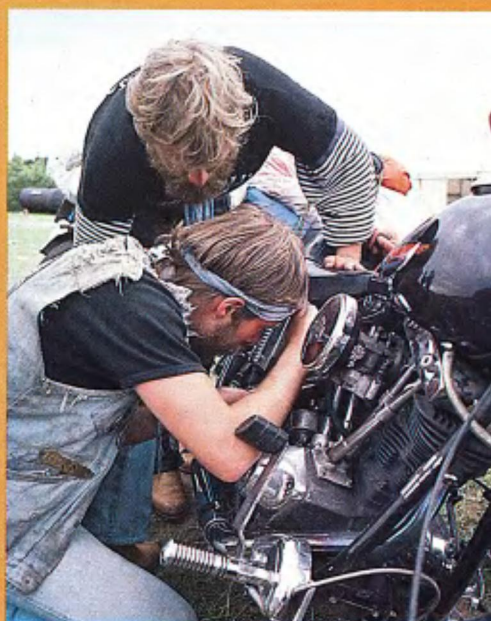


And "international" is just what it was — English, French, Dutch, German, Swedish, Danish, Belgian, Norwegian, Swiss, Austrian, American, Canadian, a couple of Australians and a lone Pole — they were all there, all united by a common love of Milwaukee iron. It was rather like a miniature version of the Uni-

ted Nations, only it actually worked. Nobody cared two fucks if the entertainment was a little thin on the ground; that wasn't the point. The object of the Super Rally was communication and there was certainly plenty of that. After the first all-night session in the beer tent, we discovered that language is no barrier what-

ever to those who know how to let their hair down and party hearty.

The bikes were none too shabby, either. Considering the high cost and non-availability of parts this side of the Atlantic, there was some very fine machinery on display. It goes to show that with a little inventiveness and ingenuity,



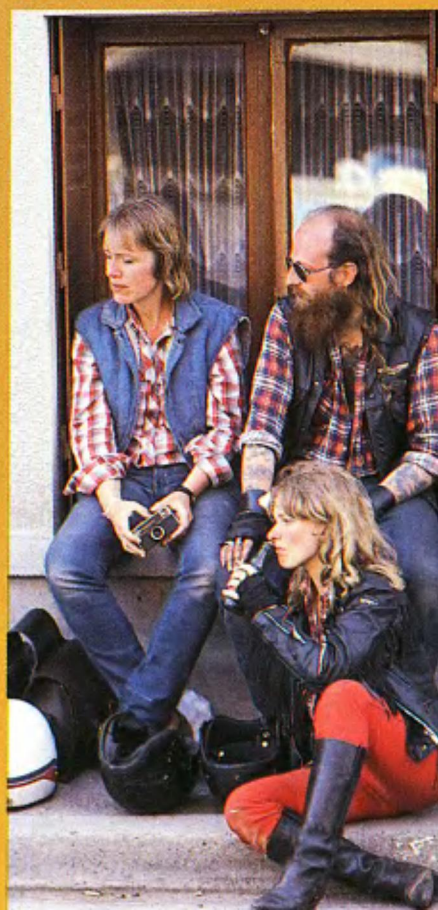
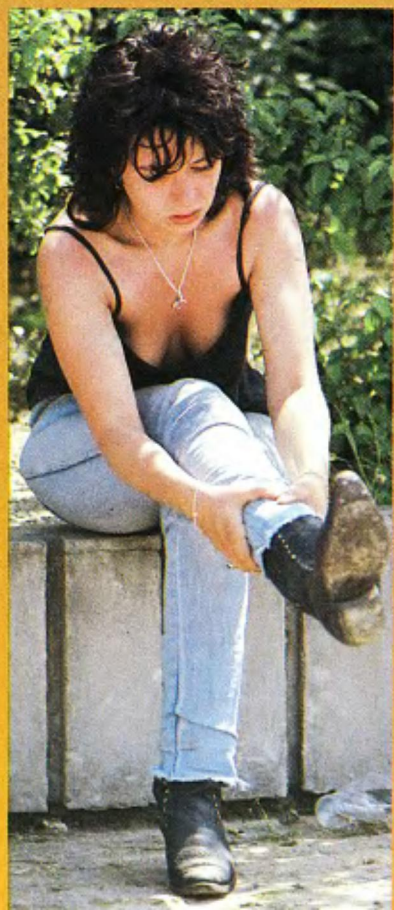
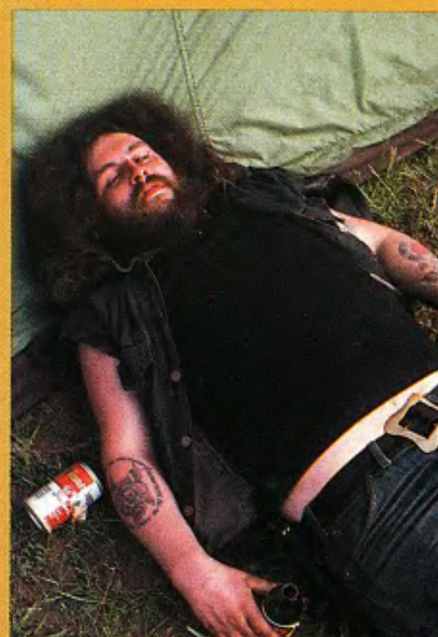
HARLEYS IN FRANCE

not to mention a whole lotta skill and dedication, you can put together a good clean ride under almost any conditions. Let me give you a "for

instance." Did you know that of all the countries in Europe, Poland and Czechoslovakia have two of the oldest and largest H-D owners' clubs? No? Well, neither did I before I went to the Super Rally. (For those of you who aren't up on your geo-political facts, the Iron Curtain has long separ-

ated both those countries from the free world.)

The other thing that really impressed me was the high turnout of U.S. servicemen who made the trip to Paris. Some of these guys have been stationed in Germany since returning from 'Nam in the early '70s. They've settled in,



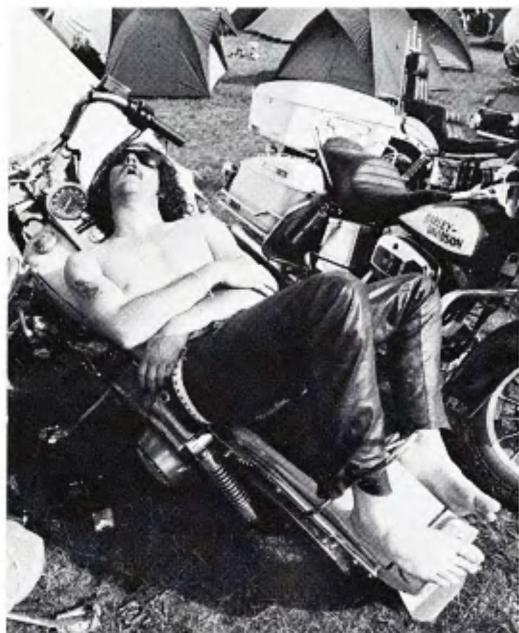
gotten married, raised kids, and now run with European patch clubs. Officers and enlisted men alike, they're bikers at heart, dedicated to living their chosen lifestyle to the fullest, no matter the problems involved and the number of miles separating them from the folks back

home. We made plans with a group of them to ride into town together and visit the grave of Jim Morrison, but we never quite managed to get it together. You know how it is.

Anyhow, whatever we may or may not have missed out on during our quick European tour, it still goes down in my

book as a big success. Even though I didn't get to perfect my line with the French chicks, I did make a whole lotta new friends. I hope I can make it over to next year's Super Rally in Holland. My Dutch is no better than my French, but I'm an optimist. . .

— Maz

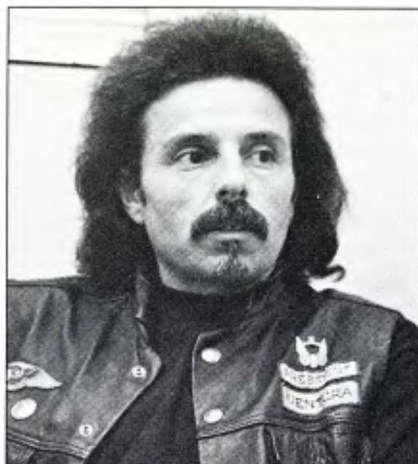


Photos by Michael Lichter



INTERVIEW

George Christie, Prez Of The Ventura (California) Hells Angels



Most bikers, and more than a few non-bikers, remember that summer evening last year when Ventura (California) Hells Angels Prez George Christie — clad in an official Olympic jogging suit, his upper body an art gallery of custom biker tattoos — grabbed the Olympic torch and carried it through a one-kilometer-long “tunnel” of American flags.

Christie's run was financed by the donations of Angels from coast-to-coast, and under Torch Run rules requiring that all entry fees be donated to a children's charity, the Angels' money was intended to go to the Pottstown, Pennsylvania, Special Olympics — athletic competitions for retarded youngsters. Long after the run, however, Pottstown had received nothing and George Christie was being given the runaround by Special Olympics officials in Washington, D.C. (“Easynews,” ER #146).

Their position, as revealed in a letter to George from Special Olympics board chairman (and sister of President John F. Kennedy) Eunice Shriver, was that they would “donate” half the Angels' contribution to the National Special Olympics office in Washington and the other half to the Special Olympics Pennsylvania state office. Not so much as a lump of coal goes to Pottstown, they vowed.

Little did they know it, but they picked one no-bullshit dude to try to screw. An athlete as well as a biker (his current ride is a stroked '78 shovel), George has been jogging for 18 years (“When I started running, people would point at you and think that you had just committed a crime”) and currently does a regular ten-mile, largely uphill, work-

out. He's also a Black Belt in karate who was first exposed to the martial arts in Marine Corps boot camp (“I thought I was a wise guy, but I ran across some guys who showed me some new ways to fight”).

After several months of patient negotiations, George went to court this past June in an attempt to get a Writ of Mandamus ordering the Special Olympics honchos to properly disperse the funds contributed by the Angels. Though he lost that round when a judge ruled that Mandamus proceedings are not permitted in disputes involving money, he is far from giving up.

In this interview with two of our editors he reveals some details of what went into his historic run and runs down some of the rewards and hassles that came out of it.

Easyriders: What's your next step in regard to forcing the Special Olympics directors to turn over the money you earmarked for their chapter in Pottstown?

George Christie: We'll probably file some sort of civil lawsuit. I consulted with a civil attorney last week and he says we have a winnable case and eventually they'll have to put the money where it belongs.

ER: The Special Olympics people say their policy is not to give money directly to local chapters. What made you believe you could specify where it would go?

GC: I've got a signed contract stating the money will go to Pottstown. It's real cut-and-dried when you read it. It's a contract and the interesting thing about the contract is that it says it's legal and binding.

ER: Binding on you, but not on them.

GC: Exactly.

ER: Do you think this sort of thing

is happening to everyone who participated in the Torch Run?

GC: There's a fellow in Pennsylvania who designated half his money to go to the Pottstown Special Olympics and the other half to the Pottstown YMCA. The YMCA received their money last September. Of the other \$1500, Pottstown has yet to see anything. Apparently, \$750 went to Washington and the other \$750 to the state headquarters.

It seems to be a distribution problem exclusive to the Special Olympics.

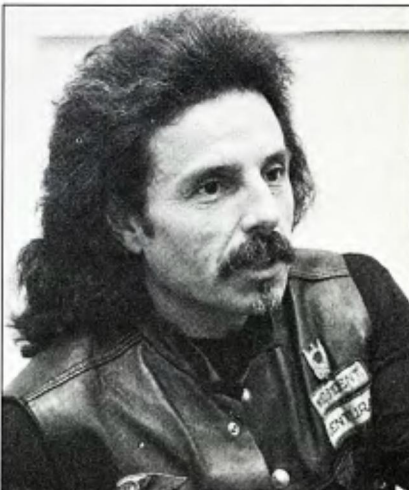
ER: Do you have any idea how this money that's tied up at various Special Olympics headquarters is used?

GC: I discussed that with some Special Olympics people. They said they spend most of the money on events they — the headquarters — put on, so I'm not sure if any money is allotted to local chapters. It all seems to be controlled at the state and national levels.

They claim that only two percent stays in the national and state offices [to be used for administrative expenses], but until I see a financial statement, which they've been promising me for six months, I'll have to assume the money is not getting to the local offices.

ER: We're still a bit unclear on this. If they claim they only spend two percent of their donations on office expenses, and they don't disburse the rest to local community groups, what do they spend the other 98 percent on?

GC: What they've said was that the different events, different things that they stage, eat up the funds. Last weekend they had a state event that was held at a college campus in Pennsylvania. That must have cost



Photos by Pete Chiodo

something, though I'm sure the state wasn't charging for the use of the college.

ER: Is the group that staged the Torch Run still alive and, if so, what is their position?

GC: Yes, the Olympic Torch Relay Committee is still operating. We had to name them in our writ, along with the Special Olympics, because they actually received the money. They're more or less taking the side of the Special Olympics, because when we went to court we were greeted by three of their attorneys. Not being an attorney myself, I was shocked that they would send three attorneys to deal with one private citizen not licensed to practice law in California.

One of the lawyers mentioned to me that I was causing them to waste money. I was rather upset about that statement. They didn't have to send three attorneys. I didn't request them.

They asked me if there was any way this situation could be resolved. I suggested that Eunice Shriver and myself go to Pottstown and address the people and the children personally. I said the Hells Angels would withdraw the lawsuit and find another avenue to raise the money if she would do that.

But Eunice Shriver herself will have to go there and explain to those kids why they can't have the money. I think that's fair.

ER: We understand that you and your bros have already provided the kids in the Pottstown Special Olympics with the uniform jackets they were planning to buy with part of that money.

GC: After we had designated Pottstown, I called the people there and told them and, of course, they were overwhelmed. They only had about \$23 in their treasury, so \$3000 from us and \$1500 from that other contributor would really boost them up. Then they told the children they would finally be getting team jackets.

Of course, the jackets didn't come and didn't come. We didn't want the children to think that we had abandoned them, so we went ahead and had jackets made and sent.

We didn't want the kids to think that we had gotten a bunch of publicity and had used them to our advantage. That's not the way we operate. We've never operated that way and we never will. When we commit ourselves to something, we see it through to the best of our ability.

ER: I remember when all this started, you said that you'd never even been to Pottstown. Do you have much contact with the folks there now?

GC: Sure. The kids send us pictures, letters, phone calls. In fact, two directors of the program there just called to tell me how popular their new jackets were at the state meet I mentioned earlier.

They're really neat jackets — the



Photo by Kim Peterson

best you can get. Lined, buttoned, with collars. They're real nice jackets — we didn't want the kids to look shabby.

ER: Of all the children's charities you could have contributed to, how did you pick the Special Olympics?

GC: I'd seen some Special Olympics events on television. Here you've got these kids who have a problem anyway. Their problem just gets larger every day, and yet they're out there competing in athletic events. It just seemed like they had a lot of courage. I was really impressed, so I mentioned it to some of my brothers; we discussed

it and decided that's where we wanted our money to go.

ER: If you had it to do all over again, knowing all the hassles ahead, would you pick a different charity to run for?

GC: No, not at all. The reason we chose Pottstown was because they showed an interest in our contribution.

We originally just stipulated that the money go to the Special Olympics. After the run, I received a letter from the organizing committee asking, "Where would you like the money to go?"

Well, the people of Pottstown had been calling us, sending us letters — they sent us a plaque. They just really took an interest. They felt that retarded children were an issue that people don't like to deal with.

I felt that way myself. People don't like to deal with retarded children. People don't like to deal with motorcycle people. It's an area that the American public seems to turn its back on, or tries to turn its back on. They try to put it out of their minds. The mothers and fathers of Pottstown really made it clear that handicapped children probably know exactly some of the things that we go through in our everyday lives.

ER: What actually led to you making that historic Torch Run?

GC: I'm not sure if everyone is really aware of why we first decided to get involved. It seems some law enforcement personnel were making statements that we were going to disrupt the Olympics, which was ridiculous. We weren't even that much interested in the Olympics. Certain people wanted to witness certain events, but that was about it. But they [the cops] were going around asking people if we were involved with terrorists, were we selling a lot of weapons, things of that nature.

It upset us, so we decided to make a statement to the people of the United States that we were not against the Olympics, and were not planning anything, that, in fact, we supported the Olympics. To show our support we decided to run a leg in the Torch Run.

ER: Was the money raised locally here in Southern California?

GC: No, it was raised nationally. It would have been raised internationally, but we just didn't have enough time, so we just did it in the United States. But we were more or less representing the clubs from throughout the world. Everybody was involved, if

Continued on page 113

FAST WAR

Four thousand miles south, a small country was having a problem. The communists were having great success in disrupting the country's government. At first it was just a few strikes by the workers, but then bridges began being blown up and some police and soldiers were assassinated. Next, police stations and military installations were attacked.

Much of the male population of the country had joined the ranks of the commies, and there was now a full-scale war going on. The commies had a small army and it was growing. Stories had been circulating in certain places about an American mercenary who'd been involved in problems like this one. Even against tremendous odds he and his men had never failed to win. His name was Marks. Nobody had ever heard him called anything other than General Marks.

The government sent "a man" out on the evening flight after it was learned that Marks was between jobs and loafing around a place called Denver, Colorado. The man carried a blank check in his pocket. His instructions were to hire General Marks and his men at all costs — they were needed immediately. Besides, the American government would probably pay for it, anyway. The agent sent to Denver was named Jose. He was a happy man. He'd never been to the United States before, but, of course, he would succeed in his mission. Also, he had a hard time keeping his mind away from the beautiful blonde-haired, blue-eyed girls he envisioned meeting in the U.S. Yes, this would be a successful trip — he was sure.

"So, that is the problem, General Marks. The commie ranks are growing stronger and they keep bringing in more advisors and supplies. The situation is completely out of hand now, and we wish to employ you and your men to help us. This problem must be taken care of

quickly and effectively. Money is no object."

General Marks was impressed with Jose. The first thing they had done was to sit down and pour stiff drinks and that was definitely a plus. The next thing was that Jose had handed him a signed blank check. Yes, that was certainly the way he liked to do business. And, since only one phone call had been necessary to confirm the whole thing, General Marks was definitely in a good mood. The man named Jose was surprisingly refined and educated, a real pleasure to talk to. This job would go ahead at great speed.

General Marks downed his booze and reached for the bottle, saying, "Well, here's how it is. In this situation we don't need a navy. That's good. Boats are expensive. However, we do need an army and a small air force. Your country has an army, which I'll flesh out with my people; then, between that and my air force that I'll send down there, we'll kick their asses! By spring, I'll be there on vacation. Ha-ha! No sweat, Jose."

Jose was happy. Santa Maria! This General Marks was certainly convincing. Now that their business was over and a deal had been struck, he had even more time to find these blonde girls. He wanted one whose eyebrows were blonde, too. General Marks started speaking again and Jose was all ears. "Why don't we take a ride downtown and recruit the chief pilot for our air force right now? I think I know where he is, and it won't take long." Jose agreed readily, and they tossed off their drinks and left.

General Marks had two very hefty young men taking care of the driving and his new limo sported its own bar. He and Jose had another drink, and Jose, enjoying the drive and his role as his country's "man in America," was completely relaxed. After all, he was here saving his country. Hiring an entire army! A very big deal, to be sure.

As the limo passed through the downtown area, then into an old

Continued on page 88

by Clyde Spain



BEER

ARVIDSSON
WUZ HERE
BS

BEER

When a guy like Fred Cuba starts talking to ya about Hogs, you gotta give him respect. After all, the man has been buildin' righteous rides for goin' on 15 years. If you don't think he knows his shit, polish up your specs and take a real close look at these pictures. And while you're lookin' at 'em, feature this — this screamin' Sporty is just a little number Fred and his crew threw together during *four months* of spare time. Four fuckin' months. It takes Wasted Wrench, our so-called tech expert, that long just to bolt on a set of pipes crooked.

So now you've got the picture. Fred Cuba is one hell of a Harley man — both in theo-

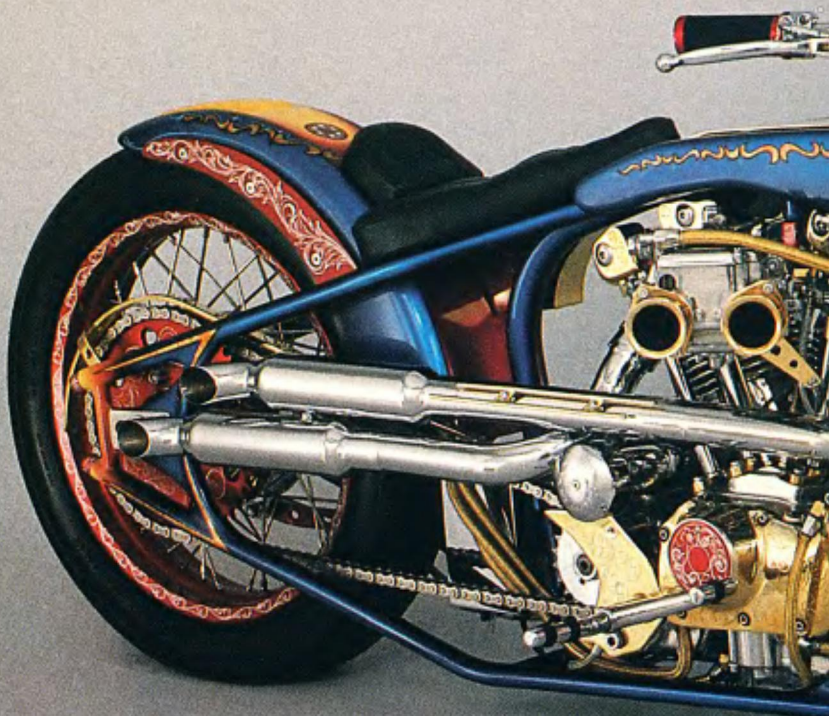


ry and with a wrench. Still, some of the stuff he says is enough to scorch even these long-ago burned-out eardrums.

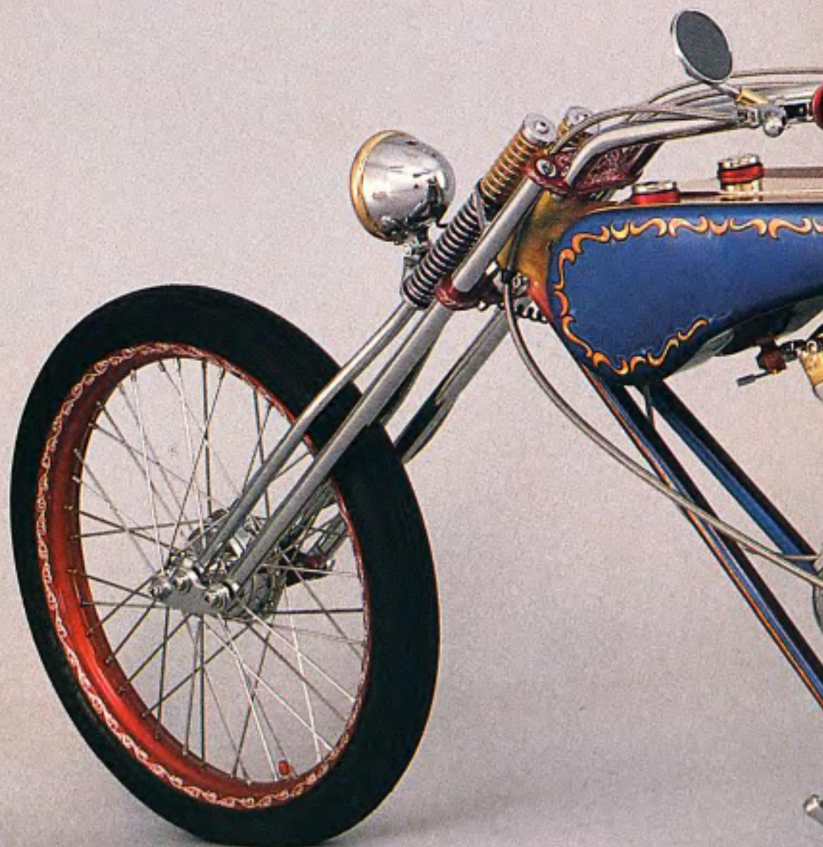
"A riding bike should be something you take to the car wash and hose off," Fred says. "If you gotta spend days polishing shit, it ain't a real riding bike."

"Now take this bike here, it's great for riding down to the bar and parking. I mean, you really get the looks. Don't get me wrong — it runs great and I've been riding it a lot, but I still think of it as my second bike."

"See, I always try to have two bikes — one of them a radical like this and the other something like an FLH. This bike is for when you want to see and be seen. The FLH, that's for when you want to

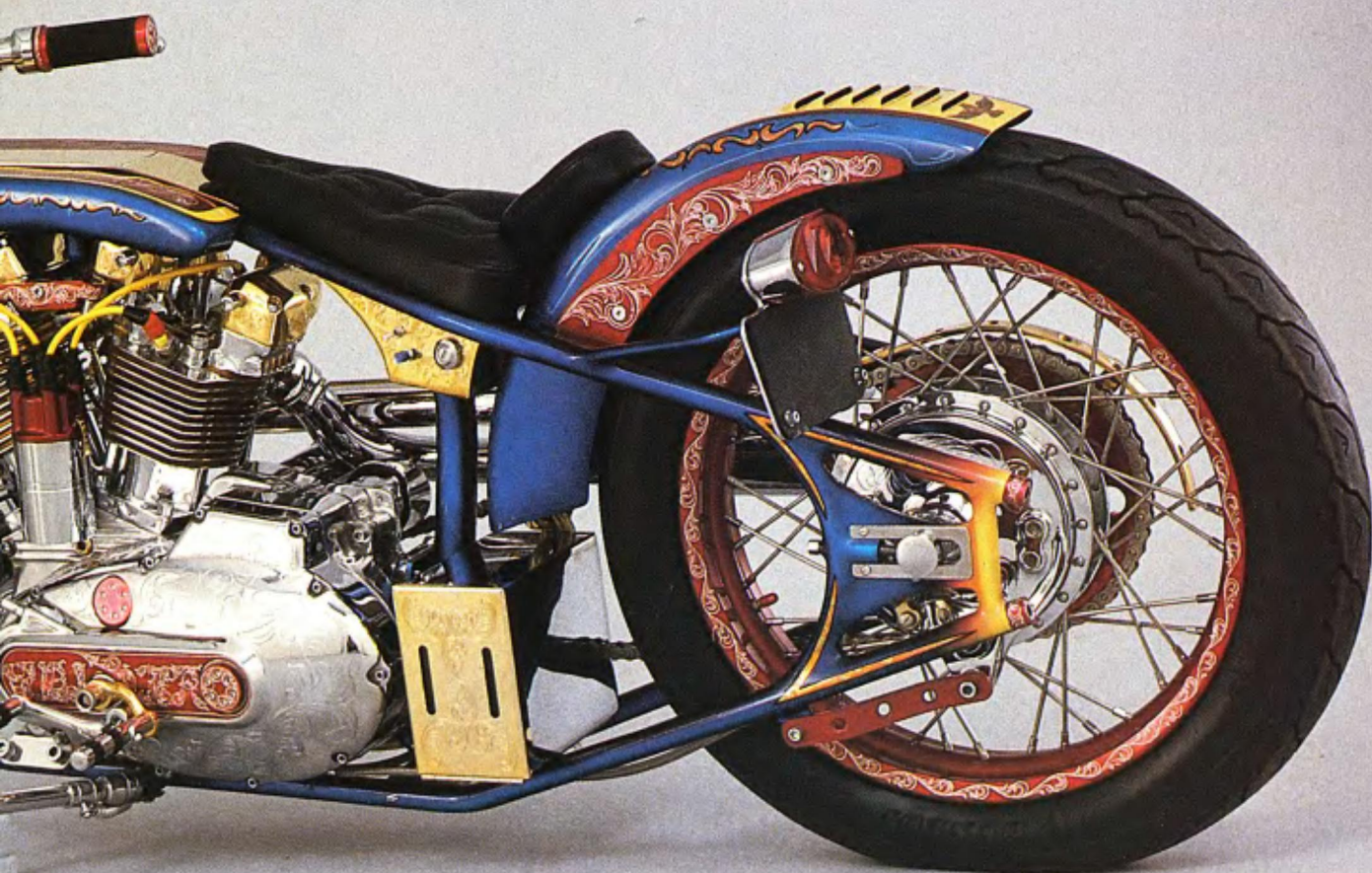


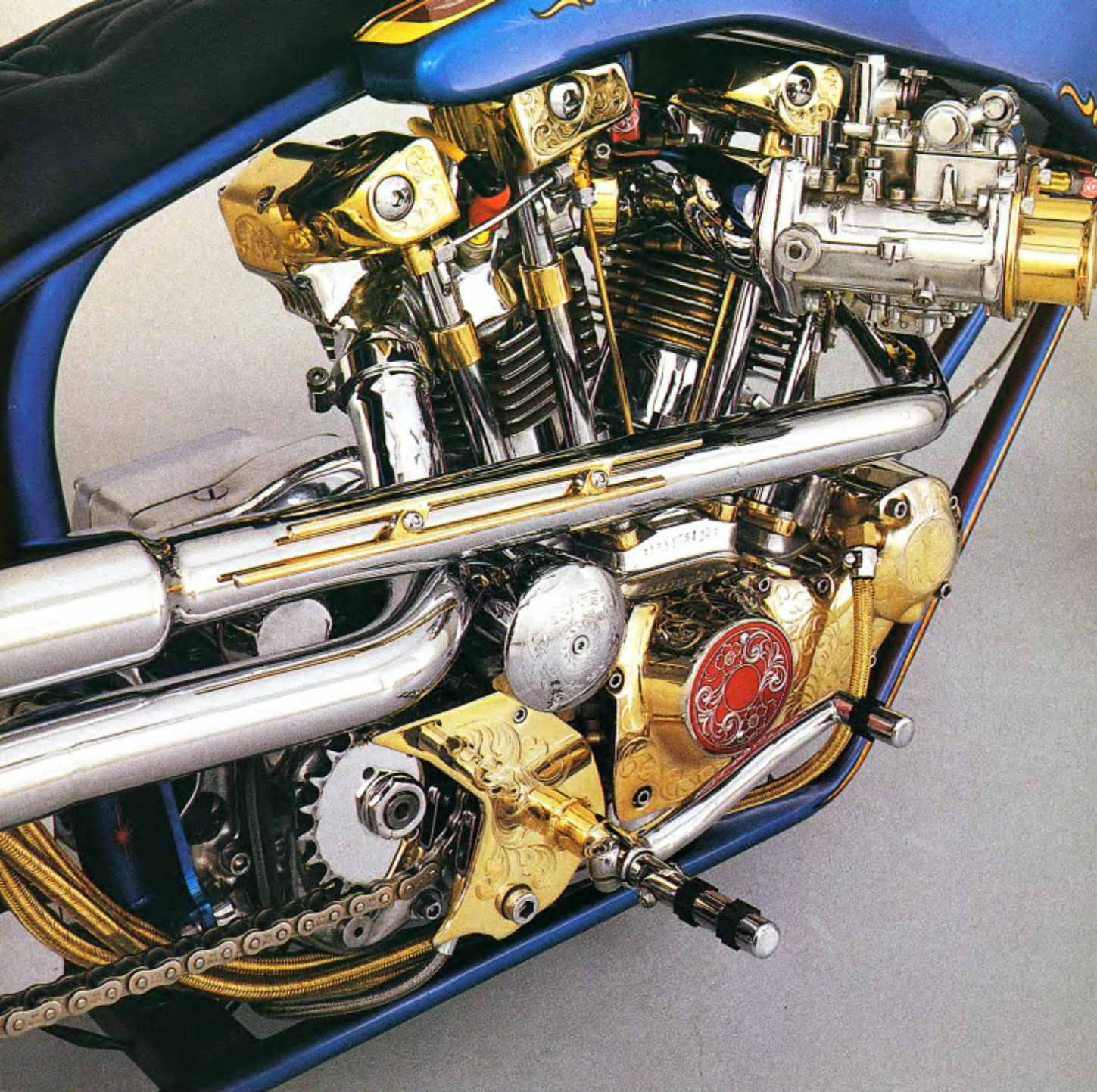
FRED'S SECO





ND SLED





A two-bit drive-through cage washer won't bring out the beauty of this scooter.



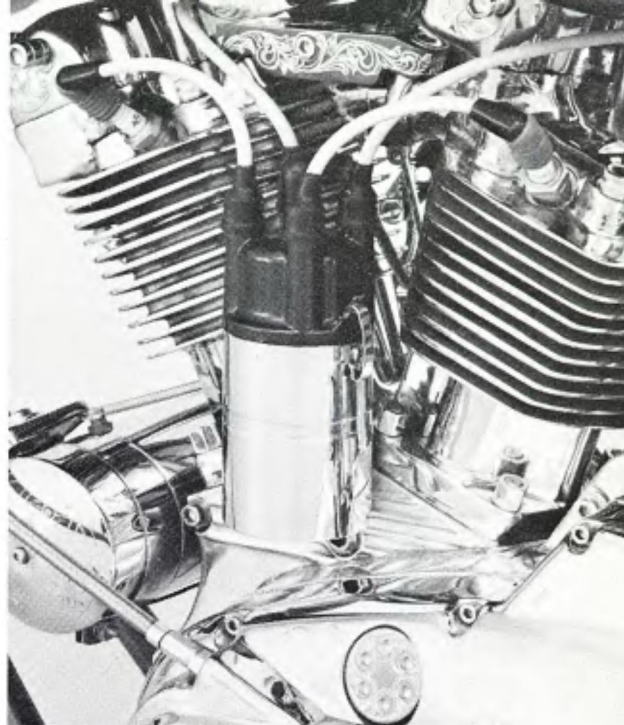
do some serious puttin' without having to stop every 70 or 80 miles for gas. You just throw a pair of saddlebags over the seat, toss in a bottle of wine and you're off for as many hours, days, or weeks as you want. When you get back you pull into some coin-operated car wash, spray it off, and you're ready to kick back.

"These radical bikes are

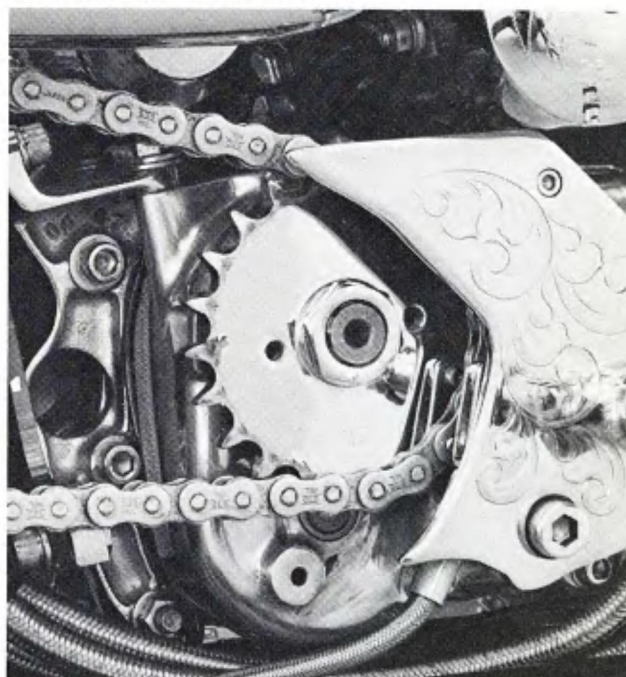
something else again. Like, you can't ride one of these around without all the shiny stuff shinin' — know what I mean? Like I said, I've recently put some serious miles on it and it's kind of dirty. To get the looks I should get from it, I'm gonna have to put in a lot of detailing time before I take it out again.

"Like I told you, this is

Owner: Fred Cuba		City: Hastings, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Fred's Speed & Sport		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Fred's/Bruce Phelps	
Model: Cubster		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 50 degrees	
Assembly by: Fred's		Stretch: lots	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: all over	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Fred's	
Year: 1980		Risers: in bars	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): Fred's	
Rebuilder: Fred's		Headlight: Drag Spec.	
Ignition: hot		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 61 cu.in.		Speedo: right wrist	
Lower end: under jugs		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: 50-50		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: in frame	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: Buddy	
Heads: finless		Oil tank: rear fender	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: wet	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: trick plugs	
Carb(s): Dell'Orto		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: stacks		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: Fred's		Height: curved	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Cubanized		Type: springer	
Year: 1980		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: close		Builder: Fred's/Gardner	
Engine sprocket: 21		Special features: aluminum	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: you bet		Hub: custom	Hub: reworked Jap
Painter: RU		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: burgundy/blue/yellow		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop K291
Type: lacquer		Brake: small	Brake: foot
Special paint: Gold leaf by Beyke.			
Other special modifications: Engraving by Rudy Pena & Cycle Fab; dual plug heads; primary plugs; 6-hole all fucking over; O.P.M.C.			



Fred calls this setup "hot."



Photos by Michael Lichter



really a great bike, but I'm ready to start building a new one so I've got to put it up for sale." Fred sounded a bit sad. "I'm sure it'll go pretty quick though, because it would make anybody a fantastic second bike.

"It would even make someone a damn good only bike. . . if he didn't like to ride too much."

— Grape

Chains: A little work'll save a lot of walkin'

By J.D. Chandler

There are a few bros who only look at their rear chain when it's lying on the ground about a quarter-mile behind their scooters. Yeah, I know, it's happened to me, too. Doesn't have to happen, though. With a little look-in', wrenchin', and greasin', you can make your scooter's rear chain last longer than anybody will believe. Instead of wonderin' when you're gonna get stuck 40 miles from East Bum-Fuck, you can *know* it ain't gonna happen to you!

If your scooter's chain is gonna last, there are some things that it'll need. Chains don't just set there an' keep themselves company. They take a helluva beating everytime ya turn the loud handle on your

stroker, but get this: That ain't when things are the worst for yer chain.

Did ya ever lock up the rear wheel (like in front of a left-turning cage) an' have the tire start jumpin' around like a cat in heat? That's when your scooter's chain gets its ass kicked. That hoppin' tire really gets a run at the slack in the chain and when it reaches the end, it'll give the chain a jerk like Diamond never intended. Notice I mentioned slack. Too much slack in a chain lets it jerk around so it'll whip up an' down. Each time it gets to the end of its slack, the rollers and pins will meet each other like hammers. Those hammers, by the way, are beating their way to your wallet.

While too much slack

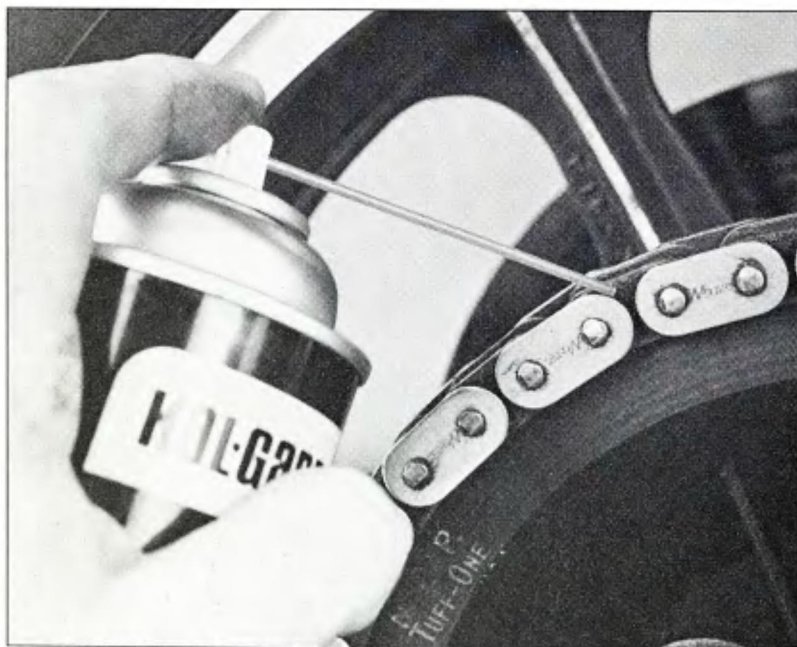
is a bummer, a tight chain will wipe out the bearings in yer gearbox an' rear wheel — another bummer. So is insufficient lube.

All yer Hog's power has to go through its chain's pins an' bushings. The sprocket teeth an' rollers are pretty big compared to the pins and bushings inside the rollers. All that space between the teeth an' rollers makes life kinda easy for them. It also makes it easy for you to see when they're dry an' need lubin'. If ya wait till the rollers are dry, the pins inside will really be hurtin'. What ya wanna do is make lubin' your chain a regular thing. Don't wait till it squeaks, rattles, or drags on the road.

A lot of ya are ridin'

Harleys with chain oilers — turn 'em off. There's a better way. Engine oil isn't good chain lube. It won't stay on long enough to do much besides wash the dirt off. Since ya ain't gonna put your chain in a can and bathe it in oil (chain cases look like shit), ya gotta use a lube that'll stay on when you're makin' a long run. Somethin' that'll get in between the pins an' bushings — and stay there.

A while back, one of the dirt rags tested a bunch of chain lubes. It was a pretty good test. One brand, Kal-Gard's Chain Kote, came in both first and second. Seems Kal-Gard private-labeled it to someone else and the two brands of the same stuff won! Well, there's nothin' like



Squirtin' lube all over the outside of yer chain won't help much — it's gotta get inside. All them Harley power-pulses go through the pins and bushings inside the chain.



This sprocket was cut wrong an' it's gonna take the chain out in a few thousand miles. Sorry, bro, but there ain't very many good chain wheels bein' made these days, includin' the factory's — which this one is.

Tech Tip

makin' sure. Chain Kote goes on thin, penetrates into the pins an' bushings, then it sets up, sticks, and stays put.

It has Moly (MoS₂) in it an' genuinely makes chains last longer, though it needs to be put on right or it'll end up stickin' to your colors as hard as it'll stay on the chain. Any chain lube that sets up should be put on *after* a putt, not before. That gives it time to penetrate an' do its thing.

Remember, the place ya want the lube is between the pins an' bushings. The way ya make sure it gets there is by sprayin' it between the plates on both sides of the chain. First ya use yer Ezy-Lift to get the rear wheel up in the air. As ya turn the wheel, spray the Chain Kote

between the inner an' outer side plates. After the master link has gone by once or twice, switch to the other side of the chain and spray some more. Don't worry about getting too much lube on the outside, just see that ya get plenty on the inside. And don't bother too much about the rollers, you'll get enough on them just tryin' to soak the lube into the side plates.

Any lube you can see on the outside of the plates (an' most of what ya can see on the rollers), isn't doin' diddly. If it's on the outside of the chain, it'll soon be on the outside of you. So, what ya do is spray on the lube, let it set, an' then wipe off as much as ya can with a rag dampened with solvent —

gasoline (be careful!) or WD-40. Anything ya can wipe off with a damp rag wrapped around the chain is just there to catch dirt an' end up on your back. A chain lubed an' cleaned this way will look an' work like new. And, it'll stay that way much longer than you'd think.

After ya lube an' wipe yer chain, an' before ya take it off the stand, check its adjustment. Remember, if it's too loose it'll beat itself to death without any further help from you or the loud handle. If it's too tight it'll take out the bearings, so get it right. It's easy enough to do. When a chain is at its tightest, it needs about a quarter-inch of free play. All you have to do is find out when

it's at its tightest.

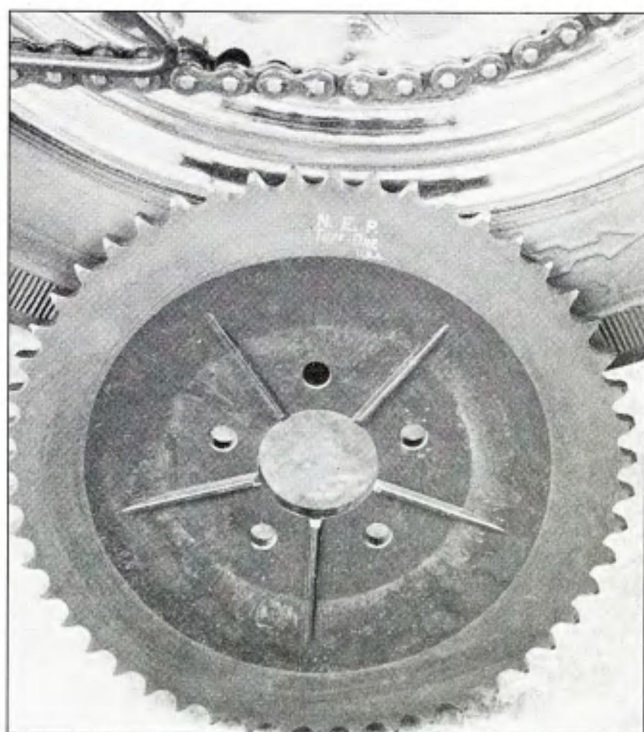
If yer ride is a hardtail, turn the wheel while you push the chain up and down to find the tight spot and then give it a quarter-inch. A swingarm bike will need a little more attention before ya can be sure the adjustment is right. As a swingarm bike's rear wheel moves, its chain gets looser an' tighter. This happens because the arm doesn't pivot on the center of the countershaft sprocket. A swingarm bike's chain will be tightest when the rear axle, the countershaft's center, and the pivot for the swingarm are all in line. The very first time ya do a swingarm chain adjustment, you'll need to go to a bit more trouble.

Continued on page 108



When the sprocket's cut right an' the chain is new, ya won't be able to pull the chain away more'n a quarter of a tooth. A new chain on a bad chain wheel is a waste of money.

Photos by J.D. Chandler



When the latest materials are mixed with genuinely excellent machining, ya get progress. This NEP sprocket might never wear out an' yer chain'll go a lot longer, too.



"That wasn't funny, Carson!"

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WELL-CHOSEN WORDS

First in a Series Devoted to Etymological Entertainment: FUCK

by William Hester

Perhaps one of the most colorful words in contemporary English usage is *fuck*. It's a magical sort of word, a telltale word, an easy giveaway involving a positioning of lips and teeth that virtually eliminates the need for sound. Additionally, it's a word comfortable in a broad range of applications, and its meaning can be altered substantially by a subtle play on tone and inflection; i.e., the opposing emotions of pain and pleasure, not to mention love and hate, are frequently suggested by the word *fuck*. Indeed, it's the emotion that triggers this word that counts; the thrust of chin and mouth which identifies its application: scornful, passionate, lustful, et cetera.

Like many words in the English language, *fuck* is evidently of Germanic origin, obliquely derived through the modern German word *frigon*, meaning "whoopie." That's as far as we'll take that particular revelation; I mean, telling people to go whoopie themselves doesn't quite make it.

Back home in English now, we find that *fuck* is well-established in various grammatical categories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive (Mary was fucked by John); a noun (Mary is one hell of a fuck); and as an adjective (Mary is a fucking beauty, or dog, or whatever). Accordingly, the word is a treasure of idiomatic versatility. Spinning off from its early (and still primary) sexual connotations, the word is frequently employed in describing common, everyday events and circumstances. Consider the following examples.

FRAUD: I got fucked by my insurance company.

INCOMPETENCE: I got fucked by my lawyer.

DISMAY: Oh, fuck it.

TROUBLE: I guess I'm fucked now.

AGGRESSION: Fuck you!

PASSION: Fuck me!

DESPAIR: Jesus, fucked again.

CONFUSION: What the fuck?

APATHY: Who gives a fuck.

SLOTH: He's a fuck-off.

FRUSTRATION: Fuck!

SLANG (Caucasian): Far fucking out.

VALUE: Someone ripped off my fucking Harley.

EMPHASIS: Officer, the fucking cage cut right in front of me.

SLANG (Mexican): Chinga tu madre.

Further, it's widely used in anatomical description (He's a real fucking asshole); telling time (It's ten fucking o'clock); in top-level career discussions (What a lousy fucking job). It even appears in nautical lingo (Fuck the torpedoes, full speed ahead). Occasionally, it can be fatal (Fuck you *and* your shotgun), but more often it's an inspiring door-opener (Let's fuck). The word is positively blessed with a variety of applications that's unfuckingbelievable.

Fuck stubbornly persists as a verbal taboo at old-guard dinner tables and church socials. Nor has it generally adapted well to cosmetic alteration, i.e. *phuck* or *fuque* (except on the occasional license plate). Still, despite its tacky childhood, *fuck* has evolved rather remarkably as a reliable tool in all-purpose lip-service, mostly because of its singular impact and convenience. Truly, *fuck* has become almost traditionalized in the wake of its *au courant* status among cafe and jet-set circles. And it is a democratic word, a classless verbal instrument growing ever-distant from its foundation in fornication (and whoopee).

The creative forms suitable for such a functional word are virtually limitless, but we should proceed with moderation. Do not overuse *fuck* in fragile relationships, or during the love-hate antagonisms that pervade personality clashes. Heavy use of the word can be considered offensive, or even primitive, and can be held against you. Nevertheless, we should develop our own styles to most effectively deliver the word, tailoring its service to fit our own characteristics of manner, dress, and diction. It takes some practice; the slight nod of the head, the arched eyebrow, the hands on the hips, the understated, malicious (and delicious) inflection, the perplexing lilt (How did she mean that?), the venomous teeth-clenching assault, the challenge. Rehearsing with a friend or in front of a mirror, you should soon have the hang of it. If not, fuck it.

Why not start today? Tell someone, "Fuck you."

I mean, why the fuck not? ■



DUMB BITCH

by Wildman

January fifth. . . It started off as one of those days you wish you'd never woken up into, let alone gotten out of bed for. The kind of day that starts off with your dog biting your ankle, showers with no hot water, and the rest of the day equally distributed between trying to convince bill collectors that their check is in the mail and running to the john with a disgustingly bad case of Montezuma's Revenge.

Actually, it had started a few months back when I was on a parts run and stopped to pick up this neat little hitch-hiker along the expressway. It was raining like hell, a cold half-snow, half-rain type of rainfall, and there, up ahead in the no man's land between two counties where the cops from both counties like to compete with each other on the volume of persons stopped, hassled, and/or ticketed, she was. . . soaked.

As I slowed my cage down, her cherubic face broke into a smile while she suggestively sucked a diet cola through a straw. All she had on was a worn and wet white T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers so soaked that she sloshed when she walked towards the car. I gave her my old leather to cover herself with and turned the heat up. Once she stopped shivering, she told me how she had been living with a biker, gotten dumped, moved in overnight with some shoe salesman, and expertly lifted his designer jeans, designer sneakers, his wallet and \$300 in cash the next morning, thoughtfully avoiding waking him up on the way out. She was short, petite, and pretty as a picture. And stacked. In fact, unbelievably stacked. Even dry, her poor old T-shirt strained to cover up two unbridled melons each the size of her rear end.

She was also dumb. Exceedingly dumb. Unexcusably dumb. Unbelievably dumb. Undeniably *dumb*! A couple of days later, when the temperature rose to riding weather (40°) I went to pick up my new Harley Low Rider at the local dealer's, about twenty miles away. She begged to go, too, so I fit her up with my spare leathers

and we piled into a friend's car to go get the bike. By the time the bike was ready, the temperature had dropped to under 30°. She still wanted to ride, so off we went. I was impressed by her feminine bravery, considering she was the first passenger on a new bike I had never ridden before. Her hands were bone-white from the cold because she wouldn't wear gloves. My beard looked like a frozen fuzzicle, and my goggles were fogged and frozen so bad I took the useless things off. My eyes watered up from the cold and when the skin around my eyes started to ice up, it was time to stop for a while. We pulled into a Burger King, thawed out, and ordered some food.

After dining on pseudo-broiled microwaved cuisine, she went to the ladies room and I went to warm the bike up. She came out and I pulled the Hog up, brimming with pride over the first new bike I'd ever owned. I'd had four Harleys before it, but this was the first new one. Pristine, undented, unchopped, unleaking, unscratched. Unscratched, that is, until I looked up and there she was, running at me dead center. I turned and so did she. As her legs hit the front fender, she, me, and the formerly unsullied Hog all hit the pavement. "Why the fuck did you do that?" I yelled from under 575 pounds of still-running Milwaukee iron.

"I saw it in a movie once. I just wanted to hop up on the handlebars."

A few days later she actually managed to drop a 75-pound TV set on my stereo, breaking the record player needle and denting the turntable. Without even waiting to listen how things can fall up, I saw to it that she promptly hit the road again. She's probably still bumblin' her way through life wondering why no one lets her hang around for long. Bumblin', that is, with the \$700 in cash she lifted from me on her way out.

Bet you think this story is about a dumb overdeveloped blonde, right? Wrong! It is about another chick I would not have met without first meeting the clumsy one.

Left with a light wallet, a

Continued on page 98

You Pick The WINNER!

Here it is again, your chance to vote for the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Of The Year. There are two methods to determine how to vote: the intellectual and the instinctual. To vote the first way, look deep in their eyes and see which one looks most intelligent, most compassionate, most refined. To vote instinctually, look at their tits and asses and pick the one who gets ya hardest.

One thing's for sure. Whether ya use yer big head to decide or yer little one, each of these twelve tasty finalists is salivating for your vote and the chance to win \$1000 and become Ol' Lady Of The Year. So sharpen your eyes and your pencils and kite your vote — written on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to Ol' Lady Of The Year, Box 52, Malibu, Ca 90265-0052. Deadline for voting is Sept. 30, so don't delay.



HONEY

JOYCE



CHERYL



SUZANNE

SHANNON





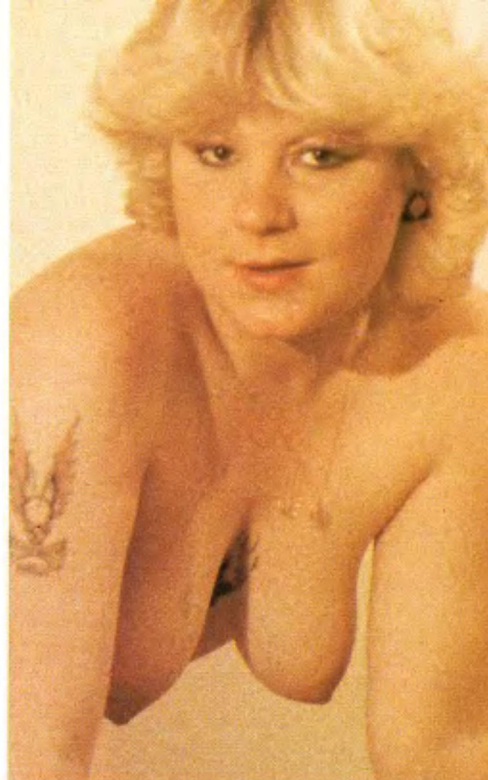
KIM

BECKY



NANCY

PIPER



CHERI

DIANA MAE



APRIL



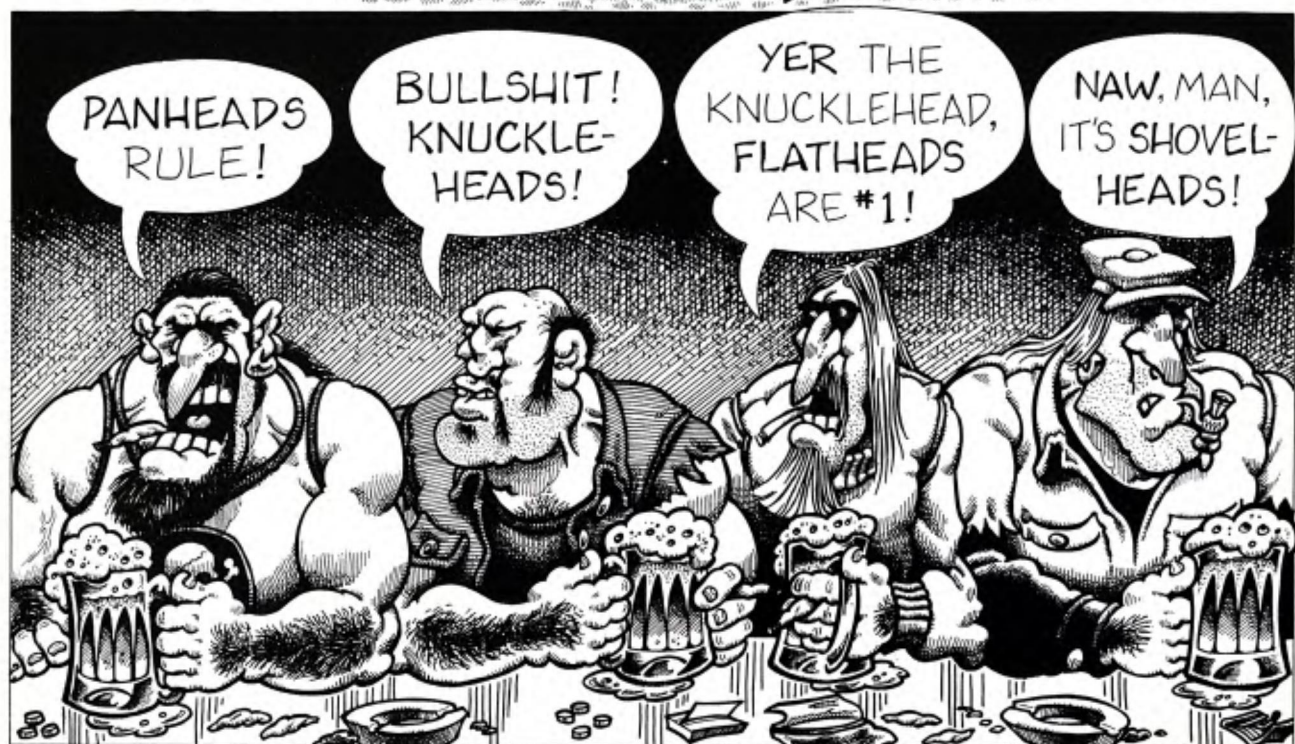
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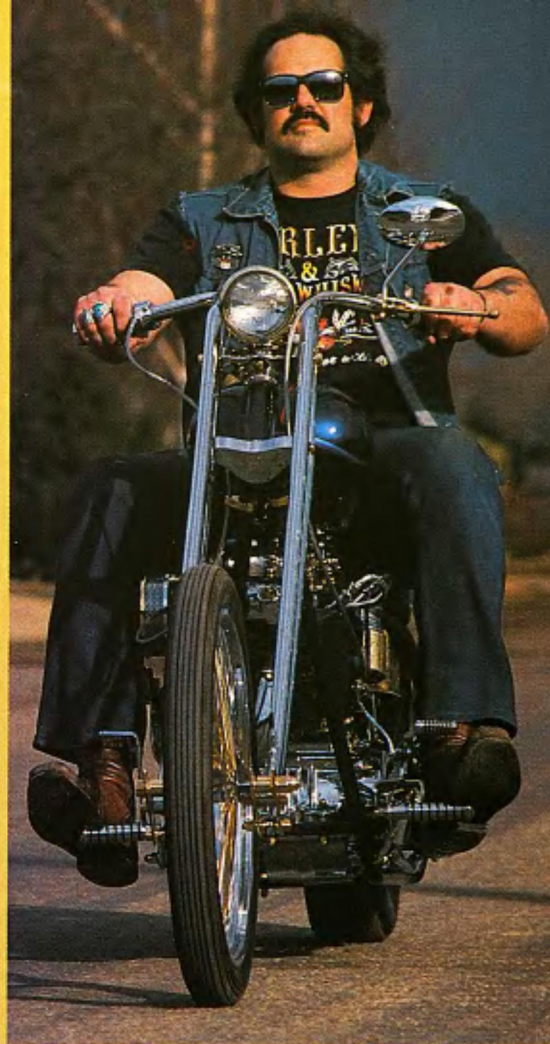
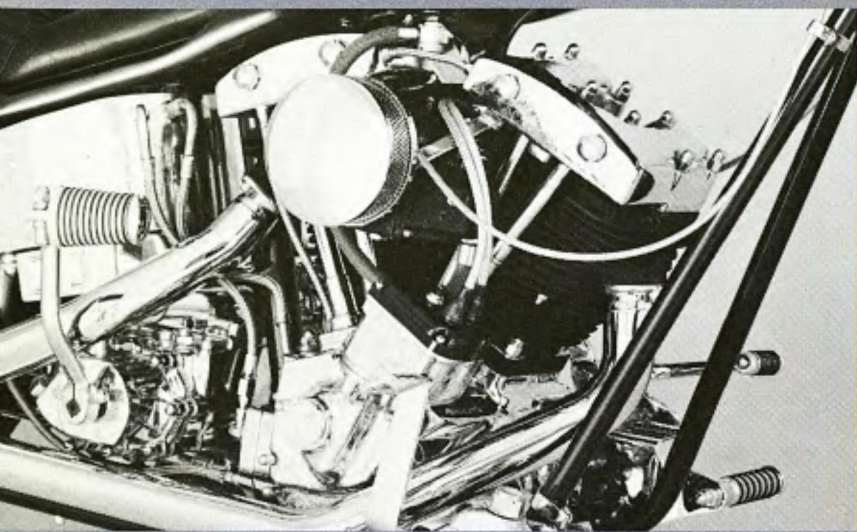
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SON OF TH



UNDER



The bike you're looking at is called "Lightning," a \$25,000 burner covered with engraved trim, polished parts and special paint.

What isn't pictured here is owner Russ Gregoire's garage where Lightning's pappy — an FXS named Thunder — slumbers happily while waiting for Russ to fire it up for one of their still-frequent runs.

"Thunder's really just about the same as Lightning," Russ says, "except it's only 84 inches. It's got the same paint job, but the gold parts on Lightning are chrome on Thunder and there's no engraving."

As you might have guessed, Lightning was born when Russ decided that, much as he liked Thunder, he wanted a ride that was even faster and flashier. Using Thunder as a basic design, he went into the garage and eventually roared back out like a streak of — well, like a streak of lightning.

So, if you enjoy seeing the wildest



Owner: Russ Gregoire		City: Pocatello, Ida.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: owner/Espil/Logan	
Model: FXS		Type: handmade radical	
Value: \$25,000		Rake: enough	
Assembly by: owner/Hanna's Cycle		Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 7 months		Other alterations: plenty	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Harmon Collins	
Year: 1984		Risers: none	
Model: custom		Fender(s): handmade	
Rebuilder: owner/Hanna's Cycle		Headlight: Drag Spec.	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: Judy Cantrill (Classic Glass)	
Displacement: 92 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: Precision Machine		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 10:1 Axtell		Electrics: Bill Crump	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: handmade	
Heads: re-ported/flowed		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews C grind		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Primo	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Herb's Shop	
Air cleaner: custom		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: Jammer		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Jammer		Material: chromoly	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: takes belt drives		Type: girder	
Year: 1984		Extension: 24 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Harmon Collins	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: engraved	
Trans sprocket: Phase 3 pulley		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: H-D pulley		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: John "Hondo" Espil		Hub: Swinger	Hub: Jammer
Painter: John "Hondo" Espil		Rim width: 1 1/2 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Color: candy-blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: H-D
Special paint: Scrolls done in pearls; airbrushed eagle's head.			

Other special modifications: Engraving, 3 11/16-in. Axtell barrels, Manley valves, Doherty pushrod tubes, aircraft magneto cables. Special thanks to: Rick, Willie, Kevin, Bruce "Bear" Bauer, Judy, Gloria, Herb, Dee & the boys, Hondo, Ronnie & Donnie at Brown's, Norm, Precision Machine, and my wife.

Photos by Michael Lichter

forces of nature — Thunder and Lightning — harnessed and held in control by steel, wire, and rubber, study these pictures long and hard, 'cause the bike they represent will never be seen again. It no longer, in fact, even exists.

"It's completely torn apart," Russ says. "The front end's off and the rear part of the frame is off."

"We're changing just about everything to make it stronger.

First we're going to put a blower and fuel injection on it. When we're through it'll run on straight alky with a nitrous oxide setup.

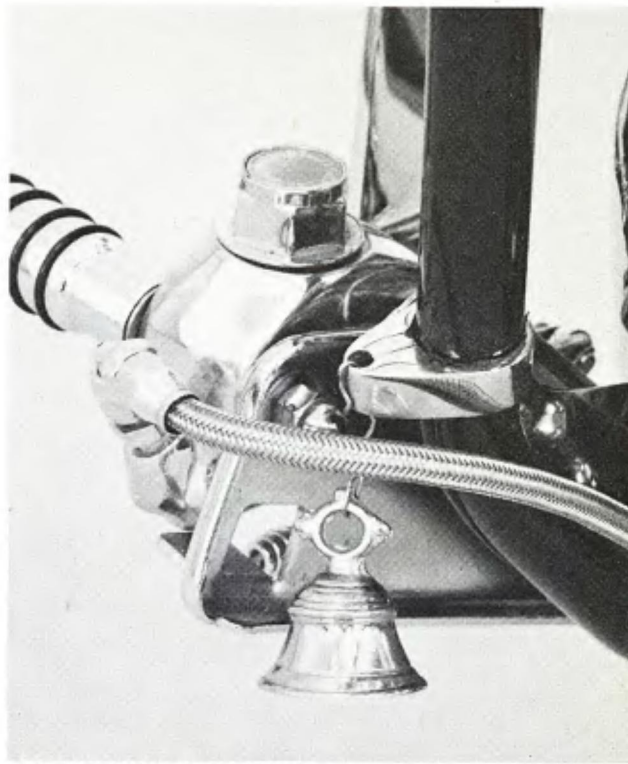
"I'm also changing the brakes and a bunch of the other running gear. I figure that by the time I'm done I'll have around 45 grand in it, which is a hell of a lot of money considering that I built my first Harley for \$4200 in 1968."

Yeah, whether ya got a

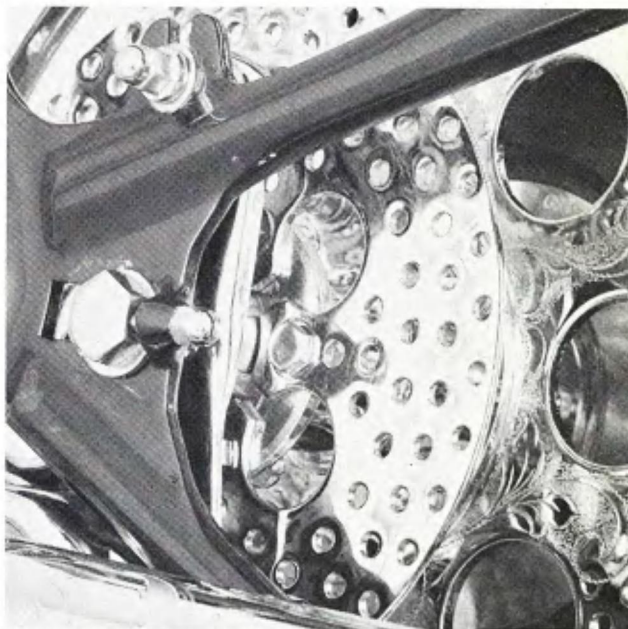
pocketful of coins or a dumpster full of greenbacks, that's still a lot of money. Despite the cost, though, we suspect that Russ will never be fully satisfied with any motorcycle he builds. Some guys are just that way, forever hunting that last ounce of speed and/or looks.

The real question is, after rolling out Thunder and lashing up Lightning, what the hell is he gonna call the next one?

—Butcher



A backup bell, but no reverse.



Enough holes for a Swiss cheese.



LOST IN TENNESSEE



It started out as a combination rent party/poker run; it ended up as a completely partied-out Memorial Day weekend.

The voice floating out of the big four-by dripped, if not Tupelo honey, the very sweetest blackstrap molasses, "Do y'all need some help?"

I looked up from the crumpled road map spread out on the tank — the golden voice was attached to a mop of even-more-golden hair, about sixteen years' worth if I haven't lost my eye for judging such things. "Just lookin' for the

way back to Lynchburg," I said, trying not to sound too stupid.

"It's two turns back," she advised me. "You missed it." She paused and gave me a faraway sort of wistful smile. "I sure do like yoah motorsickle."

Yeah, well, I like it, too, I thought, even though it's not mine. And I'd sure like to plant your sweet young ass on the back of it, but that's okay, tell



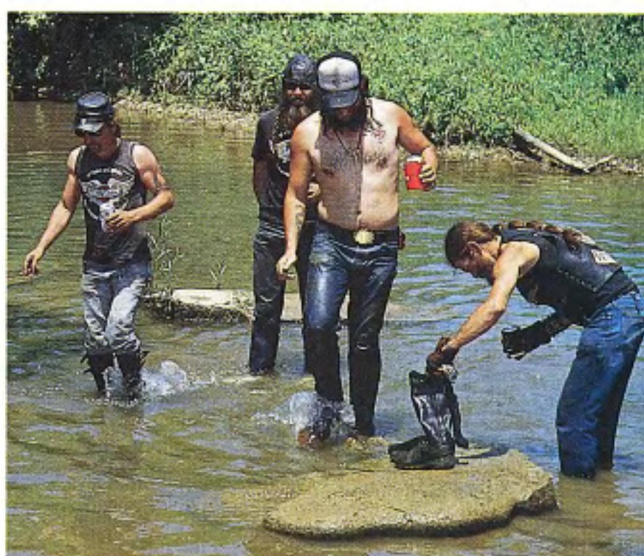
LOST IN TENNESSEE

"yoah" daddy to unwrap his knuckles from around the Louisville Slugger he's got stashed under the driver's seat. I'm on my best behavior this trip. No jail bait. Spider made me promise.

Honey-tongued daughters of Dixie and pickup trucks, jealous daddies and a brain-bucket playing migraine on my skull, bugs the size of Big Macs and road maps that made no sense. Suddenly it hit

me — I was south of the Mason-Dixon line for the first time in a coon's age.

The occasion, and take it from me it has to be a real **occasion** before Spider lets one of us office prospects cut loose for three whole days, was a combination poker run/rent party put on by the owners of one of the few chopper shops between Huntsville, Alabama, and Nashville, Tennessee — Wild Country Cycles of Lynchburg, Tennessee. *Continued on page 110*



Photos by Pete Chiodo and Trampo



All right, women. The news has been broken to our men that indeed, women are, and have been, an evolving species. Some of our male counterparts took the news fairly well. Others, in a state of panic, tried effortlessly to come up with an ol' ladies' qualifications guideline for those men who have found it increasingly difficult to find compatible companionship among the female species.

The need for some concrete method of measuring the qualifications of a dick — I mean, the measuring of a man for his ol' man qualities — is far more important. So, ladies, I give you this guideline of ol' man qualifications, conceived with your interests at heart.

The first qualification for a good ol' man, and by far the most important, is cleanliness. There's nothing more disgusting than an ol' man whose hair looks like something a dog would barf up after eating half your yard. If, after sufficient time has gone by for your man to have cleaned up his act (which, of course, includes the proper maintenance of his stash and beard), he has not, tell him he's

welcome to live in the dog house, which is located outside. (I'm sure Princess won't mind.)

If your ol' man has passed this first test, then go ahead and invite him into your home. Of course, this will instantly tell you if your man is fit to continue in your company. If he's indeed a worthy man, he'll understand his position and accept your invitation humbly by allowing you to enter your home first, while he holds the door for you. However, if this is not what happens, and he rushes in first, simply follow him in, holding your machete in one hand while grabbing for his dick with the other. I'm sure he'll vacate your premises or change his ways. After settling into a comfortable position with your man, begin to converse with him. If his rap is limited to only his bike, sex, partying, and his tattoos, quickly rid yourself of the insect. Tell yourself it was nothing more than a nightmare and begin looking again.

This brings us to our last and most interesting test.

Continued on page 84

A CHICK QUALIFIES MEN

by Goldie



Bike passenger killed by 'safety' helmet

A 20-year-old woman in Hampton, Virginia, was pronounced dead at the scene after being dragged 80 feet down a freeway by her state-mandated motorcycle helmet.

Observers at the scene, including state police officials, admit that the woman, who was serving in the U.S. Navy, would probably have suffered only minor injuries if she had not had on the skid (a very appropriate name, in this case) lid.

The bizarre accident was triggered when the motorcycle on which the victim was a passenger was sideswiped by a blue van. According to state police reports, the force of the collision pushed the bike into the median of Interstate 64 and caused the scooter pilot to lose control of his machine.

The bike driver, who suffered only minor cuts, was thrown off his scooter on the median, but the bike and its female

passenger continued across the island and landed in the opposing traffic lanes.

At this point, according to state police Trooper Roy Richards, "A Datsun drove over the victim, but did not strike her. Her helmet caught on the undercarriage [of the Datsun] and she was dragged 80 feet before the driver could stop."

Richards noted that the actual cause of death was probably a skull fracture caused by pressure from the helmet.

"If not for the helmet," the police officer noted in his report on the tragedy, "the car might have passed over her and she would have been all right."

Typically, the driver of the van that rammed the scooter did not stop at the scene and, at presstime, a police search for the vehicle had so far proven unsuccessful.

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Biker saved from morgue by fast-acting rookie cop

Every once in a while we come across a story that makes us stop and realize that the world isn't the totally fucked-up place it often seems to be. This is one of those stories.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, biker Kent Foster, 22, owes his life to a rookie police officer who refused to believe what he was told at the scene of Foster's motorcycle accident: This guy is dead, call the meat wagon to come and get him.

Officer Steven McCool, who was still in training at the time of the incident, used his police-issue ballpoint pen to pry dirt out of the fallen biker's mouth and suppress his tongue, and then recruited a passerby to press on Foster's chest to get him started breathing again and keep him breathing until an ambulance and paramedics arrived.

The rescue began when McCool and his partner were approached by a cage driver while making a routine traffic stop. The motorist told them he had passed a motorcycle lying on its side on the shoulder of the road.

The two police officers sped to the scene and found, in McCool's words, "a good citizen who had enough foresight to stop and look for a victim when he saw the motorcycle." The passerby told the officers that he had, indeed, found a victim but that the man was apparently dead.

After examining Foster, McCool's older and more experienced partner confirmed the bystander's opinion and began doing the paperwork necessary to report a traffic fatality. The rookie, McCool, was not so sure, however.

"When I got to the man I saw dirt from the impact jammed and crammed inside his mouth," McCool said later. "I took my pen. It was the only thing I had at the time. It was the next best thing to a tongue depressor, so I used it and it worked."

McCool and the good Samaritan bystander began artificial respiration and managed to keep the biker alive until an ambulance arrived and took Foster to a nearby hospital where he was listed in fair condition.

"I felt pretty good," McCool, who modestly credited most of the heroics to the "good citizen" who had the foresight to stop and look," said of the rescue. "I'll give it everything I've got. That's what I'm out there for."

We've invested in hawg futures.



When foreign competition threatened a great American dream machine, we helped give Harley Davidson an edge off the line.

With Japanese motorcycles rolling ashore in record numbers, Harley Davidson Motor Co. needed a way to improve production if they wanted to hold their ground in the marketplace.

So company officials contacted the Wisconsin Department of Development. With a grant from our Customized Labor Training Fund, they were able to educate 600 employees in Statistical Process Control.

As a result, Harley Davidson

experienced a dramatic reduction in scrap and warranty costs. And new bikes that come off the assembly line run better than ever.

The Customized Labor Training Fund has helped a lot of Wisconsin companies get specialized training that's unavailable through regular routes.

If a lack of properly trained employees has you spinning your wheels, call the Department of Development at 1-800-HELP BUSINESS. We'll have you up to speed in a flash.

WISCONSIN DEPARTMENT OF DEVELOPMENT

HELPING HAND FOR HOGS — Harley-Davidson's recent advances in production and quality control would not have been possible without some new attitudes on the part of its workers — many of whom were trained or retrained under a program subsidized by the state of Wisconsin, which recently put together this advertisement to tell of its efforts.

Harley introduces biggest Sporty ever

1100cc model also to be available in limited-edition 'Liberty' trim

Harley-Davidson has begun supplying dealers with a new, bigger displacement Sportster designed to bridge the price and performance gulf between the new 883cc bottom-of-the-line Sportsters and the megabuck Big Twins.

Based on the new Evolution engine, the 1100 has still not been given a five-speed transmission, but H-D claims the traditional four-speed has been much improved by the use of special computerized grinding machines that allow for the use of exceptionally tight gear tolerances.

With a suggested retail price of \$5199, the Sportster 1100XLH — as it's officially known — also features a no-bullshit 12 month/unlimited mileage warranty and an extended service interval of 5000 miles.

As usual, Harley refuses to release horsepower figures, but sources at the factory indicate the 1100 packs about 15 percent more punch than the 883 and 5 percent more than the 1985 1000cc Sportster.

In torque ratings, the 1100 pumps out 63.5 foot pounds at 4000rpm, while its smaller sister, the 883, develops 53fp at the same rpm.

Since the 1100 is the second new Sporty introduced by Harley in less than six months, it does, as you might expect, share many components with the 883. The first, and most important, similarity is that both powerplants are based on the Evolution engine design introduced on the Big Twins last year, with the extra displacement of the 1100 achieved by increasing the bore from the 883's 76.2mm to 85.1mm.

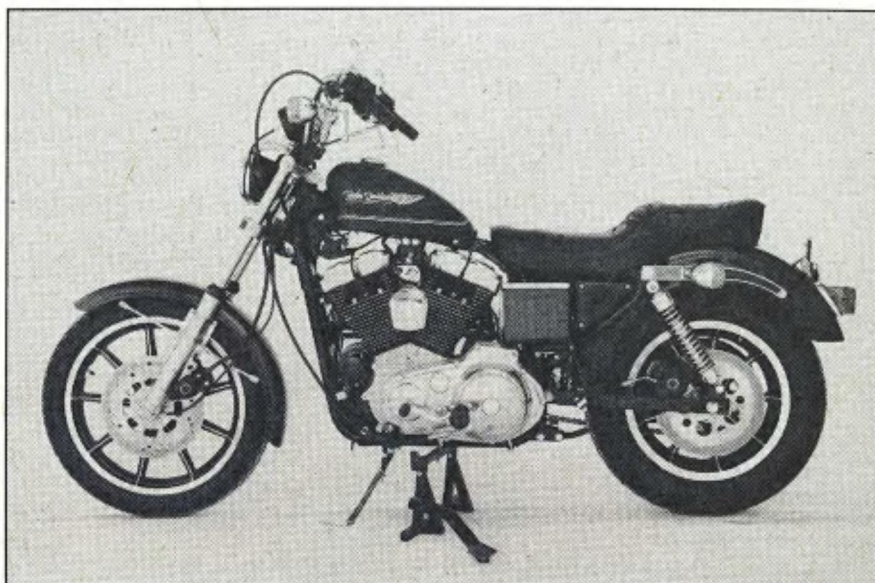
The 1100 retains the 883's 2.25 gallon tank, 34mm carb, 11.5" single rotor brakes, and 19" front, 16" rear tire setup.

Gear ratios are slightly shorter on the 1100 and, as befits a top-of-the-line model, it has been given a more complete instrumentation package — in other words, they've stuck on a tach.

One of the nicest things about the new bike is that changing the bore of the Evolution engine obviously doesn't make it any heavier and, though the PR-types at the factory deny it, it is equally obvious that the twin cradle frame used on the 883 was designed to handle more power right from the start. The result is that the weight penalty on the 1100, as opposed to the 883, is absolutely zero — they both weigh 466 pounds dry and have gross vehicle ratings of 900 pounds.

Paint and style-wise, your \$5199 (plus tax, license, inland transportation, finance charges, insurance, and everything else the dealer, bank, and state and federal governments can think of tacking on) will get you an 1100 in black, red, candy-burgundy with slate trim, and candy-purple with silver trim. Engines feature a black wrinkle-finish with highlighted edges on the cooling fins.

But that's only the *basic* 1100. According to many Harley followers, the hot lick in Sportsters for 1986 will be the special,



TOP-OF-THE-LINE — Harley-Davidson's new 1100cc Sportster

limited-edition "Liberty" model designed to sell, the factory promises, for only about \$100 more than the standard 1100.

Though the exact look of the Liberty Sportster has not yet been revealed, it is known that the model will feature special paint and trim, and that the extra 100 bucks will be contributed by Harley-Davidson to the fund to restore the Statue of Liberty.

More important, the company is planning an extremely small production run for the Liberty edition — less than 700, according to insiders — making it one Hog that should not only hold its value over the years, but greatly increase it.

Simultaneously with introducing the 1100, Harley announced some price changes on the 883. Originally intended

to be the first recent Harley to bust the \$4000 price barrier, the 883 does that, barely, with a suggested list price of \$3995. Under the new price schedule, however, that price applies only to the plain vanilla, red, and black models. The flashier candy-red and signal-blue 883s will now retail for about \$75 bucks more.

The introduction of the new Sportsters marks an end to production of the 1000cc XL series after a 14-year run. First introduced in 1972, the 1000cc Sporties replaced the overhead-valve-engine 55-cu.-in. Sportsters that, though advertised as having a 900cc engine size, actually — believe it or not — displaced 883ccs. Maybe Einstein was right and the universe is just a big circle with all of us making tracks around it...

Lid firm to pay biker's widow \$300,000

The know-nothings who keep telling us so-called safety helmets will save our lives should try feeding their lies to the widow and two babies of a 34-year-old Missouri biker who was killed when his lid split in half — that's right, *split in half* — during a relatively minor spill.

That is, the spill would have been relatively minor had not the force of the heavy helmet cracking open caused the biker to sustain a fatal cerebral hemorrhage.

According to testimony in a lawsuit filed by the widow and her children, the biker was riding down a street at about 35mph when he hit a pothole or some other kind of dip in the road and started to go down.

The biker hung on, hit his brakes, and tried to regain control of the scooter. By the time he actually hit the ground, evidence at the trial indicated, he was traveling at a very low rate of speed that should have produced the type of "glancing blow" that normally causes only minimal damage to a bare-headed gourd and should transmit virtually no stress to the outer shell of a so-called safety helmet.

Despite this, the helmet fractured completely into two, causing severe trauma to the victim's head and neck area. According to engineering experts who testified for the widow, a helmet that split under such a small blow could not possibly be providing any degree of impact spread and dissipation, and would have transmitted virtually the complete force of any head blow to the wearer.

Though lawyers for the bucket company argued the biker would have been killed regardless of what kind of head gear he was wearing, the mute evidence of the two helmet halves proved irrefutable and the jury awarded the biker's family \$300,000.

Ditching double-nickel no easy task

Rep. Barbara Vucanovich puts it about as well as anyone. "Fundamental in any formation of law and government is the proposition the laws cannot be effectively enforced without the consent and voluntary compliance of the public majority," she says. "Each violation is a silent vote that the 55mph speed limit is unacceptable."

Vucanovich is one of a growing handful of senators and representatives who have introduced measures designed to either raise the 55mph limit or return to the states the right to set their own limits.

Unfortunately, their efforts have so far been thwarted by an extremely powerful lobby of self-serving safety fascists who could care less about public opinion or votes — silent or otherwise.

A case in point was a recent House Science and Technology Subcommittee hearing on last November's National Research Council report that the costs of requiring people to travel at a snail's pace — particularly on wide-open Western free-ways designed to be safe at 80mph or above — were much higher than the derived so-called safety and fuel-conservation benefits.

Appearing on the panel at the subcommittee hearing, our old nemesis Joan Claybrook (a sworn enemy to everyone who uses the nation's highway system whether they're on two wheels, four wheels, or 18 wheels), noted there had been little "pressure at the state level for removal of the 55mph limit for several years... until publication of the report."

Apparently, in the world according to Joan, certain facts should be suppressed because they might rile up the peasants to protest the life their betters have planned for them.

Claybrook also stressed what those of her fellow fascists in the Mafia have long known: Threats and extortion are a great way to force people to do what you want. "(With) the clear statement in the law that federal-aid highway funding would be discontinued for any state that refused to adopt the 55mph maximum speed limit, there is virtually no likelihood that any state will not maintain it," she noted.

Back when they were teaching us civics

in high school, that was called "blackmail" and it was illegal. Back in the late '70s, Congress declared that such a threat regarding the mandatory use of motorcycle helmets was unconstitutional — that's why over 30 states subsequently passed repeal bills. Why Congress has not yet decided similarly in the speed limit case is unclear, but, if the testimony at the subcommittee hearing is any clue, the situation may be slowly changing.

One heartening fact is that St. Joan was the only speaker at the hearing to support the current regulations 100 percent.

Though others testifying didn't necessarily endorse higher limits, most seemed to feel that individual state legislatures were more likely to know what was a proper speed inside their own borders than the federal government.

In addition to Rep. Vucanovich, about 15 other congressmen — most from Western states — testified in favor of changing the double-nickel law, which a number of them said "just doesn't make sense anymore."

Some of their comments are worth repeating.

- "I have a specific objection to the federal government holding a club over the states."

— Rep. Manuel Lujan (R-N.M.)

- "The 55mph speed limit is easily the most abused law in the land."

— Rep. Dave McCurdy (D-Okl.)

- "There is no reason why the states should not be trusted to locally regulate their speed limits. Not every highway has the same traffic congestion... as the Washington Beltway."

— Sen. Steven Symms (R-Ida.)

Despite these fine words, immediate changes in the law seem unlikely for several reasons.

A major one is the fact that the House Public Works and Transportation Committee must act on any proposal to change the limit before that proposal can go to the floor of the house. These hearings must be initiated by the chairman of that committee, none other than Rep. James Howard (D-N.J.), sponsor of the original double-nickel law back in 1973. Next to Claybrook, he's perhaps the country's most

outspoken advocate of life in the slow lane.

As of last spring, Howard had three bills modifying the national speed limit bottled up in his committee and had reportedly told an aide to Rep. Vucanovich — who authored one of the stalled bills — that he had no plans to ever hold hearings on any of them.

Said Howard of the move to give back to the states the power to write speed laws, "I can't see it moving at all. I haven't heard from the head of a single state police department or — in private — from any governor who wants to do much."

As for what the public wants, Howard's apparent opinion is fuck 'em if they don't want to slowly snooze their way between Trenton and Washington. Fortunately, New Jersey voters will have a chance to tell Howard how much they appreciate his denigration of public opinion in the congressional elections of 1986.

In the Senate, pro-deregulation Sen. Steve Symms chairs the subcommittee that will first hear any anti-double-nickel bills, but Sen. John Danforth (R-Mo.), chairman of the full committee (Commerce, Science and Transportation) that will get them next is, while not as virulently opposed to change as Howard, reasonably supportive of the current law.

Those who feel ripped off by having contributed to the billions of tax dollars that went into constructing an interstate highway system designed to be safe at 80mph — for the poorer-handling and poorly suspended cars and bikes of the '50s — only to be forced in the '70s and '80s to drive at the same speed (or less in some cases) that was allowed on the old highways that the interstates replaced, should do two things.

First, write, write, and write your state legislators, governor, and federal senators and representatives, and get your friends and family to do the same.

Second, never forget that every single member of the U.S. House of Representatives, one-third of the Senate, and many, many state officials are up for reelection in just 13 months. Maybe it's time we found out where these people stand in regard to freedom of movement — and cast our votes accordingly.

Cager charged with running down riders

Some people seem to hate bikers so much that there's literally no way to keep them from trying to kill us.

According to police, a Syracuse, New York, man ignored a pursuing police car — complete with flashing lights, siren, the whole bit — for six blocks, just so he could catch up to and deliberately ram a motorcycle — all in full view of the officer.

Terrance Champagne, 20, who authorities say does not have a driver's license and was using his mother's car without permission, allegedly hit the bike with

such force that it was thrown 50 feet into a parking lot where it crunched a cage so severely that the occupant was injured.

Bike rider Russ Seifried, 21, was listed in critical condition after the crash and his passenger, Kathy Lusk, 19, was hospitalized in serious condition.

According to police, the incident was triggered when Champagne began arguing with the bike riders while they were pulled up next to each other at an intersection. When the bike moved out, the cage followed. After several blocks, a police

officer observed the 1979 Chevy wagon moving down the road "erratically" and attempted to pull it over. Despite putting on his lights and siren, the officer said the driver of the car ignored him and continued on at a normal rate of speed until he came up behind the motorcycle and rammed it.

Champagne has been charged with first-degree assault, driving while intoxicated, driving without a license, operating an unregistered and uninsured vehicle, and failure to obey a police officer.

Under-the-gun bikers save couple's wedding

The cry was "Bikers, man the cannon!" in Olympia, Washington, recently as ABATE members acted to "save" the wedding plans of Tracee Meeks and Randi Johnson.

Seems the pair had long dreamed of being married between two huge cannons mounted at a local park. The only problem was, shortly before the wedding vandals cut the bolts holding one of the cannon barrels to its wheels and dragged the 1220-lb. barrel off into the weeds.

Arriving at the wedding site about 1 p.m., Meeks was dismayed to find one of the big guns she had counted on to add panache to her nuptials dismembered.

Meeks immediately called the Olympia police who referred her to the city's department of public works. The CPW sent a man to the scene to tell Meeks both the good and the bad news. The good news was that the same thing had happened before, about five years earlier, without any permanent damage being done to the cannon. The bad news was that the city did not have any equipment powerful enough to hoist it back into place on short notice.

Fortunately, help was at hand in the form of some ABATE chapters holding a spring bash in an adjacent area of the park.

Informed of the problem, Olympia ABATE coordinator Chuck Darnelle rounded up his brothers and said, "Who wants to go for a cannon toss?"

The response was virtually unanimous and the bikers, working in relays of six, were soon sliding city-provided I-beams under the barrel and slowly huffing-and-puffing it back to the concrete slab on which the cannon is mounted.

Once at the slab, the assembled ABATE members all gave a heave and boosted the wayward weapon back on its base.

"I'm so ecstatic they got it back on," Meeks said. "Now I can get married."

One of the bikers summed it up somewhat differently. "We party together and we work together," Mad Dog Isaackson said. "We believe that if you help your brother or sister, your brother or sister will help you. We're just trying to make it a better place to live."

Mom's Day helmet run

Hundreds of Water Wonderland riders descended on Detroit's Kennedy Square last Mother's Day to protest the state legislature's continued refusal to repeal Michigan's mandatory helmet law.

"It's looking better all the time," Michigan ABATE President Jim Rhoades told the crowd at a rally held at the square. "For the first time ever, we have legislators begging to co-sponsor a repeal bill."

"We've gained a lot of sympathy because of the passage of the [mandatory] seat-belt law," Rhoades added. "The legislators are getting a lot of flak over the seat-belt law from their constituents."

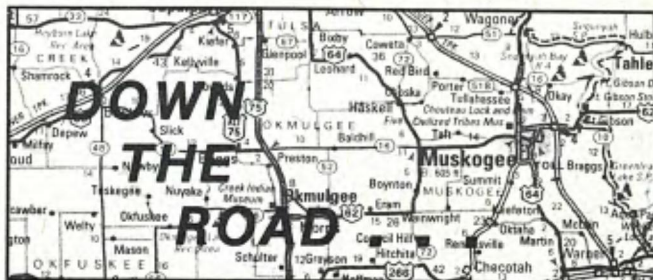
The highlight of the Kennedy Square rally was the ritual burning of a helmet. After the ceremonial incineration most of the bros and sisters saddled up and rode to Hines Park in Dearborn for a picnic.

Bros wins shootout with cager

A biker in Tucson, Arizona, recently apprehended a hit-and-run cager after seeing the suspect run down a rider.

Wesley Stevens, 40, was riding his scooter along N. Dodge Blvd. in Tucson when he saw a 1974 Pontiac make a U-turn and run into a biker. As the Pontiac sped away from the scene, Stevens gave chase. When he approached the side of the Pontiac and began to signal the driver to pull over, the cager swerved and tried to hit him.

Stevens then pulled back, produced a .45, and proceeded to fire three slugs into the right rear tire of the cage. The cager kept going for a few blocks, but finally ditched her vehicle and was subsequently arrested.



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have your club or organization's event listed, get the information to us at least three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

SEPTEMBER

September 7 — TOY RUN to benefit American Legion-U.S. Marine Corps "Toys For Tots" program. Three-D store parking lot, Sturgis, Michigan. For info, write Bear, Box 7073, Sturgis, MI 49091. (616) 651-9268.

September 8 — SWAP MEET. County Fairgrounds, Antioch, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

September 14-15 — WINDY CREEK RUN. Sponsored by ABATE of Douglas County, Oregon. For info, write ABATE of Oregon, Box 4504, Portland, OR 97208.

September 17 — SWAP MEET, Ventura Fairgrounds, Ventura, Calif. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818.

September 18 — WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CHOPPER RACES. Inland Motor Speedway, San Bernardino, California.

September 28-29 — TOY RUN. Second Annual Santa's Anonymous Run, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

September 28-29 — ABATE OF CALIFORNIA annual state run at the Pala Indian Campground. For info, call (619) 941-0826.

OCTOBER

October 19 — SWAP MEET at New Oxford Social Club Pavilion, New Oxford, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pa., Mason Dixon Chapter. For info, call (717) 359-5421, or write 'em at 436 Conewago Dr., East Berlin, PA 17316.

October 19-20 — NATIONAL FINALS ALL-HARLEY DRAGS, Winston-Salem, N.C. 15 trophy classes for all types of street or modified Hogs. Qualifying, Saturday; eliminations, Sunday. For info, call (919) 325-2645.

October 20 — BIKER FLEA MARKET at Slab City Motor Company in Bethel, Maine. For info, call (207) 824-2028.

October 25 — SWAP MEET at Greene County Fairgrounds, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. For info, call (412) 627-5859.

October 27 — SWAP MEET and bike show, Metrolina Fairgrounds, Charlotte, North Carolina. For info, call (704) 536-8535.

October 27 — HALLOWEEN SWAP MEET, Campbell Hall, Pasadena, Texas. Lots of door prizes and live music. For info, call (713) 991-0699.

NOVEMBER

November 2-4 — 100th ANNIVERSARY OF MOTORCYCLING rally, Phillip Island Motor Racing Circuit, Phillip Island, Victoria, Australia. For info, write 100th Anniversary, Box 242, Churchill, Victoria, 3842; Australia.

November 24 — TOY RUN, San Diego, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2202 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

DECEMBER

December 15 — EIGHTH ANNUAL HOG HEAVEN cycle party, 7254 SW 40th St., Miami, Florida. For info, call (305) 261-5002.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	Yes
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
California	Yes	No ^{1,3}	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes
Maine	Yes	No	No
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No
Nebraska	Yes	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Washington	Yes	No	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 48. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵ Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. ¹³ Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



About 250 bare-headed bikers recently staged a helmet-law protest run from Bradenton to Venice, Florida. Under the sponsorship of the Florida West Coast Chapter of ABATE, the run came off pretty much without incident, largely because the local police decided to treat it as a parade, thereby negating the necessity to "bucket up"... **A Pennsylvania appeals court** has freed a cager convicted of vehicular homicide for killing a biker. Judge Vincent Cirillo said that the lower court had erred in finding the cager criminally liable for the accident when, in Cirillo's view, he was merely "negligent." Guess that makes everything all right and brings the biker back to life, right?

The children of a biker killed when a Chicago fire truck, operating without lights or siren, ran a red light and hit him, have been awarded \$1.2 million. ... **About 8000 bikes** were annointed at this year's annual Blessing of the Bikes in Baldwin, Michigan. ... **A 24-year-old** Renton, Washington, bike rider was killed when he was hit by a truck while testing his bike after performing some repairs on it. The truck, incidently, was driven by his wife. She'd gone out looking for him when he failed to return home as soon as expected.

Outraged update: The case of the thrice-convicted drunk driver who got his wrist slapped for killing a biker after drinking nine beers in 30 minutes ("Easynews," ER #147) has drawn a lot of comment in his local newspaper — virtually 100 percent of it highly critical of the light sentence he was given. A few samples: "Claiborne Morris, Jr., was convicted twice for drunken driving, and most recently for involuntary manslaughter. If he ever harms anyone again, both he and Virginia Beach Circuit Judge H. Calvin Spain should be locked up together." "Our friend (the biker) was not granted the same kind of mercy as Mr. Morris. He suffered through two operations and lingered for 10 days until his death." "All he (cager Morris) received was a 'No, no, you mustn't do that.' God help and save the rest of us. ... **Even the newspaper, the Virginian-Pilot,** came down foursquare on the right side of the issue with an editorial called "Not A Sober Decision." While it's gratifying to see the public beginning to understand that bikers are human beings with a right to life, when the hell are we going to be able to get rid of all those judges who say, "Oh, you wasted a biker. Congratulations."

And finally: A West Palm Beach, Florida, rider had just put his scooter up for sale and was taking it out for one last loving ride. Attracting the attention of a police car, because he'd already removed the bike's license plate, the biker decided to see if his ol' putt was still fast enough to outrun the law. It was — until he came to the Flagler Memorial Drawbridge which happened to be up at the time. The biker jumped the bridge all right, but he landed right in the middle of a crowd of cops. The real question is, did the bent rim, blown brake cylinder, and flat-spotted tires that resulted from his Evel Knieveling affect the final sale price of his bike any?

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



"Hand over your money or I'll let you have it!"

Some time after their bitter divorce, a man happened to pull up alongside his ex-wife at a stop light. The woman recognized him and sneered, "Out looking for a little, eh?"

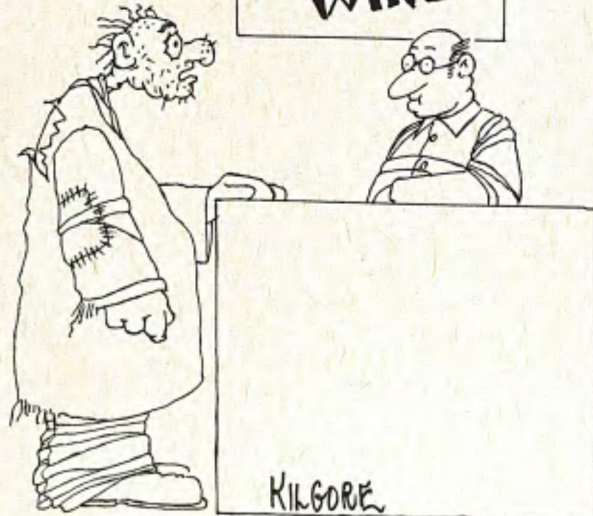
"No," answered her ex. "You showed me what a little is, so now I'm out looking for a lot!"

—Angie Borman, Colo.

A Texan was busily getting his gear together for the first day of the deer-hunting season when his ol' lady started ragging on him about never taking her along on his expeditions. After much argument, he agreed to let her accompany him the following day. Morning found them out in the country, where the Texan stuck the little woman up in a tree about 100 yards from his blind. He'd no sooner reached the blind, however, when he heard a gunshot from his wife's position. He ran back to find that she was holding her gun on an astonished-looking man and shouting at him, "Dammit, it's my deer! Get away from it!"

"Okay, lady, it's your deer," said the stranger. "Just let me get my saddle off it, will you?"

—Rattler Sonora, Tex.



"What goes good with restaurant dumpster garbage?"



"By the way, watch out for that lighter. It's set kinda high."

After meeting at a singles bar, the young couple went to a local lovers lane where they proceeded to begin cementing their new relationship. Having freed her of her blouse and bra, he was helping her remove her panties when a police car drove by.

"Fuzz," he whispered excitedly.

"What did you expect?" she replied. "A ponytail?"

—Biker Chuck Denver, Colo.

"What's the trouble?" asked the man when he stopped in at a friend's office and found him staring morosely at some papers.

"I'm trying to fill out some insurance forms," was the reply, "and I'm having some difficulty explaining my loss."

"What did you lose?"

"A contact lens, but I don't know how to say I couldn't find it in my secretary's pubic hair."

—38-24-36 Las Vegas, Nev.



"I don't care if it's got a nice rake. It's still a damn riceburner!"

On the first night of their honeymoon, the bride slipped into a flimsy bit of silk and crawled into bed, only to find that her husband had settled down on the couch. When she asked why he was apparently not going to make love to her, he replied, "Because it's Lent."

"Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," she exclaimed, almost in tears. "To whom, and for how long?"

—Rusty Hamilton, Mo.



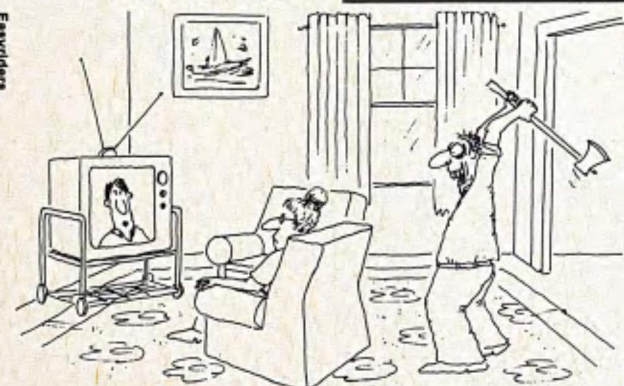
Two dogs were locked together in combat on the playground. Johnny offered to go outside and break it up, but the teacher called on David to do it instead. After trying his best to pull them apart David had to admit defeat, so the teacher consented to let Johnny try it. Johnny licked his index finger and crammed it up the top dog's ass, which caused the mutt to break and run off yelping. "Good grief, Johnny!" the teacher exclaimed. "How did you know that was the way to help those poor creatures?"

"Simple," said Johnny. "That was my old dog Shep. He can dish it out okay, but he sure as hell can't take it."

—K-9
Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.



"He was such a nice kid till he met them!"



"Hello, my name is Elliot Nessman, and I'd like to talk to you about a mental disorder that affects one out of every two Americans."

"Timmy, your ninth birthday is this week and I'm not sure what to get you."

"I want a go-go girl, Mom."

"What in the world would you do with a go-go girl?"

"I'd take her apart."

"You can't take a go-go girl apart!"

"Yes, you can. I heard Daddy telling Uncle Bill that he screwed the ass off one on Tuesday night."

—Paul Hackerson
Somewhere, U.S.A.

"Look," said the biker, "if you don't put some more action into it in the sack, I'm gonna go out and get me some strange stuff."

"Listen, Romeo," snapped his ol' lady, "if you could somehow manage just a teensy inch more, you'd have some strange stuff right here!"

—Ike
Junction City, Kan.



"You got one who can give me head while she cleans up my bike?"

Paramedics rushed to a suburban house and asked the distraught man who answered the door, "Is there a woman here with an electric vibrator lodged inside her?"

"Yes, it's my wife," replied the man.

"Oh, Lord," one paramedic groaned. "Those things are sometimes a real bitch to remove."

"Well, please do something fast," the husband begged. "It's putting lines on our TV screen!"

—Rowdy Sam
Toledo, Ohio



The water in the bottom of these things is sure cold, isn't it?"



Penile Colony...

"No, I won't go to the movies with you!" the girl said. "I know your kind! As soon as we're seated, you'll start fiddling with my blouse with one hand and tugging at my skirt with the other, getting ready to take liberties!"

"I wouldn't dare!" protested the young man. "The people sitting behind us could see what we were up to."

"Yes, that's true," mused the girl, "so maybe we'd better get there early and find seats in the last row."

—Alligator
Bakersfield, Calif.

"Because their door was open a little bit, I saw Mommy and Daddy in bed together this morning in their bare skin," confided the little girl to her playmate.

"Gee, Sally," exclaimed the lad, "were they... you know, doing it?"

"Nah," yawned Sally, "they were just fucking."

—Rowdy Sam
Toledo, Ohio



"When he asked to look at your bush, he meant the one in the yard, Marilyn."



Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

State Drug Cops Squander Toxic Waste Funds

They call it the Superfund and, like the federal project of the same name, its purpose is to provide for a quick cleanup of toxic wastes that pose a threat to the health — the very lives, in fact — of the citizens of California.

Simply put, the Superfund is an amount of money set aside by the California legislature to be used in the wake of disastrous incidents such as those at Love Canal in New York and Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania.

What the Superfund is *supposed* to do is give the citizens of California the secure knowledge that if a nuclear plant leaks radioactive material into the atmosphere, or if the groundwater near some school is found to be polluted with chemical wastes, there will be funds immediately available to deal with the crisis and get it cleaned up — without having to go through a tortuous and time-consuming legislative appropriation fight.

That's what the Superfund is *supposed* to do. And it might even be doing so. At presstime a governor's report on toxic sites already cleaned up by the Superfund was a month overdue and the state Department of Health Services had

missed several deadlines to turn over an accounting of how it was spending the bucks.

According to aides of Gov. George Deukmejian, the report on the Superfund's success was ready, however, and was simply being held back while it was "checked for accuracy." So maybe the Superfund has done great things and saved many lives — we should know by the time this comes out.

The even more crucial question, though, is what will the Superfund be able to accomplish in the future? The answer to that one is very cloudy and when the mists clear, likely to come up a big, fat zero. The reason? The long, rank arm of Johnny Law has its fist wrapped around a wad of those super bucks and intends to keep the greenbacks firmly under control — possibly spending so many of them in total contravention of what the legislature intended that there may not be enough money left in the fund to cope with a major environmental disaster.

And what are law enforcement officials spending Superfund money on? Better have a seat, you ain't gonna believe the answer. As you know, one of the many things local

sheriffs and police chiefs do is stage drug raids. They get a tip that somebody's growing a little weed in their condo, or maybe mixing up a batch of speed in their bathtub. So they go to a judge and get a warrant authorizing a search. Next, they knock down a few doors (or walls — "Soap Box," *ER* #147), pile everything they find into barrels and boxes and haul it down to the ol' station house.

All this sort of playfulness costs money, and in many parts of California excess money just isn't floating around the way it was before the voters passed a law called Proposition 13, which put some limits on how much county governments can gouge citizens. Prop 13, as it's called, has had different effects in different jurisdictions. In some parts of the state it's resulted in shorter library hours, or admission fees being charged at the local zoo. In other areas, even major departments like the police force have had their budget requests trimmed.

Enter some unknown genius in the drug enforcement division of some California city. "I've got it!" he shouts, slapping himself upside the head for emphasis. "This idea will let us get away

Continued on page 81

DOWNTIME

By Bomber

Brothers In Arms/Dire Straits: Fandom runs to funny patterns. Like, I used to have a Jethro Tull For President sticker on my horseshoe oil bag back in 1972 and it always made me feel like I was making a commitment to the group that put me ahead of their other fans. Nowadays a common sight is the foreboding, grotesque skull symbol of the Grateful Dead with a lightning bolt splitting through the face. It's the thing for one of my brothers to carry around a cassette of **Love Over Gold**, Dire Straits last album as an entity. Billy packs that tape in his vest pocket, puts the country, and whenever and wherever he stops, his first request is to hear Mark Knopfler pulling the strings. I mean, he could be down to zip, but you can bet he'll

have a good grip on **Love Over Gold**. Well, Billy, make room in your cutoff — there's a new Dire Straits album and it's gonna be a keeper.

All the best elements of their previous works are represented here on **Brothers In Arms**, from the occasional let-it-all-hang-out rockers of incredible dynamism like "Industrial Disease" (**Love Over Gold**) or "Solid Rock" (**Making Movies**) to the latest, "Money For Nothing," a song Mark Knopfler ran into while he was in an appliance store. There he was, watching a bevy of TVs all tuned to MTV, when an old repairman blew his top at

the sights and sounds being dished out on-screen. Knopfler, obviously unrecognized by the guy, got a kick out of him twisting in frustration that these punks were gettin' everything for free, including their women, just because they could play a fucking guitar. Does seem unfair. But ya take yer bucks wherever they show up at, even if it's MTV.

Dire Straits has been silent since 1982 when the band released **Love Over Gold**, an album I found over-produced and getting away from the original sound of the Straits — you know, gentility and rage combined. **Brothers In Arms** finds the group, near-

ly completely reformed, save for founders Knopfler and bassist John Illsley, back on its own turf. Rhapsodizing laconically throughout the record, Knopfler lays down one beautiful line after another as he shreds for himself again after a couple of years of producing and writing for other people. People like Bob Dylan (who respected his work enough to have him co-produce and play on his album **In-fidels** — see *ER* #130). He also contributed to Aztec Camera's album, **Knife**, as well as writing for films "Local Hero," "Cal," and "Comfort And Joy." To say nothing of overseeing the production of last year's live double-LP **Alchemy** that documents Dire Straits live gigs.

But *Continued on page 82*



TATOR'S DIGGER

There's more than racin' in his head. . .

Tator was born with speed in his blood. Not the chemical, wired-out type, but the kind that won't let him be satisfied with the last performance on the drag strip. The kind of adrenalin that makes a man push his scooter upwards of 150 miles an hour in the quarter mile. Considering my hemorrhoids act up at about 70 on my vibrating

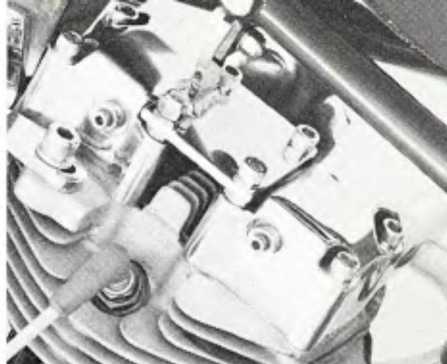
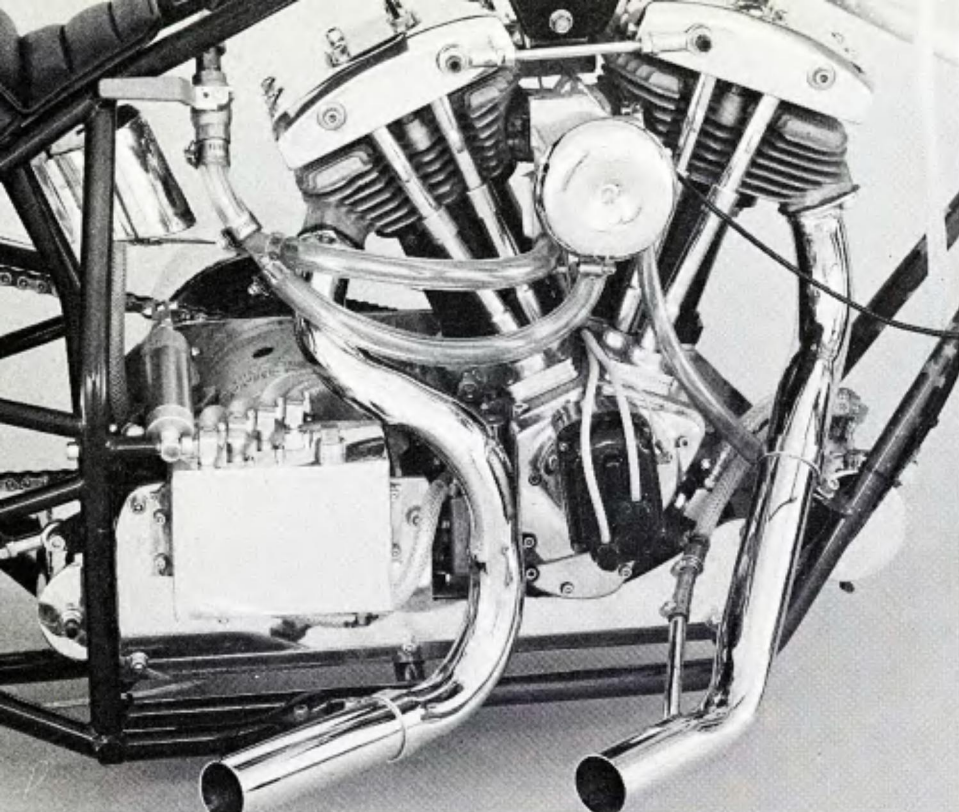
rigid, it's nearly inconceivable that folks can jam that fast.

Like I said, some bros are just born with a yearning for speed. Tator's been racing as long as he can remember ("Before I got my driver's license, that's for sure"). He runs the Chrome Horse shop in Spencer, Iowa. Working primarily on Harleys of all types, dressers, choppers,

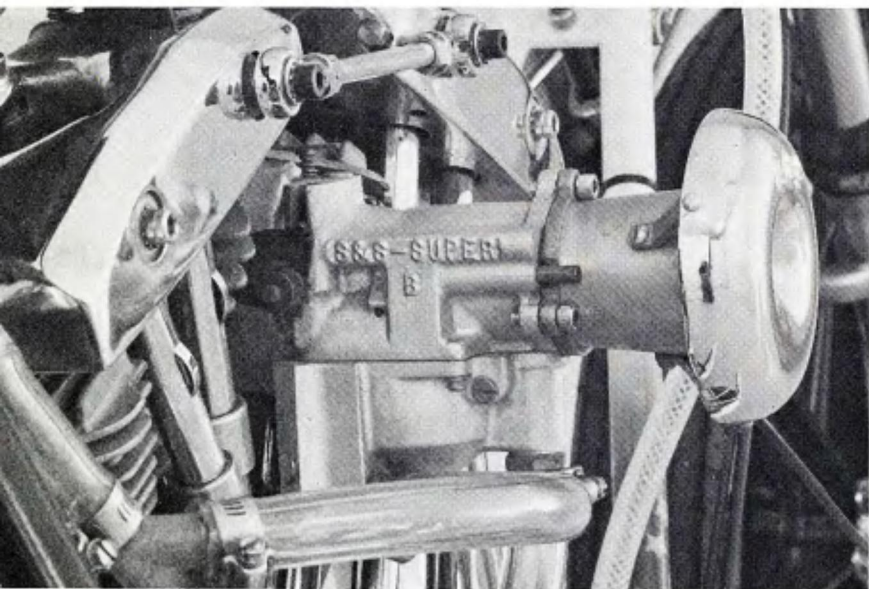
antiques, and competitive bikes, Tator's the last to leave the shop at night, and then it's usually after working on his own bike once his customers' projects have been laid to rest for the day.

Drag racing is what makes Tator tick. This year he's planning on running in the newly formed Harley Drag Racing Association (HDRA) which

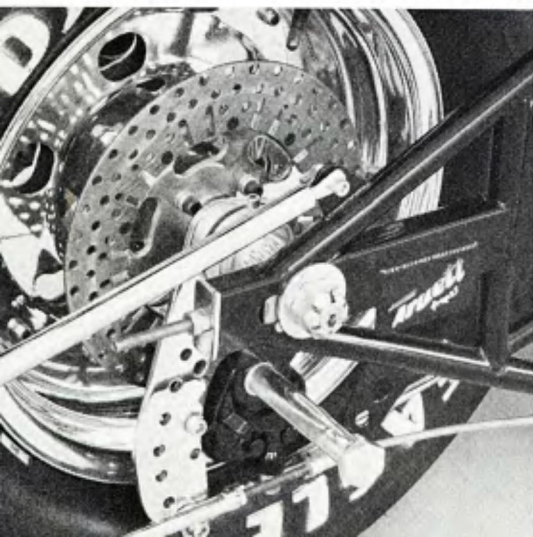
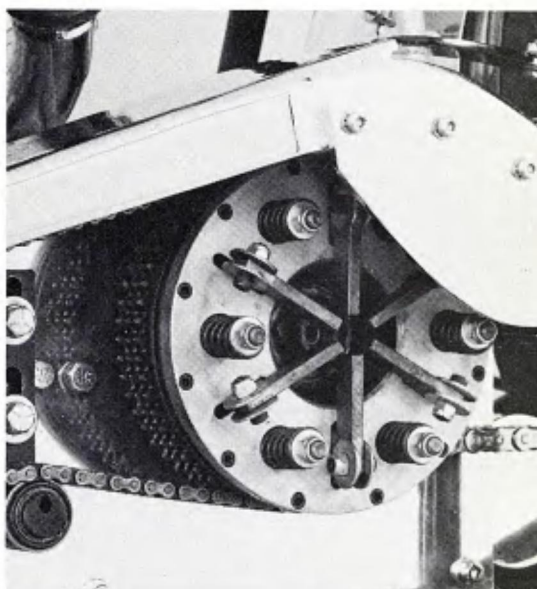




Check the third top motor mount.

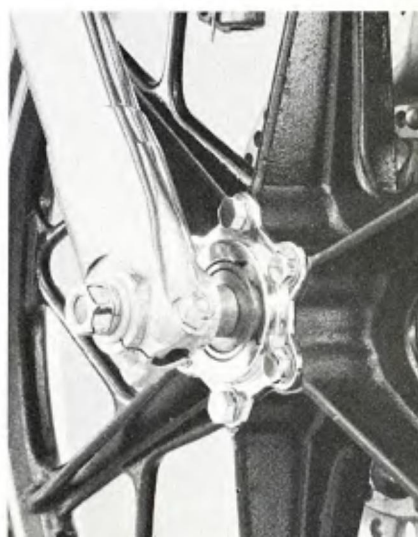


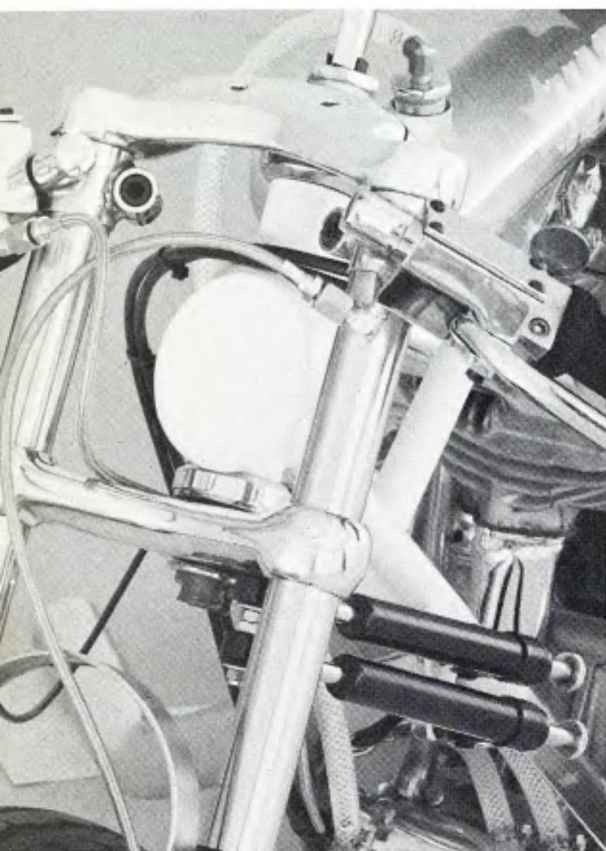
Big-bore S&S carb supplies all the horses the "slipper" clutch can handle.



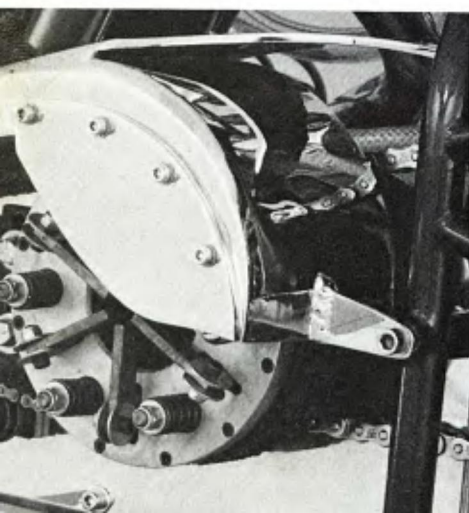
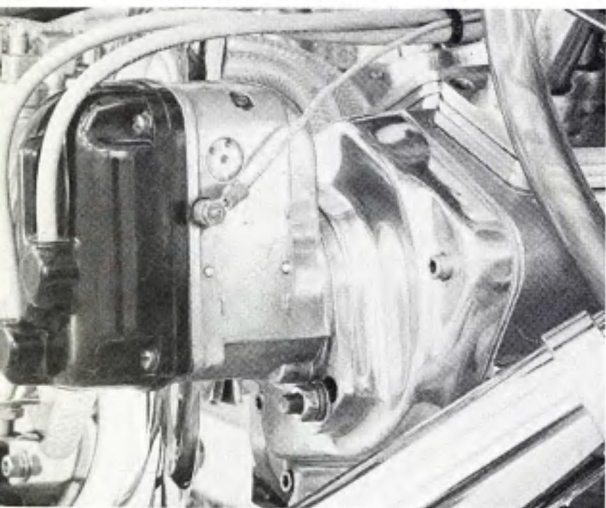
has twelve events scheduled across the country for strictly Harley-racing enthusiasts. The big boys like Marion Owens and Pete Hill will be there, as well as privateers trying to make their mark in the sport.

Tator will be running Digger here as a nitro burner, after getting as much out of the gas and alcohol divisions as he could before needing more of a rush with the added speed





Dual dampeners control steering.

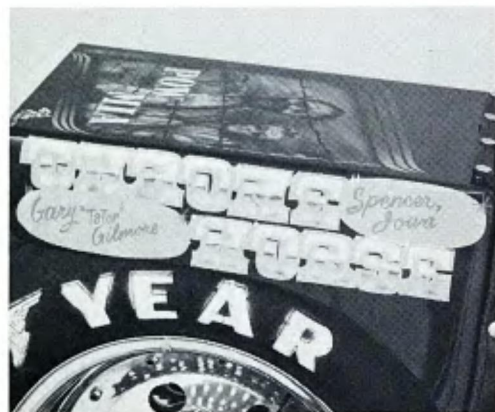
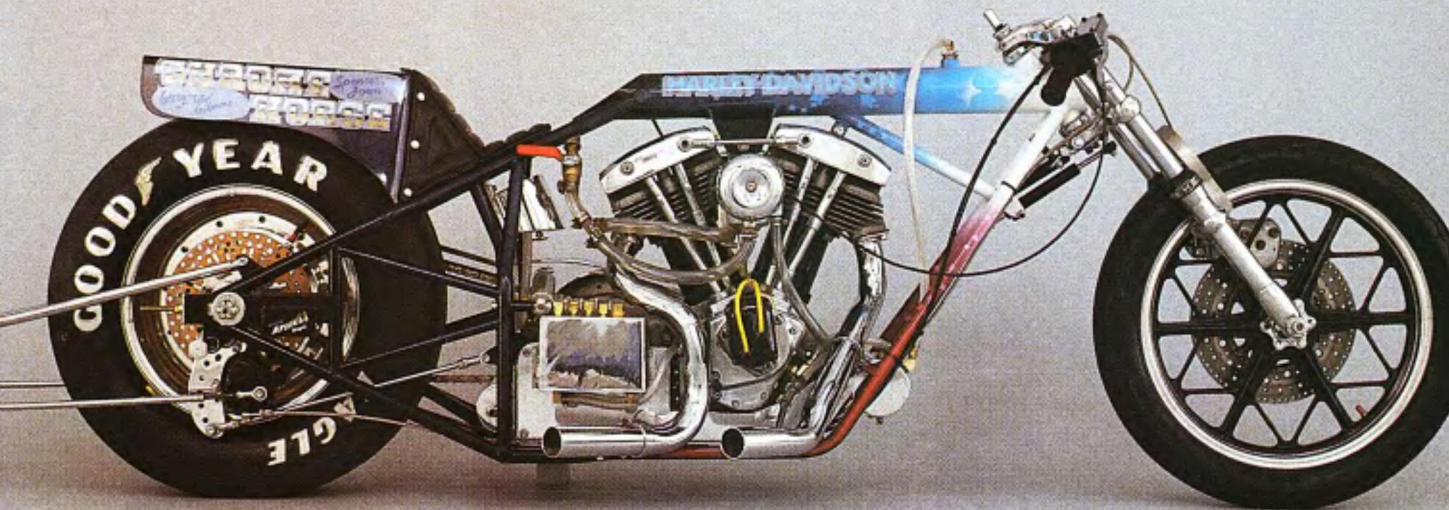


Owner: Garry "Tator" Gilmore		City: Spencer, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Chrome House		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: Bonnie Truett	
Model: digger		Type: laydown	
Value: never ending		Rake: 45 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: owner	
Chroming by: Brown's/Skinny		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Lucky Lady Lounge	
Year: 1984		Risers: none	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): Bonnie Truett	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none	
Ignition: ind. fire/Hunt Magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 116 cu.in.		Speedo: Chron Dek	
Lower end: modified S&S		Front pegs: none	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: Venolia		Electrics: none	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: in frame	
Heads: owner/Jerry Branch		Oil tank: owner	
Cam(s): 550 W&S		Oil system: modified pump	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): S&S fuel		Seat: upholstery by Darrel	
Air cleaner: stack		Sissybar: wheelie bar	
Pipes: owner		Height: none	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Lenco 2-speed auto.		Type: glide	
Year: older		Extension: none	
Shifting: air, button on bars		Builder: Ceriani "baby"	
Engine sprocket: varies		Special features: fork brace/shocks	
Trans sprocket: varies		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: varies		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: none		Hub: magnesium	Hub: aluminum
Painter: Villo		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: 8 in.
Color: red, white, blue, black		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Gdylr.
Type: lacquer		Brake: left-hand	Brake: right-hand
Special paint: Lettering by Dennis Slaymaker.			
Other special modifications: Roller rockers, slipper clutch, quick throttle, breather tank, air tank, chain guard, motor mounts, switch box (M/C Marketing, Denver, Colo.).			

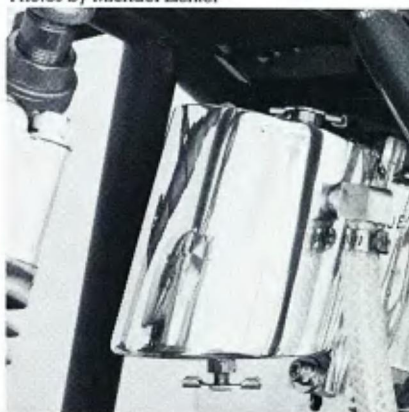
the nitro brings. Like the man says, "There's something about it — you always want to go faster. That's why I'm into using nitro now. I'm using 92-96 percent nitro. It's expensive, but there's nothing like it. It's some badass shit."

This year saw a few changes come to Digger. A new chassis was added, one built by Bonnie Truett in Wichita, Kansas. A new slipper clutch to contain the

two-speed tranny is a modified Karata which uses bronze plates inside a Sportster clutch basket. It was machined out for a large, heavy-duty, enclosed close-tolerance bearing. The bike is started by a Detroit Diesel starter motor which was modified and machined by Tator to be hand held using four 12-volt batteries wired together that put out a shock-ing 24 volts of starting power.



Photos by Michael Lichter

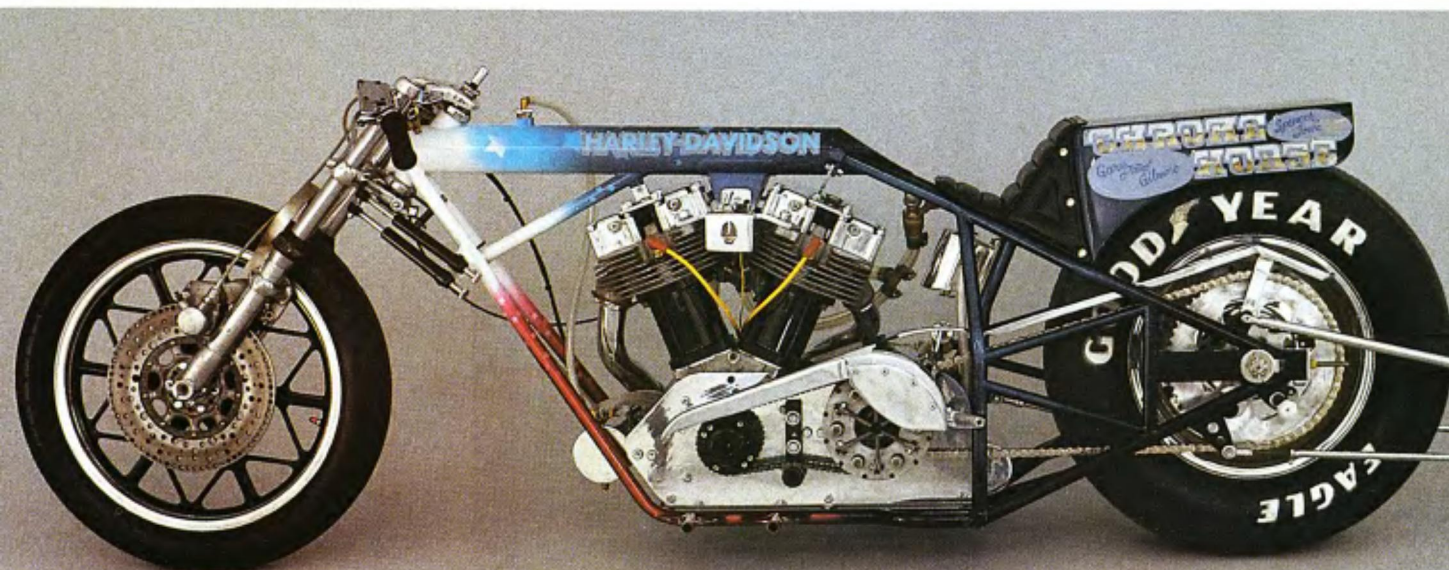


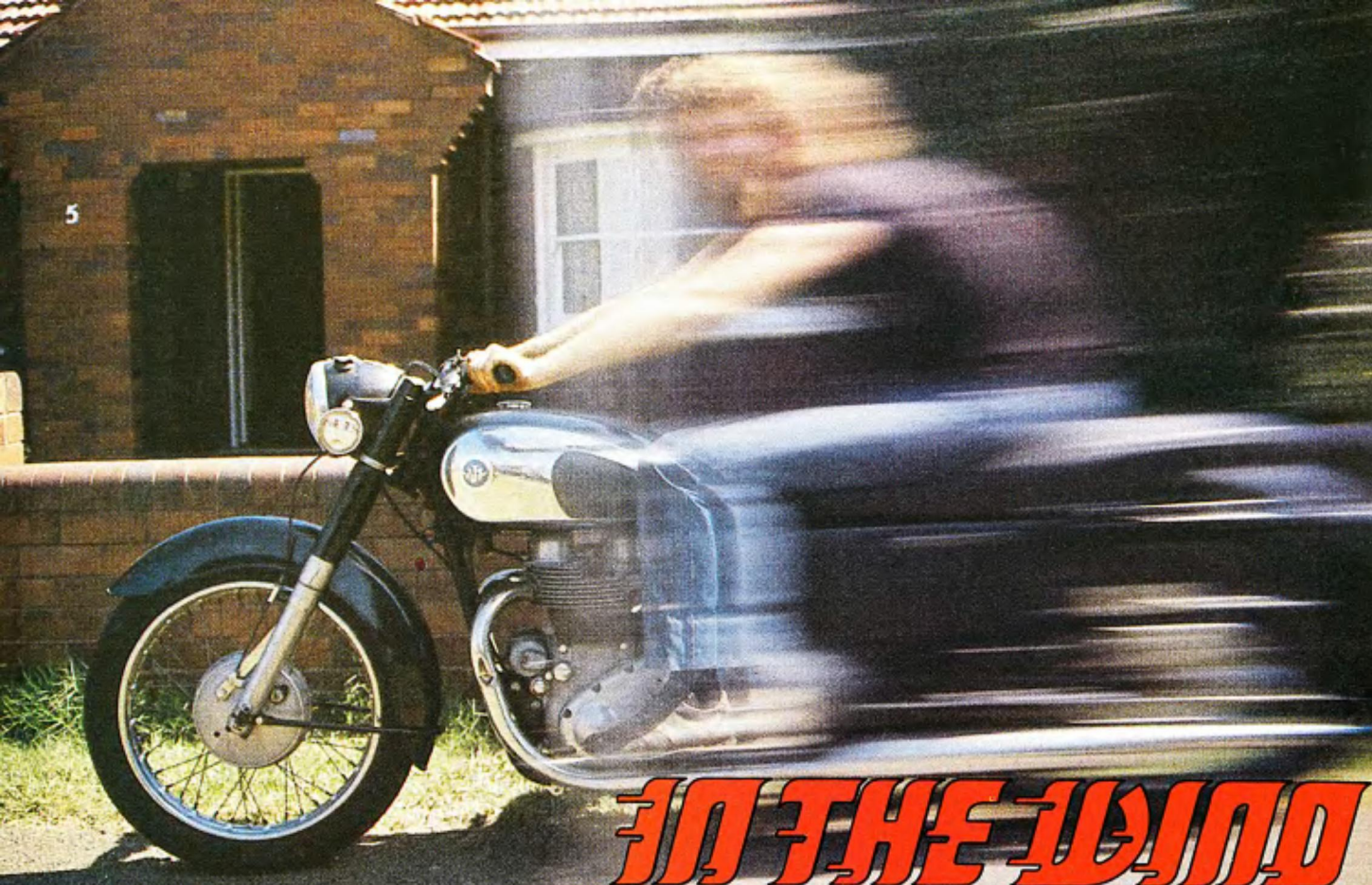
Lest you think Tator is just a racing fool with nothing but nitro and how to beat the clock on his mind, you might be surprised to know that his rear fender shows where his heart is at. As the fender goes blazing through the lights on the eighth- or quarter-mile course, Tator is pulling for the

return of our Vietnam POW/MIAs. It's not a pretty subject for conversation, and ya might think that war and racing aren't compatible, but not Tator. He figures it this way: There are still 2500 brothers missing in 'Nam and the government is sitting on its ass. He thinks it's important

to get the story out and not forget about it. Even a speeding glance at the fender mural's solemn soldiers locked down behind barbed wire, with the message "Gone, but not forgotten," should cause one to think twice.

—Rags





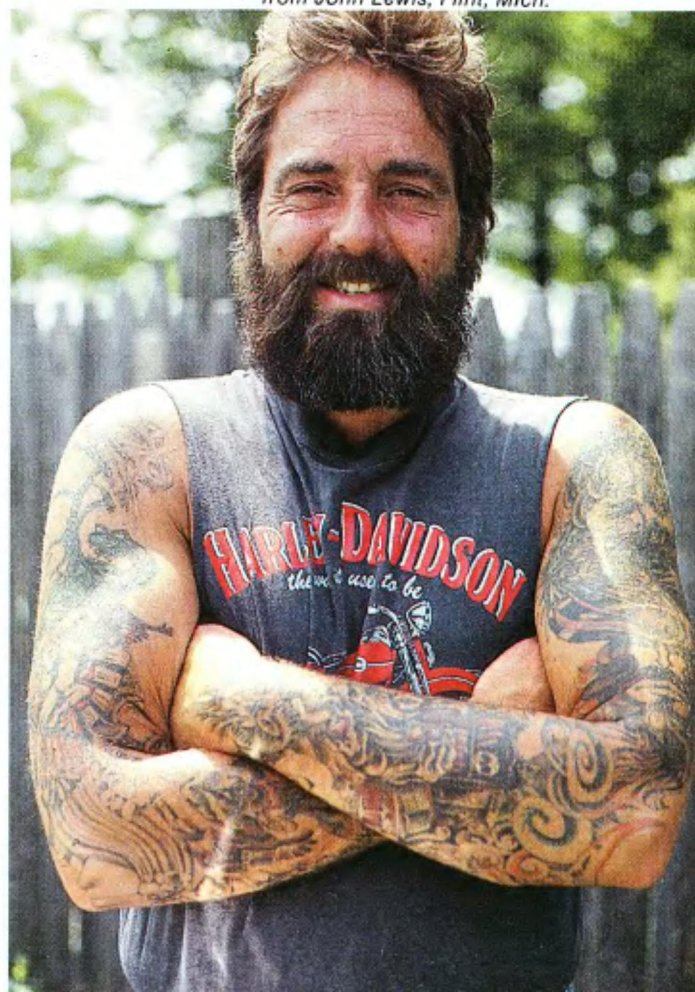
IN THE WIND

—from Mick Connolly, Parramatta, Australia



—from Rhonda and Miguel Llambes, Milledgeville, Ga.

—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.





—from Kim Peterson, Rancho Menudo

—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

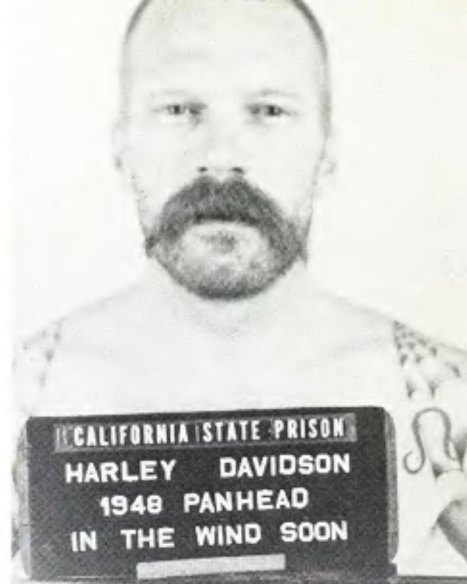
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Flatman, Broomfield, Colo.





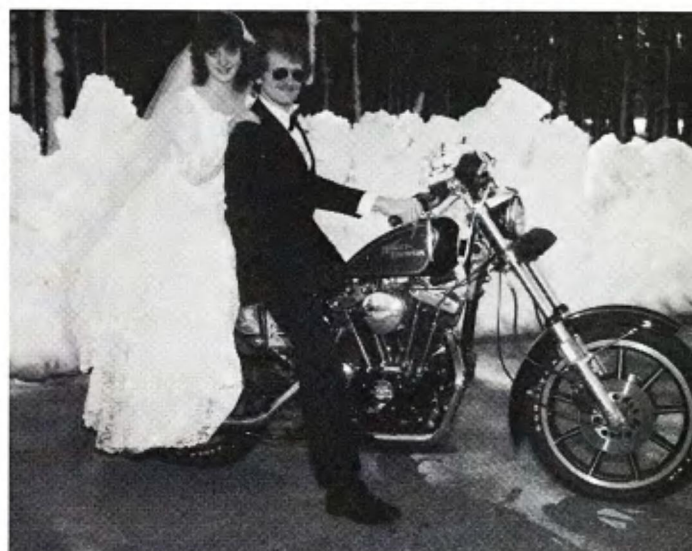
—from Dennis Williams, Sparta, Ill.



—from Sam Williams, So. Calif.



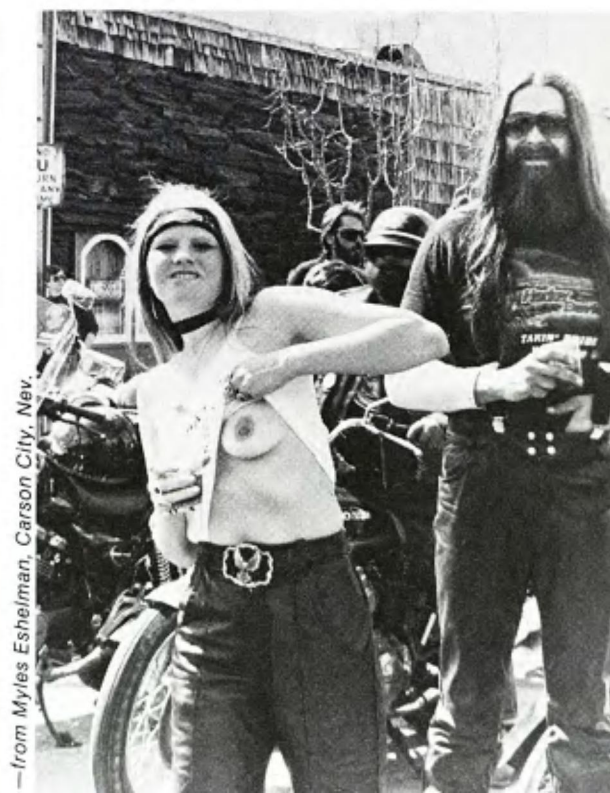
—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Springs, Calif.



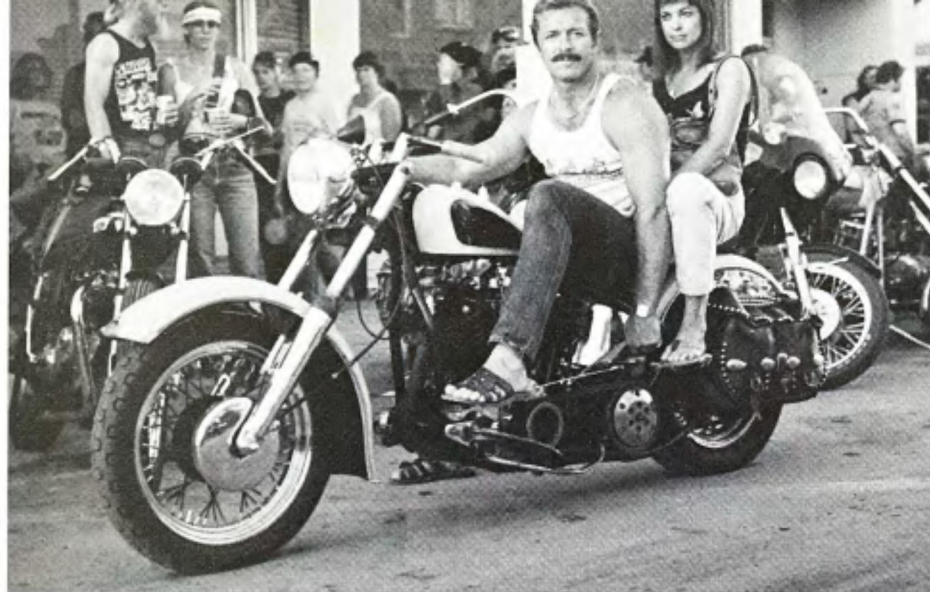
—from Jeff Beck, Nashua, N.H.



—from Sonny Dukes, Kings Beach, Calif.



—from Myles Eshelman, Carson City, Nev.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Pete Schroeder, Knoxville, Tenn.



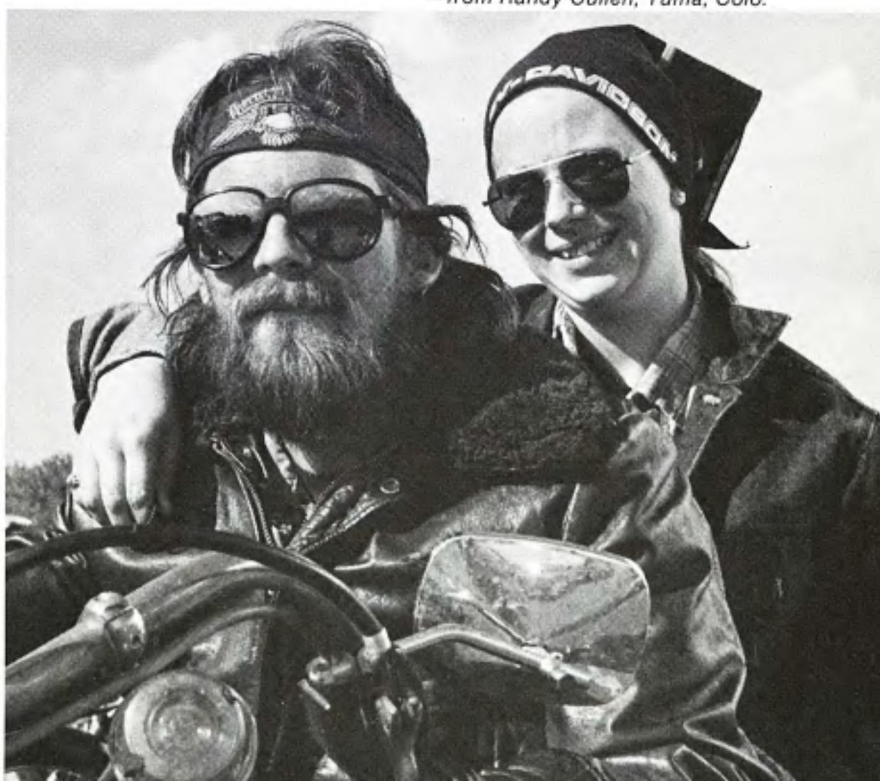
—from Sonny Dukes, Kings Beach, Calif.



—from Sniper, Antioch, Calif.



from Linda Barbour, Diamond Springs, Calif.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



DAVID MANN

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

"Bomber's birthday's comin' up and it's the big one," Madman announced, struggling with his zipper after auditioning another prospective model.

"Ah, bullshit!" Grape growled. "Nobody with musical taste that bad could possibly have been born. Not even a mother could love someone who wrote a column sayin' how great Julian Lennon is."

"Well, the little turd's about to turn the big three-zero and we've gotta get him something appropriate," Madman insisted.

"Why don't we wait till he's asleep and send Mutha in?" Wrench asked with an evil laugh.

"Too crude, too crude," protested Madman. "He still ain't old enough for Mutha."

"Okay, how 'bout that cute little honey you shot the pictures of this morning?" Butcher asked. "She looks like she could slip him a few moves that would make this a birthday to remember."

"Andrea? She'd be perfect!" Madman shrilled gleefully. "She loves bikers and since she's never seen Bomber's scooter, we don't have to worry about that L.A. Rams paint job makin' her puke at the mention of his name. I'll call her right now."

He took off and the rest of us continued to sit around sippin' and tokin' and thinkin' how sad it was that Bomber had somehow managed to go from 16 to 30 without hitting any of the years in between. Somebody said it had to do with brain fever caused by too many miles on a blue sled sportin' a big yellow stain on the middle of the tank. Someone else opined that it was merely the normal erosion of intelligence that occurs when a person refuses to listen to any records that they don't get free.







Photos by Pete Chioldo



"Let's face it," the mail mouse said, "if that shit wasn't bad for you, the record companies wouldn't give it away."

Madman reappeared lookin' glum. "She was really turned on by the idea until I told her whose birthday it was," he reported. "Then she started laughing hysterically. Her exact words were, 'Julian Lennon — no, no, I couldn't go through with it! Shit, little Ju-Ju, why, I'd never be able to stop laughing!'"

"There we are then," said Wrench, "back to square one."

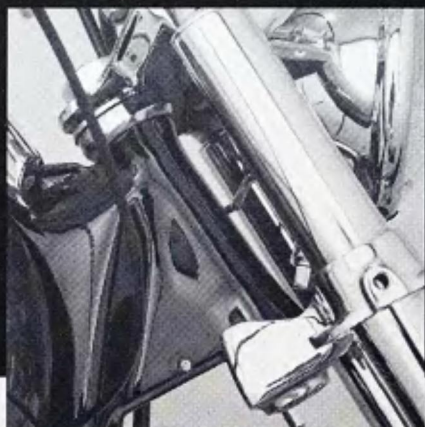
"Not quite," Madman said. "She did promise to autograph a set of her pictures for Bomber. I just had to swear not to tell him where she lives or give him her phone number."

—Trampo



A RIGHTEOUS KNUCK

What do you do when the Harley gods don't seem to be packin' with ya? Take it to a higher authority, that's all. Seems Jesse Fenton had taken his knucklehead to his local H-D dealer for some minor repairs, mostly redoing his oil system and a couple of other minor bits, then back out and at 'em on the streets. What he got back, how-



ever, was a leaking abortion.

Off to the higher authority then. Namely, someone who gave a fuck about the work and the finished product. That shop happened to be Michael's Motorcycle Works. First came a three-hour rap session between Jesse and the shop about different approaches to rebuilding the sled. Jesse could have left it



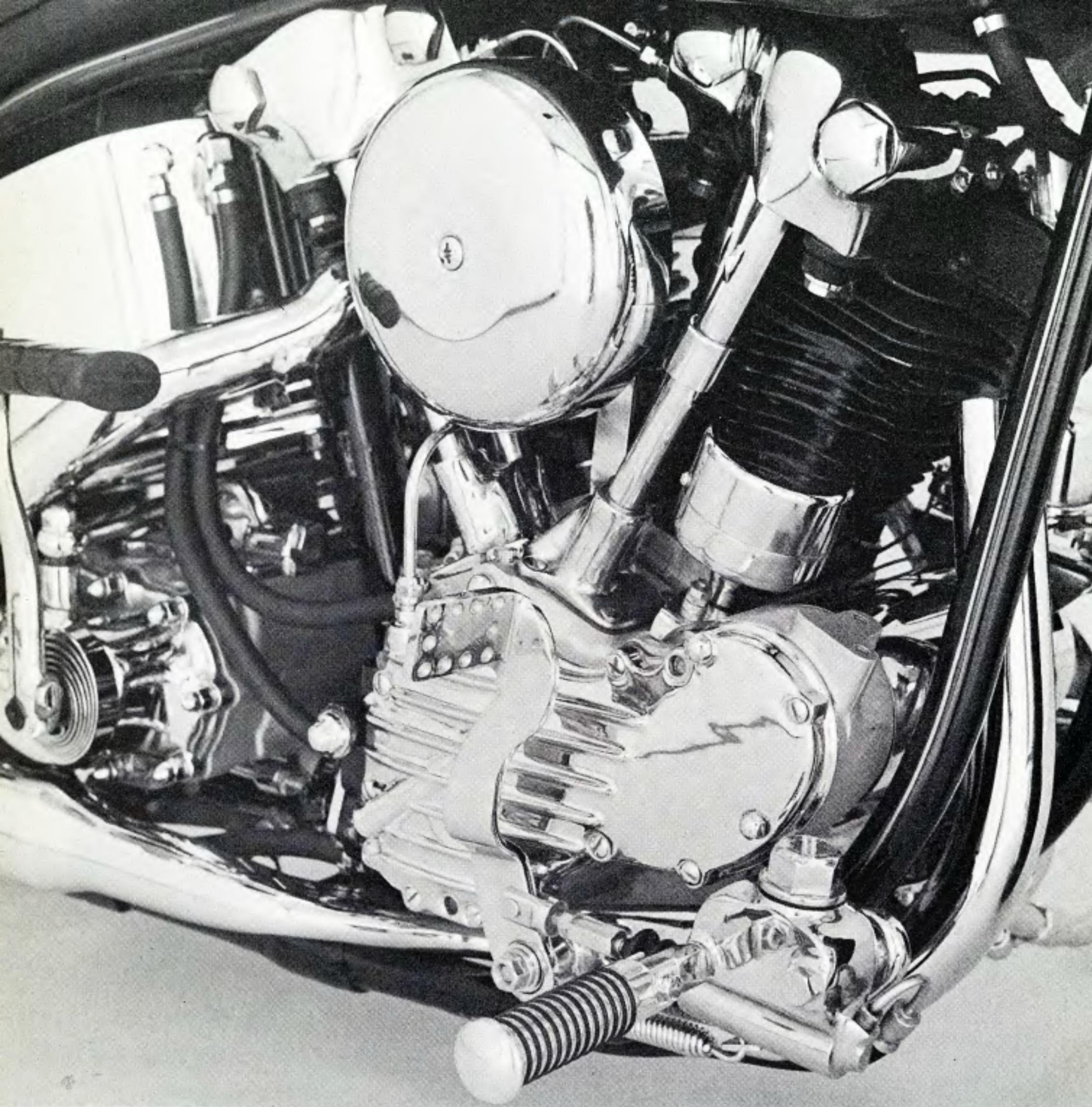


It's hard to imagine this was once an oil-spewing rat.

at that, gotten some ideas, and done it himself. But the more Jessej got to thinking about it, the more he liked Michael's understanding and enthusiasm for the project.

Jessej was convinced he should make it a knuckle all the way, instead of half this, quarter that, eighth the other. Full-bore knuck, top to bottom. Well, that was the plan and 57 days later he was rollin'. He ended up with a mishmash of years but one helluva fine-lookin' scooter.



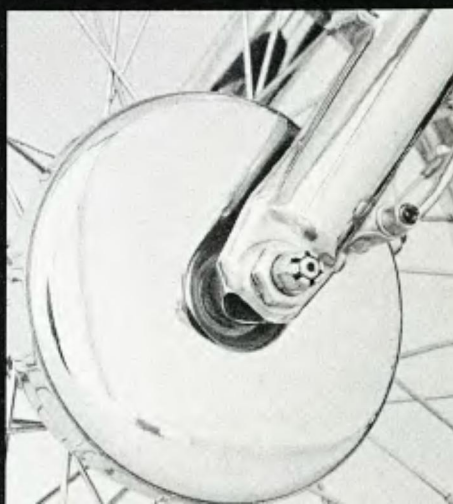


Photos by Pete Chiodo

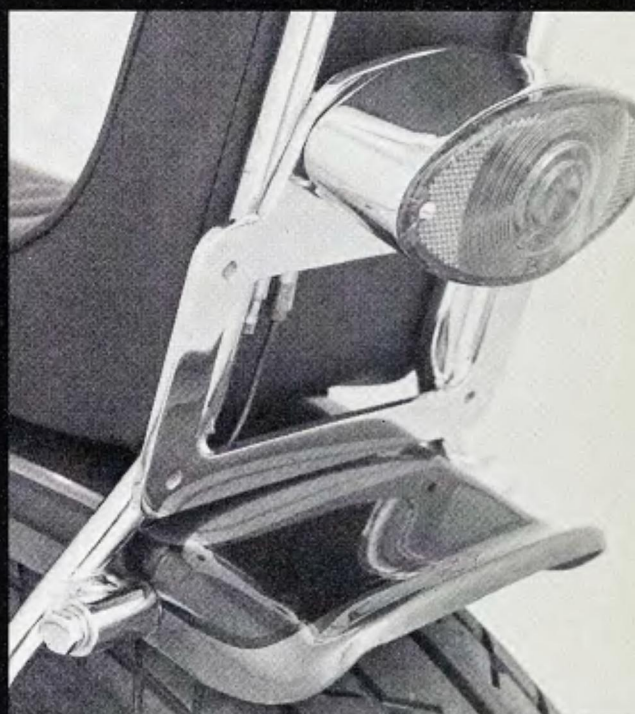
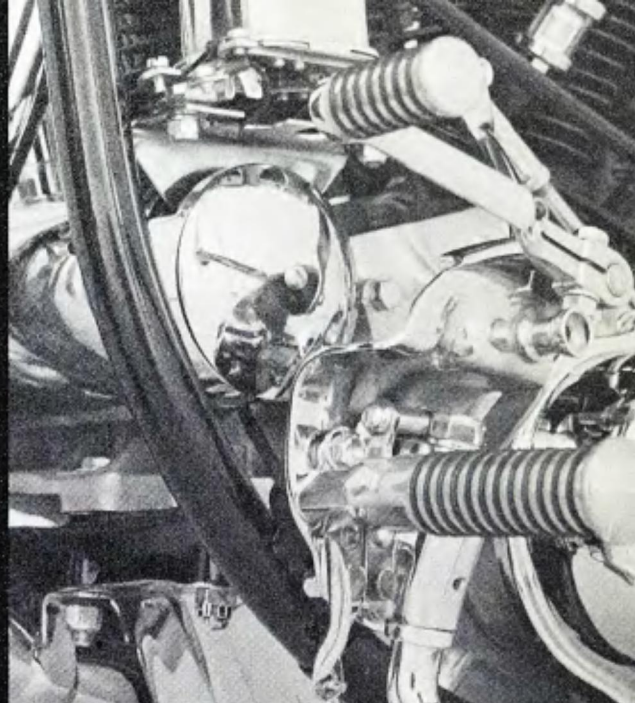


And, for sure, it's a knuckle — top to bottom.

Jessey told us that he isn't into flash (in fact, he didn't think there was really a story to his bike), but he did know that he wanted his fourth bike to be one of the best in town, refined and not gaudy. Sittin' back drinkin' beers one afternoon he noticed a red reflector on his dark grey



Owner: Jessey Fenton		City: S.F.V., Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Michael's M/C Works		Year: who knows?	
Year and make: 1985		Builder: H-D	
Model: knarly knuckle		Type: bitchin'	
Value: who wants to know?		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Michael's M/C		Stretch: none	
Time: 57 days		Other alterations: numerous mounts	
Chroming by: Aztec/Supreme		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: 10-in. Taiwan	
Year: '47, '52, '63, '85		Risers: Jammer	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): Michael's M/C	
Rebuilder: Benny/Mike's M/C		Headlight: Taiwan	
Ignition: points/condenser		Taillight: Signal Stat	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Taiwan	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: aluminum	
Balancing: Michael Gatt		Rear pegs: aluminum	
Pistons: Taiwan		Electrics: Michael's M/C	
Cases: '52, '63		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: knuckle		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: black lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Chuy/So. Cal. Seats	
Air cleaner: Taiwan		Sissybar: Michael's M/C	
Pipes: Michael's M/C		Height: hip-high	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shack		Material: steel, what else?	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: hydra-glide	
Year: 1954		Extension: none	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Michael's M/C	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Von Burns		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Von Burns		Rim width: 1.83	Rim width: 3.5
Color: silver/candy-red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Pirelli
Type: badass lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: '63-'66 H-D
Special paint: Pinstriping by Bob Moon; polyurethane clear.			
Other special modifications: Mucho chassis fitting by the unknown welder; cleaning and polishing of parts ordered by Kathy.			

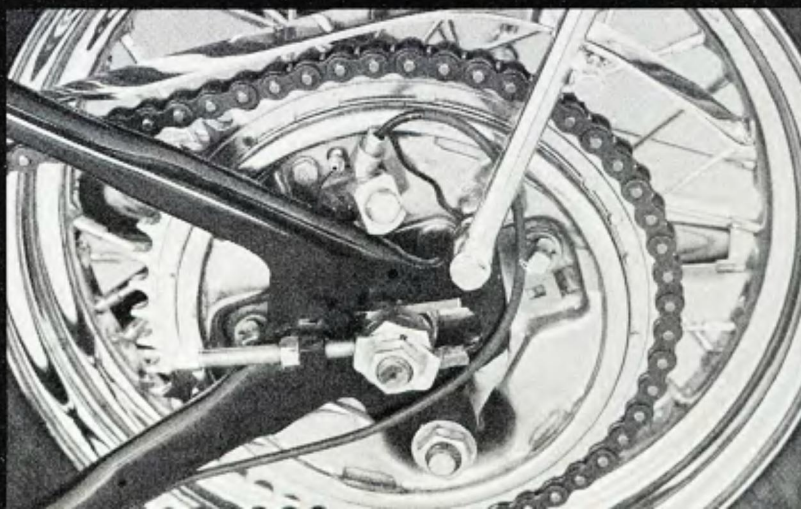


Three stripes highlight the fender.

El Camino and the color combo hit him like a brick between the eyes. That's it! he thought. It'll be charcoal-grey and red.

The precious dough for all this came from the sale of a drag boat. Jessey says he ain't got much, but what he does have is all first-rate: his bike, wife, and car.

—Butt Breath



PARTS BOX

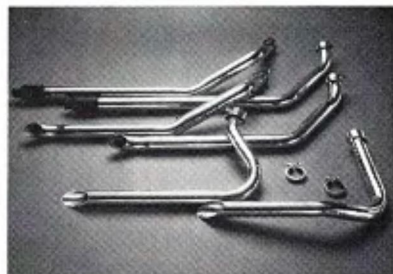


BATTERIES

Gotten wind of your bike battery's imminent demise? Did ya have to walk home last night when the bitch wouldn't even turn over? It's just one more of life's ugly little facts: Batteries don't last forever. Before hitchin' a ride to K mart, how about contacting an authorized Nempco dealer and inquiring about Nempco's Twin Power™ batteries for all late-model H-Ds? Or wing the company a kite: Nempco, Inc., Dept. ER, Box H, Foxboro, MA 02035.

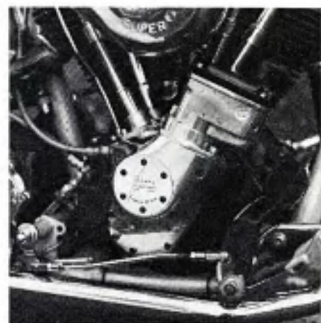
PRIMARY COVER

Ya say you're lookin' to spend a little cash on something functional that isn't samo-samo in styling? CCI's got a diamond-grill primary cover that may fit the bill. Available in chrome (something these people do up pretty damn good) or black powder-coat finish, this semi-open die-cast outer cover fits all 4-speed, '70-'84 Big Twins with an OEM or aftermarket belt drive. Chrome version retails for about \$120; black cover runs \$5 less. Get the whole story by contacting Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



PIPES

If you're thinkin' of replacing those shitty-lookin' pipes, consider these 100% stainless-steel 40-in. drag pipes that won't rust, turn blue, or peel. Made of "welded" stainless, they come buffed to high chromelike finish that looks better with repeated polishing. Mounting hardware and maintenance instructions included. Best of all, they have a lifetime factory warranty. For more info, write or call Perma-Pipe Mfg., Dept. ER, Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692.



MAGNETO

The people who make 'em swear that their latest Morris Magneto for kick- and electric-start Big Twins is the "startin'est" mag in their lineup. How so? It retards and spins fast during start-up, then switches to normal operation once your sled is lit. Works with or without battery. Get more info or their entire catalog (for only \$3) by writing Morris Magnetos, Inc., Dept. ER, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. Just want to ask 'em a question or two? Call (201) 540-9171.



OIL TANKS

True, it's not something that's gonna get ya a lotta looks while you're profilin' down Main St., but if ya didn't have one at all, ya wouldn't be goin' anywhere. Spruce Hill Machine started knocking these aluminum oil tanks off their assembly lines the first of this year and they've got a helluva lotta different models for H-D Big Twins: rigid frame, early swingarm frame, late swingarm, custom applications, too. Details available from Riverdale Dist. Co., Dept. ER, Rt. 1, Carlos, MN 56319. Phone (612) 852-7352.



SPRING COLLAR ASSEMBLY

If you're gonna get into it at all, either because of necessity or because you already finished the word search puzzle and ya need some little project to fritter away the rest of the afternoon, check out this super spring-collar assembly. Said to fit all V-Twins, it provides a balanced spring load, eliminates pressure plate wobble, allows positive clutch action, prolongs clutch life, and adds a custom look to open primary-drive clutches, all for less than \$55. For specifics, write or call Tamer Enterprises, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 602, Franklin, OH 45005. (513) 748-2422.



LOCKDOWN

By Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

According to the caretaker at the state historical park, "A lot of people come up here... and zoom, away they go. They don't even stop. It frightens them."

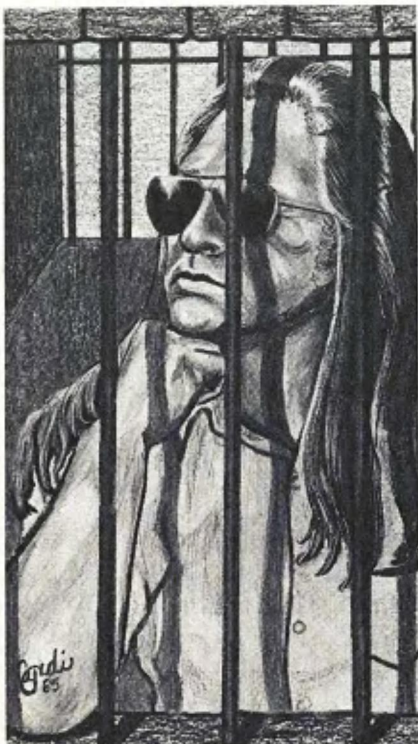
The thing about the Mt. McGregor historic site in upstate New York that so frightens the tourists is not the fact that former President Ulysses S. Grant died there, it's the fact that the historical cottage where Grant passed his last days is surrounded by the Mt. McGregor Correctional Facility — a minimum- and medium-security prison complex.

It is, to our knowledge, the first time ever that an operating penal institution and a state tourist attraction have shared the same bit of turf. (The prisons at Alcatraz and Fort Jefferson were opened up to the Instamatic freaks only after they were shut down and the San Quentin tours are not exactly for tourists.) In addition to it being the first time, it's also probably the last — by the time you read this, the tourist site at Mt. McGregor will have been closed because of a massive decline in attendance.

Ironically, if any one place inhabited by an American president deserved to wind up within the walls of a prison site, it is probably the Mt. McGregor cabin.

Grant's two terms in office (1869-1877) were marked by some of the biggest scandals to hit Washington since the founding of the Republic and he returned to private life a scorned and discredited man — the glory of his Civil War record long behind him and forgotten by most of the public.

Unfortunately, he retained both his propensity for hitting the bottle and his inability to tell when he was being duped. By the early 1880s Grant had lost all his money to con men and was in severe ill health both physically and mentally. In an attempt to aid his family (the members of which were literally starving) and to restore some honor to his name, Grant determined to write his memoirs of those turbulent Civil War days in which



he'd played such a major part.

A friend loaned him the use of the Mt. McGregor cottage and he set about his work — a prisoner of both the throat cancer from which he was dying and the desperate need to finish his memoirs before the tumor finished him.

Working with an intensity greater, if possible, than he'd evinced during the advance on Richmond, Grant allowed nothing to interfere with his work. He slept, his uncompleted manuscript by his side, sitting up — the cancer had made it too painful for him to lie down. When the nearby hotel which provided him with electricity shut down its generator at 9 p.m., Grant lit a kerosene lamp and kept on writing. He was, he knew, fighting the clock, and even wlier opponent than Robert E. Lee. And, as in his war against Lee, the dying old general refused to surrender.

At 8:08 a.m. (the clock in the cottage is still stopped at that exact moment) on July 23, 1885 — three

days after finishing the memoirs — Ulysses S. Grant died in his self-imposed prison near Saratoga Springs.

The two-volume autobiography, the first ever written by an American president, eventually earned his heirs about \$500,000 and sufficiently reclaimed Grant's reputation that the state of New York decided to preserve the Mt. McGregor site and open it to the public.

Ninety years after Grant's death, however, in 1975, the Adirondack foothill area around Mt. McGregor was no longer the lively summer resort locale it had been in Grant's time. The big hotels had closed and been torn down and land was cheap. The state department of corrections acquired a piece of the devalued property for a new minimum-security prison and discovered Grant's cottage was right about in the middle of it. In 1980, a medium-security wing was added.

Since the medium-security facility opened, tourists visiting the site have dropped by 75 percent. Perhaps they're bummed out by having to show ID and pass through a razor-wired fence to get in. Maybe they're intimidated by the sight of inmates doing lawn and road work around the site. Or, just as likely, maybe it's the rifle-toting screws guarding the inmates that tourists find intimidating.

Whatever the reason, visitors have stopped coming and the state has decided to close the historic site to the public. The cottage where Grant worked and died will not be torn down, however — it will simply be "renovated" and made into offices for prison administrators.

Maybe we're just cynical (the claim's been made before), but we somehow doubt that any of its new tenants will work nearly as hard or as well as its most famous resident did 100 years ago.

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS

Ain't It Peculiar

According to a

Continued on page 87

DRESSIN' UP

by Gregg Miller

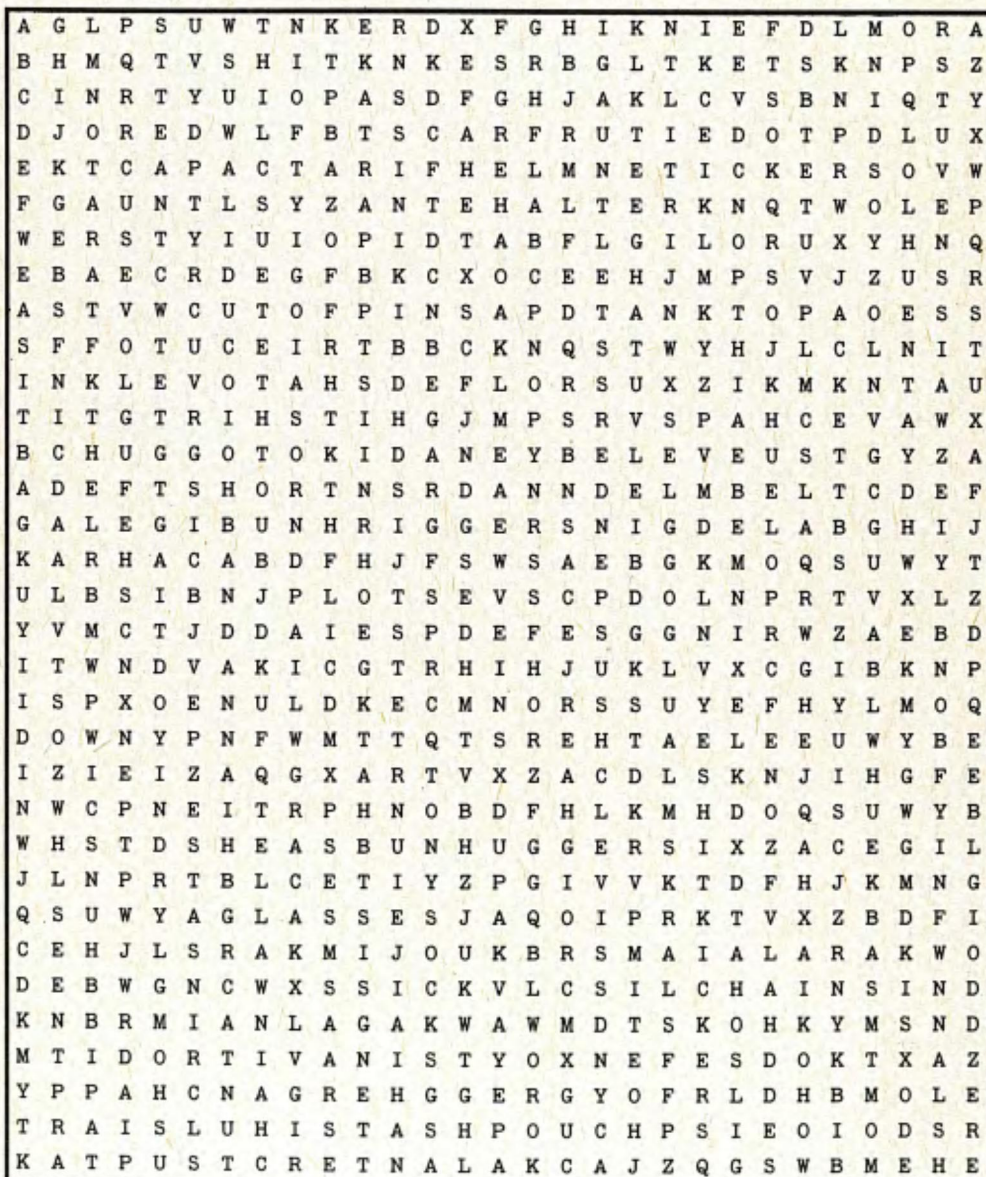
So, like, the ol' lady has gone home to Mom to have your latest rugrat and the lazy bitch didn't bother to fold the laundry before she left town. Now, what the fuck are ya supposed to do? She didn't even clear a space on the floor for ya to sort through yours, hers, and theirs, and ya haven't seen the top of yer bureau since who knows when. Ya think ya remember where ya tossed yer billfold this morning when ya dragged yer shitfaced butt home, but it sure isn't in what the cops call "plain view" now. Where in the hell *does* the bitch store yer clean drawers? The same place she hides the rent money?

Hidden in the word search below is a sorta laundry list,

things you're likely to uncover in the next few days every-time you want to leave the house and can't find this or that. For the sake of realism, you'll find some of her shit listed, too. Some items from the "laundry list" read forward, some read backward, some read diagonally, and some read vertically. 'Cause we ain't sadists, they all read in a straight line, however, so don't be trying to make words with corners in 'em.

Ya got 35 items to find, so hop to it. If ya get stumped, save face by checking page 104 instead of gettin' on the horn to you-know-who. (She don't need to know how helpless you are without her!)

BANDANNA
BELT
BIKINI
BOOTS
BUCKLE
BUNHUGGERS
CAP
CHAINS
CHAIN WALLET
CHAPS
CUTOFFS
GAUNTLETS
GLASSES
GLOVES
GOGGLES
HALTER
JACKET
KIDNEY BELT
KNIFE
LEATHERS
LEVI'S
PATCHES
RING
SCARF
SHADES
SHITKICKERS
SHORTS
SOCKS
STASH POUCH
SUSPENDERS
T-SHIRT
TANK TOP
TIT TOP
VEST
WRISTBAND



Asstrology

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☿ Fuckwise, this month is a fizzle with all your breaks being buckwise, so beat your meat while you watch your wallet bulge. Forget the lame excuses and bullshit compliments — take cash. Although it's a favorable financial period, don't get loose and gamble away your goodies. Easy come, easy go.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Time to get in the wind for a while. Out-of-town encounters can put you in the driver's seat later on through important contacts. Watch out, though — traveling could bring about a minor problem with your machine, but horny Taurus will flush out some lonesome lay. Go ahead — mix business and pleasure.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ A change of job or a promotion is on the agenda now. Push for it after the 12th, but go easy or you'll blow it. Before then, wear earplugs during gossip sessions or political discussions going on at work. Outside information is not only unreliable right now, but could be hazardous to your health. It'll pay to mind your own business during this one.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

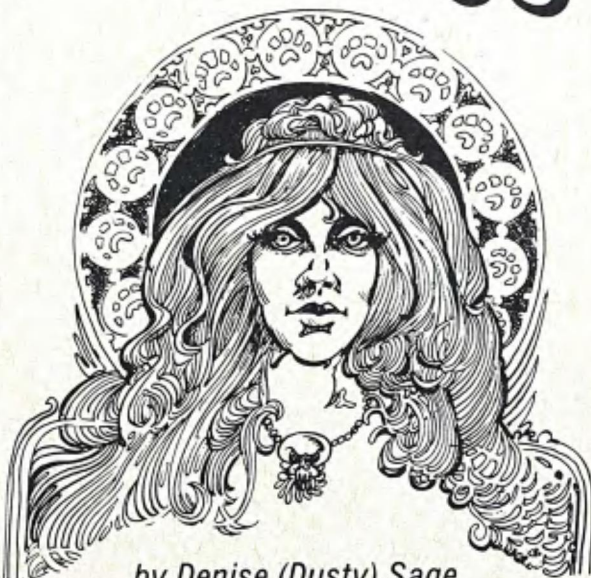
♋ Think twice before working yourself into a set of sweaty armpits over past fuck-ups. Look out for a former fuck who tries to horn in. Put pussy in the right perspective and figure out your real priorities. Two heads are *not* better than one right now — think for yourself. Taking chances should be done in small doses.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Power-plays designed to feed your ego while pushing you over the edge are sugar-coated this month. Unless you're really that good, don't fall for the bull. Don't involve your regal ass in any under-the-table trash. Keep your nose clean even if it means having dirty fingers, 'cause that problem can be solved with mere soap and water.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Ignore envious assholes who try to put a damper on your good luck and extra poontang. Cash clings to you like flies on a turd now and pussy is aplenty. (You could become an honorary member of an all-girls bike club called



Astrological Profile For Libra

Libras are the diplomats of the zodiac, always seeking peace and quiet since noise hurts their ears and makes their nuts sag. Start an argument with a Libra and you'll get rid of him in no time. Libras tend to see both sides of an issue and it drives 'em to drink, chew their toenails, or run like hell. (Seems we have a lot of Libra judges, which gives ya an insight into our judicial system, don't it?) Libras would much rather be passive, passionate, or plastered than be put on the spot, and female Libras prefer to put out than to argue.

Sexually, Libras are quite vain (mostly varicose). Keeping their hands to themselves is what they do best. They love to fuck while wearing a rearview mirror so that they don't lose sight of the situation. Actually, they're juicy fucks and male Libras have dicks that drip when they're asleep (and awake, for that matter). If you're into snail trails, track one down.

Some famous current Libras are: Larry Hagman, Olivia Newton-John, Roger Moore, and Brigitte Bardot. Others whose glory has

faded a tad include: Evel Knievel, Tim Leary (who?), and Gene Autry (ho-hum). One who's unlikely to ever be forgotten is John Lennon.

Libras are prone to zucchini-like skin (accompanied by zits) on the head of their cocks, and they run a high risk of eventually passing stones through their peters if they don't keep their kidneys flushed out by drinking lots of water (watch out for bladder splatter). They also have an unfortunate tendency to be real pigs when it comes to food.

Notwithstanding these small drawbacks, Libras have class and an innate sense of style. They excel in applying attractive facades to others' original ideas and can be quite successful in the realm of graphic design. Most are spiffy dressers with an allergy to dirt (except for poopchute prints).

Although they hate hassles, Libras will stand up for the underdog before upholding their own rights to peace and privacy, a quality that not only makes 'em popular but in constant demand.

The Vaginas.) The only blows on your horizon are all oral and long-winded — enjoy.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ This b'day is a ball-buster of the best kind. Your reputation for being a joyride between the sheets is put to the test now, so grease up your crank and double up on your vitamins. Be careful not to let the flames from your horny honks singe your scrotum.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Too much working and partying can put a crimp in your crank now. Slow down a tad and relax. Let your ol' lady make your cream rush to the top; just kick back and feel your toes tingle. What the fuck — full speed ahead can leave you with skinned knees and a hernia truss.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Listen to partners with an open mind — they can lay some sound advice on you now. You may find a gut-level discussion will dissolve a die-hard dilemma at ye olde homestead, or in other words, the accent now should be on communications. Remember, though, you don't have to cut your throat just to clear the air!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ This month is a toss-up between the ring around your collar and the ring around your asshole. You'll have to have brass balls to keep your head high through this one. There's at least one weirdo you'd better weed out before he whittles you down to his level and you could be the butt of a bad joke.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ If a trail of tail has you petered out (lucky you), you can reload this month with semen to spare. This one's good for what ails ya. Your health should be up to par and ol' Mutha Nature is picking the bugs off your ass. Use your excess energy to work the kinks outta your ride.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Don't let diarrhea of the mouth ruin an opportunity that should be kept private — wear a muzzle. Keep this baby to yourself or risk wearing footprints on your ass. Go for the gusto instead of the gossip, and wait till you put a tight lid on the project before flapping your gums about your good luck. Repeat: Don't share.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Domestic Culture

The Intruder is less a copy of anything from Milwaukee than something far more significant: the first real evidence that the Japanese fully understand the cruiser idiom, and Japan's first complete interpretation of the American custom-bike idiom. The Intruder originates from our domestic American custom-bike culture, and that's exactly where Harley-Davidson goes for styling inspiration.

—Cycle



MESF

Now, when you ride away, all this stuff takes up, say, 100 cubic inches. But there are forces at work in the universe that modern science cannot fathom. One of them — the Mysterious Expanding Stuff Force — causes everything in your bags gradually to swell like a school of puffer fish. The same things that fit so neatly in your saddlebags at Mile 0 don't even come close to fitting at Mile 700.

—Steve Thompson
Cycle World

Conspicuity MC

Conspicuity involves brightly colored clothing, e.g. neon-orange vests, reflective decals on your helmet, blinking headlamps, and the like. Wearing camo clothing and a flat-black helmet can make you invisible... permanently, and you can join the Casper the Friendly Ghost M/C.

—Hot Bike



Screaming Chicken

So when the Intruder was scheduled to show up on our doorstep, I thought I knew what to expect — yet another tasteless high-tech Japanese FXRS done up in black and red, or black and silver, or black, silver and red, with an apehanger handlebar, pseudo-sissybar and some form of screaming chicken splattered on the side of the tank.

—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Short Bikers

One major clothing maker whom I telephoned in my search for a woman's cold-weather touring suit told me his company's research had shown women's clothing was not a profitable market. (Since our five-eight female staffer wears an extra-small men's size, I asked him what shorter male motorcyclists wore. He responded that short men don't ride motorcycles because they can't touch the ground.)

—Marcie Berriz
Motorcyclist

Older Than Dirt

Motorcycles have been around longer than airplanes. So where is our museum? Our hall of fame? Our library? Where is the agency which gathers and preserves our artifacts or disperses comprehensive information about our past?

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Prototypical Pegs

While the prototypical customs from Harley-Davidson manage expansive seating positions and are comfortable on long trips if you have a duffelbag or such to lean against, some of the motorcycles that emulate H-D styling haven't copied the seating position. Most Harleys have their pegs low and very far forward, which causes the pegs to drag during moderate cornering speeds.

—Cycle World

Barking Pig

There were three of us. Ahead of me, the Harley Classic was doing its best to bark at every post. But what with the posts being evenly spaced and the barks being 45 degrees out of synchro — due, so I am led to believe, to a design decision made over half a century ago and stuck with (or been stuck with!) ever since, it wasn't having a great deal of success. Which lack of success must of made it feel real 'ornery', and maybe this is why Harleys are called 'Pigs' or some such word...

—Mike Holloway
Australasian
Motorcycle News

Old Age And Skill

You know, I really enjoy twisting salesmen's tails, and this one got a good twisting. I haven't seen anyone

squirm like he did for many a year. Eventually, after I had run rings round him, he admitted that the bike on the stand was a 400cc model, even though it was trumpeted as, and had the stickers of, the 500. Probably this was because the 500 model was not ready in time, but it just goes to show that the Japanese have lost none of their guile, and that we in the West must be constantly on our guard.

I may be old, but as the saying goes: "Old age and treachery will triumph over youth and skill."

—William Boot
Super Bike

Key Lies

A favorite learning environment, and one fraught with inaccuracies, is around the campfire. We all love to sit around — generally fortified with alcoholic brew — and swap Tales Of The Road. The process is called "Kickin' Tires and Tellin' Lies." The last word, lies, is the key. All information at such sessions — and every speaker — is suspect. A grain of salt will not do... you need a pound! The Campfire School is lots of fun, but its educational value is about equal to a group of adolescents sharing their worldliness in the schoolyard at recess.

—Paul Essensfeld
Northeast Riding



"MULE" AN ^{His} OL' LADY

Dennis
Kilgore



A Real Novelty

A couple of years ago overseas I had this little problem with a bout of one of the more potent types of Asian social diseases. I got over it all right, but my ass looked like a Swiss cheese from all the hypo holes where the medics had pumped me full of antibiotics. Eventually the holes in my ass filled in, but the bumps and knobs on my cock have never gone away. Even though I've been medically certified as bein' clean and pure as Ivory soap, girls still tend to run (or at least walk real fast) when they catch a look at my "war (actually, whore) trophies." What should I do?

Gnarly Knob
Winchester, Va.

- Get 'em real loaded and tell 'em you're wearing the latest thing in transparent French ticklers.

Headly Affair

My ol' man has been reading this rag for some time now and when he gets done with it, I read it. I just want you to know that you really have a way with words; your advice is always direct and to the point.

My problem is that my ol' man loves to get head, but I'm not really into it. It's not that it repels me or anything, I'd just prefer a good lay any day. Please give me some straightforward advice. I do want to please him, but we have to come to some mutual understanding.

Lisa
West Grove, Pa.

- Try givin' him head whenever he wants it. In fact, give it to him even before he's figured out that he wants it. Keep your mouth on him constantly. He's sure to get bored with it sooner or later (say about the time you're both 70) and your troubles will be over.

Another Edison

Everytime I get slammed down in the "Hotel California," I spend most of my time dreamin' up new gizmos and gadgets to build after I hit the streets.

My cellie this time had a picture of you on the wall and it brought an idea to my head. I have a Z-1 Kawasaki 900 engine at home cunningly hooked up to my lawnmower. What I thought was this: I

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



could take that rice-grindin' mill and use it to power a vibrator that would satisfy the most flea-bitten, crab-infested, WWII-era, womb-wagging whores who ever lived.

What do you think? Does the idea of a rice-rocket, burning-hot, amphetamine dildo pumping in and out of your nasty, puking-purple, cock-swallowing cunt turn you on? Do you think there would be a market for these items?

Crazy Chris
Chino, Calif.

- What are ya gonna call it? A Kawsuckee-fuckee?

That's Easy

Say, ya sleeze bag, I need some advice. I've been in prison for some time, but I'm due for release soon and I want to be sure to score some ass in the first few hours after I get out.

Since I've gotten a little rusty in the "chick hustle" department, please tell me the best line I can lay on a chick to guarantee an immediate hop in the sack.

Cave Man
Granite, Okla.

- A line of coke.

Depends Which Piece

I'm in the Air Force stationed in Grand Forks, North Dakota, where there ain't nothin' to do but fuck and ride. The problem is that my straight, asshole ol' lady has been bitchin' at me not to ride Hogs anymore.

I told her to eat shit and bark at the moon, and as soon as I sew on my Tech. Sergeant stripe this month I'm headin' for the Harley dealer downtown. Do you think the fuck-her attitude is the right way to go or do you know a better way to keep the peace?

Sarge
Grand Forks AFB

- It's OK if ya just want to keep the peace, but if ya also want to keep the piece, however, ya might try something a tad less crude — like lettin' her wash the bike three or four times a week.

Change Of Position

I love my ol' man dearly, but I find him rather repulsive in bed. When we kiss, he licks my face; when he sucks and gnaws at my cunt, he spits, and when I give him head he comes in my ear instead of

letting me swallow it.

Everytime we get it on, he breathes so heavily that I get scared he's gonna croak and I always smell from his sweat because he won't let me shower after we fuck — he says this way people will know I'm his.

I'm scared to talk to my friends about this, because I would lose all their respect. I'm also afraid to snivel to him about it because then he wouldn't love me anymore. What should I do?

Helpless
Long Island, N.Y.

- If you find him repulsive in bed, start fucking him on the floor — or on the back of his scooter, in the garage oil puddle, etc., etc.

Fun While It Lasted

For three months I went out with this shithead whose ol' lady had died and left him with three kids. The first month was great. He poured it on as thick as diarrhea about how he was in love with me and wanted to settle down and all that shit.

I told him I just wanted a good time with no strings attached. Well, he persisted with the crap — how much he adored me, how he'd never hurt me, the usual bull, but I began to believe it and after a while I fell for it big.

All of a sudden he started holding back from me and getting distant. He just wanted to be sure, he said. Listen, I'm not Fruit of the Loom underwear and I resent being tested, but I did my best to get close to him and his kids. The more I did, the colder he got. When I tried to talk to him about it, he told me to "Wait and hold on."

Last Saturday the fucker told me I was a pain in the ass and literally threw me out of the house. What do you think of a ride like that?

Dave's Pain
Buffalo, N.Y.

- You sound like you've been around the track a few times before. I'm sure you'll get more chances to go around in the future.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easysiders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$18 for 12 issues, a saving of half the newsstand price. Send \$18 to Prison Subs, *Easysiders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. **Note:** Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Lonely w/f, redhead, green eyes, would like to correspond with interesting men. Incarcerated one year; more to go. Judith Loren 151523, Broward Corr. Inst. #279, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Sweet and nasty females in Putnam, Oklahoma: White city boy to be free bird in early '86 would love to hear from intelligent young ladies. Want more than just a friend. Johnny "Rebel" Anderson 41556, Box 800, Ontario, CA 91761.

W/m, blue eyes, good-natured, Irish, 5'11", weight lifter. Looking for someone special who'd consider visiting me at San Quentin if mail strikes the right chords. W. "Wally" Lewis, Box B-1161, Tamal, CA 94974.

W/m, tattoo artist, scooter tramp, 5'9", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, down 2½ years, ride free in '86. Would dig hearin' from ladies who send flicks. Tom "Tattoo" Rosales 12746-2, Dorm 10, ISF, Box 76, Greencastle, IN 46135-0076.

W/m, from SoCal, 28, 6'3", 180 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes, needs to hear from sincere lady with her shit together for a possible relationship. Nine months to the streets. Steve Crabtree, C-69198, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

White tramp, 31, artist/tattooist, doing big time (no sense in pretending, eh?). Lonely for scribes from bikers. Need to relive the good, free days of our lifestyle. All letters answered. Roger "Popcorn" Smith 071926, Fla. State Prison, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

White tramp, 30, 5'7", 175 lbs., blue eyes, black hair, down for five. Would like to hear from ladies who are real. No bull-shit. All letters answered. John Doward 14709-038, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

W/m, 25, 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, looking for sincere lady for possible relationship, kites, pix. Roy "Rabbit" Adcock, A716922, Okaloosa Corr. Fac. #B-1, Box 578, Crestview, FL 32536.

Downed young man, 21, 6', 170 lbs., blond, blue eyes, gave cops a 40-mile chase for no particular reason. Now less than a year to go. Young ladies, please send photos and letters. Will answer all. David Pepper, MCACC, Box 266, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

W/m, 39, 5'7", blue eyes, brown hair, looking for a letter from anyone. Johnny Stafford 48270, 1-215, OSP, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

W/m, 22, 6', 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, down for 80, plus life; never be out legally. Looking for good-hearted, crazy female, 20-30. Luke "Mutt" Owens 18978, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

Attention: Had previous ad in August '85 issue and these punks transferred me to NSP in Carson City before I received any letters. Just wanted to say thanks to all who tried to contact me and if ya still wanna write, it's Robert Jones 16725, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89710.

Aussie biker, doing 3 yrs. "down under." W/m, 24, Taurus, 5'8", 11 stone, hazel eyes, light brown hair. Will answer all letters from willing females; your picture for mine. John Noon, Box 7, Tighes-hill 2297, N/de 2300; N.S.W., Australia.

Ladies, 18-40, letters and pix would be appreciated by a righteous bro soon to be back in the wind. All letters answered. Tom "Scotty" Scott 355409, Wynne Unit, TDC, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Two down and blue peckerwoods want kites from lovin' and wholesome ladies, any age! Send a pic and we'll send one, too. David "Oak" Duncan, C-98679 (5'10"), 185 lbs., brown on brown, and Al "Gook" Ward, D-02841 (brown/brown, part-Indian). Box W, Represa, CA 95671.

Downed w/m, 6'6", 225 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, looking for correspondence, visits, and possible get-together upon release in mid-'86. Ray Gabbert, RD 1 Box 500, DCC, Smyrna, DE 19977.

Alaskan bro, 6'3", 185 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, Send pix; will answer all. Affection and lust always welcome. Ron "Roach" Jennings, Box 103155, CIPT, Anchorage, AK 99510.

Cool white bro, good-looking, 23, Aries, 6', 160 lbs., hung heavy, hazel eyes, long brown hair, parole within the year, looking for right woman to be there when the gates open. Must be sincere. Send kite and photo. Keith "Leafhead" Leafstedt, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-0911.

100% Southern rebel, 28, 5'9", 165 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, good build, needs serious-minded woman who cares. Out in '86. No head games. Photo gets photo. Larry Butler 151478, MECC 4-C-16, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069-9799.

W/m, 32, "witch," doin' 60 years, out in 22. They took my scooter and poggun; have nothin' to play with now. Need letters, pix and visits. Will answer all. Robert McQueen 81253, Bks. 8, Box 500, Grady, AR 71644-0500.

East Coast biker, 26, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, lonely, striving to be a together man and seeking together lady because freedom is drawing near after too many years. Darrell "Gypsy" Brinkley 78249, Tucker Unit 7, Tucker, AR 72168.

Bro from Big D, 6'1", 180 lbs., 29, doing some awful lonely time. Would like to hear from sexy ladies. Should be home within the next year. Send pix and letters to Steve "Snake" Scroggins 366150, Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Ladies: When you're lonely you call someone, party, get laid, whatever, right? Robbery conviction keeps this lonely road dog from all that. Need your letters; been down 5, out in 6 mo. Blond/green, 26, tattoos, 6'1", 175 lbs. of twisted steel and sex appeal. M.W. Bryant 274832, McNeil Island 4-D-5, Box 1000, Steilacoom, WA 98388.

W/m, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, brown eyes, blond hair, good-looking, needs to hear from sincere ladies, 18-40. Relationship-minded. Answer all with picture. Kevin M. Brown, 300 Water St., Dover, DE 19901.

White tramp, 6'4", 215 lbs., brown hair and eyes, down since '81, will raise in early '86. Need good California women who can take care of business and show me what it's like to be free. Picture for picture. Joe Heinze, Box C13112, San Quentin, CA 94974.

They tell me I'll die in this dirty prison, but I hold my head high and think of better days to come. Got no one who cares and could use a little help. There's an old saying that if your heart's not in it, don't even begin it. Waiting to see if there are some who can care. Robert J. McCullough, A035178, Fla. State Prison V-2-N-10, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Two inmates fighting time, one white, one Indian, want to hear from ladies. Send pix. Will answer all letters. James Harmon 34035, and Quelin Perciadi 34107, KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Downed biker, 20, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Been in the joint two years; got 21 months left. Need scribes and flicks from caring chicks. Will answer all; ones with flicks first. Christopher Gallagher, Y-3420, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Help, ladies! Biker, w/m, 29, 6', 190 lbs., brown hair and eyes, down and lonely in man-made hell seeks letters and pix from righteous ladies. Also, visits. Rugrats okay; all letters answered. Ed "Dusty" Dodge, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

Dutchman doin' time needs ladies from Europe to write. W/m, 28, 6'1", 200 lbs. Come on, all you babes; letters with pix answered first. Alexander P. Van De Ven, C-88406, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Lonely, unpretentious b/m convict, 35, famished for true friendship and decent, honest conversation. I am without family or friends; desire to correspond with people who care to reach out. Race unimportant; photo if you like. Will answer all. Dennis Terry 177-708, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Lonely w/m, 28, 6', 190 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, out summer '86. Need mail from sincere ladies. Pix appreciated. All answered. John Hill 374269B, Box 880, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 4X9. Mail from other institutions okay.

Down California bro, 28, found Ohio one big trip. A trip through it gets you a trip to the joint. No mail is another trip, so, ladies, how about tripping this man out with a nice letter? I could sure use one. I will answer all. Dave Harden 165-084, Box 45699, SOCF, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Downed ink-slinger, 27, 5'9", 145 lbs., brown and hazel, seeks kites and flicks from artistic ladies and scooter bitches of any age. On the downhill side of maxing out a 10-year bit, and could use help from a Florida mama for parole. Michael Newgent 076712, Box 1500, Cross City Corr. Inst. #255, Cross City, FL 32628.

Attention, righteous scooter ladies in Chicago: Doing time in the county jail for 1-2 years. Sure would be nice to have a caring person I could write to. Ken Schellhorn, c/o Cook County Jail, ID#8518659, Div. 1 D-3, 2600 S. California, Chicago, IL 60608.

W/m, 6'2", sandy-blond hair, blue eyes, 163 lbs., single, and lonely. Will answer any letter I get. Lawrence L. Ray 40677, A3-137, KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

White scooter tramp, 25, 6'4", 180 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, 3 yrs. down, 1 to go. Looking for sincere w/f to write. Possible relationship. Pix appreciated; no games or lames. John Crowley 87562, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

Wife wanted. W/m, 32, tattooist, down 7 1/2 yrs., needs wife with roots out of Texas for parole plan. Just help, no ties unless desired later. Flicks welcome, not required. Serious only. Jackie L. Pierce 276620, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Hardcore 1½er club biker, 6', 200 lbs., w/m, full body tattoos, needs kinky ol' lady to handle the head-trips. Out by Jan. '86; been down only 1 year. Live in Chicago area, but travel a lot. Prince 93570-024, Box 1000, PMB 415, Duluth, MN 55814.

Downed w/m, 25, 5'7", 140 lbs., in need of mail, pix and visits from ladies. Possible permanent relationship for right one. Tay Bell, Z0496, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

W/m, 27, brown hair, and eyes, tanned, down for drug charges. Due to be released soon and need that special lady to be there, ready to settle down and do things for the future. Picture gets picture; will reply to all. Lou Battle 20557, 3-B-10-L, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070.

W/m, alone, seeks sincere ladies for outside contact and companionship. Bob LaMaestra, CN-861, Trenton, NJ 08625.

Young woman seeking serious-minded gentleman, 30-70. Will answer all, any race. Lulu Speed AF02262 Broward Corr. Inst. #441, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Southern Californian, 29, 6', 175 lbs., light blue eyes, long, wavy blond hair, single, will be in Boston area 11/85. Looking for that one open-minded Massachusetts lady. Steve Owen, C-49478, Box 8101, 6207X, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

W/m, 40, lost all, would like to hear from kind-hearted, loving ladies. Year and a half left to go. Will answer all. Photos will help. Jack Grimes, C-69556, Box 3000, M6703, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Male prisoner, 29, seeks correspondence from sincere woman, 18-40. Hector Castro, B61713, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 94696-2000.

Two lonely, good-lookin', dirty white boys from Wichita out soon. Lookin' for some fe-mail, outside or in. Will answer all. John Warden 30579 (27, sandy hair, 160 lbs.), and Bon Scott 38044 (30, blond hair, 155 lbs.). Box 2, Lansing, KS 66643.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of our loving bro, **James Angus**, 11/29/62-7/15/84. Jamie was always there to help me and my ol' man with my bike. All he ever wanted was dinner for the help. Why weren't we with you that night? Always riding in our hearts and bikes, especially at night. My momma done told me. Silvia Rick James, Whittier, California.

In memory of **Dino Goodchile**. It's three years, but I know you're out there on the edge of forever. "Long may you run, long may you run, although these changes have come. With your chrome heart flying in the sun, long may you run..." The love lives on. Karen the Klown.

Satan, seeing the kite addressed by your ol' lady, I knew you were gone. May your new ride carry you through the skies of Harley Heaven. You're missed by your bro in the land Down Under and by me in the U.S.A. But the one who misses you most is your ol' lady Sue. Ride on, Satan. Your brother, Crazy Fred 1%er.

In ever-loving memory of **Blue**, 5/3/85. You're in our hearts always. We miss you. Your China Doll, Atlantis, and all your bros and sisters of Alaska.

In loving memory of **Vinette Ann Hendrix** (aka Mighty, as in "Mighty Mouse"). Just released from JAM Honor Farm after paying her dues to society, she was found alone the next morning in a motel 50 miles from home. We still don't know how and why she is gone, but we all remember the beautiful, wild and crazy days she spent with all of us. Rest well, babe. Love 4-life, Dennise, Mom, Blossom, Tee, Izzy, Crystal, Patch, and all us bikers in Huntington Bitch. Por vida.

In loving memory of **Howard "Chopper" Hockenberry**, 3/14/49-5/23/85, from Shade Gap, Pennsylvania, whose life was taken by a bus while he was riding a Softail. Ride high and free in Harley Heaven. I love you still and miss you bad. Thanks for all the sweet memories and good times, Becky, Daddy, and the rest of your loved ones and bros.

In memory of a special bro, **David Bruno**, a good friend to some, a bro to all. December 1984 was when you went to Harley Heaven and left us too soon. Ride free on your H-D and party hardy. Love always, Gary, Cindy and George.

In loving memory of **Harold Jolly**, murdered by a blind cager on 7/27/84. Why did you have to go, with all the sorry, low-down bastards there are in this world? You never even got to see your son, but all the people who still love you will make sure he knows you. And an awful lot of people still love you — Elizabeth and I always will. What else is there to say? Your ol' lady.

Peter "Harley" Laube, 3/27/61-5/25/85. You went on your Harley the way you wanted, babe. We went down together, but you never got up. Ride hard until we are together again. Love you. Marisa.

In loving memory of **Craig Peter "Fox" Marevich**, 3/31/85. You died on your bike, riding the wind like you loved to do. I love you, Fox. Forever ride the heavens free. I'll never forget you. Your wife Lolita, family, and friends.

In memory of **"Sunny" Robinson**, killed 5/14/85 by a cage. We will not forget it. Ride free and rest in peace. Remembered and loved by your friends, Decon, Wolf, Mary, Surf, Filly, and all who knew you.

In loving memory of **Greg "Boneard" Hinton**, who died 3/16/83 doing what he loved best — riding his panhead. Sadly missed by his family, friends, and especially me. Till we meet again, little brother, ride easy. Dann.

In lasting memory of **Roger Campos**, 6/26/84, the best brother a man could have lost. You'll never be forgotten. Cuervo Joe and all your friends and family in Roswell, New Mexico.

In memory of **Yamaha**, 10/6/84, and **Ron**, 10/19/84. We miss you bros — you'll never be forgotten. Ride in the wind free and at peace. Your bros, sisters, and friends from Tired Iron and Akron, Ohio.

In memory of **Dello**. Life wasn't all that bad, was it? No one understands or knows why; still, you'll always be in our thoughts. Till we meet again, ride free. Bobbi and Renee in Florida, and all your friends in Pennsylvania.

R.I.P., **Sundance**, 4/15/85. Fourteen springs old, he never had a dog's license in 30 different counties. We should all have such a good, free life. Steve and Jenny Peterson.

In memory of **Gary Goodwin**, 3/20/85. You were a true biker and friend in every sense of the word. We'll miss your smiling face and hardy slap on the back. Ride the good ride till we are all together again. Your brothers and sisters of ABATE, Region 3 Grant County, Indiana.

In memory of **Paul E. ("The Indian")**, 1948-1985. Cancer took his legs — he took his life. RMFR, brother. We love ya and we won't forget ya.

In loving memory of **Baby Jane**, 5/1/59-5/25/85, of San Angelo, Texas. Everyone who knew her loved her; she'll live in our hearts and souls forever. Your little(?) bro, Willy Wayne.

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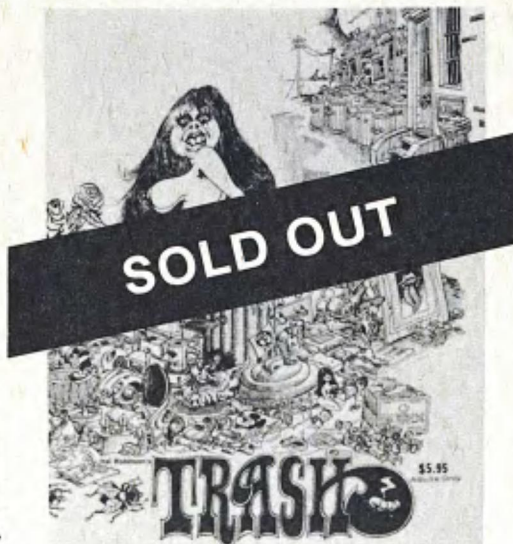
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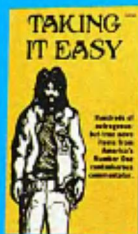
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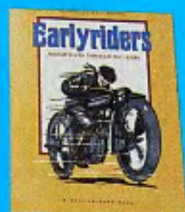
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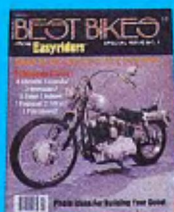
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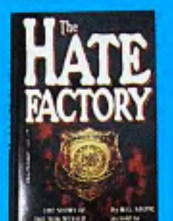
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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

with breaking into as many houses this year as we did last year, despite our 20 percent budget cut.

"Here's how we do it," his voice trails off into a whisper as his brother officers gather 'round.

How they "do it" is so damn simple, it's truly amazing that anyone ever thought of it, since usually the really obvious is totally overlooked. What that brainy cop decided to do was to call the act of bagging up evidence at a drug raid site *cleaning up toxic wastes*. Having made this tremendous leap of logic, it was easy to acquire the proper form for filing a claim against the Superfund and kite it off to the Department of Health Services. Imagine the surprise when the department promptly paid it — without question.

Word travels fast in the law enforcement underground. Before long, local peace officers from throughout the state were dunning the Superfund for the cost of every drug seizure more serious than picking a joint out of some aging hippie's pocket.

Eventually word dribbled out to the public and the legislature, some of whose members were less than pleased with how the money was being spent.

The office of Sen. John Garamendi, a prominent member of the committee that set up the Superfund, called the diversion of funds "bizarre."

"I don't know how you stretch the law to include that," a spokesman for Garamendi said. "The legislature intended the Superfund to be used to clean up hazardous waste sites."

Meanwhile, if you're a California resident and you've just discovered that the water coming out of your tap is making the luminous dial on your watch glow, don't hold your breath waiting for the state Department of Health Services to ride to your rescue totting 15 tons of the best water-purification equipment the Superfund could buy.

Chances are good the authorities won't have the time or the money to be helping you and your neighbors deal with your poisoned-water problem. They'll be too busy spending their time (and your dime) trying to nail some minor-league drug dealer to the cross of a 90-day suspended sentence.

—Butcher

Easyriders



"Oh, well, we couldn't keep both of 'em anyway."

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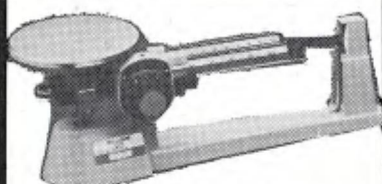
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Downtime

Continued from page 51

back to **Brothers**. At the bottom of the jacket sleeve's credit list is the name Eric Clapton in small type. The contributions EC has made, to rock as well as to Knopfler, is in no way diminutive and it's good to see one talent recognizing another. You can literally get lost in listening to Knopfler's guitar swirl up around you, missing lyrics as you stay with where the music's headed. "The Man's Too Strong," for instance, has (as do many of the nine songs) a mood of wartime behind it. Starting off acoustically, with Mark sounding mysteriously like Dylan, it then builds a simplified saga of someone who's done wrong and is looking for forgiveness. (Sarge oughtta be doing this review in "Vet Voice," what with all the gunplay and admonitions of warring factions.) It's like, "Hey guys, lay down the SAMs." But things ain't that simple. I mean, we gotta hate the commies, right? Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out. But you've gotta appreciate the stance of hopefulness. The title song "Brothers In Arms" takes up this plea for peace. Maybe it won't fall on deaf ears.

With great full-sounding tunes such as "Ride Across The River" (about mercenaries and the dogs of war, backed by jungle bongos and an ever-pleasant lilting guitar), "One World," "Your Latest Trick," "Walk Of Life," and "Why Worry," the album's contents will be staples for one of the longest, most adventurous tours in rock's history. Dire Straits was due to hit the road in North America in late July and stay there through mid-October, then storm Australia, ending up at Darwin, in the Northern Territories, on March 30, 1986. It's a schedule that encompasses 25 countries and over 200 shows. (Talk about a "mercenary" tour.) With Dire Straits, less production on the album means more meat in the grooves. Go check 'em out when they hit yer town.

The Confessor/Joe Walsh: Smokin' Joe Walsh is back and, man, am I glad. We need a little singeing humor, to say nothin' of some knock-ye-socks-off rock and roll. Got it all here on **The Confessor**. Walsh has always had a penchant for hittin' hard, sometimes at himself and the lifestyle he's perceived to live as a rabble-rousing rocker, free and easy with a chain saw in a motel room. Well, now he's dipping his decadent stick into things like "Problems": *Did ya ever have a problem... Seem so small... they can pile up. Do they follow you? I wonder who can solve them... tense situations left unresolved. Your problems love it when you give in to them.* No shit. Gotta clear those skeletons from the closet.

Walsh can be a philosophical dude, irreverent yet never irrelevant, and he's always a cooker of a musician. You get the feeling he's having a good

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time playing for you on **The Confessor**. His latest album lets him air it all out, in all his many forms of aural anarchy. His bio, normally a concoction of bullshit put out by the record company, is different in that it was written by Joe, by gosh. Excerpts: "I was born in Wichita, Kansas. I was 0 years old." What a yuckster, eh? (It gets better, but if ya want a copy you'll have to send for it. This is about the record.)

"The Confessor" opens airily with a synthesizer, acoustic and steel guitars, thunder claps and Joe's distant



voice breaking in to look at: *Your reflection in the bottom of a well, what you see is only on the surface. . . the measure of the depth can be deceiving; the bottom has a rocky reputation. . . on the surface talk is cheap; you can judge the distance by the company you keep. In the eyes of the confessor there's no place you can hide. . . you can't tell a lie. . . you cannot tell a lie. Strip you down to size, naked as the day that you were born. Get it on, Joe. Kick ass, you ol' James Gang-er.*

The baddest, most get-down cut is "15 Years." Ya feel at home in the studio listening to him ask the engineer to turn up his guitar. No pretensions — he wants to rock rebelliously about the 15 years he's put into his craft.

Joe Walsh and his glowing past isn't dimming after years (15, remember?) of The James Gang, Barnstorm ("Rocky Mountain Way") solo efforts (3), and the Eagles (starting in 1977). I always liked his solo titles *So What*, *You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind*, and *But Seriously Folks*, to say nothing of his hit single from a few years back, "Life's Been Good To Me," which echoed the decadence of life in the fast lane. Hey, Joe, ya looked great on David Letterman, sittin' in with the house band. And we really liked the story about free drinks after the Boeing 727 took a dive.

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... Qualifies Men

Continued from page 42

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If your catch meets all these simple qualifications, you can be assured that you have the perfect mate. Never again will you have to hunt prey. However, if you're still unmanned, armed with this advice, you can rest assured that one day soon the right one will come along. Until then, happy hunting and good luck.

Easyriders



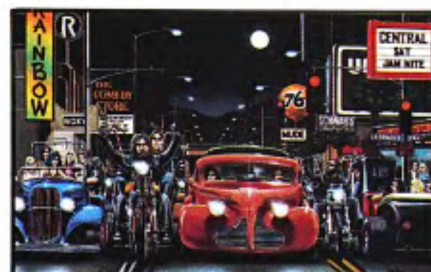


M-18 After The Donkey Show

NEW! There's hardly a guy who's been to Tijuana, Mexico, who hasn't heard of donkey shows. Back in the '40s and '50s there was a wild bar named the Blue Fox where anything went on. At times, bikes went right into the cafe, did a doughnut, and shot out the front door. It's been rumored that part of the floor show was a donkey fuckin' a chick — I guess it musta been true or why would Dave Mann change the name to the Blue Burro! (The rumor persists to this day.)



M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"



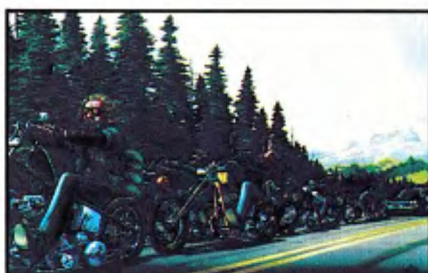
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

must not have been to the Boardwalk. Instead, you were walking around with stiff joints. If you're gonna lay out this rag with bods, show some pink 'cause all you give me is the blues. I don't know about you guys — I enjoy both two wheels and two tits, but I buy this rag for the scoots.

Mike (The Hammer)
Orlando, Fla.

■ Sniff — we don't show pink and don't feature enough broads.

Yep, He's Right

□ I hope you realize that approximately 30 minutes from now all this will seem like it took place about half an hour ago.

David "Bug-Eyes" Teer
Huntsville, Tex.

Answer To Kandi

□ In answer to Kandi in the July '85 issue: If you want to be like a man so much, how come you're writin' letters defending women? If you

didn't have an ol' man (pussy-whipped), I'd say you're a dyke.

Sharon Ward
Laguna Niguel, Calif.

Why Not?

□ I'm writing this letter concerning your "European Fly & Putt" contest in the July issue. Being true motorcycle enthusiasts, both my boyfriend and I were quite interested until we noticed it was available only to U.S. citizens. Since we're from Canada, we were not eligible to enter. I feel your contests should be open to anyone wherever your magazine is sold.

Joan
Cambridge, Ontario

■ So do we, but your government feels differently.

Good Time

□ I'd like to thank the guys and girls who helped us have a great time during our holidays at Daytona Beach last spring.

Lucien and Jean Louis
La Tuque, Quebec

Road Rash

□ Here's another road rash

tip. If you change the dressing three times a day and use hydrogen peroxide to clean it, scarring will be minimal and the healing will be faster. Pour it on the wound. It stings like hell, but it cleans the germs out. Dry the area before you apply Neosporin and a clean dressing. Use sterile gauze pads for cleaning and applying ointment. Use non-stick pads for the dressing. It's best to keep it covered and don't get it wet.

Angora Muff
Chesterton, Ind.

She Cared

□ This is for all the men at Indian Youth Center who miss their favorite librarian. I saw Ms. Hunter on the streets — she's looking better than ever and would like to hear from her students. Write her at: RR #13 Box 563, W. Terre Haute, IN 47885.

Book Freak
Indianapolis, Ind.

Likes Tote Bag

□ Just got the tote bag. I was admiring the fine quality and have to admit my surprise.

Janie
Surfside Beach, S.C.

Tough One

□ Just wanna comment on the "Stoner's Crossword" (July '85). That was a tough one! We're stoners from way back when, and we stayed up all night trying to figure that one out!

Monty Python and Friends
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Stop Readin'

□ What do you think about my ol' man telling me to quit buying *Easyriders*? He tells me it makes me look like I'm identifying with bikers.

Easyriders Lover
Salem, Va.

■ Unless you're 18, you're lawfully not supposed to read it.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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Lockdown

Continued from page 71

new study by the Federal Bureau of Justice Statistics, child abusers and other perpetrators of crimes against kids tend to do less prison time than inmates convicted of crimes against adults.

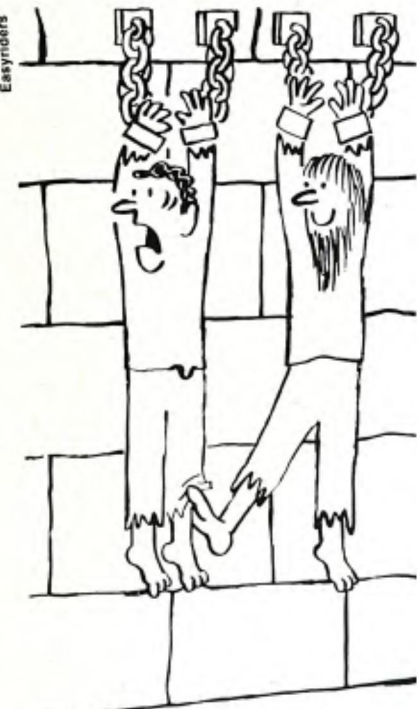
Called *Tracking Offenders — The Child Victim*, the study presents some startling insights into the sense of values possessed by those running our so-called justice system.

Consider sexual assaults, for example. Among all persons convicted of a sexual assault, 17 percent receive sentences longer than one year. Among those convicted of sexual assaults against kids, only 13 percent do more than a year.

Taking into consideration all offenses against minors, the statistics are even worse. In this category only 8 percent of those who prey on kids are downed for over a year, while 12 percent of those who commit crimes against all ages get 12-month-plus terms.

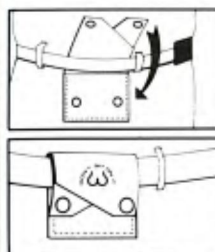
The inclination of the authorities to give perpetrators of crimes against kids a slap on the wrist is not limited to doling out sweetheart sentences. The study also shows, in the words of Bureau Director Steven Schlesinger, that "fewer offenders against minors are incarcerated" even though they are "convicted more often than are offenders against victims in general."

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A Fast War

Continued from page 18

section of town, Jose frowned. No doubt the general knew where he was going, though. However, as the limo traveled on into actual slums, Jose became alarmed. What in hell was going on? He turned to General Marks. "Are you sure your men know where they're going?"

Marks laughed. "Don't worry. Jose — they know. This isn't our first trip to this particular destination. Just relax — and try not to breathe too deeply, ha-ha!"

Jose wasn't amused. This was a very rough-looking section of Denver and now he began wishing his involvement had ended with the signing of the contract. He really didn't have forever to squander on touring Denver's "provinces." If he was going to get all the blonde girls he wanted, he'd better get with the program.

When the limo pulled up to the curb and parked, Jose couldn't believe his eyes. For Christ's sake, things weren't this bad even in his small, impoverished country! He panicked. "We aren't getting out here!" he bleated.

Marks laughed again. "Welcome to the U.S.A., Jose! Come on in and have a drink."

The two tough-looking young men took pistols from the glove box, got out of the limo, and opened the rear doors. The misty rain had stopped, and hoodlums and hopeless people were everywhere — watching. Jose almost refused to get out of the car, but remembering his job, he finally summoned up his nerve. The young driver and his assistant were standing there on the sidewalk with their pistols in plain sight. They appeared bored, but highly competent. The skid-row denizens began finding other things to look at. This was for real and suddenly Jose felt relaxed again. Everybody here *knew*. He needn't even look at these people. Very reassuring.

Still chuckling, Gen. Marks led Jose into the dim interior of The Spot saloon. Looking back over his shoulder to make sure that Marks' men were accompanying them, Jose noticed the pack of big, mean motorcycles parked in front of the limo. He wasn't positive, but he thought the machines might be called "choppers" in this country. Inside, the smoke was thick and the music from an old, battered jukebox was loud. The song was about some poor cowboy who was getting his ass shot off for fucking around with a Mexican whore in some place called El Paso, forcing him to steal a horse and make a run for it. Jose sincerely hoped the cowboy would make it to safety. He felt like making a run for it himself. Especially now that he'd noticed how many of The Spot's patrons were big, mean counterparts of the motorcycles parked outside. Holy Mother, he'd

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never seen so many muscles, so many tattoos, such massive amounts of hair. The eyes above all those wild and woolly beards and moustaches looked right through him. He inched closer to Gen. Marks, ready to forget all about blonde American women. Well, almost.

The general walked to the bar and Joe Teal met him there with a hopeful smile. "I sure hope this means what I think it means," Teal said.

Marks laughed. "Aw, don't tell me my boy is pissing you off. How much this time?" Marks reached into his coat.

Teal was truly relieved. Christ, he'd really thought that this time he'd lost a bundle. "Over three grand! The crazy SOB has been laying around here for weeks! I've had to beg the cops not to arrest him, and he's been running a tab with the cunt, too! God only knows what that will come to!" Teal reached under the bar for a huge stack of paper slips and handed them to Marks.

Marks ran his thumb over the stack as if it was a deck of cards and then dropped it into a large spittoon. He ordered drinks for himself and Jose and a bottle of 100-proof bourbon. A new one. Silently, Teal set the glasses and bottle before them. Then the general dropped \$3000 in \$100 bills on the bar. "Joe, I love ya. Thanks for taking care of my boy. Pay off the cunt, too, and don't get greedy. You know the tip is going to be a good one."

Flushing, Teal snatched up the money and his eyes took on a hard look. "You aren't saying that I'm cheating, are you, General?" The two men looked at each other for a few seconds, then Teal suddenly remembered that he was a busy man. "I'll take care of it right now, General!"

General Marks turned and looked the place over. There was the usual motley crew of pimps, thugs, bums, whores, and bikers hanging around. But where was — then he saw him. Dale was passed out at a corner table, his face resting next to an empty glass. His old captain's hat, with the



"I'm not giving up my seat, lady — you'll just have to sit on my face."



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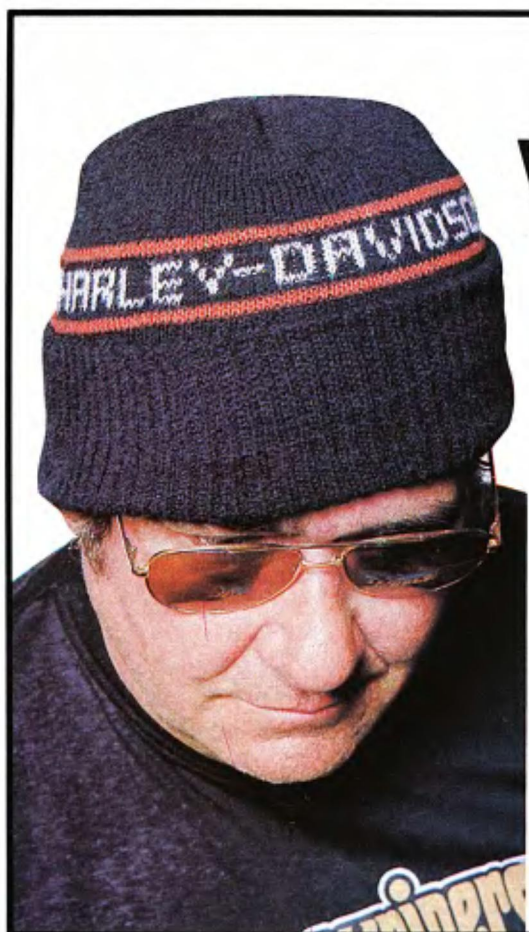
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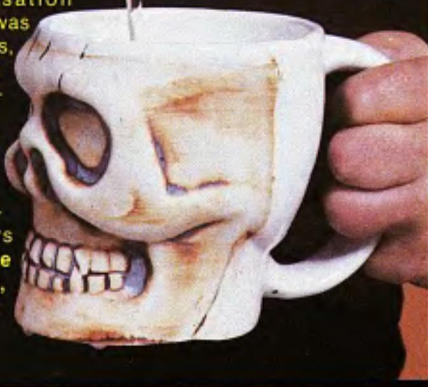


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winged skull for an insignia on the front, had slid to the side of his head. An empty cigarette package was crumpled up by the ashtray. Christ almighty! The general picked up the bottle and his drink. Nodding to Jose, he strode to the table.

General Marks was a fairly patient man for an officer, so he took his time. He knew that the human booze-tube in front of him was the best and most deadly fighter pilot he had ever seen. And now he needed him again, so why hurry? They had all night.

Jose's expression indicated he'd just had an accident in his pants, but he followed the general. He did not, however, sit down when the general did. He stood by the table and watched. The jukebox was blaring another song. It was about some old lady named Ma Barker, who, after fucking everybody and everything and robbing some banks, knew how to die when the police killed her. Santa Maria! This place was infinitely more dangerous than home! Could these gringos really take time out from killing each other to come down and help his government? It seemed questionable. Remembering the general's advice, he tried not to breathe too deeply as he waited to see what would happen next.

Marks slammed the bottle of booze sharply on the table, rousing the slumbering Dale. Without raising his head, Dale mumbled, "This is my table, you noisy cocksucker, so buzz off."

The general smiled and broke the seal on the bottle, pouring a generous amount into Dale's glass, making as much noise as possible.

Dale was having a bad dream. Some doctor was standing there in the middle of darkest Africa telling him that in a few hours the most important part of his anatomy was going to fall off simply because he'd been careless. No, there was no way to prevent it. Just about then, there was a sudden loud noise and Dale had come half-awake, momentarily leaving his dream. However, he found he wanted to climb back inside it immediately because he'd thought of a great way to test the doctor's prediction. Returning to full slumber, he picked up the thread. This installment included a beautiful girl, and so far everything was working. Nothing was falling off. She was naked; just lying there between his legs. She opened her mouth very wide — *Bang! Gurgle, gurgle. Damn!*

Dale woke up completely. He raised his head. "Buzz off, you — oops!" He beheld his glass filling with the wonderful stuff that made his dreams possible. He raised his sights another notch or two and a smile crossed his haggard face. "Hey, General! What took you so long?" Marks grinned fondly at him. Actually, it hadn't been all that long since they'd had occasion to drink together. Still, in some ways it had been much too long. Things would be getting back to normal now, and just in the nick of time. Dale fig-

ured his tab must be keeping ol' Teal awake nights.

As he poured a second drink, Dale noticed the well-dressed foreigner standing near their table. "What's that?" he asked Marks.

"Our new employer."

Dale glanced at Jose again, and noted that he'd been overheard. Shit! That wasn't any way to start a job. Jose definitely looked unhappy. The general saved the day, by launching into an outline of the coming action. It sounded pretty routine to Dale, so, trying to smooth over his *faux pas*, he displayed exaggerated good cheer over the prospects of working again and offered a chair to Jose.

"No, thank you," Jose said icily. And turning pointedly to Marks, he added, "It's getting late, General."

Jose had made his point. As Marks rose to leave, he became very serious. "Now, listen, you crazy asshole, you owe me. Here's \$500 for you. All your bills are paid, so tomorrow at ten, be sitting in my office. And you'd better be sober. Got it?"

Dale acted stunned. Christ, this part of it was always a pain in the ass. Nonetheless, he knew the routine. "Is the sun up by then? What's wrong with the afternoon?" he complained.

Marks' eyes narrowed and he leaned forward as he spoke. "Ten in the morning. Don't forget!"

Dale shrugged. "Okay, okay, I'll be there at ten!"

The general smiled. "I know you'll be there. I just wanted you to know that you'll be there."

As Marks and Jose walked away Dale picked up the bottle of bourbon and poured himself another drink, smiling. Damn! The things a man had to do to make a living.

The jukebox started up again. It was one of the latest hit tunes. Dale shook his head in disgust. He stood up and jammed the bottle into his pocket, along with four of the bank notes. He walked to the bar and dropped the fifth bill down in front of Teal, who grinned wolfishly. "There's a tip for putting up with me. Sorry it took so long."

Teal's grin got bigger. "No sweat, Dale. Anytime, man, and good luck!"

Dale turned to leave, then said, "By the way, Teal, take that silly new shit off the jukebox. It sounds like some asshole is running an outboard engine in a tub filled with Ping-Pong balls!"

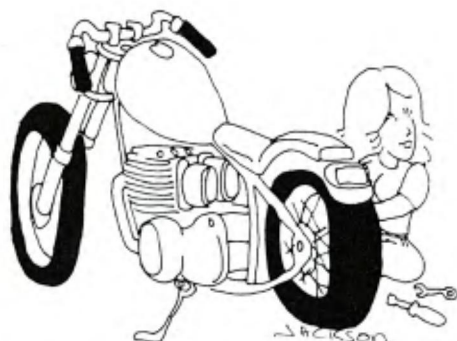
Teal burst out laughing and raised one hand in a farewell salute.

Dale's smile disappeared as he walked outside. Yes, he'd be there at ten, sober as a parson. But it wasn't going to be easy.

Several days later, the whole project was set in motion and Jose was on his way back to his homeland, his mission accomplished. Sitting on the plane, a smile lifted his thin moustache. He was thinking, remembering those beautiful blonde girls, some of whom really did have blonde eyebrows. Ah, what a place, this Denver, Colorado.

The war had almost gotten too big to win by the time General Marks and his men arrived, but after they'd gotten organized, the commies found themselves losing ground. The four old AIE Sky Raiders that comprised Marks' air force had made a tremendous difference, enabling Dale Stone and his "merc" pilots to finally begin drilling in for the finishing touches. They'd flown bombing and strafing runs against the communists around the clock, taking a heavy toll on enemy troops and supplies without losing a single plane.

It was the beginning of spring now, and the war was just about wrapped up when the intelligence report came into headquarters. It was the moment of truth and Gen. Marks was pleased. If he could pull off this next maneuver, the war would be over — they'd have beaten the commies completely. He had to find Dale. This was a job for the air force, and drunk or sober, Dale Stone would put this thing on ice. Marks ran out and jumped into his old Chevy. He knew where Dale would be, and he wasted no time in



"Will you hurry up! I don't want nobody ridin' by and seein' my ol' lady fixin' my bike!"

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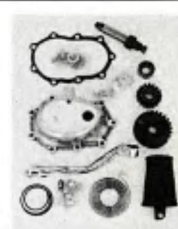
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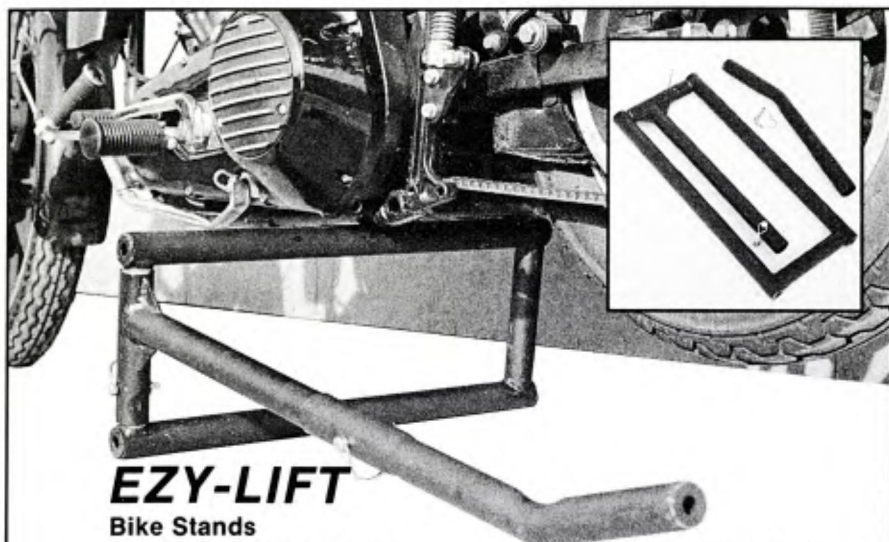
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getting there.

The place was called Campo Santos and as Marks went through the door, he prayed that his worst fears wouldn't be realized. They were. Sweet Christ! We might lose the war yet, he thought.

Dale was sitting at a table, with a half-naked girl on his lap. Three other chicks were clustered around him, holding onto glasses. That he was raving drunk was perfectly apparent. Several guitarists were playing a beautiful Spanish love song and Marks hesitated a moment, listening to the ballad. It was one of his favorites. When the music stopped, Marks walked over to Dale's table. Dale looked up. "Hiya, General, ha-ha! Sit down and have a drink. Get a drink for the General, you dumb pussies. They're really great, General, and you can have any one of 'em you want except this cunt on my lap. Her name's Tiny, and for a good reason, too, hah! We're gonna get married soon. Say, glad to see you, Marks. Is the fuckin' war over yet? Ha-ha!"

General Marks sat down, silently poured himself a drink from the bottle on the table, and downed it in one gulp. Then he set the glass down and stood up. There was time, he felt, so he would handle this like it was the old days. But deep down he knew the old days were finally over. This was the last contract for Dale Stone. It was too bad, and the realization made him sad. But it also made him even more patient.

He spoke calmly. "Get up — now. We have to return to the airport. Pronto." He watched Dale. Dale lost his smile and his eyes seemed to refocus.

He eased the girl from his lap and rose to his feet. As an afterthought, he picked up his glass, downed its contents, and started walking toward the door. He staggered slightly and said, "For chrissake, why didn't you say so? I thought you were here to play."

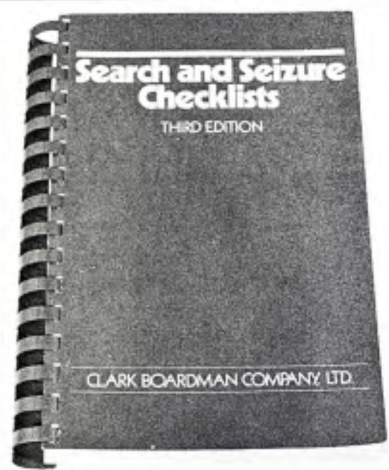
Marks took a deep breath. Shaking

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his head, he followed Dale outside, thinking, this guy is really something, and I'm just uptight. Hell, maybe there is still a chance for another contract. The general relaxed, knowing that at the very least this contract was almost over. Dale Stone would never fail him. He felt closer to Dale at that moment than he had to any of his men during his entire career. Now he owed Dale. How could he have lost faith? He laughed and started the car. The war would be over by tonight.

The meeting had progressed, and the general was closing it out. "So that's it, gentlemen. According to our intelligence reports, the commies have put all of their eggs in one basket, trying to move through the pass and start a counter-attack. If we destroy that convoy of troops and supplies, it's all over for them. Any questions? None? Good! That's it, then. Move out!"

The men ran from the room, and the pilots began to get their equipment ready. This time all four planes, loaded to the hilt with high-explosive bombs and full magazines of .20mm ammo, would seek out and destroy the huge enemy convoy. It would finish the war and earn them a hefty bonus. And they knew exactly where the convoy was. No sweat! It was all over but the shooting. Dale slipped his pint of booze under his belt, and checked his pistol. He was ready. Outside, on the ramp, the mechanics had the planes warming up, and Dale could feel his blood begin to race at the throaty sound of the aircraft engines. Only thing better was Milwaukee Iron, growling in a pack. He just had to smile. This was going to be a real ball. He walked toward his plane.

The convoy was moving along the valley roads with reasonable speed and Captain Tork was satisfied. This assignment had proved to be easier than he'd thought it would be. Still, he wished he could have stayed in Cuba. But since his predecessor had almost lost this war before getting himself killed, he knew that fresh blood was needed here. And they'd sent their best — him!

Those American mercenaries were the whole problem, he thought. If not for those murdering assholes, this war would be wrapped up by now, and he'd still have that Cuban beauty in bed, with her legs wrapped around his neck. Oh, well, if this gamble paid off, it wouldn't be long until he could go back to Cuba. He knew that this convoy was a dangerous thing to do, but in order to concentrate men and supplies at the most strategic location, they had to risk it. Without the new gun, he would never have considered it.

The anti-aircraft gun was an old American .40mm pom-pom Navy gun that had been attained from their stocks in East Germany. They had plenty of shells, too. The gun was mounted on the biggest truck they had and the East German gun crew

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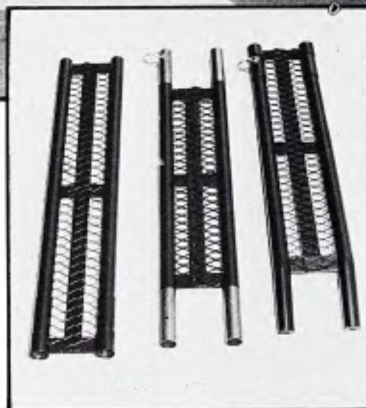
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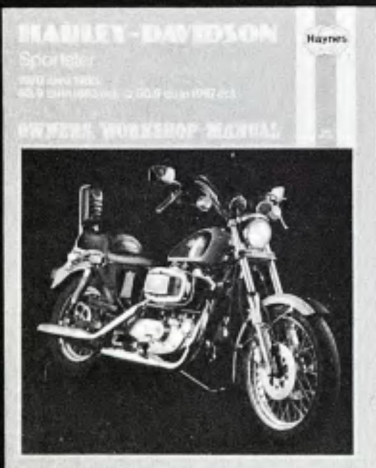


Dale was stunned. Exploding shells were everywhere, and he'd been hit. He pulled back on the stick and the plane shut upward. At 3000 feet, he took inventory. A burning wreck on the side of the mountain told him that not everyone had made it. He looked down. The other two planes were blowing up a truck on the road and the anti-aircraft fire had stopped. Now the two

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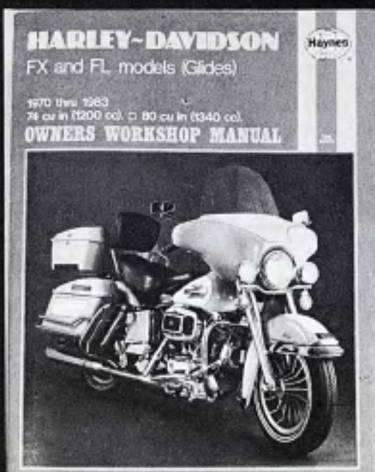
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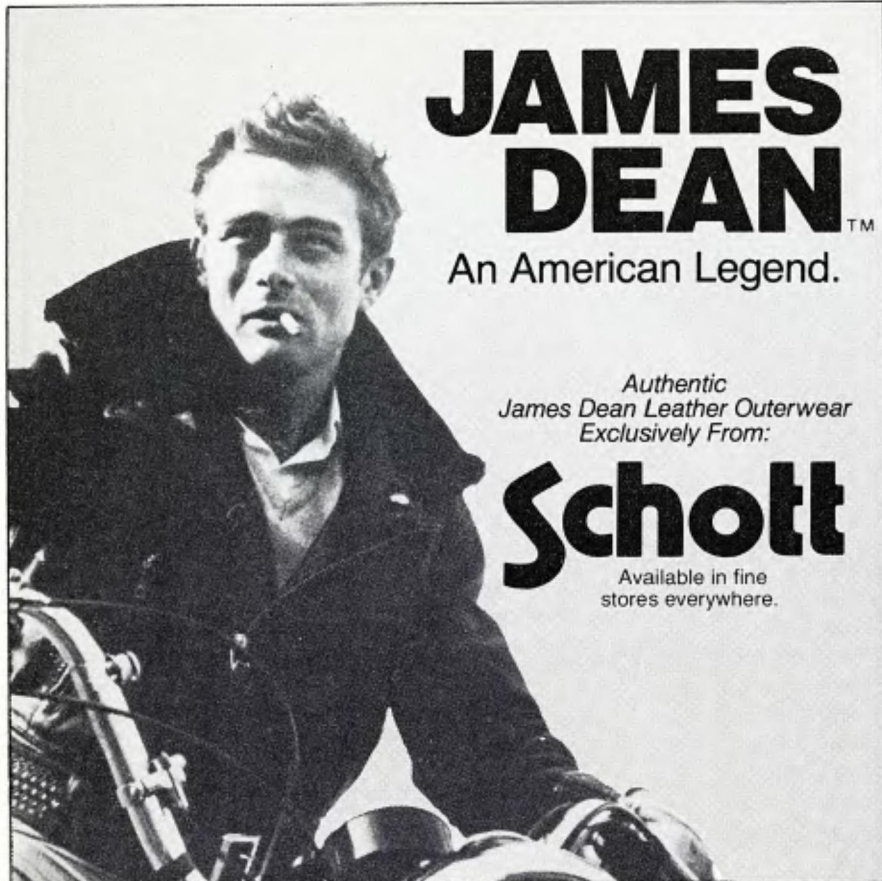
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planes rose and joined him. He reached for his mike to tell them they'd done a fine job. That's when he noticed that most of his right hand was missing.

He looked at the mangled remains in utter disbelief. What in the fuck! His vision suddenly blurred, and he shook his head as if to renounce his present realities. Damn! He'd never needed a drink this bad. He groped for his bottle of whiskey and was horrified to find his bottle had been smashed. Whiskey was everywhere and now he could smell it. He took a deep breath, inhaling the rich, liquid-gold aroma. Feeling drowsy, he relaxed and then realized that somehow he'd come to be hanging upside down, cradled by the seat belt. Fuck! He knew the general would never approve of this sort of derring-do. After all, this wasn't a fucking air show!

He tried to move his head. What in hell — he thought he could smell smoke. Dammit, he must have fallen asleep and dropped a cigarette, setting the fucking plane on fire. Christ, the general was really gonna be pissed. Never mind, though. He'd let Marks have his favorite whore. That would smooth it out. She gave the best blow-job south of the North Pole!

For an instant full consciousness returned and Dale became alert. He realized that he was hard hit, that the plane was on fire and going down. He was on his last contract. He tried to laugh. He didn't give a shit about it. He was going out the way he always knew he would. Fuck it! He knew he had less than a minute to go, so just for old time's sake, even though it hurt like hell, he looked out the window. He wanted just one more look at the world.

He almost missed it. He saw the burning gun truck, and his two remaining planes flying off to the east. And then he saw the flash about a mile south along the road. It was from a pair of glasses, he knew, and the whole thing came to him then. They'd

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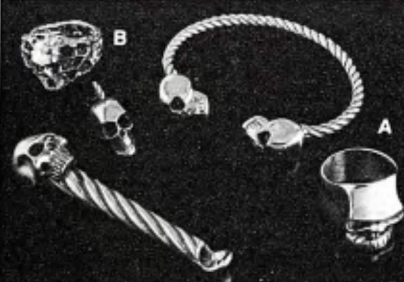
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been suckered.

He reached for the stick with his left hand and tried to steer the plane. It worked a little. Just enough. Dale thought, and the last smile that would ever cross his face was a very small one. It might have been bigger, but it hurt a lot to concentrate on guiding the plane. Still, he was going to do it.

Captain Tork was pleased. One plane had been shot down immediately and another was hard hit. Smoke trailed from the engine cowlings as the planes pulled away from the area. The pom-pom gun was still going, but now Captain Tork frowned. The remaining merc pilots had reversed course and were diving on the gun, braving intense AA fire. Then it was suddenly over and the planes pulled away again. He'd lost his .40mm gun, and it looked like half the mountain had caved in on the road during the bombing. Now all he could do was try to save the convoy. The counter-attack was off! He raised his binoculars and focused on the merc plane that was starting to burn. It was going to crash and he wanted to watch. He hated these Americans with a passion. He started to smile. The smile vanished.

The plane had suddenly veered from its vertical descent and seemed to be heading in his direction. Of course, it would never make it. It was on fire and falling apart before his very eyes. Still, it was unsettling.

The captain's eyes got wider. For Christ's sake, the cockpit was full of flames, and pieces and bits were still falling off the plane! Certainly, no human could be alive in that inferno. He gasped, then screamed as the plane flew right into his lap. For one ten-thousandth of a second, Captain Tork had a nightmare. He had dropped his field glasses and looked right into the grinning, bloody face of the man who was to kill them all.

It seemed as if the entire mountain exploded then, blowing up the commie trucks like a string of firecrackers.

The two remaining planes turned toward their home base. It was over and they had won. One pilot keyed his mike. "There goes the boss," he said. "A great guy. But something bothers me."

The other pilot was puzzled. "What's your problem, Professor?"

"Well, if he was going to get himself killed, why in the fuck did he have to win the war and hog all the fucking glory?"

The second pilot knew full well that his pal was trying to cover up a terrible amount of grief and that if the galls humor stopped, maybe they'd both lose it. But, of course, it wouldn't. "Oh, you know how these fuckin' showoffs are," he said. "They want it all. By the way, ace, what was that good-looking cunt's name? Tiny? I'll see you at the Campos Santos later tonight."

Both men laughed and wiped the tears from their eyes. It had been a good, fast war. *Chin-chin!*

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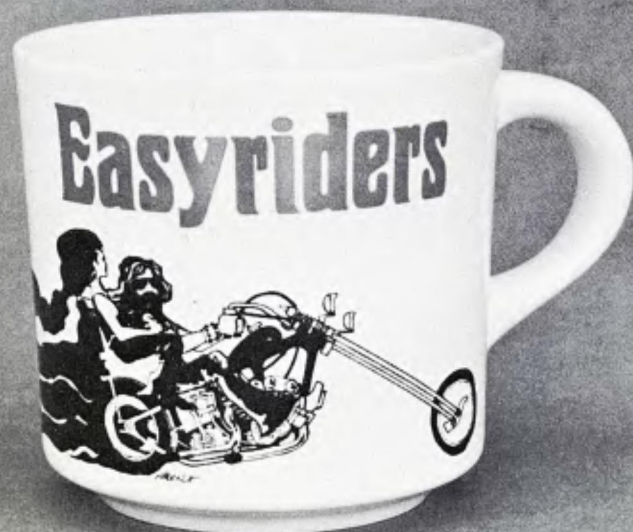
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Dumb Bltch

Continued from page 29

formerly unsullied Hog, and a TV set that wasn't about to 'fess up on how it fell up. I took a putt a few miles down the road to a college-town record shop to buy a new stereo needle. As I backed the Hog into a parking space in front of the store, I couldn't help but notice that there was an audience of sorts staring at me like I was a little green man trying to park a spaceship from Mars. Self-consciously, I removed my jacket and chaps, and put them in the saddlebags, trying to fit into the local dress code a bit.

As I walked into the shop, I spotted this wide-eyed salesgirl. I judged her to be my age, maybe a couple of years younger, with jade-green eyes, blonde hair, and a gorgeous set of legs. She grinned and looked at me approvingly and was so nervous that her hands were shaking. She was shaking so bad that she dropped the new needle into her coffee cup — and didn't even notice because she was looking into my eyes and smiling. (I get all the spastic ones.) I asked her if there was a charge for the swimming lessons. And as she said, "What?" she looked down and turned purple in embarrassment. We both broke out laughing and after we stopped she told me her name was Linda.

She said her ol' man was in a band and left her alone for months at a time while he blew all his money on groupies, cocaine, and 'ludes. She also told me that she had spotted me before, at the local carnival and a few times shopping and riding around town. In the months that followed we got to be good friends. I'd stop in and see her at work, and sneak in a burrito or a cup of tea for her, but she wouldn't go out on her ol' man. She told me how he would come home, ransack her trailer, go through her purse, and accuse her of sleeping with everyone from Bugs Bunny to the Pope. He stole money from her and anything else that could be easily turned into cash, including her car battery. After months of that crap, she finally, in November, threw "The Asshole" out and we started going out.



"My wife must have run out of sandwich bags again."

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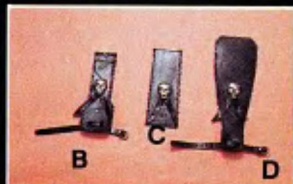
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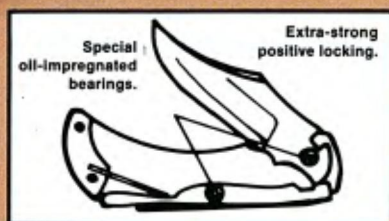
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One night I noticed that her two lower front teeth were broken. I asked her what happened.

"I was driving and turned a corner too fast."

"Hit a tree?"

"No."

"A pole?"

"No."

"Steering wheel?"

"No."

"Had to be some kind of accident. . . ditch, right?"

"No. Flst."

"Er, what?"

"Flst. I turned a corner too fast and The Asshole got scared and shit his pants, so he hit me in the mouth."

Yep, real macho man.

The month we spent together was one of the best of my life. She told me how she wished that we had met 12 or so years earlier, how we could have changed each other's lives, how we seemed to be meant for each other, and how we had so much in common. It took me a while to settle on the idea of one woman, but I figured if any one woman was worth the gamble, it was this one. She was smart. Book-smart and street-smart. She'd had a hard life and had the scars to prove it. She wanted a new chance at life and she wanted me. Then about a week before Christmas she told me that The Asshole was coming back to pick up his remaining belongings, including a Honda Gold Wing and a one-year-old Chevy pickup, both of which she'd bought for him.

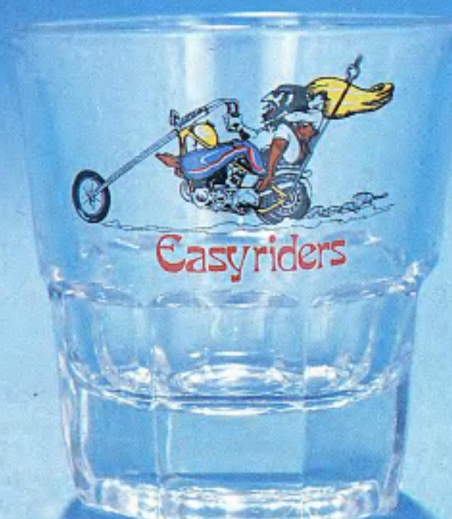
He came and left, with his things untouched. We spent the next week together without her offering any explanation as to why his stuff was still there. Then at 4 a.m. on Christmas Eve, after a night of fun and frolicking under the covers, she tells me (crying, no less) that I've got to hit the highway because The Asshole is coming back that day.

It seems that he had called her in the middle of the night the day before and promised to be good, get a real job, and actually treat her just like a real human being. And she believed him. The little slime-sucking son of a bitch probably didn't want to miss out on the neat Christmas goodies he knew he'd get. With past presents like a bike and truck, you really couldn't blame the creep. I learned from a



TAKE A SHOT

Show some class when you're downin' that tasty shot of Jack Black or Turkey. Hefty three-shot size — no candyass — features art by Hal Robinson. Why not order two? They're just perfect for when your tight bro drops by for some get-down, shoot-'em-back drink-in'. Send check or money order for \$4.50 per glass to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. Please Add 50¢ postage in U.S. Canadian orders, add \$3; all other foreign, add \$5.



Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

Benjamin Franklin flew his kite and discovered electricity lurks in lightning. As my adrenalin levels slowly returned to normal, I dialed the number. Seven rings. No answer. Must be with her ex-ol' man.

I careened my way back to the bar. Time to move on. We pile into my car, turn into the nearest parking lot and find we're squarely behind Linda's Chevy pickup — with two people in it. It didn't take long for my bros to notice either. "100,000 fuckin' cars in the city and you just happen to park behind hers, right?"

"Yeah, I think he has a radar dish for a pecker."

"I don't believe this."

I just sat there dumbfounded — and so did the car, because someone had pulled up behind me right on my bumper. I wished I was somewhere else. Anywhere else. Under a rock. Siberia. Anywhere but that parking lot. My friends (and probably all the old gods of fate) were almost rolling on the floor in laughter. Then the two figures in the truck started to move. I still hoped it was Linda and her girlfriend, but as the driver got out, I realized it was really The Asshole. To add insult to injury, he was wearing my new leather jacket I had forgotten at Linda's when I was evicted. I stared in disbelief. "The Asshole's got my leather on!" I yelled.

That put my bros into another spasmodic attack of delirious, howling laughter.

"Gee, maybe he wants to go steady."

"Blow me." Half wanting to be under the security of a 20-ton boulder and half wanting to beat the wimp into a pile of pulsating pink mush, I was torn between blood-red rage, uncontrollable laughter and extreme embarrassment.

Then Linda came out the passenger door.

"Look, she's fucking crying! The son of a bitch made her cry on her birthday! I'm going to kill that pansy ass!"

I probably would have, too, except four leather-clad arms connected to two 275-pound-plus bikers dragged me back into my seat. "Wait and see what happens."

"No. I want to kill the fucker."

"Shut the fuck up!"

"He ought to go in and check on her."

"In his condition he'll tear the wimp's head off. Besides, he's drunk. It's her life, she got herself into it."

After a few days of sulking and hoping that the big black cloud that seemed to be following me would dissipate, I decided to stop in and talk to Linda at work. She looked up — with two of the largest, most colorful shiners I'd ever seen on anyone, male or female. "What's with the black eyes?"

"What black eyes?"

"The ones on your face."

"Let's talk about something different."

"No, let's talk about your face. What happened?"

"He got upset when he spotted you

We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in badass black or virgin white. Please indicate style and color. Genuine Bun Hugger (black only) or **Easyriders** logo in black or white. Medium or large. To order, send **\$4.95** to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. (Sorry, not returnable)

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Dealer inquiries
invited.

guys on my birthday."

The next day all I could think of was those shiners on that pretty little face. Had to do something, but what? I heard that The Asshole's band was playing in a bar about 40 miles away. My bro Curt and I drove for two hours in a genuine northeastern blizzard until we finally found the joint. As we drove in we could hear the band from the parking lot. We went in and ordered a couple of beers. The Asshole was banging away on his drums, dressed up in (no shit) a leopard print silk leotard! "The Asshole dresses like a fag."

"Yeah, he can't keep a fuckin' beat, either."

"True."

I had planned on talking to him when the band went on break. I went into the john to take a leak and went over the mild lecture I had planned. The music stopped and guess who walked in? Right. The Asshole. "Oh, shit!" he said with a look on his face like he'd just seen the Grim Reaper. He turned around and without warning, tried to lay one on my chin with all 130 pounds of his wimpy woman-beating self. Now, I didn't like the guy to begin with. And I still didn't have my leather back. And he's taking his frustrations out on a chick I'm soft on, right?

I'd planned on just talking to the guy. But thinking about him trying to Jap me and knock my lights out, the shiners, and all the other bullshit he had put Linda through. Besides, he rode a Honda Gold Wing. And I couldn't help but think of all the times in 17 years of riding Harleys that me and my bros had been scowled at by dumbass, self-righteous, supposedly patriotic rednecks on Jap bikes simply because we were riding American-built Harleys. Besides, I owed those fuckin' gods of fate a wicked payback for the fifth. "Hey, Asshole, do you have hemorrhoids?" I asked. "I'm going to pull your head through your asshole and I want to make sure it hurts."

Curt came in as I was holding The Asshole's head in the urinal. "What ya trying to do, drown the son of a bitch or baptize him?" I'd never gotten a chance to hit him because the drugged-out little fucker had fainted!

That all happened a few weeks ago. Linda and me are seeing each other again and I've talked her into going back to college. And The Asshole? He's off in Canada somewhere, still beating his drums. And the gods of fate? Fuck 'em!



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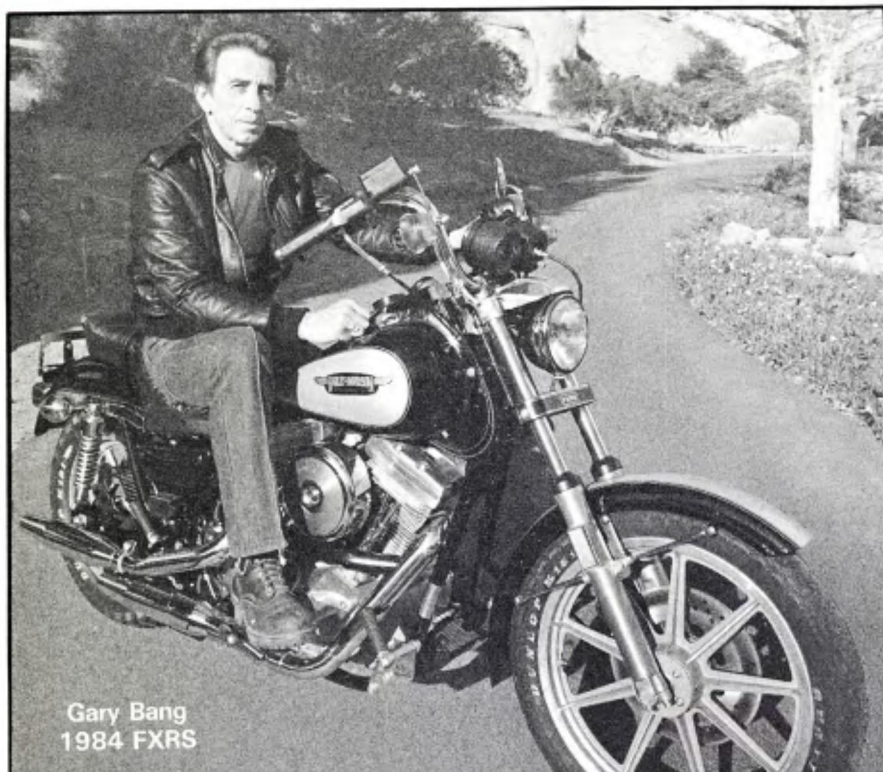
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Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 72

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Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are

available for \$180. Or, for \$300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only \$25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (149)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (155)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (158)

BLUE DOTS

JMP Performance Center, 11549 St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis, MO 63044. Order toll-free (800) 325-1113. (151)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (158)

Euro-Cycle Imports, 1925 N. MacArthur, Oklahoma City, OK 73217. (800) 527-5544. Inside Oklahoma, (405) 787-3440. (149)

Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc. 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (156)

CAMS

Mike's, Box 88, Draper, UT 84020. (801) 571-9452. (150)

CATALOGS

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250+ pages) & T-shirt, \$9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (149)

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (149)

Steamboat Enter., Box 7232, San Diego, CA 92107. (149)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., \$2, Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (154)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, free. 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (148)

Sides Line Sunglasses, free. Box 1238, Jackson, CA 95642. (149)

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

COATING

Olympic Powder Coatings, 2320 Vineyard Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. (619) 745-3322. (151)

CYLINDER BORING

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (150)

ENGINES

Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So., Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (149)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (149)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing, 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-2499. (153)

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Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325 1/2 Pluma, Cerritos, CA 90701. (213) 402-0725. (149)

IGNITIONS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 662-3615. (149)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

Custom Leather Works and Supply, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61554. (309) 353-7672. (152)

Long Rider Leathers, Custom & made-to-measure MC jackets & repair. Box 990, Morro Bay, CA 93442. 805-772-8364. (153)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (149)

Forman Harley-Davidson, 115 N. Main St., Stillwater, OK 74074. (405) 377-0045. (149)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040. (502) 554-1146. (153)

Frisco Choppers (new/used H-D parts bought/sold) 375 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. (415) 864-4242. (149)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (149)

OBSELETE PARTS

Belmont Harley-Davidson, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 224-3818. (149)

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (149)

PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (149)

Paint By Frank, Lyons, IL 60534. (312) 447-6149. (157)

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (149)

Jammer Cycle (800) 423-2633 (outside of Calif.); (800) 453-9651 (Calif. only). (149)

Parts Galore, Inc., 5921 Middlebelt, Garden City, MI 48135. (313) 522-7903. (149)

Pinellas Custom Cycle, Box 284, Pinellas Park, FL 34290. (813) 546-6553. (149)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (152)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

SPEEDOMETERS

Paramount Speedometer, 8845 Alondra Blvd., Paramount, CA 90723. (213) 630-9753. (148)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (155)

(Shipped UPS, C.O.D.)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

Vietnam Vets Khaki T-shirts (4-color screen, \$9.50). 301 N. Cedar, Abingdon, IL 61410. (We pay UPS.) (148)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL.) (151)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc. Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (159)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals. \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgment. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

NOTICE: Easyriders will no longer accept lonely hearts ads. This space is practically given away to help bikers who want to sell parts, send messages to people, or just place general classified ads. But we're not a lonely hearts magazine. This means no more ads seeking one-night stands, lifetime commitments, house mooses, an occasional fuck, kinky companions, or anything else of this nature.

— Spider

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Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment® This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

Ester: Where are you? You playing games or for real? How about an address or phone number? Edwin. (148)

Darcy: Keep the faith; we know you are hanging in there. We love you. Joe Bug and Lisa, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (148)

Make \$\$\$\$ while you learn. "Tattooing A-Z" by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Illustrated. Money-back guarantee! \$10, plus \$2 postage. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (148)

Hey, babe (my sleazy little bunwarmer): Betcha thought I forgot ya this year. I just got a little behind — get it? Always thinkin' about ya across the miles, waitin' for those passionate weekends. Damn that railroad! Happy late birthday, and thanks for the last 5. Love ya, R.C. (your Haggie). (148)

Flint arrowheads. Perfect for jewelry, dressing up your leathers or bike. Three for \$5 or seven for \$10. Cash or m.o. Overseas, add \$3. J.L. Gurley, 511 W. 18th, Ada, OK 74820. (154)

Gypsy Woman, have you not heard my call? Through the wilderness and mountain ranges, upon the sands of the coast, there you will find it. I have no one in this world, but there is one waiting and she reads this rag. Ten months left, 300 days, and then, Gypsy Woman, life begins. David Sidener 17175, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (148)

Kave: Been trying very hard to get in touch with Billy Latham. Billy, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please contact Debbie in Illinois. Call collect (618) 457-4381. (148)

Attention, ladies and bros doin' downtime: I've been there and I know the importance of mail and the need to reach out beyond the walls to a friend in the free world — friendship is a gift that I offer to anyone with the heart to reach out, cuz sharing is caring. Write Robert "Vulture" Leavitt, 3215 N.E. 143rd #5, Seattle, WA 98125. Will answer all letters immediately. (148)

Inmates: Non-recording AM/FM stereo cassette players available. Contact the Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Dr., Wheaton, MD 20906. (148)

Riders worldwide: Put your favorite non-hostile biker hangouts, shops, swap meets and annual parties on the map (for free) in our new Biker Travel Guide, 1985-'86. Include addresses, dates and directions. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope along and we'll send you a coupon good for \$5 off the book price. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (148)

To my darling wife, Myrna, whom I love and care for very much: What would I do without you in this time of so much loneliness? Love, Buff, Dirty Ones, Groveland Correctional Facility. (148)

Dale: It's all your fault. If you weren't my best friend, the greatest lover ever known, tall, green-eyed and handsome, you'd still be the most wonderful Harley rider I'd ever dreamt of marrying. Happy anniversary, and let's keep on forever. Let's take a warm vacation. I love you. Shell. (148)

One-hour cassettes. Parents and Children, Concerning Drugs, \$3.75; Worries and Guilt Feelings, \$8; Happy or Sad Marriage, \$8; Delinquency, \$8. Send to Laury Pfaff, 775 W. Roger Rd. #201, Tucson, AZ 85705. (148)

Shithead: If you want to destroy this relationship, keep the shit up. Fuckhead. P.S. Fuck you, Doc. (148)

Free! Sexy lingerie catalog! More! ET Potpourri, Box 16628-ER10, San Diego, CA 92116. (148)

Mark C10587: Relocating to Utah sometime this fall. Wouldn't mind knowing I had a friend close by, if you made it to Montana. If you did, please write me, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Lady Laura in Pa. (148)

Rebel Rick: Much to discuss; please call me at 864-1853. Your bro for life. Scooter Scott. (148)

I'm looking for the whereabouts of Wade R. Swift. Last known location was in Singapore, working as a port engineer. Please contact Danny E. Kieffer, PSC Box 115, APO San Francisco, CA 96334. (148)

Sue from Cherokee, Iowa: Help! I have lost your address and need to hear from you badly. Please write! Robert John McCullough A035178, Fla. State Prison #V-2-N-10, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (148G)

Artist just relocated from Utah to Pacific Northwest. Specializes in one-of-a-kind life-size metal sculptures of scoots. Send inquiries with SASE to Paul, Box 1122, Oakridge, OR 97463. (149)

Tattoo fans, artists and shops: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free. Send SASE to Tattoo World News, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. Air-mail overseas, \$2. (151)

Scott Garrison: I have called every bike shop from Chicago to Denver. Please call me collect. Sandy. 673-6828. (148)

Montreal: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a short scooter tramp named Jean "Johnnie" LaFonde (he used to do gold jewelry casting), please tell him or Marcel to call Gary (from Key West), at (503) 658-6813 (Oregon). "preciate it. (148)

Classic British motorcycles supplied to order. Please write for brochure to Barrie Strong, Motor Cycle Export, 5, Barnham Close, Solihull, West Midlands, United Kingdom. (148)

Carla: Will you marry me? A creep. Your creep forever! (148)

This is to the Ganster in Newland, N.C., who shared his home with me when I didn't have one. Thanks for giving this broken-winged butterfly time to heal and fly away. Love ya. Linda D. (148)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc.: Flathead 80, 74, 45, solo and trike, panhead, shovelhead, knucklehead, K Model, Sportster, Cushman and British. (901) 276-6443. 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. 10:30-5:00, Tuesday-Saturday. (148)

Swap meets: August 25, September 22. I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. 8-4. (148)

Joe: We love you! We're worried about you. Please let me or Wiz know you're okay. Here for you always in Calif. New address soon. Much concern and love. Dusty and Boys. (148)

Bruce: we made it through another one. Happy sixth anniversary, 9/1/85. Love ya lots. Colleen. (148)

Freebird: Call me. Back in Raleigh. Always, Kathy. (148)

Sell or trade: '42 knuckle, 100% original, with excellent original saddlebags. No restoration needed. Mechanically perfect. H-D trades only. (No ELs or Sportsters.) Harlie Charlie, Memphis, Tenn. (901) 377-6624. (148)

Mail-order company. Inmates only. Contact the Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Dr., Wheaton, MD 20906. (148)

Krystal: Happy anniversary and may we have many more of them in the future! Forever yours, Butcher, Austin, Tex. (148G)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662.

Looking for Michael "Crucifier" Levi. Last seen January '84 in Van Nuys. Miss your blue eyes, laugh, and strong arms. Please contact Beth Hughson, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (148)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s, m, l, or xl). Also receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send \$14.95 to Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (148)

If you love your Hawg, show it on the back of your cage. "God bless my Hawg" bumper sticker; red, white and blue on high-quality vinyl. \$2 each or two for \$3.50. Send cash, check or m.o. to Stickers, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (148)

Candye Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$3 for your own personal picture and letter. Candye, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

A \$5.50 donation will get you a pair of my world-famous Texas Tittle Twisters. F.L. Shipley, Box 2964, Humble, TX 77347. (148)

Crazyman "Big Gene": Happy belated 41st! You put the shine in this Li'l Star. Keep it up! With affection — TLC. (148)

Letters re-directed from Canada; confidentiality assured. Enclose \$2. Donna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (148)

Shears, indoor/outdoor. Hundreds of uses. A must for outdoor enthusiasts. Send \$3.95 check or money order to Kelsey Miller, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. Please allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. (148)

German biker, 23, is looking for an American girl who is willing to help him to live in the U.S.A. by getting married (maybe business-basis). Are you interested? Please contact M. Schroeder, PLK Nr. 050523 B, 6200 Wiesbaden, West Germany. (148)

"Every person, all the events of your life are there because you have drawn them there. What you choose to do with this is up to you!" W/m. 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., Leo. Alan Houston 83A2190 (HU-J), Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508. (148)

Our finest handmade key chains. Rock-hard maple. Any name, nickname, bike. 9 letters max. \$5, postage paid in the U.S.A. (Add \$2.50 outside U.S.A.) Wooden Things, Box 8, Port Neches, TX 77651. (150)

Make \$\$\$\$ while you learn. "Tattooing A-Z" by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Illustrated. Money-back guarantee! \$10, plus \$2 postage. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (148)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (148)

R2: You came to me on your fire-red mount, unsheathed your rod of steel and slew me. My soul is yours forever. The Purple Dragon Lady. (148)

Announcing the arrival on October 18, 1984, of not one but two future bros: Robert Duane and his look-alike, Travis James. We got them started righteously and they'll be in the wind soon! Watch out, girls — they're heartbreakers! Good luck to Mom and Dad — Kim and Rock — you'll need it! See all of you real soon. Love from Germany. Marcy. (148)

Tattooing outfits. Something new, different. You assemble, save \$\$\$! Exciting details, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (148)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (148)

Want used tattoo equipment, any make. Send letter describing equipment and projected price. SASE. Erma Weber, 720 Huntington St., Watertown, NY 13601. (148)

Tattoo inks, bright colors. Tattoo designs, \$1 per sheet. Send \$1 for brochures to Britt, Box 33, Alexis, NC 28006. (156)

August 2: Little Linda "Woodstock" from Woodbridge, N.J., happy birthday from Richie "Grizzly" at Uncle Charles in Linden, N.J. I miss you a lot, babe. Please write me. Richard Gerbery, 708 Polonia Ave., Elizabeth, NJ 07202. (148)

Oral/anal sex and more! Call Kristy at The Love Club to contact special women. (312) 262-9800 until 4 a.m. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (148)

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX films. Call Darlene Dawn at (312) 274-9600. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (148)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

Coke: Sharon from Fla., Death from N.Y. want to hear from you. Wrote, moved, lost address. Been looking Daytona, Sturgis. Write this Yankee ass ASAP or call collect. 569 White Plains Rd., Eastchester, NY 10707. (914) 478-5596. (148)

Easyriders "Tattoos" back issues wanted. Call Jackie. (619) 226-2211. (148)

Wanted: Pool-Distributor — complete, parts, or information. Kraus, Box 374, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (148)

Mail receiving-forwarding services. Zeke, 300 Plume St., Norfolk, VA 23510. (148)

"No Fucking Helmets!" Boldly lettered on red bandanna/head band, with graphic picture of two helmets fucking. Send \$4 (no checks) to Concerned Motorcyclist of Tennessee, Box 210094, Nashville, TN 37221. Help us fight the helmet law in Tennessee. Send \$15 for membership and provocative newsletters. (150)

Attention: Need to find someone who knows about an article titled "The Devil and Billy Markham." Was turned on to it in Huntsville. If anyone knows anything about this, please contact Jeri C. Long 119, 600 San Ildefonso Rd., Los Alamos, NM 87544.

Marie McShea (somewhere in New Jersey): I've been trying to get in touch with you for the last eight months. Your parents aren't being too helpful. I know you have my address, but how can I tell? If you read this, sit right down and send me a kite and an address where I can reach you. I have some urgent information to share with you. In case you're wondering, I do still love you and don't give a fuck who knows it. Clev, Tracy, California.

Randy: It's good to see you again! I seen your picture in "In The Wind," March '85. It's been four years since them partying days in Elgin. You're in the wind and I'm in the water. Drop me a line. Your bro, Lee Kark (FF1082), USS Elmer Montgomery, FPO Miami, FL 34092-1442.

Huck says, "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment*." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

Peckerwood going to Sturgis, would like to hear from people along the way. I am single, so if you ladies want to get to know me and have some fun, write to Box 242, Gig Harbor, WA 98335.

Get full-time protection against battery acid leaks and spills. Our felt liner is chemically treated to absorb and neutralize acid. Fits around your battery. \$4.95 + \$1 S&H to Steve Hendricks, 819 East "C" St., Iron Mountain, MI 49801.

Young kid in Toronto, Canada, wants to learn about bikes — Harleys, of course! Would like to know if anyone in my area is building a bike and would give me the basics or the full knowledge. If anyone up here does decide to show the young runt, fly a kite my way. Derek Larocque, 75 Kerbar Rd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1V 1G4.

Wanted: Back issues of *The Home Shop Machinist* magazine; Nov./Dec. '82, Jan./Feb. '83, Mar./Apr. '83, May/June '83, July/Aug. '83, Sept./Oct. '83 and Jan./Feb. '84. Will pay top dollar for clean issues. Please contact Frank Kaisler, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Vikings were the original bikers. Their love of freedom, courage, brotherhood, and sense of adventure came from their religion: Odinism. Living the biker lifestyle is living the Viking lifestyle. We have no masters! For free info, send to Noremsmen, Box 2861, Glendale, AZ 85311.

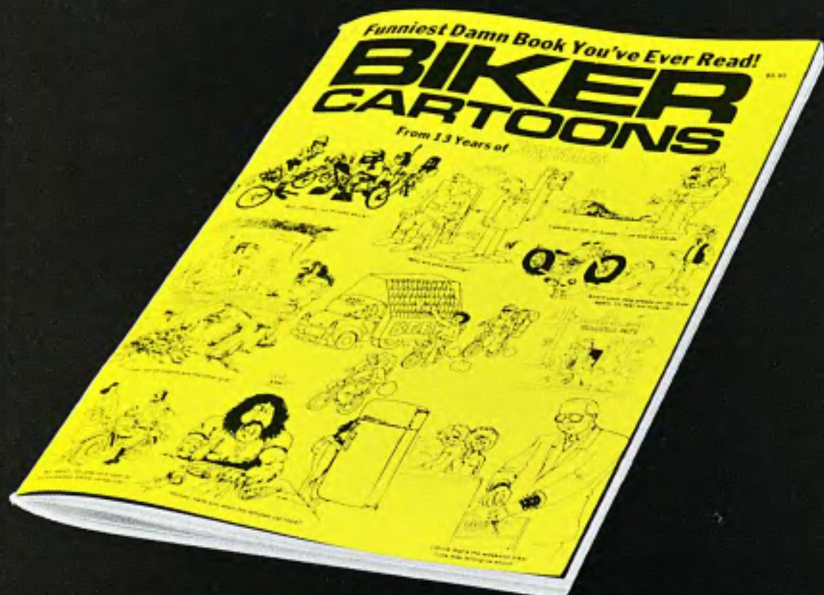
Munk, Half-Pint, Kath, Clark, and all the bros in Scoblow, Neb., for helping me lay low. Locked down, but will be back. Your bro "Cookie."

Sonny "Blinky" R-MC Cardiff: Your son needs to hear from you. We're moving out of state. Urgent. We'll wait to hear. Please call (619) 789-7298. 923 D St., Ramona. Love and concern, Sue.

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Tech Tip

Continued from page 25

Take off one shock an' compress the rear suspension till the axle, arm pivot and countershaft all line up. Now, with the chain in its tightest spot, lay in a quarter-inch of free play. Let the wheel down an' note how much play the chain has (it'll be more than a quarter-inch). From now on, ya can just find the chain's tight spot and give it that much play. Instead of wonderin' if there's enough slack, you'll know.

A well-lubed and adjusted chain will last a long time — unless it's runnin' crooked or the sprockets are worn out or just not cut right to begin with. A misaligned chain will rub on the sides of the sprockets, get hot, and wear out. You can check your scoot's chain an' sprockets for alignment by lookin' at 'em. Park the bike so its front wheel is straight. Bend down so ya can see both the sprockets and the chain. If the sprockets aren't in line, the chain will have a dog-leg in its run. A chain runnin' with such an offset will have wear marks on the insides of the side plates; polished side plates are a sign of sprockets that are outta line.

You can check for a crooked rear wheel by sightin' along the wheel, and, as you move from side to side, watchin' the bike as the front wheel moves out from behind the rear one. You'll be able to tell if the rear wheel is crooked by the way it looks when you do this. Another sign of a crooked rear wheel is wear on only one side of the chain's inner side plates. If yours is crooked, loosen the axle, move the adjusters until it's fixed, an' tighten the axle back down. Ya only have to do this one time. Once ya have it lined up, you can keep it that way by turning both adjusters the same amount next time ya tighten the chain.

The best an' easiest way to tell if ya



The chain people'd like you to run their parts in a bucket of grease. The next best thing is to get grease into the chain and keep it there. Chain Kote lubes an' stays on; the NEP sprocket is cut right and is low in friction. The result? A combination as close to magic as you'll ever need.

need new sprockets is to test them with a new chain. Wrap the chain around the sprocket and try to pull it away from the sprocket halfway 'round. If ya can pull a new chain more than a quarter-tooth away from the sprocket, the sprocket is history. New factory H-D sprockets, by the way, are cut so loose that they qualify as worn out when they leave Milwaukee. Hardly anyone else does any better, either.

The best sprockets are — are ya ready? — made of nylon. Believe it. NEP Sales makes sprockets out of Dupon Zytel ST 66, the toughest nylon made. Sure, steel is stronger, but the Zytel is strong enough. What mainly makes these things so good is that they're about the only ones around that are cut right. When ya wrap a new chain around an NEP sprocket, ya won't be able to pull it away — period. The nylon runs quieter, cooler, an' lubes itself. If ya use one of these things, you'll find that your chain will last longer an' ya won't have to lube so often, either. The only thing you'll have to do that's different from steel sprockets is use Loc-Tite when ya bolt it on. However, don't tighten down the sprocket bolts till ya fart from exertion.

By this time it may seem like takin' care of a chain an' sprockets isn't worth the trouble. If ya had to go through all this every time ya went for a putt, it might not be. Fact is, once ya have a good chain and good sprockets that are lined up, adjusted, an' lubed, it's easy to keep 'em that way. Just spray on some lube when ya get back to the garage, wipe off the excess, and relax. Now that yer chain an' sprockets are gonna last, you'll have more money for suds. Probably more important, though, is the fact that ya won't ever have to bend down to pick yer scooter's chain up off the ground when you're 40 miles from East Bum-Fuck.



"Ruth, have you seen my electric toothbrush recently?"

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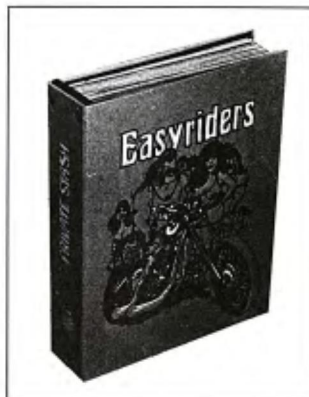
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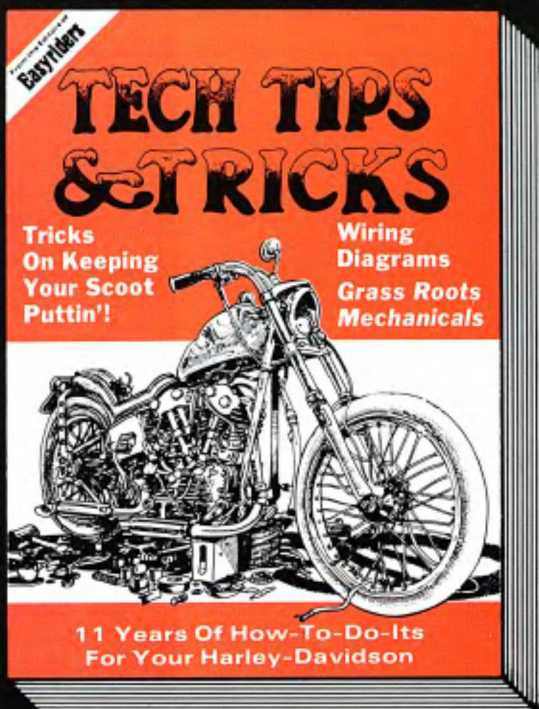


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Poker Run

Continued from page 40

For about a year, Florida refugees Fast Fred and his ol' lady Deborah Ann had been operating Wild Country and helping keep the many bros in southern Tennessee putting down the gloriously shaded roads that wind everywhere through that part of the world. They'd made a lot of friends, but when their landlord said, "I don't want no scooter trash on my property. Either buy the building or get out," it didn't seem like friends would be enough to save the shop.

However, great ideas frequently arise from despair — someone,



nobody remembers exactly who, had a brainstorm. "Let's have us a party to raise money for the down payment on the mortgage."

What kind of party to have was the next item on the agenda. A poker run seemed like a good idea, but what, Fast Fred wondered, kind of gimmick could they use to attract hundreds, hopefully thousands, of bikers to Tennessee for a Memorial Day weekend poker run?

Sometimes it turns out that friends are enough to help solve a crisis. It so happens that the area's motorcycle community has one damn big friend just four miles down the road from Wild Country — the folks at Jack Daniel's.

"Need to raise some bucks?" they inquired. "We'd be happy to help out. You can use the distillery as a stop on your poker run and we'll set up special tours so your people can go through our headquarters together. We'll even donate a bunch of Ol' Number Seven as prizes for the winners. We may not be able to sell it or serve it in this county, but we can sure give it away if we feel like it."

With support like that, it was inevitable that what was eventually called the First Annual Jack Daniel's Poker Run would attract bike-and-booze lovers from as far away as Philadelphia and, dig this, Paris — the dude had his Hog flown over from France, believe it or not.

By the time the run got under way, about 1500 bros and sisters had found their way to the big empty field behind Fast Fred's shop. The JD works was the first stop on the run and the other four cards were given out at beer bars scattered around a scenic and honeysuckle-scented 75-mile route through the back country.

Since free camping and barbecue was provided with a ticket to the poker run, most of the people stayed around after the prizes were awarded (can't remember who all copped the poker run trophies, but Patricia won "hardest worker" honors and she deserved it) to enjoy a big bonfire and better bands than you'll ever hear at most big-time, high-priced-ticket biker events.

They also got to camp out.

"Ya know, Fred, you got the damndest, raunchiest campground I've ever been at. There I was about 3 a.m. trying to eat the pussy right off this little blonde and I hear these really loud noises comin' from the tent next door. I figure there's one of my brothers in trouble, so I jump up, charge in there bare-assed naked, and what do I see but two chicks eating each other out while two of the bros are hammering it to them from the rear and another two are gettin' stoned and waitin' their turn."

—a patchholder, to Fast Fred

Everybody, including members of the Family MC who provided security for the poker run, had such a great time that nobody wanted the party to end.

"It don't have to," the club decided. "We were going to get together at our Fayetteville clubhouse tomorrow, anyway, so we've just decided to declare it neutral turf for the day. You're all invited."

No elf had snuck into my saddlebag and made the map any more legible. This time instead of a honey in a pickup it was a Fayetteville cop who pulled over. "Broken down?" he asked, the hair under the Smokey-the-Bear hat distinctly not blonde.

"Nah, just tryin' to figure out where I'm at."

"Goin' to the clubhouse?"

"If I can find it."

"Four miles straight ahead to the tower, then turn right till you cross the creek and turn left."

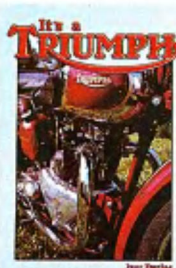
Shit, I almost fainted. If the Low Rider hadn't been borrowed from Mike Craig at Alabama Harley-Davidson (anyone who thinks H-D dealers don't care about their customers oughtta pay him a visit and get edu-



"I can't seem to concentrate with that big hemorrhoid staring me in the face!"

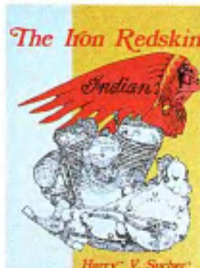
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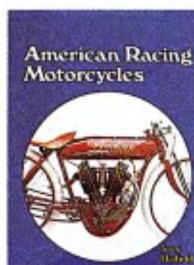
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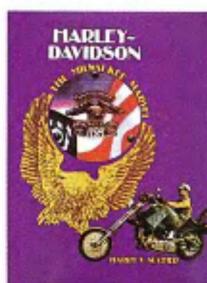
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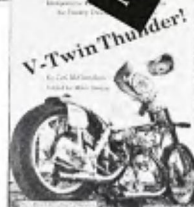
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cated), I'd have dropped it — and I was standing still with both feet on the ground. What the hell have I been missing all these years in California? Cops helping a biker get to a party? Well, if that ain't the most unexpected serving of Southern hospitality I ever heard of!

Turned out the phrase "clubhouse" was a bit of an understatement. "Club estate" would've been a better way to put it. The spread is at least 20 acres, with its own crystal-clear stream, magnolias, and pastures. The clubhouse itself is furnished in the very best of taste — the bar is covered with Dave Mann centerpieces preserved under epoxy and the walls are plastered with hundreds of *Easyriders* photos of chicks.

With that much space available, the



only limit on what could be done was imagination. Before too long, drag racing, barrel racing, sausage-sucking, and mud wrestling contests had been organized. The beer guzzling, skinny-dipping and ass-grabbing didn't need any organization.

Considering the amount of heavy-duty partying we crammed into the 48 or so hours we were on the ground, I ain't ashamed to admit that my ass was dragging by the time Pete and I staggered into the Huntsville airport at 6:30 the following a.m. (if ya live right, you might be blessed and never have the pleasure of Spider arranging your travel agenda).

As the DC-3 (or was it a Nord 262? Spider always uses Uncle Sol's I-Can-Get-It-For-You-Wholesale Airline) snailed its way across the skies toward El Lay, Pete tapped his skull with his pinkie and said, "You know, Spider might be right not letting us out of the office very often. Too much of this shit and I might get so worn out I'd have to quit walking on my hands for a week."

Right, sure, okay, Pete. Christ, don't they peddle any booze on this flight?

—Trampo



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George Christle

Continued from page 17

not in their pocketbooks, then in their hearts.

ER: Any problems before the run? Did they try to keep you out or anything like that?

GC: Not really. They did change the location several times. Originally, we were supposed to run in Ventura, but as the date came closer and closer they seemed to have a hard time dealing with the situation.

Ultimately, they decided to put us out in some bean fields near Oxnard. But anybody who was there realizes that it didn't stop the public from coming. What was amazing was that they weren't motorcycle-type people. They were just people from Ventura and L.A. Counties who were supporting us and came out there to watch us run our leg.

ER: How'd it feel, having the eyes of the world on you like that?

GC: It was pretty emotional. There was maybe two, three hundred people in the pack. I looked ahead and it looked like a tunnel of American flags.

ER: About that "tunnel of flags," the stretch you ran had huge American flags lining both sides of the road. The other legs of the route did not. Was the club responsible for putting up those flags?

GC: We didn't know anything about it. We didn't know what was going to happen. We were out there earlier in the day just for security reasons, to look at it and see where it was located. There weren't any problems, so we went back to the clubhouse. It turned out that the people of Camarillo [a small town near Oxnard] had gotten those flags from one of the local merchants and put them up on their own. We had no idea they were going to be there until we arrived for the run.

ER: What kind of effect did all the flag-waving and pageantry have on you?

GC: I was so pumped up just from the excitement of the day that when I

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finally did get the torch lit and was on my way. I was *really* ready to go. I was worked up, I was smoking. One of the [Olympic Torch support] people running with me said, "You run, don't you?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Slow down."

When I went over earlier in the day and got my uniform and my torch and whatnot, an older gentleman at the place there told me, "By the time you get your torch lit, you're going to be so worked up that you'll be ready to do handstands." He really called it. I was really worked up. It's something that I'll never really be able to describe to anybody. . . how I felt. It was unbelievable. I still think about it all the time.

ER: Aside from hassles with the Special Olympics, has anything else unusual happened in regard to the Torch Run?

GC: Well, we were negotiating with the Smithsonian Institution to put the torch and a set of our colors in the Smithsonian, but they wouldn't guarantee that they would be displayed all the time. The Smithsonian is so big, there's stuff in closets that people may never see. This particular event meant so much to the club that when they wouldn't promise that the torch and patch would be displayed constantly, the deal just sort of fizzled out.

ER: The public response to your run was terrific. What's the response to your feud with the Special Olympics been like?

GC: I've received a lot of mail and a lot of phone calls and I haven't had anybody say anything negative.

ER: Summing up, how would you describe the Hells Angels' participation in the Olympic Torch Run?

GC: The whole event was a good experience for everybody: the club, law enforcement officials, the public. It was a real learning experience. There were some remarks made that Hells Angels shouldn't be involved, and this and that, but the Olympics are all about people with different lifestyles and cultures and thoughts getting together and participating, so I thought the club members fit right into the picture.

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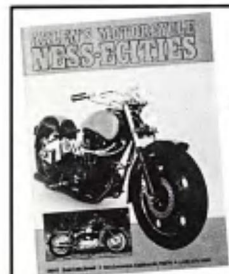
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Still Truckin'

**The Grateful Dead
Celebrates 20 Years On
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As weekends go, this particular
weekend in June was normal;
with the coming of summer only a
week away, it was good riding weather
throughout most of the country. But
on the West Coast — specifically, at
UC Berkeley's Greek Theater — it was
a red-letter weekend of celebration.
More than 25,000 celebrants will long
remember it as the beginning of a
summer run marking 20 years that
the Grateful Dead have been playing
their unique brand of American
music.

The Dead is nearly an institution
now. As a group, they've outlived
nearly all their original musical con-
temporaries, and along the way,
created over 45 albums and toured
the world relentlessly.

During their Berkeley weekend, they
served up three piping-hot shows.
Opening with a tape of the Beatles'
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club
Band," whose lyrics poignantly set the
stage with "It was twenty years ago
today. . ." at 7:05 Friday night, they
went on to pull out all the stops. That
first show was preceded by a rare
press conference behind stage, during
which the media queried them about
their use of acid, the place of drugs in
the band's music, and other abso-
lutely ridiculous shit.

No matter. The show started and
away we went — 8000 blissed-out
Deadheads getting our courses
charted by Jerry Garcia, Brent Myd-
land, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart,
and Bill Kreutzmann. Just like it was
originally, back in the Haight-Ashbury
circa 1965 when the Dead used to per-
form on a flatbed truck.

Keep on truckin'.

— The Editors





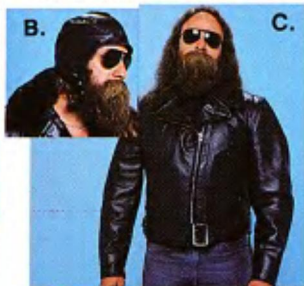
A #618 — Men's steerhide jacket with bi-swing back and quilted lining. THIS ONE COMES IN BIG SIZES! Black or brown; made in U.S.A. Sizes 32-60. \$179.00
*Optional collar available; see B.

C #621 — Men's deluxe steerhide CHP-style jacket with laced side gussets, heavy waist and kidney protector, action-back and heavy poplin lining. Sizes 34-50. Black or Brown; made in U.S.A. \$198.00

*Opt. fur collar available; see B.
Opt. CHP-style belt. Black only. \$30.00

B #610M — Optional Dynel® fur collar; fits #618 and #621 jackets, sizes 32-54. Black only; made in U.S.A. \$25.00

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D #618W — Women's version of style #618. Available in women's sizes 6-18. Black or brown; made in U.S.A. \$179.00

E #501W — Women's genuine cowhide fringed motorcycle jacket with zip-out pile lining. Sizes 6-18. Black only. Made in U.S.A. \$159.00



F #800 — Men's leather jacket with bi-swing back, elasticized leather side gussets, and quilted lining. Sizes 36-50. Black only. \$198.00
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G #801W — Women's deluxe leather jacket with padded shoulders, sleeves and elbows, center back pleat, and quilted lining. Sizes 6-18. Black only. \$179.00



H #124V — High-quality glove leather vest with lining. Sizes XS-XXL. Black or brown; made in U.S.A. \$89.00

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Chest Size:	34 to 52	36 to 50	42 to 54	48 to 60		
Size:	XS	S	M	L	XL	XXL
Chest:	34	36	40	44	46	50

Vest Sizing

LADIES

Size:	16 1/2	8	10	12	14	16	18	Ladies Jacket Sizing
Bust:	29 1/2	31	32 1/2	34	36	38	40	
Size:	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	Ladies Pant Sizing
Waist:	25	26	27 1/2	29	30 1/2	32 1/2	34 1/2	

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