

Easyriders

Exclusive! 1986
H-D Softail

\$3.50
November 1985

**Wow! Check Out Cover
Girl (on page 62)**

**Willie G. Davidson
Interview**

**ABATE Party In
Northwest**

**Five Far-Out Bike
Features**

A Cure For AIDS?



Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Audited Paid

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale October 29th.

Cover photo of Susie by Pete Chiodo





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.

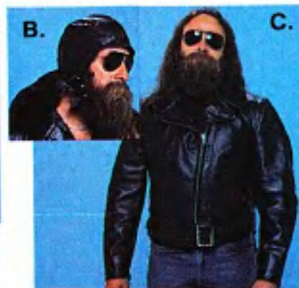
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C #621 — Men's deluxe steerhide CHP-style jacket with laced side gussets, heavy waist and kidney protector, action-back and heavy poplin lining. Sizes 34-50. Black or Brown; made in U.S.A. \$198.00

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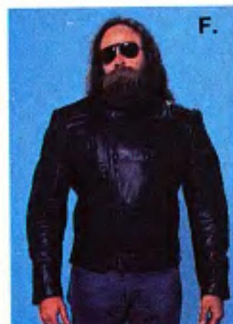
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D #618W — Women's version of style #618. Available in women's sizes 6-18. Black or brown; made in U.S.A. \$179.00

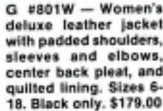


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Size:	XS	S	M	L	XL	XXL			Vest Sizing
Chest:	34	36	40	44	48	50			

LADIES									
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Bust:	29½	31	32½	34	36	38	40		
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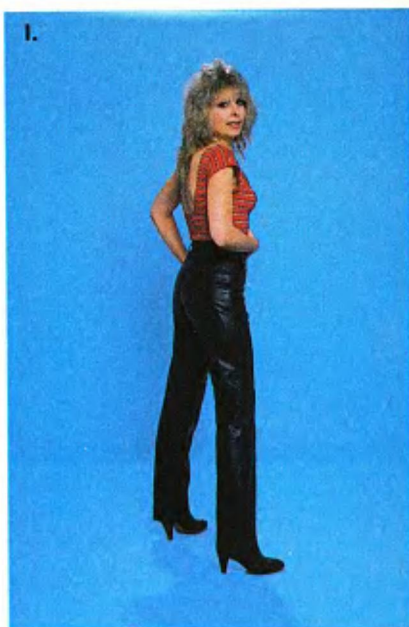
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It was a bad period for both dogs and cops last month. How about the dog who shit in his owner's shoe? There was only one thing to do to the sonuvabitch: hang him from the nearest tree (using a garden hose) and stab him a few times just because...

In good ol' Wadley, Georgia, the cops have been ordered to shoot-to-kill any stray dog they see—plus, they'll earn an extra \$3 for every one of 'em they croak (women, stay outta that town just to be safe).

He ran into a German Shepherd, fucked up his sled real bad, and the dog merely walked away. But he wasn't having any of that shit, so he chased the dog and kicked the shit out of him with his steel-toed boots. The dog croaked and he went to jail for 30 days—but he felt it was worth it.

His dog didn't perform too well in a contest, so he decided to teach him a lesson by shooting the sonuvabitch. When a woman intervened, he shot both of them! (He never did like lip from a broad.)

It was in the local newspaper, so it must be true. A woman was walkin' her dog and a man ran up and fucked it as she watched! The cops caught him—and the dog's in love. (It's a weird world.)

He got a \$4 ticket from a male meter reader. This made him so pissed that he ran his cage into the back of the cop's trike, and as the stunned cop lay there on the ground, he got out of his cage and kicked the shit outta the cop. The cop went to cop heaven and he went to the slammer.

The cop slid on some horse shit in the street and fell off his bike. His helmet saved his head, but his head was cut off his body and went rollin' down the street. So much for helmet safety.

Speaking of helmets, how about the hitchhiker who was passed by two guys on a motorcycle? The passenger kicked him into a ditch as the bike went by. Then, while he was lying there trying to figure out what the fuck hit him, the bike turned around and came back, running over him. Next, they got off the bike, removed their helmets, and beat the shit out of him with them. Finally they rode off, leaving him with a fractured nose and ribs, five broken teeth, and numerous cuts and bruises. (Why, why? Nobody knows.)

Don't hack a clam in Peking or else you'll have to clean it up. They've got spit patrols looking for spitters, so watch out.

(Gasp!) The Outlaws MC is coming to Arizona. The police are doing their usual thing and even the Army's into it now. I received a copy of a memo from the Provost Marshal warning Army officers that a club is being founded there, so they should keep tight control of their supply of weapons. He even outlined what the club (he said 'gang') members look like: "The Gang's appearance is that of long hair, some with beards and mustashes (sic), motorcycle-type clothing, tattoos (sic), highly modified Harley-Davidson motorcycles, and the logo of a skull with cross pistons and the word Outlaws on their jackets."

I tell ya, some guys just want to be arrested. How about the guy who went in to hold the joint up and dropped his gun, forgot to put his ski mask on until the middle of the robbery, and then gave the chick a note on the back of his business card telling her to put the bread in a sack! (It didn't take long to figure out who he was and bust his ass.)

He thought he'd catch a coupla z's in a garbage dumpster. So what? Well, his sleep was interrupted when the garbage was picked up in the early morning hours by a garbage truck. He was trapped inside and compacted with all the other shit seven times before the truck dumped its contents—freeing the guy—at the local dump. Wow! What a rush! Whatta way to wake up and start your day.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Karen

☐ I received the August issue yesterday. Who is the fox on the cover? I'm in love. This sexy, smiling girl is the girl of my dreams. I was disappointed that she wasn't in the rag anywhere else. If she's a staff mouse or if you have her around close, propose marriage to her for me. She's got to be the best-looking gal you've had in your rag for years. I mean, I'd drink her bath water.

William Sevy
Huntington, W. Va.

■ She's an office mouse and she's even prettier in person.

☐ I'd like to see more of Karen. She's a fine-looking mama!

Randy Thomasson
Daly City, Calif.

Miraculous Mutha

☐ Tell Mutha to take a flying fuck.

Flash
Seba Beach, Alberta

■ She'll take it any way she can.

Trade War

☐ I want to congratulate your magazine for the article "The Real Trade War" (August '85). Outstanding. I've been trying to get that point across to everyone around me for years. Glad there are people like you still carrying on the great American tradition of apple pie and Harley-Davidson. Who gives a fuck about Japan? Let them destroy themselves, because in the end there's going to be only one winner — that piece of iron between all of you.

J.D. Jarhead
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

☐ "The Real Trade War" hit home like nothing else I ever read.

Pissed
Chattanooga, Tenn.

☐ "The Real Trade War" should be read by all Americans.

Don Alan Nix
Honolulu, Hawaii

Finally Ate It

☐ Finally ate some sour cream and raisin pie in a truck stop the other day. I'd rather eat pussy!

Casey Jones
Pullman, Wash.

■ It musta been the sour cream — raisin pie tastes like pussy.

Tattoo Removal

☐ Regarding tattoo removal, I've had good results burning them out with the lit end of a cigar.

D.C.
Spokane, Wash.

Who? Us?

☐ You keep knocking rednecks. Well, that red neck comes from hard work which is something you scumbuckets don't know much about!

Philip Parker
Nottingham, Pa.

■ We don't knock rednecks, just redneck cops.

George Christie

☐ It is my understanding that you recently ran a story concerning the Hells Angels' \$3000 donation to the Pottstown (Penn.) Special Olympics. In April 1984 I wrote a letter to Mr. George Christie to thank him for caring enough about retarded children to contribute his Torch Relay money to the Special Olympics. In that letter I told Mr. Christie what the Special Olympics meant to my 16-year-old retarded son and to me. At that time I had nothing but praise for the Special Olympics program.

Also, at that time had anyone asked me who would be more likely to steal, Eunice Kennedy Shriver or a Hells Angel, I would have laughed hysterically at the comparison and immediately chosen the Hells Angel.

Some good things have happened to the Pottstown Special Olympics because of Mr. Christie. Because of the generosity of the Hells Angels, our 30 kids got team jackets, something they'd

never had. And because of the publicity surrounding our not getting the money, a group of inmates in a prison near Pottstown raised \$1000 for our kids. We have heard from people all over the United States, and we have received donations from many of them.

Rosemary Haflin
Pottstown, Pa.

☐ The following is excerpted from a letter to Rosemary Haflin and the Pottstown Special Olympics:

On behalf of myself and all the scooter tramps here at the State Correctional Institution Graterford, I would first like to express my admiration for your exceptional courage and your strong belief in your cause for these special human beings. I say this in reference to a small-town Pennsylvania school teacher who dared to cross the boundaries between citizens and bikers. . .

Enclosed, you will find a donation of \$500 that is to be used for the Pottstown chapter of the Special Olympics for whatever they see fit, and solely for the Pottstown Special Olympics Chapter. This money is being contributed by all the bikers here at Graterford Prison whose names appear at the end of this letter. . .

Robert Martinolich; Juice, 1%er (ex-Pagan); L. "The Animal" Geisler (Longer, Pa.); Marty Kiley (Pa.); Edward "Ace" Rivler (Warlock); Robert "Sarge" McCabe (Warlock); Bruce "Pudgy" Eltein (Warlock); William "Squirrel" Simmons (Pa. MC); Big 1%er (Outlaw, West Pa.); Dave "Hawg" Grimm (Outlaw); Emmitt Gray (Pagan); Mad Dog (Loner, Philly, Pa.); Lurch (Warlock); Wayne R. "Fang" Covington (ex-Pagan); James "Butch" Conway (Warlock); Mike "Duke", Dixon, Pa.; and Chinko (Longer, Pa.).

Graterford, Pa.

☐ The following is an excerpt from a letter to the Pottstown Special Olympics

regarding the Hells Angels donation of team jackets:

I am a brother biker and have been a paraplegic for the past 3 1/2 years.

This article has prompted me into wanting to do my best to contribute to this worthwhile cause. On this day I would like to present your chapter with this check for \$500 to be used as you see fit for the Special Olympics of Pottstown. Also, I would like to make you aware of my continued support in future years by means of \$500 per year for the next ten years, payable to the chapter in April of each year — again to be used as you see fit for the Special Olympics of Pottstown.

Larry Geisler
Graterford, Pa.

Short and Simple

☐ In response to Mark Hess ("An Opinion," August '85): You are a disgrace to your name.

Mark Hess
Alhambra, Calif.

☐ It shows a lot of fuckin' class to even print letters like the one Hess wrote. At least in your magazine I don't see the double standard that I see in Hess's opinion.

Mac McCaslin
Biker, U.S.A.

☐ All I can say is, "Mark, get your head out of your ass, or, if you insist upon keeping your head up your ass, then you may want to consider a plexectomy" (this is an operation where a piece of plexiglass is surgically installed in the stomach area so a person such as Mark may go through life with his/her head up their collective asses with the benefit of being able to see where they are going).

Joe Cobos
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

☐ This guy should be put away.

Bill Dragoo
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

☐ Fuck you, Mark Hess. You sound like you belong — and should stay — in D.C.

K.O.L.
Orlando, Fla.

☐ I'm so fuckin' glad you're an upstanding citizen in the service of your government, Mark Hess.

Why don't you try walkin' up to the next "bearded,

slimeball, scumbag slug" you see "draped with a bare-titted, rotten-croched, gutter tramp" and voice your opinion verbally instead of in writing?

Hopefully, it will be someone proud like me who will tear your government-service head off and shit in your lungs, asshole.

Reefer and Lisa
Sayville, N.Y.

□ That faggot wouldn't have the balls to climb on a Hog, let alone ride it.

Merlin
Adams, Wis.

□ To Mark Hess: Fuck you and the riceburner you rode in on.

Mary, Stasi, and Jamie
Oakwood, Ill.

□ An opinion is like an asshole — everyone's got one, but yours stinks!

Skip Barnstien
Shelton, Conn.

□ His dad came in his mother's mouth and she in turn shit him out. Too bad he lived.

A Pissed-Off Grizzly Bear
Friendship, N.Y.

□ If the truth were known, you're probably a fuckin' IRS investigator.

P.J. and The Box
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

□ Another fucking shit-clot picks up a copy of your "pigshit" magazine quite by accident" and starts puking because it doesn't meet with his Victorian moral standards and no-class head space.

Pit Stop
Edmonton, Alberta

□ I'd like to say that if I were to have my choice, I'd rather wake up with 15 rotten, decaying, smelly corpses than one upstanding citizen like you!

Tami "Trip" Bertram
Webster, N.Y.

□ Mother happens to be a Harley-Davidson rider, too, and, mister, you better not put her down.

Marilyn "The Bat" Adams
University Heights, Ohio

□ Just read Mark Hess's opinion and have to throw in my two cents. I've been reading *Easysiders* and riding since 1977 and I'm proud to be a Harley woman.

My dad taught me to cher-

ish my freedom and love the road. He doesn't own a Harley, but my grandfather did and my great-grandfather before him. Dad works in a shop making Harley parts.

Mama Jai
Salem, Ohio

□ The reason we live the lifestyle we do is because we live in the real world. Knowing that we're not here for a long time, we're here for a good time.

Li'l Suzie
Whittier, Calif.

More "Dust In The Wind"

□ I just finished reading "Dust In The Wind" (July '85).

Good story of brotherhood — I haven't cried like that in a long time.

Daffy
Columbus, Ohio

□ Michael Riley was able to write an interesting story without using "fuck," "shit," "cunt," etc., every other word. His use of the language was excellent! It was creative and exciting. I would love to use it in a classroom. (Did you ever imagine one of your stories being used to teach English?)

The Mad Russian
Albany, Wis.

Obsolete Part

□ In reference to "Tech Tip" (September '85): The so-called "housing" you need for a conversion on a Keihen carb is an obsolete part and isn't available from your local H-D shop. I've had dozens of calls in regard to that article, and it makes us H-D dealers look like assholes; i.e. when a customer calls and we tell him or her the part is obsolete, they get all pissed off and slam down the phone. Please do your homework on these H-D parts numbers.

Mike Weston
H-D Parts Mgr.
Savage, Minn.

□ I ran into one minor problem: Part number 28364-76 for the pump is fuckin' obsolete according to the local Hog shop. What's the deal?

Gizmo
Oakville, Conn.

■ The deal is this: H-D decided they no longer wanted to stock the pump housing, a fact we didn't learn until after the rag had gone to press. There is hope, though. Andrews Products, Inc., 5212

Shapland, Rosemont, IL 60018 has a pump housing kit (P/N 269050) available with all necessary parts and instructions that retails for \$15.

"Pop's Ride"

□ I picked up your August '85 issue the other day, and after reading one particular piece of fiction I was somewhat disappointed. I'm referring to "Pop's Ride" by D.M. Clark. I hadn't read half the first column when it began to sound very familiar. So I looked through my back issues of both *Easysiders* and *Iron Horse*, and sure enough, in the December '84 issue of *Iron Horse* I came across the story "Pop's Last Ride" by Tubby Smithson. There were slight changes in the wording, but it was the same fucking story.

John C. Crain
Hancock, N.Y.

■ The writer multiple-submitted the story at the same time — a very unprofessional thing to do — so we were had again.

Report

□ Just finished "Traffic Report" by J.D. (September '85). That's one fuckin' extra-heavy-duty kick-in-the-ass story! Couldn't even think about putting it down once I started.

Give the author a whole fucking raisin farm.

Da "Toom"
Tulsa, Okla.

Jocks For Women

□ I have a wholesale outlet with 500 jock straps for women bikers. All single fat or skinny women, send name, address, and \$1.

Walter Williams
Box 307
Beacon, NY 12508

■ What's it for — their clits?

On Beards

□ I'm writing in regard to "The Sensuous Beard" by Coyote (September '85): First of all, a man without a beard is no less a man. I am Greek and I know my own history well. I suggest that Coyote read *Alexander The Great* by Lane Fox. In this book he will find that Alexander started the clean-shaven fashion. Being only 20 years old, his enemies called him a sissy and effeminate. In no way was Alexander a sissy! He had three wives and four mis-

tresses. Sure, he had a couple of boys, too, but that didn't make him any less the man. Alexander was known for his great strength and courage in battle. After his death the Romans took up his fashion of being clean-shaven.

So if you read your history, you'll see that the Italians did not start the clean-shaven fashion.

John Rucker
Lucasville, Ohio

Some Facts

□ I keep hearing that '69 is the last year before AMF took over H-D (August '85 issue, page 42).

These are the facts: 1. The merger took place on 1/1/69. 2. The museum in York, Pennsylvania, stops at '68. There are no '69 Harleys on display, as there are no AMF bikes at York. 3. '68 is the last year for press in-case races (Timkin), as in all pans '55 and up.

'69 is the first year of AMF, not the last year of Harley.

Peacock
Lockport, N.Y.

TV Addresses

□ This is for all the brothers and sisters who are sick of the way the TV networks portray us. Here are the addresses of the three major TV networks. Just address the envelope like this: Producer, name of show, network (CBS, NBC, or ABC). Tell 'em how ya feel.

West Coast addresses: CBS-TV, 7800 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036. NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alameda Blvd., Burbank, CA 91523. ABC-TV, 4151 Prospect Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027. East Coast addresses: CBS-TV, 51 West 52nd St., New York, NY 10019. NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. ABC-TV, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019.

Maybe if enough of us let these airheads know how we feel about their bullshit anti-biker attitude, it'll help.

Jimi the Acid Freak
Somers, Conn.

"Miami Beach Blow-Up"

□ Fuck, up to now I never had any complaints about your rag, but this conglomeration of bullshit called "Miami Beach Blow-Up" about made me puke. How long have you cats been trying to get the record straight and portray "bikers" as real

people and not first-class badasses like Mack Ballson? You've had stories and articles before that tell how the media is tearing us apart and giving us a bad-guy image, and yet you go and print this crock of shit.

Bob
Bremerton, Wash.

■ It was a tongue-in-cheek bit about a guy who got real pissed at the bad service in some hotel.

Why? Why?

□ There must be a valid reason why, when photos of scooters are published in the feature spreads, the license plate is always covered up.

Bob Carne
Littleton, Colo.

■ We cover plates so that no one will get the idea of ripping the bike off. It's protection for the owner.

More Than He Can Handle

□ First, let me say you've got a good mag going, and I look forward to getting mine every month (sometimes it isn't even ripped up).

I enjoyed the "Downtime" by Ben Doverdahl (August '85) about starting a renegade radio station to combat the junk we're hearing today. But then he blew it. He said he'd "occasionally" toss in Sid Vicious and the Sex Pistols.

I was a Missouri disc jockey when "punk" rock first came around, and the thought of playing Hendrix and Sid Vicious back-to-back is a little more than I can handle. Doverdahl was doing fine until the last two paragraphs. What happened to him?

Dean Wilhite
Harrisonville, Mo.

■ That shit he snorts takes over in time.

□ Re. "Downtime" (August '85): It's about fuckin' time.

Koobie
Humboldt, Iowa

□ I'm behind you bros all the way with your idea of a radio station like WDED or K-DEAD. Bring all those jamming people back and fuck this new beebop shit.

The Rambling Rebel
Goosecreek, S.C.

AA

□ Concerning your recent piece in "Easynews" (Sept.

'85) about that killer cager: As an AA member (7½ clean and sober shovelhead-ridin' years), I wouldn't go down to any courthouse and bail some shithead out. T'ain't my job, man. But some of my fellow members feel differently, and since there ain't no rules in AA, they're free to try, y'know?

Still, if you were fixin' to go down behind a DWI, you'd be damn glad to have one of these "allegedly dried-up drunks" talk the judge into springin' your worthless ass, no matter how many people you'd killed. You know damn well you would.

On top of that, there've been a lot of folks who got a lot of help from AA — and not just old winos either. In recent years I've seen groups of scooter riders (check out the Fifth Chapter MC right there in sunny southern California), Vietman vets (the Coming Home groups and others), and a variety of other "social outcasts" who want what AA's got to offer.

I ride and party with the best and leave the rest, and so do all my scooter-ridin' partners in the program here in Austin and all around Texas. We just do it sober, is all. Put us in the same class with those guys who bailed out that cager and you not only insult us, but even worse, you might be makin' it harder for some other bro who's got a problem with dope or booze to get the help he needs from people who've been where he's been.

There are a lot of brothers and sisters readin' your rag today who might not be alive if it weren't for AA. I'm one of 'em.

Bill
Austin, Tex.

□ I just read the "Easynews" bit "Dunks testify to help one of their own stay free." I'm hot! I'm a sober female scooter bitch. My ol' man, I, and our friends are either in Alcoholics Anonymous or live with an AA member — and we all ride a lot.

The judge was wrong! The three AA members were wrong! I've been taught in AA that if you fuck up, you pay the price.

What the three AAers did in Virginia contradicts what AA suggests. Of our twelve steps, steps four through ten deal with our admitting our wrongs and making amends.

The only time we shouldn't snitch ourselves off is when it will hurt someone else.

Please don't judge all of AA by a few fuck-ups. If it wasn't for the AA program, some of us wouldn't be alive to ride. I'm sure the AA members doing time will agree.

Sunni (addict/alcoholic)
Los Angeles, Calif.

Bullshitters

□ You tender-hearted bullshitters!

43
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Shit Rag

□ I can't think of a better rag to take to the shitter.

Trashman
Orlando, Fla.

"Dancin' Dolly"

□ I have to salute you for "Dancin' Dolly" (August '85). I don't know who found her, but she's the best I've seen in your rag.

You guys deserve a big piece of raisin pie.

"Vinnie" Vincent
Deming, N.M.

Response To Beth

□ To Beth (July '85): Chicks like you keep convincing me that stupidity is everywhere. Conway Twitty and Merle Haggard were rockin' and rollin' before you were even born. You talk "American dream" — Merle Haggard's shit is red, white, and blue, and Conway Twitty's piss has stars and stripes in it!

Jake
Albany, Ky.

□ "Deadhead, indeed!" you say, but Jerry Garcia did some fund-raising for Sandy Alexander's son after an unfortunate incident. He also pulled a spot in the "Hells Angels Forever" movie, but I don't figure you got out to see it due to the fact that you were too busy spending your righteous coin on John Cougar paraphernalia. You sound like a perfect example of that.

Miriam
Suffern, N.Y.

Cadillac Jack Response

□ Hey, fuck you, Cadillac Jack (Sept. '85)! Takin' pride in what you ride is where it's at. You bought American unemployment by buying that Jap junk. If you don't have the money for a Harley (which is every Jap-bike owner's excuse), you could

have bought a Limey, which, in case you don't know, is Triumph, BSA, or Norton. No one said you had to buy a new Harley anyway. Didn't you ever hear of used Harleys? You must be a wimp if you'd pull over to help a Jap rider. I myself don't pack a set of metric tools, so why pull over to help?

I suppose you want us Harley riders to ride around wearing a big smile and wave at all you assholes to make you feel wanted.

Muck
Bay View, Wis.

□ As far as bein' a biker "at heart," I sincerely doubt that you'd make a pimple on a biker's ass!

Running Bare
Los Angeles, Calif.

□ It's you assholes who piss me off. If and when a guy on a Harley does wave at you, you probably turn up your nose at him/her like all the rice-eaters around here do. They race in and out of traffic like assholes, giving us Harley riders a bad name by the way they act.

Undertaker
Redding, Calif.

□ In response to your response to Cadillac Jack: Who the fuck do you think you are, saying what Harley people do and don't do? Harley people are independent, free people and do whatever they fucking well please. I ride a Harley and sometimes I wave at bikers, sometimes not, and sometimes I don't do anything. But I'll be damned if I do anything because some tight-assed editor of a biker magazine tells me what "Harley people" do. Fuck you.

Monterey Jack
Reno, Nev.

■ You're right. I should have said I don't wave at anyone, that I might nod to a fellow H-D rider, but I never wave. Our philosophy is that we are no one's mother and don't tell anyone what they should do. I fucked up.

No Law Change

□ We were dismayed to see a letter in your July issue stating that "HB250 in New Mexico was slipped by without much notice. This bill requires all motorcycle riders to wear helmets as of July 1, 1985." It was signed by "Angry Riders in Organ."

LEARN AT
HOME IN
SPARE TIME WITH
NO PREVIOUS
EXPERIENCE

If you like to ride a bike for fun...learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you work in a cycle shop for somebody else or start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step by step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need...yours to use during training...yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing—with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems...as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmissions, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time—or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.

Cycles are big business...and so is fixing them! No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman. Because opportunities vary in different areas, we cannot promise you a job, but we will be glad to send you survey results showing the employment success of our graduates.

Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year... and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action...get in on the fun—start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts—full information.

Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends and neighbors.



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CHOCOLATE GEORGE

A tribute to a fallen Angel

Since the Spider interview (August '85) and his mention of Chocolate George, a number of readers have inquired about George. The following article first appeared in the underground newspaper Berkeley Barb and was reprinted in the magazine Paper Bag in 1968 — where Spider was at that time. —Editors

Chocolate George lies in state looking like a wax figure of Attila the Hun. A fur cap hides his bare head, shaved when the doctors tried to repair the skull Chocolate broke when he flipped over the handlebars of his Harley.

His grease-smear Hells Angel jacket is pinned like a battle flag on the underside of the coffin lid.

A hundred Angels and their women walk into the funeral chapel from under the bright morning sky to hear Sonny Barger, head of the California Angels, say a quiet eulogy.

Sonny reads from "The Next Hundred Years," a passage telling how the outlaw of a fat society, the rugged individualist, becomes the hero of later times. Alexander the great, Caesar, Napoleon.

Sonny finishes his tribute, walks to the casket, bends to put his lips on the cold face. Chocolate George's friends, with thin lines for mouths, file past the casket, many touching him in unsentimental gestures of farewell.

Outside, the Hells Angels, mingling with Gypsy Jokers, Vagabonds, Nomads, Cossacks, Satan's Slaves, Misfits, Saints, Executioners, and a scattering of small-looking hippies, kick-start their bikes, making a roaring multivoiced bass chorus to lead the funeral hearse.

Earlier, an Angel chick is asked about Chocolate's death. She giggles, "Chocolate who?"

Chocolate who?

"A perfect gentleman," Tosh says. "I wish my customers were as gentlemanly as he." Tosh runs The Phoenix, a shop on Haight, the street where Chocolate was killed.

Chocolate who?

A fighter who the week before Christmas tries to drag his friend from the paddy wagon and gets busted for his effort, on Haight, the street where Chocolate was killed.

Chocolate who?

A professional mechanic, a worker for 12 years at the Recreation Center for the Handicapped, a wearer of a beard and an ever-present vest, a Hells Angel whose karma intersects with a swerving car on an August Thursday at 1 a.m.

"Who died?" shouts a small boy as the mile-long procession rumbles to a Cypress Lawn chapel. There, a man of a

different cloth reads a sing-song poem and finally gazes at the stranger's coffin and recites, "May the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord make his face to shine upon you. . ."

In front of the chapel, the president of the San Francisco Angels chapter shows a friend a red-printed leaflet emblazoned with a helmeted skull. "S.F. Party for Chocolate George," the sheet says, "Golden Gate Park. Bring Food. Drink, Smoke, Wail.

"The Dead, Big Brother."

Fifteen-hundred people follow the map and the word to Lindley Meadow in the park. Before the rock bands arrive, the scene looks like two medieval armies lined up on hills separated by a small valley, wondering whether they should do battle.

The cyclists line the roadside next to their bikes. A growing cluster of hippies sits on a hill across the shallow valley, under a phallic pagan sculpture. Both groups are waiting for it to happen.

The numbers balance, then tip to a predominance of hippies, the gentler outcasts. The groups infiltrate one another and become a strange large sea which speeds the pulse of passing tourist buses and extra police patrols.

Two cops stop their car, get out, and lounge with deliberate ease at the back of their vehicle. A tambourine passes through the crowd, gathering coins for the beer run. Carved pipes pass from mouth to mouth, wafting a sweet, happy smoke.

A green pickup arrives with thousands of cans of beer floating in shaved ice. Shirtless, hairy Angels pelt each other with snowballs and hurl showers of ice through the sky into the crowd.

The Grateful Dead ride in atop an Avis truck. They park under a tree, plug in, tune up, and the celebration turns on.

The sun is getting lower in the sky when Big Brother and the Holding Company begin their sound. It goes on and builds until something in the crystal chorus tells the throbbing crowd that this is it, the high end of the celebration for Chocolate George.

Strangers, friends and onlookers evaporate from the meadow within minutes. A Hells Angel is dead, honored, gone.

Friends say he lived and died hung loose. An outlaw, George Hendricks, with fists to speak for his view of justice, with a hand seen in the minds of certain Angels forever encircling a bottle of chocolate milk.

— Berkeley Barb



BIRTHDAY PRE



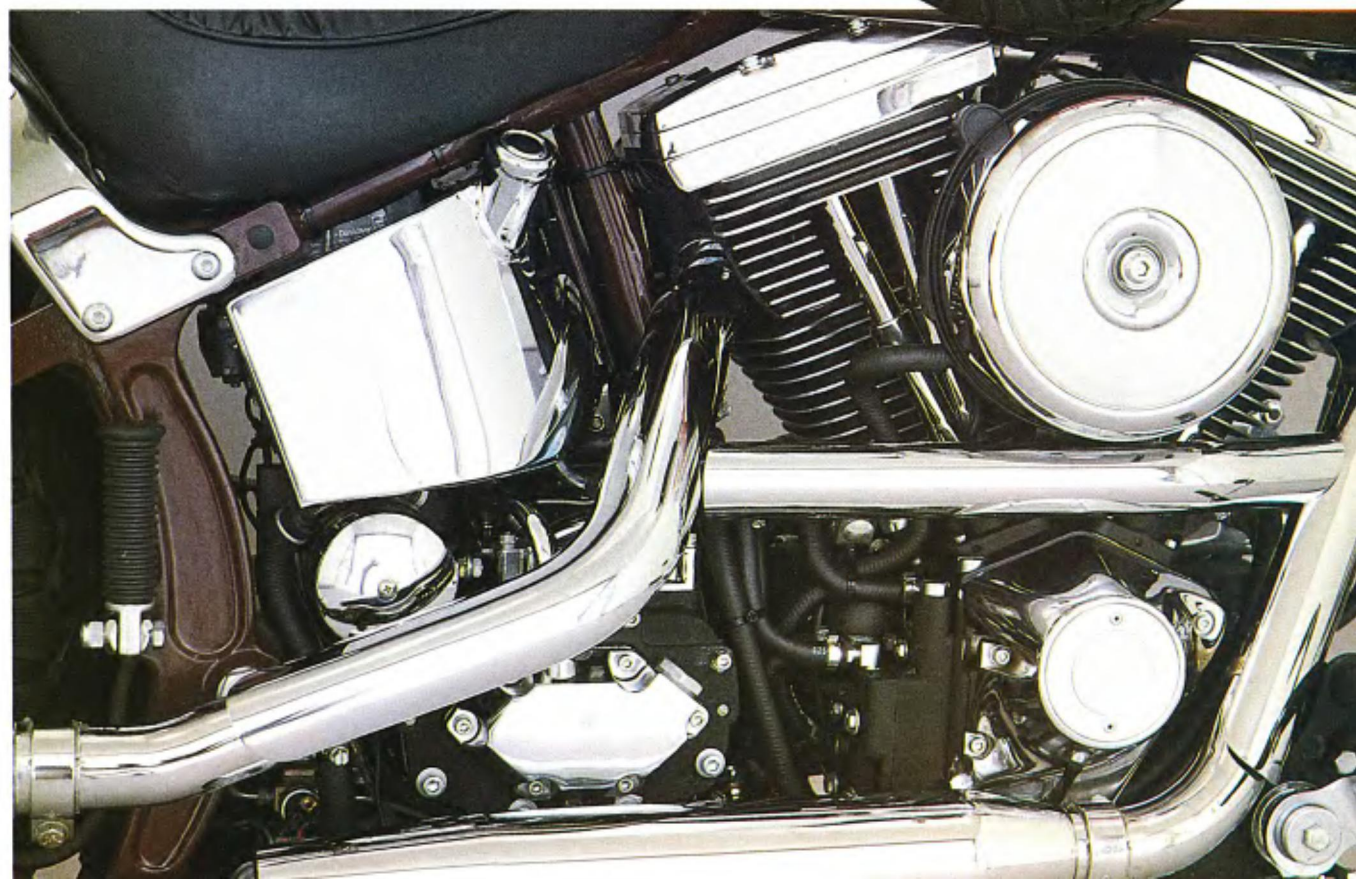
For its second birthday, Harley-Davidson has given last year's hot Softail a whole bunch of new bells and whistles to improve performance and cut maintenance.

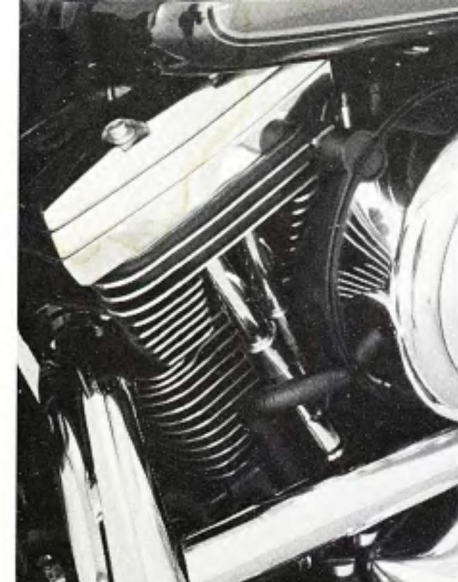
Run your eyeballs over the shots of this 1986 Softail. Like what you see? You should — it's about as custom a "custom" as is ever likely to roll off a factory assembly line.

Right from its introduction in 1984, the Softail was radical — a chopped, rigid-framed Evolution-engined Big Twin straight from the factory. Of course, as the whole world now knows, the frame isn't really rigid at all. It has a trick hidden hydraulic system operating horizontally on the bottom of the frame, and it sucks up road bumps as well as most conventional vertical shock absorbers and better than a lot of them.

Now, for 1986, the factory has gone about two huge radical steps and a jillion smaller steps forward. The "rad" changes are a shift to a belt final drive and the addition of a five-speed tranny. The smaller changes include such technical bits an' pieces as lock-on turn signal switches, a starter motor with 10 percent more cranking power, and a revised intake and exhaust system. Naturally, there

SENT





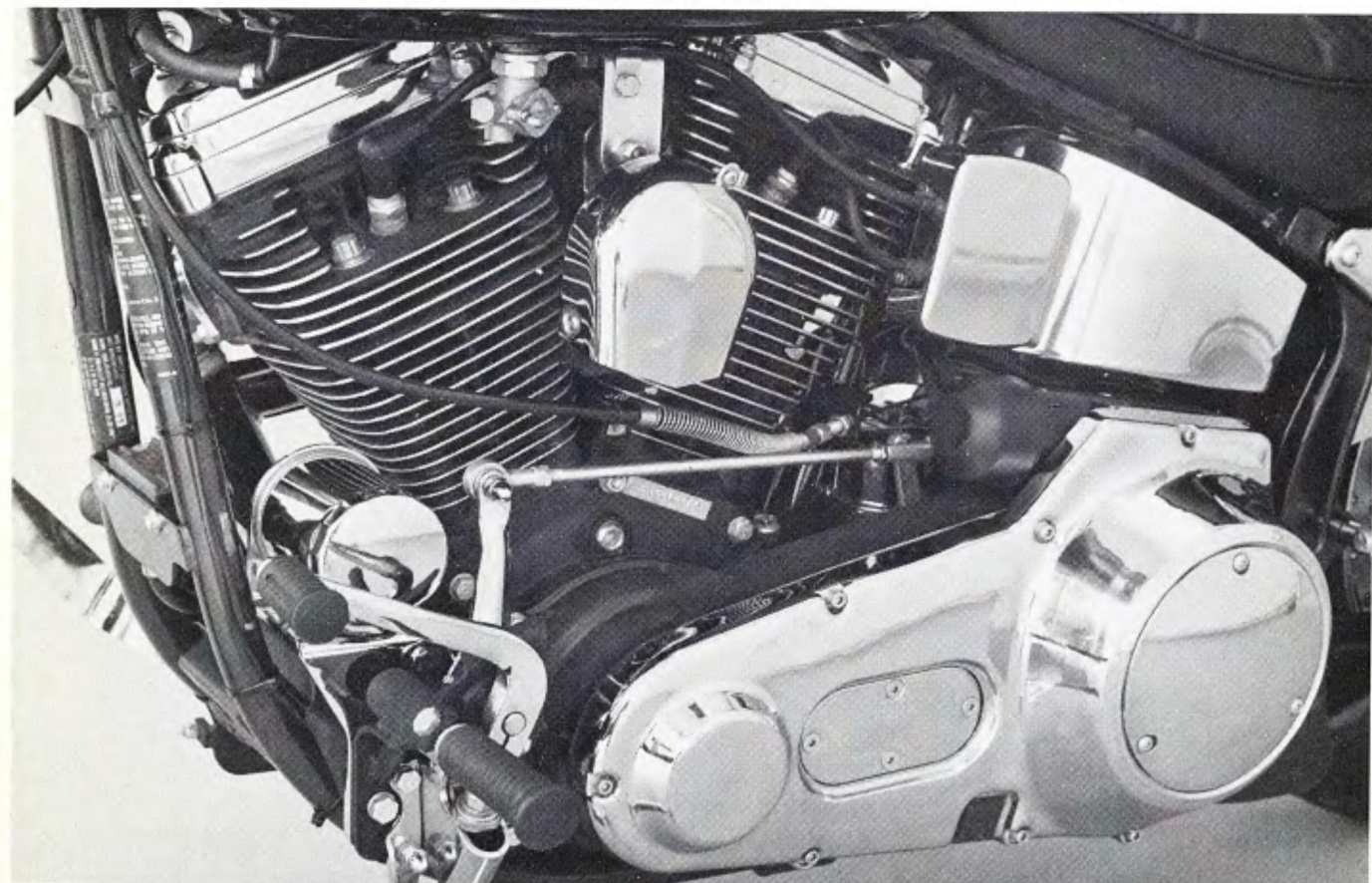
Air filter by order of Uncle Sam



Classic Bates-style light



Easy-change oil filter



Custom-painted cylinders, heads, and block with highlighted cooling fins

are new styling features as well: fuel tank graphics, and on the stock FXST, a wider range of color combinations.

Also new for 1986 — it's the bike you are drooling over here — is the FXSTC Softail Custom. For about \$550 more than the FXST's \$8749 list price, the Custom gives you an aluminum-disc rear wheel, a

"pillow look" seat, and a low sissybar and back rest.

A custom-color-painted frame (candy-red or candy-burgundy), swingarm and muffler support are standard and the power train is black, with a shopping cart full of chromed pieces to accent it.

According to a Harley press release, "The Softail Custom





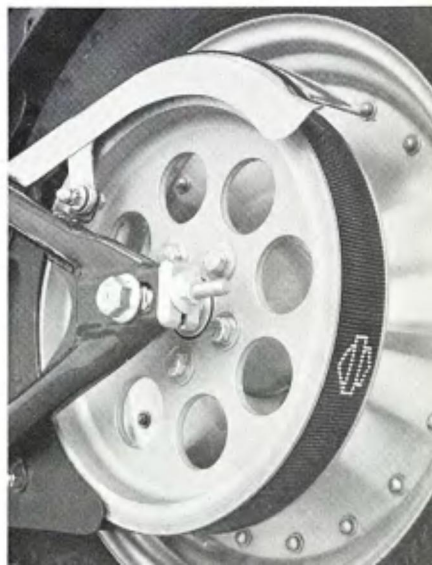
A snake's-eye view of Willie G's latest masterpiece



moves the leading edge of custom styling into the future."

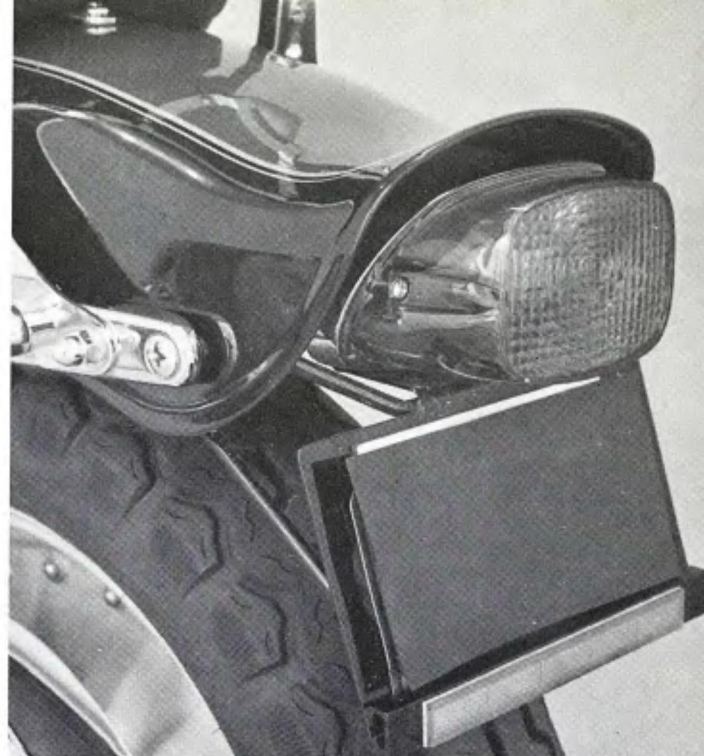
Nobody around here would argue with that statement. The question is how much further into the future can this bike be taken? How much more custom, without changing its basic design and intended function, can the Custom get?

Somehow or other — it's safer not to know too much about these things — Spider managed to get the factory

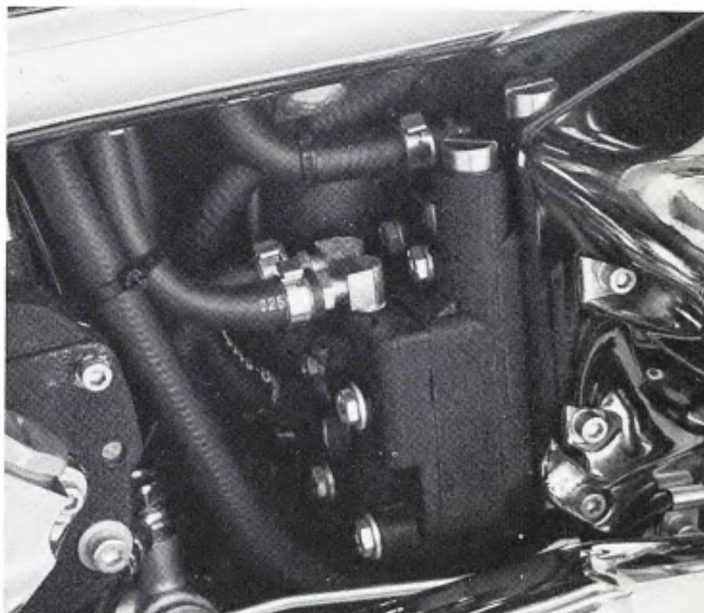
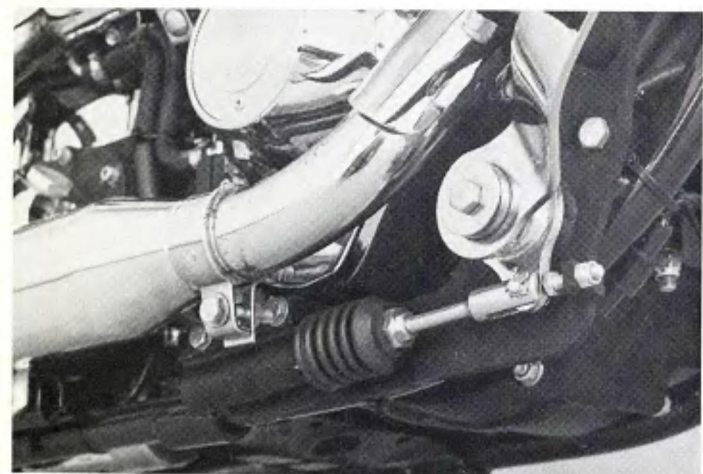




Heavy-duty casting adds rigidity



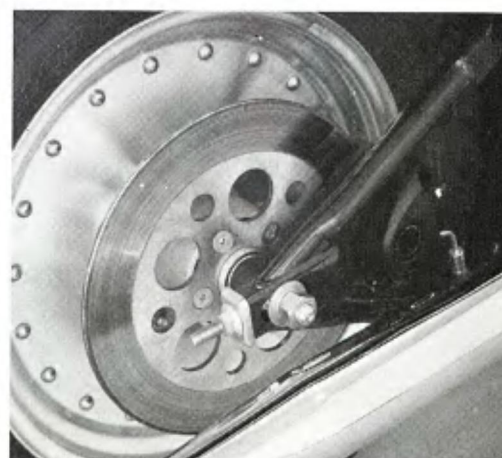
Taillight borrowed from Wide Glide



Oil pump painted to match engine

to turn this nearly \$10,000 beauty over to us for six months or so. During that time we're going to try all kinds of modifications to tailor it to the tastes and personalities of the various deadbeats who hang out in the office. Sometime next spring we'll be showing you some pictures of the changes that worked — and maybe a few of the ones that didn't.

—Trampo



Photos by Pete Chiodo

ENCOUNTER

by John St. Martin

"Rigger stepped off a curb and got hit by a truck," the voice said. "You'd better come right away."

Mike had hated the answering machine ever since he'd installed it next to his telephone and now he hated it even worse. The voice on the machine was unrecognizable to him, but it obviously belonged to one of the members from the Denver chapter, because only sworn members had access to his telephone number.

If he took his time, he could be in Denver in less than two days. It wasn't such a long trip, and he would have to see his friend off. He thought about Rigger as he packed his traveling gear, rolling it neatly into the bed-roll and attaching it to his bike.

They had been friends for a long time, he and Rigger, and they shared a lot of memories, beginning with some terrible recollections of Vietnam. As Mike checked his bike over, his grim face softened and he smiled, remembering that night in Saigon after the Tet offensive. The night of the best battle of their lives.

He recalled the slant-eyed bitch who got away with Rigger's wallet, and the pimp bastard who had stepped in between him and the girl as she made her getaway. He was exceedingly thin, shallow-eyed, nervous, and quick, with an almost lipless mouth over a weedy beard. In his hand he'd held a long, double-edged dagger.

He appeared to be a man used to having his own way. A man used to winning. Truth is, he was a loser and didn't know it. When he'd made his move, Rigger's hands became an instant blur. The pimp staggered back with the handle of the dagger sticking out of his throat. Then the real battle had started.

Both Mike and Rigger dished out bloody noses and broken heads indiscriminately during that fight. Backed into a corner, they made it last until the MPs arrived and then they fled the place with half of the Marine Corps and most of the Saigon pimp brigade in pursuit.

Now, the bike loaded, gassed, and ready, Mike called Tony and told him to take over during his absence, letting Tony know he could come and go as he pleased, as long as he got all of the incoming messages. He fired up the Harley and rode out of L.A. at four in the morning, heading east toward Denver. It was early summer, and the hot ride across the desert would feel good, the fresh air even better after the smog of Los Angeles.

Mike rode fast but carefully, keeping alert for members of the CHP. He chilled in the coolness of the canyon outside San Bernardino, leaned into the turns going through Cajon Pass, top-

ping the summit and entering the desert as the first light began to appear in the east.

Sunrise came and the horizon disappeared, as if the land were expanding, stretching itself, destroying any illusion that the mind could stake a claim to. Shadows raced one another across the ground as

they withdrew, and across the plain, Joshua trees threw up their arms in supplication to the bright rays of the morning sun.

He gassed up in Las Vegas, checked the oil, and went over every nut and bolt. Satisfied that all was in order, he headed out of town, keeping a wary eye on the rearview mirror. The LVPD are fond of out-of-state bikers — fond of searching them, harassing them, and putting them in jail to show that they can be as tough and nasty as big-city cops. (Actually, of course, they can't be and aren't. Once a hick, always a hick.)

By midmorning he was nearing the top of the grade leading up to Mormon Mesa, where the road lay flat and dead straight for miles, a shimmering black ribbon dividing the plateau. The day was windless and hot, for the sun shows no mercy in the waterless reaches between the California border and that of Arizona and Utah. Even the rattlesnakes there hide from God lest they be condemned to the place forever.

Nothing moved on the

Continued on page 81

She drew back, clearly expecting the worst. All the falsehoods she'd ever heard about bikers were revealed in the look she gave him.



ORANGE CRUSH

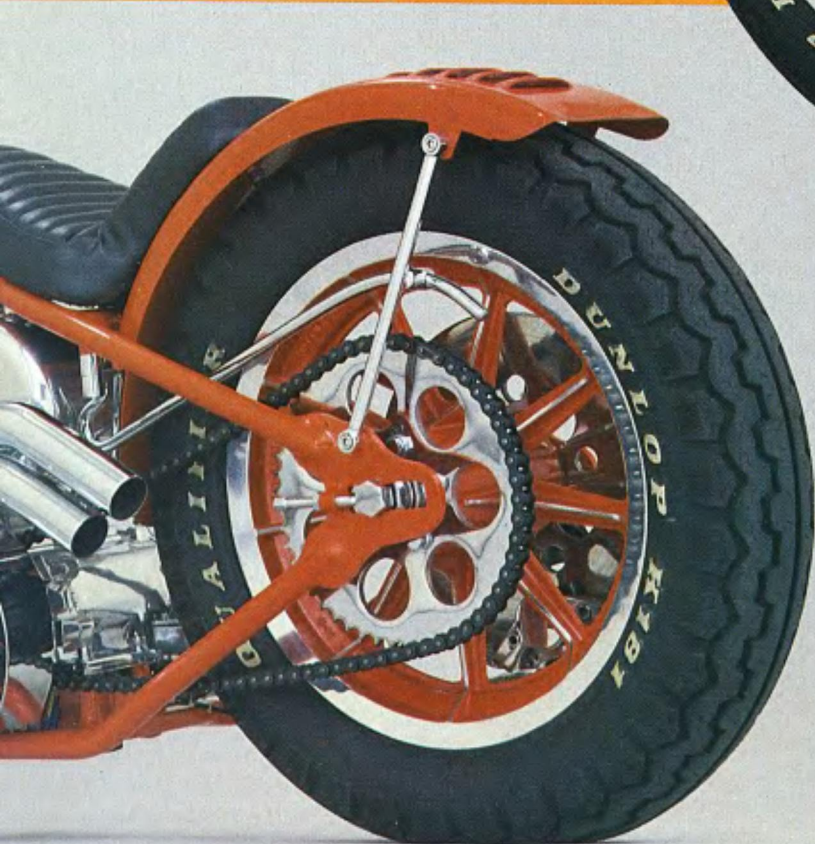
Normally, the first thing ya think when ya see shots showing pipes comin' out the primary side of an engine is that you've got the slides flopped. (That's technical talk for "The picture is backwards, lardhead — turn it around and check it out from the other side if ya want to see just what the motorcycle really looks like.")

Well, this particular lardhead thought he'd caught ol' Wrench (Super-Wrench to a chosen few) with his pants down. Guess that's why they don't call *me* Wrench very often (if ya saw my scoot, you'd understand). Turns out the flaming-orange beauty pictured here was designed this way. Up at Bay Area Custom Cycles, Ronn Simms does things as he sees fit — which might not always be the staid, tried-and-true method.

One thing you can bet on is that Simms will turn out a Harley that carries as much class as is possible to pack into a frame. Orange Crush was built for (and partly by) Carl Simms, Ronn's brother, a pipefitter by trade out of Fremont, California. He's a busy guy with a pair of arms that tell ya right off he ain't no couch potato. As David Letterman, Mr. Late-Night TV, might say, "The man is *huuuuge*." (However, Letterman would probably stop short of describing him the same way as he did baseball pitcher Terry Forster — unless, of course, he wanted another gap in his teeth.)

What Carl wanted, he got with this bike. Simple, basic, yet filled with flash. Based on a Revelle model, Carl was determined to make something unreal very real. Together,







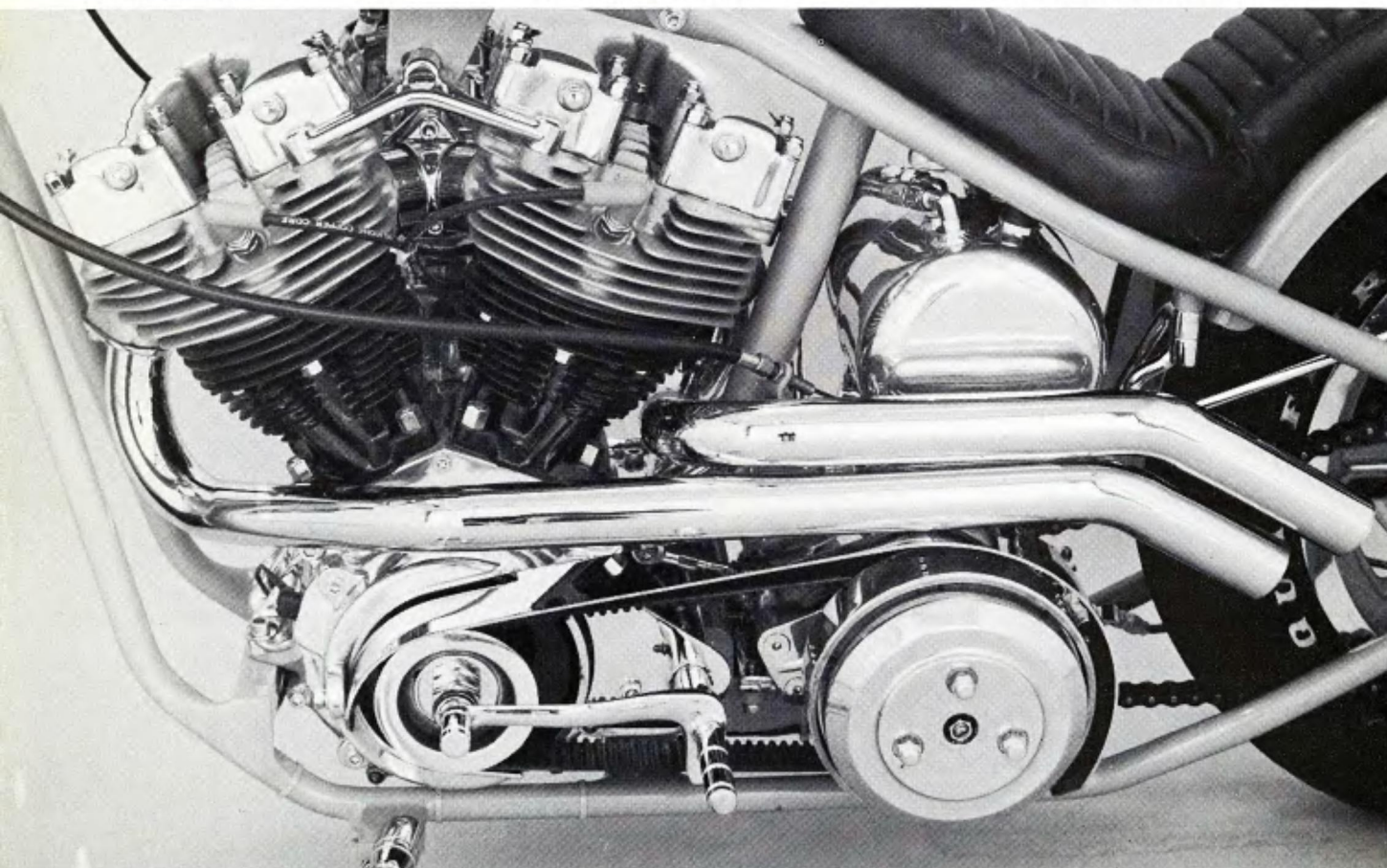
A unique fork stop



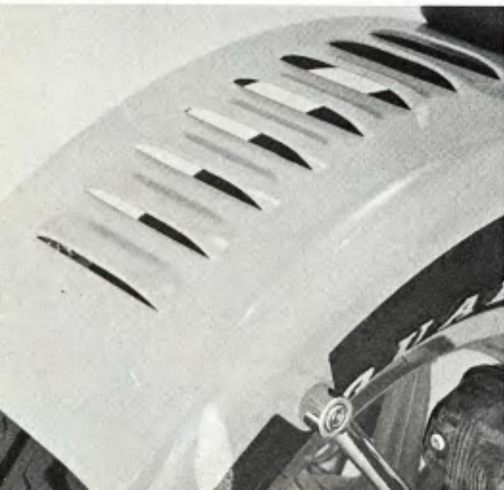
Some trick brackets



Note the exhaust heading left



Pipes on the wrong side? Depends on how you look at things.



Photos by Pete Chiodo

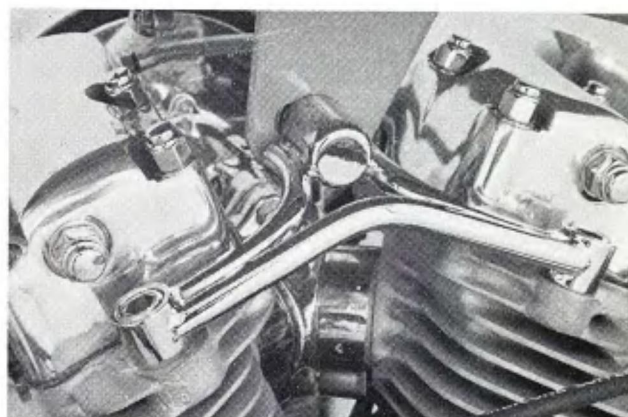


Ronn and Carl went through the BACC catalog and got ready to bolt on the parts that would complement the '77 shovel engine Carl had received earlier for building someone else's bike.

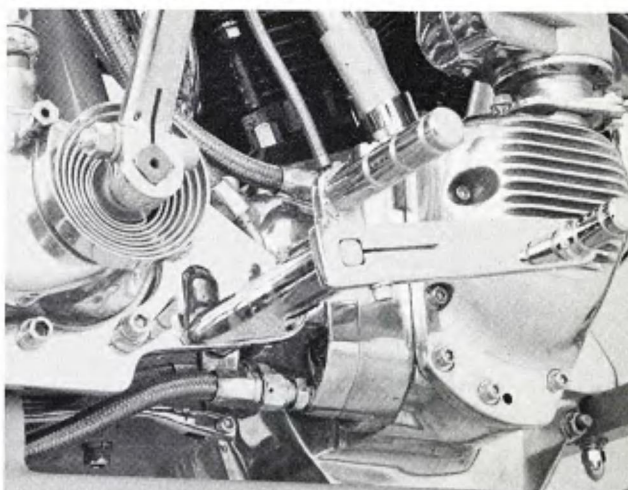
Three weeks was all it took to complete the Day-Glo masterpiece. Hell, the bright

Owner: Carl Simms		City: Fremont, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fab.: owner/Bay Area Custom Cycles		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1978 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: Low Rider		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 weeks		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: B&B Metal Finishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&M super bars	
Year: 1977		Risers: none	
Model: FXS		Fender(s): 7-in. flat/foulers	
Rebuilder: Bay Area Custom		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: smooth		Front pegs: Bay Area Custom	
Balancing: Bay Area Custom		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported/Manley valves		Oil tank: spun aluminum	
Cam(s): Sifton 440		Oil system: braided hose	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: belt guard	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Bay Area Custom	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: wrong side/Bay Area Custom		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: American steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1978		Extension: none	
Shifting: custom		Builder: Red Wing	
Engine sprocket: Primo 8mm belt		Special features: plated	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Pete		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Shanklin's		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: bright orange		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: wheels			
Other special modifications: Machine work by Gitmo.			

orange enamel had hardly dried before they jumped into the construction like wild, banshee bikers on a mission from NASA. The finished product is an awesome display of the model version come to real, no-shit life — as done by, with, and for the right bros. —Ferret



A fine-looking, handmade motor mount



Some high-class steel fabricating went on here



Willie G. Davidson — One Of Us

"There are certain feelings you have that can't be put on a computer."



Photo by Kim Peterson

Twenty-two years? Has it really been 22 years since the young man came back to the company he'd grown up with and took over responsibility for the look and feel of its entire product line? The answer, of course, is yes. For over two decades that hairy dude you may have seen eyeballing the chicks in Sturgis City Park or checking out the bikes in front of the Boot Hill Saloon, Willie G. Davidson, has been chief designer for the firm started over 80 years ago by his grandfather and great-uncles.

As one of a group of Harley-Davidson executives who bought the company's freedom from American Machine and Foundry in 1981, Willie G., who learned to ride on a 1948 125cc single-cylinder Harley two-stroke, is also part-owner of America's last motorcycle manufacturing company. His official title is Vice President/Styling, but his real job is, in his own words, "to maintain **THE LOOK** — in capital letters."

In an attempt to find out how he's so consistently managed to do just that for so many years we tracked him to his design office at Harley's main plant in Milwaukee. He'd just come from test-riding a prototype of a 1987 model and cheerfully agreed to answer some questions.

EASYSIDERS: I understand you were just out on a prototype Harley. What do you look for on a test ride like that?

WILLIE G.: In this case, I was checking out a seat. It's an '87 time-frame vehicle and what we do is, we have jury evaluations on comfort — things like seat, foot pegs, floorboard, and handlebar relationships.

We put several people on the vehicle. They have different shapes and sizes and heights and widths, and they have different riding abilities, and we try to come up with the best design.

ER: Looking at it from that end, a design point of view rather than a mechanical point of view, what do you consider the biggest change Harley has made over the last 20 years?

WG: I guess the beginning of the factory-custom era in 1971. That was the first Super Glide, which was a marriage of our 74-inch shovelhead and the Sportster front assembly forks and wheel, etc. I think in that model we were beginning a whole trend of vehicles that has grown today to be a number of models.

The next important model in that family was the first Low Rider in '77-'78. That was an extremely successful motorcycle that embodied what American styling features are all about. We try to maintain that custom vehicle edge over our competitors.

ER: Where do you get the ideas that enable you to maintain that edge?

WG: It's difficult to describe how you get at rolling sculpture, as I like to call it. There are certain feelings

you have that can't be put on a computer. It's kind of intrinsic with the love of riding and being on the vehicle. Certain forms and shapes seem to work well together.

It has a lot to do with your own personal input — with your own riding, which I think is extremely important. All the people in my department ride. When you're around motorcycles and you ride 'em and you see things and your adrenalin starts going, there are certain shapes and forms you want to explore.

Motorcycles have an essence, an ambiance, that's part of their heritage, their history. Part of it certainly comes from our understanding of what the U.S. rider wants his bike to look like.

Put all these things together, work closely with the engineering guys, and you come up with not only a fine functional piece but something you could hang on the wall to look at. That's really how I like to think about our products.

ER: You make the design process sound a lot more like art than mechanics. I doubt many Harley riders realize how much of an artist you are.

WG: My basic training is that of an artist-hyphen-industrial designer. When I was a kid I (preferred to) draw pictures and build scale models than go out and play baseball.

I'm a lucky person in that I'm able to marry my interests and my artistic background with my job. I studied fine arts at the University of Wisconsin for a couple of years. I still paint water colors. In fact, I don't do it as much as I should, but my house is just filled with my water colors.

I realized at the University of Wis-

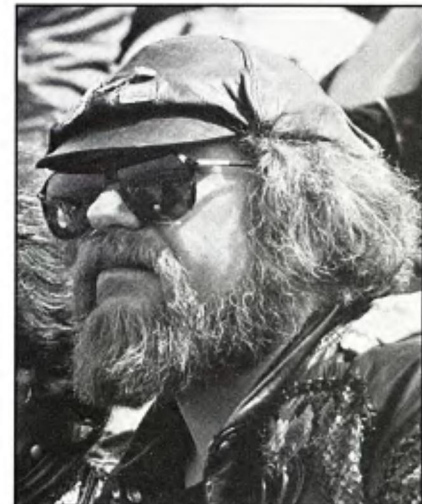


Photo by Mike Lichter

consin that along with being an artist I'm a gearhead and I wanted to marry those two. There's one excellent school that was just becoming prominent back in the late '50s, the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. A good share of the transportation designers in the country come out of that school.

I was an industrial design major out there and I designed cars for a short period of time. I worked on several projects for Ford Motor Company and also for Brooks Stevens here in Milwaukee — he's the father of the Excalibur sports car. I spent a couple of years prior to joining Harley-Davidson doing that kind of thing, but my real love was H-D and the two-wheelers.

One day my dad [William H. Davidson, at that time president of Harley-Davidson] and I got together. It was about the time we expanded and were heavily involved with our Italian subsidiary, and there was really a need for a greatly enlarged design department. He said, "You know what? I think I need your help." I said, "Give me about five seconds to pack my crayons and I'll be over." I've been here ever since and I love every minute of it. I really, honestly, have to say that.

ER: How old were you when you first realized that there was something special about your family heritage? That there were people riding around with your name tattooed on their bodies?

WG: I knew I was in a special family pretty early on. My dad, who's now retired and in good health at 79 years of age, rode for a major portion of his life. For many, many years, the vehicle in the garage was a sidecar rig during the winter months and a solo rig during the summer months. So when I was a little tyke, a big part of my day was when my dad came home on his motorcycle. I remember I used to get pretty excited about that. I guess there was a little gasoline in my veins even at that point in time, way before I could even think about riding myself.

It really happened early and as time marched on it became more and more evident that my destiny was to be involved in a total way with this hobby/job/fun thing that I do. And it really is kind of total. I ride a lot, my family rides. I don't really know how to play golf and don't go fishing. When I have free time, I'm on my bike.

ER: You said you took over the

design job at a time when H-D was heavily involved with the Italian motorcycle company it owned for about ten years. Do you ever wish the company had bought a Japanese factory instead?

WG: No. We're proud of our location, we're proud that we're the last remaining U.S. manufacturer of motorcycles, and we will strive to keep it that way. We hope that we can attract customers who will support our efforts and wave the flag along with us.

ER: About how big is the design group you work with?



Photo by Pete Chiodo

WG: It's very small. I've never believed in design-by-committee. I'm lucky in our company in that I have a lot of freedom. My cohorts — the other co-owners of the company — are people who just allow an artist to do his thing, and I have young people here with me who share the same enthusiasm I have for our vehicles. We try to do it with a minimum of people.

ER: What kinds of things go into finalizing the design of a whole new model or the changes in existing models?

WG: We work with clay and wood and plastic and all the sketching medium for designing all the two-dimensional things like decals, graphics, etc. Welding, frame modifications, and fabrication in metal is done in our vehicle experimental shop which is downstairs from my office. We have a full-size painting booth here [in the design office]. I can get a frame, an engine, fuel tanks, fenders, etc., in it. We do mix a number of our colors here and try them out on the finished mock-ups.

I like to work with mock-ups, incidentally. I don't like to present sketches to management. I like to show them a full-scale painted mock-up so they can walk around it and look at it in three-dimensions, so they can touch it. I think sketches are okay as brainstorming devices internally in the design department, but once we get on what I consider to be the right track, we go on to a full-scale mock-up, which will start with a frame fabrication downstairs, a rolling chassis. We will add the details up here. I mean, we get into a lot of details. We get into types of fasteners, finishes on the engines, fin shapes. We work with engineering a lot. We consider the whole vehicle — all its parts — to be very important. We don't just do tank decals, we're involved with everything from spokes to rocker covers to sprockets, brakes. . .

All of those pieces create the painting. They're like brush strokes and all those brush strokes have to work right or you don't have a complete picture.

ER: How much of your time and effort goes into modifying designs to meet federal and state standards for emissions, noise, and other stuff like that?

WG: A lot. We have a separate building with a complete staff that's 100 percent involved with government regulations. It's a very time-consuming process to try to satisfy what the customer wants, what the visuals should be, and how the motorcycle should perform — to meet all those criteria and still have a legal device.

ER: Could you explain that a bit more?

WG: Take horsepower. Obviously, an engine that breathes easily makes good horsepower. What I'm talking about are air cleaners and exhaust pipes. On our V-Twins the air cleaners and the pipes are really kind of a trademark of the way we look. To create a lot of horsepower and still keep sound levels down, you need gigantic air cleaners and gigantic mufflers, which would be visually unacceptable to the consumer. We walk a tightrope between all these various things.

ER: Does having to meet all those requirements add substantially to the cost of a new Harley?

WG: It's like a three-ring circus. We have the fed regs and their costs and the design of the vehicle and its costs. And all these overlap. My office is a con-

Continued on page 109



Everytime I visited my bro in the state mental hospital I just couldn't believe it could be. He'd sit there with his clean-shaven face — I still ain't used to that — and tell me he didn't kill his wench. And I'll never believe his story that his kid is still out there.

See, I was the one who found the brown-haired crumb-snatcher with Mary standing over it. I was also the one who buried the kid so she wouldn't go to the joint.

The front door stood wide open. The house lights blazed. I cut the ignition on my Glide and walked toward Rev's porch. The house had an eerie silence to it. I peered inside and saw Mary, Rev's wife, standing in the middle of the room with her thumb stuck in her mouth, drool sliding down her chin to spill onto the wood floor that me an' Rev had laid down together. She was staring down at the floor and her stance told me she was in never-never land.

"Hey, Mary, whatcha lookin' at? Where's Rev?" I strolled into their large living room. Then I spotted what held her fascination.

Rev's kid, Li'l Rev, was lyin' on the floor with his neck all twisted an' shit like in the cartoons — at the kind of angle only the dead can achieve. It took me a second to get my shit together. Mary, the kid dead, Rev gone, the door open.

Heart pounding, I closed the front door, walked over to Mary, sat her down on the couch, and checked the kid for a pulse. None. Dead.

Damn! I turned my attention to Mary. "Mary, what happened?" No response. Probably PCP.

The only thing I could do was cover up the kid, shut out the lights, and wait for Rev to come home. If he didn't show up by tomorrow after-

noon, I'd have to bury the kid. Must've been close to midnight when I realized I oughta put the kid in his own bed. After doin' that, I cleaned up the blood as best as I could. . . wasn't much. Me an' Rev's riding days were numbered.

I felt sick at the thought of the kid bein' dead, but there wasn't a lot I could do about it. After I'd somehow managed to doze off for a while, the sound of Rev's scooter woke me. A couple of seconds later in walks Rev, smellin' like the local brewery, hittin' a light switch on his way through the front door.

"Say, bro!" he bellowed. "Whatcha doin' sittin' in the dark with my Mary?" He winked at me. "Couldn't be doin' much, I guess, since she's sleepin'! Whatsa matter, Doc? Bore her to sleep? Aw, don't worry 'bout it, bro. Got the same problem m'self!" All the while he's laughin', I'm gettin' mad as hell at him. Of course, he obviously didn't know his kid was dead.

Using some care, I pulled him to the side. "Say, bro, I got somethin' to tell ya. It's kinda important." I put my arm around his massive shoulders and whispered to him the exact scene I'd found when I got there.

"Naw. Quit jokin' with me, Doc," he said, his drunkenness fading. I took him into the bedroom where the kid lay. That did it. Sudden comprehension threw him into blind rage and he went storming away toward the living room.

I may have my faults, but none of them allow for beatin' on a wench as stoned as Mary. I pulled Rev off her, catching a few fists in the gut in the process. After wrestlin' him to the ground, I got him to listen to me. I told him that Mary was completely spaced out when I found her and that she probably didn't know what she'd done. That the best thing he could do was

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REVENGE IS BEST SERVED UP COLD

by Jefferson Gallaway

CABLES: HOW TO LUBE, ADJUST, AND MAKE 'EM LAST

By J.D. Chandler



When ya set up yer levers an' cables, ya need to be sure that the inner cable doesn't rub on the holder. It'll wear through, break, an' leave yer ass parked.



You can get the clutch cable off without messin' with the adjustment. Ya pull the lever to the bar an' grab the outer cable. As you let the lever out, pull the outer cable away.

Some bros spend a lotta time makin' sure there ain't any oil or grease on the outside of their scoots, but not as many take the trouble to put grease and oil where it needs to be — on the inside. While there are a number of places that a bike needs lubin' in order to do its best and be reliable, this month we're gonna work on gettin' cables slippery and adjusted right.

About half the bum shifts most of us get are caused by a dragging clutch cable or one that isn't adjusted the way it needs to be. A stiff throttle cable makes small throttle changes hard to do smoothly; ya tend to jerk the throttle as the dry cable sticks and slips when it's pulled. I can hear it now: "How can a clutch cable cause a bad shift?" Glad ya asked.

When ya check yer scoot's clutch action in the garage, ya look at the lever and pull it all the way in. Same thing when

ya initially drop into first gear at a light. After you're under way though, that all changes. While you're lookin' out for cages an' potholes, ya tend not to pay particular attention to how ya clutch an' shift. After all, you've been doin' it for a long time an' shifting sorta comes natural. Outta habit, we all pull on the clutch lever an' shift.

The difference between how we pull the clutch lever on the road an' in the garage is what makes a lubed cable important. When ya shift outta habit, you don't pull the lever in all the way; ya pull with a certain amount of effort. If the clutch cable is stiff from lack of lube, that effort ya make during a shift won't pull the lever very far. The clutch plates won't get lifted as far as they should and won't separate the way they should either. Now, with the clutch draggin', ya ain't gonna get any almighty great shift.

In fact, ya may just grind a pound.

Lube that clutch cable an' it'll move easier, move farther when ya shift, an' separate the plates more completely. A whole bunch of clutches have been overhauled when a teaspoon of oil was all that was needed! Oh, yeah, one other thing, a lubricated cable will last longer, too.

Throttle cables that are sticky tend to make ya look bad. When you're tryin' to make that little compensation for a long hill or when ya just want a little more speed, a jerk-in' throttle cable is a real pain in the ass. Worse, a throttle cable that only moves in jerks can give yer ol' lady an attitude — an' maybe whiplash. Same as with the clutch cable, a lubed an' adjusted throttle cable makes life easier. You'll get a smooth ride and ya won't have to think about gettin' parked because the damn thing broke. If ya start lookin' at yer

scoot's cables with an eye to keepin' 'em adjusted an' greased, ya won't get surprised by a broken one when you're on the road.

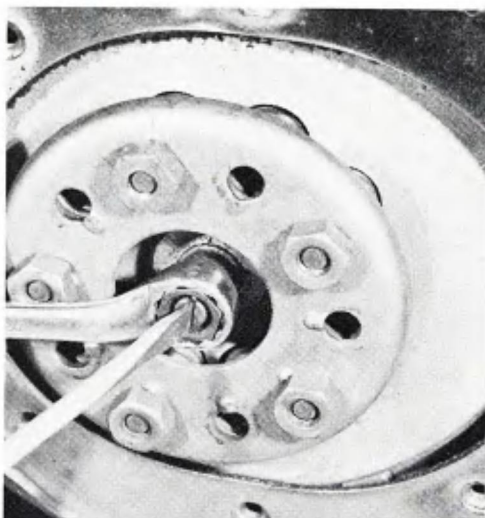
Before we get into how to lube yer cables and which lube to use, let's take a look at what makes 'em break an' how to keep it from happenin'. I've never seen a cable break in the middle. They break at the ends and they break there either because the end fittings aren't turnin' in the levers or because the cable strands are rubbin' across somethin' that bends or cuts on 'em. Either way, all the trouble comes at the ends.

When a cable end fitting is sticking in the lever, the cable has to flex right at the fitting when it's pulled. Just like a piece of baling wire, it'll break after it's flexed enough times. Occasionally, the end fittings get hung up on a burr or somethin', but most stick because there ain't no lube to let 'em turn.

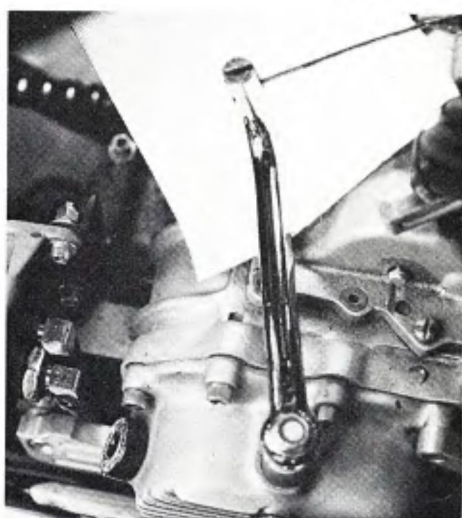
Tech Tip



Make a funnel outta tape, pour some engine oil in it, an' have a beer while it flows into the cable.



Ya can't adjust only the cable to make the clutch feel an' work right. Both the pushrod an' the cable have to be in the right place.



If yer scooter has the room, the cable an' the arm should form a 90-degree angle when the clutch lever is halfway to the handlebar.

Those new cables with the self-lubin' plastic sleeves don't break very often, but even they can use some greasin' now an' again.

Some custom lever assemblies let the cable inner rub on the edge of the slot in the lever bracket. It isn't so much that the rubbin' breaks the cables as the fact that the cable has to flex (that damn word again!) sharply over the edge of the slot — something that'll eventually cause the strands to break.

Ya wanna make sure yer bike's cables don't rub on *anything* between where they leave the sheath and where they join the end fitting. Ya also wanna be certain that the end fitting is free to turn in the lever. Now let's get on with lubin' yer scooter's cables.

The kinda lube ya use is almost as important as actually usin' it. It seems that clutch cables work best with oil about as heavy as 20-50W engine oil. Throttle cables, on

the other hand, feel sluggish with that oil and work better with some-thing light like WD-40 or automatic transmission fluid. It doesn't matter what oil you use as long as it's not heavy enough to ruin the feel or so light that it runs out the bottom of the cable.

So now that ya know ya gotta have oil in yer cables, how do ya get it in? Easy. If ya use WD-40 in the throttle cable, ya just squirt it down the cable after taking the top off the throttle housing so ya can get to it. The clutch really isn't much more trouble. First, ya loosen the adjustment enough to make gettin' the cable out of the lever easy. Remove the cable an' arrange it so it points more or less straight up. Now, make a funnel out of tape on the end of the cable sheath. Ya can use electrical tape, racer tape, or whatever ya have. Fill the funnel with engine oil and let it run into the cable.

When ya put the clutch

cable back on, give the end fitting and the lever pivot a shot of chain lube. The Kal-Gard chain lube we showed ya last month will set up into a grease that'll stay on the job till ya remember to do it again. On the throttle side, squirt a little of the WD-40 in between the handlebar an' the throttle barrel.

If ya do all this to yer cables every couple of thousand miles, ya just won't have any trouble with 'em, at least not the kind that'll park ya. The lubing will keep things smooth an' easy and the regular inspection will let ya catch a fraying cable before it has ya shiftin' without a clutch.

Harley clutches are so tough that they can be used to handle a load of nitro in a drag racer. That don't mean shit, though, if your Harley's clutch doesn't work right. A draggin' clutch or one that engages too quickly is another pain in the ass we can all do without. There is, however, a way

to get your bike's clutch just so an' we're gonna tell ya about it.

There are two clutch adjustments on yer Harley and both have gotta be right if you're gonna get the most out of the clutch. How you adjust the pushrod affects how easy the clutch is to pull, an' how you adjust the cable determines where the lever is when it starts to engage.

Let's start with gettin' the pushrod right. First ya loosen the cable adjustment so there's plenty of play in the lever. Now take off the derby cover an' adjust the play in the pushrod until the "release lever" at the top of the tranny is almost 90 degrees to the cable when ya pull the play out of the cable. What ya just did was make sure the release lever was in the best position with the cable for nice an' easy an' complete clutch action. Replace the derby cover an' we'll go on to the cable *Continued on page 112*

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Eighth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 grand prize. Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is October 30th. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #149 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Kitty**, the first monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Roganne, Sonja, and Linda.



TAMMY



EDIE

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in

such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name _____
 Model's Legal Signature _____
 I am _____ years of age, born _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____

Photographer _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.



AMY



GI



RENEE



ANNIE

GLORIA



DEBO

TANDY



VONDA



DAN'S



LITTLE RED

Together, they're part of the prairie landscape.



No matter what, I promised myself as I dialed Dan Huebner's phone number in Grand Island, Nebraska, I'm not going to mention Big Red, the gnarly Nebraska football team, or make jokes about corn-fed women, farmers, stockyards, or the formidable freezing winters and liquid-hot summers. There's just no way I can force down all the usual clichés, so I'm gonna take a different approach. Really get into the heart and soul of this biker and his slick-lookin' shovel.

Ring, ring. "Yeah, this is Dan. . ." After a little preliminary bull I asked what he called his scooter. "Well, I don't really have a name for her, I just call her Little Red, 'cause I've also got a big fat-bob that's my road bike. This one here's my get-around scoot. I ride it to work, local bars like TJ's, you know, it's my TT bike — tavern to tavern."

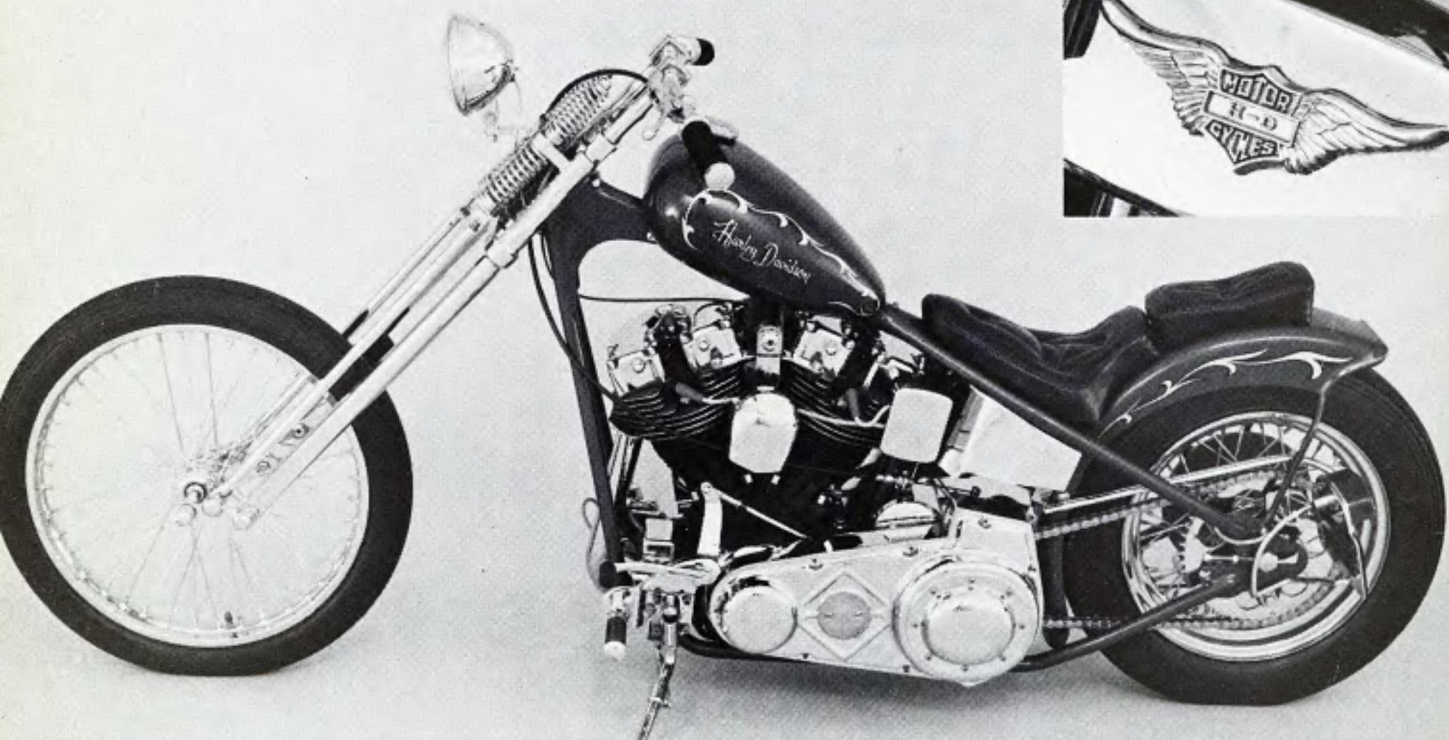
My head sank. I swilled another shot of gold, braced myself, and realized that we're dealing with a real human being here, doing real human stuff. Like painting cars and



Clean classic Paughco tank



Custom stitching by Danny Gray



Photos by Mike Lichter

Extended springer front end and rigid frame for that corn-chopper look



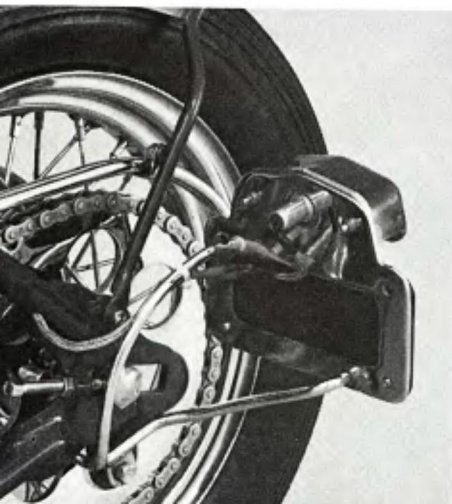
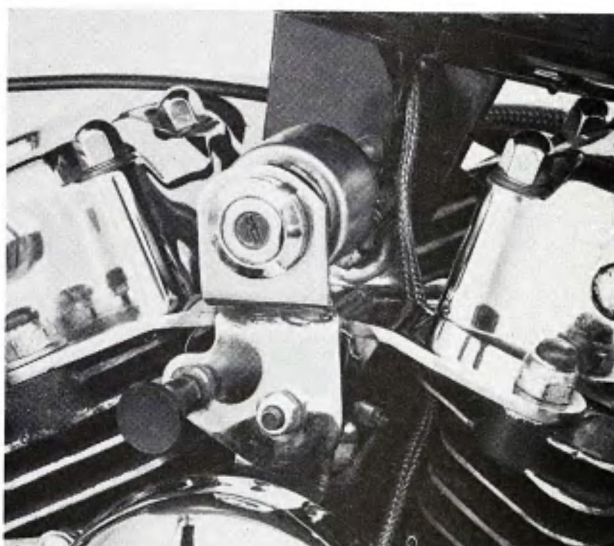
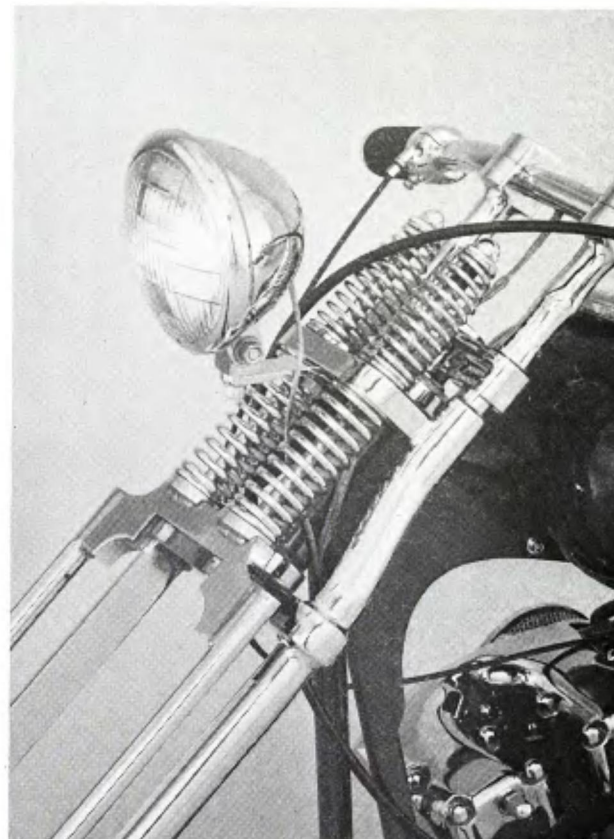
bikes (Dan's occupation) and going on all the runs in his area (Sturgis is a mere 500 miles away), ABATE parties like the annual Lake Perry, Kansas, bash and the one in Brady, Nebraska, not to mention bike shows in Denver, Kansas City, Kearney, to say nothing of working on his bike.

Little Red came to Dan as a stock Super Glide with a springer front end four years ago. Since then

it's been modified, leaving only the engine and springer untouched by his customizing handiwork. 'Course he did gold-plate the six-inch extension. It's also been virtually breakdown-free. Just a stuck valve that embarrassed Dan no end in front of his friends on the way to Brady. Had to rebuild the head. But that's been it, injury-wise.

The more Dan talked about his home, the more compelled I felt to

Owner: Dan Huebner		City: Grand Island, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FX		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6000		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: which time?		Other alterations: molding	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1973		Risers: Drag Spec.	
Model: FX		Fender(s): modified Ness	
Rebuilder: not yet		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points/condenser		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: two		Electrics: Lyon's/owner	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: machined cover	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): chrome Bendix		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: drag		Height: welded to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: ½-in. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1973		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Paughco	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: gold plating	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy-apple red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: disc
Special paint: Gold leaf by Mick Starns.			
Other special modifications: Taillight bracket by Fred's; special thanks to Leonard Lyons & Friends, and Famous Fred.			



run my own rigid down those desolate farm roads, taking in the cool evening — or early morning — moisturized air wafting out of the irrigation ditches lining those damn corn fields I keep tryin' to stay away from. At least there people can ride without the constrictions of helmets. That says a lot for the hearts and souls and determination quotient of Nebraska bikers.

While you'll find blind cagers

wherever you ride, the "equality before law" state is becoming more aware of bikers, accepting Harleys as a part of the vast landscape of the agricultural and now-expanding suburban sprawl of the prairie.

Dan and Little Red are two of the cogs that are making freedom of the road a reality and not just another catchy cliché that we're tryin' to stay away from.

—Ram Pan Man

HARD BREAKS/ GOOD TIMES

BY JOHN REESE



It was hot enough to peel the skin off an onion. We'd taken shelter in the shade of the open-bay garage adjoining the little Mom and Pop grocery store and were now tossing down a couple of cold ones after a long morning of cruising. Somehow, Buccaneer had once again sensed the location of an Arizona HP radar unit and signaled us to take five instead of passing the concealed picture-taker at 70.

"You're about the luckiest dude I've ever met," remarked Dread, who made a habit of collecting speeding tickets.

"Luck's got nothin' to do with it, bro," returned Buccaneer. He leaned back on the curved saddle, nursing his brew. "Comes from being a 'Nam point man. Instinct, y'know. Someday I'll tell you about real luck."

"Whaddya mean you ain't lucky?" scoffed Jesse. She looked longingly at Buccaneer's '85 FLH and then at the p-pad on her ol'

man Flynn's '48 pan.

"Ah,

Buck's gone soft on us," I said to her, noticing her envy. "That bike don't even look like a Harley. Looks more like a fuckin' riceboat." Although I'm a lot taller than Buccaneer, I cut it short when he turned his unsmiling gaze on me, his eyes changing from blue to gray, putting me in mind of a chameleon on a gravel pile.

"This bike is 100 percent American," he said, "something you should appreciate, Injun. Keep yer attitude to yourself or I'll shove it up your ass along with my boot."

"At ease!" barked Flynn, returning from the store with a microwaved burrito. "Arrowhead, stop riling up this stupid Irishman's temper. And you, Buck, relax, or you might feel **my** boot." He glared at both of us.

"Sorry," I mumbled, producing a joint. "Come on, let's fire up this doob before hittin' the road again. Peace-pipe theory."

Buccaneer took a deep breath, then smiled his famous bug-chompin' grin. It's his nature to usually be mellow — quick to get hot when pushed, almost as quick to cool down.

We rode on until we hit the California border along I-10. There the summer heat and hunger from hard riding overtook us. We probably would've stopped sooner if it hadn't been for Dread and his fuckin' nitrous tank. Everytime a high-tech ricer passed us, he'd light it up and take off in pursuit. Buccaneer and I would roll our eyes and go after him while big Flynn wound his old engine and somewhat heavy ol' lady. Why

Dread never shot a piston right through his balls doin' that shit was a mystery to me,

but I was sure his XR 750 would eventually turn on him if he kept it up.

We refueled and ate at the border, our conversation centered on the concept of luck. Flynn, Jesse, Dread, and I all agreed that Buccaneer was the most fortunate individual among us. He'd escaped harm in Vietnam, never gone down in years of riding, and now he was the first of

Continued on page 94



Illustration by Dutty Duggan

The Great Northwest Truck Wash

aka ABATE of Washington's Spring Opener



A.B.A.T.E. OF WASHINGTON SPRING OPENER

RULES AND RESTRICTIONS

1. NO ANIMALS OF ANY KIND
2. DO NOT DISCHARGE ANY FIRE-ARM
3. NO PYROTECHNICS OF ANY KIND
4. DO NOT CUT OR DAMAGE TREES
5. POLICE YOUR AREA-LEAVE NO TRASH

EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

- SAT. 10:00 A.M. - MOTORCYCLE GAMES
1. RING TOSS
 2. BARREL ROLL
 3. BLIND TRIKE
 4. SLOW RACE
 5. BOARD RACE
- 4:30 TILL 6:00 P.M. - WET T-SHIRT
FOLLOWED BY TATTOO CONTEST
AND AWARDING OF TROPHIES

STATE HEADQUARTERS

- SECURITY HDQTRS
PRODUCTS SALES
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY
+ FIRST AID +
GENERAL INFORMATION
V.I.P. GREETINGS, ETC.
NEWS MEDIA
EASY RIDERS
SPECIAL MEETINGS
RUN COORDINATION
COMMUNICATIONS
LAW ENFORCEMENT LIAISON

STATE PRODUCTS

10:30 TILL NOON SAT. & SUN.

PHOTO SESSION

SAT. 5:00 - COORDINATORS
5:30 - EVERYONE

ANNUAL MEETING

AND DOOR PRIZE DRAWINGS

SAT. 6:00 AT BANDSTAND

BIKE SHOW

10:00 AM - 4:30 PM

DURING GAMES

MEMBERSHIP

SAT. 10:00 - 11:00 A.M.

SUN. 9:00 - 10:00 A.M.



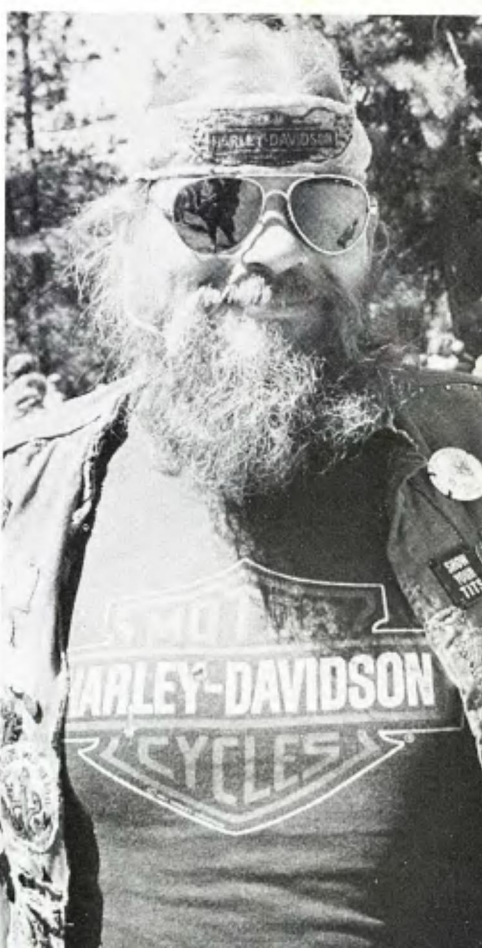


It probably happened something like this, according to Bob Thornton, fearless leader of ABATE of Washington.

Bro: Bitch, you piss me off so fuckin' much I feel like drivin' this fuckin' truck into the river.

Sister: Go ahead, you ain't got the balls!

The scene shifts to the Yakima River. The same man is seen swimming after a swift-moving pickup. And let me tell ya, the water's colder than a slum lord's heart. The ol' nutsack shrivels to the size of a pea before the pickup finally gets hauled out of the river. One thing you can say about it, though — it's sure clean. You can't drive it anywhere, but it's



definitely a clean sonuvabitch.

Some of the other now-regularly-scheduled events include: a ring toss, a beer-barrel roll, blind trike races, a slow race, and a board race. All, I might add, were this year conducted on a good-sized bed of rocks. Not pea gravel — I'm talking large-sized rocks. The kind in which the rear tire has trouble getting traction. It was the same

for everyone: tough, real tough. Of course, the best for us males was the wet T-shirt contest. The women who participated were, for the most part — how should I say it? — *healthy*. The winner received one hundred dollars, American.

But wait, let me back up to the beginning. I met some of these folks in Carson City, Nevada, a few months back, at a helmet pro-

test on the legislature's doorsteps. They'd ridden down in the snow and rain to back up UMRON (United Motorcycle Riders of Nevada) in their efforts to get rid of the Silver State's unpopular helmet law. While rapping together, they mentioned that their big run was coming down in June. About then, I figured that if these good brothers and sisters could ride in the





slush and yuck to demonstrate their support, I could handle an early summer ride up north.

Due to the amount of rain and snow this past winter, the board of directors was forced to keep putting the run date back until it fell on the longest day of the year, June 21, summer solstice. By then there were several weddings scheduled, one of which was offi-



ciated by the groom's mother.
(That's keeping it in the family.)

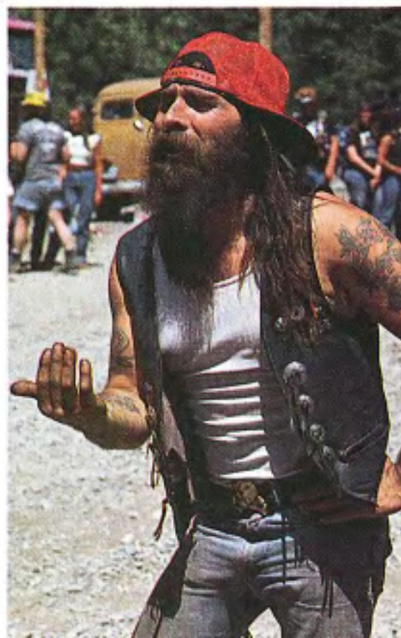
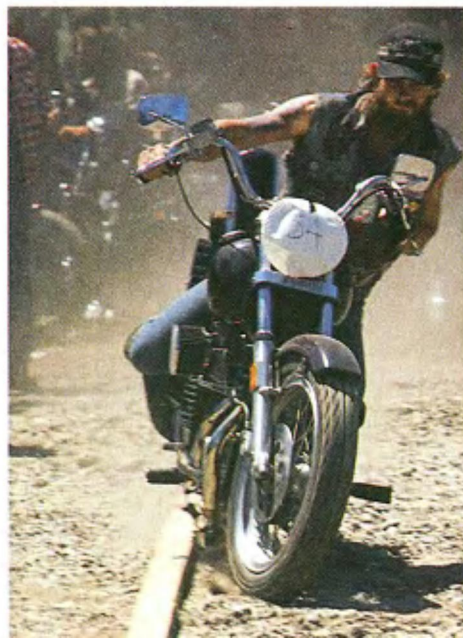
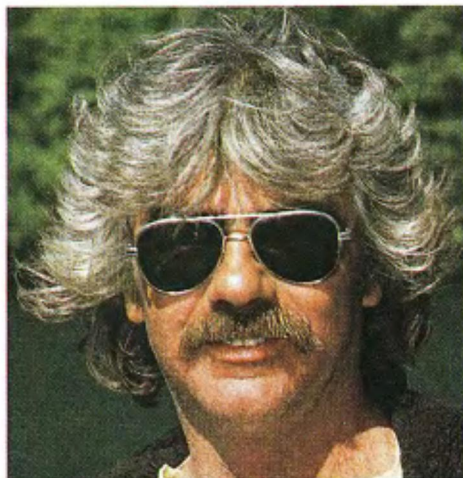
Beaucoup energy was expelled during the weekend at Bullfrog Flats, the name of the campground in Roslyn, Washington. Several thousand riders fell out for this, the biggest event of the Great Northwest. For many ABATE members it was the best Spring Opener yet.

As for me, I had a great time. Like I told Bob when I was getting ready to head back down south, "As far as I can see, you guys do things in a very similar manner to everyone else around the country — all you've got to do is figure out an easier way to wash your pickup trucks."

Thanks for the invite; keep on keeping on.
—Rip



Photos by Serge McCabe and Rip



'Ghost rider' highlights bike awareness campaign

**FIND YOUR BLIND SPOT.
IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN KILL WITHOUT
A SECOND LOOK, COVER YOUR RIGHT EYE
AND STARE AT THE DOT BELOW.**



Hold the paper 8-10 inches from your face. When you cover your right eye and stare

at the dot, the motorcycle disappears. Because everyone has a blind spot. That's why,

every year, thousands of drivers kill or cripple people on motorcycles. Look for

motorcycles as if one were already there. Then don't believe yourself—look again.

WAKE UP. BEFORE YOU START SEEING HIM IN YOUR SLEEP.

PAID FOR BY MINNESOTA MOTORCYCLE RIDERS
FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE: MOTORCYCLES, BOX 101, ANOKA, MN 55303

DISAPPEARING BIKERS — In an attempt to keep bikers from disappearing under the wheels of cagers who "didn't see the motorcycle," the State of Minnesota recently started distribut-

ing the above flier with cage registration forms. The fliers, which show how easy it is to "not see" something right in front of you, are provided by the Minnesota Motorcycle Riders group.

Easynews

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

Biker lady takes newspaper to task

Although your article "Bikers protest state helmet law," reported fairly about ABATE's quest to have the helmet law in Michigan repealed, you unfortunately presented a bad image of motorcycles and the people who ride.

For related pictures, see page 46

I'm not denying that there probably was a mess to clean up after the rally, and I'm sure there was "the sweet smell of marijuana smoke." But do we ever hear about the mess left after other events, or the smell of marijuana (whose use is not limited to bikers)? After every event there is always a clean-up to be done. Have you ever seen the grounds at Pine Knob after a concert? The grass is littered with empty food containers and beer glasses. And more than once, I've noticed the smell of

marijuana, but I've never read about that in the newspapers.

What ABATE is doing for motorcyclists is good. They have pushed for tougher licensing and testing of motorcycles and riders to make it safer for everyone. By trying to have the helmet law repealed, ABATE is just saying that we should have a choice in the decision about wearing helmets. I'm sure that if the helmet law is repealed, a lot of riders will still wear their helmets, but the choice will be theirs, not the government's.

Unfortunately, motorcyclists have had a bad reputation for years, and it is largely due to the media. Bikers have done a lot of good things for people, but it hasn't been publicized. We don't help people just so we can be on the 6 p.m. news. We do it because we care. How

about the ones who sponsor toy runs every year so no child will have to go without a Christmas? How about old and poor people who have had their houses and yards cleaned up by bikers because they weren't able to do it themselves? How about the families who have received food and money from bike clubs when they didn't have anyone to help them? Why don't we hear more about that?

The next time you see a biker, put your prejudice aside for a minute and see him for what he is — a person no different from you or me, who enjoys riding on two wheels instead of four; a person who enjoys the wind in his face and the freedom of choice to be able to do it.

— Linda Jones, to the editor of the *Detroit News*

Florida governor shitcans helmet repeal

Potentate Bob Graham finds will of people, legislature irrelevant

If you're planning to go to Daytona next spring, better not take the ol' skid lid to the swap meet this winter. That's the word from Tallahassee where Florida Gov. Bob Graham recently used his veto power to kill a legislative bill that would have made helmet use voluntary for all riders over 21 years of age.

Graham's backstabbing came at a time when members of ABATE of Florida and bikers rights advocates from throughout the country were sure that victory in their decade-long fight was at hand — after all, the pro repeal bill passed the Legislature by two landslides, 67 to 33 in the House and a whopping 27-5 in the Senate. But the massive support for freedom from the Legislature did not faze Graham in the slightest — perhaps the man has simply been living too close to Cuba all these years and has decided to emulate Castro.

Harley Rendezvous fined \$100,000, promoter may face criminal charges

If it were a TV show, they'd call it "Harley Crest" or "As The Wheel Turns." As bikerdom's longest-running soap opera, the Harley Rendezvous has everything: a bitter fight between father and son, regular confrontations with the forces of law and order, and a cliff-hanging ending to every installment.

In the latest news from upstate New York (as of late July), a New York supreme court judge fined Harley Rendezvous Inc. \$100,000 for violating a court order prohibiting the event from being held at the Lookout Country Club in Duaneburg, N.Y. and a state prosecutor said he was considering filing criminal contempt charges against Rendezvous president Kemp O'Connell "as well as other individuals responsible for holding the rally."

"The (criminal) charges are identical to those against the corporation except that if they are against a person, that person can go to jail," Asst. State Attorney General Alfred Chappleau said after the corporation was convicted at the end of a three-day hearing. "It's a definite possibility and it's looking better all the time."

According to Chappleau, the maximum penalty for a contempt conviction would be 30 days in jail for each act of contempt. In the case against the corporation, the judge considered each ticket accepted for admission to the Rendezvous as a separate act of contempt and figured the \$100,000 fine on the basis of \$250 times 3500 (the number of attendees estimated by the police) offenses.

Promoters disputed the ruling, claiming that the police attendance figures proved they didn't need a mass-gathering permit (one of the charges was failure to get such a permit), since the law defines a mass gathering as over 5000 people.

As far as the fine goes, Harley Rendezvous attorney Mark Pelers said that it

"The governor of this state would spend thousands of dollars to save the manatee and then they would allow boat races on top of them. How the hell do you expect to get anything done with this kind of bureaucratic/economic bullshit?" ABATE of Florida President "Grandpa" Stewart asked. "When the governor crows down to other politicians and insurance interests I cannot recognize or communicate with him with any respect. I have my pride and respect for the House and Senate majority, but a totalitarian governor — NO!"

"This biker rides whatever kind of bike he likes and will not wear a coat and tie or helmet for a totalitarian governor. I am not a radical human, just someone who has said all he can to the Capitol. Now I'm going back to riding when I want and help ABATE grow stronger through the next level of leadership."

"could conceivably" cause the Rendezvous to go out of business if the conviction is not overturned on appeal.

"It [considering each ticket honored as a separate offense] amounts to extortion," he claimed. "Our contention is that there was one violation — the event itself."

Meanwhile, state officials have reportedly obtained a court order freezing \$82,000 in Rendezvous bank accounts.

The Rendezvous' current problems began shortly after the 1984 event when charges of mishandling funds, not paying employees, and renegeing on commitments to local businesses resulted in a series of accusations and lawsuits between Kemp O'Connell and his father, Harley Rendezvous founder and (at that time) officer J. Daniel O'Connell.

Ruling that the corporation could not operate with its two major officers carrying on like stags in the rutting season, a court appointed a receiver to run it.

The city of Duaneburg, meantime, had rezoned the Rendezvous site to make it illegal to hold such an event there, but the Rendezvous promoters, lead by Pelersi, an Albany lawyer who had been appointed receiver, and Kemp O'Connell, who had stayed on as corporation president, continued to promote the 1985 event.

On May 29 a state supreme court judge issued a temporary injunction (later made permanent) prohibiting Harley Rendezvous Inc. from promoting and selling tickets to the '85 event. The injunction, issued after the judge found that Rendezvous officials had not obtained required state and local permits, ordered that refunds be made to advance ticket holders.

Harley Rendezvous, Inc., however, held the rally over the weekend of June 21-23 and it is upon this alleged violation of the injunction that the contempt citations were issued and the fine imposed.

According to press reports, Graham, who had in previous years indicated he would sign a helmet repeal bill if it passed the Legislature, vetoed the measure because of fears that medical costs and insurance premiums would go up once some Florida riders started going topless.

Responding to this claim, ABATE state treasurer Linda Stewart noted that there are no states where mandatory helmet laws have resulted in decreased insurance costs and no states where insurance rates have risen after such laws were repealed.

"If Graham's so concerned about the costs of insurance, why did he veto automobile insurance?" she asked. "I gotta wear my helmet and (still) worry about the guy behind me having good brakes."

Other bikers long active in Florida's repeal battle were equally skeptical about Graham's alleged misgivings.

"I don't know where he gets his statistics," Daytona Beach ABATE treasurer Bill Huff said. "The House Transportation Committee was convinced that fatalities do not rise when helmet laws are repealed. I think Graham was strongly influenced by the insurance commissioner and the insurance lobby."

Despite the setback, Florida bikers are not giving up the fight. They'll be back to Tallahassee next session and, in the meantime, they may go at achieving helmet law repeal by another route.

"I think we'll have to turn to the court system now and challenge the law's constitutionality," said Walt Powell, ex-president of the Daytona Beach chapter. "At least two or three states have repealed helmet laws on constitutional grounds."

Words of thanks

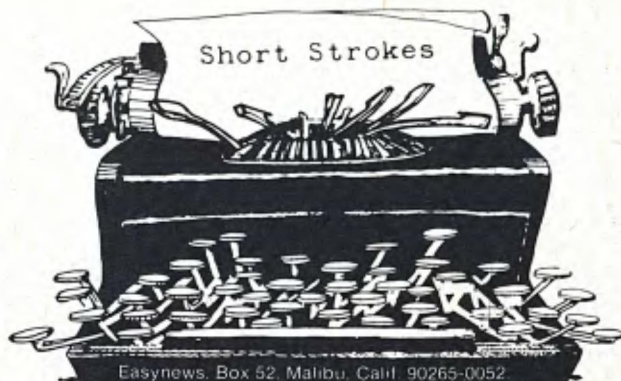
The battle for freedom of choice has been fought as long and hard in Florida as anywhere and freedom fighters in that battle have come from everywhere. ABATE of Florida has compiled the following list of people who deserve special thanks. We are printing it here because we feel that these people deserve a pat on the back not just from Florida brothers and sisters, but from bikers everywhere.

Representative Dick Locke, who took it upon himself to go back to Tallahassee to fight for our bill; Senator John Hill; the ABATE lobbying team of Sandi Walters, Casey and Lynda; Howard Segermark of Washington, D.C.; Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, MD, of the Motorcycling Doctors Association of New York; and Dr. John Goldstein, PhD, from the United Bikers of Maine; and all the members and non-members of ABATE who sent telegrams, made phone calls, and kept the faith.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
California	Yes	No ¹³	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	No
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 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-If over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, 13-Passengers under 15 must wear helmets, *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.



On September 21 Vaughn Beals and Willie G. Davidson were to converge in Washington to lead a parade of Hogs up Pennsylvania Avenue as part of a Ride For Liberty fund-raiser for the Statue of Liberty restoration. The next day they were to lead a convoy to New York City for the run's grand finale. The Ride For Liberty began Sept. 10 when Vaughn and Willie G. and their wives, riding Liberty Edition FLHTCs, set out for Washington from the West Coast on two separate routes . . . If ya buy your rag on the newsstand, the Ride For Liberty is past history. If ya subscribe, there's probably still time for you to get in on it — check with your local Harley dealer for info. (Maybe ya should subscribe after all . . . On the other hand, maybe the Monarchs of Milwaukee should get their shit together enough ahead of time for us to clue in all the readers.)

ABATE of Texas recently staged a 55mph-speed-limit protest run to the state Capitol in Austin. A 5000-signature petition in favor of shitcanning the double nickel was presented to the governor . . . An 81-year-old biker in Holliston, Mass., was killed when a lumber truck ran him down on his scooter. The truck driver was not cited. Probably the Massachusetts state troopers were too busy rousting bikers at hot dog stands (see page 46) to bother with a dead senior citizen . . . Former Baltimore Police Officer Daniel Shanahan, who last year was acquitted of manslaughter in the death of a biker, has been sentenced to three years in prison for accepting a \$500 bribe from bank robbers. Guess we now know what a biker's life is worth in Baltimore . . .

They-Got-What-They-Deserved Dept.: A San Francisco television station has been ordered to pay an ex-motorcycle cop a cool million bucks for fucking up the cop's knee. Seems the station's mobile news team left-turned the cop outside a downtown tunnel. They were covering a marathon run and "just didn't see the blah, blah, blah, etc. . . "Harley-Davidson recently started putting a union label — we called it a "bug" back in the days when I had to work for a living — on all its bikes. The label carries the logos of both the Allied Industrial Workers of America and the International Association of Machinists.

And finally: An Avenel, New York, man was recently charged with aggravated manslaughter in the death of a person he had been feuding with at a local tavern. According to police, the two men were asked to take their problem outside, where the battle moved quickly from the verbal to the physical. It escalated to the lethal when one of the dudes plucked a so-called safety helmet off a nearby scooter and cracked the other one's skull with it. Like we tell ya, you're always safer when them things ain't around. Thought for today: If people are gonna be killing each other with brain buckets, maybe it should be illegal to possess one without a license or to buy one without a three-day waiting period. And, oh, yeah, let's make it a felony to carry the damn thing concealed — as if it's possible to conceal a turd that big and smelly. . .

Cops overreact to bros, so what else is new

A group of Massachusetts bikers enroute home from a swap meet in Keene, N.H., were "ambushed" at a snack-and-ice-cream stand by a bunch of state troopers returning to their barracks after attending to a "disturbance" at the nearby University of Massachusetts campus in Amherst.

The troopers, their battle lust apparently unslaked by the confrontation at the college, used at least ten police cruisers to surround the small group of bikers as they were munching their lunch at a Route 9 farm food-stand near Hadley, Mass.

"We were here about ten minutes when the cruisers started pulling in like crazy," biker Wayne Arsenault said, pointing to a straight-looking family gawking from the sidelines. "They don't stop people like them. Why should we get harassed? We're the same as them. We put our pants on the same way as everybody else."

"But they don't like our earrings, they don't like our tattoos, they don't like the sound of our steel."

According to Carl Scheinost, manager of the food stand, the bikers were contentedly eating hot dogs and ice cream when the police invasion began.

"There was nothing going on; there was nothing wrong," Scheinost said. "If the cops had left everybody alone, the bikers would have been here about 15 minutes and left."

If nothing was "going on," why did the cops descend on the bikers like sharks in a feeding frenzy? Surprisingly, the commander of the troopers at the scene, Lt. Charles Appleton, condescended to answer that question instead of issuing the traditional "We have no comment at this time."

"I just figured we'd stop and run everybody through the computer," Appleton said. So they did, eventually arresting four bikers on pissant charges (top bail was \$75).

All in all it was a day that had more losers than winners. All the bikers were harassed and four of them were taken downtown, while the state troopers obviously did not get the big fight they had been spoiling for at both the college campus and the food stand. In fact, you could say there was only one victor in the whole battle.

Business at the ice cream stand "picked up incredibly" during the confrontation, manager Scheinost reported. "We were the concession stand for the whole show."

A cool cager tells editorial-page geek what life's all about

On the editorial page, we hear grumblings about banning motorcycles from the roads... Who are we motorists to decree there isn't room on our highways for citizens and free spirits alike?

Who has not been awed to see the brotherhood, the 1-percenters, cruising in grandeur on rumbling iron steeds? Who could claim that the true biker is "reckless"? The truth is, a biker has too much respect and regard for his shovel-head or pan to mistreat it. It is a rare thing when an accident occurs as a result of a true biker's incompetence in riding, or in a mechanical failure of his putt. Accidents sometimes occur when weather and road conditions are contributing factors but — almost always, the drivers of cars share the guilt. The problem lies with those of us whose viewpoint is too narrow to accommodate the needs of all. Even those who ask nothing of us.

The biker is not very concerned with how he is perceived by the general citizenry. His peace — his balm — is rooted in his need to be "in the wind." He needs — and should be allowed — to be there. The biker risks his life every time he travels from one point to another, to a degree much greater than the risk we motorists know. The biker does not need to justify his existence. He doesn't ride because he "should" or "ought to." The biker doesn't "seem"; he simply IS...

Motorcycles are not toys... Licensure procedures for all vehicles — especially automobiles — should incorporate an emphasis on the special needs of accommodating the high-risk vehicles... We do, in fact, all "own the road." And we are, in fact, responsible for the safety of our brothers, whose paths through life we share.

— Germaine Marie Gombert, from a letter to the Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel

Aussie bros face huge fee hikes

Australian motorcycle riders are mobilizing to fight increases in government-mandated fees that could, some say, do what anti-motorcycle politicians have never been able to accomplish through direct legislation — force bikes off the road.

The fee increases in question cover a wide range of areas, including insurance costs and import duties on motorcycle parts. The one thing they have in common is that they drive the cost of owning and riding a bike up, and away. Import duties on bike parts, for example, used to be a negligible 2 percent because Australia does not have a bike parts industry capable of manufacturing the wide range of items needed to keep scooters running. On July 1, however, import duties went from 2 percent to 25-35 percent of an item's value — a *minimum* hike of 1250 percent.

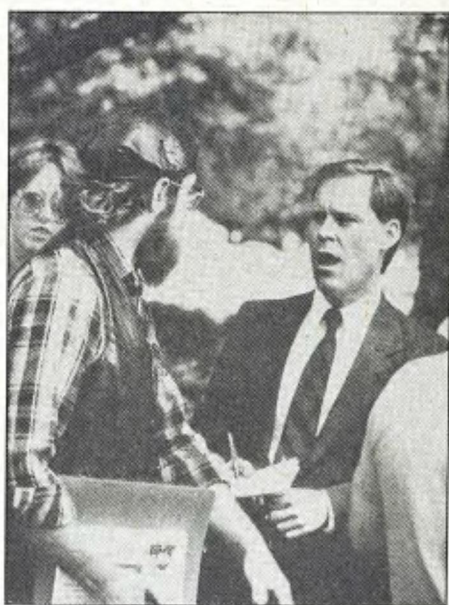
Contributing to the crisis are plans by several state governments to double the cost of third-party (liability) insurance on bikes above 500ccs and new regulations to lower the noise levels of stationary bikes at idle.

"What is frightening is that the federal and state environment authorities want to halve this noise level," a spokesman for the Motorcycle Riders' Association said. "This would mean that 70 percent of current motorcycles would not comply."

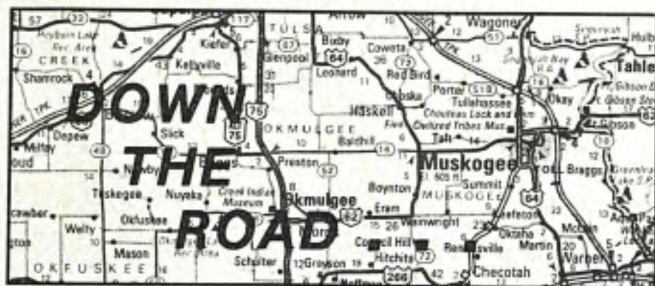
Taking the noise regulations, insurance hassles, and parts price increases together, the spokesman said, "It all adds up, it makes the industry unprofitable and turns people away from buying bikes. We're facing the biggest threat ever... these proposals are going to put motorcyclists off the road."



BURNING BUCKETS — At a recent helmet law protest, Michigan ABATE president Jim Rhodes explains "freedom of choice" to a reporter, right, as skid lids smolder on the sidewalk in front of the state Capitol. Repeal is making progress; '85's bill had a record 11 sponsors.



Photos by Bear



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.

SEPTEMBER

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 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 and 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 1 — TOY RUN, Midwest City Regional Park, Midwest City, Oklahoma. Parade starts at 2 p.m. Entry fee: one new (\$5 or over) unwrapped toy. Sponsored by the Misfits MC and the U.S. Marine Corps. For info, call Sonny (405) 732-4830.

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

Police deny dragging biker under cop cage

According to eyewitnesses, Shaker Heights, Ohio, police officers were so enraged that a biker dared ride his scooter through their turf without current license tags that they chased him into Cleveland, rammed him with a patrol car, and then, after he had been knocked off his bike by the ramming, dragged him 25 feet down the road with the cage.

And at least one of the witnesses to the end of the chase said officers intent on handcuffing the biker — who by this time had a broken hip, broken ankle, and many badly bleeding lacerations — initially refused to call an ambulance, saying, "We'll throw his ass in the back of the car."

Police officials, on the other hand, claim that the biker was thrown from his scooter when the patrol car's fender "accidentally" hit the bike. They called the eyewitness report of the dragging "absolutely untrue."

The incident began when victim Lamarr Webbs, a 20-year-old school district employee with no prior criminal record, left the Shaker Heights High School on his motorcycle. According to police, officer Cheryl Lewis noted that Webbs' bike had no tags and ordered him to pull over, which he refused to do.

Webbs, however, said the female police officer tried to push him off the road with her cruiser, making him afraid she would run him down if he did stop, so he kept going. With other members of the Shaker Heights force — notably patrolman Donald Hyams — in pursuit, the biker rode into Cleveland where he went past a barber shop. The shop owner saw Hyams in pursuit holding what the barber took to be a gun.

"They're going to shoot that boy in the back," the barber said to himself and left his shop to follow the chase.

According to Webbs and two witnesses — the barber and a resident of the house whose yard the chase came to an end in, Hyams rammed the bike with his car, causing Webbs to fly off the bike and land in front of the car. Hyams, the trio alleges, continued to drive for about 25 feet — dragging Webbs under the car — before stopping the cage.

According to Webbs, he heard one officer say, "Get the car off him," and then someone placed a knee on his back and pushed him flat on the ground while attempting to handcuff his wrists.

Both witnesses support this story and say they saw officers slam Webbs into the ground prior to applying the cuffs. When one of the witnesses, the barber, approached the officers and asked them to call an ambulance because of Webbs' obviously serious injuries, he was told, "We'll throw his ass in the back of the car and take him to the hospital."

Eventually, however, an ambulance was called and Webbs was taken to a hospital where he was in surgery for four hours. According to his mother, Webbs will probably lose his left knee and be hospitalized for six weeks. He has also been charged with reckless operation, fleeing and eluding, not having a motorcycle endorsement, and operating a motorcycle without license plates.

At press time, patrolman Donald Hyams had not been charged with anything.

Cager gets sweetheart deal

A Florida cager who used his van to run down a biker from behind has agreed to plead guilty to failing to stop at an accident scene with injuries in exchange for the state dropping charges of vehicular homicide and driving without a license.

According to police, Emerson Turks, 38, was killed instantly when his bike was struck from behind by a stolen van driven by James Lee Graham, 20, of DeLand. The force of the collision caused Turks' bike to run off the road and into a power pole, and caused the van Graham was driving to overturn. Graham and a passenger fled the scene, police officials said, but were apprehended hiding in a nearby woods.

Though Graham had yet to be sentenced at press time, many area bikers were incensed that a charge that could have meant heavy penalties including significant prison time, like vehicular homicide or second degree murder, was not pursued.

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.



"Cause I ordered the 'Biker's Special,' that's why!"

What do you get when you mate a Cabbage Patch doll with the Pillsbury Dough Boy? An ugly bitch with a yeast infection.

—Coke
Carson City, Nev.

Why are scientists contemplating breeding Lebanese instead of rats for experiments? They multiply faster and you don't get as attached to them.

—Big Jack
Montreal, Quebec



"Hi! My name's Sarah, but all my friends call me Dick Breath!"



"How do you suppose he gets the bugs off that shit-eating grin?"

Happiness is waking up in the morning and seeing your ol' lady's face on your milk carton!

—Happy Jack
New York, N.Y.



"That's the weirdest fuckin' tattoo I've ever seen!"

"Darling, I want so much to please you," said the inexperienced groom as his new bride began an unfamiliar sexual ritual. "Would you draw upon your experience as an airline stewardess and give me some instructions on how to make your, uh, journey more pleasurable?"

"Sure," she said, straddling him. "When the object appears, place it firmly and snugly over your mouth."

—Fast Grace
Hartford, Conn.

Dave, an old biker, went to a singles dance and spotted a very pretty blonde sitting in a corner by herself. He wandered over and asked her to dance. "I'd love to," said the girl, "but I don't have any arms or legs." Dave was shocked for a moment, but when he looked at her closely he saw that she was, in fact, armless and legless. Nonetheless, they talked for over an hour and then he asked if he could drive her home, an offer she readily accepted.

Along the way he pulled his pickup over to the side of a deserted road. Soon they were kissing like crazy. "Slip this coat hanger under my dress," said the girl, "and move it up so that the hook comes out behind my head. Then hook me onto that telephone pole and we can get it on."

He did, and they made it like mad. Later, when they arrived at her house, he carried her inside. There Dave took the girl's father aside, told him what had happened, and apologized. "Don't feel bad," said the father. "I should be thanking you — most guy's just leave her hanging out on the telephone pole."

—Tim Thomas
LaGrange, Ky.



The biker from Texas picked up a woman in a singles bar in New York, ordered several drinks, then demanded the biggest steaks in a hotel restaurant, and finally ended up with his willing companion in the largest suite in the establishment. "Ah'm from Dallas and ah'm big!" the bro boasted as he began to remove his shorts. And so he indeed proved to be as he tumbled naked into bed with the woman.

The biker paused, though, after his first thrust. "Shee-it, ma'am!" he exclaimed. "What part of Texas are you from?"

—Miss Shelley B. Hamilton, Mo.

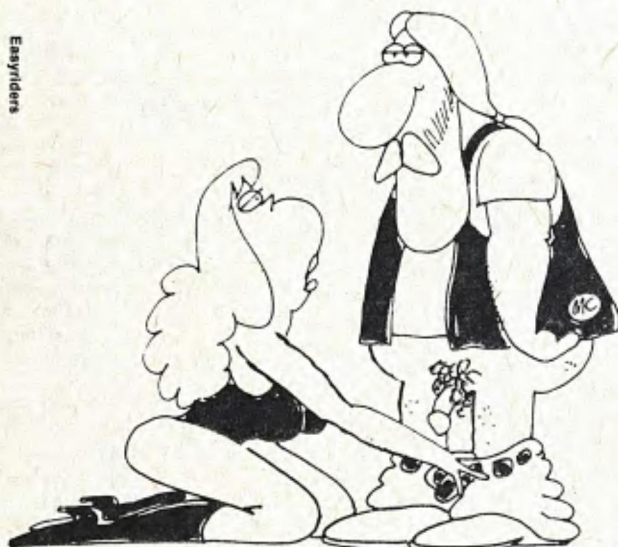
Easyriders



Carroll

"Bad dog, Rufus!"

Easyriders



P. W. Fuch

"I can't remember your name, but your balls sure smell familiar."

"What do you wish to confess?" the priest asked the altar boy sitting on the other side of the confessional screen.

"I had sex with a girl named Pussy Green who's got a tight ass and great —"

"Okay, that's enough, I understand. Repent, don't do it again, say your prayers, and consider yourself forgiven."

The following day while people were entering the church for Mass, a beautiful blonde wearing a skin-tight red dress sashayed up to the front pew and sat down. The priest nudged the altar boy and asked, "Is that Pussy Green?"

"No, Father," said the boy. "I think that's from the stained-glass window."

—Fuck Off Climax, Pa.



"True, General, it is customary for Russian officers to kiss their troops, but please, don't use your tongue!"



Easyriders

"You don't fool me — I happen to know your boyfriend's name is Roger!"

The third-grade teacher was explaining the difference between prose and poetry to her class. "Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow; and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go — now, children, that's poetry," she said. This was followed by an explanation of how it could be made into prose simply by changing the last line to "The lamb went with her."

A few days later the teacher asked the third-graders for an example of either poetry or prose. Li'l Bro raised his hand and recited, "Mary had a little pig, an ornery little runt; he stuck his nose in Mary's clothes, and smelled her little —" He stopped and asked the teacher if she wanted poetry or prose.

"Prose, please," the teacher said weakly.

"Okay," said Li'l Bro, "asshole."

—Tiger Eye New Orleans, La.

The woman and her young daughter lived in devastating poverty, so the little girl was ecstatic when she found fifty cents lying on the sidewalk. She ran home to give it to her mother and was told that for that amount of money they could get two eggs and a bottle of catsup and have themselves a real meal.

As luck would have it, the little girl was happily skipping home with the eggs and catsup when a nearby truck backfired, startling her so much that she dropped the meager groceries she was carrying. Staring at the mess at her feet, she began to cry.

A dude came up behind her, surveyed the scene for a moment, and then said, "There, there, honey, don't cry. It would have died anyway — it's eyes were too far apart."

—G. Miller Shreve, Ohio



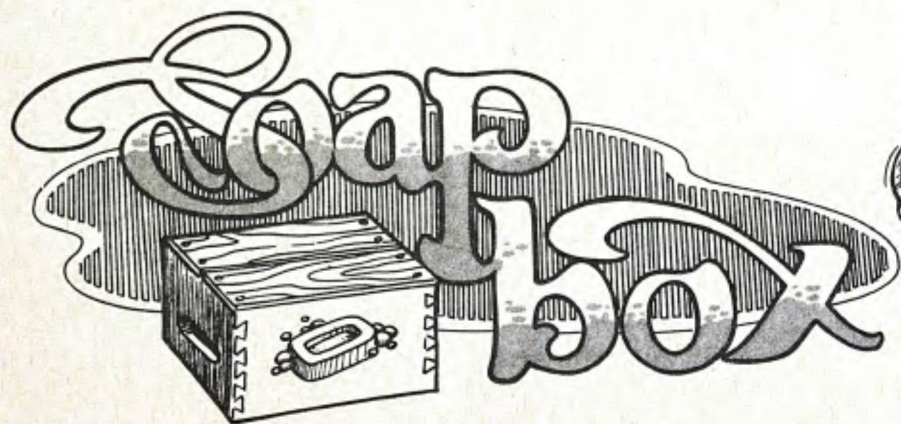
Easyriders

"Let's go to the zoo and watch the monkeys whack off."

During a session with a marriage counselor, the wife pointed at her husband and snapped, "Everytime this monster has a few beers, he puts a foot in my ass."

"That's not true," responded the husband. "Actually, it's more like nine inches."

—Hammerin' Hank Mojave, Calif.



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.



At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS

There will be some people — mostly of the queer persuasion — who won't agree with me, but it's a free country (if it wasn't, the streets sure as hell wouldn't be filled with *them* swish-in' around) and I'm going to state my opinion anyway.

Queers are the primary cause for the AIDS epidemic that's spreading like wildfire throughout the country. Despite the fears of some medical workers and other people, the evidence seems to point to the fact that you can't get AIDS from saliva or from pussies — lesbians, for instance, don't seem to get it.

So what do queer dudes do that lesbians don't? Do they stick their joints in knotholes? In each other's armpits? In their ears? What? Why, they stick their joints in each other's poopchutes, that's what. That *must* be the cause. What else could it be? They catch it from butt-fucking.

Later, when they need a few bucks (it costs money to get in those "bath" houses, ya know), they minch down to the sleazy part of town and sell their blood to some Skid Row blood bank. Then their fucked-up blood is sold to a hospital which shoots it into the veins of some poor straight woman who, for whatever reason, needs a transfusion.

This poor bitch doesn't catch

AIDS from the blood right then, of course — hell, no. But two or three years later she unknowingly gives it to her unborn son. And that's one way this disease is spread.

Here's another way it can happen. It's well-known that for bucks most whores will do anything, even take it up the poopchute. So some straight dude sticks his in, right after some bisexual has left — sorry, fella, the Grim Reaper just got your name, special delivery:

No matter how it's eventually passed on, the fact is that AIDS disease starts with a queer (they'd rather be called gay, but fuck what the faggots want to be called) banging another queer in the ass as many times as he can get it up. It also helps if said queer butt-fucks a whole bunch of guys — whether it fits or not, what the fuck, shove it in, the tighter the better, pretend it's a woman.

Now you might well ask, if they're pretending it's a woman, why don't they go out and get the real thing? Are they afraid of women? You'd think they'd be *more* afraid of getting AIDS. Of course *you'd* think that, you're normal. Faggots ain't normal, they're queer — in the head as well as the sex glands. But their problems ain't nothin' to us. Our problem is keeping the AIDS

epidemic from spreading any further into the rest of society.

So what's my sure cure? It's actually very simple. How do we solve *all* our problems here in the land of the free? We solve 'em by passing a law — we are, after all, as they taught us in high-school civics, a nation of laws, not men.

To cure AIDS all we have to do is pass a law making it mandatory for all faggots to have their dicks chopped off. Whatdafuck! Then all the AIDS problems will be over. Smack-dab! It's over!

At least it *should* be over, since it's the juices from butt-fucking that cause it and the infected blood that spreads it. So leave 'em dickless and that should cure it.

Of course, then they might start *tonguing* each other's assholes, so we'd have to make it legal to cut their tongues off. Then when they start sticking their fingers or toes in, we'd have to pass a law removing those appendages, too.

Hell, it might just be easier to amend the Constitution to say something like, "All men are created equal, except for faggots who aren't really men and therefore have to have their heads chopped off."

At least that will get it over with in a fast and efficient manner.

—Toe Jam

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

I haven't bathed in four days and I reek from the combination of speed and sweat oozing outta my pores in the 90-degree summer night. A dry wind covers all surfaces with a fine grit, even in this tightly sealed bunker. My eyes feel parched beneath sand-paper lids.

Better check the stash. I wipe off the tackle box with a grimy hand and pop the catch.

Runnin' low. Less than a half-ounce of uncut meth — maybe enough to stave off sleep for another couple of days if I cut back and ration myself to three or four grams a day. Two dozen Bronkaid Mist inhalers — handy when you want to keep your heart thumpin' against your rib cage like Ginger Baker wired to the gills. A couple of hundred plain-wrap bennies, each guaranteed to contain no less than one molecule of near-benzedrine. Down a couple of these ringers, pal, and your guts are in for a ride — feels like you broke a two-week fast by chugging a pint of poisoned gravel. Otherwise, not much left — miscellaneous crumbled pills and flattened spansules, plenty of Nyquil in case I'm wounded bad, and a few buds of Reseda Red, the last of my weed.

Here, high in my mountain retreat, safe within the enormous concrete-and-steel bastion that's been my home ever since the John Fogerty review hit the stands, I sometimes turn away from the banks of TV monitors covering the various approaches to my fortress. Outside, the grounds are lit by gallim-arsenide laser-diode spotlights whose cesium-disintegration batteries will keep the



Mark Wenner of the Nighthawks

compound bathed in a brutal glare till Doomsday. Which won't be long, I guess, the way things are looking.

Yeah, sometimes I let my top-of-the-line Leica binoculars fall from my eyes and I break my near-constant visual sweep of the booby-trapped landscape. My eyes linger on the shrapnel-ravaged ground littered with the rotting remains of irate rock fans blown to Chunky Style in their pitiful attempts to reach me. Face-down in the moat, half-buried in slime and spores, floats the swollen, purple corpse of a Creedence Scumwater fan. And further on, near the powerhouse relay box, lies a mound of smelly carrion that used to be a Julian Lennon fan. At least, I think that's what that pile of shit on the ground used to be. Hard to tell, since Julian Lennon fans look pretty much the same dead or alive.

I don't care, of course. I just stick to the "Rambo" creed: Keep pumpin' slugs into the sumbitches till they stop twitchin'. Then run another clip through the gun just to fuck with 'em some more.

Nevertheless, sometimes I pause in mid-slaughter and wonder: Was it something I said?

Anyway, I know I don't have long. Sooner or later the endless hordes of the living dead — Fogerty and Lennon fans, that is — will overrun the walls. But by then I'll be gone to that big Keg Party in the Sky. I'll already be lookin' down and bustin' a gut laughin' when the bastards trigger the fulminate of mercury and the place goes up like a whore's skirt at Mardi Gras.

Since I've been devoting 24 hours a day to holding off these creeps — busy conducting Wimp War I, ya understand — I haven't had a lot of spare time to listen to new music. That's

why I've got only one review this time. When I finish typing this page I'm gonna put it with the review, wad 'em up in a tight ball, and feed it to my loyal mutt, ol' Crank. It will be a miracle, of course, if he makes it through the enemy lines. But if he does, he's under orders to shit this stuff out to no one but the editor himself.

Hard Livin'/The Nighthawks: I blundered across a Nighthawks album about five years ago, liked what I heard, but more or less forgot about the group after that. If anything, I would have guessed that they'd split up by now, since that's so often the pattern with bands, even the ones who stick together long enough to put out a couple of records. The attrition rate makes the position of NFL running back look like a career with long-term job security.

But these guys are still around,

Continued on page 88

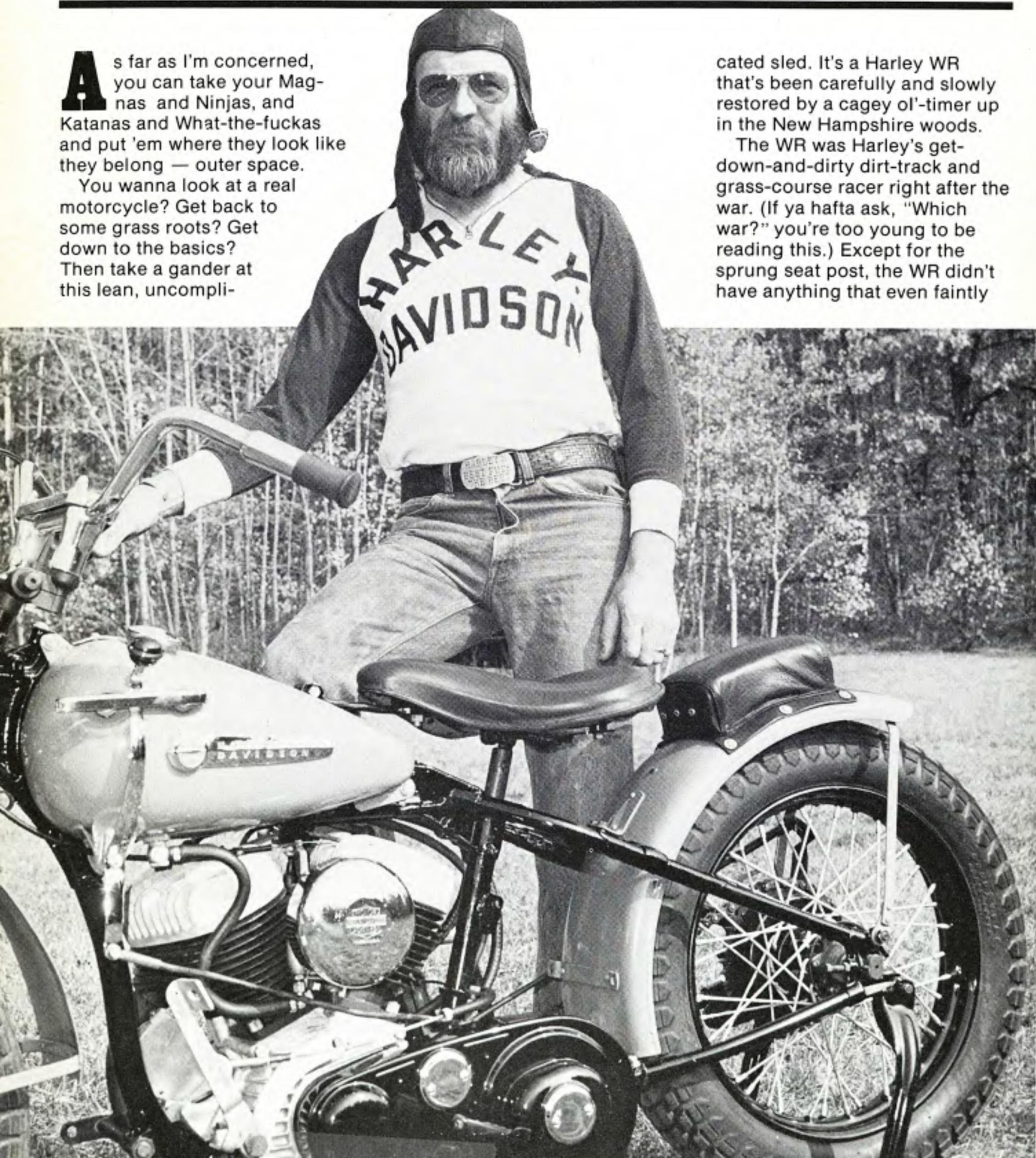
OLD AS THE HILLS AND AS FAST AS STINK

As far as I'm concerned, you can take your Mag-nas and Ninjas, and Katanas and What-the-fuckas and put 'em where they look like they belong — outer space.

You wanna look at a real motorcycle? Get back to some grass roots? Get down to the basics? Then take a gander at this lean, uncompli-

cated sled. It's a Harley WR that's been carefully and slowly restored by a cagey ol'-timer up in the New Hampshire woods.

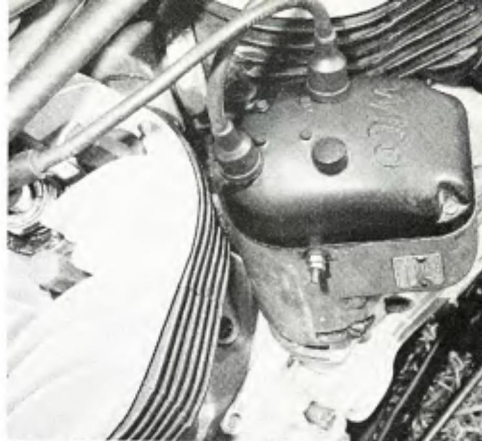
The WR was Harley's get-down-and-dirty dirt-track and grass-course racer right after the war. (If ya hafta ask, "Which war?" you're too young to be reading this.) Except for the sprung seat post, the WR didn't have anything that even faintly





Ride control ain't nothin' new

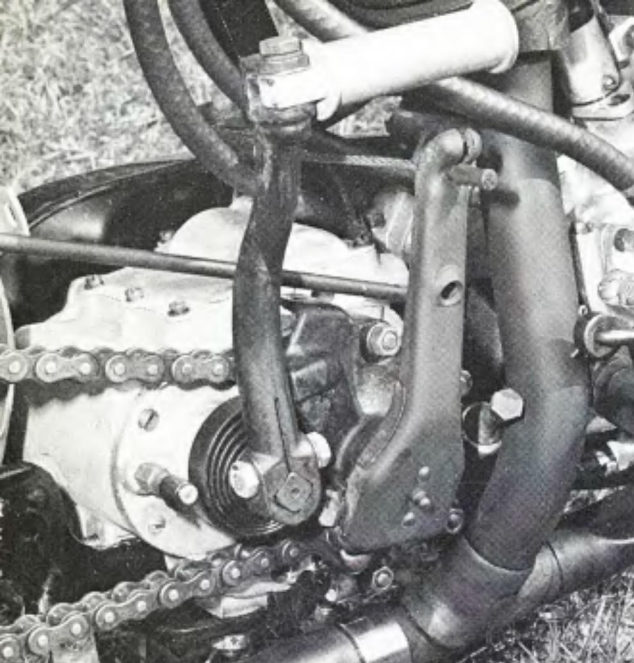
resembled creature comforts. There was no push-button starter, burglar alarm, trip odometer, helmet lock, or other candy-assed accessories. In fact, this sled was so stripped down for racing, it didn't even have a speedo, mufflers, generator, or lights. And because it was often raced on soft and slippery surfaces, its brakes consisted of a spool hub up front and a single skinny drum in the rear.



WICO racing mag

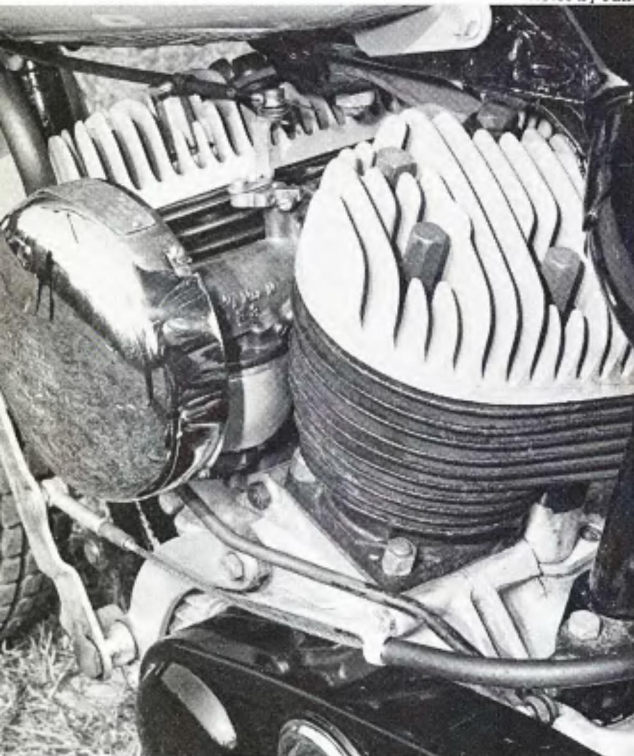


Still at home on the turf after 37 years



Even racers had kick starters

Photos by Jake



Aluminum high-compression heads



But what this mean little mother lacked in niceties, it made up for in the power plant. For 1948, its mill was red-hot with flat-tappet track cams, factory-ported-and-relieved aluminum heads, heavy-duty WR lower end and close-ratio gearing in the tranny. With a soppin' wet weight of approximately 240 pounds and some forty-odd horses on tap, this rocket was hardly user-friendly, ergonomic,

or any of that other '80s bull-puckie — but it was fast.

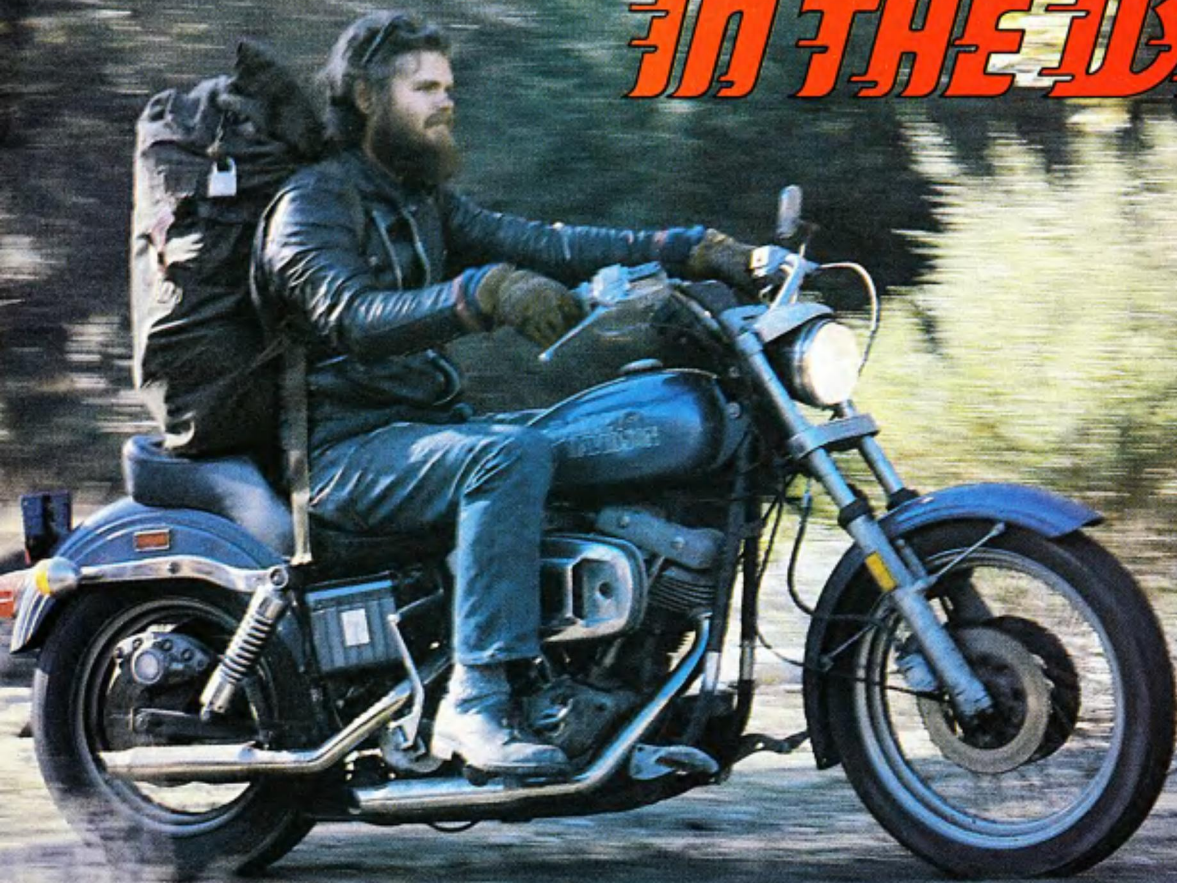
Wray, a longtime clever and patient Harley builder, has resurrected one of these fast ol' farts. Compared to the computer-designed and robot-built bikes of today, it may be plain Jane and old as the hills, but it's where a lotta modern motorcycles, particularly Harley-Davidson V-twins, came from.

—Jake

Owner: Wray Mordough		City: N. Swanzey, N.H.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication: owner restored		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1948 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: WR		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock (steep)	
Assembly by: Bill Cheney & owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: checked for cracks	
Chroming by: Central Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1948		Risers: H-D	
Model: WR		Fender(s): TT (f); WR (r)	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none	
Ignition: Wico vertical magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 45 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: WR		Front pegs: H-D (folding)	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: special 4-ring		Electrics: mag. only	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: special "half-mile"	
Heads: aluminum WR		Oil tank: half-bob	
Cam(s): WR (flat tappet)		Oil system: WR pump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: special WR	
Carb(s): Linkert MR-3		Seat: sprung & pillion pad	
Air cleaner: 1940 H-D		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: H-D		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): straight through		Material: Harley steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close-ratio WR		Type: springer	
Year: 1948		Extension: stock	
Shifting: tank		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24 (clutch 39T)		Special features: friction damper	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 41		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: slight, John Pierce		Hub: WR spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM-1	Rim width: WM-3
Color: Competition orange		Tire: 3.25 Goodyear	Tire: 4.00 Goodyear
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: none	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: Primary cover by John Pierce.			
Other special modifications: Thanks to Bill Cheney on assembly and a little "push"; John Pierce for paint and body work; Al Mathews for mag.			



IN THE WIND



— from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



— from Mick Crane, Ashgrove, Australia

— from John Patrick, Kealahou, Hawaii





— from J. Aeberhardt, Dosen-Taler, Switzerland

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — 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 photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

— from Pete Edge, Bedfordshire, England

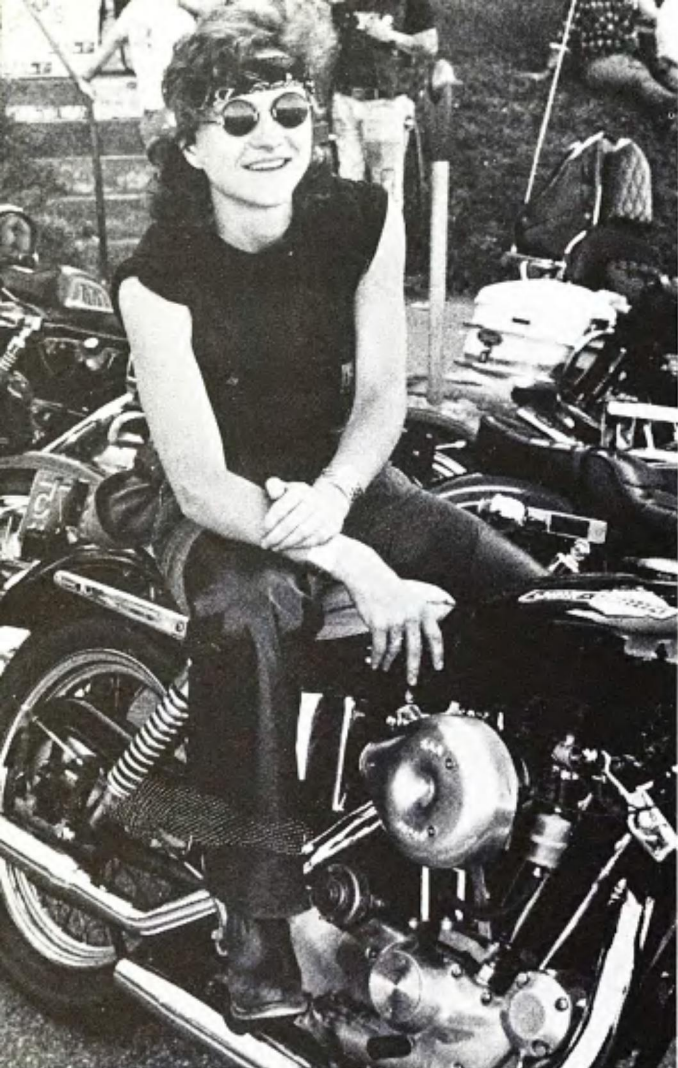


— from Scooter Bob, Modesto, Calif.

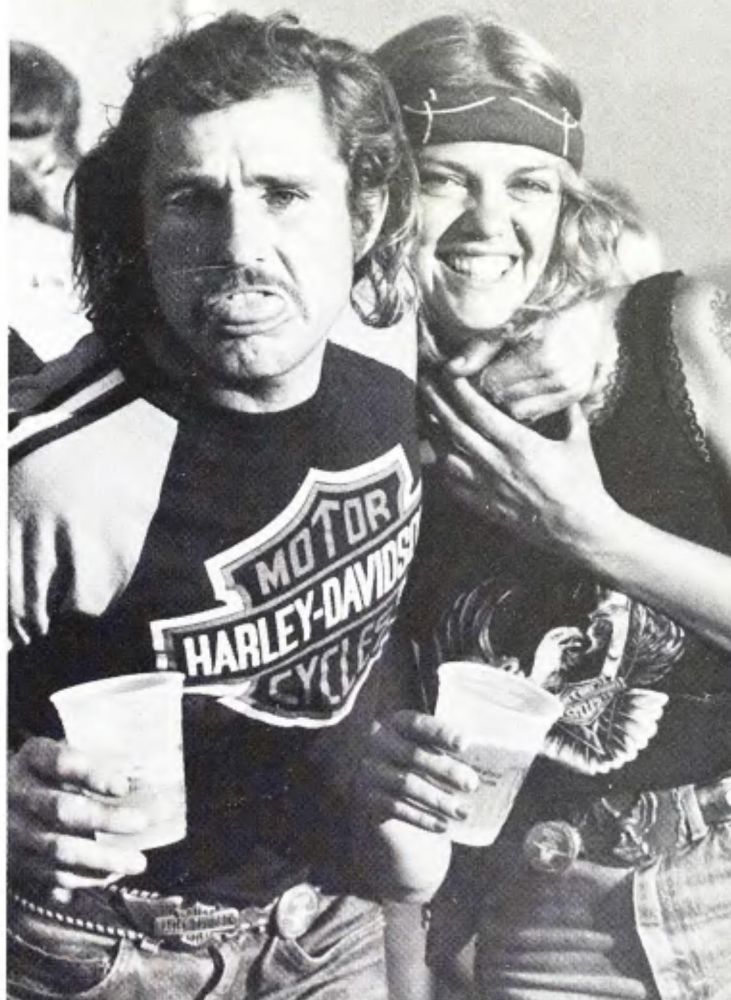


— from Dollbaby, Spurter, Tex.





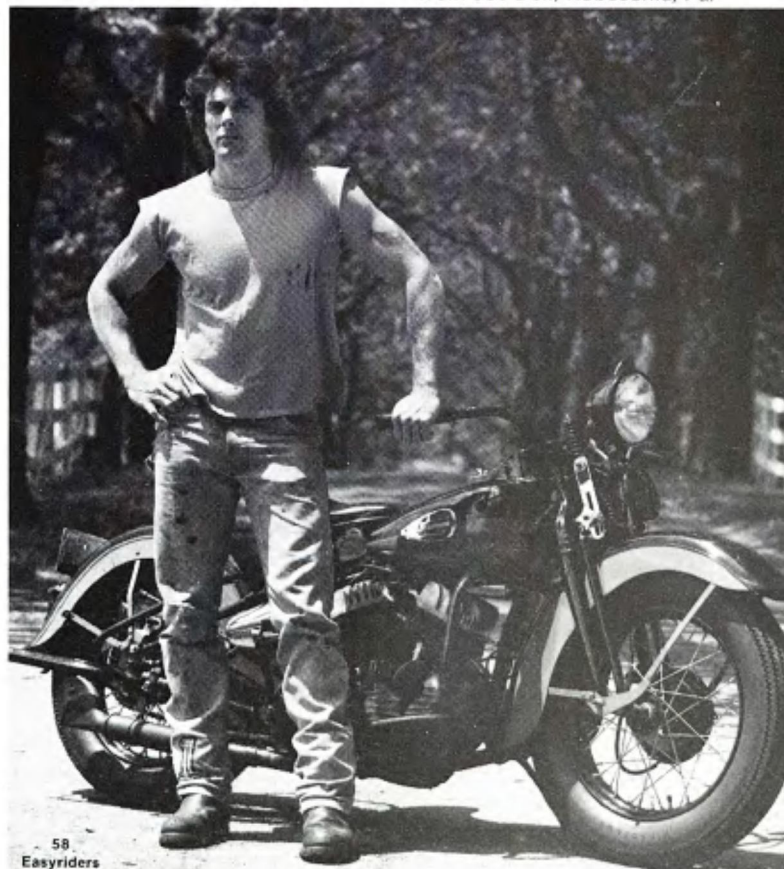
— from Cheryl Senter, Laconia, N.H.



— from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

— from Angelia Tomlin, Dallas, Tex.

— from Joe Dell, Robesonia, Pa.



**GHOST-
RIDER on
Cloth. . .
You Can't
Buy It
Any-
where,**



**But
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CAN
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FREE!**



This gigantic 45" x 30" (taller than the seat of most Harleys) tapestry of Dave Mann's all-time most popular painting "Ghost Rider" may be the greatest giveaway we've ever offered. Beautifully printed in extra-vivid colors on top-quality rayon/polyester fabric, this is *not* an easily torn paper poster but a genuine cloth tapestry. It's also nearly 1½ times bigger than our regular Dave Mann posters — large enough to cover even those super-size fist holes punched in the wall!

There's no place you can buy one, but for a limited time you can get one **FREE** with every new or extended subscription to *Easyriders*. Save up to 45% on the subscription price AND receive a free tapestry — it's a helluva deal, right? Act now, though, because supplies are limited and these unique works of Mann are gonna go fast!

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HARBOR
LIGHTS
BAR

HARDBELLY ON A SOFTAIL

The 1986 FXST Susle's parked on has a great set of specifications, but so does Susle. We've decided to tell you about them just as if she were a hot-off-the assembly-line little number — which she is, at least as far as the "hot" part.

The FOXY Hardbelly has time-honored biker-bitch styling and the latest V-TWAT™ technology. This year the Hardbelly sports a five-speed transmission for smooth hip speed, belt drive to eliminate slack in the sack, and a more natural shifting motion when changing from the going down to the coming up position.

For smooth cruising with a tight-butt custom look, the Hardbelly has been given a higher rear-end ratio and revised suspension geometry. Special attention has also been given to graphics, particularly in the chest area, where computer-generated models were used to create a sharply defined bustline and a set of headlights scientifically proven to stop the average biker dead in his tracks.

And the list goes on: The over-size nipples are standard, and the rib cage and hip bones have been reinforced for a more solid ride.







Photos by Pete Chioldo



The five-speed, belt-drive Hardbelly now has improved performance and lower maintenance (a once-a-week putt is recommended by the factory to prevent clogging of the attitude valves) to complement its unique styling and sexy ways.

—Trampo

P.S. In case you're one of them degenerates who flips open the rag to the girl feature and slobbers all over the tit shots before lookin' at anything else, you can get a closer look at this boss 1986 Softail Custom on page 12 and read an in-depth interview with its designer, Willie G. Davidson, on page 24.



WILLIE G'S SHOWPIECE

*What you're lookin' at is a 1920 H-D Sport model WJ Electric.
It's got a 37-cu.-in. opposed motor and it lives in Willie G.
Davidson's office — for some very good reasons.*

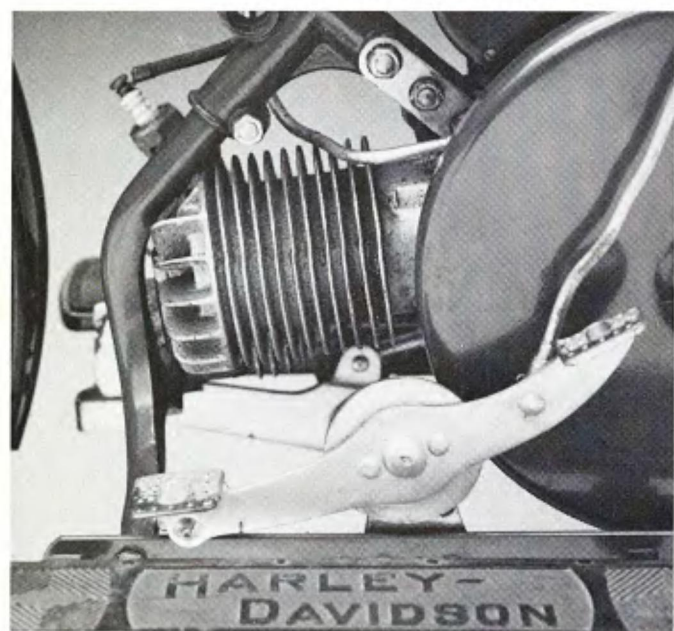




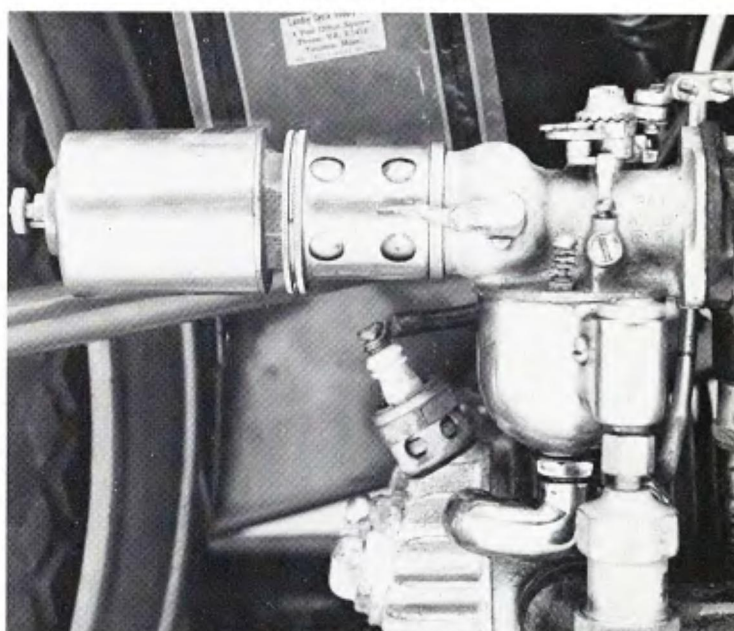
Early full-floating seat



Early unsealed beam



Early rocker clutch

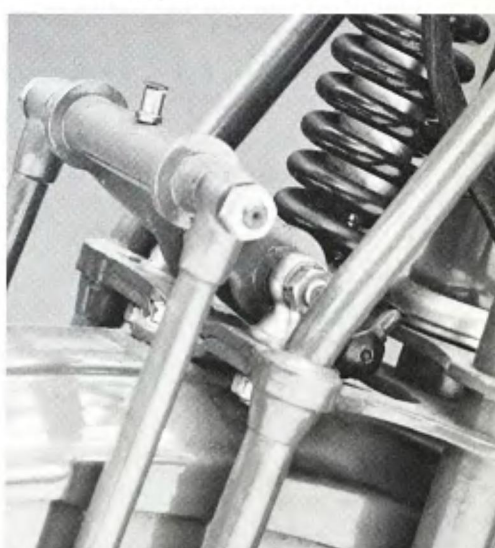


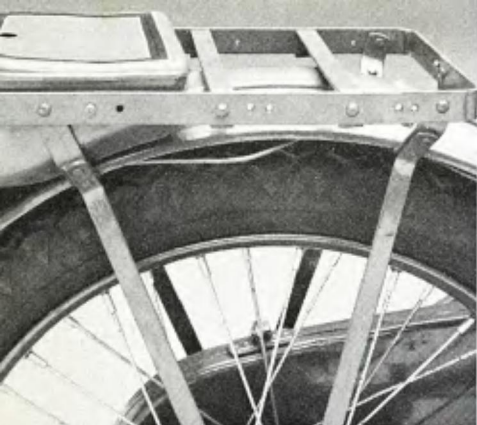
Check out the unusual air filter



“These Sports were made from 1919 to 1923, and cost \$345 when new. They held transcontinental records and the Three Flags record, and were the first motorcycles to conquer Mt. Baldy and Death Valley.

“Leon J. Landry [at that time, the H-D dealer in Daytona Beach] restored this 1920 between 1955 and 1958. Leon was very active





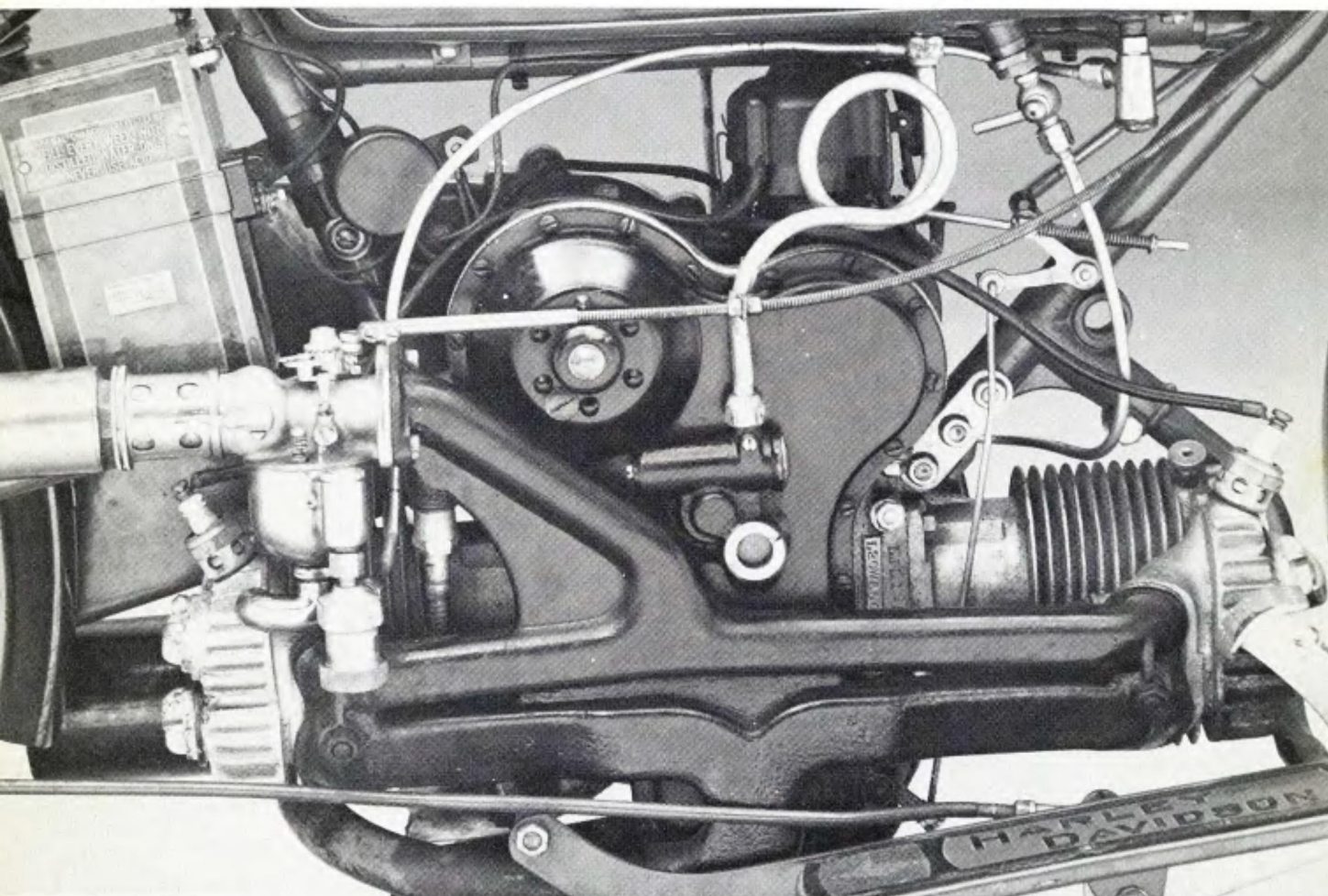
Early luggage rack



Early toolbox

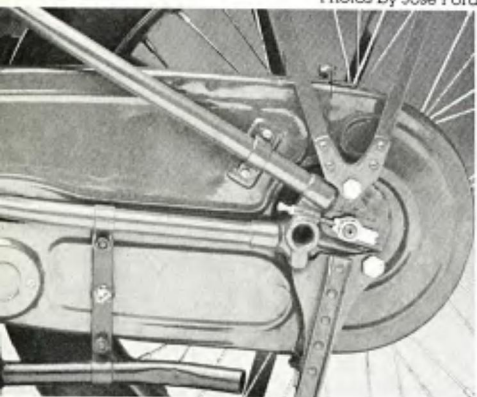


Early spotlight



Photos by Jose Ford

Unique engine design survived only a few years

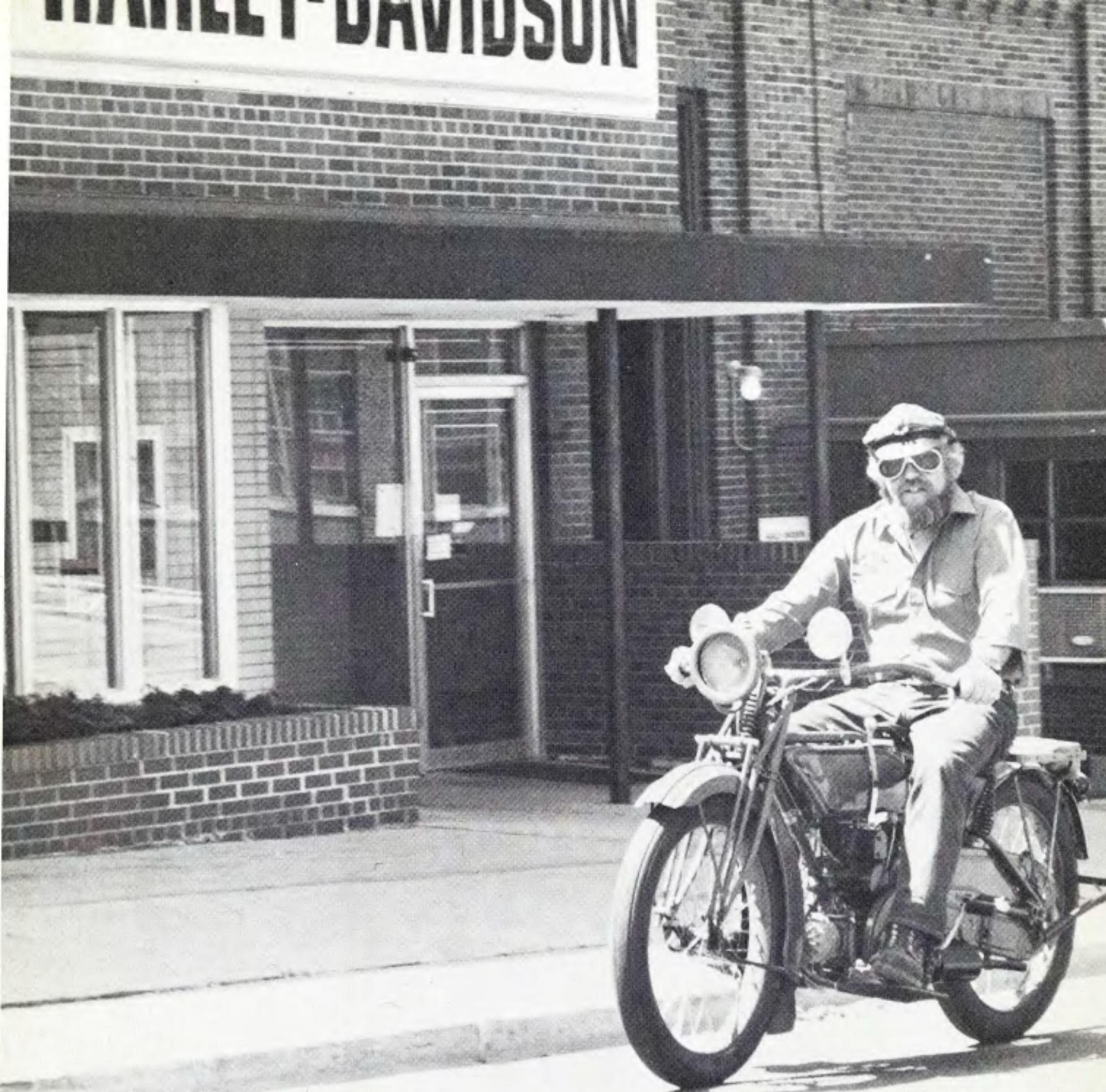


in the antique motorcycle club and wanted my father, William H. Davidson [H-D president from 1944-1973], to have it for a special reason — to see that it remained a part of the Harley-Davidson collection, and because my father

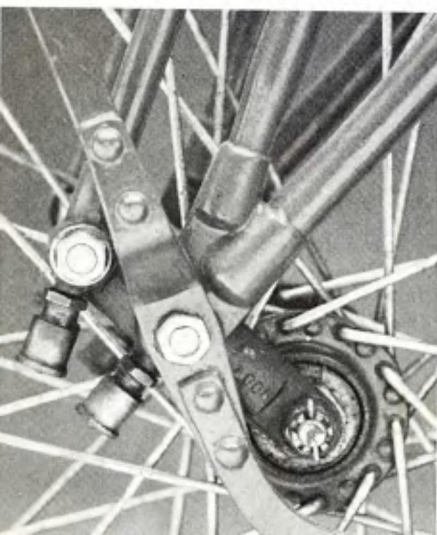
learned to ride on a Sport model.

"Actually, that Sport model belonged to the sons of H-D's first plant superintendent, George Nortman, and it became my father's first ride.

"Mr. Nortman, incidentally,



Willie G. proves that the old Sport model still runs



followed my grandfather [Wm. A. Davidson — one of the original founders of H-D] to Harley from the tool room of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad where they both worked as young men at the turn of the century.

"This motorcycle, because it's a most unusual H-D, and because of its historical significance relative to my dad and my grandfather, occupies a special place in my design office, where it stands for all to enjoy."

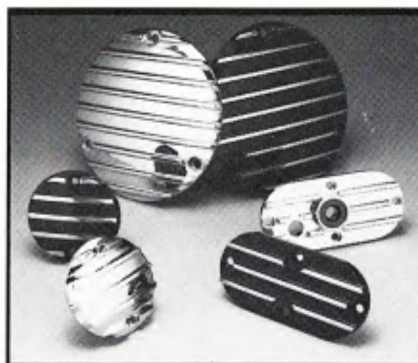
Willie G.

PARTS BOX



LOUVERED BACKING PLATE

Since the state says you've gotta have a license plate, ya might as well back it up with something classy and Arlen Ness has just the ticket: a heavy-duty, chrome-plated backing plate that fits stock H-D license mounts (and most custom applications). Plates measure 7 1/4" x 4 1/4", a comfortable fit for most U.S. plates. Call or write for details on ANE's complete line of custom parts and accessories. Arlen Ness Enterprises, Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578. (415) 276-3303.



PRIMARY COVER ACCESSORIES

Designed to fit and complement the aluminum primary cover on late-model H-Ds, these finned accessories are style personified. All covers are available with either a chrome or black powder-coat finish; matching point covers are also available. Custom Chrome markets their products through a worldwide selection of better accessory dealers. If ya want more details, fly a kite to CCI, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037, or buzz 'em at (408) 778-0500.

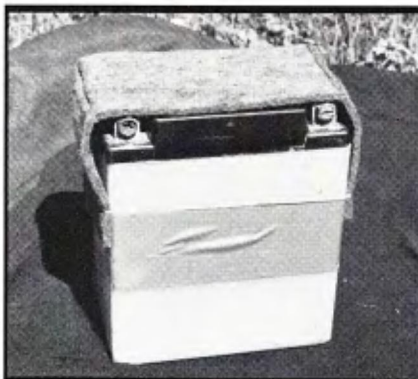


HIGHWAY PEGS

The folks at H-D know your scratch ain't easy to come by; that's why they've developed a line of competitively priced alternatives to original H-D parts and accessories. Their Eagle Iron highway peg kits are Harley-engineered to fit right and are guaranteed by the home office. Kit A fits all FXs except '77-'78 FX and FXE models. Kit B is designed for FXR, FXRS, and FXRT (without engine guard) models. Both retail for \$29.50 each and are available only from authorized H-D dealerships.

BATTERY PAD

Ya ever notice what it looks like *under* your battery? That's right, it looks like shit because acid given off during the charging cycle winds up beneath the battery munching metal. Consider this happy alternative: an ILC "pHelt belt" kit consisting of a chemically treated fiber pad (to neutralize common battery acids), a thick plastic sheet liner for your battery box, and complete instructions; kit is American-made with a four-year money-back guarantee. Available for \$4.95, plus \$1 shipping and handling, from The Tite Line Co., Dept. ER, 819 East C St., Iron Mountain, MI 49801.



PIPES

When it comes to sleek, quality styling and performance, Python® holds a winning hand in the competitive realm of speed and horsepower. Now they've introduced a tapered set of pipes for H-D's five-speed Evolution engines, made to fit '84-'85 FXR, FXRT, and FXRC models. The suggested list price is \$165/set and they're available from Drag Specialties' 8000 dealers worldwide. Can't find a local DS dealer? Call toll-free for an instant referral to their nearest authorized outlet: (800) 328-2204. In Minnesota, (800) 292-7974. Or scribe Drag Specialties, Dept. ER, 5401 Smetana Dr., Minnetonka, MN 55343.



TRANSMISSION CONVERSION KIT

Ya gotta love something that allows ya to keep what's old and cherished while permitting ya to take advantage of what's new and hot. This kit allows ya to convert your '65-and-newer Big Twin four-speed into a five-speed cruiser. Featuring high-strength aluminum casting, steel trans mounting plate, and all necessary shims and spacers, it can be installed using hand tools. Additionally, the case will accept stock FXR and FLT five-speed gears and hardware. The manufacturer is willing to deal for \$350, so to order or get more info, contact Creative Design Specialties, Dept. ER, 1399 Ramsay St., Baltimore, MD 21223. (301) 962-0303.

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

Overriding congressional concerns about his personal finances and recent conflict-of-interest charges, Edwin Meese III, a long-time crony of President Reagan, has been sworn in as attorney general of the United States.

Without even waiting for the boxes to be unpacked in his new office, Meese began a round of speeches designed to put across his idea of what the highest law-enforcement official in the land should stand for. And, as you might expect, the news isn't good.

Basically, Meese believes in a separate-but-unequal system of laws to govern the United States. Under his approach, solid citizens who mind their own business, vote the right (in both senses of the word) way and have "law-and-order" type bumper stickers on the back of their cages should be accorded all the rights, privileges, and protections afforded by the Constitution.

That the Constitution wasn't written to protect nebbishes who plod through life never taking their heads out of the sand doesn't concern Meese in the slightest. He is bound and determined to afford the full weight of constitutional guarantees to all the people who need them the very least.

For those people who need the Constitution (particularly the Bill of Rights) most, however, Meese favors a different set of laws.

If you're a convict, a suspect in a crime, or any kind of unfortunate — innocent or guilty — who has had the misfortune to run up against the legal system, Ed Meese wants to deal with you using his own customized version of the Constitution. A version of the Constitution whereby the police can break the law with impunity to obtain evidence for a conviction. A version of the Constitution whereby the Supreme Court is handcuffed, gagged, and prevented from deciding legal issues except by using a narrow set of guidelines dictated by people just like Ed Meese. A version of the Constitution whereby — incredibly — the Bill of Rights, those famous first ten amendments guaranteeing, among

other things, freedom of religion and speech, does not exist.

That's right. Ed Meese wants to abolish the Bill of Rights. Strike that — he doesn't want to *abolish* it. As far as he's concerned, it doesn't really exist. According to Meese, the



first ten amendments to the Constitution apply only to laws made by Congress. If any state wants to ban freedom of speech or suspend the right of a citizen to be reasonably free from unwarranted search and seizure, it is perfectly within the right of that state to do so.

Meese may or may not believe this shit, but he actually *did* say it — to an audience of lawyers, at that. And (surprise, surprise) the filthy pimps sat there and applauded.

Well, maybe Meese is right. Maybe amendments to the Constitution aren't binding on the individual states. Still, one has to wonder. After all, the federal income tax was created by an amendment to the Constitution. It's interesting to speculate how Meese, as attorney general, would handle a state legislature that decided the citizens of their state didn't have to funnel money into the IRS coffers any longer.

A few other bits of official Meese-style thinking during the early days of his reign should be of interest to those presently doing time.

- Blaming a "dramatic" increase in the crime rate on courts which refuse to accept "tainted" evidence illegally obtained by the policy, Meese urged lawmakers to water down the Exclusionary Rule with an eye to "at some point in the future doing away with the Exclusionary Rule altogether."

- He vowed to put the entire weight of the Justice Department behind a effort to pressure the Supreme Court into overthrowing *Roe vs. Wade*, the decision legalizing a woman's right to an abortion. If Meese gets his way and your ol' lady is unfortunate enough to be raped while you're doin' time, be prepared to find a new kid at home when you get out.

- He suggested using the forfeiture provisions of the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984 to finance building more jails and prisons, thereby reinforcing his oft-stated opinion that the solution to crime is to lock up as many people as possible and throw away the key.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Victory in California

Inmates held in segregation in two California prisons — San Quentin and Folsom — have won a federal court suit charging that their conditions of confinement do not meet constitutional standards of shelter, sanitation, and access to the courts.

According to testimony in the two-month-long trial, some segregation prisoners in the two joints are kept in so-called "quiet cells" (cells with solid doors and no windows) all day with their cells' one electric bulb turned off.

Other inmates are housed in 45-square-foot cells (about 8' x 6') 24 hours a day, where the only illumination comes from 7-to 15-foot-candle bulbs, less than half the illumination medically required for reading without getting headaches or suffering

Continued on page 91

I've been poundin' the pavement, bangin' out the kites, working the phones, and wearin' down my treads for a month now to scoop up answers and otherwise assist those who've written, and to obtain and verify other info for the column's general readership (one reason for the column not appearing last issue). This is the "service to you" that Sarge keeps harpin' on. So, in this issue, veteran brothers, there should be something of value for just about everybody.

Brotherhood Commendation Dept.

For service above and beyond the call of duty, I've heard that Spider occasionally awards the "Order of the Raisin Pie," but Sarge is only empowered to publish notice of the invisible but very sincere award of the BCM (Brotherhood Commendation Medal). The current award goes out to a brother among brothers, Bill "Animal" Classon of the Kiwaukee, Wisconsin, chapter of the Viet Nam Vets MC.

Any of you who've ever dealt with this club know well that these are men who care about their bros in big style. The club might well have served as the model for the bikers in the movie "Mask" — help and brotherhood are their middle names. Bill Classon manages to stand out even among such impressive company. For over a year now, this dude has taken referrals from Sarge and done right by the brothers every time. There was seemingly no length he wouldn't go to in order to see a brother or sister taken care of either by the club or by himself, personally. Follow-up letters I've received from bros who originally sought help through me attest to the fact that this brother and others he contacted within his organization went 200 percent beyond what was asked of them. Bill, thanks, brother.

Now Bill is going through — as of March '85 — another serious bout with PTSD. He was even hospitalized VA-style, but has been white-knuckling it through. When they passed out the guts, Animal surely got a second helping.

Anyone who's been helped by the club and/or Bill Classon, as well as the rest of us in the brotherhood,

should send a kite, a card, or whatever to one of the most admirable and righteous dudes it's ever been my pleasure to work with. Address mail to Bill Classon, Rt. 3, Kiwaukee, WI 54216. Please lend your support by wishing this brother well.

For those who still need info regarding the Viet Nam Vets MC, following is the address of the national HQ. They can steer you to the nearest regional chapter. Viet Nam Vets MC, Box 930471, Norcross, GA 30093. Mark your letter "ATTN: Frenchie" (he's the club's national secretary).

Agent Orange & Atomic Vets Dept.

With 1985 three-quarters of the way past us, many of our bros who were exposed to the herbicides used in Southeast Asia, as well as bros who were subjected to radiation from nuclear testing in the military, are still unaware of their rights and source(s) of assistance. Here's the basic rundown: Until October 1984, the only federal law enacted to take care of both of these groups was Public Law 97-72, the Veterans' Health Care, Training and Small Business Loan Act of 1981. Under that law, AO victims and so-called "atomic vets" were authorized to receive paid VA health care only.

Now be advised, please, of the following history. On Nov. 3, 1983, Congressman Tom Daschle of S. Dakota, supported by 112 other members of the House of Representatives, introduced HRB 1961, an act to require the VA's Administrator of Veterans' Affairs to prescribe regulations re. the determination of service connection to disabilities of veterans exposed to either herbicides or atomic blasts as part of their military duty.

The bill went through the usual procedures: into House Committee, out to the full House again, got passed, went to the Senate, got amended, went back to the House, passed the House as amended by the Senate (but with new amendments by the House), went back to the Senate, was approved, and the President signed it into law on Oct. 24, 1984, with a retroactive effective date of Oct. 1, 1984.

This legislation is now Public Law 98-542 and not only provides for

treatment of those vets with the currently accepted symptoms of exposure to atomic blasts or defoliants, but also provides for payment of disability compensation in certain cases. The prime hitch, currently, is that Viet vets must have shown accepted symptoms of dioxin exposure within one year of departure from Vietnam. (Atomic vets fall under other symptomatology that unfortunately generally involves cancer.)

Another hitch is that the payments of any compensation are temporary: No payments will be made after Sept. 30, 1986 unless, according to the law, "The administrator sets forth, in regulations, the conditions under which such payments may be continued on a permanent basis."

This last item is a pretty up-in-the-air thing, but you bros are now on notice that you'd better get yourselves to the VA and get the ball rolling or be counted out come the autumn of '86. I strongly advise you (again) to start through one of the major vets organizations (DAV, American Legion, VFW, AMvets). You're going to need their knowledgeable aid and backing.

Now, two further wrinkles in the Agent Orange story. Item #1: Remember that we were forbidden by law to sue the government for exposing us to the herbicides? Remember that we could and did sue the chemical companies? Remember that when it looked like we might just win, those companies decided to sue Uncle Sam because he was the one "responsible" by virtue of using their nasty concoctions (and because they wanted someone else to pay the piper)?

Well, surprise, surprise. . . Federal Judge Jack Weinstein recently dismissed the chemical companies' suit and said that the government "was and is within its legal rights in refusing to contribute [to the settlement fund]." If the government were forced to "contribute," we vets, of course, wouldn't have gotten anything extra. All this simply means that the companies have to foot the bill on their own and that the government somewhat gets off looking a little less guilty. (Dow Chemical, et al are considering an appeal, natch.)

Continued on page 100

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Sexwise, it's so-so; buck-wise, it's scraping bottom; and funwise, it's just ho-hum (if you can figure out what's left, let me know). Actually, health-wise, you're on the ups (even though your balls are the size of cantaloupes and your dick is hibernating). This is prime time to tie up loose ends and use some of that excess energy to clean out ye olde garage and get your scoot in shape.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Those rusty wheels in your noggin are turning out some heavy-duty decisions and coming up with all the right ball-bustin' conclusions. Keep your own counsel and shine on half-ripped guesses from well-meaning bros (one ace is better than two asses). Get it together before mid-month, though, 'cause after that you begin to peter out a tad. Get going while you're hot!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Surprise! Being in the wrong place at the right time will lead to just the info you're looking for. Someone tries to pull a jaw-job on ya and it boomerangs right upside their mug. Behind-the-scenes snow-jobs are to your advantage now — as long as ya keep it legal. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Don't sell yourself cheap this month. You've got some worth-their-weight-in-gold ideas brewing between your ears. Lock horns with a tight partner and you'll come up with some sorely needed back-up bucks. Keep it under your hat until the last week of November when your bullshit-ter's quota is peaking. Look for a surprise package via the toilet bowl.

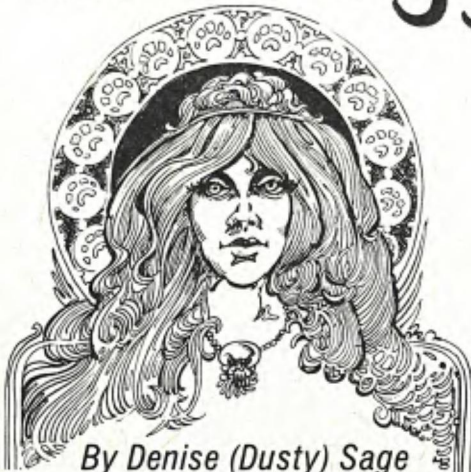
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Your golden tongue will glide you over rough spots at your place of employment, but it'll also put your dick in the dirt at home base. Blab your balls off at work, but the less said the better at home. Some snatch-sneaking could catch up to you — quit wearing monogrammed shorts! You're in a great position for getting ahead (or head). Talk fast; look innocent.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ You're so relaxed for this one that you're on all fours. So while you're down there, have

Asstrology



Astrological Profile For Scorpio

Scorpio is the sign of sex, strength, and a shitty attitude. Scorpions could never be referred to as pussies, never do things half-way, love juicy gossip (but never spill their guts), and never take crap off anyone. They not only get mad, they get even! Additionally, Scorpions always have the last word (even if it takes years to achieve it), always get pissed off, and consistently have a perpetual erection, plus a place to put it.

Scorpio spends so much time in the sack that he has stretch marks on his crank — and his partners have terminal pucker problems. Scorpio's main objective seems to entail planting his pecker in every pussy patch he passes. Handy hint: If you're tripping with a Scorpio, wear blinders. They're extremely possessive, jealous, and vindictive. Unless you enjoy having your ass draped across an "Unwelcome" mat and a pair of dotted eyes, keep your eyes closed, your mouth shut, and your legs locked together (for everyone but you-know-who).

A few famous Scorpions,

yourself some sour cream and throat ticklers (otherwise known as wild hairs). You'll probably fall asleep in your hair pie (nothing unusual). What you need now is a box of Ex-Lax to get you going and someone to wipe your cares away.

past and present, are: Charles Bronson, Richard Burton, Henry "The Fonz" Winkler, Michael Landon, Charles Atlas, Art Carney, Grace Slick, Art Garfunkel, Goldie Hawn, Richard Dreyfuss, Dick Cavett, and one of my favorites, Ruth ("Where's Poppa?") Gordon.

Scorpions are susceptible to hernias, hemorrhoids, herpes and a mess of other fun-type venereal diseases. Older Scorpions have dicks like leaky fuacets with worn rubber gaskets. They enjoy sleeping with their pee-pees in vacuum cleaner nozzles (machine on, of course), and humming the Polish national anthem while picking the dingleberries off their poopchutes.

So much for the negative side of Scorpio. If you want to find out all the good shit they've got going, grab yourself one and watch out for rugburns. Remember, Scorpio may be tactless, blunt, and insulting, but he's also honest, loyal, dedicated to telling it like it is, and he'll be there to back you up (not to mention knock ya up and/or down).

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Too bad — looks like it's who-flung-the-dung time again. Worse yet, the stink finger is pointed your way! Fuck all the heavy head trips. Just wait till the shit subsides and the air clears. By then the real asshole will fess up and you'll

come out smelling like a rose. Afterwards, catch up on the latest bull with some long-lost buddies over a bucket of brew.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Happy birthday, sex machine! You've got a good one coming this month. Everything is not only in your favor but also in your favorite flavor. So jump in and sing a few pubic hairs, have yourself an extra helping of hair pie, pole-vault from pussy to pussy, get fucked up, and crash in a nice, cuddly armpit. Bend over so that everyone gets a chance to kiss you happy birthday.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ This month the pain-in-the-poooper is a legal problem long forgotten. Take time outta your heavy party schedule to fumble through your files (that pile of trash in the corner) and check for old tickets, etc. Remember, if ya snooze, you'll really lose now. It could wind up costing ya big bucks, plus necessitating a midnight bail-out. What are ya waiting for? Start digging!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Grab your party threads and unwind for a while. All work and no play not only makes your nutsack sag, but will soon make it start itching. Blow a few minds by getting unusually loose — enter a fart contest and win! Cut your neighbors some slack and quit referring to 'em as "The Waltons." Turn 'em on to some hash brownies instead of your usual hash remarks.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ You're suffering from a strange urge to stick your beak in other people's business. Unless you think you'll look good in a nose cast, lighten up. Now's the time to flow with the fuck-ups without asking why or getting flustered. Avoid confrontations until next month when your vocal chords will be velvet. Give yourself some extra Grease Relief time and forget it all.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This one holds some minor frustrations but nothing major. Some sassy lassie won't let ya go further than the stink-finger routine and your machine runs outta gas in the tules. Then ya get fucked up and can't find your prick to take a leak, 'cause your shorts are on backwards. Guess ya get the picture — just muddle through.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Wishing And Hoping

What I'd like to see is a cross between an XL883 and an XLCR — a high-perf engine in a chassis modeled after Harley's roadracer. It may sound as if I'm dreaming, but that's what I thought when I wished for an affordable Harley.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

One-Third Million

Two-thirds of the Honda dealers reported annual revenue of over \$1 million, compared to one-third for Harley-Davidson dealers, 21 percent for Kawasaki, 16 percent Yamaha, and 6 percent Suzuki.

Non-franchised shops averaged around \$100,000 in annual gross revenue.

—Fred Clements
Motorcycle Dealernews

Educated

A lot of folks started belly-achin' when some of the ABATE chapters changed the meaning of the acronym from A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments to American Bikers Aiming Towards Education. Well, most of the chapters are going back to the old meaning. We've been educated; now we know where we stand.

—Biker Lifestyle

Collection Of Rust

The Harley did haul the loaded sidecar 6500 miles in Arctic conditions and a deluge of grit and salt. Admittedly, it wasn't without difficulty, but had I known as much about Harley-Davidson as I know about BMW, the problems could have been circumvented.

Two speedo-drive gearboxes were ground up before I modified one to take grease

from a pointed gun. Frequent light application keeps the dirt out. The drive belt stood up magnificently, but due to the severe grit and salt from the roads, the rear pulley was badly abraded and corroded. Shifting gears became stiff and finding neutral almost impossible. It turned out the selection mechanism right at the top of the gearbox had collected condensation and rusted and finally had to be replaced.

—Philip Funnell
Canadian Biker

Overtime Choppers

Next day we cruised past St. Augustine and into Daytona Beach, a rather dull resort city on the east coast of Florida. It was a typical Speed Week yawn. Ten thousand choppers were parked primary cover to timing case on Main Street, while another five thousand paraded before them. The relation of constabulary to bikers was about one to three; the police must go through their entire overtime budget in that one week.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

Radical Annoyance

More annoying off the boulevard are the front-set pegs. While less radical in placement than the pegs on Honda's 700 Shadow or Harley's Kings-Of-Stretch Softail and Wide Glide, the 454's rider footrests are in a poor position to support a pilot's weight, particularly when he's hot-rodding it over sharp dips.

—Cycle

Flooding Phenomenon

Experienced Harley kickers tend to error on the

side of too much rather than too little. The scientific approach calls for lots of gas, full spark advance, big kicks, and hope for the best. The probability ratio between one-kick starts and audience size is inverse. The more Harley riders watching you, the less likely the good start. Somehow or other, observers have the power to flood carburetors simply by being there. I have no cure to offset this phenomenon.

—Hot Bike



Lead Substitute

According to Harley-Davidson engineering, the complete elimination of lead would spell trouble for Harley's non-Evolution engines. So the company, in a joint effort with other manufacturers confronted with the same possibility, is researching and testing fuel additives which could substitute for the lead.

—Enthuslast

Still Badly Bad

I feel this new motorcycle works a bit better than the old one — at least the engine does. But the change isn't big enough to alter the machine's personality to any great degree. It's still good at the things it was always good at and bad at most of the things it was always bad at.

The lower price and the promise of better reliability make the Sportster more appealing than ever, but mostly to people who already wanted a Sportster anyway.

—Jeff Karr
Motorcyclist

Merkel Concealment

Harley-Davidson recently made a minor splash with its new Softail model, with the springs and dampers hidden under the bike, but even the modern Harley factory has yet to conceal a suspension unit as well as the Merkel boys did, and the Merkel boys did it before the century was 10 years old.

—Dexter Ford
Motorcyclist

Confused, Disappointed, Unimpressed

But before you grab the pink slip to your present bike and rush down to the local Harley shop, be forewarned: Unless you know something of the unusual marketing philosophy behind this new Sportster, you're liable to be thoroughly unimpressed by it, if not confused or disappointed.

See, the Evolution Sportster seems not to be very evolutionary at all. It looks just like the current Sportsters, aside from its restyled cylinders, heads, and primary cover. It also isn't claimed to be any faster or quicker, despite its Evolution top end. Neither does it have the five-speed gearbox that a lot of people were anticipating, nor the rubber engine mounts and belt final drive that some were hoping for. What's more, the engine displacement has been lowered, from 1000cc down to the same 883cc as on that original '57 Sporty.

—Cycle World

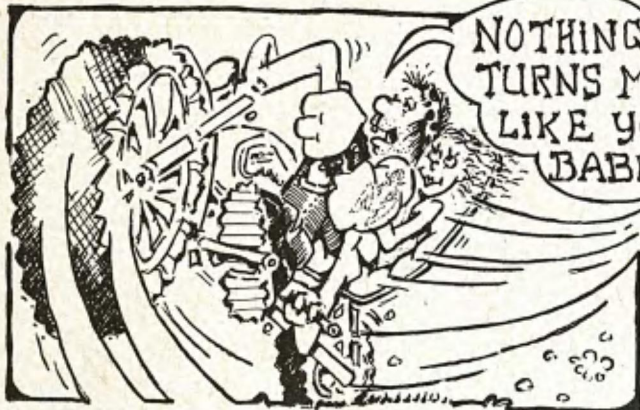
"MULE" AN HIS OL' LADY

WHAT A DAY THIS IS GONNA BE.
JUST ME, AN YOU, AN THE
OPEN ROAD....



Dennis Gilgore

NOTHING
TURNS ME ON
LIKE YOU,
BABE.



YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.
I LOVE YOU
MORE AND
MORE EACH
DAY....



OH, MULE.... I'M SO GLAD YOU
FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT ME....



WHO IN THE HELL SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT HER.... I WAZ TALKIN'
TO MY
BIKE



Over The Wall

After three years in the pen I've developed a real medical problem. Every morning I wake up with a hardon and so far I've been unable to get the prison doc to do anything about it.

Should I just wake up and beat my meat or should I put up a picture of you? I'm afraid the picture might kill the hardon altogether.

What do you say?

Red Beard

Indianapolis, Ind.

- One look at me and it'll go limp out of frustration not bein' able to drag your nose through my pussy flaps!

Not Enough Chain

This letter was started by a woman like yourself in the hope of bringing relief to other tired and discontented bitches everywhere. Unlike most chain letters, this one doesn't cost a fuckin' cent.

Just send a copy of this kite to five of your chick friends who are just as bored and horny as you are. Then bundle up your ol' man, husband, boyfriend, or lover and send him to the woman whose name appears at the top of the list, and add your name to the bottom of the list.

When your name appears at the top of the list, you will receive 1000 men and one of them is bound to be a hell of a lot better than the turkey you got rid of.

Have faith — do not break the chain. One bimbo broke the chain and got her own s.o.b. back. At this writing, a friend of mine had already received 384 men. They buried her yesterday, but it took three undertakers 36 hours to get the smile off her face, and two days to get her legs closed so they could shut the coffin.

S.K.

San Francisco, Calif.

- There aren't any other women like myself. I'm beyond men. I'm into animals — big hairy muthas.

Funny Food

When I first got to the joint, a bro of mine who landed here before me told me that you worked in the kitchen. I told him he was full of shit and kept on checking out my new home.

My first meal at this place was simple: An egg omelet,

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



potatoes, salad, and milk. My bro was already at a table and I took a squat next to him. When I'd almost completed dressing up my egg to make it look like a sandwich, my bro nudged me and said, "Hey, man, take a whiff of that first." I did a major inhale and the smell almost knocked me off my stool and put me in a coma.

I've never seen anybody but inmates working in the kitchen and I was really wondering what they could possibly do to the food to make it smell like that till I remembered what my bro said about you working there. "What the fuck," I said to myself. "They must use her snatch for storage." I asked my bro and he just laughed and went on scarfing.

So my big question is, did you work here in April '85?

Butch

Greensburg, Pa.

- It wasn't me. Best have someone check out the chick guards.

Spider Parts

While taking a bath with my honey the other night, this spider had the audacity to try to join us.

Well, the ol' lady screamed bloody shit and the spider ran back to his hidey-hole and disappeared. Tell me, do spiders have ears or do they react to vibes?

S.J.

Wichita, Kan.

- The one I know puts out the heaviest vibes you'll ever feel.

You Asked For It

I'm severely pissed! I've written you for almost a year now without makin' your column. Please don't tell me that you have that long a line waiting for your fantastically fucked-up answers. All I want is one of my damned letters in your column. How 'bout it, bitch?

Chuck M.
Tivoli, N.Y.

- All you had to do was include some cum-infested pubic hair.

Bumpy Problem

I've been getting pimples on my dick for years and my ol' lady won't go down on me because of them. I keep my pecker clean as the kitchen floor (ya can eat off it), but the buggers persist. Would frequent blowjobs cure this problem or should I see a specialist?

Little Moe

Stayton, Ore.

- I'm busy right now — so you'll have to ram it to her and teach her to like bumpy cranks!

Golden Hands

Being an avid reader of your column, I classify you as a connoisseur of the male species. I respect your good sense as reflected in the answers you give your readers. Therefore, I wish you would please explain this observation to me.

I have at various times observed motorcycle jockeys (usually unkempt, boisterous devils) washing their hands before taking out their penises to urinate. Most other people wash them *after* urination.

Don't you think the behavior of these motorcycle riders conflicts with our society?

Missouri Mike
Soledad, Calif.

- Actually, you can save a lot of water by washing them at the same time — the "water" is always warm and the soap's nice and slippery.

What Problem?

I have this problem with dudes who won't get loaded and have a good time with the bros. It seems these dudes would rather hang around with assholes.

My question is where do these assholes get their jollies? None of these fuck-ups ride Harleys — rice rockets are their thing. How do I get these jack-offs turned around?

Henchman
Denver, Colo.

- Why would ya want to?

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 *Easyriders*, 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, *Easyriders*, 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.

Male, 27, ash-blond, 5'9", needs daring women for mail and visits. Send photo and SASE. All mail will be answered. Been down two years! "Bear" Rupprecht, C-76588-10-84, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760.

Hey, two w/m need scribes from you scooter gals. No games; will exchange photos. Start writing now. Pat "Bear" Reardon 78689 and Ray "Belushi" Sheller 77259, SSC-2, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314.

W/m, 25, out in '86, looking for a real ol' lady, 18-40, to hook up with. Will answer all. Send letters and pix to Russell Andersen 48224, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212.

Looking to meet a sincere, attractive, good-hearted woman, 20-30, who knows what she wants and is open for relationship. I'm white, appealing, strong in mind and body. Been down for a while; getting out soon. Your photo appreciated. Brian O'Connor, B-977, Box 8101, Room 2176, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

W/m, 24, seeks good-hearted, down-to-earth lady. Nothing else matters! Locked up now, but have dreams and hopes for the future. Need someone to share it with. Aaron Nichols, C-88596, Room 3163, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Dirt-water fox available: 28, 6'1", 180 lbs., blond, blue, good-looking, well-built, well-hung. Looking for righteous ol' lady to settle down with. Looks important; class and loyalty are. No head games, please. Dig open fireplaces, log cabins and old pickups, but Harley rider to my heart. Coming home real soon. Will answer all; age unimportant if you're the right lady. Photo and phone first letter, please. Sam Guillory 88829, Camp C, Wolf 1, Angola, LA 70712.

Young and wild 20-yr.-old w/f, 5'6", 135 lbs., wants to hear from good men (no prisoners, please). Debra Harmon 175003, 8085 E. White Lake Rd., Clarkston, MI 48016.

Lonely w/m doing hard time. Need some young lady to set my mind free by writing me a few lines. Tattooed Virgo, 21, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'7", 145 lbs. Charley Pruitt 43252, MSP, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, downed with 21 years for manslaughter, have 10 years left to do. I would like to hear from fine foxy ol' ladies (even fine dancers, wrestlers) with pix who enjoy the easy life, nudity, sunbathing, partying, puttin', snortin', smokin'. I'm 32, 6'4", 210 lbs., with hazel eyes, grey hair/beard. Joe Sherman 96831, Golf-3, Sec-D, HCC, Box 174, St. Gabriel, LA 70776.

Blue-eyed w/m to be released soon, would like to hear from ladies seeking a solid relationship. Flicks get one back. All answered! Joe Jefferies, C-27838, Box 8101, C-Quad, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

Single ladies: W/m, 28, 150 lbs., red hair (long/beard), college student, been down 2 years, 1½ to go. I desire correspondence with understanding ladies. Photo appreciated; will answer all. Denny Crawford 150897, KCF, Kincheloe, MI 49788.

Two Aryan bros, down 10 with 2 to go, seeking some gash with class to help us spend a lot of stashed cash and introduce us to party-time U.S.A. Photo with first letter a must. Will answer all sincere scribes. Richard P. Michael 167285, and Michael Whittlesey 171446, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

San Fernando Valley boy, 28, 5'10", 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for fine ladies, 18-30, to write and visit me. Send SASE. No games! Kites with flicks get quick answer. Mark D. Smith, Box C-36872, Tamal, CA 94964.

Attention, ladies: Two caged wolves from California locked within the dungeons of the Starship Alcatraz need your TLC. Send letters and photos to Barry Mills and Dallas Scott, U.S. Penitentiary, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959.

W/m, 31, needs sexy letters from ladies to help me make it through my remaining time. Letters with pix will get the same (can't receive Polaroids). Take a chance on this lonely wolfman. Ladies doing time are welcome to write. If you're in the Seattle area, I sure could use a visit. Mark Broughton 273076, Box 888, A-6-14, Monroe, WA 98272.

Downed in '80, got a lot to go. Need to be cared for by a kind-hearted woman. W/m, 24, blue eyes, 5'11", brown hair, 165 lbs., lonely. James Cochell 358923, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Serious relationship desired by bro. I'm 5'9½", 148 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Love being outdoors and being in the wind. Ronnie Lee Cantrell JC, 7175 Manor Rd. D-29057, Columbus, GA 31907.

Downed biker, 26, 5'10", 175 lbs., needs letters and pix from ladies who want serious relationships. Will answer all. Frank McDonald C87929, Box 107, Bed K-117, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

Latin New Yorker, 24, 160 lbs., 5'9", Cancer. Look inside yourself — if there's a heart that beats, then it's destiny that we should meet. George Morales 83-A-6857, Box B, CCF, Danemora, NY 12929.

W/m, Leo, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond and blue, down until 1/87, would like to hear from foxy ladies, 18-30, for friendship, possible relationship with right one. Kids okay. Photos appreciated. Charles "Bama" Proffitt, EH140114 E-227, Box 7150, Garden City, CA 91418.

Peckerwoods from Wyoming and California need kites from righteous chicks. Write Mike Brown 01448-078, and Raybo Hurt 76849-012. Box 1000, El Reno, OK 73036.

Two handsome gangsters of love are looking for special ladies who know how to stand by their men. No games or bullshit! Wayne Bridgewater and John Greshner, U.S. Penitentiary, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959.

Three convicts looking for letters from free ladies. Any mail appreciated! John Heppeling 163291; Michael Fiore 163604; and Steve Apostolides 153567, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Strong-hearted w/m, Italian, 30, seeks attractive, sexy, loyal, loving woman for lasting relationship and commitment. Should be sincere, caring, open-minded, have high sexual drive and be sexually uninhibited. I'm open, expressive, understanding, romantic, emotional — a one-woman man with an extreme need and desire to give and receive love through constant physical contact. Kenny Pignone 82D207, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929.

Harley tramp, 36, brown hair, blue eyes, 180 lbs., been down 12½ yrs. and finally gonna see some light. Need a solid lady to help get it together. No games or lames. Send pictures. Ed Collet 24164-2C-15, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069-9799.

Convict locked deep in the mountains would like to hear from sincere ladies anywhere; will answer all. Danny E. Windsor 148631, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

POW tyranny victim due to rise from the tombs in less time than you can afford not to wait. Mellow, attractive, sincere white man looking for mellow, no-nonsense woman, 20-27, who is searching for a tax-free lifetime guarantee. If 99% just won't do, write. Richard Ellis 71683F-2, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212.

In jail and lonely; will answer all letters. Looks and age unimportant. Any and all correspondence appreciated! William Mobley 170-189, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Ladies: Been lookin' for love in all the wrong places? Tell us what floats your boat and maybe we can sail around the world together. Two good-looking partners need your letters to brighten our dull, uneventful days. Tom Washburn 375633 (aka "Styles," 26, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", 180 lbs.), and Woody Lampin 398461 (30, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'10", 175 lbs.), Ellis II Unit, G2-221, Huntsville, TX 77340.

I kissed my first girl and smoked my first cigarette on the same day. I haven't had time for tobacco since. If you're lookin' for that mellow ride with someone tried-and-true, write. W/m, 42, 5'9", 170 lbs., hazel eyes, black and gray hair. James "Lang" Langendorfer 92929, Cyp-3, Angola, LA 70712.

Ex-stormtrooper, 1½er, would like to correspond with some sweet young woman, any age. Soon to be out: '86. Ricky "Cherokee" Nelson 055705, Union Corr. Inst. C-48, Box 221, Rairford, FL 32083.

W/m down but working my way out. Would love to hear from some caring ladies. Age and looks unimportant. Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. Photos for photos. I'm 27, 5'8", 155 lbs., brown hair and eyes. T.J. Hartline 165306, Box 534, Jessup, MD 20794.

Say, ladies, I'm lonely. Looking for a woman who is interested in an outlaw who's down and dirty. Dale E. Lawrence 19463, Box 14, Unit 8-C-73, Boise, ID 83707.

Looking for fine ladies, 18-? Need one for keeps. I'm 27, 6'3", 240 lbs., blond hair and all male. Photo and letters get same. Jamie Pitts 138652, 5-13, Rt. 1 Box 8, Helena, MT 59741.

Two 1½ers wanna hear from all you crazy ladies. No wannabes. Open and honest a must. Flicks will get the same. Vincent "Shadow" Cornelison 38565, and Jim "Rider" Sonka 34776, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Two scooter tramp partners want nasty, filthy correspondence with broads. Robert "Big Mac" Mack, EF-161691, and Tommy "Big Head" Carter, EF-155663, Box 256, Mt. Vernon, GA 30445.

1½er, 32, 6'3", 250 lbs., would love to hear from any ladies, but Harley bitches are best! What the hell, drop a line; could be the start of something wonderful. Answer all: pix for pix. Orrin "Grizzly" Edenfield 087019-69-123, Box 221, Rairford, FL 32083.

Two w/m looking for two special ladies, 18-? to share a sincere relationship. If you think you are the one, drop us a letter. All letters answered; pix exchanged. Graig Fields, Y-3346 (20, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 160 lbs.); and Ron Robinson, P-7260 (20, black hair, brown eyes, 5'8", 155 lbs.). Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Cloudy days ahead! How about some of you foxy ladies putting a little sunshine in our lives? John Honeywell 67567, and Pete Janulis 67047, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314.

This 5'11", 180-lb. country boy has been in since '80, but will be getting out next year. Would like to hear from for-real country lady, 25-37, who isn't into head games. If you're willing to take a shot and try that first letter, so am I. John W. Ford, Box 8274, Cranston, RI 02920.

Young tramp out of Flint, Mich., drew a dollar from The Man and am lookin' for split-tails, 18-30, free or in like situation. A Flint-area fox would really turn my crank. W/m, 22, 200 lbs., 5'10", black hair and beard. Your photo gets one. Timothy E. "Archie" Arnold, Box 100-439, Anchorage, AK 99510.

W/m, 36, 6', 200 lbs., brown-blond hair, brown eyes, stand-up and solid, into H-Ds and the arts. Looking for a good, loving, reliable and loyal woman for long-lasting relationship as best friend and lover. Honesty and visits for sure. E.Z. Moatz, C-69454-J-112, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95466.

Biker and artist, 32, getting out 12/85. Want to meet mature lady who knows what life is all about. Will answer all. Robert W. Jones 094408, Apalachee Corr. Ctr. A-C-1 West Unit, Box 699, Sneads, FL 32460.

W/m, 35, blond and brown, 6'1½", 215 lbs., easygoing, fun-loving Libra, is lookin' for #1 lady to share life. Love kids. If you can, send pix, but it's really you and your letters that are important. Rowan Welch 42498, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97301.

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 **Ed "Uncle Ed" Pruyne**, 10/18/33-3/19/85, gone but not forgotten. We miss you, bro, and always will. Love from your bros, Gentlemen MC, Manistee, Michigan.

In loving memory of **Timothy "Dead Eye" Battle**, wonderful husband, loving father, and a true-to-the-end Justice Rider, taken from us 10/1/83. Like your bro, I'll see you in Harley Heaven. Love, your wife Sharon, and kids Denny, Dana, Becky and Shawn.

In loving memory of **Larry "Bones" Claybourn**, 6/9/84, one true bro and one true rebel! Ride hard and free in Harley Heaven. Loved and truly missed by Hook, Tassie, Jessica and Carson.

In memory of **Hugh "Crash" McCollum**, taken from us 9/13/84. There isn't a day goes by we don't think of you. Every ride, every swap meet, every party — you're with us. You'll never be forgotten by those of us who knew you. Lewie, Barb, and bros in New London, Connecticut.

In memory of **David "Gopher" Brallick**, age 20, killed instantly from a blow to his head when he was thrown from his snowmobile while wearing a helmet. He'd just bought a brand-new Super Glide and only had a chance to put 54 miles on it. Now he is riding it in Harley Heaven. Sadly missed by his family and friends. Pedro, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

In loving memory of **Charlie Barnhart**, 2/1/53-2/24/85, who lived hard, rode hard, and died wrong. It was you and me as one for years; I'll never forget. Till we meet again, bro, long may you run. Forever, Joe, Ridgefield, N.J.

In memory of **Joe Hardy "Jo Jo" Richardson**, 11/21/84, a true biker who was loved by all who knew him. Taken away by a drunk cager. Loved and missed by the gang, Mexia, Texas.

Denny, you're riding in the wind with a Top Tuner now. We all miss you, but I know your wings are flying good. Your brother, Steve (Spider).

In loving memory of **"Surfer Frank", "Yacky", "Weasel", and "Jesse"**, all four best of brothers and 'ol men who died hard and young. May your memories forever be in our hearts. We miss you. Georgia, Jessica, Cindy, Andy, Peggy and family, and Clyde.

In memory of **Mike "The Kid" Ramsey**, who left us on his Roadster. No one understands or knows why. In such a short time, we had so many good memories and I miss the ones we could have had. Your spirit will always be with me in the wind. Ride free. Your bro, Rod.

In memory of **Pierce "Bear" Steeg**. They say a junkie is like a setting sun — you went down for the last time, leaving behind a daughter you never saw. You'll be in our memories forever. Love, Jackie and baby Shannon.

In memory of **David "Ray" Gamble**, 1963-1984, who loved to ride and always be free from everything. You're free at last, riding that big three-wheeler in the sky. Love and miss you a lot. Your lady Mary and all the friends who loved you.

In loving memory of **Donald Layton "Spin" Bray**. Old biker, you ride free now. Yours was a troubled life, but now you sleep in the arms of the Good Shepherd who watches over His flock. Very few people liked or understood you, but you're missed everyday and loved by the few who count. Jo Two Dogs.

In memory of **"Lurch"**. You weren't out of the joint long before you left us for Harley Heaven, but you did it on the bike you loved, snuffed out too early by an old douche bag in a cage. Sadly missed by all. Hemp and the bros at Michigan City, Indiana.

In memory of **Charlie Boyles**, of Riverside, who rode hard and checked out 12/84, from a federal medical facility in Springfield, Mo. We love you and I hope the bros in O have heard. You'll ride forever. Raybo.

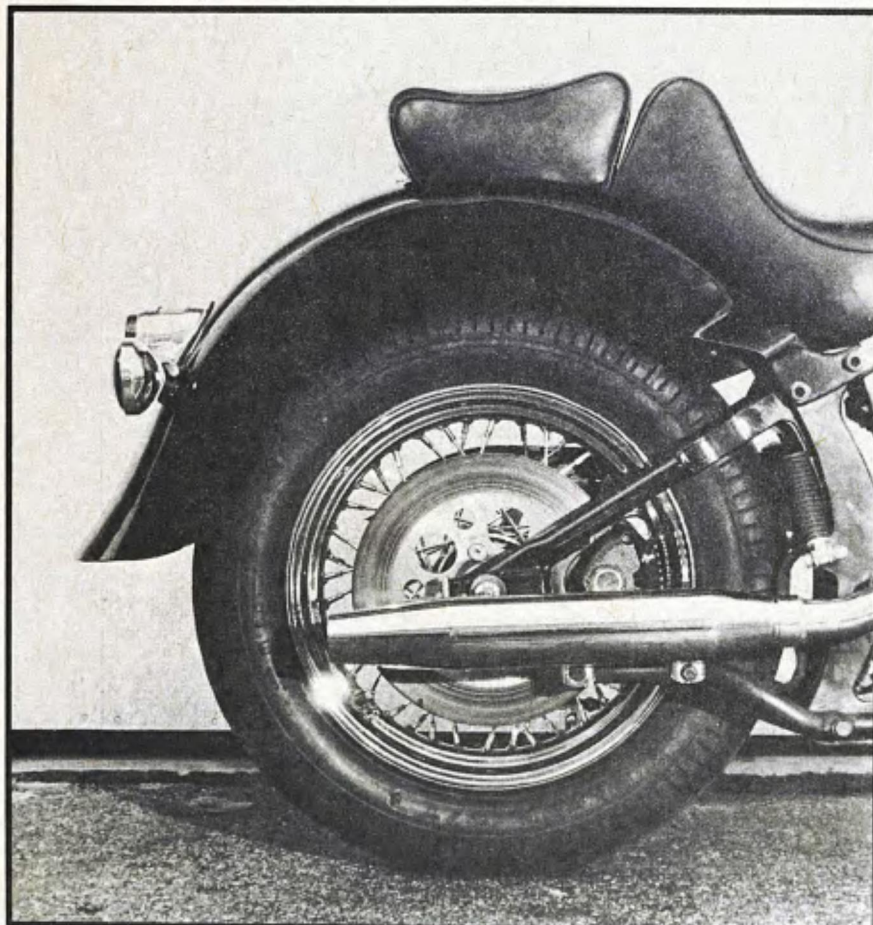
In memory of **Randy "Radar" Simpson**, 9/22/84. He rode hard and died too soon, but the memories of him keep playing a tune: I'm in the sky now, so nobody cry. Just keep riding them Hogs till your day passes by. We love and miss ya. All your brothers and sisters from Ogallala, Nebraska, and Phoenix.

In loving memory of **Ron Smelser**, 6/3/52-10/4/84. We sure miss you, Ron. See you down the road. Love always from your family, brothers and sisters in Placerville (Hangtown), California.

In memory of my brother **Shaun Hastings**, 8/14/84. You didn't live long, but you lived a full life. You were of a quality most people lack in this world. I miss you, brother, and I love you. We will meet again and party while we ride down heaven's highway. Your brother Tiny, Lansing, Kansas.

In memory of the "Take it to the limit, Sky Pilot" **Joe Henry**, and in memory of my father, **Dana Roberts**. He was "Pappy" to his friends and I miss him very much. Glenn, Ronnie, Diane, John John, Tom, and Butch.

In special memory of **Eugene "Geno" Bane**. I hold on to the memories we shared. May you have peace in your new life, "Freebird." We'll never forget you, you loving, big-hearted, righteous, crazy mother. Love always, Holliday, Coy, Storm, Pat Rat, Mark "Outlaw," and all your bros.



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ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Desert Custom Cycle 3575 W. Clarendon, Phoenix
MC Brothers Shop 1110 W. St. Mary's Rd., Tucson

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I. Ventura
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hewg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Sons of Logan 68508 Hwy. 111 Unit 2, Cathedral City
Right Arm MC & Machine 936 W. Del Norte St., Eureka
Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 226 Via Del Monte, Oceanside
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Dragon Man Cycle Shop 1200 Dragon Man Dr., Colorado Springs
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT

Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford

DELAWARE

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FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy., Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Peace Chief Sound Center 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
Bustin Chops 5780 SW 25th St. Day #3, Hollywood
Classic Cycle Supply 4824 U.S. 92 E., Lakeland
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
TNT Cycle Accessories 801 Navy Blvd., Pensacola

GEORGIA

Big John's Cycles Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Mell Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 8868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Kalbo's MC Clinic, Inc. 2303 Lockport Rd., Lockport

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw
Hayworth MC Service & Accessories 1120 Apperson Way S., Kokomo

IOWA

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Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS

Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capital H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Sport Cycle 1800 Broadway, Bay City

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Milwaukee Iron 1789 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack

NEW JERSEY

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
H-D of Trenton 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

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New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yadin Road, Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 619 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Southwest Cycle 2718 Airport Hwy., Toledo
Mr. T's Cycle Parts 5907 Center Rd., Valley City

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
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M-18 "After The Donkey Show"

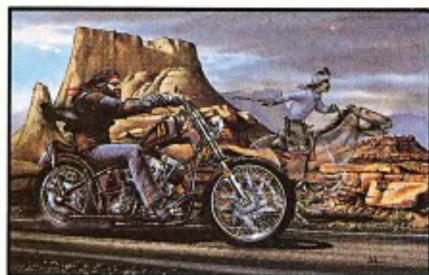
NEW! There's hardly a guy who's been to Tijuana, Mexico, who hasn't heard of donkey shows. Back in the '40s and '50s there was a wild bar named the Blue Fox where anything went on. At times, bikes went right into the cafe, did a doughnut, and shot out the front door. It's been rumored that part of the 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"



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-16 "GHOSTRIDERS"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



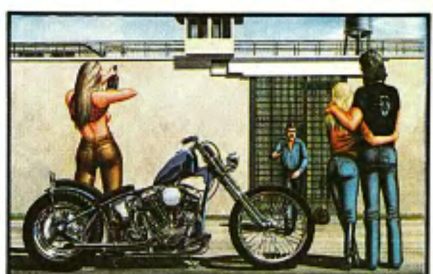
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Encounter

Continued from page 18

road. It was Wednesday, the "slow" day of the week. It was also the time of day when the sun bears down with the force of a blowtorch against the metallic soil, turning white rocks black and roasting the sparse vegetation. Ahead — as well as far behind — truckers lounged in cool roadside cafes, or slept in air-conditioned cabs at rest areas, awaiting the cooler time of evening when travel would once again be comfortable.

When he spied the exit for the little-used short loop that briefly circles away from the Interstate to cross the Virgin River and then swings back to connect up once more just before Mesquite, he decided to take it. The sheer, blistering monotony of the desert had made him eager to draw visual relief from the verdant homage the parched earth pays the river wherever it deigns to meander. Once he'd navigated the steel grating of the cattle guard and was rolling at speed down the narrow blacktop, he fancied he could almost smell the river even though he couldn't see it yet.

In the distance, something glistened beside the road. It flickered on and off, like the sun reflecting off a bit of glass. First would come a wavering of the mirage, the liquid heat that floats above the surface of the road, and then the brief, intense glare would show itself again. Along with the flicker and the mirage, he could now distinguish a definite greening of the roadside ahead.

As he drew nearer, the green turned into cottonwoods and other vegetation and the glittering object began to take shape. When he was closer still, the shape revealed itself to be a medium-sized car — one of the expensive ones — partially jacked up, one of its tires newly deceased. The driver was slumped on the ground, weeping in obvious frustration.



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SCALE SALE



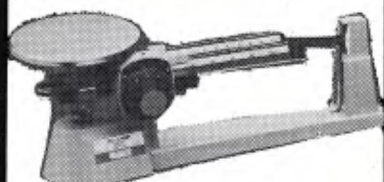
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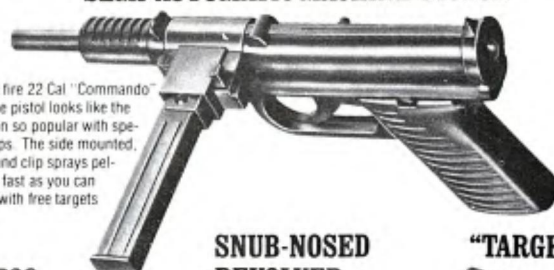
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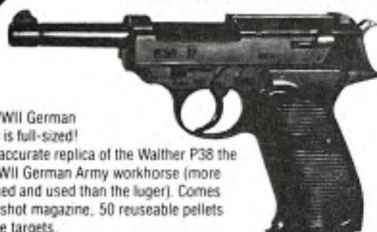
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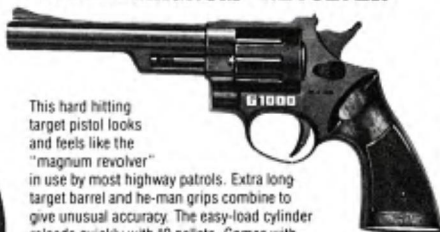
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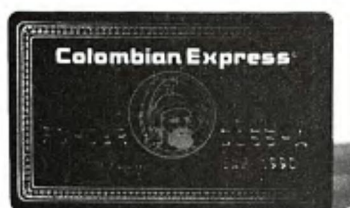
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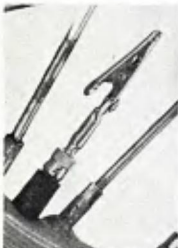
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She stood up as Mike rolled to a stop. He gazed at her impassively. She glared back, lifting her chin haughtily, brushing at her skirt.

Mike parked his bike. Taking off his paraphernalia, he hung his goggles on the rearview before approaching her. She drew back, clearly expecting the worst. All the falsehoods she'd ever heard about bikers were revealed in the look she gave him.

Overall, her appearance was quite attractive, but even though the thin material of her blouse exposed the push of her breasts, he had no intention of raping her. He couldn't imagine what her fantasies might be at the moment, but his intention was to get to the town of Mesquite, rest for a while, and then continue on his way.

"I see you've had some trouble," he said, going past her to kneel and look under the car. In a moment, he stood up again. "I'll have you on your way in a jiffy." He kept his voice cold and emotionless, as flat as the click of a cocked trigger.

"You needn't bother," the woman answered arrogantly. "I'm sure someone will come along soon who can do the job more efficiently. A truck driver, perhaps. Or the highway patrol." It was obvious that this last mention was supposed to frighten him into leaving her alone.

"Don't hold your breath, lady," Mike said. He pushed the jack under the car and began pumping the handle. "Those dudes are all sitting around someplace where it's cool, having a beer. You won't see any of them for a long time. They don't care whether you're out here or not."

"And I suppose you do." Her tone was bitingly sarcastic.

Mike ignored her remark, but when he stood up again he glanced at her and noticed that she'd scraped her knuckles. The blood had run down the backs of her fingers and turned black in the sun.

From under the seat of his bike he removed an oily rag in which was wrapped a small bottle of merthiolate and a single Band-Aid. He reached out and took her hand in his, delicately, holding it by the fingertips. She



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resisted, trying to pull away, but he held tightly until she extended her arm full-length, cringing as though his touch might prove fatal.

He's so grungy, she thought with disgust, shuddering.

He dabbed merthiolate on her wounds, making her flinch, and then, because the Band-Aid was inadequate, he took a clean bandanna out of his hip pocket and wrapped it around her hand, tucking the end in place to hold it. He would have to ask for it back before he left.

He took the spare wheel out of the trunk, quickly put it in place, and then tossed the damaged rim into the open trunk and slammed the lid. That done, he took his first good look at her.

Tears of frustration had dried on her cheeks like two petrified rivulets of liquid crystal. He thought that if he reached out and picked at them with a fingernail they might break off a piece at a time and each fragment would float away on the breeze like something fragile. Fluttering, like an insect's wing. He thought of Rigger, and how he would have liked a woman like this. Rigger, his friend. What a lover he'd been. He liked these snotty bitches. And how he loved pussy. The only way it would have been possible to stop him from eating pussy would have required sewing his lips shut.

"There," Mike said, "you're all set."

In answer, she dived into her purse, fumbled around for a moment, and extracted several folded bills. They were fresh and crisp, and crackled in her hand. "Here," she announced in a signorial tone, "take this. You've done me a service and I insist on paying you."

Mike walked past her, ignoring her outstretched hand. "Well!" he heard her exclaim indignantly. He didn't bother to respond or turn around, even when he heard the car door slam. He remounted his bike, started it, eased into gear, and rolled it to a stop next to the open window of the car.

"You might look classy, lady, and you might drive a classy car, but you've got no kinda class at all. I saved your life, whether you know it or not,



"Oh, no! He got peanut butter all over the trigger!"

and you've treated me like shit. I don't need your fucking money and I don't need anyone like you." His voice was as cold as the day was hot, and as he spoke, the woman gave him her full attention. Her throat quivered slightly and she started to say something, then stopped, afraid perhaps that she might begin to cry again.

Taking measure of him, she saw that the corners of his mouth were turned down in a sort of permanent frown, and his eyes were dark and filled with the brooding that gets in the eyes of men who spend their lives looking for something without quite knowing what it is they're looking for. Barely hidden in the glowering darkness of his face was a handsome man.

Mike drove off, looking back occasionally in the rearview until he could no longer see the car. He guessed she was waiting until he was out of sight before getting under way.

At Mesquite, a greater-than-average number of truckers crowded the cafes and gas stops lining the main drag. Upon asking, Mike learned that an overturned fuel truck had caused the closing of I-15 through the Virgin River Gorge, backing traffic up for miles.

Altering course, he set off on the old route, the one that led uphill through Castle Cliff and into St. George, Utah, via the "back entrance." Two-thirds of the way up the steep grade, on a road no longer used by any but occasional cattle haulers, his drive chain came flying off, tossing the broken master link into the desert void.

It was then that Mike remembered his bandanna. He'd forgotten to reclaim it, and his extra master link was tied up in a corner of it. Forty miles from the nearest town, it seemed only natural that to make matters worse a rare desert rainstorm was now approaching. Well, that was that. He was in for a long, miserable night. The silence of his desert surroundings hummed in his ears. He stood listening like a blind man in a crowd, surrounded by sound without direction. High above, an east-bound jet whispered across the darkening sky. He sat down beside the road and



"Next time, don't sit so close to me while I'm opening the champagne."

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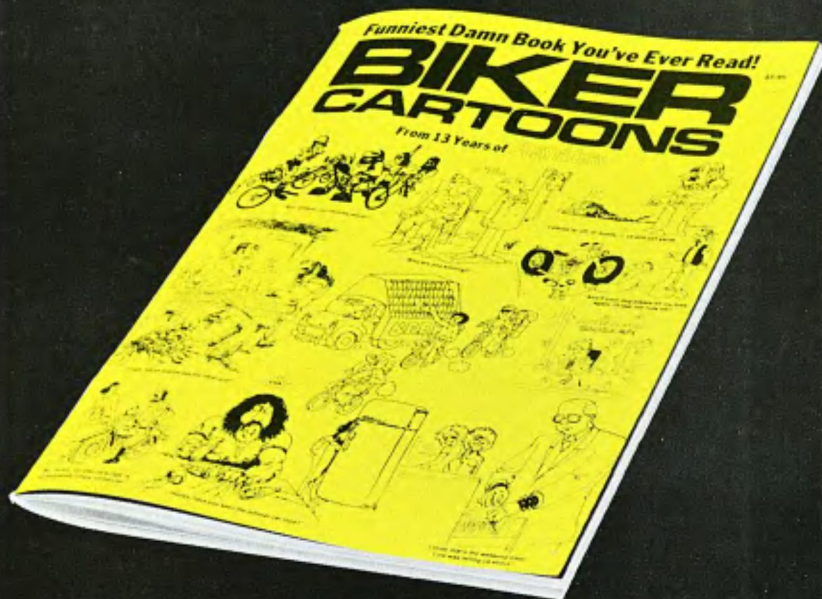
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let himself succumb to the tranquility of exhaustion.

Twilight was just flowing over the ironbound mountains when the first drops of rain began to splat on the bone-dry dirt. They were widely separated at first, each silvery pear-shaped drop striking the earth like a tiny ripe fruit. "Sure wish someone would come along before this rain turns into buckshot," Mike said aloud, but no one was listening except the wind.

The rain came down harder. He looked around and spied a piece of metal, the flattened remains of a five-gallon can run over by countless vehicles, lying by the side of the road. Picking it up, he held it over his head as the downfall became torrential.

Sitting there in the storm-lashed night, he could hear the rain machine-gunning the weathered black asphalt to his left, moving toward him inexorably along the flooded surface. Above the mountain peaks lightning danced like a lace curtain caught in the wind.

After an hour or so, the rain petered out to a sullen mist. Shortly thereafter, in the distance, he saw a truck coming down the road from Castle Cliff. It was going too fast, careening as it waterskied over puddles. Mike stepped out into the center of the road, hoping the driver would see him in the headlights. He did. The truck went into a skid, its rear end skittering halfway around in a muddy pivot before straightening out and tracking on. Mike continued to stand in the road, shaking his fist and cursing at the top of his voice until the truck's taillights disappeared completely.

Another hour passed and a chill night wind began to blow up from the distant Virgin River. A crystalline white eye materialized far down the road, climbing toward him. "A bike!" he said in joyous amazement, racing to the middle of the road again, but as it drew nearer he could see it wasn't a bike. It was a sleek European car with a broken headlight.

The driver was almost too late in seeing him. After swerving violently around him, brakes locked and sliding to a stop, it turned around slowly and came back. The young woman he had helped earlier got out.

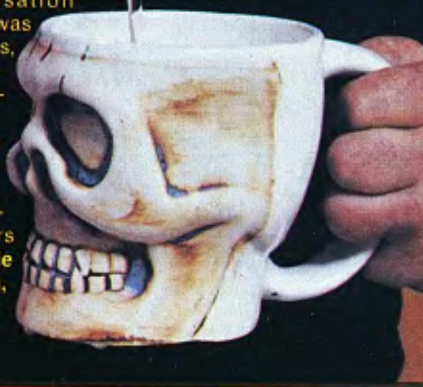
In the glow of the single headlamp she approached him, holding out her hand, from which fluttered the bandanna containing the master link. She'd changed her clothes and appeared bathed and fresh, wearing expensive jeans and an almost-too-small tank top. "I felt really bad about the way I treated you back there," she said. "When I got to Mesquite and a trucker you'd talked to told me you'd taken this road, I figured I'd never see you again." She paused and drew nearer, taking in Mike's bedraggled condition. His sopping wet hair hung down over his ears and his beard glistened with moisture.

"I was worried that you might have some kind of trouble," she went on,

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"and need this, so I decided to follow you, and — well — here I am."

"Thanks," Mike said, simply. "I'm glad you had that notion, especially since I did have some trouble."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Denver," he answered. "I'm going to Denver. A good friend of mine just got killed there in an accident."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, and he could see that she was. "That's where I'm going, too. Maybe we could, like, meet there. Later, I mean. I feel like I owe you and I'd really like to change the impression I'm afraid I gave you earlier today. You know, the Chinese say that when you save another person's life, you belong to that person forever." She smiled hesitantly.

"Well, I'm not sure who owes who now, and forever might be overdoing it a bit," Mike replied, flashing her one of his rare grins, "but we can certainly talk it over in Denver."

"Got a deal," she laughed softly, stepping forward to stand on tiptoe and lightly kiss his cheek, thereby cementing their arrangement. Before she drove away, she scribbled an address and phone number on the back of a silver calling card that otherwise bore only her name in embossed black letters. When she handed it to him, she gestured at the master link in his hand and asked, "How could such a little thing be so important?"

Sighting off into the rain-freshened distance where black mountain shapes met blue-black sky, Mike thought about someone he'd known and loved who wasn't going to be making any new memories with him anymore. Turning back to her, he answered, "It's the little things that are always the most important."

While he was going up the mountains over the Great Divide, a grasshopper zeroed in on his smile and smashed itself to death on his teeth. He didn't stop smiling for an instant. His friend Rigger would have loved him for it.

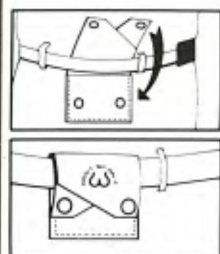
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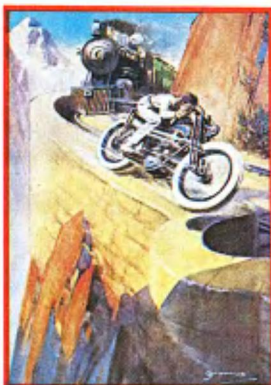


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Downtime

Continued from page 51

as I was pleased to discover when Rounder records sent me a tape of their new album, *Hard Livin'*. All right, so I shoulda kept on top of things better — I take the bus, but I get there.

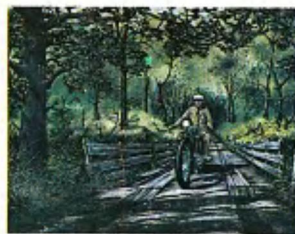
I had a little catching up to do since the band's been active all along, including a 1982 live album and last year's *Fugitive*, a solo effort by the Hawks' harp player, Mark Wenner, along with a now-defunct group called Switchblade. (By the way, that's Wenner in the photo and that's his regular putt, a '55 pan. Wenner also owns a '56 pan, a custom 45, and a couple of Indians he tinkers with when the Hawks aren't on the road.)

Fugitive is good, but when Wenner plays with his old partners there's a whole new chemistry and the energy damn near spews from the grooves. *Hard Livin'*, the Hawks' latest on the Varrick/Rounder label, is a fuckin' killer.

The title cut flat-out rips, bros, with Jim Thackery's guitar driving the band like a dynamo and Wenner's harp slicing into the music like a finely honed Buck. If you want to get some lardasses off their butts, deep-fry their brains by turnin' this one up to the max. Pete Ragusa on drums and Jan Zukowski on bass round out the Hawks, and you can admire their work on everything from the Tom Waits-flavored "Yeah, Man" to showcase numbers like the lively rouser "Highball."

For a change of pace, check out the blues instrumental titled "Inaugural Freeze." The tune is highlighted by Wenner's outstanding harp and Thackery's tasteful guitar. Wenner bends the notes with a style distinctly his own and a confidence that comes only after years of dues-paying. Thackery, a class act all the way, kicks ass throughout the record without ever lapsing into flashy showboating.

If your local record dump handles the Rounder label, you may be able to score this primo album off the rack. But if the nose-picker at the cash register gives you that glazed look when you ask for anything more offbeat than Kenny Rogers, you may have to get him to special-order it. *Hard Livin'* (as well as Wenner's *Fugitive* album) is also available via mail-order by sending nine bucks to Nighthawks, Box 757, McLean, VA 22101. ■



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C. 29" x 24 1/2"



Revenge is Best. . .

Continued from page 27

be cool and let me handle the problem because he was in no condition to do anything useful.

I let him up and he went to sit by Mary, whispering God knows what in her ear. Then I called my uncle and told what had gone down. Being an old scooter tramp himself, he told me to bring them up to his cabin. They could stay there for as long as they liked — and had money to spend.

I grabbed the crumb-snatcher out of his bed and carried him to my house three blocks away. There I planted the boy in my Primo garden, making sure I dug down deep enough. Neither Rev nor I wanted Mary to serve a prison term for somethin' she wasn't even aware of — hell, maybe she hadn't even done it.

Three years passed and I got married. Rev and Mary still lived up at my uncle's place, though the old man himself had been dead a year or so. I saw Rev a time or two in the interim and now that the snow had melted, I thought I'd take the wench and ride up to see them both this year.

I pulled the Glide off the highway and turned down the two-track with the wench sittin' behind me. We bumped our way on down and entered the clearing in front of the cabin. An ambulance, red-and-blue lights flashin', and three police cars sat in front of the place.

The first thing that raced through my mind was that they'd killed each other. Then I wondered if Mary had gone berserk again. She'd never really recovered from that night, never really came back from wherever she'd tripped out to.

I told the wench to hang out while I checked the situation over. When I tried to look inside the ambulance, the attendant inside pulled a curtain on me.

An awfully powerful stench filled the air the closer I got to the cabin. Voices filtered out through the closed door. I opened it cautiously and stepped inside. Several cops and two guys in paramedic suits were standing in a circle around Rev. He was struggling in some kind of straightjacket they'd wrapped his arms in. I was weighin' the odds of a rescue attempt — obviously, not too good — when Rev started to talk. Mutter, actually, between big gobs of spit.

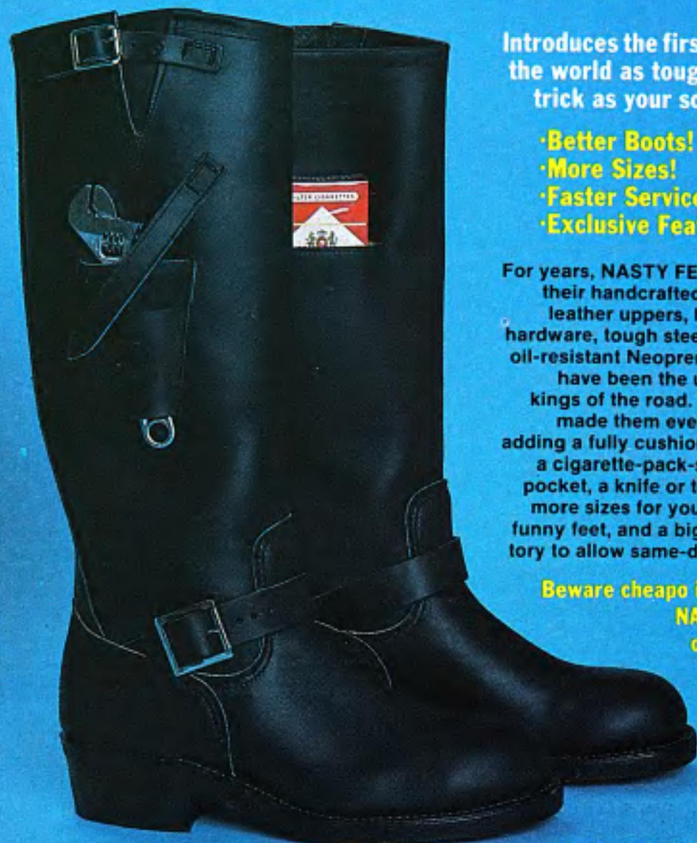
"I tol' her he'd come back," Rev said, repeating the statement over and over again. "The bitch never believed me, but I did tell her. Tol' her he'd have to have his payback. . . gotta get his payback. . ."

I slipped off into a bedroom to my left. Rev was clearly in no shape to participate in any attempt to make a break for it, and there were too many lawmen around for me to get him out of there without his help.

The rancid odor in the bedroom hung heavy in the air, reeking of

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putrid flesh. Just before I tossed my cookies, I saw, on the bed, a slimy greenish-black stain; maggots were squirming all over the sheets. A hand gripped my shoulder from behind and held me while I puked.

Rev was sent to a mental hospital until he could be judged sane enough to stand trial for murdering Mary. What got me was that they accused Rev of trying to stuff a life-sized doll up Mary's twat and keepin' her in the bed for three years, slowly rottin' away.

Ten more years slid by. One afternoon, sittin' on the back porch of my house watchin' the wench water my Primo garden, I got this flash of inspiration. I pulled out the transcripts from Rev's commitment hearing and read them over — again. After I'd finished, I thought, naw, couldn't be. I'd buried that kid myself. Then again...

I sent the wench to the beer store and dragged out the shovel. I must've dug for a real long time because when I looked up the wench was standin' over me hollerin' up a storm. Some-thin' about diggin' up *her* Primo! Next thing I knew, an ambulance had arrived and a couple of guys were promising me drugs of a sedative nature if I'd give up diggin'. I refused and kept goin'. Guess I must've passed out from exhaustion somewhere along the line, though, because when I got my shit together, I found myself in a bed all strapped down with leather harnesses. Rev was standin' over me with a big shit-eatin' grin on his shaved face.

"What the hell are ya smilin' at, for crissakes?" I demanded, feelin' sorta strange and mean at the same time.

If anything, his grin grew even bigger. Brighter, too. He chuckled way down low in his throat. "I told y'all that the kid would get his payback. Well, didn't I? He crawled back inside o' her. Caused all that damage to Mary for what she put him through. Yep, I tol' her..." ■

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Lockdown

Continued from page 71

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At press time, inmates were still waiting for the court-order-bound authorities to kill the first rat and unclog the first toilet.

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A federal court of appeals has ordered a Wisconsin prison guard to pay an inmate \$6000 in damages, because he violated the inmate's constitutional right of freedom from unreasonable search.

The incident occurred when the prisoner was being moved from the Wisconsin State Prison Adjustment Center to his regular cell. Under prison regulations, guards supervising such moves are allowed to conduct strip searches as long as they limit them to eyeballin' the naked convicts without touching them.

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Easyriders

Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

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Dyin' Breed

In response to Roach ineshire, Connecticut (September '85), about the use of club name: This is to inform you that the club name "Dyin' Breed MC, U.S.A." is presently alive and doing well.

We appreciate the opportunity to be able to hold the name to our club name which had chartered in 1982.

Dyin' Breed MC, U.S.A.
Saginaw, Mich.

That's why he asked.

Free World Pushing

I'm down and holding my talking papers "19." Thanks to columns like "Lockdown" and free-world people pushing the Department of Corrections to do something about the overcrowding and making prison improvements, I know someone does care.

Roger Doss
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Interesting

The tech tip by J.D. handler was interesting, but why make your mileage appear when all you need to do is access your idle-mix screw and jet up a little? The only reason I can see for needing any faster pumping than stock is if you're one of those assholes who sits at lights (red) and revs his engine up and down to try to impress the citizens. My 1979 4-cyl. ridge will get me and

my ol' lady down the road to the tune of 65-70mpg! My dollars are hard to come by, so I like the good mpg at the 5000-foot elevation where I live. I run a 165 main and a 65 idle jet. I also run straight pipes with slight baffling. Try it — who needs all that throttle rapping?

Tom K.
Roy, Utah

Whatdafuck's The Matter?

Hey! So whatdafuck is the matter with all these asshole American musicians who throw all this fuckin' money away to foreign aid programs? Did they forget about the good ol' U.S.A.? The feds are trying to save money on the budget by cutting out the Appalachian Relief Fund, but everytime someone hollers South Africa, millions of our tax dollars and donated concert money comes pouring in. I don't know about the rest of you guys, but this kid is plumb sick and tired of hearing about a bunch of starving Africans when we have plenty of starving Americans right here who could use a little relief right now!

Dave and Lisa Challenger
Milan, N.M.

'Nam Vets

I wish to thank Sarge and the staff of *Easyriders* for their continued support of the Vietnam veteran.

A lot has been accomplished to help these brothers gain access to the counseling and treatment they deserve, but there's so very much more yet to be done. So listen up, people. Get out your pens and envelopes and start writing letters in support of the veteran programs to your elected officials!

Washington is steadily cutting back on all these programs, and only the support of the voters can make them stop and think.

Shorty Miller
Camp Hill, Pa.

"Traffic Report"

In the September '85 issue you ran a good story called "Traffic Report" by J.D. (I wonder if that stands for Jack Daniel's.)

Anyway, he tells us (on page 15) that the dude rides a surging pan. Then later on he says, "Working his smashed fingers he took the gun from his pocket and stuck it in his right hand. He then opened the throttle and kicked through the gears." How the fuck do you open the throttle

and kick through the gears with a gun in your right hand? Please tell me 'cause ya never know, some day I may have to do the same thing.

Do you think J.D. had a little too much JD while he was writing the story?

Jimbo
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sounds like it.

Grateful Dead

I was just out in California. I flew out and rented a cage. Only had a week. Anyway, I was listenin' to the tune box and what did I hear? A request for the gang at *Easyriders* magazine from Bomber and Wrench. And you know what they played? "The U.S. Blues" by the Dead. Made my fuckin' day. Thanks.

Pan Man
Oakland, N.J.

A Freak-Out

Some brothers lose family due to the length of time they'll be down. Usually that's due to a weak-hearted bitch. I won't expound on this, you all know who you are. Some lose hope when serving time. What is there to hope for?

But the true brothers never lose their hearts. And on March 17, 1985, many of my close bros and I had our hearts pulled out of the gutter and flown to the heavens, courtesy of a few hundred brother bikers who chose to profile the Northern Nevada Correctional Center during a break from the helmet protest rally in Carson City, Nevada.

This is a letter of personal thanks to one and all who participated in the run. You showed us a glimpse of what we're missing and hope to be back into soon — the wind.

Thank you, brothers. You gave the guards a panic and our hearts a high that will last for a long time to come.

Train, Lobo, Bear, Gremlin, and Rusty
Carson City, Nev.

Easyriders was there.

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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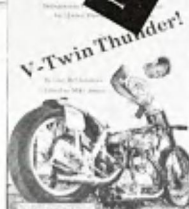
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Hard Breaks

Continued from page 37

us to own a brand-new Harley.

"Why argue with facts? You're just plain lucky," Jesse commented. "You have a lotta good friends, a real nice home, and ya never have shit in your beard like Flynn does." Flynn frowned at her and grunted something unintelligible.

Buck merely grinned. "My military and riding adventures have nothin' to do with luck, I tell ya. What you're talking about is skill."

"What about your new ride?" asked Dread. "How do ya suppose 'skill' factors into that?"

"Look, I've got two jobs, a VA allotment for school, and I've quit buying frivolous shit like pot," Buck replied.

"Everybody's gotta sacrifice somethin' to get what they want," remarked Flynn. "Ain't any wonder you get so keyed up lately. Good choice, though — that's some engine you've got, boy." He clapped Buccaneer's shoulder, then suggested we get going.

We were only fifteen minutes from home when all hell broke loose. A speeding flatbed, illegally hauling ass in the fast lane, lost an axle and went totally out of control. The Chevy following right behind it locked up its brakes and skidded wildly to the right. As usual, Buccaneer had been riding point and now he tried to whittline it past the cage, but slammed into its bumper instead. His FLH began a violent, sickening solo dance, flipping and bouncing all over, while Buck went flying into the number two lane.

The scene is forever imbedded in my mind, replayed in gruesome, slow-motion nightmares that occur when they will, day as well as night. A station wagon punched Buck solidly, sending him skidding along the asphalt. The force of the impact knocked his boots off — his fuckin' boots! Flynn veered left into the gravel-covered median strip, dropping his pan and sliding on without it. To her



"I don't know what happened to Jimmy. . . I was just showing him how to mow the lawn a few minutes ago."

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credit, Jesse was wise enough to go limp and ride with it. The trucker had lost it completely; when he careened off the road, it seemed foreordained that he'd roll it over the old panhead. Flynn would literally cry about his bike later, but right at that moment he and his woman were doing a fine job of staying alive.

Dread put his XR into a skid that would've made a flat-tracker cream, halting just inches from Flynn, showering him with gravel but keeping it upright. Since I'd been ridin' the back door, I lucked out with plenty of time to shut it down safely. So did the CHP officer who'd been following all of us the last eight miles. He hit the lights, skewed his cage sideways, and brought traffic to a halt.

I jumped off my bike and ran to Buccaneer. His ass dragging the pavement, he was executing a tortured, determined, awkward crawl toward his mangled blockhead, pulling himself along on his elbows. His left leg lay unnaturally twisted, high up across his thighs, literally spurting geysers of blood. "Pigfucker!" he howled at the overturned truck.

Its young driver, his face shock-white, crawled from the cab, his lips forming soundless words of horror and apology.

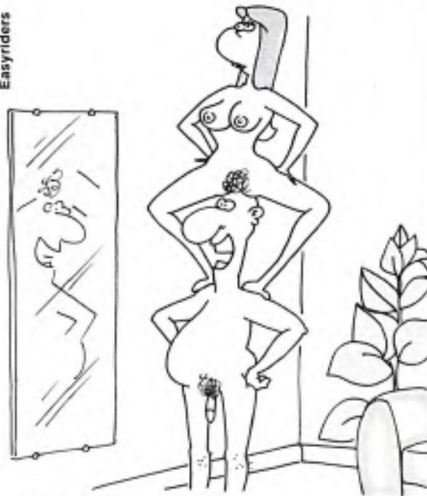
"My bike! My new fucking bike! Arrowhead! Look what that asshole did to my bike!" Buccaneer turned his head toward me, his eyes gray slits of rage and pain.

"Stop moving, you fucking asshole!" I yelled, horrified at the sight of jagged, gleaming bone showing through his bloodied Levi's. Ripping off my headband, I tried to stop shaking long enough to tie a decent tourniquet.

A slow-moving rubbernecker, passing on our left, leaned out his window to make a comment about "the lone biker and Tonto."

"Frag that good, Corporal!" Buck screamed at me. He lifted a gloved fist, middle finger extended, at the cager. "You! I'm gonna kill you!"

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"You're right, I would look good in a hair-piece!"

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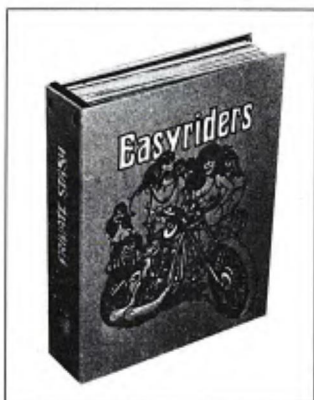
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"Never mind hōw! Just get me off the fuckin' doorknob!"

didn't alter the pain we felt over his plaster-wrapped bum leg. Maybe seeing the rest of us whole and intact except for a few road-rash scars on Flynn and Jesse bummed him out; in any case, shortly after he got out of the hospital he announced that he was going to go to Europe on the insurance money. It took us all by surprise; we couldn't quite feature our born-and-bred desert rat compadre doing the old "continental tour" on crutches, especially since he was so vague about when he'd come back.

Well, naturally, being an Irishman, Eire is where he went first. That's also where he stayed. It seems he'd read something about a crackerjack surgeon over there who had developed a real hot technique for dealing with shattered bones after years of working on bodies broken by that country's dirty little war with the motherland. Because Buccaneer hadn't wanted us to get our hopes up in vain, he didn't let us in on any of this until afterward.

The first news we got had us all wired up and once again saying what an incredibly lucky bastard our buddy Buccaneer was. The operation had been a success, everything was finally knitting together right, he expected to be off his crutches in two months at the outside. We figured we'd see him home in three.

But Buck likes his excitement. The next thing we knew, he was up in Belfast. "Just checking things out," he wrote from there. "What a beautiful country. Too bad everyone here wants to kill everyone else."

Oh, fuck, we thought, that stupid Mick is about to throw in with his underdog kinsmen. Not content to survive Vietnam and a bad accident, to get the use of his damn leg back, now he's going to press his fucking luck to the max.

These suspicions were obliquely confirmed by his next letter. "Had to give up on finding a Harley here. It would probably be a bit too conspicuous, anyhow. Currently riding an old Trump. Don't tell anyone I said so, but between you and me, I've got to admit she runs a close second to Milwaukee iron. I also have to admit that I'm starting to get sort of homesick. Think you guys are going to be ready for another run out to the desert anytime soon? Take care of yourselves until I get there."

So he was finally coming home. We couldn't wait to see him. We also couldn't shake off our worry over his mention of not wanting to be too conspicuous. "Take care of yourselves," he'd written. Yeah, you, too, I thought, 'cause it ain't us playing around with bombs and guns and pissing off the Queen.

Then it was on the early morning news: A man rumored to be an American citizen had been killed in Northern Ireland when he and his motorcycle happened to be in front of a hotel that someone had scheduled for violent demolition. There wasn't

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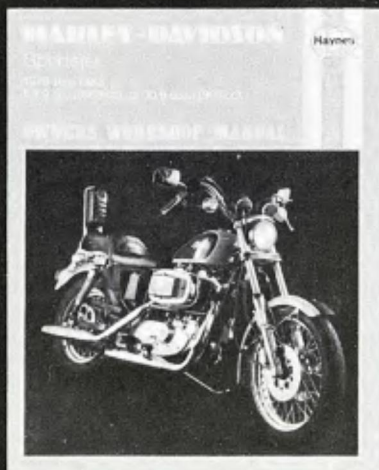
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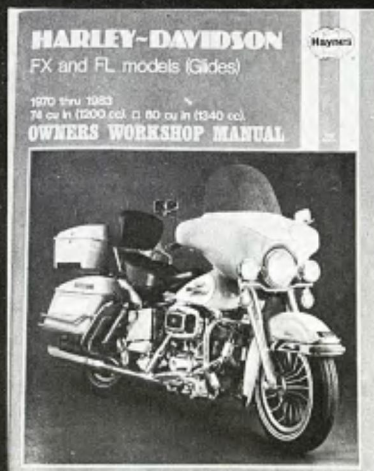
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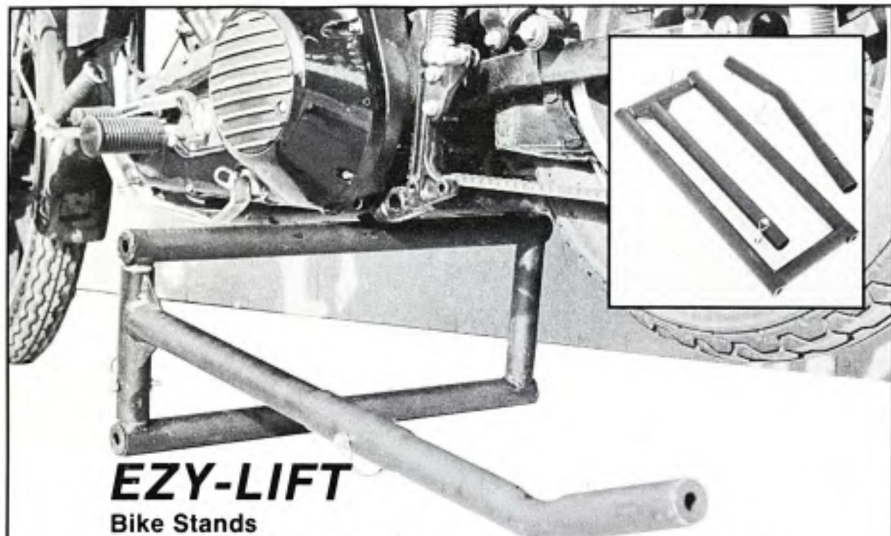
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enough left of him to make a positive identification.

Flynn, Jesse, Dread, and me all knew who it was, though. The fucking sonuvabitch had finally gone and done it after all. We held a righteous wake for him and managed not to break down until Jesse opened her yap and blurted out, "Why couldn't he have used some of his so-called skill just this one lousy time?"

A few days later I answered my phone and nearly had to give myself heart massage when I heard a faraway but unmistakable voice ask me if I thought I could handle going out to the airport the next afternoon.

"You just had a *what* for me?" he demanded after I'd momentarily stopped babbling curses at him. "Jesus, how lucky can someone be to have swell friends like you who want to go around burying people who aren't even dead? I'm really shocked." I could almost see that damn grin of his.

"Some joke," I said. "Well, fuck ya. You can walk home from the airport."

Of course, we were all there waiting for him when the big bird came rolling up to the gate. With his looks, Buccaneer was naturally one of the last passengers to get through customs. When he finally did stroll into view, it was with the sort of nonchalance you might expect of someone who'd been gone overnight instead of half a year. Everybody started talking and yelling at him simultaneously, and what with all the hugging and tears, it took a few minutes before any one of us could really string together a coherent thought. It was Buck who spoke first then. "You know, I've always told ya that what I have is skill, not luck," he said. "But I was wrong. I've got all of you as friends and that makes me the luckiest asshole in the world."



"I'm from the sperm bank, Ms. Whitman, and I'm afraid you've overdrawn your account."



A.



B.

C.



D.

E.



F.

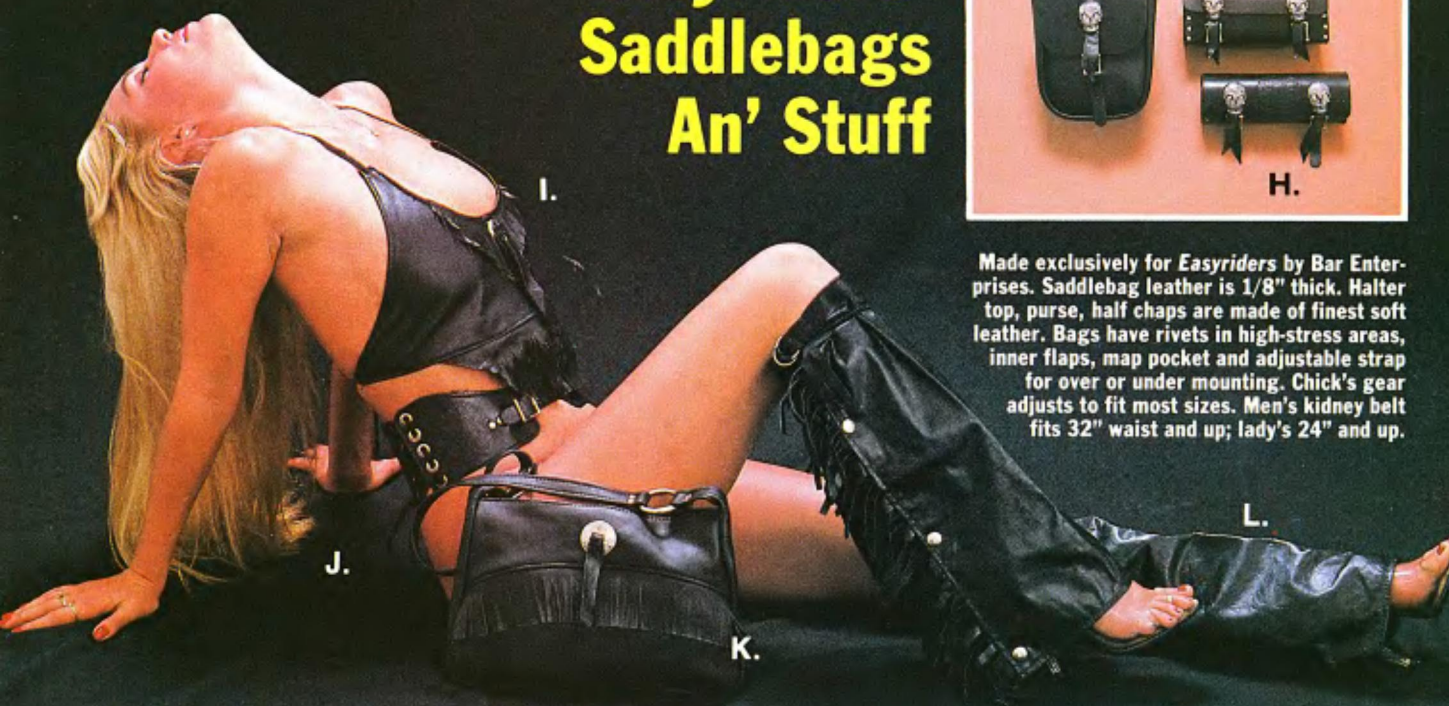


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Thick knit caps (we called 'em watch caps in the Navy) keep your gourd warm and your hair from looking like a fuckin' mess.

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Show some class by lettin' the world know you're a biker with these quality head covers. Only \$6.50 each, plus 75¢ postage and handling. Please specify **EASYRIDERS** cap or Harley-Davidson cap and quantity desired. Canadian and APO/FPO, send \$7.50 per cap; other foreign, send \$12.50 per cap (prices include postage outside the U.S.A.). All orders must be paid in U.S. funds. *Satisfaction is guaranteed.* California residents, add 6% sales tax.

Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301



Vet Voice

Continued from page 72

There were some rather interesting responses generated by the dismissal. For the chemical companies, a Dow spokeswoman said, "We respectfully disagree with the decision. They [the government] were the ones who developed the components for Agent Orange. They specified how the manufacturers were to make it, how and where it was to be applied. They were involved." Judge Weinstein, in agreement with the companies, said, "... [the Justice Department's] benign detachment from this aftermath of the Vietnam War may be cruel to the veterans who served their country. ... the United States will pay a high price for its present position. ... The U.S. government itself apparently isn't talking, at least for publication."

Item #2: That \$180 million settlement — none of which has been paid out yet — has been steadily accruing bank interest and now amounts to approximately \$200 million. After our lawyers take their multimillion-dollar cut, this is the rest of the split: \$150 million will go into a death and disability pool, and \$45 million will be a foundation to "address problems of the toxic defoliants' victims."

Translation: An insurance policy for death and disability during the period 1970-1995 will be purchased for \$150,000,000. It is supposed to cover an estimated 600,000 Nam vets exposed to the herbicides during the course of the war. (Only 245,000 of this estimated number have so far filed claims.) As for the \$45 million ... well, we'll see. A lot of variables are possible here. But vets will sit on the foundation's board of directors.

Back to that insurance policy, to provide specific figures for the individual. If disabilities began before Jan. 2, 1986, an average of \$9600 (maximum, \$12,800) may be paid. For disabilities arising after that date, awards will average \$2400 — with a ceiling of \$7300.

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)

U.S.A. & Canada, add 75¢ for postage & handling. Foreign, add \$4. U.S. funds only. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.)

BUN HUGGERS



"I'm his ol' lady's old lady!"

Don't get caught short. Whether you need paper to delight the eye or buff the butt, you'll always have plenty if you build up your collection of *In The Wind*. Each issue of *Wind* contains hundreds of pages of high-class glossy paper filled with leg-wetttin' pictures of bikers, bikes, and bitches. Order your back issues today and you're in for one of the greatest magazine treats you'll ever have — whichever end ya "read" 'em with.

Each issue of *In The Wind* is only \$4. We pay postage in the U.S.A. Canada, add \$1; and other foreign add \$4.25 for postage and handling.

Please circle issue ordered:

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Send your order to:

**In The Wind, c/o Easyriders,
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

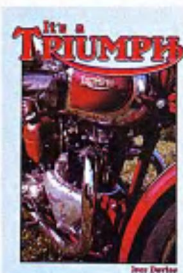
"Paper, Paper, I Need Some Paper!"



In The Wind 20
On Sale Now

SCOOTER BOOKS

The Bike That Wouldn't Die!



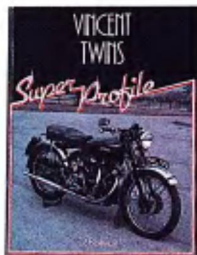
Triumph's obituary has been written uncounted times, but the famous British cycles keep rising from the dead. From the old single-thumpers to the state-of-the-art triples, here's the whole story in a picture-packed hardcover book. **\$19.95**

Indians Forever!



The "Crimson Steed of Steel" rides forever in this magnificent volume. V-twins, in-line fours, Scouts, Chiefs, and Big Chiefs, they're all here in the best history of Indian we've ever seen. Fully illustrated and hard-bound. **\$22.95**

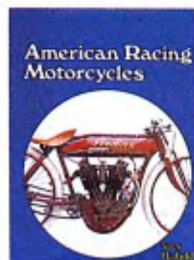
Vincent Twins — A Super Profile



A full "portrait," in text and pictures, of a group of motorcycles that longtime riders still speak of with awe and envy. The genius of Philip Vincent and the engineering skills of Phil Irving live again in this hardbound masterpiece. **\$9.95**

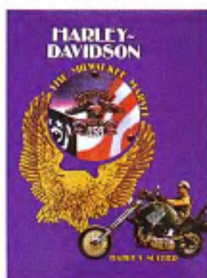
All The Hot Bikes!

Board tracks, dirt tracks, miles, half-miles, speedways, etc. You name it, and if bikes ever raced it, it's covered in this handsome, chock-full-of-photos volume. From the post-World War I Harley-Indian duels to current times, a fascinating saga of fast bikes and them who rode 'em. **\$22.95**



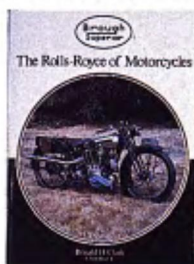
The Milwaukee Marvel!

Over 280 hardcover pages, crammed full of Harley facts, pictures and folklore. If you love your Hog, you've gotta have this complete history of H-D and the bikes that made it famous. **\$22.95**



The Rolls-Royce of Motorcycles!

The Brough Superior was arguably the best British bike built during the "golden years of motorcycling" when British bikes were winning races and setting speed records throughout the world. This is the first definitive history of the bike that conquered the planet from Aberdeen to Arabia. **\$9.95**



Please indicate book(s) ordered.

- _____ *It's A Triumph* _____ *The Iron Redskin*
_____ *American Racing Motorcycles*
_____ *Harley-Davidson: The Milwaukee Marvel*
_____ *The Rolls-Royce of Motorcycles!*
_____ *Vincent Twins — A Super Profile*

PAISANO PRODUCTS
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

VISA/MC welcome! You must include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit card order by phone from outside Calif., call toll-free (800) 247-6246. Inside Calif., call (818) 889-8740

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Shipping charges: U.S., add \$2; Canada and APO/FPO, add \$5; other foreign, add \$17 per order. U.S. funds only! Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

YOU GOTTA SLEEP SOMETIME!



\$6⁹⁵ each
or 2 for \$11.95

You can ride till ya drop and party till ya puke, but sooner or later, after 12 or 72 hours, that weary bod is gonna mutter, "Whoa, soldier! Time to pitch camp an' crash." When that moment comes, why rest yer weary head on anything but the best? Lay yer cranium on this top-quality, American-made pillowcase and start counting Harleys instead of sheep. Only \$6.95 each or \$11.95 per pair.

Shipping charges: U.S. orders, add \$2 per order; Canada and APO/FPO, add \$3.50; other foreign, add \$6.50. U.S. funds only! VISA/MC orders must include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit card order by phone from outside Calif., call toll-free (800) 247-6246. Inside Calif., call (818) 889-5740. Calif. res., add 6% sales tax. Send order to: Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Bike Bag

Here's a weather-proof bag to strap to your bike and carry around with you when necessary. Carry your dirty skivvies in it, or a blanket, booze, extra shirt, wrenches, oil, munchies, or all of 'em at once! We're sure you'll have your own ideas of how to use this heavy-duty, black 17" x 9 1/2" bag (with an orange-and-white Easyriders logo).

It's yours for only \$8, postage paid. Be the first on your block to get one and prove to everyone that you're not as dumb as you look. Get yours today! Canada, add \$3; foreign, add \$9. California residents, add 6% tax.



Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Payment to survivors of those dying from AO-related injuries before Jan. 2, 1986 would average \$3400. Payments for deaths after then will average \$1000, up to a max of \$3400.

Oh, yes, a final note and no pun intended: Those who will buy the Agent Orange-sprayed farm must do so before they are more than 60 years of age. Those over 60 will be ineligible to share in the largesse; for them there'll be "no payment."

Bunker Bookshelf Dept.

Brother Al Santoli, author of the best-seller *Everything We Had*, has produced another work of great interest to us: *To Bear Any Burden* (Dutton, \$18.95). Comprised of the eyewitness accounts of 48 participants and survivors of our war, one of the most interesting is that of Dan Pitzer who was held POW by the VC in the U Minh Forest for four years. He's got a helluva report on our old "comrade," Jane Fonda. (But, you know, Al, maybe you should have saved this book for number three. Given the stipulation of the AO settlement, perhaps your second work could've been entitled *And Everything We'll Ever Have*.)

Those of you looking for a damned good book (for the layman) on Post-Traumatic Stress Disorders should check out the excellent *VIETNAM VETERANS: The Road to Recovery* by Drs. Brende and Parson. It's still available from Plenum Publishing, 233 Spring St., New York, NY 10013, or for credit-card orders, (800) 221-9360. Price: \$17.95 prepaid.

"Wonder Where He Is Now. . ." Dept.

Ever needed to locate a long-lost fellow rice-paddy hugger to share old times, or help you get your disability/compensation, or bear witness to your earning an award, or not having done a crime, or *whatever*? Hard, ain't it? Especially when you can't remember his name or state, and don't have a serial number, etc.

Well, the Veterans Of The Vietnam War, Inc. is sponsoring the Find-A-Vet program, a computerized operation



"Just act casual!"

that got its start back in 1982 during the big Washington, D.C., rally, parade, and Vietnam Memorial dedication. It's grown considerably since then and the service is free. Find-A-Vet offers a substantial chance for you to locate that buddy through modern technology, provided you at least remember what unit you two served in and when. The more info provided, of course, the better. But you can get full information on the SOP and your chance of success by writing to the program's head, the VVnW's national commander, Tom Sutterfield, Find-A-Vet, Box 567, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.

Not only might you eventually find that bro, but you'll be adding to the program's pool of knowledge by adding info on yourself. Who knows? Maybe someone will then contact you and you can find that other vet the roundabout way (there are many, many thousands of vets listed in the computer). Be cool about it; enclose a SASE for Tom's info-reply.

Set The Record Straight Dept.

Your DD 214 and/or military records say you were awarded this or that medal or citation or whatever, but you were never issued the thing. You want it. Now what do you do? Send your request for the award, plus a copy of available proof of entitlement (like your discharge/separation form, etc.), directly to the given address that corresponds to the service which awarded you the honor.

Commander
US Army Res. Components
Personnel & Admin. Ctr.
ATTN: AGUZ-PSE-AW
9700 Page Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63132

Chief of Naval Personnel
Dept. of the Navy
Washington, DC 20370

Commandant
US Marine Corps
Code: DL
Washington, DC 20380

Commander
USAF Military Personnel Ctr.
ATTN: AFPM-PE
Randolph AFB, TX 78148

Commandant
US Coast Guard
13th and E Streets, NW
Washington, DC 20226

Say you hopped on one leg from the Delta to Hanoi armed with only a captured punji stick clenched in your teeth, stabbed Gen. Giap right up the ass, and believe that someone was supposed to put you in for the Congressional Medal of Valor. It has yet to materialize. Perhaps you made the best omelets in the Navy and should

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



Dirty Christmas Cards

Outrageous cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — strictly. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

You get six different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$4.95.

Sets B and C are the same filthy cards as before.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOX 1025, AGOURA, CA 91301

I'd like _____ sets of B.

I'd like _____ sets of C.

Matching envelopes with each order. I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____. You must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards. U.S. orders postpaid. Canadian orders, add \$1 for each set. Other foreign, add \$3 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. Calif. res., add 6% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Easyriders



The best bikes, broads, features and fiction from the early days of the world's number one biker rag, *Easyriders*. If you thought our Anniversary Specials 1 & 2 were good, you'll love the new Special. It's loaded with the good shit you wanted to keep but were too stoned to clip out and save. The '84 *Easyriders* Special is 164 pages of bikerdom's freakiest, funniest memories. Buy direct for \$3 (we pay postage in U.S.). Send your order to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (Canada, add \$2; other foreign, add \$7 for postage. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.)

SPECIAL

**LOAD 'EM UP,
MOVE 'EM OUT...**

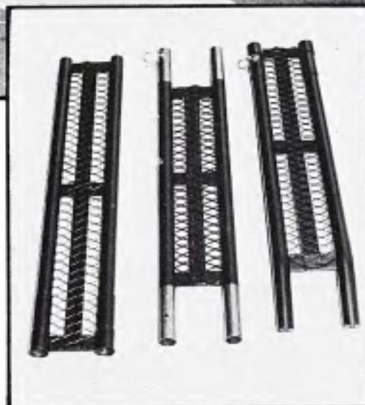


EZY-LOAD
...with

Load 'Em Up, Move 'Em Out with **EZY-LOAD**, world's best bike ramp.

Unique three-piece, 8-foot-long, made-in-America ramp assemblies and disassembles in seconds for easy storage **behind** a pickup seat or on a trailer. Easily supports heavyweights, including full-dress Harleys. Exclusive round-rail guides for tires, expanded metal floor for traction, non-slip cleats on bottom end and top-quality metal safety clips to keep it all together.

\$59



**LOAD 'EM UP
STRAP 'EM DOWN
MOVE 'EM OUT**

NEW! Keep that bike snugged down tight when truckin' or trailerin' with our new, extra-heavy-duty, aircraft-type tiedowns. A full one inch wide, these quality tiedowns feature padded hooks and a tough, built-to-last quick-release buckle. Our price? A low \$9.95 for a set of two.

SHIPPING INFO:

EZY-LOAD — Add \$10 for shipping in U.S.; APO/FPO, Alaska, and Hawaii, add \$35.

EZY-TIEDOWNS — Add \$2 for shipping in U.S.; APO/FPO, Alaska, and Hawaii, add \$4.

Sorry, **NO FOREIGN ORDERS**. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

VISA/MC orders must include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit card order by phone, call toll-free (800) 247-6246. Inside Calif., call (818) 889-8740.

Send check/m.o. to:

EZY-LOAD, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

have received the Order of Lard, but so far haven't. Seriously, people, if there's an injustice in your records, or if your records reflect any sort of error and you want it straightened out, the way to go is to submit a DD Form 149 to the appropriate agency. The form is available from the VA, but your best route is to first see a DAV, American Legion, VFW, etc. counselor. He'll discuss the problem with you, supply and help you with the form, advise you on needed backup evidence, assist you in obtaining military records, etc., etc.

I-Don't-Remember Dept.

You don't really know if you were ever in an area sprayed with herbicides. You can't recall exactly where you were at any given time in 'Nam. You may need either or both of these pieces of info to support a claim or file for an award or whatever. What do you do?

Start by contacting **Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc., National HQ, 589 Washington Blvd., Stamford, CT 06902**. Ask for their information packet that includes a Standard Form 180 to obtain your "Complete Military Record Book" from the National Personnel Records Center and the request form for obtaining "herbicide information/OR-LLs & COARs."

This is a mildly complex process, but you'll be provided with clear instructions. If you use the forms and follow the VVAOV's instructions, you'll receive a full copy of your military records from St. Louis and a set of map overlays (from the Dept. of the Army & Joint Services Environmental Group) showing the spraying areas where you served. Additionally, the latter organization will provide you with the so-called OR-LLs and COARs "AD Numbers" that describe where you and the units you served with in 'Nam were during your period(s) of service.

Continued on page 108

Easyriders

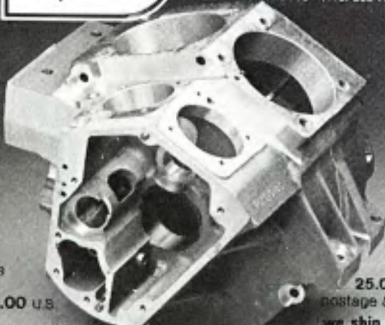


"I don't mind being overweight, it's just that whenever I fart, it sounds like someone's clapping their hands."



**HEAVY DUTY
CYCLES LIMITED**

2230 KINGSTON ROAD, TORONTO
CANADA M1N 1T9 (416) 265-1765

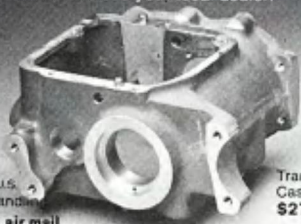


Engine Cases
\$625.00 U.S.

High quality replacement engine cases fits 1970-1984 74 or 80 cu.in. guaranteed for one year & delivered with Manufacturers certificate of origin.

Transmission case fits 1979 to present 4 speed Belt or chain drive.

Same day shipping, U.S. money orders or credit card visa/master charge/AMEX welcome — must include card number, exp. date and signature. Canadians see your local dealer.



25.00 U.S.
postage & handling
we ship via air mail

Transmission Cases
\$275.00 U.S.

2230 KINGSTON ROAD, TORONTO, CANADA M1N 1T9 (416) 265-1765

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)

BRONZE FORKS — MEDIUM GLIDE BY

Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc. 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (157)

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. (154)

Sides Line Sunglasses, free. Box 1238, Jackson, CA 95642. (149)

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

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)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/OLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325½ Piuma, 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)

OBSOLETE 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)

Olympic Powder Painting 2320 Vineyard Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. (619) 745-3322. (151)

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. (149)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (901) 276-6443. (149)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (149)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL.) (149)

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.) (149)

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

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

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.

Mike from Loveland: Lost your address. Would like to keep in touch. Jim, HQCo., 7th CommBn, PPO San Francisco, CA 96602. (149)

Just a few lines to say thanks to all my bros for everything you've done for me since I've been locked up. A special thanks for my scooter. Y'all did a beautiful job. We'll be riding together real soon. Brother always, Sluggo! HFFH. (149G)

Kathy: Just thinkin' of old times. Miss seeing you, tell Brown Eye hi. Electro Bro, Taylor, Michigan. (149)

To the chick in upper right corner of pg. 10, July '85: Hey, lady, if you're who I think you are, you took a little piece of my heart when you split. Why don't ya be kind enough to write and let me know how the hell ya are. Hell, even if ya ain't who I think ya are, write anyway. John Sterling 369150, Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349. (149G)

Tank (Danny Hines): Need you. Your bro, Chip Walsh, Box 1331, Clanton, AL 34045. (149)

Tattoo machines, \$75 and up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Attention: Tramps, outlaws and bandits. This 25-yr.-old mama with seductive hazel eyes is in need of bucks to get to Southern Cal. Will send photos for \$8. Come on, all righteous people. Get this chick home. Send cash or money orders to D. Johnson, Box 574, Pollock, LA 71467. (150)

For sale: 1936 VLD basket, 95% complete. Needs restoration. 1942 WLA basket. New motor and transmission; needs frame and front end. Good titles and many extra parts for both. VL, \$2500, WL, \$800. Both, \$3000. Woody, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (149)

Desperately seeking The Unicorn Lady. Call collect immediately. Weirdo, Folly Beach. (149)

Old Harley parts — cheap! Send \$3 for parts list. Animal, Box 564, Shingletown, CA 96088. (149)

Dirt: Happy 40th, ol' man (11/7/45). I think of you often. I love you always. Susie Crow. (149)

Riders, worldwide: Put your favorite non-hostile biker hangouts, shops, swap meets and annual parties on the map (for free) in our upcoming *Biker Travel Guide*, 1985-1986. 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 when it's published. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (149)

Horsemen on my mind! Love, Chrissy. (149)

Glenn: Happy birthday (9/26/85)! Surprised you this time. We will always be here for you. Love always, Cindy and Cheryl. (149)

Candy Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$3 for your own personal picture and letter. Candy, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

Jody Rogers of Apalachicola, Florida: The Angel needs you. Bonnie knows. (149)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boy-friends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (149)

June Bug: No matter where we are, miles can't separate the closeness in our hearts. And nothing can take away the beautiful memories of 10 years. Happy anniversary! I love you! Vicki. (149)

Patches: Where are you? Are you okay? Call collect. "Worried in Canada." (416) 656-1263. (149)

Turk: Happy birthday on 10/20, sweetheart. I will always love you! Gretchen and Leanna miss you. Call us. (916) 989-1495. Love, Mary. (149)

All bikers and truckers: Beware — Gilbert "Sonny" LaScala is a snitch. He was a federal witness in Operation Zoo-keeper in Omaha, Nebraska, 11/84. Papa Joe, Omaha, Neb. (149)

Tremendous saving for you! 100% guaranteed. 40-pc. socket set, \$24. 40-pc. tap-and-die set, \$24. 11-pc. wrench set, \$15. Nude playing cards, 3/\$5. Nude lighters, 3/\$5. Add 10% for shipping. Send ck/m.o. to M.A. McGinnis, Box 4017, Northbrook, IL 60065. (151)

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. (149)

Tattoo power controls from \$50. Send \$2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (159)

Pearl, Big Vic, Li'l Joe, and Boogie: Please contact Rob ASAP! Very urgent. William "Rob" Roberts 2041-ASB, 4041 Northfield Rd., CHC, Warrensville, OH 44122. (149G)

Julie, my sweet one: Ni toi sans moi; ni moi sans toi. Loving you always and all ways, Joel. (149)

Trying to locate Ed Kruzger. Ed, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please contact Nancy Ellis at 2471 N. 45th St., Milwaukee, WI 53210 or call (414) 442-3719. (149)

Ziggy: Happy 31st (10/31/56) to a wonderful man. You put me on my own scooter, my dream-maker. Red hair and born on Halloween — what a combo! Love now and always, your Binky. Georgi. (149)

Finest quality biker jewelry, shirts, and leather accessories. Send for free catalog today! MSE, Box 119, Ridge-catalog, NY 11385. (149)

Desperately seeking Jimbo. Happy belated birthday, babe. Hope the weather is nice wherever. Let's go on an adventure. Remember. I'll always desire you — desperately. Weez. (149)

T.J., Larry, Kimske, Toko, or any of you scumbags in Greeley: Get in contact! Tom, Box 593, Plankinton, SD 57368. (149)

Swap meets: October 13, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. October 20 and November 24, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. (149)

Weed: Happy birthday. You're the best friend I could ever hope for. Wish I was there to celebrate with you. Miss you. Best friends forever, no matter what. Terse J.C.W.Y.G.T.P. (149)

"Tattooing A-Z," illustrated manual. Tips for experts and beginners by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Money-back guarantee! \$12.95, plus \$2 postage. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (149)

Wanted in Ludington: A woman named Charmaine to be my wife, to love and cherish the rest of my life. I'd be very thankful for a second chance, for I now know what a good wife I had. So if your heart says I'll give you my life, please honor me by being my wife. I love you. Doug. (149)

Hooter: Thanks for the best 10 years of my life. Here's to at least another 10. Love ya more than ever. Always, D. & H./H. & D. (149)

Classics: '58 Chevy Bel Air, \$2500, and '59 Ford F-100 4x4, \$3500. Both near complete restoration. All H-D shovels, knuckles and panheads considered as trade. Call Tim at (213) 831-8531. (149)

Shears, great indoors, perfect outdoors. Ideal for the handyman's toolbox. \$5.98 postpaid. K.M., Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (149)

Swingers, companions, soulmates, friendship-seekers: "Person to Person" newsletter published bi-monthly. Six-month subscription, \$20. Personal advertising, 25¢/word. Free issue to each advertiser. Code numbers for confidential correspondence available at additional \$7.50 fee with mail forwarded unopen. P.T.P., Box E278, Whitehall, WI 54773-0278. (151)

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)

Donkey cigarette dispenser carries his load of cigarettes on his back. Just push his ears and he lifts up his tail and calmly ejects one cigarette. Sturdily built. \$5.95 postpaid. K.M., Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (149)

L.W.: Happy anniversary. I love you. Forever yours. Your lady, Erika. (149)

Moose: You are the best and I will always be there if you need me. Ride free forever! Love, Lu. (149)

Roy and Kim of Baytown, Texas: I need to find Chad M. or anyone knowing his whereabouts. Been stuck out for 13 months; can make parole with help. Need to hear from any of you. Edward "Dino" Leiffer 108502, LCIS H-1, Box 1056, DeQuincy, LA 70633. (149)

Tis: Whatdafuck — where are you? Got a new address. N3295 S. Hutchinson, Bruce, WI 54819. Is. (149)

For sale: 102 *Easyriders*, 30 *Iron Horse*, 29 *Chopper* and *Biker* magazines; also, four calendars. I will take \$225 postpaid, or best offer. Write first to reserve. Joe Standfield, Box 1261, Blytheville, AR 72316. (149)

Tattoo inks, bright colors. Tattoo designs, \$1 per sheet. Send \$1 for brochures to Britt, Box 33, Alexis, NC 28006. (156)

Prisoner-authored and published, "The Chaos of my Id." The most profound "prison book" you'll ever read. Sales to help obtain an attorney. Send \$2. Ann Valentine, 931 W. Webster St., Springfield, MO 65802. (149)

Wanted: Top-quality artist to paint Harley on semi. Tim, W. 700 Main, Pullman, WA 99163. (149)

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)

K.K.: The finest Hog-ridin', tattooed, beer-drinkin', muff-divin', understandin' ol' man ever to walk the earth. I'll love ya until eternity. Happy anniversary (11/3/79). Forevermore, L.L. (149)

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)

David: You're a very special man and the only one I want. I love and need you always. Country. (149)

Downed 1% bro looking for any information on religion of Odin and Thor — letters, literature, art, etc. Send to Vic "Derelict" Wollon 78839, SSCF, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314. (149)

Chopper: Happy anniversary (11/4/85). You're the best ol' man a lady could have. I love you, forever and always. Muff-Muff. (149)

Fawn: Would you mind if I kissed you? I love you now, forever, and always. G. (149)

Paco: The candles are burning, the lotion's waiting, the Kool-Aid's in the bag. It's playtime! All I need is you! Always yours, Kathi. (149)

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.

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.

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. (152)

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)

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)

Crazyman "Big Gene": Happy belated 41st! You put the shine in this Li'l Star. Keep it up! With affection — TLC.

Letters re-directed from Canada; confidentiality assured. Enclose \$2. Donna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Tattooing outfit: Electric machine (heavy-duty), power unit, voltage regulator, designs, inks, needles, instructions, \$95. U-ASSEMBLE, Box 242-L, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (149)

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.

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

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.

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.

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.

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)

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.

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.

"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.

Classic British motorcycles supplied to order. Please write for brochure to Barrie Strong, Motor Cycle Export, 5, Barnham Close, Solihull, West Midlands, United Kingdom.

A \$5.50 donation will get you a pair of my world-famous Texas Tittie Twisters. F.L. Shipley, Box 2964, Humble, TX 77347.

Rebel Rick: Much to discuss; please call me at 864-1853. Your bro for life. Scooter Scott.

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.

Bruce: we made it through another one. Happy sixth anniversary, 9/1/85. Love ya lots. Colleen.

Two-Wheel Tale

Makin' Do

by R.W. "Bear" Alford

CC and I were tight bros. We had a lot of good times puttin' and partyin' together. He rode a fatbob panhead that was a collection of everybody's used worn-out parts. Only one tank would hold gas. The other one had a hole in it. Somehow he always managed to keep his scooter on the road. Guess all the balancing wire helped.

Several of us were sitting around CC's place bullshitting one afternoon when we decided to go to Prescott for a ride the coming week-end. It was a hot desert day in Phoenix and Prescott's colder altitude sounded great. Well, I'll have you know that on Friday it rained like the great flood of Noah's time. It never rains in Phoenix. The sun always shines. It just so happened. I found out later, that we were in the middle of a 50-year flood cycle. I'm not one of those fair-weather fuckers, so when Saturday morning came around and it was still raining, I

rolled up some smoke and my gear and rode on down to CC's place.

I, me, myself, and the ol' lady. No one else had the guts to show up and ride in the rain. And, of course, there was CC — who was still in bed. I rolled him out of the sack, stuck a joint in his mouth and adjusted his attitude. He rolled up his gear, stuck his ol' lady on the back, and he was ready to go.

It was just sort of drizzling now and we thought everything would turn out all right, after all. No such luck. We hit Black Canyon City and it poured on us like a cow pissin' on a flat rock. To make it worse, CC

had this eight-foot-wide bedroll on his front forks. Whenever the wind or a truck would blow by us, he went all over the road — causing me to go all over the road to steer clear of him. We'd reached the top of this hill outside Black Canyon City when CC's pan coughed, sputtered, and died. He'd run out of gas in his one good tank.

So there we were, the four of us, out in the pouring rain on the Black Canyon Freeway with no gas station in sight. What could we do? Only one sensible thing to do. We pushed our scoots under this overpass.

Continued on page 113



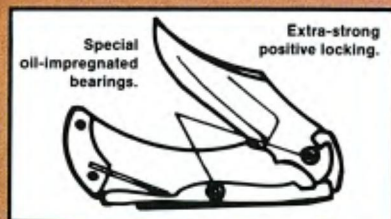
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The best folding knife you'll ever own. Custom made for *Easyriders* by Rigid Knives. Every knife features: Made-in-America quality • Lifetime warranty • Oil-impregnated blade and rocker bearings • *Easyriders* laser-engraved on the stock • Positive locking device • Contoured South American hardwood handle • Solid brass bolsters • Semi-hollow ground • 440 surgical stainless steel blade • Full-grain leather sheath.

#R9E — The Engraved Apache Folder. Top of the line. Solid brass one-piece bolsters with engraving and antiqued handle. Blade, 3 3/4"; length, 8 3/4"; wt., 9 oz. \$125, U.S.; \$129, Canada; \$137, all other foreign.

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#R8 — Caribou. Same quality features as the Apache in a sheath knife. Weight balanced in the handle for perfect feel. Blade, 5"; length, 9 5/8"; wt., 10 oz. \$75, U.S.; \$79, Canada; \$87, all other foreign.

All prices include postage. To order, send check or money order payable in U.S. funds to Palsano Publishing, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% sales tax. Visa and Mastercard welcome. Include card number, expiration date, and signature.

Vet Voice

Continued from page 104

OR-LLs are "Operational Reports-Lessons Learned" and COARs are "Combat After-Action Reports." Each unit in Vietnam had to periodically turn in these reports and possessing copies of them will provide you with an exact and official "diary" showing where you were and what was going on at any time during your tour(s).

When you receive these pertinent OR-LL/COAR "AD Numbers," you can then send a request to the organization that actually provides the paper copies of the reports that will make up your tour diary. (A couple of years ago they were charging for the actual reports and may — or may not — still be doing so.)

This is a tedious way of getting the info, but it has to be done this way. VVAOVI will supply the necessary forms, and the other agencies will each contribute their respective pieces of the puzzle. Additionally, you will be aiding VVAOVI in its continuing struggle against Agent Orange problems by giving them input on yourself — they're establishing a very broad data base and need your input.

"Promises, Promises!" Dept.

Judging from the feedback sent to both me and the editors, the credibility of this column seems to have remained intact. I thank all who wrote for their time and effort. How much longer I'll be at the helm of "Vet Voice" is, however, still a question contingent on a few other factors ranging from the personal to the practical to the moral.

In any event, all will be resolved within a few months, I hope. The question is mentioned only because I want to assure a few people that commitments and promises I've made will be fulfilled before the Sarge departs, if he does. A column devoted to the sisters is in the works — I'm hacking my way through the required research right now. And there will also be a column devoted to our incarcerated brothers — one that will provide some extremely justified hope and relief, if what I've learned comes to pass.

See you next issue. . . ride easy. ■



"If man wasn't supposed to eat pussy, why does it look like a taco?"

Continued from page 25

Even with all the technology that exists in the world, those extreme changes — even though we've read

ER: So some Rip Van Winkle-type biker who fell asleep in 1985 and didn't wake up until 2010 probably wouldn't be too shocked by what he'd



A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

Are ya ready? Here's a large (approximately 27" x 26") bandanna — large enough to wear as a band to keep your hair in place while riding. Your ol' lady can wear one for the same reason or to hide the fact that her hair's a mess. Or you could use it as a wipe cloth — whatever you're wipin' — sweat, water, oil, blood, cum, you name it. It has **Easyriders** emblems all over it in bright orange — a must for a stone biker (or stoned).

For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders). Order three bandannas and you get a break — send \$12.00 plus postage (\$2.00 in U.S. and Canada, and \$4.00 for foreign orders). (U.S. funds only.)

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A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send \$8 to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose \$2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.

see at a Harley dealership?

WG: Well, we will always be very careful about making drastic changes just because of our following and the importance of the riders who love our product as it is.

I think I have to walk on a razor blade a little bit. By that, I mean some people say, "Hey, how come you don't make these things totally different? Why are you hanging on to certain shapes that have gone on many years before you?" On the other hand, the reverse of that are the ones who say, "Don't move a bolt. You should still be building the knucklehead." Somewhere in between there's the answer to why we're alive and well. We take it a day at a time and by 2000, who knows?

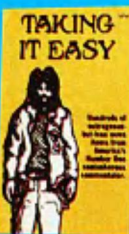
ER: More than anyone else at H-D you seem to get out and spend a lot of time with the riding public, particularly at major runs like Daytona and Sturgis. What's the most common reaction when some rider finds out the guy next to him on a barstool is Willie G. Davidson?

WG: I think they're glad to see me because I'm out on the pavement doing the same thing they are. I think that involvement in the sport is critical to understanding it. I think that when I pull up in front of the Boot Hill or some place there's a certain instant camaraderie that we all have, because I'm one of them and they're one of me.



Easyriders

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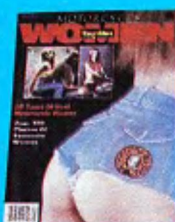


Thirty-nine of the greatest tales from Spider's vault. Hours and hours of righteous reading of the kind you dig best. \$3.

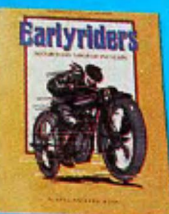
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Over 220 biker-tested recipes for everything from cow nuts to raisin pie. Lavishly illustrated by Hal Robinson. \$4.



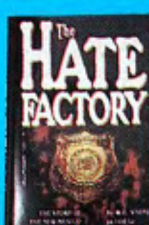
Here she is, her riotous majesty. Mutha tells it like it is, with her no-holds-barred advice. Complete with illustrations by Hal Robinson. \$3.



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Another classic from our back pages. All the stuff you complained about us not getting in the first Anniversary Issue. \$3.



A true, eyewitness account of the New Mexico penitentiary riot that left 33 men dead. Must reading for those who care about our bros locked down in prison. \$3.

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Easyriders Books

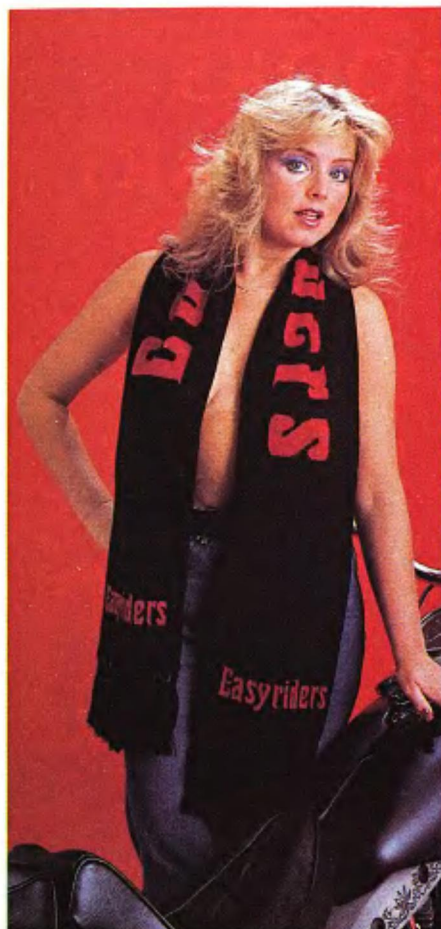
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\$14, plus postage and handling (\$1 in the continental U.S.; \$2 to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and APO/FPO; and \$5 foreign, uninsured).

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Box 1025
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Tech Tip

Continued from page 29

adjustment. Now that the clutch release lever is in the best place for operatin' the clutch, all ya gotta do is get the cable adjusted to suit yerself. Ya know that ya gotta have free play in the cable, hot or cold, so be sure there is some when you're through. Adjust the cable till there's just a little play. Start yer scoot an' adjust the cable until the clutch starts to engage right where it feels best to you. As long as there's free play in the cable an' the release lever's where it oughta be, ya can put the clutch lever where you feel most comfortable with it.

The throttle cable adjustment is even easier. Most bros like the throttle to have as little play as possible. With a "tight" well-lubed throttle cable, its action begins to feel like an extension of the rider's will — I'm talkin' bitchin'. All ya gotta do is take most of the play out of the cable without takin' so much out that the carb gets opened when ya turn the bars.

That's it. Ya just did the two things that'll make yer clutch an' throttle work best for you. The clutch adjustment at the tranny is best for maximum leverage an' the adjustment for the cable is best for yer hand. The throttle is now smooth an' there's damned little slack to take up before ya get action. Not only that, but the look-see ya gave the cables when ya oiled 'em added the extra measure of confidence that comes only with knowin' everything is right. After all, ya don't wanna come to a sudden halt next to the bro with the broken chain 40 miles outside of East Bum-Fuck — except to give the bastard a hand. ■

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"I sure hope this cures my AIDS"
(See page 50)

Two-Wheel Tale

Continued from page 107

huddled ourselves underneath the tarp I'd carried, and lit up a couple joints. About the time we took the last hit a voice from the other side of the tarp said, "What's going on?" Quick — eat the roaches. We peeked out and found a cop had pulled his car up alongside us. So naturally we told him about our lack of gas and asked him if he would get us some. Naturally, he said no. He did offer to drive the "ladies" back down to the nearest service station if we wanted to coast down the hill on our scoots and meet them there. We'd already thought of that, though, and had just wanted to get stoned first. Mission accomplished. We let him lead us down the hill to the gas station like Officer Dudley Do Good.

Well, we never did make it to Prescott. We were soaked like drowned rats and the neon signs across the road from the gas station caught our eye. MOTEL! BEER! MOTEL! BEER! All right! We rented a room for the night after getting a lot of static from the old man proprietor. My overbearing presence finally made him give in. Since we were such cheap fuckers, we only paid for a single and that's what we got. Well, I'll tell you, we opened the door and saw immediately that four people and two scoots were not going to fit in this tiny room, so we did a little rearranging. After we tilted the bed frame up against the wall and threw the mattress, dresser and chairs out the door, the scooters fit in quite nicely. CC and I trotted across the road for some beer. By the time we got back the ol' ladies had used the nice white motel towels to polish our scoots and had their naked bodies roasting in front of the heater. Needless to say, we also got naked and then got down. Party time.

I heard the next day they were looking for a couple of bikers in that area. Seems they held a party in this motel room and wrecked it all to shit. Couldn't have been us. We were already back down in Phoenix, bull-shitting about where our next ride would be. ■



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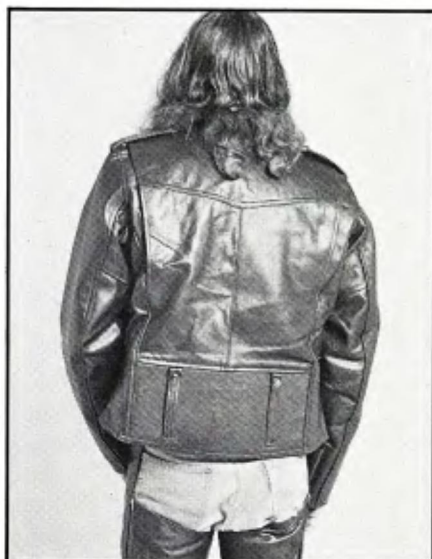
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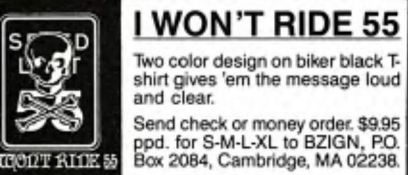
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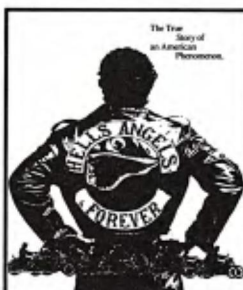
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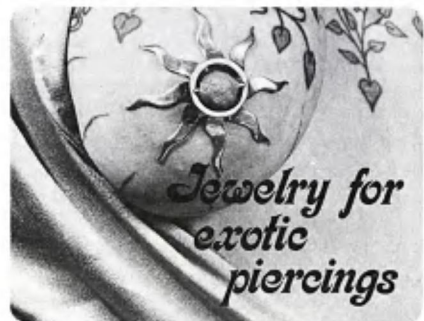
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Dash Mounting Plate

S-SP-25

114.95

Dash Kit includes Speedo,

2-1 or 1-1 Key Switch

Dash Base and

Dash Mounting Plate

S-SP-36

124.95

Dash Kit includes speedo

2-1 or 1-1 Key Switch

Dash Base and

Dash Mounting Plate

S-SP-25

114.95

Dash Kit includes Speedo,

2-1 or 1-1 Key Switch

Dash Base and

Dash Mounting Plate

S-FE-4

79.95

S-FE-2

79.95

S-FE-6

39.95

S-W-14

34.95

S-C-22

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S-EM-1

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S-PC-3

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S-D-2

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S-D-15

19.95

S-L-7

39.95

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14.95

S-L-12

11.95

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7.95

S-H-10

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S-R-23-B Black

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5.95 each 2 for 9.95

S-LG-10

5.95 Pair

S-KP-6

14.95

S-H-5

13.95

S-SU-7

9.95

S-M-27

1.95

S-SW-1

4.95

S-SC-1

6.95

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49.95 pair

S-FB-4

49.95 pair

S-H-15

S-H-16

S-FE-3

79.95

S-SW-3

29.95

S-SW-4

4.95

S-SP-41A

Standard 19.95

S-SP-41B

XDL 29.95

S-SP-3

64.95

S-SP-4

64.95

S-C-20

19.95

S-SP-2

64.95

S-SP-7

79.95

S-C-4

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S-SP-2

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