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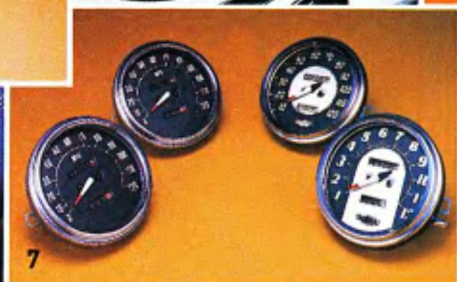
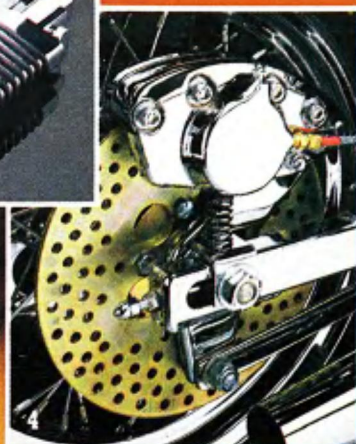
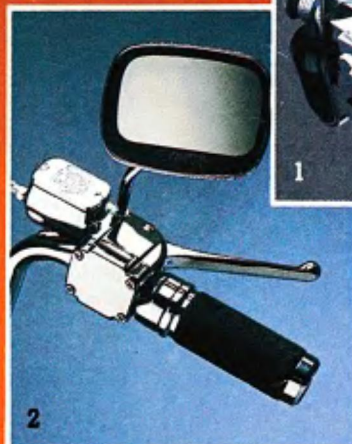
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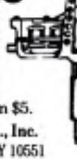
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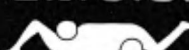
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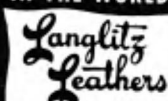
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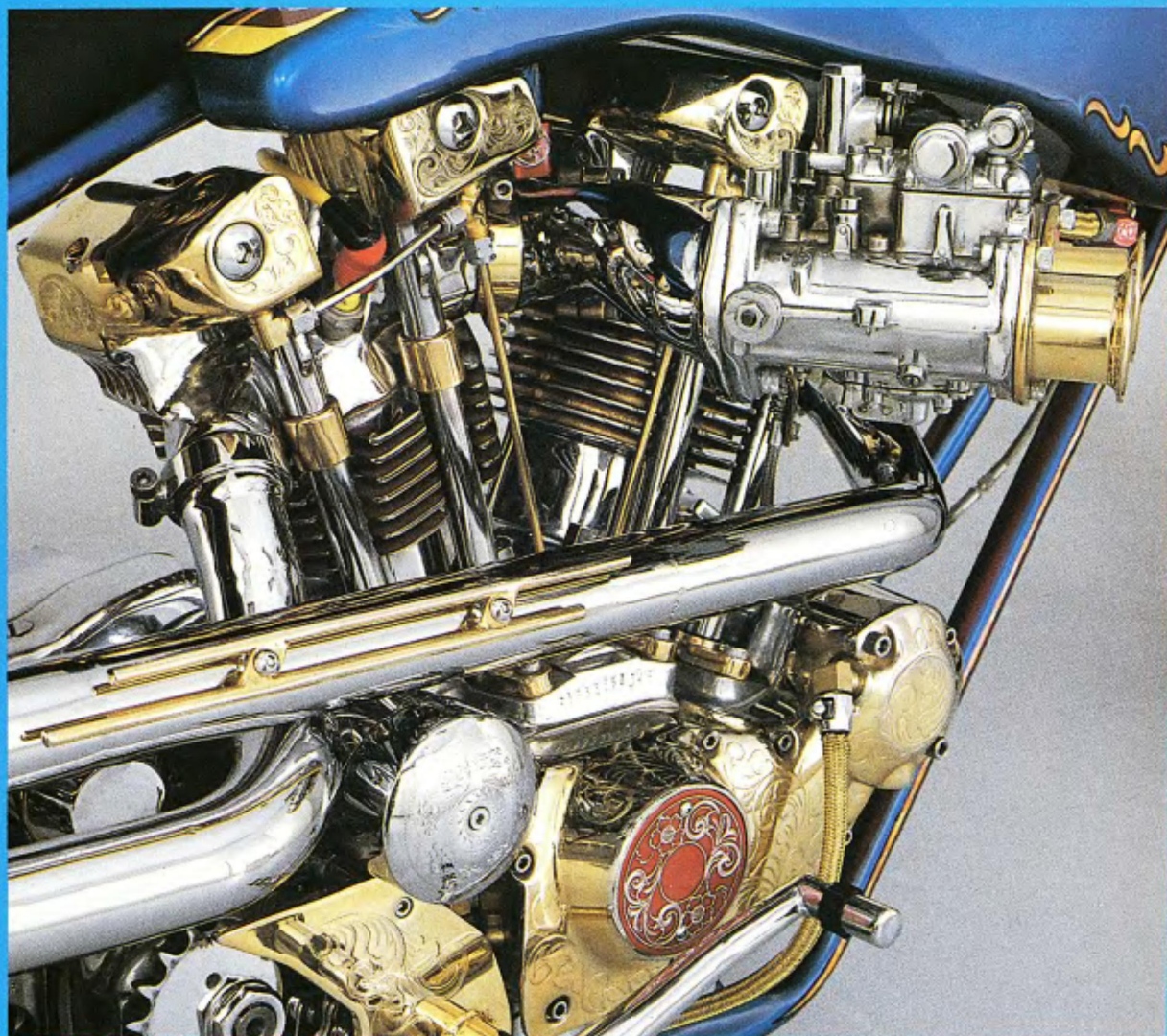
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hatched Easter egg will rise up off the person, slap hurriedly toward the window, push the wall down, and quickly go squishing off into the darkness.

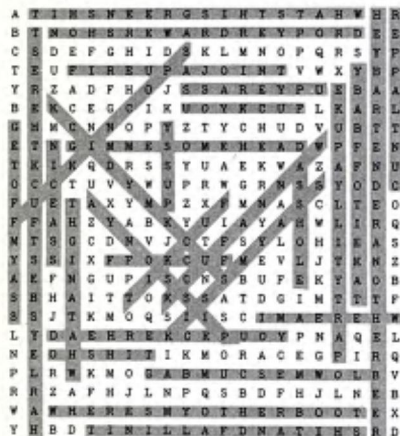
The rescued person is then placed in a pail, and if it is a youngster, the other kids at school sometimes come over to your desk and look down inside at you.

After a while the child is taken out of school and placed in a corner of the hallway at home where it is eventually ignored altogether. In time someone pours the bucket into the sink, cleans the empty pail, and places it back in the garage. Your pictures are tied up with a ribbon and thrown into the trash and your toys are given to Mexicans. In a few months you're completely forgotten by everybody and it's as though you never even existed. You spend a few years living in the sewers and then you eventually flow out into the sea and turn into a jellyfish.

And that is the story of the Easter Bunny. ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 75



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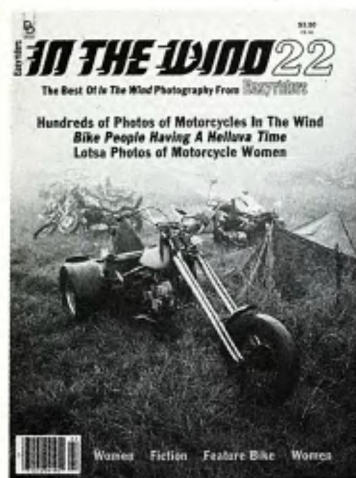
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these persons wake up, they keep their eyes closed because they know that if something really is staring at them, and if the something is a hatched Easter egg, as soon as they let it know that they're awake, it's going to eat them.

So the person, a grown-up or maybe even a child, will just lie there with his eyes closed, hoping that if a hatched Easter egg is standing there, it will eventually get tired of waiting for him to open his eyes and just go away. What these persons forget is that the hatched Easter egg has just spent many months, sometimes years, lying underneath a house doing nothing, so standing in a room for a few hours is a high-speed adventure.

Eventually, the person can no longer stand the feeling that he's being stared at and he opens his eyes. Very often he merely sees a parent, preparing to lean down and bestow a good-night kiss. Very often it turns out to merely be a kindly relative, stopping by to leave a present in the room before tiptoeing out. Very often it is the family dog, checking to make sure the sleeper is safe and sound. Very often it is a hatched Easter egg preparing to kill the person.

When it is a hatched Easter egg, the victim has no time to scream; as soon as he or she has indicated that they're awake, the hatched Easter egg topples forward onto the person in the bed, dripping chemicals down the side of its body that land on the person and turn him or her into a liquid so that they can be sucked up by the hatched Easter egg. To someone viewing this process from the ceiling, it would look like a big wad of cat vomit going from the floor to the bed, with two arms on either side of it frantically beating against it, and then suddenly slowing down, and then stopping, and then turning into a kind of pudding, and then flowing down to the floor, the fingers all running together.

On the positive side, it should be mentioned that for some reason, the person does not die just from having been turned into a liquid by one of these eggs, and sometimes, before he is eaten, a friend will rush into the room, or the parents (if the victim is a little boy or a little girl), and the



"Don't be silly, Charles! Of course, there isn't 'another man.'"

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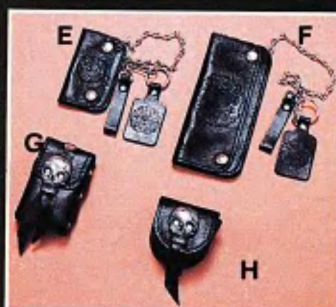
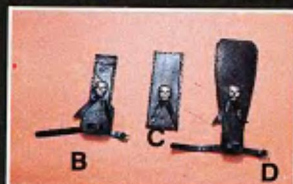
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Handcrafted from the finest American cowhide, all *Easyriders* leather stuff features an embossed logo. *Kidney belt* (A) is fully adjustable and available in both men's and ladies' sizes. *Tank covers* add a class touch to those fatbobs and come in long (D), short (B), and square (C) sizes. Tired of feelin' like you've got a sheet of plywood in your back pocket? *Easyriders wallets* (E & F) are made of soft hides that curve to fit your butt and come complete with

chain and key fob. Wrap your tabbacky in class with our custom *cigarette case* (G) and *snuff case* (H). Handsome leather *mud flap* (I) will keep the crud off your spine. One size fits most any fender.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, BOX 1025, AGOURA HILLS, CA 91301

- (A) Men's Kidney Belt (32" up) @ \$45.00 —
- (A1) Ladies' Kidney Belt
(not shown; 24" up) @ \$39.00 —
- (B) Short Tank Cover @ \$19.00 —
- (C) Square Tank Cover @ \$19.00 —
- (D) Long Tank Cover @ \$19.00 —
- (E) Small Wallet @ \$14.00 —
- (F) Large Wallet @ \$18.00 —
- (G) Cigarette Case
(fits up to 2" belt.) @ \$ 9.00 —
- (H) Snuff Case
(fits up to 1 1/2" belt.) @ \$ 9.00 —
- (I) Mud Flap @ \$10.00 —
- Subtotal _____
- Calif. res., add 6% _____
- Total _____

Please check
method of
payment:

- ☐ Personal Check
- ☐ Money Order
- ☐ Visa
- ☐ Mastercard

Credit Card Number

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Expiration Date

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Mo. Yr.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Postage is paid on orders in the U.S. Canadian orders, add \$5, other foreign orders, add \$15. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

Know the guy under the marker? No? Maybe you're just like him. Maybe you've been putting off filling the holes in your *Easyriders* collection just like he did. Maybe you'll buy the farm before you buy the mags, too. Think about it. And think about this: You can't take it with you if you ain't got it to take.

QTY.	PRICE	U.S.	CANADA	(Surface Mail Ins.) FOREIGN
1	\$5.00 ea.	\$ 5.00	\$ 7.00	\$ 8.50
6	\$3.00 ea.	\$18.00	\$24.00	\$25.00
12	\$2.00 ea.	\$24.00	\$34.00	\$35.50
24	\$1.50 ea.	\$36.00	\$56.00	\$57.50
48	\$1.00 ea.	\$48.00	\$80.00	\$86.00

[illegible]

☐ VISA ☐ M/C ☐ check ☐ m.o.

[illegible]

Expiration Date (Must have.)				
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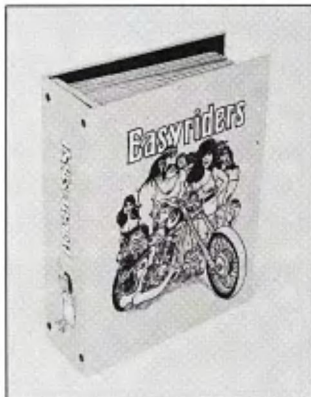
Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301



Continued from page 104

If the parents begin to suspect that all is not as it should be under the house, they'll call a man called the *exterminator* to come out and search under the house for "things." The things he's supposed to be searching for are termites, insects that supposedly live under houses and eat the wood until the house falls over. Something is eating the wood, all right, but parents always say the problem is termites because that's a lot better than having the children hear them say on the phone, "Please come over to our house right away. We think there's a hatched Easter egg under there."

When a hatched Easter egg grows large, too large to slide around on its belly beneath the house, it waits for a quiet night when everyone is asleep and then emerges back out into the yard. Rising up onto the lower part of its body, it presses itself against the side of the house and moves along, its face pressed against the structure, staring stupidly into the siding, thinking it's blind. Suddenly it will come to a window and its head will fall forward, slapping against the glass, and with a long moan of hunger, it will see, sleeping alone in a bed, more food than it has ever seen at one time in its whole life.

Pushing the front of its body against where the bottom of the tightly closed window touches the sill, it begins to flow through the crack into the bedroom, running down onto the floor like hundreds of strands of wet string, pouring onto the floor like trickles of rain, and piling up together into a mound — the thing outside getting smaller, the thing inside getting bigger.

When it's once more its normal size (about that of a couch tilted up onto one end) it hurriedly *slappity-slaps* over to where the sleeping person is, and then just stands there, looking down, waiting for the sleeping person to wake up, because it's distasteful to eat people who are still asleep. Sometimes they'll stand there patiently for hours, just looking down at the person. But usually they don't have to stand there very long, because, for some reason, a sleeping person always seems to know when he's being stared at and wakes up. Sometimes when

Enavriders



"There are certain unwritten rules to sitting on a person's face, Mary Lou, and at the top of the list is *no farting!*"

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Open-minded, uninhibited, liberal lady wanted by clean, hardworking biker. Permanent relationship possible for right lady. M.H., 537 Jones St. #9860, San Francisco, CA 94102. (154)

Guitar-picking country singer seeks down-to-earth country girl. Tired of games that used to be; need serious lady before I'm free. Eugene Allen, NSP, Box 713, St. Albans, VT 05478. (154)

Lonely w/m, 25, dark brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, 5'8", 140 lbs., serving time for burglary. Inventor with over 30 different inventions. Seeking a small, slim, long-haired, young (18-24), big-eyed beauty as a friend, lover, and partner. Child accepted openly and warmly. No whores or anyone with no pride. Will respond only to those who send photo. Daniel Lewis Fowler 18229, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707. (154)

W/m, 30s, wants to hear from you ladies. Getting in the wind soon and want to know someone out there. Picture gets picture. All letters answered, so write now. Dick Ferguson, Box 66, Twin Lakes, MI 49457. (154)

White death row convict, ex-Harley rider, 33, Southern born 'n' bred. Needs mail from anyone but Jesus freaks. McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, AZ 85232. (154)

W/m, 33, 5'7", 150 lbs., would like to hear from serious-minded ladies. Out in August '86. Jim Headley 150739, MSU, Box 539, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

I am not a prisoner. I'm in 30s, 6'1", white, looking for a woman whom I'll give whatever she wants! Gene, Box 728, Bixby, OK 74008. (154)

Ladies: Two lonely men locked deep in the mountains want to hear from you. Both into weight lifting and music. Doing big time and need a friend in the free world. Steve Apostoleides 153567, and Danny E. Windsor 148631, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Lonely, vanilla-flavored downed brother, 25, 5'5", 140 lbs., brown eyes, brown hair. Would like to make today's dreams tomorrow's reality. R. Becker 6-134, Box C-82216, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Well-built white stud, 27, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, likes to party and be with the right lady. If you think you're the one, write and let's see what's happening. Ready to get out in '86, so why don't you help this brother out with little time he has left? David Conley 048113, Box 7, I-C-197, Moberly, MO 65270. Please send picture. (154)

Female wanted. White single male, 25, 6'1", been down 3 1/2 years and hope to be out soon. Would like to correspond with sincere women. Will answer all. Letters with recent photos receive same. Christopher Dissapayne, LLC, 1612 Dawkins Rd., LaGrange, KY 40031. (154)

Two down w/m would like to hear from all you sweet things out there. Photo will get same. Floyd Mason 80-B-1734, and Keith Overgaard 82-A-4392, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (154G)

Man, 40, 5'8", 185 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, beard, nonsmoker, nondrinker, seeks hardworking, hard-loving woman to share motorcycle, truck, and designing/building log home on 16 acres overlooking river. Irish, Box 1A, RD 2, Troy, NY 12182. (154)

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (154)

Lonely So. California biker busted in No. California. W/m, 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., long brown hair, hazel eyes, artist, burned out on just fantasizing about females and times long past. Looking for that special lady for serious, lasting relationship. If you're burned out on head trips — I am — then you came to the right man. If you're not for real and not ready for the real thing, then don't trip. (Looks don't matter; it's where your head and heart are at that counts.) Will trade flicks and answer everyone who is kind enough to write and ease my pain. Butch Fleck, B-93240, #330, Box 689, CTF-C, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (154)

Physician/biker, 42, w/m, 6', 200 lbs., excellent health. Past mid-life crisis and tired of dependent, lifeless women. Would like to meet attractive, intelligent, slender, one-man woman, age 25-35. I have two scooters and would like to putt and party through life with such a chick. If you're white, righteous, and ready to enjoy life, send letter and pix to "Doc," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (154)

Ladies, 18-35: Biker, 36, 5'7", 145 lbs., sandy hair, hazel eyes, looking for lady to relocate to Virginia to take care of me. Mad Dog, 1001 Decatur St., Chesapeake, VA 23324. (154)

Take a chance, lady. No games here. Seeking correspondence from open-minded, sincere lady for lasting relationship. Will exchange photos and more! Ronnie Hill, Box 500, Boydton, VA 23917. (154)

House mouse wanted. W/m, 32, from Canada, looking for attractive, loyal, sexy, loving female to settle down with. Must be able to relocate to Ontario, Canada. No bullshit, head games, or slobbs wanted. Must like country life. Write and send flicks to "Larry," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Ladies: I'm a 22-yr.-old biker looking for a good-timing, good-lovin' woman to move in with me. Conrad, 1001 Decatur St., Chesapeake, VA 23324. (154)

W/m, 37, Harley rider, 6', 185 lbs., needs a good ol' lady for putts, partyin' and more. Yank, 5179 Gwynne Ave., Orlando, FL 32810. (154)

Sincere w/m, 36, 5'11", blue eyes, seeking one attractive young woman, 21-32, for love, marriage. Send photo, phone number, if possible, or just write S.W., Box 1369, Rohnert Park, CA 94928.

Young ladies, 18-30: Twenty-seven-yr.-old young man available and doing without. C.T., Box 74, Dateland, AZ 85333. (154)

W/m, 34, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair with beard. Biker getting out of fast lane needs sincere lady to share fruits of labor in Detroit area. 18-35, no druggies or slobbs, honesty number one. "Ringo," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (154)

Crazy white boy, age 23, 5'11", 195 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes, down for another eight months. Looking for serious biker woman, 18-35, to satisfy my every need. I'm marriage-minded. Write John Young, W38539, Box 00, Concord, MA 01742. (154)

Tattoo machines, \$75 and up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Richard Weis (Estancia, N.M.) or anyone knowing him: Please contact "Bonita" (from Boston), c/o McBee, Rt. 1 Box 12B, Chapmansboro, TN 37035. Important! (154)

Solid redwood sandblasted signs and designs. Custom H-D designs a specialty. Club names, business logos, full color or rustic. Richard Rose, Rt. 1 Box 90, Olean, MO 65064. (314) 392-7020. (154)

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. (162)

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)

To all Aryan brothers and sisters of the free world and in chains: A new pen pal/two-gerthness known as "Kinspen" is in the making to help bring our kinkfolk together. Send a SASE, a flick, and a letter explaining what you're looking for and we will personally do our best to hook you up with someone who has something in common with you. We are non-profit, offer nothing for sale, and have no mailing list. So come on, folks, take a chance and meet someone who's in need of a friend(s). After all, whatcha got to lose? Kins-Pen, c/o Butch Schmidt 69925, CN 861, Trenton, NJ 08625. (154)

Tattoo power controls from \$50. Send \$2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (162)

Illustrators, artists, cartoonists: We're looking for free-lance contributors whose work matches the quality of what we regularly print in *Easyriders*. Submit spec illos, drawings and/or portfolios (along with a SASE) to Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (159)

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send 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.

W/m, lonely prisoner, 23, 5'9", 143 lbs., brown hair, built. Looking for a loving and honest lady, any age. Trade pictures. Darryl W. Williams 183-189, Box 5500, CCI, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

Fine w/m seeks loving young house mouse who's interested in a home and knows how to care for a man, home, relationship and wants to. Overweight okay. Latin or Anglo. Don't be shy. Box 1196, Hialeah, FL 33011. (154)

Solid ol' lady wanted by Harley free-rider, 36, 100% U.S. male, now in L.A. Good-lookin', tall, brown hair, blue eyes, slender, muscular bod, tattooed biceps, ex-Nam Marine, good trade/steady bucks, honest man of few words, good rep, definitely his own man. Not hard up, just particular. Simple as that. Want to relocate to Colorado or Northwest (house, land, dogs, truck, scooter — '74 shovel — and ol' lady to fish, hunt, camp, putt, etc.) with a housebroken, domesticated, one-man scooter woman with good heart, honest, knows the lifestyle, not afraid of hard work, house-mouses well, nice tits and proud of 'em, good attitude, family-oriented, digs country life, putting, polishing, adventure, hot lovin', being in the wind and taking care of her man. If your head's glued on right, if you know who you are and what you want, this is a clean-slate shot for a solid woman ready to put something serious down with a good man, so be for real. Photo and letter to Rimsleigh, Box 5973-214, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. (154)

W/m, 45, looking for w/f, age 25-50, who don't have any ties, is willing to share with him and relocate in the future if necessary. I'm lonely and a very serious man. John Swift, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (154)

Ladies: Want to live in Florida? Friend, lover, companion wanted. Someone to spend my days and nights with. She should be 18-32, nonsmoker, about 105-120 lbs. Send photo. Tom, 2856 Pine Tree Ave., Largo, FL 33541. (158)

Attention: Intelligent ladies wanted by w/m, 6'1", 175 lbs. Letters with photos will be answered promptly. Terry W. Moore 46620, 3D9, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069. (154)

The days are long, the hours lonely, and the minutes a nightmare. A few seconds from you could make it all a dream. Andrew LaFleur 85-C-737, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508. (154)

Ladies: Two Dogs is coming up outta this bullshit hellhole in about 8 months. Need that fine special lady to write to for possible relationship and some real good times. Have one of the finest pan-heads in Midwest and need fine lady for p-pad. Flick gets one in return. No air-heads. Mike Staggs 23194, Dorm 3, Box 76, Greencastle, IN 46135. (154)

Rock musician, 5'10", 175 lbs., long hair, blue eyes, seeks foxy ladies. Let's rock through mail while I'm in jail. Looking for lasting relationship. Steve Pernicka, NSP, Box 713, St. Albans, VT 05478. (154)

Attention, true clubbers and bikers only: Righteous, tall blonde, blue eyes, 140 lbs., 24, wants one-woman man for fun, TLC, honest relationship. True sweet-to-eat sharp lady likes to ride and take damn good care of right ol' man. Willing to work, Diana, c/o Mrs. Stroisch, 98 Airview Est., Elizabethtown, KY 42701. (154)

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: 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.

Wanted: Information on the auto theft industry. Need correspondence from professionals in this field (especially Illinois residents). Write Box 721, Hinsdale, IL 60522. (155)

Wealthy Aries, corporate executive, desires to meet a special attractive lady and hire her as a social secretary and live-in housekeeper. He is 5'11", 170 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. Enjoys fine dining, dancing, the theater, and does substantial entertaining. She needs to be exceptionally attractive and able to carry on interesting conversation, able to travel and have no children. Preferably a non-smoker. Salary, perks and accommodations open and negotiable. Send resume with color photo. Only sincere applicants need apply. Dept. ER, 3295 E. McDowell Rd., Box C-15, Phoenix, AZ 85008. (154)

Available: Top-quality leather goods individually handcrafted by prisoner whose sole means of support for his beloved cat is earned through his leather-working skills. The administration allows me to keep my friend Bandit with me as long as I provide for him. Everything I make can be individualized and I can work up special items from your ideas/descriptions. Please send SASE for list of most popular items and prices. Donald Lock 13119, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (154)

Brother and sister seeking ladies any age. Travel the USA all year round. Must be able to read and understand road maps. Healthy, love sex, nature, and rock 'n' roll. Without any commitments. Martin (201) 363-0868. Box 1221, Lakewood, NJ 08701. (154)

Learn lockpicking. Comes with tools. Send \$49.95 to Michigan Locksmith Institute, 340 Moon Ct., Casnovia, MI 49318. (159)

Wayne Mason (The Old Man): Let's party Daytona Bike Week '86. Call Dick Carlson collect. (154)

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Wayne Mason (The Old Man): Let's party Daytona Bike Week '86. Call Dick Carlson collect. (154)

Wacky brownies! Fried Freddie's newest "buzz-tested" wacky-tobacco brownie recipe. Easily made — give to friends in high places. Great for concerts, parties, etc. Easily pass for trail viddles anywhere! Send \$4 cash or money order to Fried Freddie, Box 1105, Pensacola, FL 32595. (155)

A Putt Down Wall Street, the bikers' guide to high finance on a low budget. Written for bikers by a biker with a stock broker's license. Send \$3.95 to The Biker's Broker, 3790 El Camino Real, Palo Alto, CA 94306. (154)

Finest biker jewelry, leather accessories. Free catalog. MSE, Box 119, Ridgewood, NY 11385. (154)

Spider (Bob L. Newton): Our son has pressure on his brain and he wants to see you. I still don't know what happened, but we need to talk. Please come home to us. Corry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (154)

Rich: Good luck on your adventure. I'm behind you all the way. Love, Rita. (154)

Make two to three times your cost with over 3000 items to choose from. Free details. Products, Box 108-E, Merced, CA 95340. (154)

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. (165)

Boots for sale — Nasty Feet. Brand-new, worn once. Men's size seven, brown, 17", steel toe. Good deal. Write B. Campeau, 80 Woodlawn Ave. East #203A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4T 1C1. (154)

Indian motorcycle enthusiasts: In October 1984 the original Indian motorcycle factory was razed and removed. Original bricks from the factory now for sale. They each come with a gold brushed plaque on them and a certificate of authenticity. Excellent collector items, \$19.95 each. Send check or money order to Jim Babchak, 317 E. 75th, Apt. #21, New York City, NY 10021. N.Y. residents, add 8 1/4% tax. (154)

Wanted: Motorcycle license plates, preferably before 1960, for hobby collection. Any year D.C., R.I. Buy/swap. Any other collectors out there? J.P. Richau, 626 N. 74th St., Scottsdale, AZ 85257. (154)

V-Twin Exchange: Harley-Davidsons/Indians/parts/custom/stock/whole bikes. Buy/sell/trade on nationwide basis. 1-800-826-9967. (157)

Linda: Yes, I still do. The pan doesn't feel the same. All my love forever from Oregon. Russ. (157)

Hey, very badly want parts or info on '36 VID 74" flathead. Need manual. Jon Ireland, 2333 Maximilian Dr., Campbell, CA 95008. (154)

Happy birthday, Debra Jean, 2/25/86. D.J. rides in my heart and memories no matter where that FXWG runs. To the hot springs, lakes, rivers, mountains, bars and taverns, whichever roads or trails it travels, honey, you'll ride with me in my heart and memories the rest of my life. Love always, Chehalis Pat. (154)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends. Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (154)

Rocky from Solan, Ohio: Do you remember a girl you danced with at Harley Hill? I would very much like to explain why I had to be rude with you. I had no choice. Hope you still want to go out. Can't wait to hear from you. Robin, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (154)

Tattooing outfits: Drastic reductions on already low prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Artist, Box 242-R, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (154)

Will trade or buy. Have collection of huge-titted babes. R.G.H., Box 128, Depew, NY 14043. (154)

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. Associate membership: membership card and sticker, \$2.50. T-shirt, \$13. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s, m, l, 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. (154)

June 27-29: 7th Annual Swap Meet and Party by Pakrats MC. 4952 Tannerville Rd., Orrville, Ohio. Vendors, music, and contests. Admission, \$8. Electricity not available. For flyer, send SASE to Box 291, Orrville, OH 44667, or call (216) 682-SWAP. (154)

Trama, Jesse and T'Aniya: Where (and how) the hell are ya? Please call collect: (801) 596-0077. (154)

Phantom: Happy birthday to ya! I love you and want to be in the wind with you forever! Love, Pat. (154)

T: Happy anniversary, 4/20. Four years of wedded... bliss? Loved ya then, love ya now; that's really all that matters, after all. A. (154)

Steve Merchant or anyone knowing his whereabouts: Contact Denise Howell Gilmer, Box 30, Gillsville, GA 30543. (155)

Boomerang: Happy birthday, May 27. This is just a token of my love. I'm still keeping my nose clean and waiting for the time you're in my arms again. Do you want to dance? Your Lady. (154)

Stevie: I love ya, babe. I miss ya, babe. Don't let our dreams die. Our love was written in the stars and ya can't run away from that, babe. Your ol' lady forever, "Smunchkin." (154)

The I Love To Fart Cookbook (gourmet edition). Hilarious 80-page paperback. Cartoons, recipes, and etiquette. The perfect gift. \$4.95, plus \$1 shipping. Turnbull Publishers, Dept. F, 1151 W. Webster, Chicago, IL 60614. It's a gas! (154)

Third annual swap meet shine & show party, June 14. Information: Double Thunder MC, 18 West Ave. "B", Hutchinson, KS 67501. (156)

Beautiful girls, worldwide, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (154)

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. (154)

Titty prints! I want to show all you titty-lovin' bikers my tit impressions on paper. Not fingerprints, titty prints! Get them while they're hot! Send \$2 to Desiree, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (154)

\$100 to the woman with the hottest picture and horniest letter. Foreign okay. Continued correspondence possible. Winner picked April 16. Send pix, letters, and vital statistics to Russell Webster 84C583, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (154)

1932 Harley-Davidson accessories catalog reprint, \$6.95 postage paid. Deckebach, 413 Walnut, Royal Oak, MI 48073. (156)

Sputnik: All ways, always — I'm yours. Waiting... Love you, L.J. (154)

Attention, all women riders and enthusiasts: We are proud to introduce "Harley Women, a brand-new magazine, written by women Harley riders for the woman rider and enthusiast. We will be featuring interviews with women riders and groups, readers' photos, accessories for lady riders, tech tips, and just about anything and everything of interest to women riders! For a one-year subscription, bi-monthly (6 issues per year), send check or money order for \$12, payable to Asphalt Angels Publications, Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Ad rates available on request. (154)

Drink and drive to the best party tape ever! "Pussy-Licking Tommy, I'll Never Fuck You Again," and seven more original nasty songs on cassette. Send \$8.95 to Mack Banks, Box 17, West Point, MS 39773. (164)

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. (164)

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Easter Bunny

Continued from page 41

all over the place up to a thousand times a day, many even going so far as to install pipes under the lawn at a cost of hundreds and hundreds of dollars. But let's be honest, how much watering does a lawn really need? Do people water the jungles and the forests? No, yet look how mighty they grow! The fact is, parents go to all this trouble to ensure the destruction of all undiscovered Easter eggs.

As the hot summer months draw on, parents increasingly spend more time outside doing something they're fond of calling "yard work." Walking slowly about, poking with tools, turning a clod of soil here, removing a weed there, fiddling with something else, they're allegedly "tending to the flowers." But every once in a while an observant child can see his father or mother cautiously sit back on his or her heels, look carefully about while pulling a screwdriver from a back pocket, grasp it in both hands, raise it high overhead, and with a look of hateful rage, plunge it violently into the earth. Children should really be thankful for such loving, caring, and diligent parents.

Occasionally, though, an egg or two will survive the summer.

The sun warming them day after day, the ground holding the heat around them during the cooler nights, the summer draws to a close, the children return to school, the parents withdraw from the yard, and Easter is forgotten.

In the cool of an autumn night, everyone inside watching TV, there's a faint tinkling sound out in the yard. An Easter egg has come apart into many pieces; a small pool of something now capable of moving on its own slithers and slides its tiny way across the yard, looking for an opening under the house. When it finds one, it stops and looks inside. Sometimes it sees six or seven other, fully grown, Easter eggs already lying there, looking back at it. When this happens, it just turns and slides off to find another house. Once a satisfactory house is located, it crawls under it, to live there for a year, maybe longer, slowly growing and eating worms, sowbugs, cockroaches, diseased cats, parasite-filled dogs, slugs, snakes, mice, rats, spiders, mold, fungus, maggots, and the many other disgusting things that congregate under houses.

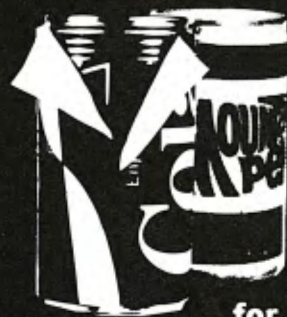
Continued on page 109

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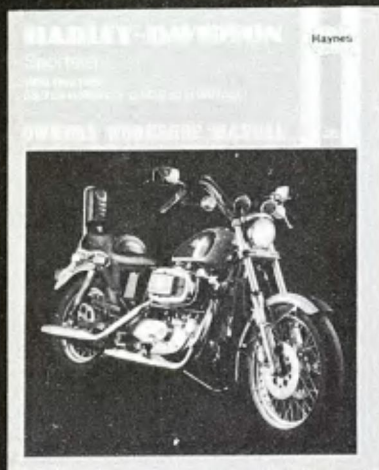
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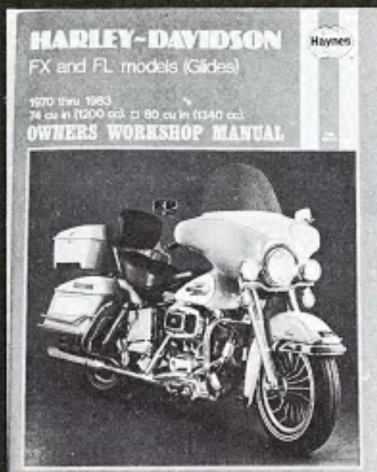
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Vermin Vittles

Continued from page 33

caterpillars are in season. The whole family will simply go out for a walk, thereby enjoying sensible exercise along with wholesome nutrition.

Another big advantage for home-makers will be a greatly increased variety in the day-to-day menu. There are oodles of insect species compared to just a few kinds of domestic animals. Never again need anyone at the dinner table say, "We had this shit just last week." By the time French-fried praying mantis comes around the second time, everyone will be too old and musty-brained to remember having it before.

There is one drawback to insects as food, though, and that's their small size. A lot of meals will seem like nothing but rice — okay, rice with little tiny legs. That disadvantage should disappear pretty quickly, however. Since insects breed like crazy, breeders oughta be able to change their characteristics much more effectively than has been the case with poultry, swine, and beef.

Just think, in a few years American families should be able to sit down to a twenty-pound Thanksgiving maggot. I know that'll seem a little strange at first — no drumsticks, wings, or neck, and no part that went over the fence last (maggots can't jump fences, you know). All white meat, though. We'll adjust.

Now maybe you don't take all this seriously because you don't see any food shortage yet. Why switch over to vermin vittles before it's absolutely necessary, you may ask. Well, stop and think. If you have a family and you feed them grasshopper stew just twice a week, you'll soon save enough money to buy something nice for yourself. Steak and pussy, maybe. Just remember to get them drunk the first time. Drunks will eat anything. ■



"I've been sexually harassed before, and that's the best-looking harasser I've ever seen!"

B.A.D.

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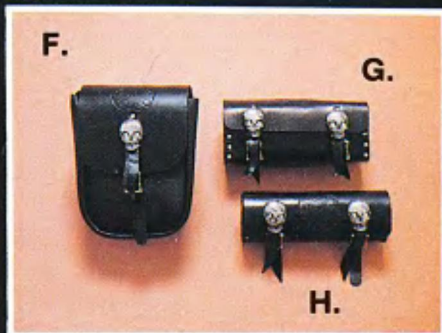
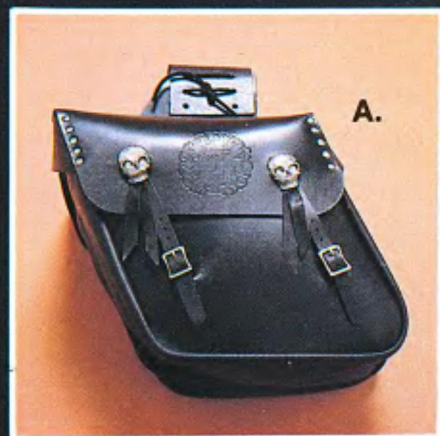
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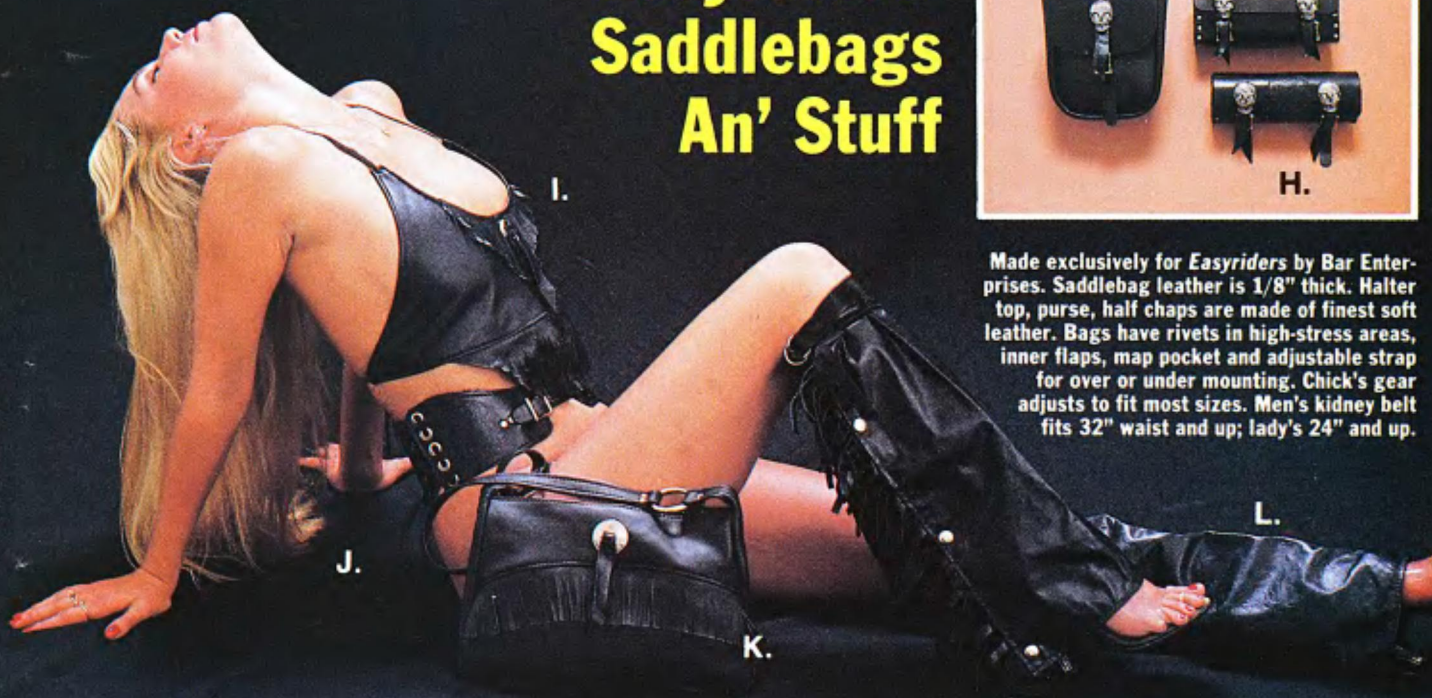
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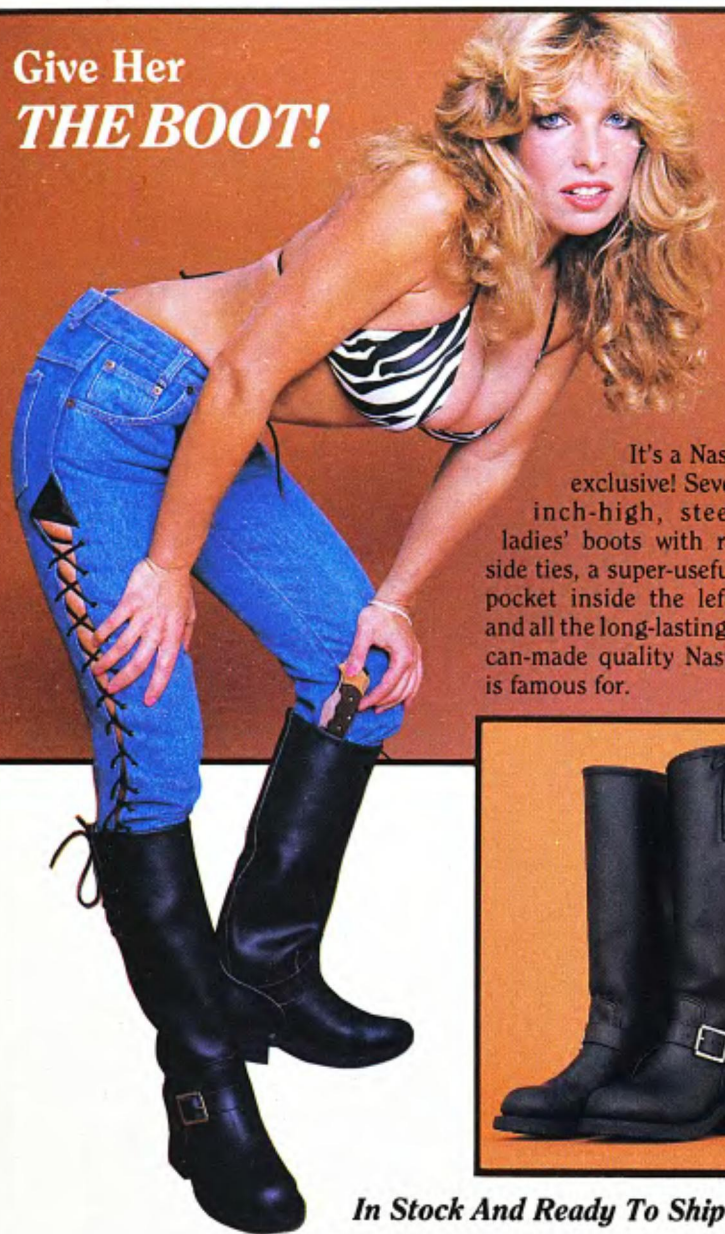
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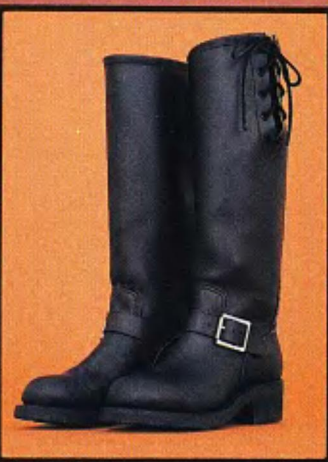
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— (D)	Oval Saddlebags (5"x12"x9")	\$107.00
— (E)	Super Oval Saddlebags (6"x14"x11")	\$169.00
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help, but it's mainly the runnin' lights. When I turned the front lights on, those cages started movin' over. It was fuckin' wild! I definitely gotta get a set of 'em for my pan.

"After crankin' along for about a dozen miles, the engine coughed and then stopped cold. I thought maybe I'd broken the dude's scooter, but then I discovered it was just runnin' outta fuel, so after flipping the petcock over to reserve, I got off the freeway to find a gas station.

"Well, it was just my luck that the first station I came to had a bar next to it. So after I'd gassed up, I decided to have a cool one while I thought about this article I was gonna write. Maybe half a dozen brews later I heard a bunch of tires screechin' outside. Since it was time to get back to the donut shop anyway, I decided to have a look.

"Fuck, Frank, when I opened that door I thought I'd shit. The Man was everywhere! There must've been six or seven cars out there with twice that many cops, including that fuckin' sergeant. An', Frank — they were all pointin' their guns at me!

"You know what happened next. Up against the hood, spread 'em, the Miranda, an' all that other horseshit. The sarge said they were arrestin' me for stealin' a cop bike. 'Shit,' I told him, 'the dude let me ride it. He even waved goodbye when I left!'

"Frank, ya gotta come down an' get me outta here. Half these bastards, the ones who drive the black 'n' whites, are laughin' their asses off at the biker cops. The bike boys are the ones who have me scared shitless, though. They're just standin' around with their night sticks in their hands lookin' at me.

"Hey, man, how was I supposed to know they were the heat? I thought they were just a bunch of wimpy dudes with nothin' better to do than dress alike an' hang around the donut shop.

"Look, I really gotta go now. There's some asshole here who wants to call his lawyer an' there's only this one phone.

"Frank, ya just gotta get me outta here! Frank? Frank?" ■



"We were doing it doggy-style and I cut this really wicked fart. . ."

April Rode Test

Continued from page 27

an' then the asshole took to laughin' hisself. Funny thing is, they were all laughin' at their bro, but they were lookin' at me.

"Well, it pissed me right off. Here I was, about to give this one guy the chance of a lifetime, an' he's lookin' at me like I'm some kinda scum. Fuck 'im, I decided, I'll just ride his bike now an' tell 'im why later. I threw my leg over his sled, flicked the key, punched the starter, an' I was on my way before he could even blink.

"About the time I hit the street, all of 'em jumped up an' started wavin' at me. Guess they wanted to tell me to have a good time. Then the dude who owned the bike started runnin' an' a couple of his bros jumped on their scoots. I was beginning to wonder what they were up to when the engine started to miss. Hell, they were just tryin' to tell me to turn on the gas. I did, then pulled a giant-assed wheelie as I headed for the Interstate.

"Now I figure a big bike like this Harley, with its fairing and bags, oughta be tested on the open highway where it's likely to spend most of its time. Trouble was, I knew I'd hafta get back pretty quick since I didn't want the poor fucker to be stuck at the donut shop if and when that head man in the black 'n' white showed up. Keepin' that in mind, I cranked her on and started tryin' things out, just like I'd read motorcycle testers do.

"Here's what I found out. The radio on the thing isn't worth a fuck. There's only a couple o' stations an' neither of 'em play music. Just talk. Nothin' but fuckin' talk. An' numbers. I don't know what those assholes want with a radio that has two channels, no music, an' some jerk talkin' in numbers. Weird, huh?

"Both speedometers work okay till ya push a button on one of 'em. Then it stops right where it is. I don't know what to tell ya, except that it's weird.

"There's one thing about these touring bikes that'll make ya think, though — cages get outta their way. It's the runnin' lights. Maybe size an' the fairing an' the white paint job



"Speeding? Hell, no. This is for abuse of an ancient monument. . ."

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"You can say that again."
"I didn't show enough class. I wasn't bold enough. This time I'll just keep plodding along till I reach that fire. Grab a chaw of burned pig. Play it cool. Act like I belong. They'll probably go nuts with delight and hunt up a silvery chain for me. Bet ya I'm sleepin' on a fancy trike before sundown."

"You're the one who's nuts, bud," Grinny said. "You were in that farm so long you're stir-crazy."

Knobby missed this slur. He'd reentered the murky water and was determinedly waggling his way through it. Emerging on the opposite shore, he marched straight toward the campfire where a fat roasting pig dripped hissing juices onto the embers glowing within the crackling flames.

Sweet sufferin' leeches, thought Grinny. Listen to that fuckin' ruckus over there!

Knobby never returned.

A year later, Grinny — now 18 inches longer and 20 pounds heavier was stalking a tasty-looking young deer along the clearing's shoreline when the abrupt thunder of machinery suddenly shattered the swamp's tranquility. Swiftly, the reptile slid into the protective cover of some shrubbery. Blinking curiously, he watched the biker hordes dismount and begin making yet another camp.

History sure is a rerun, Grinny thought, taking in the scene.

Then he noticed a woman carrying a large, knobby bag, one with a silver chain. As he watched, another woman strolled over to her and asked, "Got your weed in that trick stash, hon?"

"Sure have," replied the bag's owner, opening the toothy jaws and shoving a slender hand into the bag's depths. Only then did Grinny fully recognize the bag, shorn of its original legs and tail but familiar around the face of its top.

Especially the glassy-eyed stare. I'll be a waterlogged son of a leathery bitch, thought Grinny admiringly. The fucker made it! Jam-packed with grass from belly to gullet and wearing a silver chain! ■



"Heh, heh! Thought I was a goner when he caught us, but I guess we're safe now."

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Success

Continued from page 18

the other side."

"But no danger, huh?"

"Sure there's danger, dummy, but what's wrong with that? Danger gives spice to life. Adds a fuller flavor, see? Considerin' what I've got to kick down, man, danger's just a fuckin' joke."

"Well, okay, but what's in it for them? What are you offerin' in return?"

"Oh, for — listen, how many biker groups do ya think can boast their own fuckin' bona fide alligator? Lots of 'em have dogs, cats, snakes — maybe even a stunted ape here or there." Knobby paused to catch his breath. "But I'll be the first alligator to ride a trike, the first to practically live on pot!"

"If you're right."

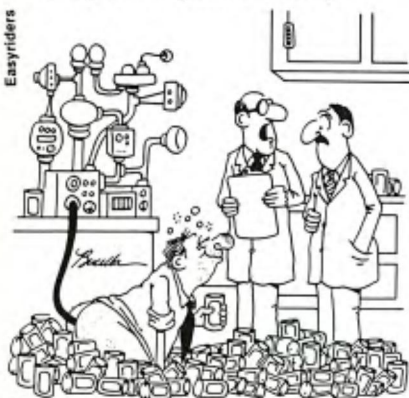
"Ya just don't get it, do ya? Bikers love the offbeat, the bizarre. They respect the outrageous, the mysterious — as long as it's basically dignified and authentic, of course. Well, I'm an authentic alligator, ain't I? Therefore I ain't got a thing to worry about."

"Sounds good in theory, but I think you oughta study on it a while longer. If you went bargin' into that biker camp, you'd get stomped stone-dead." Grinny warned. "Shit, even a dumbass armadillo could figure that one out."

"Yeah? Watch this," Knobby slid into the water and began swimming directly toward the clearing. Reaching shore, he waddled a good thirty feet into the bustling camp before the first woman spotted him and shrieked like a goosed banshee, bringing at least two dozen bikers on the run. Clutching tire irons and whomping enthusiastically, they forced Knobby to turn around and make for the water's safety. With irons raining down on his thick hide, he sank into the depths.

Five minutes later, he surfaced and returned to where Grinny still sprawled, smiling knowingly. "Told ya," Grinny gurgled. "Humans ain't friendly. They hate alligators, just like they hate a million other little wildlife critters."

"All my fault!" panted Knobby.



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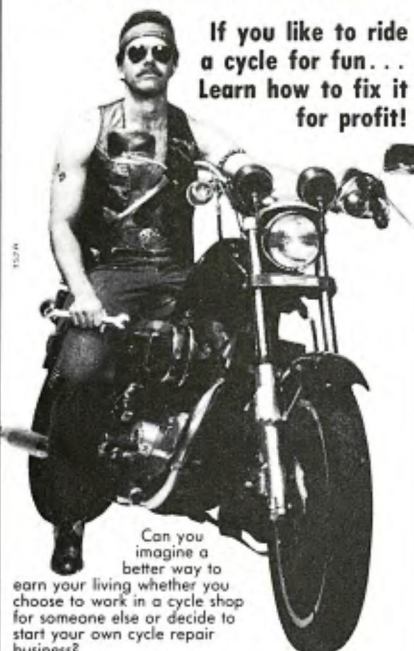
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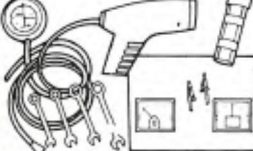
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Downtime

Continued from page 39

who know, know it's time to roll home before the roads get blocked. We locked up at the office and headed our different ways, not knowing when we'd get back.

That night I ran my first roadblock, something I couldn't have done without the smooth shifting reliability of the Softail. I figured I was a goner, but I told the cop the truth: I had to save my by-now girlfriend's house. (See what a weekend on a Harley will do to you?) I expected a bullet in the back, but the cop gave me some slack — even though I told him I was just going to make a U-ie.

We fought the damn inferno for a night and a day. They even called off jury duty when the court itself was besieged by flames. That only prolonged the trip. We'd meet on Thursday instead.

When I pulled up to the cop shop on Thursday at noon, I figured on spending a pleasant afternoon getting caught up on my sports sections from the previous days. No way, Jose. After ten minutes I was called upon to sit in the jury box. I admit I was nervous, but I didn't have anything to hide (I'd cleared out my roach stash from my vest that morning).

The judge and attorneys for the case spoke to us individually about how important our job was — The American Way and all that — and for some damn reason they left me there to try the case with my "peers" (none of 'em looked like scooter trash material to me). By the time all of us had been selected, it was 5 o'clock. We were told to recess until the next morning at 9. My precious riding time was dwindling.

To make a long story shorter, the case dragged on for days. The defendant was accused of illegally dumping dirt — plain ordinary dirt — into a creek, thereby, in the words of the court, causing deleterious damage to plant and wildlife. Sounds like an open-and-shut case, right? Nope. Conflicting testimony went back and forth. Experts were brought in on both sides and photos were presented to us in the jury box, photos so badly out of focus that we thought maybe they were shots of Renoir paintings. In ten years of checking lousy photos here at the office with Loudmouth and Madman, I'd never seen such trash. In all, we went four days sitting through obvious lies, watching the state waste its case and our dollars (yours and mine) botching their prosecution through bad planning, only to find out that there was no water in the creek in the first place.

All this, and my surrealistic riding pleasure had gone right down the toilet. One of the saddest days of my life was when I had to hand over the Softail's keys to Trampo. The odometer showed a scant 850 miles.

The court case? Hang 'em all! ■



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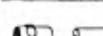
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ER: Have there been any accidents in the two Iron Butts run so far?

P: Last year there were none, but this year there were three wrecks. One guy had a heart attack in the Dakotas someplace and ran off the road — he just didn't realize how much fatigue we were talking about here. But at least he lived. Another guy hit a porcupine up in Oregon and wrecked his bike, and a third fell asleep and ran off the road and pulled his shoulder out.

ER: What changes would you make to improve the Iron Butt, to make it more fair, a better event?

P: The main problem that this race suffers is an inability to absolutely ascertain that somebody was there to collect the bonus points.

The other thing is, they need to adhere to their own rules. This year everything got all screwed up after Seattle. In fact, I'm just kicking myself in the ass for not continuing, even though I was disqualified, because, as it turned out, there were so many rule changes made after the Seattle checkpoint that I could have gone on and contested my disqualification at the finish line.

What happened was that after they got into Seattle, which was in a pouring rain that had been coming down ever since we left Philadelphia, some of the riders called the promoter and said, 'Listen, we can't go on with this race. We're so wasted that it's impossible for us to get to San Diego in the amount of time that you've given us to get there.' All right, so they all got together and sniveled to the promoter and he decided to scrap all the bonus points between Seattle and San Diego and just let them take a direct shot.

Of course, I didn't know anything about this at the time, because I was late at the checkpoint and they were already gone.

The thing is that this is an endurance race. It's you getting out there on your motorcycle and if you can't go on any fucking further, man, then lay down and go the fuck to sleep. You just ain't got what it takes to be in this damned race if you gotta snivel about how you can't go on.

ER: How about going on? Are you going to win the Iron Butt in 1986?

P: Absolutely. ■



"It must be a joke, sir. How could it possibly help to piss up a rope?"

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P: That's just it. It faded out of my mind in a matter of seconds and I can't recall it. It was so tragic, you can't imagine it.

You have to first understand the amount of fatigue we're talking about here. I think, personally, that the only people who can say they've suffered that much fatigue are people who have been in, like, combat situations, and have been up for days. This is incredible fatigue here.

So I was riding along and all of a sudden the mystery of the universe popped into my mind. I started screaming and hollering and jumping up and down on my bike. I went to pull over, so I could write it down, because I knew I was wasted and would forget it. By the time I could get off the road, I could see it just going off into the distance. I could see it visually in my eyes, man, just drifting off into space, never to come back.

ER: Do you hallucinate much when you get to that fatigue point?

P: Oh, yeah, but what you have to do is set yourself a guideline. You see, whenever you're at this point of fatigue I'm talking about, you don't even know you're exhausted. Your mind is lying to you. Your mind is telling you, "Yeah, you're in great shape, you're good for another 24 hours." What you have to do is set yourself a limit; in other words, you have to find a sign that'll tell you when you're that fatigued, because your mind won't tell you.

The sign that I used was that at the point when I couldn't recall the tune or the words to any song, I instantly pulled over.

ER: You mean you'd try to think of a song and if you couldn't remember it, you'd stop and rest?

P: Any song — any tune to any song. I mean Inky, Dinky, Spiderman, or any damn song.

ER: That's a pretty good guideline.

P: You have to find one. You have to or you're going to die.

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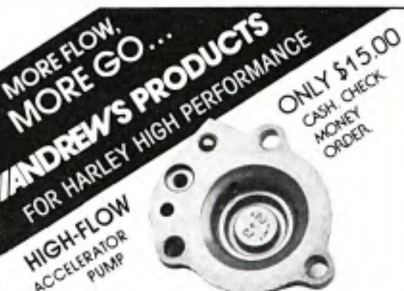
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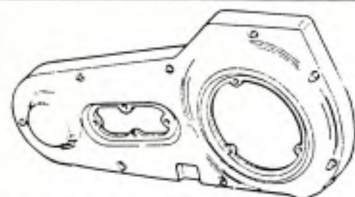
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until you get to a checkpoint. You're handed a sealed envelope as you roll off the line. That's the only time when you really know what's ahead of you. Well, somehow or other, at San Antonio two sets of instructions were passed out. So the ol' lady of one of the other Harley riders had to jump in a truck and go chase down a couple of the riders who'd been given the wrong instructions. She caught them at a gas station somewhere down the road where they had all stopped to look at their instructions. When she told them they had the wrong instructions, one of them got upset and went to a pay phone and she overheard him call another contestant at another gas station's pay phone. Now how the hell do you know where another rider is like that unless you're teaming up?

ER: Wasn't there also a problem about how the rules were applied last year?

P: Last year I technically finished first and should have won. The rules said that if you were early or late, you'd be docked one minute. I rolled into San Diego 20 minutes late and should have been docked 20 points and that was it. But at the end of the race, nobody who got to their checkpoints early, which all the other riders consistently did, was docked at all.

I was the only one who didn't show up early because I ran the race exactly as the rules said, which was that you had to arrive precisely at the specified time.

Well, everyone else was checking in six or eight hours early and going to sleep, working on their bike or whatever, and they didn't dock them. It was really ridiculous. I challenged the decision and they decided that you could arrive at a checkpoint early but not leave early. So that put me into sixth place instead of the first I would have had if they'd strictly followed the rules.

ER: Aside from getting screwed, what's the most interesting thing that's happened to you during the two Iron Butts?

P: Well, last year, in my fatigue somewhere in Montana, I think, I discovered the mystery of the universe.

ER: Really? What was it?

Easyriders



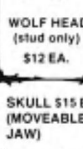
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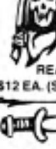
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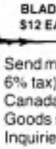
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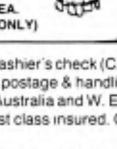
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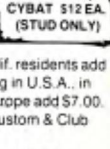
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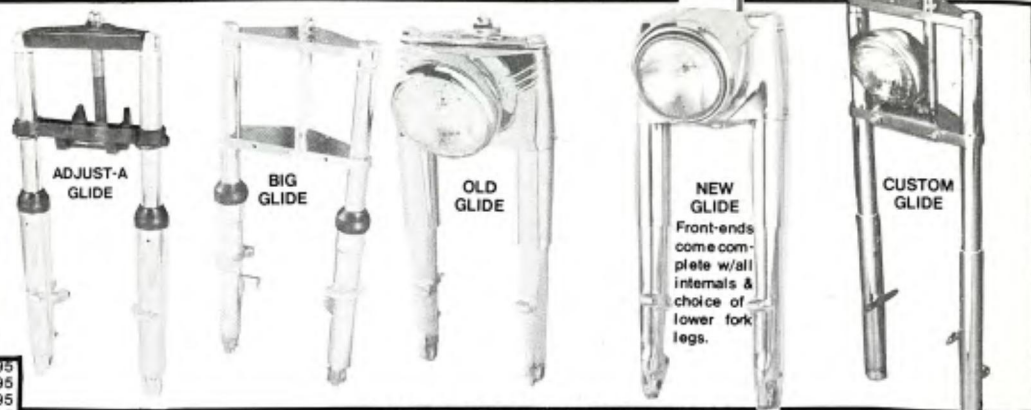
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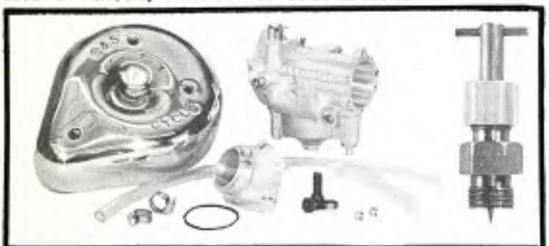
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Oil seal, sprocket nut

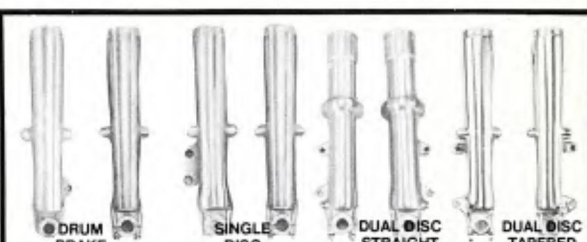
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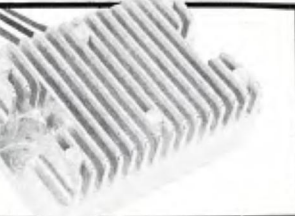


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make that up. Wasn't there any provision for making up those points?
P: Not this year — if you blew it, you blew it. Last year, as I said, was different. It was a plus-or-minus-points situation then.

So when I rolled into Seattle late, it was over. I'd lost it fair and square and it was my own damn fault. An interesting thing was that I was broke by then and a friend of mine was holding a big benefit for me at a local club hangout, the Fremont Street Tavern. The idea was to raise enough bucks for me to continue in the rally. I decided that since I'd been disqualified, it would be ripping these people off just to continue on a fun ride so I packed it in and decided to save the money for next year's rally.

ER: What slowed you up? The rain?

P: No, actually Rand McNally did it. Rand McNally claims that from Minneapolis to Seattle is about 1600 miles. It is, in reality, about 1900. I'd built myself a four-hour buffer into my run from Eau Claire to Seattle. When I got to Sturgis I stopped and I should, according to Rand McNally, have been over halfway there. I had over half of my time left, so I figured I could spend about an hour and relax a little bit because I'd just spent over 17 hours in the saddle.

When it was too late I finally realized that I was only about a third of the way to Seattle.

ER: I still don't understand that rule. A guy could hit every checkpoint perfectly except for one where he was 35 minutes late because of a flat or a bust or something and he gets disqualified. Another guy could be consistently 15 or 20 minutes late at each checkpoint and go on to win the race even though he's hours in the hole.

P: For sure.

ER: How were you doing up until the point where you were disqualified?

P: I was still in the good running. Heck, I was going strong. I came out of Milwaukee 50 points behind BMW and I had this grandiose plan of pulling into Seattle 100 points on top of BMW. Now there's a national record holder who runs for the BMW team, a real good friend of mine, one hell of a



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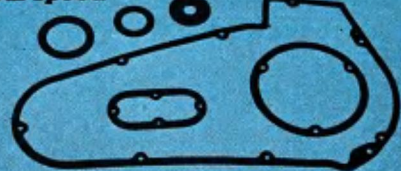
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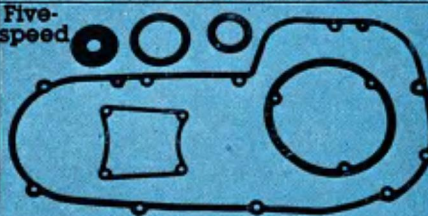
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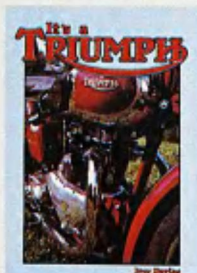


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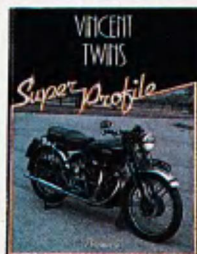
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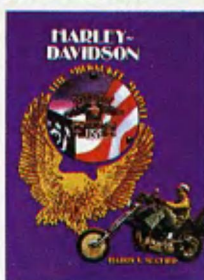
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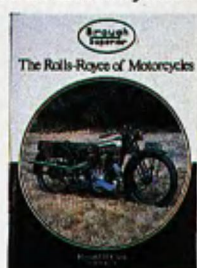
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headed away from Phoenix?

P: There are a couple of real good ones I use. Now, down in the South, for instance, Mom and America and apple pie always work. I have this tank bag on my bike that always has an immediate-area map of where I am showing on it. So when I'm getting pulled over I can pick out any town at random up ahead of me and tell the cops a story of how me and this partner of mine were POWs together for, like, seven years in Vietnam and those dirty fuckers tortured him to death, while I survived. And every year I stop by this little town just ahead of me to see his mother.

That usually works real good down in Texas, Georgia, and all those states. 'Oh, I'm sorry, Officer, I guess I was just thinking about my partner in that tiger cage.'

ER: Any other riders in the rally run it like you do — balls to the wall as fast as they can for as long as they can — or do most of them try to maintain an average speed not that much above the limits?

P: This year there was an entry for the American Red Cross in there and they ran it on a strictly checkpoint-to-checkpoint basis at the speed limit. Everybody else, though, was out there on a balls-to-the-wall basis.

ER: What happened to you? I understand you didn't finish.

P: To tell you the truth, I was disqualified in Seattle when I missed my checkpoint by 45 minutes. We were in the rain just about the whole race and I had to run this 2000-mile stretch between Eau Claire and Seattle through a downpour and I missed it by 45 minutes.

ER: That's an automatic disqualification?

P: Yeah, it is. See they put a sudden-death rule in there this year that said that if you were over half an hour late at any checkpoint, you were just disqualified totally.

ER: That doesn't seem right. You could have a flat or throw a master link or something, and easily fall an hour or more behind. In an eleven-day race, with all those bonus points and so forth, you should easily be able to



"I don't see why you're so upset. I invited you to the gang bang, too!"

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Wordmonger

Continued from page 74

news," February '86), c'mon now, trying to raise \$1,000,000 for a statue that stands there and says: Hey, c'mon, give us your tired, your poor, your sick, your diseased, your criminally insane, your dying, your rapists, your murderers, your thieves, your lepers, your Hondas, your Yamazukies, your Mitzybitches (who, by the way, also made the airplanes for kamikazis killing American GIs), your commies, your Iranian and Lebanese 7-Eleven owners, your manufacturers who build plants here and put Americans out of work and buy up all our prime property but generate all the money made back to their own countries, and your degenerates who turn nice towns into slums and ghettos and crime-infested areas? (How the fuck do you think AIDS and herpes came into this country? And who did Castro put on boats to come over here, the strong and intelligent and worthwhile?) If you're gonna think about spending any money

on that tired old whore (which, by the way, France gave to us instead of paying back the debt that they still owe), spend the money on cutting off that torch and making her shoot the bird out at the harbor. But if you're gonna think at all, let's think about the American farmer, let's think about the American steelworkers being unemployed and the automobile workers, not to mention the American motorcycle manufacturers. How about disabled vets, the handicapped, our babies and children who need medical attention? How about cancer? Education? Medical research in general? How about a million dollars' worth of "We Are The World" albums? How about trading the statue back to France for a big press to print all the food stamps and welfare checks for the people the statue welcomes? How about changing her inscription to "Come in, three holes, no waiting"? How about people getting together to raise money for causes within this country, for the people within the country who built it, fought for it, worked for it,

and died for it?

Ya better take a look around, folks!

Bones
South Jersey

Sober Party?

☐ Just dropping a line to let free wheelers in the tri-state area (N.Y., N.J., Conn.) who want to ride sober and party sober know that a new club (established July '85), Survivors MC, is for you. If you're interested and drugs/booze aren't your bag anymore, drop a line and I'll contact you by mail or phone.

John A. Gonzales
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ABATE of Washington

☐ Pass out the cold ones to ABATE of Washington. I just saw one of their commercials on TV. Hope to see more shit like it and just had to let them know I dug it.

Swish
Tacoma, Wash.

Planning

☐ I'm planning a series of puzzles, using only club names, for possible publication in your rag. To insure

proper spelling and out of respect for any club not wanting its name used, I won't use any clubs that I don't receive a club card from.

Donald Barton 34371
Box 900
Jefferson City, MO 65102

How? How?

☐ Just got my February issue and want to know how I can enter your dumb contest by January 31, 1986, when there ain't even a damn entry blank. My rabbit is making the raisins for your pie this month.

Mr. Jim
Boyne City, Mich.

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Interview

Continued from page 17

to the start line?

P: I can't afford to have my bike air-freighted to Philadelphia and then fly in like most everybody else. I don't baby my ride, either. As a matter of fact, three weeks before I went to the start line I made a prototype run up to New York and back to make sure that everything was running right. I had about 10,000 miles under my belt in the first month before the start.

ER: Okay, well, once you finally made it to the start line, how long did you manage to run before attracting any official attention?

P: Police problems — no, I didn't have any during the race. I got arrested in Holbrook and then in Missouri on the way out, but I wasn't arrested at all during the race this year.

ER: How about last year?

P: No, I wasn't arrested during the race then, either. But I've got these incredible stories that I run past the cops. You see, the project is not to try and weasel out of getting the ticket necessarily, but to solicit sympathy from the cop, so he'll reduce the speed he's going to write the ticket for — down to a speed where he can use his own discretion and not take you to jail.

If you can talk the cop into knocking the speed down from 140 to about 90, see, with a real good story, he'll just kinda shake his finger at you and say, 'Now, don't you ever let me catch you doing this again.'

One of the stories that I use is always good anytime I'm even remotely aimed at Phoenix. I say, well, I'm a businessman on vacation out here and I called the shop at this last gas station where I just filled up and I found out that there was a chemical explosion at my machine shop and my wife and two children had third-degree burns over 90 percent of their bodies and were in a burn clinic in Tucson. I say, 'Officer, I'm just trying to get home.' I can usually summon up a little tear and the whole nine yards — and I don't even have a wife and two kids.

ER: What do you use when you're

Easyriders



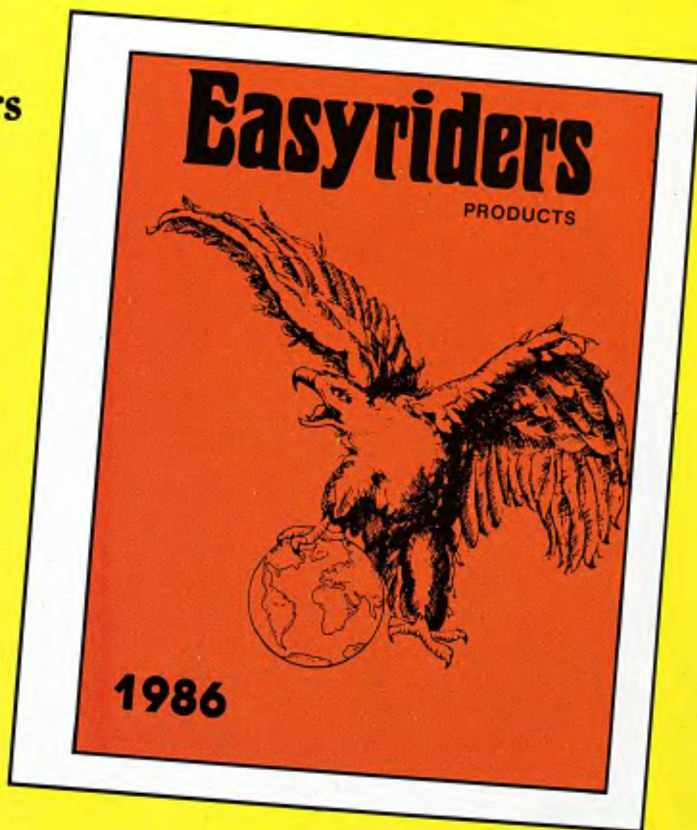
"Don't worry, I'm not asking permission to marry Jake, I just want to suck him off now and then."

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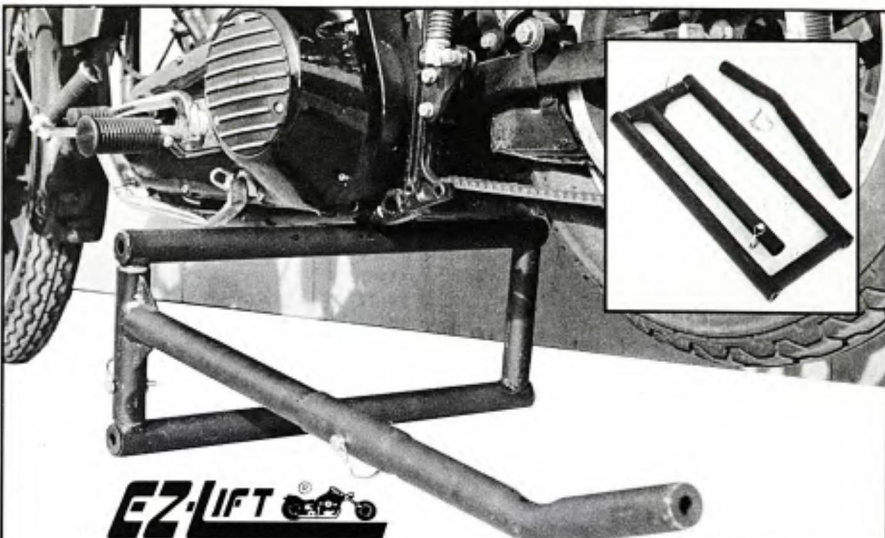
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HAD NO PUSSY IN
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DOWN A GIRL?



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DOWN ANOTHER
ONE BUT A LITTLE
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beer. Three hours, twelve pool games, and a few pitchers later we stumbled out of the bar. Neither of us felt like puttin' back home, so we decided to grab some grub-to-go at the store and find a place to park it for the night.

Five miles down the road we found a campground. All the spaces were full, so we had to make one of our own back in amongst the trees. We parked the scoots side by side and unloaded the grub. BJ's Buck served us well for slicing up the ham, cheese, and bread we'd bought. We washed it all down with a couple of beers. I wrapped up the leftover food along with two cans of beer for breakfast, and putting it all back in the sack. I set it down on the ground next to my scooter. We unloaded our bedrolls then and with BJ sleeping on one side of the scoots and me on the other, we crashed for the night.

I awoke to the sound of BJ clicking back the hammer on his pistol. I opened my eyes. Six inches from my nose was the rear end of a skunk with its tail up. He was trying to get into the sack of food next to my scooter. I looked past him and saw BJ standing 20 feet away with his pistol pointed at the skunk. There was a killer look in his eyes. BJ's a good shot and I knew he wouldn't miss. I saw visions of skunk juice spraying my face.

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We bedded down again and BJ was snoring in minutes. I couldn't sleep. A little while later I heard the skunk snooping around again. I grabbed up the ham and cheese and chucked it at him. That kept him busy for about 15 minutes before he started heading for my bedroll again. Brave little fucker. I wasn't packing a piece and BJ was sound asleep, so I picked up a rock and threw it. Well, we must've been camped on his personal territory because that little fucker came back again and again. I sat up the rest of the night throwing rocks at that fucking skunk while BJ slept soundly. ■

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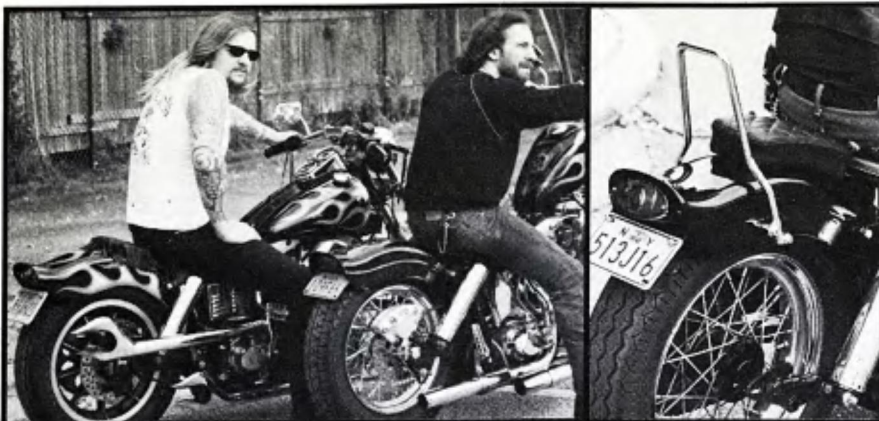
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the hate, the pain, the bitterness
and the loneliness that I'd once
left behind.

It taught me these things well.
Iron bars, clubs, a guard tower with
guns and an electrified fence were
my teachers.

But yet I have survived. I've lived
and learned — and shall continue
to do so. Ya know something? I shall
be me. Free — and a biker. A born
scooter tramp for the rest of my
time in prison. And when I'm
released, for the rest of my life. I will
not change.

I will get my Harley and my jeans
and my leathers and my earring
back! My hair and beard will grow
back. And there are the millions of
scooter people out there for my
friends. Indeed, they are my brothers
and sisters. They are my family.

Freedom and scooters are my way
of life. I will not change. I cannot.
And I wouldn't if I could. The old
man was right. "Nothin' is as bad as
it seems." Yeah!

I was born who and what I am. And
I'm proud of it. The world must accept
me as such. Or, I shall fight to the
death for my right to be me. To be a
biker. To be free. And I shall be.



Night In The Woods

by Bear's Ol' Lady

BJ and I awoke at midmorning.
By then the sun had
thoroughly heated up the small
apartment and our bodies were
covered with sweat. It was going to
be another blistering hot desert day.
BJ suggested we putt up north and
spend the day where it was cooler. I
couldn't argue with him. We loaded
the necessary gear on our scoots
and rode.

Several hours and three hundred
miles later we were breathing in
crisp, cool country air. We parked
our scoots in front of the local pub
and went inside for a pitcher of cold

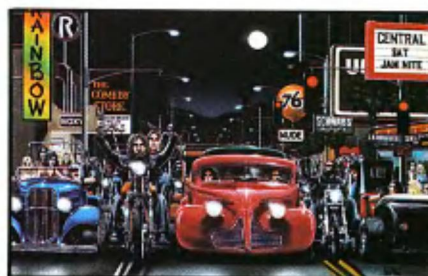


M-19 "GOIN' HOME"

She waits faithfully while you party — and never bitches. You leave a bar with a split lip — she asks no questions. Always there, forever ready to take it on home . . . a man's *real* best friend is his Harley. Dave Mann illustrates it all in his latest giant-sized poster.



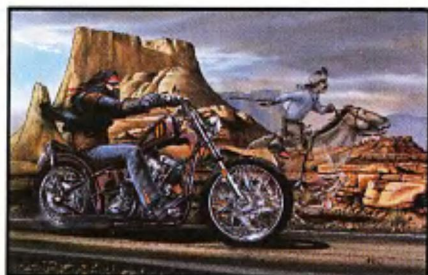
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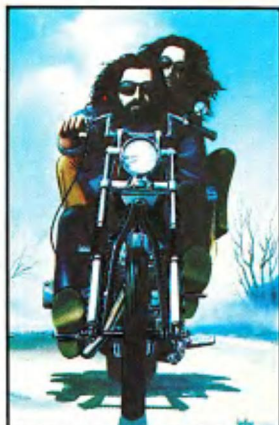
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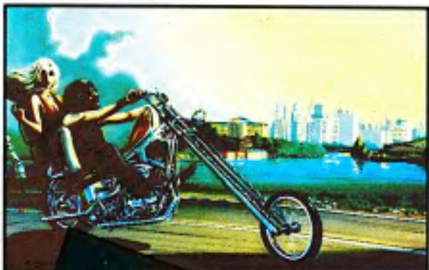
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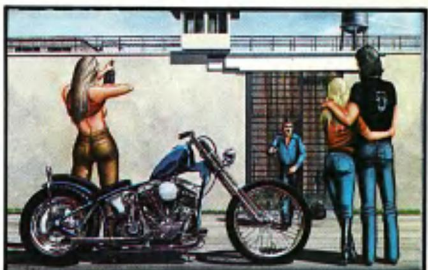
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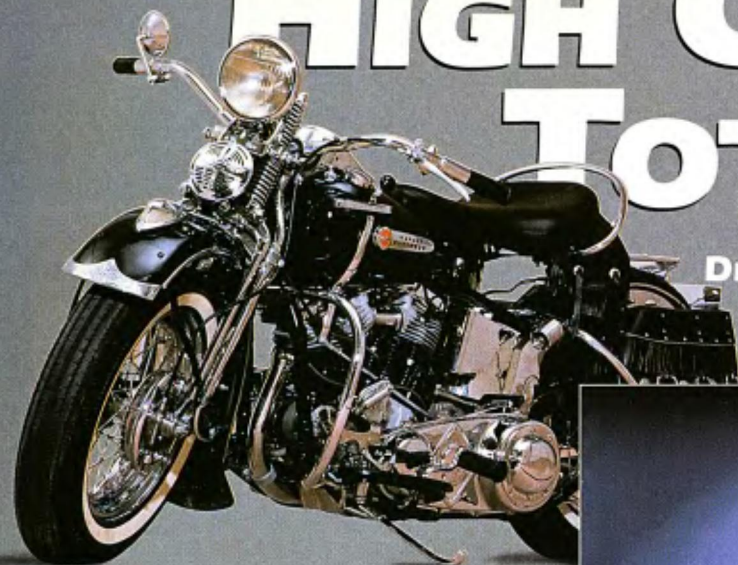
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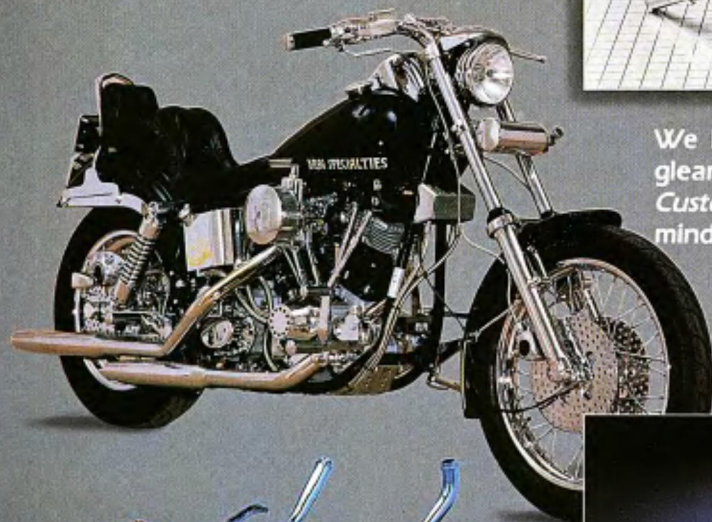
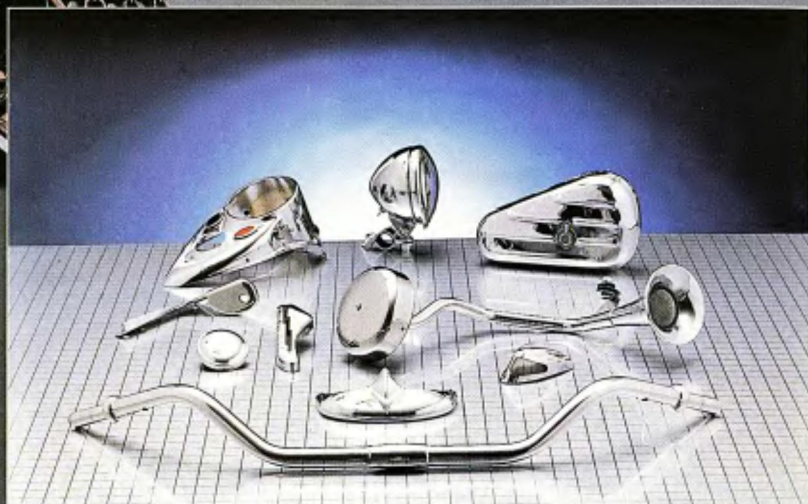
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Two-Wheel Tale

Treated Like An Animal, But I Shall Return

by Bob "Loner" Rodden

One day, a man of considerable years told me, "Son, you're too all fired up with hate, bitterness and pain. Not at one person, place, or thing, but at the whole world." He then told me, "Give the world a chance, son. It's not as bad as it seems. Nothin' is ever as bad as it seems."

Well, I thought this over for days. And those words of wisdom from an old man who happened to be a wino under a railroad bridge made sense. A wino with no home, no money, no clothes, and no one. Just passing time with his two closest friends, loneliness and time. And his bottle. If that's the way he thought and felt, then why shouldn't I try it?



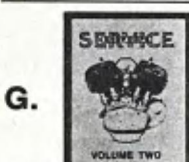
So I gave the world a chance. And it almost totally destroyed me. But not quite.

The world despised my long hair and beard. It couldn't accept my mode of transportation (a '47 knucklehead... a dream). It couldn't accept my lifestyle or personality and didn't like my ways or mannerisms. Or the leathers I wore. And it hated my earring. The world couldn't cope with my freedom or the way I lived it to the fullest.

So the world put me away in prison in Texas. Then it called and treated me like an animal. It beat me till I couldn't fight any more. Then it cut my hair and shaved me. It took away my leathers and jeans and T-shirts. Then it snatched my earring. With time the world took away my friends and my family, too. Then the world gave me back

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Complete service information for civilian models from 1940-1952. Detailed assembly drawings and factory parts lists galore.
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A treasure trove of factory service updates and tips from 1956 to 1969. Quick, easy, Harley-tested solutions to dozens of maintenance problems.
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A tremendous find for Harley history buffs. Factory service bulletins to dealers from 1917-1926. For fixing antiques or great reading.
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- K.** **SPARE PARTS '57**
Official Harley dealers catalog of '61" and '74" OHV model parts for 1949-1957. Includes '51 to '57 Servi-cars and '46 to '52 WLs.
- L.** **K MODEL**
K Model parts are hard to find. Make sure you're getting what you really need with our K Model parts manual. you can get this book.
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Harley dealers catalog of spares for '26-'35. Prices, part nos., and photos of stock and accessory parts — even cop and hack stuff.



Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Questions & Answers		10.00	12.00	18.00		
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Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U.S. funds only, please. Call residents, add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited. WSA/MC welcome. You must include card number, expiration date and signature.

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ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
MC Brothers Parts, Inc. 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

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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
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J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
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Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
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R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
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Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 3028 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside
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Pag Bros. Cycles 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 3605 E. Platte Ave., 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
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood
Chinook Leather & MC Accessories 711 N. Union Blvd., Colorado Springs

CONNECTICUT

Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
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DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

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
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
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Countryside Cycle 1308 Suydam Rd., Sandwich

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Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
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Hayworth MC Service & Accessories 1120 Apperson Way S., Kokomo

IOWA

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"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

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Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville
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Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
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The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
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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. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of \$14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send \$14 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.

Two bros want to hear from women interested in doing some puttin' in '86. Greg Guice 154301 (5'9", 165 lbs., brown hair and beard); and Steve Carter 154227 (6'5", 190 lbs., red hair and beard). Box 379, Boonville, MO 65233.

Before me, there was none. When I'm gone, there'll be no more. If you can relate to this and are the right white-female type, then shoot me a page to help brighten this cage. No sneazors or dope fiends. Paul Bridgewater 904271, D2-14, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

Scouter tramp, 6'1", 165 lbs., muscular, with long, straight, sandy-blond hair and dark crystal-blue eyes, lookin' for sexy and fine honeys to help me through the rest of this short time. Photos are a must. Sam Bass 131478, Box 488, Burkeville, VA 23922.

Aryan sisters: I need some scribes to keep my mind together and help me over the humps. Wayne Bates, Jr. 110003, Death Row L/C-2, Angola, LA 70712.

W/m, 30, 6'5", 195 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, seeks pen pal for possible relationship. Pictures preferred, but not a must. Steve Elliott 52995-065, Memphis Unit, Box 34550, Memphis, TN 38184-0550.

Attractive w/m, 30, 5'11", 170 lbs., long blond hair, beard, moustache, hazel eyes, seeking kites from straight or bi-females who need a real man. Looking for one or two submissive, experienced women for intimate moments. J.R. Best 17632-G, SACJ, Box 1372, St. Ann, MO 63074.

Proud white boy from No. Calif., 21, 5'10", blond hair, blue eyes, looking for caring and considerate lady for possible long-term relationship. Out in a year and need someone to come home to. Love kids. Letters with photos answered first. Don W. Riley, C84205, D-314, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Ladies, 20-40: Intelligent, sincere, white career criminal, 36, wants to hear from you. My interests are getting high, drawing, and tattooing. Sincere ladies only. I'm not a game player or babysitter. William L. Smith 11405, Box D, Represa, CA 95671.

W/m, 30, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, in the wind in '89, seeks foxy ladies with heart and intelligence to share adventure. Looking for lasting relationship with right lady. Send letters and flicks to Pete Kalarovich, B-081643, Reception & Med. Ctr. 0-2-81, Box 628, Lake Butler, FL 32064.

Ladies: White dude doing hard time would like to hear from you. Would love pictures, but not necessary. Will answer all. B. Don Rogers 084128, Union Corr. Inst. 20-201, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

W/m, 27, 6'3", 215 lbs., green eyes, light brown hair, would like to hear from ladies, 18 or older, for friendship and possible long-term relationship. Send photos, you foxy things. Tony Yarchan 854504, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 26, 6', 170 lbs., wants lasting correspondence from w/f. John Mason, JD-00121, 5A-102, SMSC-IV-A, Box 1902, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

Almost ready to hit the streets and need a good woman (27-35, 120-130 lbs.) to help me stay out there. I'm 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., with brown eyes and black/gray hair which gives me distinguished look. Please send photo. Will answer all. Felix Cortez 83A3667, Cell C-25-17, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Easygoing guy, 18, blond and blue, looking for kind-hearted person to help me through this time. I have no family in the States and need someone who will take me as I am. Please write soon. Tony Lacock 179-864, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

W/m, 26, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair and blues. Down till '86. Want a very bright future, but need that source of sunshine from a special lady. All answered. Joseph Groh, A83180, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

Lonely, sincere w/m, 34, 6'2", 210 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, with less than two to go, would like to correspond with lady who likes to write. All answered. Ronald Mellinger, N-43543, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

W/m, 31, 6'4", 187 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, got one year left. Would appreciate letters and photos from caring and considerate ladies. Letters with photos answered first. Scott A. Maynard, C99615, D-226, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Sexy Kansas City lady (or one willing to relocate): Coming home soon and looking for a healthy, happy lady who can stand up under a lot of manhandling to settle down with. Write and send picture; I'll do the same. Carl T. Riley, Jr. 39522, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Two w/m doing hard time need to hear from good-hearted women. Calvin L. Anderson 152741, and Michael Arnold 149782, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. Photo gets photo.

Life gets extremely lonely here and it would work wonders for a bunch of us if we could correspond with some hot-blooded American ladies. A photo would be especially nice, but not essential. Johnnie R. Strozier, Box EF-513586, M-4 10/1, GSP, Reidsville, GA 30499.

White bro, 37, soon to be released, needs correspondence and visits from a for-real and righteous foxy biker lady to help set the stage for release. Kids okay. Send pic and I'll do the same. All will be answered. Al Miller 8454, Box 351, WSP, Waupun, WI 53963.

Hey, ladies: I'm lonely and looking for a woman who's interested in an outlaw who's down and dirty. Craig Bauwens, C82746, CMC-E, Ad. Seg. 105, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Lonely white tramp from SoCal, half-Italian, half-Indian, 5'8", 155 lbs., hazel eyes, looking for caring, sincere, honest lady with a good heart for a real relationship. I'm tired of mind games. Need a lady who can hang. J. Teaser Morgan, C47104, LB 311, CTF-N, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

100% peckerwood, 23, down for six, brown, blue, 175 lbs., needs correspondence and pix from ladies, 18-27. Pic for pic, letters for letters. No bullshit. Jason Ross, D-12410, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Lonely East Coast biker, in the wind in '87, 29, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, needs to hear from some down-to-earth, righteous females. Will answer all. Ken Baker, D-07441, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327-0497.

Been down six years with more left than I like to count before I "street." Could use some for-real ladies to help with this load. Will answer all. Chicano male, 30, 5'11", 165 lbs. Jessie B. Garcia 48237, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212.

W/m, 33, 6', 210 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, blue balls, owns two scoots and home. Financially productive, overly seductive. Seeking woman to share all I own upon release. Will answer all. Wayne Lineberry 76750, Box 1400, Endfield, CT 06082.

White Southern bro down since '81 (out in '87), needs an honest, caring lady to help me see some light and make it through the tunnel. I'm 28, 6'2", and 165 lbs. of lonely but honest-to-God man. Stephen M. Hause, Box 10-3155, Anchorage, AK 99510.

W/m, biker, 24, 6', 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, lonely, seeks letters from righteous ladies. Visits too, if possible. All answered. David Hefner, PCI 123423, Rt. 3 Box 430, Pelzer, SC 29669.

Lonely w/m, 29, 5'7", 160 lbs., blond, blue, been down two and a half, one to go, looking for letters and pix from ladies, 18-30. Will answer all. Richard H. Theriault, MCC, 119 Mallison St., S. Windham, ME 04082.

Pretty women: Drop us a line, we're two w/m doin' some time. Lefty's 22, Rambo's 33, it's up to you ladies to set our hearts free. Randy G. Watts 128542 (6'1", 170 lbs., blond/brown), and Roger A. Wood 99977 (5'10", 150 lbs., brown/blue). Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

Male, 6', 185 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 23, needs letters from ladies on the street who are sexual-minded and fun to be with. Pix, too, if possible. Gary Pfahler, RPC(P), Box 3000, Abbotsford, B.C. Canada V2S 4P3.

W/m, 23, 6'1", 175 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, would appreciate hearing from special lady, 18-30, who's intelligent, sincere, and has her head together. No head games. Photo for photo. Mike Baker 35943, KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Two down-to-earth, for-real w/m would like to hear from sincere ladies. No head games — we get enough shit from these people. Nick Webb 41563 (26, blond hair, hazel eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs.), and Rob Gallimore 41714 (blond hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 175 lbs.). Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 26, 6', 185 lbs., needs letters and pix from ladies willing to write. Got five to go and sure would be easier with some correspondence. John Dumbsky 853226, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

Young white road warrior, down in the land of the ducks, out mid-'86. Need letters and pix from a few ladies (not necessarily) not into head games. Head-in' for Arizona upon release. I got heart; show me yours. Jack Moore 13403, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, OR 97310.

Two w/m down a long time seeking warm-hearted ladies without head games. Life here is hard enough. Will answer all; those with pix first. James W. Haydon 375952, and Nolen L. Moore 351615, Rt. 4 Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Ladies: Dirty white boy, 24, doin' without, would like letters and pictures. Will answer any and all. Stanley Griffith 377719, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Bakersfield 'wood, 21, slammed in peebutt system needs to hear from fine young ladies. Long brown hair, tattoo down, 5'9", 165 lbs. Mike Rivera 19457, NSP, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702.

Two Aryan bros need letters, pix, and visits, but no games or fannies. Been down five with a couple to go. You'll never be let down by an Aryan. Frank Bruno 89961-A-3 (21, 6'3", 210 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair), and James Peterson 90662-A-3 (6'4", 22, 215 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair). Box 500, Ward Ave., Bordentown, NJ 08505.

Lonely w/m, 30, with no family or friends who care, seeks friendship and more with sincere female. No head games; kids okay. Please write Ken Burkey 15491, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

California w/m, 29, 5'9", 180 lbs., lonely, needs letters. Paul J. Wilde 10558CA, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, NC 28144.

W/m, 28, 5'10", 185 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, is interested in corresponding with ladies, 18 to 65. Looking for friendly, sincere type. Photos appreciated. Billy Jacob, C90534, c/o Solano Unit 3-131, Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

One-percenter, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 190 lbs., been down six years, will be back in the wind soon. Looking for a serious-minded lady. No games. James Palmer-KD, 7175 Manor Rd., Columbus, GA 31907.

White bro, 5'11", 165 lbs., bitten by a federal snake, has 20 months to go. Looking for a fast-lane lady. Richard Plowman P-5969, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

Southern bro, 32, getting out soon. Needs correspondence with a sincere and righteous lady who's interested in a long and lasting relationship. If you're that one in a million, put together a letter with photos and let's get it on. Charles Lee Clark C-023194, Marion Corr. Inst. A-139, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663.

FAVORITE PHRASES

By George Grenke

Ya know, more than just our Hogs, lifestyle, and common experiences bond us road dogs together and make us bros. For one thing, there's our good looks. It's incontrovertible that we're the handsomest SOB's on two legs. (If we weren't, how the fuck could we score so many fine-looking bitches?) For crissake, even those of us who are ugly manage to look good at it.

Then there's our taste in music (Rock 'n' roll forever!), libation (suds, Jack Black, and boilermakers), recreational activities (sex, partying down, word puzzles, sex, more partyin' down, and a helluva lot more sex), and that stuff certain hypocritical segments of society refer to as vices (which needn't be enumerated here).

Beyond these, however, is the single greatest element we all share on a daily basis, whether we're on the road,

in the rack, locked down, laid up, fucked up, or just watching TV. That's right, bros. I'm talking about our language. Hidden within this here word search puzzle are 29 favorite phrases, listed below, that instantly identify us to one another, let civilians know what we think of 'em, and otherwise help us get about our business. Some of 'em read up, some read down, some read left, some read right, a few are diagonal, and a whole mess of 'em overlap in places. But don't go gettin' all agitated thinkin' that just because the rest of this issue is screwy, we've thrown ya a curve — every one of these fuckers reads in a straight line.

After giving it your best shot, check page 112 to see if ya qualify to be an April Fool. (Caution: Just don't go bragging about it if ya do.)

Get off my ass!

Harley's best; fuck the rest.

What's this green shit?

Nice ass.

Fuckin' cops!

Fire up a joint.

Up yer ass!

Fuck you!

Oh, shit.

What a night!

Where's my other boot?

Shit and fall in it!

You peckerhead!

Piss on ya!

Kiss my ass!

Wanna fuck?

Asshole!

Fuck off!

Where am I?

Fuck it.

Blow me, scumbag.

Pussy!

Suck my dick.

**Hey, bartender,
another beer!**

Take it off, baby.

Cuntlapper!

Party till ya puke.

Drop yer drawers, hon.

Gimme some head.

A	T	I	H	S	N	E	E	R	G	S	I	H	T	S	T	A	H	W	H	R
B	T	N	O	H	S	R	E	W	A	R	D	R	E	Y	P	O	R	D	E	E
C	S	D	E	F	G	H	I	D	S	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	Y	P
T	E	U	F	I	R	E	U	P	A	J	O	I	N	T	V	W	X	Y	B	P
Y	R	Z	A	D	F	H	O	J	S	S	A	R	E	Y	P	U	E	B	A	A
B	E	K	C	E	G	C	I	K	U	O	Y	K	C	U	F	L	K	A	R	L
G	H	M	C	N	N	O	P	Y	Z	T	Y	C	H	U	D	V	U	B	T	T
E	T	N	G	I	M	M	E	S	O	M	E	H	E	A	D	W	P	F	E	N
T	K	I	K	Q	D	R	S	S	Y	U	A	E	K	W	A	Z	A	F	N	U
O	C	C	T	U	V	Y	W	U	P	R	W	G	R	N	S	S	Y	O	D	C
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Y	S	S	I	X	F	F	O	K	C	U	F	M	E	V	L	J	T	K	N	Z
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

roadblock/checkpoints. There was no other reason for my being stopped. I really don't need to lose my license for 180 days.

It just hit me that what's unconstitutional is unconstitutional no matter what state you happen to be in. We only have one Constitution, don't we?

I'm thankful for any info you can pass on to me. Maybe it can be outlawed in Indy, too.
Bruce Robinson
1656 Hadley Rd.
Mooresville, IN 46158

No, No, No

☐ No, no, no. The word "fuck" comes to us from England — from a time when church and state were at odds with each other and the church wanted religious censorship for couples getting married.

The document in a civil marriage read (now get it straight 'cause this is how it happened), "Fornication Under Consent of the King." Thereby, the word fuck.

Trapshooter
Lewistown, Ohio

☐ This letter is to all the dumb shitheads who wrote to say that the origin of the word "fuck" was "For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge."

The word is, indeed, of German origin. And Irish. And Latin. I'll quote *Language Awareness* (St. Martin's Press, New York):

"The best known of the tabooed sexual verbs (fuck), for example, comes from the German *ficken*, meaning 'to strike'; combined, according to Partridge's dictionary *Origins*, with the Latin sexual verb *futuere*; associated in turn with the Latin *fustis*, 'a staff or cudgel'; the Irish *bot*, 'the male member'; the Latin *battuere*, 'to beat'; the Gaelic *batair*, 'a cudgeller'; the early Irish *bualaim*, 'I strike'; and so forth. It is one of what etymologists sometimes call 'the sadistic group of words for the man's part in copulation'."

Well, there you have it — the true origin.

Skipper
Platteville, Wis.

A 1%er

☐ In five years of reading your magazine I've many

times run across the word "1%er." Maybe I'm a dumb-fuck, but I and several others want to know whatdafuck it means.

Terry Saylor
Nicholasville, Ky.

☐ The AMA once said that one percent of the motorcyclists were outlaws, so many bikers considered that one percent a badge of honor and called themselves one-percenters.

Help, Help

☐ I need the help of your readers. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Sheri Moran, please have her get in touch with me — it's very important! (312) 844-3049.

Marty
Windy City, Ill.

Made In Korea

☐ I've always appreciated Harley-Davidson for its stand on American-made products, wanting you to buy things made in the good ol' U.S. of A.

I've got a bitch. I purchased two Apache fringed jackets from the local H-D dealer. Guess what? They have a large label inside that says, "Hein Gericke — Harley-Davidson." Then there's a small tag which states, "Made in Korea." Thought I was getting American-made when I bought them. What's the matter? Can't H-D find an American manufacturer to get their leathers from?

Bob
Paris, Tex.

☐ Those people in Asia work for pennies an hour while Americans work for dollars an hour. How can Americans compete with their prices?

Deaf MC

☐ In response to Chipper (January '86): Yes, there's a deaf motorcyclists club. Write ABATE of Oregon, Deaf Chapter, Box 4504, Portland, OR 97208.

Russ
Salem, Ore.

Benefit

☐ I want to extend my sincere thanks to everyone who attended the benefit party for the family of Bruce Burdick, held on December 7 in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Thanks to your generous donations, we were able to raise over \$2100

to help his family through some rough times.

We really did a lot to change the image created by television and news media stereotyping in the eyes of the people.

Hope you all had as good a time as I did.

Kim Adams
Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Tip

☐ You guys can forget all about the fucking EPA and all that bullshit about lead. The only lead to get out is the lead in your rear end. Get down to the auto parts store and pick up some Marvel Mystery Oil. It's been on the market for centuries and is a hell of a top-cylinder lubricant. Good for the valves, man; a little in the gas. Don't overdo it.

Chain Man
Northern Wis.

Dumped On

☐ Up until now Rhode Island bros have always handled their problems solo. We're trying to change that. How about a helping hand?

The Rhode Island Motorcycle Enthusiasts are a non-profit watchdog group determined to keep bikers free. We're not looking for people's bread, just their input. If you've been dumped on somewhere by someone just because you were riding a bike, warn the rest of us and maybe we can solve the problem together. Contact the Rhode Island Motorcycle Enthusiasts, 49 Richmond St. #137, Providence, RI 02903.

Gene Rielly
Providence, R.I.

Bad Attitude

☐ In regard to the cop who wrote in about bad attitudes on the part of bikers, I hope he doesn't come to St. Louis or the surrounding suburbs. For the most part, The Man will fuck with you, guilty or innocent. St. Louis County police are probably the worst by far. I've ridden my Harley past oncoming county pigs, legal speed, helmet, leathers, etc. and had them make a U-turn to go after me. They try to find something wrong no matter how nice or polite you are to them. They could use some public relations lessons.

My own blood brother is a cop but one to be proud of. He doesn't hassle people, he makes arrests only when he

has to, and he tries to help rather than hassle the public. Too bad there aren't more like him. Perhaps twenty years in the military and two in Vietnam made him a man instead of a punk with a badge.

The Eureka Rider
Eureka, Mo.

Wants Mail

☐ Why don't you bikers, wherever you are, write and cheer a lonely lady biker from Britain?

K. Jackson
29 Millfields
Barton-On-Humber
S. Humberside
England DN18 5NA

☐ Be prepared for a lot of mail.

Dumont's

☐ I just wanted to say thanks for the Dave Mann print of "Dumont's A Tavern, Etc." in the January '86 issue. It brought back some very fond memories of the great fucking times I had there when I lived in California. Here's some long overdue thanks to all the people at Dumont's, especially Rebel, Chay, Spider and Cheryl, Pollack, Mark, Richard Dumont (of course), and E.T. (wherever ya are!?)

Missouri Mike
St. Joseph, Mo.

Mary Ann

☐ When I received my January '86 issue, I saw Mary Ann on the front cover. Flipped through and there was no layout. Then I saw in the index that she was on the staff. How you guys do it is beyond me.

James Russell
Syracuse, N.Y.

Japan

☐ I was just readin' your October '85 rag for about the tenth time and noticed something on that nice scooter "Fred's Second Sled." You've got a close-up of the chain and sprocket, and up in the top left corner there's a link that says "Japan." What the fuck is up, or does anyone give a shit anymore?

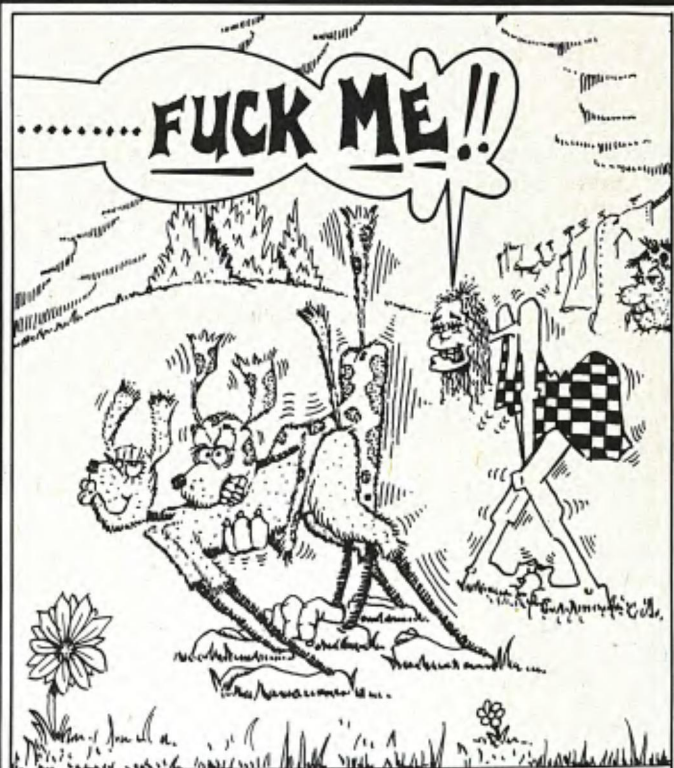
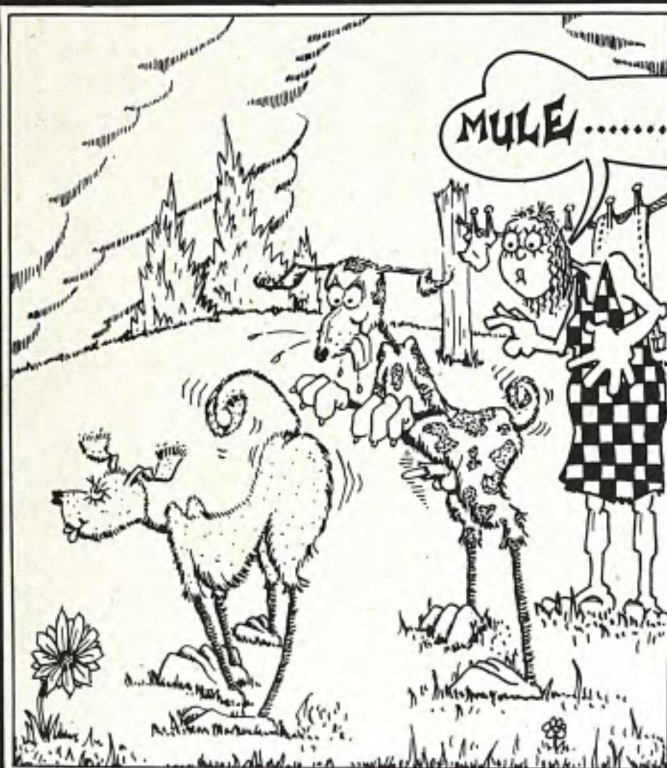
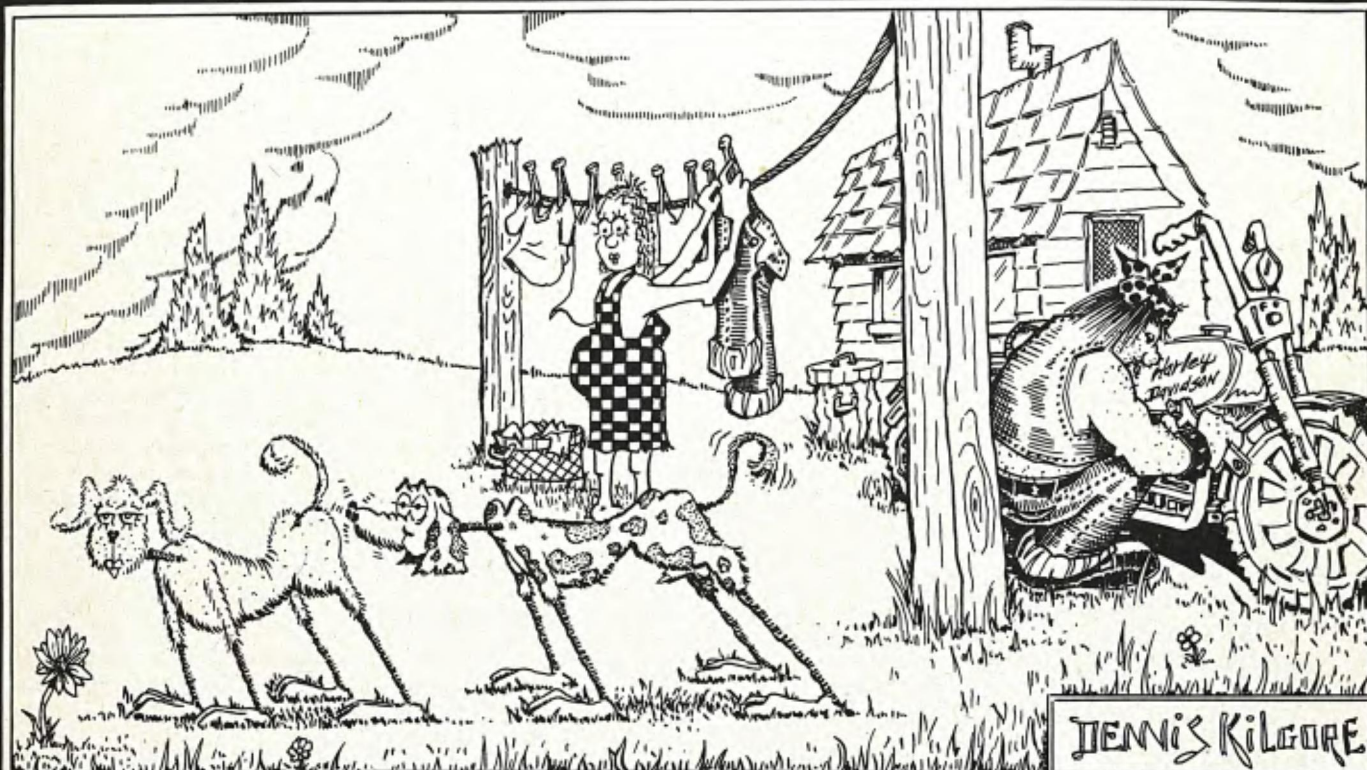
Lt. Mainiac
Hudson, Fla.

An Opinion

☐ In regard to "Pony Express Bike Ride To Honor Lady of Liberty" ("Easy-

Continued on page 87

MULE AN HIS OL' LADY



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

Sometimes it seems that everyone from Johnny Cash to Hortense Hooker from the Topless Tavern has appeared on stage at various Graybar Hotels. Despite the proliferation of visiting artistes as diverse in their performing talent as high-school twirlers and sawdust-trail evangelists, however, the title of *strangest* prison entertainment of the decade surely belongs to the Geese Theater troupe.

In keeping with the off-the-wall nature of this issue, we're gonna lay off the heavy shit this once and tell ya a little bit about them geeses — or is it geeses? — because even though they're not an April Fool's joke, they could easily pass for one.

The Geese Theater is ten actors and actresses who travel the country putting on stage plays in prisons. But put all those images of Mary Martin flying through the air as Peter Pan or Julie Andrews belting out her 80,000th rendition of "Wouldn't It Be Lovely?" out of your mind. The Geese Theater doesn't perform that kind of material. Their plays are, uh, *different*. . .

"The aim of the game is to leave the game. The game for you means the streets, being arrested, going to the joint, being released, and going back to the street. For your ol' lady, it means going to the lawyer, dealing with the school when your kids are cutting up, seeing the landlord, and going to social services. It also means visiting you."

— from the introduction to "The Plague Game," as performed by the Geese Theater.

A brief description of "The Plague Game" is probably as good a way to illustrate the kinds of shows the Geese Theater puts on as any other. "The Plague Game" is, according to its author, Geese Theater director John Bergman, one of the group's most popular pieces and the troupe has performed it before inmate audiences throughout the U.S.

It goes something like this. After the narrator gives the introduction

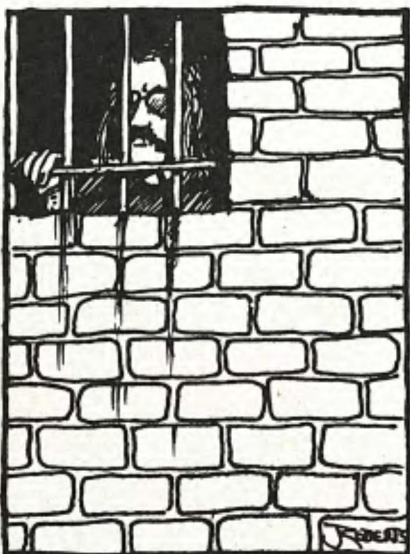


Illustration by Jody Roberts

quoted above, the audience is informed/advised that "winning" the game involves getting through a prison term while still maintaining a successful relationship with their family on the outside. Then the curtain goes up and the body of the play — essentially about three inmates and their individual families — begins.

What makes "The Plague Game" so different from traditional stage plays is that no one, not even the actors, is sure what's going to happen during any given performance. The predicaments and plights that come up throughout the course of the show are governed by the random selection of "situation" cards — sort of like those little "Chance" buggers in the game of Monopoly — by a player called The Fool.

For example, a character doing a long stretch seems to be keeping his head together fine when suddenly The Fool pulls a card saying that the character's ol' lady has just gotten pregnant by another man. The actor playing the prisoner now has to try to react to this development just as if he were a real prisoner getting such news.

But — and this is a crucial

factor — before the action continues, the audience is invited to voice their opinions on what the character should do — forgive her, get rid of her, or whatever. While both audience and actors wrestle with how to handle each new development, The Fool struts about the stage stirring up trouble and doubt by planting seeds of anger and despair in the mind of the "convicts."

As you may have figured out by now, the Geese Theater is different, but don't get the idea that our linking their bizarre behind-the-walls entertainment to April Fool's Day is a put-down. It's not. Quite the contrary. In the five years since it started, the Geese Theater — named for the so-called "Wild Geese" Irish convicts exiled to Australia by Great Britain — has appeared before prisoners in over 100 institutions, in 34 states, for next-to-zero bread. They're so poor, in fact, that nine of the ten have to share a single apartment when they're not on the road. Like everyone else who sacrifices their time and talent to bring something entertaining, enlightening, or just plain different to the bros behind the walls, they deserve our thanks and our respect. And that ain't no joke, April Fool or otherwise.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

If Ya Gotta Get Busted. . .

Ya might as well do it in Monongalia County, West Virginia. That way you might at least get to keep your hair, even though you won't be able to get it in the wind.

Seems that prisoners in the county jail had been getting their skulls shaved by a barber ordered to perform public service as a term of his probation. When the busted barber finished his sentence, the sheriff asked the county commissioners to appropriate \$75 for prisoner haircuts, but the commissioners refused. So hair in the Monongalia County Jail — which houses some inmates as long as five years — is currently getting longer while the commissioners and the sheriff carry their dispute to the state attorney general. ■

MUTHA

Away She Goes

Maybe it had to happen. Maybe the thrill is finally gone, or the tingle has become a chill, or the lust in the dust has turned into snores in the sack. Maybe it's just the phases of the moon or the shifting of the tides. Whatever the reason, one of the great relationships of the 20th century is coming to an end — Spider is trading off Mutha for a '47 Indian Chief.

It all happened at a toy run just before Christmas. Spider was busy cussing Mutha out for oozing bodily fluids all over the stuffed Komodo dragon he'd brought along for the kids when a couple of patchholders from a club that had best remain anonymous came up and said, "Hey, we'll take the bitch off yer hands, bro. We've been reading her bullshit column for years and we'd really dig the opportunity to *train* her right — if ya dig what we mean."

Of course, Spider instantly understood what they were talking about and moved to protect his faithful(?) companion of over a decade. He drew himself up to his full height, flexed all his tats, and told those guys exactly where to go in no uncertain terms. "What the fuck," he bellowed, "have ya got to trade?"

The initial offer was half a case of Harley oil, but after several hours of intense negotiations the price finally agreed upon was a '47 Chief in somewhat-less-than-cherry condition. Originally, Spider had pointed out that the scooter wasn't exactly in primo riding shape, but his bargaining power on that issue was severely eroded when someone else noted that mounting Mutha wasn't exactly like jumping on the saddle of an unspoiled hardbelly.

Anyhow, the deal was struck, conditional upon some papers being produced for the Chief and upon Mutha passing hepatitis, AIDS, and rabbit tests.

"It's just time to turn the drums on the old whore," Spider says. "The Indian won't keep getting fatter and fatter. It don't fart, it can't give me the clap, and it's a better ride.

"I know some guys who buy the rag are gonna miss seeing her shit laid out in public every month, but tens of thousands more are gonna be grateful that we finally got rid of her and put something useful on that page. Anyway, you'd never believe the kind of shit I have to put up with from people who actually try to put her fuckin' alleged advice to use. Talk about people with 'blood in their eye' — I used to run into a ton of 'em and it was always *my* blood they had their eye on.

"Summing it up in one easy line, I'd rather have me a Chief than any more of the bitch's grief."

Mutha, as ya might expect, has a different view of the subject. "It ain't that I object to takin' on that club Spider's tryin' to deal me to," she says. "Everyone knows I'm always happy to entertain the troops as long as they travel on Harleys. But the thing of the matter is, Spider don't understand how important I am to the rag.

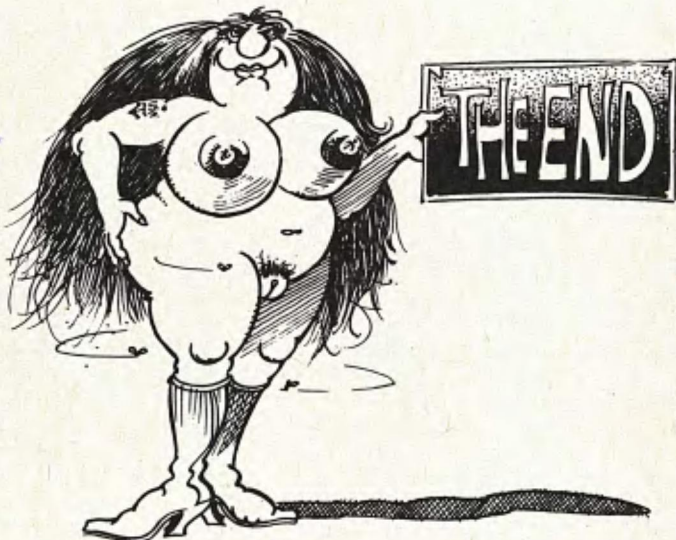
"For instance, what's he gonna do with all them thousands of pictures of me he had printed up once people ain't writin' in for 'em anymore? He can't use 'em in the shitter — the pap-

er's too rough and the ink is so cheap it comes right off. There'd be a backward picture of me on every asshole in the building!

"Another thing is, who's gonna answer all the bros who write in with problems? Some of them scrawny mouses he's filled the office with? Hah! Their mouths are always too stuffed with dork to answer questions. An' one more thing, what's the Indian got that I ain't? That's what I'd like to know. We're both old an' beat to shit an' neither one of us runs.

"I'm the best piece Spider's ever had, the only one who can take all he has and still ask for more. If ya ask me, I think he's been dippin' into the snuff box way too often if he's serious about tradin' me off.

"Well, there ya have it. On second thought, make that I've had it! Fuck 'im. Since he don't appreciate what he's got, he don't deserve it."



PARTS BOX



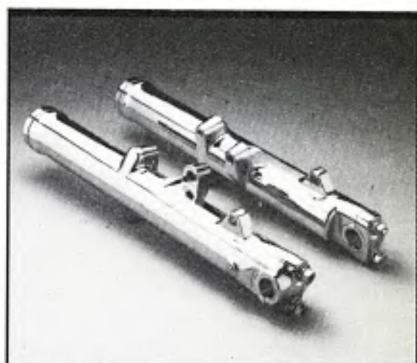
TRUMPET HORN

Even though flippin' the bird is a universally understood gesture, there are times when it's insufficient or a trifle lacking in finesse. Hang onto yer hat, friends — now ya can take up that slack with a replica trumpet horn, available in kit form complete with mounting gear. Rebuilding or customizing, as long as your ride's a pan, shovel, or XL, this Drag Specialty kit will fit it. For more info, contact your local dealer. If ya don't know where he is, call 800-328-2204 (inside Minnesota, try 800-292-7974).



DUAL SEAT

Lookin' back to when our new two-seater outhouse was considered so avant-garde that it drew visitors from other states, it's incredible how dual seating has evolved. The current epitome of style, function, and comfort for two butts parked on one sled is Mike Corbin's pillow-top saddle for 1982-86 Sporties, featuring urethane space foam sandwiched between a one-piece fibertech base plate and a hand-tufted Naugahyde cover. For all the particulars, get with Mike Corbin, Dept. ER, 123-C Lee Rd., Box 1562, Watsonville, CA 95077-1562.



DUAL-DISC FORK LEGS

The latest hot lick outta CCI — custom replacement dual-disc fork legs, complete with bushings and seals, for Showa front ends. Sold in sets for FXs and FXRs ('78-'83), and XLCRs and XLs ('79-'83), the legs are available in both chrome and black powdercoat finish, with the chrome running about two yards and the black set a little less (the difference will just about feed yer dog for a couple of weeks). CCI products can be found at most better accessory dealers. Or write CCI, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

Have ya always wanted to know how to polish and buff aluminum, brass, steel, stainless steel, et cetera? *Custom Metal Polishing* is a book that's gonna set you straight on how-to-do-it with step-by-step, illustrated instructions for a myriad of polishing projects. Learn how to choose your equipment, buffs and compounds, set up your polishing wheels, polish even plastic, start your own polishing shop, and more. A mere \$10.95, plus \$1 for shipping, puts all this info at your disposal, so what are you waiting for? Send your check or m.o. to Bright Works, Dept. ER, Box 462, Forest Lake, MN 55025.



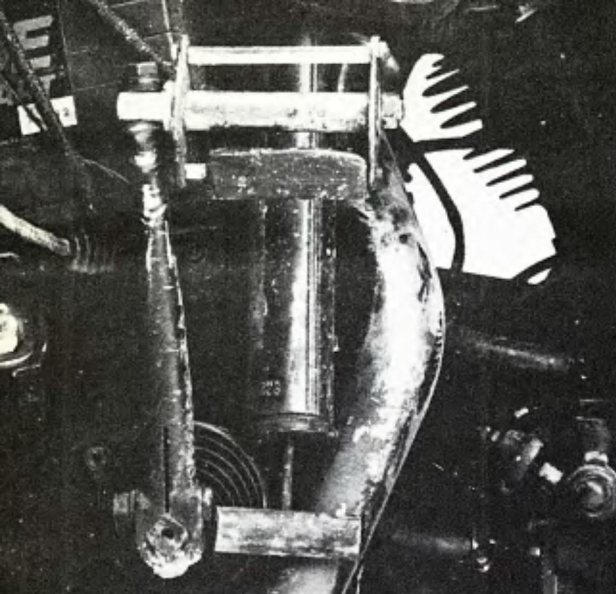
DEFLECTOR SCREEN

For one-inch handlebars only: A deflector screen with a Rake Adjust™ system that permits 100 degrees of screen adjustment without moving the mounting hardware. The system is made of molded plastic, incorporating a radial-tooth locking mechanism to keep the screen at the chosen angle. The compact screen is high-grade acrylic and was designed to blend with the classic lines of Sporties and Super Glides. All mounting hardware is flat-black and the U-clamps have a rubberized coating. Clear screen (N2596) is \$40; tinted (N2597) costs about five bucks more. Contact National Cycle, Inc., Dept. ER, 2200 Maywood Dr., Box 158, Maywood, IL 60153-0158.



CATALOG

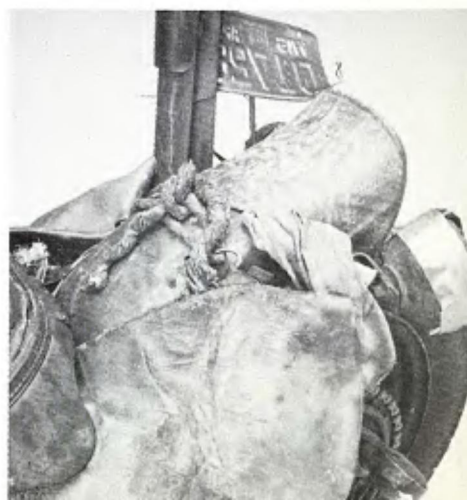
Almost everything mere mortals need to know about automotive air filters and cleaners, both custom and universal, is contained in K & N's new 60-page 1986 Filtercharger catalog, from cross-reference tables to a complete application chart for replacement elements. The only data missing is what all the various listed items will cost ya, but what the hey. To obtain your copy, send \$3 to K & N Engineering, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 1329, Riverside, CA 92502. Do it now and they'll send ya a "decal bonus." (We don't know exactly what a decal bonus is, but we're willing to bet you can find some place to put it to good use.)

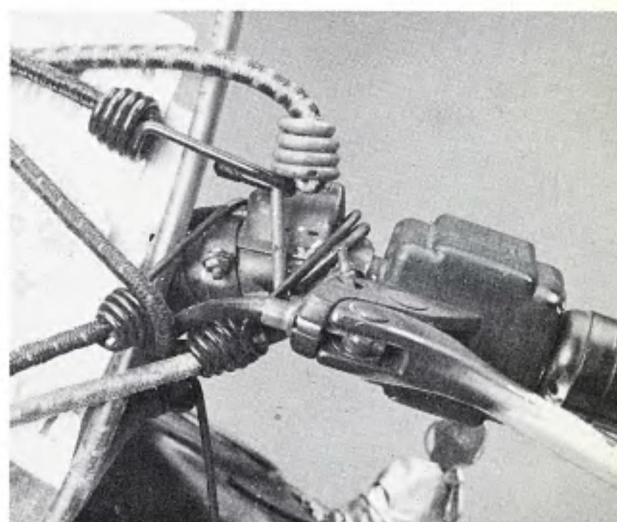
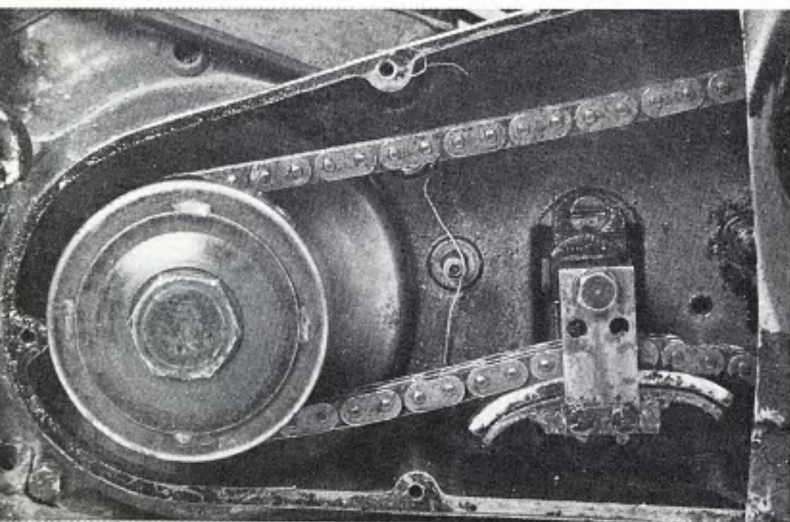


Owner: Bubba		City: Milwaukee, Wis.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: drunks		Year: sometime in '60s	
Year and make: what part?		Builder: H-D	
Model: rat		Type: swingarm	
Value: make offer		Rake: at times	
Assembly by: owner/Turtle		Stretch: no	
Time: long time		Other alterations: maybe	
Chroming by: chrome is a bad word		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: FL/black	
Year: 1955		Risers: none	
Model: FL		Fender(s): rusty	
Rebuilder: Snaggle		Headlight: dim/rock screen	
Ignition: electronic brain box		Taillight: 1939 road grader	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D/it works	
Lower end: electric start		Front pegs: stirrups/Wall Drug	
Balancing: none		Rear pegs: bent	
Pistons: yeah		Electrics: usually	
Cases: shovel left/pan right		Gas tank: partial	
Heads: stock pan		Oil tank: no shit	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: one	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: partial	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: old cop	
Air cleaner: black		Sissybar: freezer basket	
Pipes: custom flip-tops		Height: top to bottom	
Muffler(s): two		Material: basket material	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: beat		Type: glide	
Year: 1967		Extension: none	
Shifting: hard		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: yep		Special features: deer horns	
Trans sprocket: yep		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: yep		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Mother Nature		Hub: worn	Hub: welded
Painter: didn't show up		Rim width: wide	Rim width: wide
Color: rust		Tire: black	Tire: black
Type: rust		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: rust			
Other special modifications: Generator eliminated; uses alto and brain box, electric start, Wis. red squirrel.			

better name, Bubba's Bar. And wouldn't ya know it? Many of his patrons just happen to be scooter tramps who'll trade up for beer! It's a unique way to come across parts, but what the hell, it beats buying new ones at inflated prices.

What you're looking at is mostly a '58 pan, with a '68 FLH front end and a well-used, old cop seat. The left case is from a shovelhead machined to fit the panhead right case. It's got an electric start, alternator, and brain





box — which proves again that just because someone's ugly, doesn't mean they can't still be smart.

That's a bona fide Wisconsin red squirrel peering down at the roadway from its perch on the wicked witch of the west basket, the taillights are from a 1939 road grader, and the highway stirrups are from Wall Drug. What? Oh, c'mon, everybody knows where Wall Drug is.

You can ride these monstrosities forever. If something breaks, Bubba

just waits for a customer to stroll up to the bar and make a deal on a Pabst. This ugly fucker doesn't break too often, though, since Bubba's bro Snaggle has made it run as good as it looks(?). 'Specially since the last rebuild. That's when the late-model left case and everything that goes with it, inside and out of the engine, was added.

We could go on, but what's the use? She's ugly! And that's no April Fool's joke, partner. — Landsharke

Photos by José





**In the world of rat bikes,
bein' ugly is pretty.**

What better spot to shoot a low-down, dirty rat than in a grungy junkyard where real rats of the fur-bearing variety might be found crawling in and out of wasted machinery?

We don't know if photographer Joe found any bubonic rodents or

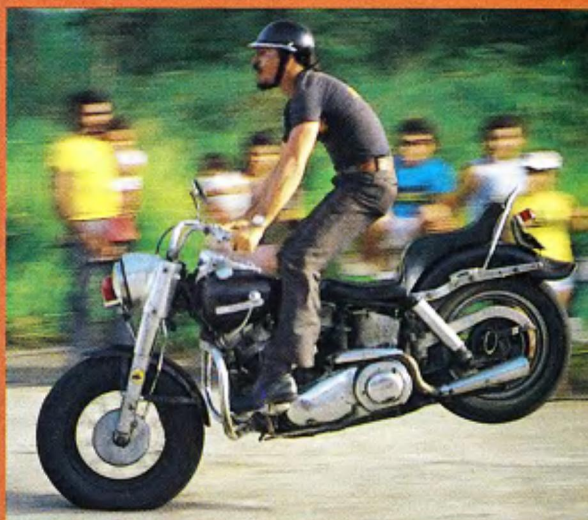
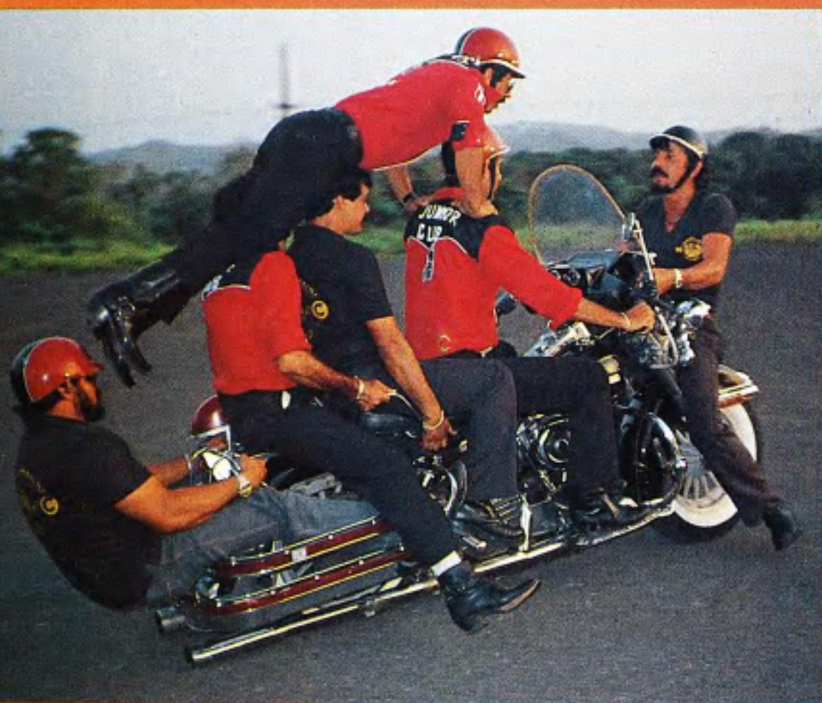
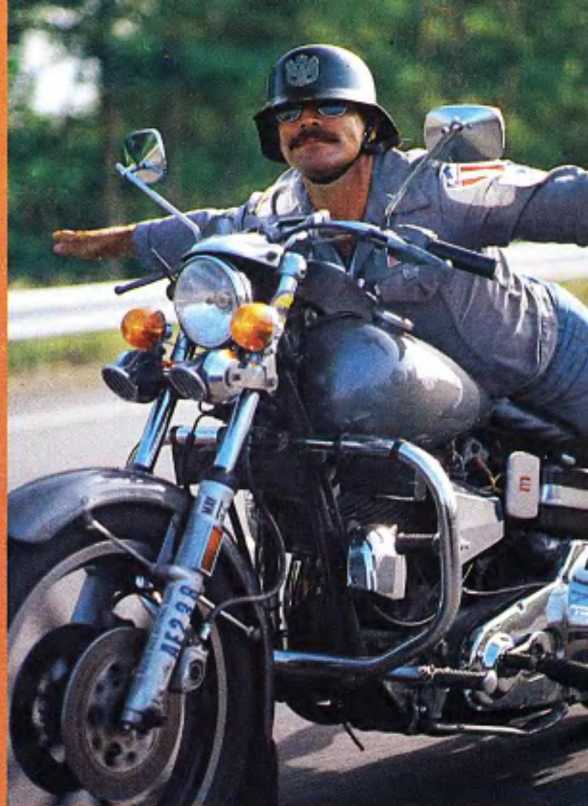
not, but by levitating with the use of a crane he kept this classic rat from being bitten and further infected with a case of the uglies.

Don't get the idea that the guy who owns this Hog finds his parts in this junkyard. (After all, those are V-8 blocks ya see piled up.) Actually, Bubba, the rat's proud owner, also owns a watering hole on the north side of Milwaukee, called, for lack of a



IT'S A BEER BAR RAT BIKE





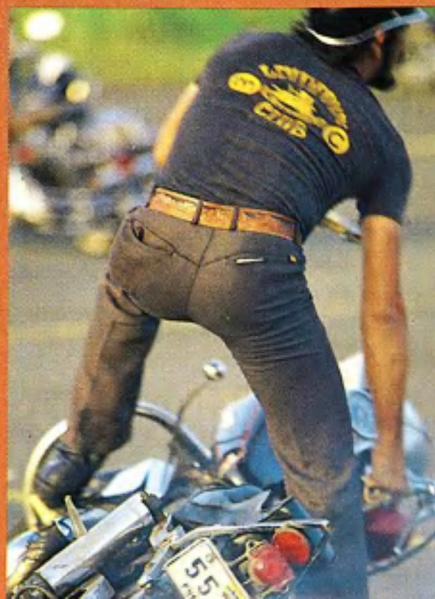
LOCO IN PUERTO RICO

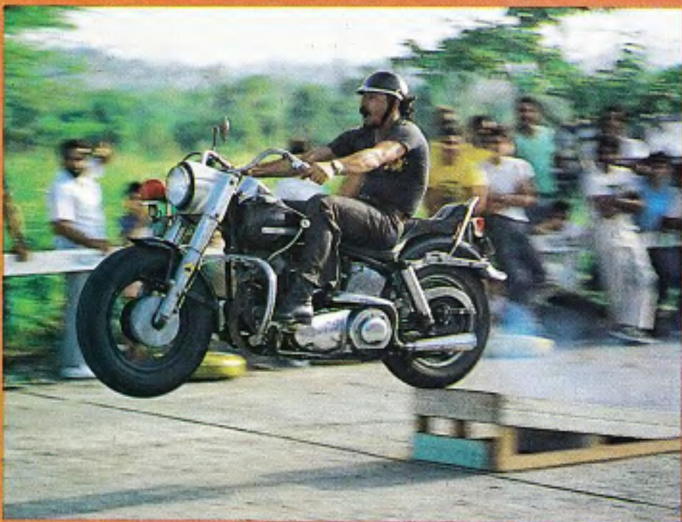
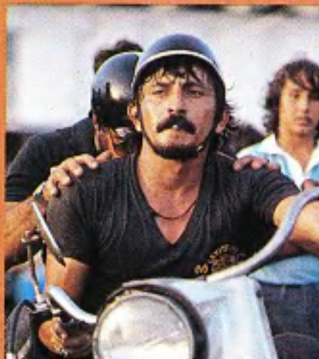
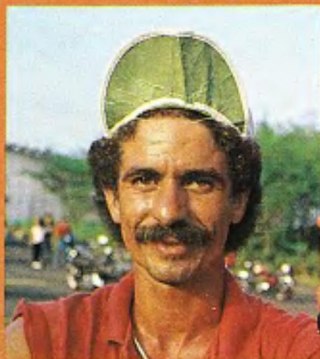
"Look here, dude, stop trying to con me, okay? Ya remember when I passed my GED exam? Well, one of the things I learned studying for it was that we won Arizona, New Mex-

ico, and part of Texas from *Mexico* in that particular war!"

I could tell the Cub was blown away by my grasp of history, but he tried to rally. "Yeah, that's right," he said. "We took all that other shit, too."

With a whoop of joy, I closed the trap. "Well, there ya have it, boy," I said, slappin' him on the back. "If we took all them things at the same time, that must make Puerto Rico the same as Mexico — only difference is that it's a longer swim from





San Juan to Brooklyn than from Juarez to El Paso."

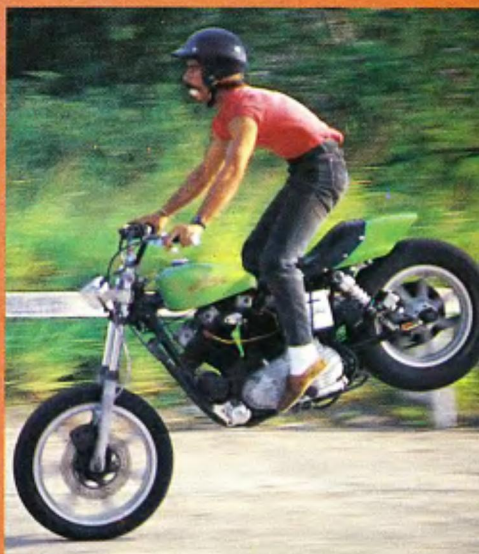
Without a word or even a yelp of pain — though I could tell he was suffering bad — the Cub dropped the pictures he was carrying and stumbled out of the room.

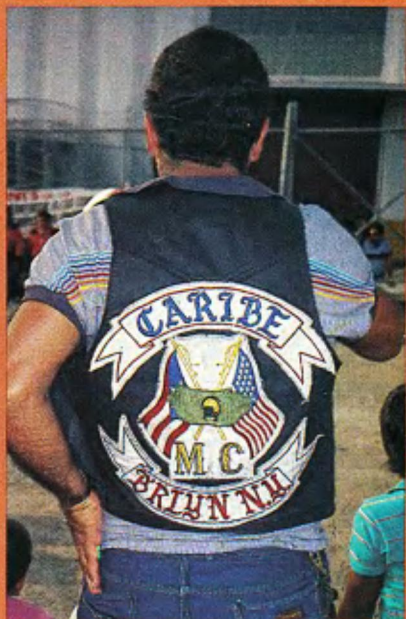
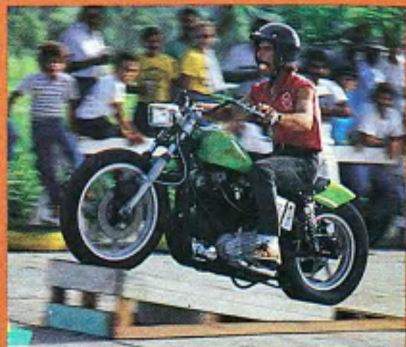
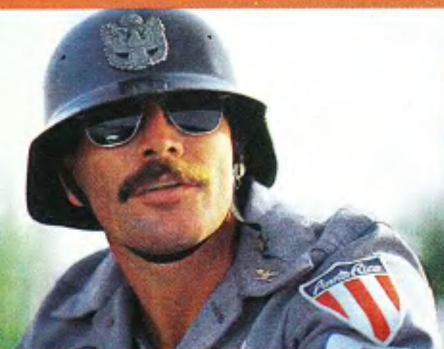
What else could I do? I picked up the snapshots and looked at 'em. One thing was immediately (as our sainted former Prez Dick Nixon used to say) perfectly clear: Wherever these Puerto Ricans are floating around on their island, and whoever

they do or don't belong to, they sure do some eccentric shit on their Hogs — like jumping ramps with an egg clenched in their teeth. Apparently, the first guy who hits the ground without breakin' the damn egg wins.

Another thing I noticed from the photos is that there seems to be some kind of mandatory helmet law in Puerto Rico. Must be part of the U.S.A., all right. *Hey, Cub, wherever you're hidin', you win.*

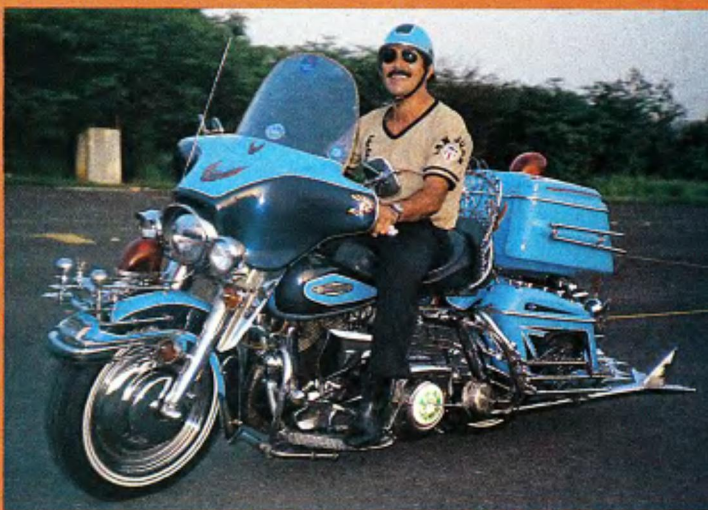
— Grape





LOCO IN RICO PUERTO

If you think sausage-suck contests are weird, you oughta check out playing Evel Knievel with a raw egg between your choppers.



Photos by Billy Tinney

“Hey, bro, look at these pictures we got from Puerto Rico,” the Cub said, extending a large envelope in my direction.

“Puerto Rico, huh? What kinda shit is that? Isn’t Puerto Rico like the Mexico of the East Coast?”

“No, no, man, you’ve been sniffing smog too long. Puerto Rico’s not anything like Mexico — Puerto Rico belongs to *us*.”

“Whaddya mean, it belongs to us?”

Did some club ride over and claim it for bikers, or what? Ain’t it still floatin’ out in the ocean somewhere?”

“Listen, asshole,” the Cub said, secure in the knowledge that I have trouble using my right cross on any target smaller than a barn door when I’m loaded, “I don’t mean Puerto Rico is ours because it belongs to a bike club, I mean it’s ours because it belongs to the United States. We won it from Spain — in the Spanish-American War.”







—from Sleepy, Break-A-Ways MC



—from Ed Gross, Westfield, N.Y.



—from Hermann Schmid, Lindenberg, W. Germany



—from Lou Barlow, Victorville, Calif.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from Rip, Norco, Calif.



—from Ross Wingrove, Parkersburg, W. Va.



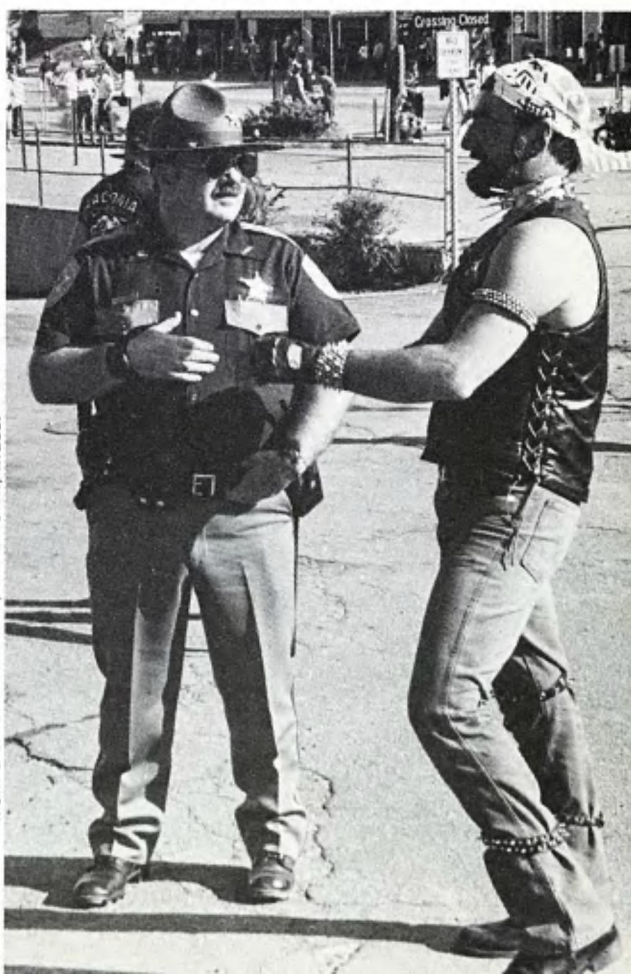
—from Ed Ptaszek, Edgewater, Fla.

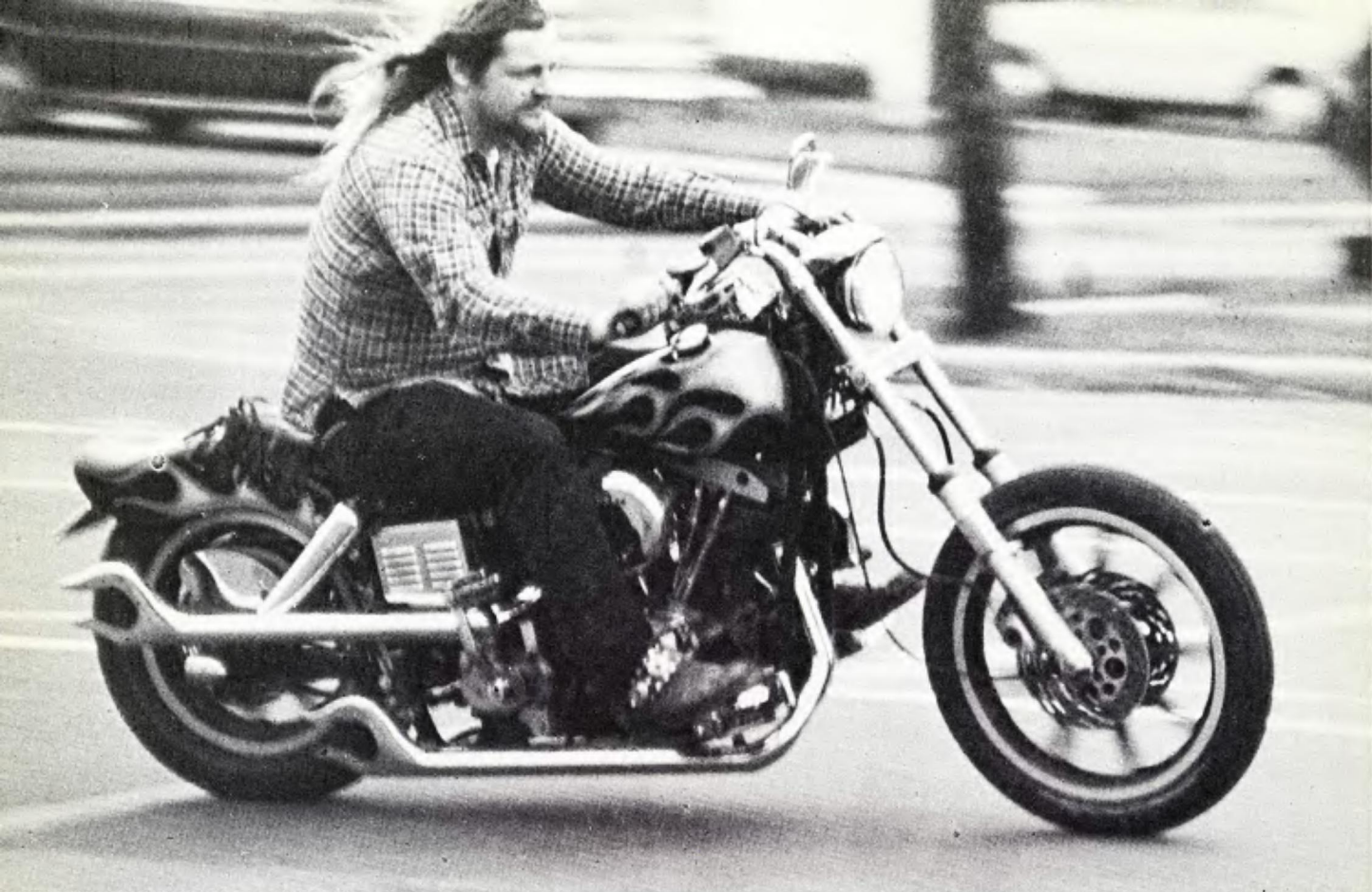


—from Jon Jarecki, Comstock Park, Mich.

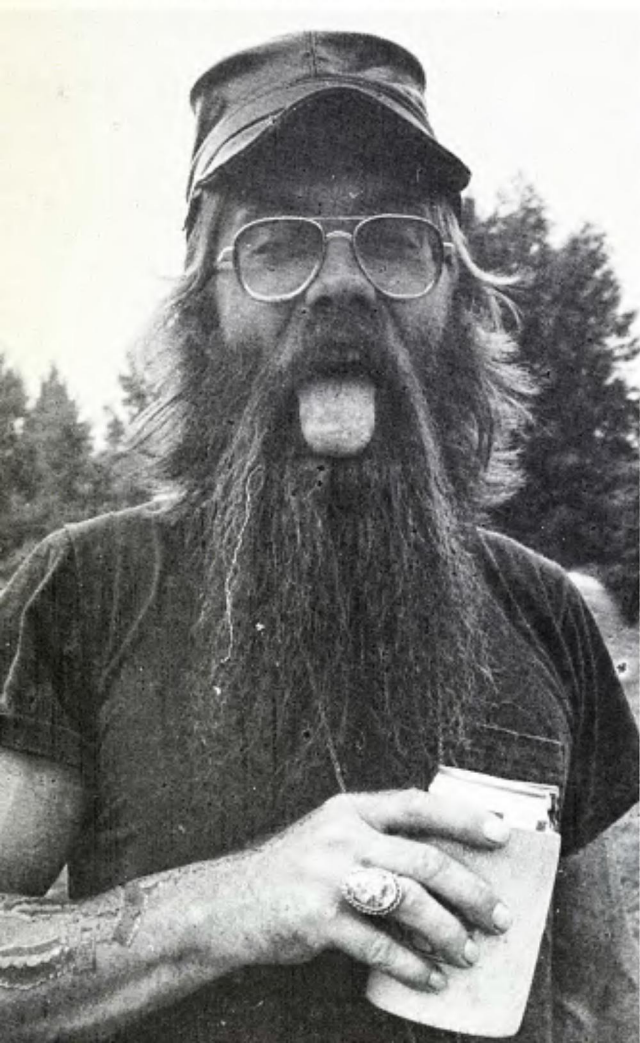


—from Denise Passaretti, Watertown, Mass.





—from Steve Bonge, Massapequa, N.Y.

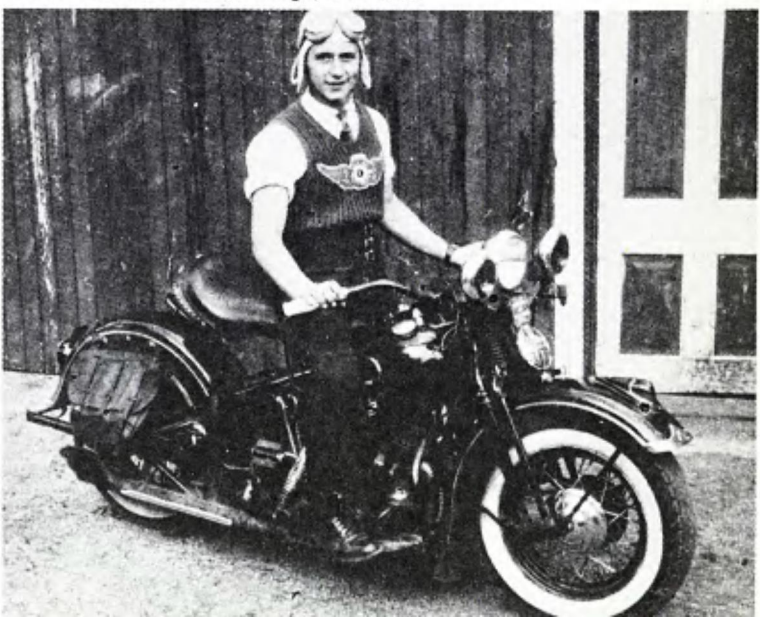


—from Tim Waymire, Elwood, Ind.

—from Fred Louws, Ridgeway, Ontario



—from Vince Jackson, Portage, Manitoba



IN THE WIND



—from Ruth Blewett, Goleta, Calif.

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 Mad Doctor, On the road

—from Ed Gross, Westfield, N.Y.



**Bosse Andesson, Uppsala, Sweden
1963 Harley-Davidson FL**

Som dom flesta Svenska motorknuttarna, Bosse har gjort det mesta jobbet på sin panhead. Amerikansk Harley delarår suart å skaffa i Sverige.

Bosse är en Harley freak. Han har taget hand om det påhitt av hans häftiga utseende chopper. Han renoverade den 74 tums motor, avgasrör och lister, å han gjorde ramen till en unik riged med en för-ti-grade rake. Han stärkte sissybaren med svenskt kvalitets stål.

En sak han inte gjorde var den häftiga acryl lacken som hans bäge kompis Dajmen lackade til candy flamor.

Sjuyst job för hela bägen, brors.

—Högljudda Hans





READERS' RIDES

Ol' Man Winter got ya tryin' to shake those snowcapped cobwebs outta yer head? We understand, so here's a little sweet inspiration for that teardown you've been gassin' about doin' in time for Daytona — two righteous sleds customized by bros who'd rather be ridin' than hibernating. Check 'em out. If ya still feel sluggish afterward, have the ol' lady pour ya a dose of cod liver oil.



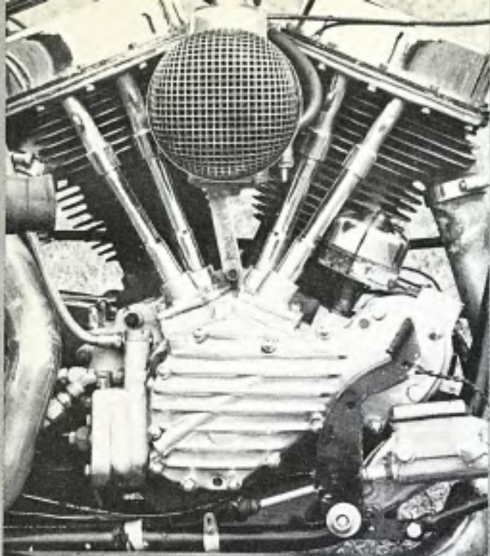
Ingemar "Zimbabwe" Strengbom, Uppsala, Sweden
1950 Harley-Davidson EL (with late-model top end)

You've gotta admire and give credit to these hard-ridin' Swedes who are just as rabid in their love for Harley-Davidsons as their American counterparts.

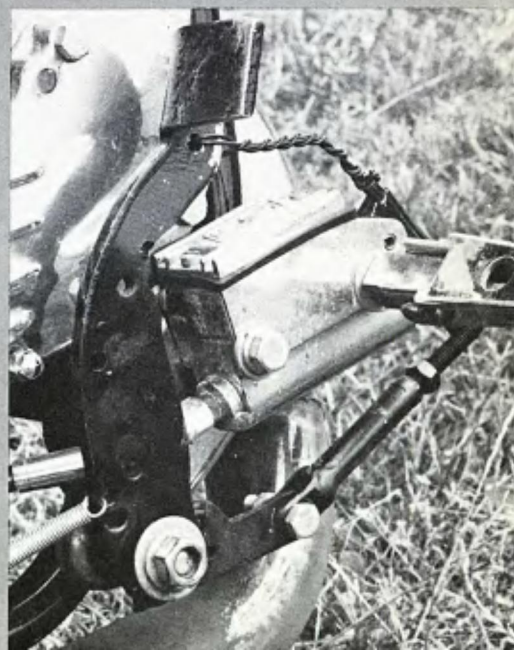
With limited riding time and few parts outlets, they make do with what's available. And they do it pretty damn well, we'd say, if Zimbabwe's bike is any indication of what's being ridden across the Atlantic pond.

Four months and buckets of sweat went into molding the scoot to this shape. We caught up with him for a photo session in London, England, at the Super Rally while Zimbabwe and his bros were putting around Europe before heading back to chase skirts in the college town of Uppsala where they live. With a bike like this, ya wouldn't think it would be too hard to pick up a big-titted, blonde Valkyrie. Not much room on his p-pad, but what the hell — give 'em an inch, they'll take a mile.

—Buster

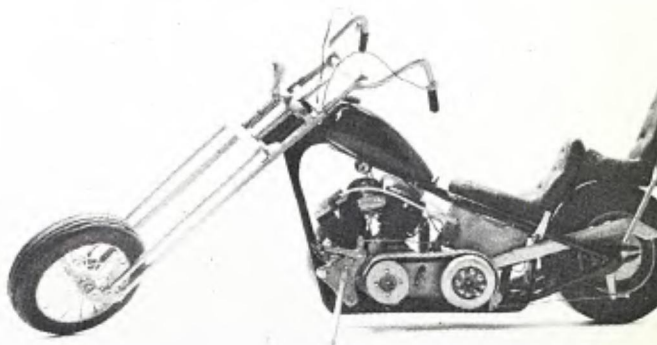
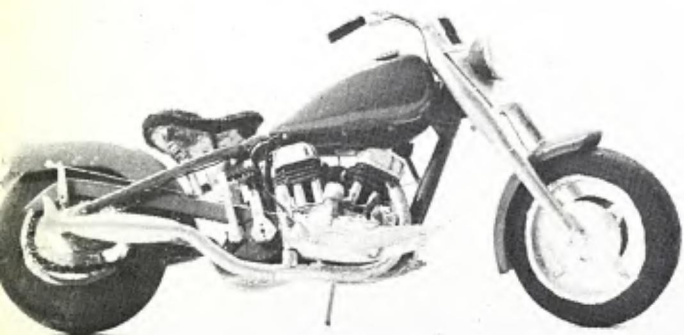


Photos by Mike Lichter



Cell-Sized Hogs

The Man can lock up our bodies, but he'll never be able to bust our love for motorcycles.



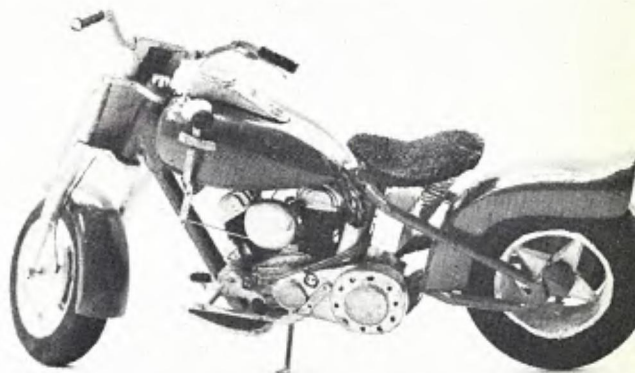
Photos by Thomas Seibert

The old cliché still holds true a lot more often than any of us care to be reminded of it — ride a bike, go to prison. For whatever reason (hair, lifestyle, attitude, whatever), you can find a colony of bikers in every men's penal institution on this continent (and in all the best female institutions, too). And wherever there are bikers, there are builders — guys overflowing with ideas and plans for exotic new rides or cherry old ones.

The only problem is that prisons, except for the few with motorcycle workshops, don't provide enough slack for a person to experiment with his mechanical dreams in life-size iron and steel. In consequence, some just build dream bikes in their heads, while others learn to draw theirs on paper, or carve them into wood, or replicate them in miniature.

The bikers incarcerated at the correctional center in Vienna, Illinois, are no different from their brothers in other institutions. They, too, dream of freedom and the bikes they'll create on the other side of the walls. The one thing that does make Vienna's Graybar Hotel a bit different from the rest of that chain is the presence of not one, but two, tremendously skilled Harley-model-builders on its guest list.

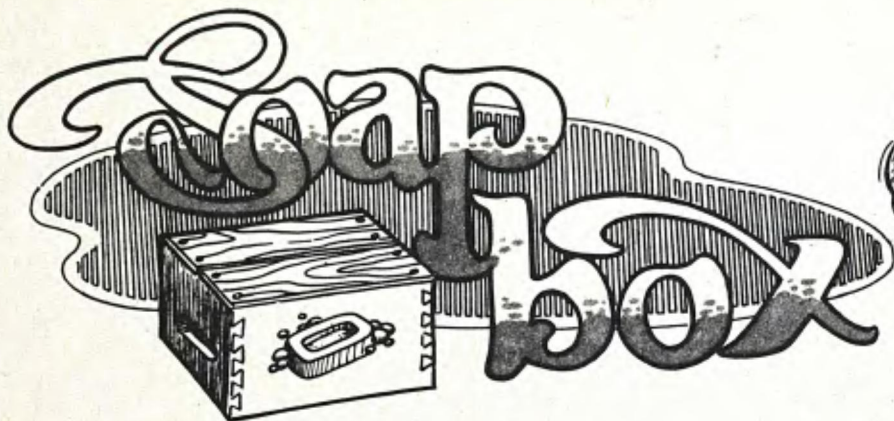
The two, Bill Snow and Sinbad Curtner, are responsible for the models you see on these pages. Using balsa wood and dowel rods, straight pins and sandpaper, paint and Elmer's Glue, spit and scraps, Bill and Sinbad



spend about two or three months on each bike they create. The amount of time they put into each of their creations is almost as easy to see in these photographs (taken by a fellow insider at Vienna) as it is while looking at the miniatures themselves.

Though the two bros admit that they still miss their bikes more than anything else on the sunny side of the walls, they would also agree that their ability to assemble these mini-Hogs has helped ease the pain of not being outside in the wind. There are a couple of other things they also miss quite a bit, though, and regrettably, they haven't been able to come up with a way to re-create either of 'em in a cell — whether in life-size or miniature — and that's good liquor and big-titted bimbos.

—Trampo



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.

April Assholes Again

You assholes won't print this, but you'd better damn well read it. Though you probably think none of us remember, I'm here to tell ya that I, for one, do. I remember it every year because it gets me so pissed off.

What devoted *Easyriders* reader could possibly forget that it's getting toward that time of the year again? That time of the year when you fuck all of us over in the name of good, clean April Fool's Day fun. Well, fuck you, too, if ya think lookin' at fat broads instead of chicks with figures is fun! And how about tryin' to find stuff when the pages go backwards? And have no page numbers? You think scoping the details on a scooter is easy when the pictures are upside down? Or reversed? Get off it — it ain't April Fool's Day that makes you fuck with the April issue so much, it's yer annual IQ test to see how many of us saps are still awake out here.

Well, I say to hell with all that shit. You've had enough years of laughin' yer asses off at the thought of us goin' limp lookin' at the blubberballs you always run in the April issue. This year it's time for the worms to turn, time for you to be the "fools" and for us to get the laughs. How'd you like it if:

- Three zillion of us sent letters to Monger written in Rumanian?
- Spider got dozens of clippings with the punch lines cut off? Such

as, "This guy walked up to the chick bank teller, put down the box he was carrying, climbed up on it, unzipped his pants, took out his dork, and waved it in the teller's face. The dork had a tattoo on the end that said, 'Give me all your cash or I shoot.' The chick picked up. . . ." And it stops right there. April Fool, you assholes. Yah! Yah! Yah!



- We addressed all the "Choppershopper" ads to "Partnershopper" and all the "Partnershopper" ads to "Choppershopper," and filled "Bikers Bulletin Board" with ads for women's support groups and plant sitters?
- A couple of thousand bikers went for a group test ride on Hondas and sent pictures of the less-than-thrilling event to "In The Wind"?

- Every biker in America mailed ya all the bad poetry his ol' lady has written while stoned out of her gourd? An April Fool's Day joke or cruel and unusual punishment? You decide.

That's just a few of the ideas I've got for givin' you the payback you deserve. Of course, like I said before, you won't have the balls to print this, so my bros and I will have to wage our campaign by ourselves, without the help of the thousands who'd join in if they knew what was happening. But that's okay. A few dedicated souls can accomplish a lot more than a disinterested minority. If ya don't believe that, ask Czar Nicholas about it. . . if ya can find him, that is.

My final advice to you is go ahead, assholes, get on with yer sadistic little April Fool's trip. Let us mugs have it again, right between the eyes. But remember, you ain't foolin' no one. We're fuckin' out here and we know the fuckin' score, so be on yer guard. Never sit with yer back to a door, soak yer mail in Jack Daniel's before ya open it, and never throw a leg over yer scoot without first checking the seat for chewin' tabbacky and bubble gum.

We're primed and we're ready and our plans are hot in the oven. So get yer chuckles while ya can, dick-heads, 'cause he who laughs last, laughs best. Especially on April Fool's Day.

— Goatboy

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.

Easyriders



"I shoulda known they'd have helmet laws here!"

A six-foot-six biker had just married a tiny blonde and his friends couldn't understand why he'd wed such a small girl. "She's hardly bigger than your hand," a bro declared.

"I know," replied the biker, "but she's a hell of a lot better."

—Tiny
New York, N.Y.

What do Michael Jackson and the Los Angeles Dodgers have in common? They both wear one glove for no apparent reason.

—Dirty Ernie
Fallbrook, Calif.

Did ya hear about the red-necks who were so dumb they thought menstrual cycles were put out by Honda?

—Breed
Shelton, Wash.

How many gynecologists does it take to give Miraculous Mutha a pap test? Three — one to run the spotlights, one to operate the backhoe and put the specimen on a plate glass window, and one to check it out with a telescope from five miles away.

—Dandy Jim
Elko, Nev.

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"Ahhh. . . I never forget a face!"

Brenda was preparing for a heavy date with her new boyfriend when her mother inquired in shocked tones, "Dear, aren't you going to wear any panties?"

"Look at it this way, Mom," was the reply, "if you were going out with a boy and expected to be kissed, you wouldn't wear a veil, would you?"

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

"Is it proper for one man to profit from the mistakes of another?" a biker asked his minister.

"Definitely not," was the clergyman's answer.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely!"

"In that case," said the bro, "would you mind returning the \$20 I gave you after my wedding last year?"

—Roadrunner
San Antonio, Tex.

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"We have to get Abdulla back to civilization. That's my camel!"

Why is a suntanned girl like a turkey? The white meat is always the best.

—Janis
Corte Madera, Calif.

The tradition of putting an angel on the top of the Christmas tree has an interesting origin, according to researchers. It seems that Santa Claus had the flu, his wife hadn't given him any for a week, Donner and Blitzen had had an argument and weren't pulling together, and the elves were threatening to strike and refused to fix a runner on the sleigh.

Then, on top of all, Santa learned that Mrs. Claus's mother was coming to visit them.

There was a knock at the door. When the old gent opened it, he saw a little angel standing outside. "Hi, Santa," piped the visitor cheerfully. "I've brought your Christmas tree, COD. Where should I put it?"

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojava, Calif.

Easyriders



"Babe, did ya remember to duck when we crossed under that semi?"

The girl suddenly broke out of the embrace at her apartment door. "Please understand, George," she panted. "You'd better go now, because I... well, I simply couldn't become sexually involved with someone who's hung as heavy as you are!"

"How could you possibly know about that, Linda?" asked George.

"When we were French-kissing," answered Linda, "I felt your knee begin to throb!"

—Ol' Paul
Quantico, Va.

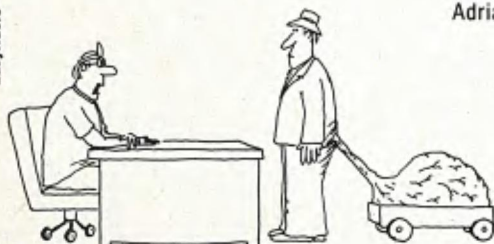
A barefoot country girl brought her baby boy to the doctor and told him, "Doc, my little Hector just cries and cries all the time. What do you think the problem is?"

Taking the baby from her, the doctor noticed a strong odor, whereupon he looked in Hector's diaper. "Why, Betty Jo!" he exclaimed. "The problem is that there's at least 16 pounds of yellow shit in your son's drawers!"

"Naw, that can't be it," the girl replied. "On the box it said, 'Good for babies up to 18 pounds,' so he's got two more to go."

—Clod
Adrian, Mich.

Easyriders



"Now, Mr. Baxter, what makes you think you have an enlarged prostate?"

CHENEY

A bro who wanted a loan to buy a new bike was turned down by the bank. Dejected, he went home and told his ol' lady the bad news.

"But, darling," she said, "why didn't you tell me about this before? I have about \$3000 in a secret account."

"Where in hell did you get that kind of money?" her ol' man asked.

"Well," she said, "it may have been rather sentimental of me, but I put away a dollar from the house money every time we made love."

"Hell," said the bro, "if I'd known you were doing that, I'd have given you all my business!"

—Biker Chuck
Denver, Colo.

The recent bride, seeking a divorce, explained to her attorney that her ol' man's prick was so huge that sex was a painful experience for her. "Okay," advised the lawyer, "if you simply can't put up with it, you ought to file your petition."

"Like hell I will!" snapped the girl. "Let the big ape sandpaper his!"

—Big John
Montreal, Quebec

"Gee, Doctor," said the totally nude ol' lady who was on all fours on the examining table, "this is the very first time anyone ever looked up my sore throat from that end."

—Coke
Lake Tahoe, Calif.

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"And I say you're spoiling him!"

LIFE STREET

Easyriders



"Sorry, I don't go out with assholes!"

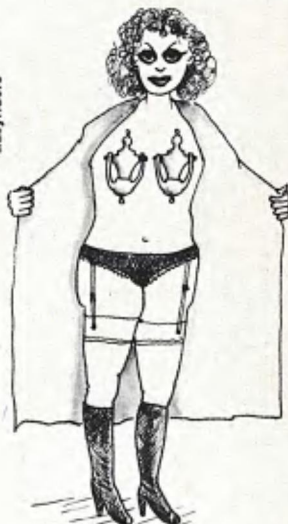
PMF

A biker and his ol' lady bought a dusty, old mirror at a yard sale. That night while the biker was at work, his ol' lady began cleaning their purchase and discovered a sticker on the back of it bearing this message: *Magic Mirror — good for one wish.* After thinking it over a while, the biker's ol' lady said, "I wish I had bigger tits." No sooner had she stated her desire than it was an accomplished fact.

Hours later the biker came home, smoked a joint, had a couple of beers, and then climbed in the rack. As soon as he began feeling his ol' lady up, he noticed the change and exclaimed, "Angel! Is that really you?" Giggling, she told him what had happened and they proceeded to get it on, after which she fell asleep. Lying beside her, the biker got to wondering if what she'd told him could possibly be true. If it worked for her, it'll work for me, too, he thought. He got up, went over to the mirror, and said, "I wish my dick could touch the floor." In an instant, his legs began shrinking.

—The Breed
Worcester, Mass.

Easyriders



CRW

"I sure took a lotta bitchin' and carryin' on," Tank's ol' lady said, "but I finally got my ol' man to stop smokin'."

"Are you sure?" asked her neighbor.

"Yeah, 'cause he left the house three days ago to get some smokes and he ain't come back yet."

—Brewster
Salome, Ariz.

On their wedding night, the young minister entered the bedroom and found his bride lying nude on top of the covers. "I expected to find you on your knees by the side of the bed," he said with a frown.

"Well, I will if you insist," she answered, "but it gives me the hiccups."

—J.B.K.
Lancaster, Calif.

Prison bike show honors a fallen bro

It wasn't the first bike show at Illinois' largest maximum-security lockup — the penitentiary at Menard — but it may have been the most meaningful.

The reason for the extra meaning was the dedication of the show to Menard Brotherhood Motorcycle Club patchholder Richard Matay, who had been snuffed earlier in the year. Mementoes of Richard's life — his colors, a *Menard Time* article on his death, some photos, etc. — were displayed during the show and virtually all of the visiting bikers found time to go by and show their respect.

One of the things about the annual Menard show (last year's was the fifth) is that girlfriends and ol' ladies have been allowed (since 1983) in the yard with the scooters and visiting bros — making it possible for prizes in such categories as "best butt" and "hottest legs" (the winner got a pair of custom chaps, what else?) to be awarded to deserving lovelies.

Another highlight was a "chicken contest" open to MBMC prospects and prospects from visiting clubs. The contest consisted of the prospects holding a well-aged raw egg in their mouths while scuffling in a mud puddle to see who would be the first to capture a "chicken" and bite its head off. Of course, there ain't too many live chickens behind bars, so a cell-made facsimile was used.

In a victory for the home team, MBMC prospect Mike "Attitude" Morgan copped the chicken contest prize and was conveyed away from the playing field on the shoulders of his bros-to-be.

Music was provided by an inmate band specially formed by some of the hottest members of the Menard rock and roll and country and western bands. They kept the good sounds coming with a mix of rock, blues, and boogie.

Though the warden had approved a total of 100 bikes to be brought behind the bars for the show, bad weather in northern Illinois caused over 40 riders to fail to make it to the prison before the cutoff time, leaving a total of 54 scooters in attendance.

It was a far cry from the first Menard show, which featured only seven scooters, or the second, which was held in a freezing rain and attracted 15 hardy bikes and bikers.

Patches seen at the 1985 show included the Stormriders (who hosted the visiting bros and sisters of all colors at their nearby clubhouse), the Pranksters, the D.C. Eagles, the Outlaws, the Wheelmen, the Restless Breed, the Brothers Rising, the Iron Axemen, the Ironmen, and the Latin Rebels.

There was also a celebration marking the first anniversary of the history-making wedding of MBMC Prez Jerry "Spider" Baker and Marci "Tickle" Baker — history-making because they were wed in a ceremony held during the 1984 Menard show.

For their anniversary, Marci, who had copped the hot legs contest with a fine show of bare limbs and lavender shorts, presented Spider with a custom-made leather-faced clock and an anniversary cake (without a saw, unfortunately).

For many MBMC members, though, the best and most anxiously awaited moment of the year had to be when they were turned loose to ride around the prison running track on scoots borrowed from visiting bros. The proudest of the proud had to be the dudes whose ol' ladies were there to pack behind them as they did their laps round the oval.

Naturally, all the usual bike show activities were also attended to, with anonymous judges from the MBMC awarding prizes to bikes in about ten categories.

As always, the toughest part of the whole event was packing up and saying goodbye. The end of the 1985 show was preceded by a "farewell ride" in which Spider, riding his own Hog (which had been ridden in by a club bro), led all the MBMC members around the track in a tight, goin'-on-a-run formation. It was a touching moment for both the bros behind bars and those who were, as they say in the game of Monopoly, "just visiting."

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.

Loco, you were always there with your crazy laugh, a helping hand, and from-the-heart advice for all who needed you. You taught me how to stay on top of this world when my Irish temper took me down the wrong road. We'll ride together again. Stay high, babe. VFFV. Love, Molly.

In loving memory of **L.E. "Skip" Earnhart**, who lived to ride and rode to live, but to our loss, rode on before his time, 10/6/85, going out the way he always wanted... riding. Your best buddies, Kelly and Teresa, and all your fellow bros.

In loving memory of **Dave "Pa" Santa**, 5/10/50-9/2/84, the best motorman Cleveland's ever known. You're sadly missed by everyone who knew you, but mostly by me. I always told you, "You're the best." I can never settle for less. My heart is yours forever. Always, your wife, Kath.

In memory of **Richard "Dicky" Syrett**, 10/15/57-10/14/85, who lived hard, rode hard, and died wrong. We miss you and always will. Ride the sky. Debbie, Dean, Daniel, Pam, Kristy, and your family.

For **Lisa "Little One" Green**, 1/19/49-Thanksgiving Day, 1968, Green Bay, Wisconsin. Our last ride has lasted and always will. I'll never forget or stop loving you. Willoughby.

In memory of **Mike "Clubber" Lang**, 12/9/59-10/12/85, taken from us in his prime on his first and last Sporty. You'll always be in our hearts, especially when we're in the wind. Ride free now. Friends and family, Randolph, Massachusetts.

In memory of **Michael "Tork" McCollum**, 4/24/50-7/29/85. Tork is gone from us all, but never forgotten. Cirrhosis of the liver took him. Ride forever, daddy. I'll be with you again. Also survived by his daughter, Ruby Jewell (Doochie). Love you always, Allie "Kat" Duncan.

In memory of **Donald "Bear" Watts**, who was lost 10/15/85. We all love and respect you and will never forget the times we shared. Love from your family and friends. Your little brother, Ernie "Dusty" Brooks.

In memory of **Willie** — gone, but not forgotten. Miss you and always will. Love, your brothers and sisters, Bonanza, Oregon.

In memory of **Tim "Goodleaf" Brown**, a native New Yorker taken by epilepsy before he made it in the wind. Fear not, bro, we'll ride together some day. Your brother, Gene, and the rest of the Brown family in Nassau, New York.

In loving memory of **Laura Shepard-Knight**, a true sister whose presence created a real family feeling. I miss her so, but have been trying hard to adjust to her murder on April 13, 1984. In respect and pain, de Duchess.

In tribute to **John "Animal" Varriland**, a 1ker who died 10/4/85. Your memory will never be far from your brothers' thoughts. Ride free and easy on your never-ending putt. We all miss and love ya. Looney Tunes, Vink, Shields, and all your bros.

In memory of **Tim Ryan Devaney**, 11/15/84. "It ain't dark yet." You're right, bro, I remember and won't forget. See ya when the lights go out. Beast and the Waco crowd.

In memory of **John "Chris" Jeffries**, wasted by a drunk in a cage. Now you can putt where there are no drunken cagers to deal with. You'll be missed by your family and your friends at the Phoenix post office.

In memory of **Stephen Demenczuk**, stopped dead in his tracks. You picked a helluva way to make the journey to the Harley party in the sky, man. Ride free as the wind, bro, and save a lane space for me when I come to that big road. Glide and bros.

In memory of **Edward Lee "Byrd" Moore**, 6/22/52-2/23/84. You rode hard and I know you passed into Harley Heaven free as a "Byrd." We all love you still, as always, and you're not, nor ever will be, forgotten. Until we ride together again, love, Debbie B.

In memory of **Phoebe "Snow" Ruggles**, who left us 10/16/85 at the tender age of 19. A beautiful lady in all ways, whose only fault was living life in the fast lane too often. May God bless you and may you rest in peace. Your bro from Ohio, Gary P. Hilgert.

In memory of **George H. Downing, Jr.**, a righteous bro who was loved by all who knew him, taken to Harley Heaven 9/16/85 while riding his scooter. We all miss you, bro, but now you can ride forever, as free in the wind as the rider in the sky. Juan, Roy, and the bros.

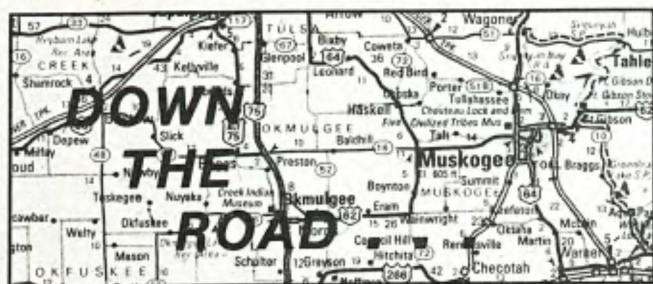
In memory of **Mark Hill**, 10/13/85, a free spirit with a love for the road and the wind. A life cut short... ride free forever. We'll remember you always, until we can ride together again. Barb and Ed, Circleville, Ohio.

In memory of **Dave Sawchuk**, 3/8/81. I know it's been a long time, little brother, but better late than never. Dave, you were a #1 bro, and I love you for what you stood for. Till we meet in heaven, your brother Roscoe, Uniondale, New York.

Jerry "Snoozer" Straight, 7/3/57-9/24/85. The Man took his last scooter; he died in a car going to make a payment on his next one. Ya got it now. Ride free, bro. From all your people in southwest Iowa.

In memory of **Ira L. Warren**, 5/31/59-8/27/84, taken by a Seabee turning left. May you always ride free in Harley Heaven. My thoughts are with you. Love, Terri.

In memory of **Donald "J.D." Velloff**. If you remember us, we'll always remember you. Even under a raging moon, our love will always be with you, and with you, Bobbi. Remember us. Steve, Debi, and Steve II.



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 going a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

FEBRUARY

February 21-23 — BIKE SHOW at the Kansas City Trade Mart, Kansas City, Missouri. Write Doug's Choppers, 3009 Hwy. 10, Kansas City, MO 64117 for info, or call (816) 452-8169.

February 22-23 — SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW at Elco's Airport Exhibition Center, Atlanta, Georgia. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia, Box 313, Monroe, GA 30655. For info, write 'em or call (404) 267-4678.

MARCH

March 2-8 — BIKE WEEK in Daytona, Florida. Wine, women, song, and scooters, scooters, scooters. Check March *Easyriders* changes in Florida scooter laws.

March 8-9 — BIKE SHOW AND SWAP MEET at the Ramada Inn Convention Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Hours will be 10 a.m. - 9 p.m., with a dance Saturday night from 9 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sponsored by ABATE of Sioux Falls, Box 864, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (605) 339-1088.

March 16 — SWAP MEET at Wings Stadium, Kalamazoo, Michigan, sponsored by Loners MC. For more info, call (616) 624-3231 on Wednesday evenings.

March 21-23 — BIKE SHOW at the Des Moines Convention Center, Des Moines, Iowa. For info, write Doug's Choppers, 3009 Hwy. 10, Kansas City, MO 64117 or call (816) 452-8169.

March 22 — ANTIQUE BIKE SHOW and swap meet at Phoenix Trotting Park, Phoenix, Arizona. Free admission. For info, call Mike Gorman at (602) 841-6064.

March 22 — SWAP MEET in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pennsylvania, Allegheny Chapter. For info, write 'em at 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220, or call Linda at (412) 922-4852.

March 23 — SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW at the W.G. Smith Auditorium, New Castle, Indiana. Sponsored by ABATE Region 5. For info on swap meet, call Bev at (317) 533-6310. For info on show, call Les at (317) 964-2747.

March 29 — EASTER RUN at Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii, sponsored by the Associated Committee for Bikers. Proceeds to aid the WYCA's sexually abused children's program. Registration at the County-City Building parking lot from 9-11 a.m., with run to be followed by adult Easter egg hunt and biker games. For info, call (808) 822-1579.

March 29 — NOBODY SHOW-UP BASH in Sheffield, Ontario, Canada. Fourth annual event sponsored by Waterloo chapter of Biker Rights Organization. Write Box 1663, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 4R2, or call (519) 894-1327.

APRIL

April 5 — RIVER RUN to Laughlin, Nevada. Fourth annual event to benefit MDA. Sponsored by Southern California Harley-Davidson Dealers Association. Entry forms available at participating Hog shops.

Nevada high court kills lid law victory

The Nevada Supreme Court has reversed a lower court decision which said that motorcyclists in that state have a constitutional right to decide whether or not to wear helmets. With this action, Nevada remains the only state west of the Mississippi still requiring brain buckets for all motorcycle riders.

In overturning the ruling of District Judge Donald Mosley (*Easyriders* #147), the high court said that the state had the right to "reduce the severity of injuries to motorcyclists." In reaching its verdict the court did not investigate the very dubious claim that helmets do, in fact, "reduce the severity of injuries."

The unanimous decision by the five-member supreme court came as a surprise to Las Vegas biker Sam Marber, who fought the case on behalf of his right to be "left alone." The justices, however, decided that Marber does not have the right to "do one's thing on the expressways." Undaunted, Marber plans to appeal the case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

In reaching his decision that the lid law was invalid, Judge Mosley had determined that the law violated the 9th and 14th amendments to the U.S. Constitution.

"This statute," Mosley ruled, "has no relation to public health, welfare, and the safety of the individual."

Lead additive may be sold

Harley riders worried about valve train damage caused by the EPA-mandated cut in the lead-level of gasoline may be spared an expensive engine rebuild if the Phillips 66 Oil Company is allowed to go ahead with its plans to market a hydrocarbon-and-tetraethyl-lead-based additive designed to raise the amount of lead in your tank.

According to Phillips, one pint of the additive will raise the lead content of five gallons of gas by .1 gram, thus bringing the lead level of current leaded gas to .2 grams, enough to provide proper valve lubrication for most Harleys. The same ratio of additive to gasoline would give no-lead gas .1 gram of lead protection, enough for Evolution-engined Harleys.

How soon the additive will go on sale depends on whether or not the EPA raises any objections to it. At presstime, Phillips was waiting for a "comfort letter" from the EPA in which the agency acknowledges that the additive is legal under current law and promises not to take any immediate action to ban the product if Phillips invests the huge amount necessary to put it into production and distribution.

"Still in question is whether the EPA is going to allow us to market this in bulk quantities," said Paul Shipman, Phillips' lubricants-market-development director. Shipman noted that the EPA might be worried that gas station operators would buy the product in bulk and use it to crank up the anti-knock properties of their gasoline.

Shipman said the EPA will probably not allow the shipment of the product in tanker trucks for fear of taking it out of the "consumer additive" category.

"No service station operator is going to spend time pouring 55-gallon drums of additive into underground tanks," he said.

Toy run draws 30,000 bikers

In what might just be the largest toy run ever staged, bros and sisters from as far off as Australia swept down on Baltimore's Inner Harbor area with enough toys and food to provide holiday cheer to about 8000 needy families.

Sponsored by ABATE of Maryland and the AMA, the annual event has always been huge, but 1985's turnout shocked even the organizers because the number of participants was up a full one-third from the 20,000 who rode in 1984.

"It's really fantastic," Capt. William Jansson of the Salvation Army, which distributes the bikers' gifts, said. "I don't know where they all come from. We don't have to buy toys [for needy children] because of this one event."

Easynews

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

Canadian cops roust wet honeymooners

Biker jailed, held incognito, and deported; ol' lady is evicted

Under pressure from Congressman Tom Ridge, the U.S. Consul General in Toronto has asked the Canadian government for a full investigation and explanation of why immigration officers interrupted a U.S. motorcycle rider and his new bride during a connubial bathing interlude and dragged them from their (paid for) room at Toronto's Sea Horse Motel.

The biker, Tom Boyd, was eventually locked up for two days and then deported, while his new wife Becky was refused permission to see her husband or return to their motel room.

The Canadian Immigration Ministry has admitted arresting Boyd, but has so far refused all other comment on the case. Dale Lewis, the immigration enforcement officer in charge of the Sea Horse raid, has also refused to talk about the incident.

According to Becky Boyd, 20, the nightmare began with a knock on the door.

"We were in the honeymoon suite — in the bathtub," she later told the press. "There was a knock at the door. I wrapped a towel around me and opened the door just a little and four uniformed policemen and two immigration officers forced their way in," she recalled. "They said they wanted to talk to Tom. I was terrified. We didn't do anything wrong."

"I was still in the tub," Tom Boyd recalls, picking up the story. "They wanted to know if I belonged to a motorcycle gang. I told them I had a motorcycle, but I didn't belong to a club."

The cops told Boyd he had violated immigration laws and took him to the Toronto West Detention Center, located 20 miles outside of town. The cops also evicted Becky from the couple's motel room and told her she wouldn't be allowed to return. They also told her that the next time she could see her husband would be at a 1 p.m. immigration hearing the next day. Arriving at the downtown immigration building the next day she was told that the hearing had been canceled and that she could not see Tom.

Checking into another motel left Becky with less than \$10, so she went to the U.S. consulate and persuaded them to look into the case.

Upon inquiry, a consulate official found out that Tom's hearing had been rescheduled for the next day. The official promised

to accompany Becky to the hearing.

"By late afternoon, I was still in my cell," Tom says. "The police finally came in to pick up another man and the turnkeys told them they'd better take me, too. Or else I'd probably still be there."

At the hearing, Boyd was given an official "letter of departure" ordering him and Becky out of the country.

"I didn't ask a lot of questions because I just wanted to get us out of there," the Erie, New York, biker explained. "We never want to go back."

One question he has asked, and one Canadian authorities have so far refused to answer, is how he and his wife were selected for harassment in the first place — the honeymoon was in the late fall, and Canadian weather being what it is, they'd left Tom's scooter at home.

Nonetheless, the possibility is still strong that Tom and Becky Boyd were harassed solely because of their choice of transportation. The family cage — which was parked in the motel lot — has, you see, a Harley decal on the rear window.

Cold fails to stop preemptive protest

Despite temperatures that dropped to near freezing and the threat of snow, about 3000 bikers recently staged a protest run to denounce mandatory helmet laws. The unusual thing about it — talkin' about hardcore — was that the run was held in Connecticut and Connecticut *doesn't* have a helmet law.

The event — called the Freedom of Choice Run — was sponsored by the Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association and featured a ride-by of the state Capitol in Hartford, which was closed. No matter, the bikers waved clenched fists at the structure as they roared by — New England bros don't fuck around.

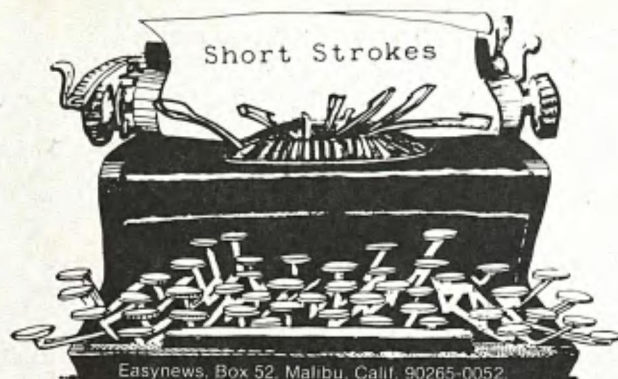
The main purpose of the run was to stage a preemptive protest against plans to introduce two new mandatory-helmet bills in the state legislature this year.

SANTAS & SLEDS —

Bears and broads were present in abundance when the United Bikers of Maine held their fourth annual toy run last fall. Areas represented, in addition to Maine, included New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, and New Brunswick, Canada. Loners, patchholders, retreads, Blue Knights, you name it and there were some of them there on everything from rats to dressers. Toys collected during the run were distributed by the Marines and the Salvation Army.



Photo by Greig Perkins



The Harley-Davidson company is considering leaving its ancestral home in Milwaukee and moving to Golden, Colorado. "When Schlitz beer was sold and moved to Detroit," a Harley spokesman said, "this town lost a lot of its gusto. We figure that a location asshole-to-asshole with Coors would make the days more pleasant again" . . . **The Grayline Bus Company** has announced plans for a special Bikers-At-Play Tour to be held during Daytona's Speed Week. The firm says it will take straight people on a three-hour bus cruise of such "typical" biker haunts as a campground, the race track, and a wet T-shirt contest. Highlight of the tour, according to a Grayline brochure, will be a competition by the bus drivers to see who can knock over the most bikes while squeezing their coaches into parking slots.

A new **Dial-A-Biker** service is being offered by ABATE of Hot Lick, Indiana. Groups of citizens can dial a toll-free number and arrange to have a biker come out and speak to them about motorcycle awareness, freedom of choice, helmet laws, and similar issues. The Dial-A-Bikers will also deflower virgins, comfort lonely wives, and perform free AIDSectomies on queers . . . **And speaking of queers**, a group of 20 faggots upset by Toe Jam's "Soap Box" in *Easyriders* #149 decided to vent their spleens by picketing a newsstand in New York's infamous Times Square area. By the time the protest was over, 15 had had their purses ripped off and the other five had been shived by fer-real female hookers who didn't dig the ball-bearing competition . . . **Last bit of GAYiety on this page:** A poor little rich kid in Massachusetts finally got mommy and daddy to spring for the rice grinder of his dreams. He was happily burping his way down the boulevard one hot afternoon when he spied a real fox out hitchhiking, so he pulled over. This is really what motorcycling is all about, he thought, as he vibrated off with the chick's tits poking him between the shoulders. Suddenly he felt another, even firmer, object begin to rise up and poke him right at seat level. The little geek got so excited that he Evel-Kniveled his ricer right off the Chappaquidick Bridge (made famous by another poor little rich kid from Massachusetts).

And finally: Three downed bros were reading their favorite rag when they began to feel weird. "Everything seems too fucked up to be a pruno hangover," says one. "Maybe we've entered the 'Twilight Zone.'" "Sure," says another, "in a minute the bars are gonna dissolve and we're gonna walk out of here into a rose garden." "I think it must have been somethin' they put in the slops!" the third shouted. "Shit, the bastards are poisoning us, but they ain't gettin' away with it." With that he set his mattress on fire. Total damage from the ensuing riot totalled \$4,000,000 — an' all because our annual April Fool's issue makes some readers a little ill . . . **If you're one of the weak-stomached lightweights who get sick tryin' to read it, console yourself by thinkin' about how sick we get tryin' to put it out . . .**

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Free Pussy For Bikers	Ricers Illegal	Black T's OK	Tattoos Required
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ^{1,3}	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁵
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵ Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. * 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.

Aprilnews

"If it's too dumb to believe, we'll print it."

AMA to put motorcycle museum on Mars

In a stunning move reminiscent of Coach Mike Ditka's brilliantly unorthodox decision to use defensive lineman William "The Refrigerator" Perry as an offensive back, the American Motorcyclist Association has decided to locate its long-awaited Motorcycle Heritage Museum deep within the protective walls of a Martian crater.

The decision on a site for the new facility followed decades of study by the museum's board of trustees, a top-secret group which is believed to have made its choice of locations during a midnight meeting at the top of Disneyland's Space Mountain in Anaheim, California.

"This museum should feature not only historical and archival aspects of motorcycling, it should also present a vibrant and modern image," a board of trustees spokesman said after the Anaheim meeting. "What could be more vibrant and modern than locating the facility on the cutting edge of the last frontier, a place that has never heard the deep roar of a Harley or the clucky cough of a Yamahanarama?"

"Before arriving at this decision," AMA president Ed Youngblood explained, "we reviewed dozens of suggestions, over 15 specific site proposals, and I or a member of our board personally inspected many of them. Now our major problem is fund-raising in an effort to turn this dream into a reality."

Though Youngblood refused to comment on reports that the Martian site was not one of the 15 museum contenders visited by an AMA official, he did admit that a large part of the decision was based on a presentation by Red Planet Realty that stressed the fact that "ongoing operating expenses would be greatly decreased" if the museum was built on Mars.

"I want you to know that this was one of the most difficult and frustrating decision-making processes I've ever been involved in," Youngblood said. "I believe there is probably no right place for any national museum in a country as large as ours, thus the decision to locate out of the country, so to speak, is not as illogical as it sounds."

According to the board of trustees' study, locating the Heritage Museum on Mars will result in savings in virtually every area of operations. A few of the anticipated economies:

- Since NASA is not expected to provide transportation for passengers with vehicles for many decades, parking facilities for scooters can be eliminated.
- The cost of passage to Mars being what it is, few visitors to the museum are expected during the project's formative stage. Officials believe they'll be forced to actually open the facility for no more than an hour or two each year.
- Real estate costs on Mars are currently low due to high unemployment and a depressed economy caused by the planet's lack of industrial development.
- Transportation of construction materials and exhibits to the museum will be heavily subsidized by the taxpayers, under the space shuttle program.

About the only objection raised to locating the museum on Mars came from hardcore hardheads who suggested that U.S. owners of classic and antique motorcycles might shy away from loaning or donating their machines to a facility located so far away from home.

"I somewhat disagree that the bulk of the equipment that will be exhibited in our museum would necessarily come from the U.S. or elsewhere on Earth," Youngblood said. "There is obviously a great deal of choice material there, but one thing I have learned in connection with this project is that there are fantastic collections all over. Based on this and some of the offers we have already received, I believe that getting materials to put into the museum will be one of the least of our problems."

So the decision has been made. Hold on to your watch caps, it's almost blast-off time. As some other space explorer once said, it may be just a small step for man, but it's a hell of a long way to hump a Hog.

Harlicopters the latest 'Star Wars' entry

Reacting to President Reagan's plans to go ahead with a multi-billion-dollar Star Wars system for national defense, the Harley-Davidson company has announced the introduction of an advanced line of helicopters — unofficially dubbed Harlicopters or gnarlibirds — designed for both military and civilian use.

"The new helicopters feature traditional all-American styling wedded to mega-high-tech engineering and assembly techniques," chief designer Willie G. Davidson says. "Perhaps the most unique feature is the use of two deeply V'd rotors instead of the usual flat rotors used by other 'copter makers."

"We've got a lock on the V-rotor look," Davidson said, "and we intend to keep it."

According to sources deep inside the company, the V-shaped rotors don't offer

any performance advantages over the flat ones, but it is hoped the unique look will subliminally remind the suicide-freaks who pilot choppers of their Harley-Davidson motorcycles and lead them to demand that their new equipment be made by H-D.

"It was like when International Harvester decided to try to challenge the Caterpillar earth-mover monopoly about 40 years ago," said a Harley advertising executive. "The thing about the Caterpillars is that they were all painted a bright yellow and the Harvesters were red. They tried all

kinds of ads to convince the contractors to buy the Harvesters, but nothing worked.

"Finally, in desperation, they issued a series of comic books distributed free to heavy-machine operators. The hero of the comics was a big, brawny guy called 'Big Red' who operated an International Harvester tractor. He became real popular with the operators and they began pressing for Harvesters instead of Caterpillars. They sold a ton of tractors. We're hoping the same thing happens when we associate Harlicopters with Harley scooters."

Japanese motorcycle designer commits 'hara-kiri'

Toefood Shimishimi, chief designer for the Kawasaki MC Works of Tokyo, Japan, has committed suicide after a projected 1987 model was rejected as "not bleeeing Amerriican enough." In a note impaled on the dagger with which he performed hara-kiri, Shimishimi cursed himself and begged Kawasaki executives for forgiveness for failing to provide for sufficient oil leakage in his Nipponese replica of the 1982 H-D Low Rider.

Dave Mann's GHOST- RIDER On A Tapestry



Act
NOW
And
Get
Yours
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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THE EASTER BUNNY

A colorful illustration of the Easter Bunny, a white rabbit with red eyes and a red bow tie, running through a grassy field towards the viewer. It is carrying a wicker basket filled with colorful Easter eggs. In the background, several children are also in the field, some holding baskets and others looking at the ground, presumably hunting for eggs. The scene is set in a lush, green landscape with trees and a blue sky.

By J.J. Solari

But First... The Story Before The Easter Bunny Story

Several weeks before Easter, the Easter Bunny formalizes his plans to gather chocolate and marshmallow eggs for the children. The Easter Bunny enjoys collecting these brightly colored eggs, but Mrs. Easter Bunny is always a little nervous, and every year the two of them have the same conversation.

"Oh, Easter Bunny," she says, with her hands on her cheeks and her head rocking in distress from side to side, "I always worry when you go out to collect the chocolate Easter eggs and the marshmallow Easter eggs for the children."

The Easter Bunny always laughs and says, "Oh, Mrs. Easter Bunny, you are a silly-silly! The eggs are quite delicious and you know how the children love them. I'd be a pretty poor Easter Bunny if I didn't bring Easter eggs to the children."

Mrs. Easter Bunny always says, "Yes, I know the children love them. I like them, too, my own self. What I don't like are the many risks and chances that you must take in order to collect them."

Illustration by Dolly Dugan

The Easter Bunny, lowering his head and looking at Mrs. Easter Bunny over the top of his reading glasses, reminds her quietly, "They're not always easy to find."

"That's not what I mean," Mrs. Easter Bunny says, laying her knitting in her lap and looking back at the Easter Bunny.

"Yes, yes, I know what you mean," the Easter Bunny says, smiling a little to help put her at her ease. "You're afraid that someday I'll be caught by one of the horrible things that lay those beautiful eggs."

Mrs. Easter Bunny suddenly puts her hands in front of her face and begins to cry. "Who would ever believe that such pretty and beautiful eggs could come from such ugly and misshapen monsters!"

Easter Bunny hurriedly gets up from his chair and runs over to place his arm around Mrs. Easter Bunny. "Be calm! Be calm, Mrs. Easter Bunny!" he says anxiously. "You always work yourself into such a state every year at this time!"

Mrs. Easter Bunny drops her hands from her face and throws her arms around Easter Bunny, pulling herself close to him. "I know you tell me not to worry. But they're so horrible!"

"A quick and speedy rabbit can easily run away from any such slow-moving creatures as those," the Easter Bunny says, holding Mrs. Easter Bunny close and patting her softly.

Mrs. Easter Bunny's voice is so weak with worry that it can hardly be heard. "But they're so frightening, even to look at. . ." she says. "That thing that lays the chocolate eggs. . . it's. . . it's so big. . ."

"Everything is big compared to a rabbit."

"But it's so horrible — its face looks like the insides of a cat that's been hit by a truck!"

Easter Bunny turns and puts his hand over his mouth to keep from getting sick.

"And the creature that lays the marshmallow eggs. . . Mrs. Bluebird down the street saw one once and she had to be placed in an insane asylum."

"I'm used to looking at them," Easter Bunny says, his head still turned away from her and his hand still over his mouth. "When I worked at Mr. Raccoon's grocery store, I used to butcher squids —"

Mrs. Easter Bunny grabs Easter Bunny and turns him to her. "Mrs. Bluebird said it's a thousand times worse than a squid! She said it drips and stinks and makes sucking noises all over and looks like a million worms crawling around through a vat full of tarantulas that's missing the vat."

Easter Bunny places one of his paws over Mrs. Easter Bunny's mouth and turns his head sideways again. "Don't say any more," he begs.

Mrs. Easter Bunny pulls his paw down. "And the other one looks just as awful."

The Easter Bunny shrugs and slowly heads toward the door, collecting his gear. "I'm the Easter Bunny. The

Easter Bunny gathers Easter eggs. That's what I am, that's what I do. It's what I was born to do. I don't want to do anything else. I like what I do and I'm good at it. Besides, I'm well-protected."

Mrs. Easter Bunny hands him the helmet-and-visor arrangement that prevents him from getting a too well-defined look at them at close range.

"Thank you," he says, taking it in his hand and kissing her on the cheek. "I'll be careful. Hand me my flamethrower."

And Now The Easter Bunny Story

On Easter morning, before the sun has come up, when the sky is just a little bit of blue at one end, the Easter Bunny goes *hop-hop-hop* through the neighborhood, hiding chocolate eggs and marshmallow eggs beneath the trees and under the bushes and in the flowers and on the lawn, and a few hours later when the cool air is being polished by the bright sunshine and when the streets and houses shimmer

in the last of winter's icy breezes, the children rush outside and hurriedly search for the hidden eggs, jumping up and down when they find one, holding it aloft and calling to all their friends. Later on in the day, in the afternoon and evening, families gather for dinner, and afterward, the chocolate eggs and the marshmallow eggs are eaten for dessert — not

only for that day, but for many, many days afterward — and they're very delicious.

The Easter Bunny hides many eggs. Not all of them are always found, though.

Lying in the dirt, just as they would if the Easter Bunny hadn't collected them, the eggs gently sink into the ground, warmed by the sun, and changing from marshmallow and chocolate into foul shell-covered liquid. Ants and aphids that amble by and touch the shell are quietly sucked inside the thing, as the egg, not even developed and still in the shell, begins what is to be a long, long career of devouring everything that comes into its range. Sometimes a bird — a robin, say, or a sparrow — might be hopping about and poke the shell curiously with its beak, only to have the beak get stuck and slowly begin to move into the egg. In a few hours the whole head is inside, while the body outside has died and hardened and is already covered by ants. The ants leave only a skeleton, but the egg doesn't care — the dangling bones are still being drawn into the shell. In a few weeks the dried feet slowly vanish and the egg rests there, acting indifferent, hoping a dozen birds might all touch it at the same time (or maybe one large vulture).

The only thing — other than going up to one and bashing it with a sledgehammer or something — that can really hurt the egg is large amounts of water. See, water rots the shell. That's why parents spend so much time standing motionless out in the yard with a hose or moving a sprinkler

Continued on page 104

Well, bros, before you begin to wonder where the record review is this month, let me assure you that even though this is our special April Fool's fuck-up-the-readers edition, the following story is no joke. On the contrary, it's as real as the blast that emanates from shotgun pipes on an early morning getaway. Like they say, truth is always stranger than fiction.

See, recently I found out yet again what a fucked-up life I live. Exciting maybe, but definitely fucked up. The only tunes I've heard lately were those that could only vaguely be heard from the basement of the holding area for prospective jurors. (The reception is real bad anyway on my shitty little transistor radio, and when you factor in a steel-and-cement caisson enclosure, soundwaves just can't make it through.) "Money For Nothing" by Dire Straits never sounded so bad.

I feel like I must've stayed around the Austin Animal or his Gloomy Gus buddy, ol' Dismal Dan, too long. Because what I'm about to delve into is something that only they could appreciate the true indignity of. First off, let's start with the traditional sunny day that accompanies most tales of woe.

We were due to take delivery of a brand-new 1986 Harley FXSTC for purposes of test riding by the staff here at *Easyriders*. Now, this is exactly the reason we all work like slaves around this dump. Fuck the women, the high times, and all that shit — we love riding Harleys first and foremost. And now we were getting a right-off-the-rack model to do with as we pleased. Couldn't beat it with a stick. Of course, with the horde we have around here, everyone wanting to get in on the act and all, it becomes a mite sticky when it comes to actually sitting astride the buggers. This time would be no different than the rest.

DOWNTIME

By Bomber

Ol' Wrench, Mr. Reliable, the guy with the bright ideas, had a brainstorm that would eliminate the problem. In his infinite wisdom he decided that the best bet would be to draw straws to see who'd get the bike and when. Each staffer would get full use of the Softail Evolution 2 for two weeks to go wherever their little black heart desired.

Well, the "drawing" took place in midsummer, around early August. My lucky straw decreed I'd get my turn at the end of October. Aw, shit. By the time Grape, Wrench, Rip, Spider, and Sharon got done with the bike, I figured it'd be ready for a rebuild. I wasn't far off.

Like a kid waiting for Santa, I circled the days I'd have it on the calendar. Great big plans and the whole shot. I'd putt up to Frisco to visit and brag to my buddy Billy Bullshit, then shoot up to Oregon, back through Tahoe, and down the Sierra home again. The taskmasters 'round here wouldn't have my butt to kick around for a while. It was gonna be sweet.

Okay, on the Monday morning when I was to finally take delivery, Wrench passed me in the hall, mumbling something about the bike being taken in for new brakes. While he assured me the stock ones were way better than what I was used to on my pan/knuck (they stopped), he was going to have Performance Machine add quick-release pads with four pistons on the front brake, a Corbin seat for my ever-expanding wide ass, progressive suspension fork springs, Morris wheels to replace the stock Centerlines, as well as brand-new Continental tires. This was all just dandy, but it cut into my riding time by three days. Stomping out his thir-

tieth cigarette of the morning, he slumped away muttering that I'd like it better this way. Hell, I'd like anything about it as long as I could ride the sucker.

I got home that night, wheeled up to my mailbox for the first time in days, weeded through the bills and other garbage, and saw something official. You know the kind of envelope I'm talking about. It's got the perforated ends and usually contains bad news. The return address said the sender was superior court.

I put my thumb and forefinger in the pre-printed tug spot and pulled. That effectively quashed my plans. I was being subpoenaed for jury duty and had to attend selection proceedings the following day, Tuesday. Why me?

Still, I figured I'd give 'em a line of shit about hating everyone and everything, and they'd let me slip away so I could get on with my riding plans. No such luck, junior.

I was unconvincing in my hatred spiel. The lady in charge of rounding up prospective jurors saw right through me. She said it was up to the attorneys to decide who they did or didn't want sitting in the jury box deciding the fate of their clients. And if my job presented a problem (boy, does it), they could make arrangements for me to go to a downtown court and be sequestered in a hotel for ten consecutive days. Either way, bottom line, I had to do my social bit of ten days' service.

Trying to keep my chin up, I took long rides up the coast each evening after work. Riding the bike was almost a tease. The scooter was mint. The damn thing was so comfortable I hated to stop even for gas, which was a rarity in itself. Early in the morning I'd come drag-

ging in to work with a smile on my face, another rarity.

On the weekend I took my latest ginch for a putt up to my dad's place near San Luis Obispo. The chick had never been on a bike before, but she soon got the hang of it. We partied with my old man (who was sicker than a dog with asthma and other allergy-related problems), then began the 150-mile run home on Monday morning.

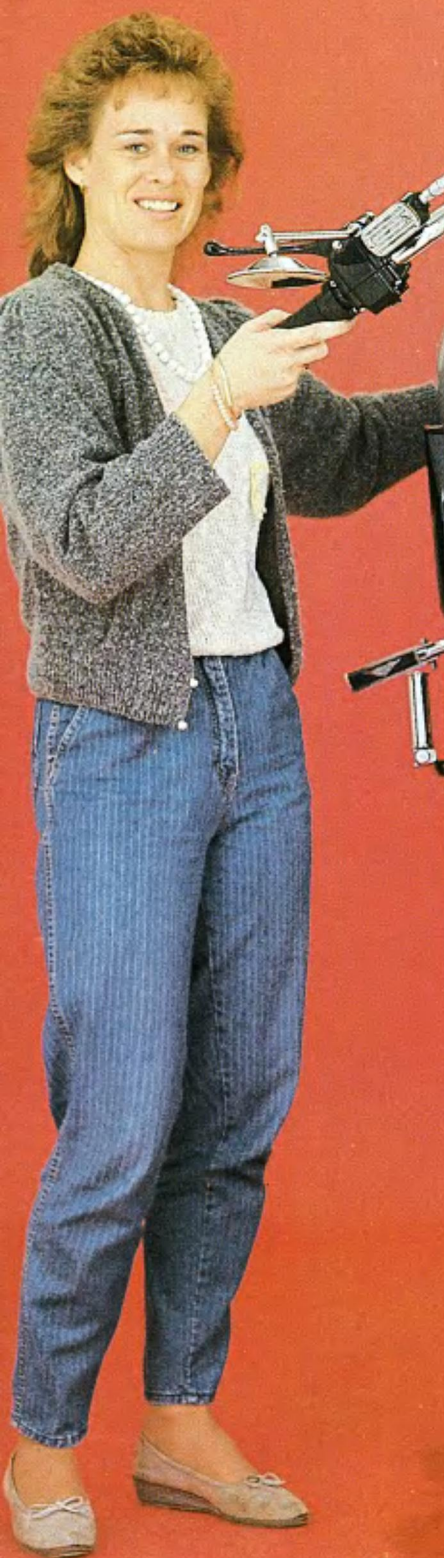
I hardly noticed the black clouds off to my right, signaling a mammoth storm blowing in off the ocean. The first few drops were taken lightheartedly, but when they began feeling like stickpins in my forehead I knew I'd have to call on all my riding skills to keep the ship afloat. My small-lensed black Wayfarers weren't up to the task — especially when a bus came blowing by, making me feel like I was water-skiing in the middle of its wake. Still, the bike performed like a champ.

We made it to Santa Barbara and looked for refuge. The lady tending bar at The Bottle got a real laugh outta the two drowned rats who stumbled in. We made an afternoon of it, shootin' pool and shuffleboard. Dried off, made friends, copped a buzz, and waited out the storm. The next morning we headed south again, accompanied by a mighty hangover from watching "Monday Night Football" at the local biker bar.

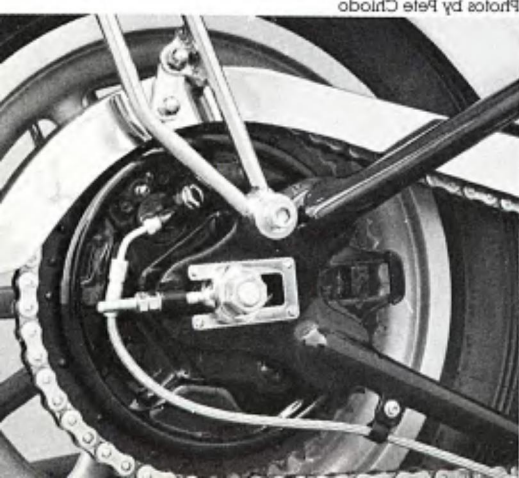
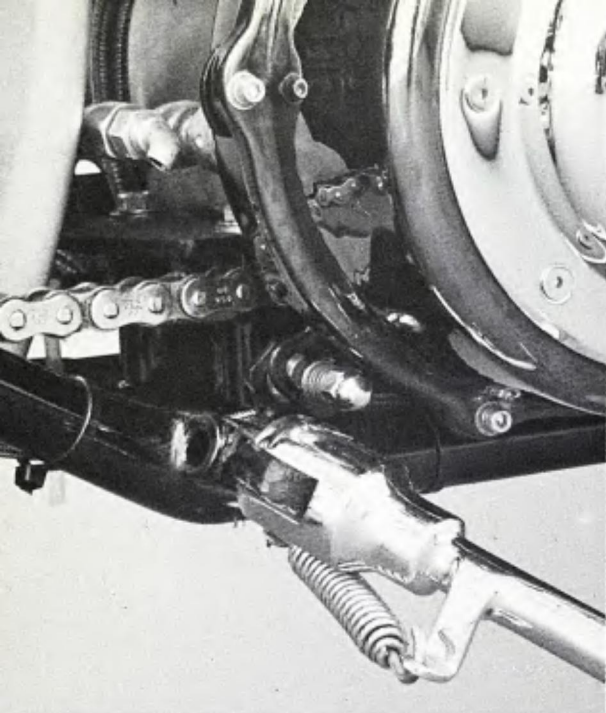
The whole time I knew I was racing headlong into jury duty, which was going to cost riding time. But I hoped to keep it to a minimum.

By Tuesday I was down to eight days left with the FXSTC. Sure enough, the Santa Ana winds picked up and when I came out of the local bar where I'd been eating burgers and watching a Dodger playoff game, I smelled smoke. Actually, I didn't just smell smoke, I gagged on it. A mushroom cloud was overhead and those

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Photos by Pete Chiodo

"I guess the solution just has to be this — I'll flop all the photos, so they'll mean and they'll piss."

"The readers won't know the left from the right. Happy April Fool's Day to all, and to all, a good night!"

"But what should I do," Spider paused to inquire, "to make bike number two an April Fool's duzasmire?"

"What I have to work with is a shovel of 86 inches — a great ride for dudes, a thrill for the ginchies."

Special thanks: Gary Hughes, Don at G&D, Betty Pitts, Ken Lyon, Dick Woods, Kream, Laidlaw's H-D, Bartel's H-D, Paughco, MC Goodies, Gary Band, Janner, Buchanan's, and C.C.I. Painters: R. Martinez, Betty Pitts, and B. Bradley.	
Special paint: powder coat/H-D enamel	
Type: Imron	
Color: silver and black	
Painters: see special thanks	
Molding: Ray Martinez	
Hub: H-D	
Rim width: WM2	
Tire: Avon	
Brake: Pet. Mach.	
Brake: H-D drum	
Painting	
Wheel sprocket: 50	
Trans sprocket: 24	
Wheels	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	
Builder: owner/H-D	
Extension: 10 in. over	
Type: wide glide	
Transmission	
Mutlifer(s): Paughco/boked	
Pipes: owner/Paughco	
Air cleaner: couldn't get none	
Carb(s): dual deep-throat	
Liters: hydraulics	
Cam(s): 440	
Oil system: Earl's	
Oil tank: H-D/Ultra oil	
Cases: blueprinted/G&D	
Gas tank: owner/MC Goodies	
Pistons: 7.5 to 1 ratio	
Electrics: Jacobs	
Rear pegs: Janner	
Front pegs: Janner	
Speedo: VDO	
Taillight: Gary Band	
Headlight: 55-100 halogen	
Model: shovelhead	
Year: 1971	
Risers: H-D	
Bars: Flinders	
Accessories	
Other alterations: custom ordered	
Stretch: none	
Value: your life	
Model: custom	
Year and make: '71-81 H-D	
Builder: Paughco	
Year: 1974	
Frame	
Owner: Bill Holiday	
City: Camarillo, Calif.	

BACKWARD SHOVELHEAD

"Twas the night before April
and all through the pad
Spider was scheming
to make bikers mad.

The stash and the bottle
were right by his desk,
but even their pleasures
could give him no rest.

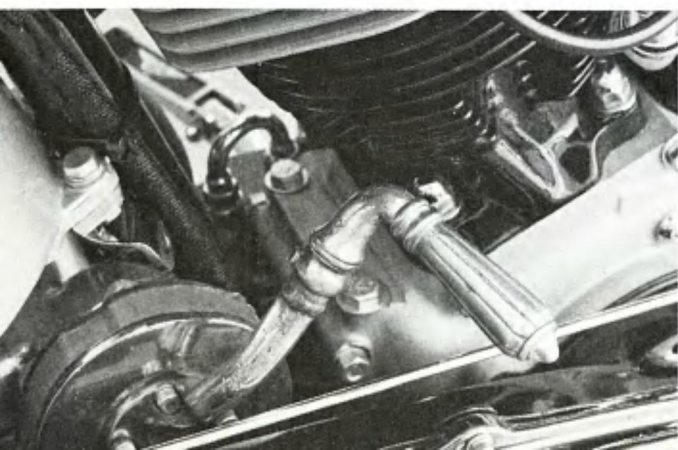
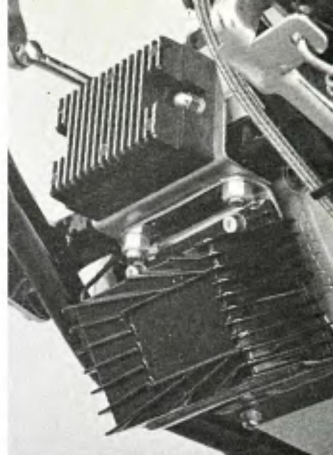
"I must think of zingers,"
Spider said to himself,
"that preserve my rep
as one sadistic elf.

"The pages I'll run
from the back to the front,
so that finding stuff will
take quite a hunt.

"I'll give 'em a chick
with a bag on her head,
and recipes for bugs
both living and dead.

"An Easter Bunny with venom
I'll let Solar create,
and the 'Readers' Rides'
I'll neglect to translate.





"Waiter, Where's My Vermin Vittles?"

By Alan Thomas

Hungry, bro? Well, unless your luck has hit a real pothole, that's no big problem. There are more places to grab grub in this country than you can shake a fork at. Just putt on down to the nearest supermarket — better yet, send the ol' lady — and you're all set. And if the evening is too far gone for that, there's always a convenience store or an instant greaseburger franchise lurking nearby.

Most of us assume that this happy state of affairs will roll on forever, but will it? If you could scope the situation behind all those jam-packed market shelves, you'd find that the land is getting a bigger chemical fix each passing year. In quest of the vaunted "high yield," ever stronger herbicides, pesticides, and fertilizers are being used to get heftier potatoes and pig-gies to market.

Such steady chemical abuse has to have some adverse effect on Mother Earth, just as it would — and does — on me and you. So what's going to happen when the soil consists of rocks held together with tetrachlorodiphenylethane? When there's no grain for livestock and a tomato is rarer than a virgin in a biker bar? Will we starve? Nope. Not only will we avoid going hungry, we may actually enjoy a healthier diet than we do now. How? Insects.

You see, insects aren't like the rest of us. They thrive on those potent chemical cocktails the corporate farmer in the dell is serving up to his dirt. Insects might even relish a dose of radiation, as time will no doubt tell. The point is, there'll always be plenty of food around if we just stop treating insects as pests and start considering them as a nutritional resource.

I know what you're thinking — insects belong under rotten boards, not on the dinner table. Actually, bro, you already chow down on bugs all the time. Do you really think somebody goes to the trouble of picking all those creepy-crawlers out of fruit and vegetables before they're processed? Uh-uh. And does your stomach protest? Not at all. It can handle insect parts a lot easier than some of the other shit you've been feeding it. Fact is, it's your head that's causing the problem; you're prejudiced against our insect friends.

A common gripe about insects is that they're repulsive-looking, but open your eyes the next time you munch your way through some Southern-fried chicken. Check out the skin beneath those blobs of

crispy batter. Much like your own, isn't it? How about a cut-up fryer before it's dressed for dinner? Observe the muscles, tendons, veins, bones, and congealed blood. And if ya look at a whole fryer, ya might notice a striking resemblance to a naked little human . . .

Bugs don't sound so bad now, do they? Good. Then let's move right along and explore their meal-time potential. Of course, we won't eat just any bugs. Some certifiably taste lousy and others are downright impractical. How much meat is there on a butterfly, for example? They might look swell in a salad, but when the crops fail, there aren't going to be any salads. Not to worry, though. There are plenty of insect varieties that you'll soon come to savor. Dried roaches are said to be quite tasty and are 70 percent protein, too. (Try that on for size, you Texas long-horns.) And the really nice thing about roaches is that nobody has trouble raising them — without even trying. Imagine what you could do in your backyard if you really set your mind to it.

But maybe you won't want to raise your own insect vittles. You might prefer to buy a stack of TV dinners that you can throw into the oven when hunger pangs strike. And why not? Frozen-food processors will naturally make the switch to insects right along with the rest of us, even to the point of providing us with gourmet specialties like Beetle Bourguignon and Pupa Parmigiana. Of course, those of us with more time and less money will always be able to fall back on Caterpillar Helper.

If you're **really** lazy, or if your taste buds are completely shot, the fast-food chains will still be there. They don't care what they sell, so you're not going to see any corporate squeamishness from those guys. McBug is just around the corner. Order one with a shake and a side of fried earthworms. I realize worms aren't insects, but why be picky after dining on termite tenderloin?

Even if you never dine out, if you insist on food prepared from scratch, life will still be easier for the ol' lady when insects make up your diet. The kids will stop pestering her for after-school snacks, because they'll eat what they catch on the way home. Just think of all the free goodies the little bastards are passing up right now. And the ol' lady won't have to cook at all when the wooly bear

Continued on page 103



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 March 30th. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #154 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



ANNE

JEANENNE



FROG



PED



ANN MARIE



CASEY



Here she is, folks, **Annette**, the fifth monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Janeen, Regina, and Jade.



EILEEN



SPOT



MAGIC



RUF



EVA



Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, CA 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.

GETTIN' OFF—HARD

Three old crustys yearn for the days of yore.

A few nights back, after the bulk of the mostly young crew had taken off (out to do whatever young bucks on fast motorcycles do on their off time), a trio of us oldsters were sittin' around the shack sippin' suds and watchin' a cable TV show called "Motorworld." This particular program had year-end highlights of the motorcycle-racing scene. Young fellas named Springsteen, Parker, Church, Graham, and Spencer were shown doing their hotshoe stuff. Something

about the antiseptic racing we saw made us go through one of Spider's stash boxes of old-timey photos. Maybe it was the Jack Daniel's, but in fingering the photos, our memories shot back to a time when there weren't any big-money sponsors, just wild-eyed guys lookin' for bragging rights from their buddies while catching the eye of some sweeties. With this in mind, we thought we'd take ya back and let you get off like we did — mainly, hard.

—Crotchety



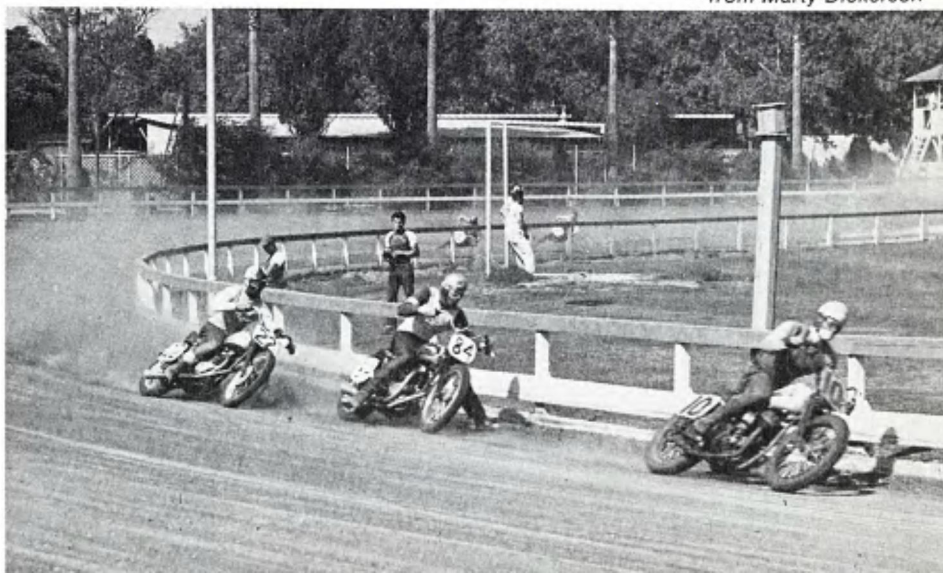
—from J. Miller



—from Barry Cooney



—from John Cameron



—from Marty Dickerson



—from Indian Gabe

—from Keith Vogler



—from Big Jim Williams

—from Bat Out Of Hell MC



—from Big Jim Williams



—from Robert Hegge



"Hello, Frank? Listen close, man, I ain't got a lotta time to talk. Remember ya told me that if I'd get a bike and test it, you'd run the story? Well, I got the story, but I'm gonna have to give ya the words over the phone.

"The trouble started when I tried to **find** a test scoot. Since I'm new to the West Coast, I don't know too many people yet, an' hell, I never did know anybody dumb enough to loan me a bike. Anyhow, when I finally gave up on tryin' to get one from the factory, it came to me that I should simply borrow a bike from someone. Shit, I figured there had to be hundreds of dudes who'd let me ride their scoot just to see it featured in **Easyriders**.

"Okay, so there's a donut shop down the street that's always got lots of Harleys out front because the place is some sorta club hangout. You know the type of club, one of them wimpy outfits where everybody rides the same bikes and even gets 'em painted to match. Since I ain't had no regular work lately an' it's been real hard to get up in the mornin' after Sheila comes over to spend the night — I'll have to tell ya about her sometime — I've had a chance to check these guys out.

"I gotta tell ya, they're weird. First of all, they wear uniforms, complete with shiny boots, an' get this, they've **all** got holsters, guns, an' handcuffs. Furthermore, they all wear Air Force sunglasses, helmets, an' moustaches. And every last one of 'em eats raspberry jelly donuts an' puts cream

in their coffee. Once in a while a black 'n' white with some honcho they call Sarge will come along, then they all get up and fuckin' haul ass. Weird, huh? I don't know what he has on 'em, but he's the only thing that'll get 'em off their butts. Still, none of that bothered me too much. After all, this is California we're talkin' about here.

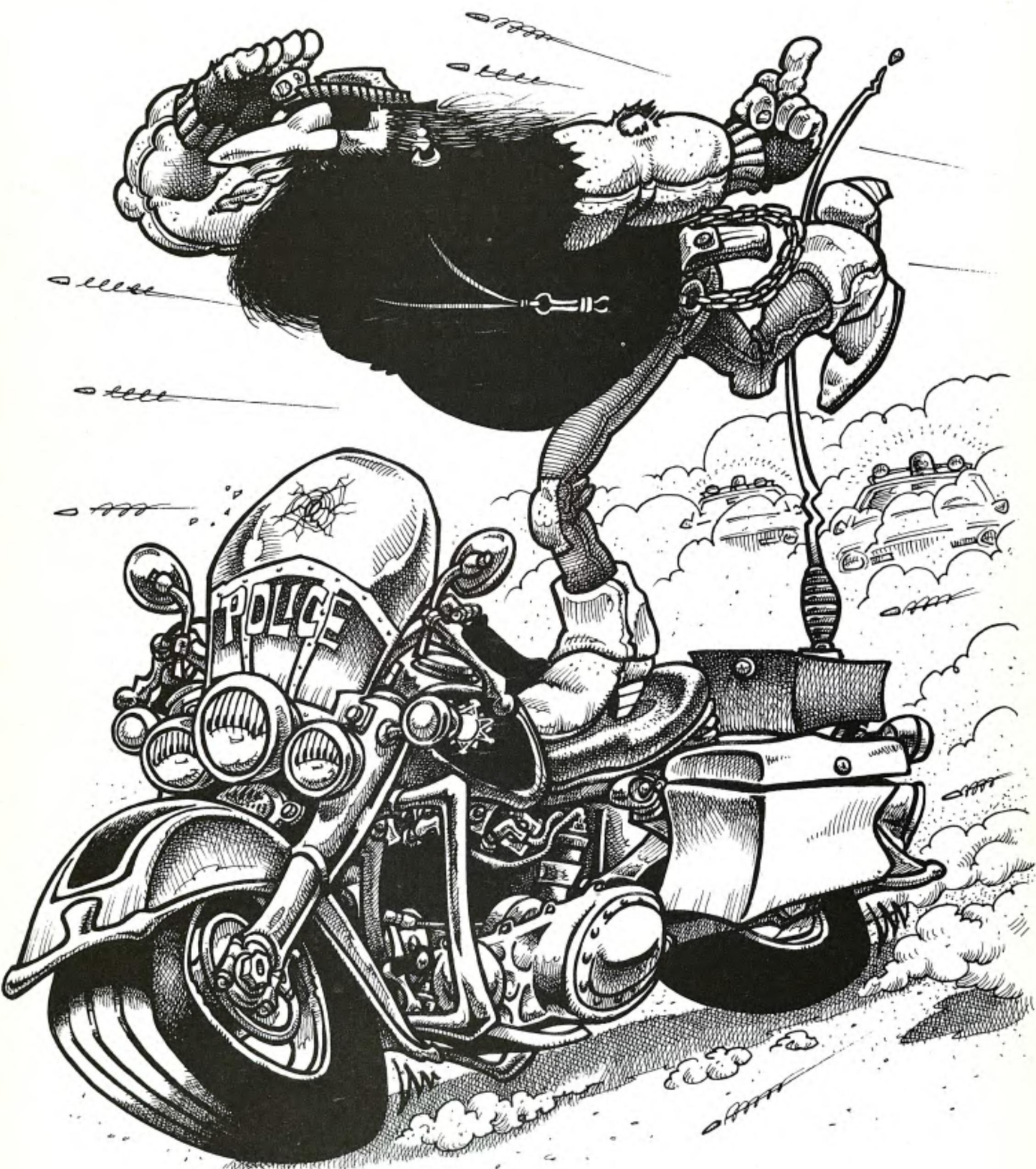
"Anyhow, when I decided I'd have to borrow a bike, I just naturally thought about these guys, so I went down there to see what I could do. First, I ordered a raspberry jelly donut an' half a cup o' coffee. After filling the cup with cream, I strolled over to where maybe eight of the clubbers were sittin' an' talkin'. Walking around the bike nearest to 'em, I pretended to admire it, but lemme tell ya, it was a weird fuckin' sled. No chrome to speak of, saddlebags, a big fuckin' radio, an' **two** speedometers. **Two!** Can ya dig it? The seat was as wide as Mutha's ass an' the way the whole thing looked — well, no decent biker broad would ever get on the back. Besides, there wasn't any P-pad, just that big fuckin' radio. Weird.

"When I noticed one dude had that look ya get whenever someone's checkin' out yer scoot, I turned to him an' asked, "How about lettin' me take yer bike for a ride?" He stared at me like he was tryin' to see right through me. Just as I was gonna repeat the question, one of his buddies choked on his donut an' sprayed raspberry jelly all over his boots. A couple of the others started laughin'.

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APRIL RODE TEST

Our tester would've been better off if he'd never gotten off the turnip truck.



MURPHY'S LAWS

Anything that will go wrong. . .

Anything that will go wrong will.

Anything any good in this life is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

It is morally wrong to allow suckers to keep their money.

A bird in the hand is safer than one overhead.

The chance of a piece of bread falling with the buttered side down is directly proportional to the cost of the carpet.

No matter how long or hard you shop for an item, it will always be on sale somewhere cheaper.

A pipe gives a wise man time to think and a fool something to stick in his mouth.

When a broken appliance is demonstrated for a repairman, it will always work perfectly.

All warranties expire after the last payment is made.

Ninety percent of everything is crud.

If you're feeling good, don't worry — you'll get over it.

No one's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session.

The other line always moves faster.

Anything you try to fix will take longer and cost more than you thought.

If you fool around with a thing for very long, you will screw it up.

If it's jammed, force it. If it breaks, it needed replacing anyway.

If more than one person is responsible for a miscalculation, no one will be at fault.

Never argue with a fool — people might not know the difference.

You will remember that you forgot to take out the trash when the garbage truck is two doors away.

The race does not always go to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet.

There's never time to do it right, but there's always time to do it over.

Celibacy is not hereditary.

Friends come and go, but enemies accumulate.

If you try to please everybody, nobody will like it.

A shortcut is the longest distance between two points.

When in doubt, mumble. When in trouble, delegate.

A \$300 picture tube will always blow first to protect a dime fuse.

A Smith & Wesson beats four aces.

You will always find something in the last place you look.

No good deed goes unpunished.

Leakproof seals — will.

Self-starters — will not.

Interchangeable parts — won't.

Never play leapfrog with a unicorn.

The light at the end of the tunnel is the headlamp of an oncoming train.

Never sleep with anyone crazier than yourself.

Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.

Beauty is only skin deep; ugly goes to the bone.

If everything seems to be going well, you obviously don't know what's going on.

In case of doubt, make it sound convincing.

In order to get a loan you must first prove you don't need it.

Never eat prunes when you're famished.

In a hierarchy each person rises to his level of incompetence, then remains there.

Everyone has a scheme to get rich quick that will not work.

Nature is a mother.

Don't mess with Mrs. Murphy.

MURPHY'S GOLDEN RULE: Whoever has the gold makes the rules.

— The Finger
The Menard Time



Photos by Pete Chiodo



the timeless American look of classic motorcycles."

Indeed they have. Among the features of the Heritage Softail are the Evolution engine, the Softail horizontal damping system, and computer-designed-and-cut transmission gears. And don't be fooled by that front end, either — it may look like it was built in the '40s, but it possesses handling ability its predecessors never dreamed of.

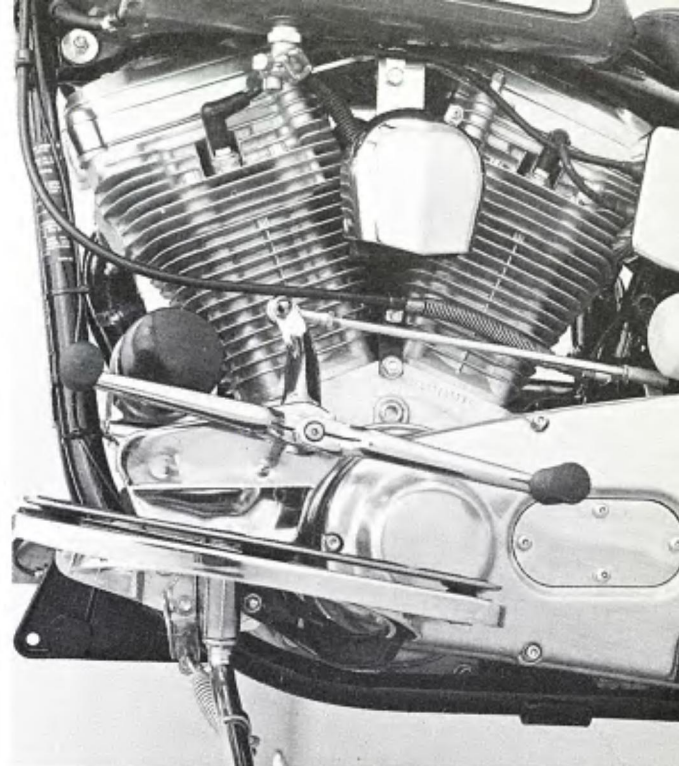
Despite the impressive specs,

however, the Heritage — like the Harley-Davidson company itself — will stand or fall on the gut reaction of bikers to its looks. And nobody is more aware of that than Willie G. himself.

"We own that American look," he said, when introducing the Heritage model. "We started it, we own it, and now we're re-creating it by adding new technology."

— Butcher





Heritage Softail

It was the fall of 1948 and a lot of the GIs who'd come home and spent their mustering-out pay on a Harley or Indian in a box were ready to slap down a deposit on their first *brand-new* ride. For many of them, that ride was the revolutionary new Harley-Davidson Hydra Glide — the first Hog with an oil-dampened, coil-spring front end.

The years came and went, but

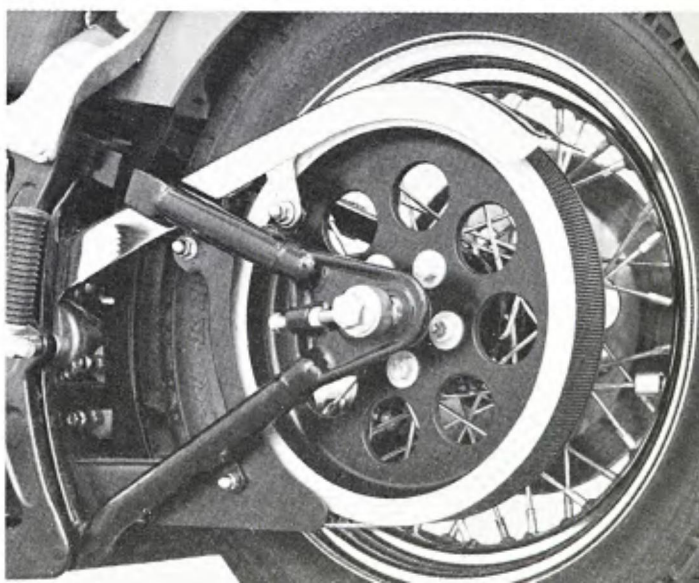
the Hydra Glide's styling came to epitomize the best of the American school of motorcycle design. When it gave way to newer, non-rigid models around 1958, the Hydra Glide disappeared from dealers' showrooms but never left the hearts of those who loved it.

Now, nearly 40 years after its introduction, Willie G. Davidson has re-created the Hydra Glide style of motorcycle — and

mated it with the Evolution school of engineering.

This motorcycle, officially a 1986 Softail Heritage model, is, Willie G. says, "not a replica of an antique. It is a *re-creation* of a classic style that Harley-Davidson has built on a foundation of 1980's engineering.

"It's what I like to call the new nostalgia," he notes. "We've blended the latest engineering with the flavor and essence of



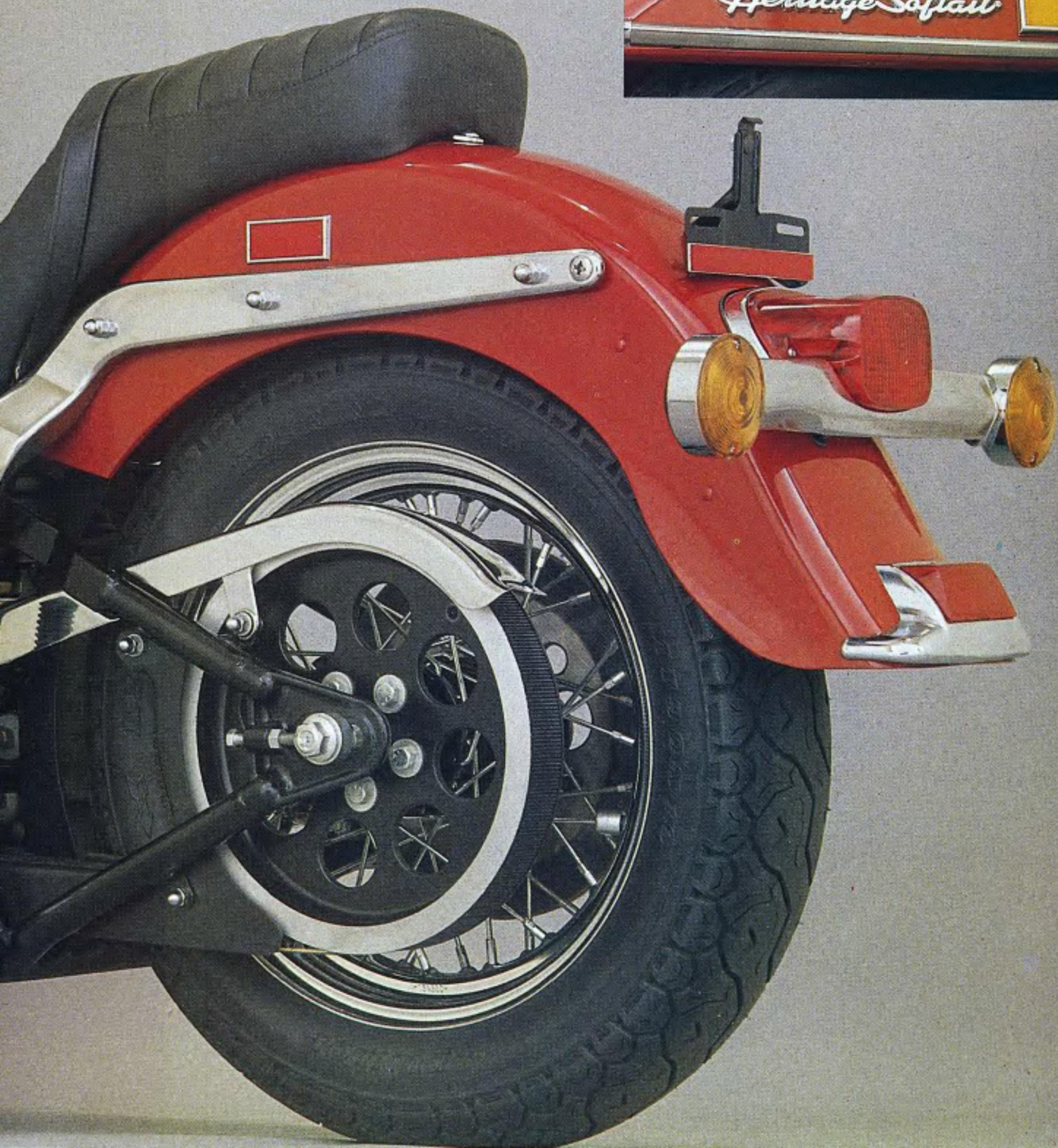


WHEN TWO



WORLDS COLLIDE

Many people say the worlds of high-tech engineering and classic styling can't ever be combined. Take a look — Willie G. Davidson has just proven them wrong.



SUCCESS

BY GARBAGE

Once upon a swampy shoreline, two young alligators sprawled, sunning themselves, beneath an overcast Louisiana sky. "Can't beat *this* with a flailin' tail," belched Grinny, whose belly was newly filled with the rotted flesh of a hapless warthog he'd deftly pulled underwater

a day earlier and then let mellow for twenty-four hours.

"Eat and sleep, eat and sleep," grumbled Knobby, his slitty eyes intently aimed upon the humans parking their motorcycles, pitching tents, and starting campfires in the clearing on the bayou's far side. "Call that a fuckin' life?"

"Know anything better?" Grinny inquired torpidly.

"Hell, yes, Even doin' time in that fuckin' alligator farm over at Baton Rouge beat this nature shit six ways to one."

"You badasses are all dyed-in-the-wool malcontents."

"Hey, asshole, I've gotta tell ya,



"I know you're buffed-out and you bone all the sisters in the swamp, but stop coppin' an attitude."

that place wasn't no afternoon at the beach. Shit, I'd still be in there if it hadn't been for the bikers."

Grinny yawned hugely. "Bikers? Y'mean like those damned humans over there?"

"Yeah," Knobby burped, gagging slightly on his own breath as hefty fumes from the shared rotting porker came up his throat. "There's humans and there's *humans*, bro. Dumbfuck rednecks owned the gator farm. Bikers just worked there. But when them rednecks shafted the crew outta overtime, them bikers paid the hicks back by turnin' all us prisoners loose. Even toted me as far as runnin' water, else I wouldn't be here now. So never badmouth bikers to me, see?"

"Okay, so you met a couple of good ones. But take that bunch over there. They been usin' that same clearin' for years. Show up, have themselves a noisy time for a week, then vanish until the next bunch rides in on those screwy-looking machines." Grinny slanted at glance at his companion. "So what's so wonderful about that?"

"Say, listen, Homes," Knobby replied, "I know you're buffed-out and you bone all the sisters in the swamp, but stop coppin' an attitude. You don't dig shit from Shinola on the subject."

"What's to dig, for crissakes? They're just humans. Why, I hear the crazy fucks even eat alligator meat! Ya ever hear of anything more degenerate than that?"

"Well, we scarf humans," Knobby pointed out, "whenever we can clamp onto one. We drag *every* kinda livin' thing into the fuckin' mud, don't we?"

"Yeah, but —"

"Up your fuckin' yeahbut. If you're too pussy to dig democracy in action, then go ahead an' settle for watchin' snakes slither after frogs and listenin' to mosquitoes whine off-key. I'm thinkin' in bigger terms."

"Well, clue me in, dammit," said Grinny. "Just what the slimy hell has you so turned on about bikers, besides personal gratitude? How can the lives of a buncha stupid bipeds be any better than swampin' for the next 200 years, maybe growin' to twelve or fourteen feet long, and livin' totally free?"

"Bikers live free, ya moron. Better yet, they live happy."

"Happy?"

Knobby nodded. "They've got goodies you ain't never dreamed of! Stuff so fan-fucking-tastic that just rememberin' it makes me a little high."

"High? Whaddya mean?"

"Once the farm was overrun with narcs. All the bikers who worked there pitched all their pot at us alligators and —"

"What's pot?" Grinny demanded, interrupting the story.

"Dried grass, kinda. Anyway, I gave it a try and —"

"Grass?" Grinny shuddered. "What kinda self-respectin' reptile would eat *grass*, fer crissakes?"

"Only a lucky one," Knobby said dreamily. "Man, that stuff is better than a human marinated in watermelon wine. I managed to gulp down about fifteen pounds of it and an hour later I wasn't a mere 121-pound weakling, only four feet long from snout to tail tip. Bro, I was a fuckin' glassy-eyed Godzilla! Even tried to get up on my damned hind legs."

"That's the big attraction, huh?"

Funny grass?"

"Nah, that's only part of it." A blissful glint shimmered in Knobby's slitted eyes. "Whether or not you understand it, I'm past the wannabe and hang-around stages. Spent too many hours listenin' to biker raps. Spent too many nights and days studyin' on everything I heard, jugglin' it all around in my skull. One day the light came on and I recognized my destiny — no more swampin' for this alligator. No, sir! I'm gonna ride on a fancy trike. I'm gonna be some biker woman's special pet on a silvery chain. Best of all, I'm gonna hold all the fuckin' weed those share-and-share-alike folks stuff in me! It'll be like livin' in another dimension, y'know?"

"I don't even know what a dimension is," Grinny replied dourly. "But I *do* know you're asking for instant disaster if you're thinkin' about goin' over there and butting into that camp full of humans."

Knobby laughed. "Listen, bro, I can tell the difference between a pan and a shovel and even a fuckin' knuckle. I can estimate to within 15 ounces the hangin' weight of both big boobs and little boobs. If I listen hard, I can identify a distant sled's engine song and tell whether it's a Sporty or a Glide."

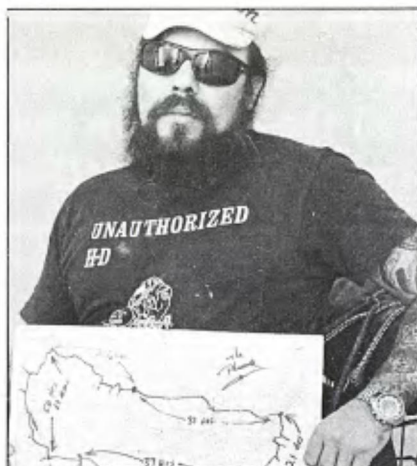
"Jeez, ya seem to know quite a lot," mumbled Grinny, impressed in spite of himself.

"I guess I know everything there is to know about that life," Knobby said. "I even know that while they'll never let me fly a patch, they're bound to make me club mascot — and that's about as in as you can get without comin' out

Continued on page 98

INTERVIEW

Richard "Pharoah" Sommers — Fast Man With An Iron Butt



Richard "Pharoah" Sommers mostly races himself. The owner and operator of Unauthorized H.D. in Mesa, Arizona, Pharoah has long been obsessed with getting from point A to point B on two wheels in the fastest time possible. Whether it's running Yellowstone to Phoenix in 20 hours, or Phoenix to Tallahassee in 37, it doesn't faze Pharoah — he's been into high-speed endurance racing for over ten of his 20 years on the back of a Harley.

In 1984 Pharoah got a chance to prove his skills in the first annual Iron Butt Trans-American Rally, a coast-to-coast-and-back run that covered 8400 miles in ten days (see *Easyriders* #141). Competing against nine riders on factory-sponsored-and-prepared rides, Pharoah was the only independent in the first Iron Butt. He was also the last entrant to find out that the rally was even being held, which accounted for the fact that his '72 shovelhead, the Pawnee Warrior, was somewhat oddly prepared for that sort of event — the only "special" equipment was a jockey shift and a rear-mounted milk crate to hold Pharoah's gear.

Despite the lack of specialized equipment, Pharoah arrived on time at all but one checkpoint in the '84 event — a better showing than any of the other riders. Unfortunately, a change of rules made after the race was already run deprived Pharoah of the winner's cup and he was officially credited as coming in sixth.

For 1985 the Iron Butt promoter (who owns a Jap dealership in the Philadelphia area and times the race so that the riders hit the finish line just after the opening of a big trade show he puts on every year)

changed the rules still more. The race was made longer and more difficult by the addition of a complicated bonus-point scheme and a "sudden death" rule disqualifying riders for one bit of bad luck. Despite the rules changes, the 1985 field expanded to 25 — a goodly number of them independents like Pharoah.

The Pawnee Warrior had also changed a bit by the '85 rally — the milk crate was gone and a collection of gauges had been added. One thing remained constant, however — Pharoah was fucked by the rules again. What the shit, he wouldn't be a hardcore biker if he could fit within some rice-peddler's rules.

Recently, we asked Pharoah to tell us something about the Iron Butt Rally and about what it's like to ride until your body is ready to quit but your mind is telling you to keep on rolling.

EASYSIDERS: Tell us about the Iron Butt Rally.

PHAROAH: The essence of the rally is one man, one machine. It started in Philadelphia, ran to Portland, Maine, via New York City, and then to Springfield, Massachusetts, and Boston, Massachusetts. From Portland, it runs across to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, via Canada, Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, and Eau Claire. Then it's Eau Claire to Seattle, Seattle down to San Diego via the Coast Highway, and across to San Antonio and Daytona, and then finally back up to Philadelphia.

This year we started August 22 and had eleven days to cover the 12,000 miles. You start out with zero points and the object is to hit each one of your checkpoints precisely on the minute. Last year if you were early or late, you were

given a point per minute. The object is to finish with zero.

Now that in itself is a very easy thing to do. Well, I shouldn't say easy, but it's not like only one person is going to do it and thereby win. This is where the trick comes in that gets all the speed and everything else — like your ability to survive on the highway in the real world — involved in it. And that is that you have to go out of your way to pick up all these bonus points in between the checkpoints.

Let's say, for instance, that the Eau Claire-to-Seattle section was actually 4000 miles long if you went and copped every single bonus point between Eau Claire and Seattle. In reality, it's under 2000 miles — in a direct line.

The spots for bonus points are way out of the way. Imagine coming out of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, hitting International Falls, going directly south to Sioux City, Iowa, and from Sioux City to Fargo, North Dakota.

ER: In other words there's a lot of strategy involved, deciding which bonus points you're going to go for and which you're going to shine?

P: A tremendous amount. Out of 25 riders who entered this year, there were only three who hit all the bonus points and still got to all the checkpoints on time.

ER: How much factory support was there? How many of the 25 riders were independents like you?

P: This is an approximation on my part, but I'd say there were five BMWs with factory backing, seven or eight rice grinders with factory backing, a Suzuki entry — and this was strange — that was backed by the rally's promotor and came in first.

I think you could say that about half the entries had factory support this year, whereas last year I was the only non-factory-sponsored entry. There were two other Harleys. One was owned by a speed shop operator from Dallas and the other by a guy who had it built for him.

I had grand hopes of carrying the biker banner across the finish line with Harleys running one, two, three, but one blew up the first day and the other the second.

ER: About how many hours a day did you ride?

P: You really can't say how many hours or miles a day, because you really don't run it like that. Like last year, for instance, I ran from Philadelphia to Spearfish, South Dakota, right outside of Sturgis, in 31 hours

the first day — day and a half, actually — out.

In other words, you go till you drop, just about.

ER: Is it run like a cage rally where everyone arrives at a checkpoint and then has to leave in some kind of predetermined order after staying overnight?

P: It's kind of like that except they're only holding you half an hour. You get there and half an hour later you roll off that line again and you're back in the race.

Now you can roll off that line and go half a mile and check into a motel if you want, or you can head for your next checkpoint.

ER: Did knowing you were going to be facing factory-sponsored competition this year cause you to make any changes from how you ran the first Iron Butt Rally?

P: As a matter of fact, I had to. The first year was quite a proving ground, quite a test bed, so to speak. I'd never ridden with a helmet before. . .

ER: Were you required to wear the helmet for the whole rally or just in the states with a helmet law?

P: You'd be stupid not to wear it; you couldn't attain those speeds without one. You just couldn't go 130-135mph and hold it consistently without a full-face helmet and a fairing.

I put an instrument pod under my fairing — pyrometers for each head, top-end and lower-end oil pressure indicators, tach, speedo, voltameter, vacuum and pressure gauges.

The reason for using all the gauges was that I came to realize last year that you can't hear anything at those speeds. You can't use your senses the way you have all of your life.

You know yourself that if you're riding your bike along at 75 or 80, you can feel every vibration, you can hear every little change of sound in your engine. At 130, you're in a vacuum, you just can't hear anything. The wind is blowing so loud, you just can't hear a thing. You can't feel anything. . . the vibration is so incredible that there's just no distinction between malfunction and going down the road without any problems.

Therefore, I found that I had to run all these gauges. Last year I realized that all I did was run that thing out of sheer, sheer luck. If anything had happened, I would've had to coast that thing over to the side of the road and that would have

been it, because I wouldn't have had any forewarning of a mechanical condition coming up. This year, I would've had some kind of warning — I could've shut it down and attended to things.

ER: What part of your body suffers most in that kind of run? Do you ride much differently than you usually do?

P: Shoulders — shoulders and feet. Next year I'm going to use wider handlebars to take a little bit of the strain off. As far as my foot-pegs are concerned, I changed to big, big flat ones this year, hoping to alleviate that problem. It helped some, but I think next year I'm going to have to have floorboards that have some pivoting action to them. In fact, I'm thinking about



"The project is not to try to weasel out of the ticket, but to solicit sympathy."

incorporating both of the floorboards into the actual linkage for my foot clutch and my brake. In other words, kinda like a rocker clutch on either side, but with a floorboard so I can put my feet and ankles at different positions at will.

I also had to change my riding style drastically, because I was playing with what poker players call "scared money." This year I just didn't have the money to run at all, so I started calling up a whole bunch of people, asking for contributions. I also put a big old water-jug bottle up on the shop counter.

The only problem is that with every arrest you're looking at a minimum of \$500 cash money on the spot. Unfortunately, playing with scared money I didn't have the

money to put out for bails or anything else, so I had to keep my speeds down quite a bit lower [than last year] and run with a real scared attitude because I couldn't afford the arrests.

It also put me in more jeopardy because I had to outrun more cops this year. I couldn't afford the busts, so I decided that if they were going to arrest me, they were going to have to work at it.

ER: Mechanically speaking, what had you done to your bike? Was it the same scooter you ran last year? What kind of spares do you carry?

P: The numbers on the motor say 1972 Harley-Davidson, and that's about where the similarity ends. I've got H-D motor cases, the castings of the heads themselves are Harley, the casting of the tranny case is Harley, and I think the rims are Harley and the oil pump might be Harley. Other than that, just about everything is handmade of very high-quality speed equipment — most of which I've extensively modified — from various manufacturers.

I carry a set of points and a little box with a whole bunch of broken parts in it. You see, sometimes you get boxed in by the police when they're chasing you, you know? You can't just literally go out and hide, like lay your bike down and pull brush over it, because then they're definitely going to take you to jail.

What I'll do is, I'll get out over the top of overpasses on an Interstate and get in the blind spot of the overpass and jump off real quick, take off my gear, and spread out my broken parts. When the cop comes rolling up, my story is, 'Hey, my partner's been gone for an hour. He went back to this last town to get some parts for me and I'm just standing here waiting for him. No, I didn't see any other bike going by at no high rate of speed.' Of course, that story would totally fall apart if the cop felt my motor, needless to say.

ER: What displacement engine are you running?

P: This year I ran it at 96 inches. I ran it at 98 last year.

ER: How far in the rally did you get before your first run-in with the law?

P: Hell, I hadn't even gotten to the start line yet. I was five hours out of Phoenix and I got busted in Holbrook, Arizona, just north of here. They threw me in jail for felony-reckless and speeding.

ER: I guess that means you didn't trailer your bike

Continued on page 86

CHUGGER AT THE BAR

The night was getting dolesome for the folks in Joe's Saloon. The beers were warm and foamy, and they tasted like old balloons.

And the motorcycle club was too drunk to even fight as a hangover descended on the patrons of the night.

Then the biggest biker shouted, "We'll buy the drinks for all, if one of youse can outlast us in beers and never fall!" So they all lined up one-on-one, for the challenge of the brew, and the regulars thought, if Chugger drinks, we'll sure make them lay to!

But Mike proceeded Chugger, as did Mable Crutch, and the former was a leaker, and the latter belched too much. So the patrons checked their wallets, to see what they could do, for when they lost the contest, they'd have to buy the brew.

But Michael downed a pitcher like it was soda pop, and Mable killed a couple more and didn't even stop. And when they'd wiped their mouths clean, with back hands wet and slick, they stood with silent, empty mugs — and looked a little sick.

Then from a score of toothless mouths, a roar came loud and clear. It shook the whiskey bottles and trembled in the beer. And thoughts of drinking Biker's Brew were no longer so far, for Chugger, greased-back Chugger, was advancin' to the bar.

There was swag in Chugger's stride (some said t'was even svelte); there was dance in Chugger's belly (as it swayed below his belt), as he faced his big opponent and looked him in the eye, and said to Joe, "Forget the beers — just bring a shot of rye.

"And set it here betwixt us — we'll see who's the better man, the one who don't go spillin' no drops, the one wit' the quickest hand.

And when this thing is over, you'll buy the drinks for free, but just in case I fuck it up, we'll make it two of three!"

A glass was brought and set down, with its drink one-hundred proof;

the cheering of the crowd shook plaster from the roof. So Chugger bowed politely before he started in on his task, then he scarfed the liquor down and even ate the glass!

The drunken crowd as one stood almost upon their feet. "He didn't do it fair!" they cried. "Heesh jush a lowdown cheat!" But a wave from Chugger's calloused elbow made the crowd appeased, when he said, "Joe, bring anudder rye and make it a doobler, please."

Another drink was brought and set down as before; some inebriates got up to look and fell flat on the floor. Then Chugger's arm moved to his nose, to wipe away stray snot, and as his sleeve was thus engaged, the biker downed the shot!

"Da fraud! Da cheat! Da wrath of grapes!" the angry drinkers swore, as Chugger asked that biker if he'd care to drink once more. Then all the barflies knew this round he'd not abort, when he said, "Joe, forget the shot. Just bring the whole damn quart!"

The throat of Chugger becomes hot, his tongue is hot and dry, his hand is steady, sure, and swift, and aimed right for the rye. Then to the bottle quick it goes. Then back it catapults. And then it's drunk in seconds flat and swallowed in one gulp.

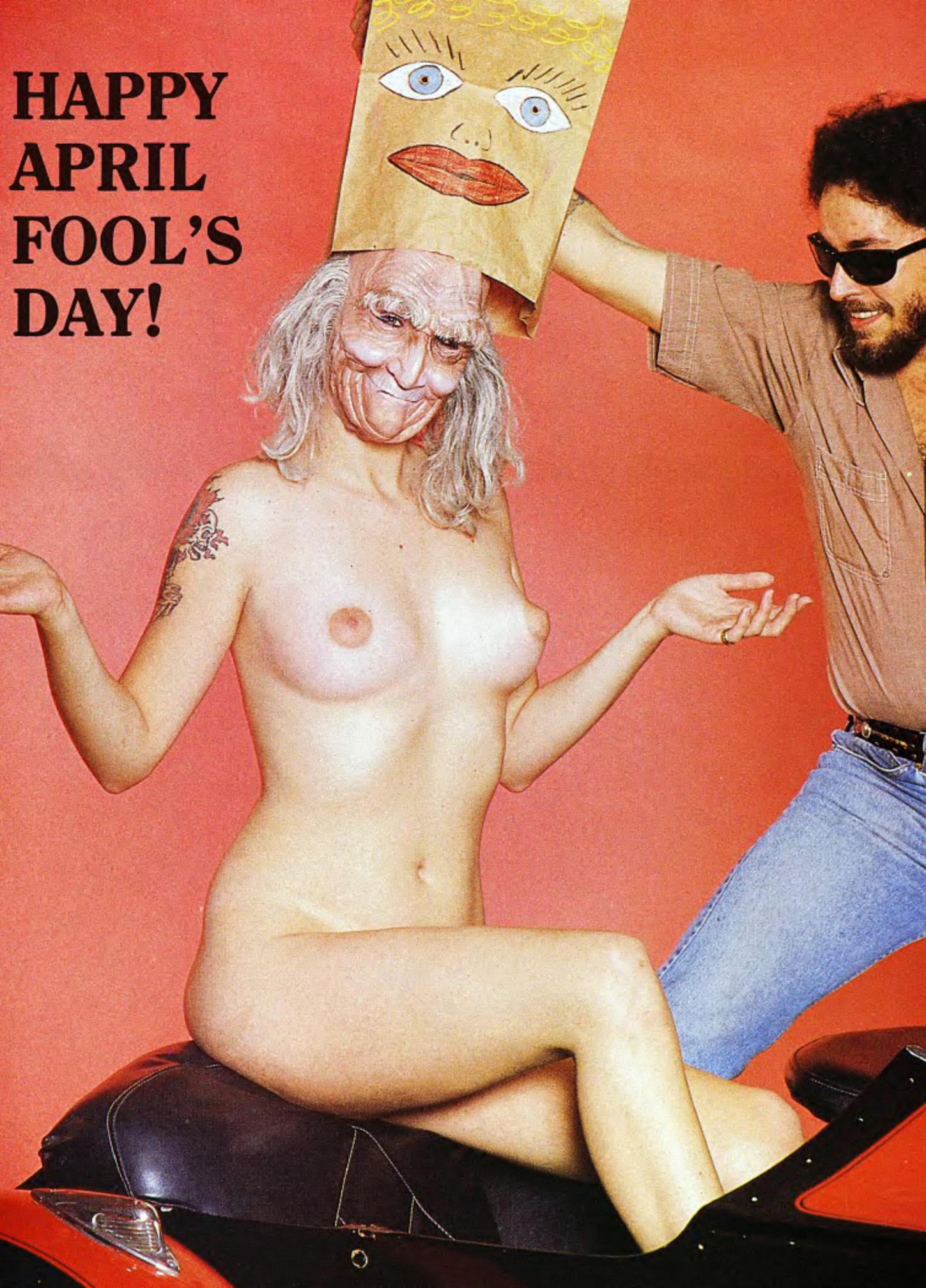
Oh, there's a party raging somewhere still, and that's for sure enough true; as old folks drink, young grade-school lads hold bags and sniff at glue.

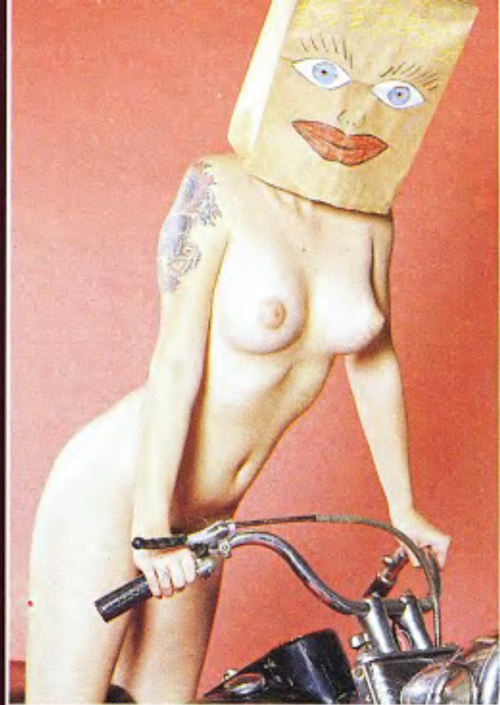
And burned-out, laughing hippies smoke marijuana plants, but there's no joy in Joe's Saloon — Chugger barfed all over his pants.



BY THORS TENSION

**HAPPY
APRIL
FOOL'S
DAY!**





somebody for lusting at a thing like that should be a crime. In fact, it should be illegal for them to even begin to look like that before they're full-grown and past the age of "

"Hey!" Judy said, speaking for the first time. "Let's not get insulting, okay? I'm *fully* grown up in every way there is." She pouted for a minute. "I'm just not very old, is all. But I don't see what the hell that has to do with it."

"Listen, jailbait," Spider replied, "what that has to do with it is that you've gotta be a certain age to get naked for a magazine, or the dudes who put out the magazine — namely us — will, as that fat old sheriff on TV used to say, be in a heap ol' trouble."

"Well, if that's all you're worried about, I'll wear a disguise so nobody can tell how old I am. Just give me a mask or toss a bag over my head, I don't care. My ol' man knows my bod well enough — he'll be able to tell I really made it into the rag."

So, in the end, that's what we did. We covered that sweet, crank-stiffenin', *young* face with a grocery bag to protect the not-so-innocent — namely us. Naturally, some of ya are gonna object to not seein' *all* of Judy, but we figure most of ya will forgive us after you spend a few minutes scorching your eyes on the young hardbelly's incredible assets — both front and rear. So enjoy what views we can show ya, and most of all...



JUDY JAILBAIT

Sometimes a piece of
tail is so tasty you just can't
help rockin' an' rolling with
it despite all the risks.

It was Wrench's first shot at filling
Madman Kelly's old role as nookie
bookie (I mean, he's tech editor
right? What's more technical than deal-
ing with dames?) and he'd already gotten
Spider righteously pissed.

"Get her outta here *now*, you pea-
brained gearhead!" he shouted. "Ya want us
all busted for child molesting?"

"But, boss, boss!" Wrench interjected.
"She really ain't as young as she looks
'specially her bod. C'mon, just take a
look — one look. They can't lock ya up
for lookin'."

As he continued slobbering and try-
ing to work Judy's clothes off (he ain't
very good at fasteners that don't
require a ratchet or socket wrench), he
kept tryin' to convince Spider that we
could somehow run pictures of this tasty
teen queen without having the combined
weight of the post office, the California
attorney general, the League of Decency
and the Girl Scouts of America fall four-
square upon our heads.

At length, Judy laughed, took a step
back from ol' Wrench and with a little
pull here and a little twist there was
soon standing before us in the al-
together. It was sorta funny the way
her woman-sized nipples pointed
straight at Spider.

"Yeah, I kinda see what ya mean,"
Spider said to Wrench. "Bustin'





pon was used) be served without eligibility for good time, and that inmates are eligible for parole only after 1/3 of their full sentence is completed.

There's a woman, Ellen Mills, who wants to change this law and give hope to anyone currently down under it. She's actively seeking support from inmates, their people, and anyone else who's concerned. She's organized a campaign and wants to expand to the media through newspapers and/or TV. That's why donations would be deeply appreciated, as these forms of publicity don't come cheap.

For those who can't afford a donation but would still like to help, she suggests writing letters to legislators and other elected officials. Her aim is to show that a significant number of people in Texas oppose the nature of this sentencing procedure.

There've been two other organizations that targeted this law as a major goal and by working together success could be close at hand. But we need your support. If you've ever done time or know anyone who is current-

ly down and out, think of him or her and drop a line to Ellen Mills, Rt. 1 Box 733, Huntsville, TX 77340. Or call (no collect calls) 409-295-3598.

Kim
Gatesville, Tex.

Last Will

☐ I, Rockin' Roscoe Rat, being of sound mind and body 'cept for a few buds, request that this last will and testament be carried out upon my death.

Upon my death, whether it be by natural causes or by a shit-for-brains cage driver, I request that my body be cremated and stored in an empty Harley-Davidson 60-weight oil can until the funeral, whereupon after all my friends have gathered at the graveside, which will be dug only big enough for my scooter, I want my remains poured into the oil tank.

After the eulogy has been read, I want my long-life running partner, Mike "Skunk" Leffew, to fire up my bike and blow my ashes out the tailpipes.

When my beloved bike has finally locked up, I want her lowered into the ground just far enough that the handle-

bars stick out above the ground. I'd like an American flag flown on the right grip and a rebel flag flown on the left.

After everyone has said his/her goodbyes, there will be a party held in my honor, which my ol' lady will correlate. Everyone is to be instructed, if possible, "not to leave till ya heave."

Rockin' Roscoe
Cookeville, Tenn.

Likes Her

☐ What the hell have you dipshits been smoking? Well, whatever it is, ya best stock up. I just finished thumbing through your January '86 issue and my eyes damn near fell out. I've been reading your rag since I was a young buck (fuck, I grew up with bikers and was taught the righteous life). Anyway, never have I seen such a fine piece of ass as the one who graced your pages in that issue. I'm referring to Feather. I don't give a shit what anyone says, Butcher and Pete Chiodo and everyone else on your staff deserve a lifetime of raisin pie.

P. Salvon
Camarillo, Calif.

☐ This is one deserving pat on the back for you guys. Feather's one in-fucking-credible woman.

Dead
Bremerton, Wash.

☐ The woman in your January '86 spread is the only way to kick off a good start for the new year. If only y'all had scratch-and-sniff layouts.

Curlylocks
Houston, Tex.

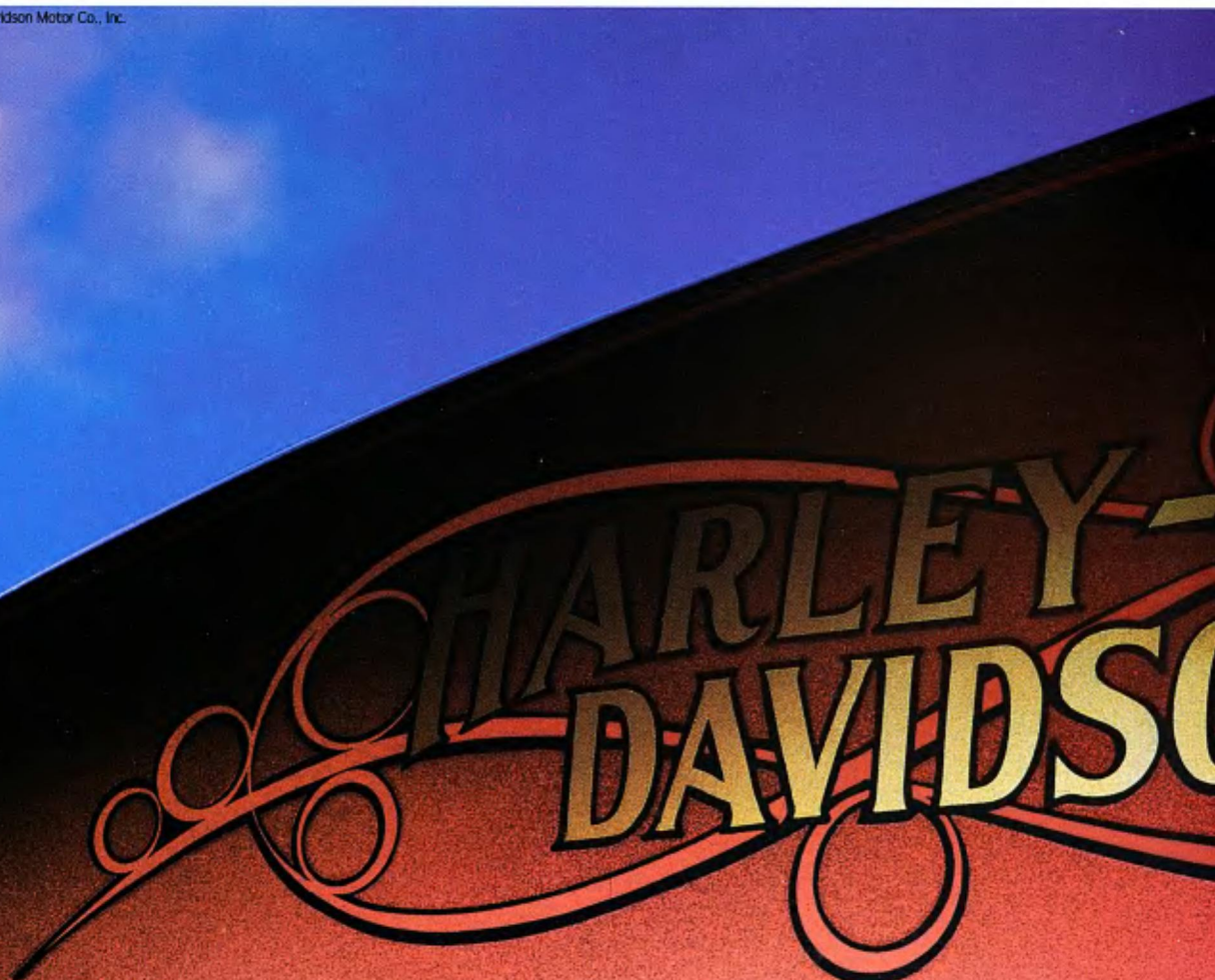
☐ Hey, man, it's good you're finally showing the whole fuckin' bitch in your rag. Yeah, I know this ain't no girlie rag, and I don't expect to see your bitches turnin' their cunt inside out or tyin' their cunt lips in a knot. But hell, man, just one puss shot — you know, a little fur pie showin'. Whatdafuck. That bitch Feather is out of this fuckin' world.

Panhead Paul
Washington, D.C.

Fart

☐ Breeze in Mt. Vernon, Georgia, oughta change this fuckin' name to Fart (a stinkin' mass of hot air).

In the first place, the torch run and donation to the Spe-



cial Olympics was a chapter gig, and in the second place, the only fuckin' Big Four I know of are a bunch of business suits pushin' cages. I'd tell this numbnuts to go get his head outta his ass, but there's no distinction between the two.

Bro Rat
Denver, Colo.

Crank Rust

☐ Look, fellas, if good, steady loving is what you're looking for, then don't heed the advice in "Don't Let Your Crank Rust" (January '86).

You only need to know and do two things. First, be totally honest about what you want. No games or bullshit opening lines or tricks will get you what down-and-open honesty will. There are plenty of women who want only one-night stands, plenty of women who want temporarily permanent partners, and plenty who are desperate for husbands and fathers.

Second, make her feel she is absolutely, without a single doubt, the second most important thing in your life. We all know we'll never replace your ride for first place. Most women will fall over back-

wards (for sex and other purposes) if they feel so loved and cared for. With few exceptions, a woman wants someone to love and care for as much as to love and care for her.

Lonely Lady
No. Central Ark.

Help

☐ Hey, man, how can I find out who the ol' lady is on the cover of your January '86 issue? If possible, I'd like to have her name and maybe even a mailing address.

Lonesome Ed Lones
Westville, Ind.

■ So would I.

Got Brains

☐ Since when did ya fuckers get enough brains to go to the salt flats and check out the Hogs runnin' there? Right on!

Dirty Dick Jerry
Lillington, N.C.

Twatburger

☐ I kept skipping over the conversation with Twatburger, thinking it would be some teary farewell talking about how fucked we all are and that we don't have much

time left to come to the "right way of living." But surprise, surprise, it was by far the best interview I've ever read.

Thanks, Doc. Send me a bill.

Ben
Ludwigsburg, W. Germany

Collars For Dobie

☐ I'm looking for three Dobberman collars with pointed studs (spikes), black leather, fairly wide. Could you please tell me who sells such items?

Francesca Premi
Polacca, Ariz.

More Soledad

☐ Just got done readin' your December '85 issue and I'm dyin' to know if there's any way possible I can write, fuck, or suck the gorgeous hunk of male with the long blond hair and headband on page 17. If there's any way possible I can make contact with that "sweet meat" thing

"Gipsie" Gina D.
Plainfield, N.J.

■ If you send your name and address, perhaps he'll see it and write.

☐ "A Heavy Joint" in the December '85 issue was all

right. Outrageous. Should be seen more often. Some of those guys are gorgeous. Who are the guys on page 16, lower left picture? Send me their names and addresses.

Kinky
New Kensington, Pa.

■ Same response.

Wants Info

☐ A bro and his ol' lady are lookin' for info on Australia, planning a trip and/or possible move. Any bros scribin' me would be greatly appreciated.

Bruce Bush
507 Watson St.
Ripon, WI 54971

■ We're about ready to publish an Australian edition of *Easyriders*.

Popped

☐ In "Short Strokes" (January '86) I read that spot checks were ruled unconstitutional in Washington. Would someone please let me know what other states have made it unconstitutional?

I got popped for DWI two weeks ago at one of those

Continued on page 74

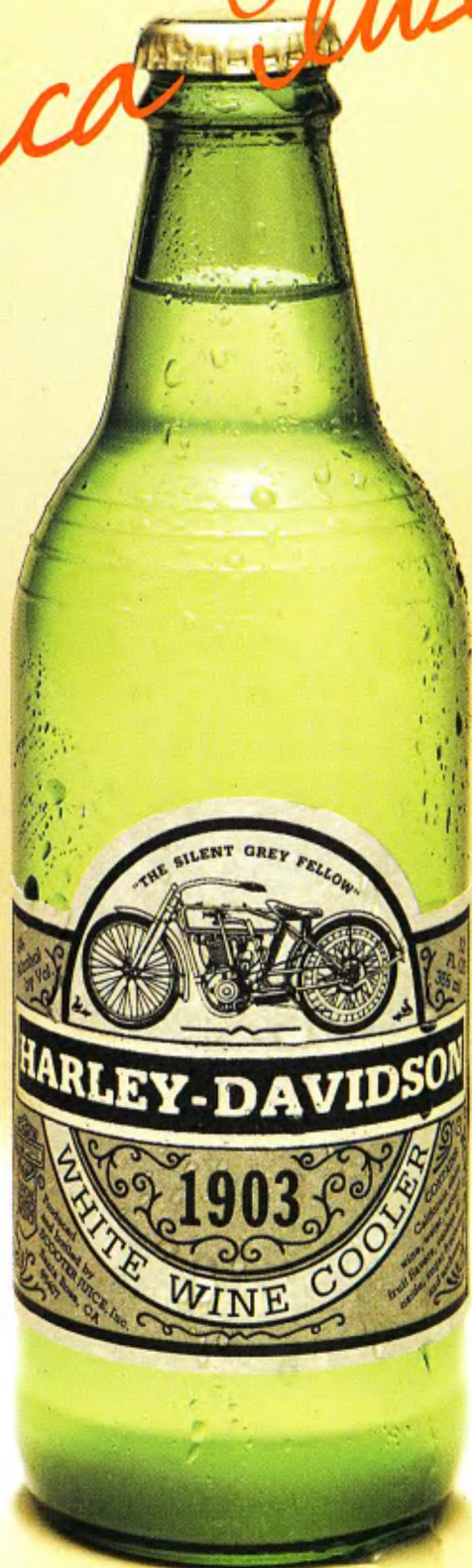
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WORDMONGER

ABATE Change

□ North Dakota membership used to function under the acronym A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments. About seven years ago we changed our acronym to American Bikers Aiming Toward Education. Since that time we've experienced much growth in furthering motorcycle education in North Dakota and have developed many fine working relationships with our senators and representatives, who've been very instrumental in our growth.

We in North Dakota choose to remain American Bikers Aiming Toward Education, as this acronym seems to have a very positive reception among the people whom we so much depend on to further motorcycle education in North Dakota and it keeps us who believe in this cause much involved in this endeavor.

Chuck Hauff
Executive Director
ABATE of North Dakota

AMA Comments

□ I want to thank you for informing your readers about the workings of the AMA's government relations programs and the issues we deal with. The interview looked great, and we appreciate your interest. However, I'd appreciate your help in making a couple of clarifications; otherwise, we could mislead your readers.

The AMA's legislative activity is headed by Robert Rasor, our vice president for government relations. I serve as manager of legislative affairs within the government relations department. Of course, Ed Youngblood, formerly the director of government relations, now heads up the whole shootin' match as president of the AMA.

The AMA's insurance program is underwritten by the Criterion Insurance Company, a division of GEICO, and is marketed under the trademarked name "AMA/Cycle-Gard." Since our original interview, several steps

have been taken to improve the availability of insurance for difficult-to-insure brands, including Harley-Davidsons. I would again encourage *Easyriders* readers to consider the insurance program as part of a total AMA membership.

If your readers have any questions about the AMA or suggestions of any kind, I encourage them to give Rob or me a call at (614) 891-2425.

Gary Winn
Manager, Legislative Affairs
Government Relations
AMA
Westerville, Ohio

□ The interview you had with Gary Winn was very informative. He hit the nail on the head when he said the key to freedom for bikers was involvement.

Now I'm positive I'm going to join ABATE for a lifetime membership!

Tony Schement
St. Augustine, Fla.

□ I greatly appreciate the space you allowed Gary Winn in "Fighting The Good Fight" (January '86), explaining and clarifying some of the positions of the AMA. As past State Director of ABATE of Georgia, Inc., Gary and I have testified against Georgia's helmet law at house public hearings, senate public hearings, and we've lobbied together at the state house. Gary's experience and knowledge of statistics was very helpful to ABATE. Two grants from the AMA also helped to pay for a professional lobbyist and a special newsletter. ABATE chapters and state motorcyclist rights organizations are the backbone for lobbying efforts on the state level. However, the AMA government relations department is always willing to assist the states. Furthermore, the AMA needs members from all the states so that we can effectively lobby in Washington, D.C. AMA membership is only \$20 per year, which includes a year's subscription to *American Motorcyclist Magazine*. More

info is available by writing to Box 6114, Westerville, OH 43081-6114, or calling toll-free 1-800-AMA-JOIN (Eastern Standard Time). ABATE of Georgia can be reached at Box 313, Monroe, GA 30655, or phone (404) 267-4678. Another helmet amendment bill is coming up for a vote in January or February of 1986. We're still fighting to ride free.

Ronnie "Mac" McDaniel
Watkinsville, Ga.

Serious Editor

□ Reading the December '85 issue, I discovered what I believe to be a serious (dangerous) technical error.

J.D. suggested that people use a tube in a tubeless tire. That is a definite no-no. Tube-type tires are made differently from tubeless tires in two main ways. The sidewalls are ribbed to eliminate air bubbles between the tire and tube. Also, the head is vented on most of them to allow the air outside the tube to escape while inflating the tube. If air is trapped between the tube and tire, there is usually a heat buildup just where the tube is only contacting air inside and outside. This can easily "directly" cause a blow-out. If you don't believe me, contact the tire manufacturers.

I just wanted you to know about this. I don't want someone to have a blowout on a long haul of high speed just because he got bum advice.

Joe The Gripper
Sherman Station, Me.

■ You can safely run a tube in a tubeless tire. Both Dunlop and Continental testing confirm that at 65mph there's no temperature difference between a tire running tubeless and the same tire with a tube. There'll be a 25-degree temperature difference at 130mph and maximum load. That 25 degrees is only important if your tire is poorly made in the first place. Except for a thin rubber inner liner that acts as an air barrier, today's tubeless tires are the same as those meant for tube use.

Compensator

□ A few months back I was in a local shop looking for a compensator/sprocket setup for the shovel I'm piecing together and I heard something I need verified.

An older rider who was in the shop told me he once had a 1939 80" flathead with a compensator/sprocket that fit the old skinny shaft. The shop owner said he didn't know anything about it, but the guy swore he bought it through an East Coast Hog dealer.

I asked the dude at my local dealer's parts counter about it and he thinks I'm bullshitting him.

Can you tell me if this setup was for real?

Big D
St. Louis, Mo.

■ Compensating sprockets were first offered by the factory as an option in 1955, both on bikes and over-the-counter.

Buy American

□ Well, it happened again. Another layoff at the good old Harley-Davidson plant. This time it was all white-collar workers. I got it earlier this year myself. So what, you might say. Well, listen up.

I don't have to tell you what that means, but for you less-fortunate ones in the brains department, it means less improvement, less bikes, possibly more foreign parts, etc. Most important, less American bikes.

Harley-Davidson is the last American motorcycle. If you're thinking of buying a motorcycle, buy a Harley, and if at all possible, buy a new one. They're better than ever and a good investment (and a good investment in America). Do it or there may no longer be a Harley-Davidson.

Greenjeans
Waterford, Wis.

Texas Law

□ I'm reaching out to y'all to help me and everyone else currently serving time in the Texas Department of Corrections.

Last month I was scoping out my copy of *The Echo*, our monthly newsletter. It's about the "aggravated law" presently in effect in Texas, which states that certain aggravated sentences (resulting from crimes in which a wea-



TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

What's happening? Am I missing something? Last month a guy was busted for fucking a duck. Now this month a guy was busted for fucking a chicken and he only got a \$40 fine and a year's probation. (Do you think because they were tight?)

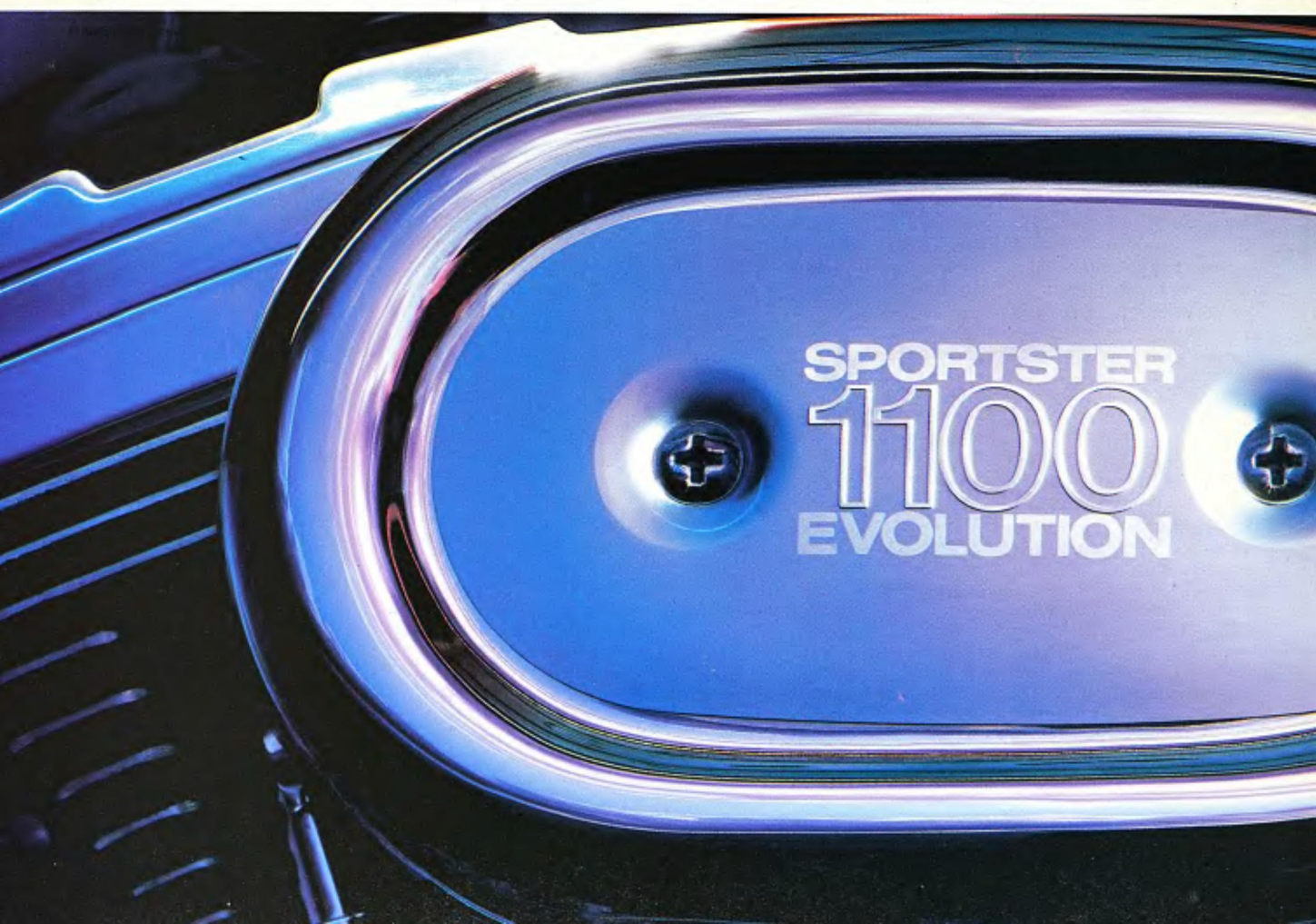
Well, after much testing the Harvard Medical School found that Diet Coke is the best douche a girl can use when in need. They tested "classic" Coke and "new" Coke too, but found that Diet

Coke killed sperm the best. I don't know why they tested it or why a chick would want to use Coke as a douche. (Hell, the chick I go with only needs a garden hose.) Maybe the doctors were just having fun and games.

He thought he'd stretch out on a hammock for an afternoon snooze. But after he went to sleep, the tree the hammock was tied to gave way and fell on top of him, croaking him. (There are those days when you should stay in bed.)

The police officer conducted a high-school class on firearm safety. Afterward he started putting the bullets back into his gun as he was walking out of the classroom. Just then a tasty hard-belly went by. Apparently, he got flustered, because he accidentally shot her in the leg. (Keep your mind on what you're doing—shit, she was too young, anyway.)

If you women think that's bad, how about the dude who stabbed his ol' lady 111 times! Then he cut off her head, took off all his clothes, and went down the street naked, holding her head by the



hair. Eventually, he flung her head at the first cop he saw, shouting she was the devil. So watch out, those reds make a man fierce at times.

He got out of jail. She wasn't there to meet him. So he went to her home and let her have five in the face. Then he slapped her upside the head, knocking her into a bike—she died. He was sent back to his friends in the joint and she was taught to be on time.

This little hardbelly was showing a new house to a dude when he went into the bathroom, came out wearing just a bra and panties, and jumped her. He didn't want to screw her—he just wanted her bra and panties. She offered him some bread so he could buy his own undies, but he wanted some scent and some of her pubic hairs hanging on the panties. (Some people are weirder than I am—nothing surprises me any more.)

Well, it's started (about time). Fourteen known AIDS faggots have been warned that if they engage in sex with anyone (wonder if that includes ducks and chickens), they'll be charged with a felony.

Bummer. In India you can no longer snuff your wife if her dowry doesn't please you. Until recently you could douse her with gas or oil and set fire to her. But no more—now you'll be hanged. Shit, no more fun in India.

He saw this chick jogging along the road. He went around the block to take another look, but this time he started chasing her in his truck, so she cut across a field. He followed her, hitting her from behind and breaking her pelvis. Then he backed up and ran over her again, breaking her knee. The judge gave the guy five years' probation, plus a stern lecture.

He was acting as his own attorney and doing a pretty good job of it until he got this broad on the stand who owned the store he'd allegedly held up. She testified that he was the person who'd held her up, whereupon he jumped up, accused her of lying, and declared, "I should have blown your head off!" Oops! Then he added, "If I'd been the one that was there." It took the jury 20 minutes to send his ass to the joint for 30 long ones.



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