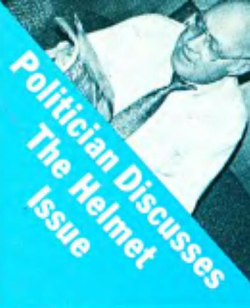


Easyriders®



Politician Discusses
The Helmet
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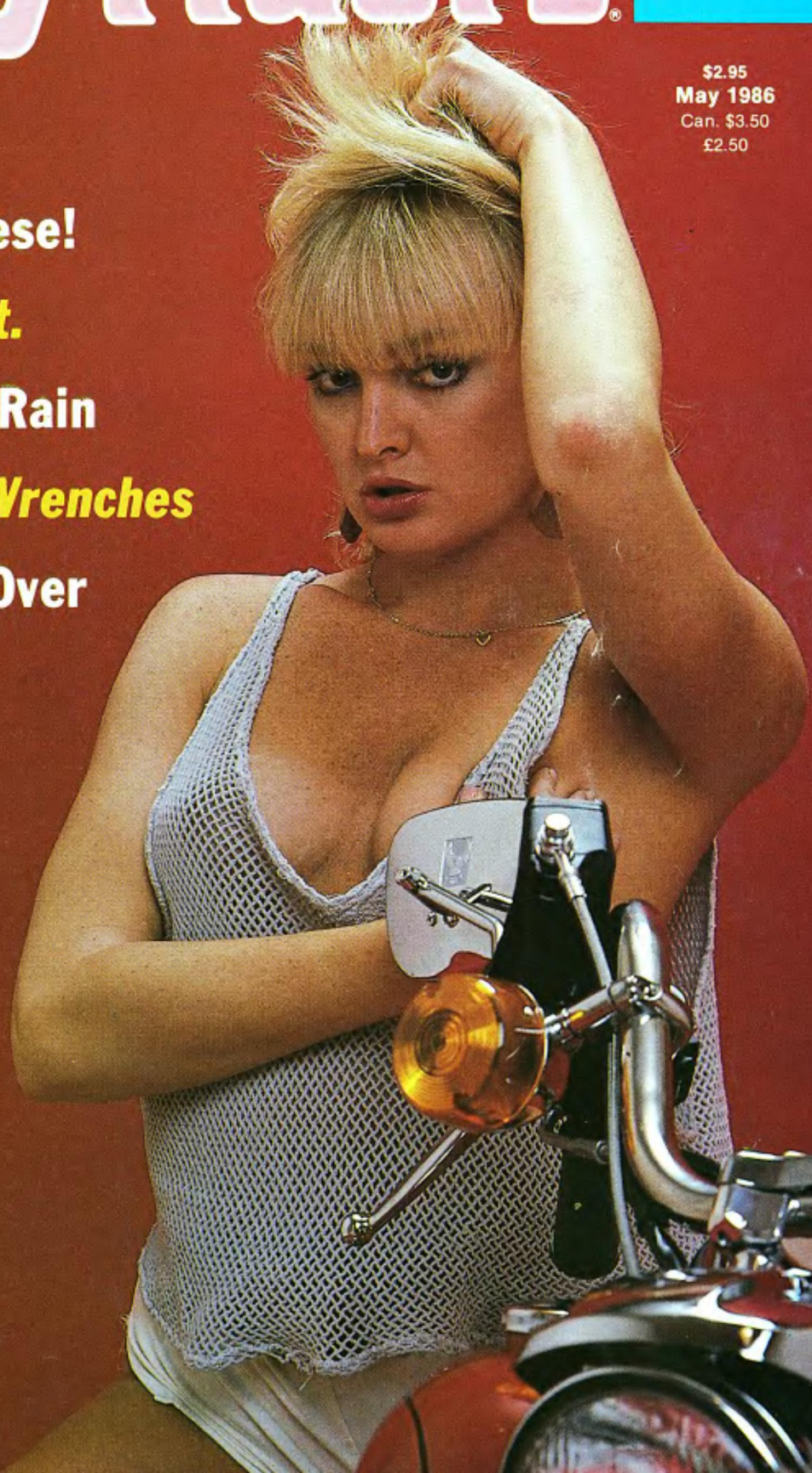
Cuttin' The Cheese!

H-D Racing Dept.

Bikers Party In Rain

Honeys Hustle Wrenches

Sleds From All Over



WORLD FAMOUS BRAND-NAME LEATHER BOMBER JACKET/VEST TO BE SOLD FOR INCREDIBLE \$99.99 *THIS IS NOT A MISPRINT*

These new brand-name leather bomber jackets will not be sold at this price by this company in any store. To obtain one at this price, apply in writing or by phone, to the company no later than midnight, July 31st, 1986.

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Five hundred new brand-name leather bomber jackets with full-quilted lining and zip-off removable sleeves, manufactured by the world leader in leather motorcycle jackets, will be sold on a first come, first served basis, as part of a unique publicity campaign, for ***\$99.99** each, to the **first 500 people** who write or call the company by **July 31, 1986**.

These are the same famous brand-name leather jackets that retail for \$199. each and were featured in the pages of **Rider Magazine, Cycle Guide** and **Motorcyclist** and referred to in product evaluations as "the jacket-that-becomes-a-vest...quality inside and out...durable and quite well finished...unique and well-made."

WHAT MAKES THESE JACKETS SO GOOD?

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Mail to:

Mail Order Marketing (M.O.M.)
3857 Birch Street, Dept. 220E
Newport Beach, CA 92660

Phone Orders may be called in Monday thru Friday, between 8 a.m. — 5 p.m., Western Time.

Call Toll Free

Nation
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1-800-545-6655

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Specify size. Available in sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.



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Convenient inside storage pocket.

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Easyriders

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Audited Paid

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

Cover photo of Dalia by Pete Chiodo



Buy American

They about had a shit-fit. The guards were outta the towers. No guards anywhere. They'd all taken a walk protesting the system. So the 109 prisoners did what they had to do—they strolled out of prison, too! Whatdafuck!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Well, he thought he'd get a little "strange" that night because his ol' lady's twat was getting a little loose. So he took a wooden box to stand on and later that evening he was busted as he was caught porking—now get this—a cow! No, not his ol' lady—an actual heifer.

Surprise, surprise! Check of urine tests discloses high error rate. A spot check on 13 drug-testing laboratories serving 262 different clients was done by the AMA. They spiked urine samples and sent them through as regular urine samples from a methadone treatment center. Failure to detect drugs ranged from 11 to 94 percent for barbiturates, up to 33 percent for methadone, and one to 10 percent for cocaine. Only two out of the 13 lab findings were "acceptable." And to think your ass could be hanging on such tests. So much for testing urine samples.

He was run off the road. So he took after the car that did it, pursuing it to a dead-end street—and it was a chick driving with a guy next to her. She got out of the car and he let her have five a couple of times, knocking out several teeth, blacking her eye, and breaking



her jaw. Her boyfriend got out next and was cold-cocked with one blow. Cagers should think twice before running a bike off the road, especially a bike with a 300-lb., six-foot-four dude on it. It could lead to damages.

He doesn't know why, he just wanted to see if it worked. It did—and his 6-month-old daughter's eyes really stayed shut after he glued (that's right, glued) them shut with Crazy Glue. Hell, if he wanted to test the stuff, he could have stuck his joint in a vise and glued it in, but he probably couldn't find it. (His string came loose.)

I receive all types of recipes on how to make raisin pie. Well, I like a bunch of raisins slapped between two crusts, but some people like it a little fancier, so here's a recipe some of you've been quivering for:

- 1 C. raisins
- 1 C. sugar
- 1 C. water
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 5 egg yolks
- 2 C. sour cream
- 3 T. cornstarch mixed with small

amount of cold water
Baked 9-inch pie shell
Whipped topping

Combine raisins, sugar, water, cinnamon, and salt in saucepan. Let simmer for 15 minutes, until raisins are plump. Combine egg yolks, sour cream, and corn starch mixture in bowl. Mix well and add to saucepan. Stir constantly on medium heat until thickened. Let cool and put into pie shell. Add whipped topping.

Remember the guy who went around stomping women's feet? He'd stomped 40 women's feet before getting caught, so they busted his ass. He promptly posted bond and two days later he was busted again—for stomping on another woman's foot. You explain it; I can't.

If you think that's weird, how about the two cops who changed their sex—one went from Paul to Sara and the other went from Joseph to Jennifer. They started wearing wigs and dresses and continued on their jobs. There was no basis for canning their asses. The head cop said it would take some gettin' used to. (Remember, I told you to pull on their hair if there's any doubt!)

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WORDMONGER

Southern Hospitality

On August 18, 1985, a Saturday morning, five of my riding buddies and I headed south from the Boston area to do the Blue Ridge Parkway. The trip will bring fond memories for years to come.

After spending the night of August 20 at Millers Campground on the Parkway, one of my buddies was in need of some work on his Harley — his generator had quit. My H.O.G. touring guide indicated that the nearest dealership was Lyall Harley-Davidson in North Wilkesboro, N.C. In addition to instant service, they recommended a restaurant where we could get a good breakfast while they remedied our woes. At the restaurant we were treated like royalty and the food was great. When we returned to the dealership, the bike was repaired and ready to go.

The six of us would like to say thanks to Mr. Lyall and his son, and also to the people at the restaurant, for the first-class service we received while on our trip.

Southern hospitality does exist. It's not a myth.

Phil, Guy, John, Nicky, Al, and John Mc.
Medford, Mass.

Thanks

I just finished a letter to my ol' man who isn't home where he should be, courtesy of the California correctional system. He'll be home soon, though, and he's the reason I'm writing.

Six months ago I answered an ad in "Choppershopper" and found the man I've been looking for all my life. It took a long time and a lot of disappointments, but I found my 100% man. I met some real losers along the way, but it was worth everything to find my outlaw.

I just want to thank everyone at *Easyriders* for making the magazine what it is.

TLC
Bakersfield, Calif.

Take Advice

Homosexuality is not so

much a freedom of choice as it is a crime against nature, God, and humanity. I think Leviticus 20:13 pretty sums up the whole thing. Who would be a better authority on "innate patterns of human behavior" than the Creator of the human race?

As far as AIDS is concerned, yes, it's a terrible disease. Yes, it's not restricted to the faggot community (now that they've spread their infected blood to the normal community by donation), and it's certainly no joke. It's a crying shame we didn't take the advice given in Leviticus 20:13 to heart a long time ago. If we had, there wouldn't be any AIDS now.

A Flaming Heterosexual
Chicago, Ill.

Been buying your rag for 11 years and own two Harleys. After your editorial on AIDS, I wouldn't touch *Easyriders* with a ten-foot pole. You deserve the same fate as the Third Reich. What a bunch of fucking hypocrites, always mouthing off about freedom of choice — as long as *Easyriders* does the choosing, huh?

I'm hurting you in the best way I know — by not giving you another penny.

Fed Up
Long Beach, Calif.

Save your pennies for your male fag whore.

Pity the poor fags who are all upset and in a dither about the editorial titled "At Last — A Sure Cure for AIDS." They're the ones who started and continue to spread the most deadly epidemic since bubonic plague, and they claim it's all a problem of religion and compare the editorial to Hitler's infamous creation, the Holocaust.

Someone should tell those cum-breaths to hang on a second and try to remember history. Hitler was a mean, syphilitic fucker who hated Jews. Therefore, in his sick mind, he figured extermina-

tion was the answer. That has absolutely nothing to do with a deadly epidemic being spread by a bunch of cocksuckers who wave their limp wrists and whine about their "rights" to infect the whole damn country.

I am not "scared of my own feelings" as one fag wrote. I know my feelings quite well, and they are *not* in favor of being infected through blood transfusions or whatever is next discovered to spread it. AIDS is 100 percent fatal and anyone spreading it should be convicted of murder.

This is not a question of issue of religion, as it was with Hitler, and is in the Middle East and Northern Ireland. This is an issue of a fatal disease being passed on by queers to the straight population.

I don't give a shit about your statistics or your butt-fucking each other to death. But the day that your queer actions affect me or my family is the day that I take direct action.

Double K
Los Angeles, Calif.

This is in reply to Mr. X of San Francisco who "eschewed appending" his real name to his pseudo-intelligent missive to "Wordmonger" (February '86): Guess you'd rather just chew an appendage, hey, fuckface?

Mr. X, you state that homosexuality is as "innate a pattern of behavior for a minority of the human species as is left-handedness." You further equate it as being as normal (innate) as heterosexuality is for the majority. If that's true, dickhead, then child molesters, rapists, and murderers are as innate a part of our society as queers!

One more thing — if being a queer is as innate a pattern of behavior as you say it is, then consider this, faggot. If my brothers and I happen to be around a queer, we seem to experience these "innate" feelings of repulsion, anger, and hostility toward that queer — kind of like a wolf

pack toward a weakling. We feel like tearing you up. But it's okay. They're only "innate" feelings.

Lompico Lyle
Santa Cruz, Calif.

With all the shit going around about AIDS, it might be interesting to note that the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans has just upheld a Texas law making homosexual acts illegal, even between consenting adults! This law comes at a very good time and maybe some of the other states should take it to heart.

The Buck
Soledad, Calif.

How much fun it would be to murder all faggots. The Ayatollah Khomeini and the Jehovah's Witnesses officially agree. Glad to see bikers on the right side of sensitive issues! Birds of a feather — or is it birdbrains? — flock together, don't they?

Easyriders should be congratulated for improving the image and credibility of bikers. We all owe you a debt of gratitude. Legislators will be much more prone to side with us on helmet issues, thanks to your statesmanlike approach to social problems.

Why not film your views on faggots and replace those TV commercials you've sponsored to improve the image of bikers? What a scoop. Straight America would see that you're filled to overflowing with good sense and aren't the murderous, criminal-hearted swine they had imagined. Do go public with your views on AIDS. It's the best thing for the image of bikers everywhere. Right on, bro, right on.

Snake
New York, N.Y.

We got tired of your being referred to as "risk groups" and decided to call you what you are — rotten, cum-breath queers.

I am glad to see the openness in your magazine regarding AIDS. Anyone, even bikers, can get it quite innocently. We should all beware of this disease whether we're bikers or housewives because it can strike any of us. I think a logical solution would be to make homosexuality illegal, just as child molesting, incest, etc., are illegal. This would not solve the prob-

lem 100 percent, but it would sure put a lot of this abnormality back in the closet where it belongs!

Stoney
Cambridge, Ontario

□ Let me make my point and putt away. I read the bullshit in your last rag about AIDS and I would rather scoot into a train than get AIDS. This also means that I'd do time before I'd let some butt-fucker into my bed. You can tell me faggots and lesbians have rights all day long, but the fuckers don't have the right to plague our society with a terminal disease that's a by-product of their cocksucking, butt-fucking recreation.

Where I hang out we don't even see crabs, and may God be with the sorry fucker who brings them in. I know of no bikers who are butt-fucking each other, and if they are, they must be faggots on rice burners from somewhere else, God knows where.

In the past people with things like the plague, smallpox, diphtheria, and the rest were immediately forced into quarantine. Yet here we are, worrying about gays and their "right" to butt-fuck us. Bullshit. We've already let it go to the point that so-called life-saving transfusions are snuffing us.

Bill T.
Reno, Nev.

□ I gotta tell ya, this fuckin' AIDS shit really pisses me off. I just don't understand these faggot muthas who wanna butt-fuck each other. Now, because of these sick bastards, we taxpayers gotta find a cure for something that never should have been. Well, people, I've got a good cure for these faggot assholes — put them all on some island and nuke them.

Bam Bam
Sheridan, Ill.

□ To all the butt-fuckers who were offended by "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS": Do all of us solid scooter tramps a favor. Go buy yourselves a rice grinder and ride it up your boyfriend's ass.

Red Baron
Vancouver, Wash.

Dick's Cycles

□ I'd like to express my appreciation of Dick's Cycles in Bellflower, California. On

a referral from a bro, I took him my rods and flywheels to be rebuilt and was greeted by Dick himself in an impressive showroom. After describing the work to be done, Dick gave me a grand tour of his facilities. It's no wonder he produces such quality work. His cordial staff was quite busy manning abundant massive machinery and putting out quality first-class workmanship. These scooter people were *seriously* working away at customers' parts.

My hat's off to Dick and his crew. His shop reflects 30 years of dedication to serving the needs of Harley riders. Upon receiving the flywheel assembly, Dick took the time to explain that one half of my wheel had spun a thrust washer and he replaced it at no extra charge. The work was prompt, first class, and the total cost lower than originally estimated.

Mike
San Juan Capistrano, Calif.

Fat Bob's

□ I trashed out my primary chain in Alamogordo, New Mexico. After asking around for a Harley shop, I came across the only shop within 66 miles, Fat Bob's on R.R. #1 in Alamogordo. When I called, Bob sent a crash truck for me, got my chain, helped fix it, and let me use his shop and tools. No attempt was made to take advantage of my situation. In other words, I didn't get fucked. If you bros are within 100 miles of Alamogordo, stop in and say hi to Bob and Debbie.

Harley D. (Wayne)
Ft. Campbell, Ken.

Ride To Sturgis

□ I want to ride to Sturgis this summer and want someone in the Ohio area who's made the trip to tell me where the best places to pitch a tent and party are.

B.J.
Cardington, Ohio

Emergency!

□ Maybe your readers could tell me. I'm looking for bearded bikers in NYC. Where does a foxy lady go to meet biker men there? Please tell me or list some Gotham biker bars, especially in Queens.

Arlene Welsh
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Non-Association

□ I'd like to know if anyone

has any info on the "Non-Association" shit and the rumor that they're dropping the "Special Parole." Heard it was gonna be done. So if any readers have any info, drop a line. I'm a patchholder and am mostly interested in the "Non-Association." Any woman can write, too. I'll answer all!

Courtney Jackson
03418-0555
FPC Box 6085
Big Spring, TX 79720

New Club

□ Has anyone thought of organizing Bikers Against Drunk Driving (BADD)?

It's possible to party down and to have options. Too many brothers and sisters are losing lives, limbs, and property because drunk cagers and drunk bikers keep driving when they shouldn't.

Anyone with any ideas about this, please contact me. It's time for a change.

Scooter Sally
Box 1182
Santa Ynez, CA 93460

Lookin'

□ I'm looking for drag pipes for the '84 XR-1000. Anyone knowing where I can get a pair, please send me the address quick.

Patnode Brendan G.
C 3/6
Ft. Riley, KS 66442

Tanks

□ Custom Chrome used to make split fatbobs for Sportsters that bolted on without modification and sat lower than other fatbobs. Since CCI has stopped making them, does anyone know where I can find a set?

Andy Sanders
5095 Ellison NE
Albuquerque, NM 87109

Reply To "Consensus"

□ Sure sounds as if your male ego is being threatened by some level-headed bitch who may know more about your scooter than you do.

Gypsy
Ft. Collins, Colo.

□ Maybe the female prison guards push you around too much — or don't give you any dessert.

Ms. Bitch
Milwaukee, Wis.

□ As far as we bitches keeping our mouths shut until spoken to, well, I give some good head and I do it soooo

well — but I didn't learn that from keeping my mouth shut.

A Neet
Akron, Ohio

□ This letter is to the fuckwads in the pen ("Word-monger," February '86) who were cutting down the best rag around for printing letters from ladies: I thought about telling y'all to get fucked, but you don't deserve anything that good.

Rebel Lady
Cedartown, Ga.

□ Everyone is born with their freedom and some of us better bitches lose a little of it along the way. But when the ol' man comes in and smiles as he chases me around the house, I know that bit of lost freedom is worth it.

Blue Baby
Oklahoma City, Okla.

□ Pull out your tampon and chew on it.

Pinky
Daytona Beach, Fla.

□ You said tits and ass are great to look at, but should be seen and not heard. What do you want, a woman or a fucking blow-up doll?

LSD
Oshkosh, Neb.

□ Up your cunts!
Lisa Lips & Flamin' Ame
South Boston, Mass.

□ Fuck you and anyone who "thinks" like you!
Sunshine
Prince George, B.C.

Huh?

□ What's the deal? In your February '86 issue there's an ad for the West Coast Biker Bash, saying it's to be held June 20-22. But on your 1986 calendar the dates given for the Biker Bash are May 24-26. Which dates are right?

John M. Gillespie
Ft. Irwin, Calif.

■ The June dates are correct. We fucked up on the calendar.

Question

□ Ya know what? It don't last long enough, like the beer in the fridge, the smokes in the pack, the reef in the bag, the film in the camera, the days in the summer, the gas in the scooter. It's the pages in *Easyriders*.

Gypsy
Ely, Minn.

To The Punks At Conn. State Prison

☐ You bunch of wimps! It's pretty sad the way you think about women. What's wrong? Didn't your mommies give you any affection when you were babies, so that you have to take it out on women in general? Well, I have no sympathy. You were all probably too ugly and stupid for your mothers to even give you the time of day.

I guess you think you're too cool with that ignorant letter you wrote. It sounds like every single one of you are afraid of women, so you have to put up your big macho act. Anyone who hates women as much as you all do has to be terrified of them — terrified that they'll laugh at you. Well, let me inform you retards that women in general have a million times more smarts than you'll ever dream of having. You know that, you're just too wimped out to admit it. I'm not talking about all men, just the ones who share your sick hatred.

I can already see that your infantile behavior has gotten you a long way in life. Prison is about as far as you'll ever get when you act like 12-year-

old, asshole children.

Boys, you're the losers — that's quite obvious for all to see. Winners don't need to hate women. They know how to enjoy women for the superior people a lot of them are, and they don't rot in some prison cell seething with envy because they know men and women are equal.

So why don't you cowards just shut your mouths? Assholes like you need lobotomies, and if you knew how stupid you sounded, you'd have them voluntarily.

I can only have pity on you poor losers.

Jackie O.
Richmond, Va.

☐ I read "A Consensus" ("Wordmonger," February '86) and it really pissed me off.

Listen here, I've ridden my H-D and I'm still not like what you bastards say. Baby, I'm there, not a wannabe.

I'm damn tired of y'all putting us down. Some of us are better than you might think.

Crystal
Shreveport, La.

Pissed Off!

☐ What the fuck is going on here? I went to the local H-D

shop to pick up some parts for my '83 XLS. One of the parts I needed was an oil filter. Guess where that fucker was made? Taiwan! By those fuckin' rubberheads. What the fuck is happening to H-D? These parts were made for Harley-Davidson with the brand name of Eagle Iron! I want my bike to stay the best and that's American. I don't want rice shit. If we're to support the good old US of A, why is H-D supporting those fuckers?

Pat Smith
Grand Forks AFB, N.D.

☒ In order to compete in the after-market (whose lower prices are due to their ordering their products out of the States), Harley had to form another company to sell their after-market (and less expensive) products. The main difference is that Eagle Iron products are made exactly to factory specs.

Club Names

☐ I was wondering if anyone knows of or is known as the Wild B.O.A.R.S. We have started a club in Germany and were wondering about it.

The Wizard
Bamberg, Germany

☐ We the people of the United States of America are concerned about the name Freedom Riders.

Crazy Crow
Richland Hills, Tex.

☐ I'd like to know if there's a club going by the name of Devil Dogs.

Wild Wes
Harvard, Ill.

☐ We're starting a club under the name Road Eagles. Are there already some Road Eagles out there?

Pete Brendel
Pendleton, Ind.

☐ We are thinking about starting a club with the name Bootleg Militia.

J.D. Hughes
Cordova, S.C.

☐ We've recently formed an all-Harley club in the west Michigan area with the name Iron Thunder. We'd like to know if there are any clubs anywhere that go by this name already.

Sway
Dorr, Mich.

☐ I'm starting a motorcycle

*53995 Sportster 883 available in vivid black and signal red only. Candy red and candy blue — slightly higher. Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges, and dealer prep (if any). © 1986 HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., INC.

Harley

club and would like to know if anyone is using either of these two names: Half Breed or Free At Last.

John "Snake" Jones
Alto, Ga.

☐ Some of my bros and I have started a club. We chose the name Rif-Raf. Anyone who knows of a club by that name, let us know.

Outlaw
Waldron, Ark.

☐ We're starting a laid-back motorcycle club and are calling ourselves the Empty Heads MC. We'd appreciate your readers informing us if this name is being used.

WEBO
Scott City, Kan.

☐ There are about eight of us who are interested in starting a club in east Tennessee. We're considering the name Dixie Rustlers and would appreciate any information as to whether this name is being used.

Lerch
Sevierville, Tenn.

☐ As of December 1, 1985, the Roamin' Warriors motorcycle club was established in southern Kentucky. If any-

one has any objections to the name, please contact me.

A. Sams
Rt. #1
Burnside, KY 42519

☐ Myself and my bro are getting a new motorcycle club started and we'd appreciate information on registering our name and patch, "Mo, Free Riders, Brotherhood."

A. Mendoza
Jefferson City, Mo.

☐ Some bros and I down here in southwest Florida are planning to start a club and want to ride under the name High-Hogs.

If anyone knows of the pre-existence of this name, please let us know.

A.J.
Anna Maria Is., Fla.

Texas Helmets

☐ It was brought to my attention yesterday that in 1986 a mandatory helmet law will again be proposed in the Texas legislature. If this is the case, we all need to get to work now to keep the bureaucrats in Austin from cramming it down our throats later on.

C. James
Carrollton, Tex.

Insurance

☐ Dairyland Insurance sucks ass! A year and a half ago my ol' man carried a policy with them and never will again. He paid out \$720 for full coverage. When a cage sent him flying, he lost his scooter, suffered a shattered jaw, mangled arm and hand, and fucked-up innards.

After his accident he had a week to renew his policy, but on my way down to the insurance company, he had a mishap in the hospital and I went back to be with him. While I was there, his policy expired and Dairyland didn't cover him or his scooter.

I don't know why, but when we finally got down to the company, the building was totally vacant.

Gumby's Ol' Lady
Chandler, Ariz.

Lost Bro

☐ Greg K.: Sorry to hear that your brother Dean lost it all, due to a careless cager. Fuck 'em all and fuck the world!

Steve Salzman
Greencastle, Ind.

Ghost rider

☐ I just wanted *Easyriders* to know that they lifted a lonely, locked-down biker's spirits with the "Ghost rider" Christ-

mas card I received in the mail today. I've collected and been a dedicated reader of *Easyriders* since about 1974, but I've been locked down for the past six years and have missed quite a few issues. This year when my sister asked me what I wanted for Christmas, I told her I wanted a subscription to *Easyriders*.

I'm not expected to see daylight until the year 2014, and I really miss my ol' panhead more than I miss pussy and Jack Daniel's (but pussy runs close to first place). I have a few of my party pictures and a couple of my ol' pan, but the Ghost rider card y'all sent me reminds me of me and my ghost memories of the great life in the wind.

Jody Allen
Reidsville, Ga.

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

Davidson

883

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME. CHANCES ARE THE PRICE WON'T BE EITHER. \$3,995*

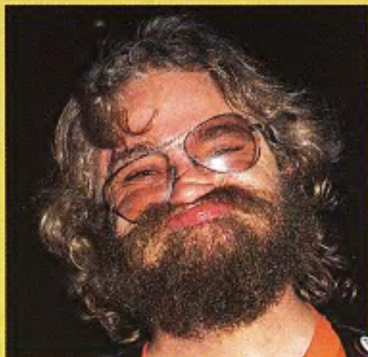
You feel it immediately. It is power, adrenalin, and emotion all whipped up together. It is our Sportster® 883. Now more than ever, it's time you bought a Harley®. Ride one at your Harley-Davidson® dealer.

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.™



WET AND WILD IN ORLANDO

Neither wind, nor rain, nor partying all night could stay these hardcore bros and sisters from makin' a toy run

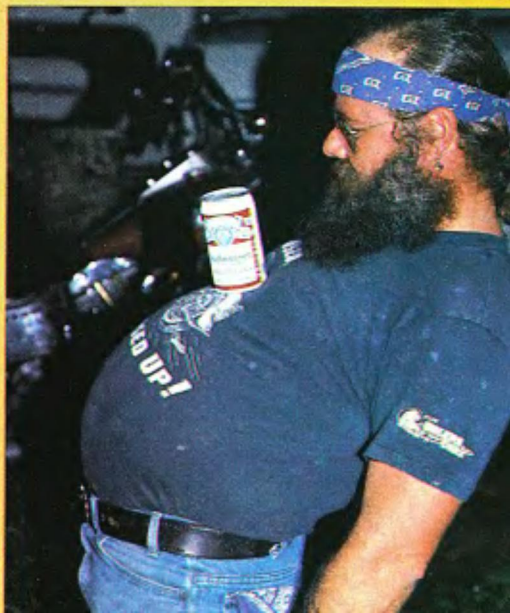
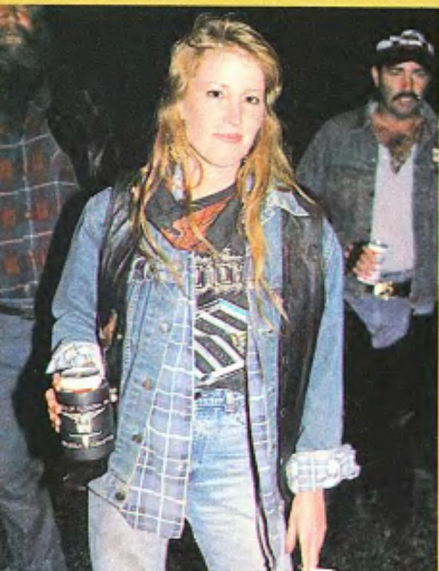
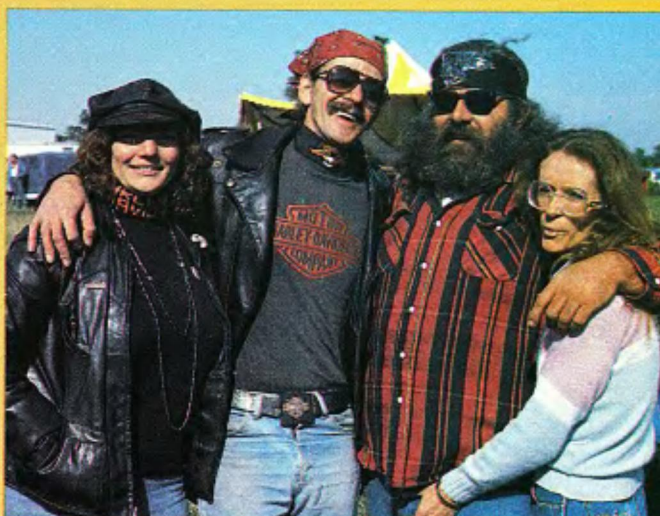


There were no lightweights, wannabes or hangers-on — the driving rain took care of that. Nobody slept or crawled into their tents at all unless it was to vigorously exercise with a hot an' horny member of the opposite sex — it was far too cold to stray from the fire.*

Where was this run that seemed to so offend Mother Nature? Seattle? Wisconsin? Soldier Field in Chicago? None of the

above. The place was Orlando, Florida — right smack in the middle of the so-called Sunshine State. The occasion was the Second Annual Two-Day Toys-For-Tots Run and Party, sponsored by the Lightning Alley Chapter of ABATE of Florida. And the hardcores who braved the elements probably had themselves more of a ball than they would've had if the weather had been Surf City warm and the air as dry as my ex-ol' lady's twat.

*Although the event was in December, this is being written in January for this May cover-dated issue.



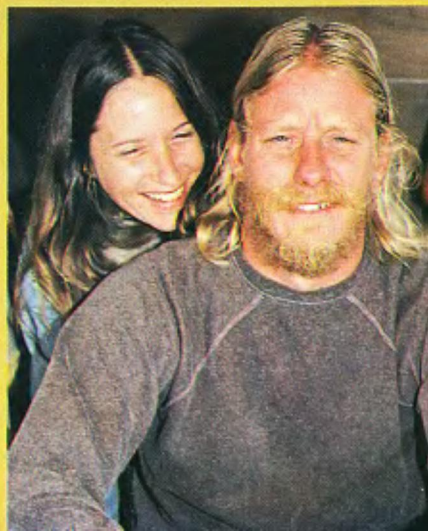
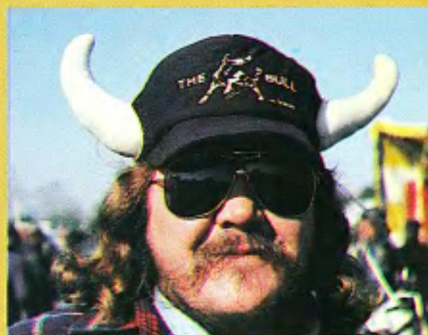
WET AND WILD IN ORLANDO

Actually, the fun started under typical Florida conditions, with the Friday afternoon temperature pushed into the 80s. By evening, though, the ol' mercury was dropping like a rock and the mighty clouds of wet were roaring in. Way before the midnight hour arrived, it was pouring and riders were sloshing in soaked to the gills.

Saturday night the skies were still ugly, the temperatures were in the low 30s, and everybody was hunkered around a huge bonfire listening to William Van Dyke and

a few local bands. Amazingly, some silver-tongued devil managed to convince a bunch of the ladies to go on with the tit-tie contest anyway. Talk about freezin' your whatever off — someone from the *Guinness Book of World Records* should have been there taking soundings for the world's hardest nipples.

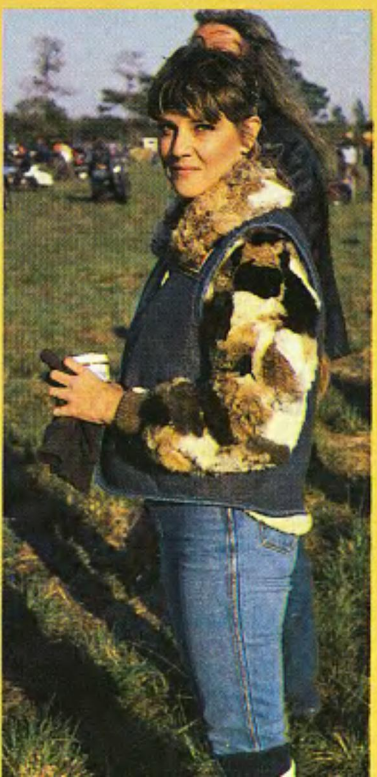
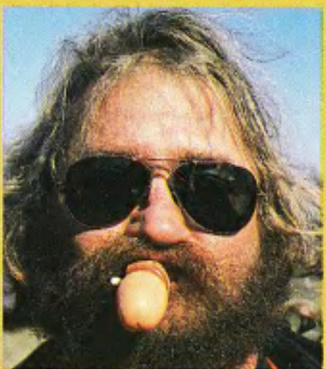
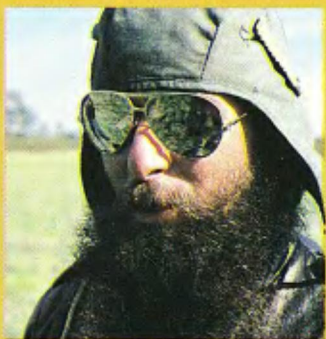
After the contest, everybody just kind of stayed around the campfire and got fucked up, with couples occasionally disappearing into their tents for some wham-





bam-let's-get-back-to-the-fire-ma'am fun.

Sunday finally dawned to the sounds of kickin', cursin' and coughin', as hundreds of stone-cold scooters were coaxed back to life. Forming a column behind a Toys-For-Tots truck driven by a Marine officer, the bros and sisters tied their brain buckets to struts and sissybars — fuck yer helmet law, Governor Graham, don't ya know it's the season to deck the roads with bare-headed bikers? — lashed their toys to tanks and handlebars, and set off to

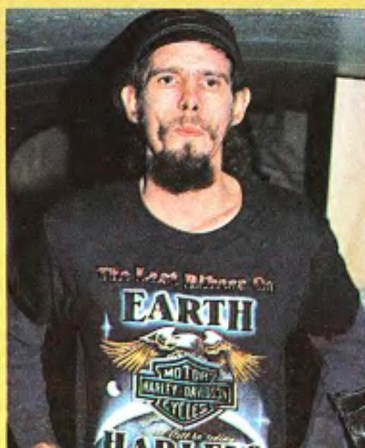
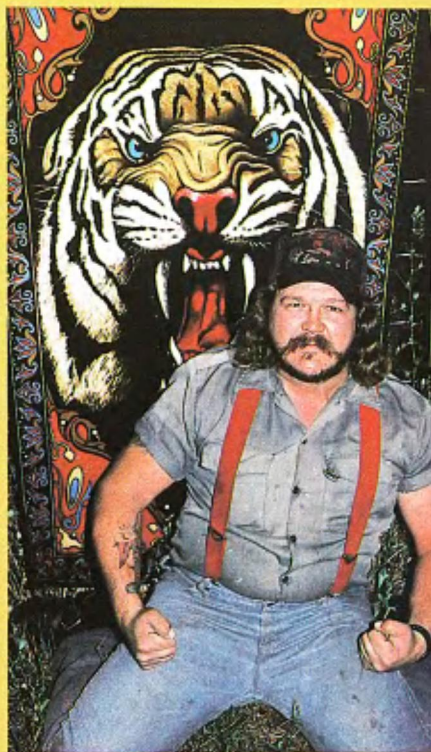
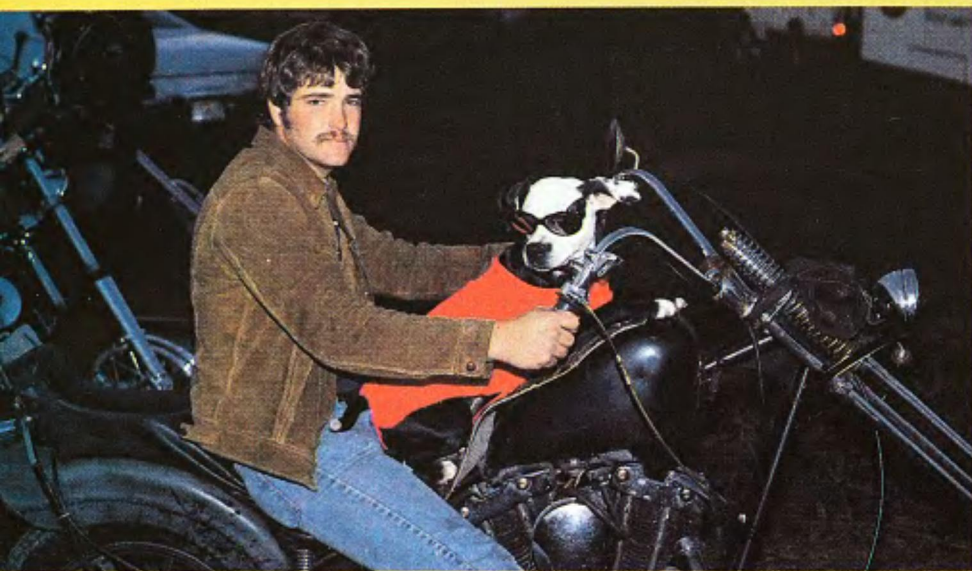


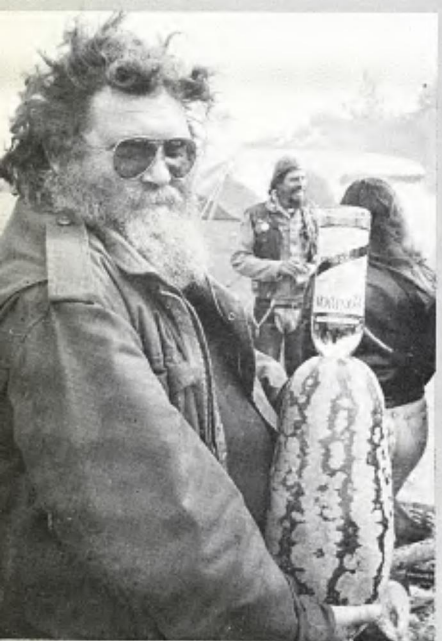
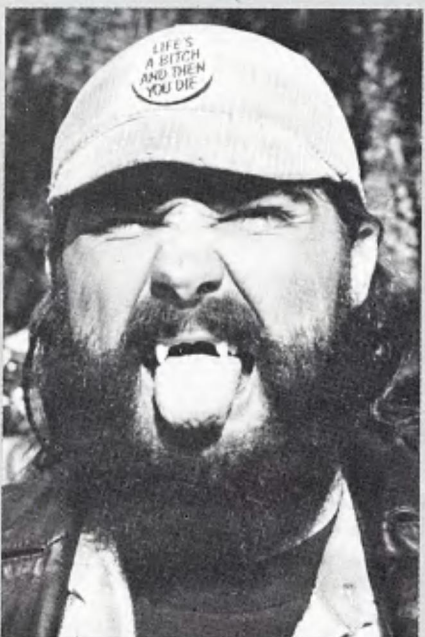
WET AND WILD IN ORLANDO

deliver the goods.

After an exhilarating ride in the warming (finally) air, the procession came to a halt and the toys were transferred to the Marine truck. Appropriately enough, the transfer was made in the town of Christmas. Now fancy that — who the hell would ever expect to find both temperatures in the 30s *and* Christmas in a state like Florida? Guess only bikers could make it happen. . .

—Butcher





Photos by Pat Randle



INTERVIEW

Assemblyman Richard Floyd: Nobody Fuckin' Threatens Me!



Photo by EKB

There's an old saying among the common folk — the beer drinkers, truck drivers, and oil-field roustabouts — of Texas: Neither man nor beast is safe while the Texas legislature sits in session.

As they began, this past January first, to chain themselves into their cages in order to legally drive to the grocery store or the office, the people of California had every right to start wondering if the same sentiment did not apply to their state. They had more right to wonder about it, in fact, than most of them ever dreamed possible.

Consider this. In 1985 the legislature of California passed 1607 bills that were eventually enacted into law. Conservatively figuring, they acted on at least one bill that failed for every one that passed. That's a minimum of 3214 bills considered in a legislative session that lasted 126 days.

In other words, the sages that lead the nation's most populous state considered over 25 proposed laws — more than twice as many as are in the Bill of Rights of the U.S. Constitution — each and every day they met in session. How much studious contemplation vis a vis the merits of proposals handled on this runaway assembly line of legislation is known, as the saying goes, but to God.

One thing we mortals do know, however, is that sure as death and taxes, 1986 will bring more of the same type of "head 'em up and move 'em out" lawmaking that we got in '85. Only this time the avalanche of legislation may fall somewhat closer to home.

This time the dumpster full of the new laws that annually empties on the state's heart and soul may contain a mandatory helmet law.

California Assemblyman Richard Floyd, now in his fifth year of representing one of the state's working-class Southern California districts, is one of the few politicians you'd like to consider a "good guy." A twice-wounded veteran of Korea, Floyd, unlike the majority of legislators today, is not a lawyer. He's not even a college grad. His handshake is firm, he looks you in the eye, and he's more likely to end a conversation by good-naturedly telling you to "Get the fuck out of here" than he is by urging you to "Have a nice day."

Best of all, Floyd rides a bike — currently a 750 Triumph — and has been riding for 41 years, since he was 14. He was instrumental in getting California's new rider-education program passed and signed by a reluctant governor, and he's strongly supported programs to promote cager awareness of bikes and to get drunken cagers off the roads.

Because of both his rough-and-ready personal attitude and his previous actions on motorcycle-oriented legislation (except for a brief flirtation with a helmet bill as a freshman legislator in 1980), it came as a shock great enough to register on the Richter scale to most bikers who knew him when he revealed, late in 1985, that he was considering — just considering — the possibility of introducing a mandatory helmet law in the 1986 legislative session.

Among the first people to react were the political junkies at the American Motorcyclist Association. They put out an all-points bulletin using such unfortunate phrasing as, "The American Motorcyclist Association has learned that

behind-the-scenes maneuvering is already taking place to speed up passage of the bill before opposition forces can become organized. . . It is likely that any attempt to pass helmet legislation will occur quickly after the legislature convenes to avoid controversy."

Floyd, who says he hasn't even decided whether to introduce the bill, bridled at the suggestion that he was preparing to secretly ram it through in the early days of the session. His disposition was not improved any by the correspondence that followed dissemination of the AMA press release. Some letter writers accused him of selling out to the Japanese and the helmet makers, while others told him he "won't dare" introduce a mandatory helmet bill, "or else."

Because California was where we helmet-law freedom fighters finally held the line and began to push back — reaching, except for Nevada, all the way to the Mississippi — in the 70s, we feel the imposition of a mandatory helmet law here could have a disastrous effect on those riders struggling to remain or get free in other states.

In an attempt to find out how serious the threat actually is, we went to Sacramento to talk to both Assemblyman Floyd and his adviser on helmet laws, Bob Terry, a former motorcycle safety instructor for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and various city, state, and federal agencies.

We interviewed the two men the day after the Super Bowl. In addition to recording their views, we attempted to get them to consider some of the voluminous evidence indicating that helmets do motorcycle riders as much harm as good. We scored, to be candid, about as well as the New England Patriots had on the previous afternoon.

EASYRIDERS: What's been the reaction to your admission that you may sponsor a helmet bill?

FLOYD: I've received some stuff from a variety of people, stuff that's exactly what I like to receive. . . I mean, it's threatening, it's telling me I'm a dumb sonuvabitch, it's telling me I don't dare to do something, it's telling me I'm ignorant, it's telling me I don't know my ass from a hole in the ground. And I can guarantee one thing, when I'm looking at something, I'm looking at it. When people start coming in laying the shit on me, they're starting to buy a real effort.

ER: Maybe the news release the AMA issued about the possibility of your sponsoring a helmet law was a bit on the paranoid side. For example, it hinted about you "sneaking" a bill through in the early days of the 1986 session. I don't know how you go about sneaking something through a public process like that.

FLOYD: Oh, I know how to sneak a bill through the legislature very much, but it's never done at the outset of a session. It's done in the last days.

I've been pretty good at it over the years, but that's not the kind of thing I want to do with this.

ER: I gather that nobody from the AMA made any effort to talk to you and find out what you actually planned to do on the helmet issue.

FLOYD: Maybe they never talked to the mother of an 18-year-old kid who's dead and the only injury on the young man's body was a head injury.

They [helmet law opponents] keep telling me that it's your and my constitutional right if we want to bash our heads in and die with our heads up against a curb. I don't argue that, I think that's marvelous. Only problem is, the bastards don't die. They live. They live in trauma wards, they live as vegetables in the care wards. They live for long periods of time. They'll keep people alive, you know, for years, and years, and years.

And so my constituents, you and I, every taxpayer, are paying this extreme cost that wouldn't have been there, in most cases, if they'd worn a helmet.

If they'd guarantee to die when they mash their head. . . . But if they're gonna live in a ward — and I can take you into every general hospital, VA hospital, med centers, the whole thing, and show you a whole lot of people that I'm supporting, that you're supporting, and the taxpayers in general are supporting. . . . So, you know, when they get down to "Let those who ride decide," maybe we ought to look at "Let those who are going to pay, have say."

ER: Drunk auto drivers put their heads through windshields and they don't always die either. They wind up in the trauma ward and society pays, just like in your example. I haven't heard any rumors that you or anyone else in the legislature is planning to introduce a Prohibition bill.

FLOYD: That's right and we've made great strides doing a couple of

things — number one, making the penalty for drunk driving one of the toughest in the land. Secondly, now we've said, "We got a law that you're going to wear a seat belt." If even a drunk has a seat belt on him, the chances are his head isn't going to go through the windshield.

So to turn this argument around and say, "Everybody's drinking" . . . Hell, we might do something about me being overweight. That's killing me and I know it. My smoking does. We could make it illegal to do anything.

ER: That's the point. There is, for example, a tremendous social cost to smoking. People die of lung cancer and society has to pay to raise their children, has to pay for cancer wards for the indigent.

"They keep telling me that it's your and my constitutional right, if we want to. . . die with our heads up against a curb. I don't argue that, I think that's marvelous. Only problem is, the bastards don't die."

Smokers don't die immediately after the first puff any more than bikers do after an accident.

You have to draw the line of government interference somewhere. How can you justify drawing it after helmets and seat belts? Why not outlaw smoking? People hurt themselves in bathtubs, so why not make bathers wear helmets?

FLOYD: That's just a bullshit thing. On the bathtub there ain't no sonuvabitch going 75 miles-per-hour to knock you off. Most motorcyclists don't fall off; somebody else belts them. There ain't no question about that. And if you ask me, with those bullshit, stupid remarks about the friggin' bathtub or the fucking smoking or anything else. . . . Talk to me about the seat belts. Didn't we pass a law?

ER: You certainly did.

FLOYD: You bet your ass. Five years ago I had a [helmet] bill and the big smartasses said, "Well, when you make those fuckin' drivers put on their seat belts, then you talk to me about the helmets." Hey, baby, we made 'em put on the seat belts.

ER: Talk about the seat belts for a minute. New Jersey has had a seat belt law for a year now. The statistics for the first nine months have just been released, and with their

mandatory seat-belt law they've managed to reverse a four-year decrease in the state's fatality rate. Not only are fatalities up, but the total number of accidents are up. What's so great about that?

TERRY: Can you prove that?

FLOYD: I want to see that.

ER: That's the official state figures. I'll send you a copy if you like.

FLOYD: In the first place, there can't be a nine-month study. Don't give me that.

ER: Those are the first statistics the state [New Jersey] has. They picked the time period.

FLOYD: Don't fuckin' play games with me on a nine-month's law. Give me something on a state where it's been a law for a few years.

ER: I can't give you that. Seat belt

laws in the U.S. are relatively new. In England they've had one for four or five years, I think, and while it's true the number of fatalities have decreased a little, the number of accidents have gone up a lot. Apparently, drivers pay even less attention to what they're doing when they're strapped in.

TERRY: The trouble with that nine-month figure is what researchers call "regression of mean." You and I go up there and shoot craps, and you watch me, and I throw eight sevens in a row. You say, "Geez, there's a guy. . . ." You look at New Jersey for nine months. . . .

FLOYD: Don't cite any chicken-shit, less-than-provable figures.

ER: The figures are provable, it just hasn't been long enough to show they're consistent.

FLOYD: Let's use the Louisiana helmet law.

TERRY: There's an incredible study.

FLOYD: The repeal of the mandatory Louisiana helmet law and the subsequent reenactment provided the basis for a systematic study in comparison of injury types, severity, fatalities, and costs associated with helmet use. There was a 30 percent reduction of fatal

Continued on page 77

OLD FRIEND

If the relationship is solid, friends are there for the bad times as well as the good times.

By G.W. Allen

The cold wind moaned softly as it rattled the window and reached between the ill-fitting sashes to stir the faded curtains. The man with the half-pint of Rebel Yell crossed the tiny motel room and peered out at the bulky, black panhead chained to the railing. After gazing somewhat vacantly upon the faithful old FL with which he'd shared so much of his life, he absentmindedly reached for the weather-beaten leather jacket lying on the bed. The cold mustiness of the room seemed to cling to his flesh and song lyrics floated across the emptiness inside him. "...cold, cold, cold, it was freezin' cold in that hotel. . ."

He thought about the rollickin' good times he and Odie'd had together listening to Little Feat's music. It only stirred his inner turmoil. Odie had been there to help with the bottle of Rebel Yell when Lowell George had died. Hell, Odie had always been there. From high school to Hill 37 to a couple of those late-night emergency-room scenes every biker eventually learns, one way or the other. He and Odie had said goodbye to several towns, a whole bunch of jobs, and more than a few women, but he'd never thought one would ever have to say it to the other. Nonetheless, he'd said it that very afternoon when the box had been loaded on the train.

He took another hit from the bottle and his hand throbbed where he'd cut it earlier. The twisted lump of metal he'd wrestled out of the old Chevy pickup and over the side of that country bridge had barely been recognizable as the cherry '57 Sportster that had always roared in answer whenever he kicked his pan to life. A deep river was a better place for his pan's little buddy than some scrapyard.

He pulled Odie's old dog tags out and read them again by the meager light. "MILES, STEVEN W, 419-06-7715, O POS, HARLEY-DAVIDSON. Dog tags, a box of clothes, and two boxes of tools — precious little for a man so full of life he'd been accused of trying to OD on living to leave behind.

He tucked them away again, stuffed the bottle

in his jacket, and pulled on his riding gloves. Maybe a little wind in the face would help. Odie used to say if hangin' your face in the wind didn't fix it, it didn't need fixin'.

He wrapped the chain across the highway pegs and padlocked it, then threw a leg over the seat. His left hand twisted the spark back as his right hand gave her precisely three squirts of gas. Pushing the kicker through twice, he turned the key on and dropped on it. Even in his current state of mind, he managed a slight smile as she fired right up. He pulled down his goggles and with a ka-chunk they were in gear and heading out of the motel parking lot.

The wind was cold and invigorating as he eased the rumbling old Harley through her gears on the highway into town. Riding close to the center line, he swung out to pass a car; cutting back in, he reflexively swept to the outside of the lane, then realized Odie wouldn't need any room to swing in beside him. Fishing the bottle out of his leather jacket, he twisted the cap off with his thumb and forefinger and took a long pull. The wind whistled across its neck when he sailed the empty bottle into the roadside darkness.

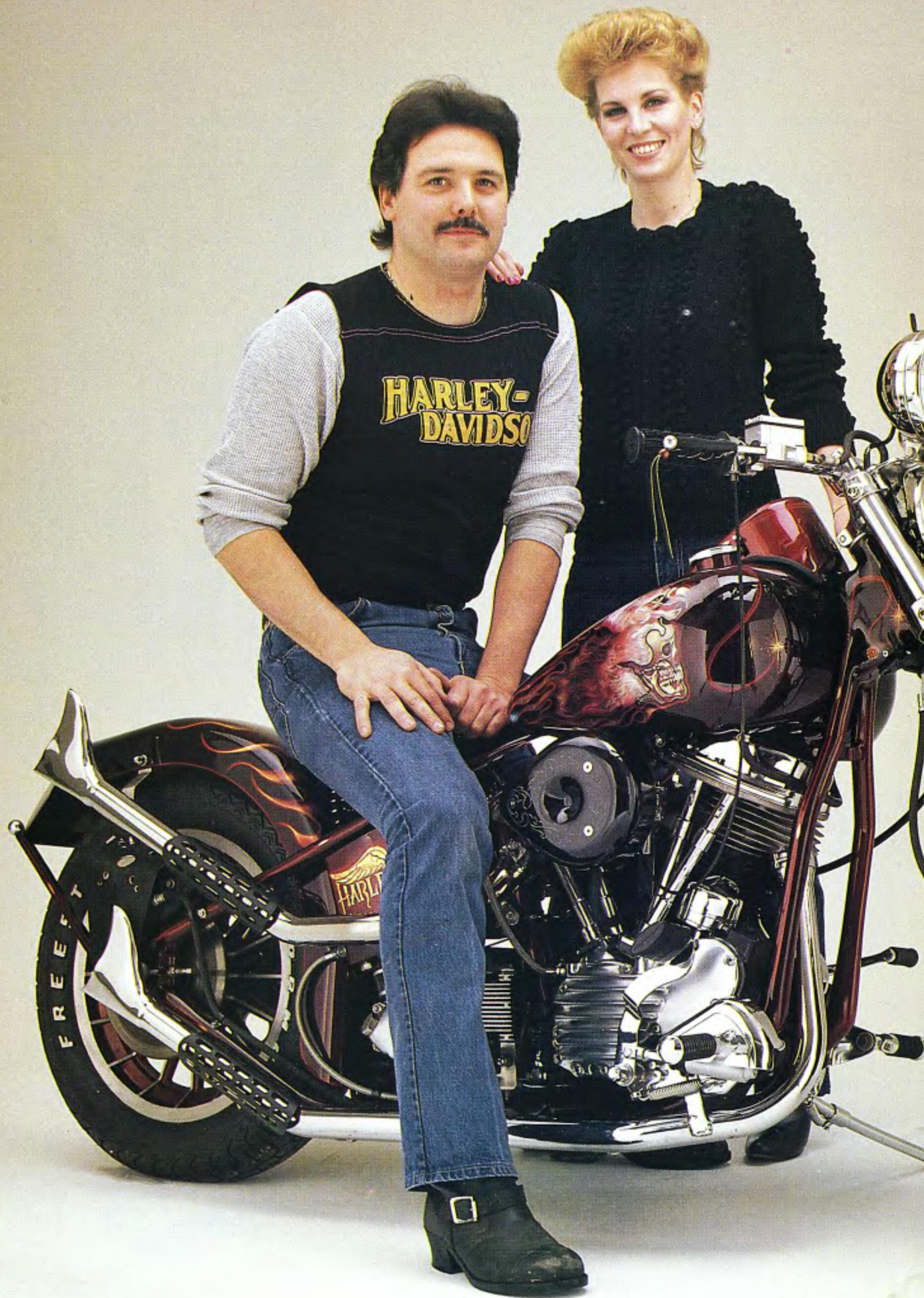
He hadn't been here long enough to have a hangout, but there was a little roadhouse up ahead where he and Odie had celebrated their first paycheck a couple of weeks ago. It seemed like a million years since they'd come blazing into town after hearing there was a big construction project here, hungry for bodies and paying good money.

He geared her down and rolled into the almost empty parking lot in front of the Dunn Inn. Gravel crunched beneath his boots as he backed the pan up in front of the cinder-block building and laid her over on the kickstand. After the fresh wind, it was like sticking his face in quicksand to walk inside the place. Stale cigarette smoke, stale beer, stale piss and stale despair. Of course, he hadn't noticed any of it that Friday afternoon he and Odie had come bustin' through the door grimy from the day's work,

Continued on page 78

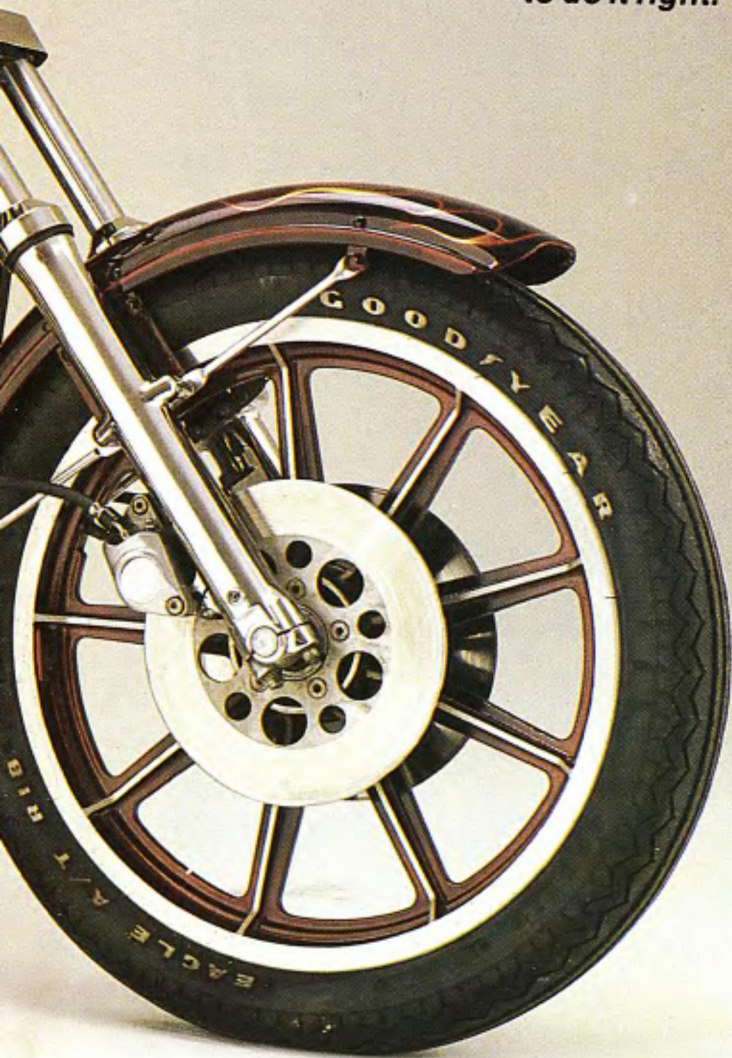


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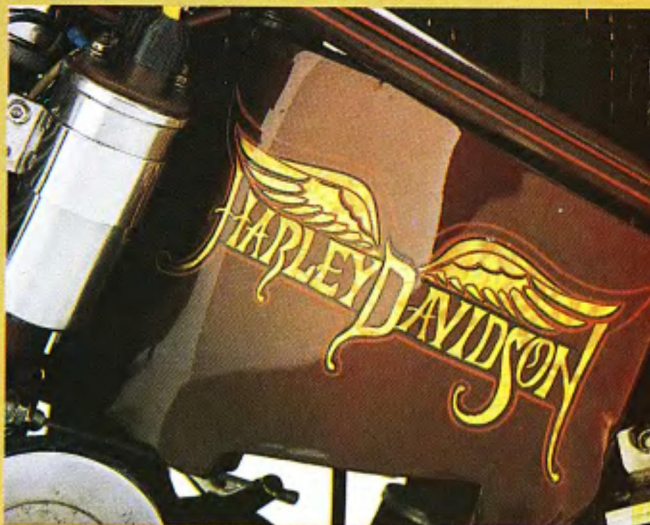
PROGRAM CHANGE

*When it's your
bike, there's more time
to do it right.*

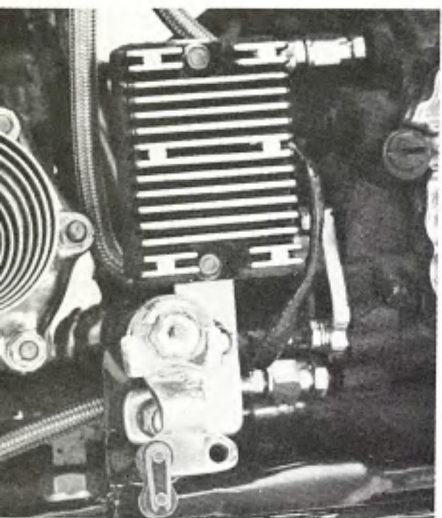


Have you ever approached a project with the main concern of just getting the fucker finished and out on the road? Nothin' fancy, no bullshit about it — quick and dirty, as they say. Then you find yourself putting a helluva lot more heart into it once you realize, hey, man, this is *my* bike. That's the point where you can no longer stick with the slap-dash job you originally planned.

A similar route change happened to Rod, the owner-builder of this fine '51 panhead when his life became somewhat muddled. See, he'd sold his previous ride, a sharp '54 pan, when he got an offer he couldn't refuse. "Everything's for sale if the price is right," reasons Rodney. The only drag was that he was about to enter last year's riding season (all six months of it in Kenosha) with no wheels. He'd outsmarted himself. Which



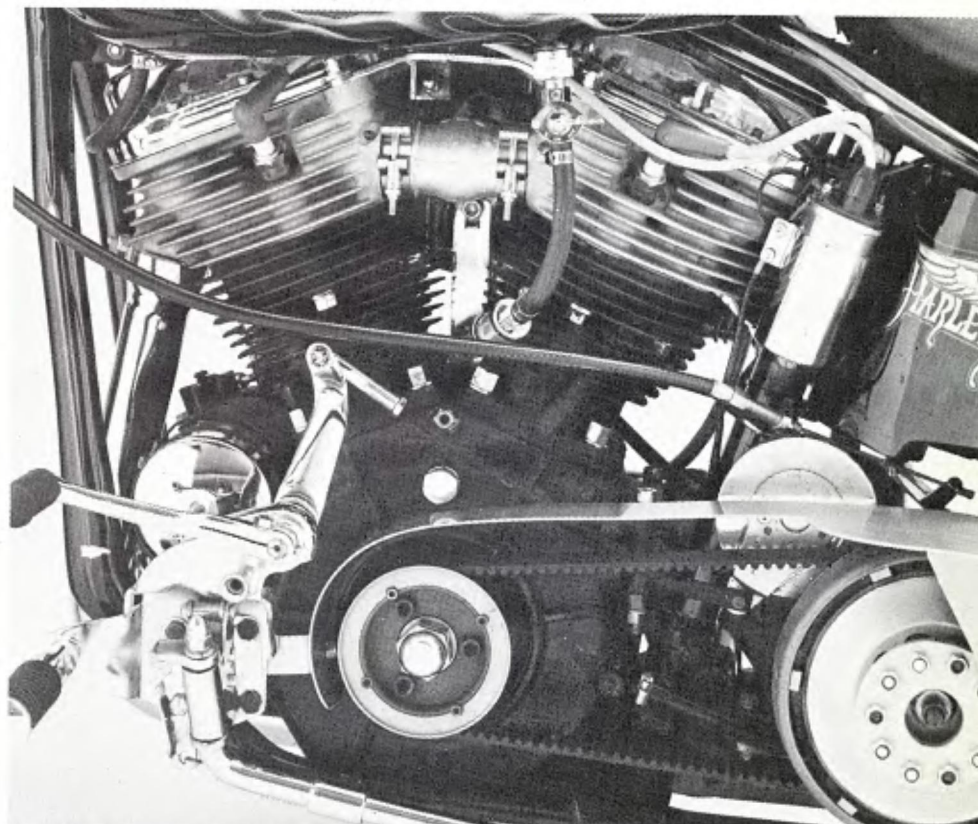




Have master link, will travel



Talk about a super-sanitary neck



Hard to believe that this engine was once sold as a \$500 swap-meet special

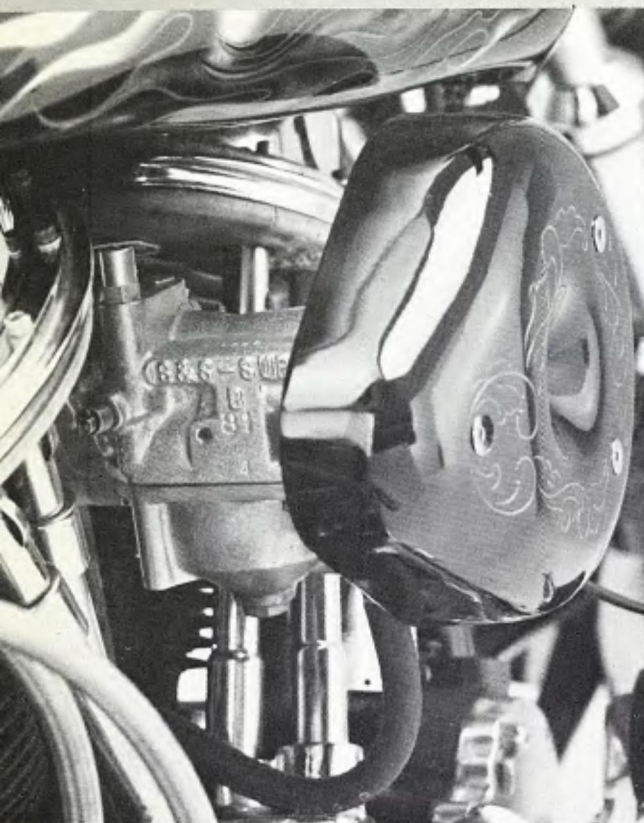
leads to the pressing question: Is a biker a biker if he's got no bike? In Rodney's case, the answer is you bet.

Rod's a well-known Harley man in his area. It didn't take long for him to spot this basket pan in the labor paper for cheap. Real cheap. An even 500 bucks later Rod owned a good engine and trans, a usable frame and a lot of junk chassis parts. This meant it was time to hit the

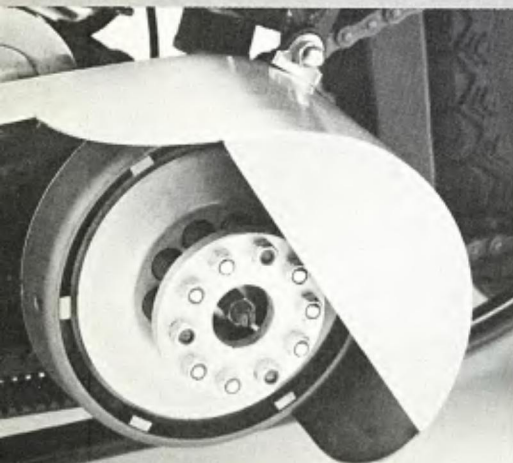
spring swap meet scene. That's where the quick-and-dirty part fell to pieces. Everyone knows what a bitch it is lining up parts when they're pieced together. The cleaning — and often times, refabrication — process takes time. (This oughtta shut up those rice grinder guys who whine about how expensive Harleys are.)

Rodney's reputation for quality work brings the local scooter





The heat shield — hot it's not, thanks to slots



Photos by José

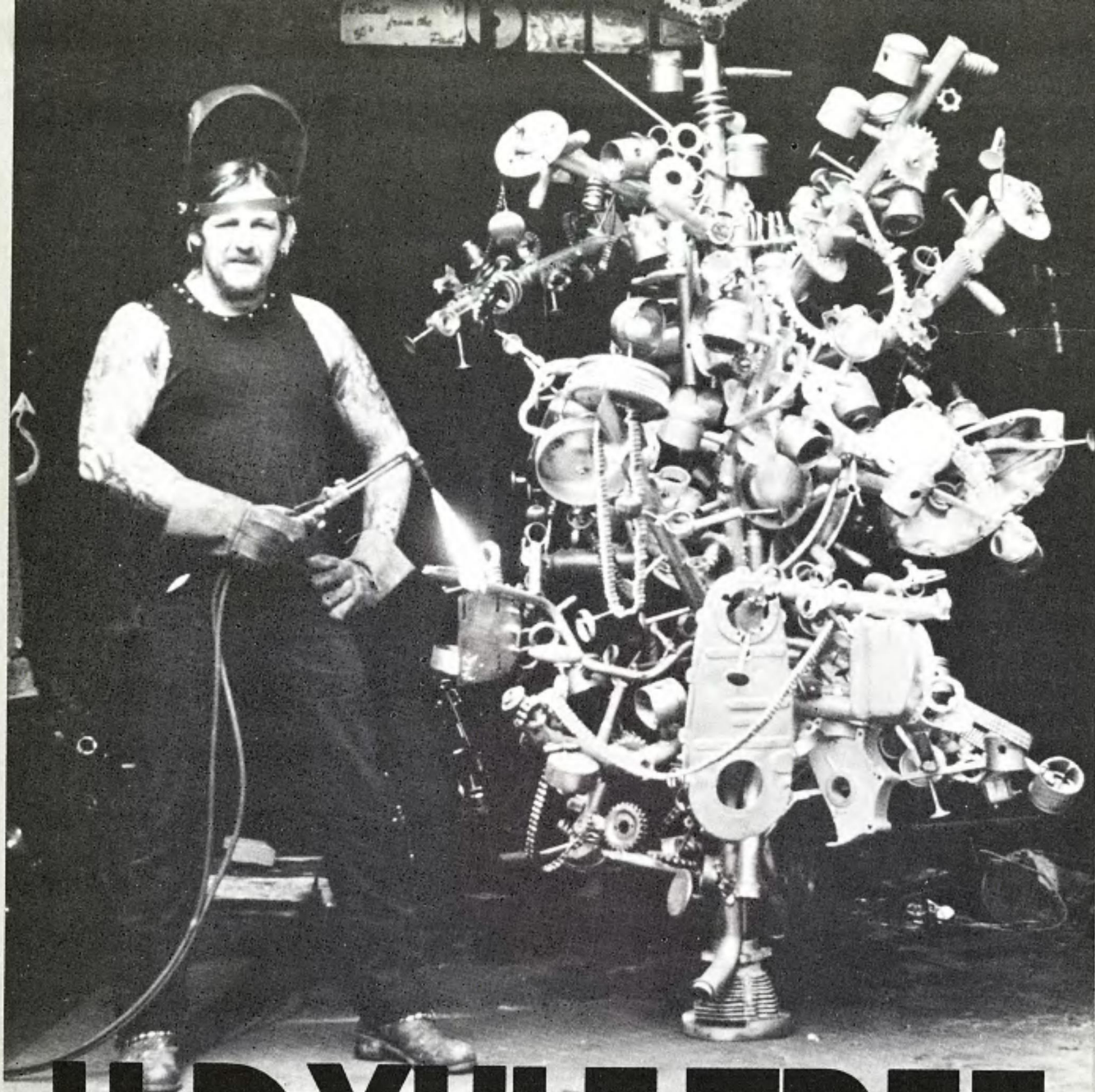
pilots to his shop in droves every year around February as they start getting anxious to hit the road again. If nothing else, they'll come by to check out the latest project he's undertaken. Talkin' with 'em about parts that would work here and there, before he knew it, he was gettin' set up with some nice pieces without leaving the garage. Being a body-and-paint man by trade, once Rod got the bike bolted up

to his satisfaction, he laid down the final dazzling touches.

One final note. Rod's fine lady Dawn wants to pitch a bitch. Something about how their social life went to hell during the building, and how her particular social life didn't get much better upon completion, as Rod forgot to add a p-pad, or somethin' like that. Don't know if it's even worth mentioning. Naw, fuck it.

—Buster

Owner: Rodney Pierantoni		City: Kenosha, Wis.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Alan Darrell		Year: 1951	
Year and make: 1951 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: EL		Type: wishbone	
Value: \$5000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner/Dan Hickey		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: check it out	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1951		Risers: H-D	
Model: EL		Fender(s): flat/H-D	
Rebuilder: owner/Wingnut		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points & coil		Taillight: Knight Light	
Displacement: 61 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Sundance	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: electrifying	
Cases: black		Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: big valves		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stainless steel	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Mike Vranak	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: upswept		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: glide	
Year: 1951		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Candy Brandy Wine		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer/Imron		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: gold leaf, pinstriping, murals			
Other special modifications: Stainless steel by Alan Darrell. Special thanks to Dan Hickey, Ron Halverson, and Dawn Smith for patience.			



H-D YULE TREE

Harley Tree Grows Near Gotham

From right near the home of the Amityville Horror comes the Christmas Tree Folly of Steve Bonge. Yep, apparently they ran out of the green type of trees on Long Island, New York, so the brothers had to make do with what could be salvaged from Harley parts. Think Big Nick got a kick when he bounced down the chimney and saw this heavy-metal tree

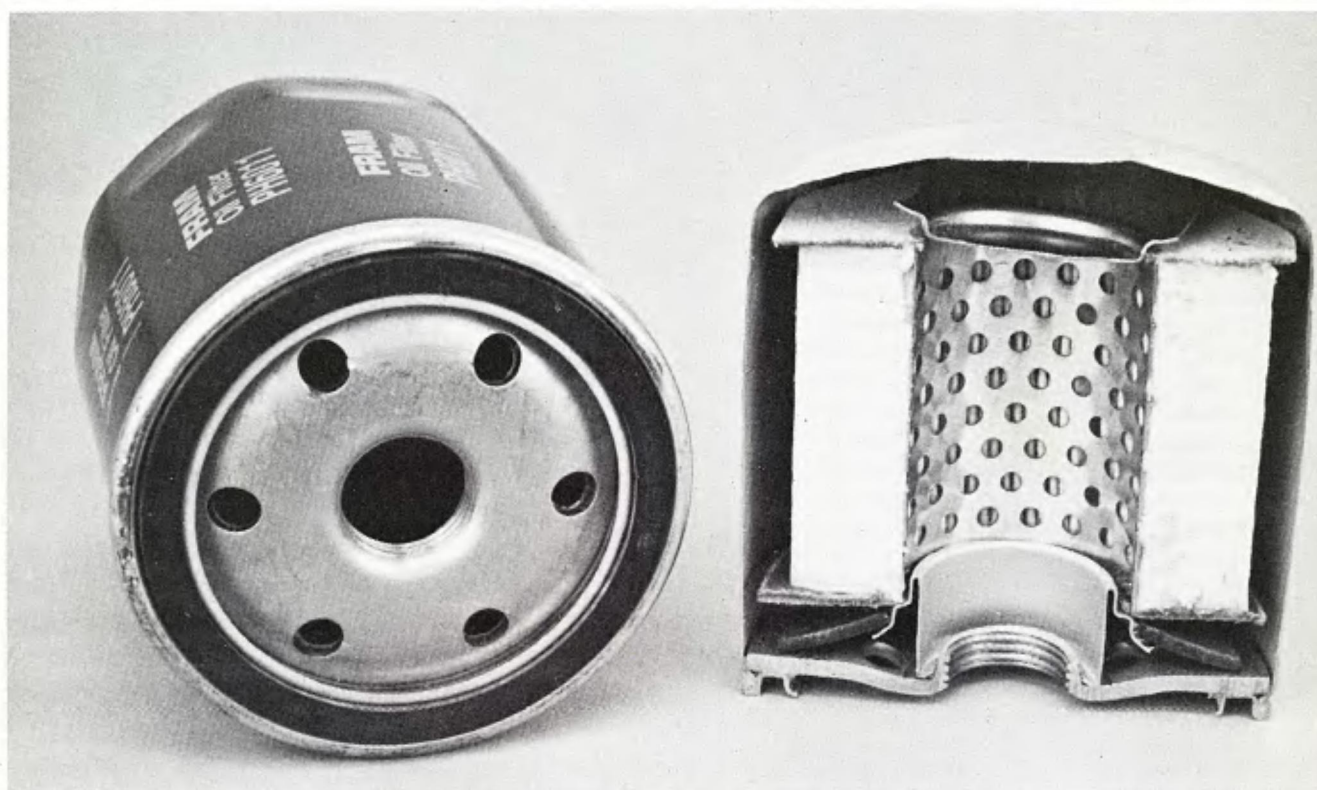
for him to lay out the goodies under?

Bonge's creation measures about nine feet tall (he's a six-footer himself) and weighs several hundred pounds. It's made exclusively of Harley parts, the branches being drag pipes with parts welded on. Even Big Nick's elves don't go to the trouble to satisfy the way Big Steve did. Ho, ho, ho.

—Rudolph

OIL FILTERS: What You Need to Know

By Joe Minton



Oil enters a filter through the small holes surrounding the threaded center-mounting hole. After passing through the resin-impregnated-paper filter material, it flows out the center hole and — hopefully — into your engine. If the filter clogs, a bypass valve (the rubber flap at the bottom of the cutaway filter) will open and allow the oil to continue flowing.

Every Harley should have an oil filter. Period. The reason is clear enough — an engine running clean oil will last longer than one pumping rocks through its bearings.

Harleys are more sensitive to dirty oil than your average V-8 car engine. Most of the engines running in cars, airplanes, and even lawnmowers use plain bearings to support their crankshafts and connecting rods. These are significantly more tolerant of dirt in their oil than the roller-and-needle bearings used by Harley.

You know those bearing-insert shells that fit into rods and crank bearings in car engines? Well, the only reason

they're there is to catch the dirt that can get into their lubricating oil. When a piece of dirt (rock) that's larger than the thickness of the oil film gets into a plain bearing, it gets pushed into the soft lining of the bearing shell, stays there, and does no harm. On the other hand, the same rock caught between the rollers and races of a roller bearing will cause irrevocable damage. Roller bearings are about as hard as steel can get and won't give way if something gets between a roller and its race. A piece of dirt can cause microscopic cracks (spalling) within the roller and race steel. When there are enough of these cracked places

in a bearing, the cracks begin to join together and pieces of the race or roller will begin to fall out. That's what produces those tiny pits that you see in an old bearing or one that's been run with dirty oil.

Modern screw-on oil filters are nearly perfect. First, they'll take out any potentially harmful particles of dirt. And if you put so much crud through them that they get completely clogged, a blow-off valve inside 'em will open and let oil pass. Sure, it'll be dirty oil, but that's better than no oil at all. Then, once you've used up one of these little wonders, you simply toss it and screw on a new one.

Only it's not *quite* as

simple as that. While you can use almost any filter that'll fit the threads of your filter mount and also seal against its surface, you just may be setting yourself up for trouble. Roller bearings, like those in a Harley engine, don't need much oil pressure to operate. They don't need much volume, either. On the other hand, plain bearing engines need both large-flow volume and high pressure. So while you can use a filter designed for a car engine and get away with it, it's with this proviso: You'll only get away with it most of the time.

Harleys have two oil pumps, one to force oil through the engine and one to push it back into

Tech Tip

the oil tank. With the exception of the new Evolution Sportster engine, all Harley oil filters are fitted into the oil-return line.

The return pump won't produce much pressure. It'll get the oil through a filter, the lines, and into an oil tank, but it won't overcome the blow-off valve of a typical automotive oil filter. Therefore, if you use a filter designed for a car and let it clog, your engine will stop pumping oil back to the tank. As a result, it'll stay in the engine, your engine will begin to smoke, and you'll think you've blown your engine all to hell — at least until you figure out what's really happened.

The lowest part of your Hog's engine is its crankcase. The oil that's gone through the bearings falls to the bottom of the engine or is scraped off the flywheels and gets picked up by the return (scavenge) pump. It's difficult to mount the oil filter lower than the return-oil pickup of the engine (although the latest FL filters are mounted that way) and that fact can cause a minor problem.

If you use a large-volume automotive oil filter and mount it so that its opening is horizontal or pointed down, it'll drain its oil back into the engine when you park your bike for a few hours. While that doesn't present a real danger to your engine, it can cause the sucker to smoke until the oil is pumped back out of the engine.

Neither the drain-back nor the smoke will dam-

age your engine, as long as the filter's in the oil-return line. Of course, when you mount a filter, it should *always* be in the return line. Imagine what would happen if you had a filter in the feed line and it became clogged. The smoke you'd get then would definitely be permanent!

The new Sportster has its filter between the engine and the pressure-side of the pump, thus oil from the pump goes through the filter on its way to the engine. If that filter were to get clogged and the bypass valve didn't open because you'd mounted an automotive filter — well, your engine would be history.

The Evolution Sportie's oil filter is mounted horizontally. An automotive filter will let the oil it contains drain back into the engine when it sets. Because the Sportster's oil pump is a low-volume design like all other Harleys, it'll take a long time (maybe more than a minute) for the filter to refill. Time during which your engine won't be getting any oil from the pump. Instant history.

A genuine Harley-Davidson oil filter, or one made to Harley's specs, has both a low-pressure bypass valve (7-9 psi) and an anti-drain-back valve built into it. You can screw one of these onto any Harley, Evolution Sportster included, and know that all the bases are covered.

Besides the factory filters, which are made by Purolator, the only other filter we were able to find that met all H-D requirements is one made by

Fram. The Fram (p/n PH6011, \$5.65) is made specifically for Harleys and replaces the earlier PH46 filter that they sold for Harleys. Since the factory Harley filter retails for \$6.95, the Fram will save you at least a buck-thirty and probably even a little more since it's sold at most discount auto-parts stores.

I don't mean to scare you out of using regular car filters, it's just that you should know what *could* happen if you aren't careful. Now let's take a look at how things really tend to go. It isn't likely that you'll ever clog a filter, if for no other reason than this: If you're the sort to install a filter in the first place, you aren't likely to leave it on long enough to let it clog. Besides, you'd have to let the oil go for a long time before it would be worn enough to start accumulating sufficient crud to clog the filter. If you've installed a filter, you're probably reasonably diligent about changing your oil, too.

There's really no great advantage to using a big oil filter. True, a large-capacity filter will hold more oil and increase your engine's total oil supply. Equally true, the extra oil and the filter hanging out in the breeze might cause the oil to run a bit cooler than it would with a smaller filter or no filter at all. However, Harleys seldom have an oil-temperature problem. They need only enough oil to fill the system, with a little left over for normal usage and to take

up the slack of cold oil sticking to the inside of a cold engine.

Because of Harley's low oil-flow rates, the extra area of a large filter is sorta wasted. Cars might pump as much as three times the amount of oil through one of their filters in a given time as a Harley would. That same filter on a Hog engine should never produce a pressure-drop problem unless you run it for the life of your bike.

Harley filters screw onto a 3/4-20 thread, which is smaller than most large car-filter thread sizes, but you should be able to get an adapter from a performance-oriented auto-parts store. A filter-thread adapter is a thin-walled tube that's threaded on the inside to screw over the Harley filter-mount stub and is also threaded on the outside to match the larger car filters. Using one of these, you can mount a filter big enough to hold almost as much oil as the tank itself.

In the final analysis, the worst that's going to happen if you use a car filter on anything other than one of the new Sportsters is that either your engine will sump up, foul the plugs, and park you, or it'll smoke for a while when you first start it up. On the plus side, you might save a buck on a discounted car filter and you'll almost always get away with it. Overall, however, it's easier to use a Harley-type filter in the first place. As Mom always says, "If it's worth doing at all, it's worth doing right." ■

Fear was his worst
enemy — and nobody but Bart himself knew
how bad that fear was.

PARTS

By DAVID L. La VERE

Bart opened his eyes and found he was lying in a bed with a curtain pulled about it. Pain slashed through him when he moved, so he lay still and tried to examine his body. Besides just a general hurting all over, he could feel a throbbing ache in his right arm and an even more intense hot, burning pain in his left leg.

"Shit!" he groaned softly. "I ain't never gonna do that again — whatever it was I did." But he couldn't remember what had happened and he had absolutely no idea where he was.

He tried moving his arms. His left arm moved all right, but he couldn't budge his right one. Slowly turning his head, he saw it was in a cast from his mid-upper arm to his wrist.

The pain in his leg grew worse. Now he tried moving it, but it wouldn't respond either. He craned his neck, moving slowly, knowing if he moved too fast he'd puke, and tried to get a look at the leg. He thought he might be in a bad position since he couldn't see it or his foot. He shifted his head left, then right, rearranged the sheets, and still couldn't see it under the covers. Like a ball of wriggling snakes, anxiety formed in his stomach and slithered maliciously toward his throat.

Slowly, very slowly, Bart ran his hand under the sheets and down his left side. When he got to where his knee should be, the leg disappeared.

"What the fuck!" he mumbled, confused.

He felt again. And then once more.

Then it hit him. Adrenalin mixed with fear pumped through his body, making him forget the pain, and he threw the sheets back. There was no more leg. It ended just above where his knee had been. His mind rejected what he saw.

He screamed. A terrible, wounded animal cry.

The nurse came running.

"My leg! Oh God, what'd you do with my leg?"

"There, there," the nurse soothed. "Would you like something for the pain?"

"Fuck, no! I want to know what happened to my leg! Where the hell is it?"

The nurse pressed an intercom button and said, "Station Two, please bring me a sedative for Room 204 and see if you can reach Doctor Pearson." She turned back to Bart. "The doctor will be here soon. Let's get something in you to calm you down."

"Damn you, woman, I don't want to be calmed down! I want my leg back!"

While the nurse fumbled with needles and drugs, nightmarish thoughts invaded Bart's aching head. A sudden revelation came to him. "I ain't ever gonna be able to ride again," he said aloud. Then it sunk home. I ain't ever gonna be able to ride. Oh Jesus, they took my leg and I'll never be able to ride again! He tore at the full black beard which gave him his nickname, Black Bart, and for the first time since his best bro had been killed by a cage driver two years earlier, he felt like crying.

Riding was Bart's life. He was at his happiest when he was tooling down the road on his Harley, the roar of the machine in his ears, the wind whipping and tugging at his beard, his ol' lady's firm breasts pressed into his back. Freedom. Freedom of the open road wasn't an idea he took lightly. He was a biker to the bone, a one-percenter. The motto LIVE TO RIDE, RIDE TO LIVE wasn't just a saying, but a way of life. His bike wasn't just a machine, but as much a part of himself as, say, a leg. Today, he'd lost two entire parts of himself.

The nurse shot him up and in a few minutes the pain melted from his body as bells whined in his ears and a mushiness filled his head. However, not even fine hospital drugs could remove the despair that had permanently settled in his chest.

Doctor Pearson strode briskly into the room. "How do you feel?" he asked in a practiced bedside manner. "Or shouldn't I ask?"

"How the fuck am I supposed to feel? You're the doctor — tell me, just how's a cripple supposed to feel? How do you feel after cutting off a man's leg?"

"I'm sorry. It had to be done."

"Bullshit! Nobody gets their leg cut off anymore. You bastards just want to hurry home to a martini and a little ass, so what the hell, instead of working late to save a guy's leg, you just take the easy way and cut it off, damn you!"

"You look like a man who can handle the truth," the doctor said, flicking a glance down Bart's chart before looking him right in the face, "so I'm going to give it to you straight. When that car hit you, it mangled your leg beyond repair, leaving us nothing to work with. You'd lost a lot of blood by the time you got here and the

Continued on page 95



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 April 30th. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #155 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Kay**, the sixth monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Roganne, Donna, and Rain Fawn.



MARLEE



JOYCE

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052

155

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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 _____



KAREN



BRENDA



GLOREA



APRIL



DEBY



CONNIE



AMY



TRISHA

“What's the difference,” my girlfriend asked, “between an elephant's fart an' a barroom?”

“That's a helluva question to ask right now,” I answered, pokin' my head up from under the covers, where I was just preparin' to have lunch at her yum-yum counter, “so go ahead an' tell me, 'cause I'm gonna be down here for a long time.”

“Oh, yeah,” she said, grinnin', an' then she cut loose with one of the worst-smellin' farts in the history of our relationship. As soon as I could get my breath, I rolled out of bed, put my boots back on, zipped up my Levi's, an' headed back home. I hated to break it off with that chick 'cause I'd been seein' her on the sly for almost a week, an' ya know, when a dude has a commitment like that, he sure hates to bust it up.

For those of you who are uneducated in the field of farts, the babe had cut loose with the worst kind of fart possible — the deadly *flatula oblongata*, or, The Low-Down Dirty Trick Fart. Any chick who'll cut the cheese while a dude is lickin' the juice off her hair pie is one crude cocksucker. The same applies to a dude who'll fart while a chick is givin' him head, especially if she's under the bedcovers. A fart like that is worse than the gas chamber at San Quentin.

Some people can't fart. Presi-

dent Eisenhower was one of those rare few who can't. They pay for it, too. The gas builds up in their gut, an' just when their asshole is puckerin' up to cut loose with a blast like the second stage of an Agena missile, it reverses itself an' races backwards through their intestinal tract. This causes little pockets to fill with gas an' erupt outwards into the guts, an' it results in somethin' called *diverticulosis*. Ya see, the gas is diverted from its usual course an' then — oh, fuck it! You can figure it out.

I specialize in a particular kind of fart that ain't at all unpleasant. I call it my Crushed Rose Petal Fart 'cause it actually smells sweet. Chicks have been known to snuggle right up close to me after I've let one, an' say, “Umm! You smell good, Doc Twat. How about lettin' me give ya a little head?” Of course, I usually do allow 'em the privilege.

Back in ancient times, Roman whores, an' later the famous whores of Paris, often filled fish bladders with scented powders an' perfume, which they took to bed with 'em. If they — or their john — happened to rip off a fart in the heat of excitement, the hooker would bust the bladder an' fill the room with sweet-scented aromas.

Farts fall into a number of categories. I'll give ya a run-down on some of 'em, but I'm sure that everybody out there has his own name, or his own special variety,

to dish out or contend with.

THE SCREAMIN' MEEMIE

This fart is one of the easiest to identify. It begins with a high-pitched whine, sort of like a fallin' bomb in a John Wayne war movie. The sound increases, gettin' louder an' louder until finally, towards the end, it deepens in tone an' ends with a kinda poppin' noise. You can always tell who let this one 'cause the guilty party has a sort of frightened expression on his face, his eyes are big, an' he's grittin' his teeth. Also, he might often have his shoulders hunched forward a little, like he's expectin' a big explosion. If the dude throws his hands up over his head an' ducks, you'll know he's a Vietnam veteran. Others standin' nearby will always be holdin' one elbow up in the direction of the sound, as if to protect themselves from shrapnel.

THE ROTTEN EGG FART

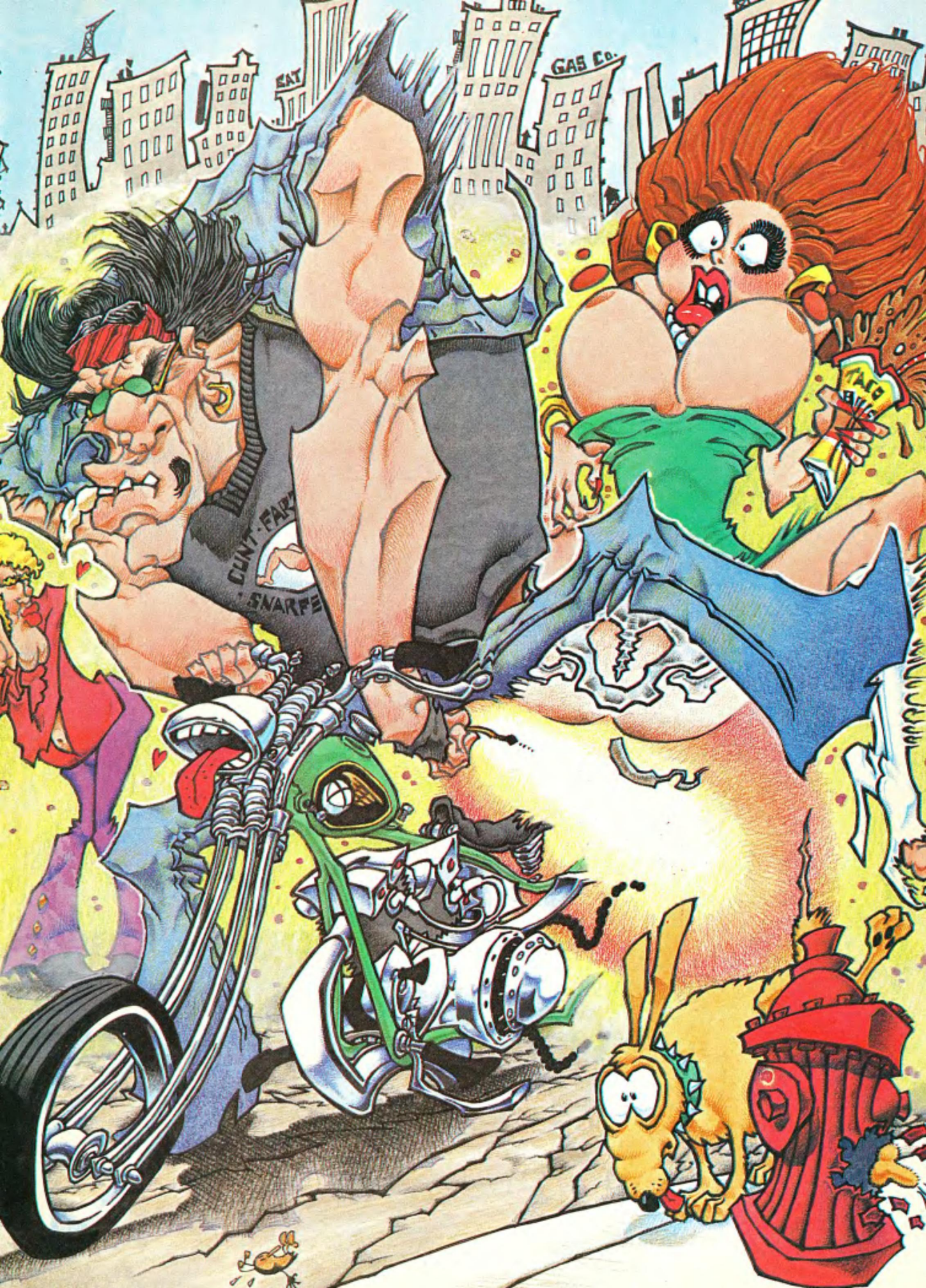
My ol' lady is one of the most talented Rotten Egg farters in America. Her timin' is perfect, too. She cuts one loose whenever I snuggle up close to her on cold winter nights, an' she delights in lettin' one when we're goin' at it sixty-nine. Once, she nearly burned all the hairs outta my nostrils. Another time, my forehead turned black an' stayed that way for a week. I had

Continued on page 88

CUTTIN' CHEESE

by Dr. Twatburger

“Some of ya might think that only men let farts. Men an' dogs, that is.”

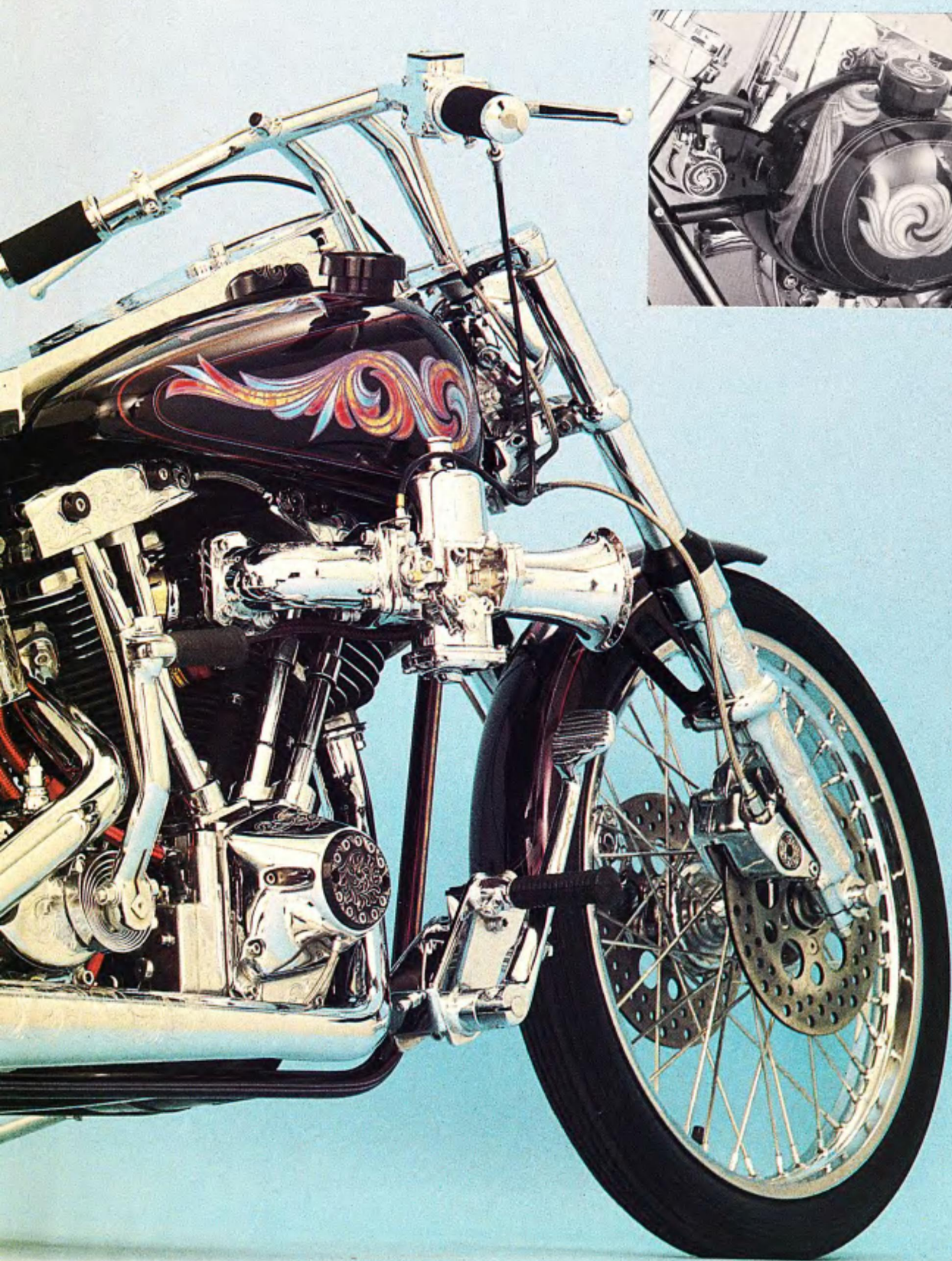


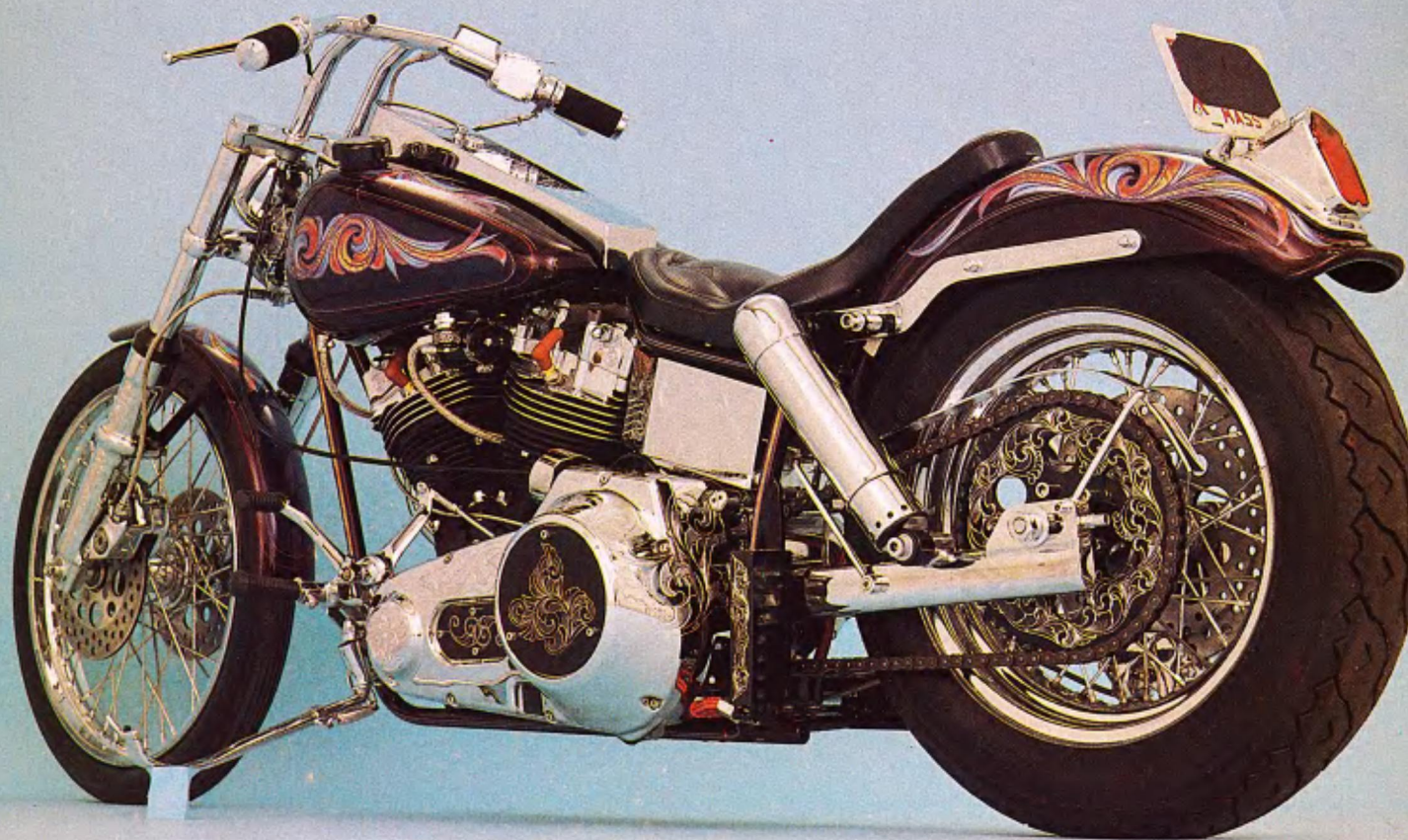
TYPICAL PAIN

Dave doesn't say much, but it hardly matters — his work with his wrenches tells as much about him as anybody needs to know.



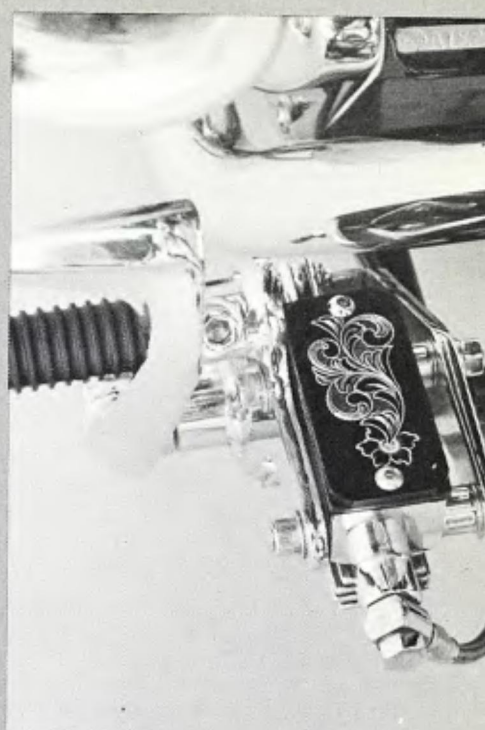
IN THE ASS







Even the oil cooler cover is artistic



Cleverly mounted air horn is a great dog chaser



Guess which of the allen head bolts aren't just for show

Think about New England and you get an instant picture of Pilgrims, Puritans, and laconic farmers standing around saying little more than "Yep," "Nope," and "Maybe." That's just a cliché, right? As they say in New England, "Maybe. Maybe not."

See, Dave Perewitz, the dude who built this street-and-show-winnin' 74-incher, is from New England and he isn't a Pilgrim, a Puritan, or a farmer. On the other

hand, he sure doesn't do a whole lot of braggin'. Ask him about his scooter and you'll get lots of easy-to-remember answers. Easy to remember 'cause they're rarely more extensive than one or two words.

"What kind of shape was the scooter in when you bought it?"

"Basket."

"Did you start out with a specific idea of how you wanted the bike to develop?"

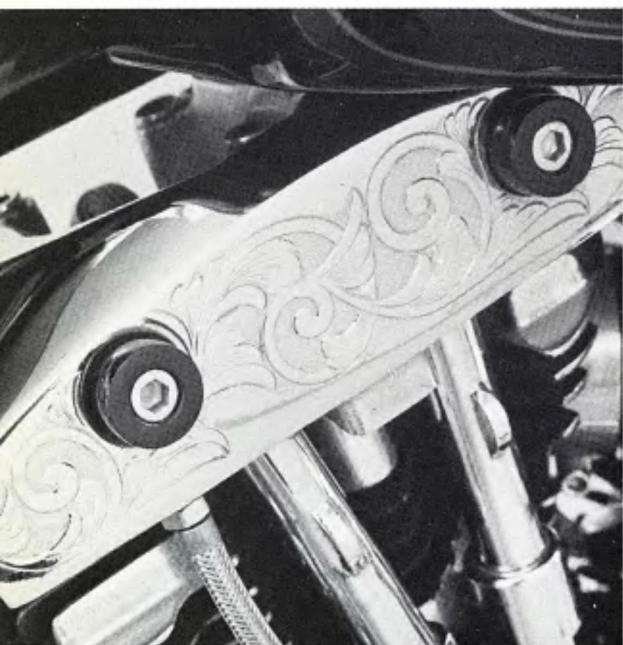
"Yep."

"How close to what you had in





Look hard and you'll see a tiny Pete Chiodo



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Floral pattern displays the engraver's skill

mind did it come out?"

"Exactly."

By now you've probably got the idea. Dave would rather let his fingers do the talking.

A Harley builder for 15 years, the first ten of which were devoted exclusively to Sporties, Dave has clearly earned his right to refrain from answering dumb questions. Asked what the biggest problem was that he encountered in building the bike, he shrugged and said there weren't any, that the job was,

in his words, "just your typical pain in the ass."

As you can see from the photos, Dave is being more than a little modest. Especially taking into account the fact that building this ride required a ton more handwork than is visible to the naked eye. The first thing you've gotta realize is that the Arlen Ness frame holding everything together isn't a bolt-on number. Most of the essentials mounted on it — oil tank, electrics, gas tanks, etc. — had to

either be modified by hand or have their entire mounting assemblies hand-fabricated. Simply closing up a space between the gas tanks and frame and making the dash fit right required endless hours of fiddling.

But Dave would rather not get into a discussion of all that. Like another well-known native of Brockton, Massachusetts, Rocky Marciano, he'd rather let his mitts — and the knockouts attributable to them — speak for him.

— Trampo

Owner: Dave Perewitz/George Cassell **City:** Brockton/Gloucester, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: Cycle Fab.
Year and make: 1970 H-D
Model: FL
Value: \$15,000
Assembly by: Cycle Fab.
Time: 1 year

Frame

Year: 1984
Builder: Arlen Ness
Type: swingarm
Rake: 35 degrees
Stretch: 4 in.
Other alterations: straight

Chroming by: South Shore Plating

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1970
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Rick Cicoro
Ignition: Accel
Displacement: 74 cu.in.
Lower end: S&S
Balancing: Thompson
Pistons: S&S
Cases: H-D
Heads: Thompson
Cam(s): H-D
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): Rivera SU
Air cleaner: Rivera
Pipes: Cycle Fab.
Muffler(s): megaphones

Bars: Cycle Shack
Risers: 4 in.
Fender(s): Cycle Fab.
Headlight: Cycle Fab.
Taillight: tombstone
Speedo: Cycle Fab.
Front pegs: FXWG
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: Accel
Gas tank: 3½-gal./Cycle Fab.
Oil tank: Cycle Fab.
Oil system: Russell lines
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: Danny Gray
Sissybar: fender struts
Height: 1½ in.
Material: steel

Transmission

Modifications: Rick Cicoro
Year: 1970
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: Primo 14mm belt
Trans sprocket: 24

Forks

Type: FXWG
Extension: 3 in. under
Builder: H-D/Cycle Fab.
Special features: trimmed

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Wheel sprocket: 51		
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Al Perewitz	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Perewitz	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: Wild Cherry/House of Color	Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer	Brake: disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: leaf by John Hartnett		

Other special modifications: Engraving by Cycle Fab., machine work by Chuck Kenney, dash by Demo. Special thanks to Accel, Russell, Primo, and Dave Silvia.

BUG AL

By J.C. Amberchele



You may think I'm bold, but you see there's this tale of a biker I met who sits in this jail. His sentence is life and there is no reserve; some say what he got is what he deserved.

Well, he reads and he writes and he sleeps and he smokes, and he talks to himself, and tells a few jokes, thinks of his ol' lady in the still of the night, and dreams of his Harley. . . what a beautiful sight!

But it happened one day in the yard, by the way, 'midst the handball and lifting and serious play, as he sat on the cement with his back to the wall, he noticed a bug and its ponderous crawl.

A bug, he thought, an insect, a louse. It looks like the judge or maybe his spouse. I s'pose I should stomp it and make it real dead, or maybe I'll mail it to the warden instead.

It was then that he jumped and thought he would croak, when the bug, sitting up, whipped out a smoke. It bit it, then lit it, and blew out a ring, and said with a wink, "How'd you like me to sing?"

Well, the mouth of this lifer, it dropped to his chest, and his eyeballs popped out at this horrible jest. "A bug!" he cried, "it's talkin' to me! I'm nuts, I'm crazy, I'm out of my tree!"

Said the bug, "Now listen, you filthy biker scum, I may be disgusting, but you know I ain't dumb. I can wheel and deal with Buggy Malone, 'cause my name, see, is Alfonso Capone."

Well, this was too much for the biker with life, so he prayed to God, then his mother and his wife. "Be cool," said the bug, while flicking his ash. "You want a cigar from my personal stash?"

"No!" yelled the con. "What the hell's goin' on? You look like a beetle, but maybe I'm wrong. And what are you doin' with a pin-stripe suit, a watch with a chain, and spats to boot?"

"Well," said Bug Al, "you know I can dress, but it's you that appears in a hell of a mess. With your jumpsuit and shoes and ridiculous hat, you look like a hobo or maybe a rat!"

"So listen to me and don't be a dunce. I know how you feel, 'cause I been there once. They put me in prison and they said that I died, but you see that I'm here, so you know that they lied.

"Now I got me a deal that you can't refuse — the all-time scam, the perfect ruse. You stick with me, you'll get the steak. You see, my friend, we're makin' a break!"

Well, they never did find that lifer, I know, though they looked up high and they looked below. The guards told the warden, "It don't make sense. Nothin' but a bug could get over that fence!"

Yeah, they looked in the yard and they looked in the cells, they rang all the sirens and rang all the bells. No one in town saw anything strange, 'cept a long black Packard heading out on the range.

So whenever you're down and got years on your mind, the next time you're in that particular bind, when all seems lost and you're about to give in, think of this story and put on a grin.

And when in your cell, you're dreaming or talking, or out in the yard, when you're running or walking, the next time you're thinking, with a frown on your mug, think twice, my friend, before you step on that bug!

THE STAMP OF THE CYCLIST

By Bob Loeffelbein

Some countries have introduced stamps on every sport extant, including a fair number most of us have never heard of, such as Spain's roller hockey. Other countries issue stamps depicting sports they don't field any competitors in and some honor Olympiads in which they haven't participated. The U.S., however, surely cops the prize for philatelic paradoxes. Although America excels in sports, until very recently we've issued fewer stamps commemorating sports than most countries half our size. And one of the sports avidly enjoyed by a vast number of Americans — motorcycling — has been commemorated by stamp just once, but not as a sport.

The twelfth issue in a series on early modes of transportation, initiated in 1981, depicted a 1913 Pope motorcycle. A 5¢ regular stamp, it appeared in 1983. The stamp features a drawing of a Model L, built by the Pope Manufacturing Company of Westfield, Massachusetts, from 1911 through 1918. Housed in the Smithsonian, the stamp's actual model was purchased by John P. Beattie of New Haven, Connecticut, for \$250. After riding it for eight years, Beattie put it in storage until 1964, then donated it to the Smithsonian.

Currently, America's sports stamp output numbers slightly under 100 different issues. The number is approximate because some aren't officially recognized by the American Topical Association as pertaining exclusively to sports. For example, there's the "Indian hunting buffalo" stamp, issued in 1898 as part of an Omaha commemorative set, showing a native American riding down on a buffalo, spear at the ready. Now for the irony. If regarded as a sports stamp, it would give the U.S. one of the oldest sports stamps in the world.

The first incontrovertible sports stamps were issued in Greece only two years prior to that. The issue contained 12 different stamps whose purpose was to promote and finance the reemergence of the Olympic Games in 1896. The stamps pictured, quite austere, the sports and mythology of ancient Greece. Strangely enough, even today the Games remain the greatest inspiration for new sports stamp issues. In honor of the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles the U.S. printed 27 individual stamps — nearly a quarter of its entire sports stamp catalog.

Since 1896 well over 7000 sports stamps have been issued worldwide. With pictures and descriptions, the catalog of Olympic issues alone runs nearly 350 pages. Ascetic depictions have given way to the brilliant hues of the six-color press. Shape and format

have evolved, too. Nowadays large diamonds and panels of four separate stamps, wherein each stamp makes a picture by itself as well as forming a larger overall picture, are fairly common.

In the U.S. the use of adhesive stamps was initiated in 1847. Before that, pen-and-ink or ink-stamped postmarks were put on all mail. In 1856 it became obligatory by law to use stamps, which were printed by private sources until 1894. Then the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, under the auspices of the U.S. Treasury Department, took over.

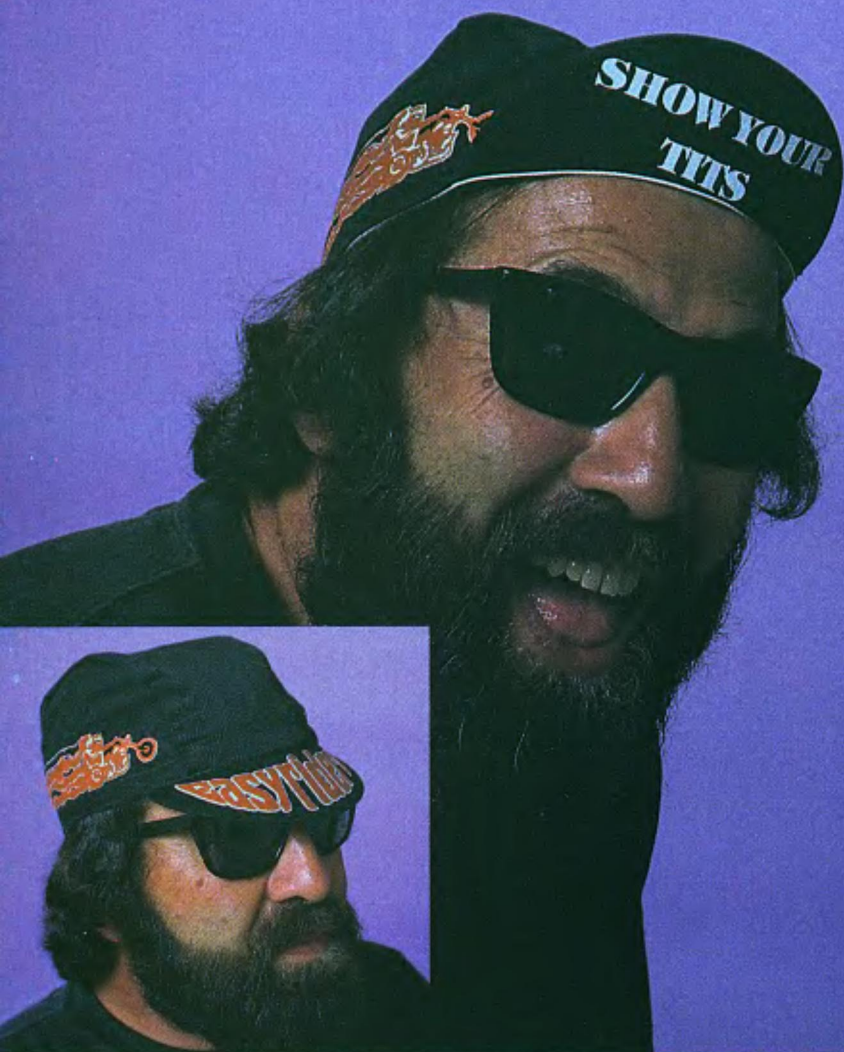
Up until about 1876 U.S. stamps portrayed historical figures almost exclusively, primarily in three categories: military heroes, distinguished statesmen (almost always from the political party in power), and non-controversial figures. The first officially designated sports stamp in the U.S. was issued for the 1932 Third Winter Olympics, picturing a skier. Later that same year others featuring a sprinter on his mark and a discus thrower advertised the Tenth Olympiad.

After that, solitary new sports stamps were issued about one per decade. There was a baseball centennial commemorative in 1939; a commemorative for the American Turners Society, picturing a discus thrower again, in 1948; and a commemorative for the Pan-American Games, showing a runner carrying a torch, in 1959. Since then nearly every sport played in this country — except polo, roller derby and motocross — has been pictured on a U.S. stamp. Even auto racing got a commemorative in 1978, featuring an Indianapolis 500-type racing car on an embossed envelope that commemorated the California 500 race at the Ontario Speedway.

Most countries promote most of the sports they specialize in. Motorcycle racing, then, wouldn't be expected to be represented on as many countries' stamps as, say, basketball, soccer, or track and field. The list of countries issuing stamps depicting motorcycles, however, is longer than might be expected. It includes Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Indonesia, Mexico, Poland, Rumania, Russia, San Marino, Yugoslavia, and by virtue of its token entry, the U.S. These stamps have pictured road-and-track racers, motocross, hillclimbers, regular and racing sidecars, recreational motorcycles, and even motorized bicycles.

Maybe the U.S. Postal Service should take a look at the "competition" and then dispatch some designers to their drawing boards. A series of stamps commemorating American motorcycle manufacturers seems like a good place to start catching up. ■





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Ex-sheriff's sentence angers biker's family

In a decision the judge admitted was "more lenient" than that he would give other defendants charged with the same crime, former Brule County, South Dakota, Sheriff Vernon Collins has been sentenced to six months in jail for killing a biker.

Collins, 31, had pleaded no contest to second-degree manslaughter in the death of biker Gerald Wildeboer. He had originally been charged with both vehicular homicide and manslaughter.

Wildeboer was killed last July while riding his bike northbound on an interstate highway about seven miles from Sioux Falls. According to South Dakota state troopers, Collins was driving down the freeway in the wrong direction when he struck Wildeboer. Evidence introduced in court proceedings indicated that Collins' blood-alcohol level was right at the legal limit at the time of the crash. After the wreck, Collins was relieved of his post as sheriff because of a state law requiring the suspension of any sheriff or state's attorney charged with a felony.

"This is one of the more difficult sentences I've had to fashion because there is no right sentence," Circuit Judge Richard Hurd

said in sentencing Collins to six months in jail, five years probation, and a round of anti-drunk-driving speeches. "I'm being more lenient to you than any other defendant in similar circumstances because of your ability and the hope that maybe you can prevent someone else from drinking and driving."

"I don't recall another incident where I have had a defendant who had prior to the incident done a better job of serving his community," Hurd, obviously committed to praising Caesar rather than burying him, said. "He has been an exceptional law enforcement officer. In all likelihood his career is over. That is a degree of punishment that is greater than the court can impose."

Considering that the maximum penalties Hurd could have imposed were 10 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine, many of the victim's friends and relatives greeted the judge's latter comment with a large degree of skepticism.

"I don't see the justice in somebody taking my brother's life and not being punished for it," Wildeboer's sister told Hurd. "We're the ones that have to go day to day without our brother."

Easynews

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

Wisconsin to loan \$10 million to Harley

Hog sales climbing; H-D boots Yamaha from Number 2 spot

Anxious to keep Harley-Davidson and its 1100 Wisconsin workers operating at peak productivity, the Wisconsin Investment Board, which controls the state workers' pension fund, has agreed to loan H-D \$10,000,000.

The state loan is part of a package designed to refinance the debt incurred when Harley's current management purchased the company from AMF in 1981. Those loans were for five years and would have been payable in June if they had not been restructured.

Harley chairman Vaughn Beals termed the new package "definitely a plus that will help the company's continued progress on the road to recovery," but admitted the new loans would "not provide sufficient capital for projects like the Nova [a four-banger] or the Trihawk [a three-wheeled roadster]."

"We employ some 1100 people in the state of Wisconsin and the participation by the state investment board is a positive and very encouraging sign of state government interest in keeping Wisconsin business in Wisconsin," Beals said. "The investment board has a pretty conservative reputation when it comes to investing state employee pension funds, and we take their participation as a show of confidence in Harley-Davidson's future."

According to financial statements filed in connection with the loan refinancing,

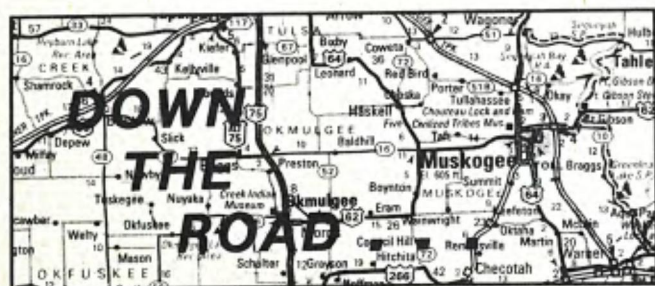
Wisconsin officials aren't the only ones displaying confidence in Harley-Davidson and its products. As of November 1, 1985, H-D controlled 15.5% of the heavyweight (over 700cc) motorcycle market and had moved into second place (behind Honda) in heavyweight sales.

As recently as 1983, Harley sales were only 12.3% of the heavyweight market and trailed both Honda and Yamaha.

In addition to increasing its share of the market during the past three years, Harley has also moved into the black, showing what Beals called "modest profits."



NOT-SO-HAPPY LANDING — A Pennington Gap, Pa., police officer examines the evidence of a car-bike collision outside a local hospital. Biker Jimmy Lester Huff, 25, suffered serious cuts on one arm and his back when he was forced to "crash land" his Hog on a 1975 Olds that had left-turned in front of him. The 75-year-old driver of the cage, who was uninjured in the accident, was cited for failure to yield the right-of-way.



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.

MARCH

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.

April 6 — SWAP MEET at Wall Stadium, Wall Township, New Jersey. Sponsored by Monmouth Shore Points MC, Box 372, Oakhurst, NJ 20775.

MAY

May 17-18 — MDA RUN sponsored by Dakota Harley-Davidson, 530 20th Ave. S.W., Minot, North Dakota 58701. For info, call (701) 839-6330.

May 31 — MDA POKER RUN/WEEKEND BASH in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. For info, write ABATE of Pennsylvania, Allegheny Chapter, 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220, or call Linda at (412) 922-4852.

JUNE

June 6-8 — CAMPOUT at Care Away Travel Park, Gansevoort, New York. Second annual American Motorcycle Jamboree promises 97-acre campground, swimming, games, bike show, tattoo show, and rock 'n' roll. For more info, write to AM-JAM, Inc., Box 4709, Schenectady, NY 12303, or call (518) 346-0521.

June 14 — HELMET/BIKER RIGHTS RUN, sponsored by ABATE of Pennsylvania. For info, write ABATE of Allegheny County, 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220, or call Linda at (412) 922-4852.

June 20-22 — STATE PARTY in Hazen, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pennsylvania, Dauphin Building, Room 312, 203 Market Street, Harrisburg, PA 17101. For information, write, or call (717) 774-2884.

Drunk cager, 19, gets 10 years for killing 4

The psychologist said the defendant needed a "structured environment" but not, heaven forbid, prison. The defense attorney said his client hadn't meant to "hurt" anyone and recommended six months in jail and a year in a halfway house. But the one man whose opinion really counted, U.S. Judge Paul Hatfield, tuned out the blather of the psychologist and was unimpressed by the pleadings of the mouthpiece. He looked, instead, at the six surviving children of the two dead couples, and sentenced Michael West Wolf, 19, to ten years in the federal pen.

West Wolf, who had pleaded guilty to four counts of involuntary manslaughter in the deaths of the four vacationing Canadian bike riders, told Hatfield that he felt "terrible" about the accident. West Wolf could have received 12 years in prison and a \$4000 fine.

According to police reports, West Wolf was drunk and driving at a high rate of speed when he rear-ended two bikes being ridden by the Canadian couples on U.S. 89, about three miles west of Brownings, Montana. All four riders were dead at the scene.

The case was investigated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and conducted in federal court because the slayings took place within the Blackfeet Indian reservation.

Federal officials indicated West Wolf would have to serve 20 to 26 months on each count — about seven to nine years — before becoming eligible for parole.

Bikers light up holiday skies

At 126 feet, the giant Douglas fir was the tallest Christmas tree in the known world. How tall? So tall that it could only be transported from Oregon to its new home in Florida by stripping its branches off. How tall? So tall it took 15,200 lights to illuminate it. How tall? So tall it took 12 bikers from as far away as Ohio twenty-four 12-hour days to bolt the branches back on and fill them with Paul Bunyan-sized ornaments.

That's how tall, bro, that's how tall.

Situated on the grounds of the *National Enquirer* in Lantana, Florida, it was but the latest in a series. The first huge tree on the site went up 14 years ago as a holiday treat for the supermarket tabloid's employees. Each year the tree got bigger and more ground displays (large-size model trains, depictions of Christmas scenes, etc.) were added. Eventually the display was opened to the public free of charge and town officials had to install a special Christmas-season-only traffic light to handle the gawkers who come to look.

And for all the 14 years the *Enquirer* has had a giant tree, they have hired an elite crew of bikers to get the decorating job done. "You could walk the woods all day long and not find a tree like this," Pensacola biker and tattoo artist Whitey Freeman said with some awe. "This tree is Christmas."

To make sure his bros on the '85 tree crew never forget that fact, Whitey designed a special Christmas tree tattoo just for them. "Nobody else in the world will have one of these and everybody who gets one will take it to the grave," Whitey noted.

As might be expected of a tree that features ornaments the size of basketballs, the star at the top of the *Enquirer* tree is also of NBA caliber — a full six feet tall.

For the past several years Mike Jialanella, a Canton, Ohio, bro has earned his nickname "Starman" by muscling the oversized star to its position of honor on the tree top.

"Putting the star on is like putting the icing on top of the cake," said Starman Mike. "Man, it's great. It's like saying Merry Christmas to the whole world."

Bikers' lives on sale in Iowa: \$10 each

A Council Bluffs, Iowa, cager has been fined \$20 for running over a motorcycle and killing its 21-year-old rider and his 20-year-old girlfriend.

Leslie Huff, 35, was charged with failing to obey a stop sign and fined \$20 by Pottawattamie County Magistrate Donald Heath. Kinda makes me sorry nobody on my shitlist lives in Pottawattamie County. There's a bunch of payback I'd like to perform if Heath would promise not to charge me more than \$10 a pop.

Downed bikers face religious persecution

Bros sue Massachusetts prison officials over right to freedom of worship

The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is as clear as polished glass — Congress shall make no laws abridging the right of citizens to worship whatever God they please in any way they please. Where Congress dares not tread, however, the brass at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Norfolk have shown no hesitation about charging right in.

A group of inmates at Lowell who belong to the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers, a biker-oriented religion founded by well-known biker rights activist Robert "Rev. Kaiser" Hershberger, have filed suit against the prison for refusing to allow them time and space for worship services, and for constantly bad-mouthing and slandering their beliefs.

The incident that triggered the suit occurred last June when prison deputy superintendent Kenneth Nelson refused to allow the bikers to hold services because of "lack of space."

In making his decision, however, Nelson was not content to use the "space" issue as his only reason for denial and, instead, launched into a diatribe about the bikers' religious beliefs.

"Even if space was available, I would still deny your requests," Nelson said in a letter to inmates. "Based on the information you have furnished me, I do not believe this organization is a bona fide religion or that it offers services needed by a large number of inmates in our population."

Following his refusal to allow the bikers to hold worship services, Nelson refused to allow Rev. Kaiser to make a pastoral visit to the prison.

In addition to sparking a lawsuit, Nelson's action drew a quick response from the always quote-worthy Rev. Kaiser.

"Let me remind you," Kaiser wrote to state corrections commissioner Michael Fair, "that this country was first founded

on the ideal of religious freedom of expression . . . and as long as that religious expression does not violate any criminal laws, it must be strongly adhered to, for no matter how frivolous it may seem to one person, it may very well be religiously gratifying and/or necessary to another."

Kaiser was also quick to defend his church and its flock to the press.

"I am not a mail-order minister," he told an interviewer for the *Quincy Patriot Ledger*. "I earned my credentials in a public laying-on-of-hands ceremony. I studied for quite a while before being ordained."

"The prison system has no authority [to decide] which is the right religion or the wrong religion. The crux is the sincerity of the parishioners to the religion."

ABATE chapter is for the birds

ABATE of Pensacola, Florida, has joined forces with the staff of Florida's Wildlife Rescue to try to improve the lives of injured or crippled birds brought to the Wildlife Rescue facility near the Pensacola Zoo.

Wildlife Rescue, which depends on public contributions for funds, provides treatment and a home for injured wild animals. The main goal of the organization is to treat the animals, give them time and space to heal, and then return them to the wild. In many cases, however, the animals are too badly hurt to be able to survive in the wild and must be given permanent homes at Wildlife Rescue. It's a situation that almost all bikers can relate to since few of us have lives untouched by a bro who's gone down only to come up minus an arm or a leg, and that's where the ABATE project comes in.

According to chapter president Sage Gabriel, ABATE members decided to build a large, filtered pool in the bird area of the Wildlife Rescue facility to enable birds "that can't be released to have a fairly normal existence."

After the concrete-and-cinder-block pool is finished, Gabriel said, ABATE plans to enclose it so that the facility can also be used as an aviary.

Wildlife Refuge Director Nancy Treiber says that the ABATE pool will not only make it possible for birds forced to remain in captivity to live more comfortably, but will also provide a suitable environment for them to reproduce and create new generations of birds that can be set free to live in the wild.

Among the birds being cared for at Wildlife Rescue are pelicans, owls, and hawks. In addition to birds, the facility also cares for all kinds of four-legged creatures, including deer, horses, raccoons, and possums.

"The main thing is that this is a place for people to bring these [injured] animals," Treiber says. "If we can get an animal, nine times out of 10, we can get it back into the wilderness. It's a resource that shouldn't be wasted."

A resource that shouldn't be wasted is almost exactly how ABATE president Gabriel and his brothers and sisters view their own organization. Asked to comment on their work at Wildlife Rescue, they are quick to point out that building the bird pond is just one of many service projects they have performed in the past or plan to perform in the future.

As one example of the sort of thing they're doing, Gabriel notes, the membership of ABATE of Pensacola is currently planning to put together a benefit dinner for an organization that's not for the birds — the School of Hope, a pre-school for developmentally disturbed children in nearby Fort Walton Beach.

Cops bust lidless biker, ignore other 'criminals'

A former United States Marine has been convicted of violating Alabama's helmet law by riding bareheaded in a Veterans Day parade intended to honor our fallen soldiers — and the rapidly disappearing freedoms they died for.

Floyd Saunders, who said he "felt it wasn't right honoring our fallen men" while wearing a helmet, based much of his defense on the fact that officers policing the parade studiously ignored violations engaged in by non-motorcycle-riding participants. However, every time Saunders' attorney tried to introduce evidence relating to the other violations — such as people riding on the hoods of cars — he was shot down by Florence Municipal Court Judge Emmett Roden.

Saunders immediately filed notice of appeal in the case. "We've lost in the city court, but that doesn't mean we've lost the case," his attorney said.

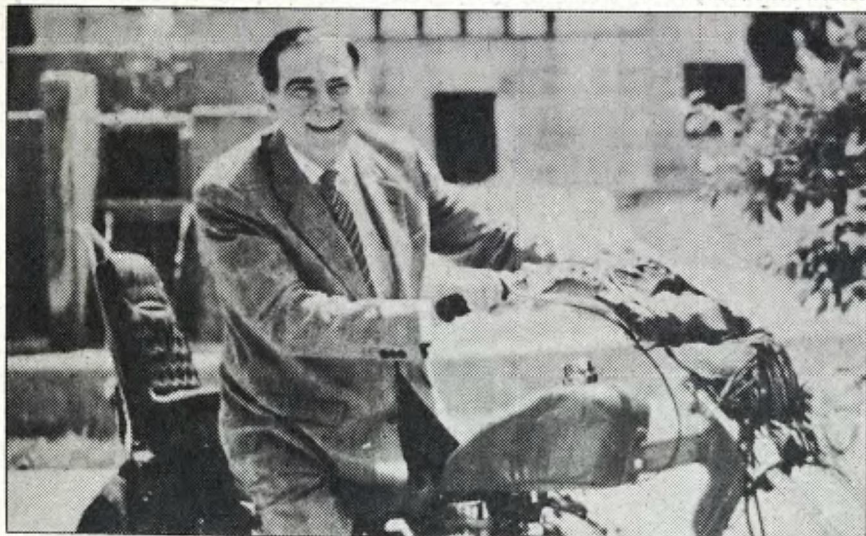


Photo by Linda Cox

IT FITS, IT FITS — Terre Haute, Indiana, Mayor Pete Chalos tries a Hog on for size during the 1985 Governor's Ride in Indianapolis. About 4000 bikers took part in the annual event, which is intended to increase cage drivers' awareness of bike riders.



What's with the United States Marine Corps? First they contract to buy a ton of Jap crap bikes, and now they've issued orders requiring all Marines riding bikes to wear skid lids and other so-called safety gear both on and off base... Talk about bein' off base, Danny Cole of Cleveland was running his Harley Classic home through a hailstorm when he got zapped by a bolt of lightning that had homed in on his gourd. He woke in a hospital just in time to hear a chorus of doctors talking about how he'd never again be able to get much use out of his arms or legs. Eight months of sheer determination and refusal to believe the medics later, he was back to riding and rebuilding his scooter.

Though Christmastime is warm and dusty Down Under (sounds like Southern California), 6000 Australian bikers remembered to play Santa by staging a toy run in Sydney... And ABATE of Salem, Oregon, remembered that there is more than one day to the holiday season. Last November the chapter delivered Thanksgiving dinner to 20 disabled veterans whose names had been provided by the American Legion. At Christmas, the chapter organized a drive to provide presents to children in the Oregon State Hospital... Five ABATE chapters and members of the Cossacks Motorcycle Drill Team recently braved freezing rain to hold a blood run in King County, Washington.

And more good works abound. A toy run in Dallas delivered its booty directly into the hands of children at the Buckner Baptist Children's Home. "It really showed me the appearance of people isn't everything," said one of the kids at the home. "God blesses them for doing this"... In Portland, Oregon, a receiving line of Shriners dressed in their traditional garb of suit, tie and fez, recently greeted a convoy of bikers (including patchholders from three clubs) dressed in their traditional black T-shirts and leathers. The occasion was a toy run to the local Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children. In addition to delivering toys, the bros visited with the hospitalized children and joined them in a rousing round of Christmas carols.

A motorcycle-riding grandmother from Oxnard, California, recently won \$2 million in that state's lottery. Rosemary Forsyth says she especially enjoys taking her Harley on runs to Las Vegas. "I like," she says, "to gamble." She should, since she's about \$2 million better at it than the rest of us... The latest country to join the ranks of the motorcycle-building fraternity is Brazil, where a firm named Amazonas is lashing together cop bikes powered by a 1600cc VW beetle engine. The bike's optional sidehack, Amazonas says, can be easily fitted with a machine gun... And finally: Remember those bikers who visited the Shriner's hospital a few paragraphs up? About 25 of them were trapped in a hospital elevator for 15 minutes. It was probably the first time some of them had been caught inside of a cage in years.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
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 ¹³	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 ⁸
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 reflected; 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 15; ¹³ must wear helmets; ¹⁴ 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.

A bro was putting down the road one day when he came upon two faggots jogging. Inexplicably, as he approached, both of them jumped in the ditch. The only thing the biker could figure out was that they must have thought he was going to try running them over. Anyhow, the sight of them lying face down in the dirt made him laugh so hard he had to pull off the road to regain his composure. At this, one jogger leapt up and brushing himself off, called out, "I'm going to sue you, sue you, sue you!" Now the bro began laughing even harder. "Did you hear me?" shrieked the jogger. "I said I'm going to sue you, sue you, sue you!"

Still cracking up, the bro managed to respond, "Fuck you!"

Hearing this, the other jogger sat up and said, "All right! He wants to settle out of court!"

—Zeke Hedges
Sioux City, Iowa

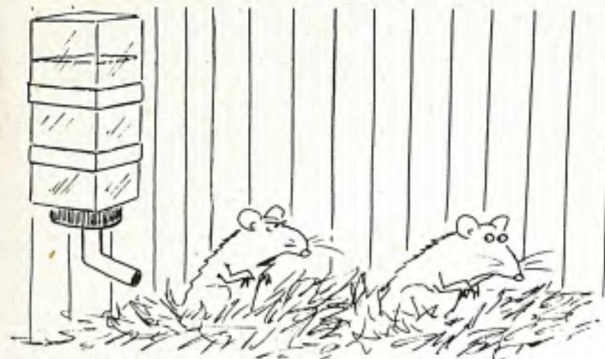
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"Christ, I hate these slow news days!"

What do you call a gay who doesn't have AIDS? A lucky cocksucker.

—Sheehan
Patterson, N.J.



"This water tastes horrible! Have you been fucking the nozzle again?"

Easyriders

Easyriders



"I would like to take this opportunity to express my grateful appreciation to the artist of this cartoon, who originally intended to draw me fucking Miraculous Mutha."

The divorce court judge peered down at the elderly couple and gently inquired how old they were. Grasping her cane and shooting her spouse a contemptuous look, the woman replied that she was 95. "And you, sir?" asked the judge. Leaning forward on his walker, the old man said that he was 98. "How long have you two been married?" queried the judge.

"Too damn long," muttered the woman, as her spouse stated that they'd been wed for 75 years.

The judge then inquired on what grounds they sought a divorce. "I've hated this s.o.b. for the past 70 years!" said the woman.

"And I've put up with this bitch for what seems like twice as long!" snapped the old man.

"Then why in the world did you wait until now to seek a divorce?" asked the judge.

"Well," answered the woman, "the last thing we agreed on was that it would be better if we waited until the kids were dead."

—Gregg Ross
Biloxi, Miss.

What do you get when you cross a Red Chinese and a hooker? Someone who'll suck your laundry.

—G. Miller
Traverse City, Mich.

Easyriders



The not-too-bright ol' lady was walking up and down her block, waving hello to her neighbors, hoping one of them would notice her new dress.

Finally, Mrs. Green did notice and called out, "What a lovely dress you've got on today!"

"Oh, this thing?" demurred the ol' lady. "It's really nothing. I only wear it for street-walking!"

—Sandi Cooper
Watervliet, Mich.

An elderly couple began discussing the seasons while they were engaged in sex. "Oh, darling," said the woman, "I may have winter in my hair, but I certainly have summer in my heart."

"That's fine," responded her ol' man, "but if you don't get a little more spring in your ass, we're going to be here until fall."

—Paul Johnson
Rochester, Ind.

Because the prez wanted only the most hardcore fuckers in the club, he put the three prospects in a room with a mountain of used tampons and said, "The last one of you guys to come out is gonna be our newest club member."

After a couple of days had passed, one prospect came running out, pale from puking, babbling incoherently, and booked off into the sunset. The next day one of the two remaining prospects pulled the same trip. A whole week then went by before the last guy emerged from the room to be given his colors.

Some while after the righteous party held in his honor, he ran into the other two dudes who'd been prospectin' with him. "Say," he said, "you guys should have stayed around. There were plenty of jelly rolls for all of us."

—Mushroom
Everett, Wash.

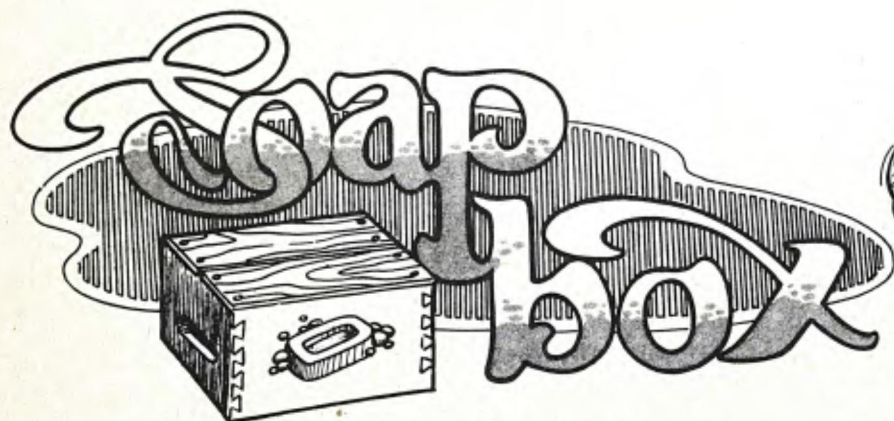
A Frenchman and his Polish companion were out in the woods hunting when a gorgeous blonde suddenly darted across their path, stark naked. "Magnifique!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "God, I'd love to eat that!" So the Polack shot her.

—L.R.
Selma, Ala.

Easyriders



"No! The stick! The stick! Get the stick, you fool!"



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.

Getting Licensed — Getting Screwed

by R.A. Toler

I don't know about the rest of the country, but the North Carolina driver's license board sucks hot donkey dicks. After working and saving for two years, I recently bought my first Harley. I'm 24 and have been riding motorcycles on and off-road for 16 years, although I'd never gotten a motorcycle license. I've had cars pull out in front of me, deer run out and hit me, suffered through 20-degree weather, ridden in rainstorms, and gotten a bad case of road rash due to a dog on his way to heaven.

Today I went down to the highway patrol office to get my special motorcycle license. I did this because Harley riders get stopped in N.C. about four times as often as rice riders do. After passing an eye test, a sign test, and a written test, I was ready for my road test. (Now if they're gonna call it a road test, why is it administered in a parking lot?) The serpentine course laid out there

was explained to me, although the fact that it was apparently designed for very small motorcycles without springer front ends wasn't mentioned. Oh, well, suffice it to say that I didn't pass the road test because I like to keep one foot down when riding slow and that's what I did.

It's no big deal, but I do have a few questions and the first is this: Why did the officer inside the building smirk when I told him my road test was to be taken on a Harley? Does it matter whether you drive a Ford or a Chevy when you get your automobile license?

Second, why is there only one course for all sizes of motorcycles? I could have flown through the serpentine on a much smaller bike.

Third, why can an older man simply sign a paper saying he has riding experience and get his motorcycle license with no road or written test? My father did this at the same patrol station the day

before I went down there. He said there was no way in hell he could have ridden any better than I did during the test. (He watched me take it, along with two bystanders who agreed the course was not made for large motorcycles.) Since my damn taxes pay the officers' salaries just as much as do those of my elders, why is age discrimination practiced in regard to motorcycle license applicants?

I think the system sucks. Harley riders have to put up with enough bullshit from law enforcement already without anything else being added to the list. I just don't believe some anti-Harley license examiner has the right to tell me what to do with my foot while I'm riding through a serpentine test course at a low speed. Furthermore, the s.o.b. who tells me I don't know how to ride can park his brave ass aboard anytime and I'll be glad to give him a real ride. ■

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal



DR. DEMENTO

Dr. Demento Presents The Greatest Novelty Records Of All Time/Dr. Demento: Ordinarily I won't go to a doctor unless I'm carried there in unconscious chunks. Unless it's a header in the high-speed lane (the strip reserved for the weirdest of the wired) or a few dozen drop kicks courtesy of some blitzed-on-brews bar fighter, I never wind up at the mercy of a sawbones sadist.

But for some time now I've been feelin' worse and worse. It's like I feel... well, sorta nauseated all the time. Not real bad, not full-bore, not do-me-a-favor-just-take-me-out-and-kill-me nauseated. Just a feeling hovering around the edges of my awareness, just enough to make the world seem like an overused cat-box on a rainy day.

Anyhow, a former girlfriend finally talked me into goin' to the doctor. When

the tests came back from the lab, my worst fears were confirmed. I've got OFS — Old Fart's Syndrome. The symptoms of this dread disease are familiar — inability to endure the godawful jive of damn near everybody, coupled with a strong conviction that somewhere or other over the past couple-three decades things just went to shit.

I mean, I look at some of these slicks ridin' bikes today and I don't know whether to laugh or cry — pissants an' pud-pounders profilin' on prefab putts, ridin' down some antiseptic stretch of city asphalt like they're bad. Impressive, huh? 'Scuse me a moment while I take my pulse.

Anyway, the preceding burst of blither was more or less prompted by the fact that back in the fifties, back when nearly half the people alive today were still percolatin' inside dad's nuts,

weirdass musicians like Spike Jones were turning out inspired novelty tunes that make the stupid theatrics of today's metal boys or the smartass posturings of Frank Zappa seem every bit as predictable as they actually are.

Dr. Demento Presents The World's Greatest Novelty Records is a six-album collection of cuts chosen by the celebrated novelty-tune historian, archivist, and bull-goose loony whose syndicated weekly radio program has to be heard to be believed.

Some of the stuff on these records is pretty hard to believe, too. Oh, maybe nothing as trendy and marketable as another sodbuster anthem from John Mellon Cougarcamp or another hometown handjob by the Boss. No, the best cuts on this collection are gnarly and erratic, like a liquored-up warthog druggie when

the bennies start to take effect. Music every bit as unique and special as that brown thing that grew on your grandmother's neck.

Dr. Demento, etc. is another release from those custodians of the bizarre, the folks at Rhino Records. The collection's six albums cover a span of better than fifty years, with one volume devoted exclusively to novelty Christmas songs. The albums are available separately, so you can pick the trash you prefer — earlier volumes with familiar classics like Spike Jones doing "Cocktails for Two," Tex Ritter growling "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke," and Buchanan & Goodman doing "Flying Saucer." Or, if you like your shit modern, you can sample later volumes with gems like Freddie Blassie's "Pencil Neck Geek" or Barnes & Barnes working out on "Fish Heads."

Like it or not, the golden age of novelty records is past. It's fitting that the last few years have produced the first no-shit novelty-tune superstar, "Weird Al" Yankovic. Al tries hard, but his parodies have become safe and inoffensive, relying on carefully produced and marketed videos that tend to disguise the fact that Al's lyrics are often tedious and unfunny.

I guess I miss the sheer lunacy of tunes like the immortal "Transfusion," with its recorded-in-the-toolshed sound and its repeated locked-brakes'-squeal-followed-by-the-90mph-crash sound effects while Nervous Norvis sings a musical request for blood with lyrics like "Shoot the juice to me, Bruce."

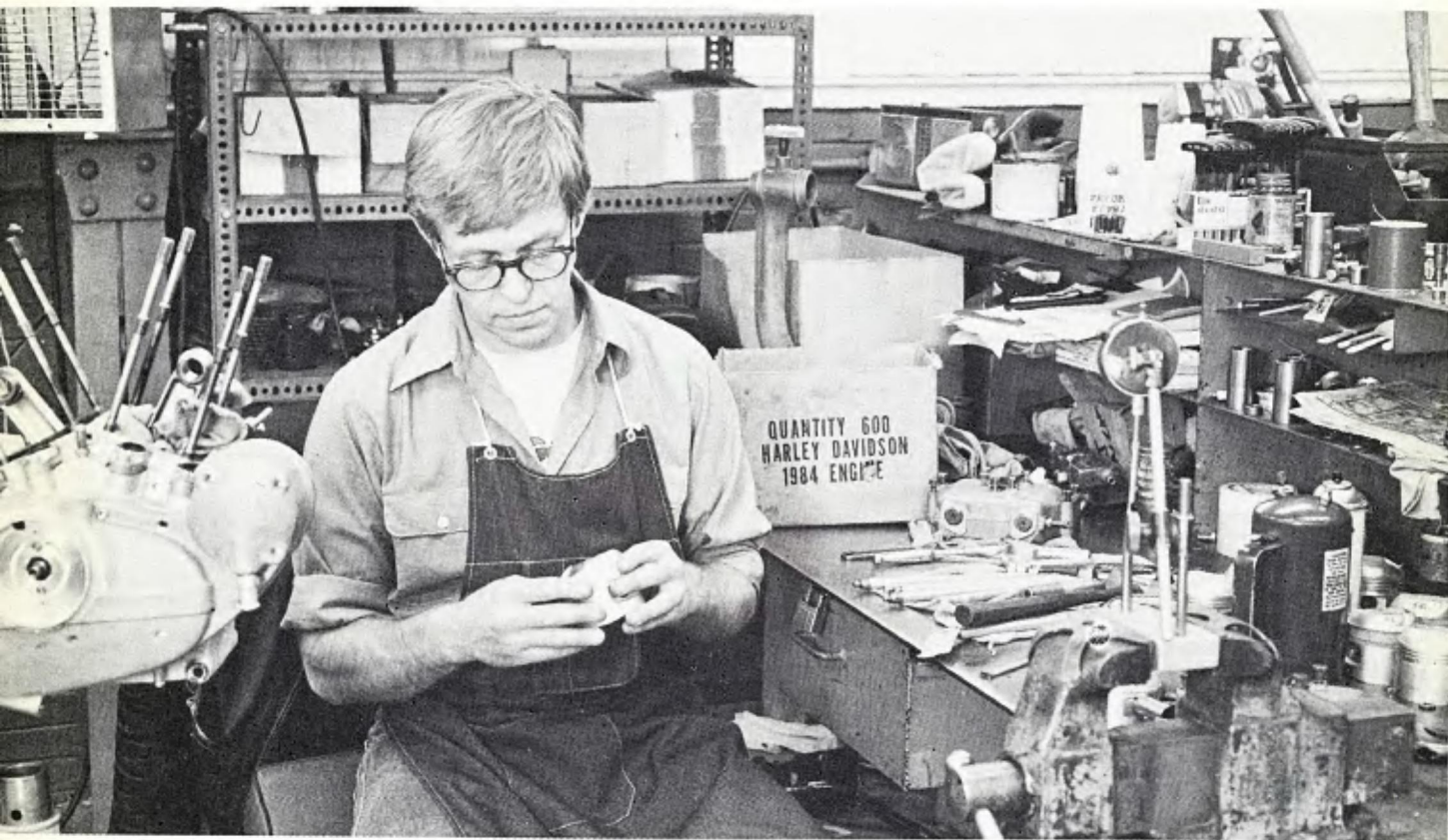
Well, you got your dead cat and you got your dead dog/On a moonlit night you got your dead toad frog/But it's a dead skunk in the middle of the road/Dead skunk in the middle of the road/Dead skunk in the middle of the road, stinkin' to high heaven.

They just don't write 'em like that anymore.

HARLEY'S RACING SHOP

Take our word for it, you'd like to have one of these.

By Joe Minton



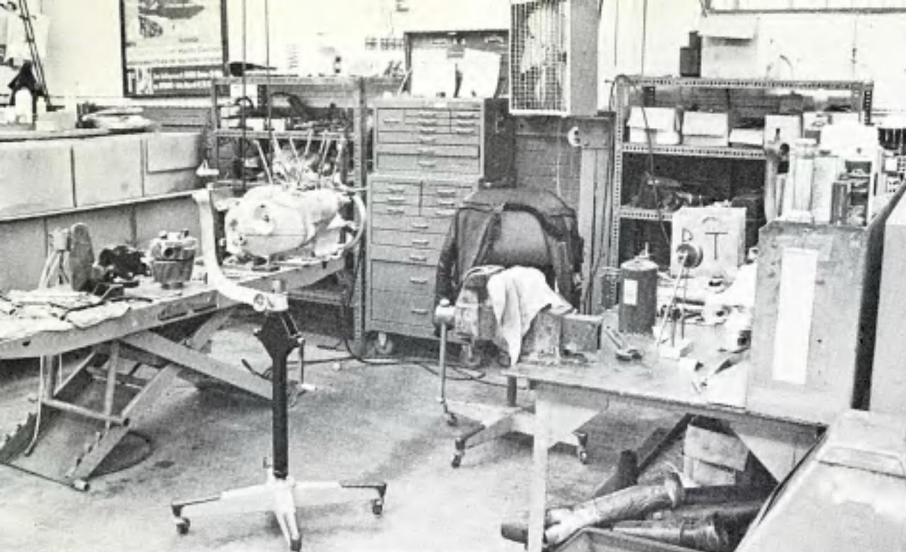
Bill Werner has been building championship Harley dirt-trackers since he worked with Gary Scott 10 years ago. The man who built and tuned the machine that Scott Parker rode during the 1985 season, he was busy with a new engine for '86 when we took this photo.

Racing is fun an' Harley's been having fun ever since they built their second motorcycle. From the beginning, when racing was a simple way to test new machines and new ideas, Harley has been in the thick of it. What started as a test method has become a tradition. Harley has done more racing — and winning — than any other motorcycle company, most of it on the dirt tracks of America where racing continues to be a product of the privateer and the people. Over the past three quarters of a century Harley has largely dominated American dirt-track racing.

Several admirable traits make up the core of this long-term supremacy. Harley



Harley built this cutaway in the early '70s. We hope it gets into the museum.



One of six work stations in the race team shop. It's large, comfortable, and has most of the tools needed for assembly and maintenance of a race bike. Kind o' nice, isn't it?



These parts bins represent only about a fourth of all those in the race shop. Nearly everything needed to get a team through a season of racing is here, including all the engine parts.

Clyde Denzer retired as manager of H-D's race team after serving nearly 25 years.



An XR750 cylinder gets metal removed from its base to adjust the compression ratio to about 12.75 to one. The cylinder-holding fixture is rigid and precise — a work of art.

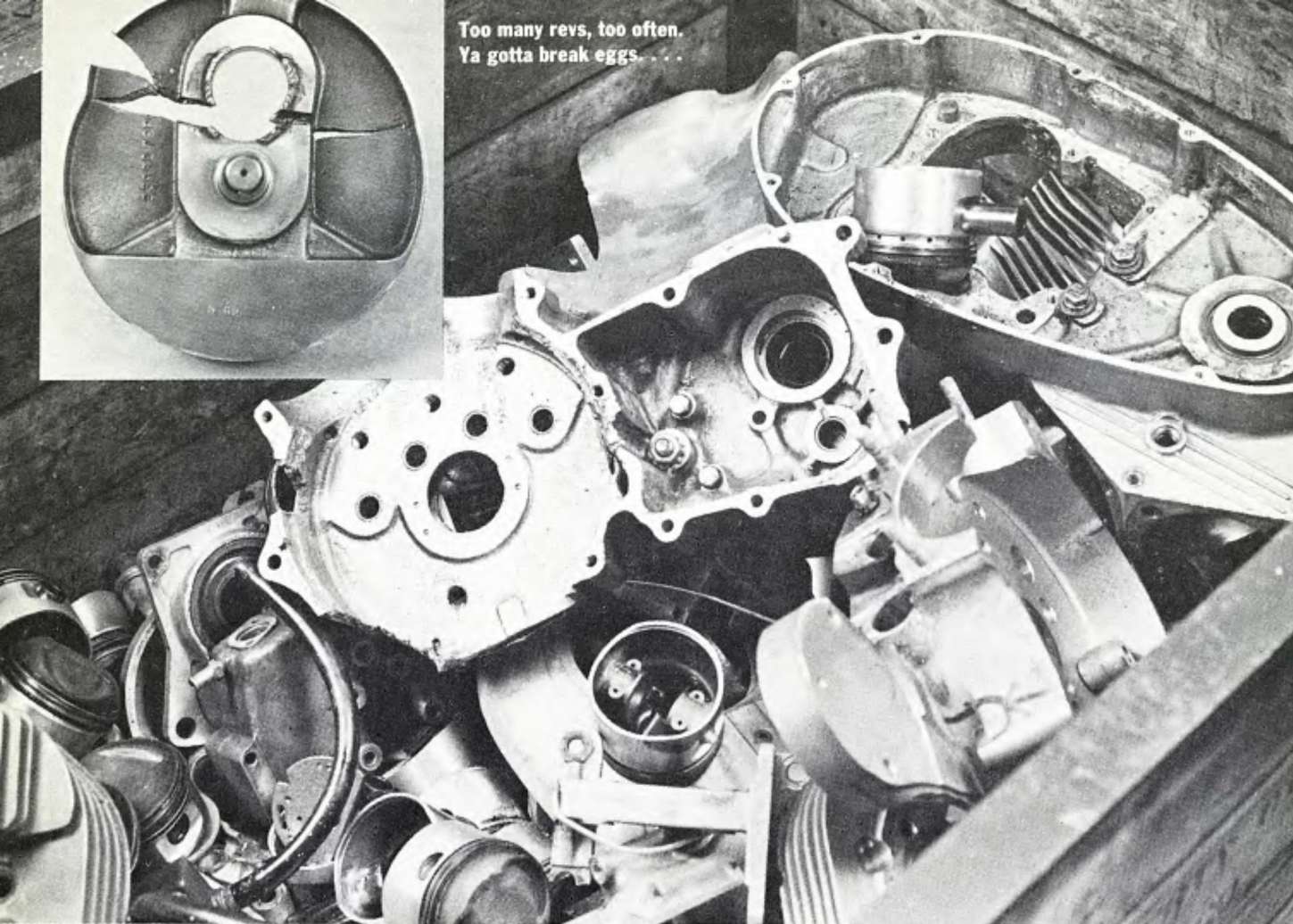


hasn't been a quitter. Even when things haven't gone well, factory support and racing parts have been available. Harley has always helped privateers. In recent years some of the fastest H-D dirt-trackers have been owned and tuned by racers who were making their own way. Harley doesn't keep secrets from its customers (the privateers). If factory bikes have usually been faster and won more races, it's because they have the best tuners and the fastest riders. When the factory finds a new trick or part that makes more power, it's made available to anyone who needs it.

The latest Harley racing engine is the XR750. While the XR still dominates dirt-track racing, it's near the end of its development. Like the KRIT and WR before it, factory and private tuners have gotten more out of this engine than anyone thought possible. The very best of them will make nearly 90hp and as for reliability, you'll seldom see one parked during a race at any National. Amazingly, this engine was developed from the 45-inch flathead that powered the bikes used by MP couriers dur-



Too many revs, too often.
Ya gotta break eggs. . . .



You say you wanna go racin'. Are you ready? Is your wallet ready for what it takes to make a bike go fast and stay together? This box of broken engine parts isn't the first that Harley has collected on their way to making the most successful racing motorcycle in America.

HARLEY'S RACING SHOP

ing WWII and it still does duty pushing three-wheelers around city streets, protecting us from the ravages of parking violators.

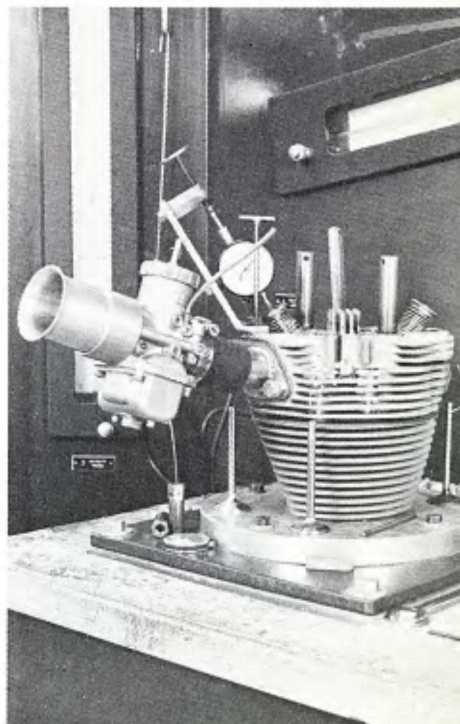
Most of the development of the XR750 has taken place in the one very large room shown in the photos. Those of us with a permanent place to park our rides make some effort to equip our garages with the tools we need to keep 'em runnin', and ya might say that's what Harley has done here. They simply have higher standards than most of us can afford, starting with the basic fact that their garage is bigger than the lot most houses are built on. In Harley's race shop you can find *anything* needed to build and maintain an XR750 racer.

At one end of the room, next to the welding area, which itself is the size of some garages, is a large glass-bead cabinet. Here a tuner can remove paint from a frame or burned-on Castrol R40 from an engine case. At the opposite corner of the shop is a paint booth that will let him put new paint back on the frame. All those

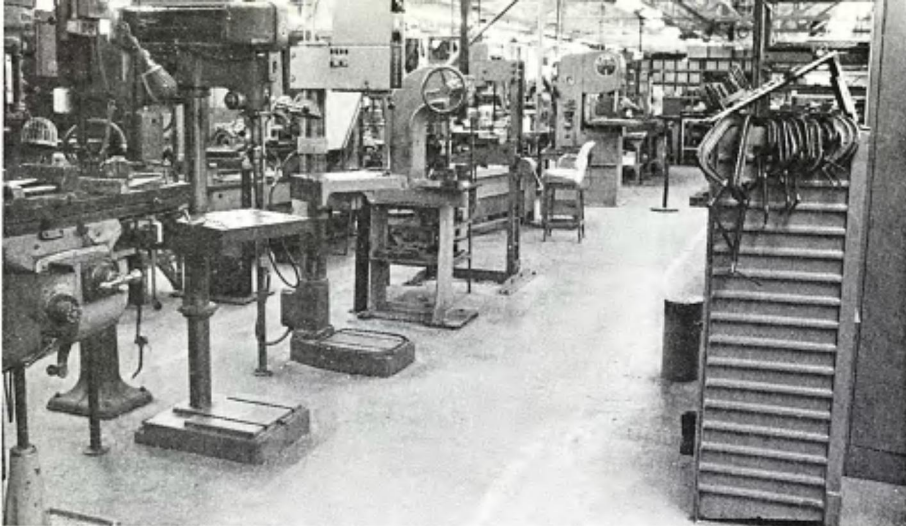
orange, white and black paint jobs ya might have seen rolling out of the team truck at a National were put on in this room by the same guy who built the engine.

Under the same roof are several mills, lathes, presses, drill presses, grinders, and belt sanders — enough major machine tools to let a half-dozen tuners build bikes at one time. These guys don't trot out a new racer from some warehouse at the beginning of a new year; they build them, piece by piece. In this room.

More important than the amount and quality of the machinery are the special tools and fixtures that Harley racing-team tuners have built over the years. While we were taking our photos, Bill Werner was in the midst of building Scott Parker a new engine for the 1986 season. To get the compression ratio he wanted, Werner needed to shorten the cylinders, so he pulled out a beautifully machined expanding fixture that held the cylinder by its bore and ensured that the material he took off



This flow bench is essential to the success of Harley's racing engines. Magic is worked here.



Tools are what keep us outta the trees. Harley has enough of 'em in their race department to let six tuners build racers simultaneously an' not get in each other's way — too much.

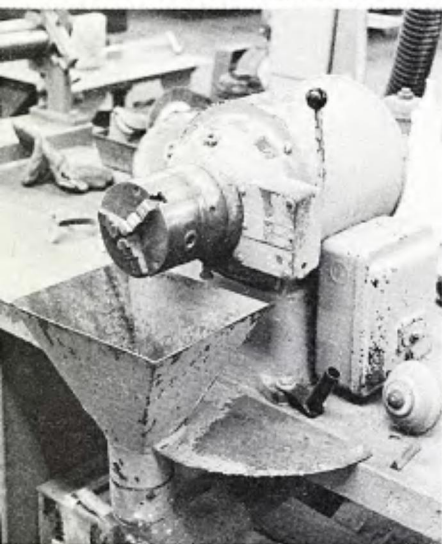
the bottom would leave the bore dead-square with the engine case. A small thing, maybe, but not at 9000rpm, and not when small things *are* the difference.

Within a few feet of the cylinder head flow bench is a dynamic crank balancer. While the one tool is essential to measure the amount of air getting into an engine, the other is just as necessary for smooth running and reliability. A few feet farther on stands the ignition bench. Here one can measure the power of a battery-powered coil or test the strength of a magneto. Early problems with ignitions were solved on this bench.

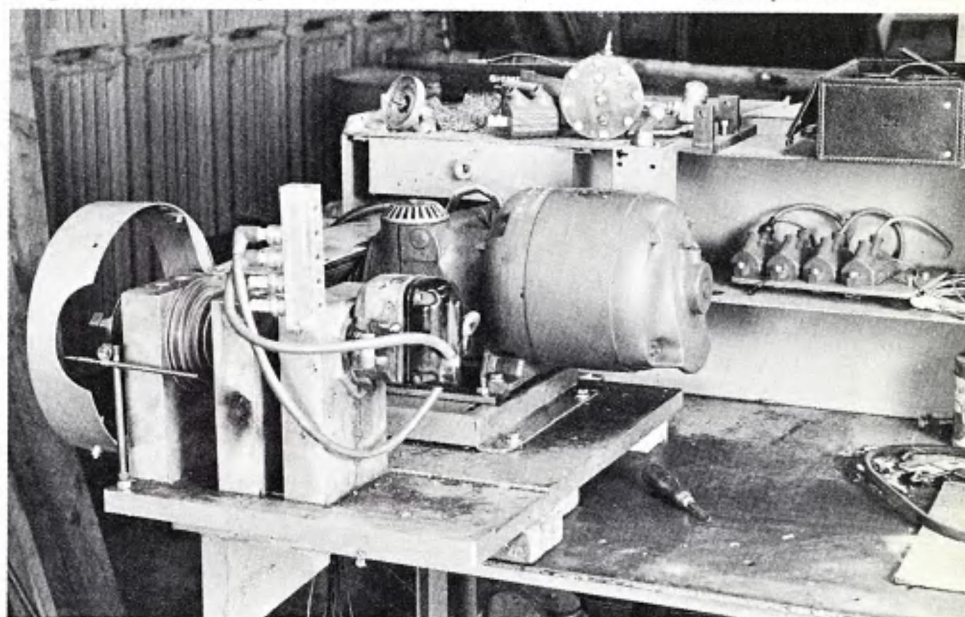
Further proof of both the creativity and painstaking care

Continued on page 113

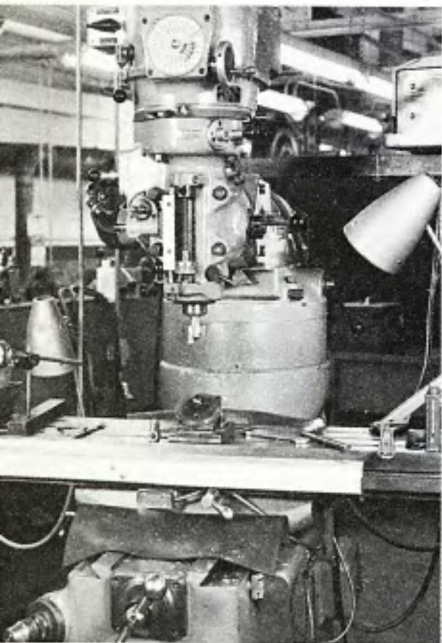
Photos by Joe Minton



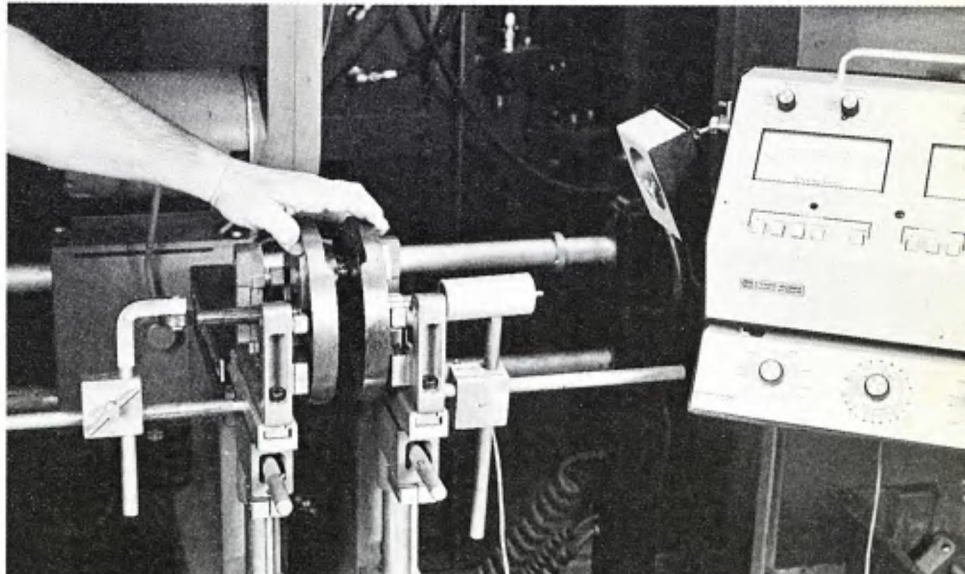
Somebody made this tool to hold valves while they lightened and polished them.



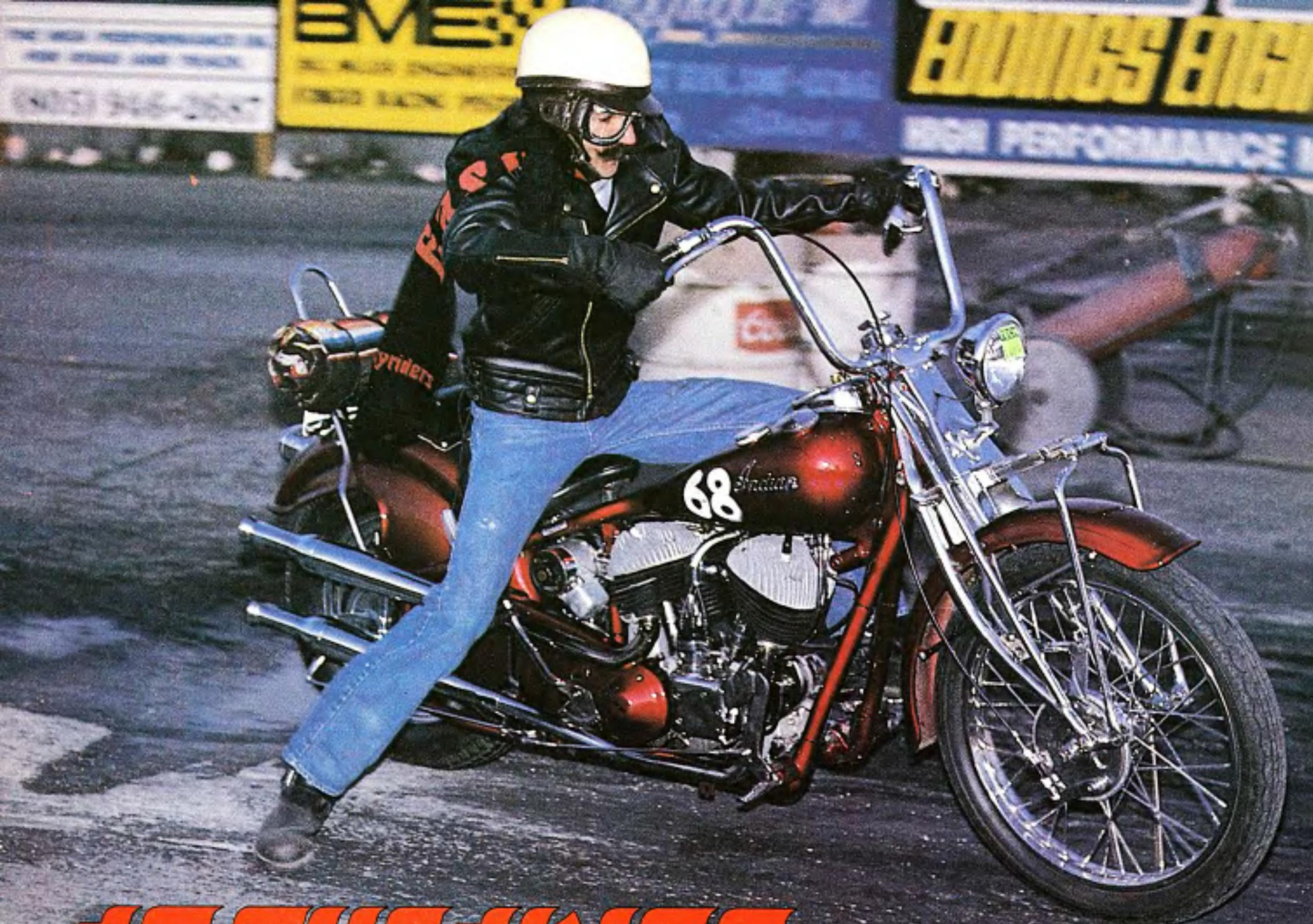
The ignition bench. Here, a magneto bolted to the test fixture. By changing the V-belt between pulleys, the mag can be checked at different rpm. The setup is also used to test ignition coils.



A Bridgeport. One of three. Let's see, maybe I'll use the left one today.



This expensive-looking machine is a dynamic crank balancer. It can mean the difference between an unreliable shaker and a smooth-running winner. Harleys get real smooth when they're balanced.



IN THE WIND

—from Gregg Daniel, Palmdale, Calif.

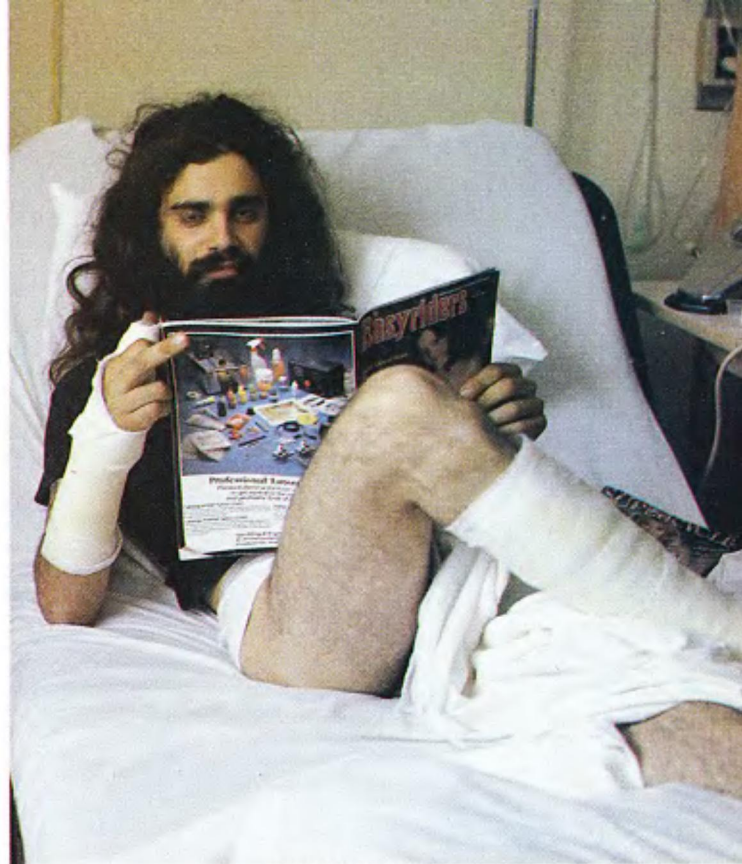
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from Pepper, Oregonia, Ohio

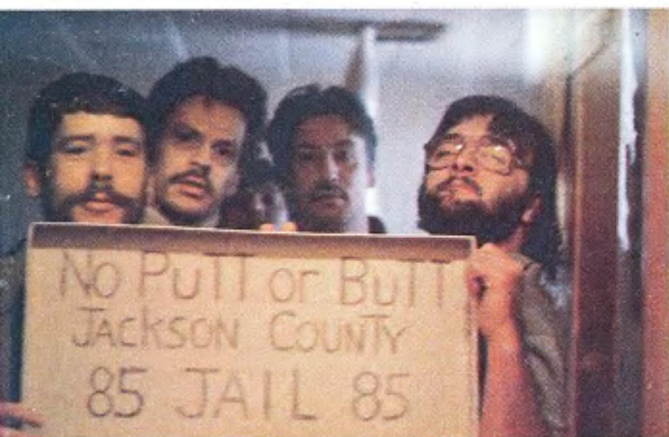




—from Spike, Solomon, Ariz.



—from Mickey Benecasa, New Hamburg, N.Y.



—from Ric Ellingson, Eau Claire, Wis.



—from Terry Thomas, Trenton, Mich.





—from Will Rushton, Qualicum Beach, B.C.



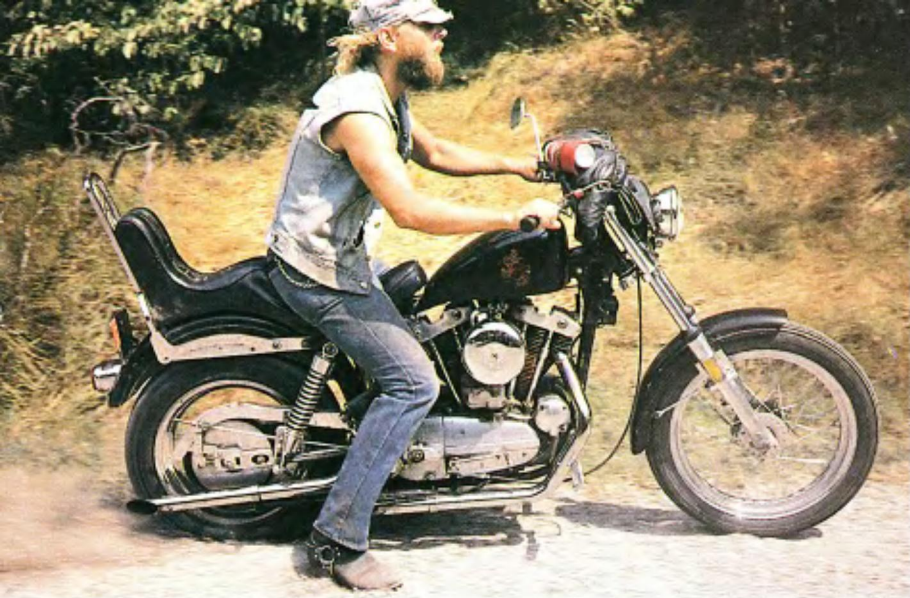
—from Jamey Youmans, Houston, Tex.



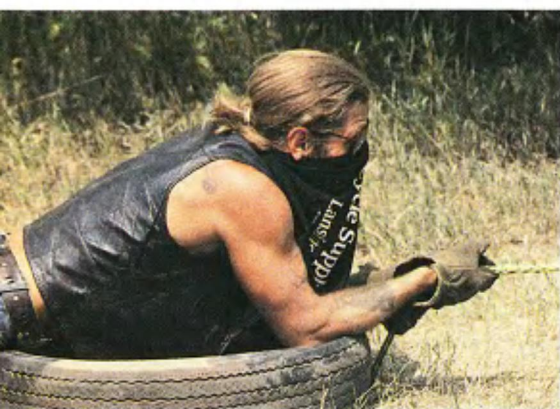
—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.

—from Bob and Scott, Irvine, Calif.





—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Thomas Boyle III, New Hampton, N.Y.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



—from Red Price, Forestdale, Mass.





THREE GOLD BALLS

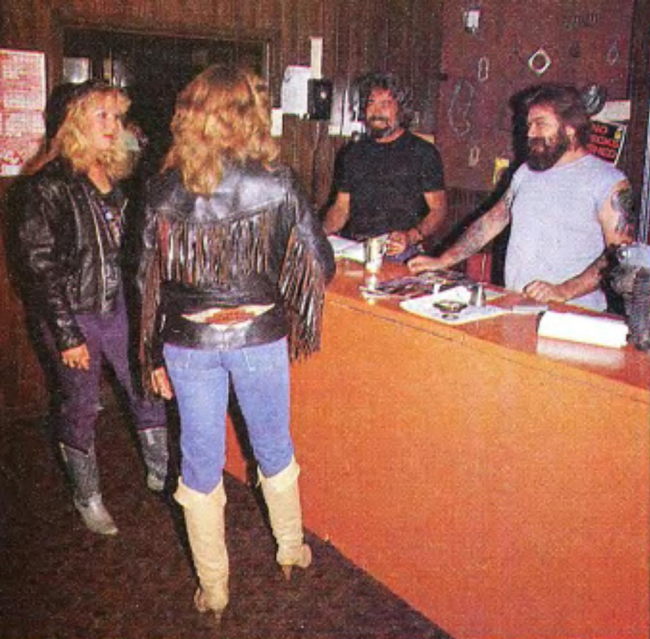


They needed help getting started — we offered them a box full of cranks.

Some days I feel like I'm workin' in a pawn shop instead of a bike shop. Pawn shops used to be big back in the bad old days when welfare checks and unemployment insurance were as common as tattooed 300-pounders on Hondas. Then they kinda disappeared for a while. Lately, though, they seem to be makin' a comeback, reappearing everywhere, even in so-called high-class neighborhoods. Must be

some kinda delayed reaction to Jimmy Carter's "misery index," or maybe it's a social comment on Reaganomics.

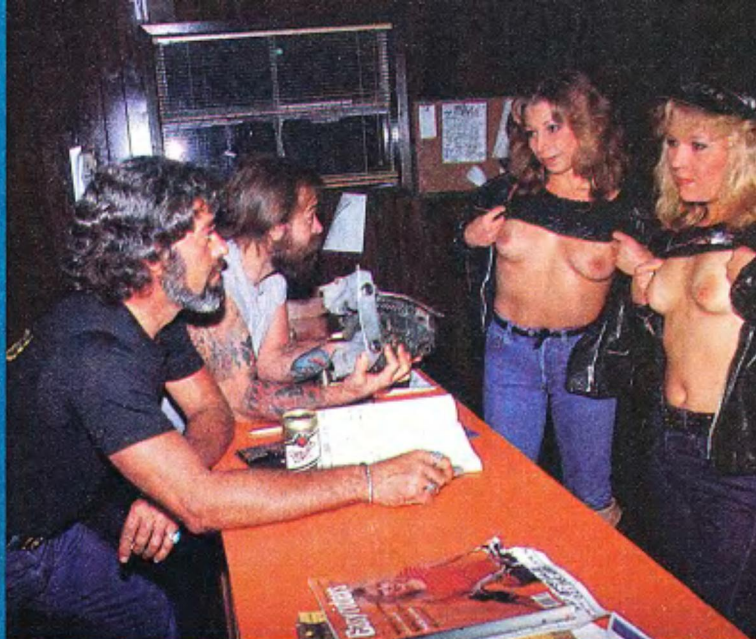
Whatever the reason, the game is still the same and the meaning of the three golden balls over the door hasn't changed a cunt hair. We buy, we sell, we trade. Just like at this here shop. In good times everybody wants to buy, in bad times most want to sell — oftentimes half a block ahead



of the Grim Repoer.

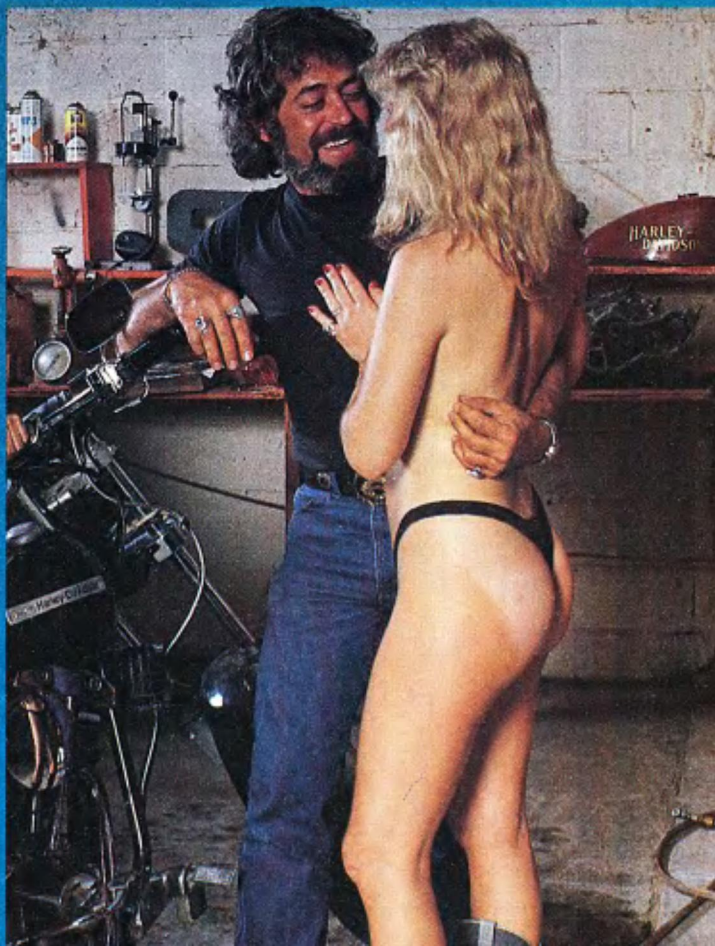
And, whatever the times, good or bad, there are always the wheeler-dealers looking to trade. Usually they're hot to swap their nothing for your something. Usually, I say, but not always.

Like these two chicks who broke down near the shop a while back. They swung and swayed in, said their Harley was busted, and asked for help. Before I had a chance to explain that the poor scooter probably died from the humiliation of hav-



ing two chicks as owners and operators, they'd shucked down to the skin and begun rubbing up against everything in the shop with a tensile strength anywhere above limp.

I had no idea what was wrong with their bike, but it was obvious that what they personally needed was hot cranks for their boxes. Well, we might have been in short supply of some things — electrical parts for those old Italian-built Harleys, for example — but hot cranks we happened to have plenty of.





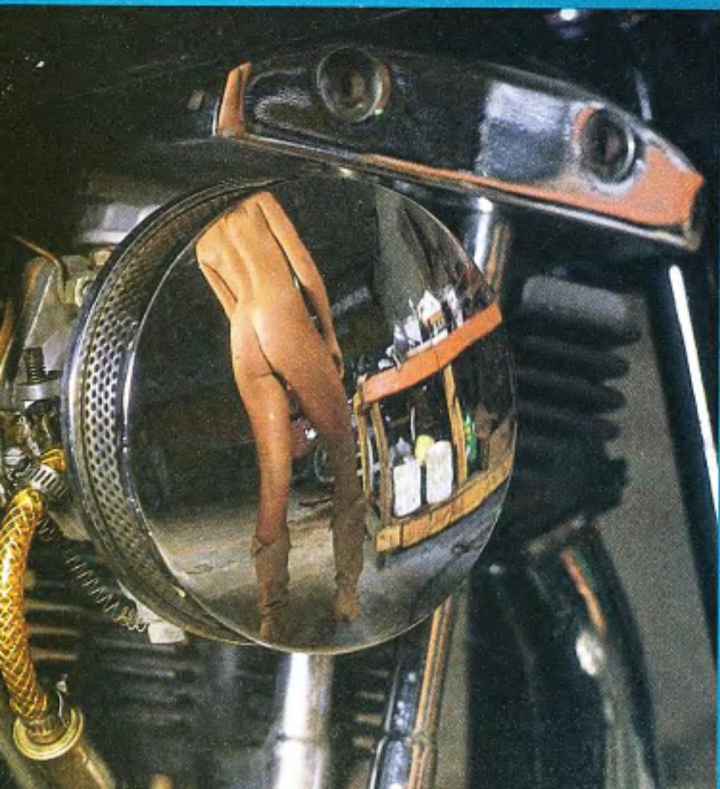
It wasn't too long, therefore, before a deal was struck. They'd get our rods up and then we'd get their ride up. Their part of the trade was easy — our rods were already up and all they had to do was make sure the lubrication channels were clear.

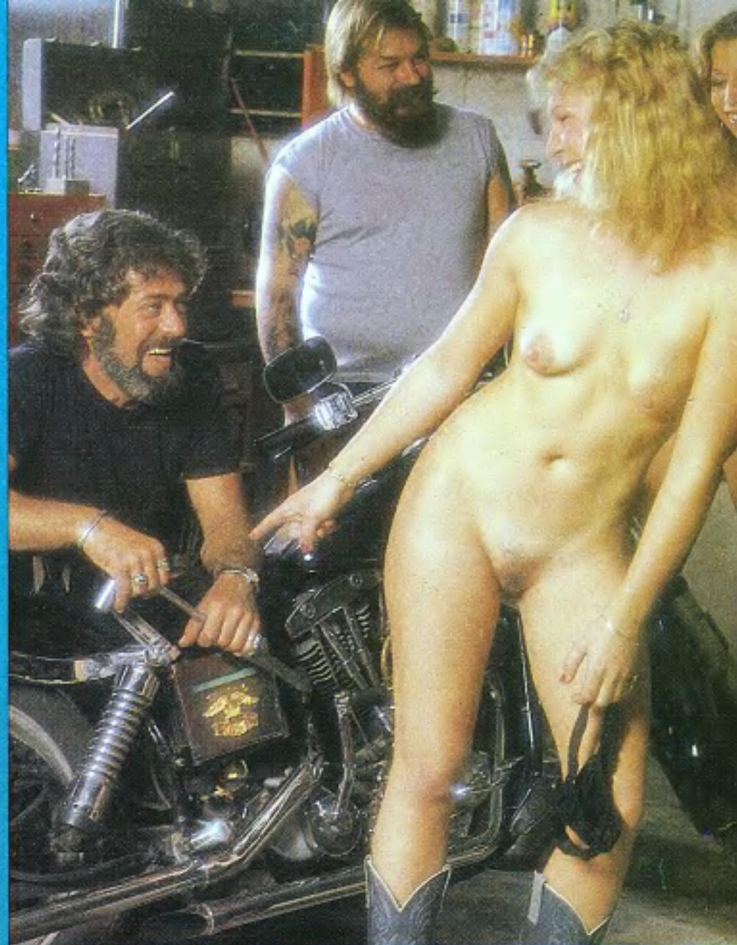
As it turned out, however, our part was even easier. They'd run outta gas without



realizing that they could switch to reserve. We were just into our first round of "...dumb fuckin' chicks. . .shouldn't be allowed to. . .blah, blah, blah," when the short one winked and cooed, "Oh, you found the problem sooo fast. I guess next time we'll just have to think of something else."

— Butcher





Photos by Billy Tinney



READERS' RIDES



Glory hallelujah, spring has finally sprung and from coast to coast throaty Harley growls can be heard welcoming the new riding season. Seems like everybody's out on the road showin' off the best they've got, whether it's brand spankin' new, something they toiled on all winter, or the "just fine the way it is" sled they prowled the pavement with in '85. Here, showin' off their best stuff, are two West Coast bros with classy creations destined to earn 'em a whole lotta admiring looks wherever they putt in 1986, street or track.



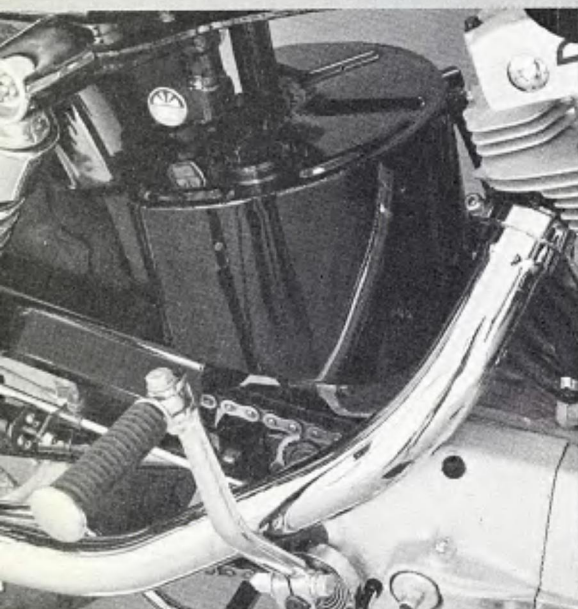
Steve Allstaedt, Ventura, California
1958 Harley-Davidson XLCH

In addition to taking care of customers as the service manager at Ventura Harley-Davidson, Steve has an itch for speed he's gotta take care of. He's also ahead of his time. That's why he transformed a docile '58 Sporty into a rockin' and rollin' go-fast street rocket. But he got into tricken' up this Sportster with the ill-fated and under-financed Thunderheads just when the XR1000 models were developed, and he and his boss, Monte Miller, decided they should race the newer models.

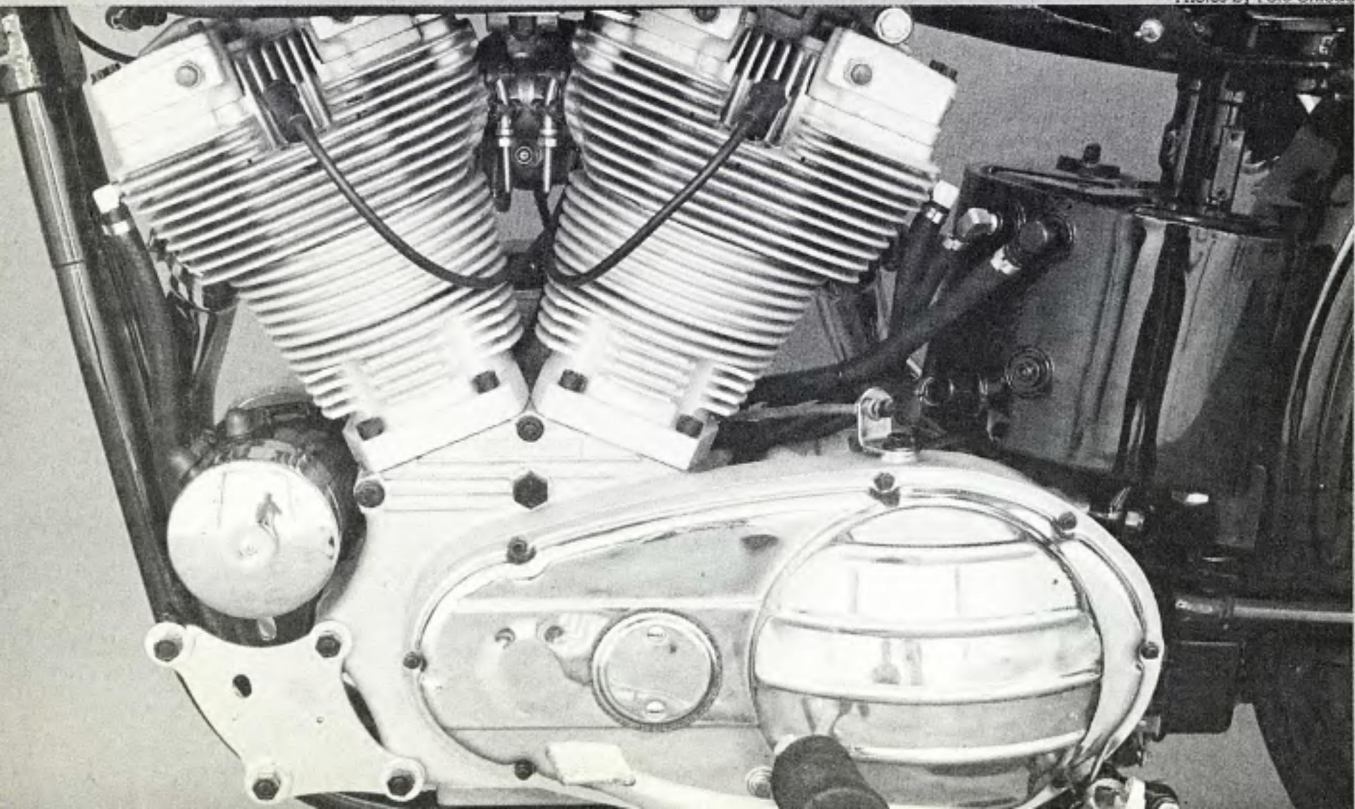
So essentially this Sporty is confined to doing its blasting on surface streets — and, man, can it wail! Steve claims it "had no problem handling any 90-inch Sportsters" and you can believe this bro. Steve was the holder of the number one plate in the Harley Eliminator class on the West Coast for the MDRA in 1984.

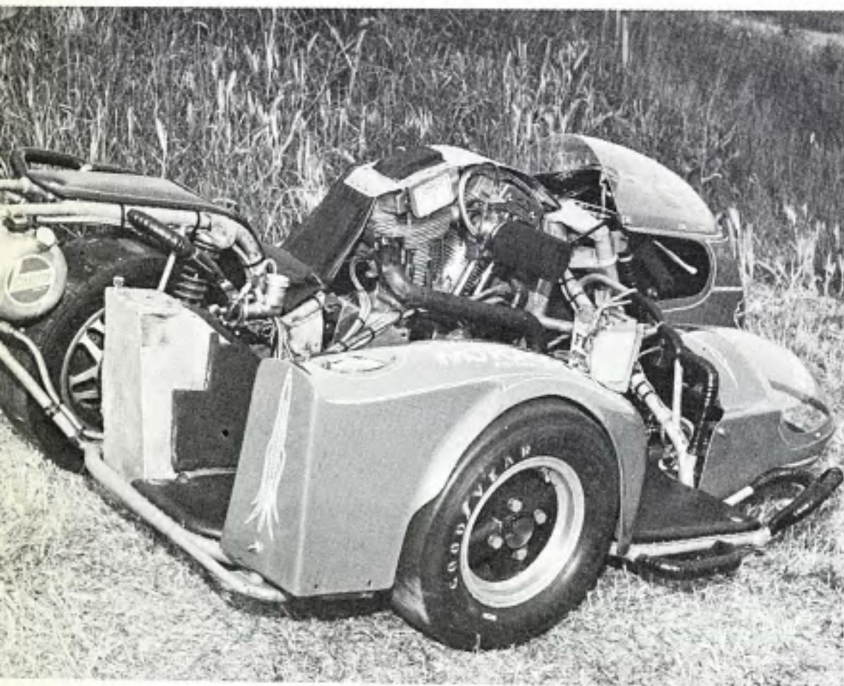
Allstaedt started the project when he picked up the engine at a swap meet for \$500. He gave extra strength to the busted transmission, put in Sifton #220 cams, reconverted the cases, added an XR-type dry clutch, and used a magnesium mini sump, quarter-mile gearing with a 22-tooth trans sprocket, and custom Sifton cylinders, along with XLR replica pipes from Cycle Shak. A lot of work, in other words. The mutha can move, no question.

—Butt Breath



Photos by Pete Chiodo





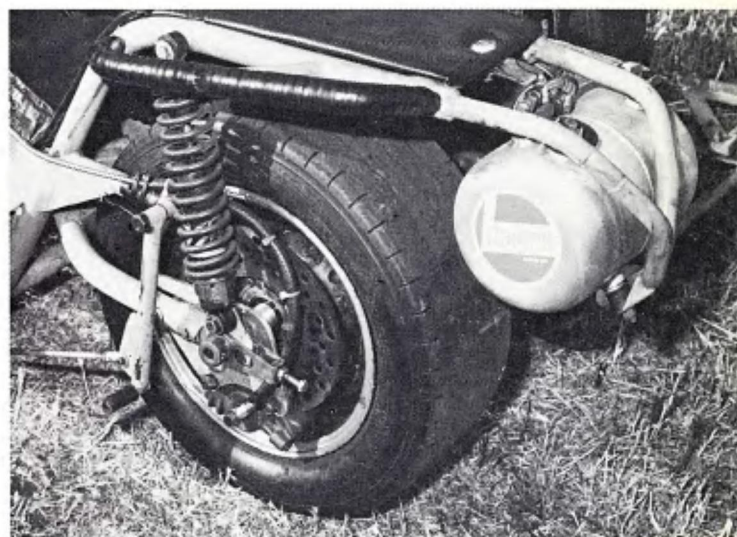
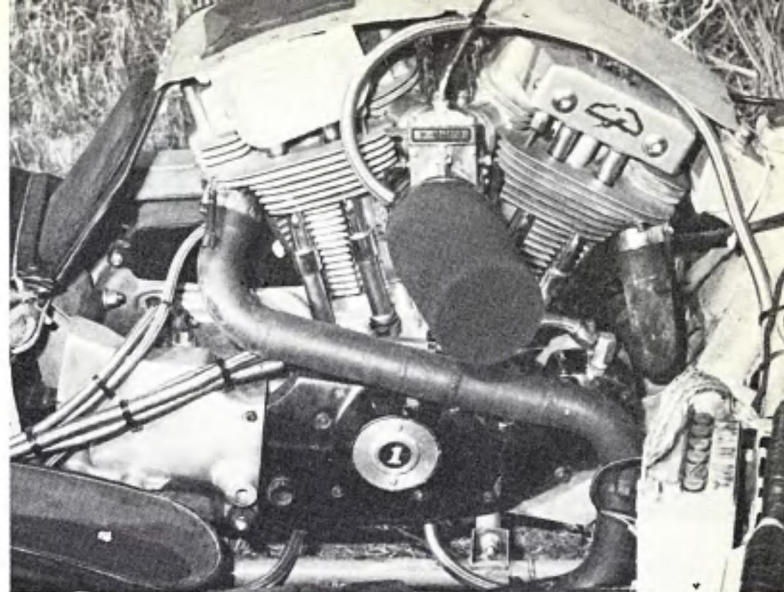
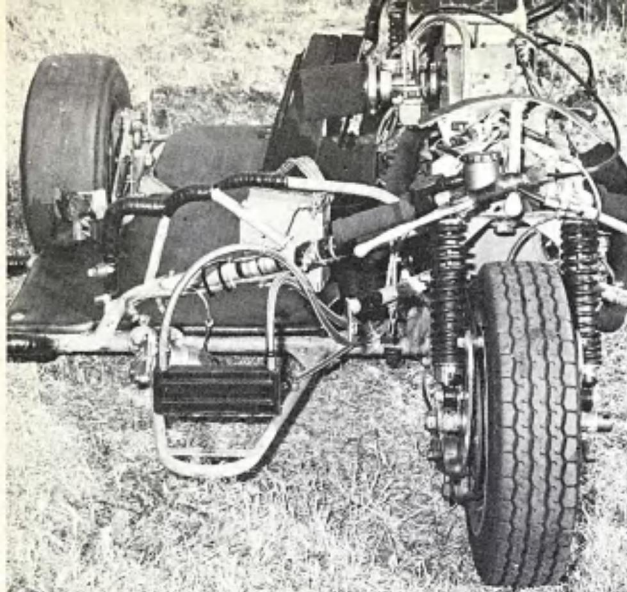
**Alan Spears, Newport Beach, California
1980 Harley-Davidson XLH**

The uses Harleys can be put to are apparently limitless. We've seen 'em as log cutters, boat engines, airplanes, even lawn mowers. A more traditional — yet still off the wall — application is the Harley side hack of Alan Spears. Alan and his monkey jam around the asphalt tracks on a specially modified and souped-up red fireball.

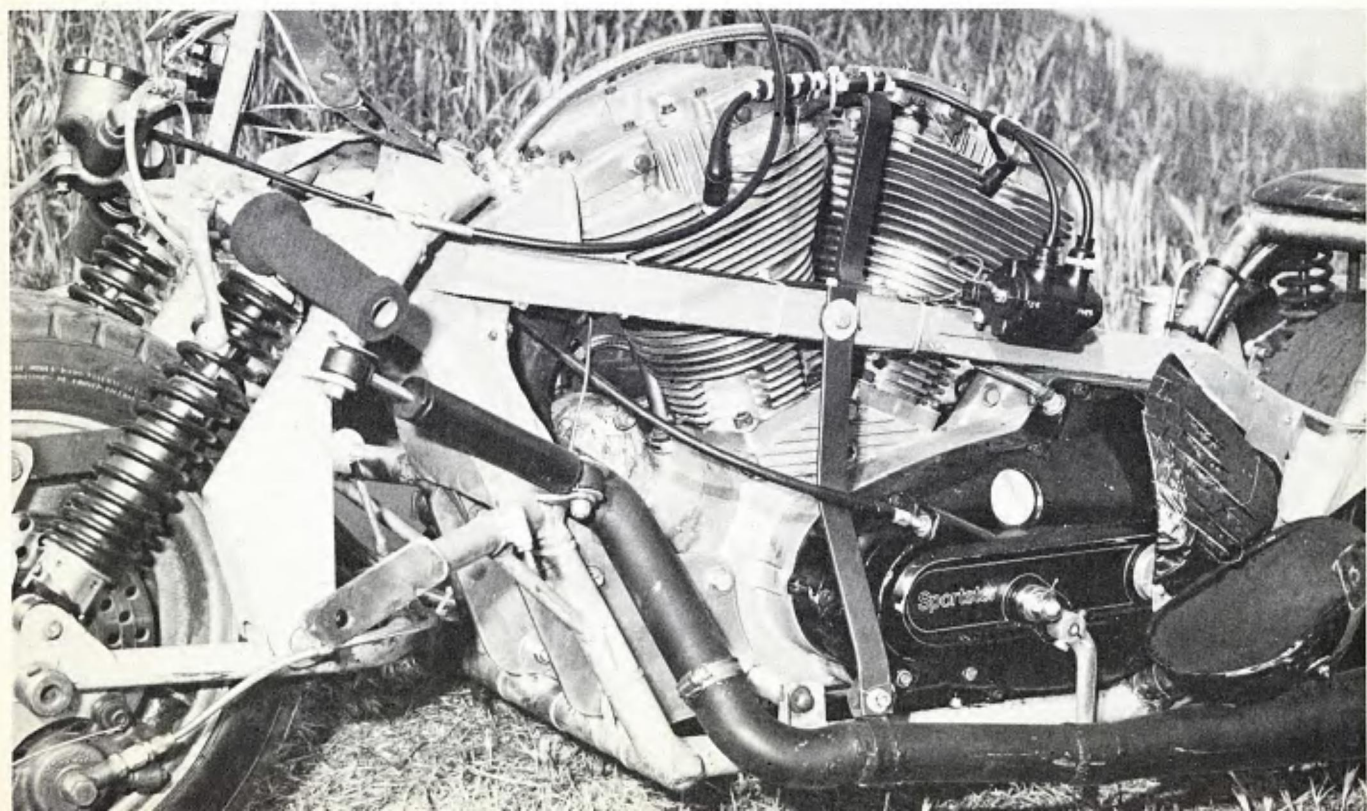
The Sportster-powered hack was rebuilt, fabricated, and assembled by Bob Amaral at Dale's Modern Cycles in San Bernardino. He's also the tuner. However, such specialized machinery had many experts involved in its crafting, including Michael Feddaman, the frame builder of the right-hand grand prix sidecar, and Bob Bakker, who worked on the engine's installation. Feddaman also was responsible for the forks and fenders.

Some of the other engine specs are as follows: Venolia pistons, Thunderheads, Sifton Barracuda cams, Lectron carb, Filko ignition, Uni air cleaner, and Jemco muffler. The 998cc engine has an S&S lower end that was balanced by Sig Nelson Automotive in San Bernardino.

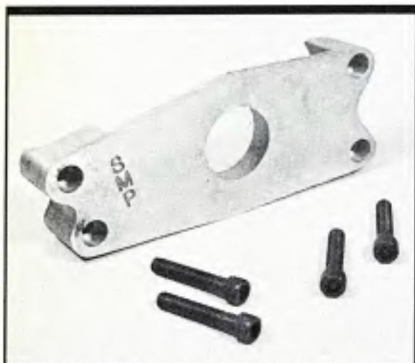
It's good to see Harleys being used in all types of competition. Good luck, Alan!
— Sparky



Photos by Pete Chiodo



PARTS BOX



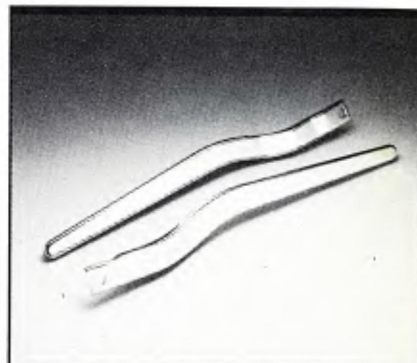
TRANNY BEARING SUPPORT

Dual belt-drive conversions require a transmission bearing support and Super Max has two styles available: the open primary and the shorter model that bolts inside the modified stock inner primary. And the news gets better, folks — no modification is required for Super Max dual drives, H-D factory-installed drives, and factory primary kits! Both of these little numbers come with four allen bolts and each unit retails for \$45. For additional info, write or call Super Max Products, Dept. ER, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. 213-516-0500.



FOOTPEGS

If it's custom, it oughta be *different* — and style oughta play as big a part as function. Gary Bang knows it and he's come up with some knockout footpegs that'll fit most Harley models made after 1951. Made of black closed-cell rubber with chrome ends, they not only complement the styling of many cushion grips on the market, but help reduce vibration — and the rubber composition is designed to prevent the cover from peeling and tearing. Check 'em out at any authorized Gary Bang dealer and don't forget to say that *Easyriders* sent you.

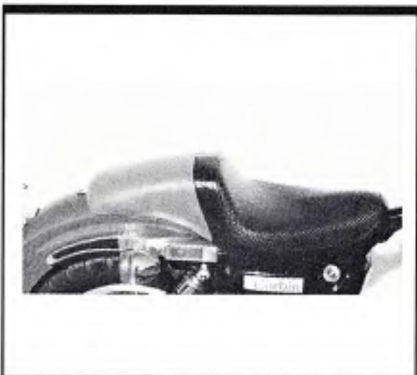


FENDER STRUTS

Chrome is something these folks know backwards and forwards and now they've put their expertise to work on internal-mounting fender struts. That's right, Custom Chrome's got the goodies that'll let ya install your rear fender entirely from the backside, eliminating external mounting holes and hardware. Available for '72-'85 FXs (p/n 28-701), '58-'84 FLs (p/n 28-702), '80-'85 FXWGs (p/n 28-703), and '54-'78 XLs (p/n 28-704). For complete lowdown, write or call Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. 415-778-0500.

SADDLE

Riders who aren't into packing anyone with 'em could look a real long time before finding a seat that's anywhere near as classy as Mike Corbin's Gunfighter. Featuring a fibertech base plate, steel nose clip, cast urethane space foam, and covered with genuine hand-sewn Naugahyde, this is a butt rest even your hemorrhoids can respect. (Mike's a real understanding guy, but try not to let your slobbering lust render ya incoherent when you write him for further info.) Contact Mike Corbin, Dept. ER, 123-C Lee Rd., Box 1562, Watsonville, CA 95077-1562.



OIL COOLER

If high performance is one of your major interests, this all-aluminum oil cooler oughta get your pulse pounding. Pressure-tested at 200psi, the kit consists of 7 rows of shallow tubes with internal turbulators separated by pleated heat dissipators, 8 feet of 3/8-in. reinforced oil line with threaded brass ends, and polished aluminum brackets. Made to mount under the neck up front on all H-Ds; bracket modification will also adapt them to other bikes. Choose from all-black aircraft epoxy polyimide or black grill with polished outer housing, retailing at \$110 and \$125 respectively. Pag Bros. Cycles, Dept. ER, 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa, CA 92627. 714-650-9016.



WATER INJECTION SYSTEM

Got a little problem with detonation? Want to claim more hp from the low-octane bilge that chauffeur-driven bureaucrats have stuck us with? Got \$179 burnin' a hole in your pocket? Meet MB Products water injection system for Harleys. Injecting a controlled amount of water during the induction phase cools the charge before ignition and keeps it cool during compression. The water absorbs the heat and turns into steam, which in turn cleans the combustion chamber and plugs of carbon, while preventing ignition prior to the plugs firing. MB Products, Dept. ER, 1200 Dragon Man Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909.

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

Time to catch up on a bunch of late-1985 court decisions affecting you bros and sisters behind bars.

Wedding Bells

A federal appeals court has tossed out Missouri prison regulations restricting the right of inmates to marry while locked down.

Calling the freedom to get hitched "a fundamental human right," the appeals court ruled that prison officials were illegally denying inmates at the state's two prisons for women permission to marry unless they were pregnant.

"It is well settled that the decision to enter into a marital relationship is a fundamental human right," the court ruled. "Thus we hold that an inmate's decision to marry is a fundamental right protected by the Constitution."

Since it declared the whole concept of regulating prisoners' rights to marry unconstitutional, the appeals court's decision is expected to apply to Missouri's male inmates as well as its female inmates.

Pass The Potatoes

A U.S. district court has ruled that the Idaho State Correctional Institute has been unconstitutionally operated and ordered officials to upgrade treatment of prisoners — particularly in the areas of clothing and medical care.

Evidence gathered during hearings on a class-action suit filed by inmates showed that the 1100-man prison employed no full-time doctor and that the entire medical program at the facility was administered by one registered nurse, one licensed assistant, and a manager.

Furthermore, the court found, inmates needing medical attention were required to petition for it by filling out a written form (many of which were ignored) requesting treatment.

Also unconstitutional, the court ruled, was the prison's policy of dressing inmates in tattered, ripped uniforms purchased from an airline's scrap bin. The lightweight cot-



Illustration by B. Frankie Decker

ton suits were judged to offer little or no protection from the frequently bitter-cold temperatures in the prison.

The court also criticized prison administrators for providing virtually no psychiatric care for mentally ill prisoners and no screening or evaluation for prisoners entering the institution.

Balla v. Idaho Board of Corrections, 595 F. Supp. 1558 (D. Idaho 1984)

Judicial Nose

A judge in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, became so irate about having to pass sentence on "stinking" prisoners that she ordered the county sheriff to "see to it that all prisoners are bathed prior to their appearance in court."

Apparently unimpressed, the sheriff did not immediately rush out and immerse his charges in the cleansing waves of the Atlantic Ocean or the Inland Waterway.

"I would love to make them smell pretty for the judge," Broward

County Sheriff Nick Navarro said, "but I don't know how you can force people to take a bath."

"There's no law against BO."

Comfort For Rugrats

A convict aid organization called Prison Match has issued a booklet especially designed for rugrats with one or both parents locked down.

Called *I Know How You Feel, Because It Happened to Me*, the volume is compiled from the experiences of 10 kids whose parents were incarcerated. According to its publishers, the handbook can help kids deal with the problems of being kept away from their parents, being dumped on by other kids, etc., etc., by reassuring them that they aren't alone in facing that kind of shit.

Copies of the handbook cost \$3.50 and can be gotten through the mail from Prison Match, 1515 Webster St. #403, Oakland, CA 94612.

Pay and Pay and Pay

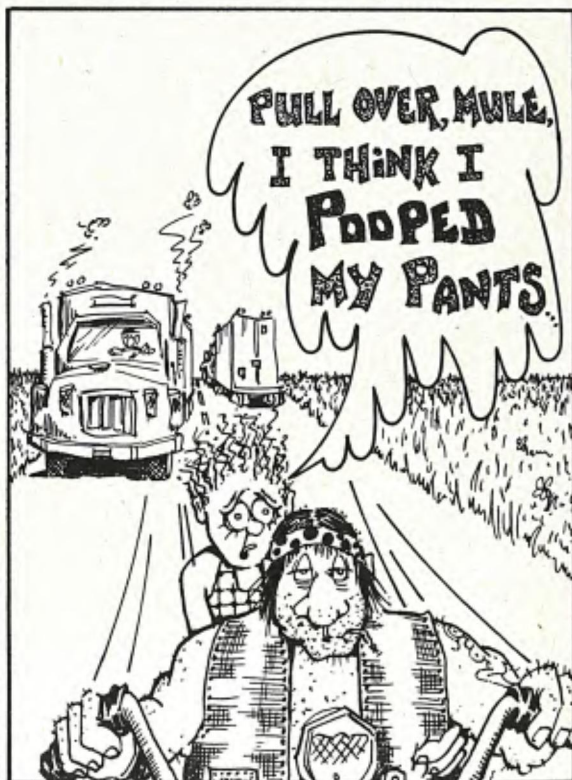
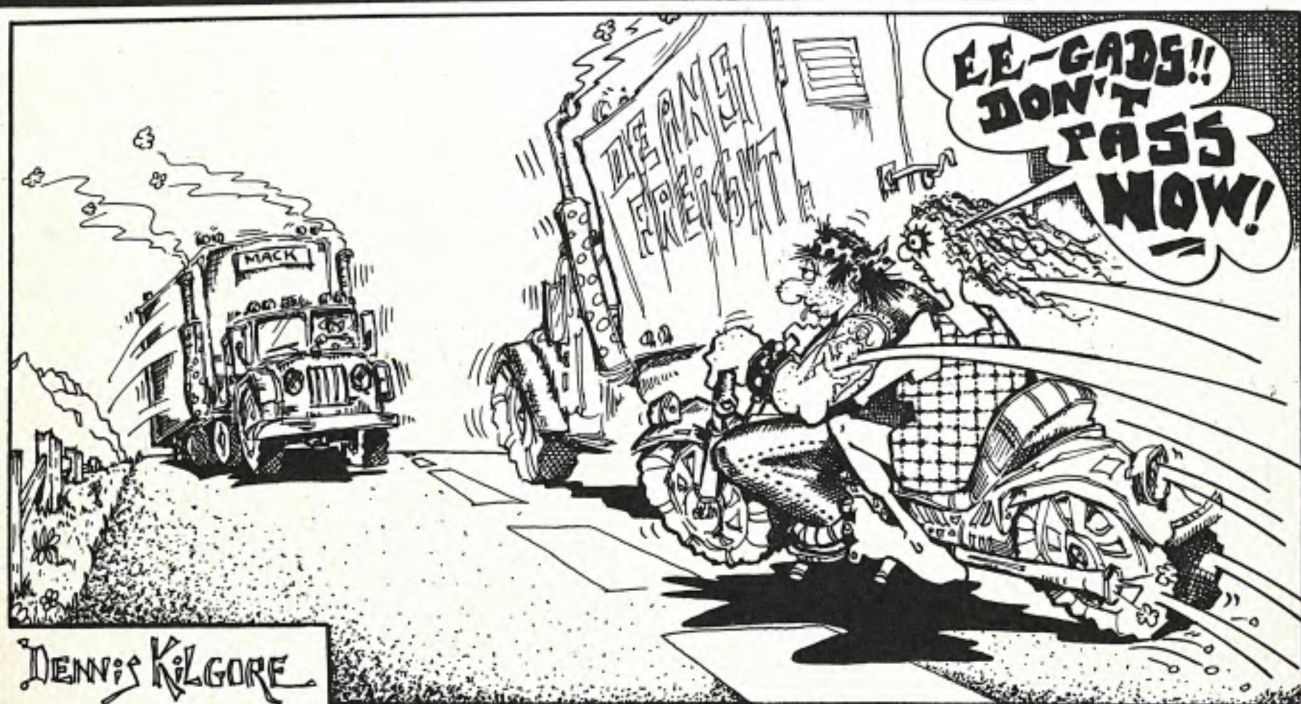
A court of appeals in Maryland has overturned a lower court ruling requiring a convict to pay restitution to someone he hadn't been convicted of robbing.

Under Maryland law, judges may order restitution to victims, in addition to other penalties, such as fines, prison time, or probation. In the case before the appeals court, the sentencing judge had put the perpetrator on probation and ordered him to pay restitution to two armed-robbery victims. The catch was that the dude had been convicted in only one of the cases.

In throwing out the order of restitution for the second victim, the appeals court said that sentencing judges were not allowed to order restitution in cases where they were otherwise unable to order punishment. In other words, since the judge obviously couldn't sentence the defendant for a crime he hadn't been convicted of committing, he couldn't order him to pay restitution either. *Walczak v. State*, 37 CrL 2038 (MD., CT. App., No. 32, 1985)

Continued on page 112

MULE ^{AN'} HIS OL' LADY



GASKETS GALORE!

By Bright Eyes

Pesky little varmints and completely indispensable to keepin' your sled's body and soul together, these buggers enjoy a worldwide reputation for always wandering off just when you're about to put 'em where they belong — which isn't under that empty beer can where they inevitably turn up. Maybe you'll have better luck at locating 'em within this word search puzzle. Don't count on it, though.

Somewhere in this jumble of letters are 20 necessities

of mechanical life. Some read up, some read down, some read forward, a few read backward, and we're not tellin' how many — if any — overlap, at least not on this page. Whenever you've got the puzzle licked (or you're ready to admit defeat), turn to page 111 to see what's where. Want us to start ya out with a helpful suggestion? None of the words hidden in this puzzle can be found under a beer can, so don't waste your time lookin' there!

Cylinder Head

Cylinder Base

Oil Seal

R.E. Cover

Rear Intake Cover

Pushrod Cork
Washer

Tappet Guide

Gear Cover

Oil Pump Body

Oil Pump Cover

Carburetor Bowl
Lock Nut

Carburetor Bowl
Cover

Intake Pipe

Generator and
Crankcase

Spark Plug

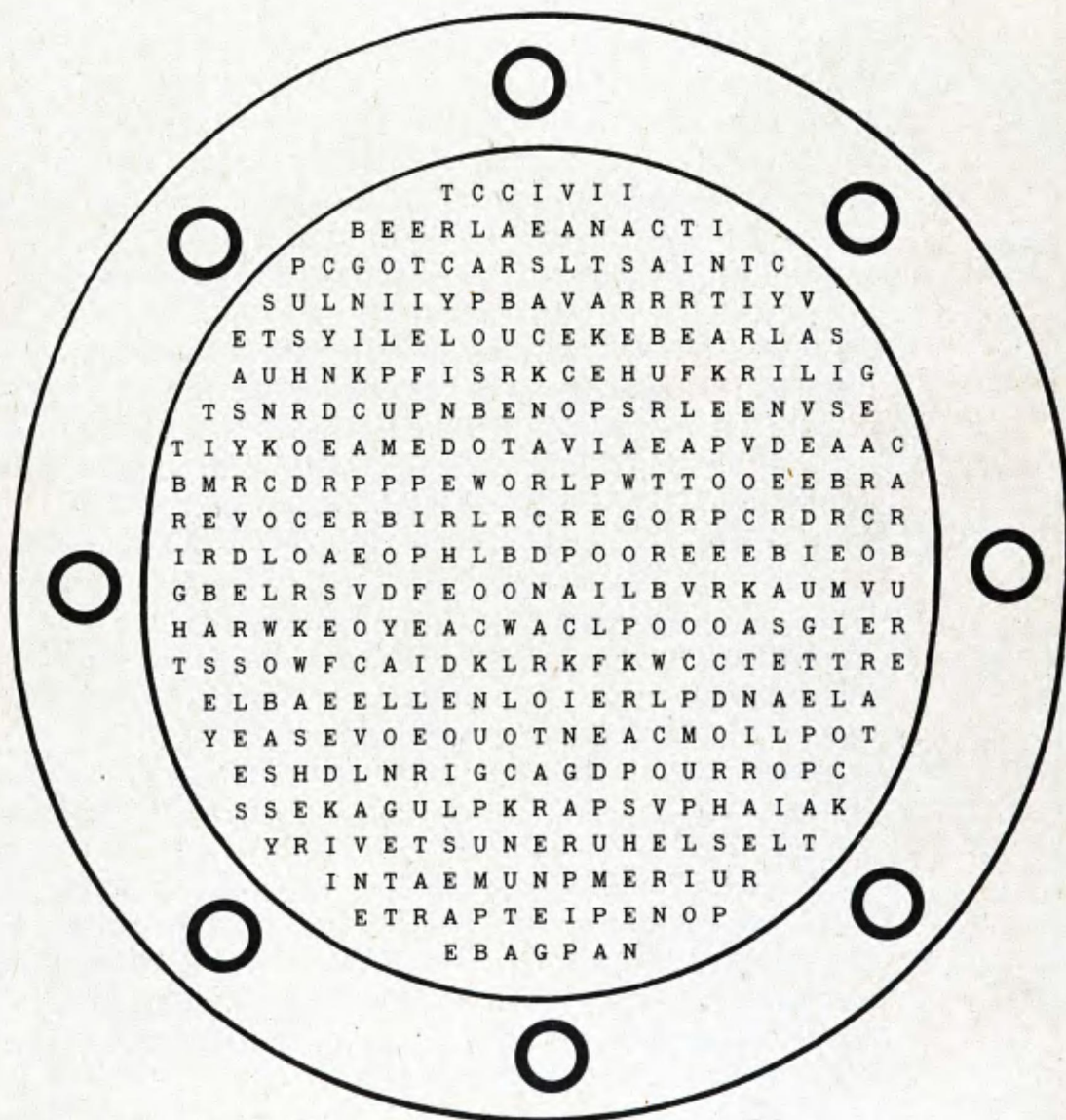
Timer Base

Oil Feed Pump

Relief Pipe

Valve Cover
Packing

Bowl Lock Nut



PTSD Hits Home

In the newspaper business, the absence of regular columnists is generally explained by one brisk sentence: So-and-so is on vacation until the first of the month. Regrettably, this announcement isn't about Sarge being on holiday. It seems somehow absurdly ironic that the man who did such an outstanding job with his special series on PTSD should now find himself once again victimized by that disorder. But irony doesn't weigh very heavy in the balance against pain, both physical and emotional, against the heavy-duty trauma of unbearably intense flashbacks, against the abrupt downward spiral life takes when the organism tries to erect a barricade of drugs and booze to protect it from a 24-hour-a-day nightmare. Fortunately, Sarge is a man intelligent enough to take his own advice. Once he realized what was going on, that he wasn't simply caught up in one of those temporary down periods we all occasionally fall into, he sought help. As of the moment, he's checked into a hospital for detoxification, after which he'll transfer to a residential-care facility exclusively for PTSD victims. We're tremendously proud of the man for taking that extremely difficult first step, for getting past all the initial tendencies to reject the truth and struggle on alone in the impossible role of Superman. We're no less proud of him for wanting us to let you know what was happening. On the eve of his hospitalization, his concern was for you, his brothers and sisters, and his hope was that by taking all of us into his confidence, fellow PTSD sufferers would be encouraged to follow his example and take their own first steps toward recovery. Please join us in wishing him Godspeed on his "working vacation." We're looking forward to having him back real soon.

—The Editors

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.

W/m needs companion. Everyone needs someone — no exceptions here. Will answer all. Michael Bradshaw 150121, Box 900 (3A-32), Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Born under a bad sign, w/m, 25, 5'11", needs letters and pictures to help pass the time. Looking at '89. Bill Cooley 127840, Box G, Enfield, CT 06082.

1%er downed by the feds. Hope to be out in '86. I'm looking for a righteous lady to help share this time with letters and pix. Write now; you never know what the future might hold in store for us. Paul Cancro 02307-018, Box 1000, Petersburg, VA 23804.

Muscular scooter tramp seeks flicks and scribes from nymphs, 18-25, who'll help me through the Man's hell. Been down since '81 and just caught five more. Possible parole in '87. I'm 21, 6'1", 190 lbs., with blondish-brown hair and blue eyes. Send flicks (no Polaroids). Jeffrey Miller 124-469, Box 56, LCI, Lebanon, OH 45036.

They picked me from a hat, now it's up to you to pick me from this page. Behind these words, I exist; while you read them, I wait — alone. I need a good-bad woman (experience preferred), 20-40, and sharp. Can be brother or lover or both. Write me, I'm real, 30, 6', strong and lean with blond hair and blue eyes. Jeff Mitchell 038993, Fla. State Prison T-1-S-1, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

W/m, 25, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown and blue, in desperate need of letters and flicks from caring chicks. Will answer all. Ken Nugent, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458.

Kinky, sly ladies: Trip out for free with a note to me. Blondish-brown, blue-eyed devil, 175 lbs., 6'1", needs a boost. Berry Jameson, Box C88511, Represa, CA 95671.

White bro, 29, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair and eyes, doing a lifeterm, looking to do 1-3 more before parole, seeking chicks, 18-40, for that special ol' lady who'll be there when I get out. Send photo, if possible. James L. Cannon, Box 129759, C-2-11/3, Reidsville, GA 30499.

W/m, 30, 6', 172 lbs., blond with blues, completely tattooed, up for parole 8/86, looking for a woman to love, share, and ride in the wind with. Kids okay. Houston born and raised; will relocate if it's right. Randy E. Lenamond 375157, 5-Dorm, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

California white boy, veteran, 27, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, likes heavy metal, outdoors, partying, smokes, drinks (but is athletic). Doing five on chain gang. I need mail (white ladies only). Greg K. Cobbett, EF177570, Rivers East/Dorm 14, Box 1500, Hardwick, GA 31034.

W/m seeks hot letters and pix from women, 25-40. Will answer all, especially those with brown or black hair. I'm 30, with brown hair, blue eyes, and I'm a Libra. P.A. Caristo 26321, Box 1059-1-B-G, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Lonely w/m doing time till '88. I'm 6', 27, 190 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes, and in need of a lady to write and send pictures. I'm in great shape and love to exercise in all forms and I seek the same in a lady. Any race and any age to 35. Will answer all. Kerry Lenz 134351, Box 10, Stillwater, MN 55082.

W/m, 24, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'1", well-built, loves to play guitar and give free moustache rides for hours. Be out in '89. Flicks for flicks. Frank Tomasek 164518, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Need new friends this year. Bruce Franzen 18817, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702.

W/m, looking for ladies who like to get laid. I'm 22 and too much for ladies in this small town. William Neal Anderson 4Q2-1812, Garnett Ave. Lot #2, Glasgow, KY 42141.

Help! Send me a kite and let me know I'm still alive. W/m, 23, 6', 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, Capricorn, maniac from Maine doing a nickel in the land of Oz. All letters answered. No games, please. Michael Wade Mundon 39170, KSPMSF, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Proud 'wood, 23, 6'1", 200 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, lookin' for a fine-ass woman willin' to take care of things. Please write, send photos, and visit. John Tisor, D16679, CTF-C, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 23, 5'11", 170 lbs., blond, tacked back, been down for three, eight months to go, would love to hear from fine, sexy ladies. Please, no head games. Paul Peterson, C64768, CTF-C, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

For sale, lease, or rent: Two white boys in need of some TLC. We'd like to hear from honeys, inside or out. Age unimportant. Your pix get ours. Overseas welcome. Roger Folk 174-713 (age 26), and John Menah 175-692 (age 21). MCTC, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 27, 5'9", 175 lbs., lonely, needs mail from ladies, 18-40, race not important. It's hard enough doing time, but harder without a loving lady to correspond with. Can't wait to get my H-D out, wipe her dust off, and cruise. Peter Catsam, Sullivan Cty. HOC, Rt. 1, Claremont, NH 03743. Pictures, please. Will answer all (no fatties).

Wanted: Dirty-minded house mouse to care for lonely scooter tramp who's 23, with long brown hair and hazel eyes, 5'6", 130 lbs. I love to get in the wind, party, fuck, and whisper sweet nothings. If you're interested, fly me a kite and photo. Wesley Benoit C99901, A-308, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Two fine-looking SoCal gangsterettes are for real and there ain't no shame in our game. If you're buffed, tacked back, man enough to handle us, and own a Hog, send flicks of your fine self and we'll do the same. Stephanie Padilla, W-22561, LB-337L (31, long dark hair, brown eyes, 5'6", 120 lbs.); and Tammy Prior, W-22116, LB-308U (25, blonde hair, green eyes, 5'5", 120 lbs.). CIW, Frontera, CA 91720.

Blond hair and blue-green eyes, 32 years on a 6'3" frame weighing in at 220 with more tacks than the law allows, would love to hear from ladies, 18-60, blind, deaf or dumb. Kevin Whisenhunt 15787A PV, NSP, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

Trying to contact my ol' pals from San Jose, Santa Cruz Mountains, and the joints in California, or anyone else who wants to write. Prison mail welcome. Billy Garrett 281980, Box 900, IMU, Shelton, WA 98548.

White bro, tattoo artist, 100% outlaw, needs TLC through letters and flicks from some ladies out there. Age and looks make no difference. I'm 23, 5'6", 135 lbs., long brown hair and brown eyes. Tattooed down. Brian Bays 39156, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Weight lifter, 6'9", 334 lbs., solid muscles, handsome, black eyes (French and Indian mixture), seeks dedicated woman who loves to love and loves to take care of precious jewels like me. Marion Jones 143-125, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Cherokee Indian, 31, 5'9", 163 lbs., seeks sincere, open woman for love. Age doesn't matter. Charles King 169-383, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Hey, now, we're the ones your mama warned you about. Sure could use some company from you lonely ladies out there. Johnny Carl Heiser 291086, and Timothy L. Miller 352121, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Help! We're drowning and the only thing that will save us is hearing from some men. Will respond to all mail and would appreciate pictures. Marie Mulrenan 167624 (age 35), Lori Riddle 176580 (age 28), Jodi Melvin 156023 (age 26), and Lisa Bledsoe 17694. 38 Fourth St. (F-Unit), Coldwater, MI 49036.

Searching for a very crazy and honest young woman, a sensual woman from the free world, who'd find it a pleasure to share a meaningful relationship with me. I have long brown hair, brown eyes, am 31, 5'11" and 185 lbs. George H. Cleaver 75014, KSP, Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038.

W/m, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, college-educated, needs sincere, honest ladies to share letters and photos and help me ride this storm. Will answer all with photos first. Michael Kelley, Box 41-27198, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Two featherwoods, both fine, tall, long-legged and strong-hearted, due to rise in '86, would love to hear from any and all righteous scooter tramps. Flick for flick. Kerry Delmark 21323 (age 25), and Jaki Karnes 22382 (age 19). CIW-MB, Frontera, CA 91720.

Been down since '79; out in '87. I'm a 6', 200-lb., tattooed-back, iron-pumping Aryan barbarian with emerald-green eyes. Free moustache rides to all Aryan princesses, so cum on, drop a honky a line. Alan Von Krueger, N-02588, Box 500, Hillsboro, IL 62049.

Two white tramps looking for righteous ol' ladies. Will answer all. Send pix. Webb Shanklin, Box 37241; and Tony W. Danoun, Box 48554, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

Bro, 25, 5'11", back on the highway soon, lookin' for scooter babes to help pass this time away. Answer all; those with flicks first. Glen Westover, B-96241 (X-134), Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

W/m, 38 (looks 28), brown hair, blue eyes, 6'1", 190 lbs., been down 7 years, only 18 more months to go. Want to correspond and get a little reality from some ladies — no games, no plastic relationships, want something real. Joseph Carl Wagner 58042, Unit 29-L, Parchman, MS 38738.

W/m, 38, 6'2", 250 lbs., out in mid-'86, wants to hear from ladies who like to ride and aren't into head games. Ol' lady split scene. Send flicks; will answer all. John R. Beale 09909-075, FCI Box 888, Ashland, KY 41011.

W/m, 27, brown hair, brown eyes, 6', 160 lbs. Look, I need a lady. I have 1 1/2 years to parole, and I need help to get me there. Eugene Cauley 139187, Box 40, Atmore, AL 36503.

Artistic winged Scorpio needs a chicky-chick. Be creative — write. Jonnie Kruedsen 122381, Box 10, Stillwater, MN 55082.

White Scorpio with lots of tattoos, 37, 5'11", 165 lbs., has 18 more months in federal prison, would like some letters from chicks. Will answer all. Looking for a long-term relationship. James Redmond 03277-045, Box 1000, Seagoville, TX 75159.

Being held captive by the power freaks. Ladies, I need to hear from you — been shut down too long. I'm 5'4", 138 lbs., with brown eyes, blond hair. Jerry Kilian 046667, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Downed tattoo artist, hardcore tramp, long brown hair, baby-blue eyes, getting short, needs letters and flicks from any female. No fags or head games. Phone number, if possible. Albert Kibodeaux 99267, Camp-C-Bear 4, Angola, LA 70712.

Took a fall and lost it all. Leo, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, lookin' for a lady wishing to correspond and/or visit. I'm into art, love the great outdoors, and get off on riding free. Answer all; flicks appreciated. Troy E. Yardley 33322 (B-306), KSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely and would love to hear from ladies of all ages. Send photos. I'm 6'2", 245 lbs., brown hair and beard, blue eyes. I'll answer all letters. Walter Kenney, 119 Mallison St., S. Windham, ME 04082.

Free: One wild, daring, lovable, fun, semi-kinky, exciting, exotic male. Tell your dreams to me — fantasy will set you free. Part lover/part warrior, 27, 6', 170 well-toned pounds, long brown mane, short beard, green eyes. Will answer all; photo for photo. Al Crement, Box 150 Rt. 47, Delmont, NJ 08314.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

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

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 3028 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
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
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia

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
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis

GEORGIA

Big John's Cycles Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Countryside Cycle 1308 Suydam Rd., Sandwich

INDIANA

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

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS

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

LOUISIANA

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

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

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
United Motorcycle Chrome Exchange 1956 Portage St., Kalamazoo

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Milwaukee Iron 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack

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

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Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

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Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin

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J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop 117 Business North, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia

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The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
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Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua
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Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston

TENNESSEE

Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colbeck H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
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East Bay American MC 112 E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Harleys Only 1264 W. Arkansas Ave., Arlington

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
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74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumble Weed Customs 1001 Summit St.-Unit 3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA

Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne

WISCONSIN

Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

Interview

Continued from page 17

accidents during the compulsory helmet-law reinstatement period.

ER: That's Louisiana. In Minnesota, when they repealed the mandatory helmet law in 1975, the number of fatalities per 10,000 registered motorcycles went down and stayed down. In 1985, ten years after repeal, the figure was three deaths per 10,000, as opposed to six per 10,000 in the last year of the helmet law. That's slicing the number of deaths in half.

TERRY: Other things could have happened besides that [helmet law repeal].

ER: That's true. It's equally true in Louisiana.

TERRY: Plus, those things, you can't use — they tell me, I'm not a researcher — you can't use that unless you set it aside like in Louisiana. A ten-year period, fine, normally that's fine, except, Jesus, all kinds of things. . . They changed the speed-limit law for one thing [untrue, it went down in '73], or they started using radar actually, Minnesota state police adopted radar in the '60s, or they started doing other things that impact on fatalities.

ER: One of the major factors may have been a decline in the number of accidents because of the elimination of collisions caused by helmets, by the decreased vision and hearing they're responsible for, and the heat and fatigue they cause.

Dr. Alexander MacKenzie, a medical doctor and statistician, analyzed accident figures for every state in the union for five years after the helmet-law-repeal movement started. The accident rate per million motorcycles was significantly higher in the states with helmet laws, while the fatality rate was only very slightly lower.

In fact, MacKenzie found that your chances of having an accident in a helmet law state were 15.74 times higher and your chances of surviving that accident were only 8/10 of one percent lower. In other words, he says each additional death in the repeal states is balanced against 691 additional accidents in the others.

FLOYD: Let's even quit worrying about that. Like I say, if you want to go out and bash your head, you should guarantee to me you're going to be of no cost to any taxpayer in the state.

Okay, so I've got, one, a 19-year-old male and [he's in] the UC Davis Medical Center for trauma. A 19-year-old male. Multiple fractures, a head injury, neurologic injuries requiring repeated operations, acute hospitalizations of 74 days, no insurance. Medical costs, \$62,481. Two, a 25-year-old male. Head injuries, multiple fractures, abdominal trauma. The whole enchilada here. Medical costs, \$32,772. A 33-year-old male, skull injuries, fractures, 49 days hospitalization, no insurance. Medical costs, \$39,024.

Now these might have cost us \$20,000 if they'd had hats on. Who knows?

Twenty-three-year-old male, head injuries, multiple fractures, acute hospitalization 26 days, no insurance; medical costs, \$41,699. Twenty-eight-year-old male, head injuries, multi-fractures, acute hospitalization 36 days, no insurance; medical costs, \$34,526.

Now if they had guaranteed to die right there, it probably wouldn't have cost us except to pick them up and drop them off somewhere.

ER: Assume that it's reasonable not to expect people who get hurt to become a financial burden to the state. That has nothing to do with helmets. Why not require mandatory medical insurance?

FLOYD: Ha, ha, ha, ha. Let me tell you, you riders would sure as shit rather wear a hat than have mandatory insurance.

ER: It might be cheaper.

FLOYD: Goddamn right, plus most of them are uninsurable.

ER: But it wouldn't be cheaper for the taxpayers, because riders are going to get injured whether they're wearing a helmet or not. A helmet doesn't keep you from getting hurt.

FLOYD: Nobody says it does. Nobody in the world can tell me that when you get off, that you're not going to bang your head. And when you do bang your head, nine times out of ten you're going to have some injury there.

ER: All the evidence shows, and the federal Department of Transportation admits, that if you hit your head at anything above crawl speeds, you sustain head injury regardless of whether or not you're wearing a helmet.

I don't mean to be facetious, but if you seriously feel that the best solution to the cost problem would be for accident victims to immediately die, you should be against helmets. A lot more people who run into a car head-first, or land head-first on the pavement, are going to die and not cost the state any money if they're bare-headed instead of in a helmet. The helmet might possibly mitigate the injuries just enough to turn them into very expensive vegetables.

FLOYD: I'm talking about the guy that gets knocked off and really has no other injuries except the head injuries. I mean, he's not riding out on an open road all the time with a dirt shoulder where he's got all kinds of chances. He's on a freeway, he hits a divider, he hits the street, he hits a curb. Those things are very unforgiving, and there ain't no room to tuck in and roll.

I'm looking at several people who are left after somebody buys it. Like the one lady said, you know, the only injury her son had was a head injury. She also said he was not a wild kid, he was a law-abiding kid. If the law required a helmet, he'd have had a helmet. And in that particular instance he would have made it.

ER: Most people who die in motorcycle accidents don't die because of broken legs or chest injuries. They die of head injuries and there are plenty of deaths in states with helmet laws — they still get skull fractures, maybe more than in states without such laws.

In 1985 the California Highway Patrol released statistics showing that 2.7 out of every 100 motorcycle riders involved in accidents in California die. In states with helmet laws, the CHP said, there are 3.1 fatalities per 100 accidents.

FLOYD: These are highway patrol figures?

ER: Yes.

TERRY: The highway patrol told you that?

ER: They didn't tell me that personally, it was just one of a large number of highway statistics they released to the *Los Angeles Times* and other members of the media.

TERRY: We killed 2203 people in the last reported year; that figures out about right. But this comparison with helmet law states that have higher fatality rates, they told you that?

ER: It's not anything they told me personally. It's a published report. I'd be happy to send you a copy of it.

FLOYD: I'd like to see that.

ER: That's not an isolated statistic.

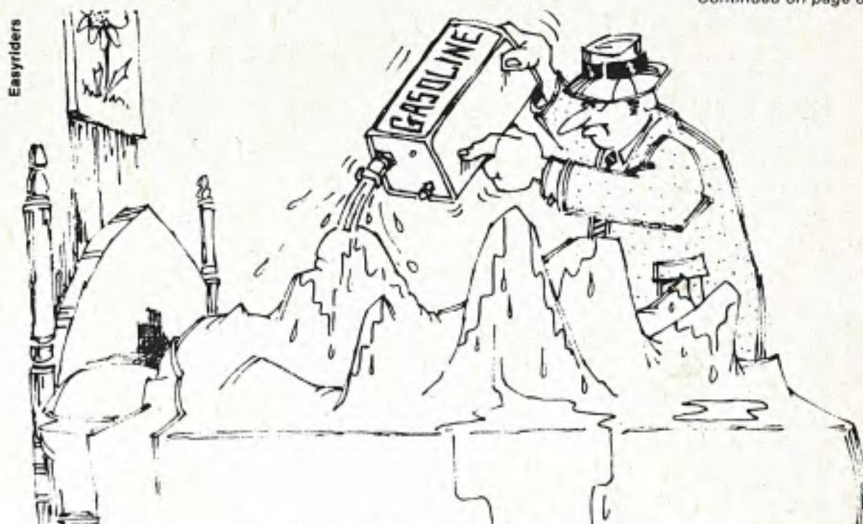
TERRY: In other words, the highway patrol is saying that, based on their research, that if you have a helmet law —

FLOYD: You're better off without a helmet.

ER: I don't think they're saying that. Politically, I don't think any highway patrol commander would dare say it. They're simply presenting the statistics.

FLOYD: But that's what the statistics say. The statistic says you have a better chance of living through an accident without a helmet than you do with one.

Continued on page 86



"Relax, darling, Edgar isn't due home till morning. Besides, what's that got to do with the smell of gasoline?"

SERVICE MANUALS AND PARTS BOOKS

Old Friend

Continued from page 18

A.  **Qs & As**
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J.  **SPARE PARTS '50**
Parts lists, prices, and diagrams for 1940-1950 45-inch Harley bikes and Servi-cars. Complete lists down to the nuts and bolts.

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(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) K Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1926-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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sore from an ass-bustin' week, and smolderin' with that glorious fire a first paycheck lights in your pocket after a few idle weeks. If the scooters hadn't been sober that night, they never would have made it back to the motel.

Automatically he inventoried everything and everything as he walked to the far end of the bar and eased onto a stool with his back to the wall. The bartender looked up from the sink and came down to the end of the bar drying a glass.

"Hi, pal, what'll it be?"

"Shot 'n' a draft."

"You got it. Say, where's your buddy tonight?" The question earned the bartender a sudden indescribable look. "Oh, jeez, was that him I read about in the paper? Damn, I'm sorry, man. Here, this one's on the house."

After mumbling his thanks, he fixated on the amber and gold glasses in front of him, his thoughts seeking relief from the anguish. *Shit, if I could just talk to someone, it might help — but who? Odie was the one I always talked to. What the hell is the bartender's name? Mike? Yeah, Mike.*

He tossed back the shot and took a swallow of beer. "Yeah, man," he said, "that was him. Me and him go. . . went back. . . a long way. Still can't believe he's gone."

He drained the glass and nodded to Mike, who quickly set up another round before tendering his opinion. "I've always said motorcycles are just too dangerous. My cousin's boy got crippled up on one, and I had an uncle got killed on an Indian when I was in high school. No, sir, you'll never catch me on one. What a damn shame about your buddy."

"Yeah." The flood of things he'd wanted to say about Odie died in his throat. Mike didn't mean any harm, but he damn sure wasn't going to understand a thing about what a special person Odie was. When the silence stretched out, the bartender went back down the bar to his glass washing chores.

The door scraped open, revealing a halo of drizzle around the big orange light over the parking lot. A kid in a denim jacket came in stomping his shoes and shaking off his baseball cap. He took a seat two stools down from the big bearded man wearing the leather and ordered a Bud. After it arrived, and after he'd worked on it a while, intermittently glancing over at the big man, he finally got up the courage to speak. "That your motorcycle out front?"

The biker looked up at the kid, then around the bar at its few other patrons, none of whom appeared capable of counting two wheels, let alone piloting them. He looked back at the kid, who didn't seem to recognize a

Continued on page 82

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		3	40/50 Firecrackers - Br. 2,000 pcs., Case 16,000 pcs.	16.00	105.00				37	Two-Stage Silver Jet Spin Up - \$1.75 ea.	15.00	150.00	
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		26	Soiree	4.00	40.00				60	Black Snakes - 72 snakes \$2.00, 288 snakes \$6.00		2.00	
		27	News Transmitter	3.50	35.00						EACH	DOZ.	
		28	Kaleidoscope	3.50	35.00				61	No. 3 Assorted Colors Cone - 7" Fountain	.90	9.00	
		29	Garden-in-Spring	5.25	52.00				62	Jumbo Carnival Cone	1.75	18.00	
		30	96 shot Colored Pearl	8.00	80.00					Roman Candles	DOZ.	GROSS	
		31	48 shot Colored Pearl	3.50	35.00				63	Roman Candle - 5 shot	4.50	50.00	
		32	Box of 12 Festival Balls	12.00	120.00				64	Roman Candle - 8 shot	6.00	60.00	
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		35	Marching Cicada (61 4-inch firing tubes)	15.95	159.95				66	Mad Hornet Assortment Box - \$30.00 value	20.00	200.00	
									67	Black Hornet Assortment Box - \$40.00 value	25.00	250.00	
									68	Scott's Giant Family Bag - \$80.00 value	45.00	450.00	
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Old Friend

Continued from page 78

stupid question when he asked it, something he proved beyond any reasonable doubt with his next inquiry. "What kind is it?"

"Harleyfuckindavidson." Why now, on top of everything else, had God sent some well-meaning, inbred citizen to torment him? Fuck. Odie was always better at dealing with this kinda shit than I'll ever be. He'd just shine this fucker on with one of his wild, weird riffs and leave the poor bastard believin' we were really undercover agents from NASA, trackin' aliens who'd survived some hush-hush UFO crash in the desert. Patience. "Look," he added more calmly, "I'm sorry, but I got a lot on my mind."

"I can dig it," the kid responded, assuming an air of comradely sympathy. "I'm three payments behind on my car and it looks like we're gonna have another layoff at the end of the month. On top o' that, my girl's been buggin' me to get her a ring like one of her friends got. She keeps sayin' if I really loved her, I'd prove it. Heck, she seems to think I'm made of money!"

Patience, remember? Pinning his tongue to the bar with your Buck ain't gonna prove nothing. The kid just don't know any better. Like Odie used to always say, "You know damn well it's a miracle we survived our own ignorance. Just think about some o' the shit we did before we got old and treacherous, and don't be too quick to deal it out to some other fucker that's still learnin'."

The big man with the eyes that were old beyond their years stood up, drained his beer, tossed a crumpled fin on the bar, and turned to the kid. "Hey, kid, say thank you, Odie."

"What?"

"Say. Thank you, Odie."

"Why?"

"Just say it, all right?"

"Okay, man. Thank you, Odie."



"This is a lousy job, but it sure beats winding up as a seat cover!"

82

Easyriders

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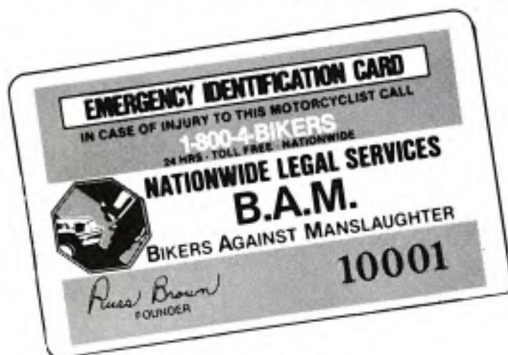
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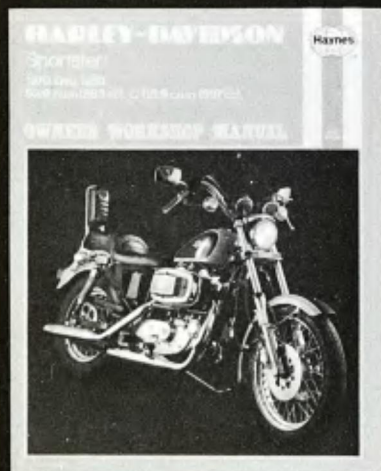
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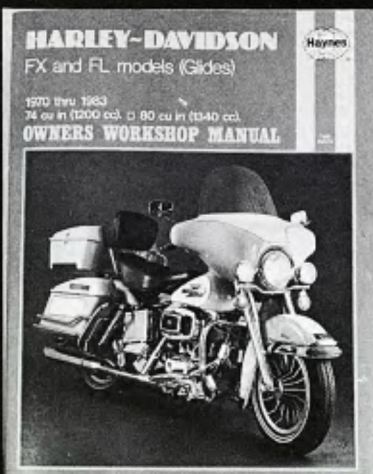
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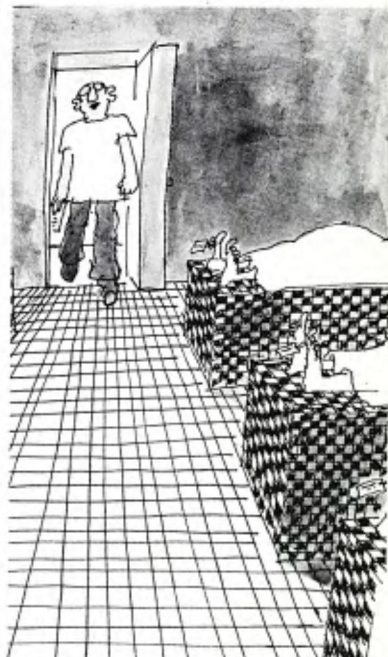
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The biker nodded, turned, and walked out of the bar, leaving the kid sitting there with a puzzled look on his face. The light drizzle had passed, leaving the pan glistening. He wiped off the seat with the edge of his hand, climbed on, and performed his starting ritual. Easing the Harley out onto the wet asphalt, he headed back to the motel feeling worse now than when he'd left. If there'd just been somebody to talk to back there. *If I could just tell somebody about that beautiful, crazy son of a bitch and how much I loved him.*

He had the sensation of somehow being on the edge of the universe, looking over the edge, as he guided the rumbling pan up to the porch railing of his "deluxe one-room cottage." Unlocking the door, he went inside, grabbed a couple of towels and came back out. Sitting down on the concrete step, he began to patiently wipe down the '64 FL, each scratch reminding him of some adventure they'd had together. Each part had a story to tell of being scrounged from piles of junk in the back of some shop or of being won through steely-eyed haggling with a grinning tramp at a swap meet. He thought of all the times she'd made him cuss, and all the times she'd made him feel like he could "grab the world in a love embrace... and explode into space."

"Guess now that Odie's gone, you're my best friend," he said softly. A slight smile came over his face as he said this, even though tears welled up in his eyes. He went back inside and got two beers out of the fridge. Sitting back down on the step, he opened them and set one down by the bike.

"Let me tell you about this really beautiful fucker..." ■



"Good morning, every body!"

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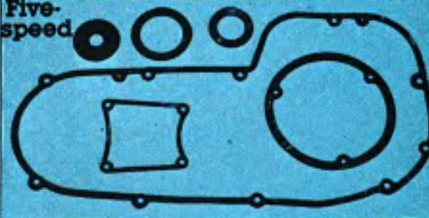
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Interview

Continued from page 77

I have to tell you, I really have to see that because that's pure bullshit.

ER: I'll certainly send it to you. You know, other statistics that have been gathered by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation — which is not an anti-helmet or radical group — from all over the country show that consistently, for the past three or four years, the four states that have had the fewest number of fatalities per 100 accidents each year are Iowa, Wisconsin, South Dakota, and Kansas, none of which require helmets for adults.

TERRY: How many miles [sic] can you ride in Kansas or Montana, about two or three months? How many vehicles do they have?

ER: That's not relevant. The statistics are for fatalities-per-100-accidents. If they have a short riding season or fewer bikes, they'll have less accidents, but the relationship between fatalities and accidents remains the same.

Look, there's no question that in some accidents a helmet can save a person's life. The problem is that there's a lot of evidence that in other accidents it can take a person's life. There are, for example, British studies that show that many deaths of riders wearing helmets that were originally reported as being caused by head injuries were actually caused by helmets rotating the riders' heads as they fell, thus breaking their necks.

In one British hospital, seven riders in

18 months were found to have been killed by their helmets, either through broken necks or bleeding to death from shards of fiberglass or plastic cutting an artery.

There are many other riders who have died or been paralyzed by improper removal of their helmets after an accident. That situation's become so severe that the American College of Surgeons has had to circulate brochures and posters illustrating the exact method that has to be used to remove a helmet to avoid permanent injury to the unconscious or in-shock rider. How many Good Samaritans are aware of that? How many riders with simple skull fractures or concussions have been turned into vegetables by someone yanking their hat off wrong?

There's enough evidence on both sides of the helmet-effectiveness issue that the question of wearing one should be a matter of choice.

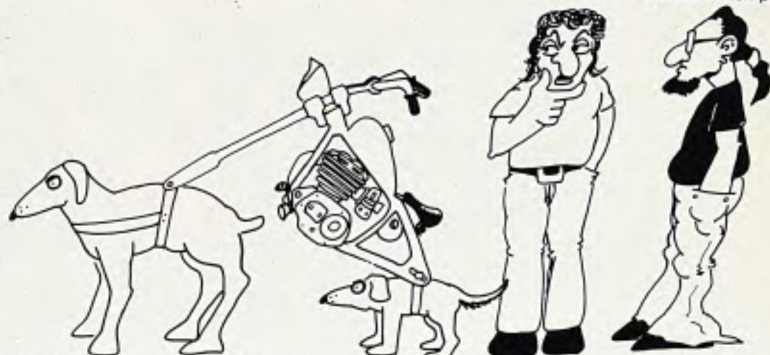
What happens is that too often — a good example of this is in Florida — the pro-helmet-law forces somehow manage to create the impression that not having a mandatory helmet law is tantamount to having a law making helmet use illegal. And that, of course, is totally untrue. No one is asking you as a state legislator to come out and say, "We favor people riding without a helmet." What we are asking for is simply the same sort of treatment you give smokers.

FLOYD: The letters I get are not asking. The letters I get are very threatening. Telling me that they won't do this, they won't do that. They'll never vote for me again. Somebody who lives 80 miles from my district is never going to vote for me again. That really shows me a level of knowledge about voting and so on.

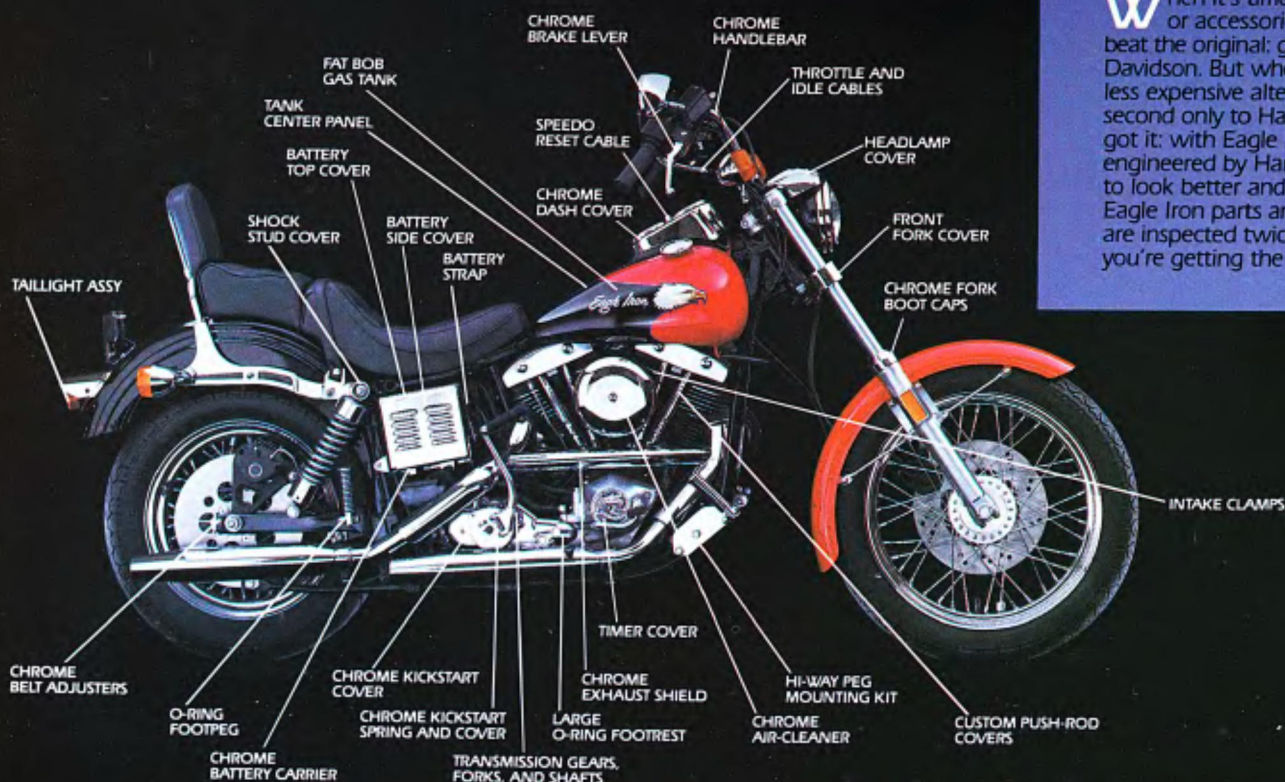
They say, "You'll never put a helmet on me." Well, that may be true, but these

Continued on page 105

Easyriders



"You're right, it is a foolish idea — the little dog should be in front to lower the headlight!"



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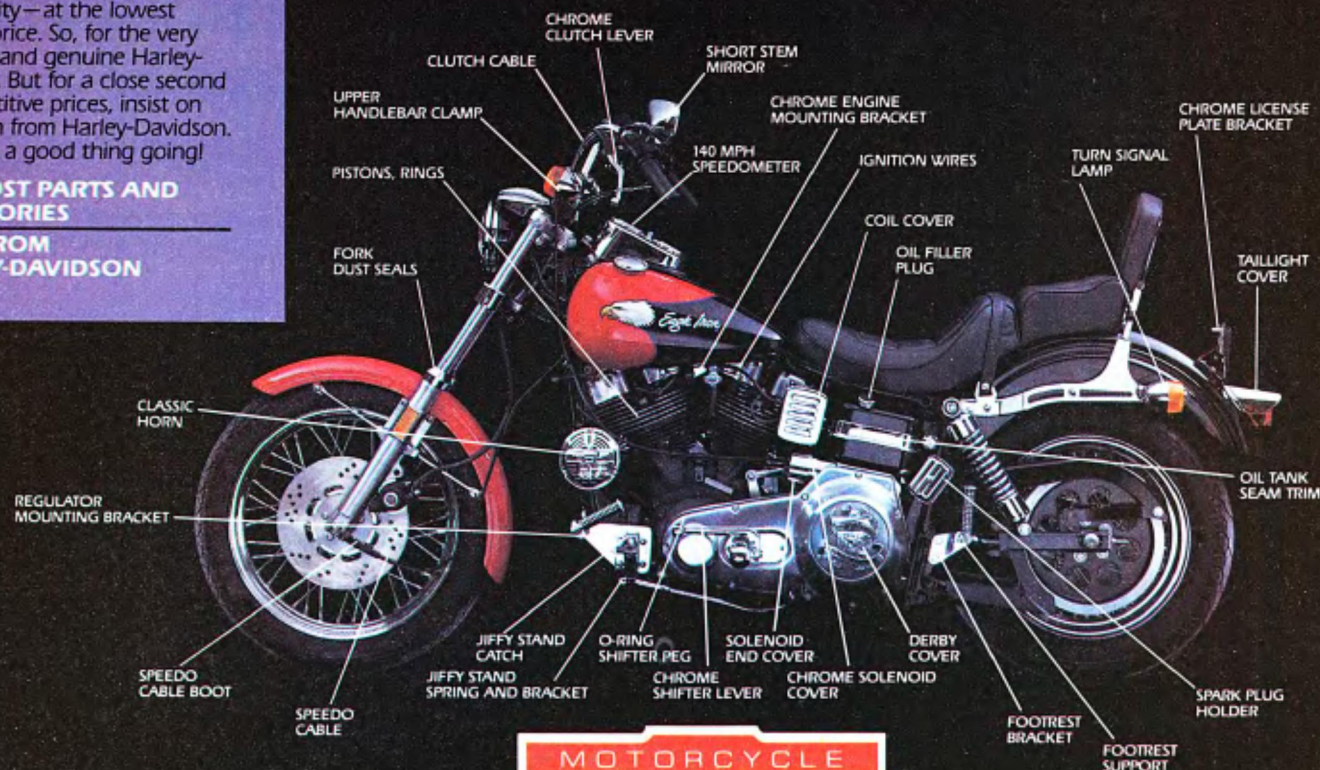
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Cuttin' Cheese

Continued from page 32

to wear a red bandanna wrapped around my head an' pretend I was from East L.A. till the skin peeled off. She let one like that in her ma's kitchen, when we rode back East to visit, an' turned all the ol' lady's silverware completely black.

THE SILENT KILLER

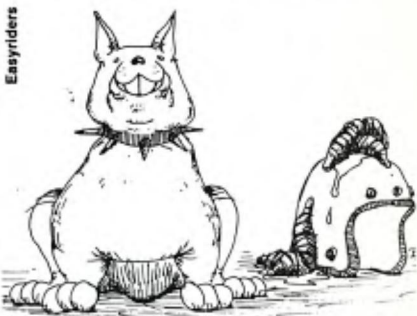
If you thought herpes an' AIDS was bad, you ain't experienced nothin' till you've been around when someone cuts loose with the Silent Killer. Bikers out West have lots of room to move around in an' the wind is usually blowin', so they ain't exposed to this type of fart as often as dudes in the East. But whenever an Eastern biker has to ride the subway, the last thing in the world he has to worry about is muggers an' gang members on the prowl.

Crammed into a subway right up next to some fat ol' broad wearin' a shabby fur coat or a raunchy-lookin' ol' man in a raincoat can be more dangerous than tryin' to mug Bernard Goetz. This fart don't make no noise at all. Suddenly it's just there. Nobody around ya gives any indication it's on its way, no expressions change. The smell suddenly leaks out from under the collar of the guilty party's coat, or creeps out through the sleeve right under your nose, an' you're a goner. This fart smells like a combination of crushed five-day-old rat, drunkard's puke, an' a baby's diaper that ain't been changed all day long. It can bust the capillaries in your nose an' make your eyeballs turn blood-red in an instant.

SOTTO VOCE

This fart is named after a musical term that means soft voice. Sometimes it leaks out unexpectedly, even surprisin' the farter, while the fartee is frequently compelled to turn around an' ask, "What did you say?" or "Pardon me?" It sounds sort of like a whispered word: Shhhhhhhitttt! "What did you say? Did you hurt yourself?" the ol' woman standin' next to you in the meat department will ask. An' then her nose kind of wrinkles up an' she begins backin' away, slowly.

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Rufus performs his first and last "stupid pet" trick for the David Letterman show.



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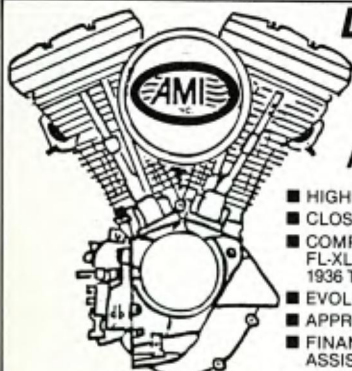
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THE SIZZLER

This wet-soundin' fart is the kind of emission that almost didn't make it. It leaks out slow, like a tire goin' flat. It has a kinda wet sound to it, an' ya can almost see the guilty party's asshole drippin' in his shorts. Ol' folks are the most frequent Sizzler farters, but they've been known to occur shortly after eatin' at one of the fast-food joints between New York an' Columbus. Whenever a genuine Sizzler happens out West, it starts dogs to howlin'.

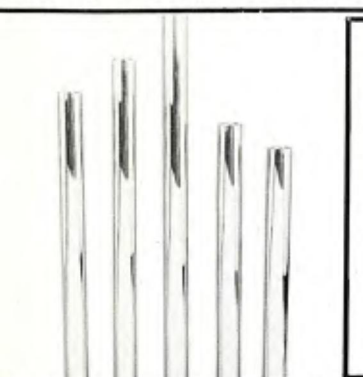
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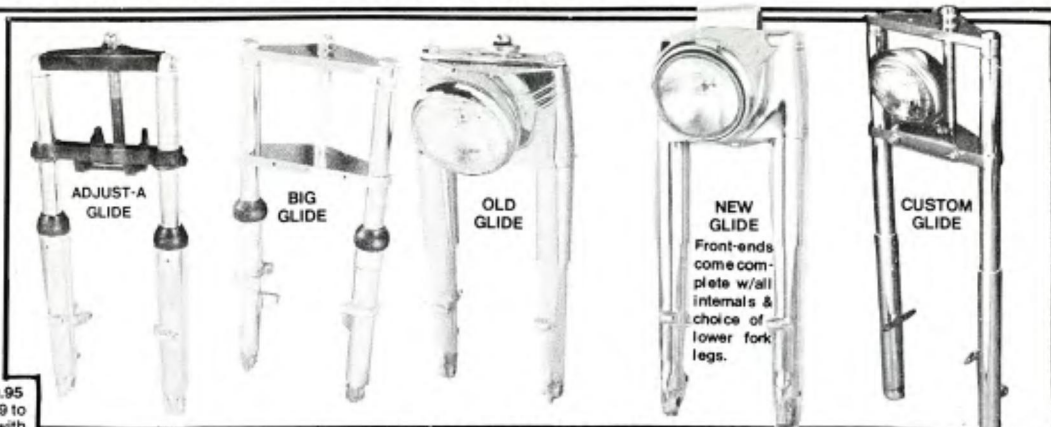


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These Front-End Assemblies come complete with all internals and choice of lower fork legs & length, (stock to 8") for your specific application. All Front-Ends are Made in U.S.A. and come disassembled.

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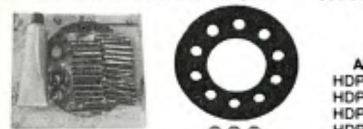
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Note: 41-67 requires 3 drive plates, 68-84 requires 4 drive plates.

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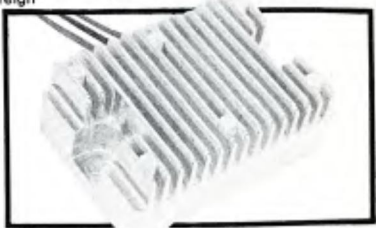
Fits all 1970 and later Big Twins with four speed transmissions; 1965 to 69 Big Twins when run without the primary; 1936 to 64 when a late model (flatback) clutch hub is used. It's also a good idea to use silicone to fill the slots in the threads on the 4th gear.

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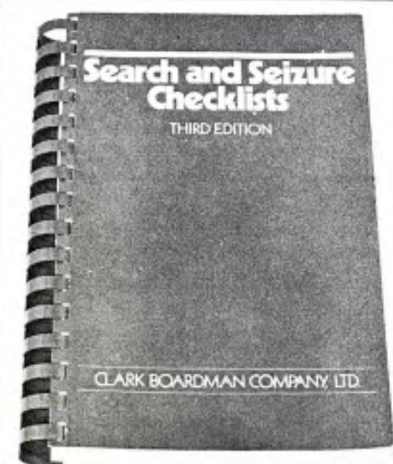


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the neighbor's cat. Birds have been known to fall off their perches, an' one dude who let one while sittin' on his scooter had to reupholster his seat where the leather got turned black an' hard as a piece of six-day-old *hack-braten*. Cuttin' loose with the Blitzkrieg while puttin' through New York will cause a mass exodus comparable to Moses leavin' Egypt.

THE JACUZZI FART

It ain't often that bikers — or anybody with brains — will wash their face in the same water they wash their ass in. Bathtubs were made to fill with gasoline an' wash bike parts. However, there always seems to come a time when ya pick up this little honey who wants to take ya home an' get ya in her spa-jacuzzi. A word of warnin': Don't let one of them Jacuzzi Farts, 'cause you could ruin a beautiful relationship.

When ya fart underwater the first sound is muffled, like a distant explosion that causes the chick to sit up an' look around to see if it might be her husband comin' home early from work. Next, these kind of brown-look-in' bubbles surface with a pop, an' because of the hot water, the gas clings to the surface an' is magnified in strength. The best thing to do is wait till the bubble machine is workin', then cut the cheese underwater. That way the sound is hidden, the risin' bubbles can't be detected, an' you can pretend innocence by askin' the broad if she took a douche that mornin'.

THE DEADLY PIT BULL FART

I had a pit bull once. This critter could let the worst-smellin' farts of any animal in the world, an' that includes a skunk. Whenever he laid down in front of the fireplace, his stomach would start to rumble an' swell up, an' before long out would come the longest, noisiest, smelliest fart imaginable. My ol' lady hated that dog. To get even with me, she bought her one of those little Mexican Chihuahuas. Naturally my pit bull fell in love with the little bitch. Tryin' to fuck somethin' like that was a great challenge for him, but it was one he never got a chance to figure out how to do.



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"Great invention, Oug. Now make one with a hole about this big and line it with fur."

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The reason is, one night he was layin' by the fire, an' Tootsie — the little Chihuahua — was on the rug right near his rear end. My pit bull cut loose with one of those farts of his.

I knew what the hell to do, an' I did it fast. I got the fuck out of the room as fast as I could. My ol' lady gave out a scream an' tried to rescue Tootsie, but it was no use. The poor little bitch was dead as a doornail. Oh, it took her a few minutes to pass on into the land of the big trees, but it wasn't a pretty sight. She laid there with her eyes rolled back, runnin' on her side for all she was worth while the pit bull went slinkin' out into the backyard. It was over in a minute. When the gas reached the fireplace, it flared bright for a minute. We never did have no mice or rats in our house, an' it wasn't on account of the dog eating 'em, no sir. That dog could produce a gas that kept not just our house clear of vermin, but the next door neighbor's place, too.

LADIES' DELIGHT

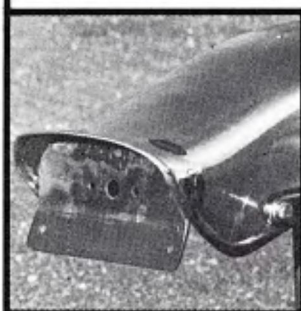
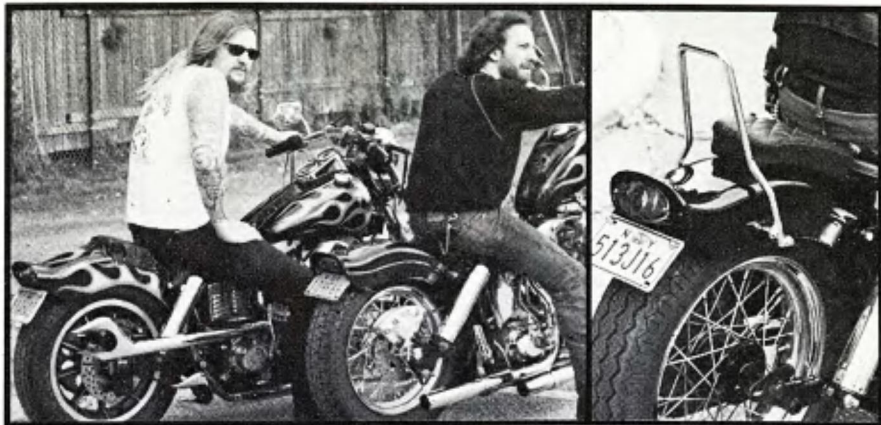
Some of ya might think that only men let farts. Men an' dogs, that is. Ladies fart, too, an' don't you forget it. I proved that when I told ya about my ol' lady an' her Dirty Trick Fart. Ladies can fart just as loud, just as stinky, an' just as slyly as men. They can let a fart that will kill the cat or blow the canary off its roost. They can sing the upholstery on the sofa, in the car, or peel the paint off your new fender an' gas tank. The thing is, they have this sweet look they get on their face, so you don't suspect it was them that did it.

Little women let little farts most of the time. These don't usually do too much harm 'cause they only go *tweet!* or *fzzzzzzzzit!* It's the big chicks ya have to look out for, especially the fat ones. When a fat chick lets a fart an' it has to work its way between two humongous loaves of ass-cheek fat, the resultin' sound can be ear-shatterin' an' horridifyin'. The closest I can come to duplicatin' the sound is to hold a truck inner tube out at arm's length an' shake it for all it's worth. Fat chicks usually smell bad to begin with, but when they fart — look out!

BLAST-OFF!

Many years ago, in Redondo Beach, California, a project known as the Hyperion Sewer Project was engaged in by the City of Los Angeles. What this was consisted of several dome-shaped buildings, the purpose of which was to trap sewer gas — farts — an' then burn it to produce energy for the city. It worked — for a while. The farts were so corrosive that they ate up the concrete an' steel structures, an' the project went down the toilet (pardon the joke).

Farts do burn. If you've never seen one burn, then ya probably won't believe it, but farts are an explosive gas that can make any dude or chick



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Just unbolt your stock fender and fender struts and bolt one of these beauties on. Fenders are as strong as the stock setup and will easily carry a passenger's weight. To enhance the clean look, the taillight bracket is welded into the fender, except on the STRUTLESS DRESSER fender pictured on the left. All our fenders will accept any swingarm seat. The STRUTLESS FENDER will mount all Big Twin swingarm frames (except five-speed frames) and Sportsters '52 to '78, we have one for them, too. For '72 to '85 Super Glides, we have the Quickbob fender with welded-in-tail-light bracket — mounts with stock hardware, bottom left picture. All fenders come in raw steel; some molding required.

The STRUTLESS Sissybar is beautiful; its mounting bolts thread into the STRUTLESS FENDER's internal struts, so there's no tire clearance problem, and it's very strong — strong enough to push your bike by, or pick up your bike from, or just lean back on it.

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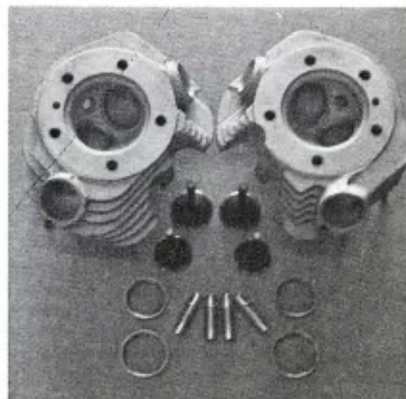
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look like Halley's Comet. The best way to experiment with burnin' farts is naked, of course. Ya wouldn't want the gas to accumulate inside your clothin' an' then go off. You'd light up like the Olympic torch.

Another thing ya gotta watch out for is the dude who lights your fart. Don't let 'im hold his lighter too close to your asshole or ya might wind up with pink balls an' an ass as smooth an' hairless as a baby's. Just bend over while somebody stands there with a ready Bic lighter. Cut the cheese, then have your partner — or whoever you trust the most — flick his Bic. Whoosh! You'll shoot out a pale-blue flame up to a yard in length. Guaranteed.

THE CEREMONIAL FART

If I ever had a favorite anything, it is the fart I'm about to tell ya about. There's nothin' sly about it 'cause it's done for effect an' it always gets the right results. It can be let out at weddin's, birthday parties, or, best of all, at funerals, an' I'm in favor of usin' funerals more than any other occasion.

The main beauty of this fart is that it occurs at the most unexpected time, when everybody is stone silent an' they think nobody is gonna do anything out of order. Heh, heh!

Just as the preacher is sayin', "Let us now bow our heads in prayer," ya cut it loose. The fart's beautiful sound, deep and mellow or high-pitched an' musical in tone, is amplified by the hard wood of the church pew. It doesn't even have to be a loud fart, the acoustics of the room, an' the hard wood as a backup will cause the sound to reverberate with amazin' results.

It's always best if you're sittin' next to the dude's widow, or the dead chick's ol' man, 'cause then ya can turn an' look at the bereaved with shock an' scorn on your face. Nobody's gonna believe you did it.

If, on the other hand, the source of the sound seems to come from up high in the rafters an' echoes downward, the moment of sadness can be improved upon as you cast your eyes toward heaven an' say, "I thought I heard an' angel speak."

One last word — remember what Confucious said: "Man who fart in church must sit in own pew." ■

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"He's a whorehound. Why?"

Continued from page 28

rest of you didn't look a whole lot better than your leg. Nobody really expected you to pull through. Under the circumstances, your leg was the least of our worries. We were trying to save your life."

So that's what happened, Bart said to himself. He hadn't been able to remember and now it all came back to him. Riding home after getting all fucked up at Thor's house, the last thing he remembered was passing Chaplin's Park and seeing a pair of headlights bearing down on him out of the darkness. Seeing those two lights in his mind now, he shuddered and goose bumps formed on his neck.

"In case you're wondering, the other driver is a college student who says he didn't see you."

The chill passed and anger flooded back into Bart. "That's what they all say when they run down a biker. That, or they try to blame it on us!"

"He ran a stop sign."

"Figures."

"He was trying to brake, but he accidentally hit the gas pedal instead."

"He was probably feeling up his girlfriend and wanted to impress her with how he could scare a big, bad biker!"

"Oh, maybe that's what the police cited him for," the doctor said with a mild hint of sarcasm in his voice. "I didn't have time to read the entire story. Anyhow, to set your mind at rest, he's fully insured."

"Great! Just fucking great! I always wanted to trade in an arm and a leg for a few bucks."

"You know, your arm's going to get better — it's only broken. As for your leg, well, we'll start you on physical therapy shortly and, of course, psychological support to help you over the initial period of adjustment. Later we can talk about prosthetics."

"What the hell is that?"

"Artificial limbs — in the old days, wooden legs, only they're not wooden anymore. In the meantime, once you accept the fact that you'll never ride again, the faster you'll heal — emotionally and physically."

Bart's depression seemed to grow thicker and blacker. Angry, confused thoughts that even pain-killers couldn't suppress pinged around inside his head. "Sure, Doc. Why don't you leave me alone now? I can only stand so much shit in one day," Bart said tonelessly. Doctor Pearson nodded, almost audibly sighing, and Bart added, "You know, Doc, you've killed me. If I can't ride, you oughta have let me die in your operating room. Send that nurse back in here with an overdose, why don't ya?"

Over a period of time, Bart's body healed. Most of the pain slowly left him and he got the hang of using his crutches, as well as a crash course in understating the problems that a man with one leg faces. But while his



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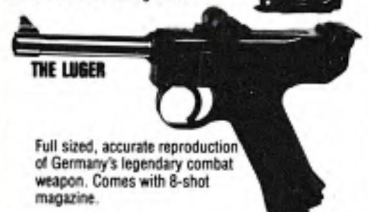
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body got better, his mental state got worse. Every day, his ol' lady Sally would come by to be with him and his bros would show up almost as often with a six-pack hidden under one or another's jacket, but Bart couldn't be cheered up, even in small measure. Though he never told them, just the roar of the Hogs coming up the hospital drive sent him into a funk, and by the time his visitors left he'd be worse off than before they came.

Even when he was finally allowed to go home, things didn't get any better. He'd wake up in the middle of the night from terrible dreams of seeing a solitary pair of lights bearing down on him and he'd have to get out of bed for a while until the nightmare lost its intensity. Many times Sally woke to find him sitting out behind the house, staring at the mangled remains of his bike. He got to where he didn't talk much anymore, but just sat for hours, staring, just staring, forcing Sally to shake him to get his attention. He didn't get high. He didn't laugh or fight or drink. He just sat and stared and rubbed what was left of his missing leg. The old Bart didn't seem to live there anymore.

Then one day Wes came by. He owned a little machine shop a few blocks away where Bart had spent many afternoons partying, working on his bike, or just bullshitting. "What say, brother Bart?" Wes grinned when Bart opened the door. "I figured that since I ain't seen you in a few months, it was time I dropped by."

Bart was surprised. It was the first he'd seen of Wes since shortly before the accident. After all this while he wondered why Wes had come to visit him now. Still, he knew Wes was a strange sort of dude.

Strange though he might be, Wes was one-percenter to the core. Like Bart, he was a big, dark, muscular man with a beard, only his had a little more gray in it than Bart's. Tattoos from different parts of the world covered his body, as did scars from numerous fights, including a few picked up in Vietnam. Wes could tell what was wrong with a bike just by listening to it and then turn right around and recite some long, obscure passage from Shakespeare or the like. (Only one person had ever dared laugh at him about that and he'd never laughed at Wes again.) Many a biker in town was able to ride because Wes had opened up his shop to them and helped them when no one else would.

"So what'd you come for, Wes?" Bart asked, sarcasm, anger, and just a pinch of self-pity in his voice. "Want a look at the local freak?"

"How'd you know?" Wes's laugh was deep and booming. "I said to myself, well, Bart's had about three months of sitting around and taking it easy, so why don't you go over there, kick his crutch out from under him, and see which way he falls, so here I am."

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Bart stared, not knowing if Wes was kidding or not.

Wes handed him a paper sack. "How about you put this sixer in the fridge and I'll roll us up a reefer of some killer shit? Then we'll party and talk about our next road trip."

For a second, Bart was speechless, then, furiously, "I ain't seen you in months, but now you come over and want to party. 'Just take these beers and put them in the fridge.' Shit, man. I lost my fucking leg! How come you never came by to see me before now?"

Wes was busy rolling one of his huge bomber spliffs. "I figured you needed a few months to think, to get everything sorted out," he replied calmly.

"So now you show up... to look at half a man! Thanks a lot, buddy."

Wes stuck the joint in his mouth, lit it, inhaled deeply, and then held it out to Bart. "You know, maybe you're right. Maybe you are just half a man... now," he said at last, looking Bart straight in the eye, the smile gone from his face.

Bart hadn't smoked since the night of the accident. Out of old habit, though, he'd accepted the burning joint and drawn in a full load of smoke. Then what Wes said sunk home, setting off a major coughing fit. "What'd you say?" he managed to wheeze between hacks.

"I said half a man, but then maybe I'm wrong. Maybe not even a man at all."

With his eyes narrowed to slits and his mouth set in a hard line, Bart felt around for his crutch, determined to grand-slam Wes's head clear to the shed out back. "You pissant! You've got a lotta fucking gall —"

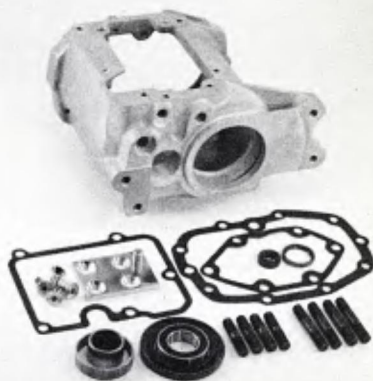
"Now hold on, Black Bart," Wes said. "I could be wrong, especially now that I've seen signs of the Bart I used to know. But hell, I hear you mope around all day like a girl wanting to lose her cherry. They tell me you don't do jackshit, so what am I supposed to say?"

"Well, what the hell would you do if all of a sudden you found out you couldn't ride anymore?"



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"Who told you that? Some old fuck who's never ridden and hates bikers?"

"The doctor said —"

"Then let's do something about it. A man can do all sorts of things when he wants to bad enough."

"Jesus, Wes, you should know how much I want to ride," Bart said, but he didn't want to tell Wes about the headlights chasing him down in his dreams, or how sometimes he'd wake up with a scream stuck in his throat, or how just thinking about those headlights scared the shit out of him. No, he didn't want to tell Wes about that.

"Then let's do something about it. I figure with some bucks, some hard work, and a lot of beer, we might be able to get together a bike a one-legged man can ride. I've even got this ol' Harley we can use for parts." Then, as if he were reading Bart's thoughts, Wes added, "It'd be easy for a person to let something like this scare 'em away from riding again. . . a normal person, that is. But you're Black Bart and you know as well as I do that you've got to climb right back on once you fall off."

"Yeah, right," Bart agreed, "but even if we get a bike built, how'm I gonna ride it? How'm I gonna shift or even balance the damn thing?"

"We can rig up something for shifting. Maybe a hand clutch with a stick shift. It'll be easy once you get used to it."

"What about balance?"

"Dammit, Bart, I can't do everything for you! If you want to ride bad enough, you'll find a way. If you don't want to, you'll find an excuse. Hell, tape a broom handle to your fucking leg or wait until you get an artificial one. I don't know."

"No! I'm not gonna wait until then," Bart said. "You're right, I've gotta climb back on. . . and soon." But in his



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mind he saw the headlights coming at him, and he shuddered.

It took a great deal of work and an unbelievable amount of beer, but eventually a new, rebuilt, slightly modified Hog began to appear in Wes's shop. Every evening Bart would hobble over to join Wes there and both men would work late. Working, a change had come over Bart. He felt better, even joked a little. Things even improved between him and Sally. If she'd been asked, she'd have said that it didn't matter that Bart was missing a leg, because it was his middle leg she was partial to and he was beginning to use that one again with regularity.

But the renewed pleasure in life that Bart felt was tempered with doubt and the vision of those headlights still sent a shiver up his back.

It was a late-summer evening, not yet dark, when Wes announced, "It's done. We're finished. Everything's working just fine and I don't think you'll have any problems with that new shift design."

The ball of snakes seemed to form in Bart's stomach again. Haltingly, he made his way over to the bike, his crutches a hassle in the cluttered shop. He ran his hand along the gas tank's smooth, glossy surface and for a second the shop lights reflected there reminded him of headlights. He wiped the image from his mind, but it took considerable effort.

The muscles in his right leg began twitching uncontrollably as he leaned against the Hog. "Here, take these," he said, handing his crutches to Sally, who had come to see how he and Wes were doing. Gingerly, he straddled the bike, his right leg reaching the floor, the stump of his left reaching just about mid-engine. Wes had put the kickstand on the right — Bart wondered how long it would take to get used to it there. After manually checking the throttle, clutch, and stick shift, getting the feel of the bike, he quickly stood it up. It balanced perfectly.

"Look, Bart," Wes said, "you don't have to ride it right now. Maybe with just the one leg. . . well, you could have a bad moment at a stoplight or something. Oh, hell, what I'm trying to say, bro, is that if you want to wait until you get your artificial leg, that's okay with me."

But Bart had made up his mind. "Wes, it was you who came crawling around my house with this half-man-build-a-bike idea, so don't go talking about waiting! The bike's finished and I'm gonna ride it — now!"

"Bart. . ." Sally began but he cut her off.

"Quiet, woman! I'm taking this motorcycle on the road. To hell with those headlights," he added.

Wes and Sally both shot him startled looks. "What'd you say?" Wes asked, a frown creasing his forehead.

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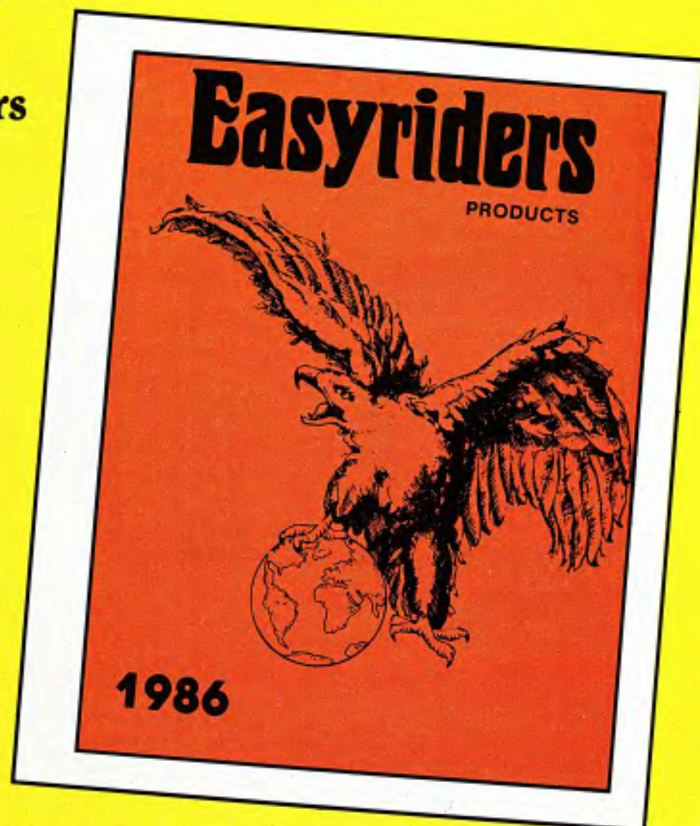
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"Headlights? What headlights?"

"You're hearing stuff. I didn't say nothing," Bart growled.

Wes grinned at him. "Whatever you say, Black Bart. I'd take the damn thing out on the road, too, if it was me."

Bart grinned back at him, winked at Sally, and hit the electric starter button. The Harley roared to life, kicking and thumping and vibrating like it wanted to take on the universe. The sensation was better than any drug Bart had ever run across. It made him feel alive. It almost made him feel whole again.

He pulled in the clutch, eased the gear shift lever into first, slowly let the clutch out and smoothly guided the bike out onto the asphalt. Gassing it, he roared off up the street. Wes and Sally could hear him shifting gears, changing the rhythm of the engine long after he'd topped the hill and was out of sight.

Jesus, this feels great, Bart thought, feeling the warm air rushing past his face. All up and down the street, as people stepped out to enjoy the soft summer evening, they did double-takes when they caught a glimpse of the one-legged biker racing up the road. Bart couldn't believe that people could swivel their heads so hard and fast without breaking their necks, but he found he was really getting off on leaving them staring open-mouthed in his wake. He was astonished to realize how relaxed he felt.

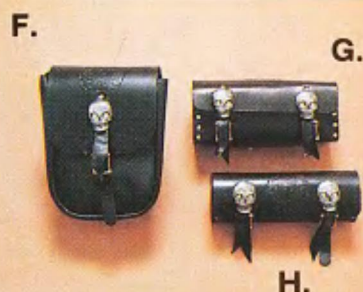
Then, just as he was passing Chaplin's Park, the scene of his accident, he saw a pair of headlights — not in his mind, but real ones — bearing down hard on him, racing out from the side street. A weakness gripped his wrists and shoulders and his stomach churned violently, spasming with fear.

"Oh, God, no! Not again!" he screamed in anger and anguish, staring in horror at the car. He could see

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that the two kids were completely oblivious to the fact that they were about to run the stop sign. Then they saw Bart. The '79 Cutlass went into a skid, right toward the spot where Bart would smash into it.

Just when he thought he'd have to lay the bike down, the Cutlass screeched to a stop. With split-second thinking, Bart leaned hard to the left. It was his only chance, even though he was horribly aware that there was nothing on that side to give him any support, should the bike start to skid. He was on his own. Sweat popped out on his forehead and his heart thumped faster than the bike's pistons. He could see the bright orange sparks trailing behind him as the foot support ground into the pavement. Hitting a patch of loose gravel, the bike lurched and fishtailed drunkenly, then the tires caught again and the big Harley jetted safely past the car with less than an inch to spare. Bart could feel the hot wind of the near-miss and with an expert lean, he righted the bike and was up the street before he remembered to look back at the car's surprised occupants and shoot them the finger.

"Jesus Christ! Did you see that?" said the driver of the Cutlass, gawking at the receding figure of Bart, his finger still held high in the air.

"I'm sure glad we didn't hit him," exclaimed his passenger, "cause I don't know how we'd explain getting our asses kicked by a one-legged biker. I mean, you gotta be one tough sonuvabitch to ride with only one leg. That guy would have killed us for sure if we'd hit him!"

Bart gave a wild yell as he rolled into the driveway where Wes and Sally anxiously waited for him.

"Any problems?" Wes asked.

"Nope, none at all." Bart looked tremendously pleased with himself. With a mischievous grin, he added, "Tell ya something, though. I'm gonna light a fire under that doctor's ass to hurry up and get me a fake leg. I've already got me a few choice ideas on winning some bar bets with it. However, if you ever have another idea like this one, Wes, and it takes you that long to come tell me about it, I'm gonna have to kick your hairy ass."

"Whatever you say, Black Bart," Wes agreed. "Whatever you say, bro." ■



"Shit, man, you've really fucked up my bike."

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Europe: Thomas Schöttler, Offizieller Vertragshändler, Rahlstedt Bahnhofster 64, 2000 Hamburg 73, West Germany. (040) 677-3988. (165)

Also: M.C. Fabrications, 714 Broadway, Rockford, IL 61108.
(815) 964-5260. (166)

Also: Conley's H-D of Dallas, 11702 Plano Rd., Dallas, TX 75243.
(214) 348-5653. (166)

Also: Rolling Thunder Cycle, 520 First St., La Salle, IL 61301.
(815) 224-4474. (166)

Primo Products, Inc., 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606.
(213) 692-8944. (166)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (158)

BRONZE FORKS — MEDIUM GLIDE BY

Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc., 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (157)

CARBURETORS

Rivera Engineering, Inc., home of the SU "Eliminator," 6416 Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606.
(213) 693-4273. (166)

CATALOGS

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709.
(415) 843-7777. (161)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., \$2, Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212.
(518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (166)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, \$2 (refundable), 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (160)

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622.
(800) 828-2875. (157)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250+ pages) & T-shirt, \$9.95, 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355.
(801) 571-9452. (159)

CUSTOM FRONT ENDS

P P Distributors, Inc., Box 656, Walled Lake, MI 48088.
(800) 521-8385. (157)

CYLINDERS

Axtell Sales Cylinders & Pistons, 1424 S.E. Maury, Des Moines, IA 50317. (515) 243-2518. (162)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (155)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (161)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing, 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748.
(512) 282-2499. (159)

HARD VALVE SEATS

Dragon Dist., 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909. (303) 683-2800. (159)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925.
(915) 592-0666. (165)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325½ Pluma, Cerritos, CA 90701.
(213) 402-0725. (155)

M.C. Fabrications, 714 Broadway, Rockford, IL 61108.
(815) 964-5260. (166)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237.
(800) 521-0254. (163)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (161)

Leathers By Impulse, 135 Division St., Amsterdam, NY 12010.
(518) 843-4568. (161)

Buzzy's \$89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop, 407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017.
(412) 221-SHOP. (155)

Texas Leather Company (wholesale leather), Box 123, Yoakum, TX 77995. (512) 293-5341. (158)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (161)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adel, WI 53001-0230.
(414) 994-4013. (161)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040.
(502) 554-1146. (165)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (163)

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (163)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

OBsolete PARTS

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (161)

Paint By Frank, Lyons, IL 60534.
(312) 447-6149. (157)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th St., Chicago, IL 60629.
(312) 476-9155. (162)

SYNTHETIC LUBRICANTS

Holliday's Ultron Neo, 180 N. Lewis Road, Camarillo, CA 93010. (805) 482-5619. (159)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304.
(Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (155)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (163)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S, M, L, or XL.) (162)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183.
(602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (159)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, \$8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (155)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., \$10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

Richie's Rats Nest, free sheet. Box 370, Oceanside, NY 11572. (156)

Miller's Custom Parts, S-XXXL, \$8.95-\$10.95. 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., So. Daytona, FL 32019.
(904) 761-0858. (158)

White Lighting T-Shirts, free list. Box 6143, McLean, VA 22106. (159)

D.M. Best Harley-Davidson, \$9.95. 6516 McCart Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76133. Call toll-free (800) 972-1119. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. (166)

Rock 'N Ride Motorcycle Accessories & Custom Parts, Tri-County, 291 W. Main St., Smithtown, L.I., NY 11787.
(516) 360-3620. (516) 589-9161. (160)

South Seas Cycle, \$14.59 each, shipped same day (sizes: S, M, L, XL). 94-896 Moloalo St., Waipahu, HI 96797. (166)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgment. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

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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.

Dickie Scarborough: Where are you? Can anyone help me find a lost bro? I last saw Dickie in the Washington, D.C./northern Va. area. Dickie, please write me. Jack "Orange" Crow, 48 Greenwood Ave., Toledo, OH 43605. (156)

Renegade: Whatda fuck? Mission St. misses your ass. Map is here — where are you? Call Frenchy, 643-0301.

Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (155)

3/27/61: Happy BD, Sweetlips. You're the best. You'll always be #1. Love always, BDGF 1ster BTRF R-R. (155)

Dial Sexy Mamas, 24 hours. Free personal ads. Adults. \$2, plus toll. California. (213) and/or (415) 976-0069. (157)

For sale: *Easyriders* magazines, issues 20, 23, 27, 33-present. Best offer. (213) 514-9159 or (818) 334-6379. (155)

For sale: '48-'65 Harley Hummer and Model 165 bikes and parts. (213) 514-9159 or (818) 334-6379. (155)

Wanted: Harley "Flying Knife" pendant, 3 in. long, gold-plated. Goes on chain. Harve, Box 211, Madison, AL 35758. (155)

I'll never love you only, and three on a Harley is not my idea of easy riding, but if power to four wheels can get you where you want to go, who cares what we do when we get there? Steve (41), 907-17A River, Eugene, OR 97404. (155)

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

Alphagators 5/4, Charlie Shogun 2/7, a big high to some righteous people who made time better. Sham an' Smitty (Ack! Ack!) The Wayne, (Head) Reich, Bellamy, Sam, Leach, Mike (Outlaw) T., Jimbob, Mark and Tammy, Cheatham, Art E., Jeannie, an' everybody who's been left out... "Short for Daze," '82 tread '86. (156)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photo, descriptions application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (155)

Professional tattooing handbook. Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$24.95. Tattooer, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (155)

For sale: Miraculous Mutha's complete set of *Easyriders* and *In The Wind*. Cherry condition. All in binders. Two extra binders for future issues. Binders numbered. Make best offer. Mutha's Stash, Box 6767, Malibu, CA 90265. (155)

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

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sherrie Ford, last seen in Alameda, New Mexico, near Albuquerque, Ringo wants her to write him. Important. Richard Gurule, Box C01957, Represa, CA 95671. (155G)

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)

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)

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)

Hoping to locate Gary Hogaboam. Please write Barbara at Box 831, Boring, OR 97009. (155)

Bubba Joe: Happy 33rd, 4/14. Hope to spend this and all the rest together! Whaddya think? Nanner. (155)

Harley David: May a memory enhance your day. The casual lunch amongst friends? Enveloped in a quiet corner on a rainy day. Topped with a light, easy conversation! Happy anniversary, my dear friend. Just me, Cheekies. P.S. Next time you come in town, I won't be late for dessert. (155)

Tattooing outfit. Professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$95. 17 different inks, \$18.95; 360 designs, \$11; 500 needles, \$14.50. Steele, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (155)

To Irish Junkyard, Hacksaw, Shotgun, Dog, Pits, and Squid: Lurch got trapped off in NYS. Trying to get back to Colorado. If any of you read this ad, contact me. Robert Austin 84-C-728, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. (155)

R.A.M.: Always in my heart, forever in my soul, you knew me better than anyone I know. As life goes by and we ride hard, I only wish we were ridin' side by side. Somethings can be changed and others only dreamt. I just wanted you to know exactly what I meant. I'll always love you. J.R.W. (155)

Ma-Fox-Ox: Lost contact since I came to Germany. Keep in touch! Karla Taylor, A Co., 4th SPT BN, APO New York, NY 09165. (155)

Gator: Two years have passed since the candle was lit. Although the wax has long melted, the fire still burns! Happy anniversary! Lady Bug. (155)

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

Youngin and Lynn: Ferd is dead. Took out by J.P.'s. Please contact me. Sure could use you guys. It's hard by myself. Love ya's. "Sandy" L. Miller, Box 2042, FWB, FL 32549. (155G)

The Couple Next Door magazine. Sample copy, \$5; sign over 21. CND, Box 47081-TA, Atlanta, GA 30362. (155)

Mojo: If you see this, please call Cheryl, (505) 897-4602. Left Florida in October; now in New Mexico. I would love to hear from you. (155)

Doug: Where are you? Kainer, Jimmie Boy, Whitie want to know. Write Box 72, Mt. Joy, PA 17552. (155)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boy-friends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-R1, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (155)

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

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

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)

Joannie Hackett: You bitch, why must Pat, Laura, and Tamra run a classified to find your wild ass? Get in touch. If you know her, kick her ass into gear to get in touch. Tamra Tibbetts, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (155)

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)

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)

Mouth-watering chili recipe. Send one dollar and SASE to M. Braun, 1335 S. Grove, Berwyn, IL 60402. (155)

Animal from Running Springs: You are the best, so I wish you and your brothers all the best life will give you! (You'll always be in my head.) Love, Ugly Feet.

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

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

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

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)

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.

Lonely w/m desperado, 30, down for a few, desperately seeking correspondence with sincere lady. Sunshine, where are you? Rick Haskins, C-13532, LA232, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960.

Adventurer, one-woman man, protective, needs female house mouse. Seattle area. She must be big-busted and like lots of hard lovin'. Photo. (Skin flick?) 507 3rd Ave. #1010, Seattle, WA 98104.

W/m, 38, 5'10", 175 lbs., college grad. Self-employed electrical contractor. Loves traveling, camping, fishing, C&W music. Looking for the right lady to ride behind me or alongside me on one of my bikes. Do you want to be happy and free? Write Robert Schemmel, 1618 N. Riverside Dr., McHenry, IL 60050.

W/m, 33, 6'1", 170 lbs., with beard in the wind, seeks w/f, 25-35, no kids, non-smoker, slim trim lady to pack on Hwy and settle down in country. Must have head on straight; no dopers, no drunks, no meal tickets, no sweatshops. Picture, please. S.L.J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (155)

Down bro, 30, out in 19 months, wants letters from open-minded one-man woman. Must be sincere and have yourself together. Age, looks, unimportant. This can be the start of something good. Children okay. Joe Bridges 055855, Avon Park Corr. Inst. #1632, Box 1100, Avon Park, FL 33825. (155)

Bakersfield ladies only: W/m needs visits. Please write Leo Saavedra, B-90273, Box 8363, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Melbourne (Australia) house mouse wanted. Prefer she be shapely, full-figured body, plenty of affection. I'll pay all relocation expenses. Great opportunity for foxy, uninhibited girl wanting luxury life. I'm young-looking male, 5'11", 175 lbs., self-employed with luxury home. Photo essential. Write quickly, please. The Box-Holder, Box 236, Post Office, KEW, 3101; Victoria, Australia. (158)

Attention, real women: I recently placed an ad for letters and the response was pitiful! I'm looking for a sensitive, caring, kind and sincere woman. I'm young and white, 6'1", 180 lbs., green eyes, brown hair. I'm into air brush art and lots more! I'm the guy you have been looking for. Please, don't let this opportunity pass you by — write today! Down but not out. Timothy Wilson Myers 30578-098, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436. (155)

San Francisco Bay Area biker seeks petite, young, attractive female for love and good times. I live in Berkeley. Am 35, good-looking, 5'8", weight lifter, free thinker. Picture appreciated. Wild, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Yankee, 36 yrs. old, blue-eyed, brown-haired, 6'2", 200 lbs., down for 10 in Virginia, parole 1/87. Looking to hear from foxy ladies, 21-35. Write and send photo. Will answer all. Tim Flood 143999, NCC, Box 488, Burkeville, VA 23922. (155)

W/m, 30, Ohio inmate, one more year. Needs good-hearted and sincere ladies. Please, no head games. Send flicks to J.D.S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (155)

Adventurous, romantic, educated, hard-working, open-minded, gentleman biker, 35, B/B, 155 lbs., 6'. Likes travel, camping, smoke, the country, and antiques. Seeks a friend, partner, and lover who's relocatable, loyal, career and family-oriented. Picture appreciated. No pen pals, heavies, or freeloaders. Doug, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (156)

Male, down and out, lonely, blue. Needs letters, pix, to get through. Any and all females. Age, looks, unimportant. Robert Traylor 151960, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (155)

Locked-down white dude seeking a righteous "fast-lane" type of ol' lady who has her shit together, for letters and possible visits. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs., brown eyes, hair, and beard, mid-30s. W.E. Harris, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. (155)

W/m, 27, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for dependable, caring woman, 18-32, for permanent relationship. Must enjoy bikes, outdoors, and music. No overweights or game-players. Send letter/picture to D.J. Herbert, 1812 1/2 W. Park, Houma, LA 70360. (155)

Man, 30, 6', 175 lbs., looking for someone willing to strive together to make today's brightest dreams tomorrow's reality. Hobbies are music, writing, and being a loving and understanding man. Remember, it takes a special heart and strong woman to challenge the unknown. Walter Ray Taylor 80C120, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (155)

Down white bro, 31, blue eyes, 6'4", 235 lbs., mountain man, karate instructor, fun-lovin', needs to hear from righteous ol' ladies. Roy Whitehead 53122, FMMU, Box 700, Canon City, CO 81212.

W/m, lonely and needs letters ASAP! Pictures appreciated, but not necessary. Any correspondence would help to pass the time. William E. Miller 353447, Beto 2, Rt. 2 Box 250, Palestine, TX 75801.

Two down peckerwood outlaws lookin' for sincere ladies to help pass time and hook up with upon release, late 1986. Help us win! The lonely times are almost over and we're ready to let the good times roll! Outlaw #1: Dave Fulcher, C93768 (age 21). Outlaw #2: Johnny Deaton, YA43274 (age 22). Both good-lookin' and have photos for photos to prove it. All answered. Box 600, E244, Tracy, CA 95376. (155G)

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)

Wanted: Alive and kickin' female who enjoys outdoors, animals, and travelin'. W/m, 30, 5'8", 150 lbs., would like to hear from ya. On the streets next March! Send kites and flicks to Greg LaVoie 40340, ASPFG, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, AZ 85644-4000. (155)

Wanted: Ladies to exchange letters and pictures with. W/m, 33, 6'1", 190 lbs., doing time and need letters and photos to fight loneliness. Randy Conforti 52548, 20-A-20 Santa Cruz, Box 3200, Goodyear, AZ 85338. (155)

W/m, 6'3", 230 lbs., late 30s, brown hair/beard, blue eyes, very affectionate, looking for a lady, 19-34, who loves West Coast, Harleys, and wants to treat her man real good, and in return be treated real good. Looks are not as important as values and great attitude. (Inner beauty a must). Must be fit and healthy and very affectionate. Write P.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (155)

Interview

Continued from page 86

same people... I go in and out of the state of Nevada frequently. I see the tough asses who won't wear a helmet carrying the helmet. And, by God, they cross the line, they put on the hat. So why is it that once they cross the line it isn't such a restriction on their constitutional right as it is when they're riding on this side?

I mean, by God, if somebody was really coming down on me, they'd be fighting me to jail for messing with my Constitutional rights. They're not going to tell me I'm going to do anything that violates my constitutional rights.

ER: That's a pretty full ashtray in front of you. Would you consider it a violation of your constitutional rights if they made it illegal to smoke because of its high cost to society?

FLOYD: Absolutely. Absolutely.

ER: You would consider it a violation?

FLOYD: Absolutely.

ER: What's the difference?

FLOYD: The difference, basically, is that when I'm smoking, I'm usually alone. It's not on a tax-supported road, it's not a grand privilege. It's my right, absolutely.

ER: Somebody riding on a state highway, despite the fact that he's doing it without a helmet, is not endangering anyone but himself, any more than you are with your cigarette.

FLOYD: What about just his passenger then? Any passenger. Let those who ride decide. There's articles in every paper regularly.

There's a lady that was killed on the back of a motorcycle. I don't think she decided not to wear a helmet. I think somebody said, "You want to take a ride?" and she took a ride. She never gave it a thought. Nobody ever said, "Look, get on my motorcycle, but if you don't have a hat and we get in some kind of a thing, you're as good as dead. You could put your head into a car, you could put your head into a curb." She ain't givin' any thought to it.

ER: There are some people, like your opponents in the Libertarian Party, who would say that people who don't give any thought to the consequences of their actions can often wind up injured or dead in a lot of ways. It's their decision not to think about what they're doing. It's not the state's business to do their thinking for them.

FLOYD: We're absolutely convinced that it's as important to wear a hat as it is to hook up the seat belts in cars.

You know, I started on this at the

request of a mother of a young man, and that brought several other people in the same situation. I can't bring back the dead guy, I can't talk to the guy who's laying out there in the VA hospital who can't talk or anything, who just lays there like a zombie — a vegetable, as they say.

We're just looking at it [the helmet bill] to see if it's viable at this point, where we are at this point. And we happened to mention it to a couple of people, and all of a sudden it gets out, and there's that [stuff about a] "sneak attack" and then there's that fucking threat.

Hell, man, I've had my ass beat. I've been worked over — when I was younger, particularly — several times. I've been shot, I've been scared to death. Nobody fuckin' threatens me. I wrote a letter to one guy and I said, "Man, you have just guaranteed —" who was that asshole?

TERRY: Roger Hull, former editor of *Road Rider*.

FLOYD: Roger Hull — who accused me



"I just got a wonderful idea. Your husband's in prison and I'm out, and my wife's in prison and you're out..."

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of being in bed with the Japanese motorcycle manufacturers! He didn't see the bill I had last year, on franchising motorcycle dealerships, that took on every major Japanese. . . I mean, they were all coming at me. They do not consider me their closest friend.

This guy accuses me of running a bill for them [the Japanese], and somehow or other this bill will eliminate Harley-Davidson. But I can't understand how a helmet law applying to everybody — it doesn't say if you're riding an American-made motorcycle, it doesn't say if you're riding a motorcycle 750cc up or under, it just says a motorcycle. And it's pretty well described what a motorcycle is.

Quite frankly, I want those 18-year-old girls that I see riding those little motor-scooter things — they need the hat more than I do riding down the freeway for crissakes.

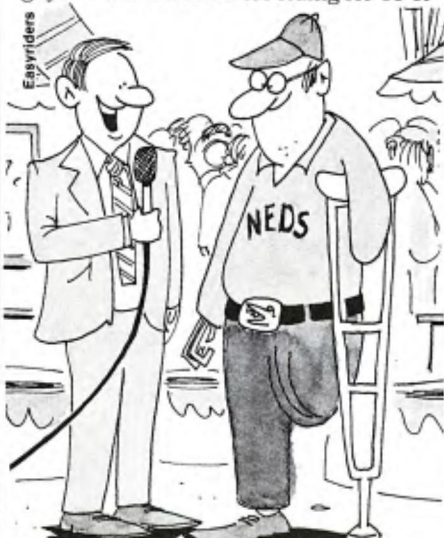
If I could exempt the guy that knows how to ride, that rides to stay out of trouble, if I could exempt everybody that would wear their colors, that would be fine. I wouldn't mind doing that. But I can't. ER: No, you can't. That would be discriminatory.

FLOYD: I don't have any axe to grind with the motorcycle clubs, either AMA or an outlaw club. Christ, they're such a small percentage of the people out there, and it would be great to say, hey, you know, if you've ridden ten years and basically that motorcycle is your primary source of transportation — which it is with most people in the outlaw clubs, anyway — that would be fine [for them not to have to wear lids].

But, Christ, they're not the ones going out and busting their heads. I mean, they take it [helmet laws] very personally and I don't think they should. I think they'll have a distinctive hat, if they have to wear a hat, just like they ride a distinctive bike with a distinctive tank and all that sort of thing.

I think they'll be so ingenious with what they do with a hat if they're forced to wear a hat in this state that it would take on all the same qualities that wearing their colors does.

Those are the guys that aren't going to want to wear a hat. I can even understand that. But I'm telling you that I've seen a few guys — that I know were riding for 15 or



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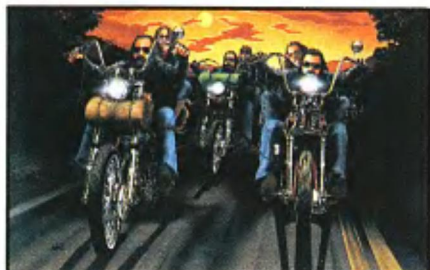
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M-19 "GOIN' HOME"

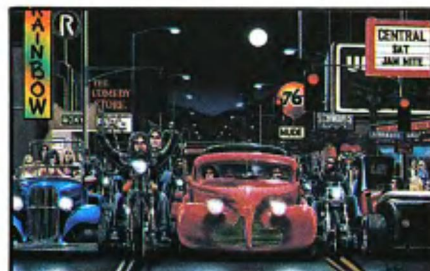
She waits faithfully while you party — and never bitches. You leave a bar with a split lip — she asks no questions. Always there, forever ready to take it on home . . . a man's *real* best friend is his Harley. Dave Mann illustrates it all in his latest giant-sized poster.



M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"



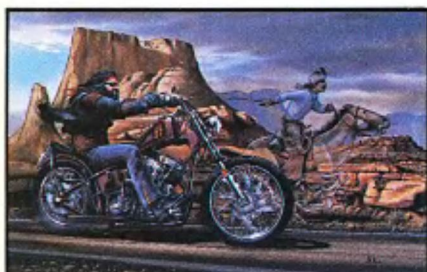
M-18 "AFTER THE DONKEY SHOW"



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-16 "GHOSTRIDER"



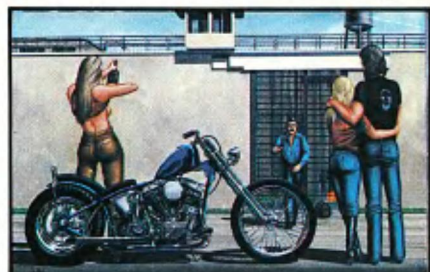
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M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



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20 years — dead. And what did they die of? Multiple head injuries.

They might have been so stoned that they didn't know it, but I don't think so. **ER:** Let's get into a different area. Assuming that you're going to support a helmet bill, and right now it sounds like you will, what's going to be in it? Most states with helmet laws require legal lids to be certified by the federal Department of Transportation. Every independent test done of helmets taken off retailers' shelves shows that the majority of them don't meet even those minimal standards, despite the manufacturers' claims.

Evidence of helmet failures has been turning up in numerous product-liability suits. In one recent case, a brain-damaged woman was awarded \$3,000,000 because her helmet didn't meet the standards, and in the words of the non-biker jury, caused the woman's injuries to be *more*, rather than *less*, severe. And that wasn't a cheapo import or an off-brand hat, it was a helmet by one of the foremost makers in the world.

What would you do, as author of a helmet law, to ensure that if Californians have to wear helmets, they're at least getting the minimal protection required by law?

TERRY: I can't respond very well right now. We do have [in the prospective bill] a provision that — I think the words are — helmets meet the Department of Transportation standards or the equivalent. And maybe that needs to be looked into.

FLOYD: Maybe have the standards set by the highway patrol or somebody who knows something about it.

TERRY: I'm aware of a few of the cases that you're alluding to and in most cases some bootleg guy gets a big shipment of substandard helmets and somewhere he gets these seals and puts them in there. ...

FLOYD: Maybe that's what we need to do. Establish a new foundation on standards. Make it the *Easyriders* standards. . . I mean, you know, decide what the standards are and make a buck.

ER: How close are you to making a decision on whether you'll introduce a mandatory helmet bill?

FLOYD: I think we're fairly close, but we're going to make fairly certain we have our ducks in line first.

I've watched helmet bills. There have been a lot of them.



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ER: Like the bill Assemblywoman Doris Allen introduced last year?

FLOYD: Doris Allen is nothing, I mean, that's the latest silliness to come along. She gave a demonstration of motorcycles on the Capitol steps and ran over the foot of one reporter and dumped herself.

But in the past bills came up and the guys [bike riders] come in and make this great demonstration, and most legislators felt that, God, if they vote for something like this, they'll have an outlaw on their front steps the next morning, threatening them, their wives, and families, which is just bullshit.

But they've [legislative hearings on helmet bills] never had the witnesses, the witnesses in wheelchairs, or the mothers, and that kind of thing.

I don't know. When you say, "How close?" I don't know.

ER: You're kinda talking about stacking the deck there.

FLOYD: I'm gonna stack the deck.

ER: But you could just as easily bring in mothers who had sons die on motorcycles while they were wearing a helmet. There's no such thing as a free, guaranteed, safe ride on a bike, or in a car, or on an airplane. If the jet crashes, there's a chance you're going to die no matter what equipment you have on. The deaths don't stop when the helmet goes on.

FLOYD: That's true. I had to wear a helmet in Korea all the time I was there and nobody ever shot me in the head. The bastards shot me in the arm, they shot me in the ass. They shoot you everywhere but in the helmet, and let me tell you something, if they shoot you in the helmet, you're dead, too, but that's a bullet.

But I don't know. I really don't know where we are with it at this point. Hell, there's no personal thing. I have no problems with anybody, what they ride, where they ride. But the guy that comes in and tries to beat the shit out of me because I'm in the arms of the Japanese motorcycle companies — Christ, I don't think the Japanese give a damn how many people here wear a hat or not. They wanna sell a bike. They don't give a shit whether you live or die on that bike.

I've never talked with any person who represents a helmet manufacturer. I don't

Easyriders

ORAL RAPE
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"Now, listen carefully. Don't swallow the evidence!"

know who the hell they are. I know some brands and stuff like that, but that's all. I don't have any relationship with the Hondas, Kawasakis, and those people. I talk with motorcycle dealers and they have no interest in the issue one way or the other. They'd be pretty stupid to [have such an interest]. They sell bikes to guys who want to wear a helmet and guys who don't.

If somebody's going to accuse me of being in the pocket of someone, they better damn well be able to prove it.

ER: Politically speaking, if you do introduce a helmet bill, do you think it will pass and become law the first year, or do you expect to have to battle for it over several legislative sessions?

FLOYD: It'll make it the year that I introduce it. Unless I'm pretty sure I'll be able to move it on. I'm not going to go with it. And, like I said, I'm going to bring in the witnesses that are best for me. I'm sure as hell not going to bring in the other witnesses. Somebody else can bring in the other witnesses.

ER: You obviously believe very strongly that helmets save lives. If you do introduce a mandatory helmet law — and I stress the word if — would you be willing to include a sunset clause [a provision automatically repealing a law after a certain period of time or in the event of certain circumstances] stipulating that if at the end of one year, two years, three years, the accident and fatality statistics don't —

FLOYD: No. And that has nothing to do with that particular bill. It's just that I've opposed sunset clauses on every fucking bit of legislation as long as I've been here. They're just bullshit. They're just a means to keep lobbyists employed. The sun never sets on anything.

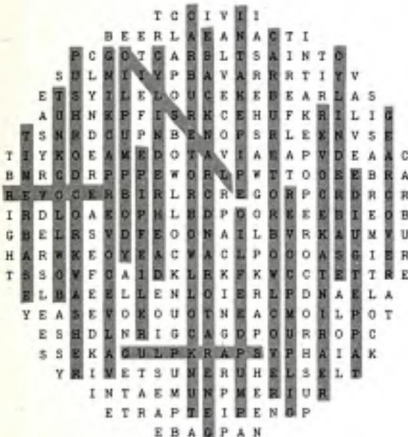
ER: Let me put the same idea a different way —

FLOYD: Would I carry a repealer? Absolutely. Absolutely. If, in three years' time, the statistical base was such that it was doing more harm than good, or that it wasn't doing any good, that it was no improvement, yeah, I'd carry a repealer.

I mean, I'm not afraid to admit that I'm wrong on something. Much as I hate to say it, I have been wrong. I remember once in 1947... ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle found on page 73



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Lockdown

Continued from page 71

Come With Me

In a surprise victory for those practicing arbitrary use of prison discipline without due process, a federal court in New York has ruled that prisoners can be moved from so-called honor cellblocks to the general prison population without a hearing or the right to appeal such a reclassification.

In a New York case, the court ruled that officials at the state's Bedford Correctional Facility for Women were justified in transferring a chick from the honor floor to the general population, because she'd made "little effort to improve" after a "less than acceptable evaluation" by an officer.

Although the ruling seems to run counter to most judicial thinking over the past decade or so, the court ruled that the due process clause of the Constitution doesn't apply to actions directed against individual prisoners as long as the punishment imposed isn't more stringent than that which the inmate was originally sentenced to.

What that means (as near as we can make out) is this: If you're sentenced to prison and later qualify for special privileges (such as transfer to an honors unit), you can lose those privileges if some guard who doesn't like your face writes you up.

On the other hand, if you're sentenced to prison and some screw later wants to transfer you to a segregation or solitary unit, the administration must obey due process rules before taking such action.

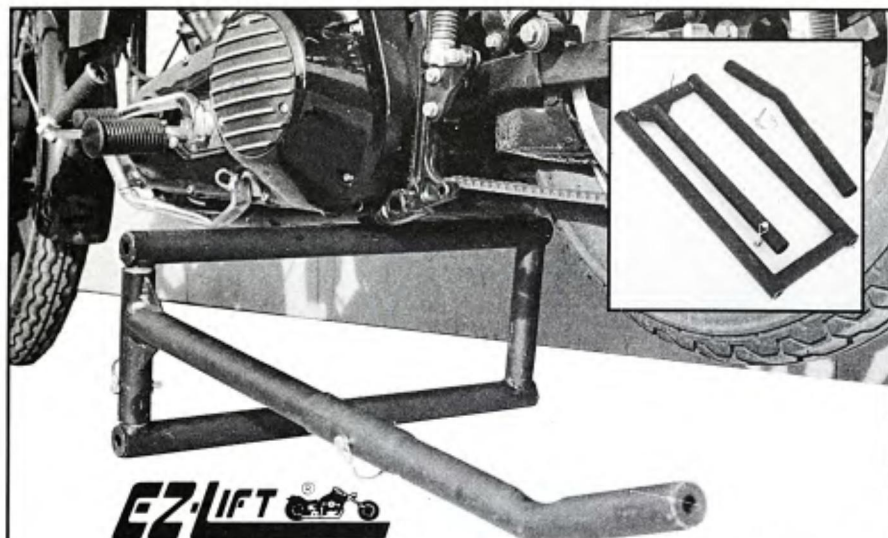
The difference between the two examples, as we understand the ruling, is that in the first you're merely being sent back down to the same level of punishment to which you were sentenced in the first place. In the second example, you are, obviously, being forced to undergo more severe punishment (a stretch in segregation instead of a regular cell block) than you were originally sentenced to, and therefore you have more rights.

On that head-spinning note, we'll head for the joke pages.
Chandler v. Lord, 601 F. Supp. 681 (S.D.N.Y. 1985) ■

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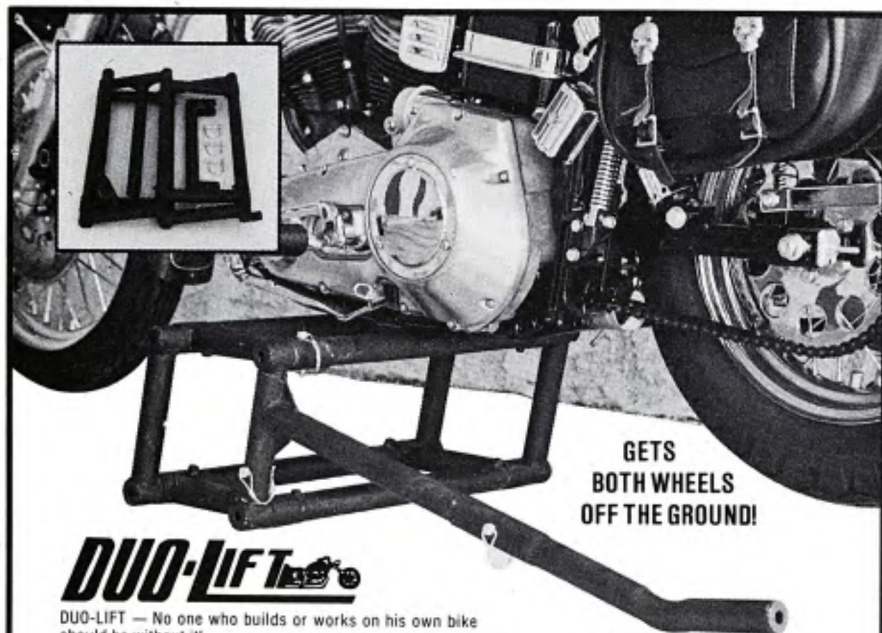
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Racing Shop

Continued from page 55

that's Harley's racing hallmark: Cams aren't just bolted in and used as they come from the manufacturer. It seems that cam lobes are seldom just where guys like Werner want them to be, so he'll cut a cam lobe loose from its gear and holding them together in a special fixture, weld them back together again. Clearly, the fixture used for this has been used many times, but like so many of the tools in the race team area, it can't be found in any catalog. Somebody, probably nobody knows who anymore, made this tool specifically for this particular garage.

Over in the southeast corner of the shop are some shelves with engine parts — enough to make 30 engines. If you're a genuine racer and need an engine, the boys will assemble you one for about \$6700. They'll also sell you pieces, should you, ahem, need any.

Originally, there was a plan to build 25 engines during 1986 and to sell them to privateers. These weren't to be the usual sort of XR750 engines; they were going to get the latest trick heads, cams, and carbs. Regrettably, that may not happen now. You see, the race team shop is closed.

Clyde Denzer, manager of the race team, has been laid off. Pieter Zylstra has been moved into the engineering department, and Bill Werner is now working on XR engine development down in the engineering dyno room. Unless someone needs to get into the race shop, its doors are closed and locked. At the time these photos were taken, only four people were in the race shop where once there were up to five times that many. Racing is currently at a low ebb at Harley-Davidson.

We all know that recent times have been hard at H-D. The buy-out from



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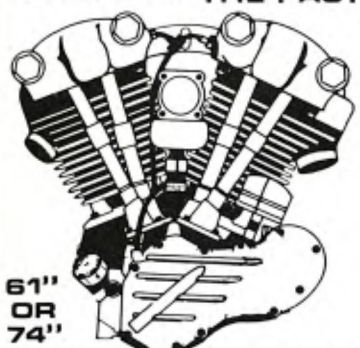
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In any case, there will be factory-sponsored racing in 1986, just as there was in 1985. Harley has signed Scott Parker, Jay Springsteen, and Cris Carr to ride dirt-trackers, while Gene Church will represent H-D in the Battle of the Twins. Each rider will be given bikes and parts and enough money to not only hire the tuning talent they need but cover most of their other expenses as well. Additionally, some privateers stand to receive company help in the form of parts and advice, although you may not ever hear about these guys since they aren't necessarily names guaranteed to get in the news. See, Harley really supports racing, even when it doesn't earn them any publicity.

This projected scenario for '86 is pretty much the way it was in '85, but if Harley can find a sponsor (they almost had one for this season), or if they grab a firm hold on their current "in the black" status, they'll open the race shop doors every day again. When they do open those doors on a regular basis, they'll be working on the new engine they need to carry them through racing's next decade. That Harley racer will be the absolute state of the art — and the other guys will just have to start over.

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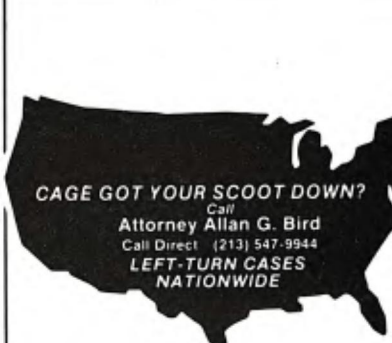
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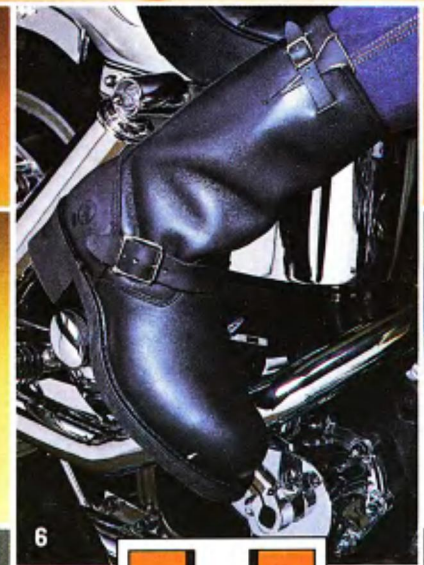
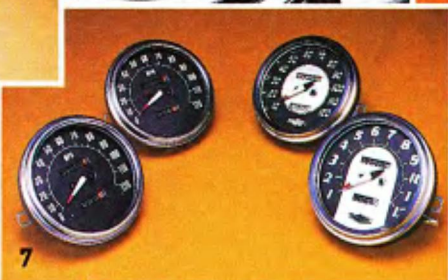
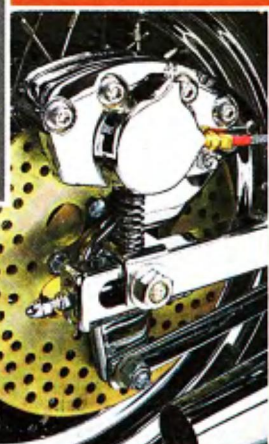
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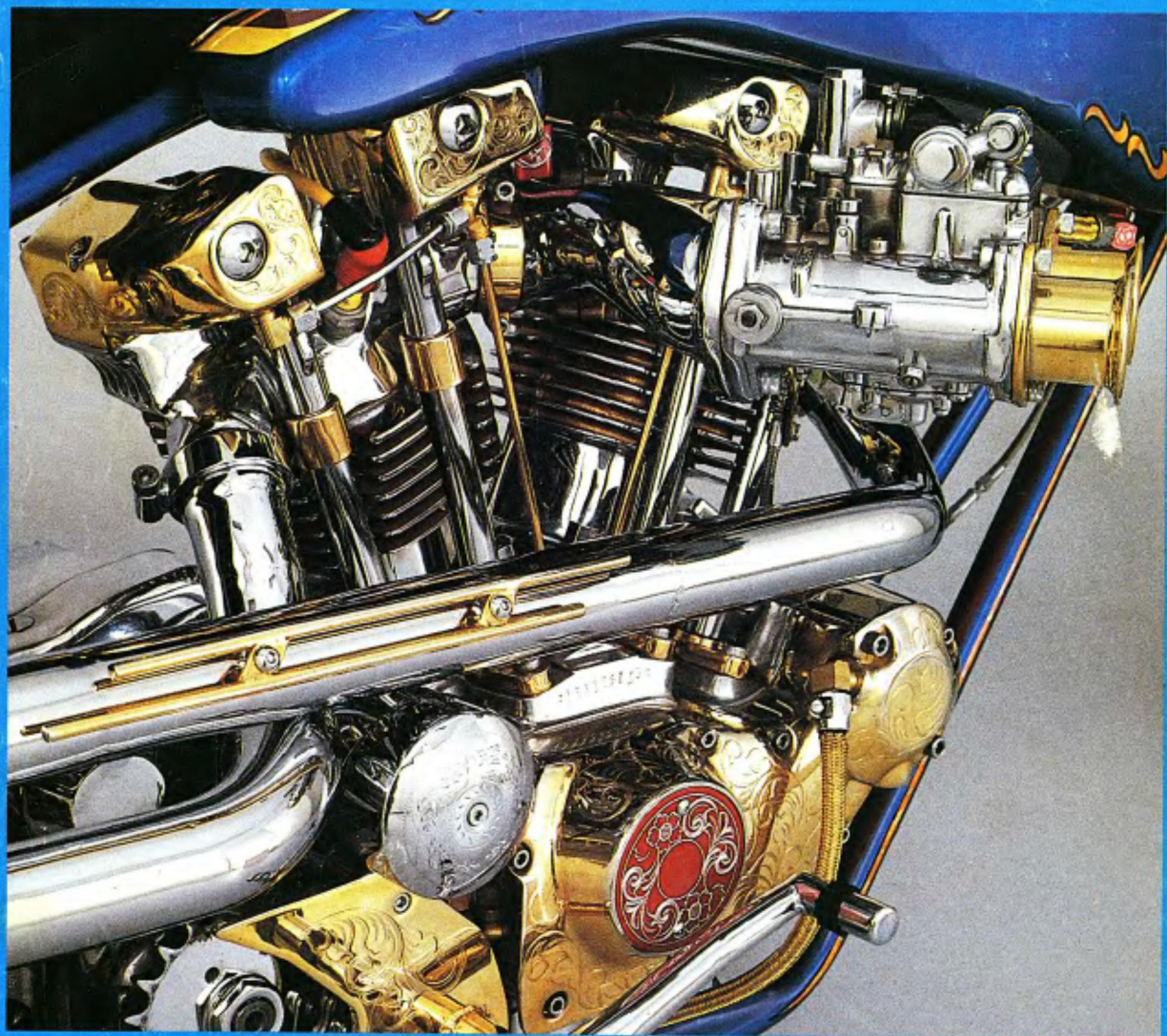
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