

Easyriders

\$100,000 Sweepstakes! see page 34

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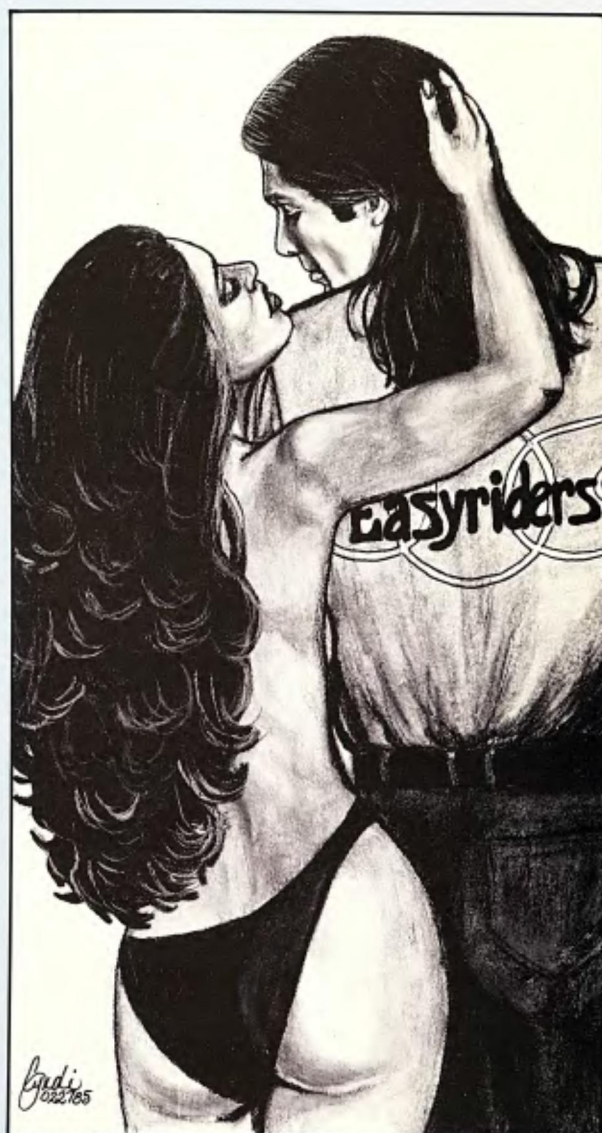


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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 156, June 1986, Vol. 16. *Easyriders* is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (818) 889-8740. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (818) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1986 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to *Easyriders* will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to *Easyriders'* unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, *Easyriders* magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, *Easyriders* Subscription Department, Box 2406, Boulder, CO 80322. (818) 889-8740. One year, \$22; two years, \$39 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add \$6 per year. Single copy, \$2.95. **Postmaster:** Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301. **Advertising:** *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

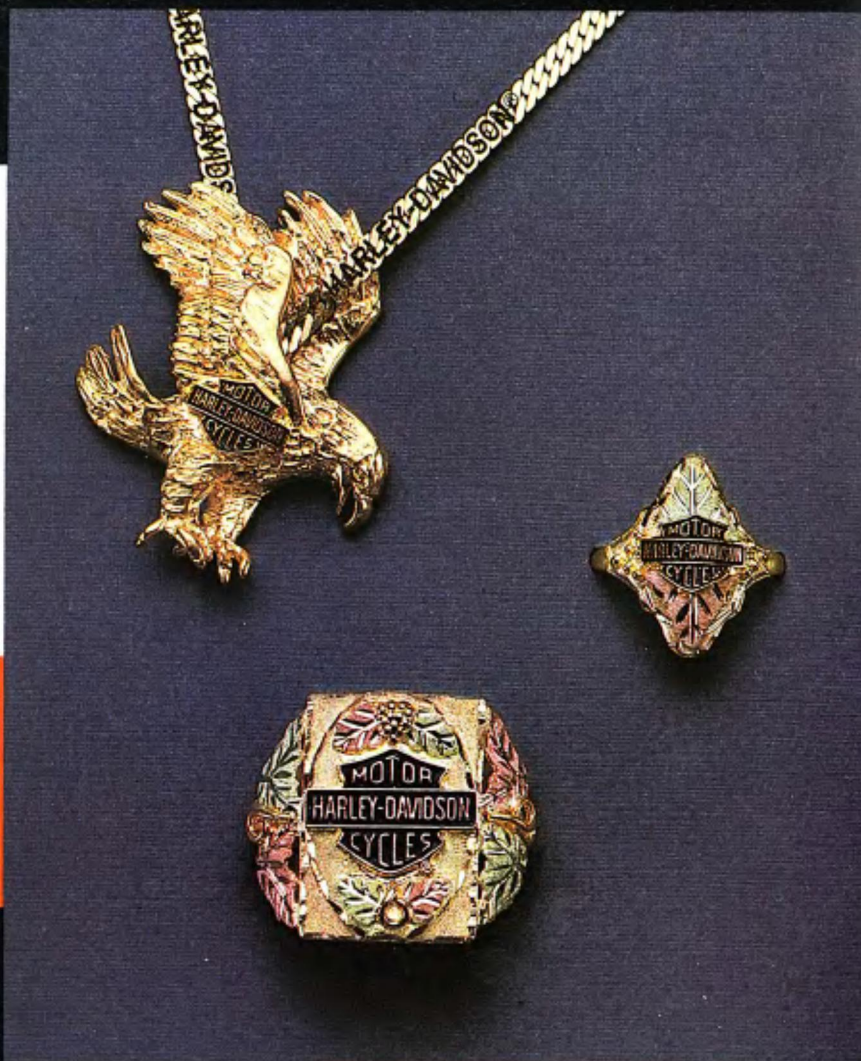


Audited Paid

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

Cover photo of Bo by Billy Tinney





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First it was chickens and ducks getting porked. Now I'm gonna tell you something you absolutely won't believe. A low-buck porno movie producer allegedly stuffed this dog with a lot of food and then took him outside to shoot a movie scene. They wanted a single scene showing a dog taking a shit, and while the turd was still steaming, a girl would go up to it, put it in her mouth, and eat it. There was no chance of slipping her a phony turd, as it was to be one continuous shot from the dog's ass to her mouth. Needless to say, she barfed after the shot.

Speaking of dogs (no, not your ol' lady—the four-legged kind), this dog had the hots for a neighbor dog, but that dog's owner didn't want a mongrel fucking his show dog. So he caught it and cut its nuts off—and was busted for cruelty to an animal. What about horses and cattle, he asked the judge. Is it cruel to cut their nuts off? (Anyone ever ask them?)

The dumbshit file: He broke into her house at 2:00 a.m. and tried to fuck her, but she broke away from him and ran into another room. He ran away but came back to the house to get the jacket he'd left there—and was busted.

You explain it—I can't, unless it was some good shit. Anyway, he broke into the house and hit the owner over the head. The owner ran next door to call the heat. When they got there, the burglar was soaping himself while taking a shower—fully dressed.

Here's a good candidate for a Drano douche. They were out drinking and got into a beef. Then they went home and while kissing, she bit off 1½" of his tongue and threw it behind the furnace. Finally she told the police where she'd tossed it. They had to fish it out with a stick, but it was too dirty to be reattached. Man, women can be a pain in the ass at times. Right? Right.

Speaking of ladies being a pain in the ass, how about the broad who wanted her husband to quit watchin' a football game on TV and go out to get her a pizza? He told her to wait until half time, then he'd go out and get it. That wasn't fast enough for her, so she stabbed him in the face with a butcher knife. When he rose from his chair, she stabbed him four more times in the back! Man, when she said she wanted pizza, she wanted pizza right now!

They've got a problem in a town in the East. They can't figure out if it's illegal to pound your meat or have a chick munch your joint while driving. I haven't pounded my meat while driving a cage, but I've certainly had a lot of fun and games with women while driving.

The court decided that "fuck off" means "go away," which is legal. It seems that he told a police officer to "fuck off" when the cop bothered him on the street. The cop immediately arrested him for using foul language in public, jaywalking, drunkenness, and everything else he could think of. But the court decided there was nothing illegal in his telling the cop not to bother him. So next time a cop hassles ya, tell him to fuck off. Then duck—and God knows what else.

He wanted to prove he was a strong man, so he announced that he'd let a motorcycle run over him. He meant a dirt bike, but a 185-pound guy on a Harley took him on. He got a crack in his back and fucked up his bladder, so he's decided to restrict that particular trick to dirt bikes from now on.

His ol' lady was giving him some lip. He grabbed her by the throat to teach her a lesson, but surprise, surprise! She pulled a gun and plugged him five times. He clutched his throat, chest, and belly and staggered out the front door. With a gurgle he fell onto the driveway, where two passersby saw that he'd been shot and was in trouble. Did they rush to a phone and call for help? Did they administer first aid? No, they rolled him, taking his cash and wallet. (It's a wonder they didn't take the gold outta his teeth.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Thanks

□ A Toys for Tots Christmas run was organized and successfully put on by Rochester-area motorcycle clubs on November 9, 1985. Despite the monsoon rains that prevailed for most of the day and night, riders putted to the Atlantic Tavern to participate in the run, which was held for the children of St. Joseph's Villa in Rochester, N.Y.

A well-deserved thanks in appreciation from the children at the Villa goes out to all from the Black Hawks, Brotherhood, C.C. Riders, Enforcers, Excaliburs, Hells Angels, Iron Horsemen, Lords, Road Agents, and Snakes.

Jody Ferrara
St. Joseph's Villa
Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Big

□ My husband is an exceptionally large man (6'8½", 425 lbs.) and a biker. He can't find suitable clothing (leather jacket, gloves, and boots) to fit him. Especially hard to find are gloves, because he needs XXL or XXXL. Most suppliers stock nothing larger than an XL. In a jacket, he needs size 60 or 62, X-long or XX-long. He has real big feet, too (size 16).

Do you know of a supplier or dealer where extra-large bikers can get clothing?

Stacy Sims
Beaumont, Tex.

■ I wear XXL myself, so I understand your problem. Go where I go: Eagleson's Big & Tall, Inc., 259 S. Spring, Los Angeles, CA 90012, and Big Man's Shop, 1069 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ABATE Tape

□ After receiving the tape "Watch Out For Bikers" from you people last May, I took it to KOMO-TV, Ch. 4, in Seattle. I'm proud to tell you that they liked it enough to not only start airing it almost immediately, but they also added a trailer to the end,

informing viewers the message was being sponsored by ABATE of Washington. Then they offered to make four additional copies free of charge, which they forwarded to Channels 5, 7, 11, and 13 in the Seattle-Tacoma area. Since then, all the stations except Channel 5 (King TV, Seattle) have been airing this important motorcycle-awareness message. I was informed by the public service announcements director at KOMO-4 that PSAs are usually run for a 60-day period, then shelved for 60-90 days. If deemed worthy and effective, they're run again and again in the same manner. Personally, it's made me feel real good having friends and even strangers tell me that they saw a "motorcycle-awareness" commercial on TV, especially since I've been riding motorcycles in this area since 1974 and have never seen a message of this type on television before.

Bruno
Ravensdale, Wash.

Can't Find

□ I just read the February '86 "Tech Tip" and I want to get some of that 30-30 by Kal-Gard. I called every parts house in Abilene, Texas, but I can't find the shit. Where the fuck can I get some of this stuff?

Bowser
Abilene, Tex.

■ Kal-Gard says they ship COD direct to customers wherever their products aren't sold locally. Kal-Gard, 16616 Schoenborn, Sepulveda, CA 91343.

Single-Tube Fork?

□ I've seen a Hog with a single-tube fork and was wondering if you can tell me anything about them. I'm thinking of getting one, but I'm not too sure of the dependability of something like it.

The Wizard
Estevan, Saskatchewan

■ We don't know what type

of single-tube fork you saw and we don't know of any single-tube forks being available.

Apehangers

□ According to the Florida vehicle code excerpts you published in March, "Motorcycle handlebars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator."

Well, now, I know that makes my apehanger pan illegal in Florida, but what about the new Softail? The bars exceed 15 inches at the top. Don't they sell Harleys in Florida, or what?

The Big Kid
California Valley, Calif.

Doc Holiday

□ To the people looking for a copy of "Doc Holiday Rides Again" ("Wordmonger," March '86): I first heard it in 1982, riding from Mardi Gras over to Daytona. It's some heavy southern rock with a lot of punch. Couldn't wait to get back up North to chase it down. It's an A & M stereo tape (#CS-6-4882) and may have to be ordered. It should definitely be checked out — you'll dig it.

J.B.
Boston, Mass.

There's Hope

□ Dick De Ridder's beautiful '77 shovel caught my eye and held it. I figured no mortal man could build such a fantastic-looking motor. Drooling turned into a nit-picking exercise, and after looking all day I found something to mortalize the builder. Yes, folks, after investing big bucks in a totally righteous scooter, Dick used your standard junk-box, wallowed-out slot screws in the points cover. Maybe there's hope for the rest of us, after all.

Big Chew
Sorrento, Ill.

AIDS Again

□ I'm not usually one to harp

on and on about things, but February's "Wordmonger" has really gotten me pissed. There are some points to be brought up that are being overlooked.

First, the "Soap Box" editorial entitled "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS" is simply one person's opinion and — I assume — not necessarily that of *Easyriders*. I respect the staff for honoring their standing offer of a reader gripe sheet by printing the article. Damn good job.

Secondly, although the article generated controversy, *Easyriders* allowed the butt-fuckers to respond, even to my disgust. In printing Philip Hull's letter, written by a fucking asshole whose chromosomes are all fucked up, the magazine showed an unbiased attitude.

Third, you've heard of MADD. One mother started a national campaign against a small percentage of us who like to imbibe and cruise. With increased voter sympathy (aka political pressure), existing laws were toughened and readily enforced. The reason? A small percentage of us were a fatal menace to society as a whole. Get it? So now the faggots (the small percentage) are the leading cause of AIDS (a fatal menace) that threatens society. And we (society) retain the right to have laws enacted to protect ourselves.

Although total eradication of all faggots isn't feasible, due to this country's stand on human rights, there are alternatives. Some possibilities: Close gay bars and similar establishments; enforce existing laws against sodomy; increase surveillance of public restrooms and prosecute with stiff fines and prison sentences; register known faggots and keep close records of personal encounters; give the smegma-breaths their own island, as was done with lepers, and let them blow each other directly from here to eternity.

Against the rights of faggots? Not hardly. It would be in the best interest of society. (Similar methods are used by the Moral Majority in the battle against pornography, but that's a different story.)

And since Mr. Hull insulted bikers in general, we can call our group "Bikers Against AIDS Distribution." That's right, we're B-A-A-D. (That ought to pop their

fairy enema bags.)

Finally, Mr. Hull and Mr. X (that's X with a lisp) should be forewarned that I'm heterosexual, and I would certainly attempt to "jump the fence" should I ever contract AIDS through transfusion, mosquitoes, etc. I'd get a one-way ticket to San Francisco and personally fuck them, their friends, their brothers, their dogs, etc. I believe in returning things to their rightful owners, if possible.

Snapper
Leola, Pa.

Needs Help

☐ I have a problem that I hope a reader can help me with. I'm an inmate in a Tennessee prison who has an ol' lady and two kids in Oklahoma City. I want to transfer out there to do the rest of my time (about five years). I need to know what kind of hassles I'll have to go through once I do transfer, and if I can get close to Oklahoma City to do my time.

I can't write to other prisoners, so I hope you can print this so that another biker can help me out. I can receive mail from other prisoners. If there's anyone in Oklahoma City who can help me with some info, or even an address where I can write, I'd really appreciate it. Maybe one of you bros in Oklahoma City would want to trade places with me to finish your time.

Michael Thomas 89783
Box 2000
Wartburg, TN 37887

Belt Drives

☐ In response to G. Baczkowski from Cottonwood, California: The cheapest place (less than a grand) to find what you're looking for to convert your bike to belt drive is Super Max Products, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90247. (213) 516-0500.

F. Cool
Flint, Mich.

Thanks To Everyone

☐ Here's a throw-together letter just to say thanks to everyone for helping me through many hours and days of grease, cleaning, and the rebuilding of my '60 Sportster. I tip my hat to: all the guys at Truett & Osborn Cycle Service (H-Ds only), for all their advice and after-market parts in stock; Bill over at Hugo's Harley-Davidson, for the coaching and

tech tips; Rick at Starflite Manufacturing Co., for making me my custom brackets and parts from my beer-smudged pencil drawings; Chuck and Wade at Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Belmont, Arizona, for getting me through the ropes and for Wade's expert surgery on my ol' '60; and Easyriders, for a great magazine full of ideas, tips, and laughs. Special thanks to Mike in Flagstaff, Arizona, for getting me started on it all.

Gino "CD"
Wichita, Kan.

350 Sprint

☐ Need to get in touch with anyone out there who has a '68 350 Sprint. Called all the local dealers and got nothing.

Got the bike for two loads of wood, so you just about know what condition it's in. Anything would help: Pictures, literature, etc., etc. Douglas R. McCreery
Box 20
Knightsville, IN 47857
(812) 446-2734

Dave Mann Original

☐ I'm writing to let everyone know that the Dave Mann original you gave away in a contest some time back is now possibly for sale or maybe trade.

Anyway, if anyone has any offers to extend, I haven't the slightest idea what it's worth in a money sort of way. Make me an offer.

Chester R. Nash
Rt. 2 Box 2159
Wapato, WA 98951

Sorry

☐ To all the bros and sisters who flew me kites regarding the "Easy Rider" poster I had up for grabs: Sorry I couldn't help y'all out. Hope my mail from Down Under got to you.

The Raf
Bathurst Jail, Australia

Motorcycle Museum

☐ Anyone who is in the area should stop in at the Indian Motorcycle Museum Hall of Fame, 33 Hendee St., Springfield, Massachusetts. We found it by accident one day and had a great time looking at all the bikes and talking with the curator, Esta Mathos, who knew and worked with the first motorcycle manufacturers in the U.S. She's a wealth of info and also rides and restores Indi-

ans. The museum has a show every summer and gets a good turnout, so check it out.

Peaches
Cornwall, N.Y.

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

☐ I'd always thought you bikers were low-life scum just because of your filthy appearance, but after reading your magazine for the first time, I now believe that I was being far too kind in my opinions. You people are by far the lowest form of scum on this planet. Biker women are a bunch of loose sluts who have so little class that they walk around nude in front of crowds of people, displaying their flabby, uncared-for bodies. Biker men have such a lack of taste that they actually have sex with that slimy shit.

Unsigned
Corona Del Mar, Calif.

☐ Who cares what you think, asshole-eyes?

Road Eagles

☐ Attention, Brad "Red Beard" Antrim, Pendleton, Indiana: We, the Road Eagle MC, are alive and well. Our club is nine years old and getting stronger each year.

Our ninth annual rally takes place the last weekend of June '86, just outside Munich in West Germany.

Write our clubhouse address for further information.

Road Eagle MC
Munich
Postfach 950308
8000 Munchen 95
West Germany

We're To Blame

☐ I thought I'd drop you a kite and let you know that you dudes are responsible for my owning and riding a Harley-Davidson.

T.C.
New York, N.Y.

Bad Drugs

☐ This is in response to the letter in your February '86 issue about the use of the psychotropic medication thiothixene (Nave) on prisoners. I had a similar experience with this medication while incarcerated in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1976. I was an all-star running and corner back; the drug turned me into a fool. I can't hold a job. I can't concentrate. The drug caused permanent functional damage to all organs, to my bone marrow, depression, etc.

I can't get this statement notarized — I can't afford the notary fee. I haven't heard of any deaths from this drug, with the exception of suicides. I myself have attempted suicide four times since that dark and dreadful year.

I agree that the use of Nave on prisoners must be stopped immediately. My deepest regrets to the New Jersey bros for not being able to send a sworn statement. I haven't worked in a month and have no money, all due to damage from Nave.

Shelby Todd
Kansas City, Mo.

Free Medical Advice

☐ Young doctor heading research team needs questionnaires answered in exchange for free medical advice. All subjects welcome.

James S. McChan, MD
Box 900-43927
Jefferson City, MO 65102

Whatdafuck?

☐ Where the hell is the "Asstrology" column in the March issue?

Sam Gier
Garden City, Kan.

☐ Each fuckin' month I look forward to buyin' your classy (in its own way) rag, and one of the reasons is Dusty's column.

I don't really wanna know what the fuck happened, but ya chose the wrong fuckin' month to goof off, 'cause this here month's my birth month and I was lookin' forward to readin' my fuckin' profile (one thing about Pisces, we do believe in horoscopes).

Baron
Terrebonne, Quebec

☐ No one ever wrote to Dusty, so we thought that after so many years she'd gotten stale. We'll get in touch with her.

☐ Just picked up the latest rag and there was no "Asstrology" in it.

B.J.
Cheyenne, Wyo.

☐ I've read your rag since the June '71 issue and have supported you all these years. But I pick up the March '86 issue and go to check out "Asstrology" for Pisces, and what do I find? Well, certainly no "Asstrology." So you'd better cut back on the raisin pie — way back.

Sunrise
Tracy, Calif.

☐ You really must have smoked some weird shit this time. How could you possibly allow Dusty to quit writing the monthly "Astrology" column for ya?

I'm out here in cold, damp, and lonely Indy, really getting psyched up for Daytona, curious how my month will be, but no "Astrology." So I call long-distance and talk to a really sexy-voiced lady, Bright Eyes, who informs me that Dusty has quit after 15 years of writing horoscopes for us bikers.

Well, enough bitching. I just hope it does some good.

David Brock
Indianapolis, Ind.

☐ Hope the fuck it wasn't a mistake that you didn't have the usual horoscope bullshit in the March issue. Hope you shitcanned it. It was a waste of a page.

We live from day to day, party to party, and run to run, and if someone says I'm gonna have a bad month, I'll make them fuckin' wrong and gone in no time.

Mr. HIP
Brockton, Mass.

☐ You fuckers really went and pissed me off!

I didn't notice it till the second run through the rag. Then I figured some asshole cocksucker tore the page out. So I counted all the pages from cover to cover, and all the numbers corresponded to the proper pages. And just to make sure, I went back and looked again. What the fuck happened to Dusty Sage?

David C. McDonald
Dedham, Mass.

☐ Boy, did y'all fuck up my month. I open up my March rag and y'all forgot the fuckin' "Astrology" page. Boy, can y'all mess up a wet dream! Thanks. Now I don't know how to act this month. No more raisin pie for Denise.

Short Timers
Vieques, Puerto Rico

☐ Okay, you bunch of fuckin' scumbags, where is the "Astrology" column for the March issue? We Pisces are people, too! Lucky for you it's snowing, or I'd come down there and kick some ass.

Black Dave
Penticton, B.C.

■ So many people wrote about her that we'll try to get her back on board.

Response to L.R.H.

☐ This is in response to L.R.H. (March '86), to inform them how much "assembly" is required on rice rockets. I've worked for many rice-rocket dealers (due to lack of funds, ya gotta do what ya gotta do). The only assembly on a rice rocket is installation of the front wheel and fender, as this makes the crate smaller so as to get more rice per boatload.

Hoss
Riverdale, Ga.

☐ I'll bet my last dollar that you're one of those candy-assed faggots who bought that "thing" you call a bike because it looked remotely like a Harley.

You've got a "girl's bike," not a motorcycle, so give it to your little sister and get yourself a real motorcycle.

*Easyrider*s is for adult bikers, not a fucking geek like you. Next time you buy a rag, pick up a copy of *Better Homes & Gardens*. It's probably more your speed.

Dr. Mess Munroe
Toronto, Ontario

A Comeback

☐ In response to David "Rebel" Sayers (March '86): Dave, for a most sensual, sexual experience, have your boyfriend stick a shotgun up your ass while he sucks your dick. Then at the moment of ecstasy, have him pull the trigger.

Hank "Fag Killer" Durr
FPO Miami, Fla.

☐ To the fag-infested "Rebel" Sayers: I thought something was weird when the chrome was sucked off my exhaust pipes. I bet you're good at starting a cold engine in the winter with your lips.

Scarface
Omaha, Neb.

☐ I was just reading your March issue and now you've gone too far. You probably won't print this, but I'm sure I'm speaking for many bros out there. Any editor with the balls to print the words "gay bro" in his rag ought to have his cock removed and crammed down his throat.

Skip
Jamestown, Calif.

Looks Like A Jap Bike

☐ I've been readin' your rag for as long as ya been printin' it, and always thought it was the best. . . until today. Good

thing I was sittin' on the crapper when I opened up the March issue to page 51. Couldn't make up my mind whether to get up and make use of the puke pot, or just sit still and shit.

I swear, the next time I tear into a new *Easyrider*s, expectin' to enjoy some fine American readin', accompanied by some flicks of some fine American Hogs, and instead find a spread that looks like it belongs on the front page of the *Tokyo Sun Times*, I'm gonna get real pissed. And I guarantee I ain't half this nice when I get real pissed.

Lady Low Glide
Nashville, Tenn.

"Victims of Divorce"

☐ Bear Strickland's "Victims of Divorce" had to be the best editorial I've read in your rag. Send him a joint and a beer.

Bill Le Blanc
Boston, Mass.

☐ In reference to "Soap Box" in the March '86 issue, it's a damn shame the way the male gets the shit end of the stick when it comes to divorce proceedings. Lady Justice bends over backwards for the woman, and there isn't much you can do about it at the present time. My son is a good 2600 miles from me now. I'm going to visit him as soon as I can afford it. I don't know how the bitch spends the money, but it gives me some peace of mind to know that making the payments ensures that no fucking Ohio jerk-off will be able to change my son's last name through adoption — which could easily happen if payments stop or get too delinquent. It might help others if they look at it like that.

R.S.
Helena, Mont.

☐ I'm sending a copy to the judge, not my lawyer (who just takes my money), with the hope that he finally gets the message.

Detroit Joe
Detroit, Mich.

☐ My father was lucky. When he and my mother split up, she told him to keep his money so he'd have it when I came to visit. I got to be with him weekends and holidays.

Debora
Laguna Niguel, Calif.

☐ For anyone who is married and about to be taken to

the cleaners, there's an organization that can help. The Men's Rights Association, Box 17854 (Lyons), Forest Lake, MN 55025 is a non-profit group that will give you the names of lawyers in your area who can handle your case, as well as information on new divorce laws. Don't wait until your ol' lady decides to dump ya. Let's band together to stop this bullshit.

Doug Coupland
Goodyear, Ariz.

☐ Why don't you men get down off your high, high Harleys? Victims of divorce? Ha, ha, ha! What Irwin "Bear" Strickland failed to mention is why his divorce came down at all.

Could it be that he left his wife and kids alone too much, making his friends and bikes and cheap women top priority over them? Maybe his wife spent too many nights waiting to hear the phone ring with someone calling to say, "Your husband's been in an accident. He was drunk, tried to ride home, and killed himself." Or could it be she caught him one too many times fucking around with sleazy chicks?

Your one-way point of view really fries my ass. You act like everyone's stomped on you and you've done nothing to deserve it. Well, just from reading some of the things you wrote, it seems women are nothing but playthings to you. You use them up and throw them away. What's a wife for? Someone to put your name on and a "Do Not Touch" sign?

When she has no one but the kids, when she finally feels trapped and alone and makes up her mind that there's got to be more than this and tells you she's through, you turn it around like you're the bruised party. Let me tell you, I think you're full of shit.

The only thing I can agree with is that you should have the right to see your kids any time. It's not their fault that you fucked up and that the ol' lady can't take another lonely night, or another fight because the ol' man went out and got his cookies before he got too drunk to get a hardon.

Show a little more respect for your women. We're people, too. Most often we're pretty good people till the man we worship turns us into revengeful, hurt, destroyed

people. I'm sure I'm not the only one who feels this way. Sign me, "A good ol' lady who's sick of the bullshit men lay on women today."

A good ol' lady. . .
Springfield, Vt.

■ Gimme a kiss.

More On "Consensus"

□ For you bros in Connecticut State Prison (February '86): Whatsamatter? Afraid of women with more balls than you? Too bad ya hate females so much — looks like you guys *deserve* the penile company of each other. Sounds like you've been jacking each other off in the joint too long, bros. All ya need is a good (real) fuck!

Ramone
Medford, Mass.

□ It's really nice to know that some of the men I know don't have your chauvinistic ideas and attitudes. It really makes the world a better place. Next time you walk into some bar or restaurant and you're refused service or hassled 'cause you're a biker, remember this: That ain't shit compared to some of the bullshit we ladies get — from our own biker people! — when riding our own putts. We handle it very well, so give us ladies who ride and have a mind of our own a fucking break. At least we can think and do more than housework. We keep a pretty cool head when shit comes down, and you might need a little back-up if your bros ain't there to help your ass when you let your mouth overload it!

Wicked Wanda
Longview, Wash.

□ Nowhere on the cover, or anywhere else in *Easyriders*, does it say adult male biker. If you'd open your sexist-pig eyes, you'd see it says, "Entertainment For Adult Bikers," so what are you doing reading it? I'm female, adult, and a biker. I know when to open my mouth (for my man's beautiful crank), when to get on my knees (as often as possible), and when to spread my legs. What you need to do is shut the fuck up and listen, and maybe you'll get out of there sooner than you think.

You probably wouldn't know what to do with that thing that's hanging between your legs, anyway.

Paula McGowan
San Antonio, Tex.

□ Shut the fuck up, because nobody's listening anyway.

Marilyn "Punk" Messer
Dickinson, N.D.

Calendar Complaints

□ A fuckin' Norton in the '86 calendar? That ain't no way to start the new year. No raisin pie for you guys.

Mommy Beast
Talent, Ore.

□ I've been buying your calendars for quite some time now, but with your 1986 calendar you really blew it. How could you start it off with a Norton? I mean, isn't this supposed to be Harley-Davidson country, not the land of foreign bikes? The rest of the calendar is all right. I just hope you don't make this kind of mistake again.

Fat Rat
Salem, Ore.

■ After all our fuck-ups with calendars in the past, I ain't promising nothin'.

Fucked

□ Concerning Carl's insurance bitch (February '86), I have one to add. Before I traded my '76 Sporty in on an '85 FXRS Low Glide, I called many, many insurance companies. Finally an independent insurance agent found a full-coverage policy through Dairyland for \$328 per year. Two weeks later I got a bill for an additional \$384. Three weeks after that I got a cancellation notice: They don't cover that particular model.

A new company, Viking, has a price of \$716 per year. Who's got the K-Y?

Dean E. Beck
Bremerton, Wash.

It Helps

□ Hey, guys, this is to say thanks for a righteous rag. My ol' man and I have been here in the Philippines for a year now, and if it weren't for *Easyriders*, we would be goin' crazy.

You guys have kept us up-to-date on all the bike parties and showed us what a good time we've been missing. Believe me, we're counting the days till we're back in the good ol' U.S.A.

Thanks again, guys, and keep up the good work. The next two years here are goin' to be tough, but hey, with your rag we'll survive.

Navel
Clark AFB, Philippines

□ I want you to know that this mag has kept me sane for the last three years. I'm in the army at Ft. Bragg, and it's a relief to read your mag instead of listening to some dickhead lifer. It won't be long (four months) before I'm out there doing the things that bikers should be doing — puttin' around on my '54 pan and getting fucked up.

Rick Sutton
Ft. Bragg, N.C.

Where's Bosque?

□ I've enjoyed *Easyriders* since issue #1, and *Big Bike* before that.

Why can't Louis Bosque have his writings published like those of that homicidal jerk Norman Mailer befriended? I enjoyed Bosque's tales about Reno and the Boozefighters a lot.

Dick Ducati
St. Charles, Mich.

■ He's busy makin' license plates for the state right at this moment.

Joint Jargon

□ In response to your article "An Unofficial Guide to Joint Jargon" (January '86): You defined "peckerwood" as a white man or a Caucasian. Why don't you people get your shit together? I'm sittin' in the joint and a cock-casian (or caucasian, the way you spell it) can never fit the peckerwood category. It better fits the can't-bust-a-grape or P.C.-up definition! Just a little info the brothers and I thought we'd share with you dumbfucks.

Preacher and Mark
Jamestown, Calif.

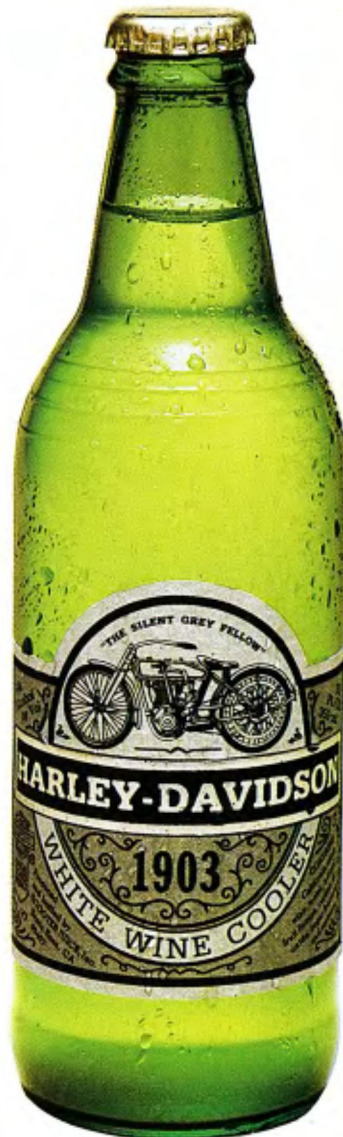
A Comment

□ I can stand tall and say with undying pride that "I am a biker. My freedom can be judged by all but understood by only a few."

Loner of Solo Twilight
Ericson, Neb.

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

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15 OF THE FINEST

If there's any one group of individuals who should be saluted for the 15 years of pleasure they've given those of us who read — and write — this rag, it's the chicks who have posed for our girl features. To a man (pun intended), they've used their God-given (and in some cases,

goddess-sized) attributes to brighten these pages, bring a smile to our lips and a stirring to our loins. So here are pictures of 15 of the finest foxes we've ever featured, as selected — of course — by Spider. Ladies, as we've said here at least once before, "Thanks for the mammaries."





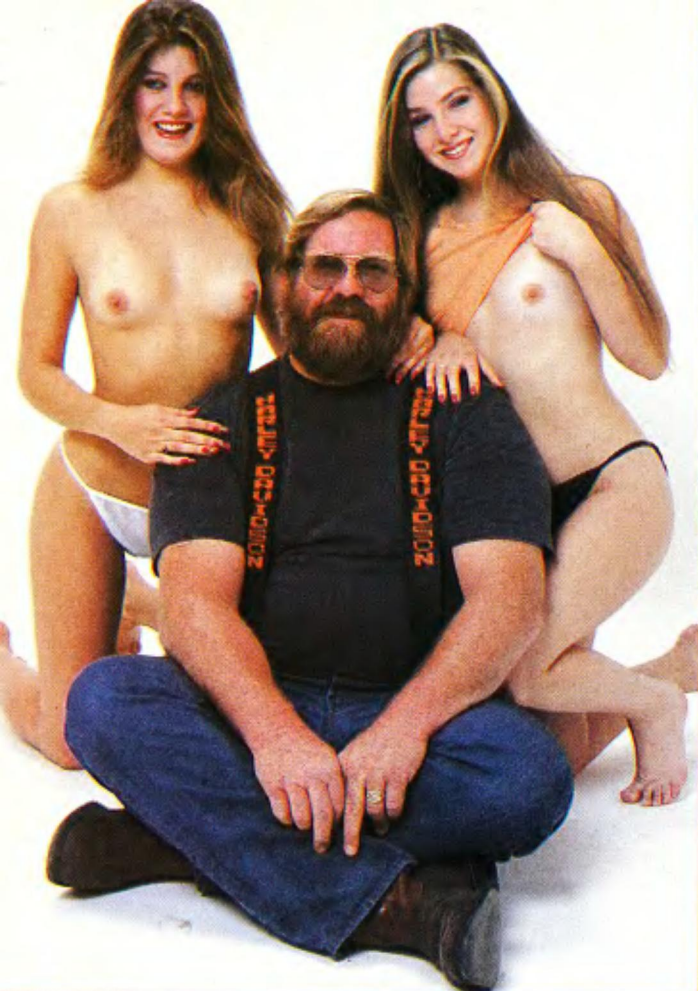
15 OF THE FINEST





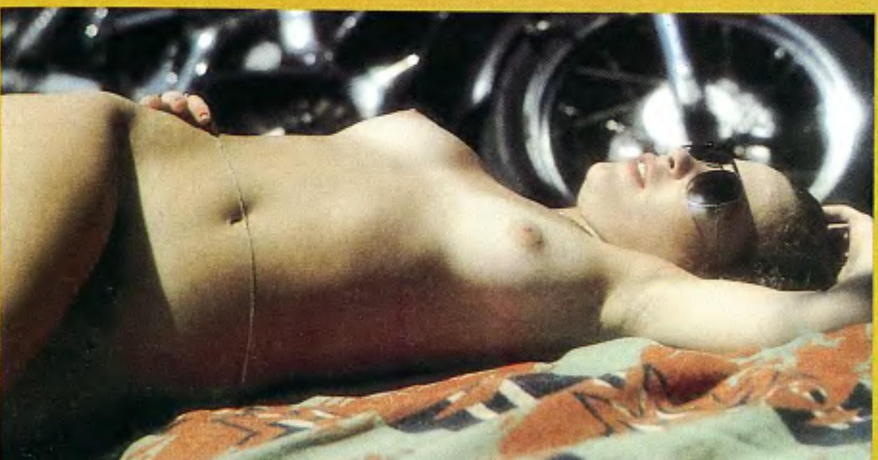
15 OF THE FINEST





15 OF THE FINEST





S·A·M·A·R·I·T·A·N

Bein' naturally helpful Isn't always a virtue — sometimes it's more like a curse.

You'd think I'd learn. Bookin' along an isolated stretch of I-8, my weary attention was caught by the sight of a scrawny, dried-up old woman standing slump-shouldered beside a pickup and travel trailer parked a few feet from the eastbound outside shoulder.

Did I remember the Navajo broad squatting beside a Utah road, droppin' a kid in the middle of nowhere? Did I recall the bloodied old man sprawled some distance from the edge of an Oregon secondary? Shit, no. That shitfaced old fart had aimed his splattered Honda cage into that boulder, had wanted no part of my first-aid efforts, and had claimed I ran him off the road in a robbery attempt — after a pair of hard-eyed troopers showed up. Bein' a 23-year-old biker with long hair and a naturally somber expression hadn't helped me out any. Only the fact that I wasn't bearded and the lyin' old poop still had his lousy wad of greasy bills on him (plus breath that coulda dropped a killer bee in mid-flight) saved my well-intended solo self.

As for the Indian mommy, her whole damn family had been lurkin' in the shrubbery, just waitin' for her to finish havin' her half-breed kid — which they planned to leave right there on the ground, bigots that the bastards were. That time, a Mormon deputy who knew about Navajo attitudes came along, fortuitously keepin' me from bein' carved up worse than a camp-run roast hog. See, those particular native Americans had a score they wanted to settle and it didn't much matter what the white-eyes had ridden up on.

Did I learn anything from those and similar experiences? Shit, no. Not Mrs. Herman's trashy biker son, Wendall A. Herman, aka Kraut for the past nickel aboard his worn but reliable panhead.

Now I was within 50 feet of that poor, stranded old biddy. Seeing her anguished expression, noting the corn cob pipe clamped between her toothless gums, the only thought in my skull was that God might pinch my head off and stuff it up my ass if I coldly rode past, leavin' a helpless old lady out there in the murderous desert with a flat or minor carb trouble.

So I braked to a gradual halt, stoppin' beside her.

"Whatcha want, hippie?" she snapped, glowerin' at me. She followed up her inquiry by removin' the pipe and expertly hawkin' a slimy goober onto my boots.

"Well, ma'am," I drawled, "I couldn't help but notice that you seem to be havin' difficulties, so I —"

A couple of mean-faced old rednecks stepped out from behind the trailer. Both wore bib overalls with no shirts. Both were barefoot. Both sported bright green baseball caps. Both glared at me like I'd just propositioned the old hag. And both cradled shotguns in their skinny arms.

"Oh, sweet shit," I muttered.

"This sorry hippie pervert been talkin' dirty to ya, Mama?" asked the slightly taller hillbilly.

"Oh, he's got a dirty mouth," she stated. "But I don't think it was on purpose, Elwood."

"You shore, Mama?" rasped the other hillbilly.

"Toler'ble shore, Stanley."

The weak grin I gave Elwood and Stanley must have been a ghastly failure, because neither of them returned it. Both of them just stood there, grimly starin' at me with the matched expressions of men who had just seen somethin' real crawly scuttle out from under a damp-bottomed rock. Somethin' that never should be allowed near nice old ladies. Or little children. Or Christian men who are incredibly good shots, even without their glasses.

"Lutellenmae!" the old lady called loudly.

"Yeah, Granny?" replied a feminine, muted voice from inside the trailer.

"Step out here, girl!"

"Listen, I just wanted to —" I began pleasantly.

Stanley poked my ribcage with twin barrels. Poked it hard, in fact, as he hissed, "Shet up when Mama's talkin', hippie trash!"

I "shet up," but the twin barrels didn't retreat.

The trailer door opened. Out waggled a foxy little creature nature had put together just right. Tiny, standing no taller than my armpit. Curvier than the entire cast of a sex fiend's wet dream. Mammoth pointy boobs that belonged on a chick 40 pounds heavier. Long blonde hair cascading thickly to her wasp-like waist. Shiny brown eyes, gleaming with feral excitement. A sensual mouth, wide and stretched wider yet in a startled smile as she gazed at me.

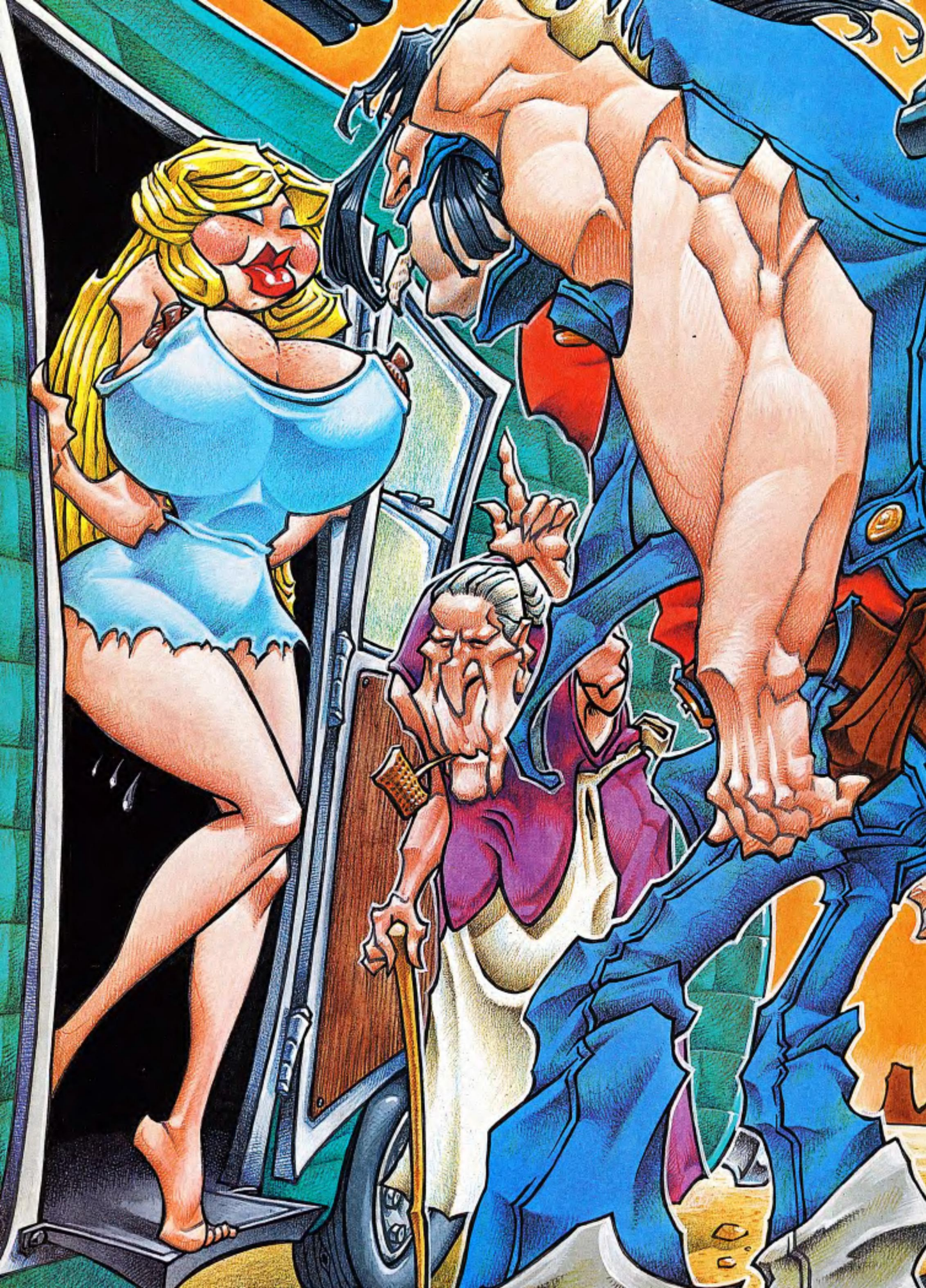
"This booger the one, Lutie?" Granny demanded, her wrinkled face tense with suspicion. "This the lolly-gaggin' scoundrel who seduced ya, gotcha in the family way, then lit a shuck for California?"

"Oh, no!" I yelped. "That wasn't me!"

"Shet up, seducer!" grunted Elwood, shoving his shotgun against the other side of my chest until it felt like it was gonna punch right

Continued on page 77

BY GARBAGE



BETTER AND BETTER

**Veteran chopper ace Bob Vance intends to make this black-and-gold
bruiser a keeper — but that doesn't mean keepin' it the way it is.**









The first time we encountered this bike was last year in Sturgis, and if ya think I used the word encounter as a random variation on "saw," you're 100 percent wrong.

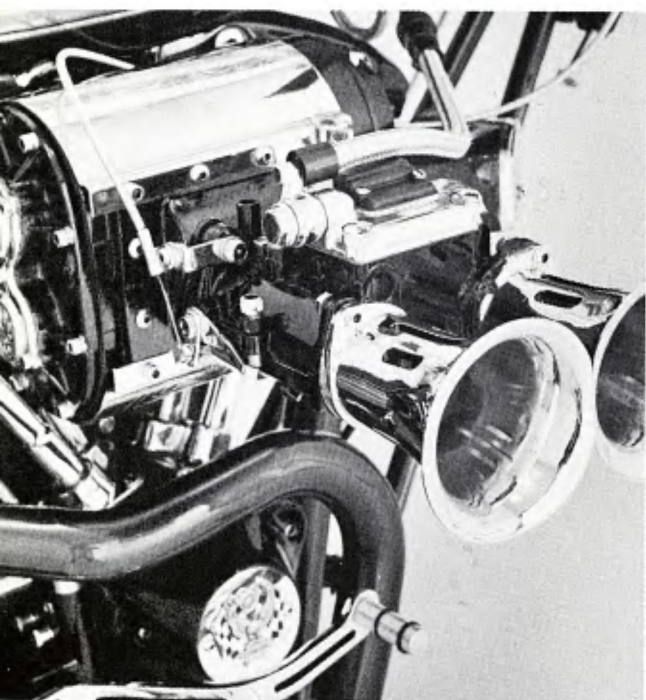
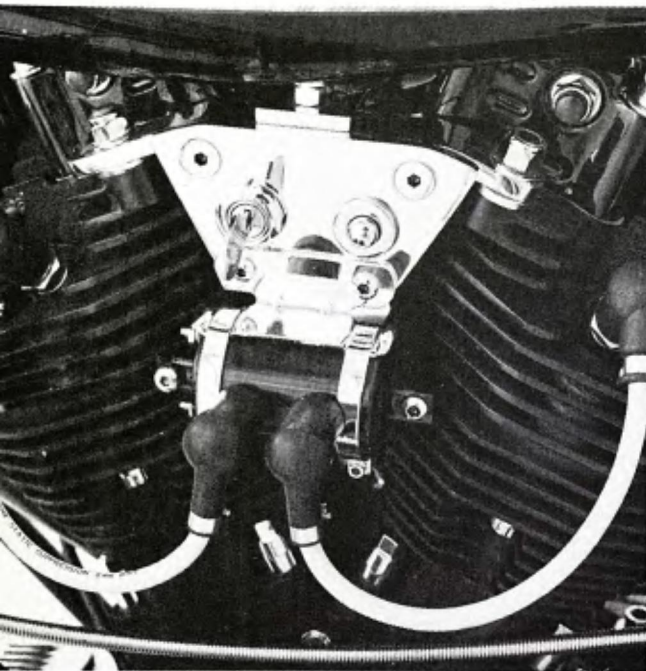
See, it happened like this. A bunch of us were hangin' out in the rathole Pete turns into a photo studio every August when there was this incredible sound of somethin' big and mean muscling down the alley behind the building. Now, I mean to tell ya, this noise was not yer average straight-pipe, ear-shattering scooter. It was loud, all right, but it was also *more* than loud — it was *mean*. From inside the studio, it sounded kinda like a commie tank might the instant before it smashes down a wall in Budapest or some

place. In fact, it was so downright *nasty*-sounding that for a minute I had an L.A. flashback and thought the SWAT team was about to use their world-famous "ram" on Spider's office in a raid to liberate a copy of *Motorcycle Women* or *Tech Tips and Tricks*.

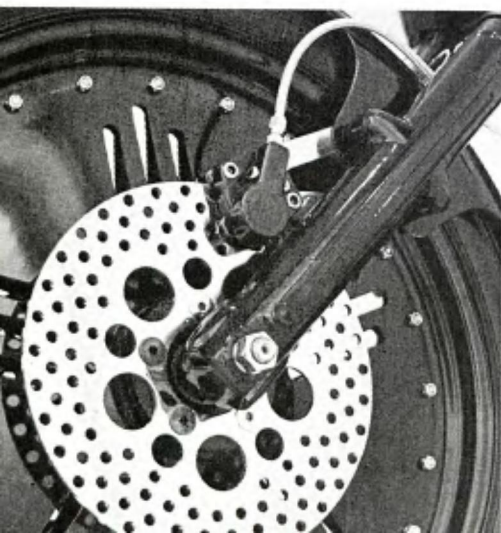
Quickly, though, I came to my senses and rushed outside to see what all the clamor was about. It wasn't a tank at all, but my "California feeling" was nonetheless justified 'cause what it was, was the latest scooter from one of California's heaviest heavy-duty builders, Bob Vance, a 13-year veteran of the Harley Wars and a long-time key man at Arlen Ness's shop up near San Francisco.

The bike in question, which you





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Bob Vance		City: San Leandro, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Bob Munroe		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1971 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness/Jim Davis	
Model: FLH		Type: swingarm/belt drive	
Value: \$18,000		Rake: 35 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 5 in.	
Time: 1 year/3 times		Other alterations: trick swingarm	
Chroming by: High Lustre/23K gold		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: one of a kind	
Year: 1971		Risers: part of bars	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Dee's American V-Twins		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Accel		Taillight: handmade lens	
Displacement: 98 cu.in./1610cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S/4 1/2-in. stroke		Front pegs: one of a kind	
Balancing: Dee's American V-Twins		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: S&S 3 1/2 in.		Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Bob Munroe	
Heads: Pro Comp/Sifton springs		Oil tank: Bob Munroe	
Cam(s): Sifton 575		Oil system: gold-plated	
Lifters: Sifton EV2-type solids		Primary cover: one of a kind/owner	
Carb(s): Dell'Orto dual-throat		Seat: Eddie Prestella	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: Arlen Ness		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): none/loud		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: belt drive		Type: plunger/dual-disc	
Year: 1979		Extension: 2 1/2 in. under	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Darrell Hayes	
Engine sprocket: 14mm Primo		Special features: triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 14mm Super Max		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Mitchell	Hub: Centerline
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black and bronze/'85 'Vette		Tire: Avon	Tire: Bridgestone
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Gold, copper, and silver leaf by Jeff McCann.		Other special modifications: Too many to list; special thanks to Darrell, Cory, Denise, Tom and, of course, The King.	

see on these pages, was originally designed as a fairly non-radical, unsupercharged stroker for street use only.

However, Bob says, "One thing led to another and I wound up building it for both riding and showing. Basically, I just kept improving it to show what I could do."

And, he could have added, to keep on showing what he can do. Like the perfectionist he is, Bob is never satisfied with the way things are — he's always trying to improve

on them. After finishing this scooter and riding it a while, he decided he wanted a rear fender, so he redesigned the bike a bit and added one. Then he tore it down completely and rebuilt it with the blower. Now he's planning another teardown and some more — secret — improvements.

"I intend to keep this one," Bob explains. "That's why I'm always trying to make it a little better. It'll probably never be finished."

—Grape



PICK OF THE PACK

Back in issue number 151 we rang in the New Year with a collection of photos showing all our feature girls of 1985. Well, we've finally waded through the stacks of scribes telling us which one you liked best. And the winner is... our hot pick for last September, Panhead Peggy.

Here's how Henry Godin, a locked-down bro in Rhode Island, explained his vote:

"Out of all the girls of 1985, Panhead Peggy (Sept. '85) was by far the finest lady to grace the pages of *Easyriders*. Besides being blessed with champagne-glass tits and an ass that just won't quit, she has a look of self-confidence in her sharp blue eyes — as if she knows thousands of inmates such as myself will be jerking off to her picture, but will still respect her when we turn the page. I would push my panhead 20 miles with a flat tire for a chance to pull her tampon out of her snatch with my teeth!"

Awright, Hank! Your free sub is on the way.



15-YEAR RUN

Easyriders

Easyriders

JUNE, 1971
Dell D. 03-107-106

75c

**Beautiful
Choppers
in Color!**

**For the
Swinging
Biker**

**World's
Ugliest Trike**



**Rock Stars and
their Choppers**

**Sissy Bar
Design Contest**



No matter which way I went, I would come to a place where people were just as high and wild as I was. . . There was madness in any direction, at any hour. . . You could strike sparks anywhere.

—Hunter Thompson

The time — and indeed, it was a time of high, wild madness — was the late '60s, and I'd just fallen through a paper bag and landed on my ass.

No, it wasn't a real paper bag. It was a pro-weed magazine called *Paper Bag* that I'd figured the world was ready for. But as the first guy I would ever hire for *Easyriders* likes to say, "Surprise, surprise." I'd figured wrong. (A few years later, when *High Times* came along, the world was ready.) Still, I didn't much care. "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke" was my motto. If they didn't like my magazine for dopers, I'd give 'em something to really freak out about — a magazine for bikers.

And so *Easyriders* was born. Like a lot of tough little bastards, it was delivered right on the kitchen table, my kitchen table. In case you're wonderin' what it looked like, that's the first cover on the opposite page.

Easyriders was gonna be different, was gonna be everything all the shit books I'd worked on for other people weren't. No Jap crap or factory-stockers, for one thing. No ass-kissing to advertisers, for another. We'd talk to the readers the same way they talked to each other. And we'd fill a good part of our pages with pictures of the pretty poontang that rode behind us — another revolutionary idea. Other bike rags were edited as if God hadn't yet gotten around to creating woman.

The biggest difference, though, was in the people. I hired the most off-the-wall guys I could find — mechanics, welders, drifters — hardcore free spirits all. The first was Spider, then Frank Harding and Pete Chiodo. After the first issue came Hal Robinson — one helluva catch! — and a few issues later, Keith Ball. Next we moved from the kitchen to a converted garage and got Izzy Petty, our Mother Superior ever since.

What a bunch. Every one of them totally committed to what we were doing and every one hired by gut feeling, not by resumes and samples and references.

Flash ahead 12 or so years. We'd just moved into our new offices and hired a bookkeeper. Just about the first thing he wanted to do was check out the "personnel records." The poor turd never really recovered from finding out we didn't have any. He's no longer with us, but the gut-feeling method of staffing the rag must have worked, 'cause most of those early people — except for those who have passed on — are still here, crankin' out the best-selling bike rag on the newsstands month after month.

There were, of course, a whole shitload of other things we did differently, too. Like taking a bike right into the photo studio and treating it like the jewel it is. We lit it so each part was perfectly visible. Can you believe (or worse, remember) that the traditional bike rags of those days usually printed the engine cases so dark you couldn't see any details?

And we got involved with our community in ways none of the other mags would dare — with swap meets, and tit contests, and lots of rock 'n' roll.

Then there's the thing I'm proudest of — all the years we told Big Brother to make like a fag and fuck himself. I never could stand that geek — Big Brother — telling me what to do, so when he started pushing mandatory helmet laws, we pushed back by banning helmet advertising and organizing ABATE. Fifteen years later, here we are still pushing. . . and, son of a bitch, you're still pushing with us. Well, pop a can of suds for that. We'll stomp the shit out of the fucker yet.

Now let me bore you with some "war stories." It was late at night and Bandit decided on a breakfast run to 'Frisco, about 400 miles up the coast. After we'd each stashed a fifth of Jack Black, we hit the concrete, but about halfway there someone noticed ol' Bandit had done a fade. Backtracking a few miles, we found him lying in the middle of the street with his scooter on top of him and some slimebag goin' through his pockets. We gave the scavenger a quick refresher course in ethics and then turned our attention to Bandit, who seemed to have simply decided not to allow a run to San Francisco to interfere with beddie-bye time — he'd merely fallen asleep and keeled over.

Strange how the man could stay zonked with an exhaust pipe cooking his big toe, right through his boot (the JD musta helped). We got him to a hospital, but the doc had to lop off the fried toe. Shit, it's probably being served to tourists in a bar drink by now.

And then there was Robinson, an absolute prick when "under the influence." One day he staggered out of a bar, walking on his knees, and found himself nose to chrome with a righteous scooter. He fumbled for paper and pencil and was just starting to draw when some patchholders came by and asked him what the fuck he was doing, down by their bikes. Robinson being Robinson, he responded, "What the fuck is it to you?" So they explained it to him. He didn't draw anything besides painful breaths for weeks.

Then there was the time this really class chick kept hunting for Spider at a swap meet. She finally tracked him to his motel room and went right over, catching Rip, Beep, J.T., and Spider just generally raisin' hell. When she wiggled her department-store-garbed, nice (as in sweet, not sweat) smelling bod into the room, paranoia waltzed right in behind her.

Finally Rip and Beep yanked Spider into the john and told him that she must be a narc, that nobody dressed like that at a bikers' swap meet. Then they went through his pockets, shoes, and maybe his asshole (nobody's ever copped one way or the other) to make sure he was clean before they'd let him take the bitch out. Nothin' happened, but she did ask some mighty strange questions.

And then there was the fire. . . a real California mountain-burner five miles across and 20 miles long. Our offices at that time were in the hills right at the fire's midway point and when the fire crews came through ordering everyone to evacuate, Frank and Spider and Kim wouldn't go and stayed behind to work the hoses.

Soon the flames were so close — and the heat so intense — that all three rolled their scooters right next to the pool and jumped in, ready to pull the scooters in with them if they had to. But the inferno jumped them and we suffered no casualties. Everyone else in that 100-square-mile area was burned out, but our buildings weren't touched. Guess somebody in Harley Heaven was watching over us that day.

Those are just a few of the war stories I could tell, but what I like to remember best about the last 15 years is the way the guys (and gals) always pulled themselves together — despite all the all-nighters, all the battles, all the bottles, and most of all, all the sweet days when the canyon roads were crying "Ride me, ride me, ride me" — and got the issue out, 156 of 'em last time I counted.

So, to all our staffers, past and present, and to all of you — who've put up with 15 years of our fuck-ups and gross-outs, our "69" page numbers, and our backwards issues — happy fucking birthday to us all. I'd like to say that the next 15 years will produce memories to top the past, but I can't. There ain't nothin' better than the best.

—Lou Kimzey

S&S EVOLUTION SIDEWINDER KIT

by Joe Minton



Sidewinder. S&S Cycle has sold thousands of these kits for shovel and pan engines; now they have them for the blockhead, too. Not only is every part made in America, but the pistons and cylinders are manufactured in the same factories as the original Harley parts. The kit gives 98 cubic inches and more power than most of us can use — a prototype did 143mph at Bonneville.

Mom. Apple pie. Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Bigger is better. Too much power is. . . perfect. S&S Cycle.

George Smith, Sr., turned an 11.2-second, 125mph-quarter-mile with his knucklehead "Tramp" in 1952 to become the fastest drag racer on the East Coast that year. Later he clocked 154mph at Bonneville with the same bike. Folks wanted to know how he did it, and would he sell them the parts, please. He would. He did. And the result is S&S Cycle, the source for big, powerful, and reliable Harley engines.

There are thousands of S&S-equipped Hogs running around this country, even as you read this. The S&S reputation for quality and per-

formance is well-established and many mechanics would rather build an S&S engine than a stocker. Besides, bigger is better.

There are two ways to make a Harley engine bigger: stroker flywheels and big-bore pistons. S&S offers both and the most popular and successful of their kits is the Sidewinder, which increases both the stroke and bore of pans and shovelheads.

With the advent of Harley's new Evolution blockhead engine (stronger, cooler-running, with a better combustion-chamber design than any Harley before it, except the XR750), bigger-is-better freaks all across the country have been savin' their nickels for the day when S&S would announce a Side-

winder kit for the blockhead. They need wait no more — it's here.

While the Sidewinder kit's longer (4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ") stroke and bigger (3 $\frac{1}{8}$ ") bore adds only 18 cubic inches for a total of 98 inches, it can nearly double the horsepower. A stock 80" blockhead will make 62.5 horsepower on the S&S Super Flo dyno. The Sidewinder version makes 114.5hp. Think about it — almost twice as much.

An extra 25 percent more displacement won't automatically double the horsepower of an engine; it takes more than that. The S&S Evolution Sidewinder engine that made the power and torque shown on our dyno chart was more than just bigger. It had a Harley-Davidson Screamin'

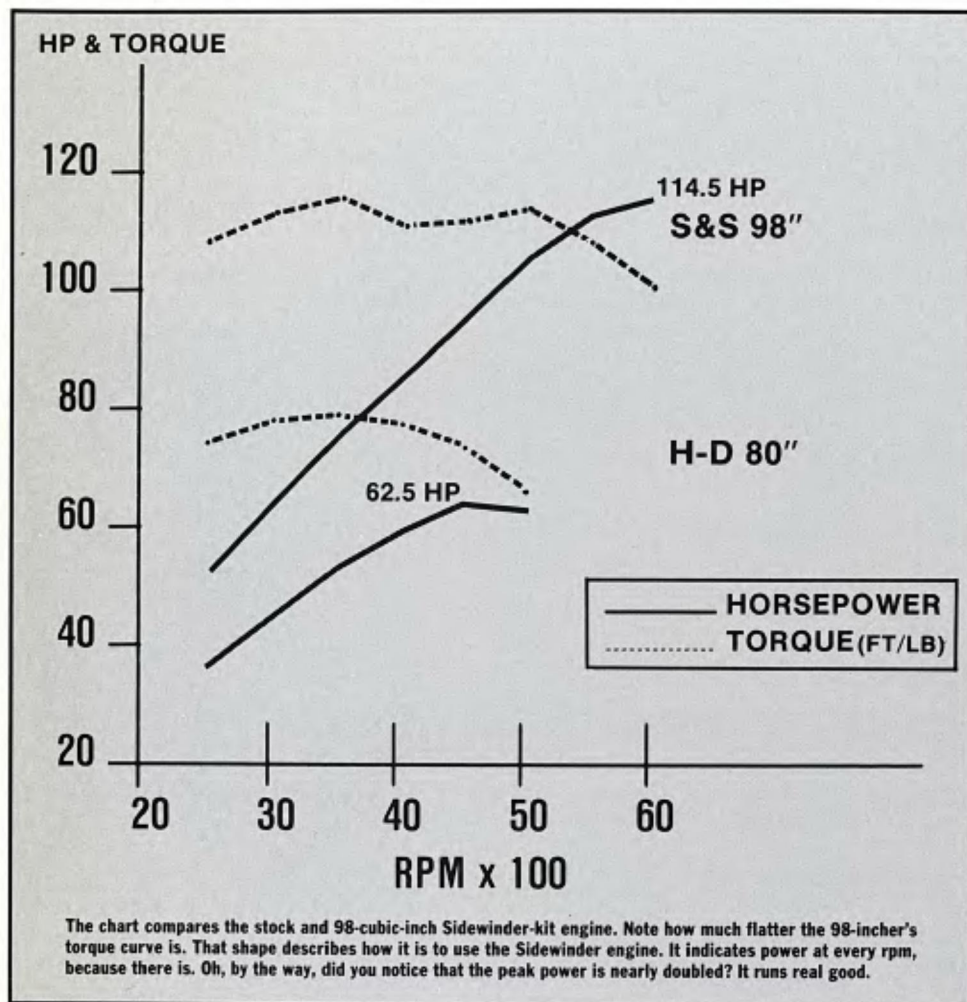
Eagle cam, an S&S 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Super carburetor and air cleaner, and it was missing its mufflers. Not only was it big, but it also breathed better than stock. And there's more.

The size and shape of the Sidewinder pistons give more squish area in the combustion chamber and allow a higher compression ratio than stock. The better-breathing intake and exhaust systems also permit higher compression ratios. The Sidewinder has a compression ratio of 10 to 1 (stock is 8.5) and will run on 88 octane gasoline without any sign of detonation. The higher compression ratio is a major part of the higher power output of the Sidewinder. And there's still more.

Stock Evolution ignitions are designed to run a stock, stuffed-up engine on any gas you can find. Even with the plugs worn, the chambers carboned up, the engine in poor tune, and in the heat of summer. While there are several differing versions of the black box ignitions, they all reach full advance near the 5200rpm red line. If you open the throttle at 3000rpm on a late Evolution engine, the timing will be about 20 degrees. It should be 35 — and would be if the gas was better. When you improve the breathing and richen the carb up a bit, the slow timing of the stock engine isn't necessary. Part of the Sidewinder's power comes from a modified ignition.

There are a couple of ways to get the ignition on the right track. What

Double the power? No problem.



This 98-inch FXRS with a SuperTrapp pipe belongs to S&S. So does the cornfield behind it. S&S makes their parts on a 1000-acre ranch in northern Wisconsin. They grow corn, cattle, trees, and the fastest Harleys this side of God's own.

S&S did with their test bike was to simply install a Harley advancer and ignition points. That's the cheapest way and carries only the penalty of needing some attention now and then. Harley has an alternate ignition module (p/n 32399-84) that eliminates the vacuum switch and advances the ignition timing as quickly as the points system. Either way, the torque at lower rpm will be improved — if your engine breathes well enough to not detonate with the quicker timing, like, say, if it had a 98" Side-

winder kit installed.

The Sidewinder kit replaces the pistons, cylinders, flywheels, and rod assemblies of the blockhead. The flywheels are forged steel and their quality is at least equal to the new factory wheels. The main differences between stock and the Sidewinder flywheels are the longer stroke (4 3/4 versus 4 1/4 inches) and the fact that both the S&S wheels use separate spindle shafts instead of the one-piece construction on the left wheel of the original.

S&S makes their rod sets with more metal in the critical areas near the pistons and lower bearings than Harley does. It isn't that the factory part is weak, it's just that some S&S customers really abuse their engines and that extra strength is needed. S&S rods are made from 4140 steel, heat-treated to harder specs than stock H-D parts; rollers and crankpins are made with the best materials available (same as Harley's) and to at least the same standards as the factory.

Harley uses a special construction technique for their cylinders. The splined iron-alloy sleeve has the aluminum block and fins cast around it. The usual construction technique for aluminum cylinders is to merely press iron sleeves into an aluminum casting. The Harley Spiney-Lock construction makes the cylinder stronger and substantially improves cooling. S&S went looking for a foundry that could make the large-bore Sidewinder cylinder liners

Continued on page 94

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 May 30th. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #156 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Barbara**, the seventh monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Susan, Leslie, and Katherine.



CINDY LU



TRACIE

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052

156

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

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

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

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

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



LORI

SPOT



LYNN



BILLIE



ASHLEY

BOOTS



VIVA

Damn you. These are my first thoughts as I put myself back up onto the road. This could be my last ride. But, of course, everytime you kick over that scooter, you know the chance you're takin'. But what the hell, right? Go for it. Those feelings of freedom, triumph, power and worldly knowledge surpass any fears you may have of death.

Easing into traffic at 6:00 a.m. is simple, if you can keep your eyes in focus. I slide back into my most comfortable position and kick it into third for a while. That chill feels so good against my face, but damn, these stupid helmet laws are a drag. And damn you, too, Christ. Your aim was way off.

I can remember the first night we started goin' out. You'd been out with your ol' lady, Joselin, at a party at the chalet. She was layin' face down — the best position for her — with her bare back exposed. I don't know if you were tryin' to impress me or just catch my attention, but you captured my heart for life when you threw that worm on Joselin's back. Then you made her thumb home — over a hundred miles — to get her check and get it cashed. And after she came back and gave you the money, you threw her outta bed, replaced her with me, and sent her back home.

I can remember, like it was yesterday, walking back from the store hand in hand, getting my face dunked in a snowbank — real fuckin' cute.

I keep feeling this lump that

starts in my throat, works its way up my chin, an' starts to swell up in my eyes. Then my entire body goes cold and numb.

How I hated those Canadian winters. But I've gotta admit your warm body took off all the chill.

Shit, I remember the time you called from 400 miles away to tell me you'd just been stabbed and needed help — instead of using your head and calling one of your bros. I mean, you could've just yelled out the window an' they'd

"I was totally amazed to see their asses flyin' all over the place, even after that one shithead pulled a gun."

have been there in your face. You just fuckin' amazed me at times. Guess I did the right thing by callin' 'em for you. At least they were able to keep you from bleeding all over the house. You sure did ruin those sheets, though. I remember when I got back up there to you, it took me three washes to finally give up an' throw 'em out.

And how 'bout the first time you wanted me to go ridin' with you? I said no, 'cause I didn't trust your drivin'. So you told me to fuck off an' swore you'd never talk to me again an' rode off all piss-assed and mad. Not even five minutes after I got home an' in the door,

we were in the sack. Come to think of it, you didn't say anything, at least for the rest of the night. Well, you always were a man of few words, more inclined to action.

Like the time I threw the phone past your head. You didn't have to freak out on me the way you did. I missed you on purpose.

Or how 'bout the time you grabbed me offa the dance floor of the Top Light, because your prospect had told you that my shirt was opening up just a little bit an' he made you think I was gettin' obscene. And why? Just because he was pissed that I wouldn't dance with him. Shit!

I can still see those three guys who were coming after you that night you tore up the bar. What the hell did you say to those faggots to set 'em off like that? Must say I was totally amazed to see their asses flyin' all over the place, even after that one shithead pulled a gun. Still, the least you could've done was let me replace our beers. You didn't have to make them get 'em.

Then there was the time you burnt down a building just so you could give me one of the door knockers while you kept the other one. I've still got mine, but I'm afraid I couldn't find yours anywhere. Sorry. Guess it's just like the ring I gave ya. That fuckin' bitch who was on the back of your bike when you went down got it. An' I swear, here an' now, if I ever find her and/or that ring, she's gonna be minus a hand. I would have liked to have

Continued on page 86

LE GROS!

BY SUGAR



Easyriders

15th
ANNIVERSARY

\$100,000

Subscription Sweepstakes

We're Givin' Away 4 Brand-New Harleys and 2295 Other Great Prizes

A Biker Prize So Unique We Can't Even Picture It!

Imagine how proud you'd feel to have Willie G. Davidson personally hand you the keys to your new *Easyriders Heritage*®, right outside the factory door. How about riding your one-of-a-kind Softail® to Sturgis in the company of some of our hardest-partying staffers? To enjoy Bike Week with \$1000 cash in your stash?

SOUND LIKE A DREAM?

Well, someone reading these words is going to have it come true this August 1. It could be you. Winning the *Easyriders Heritage*® and the other Anniversary Prize loot. Or you could:

- Win — A 1987 FXST! Win — A 1987 FXR! Win — A 1987 883 SPORTY!
- Win — STAMPER GOLD!
- Win — \$500 or \$100 GIFT CERTIFICATES! Win — A VIDEOTAPE! Win — SCOOTER JUICE WINE COOLERS! Win — A DAVE MANN TAPESTRY!
- Win — one of 2299 PRIZES worth over \$100,000! And win with *Easyriders* special \$19.99 Subscription Sweepstakes offer — the next 12 issues for under \$1.70 a copy. Or 24 issues for only \$35.40, a big 50 percent off the newsstand price. If you're already a subscriber, you can still enter the Sweepstakes and take advantage of this great offer. Just check the "extension" box on the coupon and your new subscription will start after your old one expires. There's nothin' to guess, nothin' to figure out, and nothin' to buy. With 2299 prizes worth over \$100,000, it's easy to win. Enter today!

The Easyriders Heritage® H-D

You can't buy it for money. You'll never see it on a showroom floor. The *Easyriders Heritage*®, a one-of-a-kind variation on Harley's Heritage Softail®, designed just for this contest and autographed by Willie G. Davidson. AND THAT'S NOT ALL! You'll also get airfare for two to Milwaukee, a tour of the H-D factory, motel accommodations for Sturgis Bike Week, and \$1000 IN CASH. It could all be yours if you enter today.

SUBSCRIBE
NOW & SAVE!

Save up to 50% on *Easyriders*, the world's biggest and best biker rag, with our special Sweepstakes subscription offer! See coupon for details.

Aug. 1, 1986:
The wraps come
off the *Easyriders*
Heritage®.
Will you be
there to claim
the prize?
Enter today and
find out!



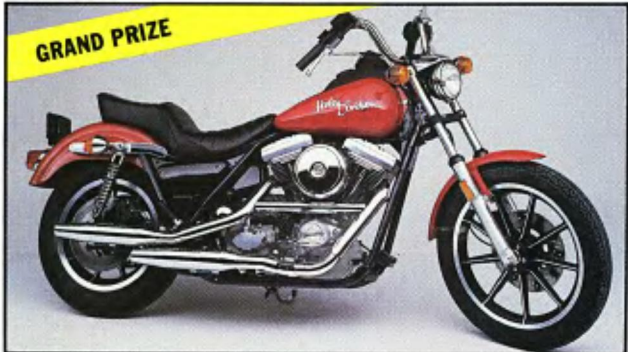
Willie G. on the Heritage: "We've blended the latest engineering with the timeless look of the classic motorcycles. We own that American look. We started it, we own it... we're re-creating it."

SWEEPSTAKES PRIZE



1987 H-D FXST — The Evolution® Softail®, now with belt drive for better performance and less maintenance. A time-honored look, wedded to space-age guts, as only Harley can do it.

GRAND PRIZE



1987 H-D FXR Low Glide® — Eighty years of Harley-Davidson engineering and styling innovations have culminated in a custom-look motorcycle that handles like a dream and runs like a demon.

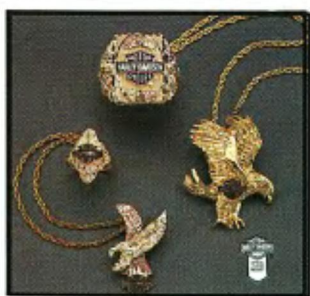
FIRST PRIZE



1987 H-D 883 Sportster® — The leaner, meaner Sporty that's set the world of sport riders and cafe commandos afire with its crisp styling, ease of maintenance, and no-nonsense performance.

Stamper Gold For 2
5 SECOND PRIZES — His-and-hers sets, featuring a man's Willie G. signet ring, a lady's ring, and two necklaces. Each set has a value of \$1000 and is manufactured from pure Black Hills gold, right here in the United States of America.

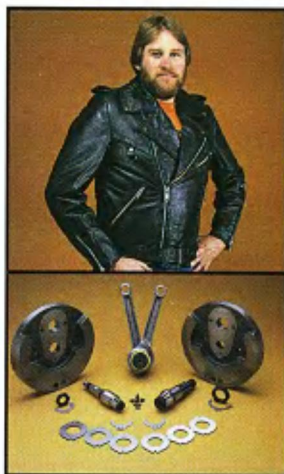
Genuine
Stamper
 Black Hills Gold Jewelry



OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

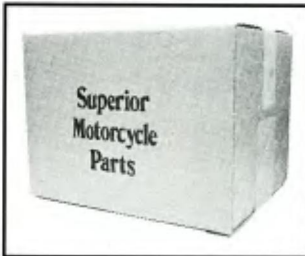
1. Use the enclosed subscription coupon and envelope, or print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on a 3"x5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to **EASYRIDERS \$100,000 SWEEPSTAKES**, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. Entry blank must be legible and completed in full to be valid. Entries must be received by July 7, 1986, for the Anniversary Prize, or Aug. 7, 1986, for all other prizes. Anniversary Prize winner must be available to accept prize in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on Aug. 1, 1986. *Easyriders* assumes no responsibility for lost, misdirected, or late mail.
2. All prizes will be awarded. Prizes are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes permitted. You may win one of a total of 2299 prizes — 1 Anniversary Prize, 1 Sweepstakes Prize, 1 Grand Prize, 1 First Prize, 5 Second Prizes, 40 Third Prizes, 100 Fourth Prizes, 50 Fifth Prizes, 100 Sixth Prizes, 2000 Seventh Prizes. Total retail value: \$102,298.
3. Winners will be selected by random drawing from all entries received, by Davis Professional Corp., whose decisions will be final. Prize winners will be notified by mail within 90 days of the closing dates and must acknowledge notification within 30 days or prize will be forfeit and alternate winner selected. Odds of winning will be determined by number of entries received.

\$20,000 In Custom Chrome Goodies



40 THIRD PRIZES — Decorate your bike or your back with a \$500 gift certificate from Custom Chrome, suppliers of high-quality accessories and leathers for riders who demand the very best.

\$10,000 In Superior Parts Accessories



100 FOURTH PRIZES — Keep your bike running and looking great with a \$100 gift certificate from Superior Parts, world-renowned for Harley gear that mounts the way it's supposed to and keeps operating the way you'd like it to.



"Easy Rider" Videos

50 FIFTH PRIZES — VHS videos from Jammer Cycle Products, for over 15 years home of the best in high-performance, chrome, custom, and replacement parts.

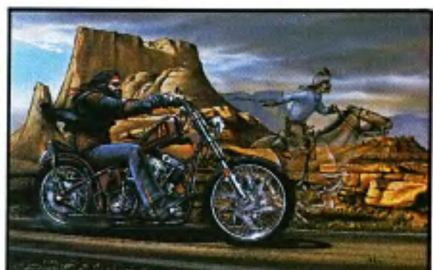


Scooter Juice

100 SIXTH PRIZES — A case of Harley-Davidson wine coolers from Scooter Juice, Inc. Take the top off your thirst with these tasty tonics. (Winners under 21 will get substitute prize of equal value.)

Tapestries

2000 SEVENTH PRIZES — Dave Mann's "Ghostrider," brought back to life on a giant fabric tapestry, makes a perfect wall hanging.



*SWEEPSTAKES VOID IN STATES OF NEW YORK AND FLORIDA

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO WIN



BAD TO DEATH

What Else Can Ya Say? Lots.



S ometime back in the ol' days, around the 1850s, when the prairies and plains were presided over by a rough-and-tumble bunch not unlike today's bikers, a scribe named Horace Greeley trumpeted to all the young dudes who would listen, "Head west, young man." Over a hundred years later the young bucks are still heeding Horace's heralding.

The latest case we've encountered on the westward trail is David De Veau, owner of the bad-to-death panhead in front of your peepers. David is (was?) a Boston native. But just because they dumped some tea in the port that wasn't enough to keep David there to freeze, watchin' his ridin' days go down the tubes.

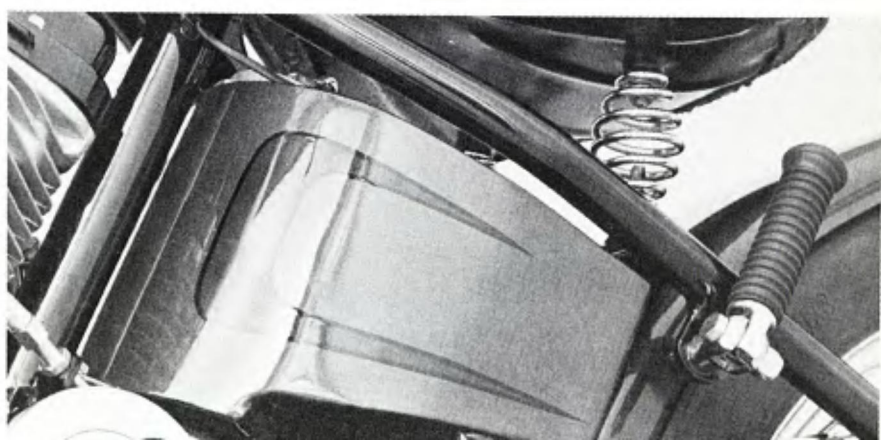
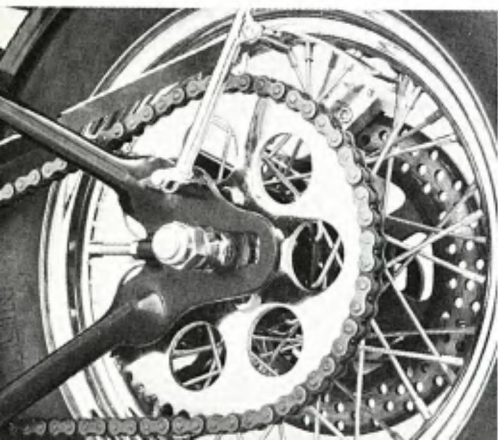
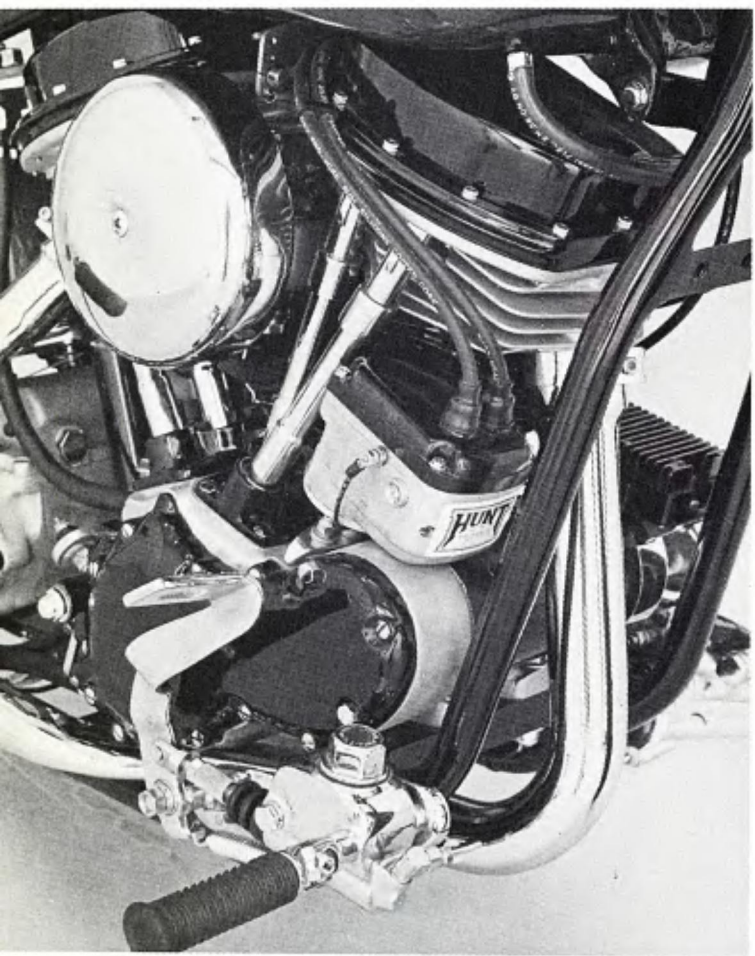
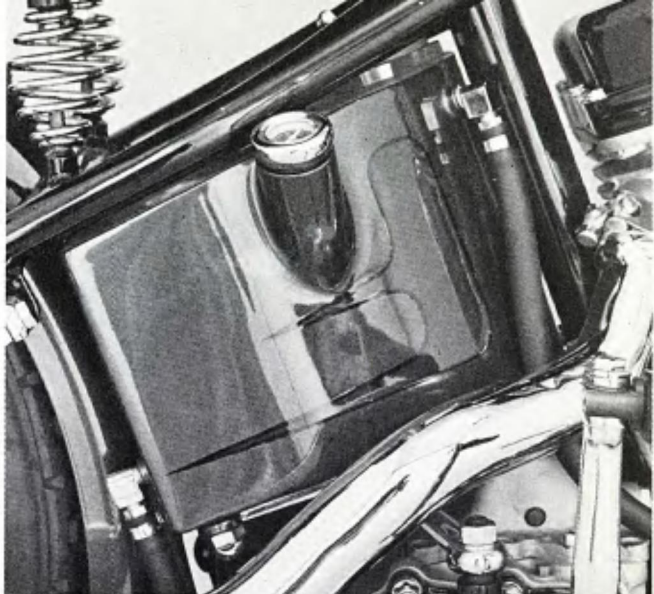
Besides the half-assed weather,

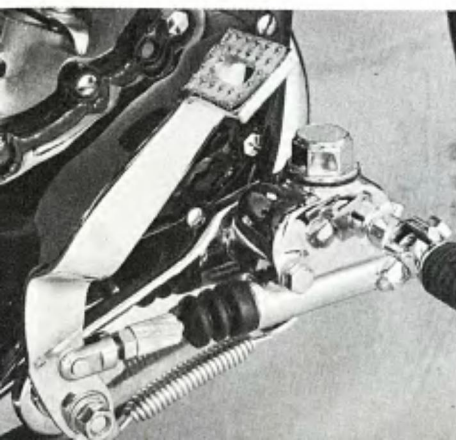
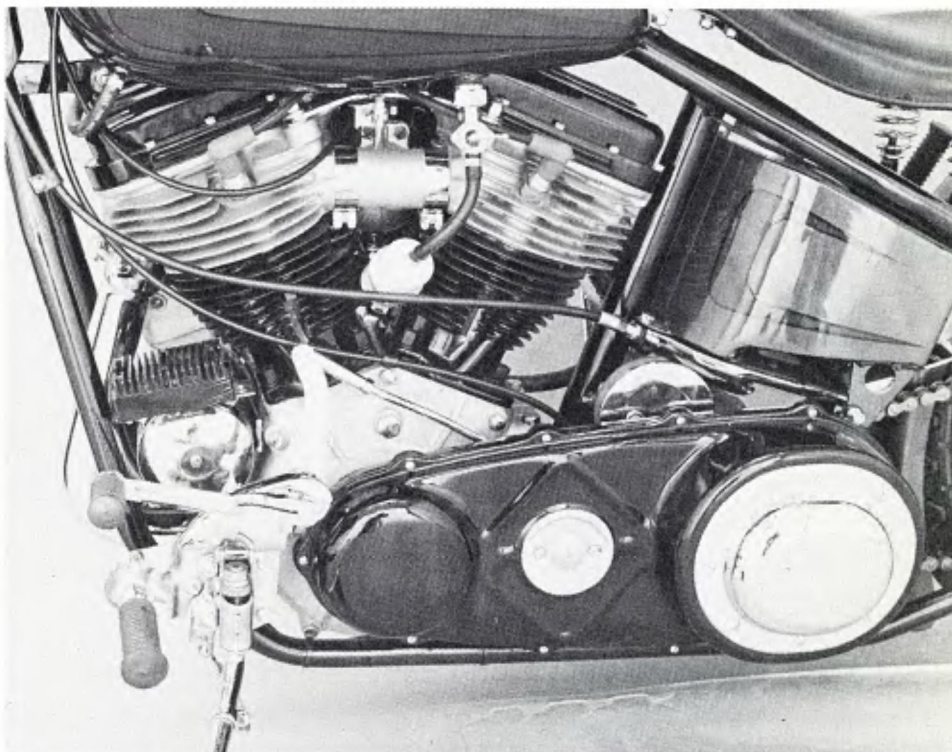
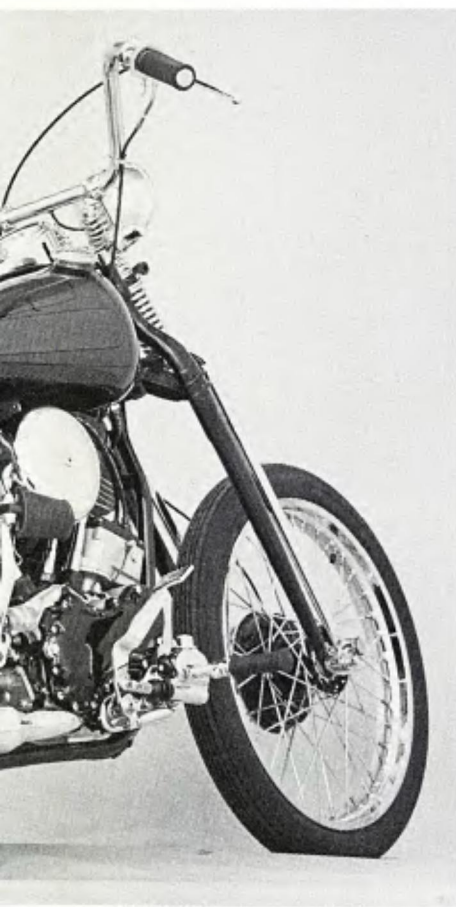
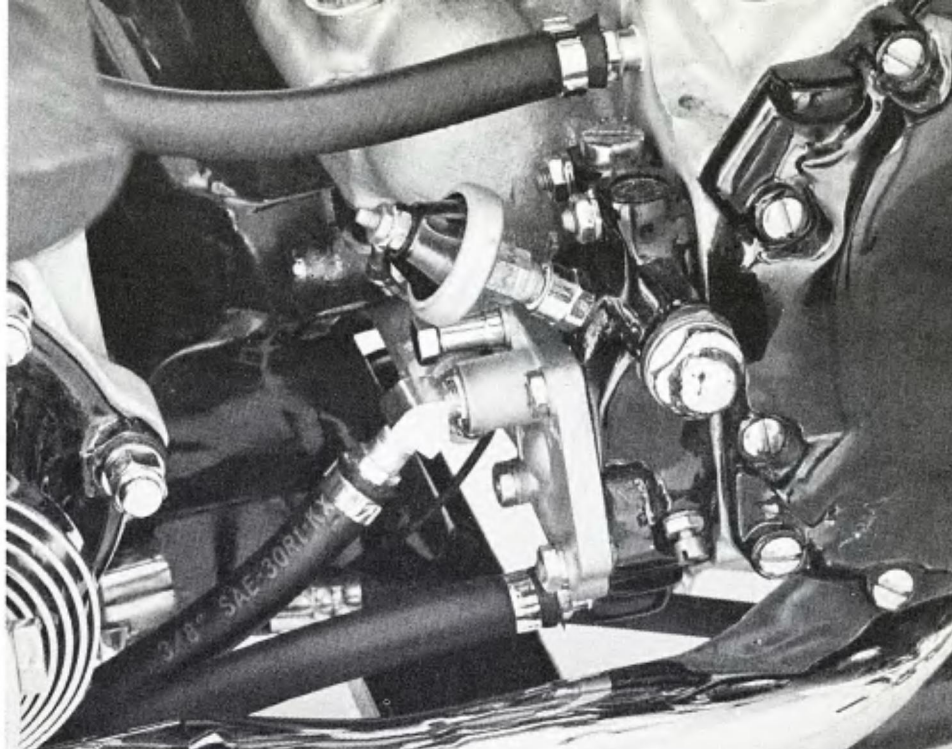


David had a divorce proceeding knock him for a loop that made him want to clear out of the area. Sometimes the best thing to do in those situations is to get as far away as possible and start fresh.

He couldn't have wiped the slate any cleaner than when he had the inclination to get up on a new Harley and get down to the righteous business of scarin' up some of those delicious sweeties California is noted for. 'Course bein' pulled through the mud by a member of the fairer sex left him smart enough not to bother with a rear seat. (Who needs the fuckin' hassles?)

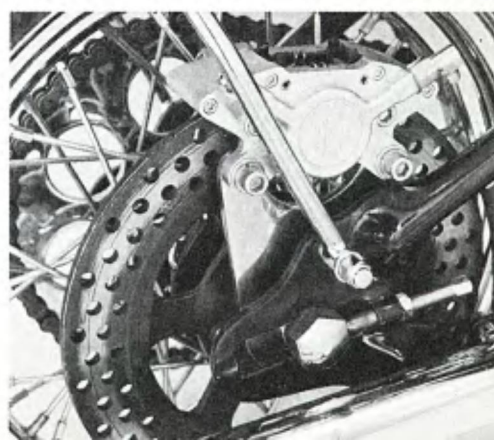
The engineering designer/artist had saved up three thou to put into a scooter. Since the total fabrication plans were a bit out of his range,





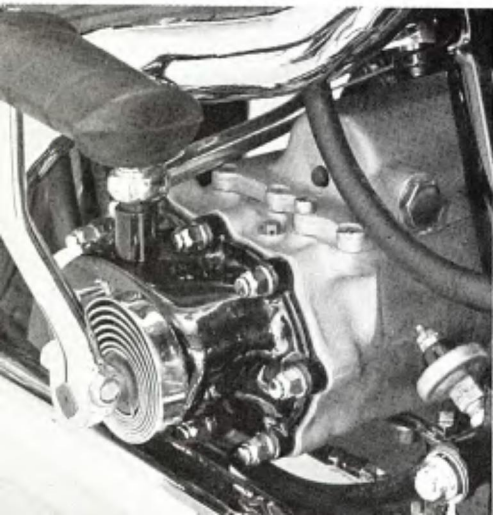
David decided to put the three grand to good use — hiring the first builder he felt confident with. The man who seemed most receptive to David's ideas was Michael Gatt, owner of Michael's Motorcycle Works in Canoga Park, California.

What originally had sparked the light in Dave's head was a big, gaudy, chrome beast. After a little de-programming by Michael, *voila!*





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Here she is. One hot, jammin' rigid pan, done up right by a professional and his competent staff. Sleekly set up for quick get-arounds and high-styled profilin' on the good-weathered roads of the West. (Oh yeah, today it's rainin' cats an' dogs out here in la-la land. The best-laid plans of mice and men. . .)

—Loudmouth

Owner: David De Veau		City: S.F.V., Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication: Michael's M/C Works		Year: 2001	
Year and make: 1949 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: Bad Ass		Type: stiff	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Michael's M/C		Stretch: 2 1/2 in.	
Time: lots and lots		Other alterations: fork lock	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1949		Risers: Barnett	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): Michael's M/C	
Rebuilder: Michael Gatt		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: reproduction	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Michael Gatt		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: two		Electrics: Michael's M/C	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3 1/2 gal. fatbobs	
Heads: take a look		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: Michael's M/C	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: reproduction	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: Michael's M/C	
Pipes: Michael's M/C		Height: 10 in. off fender	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shak		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer	
Year: who knows?		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: big foot		Builder: Michael's M/C	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: black and chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jesse James		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jesse James		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: charcoal gray/black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: durable		Brake: H-D	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: scallops			
Other special modifications: The whole motorcycle is special.			



Traveler eased his tired body into the seat of the Sportster and let out a sigh of relief. After four months of being down and driving around in his sister-in-law's pickup, it was good to feel the hard leather of a Harley beneath his ass.

After he'd hit the pushbutton once, the beast started throbbin' and he rode out of the showroom. In the noon sun the Sporty was especially dazzling. This, Traveler laid off to its paint, an off-white that was later to be called ice cream by his bros. That was the first thing he'd change about the bike: the color.

Two blocks from his house, Spunk pulled up on his roadie. "I'll have a snow cone!" he called out over the noise of the two roaring machines.

"What'd ya say? I can't hear ya!" Traveler yelled, cupping his hand to his ear.

"I said I'll have a snow cone!" Not altogether successfully, Spunk tried to hold back his laughter at the sight of the six-foot-tall biker sitting astride next to him on a white Harley-Davidson.

"I ain't got no snow cone, ya fuckin' moron."

"Shit, you must not be the Good Humor Man then!"

Spunk raced off as the light changed, leaving Traveler alone at the crossing.

"Asshole!" Traveler yelled after the speeding motorcycle.

For the next two days the garage at his house was full of dust. Paint chips from the clear lacquer, paint, and primer layers lay in a thin coat around the entire building. Traveler stopped only long enough for food and beer. By

the second day the bike was clean metal, confronting the tall man with its virgin glory.

While Traveler had been stripping paint, a moving van had been unloading across the street. Preoccupied as he was, Traveler hadn't noticed that a new family had become part of the neighborhood.

It was Tuesday when he finally got ready to open the paint can and begin the color phase of his operation. Spunk, Mark, Hank, and Hanks' ol' lady Stevie crowded around to see what color Traveler had chosen.

"Green?" Mark was the first to see it. "You're actually gonna paint your bike green?"

"Green's bad luck, man!" chimed in Stevie.

"Yeah, everyone knows that," Spunk said disgustedly, heading for the door. "I can't stand around here and see someone paint his Hog green. That's worse than white."

Traveler was oblivious to the protests. He'd chosen green in remembrance of a brother he'd known years before who'd ridden a righteous green Sporty that stood out everywhere it went. Traveler didn't want to stand out, but he did have a thing about the deep, lustrous hue of the shade he'd chosen.

"Green ain't unlucky," Traveler counterattacked, "it's just misunderstood."

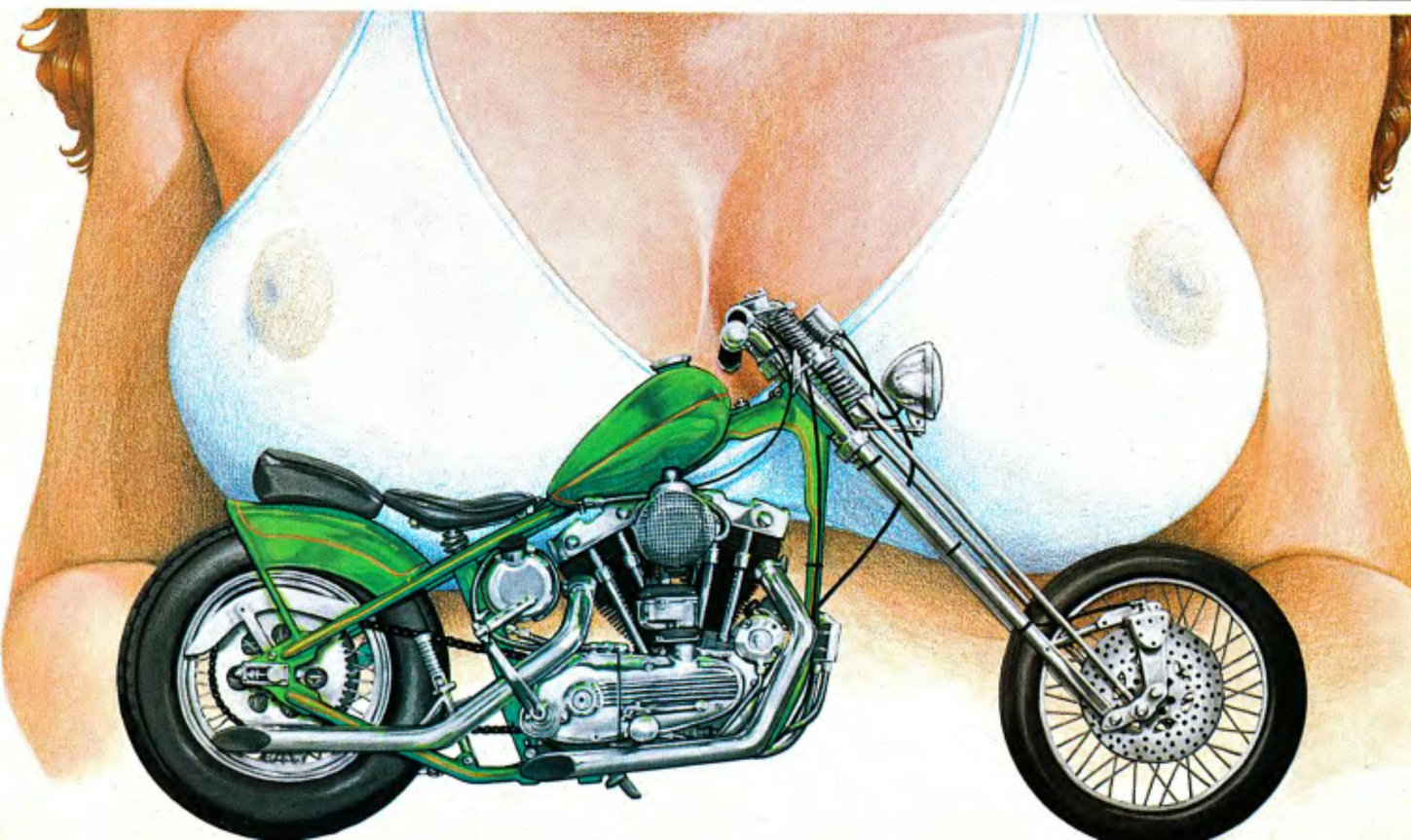
"You're the one who has fuckin' misunderstood," Hank said, taking Stevie by the arm and turning her around. "Try to be done by Sunday. The club will love to see this."

Traveler could hear the laughter above the engines as they pulled out of his drive. He

Continued on page 92

GREEN M&Ms

BY GYPSEY



In Memory of Four Who Set the Tempo

Dead Staffers Remembered —
They helped get us fifteen years down the road

When you work around here, the only way you'll get your mug in the mag is if ya die. It's the policy not to waste space pluggin' ourselves. But this issue it seems fitting to mention and show some of the hardcore hard corps that made the rag what it is today — or at least, was then.

Frank Harding was a grizzled veteran of the literary wars. He *was* Wordhead. I got to meet him when I was prospectin' here, just droppin' off and pickin' up. A recluse, Frank was cooped up in a shack in the Echo Park sector of L.A. The two guys who'd had the job before me had never seen him. They'd just slip the package of material that needed proofreading behind his screen door and then reverse the process the next day. But one day he scared the shit out of me when, unexpectedly, he was standing in the doorway in his old red speedos. And from that day on, until he died, he became a rapper. He was a good man with a love for reading and precision in the art of writing. Fuck television. He never had one, and turned down many offers of one. But he loved his Sam Sykes Black Label quart bottle from Thrifty. And we loved him.

Hal Robinson put everything he had into every illustration. A partier to the max, he took his job seriously and would rap your ear off to make a point. Sometimes the party supplies did the talkin', and we wondered how blithered he'd get before he'd get popped for pissin' someone off. But if nothing



Frank Harding

Photo by Kim Peterson



Hal Robinson

Photo by Kim Peterson



Ken Stambaugh

Illustration by David Mann



Armond Bletcher

Photo by Pete Canedo

else, we're a tolerant bunch. And there always was another day to party with Hal. He was a true artist in every sense of the word, a sensitive dude who let his feelings be known in no uncertain terms — and sometimes they were pretty bizarre. We miss his raw edge and rare raunch.

Ken Stambaugh was biker through and through. Sadly, he didn't last long, thanks to a chick in a cage who was fucked up on PCP and drunk, but the dude had style. And a deep love for the magazine; that got him his job. In fact, the night he died he was on his way to the library to do some research and return some books. Apparently, he had electrical problems and was checkin' it out on the side of the road when he bought it. Hardcore all the way, he felt a deep responsibility toward the brothers and sisters.

Armond Bletcher was a legend by the time I came to work here. Armond was the backbone in the early days, giving us legitimacy wherever we went. And backup. His love for motorcycles and scooter people motivated him to help give a product to an audience that was severely underrated. Despite his just plain *hugeness*, he never exploited it as an intimidation weapon, except for rare times — like the day he died.

Well, brothers, it was good thinkin' of ya again. Keep the sleds clean and runnin', even though I ain't racin' to meet y'all again just yet. Still, I guess ya never know when your last putt is gonna be. . . .

—Kim

Bureaucrat blasts rider education plan

Delaware highway czar says he'd 'hate to see' more bikes 'on the road'

The Delaware Department of Public Safety is going ahead with plans to develop and offer a voluntary motorcycle safety course despite complaints from the director of the state Office of Highway Safety that such a course might encourage non-riders to get their asses on a bike.

"This is apt to bring more young people into it, and I'd just as soon not see that," highway safety boss Francis A. Ianni said. "I would hate to see the rider education bill bring more motorcycles on the road."

"It's not a problem of knowing how to drive [bikes], although that is a consideration," the highway honcho elaborated.

"They are very unforgiving machines, and they all too often attract the type of drivers who aren't too careful."

Ianni's comments were quickly challenged by motorcycle riders groups and sources inside the industry.

"I think it's a little crazy to have people out there on motorcycles, and the only way they have of learning how to ride is a few lessons from the dealer or friends," said bike shop manager Mike Griffith, whose reaction was typical of all those in favor of the rider-ed program.

Delaware's proposed safety course, which was developed under legislation passed by the state general assembly in 1985, would be financed by a \$3 hike in motorcycle license fees, a \$4 increase in bike registration fees, and the establishment of five-year license renewal fee of \$5.

Under the law establishing the pro-

gram, students passing the 20-hour Motorcycle Safety Foundation-based course would not have to take a written or a road test to obtain their motorcycle operator's license.

Ianni's opposition to the program comes despite the fact that for the past five years Delaware has ranked at or near the top of all states in the number of annual deaths per 10,000 motorcycle registrations. In making his case, Ianni noted that motorcycle registrations in Delaware have dropped by 3000 in the last five years — a decline paralleled in most other states — and seemed to suggest that if the state ignored the death and injury problem, motorcycles would eventually disappear from the streets of Delaware. It sounds like very simplistic reasoning, but there is a slight chance he's right. After all, you can't ride if you've just died.

Easynews

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

Judge hounded for not fining lid 'n' belt bandits

Virtually the entire legal armada of the state has been launched against a Michigan district judge for having the unmitigated gall to perform his job properly, without fear or favor, punishing the guilty and not punishing those whose constitutional rights have been raped.

The jurist under the gun, District Judge Steven R. Servaas of the 63rd District Court in Rockford, Michigan, believes that the Constitution of the United States gives citizens the right to control their own lives, despite the fact the others may think they are being careless or doing something dangerous.

"An infraction of the helmet law does not adversely affect anybody but the person not wearing it," Servaas says. "If you don't wear it, that's your decision and not the legislators'."

Despite the fact that Servaas does not ride a bike because he thinks they're too dangerous, the judicious judge puts his court decisions where his mouth is. He's consistently refused to fine motorcycle riders for violating the state's mandatory lid law since taking the bench in 1973.

Despite his 12-year record of ruling in favor of a free society, the shit didn't hit the fan until July 1, 1985, the date Michigan's mandatory seat belt law took effect. [Thought for today: Notice how that word *mandatory* is becoming so popular that

the phrase "*This is mandatory*" may soon replace "See Spot run" in kindergarten readers.] Servaas, who does, himself, wear a seat belt in his car, immediately let it be known that he considers that "mandatory" mandate as unreasonable a government intrusion into private lives as helmet laws. Hence, he would use his "judicial discretion" to not fine seat belt violators appearing before him either.

"My feeling is that they [people not wearing belts] are just taking a personal risk," he says. "I don't think it [the state] deserves to take any money from them."

Shortly after his policy of suspending the state-set \$25 fine for failure to wear a belt was reported by a local newspaper, Servaas was asked by Kent County Prosecutor David Sawyer to disqualify himself from seat belt cases.

When Servaas refused, Sawyer petitioned Kent County Circuit Judge George Boucher to order Servaas not to hear such cases. Servaas again refused to be bullied and announced he would fight Sawyer's motion in court.

At this point the state started to roll out the big guns, specifically Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley, who has asked the Kent County Circuit Court to allow him to enter the case in support of prosecutor Sawyer's bid to stifle Servaas.

Servaas, meanwhile, seems surprised by

all the sudden fuss created by his rulings.

"We've done this [refuse to fine helmet law violators] right up front from the very start," he notes. "If nobody cared enough to appeal in 13 years, obviously it's not something that has excited a lot of people."

"What I'm doing is taking a plea and suspending the fine, so technically I'm enforcing the law. I still have the discretion to determine how serious the violation is. I'm just putting a value on what I view as the importance of the offense."

Prosecutor Sawyer sees things differently. Seat belt and helmet laws, he says, are "clearly constitutional" and Servaas "is unilaterally indicating he won't enforce the laws by refusing to collect fines. Since there is no other penalty, this is equivalent to dismissing the charge."

Unexplained by Sawyer is the reason why a prosecutor's opinion on the constitutionality of a law should take precedence over a judge's. Seems to me that under Sawyer's system we could get rid of the courts altogether. The cops could arrest someone, and the prosecutor could then charge them with a crime, convict them of the crime, and punish them for the crime.

Who needs judges, eh, Prosecutor Sawyer? Surely, not you. But "we the people," we need judges. We need judges exactly like Steven Servaas, as many of 'em as we can vote into office, now more than ever.



Easynews Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052

Humpin'-Hoosiers-Hurl-Back-Helmets Dept.: It took less than 36 minutes for ABATE of Indiana and other friends of freedom to kill a state senate bill that would have reestablished a mandatory helmet law. Over 3000 phone calls burned the toll-free senate line and many of the lawmakers also heard from scooter pilots at home and work. The bill never even made it out of committee . . . **A 21-year-old former architecture student** has won a \$1.86 million settlement for brain damage he received when his bike hit a van. The suit claimed that the victim's Hondaline helmet was defective in that the styrofoam liner was too stiff and did not diffuse the force of the impact. American Honda must have agreed 'cause they settled the suit without going to trial.

ABATE is an idea that has finally come to Arkansas. Newly formed ABATE of Northwest Arkansas is offering help to anybody who wants to set up chapters in other parts of the state. If you're interested, write 'em at Box 31, Fayetteville, AR 72702 . . . **We-Still-Have-A-Lot-In-Common-With-The-Mother-Country Dept.:** A cop car in Crewe, England, pulled out in front of an oncoming bike, killing the 60-year-old rider. The cop was fined the equivalent of about \$100 . . . **The mandatory helmet law** in British Columbia has been struck down because it did not specify what constitutes a legal helmets. Don't expect this good news to last until Expo '86 opens in Vancouver later this spring.

Minnesota bikers have finally gotten an okay to start putting down the high-occupancy vehicle lanes of Interstate 394. The action came three years after the feds told the states to allow fuel-efficient vehicles such as bikes to use the HOV lanes or risk losing some of their federal highway construction funds . . . **This time we were on the winning side**, but it's still a case of the Great White Fucker in Washington blackmailing the states. And it's still bullshit . . . **New Mexico is another state** where bikers are beginning to realize the truth behind the old adage "In unity there is strength." A group of state riders are starting an ABATE chapter there and are seeking organizing assistance from ABATE members in other states. If you want to help, or if you're from New Mexico and want to join, write ABATE of New Mexico, c/o Bob Lawrence, 4285 Hill Drive SE, Albuquerque, NM 87116 . . . **And finally:** After the driver of the pickup roared through the red light and into the motorcycle — instantaneously killing the rider — he was put on trial for homicide-by-vehicle and failing to stop for a red light. A jury deliberated two hours and found him **INNOCENT** of the homicide charge because — better sit down now — running the red light did not constitute *criminal negligence*. If it ain't criminal, why are people hauled to court for it? If it ain't negligent, how come a man is dead because of it? It happened in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where justice is not only blind — it's also deaf and, especially, dumb. May God have mercy on those fucked juror's souls . . . **On second thought**, kindly belay that request, Lord. They deserve no mercy here or hereafter.

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 ^{1,3}	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes 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 windscreens. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 6-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 8-If over 21. 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 10-Certain cities may require lights. 11-Passengers must wear helmets. 12-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. 13-Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Editor admits biker prophecy was true

Freedom's not just another word for nothin' left to lose — even for cagers

What's fair and unfair in government is simply a matter of whose ox is being gored. That axiom may not be printed in the halls of government, but it is a political reality that fast is becoming apparent in the commonwealth.

For years, various groups have complained about the actions of a government that has become increasingly involved in legislating behavior for our own good.

One example that comes to mind is the motorcyclists who protested the law requiring their use of helmets.

Those protests were ignored, as most of the motorists in the state drove four-wheeled vehicles, surrounding themselves with metal and glass.

Why force people to wear a helmet?

This paper has editorialized on the subject before: to keep medical costs down, reduce the severity of accidental injuries, to save lives.

In other words, a majority told a minority they had to wear the headgear for their own good. Well, the majority was wrong. The minority told us that they had a right to make decisions about their own safety. They endangered no one but themselves.

And... most important, they warned that if the government could bully a few of the less orthodox members of society for their own good, soon the government would be pushing everyone around.

We laughed at the thought. It was a matter of someone else's ox being gored.

Until 1986... the year of the mandatory seat belt.

Let me interrupt this discussion to say, however, that I do not doubt the efficacy of seat belts.

They work; they save lives. But the seat belt law is an unreasonable intrusion upon our freedom, which is an injury that in the long run can prove more grievous.

I buckle up. I make my kids buckle up. I support the motor vehicle codes that make us drive safe cars, and handle them responsibly, because those laws deal with a driver-responsibility to others...

But the seat belt law, foisted on us by an increasingly authoritarian governor, who seems to be more willing to command than persuade, does not deal with a driver's responsibility to others. It deals with the way each of us cares for himself.

In addition, the law is a shallow piece of legislation that apparently was written by individuals who didn't take the time to identify its possible flaws.

And Michael Dukakis, the man who signed it into law, deserves even more blame, because it is his responsibility to make certain that bad legislation does not become flawed law.

Consider this: The seat belt law does not require seat belts on school buses — except for the driver. In fact, state law still allows little children to stand on a school bus. My own youngsters daily ride a bus where eight or nine youngsters stand, and the children sit three to a seat. Yet, in a

state where the governor is so concerned that I may shatter my bridgework on a steering wheel over which I at least have some control, the state seems not to care at all that dozens of unrestrained children could die in a single school bus crash.

The seat belt law exempts the drivers of emergency vehicles but no one else.

That means that the ambulance driver can ride unrestrained, but the EMT working on the patient somehow must be strapped onto a seat.

"It seems those loud, often hairy, and certainly 'not to be taken seriously' people... were right all along. They were among the first to see a paternalistic state restrict their freedom for their own good..."

In the case of police cars, the driver of the cruiser can ride unrestrained at any time, but his partner and all prisoners must be belted in. This increases the risk to arresting officers themselves.

Imagine the drunk or drug-maddened prisoner handcuffed and wrestled into the backseat cage of the cruiser. Even when cuffed he can bite, kick, butt, and spit. Under the new law, the officer must lean into the backseat area or over the prisoner and strap him into the seat belt. Failure to do so would be cause for a serious suit if the prisoner were injured in a motor vehicle accident.

Also, does the law require seat belts in paddy wagons?

Enforcement of the law is ridiculous as well. Police cannot stop a car for a seat belt violation. But, if an officer sees the safety harness hanging unused, will he then pull the vehicle over for a dirty license plate?

If an officer signals a driver to the side of the road for a broken taillight or a minor violation, and the driver releases his seat belt in order to have his license available before the officer reaches the car, will that driver be cited for not wearing his belt? The car is stopped. What evidence is there that the motorist was or was not wearing the belt when the car was in motion?

And, finally, there is the ultimate proof that the people who wrote the law knew nothing about enforcing the law. The driver is responsible for seeing that he, himself, is belted, but each adult passenger is responsible as an individual for his own safety belt.

Thus, an officer stopping a vehicle must issue a citation to each passenger who is unrestrained. However, the passenger is not required by law to produce identification. The officer can ask for a license or

other ID, but must be satisfied if the passenger gives him the name John Smith or Joe Doaks. What do you think this will do to police officers, already frustrated by lack of public cooperation?

The seat belt law is written badly. It takes too few situations into consideration. It adds one more "crime" to the list in a state where three centuries of law have created an already incomprehensible burden of regulation.

But, even if it were written perfectly, it still is abhorrent.

It seems that those loud, often hairy, and certainly "not to be taken seriously" people who claimed that they had a right to ride a motorcycle without benefit of crash helmet were right all along.

They were among the first to see a paternalistic state restrict their freedom for their own good.

Now, it is our ox that is being gored, and though I will continue to use my seat belt — except for the rare occasions when I forget — I feel less free and increasingly more put upon by a governor and a government that does not know the difference between liberal and liberty.

— A.J. Belleville, editor
from the Lynn (Mass.) Post

After two decades, freedom returns to land of Lincoln

In a two-to-one decision, the Illinois Appellate Court recently threw out the city of Springfield's 19-year-old law banning motorcycles from city park roads. The decision reversed a 1985 circuit court ruling that found the ordinance constitutional.

The decision, which said that the ordinance illegally discriminated against motorcycle riders, was the result of a two-year effort to open the parks to two-wheeled travelers. Previous efforts had failed before reaching the appellate level.

Because the appellate decision was not unanimous, the park board had 30 days to appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court but decided to throw in the towel, voting at a special meeting not to pursue the matter.

Local rider groups, including the Riverton Harley Riders, had formed a "Right to Ride Coalition" which raised money to pay for the appellate court challenge. United Motorcyclists of Illinois and the American Motorcyclist Association also contributed funds and provided legal research assistance in the case.

"The importance of this decision," said one of the attorneys for the two riders who deliberately flaunted the ordinance to set up the test case that the appellate court decided, "is that it shows that motorcyclists, like other minorities, have certain basic rights that can't be trampled on."

Sometimes it seems like I've been at this too long And have started missing the target

Thank you for putting the picture of me and my safercycle in your February issue. The quality of the picture was poor, because you used a cutout from the June 1985 Driver magazine cover. I am enclosing a recent photo from Richard Chang Photography of Irvine.

My definition of a safercycle is "A street-legal two-wheel motorcycle with convenient rider crash protection. It will protect the rider when other vehicles hit the front, back, or sides of the safercycle." I would like to see several safercycles built and crashed against locomotives and various other GM cages. I suggested this to the U.S. Department of Transportation in 1980. They suggested I ask somebody else for the money to do it. Over the 12 years I have been doing motorcycle safety research, the only help I received from the government is a few safety documents and the photos on the cover of Driver magazine. The present administration has spent millions of dollars crash-testing cages and airplanes but almost nothing on motorcycle safety research.

Most people don't ride motorcycles because they are afraid of being hurt in a collision. This is potentially a much larger market than the number of bikers now. The safercycle is an attempt to reach this larger market. I estimate that less than 2 percent of present bikers would want a safercycle, and a smaller percentage among Easyriders readers.

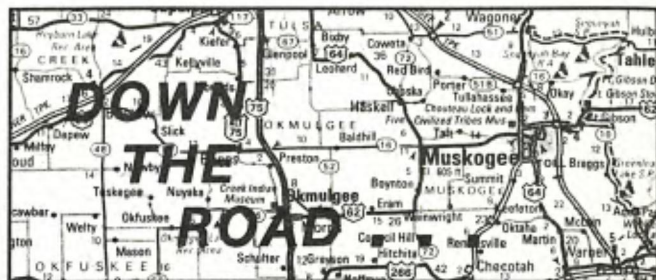
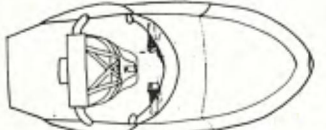
My engineering-model safercycle is not yet complete. I am working on a fairing concept by Craig Vetter to replace the practice fairing shown in the enclosed photo. The aluminum honeycomb side padding won't go on until the next fairing is installed. Unless I can make a good-looking safercycle, not many people will want one. If the manufacturers don't think a lot of people want to buy safercycles, they won't build any. My safercycle is a lot of fun to ride. If no more are built, it will keep getting a lot of attention and this is fun, too.

My club, the Gospel Riders, rides together twice a month on Saturdays. If any of the brothers would like to ride with us or attend the Southern California Christian Motorcyclists Association rally in May near San Diego, let me know and I can send more information.

God bless you all,
Tad Winecki

Editor's Note: In our previous comments on Mr. Winecki's "creation" (page 45, ER # 152), we noted that the Claybrook clones in the DOT would probably love to see us all strapped onto one of the contraptions and suggested crash-testing it into a diesel locomotive. We're pleased Mr. Winecki concurs with the latter suggestion.

It's a bird, it's
a boat, it's a
bird's-eye view
of a safercycle!



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.

MAY

- May 3 — BIKE SHOW** at 11 E. Division St., Manteno, Illinois. Scheduled to appear: Miss Harley, Tamara Janell; Jay Springsteen, Scott Parker. For info, write O.C. Shreffler at the above address.
- May 3 — SWAP MEET** at the New Oxford Social Pavilion, New Oxford, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by the Mason Dixon Chapter of ABATE of Pa. For more info, call (717) 792-2150.
- May 16-18 — FROG JUMP** in Calaveras County, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.
- May 17 — BIKER RIGHTS RALLY** at the state Capitol, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pa. For information, write ABATE, 203 Market St. Rm. 312, Harrisburg, PA 17101. or call (717) 774-2884.
- May 17-18 — THIRD ANNUAL RHODY RUN** in Florence, Oregon. Presented by the Association for Motorcyclists of Oregon, Box 1298, Albany, OR 97321. (503) 926-4333.
- May 17-18 — MDA RUN** sponsored by Dakota Harley-Davidson, 530 20th Ave. S.W., Minot, North Dakota 58701. For additional info, call (701) 839-6330.
- May 24-26 — SWAP MEET**, sponsored by Southeast Chapter, ABATE of Florida. Location to be announced. For more info, write 'em at Box 4943, Hollywood, FL 33083 or call (305) 931-4604.
- May 31 — POKER RUN**, sponsored by ABATE of Delaware, Kent County chapter. Location to be announced. Rain date: June 7. For info, write ABATE, Box 561, Dover, DE 19903-0561. Or call (302) 697-9092.
- May 31 — RIDE FOR RIGHTS**, sponsored by the Cascade Sidecarists, 13505 SW Evergreen, Beaverton, OR 97005. Location to be announced. Proceeds to benefit AMA fight for bikers' rights. For info, write, or call (503) 644-9342.
- 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 1 — BIKE SHOW** at the Wallace Civic Center, Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Sponsored by MMA, 511B Medford St., Somerville, MA 02145. (617) 666-4337.
- June 1 — SWAP MEET** at Antioch Fairgrounds, Antioch, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.
- 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 7-9 — PIG FEED** at Springville, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA (916) 442-4727.
- June 14 — POKER RUN**, sponsored by Regions 7 and 9 of ABATE of Indiana. For info, write Capt. Jerry, Rt. 8 Box 240, Greensburg, IN 47240, or call Animal at (812) 372-3032.

Harley factory racers keep on trackin'

Gearing up for the 1986 racing season, Harley-Davidson recently announced a full slate of factory competition efforts, including sponsorship of two dirt-track team members, a factory-sponsored dirt-track rider, a contingency program, privateer support, ongoing engine development, and a Harley Owner's Group-sponsored Battle of the Twins rider.

Scott Parker and Jay Springsteen have signed to ride for the H-D factory team in AMA Grand National Championship races, while Chris Carr will fly the factory colors in half-mile and mile events only. Concerning tuner/mechanics, Parker will work with Bill Werner and John Parker, Springsteen with Paul Chmiel, and Carr will get his "go power" from Mert Lawwill.

Two-time BOTT Grand Prix class champ Gene Church will again ride "Lucifer's Hammer," the XR-1000 GP class dominator. Don Tilley, of Tilley's H-D in Statesville, North Carolina, continues in his role as Church's tuner. Church will be sponsored by the Harley Owners Group, the only international owners club to sponsor a national championship racer for 1986.

Harley is also continuing to offer contingency money to H-D riders. For example, a win in BOTT GP class pays \$1000 and the BOTT number-one-plate winner will get \$4000 if he rode Harley-Davidsons exclusively while winning his championship. A similar program exists for dirt-track events, with contingency awards beginning at \$1000 and going all the way up to \$20,000 for a rider who wins the number one plate riding Harleys only.

The company's '86 racing program also includes support for select privateers using Hogs, in all forms of pro racing. This rider support program is, company officials say, an essential element — and historically a dominant force — in H-D's racing efforts.

"We believe that by supporting privateer racers we help make racing more competitive," says Mark Tuttle, H-D vice president of engineering and acting race manager. "It helps our dealers who

sponsor their own programs, and it benefits the development of machinery by providing a network of communication between the racers, their tuners, sponsoring dealerships, and the Harley factory. This exchange of information is unique in the racing world and helps Harley riders compete against well-funded opposition."

Harley will also be offering support in various other forms of racing. For example, Missouri dealer Ray Worth will get factory support for his drag-racing effort; Bill Bartel of Bartels' H-D in Culver City, California, will receive aid for his endurance racing entries; and Lou Gerencer, of Elkhart, Indiana, will be supported in hillclimbs. Aiding all TT racers will be an updated, single-cylinder engine that has had its displacement increased from 560cc to 600cc to take advantage of new TT engine rules.

Probably the best example of Harley's support system is the world's fastest single-engine motorcycle, "Tenacious." Rider Dan Kinsey steered the Hog-engined streamliner to 276.510mph in '85.

Behind the scenes in 1986, Walt Faulk will continue to supervise dyno testing in the never-ending search for more power and greater durability for H-D racing engines. Ron Alexander, based at the York, Pennsylvania, plant, will be a key research assistant, and Milwaukee-based engineer Pieter Zylstra will handle the drawing board chores. Brent Thompson, formerly the tuner for ex-champ Randy Goss, will be XR-750 technical advisor and will serve as a communications conduit between the factory and the riders.

According to Tuttle, H-D's highly regarded development program enables the company to enter the '86 racing season with high hopes. "We are starting this season in better shape than we did last year," Tuttle says. "Scotty showed that a Harley-Davidson XR-750 can win when he set a new Camel Pro record for mile events at Indy and by breaking the record held by a Honda rider at Sacramento — by 12 seconds. We are working hard for further gains in power and durability. We want that number one plate."

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



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

In memory of our big bro, **R.W. "Poppy" Popplewell**, 9/30/85, who rode hard and died too fast. We all miss you and will see you in Harley Heaven. Your little bro and sis, Shawn and Sandy, Whiteland, Indiana.

In loving, lasting memory of **Joseph E. "Buffalo Joe" Jury**, taken by a cage in July of 1980 in his hometown of Conneaut, Ohio. Now he rides with God, in the wind. Sadly missed by his cousin Kevin, and other family and friends.

In memory of **Art Wellever**, who died at the state of Idaho's hands and his own on 12/31/85. He loved life and freedom; now he's found it again. He'll never be forgotten by any of his bros. We loved him dearly. Until we meet again, Art, love from Space and Koke.

In memory of **Jim "One Beer" Spears**, 12/12/85, lost to us while serving his country. I owe you my appreciation for the V-Twin and will not forsake it or your friendship. I should have answered your last letter sooner. Ride free, my friend. Ski.

In memory of **John "Sprout" Matousek**, 11/2/85, a righteous friend and bro who will be missed and not forgotten by the brothers and sisters of the West Bank MC. Rest easy, kid. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In memory of **Lester Eugene "Skip" Earnhart**. You didn't ride long — you were taken away too soon. We will meet again. We all miss you. Your family, Borger, Texas.

In memory of **LaWanda Mae "Sunshine" Calvert**, the best of friends and the finest of sisters, who left us 9/24/84. After two years of cancer pain, she suffers no more. Love you forever. Dave, Linda, Leah, and all your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **William "Guy" Clark**, who came to West Virginia from Illinois to work and ride. On 11/9/85, at the age of 26, he made the final ride. He'll be missed by all who knew him, old friends and new friends alike. May he ride the wind free and easy forever. From his friends of the Eastern Panhandle.

In memory of **Harry Human**, 6/26/84. You were the best of the bunch to die so young. You'll be missed and remembered by all your bros and friends in Cincinnati. See ya in the sunset. Your bros, Scottie, "K-Model" Craig, Boo, Li'l Eddie, and family.

In memory of **John Gordon**, who died 10/25/85 on his bike, downed by a cage. Thanks for all the memories that make me a wealthy soul. You know I feel as though I'll hear you jam once again. Truly lost, but we'll find our way. Love you, brother. Bill, Deb, La. Billy, Clifton Heights, and all your bros.

In memory of **Mitch Austin**, 10/22/60-11/30/85. He lived fast and died too damn young. Mitch, we love you. Home.

In memory of **Donny Kendall**, who died in prison on 9/20/85 because his so-called brothers were more worried about getting another case than they were about his life. Rest easy, bro. With love from your true bros, Shitty Smitty, Knucklehead Mike, Ronnie E., Matt "Cookie", and Bear-wee.

In memory of one good-hearted brother, **Donnie Albert Khan**, 1/1/86. You didn't ride long, but you always rode hard 'n' fast. Stay free. You're missed and loved forever. Your sis T.J.K., Mom, and friends.

In memory of **Lana**, 12/26/85. Taken out by an "unloaded gun." Hopefully, your mistake will serve to prevent other accidents. Ride free, forever. Family and friends.

In loving memory of **Calvin Dean "Pro" Frolander**, 12/12/85, a bro who won't be forgotten. Time can't erase the love we shared and neither will death. You'll always be missed and loved. Margaret, bros and sisters, Fremont, California.

In everlasting memory of **Charles "Rapper" Lockwood**, a friend till the end to many. Kept in this Godforsaken prison system far too many years, we all know you did what had to be done to remain free. Missing and loving you each day, Lorrie, brother, and Charube.

In loving memory of **Bill Green**, 7/18/46-1/19/86, from those of us who really miss you. You'll never be forgotten. We didn't have much, but we had each other — only now we don't have you. So, till we meet again, we will always love you. Patty, Shelly, and friends from ABATE.

In memory of **Willie Goodwin**, 4/7/85, who died in the wind. From life you are resting. Now that I understand about death itself, the pain stops and the good memories begin. I will always love you. Tiny.

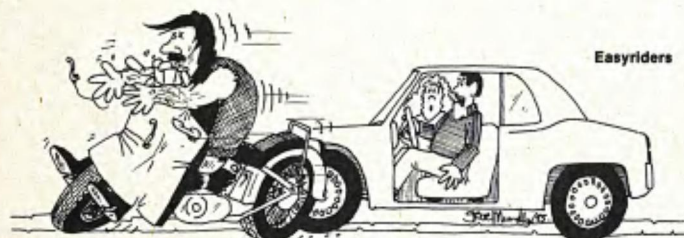
In memory of **Windsor Curtis Clark** and **Susanne Stivale**, killed by a drunk 10/14/82. You've been gone for years now, but we miss you as much as yesterday. I know we'll all be together again soon. Ride on forever and ever. Love always, Dusty, Bill, and all of San Diego.

In memory of **Dan Meet**, 8/7/60-10/20/85. Dan, my sweet man, we had the worst of times and the best of times. Our love was strong up to the end. The worst of times were nothing compared to the hell of a life without you. Spread those new wings and fly like a free bird. Becky, Mike, Chris, and all your bros and sisters around Worthington, Minnesota, and Sibley, Iowa.

In loving memory of **Kevin "Harley" Bauman**, 10/29/61-10/27/85, taken too soon. We all love you and miss you. Only the good die young. Love, your wife Linda and son Russell Allan.

Passin' Gas

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



"Did you see that, Helen? That biker stole our door!"

A biker putted into a small town whose only accommodations were two rundown hotels. After giving them the once-over, he was riding back up the main drag, undecided about which one to stay at, when he spied a resident strolling along. "Say," the bro called out, "which one of these two fleabags do you recommend?" "Don't make any difference," was the reply. "No matter which one you stay at, you'll wish you were in the other."

—The Hatch
Deland, Fla.

A biker chick went to the store to buy toilet paper. Since she didn't have enough money for the name-brand stuff, she took a pack of plain-wrap instead. The next week when she was back in the store, she encountered the manager. "Hey, I've got a name for your plain-wrap toilet paper," she said. "What is it?" he inquired. "Biker Paper," she answered. "It's rough, tough, and don't take shit off no one."

—Bill Pasquarelli
Somers, Ct.



"Hey, who left their dentures in there?"

Easyriders



"I'd like to talk to you, Doctor, about these hormone pills you've been giving me," said the woman. "They're making me grow hair on my chest. Here," she went on, unbuttoning her blouse, "take a look." "Holy shit!" exclaimed the doctor, totally shocked at the heavy patch of hair on the woman's chest. "How far down does that grow?" "Right down to my cock," was the reply, "and that's another thing I want to talk to you about."

—Noel Lambert
Surrey, B.C.

Then there was the biker, just back from a nudist wedding, who came within an inch of being best man.

—J.K.
Lancaster, Calif.

Why do some autos have tilt steering wheels? To provide more head room.

—Sleazy Ed
Eagle Creek, Ore.

Did you hear about the woman who got kicked out of Disneyland? It seems she jumped Pinocchio, sat on his face, and yelled, "Tell me a lie!"

—Tim Currihan
Midland, Mich.



An elementary school teacher asked her students to think of different words that suggested excitement and immediately a little boy got up, went to the blackboard, and put a dot on it. How could a dot cause excitement, he was asked. "That's not a dot," the lad explained. "That's a period. My sister's missed one and there's never been so much excitement at my house."

—Scott E. Grooms
Chesapeake, Va.

A dude walked into a bar, noticed a foxy-looking chick sitting by herself, and decided to walk over and introduce himself to her in an all-American way. "Hey, babe," he said, "I'd sure like to get into your pants."

The fox looked him over scornfully and then said, "Sorry, there's already one asshole in there."

—Double T
Minneapolis, Minn.

Somewhat riled by the attitude of the civilians in the Daytona bar, a bro left his barstool and went outside for a few minutes. When he returned, he had an alligator with him. Making sure he had the crowd's attention, he shouted, "Check this out, assholes!" and dropped his Levi's, whereupon the alligator immediately clamped down on the bro's meat. After counting off three full minutes, the bro poked the alligator in the eye, causing the beast to let go and scuttle away under a nearby table. "Now," boomed the bro, "any of you man enough to do that?"

"I am," came a response from the back of crowd, "if you promise not to poke me in the eye."

—G. Miller
Wooster, Ohio



A dead bro went straight to hell. There, he was met by the Devil himself who welcomed him and said that he could have his choice of three different rooms in which to spend eternity. "Only catch is," said the Devil, "once you've decided, that's it." The bro agreed to abide by this rule only if he was allowed to see all three rooms first. "Okay," said the Devil, and with a swish of his tail, the two of them were transported into a room where the temperature was sub-zero and the bro found he no longer had any clothes on. With chattering teeth, he indicated that the room was unsuitable. *Poof!* Another lash of Satan's tail now conveyed them into a second room where a bunch of naked people were chained to the walls and little demons were running around gleefully pulling out pubic hairs one at a time. "No thanks," shuddered the bro. "Better show me what you've got left." In a twinkling, he found himself in a large room crowded with people standing around knee-deep in shit, drinking coffee. "This will be just fine," said the bro, much relieved. "I'll stay here."

"Are you sure?"
"Absolutely."

The Devil disappeared, the bro got a cup of coffee, and just as he was taking his first sip, thinking how well he'd done, a loud voice overhead called out, "All right, the coffee break is over. Everybody back on their heads!"

—Tiny Thomson
Cumberland, Wis.

The DA was grilling the biker concerning his whereabouts at the time of the crime. "So you say you were out walking your dog at 7 p.m. on the evening of June 10, do you? Did you or did you not stop along the way?"

"Damn," snapped the biker, "haven't you ever walked a fuckin' dog?"

—B.H.
Selma, Ala.



Two biker bitches were standing on the corner when one suddenly turned to the other and exclaimed, "I know this sounds crazy, but I smell cock!"

"Take it easy," her friend said calmly. "I just burped."

—A.A. Arcuiou
Revere, Mass.



"You know, Nurse, life is really funny. In my youth, 'shooting up' had such a different meaning. . . ."

A couple of bros were sitting in a bar getting drunk when one of 'em let a long, smelly fart. "Whooooie!" the other said. "Did you just shit yer pants?" "Could have," was the rueful admission.

"Well, why the fuck don't you wipe yer filthy ass?"

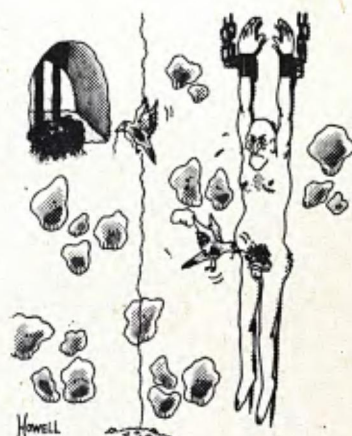
The first biker thought for a moment and then said, "I ain't sure I'm done yet."

—Alpha
Portsmouth, N.H.

"Can you explain how this lipstick got on your shorts?" the suspicious wife demanded.

"No, I can't," her husband replied. "I distinctly remember taking them off."

—Big John
Montreal, Quebec



Over beers, two bikers were having a discussion about the charms of a certain actress.

"I say she's overrated," said one. "Take away her eyes, her hair, her lips, and her figure, and what have you got?"

"My ol' lady," said the other.

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.



"So that's why women live longer than men!"



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.



White-Collar Crime and Medical Rip-Offs

by T.K.

Have you noticed that almost all the official government crime statistics you see tend to focus on only those criminal acts committed by poor people — crimes like burglary and auto theft, for example? While, on the other hand, white-collar crimes — shit like embezzlement and fraudulent advertising, which are violations of laws designed specifically to regulate typically upper-crust socioeconomic occupational activities — aren't even mentioned in the FBI's Uniform Crime Report?

It's pretty clear that who's catchin' it in the shorts has something to do with which crimes are tallied by the government and reported to the public. Simply put, when it's you and me who're gettin' fucked, Big Brother seldom gives a shit; put the shoe on the other foot and it's a much different story. When Big Brother and his buddies are caught making money off a questionable scam you can bet it won't be written up in some fuckin' FBI study and immediately made available to the general public. And that means that most people are pretty ignorant of the crimes that go down in the upper reaches of society. If it wasn't for the fact that important crime-prevention and rehabilitation programs are based on figures like those recorded in FBI reports, no one would give a shit. But that's simply not the case.

What is the case can easily be

seen on TV almost any night of the week. Because robbery and murder are more dramatic than fraudulent advertising, for example, television tends toward detective and cop shows that are arranged around these kinds of themes. When coupled with page after page of newspaper accounts describing similar crimes, it's not surprising to learn that most citizens see crime as entirely a lower-social-class problem.

And that pisses me off, because crime is simply not restricted to folks who are poor. In fact, folks who are poor are generally the victims of crime. And when poor people are the victims of crime it's not uncommon for them to have been taken by someone who has a few bucks. But we're far less likely to hear about these kinds of crimes than car thefts and bank robberies. That's because our government and the media focus on only "common" crimes, leaving the general public ignorant of most upper-class white-collar criminal activities.

For example, have you ever heard of fee-splitting? If you haven't, don't feel like the Lone Ranger, because as far as crime goes, fee-splitting just isn't as exciting as robbing a gas station and shootin' it out with the cops, so we seldom read about it in newspapers or see it on television. But in the medical profession — generally regarded as one of the more law-abiding professions around — fee-splitting is quite

common. Yet the last time I checked, it was a crime in 23 states.

Fee-splitting involves a kickback from a medical specialist to the general practitioner who sent him a patient. To cover the cost of the kickback, doctors often double-charge their patients, meaning that many of us actually pay twice the amount we should for health care. Very few patients ever catch doctors in the act of splitting fees, probably because most patients seem to place a high degree of trust in physicians' honesty and seldom demand itemized bills. Local medical associations often make half-assed attempts to discourage fee-splitting, but there is absolutely no record of a doctor ever having been convicted for the practice.

Ghost surgery is another rip-off trick that medical people like to pull on the common folk. Ghost surgery involves having some young surgeon show up at the hospital every morning to perform operations at the request of other doctors — operations on patients the young sawbones has never seen before. For his cutting he gets a cut of the fee paid to the "real" doctor and the anesthetized patient never knows the difference. At least not until the "ghost surgeon" runs across a problem he can't handle.

Unnecessary surgery is yet another example of a white-collar crime committed in the medical profession. Gall

Continued on page 99

A coupla three weeks ago Frank called me up to say that the mag was about to mark its fifteenth year of drippin' oil on the newsstands of this great country. Moreover, he said, Spider figured that while I still had a few brain cells raggedly clinging to my memories, I should knock out a little something for the occasion. Maybe a little nostalgic look back at some highlights and lowlights, the triumphs and the butt shows, that sort of thing.

And make it funny, Spider said.

Fat pitch, I figured. No problem. Shit, I said to myself, I've worked for the mag in one capacity or another for better than nine years. For about five and a half of those years I was an actual come-to-the-office workin' stiff.

Now — and I ain't shittin', brother — I can say without exaggeration that a good half of those 1300 or so workdays (not counting wired-to-the-gills deadline all-nighters and all-weekenders) could be described as bizarre, at least. And some of those days — the ones that are branded into what's left of my brain, like old exhaust-pipe burns — pretty much defy description.

Lemme put it another way. When I used to read the rag back in Texas in the early '70s, I laughed at all the outrageous stuff — the dogs that frequently graced the cover, the let's-gross-'em-out hilarity of the cartoons, the overall don't-give-a-flyin'-fuck attitude. I laughed, all right, but I didn't take much of it seriously — too hip, ya understand.

Back then I even occasionally cracked a joke or two at the expense of some gullible riding buddy who didn't think that stuff was all made up just to sell magazines. You know, all that bullshit about the smoke 'n' juice sessions, the outlandish cast of characters like Spider, Mutha,

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal

and Dr. Twatburger, the badasses who outdrank, outfucked, and outfought anything this side of Sasquatch, the drop-in crazies talking spun-out blither, the chaos of the editorial offices where the bikes leaked oil on the rugs and freshly fucked secretaries leaked cum on their cushions, and so forth.

Yep, I thought it was all a scam until — by a chain of events too tangled to relate — I came to work for the mag. Well, all I can tell ya is that I wasn't damn near as hip as I thought I was.

I expected to meet a bunch of clever writers and slick editors methodically turning out an inspired — but calculated — product. My first day on the job I began to suspect that maybe I had been a tad too superior, a shade too smug. The only available office contained a full-size pool table and a refrigerator stuffed with an apparently endless supply of beer.

Prior to my hiring, that office had served as a kind of all-day rec room for those in need of a break from the crushing duties of cranking out the raunchiest rag on the stands. So I had to stand there scratching my ass and trying to look apologetic while the disgruntled staff watched Bandit and Rip dismantle their lounge. If Spider hadn't been there laughin' at the whole affair, I might have been pounded flat on general principles before I completed my first hour on the job.

Anyway, like I said, I could spin war stories beginning with day one, so I figured this assignment for the fifteenth anniversary issue would go like crap through a goose.

Not so.

Oh, there was no lack of

story candidates, of course. That wasn't the problem. Dozens of events and experiences, people and places came to mind at once. I recalled dozens of others in the days that followed. The longer I strolled down memory lane the more I staggered under the burden of too many stories, of so much raw material. Eventually, I had lists of stories that would have filled an issue by themselves, but Spider had asked for a column, not an epic. Regretfully and reluctantly, I cut the list again and again, hoping to capture a few at least.

But in the process of trying to commit them to paper I came to feel that I was diminishing them, failing to do them justice. Some of these yarns are just too long for the telling, too elaborate to get across in the available space. Others require that you know the characters involved to appreciate the humor. Some yarns would get me and/or others in trouble with the law and/or the ol' lady if certain details were leaked in print. Some tales, . . . well, I guess you had to be there.

Lemme tell you this much: Regardless of whatever bent idea you may have about the people who've worked on the mag and appeared in its pages over the last fifteen years, it's probably not all that far from the truth.

Spider always said I could never get to the point, and I guess this column is proving him right. He always wanted the bottom line and I always wanted to sneak up to it on tiptoe. To tell you the truth, I don't know that there is a point, really. But whatever else you can say about working for the mag, it was never dull.

And a lotta times it was pure, raw, kickass fun.

Indignant letter from an offended square? Monger tells him that his sister blows collies and to eat shit and die. Time for our 69th issue? Let's fuck with everybody — make each page number 69, start each story on page 69, then continue it on page 69, and, . . . well, give yourself a treat and dig out that issue if you haven't looked at it for a while. That sucker's a no-shit collector's item, 'cause no other mag here or anywhere else would have the balls, the fuck-ya-if-ya-can't-take-a-joke recklessness to put its readership through such a butt-breaking obstacle course just to have a laugh.

The times at the mag I like to remember best are like that 69th issue — unpredictable, funny, irresponsible, just this side of being out of control. For all those times and for all the righteous friends I found, I salute the mag on its fifteenth year of showin' class.

Oh, before I hit the kill switch on this blither I want to say one more thing. Ordinarily, this issue's column would have featured the hi-torque prose of ol' Bomber, but he was swamped with special assignments. I mention all this because Bomber is every bit as qualified as I am to chronicle the Favorite Fiascos of Fifteen Years. Better, actually, since he's been with the mag longer than I have and was out on the road covering bikes, bikers, and broads when half the guys his age were wondering if they were ever gonna score their first piece of ass.

My apologies to Spider if I've blown this assignment. I hope he won't be sore because this isn't the compilation of anecdotes he expected.

Anyway, I know he can't be mad at me long — he likes me too much. After all, didn't he send me a lacquered horse turd for Christmas? ■

INTERVIEW

Roger Hull: A Very Exclusive Club

I've got to make a long overdue confession. I used to cheat on my ol' lady — not just once in a while, but monthly.

I did it the same way every time, waiting until she was asleep to slowly pull back the cover of the ragged sleeping bag and carefully ease off the mattress onto the floor.

Then I'd creep over to the saddlebags slung into the corner of the one-room pad we shared, and by the light of a battered Zippo my old man had picked up on some World War II battlefield, I'd sit and read *Road Rider* magazine.

Yeah, that's right, *Road Rider*, that bike magazine where the people in the pictures were always staring hypnotically at some mountain or canyon instead of leering at tits and clits like they did in the pages of *Easyriders*. *Road Rider*, the magazine that would have driven my ol' lady right out of my bed and off my p-pad if that hardcore-to-the-hilt honey had ever caught me reading it.

Road Rider, for crissakes. It was all about touring, its readers wore something called "riding suits" and drank Gatorade as they knowledgeably rapped about mpg's, eta's and other esoteric things...like motel prices.

Road Rider! It even had pictures of non-Harleys in it.

It also had Roger Hull, its editor and founder.

Ask just about anybody what the most exclusive club in the world is and they'll probably say, "Those living men who have served as president of the United States." Well, they just might be right, since that club is currently limited to four members. On the other hand...

Roger Hull, in the past 20 years, has logged approximately 1,000,000 miles on motorcycles. That's 50,000 miles a year, year in

and year out, rainy years and dry years, years of good health, years when he spent time recovering from a wreck. There are lots of dudes out there who live in the saddle, but damn few ever break the 500,000-mile barrier, let alone the 1,000,000-mile mark. For one thing, many of the good die far too young to rack up the years needed. Others get too tired, or sell out to the family way and wind up spending at least some traveling time in a cage.

So it may very well be that Roger Hull's million-mile club currently has fewer than four members. For damn sure, it doesn't have a whole lot more than that number.

But Hull, who these days follows the white lines and highline poles coast-to-coast as a roving ambassador for Harley-Davidson, is more than just a maniac for two-wheel marathons. He was one of the first editors to speak out strongly and eloquently against mandatory helmet laws back in the days when the establishment motorcycle magazines had — as they still do today — a firm policy of keeping their mouths shut about freedom and their hands out for the bucket brigade's advertising dollars.

Hull was also an early — and persuasive — advocate of rider-education and cager-awareness programs and, more notably, was always willing to put his time and effort where his mouth was, by working with groups like the AMA (he's a past vice president) to translate such programs from idea to reality.

And he was, and is, in the best biker tradition, feisty and unwilling to take shit from anyone. The latest example of "Roger Hull attitude" occurred a few months ago when he found out through sources in the industry that California Assemblyman Richard Floyd was considering the intro-



Photo courtesy of Roger Hull

duction of a mandatory helmet bill in the one state that had never had one. Hull immediately fired off a multi-page letter that came within a little red cunt hair of accusing Floyd of everything from being a Japanese secret agent to skewering innocent babies while in his cups. The letter was, Hull later admitted, written in anger and was perhaps just a bit intemperate.

Hull, Floyd claims ("Richard Floyd: Nobody Fuckin' Threatens Me" — ER #155), is an "asshole."

"I can understand why he, as a politician, would say that," replies Roger Hull. "Joan Claybrook would probably agree."

EASYRIDERS: How many years have you been riding?

ROGER HULL: Actually, a few years ago when Harley put that 1903 bike on display down at Daytona, the rumor got out that that was the bike I learned to ride on. That isn't true.

As I've stated in print a number of times, I'm a comparative latecomer. I've only been riding about 20 years. It's something I'd always wanted to do, but I'd never gotten around to it until the male menopause hit me and I decided that there wasn't that much time left, and I'd better get on with some of these things.

Of course, the first time I hung my leg over a Harley and learned to keep it upright I had no idea it was so totally going to change my life, but it did.

ER: If it wasn't the 1903 model that was your first bike, what was?

RH: It was an old '60 Duo Glide which I still have and just recently had restored.

ER: It couldn't have been too many years after you started riding that you founded *Road Rider*. What were you doing before that?

RH: My background has been in writing and publications, educational and technical stuff. I also did free-lance stories — mostly fiction for the old men's magazines like *Str*. Once I got into motorcycling, I started writing for the bike books.

ER: *Road Rider*, since it's about a year or so older than *Easyriders*, really qualifies as the first motorcycle magazine to be about people and lifestyles, instead of nuts, bolts, and polishing rags. How did you figure out there were readers who wanted that kind of a publication?

RH: Well, the main reason was that I was part of that market. Ivan Wagner was editing *Cycle World*

back in those days, and at one point Ivan told me that he'd like to use more of my material, but all I ever wrote about was touring and they figured that less than 10 percent of their readers were interested in touring. And I asked Ivan, I said, did you ever stop to consider that might be because less than 10 percent of the magazine is devoted to it?

I was a part of that market. I knew it was a small, limited market, but nobody was paying any attention to it. So I just figured there had to be something out there. The whole thing was started for less than \$1000 in the back bedroom and garage. It was originally intended to be a Southern California regional publication, but it just grew.

ER: You were also, as I recall, the first editor to come out strongly against mandatory helmet laws.

RH: We and *Easyrider*s came out about the same time on that, about 1970, 1971.

ER: And you made that decision to tackle the issue, because??? Was it input from your readers? Or your basic philosophy? What was involved?

RH: A combination of those things, I suppose. This will probably shock some people, but when the helmet laws were first being started, I very briefly thought it might be a good idea. Then I realized I was mixing up safety with politics. And that while I may personally advocate the voluntary use of all protective gear that doesn't impair the senses or restrict bodily movement, I didn't want this as a law. I didn't think it was right as a law.

And what I was hearing from people out on the road was that they felt more or less the same way. And I simply didn't want the government in there. Also, I got to considering where it could go. You know, they could forbid us from riding a motorcycle unless we dressed the way they thought we should today, and forbid us from riding, period, tomorrow. We shouldn't open any doors that might bring that about.

ER: The foot-in-the-door technique is one that the bureaucrats are always using. Many people, including some non-bike-riders who used to support helmet laws for bikers (see page 45), now realize that it was the helmet laws that opened the door for the double-nickel speed limit and the seat belt laws. The helmet law issue, after all, was the federal bureaucrats' first chance to play extortion with state highway funds and they certainly seem to have gotten addicted to it.

RH: It was my feeling then that they were trying to establish a constitutional precedent with a minority group [that didn't have much political clout], i.e. bikers.

And the deeper I got into it, the more I became convinced. I may be being paranoid, but that was my reasoning and it seems to me that was the way they were going.

ER: Just recently, of course, you got into a long-distance pissing contest with California State Assemblyman Richard Floyd when word got out that he was considering introducing a mandatory helmet bill. When I interviewed him last month, he called your letter insulting and threatening.

I read your letter and there certainly weren't any threats in it. It

feeling is that I don't want somebody who is totally inexperienced, or has very little experience, to legislate how I should ride my motorcycle.

Now, in the case of Assemblyman Floyd, I understand he's a motorcyclist — or at least a motorcycle rider. I have no desire to get in any kind of feud or name-calling match with Floyd. I think he and Joan Claybrook probably agree about me.

I'm not sure why he's involved [with the helmet law issue]. My feelings about him as an assemblyman have fluctuated. When he first came into office [in 1980] and introduced a helmet bill, I was upset. On the other hand, when that went away, he got behind rider education. Then I was for him. And it rather shocked me — I think that was one of the



was certainly an angry letter. There were certainly insinuations in it that Floyd may have been acting in the interests of some of the Japanese-bike makers, and other comments that could be considered insults, but no threats. Floyd told me that he was definitely not being supported by any Japanese manufacturers, and that he was sure they all despised him because of his support for various trade measures. He also referred to you as "that asshole." Would you like to return the compliment?

RH: I have a vague feeling that this is a leading question.

ER: Well, it is. To put it more generally, what do you think about politicians who use the buzzwords "public good" to try to earn points with their constituents as they're passing repressive legislation aimed at minority groups, like bikers, that are already suffering from a bad public image invented by the media?

RH: I have no doubt that some of our legislators are sincere. My basic

reasons I was so angry — when some of my, quote, sources, unquote, let me know that he was going to push another helmet bill.

Admittedly, I wrote that letter when I was quite angry. I simply didn't understand his reasoning. It didn't make sense to me until I found out the possibility — and I've got to phrase that carefully — that there might be some other influences here, uh, going back into the industry.

I would prefer not to get into that, because, like I said, I have no desire to get into a big political argument with the assemblyman.

ER: That makes sense. Of course, when I spoke to him I hadn't seen your letter and didn't know anything about those possible "influences." He voluntarily raised the issue of support from the Japanese manufacturers and very strenuously denied having any ties with them, whatsoever.

RH: Well, I did put him in an untenable

Continued on page 76

BOXED BOXMAKER

**Dale Farrell, a long-timer at Cross City,
Florida, has a unique way of makin'
time while keeping his heart and mind
on freedom in the wind.**

I've been making frames like this for about ten years, since I was 17. I started making them in a Kentucky prison after one of my homeboys, who'd picked it up while in jail in New Mexico, showed me how.

Once I started making them, I never stopped, except when I get out on the streets. Using the same method, I can make pocketbooks, clutch purses, bill-folds, picture frames, jewelry boxes, belts, saddlebags, and pen holders.

Probably the most popular thing I make is picture frames, which take from six to ten copies of Easyriders for each one. It takes ten days, working eight

hours a day, to make each one, but they're really tough. Each piece is wrapped in cigarette plastic to keep water out and they're sewn together with nylon thread. I only make them for close friends, though I'll sell one once in a while if someone I don't know wants one really bad. The reason I don't like to make them for sale is that it takes so long to save up the material and then make them.

So that's my life story on making frames. I'm doing life and 15 years in Florida and have two more states to do time in — Kentucky and Tennessee. Guess it's time to get back to work.

— Dale

And Here's How It's Done . . .

I've got a piece of plexiglass that's 3/4" by 3/4" and I've marked it so I can line up the picture that I want to show on each square. I put the picture on it and cut all the way around with a razor blade. Then I fold and unfold it and finally refold it with a piece of plastic around it — I get my plastic from Bugler packs and manage to salvage about six pieces per pack.

Next I weave them together in squares. The first square is 2x2 points, the next 4x4, the next 6x6, etc. You have to have the

same amount of points up as across, or you'll wind up with a hole in the middle. Finally I sew the panels together with nylon thread.

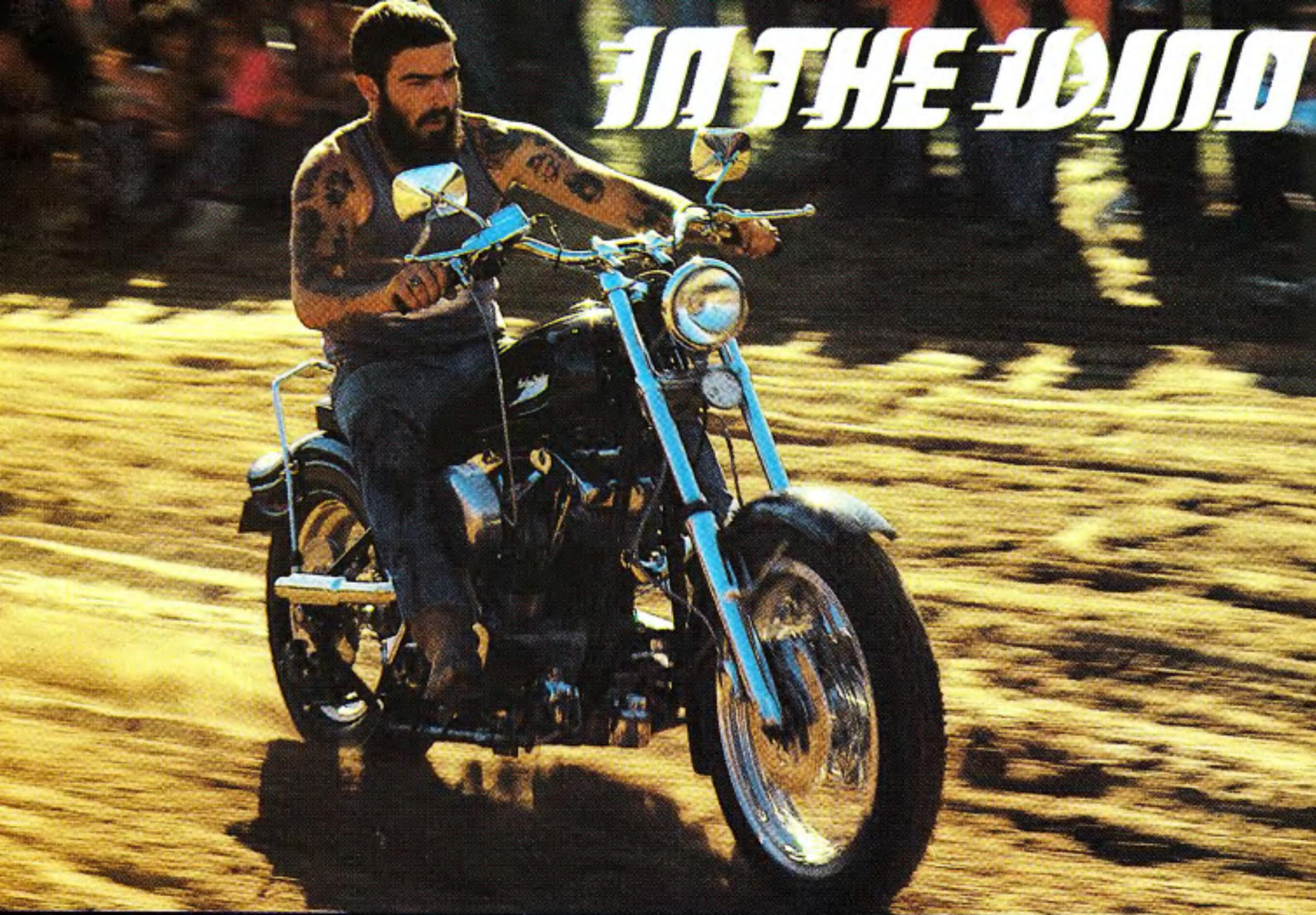
And there you have it. It's hard to explain how it's done — it's a lot easier to show it.

Whaddya mean, hard to explain? I understand it perfectly. . . All ya gotta do is take yer razor blade and start hacking away and then ya. . .

— Spider



IN THE WIND

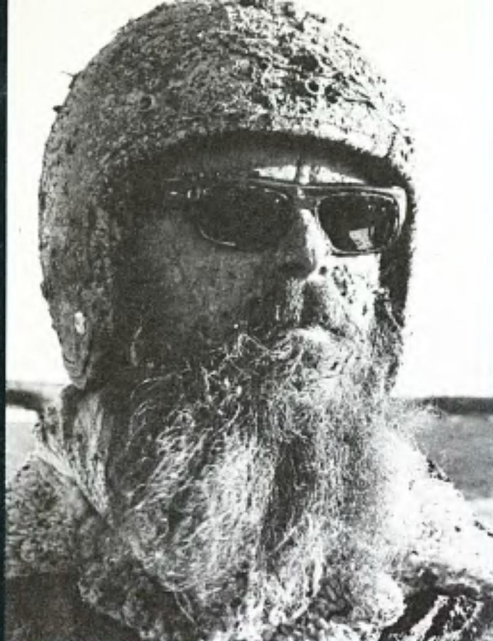


—from Cody, Redwood Park, S. Australia

—from Mad Doctor, On the road

—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.





—from Atteson, Sweden



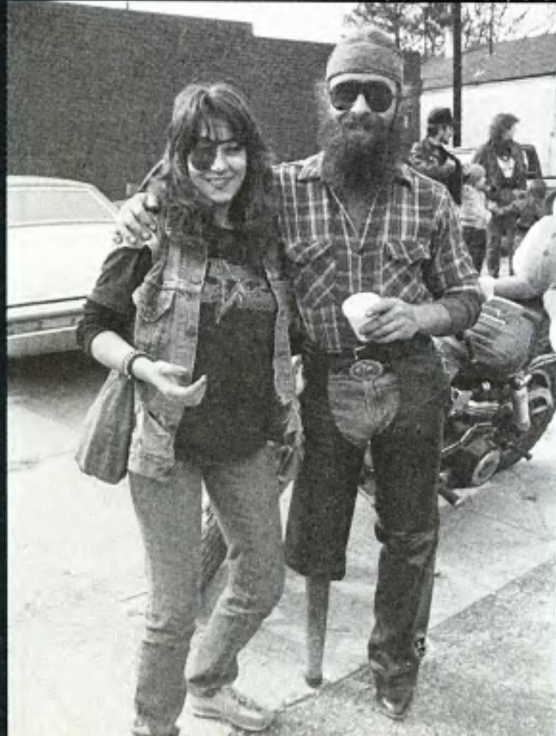
—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

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, La Habra, Calif.



—from The Breeze, Charleston, S.C.



—from Gary Gudnason, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Balls, Granger, Ind.



—from Strider, Bleakwood, Tex.





—from Michael Matthews, Daytona Beach, Fla.

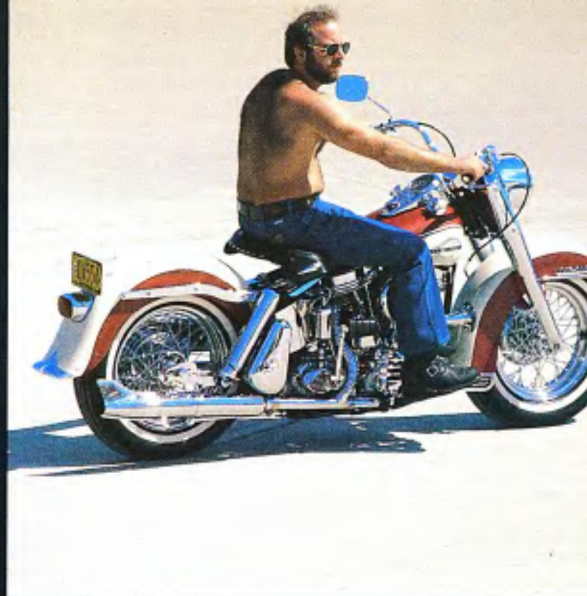
—from J. Miller, Sun Valley, Calif.

—from Klaes Palmgren, Solna, Sweden





—from Michael Lichter, *Harley Heaven*



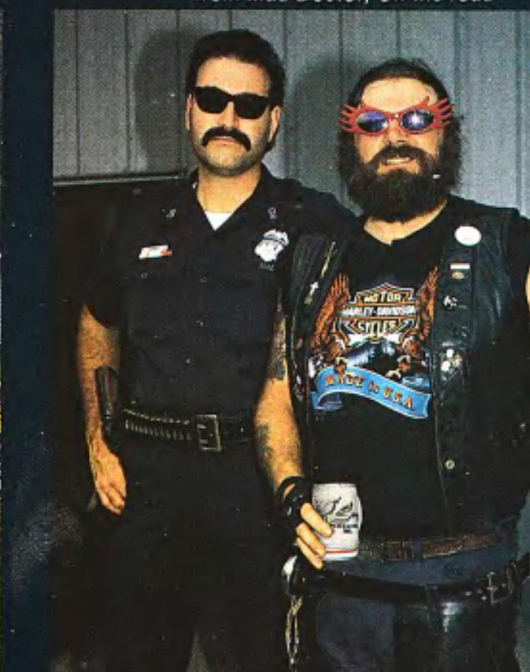
—from Mad Doctor, *On the road*



—from Doug's Hogs Ltd., New Milton, W.Va.

—from Robert Lachowski, Erie, Pa.

—from Mad Doctor, *On the road*



Easyriders 15TH ANNIVERSARY



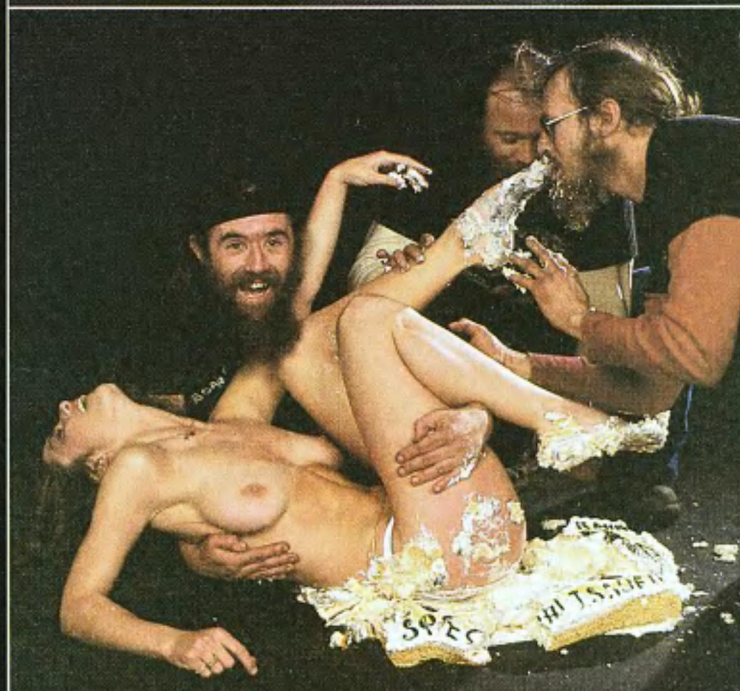
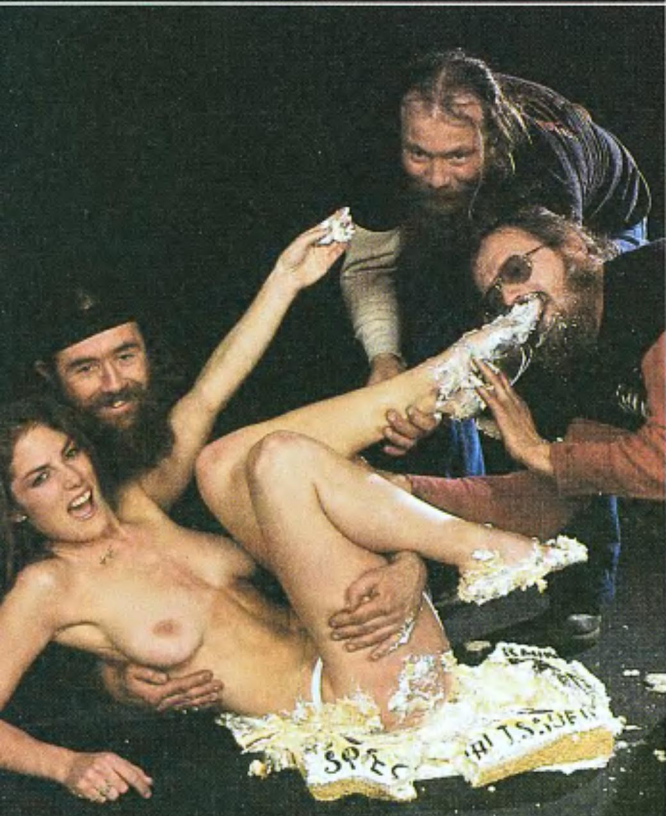
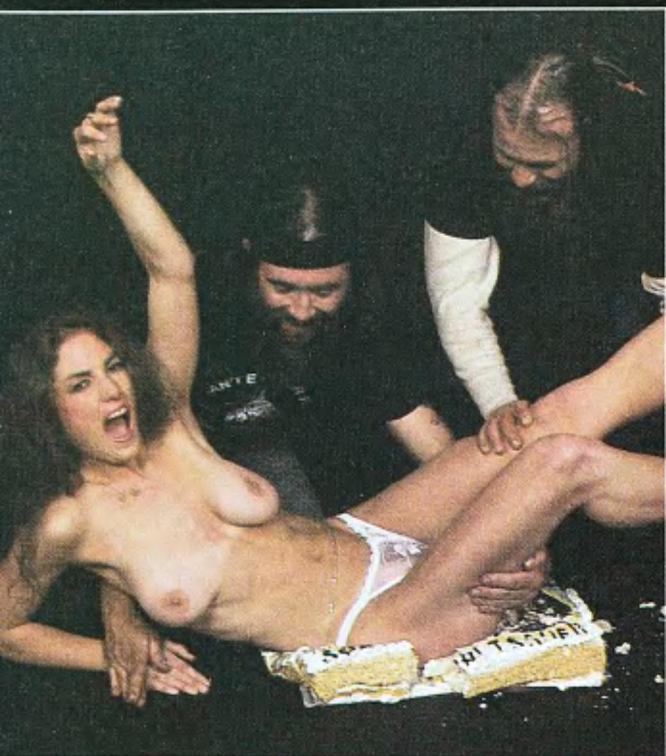


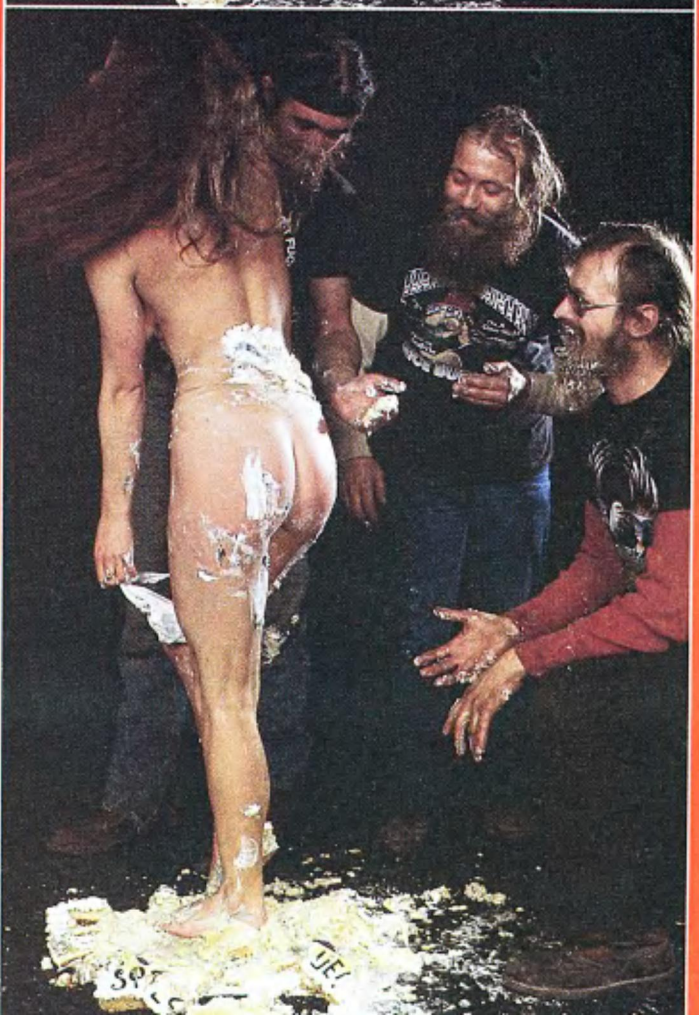
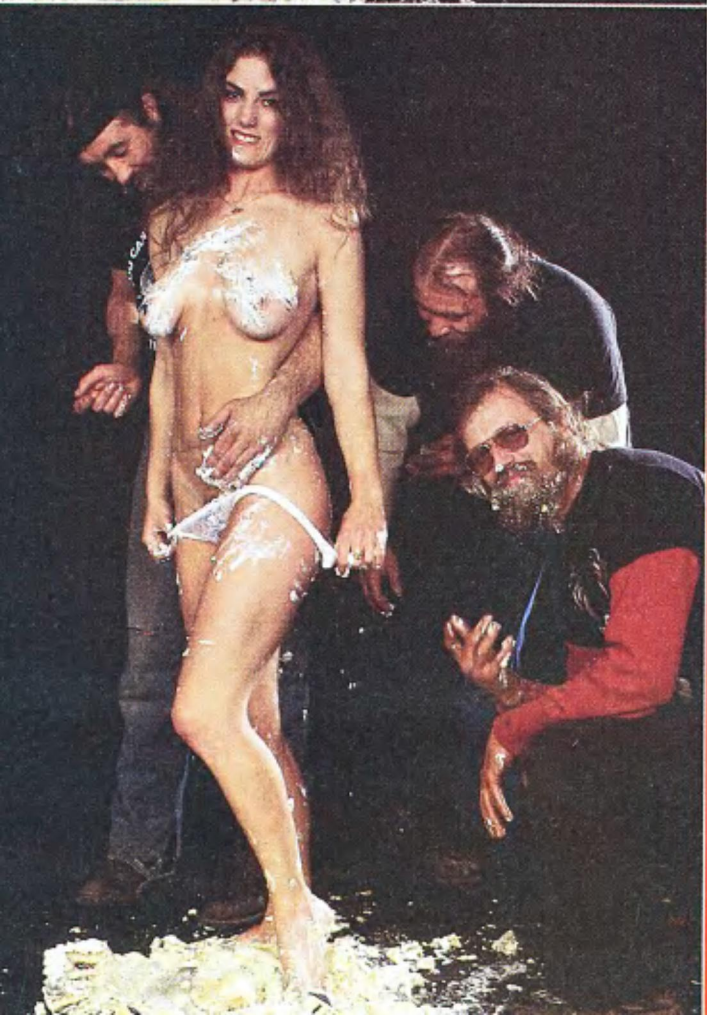
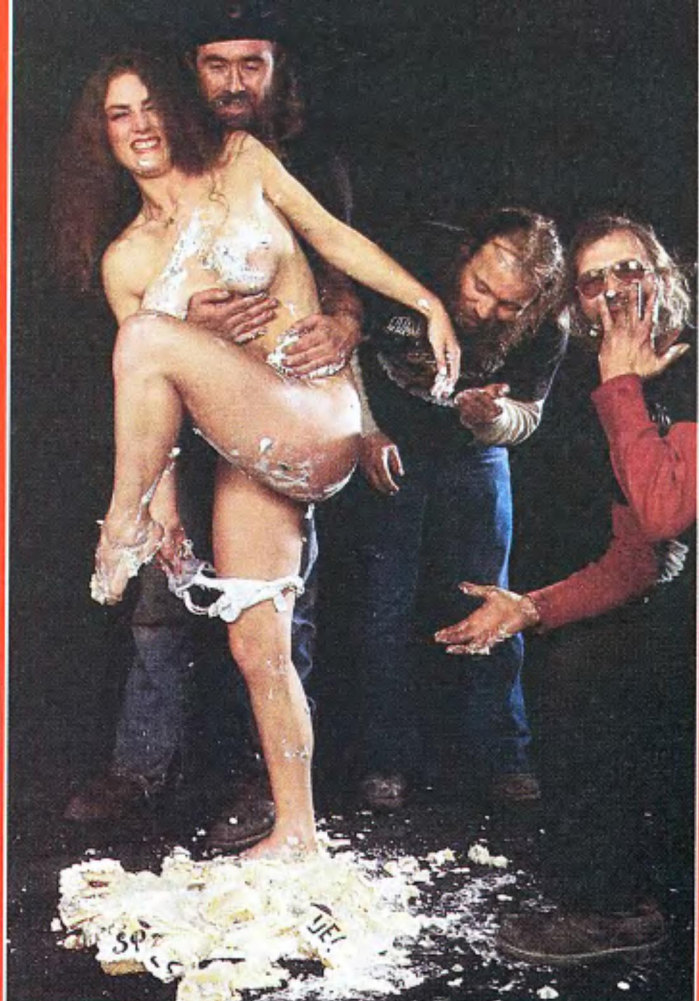
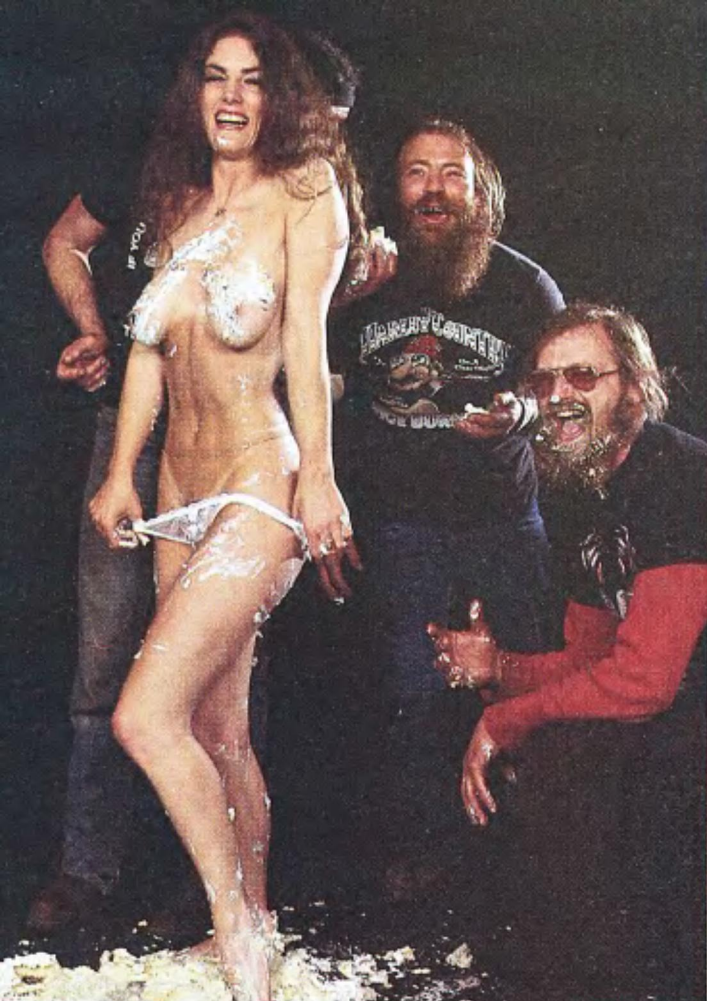
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

Knowing what Billy Tinney always says — there's no such thing as too much twat — we weren't too surprised that his contribution to our 15th birthday party was an addition to the stable of snatches we'd stocked for the soiree — a slinky sweetie named Sherrie. What *was* surprising was the way she moved right in and, to coin a phrase, took the cake — and what she did with it after she took it.

Well, she lit into that cake like a hungry vulture into a Mutha-sized carcass. She savaged and stomped it, mashed it and mauled it, jumped on it and in it and through it.

She picked up hunks and broke off chunks, she slopped it on her body and squashed her body on it. She used and





HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

abused it and slammed it and dunked it.

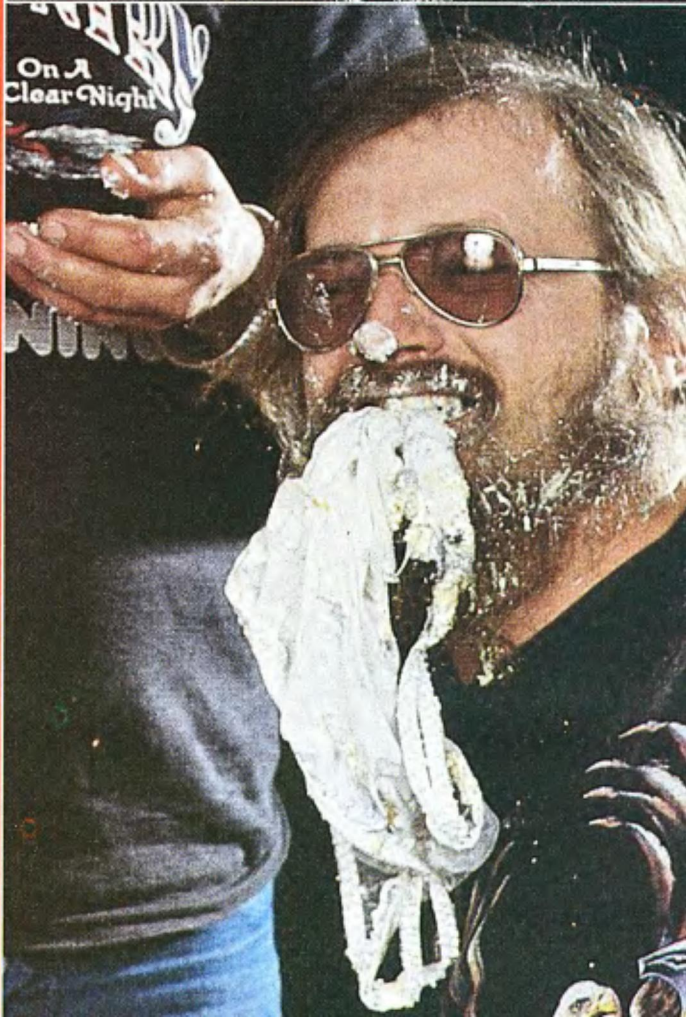
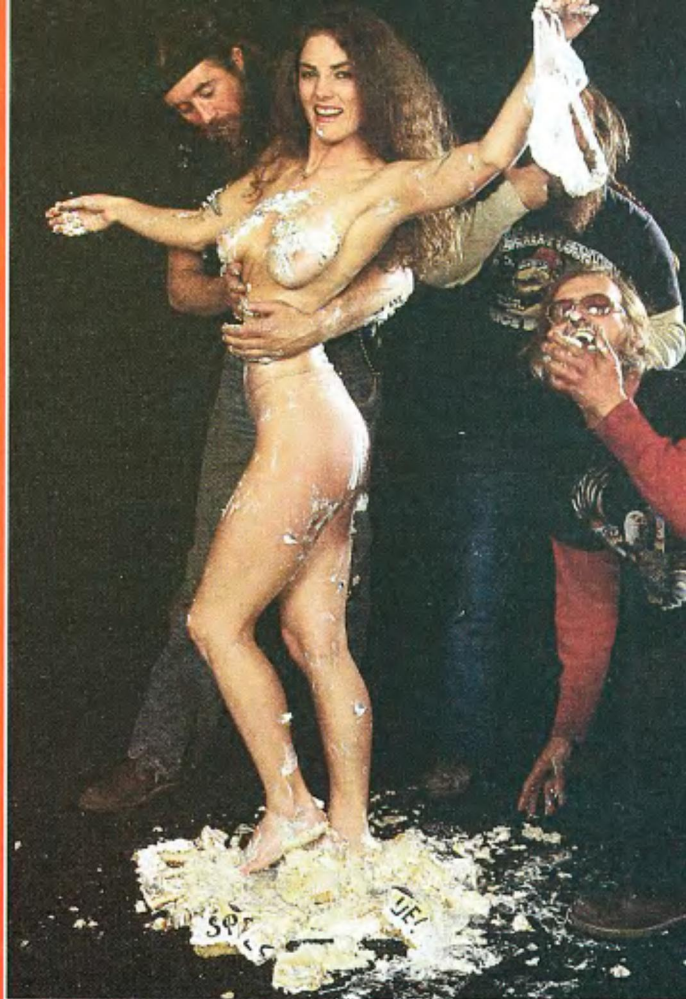
The girl went wild, a cake-crazed child. A solid sugar fit from her head to her clit. She scooped the cream like a dairyman's dream and fucked with the filling with a ferociousness chilling.

She trashed it and kicked it, bashed it and flicked it around till it looked like a stew. She gave out a yell, cried, "Cake, go to hell!" and started right in on round two.

She bumped it and ground it, humped right around it, and tossed pieces as high as the sky. She kept up her attack, the cake never fought back, and soon there was nothin' but crumbs. Then she took a deep breath, wiped a trickle of sweat, and did much of the same to us bums.

Thanks, Billy!

—EKB



READERS' RIDES



Commemorating anniversaries always sets memories in motion and calls for a new look at artifacts from the past. And in going over our files from the last 15 years we've uncovered more than dust. We found a reader-built sled we'd clean forgotten to ever show you — and that puts even more curl in the sorta unique twist to its story. Together with a recent build assembled by a bro with two special reasons for remembering bygone days, we think we've got a couple of Readers' Rides that'll stand the test of time pretty well.



Bill Whildin, Millville, N.J.

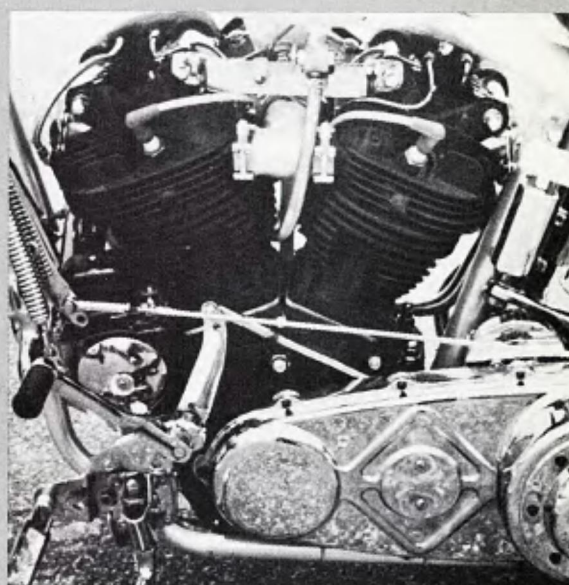
1938-41-54-77 Harley-Davidson FLE

This knucklehead should spark some fond memories in the mind of its former owner. And maybe even a pain in the neck. Bill sent us the shots of it quite a while ago, and you know us knuckle freaks — it's hard to let one slip away. So we play it again, Sam.

This sled is a complex mesh of early-1938 61-inch-model knuckle heads, plus 1941 and 1954 cases. It started as a stock '54 panhead but wasn't what Bill wanted, hence the mix. He did the engine work himself, as well as the machine work (he's employed as a machinist).

The only drag is that an old neck injury, combined with New Jersey's infamous potholed highways, forced Bill to sell this sled. These flicks may bring back memories of the ass-bustin', righteous rigid.

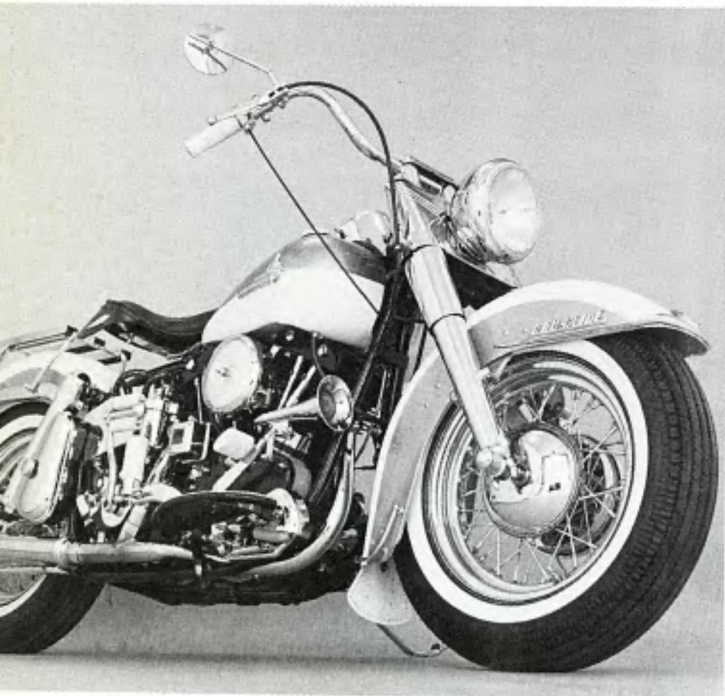
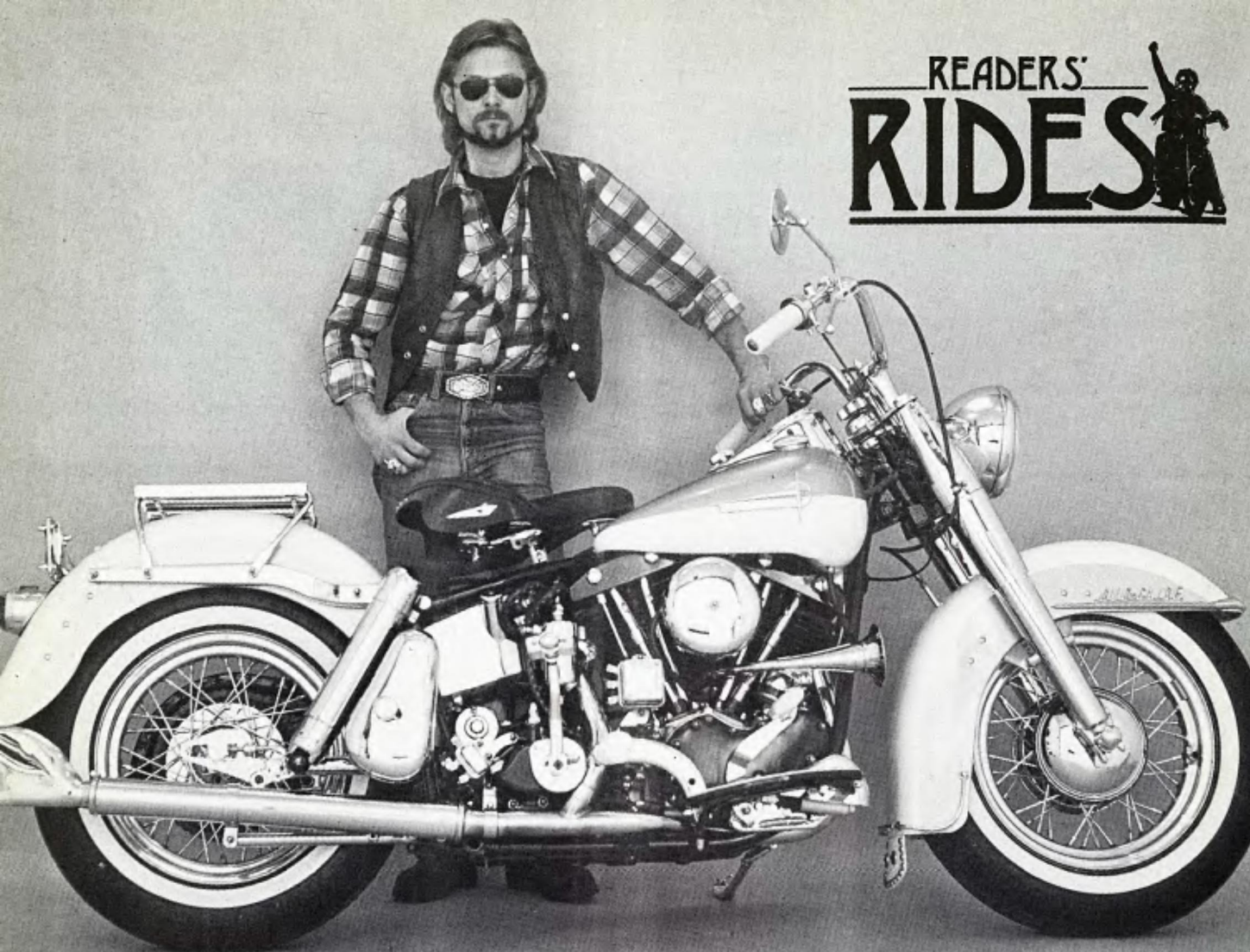
—Buster



Photos by Bill Whildin



READERS' RIDES

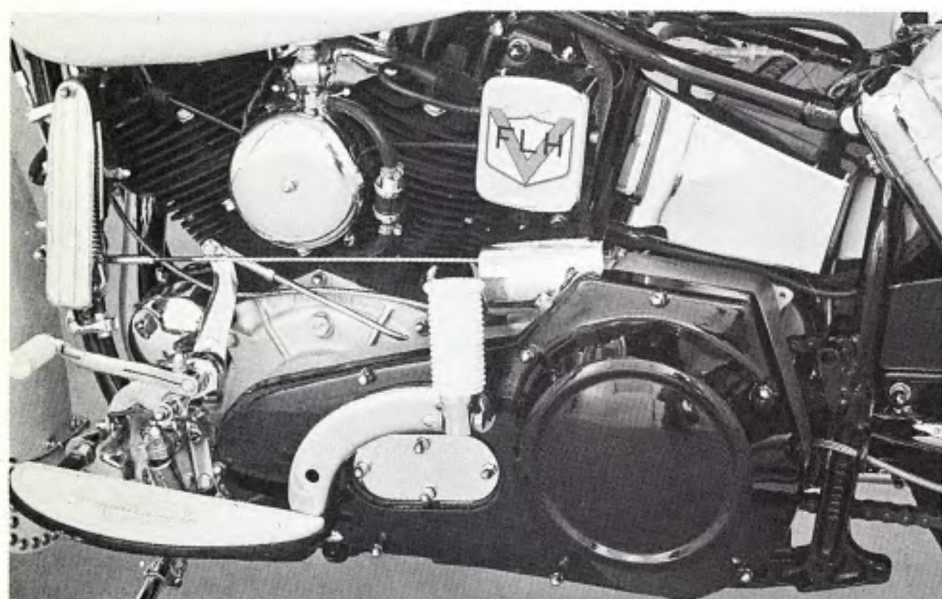
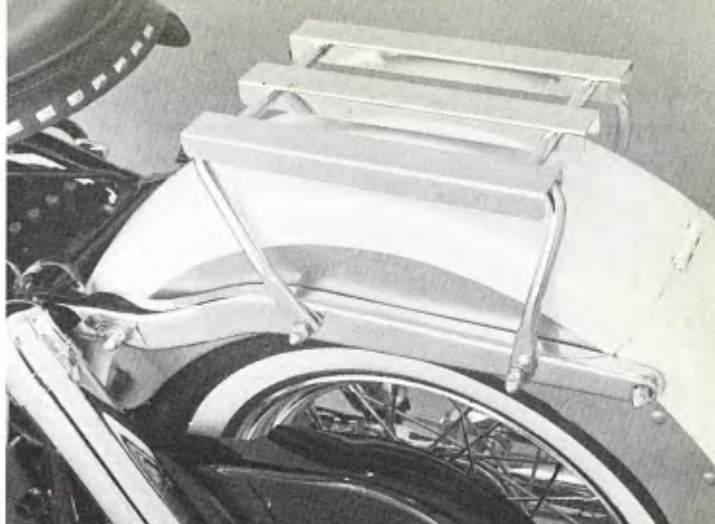


Greg McClain, Las Vegas, Nevada
1958-1966 Harley-Davidson FLH

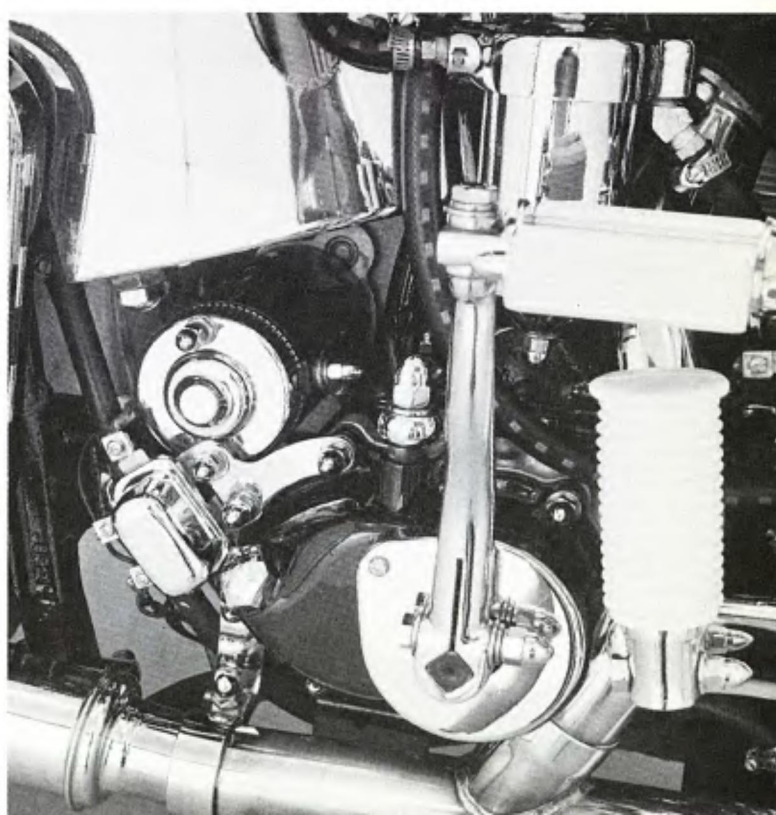
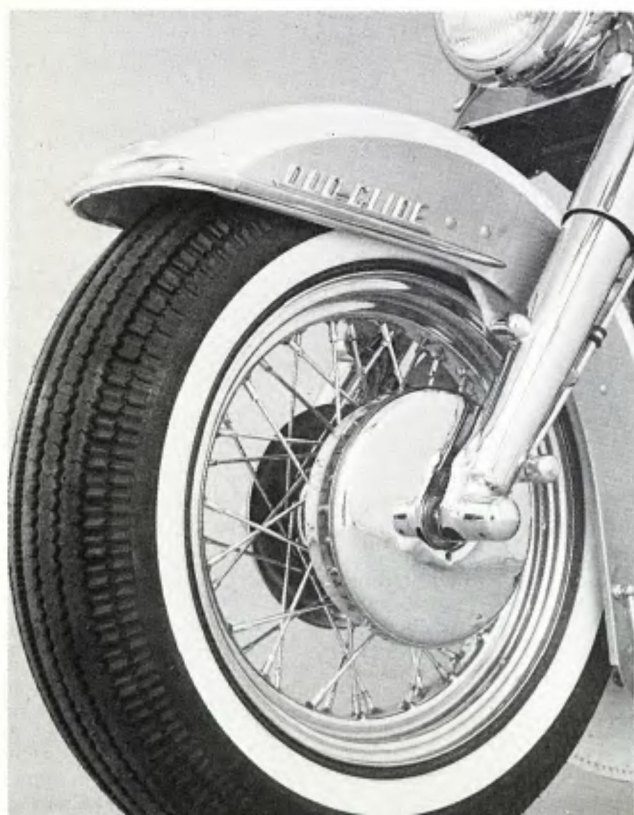
Everybody has a different reason for building up a scooter. Oh, sure, the primary objective is the same — get it up and get on down the road — but the styling itself and the eventual workmanship take shape due to exclusive incentives. Greg built this throwback to a late-fifties pan-head with a shovelhead top end as a memorial to a pair of lost friends, Pete and Harriet.

Said friends contributed more than inspiration. The bike was built from spare parts, using a stock 1957 pan and the engine from Pete's 1966 fatbob shovel. Greg and Pete had a constant battle to see who had the most acorn nuts between their two panheads, so this bike is finished with acorns throughout. According to Greg, the bike was made out of so many different stashed parts that to say it was bought as a basket case is giving it some slack. Either way, no doubt Pete and Harriet are puttin' Harley Heaven proudly, knowing the job done in memory of them.

—Sport



Photos by Pete Chiodo



PARTS BOX



MICRO LIGHT™

Someday, somewhere, you're gonna wish you had a set of these (even if it's just as "party lights" for your bedroom). Chrome-plated, they come with a quarter-inch mounting stud, light-wire hole, and your choice of red or amber lens. Vital measurements: 1" wide, 2 1/4" long, and 1 1/4" high. They're classy, lightweight, and damn near dirt-cheap. You'll find 'em at Drag Specialties dealers for \$14.95 a pair. If ya don't know where the nearest Drag Spec shop is, call 800-328-2204 and ask. (In Minn., call 800-292-7974.)



LOCK & CHAIN

Called the Anchor-N-Lock, this sucker is meant to secure everything from bikes to boats to trailers to you-name-it *to the ground* — like, you know, directly to the planet (which ain't goin' anywhere — we hope). Said to be easy to install, it comes with its own padlock, and the manufacturer claims that once locked, it can't be twisted from the ground. For brochure and other data, write U.S. Mfg. & Sales Corp., Dept. ER, 3790 Park So. Ct. #302, Topeka, KS 66609.

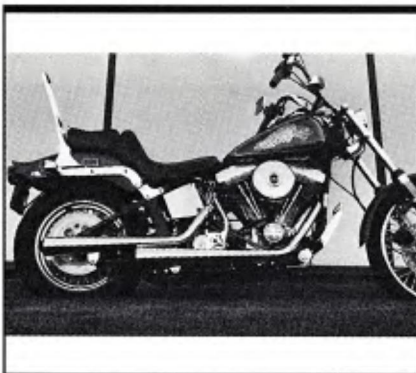


HP BOOSTER

The new Ness Airmaster™ Venturi represents the simple way to bolt on horsepower. Made of highly polished aluminum, it attaches to H-D (and most custom) air cleaners in just minutes. Flow tests show a 6% air flow increase, translating to 10 cu.ft./min. Comes complete with gasket and three allen bolts. For info on this and other Ness products, send \$4 for 1986 catalog to Arlen Ness Ent., Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578.

HIGH-VOLUME EXHAUSTS

These all-new cone-style pipes for Evolution engines have a lot goin' for 'em besides their great looks. From improving ground clearance while leaving plenty of room for saddlebags to improving hp at all rpm and eliminating lots of that Big Twin pre-ignition, they even enhance the familiar "Milwaukee sound." Available in chrome, \$145; or black, \$120 (black comes with paint for touch-ups). For more info, write BB Enterprises, Dept. ER, 785 E. Brokaw Rd., San Jose, CA 95112. Or call 800-624-5176 (inside California, 408-298-2826).



KNUCKLEHEAD CYLINDERS

Most of the folks who own knucks are determined to keep on riding 'em right into eternity. Trouble is, since they stopped rollin' off the assembly lines in '47, finding replacement parts nowadays is like trying to find somebody who voted for Nixon. If your knuck's problem is crapped-out cylinders, you oughta check into these new 61-cu.-in. cast-iron jugs for '36-'47 OHV models, with "swirl" fins. \$140/pair. For more info, contact Mike Brown, Dept. ER, Box 88-A, Draper, UT 84020, or call 801-571-9452.



MANIFOLD

Tired of bein' bowlegged after a short ride down to the local tavern, before you've even downed that first cold one? This one-piece, upswept manifold for SU carbs was designed with you in mind, friend — primarily to tuck in under five-gallon fatbobs. Cast of prime aluminum, it fits any size engine or gas tank, shovel or Sporty. Available separately or in complete Eliminator II kit; cast, polished, or show-chromed. Get all the details from Rivera Engineering, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. Rather phone? Call 213-692-8944

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

Education — it's become one of the buzzwords of the American system of corrections. From wiring computers to taking airline reservations over the phone, whatever the trade is, some prison somewhere has a class teaching it.

The theory, of course, is that ex-cons with "salable skills" will be more likely to get a regular job and settle down than go back to crime and get sent up for another term.

And, though they don't publicly admit it, many prison administrators figure that having a highly visible education program is great for blowing smoke during legislative hearings and court appearances about overcrowded, substandard, and unsanitary conditions.

If you're reading this, you don't, of course, need the most basic type of prison educational program — classes in reading and writing. Chances are, though, you know a lot of other guys in the cell block who do. It's almost amazing how easy it is for guys who have trouble dealing with high-school English to get into trouble with the law. It's even more amazing how many of those uneducated guys who get in trouble do time. Why, it sometimes seems that probation and work-furlough programs and other shit like that are restricted by law to literate criminals.

Perhaps, the fact that illiterate criminals might not realize they have any so-called "rights" could have something to do with it. Far be it from us to suggest that some police officers and prosecutors might be so unscrupulous that they would railroad someone into a cell just because he didn't understand what was happening or couldn't read the words of the confession he was about to sign. Still, accidents, as they say, can happen.

Anyway, many prisons have long offered so-called literacy programs on levels from the basic: "See Spot run!" (from the cops, no doubt) to



Illustration by Lynn Williams

the relatively advanced: preparation for high-school equivalency exams. These literacy programs have historically been touted as one of the major methods of prisoner rehabilitation; one of the ways, in a manner of speaking, in which prison can "make a man" out of someone.

Considering the importance that most penologists place on such literacy programs, a recent survey by Contact, Inc. of Lincoln, Nebraska, takes on great interest. The survey, which drew responses from 38 states and the Federal Bureau of Prisons, attempted to determine how much literacy training each state was providing, and how many prisoners were benefiting from it. The results were startling in some cases and just about what you'd expect in others.

California and New York, for example, being the union's most populous states, outspend every jurisdiction except the Federal Bureau of Prisons by about three or four to one. In 1984 California spent \$26,000,000 — about 2.9 percent of its total prison budget — on educational programs. The Federal Bureau of Prisons spent only

slightly less, \$23,000,000.

But results, as is so often the case, had nothing to do with the amount of money spent. Of approximately 5500 prisoners enrolled in California's basic literacy and adult-education programs, only 70 (one student out of each 78) successfully completed the GED (high school equivalency) training. In the federal program, however, 2963 inmate students out of 9364 (roughly one out of three) earned the GED.

Wonder what they do with all that money in California? Well, to start with, they pay a lot of so-called instructors who are probably more interested in clocking out and going home than they are in their students. And they don't allow volunteers to teach in the program.

The Federal Bureau of Prisons, on the other hand, encourages volunteers from the outside world to go behind the walls and teach inmates. In 1984 volunteers from two organized groups — Literacy Volunteers of America and Laubach Literacy — as well as unaffiliated local tutors from the communities surrounding federal prisons taught in the federal system. The idea that people who are working from conviction (pardon the pun) rather than for the dollar do a better job is well proven by the success ratio of the two systems.

The validity of using volunteer instructors in prison literacy programs is also supported by figures from New York. In 1984 New York spent \$30,000,000 to educate roughly 8600 students in its volunteer-aided program. Over 2800 — one in three, just like the feds — earned their GED.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Suing The Screws

The United States has ruled that inmates do — yeah, you read it right — do have the right to sue federal prison officials who serve on disciplinary

Continued on page 113

THESE AIN'T
NO MILK
DUDS

THE RETURN OF

Red Rider

I'LL WAIT
FOR THE
SECOND
COMING

YEP. YER OL' LADY IS A
GREAT FUCK! SHE SUCKS
LIKE A HOOVER! SHE CAN
RIM LIKE ROTO-ROOTER!
SHE'S GOT A COOZE LIKE A
VISE GRIP! HUBBA-HUBBA!

SHE'S GOT MORE
HOLES THAN
SWISS
CHEESE! ♥

NYUK
NYUK

SQWIZ

SHE COULD SUCK AN
ORANGE THRU A GARDEN
HOSE! HER ASS HAS GOT
DA CUSHION FER DA
PUSHIN'! SHE'S TH' BEST!
THE TOPS!

WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT
ALL ABOUT?

HIS OL' LADY
IS A LOUSY LAY,
BUT I DIDN'T
WANNA HURT
HIS FEELINGS.

YER ALL
HEART.

YOU
BETCHA.

GIMME A DOUBLE
SHOT O' PENICILLIN!

Duff

A Walk Through Memory Lane

Hard to believe that fifteen years have rolled under the wheels since an off-the-wall idea was first turned into the outrageous reality of a new rag just for bikers. Conceived in a barroom and born in a garage, it's no wonder that *Easyriders* has led the sorta trailblazin' life that any road dog would be proud to look back on — always movin' around, always bein' seen with the best-lookin' chicks, sirin' a buncha chips off the old block, championing life, liberty, the American way, and raisin' pie.

And during the past decade and a half, some pretty unique people have joined up with *Easyriders*, figuring to go along for at least part of the ride. Hidden within this word search puzzle are

the names of 31 of these assorted party-timers, freeloaders, hardcore freaks, weirdos, and stiffs. Your job is to find all 31 of 'em without takin' fifteen years to do it.

Some names read up, some read down, some read diagonally, some overlap, and one or two will probably drive ya to both a rolled one and a cold one before being spotted. Needless to say, however, all of 'em read in a straight line. (If they don't, we're not takin' the rap.) So have fun, enjoy the memories, and here's to the next fifteen or so years.

For those of ya who just can't have a good time at a picnic without lookin' for the flies, the solution is on page 113.

By Lizard

FRANK HARDING
HAL ROBINSON
KEN STAMBAUGH
Bandit
Austin Animal
Nik
Lou
Mil
Joe
Dusty Sage
Madman Kelly
Denise Pierson
Spider
Rufus
Mother Superior
Jailhouse Lawyer
Silly Tilly
Mutha
Wrench
Mouses (all of 'em)
Riparoo
Big Red
Duffy
Kim
Bomber
ARMOND
T-Bird
Dr. Twatburger
Bright Eyes
Keith
Dave Mann

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

Male Call

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

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. 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, *Easysiders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80522. 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.

Florida prisoners: According to The Man in Tallahassee, your mail won't be delivered if your address doesn't include not only your state-assigned number but also the name of the institution you're in and the number that institution has assigned you. If you don't give us that info, you're wasting your time, our time, and the time of those who'd like to correspond with you.

W/m, lost and lonely. I've got a five-year case of blue balls and I'm in need of love and friendship. No games; possible visits. I'm 25, 6'1", 165 lbs., Send pix. Will answer all. Phillip Case 18920, ISCI Unit 9, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

W/m looking for a true-blooded American-made lady, 27 to 35 only, preferably in the Oklahoma area. First come, first served. Take a chance on one fine 30-year-old master at love. Lee Standon 94393, Box 308, Boley, OK 74829.

I could be the man you've always dreamed about. W/m, 26, good-looking, considerate, affectionate, and intelligent, seeking relationship and marriage-oriented females. All answered. James Bayt, Box C-18132, Tamal, CA 94974.

White boy, 32, 5'8", 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, locked down since '72, out late '86. Looking for some new friends and warm-hearted women. All answered, inside or out. Age and looks not important; compassion, honesty, and sincerity are. Steve Powell, TDC 267470, Wynne Unit-Tank 11, Huntsville, TX 77349.

W/m, 25, brown hair and eyes, 160 lbs., definitely a good-looking. Got this case upholding my lady's honor; in return, I got a Dear John letter. Looking for sincere, marriage-minded women, 30-40. Young'uns welcome as I have one myself. Must be able to visit. Gary V. Bulard 179-064, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Two lonely bros looking for letters from you ladies. Freebirds at heart, will soon be in the wind again. If you're interested in riding, partying, and living a good, easy lifestyle, write Bill Pierce, DO5275 (41, blond/brown, 170 lbs.), or Mike Williams B-96637 (36, blond/blue, 150 lbs.), Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 28, 6'2 1/2", 210 lbs., 8 1/2" cock, brown hair, blue-green eyes, body builder, seeks letters from sexy ladies. James Sanders, A-069594, Fla. State Prison T-3-S-3, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Hey, girls! Two w/m in need of fe-mail, 18-80. Will answer all. So, sisters, start writing. Ray Clancy 41531, and Scott C. Haney 40564. Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

W/m, brown hair, hazel eyes, 38, 145 lbs., 5'7", looking for a good woman who's looking for a good man. Let's talk. No bullshitters. You just be yourself and I'll do the same. I'm waiting for your letter and photo. Walt Schneider, C-56772, Box 8103/3-37U, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403.

W/m, outlaw, 24, 6', 190 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, seeks good woman, 20-35, to correspond with. Positive attitude and sense of humor a plus. Picture, please. Mark Alan Weller, S Block, 7300 Marcies Choice Lane, Frederick, MD 21701.

Very lonely w/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., long brown hair and beard, brown eyes. Been down for one, due out in '89. Need a few letters. I'm looking for an honest, upright ol' lady, 18-32. No head games. Will trade flicks. Farron Holden 11055-10, Box 215, Maury, NC 28554.

W/m, 23, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, would like to hear from righteous ladies. Looks and age mean nothing. No games will be played on this end. Will answer all. Robert Rymarz 85-D-0070, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

Male, 24, needs some females to correspond with to get me thru my last six months. Seeking friendship/relationship. Will consider relocating for right gal. I'm sincere and very understanding. Answer all. Larry Harris 36804, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Condemned — judge said I'm going to die — don't believe it. W/m, 6'4", 205 lbs., 28, is in need of a woman with a heart. Send photo and kite. Answer all. P. Gordon, Box D06800, San Quentin, CA 94974.

W/m, 23, blond hair, hazel eyes, 6'1", 175 lbs., good build, needs letters and pix from females, 18-45. Will be out 10/86 and have some serious catching-up to do in certain departments. All letters answered. Will send picture if wanted. Dave Blair 51748, Box B-51748, Florence, AZ 85232.

Downed bros looking for letters and flicks from any female wanting to ease this lonely pain. All will be answered. Rickey Ray 406431; Randy Wirert 312771; and Samuel R. Hill 386792. Rt. 11, Ellis 1 Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343.

Thirteen steps from eternity. Bro on death row would appreciate letters from sincere people. I'm 21, 5'10", 165 lbs., with red hair and brown eyes. Flicks appreciated, but not necessary. Sincerity is what counts. Greg Beaver 14026, Death Row-MCC, Box 500, Boydton, VA 23917.

I'm 5'7", 22, have black hair and brown eyes, and would love to hear from some ladies in other jails and on the outside. Please send a photo with your letter. David Watego, Box 472, Blacktown 2148; N.S.W., Australia.

Two w/m, down for a nickel, wish to hear from sincere, decent women. Will answer all. Send pix if you can. Matt Hummingbird 39054, M-Unit, Room 501, and Kevin Darrell 38856, M-Unit, Room 503. MSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. Inmates welcome.

W/m, 36, 230 lbs., 5'11"; down since 1/79, out 6/87. I'm looking for that special fox who's been missing the specialties of a real man's touch. Come on, baby, let's get it together between now and 6/87. Your pic gets mine. Wm. Travis Dixon 31347-019, Box 888, H-Unit B-Wing, Ashland, KY 41101.

W/m, slim, 6'2", blond/blue, unattached, lovable "Freebird" has fallen from the wind till Jan. '88. Parole board says I gotta stay local till '97, but a good woman would be a better reason. We have two years to decide if you'll be at the gate in '88. All answered; pix first. David C. McDonald, DHOC, Box 149, Dedham, MA 02026.

W/m, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 21, would like caring little ladies to write with care. I'm hoping I can show my care to anyone who writes. Photo, if possible. Terry Johnson 372122, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Stop! Yes, this is the ad you're looking for. Two downed outlaws who are in need of some California girls to correspond with will answer all who write. Flicks get first response. Charles Curry C-48754, and Tom Hawkins C-73906. Tamal, CA 94964.

White bro, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, doing four years (home 5/89), needs sexy women for correspondence. William Drobnak, P-8646, 801 Butler Pike, Mercer, PA 16137.

W/m, 26, 195 lbs., 6'5", brown hair, blue eyes, less than two years to go, needs letters and photos from ladies over 18. No games. All answered. Possibilities unlimited. G.L. Miller 20707, 700 Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 33, 6'1", 173 lbs., brown and brown, desires to correspond with serious-minded, sensitive ladies for friendship and whatever the future may bring. All answered. Garland Root, C-86783 (6926), Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130.

Down and out bro seeks correspondence from ye foxy ol' ladies. Will answer all. Send picture for picture. Fred Burgos 84A7459, AKCF, 2911 Arthur Hill Rd., Staten Island, NY 10309.

Biker out soon needs ladies who will write and/or visit. I'm 29, 5'9", 155 lbs., with blue eyes, brownish-blond hair and beard. Photos appreciated. All answered. No head games, please. Belton Reeves 161130, 48401 Five Mile Rd., Plymouth, MI 48170.

W/m, 6'4", 29, Leo, into weight lifting, getting out in '88, would dig hearing from good-hearted woman for serious relationship. Dave Utterback P-5490, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

Two white SoCal bros doing hard time need mail and pix from you foxy ladies. Richard Duckworth 109048, and Billy Martin 116644. MCC, Rt. 1, Farris, OK 74542. Will answer all.

Buffed peckerwood, 29, 6'1", 220 lbs., Scotch-Irish, tattooed down, blondish-red hair from head to toe, hazel eyes. Had wings clipped last year far from home; will be a few more. Dig skin flicks and letters from all fine split-tails. Mark Stokes 34236, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87504-1059.

Big, ugly but lovable w/m, 39, down on five. Would like to hear from a lady who needs a good man. Do you feel that time is at a standstill for you? Do you feel the need for love and affection? Let's share and grow together. Dan Dixon 36140-019 — BN, PMB 1000, Tallahassee, FL 32301.

Texas outlaw, good-looking, blue eyes, 6'2", 175 lbs., pilot, owns home in country, 1984 Low Rider, has less than a year left in federal joint, and wants you to let me make you my love song. Let's put it to the stars. No games. Avec beaucoup d'amour. Thomas Warren 33953-079, Unit 4-B, Box 1010, Bastrop, TX 78602.

W/m, 6', 190 lbs., 25, brown hair, hazel eyes. Looking for a caring woman, 18-40, to correspond with. I'm down 'til '88. Photo appreciated. Will return one and will answer all. Gary Lewis, D-14289, #6810, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327.

Most guys only want to hear from sexy, nice-built gals, but I like mine plump (sturdily built, but not fat). Any type, any age. If you're overweight, write me. I'm a w/m, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs., with blue eyes. Dillon Shawn 26033079-F, Box 7000-658, Texarkana, TX 75501.

Athletic Aryan, 25, 5'7", 145 body-building pounds will be in the wind in '88. Split-tails, send your fantasy to Freddy Marsden 066412, Polk Corr. Inst. D-72, 3876 Evans Rd. Box 50, Polk City, FL 33868.

Southern w/m, 33, 6', 175 lbs., hazel eyes, brown hair. This Louisiana outlaw was distributing those imported goodies we love so well until the feds got on my trail. Now they got this dude doing mucho tiempo. I'd love to hear from sexy young things. Guy Daniel 79165-012, FCI Phoenix, Box 1700, Black Canyon Stage 1, Phoenix, AZ 85029.

I'm looking for someone special, a lasting baby-doll — this someone may be you. So, babies, get your hearts right and write me a needed line. W/m, 24, blond/blue, 6'3", 195 lbs. Kevin Sutphin 29588, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Short-timer would like to meet slim, attractive lady. I'm 6', 160 lbs., 31, long hair, hazel eyes, best in the west. Ricky Heidelberg, B-794453 A-11, ADC, 920 E. Van Buren, Avondale, AZ 85323.

Two white dudes looking for kites and pix from free and easy ladies. E. Trance Strohl, P-7377, and Dave Dosch, P-6384. Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

Good-looking white dude seeks a righteous fast-lane-type ol' lady who understands and accepts the life of a "straggler," for letters and possible visits. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs., long brown hair and beard, brown eyes. W.E. Harris, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. Your picture gets mine.

Ladies, you know why the ad's here. I'm 6'6", blond/blue, and doing mine on Reaper Row. So I can make no promises for the future except honesty, understanding, and no head games. If you can promise same, write me. Robert Preston A-072593, Fla. State Prison S-2-S-5, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

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.

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

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H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
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Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
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Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
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Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 3028 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside
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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
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CONNECTICUT

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Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
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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. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Lutz
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
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Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
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IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
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Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

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H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
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New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
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NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
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Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
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Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
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Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis

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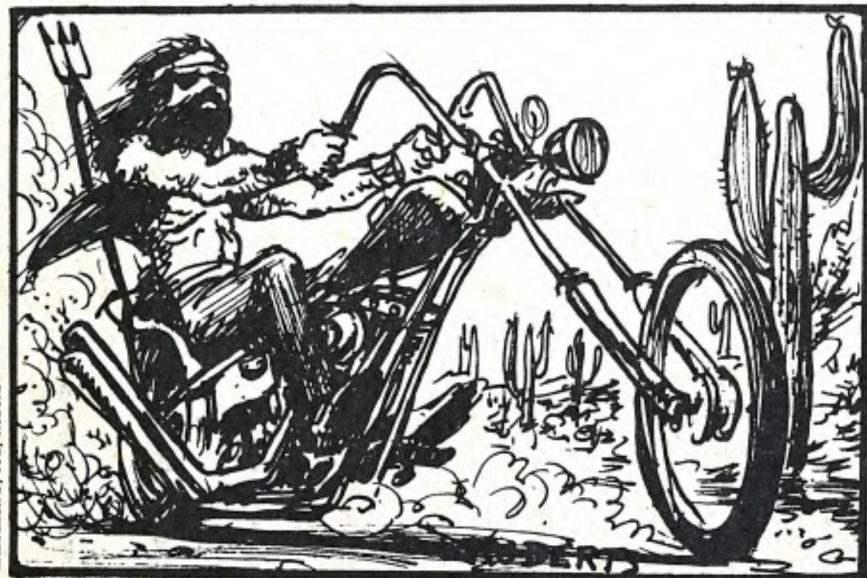
74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumble Weed Customs 1001 Summit St.-Unit 3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA

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

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Vacation Time

By Eddie Sorez

As far as my bro Lenny was concerned, this trip was long overdue. Dues had been paid and the calendar pages turned. In Lenny's opinion, it was about fuckin' time. Time to take to the wind.

Lenny had spent the last year or so rebuilding his Sporty from the ground up and it had definitely taken a lotta knuckle-busting time. But Lenny never did trust in them shop wrenches, and having bought the Sportster from somebody who bought it from somebody else, Lenny felt that the bike was ready for a complete transformation. All I can say about it is that what was once a caterpillar now emerged as a butterfly. Lenny had himself a class-A custom scoot that any man would be proud to own.

Not leaving anything to chance, Lenny took the Sporty out despite the weatherman's warnings. "Fuck it," Lenny said. "Any bugs have gotta be worked out before I even think about trippin'." Arriving home one night from one of those test runs, Lenny found a package waiting for him. The ol' lady had signed for it, but had known better than to get too curious before Lenny returned.

When Lenny saw the box, he knew right away what was inside it. He'd been expecting it. Acting real casual, Lenny headed for the garage with the box. His ol' lady couldn't contain

her curiosity any longer. "So what's in the box?"

"Oh, just something for the bike."

Then the bitch went on, like she'd done so many times before. "Something for the bike, something for the bike. It's *always* something for the bike. There's not a fuckin' thing in the house to eat, but there's always something for the bike!"

"Shut the fuck up and get me a beer, bitch. I'll be in the garage." Lenny left the house and opened the garage door. The Sporty looked good, real good. It was still steaming as it cooled, and as Lenny stood there, he became aware of that magic smell, the one that had been around him all of his life, the odor of a motorcycle in heat, rarin' to go. The aromatic blend of gas, oil, rubber, and smokin' metal was to Lenny a sweet perfume that mesmerized him.

The vibes were flowing as Lenny stood there with the box in his hands. It was a totally sensual experience and Lenny knew it was right. When his ol' lady entered the garage, she was shocked at what she saw. Speechlessly, her mouth fell wide open and she dropped the can of beer Lenny had ordered.

The box Lenny had received was setting on the workbench, empty. A tear came to her eye now as she watched Lenny bolt on his new solo seat. ■

Interview

Continued from page 53

position. I didn't intend to. If I'd really considered it, I probably would have rephrased my letter. If the accusations I made were false, yes, he had every right to get angry. On the other hand, if they're true, then I would expect him to try to conceal that — probably by anger. And I wouldn't blame him, as a politician, looking at it from his viewpoint, for trying to conceal it.

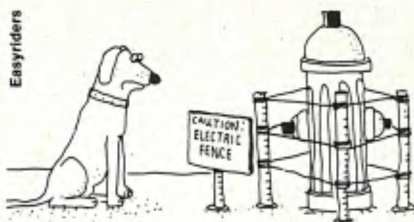
ER: Floyd told me that when he first introduced a helmet bill, motorcyclists came to him and said, "If you want us to wear helmets, make the car drivers wear seat belts." Well, Floyd said, "Hey, baby, we made 'em put on the seat belts," etc. One thing that didn't make it into the published version of the interview was what he said right after that: "Now I'm sure that there are members of the legislature who voted for the seat belt who don't intend to wear them themselves. In fact, I wouldn't sit here and guarantee that I'm going to buckle up mine every time I get in the car."

What do you think of this arrogance that so many politicians seem to have, this feeling that the dumbshits who pay their salaries have to be herded around like steers headed from the feed lot to the packing house, while they're so superior that they can do whatever the fuck they want?

RH: You've gotta go back a little bit farther than the legislative branch; you've got to get into the executive branch and bureaucracy, because that's where it comes from. I know that in the case of the seat belt law here in California, both my congresswoman and my assemblyman were against it, but voted for it — or at least told me they voted for it — simply because of the federal government's ability to withhold those tax funds.

What has really happened is that people in Congress — and in the legislatures — have really relinquished an awful lot of the function of lawmaking to bureaucracies in the executive branch. And, in doing so, we've really created a fourth branch of government — a branch that not only makes up the laws but enforces them. I don't

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on through to my fuckin' lungs.
"Mama's talkin'!"

"This the lecher what forced ya to do all them filthy things against yer will, ya pore li'l thang?" Granny's enraged eyes swung toward me, seethin' with fury and somethin' else, maybe. Like plain old excitement. Lookin' from the old bat to the yummy doll, I saw it was the exact same kind of excitement.

"It couldn't be me," I blurted fast. "I've only been in California a few weeks. I'm from —"

"Damn doodly right," snickered Stanley, baring the greatest set of rotting yellow fangs I ever saw this side of a dyin' coyote. "Ya cornered mah innocent li'l niece here in the spring-house. Made her learn whang-suckin' and deflowered our pore li'l virgin gal. Knocked her up higher than tax-bites. Then ya sashshayed outta our homey hills for California!"

"Just like Lutie said," added Elwood piously, his beady eyes glisterin' with excitement as they flickered wildly up and down Lutie's voluptuous curves. Her scantily thin dress obviously had nothin' under it but her out-fuckin'-rageous little satiny self, judging from the way sunlight backlit her shape. It was gettin' to me, too, despite the overall situation. Feeling the hardon tightenin' my jeans, I wished I felt as hopeful as my gonads obviously did.

"I'm from Texas! I'm visittin' Cali-for —" I began again, ignoring as best I could the two shotguns diggin' hard into my chest.

"C'mon, girl," Granny urged. "Is this the man who did it to ya all night or not?" Drool trickled from a corner of her age-puckered mouth.

Despite Elwood's and Stanley's narrowed eyes, I could see the envy in them. Fuckin' uncles woulda humped the kid if some driftin' asshole hadn't gotten to her first, I thought, remembering all the horny stories I'd ever heard about hillbilly incest. Maybe they had, anyway, for crissakes. Look at the pussy-hunger in those hicks' eyeballs — or was it heated memories?

Just then, a California Highway Patrol car rolled by at no more than 30



"I think I blew it when I looked up at the judge with tears in my eyes and said, 'Eat my 10-inch pants python, you fat, sanctimonious faggot!'"

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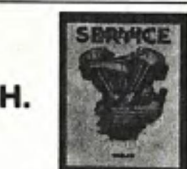
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miles per, both badges peerin' with undisguised interest at our little scene — a ganglin' biker, still straddlin' his scoot, with two hillbillies holdin' greeners on him.

Instantly, I took a big chance on bein' blown away in two directions at once. "Help!" I yelled. "Police! Help!"

"Oh, hell," muttered Elwood, lowerin' his gun.

Slowly, the squad car stopped. Slowly, it backed up until it was parallel with us.

"Watch yer sassy mouth, boy!" Granny warned.

"This probable outlaw givin' you folks trouble?" inquired Sgt. Lantern Jaw from behind the steering wheel, leanin' forward so he could see past Lardo, his partner. Lardo scrutinized the Arkansas plate neatly wired to the pickup's bumper, nodding sourly to himself.

"Oh, my goodness, no!" blathered Granny, lookin' fussed and effectively embarrassed. "This feller's family!"

"Family?" Lantern Jaw echoed, distaste blossomin' all over his horsey-looking features.

"Told ya they were just outta-state screwballs!" Lardo hissed loudly.

"All right, folks. Keep moving right along. No campin' allowed on this section of highway, before, durin', or after dusk," intoned Lantern Jaw sternly, his eyes aimed straight over his cage's hood. "And that goes double fer the probable biker."

They lurched forward, burnin' rubber, and set a fuckin' record vanishin' down the highway. I watched them go, tasting ashes, metal shavings and fresh catshit in my mouth as I realized that the old sayin' "There's never a cop around when ya need one" just wasn't true.

"I want this feller, Granny!" shrieked Lutie with excitement.

"Herd him into the dang trailer, boys," Granny commanded sharply, "and dump his sickle into the truck bed. Let's git afore we gotta pay taxes or some other dangfool Yankee notion."

"Him, in the trailer with our Lutie?" Elwood was totally slack-jawed with shock, horror, and open jealousy.



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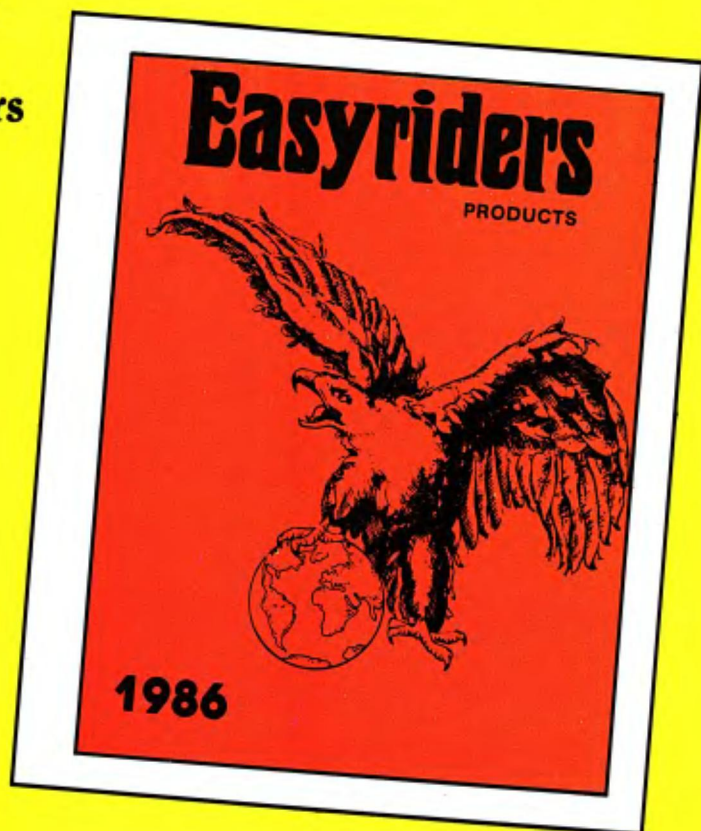
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Granny nodded, her prune-like face dark with her decision. "Lutie's with child. She needs her own man. He's better'n nothin'. We don't have to tell folks we had to let a dang Texican into our family." She swiveled toward me. "You ever plow a hillside, boy?"

Reluctantly, I nodded. "Fraid so. Three hundred acres of imported weed, down around them ol' Davis Mountains, year before last. Some snitch and all his badge-wearin' buddies got the fuckin' crop, though."

Proddin' me along, Stanley and Elwood now marched me into the trailer after Lutie, whose pert little bottom wagged a number of secret signals as she made a complete act out of clamberin' into the wheeled cave.

"Th-this is a rotten snatch!" I howled, as the door closed behind me.

"That ain't no way for a decent man to talk about his bride," Granny chided me through the closed door.

"You're kidnappin' an innocent man, you know that, don't you?"

"Horsepucky!" Stanley yelled.

"What we're doin'," remonstrated Granny, "is givin' ya a nice reunion and a long-distance honeymoon, all in the same trip!"

"Let's start the honeyin' and the moonin' right now, sugar," cooed Lutie from the rear compartment as the trailer began swaying with forward motion. I peeked through the doorway. She was on the bed, with her gloriously rounded cheeks moonin' right at me.

Hell, I thought. They're armed. I'm not. My piece is in the roadbag — unloaded. Might as well sample these goodies while I'm plannin' to shake loose from this fuckin' misunderstanding. Pullin' my boots, britches, and T-shirt off, I strode into the swayin' bedroom where a feverish-eyed Lutie was already flat on her back, holding both firm thighs up and showin' a little pink moistly glistenin' beneath a perfect blonde triangle.

"Oh, you're just as big as I'd hoped you'd be!" she simpered.

"Ya ain't seen nothin' yet," I rumbled, jumpin' onto the smallish bed and then onto her quiverin' bones. "Wait'll it's completely up. You're in for a fuckin' sausage attack that'll change your cunt's shape, baby!"

As it turned out, my brag was no mere boast. Lutie was a bona fide pop-bang cherry.

Two hours and 100 miles later, I sprawled on my achin' back, pulling down the potent sippin' whiskey the grateful little ex-virgin had served me, shootin' glances at her expression as she lay across my sweaty belly.

"Why all the bullshit?" I asked.

"Always wanted to see California," she giggled. "Always wanted to be deflowered. Always wanted to git married. So I made up a right nice story that guaranteed I could have it all."

"Figures," I sighed, draining the

glass. "You're all-woman, right down to your 110 percent female tactics. An' Kraut Herman looks to damn near be your fuckin' door prize."

"Make sense. I don't understand."

"I am makin' sense, ya lyin' little bitch. Oh, well. At least you're not as bad as a vicious, old, ungrateful lush. Or 17 pissed-off Navajos. Or the —" I stopped, distracted by nimble fingers that were urging my pooped sausage into renewed life. "All that unfair bullshit about givin' skull was the best touch of the whole stupid story."

"Doin' what?"

"You know, the part about bein' forced to give head."

The deft fingers tightened their grip and a rigid sausage rose excitedly to the challenge.

"Talk English, will ya?"

"Whang-suckin'. Now that part was purely dishonest. Ya never sucked a whang in your whole damn frustrated life, ya phony little twat."

"Did so!"

"When?"

"With all my boy cousins, ever since I was big enough and old enough to have to do something to keep from bein' raped at church picnics and tent revivals and on every dark path between the house and the neighbors."

"Prove it," I commanded hoarsely.

Squishy warmth engulfed the throbbin' sausage, gently slidin' up and down while I shuddered with instant bliss. It was too experienced, too good to be just a first-time bluff.

"Hey, you two in there," said Granny from beneath the open bedroom window. "Listen up. We're gonna camp in this cozy rest area until mornin', hear? You screech like a hooty owl if'n he tries sneakin' off, Lutie."

Somewhere in my distant brain it registered on me that our little caravan must have stopped moving.

"Lutie?" Granny barked.

Silence except for my grunting and the squishy sounds.

"Ya hear me, girl?"

"We... we... uh, wheeeeeee!" I answered tensely. Then I wasn't a bit tense anymore.



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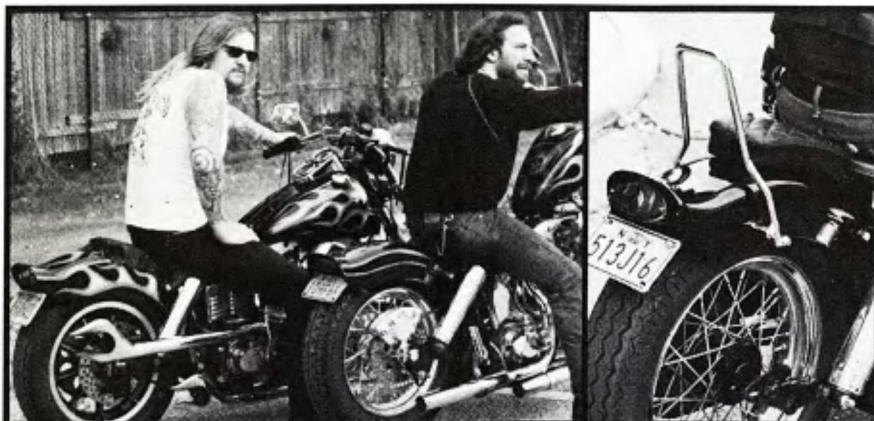
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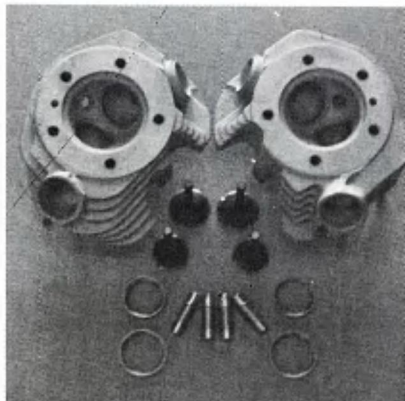
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"Yeah, we heard ya, Granny," I chuckled, rolling to a sitting position on the bed's edge, while Lutie went from coughin' to retchin' to full-out pukin'. While she barfed to her little heart's contentment, I stared moodily out the window. Then my eyes widened as I realized exactly what I was starin' at.

Five sleds were leanin' on their stands not 20 feet distant. Plus a very familiar trike. Squinting against the dim light from the widely spaced overhead arc lamps, I saw five sleepin' bags beside the scoots. And a blanketed hump on the trike's couch. Rip-pin' the plastic screen from the window, I grabbed the empty whiskey jug an' hurled it directly at the trike.

It exploded faintly, glass tinkling softly in all directions. The guy on the couch sat up abruptly, lookin' around with a sleepy frown.

"Over here, asshole!" I called. "The fuckin' trailer."

He strode over to the window. Behind him, a couple of heads lifted from their sleeping bags.

"Okay, dipshit," growled Joe Ed "Rebel" Morrison of Plainview, Texas, coldly staring into the window. "Ya got two choices. Come outta there and git the shit stomped outta ya like a man or sit there while we tear the fuckin' trailer down around ya."

"Rebel, I've been snatched, man — in more ways than one," I said, while the vomiting sounds continued behind me.

"Kraut?" Rebel's expression switched from enraged to stunned to total disbelief. "That you, Kraut?"

Rapidly I described the highlights of my shitty situation, detailing the uncles, the shotguns, my scooter in the truck bed, and Granny who probably had my piece now, as well as a derringer of her own.

Taking it all in and nodding solemnly, Rebel walked back to explain the matter to the other bikers.

"Ooh, that was fun!" panted Lutie.

"What was?" I asked. "Screwin', suckin', or pukin'?"

"I always git a little gaggy the first

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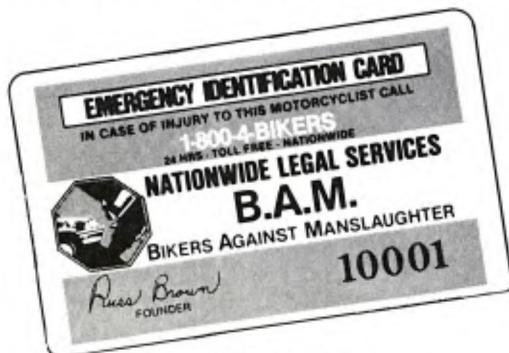
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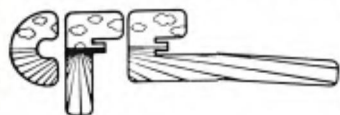


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time after not doin' it for a while. But I'll be a lot better from now on."

"Yeah," I agreed, watchin' six bikers approach the truck's snorin' occupants, thinking that a treat was in order for all the helpful brothers. "You oughta do a whole lot better the next six or seven or ten times, darlin'."

"What do you mean, sugar?" She frowned in bewilderment.

"You ain't too choosy, are ya?" I asked. "I mean, cousins or brothers, it don't make any difference, right?"

"What?"
Lutlie did fine, once she understood the honor involved. She really got goin' like the born nympho she was.

I couldn't have been prouder of her.

Free again to continue bookin' for home, a day and a night later I was admirin' the wide open spaces under the vast Texas sky just a mile or so west of Sweetwater when I spotted the VW bug tilted upon a flattened tire, just off the highway. Cynically, I studied the pair of slightly chubby little brunettes in their bright shorts, their tank tops bulgingly stuffed with outstanding boobs. Comin' closer, I noted they were twins. Beside them, what looked like a real live jaguar was chained to the car's front bumper. My hand started twistin' the wick up.

"What kinda human bein' lets sweet things like that change their own tire?" To possibly be molested by dumbfuck cowboys?" I found myself askin' the wind. "All that much pussy might be very grateful to meet a red-blooded biker."

I began slowin' the bike and veerin' toward them.

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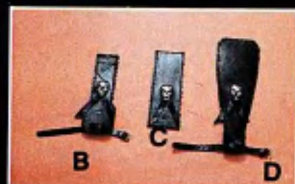
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T-Seats

Box 1025, Agoura Hills,
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Easyriders Leather Stuff



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

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

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- (A) Men's Kidney Belt (32" up) @ \$45.00 —
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(not shown; 24" up) @ \$39.00 —
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- (D) Long Tank Cover @ \$19.00 —
- (E) Small Wallet @ \$14.00 —
- (F) Large Wallet @ \$18.00 —
- (G) Cigarette Case
(fits up to 2" belt.) @ \$ 9.00 —
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(fits up to 1 1/4" belt.) @ \$ 9.00 —
- (I) Mud Flap @ \$10.00 —
- Subtotal _____
- Calif. res., add 6% _____
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Viva Le Gros!

Continued from page 32

kept the two door knockers together, and the two lion rings together, just as you wanted.

An' how 'bout the time you, Spock, and Mathilde came down to visit me here in Mass.? Spock got his first tattoo, and it was a big one, and then Mathilde got her first. And then along came you, *hah!* You chickened out — an' you're the one who's got, what, twenty or so already, all done by hand and colored in like they were professionally done by a machine. Then the bros down here had that lobster bake at The House and Spock and you were playing with the lobsters. *Shit*, we told you guys to keep the bands on their claws, but noooo — you two smartasses just had to cut 'em loose. It was great for a laugh, though, when they got ahold of you and wouldn't let go. An' were you ever amazed when you stabbed it over and over again with your Buck an' nothin' happened. Looked like you were hittin' on a rubber chicken. You sure looked silly tryin' to get those fuckin' critters off of your fingers.

You used to do so many nice things for me. Like for my birthday, when you had that ring handmade and carved just for me of my club colors (which I no longer belong to). You only saw a drawing of them once and still you got it right. There's not a single copy of that ring around anywhere, you saw to that. Of course, I would have liked to have had a copy made for B.C., my prez, but you said, "Out of the question," so I can live with it. Naturally, though, I'd still like to know if you had something to do with my car getting stolen that night. After all, the two guys they caught were friends of yours. But you said no. I told you I was coming back in December to stay, but instead I had to get hijacked or whatever in October. Good thing I had enough cash for B.C. and me to get back to Mass.

Got to honestly say only three things you ever did ever really pissed me off. The first was the time you burned my hand with your cigarette, intentionally, just 'cause I was right



"Whoops! Pardon me, ladies."

HANDMADE AMERICAN KNIFE

\$59



R9 — Apache Folder. The best folding knife you'll ever own. Made for *Easyriders* by Rigid Knives, knife features: Made-in-America quality • Lifetime warranty • Oil-impregnated blade and rocker bearings • *Easyriders* laser-engraved on stock • Positive locking device • Contoured South American hardwood handle • One-piece solid brass bolsters • Semi-hollow-ground 440 surgical stainless-steel blade • Full-grain leather sheath. Blade length, 3 3/4"; overall length, 8 3/4"; weight, 9 oz. U.S., \$59. Canada, \$63. All other foreign, \$71. All prices include postage.

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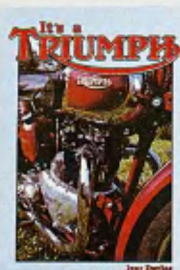
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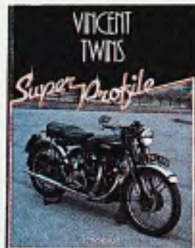
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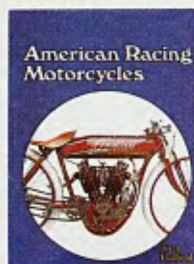
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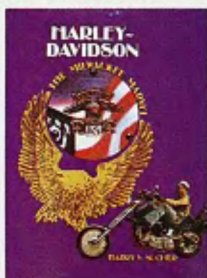
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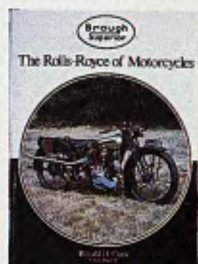
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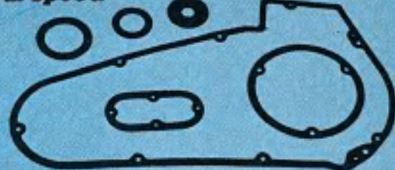
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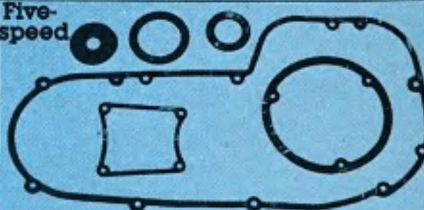
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Four-speed



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about that panhead in *Easyriders* being a '61 an' not a '48 like you said it was. Second was that Super Bowl Sunday you left me alone to watch my game in peace. Well, the wine an' beer you got me were just fantastic, an' the food you had sent was great, but if I'd known you were takin' Chopin, our pit bull out to be in a fight, I would've never let you out that fuckin' door. You shouldn't feed a dog before a fight — I told you that. You paid for it, though. At least I didn't have to watch him get his heart ripped out. Instead, I watched those fuckin' Cowboys blow the whole fuckin' game. Last thing you did that pissed me off, and believe me, it pissed me off the most, was your going off and getting yourself killed on me like this.

Seven hours and two hassles later, here I am. That border patrol just don't ever let up. You either get through with no trouble or you get stuck with 'em for a good hour, easy, and, of course, you know which routine I got comin' up on the bike. Yep. *Sit down an' wait, please, while we check this out. It will only take a minute.* Hah!

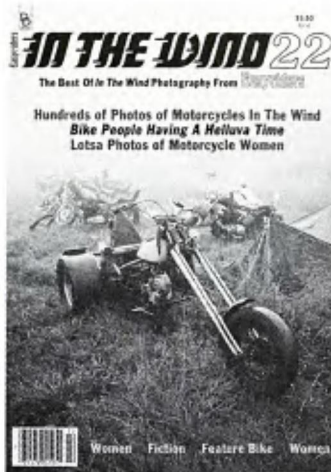
Shawinigan-Sud — what a city. What a party city. Yahoo. They even have a special place to park bikes. Right out in front of the police station. No shit. The whole block says FOR MOTORCYCLES ONLY. Of course, we all feel a little more secure with them right there in eyesight outside that big picture window. Especially after getting my shit car ripped off over there last October.

Well, this old pan needs to rest a while and I need a cold one. So I guess I'll hit the brasserie first. Maybe if I'd have learned more French than just "hello," "goodbye," an' how to order beers, just maybe I wouldn't feel so lost in this town without you. You an' I never had any trouble communicating.

Still can't believe I'm never again gonna get those annoying phone calls at three or four in the morning, allegedly just 'cause you'd wanna hear my voice. Bullshit. You'd be checkin'



"Relax, lady — it is in a plain brown wrapper!"



Each issue of *In The Wind* is only \$4. We pay postage in the U.S.A. Canada, add \$1; other foreign, add \$4.25 for postage and handling. Binders: \$10 each, plus \$2.50 for postage and handling in the U.S.A. Canada, add \$3.50 per binder. Other foreign, add \$4 per binder (sent surface mail). U.S. funds only. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

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CLASS IN GLASS



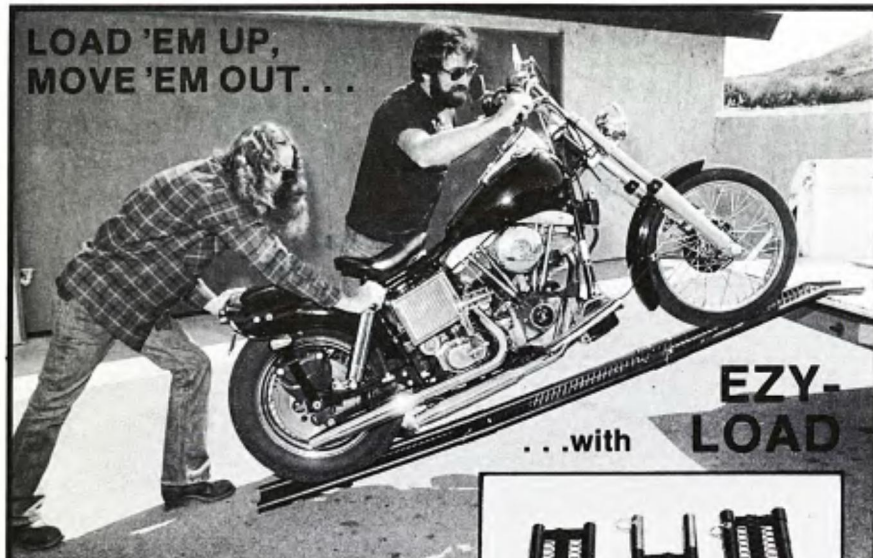
Wrap your lips 'round these great drink holders and whatever's in 'em will taste even better. The Harley Oil tankard (\$7.50) takes a full 16 oz. of brew; the shot glass (\$4.50) is three-shots big; the *Easyriders* beer mug packs a pint; and our extra-heavy coffee mug (\$6) holds 12 oz. of java. Order individually or save by ordering sets of four.

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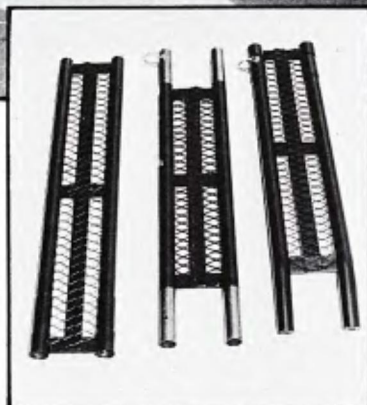


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up on my ass, is all. I tell you, it was tough sometimes after an all-nighter to just be walkin' in an' hear that phone ringing off the wall. (How'd I know it was always gonna be you?) Then we'd rap for an hour or so and I'd have to fight sleep at work all morning.

Christ. I don't believe what I'm seein'. All your bros are here. Tell ya what, babe. For every Bud I have, I'll down two Labatt's 50s for you. One last time. I'll let them know I'm here, and that I'm here to party for you. Then I'm gonna have to pick up my stuff at the house an' head back to Massachusetts one last time.

You know I loved you. And my heart aches when I think of what we had and then have to think about the straight fact that I ain't never gonna have you again 'cause this is forever. I went an' got a "bleedin' heart" for you on my right wrist, right next to the one for my mom. Hard to believe I lost her in June an' then you in August. What a shit year. Who wants to live on memories?

Well, I see a few Pride from each chapter. Montreal. Shawinigan, an' Mass. made it. Before I left, the president from GDMC said they may make it up, too. Of course, my sisters are here an' I can see a bunch of lone riders we've partied with. Well, you always were well liked and respected. They're all coming to ride that last mile with you, then there's gonna be one helluva party — I guaranfucking it. 'Cause, babe, you're worth it. I just hope you're happy wherever the hell you are. At least you went out on the scooter as you wanted. As do I, as do we all. ■



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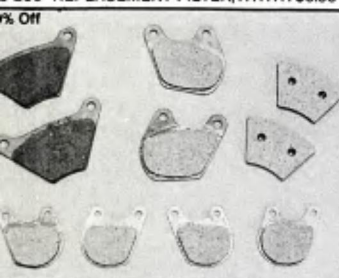


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SUPER COIL, Accel 12v
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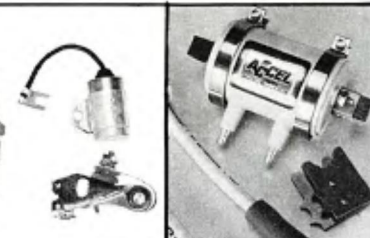
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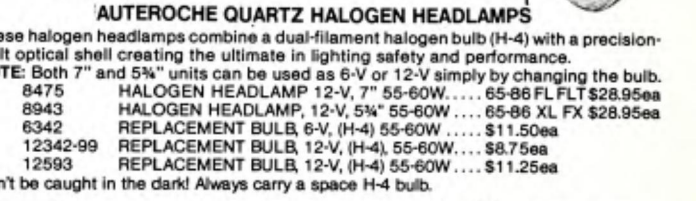
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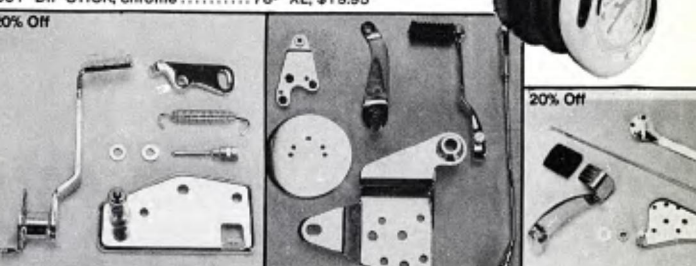
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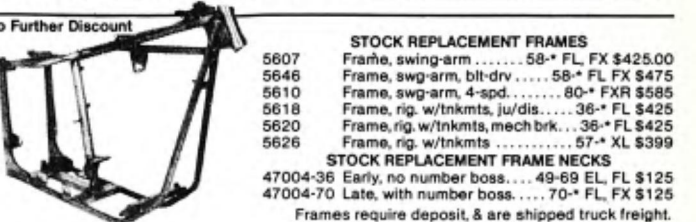


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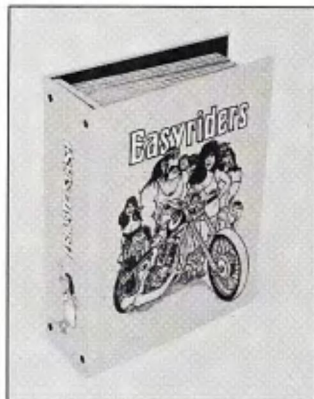
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Green M&Ms

Continued from page 41

didn't care; he had a mission — his green Harley.

Friday night found the biker finishing up on the clear lacquer, hand-rubbing the compound onto the bike, almost like a father smoothing baby powder on a newborn's ass. He was so involved in his work that he didn't hear the footsteps behind him. He didn't even hear the heavy breathing that started once the footsteps stopped.

"Oooh, I love green Harleys." The soft voice broke his concentration and damn near scared him to death.

When his heart regained a more regular beat, he turned around to look at his visitor. She was about eighteen, wearing a white halter top and tight cut-off shorts. Her tits were rock steady and pressed against the thin fabric so that it marked the outline of each nipple. "Who the fuck are you?" He regretted his language as soon as it came out. "I mean, who are you? You could have been killed, sneaking up on me like that."

"I'm sorry." The girl smiled, but not contritely. "I've been helping my folks move into the house across the road all week. This is the first chance I've had to come over and tell you how I love green Harleys."

"You're the only one around here who does," he said, opening a beer and passing one to the girl. "Seems like everyone else thinks they're unlucky, or cursed, or something."

"Well, I think green Harleys are like green M&Ms — both of 'em are hard to find and they both make me horny." She slowly drained her beer and tossed the empty onto the littered floor.

"The bike will be done tonight. Want to try it out with me tomorrow?" Trav-

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eler asked, being very nonchalant. All she could do was turn him down, he thought, and thereby prove to be another of those scooter teases that get a man hot and ready and then dump ice down his shorts.

The phone on the wall broke the silence in which Traveler stood within his dusty garage, beer in his hand, waiting for some crazy, horny, M&M freak to say yes or no.

"You gonna be done with that junk of yours by Sunday?" It was Spunk.

"I'll be over about ten." The girl turned and walked toward the house across the street, her ass straining against the worn fabric of her shorts.

"Yeah, I'll be done," Traveler spoke into the receiver.

"Crazy fool," Spunk said. "Green Harleys are unlucky — everyone knows that."

"Yeah, everyone," Traveler agreed and hung up the phone.

He stood there a moment, watching the girl enter her house. He hadn't even thought to ask her name, but that would come tomorrow — along with much more. As soon as she'd turned around, he'd known she was no scooter tease. Across her ass had been a small, green M&M patch that said: **Green M&Ms make you horny.**

Silently he said a prayer for Shadow and his green Sportster. Green, he thought. The only color for Harleys. ■

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S&S Sidewinder. . .

Continued from page 29

to the same standard as the factory and found themselves talking to the same company that Harley's using. Again, S&S was able to at least match factory quality. The S&S cylinders are air-set sand castings and actually look better than the factory's die-cast cylinders (less expensive if you can justify the cost of the molds).

When George Smith, Jr., sought someone to make Evolution pistons, he got a pleasant surprise. It seems that Harley had turned to the same American piston manufacturer for their Evolution pistons that S&S had been using for years!

With both Harley and S&S dedicated to using the best materials and techniques for their Evolution engine parts, it really shouldn't be a surprise that both wound up in the same places. Even their gaskets are made in the same factory.

The main difference between Harley Evolution parts and those from S&S is that S&S is dedicated to serving those of us who want to make our Hogs more powerful. There are many sound reasons why a company as large as Harley doesn't make 98-in. engines, and there are just as many reasons why a relatively small company like S&S should. Not too many of us want, or can use, the power of an S&S Sidewinder engine, but S&S caters to the minority among us who believe that too much power is perfect.

A huge increase in horsepower doesn't mean much, though, if you can't get to it. At almost any rpm, from idle to red line, the Sidewinder makes power available — now. You won't have to reach some astronomical rpm before things start to happen. At 3000rpm (65mph with belt drive models), a stock engine makes 43 horsepower and the Sidewinder delivers 63. You'll notice the difference.



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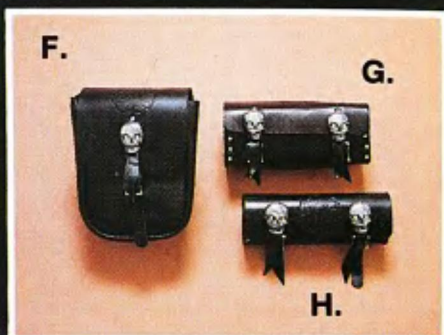
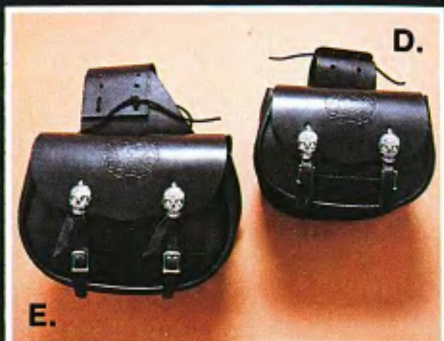
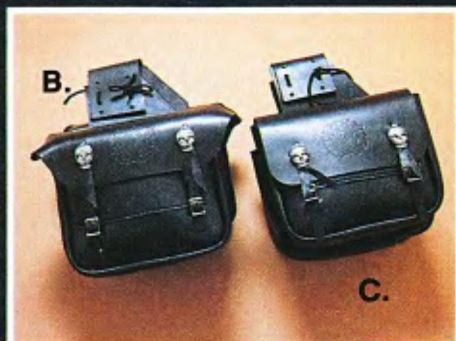
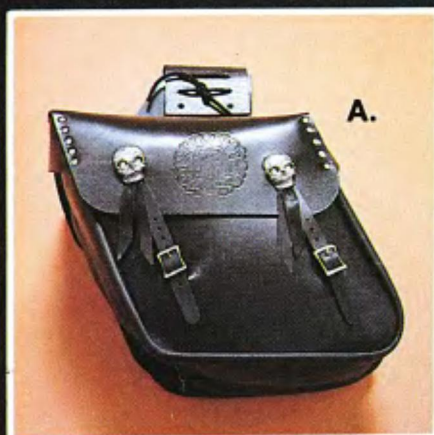
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A Sidewinder is more powerful at three grand than the stocker is anywhere.

You've already seen the dyno chart at the beginning of this article? Good. I want to describe how to read it so that it'll make some real-world sense.

There are two features of the curves on our dyno chart that are important: how high they are (more is better) and their shape. Big horsepower and high torque speak for themselves. It's the *shape* of the torque and horsepower curves that are crucial — and equally important.

Notice the torque curve for the S&S Sidewinder (the dashed line at the top of the chart). It varies less than four percent from 2500 to 5000 (where ya oughta shift that sucker anyway). That high, flat torque curve across the normal rpm range of the Sidewinder blockhead engine is a good description of how it feels to ride the bike. At any rpm that you'd normally find yourself, the Sidewinder delivers smooth, predictable power and acceleration. There aren't any surprises as you rev it through to its red line; it's actually easier to use than the stock engine.

Now, look at the stock engine's torque curve (the lower dashed line). Notice how much more humped it is than the curve for the Sidewinder. The torque for the stock engine varies by almost 20 percent between 2500 and 5000rpm. We're all sensitive to that kind of change when we use our engines hard. Not only does the Sidewinder have much more torque and power than the stock engine, but it delivers them in an almost flat, electric-motor-like manner. The sense of power and control has to be experienced in order to be fully believed.

All the power of an S&S Sidewinder Evolution will be of little use if it won't actually get you where you're going. There are some who believe that



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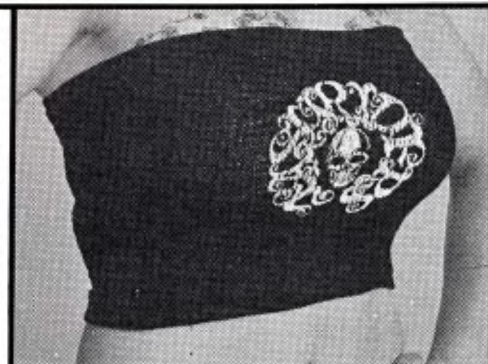
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stroker engines are short-lived and unreliable. It depends.

Every engine has mechanical limits; at some level of stress it will come apart. At a lower level of stress the same engine will wear out quickly. Within its design limits, the same engine can last as long as you give it good clean oil to run in. The most important factor in short engine life is rpm. The loads on the pistons, rods, and — most importantly — rod bearings go up with the *square* of the rpm. That is, if you double the rpm, the forces trying to disassemble your Harley engine go up four times!

There are two reasons why this fact is important to the owner of a stroked Hog engine. The factory red line is determined by how much stress rpm places on the rods, bearings, and pistons. If you go very far past the red line too often, you'll quickly wear out the parts. Or, if you really push it, you'll break them. When you stroke your engine you should lower the red-line rpm. Many of us who build S&S Sidewinders don't know this and not only fail to lower the maximum rpm but actually rev our engines higher.

When one of us installs a stroker kit we aren't likely to leave the intake, cam, and exhaust alone. Not only do we make our engines bigger, but we also make them breathe better. The normal power curve of a stock Harley engine turns down as it nears its red-line rpm (see chart). A stroked, free-breathing version of the same engine will make power right off the end of the rev range. If you hold 'er open until the power drops off, like we tend to do with a stocker, your stroker just might explode.

Since the Evolution is tough, if you limit the rpm of your Evolution Sidewinder to the original red line, it'll last virtually as long as the stocker would have. (A man's simply gotta know his Hog's limits.) Just one note of caution: If ya can't stand bugs on your teeth, ya better leave this one alone. ■



Soap Box

Continued from page 50

bladder operations, hysterectomies, and appendectomies are the most common major surgical procedures performed more for the dollars involved than for any compelling medical reason. One explanation for unnecessary surgery may lie in the growing number of doctor-owned hospitals. It's really not that difficult to see how a medical tycoon might feel compelled to schedule a few extra "cuttings" that aren't really necessary.

But is this really happening, you ask. You bet your ass it is! A study of appendectomies performed in three accredited community institutions and two university hospitals in Maryland found that *fewer than half* the operations were necessary! Another study looked at 6248 hysterectomies performed in 35 West Coast hospitals and found that at least 40 percent of them could be criticized. For example, in about 13 percent of the cases nothing was discovered to support the need for the operation. In another 24 percent of the cases, "more conservative" medical procedures should have been used, according to the study.

White-collar crime is certainly not restricted to the medical profession and includes offenses by businesses and corporations as well as by individuals. Lawyers, for instance, also practice fee-splitting. But the point is this. Our government does not take the problem seriously. Instead of putting a doctor in jail for charging you double and sending in a second-string surgeon to perform an unnecessary operation, offenders are more likely to receive a fine than a prison sentence. For example, a partner in a New York stock-brokerage firm recently pleaded guilty to the illegal trading of \$20,000,000 in Swiss banks. The broker hired a prestigious lawyer, who persuaded the judge to issue a \$30,000 fine and a suspended sentence. The same day the same judge was faced with the case of an unemployed shipping clerk who pleaded guilty to the theft of a \$100 television set. The sentence? A year in jail.

If there's a message here, it's that John Q. Public has been fooled by both government and the media into believing that only the economically disadvantaged resort to crime as a way of making a fast buck. Until people are shown that crime is a problem at all levels of society, we'll be stuck with the tired old myths that work against us all. People in positions of power and authority are obviously not immune to crime, but they seem to be immune to jail terms, even when they're caught with their hands in our pockets. Until we convince our government to take white-collar crime seriously, professionals will continue to rip us off. ■

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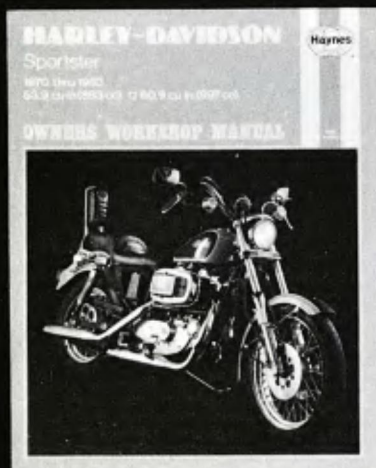
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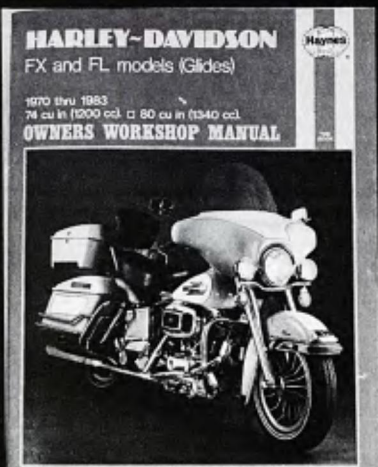
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Interview

Continued from page 76

think that was ever intended in the Constitution.

I'm a little astounded it's still happening under a president who's stated many times that he wants the government off our backs, because we're simply getting more of it.

ER: You could fill a book with the things the president has said about getting government off our backs, but the sections about what he's done to achieve that would be blank pages.

It seems to me that under Reagan the federal government has tremendously increased its efforts to black-mail states into accepting federal dictates in areas where the constitutional power to legislate clearly rests with the states. Areas such as a national minimum drinking age, auto seat belts, and, of course, the infamous double-nickel speed limit that Reagan promised to repeal during his first term.

RH: I think that happens with a vast majority of our politicians. The position seems to take over the person himself. What Reagan, for example, thinks on a private basis is not always what he does as president of the United States.

ER: In simple terms, how does that result in our being stuck with something like the national speed limit? At first glance, there doesn't seem to be a lot of rich, powerful interests behind that. Certainly the oil companies would love to see it scrapped now that they're being flooded with crude.

RH: The insurance companies, maybe. The more traffic citations you have, the higher your rates. But, basically, I think it's because of the safety-crats [in the Department of Transportation]. It's the same old thing; it's much easier to get a law enacted than it is to get it repealed.

I personally think we're probably on our way now to repealing or raising the national speed limit. God, I hope so. You know, people out there are routinely breaking it. . . I stated in print — and got myself in trouble — that I thought that as long as we consider this a democratic republic,



which is what it's supposed to be, that any law that's routinely broken by an overwhelming majority of the people affected by that law isn't a good law. Well, people started throwing murder and so forth at me, like, well, wait a minute, that's not one that's routinely defied.

Primarily, we've had two big scofflaw situations in this country's history: Prohibition and now the speed limit. I think seat belts are going to join them.

ER: Let's talk about something more interesting, like Roger Hull. How long after you first threw your leg over that Duo Glide was it before you realized you were in the saddle for the duration? Until a million miles or bust, so to speak?

RH: God, I don't know when I first realized it. Looking back, what really happened was that I combined my new interest in motorcycling with ones I'd had all along, journalism and writing. I knew the editors of most of the motorcycle magazines from when I was free-lancing, and when I suddenly found the magazine starting to grow and people started to occasionally recognize me, it really startled me, because it didn't happen to the rest [of those editors].

Eventually, I figured out what had happened. You see, all the, quote, *folk heroes*, unquote, of motorcycling had always been the stunt men or the racers, the competition guys. And the guy who just got out and rode had nobody to identify with. Then we came along and sort of filled that niche, especially in the first couple of years.

As a result, we [the original *Road Rider* staff] were probably thrust forward more than we had any right to be. But I loved it. Not necessarily the so-called fame or anything — that took a lot of the fun out of it. So far as doing it, I loved it, and I still love it. It just seemed to fit.

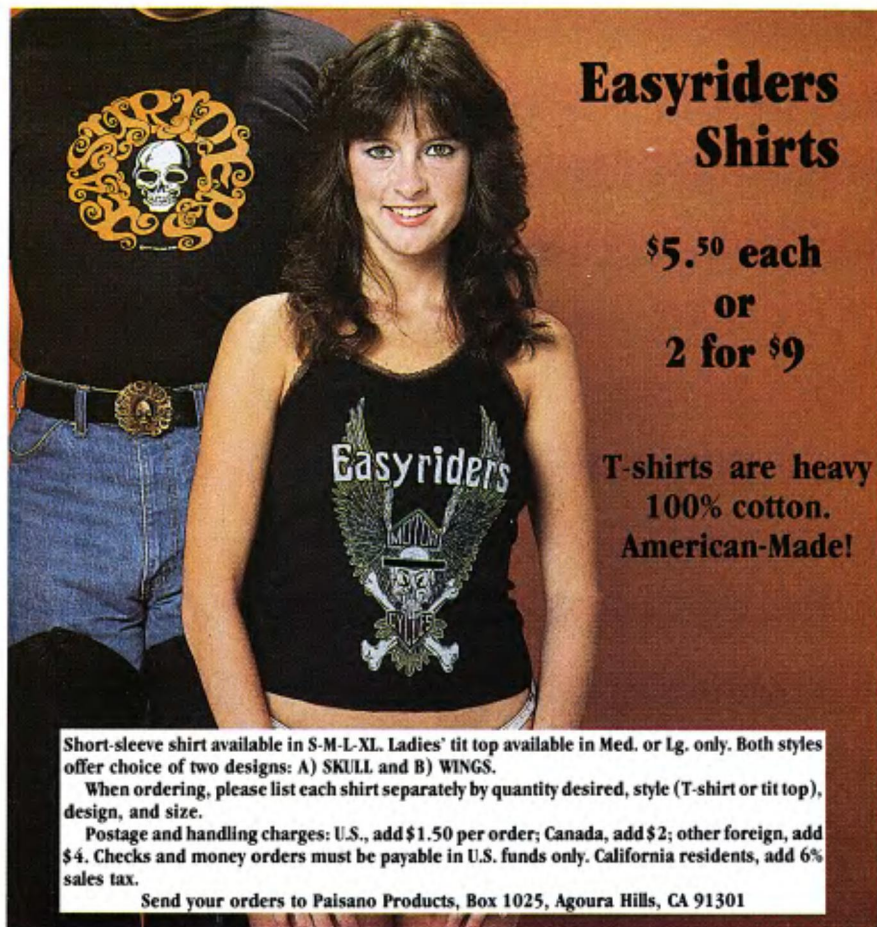
I don't think that answers your question, though.

ER: I'll rephrase the question then. You've averaged an immense amount of mileage in the years you've been riding. It's been said that you never seem to have time to ride from, say, San Diego to Los Angeles, but that you'll fire up the scooter and ride from L.A. to St. Louis on ten minutes' notice if somebody calls and says there's something going on. How long were you riding before you realized riding was becoming your life, that you were going to be spending as much time on a bike as most people do in front of the boob tube?

RH: It was roughly 18 months from the time I first climbed on a bike until I qualified for Harley's 50,000-mile pin. My last automobile was a 1958 Dodge convertible, which I wish I still had. You know, with the big fins and all.

ER: Right, the "Forward Look."

RH: Yes, very definitely. Once I started riding a bike, that never got



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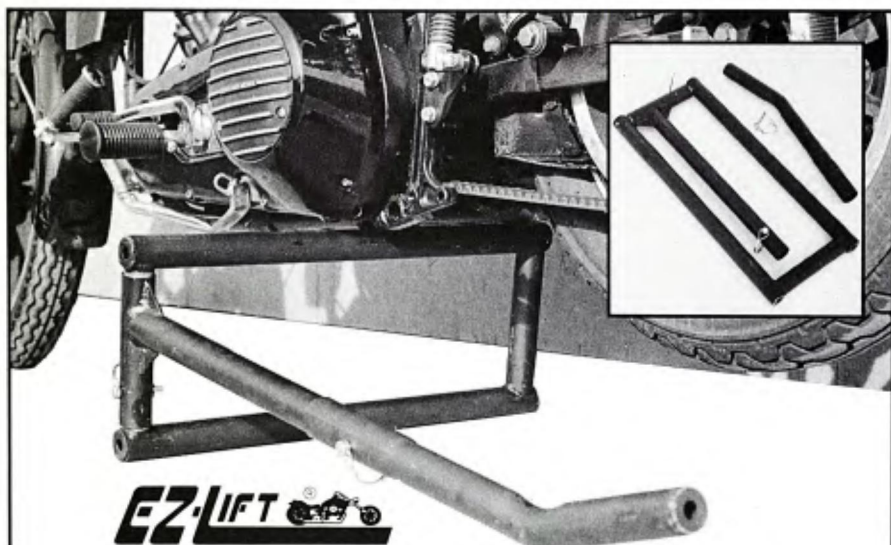
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used. It just sat around. The only time I ever used it was when it rained. Well, the top got in such bad shape that I realized I was getting as wet as if I took the bike, so I got rid of the car. Motorcycles have been my only transportation ever since.

ER: How did you ever find time to put that much mileage on the odometer and still put out a magazine? If any of us tried to spend that much time out of the office, Rufus would be dining on our private parts.

RH: Well, of course, the first few years the magazine was bimonthly. That helped. Also, we'd go out and do a 10,000-mile test in a couple of weeks.

ER: What are some of the most interesting runs you've been on?

RH: Well, I went to Russia with Malcolm Forbes (see "Malcolm Forbes: Racing the Reaper on Hot Air and a Harley" — ER #153).

ER: What was that like?

RH: He's a good rider, a pretty damn good rider. There were six of us who did that trip, and he and I brag about the fact that we were the only two who did the whole route vertically.

The people we encountered were, for the most part, great to us. We had an enormous advantage being on the bikes. It made us more mobile than your average tourist, and although we had the required Intourist guide with us, he rode in a car. At first, he and his driver were going to lead us across Russia, but we convinced them to follow us, so we could establish our own pace on the bikes. That allowed us to get into the filling stations, the roadside cafes, and meet some of the people the average tourist never comes in contact with.

I have no doubt that many things were more or less staged for us, but it was a fascinating experience.

ER: Setting all the political and social stuff aside, tell me a little about the mechanics of taking a run behind the Iron Curtain. What are the roads like? How scenic is it?

RH: We left from Munich, Germany, and entered Russia from Poland at Brest, and rode to Moscow. That, basi-

Continued on page 106

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Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

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)

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)

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

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)

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

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

Sherry Howell & Destiny Faith: Lost ya. Uncle Larry wants to hear from ya. Call Aunt Bea collect. (316) 672-5223. (156G)

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)

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)

M.K.M.: You've come one closer to the "big" one. Happy 29th on 4/18/86. Love you. S.J.N. (156)

For sale: Harley-Davidson 1954 shovelpan, show winner Daytona. Exotic custom detailing throughout. Arlen Ness frame and front. 24K gold-plating and leafing, ground up. Best of everything. Unbelievably rideable. \$6500. PA Reconstructed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (156)

Last chance to own H-D scooter — need 1200 righteous bros to send \$5 or will be doomed to Jap bike forever. Promise to reply with results. Send to Ron Lewis, Rt. 1 Box 871, Plymouth, NC 27962. (156)

Kathy "Kat" Rickman, brown hair, 5'11"-5'3", 100-140 lbs., with the beautiful tattoo of the male Viking butterfly with mountain background, signed John. Anyone knowing her whereabouts, it's important that she get the following message: The parole board changed my release date to 1996. Kathy and people knowing her whereabouts, write to me. John Rickman 45042, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310. (Anyone knowing her whereabouts, I'd like to know them also.) With love, your husband who is serving life, Kat. (156)

Looking for Jim Brewer in Phoenix, Arizona. area. I'm still alive! Please contact Earl Buck, Lot 105 Meadowbrook, Fremont, NE 68025. (156)

For sale: Indians, 1944 and 1947; 74-inch V-Twin Chiefs. Classic rides and excellent investments. Need restoration. Serious calls. (319) 235-6135. Roman. (156)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boy-friends. Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (156)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Artist, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (157)

Billy Joel autographed motorcycle: 1975 Triumph, collector's item, Trident 3-cylinder, low mileage, electric starter. Any offer over \$5000. (516) 741-2010, Monday-Friday. Or write Charity Begins At Home, 223 Jericho Turnpike, Mineola, NY 11501. (156)

1st Annual BRO/ABATE North American corn roast. September, Labor Day long weekend. Cost, \$15 per person. All money made will go directly to fighting helmet laws. For tickets, send check or m.o. to Bikers Rights Organization, 314 28th St. S., Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, T1J 3S6. (403) 327-1861. Maps provided with tickets. (159)

Butch: We were happiest when we were together on the road. Hope we can ride together again. I will always love you. Forever yours, Jill. (156)

Midwest Percenters MC 20th Anniversary Reunion. All differences will be left at home. For information, call (217) 645-3475, (217) 285-2686, or (816) 523-5538. (158)

Brenda A: I'm your knight in shining armor and always will be. Forever and a day, I'll love you. George MCP. (156)

Italian Florida girl seen on pg. 63, March '80 issue, seeks financially secure white man, tall, 28-35, with multi-interests to put sunshine back into my life. No game players or inmates. S.G., Box 124, Jupiter, FL 33468-0124. (156)

Iron Horse Saloon "Kickass Chili" recipe. Send \$2.95 to Box 5545, Daytona Beach, FL 32018. (156)

Prison tattooist collecting designs for years, now offering my "Tattoo Workbook Collection." For more information and sample sheets, send \$3 to Edward V. Paxon, Jr., 875-B Llagas Rd., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. (161)

Kurt Schultz, 55, 88, 00, 77: Will be thinking of you especially in 86. Piano Rose 272-1660. (156)

Fireworks: Large selection, excellent quality. Information, price list free. B&D Fireworks, Box 545, East Lyme, CT 06333. (156)

Cadillacs, Mercedes, Porsches, etc., direct from government. Seized in drug raids. Available in your area. Save \$thousands\$. (216) 453-3000, Ext. A8124. (156)

Recipes: Beet, dandelion wines, Kahlua, mead. \$3 each, \$6 all. M.O., SASE. Wendy Weinkauff, 1214 S. Second, Alpena, MI 49707. (156)

J.W.L. belt buckles by Wagon's Ho! Over 350 designs for inlaid buckles, 60 designs for overlay, nine buckle sizes (ovals, rectangles, hearts, circles). No plastic; natural stone only, colors may vary. Made of silver, nickel, or red brass. Company or club logos inlaid. Single buckles start at \$35. One doz., \$30 each; two doz., \$25 each; three doz., \$20 each; four doz. or more, \$16 each. Sterling silver, \$125 each. All handmade and engraved by little ol' convicts at Arizona State Prison. Wagon's Ho!, Box 38883, Florence, AZ 85232. (156G)

Big \$\$\$ #1 mail-order business! The system that works — guaranteed. Send SASE to Multilevel Opportunity, 1903 Sparkman Dr., Suite 112, Huntsville, AL 35816. (156)

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)

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

Dakota land. Lots, \$100; houses, \$1500. Secluded acreage, \$400. Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (156)

Patsy (D.C.): I'll always be forever sorry for all the bullshit. I look forward to makin' it all up to you someday. Hi, Sharen. Nucklehead Tim. (156)

1946 knucklehead, 61-in. Original paint, leather bags; looks and runs great. \$5600 firm. Hickory, N.C. (704) 728-5198. (156)

K.J. McGill: Happy birthday, bro, June 1. Call collect sometime. (303) 778-7147. Shotgun Willie. (156)

Solar cooking? Complete instructions, \$3 m.o., SASE. William R. Weinkauff, 1214 S. Second, Alpena, MI 49707. (156)

Free T-shirt-design sheet, original art. Write to Richie's Rats Nest, Box 370, Oceanside, NY 11572. (156)

Spacehead: Happy 31st, 6/15/86. We love you. The ol' lady and the rugrats (Shirley, Christi and Kelly). (156)

Triumph primary covers: T 480, T 1190, 17601 (2), T1727 (3), right Thunderbird side panel, 4 gas-tank ribbed strips, 1 license bracket and chainguard; later metal fifties through early sixties. Some cleanable corrosion, blotches on primaries. \$225 delivered. (312) 235-7555. (156)

Dave (Calgary, Canada): Well, everyone calls you dirty, bet you wish you were thirty. Happy 40th, July 10, 1986. Lav, Karen. (156)

Disabled models wanted. Photographer seeks attractive ladies on crutches. Amputees welcome. Send description. Photographer, Box 214, Syracuse, NY 13206. (156)

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. (156)

Unique book catalog. Over 500 titles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$1, credited to first order, to: Kelsey, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (156)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (162)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

Mick: I've never been happier. I'm glad that we finally got our shit together. I'll love you forever, probably longer. Nothing could break our bond. Love you hard, love you free. Lisa. (156G)

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

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)

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.

Defense lawyer, 36, wants house mouse, 18-40. Kids okay. I'll come visit you. If we enjoy each other, I'll pay your move. Must like to have fun. Photo and phone a must. Tom, Box 887, West Jordan, UT 84084. (156)

White male, out '89, blond, 6', 170 lbs., 22 years old, needs letters and pix and girls, 18-35. Send letters c/o Robert Haraldstad, 10 Administration Rd., Bridgewater, MA 02324. (156)

W/f Virginian, 22, 5'3", 125 lbs., seeks well-endowed, tattooed, hairy, Harley man, 25-40, for open-minded relationship. Letters with pictures preferred. Gina, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (156)

W/m, 33, 6', 190 lbs., been down a taste, but getting short now. Looking for a lady for a lasting relationship. Craig A. Turner, C-21393, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960. (156)

White death row convict, 34, ex-Harley rider, Southern born 'n' bred, needs mail from anyone but Jesus freaks. McMurrey, Box B-43391, Florence, AZ 85232. (156)

Wanted: Only the lonely — by 32-year-old no-nonsense biker (Italian) with black hair and brown eyes, 5'11 1/2" tall, 180 lbs. of hardened flesh. I take pride in my hide, while my mind takes care of the rest. True, I'm in prison, but what's a man to do? It happens to the best of us. It could even happen to you. I had an ol' lady, but when the shit came down she ran for the next county and was nowhere to be found. So I'm in search of a woman who's in need of a man who will not just be a lover, but also a friend. When you stop to think about it, you won't believe it's true — that the man you've been looking for is waiting here for you. From a man in the can. James Tavanese 081111, Fla. State Prison U-2-N-5, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091-0747. (156)

Lonely, incarcerated Latino, 28, desires contact with females (white/Latina), 35-40, for casual or lasting relationship. Will answer all. Would appreciate photo. Angel Torres 79A2215, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (156)

Quit chemo. Doc says it's the box. Lone East Coast biker (w/m, 33, 5'6", 125 lbs.) would dig hearing from ladies, party NYC. Frank Signorile, 68-B Lakeview Ave., Leonia, NJ 07605. (156)

N.Y. Rican, good-looking, 37, 5'10", 175 lbs., seeking special lady for special relationship. Need loyal, one-man woman — especially from N.Y. area. Will answer all with photo first. Ronnie Romero 85A904, E-1-3, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (156)

Two down tramps (one prospect, one outlaw), lookin' for real solid ladies to make the time easy. Dennis Protich, C-84218, P-217, and Skooter Barnes, C-87150, P-243, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 94966. (156)

W/m, 25, seeks lady for companionship. Must love scooters. Red Beard, 2515 Community, Dallas, TX 75220. (156)

Attention, ladies: Downed w/m, 28, accused of selling drugs, now abused in the penal system. Looking for a sensual, foxy lady, 18-35. Cory Hammond, 83-A-4753, CCF, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929. (156)

Introspective writer, 42, seeks pen pals with interests in classical music, spirituality, right values. Tom of New York, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (156)

Semi-retired outlaw wants to hear from ladies, 18-35. Letters with pictures answered first. Tim Brouillette, D-17337, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960. (156)

Ladies: Two w/m held hostage by ten million Ohioans really need your letters and pix (no Polaroid-types allowed). Will answer all you warm-hearted love-ies with care (pix answered first). Don: 31, 6'3", 210 lbs., brown/blue. Gary: 25, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown/brown. Don Burgett 129-948, and Gary Haenszel 109-051. 5900 B.I.S. Road, Lancaster, OH 43130. (156)

W/m, 6'1", 175 lbs., trapped in the hills of Tennessee. Looking for a righteous ol' lady who's looking for a righteous ol' man. If you qualify, don't hesitate. Write Glenn "Bronco" Sterling 106363, Rt. 4 Box 600, Pikeville, TN 37367. (156)

This man is wanted — for sensual favors and acts of seduction. He is presently incarcerated and would like to hear from a woman, one who is not afraid of being indicted for acts of passion. He is known to be witty and extremely handsome. If you see this man, notify authorities immediately — unless you don't mind being loved to death. Will reply to all. Write David Elliott 83A1217, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (156)

Oriental girls seeking friendship, marriage. Photos, details, \$1. Transcor-2, Box 2321, Manila, Philippines 2801. (156)

Oral/anal sex and more! Call Kristy at The Love Club to contact hot women, (312) 262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (156)

Ladies: Ex-outlaw, financially secure, seeks relationship and lives on beach. If you have good attitude, enjoy outdoors, send letter. I'm 29, 5'8", 165 lbs. Pix answered first. 2406 Artesia Blvd., Redondo Beach, CA 90278. (213) 540-6001. No collect calls. (156)

Only those who will take a risk are ever really free. Look inside your heart and if what you see there is for real and you want the same in return, shoot me a kite. Looking for that special woman; age don't matter. Don Knowles 076919, Union Corr. Inst. WU #56, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. (156)

Attention, ladies between 18 and 30: Need a home? Someone to care? Have it all. The Indian, Indian Valley Ranch, Smithville, WV 26178. (156)

Attractive, independent, working woman looking for a reasonably attractive, Fresno-area biker over 30 for riding and partying. I miss riding and need to feel a Harley between my legs. No strings, no head games. I just want to ride. Margaret, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (156)

Lonely w/m, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., looking for a sexy woman for companionship and love. Will be out by Jan. '88. Send photos. Virgil Holsten, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (156)

W/m, 32, 185 lbs., brown, blue. Looking for a friend to help me finish off this time. Mike Corona, C-62806, Box 8101 (7384X), San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (156)

W/m, 23 years old, doin' three years, would like lovely lady to help pass time. Send pictures, if possible. Scott Ruiz, D08544, Tracy, CA 95376. (156)

Beautiful girls, worldwide, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos, free. Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (156)

Warning! Habit-forming! Seeking a few ladies that're game enough to take a chance on writin' three habit-formin' Missouri white boys. Satisfaction guaranteed! Pick and choose — you can't lose. Gary Elmore 154732; Billy Lutz 37086; and Harry Imhoff 153616. Box 538, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (156)

Single w/m, born-again Christian biker, 25, needs correspondence from single Christian ladies, 18-33. Own my own home, have many interests. Mike, Box 262, Upper Darby, PA 19082. (157)

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent, big-busted, young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (156)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (156)

Widow, 28, mother of three, 5'5", 115 lbs., blonde, blue eyes, attractive. Nature freak, loves to bowl, skate, dance, has many interests in life! Am a one-man woman, naturally domesticated, plus I love both excitement and quiet moments. Am looking for someone with the same qualities to be friends or pen pals. If interested, write Occupant, 31 Bartlett Ct., Attalla, AL 35951. (156G)

W/m, 25 yrs. old, 6', needs letters and pictures from ladies who care. Please write and help make this dude smile again. Stan Emory 17467, O-Dorm, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (156)

Unusual Levi's woman, 26, white, desires long-term possibilities. Ideal is cross of Judd "Breakfast Club" Nelson/Mad Max, 18-32, sincere, honest. Serious inquiries only. No prisoners. Curious Indigo, 133 Third Ave., Butler, PA 16001. (156)

Building time; release date 11/21/87. Looking for a sincere friendship relationship. Age 27, 5'8", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Will answer all. Horace Mel Pope 033822, Fla. State Prison U35 14, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (156)

I know, I never admit to reading this column either, but if you're into champagne and Budweiser, Shakespeare and Spielberg, hot dogs and haute cuisine, well-adjusted, well-liked, over 25, and over your last man; if you're interested in meeting an understanding, compassionate, intelligent, humorous man, please respond to Bruce Vincent, C-51364, A-1321, CMC, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (156)

Locked away deep in the mountains. Would like to hear from sincere and caring ladies. Pictures appreciated. John Heppding 163291, and Steve Apostolides 153567, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (156G)

White outlaw, 26, 5'9", 170 lbs., would like correspondence from women, 18-45. Skinny, fat, ugly, tall — doesn't matter, will write all. Flick for flick. John Petz, Box C-43265, Represa, CA 95671. (156)

Irishman, 25, green, blond, 150 lbs., 5'7". Doing time alone. Looking for a woman, preferably literate, mature, semi-good-lookin', and confident. Joseph Lahey 82C107, Box 500, Elmira, NY 14902. (156)

Puerto Rican male, 5'10", 185 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, Harley rider, could use mail. Will answer all and would like to meet that special lady. Please send flicks. Lein Figueroa 85-A-702, GMC/F, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (156)

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. Airline ticket provided. I'm young-looking male, 5'11", 175 lbs., self-employed, with luxury home. Photo essential. Write quickly with phone number. "The Box Holder," Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. (158)

Single w/m biker, average weight, height and looks, financially secure, honest, fun-loving, generous, loyal to eagle, seeks foxy, slim, white lady, 30-45, 5'8" or less, for lasting relationship. Possible marriage, good fringe benefits. No cons, drugs, games, please. G.M., Box 5471, Lynwood, WA 98046. (156)

W/m, 29, short-timer. I've got a flame that craves smothering in most extremes. Seeking pretty lady for letters, pix, visits, who can appreciate a man who can appreciate a lady. Now or forever. Anything goes. SASE. Photo first receives one first. Dave Milewski 133340, JHCC, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051. (156)

Lonely, broken-hearted w/m, 38, 5'9", 170 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, doing hard time. Looking for that special lady to brighten up my lonely life. Is it you? Come on, ladies, drop me a line. Will answer all. Jerry Lee Butrum 29190, Box 41, Michigan, City, IN 46360. (156)

English biker coming to New York and West Coast, Sept. '86, would like to hear from some nice American girl. Possibly let me stay a while and show me around? Write c/o 14 Little Road, Hemmel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, England. (156)

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)

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Interview

Continued from page 102

cally, is the old invasion route [used by everybody from Napoleon to Hitler], pretty much a long, straight road. The countryside is very similar to the American Midwest.

From Moscow we went on to Leningrad, which gets you quite a ways north. The countryside there is very similar to the northern United States and Canada — that type of terrain, not exactly as mountainous, but hilly.

The roads are generally modern, but you don't find interstates like we have. Keep in mind that this trip happened in 1979 and they were preparing for the Olympics in 1980. The road surfaces were generally in excellent condition, though we would occasionally run into construction.

The worst roads we hit were after we left Leningrad, on our way to Helsinki. Near the Finnish-Russian border they were putting in a new road, and where the old road went there were no detours or anything. Periodically, it would practically stop and you'd have to go over rocks and dirt to get back on. Three bikes got dropped on that stretch.

The Russian trip was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, but the time I finally got around to crashing after all these years was also interesting. That happened clear down in New Zealand. I had to go to the ends of the earth — literally — to crash, but I did it.

ER: Where there's a will, there's a way, I guess. I understand a safety helmet was not responsible for saving your life in that crash.

RH: I ended up with a number of broken ribs, a collapsed lung, and a broken collarbone. I was carrying — which I very rarely do — a camera with a telephoto lens on my back and I came off rolling. That's what did in my ribs for me. Thank God it hit to one side or it could have been my spine.

I was wearing a full-coverage helmet and my doctor told me that in all likelihood the helmet, if anything, was probably what did in my collarbone — that it went to one side while I was rolling and the lower part simply snapped that bone.

ER: So the one time it was ever called upon to do its thing, it turned on you?

RH: Yes.

ER: What kind of stories do you tell when you're throwing the bull with other riders? You must have seen some awfully strange sights during your thousands of hours on a Hog.

RH: What I do is like anyone else — I lie a lot.

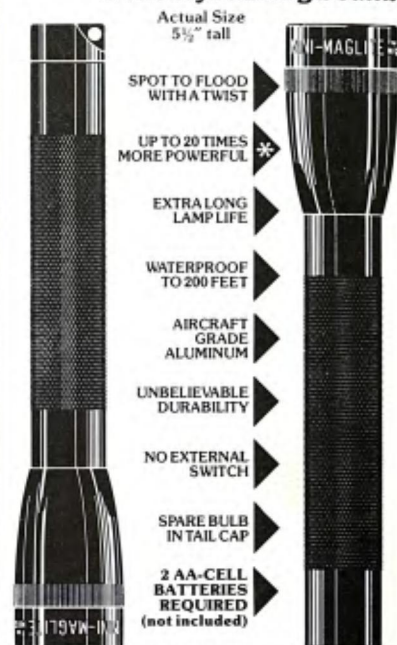
ER: Got any of those "lies" our readers would find amusing?

RH: Well, a few years ago I got a '75 Harley. Now, by that time, after all those many years, I'd learned not to brag that I'd never dropped my bike, because I knew it was going to happen sooner or later. It was a matter of time.

So I kept very quiet and the miles went up. They went up over 50,000, and I still hadn't dropped that bike.

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One evening I was coming back from the East and I rode into Kingman, Arizona, just at sunset. I was going to ride on in to L.A., but I thought, oh, the hell with it — it's been hot, I'm tired, I'll just get a motel and sack out. The sun had just gone behind the hills and I was wearing dark glasses. Normally, I'd take them off and put on clear ones at that point, but I didn't bother 'cause I was on the edge of town.

I was squinting through those colored glasses, looking for a motel, when I spotted one that looked like my kind of place — cheap. The place was right next to a Sambo's and the entire block was all driveway. I started to turn in and was looking into the shadows to see where the motel office was. Just as I leaned into it a little bit, I realized it *wasn't* all driveway — there was one stretch, about three feet, of curb and that was just what I was headed at. I jerked the bike around real quick, just in time for the front wheel to rub the curb and over I went, right in front of Sambo's huge windows in the middle of dinnertime.

There I was, sitting on the curb with a lapful of Harley, and somebody asked me if any of the people eating inside were *Road Rider* readers. I said, no one who would admit it.

ER: Aside from occasionally winding up with "a lapful of Harley," what made you decide to sell *Road Rider*?

RH: I was going broke. That '82 recession was, as you well know, a full-scale depression in the motorcycle industry. It was during that period, and we were just slowly going under. I thought I'd saved the magazine and the jobs and so forth — I had not and I was so uncomfortable with the circumstances thereafter that I decided I wanted out, totally.

And that's about the only answer I'm gonna give you.

ER: How do you like the way the magazine's gone since then?

Easyriders



"Are you break dancing or is your pecker caught in your zipper again?"

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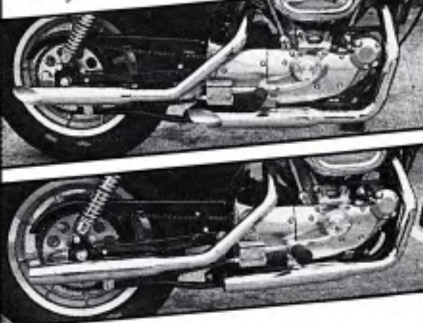
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RH: I don't think I should answer that question.

ER: Did you go immediately from the magazine to working for Harley as their roving ambassador?

RH: Word had gotten out that I was in the process of resigning [from the magazine] and a number of people contacted me about possibilities. I, quite frankly, if I wanted to be really pragmatic about it, would probably have taken one of the other offers — so far as financing and so forth.

But I decided I'd reached the age where I could go back to making my decisions emotionally, and I just kinda wanted to work for Harley-Davidson. So it was a perfect job.

ER: You've been all over the world on a bike. Is there any major difference between riding in the U.S.A. and anywhere else?

RH: I hate to get into generalizations, but you'll find a great difference between the United States and Europe, so far as drivers are concerned. Most drivers in Europe are a little more aware of both the advantages and the disadvantages of being on a motorcycle.

There isn't the animosity you frequently see on the roads over here. Drivers over there are much more apt to be cooperative with you. If you take advantage of a situation over there because you're on a motorcycle, that's quite all right with them. Over here, if you take advantage of that, everybody gets mad.

ER: You mean they wish they had the guts to open their door in front of some lane-splitting biker?

RH: Yeah, and I think there's a good reason for it. I think that in Europe, after World War II, things were so poverty-stricken an awful lot of those people had no choice but to ride two-wheel vehicles, be it bicycles, scooters, or whatever. It was only after they became more affluent that they went back to automobiles. Well, they've had the experience. They know. In this country that's not true.

In fact, take the average European motorcyclist who comes to this country and gets on a bike in New York City to head for Los Angeles. Now he's

Easyriders



"Ya know something? Your clitoris is bigger than my pecker!"

going to expect that sort of cooperation from Americans and he'll be lucky to make it as far as Trenton before somebody does him in.

ER: What changes do you see over the next million miles?

RH: I doubt that there's that many miles left, but one thing I would definitely look forward to is thicker callouses.

I really don't know how to answer that. I don't look for motorcycling to continue to expand like it did there for a period. Our growth henceforth will probably be in proportion to population — no, not everyone is going to ride a motorcycle. There's not a chance in the world of that.

I do, unless we're careful, see a lot more restrictions being put on it, but that's not only in motorcycling, that's in all the phases of our lives. Which, in turn, is going to discourage people, so we may even see a falling off in our numbers.

But there are going to be people out there riding as long as we're allowed to.

I also think the industry is going to shrink a little bit. I think there are too many people who have gotten into the industry who aren't riding enthusiasts themselves. I think that's part of the problem, quite frankly. If a dealer, for example, isn't a rider, how is he going to convey any enthusiasm to a prospective customer who's also not a rider? He can't do it, but the old-time dealers did.

The same thing is true of the aftermarket. The whole aftermarket started because of some innovative guy who came up with an idea to solve his problem. His friends saw it, they wanted it, and the next thing you knew, he was Craig Vetter or Dean Wixom or some of those guys. They were riders; they knew what it was all about.

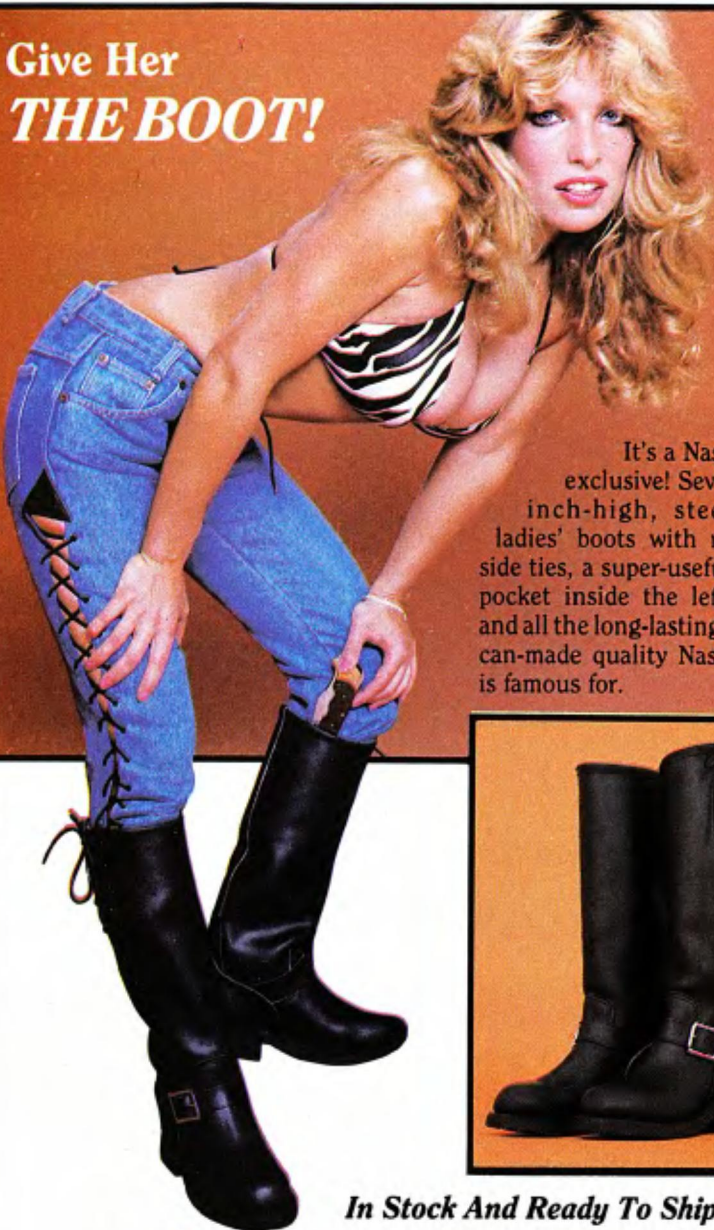
When they left and non-riders started taking over the companies, the companies went down the drain. Well, now the whole industry is headed that way, because we've got too many businessmen in there and not enough riding enthusiasts.

That's what I think and that ought to make me a lot of enemies.



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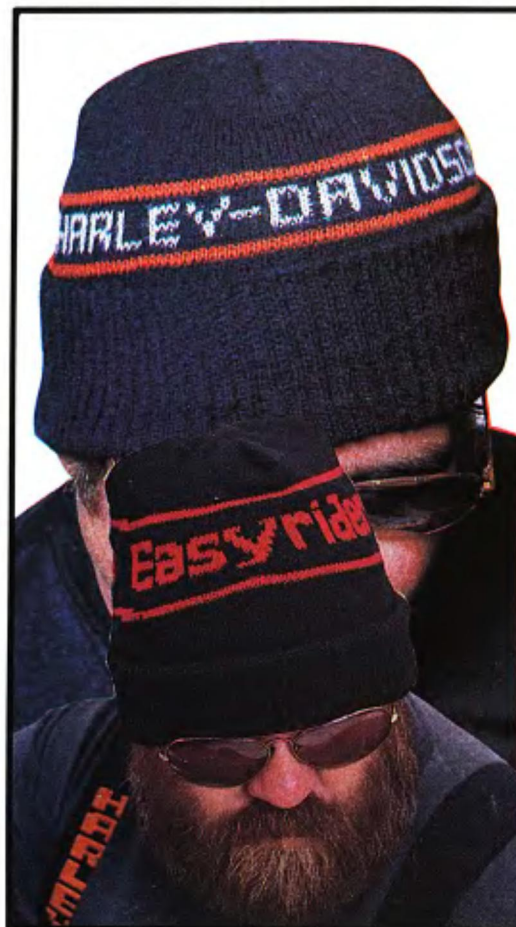
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ER: Here's another question that might make you some enemies. Despite turning a modest profit last year, Harley-Davidson still seems unable to raise the funds necessary to do many of the projects they've previously committed to, things like the Trihawk and the Nova. Is Harley going to make it?

RH: If I'd been asked that question a year or two ago, I would have probably had some trepidation as to Harley's future. However, what Harley has been doing... well, I think they're making good, steady progress. And I'm not saying that as an employee, because I felt it before going to work there.

For that matter, this is probably a good time to say that nothing I've said in this interview should be considered as the words of a Harley employee or the opinions of the company. My answers to your questions reflect nothing except the gospel-according-to-Hull.

I think that, for example, Harley's demo rides have given a whole lot of guys, who have heard nothing but the myths over the years, a chance to ride a Harley and find out that some of the propaganda they've heard is just not true — that it's a damn good bike.

Harley is also fortunate in having a cult audience. I have yet to see my first Honda tattoo.

ER: Speaking of those nonexistent Honda tattoos, as you've been around to rallies of, say, BMW owners or Gold Wing owners, particularly in the years since the AMF buy-out, have you encountered a change in those people's attitudes toward Harleys?

RH: Oh, yeah. I'll go back to what I said a minute ago about the demo rides. I think that's broken some of the myths.

Also, you had a period under AMF when Harley had all sorts of quality-control problems. A lot of guys who rode Harleys gave up and went to other machines. They didn't really want to. I run into some of these people who now say, "I've got this Wing, but I used to have a Harley, and dammit, I want to get off my Wing and get



"Excuse me, sir, now that I have your attention, would you care to contribute to the women's movement?"

back on a Harley."

They've heard how successful some of the innovations like the belt drive have been. So, yeah, there are guys who are coming back to Harley and guys who have been learning about them for the first time. The product has been vastly improved, for one thing. This '85 FXRS I'm running around on now — it's got about 50,000 miles on it — is by far the best Harley I've ever owned. I love that thing. It handles great. It doesn't break, it doesn't leak oil, it doesn't vibrate.

ER: Would you say then that this is your favorite bike of all time?

RH: Well, no. I've got a special affinity for that old Duo Glide. It started the whole damn thing.

ER: How long did you ride it?

RH: I still do occasionally. I finally gave it to friends to restore for me a few years ago and it now looks better than it did when I bought it.

ER: You bought it used, I'd guess.

RH: Yeah, it had a little over 5000 miles on it. I figured the speedo had been turned back, but when we finally got around to getting into the engine, we discovered it hadn't. It's got over 150,000 on it now.

ER: How many rebuilds?

RH: Three top ends and one or two bottoms.

ER: Never abandoned you out in the boonies anywhere, right?

RH: I came home on a 600-single a couple of times, but it always got me here.

ER: If you had it all to do over again, would it still be motorcycles, or would you put 1,000,000 miles on speedboats or racing planes instead?

RH: Like I said a while ago, when I hit the male menopause I decided there wasn't that much time left and I'd better get along with some of the things I'd wanted to try and hadn't. Other things on my list were scuba diving, sky diving, hang gliding, etc.

I started motorcycling and everything else just sort of went away. So, yeah, I think I'd probably do it the same way. ■



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Easyriders

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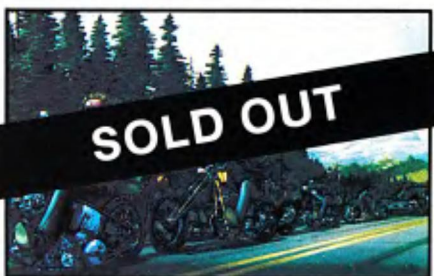


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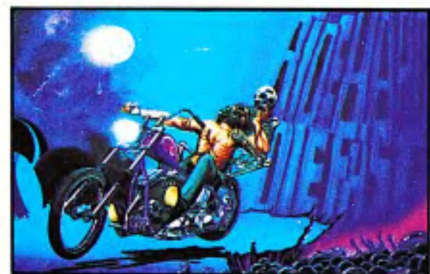
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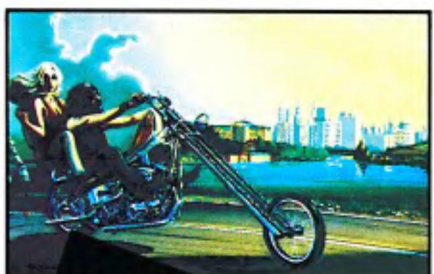
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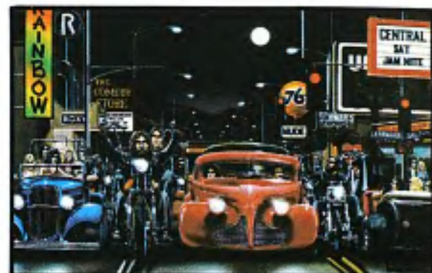
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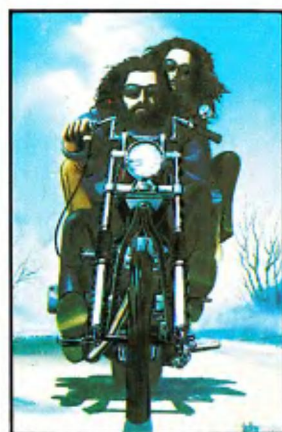
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Lockdown

Continued from page 71

committees if they deprive the inmates
of their right to due process of law.

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tucky case in which two inmates were
punished because they were wrong-
fully accused of organizing a work
stoppage at a federal pen.

In their lawsuit the inmates
charged that the disciplinary
committee before which they
appeared deprived them of their
due-process rights.

On hearing the case, the Seventh
Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that
the prison officials sitting on the dis-
ciplinary committee did not have the
same "absolute immunity" from legal
action as judges or members of a fed-
eral parole board, and upheld a jury
verdict granting the two inmates
\$9000. Now that the Supreme Court
has finally closed the books on the
case, they may actually get to collect. ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 73

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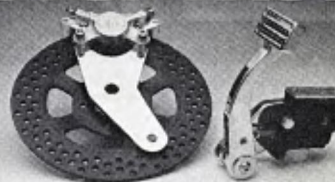
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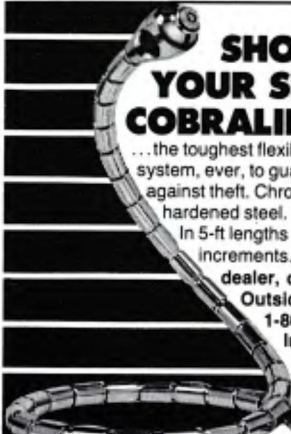
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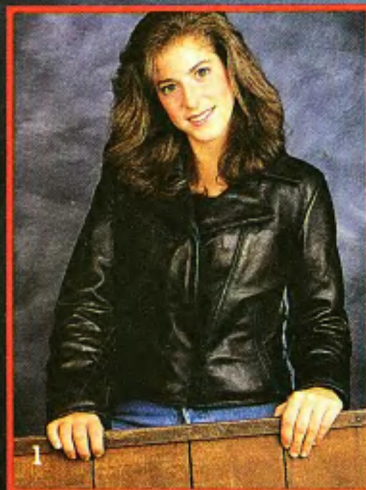
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