158

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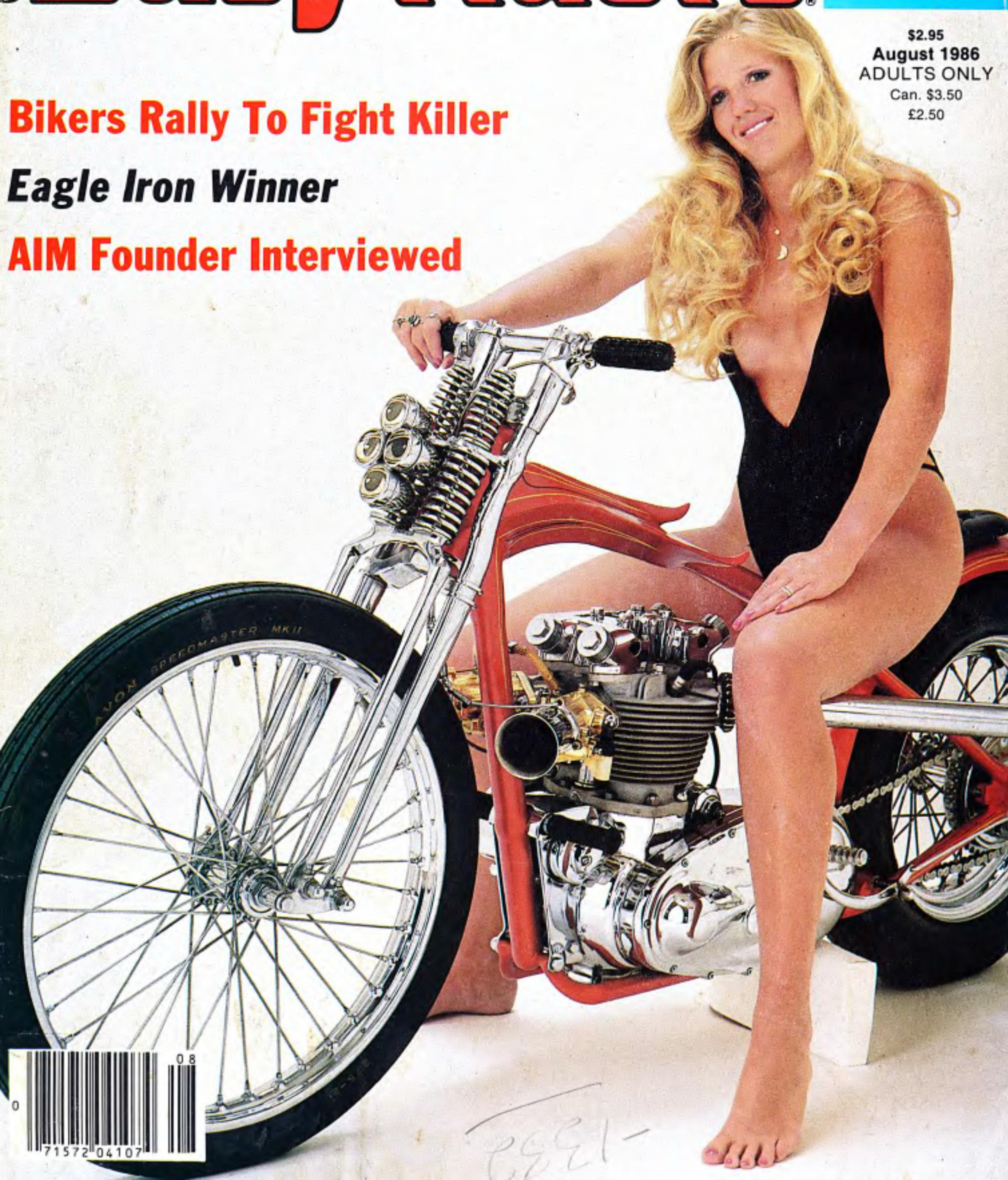
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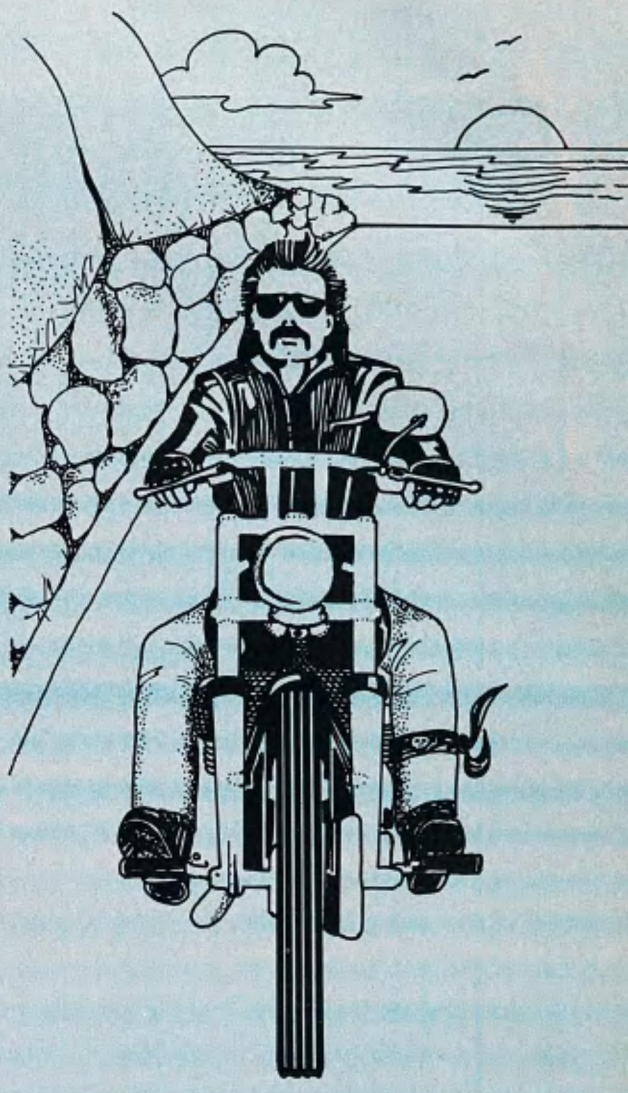
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 24th.

Cover photo of Kelly by Pete Chiodo

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Well, there are two ''Dipshits of The Month'' this issue. The first dipshit lifted a guy's wallet and when he got to a safe spot checked it out, finding a whole lot of credit cards and some cash. He kept the cash but being a good guy, he decided to drive by the victim's house and throw the wallet out on the lawn. Surprise, surprise! Somehow or other, he threw his own wallet out the window with his license inside and the police, of course, busted him.

The second dipshit bit down on a blasting cap during a party, after his friend had failed to ignite it in water. After he'd bitten down on the cap, it went off, blowing out all his teeth, his tongue, and his lips.

Remember a while back when a guy allegedly committed suicide by hitting himself on the head with a hammer 32 times? I couldn't see how a man could kill himself in that manner. Now the coroner has reversed himself, ruling that the man died of 32 blows to the head and that it was murder, not suicide. I'll keep you advised.

This guy stopped a policeman in a patrol car and asked if he could go with him to deposit a wad of cash. The policeman told him he'd be glad to let him ride along, but that no one could be transported in the patrol car unless he was searched first. The hitchhiker agreed and the policeman found two packets of cocaine and speed on him. So much for the brains department.

The ice cream parlor manager got a call alleged to be from the police, saying that they were pulling a trap on a robber. They said the robber would probably come into the store sometime that night and they'd be just outside the door to catch him. So don't try to be a hero, just give him what he wants, they advised. Sure as shit, the robber showed up and was handed all the store's money—the manager not wanting to be a hero. He's still waiting for the police.

She's known as ''Killer'' to her friends. She has a black belt in karate and got the nickname ''Killer'' from her fellow karate students. So she's got a black belt, big deal. So what? Well, she's 90 years old.

The police showed up at this guy's house after he'd told a number of people that he was going to kill himself with a rifle. But he didn't have to. The policeman coming to save him shot him dead.

He was running away from the police when his car went off the road into the mud. He got out of the car and started running on foot, but got stuck and couldn't move. It seems that his wooden leg got caught in the mud.

Recently, it took three adults to restrain a completely berserk two-year-old. (He'd swallowed some PCP he found laying around the house.)

Her left hand—complete with an engagement ring and wedding band—was missing for nine days. She was helping someone with his engine and didn't want to get her fake hand dirty. When the work on the car was finished, her friend drove off with the hand on the front fender. After nine days someone found it in the gutter.

They had 16 power shortages this year, compared to two last year. Due to mild weather, the buzzards have stayed around longer this year and dumped more shit on the power lines.

Another bright policeman kept his .357 magnum in the oven for safekeeping. Forgetting it was in there, he fired the gas up to 350 degrees and in about 20 minutes, when it got hot enough, all hell broke loose. The gun blew itself out on the floor and went off two more times, with one shell hitting the policeman.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





Tricks

☐ Hey, whatdafuck? Just got the May issue and the picture of the bike on the ceiling, page 58, really fucked my head up. Me, Bob Mace, and Paul Eager can't figure it out. How the fuck was it done? Somebody let me know. Bob and Scott deserve some raisin pie for that one. No shit, man, what a trip.

Daryl "The Moose" Morse
Rochester, N.Y.

■ They say it was all done with mirrors.

Help!

☐ Looking for an 18-inch, drop-center, chrome rim with matching spokes to lace up to a large, '71 XLH front conventional brake drum. Will consider custom options in 18-inch only. Real difficult item to locate.

Russell Bowne
207 E. Melendy St.
Ludington, MI 49431

Wants Poster

☐ I'd like to hear from anyone out there who can tell me where to get a copy of the poster "Last Act of Defiance," the one where the mouse who's flipping off the hovering eagle has a cocked .45 behind his back. That poster blows my mind.

Ed Kowalk
Box 10
Dept. 124656
Stillwater, MN 55082

Bike Bars

☐ To Arlene Welsh ("Wordmonger," May '86): If you're looking for some good biker bars, check out Backstreets in Brooklyn, on Coney Island Ave., one block over from Foster. Also, Danny's Place on 116th St., and Rockaway Beach in Queens during the summer months.

8-Ball
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

Charles Gray

☐ I wrote you guys a while back, to thank Charles Gray for the story "Night Travelers" (Jan. '85). When you printed my letter, you said Gray was then in the hospital because of the Big C.

Well, since then, that all-powerful Big C took my dad's life and I've been wondering if just maybe Gray might have gotten lucky and kicked it in the ass.

Cindy
Atlanta, Ga.

■ He's a tough shit and is still with us.

Tapes

☐ In response to Ron Anastasi's letter (March '86), seeking the record "Doc Holliday Rides Again," I own all three of the LPs that the band released from '81 to '83. I don't really want to part with them, but I'd be happy to make a cassette or two for this guy. I'd rather not have my address published, so if you could send it to him (or however you usually handle situations like this), I'd appreciate it very much.

Trina Magnusson
c/o *Easyriders*
Box 52
Malibu, CA 90265

A Tour And A Half

☐ I plan on riding my brand-new dresser — thanks, Santa! — from Toronto to Vancouver for Expo '86, then down to California, over to Las Vegas, up into Sturgis, and on to Rochester, starting mid-July. If anyone knows of any events/rallies between here and there (either stateside or in Canada), scheduled for the time I'll be traveling, please write or call me as soon as possible. I'd like to hit as many events as I can.

Lady 'Lectra Glide
125 Prescott Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6N 3G9
(416) 656-1263

Jailhouse Recipes

☐ Tonight the mail cop slipped a copy of *Jail Cell Recipes* under my door. Some of the recipes I've tried, others I haven't, but I can tell by looking at 'em that they're fan-fuckin'-tastic. Kudos to Milos and the rest of the guys in the Texas DOC for sharin' their best with the rest of us hungry fuckers.

Locked Down
Soledad, Calif.

Needs Help

☐ Has anyone out there ever heard of a Francis Bernnet motorcycle? A friend of mine got himself a 1952 Bernnet; a 190, I think. If someone knows where to get a manual and some history on this bike, please drop me a line.

Chris Griffin
142 Albro Lake Rd.
Dartmouth, N.S.
Canada B3A 3Z1

Thanks

☐ Thought I'd drop ya a line and say thanks for running our ad for the brotherhood. I've gotten a lot of mail but so far no money or parts. We've started five new chapters, though, and there are a lot more coming. Keep the good work up and the rubber side down. Anything we can do for you, just ask.

Mack
Only, Tenn.

Filter Facts

☐ Your May '86 tech tip was in general very informative; however, it wasn't entirely accurate. The writer apparently overlooked our PERFORM spin-on oil filter, part #HD-2. The HD-2 meets all H-D specs, including 7-9psi pressure relief and anti-drain-back valving, as does our drop-In filter, part #HD-1.

The Harley oil pump is actually capable of producing more pressure on the return side than the feed, because the return-pump gears are larger. Completely plug off a return line on a new pump, and it'll produce enough pressure to rupture the line. The problem isn't that the pump pressure can't open the stronger (automotive) relief valve, it's that in building the pressure to do so, the flow's decreased, backing up oil in the gear case, causing smoking and oil consumption as mentioned. This usually happens only during cold starts and warm-up, when the oil is thick and requires high pressure to force it through the paper element. Motorcycle oil filters rarely become plugged.

Correct valving and thread size are very important, but one must also consider that there are many different grades of filter paper. Most automotive filters use relatively coarse filter paper to promote high flow rates. While Harley flow rates are lower, they're still very important to maintain.

A good-quality, treated filter-paper element of small pore size will produce excellent filtration but also a reduced flow rate. A slightly increased element size will bring the flow rates back to acceptable levels. That's our method of filter design.

Also, contrary to the writer's view, I believe there's an advantage to increased total oil supply. It takes more dirt to pollute a gallon than it does to pollute a quart to the same degree. Therefore, the oil supply should remain cleaner between changes.

And finally, the thread on the large H-D spin-on filter is 3/4 x 16, not 3/4 x 20, and the rubber flap at the bottom of the pictured cutaway filter is the anti-drain-back valve, not the bypass valve.

Douglas F. Koelfgen
President
Douglas Filter Co.
Big Lake, Minn.

Vincent Decal

☐ I'm searching for a Vincent gas-tank decal. If anyone can help me locate one, it would be much appreciated.

J.P.
Don Mills, Ontario

Licensing Complaint

☐ This is in response to R.A. Toler ("Soap Box," May '86). As a licensed New York driving and safety instructor, I'd like to address some of his licensing complaints.

First off, concerning tests being conducted in a parking lot, that's pure bullshit, but lots of states indulge the practice. No way does such a test have anything to do with actual road hazards. However, street tests aren't always that much better.

In New York the test consists of two circles to the right, two circles to the left, three figure eights, and four to six turns on obscure roads, usually near parks. It isn't

supposed to be an extensive test. All they want is to see if you can handle your scoot safely (they don't approve your fallin' off in traffic), so the lighter the bike, the better. A Harley 125 will destroy a Honda Aspencade SE (711.8 lbs., 63.4-in. wheelbase), even if the licensing inspector is from Tokyo. All driving tests discriminate against larger vehicles. After all, a Chevette will outcorner a Sedan de Ville. It's not that they're anti-Harley; it's the fact that the longer-wheelbased, heavier bikes perform worse in serpentine tests.

As far as waivers for older bikers, that's a philosophy not shared by the state of New York, where you're tested whether you're 18 or 80. North Carolina better get its licensing act in gear.

T.
Ozone Park, N.Y.

Pages Missing

☐ So, guys, what was so damned interesting on pages 47 and 48 of the May issue? I sure don't know, because they were ripped out of my copy and every other copy in the store where I always buy *Easyriders*.

Smitty
Canada

☐ Yesterday I picked up the May issue at a local variety store. When I began leafing through it, I noticed that pages 47 and 48 had been ripped out.

I went back to the store, intent on exchanging the damaged rag, and confronted the owner. After examining about two dozen copies of said rag, it became apparent that all of them had suffered the same fate.

Is this some kind of censure from Canadian officials, or what? What was on these pages that so offended the authorities? Would it be possible for you to send me a copy of the missing pages?

Andre D'Aoust
Hull, Quebec

■ Canadian customs removed the pages because they didn't like two cartoons.

Lighting Farts

☐ Your article on farts (May '86) was accurate except in one respect: Never — I repeat, never — light a fart while naked. Do that and you risk a backflash that'll make ass-kickin' chili look like Gerber's strained peas. The flame will travel into your anal pore and literally blow your ass away.

If you're going to play the flaming asshole, put on a tight pair of BVDs, lay the match by your ass, and fire the air slug. The skivvies act like a flame arrester and prevent unwanted occurrences. Don't use boxer shorts — just good ol' American BVDs.

Tin Man
Zion, Ill.

☐ Farts are worse in the winter. They collect in your heavy clothing, causing temporary blindness, severe headaches, nausea, loss of memory, dizziness, and a generally piss-poor atmosphere that really hangs, even in the breeze.

Still, why not share this state of mental deficiency with your asshole foreman? Call him over and say, "Did you know these coveralls have special insulation in them? Cost me $100, no shit. Don't believe me, eh? Well, take a look at the price tag — it's still inside 'em!"

Your fellow employees will get a charge when the asshole falls to the ground clutching his throat, gagging, kicking, and probably suffering more brain damage than he already had.

Swat
Greeley, Colo.

Thanks!

☐ Last time I wrote, I was bitching about subscribers never having a chance to get any of the freebies you send to those who tear out the forms in your mag. Well, whatdafuck — the squeaky wheel does get the grease. Thanks a lot for the Mann tapestry, "Ghostrider." The detail is great.

Now then, in your March issue, page 59, the top picture shows a guy grinding on a gas tank. I don't believe it! For all you young ones out there, this is a big fucking no-no. Hopefully, that tank was purged, or those two guys are probably still busy picking pieces of sheet metal out of their shredded hides.

Goat
San Pedro, Calif.

Sioux City Harley

☐ Man, I've just got to tell you that if you're ever ridin' through Sioux City, Iowa, and have a problem, you should stop at the local Harley dealer's shop first. I went there the other day with a front brake problem. Big deal, you say. Well, it's an older-style brake on a custom front end, and special parts had to be fabricated to make it work.

When I got there the mechanic and the owner took time out from what they were working on to see what would be needed to make the old brake work. They then started on the job right away. The work was done right the first time and the price was reasonable.

Some Harley owners snivel about the prices H-D dealers charge, but when you get good service and value for your money, they're not expensive at all.

J.B.B.
Sioux City, Iowa

Tattoo Advice

☐ I'm a chick seriously considering a tattoo somewhere on my anatomy. However, I'd first like to hear from others (especially chicks) who've already done it. Like, for instance, how bad is the pain? How long does it take to heal? What about the danger of infection? What about allergies to the dyes? (I read somewhere that's common.)

Hope some of you good folks can help me out.

Boobsie
Roanoke, Va.

Harleys Only

☐ Being a first-time Harley owner and knowing very little about my Sportster, I visited several shops for advice. Some were okay, while others didn't seem to have the time to fuck with my questions. The one shop I highly recommend is Harleys Only. It's a very clean, well-run shop, and most of all they don't try to jack you off. I wonder, is there such a place for Triumphs?

Orange Sporty
Arlington, Tex.

System Sucks

☐ I feel like complaining. Here I am in Germany and U.S. Customs says I can't bring my two Harleys (Sporty and shovel) back to the States because they don't have EPA stickers. The Sporty is stock, the shovel is custom, and the point is, both were made after Harley began complying with EPA standards in 1978.

It's not like I'm trying to sneak some foreign-made bike into the States, but customs, in their questionable wisdom, doesn't care. I could put an EPA sticker on a bike that doesn't have any U.S. specs and send it home, whereas my stateside titles don't have any bearing. It's obvious that these bikes are American-made, so there isn't any import tax for them to worry about. In short, the system sucks.

John Collins
Augsburg, Germany

Thanks For Printing Letter

☐ Thank you for printing my letter about Bikers Against Drunk Driving (BADD) in your May '86 issue. I've gotten a very good response, in letters from intelligent, caring scooter folk. This awareness campaign seems to be a good start in showing people that bikers are truly concerned about a very serious nationwide problem.

You'll be hearing more about BADD, about what can be done for the biker image, and about the tragedy of widows and orphans caused by drunk driving and riding. Meanwhile, the editorial content of *Easyriders* balances beautifully with the raunch.

Scooter Sally
Santa Ynez, Calif.

Needs Help

☐ My brother was given a four-month sentence for striking an officer after the officer provoked it. A party on the scene videotaped the whole episode, and now a copy of that videotape is needed as fast as possible to prove my brother's innocence.

We're looking for the man who taped the scuffle between a man on a pedal bike and six cops at the Sturgis Bike Rally in August of 1985. Please contact Donald Shore, 1203 Cedar Dr., Sturgis, SD 57785, or call (605) 347-5982 collect. We'll pay for a copy of the tape.

Tommy Weigand
Chinook, Mont.

A Bust

☐ All you scooter tramps out there who enjoy going to concerts at the San Francisco Cow Palace, which happens to be in Daly City, one block inside San Mateo County, this is for you: I was in the parking lot waiting for the gig to start when some fuckhead asked if I'd sell him a joint. He looked like a righteous biker bro, with long hair, full beard, greasy Levi's — like he'd just hopped off his scooter.

Anyway, after he gave me a

big, fuckin' sob story, I broke down and sold him a doobie. He arrested me on the spot and led me into a room inside the Cow Palace (with a little help from an Amazon-type cunt who's also a narc). To my surprise, there was a whole shitload of narcs in there, bringing in other bros right and left.

Well, they got the conviction they wanted: six months in county jail and one year parole violation.

So, to whoever runs the Cow Palace, the SMC narcotics task force, R.E. Brooks, Kunt McKool, Bill Greer, and whoever else it may concern, fuck you!

B. Ware
San Francisco, Calif.

San Diego

☐ You'll hardly believe this, but read on. I moved to San Diego a year and a half ago, to the most beautiful riding weather in the country 85 percent of the year, thinking that there'd be scooter people all over. To my surprise and disappointment, there's not even a decent biker bar in town. I can't understand how the three Harley dealers stay in business 'cause all you see on the road are Jap bikes.

Sure, I've been on a couple of runs here — overpriced and under good times. And I recently read in your mag about some other runs in San Diego, but nothin' to brag about. Come on, San Diego, where's your spirit? Your ass should be on the road!

I know you'll get a lot of letters on this, saying there are lots of bikers here with partying spirit who ride. Bullshit! Northern California bikers should get all the raisin pie. Regardless of the weather, they know how to party and they ride.

Disgusted
San Diego, Calif.

What Happened?

☐ Whatdafuck happened to "Street Rats" and "Red Rider"? I'm gettin' kinda sick of "Mule An' His Ol' Lady."

Balls
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Ghostrider

☐ I just wanted to drop a few lines to comment on your "Ghostrider" tapestry. I didn't expect anything free to have any quality, and I must admit I'm impressed.

I would love to see a "Prison Release" tapestry, I'd pay the same amount for the tapestry alone.

Dave Moore
Clifford, Mich.

Louis Bosque

☐ Whatever happened to Louis Bosque? You know, the great author of stories about Reno, Little John, and the Booze Fighters MC? Hell, those stories were so real, I thought of those guys as real bros! A whole book (maybe called the *Adventures of Reno, Little John, and the Booze Fighters*) would be great! Hell, I'd pay $10 bucks, maybe more — and I'm real cheap. So where is he or she now? And when's the book coming out?

The Breeze
Ladson, S.C.

■ He's in the joint making license plates for the state.

First Edition

☐ A friend of mine let me get this *Easyriders* I'd never seen. I looked inside and read Volume 1, Number 1, June 1971. Was this your first rag? If so, then the auction is on and it'll be sold to the top bidder.

Everything's there, even the cherry 74" knucklehead centerspread. Sure, it's old, but it's in damn good shape for being 15.

Anyone who's interested should send me an offer.

John Sigler 852715
Box 30 (2-4J)
Pendleton, IN 46064

■ That's a very rare first edition, all right.

Biker Lady

☐ I am 23 and just bought a '74 Sporty. I love my bike and the free lifestyle if offers, but I have a problem. People (generally men) are always telling me girls don't ride Harleys. Bullshit. I ride one and it's my first bike ever. My second problem is that I live in Newport Beach and don't know any good bars to go to. Can someone help?

Debbie
Newport Beach, Calif.

Mad Lady

☐ Well, congratulations. You fucking assholes have lowered yourselves to the level of those new sleazebag biker mags that are trying to compete with you. I always thought *Easyriders* was a far superior publication, but the graphic cartoon in your February issue of a cat being tortured was totally out of your class.

I hope this isn't an indication of a downhill trend you apparently feel you must make to keep competitive. If your publication is supposed to represent biker culture, I'm fucking insulted.

Next you'll be showing babies being tortured and raped. Life's depressing enough. I don't need to look at this shit.

Mad Lady
Fishkill, N.Y.

Deserves An Award

☐ David L. LaVere deserves some kinda award for "Parts" (May '86). Sounds like ya been there, David, and I should know. Why? 'Cause I been up on two wheels and one leg since I went down on a Trumpet in 1960.

Ya sure got it right about the feeling of that first time back up after losin' a leg. I was lucky to have a buddy ride behind me and hold me up when I had to stop.

Thanks, David, for tellin' it so well for the many of us in this kinda condition.

Woody
Nashville, Tenn.

Scriptures

☐ In response to "A Flaming Heterosexual" (May '86): If you're going to use the Bible to spread hate, be careful! There are a lot of sins listed in Leviticus besides 20:13: "If a man lies with a male as with a woman. . .both. . .shall be put to death." (Not guilty.)

18:19: "You shall not approach a woman to uncover her nakedness while she is in her menstrual uncleanness." (Guilty. No more earning those red wings!)

18:28: "You shall not. . .tattoo any marks upon you." (Not guilty.)

20:10: "If a man commits adultery. . . both. . .shall be put to death." (Very guilty. If you're not married, no more allowed!)

24:16: "He who blasphemes the name of the LORD shall be put to death." (Guilty. Now you can't even curse because you aren't getting any!)

And don't think about that cute sheep out in the pasture, either. 20:15: "If a man lies with a beast, he shall be put to death." (Not guilty.)

Peter Beyer
Centerport, N.Y.

Help

☐ I need the help of your readers. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Denise Urban, please have her write me immediately. It's important.

R. Reinert
159-62-3298
C Co. 1/4 Inf.
APO N.Y., NY 09162-1831

A Friend

☐ Just finished reading "Old Friend" (May '86) and let me tell you, I've still got tears in my eyes. See, a few years back I lost my best bro in this huge brawl. He got nailed saving my ass from getting it from behind. I used to ride with the dude every day. When I read this story, I knew exactly the way this bro felt. Anyone who's lost a real good friend should read the story.

Right now I'm sittin' here with a bottle of tequila, drinking for this poor dude in the story and for the friend I'll never forget. Here's one for my friend: Take a pull off the bell horn for me, bro, I'll probably be riding with you again soon.

Conan
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ Thanks for "Old Friend." You touched home. It's hard to face, but life goes on. I remember around '78 or '79 when you ran too many stories of true brothers and sisters biting the dust. Stories like "Old Friend" are good now and then.

Gary
Little Falls, N.J.

☐ I just finished readin' "Old Friend" by G.W. Allen and want to say thanks. A few years ago I lost a bro and I know where the author's comin' from. I spent a lot of time lookin' for someone to talk to before I realized that strangers aren't all that interested in hearin' your troubles.

So thanks again, Mr. Allen, for reminding me that I'm not the only one around who's got feelings.

Bullet Bob
Paterson, N.J.

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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"Bikers Fighting for Our Right to Ride Free"

PARTY FOR LIFE

In order to "drink deeply of life," you have to live long enough to grow up. This party was dedicated to helping some kids do just that.

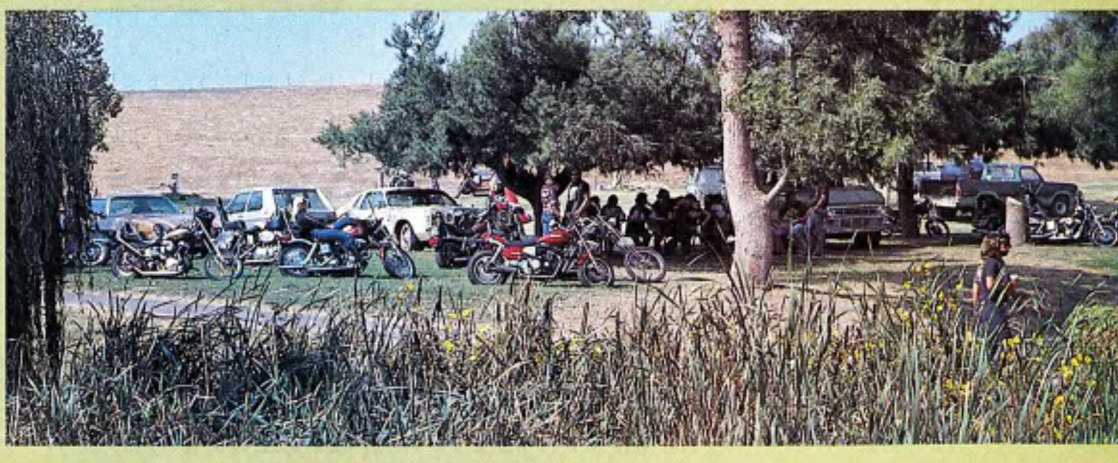
They call themselves the Quaff MC with good reason. For those who haven't spent their last 30 or 40 hours on the can reading the dictionary, "quaff" is an old English word meaning to drink deeply or overindulge. (The activity is something members of this group have been known to do a time or two — in some cases, on a weekly basis.)

But there's another, deeper, meaning of quaff. One you won't find in most dictionaries, but one that's accurate just the same. To quaff, in modern















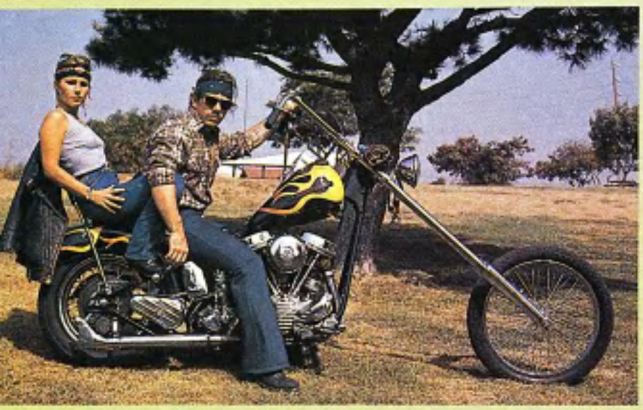
PARTY FOR LIFE

advertising terms, is to go for the gusto, to enjoy what you're doing to the max, to really get down. Or, to put it in terms that the early Anglo-Saxons who coined the word might better understand, to fully savor the fruits of existence, to drink deeply from the cup of life.

And that's something the members of this Southern California club excel at. Having fun, getting the most out of every moment.

Of course, in order to get the most out of life — to drink deeply from that old cup — you do have to be alive. Quaff members

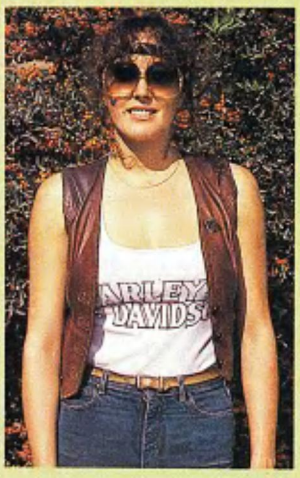




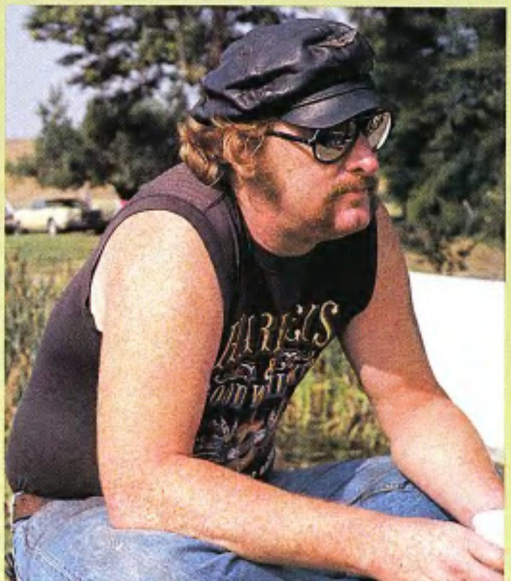












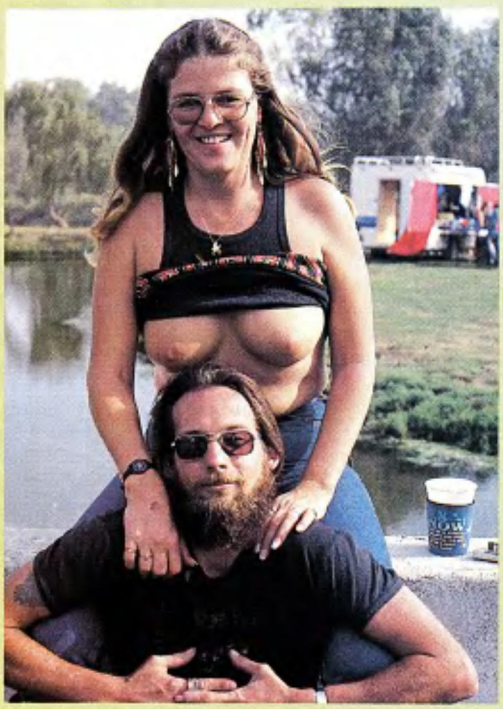


were tragically reminded of this obvious fact when one of their bros lost a child to SIDS — Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. SIDS, often referred to as crib death, strikes apparently healthy, normal babies without any warning or evident reason. One moment the victim is fine, sleeping normally; the next moment he's no longer breathing.

Having been touched by this viciously indiscriminate killer, Quaff decided to fight back. Officials of the SIDS Foundation — a group dedicated to raising funds for research into the causes and prevention of the insidious fatal ailment — were contacted and plans for a fundraiser resulted. Held at Prado Park, near San Diego, the first SIDS party brought in almost $2000, all of which went to the charity since the party stuff and prizes had been donated.

How far off a cure for SIDS is, nobody knows. Researchers say it might take years and years of full-time, dedicated work or it may suddenly appear as quickly and unexpectedly as the disease itself. The important thing, as the members of this club well know, is to keep on looking until a way is found to save every child of the future from dying before he has a chance to quaff life.

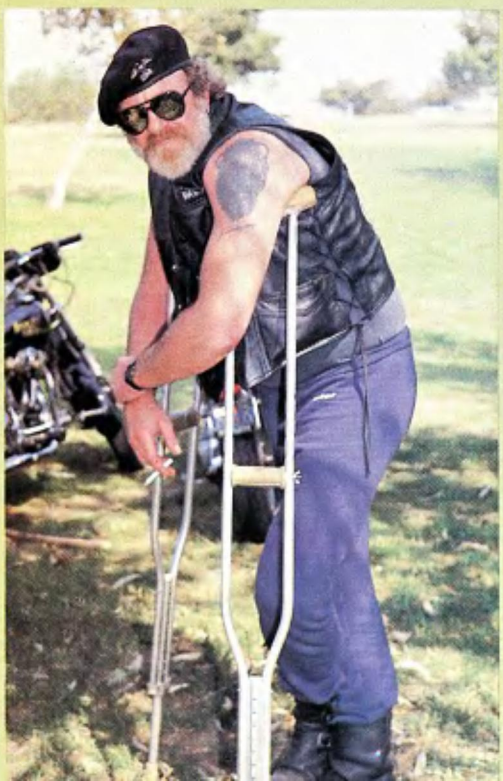
— Grape



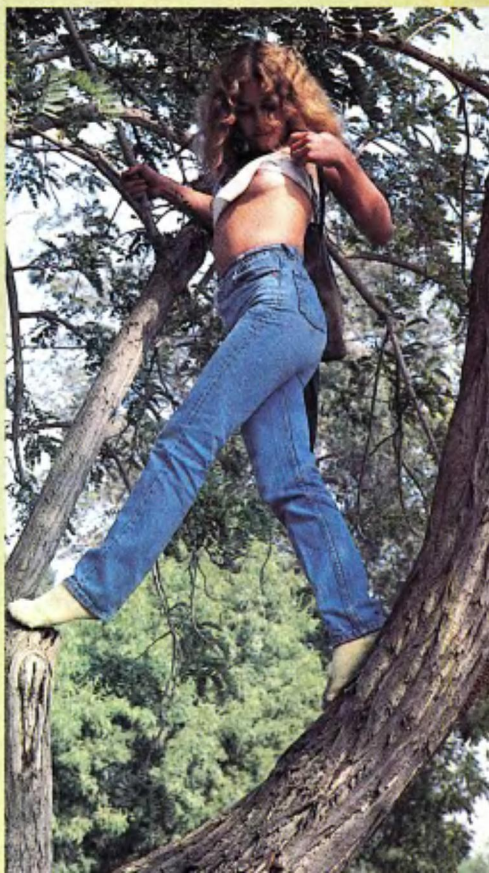


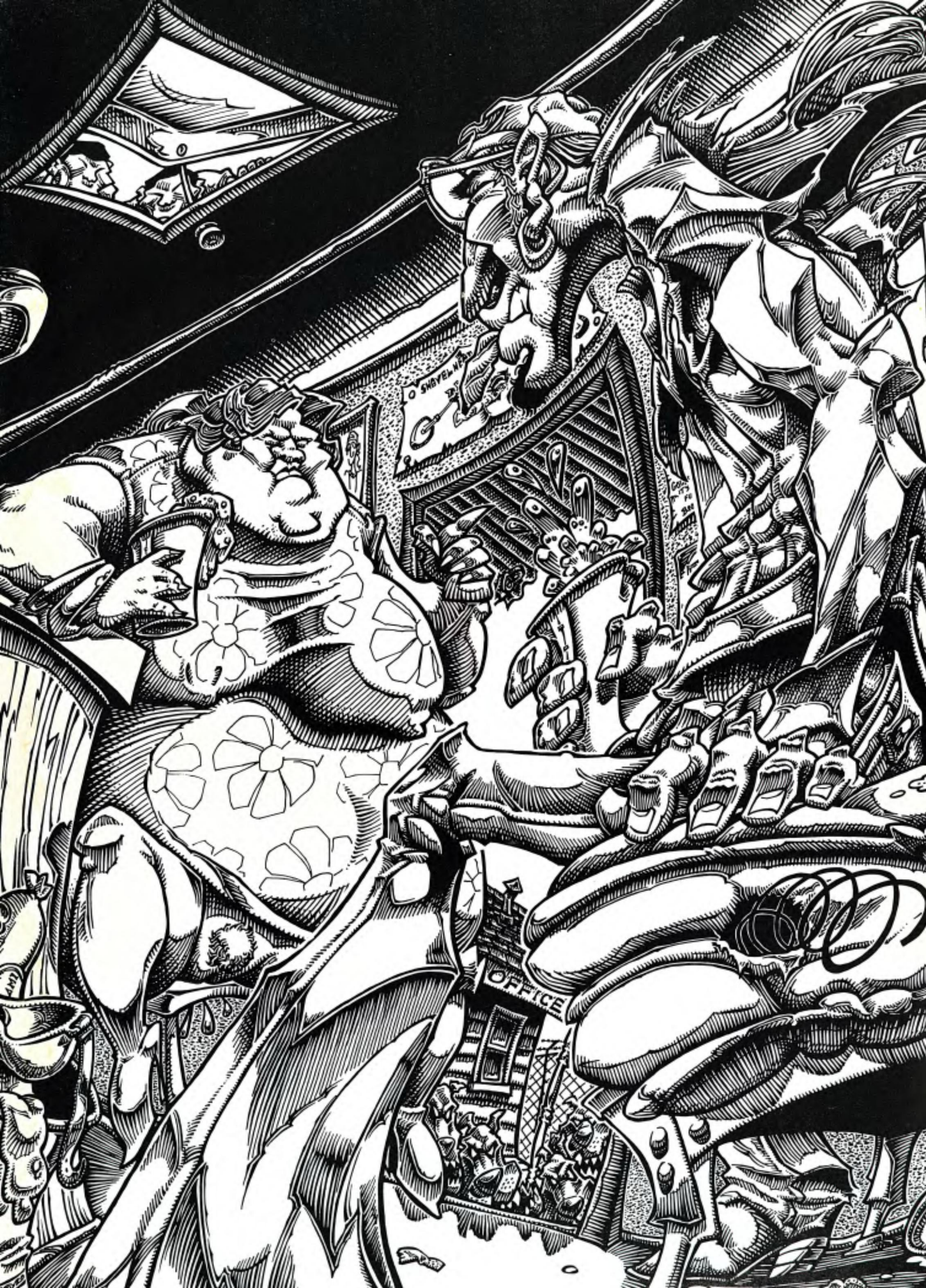
Photos by Pat Randle










SHOVEL HEAD
OFFICE

SHAKEDOWN

By Garbage

Illustration by Dusty Duggan

Just about the time I figured I was doomed to dry up and blow away in the relentless heat, a gabby old fart in a rattling pickup stopped for me. Even helped me grunt the clutchless shovelhead up into his truck's bed before we began rolling west again on I-40. I settled back on the shredded seat, grateful to once more be moving toward the cool, distant coast and home.

"Ain't goin' as far as Barstow," the good ol' Samaritan babbled, "but there's a junkyard in Oasis that'll probably have what ya need."

"Oasis?"

"Little community I tried to develop into a town," he cackled. "Ran outta money before it was more than a few shacks, a cafe, a gas station, and the junkyard a retired guy from L.A. started. His daughter runs it now. Real crazy little whore. Got a pack of damn Rotweilers and two Viet Cong types helpin' her keep the business alive — if ya could call it that."

"This junkyard, what's in it?"

"Mostly ruined cars. Real junkers. But Dora's got a buncha motorsickles, too. Some date clear back to when God was a snot-sucker. Old man Munson, Dora's dad, was a real heller — right up to the night an eighteen-wheeler squashed him and the sickle he was ridin' back from Barstow. 'Course, he was probably drunker than a half-mile of soppin' winos."

Munson, I thought. *Dora. Dora Munson. Shit, it can't be the same broad I packed all over the western states for almost a year. Not hardly.* Aloud, I said, "This Dora Munson, how old is she?"

"Oh, about your age, I reckon."

"Redhead? Real short?"

He grinned. "That's her. Feisty little bitch. Short, fat, and ugly. Meaner than a mile of bad-tempered tarantulas. Ya know her?"

"I might," I replied, still having a hard time believing it was the same tiny, curvy Doggy-style Dora I'd packed (and fucked) nightly seven years ago. Operatin' a *junkyard?* It just didn't compute.

Abruptly, the pickup veered from the highway and went fishtailin' across desert sand toward a small collection of buildings that stood a mile ahead in the undulating heat waves. It was a non-town, all right. Hell, I musta passed it a hundred times without knowin' it was out there, bakin' in the sunlight among the grotesque Joshua trees and weeds.

Pulling up to a saggin', chain-link gate, the old poop stopped the truck. Turning to me, his wizened face now solemn, he said, "Watch yourself around them houseboys. They put a trucker, guy three times their size, in the hospital after he got a little lusty with Dora — or so the gossip goes."

I nodded. "Shit, man, I'm only gonna be here long enough to install a better clutch and have a coupla beers in that cafe. I'll book outta this ass-end of nowhere by sunset."

He eyed me appraisingly for a moment. "Yeah," he said then and sighed, sorta like he was taking a final look in the coffin before slamming the lid.

The pickup lurched forward, entering the boneyard.

". . .she appeared in the doorway stark naked, sorta like a bad acid trip."

* * *

She *was* the same Doggy-style Dora — and she wasn't. Older. Fatter than a sow hog. Her piggy eyes glittered with a shrewdness that hadn't been there when I last saw her. Her gleaming hair still shone with the color of burnished copper, though.

We sat opposite each other in her messy mobile home, behind the dilapitated shack that served as her office. The whole scene had an unreal quality to it.

"You're a godsend, Beanpole," she cooed.

"Me?" I studied her greasy mumu and dirty fingernails, deciding I could never be horny enough to fuck around with this smelly slob. Not even if I was shitfaced outta my mind. I ain't exactly loaded with virtues or wisdom, but I like my women clean, attractive, and hip. "Nobody ever described me as a godsend before. I'm not sure that's any kinda compliment, Dora."

"I didn't mean it personal-like." Her lardy face went tight. "Happens I'm in desperate need of an expert wrench. Good mechanics don't grow on trees anywhere, and out here they're nonexistent, see?"

"Heard ya already got a coupla guys," I countered, gulping down the rest of my cold suds. Accepting a fresh can from her chubby hand, I added, "A set of exotic types."

Continued on page 110



RICHARD LESTER:

Is He Making Us An Offer We Can't Refuse?

"Look, 'Let those who ride decide' is a great slogan. But the more important thing is why we should be allowed to make the choice."

Bound somewhere inside this issue of the rag is one of those mail-in cards that have been irritating uncounted millions of magazine readers since Gutenburg's Bible put an end to manual printing. Instead of offering you a shot at winning a Harley or buying a subscription, however, this card offers to pay you cash money — specifically, 25 cents — just for mailing it in. The two bits, it should be pointed out, are supposed to be saved for calling the Aid For Injured Motorcyclists (AIM) hotline if you're in an accident, but if you can find a place where two bits will still buy a cup of coffee, go for it — we won't tell a soul.

The irritating card, the two bits, in fact, the whole AIM program, is being brought to you by Richard Lester, attorney-at-law. Or, as he likes to proclaim himself on everything from the back of his new trike — he's also got a 74-incher for times when he's not too weighed down with legal briefs and spare quarters — to his ads to his T-shirts, "YOUR ATTORNEY."

It's a rare (some might say fortunate) biker who isn't familiar with Lester's advertising logo: a masked lady symbolizing justice, packing on a chopper's p-pad. If you're one of the few who's somehow managed to miss it, you can check it out easily enough in the full-page ad accompanying the bound-in card. Or, better yet, check out Lester himself — he wears the same logo on his trike, vest, and shirt. He may even have a tattoo of it, but when asked, he refuses to cop to it.

"That's privileged information," he says in his best lawyerly tone of voice. Well, maybe so, but even if he doesn't have the logo burned into his hide, we'd lay even odds that he's got his 800 number on there someplace. . . .

* * *

Like '49ers headed to Sutter Creek, lawyers roused to a frenzy by rumors of "gold in them thar Hogs" have been flocking to motorcycleland in recent years. Operating solely under their own names — Algonquin C. Calhoun, attorney-at-law — or through such self-created groups such as Bikers Against Manslaughter, Cyclelaw, or AIM, they offer downed and injured bikers a variety of services. The one most attractive to most prospective clients is their willingness to handle accident cases for a contingency fee. That is, they work for a percentage of the money they collect for you. If you don't get anything, neither do they.

What these legal beagles all have in common is ambition and ego — they seem, in fact, to be constantly vying with one other in some endless game of mine-am-longer-than-yours. And this isn't a bad thing. Would you want to be represented by a lawyer who was insecure about himself and his capabilities? If you hire a member of the biking barristers brigade, you don't need to worry about it. Inferiority complexes are strictly verboten.

Even by the standards of that brotherhood, however, Richard Lester stands out. He promotes his projects sort of like the late Hubert Humphrey campaigned for president — in Hunter Thompson's words, like "a caged rat in heat." For over three years now, Lester has been giving his speech on bikers' rights two or three or four times a week, from one end of the country to the other. You'll find him at major events like Daytona and minor ones like weekend beer-and-burger parties. You'll see him behind a booth at swap meets and next to a stuffed bear at toy runs. Occasionally you might even be able to catch him in court, but not too often these days. He's now got six offices in California, all staffed with attorneys who are personal-injury specialists and do most of the actual legal work under Lester's supervision. Lester is particularly proud that 90 percent of them, male and female, ride — regularly.

Maybe the reason Lester seems to run a bit faster and harder than his competitors has something to do with the fact that he didn't get around to attending law school until he was in his 40s. "I always knew I wanted to get into law," he says, "but there were a whole shitload of things I wanted to do first."

Among those other pursuits were stints as a wild-animal trainer in California and trapper in South America — not unuseful experiences for someone intent on one day operating in the jungles of our legal system. And when he did get around to law school, he had to go at night since his days were occupied with managing a

head shop and waterbed store.

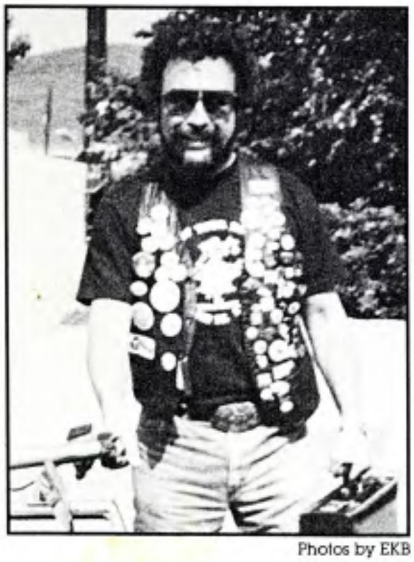
In addition to forming AIM since his admission to the bar and start-up of his biker-oriented practice, Lester's traveled around and made the acquaintance of a great many bikers' rights activists throughout the country. As a result of these journeys, he became convinced that bike riders needed some kind of national alliance to coordinate and aid various state and local freedom fights. His solution is the National Coalition of Motorcyclists (NCOM), a nationwide organization financed by him, with membership limited to two representatives of every motorcycle-oriented group that wishes to join.

According to Lester, NCOM will eventually be able to provide local groups with legislative assistance, cash grants for worthwhile projects, public relations help, a computerized data bank, and various other goodies. That's a pretty tall order, especially since he claims it can be done without stomping on any toes. Still, as of its fourth month of operation, NCOM appears to be succeeding. Bike groups from 20 or so states have already joined and Lester predicts over half the country will be represented by the time of NCOM's first national convention in May.

Nonetheless, a few at least slightly bruised toes are in evidence. Many bikers question whether a national organization can possibly succeed — particularly in light of past failures to create one. Others question the possible conflicts of interest in having such a group organized by someone in Lester's business. Still others are just tired of the whole scene. They remember the days when 800 numbers were for making plane reservations and quarters were for parking meters.

One of the most articulate of this latter group has been ABATE of Indiana leader, Michael "Balls" Farabaugh. "Unless you have been literally mainlining for the past six months or bit the dust with the Reaper," Balls wrote his members, "I'm sure you've been contacted by AIM, BAM, or one of the other 17 attorneys trying to organize one of 20 different organizations in this country. . .Freedom groups around this country have become somewhat of a commodity. A sellable product. . . ."

Because we think that you — whether you're for or against any new (or, for that matter, used) bikers' rights programs — should know what they're about, we asked Richard Lester what it is about himself and his organization that will enable them to stay afloat where so many others have been flushed away.



Photos by EKB

EASYRIDERS: Tell me something about working with wild animals in South America — is being surrounded by deadly jungle beasts comparable to being in a roomful of bikers who are pissed because some cager has just left-turned a bro?

RICHARD LESTER: Yeah, there are a lot of comparable things [in the two situations].

ER: How long were you doing that particular trip?

RL: I spent three and a half years collecting animals for zoos, pet shops, animal parks. I'd go out to the jungles and either collect them myself or I'd go up the jungle rivers and trade for them — give the Indians mirrors, sheath knives, soap, and things like that, in return for ocelots and jaguars, poisonous snakes, whatever. Of course, that was all before there was a problem with the Endangered Species Act.

ER: What's the largest thing you ever captured?

RL: I was able to get a 14-foot anaconda, the largest, heaviest-bodied snake. And I took back quite a few bushmasters that were anywhere from nine to 12 feet long. Bushmasters are very, very deadly. They're poisonous and they're also constrictors, so they've got both things going for them. The big problem is that when a nine-foot bushmaster bites you, you're talking about probably enough poison to kill five or six horses.

ER: You're not going to be able to suck it all out with a drugstore snakebite kit, in other words?

RL: No.

ER: How do you go about capturing a 40-foot anaconda?

RL: Fourteen-foot. . . .

ER: That's why we're tape-recording this, so I can remember it after I sober up.

RL: (laughing) Ah, yes. Well, 40-foot would be, uh, rather extreme, to say the least. What you do is, you capture them very carefully. If it's not a poisonous snake, you can go after it with your hands. But with a snake of that size you really need two people. For one thing, you've got to keep it from biting you. Even though it's not poisonous, the teeth of a snake that big can do quite a bit of damage.

More important, if it's a constrictor, once it wraps itself around you, you have to be careful it doesn't get around your neck or your diaphragm. Then you have to hang on to it and try and get it into a sack.

ER: You mean it's still all handwork, you can't tranquilize them with a dart or something?

RL: No.

ER: Regarding dangerous creatures, on a scale of ten where would you rate that anaconda?

RL: Not quite as dangerous as the bushmaster.

ER: Okay, where would you rate the bushmaster?

RL: Pretty high up there. I'd give it a good eight.

Continued on page 83

"How about you? Do you have a title in the organization or do you just sign the checks without a title?" "Founder. I don't know what else to call me." "'The Godfather'?" "Yeeaaah, that's it."

ROLL CALL

By D.J. Marlowe

"'Sit still,' she directed. 'This is an experiment.' She unzipped me and took my cock out. . ."

I was bare-assed when I opened the apartment door for Mavis. She made a quick grab at my prick when she passed me in the tiny hallway, and by the time I got to the bedroom she was out of her dress and slip and peeling off her bikini panties.

I patted her satiny bare behind, which was a bit smaller than I really like, but why count inches at a time like that? "Yer ass is slicker 'n snot on a glass doorknob," I told her, patting her once more.

She laughed and shook her head. "Never mind giving me that good ol' boy horseshit," she said. "Especially since you're brushing me off."

Sharp gal, Mavis. Inherited a travel agency from her old man and doubled its size. "Got to make a livin'," I answered. She'd grabbed hold of my rod again and now it was sitting up, begging for her.

"Look at that!" she marveled. Then she glanced up at me. "Do you remember your problem when you walked into my office the first day?"

"You sure fixed it," I replied, steering her toward the bed. She flopped onto it and opened her legs. I tweaked her thick bush, then gave her a finger that her twat swallowed voraciously. She could get wet as quick as any broad I'd ever known. Though she'd been skinny in high school, and wasn't what you'd call robust now, chances were no one had ever told her cunt it was undernourished.

She squirmed as I frigged her, juicing my finger lavishly from her never-ending supply. "Yes!" she said eagerly when I moved up on top of her. She took hold of my cock and steered it deftly into her slot, then yipped as it penetrated deeply. "Ahhhh!" she sighed. "I'm going to miss this when you're gone."

I fucked her slowly, making it last, and she used a lot of horsepower bucking her willing ass up into me. She came twice before I turned up the revolutions and garnished her squishy-sounding pussy.

When I slithered off her, she sat up and looked down at the red dot of the friction mark adorning her lower belly. "I could finance this awhile," she said, indicating the apartment bedroom. "You wouldn't have to go away to work." She was watching my face. "No?" She sighed. "You're probably right. I've been getting some funny looks at the office because of the way I've been cutting out afternoons so regularly." She climbed off the bed and walked into the bathroom, picking up her handbag on the way.

Standing in the bathroom doorway, she swabbed off her wet deck with a towel while she looked across at me on the bed. "When will you be back this way again?" she asked. Opening her handbag, she took out an atomizer and sprayed herself with one long leg cocked up in the air.

"Depends on how things work out," I evaded a direct answer. She came back into the bedroom and dressed quickly. The damn woman could give a fireman lessons about getting in and out of clothes.

"It's time I got back to reality, anyway," she said, fluffing out her hair. She came over to the bed and gave me a quick kiss. "Be sure to come in and see me the next time you're in the area, y'hear? Thanks for everything."

"Hey, I'm the one who should be saying thanks."

"Glad I could help." She grinned at me. "Ta-ta. Got to run. Don't get up. It's been lovely." She trotted out into the hall and I heard the door close behind her.

A very efficient gal, Mavis. Never more efficient than when the right buttons were pushed.

* * *

A week later I was sitting on my eight-year-old Harley in a parking lot, watching a well-stacked blonde push a shopping cart toward me. Slouching comfortably, I waited for her to come closer, taking a cigarette from the breast pocket of my leather.

Preoccupied, the blonde passed right in front of me with her groceries. "Say!" I said. "Aren't you Martha Hughes who used to go to Jefferson High?"

She turned to look at me. "Yes, I am," she said in a surprised tone. "I mean, that was my maiden name." Clear blue eyes examined me and then her eyes widened. "Tommy!" she cried out.

"What a small world!" I pretended amazement. "You're looking great, Martha." It helped my act that it was true. "What are you doing now?"

"Oh, the housewifely bit." She wrinkled her attractive nose disparagingly. "Nothing very exciting. What about you, what are you doing?"

"Nothing real exciting, either. Did you marry someone from our class?"

She shook her head. "No,

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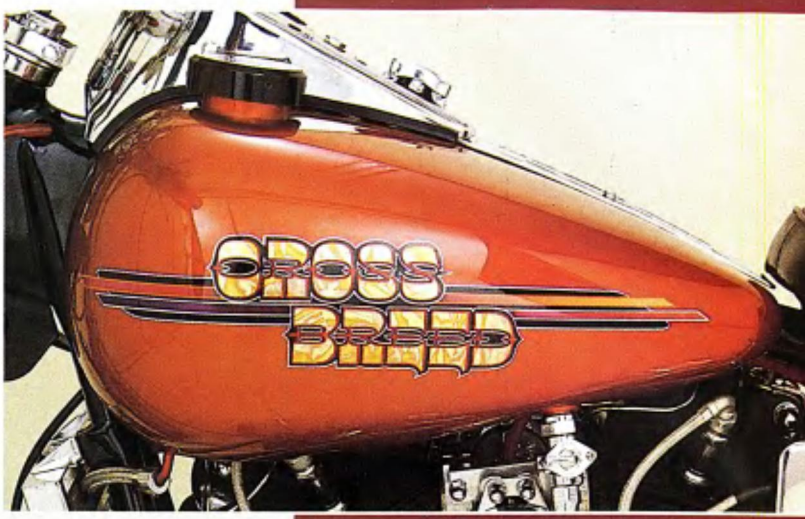
Illustration by Glenn Arvidson


BOB'S MARKE
OLD
STYLE
HEAD
LETTUCE
69¢
PART
TIME
HELP
WANTED
-SIGN-
PAINTER

EVERYBODY'S



DREAM





Decades, whole generations, in fact, have rolled down the highway since the last new knuck came off the assembly line — yet in some quarters they're even more highly prized now than they were in their heyday.

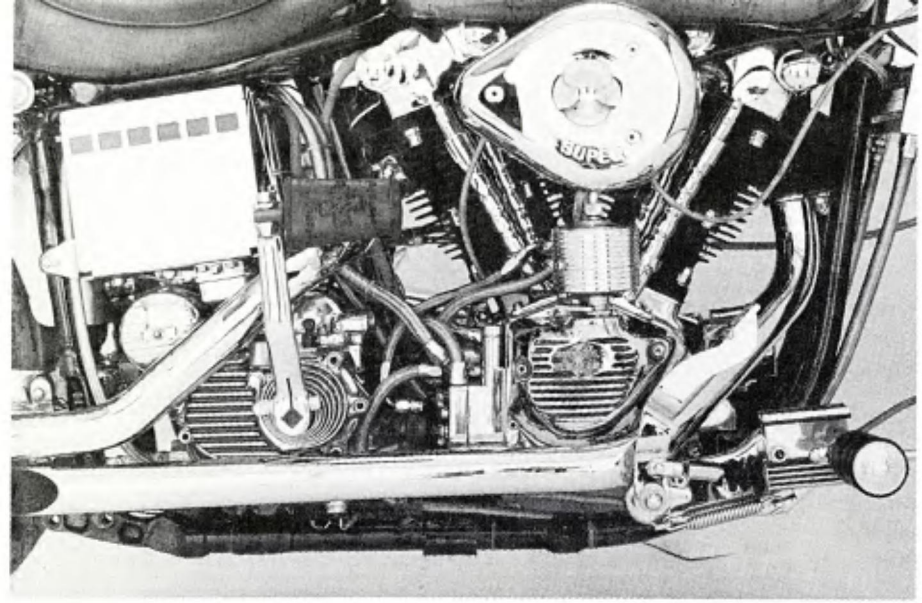
Bob Ward, a man who's no novice when it comes to throwing his leg over a Harley-Davidson, puts it in plain English. "I've always, always, one day, wanted a knucklehead," Bob says. "Owning one has always been my dream. I guess it's everybody's dream."

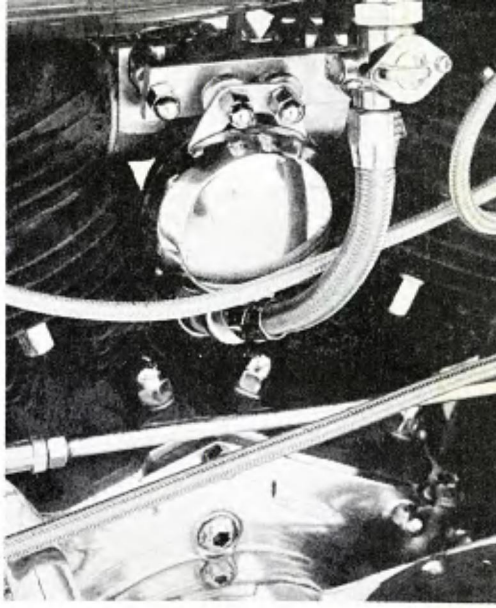
Bob's dream finally came true last August when the vast collection of bits, pieces, and parts he'd been accumulating over the years finally got bolted together into the mouth-waterin' orange original you see before you.

Not that it was easy. Even once the parts had been gathered into a big enough heap to translate into a completed motorcycle, there was still the expense of getting everything into picture-perfect condition prior to assembly. For financial and artistic rea-

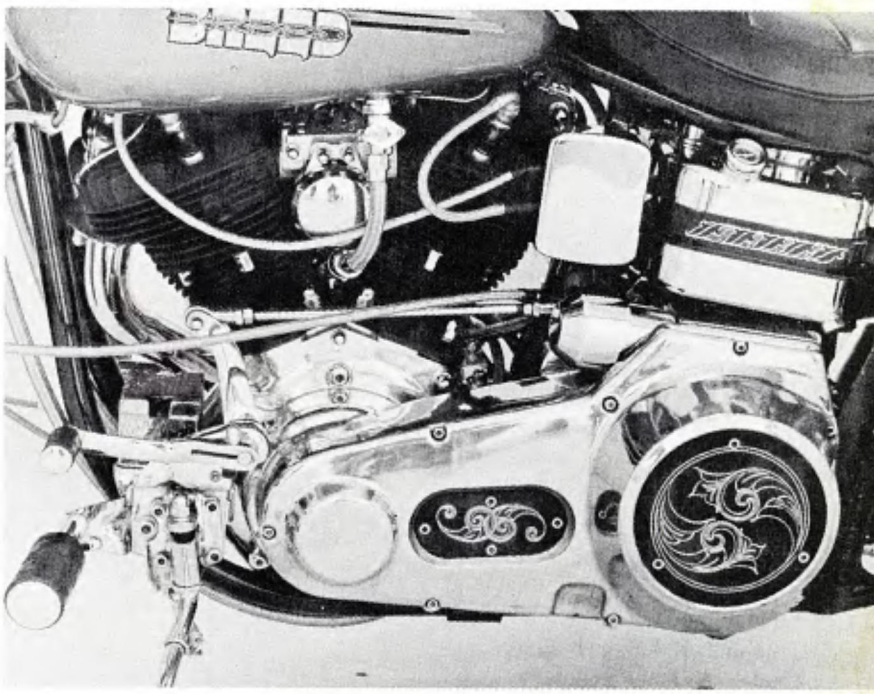

CROSS
BONES


CROSS
BONES







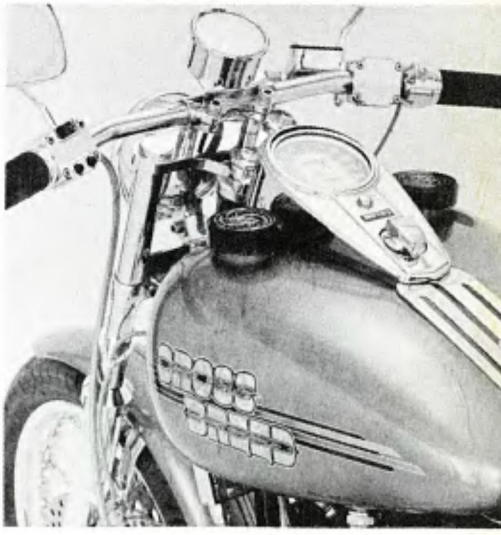


sons, Bob and his bros Wesley Sexton, Doug Jahnke, and Larry Sims decided to try to make as many of the necessary new parts as they could. In some cases it worked out great. In others, such as trying to make their own cam, it didn't. Eventually, Bob's '83 FXRS went on the block and the money from its sale was used to complete the knuckle.

"It runs down the road just as good as the FX," Bob says of his latest love. "Now that I've moved into the hills here, I've just begun to appreciate exactly how good it is on winding mountain roads. It has about the same feel and vibration as my 1983 did, but it's also got that special ingredient called knucklehead class."

All that "latest love" shit notwithstanding, Bob is quick to credit an earlier love who stood by him. No one helped more in getting this bike on the road, he says, than his "long-suffering and understanding wife."

But not to fear, Bob's already workin' on the payback for all those nights and weekends she

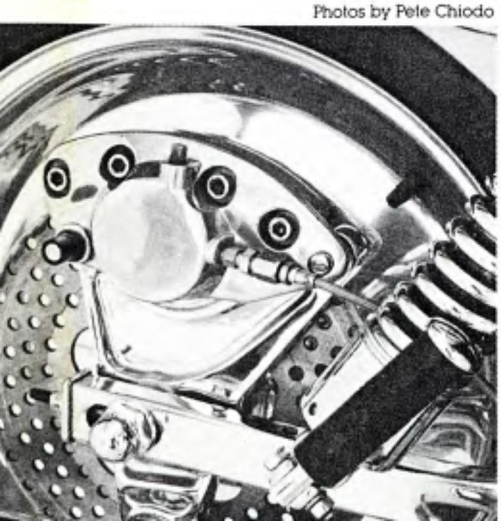




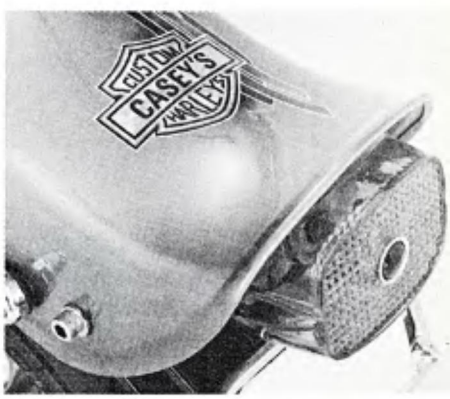


Owner: Bob Ward	**City:** Clay City, Ky.
General	**Frame**
Fab. by: Casey's Custom Harley	Year: 1972
Year and make: 1972 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: knucklehead	Type: swingarm
Value: $10,000	Rake: stock
Assembly by: owner/Wesley Sexton	Stretch: none
Time: 2½ months	Other alterations: molded
Chroming by: Brown's Plating	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: drag
Year: 1972	Risers: H-D
Model: knucklehead FL	Fender(s): H-D
Rebuilder: Wesley Sexton	Headlight: Custom Chrome
Ignition: modified	Taillight: H-D
Displacement: 86 cu.in.	Speedo: Custom Chrome
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: Cobbler
Balancing: Wesley Sexton	Rear pegs: Cobbler
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: factory
Cases: H-D/polished	Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs
Heads: shovel exhaust ports	Oil tank: H-D
Cam(s): Sifton 450 special	Oil system: modified
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: aluminum
Carb(s): S&S/polished	Seat: H-D
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender rails
Pipes: handmade	Height: 1½ in.
Muffler(s): none	Material: U.S. steel
Transmission	**Forks**
Modifications: Andrews/cut gears	Type: narrow glide
Year: 1972	Extension: none
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/owner
Engine sprocket: Primo 8mm belt	Special features: chrome
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**
Wheel sprocket: 49	**Front** / **Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in. / Size: 18 in.
Molding: Jahnke	Hub: H-D / Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Jahnke	Rim width: 2½ in. / Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: orange	Tire: Dunlop / Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D / Brake: H-D
Special paint: Gold leaf, multi-color striping.	
Other special modifications: distributor cover handmade; knuckle top end on shovel lower end.	

Photos by Pete Chiodo



lost out to the socket wrenches. It seems that at this very moment, in some secret Kentucky hollow, Bob and the rest of the guys are busy working on a little gift for the ol' lady — a trinket that should weigh in at about 550 lbs. and stand 27 inches high. A "little" present that they refer to — gulp! — as a *panster!* —Burnout







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.

Just Because It's 'Official,' It Doesn't Have To Be Permanent — Especially If It's Wrong

By Eric Zeiler

I'd never been in a motorcycle accident. Until January. Then I was involved in a real classic.

I'd just gotten back to town after a short run of 60-70 miles up the coast and back down again. My ol' lady and I pulled off the freeway and waited at the light. On the green I made a slow left as I was only going one block before making another left at the next light. We made it about halfway down the block and bingo. A 70-year-old man (yeah, no shit, 70) cranked a left turn directly in front of us, into a Motel 6 driveway. Not being without reflexes, I laid the bike on its left side and slid.

No, I didn't lay it down all the way. My ol' lady was on the back and remember, I was going slow. I even managed to pick it back up. It then flipped over, but once again, not all the way down. And no, I didn't hit the guy's car. My ol' lady kinda plopped onto the street after we stopped, but no bruises, no scrapes, no anything. Staggering fine luck. Me, well, I got a pulled groin muscle on the right and one bruise. However, when I saw my ol' lady just laying there, I did drop the sled, causing a ding the size of a fifty-center to my right fatbob. Also, my right rear peg sheared its bolt. Big deal.

Fifty million people claimed to be witnesses to the accident.

Fifty million people claimed it was the old man's fault.

Meanwhile, the old man kept on going; everybody saw it. Another driver had to back in front of him to stop him.

Three cops showed up.

An ambulance showed up. A fire truck showed up.

The old man showed up, under escort, and told me I'd been going 50-60mph and deserved anything I got. After hearing his opinion, I expressed mine. I dumped the sucker on the ground. I'm not real proud of this. The old s.o.b. went over like a blown leaf. Hell, I even had to catch him before he really hurt himself. At that point, he seemed to have cooled off. He'd put me down, I'd put him down, therefore we were even. At least I guess that's what he believed, because he didn't press charges and he could have. Definitely, he could have.

Okay, so much for the bullshit. Now for what this is really all about — the police report. Here's the first paragraph: *Vehicle 1* [the cage] *was westbound on Harbor Blvd. Vehicle 2 was eastbound on Harbor Blvd.* [So far, so good.] *Both vehicles attempted to turn into the Motel 6 parking lot at the same time. As they did, vehicle 2 (motorcycle) lost control for* **unknown** *reason and laid the bike down on its side.*

Right. What staggering, mother-jumping, incredible bullshit! Harbor Blvd., a four-lane street, I'm in the number one lane (closest to center line), and I made a right turn across two lanes to enter a parking lot at the same time as the old guy turned left into the lot. Great. Almost believable. Read on.

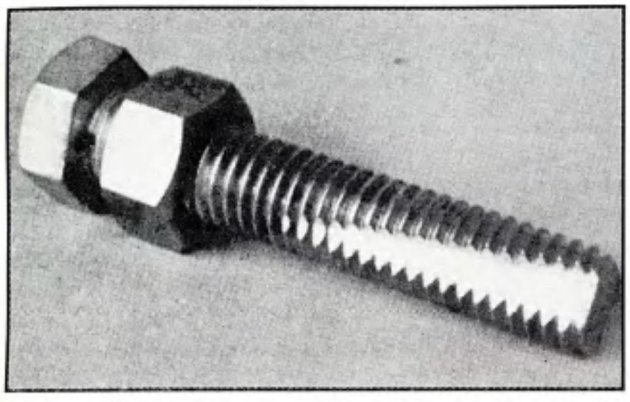
It is unknown if Driver 1 or Driver 2 failed to yield or violated the other's right of way. The area was checked for witnesses to the t/c with **negative** *results.*

Can you believe this crap? I had to. I was looking at the police report. So what did I do after paying my three bucks for this horseshit? Did I walk (limp) away, swearing and cursing? Did I short-circuit and freak out? No. I stood there and calmly, coolly said, "No way." I explained that the report had detailed the accident completely wrong. That there was a right-of-way violation. That my passenger at least was a witness, and that I insisted on speaking to someone about the matter. And I refused to go away until then.

They gave me someone to talk to and this proved to be an education. A police corporal and traffic investigator, he listened — repeat, *listened* — to what I said, without comment. He was neither sympathetic nor antagonistic, he just listened. When I finally ran down, the corporal informed me: 1) He wasn't interested in the old man. No charges, no interest. 2) He wasn't interested in fifty million witnesses who couldn't be produced for lack of names, phone numbers, etc. 3) He was interested in only one thing: vehicle right-of-way and whether it could be proven. *Continued on page 84*

Among all the other mail we receive, we get lots of letters filled with good how-to advice (including, admittedly, a few of the "Fold and insert sideways up your. . ." variety). Good or bad, we read 'em all and occasionally even get a chance to pass along some of the better ideas. This month's column is comprised solely of reader-generated tips.

THREAD CHASER FROM A BOLT OR NUT



We've all experienced the same horrible sinking feeling when a bolt suddenly gets hard to turn while it's halfway into or out of a hole. You know you're in trouble and you suspect you've got a stripped hole on your hands. Yet most of the time the threads will only be partly destroyed and can be salvaged — that is, if you've got a way of straightening them out.

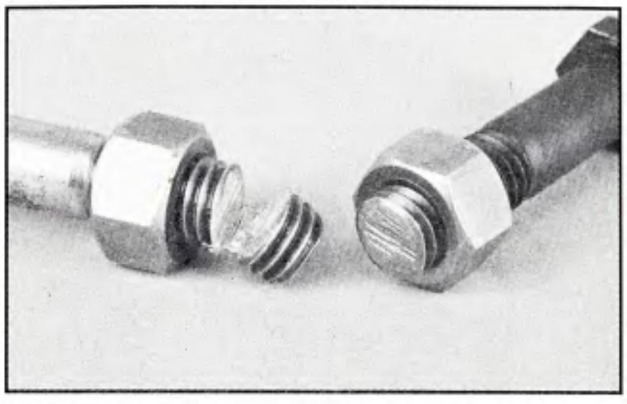
Say you're lucky enough to have the correct tap lying around. Then it's a simple matter of running it into the hole, fitting a new screw or bolt, and that's it. Not all of us have taps and dies, however, and even those who do won't necessarily have them all. Take heart — there's a way you can get out of that bad situation without taps and dies, using a new bolt and a file or grinder. See, a bolt can make a good thread chaser, actually working better than a tap because it isn't as sharp and thus will follow the path of the damaged threads better.

Here's how you do it. Get another bolt just like the one that damaged the threads in your engine case or whatever. (The first bolt has almost certainly gotten fucked up, too, and no longer has the clean, sharp threads it had originally.) Now grind or file a notch like the one shown in the photo, then back the nut off the bolt to clean the edges of the notch.

Clean the damaged hole and lightly oil the thread chaser you've just made. Carefully run it in and out of the hole. Then clean the hole again and use a new bolt when you reassemble things. Don't forget that even though the chased hole may look fine, it isn't as strong as it was, so be careful about how you tighten the new bolt.

Although most damaged threads are going to be in aluminum cases, an occasional stud or some other hard-to-replace male member will suffer damaged threads. In that situation a hard nut with its threads notched can be used to chase the threads and save the part.

SHORTENING BOLTS



You've lost a bolt somewhere between when ya took it out and when ya started (finally) putting your bike back together. What's worse is the fact that you're out of time. It's Saturday night and you're supposed to be ridin' tomorrow. The scooter shop, the hardware store, and every other place and person ya can think of is either closed or out partying. Not only that, but ya know that if ya don't take yer ol' lady for a putt tomorrow, she's gonna be talkin' a variation on that little sticker on yer tank — No Butt, No Putt. All you've got, besides a growin' attitude, is a bolt that's too long for the place ya need to put it. That's okay, it's all you need.

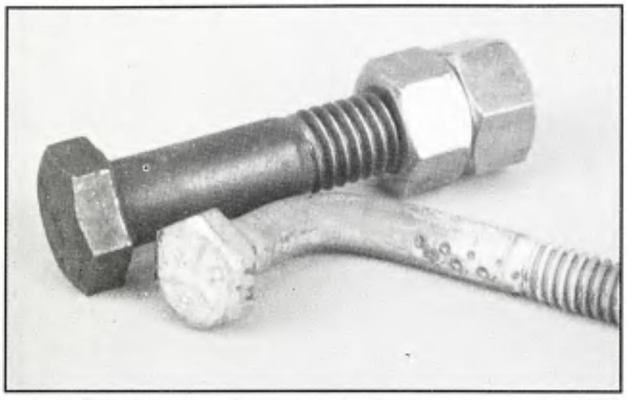
We all know you can cut a bolt down to length, but no matter how many times ya cut a short one it'll still be too short. The problem isn't cutting the bolt, it's making it work after you've finished with it, because a bolt end not finished properly will be a real bitch to start. You've got to remove those burrs that result from the cutting process, otherwise the bolt either won't start or it'll cut the hell outta the threads it's meeting. If, for instance, the cut end is left square (no starting bevel), it's going to take a saint to get it going — and ya know where that leaves ya.

First thing ya gotta do is run a nut onto your too-long bolt. Next, put the bolt in a vise or something that'll hold it firmly while ya hacksaw it to length, leaving a little for finishing. File or grind the end square and smooth, then file a small bevel at the end as a starting taper. After that, use a wire brush or some similar device to remove as much of the sawing and filing flash as you can from the end threads. Run the nut off the bolt and remove any burrs it raises.

Done. Unless you cut the damn thing too short.

Tech Tip

ALLEN WRENCHES FROM NUTS & BOLTS



Sure, ya have a set of allen wrenches, but, well. . .ya may not have the one ya need in the place ya need it at the time ya need it. Sometimes you can make a temporary allen wrench from a bolt, a couple of nuts, and a socket.

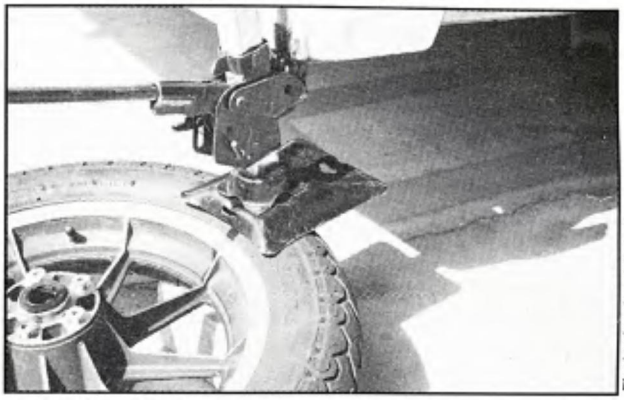
If ya have to get one into tight quarters and can get to some serious heat, you can bend a long bolt into an L-shape allen wrench.

If ya have a bolt with a head size that fits the allen bolt ya want to loosen, you can run a couple of nuts firmly together on its threads and use a wrench or socket to turn it. Turn the nut nearest the head of the bolt when you're loosening and the farther one when tightening. You should be aware that the bolt ya use to do this trick will certainly not be anywhere near as strong as a real allen wrench, so easy does it. A good hard rap with a punch and hammer against the head of the bolt you're trying to loosen will often help.

Late-model Hog forks have hex-shaped sockets in the end of their damper rods. These hex sockets are metric (17 millimeters for the small fork) and a bolt/nut assembly is perfect for holding a damper rod while ya twiddle the bolt out of the bottom of the fork leg. Use tape to hold the bolt in the socket, then use all the extensions ya have to let the whole mess reach down into the fork and engage the top of the damper rod. It works and you'll never again have to mess with a damper rod that spins when ya try to remove its fixing bolt.

Should you need to bend a normal-looking allen wrench out of a long bolt, be careful about how you do it. Heat the bolt only as much as needed to bend it, because too much heat will really weaken it and make it more likely to break when you use it.

GETTIN' THE TIRE OFF



Photos by Joe Minton

Harley's been usin' safety-bead rims for decades. They work, too — H-Ds don't lose their tires when the tires go flat. Problem is, the damn things are a pain to remove when ya want 'em off. Some serious flat-getters take a large C-clamp with 'em on the road whenever they've got the room, but most of us don't and therefore a flat can put us real close to disaster.

Next time you're parked with a flat and no tools to pry the sucker off the rim, try getting a cager to stop for you — no, not for a ride. Ya want to use his or (better) her bumper and the cage it's attached to. As the photo shows, the weight of the cage can be used to mash the tire off yer rim. Now, while this appears easy, there are a couple of things you have to watch out for. When ya lay a late-model Harley rear wheel on the ground, it's gonna rest on either the disc or the sprocket. If your bike is a belt-drive, ya want to be sure you're not putting any pressure on the drive sprocket, because it's an aluminum casting and isn't all that strong against side loads. The disc is tougher, but its smooth surface finish is crucial in regard to how well your brake works. If you've gotta choose between laying the wheel on its drive sprocket or disc, go with the disc but put something down to keep that disc surface from getting scratched.

Remember, none of these parts will take the pressure of a car jack. You'll have to support the rim with a piece of wood or something else that'll take the load of the jack and spread it over as much of the rim as possible.

* * *

Those are just a few handy little tricks we've heard of, turned by that mother known as necessity. If you've got one or two of your own, we'd like to know about them, too. ■

PACKIN' DOUBLE TROUBLE

By Coyote Gray

Every year for the last five years I've loaded up my scoot with campin' gear, dried food, an' canned goods, plus a few other necessities, an' taken off for a ride across the U.S. an' back solo. That means alone, without my ol' lady, without nobody. My ol' lady is my wife, but I don't like to think about our relationship in in those terms an' never did. Somehow, marriage just don't seem natural.

I always figured it was bad enough to have to listen to her poundin' my ear with gossip an' small talk an' the latest news about her mother's illnesses or operations. What the hell would I want her sittin' on the back of my scoot for? She'd be sittin' up close with her lips flappin' next to my ear an' I'd have to listen to the same crap for two, maybe three, months — nonstop! *Continued on page 88*

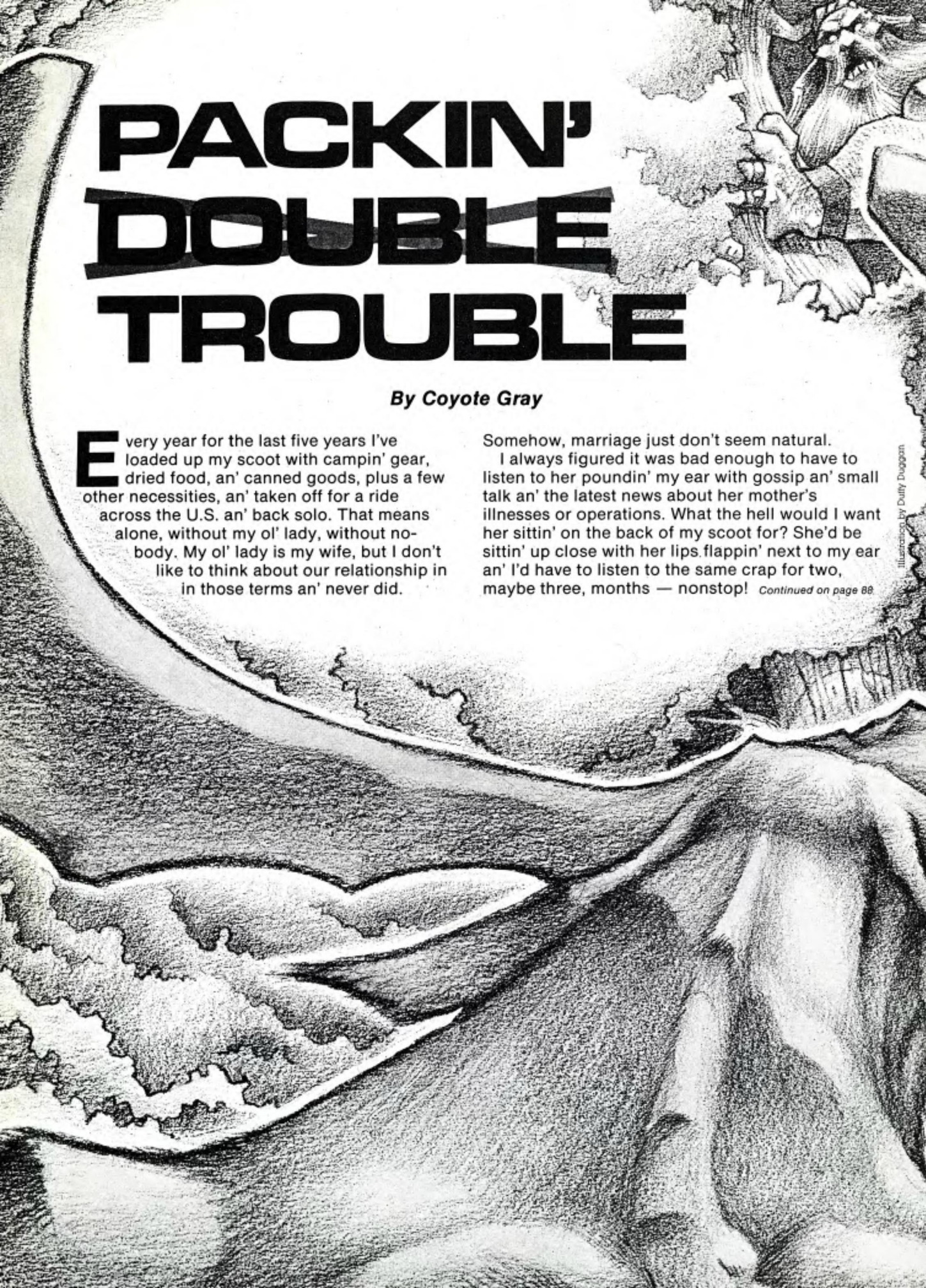


Illustration by Duffy Duggan



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 July 30th. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #158 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Joyce**, the ninth monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Brenda, Deby, and Connie.





WANDA

Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052

158

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.

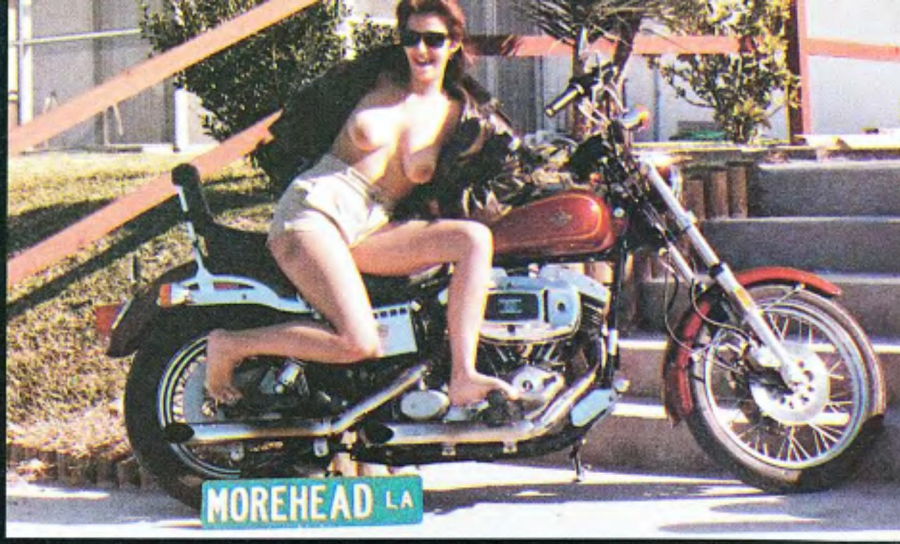
Model's Name _____
Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____

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.



POUT



ANN



BARBARA

DIANNA



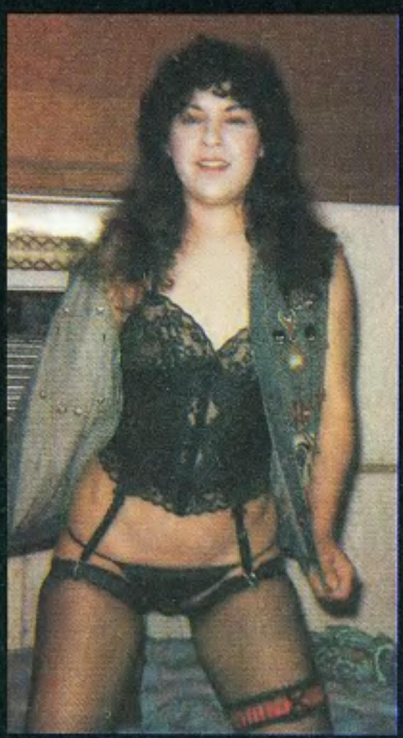
JEWELS



CANDY

TERRI





GINA GAIL



THE HISTORY OF

We ain't ones to snivel and bitch, but the commotion a lot of other rags are raisin' about 1985 bein' the 100th anniversary of the invention of the motorcycle strikes us as just so much red-fuckin'-commie propaganda. Like, those assholes are always claimin' they've invented everything from assholes to zits, right? So what if some guy named Gottlieb Daimler stuck an engine on a bicycle or something like that back in 1885?

Big fuckin' deal. He gave it up for them Daimler-Benz cages pretty quick, didn't he? Mostly big, expensive, smoke-belchin' diesel cages, from what I've seen. Shit, yeah, I got caught behind one of them Benz fuckers while I was on my Sporty this morning and the clouds of fuckin' black smoke like to about gassed me to death.

Fact is, motorcycles have been around at least as long as the wheel, and these pictures prove it. So, whatever ya do, don't call fuckin' 1985 the 100th anniversary of the invention of the motorcycle. If ya gotta call this puke year somethin', call it the fuckin' 100th anniversary of the fuckin' gas chamber.

NEOLITHIC EPOCH (Circa 7500 B.C.)



First known motorcycle. While no actual examples exist, cave paintings in Croque D' Frogee, France, have led researchers to believe this to be man's first motorcycle. Two points of special interest: One, the unique power plant; and two, the independent throttle setup (a pointed stick).

Here we see a cold morning start-up. While extremely heavy and unwieldy, under the right conditions they were capable of high speeds.



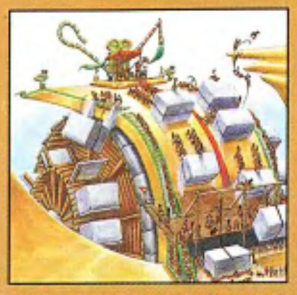
ERA OF EGYPTIAN EMINENCE (3100-1085 B.C.)



The Pharaoh-Phawcett Flyer. Only Egyptian motorcycle ever built. Driven only once by the young pharaoh Ramses The Contraceptive (third Pun-Tang dynasty), a known tanna-leaf junkie who was also addicted to high-speed thrills, as well. Here we see Stretch (as he was known to friends) greeting some visiting Jewish tourists.

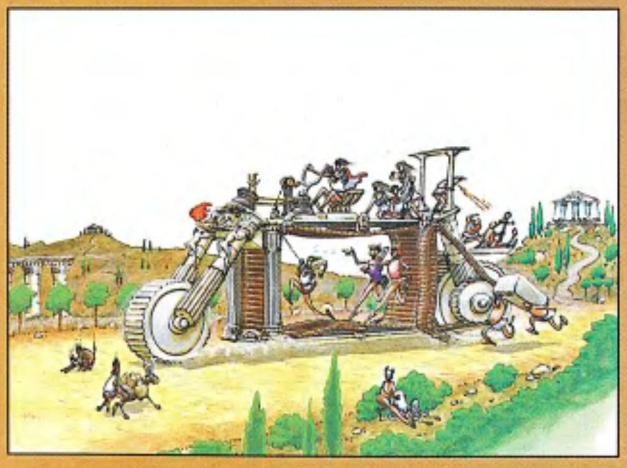
MOTORCYCLES

By Duffy



A close-up of the direct-drive power plant. Extreme weight left the Flyer with a zero-to-sixty time of 7 years, 4 months, 23 days, 14 hours, and 51 minutes. However, a dramatic power increase could be obtained by use of a fuel additive marketed under the brand name Castration. Caused the downfall of the Epyptian empire when the young pharaoh attempted his first and only wheelie. Resulting run on the truss market collapsed Egyptian economy and caused the young pharɔoh's premature burial — in a cat box.

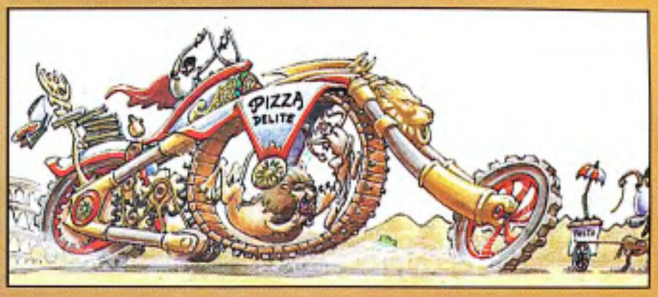
CLASSICAL GREECE (Circa 900 B.C.)



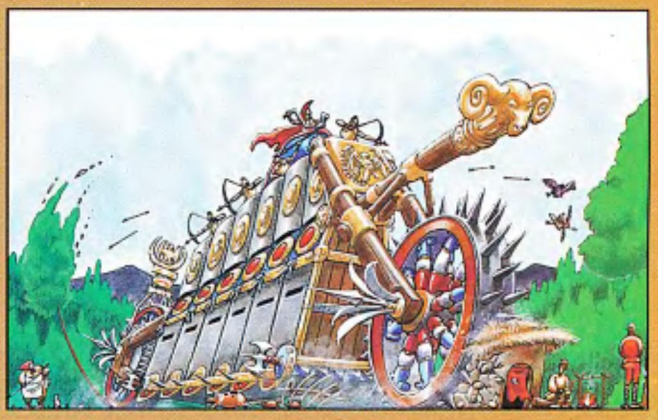
The Krisko Democracycle was a Grecian attempt to provide high-speed mobility to its citizens. Its unveiling led all of Greece to celebrate with toasts of "Bottoms up!" Note the power source (two horny Greeks) and fuel supply (fast-running lad). While its mobility allowed Greek culture to spread, the Democracycle's days were short-lived due to two major design flaws: The engine used a lot of grease, and the sled had a tendency to suddenly throw itself into reverse when passing a sailor.

IMPERIAL ROMAN EMPIRE (Circa 120 A.D.)

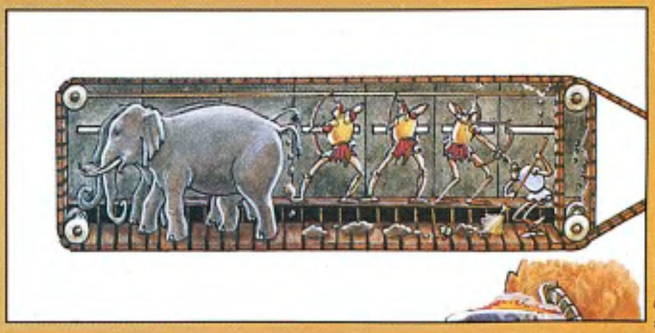
The Roman AMB ('Atsa My Bike), nicknamed "The Whopper." It offered an increased power output versus a decreased weight ratio as demanded by the rapidly expanding Roman empire, especially in the field of hot pizza deliveries. Stopping proved a recurrent problem; the engine had a tendency to keep on racing.



THE PUNIC WARS (264-146 B.C.)

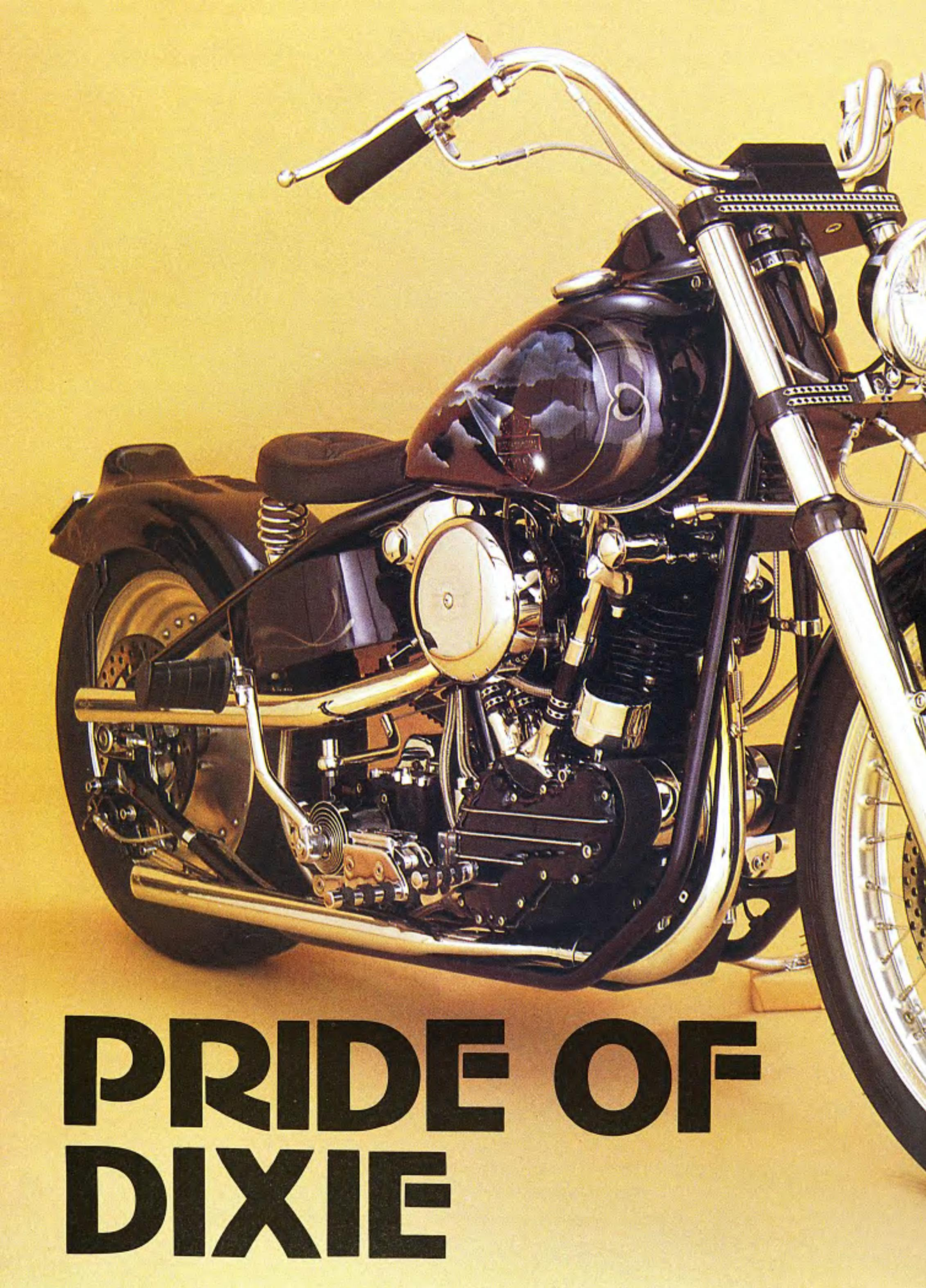


Carthaginian Thunderbolt Greaseslapper. Used by Hannibal during his famous march to Rome for some late-night Italian take-out. As seen here, finding a parking space proved to be no problem.

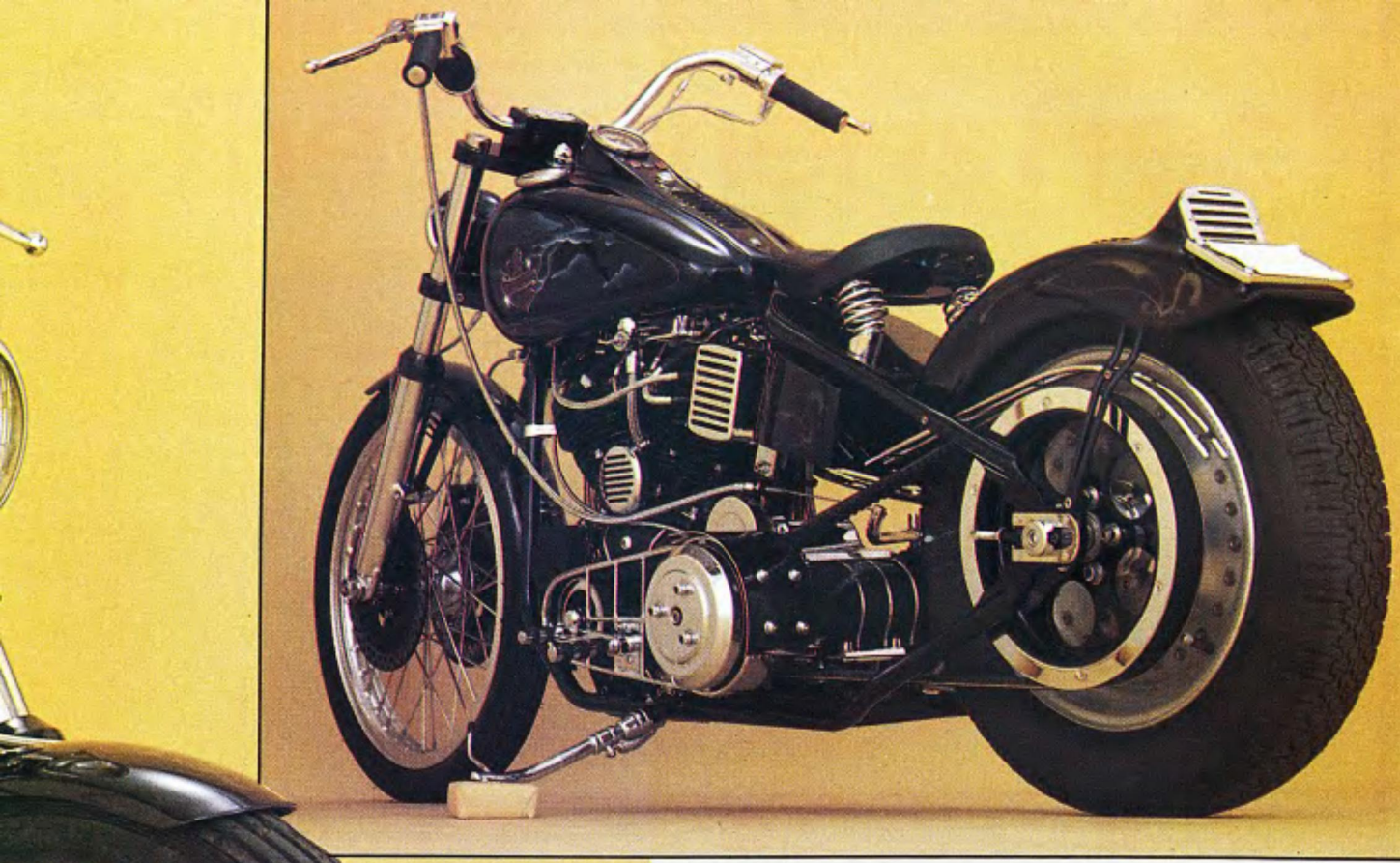


Interior view of the engine compartment. A truly efficient, economical engine; power could be gotten for peanuts. Apparently, however, the exhaust system was, at times, faulty.

Illustrations by Duffy Duggan



PRIDE OF DIXIE

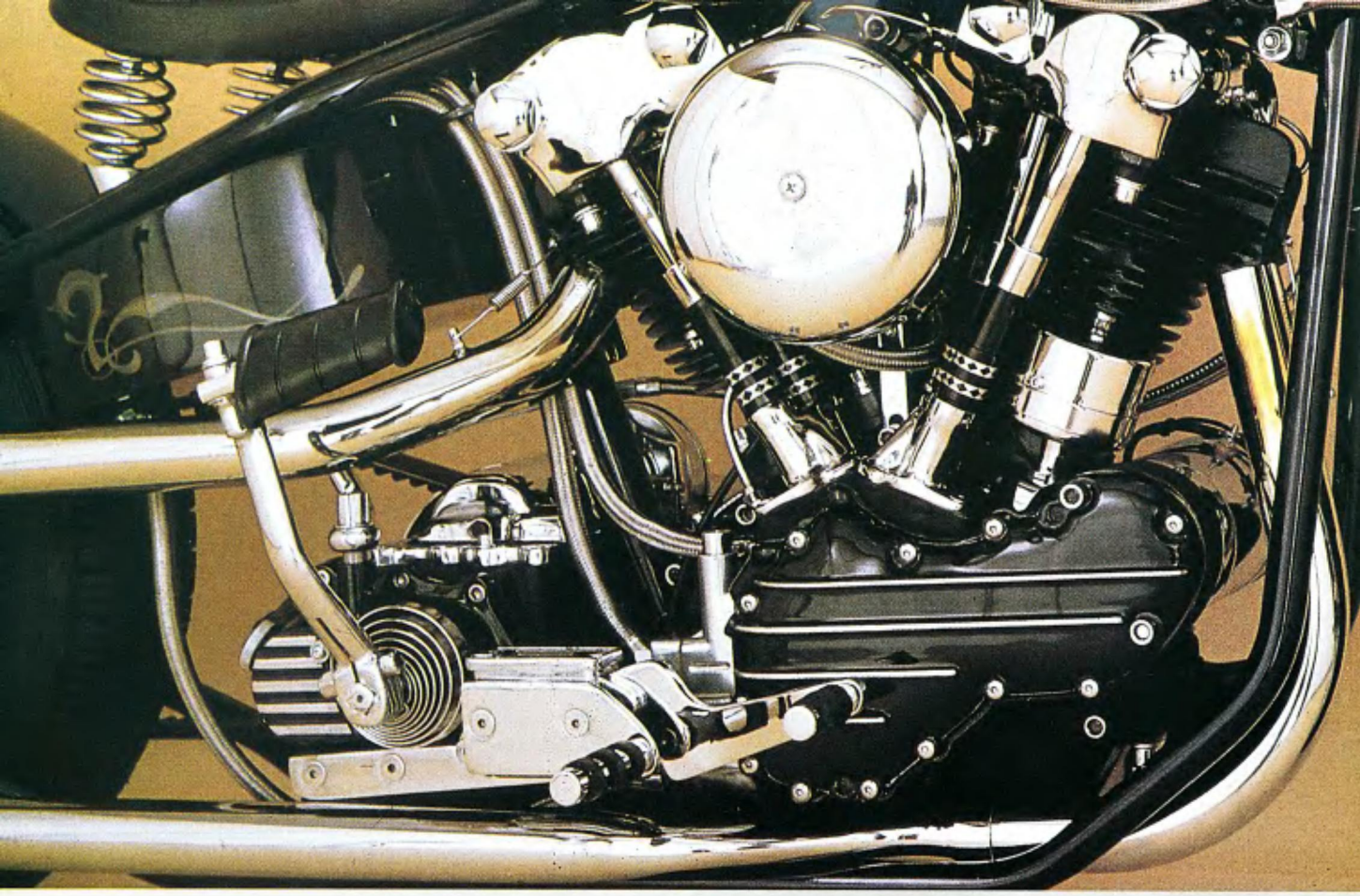


It doesn't matter how big or small you are, whether you're wearing tits or a crank — if you were born and bred to pilot a Big Twin, somewhere, someday, you'll wind up doin' just that.

Here's somethin' to get all those feminist fanatics wavin' their NOW flags and cheering. This gnarly knucklehead happens to be the exclusive ride of. . .a chick! And not some 6'5" Amazon, either, but a five-foot-tall lady who started riding a Hog (a Hummer, true, but still a Hog) in high school, moved up to a Sportster, and has now graduated to the big leagues.

Yessir, libbers, this is your red-letter day — one of your own in **Easyriders**.

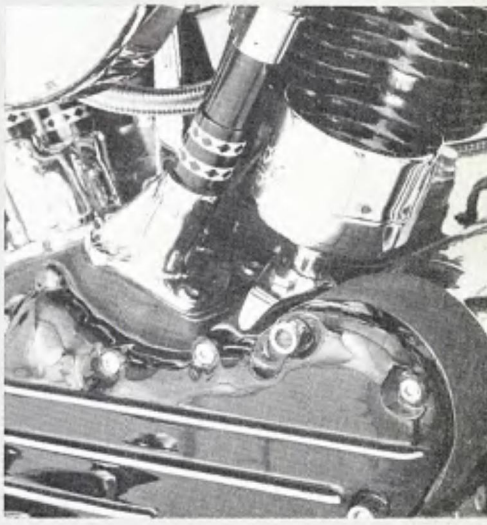
"I'd wanted my own ride since I was just a punk kid," Dixie Doss says. "I mean, the Hummer was nice but it wasn't like a real motorcycle. Finally, on our seventh anniversary, my ol' man Rick came up to me and told me he had a surprise. He took me outside and there was this burned-up Sportster on the back of a truck. I mean, **burned** up — the tires were melted on the rims. So he shows it to me and says, 'There's your motorcycle,' and him and all his friends just cracked up. It

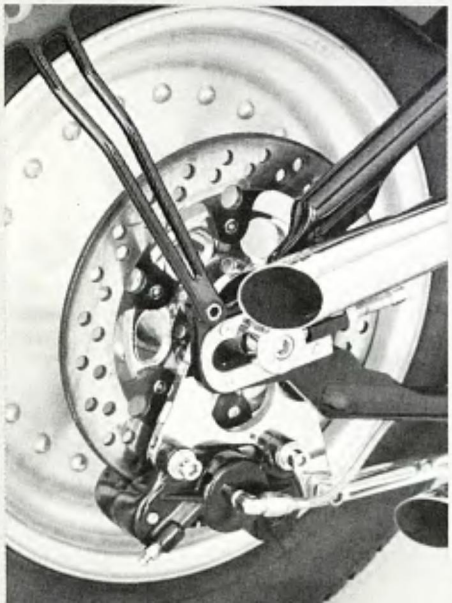








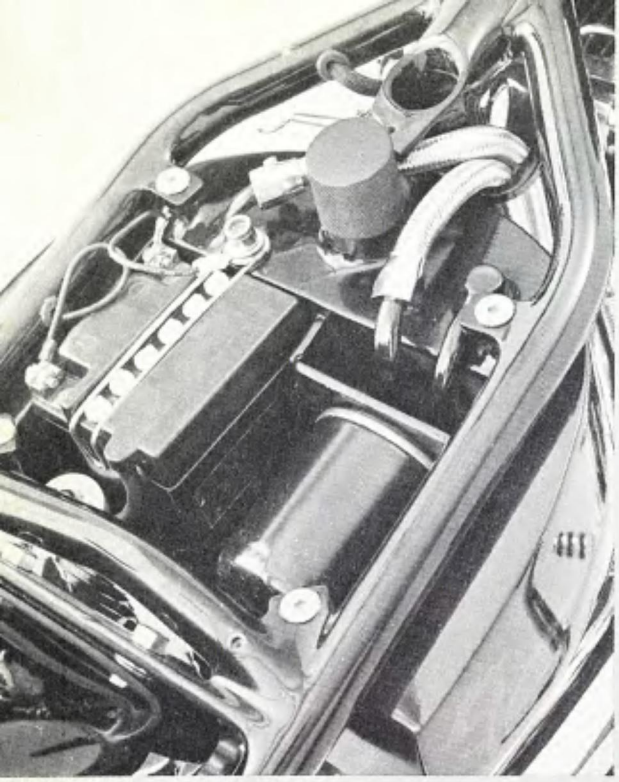


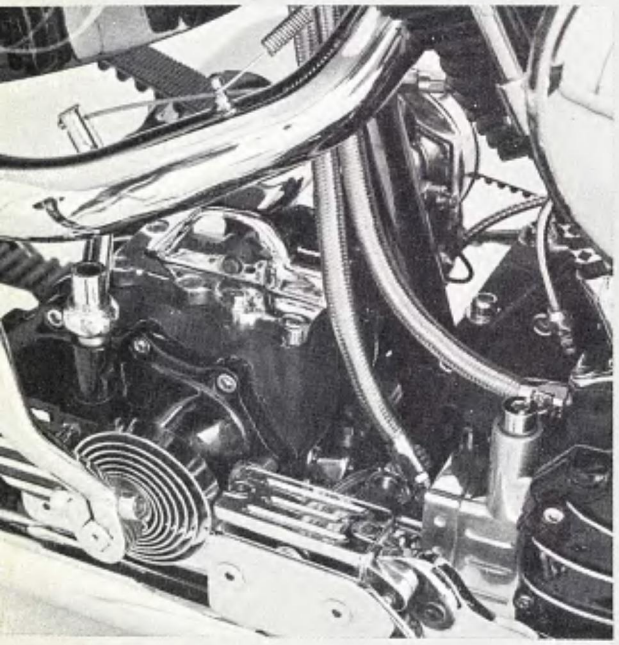


took a lot of time hunting for parts from here to California, but Rick finally got it built for me, especially for my short legs — the seat was only 18 inches off the ground.

"But I'd always wanted a knucklehead, so we picked this one up about three years ago and started scrounging parts for it. Now that we've got it done, you can't even compare the Sportster to it. The knuck's the Rolls Royce

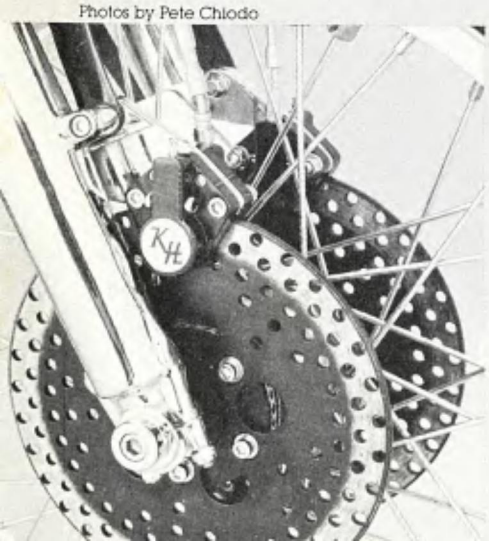






Owner: Dixie Doss	**City:** Danville, Va.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Rick Doss	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1947 H-D	Builder: Santee/Rick Doss	
Model: knucklehead	Type: rigid	
Value: 20 years of white slavery	Rake: none	
Assembly by: Rick's Custom Harleys	Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: for sure	
Chroming: Brown's/Atl. Cst. Pltg.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: bent buckhorns	
Year: 1947	Risers: Rick Doss	
Model: EL	Fender(s): Rick Doss	
Rebuilder: Rick Doss	Headlight: Harley Wide Glide	
Ignition: coil	Taillight: Rick Doss	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: Super Glide	
Lower end: HES Engineering	Front pegs: Rick Doss	
Balancing: Rick Doss	Rear pegs: owner rides alone	
Pistons: stock	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: modified/HES Enginering	Gas tank: Eagle Iron	
Heads: Manley	Oil tank: Rick Doss	
Cam(s): 445 Leineweber	Oil system: same as a 1985	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: Rick Doss	
Carb(s): modified Keihin	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: old-style	Sissybar: struts	
Pipes: Rick Doss	Height: short boys	
Muffler(s): half-assed	Material: 3/8" cold-rolled	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: Rick Glide	
Year: 1980-something	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: Rick Doss	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: aluminum trees, etc.	
Trans sprocket: Karata belt drive	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: Karata belt drive	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Red Turpin	Hub: dual disc	Hub: solid wheel
Painter: Teresa Crane	Rim width: 1.85	Rim width: 3.5
Color: Cobalt Blue over Black Pearl	Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer/Imron	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: Murals and air-brush scrollwork.		
Other special modifications: Engraving, Denny Hudson. Special thanks to Uncle Francis, JimBo Billy-Bob, Steve Meredith, Santee and Russell's.		

Photos by Pete Chiodo



of motorcycles. I mean, this bike is a class act. It even starts on the second kick most of the time.

"I'm not really sure that chicks should be riding their own scooters," opines Dixie. "My daddy rode a '50 pan and I was packin' behind him almost before I could walk. I was born to it — it's part of my life. I don't think that's true for very many girls. They're probably better off leaving the driving to their ol' men."

Oh. Sorry, libbers. You can put the flags away now. That's it. Maybe if you crawl off real quiet-like, no one will notice you were ever here. There's a big hole off to the right somewhere — just keep crawling, you'll find it.

—Butcher

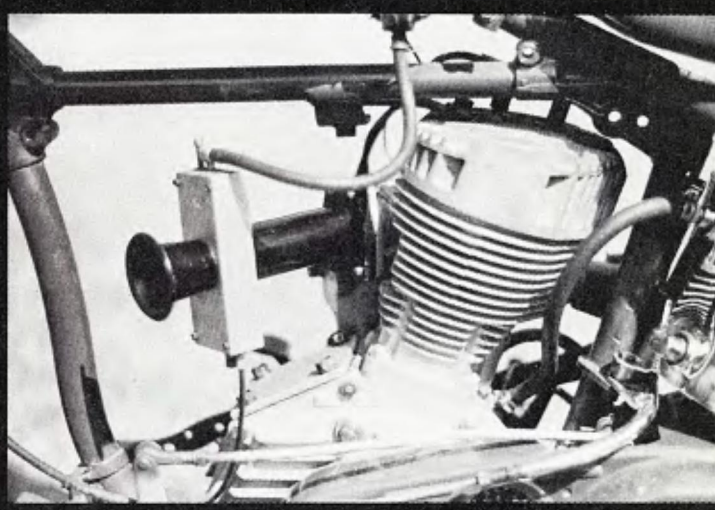
Peeper's Single

It was saved from being a table.









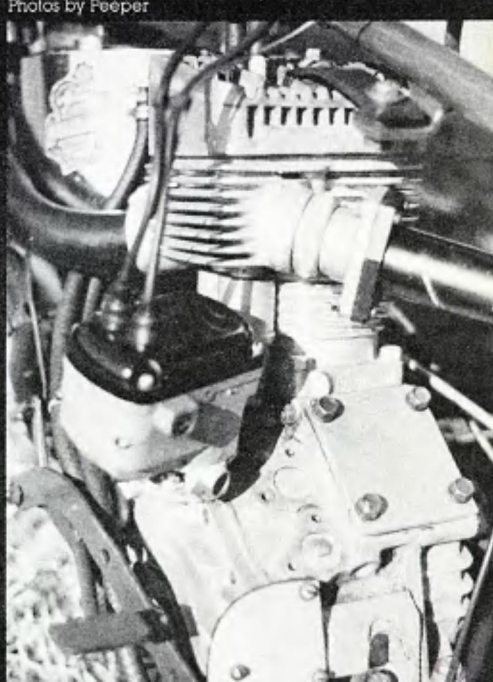
Photos by Peeper

Yeah, sure, it's a special, nearly-all-knuckle issue we're turnin' out this month, but one look at this off-the-wall single-cylinder abortion told us to include it, too. Besides, the owner also has a knuckle.

Three years ago this contraption was destined to be a table when ol' Peeper, from Missoula, Montana, rescued the engine from Southern Cycle in Georgia for $75. The rest was scrounged together from traded parts and donations by friends in Missoula. Believe it or not, Peeper says he's got about $1500 into it and brings the bugger out on rare occasions to stir up the local folk.

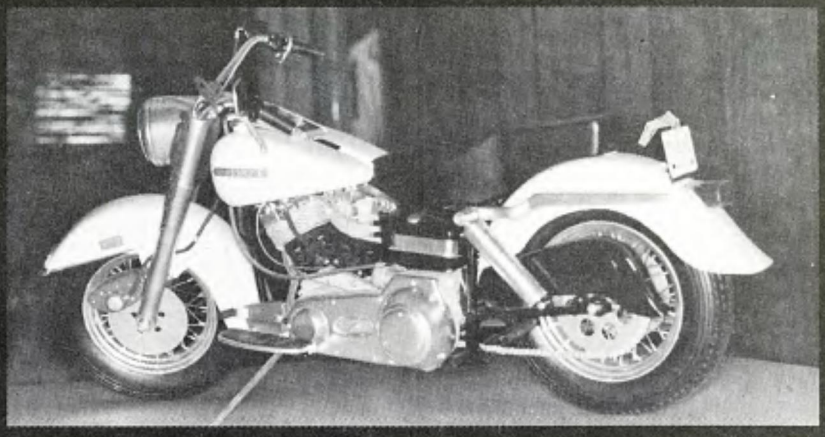
That's a WR 45 bottom end connected to a 55-inch K rear cylinder and head. The displacement is around 442cc. The Lake injector is constantly screwing up, so it's soon to be replaced with a snowmobile carb. It's got a two-speed trans (second and third) and a 22-tooth engine sprocket for low end. The flywheels were rebalanced for the single rod and piston. Peeper used a 1948 Hummer gas tank and a bobbed 45 rear fender to round it out.

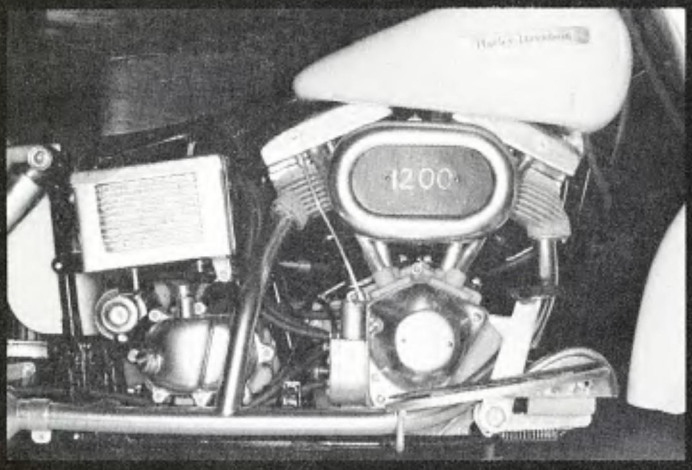
It's odd and nice. Perfect for turnin' heads. —Sport

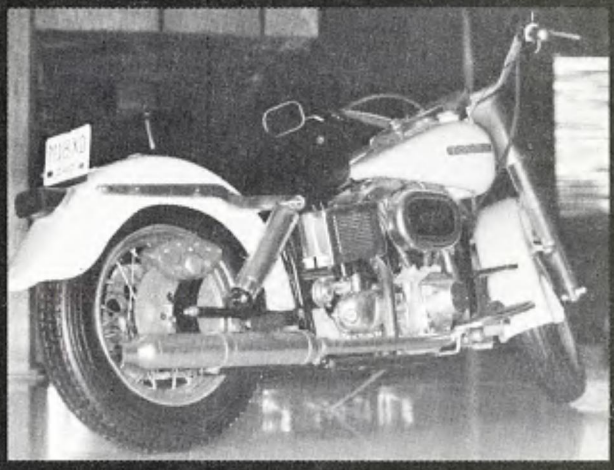


Perfect Reproduction









I was reelin' like a radium-filled Russian just caught in the blast. As I'm out the door on a Friday p.m., ready to ride the pan up north to catch a weekend watchin' the Dead, Hoss The Boss gives me a "Whooaahh there, Syd. Got somethin' for ya." He slid me an envelope, tellin' me, "Fuck ya. You saw the Dead last weekend. I've got some outrageous model-bike photos that Spider wants to see in the next issue."

I seized up when I checked 'em out. The dude ain't locked up in a 5x9, but he does live in Ohio. So given the fact they don't exactly sport the best year-round ridin' weather in the Buckeye State, it seems, I guess, almost reasonable that Fred Mills could knock off three months of consecutive ten-hour days fashioning balsa wood and alumimum — and painting it in total precision — to identically match his '76 FLH.



Photos by Fred Mills

After talkin' with Fred, it became clear that all the time had been well spent. The quarter-scale, 22½-inch-long by 11-inch-high model is a masterpiece. Totally functional, it's equipped with a nine-volt battery inside the right fatbob to give power to the two-position ignition switch to enable ya to turn on the idiot lights, then the front headlamp and taillight. Everything is fastened together with toothpicks acting as dowels. Even the shocks give a butt-cushioned putt.

What I couldn't believe was that since Fred got crunched by a cage, he can't do this perfect repro work anymore due to a loss of feeling in his right hand. Now, that's a bitch.

—Syd

CHANGE OF LUCK

and about time

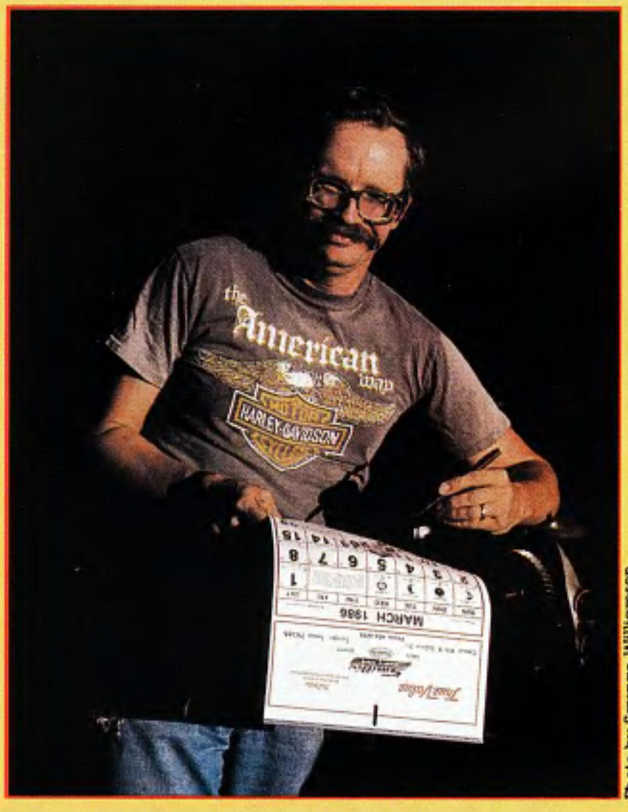


Photo by Savage Williamson

The magneto of life hadn't been firing any too smoothly this year for Dave Wilberg of the "Mayberry RFD"-sized town of Sanger, Texas. It's almost as though 1986 came screaming around the corner with a 10-foot hard-on — and ol' Dave just happened to be standing in the way, staring at the tops of his boots.

First, his mom was involved in a serious cage accident and almost bought the big one, then his Samoyed came down with the cruds. And that was just Lady Shitluck warming up. Before Dave could recover from the medical and veterinary bills that were tearing hell out of his $25-a-paycheck Harley fund, the thunderstorms really cut loose. His ol' lady Jerry, already suffering plenty from a broken back, came down with measles, gratis the kids next door. (If you've never had measles as an adult, you don't want the experience, believe me.)

Dave knew he was seriously on a roll, when, on top of all this other crap, he suddenly found himself revisited by the malaria bug he'd picked up in 'Nam during his 27-month, overseas tour for Uncle Sam. Was that finally it? Nope. The next week his truck blew a seal and his ol' lady's car puked its generator. And 1986 was only two months old!

When the phone rang one Friday last March just as Jerry got home from the store, it's no wonder her very first thought was, *Oh, hell, what is it* now?

"Is David Wilberg home?" the voice on the telephone asked.

"No, he won't be home till late," Jerry replied.

"Okay, I'll call back on Monday, then."

That was a little too much. "Look, man," Jerry yelled, "if you think we're going to wait all damn weekend to hear what else has gone wrong after everything that's happened so far, you're totally crazy!"

There was a moment of silence on the line, then the caller said, "Tell Dave he won the Eagle Iron bike. Tell him Spider called and —" That was all Jerry heard, though, because she was crying by then.

As for Dave, I hope the shovelhead arrives soon, because his teeth are drying out.

—Savage Williamson

* * *

A whole shitload of you turkeys guessed the right number of Eagle Iron parts stuck on the bike, but nobody came near writing as good a 25-word-or-less statement about why they should win as Dave did.

— Editors



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A LIFE TO REMEMBER — Motorcycle Action Group protesters marking the second anniversary of Fred Hill's death demonstrate outside the Department of Transport headquarters in London, England, after chaining a rice grinder (why waste a Hog?) to the DOT door. Hill, a longtime fighter against Britain's mandatory helmet law, died in London's Pentonville prison while serving his 31st sentence for refusing to pay fines for not wearing a lid. In another protest the same day, MAG members hung a 30-foot banner, reading "Fred Hill, The Fight Goes On," across the Thames from the House of Commons.

Easynews

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

AMA lays down some helmet law facts

In recent testimony before the Joint Public Safety Committee of the state of Massachusetts, American Motorcyclist Association spokesman Gary Winn reiterated the association's longtime opposition to mandatory helmet laws and gave the lawmakers a crash course in why such laws don't — and can't — work.

"Contrary to what many legislators have been told by highway-safety advocates, a helmet law can't prevent an accident," Winn told the solons. "Helmet laws represent only a quick way to do something obvious to the public, and do it cheaply, which the enforcement of helmet laws certainly is. Motorcyclists reject this simplistic treatment.

"Helmet laws don't prevent 'social burdens,' contrary to what some safety groups say," Winn continued. "Almost any activity of choice or convenience includes an element of risk, regarding the possibility that if injured, a participant may become a ward of the state. The state, in turn, would be responsible for the injured party's care. But whether being sunburned on a ranch in Texas, or lacerated with a steak knife in New York City, almost anybody can become a social burden. While it is certainly possible for a motorcyclist to become a social burden, even with a helmet law, there are literally thousands of liable risk-takers, none of whom have either helmet laws or specific legislation to protect them. In the necessary perspective, the social burden theory is hollow," he added.

"Statistical claims in support of helmet laws are often overstated," Winn said. "Wild claims have been made by helmet law advocates, such as fatality reductions of 30 or 40 percent. None have come close to fulfillment. In truth, statistical effects of helmet laws are difficult if not impossible to measure perfectly, and while a helmet law may work in one state with one set of conditions, it may have no effect in another. If the optimistic claims made by advocates were really true, there would be more forms of proof available, but that kind of multiple, convergent justification for helmet laws simply isn't there.

"After 20 years of fighting helmet laws, other forms of motorcycle safety [measures] are now available," Winn pointed out, "including rider education and improved licensing, each of which have vastly more promise and public support than helmet laws. Since each of these can prevent accidents where helmets can't, they deserve a chance to replace helmet laws at the top of the lists of safety groups and in legislatures.

"Helmet laws have taken on a life of their own and have overshadowed more important safety initiatives," Winn said in concluding his testimony before the legislature. "What we need is a comprehensive plan, adopted and endorsed by the whole safety community working together. Until then, I'm afraid motorcycle safety will suffer, not improve."

'Harley class' fights juvenile delinquency

In most parts of the country, kids who can't make it in regular school programs either take a hike or get the boot — winding up on the street whichever the case. Given the grim realities of the teenage job market, it's little wonder that so many of them eventually do time for mugging, stickups and burglaries. In Fayetteville, Arkansas, however, educators are using an innovative new program — and the magic of Harley-Davidson — to offer "troubled" students a better shot at making it in the real world.

Known informally as "Harley class," the course offered by Fayetteville's Uptown School teaches the kids basic Hog wrenching by having them assemble working Hogs from boxes of used, abused parts.

"I'm trying to get these kids to think for themselves by teaching them to take stuff from a scrap pile and make something of it," says instructor Mack Chandler.

Chandler also noted that much of what the students learn about working with Harleys can also be applied to such related fields as small engines, automotive repair, chain saw repair, and bodywork.

"Part of what I'm trying to teach them is that if they don't have something, to make it themselves," Chandler says.

Chandler, who currently is teaching the three-times-a-week class as an unpaid volunteer, hopes that the program will eventually become self-supporting by having the students make and sell parts and perform repairs for area bike riders.

"For example," he says, "I have an idea for a saddlebag that can be removed from the bike in just a few seconds. If someone had the materials, we could make them one here in the shop for less than what it would cost them to buy one."

In the meantime, however, the class is operating solely with donated parts, materiel and tools. If you have anything you might be interested in contributing, contact the Uptown School, 108 West St., Fayetteville, AK 72701.

An eight-time loser beats manslaughter rap in bro's death

A Garden Grove, California, cager on trial for manslaughter after killing a biker while driving down the wrong side of a divided boulevard with a blood alcohol level of .32 — three times the legal limit — had his case end in a mistrial when three of the twelve jurors decided he was *not guilty* of gross negligence.

The cager, George Samuel Pickering, 65, was, however, convicted of two counts of felony drunken driving in the case. At the time of the collision, Pickering was wanted by the police for failure to appear in court for a hearing in a prior drunken case — his *seventh*.

In a sickening sidelight, Pickering's mouthpiece tried to get the entire case thrown out because a local newspaper printed a story about the cager's prior record — information that had been deliberately kept from the jury. In those cases, Pickering was convicted of drunken driving twice, public drunkenness once and plea-bargained down to reckless driving three times. The case for which he was charged with failure to appear was still pending at presstime.

Witnesses said Pickering was driving the wrong way down Beach Blvd. in Anaheim when he ran down Gregory Sinclair, 25, of Huntington Beach, California. Sinclair, despite the fact that he was strapped into a so-called safety helmet, suffered fatal head injuries when he was thrown from his bike and his lid hit the pavement.

Seems to us that if the pious safetycrats who keep pushing mandatory helmet laws used some of their clout to pressure lawmakers into getting tough with criminals like George Pickering, they might actually save some lives. Of course, they ain't really interested in that — power's their game.

The rest of the story: Pickering told the cops he was on his way to buy a six-pack at the time of the crash.

State told to return bike engine

After three years, a Colorado biker will finally get back a Harley engine illegally confiscated by the state of South Dakota. In a decision that hopefully will be emulated by courts everywhere, the Supreme Court of South Dakota ruled that the cops must prove that a biker doesn't own his motorcycle — or parts of it — before they can take it away from him. Outrageous as it may seem, the law in South Dakota (and most other states) had previously placed the burden of proof on the defendants — if you couldn't prove when and where you bought it, it was legally assumed to not be your property even if there was no report of the item in question being stolen from or lost by anyone else.

The case began in August, 1983, when Dan Soet, of Rifle, Colorado, was arrested for a traffic offense while riding his 1952 Hog in Lawrence County, South Dakota. On the arrest report, a South Dakota highway patrolman noted that he "thought" the serial number on Soet's scooter had been altered. Despite his "thoughts," the officer *did not* charge Soet with possession of a motor vehicle with altered numbers — a crime in South Dakota, as in most places. Upon his release on the traffic charge, the cops returned his bike, but with the engine removed. Soet sued, pointing out that he had a valid title to the bike and that the bike had been previously registered to him in three states, all of which had checked the serial number and found it valid. Not surprisingly, Rapid City Circuit Judge Jeff Davis found in Soet's favor and ordered the state to return his engine to him, which should have been the end of the matter.

Incredibly, however, the state appealed Davis' ruling, arguing that Soet should have to produce *more than a title* to prove ownership of his scooter. Apparently, as far as South Dakota lawmakers are concerned, issuing titles to vehicles is simply a way to rake in bucks — the titles themselves don't mean anything at all. Fortunately, the state supreme court did not agree with this convoluted reasoning.

In upholding Davis' ruling, the supreme court made several points that are so obvious it's unbelievable that it required three years and untold taxpayer dollars, spent by the *authorities* who forced the case into court, for justice to be done. Number one, the court ruled that the state had never produced any evidence that the serial numbers had been altered. Number two, Justice Frank Henderson wrote, "Mere possession of an engine with altered serial numbers" would not constitute a crime anyway. "It is," Henderson noted in explaining the court's ruling, "the possession of such an item with the knowledge that it is altered that is a criminal offense."

Colorado may get lid, insurance laws

Though a final decision hadn't been made at presstime, the chances are very good (as in *bad*) that all Colorado motorcycle owners will soon have to purchase mandatory health insurance and that all Colorado riders and passengers 17 and under may soon be forced to wear so-called safety helmets.

According to Sen. Claire Traylor (R-Wheat Ridge) the author of SB52 — which would also require bike owners to pass a state riding test before they could register their bikes — she included the insurance requirement in her measure because, "You just don't have a cycle accident with no injuries and if they [bikers] have no insurance, who pays for it [the injuries]? We pay for it."

Traylor had originally hoped to get a mandatory lid law for all riders passed, but opponents managed to get an amendment added that prevents that part of the bill from applying to anyone over 17.

"Are we going to start mandating helmets on people who are out inner-tubing down slopes?" Sen. Tilman Bishop (R-Grand Junction) said in opposing the measure. "Are you going to put helmets on skiers? Are you going to put some kind of restrictions on not being able to control your soap in the bathroom, where people slip and have head injuries?"

Despite Bishop's opposition and statements by several other senators who warned against "Big Brother" government, the bill has won preliminary approval in the state senate and most experts predict it will pass and be signed into law.

And that's not even the *worst* news. Several of the legislators see this as only the first step in eventually putting buckets on everyone. "It's an appropriate way for the state to *get started* on the motorcycle-helmet issue," one said.



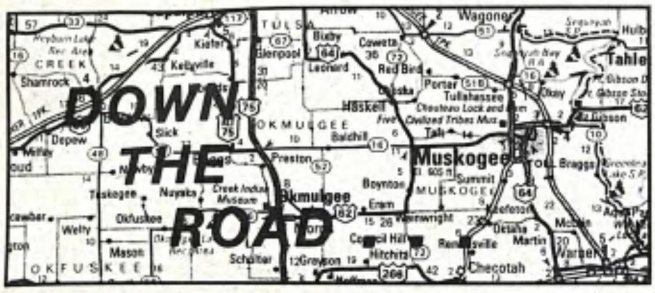
It wasn't quite as surprising as having the corpse sit up and say, "Howdy," but two Huntsville, Alabama, motorcycle cops did add a touch of the unexpected to a recent funeral procession when they sideswiped *each other* and went down . . . **Caught-standing-on-your-dick dept.:** State Senator Roy Barnes of Georgia recently voted against — repeat, against — repealing his state's mandatory helmet law. Shortly afterward, ABATE of Georgia published some letters in which Barnes had said, among things, "I have consistently supported the *voluntary* use of helmets . . . I continue to support this position and will vote accordingly," and "We should be able to choose or not choose to wear safety helmets and it is not a matter in which the state should interfere." Seems to us that *we*, the people, should be able to "choose or not choose" our state representatives — after they've undergone rigorous polygraph examinations.

Talk about how tough Marine boot camp is . . . it just got tougher. Beginning last April, all military and civilian personnel riding a scooter, or even a moped or trike, on the base must wear a reflective, international-orange-colored vest. And that's in addition to the skid lids required throughout the military these days. Active-duty Marines stationed at the base must wear the Dayglo "colors" even when they're riding off the base . . . **A new rag aimed at women** who ride Hogs is called, imaginatively enough, *Harley Women*. Six-issue subscriptions to the every-other-month mouse manual are $12 and available from Asphalt Angels Publications, Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. . . . **Speaking of asphalt:** The Las Carnales MC hosted a big *fahita* cookout in Sweetwater, Texas, last March. In case you're wondering, *fahita* is rattlesnake, lots of which wind up ground into the Texas asphalt. No, there wasn't any tar or gravel in the Las Carnales *fahita*. The rattlers were all fresh — from the 13,500 pounds of slitherers bagged at the annual Sweetwater Rattlesnake Roundup . . . **Wins and losses.** The Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., is putting on a special history of motorcycling display through the end of '86, and after 20 years, Champion Spark Plug has dropped totally out of bike racing . . . .

And finally: In 1979, a drunken cager in Duluth ran down and killed a 9-year-old girl on a bicycle, but was only nailed with a careless-driving rap. Between 1980 and 1985, the same cager was convicted for drunken driving five — count 'em, five — times, but the authorities apparently decided he was still enough of a decent, law-abiding citizen to remain on the streets (imagine how much time he'd be doing if he were a biker). Recently, the cager showed how much he appreciated the kid gloves with which the criminal *justice* system had treated him. According to the rap sheet, when he was stopped for his latest drunk driving offense he beat up on a couple of cops, smashed some of their equipment, and spit on them. After getting some backup, they wrestled him into a patrol car, but he promptly kicked the windshield out. Maybe destroying city property is a hanging offense, even if running over children isn't . . . .

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights On 24 hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1,12]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No[13]	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1,4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2,4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[2]	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2,4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2,4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No[12]	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2,4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35mph. 8-1970 or newer bikes. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. **Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.**



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

JUNE

June 27-29 — SWAP MEET & PARTY at 4952 Tannerville Rd., Orrville, Ohio. For info, write Packrats MC, Box 291, Orrville, OH 44667. Or call (216) 682-SWAP.

June 27-29 — SLAPOUT BLOWOUT IV, a celebration of friends sponsored by the Central Alabama Bikers Association. For info, write Mike, Rt. 2 Box 24, Deatsville, AL 36022, or call (205) 569-3381.

June 28-29 — DRAG RACES at the Mid-State Drag Strip in Havana, Illinois. For info, write AMRA at Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143, or call (312) 250-0838.

JULY

July 3-6 — STATE PARTY at Smith Mtn. Dam Lake, Pinhook, Virginia. Sponsored by ABATE of Virginia. First intended-annual event with 3 bands, prizes, and 20 kegs of beer. For more info, call Jerry Wilson at (703) 533-1124.

July 4-6 — THREE-DAY PARTY. Celebrate independence with fireworks and camping at Lake Lizzie in Florida. Sponsored by ABATE of Florida, Osceola chapter. For info, call (205) 299-4158.

July 4-6 — TRIKE-IN at Novicky's Hideout, Lake of the Ozarks, Eldon, Missouri. Sponsored by Brothers of the Third Wheel, Box 345, Coal Valley, IL 61265.

July 4-6 — STATE RUN, sponsored by ABATE of California. For info, write Box 377, Ventura, CA 93002, or call Milky at (805) 646-3376.

July 5 — IOWA HOG DRAGS at the Humboldt County Dragway, Humboldt, Iowa. For info, write AMRA, Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143. (312) 250-0838.

July 5 — BLOOD RUN AND FIELD MEET in Erie, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by the Erie County Chapter of ABATE of Pa. For info, write 'em at Box 10473, Erie, PA 16514, or call Tom at (814) 455-4921.

July 11-13 — FIELD MEET, sponsored by ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, MI 48121.

July 12-13 — BRITISH AND EUROPEAN RALLY at the JayCee's Campground in Plymouth, Wisconsin. Sponsored by the British Biker Cooperative, 1308 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee, WI 53205.

July 13 — BIKE SHOW at Prince George's Equestrian Center in Upper Marlboro, Maryland. Show is free to all. For info, write R&R, 4804 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills, MD 20031.

July 18-20 — BEAN BLOSSOM BOOGIE, sponsored by ABATE of Indiana. Gates open Thursday afternoon. Swap meet all weekend, 18 bands, 2500 square feet of party tents. For info, write 'em at Box 81, Granger, IN 46530, or call (800) 23ABATE (in state) or (219) 674-5694 (out of state).

July 20 — POKER RUN in Kokomo, Indiana, sponsored by the Good Ol' Boys MC, Box 254, Kokomo, IN 46901. (317) 452-5331.

July 20 — CUSTOMER PARTY at Camp Hawk, Highway 81, two miles south and 1½ miles west of Newton, Kansas. For info, write Newton Cycle Shop, 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton, KS 67114, or call (316) 283-1428.

July 25-27 — SWAP MEET AND PARTY at Harley Hill near Wellsville, Ohio. Sponsored by Iron Mustangs MC. For additional info, write Sam, 554-A Campground Rd., Wellsville, OH 43968, or call (216) 532-9319.

July 25-27 — SUMMER BLOW-OUT, sponsored by the Eternal Hogs MC of West Germany. For info, write W. Sexauer Waldbach, Str. 11, 8951 Goerisried, Germany, or call 08302-313.

July 26 — BLOOD RUN, sponsored by Allegheny Chapter, ABATE of Pennsylvania. For info, write 'em at 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220, or call Linda at (412) 922-4852.

July 27 — SWAP MEET at Campbell Hall in the Pasadena, Texas, fairgrounds. For info, call (713) 991-0699.

July 27 — TOY RUN at the Cyclemore Campground, Box 97, Interlochen, MI 49643. Write same address for info, or call (616) 276-9091.

AUGUST

August 1-3 — SWAP MEET & RIB ROAST at Warden's Sportsmen Park near Lodi, Ohio. Sponsored by North Coast MC. For info, write 'em at 617 Jefferson Rd., Cleveland, OH 44109.

August 1-4 — RAINBOW RALLY at Holiday Beach Campground, Regional Rd. 55/Old Hwy. 17, Sudbury, Ontario. Sponsored by Nickel Riders MC. For info, write Box 1104, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada P3E 4S6, or call (705) 566-4940.

August 2-3 — POKER RUN AND OVERNIGHTER at Loon Lake, Oregon. Sponsored by the Willamette Valley Riders MC. For info, write 'em at 2963 Fox Hollow, Eugene, OR 97405, or call (503) 485-4807.

August 2-4 — PROVINCIAL SUMMER BASH at Chiefwood Park, Middleport, Ontario, Canada. Sponsored by BRO. For info, call (519) 426-2358.

August 2-4 — ROCK AN' ROLL PARTY at Angel Acres, four miles south of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island Hwy., Vancouver Island, British Columbia. For info, write Harley Engines of Nanaimo, Ltd., 135 Nicol St., Nanaimo, B.C., Canada V9R 4T1, or call (604) 753-1368.

August 3-9 — BLACK HILLS CLASSIC, in and around Sturgis, South Dakota. Races, camping, scenic tours, bands, etc. Harley National Drags will be held on Aug. 7. For info on the drags, write AMRA, Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143.

August 9-10 — DIABETES RUN, near Perth, Ontario, Canada. Sponsored by the Lanark Region of BRO. For info, call (613) 267-2734.

August 15-17 — DOG DAZE SUMMER BASH at Sugar Loaf Key, Florida. Sponsored by ABATE of Florida, Southernmost Chapter, Box 2857, Marathon Shores, FL 33052. For info, call (305) 872-9068.

August 16 — FREEDOM RUN in Broome County, New York. For more info, write ABATE of Broome County, Box 242A, RD #7, Acre Place Rd., Binghampton, NY 13904, or call Barb at (607) 775-3402.

August 16-17 — LAKE HENSHAW RUN, sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

August 22-24 — MOTORCYCLE RODEO at Bremerton, Washington. Sponsored by Kitsap County Chapter, ABATE of Washington, and the American Motorcyclists Assoc., with proceeds to go to the Spinal Injury & Head Trauma Clinic at Good Samaritan Hospital. For info, write Box 1402, Bremerton, WA 98310, or call Colin at (206) 275-5391.

August 23 — POKER RUN, sponsored by the Erie County Chapter of ABATE of Pennsylvania, Box 10473, Erie, PA 16514. For info, write, or call Tom at (814) 455-4921.

August 23-24 — POKER RUN AND PARTY in Connellsville, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by Fayette County Chapter of ABATE of Pa., with proceeds from the poker run going to Easter Seals. For more info, write Box 309, Uledi, PA 15484, or call (412) 439-3872.

August 23-24 — REDWOOD RUN through scenic Northern California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

August 29-September 1 — BEER BASH '86 in Oak Grove, Tennessee. Free beer, camping, and fishing. Must be legal drinking age. Sponsored by the Brothers of Iron. For info, call (615) 888-2799.

August 30-31 — DRAG RACES at Thompson Drag Raceway, Cleveland, Ohio. Great Lakes H-D U.S. Nationals, sponsored by AMRA, Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143.

Yes, it's open season on bikers again

The season for motorists' most exciting and challenging sport will soon arrive. Auto drivers have been mentally and physically training all winter for a chance to prove their skills on the roadways in 1986.

This sport is much older than the oldest participant but yet has no official name. My teammates refer to it as "Kill That Biker game." This sport has become so popular due to its wide appeal to drivers young and old and the simple game rules, which can be made up as you play.

Only the game's objectives and final outcome remain unchanged since its early conception: kill that biker. Information on the details of the points system and score keeping are unavailable to me because I ride a motorcycle.

As a motorcyclist I am familiar with many of the tactics used by the seasoned pros of the game. I'm ready for the game to begin. I'm ready for the little old lady driver that looks directly at me and my bright headlight, which is on in the daytime, and still pulls away from the stop sign directly in my path of travel.

I'm ready for the young guy in the four-by-four with the grill guard that gently gives my motorcycle a little push from behind even though I'm already going 110km/h.

I'm ready for that housewife, who is driving a station wagon full of kids and dogs, to make that fast left turn into oncoming traffic. I'm ready for the drunks on the highway at night who can't distinguish between a motorcycle's one oncoming headlight and Halley's Comet.

I'm ready for the exuberant carload of cowboys that persist in the ever-popular tactic of throwing beer bottles out the window while I'm following or passing them.

Well, sports fans, this year I'm ready. I'm ready to play by my rules and to play to win. I have to win, because it would just kill me to lose.

— Donald Noble, in the *Red Deer* (Alberta, Canada) *Advocate*

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 **Freddie "Chappy Dog" Tackett, Sr.**, who left us 1/25/86. It's been said the good die young — in the 28 years you were around, you touched the hearts of all you met. Ride free, bro, till we meet again. From all who knew and loved you.

In memory of **Richard Barrett**, 6/27/85, taken too soon at the age of 20. Run down by a cage in the light of the moon. For the short time ya rode, ya rode in the wind. You'll surely be missed until we're together again. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Sadly missed by Cuz, Rob, Sid, and all your friends at the Buzzard Roost Saloon, Greenwood, South Carolina.

In memory of **Steve "Oskar" Royaland**, who putted out of our lives 4/8/86. Always in the fast lane, never needing to slow down, your impression on us won't fade away. Ride free in Harley Heaven till we meet again. Kenny, Gerry, Pat, and all your bros and sisters from New Milford, N.J.

In memory of **Daniel J. Downie**, 10/25/58-3/5/86, who never missed a day of good partying and a good ride on his Harley. We will miss you until the day we can embrace you in our own arms. John, Robert, Gail, Moe, Corrine Pat, Barb, and Mary.

In memory of **Mr. Tramp**, 12/30/85, a wonderful man and a great friend who died on his Harley. Many others besides me loved him very much. Frog.

In memory of **Orlando "Al" Defelice**, a righteous bro loved by all who knew him. You picked a fine time to make the journey to that Harley rendezvous in the sky. Ride free forever, Al. We'll all miss you. Dwight and Charlie.

In memory of **Kent "Red" Cole**, 8/16/84. You rode with the rest, now you ride with the best — forever in the wind. So on Wednesday night, we'll lift a Bud and twist one up for one hell of a bro. The Wednesday Night Riders, Wichita, Kansas.

In memory of my brother, **"Armando,"** Storm Troopers L.I. no more, 6/13/70. Missed by me and Rory very much, you're in our thoughts always. Rapper.

In memory of **Scott Sprunt**, 4/9/86. Hope you've found peace at last; riding your Sporty in Harley Heaven. We all miss you. Paul "The Head" and all your friends.

In memory of **James "Herd" Herdrich**, one hell of a bro who truly knew how to party and whose memory will live on forever. To one who lived hard and died free, goodbye until we meet again in Harley Heaven. Dr. Faust, Spike, Kenny, and Noel.

In memory of **Pete "The Greek" Vakerdzis**, a true friend and brother of the wind. Your passing left a void of emptiness and nil, a space only your memory can fill. You are not forgotten. Brother Philo.

In memory of **Johnie "Li'l Bit" Morgan**, 4/29/85. You left a lot of people sad and wondering what happened, but the things you did will definitely not be forgotten. You'll always be in our thoughts. Alice, Ann, Marie, Laurie, and Donna.

In memory of **Frank "Siggy" P.**, 2/22/86, a truly focused bro, 1% to his end. May the wheels of your soul burn the tracks of the sky. God bless you. Gypsy and the bros.

In loving memory of **"Cage" Pollot**, killed by a drunk on his fifth wedding anniversary, buried on his 35th birthday. Big brother Cage, not a single day goes by that I don't think of you and miss you. I'm puttin' for you, bro, and your sons are slowly growing into your dresser. All my love, Sissy.

In memory of **Guy "Igor" Huggins** (aka "Jack of Hearts"), who suddenly entered into rest 3/22/86. To those of us who knew him, he was one of a kind who touched many lives in many ways. Sadly missed but never forgotten by his brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and rest of family.

In memory of **Harry O**, 3/17/86, a righteous bro. Well, my bro, the war keeps going on. We've lost members in the past; they're never forgotten. We love you. Crazy Jose, Scorpions MC, Bronx, N.Y.

In memory of **Gerry Lopez**, 5/1/49-3/15/86, one truly good-hearted, free-spirited woman taken out by a left-turning cager while packing behind her man Lenny. All the Hinano Boys share his grief.

In memory of **Peter J. L'Abbe**, 10/17/84, a man who had the heart and soul to ride the Harley he owned. For moments remembered. Keith.

In memory of **Gary Eugene Aurich**, taken too soon 2/19/86. He'll be missed and loved forever. Family and friends.

In loving memory of **Colleen Dunn**, 9/8/85. A drunk cager took your life, but not the memories we have of you. You were a real classic to all who knew you, one we loved and cared for deeply. We will meet again. All our love, George and Jackie.

In memory of **Mike McDaniels**, who died because his body couldn't keep up with his soul. Wish everyone was as righteous as him. His bro, Ricki.

In memory of **Felix "Billy" Terrazas** (nicknamed Gentlemen Jim), 12/10/51-3/22/86. You went through a lot in only three weeks. Even knowing you'd be paralyzed for life, you fought until the very end and never complained about the pain but instead tried to help us with ours. Our hearts are with you; our memories are and always will be strong. Greatly missed by bros Tomas and Mundo, Monahans, Texas.

In memory of **Wayne "Hippo" Girdich**, 4/13/85. We'll see each other on the other side. Mac and Kandi.

In memory of **Cathy Barnard**, 4/20/85. We'll always love and remember you. The kids will be taken care of; we'll see to it. Freedom Riders MC, Amelia Island, Florida.

In memory of **Kevin Dean Ryan**, 4/86. You may not be riding on these streets anymore but you're still riding in our hearts, so ride fast, hard and free. See you in Hog heaven. Love, Ronny, Katrina, and Sabrina.

In memory of **Ivan Richardson** of Sacramento who rode with the Gypsy Riders and died on his Harley. Zig, Jr.

In memory of **Buddy Bass**, 6/18/59-9/7/79, a close friend who once told us, "If I die on this bike, I'll die happy." Brother, we miss you and love you. Ride on, Bud! Jill and Carmen.

In memory of **Steve Childress**, 4/23/85. Your way was to spend your time like there wasn't going to be any more. We're glad you spent it being happy. Ride free on your "Wings of Steel." We'll always miss you and love you. Jeff, Linda, and Jon.

In memory of **Dan "Bones" Mullins** and **Edward "Edrow" Vaughn**. I'll see you where you are, and miss you until then. Ft. Worth Mike.

In memory of **Becky Mitchell-Kempf**, 1/13/22-9/8/85, who taught me most of what I know. Before getting dusted by a quack, she raised three bikers and did a hell of a good job of it. See ya in Harley Heaven, Ma. The whole club misses ya. Later daze. Dino the Pilgrim, Portand and Bath, Maine.

In memory of **Big Brian**, 10/9/83. Ride hard in Harley Heaven; the highway is all yours now. I love you and I'll miss you until we meet again. Daughter Delsey in N.J.

In memory of **Bart "Spanky" Reynolds**, 1/16/56-4/10/85, president of the former Lucifer's Keepers MC. Loved by those who knew him, respected by those who met him, every day he proved that it's what's in your heart that counts, nothing else matters. Ride free, brother. All your family, and all your bros and sisters, Dallas, Texas.

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.



"Hey, wait a minute! I think I've discovered something here!"

An out-of-state cager was stopped by a Georgia state trooper. "I was only going ten miles over the limit," moaned the tourist. "Couldn't you just give me a warning?"

"Sure thing, buddy," said the trooper with a smile before kicking him right in the balls.

—Chris Nagle
Mason City, Iowa

The lifeguard at a local swimming pool went over to the biker and insisted that he stop pissing in the water.

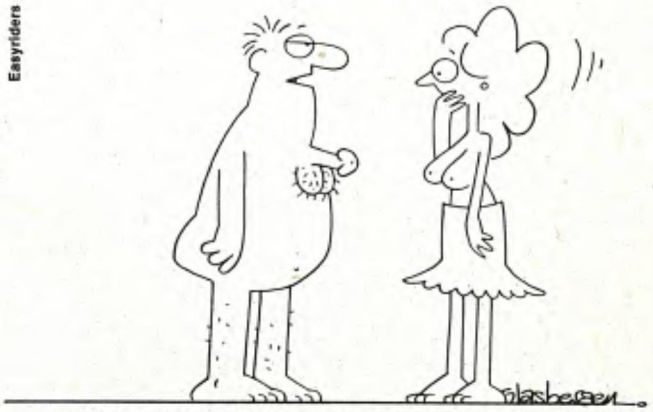
"Everyone pisses in the pool," the biker replied.

"Yes, I know," said the lifeguard, "but not from the diving board, man."

—Snake
Montreal, Quebec



"I tell you, ever since the Highway Patrol switched from Kawasakis to Harleys, Smith just hasn't been the same."



"What's wrong? You've never seen chestnuts before?"

When the biker decided to move to the country and take up farming, he bought four hogs. Then he called the local vet and asked how he could get them to reproduce. The vet recommended a nearby pig farmer who had boars at stud, but cautioned that the normal fee was $50 per sow. Two yards was out of the question. Fuck it, the bro thought, I'll just do it myself.

That afternoon he loaded the pigs into his pickup and drove to a remote part of his farm to fuck them. Later he called the vet back to ask how he'd know when they were pregnant. They'll just lay around doing nothing, the vet advised him. Early the next morning the biker woke up and asked his ol' lady to see what the pigs were doing. She looked out the window and reported that they were rolling around in the mud. Sorely disappointed, the biker again loaded the swine in his truck and drove off with them to repeat the previous day's efforts. The following morning he asked his ol' lady to see what the pigs were doing. This time she said they were playing around, having themselves a good old time.

Still hopeful, the biker loaded up the pigs for their third trip in the truck. The next morning his ol' lady announced she couldn't see the pigs at all. Excitedly, the bro told her to go outside and see what they were up to. She was back in a flash. "Three of 'em are in the back of the pickup," she said, "and the other one is in the driver's seat tryin' to blow the horn."

—Midnight Rider
Baltimore, Md.

Did ya know that NASA is an acronym for Need Another Seven Astronauts?

—Big Joe
McAllen, Tex.

A Polish chick took all her money down to a bank to open a savings account. The teller was quite impressed with the amount of money she was depositing and asked, "Did you hoard all this by yourself?"

Without batting an eye, the Polish chick replied, "No, my sister whored for half of it."

—Donna Nutt
Glendale, Ariz.



A biker met a chick in a bar and after a few drinks she invited him to her place. Since she was really hot to trot, she cuddled up to him and whispered huskily, "Why don't you relax, get loose, and remind me that I'm a woman?"

So the biker sat back, put his feet up on the coffee table, and barked, "Pull off my boots and get me a beer, bitch!"

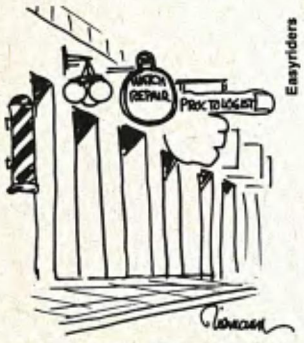
—Lorrie Perez
Pine Bluff, Ark.



A New Yorker arrived in San Francisco for his first visit to California. After claiming his luggage, he left the terminal and hailed a cab, telling the driver he wanted to go to San Josie. The driver said he'd never heard of such a place, and the New Yorker responded that his cousin had written him that all the prettiest girls in the state lived in San Josie. When the cabbie still insisted he didn't know where the place was, the tourist showed him the letter. "Oh," exclaimed the cabbie, "you mean San Jose! See, because of our state's Spanish heritage, we pronounce words that begin with a J as if they actually began with an H. If you stay here long enough, you'll get the hang of it."

"Well," said the New Yorker, "I sure hope so, because I'm planning to stay until at least Hune or Huly."

—Gregg Williams
Little Rock, Ark.



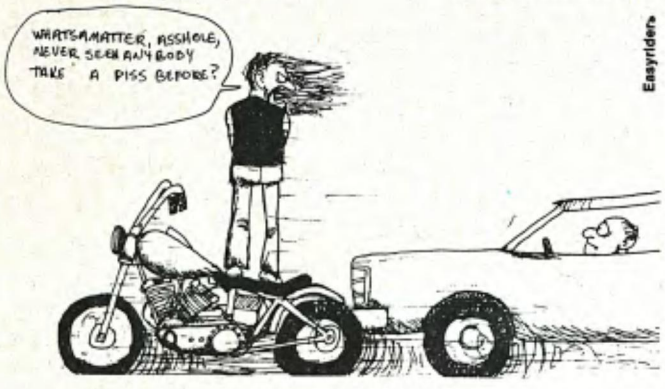
Easyriders

"Honey," said the bride to the groom on their wedding night, "I have something to confess. I was once a topless dancer."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the new husband. "Not that! I honestly think I'd rather be married to a girl who'd been a prostitute."

"You would?" the girl said incredulously. "Well, in that case, there's something else you should know. . ."

—Alligator
Bakersfield, Calif.



Easyriders


Easyriders

"Thelma, I've got the seven-year-itch — and I've got it *bad*!"

"Before we get married," said the young man to his fiancée, "I want to confess some affairs I've had in the past, dearest."

"But you told me all about those a couple of weeks ago," replied the girl.

"Yes, darling," he explained, "but that *was* a couple of weeks ago."

—Big John
Montreal, Quebec

One morning the out-of-work (and not-too-bright) biker went down to the post office to look for a job. As soon as he walked in, he started reading the posters but stopped in disgust after the first one. "Look at this!" he exclaimed to the clerk. "'Wanted: Italian for rape.' Those damn guys get all the good jobs."

—Linda Marithew
Belfast, Me.

A pretty girl who'd enjoyed a fabulous one-night stand with a soldier was dismayed several days later when she began suffering terrible pain every time she urinated. She went to a doctor who examined her and then informed her she had gonorrhea.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's a disease of the. . .uh. . . privates," the doctor said.

"Why, that sonuvabitch!" the girl exclaimed. "He told me he was a major!"

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Manitoba

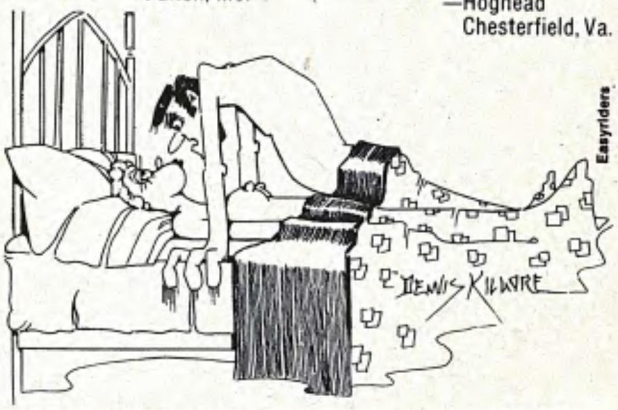
A dude got thrown into a two-man tank for a couple of weeks. A few minutes after he'd arrived, he noticed something rank in the air. "Hey," he said to his new cellie, "did you just shit your drawers?"

"Nope."

A little while later, with the stench growing worse by the minute, the newcomer announced, "I just don't believe ya, man. Drop your damn pants and prove it." Sure enough, there was evidence aplenty all over his cellie's underwear. "You lying turd! I thought you said you hadn't shit your pants," exclaimed the prisoner.

"I meant not today, man, not today," said his cellmate.

—Mike Michalek
Fulton, Mo.



Easyriders

"I don't mean to sound critical, Brenda, but it would be nice if you'd screw me back once in a while."

A wealthy man with a speech impediment had an appointment at the race track to look over a horse he was interested in buying. When the trainer brought the young filly out of her stable, the dude inspected her from head to toe and then asked to see her twat. The trainer was amazed at this request but didn't want to cost his employer a sale by saying anything, so he obediently lifted the filly's tail for the dude. "No, no!" the potential buyer snapped. "I want to see her twat around the twack!"

—Larry Kelsey
Boulder City, Nev.

Two bros were sitting in a bar getting shitfaced when one said, "Man, I've got some good news and some bad news. Whaddya want first?"

"The bad news, I guess."

"Okay, remember when you went on that run last month? Well, the night before you were due home, your ol' lady called me, soundin' frantic. She said she'd gotten so horny while you were gone that she was crawlin' the walls, so she'd decided to get it on with your dog, Sam, but the poor mutt hadn't been able to hold up and it had killed him. She didn't know what to do, because she said you'd kill her if ya found out. I told her to haul Sam out to the road and leave him there so you'd think he got creamed by a cage."

"Terrific!" sobbed the bereaved bro. "My ol' lady fucks my dog to death and my best bro covers up for her cheatin' ass! Well, give me the good news quick before I go home and kick her around the block."

"Don't do that, man! The good news is that she called me again last night to say that she was pregnant and she was gonna give you the first pick of the litter."

—Hoghead
Chesterfield, Va.

Did you hear about the chick who's so ugly that whenever she plays strip poker the guys give her chips?

—Keith Burr
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Easyriders

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*

Our recent column on the proposal to turn the Tennessee prison system over to private operators (*ER* #153) has generated more mail than any one of these ramblings in recent memory. Comments have ranged from the ridiculous (someone claimed private-business operators would wind up selling inmates' dental fillings) to raising rational questions, such as what if private operators try to keep cells full just to boost profits.

Paralleling your interest in the matter of so-called privatization is the rapidly increasing interest shown by the corrections power structure itself. Last March, for example, the House of Representatives' Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties, and the Administration of Justice held its second series of hearings within six months on the subject of privatization. Among the witnesses heard was Federal Bureau of Prisons director Norman Carlson, whose department has had extensive experience dealing with private contractors, and Dave Kelley, president of the Council of Prison Locals, of the American Federation of Government Employees, a trade union representing the screws and other prison employees.

In his presentation to the subcommittee, Carlson noted that while private corporations currently operate a large number of "halfway houses" (over 300 for the feds alone), juvenile facilities, and temporary lockups for illegal aliens, there are no major adult medium- or maximum-security prisons currently being run by a private firm — as would be the case if the Tennessee proposal is carried out. According to him, four major issues must be addressed before establishing such a system. These issues, he said, pertain to questions of legality, finances, quality, and philosophy.

Among others, Carlson cited the following concerns as ones whose legality must be determined. Does the government have the right to



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

lease out an entire prison facility or system? How would such an arrangement affect an inmate's right to sue the government for prisoners' rights violations? Would private-sector guards have the same right to use firearms as government employees? Would a private operator be legally empowered to discipline inmates?

Describing the issues of cost-effectiveness and quality care as "extremely complex," he said, "We have doubts about cost comparisons between private and public sector confinement. I remember reading an article which compared per capita costs in a single, private sector, lower-security facility with the Federal Bureau of Prisons' system-wide average cost. This can be a very misleading comparison. Obviously, maintaining maximum-security U.S. penitentiaries and other specialized facilities. . .is significantly more expensive than maintaining lower-security institutions."

Carlson went on to say that private corporations may initially "lowball" a bid to get their foot in the prison door. "We have experienced situations in our Community Treatment Center program where private, for-profit correctional corporations have initially underbid traditional nonprofit organizations, such as the Salvation Army and Volunteers of America, and increased the cost of the service after the competition has withdrawn from the market," he said.

Regarding the quality of prison facilities run by private firms, Carlson defined quality as "the effectiveness of security, the provision of programs to inmates, and the delivery of support services, such as food service and building-and-grounds maintenance." He also described the quality of privatized operations within the BOP's experience as "generally successful," but claimed it was no better than that available at publicly operated institutions.

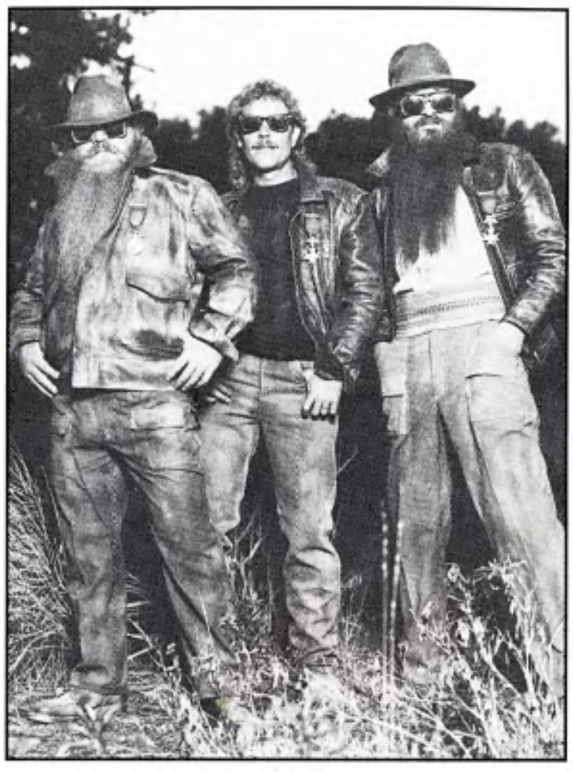
In the area of philosophy, Carlson said that the "core" question — Is corrections a suitable activity for privatization? — has yet to be answered. "Imprisonment in a federal institution currently represents the most serious sanction available in response to a violation of federal law," he declared. "The responsibility for administering this sanction carries with it duties which often go beyond the issue of cost efficiency."

In Kelley's appearance before the subcommittee, the guards' union czar made it clear that the answer to the BOP director's question about the suitability of corrections as an area for privatization is a resounding no. "Unlike other government functions, prisons don't do things for people — they do things to people," Kelley stated. "These acts cannot — should not — be trivialized. They cannot — should not — be sold to the highest bidder like lawn furniture before the first snow.

"Government has been defined as legitimized force. In prison this force is always felt if not seen. Does the government become less legitimate, less worthy of the citizenry, when it delegates *Continued on page 85*

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal



ZZ TOP

Afterburner/ZZ Top: One characteristic of the biking fraternity is a mutually shared collection of experiences. The boundaries are pretty vague, but there's enough overlap so that anyone who's been into motorcycles for a while will feel at least a twinge of recognition upon hearing of what some other rider has undergone. It's like a cement that binds all true bikers together in a common familiarity and occasionally the sympathy borne of complete comprehension — a nod of the head; I been there, too, bro.

You know what I mean. Bein' halfway to nowhere, havin' only a denim jacket and runnin' dead-on into a butt-puckerin' cold front (extra credit if your story includes hail and/or sleet). Findin' your bike on its side, kissin' sticky asphalt in a hundred-degree scorcher, fallen while you were suckin' down cold ones an' tellin' barstool war stories (you meant to lean the stand on a flat beer can, but this gal in the parking lot was lookin' at ya, an'. . .). Spittin' gravel and belchin' thunder as you leave the bar with your buddies, only to watch them accelerate out of sight as your bike coughs to a dead halt (sure, you meant to turn on the gas, but this gal in the parkin' lot was lookin' at ya, an'. . .). And so forth.

Well, I recently had another one of those touchstone experiences, but with a little twist that led to this issue's column. See if any of this sounds familiar.

My ol' partner Roo and I had spent the day ridin' aimlessly and smokin' a bud or three before winding up at the house of some friend-of-a-friend. Or something like that. To tell you the truth, the details are a mite vague. The last thing I remember distinctly is sitting on a workbench in the fluorescent glare of somebody's garage about three in the morning. My quart of ta-kill-ya was down to the last inch or thereabouts. And so was I, for that matter. Around midnight I'd begun swillin' Mexican martinis — a mouthful of Cuervo chased down with a slug of Gallo's hearty burgundy — shit that boiled around in my gut like nitro in a dragster's tank, fighting against the solid-fuel boosters I'd been snorting all night.

When I woke up I discovered it was only seven o'clock. That meant I might have logged a couple of hours — at best — of poisonous sleep but now to my dismay I was wide awake, the only partygoer at that hour unlucky enough to be anywhere near that condition. I was alone in the living room, except for a TV yammering away to itself.

I took a deep breath and heaved myself to my feet, where I rocked unsteadily like a beer-sotted bar fighter who's just caught a solid left hook to the temple — the kinda punch that cracks a couple of bones in your opponent's fist and feels like the corner of a two-by-four against your skull. Reeling about, I began feeling seasick. There was a certain sour foulness sloshing around in my belly like fish heads in the bottom of a heaving rowboat.

The room wasn't even vaguely familiar. Rather than risk barging into my host's bedroom while searching for the john — or worse, decorating his walls and rug with a couple of quarts of my Special Blend (tacos, tequila, and wine) — I careened through the kitchen, burst through the screen door, and staggered into the back yard. There I wobbled around in the grass, clumsily clawing at my fly and hoping my bladder wouldn't explode in my guts before I could get the fuckin' zipper down.

The family dog, some kinda dipshit little terrier, watched me curiously. I glared at him through eyeballs pounding with pain and he retreated to the overhang of the porch steps. I began worrying that he'd flip out and start barkin' like all those chickenshit little sonsabitches love to do. But he kept quiet, protected perhaps by some instinctual ability to pick up signals from my throbbing brain: Bark at me, you little pissant hairball, and I'll send you over the roof like a football off the toes of Ray Guy. In my mind I could see the little bastard's clear, high arc. You know — five, six seconds hang time.

Finally, release. The first couple of minutes pissing hurt like hell, but once my bladder's volume of contents fell to below five gallons the pain subsided. I sighed, experiencing the special comfort known only to those who have been brushed by the *angel de la muerte* when they were dyin' to take a piss.

While a firehose stream of 80-proof continued to splatter in the dirt, I cut two or three sorta thunderous, wipeout farts, scaring the mutt enough to drive him completely out of sight beneath the porch. The farts helped, as did a few cold, stomach-shattering gulps from the garden hose. I let the water play over my head, then dug the grit and glue out of my eyes, pulled two beers from the open cooler by the back steps, and reentered the house.

Exhausted by all the pissin' and fartin', I flopped on the couch and chug-a-lugged one beer while rolling the other icy can back and forth across my feverish forehead, pushing buttons on the remote control, yawning, sorta half-watching a parade of TV evangelists rant and rave. Two joints later I was vastly improved, *Continued on page 114*

OLD SOLDIER

Old knuckles never die. Sometimes they don't even fade away, they just come back for more action — better an' bolder than ever.





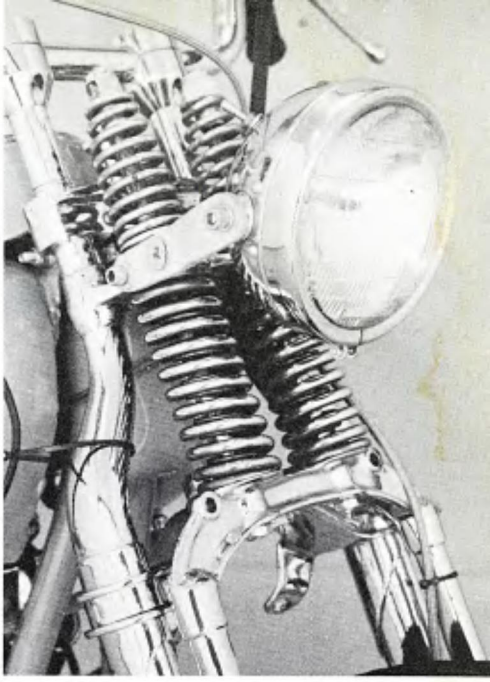


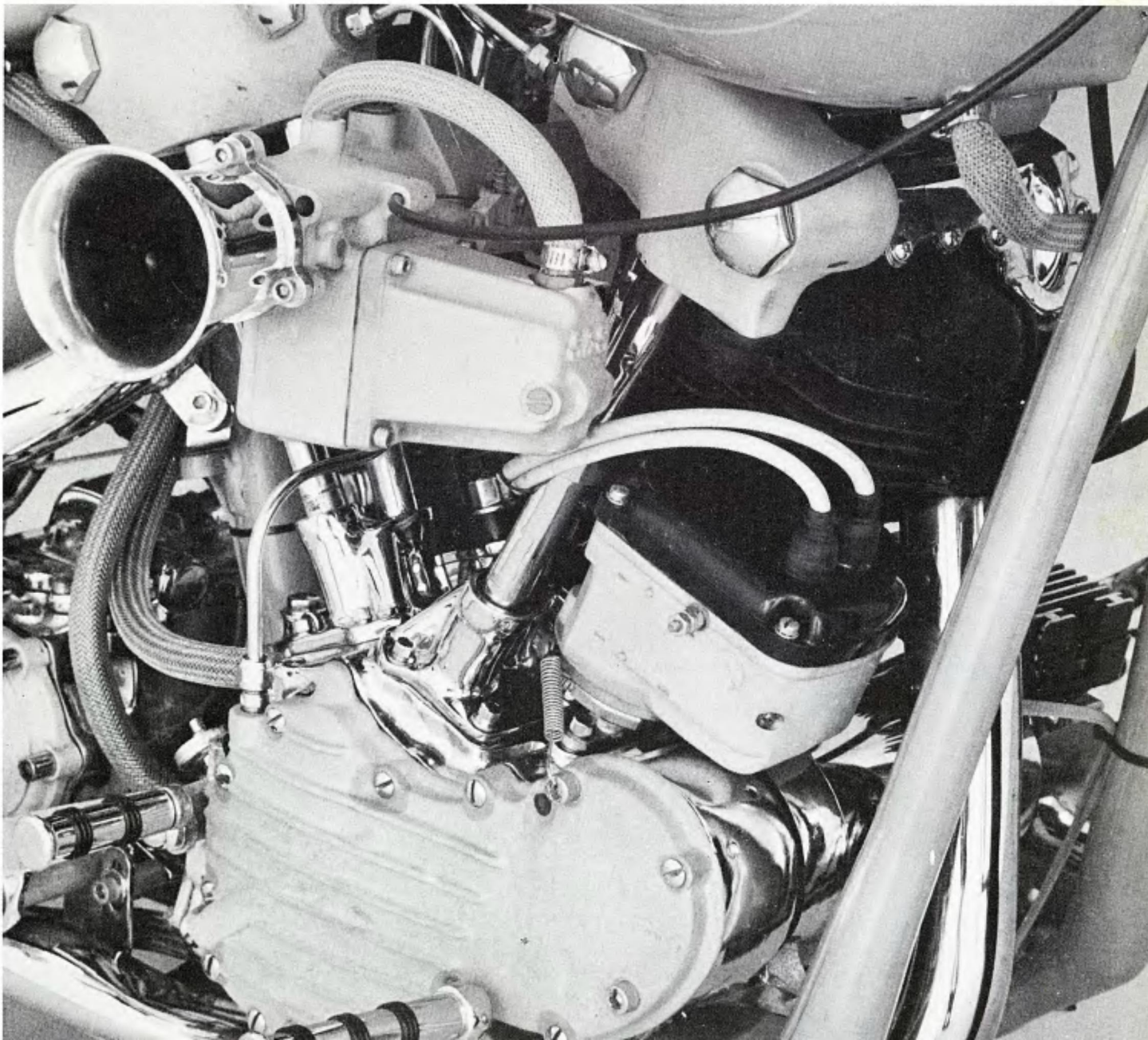


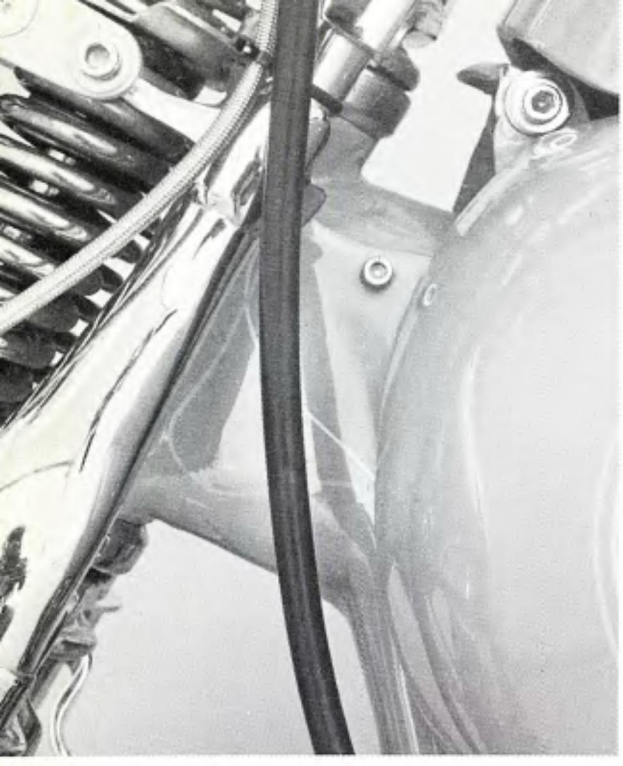
Here's a kick in the head for those of you who associate the name Arlen Ness with l-o-o-o-ng, wild, capital R, radical choppers. Guess what? This clean an' lean knuckle is a genuine, made-in-the-Frisco-Bay-Area, Arlen Ness motorsickle.

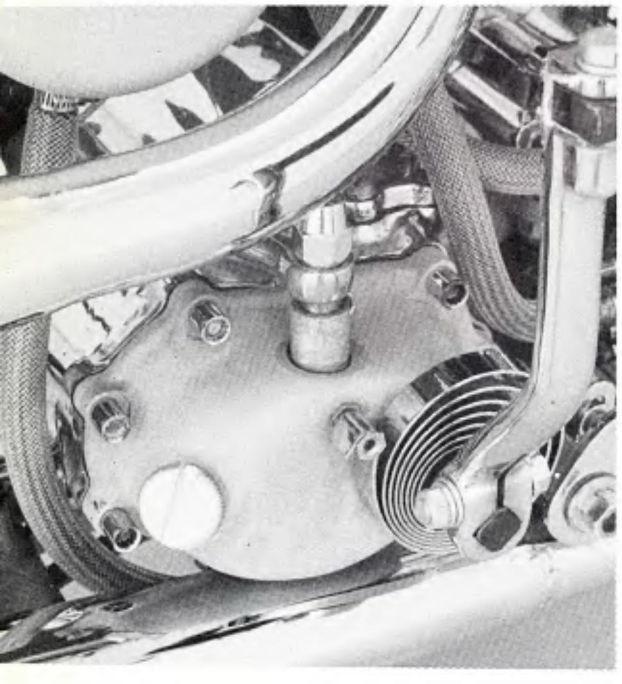
And therein lies a story.

Long ago, back in the days when the Ninjunk and Interceptrash designers were still little nippers staring down at their feet whenever the emperor passed by in his black homberg, a novice bike builder picked up a stock '42 knucklehead from an old friend. The young tyro then proceeded to fix it up, run it, change it around, run it some more, tear it down, build it up, run it again, tear it down — etc., etc.,









Owner: Arlen Ness	**City:** San Leandro, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1942	
Year and make: 1942 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead	Type: rigid	
Value: $8500	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months	Other alterations: straightened	
Chroming: High Lustre (Hayward)		
Engine	Bars: #1s	
Year: 1942	Risers: CCI	
Model: knucklehead	Fender(s): handmade	
Rebuilder: Oakland H-D	Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 68 cu.in.	Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: 74 wheels	Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: Rich Products	Rear pegs: handmade	
Pistons: CCI	Electrics: 12-volt battery	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: Sport-Bobs, CCI	
Heads: knuckle	Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Sifton 450	Oil system: Russell	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: stack	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: shotguns	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Gary Bang	Material: ½-in. round steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: overhauled	Type: springer	
Year: 1942	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Honda	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM3
Color: Competition Orange	Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer	Brake: Sifton	Brake: H-D
Special paint: House of Color; striping by Tom Lewis, Hayward.		
Other special modifications: Turn-out carb manifold; rear fender welded to frame; Sportster kickstand, handmade top motor mount.		

etc. You all know *that* story.

Now, as often happens when a dude has a busy shop, a bike sometimes gets taken apart without, for one reason or another, getting put back together again. Gradually, as the weeks turn into months and the months into years (or in some cases into decades), the boxes holding that bike's parts get shoved farther and farther into the deepest, darkest corner of the shop. So it went with this knucklehead.

Until about a year ago, that is, when a young guy wandered into the shop and started asking about the possibility of having a knuck ride put together for him. At first some of the guys tried to interest him in a knuck-powered "Futureworld" machine, but the boss, none other than Arlen Ness himself, put a quick stop to that.

This bike, Arlen decided, would be built to pretty much the same specs as when it went into the boxes. It would be, to borrow a phrase, "rolled from the same makin's" as the original — a traditional chopper of the '40s except for a few items like the Sportster fatbobs.

And in case you're getting worried about Arlen goin' soft or changin' his style, stay cool. This was a special case and he had a damn good reason for buildin' what he did. See, the kid he built it for — talk about bein' rolled from the same makin's — is the son of the bro Arlen got the knuck from all those many years and miles ago.

—Trampo



Photos by Pete Chiodo



IN THE WIND

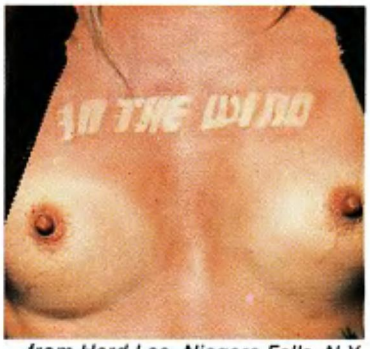


—from Snake, Leichardt, Australia

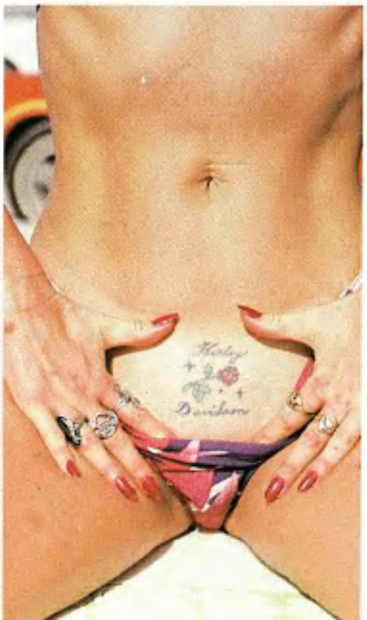
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



—from Hard Lee, Niagara Falls, N.Y.



—from Billy Shields, Corpus Christi, Tex.

—from Mad Doctor, On the road





—from Kim Peterson, Ventura, Calif.



—from Atteson, Sweden

—from The Breeze, Christenson, Norway



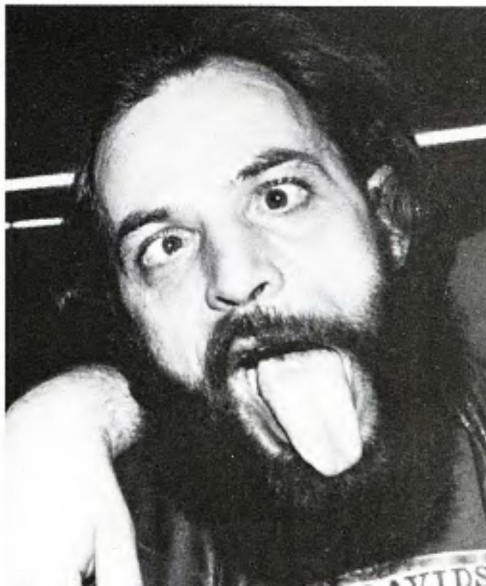
—from Brian Wolaniuk, Neepawa, Manitoba



—from The Shooter, Teaneck, N.J.

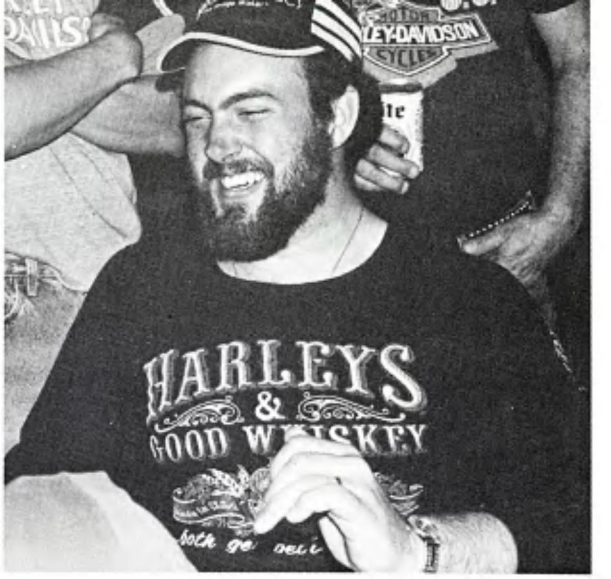
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.







—from Brian Malia, Terryville, N.Y.



—from Michael Matthews, Daytona Beach, Fla.

—from Lisa, Peoria, Ill.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Andy Kastel, Lakewood, N.J.



—from Balls, Granger, Ind.





—from Dave Maaske, Sun Valley, Nev.



—from Sgt. Hansen, Iwakuni, Japan

—from Helen Ksypka, Revere, Mass.



—from Crash, Borger, Tex.

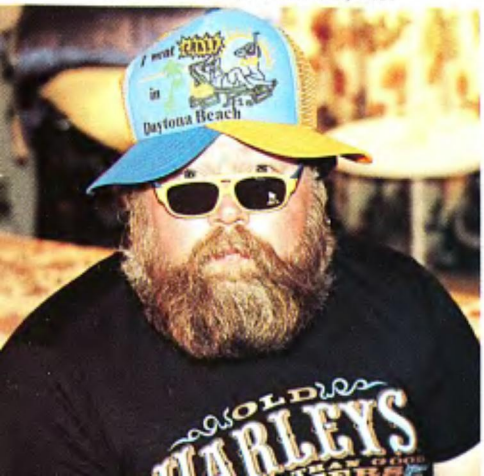


—from Bill Hynes, Baltimore, Md.

—from Weasel, Glenn Mills, Pa.



—from Sister Sandy, Stratford, N.J.







Easyriders Magazine

ALWAYS WIRED



Back when Hector was a pup, braces were somethin' folks wore to hold their pants up. Kelly wears the modern kind instead, the ones for teeth. Does that make gettin' her jeans off easier?

Maybe it was because she came in during March, which, you may recall, is the month that contains St. Patrick's Day. Or maybe it was just her name, Kelly — as in Kelly green. Or maybe it was somethin' he ingested, but for some reason or other, Spider decided this chick was Irish.

"We're gonna shoot some pictures of that Irish chick," he said. "We gotta get a real appropriate bike to pose her on."

A couple of people pointed out that there weren't — and probably never had been — any Irish-made scooters, but Spider was unimpressed. "Go with a limey," he ordered.

Which is why you see this non-Irish-looking chick (Spider must be color blind if he can't tell the difference between California blonde hair and County Cork red hair) rubbing up against a British bike.

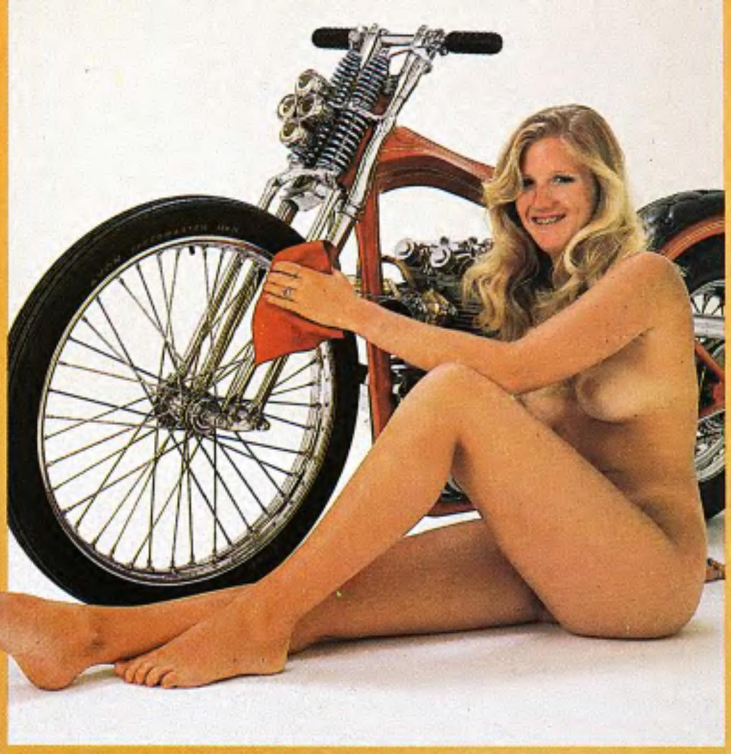
Actually, Kelly is very much a homegrown beauty. She grew up so close to our own back yard that it's hard to imagine how we all











Triumph courtesy of American Auto Racing Museum, Santa Paula, California.



Photos by Pete Chiodo



managed to miss her in the years between when she lost her baby teeth and found her braces.

For a while she was even working at the Rock Store, a locally famous biker hangout, without so much as a snapshot of her appearing in our "Wind" section — despite the vast amount of time so-called photographers (who can't see any better than Spider, apparently) spend sitting on their asses up there.

Turns out she was finally brought to Spider's attention by our production manager, who'd known her back when she was a flat-chested little kid and he was a dirty old man (some people are *born* dirty old men). As you can see from the pictures, she ain't a flat-chested kid anymore, even if her braces do make her look like she should be in high school and not on a barstool.

In any case, the braces never really kept any of the Rock Store hangers-on from tryin' to steal kisses whenever they could. As Spider says, "If the braces on their teeth make ya uncomfortable, ya can always kiss their alternate set of lips."

—Butcher


42 KNUCK


42 KNUCK


42 KNUCK

SPRING FEVER

He got his ride ready before the crowds came.

The snow's melted, the skies are clear, and the road is beckoning. Our office is near empty in the afternoon hours as people vanish, coughing and complaining of flu symptoms before puttin' off. Everybody knows better, of course, but the unwritten code calls for hushing up and going along with the stated excuses. There's no way to explain the malady other than callin' the cards as they are: Folks around these parts, as well as anywhere else that pretty girls are showin' off their winterized wares, are simply stricken with spring fever.

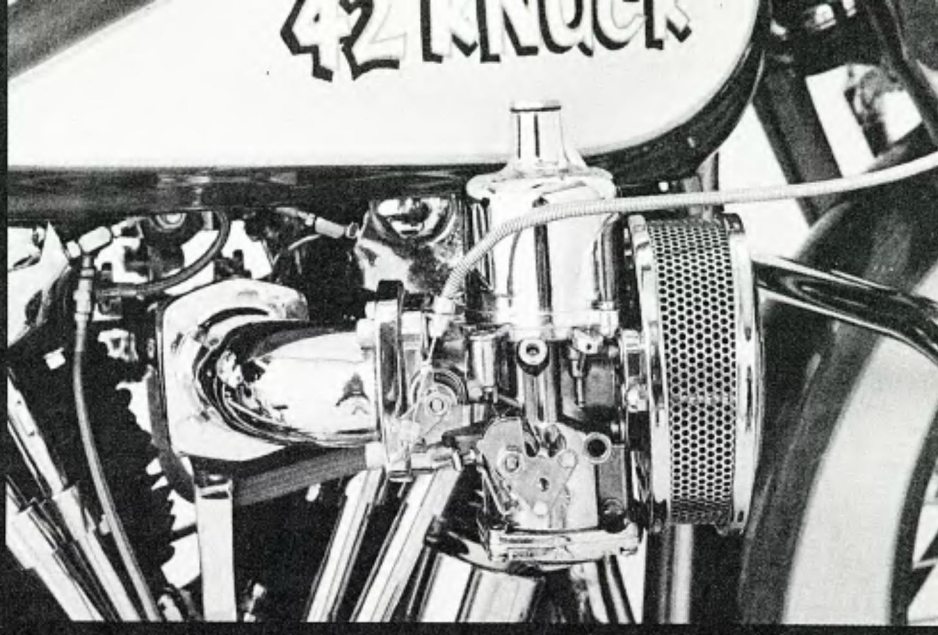
From the desert to the sea, the mountains to the prairies, brothers are bustin' out. Gettin' their rides together for a summer of puttin' fun. Nowhere can this be more evident than at the sizzlingly busy shop of Pete Smith, up in Lockport, New York.

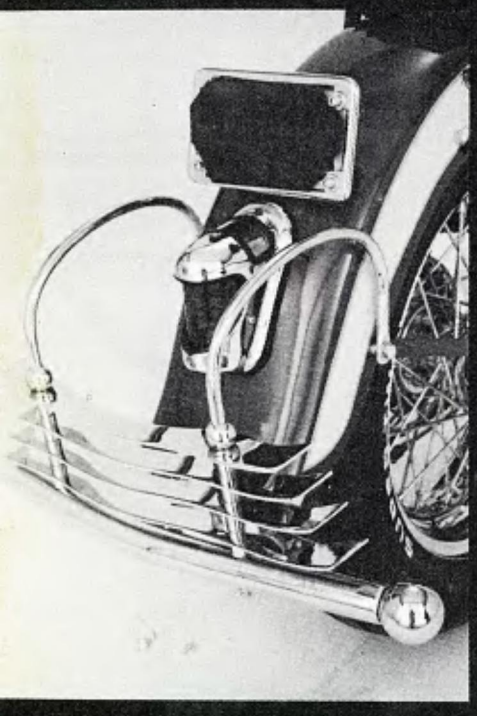
We pushed the touch-tone in an attempt to connect with Pete at his place of business, Motorcycle Supermarket, located in the northwest corner of New York state, right off Lake Ontario, about a barrel's roll from Niagara Falls. It seemed a simple enough task. Call the owner of the candy-red and chamois-tan knuckle and get his story. No big deal. Hah! Each time we called it sounded like the New York Stock Exchange at peak trading. The Dow might've been down, but Pete was up. He was like a linebacker with his head on a swivel, takin' shots from all sides.

A customer needed just one more part to get up. The UPS guy was there for a delivery; "Are the boxes ready to go?" inquired one of the voices to be heard in the background. Pete complained of bein' at the shop from eight a.m. until nine at night and never













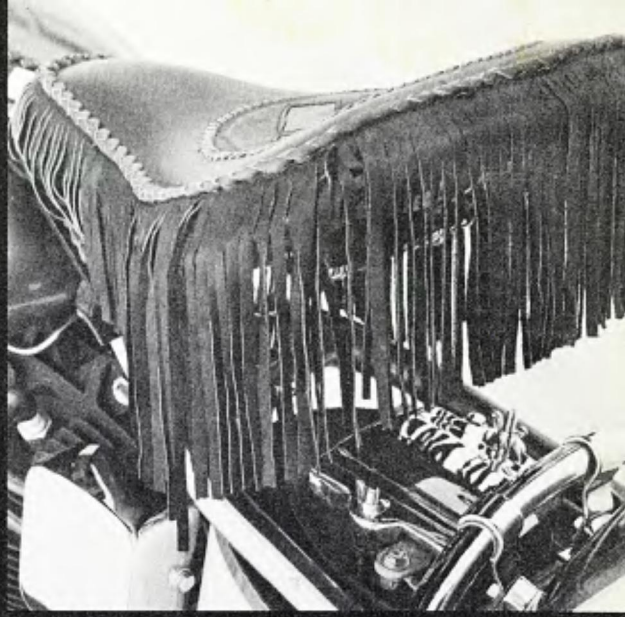
once getting a break from the incessant ringing of the phones. Ya gotta take it when ya can, after all; compared to now, by midsummer the place will resemble a ghost town. On call number four we got down to basics as Pete took five in the inner sanctum of his office, while assuring us he was still busier than a piston at 5000rpm.

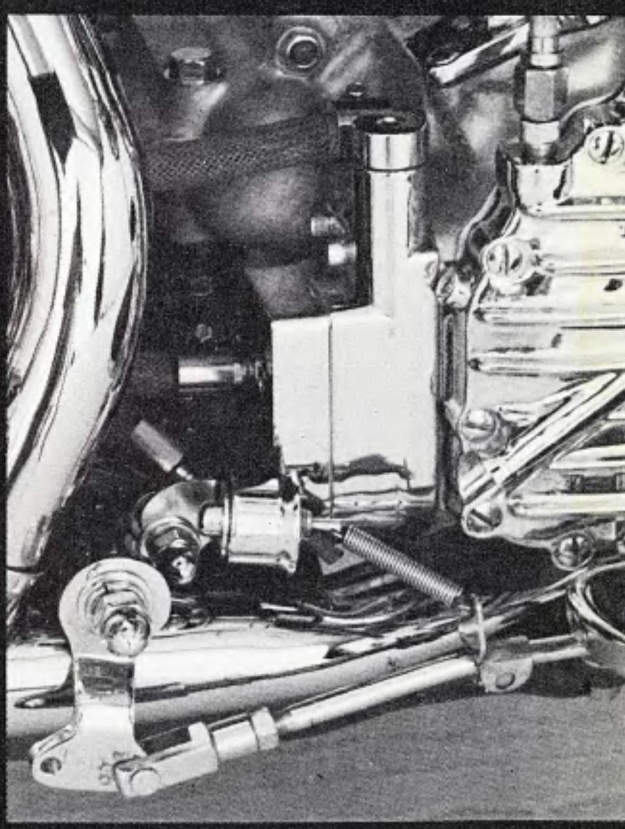
The '42 knuckle had come to him from a well-placed friend in Germany, where it had been left



Owner: Pete Smith	**City:** Lockport, N.Y.	
General	**Frame**	
Fab. by: owner/MC Supermarket Inc.	Year: 1947	
Year and make: 1942 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FL	Type: straight leg	
Value: $12,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: MC Supermarket Inc.	Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: sidecar loops	
Chroming by: Niagara Cust. Pltg.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: handmade/owner	
Year: 1942	Risers: in bars	
Model: EL	Fender(s): narrowed 3 inches	
Rebuilder: Brian Dolan	Headlight: stock/custom paint	
Ignition: auto advance dist.	Taillight: beehive	
Displacement: 1200 cu. cent.	Speedo: cat's-eye/custom	
Lower end: two right-hand wheels	Front pegs: floorboards	
Balancing: Townsend Racing Eng.	Rear pegs: internally sprung	
Pistons: 8½ to 1/ stock bore	Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: '42 EL/bead-blasted	Gas tank: 3½-gal./molded	
Heads: oversize Manley valves	Oil tank: side-fill	
Cam(s): Leineweber	Oil system: late-1968 pump	
Lifters: Colony solids	Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Rivera SU Eliminator	Seat: K Model/Gypsy Leather	
Air cleaner: Rivera	Sissybar: cabbage cutter	
Pipes: Paughco 2 to 1	Height: handmade	
Muffler(s): straight fishtail	Material: ⅛-in. cold-roll steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: springer/1934 VL	
Year: 1950	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: chrome and paint	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.,
Molding: Jim Hastie (Buffalo, N.Y.)	Hub: H-D/VL	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jim Hastie	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: w-i-d-e
Color: candy-red two-tone	Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer	Brake: VL stock	Brake: mechanical
Special paint: Chamois Tan		

Special Thanks: Gypsy Leather, Al, Michele, Paula, Mike, Joe, Niagara Custom Plating, Brian, Townsend Racing Engines, Jay at Jay Brake, Jim the Painter, Richie, and Kevin.



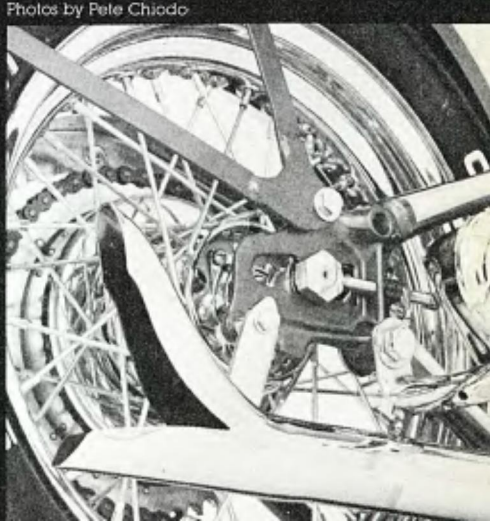


Photos by Pete Chiodo

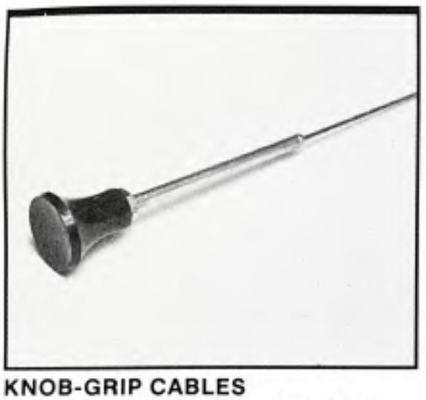
during WWII. Though in pieces when it made its belated VE Day appearance in Lockport, this past winter it was given new life. It's safe to say that the bike would probably be flabbergasted to see itself now. The former freedom fighter and Nazi nixer is currently adorned with various Third Reich knickknacks: an Iron Cross, SS lightning bolts, etc.

Under all that are the intricacies of the painted inner and outer springers and dual-tone headlight, the braided handmade divider and T-bracket on the gas tanks, the front fender narrowed three inches to better fit the VL front end. Combined with the reconstructed rear fender, the fringe and leatherwork done on the seat by Gypsy Leather, and the vibration-free rear footpegs by Jay Brake, this knuck's been made a spring and summer delight to ride.

—Buster



PARTS BOX



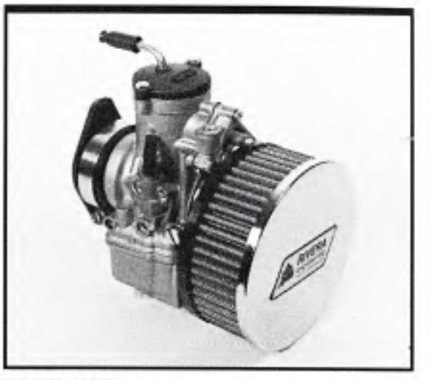
KNOB-GRIP CABLES

Nobody likes comin' up short. Cycle Mania can bail ya out if you're lookin' at a custom carb situation where you've just realized the factory cable ain't gonna get it. They've got two new knob-pull choke cables, dash (p/n 1903) and top motor mount (p/n 1901), featuring 1215 cold-drawn shanks with phosphate-coated piano wire, available for a shitload of old and new H-Ds. Signal your SOS to Cycle Mania Products, Inc., Dept. ER, 7469 Jensen Blvd., Hanover Park, IL 60103.



SHIFTER GATES

Unless Pappy left ya an old parts Hawg out in the barn, you bros with vintage Harleys don't always have an easy way to go when that original equipment decides to retire. Say ya need shifter gates for your '37-'65 four-speed. Stop lookin' in the hayloft, friends — Antique Cycle's got ya covered with these little show-chrome-plated doodads. Get the full story by contacting Antique Cycle Supply, Dept. ER, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. 616-636-8200.



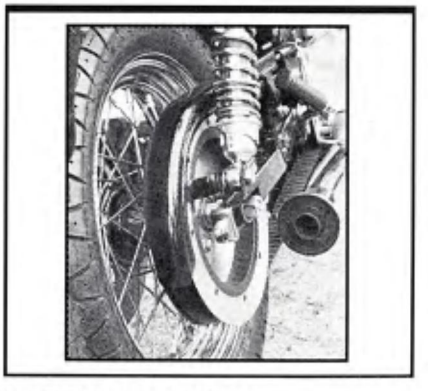
CARB KIT

Think Dell 'Orto and the ol' brain pan starts power-pulsing. Now think Dell 'Orto in combination with Evolution. Just creamed your jeans, didn't ya? Get a grip — Rivera's put 'em together. Their Pumper carb is now available for 38 and 40mm V²s in a kit that bolts directly to the stock manifold. Breather or K&N-type air cleaner, cable, throttle grips, hardware, and jetting included. Rivera Engineering, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. 213-693-4273.

FORK TUBE CAPS

While everyone else in kindergarten was struggling to make chains out of construction paper, Arlen was likely molding clay bikes with moving parts. Nowadays, if you want *the* finishing touch for your front end, ya won't find anything slicker than his precision-machined, chrome-plated fork caps. Super Glide and Sporty models feature a screw-in oil filler so there's no hassle removin' the damn fork to change oil. Wing $4 to Arlen Ness Ent., Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 97578 for the '86 catalog detailing his whole lineup.





REAR BELT-DRIVE KIT

If ya just tripped over some big bills the Tooth Fairy dropped, and if you've got a Sporty, the guys at Super Max would like a word with ya. See, they've got this hot little final-drive kit that'll convert you and yer sled into a blur leavin' the gate and they're willin' to swap for somethin' green. It's a pretty square deal since they'll tell ya more than ya ever wanted to know before the trade and back up the deal itself with a one-year guarantee. Negotiations can be started by letter or phone. Super Max Products, 16501 S. Normandie, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. 213-516-0500.



SCREW-TOP FATBOBS

Built to the exact specs of the original equipment, these tanks will accept the new screw-style gas caps and they're available in both the standard back and 1984-present flatback style for Evolution-powered four-speeds. Two different 3½-gallon 'bobs replace OEMs 61219-83, 61425-83, 61218-85, and 61426-85, and the 5-gallon version replaces OEMs 61213-83 and 61229-83. Check with any of Custom Chrome's dealers for additional information, or wing a kite to Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



In The Cabbage Patch

By Piper

I sure do owe a big debt of gratitude to Brigham Young, the man who led the Mormons across the plains to Utah back in eighteen-whatever and established a goodly portion of their doctrine once they got settled to the point where they could bother with rules and regulations and such. One of the main points of the Mormon faith is that good Mormons should try to be fairly self-sufficient, and in pursuit of that goal they're encouraged to till the soil and coax something that bears fruit from the ground. (No mean feat, considering most of the land in Utah.) That's why you'll find, wherever the ground isn't too saturated with alkali or some other substance equally inhospitable to plant life, garden plots and truck patches flourishing under the care of green-thumbed Children of Zion.

A few years back I took a solo journey to Sturgis, more on an impulse than as the result of any planning. As a consequence of this lack of premeditation, I found myself right next to stone-broke by the time the Black Hills festivities ended, with no prospects of sinking my meathooks into any escape cash.

During the prior week I'd hooked up with a couple of bros in similar financial shape, proving the old axiom about "birds of a feather." Our strongest common bonds were poverty and Harley-Davidson. The three of us sat on our scoots under the trees in City Park and watched everybody else's exhaust smoke as they headed home. Carlo had a Diner's Club card belonging to his ex-ol' lady, but it had been moldering in his wallet so long that he was sure she'd canceled it and that he'd be set upon by the Credit Police or some like force if he tried to use it. Financial institutions always seem pretty sinister to those of us who can't or won't use them. God only knows what kind of powers and authority they have, right?

Anyway, I parted with my treasured, early-style outside oil filter with bracket and lines for $25. I'd actually packed it along with just such a purpose in mind but waited so long to put it on the block that I had to take what I could get for it. Should've gotten rid of it in Deadwood at the swap meet, but at least that paltry sum got the three of us as far as Rawlins, Wyoming.

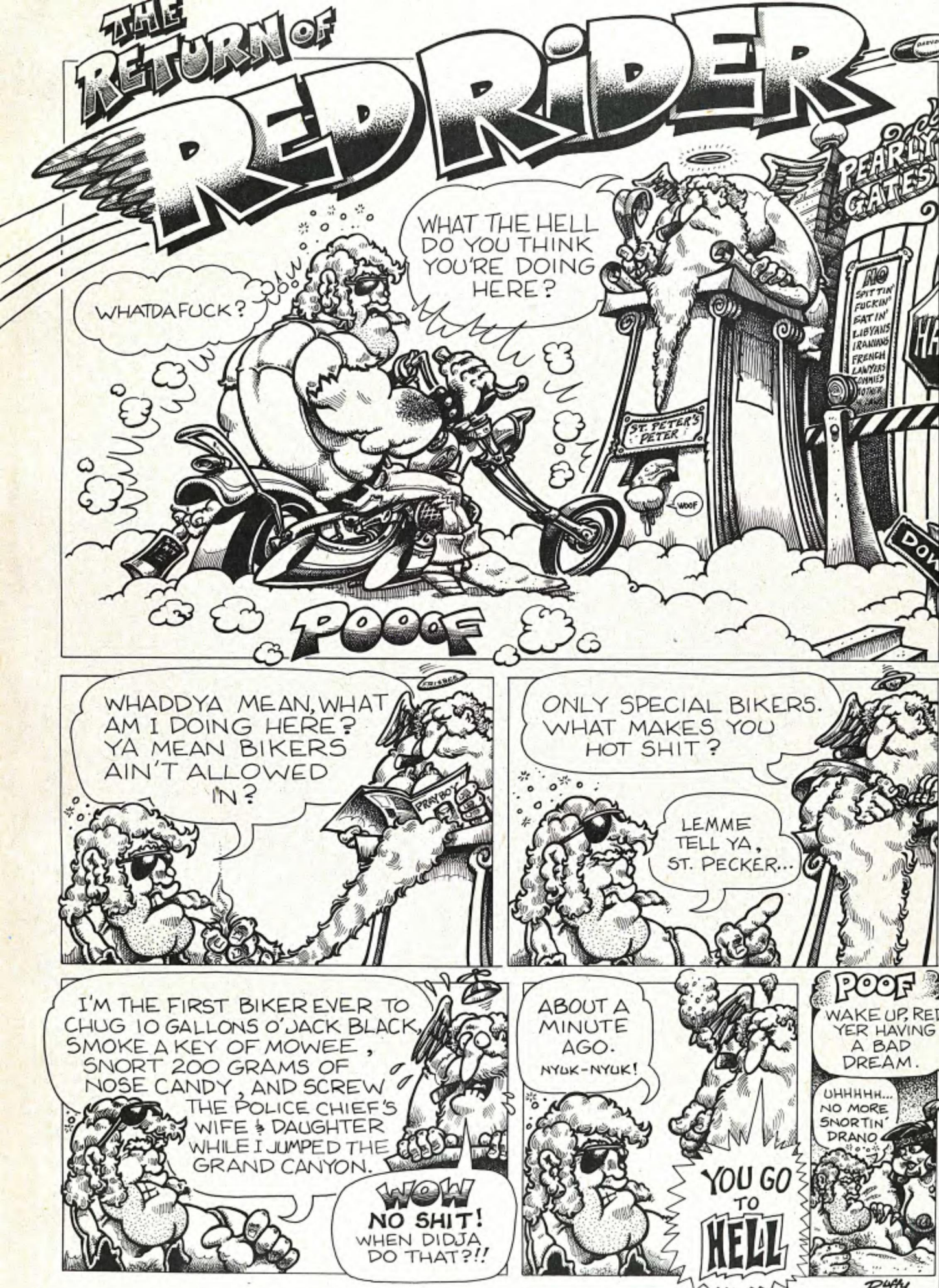
After much pondering and debate, we decided to try the Diner's Club card for gas. If the Credit Gestapo sprang full-blown from the cash drawer, we determined to take a grease monkey hostage and shoot it out — or some other such desperate course of action. Having resolved to go in style, we pulled into the local airport to fill up our tanks and I decided I might as well pick up some sixty-weight, too, since my pan needed a transfusion.

The girl behind the desk didn't even bat an eye at three tramps presenting a major credit card to settle up their bill. Amazing! It was still valid. Several more gas stops without any friction at airports across Wyoming boosted our confidence, so we decided to get a little more ambitious and try it out in a bar. Once again it worked great and the taste of Jack's Tennessee sour mash was never so sweet.

Rolling west, we stopped in Provo, Utah, with grumbling bellies. Although the bikes had stayed well-fed and every motel bar along I-80 welcomed that slug of plastic with open arms, for some reason supermarkets didn't appear similarly enlightened about the power of floating capital. For reasons unclear to me now (probably then, too), we minimized the use of the card in the restaurants adjoining the bars we hit. And that brings us back to good old Brigham Young.

A brain motivated by hunger is pretty quick to pick up on the fact that driving through a devout Mormon neighborhood is like touring the produce section at Safeway. Hanging from vines, bushes, and trees is almost every imaginable fruit and vegetable, and the folks who have labored over them live in quiet, respectable environs with no reason to fear that they might be ripped off. So it was that three famished sled jockeys, feeling secure in the dark of night, crawled through a particularly fertile truck patch armed with plastic trash bags, plundering the next day's vittles. Garden after garden, several nights in a row. Spinach, turnips, tomatoes, carrots, apples, radishes, cucumbers, peaches — we became the embodiment of vegetarian epicures. We ate our fill, but I sure wished the Latter day Saints had cultivated steak trees or hot dog bushes.

Roughly the same time that discomfort with this diet turned to utter repulsion, a suspicious-minded cop stopped me for a routine interrogation. He ran an NCIC on me, found that I had a federal warrant, and after a five-day tenure as a county guest I was returned from whence I'd originally started the trip — in the company of two armed escorts. But I still have occasion to remember those dog days on my belly among the zucchinis in Utah. And even though I'm hardly a religious man, I offer my thanks to Brigham Young whenever one of those "memories" passes. ■


THE RETURN OF
RED RIDER
PEARLY GATES
WHATDAFUCK?
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE?
NO SPITTIN' FUCKIN' EATIN' LIBYANS IRANIANS FRENCH LAWYERS COMMIES ROTOR
ST. PETER'S PETER
WOOF
POOOF
WHADDYA MEAN, WHAT AM I DOING HERE? YA MEAN BIKERS AIN'T ALLOWED IN?
PRAYBOY
ONLY SPECIAL BIKERS. WHAT MAKES YOU HOT SHIT?
LEMME TELL YA, ST. PECKER...
I'M THE FIRST BIKER EVER TO CHUG 10 GALLONS O'JACK BLACK, SMOKE A KEY OF MOWEE, SNORT 200 GRAMS OF NOSE CANDY, AND SCREW THE POLICE CHIEF'S WIFE & DAUGHTER WHILE I JUMPED THE GRAND CANYON.
WOW NO SHIT! WHEN DIDJA DO THAT?!!
ABOUT A MINUTE AGO.
NYUK-NYUK!
YOU GO TO HELL
POOF
WAKE UP, RE YER HAVING A BAD DREAM.
UHHHHH... NO MORE SNORTIN' DRANO
DUFFY

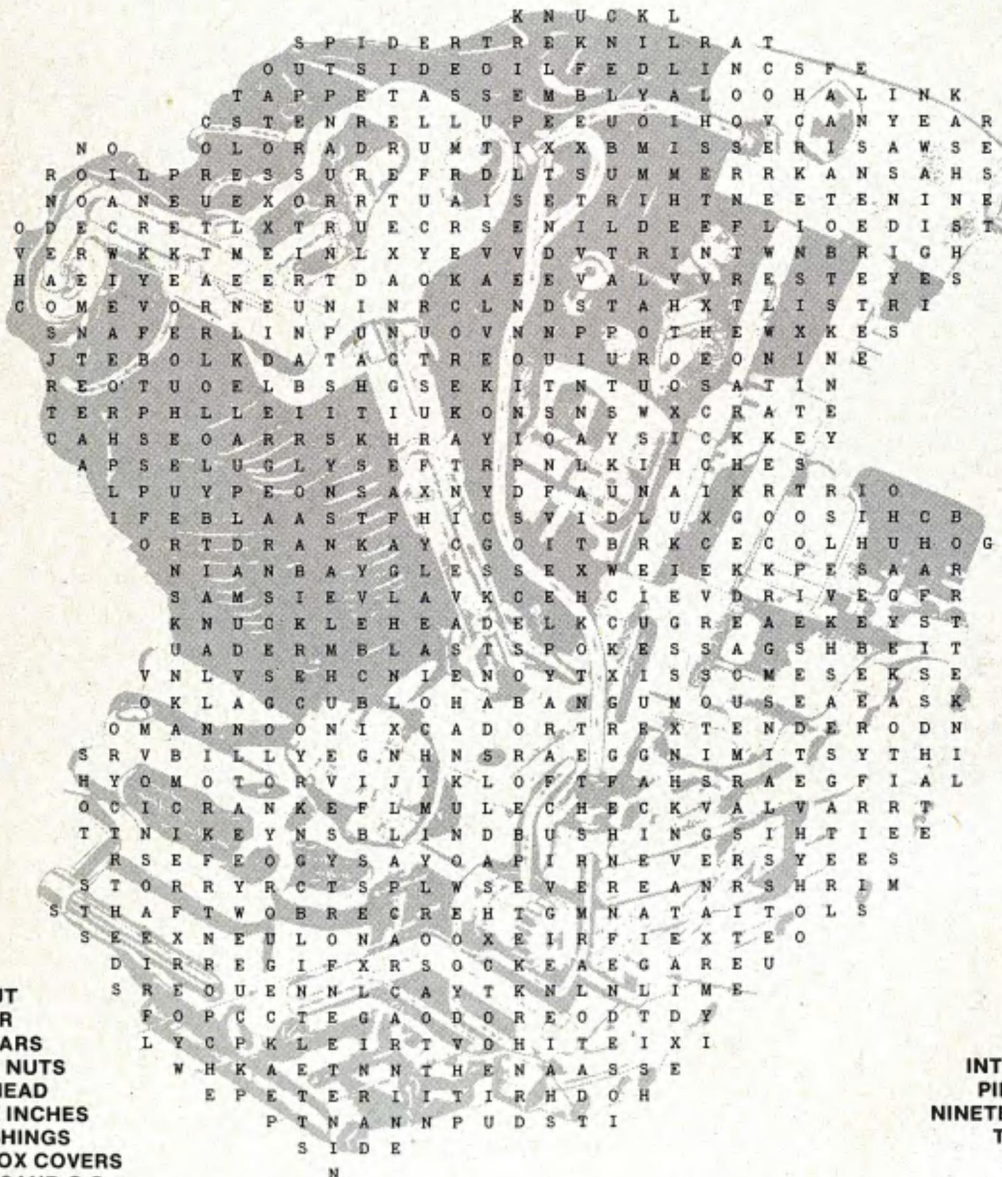
KNUCKLEHEAD

Every now and then our little ragtag band of desk jockeys suffers what can best be described as group hackle-raising (referring, of course, to those particular group members who don't *normally* walk on all fours or lick their own balls). Inevitably this mass terror response is precipitated by a sudden blast of unearthly noise bursting from Spider's inner sanctum. We cringe, cowering in our boots, waiting for the windows to stop rattling, wondering if we've just survived the first volley of Spider's terrible displeasure or if we've lucked into hearing a rare expression of frenzied glee.

He nailed us again last week. The Spidersonic boom was still bouncing off the walls when there came a wild, paint-stripping cackle of maniacal delight. "Knucks are best!" the great man roared. "Fuck the rest — at least for August. This is gonna be an all-knuckle issue, scumbags, so get hopping on it."

Herewith then is a dilettante's dream, a word search puzzle that knucklehead aficionados can really jack off over. Hidden within its right-on contours are all the knuck-relevant words and terms listed below. Look for 'em to read up, down, diagonally, backwards — hell, the suckers might even overlap in places. After you've busted yer knuckles sliding that pencil around, check page 86 to see what ya missed.

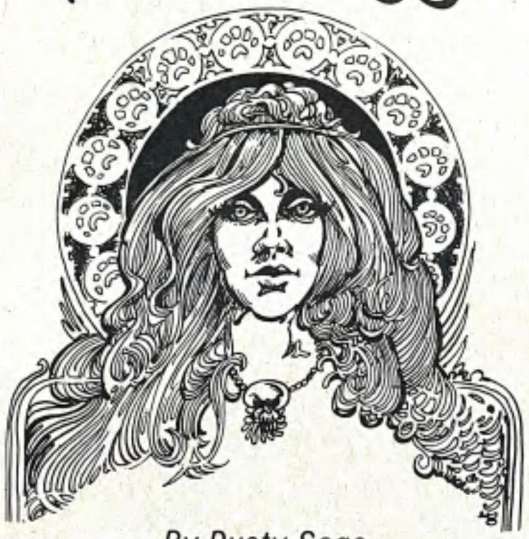
By Bright Eyes



V-TWIN
PULLER NUT
IDLER GEAR
TIMING GEARS
EXTENDED NUTS
KNUCKLEHEAD
SIXTY-ONE INCHES
BLIND BUSHINGS
ROCKER BOX COVERS
ONE THOUSAND C.C.
NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX
OUTSIDE OIL FEED LINES

OHV
DRIVE GEAR
CHASSIS
VALVE KEY
INTAKE ROCKER ARM
PINION GEAR SHAFT
NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN
TAPPET ASSEMBLY
SPROCKET SHAFT
FLYWHEEL
CHECK VALVE
LINKERT

Asstrology



By Dusty Sage

Astrological Profile For Leo

A synonym for Leo is ego. Flatter 'em and they'll follow you anywhere, especially to bed. Even the assholes of this sign can be reduced to size with flattery — plus some ass-kissing. What the hell, though. Leo is generous with his bucks, fucks, and loyalty, and is usually there when you need him. So go ahead and baby him verbally. He needs his strokes or most likely he'll stomp his feet and crap his pants.

Sexually, Leo is an exciting lay. Just be sure to wear sunglasses, 'cause most of 'em have neon lights attached to their nuts. Refer to Leo as "Your Majesty" during sex and expect multiple orgasms. Since Leo loves applause, he won't even mind if you give him the clap once in a while.

Never try to tell a Leo what to do or he'll blow it. After all, he's the only one with brains. So forget it and let him fuck up on his own. One thing in Leo's favor, he always fights fair and on a grand scale. His sense of fair play comes out in full force when it's for the underdog, so if you want a buddy who'll always back you up, stick with a Leo.

Some famous Leos of the past and present are: Mae West, Alfred Hitchcock, Robert DeNiro, Ray Bradbury, Dustin Hoffman, Mick Jagger, and Lucille Ball. Check out *those* big egos!

Leo is prone to back problems and heart ailments, but has strong recuperative powers and seldom stays sick long. Older Leos tend to have problems with constipation due to a lifetime of pigging out on all the bullshit people feed them. However, except for a tendency to drool when talking, Leo is basically a healthy cat.

Leo displays a wealth of good taste, something you'll really appreciate if you like furry little dingle balls hanging from your rearview. Seriously, check out a Leo's scoot if you want to see the very best in workmanship and design. They buy only the very best and always take pride in their possessions.

Keep a Leo around if you enjoy being entertained, wined, and dined. They usually carry so many credit cards one of 'em is sure to still be good.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
This month could make or break you with VIPs at work. Time to stop mumbling and tripping over your tongue (save that for between the sheets) — tell 'em what you're worth. Otherwise, some chump with half your capabilities will muscle in on ya. Give yourself a break by grabbing onto a better position, plus a bigger paycheck. Brains are better than brawn now.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
Frazzled foreskin, limp nuts, and skinned knees won't deter you from enjoying extra servings of hair pie, but dipping your dingle doesn't leave much time to take care of biz or rest. Unless you can mix business with pleasure and doze while muff-diving, you're in trouble. Take time out to keep your act together financially.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Shit you've pulled off in the past comes back to haunt your ass now. Unless you get your golden tongue galloping, you don't stand a ghost of a chance and fuck-ups (and gettin' fucked over) will become your daily fare. 'Fraid you may have to compromise a tad. Grab some humble pie if you have to, just don't swallow it.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Everything bugs, baffles, and hits below the belt during this bizarre period. Your beaver has a case of the runs and decides to try wiping forward for a change, so you end up shitfaced. Your rugrat runs away from home to join the circus, returning with a trained crab act in his hair. Your dog craps on your *Easyriders*, and you have a passionate affair with a Siamese twin.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Birthday blast-offs last longer than your ol' lady's lip service and leave you with a death-defying hangover. A gallon of red-hot menudo won't cure this one. What the fuck, once a year (hope you last) it's worth it. After you recuperate, get together with a tight partner and tie up loose ends on a pending purchase — something lucky dealwise.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
You can bench-press your balls off, run a marathon (and win), leave a whorehouse with chapped lips and still have enough energy to bang your own broad. Take advantage of this extra dose of get-up-and-go by getting your act together. Clean up the garage, go over your scoot with a fine-tooth comb, collect all the petty cash that's owed ya. Then kick back and refuel with a peanut-butter-and-pubic-hair sandwich.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Lucky you! This month will blow the cobwebs off your crank and put some cash in your account. Rewards for past efforts put you in a position to take over. Shun any ass-kissing approaches, be up front for best results, and be sure to take advantage of offers toward the month's end. The only other advice is don't take any. Follow your own counsel now.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Shine on any attempt to force issues until next month. Let things slide for now and cut lames and assholes some slack. If you do, you'll reap some heavy-duty rewards. Show that secretive Scorpio side. Smile and keep yourself busy with undercover work. . .like screwing, etc.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Put your party threads on, get in the wind to pick up some brew, and invite the crew over for a swap meet in bed. It's your turn to burn the candle at both ends and get away with it. Lighten up on your ol' lady — just to fuck with her head and keep her guessing. Get a buzz on, then show a big bone and a shit-eating grin and flip off the world. Enjoy it while it lasts.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Tight partners lay a sob story on ya now and grab up any loose change you've been hoarding. Nix on the lightweight sniveling, but don't shortchange a partner's real needs. Heavy rap sessions at home base have an effect at El Jobbo and leave you on the lookout for a new house mouse. (Hang in there, it'll blow over by next month.) Instead, cut loose a sneaky snatch your ol' lady listens to by givin' her a knuckle muzzle.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Time to read between the lines and double-check the small print. Scan your inventory of pending tickets or you could end up paying twice as much (if you snooze, you lose). Extra sack sessions will calm your nerves and keep the swelling down. Don't leave anything to chance — if you go to the head in a strange place, look before you leak!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
Get busy and weed out the weirdos taking up space at home base, then put up a No Vacancy sign. Get rid of that masked man on an Indian, the dude who wears surgical gloves, and make your ol' lady stop sleeping in Saran Wrap. Poke holes in your kids' rubber ducky and vacuum your ol' lady's douche bag. Afterwards, kick back in solitude and fire up a good joint.

Male Call

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

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of $14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send $14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. *Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

European Italian, 28, 5'11", 170 lbs., black wavy hair, brown eyes, desires w/f, blue and blonde. P. Anthony Staffiero, B-92536, Box , 400 (H-115), Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 'Nam vet, doing lots of time for the feds. Been down for four, have five more to go. Need scribes from scooter ladies, either coast. Will answer all. Bobby Callahan 91130-024, Unit 3-B, Box 1000, Otisville, NY 10963.

Lonely bro, 25, seeks woman, 18-40. Need pictures. David Soulsby, K8809, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

W/m, 26, brown hair, blue eyes, crowned with 5 years, one left. Looking for tight scooter mouse, 18-30. Must be sincere; no players. Photo appreciated — please, no Polaroids. Will answer all. Phil Scotzin 20289, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

Lonely bro, 21, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 172 lbs., would like to hear from ladies, 18-30. Photos appreciated, Will answer all. Charles Kingsley, MPCJF, 1301 E. 12th St., Wilmington, DE 19809.

Wild and crazy Greek, 30, down since '80, in the wind this year. Looking for stand-up lady with no head games attached. I'm 5'8", 170 lbs., easygoing, with great sense of humor. Letter and pix of yourself will bring back same. Dino Kastanas 39410, Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652.

W/m, 23, 5'11", 165 lbs., long brown hair, green eyes, doing time the hard way. Very lonely and would like to hear from ladies with a kind, caring heart, age unimportant. Donald Tarmon 128542, Box 430, Dillwyn, VA 23936.

Two good-looking Oz outlaws, 19 and 26, both 6', 175 lbs., would like letters from foxy chicks. Will answer all; pictures appreciated. Garry Hopkins and Graham Page, Box 115, Ermington, N.S.W. Australia 2115.

Two fine, free-spirited, solid ladies need two fine, free-spirited, solid w/m. Out Dec. '86. Martha Whitecalf 53624 (age 25), and Sherry Philips 53923 (age 28). CWCF, Box 500, Canon City, CO 81212.

Death row bro, 5'10", 175 lbs., hazel-green eyes, full Italian, long brown hair, lost contact with free world 6 years ago. Would like to hear from ladies, 20 to whatever. All will be answered. Can use all the TLC you offer. Johnny Marks, Box C-45300, Tamal, CA 94974.

South American male, 34, serving time in a German prison, would like to correspond with American chicks. Salas Parada Iber, Aussere Passauer Str. 90, 884 Straubing, W. Germany.

Lonely w/m, 27, blond hair, green eyes, 5'8", 140 lbs., wishes to hear from chicks who aren't afraid to go the limit! Chuck Rose 34512, Box 7 (2-B-448), Moberly, MO 65270.

Hey, ladies: Drop me a line. W/m, 29, 6', 190 lbs. Will answer all. Bob Clark 31428, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502-0500.

Warm, soft sweetie wanted. Steve Kolsin 10078-016, FCI, Box 1000, Petersburg, VA 23804.

Lonely w/m, 21, fairly attractive, looking for loving and understanding ladies to write him. Steve Garrett, MPCJF, Box 9561, Wilmington, DE 19809.

W/m musician, 27, blue eyes, blond hair, 6'1", 225 lbs., doin' time on bum rap, needs mail and pix from kind-hearted, sincere, music-loving females (prisoners okay). Let me know if the world and love still exist. Age unimportant; sincerity a must. M.B. Brown 41358, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Bro from Northwest, 29, 5'11", 180 lbs., doing a little hard time, looking for sincere, solid lady to correspond with. Photo appreciated. Richard P. Rogers, 2199 Kamehameha Hwy., Honolulu, HI 96819.

W/m, 27, 6'1", 185 lbs., nice-looking and unattached, would like to correspond with you lovely ladies out there. I need some attention. Please care; no games. M.K. Fineberg, C-99989, CMC-E, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

W/m seeks correspondence from caring ladies. Interests include snow skiing, scuba diving, and other outdoor activites. James Griess 76235, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212.

Lonely ladies: Someone cares. It's been a long, lonely road, and there's been heartache and pain in my life. I want to know what love is. I know you can show me 'cause through your letters love can shine. Indian male, 26, 5'9", 156 lbs. Noah Lazore 76B1950, CCF, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929.

W/m from Austin, Texas, 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., dark brown hair and eyes, would appreciate mail and photos from solid ladies, 18-100. Just over two years left. Greg T. Smith 098991, Okaloosa Corr. Inst. B-58L, Box 578, Crestview, FL 32536.

W/m, 23, 5'7", 145 lbs., dirty-blond hair, hazel eyes. Aries, open-minded, caring, and compassionate. Seeks serious-minded, caring, mature female. No head games. Jeffrey White, C-71392, SMSC 4-A-208, Box 1902, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

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

W/m, 26, 6', 195 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a cute white honey, 18-30. Pictures, please. Will answer all. Have less than year left to do. Robert Morse 75020, 245 Whalley Ave., New Haven, CT 06511.

Ohio-born w/m, 29, 6'4", 225 lbs., black hair and beard, up for parole in '88. Looking for a woman to spread a little sunshine on me. Will come to you if it's right. Kids are cool. Dave Utterback, P-5490, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

Mexican-American from California with no one has lonely prison blues. I'm 33, 5'8", 165 lbs., black hair and brown eyes, never been married. Be honest and send pix. Tommy D. Zaragoza, N-37555, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

Downed bro, 36, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to marry sincere lady while in stir. D.R. Goodwin 18313, Box 700, Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, needs to hear from friendly females. Photo for photo. A.J. Chirico 61550, Box 1400, Enfield, CT 06082.

Lookin' for a woman I can count on. W/m, 30, 5'11", salt-pepper hair, 165 lbs., blue eyes. Will answer all sincere letters. Bob Harris 142134, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Been down 3 years, have 7 left. Don't want your money or a love affair, just looking for some female friendship to help me make it through this time. Mike Pizzano 85A-662, Box 0149, Attica, NY 14011.

W/m, 34, looking for that special lady. Dave Corn 30402 (C2-146), KSIR, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

W/m, 100% pure and for real, wants flicks and letters from for-real sisters who aren't into mind games. Pete Shamblin 151813, MECC 3A-30, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069.

Lonely w/m, 34, looking for letters and pix from sincere ladies. Age unimportant. Ron Barnhill 409349, Ellis I, Huntsville, TX 77343.

W/m, 32, 6'2", 205 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes, been down 10, out in about two. Looking for a special lady, 25-50, to help straighten out my life. Tired of being alone. Sincere, caring ladies only. Michael Lett, C68712, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

Single w/m, 35, 5'8½", 132 lbs., good-looking, fit, release pending. Looking for that special, honest, sincere lady willing to share love, not bullshit. Pix exchanged; will answer all. Robert Reiner 98400, NGH W2, Angola, LA 70712.

Contractor, 25, 6'2", 220 lbs., power lifter-body builder, seeks health-conscious woman for lifelong mate. Honesty and sincerity is crucial to secure lasting relationship. I see the parole board in '88. William Bingamon 174-070, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

W/m, 5'8½", 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, lives in a big house with a big yard. Lonely as hell — looking for a pretty belle. Correspondence and friendship desired. Please write. Don Marsh 85A0394, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

Serious-minded man, 24, 175 lbs., 6', light brown hair, hazel eyes, been down 7, have a couple left to do. Need righteous, down-to-earth woman who loves the wilderness and knows how to take care of a man. Lookin' to settle down with right woman, preferably from West Coast. Gary Pinchot, Box C-30345, Tamal, CA 94974.

W/m, 27, 5'10", 170 lbs., blondish/brown hair and brown eyes, needs a good lady for whatever, relationship. Edward Crawford 280430, MSC Rainier A-1-2, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

W/m, 24, 6'2", 190 lbs., blond hair, looking for a sweet, caring, and loving woman, 24-34, to help me get through these last two years. Send photo, if possible. Will answer all. David Shelley 083671, Union Corr. Inst. 30-245, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Take away the things that can bring a smile — the warmth has gone, the remains are dark, cold and lonely. Behind these walls of manmade rock, I stand alone. Deep inside the fire's still very much alive. Don Sullivan 068959, Fla. State Prison V-3-N-11, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

W/m, 21, 6'2", 180 lbs., looking for a sincere, honest w/f. No head games. I'm attractive, with good heart and personality. Please show me that someone out there cares. Doug Dobbins, 84 E. Main St., Pulaski, VA 24301.

W/m, 28, brown hair and eyes, 2 years to go, looking for letters from anyone. Peter Haus, JVA, Gericht Str. 5, 5800 Hagen 7, West Germany.

Ladies: White mountain boy digs writin' letters. In prison for 10; little over 4 to go. Bob G. Carver 316669, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Lost in dreamland. Help me pass some of this nightmare. Will answer all, especially yours. I'm 30, white, 180 lbs., 5'11". Tony Helary 476814A, Drawer A, Dorchester, New Brunswick, Canada E0A 1M0.

Wanted: Wealthy, marriage-minded woman. Age unimportant; need only the desire to love and be loved. Take care of my needs until I can be there to attend to yours. I'm a w/m, 35. Jimmy Edens 22176, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Two w/m, are looking for ladies who can be trusted. We don't want any head games, just female friends to write to and maybe have a relationship with later. Flicks welcome. Chuck Brundige 83-B-2038, and Jeff Verdile 82-A-2326. Box G, Wallkill, NY 12589.

Young bro, 24, 6', 170 lbs., blond and blue, good build, solid mind (but weak heart due to loneliness) needs female (age/looks not important) for correspondence. Out in early '87. I'll make it worth the wait if you can lay back and let me find our way to happiness. Flick gets same. R. Baileys, B322675, Hendry Corr. Inst. FCU#2035, Rt. 2 Box 13-B, Immokalee, FL 33934.

Sitting here in federal jail, wondering if a good white man can get some scribes and flicks. I'm 33, 6', 210 lbs. — you won't be disappointed. James Collins 86648, MCC-9th Floor, 808 Union St., San Diego, CA 92101.

Lonely rider, 37, down for a while, looking for a lady who could be both friend and lover. Age and shape unimportant; all that counts is good heart. Rugrats okay. Ken Bovard, Box A, Atascadero, CA 93423.

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Roll Call

Continued from page 18

I met Ralph in college. Honestly, I don't know how you knew me! I've put on so much weight!"

"Hey, you look great! What you've got the world needs more of." I threw away my cigarette. "Listen, let me put this stuff in your car and we'll have a cuppa in the coffee shop."

She glanced at her watch. "Well, if we don't take too long. I like to be there when the kids get home."

I took hold of her cart. "Which car?" I asked, as though I didn't know.

"The blue Dodge," she said, pointing. She gave me the keys.

I stowed the groceries, then gave her keys back. "I still can't get over how good you look," I told her as I walked her toward the mall's coffee shop.

"Flattery will get you nowhere," she answered with a warning note in her voice. "I know you. Or I did."

"I've always thought I was real lucky that you did," I said earnestly, leading her to a sparsely occupied corner of the coffee shop. "I suppose an earth mother type like you has a dozen kids?"

She grimaced. "Two girls, seventh and fifth grades. At that point Ralph and I decided they were all we'd be able to educate."

I deliberately made a point of inspecting the twin mounds stuffed into her tit top. "So I can't get through to you that you really do look good enough to eat, huh?"

"Stop it," she said, but she didn't sound overly concerned. "I'm a morning glory. I'll go into my fading phase shortly, and by tonight I'll look like a witch and sound like a bitch."

"Bullshit, Martha. I've got eyes, haven't I?"

Her smile was rueful. "What do you do for a living nowadays?" she asked after she took a sip of coffee.

"Not too much," I admitted. "I've never been married to the nine-to-five format. I do what I have to do to get by."

She eyed my leather jacket. "Is that motorcycle your only transportation?"

"Sure. What else?"

"I remember that car you had in high school, the one you practically built piece by piece."

"I don't know why I bothered with the rest of it," I said. "The backseat is just about the only part I remember now." Martha smiled. "Your long legs were really a problem back there."

"It's hardly gentlemanly to remind a girl of her youthful indiscretions." Strangely, though, Martha didn't sound too put out.

"*Fantastic* indiscretions," I said as wistfully as I could. "You know what I remember best?"

"I don't know if I'm up to finding out," she responded, darting a quick look around at the nearby booths.

"What I remember best," I went on, "is all the trouble we had getting you out of those snug-fitting drawers that nearly came down to your knees. The damn things fit like wallpaper!"

She laughed and shook her head reminiscently.

"You were really great," I said encouragingly. "Once your engine started, you certainly cut loose with the rpm's."

"I was curious then." She hesitated a moment. "I often wondered how many other girls you had in that backseat, Tommy."

"Martha!"

"C'mon, you had tons of girls in those days, you Casanova!"

"I don't seem to remember it that way. But even if you're right, I certainly wish I'd saved a few."

"Why's that?"

"I'm having a little problem now."

Her stare was frankly curious, but she didn't pursue it. Instead she looked at her watch. "I've got to go. Are you staying in town?"

"I've got a place over on Exmoor."

"That's incredible! I'm only three blocks away!"

Which was why I'd been installed on Exmoor for the past four days. "And to think we might never have met," I said soulfully.

She stood up. "I really do have to leave, but it's been wonderful running into you, Tommy. Like old times." She paused for a second. "I'm sorry I can't have you over for dinner some evening, but Ralph's pretty jealous."

"Hey, he's got something to be jealous about," I assured her. "It's been great talking to you."

She shook hands a bit awkwardly before she left the table.

At the door she turned to wave.

I waved back.

The train was right on schedule.

I paid the check and went outside. My Harley happens to be something else I put together piece by piece. The frame is about the only thing left from the original. It looks stiff, but a 200-mile run leaves me feeling as if I'd done it in an easy chair. In keeping with my lifestyle, the Hog's bags are kept packed most of the time so that whenever I feel like taking off all I need is a bottle of bourbon to gargle with.

I didn't see Martha the next day, but the following morning I placed myself in her way again as she walked with her bouncing-ass stride through the supermarket parking lot. This time she was dressed more conservatively. She'd even harnessed her great set of knockers. "Martha!" I said. "I was just on my way to have some coffee. Join me?"

"You planned this, didn't you?" Surprise wasn't her only reaction to our encounter. Nobody ever said Martha had to take off her bra to count to two.

I made a split-second decision to speed up the action. "You bet your handsome ass I did."

She dimpled, still trying to look virtuous. "Okay, I'll have coffee, but nothing is going to take place between us. *Nothing*, understand?"

"Of course, Martha. It's almost a joke, your saying that. You have no idea how safe you are with me."

The coffee shop was so crowded and noisy that Martha had to raise her voice so I could hear her. "What did you mean when you said I had no idea how safe I was with you? Is it the problem you mentioned the other day?"

Female curiosity. Man's greatest asset in the pursuit of the species. "Yes, it does," I said.

"Well, what's the problem?"

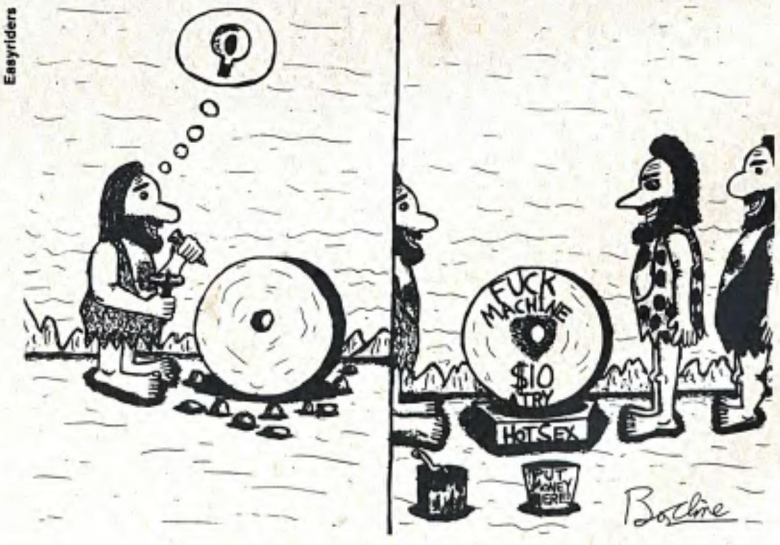
I cleared my throat, then looked around at the adjoining tables. "It's too embarrassing to shout out." I leaned closer. "Look, let's go to my place. I'd really like to talk to you about it. You always were level-headed. We can have coffee or a drink there."

"I hope you didn't misunderstand when I said nothing was going to happen between us."

"Of course not."

"Just don't forget it," she warned. She was already getting to her feet. While we walked the short distance to my place, she asked me about it again. "Don't keep me in suspense. What's the problem, Tommy?"

"The two worst things that can happen to mankind. Number one, I



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can only get it up about ten percent of the time. And number two, when I do get it up, it goes off before I can put it where it belongs." I was treading the sexual minefield carefully, since she might not be ready to hear plain old Anglo-Saxon.

"That's really hard to believe," she replied, looking stunned. "Thinking back, I mean. You had such a. . .such a. . .and such powers of recovery, too!" I steered her into the entrance of my building. "I've often thought that what I had from you in those days was too good for me," she continued. "I was too young to really appreciate it."

We were silent in the elevator. I unlocked my door and ushered her inside. Martha seated herself on the sofa, demurely tucking her skirt under her thighs to minimize exposure. I poured us each a slug of bourbon. Since I had a feeling I wouldn't be able to get more than one into her, I made hers a hefty one.

Handing it over, I sat down beside her. "I think the problem really began with something I heard at a party one night," I went on, as though there'd been no interruption in our conversation. "There was this hot-shot psychiatrist up on his soap box. I don't pay any attention to those dimbulbs ordinarily, but one of the things he said was that every man had only 4000 fucks in him during his sexual lifetime."

Martha blinked at the word "fucks" but said nothing.

"And when I began to count up, I'd already had mine."

I could see her doing mental arithmetic. "At your age? It's not possible." She frowned. "Or only barely possible."

"Don't forget I've never been serious about working for a living. I've put in a lot of 24-hour days doing what I like. Or what I used to like."

"Even so —" she began doubtfully.

"So when I'm with a woman now, I begin to think about my 4000 fucks, and I can't make it with her. Or if I start to make it, I hose her down in seconds. I'm afraid to even take off my clothes."



Only after the drugs wear off does Chester realize that sunny Mexico is in the *other* direction. .

Jammer











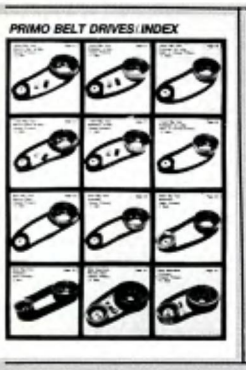






















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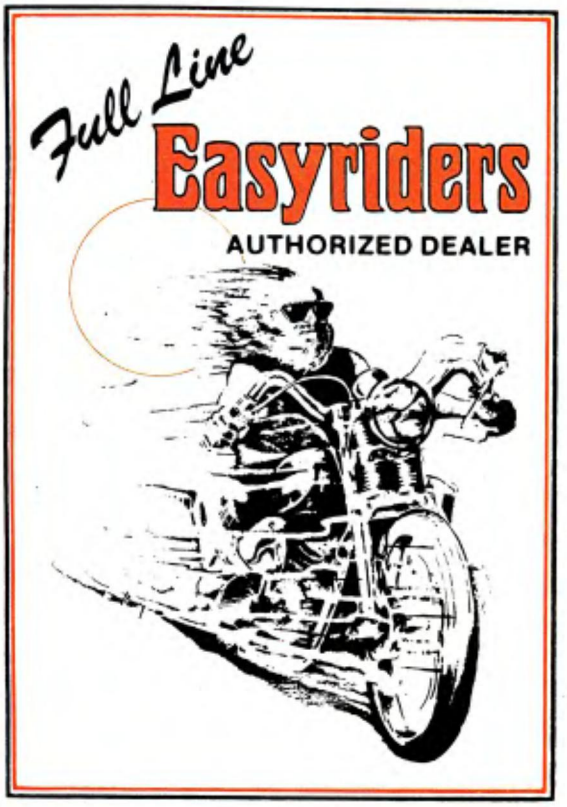
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She patted my hand. "Surely, you realize it's all mental?"

"Maybe, but how do I stop it?" I didn't wait for an answer. "The funny thing is, I think back to us in the old days, in the backseat of that old wreck and I get — Martha, would you believe I've got a hardon right now?"

"How sweet," she said softly. I didn't think it was the diminished contents of her shot glass that had put the pink in her cheeks.

"But would it last?" I said, as if arguing with myself. "No, it probably wouldn't. Not the way things have been going lately."

She set her glass down. "Sit still," she directed. "This is an experiment." She unzipped me, slipped her warm hand inside my shorts, and took my cock out into the daylight. "There!" she exclaimed in a satisfied voice. "Look at *that!*"

"Oh, sure, it's okay now," I managed to say between clenched teeth.

She fondled me and my toes curled up inside my boots. Up to that instant I believe it really had been an experiment on her part, but one look at her pretty face showed that her glands were rapidly taking over.

"I'll bet you'd still be all right with me," she said in a defiant tone.

Women. Their saving grace is that every one of them thinks that her own slippery cunt is heap big medicine for any man she decides to turn it up for.

Martha was looking down at what she was still holding in her hand. The tip of her pink tongue circled her lips rapidly. "I've — I've got to have a taste of that," she said hoarsely.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, kissed the tip, then licked it slowly. She took the bulbous head into her mouth and ran it in and out, slowly. My blood started to bubble in my veins — not slowly. My fingernails were digging into my palms. "That. . . sure. . .feels. . .like. . .old. . .old times!" I gasped.

Her head came up so quickly I thought I'd overdone my enthusiasm. It turned out she had other things on her mind. "Get your clothes off!" she whispered in a strangled tone.

She was needle-naked before I had my Levi's down. She removed her bra last of all. Heavy but firm, her raspberry-nippled tits proceeded her.



"Enjoy yourself, asshole! Next time I'm takin' the ol' lady for a putt!"

bouncing tremulously, independent of her other movements. I took hold of her arm and turned her around. My tongue swelled up in my mouth as I contemplated a broad, creamy expanse of sleek ass.

She put a hand behind herself defensively. "Ralph says I've spread out like a cowpie in the grass," she murmured.

"Hey, baby," I said earnestly, "all those tight-assed little high-school females would *love* to think they're going to spread like you've spread."

"You're sweet." She led me to the bed. "Relax now. Just relax. Let me do it."

I let her do it. She climbed on top of me and slotted herself. Then she went to work. She squealed, whimpered, yelped, whinnied, and sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" in the key of B-flat all the time she was working her passage. Her big bare ass had been to graduate school long before it ever got to me.

She shivered and shook from her internal eruption, then slowed her frantic pace. "See?" she whispered against my throat. "Didn't I tell you it would be all right?"

"You did, indeed." I rolled her over without losing our connection.

She started to laugh breathlessly when I began to hammer her well-lubricated quiff. "Oh, Tommy!" she burbled. "What a — *cure!*"

The squeaking, creaking bedsprings gave an all-but-notarized testimonial to our mutual enthusiasm. "What do you have to say for yourself now?" she asked teasingly when I blew my boiler.

"What I've got to say is thanks," I said, making my voice solemn. "I can't tell you what you've done for my morale."

"You're better than you ever were," she informed me.

"If only I could be sure it was going to last."

"We'll have to find out about that, too, won't we?" She slid from the bed and began dressing. "My kids will be getting home soon."

For the next six weeks Martha did her best to see that I didn't experience a relapse. I mean, we fucked our brains out almost every afternoon. It was a freewheeling, totally pagan existence, and as Martha remarked frequently, so much better than what we'd had together in the flush of

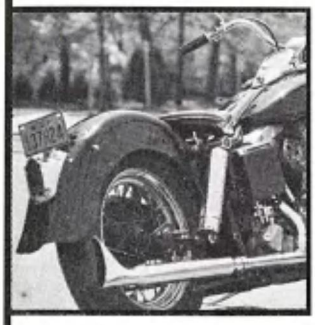


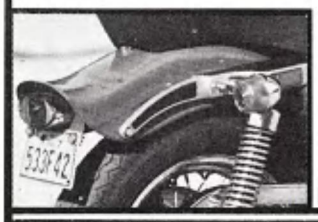
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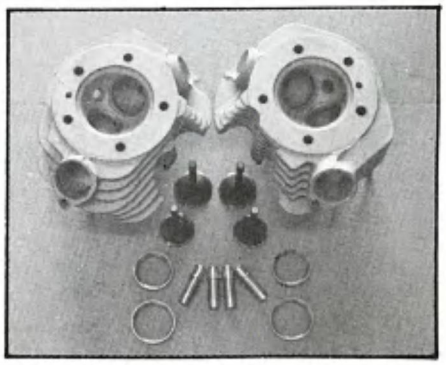
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youth that there was no comparison.

But the guy who wrote about the loss of that "sweet rapture," now that guy knew his fucking. I was relieved to have Martha mention it first. I don't like to break it to a woman that I'll be chaining the bike up to a tree in another back yard and then have her look at me like she'd spread shit on me if she had any handy.

"It's been wonderful," she assured me, "and I'm glad I could help, but someone's bound to mention to Ralph all of my afternoons away from the house. We've got to stop."

I surrendered gracefully. "You know best, Martha."

We went to bed for the final time, and I encouraged her solid-feeling ass in its mad dance all over the mattress. When Martha said goodbye at the apartment door, she departed with a wave and a final bright smile.

I sat in my armchair for a while after she'd left, reminiscing. Then I removed a tattered copy of the *Jefferson High School Alumni Bulletin* from my knapsack. I placed a check mark alongside Martha's name. There were other checks next to other names on that same list. Then I made another check in a column entitled "Look Up Again in Three Years." There were fewer checks in that one.

I ran my pencil down the first list again, scrutinizing the unchecked names and stopped at Mrs. Olive (Foley) Sansome. Yes, I remembered Olive Foley. Dark. Not quite slender. Eager. Very eager. Had a habit of wearing pale blue panties. And she lived only 20 miles away.

It would be interesting to look her up and see how she'd developed.

Olive would go for the tale like they all did. The woman never lived who didn't feel she was the sexual cure for whatever ailed some man.

Since I travel light, it took me only eight minutes to pack.

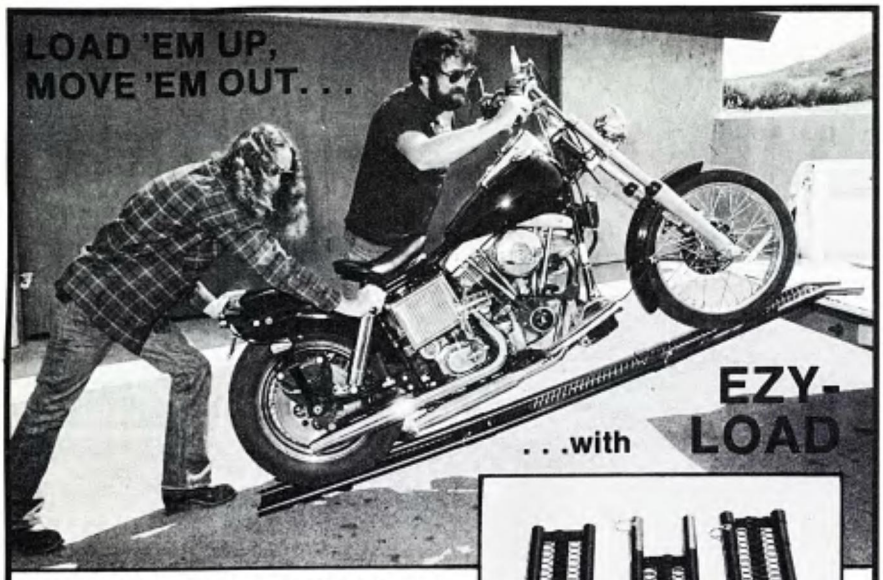
Tomorrow I would move within a few blocks of Olive's house and place myself in her way. And explain to her that I was sorely afflicted by the two worst sexual problems that can plague a man.

Olive would help, as her sisters before her had.

Naturally, the very first thing I packed in the Harley's saddlebag was the alumni bulletin. ■



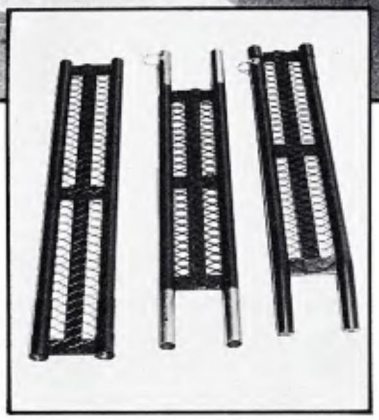
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Interview

Continued from page 17

ER: Where would you rate a little old lady — the sort who can't see over her steering wheel — who's driving down the Ventura Freeway?

RL: Depending on where she was gonna turn left, a ten-plus.

ER: Is that why you went into biker law? Because facing all those drunken, oblivious cagers in court reminded you of being in the jungle wrestling with snakes and overcoming them?

RL: Actually, no. While I was in law school an attorney friend of mine told me that if I wanted to do some good when I got out, I'd find a group of people who were always being fucked over by the law — who were being discriminated against — and try to do something about it.

Shortly after I was admitted to the bar, this lady friend whose ol' man was a patchholder asked me to attend one of the club's meetings and give the members a little advice on what to do if they went down. Once I met those people and talked to them for a while, I discovered that here was a group that really needed legal help.

ER: So then you started AIM?

RL: Not right away. After my first talk on what you should do if you go down, I started talking to groups of bikers three times a week, 52 weeks a year, for about three years. Every meeting I'd hear the same thing — that a biker was down and unconscious, that he wasn't able to call an attorney, wasn't able to protect his rights. The ethical rules of the bar prohibit us from going to an injured party unless they call us themselves. So this biker would be down, he'd be laying there, just more scooter trash, nobody would be investigating anything.

We also needed some way to speed up the way his medical history would get to the hospital and a way to quickly notify his people — wherever they might be — that he was down.

There was also a great need to correct hazardous road conditions. The law says that in order for a public agency, or even the owner of private property, to be liable for a hazardous condition, there must be notice and reasonable time for repair. The simple thing that AIM did was give all our volunteers across the United States, about 1800 right now, prepaid postcards to use to report these conditions. One card is sent to the AIM office and another is sent to the agency responsible for fixing the hazard. Once they're mailed out, the agency has notice. Of course, it sometimes takes the courts to decide what's a reasonable time to fix the hazard.

ER: Why's that?

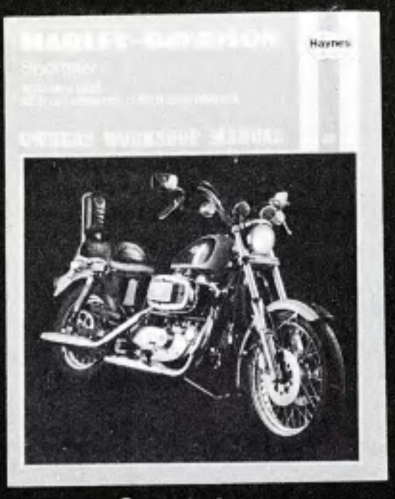
RL: What you're really talking about is some guy sitting in his office. If he gets the card and it only takes his guys 20 minutes to go out and throw some asphalt in a pothole, he's likely to do it right away. On the other hand, if it's, like, say, repaving a drawbridge for

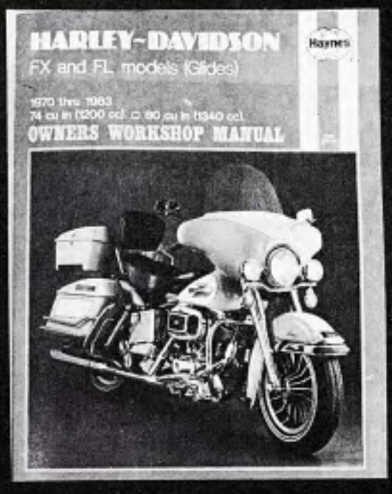
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Continued from page 25

I detailed the skid marks and the groove in the asphalt my broken peg had left (which is still there). I told him that three officers had been present, so I wondered why there was only one signature on the report. I explained that I'd gone into the street with one of the officers and examined those marks. The corporal nodded and said that would be investigated. He then added, in a definite and forceful way, that *he had the power to change the police report*, and that he would do so should the evidence prove me right. Come back in a week, he said.

I went back in a week, primed for crap, and had the piss shocked out of me. Are you ready for this? The corporal really had investigated the report. He'd spoken with the officers on the scene, and he'd issued a supplemental report stating that the actual cause of the accident was a right-of-way violation on the part of the old guy, who was now described as "inattentive" in his driving. All right. Okay. Good deal.

So what? Well, number one, you read the erroneous info in the initial report. Then you saw how the follow-up investigation invalidated that report and resulted in a supplemental report stating the true facts. The thing had really been straightened out. I hadn't pissed out a bunch of exaggerated stories or insisted on repeating my opinions after the corporal told me that provable facts were the only criteria for righting what was wrong. Nothing else had any bearing on the matter.

Number two, the state I live in has made vehicular liability insurance mandatory. No insurance, no driving privileges. Yes, this accident was relatively minor; I was the only one injured and there hadn't been an actual collision between vehicles. Still, it could have gone the other way and I could've wound up very dead. And what if I'd merely been severely injured? That initial report wouldn't have gone over real well with the insurance company and I would have most likely found my insurance being canceled as a result.

So remember, official police reports aren't necessarily engraved in stone. They can be changed, as mine was, to reflect the facts and delete the bullshit. You might think about it. And before I forget, I want to express my sincere thanks to Cpl. Gary McCaskill, Traffic Investigator, San Buenaventura Police Dept., Ventura, California. ■



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Lockdown

Continued from page 50

this force to the lowest bidder? We think the answer is yes."

According to Kelley, the amount of money a private firm operating a prison would make is "directly linked to a constant and increasing supply of incarcerated prisoners. For the first time, it's in someone's self-interest to foster and encourage incarceration. It doesn't take an accountant to figure out that they will act in their self-interest."

Overlooking the fact that this is hardly "the first time" someone's self-interest would be served in sending people up, since prosecutors and judges in many parts of the country owe their political lives to hefty conviction rates, it's still unclear exactly how a corporation running a prison could "foster and encourage incarceration." Convicting and sentencing criminals would still be a judicial function — unless Kelley is suggesting that companies operating prisons will attempt to bribe judges and juries to send them even more wards.

What is clear is Kelley's obvious — and quite realistic — fear that private companies running prisons would probably do so without the "benefit" of unionized guards. The man, in fact, goes to ludicrous lengths to make this point, as Richard Nixon used to say, *perfectly* clear.

"If the subcommittee decides that the function of punishment is an appropriate realm for the profit incentive," he told the panel, "we hope the subcommittee has the courage of its convictions. We hope that it recommends to the states to privatize *all* the punishment functions. We haven't seen a cost estimate on the death penalty. But whatever it costs, we know of 'entrepreneurs' who will do it for less."

Well, there you have it. A reasonable, rational argument if you ever heard one. Killing someone is okay, according to the American Federation of Government Employees' National Council of Prison Locals, as long as the hand pulling the switch is wearing a union label.

Fantastic. Wonder what they call a non-union hangman. A scab or a murderer? Which do you suppose is the worse crime? With guys who reason like Kelley running things, it's no wonder America's penal system has deteriorated to the point where it may be necessary to "give it away" just to save it. ■



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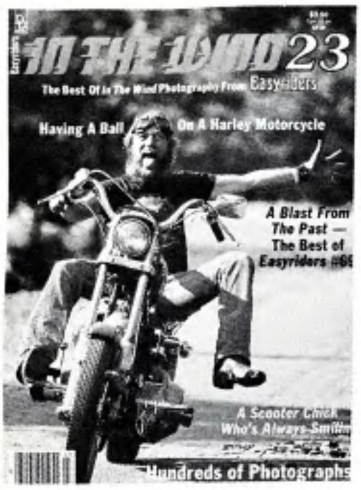
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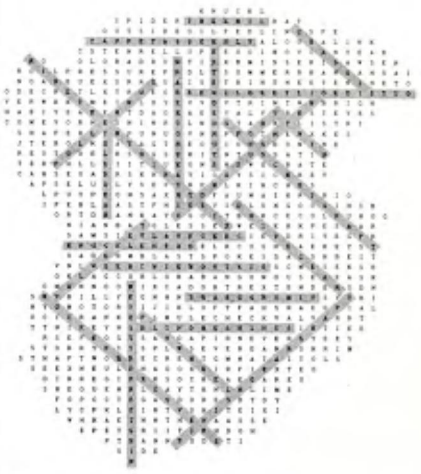
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Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 73





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BUN HUGGERS

Packin' Double. . .

Continued from page 28

This spring I worked hard and long puttin' the final touches on my scoot, an' all the while she was real sweet to me, doin' anything I wanted, bringin' me hot food an' coffee an' beer out in the cold garage. She let me go out with the boys whenever I wanted to, without complainin', an' she worked a lot of overtime down at the massage parlor so's I'd have plenty of cash to spend, too.

The upshot of all this was — an' you're probably way ahead of me — she asked if she could pack double with me on my trip this year. I ask you, what could I do? Especially after she was so good to me. When I said yes, you'da thought I'd just given her that weddin' ring I promised her when we got hitched in '71. (or was it '68?)

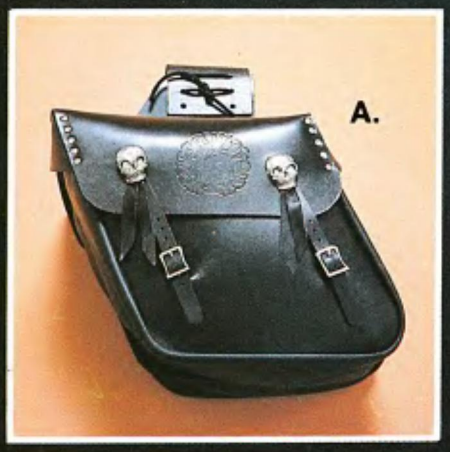
There were only a few things I demanded of her if she went along an' I outlined 'em well in advance, so there'd be no arguin' about it later. She had to be totally subservient to me at all times. Under no circumstances was she to embarrass me in front of other dudes, if we happened to meet up with any. An' she couldn't be no trouble, either. She agreed to everything, but then, she'd have agreed to drop her laundry for the Ayatollah in order to go with me.

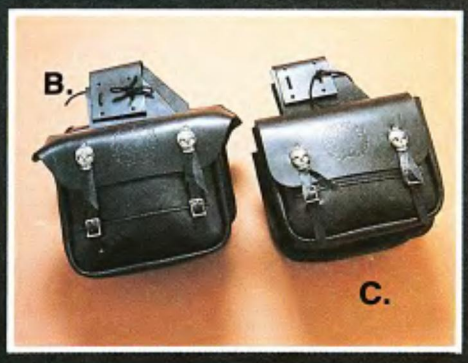
We spent the night before the trip loadin' up the bike and left the driveway at four a.m. on Saturday mornin', headed out of L.A. We stopped whenever we got hungry or thirsty or horny (which was often), and just before nightfall we found ourselves puttin' up a side road, about halfway through the state of Utah, lookin' for a spot to bed down for the night.

I used to hear people from the Midwest talkin' about how beautiful the end of the day was when twilight came. Even up in Utah I heard the same story, but there ain't no such thing as twilight when you drive up some of those deep canyons in the mountains. It's sort of like bein' back



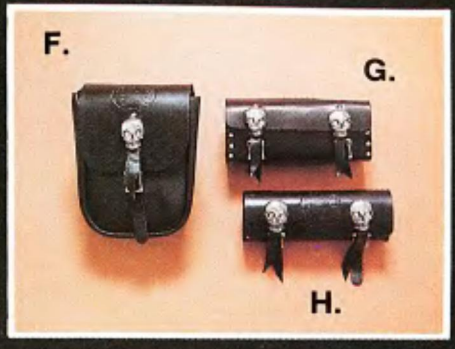
"Sure, he had guts to swing on that biker, but where are those guts now?"







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in Vietnam. One minute it's bright an' sunshiny an' the next you're gropin' around in blackness, wonderin' what the hell happened to your eyesight.

As soon as nature's lights clicked off, I pulled over off the road. We'd seen some signs sayin' there was a small town somewhere up ahead, but obviously we hadn't made it before dark. The only good the headlight did was to make a hole in the night. When I felt smooth ground under my wheels, I parked the scoot.

Since we'd eaten supper just an hour or two earlier, we didn't need nothin' but sleep, so we threw our bags down on the hard ground an' crapped out. Sleepin' on the ground ain't bad at all when you've got the right equipment, but if you know anyone who's interested in sleepin' in discomfort, send me his address and I'll mail him my air mattress. It's never held air for more than an hour — just long enough to let me fall asleep before roots an' rocks start pokin' me in the ribs. Whenever I sneeze or cough, it shoots out from under me like a greasy enchilada.

When mornin' came I opened one eye an' looked over at the ol' lady. She was layin' there with one of her eyes open, lookin' back at me, an' surroundin' us there musta been twenty or thirty people. The men were all in black suits with white shirts an' the women looked like they'd just got off the latest wagon train. Seems that in the dark we'd stopped and sacked out on the parkin' lot of the local Mormon church, in one of those towns that's about as big as a postage stamp. The size of the town clearly matched the people's tolerance for bikers, so we got the hell out of there in a hurry and spent the next day an' night partyin' in Salt Lake City with some bros at a clubhouse down around Ninth South. When we left for West Yellowstone, it was four in the mornin' again.

The park rangers at the West Gate are nice, polite, country dudes. They don't really like the thought of folks puttin' through bear country on motorcycles, so they get a little pool goin' each summer to see who'll come closest to guessin' how many arms an' legs will be lost by people who stop to pet the bears while sittin' on transportation that doesn't have no windows to roll up. If we got into any trouble, the only thing we could aim an' shoot was my ol' lady's Instamatic.

Since it was still pretty early in the afternoon, we ran on down the twistin', turnin' road until we found a likely spot to camp near a big lake. At this point I'd like to digress with a few campin' tips. "Campin' out," said President Teddy Roosevelt, "cultivates the capacity to live in the open, educates the faculties, teaches observation, resourcefulness, and self-reliance." I got that out of a little campin' book I carry with me each year. I've also tried all the things I'm tellin' ya about, so I know they work.

Keepin' food cool ain't no problem. Don't take along nothin' that needs coolin', unless it's beer or other stuff you just put in a lake or stream. You don't have to worry about nothin' else, especially if you take along the ol' lady.

When ya need firewood, send the ol' lady to look for squaw wood. That's fallen limbs an' stuff. Let her go alone.



"Got anything that'll get rid of cock breath?"

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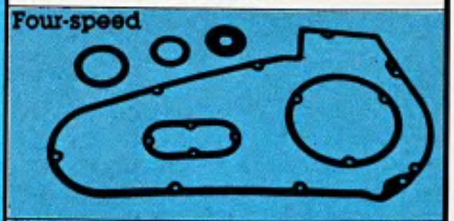
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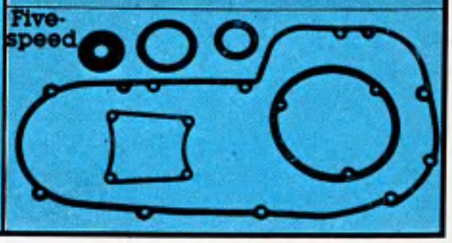
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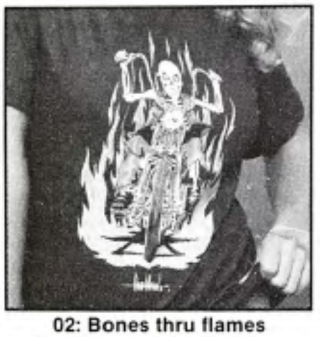
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too, 'cause sometimes a search for fuel can be an adventure you don't want to get involved in, on account of things that hide under the fuel — like scorpions, snakes, lizards, an' spiders.

This time the ol' lady came back with her arms full of firewood, complainin' that somethin' had stung her through the tattered toe of her sneaker. I had her sit down and pull it off so I could take a look, in case a scorpion or snake had been dumb enough to have taken a shot at her. Briefly, I thought about suckin' out the poison, if there was any. Fortunately, we were both spared. Due to her toe showin' signs of mud-wadin', dirty trails, cow shit she'd stepped in, an' the smell of her old sneakers, there's no way I'd have put that toe in my mouth.

We had a plastic sheet that we unfolded an' then strung between two trees, to use as a sort of shelter, foldin' the ends down an' pinnin' them when ready for sleep. The ol' lady wanted me to find a hair rope to lay around the thing, to keep out snakes, but I patiently explained to her that such a device really wouldn't work. A snake would either crawl right over the rope 'cause he'd never heard the story, or he'd fall in love with the damned thing an' we'd never be able to get rid of him.

While we were scoutin' our campin' area, we found another little clearin' nearby where some Boy Scouts had abandoned their little pup tent. It was made of canvas an' had some big rips in it, a couple of which were patched with long, old-fashioned hatpins.

We finished gettin' all the gear off the scoot, an' while the ol' lady was fixin' up a little place to have a fire, I tried lightin' the gas stove. It wouldn't start up, no matter how much I cursed it, so I gave up and retired it to the lake. As I mentioned before, the ol' lady had stepped in some cow shit, so I knew grazin' cattle had been in the vicinity. Since cow shit's good fuel, I sent her lookin' for more. She couldn't get it through her head that anyone would want to cook food on cow shit. She also couldn't get it through her thick skull that the cow shit had to be old and dried. She came back to camp snivelin' because the cow shit she picked up was so fresh it was drippin' all over her blouse an' Levi's. I gave up.

Takin' our foldin' water bucket, I went down to the lake to get some fresh water. When I came back I noticed right away that somethin' very peculiar was takin' place. While I was gone an' the ol' lady was dickin' around with the firewood, a moose had strolled into camp. When she saw him she'd thrown a stick that had hit him square between the eyes an' now the moose was standin' on one side of a big tree an' the ol' lady was on the other. Moose, it turns out, aren't the least bit intimidated by big-titted chicks wearin' T-shirts that broadcast, "If You Ain't A Harley Rider, You Ain't Shit." Neither are they afraid of sticks that bounce off their foreheads.

The moose stood about as tall as my

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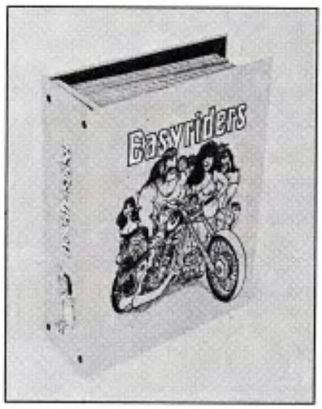
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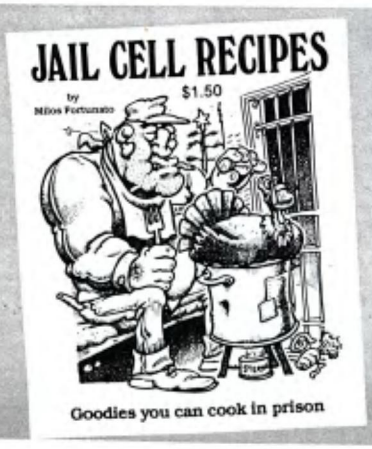
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garage, with an antler spread to match the double doors. He was standin' still, although his body quivered an' there was somewhat of a gleam in his eyes. He had his face against the tree an' his eyes looked around both sides — he was *that* big! The pair stood thus for several seconds and then began one of those 'round and 'round chases seen in cartoons, with the participants merely a blur until they came to a dusty, screechin' halt. Then the glarin' an' the starin' an' the waitin' began anew.

Mooses (or meese, or whatever they're called) aren't carnivorous. That means they don't eat meat, but this moose wanted my ol' lady's ass real bad. I dropped the water bucket an' told her, "I'm gonna throw a rock at him. When he comes for me, shinny up that tree over there, an' I'll climb this one. After he goes away, you an' me are gonna have a talk about discipline." Her only reply was a nod, then she started blubberin'. I pegged a rock at the moose and it bounced off his eyebrow — about an inch above one extremely angry-looking red eye.

I used to laugh when people talked about how graceful and light on their feet a lotta fat people are. Mentally, I always compared fat folks to hippos, elephants, even moose. In fact, there was a girl I went to school with who was fat an' clumsy, an' everyone referred to her — behind her back, of course — as Miss Moose. (Ha-ha! She was *very* clumsy. Get the connection?)

This moose danced away from the tree as lightly as one of those faggot ballet dancers whose fathers make it big in politics. It bore down on me like a runaway semi. I had no intention of dying so early in the week, so I climbed the tree like a cat. I mean, bark flew from beneath my claw-like hands and scrambling feet. When the moose hit, the tree swayed back an' forth for what seemed like hours as I clung precariously to a limb.

My wife's mother always calls her Angel. God had better start checking up on his angels, if that's the case. I was thinking of her in other terms, especially when the third or fourth hour passed by and the moose hadn't yet left to check on business in other parts of the forest.

Growing old is supposed to make a man wiser. Since I'd grown very old in the last couple of hours, the idea was clearly shot full of holes. Being up in the tree was not only uncomfortable, it was ridiculous. What caused me to be there wasn't my idea at all, and as I sat there watchin' the moose shake first my tree, then run over to shake the one my ol' lady was in, I was sorely tempted to punish her — that is, if I ever got the chance.

The sun was almost down when the moose gave one last snort, rattled its antlers against each tree in a final act of defiance, and trotted off, head held high. The victor! As he passed through our camp, he decided to take

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along our plastic tent as a souvenir. The last we saw of it, it was waving from his antlers like a banner.

With our tent gone, we moved our campsite over to where the unknown Boy Scouts had abandoned their ragged canvas pup tent. Darkness had fallen and our only source of light was a small penlight I kept for emergencies.

My usual method of preparing food while camping out is to open a can of mushroom soup and pour it over a piece of bread. However, with the ol' lady along, something more elaborate was required. The only other time I'd prepared a real meal outdoors was when I was a Tenderfoot Scout, some years earlier. Then, I'd cooked some beef stew in a hole in the ground and then stepped in it with my bare foot. This time I poured a pound of rice into a pan, added some water, and fifteen minutes later we had enough rice to feed the Chinese army. To top it off, we finally settled on a can of chicken soup, an' there's somethin' I want to say about that, too.

Years ago, when you opened a can of chicken soup, there were two or three pieces of meat in it you could be reasonably sure were off some part of a chicken. Fishin' through the pasty-lookin' water in my dish, I came to the conclusion that the cannin' company had resorted to usin' the "trottin' method" of preparin' their soup. That is, they warmed up about a thousand gallons of water, threw in half a dozen finely chopped carrots an' potatoes, then chased a chicken in such a way that he had to trot through the water to escape. A variation on this is known as the "draggin' method." When a chicken dies — which they all do eventually — it's slowly dragged through a great deal of water several times.

As the fire died down, I suggested sackin' out in the ragged tent we'd found, an' it wasn't but a moment before the ol' lady's snores were scarin' the hoot out of the shit-owls. I watched the moon through a hole in the tent, while shadows created by our dwindling fire danced on the canvas. In the silence of the night, I became acutely aware that as soon as the fire had died down everything in



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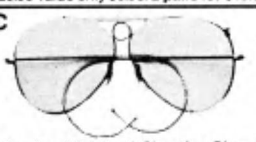
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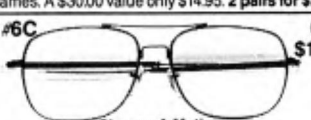
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the forest had become fiercely hungry an' was now runnin' around trying to kill and gobble up everything little enough to swallow. Not darin' to look outside, I wondered how many thousands of eyes were gazin' at our tent, hungrily waitin' for me to also go to sleep.

Mosquitoes the size of butterflies were loudly buzzin' around inside the tent and I was lyin' there thinkin' about all the stories I'd read concernin' timber rattlers an' scorpions crawlin' around at night, gettin' into sleepin' bags with people an' bitin' them, when the ol' lady reached over an' touched me. I nearly jumped out of my skin. "My God!" I whispered hoarsely, lurchin' upright. "Don't *ever* grab me like that!"

"Something's outside," she said.

"There are a lot of things outside," I said. "Go back to —"

"No," she interrupted, "I mean, something's *really* outside. I can hear it sniffin'. Listen."

I listened. Something was, indeed, outside. We could now see its shadow on the tent wall, and I would have bet ten dollars right then an' there that it didn't belong to Gentle Ben. Whatever it was, it made some loud sniffin' noises, a grunt or two, an' then a large black muzzle poked its way through one of the rips in the canvas.

There are all kinds of stories floatin' around about what to do in the wild when you encounter a bear. Some have it that you should lie face down and hold your breath, then the bear will think you're dead an' go away. I read about one fellow who did that, but the bear apparently hadn't heard that particular tip and consequently he made a sandwich out of the man's shirt, usin' his shoulder as the meat fillin'. Then Mr. Bear batted the dude around a bit, just to make sure he knew that a bear had stopped by for lunch. By the time this nicety had been taken care of, the man looked like the whip-end of a tow rope.

I started to mention somethin' to the ol' lady about bein' quiet an' pretendin' no one was home, when she



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made a sudden move with her hand an' things got pretty excitin' real quick. She reached up an' pulled one of the long hatpins out of a torn spot in the tent, an' stuck about four inches of it up the bear's nose.

Have you ever locked up your brakes on asphalt at eighty miles an hour? Have you ever goosed your ol' lady with an ice-cube when she's bendin' over after a hot bath? Have you ever heard the sound of Cong artillery comin' in low over a rice paddy at sunset? Well, combine all three sounds an' you can imagine the noise that bear made when the pin went up his nose.

Instead of backin' up, he came right on through the tent, both front paws flailin'. How he missed takin' our heads off I'll never know, but he was in a lot of pain an' in a big hurry to do somethin' about it. We sat up amidst the tatters of the tent an' in the moonlight watched him go chargin' across the clearin'. That is, he charged across the clearin' until he ran nose-first into the bike. The collision rammed the hatpin *all* the way up his nose, stimulatin' him to engage in motorcycle mechanics.

It was a fearsome sight to see that bear stand up on his hind legs, swingin' like a prizefighter as he disassembled my motorcycle. I think he ate one of the tires, an' gettin' the gas tank off was no problem for him at all. The seat vanished in a puff of powdered foam rubber an' genuine shredded leather, an' when he picked the whole thing up in his jaws an' shook it, parts flew around the forest like shrapnel. This was definitely not your average, run-of-the-mill paw-waver. For nearly half an hour after he'd made his initial appearance, we could hear him as he got farther and farther away, squealin' an' bellowin' an' crashin' through the trees. I was as soaked with sweat as if I'd just finished changin' a truck tire with no tools.

I've got a new scoot now. It's out in the garage an' I work on it every evenin'. An' now that she's healed up from the beatin', the ol' lady's bein' real nice to me again, bringin' me brew an' food out there when I'm workin'. Takin' care of business like she oughta, if you know what I mean.

The other night, when we went over to her mother's house for dinner, I listened as she told her mom what a swell time we'd had campin'. I sat there with my hand grippin' a carvin' knife, waitin' for her to say she was goin' with me next time, too. I'm not at all sure what I would have done if I'd heard her make that horrifyin' claim. It could have turned into one of those little family get-togethers you read about in the newspaper. Fortunately, she stopped short of putting me to the test. "Too much togetherness," she said, smiling sweetly my way, "can be bad for a relationship, so we're takin' separate vacations next year." Though it was news to me, I can't say it was the worst I'd ever heard. ■

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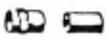


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Interview

Continued from page 83

$500,000, he's gonna wait. He's gonna say to himself, "What's the worst thing that can happen? Oh, a quadriplegic. Well, that's about $3,000,000 — we won't do it."

ER: Has this campaign had any measurable results?

RL: Since we started this program in California the roads are getting fixed faster. We get letters from city managers telling us when the work has been done. It's really worked, that's why we've taken the program national.

Anyway, these are the kinds of problems I developed AIM to deal with.

ER: You said you have 1800 volunteers. What do they do?

RL: I was so tired of hearing about bikers who signed away their rights to insurance companies. The insurance adjuster comes down to the hospital and says, "Here, speak into the microphone. Oh, you lost your right hand? Sign with your left. We'll give you $500."

It's bullshit. All of our volunteers have a booklet spelling out accident victims' rights. If they hear of a downed biker, they go to the hospital and give him the booklet. Maybe they help him fill out forms, or get his scooter to a shop. It's really biker helping biker.

ER: How long has AIM been operating and how many members are there?

RL: It's been two years since we started in California and about nine months since we went national. All told, there are about 50,000 members.

ER: And they aren't obligated to use AIM-connected attorneys?

RL: Absolutely not. We tell our volunteers to stress that and we stress it in our literature. The name of the game is knowledge. As long as you know what your rights are, you can protect them.

ER: Getting back to that little old lady who's a ten-plus on the biker-hazard scale. You've had a lot of experience doing the Perry Mason bit on that kind of cager, so have you gotten any hint as to why they can't seem to see a 600-pound hunk of iron rolling down the road in broad daylight?

RL: Actually, I think those people *do* see the biker, but it just doesn't register. They're looking for a four-wheel vehicle. U.S. Dept. of Transportation studies show that 72 percent of the multi-vehicle accidents involving motorcycles are the fault of the cager. In left-turning accidents, the percentage is much higher than that.

ER: And then, of course, there are all the single-vehicle accidents in which the motorcycle goes down because the rider is trying to avoid a cage that cut him off. Those aren't the bike rider's fault either, but the cops write them up that way.

RL: Exactly.

ER: In your experience, is there any particular way to deal with that problem? Has AIM gotten involved in it? What's the new coalition going to do?

RL: What we try to do is have AIM

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attorneys nationwide go out to non-motorcycling groups — everything from the Kiwanis to the Elks to little-old-lady garden clubs — with videos and literature. We try to explain to them how to avoid motorcycle accidents, how to be more aware of the two-wheeled vehicles that are out there.

ER: Let's talk about NCOM, the National Coalition of Motorcyclists. Similar ideas have gone belly-up before, so what makes you think it's going to work this time?

RL: The coalition, like AIM, is designed around knowledge. It's intended to get the knowledge out to riders — so they can deal with a faulty product, they can deal with insurance rip-offs, they can fight helmet laws on their own ground.

Look, *LET THOSE WHO RIDE DECIDE* is a great slogan. But the more important thing is *why* we should be allowed to make the choice. One of the reasons is that the damn things aren't what many people think they are. So many people in the United States — Joe and Joanne Public — think of helmets in the same terms that they think of the American flag, church, mother, things like that. It's just not true. It's not a security blanket. It's not a panacea.

ER: My theory on helmets is that the belief in them is all based on heredity. Thousands of years ago man discovered that he could keep vines from lashing his balls if he wore a loincloth while he swung from the trees. Ever since then people just assume that if you want to protect something, you cover it with something else.

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RL: I tend to agree with you. The problem is that the helmet doesn't protect against the most serious head injuries, which are closed-head injuries, not skull fractures. The brainslap injury, the acceleration/de-acceleration brain slapping against the skull, causes most of the deaths and serious brain damage. But most people don't know that. It's another example of having to get the knowledge out there.

The coalition is going to put out a regular newsletter that will have everything that comes down about motorcycling and the law written up in it. That's

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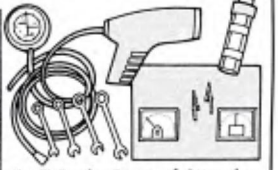
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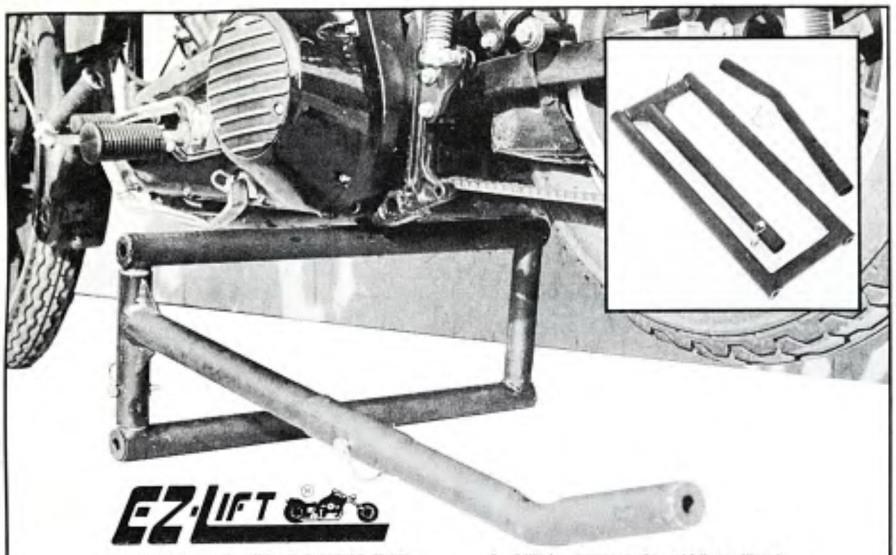
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what the whole coalition is about, the fact that the time has come for the bike riders in the United States — there are about 6,000,000 of us — to really speak in one voice. Because if we don't speak out for ourselves, nobody is going to speak for us. The general public isn't going to do it — we're not one of their favorite groups. The media has most definitely seen to that.

ER: How did the coalition start?

RL: Once I decided to take the AIM program nationwide, I started traveling to various states and talking to the leaders of many bikers' rights groups. One problem that kept coming up was that the activists in one state often had very little knowledge of what was going down in the other states, even the ones next to them. There was no organized way to exchange information or to band together to fight what was essentially the same fight. It didn't seem to matter whether I was in the Deep South or up in New England. There was no real, regular coming together of these people.

So I thought I could use some of the legal fees — that come in from AIM members who do use our attorneys when they have a case — to help out. But not by forming a new association or organization, because bikers are very much into their own state's rights and that's the way it should be. One of the things that went wrong when this was tried in the past was that everybody was worried about having their own particular organization swallowed up by some "master" organization.

What we're putting together is truly a coalition, not a new organization that you can join only by agreeing to make your own group's rights secondary to the national group's. Plus, the coalition isn't asking anyone for money. In fact, one of the coalition's goals is to be completely neutral, not to accept donations or money from any other source.

ER: How far have you gotten in organizing this thing?

RL: Pretty far. I started by sending a letter to ten different "movers and shakers" of the bikers' rights world from all over the United States. In it I asked them to come to a meeting in Las Vegas. I paid their way and I told them that in my opinion it was time to come together, if for no other reason than that there's a good chance a national helmet law will be proposed next year.

An amazing thing happened. All



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these people — some of whom hadn't even talked to each other since the last attempt to put together a national group fell apart in '77 — sat in this room and said, "All right, let's do it." We were done two hours ahead of schedule because of all the positive energy there.

As of now [early April], we have 23 states that are members of the coalition and we feel that by the time of our national convention in Kansas City next month we'll have a minimum of 50 percent of the states participating.

ER: Who decides whether a state ABATE group, for example, joins the coalition? Take those so-called "movers and shakers" who met in Las Vegas, did they have to consult with their members before they opted in?

RL: It depends on the organization's internal structure. Most either have a vote by their board of directors or their members. Each one does it their own way. The purpose of the coalition isn't to attempt to make rules, even in regard to how you join.

ER: So there's broad-based support, it's not just individuals who got a free trip to Las Vegas and decided to join?

RL: No, no. We'd gone to board meetings in various states and explained the program. It's truly generic. Of the states that now belong, there are about 11 ABATE states, there are three MMA states, there's the NHMRO from New Hampshire, the RIMA from Rhode Island, the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers from Connecticut. . . all the different organizations.

And we want to open it up to more than bikers' rights organizations. For this May convention, every single motorcycle group that we can find — from the one-percenters to the BMW clubs — is going to get an invitation to send two representatives of their group. We've even made contact with the Association of Riding Physicians and are trying to get them involved.

ER: What are some of the services the coalition will provide?

RL: We're going to have a national data bank about biking, on both the state and federal level. Also, we're going to have exchanges of information among members of the same geographic region, because most states in a given region face the same problems.

We're also going to have a grant program, in which I can funnel some of the money coming in from legal fees into worthwhile projects. Now, that doesn't mean a beer bash or something similar, but things like lobbying against helmet laws, or setting up rider education or driver awareness programs.

We're also going to have two or three national lobbyists who will go into a state, on request, to help those people with strategy and tactics. Another thing we want to do is go into the eight or nine states that don't have any bikers' rights groups and help local riders form their own organization. It doesn't really matter whether they want to call it ABATE, MMA, Concerned Bikers, or whatever. That's all for the local people to decide. We'd just help with the nuts and bolts of getting a group together.

ER: Do you have any examples?
RL: We recently helped start an ABATE of Alabama. To my knowledge, it's never had one before. We also started an MMA in Arizona, which is important because Arizona just introduced a helmet bill. We may not even be in time for Arizona.
ER: Who'll run the coalition and how?
RL: We have an advisory board made up of two people from each of our eight regions. We also have a safety liaison to coordinate our activities with the motorcycle safety groups. And we're trying to get a liaison person to work with the motorcycle dealer associations, because in a lot of ways the dealers are facing the same kind of legislative hassles the riders are.

Right now the board of advisors is about 19 or 20 people who'll meet three times a year, once during the convention and then twice in different regions.

And these advisors are just that — advisors. For example, while they'll be the ones to decide who'll get cash grants for projects, the bottom line on *how much* will be available for grants will be me, because the bottom line has to be the checkbook.
ER: Bob Thornton, of ABATE of Washington, is head of the board of advisors, right?
RL: Yes, he's the executive director of the coalition. He's also the state coordinator of ABATE of Washington, but by the time this goes to press he'll have resigned that post to concentrate on coalition work.
ER: Who chose him?
RL: I did, even before the Las Vegas meeting, because the man has a great deal of heart in regard to motorcycling. He's been at it for years and he's also a person whose background is more than adequate for the position.
ER: How about you? Do you have a title in the organization or do you just sign the checks without a title?
RL: Founder. I really don't know what else to call me.
ER: "The Godfather"?
RL: Yeah, that's it. Awright!
ER: Where's the coalition going to be headquartered?
RL: Washington state.
ER: What will the organizational setup be like?



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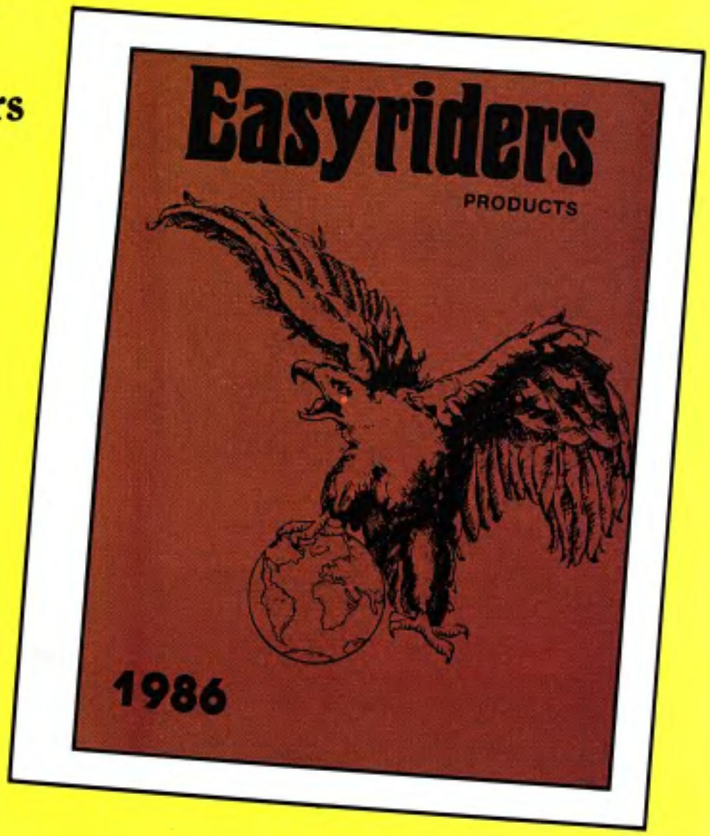


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RL: Bob and a small office staff will be working full-time out of Washington. Then there'll be the eight regions with two advisors from each of them. And there'll be two or three lobbyists on retainer who'll be available to those regional people.

ER: So tell us, Don Lesteroni, about how much money are you planning to put into this coalition?

RL: I think in its first year the coalition will expend somewhere in the vicinity of $200,000.

ER: Some people say that bikers are just too independent, too states' rights-minded, to use your phrase, for this kind of organization to work. Why do you disagree?

RL: It depends on what we're talking about organizing on a national level. See, the things that have been tried in the past have always been super-organizations with everyone belonging to them. A *national* something. The coalition isn't at all the same thing, because it's not asking anyone to give up any of his own rights.

We won't get involved in a state organization's internal politics or operations. We'll stay out of it completely. The only thing we're trying to offer is a service that they can go to if they need legislative aid, whether it's information, money, etc.

Most of the time, the idea's failed before because of two things. One was the fact that there would've had to be a "superpower" and many people felt this would usurp the power of the individual states. In this case, that's not true. We don't even have a board of directors, it's a board of advisors. The name was very carefully thought out; it was advisor, not director, on purpose.

The second thing was, of course, taking money from the states, and in this case we aren't going to be doing that.

Another thing is, I think more bikers have come to the realization that we're in for a national fight — whether it's on insurance problems or helmet laws or whatever. And it's going to have to be fought on a national level.

We've had very little negative input.

ER: Some of the "negative input"

Continued on page 105



"She sneezed too hard and sucked her jeans up her cunt."

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

South Seas Cycle, $15.59 each, shipped same day (sizes: S,M,L,XL). 94-896 Moloalo St., Waipahu, HI 96797. (168)

HM Parts & Accessories. Catalog, $1 (refundable). Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (169)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word for private individuals; $2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.
Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, 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 Soctland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, NY 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 illos, drawings and/or portfolios (along with a SASE) to Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (159)

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

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)

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)

Hey, Ron Hale: Let's get together, but not in this town. Meet you halfway. Call me. Always, Hurricane (Live Wire).

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

Susie Story (French Hillbilly): Babe, I really fucked up. I love you. Call collect. 714-381-6037. Rex Story (Flabby Cabbie). (159)

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)

Sidehack Sue: This is to mark the happiest day of my life — our wedding day, 8/1/86. Leather and lace forever. Love, Panhead Don. (158)

Sandman in Chino: Happy birthday, 8/15. Be in the wind on your next. Love always and forever, Moses Lake Lady.

Special discounts for bikers. We sell a complete line of top-name knives, from $5 to $160. Write and tell us what you want and need. The Knife Emporium, Attn: Josephine E. Toman, 58 Thompson St., Raritan, NJ 08869. (158)

American biker, 30, going to Europe for 3 weeks end of August with 1983 Electra Glide. I'm going to tour Europe and sell the bike before I come home. Looking for people to party with and a possible buyer for my bike. Send reply with picture, address, and phone number. Fonz, 6042 N. Albany, Chicago, IL 60659, U.S.A. (158)

Tattooing outfits. Prices marked way down for quick sale! Illustrated literature, $2. Artist, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (158)

For sale: Candy Red 1985 FXST Softail Harley-Davidson. Sissybar and chrome, etc., 2370 miles, like new. Call Rick, 515-297-2344. St. Marys, Iowa. (158)

"Tattoo Network." Send $1 & SASE for first issue. Include shop's name, address, etc., for free listing in next issue. Articles on shops, equipment, fiction, cartoons, jokes, flash, and lots more — don't miss an issue. Send to TN, Box 1067, Crystal Bay, NV 89402. (170)

Needles, needles. Top English brand. #12 sharp, $25/1000. Tattoo Needles, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA, 207-934-4090. (158)

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. (162)

Tattoo-stencil maker. Clear, unsmeared, positive-image hectograph stencil in four seconds. Free sample stencil. Tattoo Stencils, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA, 207-934-4090. (158)

Bonnie in Oregon: Please call Brett, Deby, Gary, and Gizmo in Oakland, 415-536-7144. (158)

Craig Kinnetz: Your lone female cousin hasn't seen you since the funeral in '84, Detroit. Get in touch to say hi. Help from anyone knowing him welcome. Send phone number to KMN, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (158)

Tattooing encyclopedia. Everything you always wanted to know about tattooing, 90 pages. Send $32 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (160)

Inmates only: For sale, AM/FM non-recording stereo cassette players. Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Dr., Wheaton, MD 20906. (159)

Put a razor edge on any knife. Make $$$. Detailed, illustrated instructions from a professional. Send $3 to RRR-ER, Box 241993, Memphis, TN 38124-1993. (158)

Head Sledmaster: Being with you has made my life complete. I love you and hope we'll always be together in the wind. Love, Leslie. (158)

M.P.L.: Happy anniversary, 7/20/86. This past year has been the best of my life, despite all the bullshit, and I'm looking forward to the many more we have to share. You may be away for a while, but you're definitely worth the wait. I'll always be here for you. Love and miss ya fiercely! Yours, R.R.L.

Free samples phone fuck. Gigi/Heather, 18 — sounds younger. Toll: 50¢ first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. 1-900-410-4444. (160)

Kim S. Morris: Whatdafuck! Like to hear from you. Call collect: 803-588-2155. Weird Mark Hasty. (158)

Iron Cowboy: I love you. Please contact Ree, 677-8177. Better yet, just come home. (158)

Nebraska lady loves Wyoming railroader. He can bring his engine down her track anytime. There's a pillow with "Sleazy" on it at the end of the line. Happy 32 and thanks for the last six, babe. (158)

Letters remailed from the real boonies. $2 per letter or three for $5. J.C., Box 993, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada S9H 3X1. (158)

Looking for North Carolina bros Bobby G. Huffman and Russel Varney. Contact Delly, Laurie, and Misty at Rt. 1 Box 162, Pomfret Center, CT 06259.

Bucky: I'm so sorry. I love you. Stuck with some jerk in Florida and bored to death. Florida sucks! Please come get me. I'll do anything — anything! Love, Tammy. (158)

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

Tattoo flash. English artists: Bob Smith set, $25; Terry Giles set, $45; Jeff Baker set, $25. Tattoo Flash, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA, 207-934-4090. (158)

Tattoo studio for sale. Over 100 sheets/designs, mostly hand-colored, mostly with stencils, machines, inks, power supply, etc. Worth $2500 — all for $1000. Itemized list, $2. Retired Tattooer, Box 242-ER, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (158)

Legal protection you can conceal! Stun gun — 45,000 volts of protective power from single 9V alkaline battery. Two models: Zapper (6"x3"), $50; Lightning Zapper (7"x3"), strobe flash, $55. Prices inc. battery, safety strap, and shipping in cont. U.S. Cashier's check or m.o. to N. Lee, Box 9204, N. Hollywood, CA 91609. (Calif. res, add 6½% tax.) Not legal in some areas; check your local ordinances. (158)

Gigantic, heavy, sterling silver skull rings and medallions, most of which are recent, original handmade creations. Send $2 for very unusual brochure with many designs. Skullduggery, Box 8372, Pine Bluff, AR 71611. (158)

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)

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)

Innocent but indigent, on death row without legal assistance. My bro died and they want me to pay. If God rides a Harley, he has to have righteous philanthropic bros and sisters here to stem the tide of injustice. I will appreciate hearing from you. Milo Rose 090411, Fla. State Prison S-3-N-17, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (158)

Little Mikey M., Kawasaki Smith: Lee and Ginny married 6/23/84; help celebrate two years. Pan's up, ol' lady works, beaches are hot. M.L.H., 206 Spencer St., Niceville, FL 32578. (158)

Scooter tramps: homemade BBQer. You broke dicks will love this — costs nothing to build and you'll never have to buy charcoal again. For plans, send $2 to Scooter Tramp, Box 1811, Camp Verde, AZ 86322. (158)

Urgent! Collector paying cash for military-issue leather flight jackets, fleece coats. Look for government contract tag. State condition and style number for offer. Paying $40 for goggles marked AN6530; $10 for leather squadron patches. T.G., 2700 Eaton, Missoula, MT 59801. (158)

Unique book catalog. Over 500 titles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $1, credited to first order, to Kelsey, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (161)

Yo, My maingy sweetheart, it's me! Happy birthday, 8/31. I love you! When your time is done, know that this lady will be waiting to give us a chance. I believe in you and me; I believe in us. Waiting is you, and you are what I want, now and always. All my love, Bobbie.

"The Black Velvet Lay-dy," titillating, uninhibited hot stuff. $5.95 per copy, plus $1 shipping. Send money order to Black Velvet, Box 89205, Sioux Falls, SD 57105. (158)

Attention, Tom Reynolds, formerly of Davie County, N.C.: Ken Adams from Stokes County is dead. I don't have a number on you since you moved or I would've called. Get in touch, bro. Kevin Lewis, A-76019, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995. (158G)

For sale: Over 240 bike magazines; 120 are *Easyriders*. Most of the early issues, including #1. $250, plus shipping. Send SASE for complete list. A. Boysha, 145 Rear S. Market St., Nanticoke, PA 18634. (158)

Continued from page 102

we've heard revolves around the idea that the coalition wants to set up a computer system with every member of each group's name and address in it. What about that?

RL: In the first place, the coalition is made up of groups, not individuals. It's true that when a group joins, it has to say that it'll support and endorse AIM. That's our only rule and it's necessary for survival, because AIM is where the money's coming from. But that in no way means they have to give the coalition or AIM their mailing list.

In fact, there are three different methods by which an organization can tell their members about the AIM program. One way is that *they* mail copies of our information to their members. Another way is that they simply give us the names of their members — not the addresses — and we stuff the envelopes with our literature, put the names on them, and send them back to the local organization for mailing. The third way is to simply give us the mailing list. About four or five states have done that, but none of them *have* to.

ER: You say that in order to be part of the coalition, a state organization has to support AIM because that's where the money is coming from. But AIM has no money in and of itself — the money actually comes from the law offices of Richard Lester. Doesn't that mean that your critics have a valid point when they say a group has to solicit their members to use your services if they want to be in the coalition?

RL: No, absolutely not. It's not a solicitation of their members to use our legal services. What we're talking about is supporting AIM editorially in their newsletters, allowing us to put up a booth at their events, things like that.

But we also maintain — and we've maintained it before each and every group that we've gone to — that this in no way limits the right of any biker to choose whatever attorney he wants whenever he needs one.

ER: In other words, it just lets them know you're out there?

RL: Yeah.

ER: Another complaint we hear is that this whole thing is simply "just about money."

RL: Everytime I give a talk to a biker group, I stand up there and say, "I make a lot of money at what I do." I learned not to lie to bikers a long time ago. . . and I'd rather be out front. I do make a lot of money at what I do. But I'm willing to put a great deal of it back into motorcycling.

ER: Why?

RL: Biking has become my cause. I believe there should be a limit to the amount of money people make out of a particular group, or any area of life, without putting something of consequence back into it.

But actually the fight is as much mine as it is any other rider's. I'm just fortunate enough to be in a financial position to be able to do more about it. It makes me feel good to be able to put something back into something I participate in, something I believe in, and something I make a lot of money at.

ER: One of the things I think will be most useful for local groups will be access to the information clearinghouse you talked about earlier. When will that be operative?

RL: The way it's going to be set up is that all the legislative information from each state and from the Library of Congress is now being sent to our legislative consultant, Ron Roloff, director of the California MMA. He's hired a law student and a librarian to gather it together, index it, and get it ready to put it into a computer. After we get it into the computer any group that's a member of the coalition can call the NCOM office and the librarian will ask them what kind of information they want. She'll index it, print it out, and mail it to them.

Remember, the coalition is open to all groups, one-percenter clubs as well as, say, ABATE chapters. So we'll have all kinds of pertinent stuff in the system, information on the RICO Act as well as on helmet laws.

ER: Will organizations that have their own computers be able to get that information directly from the files?

RL: No, we're not putting anything on a telephone modem system. The problems with security would be immense. Nobody will have access to the actual computer data base itself except coalition staff members.

ER: So when will it be up and running?

RL: I'd say it will be partially operational by August and fully ready by the end of the year. You're talking about a horrendous amount of information.

ER: What are some elements of this "national fight" you often refer to?

RL: One thing I want to bring out is that there's a great deal out there besides helmets, which is the number one issue on most bikers' minds.

For instance, we're also under attack from the insurance industry now. California and other states are under siege regarding their joint-several liability laws. Say a biker's hit by a cage and thrown into the path of a bus. The bus runs him over and he loses his legs. The cager is mostly responsible for the accident, but maybe he has only $20,000 in insurance. You can get the rest of the judgment from the bus company, because the way the law is now, it reads that as between the three people involved — the two joint-several defendants and the injured party — let's take the money from the perpetrators rather than the victim. The insurance companies want to change that and make the legless victim eat it.

The insurance companies are also pressuring state legislatures to put a mandatory ceiling on how much money a person can win in a damage suit. In other words, they want to rip off the judge and jury's historic right to decide how much a person's been injured in an accident. Let's say you've been run down and you're totally paralyzed, you'll never move your arms or legs again — can't even kill yourself if you want to. Who's more qualified to decide what your suffering and loss is worth, a jury [by deciding] on the facts in your particular case or some politicians dealing solely with theories and insurance lobby "fact" kits?

There's no-fault insurance — it's terrible for bikers. A lot of states specifically exclude motorcycle riders from it.

The insurance industry's bitches have nothing to do with big judgments, anyway. They're not making less money because they're paying out huge sums — judgments are minuscule compared to what they're taking in. The problem is that interest rates are down so they can't invest at the same return they're used to. Four or five years ago they were paying the same kind of judgments but had huge interest income on their investments and made big profits. Now they're trying to bleed the same amount out of hurt and suffering victims.

Of course, the biggest problem out



"I *do* wish you'd find another way to glue those stamps in your album!"

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ 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.

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)

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)

Downed artist wishes friendships only. Radiant personality, debonair traits. No game-seekers need reply. Mike San Souci 82-A-3409, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (158)

W/m, 24, 5'1", 200 lbs. Woman, want real man? Help me out of prison and I'm yours. I'll send photo first letter. Tony Sandlin 24398, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064. (158)

Three solid white bros hanging tough in the joint want flicks and kites from together sisters! Willie "Lump" Landon 83A7106; Joe "Moe Joe" Zienkowicz 83A2108; and Mike "Bruno" Delcarpine 82A3201. Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (159)

Attention, ladies anywhere: Downed Aryan biker, 33, 5'7", 145 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, would like to correspond with women from America, Europe, Canada, Australia. Two years left. Will answer all. Help me finish this bit, ladies. Larry Flotow 151642, MSU, Box 539, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 44, attractive, marriage-minded musician getting out in '87. Looking for serious relationship. Charles Maduell 82292, Oak-2, Angola, LA 70712. (158)

Male, 43, 5'10", 182 lbs., seeks female, 18-53. Lee, 69 Davis St., Danbury, CT 06810. (158)

Sexy w/m, 28, looking for lady who wants to settle down and be all mine. Tell me your pleasure and I'll fill your treasure. Pix for pix. Lou Battle 20557, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702. (158)

Ladies: W/m, 24, 6'2", 190 lbs., brown hair, seeks sincere, open-minded lady for lasting relationship. You're out there somewhere, now take a chance. Write Dan McCoy, C-31023, CTF-C, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960. (158)

Criminal extraordinaire with 18 months left would like to correspond with females — looks and age unimportant — for friendship and possible relationship. Robert "Red Beard" Howard 88133, Turney Center, Rt. 1, Only, TN 37140. (158)

W/m from Atlanta, 35, 6'2", 200 lbs., very healthy, down in Alabama since '83 (out in '88), is looking for one good woman to write to, share visits, and share life when I'm released. Been through enough games? Want something better? I do, too! Looks aren't as important as what's behind your face. I like rock, Harleys, 'Vettes, kids, and too much more to list here. You'll never know unless you write. Letter for letter, photo for photo. Don W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (158)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (158)

Wanted for Sturgis: two fun-loving and uninhibited SoCal ladies. Leaving August 1, partly by RV but mostly by Harley. Write to Craig or Wayne, Box 9, Littlerock, CA 93543. It could very well be the best time you'll ever have. (158)

Three's company. Looking for two attractive women to accompany me in travel throughout the U.S. For more details about this adventure, send information about yourself, with photo, to Rick, 3501 Wakefield Ct., Arlington, TX 76015. (158)

Righteous lady, 34, blonde/blue, 118 lbs., wants local biker for my ol' man. New in town, no dependents. Will not disappoint. Write to Scoot, 5237 Albemarle #103-134, Charlotte, NC 28212. (158)

Tramp down! Young, good-lookin', been livin' fast, but The Man has slowed me down. Seeking good woman with love in her heart and a head on her shoulders. Pix for pix; those get answered first. Bobby Bolon 19210, SDCC, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89018. (158)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $3 brings photos. Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (158)

Looking for that solid lady, the one who wants to be my partner in a business and who'd love to have a good time while doing it. Had it together before, but slowed down one time in that fast lane. This time we'll do it legally. I'm 31, 5'9", and a healthy 160 lbs., with some time left. Scammers, stay by your dish! Ricky Royer, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (158)

W/m cellies seeking correspondence and hopefully visits from sincere ladies. Will exchange photos. Randy Williams, C75405, and Jack Manes, D00143. Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (158)

W/s/f, 37, pretty and large-chested. Own my home in country, looking for Mr. Right for marriage. Mr. Right must be employed, white, large-chested, have beard and moustache. Must be loyal, honest, romantic, passionate, easy-going; love kids, pets, camping, fishing, and quiet home life; have sense of humor. No booze, drugs or inmates. Send photo and phone to M.J., Box 807, Folsom, CA 95630. (158)

Interview

Continued from page 105

there for bikers is still accidents. So we've got to keep fighting that, but there are also things like sovereign immunity, the idea that you can't sue the king without the king's permission. It's an incredibly archaic concept, but a lot of states still have it. Massachusetts is one — you can't sue the state for damages unless it wants to let you.

ER: You've spoken several times about getting patchholders involved in the coalition. What are your plans for counteracting the fantastically biased, poisoned atmosphere the media has created toward hardcore bike clubs? I mean, you never see a story about a one-percenter *club* in the newspaper, it's always called a *gang* — and they're always being slandered by some bigoted public official who doesn't know shit. Do you think the coalition will have any place in fighting this stereotyping?

RL: A big place. A lot of our public awareness campaign is going to focus on dispelling the biker myth, on putting Marlon Brando to rest after all these years. Those kinds of things are a big part of the program.

ER: About that public awareness campaign, the AMA says they kinda gave up on that one because they couldn't find a cost-effective way to reach the cagers.

RL: Our safety liaison, Nick Ressler up in North Dakota, is coming up with a brochure that we can hand out to individuals at places like county fairs and other events, that we can do easily through the grass roots biker organizations that are in the coalition.

And, since we're not asking them for any of their money or power but only for their cooperation and their work, they'll get behind it. We have a network of AIM attorneys, AIM state reps, national road reps for AIM, regional advisors for the coalition, state coordinators. So we have a lot of people to work with, people who can go out into the grass roots and really talk to other people. I think that's very effective.

We also have to take our brochures and get them into all the high school driver-education classes, even if we have to finance all the printing.

ER: You make this all sound like a joy ride to the top of the "Big Rock Candy Mountan," but getting people to work and sweat together isn't that easy. What do you say to the biker who says, "Politics is bullshit. All I want to do is ride my scooter, get fucked up, and get laid."

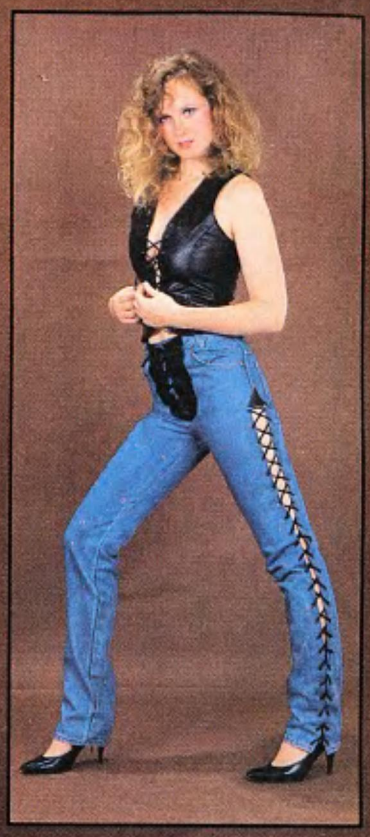
RL: I say this, you can still get fucked up and get laid, but as far as riding your scooter, if you want to ride it free and be in the wind, you better fight for your rights. Because if you don't fight for your rights, nobody else is going to go out and do it for you.

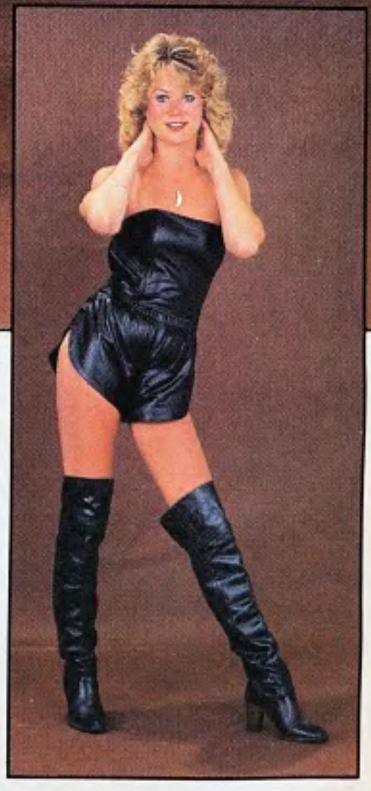
If you want to stay out there on your scooter instead of having motorcycles outlawed altogether, then you'd better listen up. ■



"The first time I saw you with your lips wrapped around a plastic tube, siphoning gas, I knew you were for me, baby."







EASYRIDERS Leathers For Ladies

You're tough. Not every man with a hungry eye and a fast line gets to plant his boots under *your* bed. You demand two things of every dude you hop in the rack with — class and performance. It's the same with the threads you ride and party in — if you're a real biker chick, you demand the best. **Easy Lady Leathers** are designed to meet the highest standards of comfort, fit and durability. Every item is made in the U.S.A. of the finest American hides. If you've already corralled your biker, he'll love to show you off in these classy threads. If you're still hunting for your biker, become an *Easy Lady* and he's sure to find you right quick.

Outfits shown in photos left to right are listed below top to bottom

QTY.	DESCRIPTION	CIRCLE SIZE	PRICE	TOTAL
	Halter Top	S-M-L	$34.00	
	Chap Jeans	27-28-29-30 31-32-33-34	99.00	
	Tank Top	S-M-L	54.00	
	Zipper Mini-Skirt	S-M-L	59.00	
	Short-Sleeve Zipper Top	S-M-L	59.00	
	Zipper Jeans	27-28-29-30 31-32-33-34	79.00	
	Lace-Up Vest	S-M-L	34.00	
	Lace-Up Jeans	27-28-29-30 31-32-33-34	79.00	
	Strapless Top	S-M-L	39.00	
	Snap Shorts	S-M-L	39.00	
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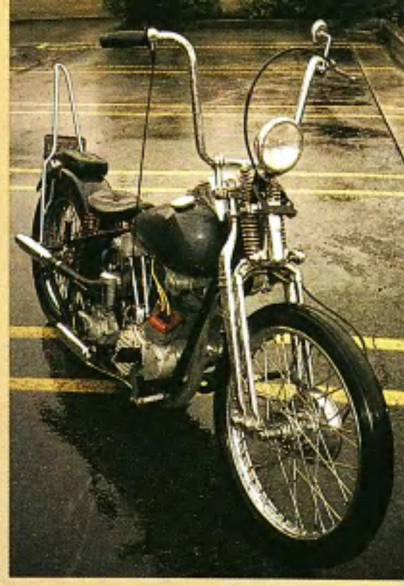
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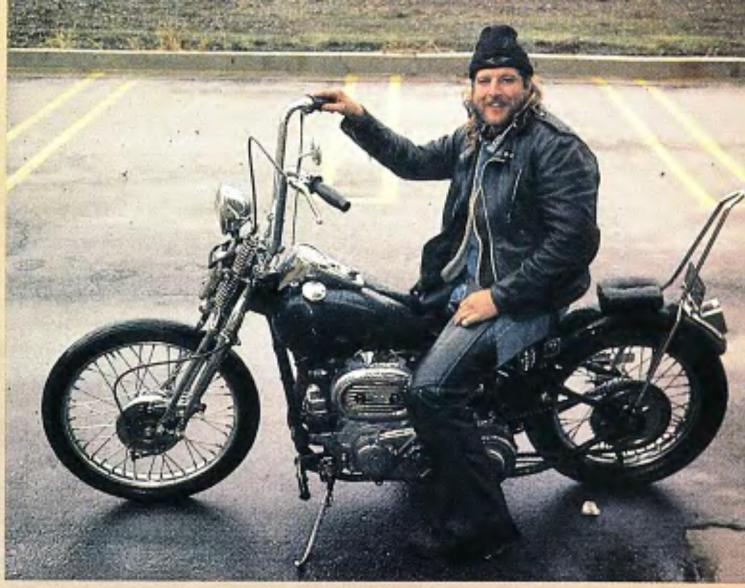
Ya gotta give credit where credit's due and for sure, today's Big Name builders have earned the attention they get — otherwise they wouldn't be Big Names. But those guys don't have a monopoly on the art of turnin' out great-lookin' stuff. Some of the most righteous customized bikes we've seen have been put together by dudes workin' alone who've had to scrounge parts, build in their spare time, and squirrel away nickels and dimes until they added up to some hefty long green. The end results always have one thing in common — they're rides worth lookin' at. Scope out this month's Readers' Ride. Yep, it's another case of credit bein' due.

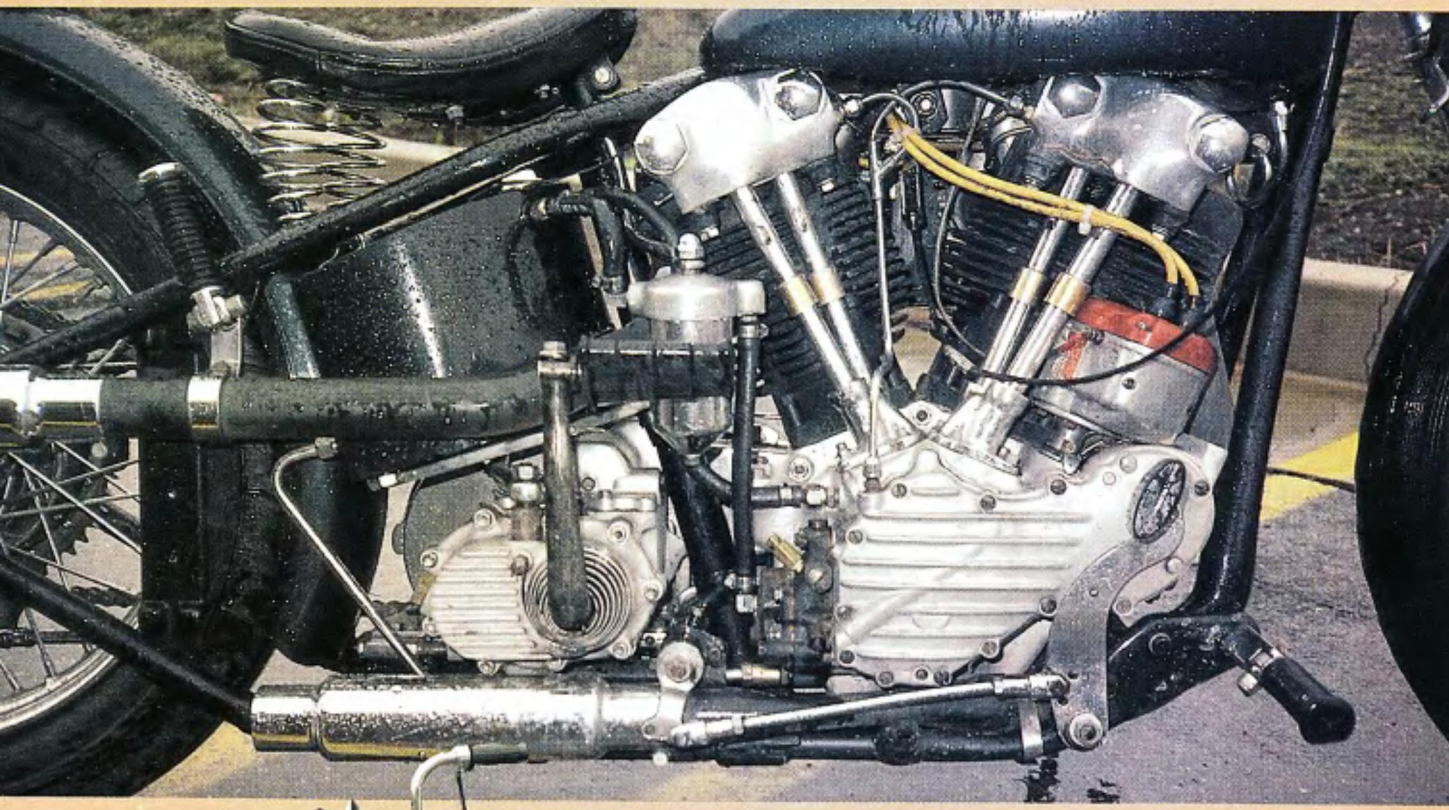
Unknown Rider, the streets of America
Harley-Davidson rigid frame knucklehead

We don't remember his name, where he came from, or where he was headed. We do remember this mystery rider rolled in on a dreary rainy morning, sopping wet from head to toe. He wanted to know if we'd like to take a look at his bike. What the hell, we figured. Anyone with as much class, perseverance, and gumption as this dude was okay in our book.

So we took a few shots of his knuckle, year and specifics unknown, gave him a tech chart to fill out, and told him to mail it back in, then we'd try to set up a for-real shooting date.

That was over a year ago and the rider ain't been heard from since. But we still like his bike and his style, and we hope he sees that his bike has finally made the pages of this rag. Congrats. —Rags





Photos by Kim Peterson



Shakedown

Continued from page 15

"Yeah," she chuckled. "Nguyen and Pok Chi. I call 'em New Guy and Pocky. Hard-working little dudes, too. And loyal." She sipped daintily at her beer. "Shit, only things more loyal around here are my dogs."

"Suckers really raised hell when I was unloadin' my scoot," I said.

"Rotweilers. But they'll take to you, Beanpole, you'll see."

"Not gonna have time. Once I get my ride fixed, I'm on my way to the cool, salty air of Huntington Beach, Dora. Piss on any more desert trips. I only went over to Kingman because some people needed my help. I hate this fuckin', dried-out climate." I stood up, stretching.

At that instant the whole mobile home began trembling and everything loose in the place started clattering and jigglin'.

"Ol' San Andreas Fault's actin' up again," giggled Dora.

"Well, I wanna have a look at what you've got in the way of clutches." I started toward the door, eager to leave the stink of the place and begin work on my bike. "Where do I find them?"

"You don't!" she snapped.

"Stop with the dumbfuck games. I told ya I ain't playin' wrench for ya, I'm just gonna —"

She rose to her feet and all her flab, from her double chins to her plump toes, was quiverin' indignantly. Glaring at me, she shrilled, "You *owe* me, Beanpole! You owe me *big* for dumpin' my poor little butt there in Oxnard."

"Bullshit," I said calmly. "I left a note and six bills taped to the fuckin' fridge. I also left the Plymouth. All the bills had been paid and I don't recall handin' you any shit about it bein' permanent. Not even once."

"I was. . .young," her voice floundered into a sob. "Young and dumb and. . .*innocent!*"

I had to howl at that one. "Sure, ya were. As innocent as any broad who'd been doggy-fuckin' every dipshit from Solano Beach to Santa Barbara who could get it up. Piss on all this pointless reminiscin'. Sell me a clutch, gimme time to make repairs, and I'll mend anything in this trailer that needs fixin'. But I ain't wrenchin' for ya. And I ain't hangin' around."

I went outside and by wending my way through stacks of tires, a maze of junkers, and millions of boxed, dusty parts, I reached my lunched machine. Naturally, my roadbag — with my Python — was gone. The bungy cords that had held it to the sissybar lay on the oily ground amid all the rest of the stuff I'd left neatly packed on the sled. I stiffened as another tremor rippled the landscape, then I jumped forward to catch the shovel before it toppled. In a moment it was all over. "If I *ever* roam east of the Coastal Range again," I muttered, picking up my stuff and slamming it onto the bike, "I hope to Christ —" The rest of the vow congealed in my throat. Two skinny little Asians had soundlessly materialized between a monstrous pile of rusty radiators and a heap of fenders.

"Where's my gear?" I demanded, skipping the amenities.

"Missy Dora want it inside," said one, shooting a wide grin at his buddy. Exchanging smirks, they looked like a pair of pleased ferrets.

I was prejudiced before I spent six years trying to survive in 'Nam. Afterward, I discovered I was a fanfucking-natic on the subject. *Time to split. You got enough green to get home and you can replace everything lost here. She can't turn the dogs loose because that front gate's wide open. Get your happy ass through it now!*

Turning, I sprinted for the gate.

"New Guy! Pocky!" screeched Dora's voice from behind me. "Stop him!"

Suddenly, rock-hard feet smacked into my lower spine like they'd been shot from a cannon. The impact sent me sprawling. I scrambled to my hands and knees, and held it there. New Guy — or Pocky — was frozen into a kung fu stance directly in front of me. Looking around, I found his teammate was aiming my own piece at me. *No contest.*

* * *

Four days later, I straightened up from the Chevy's gaping maw where I was diligently pullin' various parts outta the ancient, greasy mill. The moment I changed position, sighing aloud as relief surged up my aching back, the nearest Rotweiler stiff-legged it toward me — rumblin' a warning deep in his chest.

Resting against a mangled fender, I blinked as sweat stung my eyes. I had one little hope — I now knew where some fuckin' Harley clutches were stashed. But I'd have to remain slave labor until the dogs accepted me, because Dora kept the gate shut and locked around the clock.

I'd also have to accomplish two major moves: relocate my ride alongside a car I was working on and get a clutch from the stash shed to the bike. After that, it would just be a matter of snatchin' a few moments on the sly, here and there durin' a day's work dismantling cage engines, to repair the shovel. Just how I'd get the scoot and myself through a locked gate without havin' my ass chewed to mincemeat or takin' a slug in the back, I wasn't certain.

* * *

Showered, lettin' go to bone-weary exhaustion from another 14-hour day of pullin' parts, I lay on the hard bed in the rear bedroom allotted to me. I was tryin' to will my body to digest the crummy spaghetti and chopped sausage supper Dora had provided when she appeared in the doorway stark naked, sorta like a bad acid trip.

"I'm feelin' frisky," Dora purred.

"Listen," I said, without lookin' at her, "just how much longer you plannin' to keep me cooped up?"

"Why?" she crooned, all innocent-like.

"Because if it'll spring me, I'll throw a fuck into ya." My gut convulsed at the thought. "We gotta deal?"

"No way." Her tone was icy. "I want every junker in the yard pulled."

"Dora, there's at least 200 cages out there," I reminded her.

"Tell me about it," she sneered. "I got lucky and signed a juicy contract with a core resale broker. That makes you awfully important, see?"

"Nah," I sighed, "this is just payback because I left ya in Oxnard."

"That's got somethin' to do with it."

"So lemme catch a few Z's." I faked a big yawn. "Man has to have some rest, y'know."



"I understand you, man, but why should the bike suffer?"

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She vanished from the doorway.

Twisting a hooter, I smoked it placidly. Unknown to Dora, my shovel was now repaired and ready to ride. The fatbobs were even two-thirds full. I'd actually been able to go over every inch of the bike, greasing it and making minor adjustments here and there, all on the sneak in between pullin' parts from cage blocks. And now that they'd known me for 19 days, the dogs no longer had it in for me. I could move freely through the yard and the worst they'd do was follow.

The bike was parked between tomorrow's Ford and the chain-link fence. I'd put a pair of wire cutters in the trunk, hidden under the screwdrivers and wrenches and crowbars. If I could keep the dogs quiet and cut that fence, I was gone. I'd just have to risk somebody putting a shot into me.

Padding down the hallway to use the shitter, I paused at Dora's partially opened bedroom door, my curiosity sparked by muted, wet-sounding noises. Peering in, I saw Dora kneeling on the bed, energetically giving Pocky some experienced head while New Guy knelt behind her huge ass, driving it to her doggy-style.

Sitting on the pot, which is where all my best decisions are reached, I came to a firm decision. I'd try to escape the following night.

• • •

At 1:20 a.m. I quietly inched out of the trailer. The dogs found me seconds later as I was snipping the first few links of fencing. After sniffing intensely at me and the cutters and the fence, they sat down to watch.

"Good dogs," I said softly, darting a glance at the only glowing window in the trailer. I could well envision the scene in Dora's bedroom, where the bizarre junkyard trio was likely fucking and sucking up a storm.

A weird silence now descended on the night. An unearthly silence. I paused in my work.

Then the whole fuckin' world exploded with a shock wave of sound and motion. Everything in sight began shuddering and shaking.

"Oh, my God!" I gasped. "This is it. *Earthquake!*"

Dora's screams of terror and the shrill cries of her playmates could barely be heard over the roaring, grinding quake's mammoth noise. *They'll never hear my scoot warming up,* I realized. *Better stomp it to life while the stomping's good.*

Straddling the machine, I got it coughing fitfully after three or four attempts. On the fifth try, it began thundering beautifully. By now the dogs were going nuts, racing back and forth among the shifting, tumbling piles of junk, whimpering in fear.

Just as I was ready to dismount — letting the bike's mill warm — to open a wider gap in the fence, I sensed more than saw a ground wave coming through the darkness. It was like an incoming ocean swell. About four feet high, it destroyed everything secured to

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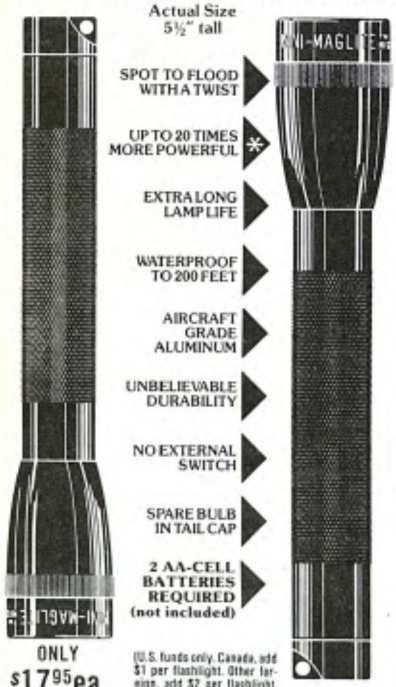
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the ground as it rolled along. Fence posts snapped from their concrete settings, bringing the whole damn west side of the fence down.

It reached the bike and me, simply lifted us up, surged past, and charged into the yard beyond, where it turned cars completely over, exploding masses of junk and trash, and shoved the mobile home sideways from its cement pad.

I was squinting into the maelstrom, trying to spot a clear path between me and the flattened fence when the powerpole came down — just ahead of me — right across the trailer's roof.

I dropped the bike into gear and it lunged forward. Weaving crazily, I was just vaguely aware that the trailer was swathed in ruptured, popping and hissing high-power lines.

I caught a glimpse of two dogs seared into lifelessness just before Pocky burst through the trailer doorway. He was aiming my piece at me as I jounced past.

His first shot sizzled by, inches from my lowered skull. Before there was a second shot, I heard a dreadful shriek. Glancing back, I saw his rigid figure draped with wires that were frying him where he stood.

Then I was busy. Veering across the downed fence, I lurched onto sand that still rippled and separated in places into widening little chasms.

Only when I reached the unpaved street fronting the darkened cafe, did I notice that two of the Rotweilers were determinedly loping beside the bike, accompanying me in the run for freedom. "Sorry, fellas," I shouted. "I'd take ya along if I had a trike. It's been a real fuckin' pleasure knowin' ya, though!" They gradually dropped back, barking their frustration. Reaching the interstate, I braked long enough to take one last look over my shoulder.

A bright glow against the night sky told me fires were breaking out everywhere. Swinging back toward I-40, I studied it in the dim starlight for damage. It looked smooth and normal.

Turning westward on it, I wicked up the shovel and streaked through the night for home. ■

Easyriders



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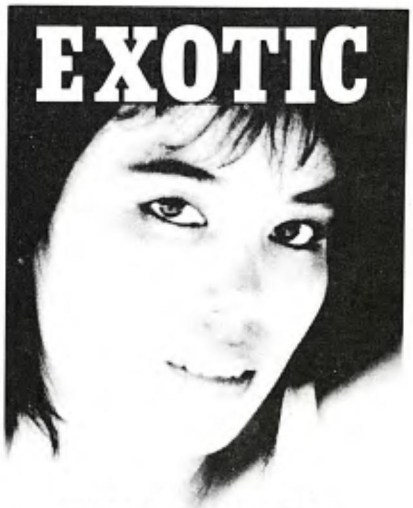


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Downtime

Continued from page 51

so much better that I sat captivated by the last half of a dubbed horror flick and the show that followed it. "Hooked on Aerobics." (Most twat-in-Spandex jumpathons bore my butt off, but I have a special weakness for this one now. It's from Provo, Utah, if you can believe that, and features this dark-haired gal with a set of full-dress saddlebags on her that make ya wanna gnaw the nap off the rug.)

Feelin' in the mood for some music and figuring I could get away without waking anybody if I kept the volume low, I checked my host's record stash. A couple of dusty Kingston Trio albums and a collection of Christmas carols. Disappointed but beginning to feel comfortably drowsy, I returned to the couch and put myself to sleep by composing the following list of Twenty Worst Tunes Ever Recorded (some titles are approximate — I can't bear to check on all this shit):

1) *MacArthur Park* (could anything else possibly be #1?)
2) *Crimson And Clover* (this one plays over the PA system in hell)
3) *Atlantis* (almost any Donovan will do, so I'll accept *Mellow Yellow*, *Jennifer Juniper*, etc.)
4) *Knights In White Satin* (as with previous entry, nearly any Moody Blues may be substituted)
5) *Heartless*, or *Easy to be Cruel*, or whatever the fucking thing's titled (I was gonna go dig out my old Broadway-cast recording of "Hair," but I guess my ex-wife got it, thank Grid, about 15 years back)
6) *The Year 2525*
7) *Valotte*
8) *Solid As A Rock* (again, anything by Ashford & Simpson)
9) *White Bird* (I'd rather stir shit with a spoon than hear this piece of pig puke)
10) *Diamond Girl* (and I'd rather hear *White Bird* than listen to this anal drip)
11) *Honey*
12) *The Beat Goes On*
13) *Patches*
14) *Incense And Peppermints*
15) *Hey, Paul*

I forget the rest. I woke up several hours later when the other party-goers began sleepily straggling in, and I was still pretty hung over. To be honest, I'm not sure that I actually made it to the full count of twenty. But you probably have your own favorites, so I'll leave it to you to round off the list.

By now I'm sure you think I've forgotten **Afterburner**. Wrong. It was ZZ Top that picked me up out of my post-hangover depression when I finally returned to the quiet and security of my own pad and found the record still on the turntable where I'd left it a day or two earlier. There ain't much on this album that won't seem pretty familiar to any fan of the bearded spuds behind those blind-man sunglasses. So I'll skip the details. That very familiarity is one of the band's biggest assets — ZZ Top continues to crank out kickass blues-rock with a comfortable predictability.

For me, the record was like a well in the desert — the cool drink after a long, hot ride. Makes you feel human again. Helps you forget about those scary hours with nothin' better to do than to make up lists of tunes you hate. And now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll wind down the bullshit and go give another listen to that little ol' band from Texas. ■



Easyriders

"Lemme see that fucking map!"

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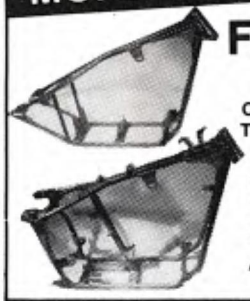
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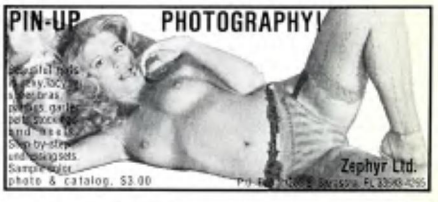
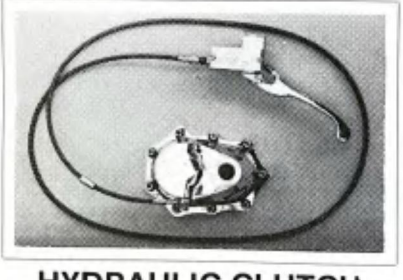


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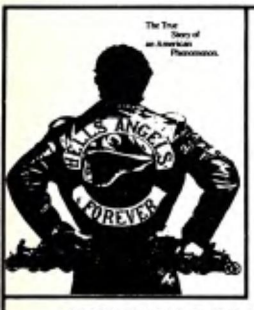
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