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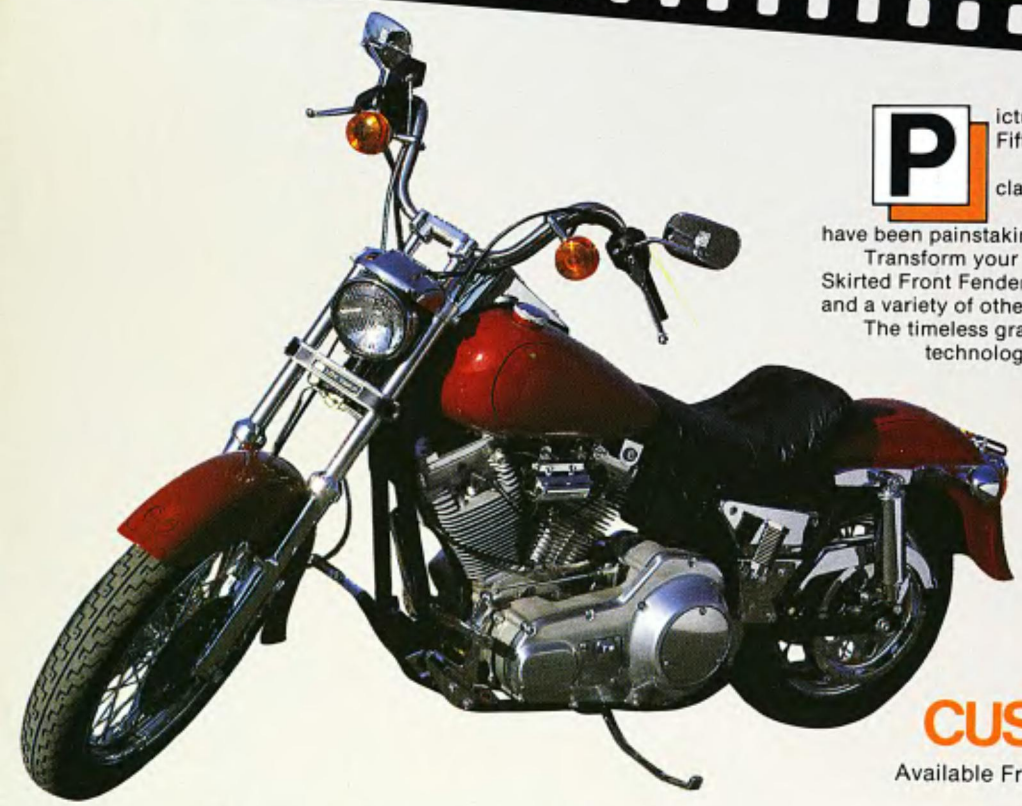
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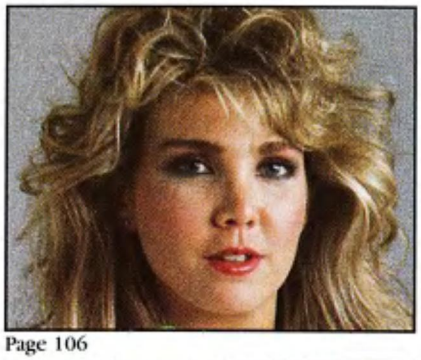
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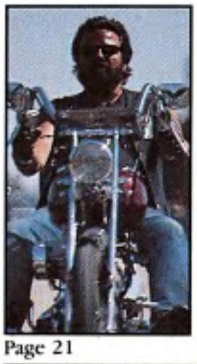
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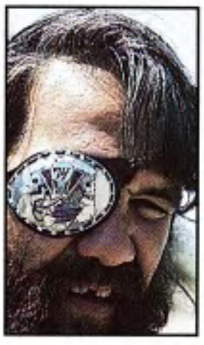
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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Michael Lichter teamed with project art director Roger Ashton and makeup artist Beth Ryan to photograph Tracy and Rick for the cover and gatefold. See more of Arlin Fatland's shovel on page 106 and our pin-up on the back cover gatefold.

The Willie G™ JACKET

When you talk custom you're speaking Willie G Davidson's language. Just because he designs every new Harley that rolls out of Milwaukee doesn't mean he has a cookie cutter mind. That's why, when he designed a leather jacket, he set out to make a personal statement about motorcycles and the people who ride them. Willie G wanted his jacket to be unique, one of a kind, with tassels, fringe and yards of hand-braided leather accenting the black and contrasting brown top grain U.S. cowhide. But it had to be functional as well as good looking with a removable lining, action back, flow-through venting system and concealed front pockets. For that extra custom touch he added a brass concho and embossed wings on the back and his own signature on the collar. And Nancy Davidson appreciated the women's version, styled like the mens but cut and sewn exclusively for the ladies.

It's the kind of jacket you would expect Willie G and Nancy to wear.

It's the kind you get only from Harley-Davidson.

NEW! THE WILLIE G JACKET IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN SOLID BLACK



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This dude came home, found a guy hosing his wife, and shot him. But thinking quickly before the police arrived, he decided to blame it on his wife's poodle and cautioned his ol' lady to say the same thing. He was going to try to con the cops into believing that the poodle got his paw caught in the gun, which just happened to go off and shoot the guy who was fucking his wife. For some reason, the police didn't buy the story and hauled his ass off to jail.

The dipshit of the month is a guy who injected cocaine, smoked marijuana, and drank whiskey and beer before going to a bar to drink some more. He'd hidden the drugs and syringe in his leather briefcase, but when he returned to his room he'd forgotten about hiding them. He thought he'd been ripped off and called the police to help him look for his stolen drugs. They found his stash in the briefcase, under a pile of laundry, and arrested his dumb ass.

He owed his bookie $15,000 but didn't have the money, so he devised a plan whereby his friend would shoot him in the leg and then he'd go to his bookie and claim he'd been shot trying to collect on a debt. But surprise, surprise! His friend, being nervous, shot him in the hip. When he got home his father insisted on taking him to the county hospital for treatment. Because it was a gunshot wound, the hospital called the police, so he told them he'd been shot by an unknown assailant. A few days later he copped to the police that he'd made up the whole story and they busted his ass for filing a false police report. Now he doesn't know what the hell he's going to tell his bookie.

This punk stole a $4000 Harley-Davidson and ran a stop light. The police gave chase and in a while he ran out of gas. He started running and along the way he tossed off his helmet and jacket. Inside his jacket was his name and address. That oughta teach him to steal Jap bikes in the future--no one wants them.

There was an unruly patron at a local bar, so the 400-lb. bouncer sat on him to hold him until the police arrived. But the guy died, suffocated by the bouncer's big ass.

This guy decided he'd clean out the rain gutters on his roof, so he tied a rope to the bumper of the family car and then climbed up on the roof and secured himself to the other end of the rope--so he wouldn't fall off. But surprise, surprise! He was pulled over the top of the roof and down the other side when his wife, not knowing he was tied to it, jumped in the car and drove out of the driveway.

Hey, you downed bros, if you think you have it rough, consider the six inmates whom the sheriff forced to perform sexual acts with him and pose for lewd pictures. He photographed the inmates in pornographic poses and made them perform sexual acts on each other while he watched. Anyone not wanting to go through this ordeal was offered a transfer to the state penitentiary.

He had 26,000 chickens die on him from the heat, so he bulldozed all the dead chickens into a pit and buried them. But 12 hours later the ground started bubbling and moving--the gases produced by the rotting chickens had caused them to explode. He had chicken fricassee all over the place.

This may be more of the usual scare ''facts'' put out by the Drug Enforcement Administration, but they claim that due to the government's clampdown on chemicals previously used to prepare cocaine, drug traffickers are now processing the drug with benzene--which is known to cause leukemia and genetic damage to humans. Officials warn that more than half the cocaine now on the streets is contaminated. So be warned!

Here's a novel way for a chick to get fired from her job. Her 40-inch tits were too distracting, so her boss canned her ass. If she's reading this and needs a job, she should call me.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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WORDMONGER

SOME CHANGES

Well, here we go, the first 15 years are behind us, we coasted for a couple issues, and now we've grabbed a full hand of throttle and we're rompin'. Just as Willie G. did with the Softail Heritage, we're gonna keep the best of the old and add the best of the new. Spider, biker fiction, "In The Wind," and the Dave Mann centerfold are still here, and we've added a pull-out gatefold that features the best bikes and the prettiest gals.

There's gonna be an added bike feature in the backyard — that's because we've pulled most of the *Easyriders* product ads to make room for more editorial copy. Don't panic — you can still get all that leg-wettin' *Easyriders* stuff by goin' to a full-line *Easyriders* dealer. If your favorite bike shop doesn't carry the line, lean on 'em. If he won't do it, no sweat — just write us for a catalog (see gatefold). That extra room also allowed us to add some new features like: "Foxy Riders" (gals who ride and build their own righteous scoots); "Rip's Run" (our old-time staffer's out ridin' and reportin' on spots homeboys around the country favor); more "Readers' Rides"; and probably best of all, you don't have to flip back and forth through the mag to read *anything*! It all runs in *consecutive pages*!

Like I said, the throttle's full on, but the revs are only 2500 at this point. We're gonna keep dumpin' more fuel to 'er each month and I trust you'll let us know how we're doin' — you've always been quick to tell us to shove it, as well as shootin' us those "extra piece of raisin pie" letters — and that's the one thing I'm sure won't change.

—J.T.

Response To "Help"

☐ In the July '86 issue Terri L. Tester asked for our [Pack Central] address. Pack Central offers records and tapes by all artists, including David Allan Coe, Led Zeppelin, Neil Young, and even Barry Manilow. The mail-order catalog lists thousands of items and can be had by sending $1 to Pack Central, 6745 Denny Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606. Telephone: (818) 760-2828.

Robert Parris
Pack Central
No. Hollywood, Calif.

Armond Remembered

☐ In response to "In Memory of Four Who Set the Tempo": This hit home with me, as Armond was my cousin and the ring bearer in my folks' wedding when he was five years old — although he wasn't quite as big then as the day he went down.

Anyway, I wanted to thank you for the tribute to Armond when he died and for the memory of Armond, Frank, Hal, and Ken in the fifteenth anniversary issue. Hope you still have Armond's bike.

Keep up the good work and have an extra slice of raisin pie to get you all through the next 15 years.

Dennis Edwards
La Selva Beach, Calif.

■ His bike is proudly displayed in our office lobby.

Help!

☐ Requesting your help in locating a gas tank nameplate for my 1978 FLH anniversary special: "AMF Harley-Davidson," black and gold, left side.

Wayne H. Hackett
3301 Meridian St.
Bellingham, WA 98225

Good Tech Tip

☐ Good tech tip in July ("Hold On There"). A couple of things, though. Your readers should be aware of the importance of the direction "One drop only." Enough can be too much. Those fine threaded bolts and nuts can ruin your day if they're overloaded with Loctite. I've also experienced the problem of losing aluminum threads while removing Loctited bolts. Rather than sweat it, I switched to Never-Seize (aka Anti-Seize). This product prevents oxidation of the aluminum and steel. And it's gummy enough to be almost maintenance-free.

Oh, yeah. All Loctite-like products form a thread that will not work on an open-ended boss unless the rear of the opening is plugged.

Without chemicals, life itself would be impossible.

Shelly
San Diego, Calif.

Women's Club

☐ An all-women motorcycle club has been formed in central Michigan. Operating under the name of Leather & Lace MC, we aren't affiliated with any other group or club. Any comments, questions, or membership inquiries may be sent to the address below.

Suzanne "Rabbit" Tierney
1422 W. Carpenter St.
Midland, MI 48640

Whatdafuck?

☐ I recently purchased a 1966 Puch Allstate-Interstate Deluxe 175cc motorcycle for my rugrat. Austrian-made, it closely resembles the small Harleys of the era. It was imported by Sears, but that's about all the info I have on the little sled. Any parts outlets, salvage yards, or whatever where I can obtain manuals and parts would be greatly appreciated, so anyone with addresses, please send them to me.

Michael E. Smith
Box 147 Church St.
Loami, IL 62661

Tattoo Shops

☐ If you're into tats, you'll appreciate this one. Found some really righteous places on my last New York-to-Florida putt: Lucifer Skinz at Third and Bainbridge in South Philadelphia, Crow and Danny at Ancient Art in York County, Virginia (near Virginia Beach), and Dr. Bond at Ancient Art in Maitland, Florida. These brothers are experienced, have clean shops, and the best dermagraphics anywhere on the coast. Definitely worth checkin' out!

Dracula
Westchester, Pa.

How

☐ In response to "When?" ("Wordmonger," July '86, page 8): HDRA and ABATE of Iowa were responsible for the rally the past two years. So far, our schedule does not have us back in Iowa in 1986. However, a little coaxing (letters) from all you good people out there could change the schedule, so let's hear it. You want another quality party and drag race for a hot weekend? Contact HDRA, Box 6, Covington, TX 76636, or (817) 687-2824.

"Fast" Ed
Covington, Tex.

Full Of Shit

☐ Do I have an attitude or what? The other night I found the wife flipping through an issue of your rag. A minute later she said *Easyriders* degrades women and is full of shit.

At that point I went into my little boy's room. Returning to where she was sitting, still flipping through your rag, I dropped one of his diapers — packed full of shit — into her lap and said, "Darling, you are so right!"

Cold Duck Splat
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Military Comments

☐ These are some excerpts from a letter recently published in *Driver* magazine. I think you might find this shit just a little bit interesting, especially since it was written by a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force.

"What amazes me is the high percentage of military bikers I see, just going to work, break the laws and take chances. Despite all of the safety briefings and mandatory motorcycle courses for the troops, the majority of military riders I see are consistently riding on the edge of an accident. . .

"Interestingly, some of the safest bikes seen on the road today are the scruffy, laid-back 'gang' types who seem to have more respect for the dangers of the highway and the traffic laws than our average airman going to work at 7:15 in the morning. These guys may not look very respectable and certainly don't always follow the rules about wearing helmets, but as far as road smarts they put our military types to shame — and mile for mile their survival record is better. Maybe we should have these clubs come in and explain a few facts of the road to our guys. Of course, that won't happen but we've got to do something. . ."

This was written by a Lt. Col. Robert L. Brown from Sumter, S.C. I figured I'd send it in to show that a few people in the military have their heads screwed on straight when it comes to surviving in the wind on American highways these days. As for myself, I'm also a professional soldier, living, working, and riding my Sporty every day in West Germany. Ride free or die!

Babbles
West Germany

Honda Lover

☐ It is because of your kind of people and your journal that my girlfriend was taken from me. My motor is a Honda 650 and we were engaged. We were both very happy until one of your dirty, smelly assholes took her from me because he had a moto Harley asshole Davidson. He was a New Yorker and I will shoot him.

I went to her house to try to get her back and found her with this dirty journal *Easyriders*. I write to tell you that your kind cannot do this to me. I am very mad and if I catch any more of you dirty assholes here, I will show you what Italian power is. Your kind make me sick. Go to hell, and I hope your oversized motors break down and a car rides over your face.

Stefano Di Milano
Italy

■ She's got too much class for you.

Happy Buyer

☐ There's an ad in the classified section for a tattoo workbook, done by a a prison tattooist. Well, the product is real and well worth the investment. With all the rip-offs to be aware of, it's good to see that a prison inmate can be trusted (he's still in prison).

I expected to receive the sheets of flash only, but was surprised to have the thing in binders and plastic page-protectors, ready to put out for customers to flip through. It makes a lot of sense to have a workbook set up the way this is since I'd need a lot of wall space to display the designs in Book One (500 pages). I can hardly wait till the next one (250 pages) gets here and I hope he gets his third book done soon (he plans on one more 250-page book, for a total output of 1000 pages). Instead of hanging lots of sheets of flash, all I need to do is set out the books for customers to flip through and ogle.

Anyway, I just wanted to let everyone know that it ain't a rip-off. I'm happy with what I received.

Fred "Magic" Edmundson
Carson City, Nev.

Wants To Buy

☐ I was just checking out your July '86 rag. In the "In The Wind" section, page 59, lower right corner, there's a picture of one of the finest-looking Triumphs I've ever seen. (I own two 650cc Bonnevilles myself, a 1966 and a 1970.)

The bro has one hell of a bike to be proud of. He also has one of the finest ol' ladies I've ever seen. You guys should try to con him into letting you do a pictorial on her.

I'm interested in buying the bike, if it's for sale, and renting the girl, if she's available. (Answer in "Wordmonger" if you're interested, bro.)

Can anybody out there give me any information about how to get T-shirts from other countries? Like ones from Bumfuck, Egypt, Yomoto's Harley in Japan, and Moscow, Russia? Any info would be appreciated.

Slab
Spartanburg, S.C.

Regarding Doc Holliday

☐ I've had the album "Doc Holliday Rides Again" since it came out, having bought it in St. Louis, Missouri, before I moved to Texas. You won't get an answer from the fan club because it is no longer in existence.

Doc put out another album, which I have, called "Bad Medicine." My copies are in collector's condition and if anyone wants copies because ya can't get 'em at your record store, send me a blank tape and I'll copy the tunes. Please pay return postage.

Ed Krupinski
3971 Lisbon
Ft. Worth, TX 76107

Where's The Party?

☐ Listen up, brothers and sisters of (or around) Providence, Rhode Island: I'm gonna be moving up there in September and would like to know where all of you are hangin' out. I'm comin' a long way and know I'm gonna be longin' for a taste of home. So I'd appreciate it if someone helped me get my feet on the ground. Put pen to paper and send me a kite.

Aimee
516 Fifth Ave.
New Hyde Park, NY 11040

Wants Pen Pal

☐ Back in December '85 you ran an article on Soledad. Since then you've printed letters from babes out there wanting to get in touch with some of the Soledad bros.

Well, what about all the righteous bros doing time in Texas? Shit, there are a lot of good fuckers locked down here who are also in need of some female contact.

All you babes out there who'd like to meet some damn good bros, just drop me a few lines and a photo, if possible. I'll gladly put you in touch with one of the righteous bros down here for a little of that good ol' southern hospitality.

Brady Beck 356344
Box 128
Tenn. Colony, TX 75861

Pat On The Back

☐ If you travel in upstate New York, around Glens Falls and Lake George, and need a very good H-D shop, stop at McDermott's. These people treat you good.

I was up there for Americade when my '74 Sporty began wearing my leg out on starts. Took it to McDermott's and they set it up so it started like it did before — on just two kicks.

They're great people who make you feel at home.

K.A. LaBeef
Fulton, N.Y.

Response To Letter

☐ In reply to "The Free Radical" (July '86): One of the letters of complaint about an order form on the back of the Dave Mann illo was mine. It's clear that your view of me is of a brain-dead shitbag with no smarts.

I'm not one to talk bad about or to someone I don't know. But, turd breath (yes, a shit-eater), there are a few things you need to know.

First off, I'm doin' time in the Texas DOC. Specifically, in administrative segregation, a part of the system's mass lockup of assaultive, unruly convicts. I'm allowed out of my 5' x 8½' cell once a

day for a shower, and about every five or six days for one hour of recreation.

Second, there are no Xerox machines in our shower. Nor are there any on our rinky-dink-ass yard.

Third and final, I'm an oil-and-acrylic artist myself. And be it an original on prestretched canvas or a print, I wouldn't like the disrespect of having it chopped up. (In case you haven't noticed, we must have brought up a legitimate complaint 'cause the order form was moved to the back of the Easter Bunny picture in the April '86 issue.)

So as you know now, some of us do have some smarts, we just don't have the freedom to use 'em. Next time, before you put your feet (yes, plural) in your mouth, think about it. Not everyone is as brain-dead and without smarts as you, shitbag.

Lester Trout
Lovelady, Tex.

Needs Hood Ornament

☐ I'm hoping you can help me out. I'm looking for a motorcycle hood ornament for my Ford F-100 pickup. Anyone knowing where I can beg, borrow, or steal a Harley hood ornament, let me know.

Steve Weed
2616 Pecan Dr.
Fayetteville, NC 28303

Gasoline Additive

☐ On page 46 of the April '86 issue, mention is made of an additive that may soon go on sale. I thought you and your readers would be interested to know that a gasoline additive is already on the market. Manufactured by Cartel, 3133 Madison Ave., S.E. Grand Rapids, MI 49508, (616) 243-0457, it's sold under the brand name LED. I don't have any experience with LED, but I've used Cartel diesel-fuel additives and they're very good products.

Joe Young
Shiloh, N.J.

Indian Brave

☐ I need to know if my old memory has been friggin' with dead brain cells again, or if what I think I remember is correct. Somewhere along about 1955, when I was a tender 16 and just learning to throw a leg over a two-wheeler, another kid in the neighborhood who had a half worn-out bike for sale offered to let me ride it. I swear by Jehovah's beard that this kid told me the machine was an Indian Brave. It was roughly in the 250cc category and, I think, a single-banger.

Now we've all heard of the Indian Chief and Scout, but no one I've talked to remembers the Brave model. I didn't buy the bike and have never owned an Indian, so this accounts for some of my ignorance. But I need to know, for my own satisfaction and to settle the issue once and for all, was there ever an Indian Brave or did the kid make up the name? The bike had to be no newer than early '50s, because it already had considerable wear on it. If it wasn't an Indian, whatdafuck was it? It wasn't a BSA or Triumph. (Even though its nameplate was missing, I knew it was too heavy to be one of the Limeys.) I remember it was extremely sluggish on the hp and barely ran 45mph.

On another subject, I want to mention that even though I've been a biker most of my 47-plus years and occasionally bought your rag off the newsstand, I didn't become a subscriber until I saw how entertaining and helpful it was in passing the time overseas. To my delight I found it regularly (before issues sold out) on the magazine stand at the Viking Mini-Mart on the NATO base at Keflavik, Iceland. Hope they still sell it, for all those cold bikeless souls in the great white north.

D.H. "Poo Bear" Roberts
Kingsland, Ga.

■ Yeah, Indian had a model called Brave.

Wants To Move

☐ Anyone in the Wisconsin joint (max) interested in trading places with someone in the Nevada joint (max), please contact Spider Mann, Box 209-1, Albrightsville, PA 18210. Include your full address, name, and back number, so there won't be any hassle communicating.

Russell Yeager
Carson City, Nev.

Jap Crap

☐ I always thought that the reason Harley riders were down on foreign bikes was because they were a threat to the American motorcycle industry. I could have sympathized with this, but after reading through many issues of *Easyriders*, I'm sad to say this isn't so. The real reason is that you just don't know what you're talking about.

Will someone please explain how a very near dead British motorcycle industry can possibly do you single-minded, fucking dipshits any harm? British bikes have been around for as long as the American ones, and as long as there are real bikers around to keep them on the road, names like Triumph, Norton, and BSA aren't going to die. If riding a Harley fucks up your attitude as much as it seems to, I'm sure glad I ride a Triumph.

When are you fucking assholes going to learn? Both the American and the British motorcycle industries have a common enemy. They fucked you over at Pearl Harbor. They fucked us up in Singapore. Then, after a bit of thought, we got together and fucked them left, right, and center. It's time that it happened again.

Leave the British bikes alone. They can't hurt you anymore.

Bob Rackstraw
Bristol, England

■ What kind of shit are you smoking? We have never knocked British bikes — just Jap crap.

Movin'

☐ I was wondering if there are any bros in Arizona who know where a bro could live? I plan on moving down to the Phoenix, Mesa, or Tempe area this fall to look for a job. Things aren't going too well for me up here. Can't stand the fucking weather, either. Been down there on my Harley before, and maybe someone saw me. I ride a black shovelhead, so if anyone sees it, you know where I am.

Dynamic
Winona, Minn.

■ Yours and six jillion other black shovels.

A Kite

☐ This kite is just for some dudes at Taconic Correctional Facility in Bedford Hills, New York. Stand-up dudes who'll stick by ya all the way, their names are Joey, Cano, and Danny. And for my brother, who's doing 75 years down in FLA, hang in there.

Chas Pugliese
Bedford Hills, N.Y.

Another Kite

☐ Thought I'd drop you a kite to let you know I've found the perfect woman, all due to your rag. I've always liked *Easyriders*, but I never thought it would do this much for me. She even volunteered to polish the Hog!

Lucky Dave
Homestead, Fla.

Pissed

☐ I'm pissed off, man. I'm in the U.S. Navy and recently got transferred to riceland. I'd planned on shipping my '84 Hog over here until I found out that the fucking Jap government forbids entry to any American vehicle manufactured on or after April 1, 1976. What a crock of shit, man. Now I'm stuck without my bike and damned if I'm gonna ride a rice burner.

Pissed Off
Yokosuka, Japan

Censorship

☐ I went to the local Loaf 'n' Jug to pick up the new issue of *Easyriders*, and shit, no *Easyriders*. So I asked the clerk when they'd get in the new issue and was told that the management of Loaf 'n' Jug had decided to stop selling so-called smut magazines, because of some religious group screaming about how sinful they were and how you'd burn in hell if you read such trash. Nonetheless, the store had the new issues of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler* on their mag rack.

What a line of bullshit.

Boz
Manzanola, Colo.

■ They don't even have those mags anymore. Raise hell with the store. Maybe if enough people complain, they'll change their act.

Void in Florida?

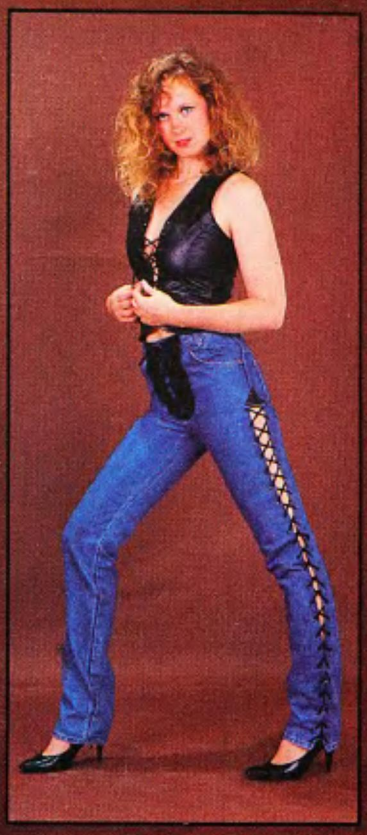
☐ I think you're real assholes for excluding Florida from your sweepstakes.

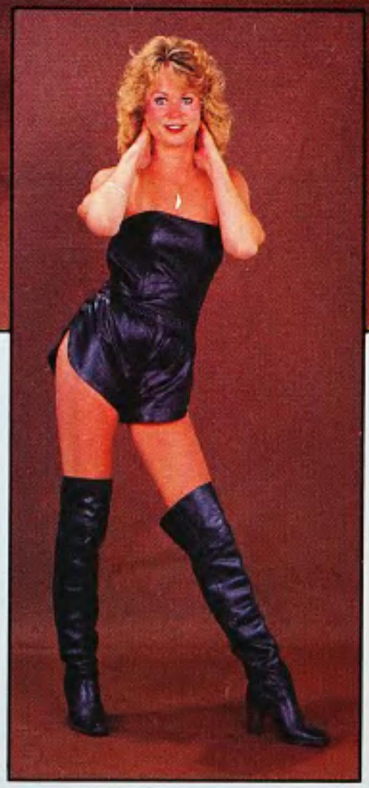
Fanny Mud Pucker
Spring Hill, Fla.

■ It wasn't us — it's a Florida law.

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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	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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			Calif. tax 6%	
			Shipping	
			Total	

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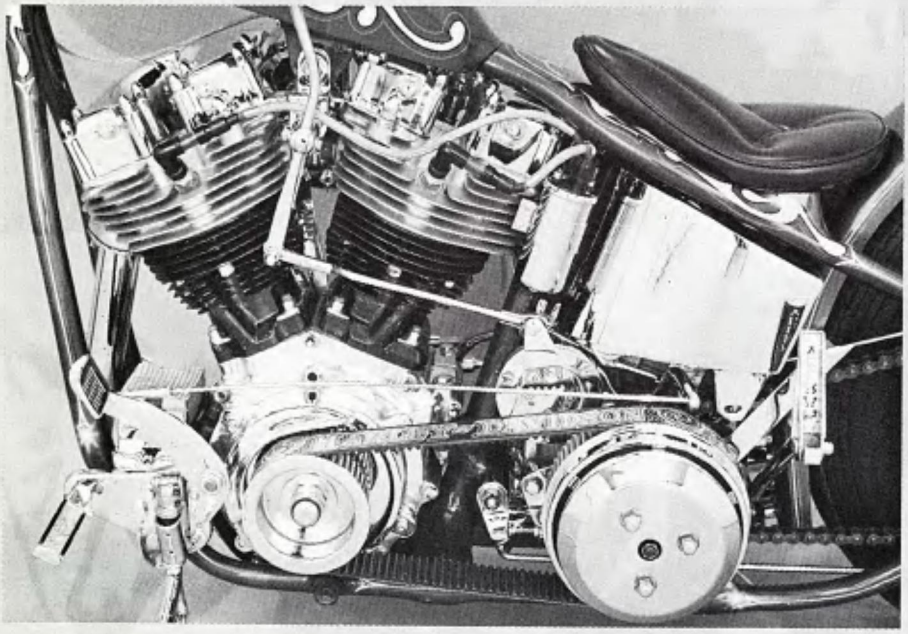
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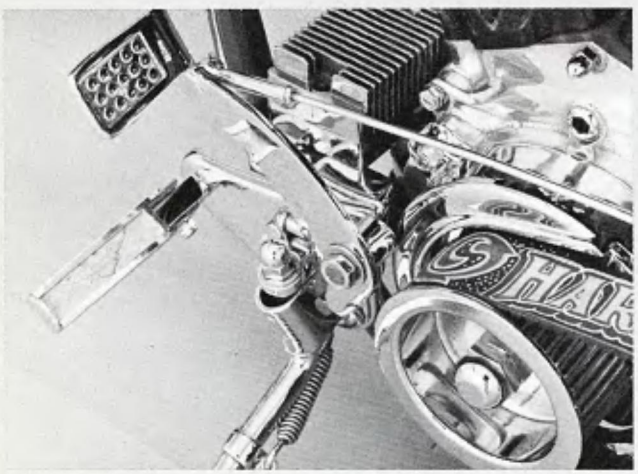
One man's poison, it's said, is another man's meat, and roughly five years ago Castro developed a strong hunger for a particular smorgasbord of random parts that had once been joined together as a functioning '71 shovel. "It was your classic basket case," he says, laughing in recollection, "all parts. But I took an engine out of another bike I had, and then went from there to put it together myself, piece by piece."

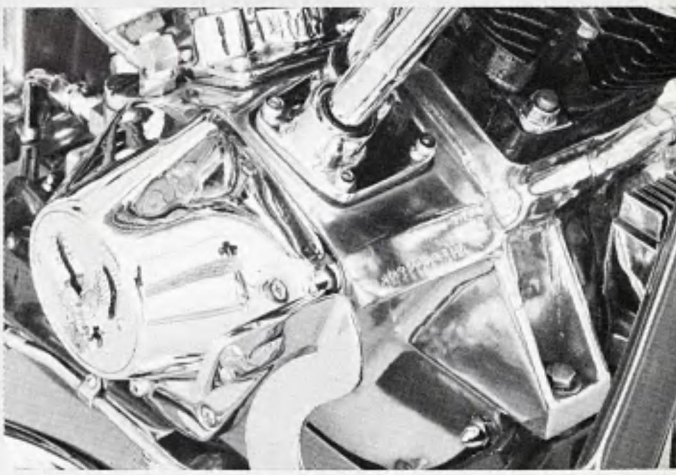
Asked how many miles he's managed to rack up on the work of art resulting from this labor, he sounds sorta sheepish as he confesses, "Not that many. Maybe, say, a thousand altogether." Faced with such incomprehensible data, the mind scrambles for a plausible explanation. Maybe the man's into building, not riding; maybe he's keeping this gem garaged in between show dates; maybe he'll tell me if I just ask him.

"Well, I work six days a week," Castro says, somewhat ruefully. This has gotta be the schedule of someone who's in business for himself, but no, the man actually works in construction — and not the generic kind. "The outfit I work for remodels hospitals and those jobs have to be done quick, like immediately. There's no slack time to it." Obviously, there isn't too much of that commodity laying around wearing Castro's name on it.

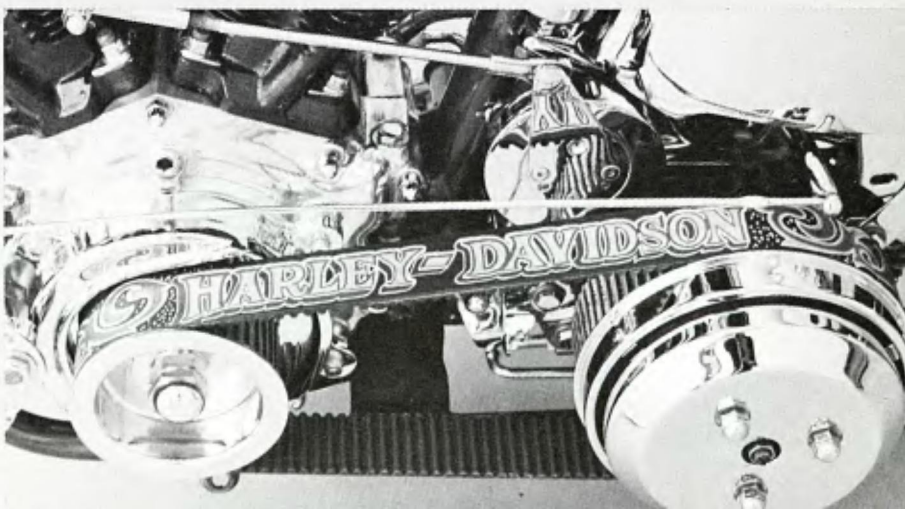
Still, he does get some time off and that's why he's planning, as we talk in late June, to make it to Sturgis. "Nope, I'm gonna ride my pretty one, my red one," he answers when asked if he's finally going to roll up some big numbers on this baby in August. Turns out










HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Owner: Castro	**City:** Palm City, Fla.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: wishbone	
Year and make: 1971 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: shovelhead	Type: rigid	
Value: who cares?	Rake: ¾ in.	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: some	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: solid	
Chroming: Atlantic Coast Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: straight	
Year: 1971	Risers: 6½ in.	
Model: shovel	Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: Anahop Cycles	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: Anahop Cycles	Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: two	Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: H-D	Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): FLH	Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): SU	Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: SU	Sissybar: custom	
Pipes: turnouts	Height: 4 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: springer	
Year: 1971	Extension: 9 in.	
Shifting: jockey shift	Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: George	Hub: Jammer	Hub: H-D
Painter: Richard Baker	Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: New Candy Cherry	Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer	Brake: none	Brake: mechanical
Special paint: murals, pinstriping, belt		
Special thanks: Anahop Cycles, for everything from work to helpful info.		



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Castro's got himself two other shovelheads. "That's why I don't have to ride the' 71 every day," he explains. Oh. That sheds a whole new light on things; the man's a *fleet* owner.

Oops, not precisely. Only his "pretty one," an '81, is up and running. The '76 is "another basket I just picked up for $1000." It's also slotted as his next rebuild. "I'm hoping to have it ready for Daytona next year," he says, "as a 98-incher in a rigid frame with an electric start.

"I'm really stuck on rigids. The '71 has a solo seat because it's *my* bike, but the '81 is a rigid, too, with a super glide, and that's what we ride most often." Castro's lady is adaptable, however. "She's got a little pad made of sheep's wool that fits over a pillow so the paint's protected. We ride the '71 locally. You know, 50 to 100 miles.

"I'm real happy with the bike. I *could* do a lot more with it if I was a rich person, but I wouldn't. It's perfect the way it is." The Palm City, Florida, native won't hear any argument from me — at least not as long as I never have to hitch a ride on his fender.

And while we're on the subject of Palm City, Castro and the owner of Anahop Cycles grew up together, live within two miles of each other, and, yep, remain the sort of friends who can be relied upon for real help when it's time to get to work.

The livin' may not be what anyone would call easy, but Castro's clearly got a handle on it.

—Lacota

WRAP-UP

By Gnat

We booked the last ten miles of farm road in bright moonlight, arriving to find the big old house dark and no cages in sight. Easing from behind the steering wheel, I stared at the obviously empty building.

"Nobody home, huh?" jeered Wiggles, who was sulkily slumped in her seat. "This whole dumbfuck haul for nothin'. Wonderful."

Steppin' away from the vehicle, I studied the homestead. Well, I silently admitted, this has been a fuckin' disaster from the start. Wiggles developin' the damn flu before we even left L.A. Goony's scoot gettin' half-mashed in that Denny's parking lot at Phoenix. Rentin' this lousy, airless van and stuffin' all four of us, plus both bikes, in it to truck clear across all those desert miles. It's been a thrillin' run.

My gaze flickered to curvy little Micki in the van's longbed rear, her tired expression matchin' Goony's — both of them with their legs draped over my knucklehead, Goony's ruined pan wedged tightly behind the backseat. Only the fact of Micki's mother bein' ill in this same area where I had business of my own had resulted in a three-to-one vote for goin' on from Phoenix. Wiggles had lost out that time and she'd bitched steadily from Arizona to Marfa, Texas, her sour mouth spewin' complaints around the clock. Only her constant fever and pukin' kept me from punchin' the little whore out.

"Are we gonna just sit here the entire night or what?" she whined.

I shot another glance at Micki, who managed a faint smile and a wink. Goony stirred, beginning to wake. How the crazy fucker could sleep in that cramped position was beyond my understanding. He hadn't really wanted to make this trip. Accordin' to Wiggles, Micki and him hadn't been gettin' along too well lately. From the come-hither smiles Micki had been aimin' at me, I could believe it.

"What's up, Cowboy?" yawned Goony.

Thunder rumbled in the distance. Lookin' up, I saw rolling clouds churnin' northeastward, starting to blot out the full moon and stars. "Bring the groceries, goodies, and all our other shit up to the house," I said. "I'll check to see if my ex is anywhere around."

"Where else would she be?" snapped Wiggles, gettin' out of the van. "I knew this fuckin' trip was gonna be one long ass-ache."

My fist itched to knock her onto her butt. "She could be just about anywhere. Shitfaced in some bar. Shitfaced at somebody's house. Shitfaced in jail. She's never been famous for stayin' sober — or at home."

"Bein' married to you and yer dumbfuck ideas probably drove her to drink." Wiggles grinned at me maliciously from behind her armload of groceries. For a moment or two I gave serious thought to adding a boot-driven bellyache to her troubles.

"Aw, cut him some slack," urged Micki, groping for a large bundle jammed between the machines. "Cowboy's gotta be even more wiped out than the rest of us, since he's done all the drivin', Wiggles."

"Fuck you!" Wiggles shrilled.

"Christ," muttered Goony, unhurriedly stretching beside the van. "One big happy family, that's us. Hey, it's startin' to drizzle."

I stalked to the front door, knocked briefly, shoved it open, and stomped into the place, snappin' on the lights as I strode through the rooms. It was plain my ex-wife Emmy's housekeepin' hadn't improved durin' the four years we'd been divorced. Behind me, I could hear the others bringin' stuff into the house. Reachin' the back door, I stepped onto the porch just as a bolt of lightning sizzled down and exploded about a mile away. Abruptly, the gentle drizzle changed to flat-out, slantin' sheets of rain.

Despite the noise of the storm, I now heard a soft moan from under the rotting, sagging porch. Droppin' to my knees, I hung my head over the edge to peer into the musty gloom. An emaciated blue-tick hound snuffled pathetically, his tail thumping weakly as he crawled toward me on his belly.

"What's down there?" Micki stood over me, her face tense. The nipples of her chubby boobs were clearly defined against her rain-soaked T-shirt. Wind-tossed black hair leapt and danced around her oval face, caressing

Illustration by Duffy Duggan


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WRAP-UP *continued*



her exotic features. I wondered how I'd ended up with a skinny, flat-chested blonde.

"This is Booger," I said, scooping the hound into my arms to lug him into the kitchen, sickened by the fact he was little more than a bundle of bones. "Shit, he's two-thirds starved to death. Fuckin' cunt was supposed to keep him fed. I sent her three bills every month."

"Can't he hunt rabbits or something?"

I shook my head. "Too fuckin' old, Micki. Hell, he was already ten when I left. Now he's fourteen. He's just too old a fellow to be out nailin' game."

"Oh, sweet stinkin' shit!" moaned Wiggles, when I carried Booger into the living room and gently put him down in one of the ragged, upholstered chairs. "It's 'Nauseatin' Pet Hour' in Nowheresville."

Whirlin', I grabbed her narrow face in one hand, squeezin' it hard. "Keep that mean, ugly mouth shut!" I snarled. "Not another fuckin' word outta ya or I'll squeeze yer fuckin' head until yer eyeballs squirt against the fuckin' wall, got that?"

She scrabbled away from me, makin' weird noises in her throat. Goony and Micki stared at me silently, apprehension on their somber faces. I flopped onto the creaky couch, kickin' off my boots. "I gotta get some sleep," I said, addressing Micki. "Be sure ol' Booger gets some chopped meat with plenty of gravy over it."

She nodded, smiling sorta sadly.

Then exhaustion finally closed in around me.

* * *

Hours later, I woke to the muffled sounds of drivin' rain and somebody bangin' on the front door. Stumblin' across the pitch-black room, I opened the door to find Lenny Dobbs standing there in a deputy sheriff's uniform. Lenny and I'd ridden a school bus together once upon a time.

"Emmy's lodged a complaint!" he shouted over the noise of the rain. "Says y'all are trespassin'."

"She's fulla shit!" I yelled back.

"Sheriff Parker wants to talk to ya."

"Piss on that plan, man. It must be two in the fuckin' mornin'. I'll see him later."

Lenny unsnapped his holster flap, yankin' out a mammoth magnum and levelin' it at me, his face grimly determined. "You comin' nice and voluntarily, or under arrest, Morgan?"

Sighin', I stared into the dipshit's narrowed eyes. He meant it. "Okay, lemme put my shirt and boots on."

"Don't try leavin' by the back door," he warned.

"C'mon, Lenny — in a fuckin' *thunderstorm*?"

"Y'all got fifteen minutes," he mumbled stiffly. "I'll be in the squad car. Try anything funny and I'll radio for help. When Sheriff Parker wants to see somebody, he *sees* 'em — one way or the other, Morgan."

I closed the door, aware that Micki was now standin' behind me. Turnin', I looked down into her worried face. "Where's Wiggles?" I asked.

Micki grinned. "In the bedroom — with Goony."

"You shittin' me?"

"Nope."

"What the hell's happenin' around here?"

She shrugged, her grin widening. "Well, either he's helpin' break her fever or they're just plain fuckin' their heads off. It's no problem to me, Cowboy. He's never any good for seconds. You got a problem with it?"

"Shit, no. It's the best news I've heard tonight."

"Maybe you and I should —" she began.

Not givin' her a chance to finish a temptin' suggestion, I said, "Listen, you know where the sheriff's station is?"

She nodded, lookin' disappointed.

"Take the van and wait for me there."

Silently she watched me pull on my shirt and boots, her expression still that of a little girl who's been told she can't have a lollipop. As I headed past her for the door, I cupped a hand over one of her meaty boobs, givin' her a quick kiss on the mouth. "I promise, we'll get together later," I said.

* * *

Sheriff Warren Parker gazed calmly across his desk at me, puffing on his pipe. I knew three things about the guy. He was fair-minded. He was an efficient peace officer. And he could be nastier than a den of maddened rattleworms if anyone gave him shit.

"You plannin' to live here again, Morgan?" he asked.

"Fuck, no!"

"Watch that mouth, boy." His tone went chilly. "Your ex claims you and some other people are trespassin'."

"She's lyin' — as usual. I phoned her a week ago, askin' permission to come and see my daughter for the first time since we split. She agreed. I said I might be bringin' some people and she agreed to that, too." I watched his impassive face, knowin' he was well aware of what an unstable lush Emmy was. Hell, the whole fuckin' town knew her flaky habits.

"She's real unpredictable," Parker mused aloud. "It's a real shame the way she treats that baby."

"I've mailed her three hundred bucks for child support every damn month for the past four years," I said quietly. "The house and land are mine, not hers. It's not community property. She's lived there rent-free, while I've paid the utility bills and taxes. When the storm came up, we took shelter in my house, Sheriff."

"That's perfectly legal," he agreed.

"I'm not here to make trouble. I just wanna see my kid. One of the people with me has a sick mother here in town, which explains her presence in these parts. We plan to be on our way back to California no later than the day after tomorrow."

He sat up straighter, lifting his eyes until they drilled into mine. "Sounds reasonable to me, Morgan. You might stop by the bank first, though. Lyle Garner's been tryin' to contact you for months. Emmy kept tellin' him she didn't have an address for you."

"That's just more of her bullshit. She's known every address I've had since I left here."

"I'm not surprised. Well, keep your nose clean, Mor-

gan, and be sure to check with the bank. And thanks for explainin' the situation." He extended his hand and I shook it, not friends but respectful acquaintances.

Emergin' from the station, I found Micki shiverin' in the van — its heater didn't work, either. Slidin' in beside her, I said, "Stop at the cafe near the bank. We'll scarf breakfast and drink coffee until the bank opens."

By dawn, we'd rapped our way into a brand-new understanding of each other. One of the highlights was her bein' knocked up with Goony's kid, which Goony didn't want but she did. By the time the bank opened, we were up to our skulls in new plans and possibilities — none of which included Goony or Wiggles.

When I came out of the bank, I no longer owned a section of land, a house, a barn, three outbuildings, and a corral. Instead, I had a certified check for a lotta bread, plus five grand in large bills, stuffed into my wallet.

* * *

Goony had my bike packed for the road by the time I'd finished my nap. Beer in hand, tokin' peacefully, I strolled out to where he was fussin' with bungie cords and lookin' somewhat evasive.

"You takin' Wiggles with ya?" I asked pleasantly.

"Shit, no!" he grunted. "Her mouth never stops."

"Gives great head, though, don't she?" I chuckled. "Besides, she needs a ride home, bro."

"Fuck that plan."

"Tell ya what," I said cheerfully. "You pack Wiggles back to L.A. and I'll *give* ya the knucklehead as payment for endurin' her noise to the coast. Deal?"

He looked up, startled. "You mean that?"

"I don't make offers I don't mean, shithead."

He hesitated, starin' at his mangled pan lyin' in the mud nearby. My offer neatly solved all his problems: a scoot good only for parts, returnin' a borrowed machine, puttin' distance between himself and a chick he no longer wanted, not to mention a fetus that had absolutely no importance to him.

"Wiggles!" he shouted. "Get yer shit out here!"

As proof of no bad feelin's, Micki packed a fat picnic lunch for them and I added a couple of yards in cash for gas, oil, motels, and unexpected bummers.

Watchin' the sled fishtail through the mud as it thundered away from the house, I turned to Micki who was parked on the porch steps beside me. "Well, whaddya think?"

She stubbed out the roach. "I think we better get inside before that storm over there gets over here. I also think I'm ready for firsts, seconds, and thirds."

"Jeeze, you preggies are horny little critters."

* * *

Parkin' the van — now containin' all our shit and most of the unperishible groceries — in front of The Belt Buckle bar, I got out, closed the door, and smiled at Micki curled up on the front seat. Then I smiled at a greatly revived Booger, curled up on the backseat.

"I'll only be a minute."

"Stay cool, huh?" Micki pleaded.

"Like a mile of ice cubes."

The joint was practically empty, due to the storms tailgatin' each other and slowin' business down. Three cowboys shootin' pool at a corner table. Two very drunk old ranch hands arguin' at the bar. I scanned the room, squintin' into the dimness until I spotted a woman, a tiny child, and an older guy sittin' in a booth.

I clomped over to them.

"Oh, Jesus!" hissed Emmy, her bloodshot eyes widening as she recognized me. I had difficulty recognizin' her. She was as raddled and ruined as any woman can be who lives from bottle to bottle, makin' a fuckin' career of stayin' shitfaced.

It was a good thing that nobody tried to get in my way or my ass might've been up for grabs on a manslaughter rap.

"Well, not hardly him," I laughed, "but you're pretty warm, lady." Emmy's companion, a guy in his sixties with the look about him that said he might've been a real man some time back, glared up at me. My gaze traveled from him to the little girl. My daughter, Jennifer. No bigger than a minute. Too skinny. My God, I realized, just like poor old Booger. Another case of malnutrition. And bruises all over her poor little pipestem arms and legs. Some life she'd had for her first four years on earth. While-hot fury roiled in my gut. Scoopin' Jennifer up, I cradled her practically weightless little body in a sittin' position in the crook of my left arm.

"Bradley!" shrilled Emmy. "Do somethin'!"

"Stay on yer ass where it's safe, Bradley," I advised him. "As a general rule, I don't stomp the livin' shit outta old farts, but I might be willin' to make an exception in your case. Mainly because the only thing I hate more than a lousy, drunken bitch of a child-beater is a sleaze who lowers himself to sit and buy booze for her."

"Gimme my baby back or I'll call the cops!" Emmy wailed, her gaunt face convulsing with hate.

"Do that," I encouraged her. "I'll gladly hang around you two stenches long enough to prefer charges that'll contaminate a cell with both of ya."

She suddenly lost interest in everything but her beer.

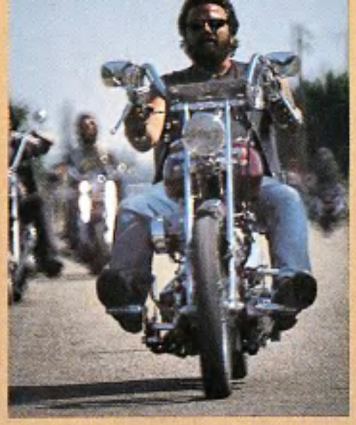
Jenny relaxed in my arms, murmuring softly and indistinctly as I wheeled around and walked out of the dump. It was a good thing that nobody tried to get in my way or my ass might've been up for grabs on a manslaughter rap.

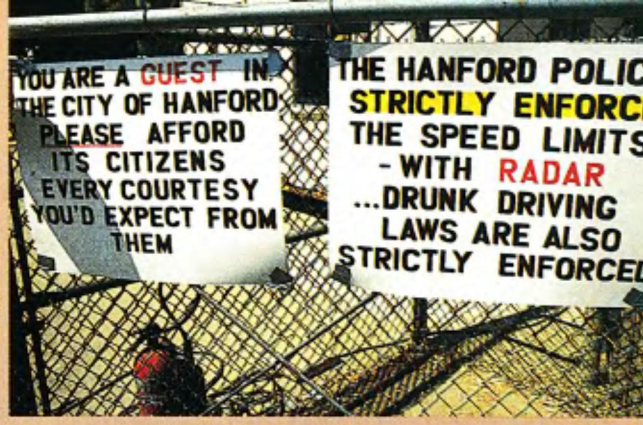
Reachin' the van, I handed Jenny through the window into Micki's outstretched arms. Tears filled her dark eyes when she spotted the bruises. Jenny snuggled contentedly against her.

"What'll it be, ladies?" I asked. "Ojai or Malibu?"

Micki laughed through her tears. Jenny was already snorin' softly along with Booger. So I began thinkin' about new Harley scoots. ■











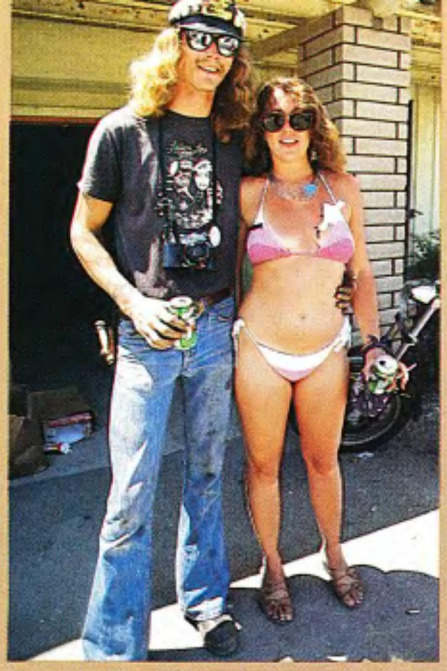


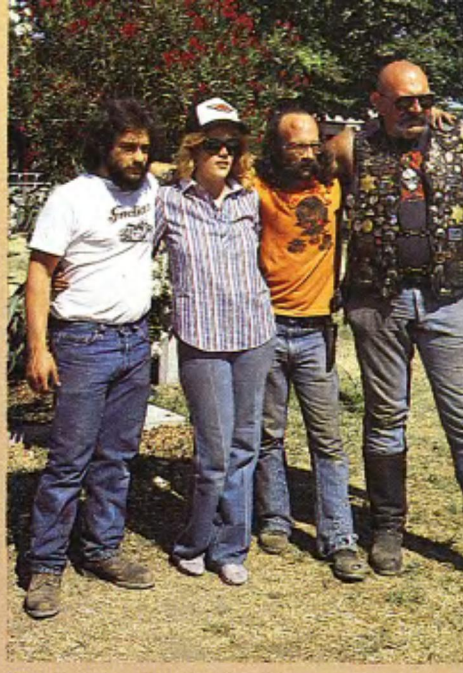


WAILIN' OUT WEST

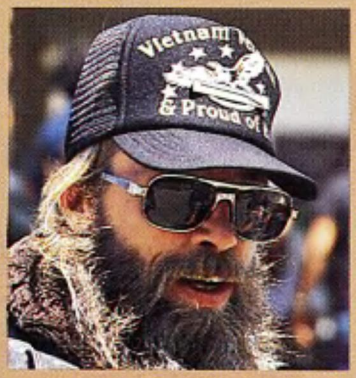
They came from Alaska and Iowa, Arizona and Texas, Illinois and Oregon. If the first Annual West Coast Bike Fest wasn't quite a California clone of Daytona or Sturgis — and it wasn't — it sure had the makings of one.

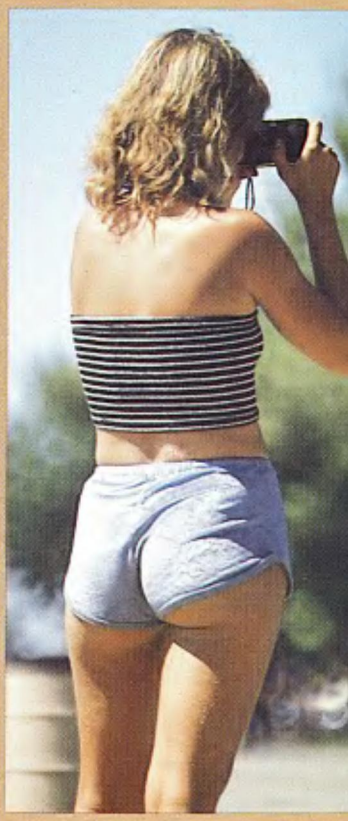














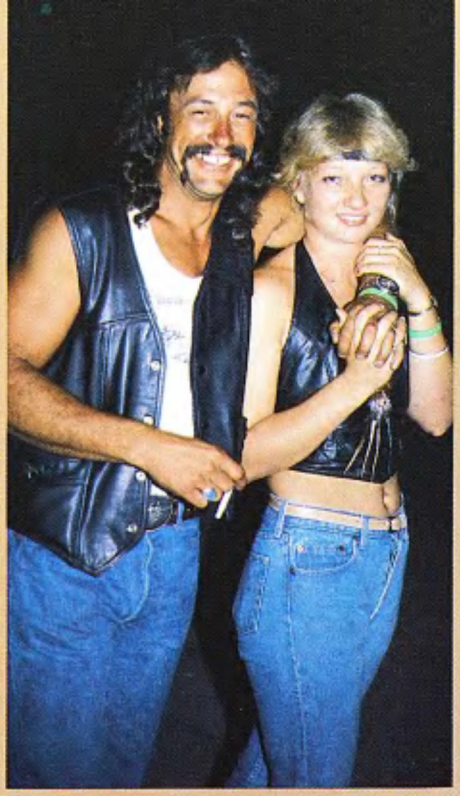


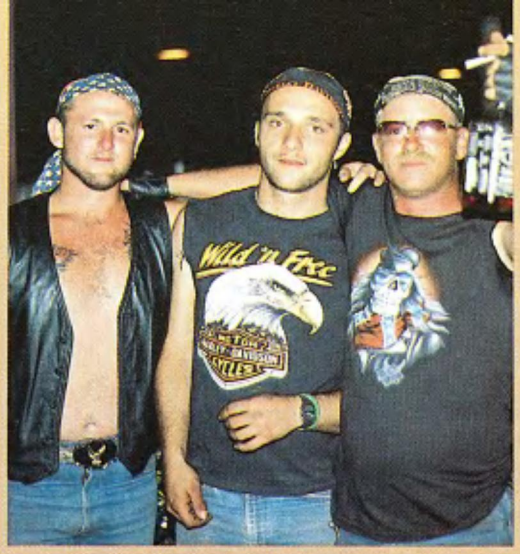
WAILIN' OUT WEST

Among those parked on their butts in parts shops and beer bars after every landmark biker event — the annual biggies, in other words — the question would get batted around more than a sandlot baseball in a wrong-side-of-the-tracks neighborhood. "Why can't we do it here in California? It's embarrassin' not to have any big runs. We've got the most bikes, the best broads, the longest riding season, everything but a nationally recognized biker bash. Why?"

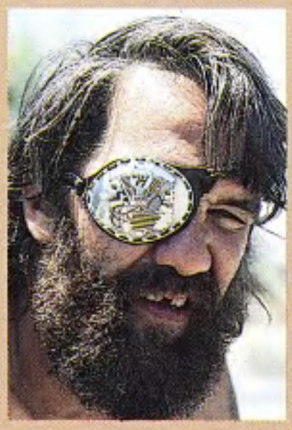
Finally, in 1986, the Modified Motorcycle Association decided to make the question "Why not?" On a sprawling county fair-





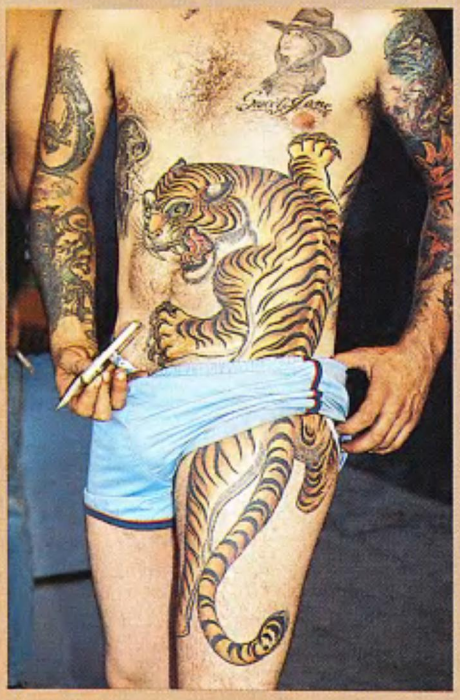












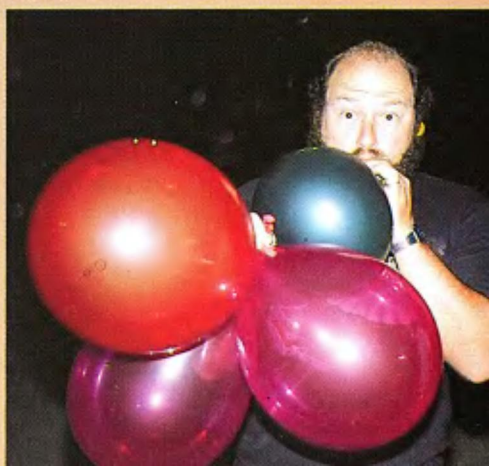




ground about halfway between Frisco and Shaky City, they vowed to create, for three days, a biker city in the grand manner, with lots of helmet-free profiling, half-naked-girl watching, and sunburned camping. That they succeeded is obvious from the pictures. To realize how well they succeeded you would've had to have been there.

Indio rode in from El Paso but could just as easily have arrived from Kansas, or Seattle, or Ensenada. The flowing-haired red man is a veteran biker; you could tell it instantly from the roll of toilet paper strapped to his sissybar and the miniature copy of the New Testament wedged under the bungie cord holding his sleeping bag to his handlebars.

Like his ancestors among the Plains tribes, Indio roams this land a free man, finding his next meal and campsite on the wind.





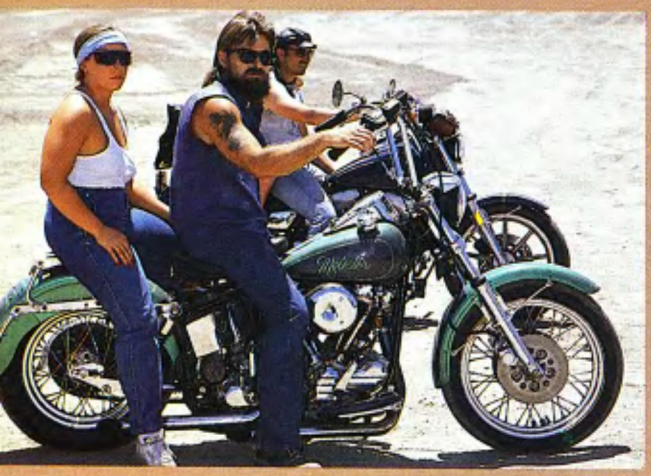


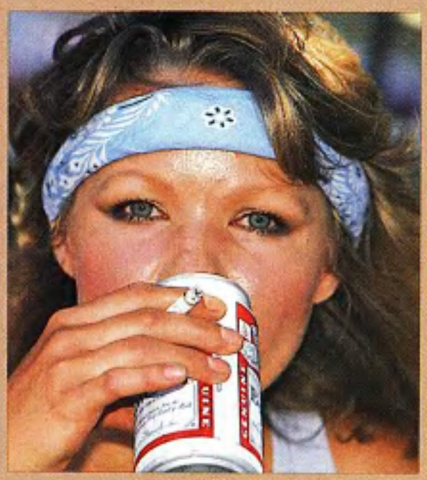












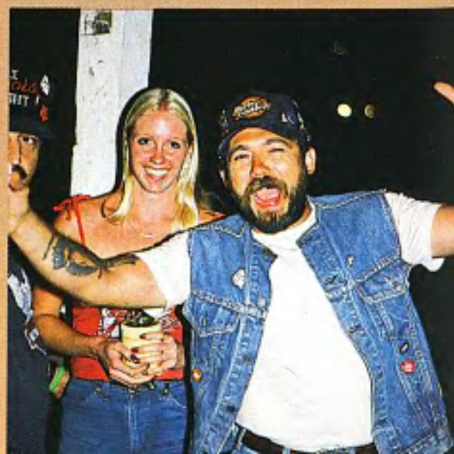


WAILIN' OUT WEST

"This is what it's all about, man," he said, camped next to a wide, two-lane midway, divided by a greenbelt, that cuts through the middle of the fairgrounds. "This is freedom. Going where you want, kicking back, and being with your people. They're trying to take it all away from us, but they haven't succeeded yet."

He paused to check out a nearby honey in hot pants who was helping the dude she was with put up a tent. "She's nice," Indio said. "I wonder where I can find an arrow for her boyfriend.

"You know, man," he continued, turning away from the chick and looking down at his plain, unadorned leather vest, "I





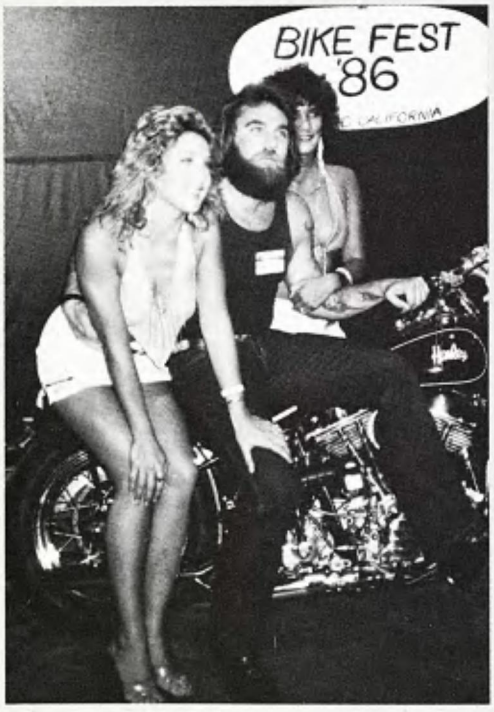
















gave away all my run pins. What do I need them for? I know where I've been and I've got all the memories locked up right here in my head. Those they'll never take away."

. . .

Lisa is the opposite of Indio in more than just gender. One of a growing number of biking ladies who own their own scoots and ride them when and where they want, Lisa had ridden down from Livermore. In addition to Lisa, the small San Francisco Bay Area town is notable for being home to both the "World's Fastest Rodeo" and the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, where the bombs that one day may begin and end the world's fastest war are designed.

"I'm playing hooky," Lisa told us as she was setting up her camp — just an air mattress and a sleeping bag, tents are for the timid — next to some stock pens. "I work for the phone company and we're out on strike. Somehow, I just 'forgot' to check in with the strike committee. Oh, well. I'd rather be here than on some picket line, anyway."

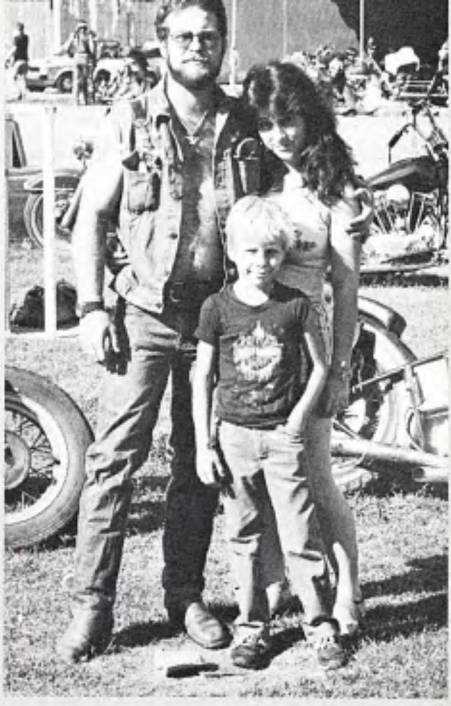
Later, we saw Lisa walking toward an open-air pavilion where a country rock band was wailing. "Look at all these incred-













ible guys," she said. "I'm going to have a ball tonight." Some things, like airplane crashes, run in three's and encountering Lisa proved to be another. We ran into her again at the field events competition. "If the strike isn't settled this weekend," she told us, "I think I'll leave here and ride my bike to Pennsylvania, because I've never been there."

Say, bros, I think the girl's fallen in love — with motorcycles, just like you and me.

. . .

The good-looking young dude and the better-looking, even-younger chick pulled their scooter into a secluded area by some dumpsters and tried to figure out what had gone wrong. They'd been competing in a clothesline-pinning contest and had gotten disqualified before the chick had been able to clamp more than two clothespins onto the rope suspended overhead.

"I can't understand it," the dude was saying. "The judge said I put my foot down and I'm sure I did. But I never put my foot down. I can't believe I did anything that stupid, I just can't believe it."

The chick told him not to worry. "Shit, baby, it could happen to anybody." Actually, there really wasn't any cause for undue unhappiness — just 20 minutes earlier the same couple had ridden off with the first place trophy in the wiener-biting contest. Only that time the dude was on the bitch pad, chompin' the sausage, while the chick piloted the Hog.

What the fuck. We told you this wasn't Sturgis or Daytona, but crazy California. Like the public address announcer said while awarding the wienie-bite trophy to the somewhat-odd-couple winners, "I guess it really is 1986, folks."

Indeed it is. You could definitely recognize it by the high-tech methods the cops were using to harass bikers on their way into and out of the fairgrounds. Apparently, hand-held sound meters for measuring exhaust levels are standard-issue gear around Hanford. Amazing how there isn't a motorcycle in











Photos by Kim Peterson, Sonny Dukes, Pete Chiodo, Wino Joe, Billy Tinney, Gregg Daniel, EKB, Jim Shatter, and Frank Kaisler







the world that falls within the maximum sound-level strictures when it's got one of those meters jammed damn near up its tailpipe.

Or maybe it isn't so amazing. Shove one up your ass and it'll register your next fart on a par with the sound made by a passing freight train. We all know, of course, that they're supposed to be used a couple of feet away from the source of the sound being measured. But don't try telling that to the cops. They enjoy sniffing our tailpipes too much to kick the habit.

Hassles outside the fairgrounds notwithstanding, the atmosphere inside was so laid-back and mellow that it made Woodstock seem like a race riot by comparison. To our knowledge, during the entire three days only one person had to be ejected for being a bit too rowdy. Check that record against any rock concert, or for that matter, an American Legion convention.

Speaking of rowdy and record-settin', the ubiquitous wet T-shirt contest had a full slate of contestants seemingly hell-bent on bein' the most rambunctious group of women ever assembled. By all accounts, it was the lengthiest such competition anyone had ever heard of, let alone seen. It went on and on, as the ladies' clothes got wetter and wetter yet. We may have a picture of the winner somewhere on these pages, then again we may not. The contest was so hot that all the photogs I talked to burned their film supply and killed their batteries way before the final round.

The event also engendered the weirdest happening of the whole weekend. It wasn't the sight of a chick stripped down to nothing but her silky-haired muff and a super-tall pair of over-the-thigh boots that was weird, but the 3000 sweating men, packed closely together, rhythmically chanting, "PUSS AND BOOTS! PUSS AND BOOTS!" over and over again.

So, for all you California bikers who have long wanted to know why we can't do it like they do in Daytona, here's your answer. We can, bros, we can. And we did!

—Trampo

ARE YOU A REAL SCOOTER TRAMP?

Find out if you're a legend in your own mind or someone with balls tough enough to roller-skate on

By Ya-Ya

When the ol' lady's slammed the back door for the last time, ever wonder if it was all because of you? Like maybe you'd been too good for her (most probably), or maybe (faintest of possibilities) just the opposite, not good enough? Now you can find out how you rate as an ol' man. Just picture yourself in the following situations (we've all been there a time or two) and choose the answer that's most representative of how ya acted at the time. No matter how long ago you did what you say ya did, it won't screw up your score. Unless you've undergone a major personality overhaul lately, you're probably the same ol' man you've always been (and always will be).



1) You're ridin' along at an almost out-of-control (even for you) speed. The ol' lady's on the back. She's real quiet 'cause she's scared way past screamin'. You're just about to slow it down to something you're cozy with when she takes to poundin' on your back. You:

a) Take it down immediately to the legal speed limit.
b) Torment her for about five minutes more just on principle.
c) Engineer dumpin' her off the back, and as soon as you're out of reach slow down just like you planned on doin' all along.

2) You leave the house on Friday night and don't make it back till Monday morning. You never planned on anything that happened, not even in your wildest dreams. You just got caught up havin' too much fun. You:

a) Arrive with fresh flowers from the neighbor's garden and swear it will never happen again.
b) Pretend you were there all along.
c) Walk in and tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth — and threaten to repeat the whole episode at your earliest opportunity if she even thinks about giving you any lip.

3) You've had a pretty good week. She's kept you and the bros fed, the beers cold, the bike clean, and seen to all those other little chores she's so good at. Comes Sunday afternoon and she wants to ride with you. You:

a) Put on your cleanest dirty jeans and best black shirt and take her on her favorite ride.
b) Take her along — to your favorite bar, where ya spend the day talkin' with the guys. She can always find somethin' to entertain herself with while you're busy.
c) Let her think she's ridin' along, but while she's takin' too long in the house huntin' down those gloves you said you'd forgotten, you make your big move and leave her in the dust.

4) She's got an old friend comin' to spend the night. You've never met the chick but from what you've heard she's not exactly your idea of a good time. You:

a) Stick around to meet her and spend the night listening to them tell about their good old times.

b) Stick around to meet her and then make yourself scarce. As long as the ol' lady's occupied, you might as well take advantage of the free time. She never tries to track you down when her friends are around.

c) Stick around to meet her and when she turns out to be much better than what you'd pictured, show the ol' lady to that empty couch and show your house guest some real hospitality.

5) You've spent the day smokin' and dreamin' about how that ride's gonna look when you've got it back together. You did the same thing yesterday and all last week too. The ol' lady gets home from work and says she's just too tired to cook and clean up tonight. If she can just take the evening off, she'll be ready for the full routine again tomorrow. You:

a) Get off the couch and take care of things yourself.

b) Say you'll handle it — on your way out the door. When you roll in again around midnight you've got half a 'lude and a few fries for her. You explain how the other one and a half 'ludes would have only upset her routine in the morning and how that burger you saved her from was kind of tasteless anyway.

c) Hammer in hand, you impress upon her the importance of the shit bein' taken care of *now*. The bros will be over soon and they'll be expectin' some food.

Scooter Trash Scoreboard

Okay, here's the hard part. Each "a" is worth one point; each "b" gets two points; and every "c" earns ya a whopping three points.

If ya scored 5-6: Better put this rag down right quick before the *biker* who owns it comes lookin' for it. Scores of 7-9: Hey, you need to work on your image, bud. You're probably mistaken for a Honda rider fairly often. If ya racked up 10-12: You're walkin' a real fine line here and if you're dealin' with an ol' lady who's either smart or strong — hopefully, not both — you're headed for a real showdown. But what the hell, you're both gonna enjoy every minute of it. Big cojones 13-15: You might be able to whip the ol' lady into shape by these methods, but if ya don't see immediate results, forget it. She'll either be gone or you'll be dead of old age before she catches on. ■



THE BEEF

I'd never thought of Hogs as sled dogs, but this ATV made me realize that Harleys can handle the load, no matter how heavy.









We've all seen them little Jap all-terrain vehicles in the TV commercials. Low-weight, low-power plastic toys just perfect for easing the world's overpopulation crisis — give one to yer kid and let him head off into the woods to break his neck with it.

But now there's a Harley-powered, ATV three-wheeler bombing around the backroads of central California that's worthy of any biker's interest. It's the 102-cubic-inch blaster of Manuel Azevedo, and we got our first peek at it at Hanford. Take it from me and Corny, we were both close enough to get our lungs and eyes full of the powdery dust the little bastard kicked up for the joy of the rootin' fans in the stands. Half a dozen of us emptied a Murine bottle cleanin' out our peepers after The Beef got done draggin' nearly a ton of dead weight and throat-chokin' dirt an eighth of a mile.

This is the second engine that Manuel and the men at Modesto Harley-Davidson have installed in it (the first was a stock shovel that couldn't handle

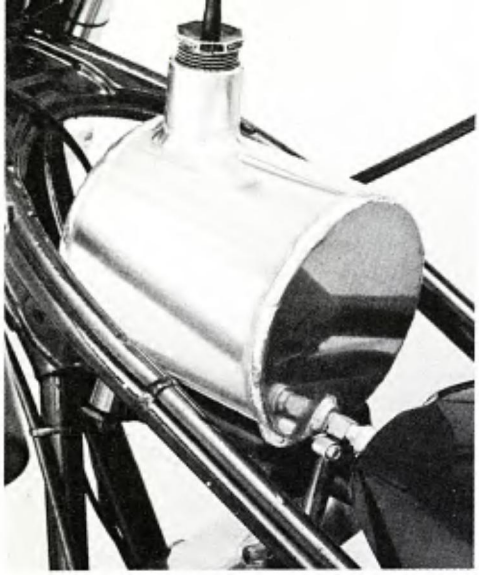


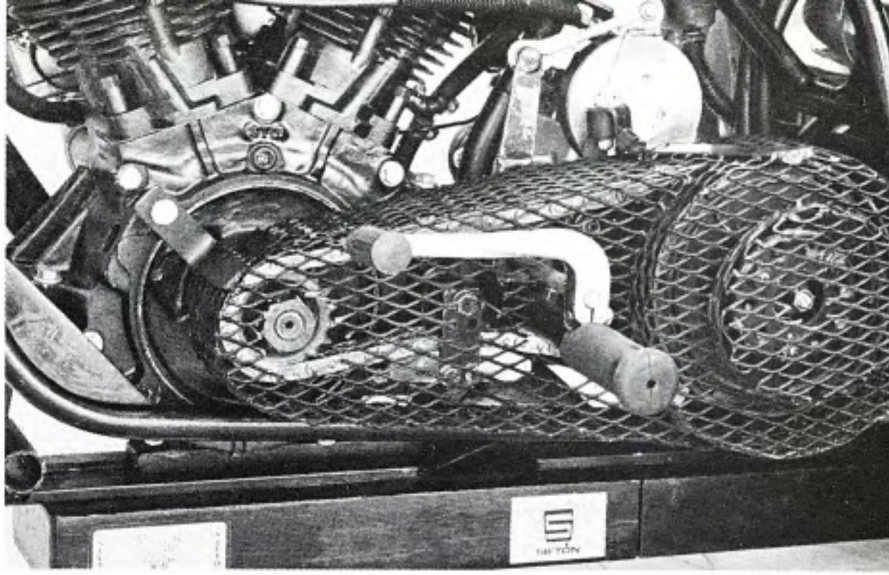
the load). But this baby, The Beef, as it's fondly called around the shop, has been ported and polished and enlarged to the aforementioned 102 cubic inches, with most of the work being done by Bobby at Modesto H-D.

They're runnin' a chromoly frame that's definitely custom-ized to the max. Welded up by Manuel's cousin, Richard Rios, the whole affair was conceived by Manuel to be a family project. Something the whole clan could get in on to keep them together and see each other more than just at funerals and such. George Azevedo, Manuel's uncle, was instrumental in pulling the project together.

The studly beast puts out about 8000rpm for the 10-15 seconds that it's hauling 6000+ pounds. Once, in its best run ever, The Beef towed 7200 dead-weight pounds 150 feet. And didn't croak.

'Course there was the time it snapped all four motor mounts





Photos by Pete Chiodo, Billy Tinney, and Kim Peterson





and trans mounts, forcin' Manuel to shut 'er down quick-like before being launched like the shuttle. But most often you'll find the central California farmer revvin' it up at county fairs and family gatherings, havin' a helluva Harley-happy and dusty time.

—Shifty and Corny







Photos by Sonny Dukes.





OWNER: Modesto Harley-Davidson, Inc./George Azevedo

RIDER: Manuel Azevedo

GENERAL FABRICATION: George Azevedo/ Manuel Azevedo/Rick's Welding

YEAR: 1985/special construction

ASSEMBLY: Modesto H-D, Inc./ Bob White

YEAR: 1980

TIME: 1 month

ENGINE: 100 cu.in.

BUILDER: Modesto H-D, Inc./

CASES: STD
FLYWHEELS S&S

PISTONS: S&S
VALVE TRAIN: Sifton

CARBURETION: S&S Super

IGNITION: Morris Mag/CCI
EXHAUST PIPES: 24-in. straight

PORTING & POLISHING: Modesto H-D, Inc./ Bob White

TRANSMISSION: Modesto H-D, Inc./Eagle Iron

PAINT: Scooter's Painting

BRAKE: front disc

REAR WHEELS: 8x12 Cepek

FRONT WHEEL: 12x8 ATC

PULLS: 11 first place/3 second place (bad starts). Has pulled 3½ tons in 850-lb. modified class.

Easynews

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

Cracking the cover on Harley's books

Preliminary stock prospectus contains a wealth of financial tidbits

As we told you last month, Harley-Davidson, in order to meet federal regulations regarding public stock offerings, had to issue a whole bunch of accounting data prior to going public that it had previously withheld. Among other poop in the preliminary prospectus for the stock sale was information on executive salaries and stock holdings, plus a raft of other goodies sure to entice Hog freaks with a financial bent.

According to the prospectus, the key Harley executives responsible for liberating the firm from AMF, Inc. and returning it to profitability are far from being ill-paid, but still collect salaries substantially below those of most top industrial executives. Company chairman and chief operating officer Vaughn Beals, and his five vice presidents were all earned amounts in the lower six figures during 1985, putting the total payroll for the six of them at $814,982. They also each received life insurance benefits, club membership fees, and the use of a company-owned cage and — eat your heart out, bros — scooter.

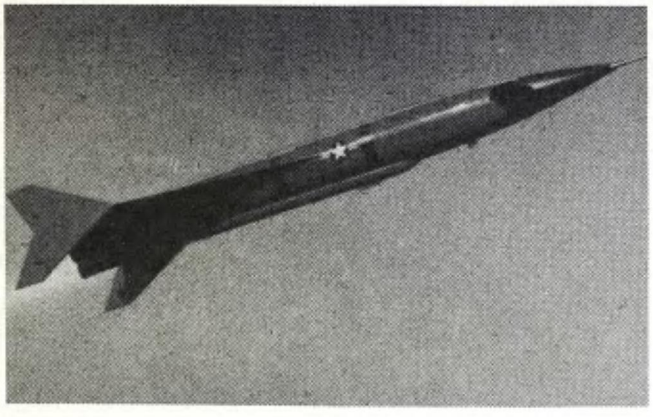
As of April 30, 1986, various officers and directors of the company also controlled a total of 3,040,000 shares of Harley common stock, with Vaughn Beals having 900,000 shares and Willie G. Davidson 320,000. As far as selling out goes, all current executives have agreed not to dispose of any of their shares within nine months of the date of the public offering.

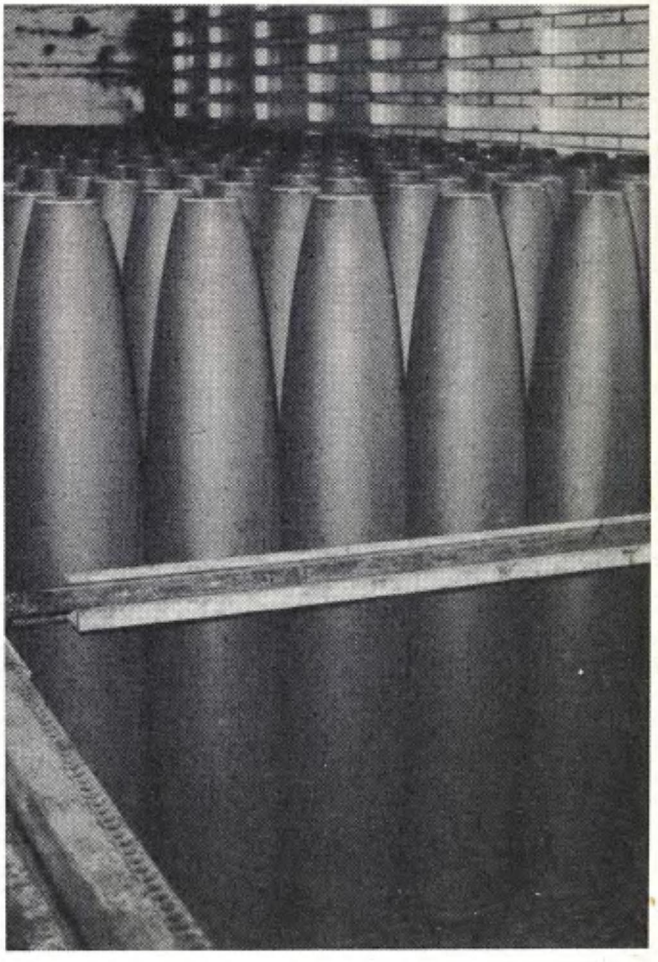
In the prospectus, top management at Harley says they do not expect to see much growth in the traditional heavyweight motorcycle market and admit the Japs have a leg up on them financially.

"Retail registrations of heavyweight motorcycles have declined from approximately 247,000 in 1981 to approximately 185,000 in 1985," the prospectus notes. "There is intense competition from foreign [principally Japanese] motorcycle manufacturers . . . The company's competitors are diversified companies with financial and marketing resources which are substantially greater than those of the company."

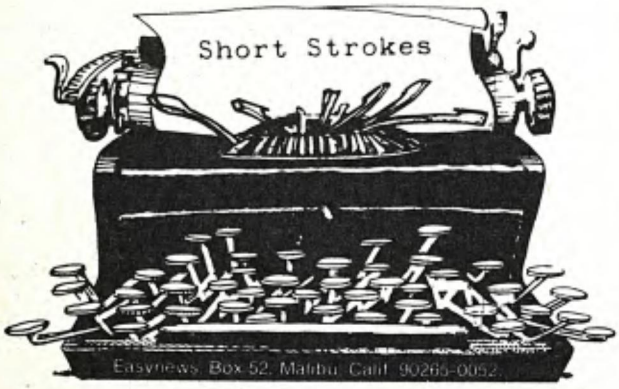
The prospectus may be unduly pessimistic. In the first three months of 1986 H-D — which recently booted Yamaha from the number two spot in the heavyweight market — had an almost 25 percent increase in sales.

Now if we can somehow keep the Japs from scarfin' up all that shiny new stock . . . .





DEFENSE AGAINST JAPS — A Harley-powered drone rocket soars through space at 4.5 times the speed of sound, while 500-pound bomb casings await shipment. Harley's been trying to diversify in an attempt to defend itself from the predatory practices of the rice manufacturers and the plan seems to be working. In 1985 the non-motorcycle end of its business brought in only 16 percent of H-D's sales (in dollar volume) but was responsible for a whopping 48.5 percent of its net profits.



In another example of lawmakers discriminating against bike riders, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors has ordered the county's public works department (that's right, the street-sweepers and light-bulb replacers, *not* the cops), to grab some radar guns and use them to clock bike riders going through the Angeles National Forest. According to the supervisors, the results of the survey will be used to try to convince the California Highway Patrol to start issuing more speeding citations to bikers in the park. Guess all the cages get supplied with speed governors or something when they get there... **The Eastman Kodak Company** has been awarded a well-deserved citation by the American Motorcyclist Association. The AMA honored the film firm for contributing to the positive image of bikers through its commercials showing a Hog-riding biker touring the U.S. . . **Remember the Delaware judge** who gave the biker-killing cager probation because the biker wasn't wearing a helmet when the drunk ran him down? Well, he's going to get a shot at atoning for his sins. Seems the cager, who had his license suspended three times in 1985 alone, has been arrested for allegedly violating probation by continuing to drive. The state attorney general is hoping to get the dude some jail time, but don't count on it. The same judge who cut him loose at his original sentencing, John E. "You Meet The Nicest People On Trial For Killing Bikers" Babiarz, Jr., will preside at the probation violation hearing . . . **Speaking of "Coddling John,"** state attorney general Charles Oberly says Babiarz's original sentence was "terrible . . . I hope in the future that when some of these defendants give him ["Coddling John" Babiarz] a song and dance, he will be a little more considerate of the victims." Are judges elected in Delaware, or are they appointed to office by defense attorneys?

The Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club, a non-profit organization, a club whose members are really blood brothers, recently held its first annual POW-MIA Run. Sponsored by VVMC Chapter C in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, proceeds from the run were donated to the National Forget-Me-Not Association, a group attempting to find where our missing bros are and what happened to them. The run, incidentally, was held to coincide with the national POW-MIA Week, July 14-20, an observance that every American should be aware of . . . **And finally:** A police officer in Elkton, Virginia, was chasing biker Ralph Morris when Morris' scoot went down. Trying to avoid running over the *bike*, the cop steered his cruiser to the shoulder of the road, running over Morris and dragging him some 50 feet in the process. "There was nothing malicious about it," said a state trooper investigating the accident over — so to speak — the biker's dead body. Besides, the trooper added, Morris wasn't wearing a helmet. In Virginia, apparently, that in itself is enough reason to spare the cycle and spoil the man.

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 Easyriews, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.**

Under fire: All America's right to read

"The First Amendment tolerates a wide range of utterances. Whether in the field of obscenity or subversion . . . our constitutional philosophy is that mature people will pick and choose among speakers, writers and publishers, turning their backs on those ideas that are repulsive but suppressing none . . ."

— Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas

July 1, 1986 — Poised on the eve of the 210th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, is time running out on America? Is freedom to think passe? Is the right to read what you want as outdated and barren in Washington as it is in Moscow? Are all these once-unimaginable things true? The evidence, sadly, indicates that they are.

Recently, several groups of anti-American zealots have attempted, with some success, to blackmail the 7-Eleven chain and other convenience store operators into dropping such adult-oriented magazines as *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. Though we, of course, are into motorcycles more than mammaries, we are, as Americans, horrified that a few fascists, with no appreciation of the American Constitution or way of life, can exert such economic power. Let's not forget that the Russian Revolution and Hitler's takeover of Germany were both engineered by a relative handful of power-hungry activists. Do you want your children to be shouting "Heil, Falwell!" a few years down the road?

No? Then check out the newsreels of the mass book-burnings that went down in Germany during Hitler's rise. The road to fascism is paved with suppressed publications.

If you think that the zealots of the right are after only hardcore smut peddlers, think again. The guy who organized the boycott that brought 7-Eleven to its knees is Rev. Donald Wildmon of Tupelo, Mississippi. Wildmon first surfaced a few years ago when he threatened to lead a boycott of NBC advertisers if the network didn't stop scheduling programs he, personally, didn't like. After racking up some media time he was, basically, laughed off the planet. Networks have deep pockets.

Now Wildmon is trying to put the squeeze on poorer people, small grocery outlets, many of which are mom-and-pop operations that can be badly hurt by four or five nuts harassing customers outside the door.

According to testimony Wildmon gave to the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, the pornography industry includes some very unlikely outfits. In addition to girly-book publishers and 7-Eleven, Wildmon testified, smut peddlers include CBS, Time Inc., Ramada Inns, RCA, Coca Cola, Inc., Warner Communications Corp., and, last but not least, the president of the United States, Ronald Reagan.

Does anyone take this shit seriously? Attorney General Ed Meese did. He had his commission staff notify everyone named on Wildmon's list, except probably his own boss, Reagan, that they were suspected pornographers and had better be ready to defend themselves.

Are the people of this great republic ready to help Wildmon and Meese (who has frequently voiced his contempt for the Bill of Rights in general) remake America in their own totalitarian image? Not bloody likely. The *fact* is that everytime the public has been allowed to vote on the issue of "dirty magazines," they've come down solidly on the side of the First Amendment. Consider:

— An election referendum making the selling or promotion of obscenity a crime was *defeated by over 2-1* in Maine.

— The Lawson Milk Company dropped *Playboy* and *Penthouse* from its 700 Midwest convenience stores. Then it surveyed its customers. Close to 300,000 said they didn't mind adult magazines being sold in the stores, only 151,064 were for the magazine ban. Lawson, to their credit, listened to the customers, not the cranks, and put back the mags.

— In the San Fernando Valley of Southern California, a PTA group was helping elementary school students prepare a school talent show. During rehearsal the principal wandered in just in time to see a third-grader dancing to Madonna's "Like A Virgin." The principal threatened to cancel the show if the song was not banned. The parents were outraged. The principal, they said, had a dirty mind.

— Circle K, the nation's second-largest convenience-store chain (after 7-Eleven) surveyed their customers. A whopping *84 percent* said they had no objection to adult magazines being sold in the stores.

Perhaps the Rev. Wildmon and his supporters, who profess, like the Pharisees of biblical times, to revere traditional values and strict interpretation of the law, might profit by spending more time with their noses in a New Testament and less with them pressed against the window of a peep-show machine. If they did, they could ponder what Jesus had to say about their methods of blackmail and extortion.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

— St. Matthew 23:25

CENSORSHIP

As ugly in reading as it is in riding

As you may be aware, certain special-interest groups have been staging massive campaigns to blackmail convenience store operators into dropping the sale of various magazines that "offend" the members of these groups. So far, the magazines most affected by these actions have been *Playboy, Penthouse,* and *Hustler,* but even such non-X or R-rated publications as *Rolling Stone, Cosmopolitan,* and, yes, *Easyriders* have been removed from some stores. We feel that banning books and magazines is not only a violation of the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, but an act that cuts the heart out of the most fundamental element of the American economy — the right of the consumer to decide what products live and die. Help us to help you protect your right to read by taking a few minutes to fill out the coupon and mail it back to us. Remember, censorship of what you read is just as ugly and un-American as censorship of what you wear (or don't wear) on your head while you're riding your scooter.

MAIL COUPON TO: 1st Amendment, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

I believe in the First Amendment and am against "book burning" of any sort. I am also an avid reader of *Easyriders* magazine and like to be able to buy it at the same store where I get many other necessities, such as bread, beer, milk, soft drinks, etc.

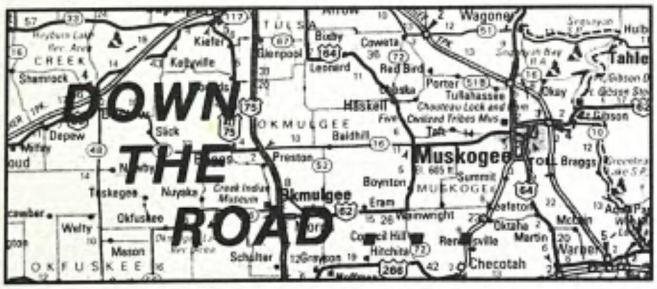
I shop at a neighborhood convenience store:

- ☐ **once a week**
- ☐ **twice a week**
- ☐ **three or more times a week**

I live in:

(city, state, and zip only)

Signature:



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.

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 3 — POKER RUN to benefit the Easter Seals Foundation. Sponsored by the Black Hills Chapter of ABATE of South Dakota, Box 88213, Sioux Falls, SD 57105.

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 — BIKER DAYS in Butler, Wisconsin. Free admission, free camping. For more info, write ABATE of Wisconsin, Box 25581, Milwaukee, WI 53225, or call (414) 246-8365.

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 17-23 — SALT FLATS RACING at Bonneville, Utah. The hot-shoe boys go for the records. For info, call (619) 268-0192.

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 22-24 — 40th ANNIVERSARY RALLY in the Welland Canal/Niagara Falls area of Ontario, Canada. Sponsored by the Welland County MC, 603 Netherby Rd., RR 4, Welland, Ontario, Canada L3B 5R8. (416) 732-4812.

August 23 — TOY RUN in Brampton, Ontario, Canada. Sponsored by the Brampton Motorcycle Association. (416) 457-0453.

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 — MD BENEFIT at the Knoxville Fairgrounds, Knoxville, Tennessee. Gates open at noon Saturday. Six bands, overnight camping, food, beer, and field events. For more info, call (615) 465-3217.

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 — LABOR DAY PARTY at old Military Trail, Kansas. Unlike previous years, there will be no four-legged dogs allowed, so leave your best friend home and bring your bitch. Sponsored by ABATE of Kansas, Box 781, Lawrence, KS 66044.

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.

SEPTEMBER

September 6 — TOY RUN at Sturgis, Michigan. Entry fee of at least one new toy per bike. Leaves 3-D parking lot at 2 p.m.; party to follow run. For more info, write Bear, Box 7073, Sturgis, MI 49091.

September 7 — SWAP MEET at the Contra Costa County Fairgrounds, Antioch, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

September 7 — SHOW AND SWAP MEET at Deep Hollow Park and Fairgrounds, Rt. 547, Farmingdale, New Jersey. Sponsored by Jersey Shore MC. For info, write M&B Classics, RD #2 Box 214, Jackson, NJ 08527, or call (201) 928-3303.

September 14 — SWAP MEET & SHOW at the Farmer City Fairgrounds in Farmer City, Illinois. Awards for everything from choppers to dressers. Meet features antiques and classics. For info, write G. Miller, Box 634, Heyworth, IL 61745, or call (309) 473-2979.

September 21 — BRUCE'S 50th ANNUAL TURKEY RUN in Peoria, Illinois. Run will be followed by turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Sponsored by the Peoria MC, 605 S. Cameron Lane, Peoria, IL 61607. (309) 697-4981.

September 27 — BIKER RIGHTS RALLY at Queen's Park in Toronto, Canada. Guest speakers will lead discussions on topics such as lights-on laws, unleaded gas, insurance, and helmets. run, barbecue, and party to follow. Sponsored by BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 369. (416) 656-1263.

OCTOBER

October 4 — FLAMING FOLIAGE TOUR, beginning at Ye Olde Cycle Barn in Hughsville, Pennsylvania. Proceeds benefit the Ronald McDonald House of Danville, Pa. Games, prizes, "show-what-you-ride" bike show. For info, write Flaming Foliage Tour, R.D. 1 Box 341, Unityville, PA 17774.

October 5 — HARE AND HOUND RUN at Niagara Raceway in Welland, Ontario. Sponsored by the Welland County MC. For more info, call (416) 732-4812.

October 10-11 — COLOR TOUR. Cycle More Campground, Box 97, Interlochen, MI 49643. For more info, write 'em or call (616) 276-9091.

October 10-12 — TURKEY SHOOT & SWAP MEET in Osceola, Florida. Camping by a cool lake and scooter games will be featured. Sponsored by ABATE of Osceola. For more info, call (305) 299-4158.

NOVEMBER

November 9 — BIKE SHOW & SWAP MEET at the Metrolina Fairgrounds in Charlotte, North Carolina. Door prizes and two bands. Sponsored by Concerned Bikers Association. For more info, call (704) 536-8535.

November 16 — 2nd ANNUAL BOYS TOWN OF FLORIDA RUN, beginning at the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida. Sponsored by Dade County Chapter, ABATE of Florida. Begins at 10 a.m. sharp. For more info, call (305) 238-3160.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA
Alabama Cycle Supply 1317 Hundley Dr., Huntsville

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
MC Brothers Parts, Inc. 3403 S. Park, Tucson

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

CALIFORNIA
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Pag Bros. Cycles 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
L-J Enterprises 22438 Harvard Blvd., Torrance
Todd's Garage 7841 Alabama #18, Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 232 W. Olive, Porterville

COLORADO
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 3605 E. Platte Ave., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 4 New Rd., Madison

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market, Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H-D Engineering, Inc. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Lutz
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Bustin' Chops 2371 SW 57th Ave., Hollywood
C.C. Cycle Works 6530-B W. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Pettry V-Twin Performance 5627 15th St. E. #B-16, Brandenton
White Rabbit 4037 SW 96th Ave., Miami

GEORGIA
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

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

INDIANA
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Nomad Leathers M.F. 5603 Calumet Ave., Hammond

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

KANSAS
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
For Bikers Only 911 N. Washington, Junction City

KENTUCKY
Pappy's Custom Cycles U.S. 23/Rt. #4 Box 953-P, Pikeville
Scooter Parts Supply 507 U.S. 60 West, Ashland

LOUISIANA
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 10735 Baltimore Ave., Baltimore
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown

MICHIGAN
Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24580 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
S&J Hog Hardware Rt. 2 Box 955/US 12 West, New Buffalo

MINNESOTA
Bowman's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 18-D, Brainerd

MISSISSIPPI
Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Little Wing Cycle Parts 109 Washington Ave., W. Plains

MONTANA
The Boondocker Shop 610 9th St. N., Great Falls
Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA
Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEW JERSEY
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dove
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Black Baron Hammonton Airport, Hammonton

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

NEW YORK
Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Zack's V-Twin Cycles Overlook Rd., Poughkeepsie
Superior MC Parts 3041 Hempstead Turnpike, Levittown
Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
H-D of Charlotte 2429 S. Tryon St., Charlotte
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Big Red's Cycles Rt. 1 Box 168-B, Stokes
Combat Hawgs 151 Old Bridge St., Jacksonville

NORTH DAKOTA
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO
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Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
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Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
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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.



"I'll have to go now, Grace. You know what a Moral Majority meeting does to Robert!"

A beautiful blonde was pulled over by a highway patrolman who asked to see her license and registration. But even when she dutifully handed them over, he continued to stare at her cleavage. At length he gave her papers back and unzipped his pants. "Oh, no!" sighed the exasperated blonde. "Not another breathalizer test!"

—Leticia Hendrickson
Flat Lick, Ky.

The biker and his new ol' lady were having a hard time pushing the bike uphill after it had broken down. When they finally reached the summit, the bro said, "Man, I didn't think we'd ever get to the top."

"I know," replied his ol' lady, "and it's a good thing I kept the brakes on, or we'd have rolled back down."

—M. Alfaro
Grassy Butte, N.D.



"We have a lot in common, padre — we're both against free love."



"If this is the rat race, how come I never get chased by pussy?"

What do ya call a cow who's had an abortion? Decaffeinated, of course.

—J.R.G.
Alameda, Calif.

What's the difference between meat and fish? If ya beat your fish, it dies.

—Animal
Oscoda, Mich.

Chopper Charlie got a cheap vasectomy at K mart. Only problem is, whenever he gets a hardon, the garage door opens.

—Lame Duck
New Buffalo, Ind.

What do you call an Eskimo lesbian? A Klondyke.

—Brutus
Akron, Ohio

When the cager pulled a sudden left turn, it was all the biker could do to avoid a collision and keep the rubber side down. Screeching to a halt, the bro furiously hurled a tire iron through the cage's rear window, knocking the driver out cold. Later, at his hearing, when the judge asked him why he'd done it, the bro thought for a moment and then replied, "I didn't see him!"

—Shaun Hoadley
Hollywood, Calif.

A lawyer successfully defended the biker in a highly publicized drug trial. At the celebration party following his client's acquittal, he found himself cornered by an extremely irate woman. "Is there no client so low, so despicable, so outrageous that you wouldn't take their case?" she demanded.

"It all depends," said the attorney. "What is it you're accused of doing?"

—Clovis Mike
Clovis, Calif.

The biker came home and found his best bro and his ol' lady in bed. "You bastard!" stormed the biker, grabbing his shotgun. "I'm gonna blow your balls off!"

"Shit, man, give me a sportin' chance," pleaded his ex-bro.

"All right," replied the biker, "swing 'em!"

—Jim Alverson
N. Sydney, N.S.W.



"We're going to need a better defense than just 'He was a punk.'"

"Sorry to call so early in the morning," the doctor said. "I've got some bad news and some *very* bad news."

"Start with the bad," said the patient.

"Okay, the prognosis is you've got 24 hours to live. Unfortunately, I couldn't get you on the phone yesterday."

—James Bullard
Olustee, Fla.



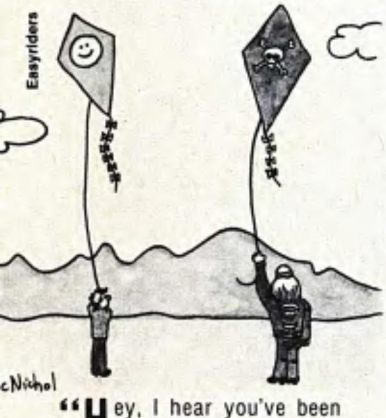
"Instead of chasing cars, he makes obscene gestures at them!"

Having just moved into his new place, Ralph decided to stroll across the street so he could take a look at its overall appearance. As he approached the house opposite his, however, he was startled by the sight of the young couple inside it. Through their large picture window he could clearly see the woman pushing a lawnmower across the living room carpet as if she were mowing it, while her husband had one hand in a goldfish bowl from which he was giving her the finger. About this time the mailman came along, and noting Ralph's astonishment, said, "Don't worry. They're just deaf bikers. She's telling him he'd better mow the lawn this afternoon and he's saying, 'Fuck you, I'm going fishing!'"

—Curtis Wright
Tehachapi, Calif.



"If you don't give me ten bucks for a rabies shot, I'll bite you in the ass."



"Hey, I hear you've been havin' trouble with your scoot," said one biker to another.

"Yeah," his friend replied. "I bought a new carb that saves 40 percent on gas, a tranny that saves 50 percent on gas, and a set of spark plugs that saves 30 percent on gas."

"So what's the problem?"

"After I ride it about 30 miles, the gas tank overflows!"

—Junior
Hereford, Tex.

The owner of a rice rocket decided to travel to Europe by cruise ship and by chance managed to secure passage on the same boat as a bunch of Hog riders. Midway through the voyage, the ship sank and the ricer wound up in a three-man lifeboat with the ship's captain and two of the H-D pilots. The captain wasted no time in announcing that someone would have to get out. "We'll do it right, though," he said. "The three of you will be given a fair test and the loser will leave." Everyone agreed, so the captain turned to one of the Harley riders and asked, "What was the largest ocean liner to sink in the past century?"

"The Titanic."

"Right," said the captain. Turning to the other Hog rider, he asked, "How many were on the Titanic?"

"2463 people, nine dogs, 11 cats, and 21 parakeets."

"That's correct," the captain stated. Fixing a hard eye on the ricer, he then said, "Name 'em."

—L.C.
Reidsville, Ga.

She: "The 1980s still remain an era of tremendous sexual prejudice."
He: "Yeah, but only for cunts!"

—Chuckles
Canton, Conn.

A reporter was assigned to interview patients at a local mental hospital for a special feature story. The first patient he encountered appeared to be swinging an imaginary bat. "You getting out of here soon?" inquired the reporter.

"Sure thing," replied the dude. "As soon as I hit my next home run."

The next patient the reporter saw seemed to be playing golf — without a golf club. "Tell me," said the reporter, "Will you be getting outta here soon?"

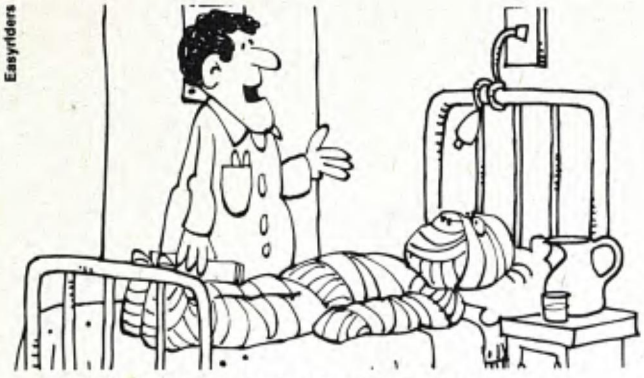
This time the response was, "You bet! Just as soon as I make this next hole-in-one."

Going into another ward, the reporter spied a guy with his dick in a bowl of nuts. Approaching him, the reporter asked the same question he'd asked the previous two patients. "Are you kidding?" asked the dude. "Can't you see I'm fuckin' nuts?"

—Jerry Riemann
Hoquiam, Wash.



"It stands for 'Bring your own bottle and bitch!'"



"We'll have you on your feet and fooling around with the other guy's wife again in no time."

The viewing ports of the execution chamber were full as the biker convicted of murder was led to the chair, where the executioner attached wires to his head, chest, and arms. In order to wire his legs, the executioner then cut the bro's pants off at the knees — exposing the head of his cock. At this, the crowd of onlookers began laughing hysterically. The biker looked up with tears in his eyes and yelled, "That's right! Laugh, you sonsabitches, but if you were as scared as me, yours would shrink up, too!"

—Rowdy Ray
Dawson, Ck., B.C.

What was the first thing Adam said to Eve? "Stand back! I don't know how big this thing gets."

—Jim (HBMC)
FPO San Francisco



"One more question — which, if any, celebrities do you think should be shot?"

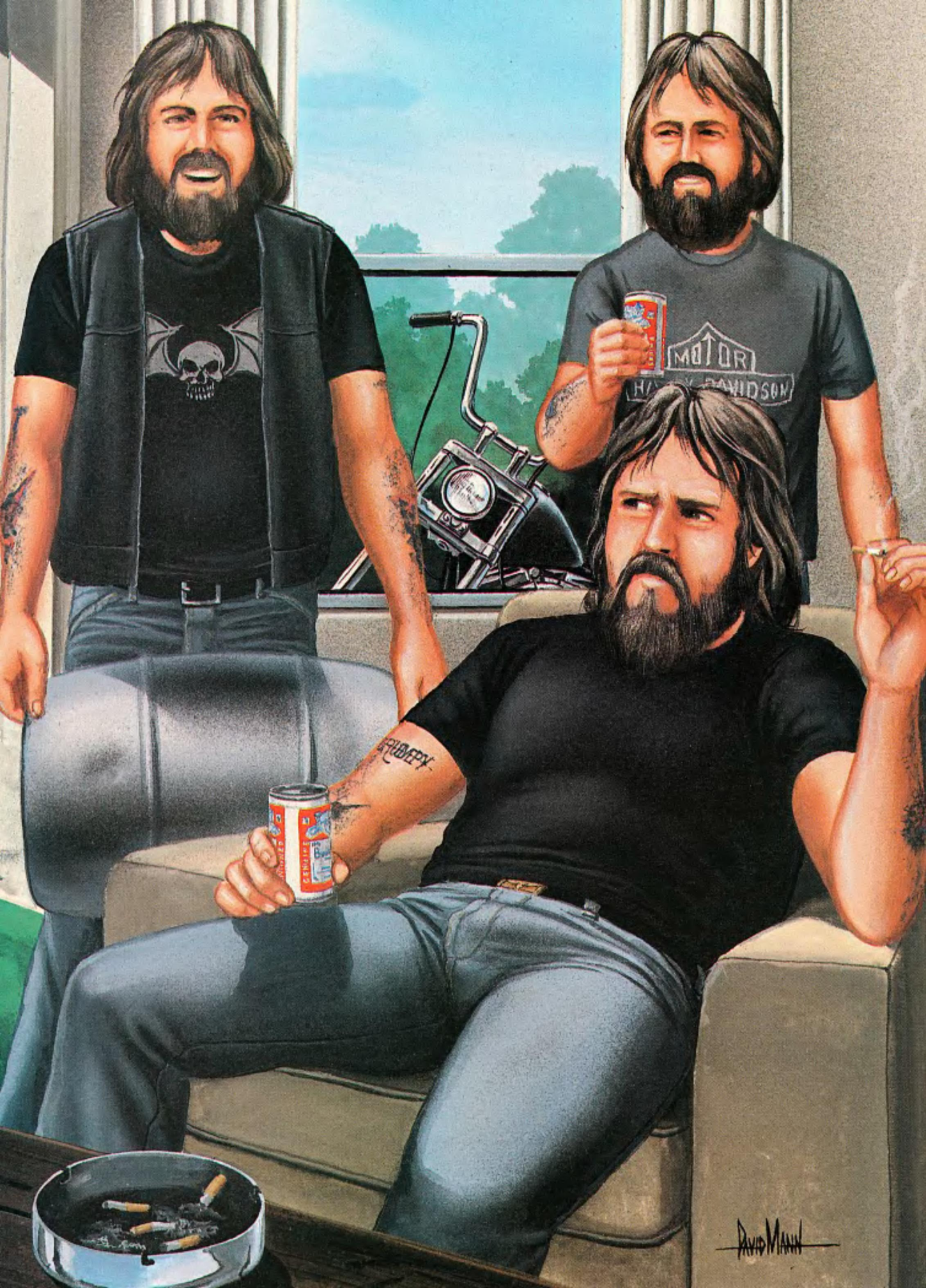

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MOTOR
DAVID MANN

BY TONY CUPIC

SUNSHINE

I've been out of the joint going on eleven years now. And still, each time the wind hits my bearded face, it's as much a rush as it was when Sunshine met me outside the walls on the date that granted me my freedom. She was waiting there with open arms, my shovel parked next to her. These memories of a decade ago came rushing through my mind as I was coming down from Big Bear.

I had the sled in third, using the rear brake, with my heart still back at her small grave. Even after six trips up to see the ol' lady, my mind wanders whenever I guide my shovel down that grade in the San Bernardino National Forest. A year ago Sunshine was taken from me while we slept, but I don't think I'll ever forget those beautiful times we spent in the wind together.

Slowing for a turn at the 3000-foot level, I spotted a turn-off and pulled in. I rolled up to the guard rail, turned her off, and laid her on her kickstand. Not seeing any citizens, I pulled a doobie out, lit it, and continued reminiscing. Those were righteous times when we were together. Thinking back, I realized it was twice that I had to lay my shovel down because of a cager not looking. And both times the ol' lady came running, asking if *I* was okay, while she had cuts and bruises all over her frail body. Tough ol' girl, I thought, and smiled at the memory.

How she'd loved the forest — something I'd found out when I took her up to the Cascades one weekend long ago. And when we were at home, if my brew was empty, I never had to ask for another and neither did visiting brothers. When she came home from work with a sour look, as if she was on the rag, all I needed to say was, "Ah, gimme a kiss," and the clothes would be off. Yes, I thought, this mountain is a perfect place for her to lay at rest. Suddenly, my peaceful reverie was interrupted by the arrival of a middle-aged couple. Figuring it was time to leave, I finished off the doobie and fired up the shovel. Minutes later I was leaning my sled to the right, taking the last curve of the mountain and leaving Sunshine behind.

Putting into San Berdoo, I joined the rat race on the L.A. freeway, with fresh thoughts going through my fogged brain about an upcoming run with the bros. Shortly thereafter, I took the Valley Way off-ramp and rode down Mission Boulevard, going into the westside area of Riverside that's known as Rubidoux. Reaching my destination, I pulled up on the lawn and shut down the scooter next to my brother's old slosher, a scooter I'd helped Grumpy put together when he bought it "as is," in a basket.

Walking up and rapping on the door, I stood there only a moment before Terri, Grump's ol' lady, answered it. I flashed back to the first time we'd met, when Sunshine introduced her to Grump in the visiting room at the state pen.

Hearing W. Van Dyke pouring from the speakers of the stereo, and seeing Grump's smile, I knew he either had some news or a new kind of smoke for me to check out. The latter proved to be the case. For Grump to smile, it has to be one of the two; him being one of the original Seven Dwarfs, he's unaccustomed to smiling on a regular basis. A short little dude who habitually carries a righteous pipe, he's a duplicate of Disney's Grumpy. Every once in a while he tells the story of how he and Snow White got caught fuckin' by those other six little bastards. The way he tells it, they banished him from the land. (And not surprisingly, each time he tells what happened, Snow White seems to moan a little more.)

Grump handed me the doobie and I inhaled deeply, as Terri handed me a cold brew. "You okay?" Grumpy asked, knowing where I'd just come from. "Some of the bros are comin' over to

Illustration by David Mann



SUNSHINE

continued

rap about our next run," he added.

"I'm doin' just fine, bro," I replied. "What the hell kind of new grass is this, anyway?"

Still smiling, he said, "Grumpo's Finest."

Hearing the sound of arriving scooters, Terri got up and brought back a case of Bud, then left the room as Grump opened the door for our bros. Eventually, we all agreed the run should start the following Friday, after the brothers got off work. We'd head for Mount Shasta; being mid-June, it would be beautiful.

Finishing off the case, I yelled for Knucklehead, who was outside. He came in quick and I told him to go pick up some brew. Since Knucklehead is my son and Sunshine's youngest, he was out the door and on his way in a flash. Squirrel took advantage of his absence to ask if I was going to bring him up for a vote at Shasta. "Maybe," I said and took another toke of Grumpo's Finest.

Ten minutes later Knucklehead came in with a pony keg, grinning like a puppy who's just been praised, knowing I'd be somewhat curious where he got the bread for a fuckin' pony keg. After I told him to get the fuckin' grin off his mug, he put down the keg and walked outside to resume watching over the scooters, looking more like a whipped pup — which brought laughter from all of us. "Fuckin' prospect. . . ." someone said. Naturally, we helped Grumpy smoke his Finest and finish the keg. By the time we walked out to the scooters, it was going on three p.m. Two days away from the run. I got off work at two in the morning and called my alarm clock, Sunshine's youngest. "Be sure I'm up by ten." He said he'd be there and asked if he could do anything else. "Yeah, son, find me another Sunshine."

"Take it easy, Pop," he said. "I'll see ya at ten."

Hanging up, I turned on some tunes. Listening to Bachman Turner Overdrive singing about freeways, I finally fell out.

The next day started with Knucklehead banging on the window to wake me. "I'm up, prospect!" I yelled. "Quit making so much fuckin' noise." The banging stopped and I got up from the sofa to open the door.

In the kitchen I splashed cold water on my mug and told the 'spec to get a couple of brews outta the fridge. After drying off, I returned to the living room where Knucklehead handed me an open can as I sat down. "Be ready around five Friday afternoon," I said.

"No problem. I've been ready since yesterday," he replied. "Today I'm gonna go around and see if the bros need help with anything."

"Good idea, shitbird. And while you're at it, make sure your knuck is running right." One thing I didn't need was any 'spec fallen behind. Looking at him hard, I asked, "Been up to see your mother lately?"

Tears welled up in his eyes. Nearly choking, he said softly, "Yeah, I did. . .last night."

Holding my stare, I told him he wasn't alone. "I miss the ol' girl, too." After a moment of silence to let him get his shit together, I said, "You're gettin' more like a brother every day, less like a son. Someday soon this pain we've got is gonna pass and leave only the good times we spent with her in our memories. She'll always be in our hearts, though." Then, to get his head straight, I added, "I love you, boy. Now ya better go take care of business."

Listening to him fire up his sled, I felt a warm feeling inside. The sort that only thoughts of Sunshine could bring. Her youngest was growing up right.

* * *

Squatting in front of my shovel under the hot California sun, I was making last-minute checks when Squirrel and Grumpy drove up onto the lawn next to me. I tossed each of 'em an empty Bud can, which they flattened and placed under their stands. "Where the fuck is our 'spec, brother?" I asked Grump.

"Knuck's over helping Sleeper — he copped a flat on his sixteen-incher this morning."

"Better now than around five or six tonight," I said.

After telling me that Terri was gonna drive the van in case of any breakdowns, since her back was bothering her and he felt like riding solo anyway, Grump looked at his kickstand and asked, "Got any full ones?"

"Sure thing. In the box, bro."

"You know, you're lookin' a whole lot better than ya did a couple of months ago," Grump said. He gave me a hug and headed for the house in search of suds, yelling back that he'd bring one for me, too.

"Hey, Squirrel, ya need anything, man?" I inquired, nodding toward the spare parts and tools laying around.

"I could use an extra master link, if ya have one handy. I'm usin' the only one I've got."

"No biggie," I replied, removing one of the pair I keep on my key ring and handing it to him.

* * *

Sixty-four scooters in all, heading outta San Berdoo for I-5; the sleds purring, the sun just hanging there, the temperature somewhere around 90. A half-pack of smokes in my pocket, my shades, my shovel running righteously, and my brothers — yeah!

The sight of us turned every citizen's head. Sixty-four scooters, plus two vans, thundering down the freeway, looking for that stretch of flat concrete with a broken line and no black-and-whites in sight. Took us until the mountains on 5-North, about halfway to Grapevine, to find it. Then our rumble could be heard five miles away as we set the pace at a steady 65 per. In the middle of nowhere we made our first stop; some of the brothers were low on gas and some had bladders ready to bust. One of the vans carried extra gas and Terri was driving the one with the kegs. After setting everything to rights again, we took to the road once more.

Still to the south of Bakersfield we picked up two highway patrol cars, one of 'em swinging over from the opposite flow of traffic. Us being us and them being them, they stayed with us for about half an hour. Nope, no one got pulled over; we were just under surveillance — or maybe I should say "escort."

The guardians of public safety having dropped out of our parade, we brought it back up to 65 and pretty much kept it there except for necessary stops. Everyone had agreed we were gonna keep rollin' until we reached McCarthy Park, a tramp haven just past Shasta. This didn't preclude us halting for an hour or so in Redding sometime after daybreak to fill up and let the locals look us over suspiciously.

Noticing a city cop giving us the eye, I headed toward Terri to begin spreading the word. Knucklehead fell

in beside me and quietly asked if I needed anything. I told him I was okay. Terri said she was holding her own, too; her back and the van were both doing fine. Grumpy joined us long enough to say that the few minor bike problems would be straightened out shortly. As usual, he was right and soon Redding and its townsfolk were behind us. With no regrets on either side.

We had to pay an admission fee at the park, but it was worth it. Scooter people got one side and citizens got the other — no hassles, just party-time and good brothers. Food and drink is included with admission. Once the scooters were parked, the ol' ladies started rollin' out the bedrolls and pitching tents, while the brothers proceeded to drink, party, and do what we all do best — be ourselves.

With the roar of Harleys waking those who'd slept a few hours, the party started in earnest. Spirits were high; brew and doobies, laughter and good times were in touch with us all — even Knucklehead. Particularly since he got voted in. It was a proud day for him and an even prouder one for me. Sunshine's youngest was not only my son but my brother now.

Yeah, ol' Grumpy was telling about Snow White again, his pipe hangin' out of his mouth as he puffed away on that dynamite weed of his, and Terri was right beside him. Squirrel was downing brews and calling out for a wet T-shirt contest, and Sleeper was gettin' in some practice helpin' someone else with a flat. And all the rest of those righteous scooter people I love so dearly were partyin' hardy.

* * *

With time rollin' and years passing, Knucklehead and I are as close as ever. He's married now, with two sons of his own. Grumpy's still claiming to be a wrongfully banished soul, and the kid Terri bore him listens raptly to his dad's stories about Snow White, scooter ridin', etc. The brothers say that between Knucklehead's sons and Grumpy's kid, there'll be more voting to do in time, especially since all three of them have Harley parts for toys. And Sleeper, well, he's getting some gray in his hair and still fixing flats. In fact, if I saw him at home and he wasn't doing something with a sixteen-incher, I'd probably have a stroke.



Me, well, I take a trip up to Big Bear once a year, to see the ol' girl where she loved to be best. I don't let my mind wander anymore while coming back down, though. But the beautiful memories are still there in my head and heart — and will always remain, I feel. I'm sure the ol' girl would be proud to learn how her son came to be a man and a righteous brother. I know she'd love to see all those others she loved dearly and the new generation coming forward, just as any lost brother or sister would.

I met a nice looker by the name of Sherrie about three months ago when I was coming back from my annual visit. She was waitressin' at the Denny's where I stopped for chow. One thing led to another and I soon found out she had at least three things in common with me: a love for scoots, being in the wind, and partyin'. As our conversation meandered on, I somehow got to telling her that being my ol' lady really takes a lot. That brought out what she would do if she had a man like me, so naturally I had to go on and fill her in on what a tramp like myself would give and expect.

It was a proud day for him and an even prouder one for me. Sunshine's youngest was not only my son but my brother now.

She quit her job at the diner within a week, got another one as a secretary, and moved in the next day. Since then, I've got to admit Sherrie has done this old scooter tramp right — and I'm reasonably certain she'll be with me a long time. Though she puts in her eight hours a day outside the house, she's always ready to go, so when she's not at work, we're ridin', partyin', gettin' around to see the bros and sisters. And when she is at work, I'm takin' care of my scoot, seein' the bros when they stop by, helpin' them out with their sleds when they need it, and smokin' doobs. Mainly fuckin' off, stayin' high, and seein' to things.

Because of some typically ignorant cager, I had to lay the shovel down again last month, this time while Sherrie was packin' behind. She rode that p-pad till we were on our side and then pushed free as if she'd been born doing it. When I introduced her to Knucklehead a few weeks back, he asked me if she was anything like Sunshine. "Brother and son," I said, "ain't no one who could replace Sunshine. But Sherrie pulls a real close second." It's true enough; I don't ever need to ask for another when my beer goes empty and neither do visiting bros. And she's already come running after I've laid down the sled, asking if I'm all right.

Knucklehead gave her a smile before turning back to me and sayin', "Be careful with them cages, bro."

Oh, yeah, there's one thing I didn't tell Knucklehead about Sherrie's bringing home the bacon on time and placin' it in my throttle hand. All I need to say when she walks in the door is, "Ah, gimme a kiss." After those long years of being without and havin' to hold down a job, this life I'm livin' isn't too bad. And I've still got a whole bunch of brothers and sisters I haven't even mentioned, helpin' me do what we all do best — ridin', partyin', and bein' free. ■

IN THE WIND



—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

—from Ron Walker, Arcadia, Calif.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

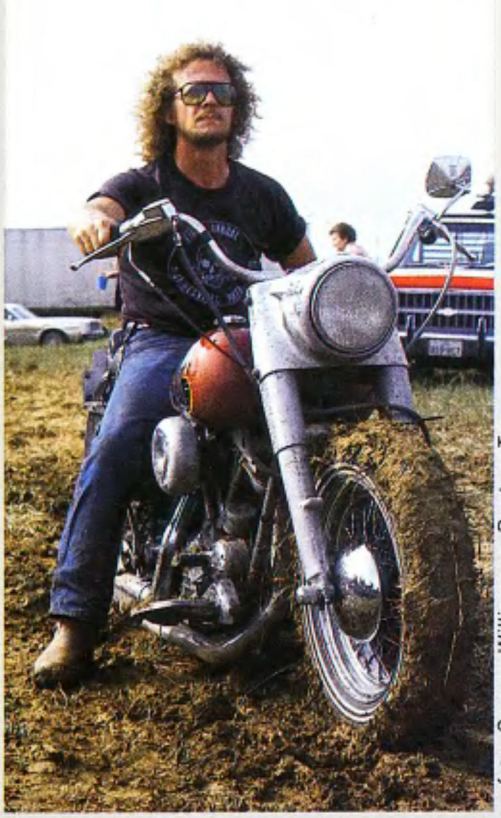


—from Neal Beam, Green Spring, W.Va.

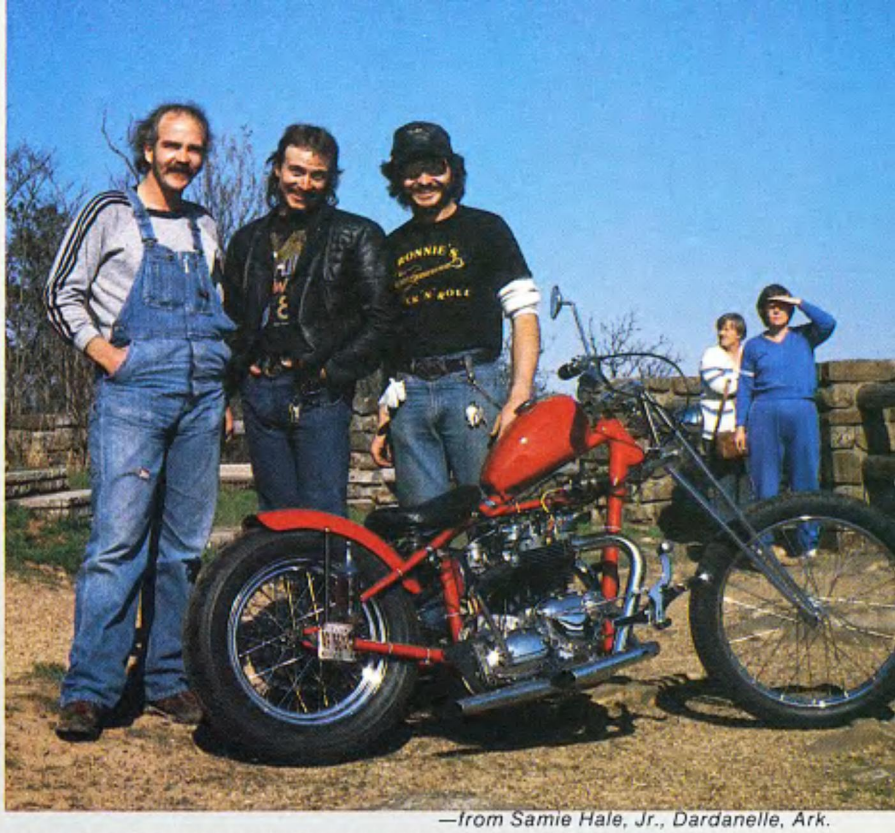


—from Tommy Lee, E. Lansing, Mich.



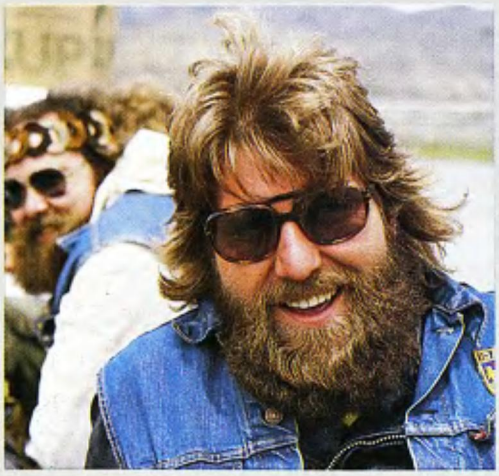


—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.

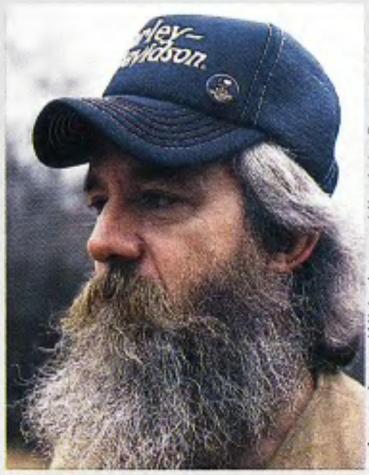


—from Samie Hale, Jr., Dardanelle, Ark.

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.



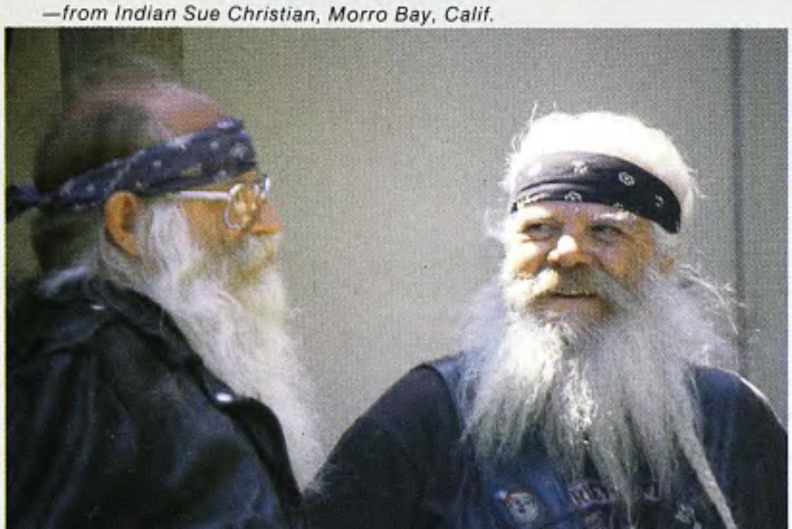
—from Big Bob Solberg, Nampa, Ida.



—from Jerry Whitehurst, Virginia Beach, Va.



—from Wild Billy, Roseville, Calif.



—from Indian Sue Christian, Morro Bay, Calif.



—from Switchie's Girl, New Bern, S.C.



—from Snake, Leichardt, Australia



—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.

—from Buck Simpson, Warwick, R.I.



—from Lorna Thate, Oklahoma City, Okla.



—from Roger Lee Adkins, Harts, W.Va.





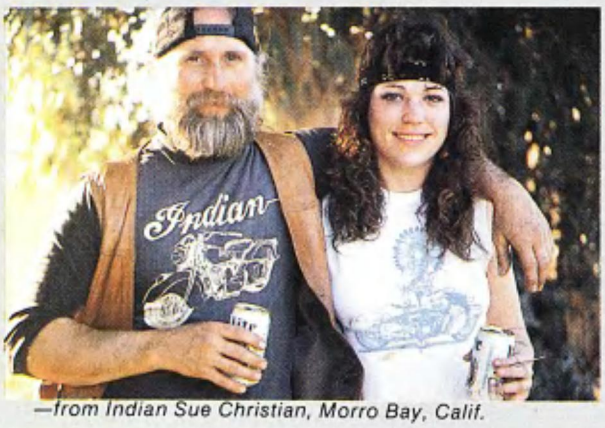
—from Bones, Cleveland, Ohio



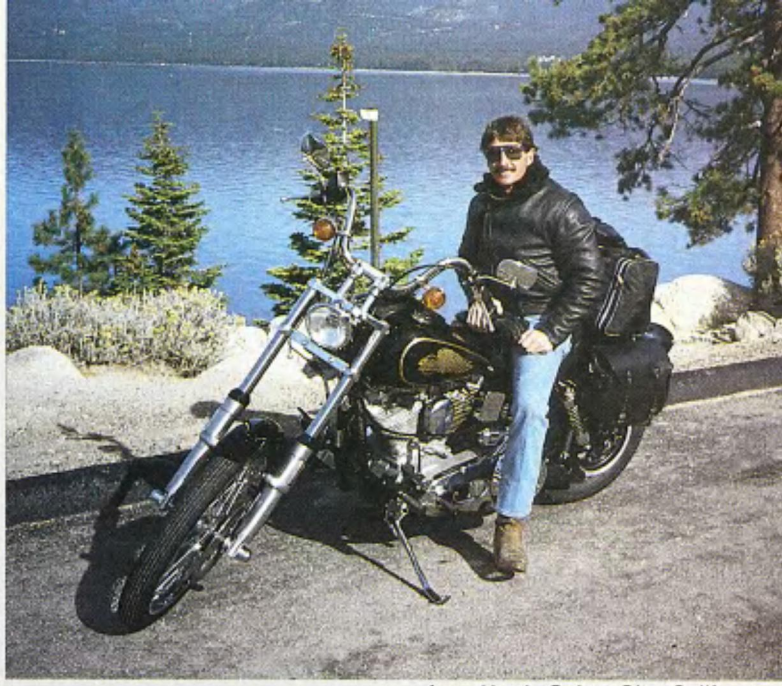
—from Brandi, Bristol, Pa.



—from Nancy Dalton, Yonkers, N.Y.



—from Indian Sue Christian, Morro Bay, Calif.



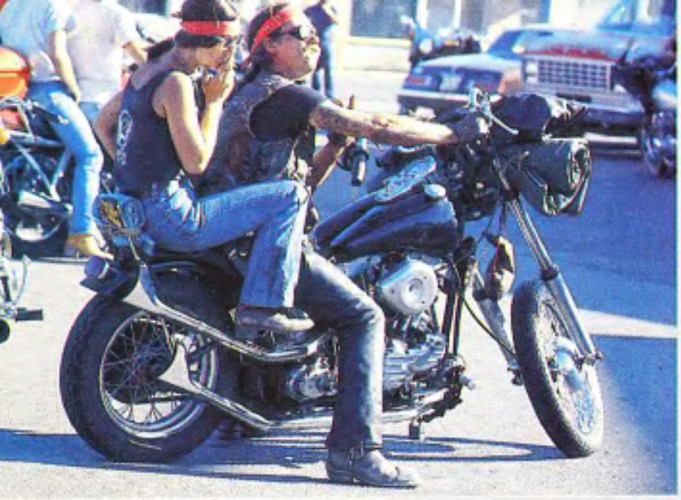
—from Hawk, Culver City, Calif.



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—from Lori Ann, Clifton, Colo.



—from Beetle Bailey, APO, N.Y.

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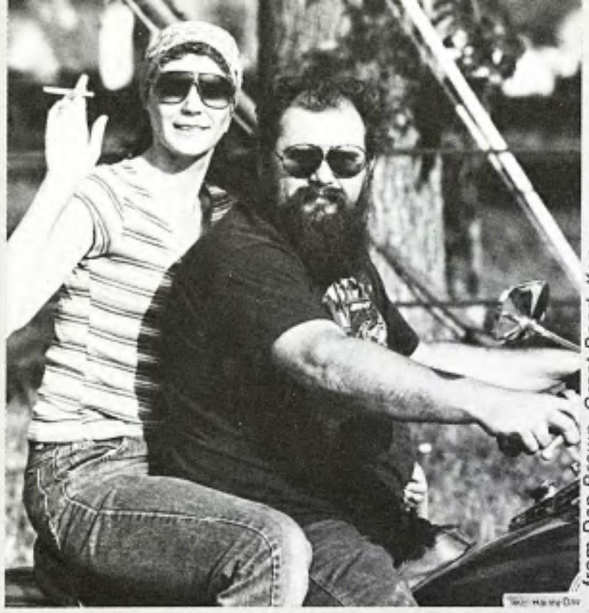


—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.

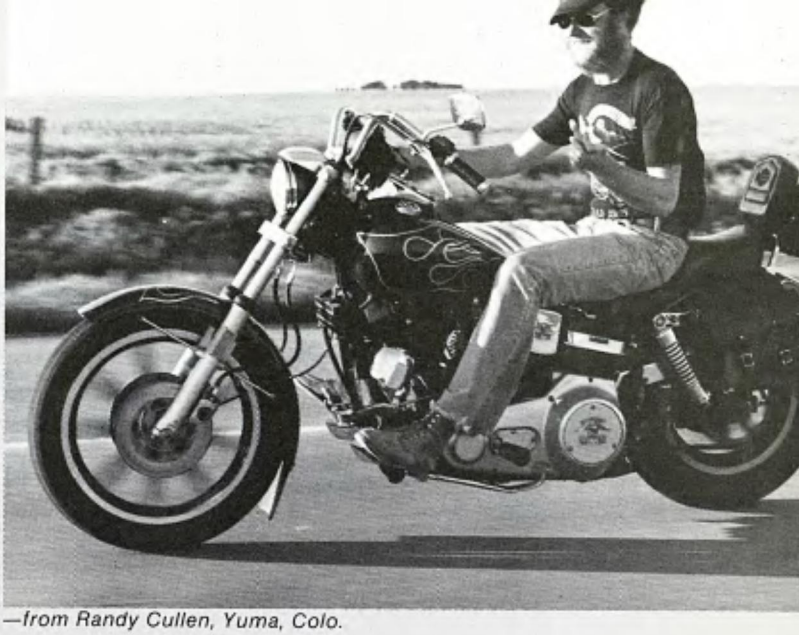




—from Jerry Baker, APO, N.Y.



—from Dan Brown, Great Bend, Kan.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from Brian Hall, Washington, D.C.





—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.

—from Brothers of the P.B.B., Rahway, N.J.



—from Alan Jarbeau, Beaver Creek, Ohio



INTERVIEW

Michael "Balls" Farabaugh: No Buckets By The Wabash



He was christened Michael, but the biker world knows him as Balls, the fiercely independent leader of perhaps the biggest — and certainly the most cohesive — bikers' rights organization in the country, 10,000-member-strong ABATE of Indiana.

How strong is strong? Put it this way. In recent years ABATE of Indiana has beaten down six attempts to reinstate a mandatory helmet law — and they've done it mostly without members having to lose time at work to man picket lines. ABATE of Indiana is so well-organized, believe it or not, that Balls' troops usually just let their fingers do the walking when it comes to helmet law proposals. Enough phone calls on the state's toll-free 800 line and pro-helmet legislators suddenly begin to see the light.

It wasn't always this easy. When Balls joined ABATE, about 12 years ago, it had roughly 400 members and was unsuccessfully lobbying for repeal of the state's lid law. Working closely with ABATE of Indiana founder, Wanda Hummel, Balls organized a 90-day siege of the Indiana general assembly, an action that led to a repeal bill being passed.

Since then, Balls has had to struggle to rebuild ABATE after its inevitable post-helmet-law fallout. At the same time he's also established one of the best rider-ed programs in the country and masterminded some of the most successful charity runs ever.

His stature in the bikers' rights community is such that he's often been suggested as a logical candidate to head one of the national biker organizations that seem to be springing up like herpes simplex *on a dirty butt. But, he says, "I have no desire to be a king. I've been around too long to think I'd look good with a crown on my head. All I want to do is help the Hoosier biker, ride, and have a good time."*

EASYRIDERS: Where did it all start for you? What got you going?
BALLS: Well, I've been riding for 24 years. I started as a kid, a motocrosser. I was a roundy-roundy man for a number of years on the AMA circuit, a hardcore dirt rider. That's where I got started working with the AMA as a volunteer. I spent about 13 years in different capacities with the AMA and got to understand the industry real well.
ER: How much time did that leave for riding?
BALLS: I used to average about 35,000 miles a year on a bike. Now I'm approaching the million-mile mark in total mileage.
ER: Catching up with Roger Hull [see *ER* # 156], aren't you?
BALLS: Roger and I used to duel with each other every year — and I never managed to stay up with him.
ER: What kind of bike are you riding around now?
BALLS: I just bought myself a brand-new dresser.
ER: When you're not out agitating state legislators or putting on charity runs, you're a carpenter — if I remember correctly. How did you get your tools to jobsites back then?
BALLS: I had a trailer. I wouldn't let a little thing like carrying tools put me off my bike.

I'm the type of guy who'd get on a scooter with the ol' lady Friday night — maybe knock off work a few hours early — and take off, ride 700, 800 miles down to the Smoky Mountains, hang 'round down there and come back Sunday night. It just got in my blood somehow and it s always been there since.
ER: A lot of people live to ride without ever getting beyond that, without getting involved in fighting for bikers' rights and things like that. Why are you different? Was there any one thing that convinced you to get involved, or was it a growing realization that something had to be done to protect our way of life?
BALLS: I think it was the early introduction to motorcycle people. I was fortunate enough in the early days to meet Roger Hull with *Road Rider*, Keith Ball with *Easyriders*, Ed Youngblood of the AMA, and to see the drive and influence that these people had on the motorcycle world. To realize that though they worked and made a living in motorcycling, they also really gave a fuck about what happened to the individual rider. They really cared about it.

My early introduction to these people and what they were doing and trying to accomplish just gave me the drive to go for it.
ER: When did you begin to work with ABATE instead of the AMA?
BALLS: I really discovered, in 1975, I think, that there was a difference — not necessarily in the organizational people but in the members of these organizations. There was a difference in the dedication level that was just highly intoxicating.

I mean, if you were around them, you just had to get involved with what was happening. Just meeting those people, I said, this is part of me, this is what I've got to get into and I did.

Of course, Wanda Hummel from Indiana was probably the biggest single influence on me getting my ass involved in rights organizations.
ER: In what way?
BALLS: The best way I can answer that is by telling you a story. Wanda gave up everything she was doing to devote herself to these issues, to get rid of the helmet law and do something for the bikers in Indiana.

One day we went to the statehouse in Indianapolis, late in '75 or early in the winter of '76. She and I were the only ones going down to the statehouse at that time. It was about a 150-mile trek and we'd get up at five in the morning and go down there to work on these issues and try to establish a rapport with the legislators. You see, at that time they weren't familiar with biking people — not us, or our appearance, or our philosophies and ideals. And we were really getting nowhere. We'd convince one person, but in a committee hearing or something, somebody else would convince him otherwise.

As we walked into the statehouse this one day — it was snowing and blowing, one of those days when you open a door and the snow comes in both before and after you — standing there with a whole lot of people around him was the governor. Otis Bowen was his name. Dr. Otis Bowen, whom Reagan recently appointed head of health and welfare for the entire country. Wanda didn't even hesitate. We walked in this door, I took her coat, she walked over to the man — in a meeting, standing there talking to people — and within 15 minutes everybody who'd been standing there talking had shut up to listen to her and the governor rap.

So I decided I might as well talk to him, too. For half an hour we sat there and rapped back and forth with the governor in a hallway — the same governor we'd spent two months unsuccessfully trying to get a meeting with. At the end of the conversation he said, "If you people want to repeal the helmet law, I won't veto it and I won't sign it, but I will let it go through. If you convince the legislators to pass the helmet repeal, it's done." In half an hour, Wanda convinced the governor not to veto the helmet repeal. And starting on that day it took us just three months to beat it.

Let me tell you, that was a hell of an educational experience for me. I'd only been to the statehouse two or three times before then, and she showed me that if you really believe in something, you've got to go for it. And she did.

ER: Wanda was one of the original founders of ABATE of Indiana, is that right?

BALLS: She was *the* founder.

ER: How many members were in the organization at that time?

BALLS: Probably 400.

ER: How many do you have now?

BALLS: Ten thousand.

ER: That's unusual. Most bikers' rights groups seem to attract a lot of members while they're battling a helmet law, but tend to lose a shitload of them after the war is won. How did you manage to avoid that post-battle drop-off?

BALLS: Number one, we haven't changed top personalities in 12 years. The people have confidence in me and Wanda. Number two, it's from delegating power to the people and letting them run their area their own way. . .not setting up an organization that's all rules and regulations, like the things you're fighting against.

Another key is to have some kind of gimmick to get the people in. Less than 10 percent of the people in a rights organization are really familiar enough with the issues to talk about them. What they're looking for is where the next party is going to happen, where the next beer is coming from, and what the next activity is going to be.

Through membership drives and giveaways, you get members. For instance, for our biggest membership drive, we gave away a trip to the Virgin Islands and the Bahamas. We had people bring in 700 members on that drive.

After you get the members signed up, you work on them and cultivate their membership by sending them newsletters. You educate them about the organization. You let them know that there are 120 sanctioned events they can attend at a reduced rate with an ABATE card.

Once you get 'em in and show 'em what it's all about, you keep giving them different avenues to look at, like legal services programs, parties, rider education projects. If you do those things, they'll be with you. Our renewal rate is about 60 percent, which is probably better than the AMA's, because we stay on top of what's happening. If there's a membership problem, we work on it.

We did sustain a loss of members after repeal. We got into this attitude, "Well, we beat the helmet law, what else is there to do?" If you open your eyes and really get into motorcycling, you'll find plenty to do. . .I got involved in the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, went to work with them full-time. I became a chief instructor and came back to start teaching ABATE people the curriculum and how to introduce these classes into their city, how to get press coverage, how to introduce somebody to biking in a safe way.

The other thing, quite frankly, is that getting more members comes down to doing one thing just for them. And our one thing, our one event of the year that requires you be an ABATE member if you want to come down and have a good time, is our four-day jam, the Bean Blossom Boogie. It's for ABATE members only, and we sign up between 1500 and 2000 new members a year at the gate. Then it's up to us to keep them once they join.

ER: Your budget is about $150,000 a year. How many people are on the paid staff?

BALLS: Five. That's a real touchy subject. Some people think, "Christ, it's a voluntary organization, you shouldn't have anybody paid." It's taboo. And it remained taboo until about three or four years ago when we suddenly woke up and realized that if you have a guy with a lot of ability — a guy who can walk the fine line of motorcycling and deal with the patchholders, the AMA, the MSF, and the industry, [someone who] can talk to the guys and even put on some halfway decent clothes to go to the statehouse to see a legislator, a guy, in other words, who can negotiate like a union man — you should compensate him. But some people insist there's no way we should pay this sucker.

He's a crook if you pay him. Well, we found out that's not true. Take this guy who's got the talent, can represent you and is honest, and give him some income. Let him represent you. Because if you don't, three years down the line he's probably gonna get a divorce from his ol' lady and drop out. He'll have all this training, understanding, and ability — and you've lost him.

ABATE of Georgia is now paying some people. ABATE of Michigan, ABATE of Kansas, ABATE of Washington, ABATE of Iowa — they're all paying some staff people. We're growing up. We're finding out that an organization has to be run like a business.

ER: I guess this businesslike approach is really going to be necessary if we're to fight off a national helmet law.

BALLS: Right on my desk I have about 13 different approaches toward a national helmet law in 1987. One of them is from Joan Claybrook. Another's from Ralph Nadar's group. There are actually 14

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different agencies, including the triple-A auto club, the National Highway Transportation Safety Administration and several helmet makers — all pushing for a national law in 1987. I've got documented evidence on it that I'm sending out to all the other ABATE chapters.

ER: If there's going to be such a big push to pass a national helmet law, don't we need a national organization to fight it? If we have to protest at the national capitol instead of a statehouse, who's gonna organize it?

BALLS: For one thing, I'd rely on the AMA. Because of my background with them, I know they have influential people and use their government-relations money in Washington, D.C., pretty well. The fight still has to be coordinated state by state. Do your homework, get your organization in line in your state.

Richard Lester's program [see *ER* #158] contains some very good ideas that he's formulated. He's also gotten some good talent together in Bob Thornton and Ron Roloff and the man from North Dakota, Nick Ressler. Unfortunately, 50 percent of the country don't feel his coalition will succeed, while the other 50 percent do.

I feel that if Lester's group works with the AMA and not against them, and if it doesn't require everyone it works with to join, we all can get together and come up with an approach that will benefit all motorcyclists. It's going to take a coordinated effort to defeat a national law, particularly when you're working against government money.

As far as specifically getting 10,000 bikers to protest on the Capitol steps, I think that's where the AMA comes in. Some people have this serious attitude problem about the AMA, but their staff people know what they're doing. Some of their members have serious cases of 'dumbass disease,' but the staff people are sharp. And they've got money that could be used to coordinate that kind of protest.

But, honestly, no matter how you look at it, it would be a major challenge for us if Elizabeth Dole and the NHTSA pursue their effort to repeal the bill President Ford signed into law [in 1976], saying that the feds can't blackmail states into passing helmet laws by withholding highway funds. If that's repealed, the pressure for helmet laws might be unstoppable.

ER: But isn't that just the tip of the iceberg? If they get the helmet law through Congress, won't they come back the next year and want us to wear Day-Glo-orange vests? And after that they'll have us building roll cages around our scooters.

BALLS: Yeah, Joan Claybrook bikers, with a fucking strobe light going around on top of our helmets.

ER: I was kind of surprised a few minutes ago to hear you mention Richard Lester without putting a string of adjectives ahead of his name. In the past, you've been pretty vocal about attorneys like Lester crisscrossing the country setting up biker legal-aid organizations and handling personal injury cases through local associates.

As far as I can recall, one of the *kindest* things you've had to say about them is that they're trying to turn bikers into commodities. In fact, you've even set up an ABATE of Indiana Legal Services Corp. to give your members an alternative to national groups such as AIM, BAM, and CycleLaw. How is your program different from theirs?

BALLS: With these national programs, if you have an accident, say, in Indiana, they get some local attorney to handle it for you, he charges you a percentage of the settlement — a contingency fee of 40 to 50 percent, usually — and pays part of that to the attorney in California, or wherever, who runs that national group. In our program, we contract with an Indiana law firm whose members all ride, who have set up special 800 phone lines just for ABATE members, and so on. They make a similar deal [re. contingency fees] with the accident victim, and pay, in essence, a percentage of their cut to ABATE of Indiana, where it's used for motorcycle safety programs to benefit the members.

I say "in essence" in regard to the split, because that's the effect of the program. In actual practice, it's a bit more complicated since lawyers legally aren't supposed to split fees with non-lawyers. We had to come up with a way around that and get it approved by the state supreme court before we started the program.

ER: Isn't that a lot of extra work for the ABATE staff? Why wouldn't it be better to affiliate with one of the national groups or do nothing at all? Bikers have been hiring lawyers out of the Yellow Pages for years — of course, most of them are burn artists. . . .

BALLS: If you're running a group, you've got one decision here — one decision that could possibly double your income. And we looked at it

that way. You've got to if you've been paying the bills every day. You've been trying to raise money for years, putting on parties, doing everything you can possibly think of to organize capital for more lobbying or a better newsletter, whatever, and here's a decision coming your way that can probably be the biggest boost to your group's income that's ever come around.

ER: I don't mean to put you on the spot, but don't you feel just a little unclean about filling the ABATE coffers with bikers' blood money — money coming in because of bikers' pain and suffering?

BALLS: We discussed that at length, but what's the alternative? The alternative is giving it all to the attorney. Is there another alternative?

ER: The alternative would be for the organization to negotiate a deal with the attorney to throw him their business in exchange for him taking a smaller cut of the settlement, say, 30 percent instead of 40. Then the extra 10 percent would stay with the victim or his family, the people who'd really been hurt by the accident.

BALLS: That's probably a pretty good alternative. We even thought about the possibility of doing that. That's one of the reasons we earmarked the legal services money specifically for motorcycle safety. You've got to go into it case by case. We sit down and talk to the person who's been in the accident, or their family, and we let them know where the money is going and what it's being used for. Up to this point in time, we haven't had a single person dissatisfied or uptight with the situation. I'm not saying that it can't happen. And in that case, we still have avenues open where we can give the money back to the family.

ER: How much has ABATE benefited from this program so far?

BALLS: The program's already bought us a $10,000 motorcycle-safety unit parked in Indianapolis that's trained 250 people this year.

ER: How long has the legal aid program been running?

BALLS: It was initiated January 1.

ER: So, in less than six months it's already brought in $10,000?

BALLS: That's correct. One thing I want to stress is that you need to do a hell of a lot of research before going into this. Before we even chose a law firm, we spent six months mulling over different ideas on how to make sure everybody in the state was up-front with it, to make sure it was legal with the bar association people, the state of Indiana, et cetera.

We wanted to be proud of it. We wanted to be able to stand up and say, "This is what we're doing, there's nothing offensive about it, it's a membership service that can benefit not only the member but ABATE."

The other thing is, it just can't be done off the cuff. I asked this law firm what they felt they'd spend implementing it. In other words, establishing an 800 number, hiring professional investigators, setting up an office staff — in this case, three secretaries who answer the phone 24 hours a day — et cetera. Then there's a number of cases that don't pay anything. A month ago we had a man who was run over. He had no insurance and the person who ran over him had no insurance. So far they've spent $4000 investigating that case for the widow and the three kids, and there's probably almost nothing that'll come out of it.

ER: But that comes out of the law firm's money, not from ABATE of Indiana?

BALLS: That's right. A year ago I said to this attorney, "What do you think it'll cost you to get this started and administer it for the first year?" And he said, "Probably $60,000-$65,000." The point is, if you're interested in doing this as an alternative to the national programs offered by various lawyers like Lester and Russ Brown, you obviously have to find a lawyer who'll invest something in it. If you're going to go to him with a membership of 3000 people, show him how many accidents occur in your state, how many fatalities occur in your state, and how many motorcycles you have registered in your state. Show him the potential to establish a very affluent program.

The key, the point I'm making, is find somebody who can identify with you, who isn't going to try to get you to change your lifestyle, an attorney who believes, rides, and will devote a program to you. If you can't do all that, don't use this as an alternative, go with one of the established programs.

ER: Aside from the fragmentation and controversy caused by the competition among the national rights organizations that we were just talking about, is there anything else of an internal nature holding back the fight for bikers' rights?

BALLS: One of the things that

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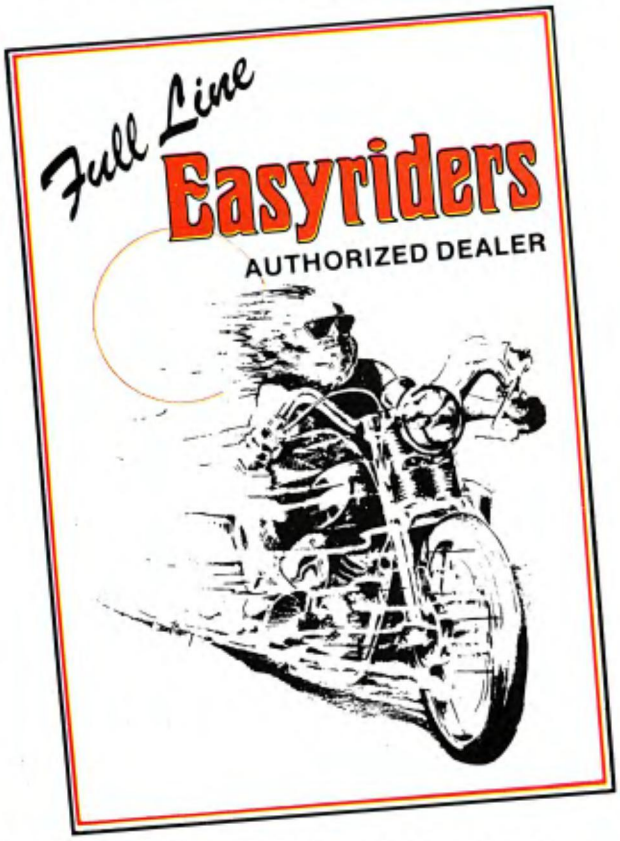


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depresses me is that we, as motorcycle rights advocates, have never been able to make the sports car and hot-rod nuts understand that our fight is their fight, that when it comes to things like noise laws and speed limits and insurance discrimination we need to stand together, even if we go back to hating each other after those fights are done.

The thing that really brought this to light for me was the seat belt issue. What I discovered with the seat belt issue is that bikers' rights groups really represent all the American people.

You know, we have 800 numbers in the Indiana senate and house, and we turned ABATE people on to an issue that was affecting every person in one state — the seat belt law. In general, they didn't know what was happening down there. You'd go into a bar and sit down and say, "Hey, do you want to have a mandatory seat-belt law?" You'd give them the information and the numbers to call and they'd be surprised they could do that. The general population has no idea what goes on at the statehouse or how to contact their representatives and give them their feelings on anything.

We went down there with tons of information and people — even straight citizens. The pro-seat-belt people brought this fucking mechanical chair into the statehouse — they couldn't even fit this machine into an elevator, they had to disassemble it and carry it up the stairs. A legislator would sit in this chair and take off at a simulated 20mph and they'd put him into an abrupt halt. Without the seat belt he'd fly out of the chair. They did this to every legislator, and, naturally, the press and TV stations were all up there watching politicians bounce around in this chair.

The chair, of course, was on a rail, and it would shoot down this rail and stop. And I'm sitting there and everybody's going, "Ooohh, ahhh, seat belts are necessary." The general lack of knowledge of what's going on is disheartening. You're never going to be riding a chair down a rail. You just don't have the avenues to let the people know what a screw job they're getting down at the general assembly or legislature.

You see, we don't have the tools, or the money, or the ammunition required to deal with the amount

of rights that are being taken away from the American people on a daily basis.

What's a motorcycle rights group? Is it defined anywhere in Webster's dictionary? Of course not. It's what you make it. It's what the people in the organization make of it. Fortunately, in this state we have a tremendous group of people devoted to the cause.

At some point in time you've got to shut it off. You've got to shut the faucet off because monetarily it's draining you. A motorcycle rights group is a group that will devote their efforts to make their particular state a better state to ride in, a safer state to ride in. We're overworked and we're outmanned — that's where you've got to count on people like the biker magazines and the AMA, and use their forces.

But this seat belt issue and the 55mph speed-limit issue, there should be a tremendous amount of people helping us with that and there aren't. That's what makes it so discouraging. It makes you want to beat your head against the wall.

ER: Aside from the national helmet law, what do you see as the biggest threat to our freedom in the next five or ten years?

BALLS: The competition between industry people has put us in the middle. Insurance programs, speed, the attitude that says, "Let me build this rice rocket that a ten-year-old kid can buy, without even a motorcycle license, that'll do 125mph." The fatality rate has gone up, the accident rate has gone up, and rider education is the medium to stop that.

ER: I thought your fatality rate has been going down.

BALLS: It has in Indiana, but nationally it's gone up. See, some states have no rider education. Even if it's been pursued in the state [legislature] and exists on paper, a viable program that's available to the general populace hasn't happened. Last year 4570 motorcyclists died nationally. That's supposedly a 10 percent increase over the previous year. The speed war in the industry might not be the primary cause of that, but it's a factor.

I think that's going to be one of our big problems. . .manufacturer fighting manufacturer over which can build a faster bike, without [riders getting] the proper training on the things, and the ensuing insurance problems. A possible solution to that would be for us — the rights groups and whatever coalition may develop, and AMA, and the industry people — to sit down and iron some of these things out.

I really foresee that five years down the line — if we can reduce fatalities and reduce accidents — we should be able to retain most of our freedom.

That's why I keep harping on rider education, because it does those things. I'm not talking about the guy who's ridden for ten years or five years. It's that introductory period, the first six to 12 months. Give that rider some kind of education. . .I've seen it work for eight years.

The solution as far as the NHTSA sees it is: Let 'em make the bikes faster, but let's put a helmet on the riders. Then if they go 120 or 140 and run into something, at least you can open up their casket and look at them.

That's the difference between having one on and not having one on: you're still going to die.

ER: Do you think toy runs and other charitable activities that bikers get involved in have a significant public-relations effect on the straights who are basically going to decide whether or not our freedoms are legislated away?

BALLS: I would say some. I think the best answer to that is a story about a man I really respect a lot, Roger Hull. About ten years ago, when he was on the AMA board of trustees, we were sitting in a Pizza Hut together and we started talking about image. And Roger said, "There's nothing wrong with our image. We are who we are." And I started thinking about that, you know? Because we'd just done this event, raised about $30,000 for a charity, and I was bragging about it, tooting my own horn, and he said, "Maybe it did ya some good right now, today you got some paper on it, but there's nothing wrong with our image. To the day this world blows up, we're all going to be who we are, and there's really no need to change, because that's who we are."

ER: I think I'd have to argue with Roger a little bit about that. Not to split hairs or anything, but the fact is, in terms of public relations, it doesn't matter what we really are, because the image the public gets from the media isn't a real one. You never read in the press about a bike *club*, they're always referred to as bike *gangs*. Likewise, the kind of disclaimers that are routinely used, even in stories about the Mafia, are ignored when the press is writing about bikers. Everytime there's a so-



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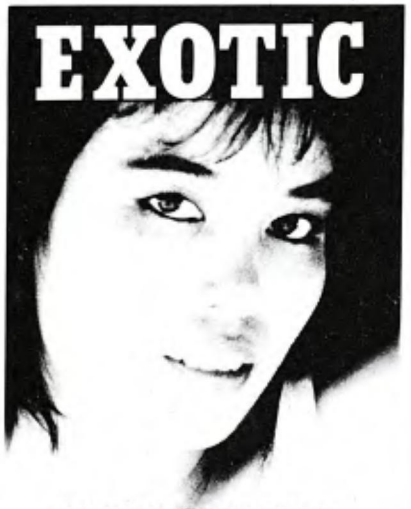
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called drug raid, or some other harassment of bikers, the press accounts always presume the bikers are guilty, regardless of the fact that they may not have even been formally charged, let alone convicted.

How do you change that?

BALLS: Well, I can't answer for Roger, but I think his approach was — and I agreed with it — that we are who we are and there's nothing wrong with it. We all agree to that, there's nothing wrong with us. Fuck it, our lifestyle is our lifestyle, and that's that. How you keep the media from telling our lifestyle like it is *not* — let me toot ABATE of Indiana's horn a little bit. We raised $112,000 for MDA in the last four years. We've given away tons of blood. We do so many positive things and we get so much positive press in Indiana that at times it's a little bit overwhelming. Sometimes I think, shit, let's do something for ourselves. Every weekend, continuously, there's something happening. You couldn't get more positive press. Yet, we wanted to ride for the Statue of Liberty two weekends ago in Indianapolis and it took political threats just to get permission to ride through town. And this is after we have a full-time motorcycle-safety unit training people down there, and everything else. So, we've got positive press and a good image, but they still don't want to deal with us on a one-to-one basis and allow 4000-5000 of us to get on our motorcycles and ride through town to collect money for the Statue of Liberty.

Here's something we're doing for Mom, apple pie, America, and the Statue of Liberty, and the bastards said no to us for two weeks. So we went down and threatened to call the papers and tell them the city wouldn't let us ride through town to collect money for the statue. With that, the mayor's office changed its mind and we got a police escort right through the city.

ER: Got anything you'd like to say to the brothers and sisters directly?

BALLS: Last year it cost us $15,000 just to monitor the general assembly — and that's with a tremendous amount of help from AMA and MSF. The budget is completely drained and we're fighting issues for the whole country. A lot of other rights groups are in the same shape, which means that we're all somewhat weaker than most straight people realize. That $10 or $15 that each individual gives to a rights group is generally very well used.

I guess I'm kind of getting off on a tangent here, but damn it, join a rights group in your state. ■



"Your skills are impressive, Ms. Hudson — especially your ability to suck a golf ball through a garden hose!"

Asstrology



By Dusty Sage

OCTOBER'S FORECAST

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
This month you're bombarded with bullshit at home base and bros bugging ya for a borrow. Stuff your ears with cotton, filter tips, tampons, anything to shut out the shit. Otherwise, you'll be fucked financially. Find a hideout till your ol' lady's off the rag. Maybe some stray pussy will put you up (and better yet, put out).

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
Keep on your toes and don't cross the street without the aid of a Boy Scout (Girl Scouts or Brownies will do) or a Seeing-Eye dog. Being accident-prone is your main mindfuck now. Look both ways and wear a parachute to bed. For extra protection, sleep on the floor. Unless you enjoy skinned knees and road-rash scabs on your ass, slow down a tad.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Watch out for a tendency to cut loose with some snide remarks around mid-month, even if they're true. Someone ain't ready for your usual ear burn, so think twice before making important statements. Instead, keep a lid on it until next month, when you'll really be cooking, and save your best shot for between the sheets.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
If you're planning to boogie out of town, be prepared for minor mishaps. (Pack a lunch, extra cash, and a pair of roller skates.) Breakdowns have your balls in an uproar, but can put you in touch with blind luck in the town of future fortune. Someone met now will help you mix business with pleasure later.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Time to put the bite on the big boss and be surprised at the results. The straightforward approach beats the hell outta asinine hints, so go ahead and lay it on the line. Give yourself a few deserved pats on the back, show the secretary your big dick (or little one), and push out the timekeeper for a change. Seriously, VIPs favor you now.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Self-neglect has left your dick limp. You're too tired to pucker up after you poop, and you'd rather wet your pants than get up and go. Best double up on your vitamins, ream your ass with a six-pack of Preparation H, and take a cold shower. This is the Ho-Hummer of the Year, and one good orgasm could put you in a coma for a week. Wake up!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Happy birthday, sexy! Better buy bigger britches to accommodate that bulge you brag about. You're hornier than a two-peckered donkey and just about as stubborn. You won't take no for an answer, which gives you an over-abundance of available ass. Grease up your knob and keep some oxygen handy — you'll need it.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
This cycle favors you with behind-the-scenes funds that are actually legal. Silent partners, secret meetings, and other people's screw-ups are your goodies now. So take care of biz first and dump your load later. In fact, you can sneak yourself a lot of snatch without getting busted. Just don't smell and tell (wash your hands).

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Keep your ass available at ye ol' job, 'cause something besides the usual raunchy gas is blowing your way. Otherwise, you'll miss out on that promotion you've had your eye on, a primo raise, or maybe a quickie in the broom closet. Be ready for something good that grabs your nuts and fattens your bank account.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Rewards from the past sneak up and singe the hairs on your ass. Lady Luck lets you have your piece and eat it, too. You're on a winning streak that won't last forever, so get it while you're hot (don't waste time playing with your knackwurst). While the competition has his head up his ass, take the money and run.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Extra cash comes from outta nowhere when you least expect it, so go ahead and blow your wad — there's lots more where that came from. For once, you've got the bucks when you come across a bargain. Remember, though, this doesn't mean to go for broke. Use a little common sense, whatever that is. Charge it!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
Time to grab yourself by the nuts and crack a smile. This month is one of those "I'd rather do it myself" ones. Shitcan partners' advice in lieu of your own judgment. Two heads won't help now, unless you're a Siamese twin. Keep a close eye on the fine print and leave nada to chance. If you're looking for a legal loophole, you'll find it.

Astrological Profile For Libra

Libras are the peacemakers of the zodiac; problem is, they tend to see both sides and can't figure out who's the bad guy. Because their outstanding quality is their strong sense of fairness, their guiding philosophy is live and let live (just don't step on their bunions). Overly honest, Libras hate hassles, being put on the spot, making decisions (and fucking with the lights on).

Their passive resistance is unbeatable, so if you try to fuck 'em over, they'll just walk away, leaving you frustrated and red in the face. Worst of all, it works. For the most part, Libras are easygoing individuals, well able to put themselves in someone else's place. Actually, what they do is let people fuck *themselves* over. Kinda sneaky.

If you're living with a Libra, keep your mouth shut and your legs open (unless you're patronizing 'em), otherwise Libra will look for another hole to hide in. Libras are fussy about cleanliness and carry a flashlight, mop, and Janitor in a Drum to bed with 'em so they can scrub up before they screw.

Some famous Libras past and present are: John Lennon, Groucho Marx, Timothy Leary, Suzanne Somers, Evel Knievel, and Johnny Carson (plus a hell of a lot of judges in this country who likewise can't decide who's the bad guy).

Libras should drink plenty of water to stave off a tendency toward bad kidneys and lumps in their bowel movements. They should also cut down on sweets and stop wiping with graham crackers (before eating 'em). Older Libras, who often develop ego-elbow from patting themselves on the back too much, should wear rubber pants to bed and hang onto a rubber ducky in case their bladder bursts.

Don't get me wrong, Libras are good people to team up with. They're loyal, clean, won't argue, and have a good sense of humor — as long as you don't eat any of their graham crackers or forget to change your underwear.


"Who, me? No, I can't think of any time when being a woman held me back from doing whatever I wanted."

PUSS 'N' BOOTS

Kitty has a flair for havin' fun

My tongue hung low and my temperature rose high. She was wearin' black, high-cut boots that would make any man chew right on through a belt drive. This little lady had the crowd at her beck and call as she pranced around the stage at the wet T-shirt contest in Hanford. The dazzler hadn't



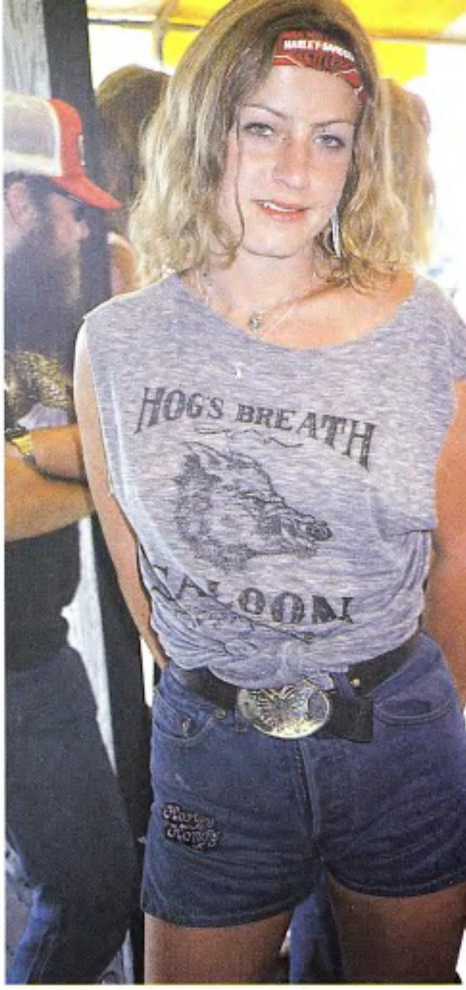
dropped her drawers, or even pulled out one of her mouth-watering morsels, yet there were 2500 stiff ones in the audience, waitin', beggin', droolin'.

She booted her way across the stage, swinging her ass like a wind sock in a typhoon. Suddenly she stopped and stared, lickin' her lips and lookin' like she was about to

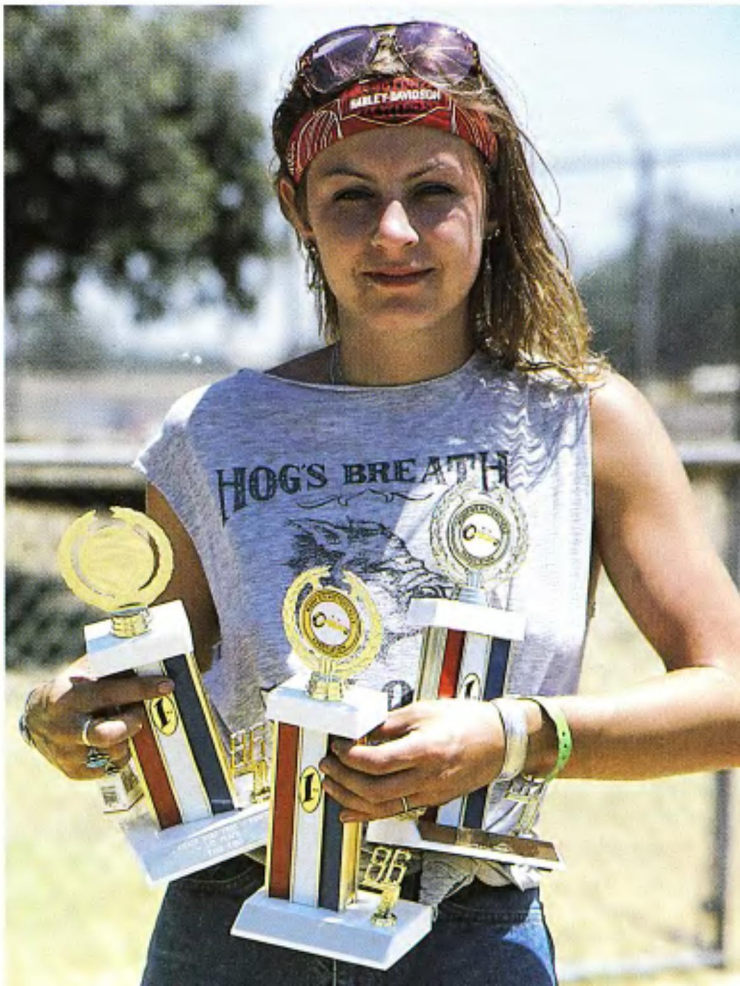







HOG'S BREATH




HOG'S BREATH





cream her jeans right there on the stage. What was she seein'? Was Johnny Wadd out there flashin' her? Was somebody at the edge of the stage lickin' the tip of his nose with his tongue? What?

The question was answered in a heartbeat. She ran to the side of the stage and dropped to her knees, her arm shot out into the crowd, and was suddenly filled with the finely sculpted neck of a Jack D. quart. She raised the bottle to her hot, pink lips, tilted back her head and began to chug.

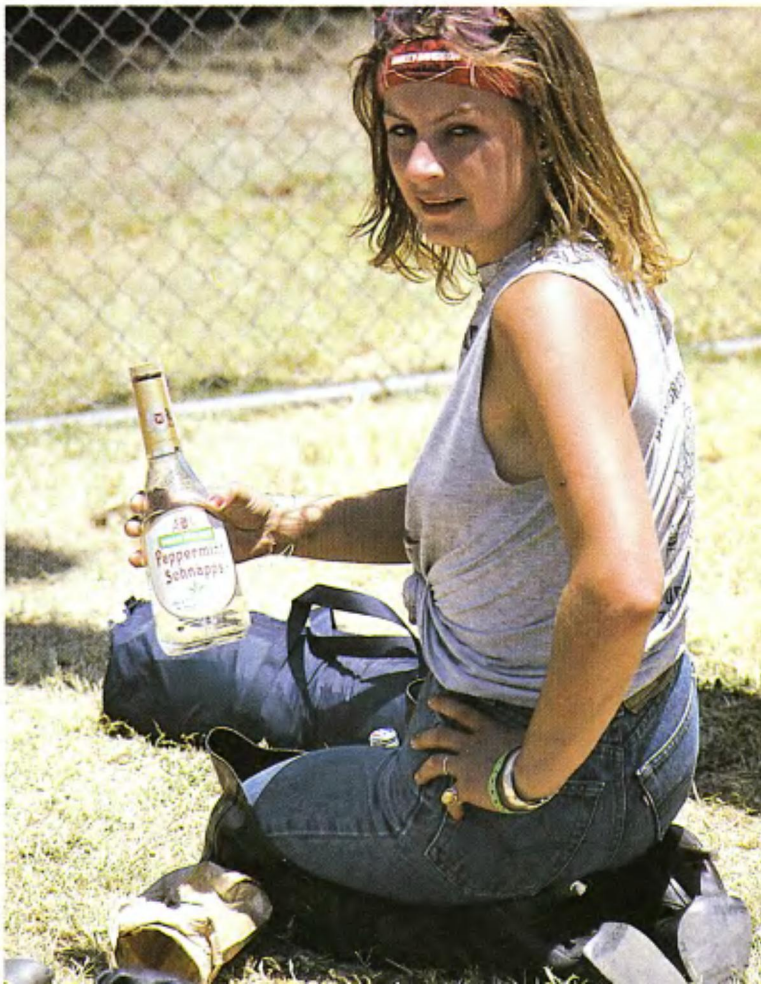
In case ya couldn't guess, Kitty won the contest. In fact, she carted off three trophies that weekend, for her exploits onstage as well as her work with her ol' man, De Wind, in the field events. She was pitted against some, shall we say, stiff competition, and came out on top.

Walkin' around like a dazed zombie amidst the drained beer cans and trashed rubble that was the Hanford campground of Sunday afternoon, I noted nearly all the revelers had packed up and putted off into the sunset, but lo and behold, there were Kitty and De Wind, strapping on their sleeping bag and stretching bungie cords around her booty (prizes, not butt). I just had to ask, "Say, babe, are you a dancer, or what?"

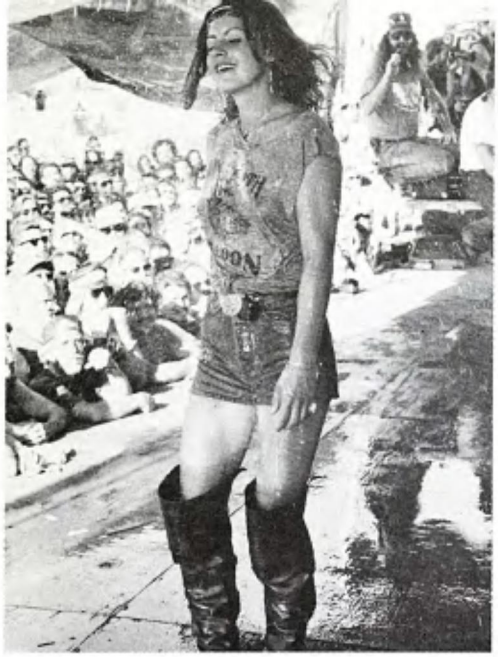
"Who me?" Kitty innocently purred back. "No, my ol' man told me to go up there and have fun, and it all just sorta happened. I'm just a housewife."

Jeezus, and I'm just a nosepicker, but I thank my lucky stars for the view I got when she just had some fun, kicked up her boots and got to growlin'.

—Boomer and Bomber




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The Best Box

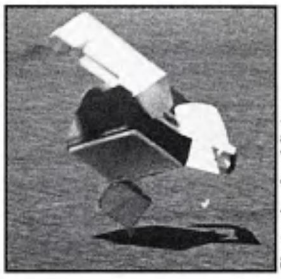
An *Easyriders* report

By Joe Minton









Photos by Joe Minton

We made our Great Lunch Box Comparison Test to find some boxes that can not only handle our readers but a roll down the road. Here you see the boxes, the food, and some of the actual testing. The key was keeping everything inside — dirt hurts your teeth.

The staff of *Easyriders* is basically fun-lovin'. We try not to take things any more seriously than we have to. However, like you, we dislike lies, liars, an' politicians. We like real women, parties, Harleys, and the truth. Sometimes, however, when it's real important, we have to put our fun-lovin' ways aside an' give some time and space to the truth. This is such an occasion.

A while back one of our readers sent a letter to the editor praisin' his lunch box (the reader's, not the editor's). It seems he was on his way to work when the thing fell off the back of his Hog. It didn't open and the dude's lunch was still worth eatin'. After a couple of days' thought about the consequences of a serious lunch-box failure, we decided we'd better do something about the matter. After all, can you imagine what a man's day would be like if his lunch was turned to shit before he ate it instead of after? We had to test lunch boxes. It was our duty.

After a series of staff meetings and random visual inspection of lunch boxes belongin' to kids on their way to school, we chose a variety of boxes and lunches for our test. As for *how* the test should be conducted, that was easy. We'd duplicate our reader's experience. At that point, though, things began getting considerably more complicated.

Someone wanted to know how fast we planned to be goin' when we tossed our lunch. Another asked if we were gonna run it over with a cage afterward (it happens, ya know). And how about this one: How, precisely, would we determine that the lunch was beyond hope? When the sandwich was found to have dirt in it, when the banana became pudding? Tough questions, all right, but ones we were compelled to find answers to.

Decidin' on a drop speed was no problem. The faster we went the more valid our results. Speed would be the true test of the boxes, bananas, potato chips, and bologna. On the other hand, you readers are law-abiding citizens and there was simply no point in test conditions more stringent than those you actually ride under. The boxes were to be dropped at 55mph.

Now, if you drop your lunch an' it gets flattened by a cage, there just ain't no reason to stop an' go back for it. Nevertheless, we decided to run over one of the boxes after dropping it. In the interest of being relentlessly thorough. For the quality of the test. Besides, we didn't want any unanswered questions haunting us later.

As to how flat the lunch actually had to be before a biker would turn it down, well, that one was really tough — an' the answer was a surprise to us all. We knew that a spoon of dirt in the middle of a slice of Webers bread smeared with Miracle Whip wouldn't stop a biker. Bikers eat dirt all the time — on the road and in court, too. And a flat banana would look pretty good to someone who'd just spent four hours diggin' a ditch. A pre-test trial was necessary.

We spent a week feedin' staff members damaged lunches. We tried dirt on the bologna an' threw bananas an' plums against a wall (the editor's) a couple of times before we fed 'em to our volunteers. They ate everything we gave 'em and we were gettin'

Tech Tip



pretty fed up with the whole thing when it started to happen.

Although they simply turned the bread over to hide the patches of mold inside the sandwiches we made 'em, they drew the line when the Chee-tos got stale. Finally, a major complaint was lodged and we knew we had ourselves a real test. Quite inadvertently we'd been throwing the bananas and plums at separate spots on the wall and one day we fucked up, chucking the bananas at the plum area and the plums at the banana section. You should have heard the uproar. "Yeow, there's banana mixed with my plum!" "Hey, what's this purple crap on my banana?" We had it. Never mind the sand. Forget the mold. As long as the peas weren't mixed in with the mashed potatoes, a biker would scarf it down.

We made half a dozen lunches to go with the six boxes we'd rounded up. Each lunch box got a sandwich consisting of bologna, American cheese, and Miracle Whip on Webers white bread. Each box also got a handful of potato chips, a handful of generic cheese puffs, and a ripe plum and banana. No drinks, though.

It wasn't out of deference to the Moral Majority that we didn't include any cans of bikers' brew; we just knew we couldn't keep the stuff around long enough to conduct the test. And the only coffee on hand was some stuff left here by an ex-Marine. We were flat afraid to drop any of that shit at 55mph.

With a cage full of lunches, we moved the operation to the test site, a straight piece of road near our offices. A staffer and his ol' lady, riding a pan, were to do the actual drops. While someone raced back to the office to get a camera (we all thought somebody else was bringing one), we set the lunches out and made a few practice runs with the pan. Once the camera was in place, the testing began.

The first box, made of plastic with a garish picture of Hulk Hogan on it, was one we'd taken from a kid. The sucker proved to be as tough as Hogan. It wouldn't open an' it wouldn't tumble (something we later found to be vitally important). All it did was slide. The plum got bruised, the banana dented, and the sandwich sort of shifted around on itself, but everything was recognizable. Most important, nothing got mixed.

Next we tried the metal version of the same lunch box. What a difference. When that fucker hit the deck it *exploded*. There were slices of bread, cheese puffs, and potato chip shrapnel all over the place. Some of the potato chips didn't fall to earth for nearly 30 seconds. As for the dread mixing of foodstuffs, forget it. No remnants fell close enough together to mix.

We then tried one of the trick, flip-top boxes that are large enough to hold a six-pack of Jerry Falwell's favorite soft drink. With a top that swung away in two sections and a latch, it seemed pretty sturdy (notice the past tense). That's right. It, too, blew up when it hit the road. Same shit: banana pudding, fragged chips, and the plum looked like someone had shot it.

When we got to the cheapo styrofoam box it did a little better than the fancy flip-top one. The plum didn't bleed, the banana was fine, and even about half the potato chips were bigger than a thumb nail. The sandwich was almost neat-looking. The box had had it, though. It shattered. Your lunch would be okay, but you'd have to carry it in yer shirt to get it to work.

The other flip-top plastic box then got its chance. One of the staffers was caught hiding behind a pole in anticipation of it doing what its counterpart had done — explode — but it didn't. The latch was stronger and so were the lid's pivots. It stayed closed and the lunch survived (that is, nothing got mixed and the cheese puffs stayed fresh).

Finally we came to the traditional — although made of plastic instead of steel — box. Only the kid's Hulk Hogan box did better. The sandwich was recognizable and the plum was in one piece. The potato chips were partially fragged, but by this time we'd come to expect that. Nothing was mixed — the staff would eat this one. Like the Hogan, the traditional box hadn't tumbled and in both cases their contents survived better for that.

For drill, we ran a pickup over the rebuilt steel lunch box with its lunch still inside. Everything got mixed and nobody could stomach looking at the remains. Funny thing, the potato chips didn't look any worse from being run over than they did from being dropped.

Following this difficult test session, we sat on the side of the road and ate what survived of the lunches. It had been a good day.

We'd learned that Hulk's box and the traditional lunch box were a little better than the good flip-top box. The fancier, double-flip-topper wasn't up to the rigors of the biker lifestyle, and the cheap styrofoam and metal kid's box were complete losers. We'd also learned that a truck's wheel remains the great equalizer. And, not least, we'd learned that potato chips have to be treated like your balls — you know, keep 'em protected an' outta sight until you're gonna use 'em.

There was one unanswered question, though: What about the cheese puffs? It seems that nothing really got to them. We wondered if anything would, or could, hurt 'em. Currently, we're conducting a separate test of the cheese puffs alone. Each staffer has been asked to eat a handful of them each day and to place the, er, residue in plastic bags and bring it into the office. We really want to know just how tough the puffs are. At the moment, however, we're sorta on hold because we haven't been able to find anybody willing to stir the shit and look for results. Also, after five days of accumulation, we can't get any of the staff to come into the office at all anymore. ■

READERS' RIDES

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.









Photos by Pete Chiodo



Bob Abrew, Hayward, California
1981 Harley-Davidson Sturgis

Bob Abrew is a salt-of-the-earth guy. The kind of bro who falls into good situations because he takes care of those around him, and his good deeds come back multiplied. He bought this bank-repoed Sturgis used, to the tune of 7000 miles. It ran decent enough at the time, but it was nicked up and the tanks were caved in.

He set out to get 'er picture-perfect by doing the painting (his stock in trade) with black Imron and blue pearl. Taking an '85 FXRS rear fender and seat, Bob customized them to fit his own ass, then last year he discarded the sissybar and buddy pegs to make it a solo ride. What the hell, since his ol' lady Rosie is due with their first baby, he ain't about to let her ride now. He also added a Centerline rear wheel and is running a Continental Blitz 16-incher back there.

He's got 20,000 on the engine, with only a ring job. Abrew runs with the 98-inch crowd and still keeps up, thanks to a carb modification by John Machesky at Gitmo Machine. Meanwhile, he's holding onto the passenger's setup for Rosie and their future biker-in-waiting for long rides through the Santa Cruz mountains.

Bob thanks his dad for his first ride.

—Saddlebag Sam

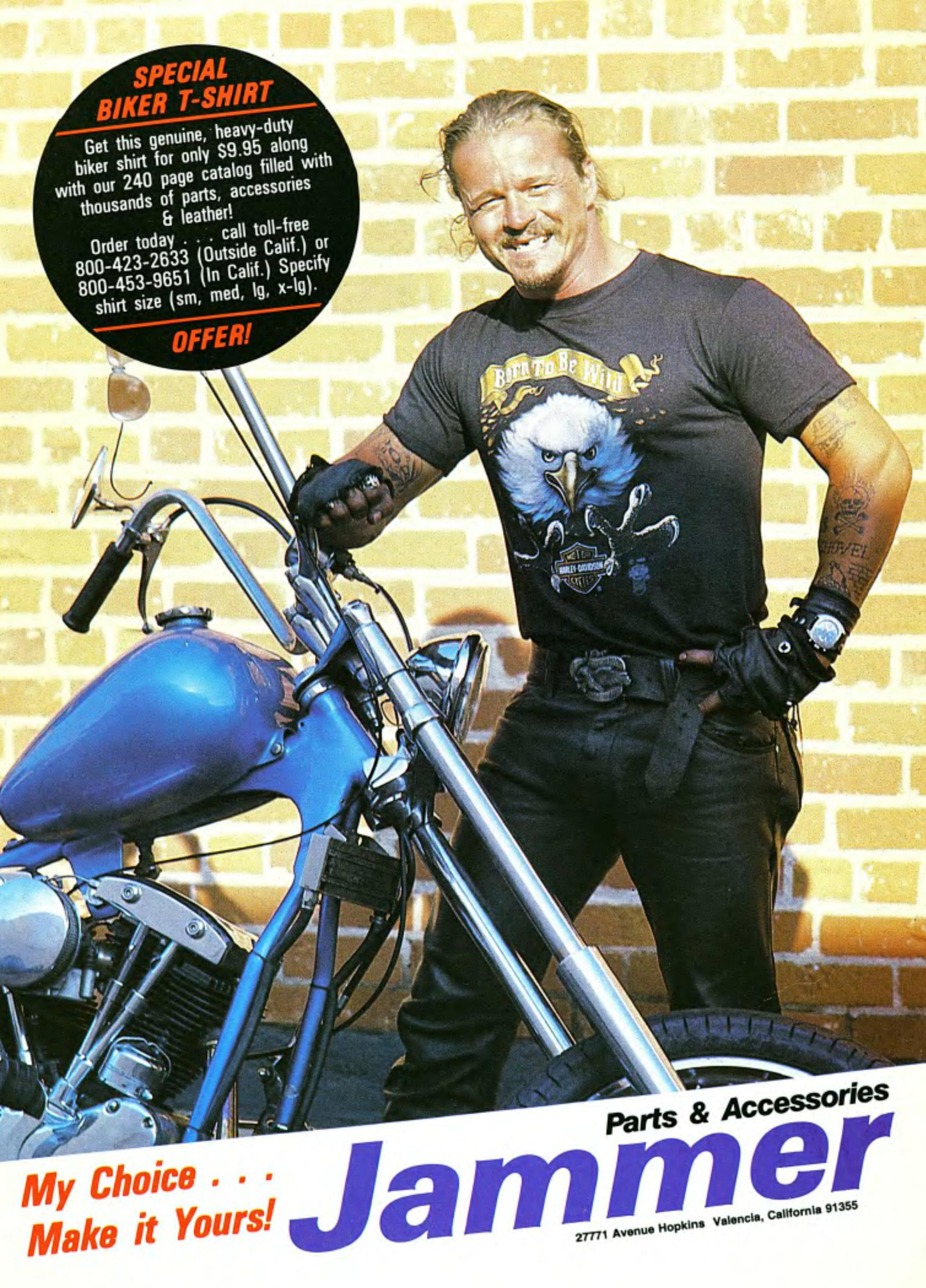

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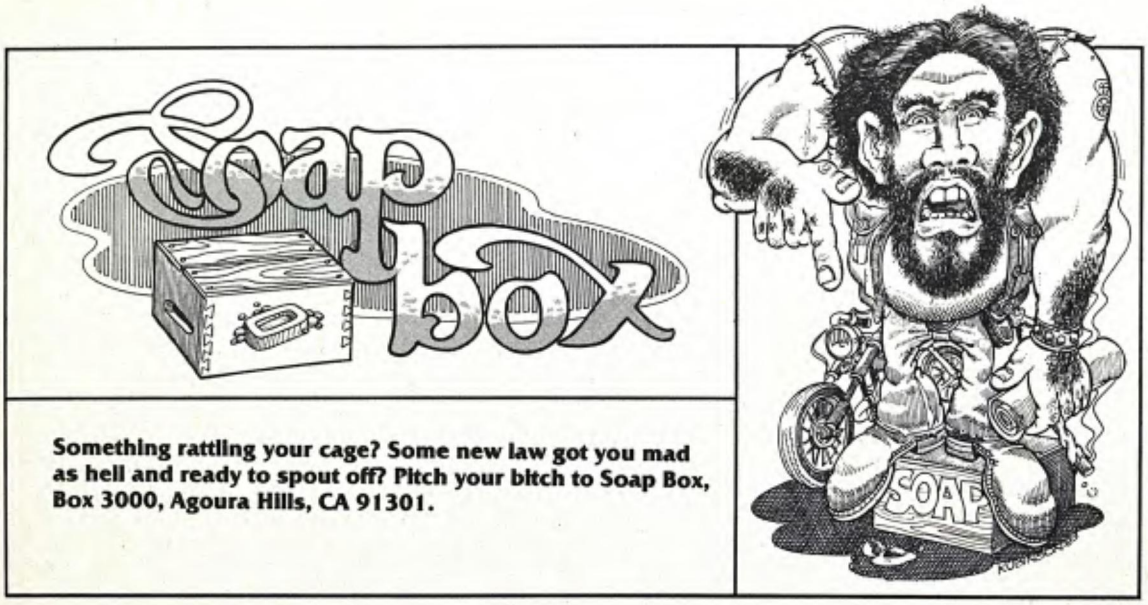





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Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Quick — Let's Put Them Outta Our Misery

By J.J. Solari

Now that the Soviets have contaminated the earth and made life even more precarious for normal countries, it behooves us (which means we should now seriously consider) to think about launching an attack against that country — "that country" being Russia, in case you've lost your place. Yes, an attack in which we get them before they get us. Because I think they've shown, by the complete lack of containment structures around their nuclear plants, that they really don't give a flying fuck about anything, including themselves.

Of course, there's no reason why they should care about themselves, since they want everything to die anyway. Their own Leninist principles emphasize that plainly enough. "Create chaos and death, through which we can take over, and then instigate those standard communist operating procedures through which we can kill ourselves, and the whole earth will then be dead — and we'll be happy because we'll be dead, too." This is in essence what Lenin was saying if anyone had just taken a moment to think — for just a quick second — about what the hell it was he was actually saying.

Now, we don't have to actually blow them all to smithereens without warning. We should first inform them of our intent. Something on the order of "We, the United States, are prepared to launch an air attack against you in an hour. After this attack, 100 West German panzer divisions, which have amassed at your western borders, will proceed forward — to establish control and vaporize all remaining resistance. We're prepared to do this in one hour. No, we've changed our minds. Five minutes. What do you say — give up? Oops, it's thirty seconds. . ." And this annoying phone call should be made to Gorbafuck, or whatever the hell his name is, personally.

I mean, let's face it. Now these people are a threat even if they *don't* launch a nuclear attack. I mean, they've already launched a nuclear attack and they didn't even mean to. They even did it in a kind of nice way: *So, like, you guys, we're going to just start dying gradually. No noise, no fire. What will happen is that we'll all just start to kind of, well. . .rot.* I mean, over and above their being conquering lunatics, they're irresponsible, incompetent assholes. I mean, shit, if they don't wipe us out intentionally, they're going to do it accidentally.

They gotta go, that's all there is to it. And maybe Somebody Up There feels the same way. After all, a lot more of it got them than it did us.

TWISTED PHRASES

By Ilichnya Hopkins

Since this is supposed to be the age of the "global village," we thought we'd help ya painlessly broaden your vocabulary while givin' ya something to do when you're dragged over to her mother's house for the afternoon. (Hey, don't mention it. We know you'll help us out one day, too.) Consequently, each expression listed below contains a slight twist.

Note the capitalized words. (That's right, nudnick, they're *foreign*!) These are the suckers you're supposed to find inside that mishmash of jumbled letters. They may read up, down, backward, diagonally, forward, or even overlap, but they definitely read in a straight line in some direction. When ya get stumped, run outta lead, or finish the damn thing, check your answers against the solution on page 113. And don't bother flipping us the *fugl* (Danish); we've seen it before.

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

---

1) He's only got one **EVEZO** (Hungarian) in the water.
2) I've got a **MFUPA** (Swahili) to pick with you.
3) Don't hold your **HENKI** (Finnish) waiting for it.
4) It's faster than a speeding **KUGEL** (German).
5) Might as well have your **KAKA** (Swedish) and eat it, too.
6) I'd walk a mile for a **VERBLYUT** (Russian).
7) Nobody can hold a **BOUGIE** (French) to you.
8) He's got **BIEGUNKA** (Polish) of the mouth.
9) Well, **OMULVA** (Czech) me!
10) Hey, it's your **POGZREB** (Polish).
11) You're **GINOCCHIO** (Italian) deep in shit, son.
12) It's always kept under **FECHADURA** (Portuguese) and key.
13) Better send for the **ET** (Turkish) wagon.
14) You're making a **YAMA** (Japanese) out of a molehill.
15) Iron bars do not a **GEFANGENIS** (Dutch) make.
16) She's on the **CHIFFON** (French) again.
17) Go jump in the **JEZERO** (Serbo-Croatian).
18) Stop, **TOLJAV** (Hungarian)!
19) Shake your **RABO** (Spanish) feathers, baby.
20) This dude's a real bad **HAHA** (Japanese).
21) He turned red as a **HUMMER** (Norwegian).

Biker's Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,500,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are availabe for $180. Or, for $300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only $25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

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Tell 'em you saw their name here.

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal



Bikers/Maz Harris: For reasons that shouldn't require much explaining, the outlaw biker, both as an individual and as a social phenomenon, is a topic that seems endlessly fascinating, especially to those who really don't know shit about it. That uninformed — or, more often, misinformed — group is, of course, made up primarily of straights, life-in-a-rut puds whose knee-jerk anti-bike attitude is made up in equal parts of repulsion, fear, and envy.

There's not a biker alive who hasn't experienced that narrow-minded and contradictory attitude first-hand, whether in the form of abusive, overreacting cops, hostile merchants, hard-dick rednecks, something-to-prove ex-jocks, or via any of a dozen (hell, I dunno, maybe a hundred) other shit-for-brains types. These smug pinheads are handed their unexamined beliefs, their moronic ideas of right and wrong, straight from the pulpit and the press, all pre-cooked and boxed like a pizza delivered by the local scarf 'n' barf.

I've lost count of the books and articles I've read that attempted to "explain" the biker movement. These "explanations" are almost invariably unfavorable: bikers are violent misfits who run in a pack, like cowardly dogs, preying on the weak and innocent; bikers are miserable losers in the game of life who must find their niche among other outcasts; bikers are closet queers who disguise the fact behind a macho facade; and so forth.

Whatever the "explanation," it invariably sanctions and approves the ordinary life of the straight citizen, the guy next door. This only makes sense, since it's Casper Candyass who thrills to the distorted newspaper accounts of biker run-ins with the law and who gobbles up the bullshit stereotypes on television and in the movies. Saddled with his warthog wife, browbeaten by his dickless boss, sneered at by his own kids, and chipping away at a mortgage he'll never live to see paid off, he can take pitiful smug comfort in the belief that it's the biker, not him, who's the real loser.

Any new publication attempting to explain how the biker phenomenon came about and what makes outlaws tick is likely to cater to those sterotyped expectations generated and nourished by sensationalism in books, TV, and the movies. Books and articles almost invariably present the one-percenter as a rat-pack psycho with a death wish — the kinda guy who can barely take time out from a heavy schedule of drug-gobblin' and baby-rapin' long enough to squeeze in a few miles of ridin' his murder-cycle. Television and movies usually depict bikers as chickenshit bullies who terrorize the weak and helpless until Chuck Norris or the like steps in to dispense a little blazing kung-fu justice.

That being the case, we should probably all be grateful for any book that offers a positive look at scooter tramps, even if — as in the case of **Bikers** — some of the explanations seem a mite far-fetched. Subtitled "Birth of a Modern-Day Outlaw," the book was written by Maz Harris, an author with promising credentials: 20 years a devoted rider, a Hells Angel (British), and possessed of a genuine love for the subject.

The book's opening chapter is less mired in academic dissection than some subsequent chapters and is thus more down-to-earth than later sections, which attempt a sociological analysis of how the outlaw biker emerged after the end of World War II. This first chapter, though relatively short, contains some well-written and obviously heartfelt passages devoted to the unique joy of riding and to the special brotherhood of men who passionately dedicate their lives to the pursuit of that joy.

In this opening chapter, Harris promises not to cater to the uninformed reader looking for lurid tales of sweaty sex and wanton face-breaking. Refreshingly, he lives up to his word throughout, concentrating primarily on his own personal experiences and the significant events that, in his opinion, have influenced bikers and the way society views them.

It should be underscored that Harris's point of view is British. That is, the experiences he recounts are those of a guy growing up in England who becomes involved in a native American culture, outlaw biking. The importance of this is that the book's narrative tends to fall into two rough categories — Harris's first-hand experiences and his analysis of the social phenomenon of biking. I have no argument with his frequently vivid accounts of British-style outlaw puttin', nor with his conclusions about the formative influences in the evolution of English bikers.

When it comes to America and the American biker, however, Harris is on less secure ground. To give you an idea of what I mean, let me quote a fairly lengthy paragraph in its entirety: *The outlaw bike culture was born at the end of the Second World War. It grew in the rundown quarters of Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco, and the many grey urban sprawls dotted along the Pacific Coast. California's golden dream did not reach far into the ghetto. Life there had progressively worsened during the immediate post-war years. Thousands of rural*

workers, weary of decades of trying to scratch a living from unproductive land, flocked to the towns in search of a piece of America's massive industrial expansion. The already seething masses of human misery was swollen to unbearable proportions by this influx. They constituted a massive new work force to be ruthlessly exploited in factories and sweatshops. They were shunned by the more experienced and better organized section of the urban labour force and forced to live in conditions far worse than those of their sharecropping Okie cousins. Families were split up and traditional ties of mutual support and dependence severed. In this melting pot of humanity, each man competed against his neighbour to earn a living and to better himself.

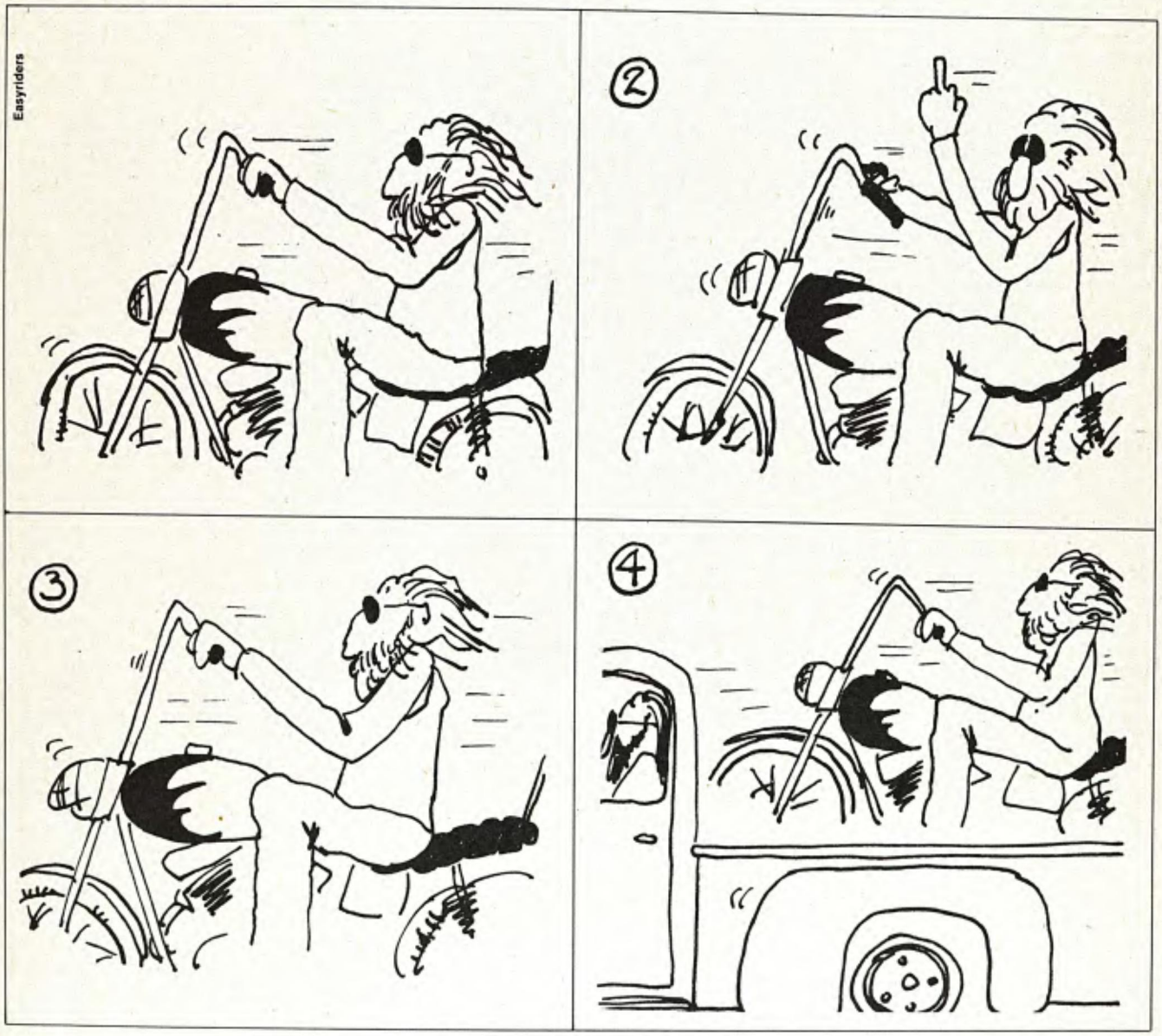
To anyone familiar with the history of post-war America, such an analysis has to seem pretty bizarre. Harris's research into the subject doubtless drew upon British social and economic studies of the United States, and to that extent he can be forgiven if his depiction of America after V-J Day sounds like a cross between *Oliver Twist* and *The Grapes of Wrath.*

A substantial portion of the book is devoted to photos — everything from stills from movies like "The Wild One" and "Easy Rider," to vintage shots of British enthusiasts, to gnarly snaps of contemporary scooter tramps partyin' hearty. If nothing else, the photo section provides some interesting contrasts between American and British styles of biker garb — our Limey cousins seem to go in for cutoffs laden with chrome studs, for example, and some of them make the American version look conservative by comparison.

If you're interested in a bona fide British biker's personal look at outlaws, pick up a copy of **Bikers**. The text is articulate and readable, and Harris comes across as a sincere, dedicated scooter tramp. The bio on the back cover says the author is now doing research for his PhD in "motorcycle culture."

Before he gets his doctor's cap, gown, and cutoff, though, I'd suggest he take another look at the movie "Easy Rider." Harris has this to say about George Hanson, the lawyer memorably played by Jack Nicholson: "George packs behind Fonda, looking incongruous beside the bikers in his white suit and gold baseball helmet, still clutching a bottle of bourbon."

Okay, students, what's wrong with that sentence?■



Choppershopper

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Not another kick in the ass, but a great buy on 100% leather, national brand boots. Nine in., lace tight for extra comfort and support when you need it. I've shopped for years and found none better, just more expensive. Great value for the money. Sizes 9-13 (A-D), $69.95 parcel-post delivery (UPS, add $3). Lord Jim, The White House, 7 S. Herbert St., Harrisburg, IL 62946. (160)

Easyriders issues for sale or trade. Vol. 2, numbers 2, 4, and 5; Vol. 3, numbers 3, 12, 35, 28, and 19. Will buy numbers 23 and 24 (or centerfold). Lucky, Box 2814, Olympia, WA 98507. (160)

Mojo: You looking for a red BMW? If so, write to me. I'm alone and waiting. Boing, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (161)

Louie Da Lip: Where are you? Contact me, please! Mom moved; last letter returned. Please try again. Your "Jersey Girl" Jones, 405 W. Alameda Ave. Apt. M, Burbank, CA 91506. (160)

Cadillac: Just wanna let ya know that I was all wrong for letting those three rednecks, Danny, Mae, and Roger, come between us. I have those papers for ya. Turtle. (160)

Biker BBQ sauce, made with white port wine. It's outrageous. For recipe, send $2 to BBQ Sauce, Box 1811, Camp Verde, AZ 86322. (160)

Richard McClure: Where are you? Shoot me a kite. Tinki. (160)

Egyptian: I heat up, I can't cool down. You got me spinnin' round and round. Round and round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows. Abra-abra-cadabra. I want to reach out and grab ya. Thor. (160)

Desiree: I am back in Denver. Call Sam at 303-671-5455. (160)

Ron Hale: Happy birthday, scooter tramp. Hope you're enjoying roaming the countryside. You're not getting older, just fuckin' better. Hardcore misses you. Ride easy. Bullet. (160)

"Warning, Beware of Biker." Got bill collectors or Jesus freaks fucking with you? Here's something you can tack on your door to tell those jerks to beat it. Send $2 to Biker, Box 1811, Camp Verde, AZ 86322. (160)

For sale: *Easyriders*, *In The Wind*, etc. Most editions since 1972. No partial sales. Would prefer buyer pick up. No reasonable offer refused. Nick Nagy, 36848 Huron River Dr., New Boston, MI 48164. (160)

Did you see Halley's Comet? Display this once-in-a-lifetime event on your colors, leather, or rag. We'll place the location you viewed the comet on a personalized, full-color patch for you. Just write where you saw it, the date, and send $6 to Stoner, 1744 W. Devon #102, Chicago, IL 60660. (160)

Terry: Even after all this time, I still remember. Hope things are as you want. Koolaid. (160)

Easyriders hard-to-find issues, buy, sell or swap. Complete your collection. Call Mike 414-464-6620. (161)

Unique book catalog. Over 500 titles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $1, credited to first order, to Kelsey, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (161)

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)

Gypsy Bo: B---k forgot your numbers; contact me. Saw your kite January; your number changed. Could be I found my lady. Maybe L., 4702 Edmonston Rd., Hyattsville, MD 20781. Midnight Baron J-493 1C. (160)

Notice: Tragic accident April 17, 1986. Two Wheeler's Tavern, Subic City, Philippines, burned down. Everything inside was lost. All girls are okay. We moved down the street two blocks, on the right. It's not as big, but it's all we've got. (160)

"Pit Bull on Duty." Decals, five styles, pit bull T-shirts, and other pit goodies. Private breeder; pups, studs, training. T.A.'s, Box 271235, Dallas, TX 75227. Also, house mouse wanted. (160)

Debbie Walter: Your long brown hair and sparklin' eyes have set my heart and soul on fire and together we will ride the winds. 1987 is almost here and I will be there awaiting you, staying strong, loving you. Raven. (160)

Harley-Davidson frames for sale: One Big Twin straight-leg rigid, $550; one 45 Servi-car, $650; and one 45 Solo, $325. All are stock original. Send $1 and SASE for picture and detailed information. Steve W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (160)

Scooter tramps: You broke dicks will love this homemade BBQer. Costs nothing to build and you'll never have to buy charcoal again. Send $2 to Scooter Tramp, Box 1811, Camp Verde, AZ 86322. (160)

Tattooing needles: 500, $14.50; 17 different inks $18.95; 360 designs, $10.95. List of other bargains, $2. Steele, Box 242-V, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (160)

A step-by-step guide to tattooing, by Madman Kelly. Over 40 pages of methods, formulations, set-ups, and equipment. Send $10 to D. Kelly, Box 10005, Tahoe Valley, CA 95731. (179)

Lurch for Lunch Bunch: Call home, J.M. Stuart. Gordon, Long Beach. (160)

Va. Rabbitt: Happy birthday and happy anniversary, 10/25/86. There's not a better Ace in the deck. From the Hearts you hold, Rabbittress, Jaime, and Josiah. (160)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title of "Reverend." Send $10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

100 American and foreign gals' names, addresses and interests, $5. Photos of our amateur models available now. Send SASE to Friends N' Lovers, Inc., Box 9096, Morristown, NJ 07960. (160)

Wholesale sales reps wanted to sell licensed David Mann T-shirts to motorcycle dealerships and retailers. Call Bob, 805-498-4560. (164)

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.

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)

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)

Free samples phone fuck. Gigi/Heather, 18 — sounds younger. Toll: 50¢ first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. 1-900-410-4444. (160)

"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)

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)

Jimmy B.: Where are you? C.J. wants to hear from you soon. Stephen Letto 10226-068, Pembroke Station (Unit 6-I), Danbury, CT 06810. (160)

Hey, Crazy Ernie: Your house mouse hasn't forgotten you, and she's still in lockdown. I hope you're fine, 'cause I love ya. Robyn. (160)

Daniel "Indian" Stacey: Little Queen needs to hear from you as soon as possible. Please contact, very important. 301-733-4436. (160)

Looking for the Iron Eagle from N.H. who slept in my tent at the Am-Jam in Gansevoort, N.Y., June 6-8. You had the red & white Harley. It was beautiful and so were you! I'd like to see you when we aren't fucked up, so if you're free, please give me a call or drop me a line. Connie, R.D. #2 Box 217, Worcester, NY 12197. 607-397-8438. (160G)

Muffey: I know you remember Daytona Beach. I wanted you, and everyone else who met us there, to know that Keith "Doeboy" Faulkner has gone to biker heaven. Get in touch with us. Honda Joe & P.B., Box 493, Starke, FL 32091-0493.

Elaine Ross of NW Idaho: You wrote to me and I wrote back, but my letter was returned for improper address. Please contact me again. You truly look fine. Dillon. (160G)

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.

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. Wanted: Lovely, shapely, full-figured, affectionate, uninhibited, friendly, well-built American house mouse to come to Australia. All relocation expenses paid. I'm single, 155 lbs., 5'10", youngish looking, 30s, self-employed, luxury home, can afford the best. Great opportunity for nice, genuine, attractive girl. Please reply quickly with photograph, telephone number, address. The Box Holder, Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. Please, genuine ladies only.(164)

Women: Harvard-Davidson international rider looking for a woman who knows how to appreciate a man who can provide absolutely everything and anything. Might import the right one to the U.S.A. P. Wesley, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (160)

SoCal biker seeks petite, young, attractive female. I am 29, good-looking, hard-working, live on the beach, into traveling and fun. Pix for pix. 213-540-6001, 9:30 a.m. - 7:00 p.m. No collect calls. Marcus Thrasher, 2320 Artesia Blvd., Redondo Beach, CA 90278. (160)

Man, 33 and lonely, would like to hear from a lady, any age or nationality, to share a few kind words with. In prison, but have home. I get out in '88. Johnny Ward 30213, Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652. (160)

W/m, 25, 6'1", 185 lbs., with lots of brown hair and too many tattoos. Get out 7/88 and have no place to go. Send letters and photos to John Birch 16593, Box 14, Unit 10, Boise, ID 83707. (160)

Dirty white boy, 34, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, needs dirty white girls. In need of letters, especially flicks. David W. Rall, P3224, Box K, Dallas, PA 18612. (160)

W/m, Leo, 5'9", blond over blue, getting out 1/87, is looking for letters from foxy ladies, 18-35, for friendship and possible commitment to right one. Your photo gets mine; will answer all. Charles Prophitt, Rt. 1 Box 170, Fortson, GA 31808. (161)

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

W/m, 27, 6'2", will be released 2/87. Seeking ladies, 21-50, race unimportant. Anthony Gephart 161553, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. (160)

W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, moustache, would like to hear from sincere, good-humored ladies. Tony Davis, C25049 (#3291), Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

Girls: Sincere white inmate, 24, 6'2", 190 lbs., body builder, needs friendship. Your pix get mine. Dwayne Jervis 128512, 5900 B.I.S. Rd., Lancaster, OH 43130. (160)

Women: Write to Paul "The Silhouette" Roberts 105605, 1453 15th St., 6W13 WTF-N, Camp Beauregard, Pineville, LA 71360. (160)

Young man wants females, true blondes and redheads, to correspond with. Downed white boy, blond, 27, 5'10". Jim Evans 171847, 2400 S. Sheridan Dr., Muskegon, MI 49442. (160)

If you're a young, pretty girl, into tattoos and getting more, I'm looking for you. Call if you like to travel and enjoy the good life. If no answer, keep trying — I travel quite a bit. Collect okay. 718-803-0222. (160)

Ladies: Let me fill your life with love and tenderness. Want serious relationship. Write to Randy "KC," 16 Stillforest, Houston, TX 77024. (160)

W/m, warm, sincere, and honest, seeks correspondence and possible relationship. No games wanted, none given. Only serious need reply. Pix will get pix. Dale Crapo, C-02468, Tracy, CA 95376.

Harley rider, 37, downed for life, shaved head, beard, tattoos — handsome, eh? — weight lifter, with good heart, seeks sincere SoCal woman to visit and love. Guy Williams, C-35148, Box 1902, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (160)

Outlaw for sale. Hurry while there is still some left. Send pictures. Greg McGuire 85A1441, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (160)

Downed w/m, 36, 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, out in '87. Looking for sincere ladies, 30 and over, for permanent relationship. No head games. Ken Kiney, B51131, Room 4232, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (160)

Attention, all righteous women: Two brothers who have been down for 12 years seek women who will make this time a little easier to do. Must be easy on the eyes. If you think you qualify, send photo and letter to Robert Gardella 75A1906 (Viet vet, age 37), or Michael Gardella 75B0978 (age 29). Drawer B, Stormville, NY 12528. (160)

Ladies: W/m, 30, 6'4", doin' ten more, looking for hot sluts, nymphos, et al, into porno mail and flicks. Will answer all with photo first. R. "Bear" Rotta, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963-0351. (160)

W/m, 30, locked down, looking for righteous lady. Send photo with letter. Gary K. Griffin 52470, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232. (160)

Everyone's been hurt, everyone's been fooled. There are those who build walls, and those who keep an open heart. Love, feeling, caring, and intimacy aren't bad words. Lonely Harley rider, 29, is still searching for an affectionate woman who feels the same and won't play mind games. Where are ya, babe? I need you desperately. The California Ghost Rider, 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (162)

Wanted: Men. Do you fit the above qualification? If so, write; small brunette, Jeannine Clark 156074, or shapely, full-figured Joann Ryzyk 167082. 8110 Whitelake Rd., Clarkston, MI 48016.

Short, cuddly, warm w/f, 37, 4'6", 118 lbs., seeks lone eagle, 37-45, to ride, drink, love, and rock with. No prisoners, no drugs, no non-bathers. Caryn, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Alchemist, 36, seeks mate/partner. Free soon. W. "Doc" Cashe, Box 220-144641, Stringtown, OK 74569. (160)

W/m, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for sincere gal without any head games. Possible lasting relationship. Will answer all. Please send photo and I'll send one. Rocky Bruno 82A4789, Box 500, Elmira, NY 14902. (160)

Good-looking w/m, 42, 5'11", 185 lbs., seeks correspondence and possible relationship with slim, compassionate lady, 18-42. Reply with photo. D.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (160)

Being held hostage by hostile hillbillies. Need some sincere, caring ladies to secure our freedom. Photos appreciated. John Watson 170548, and Steve Apostoledes 153567. Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (160)

Single southern white woman, no kids, 150 lbs., 5'5", strawberry-blonde hair, freckles scattered about, fun-loving, and easygoing. Wants single, white, responsible, laid-back, biker man of his own character for weekend bike and camping trips, fun, and riding. Arizona territory, no prisoners. Send number and photo to Harley Heart, Box 56204, Phoenix, AZ 85079. (160)

To all white prisoners: If you want your name and number put on a free mailing list to women, please send us your age, height, weight, and color of eyes and hair. Prisoners Are People, Box 91, Pendleton, IN 46064. (160)

Serious-minded w/m, 25, into fine qualities. Age is unimportant, hearts are. One-man woman, pictures a must (revealing less preferred). All answered. Michael Krause 179042, MCIH, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.(160)

W/m, 42, with full beard, looking for a classy lass, 18-40, who likes Mother Earth living, home crafts, puttin', and lovin' — but not necessarily in that order. Let's get acquainted; all letters answered. Ronald Tatro, D16367-26/92, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760. (160)

Oriental girls seeking friendship, marriage! Photos, details, $1. Transcor-Z, Box 2321, Manila, Philippines 2801.

Downed bro, doing 15, too long to be alone. Need letters and flicks from interested ladies who can help keep my head solid and free. Let's ride in our minds for now. Tim McCarty 388431, Box 32, Huntsville, TX 77348. (160)

Female Harley rider moving to Wichita Falls, Texas, sometime this fall. Would like to get to know some righteous bikers from the area, for friendship and biking fun. Will answer all, except for jailbirds. Harlet, Box 752, Frederick, OK 73542.

Serious-minded, affectionate, lovable, energetic, and intelligent male individual wants to correspond with the same type of woman. I'm 5'6", 150 lbs., nicely trim and sexy, a kinky Virgo, born Aug. 29, 1960. If you can handle all that, write E.H., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (160)

Help! Downed, sincere w/m, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., blondish-brown hair, blue eyes, freedom in '87. Desires that special lady partner with heart, to build a solid relationship. Western New York area preferred, but not a necessity. Barry "Badger" Heisner, c/o 6833 Sy Rd., Niagara Falls, NY 14304.

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.

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (160)

Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship and marriage. Details, photos free. Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (160)

Free: World's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men, needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (160)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends. Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 90212. (160)

Solid ol' lady wanted by a good-looking and well-built carpenter (w/m, 30). If you're pretty, 22-40, love scooters, and want a good man, write. I'm temporarily down, but will be home soon. Sandy N. Addison, Box 3535-C-83000, Norco, CA 91760. (160)

W/m, 30, 6'6", 185 lbs., convict, looking for mature woman. Age and looks don't matter, it's what's in your heart. Got lots of love to give? I want it. Jeff McGann 052263, Fla. State Prison N2512, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.(160)

Lonely w/m, 31, 6'1", 180 lbs., desires letters from lady, 25-35. Looking for long relationship. Photo with first letter, please. David Ferris, C3287, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91720. (160)

Young German, 24, looking for an American or Aussie country or farm girl. She should be marriage- and family-minded. Are you interested? Please write to Pete Schneider, PLK. Nr. 030978 C, 6200 Wiesbaden, W. Germany. (160)

Honest lady, 26, one child, looking for an honest man. No game players, liars, or inmates. Write B. Zeitz, 411 1st N. Ex. #2, Nampa, ID 83651. (160)

Downed white boy, 38, and lookin' good. Looking for good-looking lady, 20-30, who can take care of biz and knows what respect is about. Sneaks and reptiles need not write. Include photo. I need a good lady for a change, I've had the rest. Kiss off, "Patsy Lee." Write Terry Hamilton, c/o Gene White, 1200 Veal St., Martinez, CA 94553. Mailing address only. (160)

Lady wanted: I'm 37, looking to meet someone who is open-minded and looking for a good relationship. Eddie Henneberry 65161, Lock Bag R, Rahway, NJ 07065. (160)

Wanted: Intelligent, attractive, submissive, big-busted young woman for a lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (161)

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 **Mark "Doc Flash" Brookes,** 5/9/86. Ride with the wind, my son. You served your country well, you lived for the run, ride with the wind, my son. You'll be missed by all the bros. Save the biggest Harley for me. Your bro Dave.

In loving memory of **Angie "Tagealong" Hayes**, ol' lady, lover, my everything, taken from me 5/3/86. Knowing how you loved the wind in your face, here's hoping that you will always have it. Love you always. Johnny, R.M.

In memory of **Keith "Doeboy" Faulkner,** 9/26/58-5/13/86, who rode hard and died free. He had a good buzz going, was very satisfied, and never felt a thing. We love ya, brother. Honda Joe and P.B., Speedy and T.T.

In loving memory of **Danny "Boone" Lemens**, 4/23/86, stolen from us by an old man in a cage. We will meet again. Sadly missed by big brother Bill, sister Alice, brother Brian, and friends in Sedalia, Missouri.

In loving memory of **Douglas "Doug" Fernandes,** 5/16/86, who loved to ride and live so free. You flew too soon, freebird. Ride on in the wind, babe, as you will in our hearts. We love you and miss you very much. Catch you in the breeze. Me and all your bros and sisters around Hayward, California.

In memory of **Tom "The Troll" Clifford,** 3/13/86, who partied hearty to the very end. Ride free in Harley Heaven. We all miss you and the laughter we shared. Sandy, Barb, Trash, Fred, Whitey, and all your friends from "The Dill," Ft. St. John, British Columbia.

In memory of **Frank Gullickson**, 11/17/53-5/27/86, dead at 32. You left too soon, the party isn't over, you big dink. Adios, amigo. Pete.

In loving memory of **Larry "D.R." Rohrer,** 12/11/83. You gave me friendship, cuddles, and most of all, a woman's greatest joy, to love and be loved. Miss you, always and forever. Suz, Welander, Zeke, and Don-Don.

In memory of **Joe Tom Hays,** 1/4/84, a free-spirited bro gone at the age of 23. I miss you, little bro, and I'll never forget the times we shared. Ride free. Your thoughts are always here. Bonnie, and Joe Carter.

In memory of **Richie**, Pagan 1%er, 11/25/85. Peanut and the AC Chapter, Pagan Nation 1%ers.

In memory of **Thomas J. "Harley" Reeves**, 4/27/86, who will never be forgotten in our hearts and our brotherly spirit. A true biker, the best. God bless you. Your fellow workers and the rest who cared, Winchester, Indiana.

In loving memory of **Michael A. "Scooter Mike" Gross.** Your daughters Rhiannon and DeAnna know their daddy is in heaven, working on God's Harleys. God bless you, Michael. Victor and Sherri, Lancaster, California.

In memory of **Reid Young.** We had hoped to see you and "Sweet Pig" ride the Valley again. You will be remembered. Magnetos of Skagit Valley.

In memory of **Kenny "Julio" Seaman**, who died in the wind 4/24/86. We'll ride together again sometime. Your brothers by choice in Indy miss you.

In fond memory of **Ron "Jap" Davies** and his wife **Karen**, 11/15/85. May you find peace together now. P.O., West Chicago.

In memory of **Norman "Storming" Burley**, 5/11/86, who couldn't have left any happier. We love ya; ride fast and free. Bren, Chick, and all your bros and sisters in southern Illinois.

In memory of **Sam J. Kenyon**, 9/27/11-5/29/85. Your ride with the Victor McLaglen Motor Corps will always be remembered with the pictures of your bros and all of your pans. See you in Harley Heaven, Dad. I love and miss you very much. Love always, your little girl, Janice.

In memory of **Kevin Richardson,** shot at a coming home party from the Army. The guys of D Company and the bros you rode with will never forget your humor and caring. Take it easy, man. Jenks.

In memory of **Robert "Ram Jam" Ramsey** of Ohio, taken out by a .22 in '85, who lived life in the fast lane. A true brother in the wind, you'll never be forgotten. We will meet you in Harley Heaven. Tuffy and Guppy.

In memory of **Ira J. "R" Hayes**, who left so suddenly and too young, 4/24/86. We had the best of times, bro. When you left you took a part of us with you. Ride free. Your bros E.B., Slink, and Johnny.

In memory of **James "Jim" Stauber**, 5/31/62-7/4/85. You left us all too soon, but the memories and your love will be cherished forever in our hearts. Your ol' lady Tina, and brats Jeff, Jolene, and Nicholas, plus everyone else here in Clearwater, British Columbia.

In loving memory of **Paul Newsome, Sr.**, 5/7/86, called away from us too soon. It was great to see all those Harleys that led your funeral, but a sad reminder of what we'd lost, as well. We'll keep things going, but it won't be the same without you. Paul Newsome II and family, H-D of Goldsboro, North Carolina.

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.

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

Blond-haired, blue-eyed devil, 23, from California, down since '79, returning to the fast lane soon. Want to hear from sincere honeys who have open mind and know how to live life the way it's meant to be lived. Steve Castleman 39375-066, Box 1000, Petersburg, VA 23804.

W/m, 33, 5'7", out in June '87, still trying to find one special lady who's mature, open-minded, and serious about a permanent relationship. Kids okay; photos appreciated. Jay-Jay Stone 25997, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Very lonely w/m, 25, 5'7", 165 lbs., dirty blond hair, green eyes, have done 3, due out in year. Need a few letters from an honest, upright ol' lady; will trade pictures. Danny Quillen 11261-25, Box 215, Maury, NC 28554.

Outdoorsman/blue-water sailor/biker, 36, 6'2", 200 lbs., sincere, huggable, and affectionate. Open to new experiences with ladies, for future endeavors and lifestyles. Let's make a dream reality. Ron Plotnick, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 27, 5'10", 170 lbs., needs to hear from young lady. Been down 9½ years, hope you can tell me something about the world they call freedom. Richard Hontoria, Box AG, Fallsburg, NY 12733.

Sled tramp, 30, down in Missouri for 4. Need letters from some crazy ladies. All will be answered. Charles Pilkinton 30559, Box 7 (3-B-767), Moberly, MO 65270.

Lonely bro looking to write to ladies. James D. Forde 18980, Hospital Drive North #23, Orofino, ID 83544.

W/m, mid-30s, in need of foxy females for friendship and future fun. I'm sincere and will answer all. Send photos! Danny Hamilton 86C26, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458-0338.

W/m, 28, 5'11", 220 lbs., brown eyes, hair and moustache, loves cruising and living the good life. Will answer all who include picture. Bill Caton 162-831, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Mild-mannered madman, 27, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, kinky, crazy, and gettin' out soon. Need letters from serious-minded ladies. Rick Williams, Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652.

Lonely w/m, 24, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for a special lady, 20-35, to help me through. Shelby Tydings 078916, Hendry Corr. Inst. MB#453, Rt. 2 Box 13-A, Immokalee, FL 33934.

Lonely Texan (California-raised), 31, 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, with 2 years left, seeks long-term correspondence and possible long-lasting relationship. Will answer all. Billy Woolverton 16986, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 25, serving two lifes, plus 114, needs mail from someone willing to help in any way they can. William Edwards 103803, Camp-D Falcon-3, Angola, LA 70712.

W/m, 27, blond hair, blue eyes, seeks adventurous, kinky women to write who'll visit if in the area. Looks unimportant. Aaron Hill 36686, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502.

Lonely, deaf w/m, 27, 5'7", 145 lbs., lots of tattoos, would love to hear from females of any age. Send photos; will answer all. Kevin Trivette 88553, Turney Center, Rt. 1, Only, TN 37140.

W/m, 19, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown eyes, red hair, been down 1, have 3 to go. Looking for a righteous lady who can understand; want a relationship that grows. If you're between 18-30 and a prospect for marriage, write. Rob Fairbrother 134389, 42 Jarvis St., Cheshire, CT 06410.

Bro, 5'5", 170 lbs., well-developed body, needs females, any age, shape or size. Will answer all. Photos aren't a must, but if sent, will get one of me. Eddie J. Griffin 264-37-8546, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, KS 66027-7140.

W/m, 25, 6'2", 240 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, beard, looking for a woman who can relate to life in its fullest and doesn't look at its downside all the time; one who's mature enough to handle our relationship. Want letters, flicks, and visits, if possible. Michael McGregor 047380, MECC 3A-30, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069.

Italian outlaw, currently in the Hotel California, wants to hear from females, so pick up your Bic and send me a flick. I'll do the same. I'm gettin' short, so don't delay. Jeff Steele, C-67710, CMC-W 8 #19, Box 8103, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403.

Lonely w/m, 27, 6'1", 190 lbs., long brown hair and green eyes, here till '90, needs lady to write to and swap pix with. I'm in good shape and love to exercise in all forms. Will answer all. Greg Nuessen 32283, Box 1568 (B/1-225), Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

COVER MODELS

By Gordon Schindler

Back in the twenties and thirties, motorcycles made the covers of magazines with regularity. These illustrations featured strange and wonderful designs, some wildly futuristic, doomed to get no further than the covers of the magazines which brought them briefly to life.

Perhaps the most interesting is pictured in Fig. 1. A 1931 development from Italy, the actual motorcycle can be seen in Fig. 2. Two small wheels, driven by a caterpillar tread, were substituted for the regular rear wheel and could be angled up or down to accommodate the terrain.

While the design was developed for the Italian army as a means of facilitating travel over undeveloped ground, it was predicted by *Popular Science* that the design might ". . .prove to be a useful aid to campers, surveyors, and others whose work or recreation takes them off the beaten path and over rough country." Their February 1931 cover was designed around that premise.

A similar arrangement was tested by the British War Office in 1929. Reporting on the experience, *Modern Mechanix & Inventions* said, "Two smaller wheels are substituted for the regular rear wheel of the motorcycle, and they run on caterpillar tractors. The third wheel is mounted on a flexible axle and swings up or down according to the nature of the country encountered." This made for better traveling in general, the article stated, and enabled the machine "to plow through mud and over obstructions which would stop an ordinary machine."

The June 1936 cover of *Popular Science* offered an even more "useful aid" for the camper (see Fig. 3). "In no sense a mere adaptation of existing auto-drawn units, the teardrop-shaped conveyance is designed from the ground up to suit the needs of the cycle enthusiast who would taste the pleasures of life along the open road," said the magazine. Now check out Fig. 4, which illustrates the "junior-size home on wheels in actual use. A full-size double-bed occupies the interior. . .a portion of the body swings upward to reveal a commodious pantry and a gasoline range for cooking." While it was



Figure 1

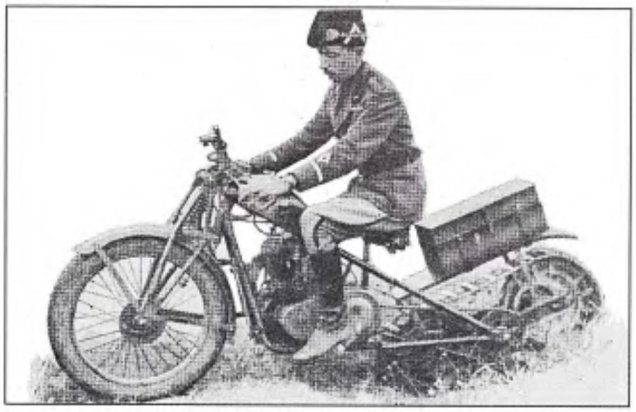


Figure 2

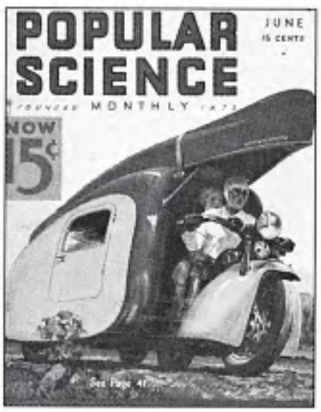


Figure 3

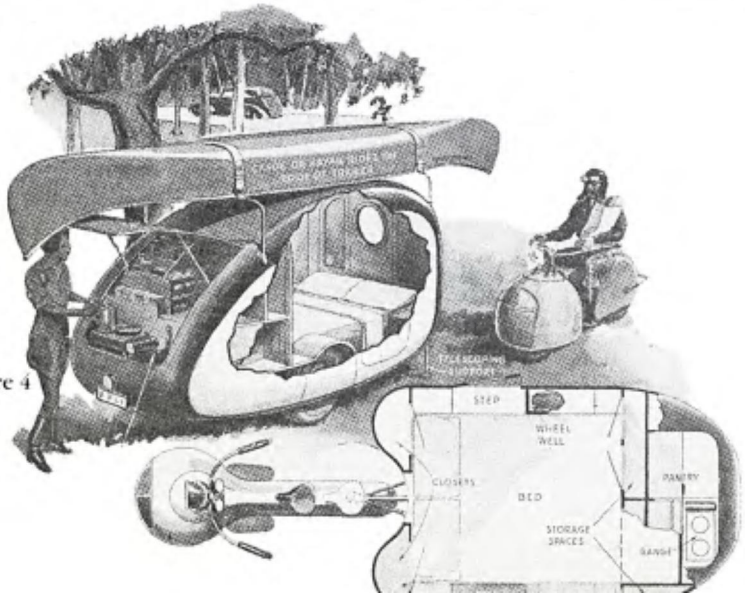


Figure 4



Figure 5

COVER MODELS *continued*

designed for a motorcycle with tandem seats "and with sheathing styled to enhance the streamlined contour of the composite article," it was reported that the trailer could be adapted to any cycle "equipped with a suitable fitting."

That same month, *Modern Mechanix & Inventions* featured a highly unique racing cycle for those more interested in picking up the pace rather than in leisurely touring (see Fig. 5). "Mounted on spherical wheels of moderate pressure, a recently designed super motorcycle, powered by twin motors, is expected to shatter all existing speed records for land vehicles," the magazine reported. "Speeds of more than 300 miles per hour will be reached without difficulty, its designer believes."

Fig. 6 provides a cutaway view of the cycle, about which the magazine stated, "The driver is encased in a partially faired-in cabin and is securely strapped down in his seat. . .Steering is effected in the customary manner. Two separate power plants are employed, one on each side of the powerful rigid chassis. The drive is carried to the rear globular wheel by means of conventional shafts and gearing.

"The peculiar wheels, apart from providing greater traction and serving as shock absorbers (as well as springs), are expected to add to the streamline possibilities and the stability of the machine."

The gas tank was built into the head fairing and the engines appear to have been four-cylinder, air-cooled, in-line affairs. No other engine data was supplied.

Even earlier examples of motorcycles as cover and feature subjects exist, however. As early as March 1924 (see Fig. 7), *Popular Science* sought to serve their readers with data about upcoming improvements in the field of two-wheel travel. "Recent developments in the design of motorcycles," the cover article began, "indicate that the problem of protecting riders from wind, rain, and snow of winter — a problem that has engaged the attention of designers since the use of the machine became general — is about to be solved." American designers were said to be watching this French-engineered road rocket with interest, as it promised "freedom of movement and clearness of vision without the usual exposure to the weather."

A light metal frame was to be attached to the motorcycle's frame in such a manner that the handlebars and front wheel could be turned "at any angle within the body." A large celluloid window provided excellent vision and the side view shown in Fig. 8 shows how the sides were to be left partially open to enable the driver to make arm signals. A slight extension of the exhaust pipe permitted gases to pass from the enclosure.

In September 1936 *Popular Science* once again chose a two-wheel theme for their center (Fig. 9), this time a fantastic, gasoline-powered road toboggan. In truth, it could, when necessary, utilize an additional pair of small wheels on the sides "to prevent dragging in making sharp turns." Fig. 10 details the design of the power-sled, which the inventor, according to *Popular Science*, expected to hit 90mph with a motorcycle engine of unspecified horsepower and make.

"Stamped out of aluminum alloy, the springless, sled-like frame was [sic] to be supported on two airplane-type doughnut tires," the magazine reported. "The odd vehicle, according to present plans, will have a six-foot wheelbase and an overall length of eleven feet." Note that the cover illustration shows the engine ahead of the rear wheel, while Fig. 10 shows the engine behind the wheel.

Another early magazine to tackle the topic of cycle racing was *Everyday Science and Mechanics*, which touted the romantic concept of scooter chariot races in their September 1934 issue. Fig. 11 depicts the cover artist's conception of such an event. "Chariot racing, with

Artwork compiled by Gordon Schindler

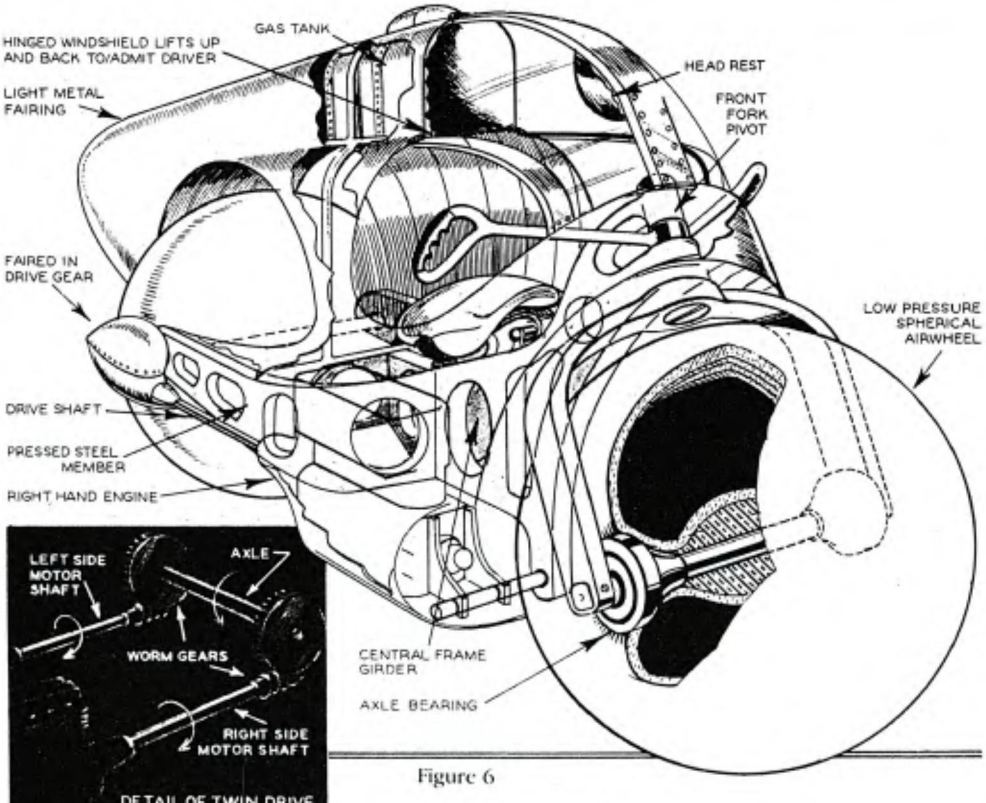


Figure 6



Figure 7

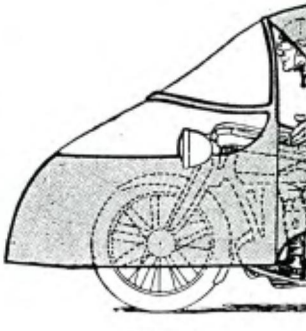


Figure 8

motorcycles taking the place of horses, is the novel sport made possible by the ingenious coupling apparatus devised by an Iowa inventor," reported the magazine.

Apparently, there were at least a few actual working models. "Tubular metal spreaders fitted with powerful springs, attached to each cycle by ball-and-socket joints, kept the machines upright while providing sufficient flexibility for tilting on banked turns." A spring-equipped harness was supposed to enable one motorcycle to pull ahead of another to maintain correct balance on sharp turns. "Rigid metal reins attached to throttle controls and steering posts are pushed or pulled by the driver to steer the twin motor cycles, and twisted to control the speed," the article concluded.

Preceding the chariot racers by 20 years was the two-wheel fire engine (Fig. 12) illustrating the February 1914 cover of *Popular Mechanics*. Under the title "Rural Fire Department Use Motorcycles," the magazine described the advantages of firemen cycling to their varied jobsites. "To reach a fire before it has had time to get a good start is the idea of all fire departments, and in rural communities the need of getting to the blaze while it is still insipient is great. The motorcycle offers to the rural fire fighters quick service over any roads, even where only winding paths through woods or across fields lead to the burning building. . .At the Chicago Motorcycle Show a fully equipped machine was exhibited carrying two mechanical fire extinguishers, a fireman's ax, a small reel of hose, and a lantern."

"It's difficult to resist dreams unfettered by bureaucratic design regulations."

An article entitled "Motor Cycle Racing on the Ice" was promoted by the cover illustration for the January 1933 issue of *Modern Mechanix & Inventions*. "Of all the ways in which a young man may enjoy a motorcycle, ice racing is perhaps the most thrilling — and one of the safest avenues to the thrill when he hits a 90 mile-an-hour clip on a perfectly smooth surface," began the article. With a far-reaching expanse of ice in front of him, an enthusiast could "twist open the throttle to his heart's content. . .and allow the motor to rev up to its very peak — all the time knowing that the usual danger of a 90 mile-an-hour speed is not present."

Instead of the usual sidecar setup needed for such racing, outriggers were used (at least for the article) to maintain stability and an upright position. Thus, "Solo motorcycles may be driven at speeds as high as 110 miles an hour on ice, provided the tires are properly equipped." This consisted of spiking the tires with bolts, as seen in Fig. 13. If the rider was disappointed with the speed obtained by his motorcycle, he was advised to "gear it higher and tune it for speed." Or, the article continued, it might be necessary to use "a smaller rear wheel sprocket, which you can obtain from any motorcycle dealer . ."

The quest for ever-greater speeds is, of course, just one element in the continuum of motorcycle development. Caterpillar-tread cycles were merely the forerunners of today's ATCs, and the full-vehicle bubble envisioned by the French has thankfully been refined down to the much less cumbersome fairing. But what of the more fanciful concepts put forth by those designers of yesteryear? The enduring appeal of their visions obviously has nothing to do with practicality — and that's their charm. It's difficult to resist dreams unfettered by bureaucratic design regulations. Which just goes to prove that progress, like paybacks, can be a real bitch. ■



Figure 9

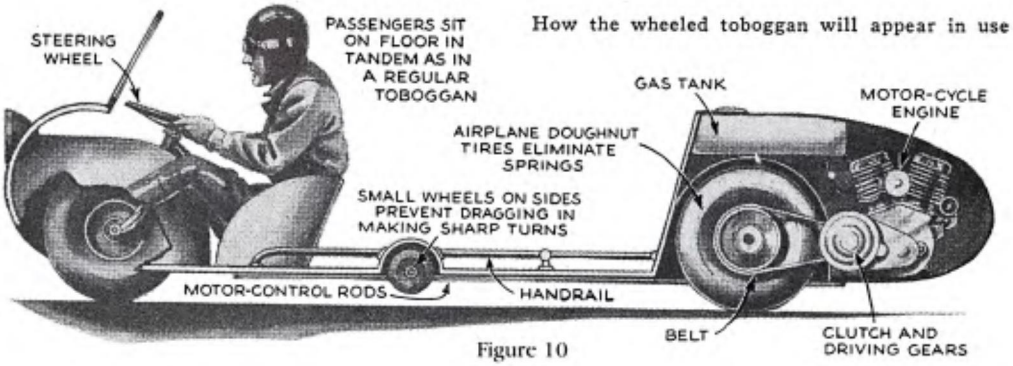


Figure 10

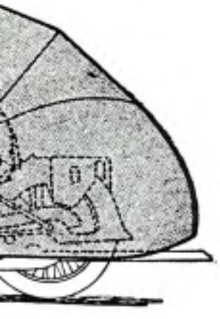




Figure 11



Figure 12



Figure 13

A YEAR AWAY

John Reed has been building bikes all his life — if not with his hands, then in his mind. Here's the latest in a long line of handmade "engineer's bikes" he's built not for sale or show but just for the pleasure of wrenching and riding.

"This is an engineer's bike," John Reed says in melodious King's English tones, similar to what Boston Colony settlers must have heard when The Man said, "Oh, yeah, here's the tax bill for your tea."

"A lot of times when you use handmade pieces on a bike, you have them chromed and you mount them and they kind of disappear. When I make pieces, if the wrench slips and scars the metal a little bit, I just leave it there. It shows that the thing was machined by hand. Gives the bike some character, you know?"

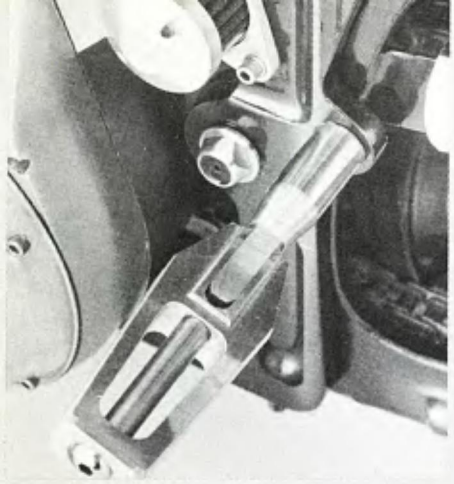
Character is something that Reed — who hasn't built

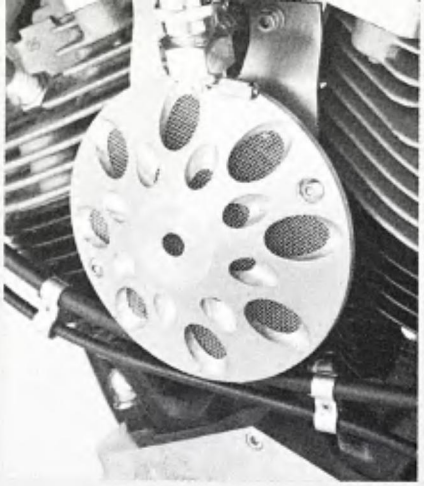


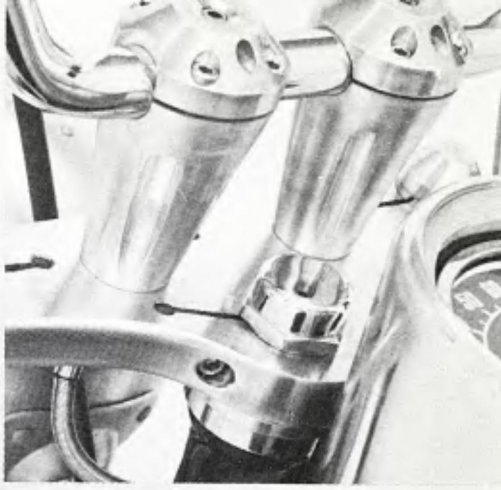



AVON











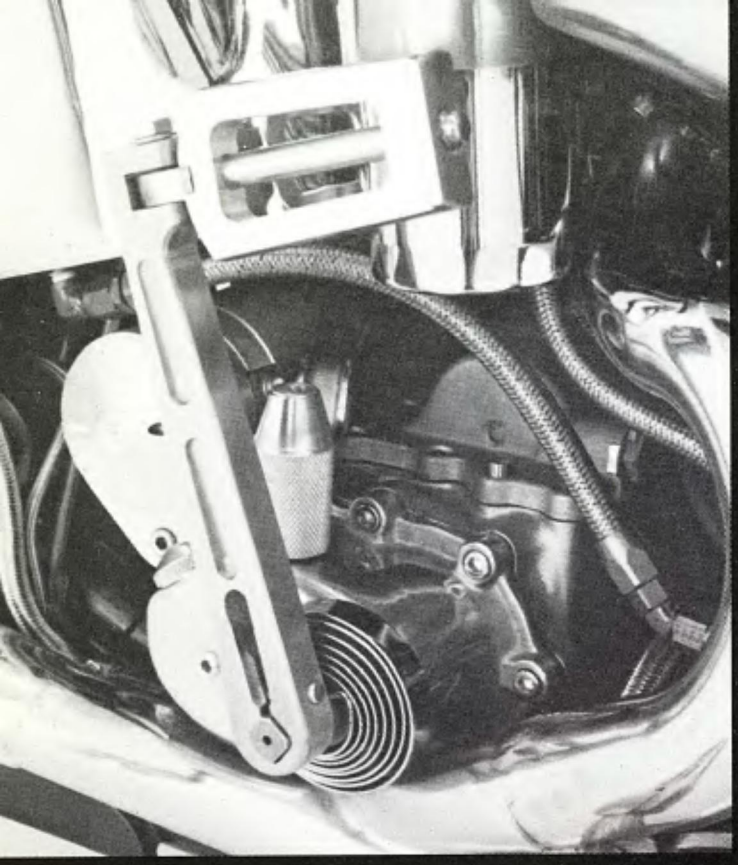
a bike commercially for over 15 years — demands in a motorcycle. He has about 14 of his creations stored in England while he scrounges a place to keep them over here.

"There's a big difference between using off-the-shelf parts in building a motorcycle and using a lot of handmade parts," he notes. "You take this bike. It looks fantastic, doesn't it? But it's nowhere near ready. I mean, it's got 2000 miles on it and everytime I take it out on a long run I know something's going to break, or not feel right, or work loose.

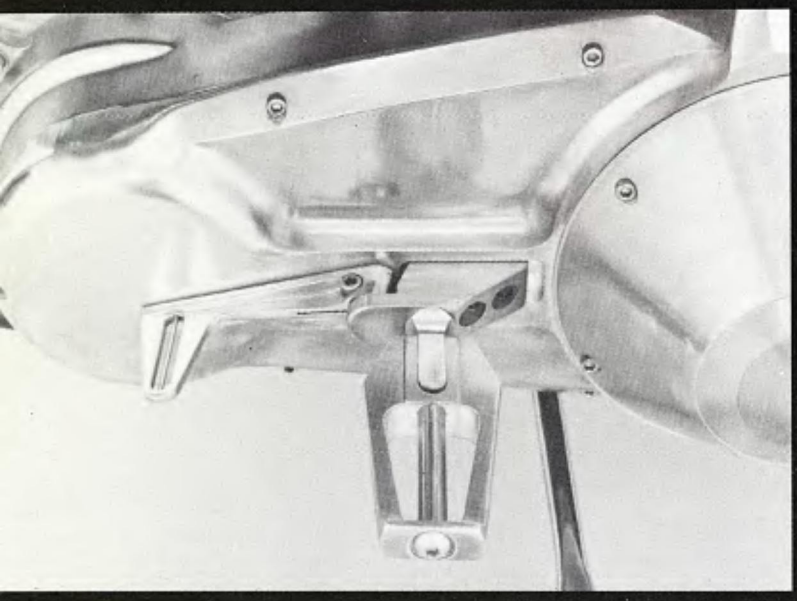
"I'll just ride it and wait for every little bug to show up, then I'll tear it all down and put it back together the right way. By this time next year it'll really be beautiful, mechanically as well as finishwise."

Which, in our opinion, is













another form of character. The kind of class that comes from a bike being ridden and reworked to suit the demands of the road — not bike-show spotlights. Of course, meticulous attention to detail takes its toll.

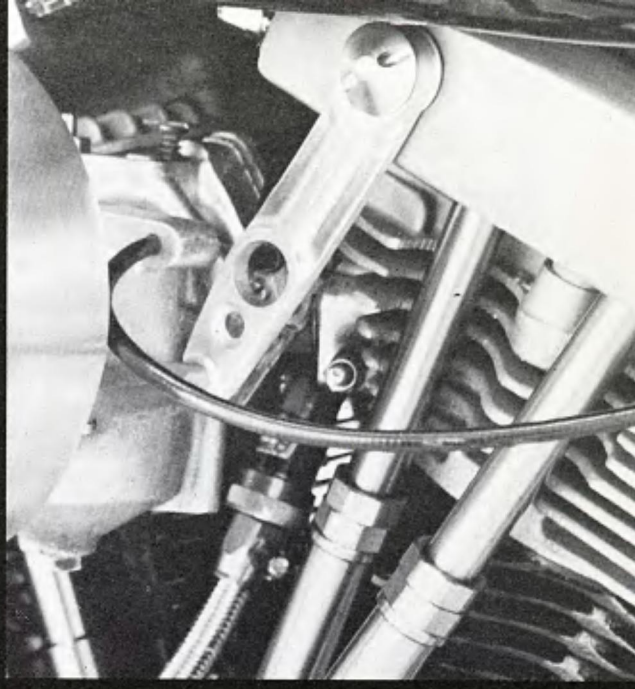
"You'll be riding along, thinking you've finally got it all down, and all of a sudden you'll blow a gasket or swallow a valve," John says. "Those are the times you say, 'To hell with it, I'll never build another one.'

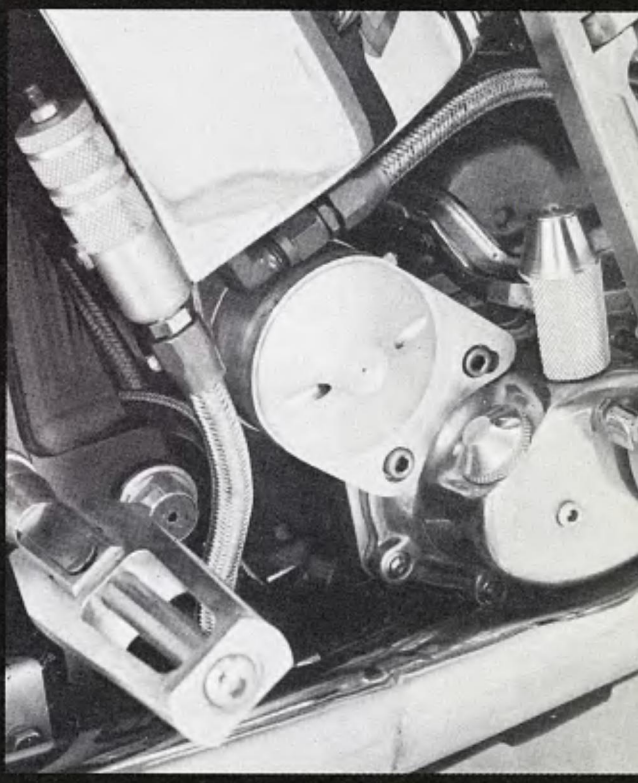
"Of course, you never mean it. You couldn't stop if you wanted to."

—Butcher

Owner: John Reed	**City:** Morgan Hill, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D	Builder: owner/CCI experimental	
Model: special	Type: rubber-sprung	
Value: ???	Rake: 62½ degrees/27½ USA	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 1.062 in.	
Time: 4 months	Other alterations: modified castings	
Chroming by: none	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: CCI	
Year: 1984	Risers: owner	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): CCI	
Rebuilder: South County MC	Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Accel	Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: H-D	Front pegs: owner/CCI experimental	
Balancing: South County MC	Rear pegs: owner/CCI experimental	
Pistons: CCI	Electrics: South County MC	
Cases: Delkron	Gas tank: CCI	
Heads: H-D	Oil tank: CCI	
Cam(s): Andrews A grind	Oil system: CCI	
Lifters: CCI	Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: Wizard of Corbin	
Air cleaner: owner/CCI experimental	Sissybar: fender rails/owner	
Pipes: owner/stainless	Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): owner/CCI experimental	Material: aluminum	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: S.T.D. case	Type: telescopic	
Year: 1982	Extension: owner	
Shifting: mid	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: alum. triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Honda	Hub: CCI
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM4	Rim width: WM5
Color: black cherry	Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: Yamaha	Brake: Lockheed
Special paint: pearl		

Other special modifications: some handmade pieces. Special thanks: Roger Allmond, Rudi Luna, CCI's prototype shop.

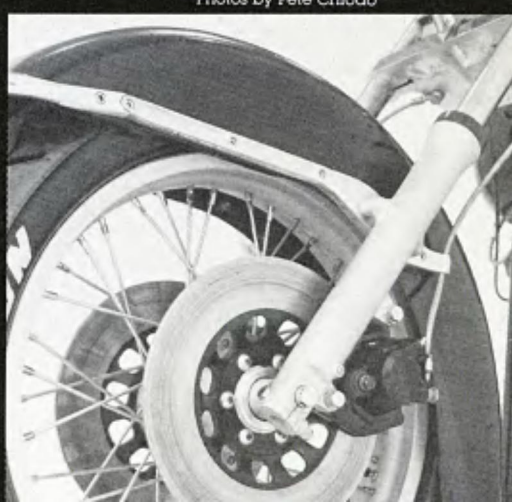




Photos by Pete Chiodo







PARTS BOX

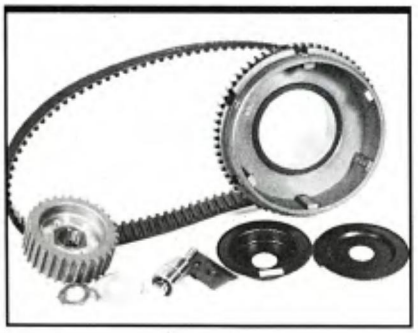


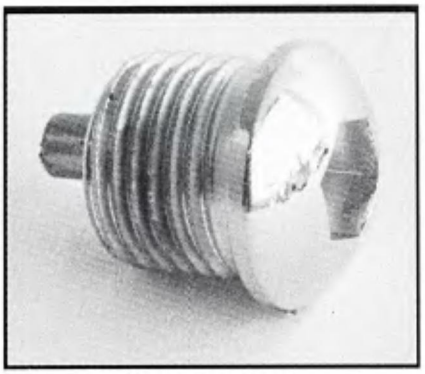
AIR CLEANER KIT

Made by H-D, this 7½-in. beauty is part of the die-cast aluminum G-Tech™ line, the house alternative to chrome. All G-Tech™ accessories feature a polished finish, accented by a dark matte gray recessed center panel with raised lettering. Made to fit all V-Twins with Keihin carbs, kit includes cover with slotted side vents, backplate, venturi insert, foam element, and mounting hardware. You know who's got 'em in stock. . .

CLOSED-PRIMARY BELT DRIVE

This new 11mm belt-drive for 74s and 80s (up to '84) features larger pulleys — 31T, front; 47T, rear — in combination with a newly improved Gates belt to assure more complete belt wrap for longer life and less hassles. Designed for all 4-speed trannies using belt or chain rear drive, kit consists of fully machined front pulley that uses two formed guides, standard idler bearing, and fiberglass-impregnated rubber belt. Available from Primo Products dealers nationwide; p/n PP-31-76 4-S.





MAGNETIC DRAIN PLUG

Calling all 74 and Sporty owners: Gardner-Westcott Co. now makes a magnetic oil-tank drain plug for your scoot that restricts destructive circulation of metal crud in your oil system. With stainless-steel washer that's nearly as reusable as a good recipe, plug retails for $10. Get it wherever fine cycle stuff is sold, or write Gardner-Westcott, Dept. ER, 30962 Industrial Rd., Livonia, MI 48150.



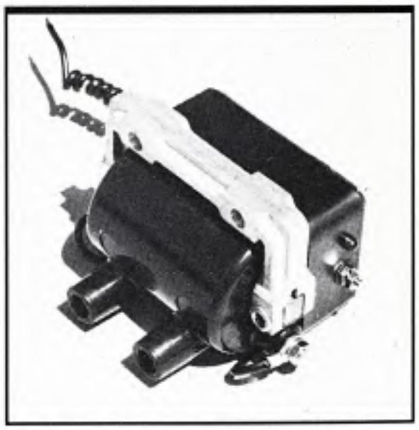
CUSTOM CRUISING SEAT

Available in three FXST styles, plus special FXR design, solo bucket with integrated p-pad is made of black Naugahyde, double-stitched in nylon thread, covering high-density polyurethane casting. The contoured baseplate curves around fender and frame radius for beautifully smooth sweep of lines, and cover's hand-riveted to baseplate to provide extra strength. CCI's Falcon™ custom cruising seats for FXSTs are priced under $120; FXR version runs about $90. If ya can't find 'em locally, write Custom Chrome, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



MEGAPHONE MUFFLER

Made of stainless steel, Supertrapp's new universal muffler (same as that on their H-D line) features a 1.75-inch inlet, 2-inch core with internal reverse-cone megaphone, and patented diffuser-disc system for maximum tunability. Complete with discs, end cap, brackets and screws, it can be fit to any application. Suggested retail on it is $99.95. If your dealer doesn't have it, contact Supertrapp, Dept. ER, 1222 Research Park Dr., Davis, CA 95616. 916-756-5069.



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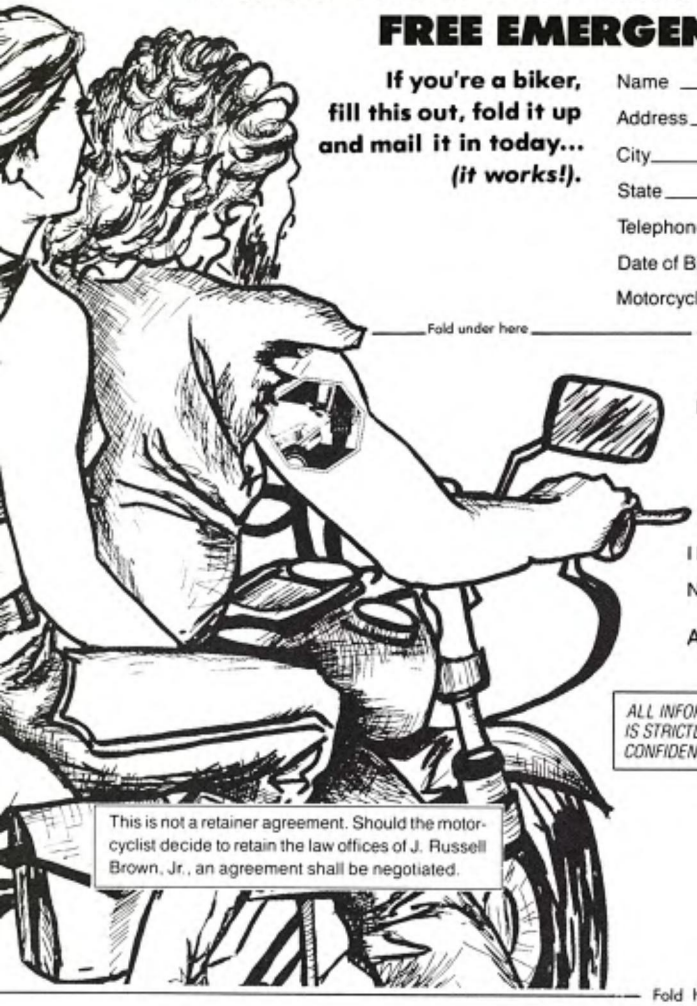
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If you're a biker, fill this out, fold it up and mail it in today... *(it works!).*

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Address _____

City _____ County _____

State _____ Zip _____

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Georgi Mood, Fresno, California
1968 Harley-Davidson Sportster

This Sporty, lovingly built by Georgi's ol' man Ziggy and his bro George at their Fresno One Stop Shop for her birthday, is an occult classic. See, Georgi, all 95 pounds of her, is into the mystical, unexplained-by-logic, laws of nature. Hence, the Stonehenge tank. Hoodoo-voodoo runs in the family; Ziggy was born on Halloween, an hour before Houdini croaked in 1954.

Georgi's been around sleds all her life. Her pop was a panhead rider back in Quakertown, Pennsylvania. No doubt, this oughtta make him one proud papa.

Once a beat-up red basket case worth a Honda in trade, this Sportster is now blue and pretty — through George Gillette's paint and Ziggy's handiwork. And it's the seventh scooter they've built this year. Our congrats.

—Rags

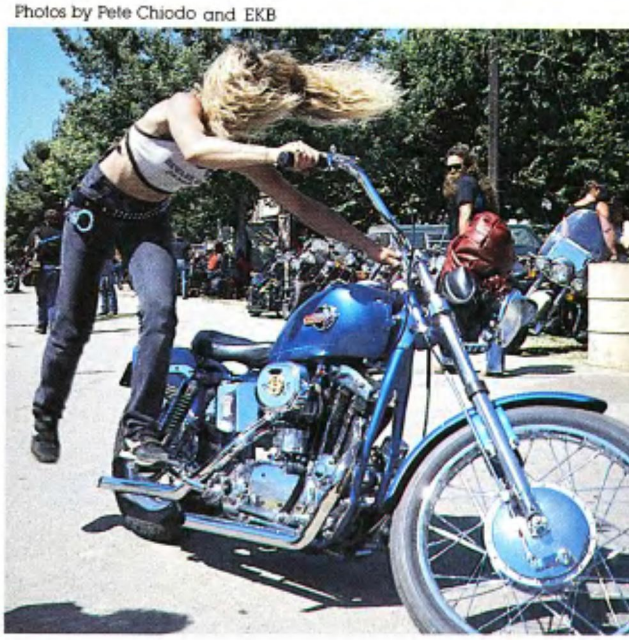




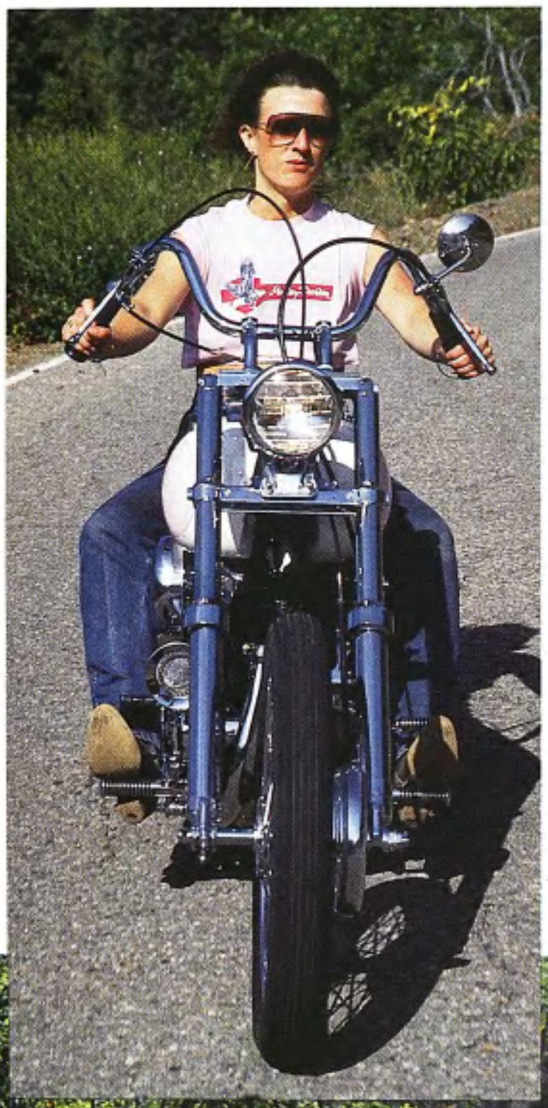




Photos by Pete Chiodo and EKB



FOXY RIDERS



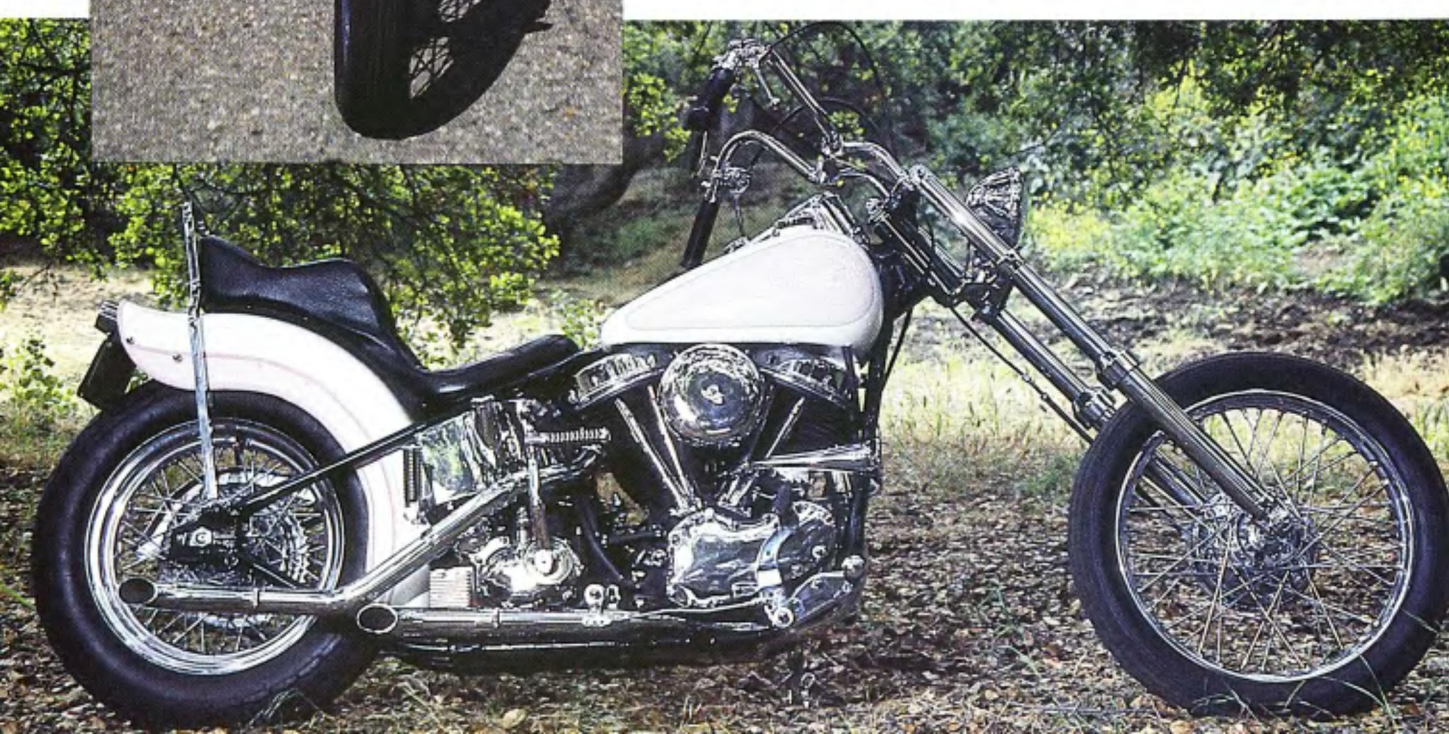


Terri Niles, Green Bay, Wisconsin
1965 Harley-Davidson FLH

It's a new era, not to be read as ERA of NOW fame, and that also doesn't stand for earned run average, as in a baseball pitcher's. This new era that is being ushered in during the anything-goes-whether-you-like-it-or-not eighties is the blossoming of women bikers. They are hitting the streets in droves these days, and no matter what ya think of 'em, they seem to be here to stay, sharing the blacktop with their burly brethren. The rogues of the road.

If the ladies keep putting up bikes like this panhead of Terri's, they shouldn't have too tough a time. That is, if they keep 'em lookin' as good after a few miles. This pan was put together by Lance Occhino, a respected bike builder and former feature-bike owner (ER 98) in this here rag. Terri has even learned to ride to work with her high heels on (don't gag, bros) when she putts to her well-heeled job as a computer programmer in Green Bay.

She says she takes a lot of shit from other ol' ladies for ridin' with the men, as well as from jealous guys who don't like being shown up by a "broad." But all that grief don't and won't stop her love for riding her own ride. Go, Terri! —Buster



Photos by Kim Peterson

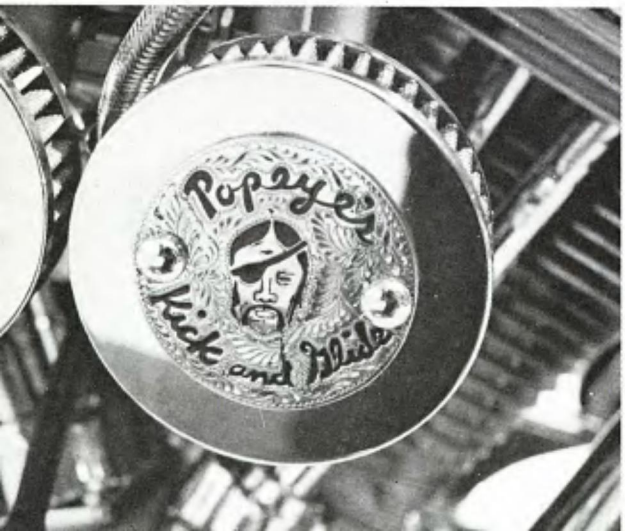




READERS' RIDES







Popeye Mallory, Colorado Springs, Colorado
1979 H-D Evo • Indl • Cad

Popeye "grew up around Harleys" — apparently at drive-ins, where his fertile young mind was imbued with an all-consuming lust to one day have the best of what he saw there. Imagine, if you will, "Flash Gordon Conquers The Universe" unfolding on the giant screen as our boy echoes the dialogue, thrills to the roar of a late-arriving Hog, and stares at the ass end of a '59 Cad one row up.

Now leap ahead a few years. See Popeye with his ol' lady Dee (whom he thanks for accommodating his obsession) and a full boat-load of friends and associates. The group's efforts result in no less than a first place winner (handshift/stroker class) at their hometown Harley Drags in September '85.

The '79 FLH frame supports a special-order '85 Harley engine displacin' 80 cubes, enhanced by twin Mikunis, plus a Screamin' Eagle hop-up kit. Some of the folks responsible for this fin-and-fishtail fantasy: Rex Shinazy, Mike Young, Jack Riddle, Dave Armstrong, and Pete Slakowicz. Popeye thanks 'em all and so do we. —Shiloh

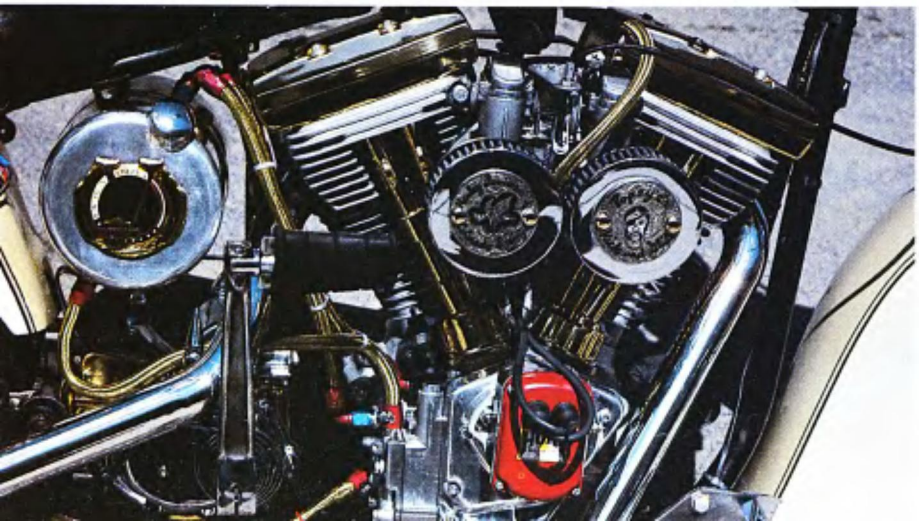








Photos by Sonny Dukes






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RIP'S RUN

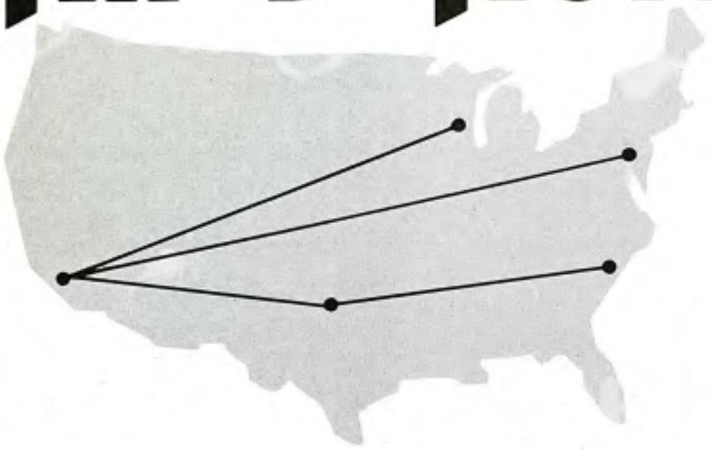




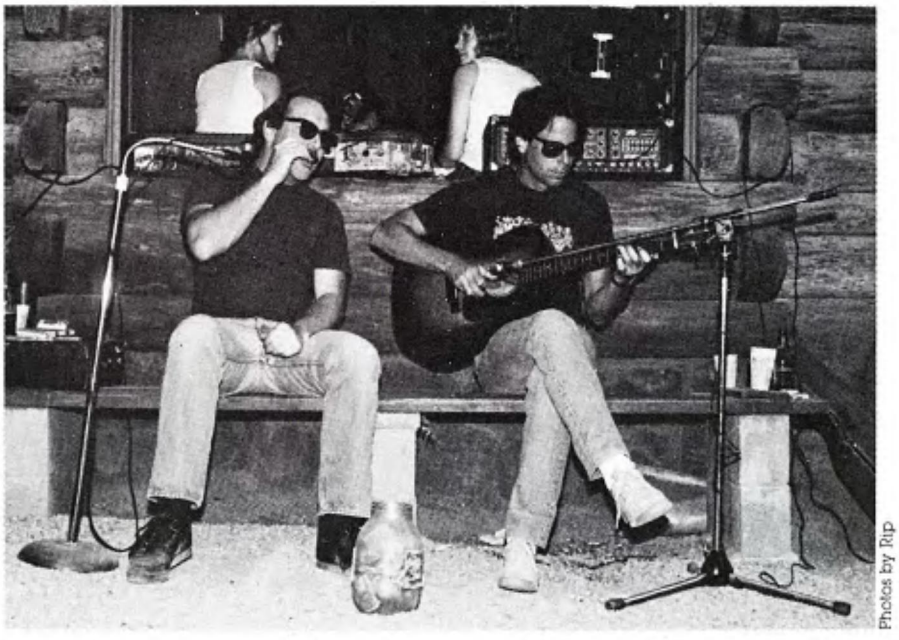
Photo by Kim Peterson

WATERING HOLE

By Rip

If you regular readers have gotten this far into the rag, you've probably noticed we're changing our format. And in my case, the "new" mag is *literally* gonna be a trip. The bosses told me to hit the road, see, and I was out the door like a shot, before they could change their minds. Of course, it does mean more riding, partying, and picture-taking. Same old shit — different town. Ya know I'm just gonna hate it, but what's a tramp to do?

The boss of bosses, "Don Giussepe" Teresi, said he wanted to make me the Roger Hull of *ER*. (You might say he offered me a deal I couldn't refuse. Poor Roger should have it so good.) Since I'll be roamin' around looking for off-the-wall places to go and good folks to meet, keep, as the old saying goes, them cards and letters coming.



Photos by Rip

The first set of pictures was taken more or less locally, from the Rock Store in Cornell, California, to Cold Springs Tavern, northeast of Santa Barbara on Old Stagecoach Road, a mere 85-or-so miles from our offices. The Rock Store is usually a mecca for canyon-racing ricers, but Harley riders can be seen there on Sundays, checking things out on their way from the Valley to the beach or vice versa. If you're ridin' over toward Ojai, you may want to visit The Wheel, in the foothills of the Coastal Range. Some of these pictures are of faces in their particular crowd.

Regardless of where I encountered 'em, these people are bikers all, motorcycle enthusiasts out havin' fun, people I've rapped with, and perhaps drank a brew or shared some herb with, too (I ain't copping to shit, though). All of us are simply enjoying life, a right given to us at birth as American citizens.

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BIKER'S DREAM

By J.T.



Photo by Michael Lichter

I was sitting outside Bennigans Tavern in Boulder, Colorado when I saw Mike and Shirley roll into the parking lot. Two things were instantly obvious about what kind of folks they are. The first clue was the ton of road gear strapped to the back of their Hog and the second clue was the name "Grateful Dead" painted on their saddlebags. They got off the bike, disconnected their headsets from an expensive-looking tape recorder, and as they walked toward me I noticed Shirley was wearing a "Nitty Gritty Dirt Band" T-shirt.

My reportorial, people-watching instincts were aroused (in other words, I'm a nosy asshole). After a few minutes of trying to read their license plate with all that stuff on the bike, and being the shy guy I am, I walked over, interrupted their lunch, hit them with a barrage of questions, and as it usually is with Harley riders, they were interesting and friendly folks. The story that unfolded, however, was a biker's dream tale exceeding even my wild imagination.

Mike inherited a pretty good chunk of that evil stuff a few years ago, whereupon he wisely invested part of it in his home state of New Mexico and earmarked the balance for Harleys and partyin'. Last year, while he was roaming around Alaska, he met Shirley. Back in the lower 48, he dumped about $2000 into the ol' Hog to make it roadworthy, then he called Shirley with an invitation that no red-blooded American gal could refuse. If she'd fly down to Albuquerque, they'd party there for a week and then ride back up to Alaska, hittin' as many rock concerts along the way as they could squeeze in.

By the time I ran into them, they'd been to a Nitty

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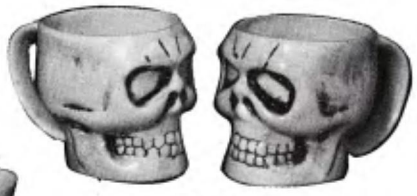
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Gritty Dirt Band concert at Telluride and a Peter Frampton/Stevie Nicks concert at the Red Rock Amphitheater in Denver. Now they were on their way to a Moody Blues concert in California, followed by who knows what on the rest of the trip north. And after Mike drops Shirley off in Alaska, is he plannin' to go straight home? Hell, no. He's gonna ride on down to Sturgis for Bike Week.

Then, after that, there's a Dead concert in — shit, this guy is making me sick. The only thing I ever inherited was the curse of the working class and the only fuckin' place I'm going is back to work — while they're goin' down the road listenin' to tunes they recorded at the last concert they attended. I'm pissed. Why did I talk to 'em in the first place? Who's in charge of luck, anyway? What did I ever do? Grumble, grumble, grumble. . . .

Two-Wheel Tale

I hadn't seen Dog in quite a while, so one nice, warm fall day I blew on over to his place to see if he wanted to take a ride to some other town. I found him in a real foul mood. "That sick bastard landlord of mine just gave me a ration of shit about my scoot bein' in the kitchen," he said bitterly. "I'm really gettin' tired of his crap an' one of these — "

He wasn't lying. There were tools and Triumph parts all over the counters, floor, table, stove, etc. I decided to help him shovel it all back together, but first, in order to comply with the landlord, we moved the bike into the living room before getting down to wrenching on it. The thing was halfway together a few hours later when the landlord came calling. " "You just tol' me to get it out of the kitchen," Dog said when the asshole started squawking about what we were doing and where we were doing it.

Except for the exhaust system, by 3 a.m. she was mostly done. "Hey, man," I said, "why don't ya see if this thing will fire? If we gotta tear the engine outta the frame again, I don't wanna have to fuck with the exhaust system. If she does fire, jus' shut 'er down and we'll finish the mess tomorrow."

Dog seemed to see the wisdom of this plan, but when he kicked it over and it fired, straight outta the block, the dumb sonuvabitch just held the throttle wide open. It sounded like someone was ripping the world in half. I'd say the landlord touched only two of the 25 steps comin' downstairs to pound on the door. When I jerked it open, he was screaming like a banshee.

Roaring, "Get outta my way, ya fuckin' turd, 'cause I'm comin' through!" Dog grabbed a handful of clutch, rammed it in gear, and let go at redline. Hot linoleum sprayed up against the walls and smoke filled the room as the Trumpet reared up and lunged forward, clearing the door and taking the concrete steps on its rear wheel. Outside, Dog jumped off her with a mammoth shit-eating grin and said to the landlord, "I'm moving out, you detestable old fuck. Only an animal would live in a place like this!"

Some while later we happened to see a copy of the new lease the bastard had written up for future tenants: *NO visitors after 10 p.m.; NO motorcycles; NO loud music; NO motorcycles; NO pets; NO MOTORCYCLES!*

—by Martin Locatelli



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Rick, a full-time biker and part-time truck driver, was recovering from a severely broken leg (skateboard accident — embarrassing but true). He was down to his last few days of disability when his buddy Arlin ask him to take his (Arlin's) 103" shovel over to the slime at **Easyriders** to be shot for a photo feature. Arlin would've brough it over himself but he was busy at 2-Whe er's in Denver; besides, they weren't goin to shoot it with a girl, so what fun would it be anyway?

The bit about there not being any girl lined up for the photo session worked on Rick's mind all the way from Denver to

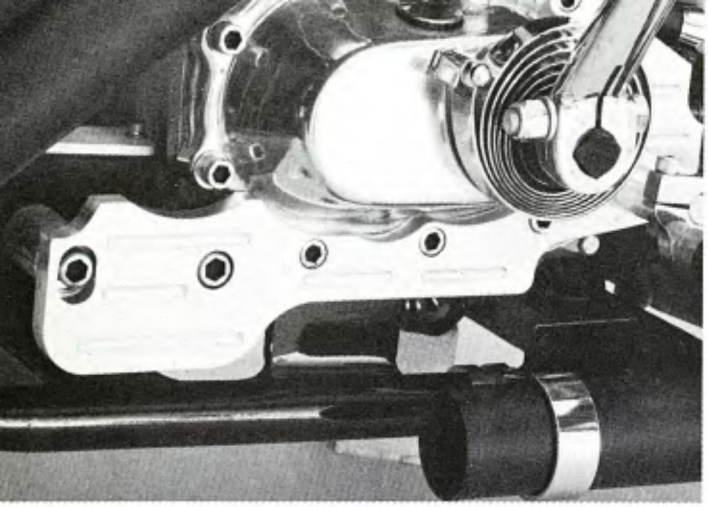


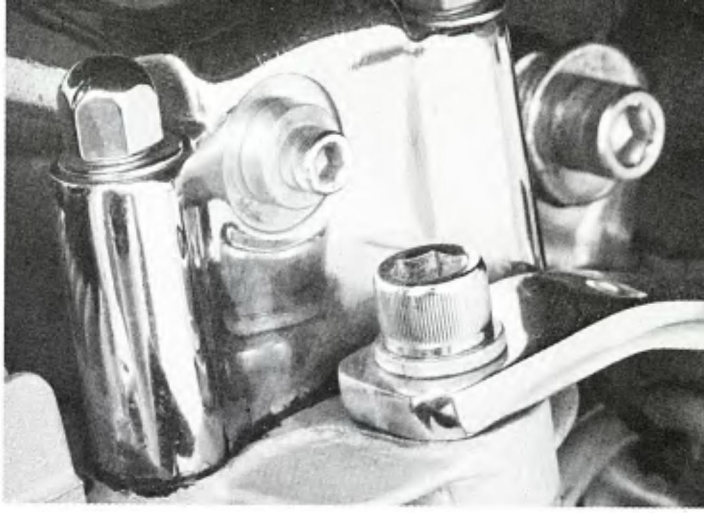
SCHEMIN' DEVIL WITH 103 INCHES







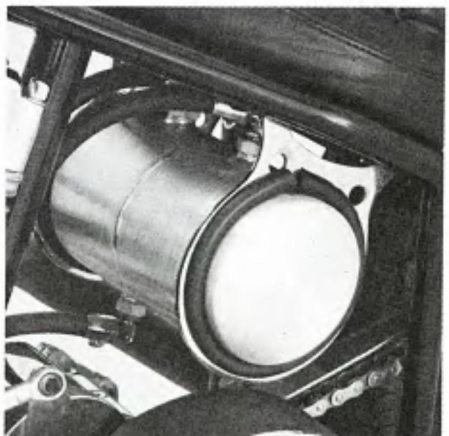






Malibu. Then a brainstorm hit him. Why not swing by the beach and pick up a chick who was so foxy that the cruds at the magazine would be trippin' over their dicks to shoot her, too? Schemin' lowlife that he is, he pulled it off: cover, bike feature, and gatefold.

When Rick stopped next to Tracy on the beach, with the front pipe of that 103 inches belching in her ears, things didn't exactly get off to a good start. Still, after it turned out that she was from Denver, too (working in L.A. as a model), followed by his sob story about the broken leg he'd suffered (while saving old people and children, etc.), how could Tracy turn him down? But she wasn't going to ride on that poor excuse for a seat. Besides, she'd never been on a Harley— and it might bite. "I'll follow you in my BMW," she said.





Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Arlin Fatland	**City:** Denver, Colo.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Don Hotop	Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Builder: Paughco	
Model: Big Twin	Type: rigid	
Value: $10,000	Rake: some	
Assembly by: 2-Wheeler's MC	Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: Don Hotop	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: 2-Wheeler's MC	
Year: 1973	Risers: 2-Wheeler's MC	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): Gary Bang	
Rebuilder: Don Hotop	Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 103 cu.in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: Don Hotop	Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Don Hotop	Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: Aries	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D/Don Hotop	Gas tank: modified fatbobs	
Heads: Don Hotop	Oil tank: Moon	
Cam(s): S&S	Oil system: leaks	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: Don Hotop	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto	Seat: Larry MacDaniels	
Air cleaner: 2-Wheeler's MC	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: 2-Wheeler's MC	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1973	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/2-Wheeler's MC	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: damn quick	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Rick Pew	Hub: H-D	Hub: Centerline
Painter: Dave Perewitz	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4.5 in.
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: M. Thompson
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D	Brake: Lockhead
Special paint: Dave Perewitz		

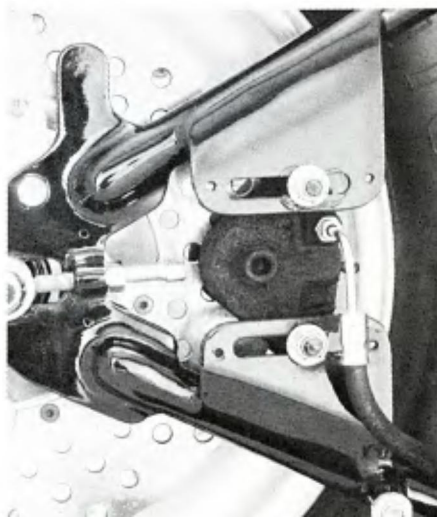
Special thanks to: Don Hotop, Rick Pew, Dave Perewitz, Arlen Ness, Larry MacDaniels, Gary Bang, and Paughco.

At the studio Rick was proven right — we were slobberin' all over our boots, but, "We can't shoot a girl in a bikini like that. What do you think this is, **Cosmo**?" Ol' Rick had an answer for that, too. He reached into his bedroll, pulled out a white, H-D tank top, and removed the bottom two-thirds with his Buck knife.

It was amazing. As soon as Tracy put on that shirt, slipping it down over those gorgeous jugs, she started to transform. By the time we had her sit, crawl, lay all over the shovel she'd turned from Jekyll to Hyde and the next idea came from her: "Let's all go back to where Rick and I met on the beach and party. And this time I'm ridin' with Rick."

Well, that was four days ago. Tracy's "Beamer" is still parked outside the studio, and we haven't seen either of 'em since we shot the gatefold, just as the sun went down. Arlin keeps callin', though, wantin' to know where his bike is. Sorry, Arlin, hope you get it back.

—J.T.



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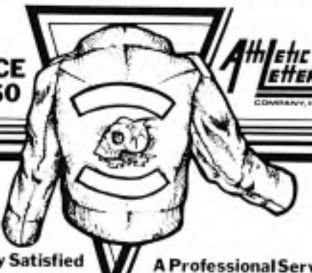
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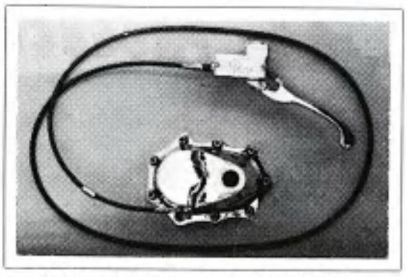
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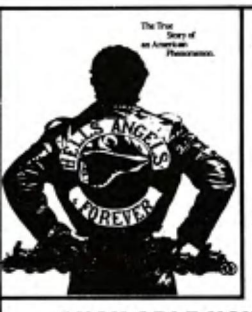
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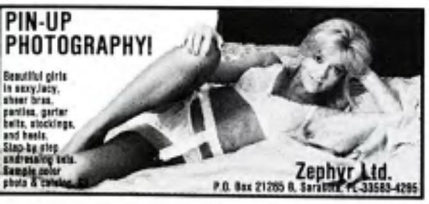
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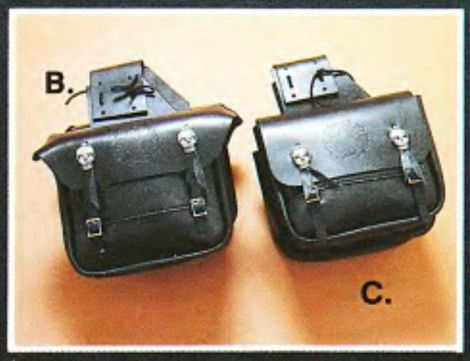
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Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 76

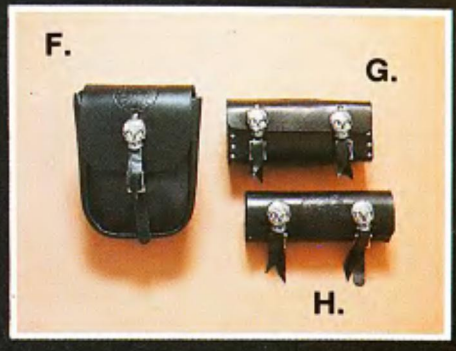
L	I	R	E	M	M	U	H	Q	A	R	B	T	I	D
L	C	S	D	L	O	R	A	H	E	N	K	I	G	A
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V	J	E	I	A	L	H	S	K	I	A	C	O	I	F
T	E	Q	T	F	A	E	I	G	A	B	R	N	L	I
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N	E	P	B	Q	P	O	B	I	E	G	U	N	K	A
A	R	K	N	L	B	M	N	Q	N	M	I	Y	T	P
R	O	A	R	U	Y	O	I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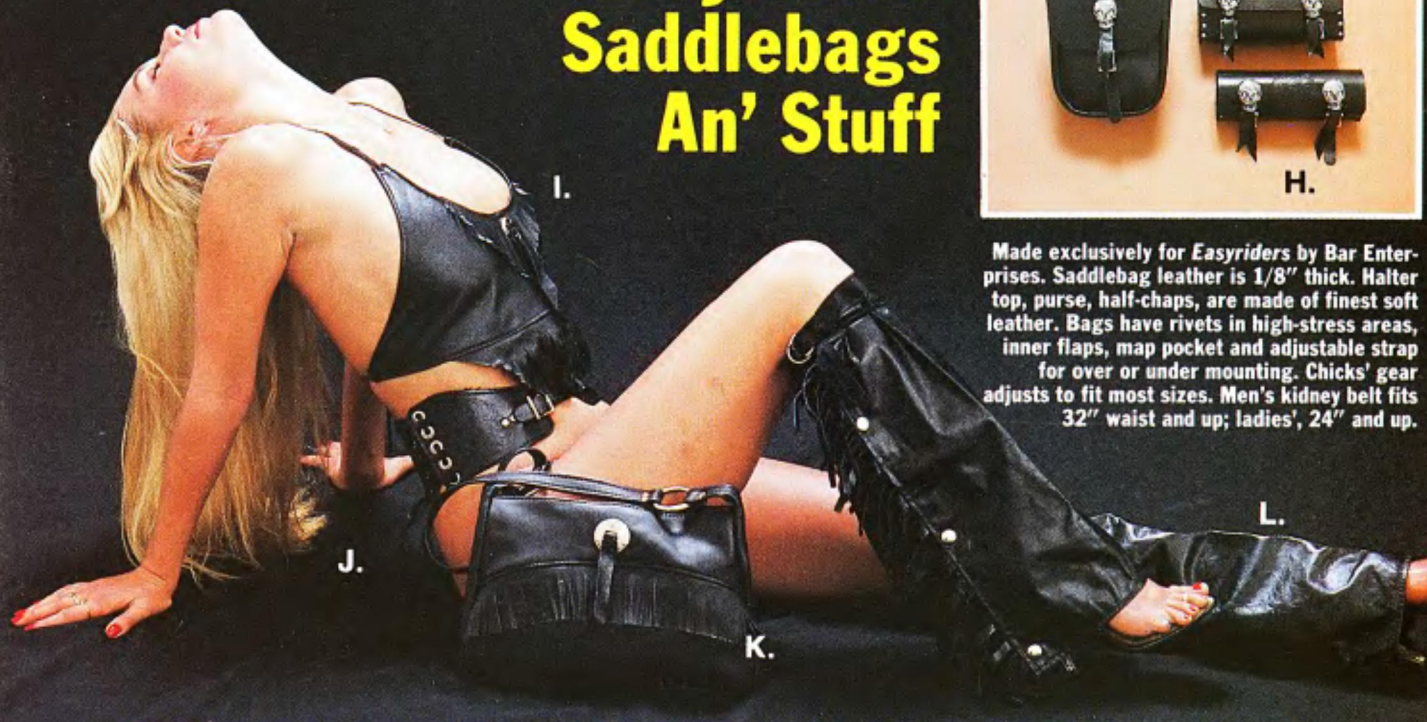






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EVERY* bag embossed with *EASYRIDERS* logo. *EVERY* product made *HERE* in the *U.S. of A.

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Credit Card Number

Expiration Date MO. YR.

Signature

NAME

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CITY

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QTY.	ITEM	TOTAL
___	(A) Slant Saddlebags (5" x 12" x 13")	$189.00 ___
___	(B) Pony Express Bags (5"x13"x12")	$175.00 ___
___	(C) Large Cross-Country Bag (5"x13"x12")	$169.00 ___
___	(D) Oval Saddlebags (5"x12"x9")	$107.00 ___
___	(E) Super Oval Saddlebags (6"x14"x11")	$169.00 ___
___	(F) Sissybar Bag with Skull (4"x6"x9")	$ 37.00 ___
___	(G) Large Cycle Pouch w/ Skull (4"x11"x5")	$ 37.00 ___
___	(H) Cycle Pouch with Skull (3"x9"x3")	$ 24.00 ___
___	(I) Leather Halter Top	$ 39.00 ___
___	(J) Ladies' Kidney Belt	$ 39.00 ___
___	(J1) Men's Kidney Belt (not shown)	$ 45.00 ___
___	(K) Leather Purse	$ 49.00 ___
___	(L) Ladies' Half-Chaps	$ 45.00 ___
___	(L1) Men's Half-Chaps (not shown)	$ 45.00 ___
		Subtotal ___
		Calif. res., add 6% ___
		TOTAL ___

The B·I·G·G·E·S·T

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17" Black Boot (shown above) $119 Circle Size

Narrow Width (A-B)			9	9½	10	10½	11			12
Medium Width (D)	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½		12
Wide Width (E-EE)			9	9½	10	10½	11			12

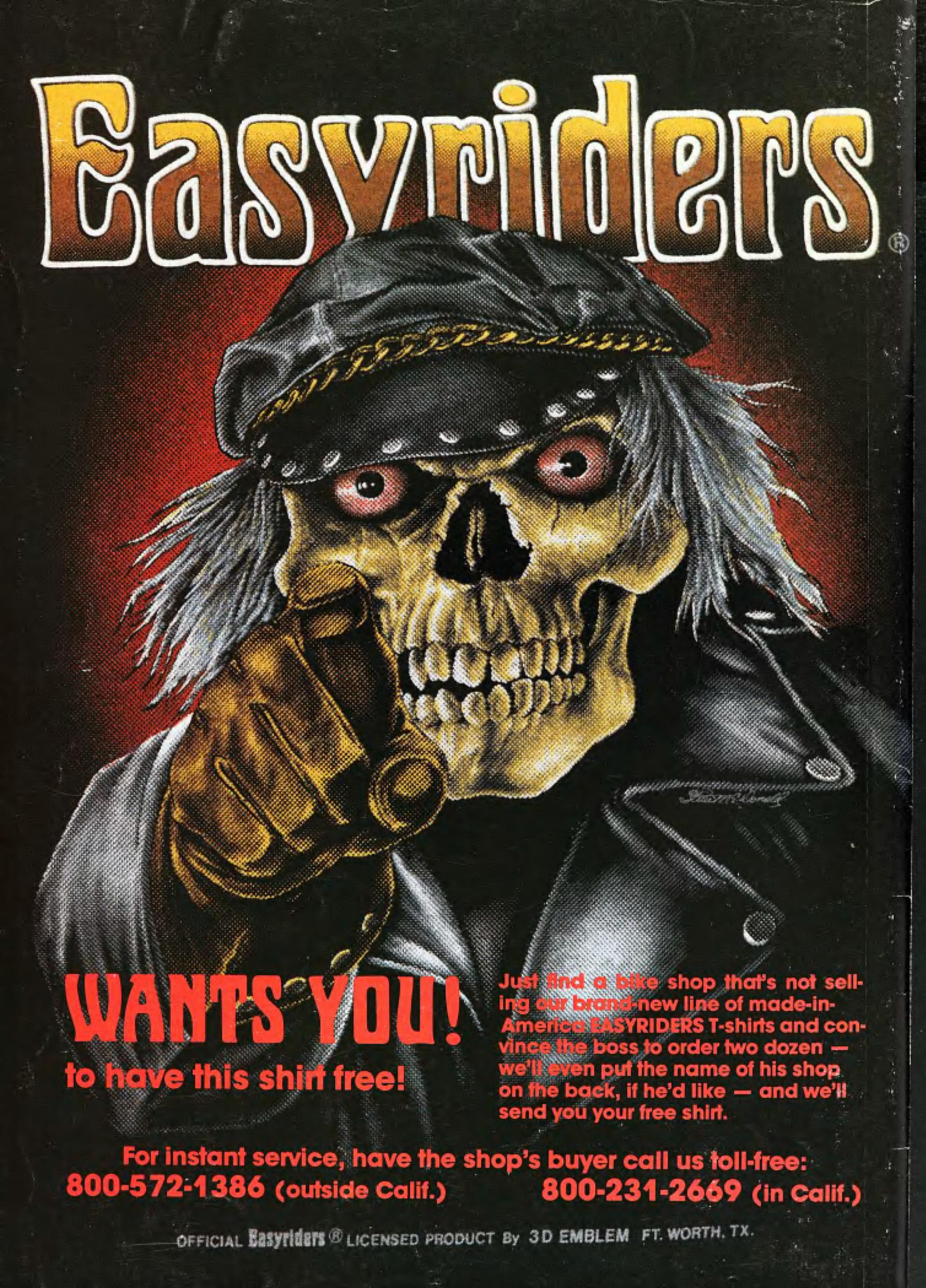
11" Black Boot (not shown) $99 Circle Size

Med. Width (D) Only	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½		12

Women's Boots 17" Black Boot (shown above) $115 Circle Size

Medium Width			5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½

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