

Easyriders

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Brothers
Party!**

**Tech Tip:
All About
Batteries**

**Sturgis
Winner
Inspected**

**Interview:
Johnny
Winter**

**Bitches
Bite Back
— The
Contract
Part II**



**See New
Gatefold Back Cover**



**Partyn' In
Indian Territory**



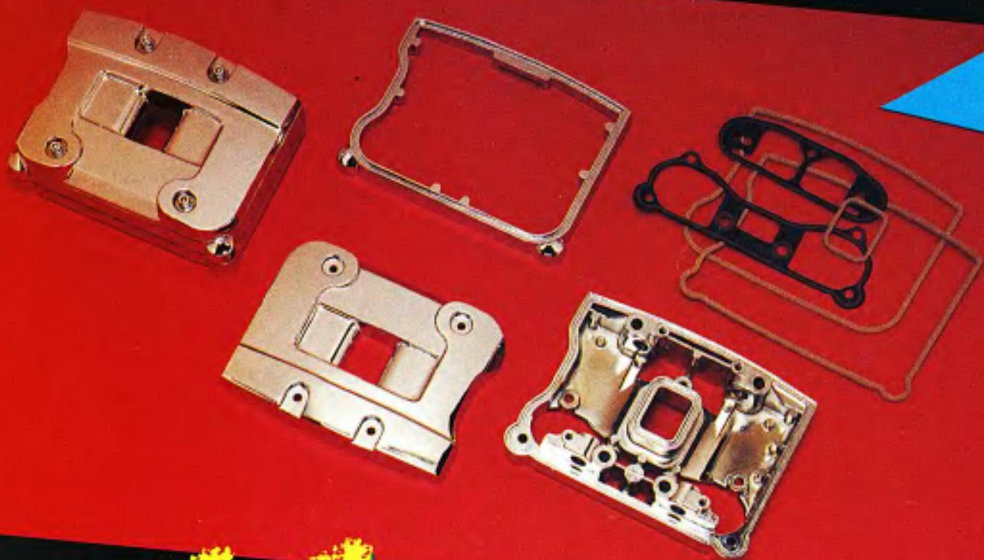
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Big Twins**



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Easyriders

NUMBER 163

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

JANUARY 1987

Bike Features

Black rigid pan gives us
class from Tennessee 22

Rubber-mounted blockhead
is a story in its own right 30

Yellow shovel from Ohio
is a true butt-buster 86

120 time-honored cubic
inches roar out of
colorful Colorado 106

Readers' Rides

1969 Sportster/Joe Vargas 72
1956 panhead/John Quintero 84

Foxy Riders

Photo collage of women riders 94
1949 panhead/Paula Kuenstle 96

Event

North Carolina H-D Dealers take
their party to the Cherokee
Indian reservation 10

Interview

Johnny Winter lays his life
of playin' the
blues on us 54



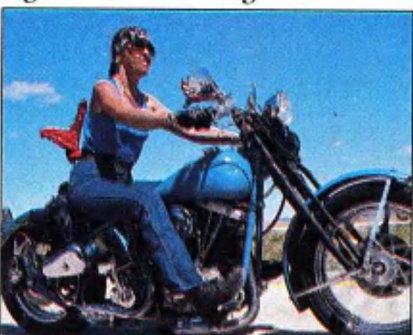
Page 10



Page 44



Page 66



Page 94



Page 54

Fiction

Biker's Funeral . . John D. Kenworthy
Comical look at throwin' one
last bash for a bro 18

Wetback . . Kol Kola
She wades to America and
a biker on the riverbank 44

Articles

The Contract — Part 2 28
Chargin' your battery 62
Biker broad-of-the-month 66
Cruel Dick 70

Columns

Spider 5
Astrology 75
Soap Box 76
Downtime 79
Rip's Run 98

Departments

Wordmonger 6
Easynews 35
Passin' Gas 40
In The Wind 49
Bikers Bulletin Board 78
Choppershopper 80
Bros Lost/Male Call 82
Parts Box 92
General Store 111



Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 163, January 1987, Vol. 17. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura Hills, California 91301. (818) 889-8740. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (818) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura Hills, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1986 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to **Easyriders** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **Easyriders'** unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, **Easyriders** magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, **Easyriders** Subscription Department, Box 2406, Boulder, CO 80322. (818) 889-8740. One year, \$22; two years, \$39 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add \$6 per year. Single copy, \$2.95. **Postmaster:** Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. **Advertising:** **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

COVER AND GATEFOLD

Michael Lichter teamed with project art director Roger Ashton and makeup artist Beth Ryan to photograph Laurie Ann with Arlin Fatland's 120 cubic inch Harley/Harmon ride. See more of the bike and Laurie Ann on page 106 and the gatefold.



Gold! As beautiful and enduring as the Black Hills themselves. Stamper, manufacturers of Genuine Black Hills Gold Jewelry, has combined their classic tri-color gold designs with the official Harley-Davidson emblem. Rugged elegance handcrafted exclusively in the Black Hills of South Dakota. See the complete line at your Harley-Davidson dealer.



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Last month I told you about the prison cook who shit in the guard's spaghetti. Now this month the inmates were wondering why the usual shitty coffee served by the prison tasted better until they found out an inmate had shit in it. What am I starting? A trend?

Pity the poor spiders. What a way to go. This woman bought some sanitary napkins. She wore one for a day and a half and was wondering why she had large lumps on her snatch along with itching and stinging. Taking the pad off to inspect it, she found a nest of spiders measuring from 1/4 to 3/8 inches long. I'm wondering why she wore the pad so long.

He whaled away on her ten different times. He'd convinced her that along with the medicine he prescribed, sex with him would cure her skin rash. At first she bought it, but the skin rash didn't clear up, so after ten times she called it a day and blew the whistle.

She got fed up with the world and decided to end it all, so she jumped out of a 12-story building and fell to the ground. But surprise, surprise! There was a hot dog vendor on the sidewalk below and she crashed into him, killing him and breaking her fall to the extent that she lived and is now being charged with murder.

The guy who bet him was no doubt a sadist, for he must have thought that if the other guy went along with the bet, he'd be mangled by the police dog. The bet was \$100 if he would bite a chunk out of the German shepherd's ear. He won the bet when he bit a silver-dollar-size section of the German shepherd's ear. Now he's under arrest for cruelty to animals and is facing six years in jail.

This guy and his buddies went fishing one day. After hours in the hot sun, he decided to catch a nap so he lay down next to the railroad tracks with his head resting on the track. His buddies continued fishing and started to yell at him when they saw a train coming, but he didn't wake up and the train crunched his head.

If you want to stay out of trouble out here in the land of fruits and nuts, be sure you don't wash your neighbor's car without permission. It also is unlawful to bathe in used bath water or to blow snuff in someone's face or to use the can other than for toilet purposes. They

just did away with one law so it's no longer illegal to drive 2,000 head of cattle down Hollywood Boulevard or to shoot a hare or jack rabbit from a moving streetcar.

Now get this! He was just hired by a construction company and his first job was to bring the excess bricks down from the floor above. So instead of climbing the steps repeatedly to where the bricks were, he tied a rope around a barrel and rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building. He tied the empty barrel at one end of the rope, pulled it to the top of the house, and fastened the other end around a tree. Going up to the top of the building, he filled the barrel with bricks. Then he went back downstairs and unfastened the rope to let the barrel down. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was now heavier than he was, so before he knew what was happening, the barrel jerked him up into the sky and halfway up he met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on his left shoulder. Then he continued to go up to the top, banging his head on the beam and jamming his fingers into the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground, the bottom burst open, spilling the bricks. At this point he was heavier than the barrel so he started down at high speed and halfway down met the barrel coming up and received severe lacerations to his shins when he landed on top of the bricks, receiving several cuts and abrasions from the sharp edges of the bricks. At this time he let go of the rope. The barrel came down on top of him and he woke up in the hospital.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Last month I told you about the prison cook who shit in the guard's spaghetti. Now this month the inmates were wondering why the usual shitty coffee served by the prison tasted better until they found out an inmate had shit in it. What am I starting? A trend?

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From The Joint

☐ I'm writing for the staff of the *Joint Newsletter* of the Viet Nam Vets MC — TRANS-CON, and for all our brothers who are down. Almost every month there's a letter in your column from a lady complaining about the assholes she's been writing or meeting. We've figured out a way to correct her problem and our problem at the same time. We have bros who need good ladies to write, so we're offering to put them in touch.

Any lady out there who wants a righteous brother to write, who's solid and has her head on straight, can write Viet Nam Vets MC, Editor, *Joint Newsletter*, Box 530032, Austin, TX 78753. We'll put her in touch with one of our joint bros.

Spirit
Huntsville, Tex.

Special Thanks

☐ Want to thank Chuck and K.C. at the Basket Case on Rt. 1, in Portsmouth, N.H. I was on vacation when my front brake started to heat up. They worked with me on it and got it straightened out. Then after talking to me, they understood I was on limited money and cut my bill in half. This helped the dollar situation a great deal.

Anyone going by there ought to stop in. They really know what's going on about bikes and what being scooter people is all about.

Omar
Sykesville, Md.

A Fantastic Trip

☐ We just got back from a fantastic trip through Europe on our bikes and would like to tell all you bros out there that the hospitality over there is outasight! We felt like one big family, and the language was no barrier for our new-found friends.

We would like to thank the Morticans M.C. of Denmark for helping us when one of us went down with a broken belt drive. Also, a big thanks to

our special friends in the motorcycle club Gubsak-kerne of Nyborg, Denmark, and Holland. It was the best five weeks we have had in a long time, and we would recommend this trip to all our bros just to meet our bros across the sea.

Moose, Scott, Levi,
Paul, and Jane
Los Angeles, Calif.

Help Needed

☐ Would appreciate seeing this in print before the summer of '87.

We're taking a two-week run from Iowa to northern Florida. It will be our first big one. We planned on going alone, as we are a couple, but have heard sometimes it is wiser to travel with others. Please, no riceburners. Like to party but like our freedom — no fuckin' jail cells. Would like to hear from good, honest people about good roads, good layover towns, and good bars. Bullshitters need not answer. Would like a place to stay in Florida and would consider other places after or before, but Florida is definitely on.

We get an *Easyriders* sub, but they do have them in Kwik Shops in Des Moines as of September '86.

Terry and Rajeanna
2118 Capitol Avenue
Des Moines, IA 50317

A Goof

☐ You said in the October issue that the Indian Motorcycle Company built a 250cc bike called the Brave. That's not true. The 251cc Brave was an English imported bike that was sold under the Indian name. A few hundred of these bikes were built in 1951 and 1952. These bikes were almost totally ignored by Americans.

In 1955 the Indian name was perpetuated again by finishing Royal Enfield bikes in the Indian red color and affixing the old Indian script on the tank sides.

I got my information from a

book called *The Iron Redskin*.

Robert Ninabuck
Fox Lake, Wis.

Bitchin'

☐ I'm really pissed about the feature bikes in *Easyriders*. I've been reading the magazine since it first came out (in spite of the hokey name), and it used to feature bikes built by ordinary riders in their own living rooms or whatever. There was even a spec sheet of sorts that told if a part was owner-made or adapted off something else. It was a good way to get ideas for building a bike. But that was before *Easyriders* became successful and was more interested in bikes than profit margins.

The first thing to go was the useful info on the spec sheet. It was replaced with cute little remarks instead of saying where the part came from or how it was built. Actual information, such as fork rake or where the pipes came from, was shitcanned in favor of silly bullshit. Big fucking help if you like the look and want to adapt it to your own bike.

The next thing to go was the owner-built bike. Sure, the bikes are still sometimes built by the owner, but the owner is a shop owner, and the bike is actually nothing more than an advertisement for his shop. The rest of the bikes are owned by guys who drop them off at a shop and say, "Build me a custom chopper." The best bikes are the ones that were built by the guy who rode the son of a bitch for five years or more and built it to suit himself.

I'm so fucking sick of plating, anodizing, engraving, and multi-color disco paint jobs I could puke. All that shit shows is how much money the asshole could spend. That stuff was slick when it first came out, but then it was a novelty and was used sparingly to create an effect; now it's the whole trip.

Lately, however, there has been an occasional issue that has what they call "Readers' Rides" and these are the best bikes in the magazine. How about using the "Readers' Rides" for feature bikes and putting the gold-plated, engraved fucking Hollywood specials in with the advertising (of which there is too much already) where they belong? The magazine tries to come across as representing the guy in the street, so why not carry it through to the feature bikes. That's how it started out and it worked well then. It should still work well — if it works, don't fuck with it.

Hell, you could even start featuring fiction by and about real riders. No, I guess that's pushing it too far, just get some real bikes back in the mainstream.

Gordon Peckham
Sparks, Nev.

Urgent

□ Looking for 1937 and up knucklehead or a knucklehead basket case. Very special present for my husband. Please send pictures, phone number, address, name, and negotiable price to: P.S. Rooke, 12202 N. 2nd St. - #715, Tampa, FL 33612.

P.S. Rooke
Tampa, Fla.

No Lead

□ This is to let you know that you aren't at the mercy of the EPA when it comes to lead content in your scooter's fuel. There are two additives I know of that will make no-lead safe to run without rebuilding right away. They are Valv-TCC made by Bell Fuels, Inc., 4116 West Peterson, Ave., Chicago, IL 60646, and RE Lead made by Marine Development & Res., 116 Church Street, Freeport, NY 11520.

Madd Jack
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Finally Did It!

□ I checked out my copy of the October issue and got a fucking pleasant surprise this morning. Now I'm really glad I took the time to fill out the questionnaire that was attached to an earlier edition. Three of my suggestions ended up in the October mag. What results! The only thing I don't see is Sarge's column. I really hope he can make it back to this "new and improved" magazine you've put together, be-

cause besides the technical info and fiction, we've got to have a place for information and support for our 'Nam vets. Hope your head is clearing, Sarge.

Sporty Daina
Minneapolis, Minn.

□ Up until February of this year I had been a faithful reader of *Easyriders*, then I was locked down in March and could no longer get the rag. Through great trouble and biker logic (if there is such a thing), I finally got hold of your October issue. I want to say that you people finally got your shit in one sock. The changes that you made improved the mag 100 percent. I'd like to give the staff a big pat on the back and a double helping of raisin pie. I was always bitching about having to stop during a story and look for page whatever. I'm really pleased at the way the mag is put together.

An extra slice of raisin pie to Tony Cupic for his story "Sunshine" and to Gnat for "Wrap-Up." Both stories touched my heart and soul.

Don "Digger" Roberts
Somerset, Ky.

□ Just a short line to tell you "Good job!" I just got the October issue and what a trip! No more flippin' back and fourth just to read a story. And brother, that used to be a major drag. I'd be in the middle of a great story or article and would have to find the rest on page whatever.

The new gatefold is great! And our good friends at the post office didn't even fuck it up (no rips or creases).

Wes Lines
Cannon Falls, Minn.

□ I was sittin' around the ol' shack this rainy Wednesday, readin' the new, improved *Easyriders* and thought I'd kite off this scribe to give you the lowdown on a couple of things.

By my very nature I am usually against change. I mean, if you find something in this cockeyed world that works, don't fuck with it! This time I was wrong. You took a damn good thing and made it better by taking the best of the old — "Taking It Easy," "Wordmonger," etc. — and adding some great new shit: the gatefold poster, "Rip's Run," and my favorite — consecutive story pages.

Wake Spider out of what-

ever stupor he's in and tell him extra raisin pie for the house and put it on my tab.

Elmer Lee Ward, Jr.
Colorado City, Tex.

□ I just received my October issue and wanted to let you know that I think your new format for the rag is just great!

It was just what the mag needed — more ladies and more scoots. I've been reading *Easyriders* for years, and it is a nice improvement.

Buford Red
Homer, Ga.

□ I really like your new layout. It reads so easily now that you don't have to go all through the mag looking for where the stories start again. Really righteous!

Killer
Atlanta, Ga.

□ Your new format for the rag is great. Now I don't have to fuck around looking for the conclusions of the articles.

Buzz
Fawn Grove, Pa.

□ Floatin' around out here in this fuckin' tin can really gets boring. But each month I patiently await my next issue of *Easyriders* and read it cover-to-cover three or four times. Then I pass it on to the bros on the ship.

The October issue really made my day. You guys made some fanfuckintastic changes this time.

Also, I'd like to say I enjoyed the panhead and knuck issues. How about a Sports-ter issue?

Roger D. Rolan
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Helmet Protest

□ This might sound a bit far-fetched, but how about a National Helmet Law Protest to D.C. in '87, or helmet runs to representatives' offices? I see that only a massive show of strength will keep us free and I don't think letter writing will help.

Perhaps ABATE chapters could donate land for camping for bros coming from long distances.

Michigan Moe
Ellwood City, Pa.

Ol' Lady Contest

□ A black cloud has risen to fuck up a sunny day (October '86). No Ol' Lady Contest! Changes are fine, but don't

mess up a good thing. If you want to change, I'll still read, but my outlook on life might be a little bit shittier. I need help. Put them back in!

Pissed Off
Southgate, Mich.

□ Hey, whatdafuck is wrong with you guys? First, you trade off Miraculous Mutha. Then you tried to get rid of "Astrology," but now you've gone too far. I opened the newest issue of *Easyriders*, and the Ol' Lady Contest was nowhere to be found. Those fine ladies used to give me and the bros a real rise where it counts. So no more hair pie to the staff until you bring back the Ol' Lady Contest.

Kenny Wapps
Franklin Square, N.Y.

Another Opinion

□ Awwww! Why did you go and change? You open the cover and look at the table of contents — it looks like it belongs to some Jap bike publication.

I've been readin' *Easyriders* for a long time and have always liked your style. But why mess around and change the mag?

Ya did away with the neat *Easyriders* products ads to show "Foxy Riders"! And where is the "The next liver- quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale..."?

If it don't need fixin'... No changes, please.

J.T.
Yuma, Ariz.

And Another

□ My heart is crying. I just opened my October '86 *Easyriders* and it looks like *People* magazine. Please bring back the old format. It was antique, but it was real.

Bill Turner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Toyota Plant

□ Check this shit out: Toyota is going to build a cage plant in America. American Toyota, American jobs, right? Wrong. Toyota has brought in a Jap contractor to build the plant, the contractor, Ohbayashi, has rejected all American contracts, and we have to do it "their way." Well, I don't work for a bowl of rice and I don't think the rest of us will either. So fuck 'em!

Skinner
Casper, Wyo.

Wants To Party

□ Help! I'm a down-and-out

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bro without a scooter or a car and I'm trying to find some good brothers and sisters to party with. I'm new to Virginia, so I don't know anyone. I'm trying to find a new bike and a new club to ride with in the Chester or Chesterfield area.

Neil from N.Y.
9431 Lost Forest Dr.
Richmond, VA 23237
(804) 796-7943

Mormons All Right

Being born and raised in Arizona, my ol' lady and I always avoided Utah. Ridin' our '56 pan home from Sturgis this year, we went ahead and cut through Utah, hitting a deer at 2:00 a.m. about 50 miles south of Moab. We hit hard, running about 65 or 70, and went down hard.

An old farmer took us to the hospital after he put our panhead safely in the barn. At the hospital they fixed us up before they even asked about insurance. The sheriff said he'd help any way he could, and all he left with us was his business card.

So what all this is leading up to is that Utah is beautiful, wide-open country and them Mormons did us right!

Hammer and Brandi Kay
Apache Jct., Ariz.

Good Policeman

Never wrote a rag before but I just had to tell someone who might believe me what happened on a weekend putt.

I was heading south down I-81 out of Virginia into Tennessee when my Roadster decided to take a break just south of Kingsport. I tried all the usuals but couldn't get her to hit a lick. After being passed up by numerous ricers, I got off my ass and started pushing back toward the last exit I'd passed. After about a half mile a Tennessee state trooper stopped and asked me if he could do anything to help. It was about 95 degrees and my mind wasn't working real good, so I said no. He then offered to drive to the nearest exit and get me a cold drink. I couldn't pass that one up. A few minutes later he showed up again with a cold bottle of soda and a guy he'd run into at the exit and he had talked into coming down and hauling my scooter back up to the nearest motel. He even proceeded to get down and help me heft the heavy bastard into the guy's 4-WD. The ol' boy then followed us up to the motel and helped me unload

it again. And who said that there isn't any justice any more? I didn't even get the guy's name, but I sure wish that I could have at least bought him a cold one. He deserved it! But you're right, I wouldn't have believed it either if I hadn't seen it myself.

Chuck (Chug) Yates
Pulaski, Va.

A Swap

I'm looking for someone in the California joint who wants a transfer to the Florida joint. I'm in the process of initiating a request for an "Interstate Compact" to California. In order to do this, there has to be someone in California whom these shit-eaters can trade me for. So, any of you bros in California on "vacation" who would like to come home to Florida or just come to visit for a while, shoot me a kite with your full name, address and D.O.C. number. Contact: Robert Nielsen, aka Dino, 2805 River-view Blvd. W., Bradenton, FL 33505.

Dino
Starke, Fla.

Wants Entertainment

I'm a 19-year old Hispanic lady biker who flew in from Texas to move up to New York City a month ago. I've been living with some relatives, but you know how boring that can be. I can't go back to Texas for personal reasons, so I have no choice but to stay here. Please send me the addresses of some good local biker bars in Queens and Manhattan. I really, really would appreciate it!

Desperada
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Our readers always want to help out lonely women.

What's With J.J.?

I've finally figured out why J.J. Solari always sounds like he's talking through his ass. It's obviously because he has a terminal case of cerebral melena (shit for brains). I can ignore his tasteless stories and his generally ignorant opinions about most everything he's ever written about, but his statements in the October "Soap Box" defy all sense of intelligence. It's obvious that the man's early years with the Mickey Mouse Club have affected what little brains he may have had.

His suggestion to nuke the Russians because they fuck-

ed up proves he's a total moron. Hell, our own nuclear specialists have had their own share of serious screw-ups — Three Mile Island, for one. It's a miracle we haven't killed ourselves by accident by now. The people running Russia aren't any bigger dipshits than the group running our country. The Russian people are no different in heart and spirit than the American people. I say, send them a few thousand Harleys and then invite them on a run and a big-ass party. That would do a hell of a lot more good than dropping nukes on 'em.

So give us all a break and put a garbage lid on J.J. and his Mickey Mouse ideas.

Joe Jennings
Santa Maria, Calif.

Got A Bet

A couple of bros and I have a little bet going that we need you guys to settle. On the last page of your October issue (the 103 inch), the one with the chick and her ol' man on the beach, two of us bet that the fire in the picture is fake and so is the beach. So settle the bet. Is it fake or do we lose the bet?

Blue
Mayo, Fla.

You're half right. We busted our ass hauling sand into the studio, but the fire is real, and the background was shot in Malibu by our ace office mouse, Theresa.

Honda Lover

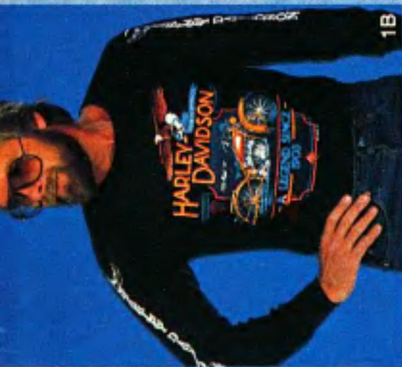
This is in response to "Honda Lover" in your October '86 issue. Let me tell you one thing, you dipshit. If your ol' lady left you for a bro, then more power to her. Obviously, you're not too bright, because you ride a rice-burner. She showed her smarts when she dumped your ass. Maybe if you buy a Harley, she just might take you back, but I wouldn't blame her if she didn't. You sound like a real shithead.

Wild Bill
Seymour, Tex.

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. ■



1A



1B



1C



2



3



4A



4B



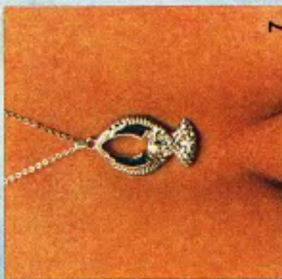
4C



5



6



7



9



11A



11B



12



13



14



15D



15C



16

1. Thermal Shirts. Specify 1A or 1B in size S, M, L, XL or 1C in size S, M, L, XL or 1C in S, M, L. \$12.95 ea.
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6. Biker Earrings. \$9.95
7. Biker Necklace. \$5.95
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9. 4-Chain Earring. \$9.95
10. Tank Top. Specify S, M, L, XL. \$6.95 ea.
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15. Hot Panties. 15A or 15B, Bikini Style. \$4.95 ea. 15C, French Cut. \$4.95 ea., 15D, \$4.95 ea.
16. Ladies Concho Belt. Small (25"-27"), Medium (28"-30"), Large (31"-33"). \$19.95 ea.

Bikini Bottoms. \$4.95 ea. In addition to all this good stuff, we're now a Full-Line Easyriders Dealer, but we still aren't gonna accept your f-ckin' checks! All orders sent UPS/COD. Foreign and overseas orders prepaid only. All shipping charges extra. And don't forget to order our bad-ass catalog chock full of good Harley stuff and chopper accessories. It's only \$4.95!

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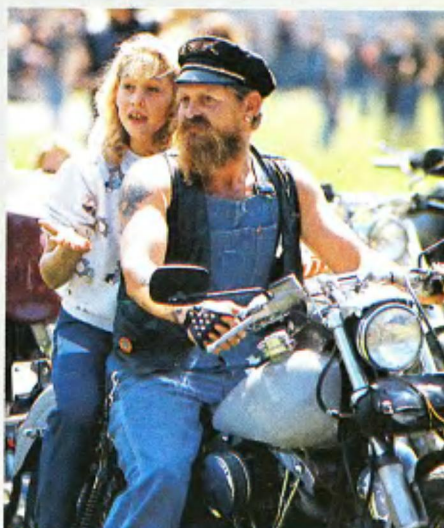
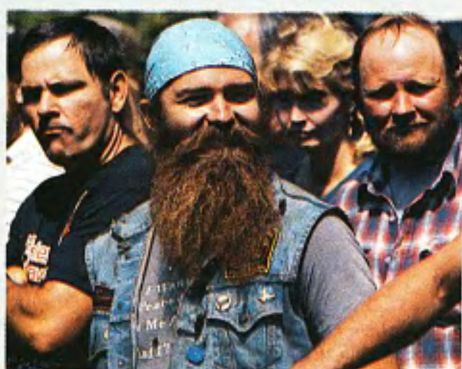
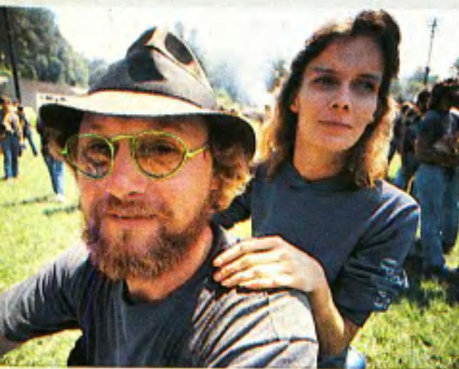
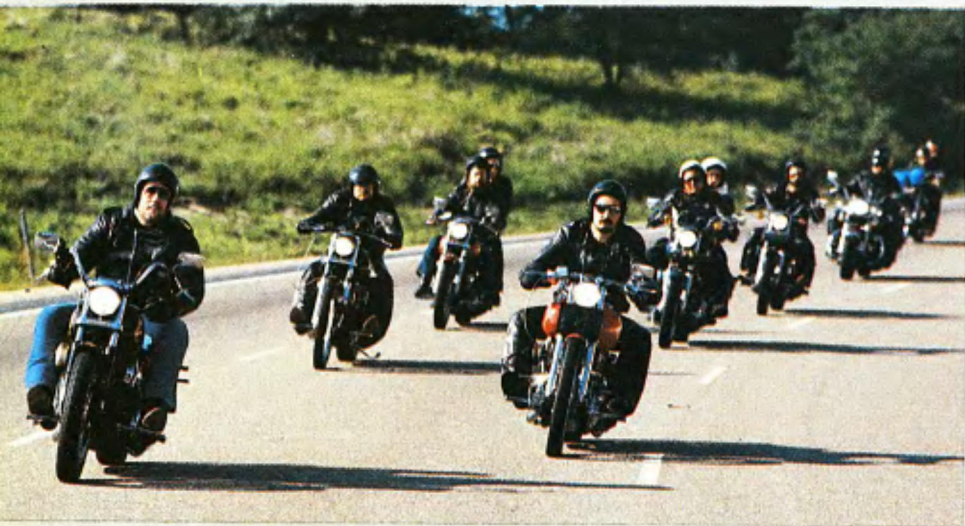
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, CO 80211



Wheeler's

INDIAN SUMMER

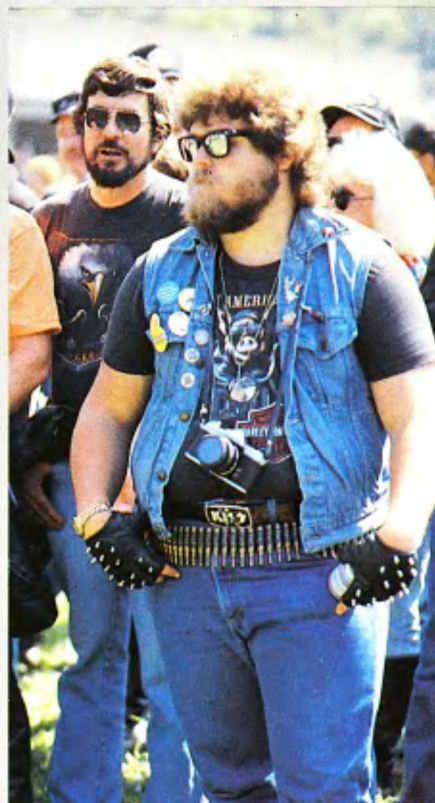
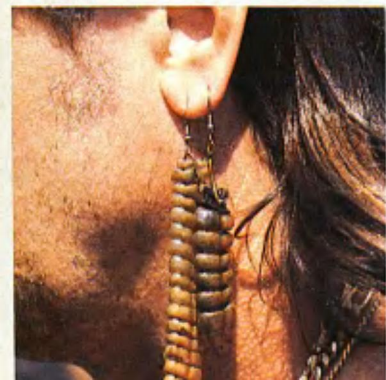
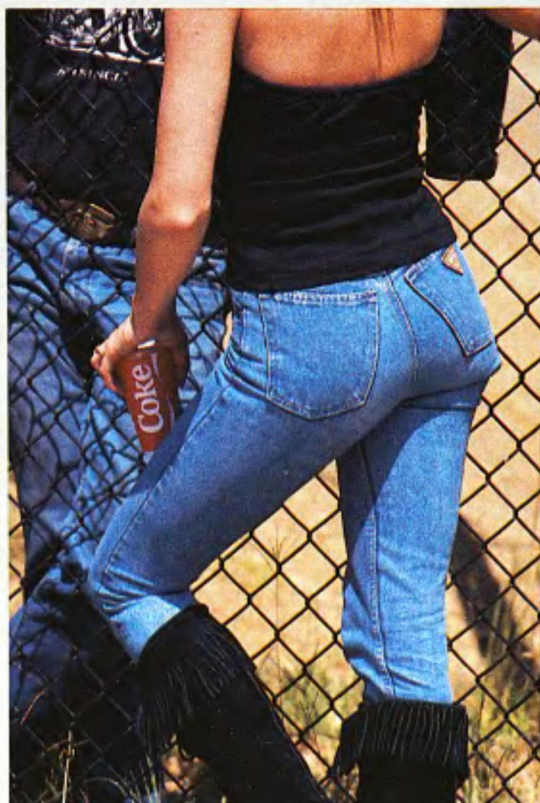
For more than 40 years the Harley-Davidson Dealer Association of North Carolina has been throwing annual parties to say "thanks" to their loyal customers. This year was no exception.



It may have been the most intensive invasion of tribal lands since Custer got his ass torpedoed at Little Big Horn. More than 6,500 bikers from North Carolina and surrounding states gathered at the Cherokee Indian Reservation, in the Great Smoky Mountains near the North Carolina/Tennessee border, where they

celebrated the end of — what else — Indian summer, and toasted (with beer carried from nearby Maggie Valley to the otherwise “dry” reservation) the Hog dealers who made it all possible.

Speaking of Maggie Valley, a lot of you bros and sisters probably remember when this event was called the Maggie

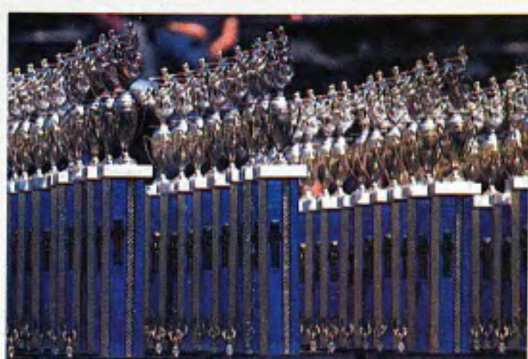
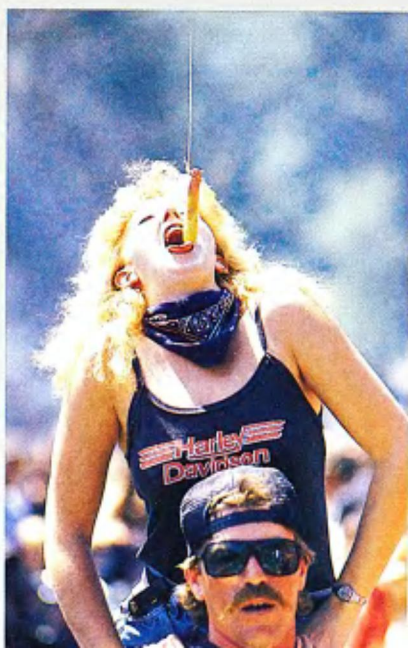


INDIAN SUMMER

Valley Run and was actually held there. Well, it seems that the straights in Maggie Valley decided they didn't like bikes stirring up the dust and cobwebs on Main Street, so they told the Harley Dealer Association to take its parties somewhere else. Fortunately, the Cherokee chiefs offered them



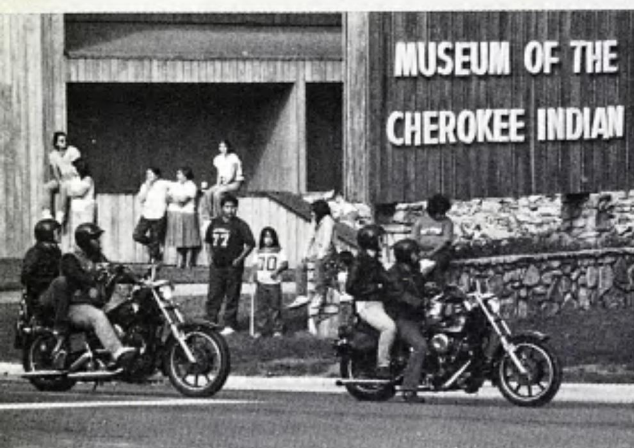
Bird and Biker: Which one do you think won the Tic Tac Toe game?



the use of the reservation site without a moment's hesitation. In fact, Maggie Valley's boot-print hadn't even worn off the Dealer Association's butt before the new site was confirmed. And what a site — lush and green, filled with trees, and surrounded by mountain views. Altogether a bonaroo ('scuze

me, Rip) change from the parched desert where a lot of West Coast runs are held.

Actually, the Cherokee run is one of two thank-you parties the North Carolina H-D dealers host each year. The other bash is held in the spring, usually at Myrtle Beach, and features one of the biggest all-Harley drag



INDIAN SUMMER

competitions anywhere.

Though the fall run does not feature the drag action of its Myrtle Beach sister, there is still plenty of competition with the full slate of biker field events that is featured. This year the events were held on what was once the Cherokee's ceremonial grounds; however, whether



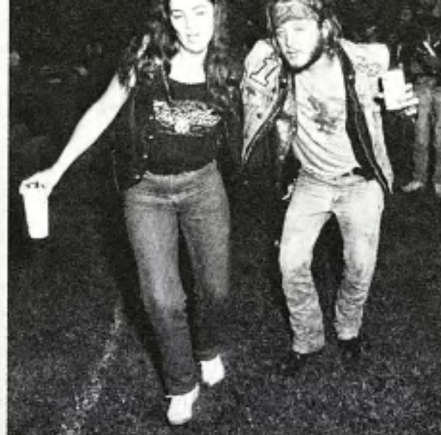


vibrations from long-dead spirits aided anyone entered in the wienie-biting contest is not known.

Another interesting touch of Native Americana was the performance of native Indian dances by some members of the reservation. I tell ya, you ain't seen nothin' till you've seen



INDIAN SUMMER

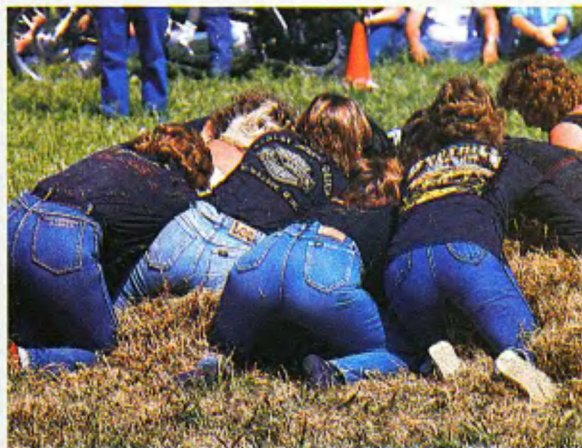


bikers rockin' and rollin' and redskins whoopin' an' hollerin' at the same time and place. It's a particularly riveting sight if you've got a headful of something — and we don't mean gray matter.

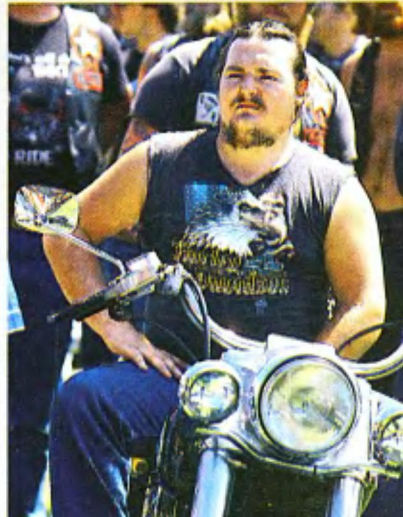
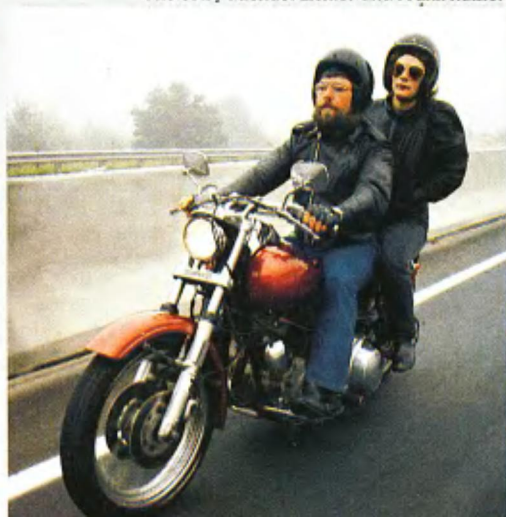
Once again tickets to the event were provided free to

their customers by Harley dealers throughout the state of North Carolina. On behalf of Hog riders everywhere, we say, "Thanks, bros." And a special thanks — for services above and beyond the call — to Ray Young, Ray Price, and Rick and Dixie Doss.

—Wrenched



Photos by Michael Lichler and Frank Kaisler





BIKER'S FUNERAL

By John D. Kenworthy

I heard it through the grapevine that Ray had just bitten the big one and that his custom-built Harley was in small pieces all over Highway 30. Jesus James said he'd heard a semi had run him down at 90mph, Hungry Floyd said he'd heard Ray was blitzed and had swerved in front of a dump truck, but Ray, he didn't say nothin' at all.

Then somebody said there was going to be a service for him in Oregon (that's where he was from). A service? Shit, we wanted to have a party for him. Screw sentimentality, Jack, this was Ray we were talking about. He never done nothing for any of us, he never cried or looked sad around us, but he partied with us, dammit, so we were gonna party with him.

I ran into Gordon in a blues bar in Lansing, Michigan, and we decided we ought to invite everybody on the pavement to get wasted with ol' Ray. But first we had to find him. I borrowed two dimes from Gordon and called Hungry Floyd in Omaha (where he was staying with his parents, for God's sake).

"Hello?"

"Hey, Floyd?"

"Yeah?"

"We're gonna party with Ray. Where is he?"

"He's in a box, man. I thought I told you."

"Yeah, I know, you told me. But where's the box?"

"Right now it's probably still in Ames, Iowa. That's where he

cracked up. Why? What are you gonna do?"

"We're gonna go get him and have a party."

"No shit?"

"No shit, Floyd."

"Count me in. When?"

"Soon as possible. Can you make it tomorrow?"

"I can be there around four in the afternoon. Will that be okay?"

"Sure. Where we gonna meet?"

"We got a lot of looks from a lot of people. After all, three sun-burned long-hairs and one distinctly blue long-hair going 75mph past their contented little lives probably wasn't in their frame of reference."

"How about at the drive-in?"

"Sounds good to me." I said.

"Who all's gonna be there?"

"So far, me, you, and Gordon."

"Gordon?"

"Yeah, anything wrong with that?"

"Nah, Gordon's all right with me."

"You wanna get hold of Jesus."

James and have him meet us there, too?" I asked.

"I'll try, but you know that son of a bitch, he might be in South America for all we know."

"Try, anyway."

"Okay, I just don't think I'll —"

"Well, try."

"Okay, okay, see you tomorrow."

I hung up and went back to my

table. Gordon was lying across it, asleep. I slapped him on the back and he jumped straight up. "What the hell?" he yelled.

"We're gonna meet Floyd in Ames tomorrow."

"Hungry Floyd?"

"Yeah. Something wrong with that?"

"Nah, Floyd's okay, I guess."

"You're damn right he's okay," I said. "I'm gonna go grab some sleep and we can take off in the morning — okay?"

"Yeah, sure. See ya." Gordon flopped back over on the table and passed out again. About then I noticed all the empties. Guess I'd talked on the phone longer than I thought. I tossed a bill at the bartender, told him thanks, and walked out to my trusty Vincent Black Shadow, the bike that's been to hell and back with me. It has a couple of nasty scratches on it, but it still purrs like Seka's vibrator.

I roared out of town and found a quiet roadside park to spend the night in. The stars were out, so I laid there for a long time staring at them, making them into animals and scoots and foxy women. I made one constellation into a broad with spread legs, waiting for my big dipper. Stars can be cool sometimes. Sometimes.

I fell asleep dreaming about a celestial princess. I think that fucking the sky is my second-favorite goal in life, right after scoring with Roxie Foster. I've seen her and her band, the Timberline Cowboys,

BIKER'S FUNERAL

continued



about ten times. Every-time I make a run through Denver, I check out her concert and every-time I damn near come in my jeans. God, what a broad. Great face, great ass, great tits, great voice — fucking great voice.

I awoke eight or nine hours later, feeling good and ready to kick some ass. Flying back into Lansing, I found Gordon where I'd left him. I woke him up, straightened him out, and set him up on his

mongrel bike — part Harley, part Indian, part Volkswagen; you know, one of *those*.

We looked at each other, nodded, and tore off in search of Ames. I'd just come up through Iowa the month before, so I wasn't real thrilled about seeing those flat hills again, but we had to get Ray. The ride took forever, so we relieved the boredom by playing chicken with some farmers' wives. It was pretty funny, actually — all those little gray-haired ladies driving right off onto the side of the road. Ray would've grooved on it, I'm sure.

Eventually we made it to Ames. The drive-in was a sad-looking thing called The Ranch. . . looked more like a fort. We roared through the gates, past the flower gardens and the swing set, right up to a burly character sitting astride a cycle.

"Hey, how's it going, Hungry Floyd?" I yelled as we pulled alongside him.

"I got bad fuckin' news. Somebody beat us to Ray."

"Whaddya mean?" asked Gordon.

"Hi, Gordon. How are ya, man?" replied Hungry Floyd.

"I'm fine. Whaddya mean, about Ray?"

"They're already taking him to Oregon by ambulance."

"Ambulance!" I said. "I thought he was dead."

"Stiffer than your cock at a Timberline Cowboys' concert," Floyd cracked. The man knows me real well.

"Then why the hell's he going to Oregon in an ambulance?" I asked.

"His people paid for it. It's supposed to be cheaper than a hearse and a whole lot less scary."

"Shit," said Gordon. "We'll have to go get him, then."

That sounded good to Hungry Floyd and me, so we both kicked over our bikes. "Any idea which way he went?" Gordon asked.

"Toward Oregon!" Floyd yelled.

"Yeah, but which way?"

"I-80, I reckon," answered Floyd.

"Nah," I said.

"Yeah," Floyd said. "I'll bet you."

"All right, but we better find him or your ass will be a grease mark from here to Alaska."

"We'll find him," said Gordon quietly. "We've got to."

"Oh, by the way, I got hold of Jesus James. He said he'd go to Texas and set up a party on the beach at Corpus Christi," said Hungry Floyd.

"Texas?" I said. "Why Texas, for chrissake?"

"Because Jesus James said Ray ain't never been there."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Well, Texas is as good a place as any," Gordon said, and after mulling it over, I had to agree.

We blazed off. More Iowa flats, more boredom. We made good time in Nebraska, flying past absolutely nothing at all. We had just one thing on our collective mind: finding Ray. Actually, I was thinking a little about Roxie Foster, but not a whole lot. We were on a mission and that took precedence. We even passed up a hitchhiking girl who was stretching her halter top beyond belief. None of us even gave her a second glance.

Believe it or not, we ran across an ambulance with Iowa plates in the western part of Nebraska. We pulled up beside it and looked in the window. There it was, a big brown box.

"Hi, Ray!" we all shouted.

The driver eyed us nervously. We glared back, using our patented, don't-fuck-with-us-bud expressions.

"Pull over and don't touch that radio!" yelled Gordon, whipping out a .38.

The driver pulled over damn quick. Gordon kept him covered while Hungry Floyd and I opened the box and pulled Ray out.

"Ray, you don't look so hot," I said.

"Maybe he's not feeling well," joked Hungry Floyd.

"I think a party would cheer him up."

We maneuvered him onto the back of my bike and pulled his arms around me, so I could hang onto them. It wasn't easy. Gordon shoved the driver back into the ambulance, and we all turned our machines around and headed for the Big T. Ray's hands felt cold and slimy and he reeked to high heaven, but then again, he'd always smelled sorta bad.

We got a lot of looks from a lot of people. After all, three sunburned long-hairs and one distinctly blue long-hair going 75mph past their contented little lives probably wasn't in their frame of reference.

We made it into Kansas by nightfall. It was a warm, dark night. It was great. Suddenly, Ray and I hit a turtle that was crossing the road and the bike bounced into the air. We came down hard and just that fast, I was riding my bike alone. I looked back and saw Ray skipping down the highway like a stone skipping across water. Hungry Floyd, who was riding behind me, nearly hit him, and Gordon, who was behind Floyd, did hit him.

We stopped, of course, and ran back to get Ray. He looked awful, his nose was all over his face. Floyd molded it back, sort of like it used to look, but he was still a mess. We carried him back to the bikes and secured him behind me again. Fortunately, Ray was the

only one of us who was the worse for the wear. Gordon had breezed through the incident without a scratch.

Before we knew it, we were through Kansas and into Oklahoma's panhandle. We saw a figure hunched over a bike along the side of the road and halted. It was St. Louis Lou.

"He looks bad," he said, pointing to Ray.

"He fell off."

"He fucking fell off? That's what killed him?"

"No, he fell off after he was killed. On the way here."

"Oh," he said, looking confused. Then his face lit up.

"I've got us a band. They're on break right now, though."

I dropped Ray and took off, too. The first law of the road is Save Your Ass; dead friends come second.

"Hey, Lou! What's up, dude?" I called out as we slowed to a stop.

"Well, hey, how're ya doing, man? I was on my way to Ray's party, but I've got some carburetor trouble."

"Anything we can do?" asked Gordon.

"Nah, I'm almost done. How are ya, Gordon?"

"Fine, just fine."

"How about you, Floyd? Still hungry?"

"Always."

St. Louis Lou turned to say something to my riding companion. "How are —" His jaw dropped. "That's Ray," he announced, pointing a shaky finger.

"We know," I replied.

"He's dead."

"We know."

"What's he doing here?"

"It's his party."

"Oh, shit," he said, turning the same shade as Ray. "I guess you're right."

Eventually the color returned to his face and he told us that there were already over a hundred bikers gathered in Corpus Christi. Jesus James had been there and left several times, each time returning with more bros — and knowing Jesus James, quite a few women, too.

When we pulled onto the beach at Corpus Christi, everybody cheered us. Jesus James ran over with a Bud in his hand. "How are ya?" he asked.

"Just fine," I answered.

"Who are they?" I asked, lifting Ray off the bike.

"Roxie Foster and the Timberline Cowboys," Jesus James said with a big, big smile.

"You're lying!" I ran to the stage, dragging Ray along, and got to the front of it just in time to see foxy Roxie come bouncing out. She was wearing these shorts, and a shirt that was open down to . . . wow. She'd never sounded or looked better, and she was staring right at me — or maybe at Ray. Oh, shit, what a broad.

About the time the band broke into an old blues number, a shitload of cop cars arrived out of nowhere, with blaring sirens and flashing lights.

Everybody ran for their scoots and headed their separate ways. After the Timberline Cowboys grabbed their equipment, they scattered as well. I dropped Ray and took off, too. The first law of the road is Save Your Ass; dead friends come second.

"Sorry, man!" I called, hopping on the Vincent. The cops let everybody pass and we were all on our way to different places, together.

As I kicked the bike over, I saw somebody running towards me. It was — holy shit! — Roxie Foster. "Give me a ride," she cooed.

"Sure," I mumbled. She slid on behind me and I turned around to tell her to hang on tight. Then I noticed the crumpled figure of Ray, sprawled out in the sand.

"You would have enjoyed this, buddy," I said. And he would have. ■



"Excuse me, can I get a Pink Lady, please?"

THIRD GENER



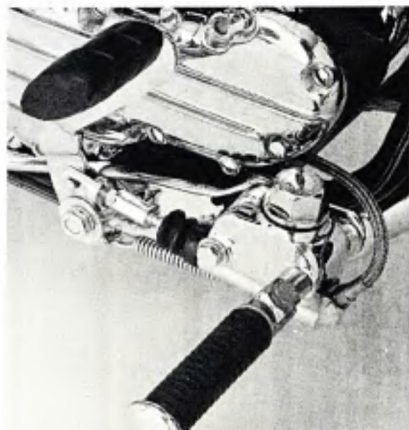
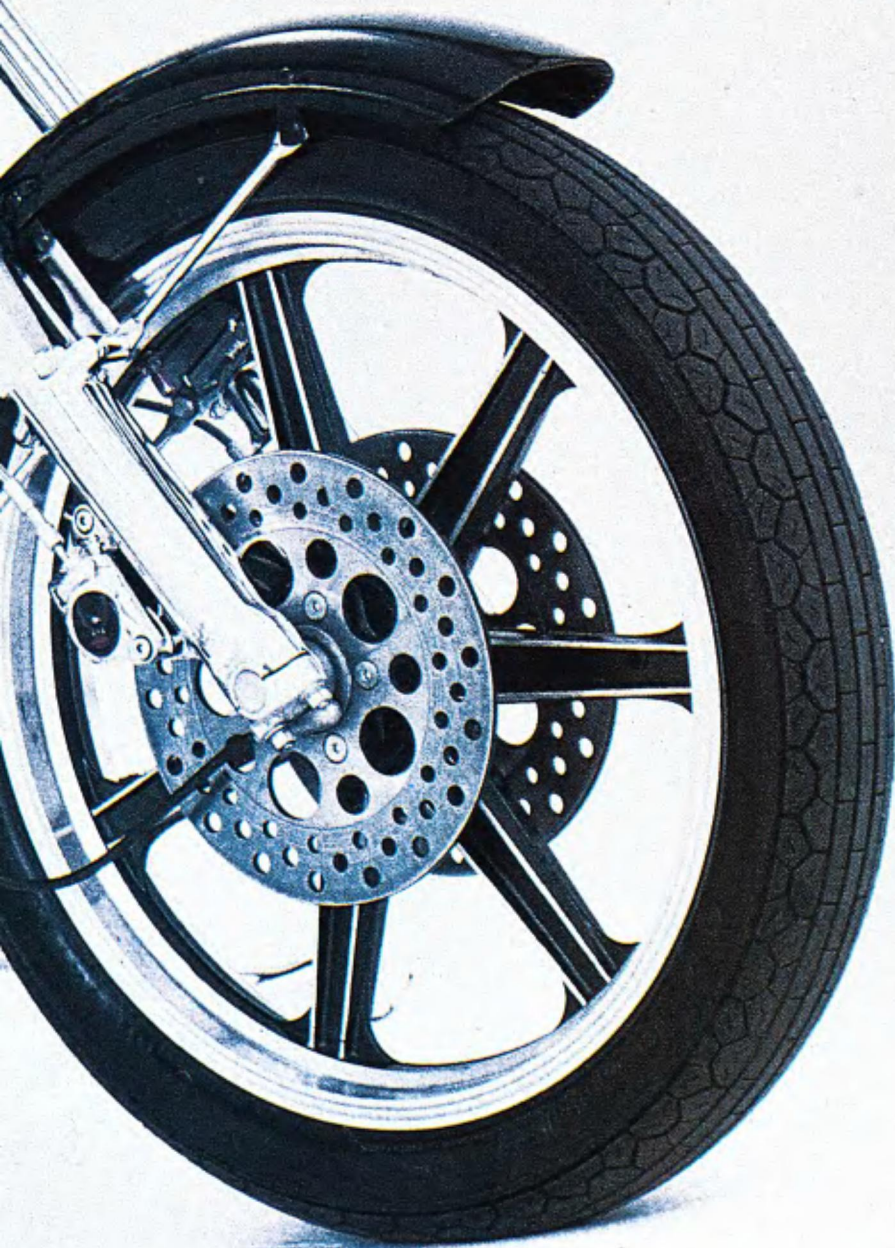
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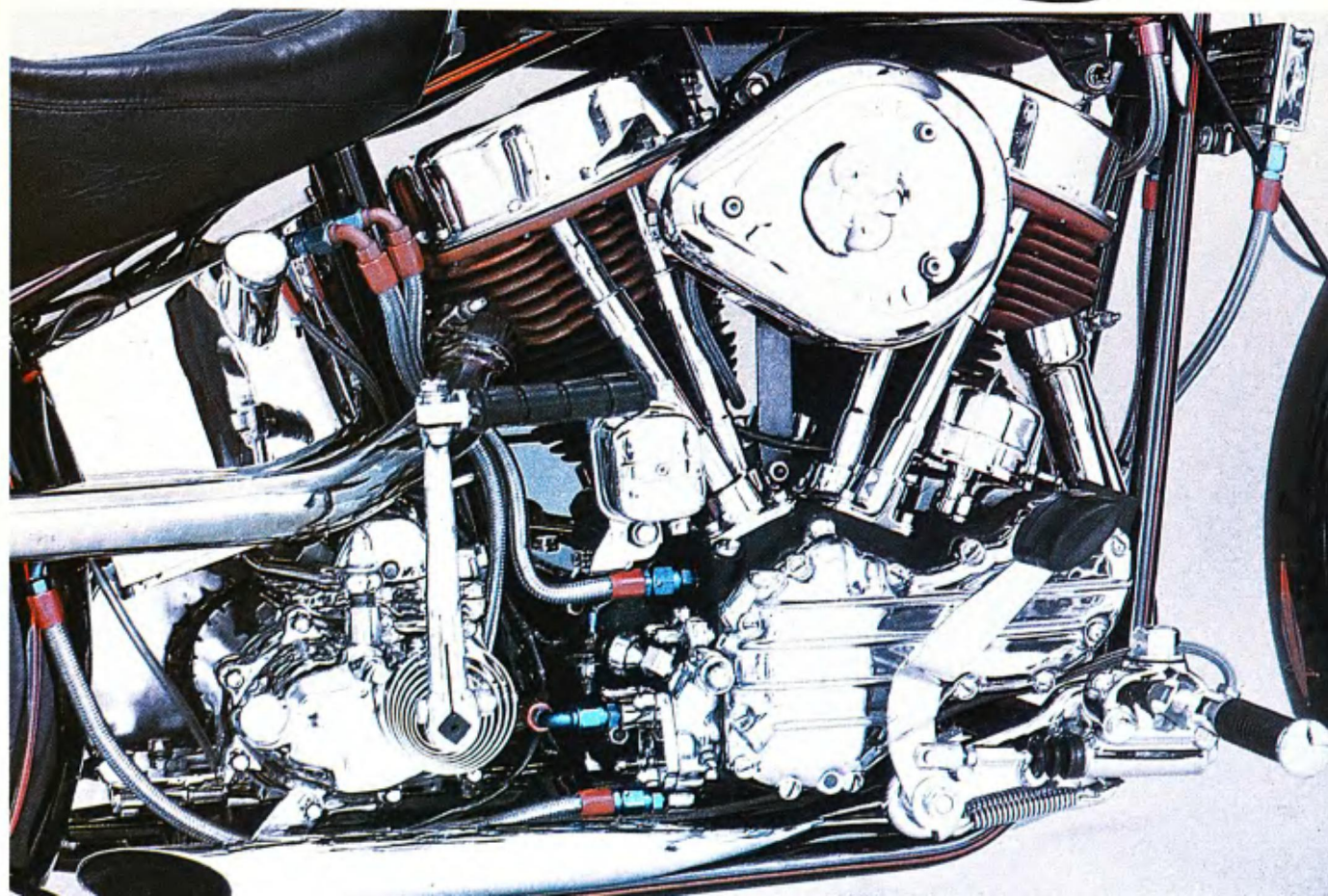


Little girls may be made of sugar and spice and every-thing nice, but what are lit-tle bikers made of? Big bikers, of course. What else?

Buff City, Tennessee, is one of those sunswept little southern towns that seem to have been created with bike riders in mind. Gently winding roads flanked by trees and green fields, not too much cage traf-fic, and sweet scents all com-bine to form a riding environ-ment that could be the background for one of Dave Mann's mellow centerfolds.

Considerin' all the above, it's not surprising that Ten-nesseans born with biking in



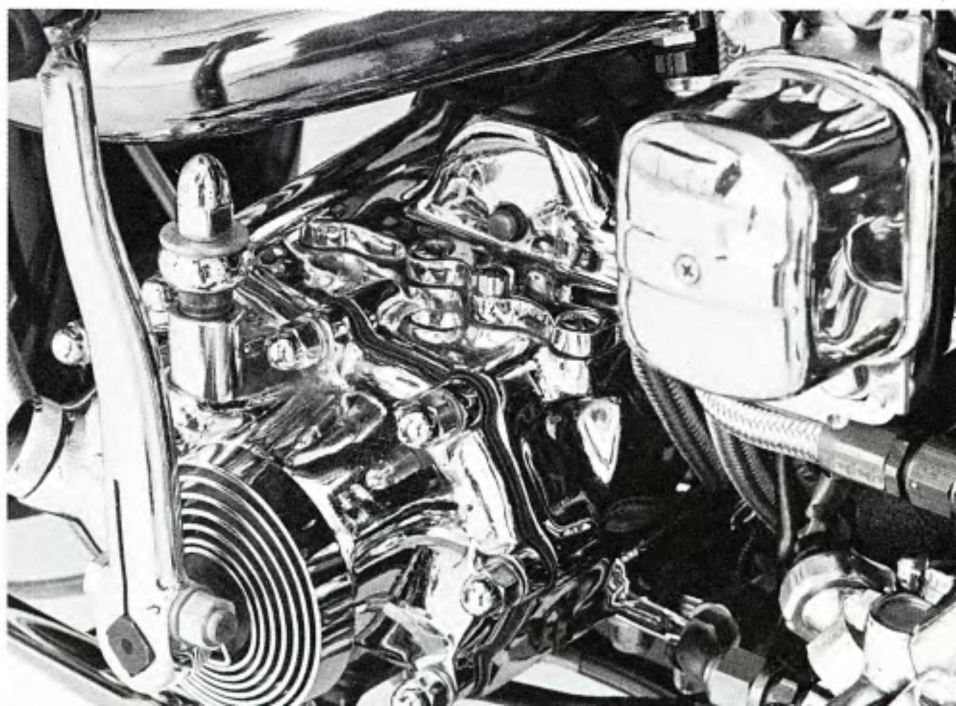


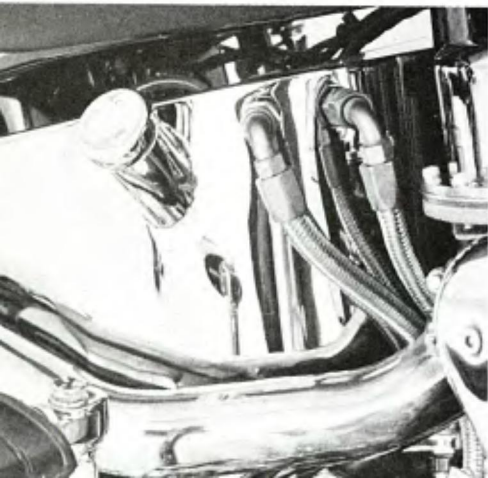
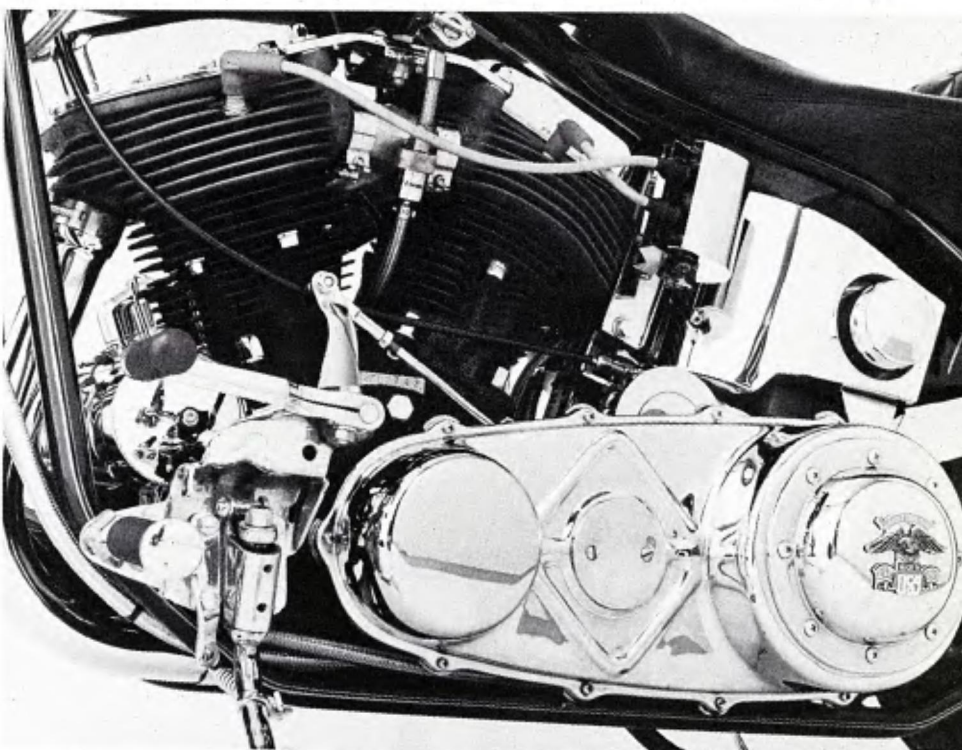
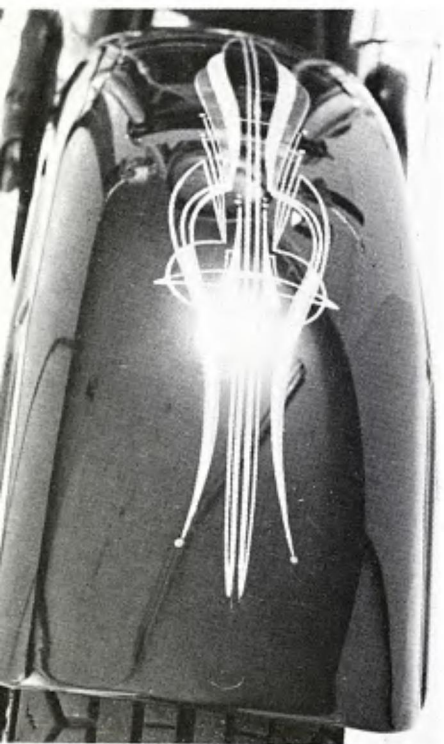


their blood often get an earlier start in the saddle than a lot of other folks.

Take Jimmy Thompson, owner of this pristine pan-head. Jimmy's been riding for 22 years. That's not too many, you say? Maybe not, but Jimmy's only 27 years old. His daddy, a biker himself, taught Jimmy to ride when he was five and he's been keepin' it between the ditches on two wheels ever since.

And so it goes. . . fathers and sons. . . sons and fathers . . . when Jimmy's six-year-old was about four and a half, Jimmy passed it on, getting





him a little 50cc mini-putter and teaching him to ride it. Now it's hard to get the boy off the bike to do anything else — like eat or sleep.

And then there's Jimmy's other son, who just turned three. He's already showing a more-than-passing interest in that strange, shiny, noisy toy that his big brother spends so much time playing with.



Owner: Jimmy Thompson		City: Bluff City, Tn.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Dirty Mike		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1959 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: priceless		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: Dirty Mike		Stretch: none	
Time: 5 years		Other alterations: tabs welded	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Low Rider	
Year: 1959		Risers: pull back	
Model: FL		Fender(s): modified fatbob	
Rebuilder: Dirty Mike		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 84 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Low Rider	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: Low Rider	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12 volt battery	
Cases: panhead		Gas tank: 3 1/2 gal. fatbobs	
Heads: panhead		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: Russell fittings/linesdry	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: CCI	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 9 1/2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: late gears/Andrews 1st		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1959		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Chuck Culler		Hub: Lester	Hub: Lester
Painter: Chuck Culler		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: Tuxedo Black		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: R&M/House of Color		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: stripping by Jim Norris			
Special thanks: Debbie, Sharon, Chuck, Dirty, Jimbo and Bill's Welding.			



By the time kids are three, ya know, or maybe ya don't, they have a pretty big vocabulary — or at least big enough to repeat, parrot-like, the phrase, "When can I have one, daddy, when can I have one?"

Says Jimmy with a smile: "I think he's gonna be the one that beats us all."

— Deadbeat

Photos by Pete Chiodo



THE CONTRACT-PART II

By Beast's Ol' Lady

Having read "The Contract" and laughed our asses off, we've conjured up our reply to the bullshit expected of the better half of a loving relationship. Anyone not in agreement with said "contract" now has a reasonable option. . .

* * *

ARTICLE I: Each party shall do unto the other as they damn well please. (UFP — usual fine print. — states that the male shall damn well please the Female.)

ARTICLE II: Each time the parties disagree, the male shall remove the Female's shoes and kiss her feet until a smile comes across her lovely face.

ARTICLE III: If and when the Female comes home late from a hard day of shopping, the male shall have a cold, stiff drink awaiting her. Candles shall be added for atmosphere, but if the male is rushed for time because of housekeeping, he is forgiven. However, forgiveness is granted only once every six months.

ARTICLE IV: The male shall keep the Female's purse full of shopping money.

ARTICLE V: Since the male of the species is well-known for having nothing worthwhile to say, he shall refrain from speaking unless directly addressed.

ARTICLE VI: If a male ever strikes a Female, with or without intent, he shall nail his own balls to a tree and push himself over backwards.

ARTICLE VII: The Female shall strike the male only when he is being a dickhead — and only with an axe.

ARTICLE VIII: The male is privileged with one of two options concerning housekeeping:

- 1) he can do it all before going to work in the morning; or
- 2) he can do it all after returning home from work in the evening. However, if his chores are being done when the Female is sleeping, he should do his best not to wake her. If he awakens her, see ARTICLE VI for the best-suited punishment.

ARTICLE IX: The male shall not complain about "dining at the Y," at the Female's request, at any given time of the month.

ARTICLE X: The Female shall not be bothered with such minor details as: polishing the Hog; cooking dinner; cleaning house; providing drugs or booze; child care; grocery shopping; or any other domestic-type or other kind of labor. The Female shall conserve all energies for shopping, evenings out, partying, and kinky sex whenever she is in the mood.

ARTICLE XI: While the Female is out partying, etc. (See Article X), the male may have one or two friends over to help him do dishes, vacuum, etc. Too many friends over tends to give the male extra housecleaning to do, keeping him from cooking dinner on time.

ARTICLE XII: The male shall not expect the Female to get out of bed at any given hour. (He can wait until she gets up to change the sheets.)

ARTICLE XIII: The male shall keep his ugly ass out of the bedroom anytime before, during, or after the Female's beauty rest, unless otherwise requested. If his presence is requested, he shall bring plenty of good drugs and booze.

ARTICLE XIV: The Female cannot be expected not to look at other males, as life is a smorgasbord and she mustn't have to always settle for a corn dog.



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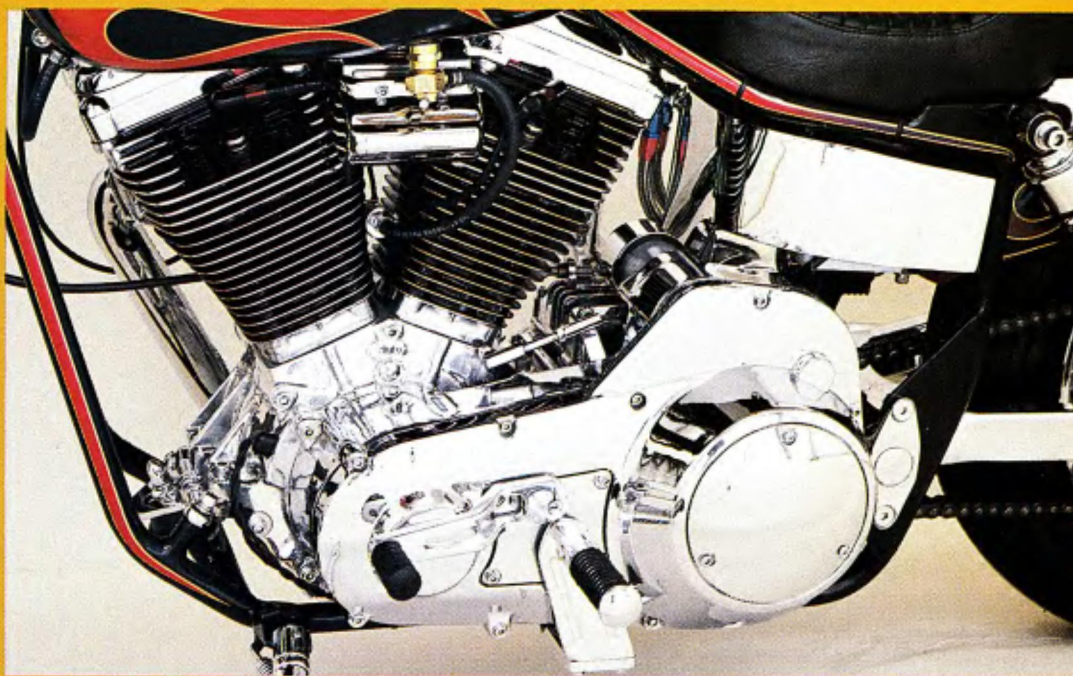
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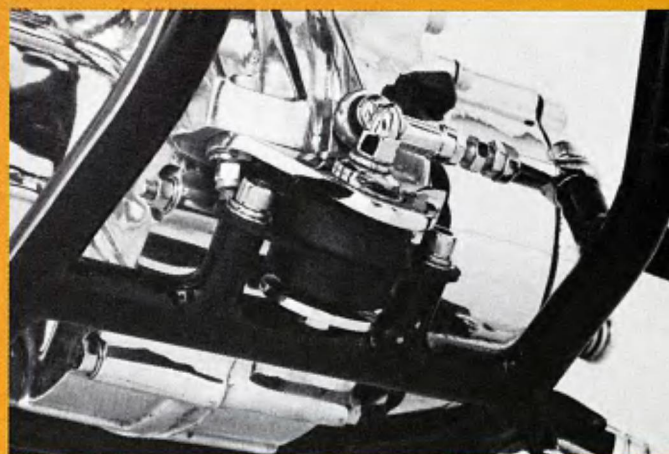
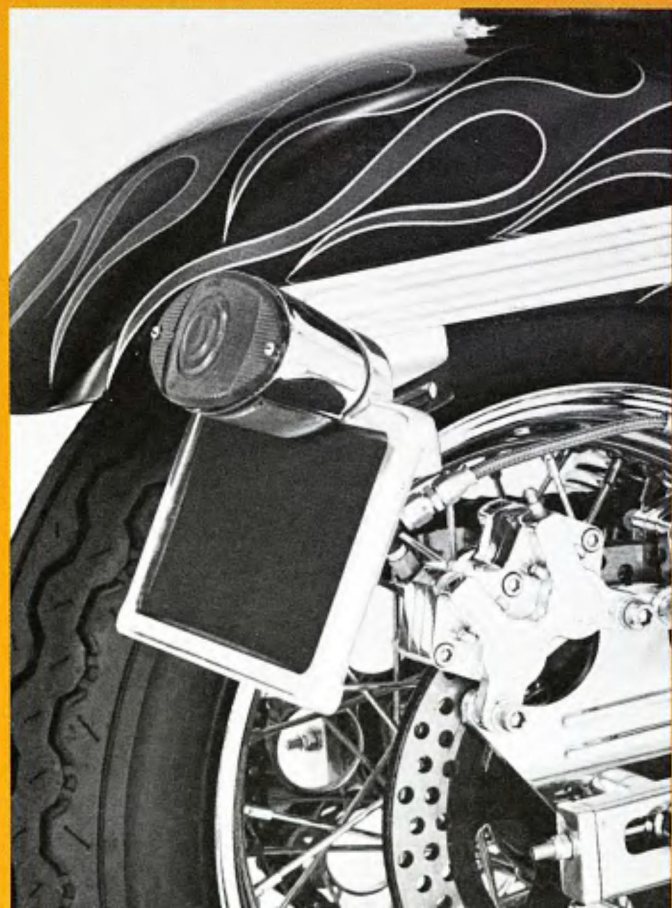
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NO STORY

Some bros are too close to the action to see it.





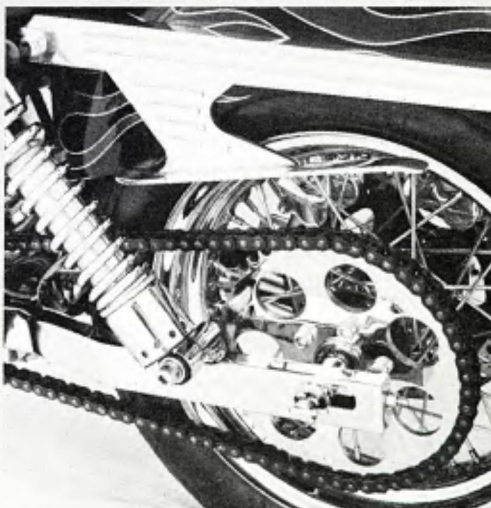


“Well, there's really not much of a story to it,” lamented Ron Simms about his hard-chargin' custom blockhead. “It's just another bike we put together here at the shop to show people how we build 'em, our ideas — ya know?” snarled the sandpaper-voiced biker who's responsible for keeping a part of the Oakland-San Francisco Bay area up with the latest improvements in high-fashion, high-performance, and long usability.

The non-story goes on, we found out later, to show how Ron and his men at Bay Area Custom

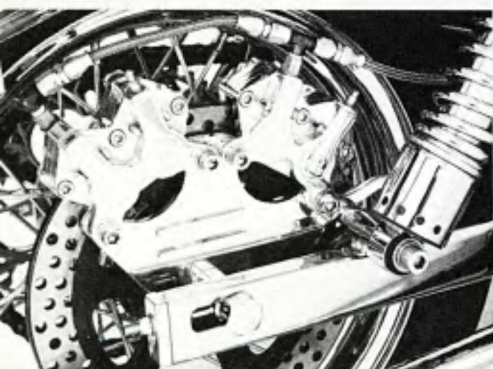
Cycles had assembled this bike in a mere four days. This, after a prior mock-up fabrication to check out the fit and tensibility, then having everything painted, chromed, and otherwise prepped for the final bolt-up.

The result? Well, check it out. What Simms has done that he doesn't see “a story” in, simply, is to build a monster-lookin' ride, employing the latest in high-tech (and now time-tested), smooth-runnin' Evolution engines, coupled with a special frame (resulting from a collaboration of B.A.C.C. and John Harmon) to support the rubber-mounted motor.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



And it's mounted in there securely, from here to eternity — or at least till Ron's ready to tear it down and up his power base. Which, with him, can be pretty often. See, Ron's proud of the machinery his shop provides for the Harley customer who's extremely picky about the customizing he has done on his ride. This highway hellion is a prime example of the consistently fine efforts turned out by B.A.C.C.

Now, while Simms doesn't

necessarily see a story line in there anywhere, we think there is one — even if it's the kind a blind man could read. The story of a perfectly tuned, modified motorcycle humming down the road, writing its message on every curve and corner. From long desert runs at night to winding switchbacks in Northern California's mountainous Gold Country, this bike will flat-out *perform*, with comfort that sideswipes anything the Ninja boys have. —Saddlebag Sam

Owner: Ron Simms		City: Hayward, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: B.A.C.C.		Year: 1986	
Year and make: 1986 H-D		Builder: Harmon/B.A.C.C.	
Model: FXRS BACC		Type: swing-arm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 35 degrees	
Assembly by: B.A.C.C.		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 7 days		Other alterations: gussetted	
Chroming by: B&B Metal Finishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Superbars	
Year: 1986		Risers: B.A.C.C.	
Model: V ₂		Fender(s): two	
Rebuilder: Bob Gomes		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: points		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 80 cu in.		Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: CCI	
Heads: Hannans Machine Shop		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Sifton 450		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: H-D		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: B.A.C.C.	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: MAC		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): MAC		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: FL wide glide	
Year: 1986		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: B.A.C.C.	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: machined trees	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Shanklins		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Shanklins		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: black with flames		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: pinstripping			
Other special modifications: extensive machine work/special thanks to machinist Pat McFarland and Crazy Don Albert			

Easynews

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

Feds probe Jap crap pricing policies

Federal officials recently revealed that the United States Justice Department has launched a criminal antitrust investigation of the Big Four rice peddlers—Honda, Yamaha, Kawasaki and Suzuki.

According to insiders, a federal grand jury in Columbus, Ohio, has been sifting evidence alleging that the four foreign firms took part in a repeated pattern of price-fixing and other illegal business practices designed to force Harley-Davidson and European motorcycle companies out of the North American market.

Though Harley has refused to comment on the investigation, it is known that the

grand jury probe, which is now in its second year, was triggered by President Reagan's April 1983 decision to impose big excise tax surcharges on heavyweight Jap scooters.

Asked to comment on the reports, Mark Sheehan, a spokesman for the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, confirmed that the grand jury is investigating pricing and marketing business practices in the motorcycle industry but refused to give details of the probe.

Three of the Big Four also refused to comment, but American Honda Co., the Gardena, California-based U.S. operating

arm of the Jap Giant, admitted that the company had been asked to provide information to the grand jury.

"We have cooperated fully with the government," the spokesman said.

According to a story in the *Wall Street Journal*, Justice Department investigators plan to go over more evidence and, possibly, drag officers of the Big Four companies before the grand jury before deciding whether to seek indictments.

Figures gathered by the Motorcycle Industry Council show that the Big Four controlled 94 percent of the \$2.7 billion U.S. motorcycle market in 1985.

Biker busters enjoy 'holiday'

Proving once again that your very hard-to-earn tax money can be used to provide aid and comfort to virtually everyone except you, over 200 state and federal cops recently swarmed to Seattle for what was billed as the 12th Annual International Outlaw Motorcycle Gang Conference.

As usual the conventioners settled into a luxury hotel and devoted themselves to filling gullible reporters' ears with bullshit about bikers, to quote one of the cops, being involved with every kind of crime known to mankind except "stock fraud."

"I remember one time debriefing (a biker)," one of the so-called biker law enforcement specialists told Seattle newspaper columnist Erik Lacitis. "He told me 'all (bikers) will kill you; some will just do it quicker than others.'"

Not surprisingly, given the level of media intelligence these days, Lacitis printed this anonymous anecdote as the gospel and thousands of Seattlites encountering it over their morning coffee probably nodded and muttered something about "damned biker punks." Yet even the dimmest survivor of a childhood full of "The Untouchables" should have a bullshit meter good enough to go off the screen when hearing this charge. All Lacitis had to do to check this out was go to the Seattle Times morgue and check the files to see how many biker-generated corpses make the front page in an average year — most probably none. Besides, even if you are a member of a group of such wanton killers would you brag about it? To a cop? Even Al Capone never went quite that far, in real life or on the screen.

But life is not a bed of easy busts and frequent promotions, not even for the elite men of the anti-biker squads. Far from it, they must constantly be on guard against a threat worse than AIDS — biker women!

According to "Scoop" Lacitis, cops have "found transcripts of their supposedly confidential seminars printed in bikers' publications." In fact, the very first thing the officers spotted upon checking into their convention hotel was a woman known to associate with bikers lurking furtively at the bar. As Lacitis so lyrically put it, "A few drinks and maybe one of the cops would loosen up and give out some information. You never know." Other biker women were discovered masquerading as hotel phone operators and maids.

A few extra rolls of toilet paper and some of the cops might feel confident enough to really loosen up. As Lacitis says, you never know.

W. Virginia cops ride the fast track to race day tickets

About 4000 bikers attempting to ride to the recent AMA Camel Pro Championship event at West Virginia Speedway in Mineral Wells were rudely welcomed by a specially formed law enforcement task-force composed of dozens of officers brought in from numerous jurisdictions throughout the state.

Before the day was through they issued 750 warnings and citations, made about ten arrests and, videotaped bikers as they rode through the speedway gates.

At one point, the speedway public relations director got on the public address system and apologized for the cops' presence and KGB-like behavior. The fuzz weren't enchanted by the announcement.

"Due to the remarks made over the public address system, it was evident that the management did not desire our presence there, and did not agree with our precautionary role in protecting the citizens at the track," said Sgt. J. P. Bragg of the West Virginia State Police.

Bragg vowed that the state police would not "participate in future races at the West Virginia Motor Speedway and that includes directing traffic."

We should be so lucky.

Confab brings 36 bike groups together

Early last summer the dream of a unified front of bike riders standing together to oppose repressive laws took a giant step toward reality when 64 representatives of 36 groups from 33 states gathered in Kansas City, Missouri, for the first annual National Coalition of Motorcyclists (NCOM) convention.

Represented at the confab were delegates from ABATE chapters, MMA groups, Concerned Bikers Associations and such independent organizations as the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers and the Texas Roadriders.

Though the convention had its share of partying till dawn, the major reason for the meeting was to take care of biker business. To that end, workshops in legislative, legal and safety issues were held, along with regional meetings and general sessions where everyone was allowed to give whatever piece of their minds they could spare to everyone else.

One of the most important decisions made at the convention was a unanimous vote against adopting by-laws or other rules of operation.

"It was unanimously felt that we need to remain flexible and not be tied down to pages of restrictions or rules," a NCOM spokesman said. "We have job descriptions and general guidelines to operate by and we must be able to respond quickly to the needs of the Coalition, especially our member organizations, no matter what the situation."

Another key action was the establishment of application and evaluation procedures for awarding cash grants to biker rights groups for specific programs.

The first four grants were to:

- The Manchester Mission Church of Bikers to assist in lobbying for handicapped license plates for bikers on a national level.
- The Manchester Mission Church of Bikers to fight a Connecticut law banning motorcycle parking in parks.
- The Nevada Association of Concerned Motorcyclists to lobby for the repeal of that state's mandatory helmet law and to provide for an informational campaign on candidates who support (and don't support) the interests of Nevada motorcycle riders.
- The Concerned Motorcyclists of Tennessee to assist them in a battle against biased eye-protection laws.

NCOM members also voted to continue assisting individuals and groups seeking to start biker rights organizations in states where none currently exist.

"The coalition will provide technical advice and material to anyone wishing to get assistance on starting a rights group no matter what the name of the group will be," a spokesman said. "Currently we are assisting individuals or groups in Alabama, New Mexico, Arizona and Montana. Assistance will also be provided to current groups who need help in restructuring their group or pulling groups together into one organization."

For further information on obtaining

organizational help, call (800) 525-5355.

Despite all the above good stuff, however, the highlight of the convention was the workshops. Designed to provide nuts-and-bolts information valuable to all participants, they had delegates goin' round muttering things like "I can't write fast enough to get all this good shit down."

Topics included lobbying techniques, national legislative problems, how NCOM can assist member organizations, personal injury law and the biker, criminal law, discrimination and harassment, liability insurance, rider education, how to form a motorcyclist organization, and how to solve organizational problems.

The convention's general session was devoted to delegates getting to meet each other, reviewing the convention agenda, catching up on NCOM's accomplish-

ments to date, reporting on advisory board actions, and answering delegates' questions.

ABATE of Maryland requested the national headquarters develop a public relations manual for all member organizations and the request was approved right on the spot.

Also approved on the spot, by a loud, roaring, unanimous voice vote was the following resolution: That the National Coalition of Motorcyclists goes on record against mandatory helmet laws and will fight any form of legislation on this issue. NCOM will also be the voice to notify other groups that we are prepared to fight for our rights on a national level.

For more information on NCOM, call toll free, (800) 525-5355 (outside Washington state) or (800) 522-5355 (in Washington.)

Nevada declares war on double nickel

The controversy over the national speed was recently blown wide open when the Nevada Legislature raised the speed limit on a section of Interstate 80 to 70mph.

The action dared the federal Department of Transportation to withhold federal highway funds and began a legal battle that will either return control of the roads to the states or reaffirm the blackmail power of the DOT.

As soon as the higher limit went into effect the state transportation director was notified that up to \$6.6 million would be withheld by the feds. As proscribed by the legislature the 55-limit was immediately restored, and Nevada Attorney General Brian McKay filed a federal suit charging DOT Secretary Elizabeth Dole and the federal government with using unconstitutional coercion against the state. The suit also contends that the coercion "unfairly" cost Nevada the chance to prove the higher limit safe.

In the past, Dole has said she might raise the 55mph limit if a higher limit proved safe.



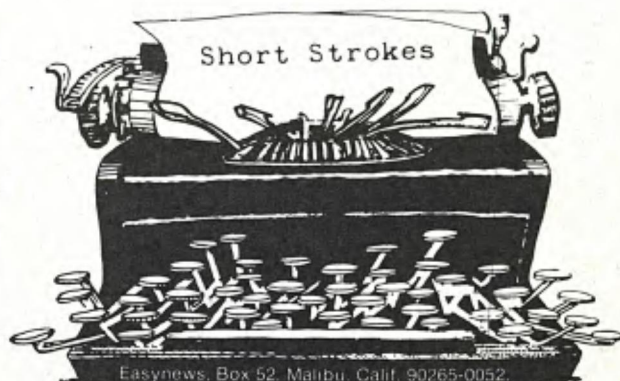
Photo courtesy of United Riders — Maine

WHICH ONE'S THE GUV — United Bikers of Maine officers Greig Perkins and Paul Vestal help Maine Governor Joe Brennan sign a new rider education bill passed by the state legislature. Though the bill does not require new riders to complete a 20-hour Motorcycle Safety Foundation course as urged by United Bikers, its requirement of an eight-hour class for new riders between the ages of 16 and 21 is considered a start in the right direction. Funds will be provided by a \$2 increase in bike registration fees. The law becomes effective in 1988, after the first chunk of the new fees are collected.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights On 24 hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	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

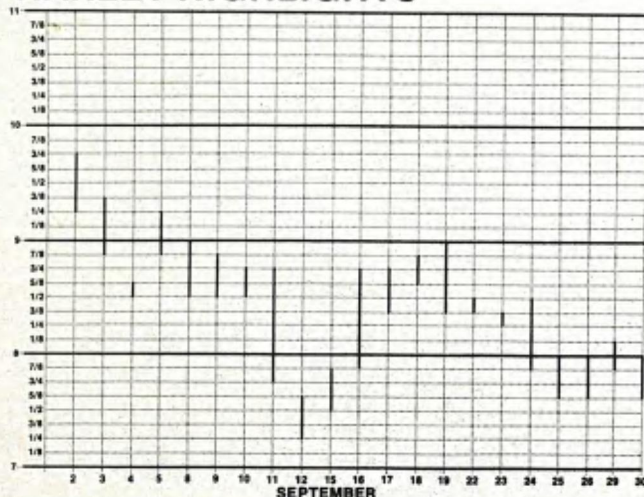
1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windshield, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 5-Lights on if bike was made after 1977, 6-Required for speeds above 35mph, 7-1970 or newer bikes, 8-If over 21, 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 10-Certain cities may require lights, 11-Passengers must wear helmets, 12-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets, 13-Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory, Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



It's not often that Jolly Old St. Nicolas is told to fuck off, but, then he doesn't usually spend too much time in the state of Vermont. Members of the Freedom of the Road for Vermont bikers group, led by a bike-riding Santa, recently held a toy run to benefit — they hoped — needy children in their home state. Unfortunately for the Vermont kids, the two state agencies that operate such programs didn't want any part of the bikers' charity. "I felt that their participation in the toy drive might confuse people," said Linnea Kuster, director of the Central Vermont Community Action Council, one of the agencies that turned down the toys. Also rejecting the bikers' offer was the state Social and Rehabilitation Service Dept. "We're buying these toys with our own money," bike run chairman Frank Callahan said. "They just let their own political beliefs get in the way of helping these kids." Being more interested in needy children than political bullshit, the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in Boston was only too happy to accept the donations . . . **GIs at Fort Benning, Georgia,** are the latest servicemen to feel the heavy hand of Uncle Sam on their necks. In addition to helmets they must wear: Long-sleeve shirts, long pants, eye protection, leather boots, leather gloves, and, a reflective vest.

The Bell Helmet Company, for years supposedly neutral on mandatory helmet laws, has publicly come out in favor of forcing bikers to wear lids and is even trying to lobby the American Motorcyclist Association to join the bucket brigade. "With the AMA's continued interest in rider safety and rider safety programs, it seems unusual for the organization to stay on the anti-helmet law bandwagon," Bell vice-president Dean Fisher wrote to the AMA. Fisher also claims that his firm isn't pushing helmet laws to generate sales. Far from it, he piously pronounces, "it is not a case of Bell getting rich." . . . **Ding, dong, Bell, ding dong.** In pounding the drums for mandatory helmet laws Bell claims that its product "has saved thousands of lives and could save many more." It should be noted that the juries who have been finding against Bell in product liability lawsuits, some of them of the multi-million-dollar variety, seem to have a different view of a Bell bucket's benefits . . . **And finally,** Biker Pat Humphries can be forgiven for thinking that the cager who rammed his bike and drove off had killed him. When he came to there was a light shining in his eyes and a familiar-but-strange-looking dude in a mask and big white hat was trying to make him comfortable. But Pat had not died and gone to TV heaven, the guy bending over him was, if not *actually* the Lone Ranger, the closest thing to one we've ever had. Actor Clayton Moore, 73, still in costume after a benefit show for the South Carolina State Fireman's Association, passed the scene of the crash on his way back to his hotel and immediately went to Humphries aid. Incidentally, the Masked Man had, as usual, a faithful assistant at his right hand. No, not Tonto, but his wife Connie, a registered nurse.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



The chart shows the daily high-low price spread of Harley-Davidson, Inc., common stock on the American Stock Exchange for all of the trading days of the applicable month.

Wisconsin Senator Robert Kasten recently took the floor of the Senate to congratulate Harley-Davidson on their "successful struggle to retain an active position in the competition of heavyweight motorcycles."

"Harley-Davidson's comeback best exemplifies the importance of striving for fair ground for American industries," Kasten said. "As the sole remaining American producer of motorcycles, Harley-Davidson has faced the all-too-common problem of competing with less expensive, subsidized Japanese products."

"Harley-Davidson's comeback is a shining example of what an American industry can do . . ."

Sixty-one-year-old Harley rider Dwight B. Mitchell recently beat his own *Guinness Book of Records* cross-country mark by riding his Sportster from New York City to San Francisco in 66 hours and 52 minutes.

Mitchell drove the 2945-mile route through heavy rains, electrical storms and dust storms without backup support.

"I didn't have any problems with the bike, but I did get hit with some pretty severe storms," he said. "However, my Harley was able to cut through the wind and never stalled."

Mitchell was the previous Guinness record holder with a time of 74 hours and 37 minutes set in 1983. Guinness rules require the long-haul ride be completed without exceeding any local speed limits.

A San Francisco resident has become the first woman to complete the USA Four Corners Motorcycle Tour by riding her 1985 H-D FXRS Sport Glide to the four corners of the United States within 16 consecutive days. This marks only the second time a Harley has been used to finish the tour.

Penny Austin, a 33-year-old telephone company repair person, returned to San Francisco having completed the 7,479-mile trek by riding an average of 467 miles per day.

"The tour was fine until I ran into Hurricane Charlie on the East Coast," Penny says. "I rode for three days in pouring rain and strong winds. I was exhausted."

The Four Corners Motorcycle Tour began in 1984 under the sponsorship of the Southern California Motorcycling Association. The rules of the tour require that a rider start at one corner of the country and ride to the other three within 21 consecutive days. The four corners are: San Ysidro, California; Blaine, Washington; Madawaska, Maine; and Key West, Florida.

"I had never heard about the Four Corners challenge until I read about it in the Harley-Davidson magazine *HOG Tales*," she said. "It said that no woman cyclist had ever completed it riding her own bike and that only one Harley rider had ever done it. I thought, 'well this is ridiculous.'"



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 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 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

DECEMBER

December 6 — BENEFIT RUN at Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Toys for Tots and "goodies for grunts" run. Bring a toy for the kids and a gift for a vet. Camping, barbecue, live music, and beer. Sponsored by ABATE of California and Vietnam Vets of Ventura County. For info, write ABATE, Box 219, Oak View, CA 93022, or call (805) 646-3376.

December 7 — TOY RUN at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Lot #5. Admission one toy, one can of food, or \$2 per person — no exceptions. Toys, canned goods, and money will go to the Salvation Army. Sponsored by the MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (818) 797-6156.

December 7 — TOY RUN in Dallas, Texas. Run starts at 7815 S. Buckner at 11 a.m. Admission: \$5, plus one toy. Proceeds benefit Buckner Children's Home. Party to follow run. For info, write Total Confusion MC, Box 17223, Dallas, TX 75217.

December 13 — TOY RUN leaves from Broad and Cheltenham, Philadelphia at noon for a 10-mile police-escorted run to Children's Hospital. Sponsored by Delaware Valley Chapter, ABATE of Pa., 2225-B Prior Rd., Wilmington, DE 19809 (302) 798-0248.

December 14 — TOY RUN in Tucson, Arizona. Sign-in at the Tucson Community Center, 260 S. Church St., 10:30-noon. Donation is \$10 or a new, unwrapped toy of equal value. Party and dance follow run. Sponsored by Sun Riders MC, 7502 E. 45th St., Tucson, AZ 85730.

December 14 — STATE TOY RUN, sponsored by ABATE of Florida, coordinated by Palm Beach County Chapter, 2005 Tallahassee Drive, W. Palm Beach, FL 33409.

JANUARY

January 16-18 — BIKE SHOW at the Jacob Javits Convention Center, New York. Sponsored by Great American Motorcycle and ATV Shows, 151 Shipyard Way, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

January 17-18 — TATTOO EXPO '87 at the I.U.E. Hall, Schenectady, N.Y. Sponsored by Am-Jam, Box 4709, Schenectady, NY 12303 (518) 346-0521.

January 18 — SWAP MEET, antique and classic, at the Downtown Mecca Center, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. For info, write J&P, Box 135, Anamosa, Iowa 52205-0135.

January 25 — SWAP MEET, antique and classic, at the Belle-Clair Fairgrounds, Belleville, Illinois. For info, write J&P, Box 135, Anamosa, Iowa 52205-0135.

FEBRUARY

February 1 — SWAP MEET at the Richmond Fairgrounds in Richmond, Virginia. For info, write the Free Brotherhood Church, Box 381, King George, VA 22485.

February 6-8 — BIKE SHOW at the Cow Palace, San Francisco, Calif. Held in conjunction with Mike Kidd's championship indoor motocross. Sponsored by Great American Motorcycle and ATV Shows, 151 Shipyard, Newport Beach, CA 91663.

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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 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Why do rabbits have so many babies? The size of their ears prevents them from giving head.

—38-24-36
Las Vegas, Nev.

What's the difference between a porcupine and a police station? A porcupine's pricks are on the outside.

—Jo
New London, Conn.



What do you have when you've got 30,000 DEA agents at the bottom of the ocean? A helluva good start.

—H.M.
Sandown, N.H.



—Tex
Brazoria, Tex.

A guy rushed into the small town's only bar, crying out that there was a biker coming. Everybody immediately split for home to hide. Before the barkeep got the place locked up, however, in walked a 400-lb., 6'8" dude. "Gimme a gallon of whiskey," he said and proceeded to down it in one pull. Then he pounded on the bar for another.

The bartender, thinking maybe the dude wasn't so bad after all, asked, "Would you like a sandwich or something to go with that?"

"Ain't got time," the big guy replied. "There's a biker coming!"

—Tex
Brazoria, Tex.



"Please, not today. I have a headache."

What's the definition of Peter Pan? A whorehouse washbasin just for dicks.

—Cowboy Barnhill
Chino, Calif.

The newlyweds were terribly shy when it came to sex, so instead of simply saying "Let's fuck," they'd say, "Washing machine." One night the dude put his arms around his bride and asked, "Washing machine?"

"Not tonight, honey," she replied. "I'm tired."

He rolled away from her, but in a couple of minutes he began stroking her thighs and once again ventured, "Washing machine?"

"Darling, I'm really tired," she said. "Besides, I have a headache."

Sighing deeply, the dude moved back to his own side of the bed and was silent. His bride began thinking about her conjugal obligation to keep him happy and soon she turned to him and whispered, "Washing machine."

"That's okay," he replied with a yawn. "It was a small load, so I did it by hand."

—Linda Joslyn
Gunter, Tex.

The biker and his ol' lady were having a real screaming match. "If it weren't for my money," she yelled, "the stereo wouldn't be here! If it weren't for my money, the chair you're sitting in wouldn't be here! In fact, if it weren't for my money, this house wouldn't be here!"

"Are you kidding?" he yelled back. "If it weren't for your money, I wouldn't be here!"

—J.L.S.
Chisholm, Minn.



"All I want are those three little words, but all I get are those three little letters. . . S-E-X!"

"You know," the biker said to his ol' lady, "I'm thinking about going down to the bar tonight and entering that big-dick contest."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Honey, I don't want you taking that thing out in public."

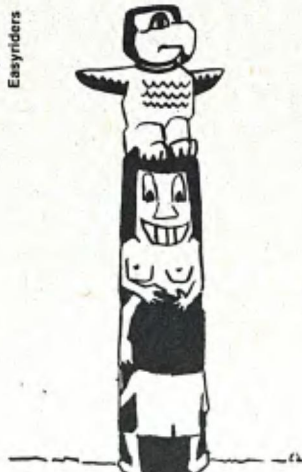
"But the prize is \$100!" he said. "We can use the bread."

"I don't care," she replied. "I don't want you showing that thing to everyone."

The following evening the biker's ol' lady walked in on him counting out \$100 in the bedroom. "Did you go down and enter that big-dick contest after I'd asked you not to?" she demanded. "You went ahead and took that thing out for everyone to see?"

The biker looked up at her fondly. "Only enough to win, baby," he said.

—Bruck Faulkner
On the road





"Who put the mistletoe on the dog's tail?"

A dude got angry at the bad service given him by the phone company, so he called an operator and told her to shove the phone up her ass. Two days later a man from the phone company showed up at the dude's house to remove the telephone.

Once again the dude dialed the operator. "Are you the one I told to shove the phone up your ass?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Better get ready, they're bringing it!"

—Big Red
San Francisco, Calif.

A bitter rivalry for the sexual favors of beautiful women had been going on between the two bros for years. One day an angel appeared before one of them and announced that he'd been sent by God to teach the bro a lesson. "I'll give you anything you ask for," the angel said, "but whatever you get, your partner will get it, too — only twice as much. If you want wealth, you'll have it, but your friend will be twice as wealthy as you. If you want a big house, he'll get one that's twice as big."

The bro thought for a moment and then grinned. "Okay," he said, "give me a 110-lb. woman and a half a marriage license!"

—Curtis Stubblefield
Huntsville, Tex.



"Guess who?"

After downing numerous double-shots of whiskey followed by beer chasers, the buzzed biker called out for another round. "Sorry, bro," said the barkeep. "You've already had enough."

"Oh, yeah? Then how come I can see that one-eyed cat comin' in the door?"

"For your information," the bartender replied, "that cat is going out the door."

—Jim Craig
Fox Lake, Wis.



"JEEZ! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU MADGE... SHE DON'T BELIEVE IN GETTIN' ON HER KNEES, BEIN' CALLED A BITCH, OR SHIN' HEAD... OH, YEAH... SHE'S ALSO A FOURTH DEGREE BLACK BELT IN KARATE!"

A biker was standing at the bar drinking a cold one when a Korean walked up behind him, yelled, "Aaah-hah!" and hit him across the back of the neck, knocking him cold. "When he wakes up, tell him I know kung-fu," the Korean said to the bartender, then he split.

A while later, having come around and been given the mysterious message, the biker was in the process of ordering another brew to help numb the pain in his head when another cry of "Aaah-hah!" rang out. Once more the biker hit the floor after being decked from behind, and once again his assailant gave the barkeep the same instructions before vanishing.

Half an hour later he reappeared. Looking around, he asked where the biker had gone and was told that the bro had staggered away, looking sorta green around the gills. The Korean shrugged, ordered a beer, and was just taking his first pull when a loud "Aaah-hah!" sounded behind him. In an instant he was flat on the floor, out like a light.

"When he comes to," the biker said to the bartender, "tell him I know crowbar, Sears & Roebuck, \$9.99."

—Robert Roark
Morganton, N.C.



"If you're here to pick-up Mary, she's upstairs getting ready. She said for you to wait down here and she'll be right down. . ."

Oh, hell, never mind. . ."

The little biker and his grandpa were out in the yard. Seeing a worm, Grandpa told the lad that if he could pull the worm out of its hole he'd give him a nickel. The little biker got busy and soon collected his reward. Then his grandfather told him that if he could put the worm back in its hole, he'd give him \$5. The kid streaked into the house, came back with his mom's hairspray, gave the worm a couple of blasts, and then triumphantly stuffed the now-rigid creature back in the ground.

The next morning Grandpa came downstairs and handed the little biker \$5. "But, Gramps," the kid protested, "you already paid me my five bucks yesterday."

"I know, sonny," replied the old man, "but this is from your grandma."

—Chips Monnier
Hastings, Neb.

How do you protect yourself from fallout? Take shorter strokes.

—Sid Caudell
Mansfield, Ohio

Two whores were talking about how rough times were. One said, "You know, times are so bad that I did a trick last night for five measly bucks just so I'd have the cab fare to get home."

"Huh!" scoffed the other. "I gave away a blowjob last night just to get something warm in my stomach!"

—Karlos
Dayton, Ohio



"Would you mind holding this for a second? I like my meals hot."

What do women put behind their ears to make themselves look better? Their legs.

—Dave Dagley
Windsor, Ont.



"I realize that it's difficult for you to talk, Mr. Wilson, but I have to ask you some questions. May I suggest one fart for 'yes' and two farts for 'no'?"



Cindy

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A lone biker went riding out
one cold December day.
Through the beauty of the desert
he putted on his way.
When all at once a mustang-riding cowpoke
he did see,
Who shouted, "Merry Christmas, bro —
free forever, forever free!"
A Merry Christmas to you
and I hope you remember it with
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WETBACK

By Kol Kola

Rain-swollen waters swirling around her naked shoulders, Socorro Elenya Osas floundered a few more steps across the Rio Grande — aching arms holding the heavy canvas bag above her head as she paused to rest and regain her balance.

The bag contained her few personal possessions. Two dented saucepans. An iron skillet. An ancient .22 rifle. A handful of rim-fire shells crammed into a plastic pillbox. Three badly frayed dresses. A pair of ruined sandals that had carried her, by night, across 78 miles of harshly barren Chihuahuan desert. Another plastic box, holding matches with three 10-peso notes wrapped around them. A torn man's T-shirt, sun-faded, its original green now looking tie-dyed. A threadbare pair of her next-older brother's denim jeans. And a coarse, small sack, containing a third of the pinto beans with which she had left her tiny village 11 days and nights earlier. A machete, blade broken, completed the inventory.

"Ayeel!" Socorro gasped, halting clumsily in mid-stride as a 100-pound catfish lurched frantically against her thighs in its struggle to swim upstream. With a ponderous flick of its tail, the giant fish lunged away from the girl's flesh. *Mother of God*, prayed the frightened Socorro, inching cautiously forward through the rushing, breast-deep river, *allow me to reach the Texas shore. I'm so tired and I've traveled so far.*

Five more careening steps and the water dropped to her nude hips. Stumbling faster through knee-deep shallows, she reached a large flat rock. Dumping the canvas bag onto it, she collapsed upon the still-dry bag, panting in exhaustion.

After resting a few moments, she gathered the bag's bulk into her slender arms, took a long shuddering breath, and staggered on, soon reaching dry sand. Standing there in the noon sunlight, water dripping from her lean body, rivulets from her thick, sopping-wet hair running down her bare breasts — she closed her eyes in grateful prayer, knowing she now stood upon *Estados Unidos* soil. She was here. She'd made it. Never mind what difficulties awaited her. She would lose herself in some great American city and a new life.

Opening her eyes, Socorro gazed happily in all

directions. The surging water now seemed like a friend, its steady murmur welcoming her to a new land. Nearby, a rabbit bolted from behind a rock into a clump of weeds. Head swiveling, eyes following the animal's brief motion, her gaze drifted farther.

That's when she saw the man sprawled upon his face in the sand. A few feet behind his unmoving figure lay a gleaming yellow-and-purple motorcycle, with bundles and wildly strewn wads of garments scattered around it. Eyes widening, she studied the man's long golden hair and considerable size. Suddenly aware that she was still naked, Socorro dropped her canvas bag and swiftly dressed herself in her worn jeans and ragged T-shirt.

Safely clad and feeling braver, she approached the motionless body. Gently turning the man's head, she stared down on features thinly sheathed in dried blood. "Ayeel, Chihuahua!" she muttered. "This one is terribly injured. But he still breathes. I'll need hot water and a clean cloth."

Carefully releasing his head, she rose to her feet. Then she spotted a small white box with bright-red crosses on it amid the other clutter surrounding the incredibly shiny motorcycle. She began her work immediately.

* * *

Lowering his binocs, Arky Thomas grinned at Tex Barnes, who was industriously putting troutline setups together. "You shoulda seen what I just seen," Arky said, smacking his lips.

"Don't tell me those damn catfish are sunbathin' atop the damn river," mumbled Tex without bothering to look up.

"Not hardly. I just seen the sweetest little Mex gal who ever strutted outta the Rio Grande bare-ass naked and ready for action!"

"Better take it easy on that bottle, man, yer seein' things." Tex suggested.

"Saw the chili-belly, dammit!" Arky's voice rose indignantly. "Saw her plain as day, 'bout a half-

WETBACK continued



mile upstream. Came outta that water naked as the day she was born. Skinny-assed bitch, but what a yummy set of jugs!"

"We come down here to fish or fuck around with wet-backs?" Tex asked reprovingly.

The bigger man stepped off the flat rock onto the sand, where

jumbled fishing tackle lay scattered about. "A little snatch makes any fishin' trip better." He drained the pint bottle and hurled it at the river. "Think I'll just amble up there and get acquainted."

"Listen, fool," said, Tex "you're beggin' for trouble. Them wetbacks never cross this river in ones. Twos, threes, and bunches — yeah — but never in ones. Let her kin catch you messin' with her, and you're sliced meat."

"You're gettin' old, Tex!" laughed Arky. He went into the pickup camper and emerged a moment later with a full fifth of whiskey. "Tell ya what, ol' buddy. I'll bet next month's Social Security check against a hundred of your check that I can get laid and sweet-talk that little whore into comin' back with me to give you sloppy seconds!"

"Assumin' the little lady ain't packin' a knife and don't cut yer damnfool heart out," Tex replied sourly. "Well, shit, you're over 21, I reckon."

"And then some!" laughed Arky, waddling away. "But I still know how to nail pussy!"

* * *

Consciousness seeping back into his throbbing skull, Paul "Spit" Spitzer opened both eyes to narrowed slits. After several seconds of consciousness he realized his eyes weren't focusing. Squinting, noting he was propped up on something firm but soft, he faced the blurry flames of a small fire. Beside the fire squatted an indistinct figure. "Wh-where's my bike?" he grunted, each word causing a stab of fresh pain in his head.

The blurry figure rose, approaching him. "It's right here. Drink this now, please," said a softly accented voice. A woman's voice.

Spit jerked his face sideways, regretting the motion the instant unbearable agony shot through all the muscles of his face and throat.

"It's only aspirin, diluted with a little water," said the voice. "It will lessen the pain, señor."

Opening his mouth, Spit swallowed the spoonful of acrid liquid, moaning with pain.

"Sleep now," urged the voice. "I make the food. You eat later — when you feel better."

Wondering where he was, what had happened, who the voice belonged to, and why his senses were engulfed in suffering, Spit relaxed. Awareness slid into the blackness refilling his head, the pain ebbing away, too. The last sound he heard was his own labored snoring.

* * *

Hunkered with her buttocks against her bare heels, Socorro washed the bloodied rags that had cleansed the gringo's face and upper torso. *Why am I doing this thing?* she silently asked herself. *Why am I remaining here where the border patrol can catch me and send me back to Mexico? I owe the gringo nothing. I'm not his woman.*

Sighing with exasperation, she wrung out the rags. It was almost twilight now and her stomach growled with hunger. The pan of simmering beans would be a real feast — she'd gone without food for a day and a half. Scooping water into her extra pan, she rose to head back toward the camp she'd made earlier. Now she would feed herself, smoke one of the gringo's good American cigarettes — a pleasure she'd been denied for days — and finish examining all his possessions. And rest a bit, perhaps.

She had just reached a mass of huge boulders when the naked old man suddenly loomed up before her in the dimming light. His unexpected appearance startled her, delaying defensive reaction as he grabbed her and forced her to the ground with him. Panting, he pinned her small, struggling body under his, not noticing she still clung to her emptied pan.

"Time for fun, sweet thing!" he hissed into her ear, nibbling at it. The boozy fumes of his breath told her he was drunk. A hand caressed her buttocks, forcing its way between her legs. "Get them britches off, honey, and we'll do it doggy-style for starters!"

"I . . . I have the disease!" she blurted

"Fine, we'll share it." He laughed wildly. "I've had it before, chili-belly, an' you're worth havin' it again." The hand moved under her T-shirt.

To her horror, her nipples hardened quickly at his touch. Abruptly twisting from beneath him, Socorro jabbed the pan's handle — with all her desperate strength — into his flabby belly. He yelped and she fought free of his grasp. Half-crawling, half-scrabbling, she fled toward camp, knowing he'd follow.

She'd just gotten the ancient, single-shot rifle from her canvas bag and made sure it was loaded

when the old man lurched into the firelight's glowing circle.

"Well, ain't this somethin'!" he sneered. "A cozy little camp."

"Go away!" she screamed, aiming the rifle.

Swaying, he studied the biker propped against the piles of folded clothing, seeing the bandages swathing the man's head, the upright machine beyond. "Mighta known it'd be a stinkin' biker behind your arrival," he snarled. "Well, you got a choice, baby. You lemme do everything I wanna or I'll flag down the first border patrol truck."

Fear crowded Socorro's fury. "Go away!" she shouted. "We do you no harm! Leave us in peace!"

"Piece," Arky giggled. "That's what I'm after, you toothsome little morsel. Several pieces of your slippery little gash, in fact." He hiccupped, suddenly looking solemn.

"Border patrol catches you, his ass goes to jail for aidin' and abettin' a damn alien, and your ass goes back to Mexico — after them horny feds finish screwin' the livin' shit outta you!"

Socorro had heard the stories. Other women, who'd failed to escape Mexico, had confirmed the sexual orgies forced upon them by temporary captors on both sides of the border. *Not me, she thought coldly. Not after getting this far and being so close to a new life.*

Her finger tightened on the trigger and the rifle jerked in her hands, barking dryly. A ragged hole blossomed just above the old man's right eye. He wore an expression of surprise as he crumpled where he'd stood, his hands and feet twitching several times before he became very motionless.

It took her almost an hour to drag the corpse to the river and roll it far enough out into the current. Panting, she watched it slowly drift along like a pale log in the dim starlight, bobbing as it was carried away, steadily sucked from shore and farther into the main flow of the river.

Shuffling slowly back to camp, Socorro was amazed by her feeling of relief and the absence of guilt. At the same time she knew she'd never again be the same person. She'd never killed a human before. Now she had. It was hideously easier than she'd ever dreamed, particularly when freedom and a fresh start had been threatened.

She spent the rest of the night smoking the gringo's cigarettes and drinking the delicious coffee she'd made from a small tin of the brew found among his possessions. From time to time, she looked over her shoulder at the man, studying him intently. This gringo would be grateful. He had much, including many American pesos in a

bulging wallet. Having belonged to several men in her 30 years, she sensed this one would be better to her than any of the others had.

And this one had transportation.

* * *

Twice during the next 11 days Socorro risked being apprehended by walking along Highway 170 to the tiny community of Lajitas, Texas, where — using cash from Spit's wallet — she purchased groceries, wine, and cigarettes. Once, returning from town, the headlights of a border patrol truck almost blazed upon her, but she had time to flatten herself behind a rocky formation at the road's edge and escape detection.

By now, Spit's recovery was nearly complete. All symptoms of concussion had vanished and the

ugly slash across his scalp was healing rapidly. His greatest elation was finding his Harley chopper fully operational, with only superficial damage to its structure and none to its engine.

"I'm tired of this camping shit," he told her, donning fresh clothes after a bath in the river.

"We're haulin' ass. Got no rea-

son to hang around. Found my relatives had moved from Presidio to El Paso an' thought I wanted to see Boquillas Canyon before headin' back to L.A., but I can do without the tourist bit after two weeks of listenin' to this fuckin' river."

"You taking me with you?" Socorro asked, knowing he would from previous remarks he'd made, but wanting to hear him say so openly.

"Hell, I owe you big, woman." Spit's teeth glinted in his bushy golden beard. "You saved my ass playin' nurse after I hit that patch of grease and high-sided my way into bouncin' my skull off these killer rocks. Hadn't been for you findin' me, I'da died here. Just from snake bite, maybe, considerin' all them fat rattlers crawlin' around."

"But they taste good, eh?" she grinned.

His smile was wan. "Yeah, right up to the fuckin' moment ya told me what I was eatin'. Don't ever fool me like that again, hear? Ya little alien smart-ass!" He went to the bike and began hiking it up the slight incline toward the highway.

"You coming back soon?" she called, knowing he would. All his possessions — including the roadbag with his big *pistola*, the baggies of weed, and extra cash stashed in an unmatched sock — were still stored near her small cook site.

"Damn soon," he yelled. When he reached the highway she could no longer see him. A moment later the machine exploded into a thunderous roar and then she was alone.

***"She was Spit's woman
now. They had made
love, for the third time,
the night before."***

Gathering her own pathetic possessions, she put them into the stained and battered canvas bag, dragged it down to the river, and heaved it as far out into the gushing, rolling water as she could — wanting the rifle with its unpleasant memory gone forever, knowing all her other things were no longer needed. She was Spit's woman now. They had made love, for the third time, the night before — it seemed better each time. Halfway back to the campsite, she froze. A border patrol truck and another vehicle were slowing to a full stop on the highway above. Darting into the boulders, Socorro hid herself.

* * *

Returning, Spit saw the official vehicle and the civilian pickup parked above the campsite. "Time to be cool," he muttered, braking the shovelhead. "Now if the little beaner just remembers our plan, it'll all work out."

He studied the pair of marshals and the old guy tromping down the incline to the campfire where embers still smokily burned. They hadn't spotted him yet, so he threw the heavy package in a high, wide arc down to where he saw Socorro hiding, several yards distant from the men.

"Fuckin' wonder they didn't spot her!" he grunted, watching the package land just behind the girl and seeing her flinch at its impact. She looked up, saw him and smiled faintly, motioning toward the bundle and acknowledging it. "Probably in a big hurry to check out that smoke and never got a glimpse of her — I hope. Now if she'll just remember our plan."

He started down the slope. All three men watched his descent with impassive faces. When he reached them, he let the harder-faced marshal start the rap.

"You camping here?" The marshal's nametag said he was William D. Dunn.

Spit nodded. "Yeah, we had a little trouble and decided to rest here awhile. Anything wrong?"

"You said 'we.'"

"Yeah, my ol' lady and me."

"Where is the lady?" Suspicion glinted in Dunn's cold, grey eyes.

Spit shrugged. "Hell, who knows? Gettin' water from the river. Roamin' around, enjoyin' the fuckin' scenery like she usually does."

"Let's see some identification."

Spit handed over his California motorcyclist license without a word, wondering if Socorro had finished putting on the items in the parcel he'd tossed to her.

"You see anybody cross that river?" demanded the marshal. "Heard any gunfire?"

"I heard a gunshot," the dried-up civilian volun-

teered. "Just about an hour after Arky came up here, claimin' he'd seen a woman cross the river."

"We already have your story, Mr. Barnes," said the marshal, keeping his eyes on Spit. "I'm questioning this man now."

"Oh, we've popped a few caps at snakes, sure." Spit grinned pleasantly. "Hope that's not illegal. Can I have my license back, officer?"

Reluctantly, the marshal returned it. Just then Socorro emerged from a nearby cluster of towering rocks. She wore the tank-top, jeans, and sneakers Spit had bought in Lajitas earlier, and her thick black hair was held in a ponytail with the gaudy clip he'd purchased. She looked totally American.

"This is your husband, ma'am?" demanded the marshal, indicating Spit.

Socorro's expression remained bland, even blank, as she peered into the marshal's unfriendly features. Finally, a hint of a smile — a shy, hopeful smile — played over her pretty face.

"Answer my question, lady!" the marshal's tone sharpened.

"She can't," offered Spit, unemotionally.

"Why not?"

"Because she's a deaf-mute, for crissakes.

"Any ID for her?"

Spit shook his head. "Naw, somebody boosted her purse when we came through El Paso."

"Exactly how long have you been camping here?" asked the other marshal.

Spit hesitated, for effect. "Only the last couple of days. Yeah, from the day before yesterday until now."

"Considerably after the date Mr. Barnes stated," said the other marshal to Dunn. "And it's obvious that this lady doesn't match the description Mr. Barnes' missing friend gave him."

"You're right," sighed Dunn. "Well, let's prowl the river for whatever we can find."

All three men plodded up the slope. Barnes glanced over his shoulder once — giving Socorro a long, smoldering look of undisguised dislike — before resuming his climb.

Spit waited until the cages were gone. "Okay, now I'm gonna show ya how to pack the scoot. After that, it's bye-bye, rednecks and hello, road." He slapped her butt playfully. "If ya ride without makin' a fuckin' sound and don't hafta piss, shit, or puke every 100 miles, we'll stop in El Paso."

"Listen," Socorro said, "why did I pretend to be a deaf-mute?"

"Because no California-born *chicana* would have the accent you've got between those gorgeous teeth and that naughty little tongue."

"You are a most clever man."

"And don't you ever forget it," he advised. ■

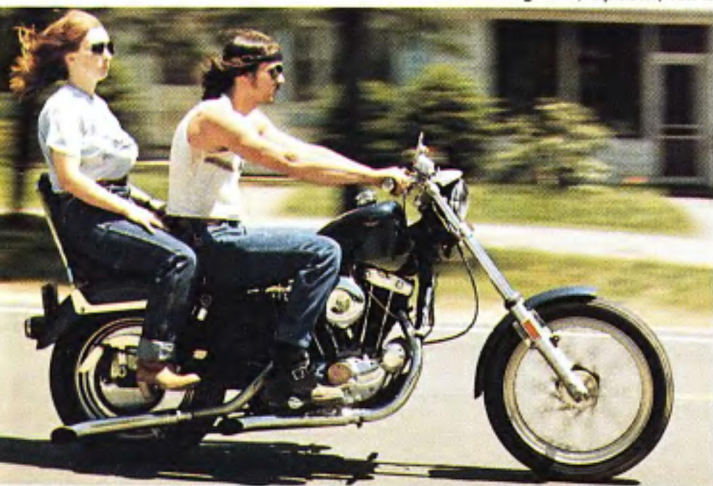
IN THE WIND



—from Asshole, On the road

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 slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

—from Big Jim, Epsom, N.H.



—from Mark Coffman, Camp Castle, Korea



—from Daddy Butch, Lake City, Fla.

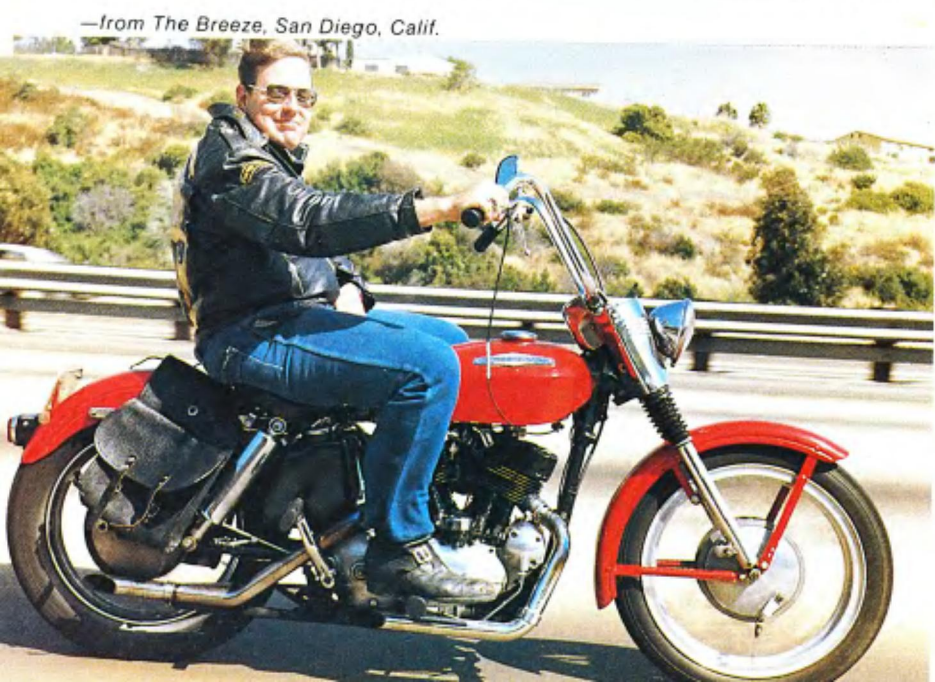




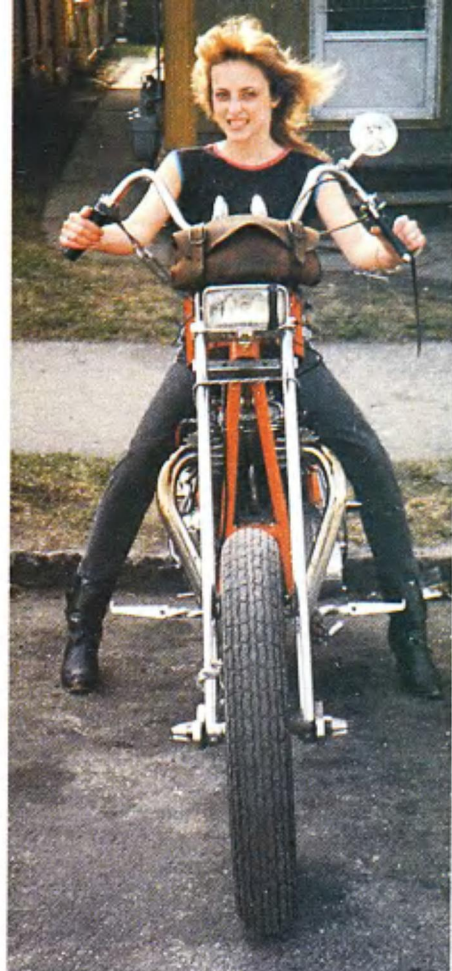
—from Indian Sue Christian, Morro Bay, Calif.



—from Debi Ferrara, Lodi, N.J.



—from The Breeze, San Diego, Calif.



—from Lisa Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



—from Diamond, San Diego, Calif.



—from Squeaky, El Cajon, Calif.



—from Pete Rostel, Spring Hill, Fla.



—from Ron and Gretchen Fox, Belvedere, S.C.





—from Snake, Niles, Mich.



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



—from Brad Allen, Redwood City, Calif.



—from Doctor R, Edmonton, Alberta



—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.





—from *The Sheriff*, Lammhult, Sweden



—from *Cyclops*, Franklin, N.H.

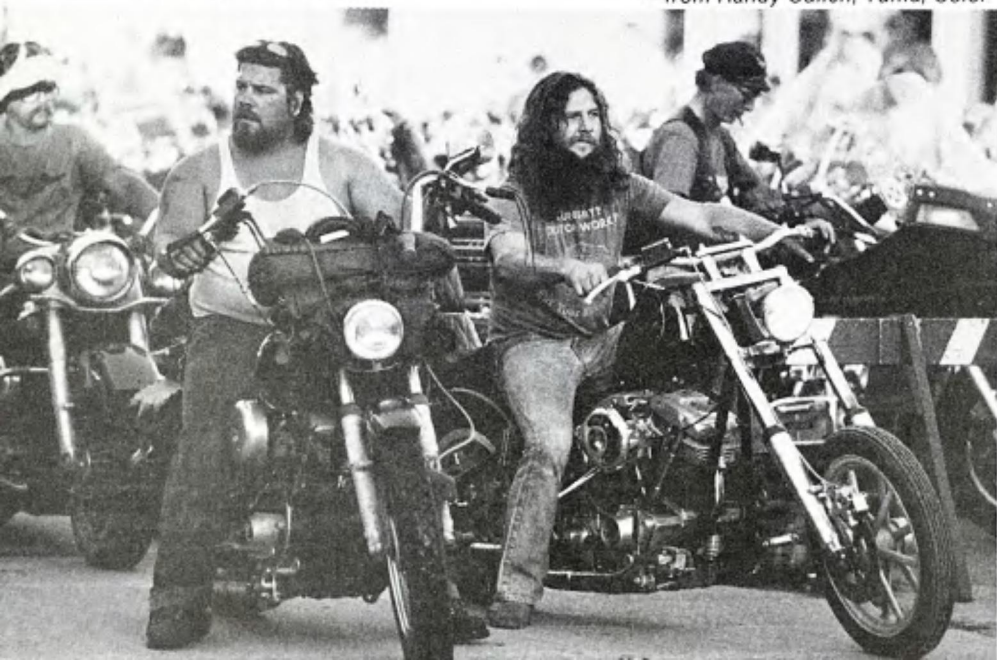


—from *Dirty Ernie*, Neb.



—from *Randy Cullen*, Yuma, Colo.

—from *Charles Blair*, St. Paul, Minn.



—from *Ann Womack*, La Porte, Ind.



Johnny Winter: Alive And Well With The Blues



Photos by Kim Peterson

Ask a dozen riders what it means to live the life of a biker and you're likely to get a dozen different answers.

For the casual scooter bum, being a biker may mean little more than the prospect of profiling between bars on a Friday night. For him, biking is the promise that sustains him during the grind of the workweek. With his motorcycle gleaming alongside the others leaning on their stands outside the bar, he sheds the residue of 40 hours of workshit and forgets for a while that the crap starts all over again Monday morning.

For the hardcore scooter tramp, biking signifies total commitment. For him, motorcycles mean freedom in the most literal sense, and any compromise of his dedication to the life of a biker is like being locked up. Unless he's free to ride where he wants, when he wants, completely free to live the life he's chosen, the world is just one big jail cell, an enormous holding tank where they stash the losers waiting to die.

However varied the answers to the question of what it means to live the life of a biker, one of the recurring themes is likely to be that of the loner, the outcast, the outlaw. First and foremost, true bikers are individualists, a breed apart from the zombies who march in lockstep with the homogenized horde, the no-class clones who view a deviation from the norm as a threat to the security of their antbed lives.

Bikers accept the fact that their individualistic lifestyle singles them out in the mind of the average citizen and that many people view them with suspicion, distrust, and fear. Predictably, this unfair attitude is rarely the outgrowth of personal experience with the biker breed. In

many instances this narrow-minded antagonism can be traced to media stereotyping and distortion. As often as not, however, the root of the alienation is merely that bikers are different in appearance and in what they regard as important. As insignificant as the differences may actually be, the rank and file tends to regard even simple eccentricities in physical appearance as radical aberrations.

Imagine then, the path walked by Johnny Winter growing up in the fifties and sixties, a cross-eyed albino playing raw blues and high-voltage rock in the redneck strongholds of east Texas. Winter honed his skills and earned his stripes by playing the blues and paying his dues in the clubs and dives around Beaumont, his home town.

Now, when we say dives, we ain't talkin' fern bars servin' quiche and Tahitian Tagoes to yuppies, pal. We're talkin' deep down in the jungle — clubs with all the warmth and charm of a basement boiler room and an audience composed of renegade roughnecks from the oil fields, nail-hard ranch hands, tire-tough truckers, and a hodge-podge of drifters and malcontents from Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas. If you aren't ready to fight your way in and fight your way out, then maybe you oughta buy a sixer at the 7-11 and drink your beer at home. Winter recalls those days when a gig might demand both musical and survival skills: "You'd learn a lot of music in those places. And you'd also get some great weapons and shit. I always had a fuckin' gun in one boot and a knife in the other boot."

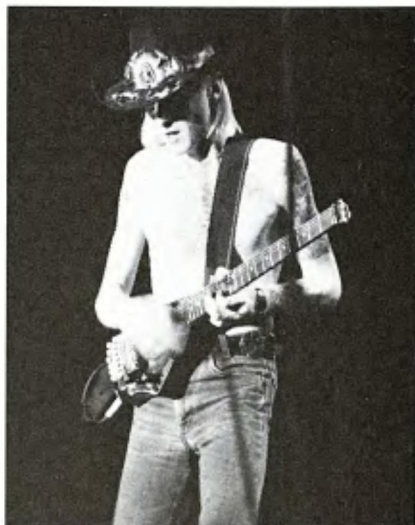
It was (and still is) a helluva tough way to make a living, but Winter persisted. Playing the club circuit around Texas and the South, he

became a hot attraction. Word of mouth and rave reviews in local papers helped pack the clubs with fans eager to check out this kid who looked like he just arrived from Jupiter and who could bring a guitar to meltdown with his extraordinary talent. Between 1969 and 1971, he inked a big contract with Columbia Records, was written up in *Time* magazine, and released a couple of albums that sold well, if not spectacularly. To all outward appearances he was on the threshold of becoming a no-shit rock superstar.

Things didn't quite work out that way, however. One reason was a well-publicized drug problem that slowed the momentum of Winter's career and forced him to drop out of the picture for a couple of years. But there was a more significant reason for his failure to achieve the commercial success promised by the hype of those early years. That reason is simply that Winter was — and still is — more dedicated to the blues than to rock.

Music historians never tire of documenting the formative role of the blues in shaping the unique sound of rock. The testaments of virtually all of rock's biggest names and the popularity of "blues revivals" further indicate the steady influence of the blues, past and present. But the plain, unvarnished blues has never sold nearly as well as its renegade offspring, rock 'n' roll. And the music industry reserves its highest awards for pop stars, not blues pickers. Winter's love for the pure, raw music he'd played all his life caused him to reject the temptations of the slicker, more commercial rock forms.

In recent years Winter has settled into a comfortable career as both a



performer and a producer. As a producer, Winter was responsible for several critically acclaimed gems, including 1977's classic, *Hard Again* by the late Muddy Waters. As a performer, Winter continues to knock 'em dead, whether in person or on vinyl. Recent releases such as 1984's *Guitar Slinger* and 1985's *Serious Business* (both on the Chicago-based Alligator Records label) showcase a mature performer in his prime, playing music as unadorned as the snub-nosed guitar he currently favors and as sharp as an icepick to the heart.

We caught a live performance recently and it was show-stopping, vintage Winter all the way. Bare to the waist — the better to show off a growing collection of knock-your-eyes-out skin art — Winter kicked off the show at an energy level most performers couldn't achieve if you gave them a million watts and a bag of meth. It seemed impossible that these incredible high-amp guitar runs and gut-wrenching vocals were actually emanating from the starkly white, whip-lean whirlwind up there on stage.

Responding to the audience's nonstop frenzy at the conclusion of his performance, Winter returned to the stage for a couple of bring-down-the-house encores. A short time later we joined him in his dressing room to slug down a couple of brews and shoot the shit. Our relaxed conversation meandered through a number of subjects — the blues, rock 'n' roll, tattoos, Texas, you name it. The following interview is presented undiluted — like good whiskey — just as it rambled into the tape recorder. It captures Winter at his colorful best — salty, funny, unpretentious, and straightforward.



EASYSIDERS: You've been at this for a hell of a long time but you seem to be playin' better than ever. Do you agree, and if so, why do you think it's so?

JOHNNY WINTER: I don't know why, but it feels fuckin' better than ever too. I just turned 40 a while back. Man, I'd thought I'd fuckin' be

dead by 40, but I'm still alive and seem to be gettin' stronger.

A lot of guys when they're 25 say, "I'll be a musician for a little while, then I'll get married, have a kid, and be normal." But back then I always felt like I'd be a musician forever. I never really wanted to do nothin' else.

ER: You're sounding better than I ever heard you, and that's a real compliment because I've been hearing you a long, long time, goin' all the way back to Austin in the '60s. Places like the Vulcan Gas Company, Armadillo World Headquarters, the place out by Lake Travis.

JW: Yeah, the good ol' Vulcan Gas Company. We just got through playing Austin. The whole time we were

Hollywood then, you still feel like a Texas boy?

JW: Yeah. I still feel that way. Some of the things are all right. Like, it was always real hard for bands down there; in fact, it was impossible. You could make it out of Texas, but not in Texas. The business wasn't down there. There weren't no music business lawyers, there wasn't no record companies. You had to go out of Texas to make it. At least, they're kind of trying to change that. They still haven't done it, but they're making an effort.

ER: Do musicians still have a hard time getting recognition down there? How about somebody like Stevie Ray Vaughan?

JW: Yeah, Stevie is still based

"Look, Texas was always like a different friggin' world. Whether you liked it or not, it was a different world and now the outsiders are kind of screwin' with that world."

down there in fuckin' Texas it was rainin'. It was soakin' fuckin' wet the night we played in Austin. There were like monsoon warnings — "don't nobody go out." We still had a decent crowd, but it definitely hurt some. We didn't get a lot of help like we did from the crowd tonight.

ER: Were you in Austin on a one-shot deal — are you still doing long, one-night-stand-type tours on the road?

JW: Yeah, we started in D.C., and then we went down through the South — Virginia, Florida, New Orleans, Atlanta, Dallas, Austin, Houston, Phoenix, and then California. Just movin' along.

ER: Is it still fun to be in Austin, like it used to be?

JW: Man, it's changed in so many fuckin' ways. Yeah, it's still fun. In some ways it's better, but most of the people who grew up there, they don't like it because it's not the same.

Some of it pisses me off. I mean, it's not anywhere near. . . Look, Texas was always like a different fuckin' world. Whether you liked it or not, it was a different world and now the outsiders are kind of fucking with that world. And with the people down there. You know, fuck, I got a big sticker on my door in New York, "Texan Till I Die." I've had it there three years and they haven't had the balls to try painting over it yet.

ER: You haven't gone Big Apple or

down there but he seems to always have business problems. Without doubt, there's definite business problems. Things are stuck off in the boonies down there, so sometimes you don't know what's happening out in the real world. But all that shit is changing.

ER: But it's still possible, maybe even likely, that all those performers who grew up in Texas and then left to make it big might not have been able to make it at all without the feelings and emotions they brought with them from the Lone Star State.

JW: What's weird is this. When I was growing up there, about 20 years ago, I didn't like what was happening. Now, looking back on it, it doesn't seem near as bad. Growing up, bein' a skinny, weird-looking guy, I always was in shit with somebody.

ER: You mean like guys would beat up on you because you were different?

JW: Not exactly. I mean, I've been about this same size, really, since I was about 12 years old, so I could kick ass when I was 12 or 13. Then, everybody started getting bigger than me. But at least I had music, so I didn't have to worry about that so much.

ER: Yeah, but I bet being a strange-looking kid with a guitar didn't make your life any easier.

JW: Playin' some of those weird clubs was something else. You

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might get some fucker shoutin'. "Hey, play 'Midnight Hour.' I don't give a shit if ya already played the cocksucker ten times! Play it again or I'll kill you and your whole damned family and the band and everybody on the stage!"

ER: Hard not to play it under those circumstances.

JW: You'd learn a lot of music in those places and you'd also get some great weapons and shit. I always had a solid-bodied guitar, man, and I had a fuckin' gun in one boot and a knife in the other boot.

I was talking about some of that shit, you know, the good old days, to a Dallas paper. You know, it was mostly shit that happened in the mid-to-late '60s and I was sayin' how much I used to fuckin' hate Dallas — and they ran a nice story, on the front page, you know, makin' it seem like it happened yesterday. It kind of pissed me off. Because that's changed. I mean, it's not open warfare anymore. The regular cowboys and the local yokels down there, in the old days they'd see somebody with hair down to their ass and just whomp 'em.

Now it's mostly over and it's fun to remember it, but I haven't fuckin' been in a fight or hit anybody in a coon's age. It's less colorful, I guess, but so much more peaceful. . .

I'm sure if I lived down there and went to some of the same places that I was goin' to before, maybe it wouldn't seem changed quite so much. There's still some places that I'm sure would remind me of the same old shit. I'm sure I could get in a good fight if I wanted to.

But in that way it seems kind of better. Still, the more people that come down there from the North. . . shit, you lose some of the accent, you lose some of the food, you lose some of the things that

make Texas, Texas.

At least I can still find some decent barbecues, decent Tex-Mex food — though, I ate myself sick when I was down there [on the past tour]. I was shittin' barbecue, burritos, and beans for a week.

ER: You say it's tough to make it as a musician in Texas. Were you already out of Texas and in New York by the time you hit it big and signed that first contract with Columbia?

JW: Not really. I was down playing at the Vulcan Gas Company and this *Rolling Stone* article on Texas music and musicians came out. The guy that wrote it talked about how many good musicians had come outta Texas — big stars like Janis Joplin and less familiar names like. . .

ER: People like Rocky Erikson?

JW: Yeah. In fact, I heard that Rocky's back. . . doin' shit and weird stuff again.

ER: Wasn't he known for never being able to get out an album?

JW: No, he got some out. *Easter Everywhere*, that was one. It was on the International Artists label. There were two or three other albums. In fact, I heard that that shit [he was playing] was goin' on maybe even before the San Francisco psychedelic stuff.

ER: Didn't Rocky get kind of weird and wind up put away?

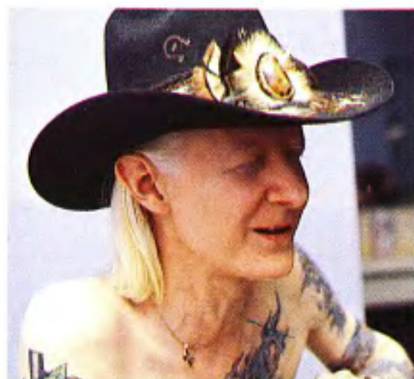
JW: He was in Rusk [state hospital] for years. That's the free mental place for when you don't have any money and nobody else gives a shit about you. When they commit you to Rusk, they just put you away and forget it. And Rocky, shit, he was just living there, man, forever. I don't know what the fuck happened, how they finally let him out. . .

There were some bizarre — and talented — people knockin' around in those days. But wait, what the fuck was our point here?

ER: How you got your Columbia contract.

JW: Yeah, right. See, the *Rolling Stone* thing was talking about the people who had made it and the other people who were good but still sitting around Texas starving. And I was one of the main starvees. There was a nice picture of me looking like one of the Beatles — you know, with my Beatle haircut, and right in the middle it said, "Johnny's great, but he's sittin' here with nothin' goin' on." As soon as that fuckin' article came out it was, like, people who wouldn't even talk to me the day before were callin' me from both coasts.

So the first thing I did was go to



San Francisco and hang out there for a while. I played the Avalon Ballroom. In fact, I closed the place up, did the last gig ever done there. We played the Fillmore on Tuesday night, which was audition night, and made \$94.

I was talking to people about signing [a record contract], but I never did because I'd promised to go to New York and see some people at Mercury Records.

The first night I was in New York I ran into Mike Bloomfield, who I already knew. He was playing at the Fillmore East and asked me to sit in. After that, there was the Al Kooper-Mike Bloomfield supersession thing, a lot of stuff like that.

ER: This is probably a stupid question, but did you have any idea things would take off as quick as they did from that point? I mean, you were written up in *Time* and that doesn't happen to rock stars every day of the week.

JW: Actually, we realized it was going to happen even before that. We knew because about eight months, at least six months earlier, things were startin' to happen that had never happened before.

I mean, we were playing at the Vulcan for \$150 a night, and on a good night we'd fill maybe half the house. Then all of a sudden, even before the [Rolling Stone] article, people started picking up on us.

One night really stands out in my memory. Me and the drummer were both from Beaumont. Beaumont was the hardest place to wake any-

body up. Nobody gave a fuck about anything. And we played this rotten little gig in Beaumont and everybody just flipped out. They didn't even know who we were, but they just flipped out.

The blues thing was just happening, and if you could play that kind of stuff, all of a sudden it was the right time [for your band]. After that night we just knew it was gonna happen.

ER: When you say "we," who do you mean?

JW: Me and Tommy Shannon, who's now playing with Stevie Ray Vaughan, and Uncle John Turner. For about six months we had the band and didn't know what to do with it, because we were used to playing soul music at nightclubs. But now we were playing hippie clubs and it was a whole different thing.

ER: What was different besides the music?

JW: Well, some of those places couldn't even sell booze. And you couldn't make as much money. I had been making a couple of hundred dollars a week, which was good money for those days. But when we were doin' our hippie number, I went down to about \$40 a week.

I had an ol' lady who was a beautician and she was making more than I was. She was really kinda supporting me. The band would come over twice a week and have cheese sandwiches. It was fuckin' insane.

Continued on page 60

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We just got by somehow until things started happening, but we had to change clubs totally. The places where we were doing "Midnight Hour" stuff. . . I remember one club we played for a year, the Act Three in Houston. People loved us. We did all the shit they wanted to hear — Sam and Dave and Otis Redding and so forth. We played [the new material] for about 15 minutes and people said, "What the fuck you guys doin'?" We said we were just doin' some new stuff.

After a while we did "Rollin' Tumblin'," a Muddy Waters tune, and it was like an alarm had sounded. Everybody stood up and it was like "Okay, let's go, see y'all later." Everybody just boogied on out. It was on a Saturday night and we emptied this place, this fuckin' club where people had loved us.

ER: One of my favorite cuts of yours is "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" on the Guitar Slinger album. It seems such an odd tune in the midst of all the kickass blues material like "Iodine In My Coffee," and "Don't Take Advantage Of Me."

JW: That's one of the ones I just grew up with. That's an old Louisiana slow-type song. I did that song for ten years or longer. It's by a New Orleans guy, Danny White, and it

was big in the mid-'60s.

That was one nobody in Chicago had ever heard. I'd thought it was a national hit, but I guess it wasn't.

ER: I've played that for people and had 'em guess who's singing it and they never ever guess right.

JW: Whenever I do that cut, that old, slow, ballad stuff, I remember how we used to do a lot of it in nightclubs. 'Cause everybody's wantin' to fuck each other and you can't do that rock dancin'. You wanna dance sloooooow. That's belt-buckle-polishin' shit, that's what that is.

ER: When did you start getting into tattoos?

JW: Three or four years ago. I'd kind of always been interested in them and I had a couple of girlfriends that I'd had my name tattooed on and shit.

A good friend of mine, Keith Ferguson, the bass player with the Fabulous Thunderbirds, had gotten a couple of tats. One time I caught the Thunderbirds in New York and Keith was going out to get a new one the next day from Spider Webb. I'd always heard of Spider — Spider was pretty much the tattoo man on the East Coast and Lyle Tuttle on the West Coast. Now, Lyle had told me a couple of years before that he didn't know if a tat would be good for me

because of how light my skin is. "I just don't know what it would do to you," he said. At that time I thought, well, fuck, I'll just hold off on this shit.

Now, Spider, Spider would fuckin' tattoo his grandmother's cunt, he wouldn't care. All somebody has to do is stand still a second and Spider'll have a tattoo on 'em.

I kept askin', "Hey, man, are you sure this shit's gonna take?"

"Oh, don't worry, man," he'd say. "It's gonna be perfect."

So, anyway, I'd always liked Spider's work, and after I met him this one night I'd run into him places and he'd say, "Hey, man, the colors would sure look great on you because you have no pigment. The colors would be just exactly what they're supposed to be."

So I went over that day to watch Keith get his, and by that time I was ready, so Spider did the first one, this big star as seen from far away. And he did it freehand, without a stencil.

ER: And you had that idea in mind all along?

JW: Not exactly, I just knew I wanted some kind of a star. Actually, over the years Spider and I have had some pretty good fights about what I wanted versus what he

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wanted. Because, you know, he thinks of himself as an artist and this, my skin, as kind of a canvas. And I don't feel that way at all. I try and make that pretty clear to him.

One thing that pissed me off is that I was watching this all-night news show they [used to] have on CBS and they were interviewing this guy in Texas who'd killed 200 or 300 people and he had a few tattoos. There was a psychiatrist there and near the end of the show somebody called in and mentioned the tattoos and asked if that had anything to do with the murders. The psychiatrist says, "Oh, definitely yes. It seems like a lot of mass murderers and people like that are fascinated with tattoos." That pissed me off so fuckin' bad. . . that fuckin' psychiatrist.

ER: People must always be asking about your guitar. I don't know how to describe it, but it sure is different.

JW: That's my Austin guitar. This guy named Mark Roland made it. He designed some of ZZ Top's stuff, and I think he did that Lone Star bass for Rusty Weir — the one that looks like a Lone Star Beer sign. Ya know, he charged me twice as much as he did everyone else. That pissed me off. Then he wanted me to

endorse the fucker. But I like his guitars — it's real easy to take 'em around. The mothers never get out of tune and they've got a real good tone. I've been playin' this one for about a year. But I still like the Firebird that I play slide on.

ER: Do you still have that all-metal National that's on the back of *Progressive Blues Experiment*?

JW: Oh, yeah, yeah. Those acoustic guitars, I really love those. They quit making those in the '30s, somewhere along in there. I think in World War II they couldn't get the metal for them. Now for the last 15 years or so they've been makin' 'em again, but the real old ones are a lot of fun for me. See, I never liked most acoustic guitars because they sounded so mellow and nice, but those sound like a garbage can with wires. It's louder than an acoustic guitar and close to an electric guitar sound.

ER: It's somewhat unusual for two brothers to both turn out so talented in the same field, like you and Edgar. Why do you suppose that happened?

JW: Both of our parents said that as soon as we could talk we were both singing and dancing and shit, so they encouraged us with our music starting when we were about

three or four years old. We had piano lessons and all.

Still, I learned most of the shit from my daddy. He played saxophone and banjo and ukelele and a little guitar. The ukelele was the first thing he taught me to play.

ER: He just sat you down and. . .
JW: He didn't even do that. Shit, I just loved music so much and he'd be playin' his shit for himself and I'd pick up on it. I'd ask him how he did different things. That was way before rock 'n' roll. We're talkin' about shit like "Shine on Harvest Moon," "Ain't She Sweet," shit like that.

ER: It's a long way from singing and picking around the house with your dad to filling theaters with screaming people and getting in *Time* magazine. Is handling the media and fame harder than handling the guitar?

JW: The thing about the media is you get a lot of these straight people from straight papers that either don't show up or don't know what the fuck it is that I do anyway. Sometimes that can be no fun at all, but it goes with the territory. I guess.

ER: Thanks for the beers and the chat, man. Hang tough.

JW: You bet. Later. ■

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BATTERIES

Things You Need to Know

By Joe Minton



They all come in boxes shaped just the same, but there are differences. Batteries vary in quality and performance. They are complicated to make well, but are simple to care for. It pays in reliability and life to give them regular maintenance.

Chances are your Harley has a battery, and if that battery fails — you'll be parked. That gruesome possibility need never arise if you know how to take care of your bike's battery. They aren't mysterious gadgets that depend on the phases of the moon to function. They're actually brewing pots that store energy in a chemical compound and release it as electricity upon demand. Modern batteries are reliable and completely predictable if given the right care. That care is amazingly easy to administer — and when you understand how batteries work and what can go wrong with them, making your Hog's battery perform and last will be a snap.

A fully charged battery contains a considerable

amount of energy that is stored in the form of a lead compound. Given the chance, this lead compound will release its stored energy and turn into plain lead and lead sulphate. That chance comes when you connect an ignition coil, light bulb, or starter motor across the battery's terminals. When you connect that light bulb, a chemical reaction starts in the battery. All that energy I mentioned isn't just sitting there as electrical energy; it is locked-up in chemistry. It takes time for the conversion to take place and for all those tiny electrons to free themselves and run through the bulb's filament, heat it, and make it glow. The most advanced batteries can convert chemical energy to electrical energy very quickly.

Have you ever ground on a starter until the motor began to slow down? Did you then wait a minute for the battery to recover and then grind some more? There is a simple explanation for the battery's recovery after a short rest. When a battery is hooked to a big load, such as a starter motor, it will convert its chemical energy to electricity as fast as it can. This rapid discharge rate causes bubbles of hydrogen and oxygen to form on the plates. Since the diluted sulphuric acid surrounding the battery's plates is an essential part of the energy-conversion process, those bubbles keep it away from the plates and slow the conversion. When you let the battery rest, at least some of the bubbles break away from the plates and expose

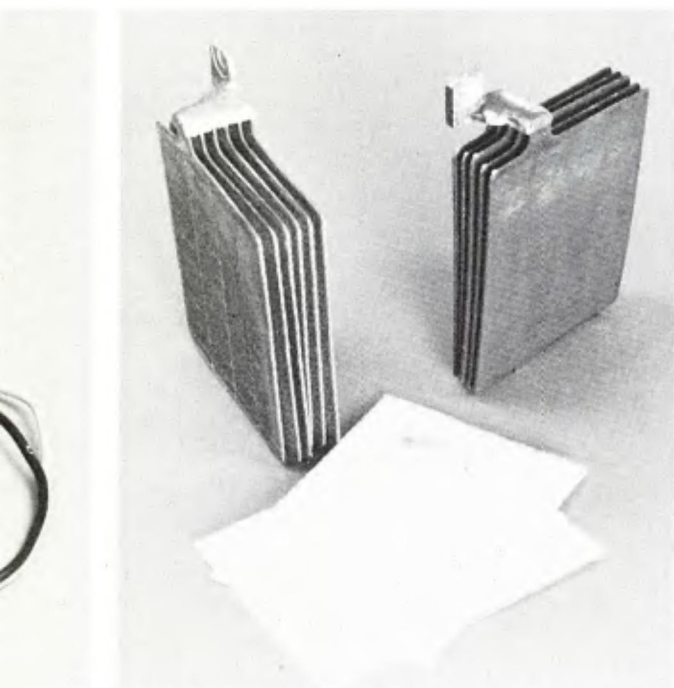
them to more acid that, in turn, increases the rate at which the battery can deliver electrical energy.

The total amount of energy that a battery can store is largely determined by how much lead it contains. The more lead, the more energy the battery will store. A battery's storage capacity is expressed in ampere hours, a measure of how long it will deliver current before the voltage drops too far. The way that engineers determine a battery's amp-hour rating is a bit complex, but they are all tested and rated in the same way, allowing you to compare one brand and size with another. Remember, it is the amount of lead in a battery that gives it the amp-hour rating.

How fast a battery can deliver energy is mainly a



This special charger for motorcycles will not over-charge your bike's battery and can be left connected for a day at a time. The connector and short battery terminal wires let you leave the charger wires on the battery.



Photos by Joe Minton

Without the support of the battery case and separators, these plates would shake apart in seconds. Modern batteries are tough and have high output, but only because they have been continuously developed for more than 100 years.

function of how much area its plates have. When you are operating your bike's starter motor, the current (amps) demand is very high and the battery has to make its chemical/electrical conversion equally fast if it is to deliver the electricity needed. At relatively low current demands (lights or ignition), the conversion takes place throughout the body of the lead plates and there is time for the acid to circulate through the plates. That starter motor, however, needs 150 or so amps and there isn't time for the acid to do its thing deep in the interior of the plates. Everything happens at or very near the surface of the plates. The greater the plates' surface, the more amps the battery can deliver before its voltage drops too far.

Whenever you put a load across a battery, its voltage will drop. If you demand too much from the battery, the voltage will drop too far. Most of us are familiar with that experience of having our bike's engine start just as we released the starter button. The current demand of the starter was so great that the voltage dropped too low to operate the ignition. When you let off the starter, however, the voltage immediately went up and the ignition fired, starting the engine. This is also why a bike with a low battery might start when pushed, but not when turned over with the starter motor.

A premium battery design such as the Yuasa "CX" series (made in America) and used by Harley-Davidson has about as

much surface area as possible while still providing a battery that is strong enough for motorcycle use. Yuasas have a couple of other tricks too. Earlier I mentioned that a battery's ability to deliver current can be affected by the formation of gas bubbles on its plates. Well, it seems that the rate at which these bubbles are formed is affected by a metal called antimony, which is normally alloyed with lead to make it stronger. The presence of antimony in the plates causes the rapid formation of bubbles when the current demand is high. Yuasa has eliminated the antimony and has replaced it with calcium. The Yuasa calcium/lead battery used by Harley will crank the Big-Twin over faster and longer than other batteries the same size.

The positive and negative plates of a battery are layered — that is, there will be a positive plate first, then a negative one, and so on. These plates must be separated (insulated) from one another. The insulating material must also let acid and current flow freely between and plates. The thinner the insulation, the easier that chemistry can occur. Also, thinner plates take less room and allow more acid or more plates in the same space. You already know why more plates are better (if you have an electric starter). Let's look at why more acid is better.

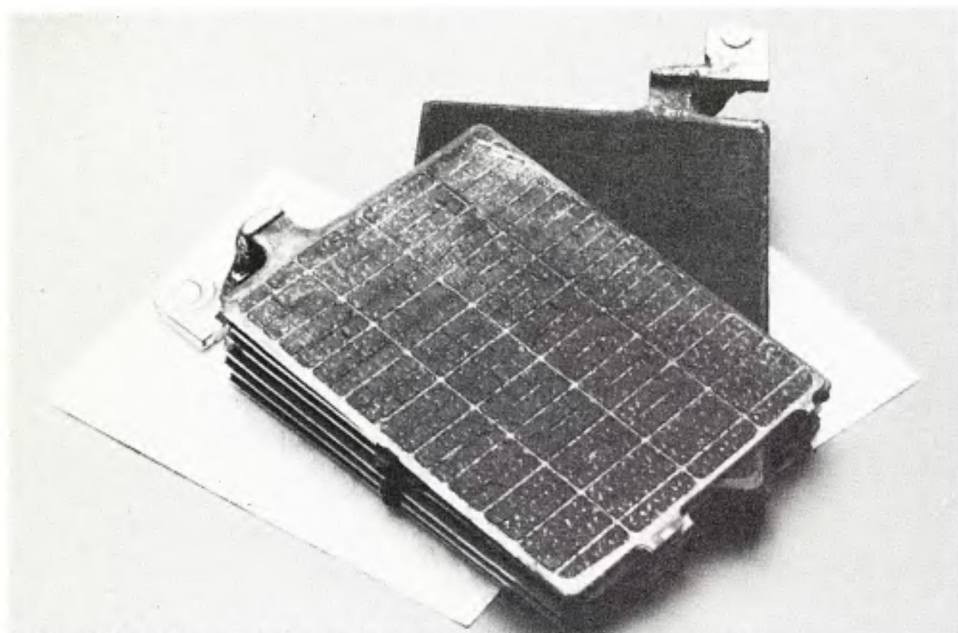
Sulphation

The great killer of batteries is sulphation. This refers to the lead sulphate that will form over the plates in a battery if it is

left sitting after fully discharged. This coating will insulate the lead plates from the action of the acid and will destroy the battery. A battery with a small acid volume will sulphate very quickly after it is discharged. Also, letting the acid volume fall so low that the tops of the plates are exposed will cause the exposed portions to sulphate. The more acid, the more slowly sulphation occurs. Its greater acid volume to plate volume is why an automobile battery is less likely to be damaged by sulphation if left in a discharged state. A small motorcycle battery can be ruined in less than a week if it is left discharged during warm weather. The Harley OEM battery has a chemical additive in its plate separators that reduces the rate of sulphation by three times. Unlike conventional batteries, this Harley OEM (Yuasa-CX) battery can be fully restored — even if it is fully sulphated — if charged at a very low rate for 80 hours.

If you never let your bike's battery become discharged, it won't sulphate and you won't have to worry about that particular problem. You can avoid a dead and sulphated battery simply by keeping it charged. During riding season you'll be running your scooter enough to ensure that the battery will have a 100 percent charge. The trouble comes when your bike is parked for long periods.

A battery will slowly discharge while it's just sitting around. How fast this happens is a matter of design and chemistry.



Positive and negative plates alternate like those shown here. The white material under them is the separators that support and insulate them from the other

Again, the Harley battery has high internal resistance and a chemical additive that slows the rate of internal discharge. It will take about three times longer to run itself down than an older, more conventional battery will. Some bikes have small electrical leaks even when the key is off; some of them also have clocks. Both the leak and the clock will run a battery flat in time. The answer to long-term storage is to trickle-charge the battery. And that brings us to the subject of charging.

A battery should not be charged at over one-tenth its rated capacity. If your Hog's battery is rated at 19 ampere-hours, you should not charge it at more than 1.9 amps. Charging it at a higher rate can lead to damage from heat build-up and excessive gassing. You can, of course, charge it at a lower rate.

The small charger

shown in the photo is made by Yuasa and was designed just for this. All you have to do is mount the small harness onto your bike's battery and plug the charger in every now and then. For instance, if your bike is going to sit for the winter, you can leave the charger plugged in overnight once a week. If you have been using the starter a lot, but didn't get much of a chance to ride very far, the battery will probably be partially discharged and you can bring it back up by plugging in the charger overnight. Because of the low charge rate (.5 amp or less), this charger will not over-charge a Harley-size battery and will not cause an excessive rate of gassing even if left on longer than necessary to fully charge your battery.

How can you tell if your battery needs charging? The easiest way is with a hydrometer. The simple

hydrometer sold by Yuasa for motorcycle batteries is fine. I have been using one for about ten years with good results. Any hydrometer will do, but the Yuasa has a couple of advantages: It is small and will work on the amount of acid it can suck out of a motorcycle battery. Furthermore, it fits into a sealed tube that, if kept clean, can be stored in your toolbox. When all the balls float, the battery is fully charged. One down is read as a 75 percent charge, two down 50.

New Batteries And Bikes

This is gonna make a lot of dealers mad and the battery companies happy: When you buy your new Harley, insist that it gets a new, freshly filled and charged battery. Many bikes sit around on showroom floors with batteries that were filled with acid, used to start the engine, and then left to sit — and

sulphate. You bought a new bike; you should get a new battery. Most of the electrical trouble new bike-owners have is not caused by their inexperience (starting problems), but rather by batteries that left the dealer's place discharged and maybe sulphated. The same goes for buying a new battery. You may be in a hurry to get back on the road, but if you can find the time to let a newly filled battery spend a night on the trickle charger, you can make it last *twice* as long as it might otherwise. Some dealers fill batteries and keep them on a trickle charger, such as the excellent Christy charger, and that is fine. If the battery was charged and kept up after filling, it will be perfect. Just be sure — after all, it's your money.

The Bottom Line

Batteries become fairly complex gadgets if you are an engineer who's trying to make them work better. They are not complex from the user's (that's you and me, pal) stand point. They need to be filled properly with common battery acid when they are new, and they have to be kept charged and topped off with clear drinking water or distilled water. If you store your bike, get a charger and use it every couple of weeks during storage. Don't charge the battery at a rate higher than one-tenth its total capacity. Do these things and that sucker will last for three or four years — though they do wear out eventually — and give fine service during that time. Let them sit and they will die, just like your scooter will. ■

Two-Wheel Tale

A Lesson

One day recently, while riding my ol' man's scooter into town to get him a six-pack of beer, I had a flat tire several miles from a service station. I had never fixed a flat before, but had watched my ol' man enough times to understand the drill. I hopped to it and was just laying out the repair kit when a bro on a Sportster pulled up alongside. "Howdy, ma'am," he said. "Let me do that."

As he deftly repaired the tire I stood by, debating with myself how I could explain that I would like to pay him, but had just enough money with me to pay for a six-pack. Before I could decide what to say, he finished the job, turned, and offered me a five-dollar bill.

"Why, w-h-h-a-?" I stammered. "I'm the one who should pay. . ."

"Ma'am," he replied, "I've repaired plenty of flat tires for women, and on the last occasion I vowed that if a woman ever kept her mouth shut while I worked, I'd give her five dollars. You really deserve more because you not only kept your mouth shut, you were also trying to help yourself instead of standing there looking helpless and flagging me. You have restored my faith in women."

I picked up some valuable information from that incident — and I hope some of you other ol' ladies out there can, too.

—Shelly B.



"Hey, 'not tonight, I have a headache' doesn't work when you're a prostitute!"

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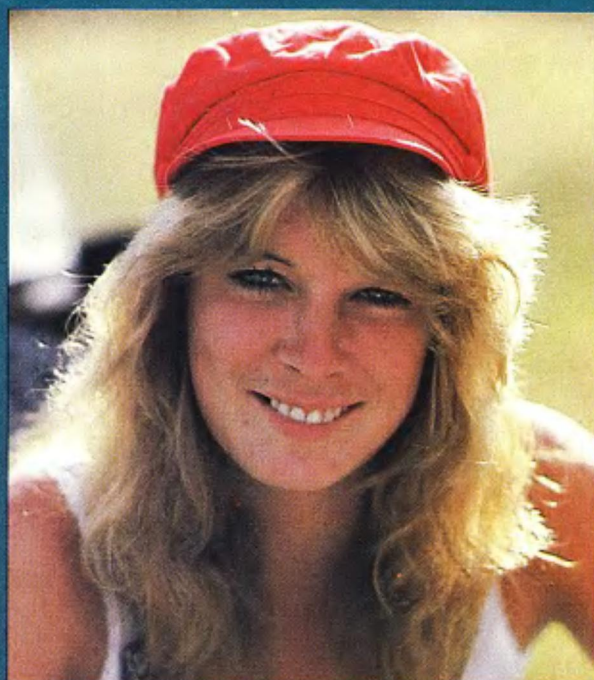
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SCOOTER TRASH



Occasionally porno princesses and overly made-up model-types try to infiltrate the ranks of our man-pleasin' mommas, but this Sturgis beauty contest winner proves they ain't got a chance.

The annual Buffalo Chip Picnic held in conjunction with the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic at Sturgis may not have the long and historically significant rep of its Sturgis neighbor — but buffalo shit and girls it's got. And, since there weren't

any volunteers to judge a buffalo-chip-tastin' contest, a top-tit tournament was inevitable. The tourney boasted breasts of all sizes, shapes, dimensions, and tastes. In short, just about every type of tit imaginable.

And out of all those miles



and miles of mammaries this little — well, not so little — biker babe, Chrissy, trotted off the stage that starry night to the cheers of a delighted audience.

Meanwhile, Billy Tinney licked his chops and fogged

up his lenses gettin' prepared to shoot Chrissy and her ol' man out in the woods.

Tinney's forever griping that we need more "real women" in the rag — and by God, we were gonna get him one. So everyone got what

they came for: the bros got themselves eyefuls of great-lookin' gash; we got ourselves a right-on, righteously wicked scooter mama; and Tinney, well, he got out of town before the law came.

—St. Vitus The Vitriolic

Photos by Billy Tinney



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CRUEL DICK

BY JOHN WATSON

*The guests had all departed,
And the lady of the house
Had slipped into her bedroom
As quiet as a mouse.*

*She hoped tonight
She'd get some sleep —
'Twas silent as a grave.
But that was not to be, poor girl,
She'd overlooked Cruel Dave.*

*She slipped between the bed sheets
Her nightie buttoned tight,
But Cruel Dave, a-dripping lust,
Was ready for a fight.*

*He stabbed right through her nightie,
His rigid member borne
Upon a raging sea of passion,
Like a rhinoceros horn.*

*He'd mount a raving maniac,
An Indian in her teepee,
So long as he could spend himself
In any kind of peepee.*

*If Cruel Dave could find no bush
In this or any land,
Undeterred, you'd find that rascal
Doing it by hand.*

*Now Cruel Dave's first preference
Was something women dread.
He loved to jump their bones, but first
He'd demand some head.*

*The trouble was, when Cruel Dave blew
It was something like a rain-spout,
And many a virgin lass had he
Gone and blown her brains out.*

*Poor Cruel Dave, he met his match
One Sunday in the park.
He saw a girl with sparkling eyes
And thought t'would be a lark*

*To have her place her ruby lips,
Like Linda, on his poker.
She said that she would do it,
If he promised not to choke her.*

*She opened wide and let him
Her pretty tonsils tickle,
But then she sneezed — poor Cruel Dave —
And bit off half his pickle.*

*Cruel Dave is quiet now,
He's turned into a grump.
Because that bitch snipped off his dork
And left him just a stump.*

*There's good news and there's bad news:
He's still got half his peter,
And Cruel Dave's remaining stump
Measures half a meter.*

*That's the good news, as you see,
The bad news is, poor fellow,
when Cruel Dave's old wang gets up,
It now resembles Jell-O.*



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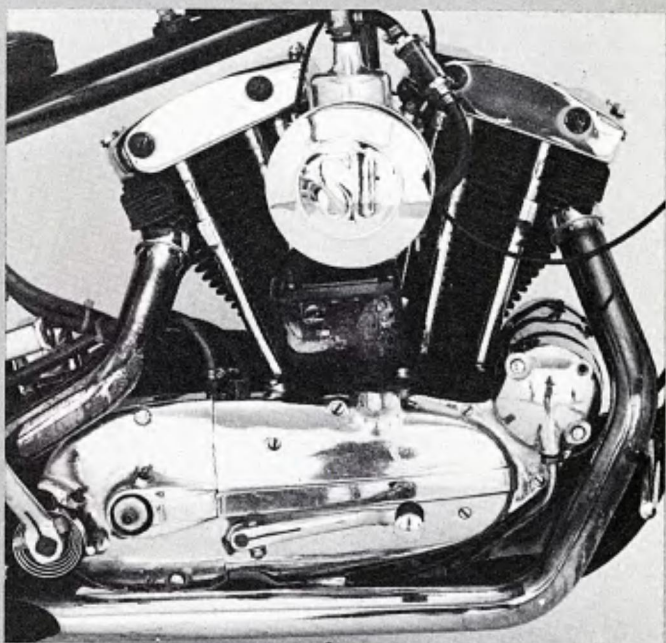
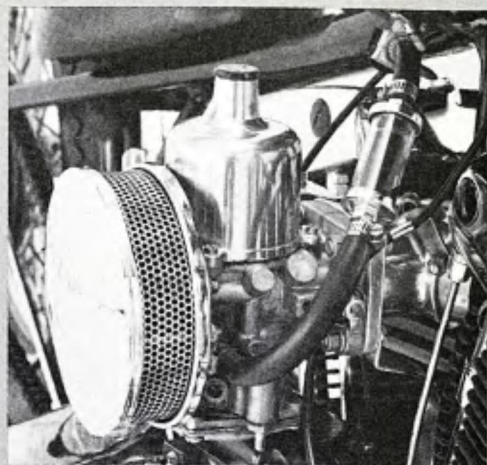
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READER'S RIDE



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.



**Joe Vargas, Tulare, California
1969 Harley-Davidson Sportster**

In an age when many riders seem to be buying more and more new bikes off the dealer's showroom floor and nixing customizing in favor of factory-installed comfort, Joe is one bro who is quite satisfied with the bike he's had for better than ten years. Wouldn't think of getting a new one.

The union man with Armstrong Rubber Co., maker of the Arco tires many of us are rolling on, lives in Tulare, California, and frequently puts the width and breadth of the Golden State, guiding the custom oil-in-frame, 30-degree-raked, four-inch-stretched Sporty through all sorts of terrain. Are U-turns and tight corners a bitch? "Nope," Joe says, "it pivots on the back wheel when doing a U-turn, just kind of hops."

The bike weighs 420 pounds, has had the top end gone through two or three times (Joe doesn't exactly remember which). He's given the lower end a going-over once, adding the S.U. Eliminator at the same time. Tom McKiggin, a friend, built the front end and also helped on the general fabrication. Pearl black lacquer, and the molding were applied by John Capola. California Chrome in Fresno snazzed it up.

—Rags



Photos by Pete Chiodo



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Two-Wheel Tale

First Ride

Let's see now — the tools are all clean and back in the toolbox; all the greasy rags are in the garbage can; the chrome polish and wax are both back on the shelf where they'll stay till the end of this ride.

The gas and oil tanks are both full; the tires are both inflated to the proper pressure; the chain is adjusted; and the transmission and battery have both been checked.

The time has come to roll the bike out of the garage and into the sunlight for the first time. It's hard to believe that this is the same bike I pushed into the garage last fall. Every nut and bolt has been tightened with love and pride.

The anticipation is almost over. The long nights of turning wrenches, sanding, polishing, and painting are now history.

Like a knight of old or a cowboy from the Old West, I swing a leg over my mount. My lady stands by, knowing her turn will come, but that this is a moment nobody can share. I make the final preparations to fire the beast into its new life.

I pull the choke on and give the throttle its needed twist. Rather than use the push button, I swing out the pedal of the kick starter. One gentle kick through, a twist of the key, and the final moment has arrived.

As my weight comes down on the starter and I feel the resistance of the freshly built engine, I'm aware of only a slight *chuff*, then the rich, throaty rumble of my new baby.

I am flooded through and through by a rush of adrenaline as I give the throttle a twist, then feel the engine drink the fuel and respond with a surge of power.

The clutch lever pulls in smoothly and the shift lever clicks the transmission into first gear.

As I release the clutch and feel it engage and start pulling the machine into motion, I get a high that would get the entire nation off if only it could be shared — which, of course, it can't.

After this ride will come many more. Some will be great; none will be worse than simply good. But none will compare with this one.

—Mike "Varmint" Clary

Asstrology

January Forecast

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☿ Leave mind-fucks and past problems in a cloud of dust. Mixing business with pleasure is best done outside home base. Weekend trips can turn into rewarding ventures if you mingle with an open mind, an open fly, and a closed mouth. Let others take the lead and jump in when there's a lull in the conversation.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This month's lack of nookie leaves you with a lisp, a limp, and a sweaty palm. Maybe it's your attitude, or even worse, your breath! (Ditto your funky shorts, socks, and armpits.) Clean up your act and reap the rewards of a warm pussy wrapped around your neck. If you're lucky, there'll be some bucks added to the fuck.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Don't make any radical changes or big decisions during the first half of this month. Otherwise, you'll end up either short-changed or redoing. This is a trial-and-error period when you can find out where you've fucked up in the past. Bide your time by bedding down with a box lunch. Don't forget the raisin pie.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

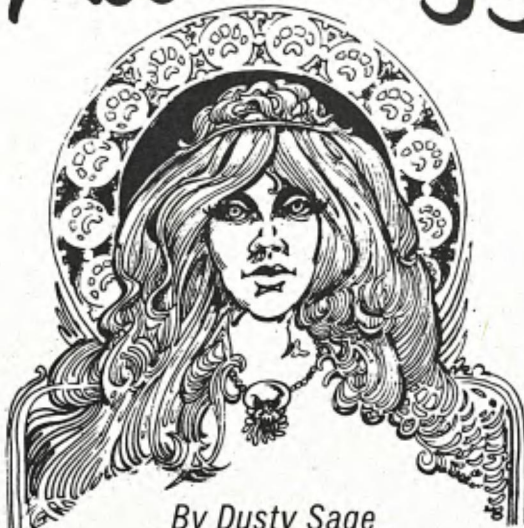
♋ Looks like the fickle finger of fate is flipping you off again. This one's a real pain in the ass! Your partners are pissed-off, your ol' lady's on the rag, bills are overdue, some asshole lays a line on ya and cons you outta your hard-earned cash, a long-forgotten ticket turns warrant, and your hemorrhoids flare up again.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ This month catches you off guard and leaves you tripping over your dick (lucky you). Chance encounters of the best kind can result if you're looking for a house mouse (or even if you've got one). There's a secret ingredient to sex now, and you'll find it sitting on your face when you least expect it. Don't leave home without a hardon.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Looking out for numero uno is your main objective



By Dusty Sage

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

As I've said before, Capricorns are ambitious, status-seeking, and always ready to jump in when the other person fucks up. Not all Capricorns are crappy — just the ones with assholes.

Most Capricorns will pass up ass and stash in favor of cash. When it comes to pussy, they first look at the purse. It's not that they're mercenary, they just like money.

To Cappy foreplay is balancing his checkbook. Don't get me wrong; they can be very hot fucks — if you don't mind them keeping their loose change in your ass and shaving your crotch hairs into the shape of a dollar sign. The sight of a MasterCard will make 'em masturbate. They also like having their kneecaps polished while taking a dump.

Seriously, Capricorns are damn good organizers. They are also adept at recycling used rubbers. Capricorns make very loyal friends — unless you're broke and haven't got a charge card.

now. Don't be brow-beaten by El Bosso or El Broado. Advance yourself by coming on strong and taking over the driver's seat. Favorable aspects will back you up — as long as you keep it legal.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Travel is on the agenda,

A few famous Capricorns past and present are: David Bowie, Howard Hughes, Steve Allen, Elvis Presley, Joan Baez, Faye Dunaway, Edgar Allan Poe, Janis Joplin, and poop-butt Richard Nixon.

Capricorns are susceptible to fallen kneecaps, hair between their teeth that has turned gray, and hunched shoulders from bending down to look for lost change. They also have pimples inside their poop-chutes that they pass off as beauty marks.

If you've got a Capricorn friend, hang onto him (or her). Capricorns will always be there to step over you when you fall down and to wipe their noses on your clothes. They'll give you advice, jack-off on your grandmother, and let you help them tune their machines. You'll be permitted to smell their farts, applaud their achievements, and (if they really like you) borrow their recycled asswipe. They're not actually stingy, just thrifty.

but not until after mid-month. Before that, it's backtracking time. Take care of biz and set old debts straight. Otherwise, you'll have to come back to the mind-boggling problems you're trying to get away from. Cut loose of crap you can't change and put a lid on low blows — then let go and get loose.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Opportunity has a few fuck-ups now, but if you have the balls to follow through, this one's a real eye-opener, especially in a long-term partnership. If you've been unsure about recent openings or have felt unprepared, don't hold back now. Scorpio, you've got the brains to go with the balls, so don't let this golden chance sneak away.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Partners become pet peeves unless you put your foot down (instead of in your mouth). Don't joke around over important issues now. Show your seldom-seen serious side instead. Remember, your ability to make fast decisions will not only pay off now, but will also save your ass later. Don't let others influence you — speak up!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Happy birthday! Time to drown your troubles in birthday brew, hair pie, and general mayhem. Afterwards, crawl off and recuperate with your favorite crotchburger. Cut your party pie a tad short this time if you want to take advantage of this month's money-making aspects. Extra cash can be had if you use your head.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

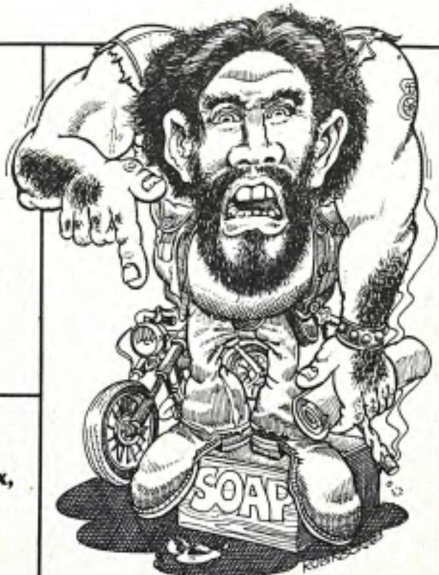
♒ Prime time to rehash old hang-ups, rebuild your bike, remove outdated ideas, and update plans. In other words, this is a recycling period when you sort out the best and shit-can the rest. This includes eliminating people you've outgrown, who've been holding you back. Time to recognize, reorganize, and rearrange your life.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ You're a lot crazier than usual now and could literally blow the socks off a few partners. You're also more aggressive than others expect you to be. Take advantage of this period by stepping on a few toes that have been giving you the boot for quite a while. Use the element of surprise and leave 'em wondering what-the-fuck! Enjoy.



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



And A Little Child Shall Lead Them

"In other words, these people aren't talkin' call the cops if you find Mommy and Daddy passed out with a spike in their arm. They're saying call the cops if your Mommy or Daddy smokes something that smells sweet to you. . ."

by Rev. Jimmy Sweatgrunt

It's one of the most cherished of all corny Hollywood clichés. There, up on the screen in living black and white, are Mama and Papa washing their hands without soap and looking tearfully terrified. Mama is overweight and wears an apron. Papa sports a fringe of hair around a balding pate and is wearing a short vest and suspenders. Huge, menacing men in black jackboots surround them, while several others, also in black, drag a poor blubbering, shriveled-up creature with a big nose out from under the family bed.

Off to the side of the screen, there in the doorway, stands — straight and rigid as if he had a front fork for a backbone — a blond teenager wearing a stripped-down version of the bad guys' black uniform. On his face is a smirk of great satisfaction. His name is Karl and — surprise, surprise — he's just turned his old people in to the Gestapo for harboring the neighborhood Jew.

Stop, cut, pull the plug on the fuckin' projector. Let's get this next reel on the screen. There, yeah, now it's flickering to life. . . 5, 4, 3, 2. . . okay here goes. Hey, these people are *really* old. They make that German couple look like mere kids.

Wonder why they're all hunched over like that, with their ears squashed against the speaker of an antique radio. Holy shit, what was that crash? Jeez, the door just fell right off its hinges. There's a bunch of guys running into the room. . . one of them just put a fire ax right through the radio! Now they're taking the old folks away and they're not being any too gentle about it, either.

Off to one side of the screen, out in the hall there, see him? Right at the top of the stairs, that heavy-browed young boy. His hair is slicked down and he's wearing dull-gray pants, heavy old-fashioned shoes, and a snarl of triumph. Hoo-hah, it's young Boris, who's just earned 87,000 brownie points for letting the KGB know that Gramps and Granny are Voice of America freaks.

As Bugs Bunny used to say, "That's all, folks." Show's over. You can all leave the theater now. Makes you feel good to know things like that could never happen here, doesn't it? We revere the sanctity of the family here. Kids aren't brainwashed to spy on their parents here. The authorities would never stoop to using children to trap their elders here. Oh, yeah? Throughout Amer-

ica, preachers, police officers, and teachers are now capping their lectures on the alleged evils of drug use by utilizing every psychological ploy available to convince their impressionable young listeners to do one very important thing — turn Mommy and Daddy in if they use any illegal substance.

In other words, these people aren't talkin' call the cops if you find Mommy and Daddy passed out with a spike in their arm. They're saying call the cops if your Mommy or Daddy smokes something that smells sweet to you, or if you find a plant you can't recognize in the yard, or if your parents seem to wipe their noses a lot. It's a devastatingly simple message, and at least in California, it's clearly getting through. At this writing, there have already been some highly publicized cases of parents getting fed to the narcs (or is that sharks) by their own kids, and more are on the way.

The first question is, why? Sure, you say, most kids go through periods when they don't like their parents very much, but getting them locked up is a little extreme. You're right, it is. And that brings up the cruelest part of this whole sad charade. Many of the kids tricked into

snitching off their parents think they're doing Mom and Dad a favor. Mommy and Daddy are sick, they're told. Mommy and Daddy are going to die. Mommy and Daddy are — gulp, swallow, choke — going to turn into *junkies*.

Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? What kid, whose parents trot off to work every day, bring home the bacon every night, and occasionally smoke a joint or have a toot, would believe this shit? Too many, friend, far too many. Don't forget, they're getting it from all sides: church, school, the president, service spots on TV. And that's all they're getting. Just one side of the issue.

Do you think anybody bothers to tell them that if some athlete, Len Bias, say, had chosen to commit suicide with the Reagan administration's favorite drug — booze — instead of coke, he might have gone out on the freeway and taken four or five innocent bystanders to the hereafter with him?

Is there a history teacher anywhere with the balls to admit to the kids that during this country's best years, the years when it grew to be the most powerful, envied nation in the world, cocaine and marijuana were legal, easily obtained, and commonly used?

Nope, nobody's telling the kids these things. What they're claiming is that Mom and Dad are sick and need help. "If you really loved them, you'd tell me if they do these terrible things," says the Sunday School teacher to the ten-year-old. "Why, teacher?" asks the child, starting to puddle up. "So I can get help for them, darling. You don't want them to get sicker and die, do you?" Finally the kid confesses. An hour later the parents, just average folks with ordinary flaws, are on their

way to jail — and the kid is on his way to juvenile hall or a foster home, possibly to face the brutalization and sexual abuse so common in places where children are stored on a so-much-per-day basis, sort of like a bus station locker.

Of course, nobody tells the kids about that part, either. About how the "help" that Mommy and Daddy will get involves snatching Junior from his comfortable room and thrusting him into an institutional environment where he'll be surrounded by real delinquents. Ah, well, it's a dog-eat-dog world, but maybe there's a little "justice" in it after all.

And then, of course, there are the kids who are *really* confused, maybe even a little unsettled in the head. In one of the recent California cases, a little girl told her school counselor that her parents were into drugs. The counselor called the cops (another thing they don't tell the kids is that many states have laws requiring school officials to report such claims to the cops, even if the child begs them not to), and the cops nabbed the kid and stuck her into a halfway house because her parents were "unfit." The only thing was, they couldn't find any crime to charge the parents with. The parents were clean, yet they'd been branded as drug addicts and child abusers by the press and had to hire a lawyer to get the kid back — don't ask me why they bothered.

The kid's explanation? A teacher had lectured her class about another case in which a child had turned in her parents. In relating the sad-but-true tale, the teacher had heaped huge amounts of praise on the head of the heroic young snitch. This kid wanted to be

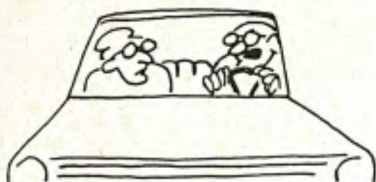
praised, too; she wanted to be good; she wanted the teacher to like her; so. . .

A few hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts, what we would today describe as the "religious right" used brainwashed children to front for their crusade to eliminate any manifestation of original, i.e., non-Puritanical, thought from their community. Before they were done with their evil work, a horrifying number of people, all innocent of any crime, were burned at the stake.

Within the past five years communities in rural Minnesota and central California have been literally torn apart, with children ripped from their families and innocent people jailed, hounded and harassed, because of totally unfounded charges of devil worship and child abuse. Again, the instigators of these crusades were law and order zealots and religious fanatics who managed to delude and terrorize presumably sane children into testifying that they had seen, among other things, adults — in some cases, their own parents — sacrifice and bury their schoolmates. Strangely, the fact that all the alleged victims turned out to be alive and well did little to remove the cloud of suspicion hanging over the targeted adults.

Today the Puritans are at it again. Convinced that happiness and joy equal sin, that life is intended to be hard and filled with pain, that God has put them on earth specifically to be their brothers' keepers (in the best penal definition of the word), they're hell-bent on driving all vices except their own — bigotry, hypocrisy, deceitfulness, dishonesty, and, last but not least, un-Americanism — out of existence. They're on yet another new crusade and, as usual, a little child shall lead them. ■

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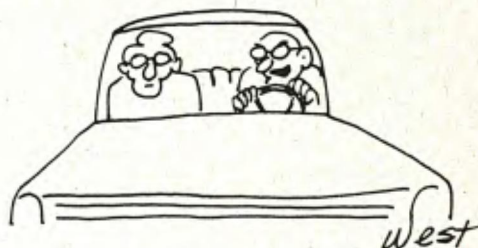
Oh, my God, Hazel, there's a turtle crossing the highway! Hang on, and I'll miss it!

②LATER...



Luther! Slow down! Don't you see that motorcycle slowing down in front of us?

③



Motorcycle? What motorcycle?

Easyriders

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

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

Buzzy's \$89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop. Catalog, \$1, refundable.
407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017.
(412) 221-SHOP. (173)

Branded Leather, Orchard M/C Dist. Inc., 43-38 36th St.,
L.I.C., NY 11101. (718) 361-2072. (170)

Texas Leather Company, wholesale leather. Box 123,
Yoakum, TX 77995. (512) 293-5341. (165)

Tasty Leathers, brochure, \$2. 18653 Ventura Blvd. #719,
Tarzana, CA 91356. (818) 705-8873 or (800) 445-4616. (167)

Sleepy Hollow Saddle Bags Inc./free info. &
price list, 105 S. 2nd St., Chesterton, IN 46304.
(219) 926-1071. (174)

MACHINING & REPAIR

Dragon Dist., 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909.
(303) 683-2800. (165)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington
St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (167)

MC SERVICES

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

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

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond,
VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (173)

Mega Cycle, 2462 N. Jerusalem Rd., N. Bellmore,
NY 11710. (516) 785-6440. (167)

Custom Cycle, performance & custom parts. 1922 Pine Ave.
Niagara Falls, NY 14301. (716) 284-2615. (166)

OBSOLETE PARTS

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093 Hull St.,
Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (173)

SPECIAL SERVICES

Bartels' Harley-Davidson, custom & high-performance.
8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City,
CA 90230. (213) 838-3003. (167)

SPEEDOMETERS

Paramount Speedometers, 8845 Alondra Blvd.,
Paramount, CA 90723. (818) 630-9753. (173)

SYNTHETIC LUBRICANTS

Holiday's Ultron Neo, 180 N. Lewis Road, Camarillo,
CA 93010. (805) 482-5619. (165)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St.,
Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304.
(Shipped UPS/C.O.D.) (173)

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

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66,
I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183.
(602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS/C.O.D.) (165)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, \$8.95, five-color.
Shipped UPS/C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana,
El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (167)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., \$12 each
(state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212
Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (173)

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

South Seas Harley-Davidson, \$15.59 each, shipped same day
(sizes: S,M,L,XL). 94-896 Moalo St., Waipahu, HI 96797. (163)

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

Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., \$10 each. 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn,
NY 11223. (718) 998-6666. (171)

Shadows & Snaps, by Woody Hayman, \$10 each, plus \$1.50 shipping.
Free brochure. Box 2756, Rome, GA 30164. (404) 234-0551. (165)

Miller's Custom Parts, full-line Easyriders T-shirts: S-XL, \$8.95;
XXL-XXXXL, \$10.95. 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona,
FL 32019. (904) 761-0858. (167)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Speakin' of shitty music, have ya heard the radio lately? Talk about a smell in the air! Whew, it's rank out there. Whether from lack of talent, guts, or imagination in the new breed of music makers, or the same failings in radio programmers and jocks who play the shit, or cash-conscious, big-business record moguls afraid of breaking new acts, we've found ourselves victims, swamped in the squalor of whining English brats, who've come overseas to make a fortune and maybe get a glimpse of Graceland while pouting about how bad America is because we kick a little ass around their continent.

Except for a special case here and there, rock music — that good old get-down variety — has become nearly extinct. Rock is gettin' as musty as that old denim cutoff that's hanging in the closet, a grungy reminder of past adventures.

Remember when it seemed there was a hot new group blasting into your head every month? The Beatles, The Stones, and The Who were quickly followed by legions of rockers who wanted in on the gig. We had Zeppelin, Jethro Tull, The Grateful Dead, The Airplane/Starship, Animals, Byrds, Steppenwolf, and a slew of other wildlife groups pounding our heads with great music. Hey, I just don't see it today. The seventies were criticized for being bland, but the eighties aren't a helluva lot spicier, Jack. Pretty vanilla, in fact. At least the seventies gave us Lynyrd Skynyrd, Jackson Browne, The Eagles, Little Feat, ZZ Top, and the Allman Brothers. But we should have known, toward the end of the decade, that we were in for rickety listenin' when we started gettin' facefuls of Richard Hell and the Voidoids and the rest of that bunk punk crap.

The eighties have seen the rise of Springsteen, Petty, Seger, Van Halen, Talking Heads, and a host

DOWNTIME

by Bomber



BoDeans



John Fogerty

of headbangers who won't be remembered for long. Still, the Dead truck on — say a little prayer that Jerry gets healthy again, The Stones are still rolling, and John Fogerty is back with a recent release. That, along with another new band, may take up some airwave slack.

Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams/BoDeans: This foursome from Waukesha, Wisconsin, couldn't be more low-key.

The first release lists the unpretentious dudes as Sammy, Beau, Guy, and Bob BoDean (apparently no relation to Jethro). Their press package names them only as Llanas, (Sammy); Kurt Neumann, (Beau); Hoffman, (Guy); and Griffin, appearing as Bob BoDean. Who cares. The music they make under any name is great.

If they had stuck "Ridin'" in the title of their first album, **Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams**, they might have life all wrapped up in a neat package. But what the hay, this album is a pleasure. A pleasant surprise from Slash Records, a company that has earned a rep for taking chances with new acts. Of course, they've got the powerful Warner Bros. as a parent company, so I guess they can afford to

take a risk here and there on someone new who isn't just marketing a new hairstyle. With these BoDeans it's the music. Pure straight forward and simple. That's the way they like it and that's the way they deliver it.

It's kind of a twangy country guitar hop that speeds up and down with equal comfort together with a couple of distinct voices that blend as well as the open road and fifth gear do. Sweet, innocent, airhead lyrics aren't their bag, as the first song "She's A Runaway" suggests. She's not running away from her teachers or parents because of a day on the rag; she's runnin' because she shot her hubby who had "hit her one too many times." Real issues.

"Fadeaway" continues the lean sound and deserves to be a great hit single, but I ain't gettin' my hopes up. Ditto for half the tunes presented. Sammy is the singer, acoustic guitar player, and co-writer with Beau. He has a voice that could make a coyote cower with fear. A sound like what you'd get if you tooted Drano all night, then, sucked on a helium balloon right before singing. You'll recognize it.

You'll get off on such

tunes as "Angel," with its Bobby Fuller "I Fought The Law" opening riffs; "Misery," maybe the best of the bunch, lays down a clip-clop ditty that conjurs up visions of Gene and Champion ridin' off into a painted sunset, leaving some girl's heart behind in the dust. Yeah, they will do a love song now and again. I love the line, "When you were giving those guys a piece, you were givin' me miles and miles of misery." With kind of a "Jambalaya" beat, they take off on "The Strangest Kind," then the real fine "Say You Will," followed by "Ultimately Fine," a get-up-and-swing-ye-partner polka, featuring down and dirty vocals that grate on your ears the way early Bobby D. does. The last song, "Lookin' For Me Somewhere," details a lonely man's runnin' his dream girl through his mind. It's a superior tune that Woody or Arlo Guthrie would have no problem singin'.

Guess this is runnin' long, but these guys are worth every word. Check out the BoDeans.

Eye Of The Zombie/John Fogerty: The eagerly anticipated followup album to 1984's **Centerfield** hits the glove solid, maybe without quite the pop of that first album recorded by John Fogerty since the break-up of Creedence Clearwater revival, but it will grow on you. Particularly if you're a big fan of Fogerty's School-Of-Little-Richard's-Howling-Vocals style.

The man's got a new band together and they're touring the country, but playing only his own material — so don't go lookin' to hear such tunes as "Keep On Chooglin'" or "Green River." What you'll get instead are new songs that the artist really cares about and is willing to invest with the extra energy it takes to make them come across as a meaningful representation of his current work.

Eye of The Zombie gives Fogerty a great vehicle. ■

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.75 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$6.50 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

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

Tattooing equipment: colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog. S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (168)

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

"The Couple Next Door" magazine. Sample copy, \$10 (refunded); sign over 21. CND, Box 47081-TA, Atlanta, GA 30362. (163)

Attention, motorcyclists in and around Jacksonville, Florida: You're all invited to attend Wolfgang's 7th Annual "Toys For Tots" motorcycle run. We will meet on Sunday, Dec. 14, at 12 noon, on Coastline Dr., behind Jacksonville City Hall. The run will start at 1:30 p.m. sharp. Santa will lead. Donation: One new toy per rider. After a ride around town, the run will end at Metropolitan Park. Music provided by the Southland Express. Trophies, door prizes, gift certificates to be given away; T-shirts and buttons for sale. All proceeds donated to Hubbard House Children's Program. For more information, call 904-398-8528 or 904-778-0941. (163)

Free samples. Phone fuck. Gigi/Heather, 18, sounds younger. Toll 50¢ first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. 1-900-410-4444. (163)

Disabled biker needs your help. To cover costs for several operations. Any donations sent are gratefully appreciated, and in return you get a 48-page pamphlet on marijuana grower's guide. Not asking for any handout, just a chance for a new start. Donation, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265 (163)

Becky B. of C.C. Townhouse #1: I never robbed you, believe me! Drop me a scribe, please. Love and miss, R.T.-N.J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265 (163)

Mark, C-10587: Someone's taken my place? Goodbye and good luck. L.F. (fool #1). (163)

Please read. \$\$\$ and free bike mags! Disabled bro on welfare losing home and getting deeper in debt. Not bullshit and don't want charity. Will send you report showing how to start 10 businesses, for very little or just your time, to make an extra \$50-\$100 or more a week. Also have 200 mixed brand-new Easyriders, Iron Horse, and Supercycle, from 1976 and later, still in cartons. Will give one free with each report till they run out. Please send \$10 (cash because of welfare) to Desperate, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (164)

John Knight: Missed getting to know you and Cody. Johana's on 19th and Placentia in Costa Mesa, any Thursday night. A Special Lady. Or write c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (163)

Rags A: '87 is bound to be heaven with my home in the wind. My love grows stronger each year. Yours always, B.B. (163)

Darla: Happy birthday, baby. Love you and the kids more than anything else in the world. Wayne. (163)

Easyriders 1-69: In The Wind #1; Super Cycle 1-13, except #6; Hanhardt, 2511 N. 16th, Couer d'Alene, ID 83814. (163)

Illustrated counterculture poetry anthology. \$4. M.E. Durand, SR 46, Spooner, WI 54801. (163)

Free genuine python belts. For details, send SASE to J. Clark, Box 157, Strawberry, CA 95375. (163)

Tony Miller: Happy birthday, 12/27. Love you forever, Maggie. (163)

Denim biker hats, several styles. Finished, kit, or easy-to-follow plans. \$1 and SASE for information. Old Hat, Box 1132, Tioga, LA 71477. (163)

Interesting report shows how to make big money carrying a picket sign. Send \$9.95 to E.R. Haskins, 150 S. Glenoaks, Burbank, CA 91510. (163)

Earnie: Call Info. for Mary, you know the last name. You will get me, Summer. We have a safe place. Love forever, Summer and Son. (163)

Keith Allende: Please contact Mrs. Ace, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (163)

Big Moe, Papa Smurf, Bad Mama, Ugly Duckling, Slap Stick, Slippery (Tina), Muff King, Crazy Eddy (Vic), Big Jake, Moon Dog, E-Z Ryder, Man, bro down, set up big time. Need help in Atlanta. Pyne Run Bum, Box 6073, Marietta, GA 30065. (163)

Bros and broads: Are you turned on by Levi's so greasy they shed water? Tell me about it. TD, Box 204, Garden Valley, CA 95633. (164)

Miami: All our dreams will come true. I love you, darlin'. Happy birthday. Snowbird. (163)

Need Money? Let me show you how to make up to \$50,000 in a couple months with only a few hours' work. Everything you need to start for \$3. Dave McWilliams, Rt. 4, Box 227-K, Charlottesville, VA 22901. (163)

Marty: Loved the showers, love the shirt, loved the love, love you. Till next year. (163)

Brock, Ft. Myers: I can't get you out of my mind. Bobbye, Box 25421, Sarasota, FL 34277. (165)

Farm Aid, Band-Aid, Tramp Aid? Scooters, eagles, skulls, wings on super-nice leather key rings. Been in prison for 7 years and getting out in 14 months; don't have a thing left and need your help to get in the wind. Not a handout, just a hand. So buy a key ring, only \$2.50 each. Send money order to Steve Foley, C-27375, 1A-205, Box 1902-A, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (163)

Baby biker bitch born 8/11/86 — Thursday Robinson. Thank you, Red Lips, from Papa. (163)

Rolling papers by the box; free info. Paper Express, 3320-B Veterans Hwy, Suite 105-E, Bohemia, NY 11716. (163)

Dena: Hope everything is going well for you. Happy 25th birthday, with love and best wishes always! Kegger. (163)

Happy birthday, Craig — we love ya! Your friends, J.C., Bev, and Keith. (163)

Wanted: XLCR Cafe Racer tank seat and hardware for my XR1000. Send list and price to Slow, 613 Redondo, Salt Lake City, UT 84105. (163)

Sturgis '86: Outrageous private video, \$20 — VHS only. Unicorn, Box 344, Ft. Meade, SD 57741. (164)

Easyriders back issues for sale. The original #1 through #141, mint condition. Some with mailing covers. Best offer. Pete Richards, Box 26, Medinah, IL 60157. (164)

Harriet Atwood, formerly from Dover Plains: We name you "Gypsie" — wild, warm, and wonderful. Ace. (163)

Fresno Angel; Chuck: Contact Red Dog at S.Q. O'Brien, Box D-16331, Tamal, CA 94964-0001. (163)

Kathy: Oregon state police check came back warrant outstanding, Marion County Hind. pros. murd. Amounts to 2-3 max on 5. Looks as if bogus case getting overturned. Dummy, wake up. FBI wouldn't release info; state police wouldn't give me nationwide warrants. Wrecks, forget. Should you want to go to sis, daughters, or elsewhere when Oregon time is finished, I might help you get there. Our regular visiting has been restored. Grampa, shit, neither Sandy nor Kris communicate with me or even treat me as family. Jim and Pam paid me no rent, showed your bill of sale for appliances, took them and booked. Housing, threats still remain daughter(s) and armed ol' man, or sis with same, okay for you. Will need visits and financial assistance. Daughter(s), same terms negotiable. Either case, will need 3 months' notice. Hope still own place. Courts ain't workin' for me. Costly. Case out of courts soon, if not by time you read ad. Had any kids? Take care of oven. Tom get out of Tracy? How 'bout Crazy Punk? Give you any money? Law favorable decision, you going California? No courtroom support. Anniversary, March 16. Think John 3:16, DOB 11/15. Two night out creature features. Housekeeping, eh? No communication, fuck you. How's bod? Try. Do love. Fatty, slim down. Scars, tongues, getting hard. Communication and pictures soon. Time is now. Contact. Trash you or Tom's side. Dumb, my fault, thought you had appliances California. Trumped-up Oregon case. Contact for witness if need. Contact anyway. Been down four years. Ready for different paces? Church contacted Fato for me. What's divorce? Might transfer 2-3 years to state with congenial visits. Have projected with live help, but it was your sex — wasn't Memorex. If you've a way I can safely contact, please furnish.

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

No-bullshit fund-raiser. Harley-Davidson giveaway: 1937 74-cu.-in. UL Limited entries, 600/\$5. For details, write HDGA, Box 4241, Independence, MO 64051. (164)

Tattoo patterns. 50 original patterns, only \$10. A must for tattooers and tattoo lovers. Lisa Vickers, Box 5690, Phoenix, AZ 85010. (163)

Pat (Tennessee lady, Payne's Biker Bar, Leesburg, Va., July '86): Please write to Dave, Virginia Gentleman, Box 92, Dunn Loring, VA 22027. (163)

Down in Arizona: need lawyer. I have a large selection of original, freehand tattoo patterns, nicely reproduced on offset printer. Sets of 25, only \$10 — best deal anywhere. Help free me from this cage. Enclose neatly printed address. Money orders only. Mike McFarland, Box B-36919, Florence, AZ 85232. (163)

Jar: Thanks for the double-slick school-in'. You taught me style, baby. Merry Christmas. Be careful. In your debt. Left-handed Jan. (163)

Tattoo stencil maker. Clear, unsmear, positive-image hectograph stencil in 4 seconds. Free sample stencil. Tattoo Stencils, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA, 207-934-4090. (163)

Tattoo flash, English artists. Bob Smith set, \$25; Terry Giles set, \$45; Jeff Baker set, \$25. Tattoo Flash, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA 207-934-4090. (163)

9/12/85 stepped into my life and never left. I'm not complaining, Johnny C. Growin' love is the best — like us. I love you. Your own troublemaker "J." Bear, and Coty, Grand Rapids, Mich. (163)

Can your bike take you there? Let 3000-year-old wisdom of I Ching and computer print-out tell your true potential and future direction. Send name, birthdate, and \$5 to Fozouni, 5831 Walnut #32, Pittsburgh, PA 15232. (163)

Professional tattooing handbook. Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women photos. Removing formulas, expert instruction, illustrated, 72 pages, \$24.95. Tattooer, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (163)

Bud: Happy 50th birthday, Oct. 8. Me and you, honey — fuck everybody else. I love you, darlin'. Mix D., the dirty old bitch. (163)

Partnershopper

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Lady wanted. Live in Florida near beaches. Need lady to take care of my home and me. Looking for non-smoker, 18-32, 95-120 lbs. Tom, 2856 Pine Tree Ave., Largo, FL 33541. (166)

Beautiful, unspoiled, English-speaking Oriental ladies want friendship, marriage. Video available. Pal, Box 31, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (164)

Italian inmate, 30, in shape, good-looking, financially secure, looking for a good woman for whatever our thing leads to. Must be sharp, perceptive, caring, and above all, stand-up. Send name and phone number. Neal Giraldo 75-B-1049, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. (163)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (163)

Beautiful girls, worldwide, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (163)

Canadian w/m, 33, brown hair, beard, blue eyes, wants solid lady for a permanent relationship. Must be clean, slim, and faithful. No head games or bullshit. Willing to live in the country. Would like to get settled in together immediately. Photos and phone to Canadian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (163)

Ladies: W/m, 34, 5'11", 161 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, in search of a sincere one-man woman, 24-34, who wants a good solid relationship. Must be willing to relocate to Virginia. No game players, heavy dopers, or alcoholics. All replies with a good description or picture answered. Wayne, 2166 White March Rd., Suffolk, VA 23434. (163)

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

W/m, 29, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, doing lonely time and looking for a good woman to see me through it. Age and looks unimportant. Heart is everything. Due out in '87 and marriage-minded. Gerald Weddle 16526, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070. (163)

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)

If you're a sincere older man looking for a sexy, intelligent, white young lady, write: Bobbie Huffman, F64030, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Doing time, need letters from loving ladies, pix a plus. Artie Xavier, Y6840, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Lonely w/m, 35, desires mail from foxy hens. Will answer all. John M. Reed, A-035565, F-N, 3950 Tiger Bay Rd., Daytona Beach, FL 32014. (163)

W/m, 32, 6'1", 155 lbs., blue eyes, down for a short time, due out in '87. Letter with pix answered first. Steve Hanks 30753, MSF L-115, box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (163)

Single w/m, Aquarius, 29, 6'1", 250 lbs., heavily tattooed. Caught a dime, down but not out. Big daddy's lonely, would like to hear from a fine lady. Steve Hall 177789, MCH, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Strong-hearted w/m of Greek ancestry, 24, 5'8", 140 lbs., brown hair, green/brown eyes, very good-looking, well-built, well-hung. Very lonely, soon to be released. Aquarius ladies, 17-25, serious about love and lifelong relationship. John Stephanos, c/o Irma Pfannmoeller, 5844 Seneca Rd., Kingsport, TN 37664.

W/m, 30, 6', 185 lbs., just released, needs a foxy lady for a serious relationship. No head games. Send pix to David, Box 543, Bernalillo, NM 87004. (163)

W/m, 21, down 6 years. Don't want money or games, just your friendship. James Morgan 84-B-1480, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011-0149. (163)

S/w/m biker-trucker, 36, 5'9", 200 lbs., seeks attractive, hard-working, loyal lady to putt and truck with. Please send photo. Everyone answered. Tricky, 8713 S. 138 St., Omaha, NE 68138. (163)

Wanted: Tall, slim, well-endowed, submissive young lady who's looking for a good man and a lasting relationship. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (163)

W/m from Baton Rouge, 26, 6'1", 170 lbs., been down since March '82, have 22 months left. Badly in need of letters and photos from some sincere, foxy ladies out there, no matter where you might be. Possible relationship once released. Steve Elliott 96743, Camp-D Hawk, Angola, LA 70712. (163)

Attention, ladies: Two downed bikers, less than a year left, in search of women to make fresh start with. Have love, will travel, kids okay. Mark Lease 176-440, and Brent McDonald. Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (163)

Stop! Handsome w/m, 6'2", 195 lbs., 37, blue eyes, black hair, well-educated, sincere, doing short time. Lonely, and will admit it. Looking for a sincere lady. I'm for real. Michael R. Hogan 21252, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701. (163)

Fox wants to hear from serious tramps and truckers. All answered. Donna Entrican, RR 3, Chrisman, IL 61924.

Single w/m, 33, Christian. I like slim and plump fat women. Ralph Bowers, Box 514, Newmarket, NH 03857. (163)

Mellow, stable, employed dude, 5'10", 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 35, seeks one or two sexy sisters for permanent, stable, family-type relationship. Love, support, new leathers in return for loyalty. Call collect only if serious and ready to move now to New Orleans. Pregnant/kids, no problem. 504-865-9226. (163)

This good-looking peckerwood needs a righteous ol' lady. Pix for pix. Show me your heart and I'll show you mine. All letters will be answered. Mike McFarland, Box B-36919, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/m, 38, 6'2", 200 lbs., brown eyes, brown hair, some tattoos, Harley rider for 15 years, own small farm in mountains of New Hampshire. One-woman man looking for a no-bullshit lady with fine figure for friendship, companionship, and relationship; long-term. No boozers, druggies or deadbeats; no free-loaders. Will answer all. Send picture and phone number. H. Doug Tenney, Box 110, Bristol, NH 03222. (163)

B/m, 37, seeks love and friendship. Shadeed Mulazim 75-C-466, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (163)

Due out in '87 and marriage-minded. Gerald Weddle 16526, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070. (163)

Need attention and lots of letters. Linda LaFave (27) 175418; Sharlein Wabinato (30) 150340; 38 Fourth St., Coldwater, MI 49036. (163)

Need pen pal. W/m, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, will pay \$1,000 for assistance! Contact C.R. Bell, Box 38, Huntsville, TX 77344. (163)

Two white bros, down and lonely, looking for correspondence, photos, and visits. Don Baydal (30) 86-A-1725; Daniel Ward (34) 86-C-340; Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (163)

Male, 5'8", brown eyes, need someone to write. Will answer all letters. James Williams 75-A-2192, Drawer B, Stormville, NY 12582. (163)

Like to hear from sexy ladies with nice T's and A's. Dennis Coen 44332 01-119, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

W/m, 28, seeking sincere, attractive lady, 21-45, who has her head together. Kids okay. Letters and photos answered. Robert M. Carr, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963. (163)

Wanted: Lady with sense of humor, articulate, and real. No gamers allowed! Similar w/m, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs., seeks friendship or greater. Pix/stamp appreciated. Pete Edelbacher, Box C-66901, Tamal, CA 94974. (163)

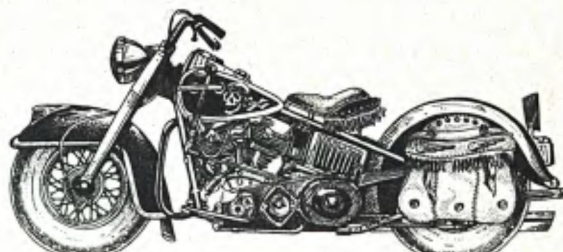
Attorney, w/m, 28, distinguished, not a biker, but seeking foxy biker lady for open-minded relationship. Tattoos okay. Boston, will cover your travel. Send photo. Terry K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (163)

W/m, 26, 5'10", 185 lbs., downed in '81, needs a special lady to let me know that I'm still alive. Any age, has to have the heart to love and be loved. All will be answered. Bryan McLemore 48146, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212. (163)

W/m, French biker, 29, would like correspondence with women or men. Send photos in first letter, all letters answered. Laurent Machard, 14 Chemin des Frechoux, 95150, Taverny, France.

White Oregon lifer would like correspondence with OWCC inmates, 25-35 youngish, time some to all day. I'm 33, 5'10", 200 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, weight lifter, student. Will correspond with white women elsewhere in States or world. English/pictures/creational beauty. John Rickman 45042, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310. (163)

Downed bro, 5'9", with 2 1/2 years left. Looking for ol' lady, 18-40, who is looking for permanent relationship. No head games. Angel Anderson 119132, P.C.C. #D-7, State Farm, VA 23163. (163)



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 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

In loving memory of **Cindy "Stormy" Wood**, 11/18/84. I think of you every day and miss you with all my heart. I know you're happy since you're with your son. Ride on! Your baby sister, Baby Girl.

In memory of **Jerry Allen Gray**, 9/9/76. I wanted to go with you that day, and had tears in my eyes. You said you'd be back. The 18-wheeler never knew he hit you. Ride free, Daddy. I love and miss you, and I'm still waiting. Till we meet in Harley Heaven. Laura, San Jose, Calif.

In loving memory of **John "Stud" Krebsbach**, 8/16/86, a true brother of the road. We will miss your happy laugh. Ride free with ol' Blue. Refco, Inc., Edgar, Wisconsin.

In memory of **Jimnie "Lucky 13" Mustain**, 10/46-11/82. He's part of all who knew him. When I ride, the wind in my ears is his voice, happy, laughing, remembering the rides, the parties, and the friendship. He lived in the wind, he died in the wind. Now he is the wind.

In loving memory of **Brad "Scrad" Hartman**, whose life was put to a tragic end 6/26/86. We'll see to it the '48 is back on the road. We miss you. Hug, Beav, Stevo, Rich, and all the friends.

To **Slue**: You rode hard and lived good, no cage could take you, just another bro. We remember you. To the good ol' days, July '82. Cous-FTW.

In tribute to our club president **Billy D. Markie**, 9/23/57-9/16/86. We celebrate your life by remembering your smile and the good times we shared. We took a dream and made it come true, and we couldn't have done it without you. We are proud to know you. From M.M.C. friends and families, Mattawamkeag, Maine.

In memory of **Clifford "Sheepdog" Sonenberg**, who took the big ride 8/17/86. This paper may crumble, the ink someday fade, but never the memories of the brothers you made. Ride high in the sky, bro. We love ya. Deacon, Beck The Wreck, and the Mountain Mania Gang.

In loving memory of **Keith "Bird" Sparrow**, 5/26/86. You went the way you would have wanted, ridin' hard. You are loved and missed by us all and will never be forgotten. Mary and all your friends in and around Warsaw, Illinois.

In memory of **Duke Ditto**, who left us all on that Memorial Day of '86. We will never forget you and will always love you. Forever more, The Brothers and Sister of The Red & Black.

In memory of **Danny Dzik**, 4/6/60-6/4/86. Danny had a thirst for freedom, which his '68 Sportster symbolized, yet met all responsibilities head on. His sense of humor, honesty, and imagination will not be forgotten. Now you are truly free. Deeply loved and missed by family, friends, children Jeremy and Tori, and me.

In memory of **Troy Allen Bridgell**, 9/30/86, who died in the wind at age 21. We'll all remember the good times together. With all our love from your family, friends, and Brothers In Arms.

In memory of **Valerie**, downed by a careless driver, 8/25/86. I loved you then, I love you now, and I'll love you forever. It's not "goodbye," just "see you later." We'll ride in the wind together someday soon, just like in the good ol' days. Love always, "Wolf Puppy."

In loving memory of **Allen "Dean" Brady**, B.D. B.A.S.S., 6/25/86. Bro, we'll all miss you and keep you in our hearts forever. May you keep riding free and into the wind. We'll all meet in Harley Heaven and ride together again. Love ya lots. Mac, Teri, Larry, Henry, Candi, and the rest of the family.

In memory of **Jimmy Reed**, who rode hard and died free, never felt a thing! You're a wonderful person and we'll all see you one day in Harley Heaven. Missed by friends, Tina and the "Back Door Men MC," Alton, Illinois.

In loving memory of **James Scott "Hambal" Murray** and **Debra Marinelli**. You are loved by all who knew you. Hambal, you finally made it over the mountain. Your little brother, Carter.

In memory of **Magoo**, 8/8/86. We are sorry you didn't quite make it to Sturgis. We miss you.

In memory of **Bob "Snake" Sampson**. You rode hard and died fast, just the way you wanted it. We'll miss you, bro. You touched all of our hearts, now you ride free. Soon we'll be riding together again. The Rotten Fuckers and Family.

In memory of **Rick Avila**, 8/1/86. We loved you and we'll miss you. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Against the wind always. Al, Carol, and Angie.

In memory of **Kenneth "Clutch" Bosworth**, 9/28/52-12/31/83. The big brother I always wanted and finally got when I met you. Even though you're gone now, and I'm in Kentucky, I'll never forget the years we shared in Detroit — the laughter, tears, drunks, and highs. Save a good, stiff shot for me. Missing you daily, love always, Mama Whiskey.

In memory of **Claren "Squirrelly Shirley" Zens**, 1/18/49-8/31/86. You were totally unpredictable, but 100 percent friend. Your memory will live on in the hearts of many. Donna, Danny, Denise, and Danny Joe in Tulare, California.

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** listings to **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

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.

Chinese/m, 30, 5'4", 130 lbs., brown eyes, black hair. I've biked across the world from my home in Hong Kong. Only to take this fall in this cold, hard place. I need to hear from a real woman with a warm heart, details unimportant. Photos will bring same. L.C. Lee, 85-A-2498, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458.

Lonely guy in need of letters from ladies who care. Will answer all. Jimmy Foster 20529, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

W/m, 32, 5'10", 200 lbs., lonely, busted and blue, looking for letters from all females anywhere, any age, any size. Will answer all letters. Mike Hrosar 188-224, Box 57, Marion, OH 43032.

W/m, 21, 5'8", 165 lbs., need letters from ladies. Russell Leer, DC A-627692, 20/162, Union Corr. Inst., Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Good-looking w/m, 27, 6', 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Doing a little time, would like to see a few lines from the ladies. Race, religion, age, unimportant. Don Honeycutt 94934, Box 220, Stringtown, OK 74569.

W/m, 31, 5'11", 195 lbs., red hair, green eyes, Aries, looking for a sincere ol' lady that's not into head games, 20-34. Send pix, I'll answer all who write. Rugsrats okay. Eddie Roberson 396799, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

W/m, 36, needs someone to care and share with. Will answer all letters. Doing life, but about got it done. Down since '69. John Riley 026794, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Folsom Prison blues. Two white boys, out in '87, want girls with big American breasts. Tom Richardson, C91504; Bud Partain, D24402, Represa, CA 95671.

Three white males, down for a few, need ladies to correspond with. Will answer all. Doc Ayers 182075; J.R. Johnson 135759; Ron Revels 177894, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

W/m, 27, reaching out for that special bud. Talented artist, tattooist, H-D freak, seeks 20-30-year-old mouse to keep house, one child preferred. Alan Gluth, Box 42027, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/m, 28, 5'9", 180 lbs., blue eyes, long brown hair, former Marine, two years of college, now in prison. I've been alone and down for the past 36 months. Need letters from loyal, sincere, and loving ladies. Pix appreciated. Donald Lee Nash 92581, K.S.P., Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038.

W/m, 30, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, brown eyes. Sincere, lonely man in deep need of a woman's touch in my life. All I need is your hand in these dark hours. Be my lady, be my love. Steve Mitchell 191-111, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

Male who's incarcerated seeking friendship and correspondence from female who's sweet, understanding, and loves to write. David Frontis, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, NC 28144.

W/m, 32, 5'11", 180 lbs., down but not out. Still kicking. Donald Miller, Box C47454, Tamal, CA 94964.

W/m, 5'8", 155 lbs., green eyes, blond hair, looking for ladies to write to. This time is kicking my ass, is there anyone out there who gives a damn? I'm not into head games, so if you want a friend for life, drop me a line. Jerry Starnes 907068, V-3-S-4, Box 747, Florida State Prison, Starke, FL 32091.

48-year-old dirty old white boy desires dirty old white girl over 40 for correspondence, visits, and possible marriage. Reply to Jerry Daniels, B-94097, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Hot-blooded bro stuck where it's as cold as ice. It's urgent that I get your letters and pix, 'cause I've been waiting for a girl like you. Frankie Whitworth 104846, Holman Unit, Holman 37, Atmore, AL 36503-0037.

W/m, 5'7", 153 lbs., muscular build, red hair, hazel eyes. Looking for hot girls in love with easy money, fast times, and partying. If you're adventurous and want some excitement in your life, write. Kenneth M. Young 374701, Maximum Security, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851-9998.

Absolutely free: w/m, 31, 6'3", 202 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, Aquarius, free to a good home. I'm looking for that special breed of lady who wants a serious, lasting relationship. Coming back to the world within 18 months. Photo will get a photo back. All letters answered. Steve Sikanas 74936, Box 500 BKS 5, Grady, AR 71644-0500.

Ladies, here's your chance. 5'11", 185 lbs., blue-eyed, blond-haired Aryan. Well-built, into pumping iron and women. Have two years left, so hurry up. Pix gets pix. All letters answered. Leonard Knudsen, N20715, Box 4002, Danville, IL 61834-4002.

W/m, 30, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for kites and pix from some solid ladies. Down and doing lonely time in Alabama, will answer all letters. David Tibbetts 133888, Unit B-3-16, Box 8, Elmore, AL 36025-0008.

THE OUTLAWS EXPLORE NEW MUSICAL FRONTIERS!

After three years of silence—THE OUTLAWS are back with their new album, "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"!

America's favorites, THE OUTLAWS, come with the freewheeling spirit of the '80s on powerful new songs like "Cold Harbor" and "One Last Ride"! They've refined their sound to move ahead with the music—but they're still THE OUTLAWS!



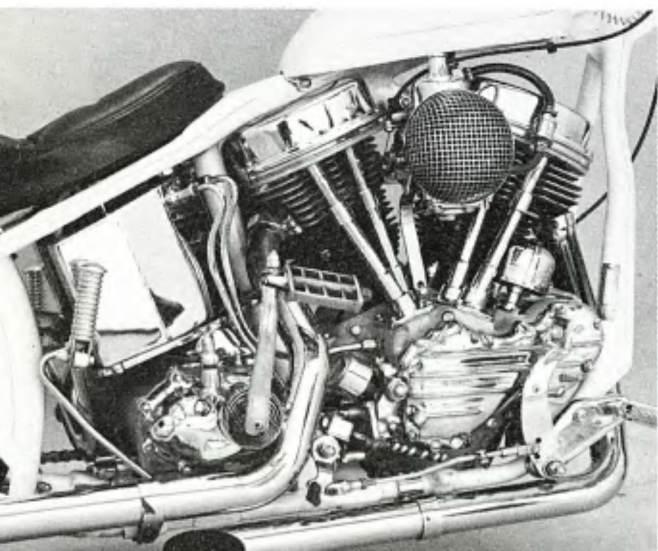
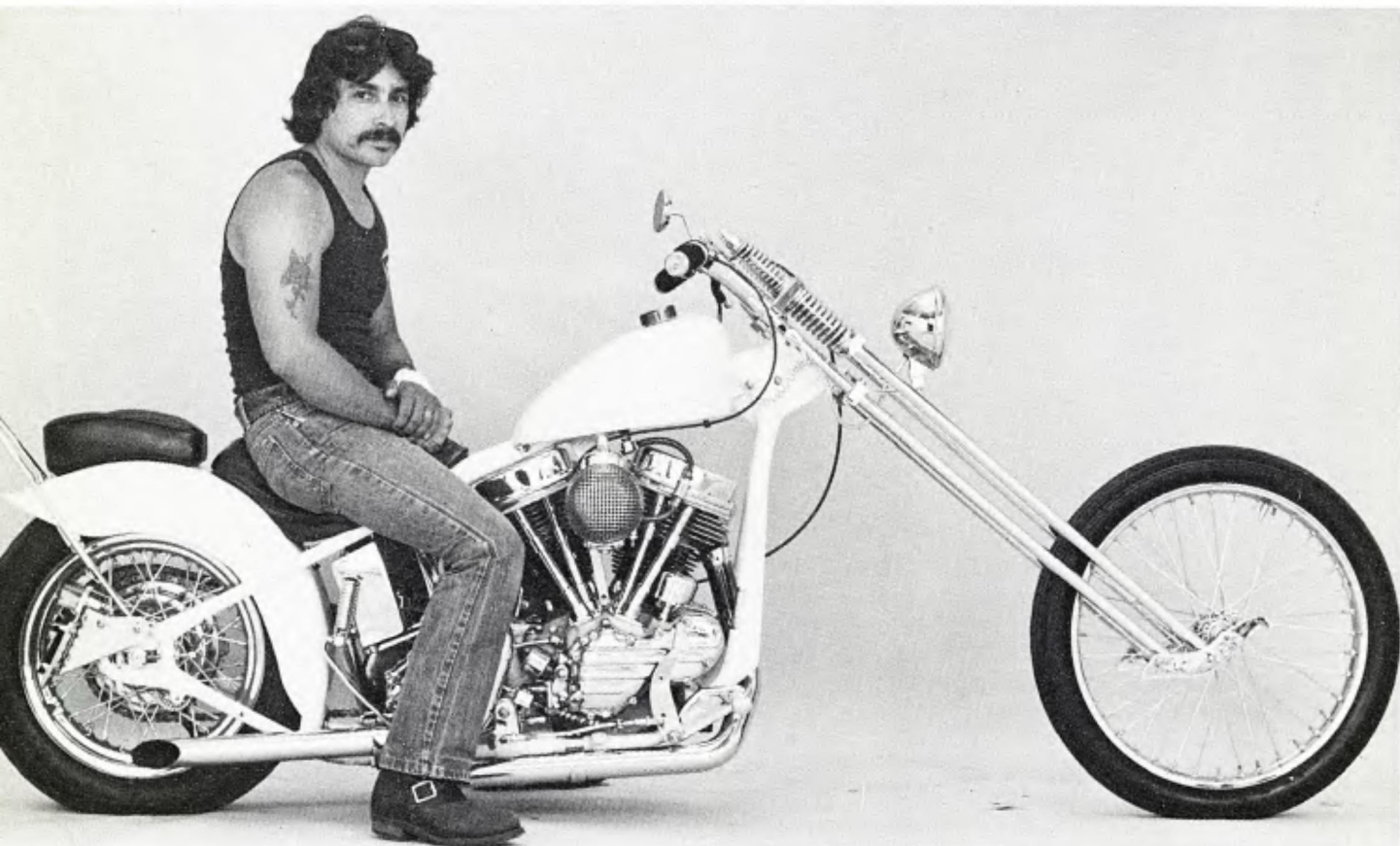
"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE." The new album from THE OUTLAWS. Still ahead of the posse, on PASHA RECORDS AND CASSETTES.



Produced by Randy Bishop with Spencer Proffier for PASHA. Management: Charlie Brusco.

Distributed by CBS Records. © 1986 CBS Inc.

READER'S RIDE



John Quintero, Tulare, California 1956 Harley-Davidson Panhead

A short time after returning from his tour of duty in Vietnam in the early seventies, John picked up this panhead from an old high school buddy for 600 bucks. Yep, a measley six bones. He had been unloaded in Oakland with the rest of the combat vets and, while unwinding in 'Frisco, had fallen in love with the choppers he saw. He had to have one himself.

His bros laid the handle "Pearl John" on him because of his penchant for painting the bike white — after each of the three times he's torn it down. At the last teardown he recruited Galen Olson to go through the bike, putting in a stroker kit, making it an 80 incher, and porting and polishing the heads. It originally had a double suicide shift, but after jamming the winding mountain roads in the Sequoias with no front brake, either, Pearl John went for the more-sane standard shift ten years ago, and he's been riding with pride ever since. He thanks Roy Compas and Mike Belo for the painting and Ruben Holquin for stripping.

—Buster



Photos by Pete Chiodo



G·E·R·T·Y

***His launching pad of a shovelhead
keeps him excited.***

Imagine all Cadillac owners occasionally wish they had a red-hot sports car, like maybe a race-ready '56 Corvette. Something to make them more distinctive and notorious in their social circles.

This goes for bikers, too. Take a dude with a couple of garbage barges and a Sportster, he might want to go all out and add a balls-out fireball of fun to his scooter fleet. What the hell is life for? Remember, he who dies

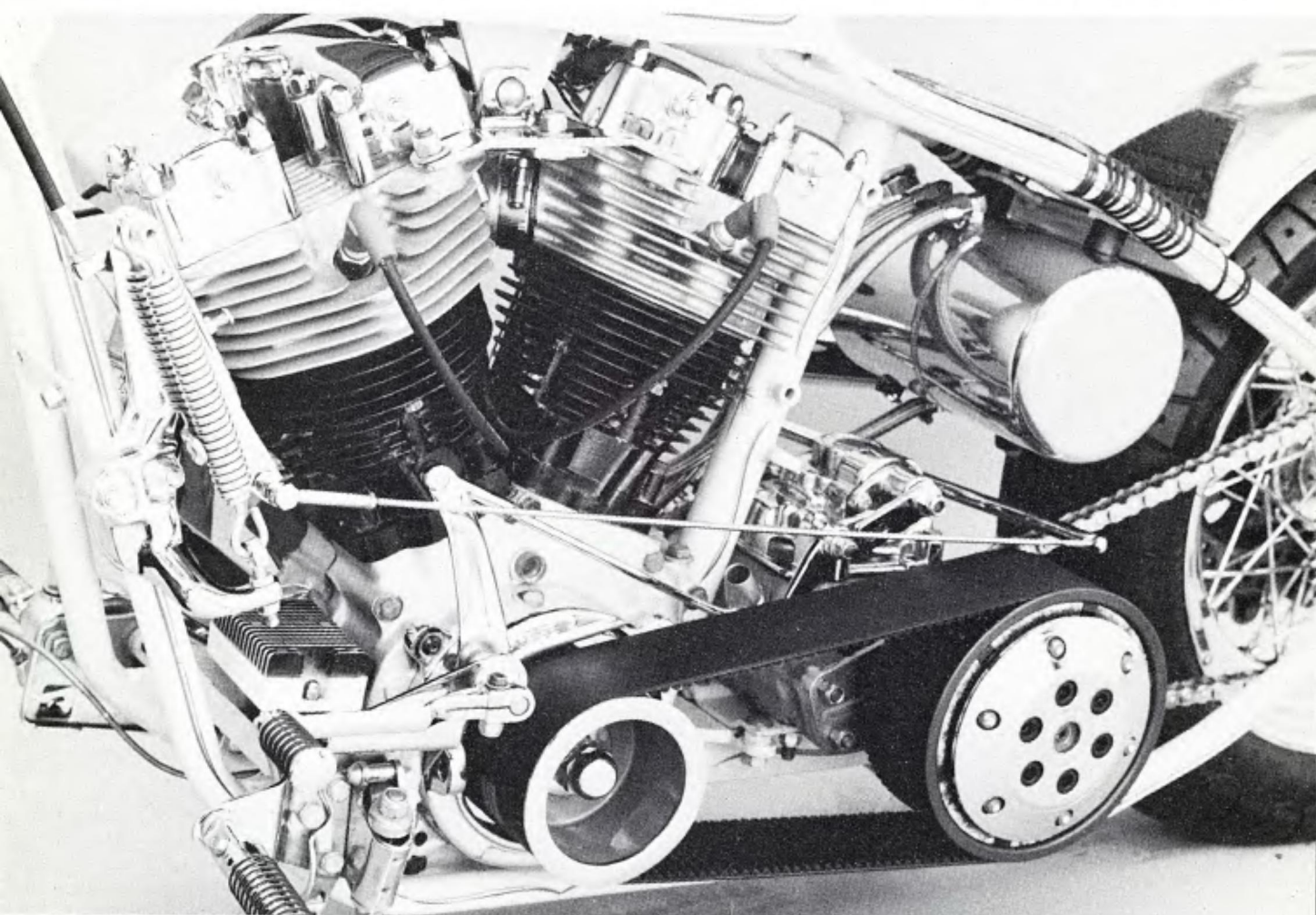
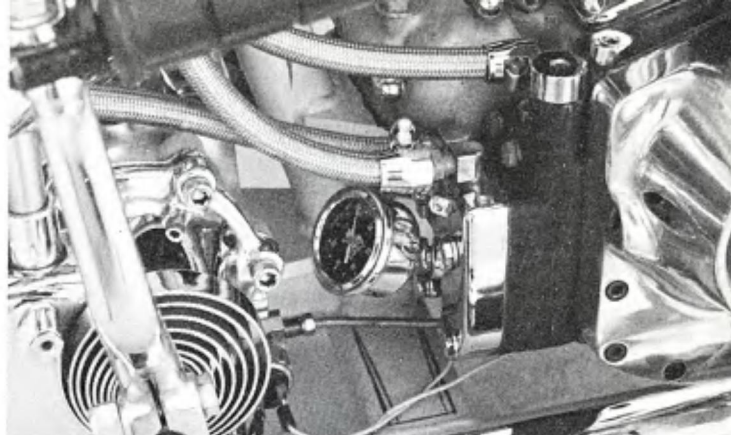


with the most toys, wins.

Andrew Kriston had in his stock a couple of fine-running Harleys. Dependable American machines. They took him where his heart desired, but not with quite the spine-thrilling, blood-racing brashness he wanted. So it was that when he took a hit (admittedly his fault) from a cager on his '79 FLH, he decided to redo the ol' dresser in a tavern-to-tavern-style chopper mode. It took him a year, from

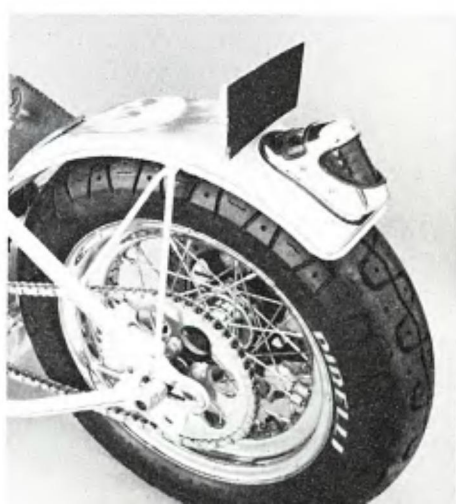


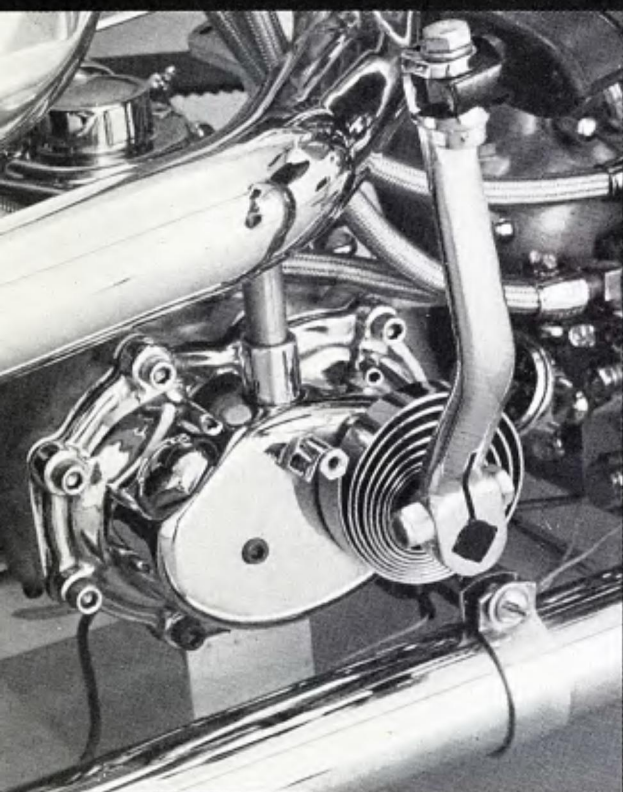
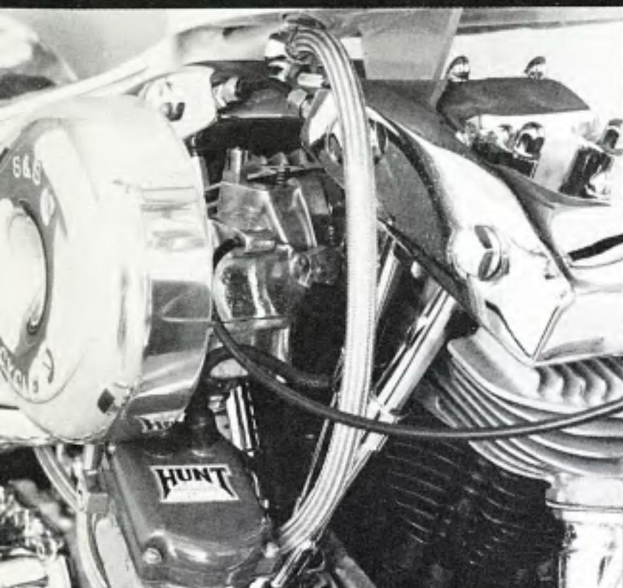




October of '84 to one calendar lap later to complete it.

Andrew, known as A.K. to his bros, doesn't require much sleep. A couple of hours on the nod here and a little shut-eye there, and he's ready to do his job as an electrician, with plenty of zip left for wrenching all night. Which is what it took as A.K. and his helpful bros pieced the bright yellow screamer together in his Harley home — in the living room. Oil drips and burned-up





Owner: Andrew Kriston	City: Pemberville, Ohio
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1986
Year and make: 1979 FLH	Builder: custom
Model: Big Twin	Type: rigid
Value: who knows?	Rake: some
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: take a look

Chroming by: Brown's Plating	Accessories
Engine	Bars: drag
Year: 1979	Risers: two
Model: FLH	Fender(s): handmade
Rebuilder: Truett & Osborn	Headlight: free
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto	Taillight: beehive
Displacement: 98 cu.in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: Truett & Osborn	Front pegs: one each side
Balancing: Truett & Osborn	Rear pegs: none
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 12-volt
Cases: blasted	Gas tank: Sportster
Heads: ported/polished	Oil tank: aluminum
Cam(s): Andrews C	Oil system: H-D
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: none
Carb(s): S&S Super B	Seat: handmade
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender struts
Pipes: 2-in. drag pipes	Height: frame to fender
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel

Transmission	Forks
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: wide glide
Year: 1979	Extension: none
Shifting: yes	Builder: H-D/owner
Engine sprocket: Phase III	Special features: turned legs
Trans sprocket: 23	

	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Larry Sabo	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Larry Sabo	Rim width: 5 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: yellow	Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Pirelli
Type: Imron	Brake: drum	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Murals by P.K.S.; pinstriping by Pioneer Sign.		

Special thanks: Larry, Dave, Tim's Garage, and South West Cycle

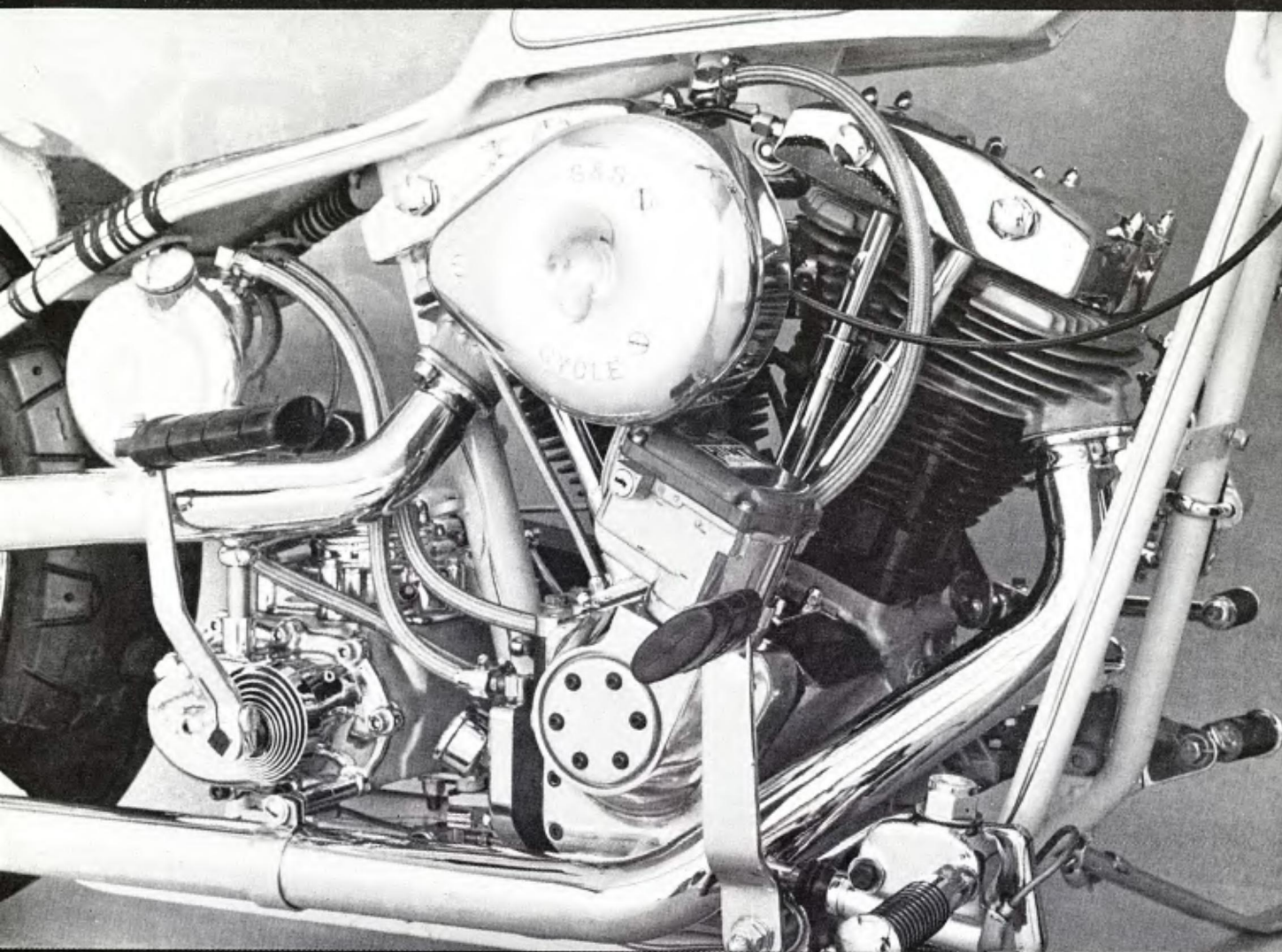
carpet from a test start that back-fired were just a couple of the exciting times he manufactured.

But one of the most exciting times came when he decided to risk going to Daytona this year, despite needing all the spare and precious cash he had for payments on his pad. A.K. and his ol' lady said, "Fuck it, let's go south," and away they went. For some damn reason, the bike is

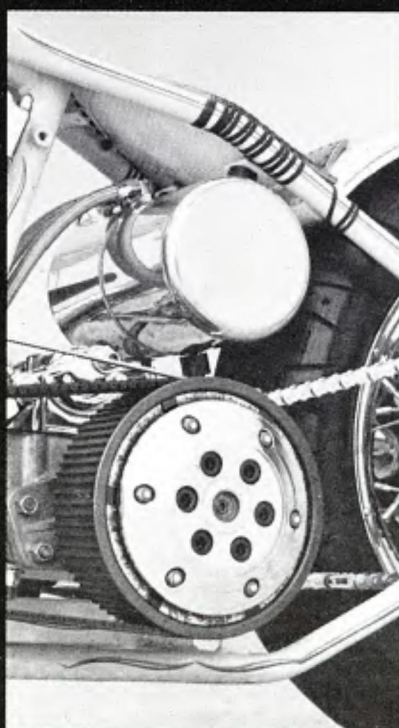
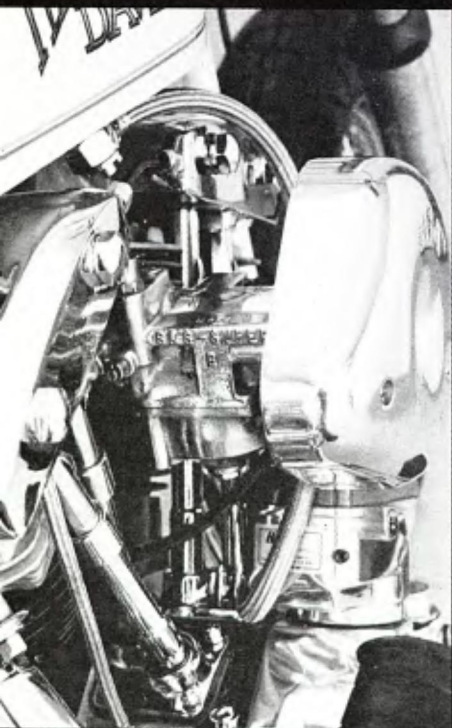
called Gerty, so named when A.K. bought it in Georgia while he was in the service. Camping out with Gerty the butt-buster, the two of 'em managed to conceive a rugrat while near the Cabbage Patch. A true scooter kid, direct from Daytona '86 — now that's exciting.

Looks like A.K.'s going to have to add a sidecar for his burgeoning brood.

—Ram Pan



Photos by Pete Chiodo

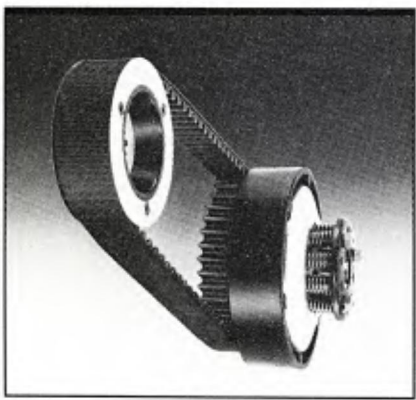


PARTS BOX



ADJUSTABLE ENRICHENER

New from Morris Magnetos: an adjustable enricher. Replaces the fixed enricher on all S&S Super carburetors, and makes starting a whole lot easier. You can find the adjustable enricher at your local bike shop, or Morris Magnetos, Inc., 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960 (201) 540-9171.



SILENT DRIVE

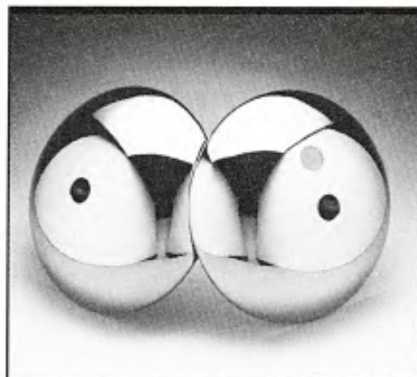
This unit features tough, durable, cast-plastic pulleys and a Gates poly chain belt, which is the same belt that the Harley-Davidson factory offers.

This unit has been tested and sold for the past ten years, with excellent results.

It weighs only seven pounds and is available for all H-D four speeds, kick-start only.

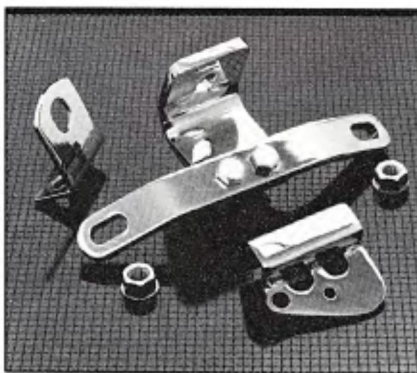
Custom colors are also available. Red, yellow, maroon, royal blue, and black.

Dealers welcome; all inquiries, contact: Super Max Products, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500.



CHROME FL FRONT-WHEEL HUBCAPS

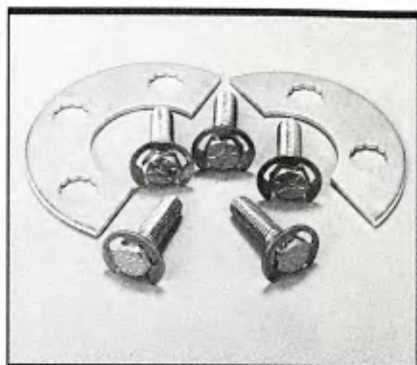
A stylish chrome reproduction of the early- and late-style FL front-wheel caps. Measures a full 8 inches in diameter. Available in two versions: FL models 1947-1972 (OEM 43303-49), and FL models 1973-1980 with laced wheels (OEM 43304-73). Custom Chrome, Inc. 16160 Caputo Drive, Morgan Hill, CA 95037. (408) 778-0500.



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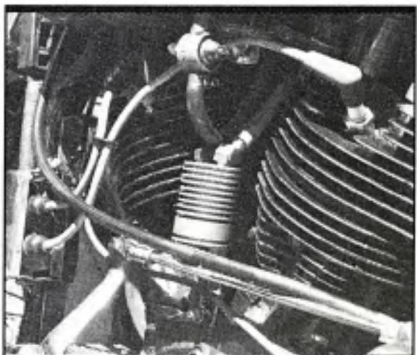
LOCKING BOLT KIT

Now available from Stage 8, a locking bolt kit for H-D mag and wire wheels.

Remove your 7/16 bolts (one at a time) and replace them with our Stage 8 Grade 8 three-piece patented locking system.

Simply install the bolt, slip the special retainer over the bolt head, and snap on the "E" clip.

Early-model kits available soon. Distributed by Rivera Engineering, 6416 S. Western Avenue, Whittier, CA 90606 (213) 692-8944.



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Cooler oil provides better lubrication and less wear on parts, right? Our rocker box oil cooler does just that by giving an even flow of cool oil directly to each rocker box.

Cooler is complete and ready to install on panheads with external oil lines and on all shovelheads. Retail for \$42.95. Send orders or inquiries to KAMM Engineering & Manufacturing, Box 533, Statesboro, GA 30458. Made in the USA, pat. pending.

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

Name _____ Date _____
Address _____
City _____ County _____
State _____ Zip _____
Telephone Bus. () _____ Home () _____
Date of Birth _____
Motorcycle Owned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Fold under here

Make _____ Model _____ Year _____
Blood Type _____ Allergies _____
Medical Problems _____
Emergency Contact Person _____
Telephone () _____
Referred By _____

I belong to the following motorcycle organizations:

Name _____ Name _____

As a B.A.M. supporter, I can help with:

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Donate Blood | ☐ Photography |
| ☐ Motorcycle Transportation | ☐ B.A.M. Area Representative |
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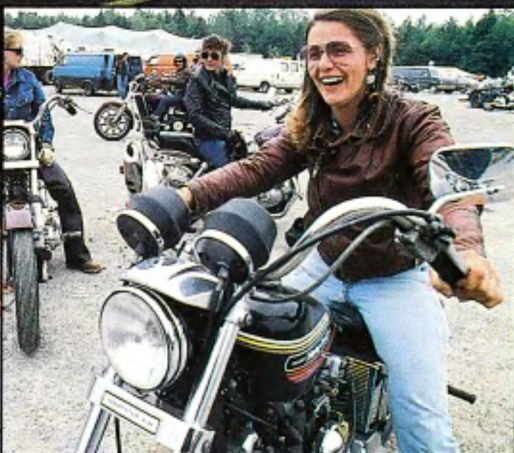
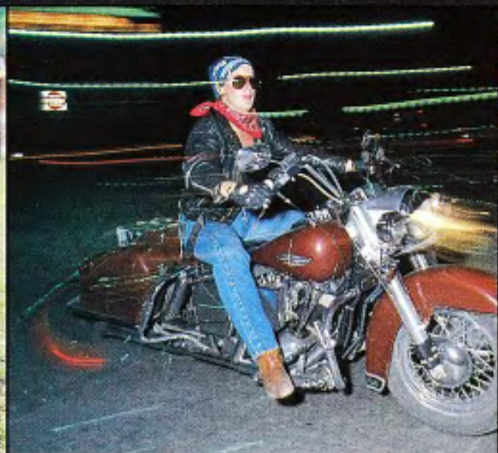
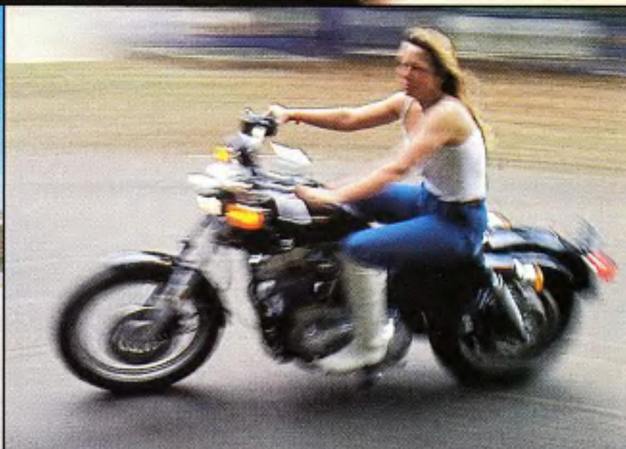
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FOXY RIDERS







FOXY RIDERS

Panhead Paula Kuenstle, Hollywood, California
1949 Harley-Davidson EL

October 17, 1971, has a special meaning for Panhead Paula. That's the day she put down \$400 of hard-earned cash on a basket of parts from her friend, D.C. Danny, the founder of the D.C. Eagles club in Chicago, Illinois.

She had one problem once she finally got her own chopper together — doing the wrenching herself, thank you — and that was the consternation of her parents, who were absolutely opposed to her riding one of those "murdercycles." Well, a person's got to do what she's got to do; and before you could say fatbob fenders, Paula was firmly entrenched in Hollywood. Her bike is her first love, and enjoying the biker lifestyle of freedom to be and do as you see fit is the drive-gear to her life. Paula is an accomplished model-maker, crafting custom motorcycles that would make Revell or Big Daddy Roth green with envy. She's also got one of the most detailed train setups I've ever seen — complete with burning buildings, no less.

Special thanks to "Wild Billy" Phillips, chief of security at Hollywood Memorial Park Cemetery. —Bighigh



Photos by Kim Peterson



RIP'S RUN

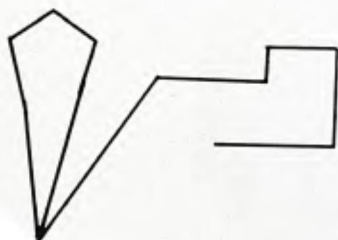


Photo by Kim Peterson

Rockin' In Rapid By Rip

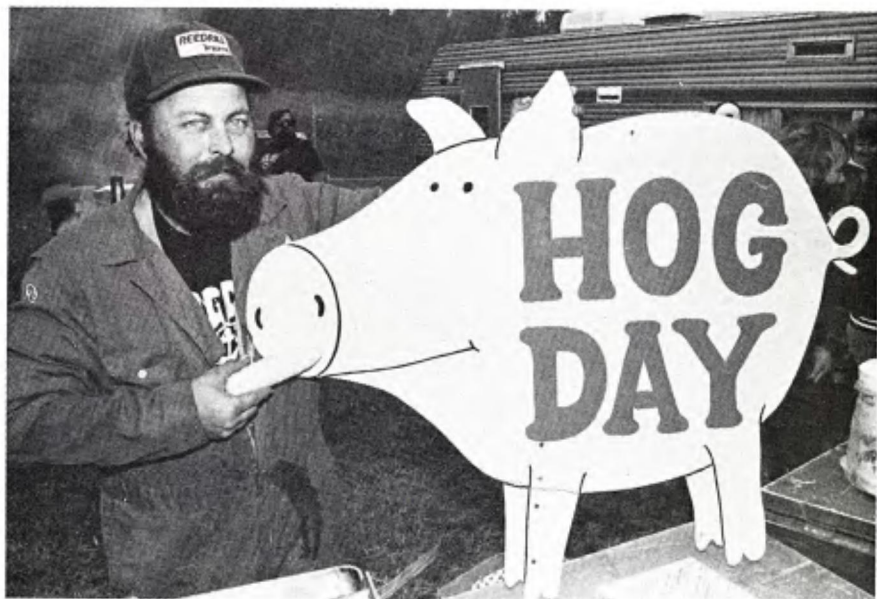
In the last installment of this gripping saga, I left off saying that I was in Rapid City, S.D., and was leaving shortly, etc. Well, that's not the way it turned out.

I planned on going to Gillette, Wyo., then south to Colorado. My primary concern was with the weather. I forgot about the "P" factor. Of course, I mean the police.

One night in Rapid I was out having entirely too much fun and caught a deuce. That's a D.W.I., in California palaver, taken from the old edition of the penal code. Imagine getting busted by 2nd Lieutenant Donut Breath and his favorite Indian companion Officer Lucy. So I hung around for trial and got to see some of the local color first-hand before emptying my pockets and moving on.

This time of year Rapid City riders crowd each weekend with biker events as if to ward off ol' man winter. It rains, but they continue putting till that first snowfall. Porky, the owner of Pig Performance in Rapid City, says, "You can still ride after waiting a few days for the snow to melt, but the streets will be wet for a while."

The first run we made was the



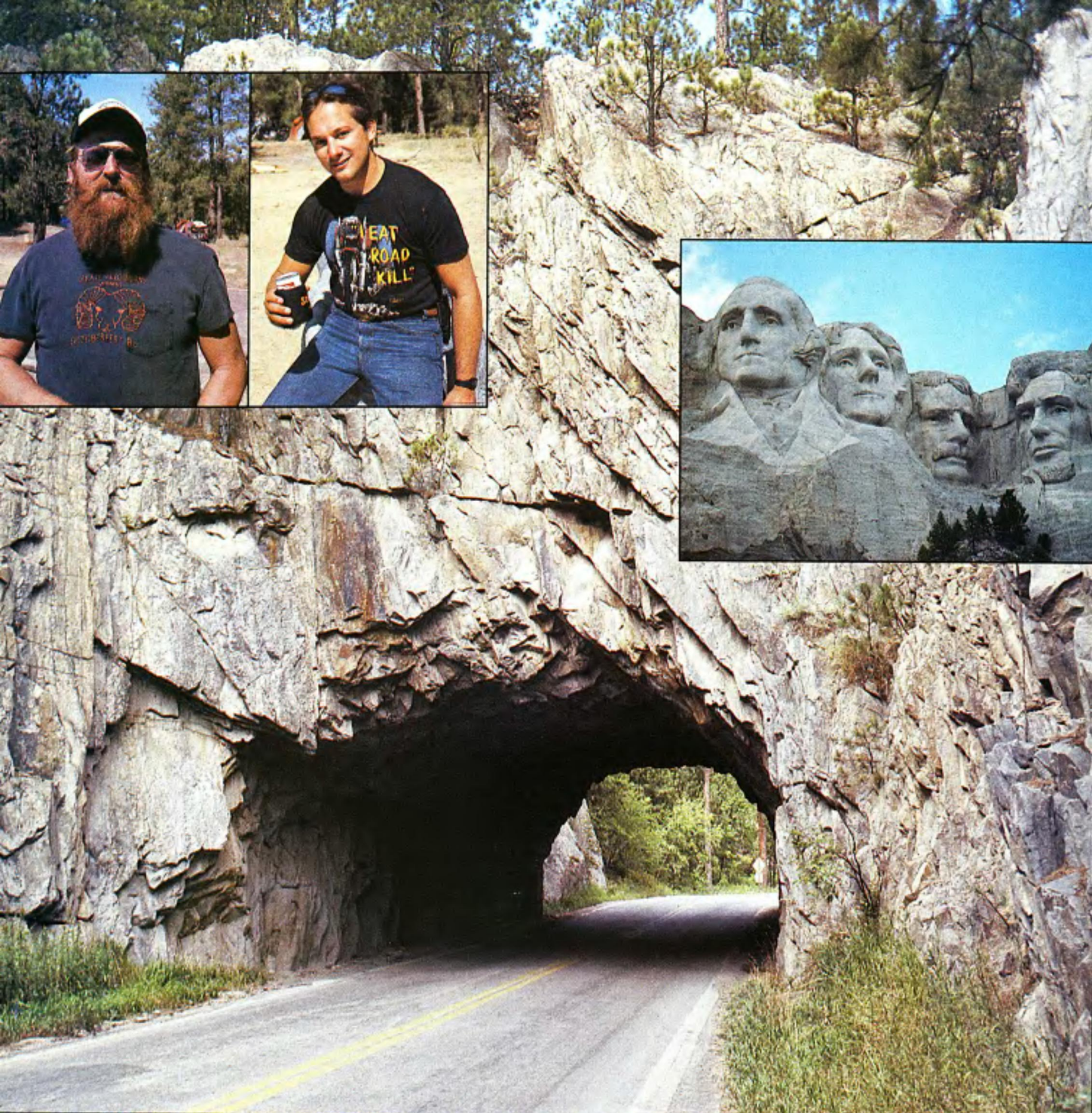
Cookie doin' his thing fattening a porker up for the troops.

Photos by Rip

Labor Day Weekender in Keyhole, Wyoming. Many "flaps" showed up. That's the local vernacular for airmen and women from Ellsworth AFB. Hey, that ain't a put-down, we all love ya Keyhole is a lake formed by a dam about 120 miles west of Rapid City. Seen from the air, it looks like a keyhole. En route we stopped at the Royal Club in Beulah, Wyoming, to wash away the road dust with brews and ice.

The highlight of the Keyhole run was when Porky jumped into the fire, whipped his dick out, and yelled: "Let's party." The ladies liked it.

The torrent of rain that night was fucked. My tent kept falling down, so I hauled myself and my camera gear into the cab of a pickup to get out of the deluge. Sharing the confined quarters in a wet sleeping bag with Molly-Moe, a Rottweiler pup, wasn't



Mike Thompson on his brandywine-colored baby.

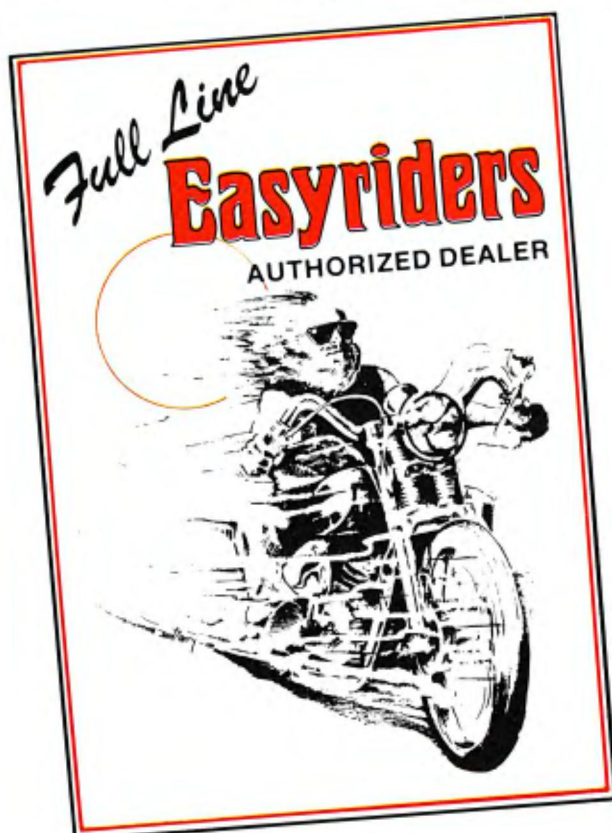


**Jeff and Becky:
Beware the bears.**



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Pat O'Gorman makes with the pots
and pans at Keyhole.

my idea of fun. Molly's the pet of
Porky's daughter and she's a
purple-ribbon fartin' champ. I
mean, those fragrant bouquets
Molly cut loose with were lethal.

Hog Day was held the following
weekend. A much bigger event,
it took place outside of town on
a friendly rancher's private prop-
erty. This was the 4th annual
staging of the party, which origi-
nally started as a birthday party
for a couple of the bros. It has
since turned into an excellent
event. They had the usual biker
games, but the food is what
made it good for me. Six
hundred and fifty pounds of
roast pork and all the beer you
could drink — plus a T-shirt —
all for 15 bucks was a real good
deal, to say the least.

Both bands pissed me off.
They wouldn't or couldn't play
"Johnny B. Goode" or, for that
matter, any of the golden oldie
tunes. They didn't have these
selections in their "repertoire." A
few of the ladies jumped up on
stage and danced around with
their tops off. That was real nice
of them, especially since they
weren't hard to look at.

At the Hog Day celebration I
met Pat O'Gorman, who's run-
ning for the House of Represen-
tatives in the 33rd District, which
includes parts of Rapid City. By
the time this article sees print,
we should know whether he
made it. Best of luck, bro.

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gamble on the game. Can you imagine that? (It kinda reminds me of when our Spider would hang out at the pool halls to fleece unsuspecting hustlers.) But I was cool — the only money I dropped was a 10 spot on the season opener between the L.A. Raiders and the Broncos. It was close, but no cigar. Yeah, close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades.

One Wednesday morning while I was shooting scenery at Mt. Rushmore, I met Jeff and his ol' lady Becky from Tomahawk, Wisconsin. They were just riding into the parking lot that leads up to the viewing platforms. Jeff works as a resin mixer for Harley-Davidson in Tomahawk. He used to work in the paint department. Tomahawk is where the saddlebags and trunks are made. The special custom paint jobs also come out of Tomahawk. Jeff and Becky were taking home a large set of longhorns. They had the horns bungied on the back of their Sportster. He said they don't make cows this big where he comes from. That reminds me of the T-shirts that say "Wisconsin, Home of Cowshit and Beer." Or was that beer farts?

Becky was concerned about the bears at Yellowstone National Park. She said that Jeff had made her see the movie *Grizzly* just before leaving Wisconsin. I told her, "Bikers have got to be about half tough." She grinned and nodded her head as if to agree. The bears had left them alone, but they said the campers who were one campsite up from theirs were visited during the night by a mama bear and her two kids. Becky and Jeff weren't in any hurry since they had two weeks off. Jeff didn't have enough seniority to get off during Sturgis rally week, but he didn't seem to mind. He said they were playing the tourist bit, just riding four hours, or about 200 miles a day, stopping wherever they wanted. The last I saw of this pair was on the road back to Rapid. Becky was kicked back behind Jeff with her Walk-



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man headset clamped on, undoubtedly digging her favorite sounds. Hell of a life, ain't it? She just pops her favorite tape in the player and scopes the country rolling by. As for me, I have found that I don't need a fuckin' radio. The hum coming from the engine sets a tempo that reminds me of different tunes. Sometimes an up-tempo country song, other times some good old rock 'n' roll.

When you're in Rapid the bar to go to is the Outer Limits. Thursday night is ladies' night, and by 10:30 the place is packed with gash. Talking about gash, next door to the O.L. is the Satellite, which has what is commonly referred to as topless entertainment. The weekend hangout is the Rimrock Tavern on Highway 44 in Johnson Siding, a rural community about 15 miles North of Mt. Rushmore. Another bar in town is the Time Out — strange things go on in there.

One day while I was at Pig Performance, I met Schultz from Lake Havasu, Arizona. He generally works in construction, but this time of year he just takes on odd jobs around the country. This time he was working as a wrench in Spearfish, S.D., while killing time until the weather cooled off in Arizona. It gets damn hot during the summer in Lake Havasu. He related a story to me that I would like to share with you. Schultz said his motorcycle had burned up three years ago outside of Rapid City. It seems that he had a girder



At the Rim Rock

front end break on him after he hit two large holes in the road, sending his bike into a ditch. Shortly after that it caught on fire. He put the initial fire out with a Harley beer can, but the tall grass around his panhead also caught fire. The grass fire was so intense that he couldn't drag his bike out of the flames. Since then he has rebuilt the pan at Custer, S.D. Porky did the lower end. Schultz said, "Fuck the girder front ends." He now runs a wideglide front end with a '65 pan in a rigid frame.

Well, I did what I had to do, and now I'm really leaving Rapid City. Maybe I'll be back next year, maybe not. One thing is for certain. I'm outta here. Later. ■



Good old boys

Help! We're trying to find all the bars, beaneries, and barnyards where bikers are really welcome. If you know of one, drop us a note and we'll have Rip check it out. Send your suggestions to "Rip's Run," Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

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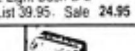
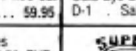
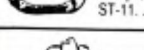
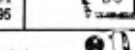
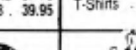
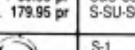
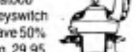
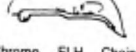
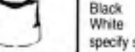
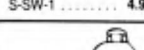
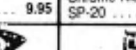
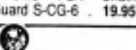
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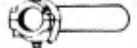
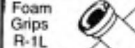
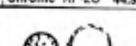
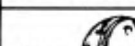
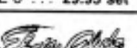
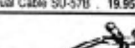
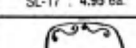
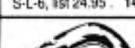
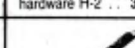
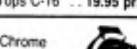
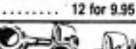
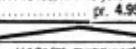
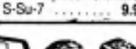
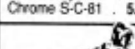
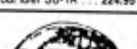
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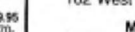
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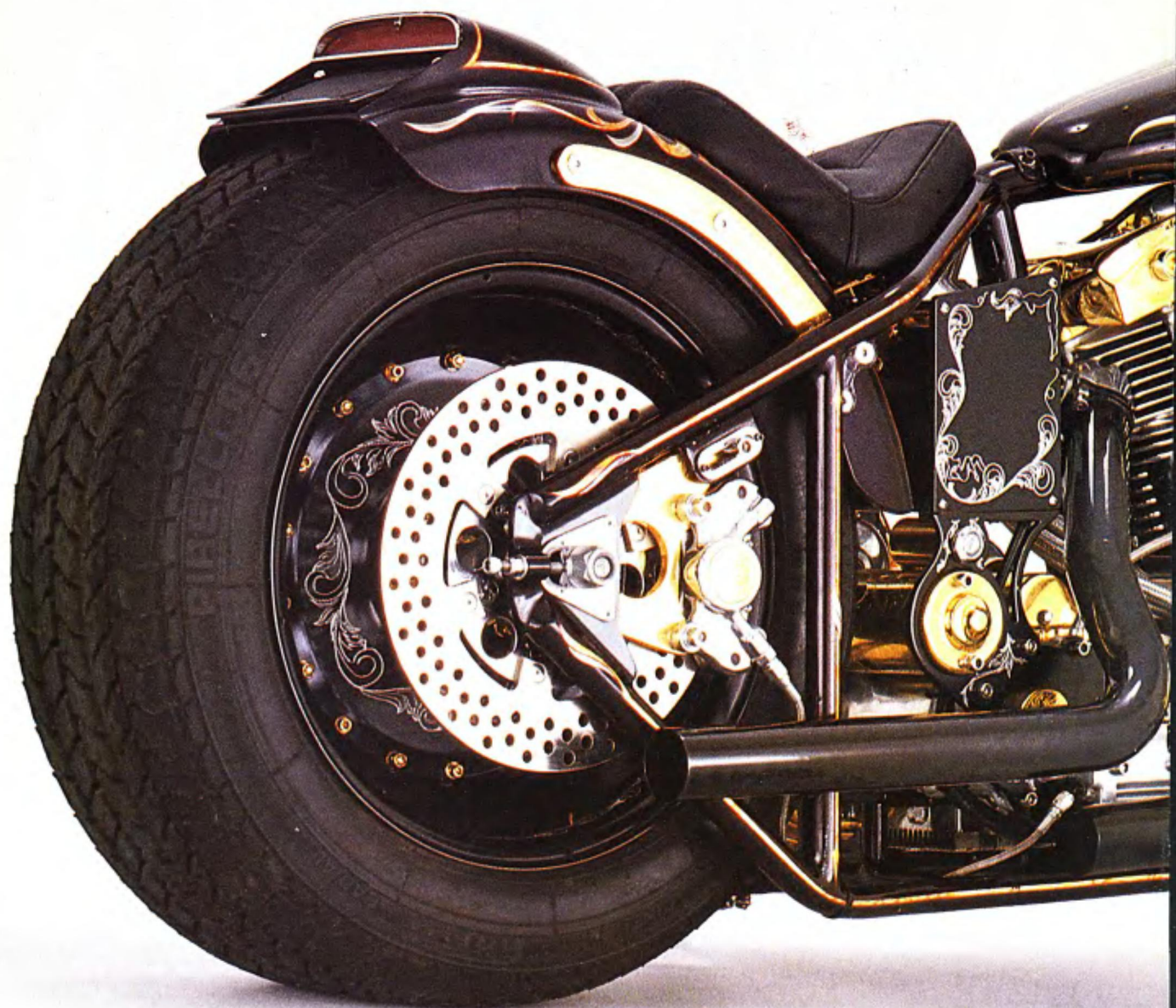
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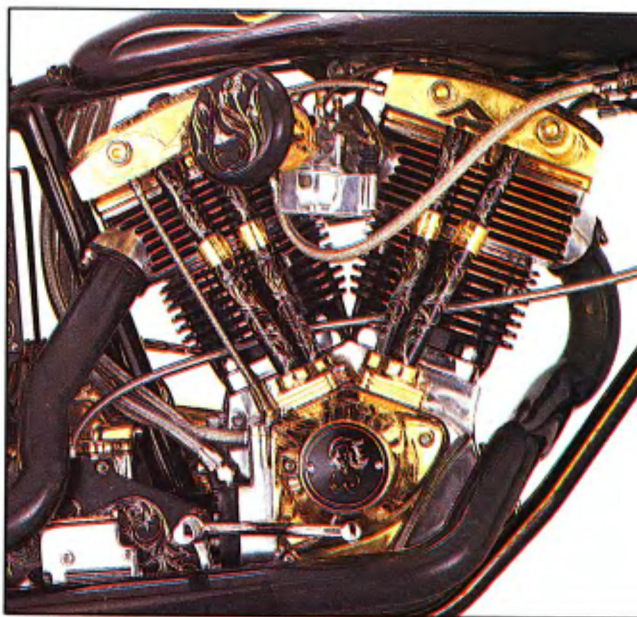
ARLIN'S BIGGIE

The old saying "There's no substitute for cubic inches" is as true for bikes as it is for race cars. If you don't believe it, try going up against this deceptive beauty some time.

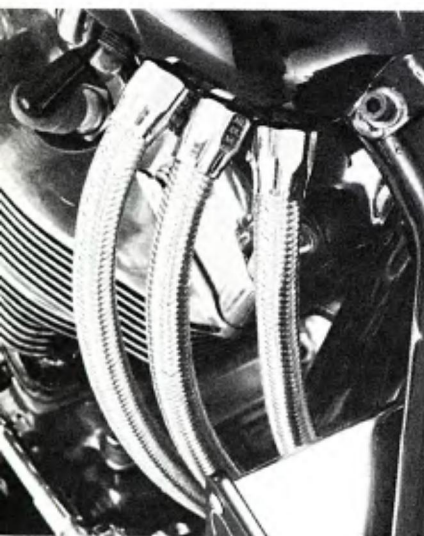


You know how some states have slogans. Like "California's the Land of Fruits and Nuts" or New Jersey's unofficial state motto, "If You Ain't Sicilian, You Ain't Shit." Arlin Fatland's home state of Colorado has a state motto too, only it's a bit more majestic than most! Send Me Men To Match My Mountains.

Taking his cue from that motto, Arlin has devoted the bulk of his career to building motorcycles to match those mountains, bikes that will fly 10,000 feet toward the sky without starvin' for gas, cooking a valve, or missing a beat. Bikes with the power to storm the highest



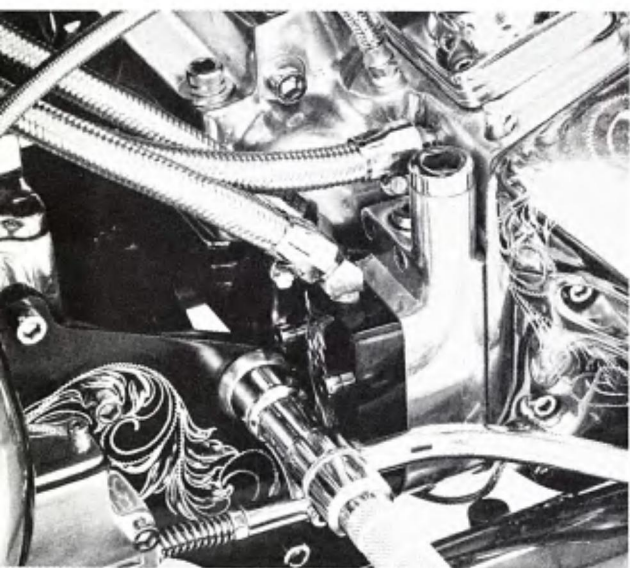




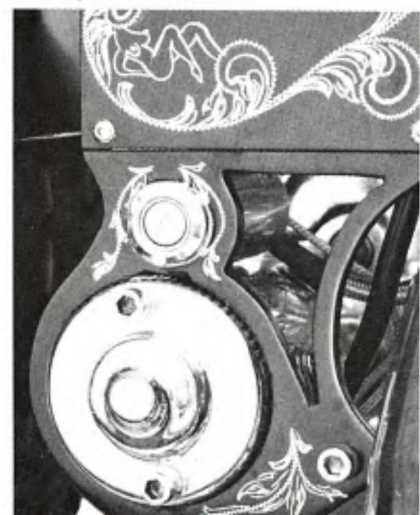
Rocky Mountain passes without protest, bikes whose beauty matches that of the brilliantly hued Aspen-lands often referred to as color-rado.

Despite his past successes, the bare fact is that Arlin may have really scaled the heights of mountain-taming with this 120-cu.-in., fat-tired Rockies racer. Originally intended to go into a swingarm-framed, competition-only scooter, the power plant is not a stroker but an honest-from-the-ground-up 120-incher that uses cases, heads, and barrels developed and sold as a kit





Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Arlin Fatland		City: Denver, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication: D. Hotop/G. Hunt/owner		Year: 2000	
Year and make: who cares		Builder: John Harmon	
Model: big big twin		Type: metal	
Value: \$20,000 plus		Rake: out there	
Assembly by: 2 Wheelers/Don Hotop		Stretch: long	
Time: forever		Other alterations: gussetts	
Chroming by: gold by High Luster		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Gary Hunt	
Year: 2000		Risers: Don Hotop	
Model: dickhead		Fender(s): handmade	
Rebuilder: Don Hotop		Headlight: aluminum/Don Hotop	
Ignition: Accel		Taillight: handmade	
Displacement: 120 cu.in.		Speedo: picket fence	
Lower end: Don Hotop		Front pegs: Don Hotop	
Balancing: Don Hotop		Rear pegs: no way	
Pistons: 427 Chevy		Electrics: Gary Bang	
Cases: John Harmon		Gas tank: handmade	
Heads: Harmon/Don Hotop		Oil tank: handmade	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: oil cooler	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: Don Hotop	
Carb(s): Gary Bang		Seat: Larry McDaniels	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1976		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: 2 wheelers/Don Hotop	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: trees/Don Hotop	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Rick Pew		Hub: Kosman	Hub: handmade
Painter: Arlen Ness		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: 8 1/2 in.
Color: black cherry		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: huge
Type: liquid that dries		Brake: Grimeca	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: stripping by Jeff McCann, Imron by Rick Pew		Other special modifications: starter solenoid inside primary cover, engraving by Rudy Pena.	
Special thanks to: Don Hotop, Gary Hunt, Arlen Ness, Rick Pew, Jeff McCann, Rick Labriola, Siegfried Yeiler, Sid, and my friends			

by John Harmon's Grand Prix Racing company.

"I kind of got carried away while I was working on it," Arlin admits. "First, I decided it would look more wicked as a rigid, then I kept hanging more and more parts on it until it became a lot more a street special than a competition motorcycle."

Track-ready it may not be, but I still wouldn't bet against it

in stoplight-to-stoplight competition. There's nothin' slow about this bike, except the length of time it took to build it — four years.

"I got sidetracked a couple of times and had to come back to it later," Arlin Fatland confesses with a chuckle. "I don't finish 'em like Ness does. He just keeps hammering away until they're done."

—Butcher

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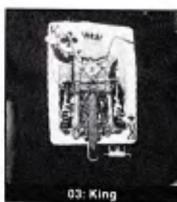
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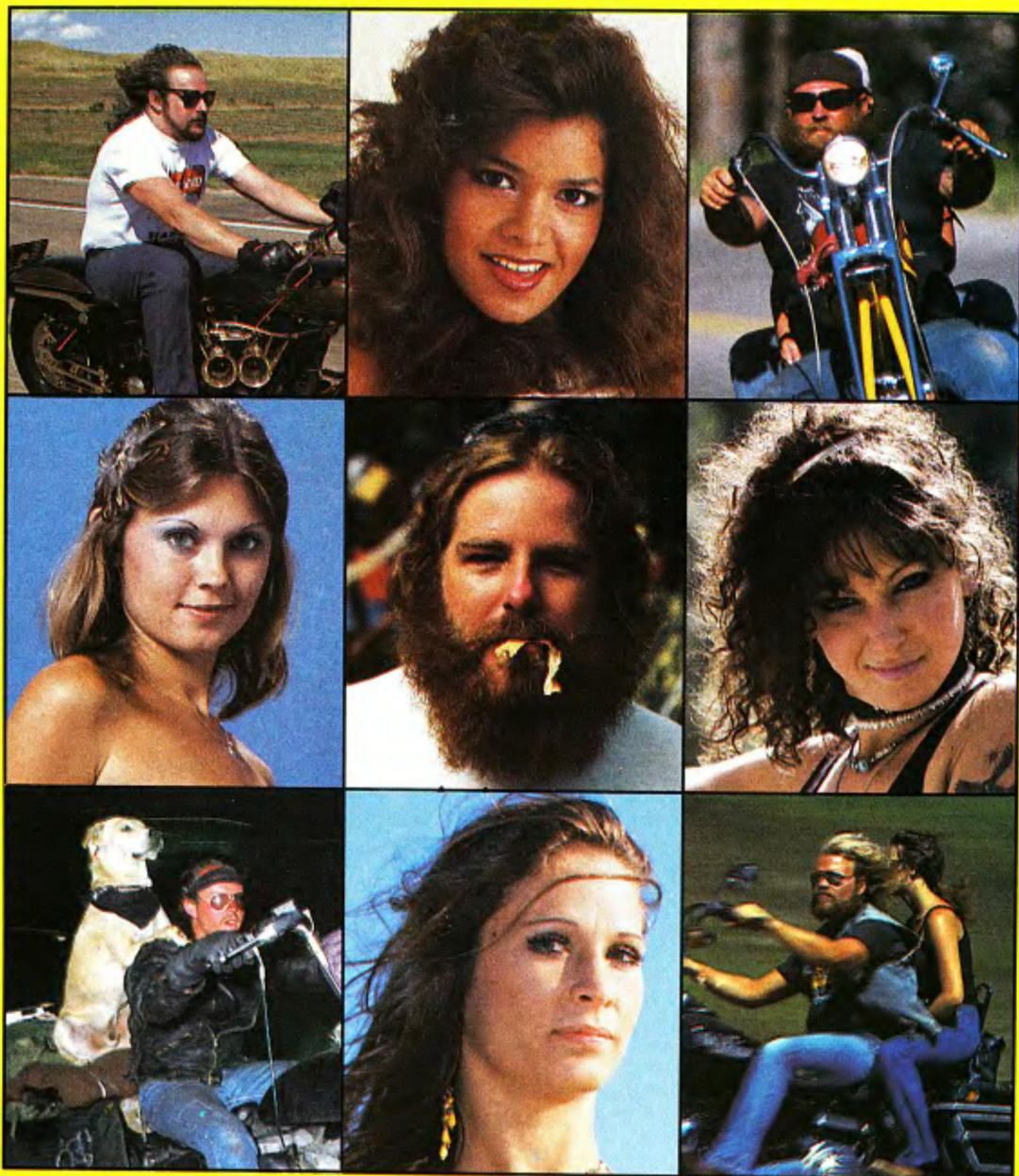
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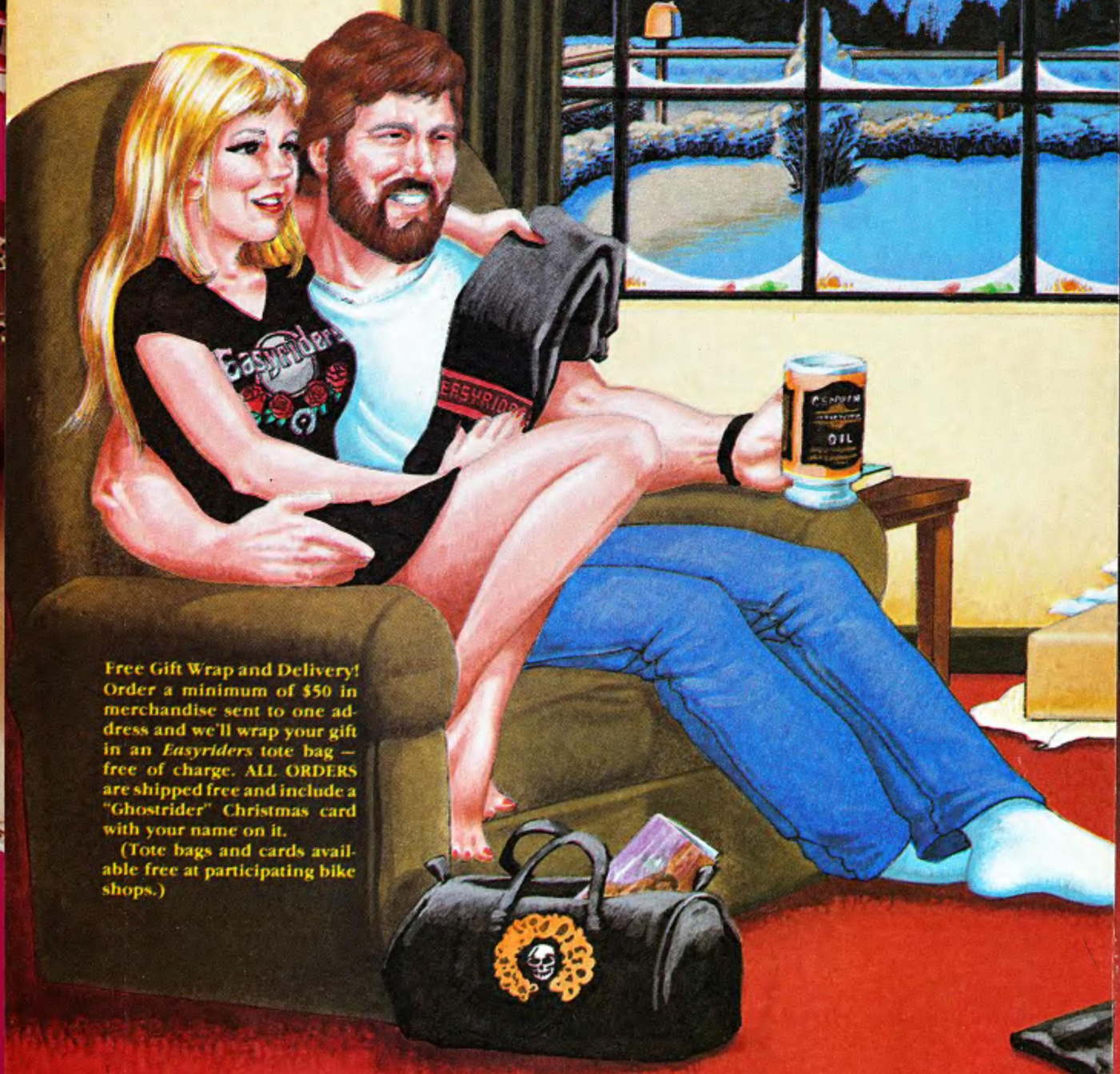
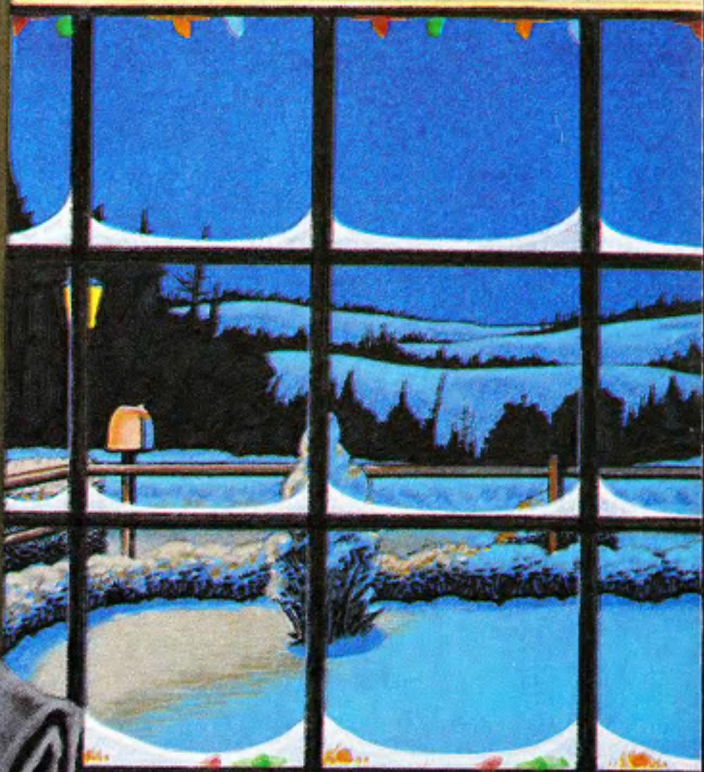
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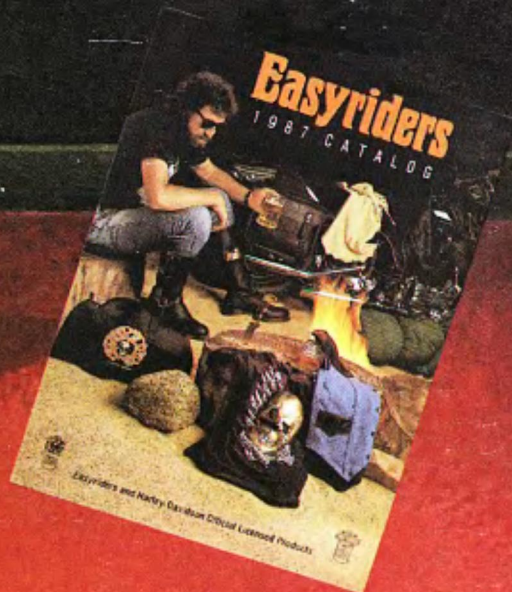


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