164

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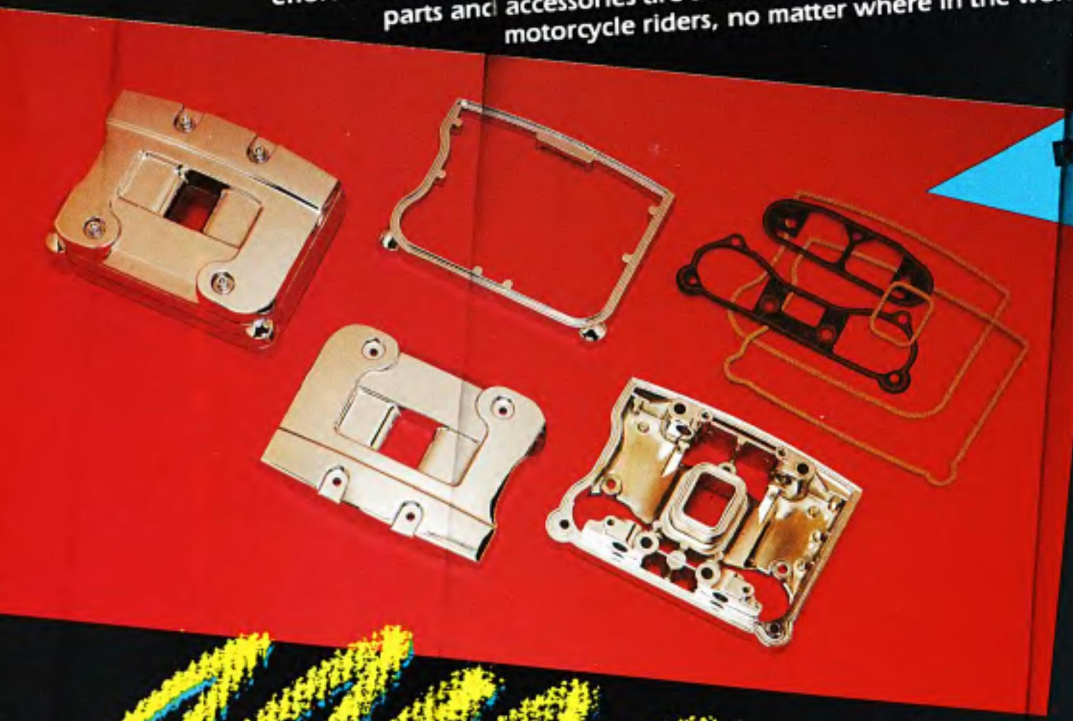
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NUMBER 164 ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS FEBRUARY 1987

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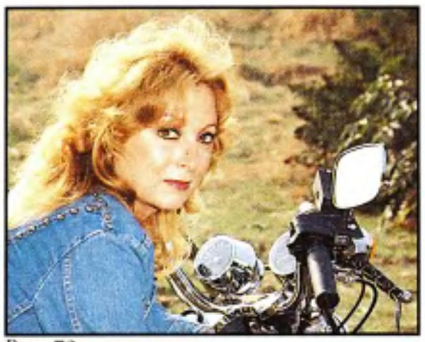
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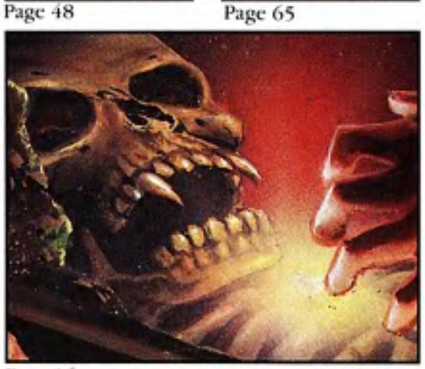
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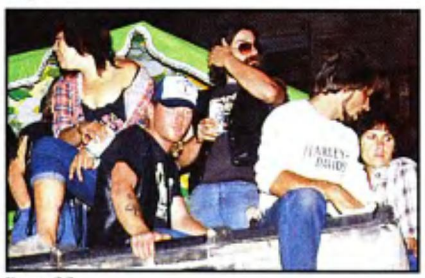
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 27.



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COVER AND GATEFOLD

This month's cover and gatefold sweetie, Teresa Larson, was photographed by Michael Lichter, assisted by art director Roger Ashton, with makeup help from Beth Ryan. See more of foxy Teresa with Rob Vodehnal's Darth Vadar shovel on page 108 and our pin-up gatefold.

ER Marketing

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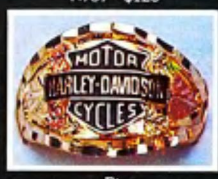


Chain Styles May Vary

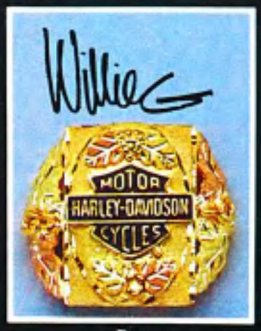
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Ring
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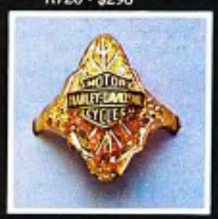
Necklace
N763 - $42



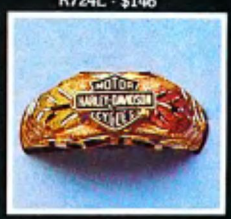
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He was busy watching television when he heard someone fooling with his front door. Thinking it was his roommate, he got up to open the door and then went back to watching TV. But surprise, surprise! Two huge thugs came in the house and accused him of selling bad dope. So to teach him a lesson, they ordered him to strip and lie face-down on the floor. Tying him up with neckties, they stuffed his ass full of ''super glue'' and left. The clipping didn't say if he got a bad case of constipation.

He stole a hearse and got pulled over by the police. Big deal, right? Well, he'd stolen the hearse so that he could steal some sheep. When the police looked in the back of the cage, they found 16 sheep crammed in there!

His bull terrier did it again. When he wasn't looking, the dog stole his false teeth off the dresser and ate them. Figuring dogs will be dogs, he bought another pair. The dog ate those too. So to teach him a lesson, he put what was left of the teeth around the dog's neck, figuring that if he wanted his teeth so badly, he'd wear what's left of them.

I don't know how she did it, but at times I've pulled my zipper and caught my dick in it, so I guess it's understandable. This chick pulled the zipper up on her tight pants and caught her belly in it. Four firemen rushed to her house and struggled for 20 munutes to get her gut out of the zipper. I guess it could have been worse.

This guy left his job after having a nervous breakdown that was brought on, he claimed, by the stress of working with blacks. He fled from his home and went into seclusion for fear of reprisals. But surprise, surprise! He got workman's compensation, the city must pay his medical expenses, and he must receive back pay dating back to his freak-out in 1983. And can you believe this? He's receiving $231.47 in weekly disability benefits. I think that we will hear more about this as we go along.

Here's some good news. They just discovered that amphetamines (crank) actually aid brain injuries. The doctor said that without amphetamines, rats normally took three years to recover while cats took from three to six months. But with amphetamines, rats could have very, very good recovery in four or five days. I don't know if what they found in rats or cats can apply to humans, and I hope the shit you get is better than the shit I get. The shit I get wouldn't do anyone or anything any good.

The guy was frustrated and damned mad because his wife was living with another guy--so one night after a few drinks, he got in his car and drove it to the other guy's house and then drove right through the house. When he got through destroying the house, he drove the car into the garage and destroyed his ol' lady's car. So his ex-wife is suing.

A 200-lb. guy walked into a tanning salon wearing only shoes, socks, and a blue cap. And to freak the little girl attendant even more, he spoke to her saying, ''Hello, how are you today? Now I'll perform for you.'' He then commenced to beat his dummy, got a hardon, and then ejaculated all over her desk. When he completed his act, he ran away. The girl said she was simply disgusted.

Are you obsessed with sex? If you feel so obsessed with sex that it might lead to pedophilia or some other loathesome act, then take heart. There is now an organization for sexaholics. It's similar to Alcoholics Anonymous in that they have a 12-step program. If you're the type of person who has an obsession with sex, you tend to lose your discretion. I always wondered what was wrong with me. Now I know. I guess I'd better join up.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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WORDMONGER

10th Anniversary Issue

☐ To J's ol' lady from Chicago Hts., Illinois, who's looking for a 10th Anniversary Issue (November '86), I should have an extra copy. Just moved to Texas and am still unpacking. Send info on how to get in touch, and if I've still got it, I'll be glad to let you have the extra one for the price on the cover.

Hollis
948 Patio Court
Garland, TX 75041

☐ I have two copies of the 10th Anniversary Issue in decent condition. One is yours for the asking. Just tell me where to send it. Hope you and your ol' man enjoy it. Postage is on me. Ride safe.

C. Vangos
68 Masseuppic Trail
Tyngsboro, MA 01874

Illinois Lid Law

☐ Sounds as if Illinois motorcyclists might be wearing helmets come next year. State Representative John Cullerton is planning to introduce a new motorcycle helmet law at next year's legislative session. This comes after the state Supreme Court upheld the mandatory seat belt law. Illinois has been lidless since 1969. Let's start doing something now before that changes. Only with the full support of bikers can we defeat this law.

L. Kelley
Springfield, Ill.

Response To Wild Bill

☐ I have been reading *Easyriders* for years and have grown to respect it for the staff's and people's rights, feelings, sharing, caring, fun, and lives. But when reading the letter from "Dip," known as Wild Bill, in the November '86 issue, I feel he is really outta line. It's people like him who are a disgrace to the human race. Harley riders are great and as human as anyone else. If the asshole doesn't like Harley riders, then don't read the mag.

All we ask is to ride free and in the wind. All I have to say to "Dip" is, "Take a good look in the mirror before you speak."

Cat's Ol' Lady, Kitten
Bloomingdale, Ind.

☐ I just read the November '86 issue and have a few words to say to "Dip." All of my best friends are Harley riders. Hey, asshole, don't knock it till you try it. There's only one thing better than a Harley or a Harley rider. That's a lot of them together. There is no better bunch of people than bikers.

By the way, I just moved to New York and am looking for other bikers to hang with and bullshit with. Please print my mailing address for those out of state.

Little Shit
P.O. Box 238
Clifton Park, NY 12065

Big-Sized Split-Tail

☐ I loved Terri Niles's bike. If I get one, it will look like hers. But I guess I'd rather ride with a man.

Can someone out there help a big gal? I'm 5'10", 145 lbs., measure 40-32-40, and can't find biker or Harley clothes to fit. I'm not fat, but obviously we're not all size 5. The only thing that's big enough for me is the men's stuff and I like looking like a woman. If God wanted me to dress like a man, he would have given me a dick.

Can someone out there tell me where to shop in the Maryland, D.C., or Virginia areas or by mail? Thanks a bunch. I'll be waiting for an answer in *Easyriders*.

Cowboy's Girl
Baltimore, Md.

Prison Bike Shop

☐ This is an open letter to any and all brothers who have been involved in or who have been instrumental in getting a bike shop started in prison. As all you brothers know, Menard brotherhood hosts the best and largest bike show in the states, and we are now in the process of trying to get a bike shop started here in "The Pit." What we need is some input from brothers who have had previous experience dealing with the administrations of prisons concerning bike shops within the walls.

We need copies of plans, diagrams, etc., and also a copy of the proposal used. We would like any brother who was connected or who still is with the Screaming Eagles M/C from Salem, Oregon, and any brother who is connected with the "Motorcycle Association" from Walla Walla, Washington, to contact me.

James Crump, N-37822
Vice President
Menard Brotherhood M/C
P.O. Box 711
Menard, IL 62259

ABATE T-shirts

☐ To whoever wanted the ABATE of California T-shirt, they are black with a white ABATE logo. Send size and $10 and I'll mail it pronto.

James H. Gregory
P.O. Box 56, MCRD
San Diego, CA 92140

Ohio Prisons

☐ In reference to the letter from the Dip, Wild Bill, I take exception to his nomination of *Easyriders'* staff as "the biggest bunch of full-of-shit assholes to disgrace the human race." Obviously, he has never experienced the Ohio prison system.

Denis L. Roussel
Marion, Ohio

Censorship

☐ I'm sending you this letter to let you know that I really appreciated seeing your article on censorship on page 37 of the October issue along with the coupon that followed. It's about time someone took some action against these narrow-minded religious assholes.

Two months ago I went down to the store where I usually buy your magazine and, much to my surprise,

they had taken it off the rack along with every other magazine that they considered smut. Anxious as hell to read the new issue, I went to every store imaginable, but each time I left empty-handed and pissed off.

Thanks to Pastor Forsberg, a local preacher, the people in the community of Bemidji, Minnesota, cannot get *Easyriders* anywhere unless they subscribe.

Next thing we know these Jesus-freak fuckups will have a Billy Graham telethon to try to raise money to put chastity belts on all of us young unmarried females.

But I have moved away from the area where *Easyriders* was banned.

Dawn
Ada, Minn.

☐ Last week I passed a local convenience store that was being picketed, so I turned around, went back, and started bitching at the pickets about fucking with my freedoms guaranteed me by the First Amendment. They started rattling off all sorts of figures, numbers, and statistics about rape, child abuse, and so on. I just told them to go fuck themselves, went inside, bought a copy of *Hustler*, sat on my scooter, and read the whole thing right there in the parking lot in front of God and everyone.

Johnny B. Goode
Kinsman, Ohio

Thanks

☐ At the Bike Fest, Pete shot some excellent photos of my Sporty (*Easyriders*, October 1986). I wish to thank my ol' man Ziggy and to express thanks to others who contributed: Richie, owner of Monte's Motorcycles, who helped with all the new parts; Dirty Dave who polished all the old; Rawlings Motor Maniacs; Danny Gray; and my cousin from Pennsylvania, Mike Bechtel, who spent his vacation in the garage washing parts.

Thanks for all the help, guys!

Georgi Mood
Fresno, Calif.

Warning!

☐ This is just to let everyone know about a new Metro "Biker Unit" in Nashville, Tennessee. It was formed for the purpose of keeping under control Metro's "four white bike clubs." They go further than that, though. It is headed by and staffed by officers who have a real hardon for anyone who rides a Harley, patchholder or not. This includes people passing through on the Interstates, whether riding alone or in a group. Southern hospitality here means a roadside search and a want and warrant check. So if you plan to travel through Tennessee, give yourself extra time to bypass Nashville altogether.

Lone Toad
Wash, Tenn.

Thanks, Too

☐ I was riding through Denver on my vacation the last week in August when my scooter broke down.

I got hooked up with the bros at Top and Bottom Cycle, 914 Inca. They fixed my sled, got me fed, and then bred! I ended up hanging around Denver and partying for four days. They're good people! You guys should check them out.

Finally, my vacation dwindling, I made like Bob Seger, "Get Out of Denver, Baby, Go." I'll be back!

Peter H. Mann
Iron Mountain, Mich.

We Try

☐ Just thought I'd drop you bums a line or two. As always, your fine mag has saved the day. I'd been busting my ass trying to locate some parts for my rugrat's Sprint. As you might know, it's easier to walk on water than to find parts for an old lightweight one-lunger made in Italy. I mean, I've been looking for this shit for a couple of years now and let me tell you, it seemed hopeless. Then while checking out "Wordmonger," I came across some information on this. Thank you very much, Faith. And thank you, *Easyriders*, for making it possible.

Randy
Cleveland, Ohio

Screw-Ups

☐ I'd like to know what kind of drugs you guys were on when you put together the "Turkey Talk" puzzle in the November '86 issue. Must have been some damn good stuff!

After looking up, down, diagonally, forward, and backward, I finally figured out that the words "guests" and "dressing" were nonexistent both in the puzzle on page 64 and in the solution on page 62. I was lookin' for "family feuds" and in my search, found "familyfeds" in the puzzle.

Now we all know how you guys like to keep us on our toes, and I guessed that you were fuckin' with our heads and had this word spelled correctly somewhere else in the puzzle. But, no! I checked out the solution and found that it was really spelled wrong! Then I found the word "parades" in the solution and shit, it was wrong too. Check it out! "Arades." By this time I was on the floor, enjoying great laughter, and just had to express my thanks for the good time. 'Course, it doesn't take much to keep me happy.

By the way, there are three different places within the puzzle where you can solve the word "TV." Can hardly wait to see December's puzzle!

Vicki
York, Pa.

Allman Facts

☐ To answer the "Question" from Mick in New Jersey (November '86), he asked for the model of Duane Allman's Harley. I don't know the model of his Harley, if he had one, but he was killed on a '69 Triumph. The last I heard it was in the possession of a bro in Macon, Georgia. Probably still is. I won't name him here, but if Mick will get in touch with me, I'll give him the info.

As a lifelong fan, I have a number of scrapbooks concerning the bros. And if he's interested, I can give Mick copies of the actual accident reports of both Duane and Berry Oakley (bass player), who was killed on a '72 Sportster — one year and 13 days later — only a matter of blocks from where Duane died.

He also states that he believes he's got every album Duane had a hand in. Some of the lesser-known albums he may not have are some of Aretha Franklin's old albums (yeah, she knew the white boy could play the blues), Boz Scaggs's first album and Duane's first band "Hourglass."

If he's interested in some insight to the bros, he can get in touch with me and I'll be glad to get him copies of my article and photos. He was the best blues and bottleneck slide guitarist ever (ask his last student, Mr. Clapton), and he deserves the respect that goes with that!

Robert Jones, EF-149764
P.O. Box 256
Mt. Vernon, GA 30445

Women In The Wind

☐ An all-ladies motorcycle club has formed a chapter in the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, area. While we maintain a positive and feminine image, we also enjoy the thrill of riding together with the wind (and the rain) in our faces. Our ages (19 to 38) and riding experiences (3 to 10 years) vary, but we share the enthusiasm for riding up front. We meet weekly and ride at least three times a month. All inquiries can be addressed to: Women In The Wind - Milwaukee Chapter, P.O. Box 1155, Waukesha, WI 53187-1155.

We'll see you in the wind!

Roxanne Rogowski
Mariann White
Waukesha, Wis.

Trump Manual

☐ If any biker bros out there could inform me where I could get my hands on a manual for my recently purchased luv, 1967 650cc Triumph "Bonnie," and how and where to buy Trump shirts, it would be greatly appreciated.

Ozzi
N. Cape May, N.J.

Nam Vet

☐ I was reading your November '86 issue ("Am-Jam In The Jungle"). On page 21, upper right, is a picture of a brother wearing a Vietnam Vets headband. On his cutoff, upper right side, he is wearing an "In Memory Of" patch.

I'm a Vietnam vet ('66 - '67). Been riding ever since I got out of the corps. I choose to be a loner, but I believe these bros have something very special in their motorcycle club. They all prospected the hard way! I'm proud of their colors. I haven't forgotten — I never will. What I would like is for one of these brothers to let me know where I might get hold of one of those patches.

Mike Guthery
14422 Clarkdale
Norwalk, CA 90650

Good Bar

☐ Being in the military, we get some good chances to try out bars around the world. One of the best bars (or cafes) in Europe was in Am-

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sterdam, Holland, called "The Other Place." It is owned and operated by the Holland Hells Angels. Their hospitality was by far the best that we've had yet overseas. Good beer and herb. Downstairs is "Hanky Panky" tattooing. They do the best tats in Europe. (Yes, even better than Ron's in England.)

Our gang would like to thank these good people for their hospitality. If anyone who reads this gets the opportunity to go to Holland, please drop in. Remember, keep Holland beautiful — get tattooed!

Sleeper and The Bros
USS Mount Whitney
FPO N.Y.

Nam Vets Again

☐ I'm writing for information about a motorcycle club, Vietnam Vets of America. I've seen many pictures in your rag with members. Are there chapters throughout the U.S.? How can I get in touch with the organization?

Fleming
Norco, Calif.

Pot "Facts"

☐ Being a 40-year-old college kid and a biker for the better part of 22 years, I find some things in the books of higher knowledge amazing. The following is a direct quote from *Social Problems*, a sociology text written by Ian Robertson and published by Random House.

"The Federal government did not act against marijuana until 1937 when a vigorous campaign against the drug was launched by Harry J. Anslinger, then head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

. . .There is some evidence that Anslinger started his sudden campaign against marijuana because his bureau's budget had been cut by 25 percent in the preceding years; by finding a new drug issue, he ensured the flow of funds to the bureau and the preservation of its prestige."

The anti-pot campaign was full of the "marijuana atrocities," the "drug fiend," and it labeled pot "the assassin of youth."

At last I know why pot is illegal.

Robert G. Scott
Newport News, Va.

Changes

☐ Your October '86 issue was great.

The new format is one of the best changes you've made in a long time. Now I won't go crazy trying to find the "Continued on" pages. It used to drive me nuts when, right in the middle of some funny shit or some heartbreaking story, the bottom of the page always said "Continued on. . ." And sometimes I couldn't even find where it continued on.

One other thing I really liked was that gatefold.

Ane one word describes it all: Fantastic!

Frank Gonzalez
San Francisco, Calif.

Club Reunion

☐ Attention: Falcons MC, Lahr, West Germany, members in good standing now living in Canada or the States.

I think we should all get together for a reunion this coming summer. So if you're interested, write me and we'll get something going.

Also, how are things in Germany? Could use a letter from you tramps too.

Dan "Breakdown" Hiscock
General Delivery
Whistler, B.C.
Canada V0N 1B0

Screw 'Em

☐ Being a Canadian biker and reading about bikers being discriminated against south of the border, it seems to me that Canadians are better at discrimination than our American neighbors.

Recently I purchased an '86 FLHT and enjoy it tremendously. I work at the General Motors van plant in Scarborough, Ontario, and our local union, Canadian Auto Workers - Local 303, had its annual summer picnic for which I purchased two tickets in advance. On the day of the picnic, I loaded down my bike with the necessary refreshments and proceeded to the picnic grounds. Upon arrival, I found out that bikers were not allowed entry to the park due to park rules, and that I would have to park my bike by the road and walk to the picnic area which was approximately one mile away. (Try carrying your supplies — ice included — in your pockets for a mile.) So we left.

Bruce Cull
Keswick, Ontario

Where?

☐ I just moved to Sacramento, California, and am having a hard time finding any scooter bars and hangouts. It would be great if someone could tell me where the fuck they are.

Sparrow
5616 Dana Way
Sacramento, CA 95822

Where?

☐ I would like to thank "Hairball" and "Raccoon Head" for sending me those great pictures of the Bike Fest in California. There was no return address on your envelope. You also asked me how much time I was doing in prison. I'm doing five big ones.

Frisco Gary
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Help!

☐ After reading the interview with Balls (October '86), I got to wondering if Tennessee has any bikers' rights organizations. Anyone knowing of any such outfits, give a yell.

Bro Bear
Loudon, Tenn.

The Same?

☐ In the November '86 issue under "A Tribute to Brothers Lost," some folks from Wall, South Dakota, paid tribute to a brother James T. Lake, stating, "This is being written for all the bros and sisters who weren't told of your death."

I hope like hell this isn't the same righteous brother Jim Lake that my ol' man and I met on a desert stretch of Oregon road the summer of '83 on our way home from Sturgis. The Jim Lake we met was from Bend, Oregon, where he was a postman. He was the only biker out of probably fifty or so who stopped to see if we needed help changing a rear flat.

Should someone who knows either of these guys (or this man if it is one and the same) read this, please write to this mag and let me know.

Bobbi W. Yum
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Searchin'

☐ Someone told me they saw his name on a letter to "Wordmonger." I've looked in several recent *Easyriders* and could't find it. The bro I'm talking about taught me plenty about going fast, living right, and how to cover my own ass. This dude was married to my sister many moons ago and things didn't jive. No big deal, really. I really learned a lot about life in just the short while I knew him.

If anyone knows where Tim "Rebel" Petty is, let him know I'm looking for him. Last I heard he was tooling around

Oklahoma somewhere. You're still remembered, "Reb," and I'm looking for ya. Contact me.

Steve Hoover
(Sherry's Brother)
4909 Woodstone #222
San Antonio, TX 78238

M.I.A.s

☐ Knowing there are a lot of bros out there who are Vietnam vets like me, I wanted to pass this on to them. There are about 2,500 of our brothers still missing in action Task Force Omega of Iowa is printing M.I.A. bracelets for a $4 donation. When you order, you just ask for someone from your home state and branch of service. Besides the bracelet, you will receive an up-to-date list of vets and civilians missing in Vietnam. They take checks or cash.

Task Force Omega,
Inc. of Iowa
202 Grand Avenue
Spencer, IA 51301

W.R. Elder
FPO Seattle, Wash.



Honda-Davidson

☐ Thought you guys would be really interested to see the enclosed photograph. It's taken from Britain's best custom bike rag *Back Street Heroes*. It's a Honda 750 plant squeezed into a Sportster frame. The front end is from a '75 H-D Sportster, as is the tank. The rest is all mixed in with some of the finest Jap parts going!

Just thought your readers would find it really trick. Can you believe it? Honda-Davidson? What next? Harley-Saki? Electra—Yam!

Saint
Kent, England

■ Say it isn't so! Gag! Barf! Shit!

Rip-off

☐ The ol' man and I bought a tapestry of the Dave Mann picture "Ghostrider" at the mall the other day. When I went to hang it up on the wall, I noticed something printed on the back. Well, I almost shit when I got done reading it. In big black letters "Made In Turkey" was printed on a Dave Mann picture. What the hell? Did Mann sell his copyright or is this tapestry a fake? There's a copyright mark on it. I hope you can give me an answer on whether Dave Mann let another country make something that, to me, denotes the American way.

I hope you answer. I'm curious as hell.

Esto & Squat Hadley
Copperas Cove, Tex.

■ Dave was ripped off. They didn't have his permission to copy his artwork.

Rip's Run

☐ Much thanks to Rip for his visit to and mention of the National Old-time Fiddlers Contest at Weiser, Idaho.

The local businessmen have indeed learned to appreciate bikers and their money. The bikers up here have long known how much fun fiddlers can be.

For myself — Rip, come back again!

Thanks again for the plug. The party and music will start Monday, June 22, 1987, with, we hope, lots of things for bikers to enjoy.

Oh, believe it or not, the bikers didn't get the "blame" for the pooch escape.

Robin "Ma Kettle" Bulger
Fruitland, Idaho

Bike Fest

☐ I enjoyed your article on the first annual West Coast Bike Fest at Hanford. You neglected to say when and where next year's is to be. Please try to get this in your rag soon because where I work, we have to pick our vacation slots many months in advance. Assuming there will be one, my friend "Turkey" and I plan on putting out to it.

Tom Cooper
Toms Brook, Va.

■ Reserve the days of June 19, 20, and 21, 1987, for the Bike Fest in Hanford.

Likes Response

☐ In regard to your response to the Madonna letter from Kitty (November '86): fuckin' perfect!

Plumber
Ellicottville, N.Y.

Foxy Riders

☐ In regard to the "Foxy Riders" horseshit, I'm sure there are a lot of female heterosexual bike enthusiasts out there somewhere, but the only ones I ever see are the kind that want to trade in their Kotex for a dick. The Harley helps maintain butchness and matching attitude. What's next? Fags on Harley-powered skateboards or transvestites with V-Twin dildos?

Looks like you fuckers just hit the dirt. . .face first.

Nutsac
Chico, Calif.

One More Reason

☐ I'm writing in regard to a feature in your September issue called "Mil's Mill" by Tonto. There was a definite fuck-up in the article. Glendale has more to offer than Mil's righteous scoot and the traffic that passes through town. I'm talkin' about the Harley dealership there on San Fernando Road. I rode my '84 Low Rider from Maine to California and saw many a Hog dealership, but none that could compare to the one in Glendale, California. So, let's hear it for the fine folks at Harley-Davidson of Glendale, one more reason to "follow the traffic there."

DonMcKeown
Lewiston, Maine

■ They are righteous people.

Likes Her

☐ This is for Terri Niles of Green Bay ("Foxy Riders, October '86). I'd be damned proud to have you in the wind next to me! It's starting to get pretty chilly, but how about pointing that pan southward after the snow melts. Look for me in the Holy Hill area.

Loner
Hubertus, Wis.

Question

☐ Just like to know if the album "Heart of Gold Band" by the Ghosts (September '86, page 95) is going to be availble on a cassette tape. If so, any idea when?

Big D
St. Louis, Mo.

■ There are *no* plans for cassette versions.

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

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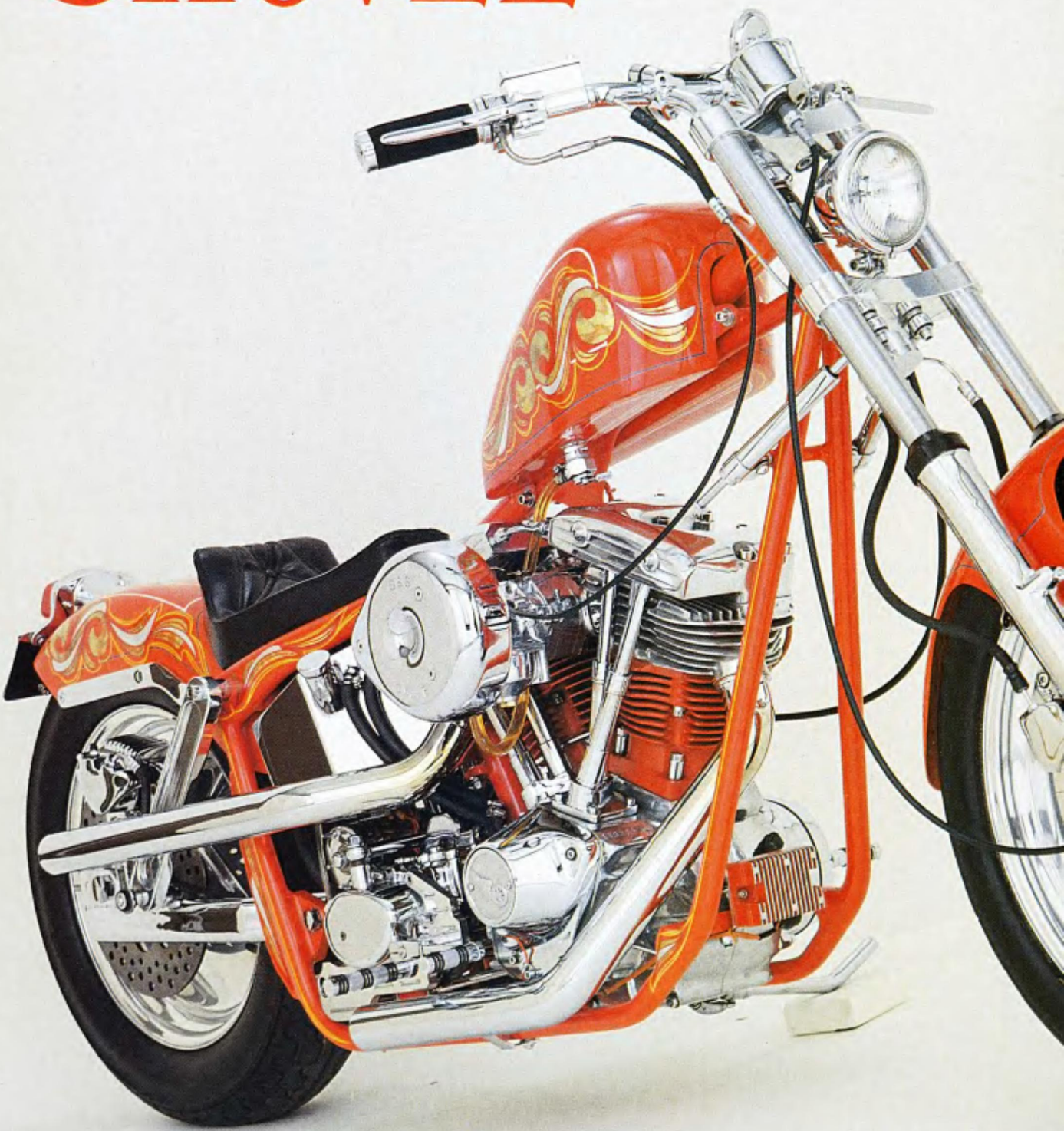
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If there's a biker anywhere who knows about American iron, it's the owner of this homemade shovelhead — Jim Scott. Sixteen years of working for the GM truck department on the big rigs, and ten years of building and riding Milwaukee's finest have given him an incomparable all-around appreciation of American craftsmanship and design.

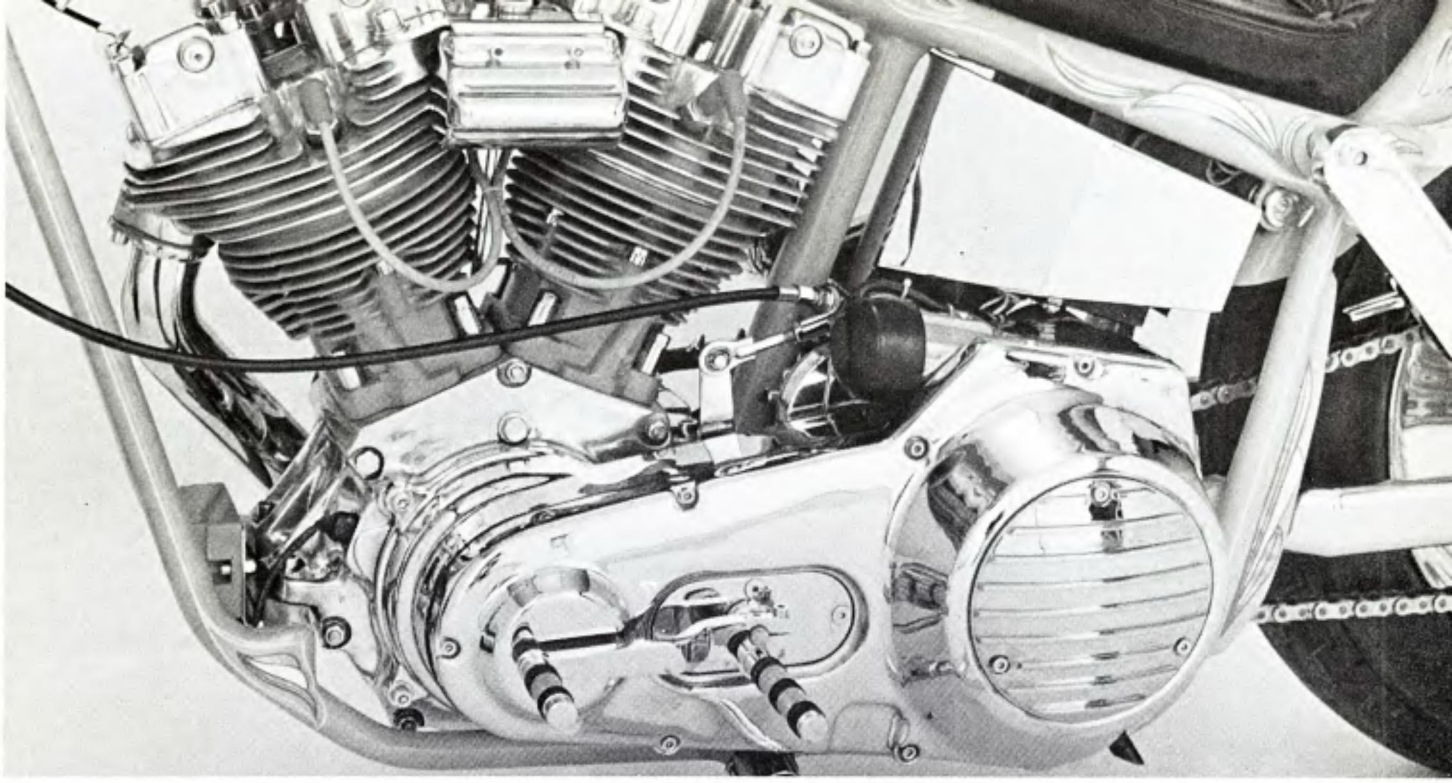
And, like many of his fellow Americans, Jim is part tinkerer, frequently tryin' something new and different just to. . .well, just to try something new and different.

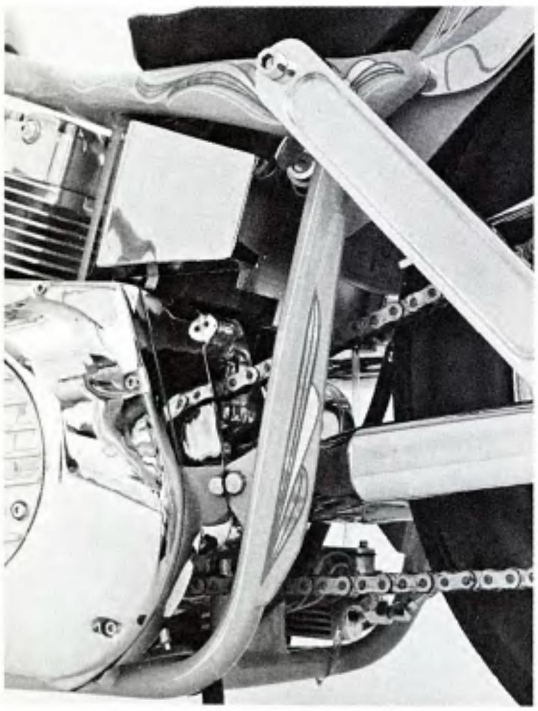
Take those rad-looking stabilizers mounted between the frame and the front end. As you might expect, they're adjustable to make the steering as stiff or loose as you like, and they do a helluva job of smoothing out rain grooves and other pavement irregularities. But that's not the real reason Jim put them on the bike.

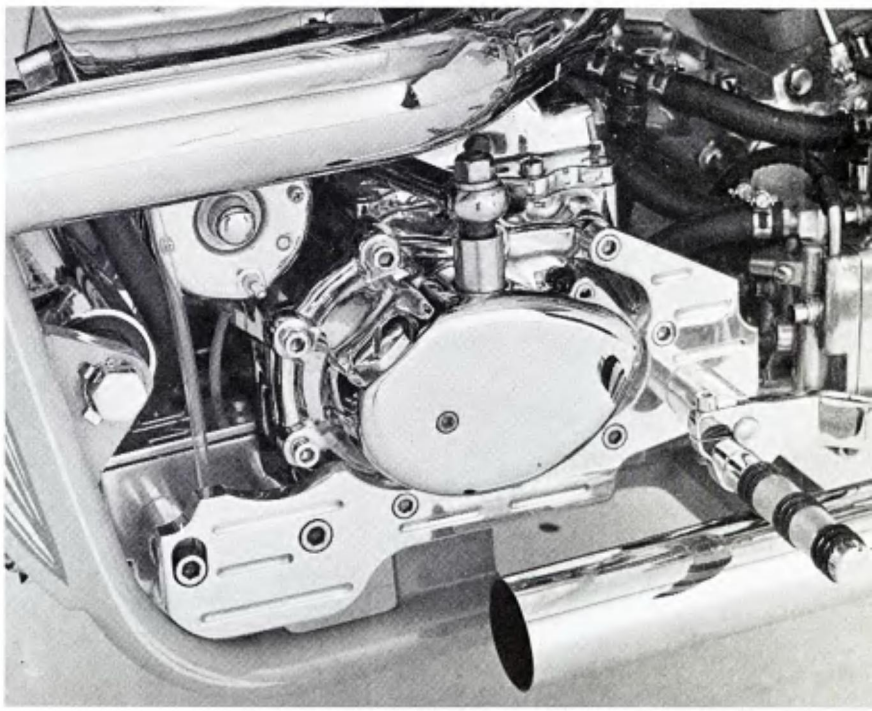
"The secret to those stabilizers is that I really put them on the bike as steering-head stops," Jim admits. "Of course, once I got them mounted I discovered that one of them interfered with the brake line, so I had to reroute it. That's why you'll see that little jog on the brake line in the pictures."









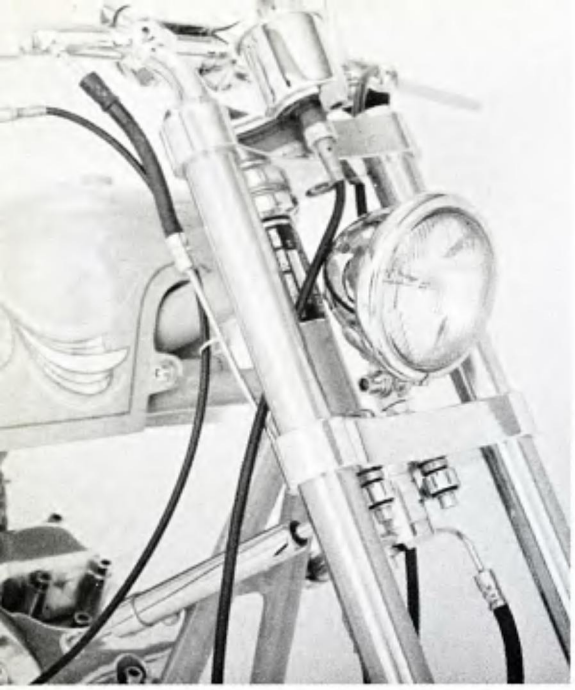


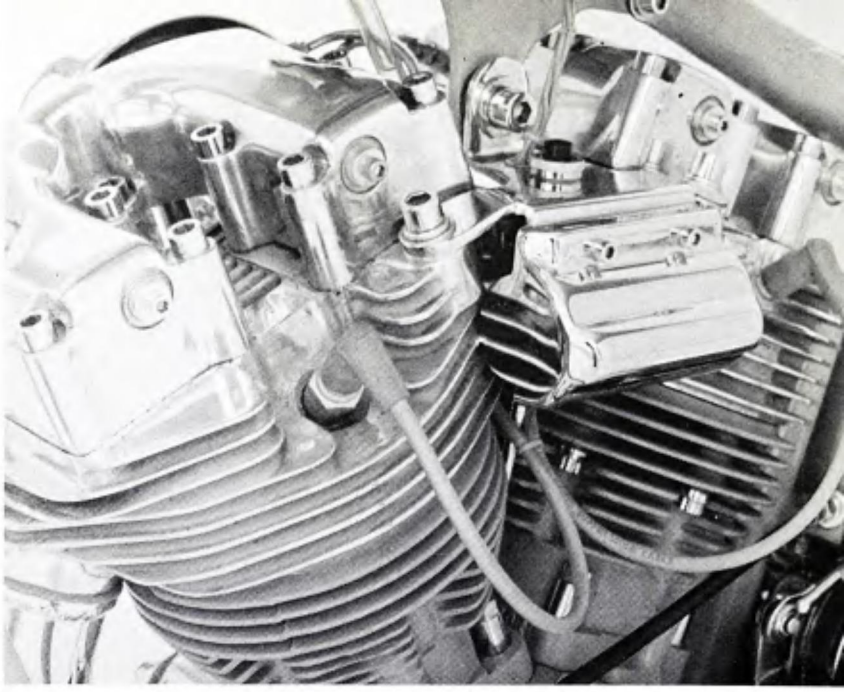
The brake line, however, isn't the only unusual piece of plumbing on this scooter. If you check out the oil lines going into the rocker boxes, for example, you'll discover they both flow from one line via this unique T-fitting.

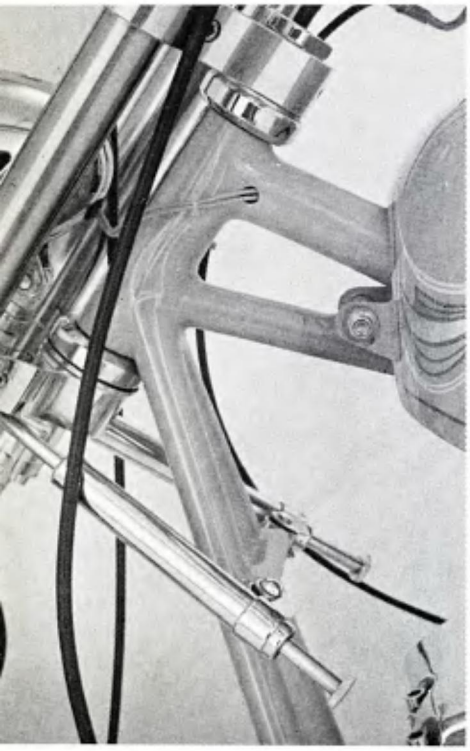
Though many Harley riders have, like Jim, never owned or ridden any Jap junk, relatively few have jumped right into building their own. Jim, however, did.

He began his Harley life ten years ago by rebuilding a basket case, went through three or four more of those, and then started

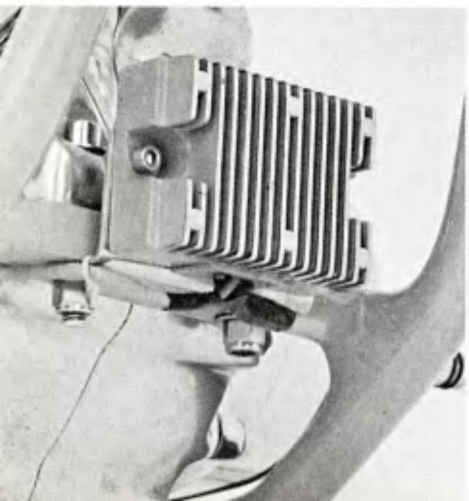




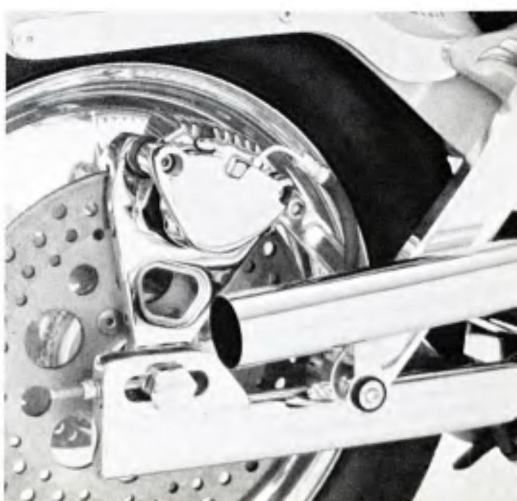












Owner: Jim Scott & Big Dog	**City:** Baltimore, Md.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Scott Ritter/owner	Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1911-86 H-D	Builder: Harmon	
Model: FX	Type: swingarm	
Value: a stack of receipts	Rake: some	
Assembly by: Scott/owner	Stretch: arms	
Time: 8 months	Other alterations: solid	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1984	Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Mr. Mike Nobile	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: yes	Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 96 cu.in.	Speedo: VDO mini	
Lower end: S&S 4¼ in.	Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: S&S	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S 3⅜ in.	Electrics: electrons	
Cases: Cal Products	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: JB Machine/ported	Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): S&S 495	Oil system: modified	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S 1⅞ in.	Seat: Corbin	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: 2-in. drag pipes	Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: glide	
Year: 1976	Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: reverse pattern	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: dual steering dampers	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Scott Ritter	Hub: Mitchell	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Scott Ritter	Rim width: 2.75 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Tangerine	Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: Candy Apple	Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: leafing and pinstiping by Flip's Custom Colors		

Other special modifications: Roller rocker arms, flat-bottom gas tank, rear fender widened 1½ in. Mitchell wheels, through-the-frame wiring, high-speed muffler bearings. Special thanks to Scotty, Mike, Jeff, and the Dragon





putting together his own designs — the man has honestly never possessed either a stock scooter or one made by or for others.

"I build a new bike for myself every year," he says, noting that he tries, but doesn't always succeed, to get the new scoot ready for Daytona. "I keep them for two or three years and then sell them. That way I've always got a few spare Hogs in the garage.

"Generally, I work around a Superglide, and I like to make each one better and a little bigger than the year before. I mean, you can't make them smaller, can you?"

—Butcher

Photos by Pete Chiodo



WOLVES RIDE A COLD MOON

By David La Vere

It was a wicked, humid Texas heat, reason enough for Pako to give their California pilgrimage a thumbs-down rating so far. But now that Stokes had lost all the gas money for their Harleys in a dice game, forcing them to work at the cemetery and sleep outside, Pako could officially label it as a bum trip. He prayed for rain, or at least for a cool breeze to nose its way off the river that bordered the cemetery. But the river wasn't doing anything to cool things off. It made their camp, down under the pines and hardwoods where the river and cemetery met, a miserable one, with nights spent swatting mosquitos, kicking off hot sleeping bags, and counting the trickles of sweat that rolled off their bodies.

"Man, this weather's deader'n these coffins," Pako said as he helped Charlie and Stokes tear another rotted box from the grave that had held it since the middle of the previous century.

"You ain't kidding there, bro," Charlie said, sweat pouring off his three-hundred-pound body. He positioned the coffin where they could easily load it onto the flatbed his ol' lady Sharon was driving. But though he moved it as gently as possible, pieces of it crumbled away before his eyes, leaving a hole big enough for a moldy skull to stare out at them. "Of course, this guy here don't care no more," he laughed and pointed at the remains.

Pako looked and a chill passed over him. He'd seen plenty of bones and things since they'd hired on to move the cemetery, but there was something about this one that left him feeling uneasy.

"He's an ugly motherfucker," Stokes said, gazing over Pako's shoulder. "No wonder they buried him way outside the cemetery by himself. He's deformed. Got teeth like a dog. Look at them two big ol' long ones there in the front."

"'What's that shining around his neck?' Stokes asked greedily, peering into the coffin."

Pako shivered again, this time the feeling stronger than before. And he finally got his breeze, but it was a hot wind that set him on edge, made the temperature rise a couple of degrees, and started the branches to tapping in the woods.

"Townfolk must not have liked him at all," Charlie said. "Look." They looked and saw a broom-handle-size pole hammered down through the lid of the coffin. "It's rammed right down through the top of the casket, all the way through the guy."

"Holy shit!" Pako cussed and stepped away from the coffin. He crossed himself, something he hadn't done in years.

"What do you think this guy did that made somebody do that to him?" Stokes asked.

"Lost all the traveling money in a dice game?" Charlie answered, but he said it as a joke and even Pako had to laugh. He, Stokes, and Charlie had been bros too long for something like this to come between them. It had been Stokes's idea to go to California and Pako had quickly agreed. Charlie and Sharon had wanted to go, too, and everybody figured it would be easy riding.

Now the only things standing between them and California were sixteen hundred miles of hot road, three Harleys without a drop of gas, and about two hundred graves left to move.

"What's that shining around his neck?" Stokes asked greedily, peering into the coffin. "Looks like a ring on a chain." And before Charlie or Pako could do anything, Stokes stuck his hand down inside the coffin. He felt around for it, and just as he touched metal, pain seared his hand. Stokes screamed in agony and his hand came out, covered in blood, with two parallel rips in the skin from wrist to fingers.

"Jesus God Almighty! Something bit me!" Stokes screamed, his face white with pain.

"Your're crazy. What could've bit you in there?" Charlie asked, tearing off his own shirt and wrapping it around his bro's bleeding hand.

"Hell, I don't know, but something bit me all right. Pako, look in there and see what it was."

"Fuck you. I ain't putting my face up to that thing."

"Here's what it was," Charlie announced. "It's this guy's teeth."

Pako and Stokes looked. The

two abnormally long canine teeth in the skull's grin were red with Stokes's blood.

Stokes paled even more. "I didn't catch my hand on those teeth. I was being careful. I'm telling you, he. . .it. . .something bit me in there. Clamped down on my hand like a snapping turtle."

"That's pretty weird," Pako mumbled softly.

"At least I got the ring," Stokes said, and held up a gleaming silver object. It was a ring all right, big and heavy; its only ornamentation — a wolf astride a crescent moon — was etched into the broad face.

"I'd put it back," Pako said. It gives me the creeps."

"Naw. I'll keep it. Maybe sell it in California. Hey, it fits perfectly," Stokes said as he slipped it on his finger.

* * *

By sundown Stokes was dead. One minute he was eating dinner around the campfire; the next, a series of convulsions had him flopping on the ground like a fish. Just as the sun sank below the horizon, he died, leaving Pako, Charlie, and Sharon in a state of shock and not sure what to do next.

"Expect to be questioned to the max by the police when we bring Stokes' body in on the flatbed," Pako said between long pulls at a Jack Daniel's bottle. Stokes's death hadn't set in on him yet, but he knew it would eventually and he wanted to be prepared by getting drunk.

"Poor Stokes. I just can't believe it," Sharon sniffled from across the fire, her eyes hot and red from crying. She clung tightly to Charlie, though he needed the reassurance of physical contact as much as she did.

"Maybe we could bury him out here. Or mix him in with the other coffins?"

"Pako!" Sharon gasped.

"Hell, I don't know what to do. I mean, would Stokes want his bros getting the law involved on his account? I know he deserves some kind of ceremony," Pako said. The heat wasn't letting him think clearly and he silently

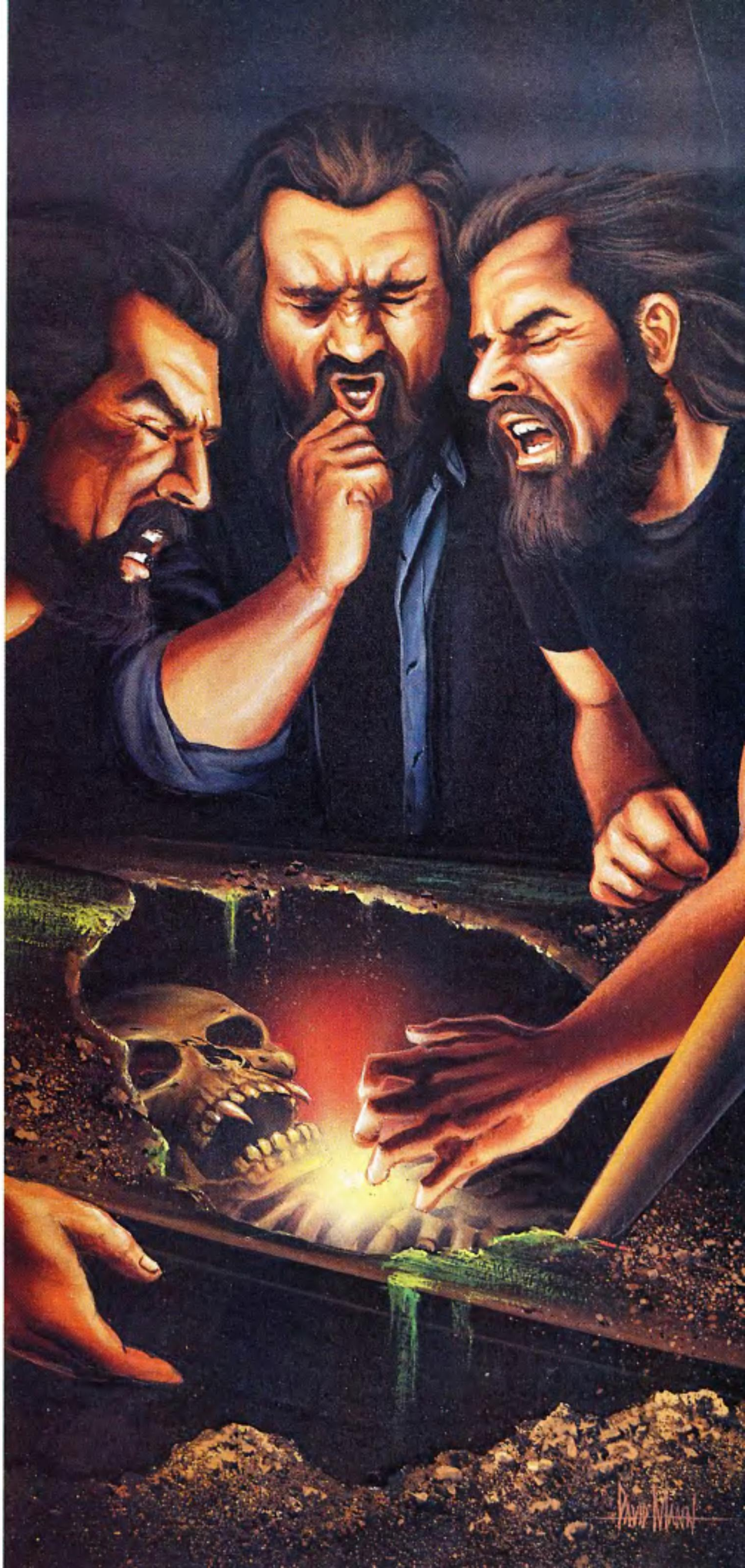


Illustration by David Mann



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WOLVES RIDE A COLD MOON

Continued

begged the temperature to back down. "He definitely deserves more than what he got today."

"But you don't even know what he got. . .yet," a familiar voice said, and Pako's heart stopped like a stalled Harley when Stokes stepped in the circle of light thrown by the fire. Stokes smiled, but it wasn't a pretty sight: thin, red lips curved up over teeth that somehow seemed larger than normal. He was bloodless, no color in him at all. His frizzy blond hair was plastered against his forehead. And his eyes, though sunk deep in his head, burned yellow with some kind of inner fire. He took the bottle of bourbon from Pako's frozen hand, tipped it up, and gulped.

"Stokes!" Pako managed to hiss, his eyes wide with fright.

"Damn, Stokes, you're back with us," Charlie yelled happily, clapping him on his back. "Pako said you were dead, but I told him that it'd take more than a few convulsions to kill ol' Stokes. How you feeling? You look like shit."

"Hell, I'm okay. A little shaky, though," he said and swallowed more bourbon. He grinned at Pako, making the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

Pako's mind was spinning because he'd seen enough dead people to know one, and Stokes had been stone, cold dead. And there was something else about Stokes. Something calculating and arrogant in his voice. A coldness in his face. Even a difference in the way he moved. Changes only an old bro like himself would notice.

"Let's party then," Charlie whooped. And while Sharon twisted reefers, Charlie launched into his favorite Cajun story.

They partied late into the night, passing joints and bottles of Jack Black around the fire. But Pako was never really at ease, and he didn't like the way Stokes looked at Sharon. He seemed to be making love to her from all the way across the fire. And suddenly, as he watched, the seed of an idea planted itself in Pako's head — an idea that made him more scared than he'd ever been before in his life. Because the more he thought about it, the more it made sense, and if it made sense, it could only mean he was going crazy.

* * *

Pako didn't know how long he'd been asleep. The heat had been giving him bad dreams, but in them it was a cool autumn evening, just perfect for riding. And as his big bike growled through the cool night air, Pako felt something evil crawl up behind him. It moved with a slimy hiss and its touch filled him with horror. Lips played at his throat, and he felt a sweet little numbing pain that sucked him in and made lights play in his head. And as he gave himself up to the pain, the Harley sputtered and coughed — and then he was awake and the coughing was coming from Stokes, who stood over him, shaking him awake. It took all of Pako's self-control not to scream.

"I'm sick again, Pako," Stokes moaned, his skin cold and clammy. "I don't know what it is, but I'm feeling real bad. I'm gonna go out in the woods. It'll be cool there."

"Let me take you to the hospital," Pako said, but Stokes was gone.

"Just what the fuck is going on here?" Pako questioned the sun as it stuck its head up over the horizon for its Sunday appearance. But the sun wasn't talking. Pako rubbed his head. The heat and bourbon made it ache, and his eyes felt as if sombody had thrown dirt in them. He made out the sleeping figures of Charlie and Sharon curled up around the fire; then lying back, he stared into the coals, putting his mind on autopilot, letting it try to figure out what was happening. He must have fallen asleep because the next thing he knew, the sun was high overhead and Charlie was screaming.

"What is it, bro?" Pako yawned.

"It's Sharon. She's. . .she's dead."

Pako came awake instantly. "What!" The word hissed through his teeth. He crawled over to where Sharon lay. Charlie was right; she was dead. Ice cold. Her jugular cut. Not a drop of blood in her body. And none on the ground, either.

Pako jerked back like he'd been smashed in the face with a baseball bat. "Stokes did this," he said, hands shaking. "It had to be him."

"What do you mean?" Charlie said, on the verge of panic. "Stokes wouldn't do this. He's our bro. Where is he?"

"In the woods. Said he was sick. But he's hiding from the sunlight."

"What are you talking about?"

"Something bad happened to Stokes yesterday when he stuck his hand in that coffin. Something bit him all right."

Charlie laughed a few short barks that Pako thought sounded dangerously close to crazy. "What a bad-luck trip we're on," Charlie said finally. "First Stokes gets so sick we think he's dead. Now Sharon's murdered. And you're crazy enough to think Stokes did it. This is the way I always wanted to go to California."

"Yeah, me too, Charlie. Only I didn't think Stokes was dead yesterday, he was dead. As dead as Sharon is now."

Charlie didn't say anything, only flopped down and doodled in the dirt. Pako knew his bro's mind had shut down on him, protecting what little wits he had left.

"Charlie, I'm taking the truck into town to get us some help. I should've done it yesterday. I'm telling you, man, Stokes is literally eating us up."

But the truck wouldn't start. The fuel tanks had been punctured and the diesel puddled on the grass underneath them.



"Okay, wise guy, you're under arrest."

"Damn you, Stokes!" Pako screamed out into the woods. He thought about going in and looking for Stokes. It'd be a lot cooler in there than standing out in the sun, but he was afraid to go into the woods. Afraid he might actually find Stokes. Then he suddenly realized something.

"We're trapped," he said. "The town's fifteen miles away and we don't have a ride." He stared over at the campsite where their three Harleys stood in a row, looking shiny and ready for the road, but not enough gas in all of them to get even one started. "I'm walking," Pako said. "I should be able to hitch a ride and get back by sundown. If this is what I think it is, then sundown's gonna be the most important time. That's about six-thirty. And do me a favor, Charlie. If you see Stokes before I get back, don't go near him." But Charlie only played in the dirt.

* * *

Cage drivers weren't giving rides that day, so it was late afternoon before Pako hoofed into town. He barely made it fifty feet inside the town limits when the police car pulled up next to him. He wasn't at all sure what he was going to tell them.

The shift lieutenant wasn't buying any of it. He was an authoritative little prick who believed if it wasn't a part of police procedures, then it couldn't be done. He kept Pako cooling his heels for hours.

"They're bad sick, Officer. Just send an ambulance out there. I know it's weird, but they were okay yesterday. Now they're sick and we need some help," Pako pleaded, keeping an eye on the clock, whose hands were already swinging toward six o'clock.

"The ambulance would have to come all the way out from Ashmore," the lieutenant said. "That's thirty miles away. And you got to know that ambulance service ain't free. If you got some money, I'll be glad to call them for you. If you ain't, then you'll have to wait and talk to your foreman tomorrow. And I'll tell you this: if you boys out there in the graveyard done dug up some kind of disease and brought it back here, I'll have your asses."

"I don't know what it is. But it's bad and we ain't got no money. We got to have an ambulance. And we need it fast because the sun's going down."

"It always does that about this time," the lieutenant sassed back. "Listen to me, boy. I told you, if you ain't got no money, we can't get you transients an ambulance. But I'll have Officer Walters take you back to your camp at the graveyard and he'll take a look. If your friends look bad to him, I'll have him radio an ambulance. If not, talk to your foreman. And if he finds anything out there that looks like y'all been doing drugs, then you won't have to worry about no ambulance because me and my boys will come out there and get you, but we won't be taking you to the hospital."

It took Walters a while to get ready. He had to make sure he had his pistol and handcuffs and that somebody would save the last piece of fried chicken for him until he got back. Pako was jittery the whole time, and it looked to him like the sun was picking up speed.

* * *

The sun had set about a minute before and darkness was gaining fast when the police cruiser jerked to a stop at the cemetery. Pako looked out across the graveyard at the campsite. It took all his willpower not to scream when he recognized Stokes, Sharon, and Charlie sitting around the campfire, their eyes glowing yellow in the quickening gloom. He closed his eyes and wished he were any place else but there.

"I don't see nothing wrong," Walters said. "There's your three friends. They don't look as sick as you claimed."

"Come over and take a look, would you? They were pretty bad this morning. In fact, I would've sworn that girl over there was dead this morning. Come, take a look."

As Walters gazed around at the graves they'd emptied, Pako saw a shiver pass over the cop. "Naw. She don't look dead now. Talk to your foreman. I ain't getting out of this air-conditioned car. Anyway, this place always gives me the creeps."

Pako knew it was useless. He opened the car door and before Pako could make one last plea, the cop threw the car in gear and sped off up the cemetery road, leaving him to watch the taillights disappear.

A wild feeling of helplessness seized Pako. And then he heard the voice. "Pako," it called. "Hey, Pako. Come on up to the fire."

He spun around, his heart hammering. The three of them stared hungrily at him from the campfire, their yellow eyes sending ice water through his veins.

"Come on, Pako. We need to talk," Stokes said.

"Fuck you, Stokes. You gonna talk to me like you did Sharon? Hey, Charlie, come on away from there. We're getting out of here."

"I don't want to, Pako," Charlie answered. "I like it up here. It's so cool and nice. You come on up."

"Yeah, Pako, you come on up," Sharon echoed. She smiled, and even from where Pako was standing, he could see the long teeth glinting in her mouth.

His legs felt like rubber, but some force drew him up there. He slowly made his way to the campsite, but not before picking up a sharp piece of broken shovel handle that was stuck in the dirt near his feet. He thought about the coffin they'd found yesterday.

"Glad you could make it, Pako," Stokes said. He smiled, the points of his long upper teeth making impressions on his lower lip.

Pako hung back just outside the circle of firelight. He glanced around at the three figures and kept a firm grip on the stick. Then he noticed teeth marks and a long,



"That does it, Tommy! No more chainsaws in the front seat while Mommy's driving!"

deep gash across Charlie's throat, the sickly white edges of the wound already closing.

Stokes laughed, but there was no humor in it. "If only you could see yourself, Pako," he said, edging closer. "The sweat's just rolling off you. Have you ever been in a hotter place? Probably not. I know you're tired and hungry. Why don't you relax and join us?"

"Yes, join us, Pako," Sharon said. Pako had never seen her so beautiful nor so hideous. Her long black hair framed an emaciated face that was as pale as milk, almost translucent, with all the blemishes gone. The only color left was in her lips, which were coated with blood.

"Stay back, Stokes. I don't know what's happened to you, but it's time for me to leave. I mean, you're my bro and everything, but it's time for us to break up this little motorcycle club of ours. Just let me get my shit and I'll push my Harley out of here and leave all three of you in peace."

"Break it up! Why break it up? Let's expand it."

A shiver raced through Pako "Because the three of you are dead!"

"Do I look dead? Maybe by doctor's standards I'm dead, but I'm more alive than you could ever believe." A wicked grin turned up the corners of his mouth. Suddenly Stokes lunged at him and fangs arched toward Pako's throat and the horror of what was happening hit him. Instincts from years on the road took over. Pako jerked away, spun around, and with all his strength jammed the point of the shovel handle into Stokes. But his aim was off, and instead of piercing the heart, the stick glanced off bone and buried itself between Stokes's ribs. A foul, putrid odor escaped from the wound. Stokes didn't flinch.

Speechless, Pako watched Stokes — as easily as if he were taking his wallet from his hip pocket — pull the stick out of his chest and toss it on the fire

"I think the heat's done got to you, boy," Stokes growled. "You're gonna have to do a lot better than that to stop all three of us."

Pako's breath came in short gasps. "Stay away from me, Stokes," he cried.

"I figured you'd have wanted to join us," Stokes said softly, the evil coming off him in waves. "It's so cool over here. We never get hungry. Or thirsty. We can party all night long and never pass out. Fuck all night and never get tired. In a brawl, who's gonna fuck with us? And if trouble ever catches up with us, we just fade into the night, like wolves under a cold moon. And best of all, Pako, best of all, we live forever. In three hundred years, we'll still be here, but you won't even be a memory except with Charlie, Sharon, and me. The only thing we need is to be around lots of people. That's why the three of us are heading on to California tonight."

Pako jerked back like he'd been smashed in the face with a baseball bat. "Stokes did this," he said, hands shaking. "It had to be him."

"But how? That's why we're here. No bucks for gas, or do you forget things like that once you die?"

Stokes laughed and walked over to his bike. He touched the engine with his fingertip and instantly the Harley roared to life. Charlie went over to his bike, touched it, and it, too, sprang to life. Sharon climbed up behind him.

"But you're dead!" Pako screamed.

"Just a minor technicality. But you're our bro, Pako. We won't fuck with you or force you to come with us. You can have this land of the living," Stokes said. "We'll take California. Plenty of people out there." He paused and looked about him. "Perfect night for riding. So cool. It'll be a good trip."

"But you're dead," Pako said softly, sweat dripping off his fingertips.

"See you, bro," Stokes said, touching his forehead in salute. Charlie and Sharon waved as the two big bikes maneuvered out into the darkness.

Pako knew he should feel relieved, but he felt lonely and miserable. Then it dawned on him: here he was in the middle of nowhere with a heavy bike and no gas, no money, the temperature racing toward a hundred, and his two best bros in the world riding off for California and leaving him stranded. He touched his neck. "I wonder if it hurts." Then, without giving it another thought, Pako ran after the bikes. "Wait! Dammit, wait!" he yelled after them. And just when he thought he'd lost them, the taillights stopped. He ran hard across the broken field, tripping and stumbling, until he caught up with Stokes.

"Take me with you," Pako gasped. "I'll do anything. I'd rather be dead than spend another second in this godforsaken hot place."

"You'll love it, Pako. We'll be the one percent of all One Percenters," Stokes said. He opened his mouth, the fangs looking longer and sharper than ever, and leaned toward Pako.

Pako pulled his black Harley-Davidson T-shirt away from his throat, then jumped away. "Wait a minute, Stokes. For God's sakes, if you're gonna put your lips on my neck, let's have Sharon do it. That is, if Charlie don't mind."

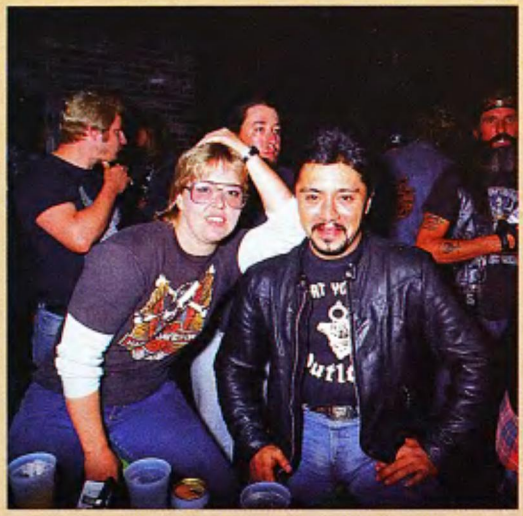
It was like a lover's kiss. The pain was brief and sharp, but sweet and clean. Colors danced before his eyes and a throbbing began inside him. It grew and grew, louder and louder — and as Pako gave himself up to it, a soothing darkness settled over him.

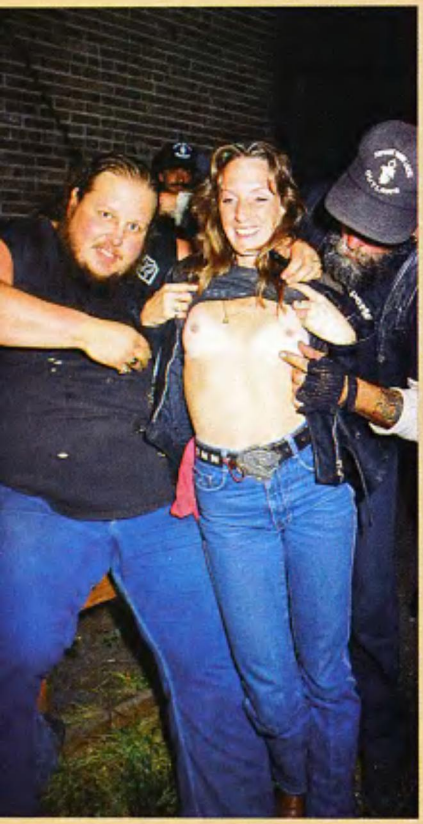
He was on his Harley, heading down the town's main street, the motor loud and strong. Not a light came on anywhere and nobody peeked out the windows to see who was riding through town like a bad wind. Pako saw Charlie and Sharon riding off to one side, and up ahead was Stokes, looking back at him and smiling. Pako smiled back and they slowly putted through town. A crescent moon hung low in the sky, and other than having a strange hunger, Pako had to agree with Stokes: it was a perfect night for riding. ■



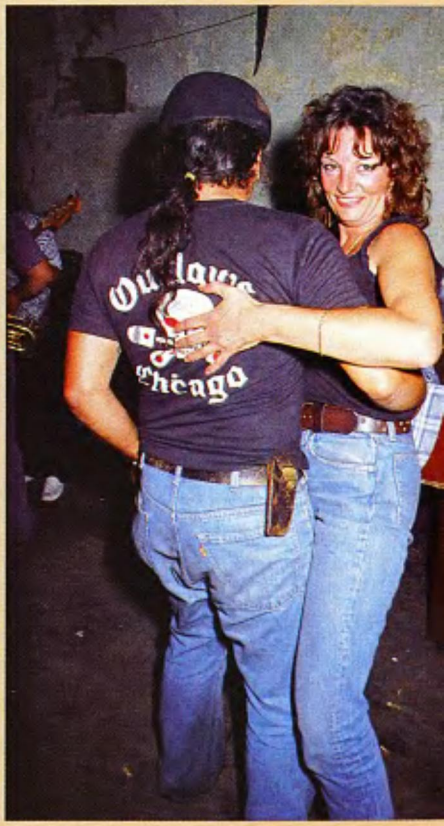












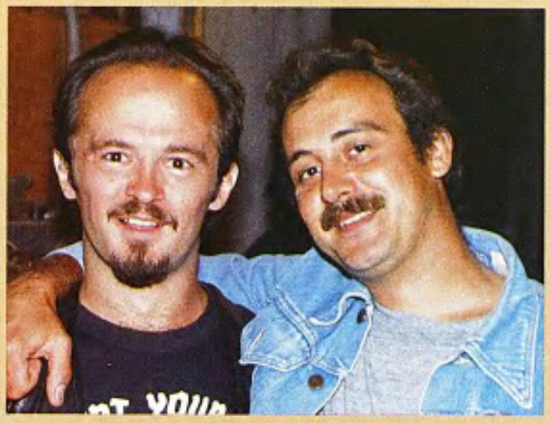
SWEET HOME CHICAGO

Club's party in the inner city is an annual success.

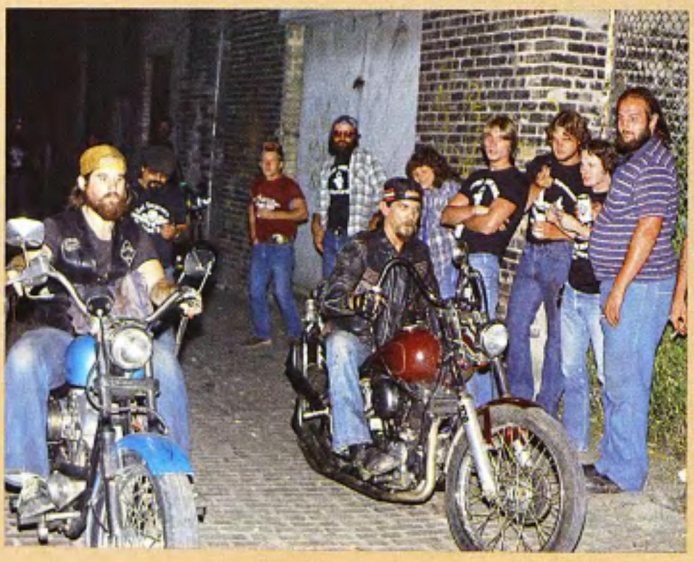


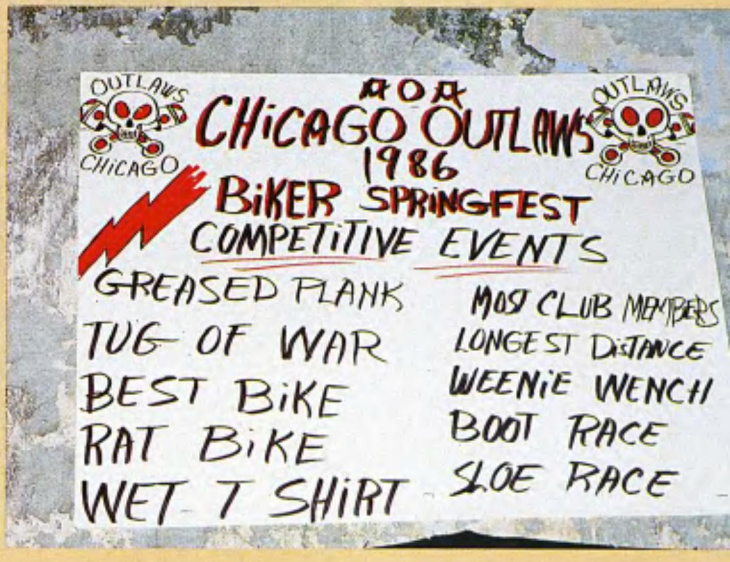










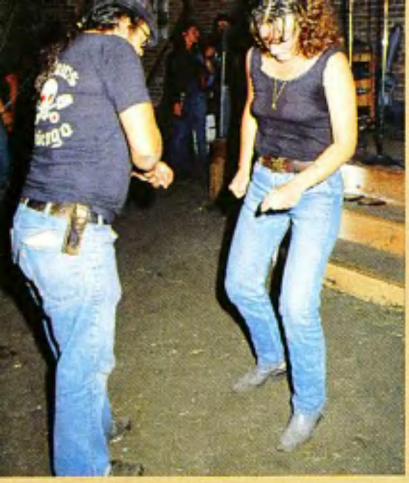


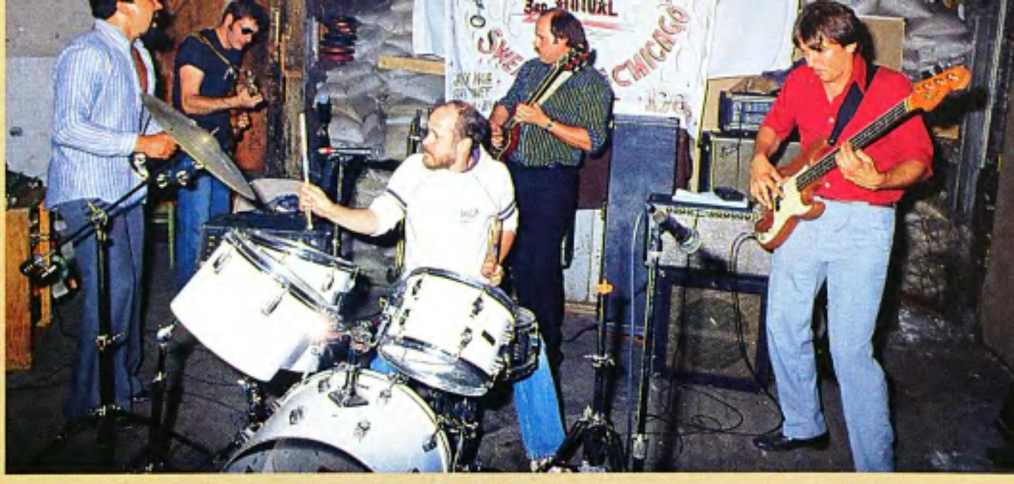
When the talk gets around to last summer's runs, the memory clicks back to the long rides through the mountains, deserts, valleys, farmlands, lowlands, highlands, around lakes, streams, rivers, and other similar rural outposts. Away from civilization. The better for bikers to get down with their own. Far from the local citizenry and uptight attitudes.

That is, unless you're an occupant of the inner city and you don't give a flyin' rat's ass for that outdoor nature shit. Say, like the brothers in Chicago, for instance. The city of Big Shoulders, The Windy City, all that shit, has its own inner city boogie-down biker fest every August that's sponsored by The Outlaws Motorcycle Club and a host of local outside sponsors. All the sponsors want to put their best foot forward in promoting brotherhood among Chicago's urban bikers.

Taking care of the brothers and sisters who came from as far away as





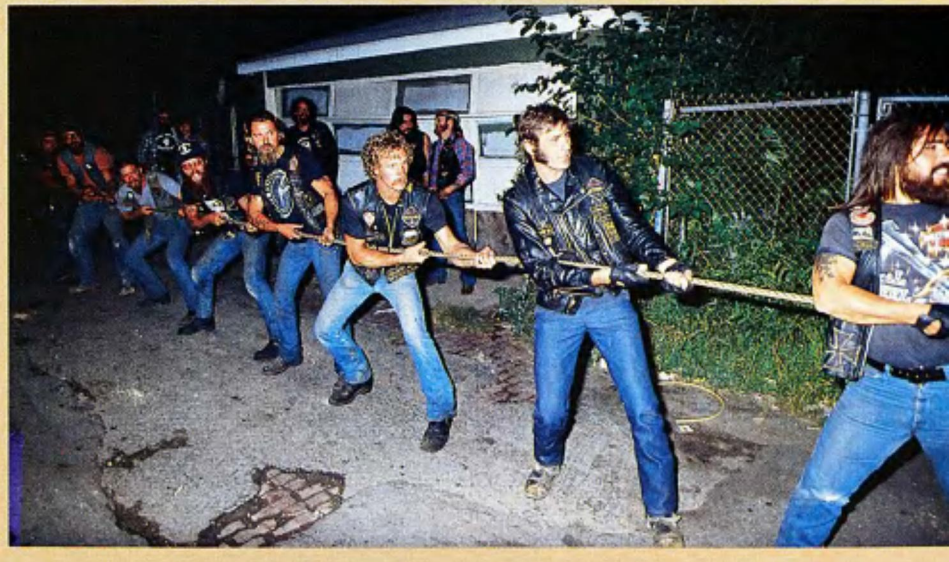












SWEET HOME CHICAGO

Huntsville, Alabama (The Saints), and Tampa Bay (Roach on his 80-inch Superglide), were a who's who in the biking world. Biker business people such as Mary, who maintains Forking By Frank for her late ol' man; Wheels at Langer Products; Gordy of Beil Auto Upholstering; J.P. Plating's Doug; Danny from D.C. Cycles; tattooists Kendall and Tom of Imperial Tattoo; Gary Johnson from Custom Welding; Barry at Chicago H-D; Bob at Illinois H-D; and certainly not last (or least), mouthpiece Fab. Esq. keepin' up on the legal fronts.

Think about it. Nearly twenty years ago Mayor Daly had his little picnic in the park during the Democratic National Convention. It was 1968. Acid. Hippies. Jerks like Tom Hayden, Jane Fonda, and their pinko-ilk, tryin' to

















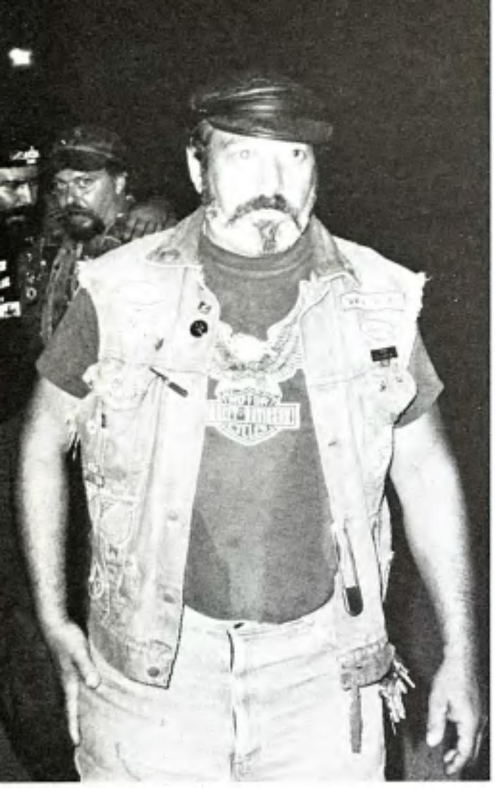
get out of the way of the tear gas, while getting some unclear message out to the people. Now, the Outlaws are getting the message of brotherhood out. Without the use of violence.

They used the magic of music, and what better town for it than Chicago, the home of the blues. Sweet home Chicago. New Orleans may be the birthplace of the blues, but now they've drifted upstream. From the Mississippi Delta to the inner city of Chitown.

The Outlaws gave the thousand or so folks who attended nearly two full days of dynamite music from such bands as Jody Noa and Sho-Nuff, Joe Kelly Rhythm and Blues Band, Don Griff Band, and the No Name Band, a Country-Western outfit. All this, plus a killer schedule of events and games that had Grease Lightnin', the host and master of ceremonies, sleepless for the entire wing-ding, keeping everything rolling along most copacetically.

I can just picture clubs taking up the tug-o-war and pulling each other to a standstill down a dark, bricklined alley,















SWEET HOME CHICAGO

where no one in his right mind would normally venture. Then a herd of neighbors, thinkin' it looked so easy that they'd give it a whirl, endin' up gettin' pulled down the block. Or, Grease's Boot Race with a wrinkle. Instead of boots being piled up, with the contestants groping through the stack and charging back to kick-start their bikes, he exchanged boots for drivers' licenses. Once the entrants found their I.D.s, then made it back to their scoots, with electric starts in the back, they kicked like crazy. Anything for a trophy. With stuff like a slow race, greased plank ride, bike show, wet T-shirt contest, raffle with a cash prize from a local pizza man, how could anyone help but have a great time in sweet home Chicago?

All the action was centered in and around the three-story, 100-year-old clubhouse. This place, with its 12-inch-thick walls and brick alleyways, is a story in itself. Located just a Harley's burnout away from where Geraldo Rivera was excavatin' for Capone's loot, it was originally a bank in the late 1800s. No doubt Bugs Moran, Machine Gun Kelly, Dillinger, and Capone had licked their bloodthirsty chops for the chance to lay down their variety of tommygun justice, but there is no record of its being hit. Good karma?

Whatever, the building is in good



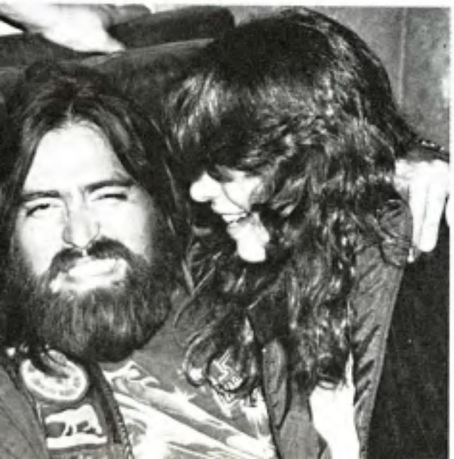












hands and is contributing to the betterment of biking. Dig it: A thousand bikers from all walks of life, a neighborhood that is otherwise neglected by the powers that be, and a club that is continually badgered (like many others), which succeeds in bringin' 'em all together with a fun-raiser. Showin' all how to party in the big city, without the hassle of mosquitos — and with plenty of concrete, to boot.

Grease Lightnin' thanks all for the support and participation that made it all happen without one problem.

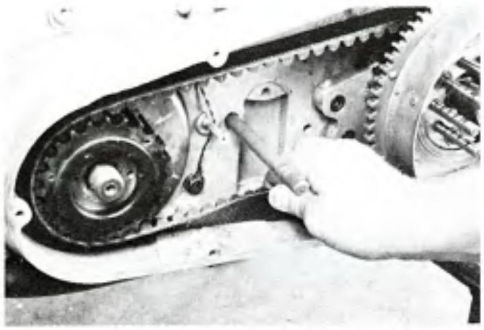
—Bomber

Photos by Billy Tinney, Jingles, and Honest Michael



Get 'em Straight and Make 'em Last

By Joe Minton



Any right-thinking wrench would swear that a belt that was loose enough to twist like this was way too loose. Not so. This is the way it should be. An inch of free play when cold and half that when hot.



Engines that are out of line with their transmissions eat belts and chains. It happens more often than you might think. Whether you run a belt or chain, you should align the engine and transmission shafts to ensure long primary-drive life. The piece of glass shown here lying across the sprocket shaft and clutch hub is used to check the shafts' alignment.

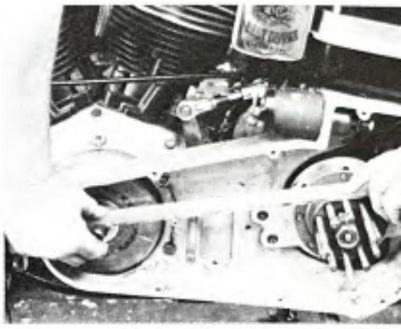


Plate glass is very flat and rigid. It makes an excellent alignment tool. The trick is to hold one end square against the sprocket shaft while you push on one side and then the other of the glass lying against the clutch hub. If the shafts are out of vertical alignment, the glass will move when you push on it. This method is sensitive and easy to do.

Belts work. If anyone doubted that, Harley has firmly put the issue to rest, at least as far as final drives are concerned. When H-D introduced their rear belt drive, they said that the belt would last at least 20,000 miles. In time they said 40,000, and then 60,000. Now Harley won't put an upper limit on the life of the belt. I have seen a couple with more than 100,000 miles on them — and they looked every bit as good as my FXRT's with 16,000.

Primary-drive belt drives do not have the sterling reputation enjoyed by Harley's rear belt drive. Some riders have been stranded when their front-drive belts broke; others have had to replace the belts more often than they feel is right. All that can be fixed. Belts work. That is, when they have been set up correctly and given a little attention from time to time.

Belts are fragile. Belts are tough. You can cut one in half with a knife; can't do that to a chain. You can lay the heel of your boot on one while it's running and the damned thing will eventually break; a chain would eat your boot. You can destroy one in a dozen miles if the sprockets are badly misaligned; a chain might go a thousand or so before it would break under the same conditions. When a belt is running on sprockets that are straight and true, it will last longer than any chain, longer than you are ever likely to care about. It will also run quiet. You'll never know just how much noise the quietest chain set-up makes until you run a belt. Belts don't need any lubrication; all you have to do is keep them clean. A belt, front or rear, can have more strength than the traction any tire can deliver, including drag slicks.

Belt drives are smooth. Harleys, in recent years, have had no shock-absorbing mechanisms anywhere in the drive line. That has made them very sensitive to primary and final drive chain adjustment. If both chains are loose, the bike will jerk and snatch at low rpm and will deliver big jolts when ridden over bumps while under power. Belt drives have some built-in give, and do much to smooth the ride and power delivery of a Hog. Part of the smoothness of the Evolution bikes is the belt rear drive. You oughta ride one with two belts! The smoothness of belts really shows, though, on light custom bikes, even more so if they are built on rigid frames.

A couple of paragraphs back I mentioned that primary belt drives do not have the reputation that Harley's or Super-Max's final belt drives have. That is mostly due to improper set-up. While you can get belt drives that run in an oil bath primary (Sportster), it isn't a good idea. No belt currently available should be run in oil, let alone hot oil. The oil will attack the belt and eventually destroy it. The strongest of the belts is the Gates Polychain, which is mostly polyurethane and Kevlar. Only Harley and Super-Max have this belt. Other drives mostly use Uniroyal rubber belts that simply are not as strong or as durable as the Polychain. That doesn't mean that the others aren't good enough or won't last — they are and they will. The key is set-up.

SET-UP:

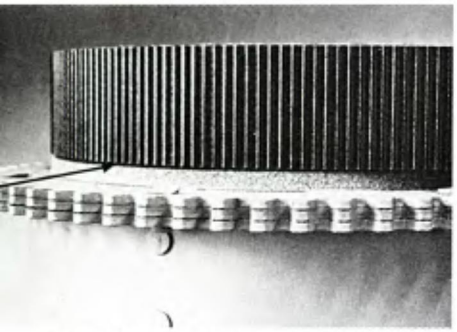
Primary belt drive set-up is basically simple: the engine and transmission shafts must be pointing in the same direction. They must be parallel. If the shafts are running parallel, the belt will run square with the teeth of the sprockets, will not rub against the clutch hub, and will last and last and last. Set-up consists of checking the shafts for true and adjusting them if they are not.

HOW TO:

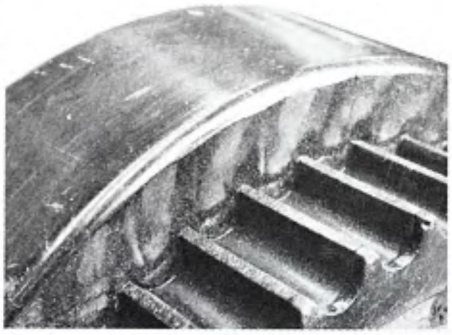
The first thing you need to do is get a piece of quarter-inch-thick plate glass cut at your local glass shop. It should be close to 1.5-in. wide and 18-in. long. This will be used to check the vertical squareness of the engine and transmission shafts. Plate glass is very flat and very straight and is perfect for this purpose.

There are three adjustments you might (or might not) have to make: vertical alignment of the shafts, belt tension, and horizontal alignment of the shafts. It might be a couple of hours' work to get everything right, but the reward will be a virtual lifetime of belt drive reliability.

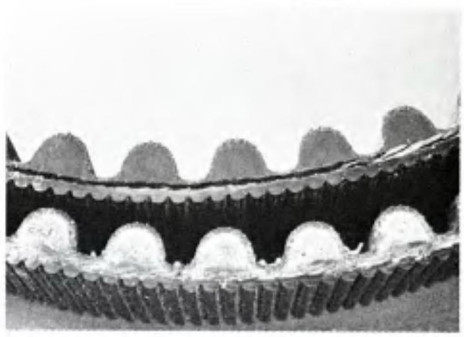
Tech Tip



Check the gap between the belt and clutch housing (see arrow) with a feeler gauge. It should be even all the way around. If it isn't, the engine and transmission shafts have toe-in or toe-out and the tranny must be twisted on its mount until they are aligned. Under no conditions should the side of the belt run against the clutch.



The rub marks on this Super Max clutch hub are the result of shaft misalignment. You can yank a hundred horsepower through a belt, but you can't rub it wrong. The friction from rubbing such as this can cause the belt to fail. If you take the time on installation, you can almost forget the belt in the future.



These are the two edges of the same belt. One side was rubbing against its clutch hub. Heat from the friction caused the belt to de-laminate and allowed some of the Kevlar reinforcing strands to separate. Note the light color of the undamaged side. It was painted silver so that after running only a short time, the belt would show any rubbing through the loss of paint. A simple trick.

Photos by Joe Minion

First: Remove the primary assembly — all of it. Remove the O-ring, on late models, that goes between the engine and the primary. If the engine is a late one, there will be a step in the inner primary that the O-ring seats against; remove it. Slightly elongage the holes that surround the engine output shaft just enough to allow the inner primary to move back and forth the amount of the missing O-ring. This elongation and loosening up will allow enough movement of the tranny to adjust most belt installations; some may require further elongation of the tranny mounts, but not too often.

Second: Install the clutch hub without the bearings. Snug the clutch hub nut so the hub is seated on the shaft. Make sure that the engine shaft is free of burrs that could lead to a false reading. Lay the glass plate across the engine shaft and the inner race of the clutch. Hold the glass firmly against the engine shaft with one hand. (This can be tough with an early model tapered shaft.) At the clutch end, push down on the inner edge of the glass plate and then the outer edge. If the plate can be rocked — that is, if it does not lie flat across the surface of the clutch bearing — the transmission needs to be shimmed.

If there is clearance between the outside edge of the glass plate and the clutch hub, you will need to place shims under the left side of the tranny plate. Play between the inner edge of the glass plate and the hub calls for shims between the right side of the tranny plate and the frame.

The easy way to shim the tranny is to loosen its mounts and slide shim stock under them, snug the bolts, and check. Allow two thousandths for compression of the shim-pack: that is, after you have found out how much either side of the tranny has to be raised, add two thou for the compression that seems to take place when the whole thing is torqued. Be sure that any shims you make are large enough to fully support the tranny against the mounts on the frame.

Third: Assemble everything but the primary outer cover. If necessary, move the tranny fore or aft until the belt has one inch of vertical play or until you can twist it through 90 degrees (see photos). This will seem like way too much play, but it is right. When everything is fully warmed up (about 20 miles of riding), the belt will have about half an inch of vertical play.

Spray some silver or light paint on the belt's edges before assembly. This is purely an option, but it makes the next step easier. Run the engine (be careful of the moving parts). Kill the engine. If the engine runs backwards as it stops, start and stop it again. Run-back will screw up the test.

There should be no paint removed from either edge of the belt; the belt must not touch anything but the teeth. If the belt tends to run off toward the outside of the sprockets, the transmission shaft is pointing forward. If the belt runs off toward the inner primary cover, the tranny shaft is pointing to the rear. If the belt is running true, it will be the same distance from the clutch outer all the way around. You can use a feeler gauge to measure this belt/clutch clearance.

You should be able to twist the tranny on its mounts enough to get the sprockets aligned. If not, you may have to elongate the tranny mount holes. The belt is okay as long as it does not run off the edge of the engine pulley. Should the belt run off, shim the engine pulley to move it under the belt.

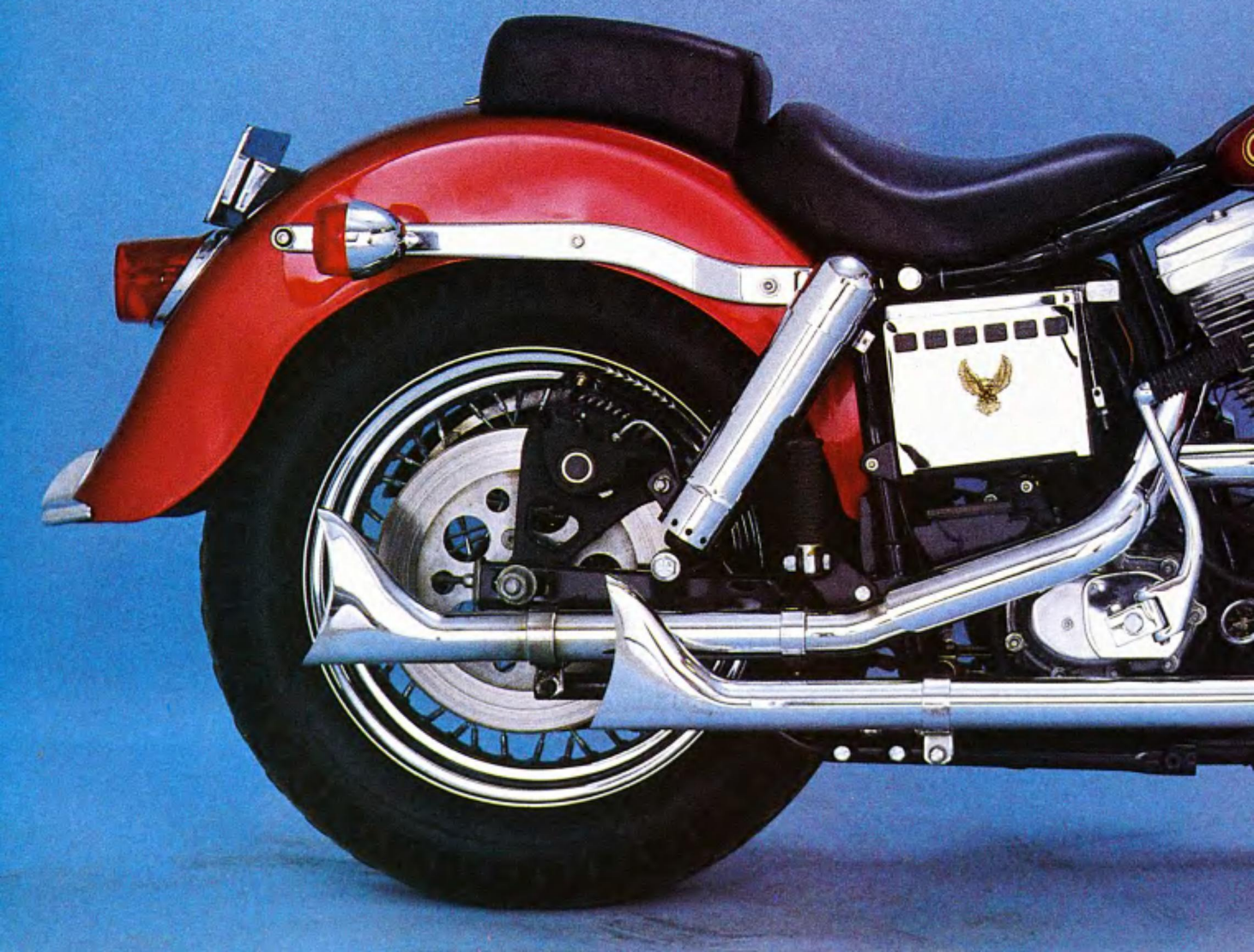
When the belt runs true, take a ride. Check the belt and pulleys after the first five miles and again at 20 miles. During the first 200 miles, there will be some dust from the belt's break-in. If wear-dust continues to accumulate, recheck the alignment of the shafts.

Regular maintenance consists of checking nuts and bolts and keeping the belt and sprockets clean. When set up according to this procedure, your belt should last the life of the bike. Period.

I want to thank Phil Ross of Super-Max Products, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248 (213) 516-0500, for sharing his set-up procedures with all of us. Also, Ross reminded me, what has been said here about aligning belt primary drives also goes for chain primary drives. ■

RIDIN' RANDY

We haven't been able to locate him since we photographed his bike, but maybe that's because he keeps moving faster than the eye can see.



Probably you think that we just get together in one of our famous smoke-and-juice sessions, blab some profanities at a computer, and come up with a rag each and every month. Nothin' could be further from the truth. There's actual method behind all our madness, even if ya do have to be at least as crazy as we are to recognize it.

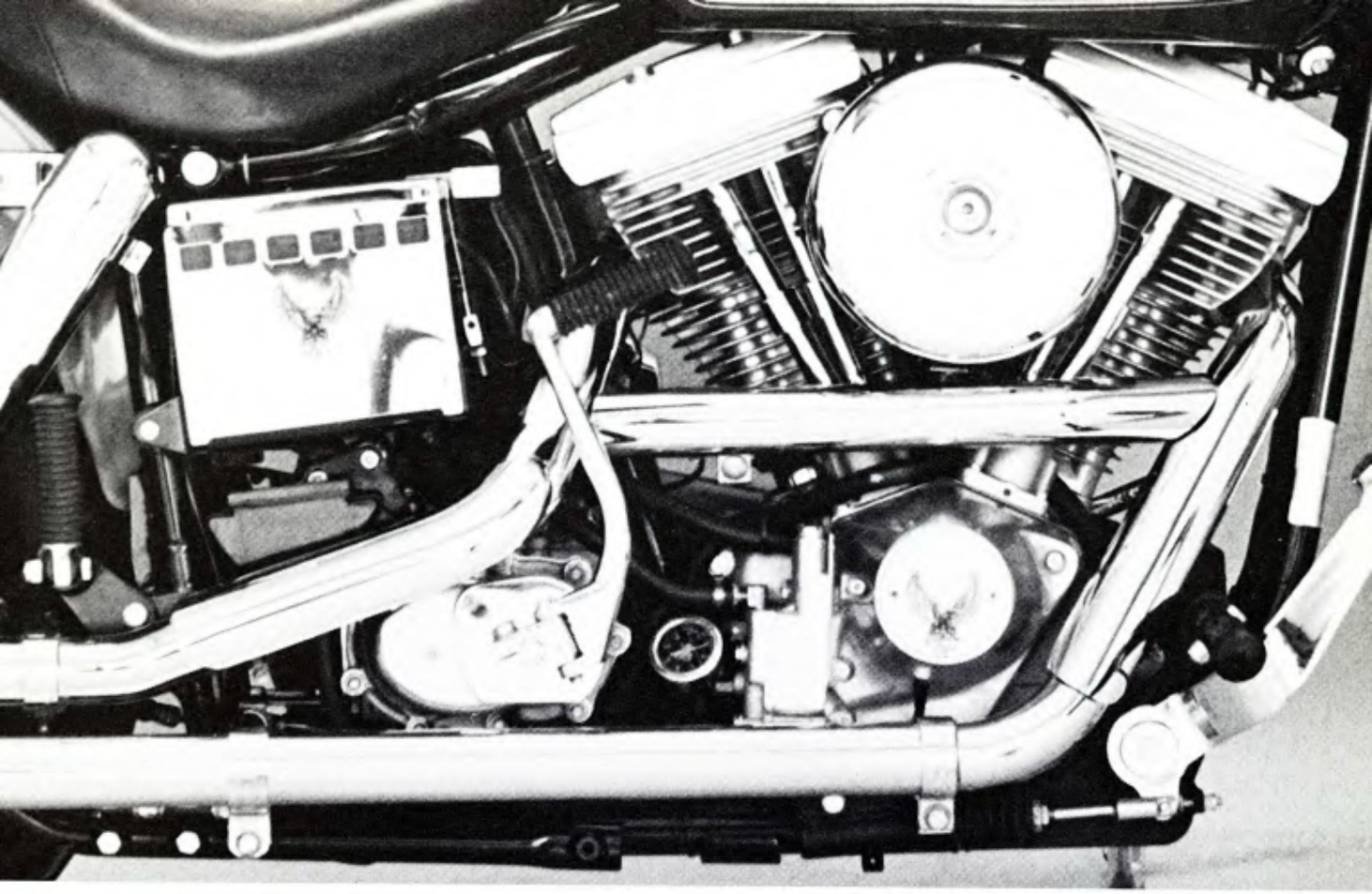
Take these bike features for example. First, we bring the bikes to the studio and photograph 'em while the owner fills in the bike chart. Then we develop the film and pick the shots that are going to be used and all that shit. Usually it's a couple of months before all this happens. Somewhere along the line somebody calls up the owner to get the latest hot news to put in the space I'm fillin' up now.

The questions we ask are tough and to-the-bone, questions like ya hear on "60 Minutes." The sort of stuff that only highly paid, skilled journalists with an instinct for the jugular can come up with. Hardball questions such as: How's it running? Made any changes since we took the pictures? Are you working on another bike yet? When did you first start riding Harleys? In other words, we ask real killer questions.



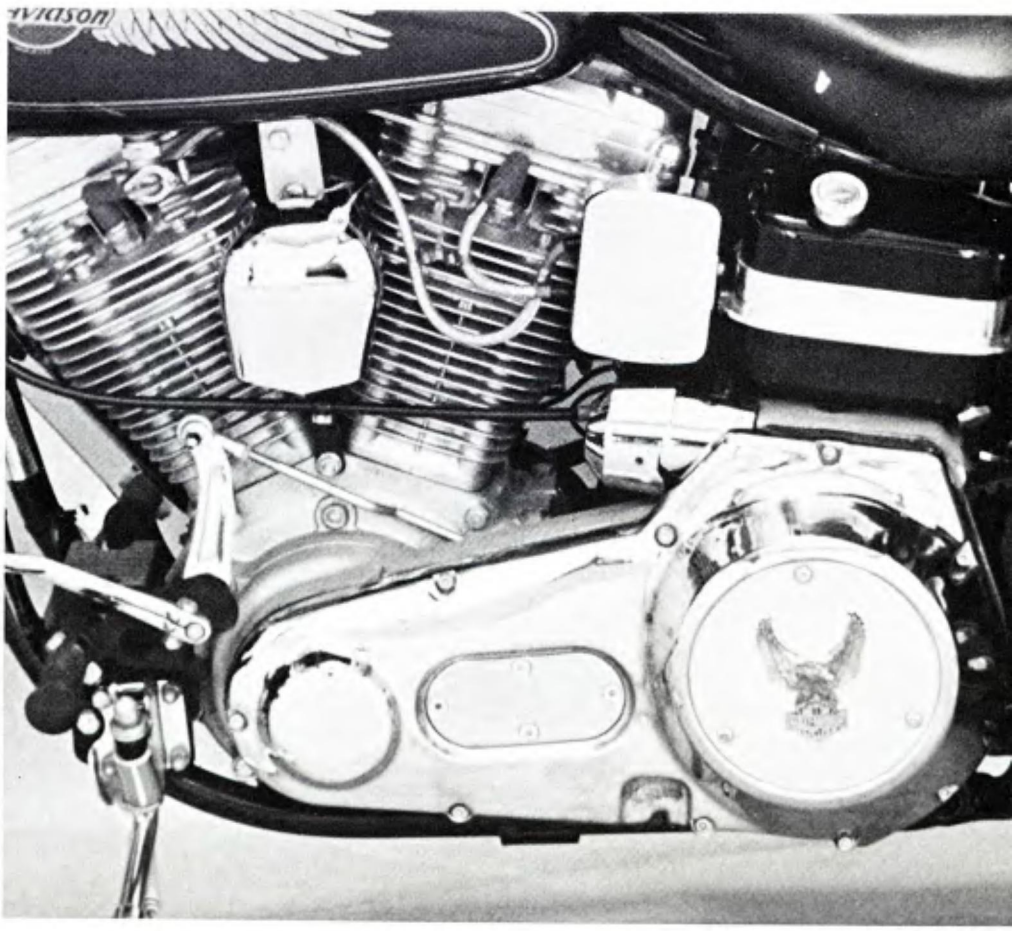






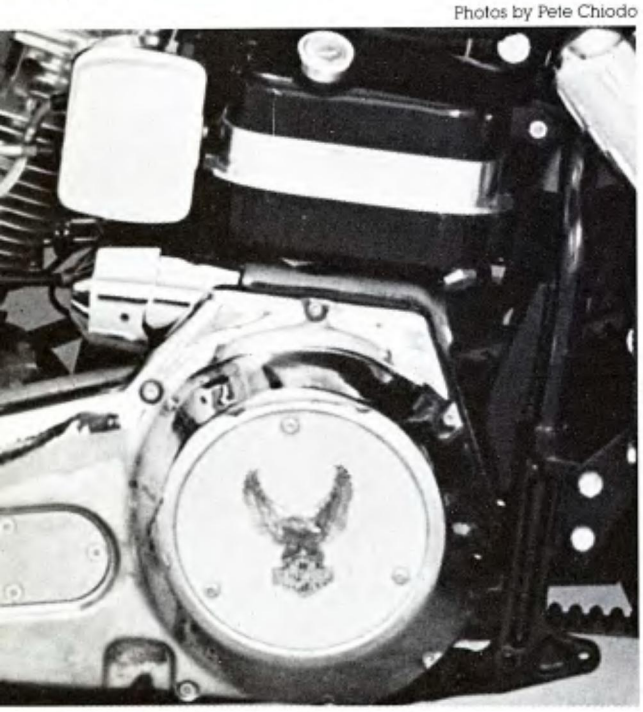






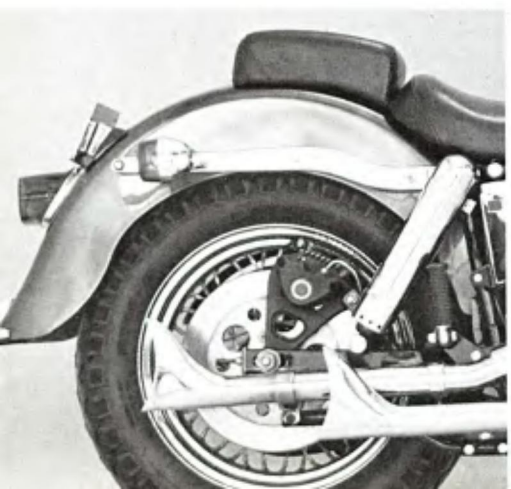


Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Randy Cyrus	**City:** Reseda, Calif.
General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1985
Year and make: 1985 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: FXWG	Type: swingarm
Value: enough	Rake: stock
Assembly by: Geff	Stretch: none
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: none
Chroming by: Van Nuys Chrome	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: comfortable
Year: 1985	Risers: pull back
Model: blockhead	Fender(s): FLHS
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: FLHS
Ignition: Screamin' Eagle	Taillight: FLHS
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: stock
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: stock
Pistons: two	Electrics: 12-volt
Cases: legal	Gas tank: 5 gal.
Heads: H-D	Oil tank: H-D
Cam(s): Screamin' Eagle	Oil system: cooler
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: chrome
Carb(s): H-D	Seat: H-D
Air cleaner: H-D	Sissybar: fender struts
Pipes: fish fins	Height: tapered
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel
Transmission	**Forks**
Modifications: none	Type: FXWG
Year: 1985	Extension: 4 in. under stock
Shifting: left foot	Builder: owner
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: chrome
Trans sprocket: belt	**Wheels**
Wheel sprocket: belt	**Front** / **Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in. / Size: 16 in.
Molding: none	Hub: chrome / Hub: strong
Painter: Rick Grindel	Rim width: 2½ in. / Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: Candy Red	Tire: Dunlop / Tire: Dunlop
Type: H-D	Brake: disc / Brake: disc
Special paint: none	

Other special modifications: Low and loud



The only problem is, we haven't been able to get hold of Randy Cyrus, owner of this flashin' red blockhead, to subject him to our interrogation. We've been trying for more than a month, but no one answers his phone. Our telegrams get returned. The naked hardbelly we posted on his porch failed to lure anyone out of the house. The sound of 30 scooters roaring back and forth in front of his house didn't even bring a face to the window.

Quite frankly, we don't know what the hell is goin' on. Wrench says that Randy probably never has time to get home no more, since he got his bike up and running. Ride around lookin' for a red streak an' you'll find him, Wrench says.

Me, I ain't quite so sure. I think Randy's just gone to ground 'cause he couldn't face up to the cutting cross-examination we wanted to put him through. So if yer out there hidin' somewhere, Randy, it's okay, you can pack your grip and head on home. Come out, come out, Randy, it's safe. The story's all over. —Trampo

Easynews

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

Columnist denies wishing bikers dead

Baltimore Sun's Simon doctors quote to coverup 'callous' remark

"I am against all motorcycle helmet laws. Fewer helmets mean fewer surviving motorcyclists."
— Roger Simon, Baltimore *Sun*, Aug. 3, 1986

"What did I do . . . I expressed my belief that if motorcyclists refuse to wear helmets, there will be fewer motorcyclists around."
— Roger Simon, Baltimore *Sun*, Oct. 22, 1986

Roger, Roger, Roger, whatever are we going to do with you? Whatever happened to journalistic ethics, Roger? What ever happened to that "standard of accountability" that you ink-stained wretches are so quick to hold other public figures to? You are a public figure, Roger, whether you realize it or not. You, Roger are , right up there in the public eye with the Son of Sam, the Nightstalker, and all the other social misfits who get their jollies wishing harm upon their fellow men.

Answer truthfully — if you know the meaning of the word — Roger, did you really expect to pull the cover-up off? I mean, maybe Reg Murphy is dumb enough to swallow that "I expressed my belief" line, but hardly anybody else is. Some people, Roger, save newspapers, even ones as vile as the *Sun*. And what you said in your Aug. 3rd column was not what you claimed on Oct. 22nd. What you *really* said on Aug. 3rd was that you wanted to see as many motorcyclists as possible killed, that you would be pleased if the freeway leading to your office in the *Sun* pit ran with bikers' blood as long as few survived.

"I am against all motorcycle helmet laws. Fewer helmets mean fewer surviving motorcyclists."

Your words, Roger. And you have a God-given and constitutionally protected right to say them. A lot of us are probably glad that video display screens have replaced typewriters because it means more newspaper columnists will get cancer. In other words, it's our right to wish you dead and vice versa. The question is, why the October 22nd cop out?

And before you protest that you didn't really cop-out, Roger, re-read the paragraph that comes after the "I expressed my belief that if motorcyclists refuse to wear helmets, there'll be fewer motorcyclists around" line.

That paragraph says this: "I thought this was a simple fact. If you take two cyclists, one with a helmet and one without, and they each get up to 45mph and hit a solid object like a wall or a truck, which one is going to survive? Which is going to be paralyzed? Or have his brain turned to mush?"

Blowin' smoke, Roger baby, blowin' smoke. The "simple fact," to use your artfully crafted phrase (your prose really sings, Rog, really, sorta like a cat in heat), is that you said you hoped motorcyclists would be killed. That's simple, that's direct, and if that's really what you feel in what passes for your heart, why don't you be a man and stand by it? "I wish all motorcyclists would get run over and die." Why don't you put that in your column, Roger? Just those ten words. Do you think Woodward and Bernstein would have put their *jobs* ahead of their principles. (I agree with you, Roger. I think they damn sure would have too. The world really is mighty low on courage these days.)

Another thing, Roger. You write that someone was killed during the 1986 Baltimore Toy Run — the first such incident in the six-year history of this fine event — and you imply that such things only happen where bikers gather. Wrongo, wrongo, Roger. Disneyland recently settled a suit brought by the parents of an 18-year-old *stabbed to death* in the Magic Kingdom. Detroit's baseball fans *maimed* people to celebrate a Series win. You say the unfortunate death at the Toy Run gave the city a black eye and "scared tourists." How about that Baltimore cop charged with shooting a bike rider in the back a year or two ago, Roger? Did he frighten tourists?. "Can you imagine," you write, "what Baltimore taxpayers are going to have to spend for police protection at next year's motorcycle event?"

Quite frankly, Roger, that's one subject I wish you hadn't brought up. You see, the idea that motorcyclists somehow cost their fellow taxpayers more money than other average Janes and Joes is something we're getting a bit sick of.

Why, you probably won't believe this, Roger, but some people have even twisted our anti-helmet law slogan "Let Those Who Ride Decide" into "Let Those Who Pay Have Their Say." Which, I admit, is great propaganda but terrible logic.

Sure, if an injured biker with a busted head winds up in a public hospital, it costs taxpayers something. It also costs taxpayers something when a cigarette smoker with busted lungs winds up in the same hospital. Roger, why don't I hear you saying "Let the non-smokers decide?"

Probably a big toy run like the one in Baltimore does cost the city a few bucks in police overtime. How much police overtime was required the last time the Orioles won the World Series, Roger? Did the cops work free for Old Glory and Earl Weaver? Why not let those who play chess decide?

When two people get involved in a messy divorce that drags and drags through the courts, who picks up the judge's salary, the bond interest on the courthouse, the baliff's pay? Should the happily marrieds decide?

If I buy a subscription to the Baltimore *Sun* and my check bounces, who pays the cop who comes to arrest me? The district attorney who prosecutes me? Who buys the food and clothes I get in jail? The Baltimore *Sun*? Not on your word processor, Roger. The *taxpayers* subsidize the *Sun*'s collection efforts.

You see, Roger, a democratic country has different costs of doing business than a dictatorship. Whether it is the cost of trying to rescue some newsman careless enough to get kidnapped (check with your boss about that one), or trying to save the life of a biker run down by a drunken driver, society, our *democratic* society, picks up almost up all the tabs. Because if we don't, if we ignore the bikers' tab while paying the smokers', or forget the urban poor while building more freeways for the suburban rich, we won't have a *democratic* society anymore.

Picking up those tabs is one of the prices we pay for freedom, Roger. Sort of like having to allow a little shit like you to disgrace the pages of a newspaper.

Have any comments on Roger Simon's views? Write to: Mr. Reg Murphy, Publisher, Baltimore Sun, 501 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, MD 21278.

Another good reason not to ride rice

Betio Island, in the Pacific Ocean, is one of what used to be called the Gilbert Islands, a chain of islands which is now known as the independent nation of Kiribati. As they have throughout the Pacific — throughout the world, including the United States, actually — Japanese industrialists have been busily buying up property on Betio. So far, the Japanese have built two cold-storage plants on Betio and they're planning on building a third. Nothing unusual about that, nothing unusual except that 2,292 U.S. Marines and sailors died or were injured fighting the Japs on a Betio atoll named Tarawa during World War II. The third cold-storage plant, if the property's Nipponese masters get their way, will be built on the site of a long-standing monument to those American fighting men.

The sickening story was uncovered by Long Beach *Press-Telegram* writer Tom Hennessey. In a letter to the 2nd Marine Division Association, Hennessey told what happened next.

"Last year, while researching a series of articles on World War II in the Pacific, I visited a place well known to the 2nd Marine Division," Hennessey wrote. The atoll called Tarawa.

"On Betio Island, I saw a great monument to the Marines who fought and died there. It is a 25-foot pylon with a navigational light at the top, and as long as it stands, future generations who visit the place will know of the brave American men who took Tarawa at a terrible price in November 1943.

"However, months after that visit, I learned what many of you 2nd Division Association members already knew," Hennessey continued. "The monument may not stand much longer. Japanese business interests have built two cold-storage plants on the site, and now want to build a third. The monument is in their way, and to their discredit, they have not offered to pay the cost of moving it, estimated roughly to be about $5,000."

Hennessey noted that members of the association were trying to raise money to relocate the memorial, but said, "Back in 1943, the 2nd Division already had paid too high a price for the monument."

So Hennessey, with the association's permission and support, ran a column about the situation and asked for contributions to help move the monument. The citizens of Long Beach, a navy town if ever there was one, responded with opened pockets and more than $9,000 was donated to the 2nd Marine Division's Tarawa Monument Fund.

"As of this writing," Hennessey reported in his letter to the association, "negotiations are under way with government officials on Tarawa regarding the relocation of the monument. Some of you have expressed thanks to the *Press-Telegram* and myself. Please don't. The thanks is all ours — and long overdue."

Amen to that. Ride and buy American.

'Safercycle' flunks its first crash test

"My definition of a safercycle is 'a street-legal two-wheel motorcycle with convenient rider crash protection. It will protect the rider when other vehicles hit the front, back, or sides of the safercycle.' I would like to see several safercycles built and crashed against locomotives and various other GM cages."
— Safercycle creator Tad Winiecki, in a letter to *Easyriders* #156.

Guess what, guys and gals? Tad's wish has come true. The BMW-based so-called safercycle he's been hammering away at for over 12 years was recently put through its first crash test, though not precisely at the time and place its designer might have chosen. Come to think of it, Tad's probably not too happy about the results of the test, either, for that matter.

The crash occurred when a mechanic for Fritz Cycles in San Diego, where the BMW-based safercycle is serviced, was out on a test ride. A spokesman for Fritz tells what happened next.

"For some reason we don't know, one of the doors (doors not pictured) came open," he said. "It went out of control, started spinning, and crashed into the back of a parked car."

Damage to the safercycle was described as "minimal." Damage to the rider was more severe and included a broken shoulder and other traumatic injuries.



Texas officials give dead bro no slack

Hundreds of people, most of them non-bikers, recently signed a petition protesting the way officials in Wichita Falls, Texas, handled the case of a biker run down by a speeding pickup truck while he was sitting on his bike at a red stoplight.

Among other indignities, the officials ordered up a blood alcohol test on the dead rider's corpse (he came out clean) even though he was obeying the law and not in motion at the time the truck rammed him from behind at an estimated 78mph. According to officers on the scene they couldn't see any reason to perform a sobriety test on the pickup driver (despite witnesses' statements that he made no attempt to slow down until after hitting the scooter), so they just didn't bother to give him one.

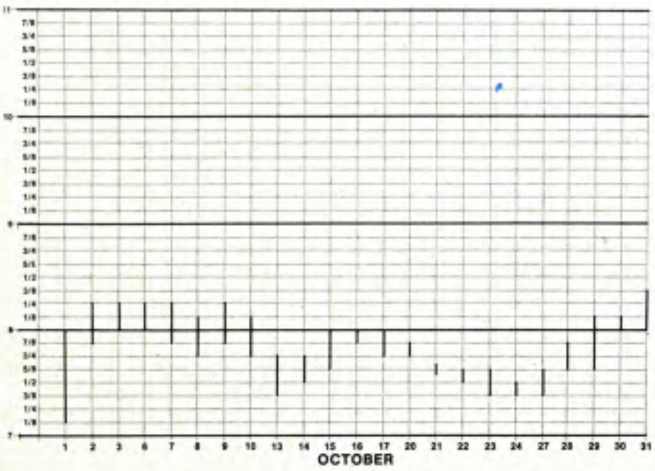
In addition, prosecutors only charged the pickup driver with one misdemeanor count of criminally negligent homicide and released him on $200 bond — despite the fact that he was, according to the police's own reports, speeding (78mph in a 35mph zone), and driving without a license or insurance (both of which are violations of Texas law).

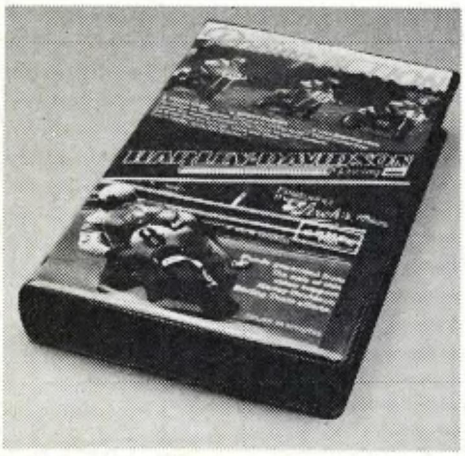
According to a police spokesman, the pickup driver was charged with the misdemeanor negligence instead of felony involuntary manslaughter because it couldn't be proven that he had been driving in a "reckless" or impaired state.

"If this man was not impaired, why did it take him 226 feet to stop?" Royce Horton, brother of the victim, 31-year-old Reese Horton, said. "If somebody runs somebody down and they admit they were driving the car, what more do you need? They write laws in such funny ways that regular people can't read them."

According to the police records, Reese Horton was dragged more than 300 feet.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS





Singers all make videos, and wrestlers make videos, football teams make videos, finally, Harley-Davidson has gotten into the act with its first video — a 90-minute tribute to the company's racing heritage.

The tape includes a brief overview of H-D's racing history, interviews with and commentary by top riders, and action footage from recent competitions.

Each Harley-Davidson team rider, as well as many of their competitors, are featured, giving the viewer a chance to see their different personalities and riding techniques. Scott Parker, Jay Springsteen and Chris Carr all provide interesting insight into the nuances of dirt-track racing, giving the viewer behind-the-scenes information and color.

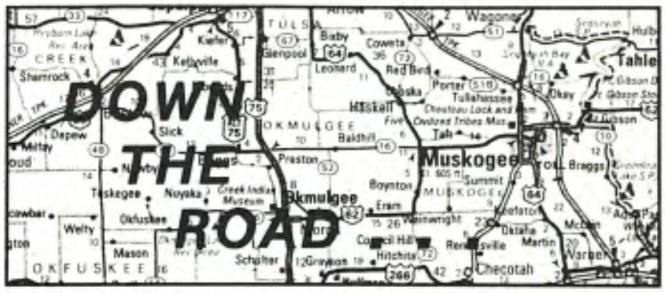
Commentary by such experts as Mike Kidd and Mert Lawwill helps the viewer understand some of the complex aspects of racing, such as the importance of the mile's groove, adapting bikes to different surfaces, and the critical elements of racing strategy, tactics and psychology.

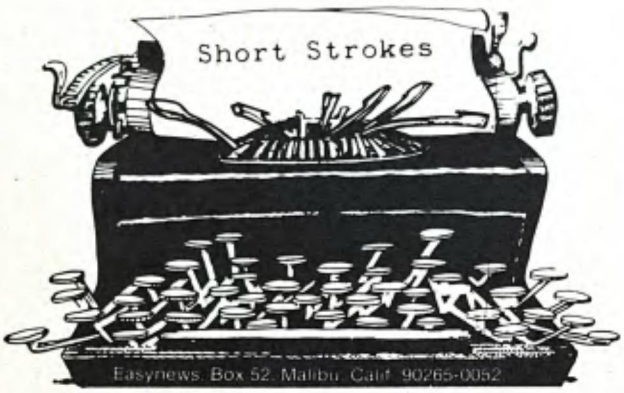
An example of the racing action is a dramatic scene from the Syracuse 25-mile National, where five riders swapped the lead, drafting each other and riding three abreast in the turns. On the front straight, Harley Team rider Scott Parker tries to "slingshot" the leader on the outside and almost hits the wall at 130mph.

In addition to the dirt-track action, the tape also features road racer Gene Church talking about what it's like to ride Lucifer's Hammer, and highlights Harley's three consecutive Battle of the Twins championship titles.

Price of the video is $39.95 at Harley dealers, or by mail from: H-D Racing Video, Box 453, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Specify whether you want the VHS or the Beta format tape.

While Harley-Davidson hasn't yet announced whether or not this is intended to be the first in a series of motorcycling videos, it seems likely that if the public demand is great enough, others will be forthcoming.


DOWN
THE
ROAD
Muskogee
Tahlequah
Checotah
Okmulgee
Wagoner
Sapulpa
Bixby
Coweta
Leonard
Haskell
Preston
Boynton
Braggs
Porter
Taft
Baldhill
Slick
Depew
Teskega
Nuyaka
Oktuskee
Welty
Mason
Schulter
Hitchita
Grayson
Summit
Oktaha
Martin
Warner
Oktaha
Rentiesville
Council Hill
Red Bird
Okay
Gibson Dam
Gibson Station
Webbers Falls
Hulbert
Keystone Lake S.P.
Arrowhead Mountain
Lake S.P.
Arrowhead
Mountain
Muskogee
Turkey Ford
Lake S.P.
Fort Gibson
Lake S.P.
Fort Gibson
Dam
Fort Gibson
Dam
Fort Gibson
Dam



Do you know this sister? She's in her early 20s and has two tattoos, a red rose with a green stem over a winged shield with the word "psycho" on it on her right shoulder, and a star inside a crescent on her left arm. She was on a bike run down by a cage in Olympia, Washington, in October, and has been in a coma ever since. If you know this chick or her people, get in touch with St. Peter's Hospital in Olympia, Washington. . . . **A 75-year-old man** in Abingdon, Virginia, has been fined $50 for running down and killing a biker and his ol' lady. A federal court there ruled that the cager had been a bit "careless" when he ran into the bike while he was driving down the wrong side of the street . . . **They're tough on crime** in Albany, N.Y., too. Judge John G. Turner, Jr., told the relatives of two young bike-riding victims of a drunken cager that he had "sympathy and understanding for your pain, your sorrow, your loss." He then wrist-slapped the 67-year-old woman responsible for that pain, sorrow, and loss by sentencing her to do some community service work. Turner's real attitude toward killing motorcycle people may be best understood by noting that he kept calling the tragedy an "event."

Want to learn how to ride a bike from the same people who teach the cops? Here's your chance. The Motorcycle Training Center of Southern California, which provides motorcycle-riding instruction to the California Highway Patrol, is now offering both basic and advanced courses to the public. For more info, write MTC, Box 83006, Los Angeles, CA 90045 . . . **A Detroit vice squad** officer has been charged with manslaughter in the death of a Detroit biker. According to the complaint, the cop "drove west of center and collided with (an oncoming) motorcycle. The prosecution hopes to prove the defendant had been drinking prior to the crash.

Whatever the rest of us do, ABATE of Indiana seems to do bigger and better. In 1986 those Hoosier Harley freaks raised — are you ready for this — $42,160.34 for the MDA. In case you have trouble reading big numbers, that's forty-two thou, folks . . . **And finally:** The 17-year-old kid was riding his bike in Bloomington, Utah, when he was cut off by a car and knocked 12 feet up in the air, breaking his wrist and shoulder upon hitting the ground. The local newspaper described it like this: "the *unhelmeted* biker flew through the air and onto hard pavement." We've always said helmets were heavy pieces of shit, but we didn't think they were so heavy they would keep you from getting airborne if you were hit by a car. The reaction of the local cops was even more bizarre. Cage drivers "are not going to see" motorcycle riders, Officer Craig Harding said, adding that if bikers would "drive the limit and stop *monkeying around* on their bikes, there will be *no* accidents." Christ, wonder what he would have said if the crash had been the biker's fault instead of the cager's.

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

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

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H.D. 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson

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

CALIFORNIA
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 232 W. Olive, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Dexter Enterprises 2291 Business Way, Riverside
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Beck's Chopper Design & Fabrication 1292 E. 3rd, Pomona

COLORADO
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
MC Trading Post 200 N. Commercial, Trinidad

CONNECTICUT
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market, Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle
Reapers MC Accessories 38 School St., Houston

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

GEORGIA
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Last Chance Cycles 474 E. Dougherty St., Athens

HAWAII
Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua

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

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Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie

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

KANSAS
Newton Cycle Shop & Leather 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
For Bikers Only 911 N. Washington, Junction City
Rebel's MC Parts & Acc. 1511 Central Ave., Kansas City

KENTUCKY
Pappy's Custom Cycles Box 425 Collins Hwy., Pikeville

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

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

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

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

MISSISSIPPI
Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

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

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Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA
Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dove
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Black Baron Hammonton Airport, Hammonton
Charley's Harley-Davidson 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover

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

NEW YORK
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Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
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Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Zack's V-Twin Cycles Overlook Rd., Poughkeepsie
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H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Stray Dog Cycle Engineering 527 Halstead Ave., Mamaroneck
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
Genuine Cycle Service 2946 Niagara Falls Blvd., N. Tonawanda

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Pruett Enterprises Cycle Supplies 527 Inglewood Ave., Lumberton

NORTH DAKOTA
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
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Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
CJ's Scooter Shak 399 W. Chestnut St., Washington
Hawg Jowls Rt. 222, Maiden Creek
Spirit Harley-Davidson 1023 William Flynn Hwy., Glenshaw
Schoch's Inc. RD 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg

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American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
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Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Mountain Cycle Box 922 Rt. 11 No., Verona

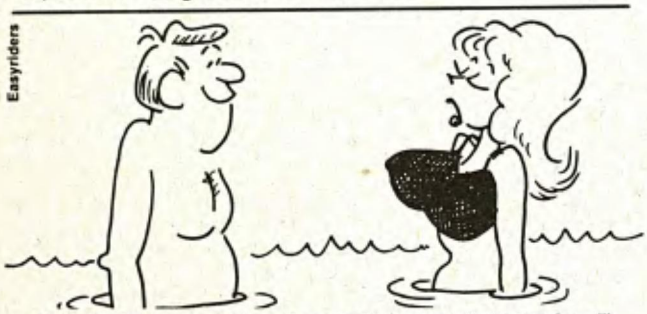
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74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
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Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond
The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior
Total Performance Engineering 1210 12th St., Hudson

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.



"You'll have to be quick — I can hold my breath just so long!"

Q: What kind of equipment do you need to repair a Jap bike?
A: A $35 repair manual and a wire coat hanger.

—Charlie
Baja, Oklahoma



"I think there's something wrong with me. I often find myself slowing down so the jockey will whip me more!"

It was a big party — at least 50 guests. Two bros were standing off to the side, just shootin' the shit. "You know," the one bro bragged, "the only women here I haven't fucked are my mother, my mother-in-law, my three sisters, and my two teenage daughters."

"Well," his buddy replied, "except for your daughters, you haven't missed a helluva lot."

—Winston White
Tillery, N.C.

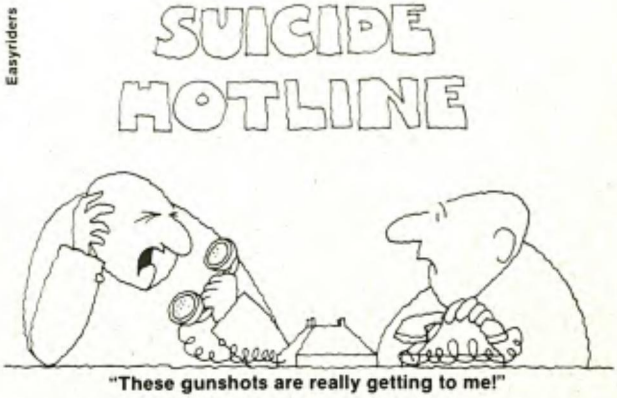
The high point of Stuffer's cross-country run came when he picked up a local teenybopper in a cute gingham dress. She said she'd never ridden on a motorcycle before. They went hard into the turns and jumped real high as they topped the little prairie hills, making her hold on real tight and causing her hands to drop lower and lower on his belly. Finally, Stuffer couldn't take the heat any longer, so he pulled off into the weeds and was soon rolling on top of the giggling cutie. He tried and tried to get it started, until with one hard thrust, he burst through and immediately reached his just reward. "Damn," he said. "If I'da known you were a virgin, I'da taken more time."

She looked real sad and then replied, "If I'da known we had more time, I'da taken off my pantyhose."

—Scott Bressette
Phoenix, Ariz.



"And whom the hell shall I say is calling?"



"These gunshots are really getting to me!"

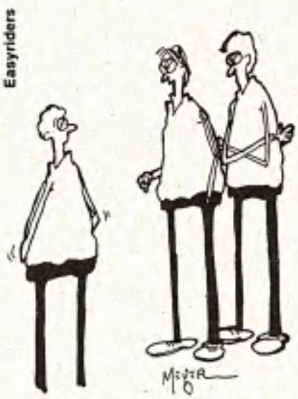
The biker's ol' lady went to the drugstore and started browsing around. "May I help you?" her friend the druggist asked.

"Yeah, I need some Vaseline so I can make it with my ol' man tonight," she said.

"But why would you need Vaseline?" he asked. "You've had three kids!"

"What's why I need it," she replied. "We put it on our bedroom doorknob so they can't come in while we're screwing!"

—Sgt. Benito Ramirez
APO N.Y.



"Jeez, Arnold, when you said you were going to blow your wad we thought you meant money."

This dude and his ol' lady were moving to California by covered wagon when they were attacked by outlaws who took all they had. After they rode off, the ol' man was sitting on a stump, shaking his head sorrowfully, when his ol' lady came up and said, "Don't worry, all is not lost," and handed him a bag of gold, which she said she'd hidden in her pussy. At this, her ol' man burst into tears and said, "If only my first ol' lady had been here, I could have hidden the wagon and all!"

—Richard "Drifter" Slagle
Huntsville, Tex.

The bro and his ol' lady had been married for about 20 years, and sex just wasn't the turn-on it had been. So they went to a marriage counselor who told them to think back to a time in their marriage when they had been excited about sex, then try to relate it to something that had been popular then. They remembered that they had been happiest when the Beatles were popular — so the counselor told them to think of the Beatles when they were going to have sex.

Thinking to take the idea one better, the ol' lady went to the local tattoo shop and requested a portrait of Ringo Starr on the inside of one thigh and a portrait of Paul McCartney on the inside of the other. After he completed the job, the artist asked her what she thought of his work. But she was too fat to see her thighs, so the artist went to the doorway and looked for a volunteer. Spying a wino, the artist dragged him into the shop and over to his customer. Pointing to the fresh artwork, he asked, "Do you recognize those portraits?"

The wino took a minute to squint, then replied. "I can't say I recognize those two on the outside, but that dude in the middle is Willie Nelson."

—Pierre
Roswell, Ga.



"How did Susan like her first motorcycle ride?"

One sunny day Tarzan is swinging through the jungle when he suddenly notices a woman walking on the path below. He swings down that way, approaches her and says, "What name?"

"Jane," she replies.

"No," Tarzan continues, "what whole name?"

"Cunt."

—J. Frank
Louisville, Ky.

Two bros were in a bar, sucking up brews and talking about looks. Said the one, "I used to have a beard like yours. But when I saw how terrible it looked, I shaved it off."

"Yeah," his buddy replied. "Well, I used to have a face that looked like yours. But when I saw how terrible I looked, I grew a beard."

—Bear
Thorold, Ontario



". . .now give the maniac *Easyriders* magazine to look at, then suck on his crank for 20 minutes, tuck him for the night, and call back in the morning."

On a run through New England a bro stopped for gas in a tiny village. "What's this place called?" he asked the station attendant.

"All depends," the native drawled. "Do you mean by them that has to live in this sorry-assed, muthafuckin' wide spot in the road — or by them that's merely enjoying its quaint and picturesque rustic charms for a spell?"

—B.B.
T.D.C., Tex.

"Hey, wait'll ya hear this!" Nightrider exclaimed as he joined his bros at the bar. "Last night while I was out with you guys, a burglar broke into my house."

"He get anything?" they asked.

"Yeah. A broken jaw, six teeth knocked out, and a pair of crushed nuts. My ol' lady thought it was me comin' home drunk."

—Bill Junior
Oshkosh, Wis.



"You have your choice of a gold watch or a night with Miss Sparby."

The two bros were camping way up in the Northwest when they came across some kind of animal tracks that measured about two feet long and a foot wide. "Holy shit!" the one dude said. "These tracks must belong to Bigfoot!" Turning in terror to his bro, he stuttered, "Y-y-you follow these tracks and see where this thing went. I'll backtrack and find out where it came from."

—Charles R. Bell
Huntsville, Tex.

The biker's kid woke up in the middle of the night and had to use the bathroom. Upon entering, he surprised his old man in the process of putting a rubber on his obvious hardon. "Hey, Dad, what are you doing?" the kid asked.

"Oh, uh, well," the embarrassed father replied, "I'm ah, I'm gonna catch some mice."

The kid, wise for his years, asked, "Then what are you going to do — fuck 'em?

—Mister M.
Up North



"Herb and I always do it with the lights on, ever since I wasted twenty minutes one night licking the bedpost."

"No, Rex, no!" exclaimed the biker's ol' lady when he made a Saturday afternoon sexual advance. "I just had my hair done this morning!"

"You're as practical and as right as ever," agreed the biker. "There's no point in ruining a ten-dollar hairdo for a two-buck piece of ass."

—Wild Bill Pasquarelli
Somers, Conn.

A foxy young hooker named Gail, got busted and lodged in the jail. But the jailer got hot to be lodged in her twat; so Gail made bail with her tail.

—James Vaughan
Long Island City, NY



"Yep, this is truly a woman's world," sighed one bro to another. "When a man is born, people always ask, 'And how's the little mother?' When he gets married, they exclaim, 'What a lovely bride!" And then when he dies, they all ask, 'How much did he leave her?'"

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

Q: What's a good way to reduce crime?
A: Shut down all the donut shops.

—Scott Clark
Silverwood, Mich.

The biker's six-year-old son was bragging about how tough his dad was. "He's so tough he can eat lightbulbs," the kid boasted.

"How do you know that?" one of his buddies asked.

"Well," the kid explained, "last night I heard him tell my mom that if she'd turn off the light, he'd eat it."

—Mike Marifern
Kenosha, Wis.



"Hello? Room service? Send up a large box of sanitary pads."

How come men do all the thinkin' and women do all the bitchin' and complaining?

Because men have two heads and women have two sets of lips.

—David Coleman
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

On the first day of school, a new teacher was having problems with the three little boys in the front row. Finally losing her temper, the teacher walked over and slapped each little boy across the face, then took one step back and demanded that each boy give her a sentence using the word "evidently."

1st boy: "Evidently, you're the new teacher."

2nd boy: "Evidently, we'll have to behave."

3rd boy: "May I ask a question first?"

Teacher:: "Yes, you may."

"Are farts lumpy?"

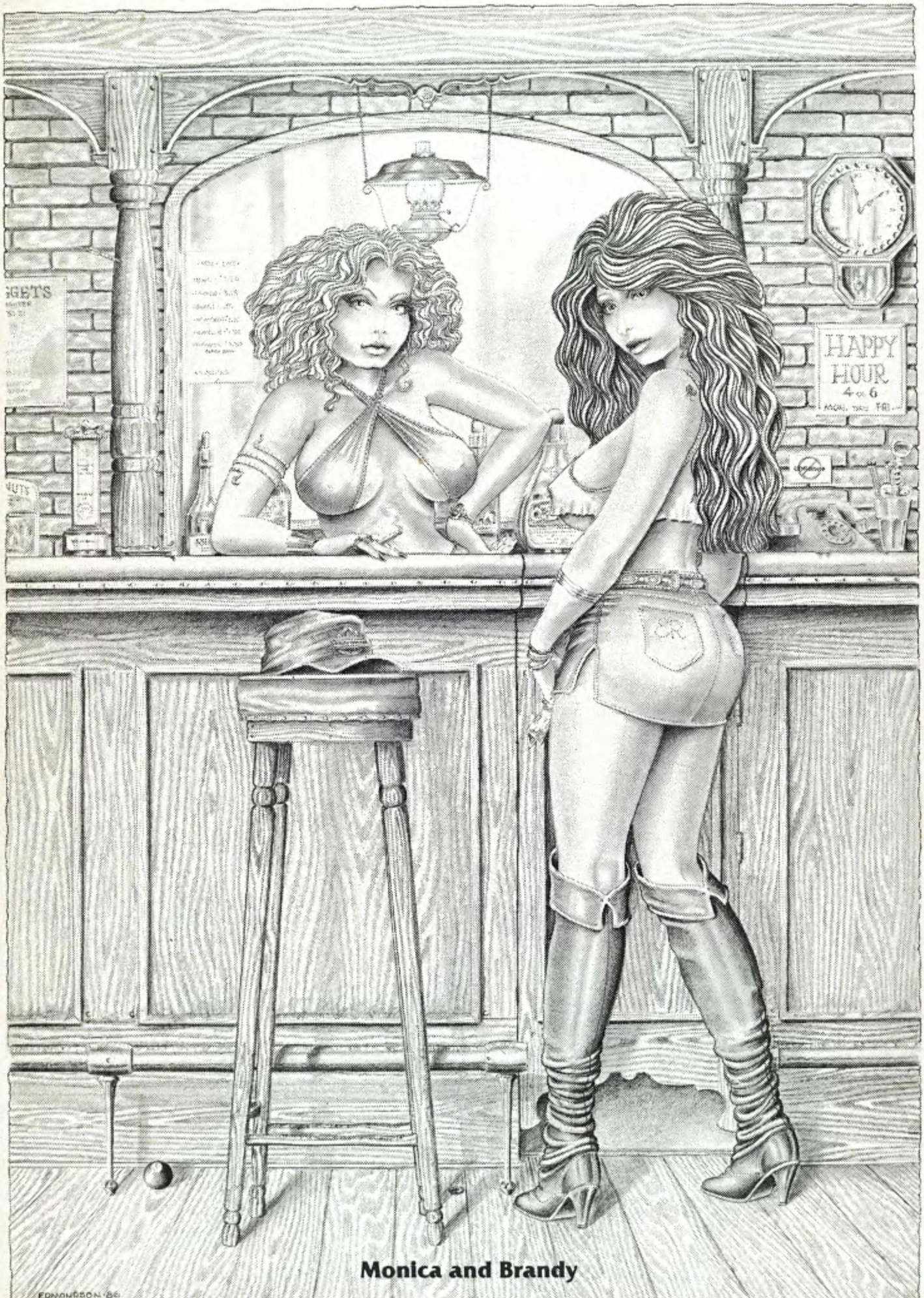
"No, they aren't."

"Then evidently, I just shit my pants."

—Mike
Norman, Okla.



"I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, are these the tits of a criminal?"



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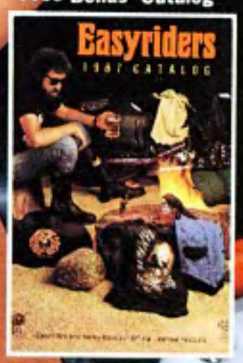
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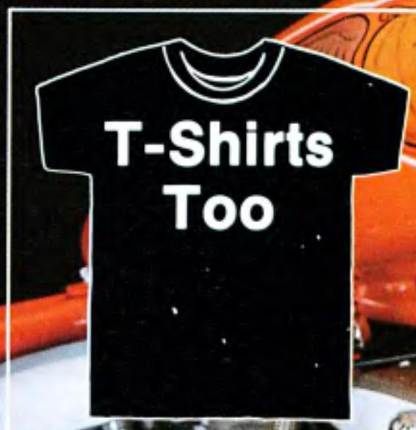
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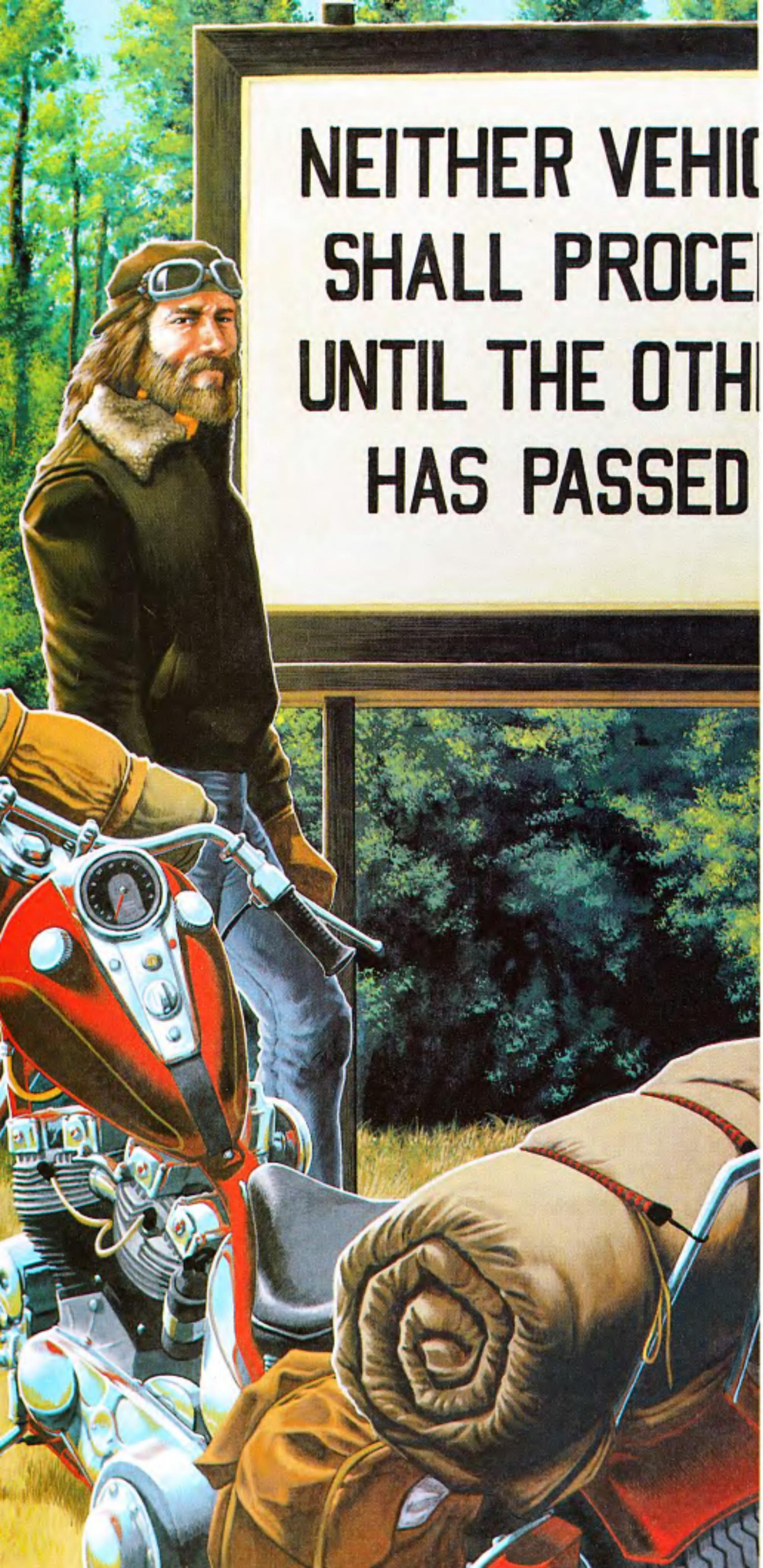
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Free Bonus Catalog







Flyin' low down the highways and byways, and tryin' to read road signs can be a real pain in the saddle.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

A big-game hunter once tracked a grizzly across half of Montana before losing its trail when it crossed a freeway. He searched the far side of the highway, naturally, but all he found was a road sign that said, "BEAR LEFT FOR CANADA." So the dipshit cased his rifle and went home empty-handed, 'cause he didn't have a Canadian bear license.

Okay, okay! Gimme some slack! I'll admit this old groaner is so moldy you couldn't even give it to a bag lady, but I don't give an aardvark's ass. I like it anyway, because it reminds me of the gourd-twisting, off-the-wall highway signs that we all have to duel with almost every day of the year.

One of the all-time classics sits alongside a four-way stop in upstate New Hampshire. With Solomon-like wisdom, it orders: "NEITHER VEHICLE SHALL PROCEED UNTIL THE OTHER HAS PASSED."

Equally absurd is the little gem I recently spotted in Arkansas: "RETURN TO PROPER LANE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE AFTER PASSING SLOWER VEHICLES." (All on one sign!) Seems to me that trying to read that eyeful at freeway speeds must be about six shitloads more dangerous than what the sign is designed to prevent. But let us not bitch. Maybe we should be happy that its author just writes half-assed signs for a living instead of writing equally half-assed laws.

And what about those flaky signs that are so popular in pissant villages all over the country — the ones that designate almost every backwoods cross-

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By Hoghead

road as a "MULTIPLE DEATH INTERSECTION"? What is this shit, anyway? Are the local yahoos just bragging that their three-dog town actually attracted enough traffic to produce a genuine collision? Or are they subtly encouraging us to snuff ourselves in big, orchestrated groups instead of one at a time? (God forbid that our epitaphs should read: "He did not work, play, and die well with others.") If all the Cletis-Joe-Bobs out there simply want to warn us that certain corners can get a little hairy at times, why the fuck don't they use nice, simple "CAUTION" signs instead?

The bureaucrats in Down Under-land really know how to express themselves when they label dangerous spots. According to "Road & Track", tiny Branston, Australia, sports a sign that reads: "DRIVE CAREFULLY. THIS TOWN HAS TWO CEMETERIES AND NO HOSPITAL."

Still, ya can't please everybody. The Rev. Warren B. Lovejoy probably wouldn't like Branston's signs any better than the one he's trying to remove from his home town. The preacherman got a bug up his cassock and accused the Orange, Massachusetts, city government of "acting in poor taste" when it placed a "DEAD END" sign along the approach to the local cemetery. Stefanus Francois Blom isn't exactly crazy about his city's signs, either. After downing a fifth of gin and a jug of brandy one night, Blom and two of his coworkers began sailing .38 slugs through "STOP" signs and traffic lights all over Johannesburg, South Africa. The trigger-happy trio was arrested, convicted, and fined, but the trial embarrassed the hell out of the law'n'order crowd — all three of the defendants were Johannesburg cops.

"The preacherman got a bug up his cassock and accused the city government of 'acting in poor taste' when it placed a 'DEAD END' sign along the approach to the local cemetery."

Meanwhile, back in Dover, Delaware, a dude named James McBride chose a less-violent way to give the finger to freedom-robbing signs. After being fined for ignoring posted speed limits, the professional tombstone carver chiseled a $30.50 personal check onto the top of a granite slab. The boulder was declared legally cashable, but the court clerk decided instead to pay McBride's fine out of her own pocket so she could keep his novel check as a "conversation piece." Even the judge was impressed. After examining the massive block of solid granite, Magistrate John Green observed: "You can be sure this is one check that won't bounce."

A Limey who ignored a "NO PARKING" sign drew an even more lenient, but far stranger, form of punishment. A legitimate-looking ticket on his windshield told him that he'd parked illegally, but then added: "No prosecution will follow this offense, but further infringements will cause this vehicle to be turned into a pumpkin." The London fuzz immediately disavowed all knowledge of this weirdness, and speculated that, "It must be the work of someone with a printing press and a broad touch of whimsy."

And then there was the San Francisco broad who got so pissed when some clown ignored a "PRIVATE PROPERTY" sign that she called in the heat to slap a $15 ticket on the shiny new cage that blocked her driveway. A few minutes later, her husband telephoned to say: "Happy birthday! Look in the driveway and you'll see the present I bought for you!"

Although most of Big Brother's roadside verbiage is a pure pain in the ass, I'd really like to have seen Ontario's infamous "x-rated" signs that warned of bumpy road ahead. Unfortunately, Provincial authorities declared the guideposts "so sexy as to constitute a driving hazard," and ordered them removed. The censors claimed that the pair of semicircles, which were intended to graphically represent rippled pavement, instead "looked like Brigitte Bardot lying on her back." The new replacements feature three semicircles — which probably makes them look like Brigitte with a spare tit.

Our Canadian cousins may be a little prudish about sexy road signs, but at least they have a sense of humor. They proved that about fifteen years ago

SIGNS

Continued

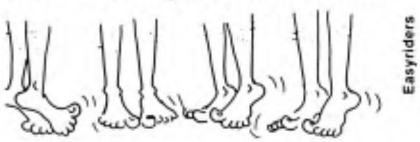


while experimenting with a short test-section of highway paved with chemically stabilized molasses byproducts. When newspaper reporters inquired about possible damage by insects, a Ministry of Transportation spokesman deadpanned: "No problem. We'll erect some tiny signs in bug language, warning the flies and ants that it's illegal to eat a public roadway."

The Czechoslovakian government, on the other hand, has no sense of humor at all. Nevertheless, they inadvertently created some heavy-duty fun and games in 1965. Unable to choose whether their country's traffic should roll on the right side of the road like in the U.S., or on the left like in England, the Czech government decided to road-test both systems. Unfortunately, the BB-stackers tested 'em both at the same time and on the same roads. (I shit you not, bro, they really did.) The whole country was soon plastered with signs that ordered: "TAXIS ARE TO DRIVE ON THE LEFT. ALL OTHER TRAFFIC WILL CONTINUE TO DRIVE ON THE RIGHT." The strange noises, you heard that summer just mighta been a fleet of Skoda taxicabs becoming hood ornaments on garbage trucks.

Most of the time, plain ol' directional signs make pretty boring reading. They generally don't do anything more than tell us we're 80 miles east of L.A., or 140 miles north of Boston, but a few of these muthas can be real mind-messers. I once scoped a Michigan Highway Dept. sign that informed me Hell lay 18 miles to my right. Needless to say, I hung a hard 90 and checked it out. Sure enough, I soon putted into beautiful downtown Hell. But it wasn't quite what I expected. There was no brimstone burning on Main Street; I never saw a rugrat who looked like Rosemary's baby; and the mayor's name wasn't even Satan. Nope, contrary to all the threats the Born Again bullshitters have been laying on us, Hell is just a sleepy little wide spot in the road, full of Middle American nose-pickers. Still, the trip wasn't a total waste. Next time some asshole tells me to go to Hell, I can honestly say I've been there — and back.

The sign that led me to Intercourse, Pa., was an entirely different story. With a name like that, it has to be one helluva swinging town, right? Big surprise! The locals are all Bible-thumpers who dress in 1820-style threads, drive around in horse-drawn buggies, and "thee" and "thou" ya to death. Since smoking, drinking, doping, jamming, cursing, gambling, and partying are all "thou-shalt-not's," I soon realized I wasn't gonna find much screwing in Intercourse.



Easyriders



"Do those guys always have to be hangin' around?"

About two years later, I flashed on a sign directing me to the ultimate bad trip — the friendly neighborhood leper's colony on Molokai, Hawaii. I'd like to claim I had balls enough to call the bluff, but the truth is that I split so fast I damn near floated the valves.

Utah didn't sound much better, the way it was promoted on a privately erected billboard at a gas station near the Arizona/Utah state line: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING GOD'S COUNTRY AND ENTERING MORMONLAND. SET YOUR WRISTWATCH BACK 1 HOUR AND YOUR CALENDAR BACK 200 YEARS."

A rustic cedar sign points the way to the outhouses at a campground beside the Alaskan Highway. To motivate campers to take the 50-yard hike, the sign says: "BEARS SHIT IN THE WOODS, BUT WE SURE HOPE YOU WON'T."

Of course, no collection could ever be complete without the famous neon sign that once adorned the Cock-A-Doodle Bar on Nevada's Whorehouse Flat: "TREAT YOURSELF TO A TRICK!"

A simple "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS" sign at another bar/grill/gas station/cathouse near Winnemucca, Nevada, was also good for a chuckle. A grizzled old desert rat in an ancient Dodge pickup watched me pry a Coke out of a vending machine, and then whined: "Them danged machines may be okay fer smokes and cold pop, but self-service ain't worth sour owl shit when a feller's horny!"

Editorial comments have become remarkably easy to make in this era of the bumper sticker. Most of these man-in-the-street sentiments are pretty simple-minded, I'll admit, but some show a little class. A Connecticut dude pasted both political and agricultural stickers on his cage's bumper to produce the compound message, "RE-ELECT REAGAN/BUSH. . .SUPPORT THE AMERICAN SWINE INDUSTRY."

A virtuous chick at the University of Wisconsin has a sticker that announces: "I DON'T

ACCEPT TICKETS FROM STRANGE POLICEMEN." The bumper of a Milwaukee nurse's Olds reminds us that "V.D. IS NOTHING TO CLAP ABOUT"; a trucker in South Dakota wants everybody to know "YOU CAN KISS MY ASS BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT MY MEAT"; and there's a dementoid in South Bend, Indiana, who drives a fully restored '59 Lark with a bumper that proclaims "STUDEBAKERS ARE BETTER THAN SEX."

"BEER DRINKERS GET MORE HEAD," according to a VW in Seattle, while a nearby Charger announces: "MY OWNER ISN'T AS THINK AS YOU DRUNK HE IS." "BOOZE IS THE ANSWER BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THE QUESTION," says a Bronco owner, and a Volvo pilot in 'Frisco announces: "I'M NOT A PROBLEM DRINKER. I DRINK, FALL DOWN. . .NO PROBLEM." And some dude in Minneapolis suggests we should "GET REALLY STONED. . .DRINK WET CEMENT."

Not everyone is in favor of bending the ol' elbow, however. "I'M NOT INTO BOOZE CUZ IT DULLS THE DRUGS" an Oregonian says, and somebody in L.A. has a bad drug problem: "TWO ARMS BUT ONLY ONE SPIKE." I've also seen dozens of stickers that remind us "REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DOPE."

Everyone who isn't stoned these days seems to be downright hostile. In the past couple months I've seen: "IF I WANTED TO HEAR FROM AN ASSHOLE, I WOULD HAVE FARTED"; "YUCK FOO"; "WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU"; "MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY . . . DROP DEAD"; "I'M NOT PREJUDICED. I HATE EVERYBODY;" and "EX-WIFE IN TRUNK."

"PERCH FISHERMEN ARE MASTER-BAITERS," according to a Jeep parked on a Lake Michigan beach, and a nearby station wagon laments: "MARRIAGE SUCKS, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET LAID."

And then there's the stoved-in subcompact in Glendale, California, that wears both the factory trademark "LE CAR BY RENAULT" and a handwritten sign that adds: "LE DENT BY BUICK."

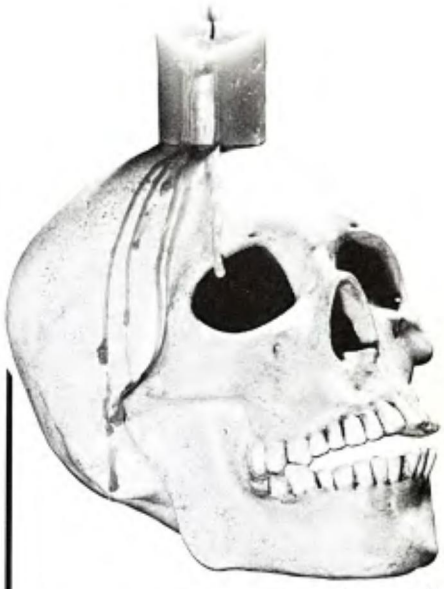
Celebrity gossip seems to be another hot trend this year. Along with "WALTER MONDALE HAS FRITZ-LAG," "JANE FONDA FOR MS. PRESIDENT," and "DALE MURPHY IS A STRIKE BREAKER," I've scoped all of these: "BARBARA WALTERS GIVES GREAT HEADLINE," "WHAT IF LINDA LOVELACE HAD HICCUPED?" "OLIVIA EATS FIG-NEWTONS IN THE JOHN," "MR. T. NEEDS A TRAINING BRA," and "RONALD REAGAN IS LIKE CHEAP BEER: FLAT, TASTELESS, AND GASSY."

"Hell is just a sleepy little wide spot in the road, full of Middle American nose-pickers."

The ultimate name-dropper, however, just has to be the Colorado dude whose bumper sticker read: "GOD IS DRIVING THIS CAR AT ALL TIMES." The Colorado Springs P.D. found the cage — minus driver — after it had sideswiped three other cars and then fled the scene.

If you're beginning to think I spend more time reading than jamming, you're absolutely right. So does everybody else, whether they realize it or not. Federal, state, and local governments, big business, small business, labor unions, churches, political parties, amateur philosophers, and plain ol' crackpots have converted our roads into gigantic propaganda networks. I'd like to hope that these windbags will run out of "messages" pretty soon, but I wouldn't bet the family jewels on it.

You see, the 6 o'clock news just reported the strange story of a 19-year-old Mississippi dude named Ricky Carr. His radiator overheated along Louisiana highway 311, and he tried to bail some cool water out of nearby Bayou Black. Instead, he got chomped by a wild alligator. A spokesman for the hospital that treated his wounds later commented: "Like many out-of-staters, Mr. Carr didn't know about all the 'gators we've got hereabouts. The town should **post some signs.**" ■

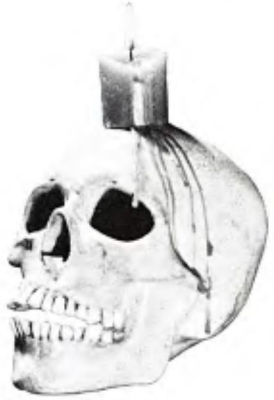


"The most realistic skull I've seen since I saw my mother-in-law's."
— Spider

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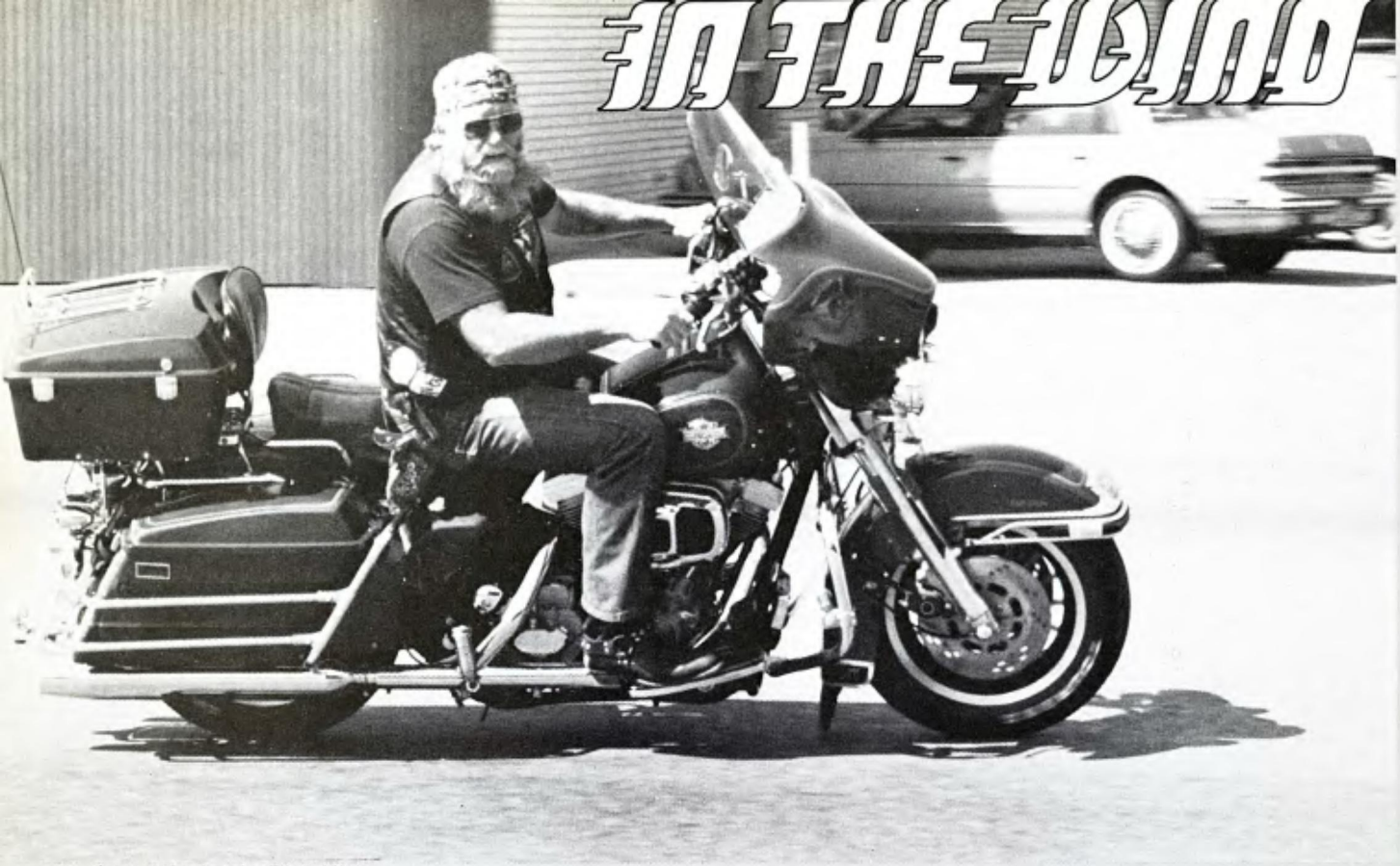




RIGHTEOUS Products

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Malibu, CA 90265

IN THE WIND



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

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 Arne Larsen, Trondheim, Norway

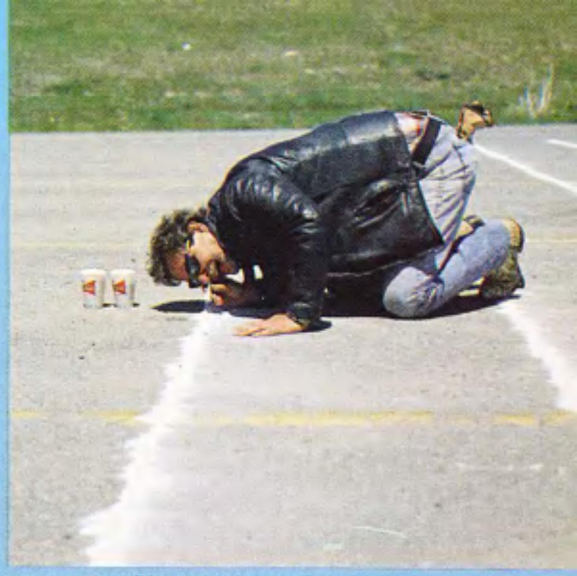


—from Jim Thorn, San Bernardino, Calif.





—from Doc Toups, New Orleans, La.



—from Karl Effers, Littleton, Colo.

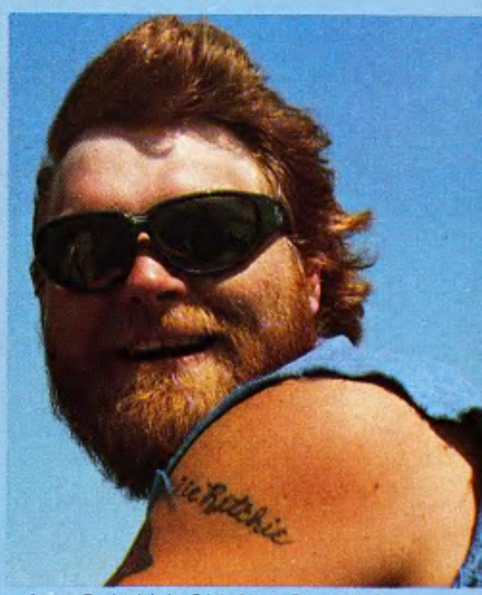


—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Indian Sue Christian, Morro Bay, Calif.



—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



—from Switchie's Girl, New Bern, N.C.



—from Robert L. Walters, St. Petersburg, Fla.





—from Pete Kliner, East Palestine, Ohio

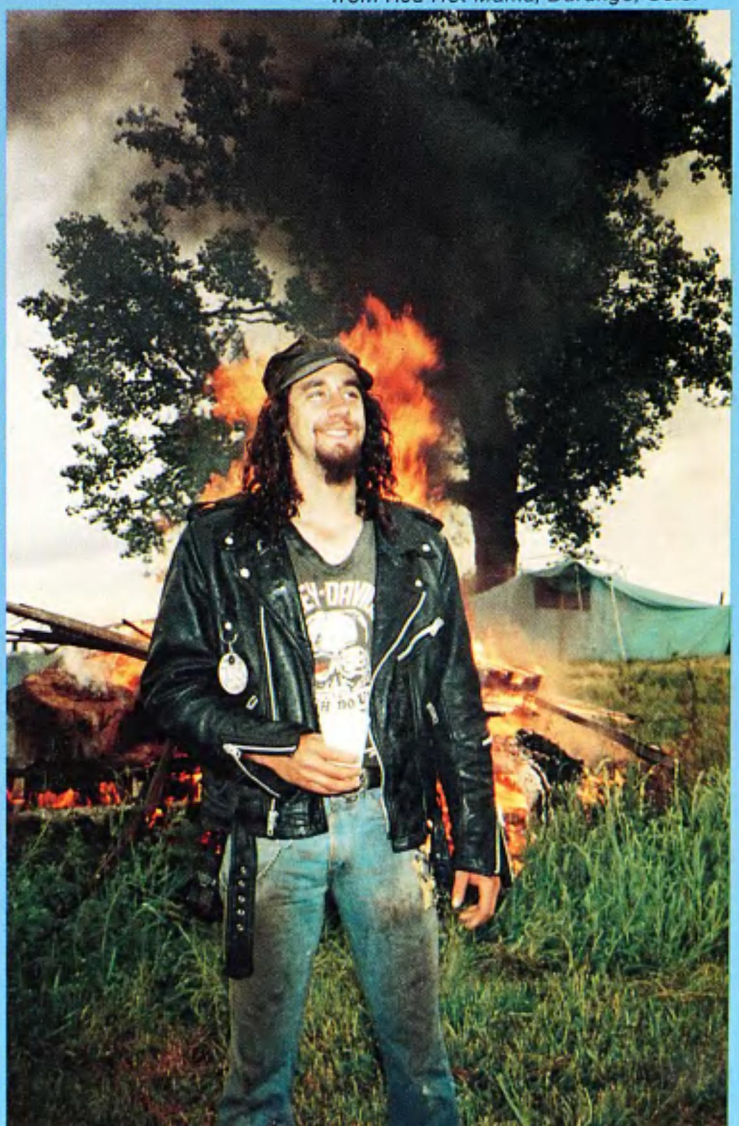
—from Michele and Jacopo, Milano, Italy

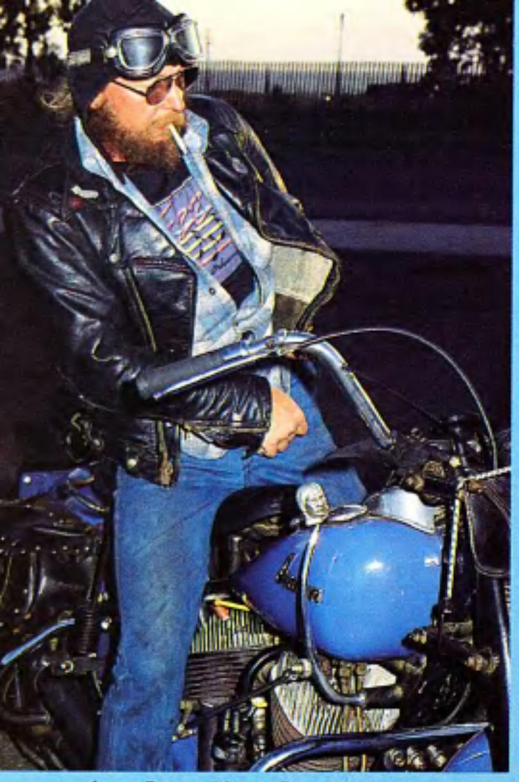


—from Holger, Uddevalla, Sweden



—from Red Hot Mama, Durango, Colo.





—from Rusty, Morro Bay, Calif.



—from Randy Cullen, Palmer, Alaska

—from Pockets, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Jack Eaton, Mineola, Tex.

—from The Breeze, Charleston, S.C.



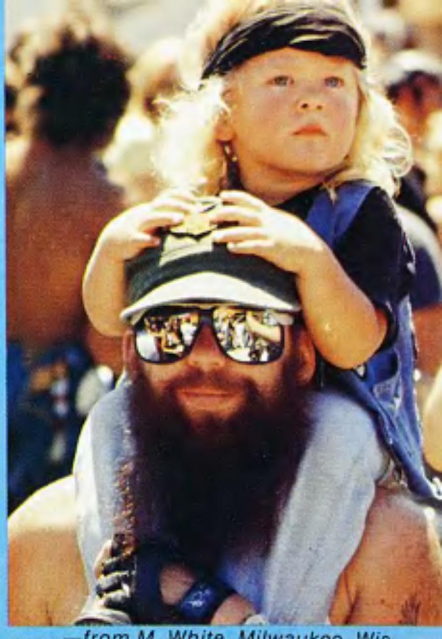
—from Randy Cullen, Palmer, Alaska



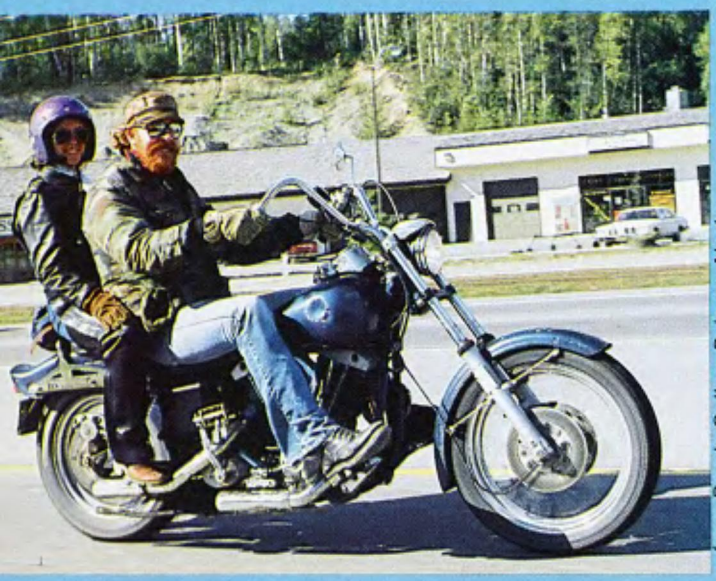




—from Anthony McLoughlin, Quaker Hill, Conn.



—from M. White, Milwaukee, Wis.



—from Willie J., Carbondale, Colo.

—from Randy Cullen, Palmer, Alaska



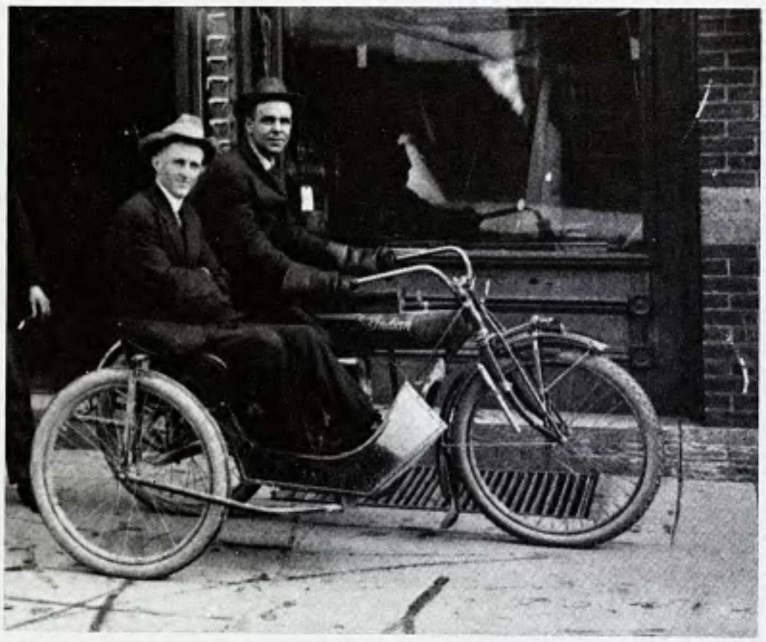
—from Rod Dearth, Virginia Beach, Va.





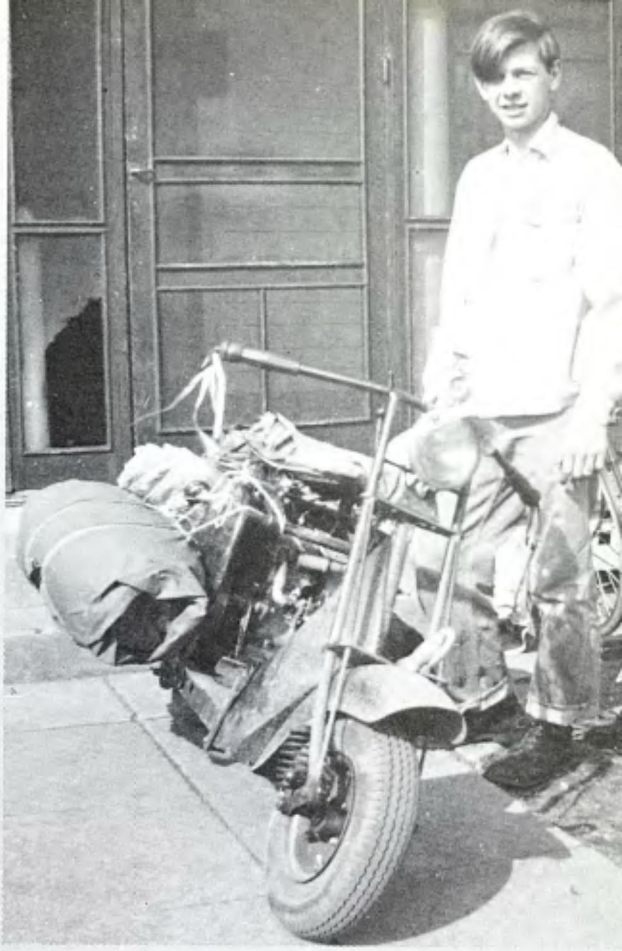
—from Outlaw, Ferguson, Ky.

—from Tracy Wedmore, Muncie, Ind.



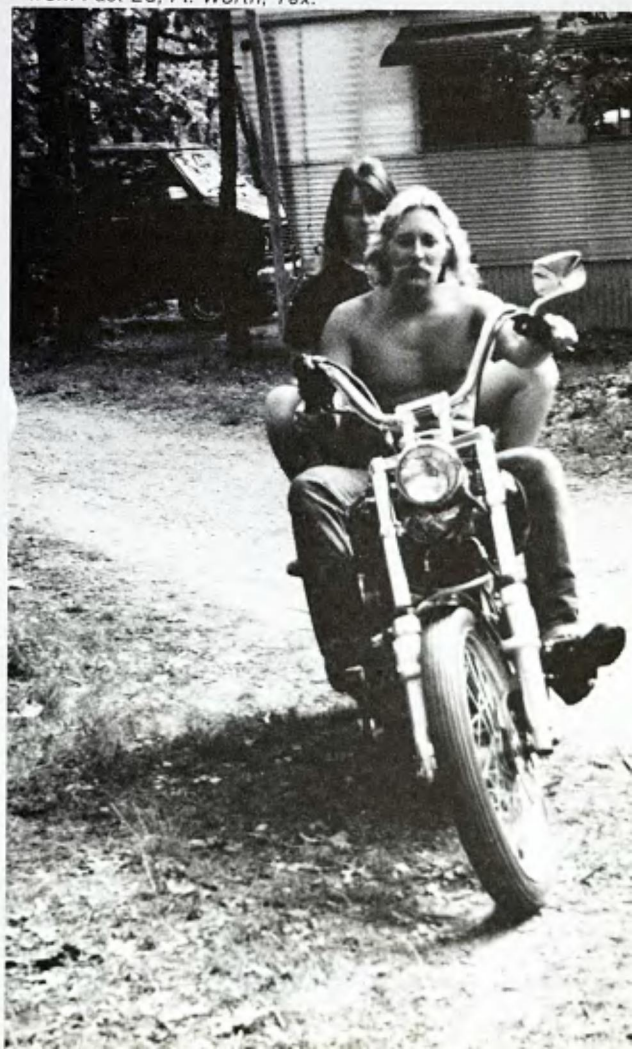
—from Denzil Hamblin, Houston, Tex.





—from Charles Blair, St. Paul, Minn.

—from Fast Ed, Ft. Worth, Tex.





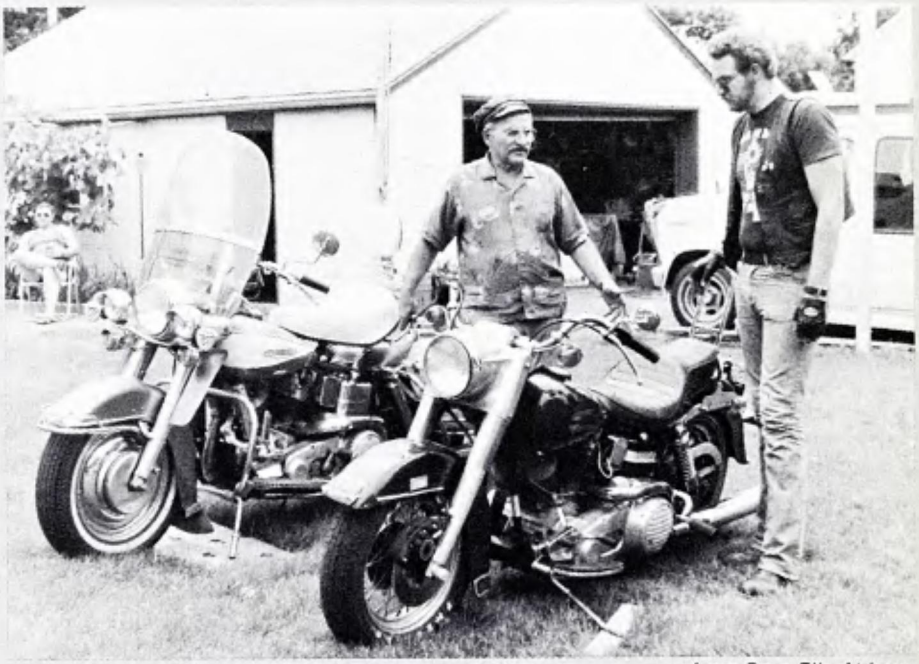
—from Jake, Wellesley Hills, Mass.



—from Jim Jett, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Ed Gross, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from Ian Mutch, London, England

—from Bare Elk, At large





—from Klaes Palmgren, Solna, Sweden



—from Greasy, Belcher Hollow, Ky.

—from W. Jamieson, New Plymouth, New Zealand



—from Jim Jett, Military Rally '86, Germany





—from Michael Kennedy, Ponca City, Okla

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.









Dan Smith, Mattoon, Illinois
1947 EL/1973 FL Harley-Davidson

Dan's one of the lucky few who happened to be at the right place at the right time; or maybe his luck is simply the residue of his design. See, he was scoutin' around the farmlands in his Land of Lincoln neighborhood, tryin' to find an old Harley.

While sluggin' down a few Budweisers in a local tavern, an old farmer gave his biker drinkin' buddy a tip that out in Neoga, Illinois, there was an ol' Harley rottin' away in a shed. A phone call, subsequent visit, and $500 brought him a rusted-out piece of vintage Harley. Everything but the engine was scrapped, the frame was rusted through in sections, and the rest was decayed beyond recognition. But Dan didn't despair. He saw a future for the bike.

Three years and plenty of swapmeets and sweat later, Dan — with help from his friends Hardy Williams, Phil Waggoner, Charlie and Jeanie Elliott, Clem Edwards, Andrea Smith, Debbie Stanberry, T.J. and Darryl Janes, who gave a big assist on the assembly and fabrication — has himself a classy Graveyard Pony, a name his grandma stuck on the bikes he rides and used to race.

—Butt Breath







Photos by Harley Stanberry



Easyriders
MOTORCYCLE
RODEO

VEN[illegible]URA FAIRGROUNDS
SUN., JAN 18,1987
2 P.M. • ADMISSION 6.00
FINAL DATE • SAT. JAN. 24

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RODEO

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Easyriders Magazine

Coming Your Way This Summer!

1st Easyriders Rodeo

An All-American Event

Featuring Harley and Indian V-twins

Sunday
January 18, 1987
2:00 p.m.
Rain Date: Saturday, January 24, 1987
Ventura Fairgrounds
Ventura, Calif.

$5,000.00* Purse
Trophies Awarded In All Events

Admission
$6.00 adult
$5.00 seniors
$4.00 children
At the Gate
Call For Reserved Tickets
Discount tickets at *Easyriders* Dealers

— Main Events —

Trike Sled Pull $700
1st $350 2nd $250 3rd $100
Top Four Qualify

Bikers Tug-of-War $600
1st $500 2nd $100
Top Two Teams of Five Bikes Ea. Qualify — Two Out Of Three Wins

Solo Sled Pull $300
1st $150 2nd $100 3rd $50
Top Six Qualify

Tire Ride $500
1st $250 2nd $150 Two Runners-Up $50 Each. Top Eight Qualify — Three Round Elimination

Keg Derby $300
1st $150 2nd $100 3rd $50
Top Six Qualify

Movin' Hog Pile $300
1st $200 2nd $100
Top Two Teams Qualify

— Feature Events —

Barrel Race $400
Beer Can Grab $400
Tire Toss $400
Wienie Bite $400
Slow Race $400
Potato Haystack $400

All $400 Events: 1st $150 2nd $100 3rd $75 4th $50 5th $25
Top 10 qualify in each event

— Participant Entry Fees —

All events - entry fee $25 per bike (except Hog Pile $10 per person). Two people admitted per entry. Saturday night Keg Party and camping included.

Entrants Call Before Jan. 14, 1987

Practice 12 noon — 5:00 p.m., Saturday, January 17, 1987.
Qualifying 8:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon, Sunday, January 18, 1987

CALL:
800-247-6246
National
800-231-2669
California

*GUARANTEED if all events are fully entered — if not, prize money will be adjusted in each event to match the entry fees.

EMCEE:
Bill Van Dyke

WET T-SHIRT NIGHT

Trophy girl and two team cheerleaders will be selected Wednesday, January 14, 1987, 9:00 p.m. at the Ban-Dar night club, 3005 East Main Street, Ventura, California. Trophy girl — $100 Cheerleaders — $50 each. All three receive Foxyriders outfit.

$500
In Door Prizes

FREE
Motorcycle Parking


ANHiS
BAR
BAR
WHATDAFUG'S WRONG, MULE? YOU'RE THE ONE SAID GIVE HER A COUPLE O' BREWS AN' SHE'S A BARREL OF FUN..
SWENNIS KILGORE

Tech Tip

The Tow-Home Blues

By Richard Ries

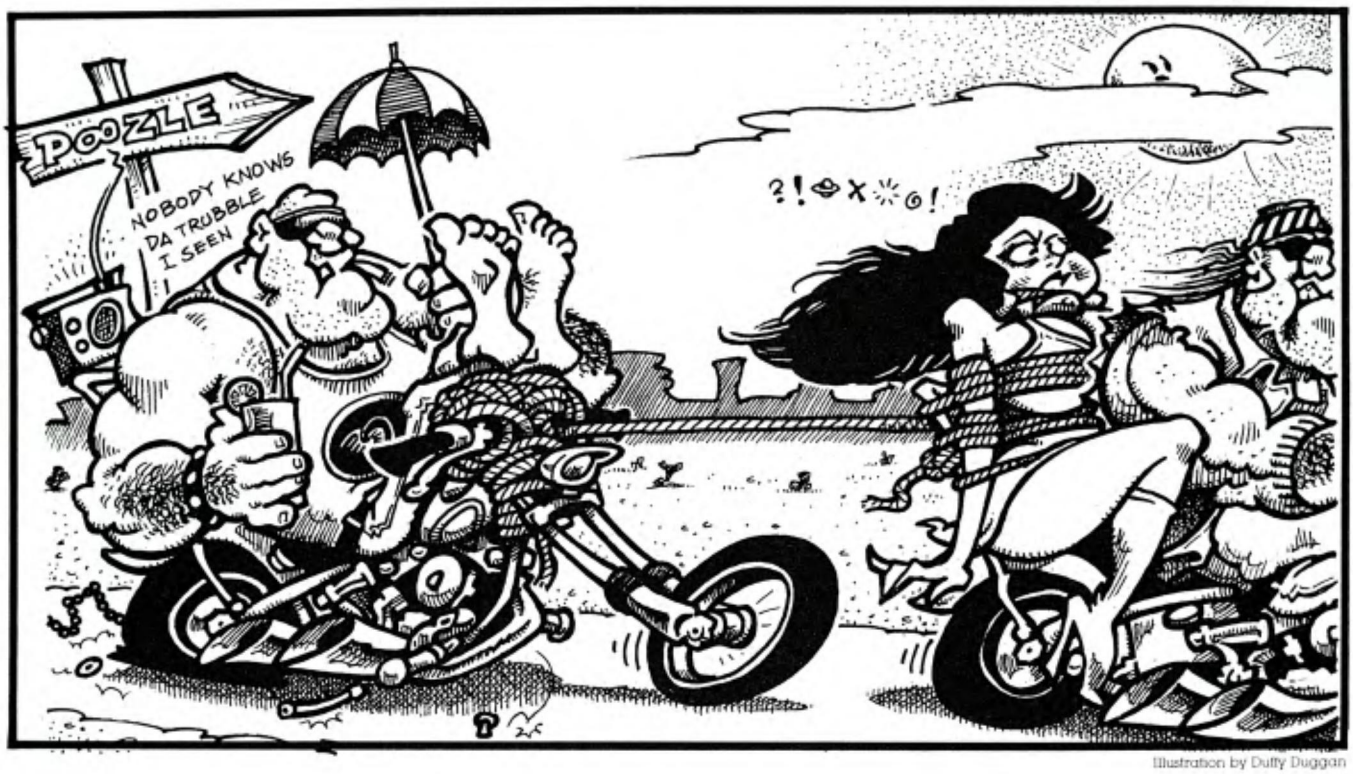


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

It'll happen to you someday — you'll be puttin' down the road and *blam* — your Hog will take a dump. You find out it can't be fixed there. Leavin' a bike beside the road, even chained up, while you go for help is a good way to run up a heavy parts bill. And no way to get hold of anyone with a truck. The only answer is to tow the bitch.

Keepin' fifteen feet of rope in the saddlebags just for such emergencies is a good idea. Nylon is best. It won't rot, and it's stretchiness takes up shock so you won't be jerked around like a junebug on a string when the tow vehicle takes off. A ⅜-inch nylon rope has a working strength of about 800 pounds, which should be enough to tow the dresser, yourself, and the ol' lady's fat ass.

The first rule of towing is not to tie the rope to the bike that's being towed! If for any reason you lose control, you'll want to get free of the tow vehicle pronto. Wrap the rope twice around something and hold the free end with your hand.

Wrap the rope around something strong where it's least likely to affect handling. The middle of the handlebars, between the risers, is a good place. So is either the steering head of the frame or a front down tube. Just find something solid on the front of the bike that's as close to the centerline as possible, where the rope can slide free without snagging on anything if you let go of your end. Check to see that the rope doesn't rub the front tire when you turn.

Make sure that the person in the tow vehicle understands the second rule: *Go easy!* Especially if they're in a truck or car. If the tow vehicle is another bike, tie the rope low on his frame so your partner doesn't get yanked onto his side every time the slack comes outta the rope.

Keep the slack outta the rope by using your brakes. In fact, if the tow vehicle is a bike, he shouldn't have to use his brakes at all. You should do the stopping for both of you.

And, oh yeah — if you're feeling charitable one day and decide to tow in a rice jockey and his ride, you should probably drop the chain. Lots of rice grinders use engine-driven pumps to oil the tranny. If you tow one of these with the engine off, all those dry gears meshin' together will have the guy stopping at the Hondasaki shop for a transmission rebuild. What if he's got a shaft drive? Call a truck for him from the next town. ■



hog chrome

Graves Plating is hog chrome people from way back. A brother don't take his chrome lightly and neither does Graves Plating. If you want quality chrome plating for your hog, give us a try.

We know you take a lot of pride in your hog so we handle your parts like they were ours. We even use a a nine step parts tracking system to keep a finger on your stuff.

Our prices won't leave you short of bread for that run the next weekend either.

Call us, or write [illegible] price list. It'll do our talking for us. It's got the chrome hog head on it too.

How about delivery? Well, Graves Plating gives fast turn-around time. Actual time depends on how many brother's hogs we are chroming at the time. Ask us, we'll have a good idea.

If you want hog chrome that'll flash brighter than a blue light special, then send us a job. Your hog can't do any better.

GRAVES PLATING

QUALITY PLATING SINCE 1945
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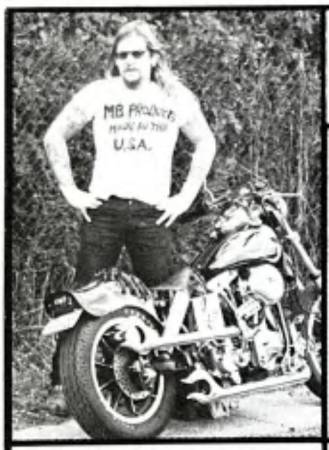
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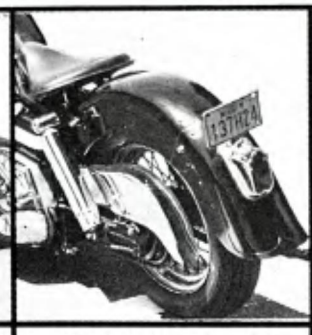
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Okay, so you put your little honey to work to get your scooter clean. The question is, what do you do to get your honey clean? Toss her in the tub, of course. What else?

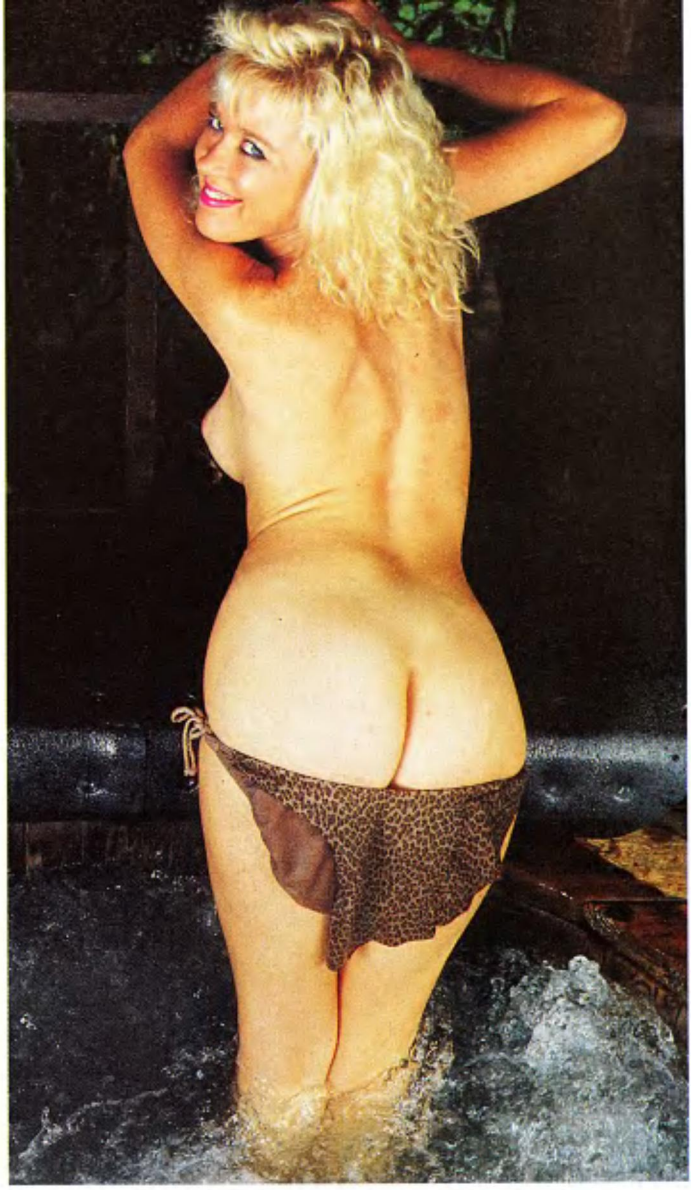
"He's got a what?" Cowboy Al, aka Allie Oakley, was excited. Ya could tell it by the sweat dripping down between his ear and the telephone.

"What a score! I gotta tell everybody," he shouted, slammin' the phone on the cradle with all his might (it almost bounced). "Hey, guys," he called out to the three or four of us droolin' over Spider's dogeared copy of last month's Hustler, "that was Buster. He's got a tub."

"Hey, man, what's the surprise?" Big Mike called. "Everybody's got a fuckin' tub. Buster usually smells a little rank, but not *that* rank."

"Nah, nah, nah," Cowboy squawked, "not a bath tub, a hot tub — one of them big fuckers that ya get





naked and party in. Buster's cousin's ol' lady is throwin' the cousin out of the house, but the guy decided there was no way he was gonna leave this tub behind. According ta Buster, they just locked the ol' lady up in the john while they took the tub down and moved it over to Buster's. He says we should grab a broad and come on over."

"Hip hooray for Buster," Big Mike growled. "You see anything wearin' tits around here?"

We glanced around. What Big Mike had said was true — we was fresh out of chicks. Somehow or other our little group seemed to be stag, which in a hot tub translates to a drag.

And then, as if heaven sent, in she walked.

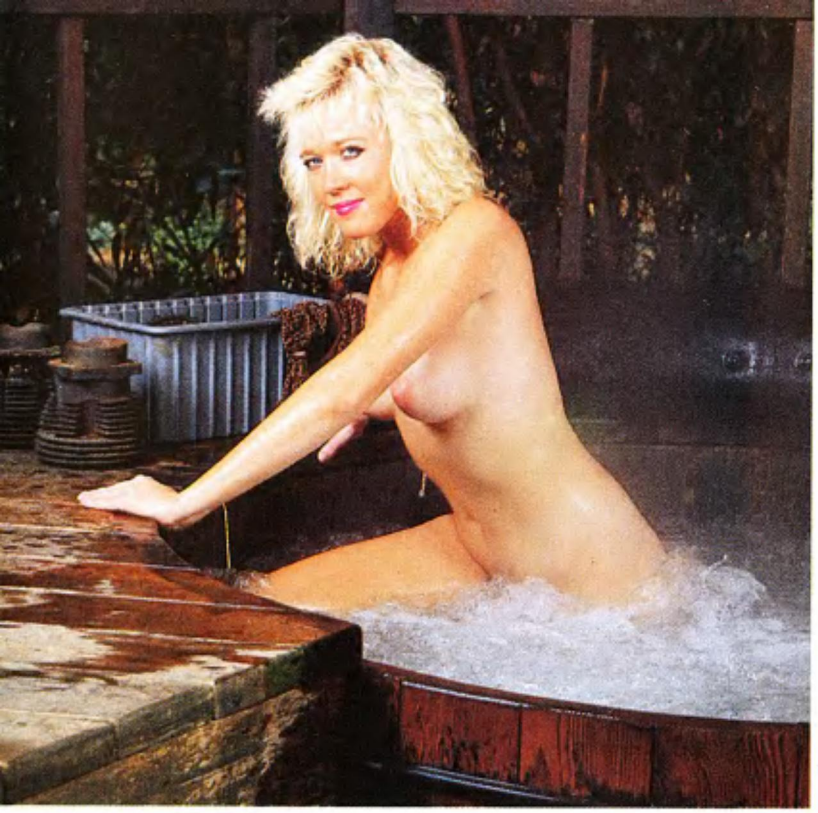
"Hi, I'm Tina, and I wonder if you could tell me how to find. . ."

Big Mike uncoiled his entire six-foot, eight frame and lumbered to his feet.

"Hi, yerself. I'm Big Mike, also known as Mr. Wonderful to the smart set. I can tell you exactly how to find your way onto my P-pad and into my bro's hot tub. What the hell else do ya need ta know?"

As it turned out, the answer was nothin'.

—Grape





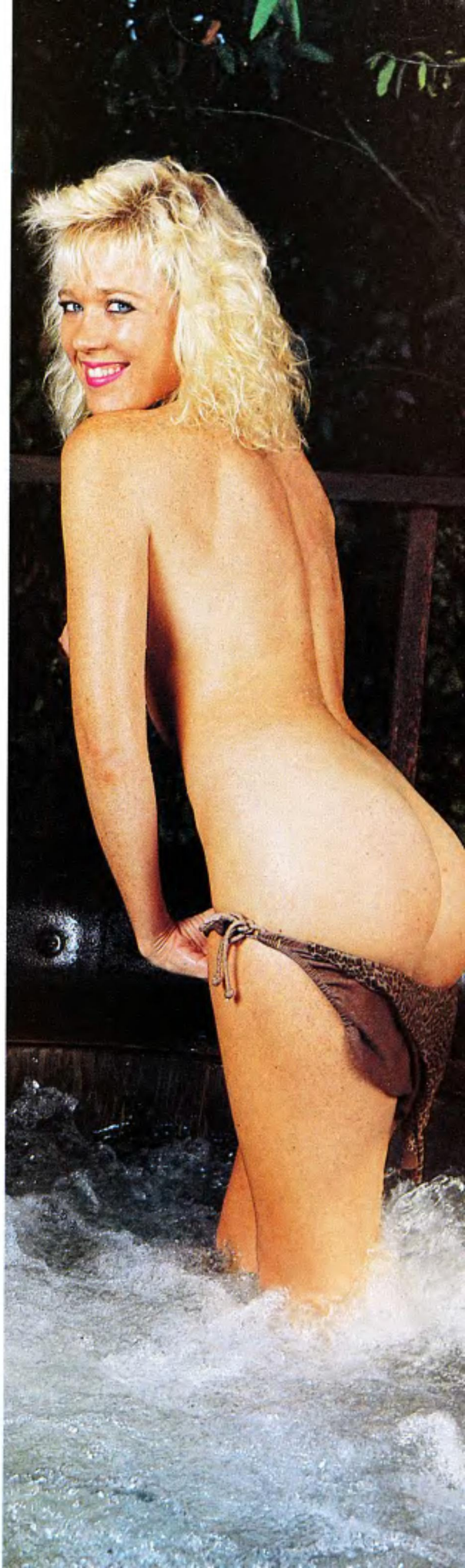






Photo by Pete Chiodo











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THE SIDE EFFECTS OF FOOTBALL

By Filthy Bill

While fiddling with my Beta-
max, getting ready to
tape the game,
I mashed down on the play button just
to check out the thing.

I only had a used tape 'cause the cost
has gone so high,
And when I seen what was on that one I
couldn't believe my eyes.

The couple in the picture weren't wear-
ing a stitch,
And in their hurry to shed their clothes
they must have tripped the switch.

That turned on the camera to record
for all time,
The deed that made me miss the Super
Bowl and changed this life of mine.

I watched in living color as he slammed
it to that whore,
Through the JBL's I got last Christmas, I
heard her scream for more.

He was a big ugly fucker with black-
heads on his ass,
And on his back, a Mann tattoo —
Ride Hard, Die Fast.

He had her bent over the sofa, both
titties in one hand,
She started screaming, "fuck me, fuck
me faster if you can."

I ain't never seen such fuckin' in all my
manhood days,
He attacked that bitch, like a thing gone
wild in a lust-filled craze.

My dick was hard as concrete, my heart
was beating fast,
Since I had done any fucking at least a
month had past.

So I pulled my cock out and stroked it
once or twice,
And tried to remember when the Super
Bowl had ever felt that nice.

He stuck his finger up her hole and she
jerked up with a start,
Finished fifteen minutes of continuous
coming with a gag-nasty fart.

And when he flipped her over I got the
shock of my life,
That dirty, fuckin' wanton whore was
my own goddam wife.

Then it came together — that switch
wasn't on by mistake;
But I failed to understand what point
they were trying to make.

My thoughts were running crazy from
the things I seen and done,
My hands were wet and sticky from spit,
and sweat, and come.

For we had all come together as I lay
there on the floor,
Wait a minute! I thought I heard laugh-
ter coming from the door.

As I stood up and turned around, my
cock hanging out my fly,
Two-hundred-thirty pounds of biker
stared me in the eye.

He said he wanted to thank me for the
pussy and the show,
But it was getting late and he really
had to go.

"Keep this thought in mind," he said,
"and your woman will never stray.
If you want to keep them happy, you
got to fuck them every day."

Outside I heard him kick it and the
Harley roared to life,
I knew I'd learned my lesson and
make it up to my wife.

If she would just give me a chance to try
and make it right,
I would fuck her every day — morn-
ing, noon, and night.

And finally in the front yard I shook his
hand good-bye,
Trying to think of something to say, but
please don't ask me why.

With the sun so bright and shining on
that cool January day, he said, "Before
you get arrested, you should put
your cock away." ■

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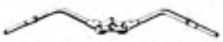


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FOXY RIDERS



Peggy Jean (P.J.) Bassett, Chatsworth, California
1982 Harley-Davidson FXRS

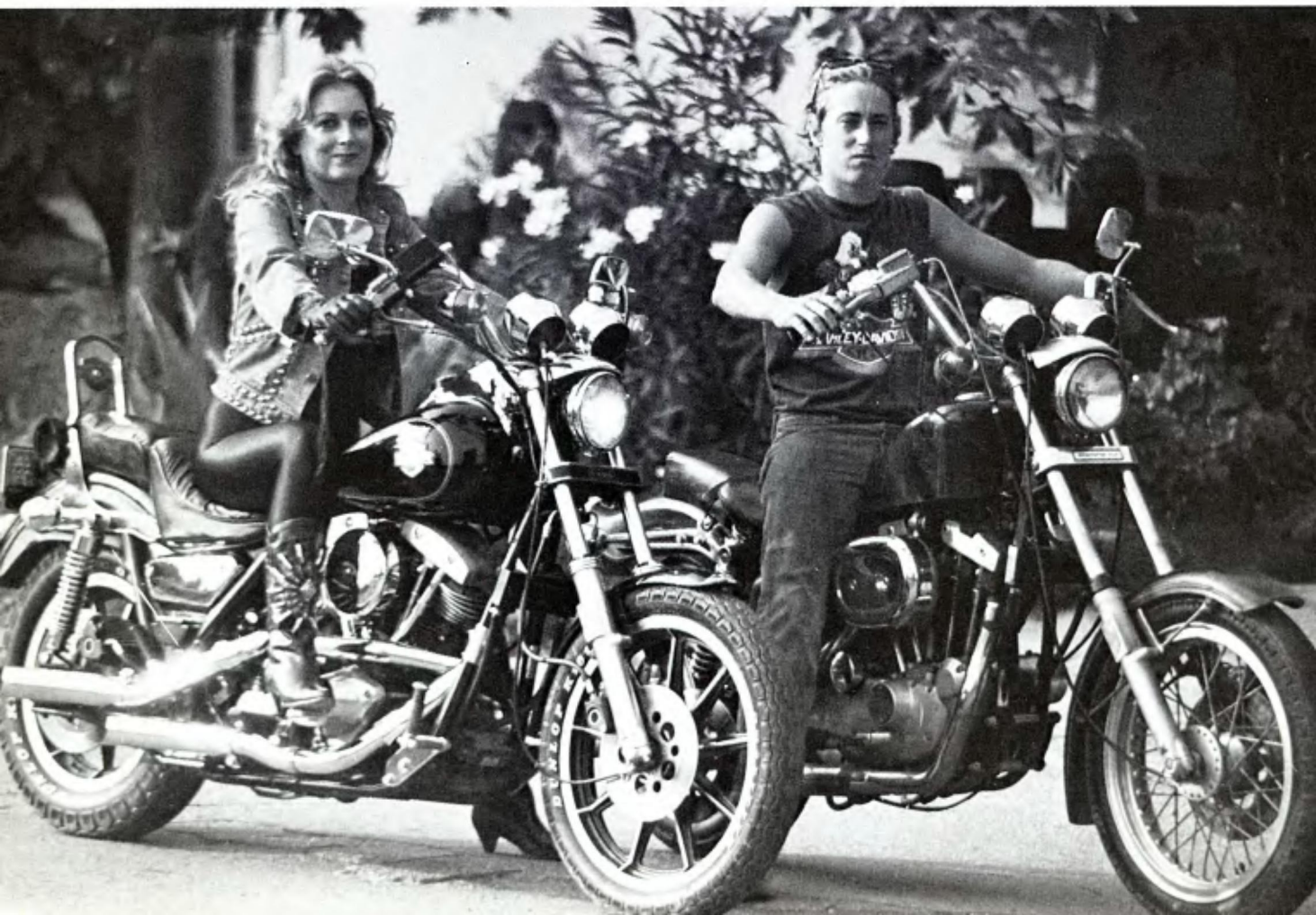
In a day and age when families that stay together are as rare as a Super Bowl appearance by the Houston Oilers, P.J. has maintained close family ties with her sons and daughters through the mutual love of riding motorcycles — nothin' but Harleys, of course. This mother taught her children well.

P.J. used to ride a Sportster that she'd bought from a patron at a bar where she worked, rode it for a couple years, but then, "I got tired of half-a-Harley, so I decided to give it to my son Tracy and spent my tip savings on a new one. You might say I traded in my steam iron for my iron horse; Harley, of course."

She enjoys her shovelhead just the way it is, and plans to leave it alone, reasoning, "Why fuck with a good thing?" Though she has added clever leather lever covers. (Say that three times, fast!) P.J. was also the first woman to be issued a motorcycle license at her local DMV back in 1969.

The whole family-ties bit kinda reminded us of the movie Mask, except in this case the kid doesn't look near as bad. But, Tracy, you do have red hair. . . .

—Buster











Photos by Kim Peterson



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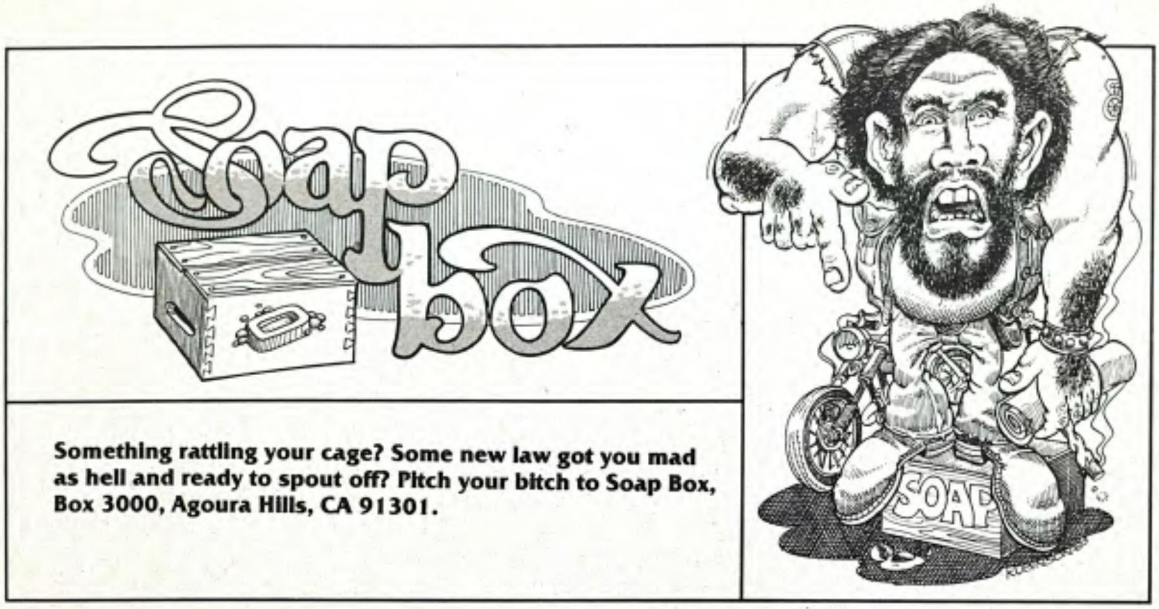
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Just Sayin' No . . . To The Beach Boys

Like so many other bros, once a year I grab the ol' lady and ride to the county fair. What the fuck, the fair's got some of the best shit food in the Western Hemisphere, a couple of rides that are almost as terrifying as Kanan Road on a Sunday, and some dart games and shit that are easy marks for a bro trying to stock up on goodies for the L.A. toy run that comes about a month later. Besides — and don't laugh if ya wanna live — we dig checkin' out all the farm critters.

This year we figured we'd play it smart, go on a quiet week night, avoid the Saturday and Sunday afternoon traffic hassles, the scooter startin' to heat up while jammed in the endless line trying to get into the parking lot. Brilliant idea, right? So what the fuck am I doin' boxed in by 80,000 cages all tryin' to ram their way into the Ventura County Fairgrounds at 7:30 p.m. on a drizzly-fuckin' Thursday night? Once we finally fought our way inside, I quickly found out that what I was doin' was bein' surrounded, boxed in, made claustrophobic by 80,000 or 100,000 Jap-sedan-driving, wimpy-looking, Beach Boys fans hellbent on throwing away $17.50 to hear, you guessed it, the Beach Pukes themselves in — barf — concert at the fairground's racetrack.

Yep, there I was, a couple of hundred pounds of rock 'n' roll-lovin' biker, trapped in the same enclosed pen with the stripe-shirted cocksuckers responsible for, among other indignities, "Honda, Honda, goin' fastah, fastah." And I'd already shelled out eleven bucks to get into the fair. Well, fuck, I had a plan. I *always* have a plan. Says I to the ol' lady, we'll just head out to the far reaches of the fairgrounds until the assholes get done. Out back by the cows and shoats, rabbits and goats, we'll never have to hear the whining, the famed Beach Boys "harmonies" that could so easily be reproduced by just about any dude with his balls in a tight enough vise.

Great idea, smart stuff, except for one not-so-small detail. Somehow or other, since last year's fair, the Ventura County Fairgrounds has gotten hold of the world's most penetrating, loudest, watt-heavy amp in the world. From the pig pens to the Scrambler, from the burger shack to the haunted house, there wasn't a corner or crack of the fairgrounds unassaulted by the 40-plus "Boys'" braying baritones. Shit, they were probably givin' Excedrin headaches to the dudes on the offshore oil rigs 20 miles out at sea.

Fuck a surfer, where was this damned monster amplifier at last year's fair, when I was out of bucks and tryin' to catch a few bars of Willie Nelson by eardrummin' the outside of the grandstand? All I got that time was an ear full of rust flecks.

This year I couldn't escape the racket. The Beach Boys, whose major accomplishment in life was proving that not even James G. Watt could be wrong *all* the time, were on me like stink on shit. The surf punks who once had the balls to record an album called (gag me with a happy face), "Smiley Smile," were turning my evening at the fair into a night in purgatory.

As I said before, I couldn't escape — but I can get even. So listen up, Beach Boys. Like they say in the beer commercials, this one's for you. . .

Does anybody remember when the aforementioned Jim Watt decreed that the Beach Boys were unfit to sing at the Washington Monument on the Fourth of July a few years back? Remember how Nancy "Just Say No" Reagan jumped to their defense, claiming they were one of her favorite groups, a great example of cleanliness and goodness on the otherwise tawdry, tacky, and drug-obsessed music scene? Well, the Boys have been trading on that benediction ever since, posing for sappy pictures with Ron and Nancy, playing to the right-wing nerds as if they were the second coming of Debbie Boone, exploiting the "fact" that they, despite some rather heroic, long-term adventures on the stoned side of the street, are now straight-arrow citizens who prefer Republicans to rum, greed to weed, and Oral Roberts to oral sex.

Or a least, that's what they want the media and all the mommies and daddies busily censoring their kids' record collections to think. The reality is that virtually the first thing they bellowed from the stage at the Ventura County Fair was, "Anybody out there got some good smoke?" (Not us. Try a few miles farther north at the Western White House.)

And then there are the songs themselves. Has anyone, from Gracie Allen to J. Edgar Hoover, ever had more stupid, banal, embarrassing lines than the Beach Boys? You could fill a book with their lame attempts at lyrics. Here are just a few (read 'em before lunch):

Will I love my wife, for the rest of my life?
Gotta find Santa, real, real Santa.
Be true to your school, just like you



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would to your girl
(rah, rah, rah, rah, sis boom bah).
Cool, so cool, coolin' me, cool, so cool, coolin' me.
They watered the lawn and I went to sleep.
I'm a real cool head, I'm makin' real good bread.
But I won't be afraid in my room.
My surfin' knots are risin' and my board is losin' wax.
A choke of grief heart hardened I beyond belief.

And my personal favorite, standing all alone on top of an unclimbable mountain, a unanimous selection for the Stupid Hall of Fame, "SHE'S GIVIN' ME EXCITATIONS."

"Excitations"? Omigod, she's givin' me EXCITATIONS! What's an excitation, Mrs. Wilson? An enema administered by a 440-volt cattle prod? A kiss from Nancy Reagan's holier-than-thou lips? A day in the sandbox with your not-quite-right son Brian? Could it possibly mean that this mysterious, never-identified "she" (Rhonda? Barbara Ann? Oprah Winfrey?) caused the "boys" to have an erection, to get it up, to (pardon the street vernacular) develop a hardon? Perish the thought.

As you've probably guessed by this point, the Beach Boys in concert did nothing to add to my enjoyment of the 1986 Ventura County Fair. But, much as I despise them, as prepared as I was for the saccharine smarminess of their so-called songs, they still managed to stun me into stupefaction with their encore: an upbeat, bubble-gum, goin'-to-Surf-City-where-it's-two-to-one rendition of — all things — "California Dreamin'."

Okay, okay, "California Dreamin'" ain't exactly "Hey, Jude" or "Born to Be Wild." But in its time and in its place, delivered with hard edges and a ringing chorus by the Mamas and Papas, it did, could, will always have some meaning to young guys and girls trapped in a place they don't want to be by situations they can't really change.

In their version, complete with patented marshmallow vocals and "gosh that's groovy" music, the Barf Boys managed to defile not only the song, but also the entire decade and lifestyle from which it came.

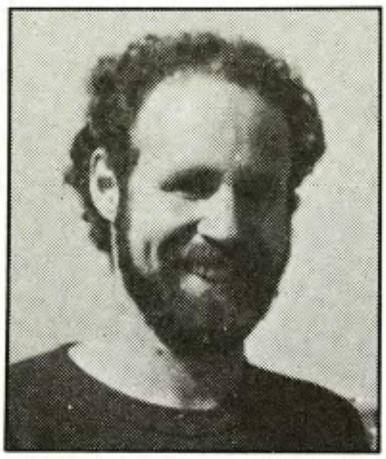
Standing in the gaudy lights of the fairground's midway, stunned and sickened, I suddenly had a pleasant and comforting thought. How fitting, how positively joyful it would be if Mama Cass Elliot, dead these many years, suddenly came back to life and fell from the sky right onto Brian Wilson's empty surfer head — all 400 pounds of her.

—Trampo

INTERVIEW

Michael Lichter:

Biker Photographers Never Lighten Up



You've read his name under some of the best event photographs we've ever run and you've seen his face, usually hidden behind a viewfinder, at bike runs throughout the world. In an exclusive interview, Michael Lichter tells how he does it.

EASYRIDERS: How long have you been riding?
MICHAEL LICHTER: About ten years. I got my first Harley up in San Francisco in '76 or '77.
ER: Was that before or after you got involved in photography?
ML: I've been taking photographs since I was a little kid. I was loaned a camera and started taking pictures and working in the darkroom, the whole trip.

Then I got a little older and started riding bikes and going on runs. I'd take a camera to shoot pictures just for myself. I really enjoyed it. I was drinking and doing all the other stuff, but I was getting some great pictures as well.

Around '79, I met Billy Tinney and [E.L.] Woody up in Sturgis. Shortly after that, Woody became an editor for *Easyriders*. I sent some stuff to him and he used it. One thing led to the next and I eventually started going out and doing stories.
ER: Were those shots you sent to Woody the first ones you sold professionally?
ML: I actually started selling pictures just a little before that — rodeo pictures, mostly. In fact, that was basically all I shot at the beginning of my career as a photographer — bikers and cowboys.
ER: Colorado, where you live, is a good state for both.
ML: It really is. I remember one year, I went to Deadwood for a rodeo right before Sturgis. Then I stayed on and shot the bikers and then moved on to shoot the next rodeo on the circuit. Basically, I was just doing a lot of events. I've always been attracted to events, to situations where people are doing things.
ER: What's your favorite run of the year?
ML: The one event that I like the most, continually since I've been going, is Sturgis. It's also changed the most. It was a real wild thing where you could never tell what you were going to see around the corner — a place where, photographically and otherwise, you could get into some real wild situations.

A few years ago, because of some problems, the city more or less tried to shut everybody out — or at least tone the whole thing down. Now it's almost become more of a family-oriented event. A lot of the wildness is gone out of it, but I still really enjoy it because I get to see so many people I know from past years.

Beyond that, my list of favorite events is always changing. There are a few events that aren't as established, so they go through different phases as they are held each year. I really enjoy Lake Perry. It's started getting a little too big for some people, but I go for places where there's a lot of action, a lot of things going on.

One place that I've really come to like in the past few years — in my eyes it was the most successful first-year event I'd ever been to — is the Iowa Hog Rally.

The first year of the Hog Rally they had the event going on in the campground; they had Steppenwolf playing, the band set-up was done very well; they had a lot of vendors and tattoo artists and, within just a few miles, they had all-Harley drag races. The drag races were a great thing to have for the middle hours of the day, when ordinarily there is not much to do and it gets really hot. They're great entertainment, really exciting. After the drags they had a great concert that went on till all hours.

I was in one bar there [the first year] and someone says, "Gee, you gotta meet the mayor." I thought to myself, the mayor? I can't believe the mayor is within ten miles of here. So this guy takes me over and introduces me to the mayor, who turns out to be a real nice young guy.

That's one event that has a lot of different things going on. Unfortunately, they were hurt by rain this year, but it was still very well organized and a lot of fun.
ER: Back up a bit, are there any "wild situations" you wouldn't mind the ol' lady reading about?
ML: I don't want to give the idea that they happen only at Sturgis; wild things happen everywhere. Most of the ones that stick in my mind involve people having a good time in their own way.

There's one woman who was selling hemostats at Lake Perry. It must have been two or three in the morning and she didn't have any top on. She was just walking around topless with this big rack of hemostats. I don't remember the exact prices she was charging, but it was something like one for three dollars and three for five dollars, or if you kissed both her nipples, it was one for two dollars and four for five dollars, or something like that. She was just having a great time. It's nice to see that, to see people doing whatever they want to do and enjoying it.

There are lots of incidents like that, absolutely crazy things, things that are too far out for even this rag to publish. But of course, I photograph them anyway.
ER: Give me an example of something that you shot that we couldn't use the pictures of but could, maybe, describe in words.
ML: Well, back when the sand drags were going on in Daytona, there was always a little party afterwards at the Oldtimers Bar down at Ponce Inlet. This one time, I walked in and there was a big crowd jammed together. My philosophy is that if it looks like there's anything going on,

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I head straight for it, so I started to work my way up to the front.

Suddenly, somebody who knew I was from the magazine recognized me. "Hey, you gotta see this," the guy says and he lifts me up on his shoulders — he was well over six feet tall and built like a Buick. I just started clicking away. What it was was two women lying on a table, taking whatever anyone wanted to put on there. Anything that came on board they were ready for.

I photographed it just for the fun of it. There were a lot of people having a good time and it wasn't getting out of hand. *Everybody* involved was having a good time on both sides. Nobody was doing anything he or she didn't want to do.

ER: Do you ever show up at an event and discover that an *Easyriders* photographer is not exactly welcome?

ML: I don't really push the fact of who I am or what I'm doing. It may be fairly obvious, because I've got a few cameras and strobe lights hanging around my neck, but I don't push it.

At the beginning, especially, I was not sent by the magazine to work specifically for them. I always made it very clear to people that I was going to send the pictures in to the magazine, but I was not on the staff or anything like that. Later on, of course, I was sent by the magazine to shoot specifically for them, but I still don't wear a patch that says *Easyriders* or broadcast the fact that I am there for the magazine.

I never make any promises. I tell people, "Here, look, I'm sent here by them. My track record is that whenever they've sent me somewhere they've published some of the pictures, but I take thousands of pictures and a lot of them have never been published. Maybe they didn't fit, or maybe they were just shitty pictures." I make it clear to people that I have nothing to do with what goes into the magazine.

ER: How many shots do you take during a major week-long event like Daytona?

ML: I may shoot 70-80 rolls of 35mm film, between, 2,000 and 3,000 pictures. Out of all those shots, the magazine may use 60 or 70. Once the film comes out of my camera I never see it. Sometimes I'm totally surprised by the shots that get used.

ER: Since you sometimes have to be in Florida one day and in Colorado the next, you obviously can't ride your bike to all the events. Do you get a different reception when you show up in a rented cage?

ML: There's definitely a difference, but people are really good — they understand the situation. Some days I'm shooting one place and have to shoot somewhere else at 10 the next morning, so I'm going to fly in.

Also, unfortunately, I have a lot of equipment to carry. I could go lighter, but I've chosen not to. I take a certain amount of light, I take backups for everything. If a camera goes out, there's a back-up, and if the back-up goes out, there's a back-up and if. . . .

ER: How many cameras do you carry all together?

ML: If I go to Daytona or Sturgis I have five cameras with me. I have motor drives, I have a lot of lenses and back-up lenses. I have portable strobes, reflectors, and sometimes, plug-in power equipment. And then I have back-ups for the strobes, power supplies and rechargers. I try to stay covered.

Now that doesn't mean that to take good pictures of bikes and bikers you have to have a ton of cameras. For years and years I had one camera and one lens.

There are pros and cons about using your bike when covering an assignment professionally.

One of the big advantages of having the bike is that it allows you to take pictures you couldn't get otherwise. This year at Sturgis I put on 800 miles just riding around town. A lot of my riding shots are taken while I'm on my scooter. Going down the highway sometimes, I'll see some bikes up ahead, so I'll race up and shoot them. Or, I'll see somebody behind me and I'll slow down till they come alongside.

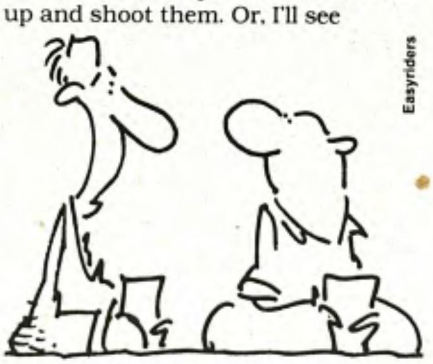
On the other hand, one time I rode to the East Coast through Canada. I rode through Toronto, Buffalo, and down into New York City. As soon as you get over the border into New York state the roads become atrocious, potholes like you wouldn't believe. By the time I got to New York City all my cameras had to be repaired — every screw in the damned things had loosened up.

Now when I ride to an event, I try to get someone [with a cage] to bring my gear up for me and I carry it on the bike while I'm there.

ER: What bike do you usually take when you're on assignment?

ML: I own both '71 and '76 Big Twins, but on runs I usually ride my '76. I have it fitted with a center-post seat that has a lot of spring, it absorbs a lot of the shocks so I can take pictures going down the road [without getting too much vibration]. I've had the chance to test some of the new Hogs and was amazed at how smooth riding they are, but I don't think I'll be able to get one in the near future.

"There are lots of incidents like that, absolutely crazy things, things that are too far out for even this rag to publish. But of course, I photograph them anyway."



"My wife's always giving me lip — except in bed."

ER: Based on the hundreds of runs you've been to, the scores of tit contests you've seen, the dozens of plates of roast pig you've scarfed, where are the best girls and who's got the most righteous grub?

New Yorkers go to great lengths to have great food. You go up to one of the runs, a Rendezvous or the Am-Jam, and they really go all out to have great sandwiches, pizza ovens set up right at the campground, shit like that. Everything's all there.

I think California still has the most beautiful women. Wherever you go, you're going to find beautiful women. There're always going to be a few that pop out of the crowd, but there're more of them in California — there are girls wearing, or not wearing, things in California that they just don't wear anywhere else in the country.

ER: What's the key to success in photographing bike runs?

ML: Busting your ass. I'm out very late at night and I try to get out as early as possible the next day. I try

to be in the right place at the right time. There's a certain amount of luck involved, but there's also the ability to predict certain things based on experience. You always have your eyes and ears open for anything that's going on.

During the day you get great light and pretty colors, but you also get people who are often really burned out. The pace usually picks up at night; by midnight, one, two, in the morning, things are really hot. I try to balance it all out by knowing photographically what's going to happen with my light and all that stuff and also what the bros are going to be doing and when the energy is going to peak.

ER: I guess you have to stay reasonably straight?

ML: I'm offered everything imaginable and I really appreciate it, but I find I have to be real careful, especially on a week-long run. If I start getting into it too early in the week, I'm not going [to be doing top-quality work] by the end of the week.

ER: If things go really well from the gate and you have 10 or 20 good rolls of film after the first three or four days, do you slow down and kick back?

ML: I never lighten up. First off, you shoot more as the week goes on. Generally, at any event the energy level, which is what I have to tune into, goes up as the event progresses. I try to shoot as much as I can as quick as I can because you never know — the rest of the shoot may get rained out. So you've got to start off strong, right there on top of it. Then, as the week progresses, you're getting into better situations, so you can't lighten up then either.

I try to plot out the weakest part of the day, often the hottest part, for an hour or half-hour break. In general, I don't get to bed until 3 or 4 in the morning and I get up as soon as it gets light out.

ER: Do you have any suggestions to help bros and sisters improve their snapshots of their bikes and friends?



ML: The most important thing is to be ready, to be familiar enough with your equipment that you don't have to make a big deal out of taking a picture. If you can be ready to take a picture quick when the energy is happening in front of you, you'll get a great picture.

If the energy level is happening in front of you and you say, "Hold on one minute, let me get my camera," and you go in the saddlebag and grab the camera, and then it's "Damn this camera, how do you work this? Is there film in here? What kinda of film? Okay, that's it, stay there. No, get closer together, you're not all in it." By the time you get to that, whatever energy was there is long since gone. You'll get a record of the people for your photo album but not a picture of what happened.

It requires being conscious of the situation and aware of your equipment. It doesn't matter whether you're using an Instamatic, or whatever. You should use whatever is easy for you to make work.

The key is expression. You want to catch what in photography is often known as "the decisive moment," that instant when everything peaks. ■

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Bob's Cycle Supply, large catalog, only $3. Parts shipped UPS/C.O.D. 4138 E. University, Phoenix, AZ 85034. (602) 437-0829. (169)

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 281086, Memphis, TN 38128. Call or write for H-D parts catalog. (901) 353-0601. (165)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. Also available at: (165)

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

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

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

Kokesh Motor Cycle Accessories, 4018 Central Ave. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55421. (612) 781-4324. (169)

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

BOOKS

Runnin' Wild 1987 U.S. & Canadian H-D Annual/parties & swaps, etc. 100 + pgs. $9.95, R.W. Dept. 223B-1, 1927 W. Thunderbird, Phoenix, AZ 85023 (168)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (170)

CARBURETORS

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

CATALOGS

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

HM Parts & Accessories, $1 (refundable). Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (169)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250+ pages) & T-shirt, $9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (173)

SS/H-D Parts/Shop, $3. One-week delivery. Waldbachstr. 11, D8951 Goerisried, West Germany. (167)

American & Import Service Center/$5 refundable/208pgs., 1015 S. Kansas, Topeka, KS 66612 (913) 232-1050. (169)

CRANKCASES

Sputhe Engineering Inc./Sportster, 11185 Lime Kiln Rd., Grass Valley, CA 95949 (916) 268-0887. (169)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 252-PIPE (169)

FENDERS

Crazy Frank's Enterprises/Rear Connections, 13738¼ Glenoaks Blvd., Sylmar, CA 91342. (818)362-9630. (173)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (173)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing. 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-2499. (165)

American & Import Service Center-straighten/wreck rebuilt, 1015 S. Kansas, Topeka, KS 66612 (913) 232-1050 (169)

FLYWHEELS

RōKil Engineering Co. Self-balancing. 3150 S. 44th St., Kansas City, KS 66106. (167)

HARD VALVE SEATS

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

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

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

HEADS

Flo Dynamics, 1150 Pike Lane, Oceano, CA 93445. (805) 481-6300. (167)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

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

JEWELRY

Dakota Territory Casting Co. Send SASE. Box 1192, Aberdeen, SD 57402. (172)

KICK STARTER KITS

Super Max Products, Nickel Kicker for 5-speeds. Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (169)

LEATHERS

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (175)

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

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (175)

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)

Pag Bros. Cycles/Stock-Hi Performance, 2380 Newport, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 (714) 650-9016. (169)

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

Semel's Custom Embroidered Patches, 76 Lexington Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055 (201) 473-6868; (201) 473-3959. Free quotes. (169)

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

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

TRANS CASES

Sputhe Engineering Inc./5spd., 11185 Lime Kiln Rd., Grass Valley, CA 95949 (916) 268-0887 (169)

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. (175)

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)

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 & Shapes, 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)

Blue Ribbon Cycles Inc./Easyriders, H-D, custom designs, 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta, GA 30060 (404) 432-3614 (Shipped UPS/COD). (175)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Days Gone By

By Anonymous

Days gone by. . . .They were good days, but I'll be the first to admit to believing in the saying, "Everything's subject to change without notice." The ol' man and that blue Harley are gone now, but I'll always remember the good days. The time when we took off down the highway on the bike so he could show me the latest fishing hole he'd found. It was beautiful — way back in the mountains where it seemed we were the only people in the world, just exploring the hills together and treating ourselves to a little afternoon delight.

And there were the endless days and nights we spent in the garage putting the Harley together, after months of being torn down, until he finally kicked her over and she let us know with a thunderous bellow that she was once again well, and rearing to hit the road. While she filled the garage with sound, we were banging beer cans together in a salute to her, hugging and kissing and the ol' man telling me to go get my Levi's and boots on.

The birthday I had when we first got together, he bought me a new Harley T-shirt and of course one for himself as well. He laid mine on the bed, covering it with his, trying to make me think he'd gotten himself something for my birthday but nothing for me. I discovered mine underneath his, but just the same let him have his fun. I went out in the garage and called him every name in the book, watching him stand there with a shit-eatin' grin, and pretty soon he laughed, took me in the house, and showed me where mine was.

Then there were the surprise birthday parties I tried to throw for him that he always found out about. Pissed me off! I think sometimes he knew everything I was going to do, even before I knew. He always said he knew me like a book.

And those nights of lying in front of the fireplace, making love and getting high. The fireplace is still there. Too bad he isn't.

Well, all those days are gone except in memory. I still love the man a lot, him and his blue Harley, and I keep thinking maybe there'll be more good days with him in the future. Hopefully, he'll read this and wherever he is, he'll get up off his ass and come walking in my front door and say, "Baby, I love you. I'm back." ■

Daytona Bike Week Giveaway



1987 Harley-Davidson Softail Custom (FXSTC)

Win This Motorcycle!

Someone will win this 1987 Harley-Davidson Softail Custom (FXSTC). It could be you!

This fund raiser is to benefit crippled children and adults through Easter Seals. (Endorsed by the Easter Seal Society, Volusia and Flagler County Inc.)

Drawing to be March 7, 1987 at 5:30 pm at Rat's Hole Custom Chopper Show, Daytona Beach, Florida. NEED NOT BE PRESENT TO WIN! All proceeds will go to Easter Seals.

To enter, just fill out the coupon below and please enclose a $2.00 donation.

You may enter as many times as you wish. Write additional entries on a 3x5 piece of paper. Please send $2.00 with each entry. Additional entries may be mailed in the same envelope. Make checks or money orders payable to Easter Seals. For additional information, call 605-343-3917.

All entries must be received by February 28, 1987. Void where prohibited by law.

Mail entries to:
Daytona Bike
Week Giveaway
P.O. Box 9490
Rapid City, SD 57709

For name of winner, send self-addressed stamped envelope.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Mail entries to:
Daytona Bike Week Giveaway
P.O. Box 9490
Rapid City, SD 57709

Please do your part for Easter Seals and help crippled children and adults. Thank you.

Advertising has been donated.

Ol' Lady Contest

We are bringing back our Ol' Lady of the Month Contest. After the retirement of Madman Kelly we had suspended the contest indefinitely, seein' as how Madman had his own peculiar system that no one could figure out. Now we've run a new formula through the dyno and are runnin' up to speed. Basically, it's the same thing for the entrants, with tighter quality control on our end.

Here's what we're lookin' for:

The broad must be a biker-like kinda chick. Not some "pro" out for the dough. You know, someone us scooter tramps can get off on. Chicks, just pose in a casual manner, be yourself. There must be a reason your ol' man has ya, right? Have the shots taken with as plain a background as possible, no Jap crap or the kid's diapers hangin' around to detract from you.

Each month we'll announce the previous month's winner and runner-up. There will be an opportunity for the overall yearly winner to fly to California, enjoy full hotel accommodations, model for the girl feature, collect $1,000, visit the office, party with the staff, and who knows — maybe even get a ride on a Harley. If, for any reason, a potential winner can't comply with our rules, the prize will go to the next in line. Good luck!

The scuzworthy staff will be letchin' an' droolin' over your flicks and counting up the votes. Don't forget to vote. Remember, it's your God-given right as a biker and reader of this rag.

164

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name

Model's Legal Signature

I am years of age, born

Address

City

State **Zip**

Phone

Photographer

Address

City

State **Zip**

Witness to Signature

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

Here's another crop of cuties in our Ninth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the $1,000 grand prize.

You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets $100 and runner-up gets $25. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is December 30th. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #164 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



CRAZY CAT



PUDDLES



CLAIRE



DENNISE



JENNY



TONYA



SUZANNE

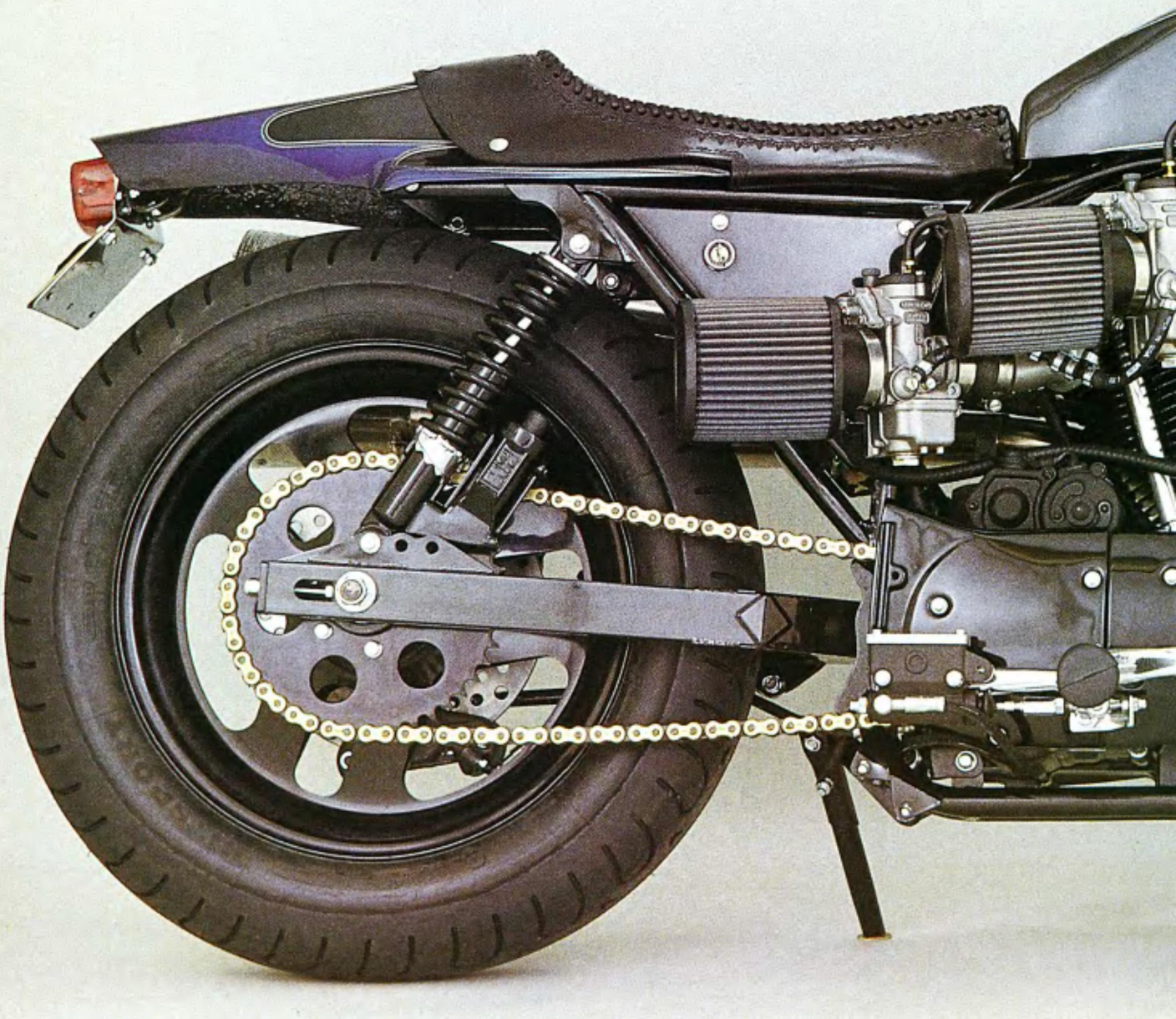


UNRULEY JULIE

If you've been in the habit of rollin' your eyeballs around on our pages for any amount of time at all, you're probably well aware that some of the jugglers and clowns in the rabbit warren here like to make fun of Sportsters and Sportster riders.

Among the more printable things they've been called are: skirtsters and sewing machines. The implication always seemed to be that Sportsters were just the thing for uppity women and precocious kids, but that big men needed Big Twins. Of course, we were only kiddin'. Everybody knows a Harley is a Harley is a Harley and a Sportster, like a

SKEETER'S SCOOTER





biker woman in heat, is far too much for the average rice pilot to handle.

In fact, I'll even let ya in on a secret recently declassified by Spider: Tex Campbell, the managing editor of the rag during the years we were coming down hardest on Sportys, actually owned, rode, and even packed his girl friends, on a kick-start Sportster all that time. So there, that takes care of everything, except maybe for the one or two

Here's a bike that not only won't have any trouble gettin' to the Hall of Fame, but also will have a lot of the troops around here eating their words.







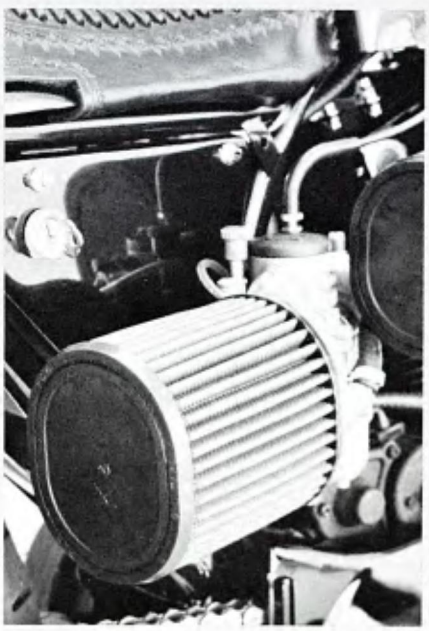






hangers-on who seemed to take our pokin' fun at Sportsters too seriously. But that's okay, too. Skeeter Todd has taken care of them with the big man's Sportster you see on these pages.

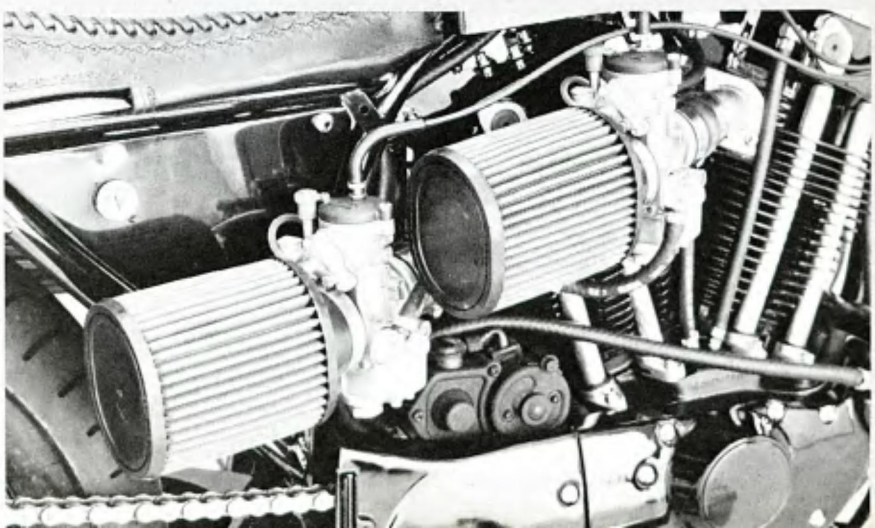
Mean and ready for action, in basic biker black and blue, Skeeter's scooter is tough enough — and fast enough — for the most hardcore rider, despite being based on the Sportster powerplant. Lookin' at it, it is as hard to imagine some suit-and-tier riding it





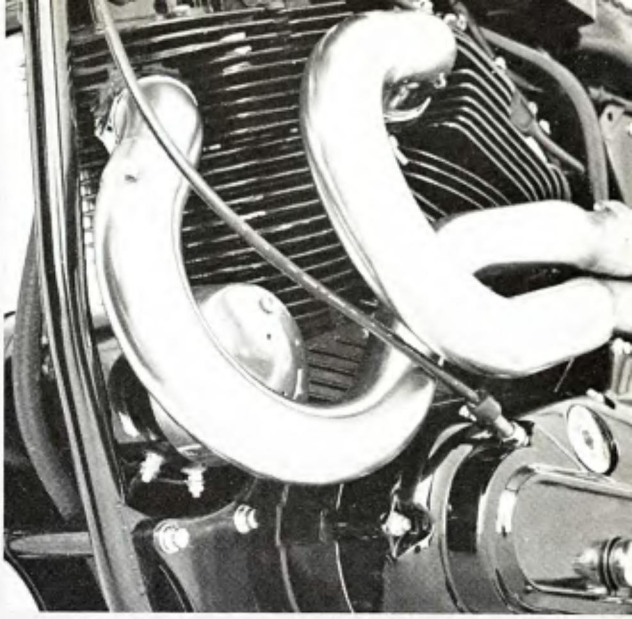


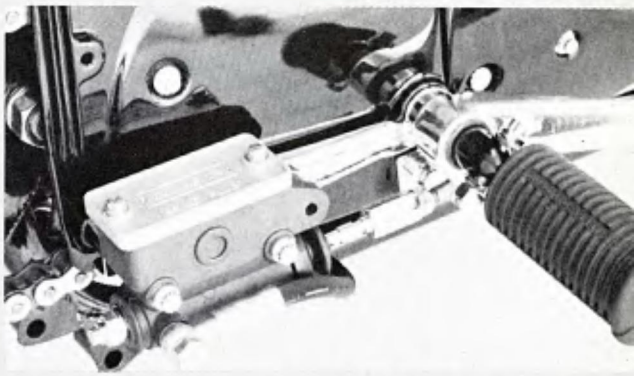


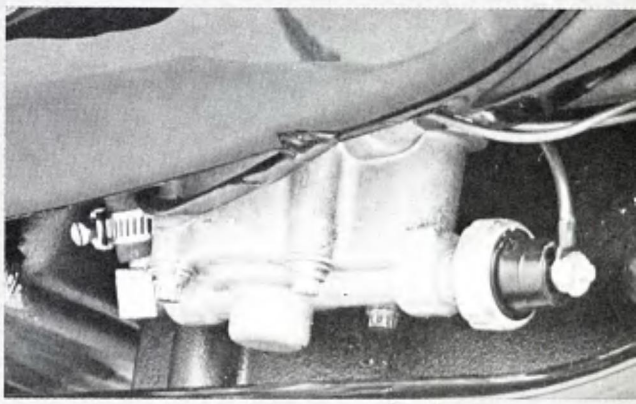


Owner: Skeeter Todd	**City:** Maryland, N.Y.		
General	**Frame**		
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1986		
Year and make: 1984 H-D	Builder: Mert Lawwill		
Model: XR-1000	Type: XR		
Value: $14,000	Rake: 27 degrees		
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none		
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: lightweight		
Chroming by: none	**Accessories**		
Engine	Bars: K&N superbike		
Year: 1984	Risers: none		
Model: XR-1000	Fender(s): Racer Supply/XLCR		
Rebuilder: not yet	Headlight: XL		
Ignition: electronic	Taillight: yes		
Displacement: 61 cu.in.	Speedo: none		
Lower end: XR	Front pegs: H-D		
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: none		
Pistons: 10.5 to 1	Electrics: 12-volt		
Cases: modified	Gas tank: Mert Lawwill		
Heads: XR/Branch	Oil tank: in frame		
Cam(s): 4	Oil system: H-D		
Lifters: XR	Primary cover: H-D		
Carb(s): (2) 36 mm	Seat: Bill's Custom Leather		
Air cleaner: K&N	Sissybar: fender supports		
Pipes: stainless steel	Height: part of frame		
Muffler(s): Supertrapp/stainless	Material: steel		
Transmission	**Forks**		
Modifications: oiling system	Type: hydraulic 38 mm		
Year: 1984	Extension: 4 in. under		
Shifting: foot	Builder: Marzocchi		
Engine sprocket: 35	Special features: lightweight		
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**		
Wheel sprocket: 45	**Front**	**Rear**	
Painting	Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.	
Molding: none	Hub: alum.	Hub: alum.	
Painter: Color Creations	Rim width: 2.6 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.	
Color: Black Pearl/blue overlay	Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin	
Type: lacquer/urethane top coat	Brake: Grimeca	Brake: Grimeca	
Special paint: pinstriping by Dennis Hummel			

Other special modifications: Aluminum fabrication by Wild Willy. Special thanks to Utica, N.Y., H-D for procuring parts



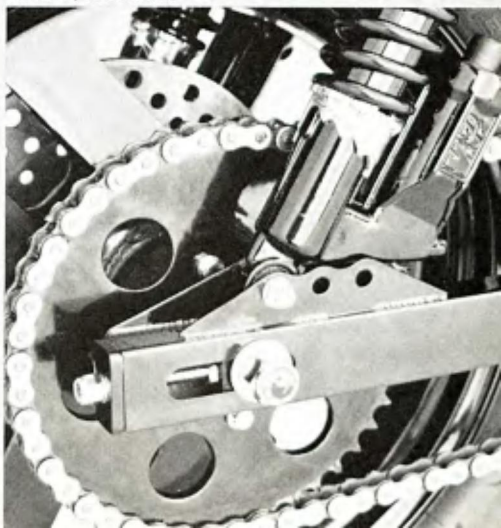




to the office, or some kid riding it to the store, as it is to imagine Admiral Yamamoto on a Big Twin. Whatever you want a working motorcycle to do, this Sportster will do with class and dispatch.

Besides, if any of ya out there are still skeptical, consider this: Skeeter lives in Maryland, N.Y., just a stone's throw from Cooperstown. Which means, in case ya haven't figured it out, that his bike is bound to get to the Hall of Fame before you do. —Butcher

Photos by Pete Chiodo



Superior Motorcycle Parts

We Will Beat Any Price...in this Magazine on Parts we stock.

Counter Shaft Sprket 4th Rear Nut Wrench & Handle #9466037. S-B-T-2 ..... 38.95

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Shock Adj. S-B-T-3 6.95

Valve Spring Compressor Tool ST-11 ... 34.95

List 39.95

3 Light Dash D-3
2 Light Dash D-2
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Cylinders - front or rear, Panhead 74", Shovehead 74" SU-3 list ... 74.95 ea. Sale Price 59.95

List 44.95

Cats Eye Dash D-1 ... Sale Price 34.95

Generators Chrome E-7A ... 94.95 Black E-7B ... 84.95

FLH Primary S-PC-1 ..... 74.95
Chrome FX Primary List 89.95 C-51 ... 59.95

S&S Carb Complete S-SU-SO 194.50

Brake Caliber Assembly FL front 72-83, rear 73-80 Fx rear 73-80. S-CL-1B ... 89.95

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Speedometer Fits FX & XL TH-3 ... 39.95 ea.

T-Shirts 7.95

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Flatbob Keyswitch Save 50% reg. 29.95 SW-3 ..... 14.95

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3 stud, D3 ..... 24.95

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Fat Bob Tank Rubber Divider S-R-23B black, SR23-W White 9.95

Chrome Old Style Fender Light SL-12 ..... 11.95

Aluminum Kicker Cover KP-2 .... 34.95
Chrome KP-2C 44.95

Genuine Leathers Level Covers S-LG-10 .. 5.95 pr

Diamond Chain S-SP-41A standard 19.95
S-SP-41B XDL .. 29.95
PG-65 Primary Chain 29.95

Tombstone Tail Light S-C-70 ..... 19.95

Chrome Coil Cover Fits 65-86 BT C-31 ..... 5.95 ea.

Chrome Throttle Control Assemble with Stock Grips, single cable, fits 76-80 SU- 57A 19.95
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READER'S RIDE



John Clapper, Hooterville, Connecticut
1976 FLH Harley-Davidson

What happens when you've lit up the night at your neighborhood bistro and walked out, ready to do some serious howling at the moon on your motorcycle while puttin' home, but ya mount up on the wrong sled? Well, if you're John Clapper, and by mistake you find yourself on your brother Lou Falcigno's rigid-frame shovel (ER 157), you'll probably be okay.

Fact is, the two men have built their bikes to be quite similar, either through identical tastes, or just to show off a mirror image of each other as they ride side by side. 'Course, it ain't all that often the two get a chance to putt together, except at events such as Daytona or an annual, because they live about 1,200 or 1,300 miles apart while they individually run C&L Hog Shop — north and south.

John estimates his shovel has a street value of about 3/4 of a kilo of blow. Just round figures. He gripes about what a pain in the ass it is to keep the chrome buffed and the orange pearl lacquer paint, done so well by Wally at C&L, in the primo condition he's become accustomed to. We never saw it in anything other than immaculate condition throughout rough partyin' conditions last Daytona week.

—Ram Pan

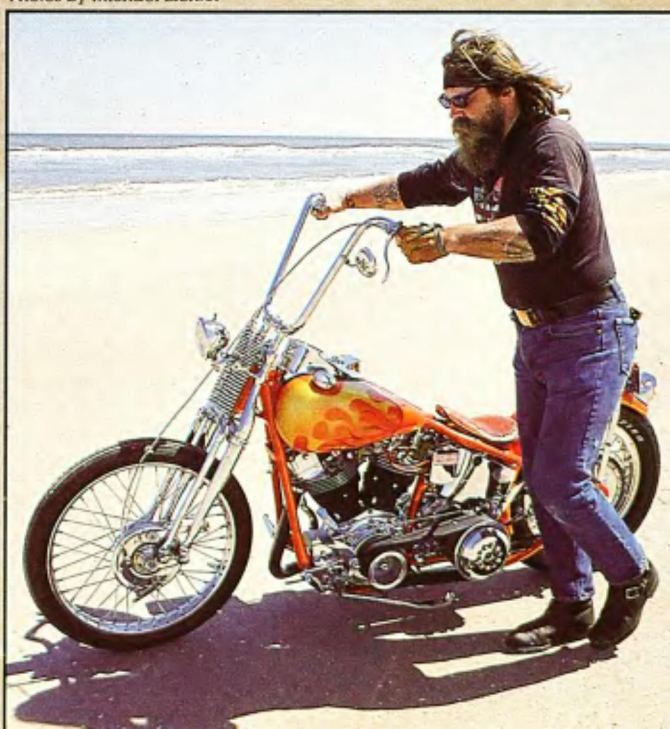

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Photos by Michael Lichter




START







RIP'S RUN



Photo by Kim Peterson

HOOSIER BUCKEYE? By Rip

When I rode into Indy, it was raining. Stopping at H&D on the west side of town, I was 15 to 20 pounds heavier from my wet leathers. Righteous Mike, owner of the shop, had the radio tuned in on Q95 and a couple of disc jockeys called Bob and Tom were cutting it up on the air. Boy, are they funny!

Floodsville. It rained shortly after I left Rapid City, S.D. At first it wasn't bad — just a light sprinkle, but then the precipitation got heavier. By the time I rolled into Sioux City, Iowa, it was coming down like a cow pissing on a flat rock. Not having a windshield, I rode with my glove in front of my face, peeking through the slits between my fingers. No fuckin' fun and damn dangerous. If it got bad, I would head for the nearest overpass to wait for the rain to lighten up. Under one, I shared a hooter with a dude who was headed to Omaha to pick up his paycheck. I never asked his name and he didn't ask mine. Two wet, drug-crazed, madmen, we gave each other the raised, clenched-fist salute as he peeled off Highway 29, heading west to Nebraska. It was a scene out of a Rocky movie.



Chuck mans the phone at Two Broke Tramps (Midwest in Carlisle, Indiana.)

Right after that, while going south during a lull in the storms, I heard the Kansas City tune in my gourd. "Going to Kansas City; Kansas City, here I come." Riding at night, I hung a left after passing K.C. and rode almost to St. Louis before crashing at a fleabag motel in High Hill, Missouri. For some reason, I was getting real close scrutiny by the citizens. I kept checking my fly, but it was okay. What the fuck, I thought, haven't these citizens ever seen a bike rider from California before? It wasn't till the next morning that I was clued into what was happening. A bro

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J.C. and his machine.



P.G. takes off for the South End Tavern in Olney, Illinois.

named Mouse signaled me to stop alongside the Interstate, where he informed me that Missouri was indeed a helmet state. I was lucky 'cause here I was, just a few miles from St. Louis, and I hadn't been spotted by the state highway patrol. Guess they were busy elsewhere. Mouse also warned me about stopping near Wright City, Missouri. The police had a road block set up to catch a killer, and I fit the description (long hair and beard). The killer's name was Michael Jackson, the same as the glitter-gloved entertainer. Maybe that's what set him off — who knows?

I pushed on to Indiana, Hoosierland, where James Dean was born and where he is laid to rest. As for the weather, we are now talking flash floods. Many towns in central Indiana were inundated by the deluge. For a time it seemed that all the Midwestern states were catching hell. I rode south from Terre Haute about 25 miles to Carlisle, Indiana, to a bike shop called Two Broke Tramps (Midwest) owned by brother Chuck. He and a few of the brothers from the Diablos Motorcycle Club (Indiana chapter) invited me to go with them on a short ride to the South End Tavern in Olney, Illinois. J.W., the owner, didn't have live



Dapper Dan on the road in Illinois.



Norman's ready for a putt from Indiana to Illinois.

entertainment, but the juke box had a large selection of biker tunes to choose from.

Later on that week I met Joe Tatoué. Joe has a shop in Terre Haute, but he also does a lot of work out of a converted school bus and a pickup truck with a camper. His motto is "Have tattoo guns, will travel." Joe was a protegé of Mike Armstrong.

The following weekend we rode to Clinton, Indiana, to visit the Gemini Bar. There were many friendly females there and



Here it is — South End Tavern in Olney. (Hi, J.W.)

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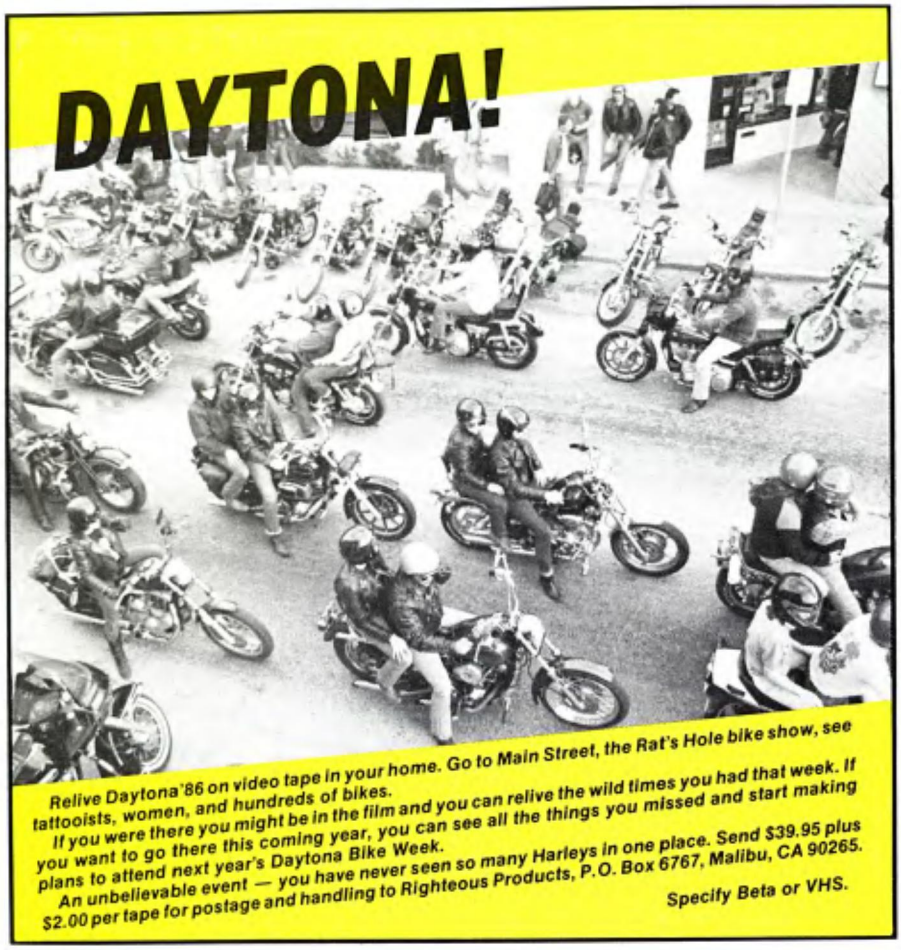
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we continued the party at a couple of the friendlier sisters' homes — if you get my drift. You know how much I hate this part of my job, but someone has to keep the honor of *Easyriders* on a high level. I also had to do my duty as a red-blooded American man. Besides, our leathers were totally soaked. I can't remember much of what went on, but it was called "let's party naked." It was wild and crazy. Hey, some people have *all* the fun. Ain't that the shits?

In between showers during the following week, I had the opportunity to shoot a few covered bridges in Parke County near Rockville, Indiana. These bridges, built between 1856 and 1920, give Rockville the reputation of covered bridge capital of the world. The home folk make a festival out of this distinction for several weeks. Many set up stands in front of their homes to sell food or have a good time conducting yard sales. Traffic gets fucked the closer you get to small towns like this.



Eighteen-year-old Phreddy is one li'l country gal who knows everything about *everything*.

Later I went to a party in Whitestown, Indiana. There wasn't any particular cause, such as a birthday, for a celebration. Gary and Susan, the host and hostess, merely wanted to have a barbecue for themselves and a few friends. Gary is a welder. He made the rotisserie out of pieces of scrap that he rigged with an electric motor at



Righteous Mike and his ol' lady enjoying the party.



ABOVE: Funky chaps — what's in 'em is just fine, thanks.



ABOVE RIGHT: Volleyball time at Gary and Susan's party.

one end. Susie served up some excellent barbecued beef and we had a great time playing a good, spirited game of volleyball. The sounds came from two large speakers in the yard. The fun lasted way into the night. A neighbor rode over on a large International turbo tractor and took the partygoers on a hay ride. Mercifully, the dark clouds overhead didn't leak on us.

Later that weekend we drove to Argonia, Ohio, where the Dayton M C was having the Coors National Championship A.M.A. professional hillclimb. The hill, located on a farmer's private property, is known as the Devil's Staircase. The event is always held the second Sunday in October. Rain or shine, the next date is October 11, 1987.

Wapa, wapa, — I love to hear the clear, sharp, snappy, strong sounds of nitro fuelers when they're running. The fumes of the nitro burn the eyes and



Portrait of a longtime *Easyriders* reader.



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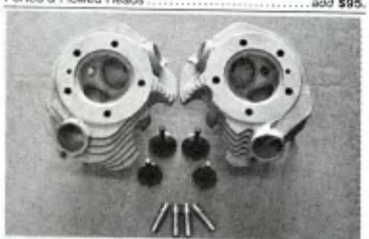


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It's all spelled out at the Dayton hillclimb.

lungs, and I love it that much more. That's part of being there. TV can't match it.

The two engine sizes allowed to participate are the 500cc and 750cc displacement. The riders were given only two runs to try for the top — and no practice tries. The rider with the best time in each category won. And the rain held off till the second run of the 750cc class.

I wish I could report that a Harley rider won, but I'm sorry to say that a couple of Canadians of the Williams team took the top prizes on BSAs. My hat is off to them. I seriously don't think they would be much competition if they were out West. There isn't



Beezer-rider Boo was a winner at the hillclimb.



Another hillclimb participant. Maybe he's a Buckeye — maybe not.

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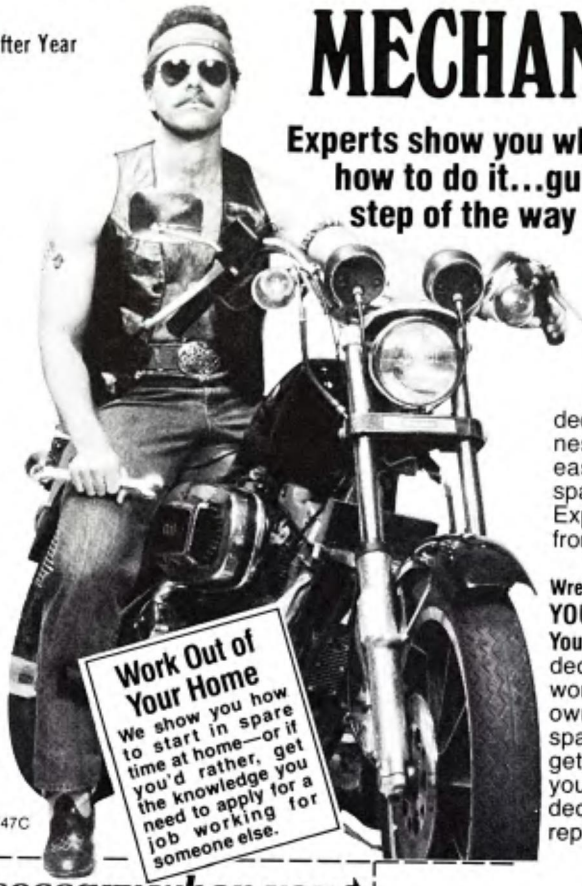
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This fan's scowl makes me wonder what the chick did to deserve it.



No bottles allowed at the hillclimb — so it's beer in those milk jugs. The real trick is drinking before it turns to warm piss.

much in Ohio to compare with the Widow Maker, which bro Kerry Peterson has mastered five times. Of course, Kerry rides in the full-on open class aboard a badass shovelhead — damn near twice the size of what was out there that day. I'm not taking anything away from the Williams team. They did good. I'm merely trying to stir up some shit so maybe someone somewhere will come up with a large enough area where we can have a giant hillclimb.

Riding back 150 miles to Naptown in a cage with Righteous Mike, I didn't envy the wet riders we passed en route. If they lived near Dayton or Cincy, it was a piece of cake. If they had to ride farther, it was a different story. Believe me when I tell you that I know all about riding in the rain.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION. (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. Title of publication: *Easyriders* Publication No. 0046-0990
2. Date of filing: October 1, 1986
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   Editor: Frank Kaisler, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, Los Angeles County, California 91301.
   Managing Editor — Gregg Daniel, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, Los Angeles County, California 91301.
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	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	561,492	550,450
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	219,321	215,457
2. Mail subscriptions	75,335	79,615
C. Total paid circulation (Sum of B1 and B2)	294,656	295,072
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,867	1,887
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	296,523	296,959
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	3,057	1,213
2. Returns from news agents	261,912	252,278
G. Total (Sum of E, F1, and F2 should equal net press run shown in A)	561,492	550,450

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Louis L. Kimzey, Editorial Director.

Easyriders



"Mom! Billy won't play house right — he keeps acting like Daddy!"



Photos by Rip

This antique iron didn't sound so great, but it made it to the top every damn time.

The worst part is when the rain creeps into the rectal area, especially at night when it's cold and nasty. Boots full of rain ain't too much fun, either. But, hey, I can handle it. No one's making me do it. I'm doing it — riding around the country on my Harley. I love it and generally it is great fun. The greatest thrill I can imagine, next to sex, or hittin' the lottery. But you know that's not going to happen. So two out of three ain't bad.

And say — if you're ever in Indy, visit the Hi Neighbor Bar on the west side of town. Keep it clean and don't let your meat loaf. ■

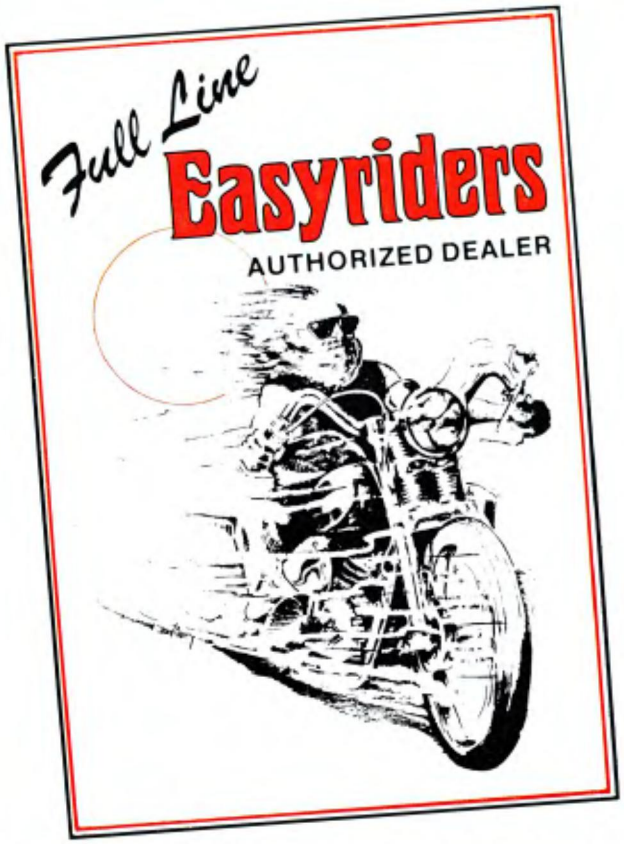
Help! We're trying to find all the bars, beaneries, and barnyards where bikers are really welcome. If you know of one, drop us a note and we'll have Rip check it out. Send your suggestions to "Rip's Run." Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



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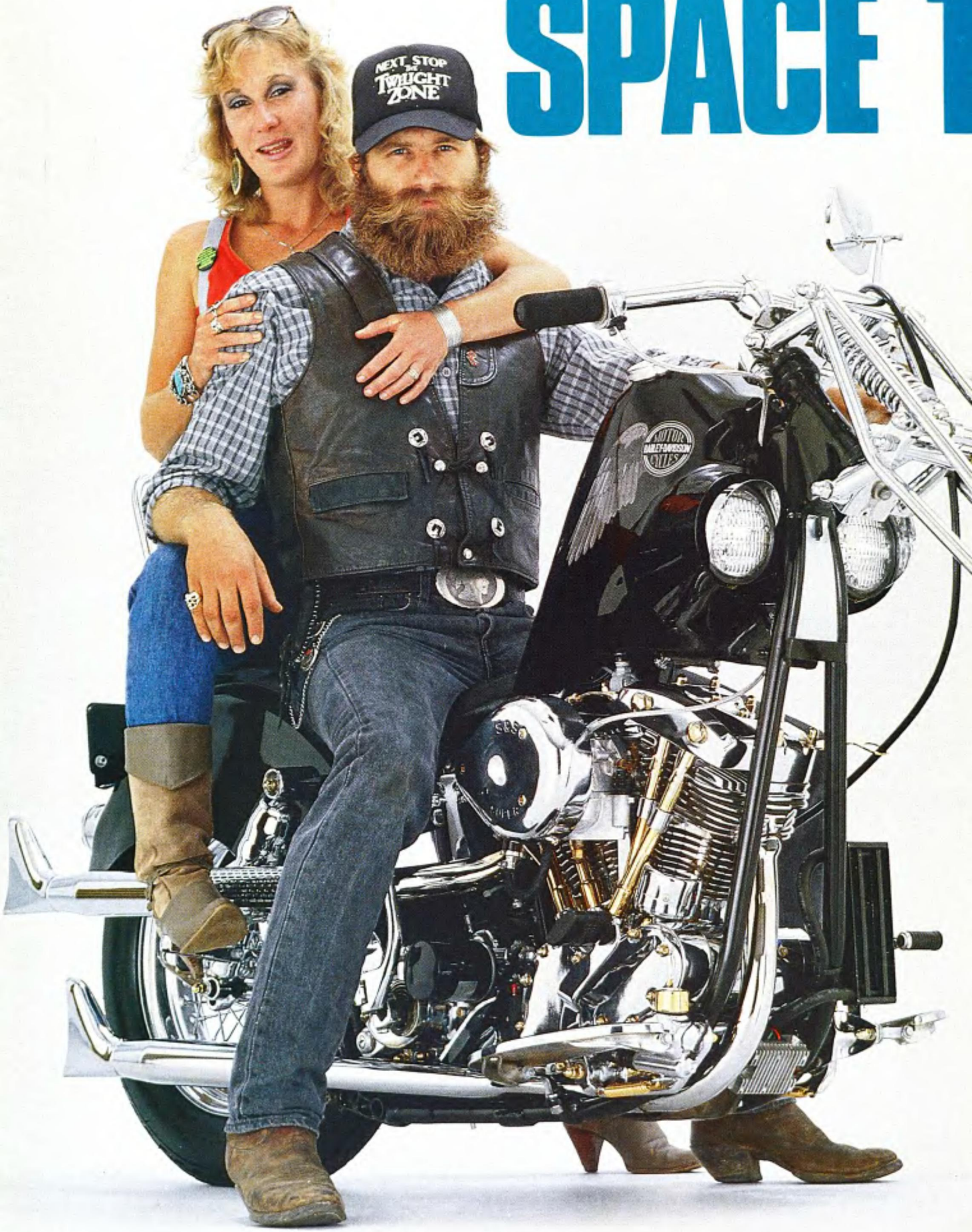
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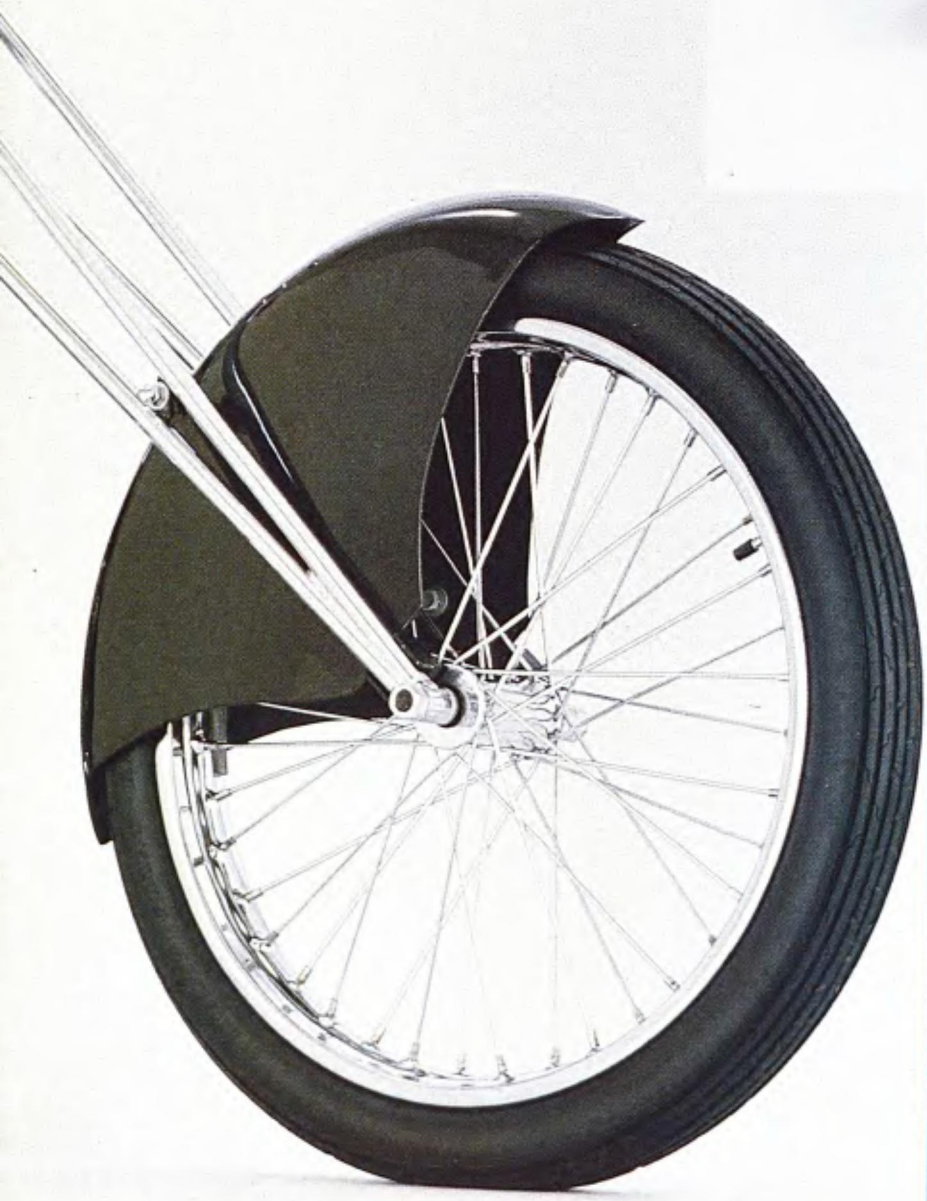
SPACE T



RAVELER

When the owner of this bike tells people he calls it "Darth Vadar," they flash on the physical resemblance and think they understand — but that's only half the story.





Rob Vodehnal is a self-described traveler. Operating out of a pretty centrally located home twenty — Grand Junction, Colorado — Rob has spent the past 15 years building and riding custom Hogs from one end of the land to the other.

"I guess I'm just a born long-distance rider," he says. "I build tourers and then I ride 'em.

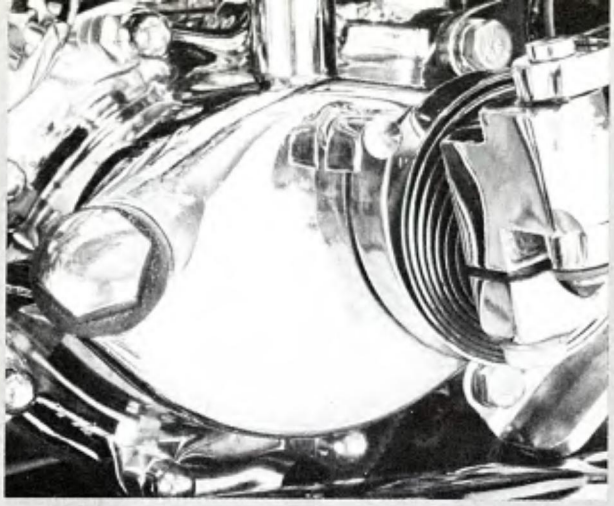
"Really," he concludes, "I've never been much of a weekend warrior type. When I go somewhere, I want to go somewhere, not just around the block."

Given his hard-ridin', galaxy-trottin' attitude, it's not surprising that Rob reached out to the world of science fiction and space travel to select a name for his 93-inch stroker. And, if you're going to pick a name out of a certain kind of movie, you might as well go with the best of the lot. So Rob checked out *Star Wars* and decided that the character most like his new


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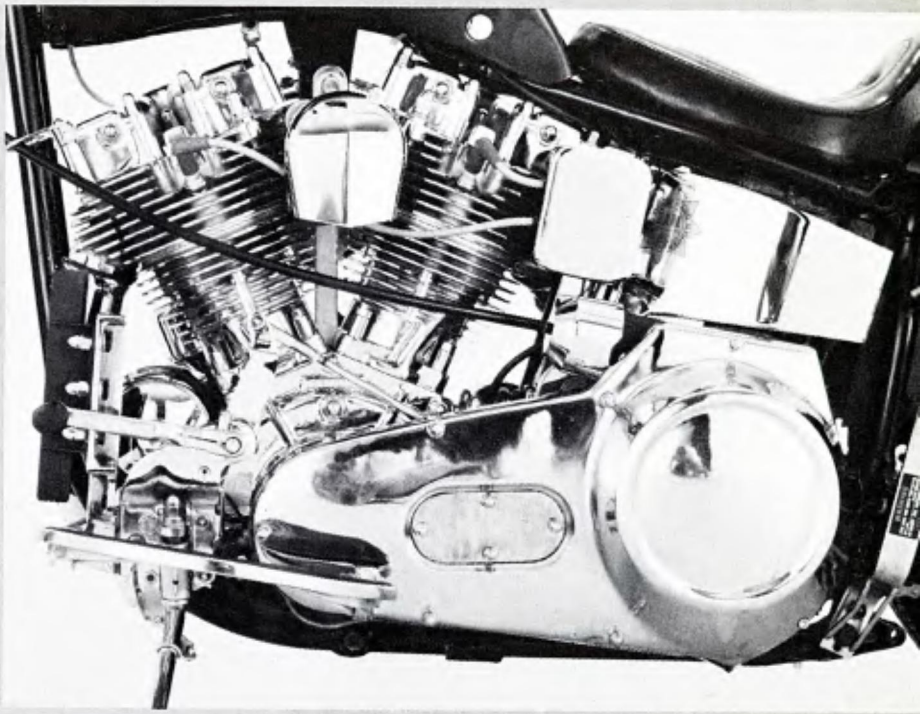




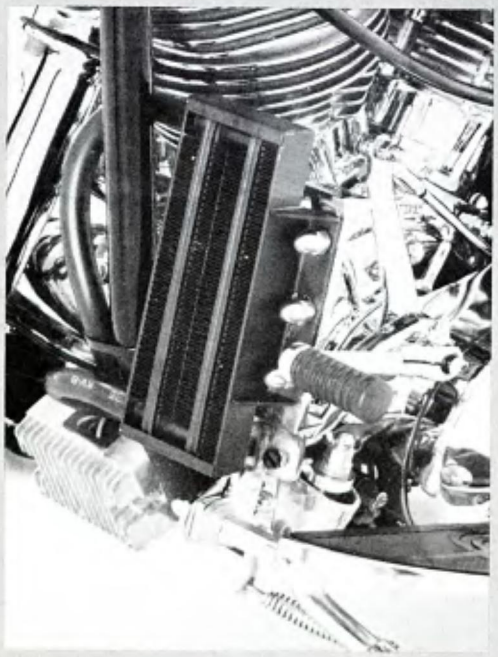


















Photos by Michael Lichter

Owner: Rob & Jacque Vodehnal	**City:** Grand Junction, Colo.
General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: Iron Masters	Year: 1963
Year and make: 1969 H-D	Builder: Iron Masters
Model: FLH	Type: swingarm
Value: $6,500	Rake: stock
Assembly by: Trout/Guy/Tim/owner	Stretch: 6 in.
Time: 8 days	Other alterations: added 2 in. back post
Chroming by: Brown's/Swede's	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: CCI.
Year: 1969	Risers: Iron Masters
Model: FLH	Fender(s): Iron Masters
Rebuilder: Iron Masters	Headlight: Iron Masters
Ignition: points	Taillight: stock
Displacement: 93 cu.in.	Speed: who cares?
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: CCI
Balancing: S&S	Rear pegs: CCI
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: volt pack/Hensley
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: Iron Masters/Sporty
Heads: Branch	Oil tank: Paughco
Cam(s): Andrews	Oil system: H-D
Lifters: Sifton	Primary cover: H-D
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: Paughco
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: Iron Masters
Pipes: Iron Masters	Height: 14 in.
Muffler(s): Paughco	Material: cold roll steel
Transmission	**Forks**
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: girder
Year: 1969	Extension: 15 in.
Shifting: foot	Builder: Smith Bros. & Fetrow
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: risers
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front** / **Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in. / Size: 16 in.
Molding: Iron Masters	Hub: Drag Spec. / Hub: H-D
Painter: Guy Elmendorf	Rim width: 3 in. / Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black	Tire: Carlisle / Tire: Carlise
Type: lacquer	Brake: none / Brake: H-D
Special paint: none	

Other special modifications: Gas tank and headlights, frame modification, custom-built front and rear fenders.

motorcycle was Darth Vadar. First, there's Vadar himself: after all, the man does epitomize the black T-shirt look, circa the year 2650.

And then, of course, there's the bike's looks: the black mask formed by the tank and headlight mounting gear, framing a mean, lean, get-down-to-business approach to the running gear.

But there's still another reason why Rob Vodehnal's FLH is called Darth Vadar. Vadar, you *Star Wars* fans will recall, had been the victim of a fierce struggle between the powers of good and evil. Evil had, of course, triumphed (bad guys have more fun), but not before most of Vadar's OEM parts had been somehow destroyed. After his victory over Vadar the evil old emperor merely took the functional bits and pieces of ol' Darth, fitted them with spare arms, legs, and lungs from the scrap pile, and sent him out to do battle.

Which, fittingly, is exactly how Rob built his Darth Vadar — virtually 100 percent from scrapped parts. Ride on, Rob — may the Harley force be with ya!

—Grape

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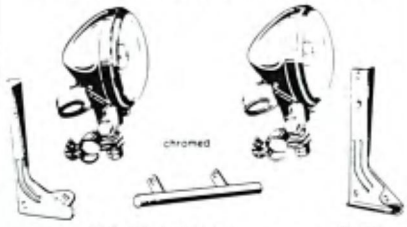
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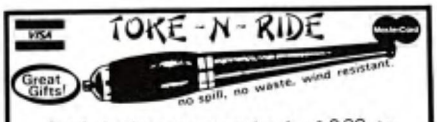
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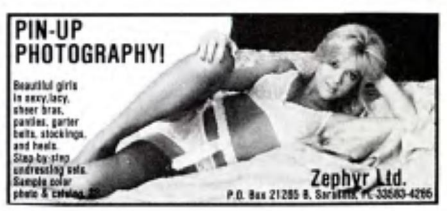
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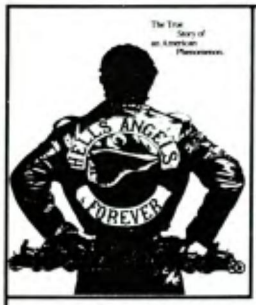
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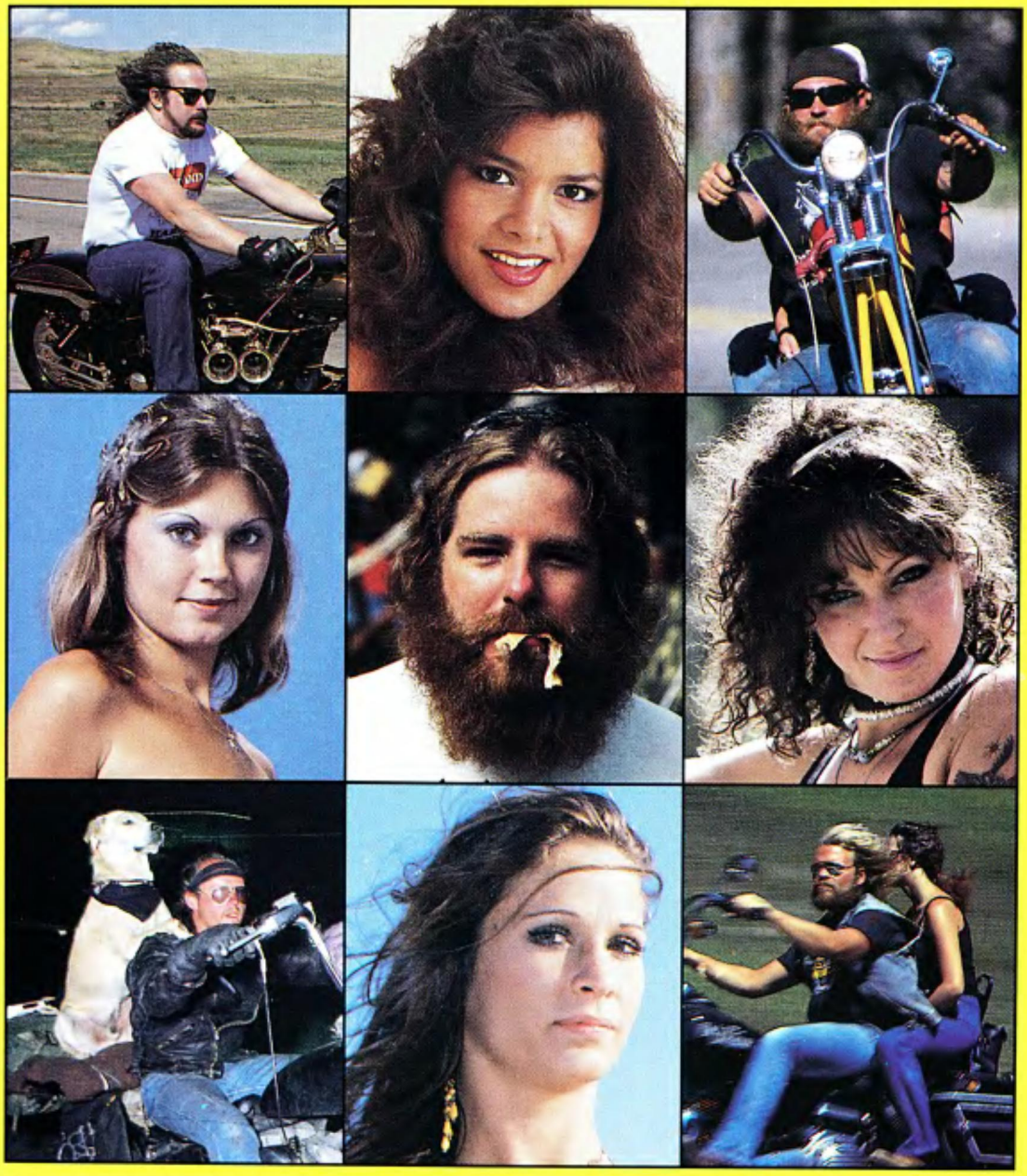
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