

Easyriders

Seven Bike Features

Gary Bang Interviewed

Virginia ABATE Party

Church's Haulin' Harley

**Foxy Riders
of Yesterday**

***Tech Tip:
Bearing Problems***

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Easyriders

NUMBER 165

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

MARCH 1987

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 26.



Audited Paid



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COVER AND GATEFOLD
Photography of Debbie by Pete Chiodo



hog chrome

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I've dragged my nose through it lots of times and have had a coat hanger in it a couple of times, but I've never done what this guy did. While they were having fun and games in bed, he thought he'd blow into his seven-month-pregnant wife's snatch. Somehow the air went around her baby and got into her bloodstream. While she was laughin' and scratchin', she croaked, and so did her baby. So watch it when blowing into your ol' lady's box. (That's my good deed for today.)

Now get this because you're not going to believe it. This guy was standing in waist-deep shit and piss juice under the toilet seat in the outhouse. What was he doing there besides gagging on the stench? He had a video camera and was taking pictures of women when they took a shit. (There're freaks everywhere.)

This guy must have been thirsty. He went into a 7-Eleven store and tried to take a 12-pack of beer without paying. The store manager grabbed the beer from him, so he left. Two minutes later, he came back and picked up another 12-pack of beer. The store manager took the beer away from him again, so he left. A few minutes later he came back and picked up another 12-pack—only this time, the manager stopped him and called the police. I'd say he was thirsty, wouldn't you?

She's got a lot to learn. This 17-year-old girl was charged with attempted armed robbery. It seems she tried to hold up a department store with a chocolate Santa Claus. She apparently went into a store and told the clerk, "Give me all your money—I've got a gun." But the clerk wasn't having any of it after he spotted the chocolate Santa Claus.

Can you believe this shit? A guy was sentenced to prison for six to twelve years after being convicted for twice raping his wife. What are wives for other than for fun and games now and then?

A former marine contracted breast cancer after exposure to radiation during an atomic bomb test. But would you believe it? The Veterans Administration won't pay for breast cancer in a guy. They'll only pay benefits for female breast cancer. I guess it's all a matter of the breast size, because the VA says that males have less breast tissue than

females and that the male tissue is inactive. Shit! A tit's a tit and cancer is cancer. Are they saying men can't get breast cancer?

This biker was pulled over for speeding. Big deal, right? It happens every day. But this time, when the police heard his excuse, they let him go. What kind of story did he come up with to make the police release him without giving him a ticket? He told them that a bee flew up his pants and bit him on the dick and he was rushing to the hospital.

We all know how cold a landlord can be, but this one has to be the coldest of all. A 92-year-old woman croaked, and the cold-hearted landlord charged her body for an extra month's rent because she croaked without giving him one month's notice.

I like cats and particularly like dogs, so don't give me any shit about telling you what this guy did to his girlfriend. They got into a beef, and he was wondering how he could get even with her. So he came up with an idea. He took his girlfriend's favorite cat and fried it in a microwave oven. I know, I know, but I just report the facts.

He went into a convenience store and started handing out money to anyone in the store. He was giving away one- and five-dollar bills, and before leaving the store he picked up an Easyriders magazine from the rack. I don't know what his trip was, but he obviously had good taste. After he got the magazine, he split.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





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Dog With Driftwood

☐ I've followed your mag for years, have agreed with most of what I've read and seen, and disagreed with some. Dave Mann's artwork is unsurpassed by none. He truly captures the spirit of the biker lifestyle. But after seeing his December spread, I'm compelled to write.

I don't know what kind of deer y'all have in California, but here in New England, where we eat venison as much as we eat beef, any deer that would fit on the back of a scooter as neatly as he depicted certainly wouldn't be sporting an eight-point rack. Not unless it was a farmer's dog with driftwood tacked to his head.

Tumbleweed Maggot
New Hartford, Conn.

Digs Bike

☐ Just wanted to write and say that Castro's '71 shovel (Oct. '86) is the best bike I've seen in the magazine in at least three years.

That ride reminded me a hell of a lot of the feature bikes in the early years of *Easyriders*. Still my favorite style — long, low, and lean.

Big D
St. Louis, Mo.

Answer To Wants To Know

☐ I have only two things to say. First, in response to "Wants Info" from Crazy Horse and Gypsy in your Nov. '86 issue, the place to go in Idaho is Farragut State Park north of Coeur d'Alene. It's a great place for a run and a party! Two thousand bikes won't even crowd it. The cops are cool, and there are plenty of things to do.

Second, anyone having info on a biker named Paul Ganzer, please respond. I have been searching for my old man for 15 years with no luck. He rides a Harley and was once a Hells Angel out of Missouri. Any info at all would be appreciated.

Tinker
Lodi, Calif.

Dakota Women

☐ This letter goes out to all the women pictured in "Stompin' In Sturgis" (Dec. '86 issue). There've been plenty of pictures of parties from various states in this magazine, and I've seen a lot of pretty faces, but I think the ladies from South Dakota are the best I've seen yet. They're all dolls. Usually you get one or two pigs, but not in that article.

Paul Mastrangiola
Rochester, N.Y.

A Goof!

☐ The article on Sheila's '75 was good, but by now someone on yer staff should know the difference between a Sporty and a shovel. (Even here in Dixie we can figure that shit out.) "This gorgeous Sporty" is one fine, well-planned piece of shovel artistry. Drug-induced fuck-ups excepted, at least you gave us some fine flicks. Keep on riding, Sheila, that's one clean sled.

"So, Cal" Kevin
Lula, Ga.

☐ What a fuck-up. Who are you getting to write for your rag these days? The red scooter in the December issue in the "Foxy Riders" section is a fucking shovel, not a Sporty as it was called at least twice. Sounds like the controlled substances are catching up with ya.

Biggun
Kiowa, Kan.

All Alone

☐ I loved the story "A Woman Left Alone" by Kitty Dannon. It was fantastic. Right now I'm kind of in the same situation. I've been in Wilkesboro for about three months and haven't met a true-blood biker yet! What's a sweet 18-year-old hardbelly to do around here? Come on, guys, I'm tired of being alone!

Kitten
c/o Easyriders
Box 3000
Agoura, CA 91301

Censorship

☐ Why is it that so many of the bike rags are caving in to a bunch of government assholes who don't even read the rags in the first place? I noticed in the last one or two issues of some of these rags that they have cut out all nudity. Some haven't even gone to the trouble to explain why or even mention it in any way — like maybe we won't notice.

I've subscribed to your rag now for three years and have been buying it since the first issue. If you, too, decide to cut out all the tits and ass like these other rags, I'll still keep subscribin', but I'll sure be disappointed in you guys for cavin' in.

I started buyin' your rag 'cause your attitude has always been that the mag is published for bikers by bikers, and if all the straight-faced, tight-assed hypocrites out there didn't like it, they wouldn't have to buy the muthafucker. Now it seems that the bike rags are puttin' these same assholes on their editorial staffs and lettin' 'em have a direct say in what they can or cannot print.

I personally would rather see these rags fold up and disappear rather than start kissin' ass to a bunch of phony do-gooders who don't have the slightest idea about our lifestyle. What are they gonna edit out next? Pictures of tattoos, colors, cut-offs, tight jeans? If everyone gives in, it won't be long before they won't let you print flicks of that devil bike, Harley-Davidson.

I've got a little patch on my cut-off that says FTW. I know what it stands for. I hope you do, too.

Brian McGovern
Flint, Mich.

■ They're runnin' scared.

Raisin Pie Report

☐ If censorship forced you to remove all nudity, my subscription would be renewed. However, at this rate I don't

intend to continue bringing *Easyriders* into my home after my current subscription runs out. If the pornography gets any worse, I may write asking for a refund!

D. Hutchison
Hampton, Va.

■ Bite my ass!

No Tits In England

□ Thank you for producing the special U.K. edition of *Easyriders*. The cost reduction is certainly very welcome, and the rag now provides real competition for the domestic rivals, all of which feature Jap crap.

What I really can't understand is what has happened to all the tits. Why no Ol' Lady of the Year contest? Why does the model in the November issue keep her bra on? What happened to all the girls in the "In The Wind" section who show their stuff? Have you all got religious? Have the women libbers finally got their way? Have you all become faggots? I still enjoy your mag, but the real *Easyriders* is now just a fond mammary.

Colin Sharpe
Cambridgeshire, England

■ It's your government.

Needs Manifold

□ Congratulations! The new format is a class act. I've been a reader for years, always paging through that stack of old issues for ideas on how to get that right look. Your "Readers' Rides" column is the best, getting to see what other brothers are building and giving recognition to all who have to have a one-of-a-kind ride.

What I need is help. I'm trying to locate a downdraft intake manifold for my sled, a '66 XLCH digger. I've seen them on feature bikes, so someone manufactures them.

Any info would be appreciated. You know how it is — tracking down the ultimate trick part to finish this year's version.

Rusty Heidecker
P.O. Box 245
Richlandtown, Pa. 18955

Alright People

□ While on vacation in October with my wife, my '85 FXRC took an electrical dump. That's right, starter, rotor, regulator — everything!

We were lucky enough to

limp into Pro Cycle in Atascadero, California where we met Gary Bang, Jr. and a great staff. Gary tracked down parts. Mechanic John worked overtime, and bookkeeper Michele gave us great advice on lodging and entertainment.

They got us back on the road in record time! What could have been a real disaster was salvaged by their efforts!

Thanks, Pro Cycle, it's great to know the good guys still exist.

Jim C.
Turlock, Calif.

Snivel, Snivel

□ Hey, you guys. I've got a bitch! If you're going to print pictures of nice-looking bikes, can't you put the girls behind the bike or in another part of the rag? You could see the bike a whole lot better if you did.

I have nothing against semi-nude women, but if I want to see them, I'll buy *Penthouse* or something like that. A lot of bros (including my ol' man) I've talked to feel the same way. We want to see more bike!

Henry's Kitty
Sacramento, Calif.

A Letter From J.J.

□ Dear Assholes:

Ya know, somewhere along the line you have to draw the line.

Let me try that again.

Ya know, somewhere along the line you have to draw the line.

Well, a lotta fuckin' good tryin' it again did. Why don't I start altogether over different.

Ya know, I consider myself typical of your readers: Brilliant, roguishly handsome, extremely well-proportioned in the genital region, caringly groomed, tolerant of the views of others, disinclined to lose my temper. Well, hey, I only have a few sheets of paper for this so let me end the list here and get down to business.

You beer-soaked, grease-reeking, drug-addicted, skid-mark-drawersed, toothless ogles of high school girls have committed countless high crimes in that monthly toilet paper tear-sheet of yours. I don't have to remind you how you've repeatedly turned my beautiful stories of noble intentions and high purpose into gutter-level hog

swill that I would never ever read, much less write. All who know me know I do not think and speak in such a way. So you've only done damage to your own reputations, not mine, ya shitass pieces of diarrhea-turd fuckheaded bastards.

But none o' that is my reason for this letter. None o' those things has steamed me, but this thing has. And it's the chick in this month's (Nov. '86) issue that I have right here before me who is on page 94 that I have deduced from counting from "one" at the cover and counting 94 pages. She is this month's "Foxy Rider."

Her name is Jan "Toots" Manning. As you can see from looking at her, she has the wrong vowel in her middle name and one too many of them. This is the first chick you have ever had in your hemorrhoid-scraper with any tits at all... and you feature her fuckin' bike!

Lookit them two anvils! You can see they weigh about a hundred pounds apiece. Not only do you girderheads have them covered, they're covered in high-tension elastic, suckin' 'em against her chest. Not that it's doin' any good.

Now I know what you guys are thinkin'. "Well, you see, she works in a big corporate-minded grocery store who won't take too lightly to one of its employees in its family-oriented million-dollar gold mine taking off her top and flapping her tits."

Hey. That's all very fine thinking and all. But what the hell good is that doin' my fuckin' dick?

Yeah, I know what you're thinkin'. "Well, you see, she really did have this bike and it was just incidental that she had huge tits, almost a liability in this case really, and it's a pretty great bike and we figured well, this is a bike feature after all, maybe everyone will overlook the fact that she has tits the size of two medicine balls."

Listen, lemme tell ya sumthin', that kinda thinkin' ain't thinkin', it's drugged delirium makin' noise.

Yeah, I know what you're thinkin'. "Well, there's so many competitor biker mags out now all tryin' to outdo each other in smelly sleaziness that we're just tryin' ta keep some sorta poor excuse for a reputation on our

masthead."

I think I'll let my dick answer that one.

"Hey, what the hell good is your brown-instead-o-black reputation doin' me?"

Ya know, I couldn'ta said that better myself.

What it all boils down to is this: Speaking as their self-proclaimed spokesman, me and nine million other guys wanna see this broad's tits and we think you should oblige us.

J.J. Solari
L.A. Zoo
Los Angeles, Calif.

Honda Rider Lippin' Off

□ I figured I would drop this shitty rag a letter since I have found another example of just how fucked up you Harley riders really are.

For years and years you talk about just how fucked up Honda riders and cagers are. Well, in mid-September in Washington on a stretch of highway a typical Harley bike scum and his bitch were pulled over fixing his piece of trash Sportster (broken as is par for these shitty machines) when a cager struck and injured the biker's woman. This individual, who is not worth the cum stain that formed him, hopped on his trash Harley and rode off into the sunset while the cager helped this woman.

This is just another fine example of how you flea-infested faggots aren't worth the trash you ride. P.S. I ride a Honda.

J.M. Towers
Lacey, Wash.

■ It figures you're a Honda rider.

Additional Facts

□ Hey, Spider, on page 4 of the Nov., '86 issue in reference to the "I hate to be a bearer of bad news" item where ya referred to the ground-up Michigan prison food, I just wanted to let ya know ya were kinda misleading on that.

They ain't grinding up all the prison food like that. Just the food for unruly prisoners in the hole or segregation units.

I was on the shit for two weeks, and it looks, smells, and tastes just like "puke." It's punishment alright. However, there are ways to work around that crap. I never had to eat the shit for the entire two weeks that I was assign-

ed to it. So fuck the prison guards and special thanks to my brothers who were lookin' out for me.

Keep up the good work in 5 Block.

Tattoo
Jackson, Mich.

Earrings

□ I'm sittin' here kickin' back, checking out your Dec. '86 rag when I noticed that the dude on Dave Mann's centerspread had his earring in his right ear. Now I've had mine in my left ear for over ten years. I'm pretty sure I have mine on the correct side, and the right ear pierced represents a lost manhood!

Pac Rat
Dover, Del.

■ I've heard that too!

A Good Samaritan

□ This is just one more testimonial to the brotherhood of Harley-Davidson riders.

I was on a ride with some partners when I discovered the miles left on my rear tire didn't match up to the miles I had left to go. I was in Escondido on Saturday night with no chance of finding a tire 'til Tuesday. My partner and I wandered into Honest John's Bar and asked for help. Even though we were total strangers, Big Al called around and located a tire for us about 30 miles away. As if that weren't enough, the man drove out, got the tire, and got a buddy to open his shop so we'd have air and tools! He and his friend helped us out and got us back on the road and wouldn't take anything but a brew and a doob for their trouble.

I'll forever return the favor to any Harley rider I see in a fix.

No Name
Industry, Calif.

A Bet's A Bet

□ I'm being held against my will here in Massachusetts. I have a bet with a fellow inmate for his bread and water for a week so if you print this, I can have a picnic. So please do, I'm starving. I want to thank this fox from Idaho for writing me, and Lace, can't wait until you're on my face.

Arty
Norfolk, Mass.

Fast Service

□ Are you trying to impress me or what? My ol' man called and left our number so he could order me some boots. You had to call three times

before you got ahold of him. The two people who called were polite and patient (impressive).

Then three fast weeks later they arrived at my door! (Excellent service.) And as if that isn't enough, I opened the box to find a Dave Mann Christmas card and an *Easyriders* tote bag! (Both unexpected.) You didn't just make my day — you made my whole fuckin' month!

Give everyone a piece of raisin pie for the friendly, fast service that came with a surprise.

R. Sandberg
Lenexa, Kan.

Needs Help

□ I was wondering if you or any of the readers out there can turn me on to some information. If anyone has any info on groups, organizations, or people who assist in upgrading drug-related bad service discharges, I would really appreciate it. I remember reading a few years back about NORML doing something to try to help with these problems, but I don't know how to get in touch with them. Any info at all would help.

M. Waterbury
Dumas, Texas

A Tip

□ For the H-D riders in Norfolk: When you get tired of dealing with the shops around us, check out J & E Harley-Davidson in Greenville, N.C.

Take 64E to 13/11 south to Greenville. Turn left on Dickenson Ave. and the shop is a couple of miles out on the left. It's about a 2½ hours' ride from start to stop — all good cruising road.

Call ahead and talk to Scott or Eric. They're great guys and can probably do any work you need done the same day while you wait. They make it worth the trip.

Thanks again, I'm really enjoying the Wide Glide.

Rick
FPO N.Y.

Needs Help

□ Escaping reality doesn't work the way it used to. Need help to face the real world? My father was an alcoholic. I'm a pot head. I have to break the chain now before my son becomes the next link. I've heard about the brotherhood's version of A.A. but don't know how to contact a chapter in my area. Any

assistance would be greatly appreciated.

Thunder
Cicero, Ill.
(312) 656-5487

Chunky Woman

□ David, I want to thank you for your ad in "Partner-shopper": "Wants to correspond with unattractive, overweight women. No slim cuties need apply." That made my day.

I'm a heavy and I get upset at the guys who won't give us a chance. Don't you guys get upset at people who put you down for being bikers? When we all know that's the best breed to be.

Please don't put us down. Give us a chance. I know we aren't easy on the eyes sometimes, but we're soft on the heart, we're loyal as a coon dog, hellions in fights, and sometimes that extra weight helps. There's a lot of cushion to the pushin', and that fat pushes our pussies together to make them tight.

So please, guys, don't be so hard on us. We're a pretty good breed ourselves. David, thanks again.

By the way, I lost my ol' man, and any tall body-builders that are interested in a heavy tramp, please write to this downed w/sister. I need a good man!

"Road" Eidson
710 N. Prospect
Kansas City, Mo. 64120

Wrong Info

□ Well, it seems every time I write you people I'm apologizing about something.

Ever have a period in your life when everything you say, do, or touch seems to turn to shit? Well, that's the way the past year has been for me.

In the December issue of *Easyriders* I sent in a vet tip on a refund that was supposedly due us on our insurance premiums. This info was passed on to me by a leaflet from our union at work. I work for Chrysler and am a member of the UAW, so I had no reason to think the information was wrong since it came from a union representative. I even had one lying s.o.b. tell me he had received a refund.

Well, it's all bullshit. There is no such bill entitling us to any such premium (though there should be).

The response to my letter in *Easyriders* has been amazing. I've had calls from all over the country questioning me on this matter (most of

them friendly, some not so friendly).

And to all I say I'm sorry.
Steven G. Maines
Belvidere, Ill.

A Jap On A Hog

□ I am finally considering putting down your rag for good because of something that I thought would never happen. On pages 72-73 of your December issue you show some little yellow bastard sitting on a shovel. Whatdafuck! I buy your rag religiously, and you stick a fuckin' nine iron in it. And you've got the balls (or lack of them) to put that yellow bastard from Tokyo on a Harley wearing a Miller cap.

Time to dust off the weapons, bros. *Easyriders* is in serious trouble.

J.G.L.
Ontario, Canada

■ The A-bomb musta knocked some sense into a few of 'em.

Police State?

□ Hey, you, out of Mesquite — the deal is that Texas has become the proverbial police state. The majority of righteous, good-sensed scooter people are rapidly passing highway lines for greener pastures. Those that aren't are under lock and key, courtesy of the conservative, right wing-radical, rednecks who outnumber the biker group in all segments including bars, businesses, beaches (whatever).

What you experienced in Dallas is the order of the day in the Lone Star State. I would advise an immediate relocation if possible.

Kerry
Lovelady, Texas

Wants Entertainment

□ Would like to hear from any lonely bros and sisters from all over the world so we can meet some cool people out there in the world. Would like to ride in the wind again.

Dave and Becky
2206 Jefferson St.
Oshkosh, Wis. 54901

Canned Heat

□ While moving recently, I had a chance to look through my older copies and found the article on the "Canned Heat" group by The Austin Animal (July '82). During the late '60s and early '70s I bought all their records (LPs and singles), and they are still my favorite group. During 1969 I was lucky enough

to see them in concert, but with Harvey Mandel replacing Henry Vestine, unfortunately. Then I found difficulty in getting any of their records and assumed they had split up and stopped making records. I was wondering if anyone can supply me with a complete discography of their records and any sources of supply. I believe they did produce some songbooks also. I would like to fill in any missing records if possible or just find out what they did produce.

I would be grateful for any information.

W.M. Edwards

Tadworth, Surrey, England

What?

☐ After five years shrinks finally gave me a diagnosis: "Schizoaffective disorder with manic tendencies." In other words, normal.

What the fuck does "Mosquito Coast" mean?

Lucifer

Portland, Ore.

Needs Help

☐ I hope you can help me. I've been trying to find publications or a manual on building a trike from scratch. To date I've had no luck. Please send info to me personally, as I cannot obtain *Easyriders* locally due to a new obscenity law.

James Crouch

109 Greenlee

Winona, Miss. 38967

Whatdafuck

☐ Was checking out the latest issue and whatdafuck was missing? You guys pulled out "Male Call," "Brothers Lost," "Partner-shopper," and "Astrology." Is it really true that these columns won't be in the rag anymore? If so, please let us readers know about it.

A concerned bro
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ The powers that be have decided to shit-can them. Maybe they'll change their minds if enough of you shout and rave.

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. ■

PUT A DOUBLE ^{LIVE} WHAMMY ON YOUR TURNTABLE.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE. "LIVE ALIVE!"

It's a Double-Live Whammy of Texas blues and boogie: Stevie Ray Vaughan And Double Trouble captured "Live Alive" on this smoking 2-record set!

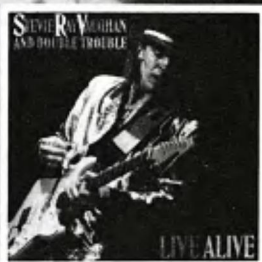
Check out Stevie Ray concert classics like "Love Struck Baby," "Voodoo Chile," "Change It," plus new live favorites including "Superstition," "Willie The Wimp" and "I'm Leaving You (Commit A Crime)" — recorded live at the famed Montreux Jazz Festival, the Texas Opera House in Austin and the Dallas Starfest.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE. "LIVE ALIVE!"

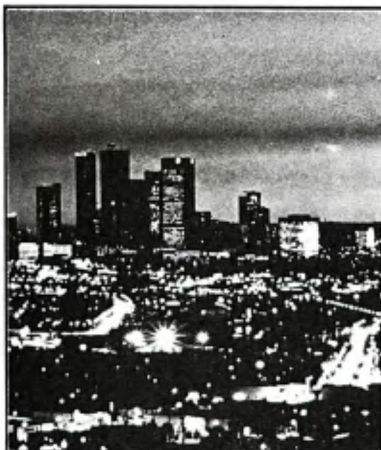
The essential 2-record set, on Epic Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

FREE CDs FROM CBS!!!

Get details at your favorite record store.



Produced by Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble. Direction: Strike Force Inc. "Epic" and are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1986 CBS Inc.



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Please support the
 AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY®

LEGEND



N WHITE



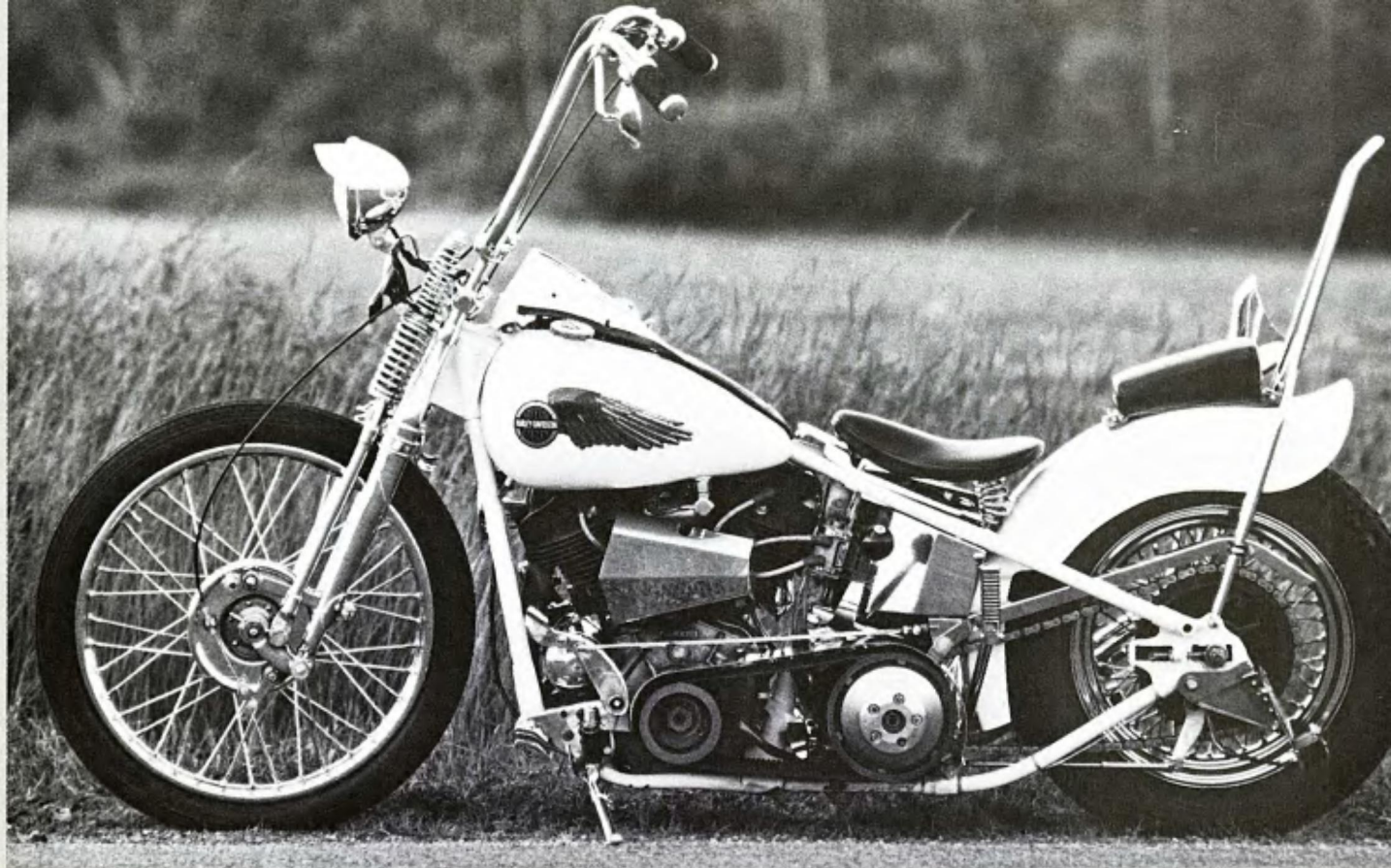
There are legends and then there are legends — but somehow the folk tale of a wild white beast that brings good luck and fortune to those bold enough to claim him seems to fit this Harley like a glove.

A long time ago the guts of America, the great heartland stretching from Kansas to Utah, from Texas to Canada, was overrun, literally overrun, bros, by millions of buffalo.

Millions of buffalo, the explorers recorded. Herds of buffalo so thick a man could walk across their backs for miles and miles without having to set foot on the ground — if he was bold enough to try it.

Of course, we all know what happened to them — virtual extinction. Buffalo-hunters hired by the early railroads to provide meat to construction crews operated on the theory that, if you needed one bull for the chuckwagon, you





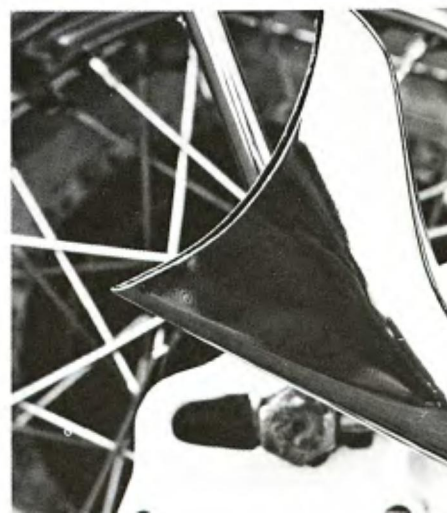
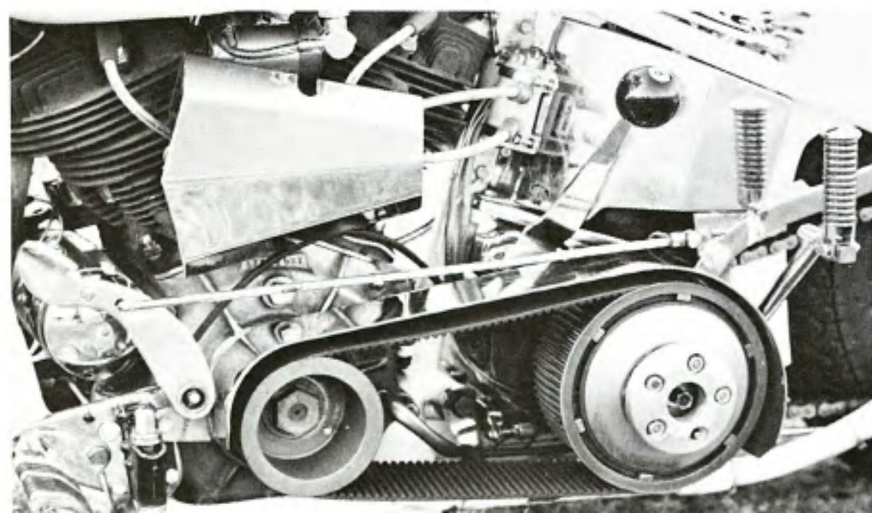
might just as well shoot ten. It sounds ridiculous to think that a few handfuls of men with Henry rifles could decimate a whole species of animal but, in large measure, they did. The sight of tens of thousands of bleached buffalo carcasses lying beside Western railroad right-of-ways became familiar to two decades of Pullman Palace Car travelers headed over the plains.

And then there were the blue-coats, the U.S. Army Cavalry. Entrusted with the task of ridding

the landscape of the first real Americans, the native Indians, Army brass soon discovered that it was easier to starve the tribes into submission than to defeat them on the battlefield. The buffalo herds were the traditional source of food, clothing, and teepee-building material to most of the tribes. The orders went out from Army posts throughout Indian territory: kill the buffalo; subdue the Red Man. The orders were obeyed, and today only a few small herds of buffalo, mostly

confined in national parks, exist to stir the imagination with the sight and sound of a few hundred thousand of the massive, reddish-brown, shaggy-headed beasts running free through the grazing land.

Reddish-brown beasts? Sure, mostly, even though some had more of a pure brown hue — except for a couple that might once have stalked this country and that still live in Indian lore, if not upon the land — the legendary white buffalo.



Owner: Jim Shetler		City: Small Town, USA	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1947	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: ?		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 5 years		Other alterations: welds filled	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: tall	
Year: 1947		Risers: 3 in.	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Walt		Headlight: Drag Spec.	
Ignition: Accel		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: Walt		Front pegs: Tom's Cycles	
Balancing: Walt		Rear pegs: Al's Cycles	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: Accel	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5 gal.	
Heads: Bear		Oil tank: 4 qt.	
Cam(s): knuckle		Oil system: H-D filter	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Primo belt guard	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissybar: swap meet	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): two		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: CCI kicker cover		Type: springer	
Year: 1947		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Don Merrill		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Don Merrill		Rim width: 1.5 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: 1986 Mercedes White		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: no			
Special thanks to Walt, Pokey, Scott, Val, and Don.			



Photos by Michael Lichter

Different tribes tell different tales about this possibly real, maybe mythical beast. To some, an Indian brave who happened to see one would be forever blessed, impervious to Cavalry bullets, and always successful in the hunt. To others, the white buffalo was a vision that appeared at the instant of death, signifying that a brave would be traveling to a better world to rejoin his ancestors.

All the legends agreed on one point: The white buffalo would only reveal himself to a tribesman whose heart was filled with unusual quantities of courage, honor, and dignity.

Like the white buffalo, this white Hog is something special and demands a special bro to own and ride it. Jim Shetler, we doff our headdresses to ya. Split a few snatch scalps for us.

—Butcher



In 1977, the Harley-Davidson® Low Rider™ tore up the streets with unprecedented custom styling.

Not so much because it had drag bars, a painted engine and an extended front end. But because you could ride this laid-back, customized Harley® right off the showroom floor. Factory direct.

After 10 years, nothing has

changed. But everything is different.

Introducing the 1987 Low Rider Custom.

A glittering Harley that is a show winner, and continues the show when you take it on the road.

The power

is the best of this decade—the V² Evolution™ engine. Eighty cubic inches of durable, oil-tight muscle.

With five speeds, final belt drive, and rubber isolation engine mounts in our superior



TEN YEARS LATER, ANOTHER TEAR UP T



handling sport chassis, the Low Rider Custom breaks away from the crowd again.

New, heavy-duty 39mm front forks go to work around every corner, over every bump.

When it's time to stop, the crowd you left behind will suddenly reappear, to see for themselves the heartrending custom styling, feature by feature:

A 21-inch chrome wheel laced to a narrow hub. A cast aluminum rear disc wheel. And welded, one-piece custom show handlebars.

The engine is finished in wrinkle black and bright chrome.

The tank is a low-profile teardrop with an offset cap, unique pinstriping and hand-laced leather center strap with 10th Anniversary logo.

Ten years ago, Low Rider paved the way for the fully customized production motorcycle. Stop by your nearby Harley-Davidson dealer. Now the Low Rider Custom is tearing up the industry again.

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THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.

R LOW RIDER™ IS GOING TO THE INDUSTRY



Ripped Off At 50



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

By Big Dan

It sure felt good to be on the highway, cruising at 70 on a cool, clear night with little traffic. I was on I-77 in Ohio, heading south to Ghana, a town near Columbus, the capital.

It was about 2 a.m., the last week of June 1981. I'd been out of the joint for five months after doing five and a half years. Thanks to good fortune and a lot of hustle, I had my own '53 pan up under me. It was sitting in a pearl-white Jammer frame with a sixteen-inch-over glide front end. The bike was running strong and I was on my way to spend a couple of days with some good gash — so, needless to say, I was on top of the world.

I was about an hour into a four-hour ride that had started in Akron. The night was a bit chilly so I was in chaps, leathers, and gloves. After leaving Canton and Dover behind, I found myself in open country with a few farms set back off the freeway.

As I settled into making that rigid frame and high pull-backs as easy on me as possible, I listened to the rumble of my Hog and reflected on what awaited at the end of the ride.

Now we all know about rigid frames and old Harley engines — if

there's anything you can count on with that combination, it's that shit always comes loose. No amount of Loctite or lock nuts ever seems to keep everything tight for very long. For some reason I looked down at the left side of the engine, where I was running an open belt, and what do I see? My gear box linkage rod is hanging down loose and lying in between the front pulley and the crankcase. The second shorter section of linkage is hanging straight down ahead of the pulley and swinging in the wind. My gear shift lever had apparently come loose and disappeared, allowing the linkage to slip out of its harness and drop down on the belt assembly.

By now my speed had dropped to about 50, so instead of just clutching and pulling over, I decided I'd better get the linkage up off the belt right away. I reached down to pick it up and, too fast for me to know what happened, I felt a yank on my hand and reflexively snatched it back. The belt and pulley teeth had grabbed the loose tips of my glove fingers and pulled them in. Half of my hand had that numb "hurt bad" feeling, so I held it up in front of me to see against the headlamp light,

and what a shock I got! The two smallest fingers of my glove had been ripped from the body of the glove and my two smallest fingers were stripped to the bone from the first knuckles to the tips.

As with most serious injuries, there was no real pain, only stunned disbelief. I clutched, braked, and got the bike stopped on the shoulder. Reaching over to hold the clutch right-handed, I had another look at my hand to make sure I wasn't dreaming. It looked even worse the second time.

I sat there and cursed a steady blue streak for about two minutes before I got hold of myself. Reaching down, I carefully got hold of the linkage and put the end of it back in its harness. The two pieces of linkage rod hinge at a screw connection that comes to a point after coming up out of the harness. I found that kicking forward on that point with my heel allowed me to get the bike to down-shift from fourth and then finally into first.

I was about fifty miles south of Dover and it was the closest city, so I crossed over the center strip of the highway and headed back the way I'd come. I figured I could get there

and to the hospital in forty minutes or less.

I found I could shift from first on up by reaching out and kicking back against the point of the linkage. It was all sort of awkward, but it worked and that's what counts. Every now and again I'd have to reach down and reposition the linkage piece that fits in the harness hole. It kept wanting to vibrate back out and drop the rod back down on the pulley. You can believe I was being very careful around that belt now!

Winding the pan out pretty good to get to the hospital as soon as I could, I had about thirty miles in when I heard that gut-sinking dead sound of an engine out of gas. Man, I'm telling you, that bad-luck bull-shit was really getting out of hand!

I pulled over and put it on the stand, took a look around, and saw nothing but a few farms a mile or so off either side of the road. It was as quiet as a graveyard except for some stupid-assed dogs barking once in a while. I turned the headlight on for a minute to take another look at my hand and check the rate of bleeding. Surprisingly, it wasn't very fast, but was a constant heavy drip. I turned the light off and figured just to hang loose for a while.

I was stopped toward the end of a long straightaway, and as headlights would appear toward the beginning of it, I'd turn my ignition on and off to flash my running and brake lights, hoping to get someone to stop. As you can imagine, there was nothing happening. Only one or two cars passed by, but plenty of trucks did and they'd sail by, nearly blowing me and the bike over.

I didn't know it then, but realized later that I was in shock at that time. I spent a good four hours there by the road and it only seemed like about an hour to me. Then, it was starting to get light out — which was sure a surprise to me. I knew then that I'd lost my awareness of time, a sign of shock.

That got my ass moving. Up until then I'd not wanted to cross fields and fences to any of the farms only to face hostile dogs and maybe hostile people, too. Besides, as you know, that leaving-the-scooter-sitting shit doesn't get it. When push comes to shove, though, you do what you have to. So I picked the closest place to me and headed for it. It was about a mile away and was a country house rather than a farm.

Off the freeway I had to climb through a four-foot-deep drainage ditch and then up over the highway

fence. By the time I got to the house, I was soaked to the knees from the deep, wet grass in the field. I saw a car in the driveway, but no dog, which was a relief. Going to the porch I proceeded to beat on the door in a no-nonsense manner and got no answer. More beating, still no answer. Either the people were scared or awfully deep sleepers, but I was getting pissed and wasn't going to leave without some gas.

I headed around the house, looking into the windows until I came to the back porch. What do I see but a lawn mower with a gallon gas can beside it! It turned out to be about two-thirds full, so I snatched it and got the hell out of there.

By the time I got back to the bike it was fully light out, traffic was starting to pick up, and I wondered if the people in the house had called the cops on me. I put the gas in the tank, threw the can in the ditch and kicked that pan alive.

My hand still wasn't bothering me too much, but seemed to hurt more when I looked at it, so I'd carefully been ignoring it, except to check the rate of bleeding once in a while. That was staying at the slow but steady amount it'd been at earlier. Instead of heading straight to the hospital when I got to Dover, I stopped at the first gas station I saw. I didn't really need to, but I guess I wasn't thinking too clear and I knew I wanted a full tank after all the trouble I'd had about gas earlier.

I cut the bike off and the pump jockey handed me the hose while looking strangely at me and the bike. We had blood sprayed all over the left side of both of us. After I was done with the hose, I handed it back and by way of explaining the blood, held up my hand and told him, "I lost a couple fingers." He looked at me like I was a lunatic, took my money, and moved out. I started the bike and did the same.

Following the blue-and-white "Hospital" signs posted here and there, I kept the bike in second, anticipated lights, and made my way toward help. When I reached the emergency entrance at the hospital, I parked the bike right at the door and sauntered in. The pump jockey must have phoned ahead because they seemed to be waiting for me. A couple of nurses took charge — and let me tell you, I don't think I've ever welcomed female attention and concern more!

They took me in a room, laid me down, and gave me a shot of

Demerol that quickly put me on the nod. Next thing I knew, a doctor was messing with my hand and telling me I could either get half of the two fingers cut off and made into stumps or I could have skin grafts from my legs put on them where they'd been stripped. He said the main nerves weren't damaged, so they could be saved. In my mind's eye I kept seeing two fingers with no meat on them, only skin over bone. And worse than that, skin with heavy leg hair on it! What was that nut thinking of? I can't have fingers like that! I mumbled, "Take 'em off!"

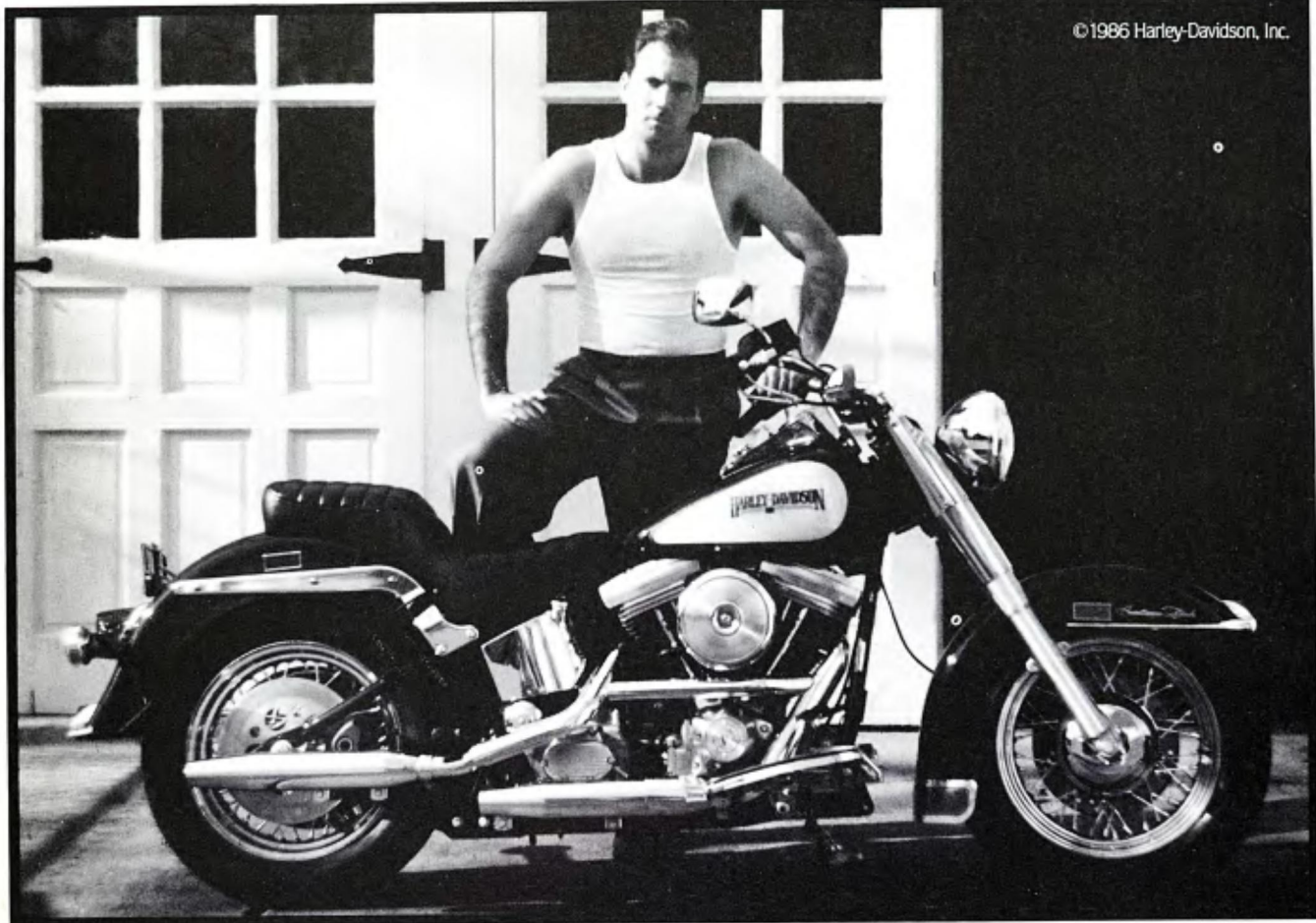
They gave me another shot that put me under and I didn't come to till about noon. My hand was completely bandaged and I was alone. I went out in the hall, found the nurses, and told them I was ready to go. They wanted me to call someone to come and get me, but I wasn't for that. I'm a stubborn type of guy and hate to ask for help. I've always figured that whatever messes you get yourself into, it's your job to get yourself out of.

When I went outside, I found the bike had been moved a few feet so as not to block the door. I cranked it over and headed toward home, about a sixty-mile ride. Remember, I'm still using the stomp-and-kick shifting method, and now I can't use my left hand to clutch because of the bandage. I have to crook my hand and hook the clutch lever with the inside of my wrist and then pull back. It was all sort of tricky but I was making it work.

About ten minutes after I got to the pad the pain finally hit me. And I mean pain like I'd never before had! That was just the start of what turned out to be six weeks of hell. I guess I'd had very little pain until I got to the pad because of shock. Also, a mental block or something wouldn't let me hurt until I got where I was going and could relax.

I've heard of people getting their fingers ripped in belts, but I'm the only one I've ever heard of who's lost two of them while doing 50 on the freeway at night. Luckily, when the belt grabbed my glove and pulled my hand in, I snatched it back before the whole hand got pulled down and around the pulley. Otherwise, I'd have been yanked to the side and dumped and would have had a lot more than fingers torn up!

The moral of my story is: You don't tug on Superman's cape. . . and you don't mess around with an open belt on a running Hog. Either cover it or give it lots of room! ■



THIS BIKE IS COMING FROM SOMEPLACE ELSE.

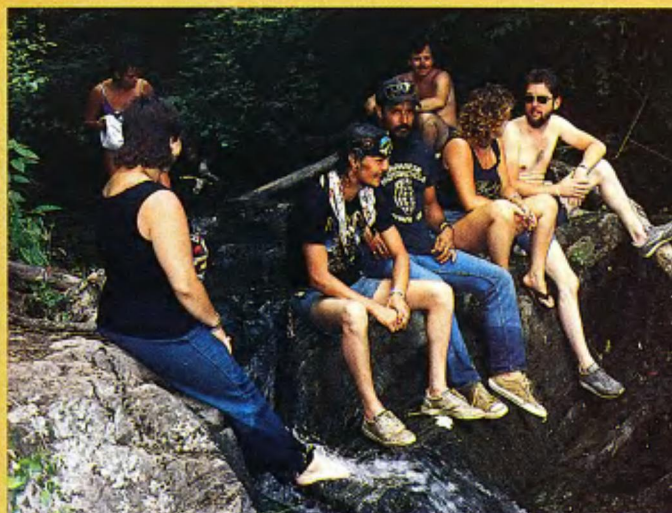
The 1987 Heritage™ Softail. Because even those who like to travel back in time deserve a smooth trip.

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.®

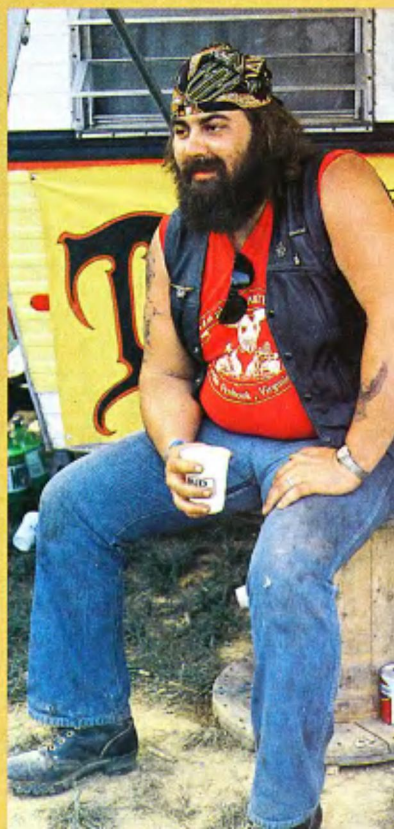
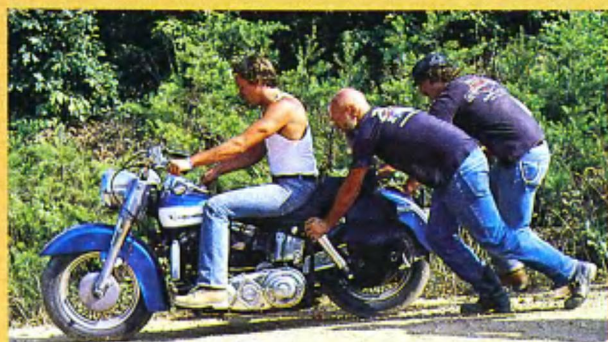
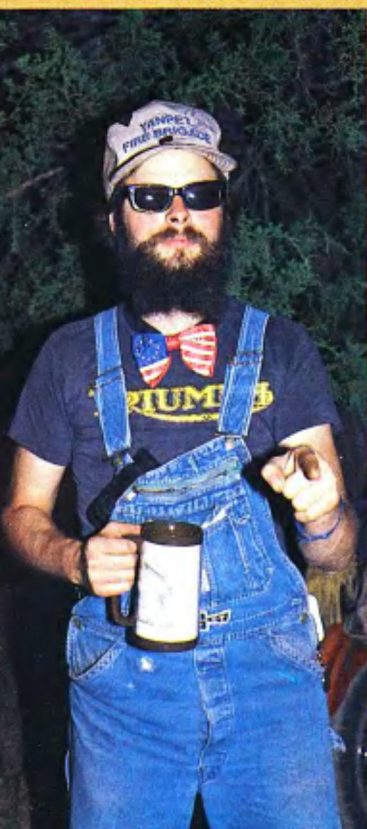


FIRST ON THE FOURTH

Being the mother of presidents and all that jazz, you'd think that the State of Virginia would out-party just about all the other 49 states when it comes to the Fourth of July. Last year they did.

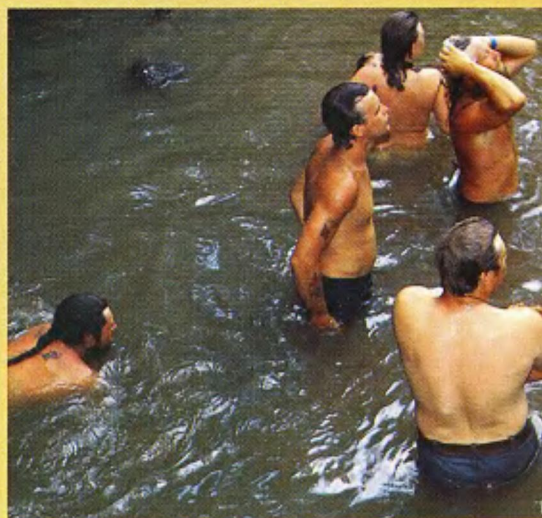
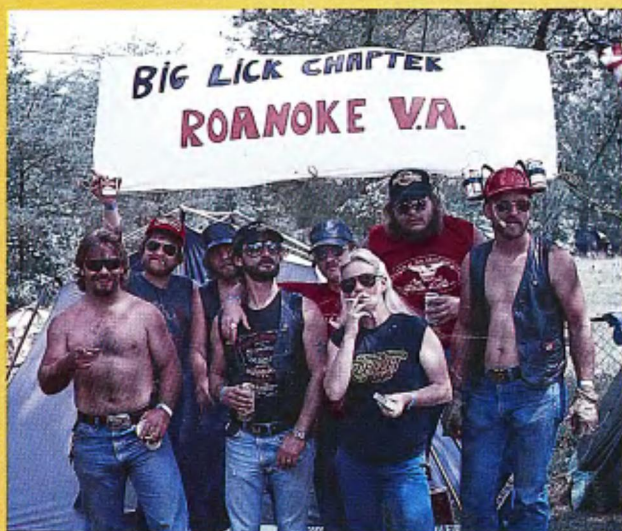
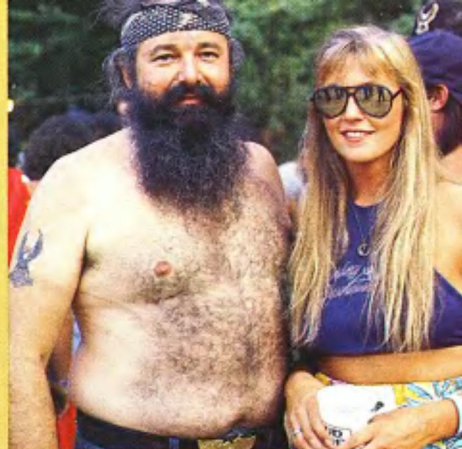


Due to local censorship, we have regrettably had to remove nude pictures from this feature. By subscribing you can obtain future issues uncensored. Please see page 43.



FIRST ON THE FOURTH

When it comes to seniority in the big, wide world of bikers' rights organizations, ABATE of Virginia is a mere babe in the saddle that didn't officially come into existence until November 18, 1985. When it comes to action, however, ABATE of Virginia bros and sisters could teach a few

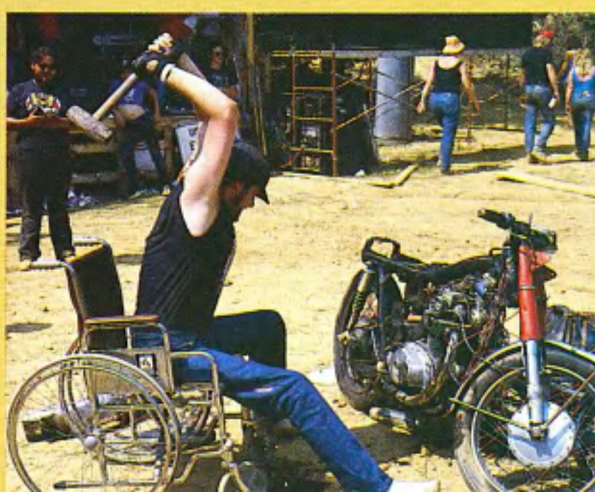
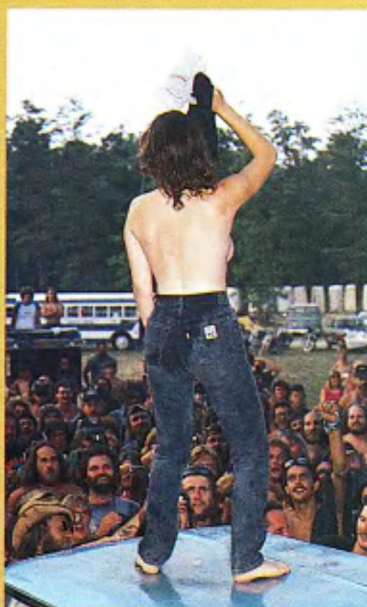


tricks to biker activists who have been in the trenches for ten years or more — which is why ABATE of Virginia is currently the fastest-growing bikers' rights group in the whole United States.

It stands to reason that when such an up-and-coming group decides to put its formidable energy into gettin' down and

partyin', the results would be spectacular — and, surprise, surprise (as Spider would say), they were.

Set deep in the hills of rural Virginia near the Smith Mountain Lake Dam, the First Annual ABATE of Virginia Fourth of July Bash was hosted by the group's Blue Ridge Mountain Chapter and held on property owned by

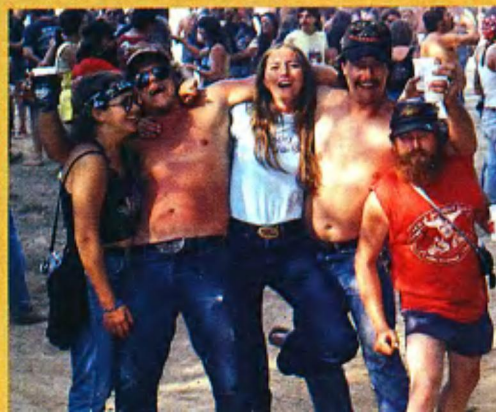
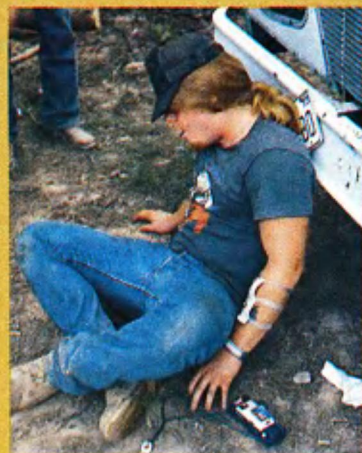
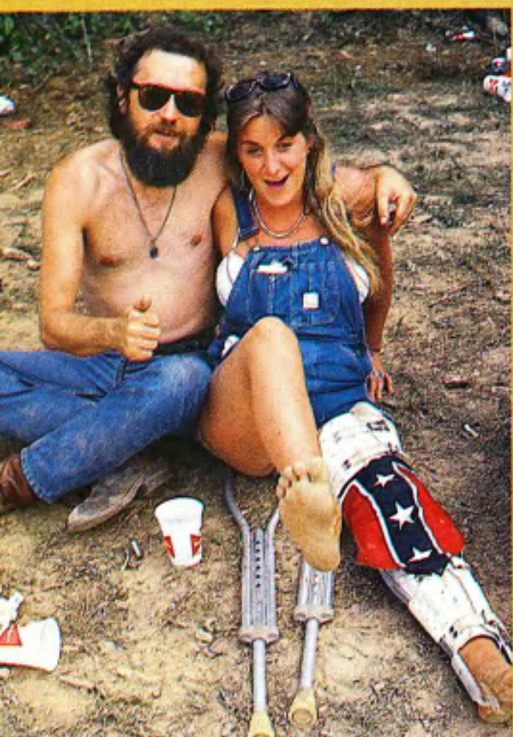
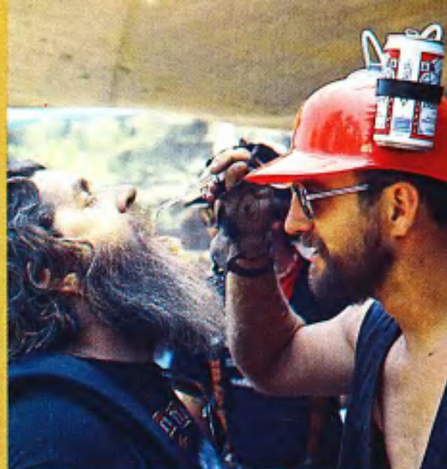


FIRST ON THE FOURTH

state vice president Larry "Chaser" Cassidy. (If anybody's ever heard about a better deal than that to minimize the hassle

and expense of finding a run site, they ought to patent it.) More than 200 kegs of beer were consumed during the two-day party, and three different musical groups blasted the ears of us boppin' and beerin' bikers.

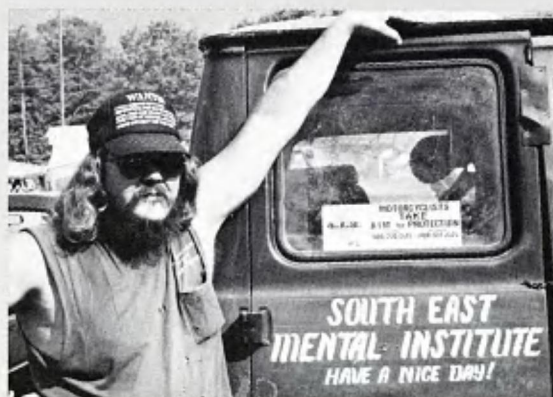
A firm believer in the theory that if ya want somethin' done right, you should do it yourself, state president Jerry Wilson



worked long and hard on the nuts and bolts of the party. According to Wilson, that involved a lot more than making sure the bands and beer arrived at the right time and place.

Jerry explained that the idea of the Fourth of July Bash was not only to have a good time and enjoy one another's company but also, in keeping with

the holiday's real name, Independence Day, to learn a little something about where we are and where we're headed in our battle to stay free and in the wind. To this end, experts in biker law and legislation were invited to explain the hard facts of political action to those of us who were interested. If most of us were, in fact, more inclined to concentrate on the bikes,



FIRST ON THE FOURTH

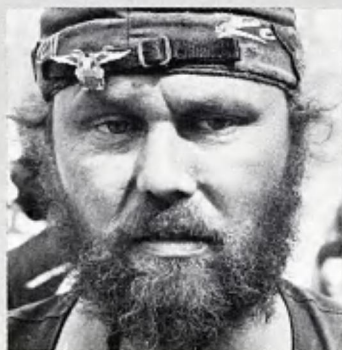
beer, bands, and broads (not necessarily in that order), no one can blame Jerry. The man tried to get us to work out our minds as well as our bodies — he just didn't realize that it's hard to use a part too small to locate.

So there you have it. A first-rate ABATE organization putting together a top-quality event in its first try. Sure, they had a lot of help from God's Blue

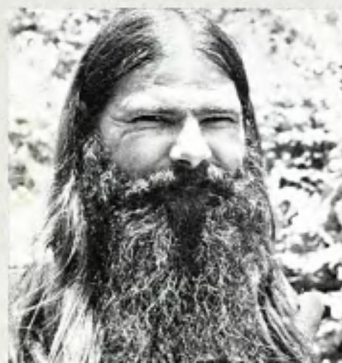
Ridge-area scenic design team and those south-of-the-Mason Dixon line, honey-tongued, Southern-fried scooter sweeties, but the fact is that they did it mostly by themselves, the same way they've built their rapidly expanding organization.

As for me, I've already started rehearsin' next June's song for Spider: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

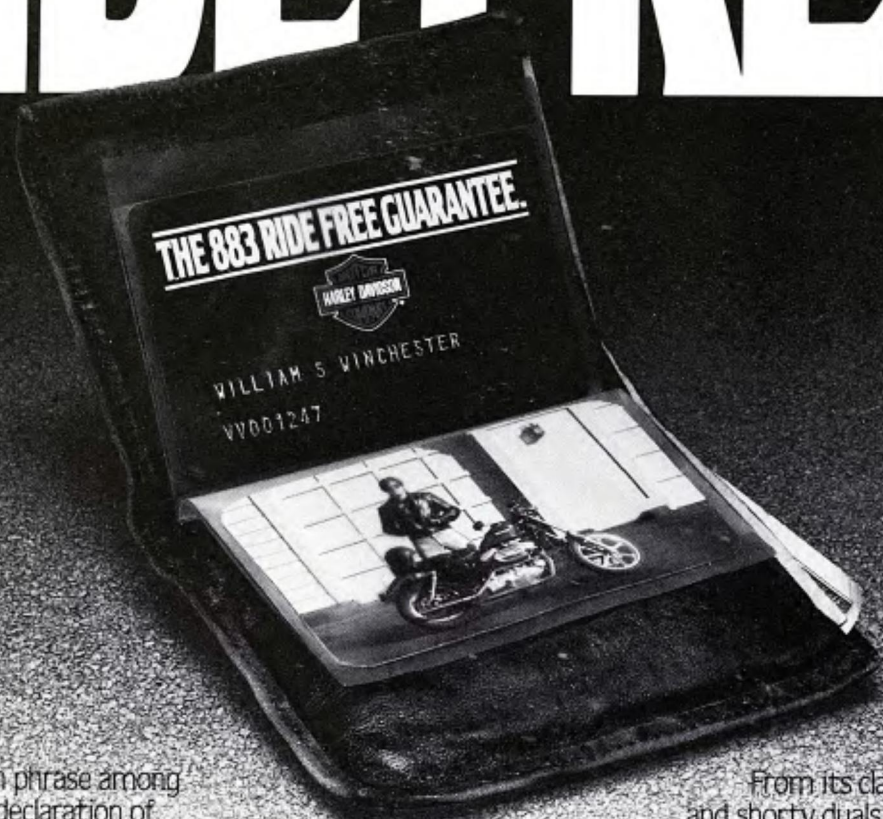
—Grape



Photos by Pat Randle



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For the next two years, "Ride Free" means something more.

Introducing the Harley-Davidson 883 Ride Free Guarantee.

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Once you're on a new Sportster, not only will you feel the freedom of a Harley, you'll ride virtually free of depreciation.

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**\$3995* WHEN YOU BUY.
\$3995 WHEN YOU TRADE.**

value. They always will. That says a lot about a motorcycle. And even more about the motorcycle company that builds it.

The value lasts, because we build the motorcycle to last. With ideas you can see, like more real steel and less real plastic, and an engine that can be rebuilt. And ideas you may not know about, because they're in places you wouldn't normally look. Like inside the gas tank. It's painted.

Whether the Sportster 883 is your first Harley or your next Harley, you'll feel the pride of owning the machine that is pure American styling.

From its classic peanut tank and shorty duals to its low-rise handlebar with lone speedo, it's been the one grabbing everyone's attention on the street for 30 years.

The new 883 Ride Free Guarantee. \$3995* when you buy. \$3995 when you trade.

Proving once again, it's not what you put into a Harley-Davidson. It's what you get out of it.

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*\$3995 Sportster 883 available in vivid black only. Other colors slightly higher. MSRP excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges and dealer prep (if any).

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Lyons Capital Resources proudly introduces Eagle Finance at participating dealers, with easy terms available to qualified buyers. See your participating dealer for details.
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WHAT'S BETTER
THAN A
COLD BUDWEISER?
A WARM BUSCH!
NYUK-NYUK

LEMME
SEE THAT
DAMN MAP!

WELCOME TO
HELL

HELL RIDERS

OOOOOF!!
BEAVE! ARE YOU SURE
DIS IS DA ROAD!?
:URNK:

THE MAP SEZ THIS
IS THE RIGHT
ONE RED.

DAMN POTHOLES!

MY RHOIDS 'RE
KILLIN' ME!

OOOF!

GRRR! I CAN'T
DRIVE 85.

OOF
OOF

OOF

CHONK

POIT

TCHINK

PING

PING

WHUNK

NEXT TIME PICK A
ROAD WITHOUT
POTHOLES!

OR ELSE!

SUM BIG MUTHAS!
JUST ABOUT
KNOCK YER TEETH
LOOSE..

I AIN'T
GONNA SAY
A WORD.

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THERMAL & HEADBAND**

Get a genuine, heavy-duty biker thermal, ready-made headband & a new gift catalog for only \$16.95 along with our 240 page parts & accessory book filled with thousands of items for you & yours!

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OFFER!

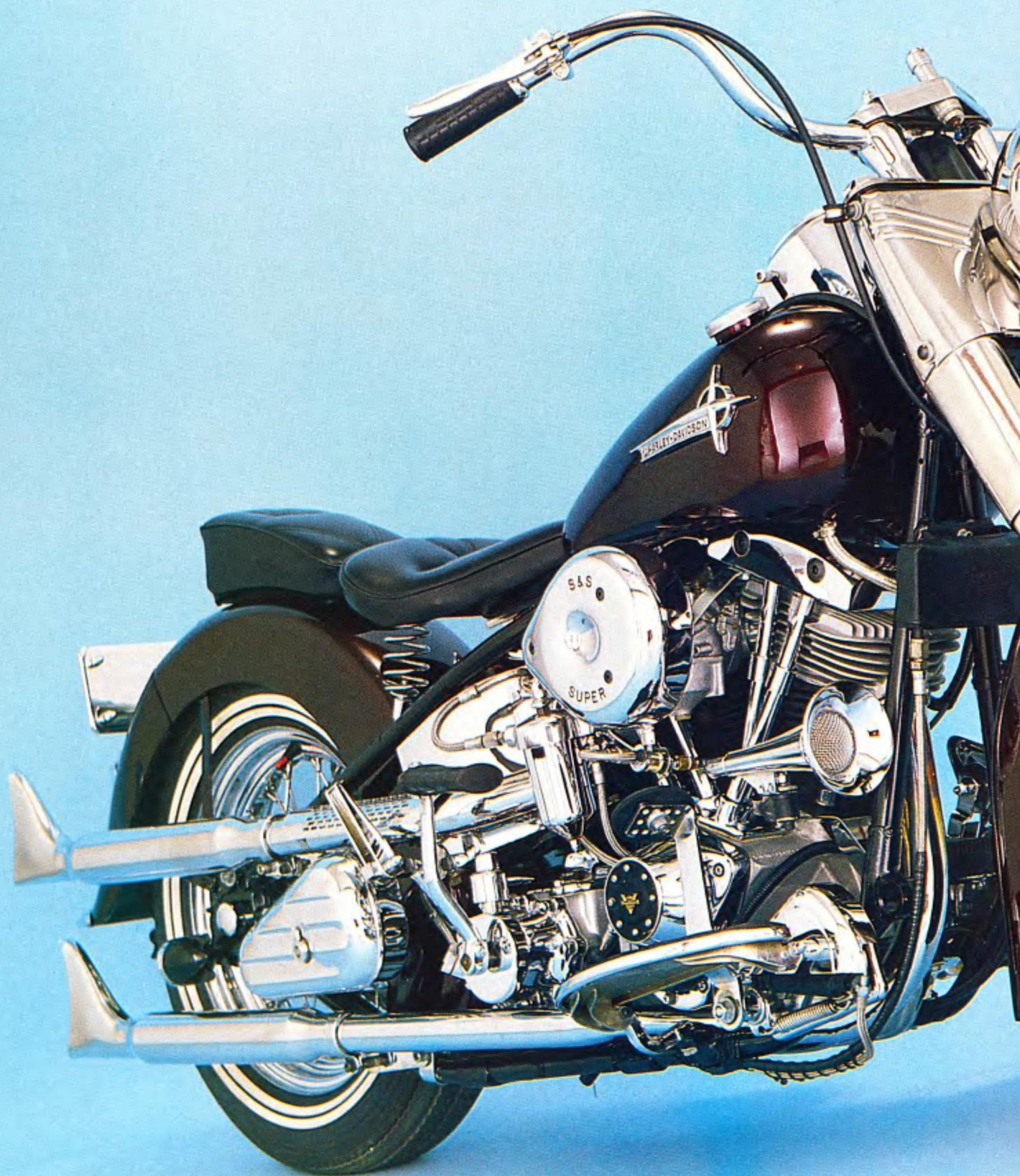


**Our Choice . . .
Make It Yours!**

Jammer

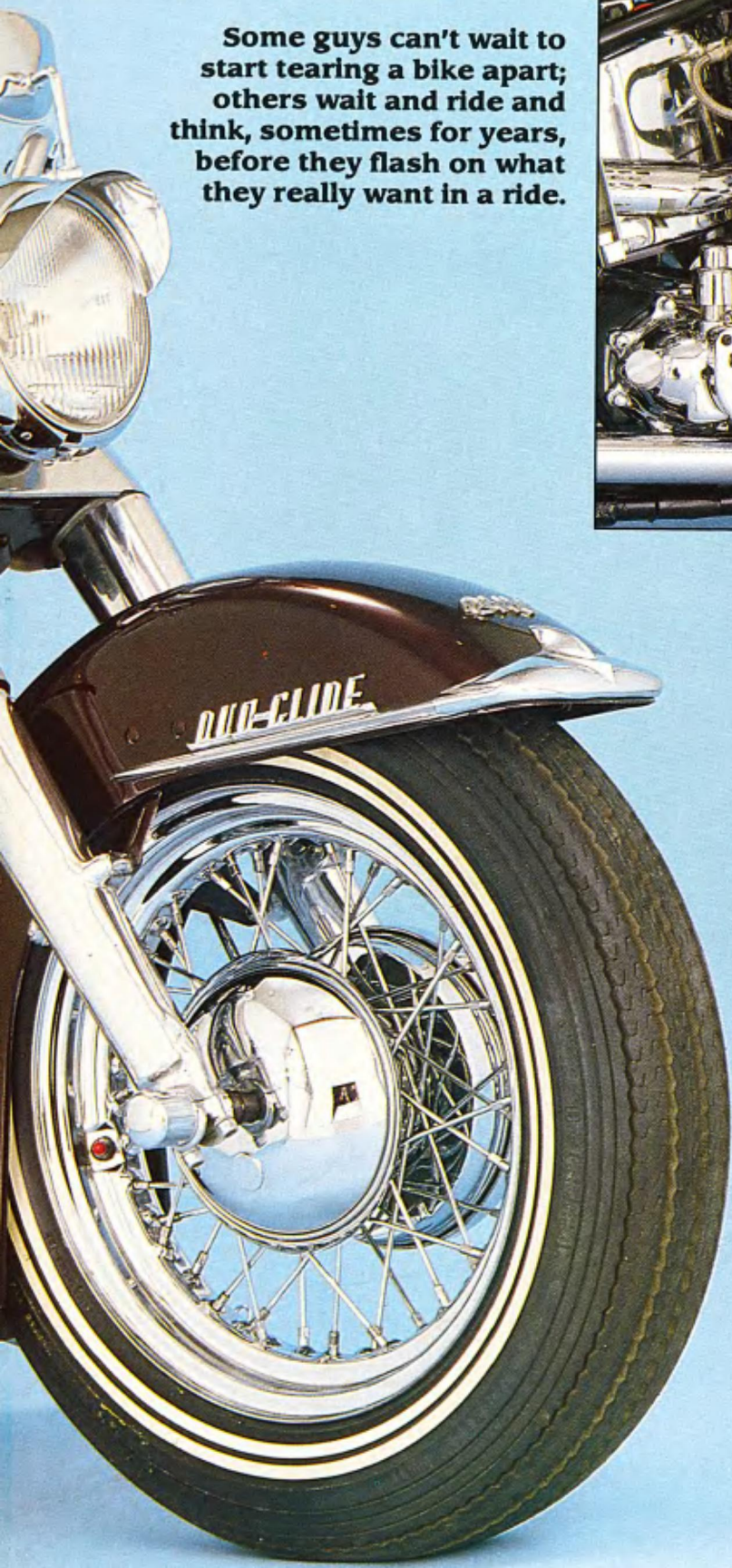
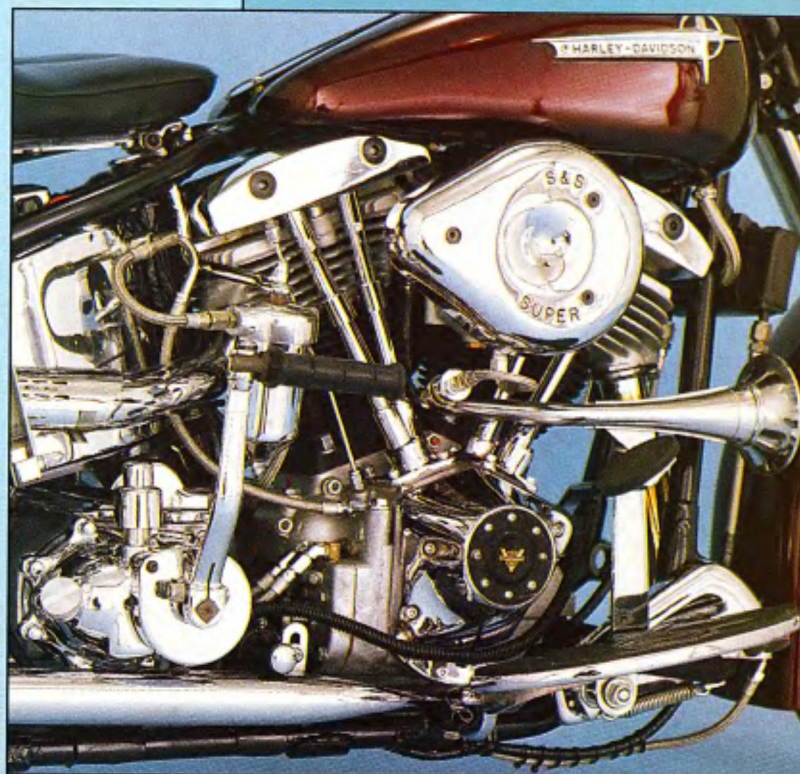
27771 Avenue Hopkins • Valencia, California 91355

RATTY TO R



ITZY

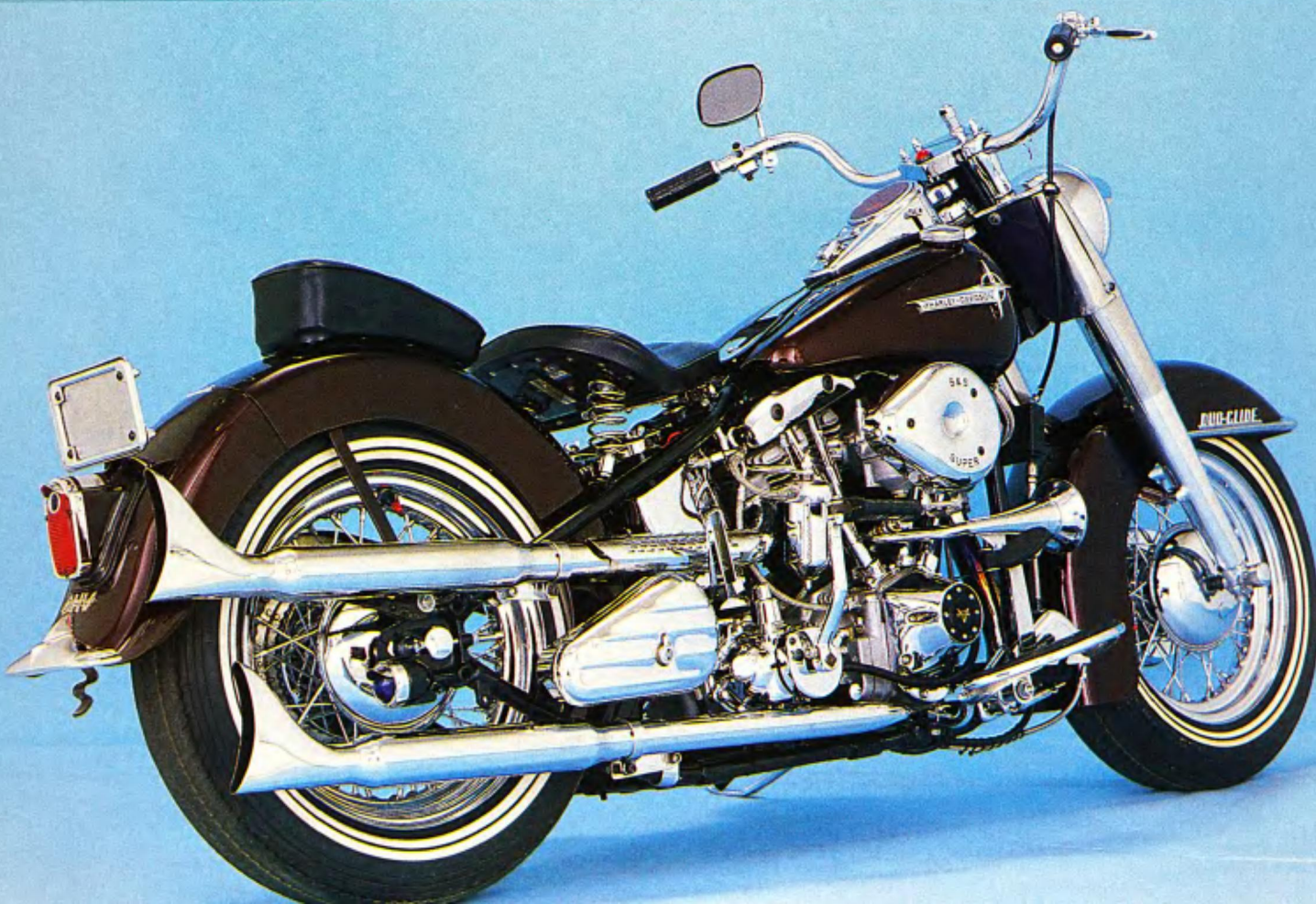
Some guys can't wait to start tearing a bike apart; others wait and ride and think, sometimes for years, before they flash on what they really want in a ride.

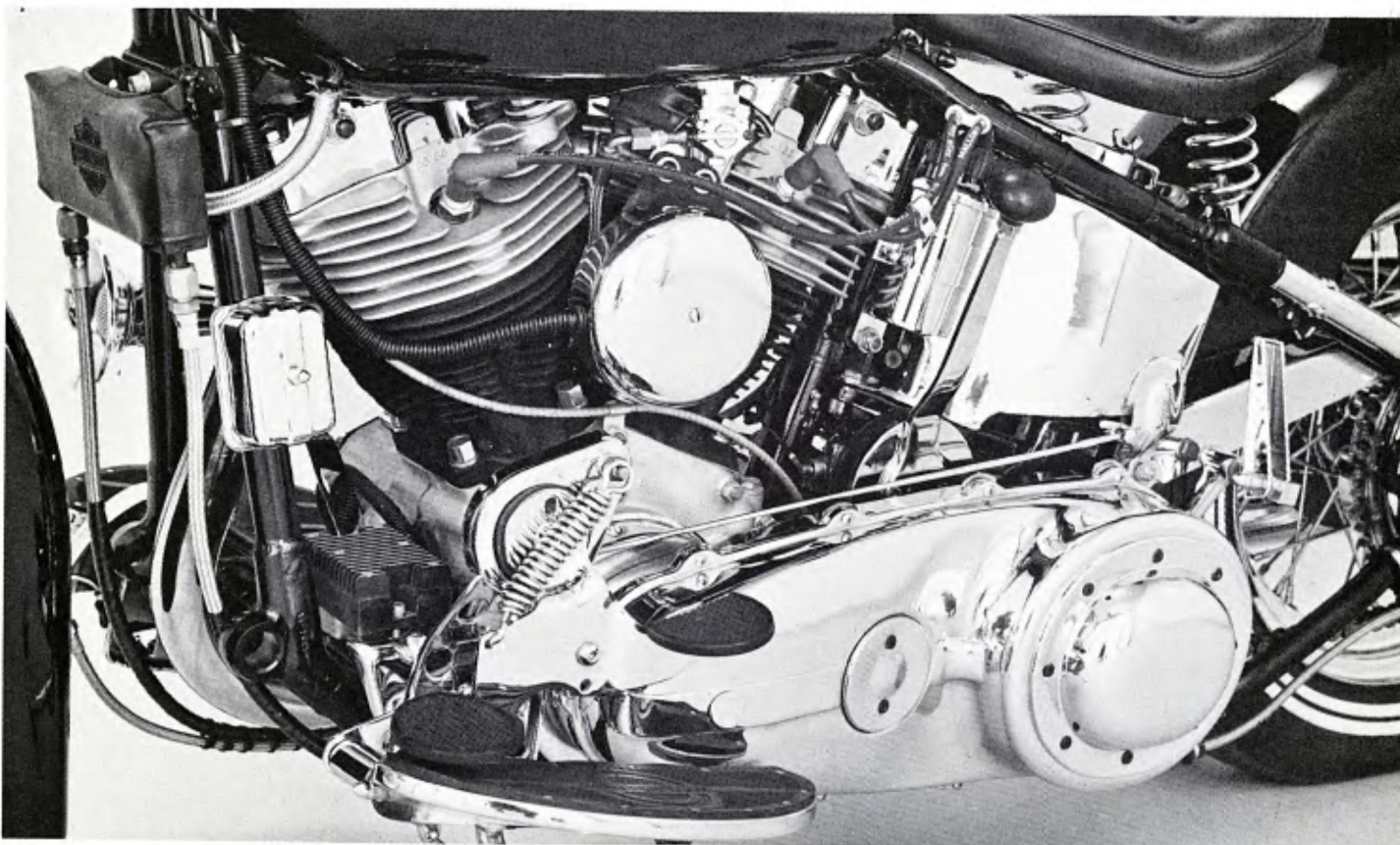


As notorious drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs would say, "Twist and shout and check it out." This boss-shovel-someday-to-be-a-pan Harley-Davidson used to be a junk heap special, a rat from dent-and-rust city, a scooter that ran on faith, hope, charity, and baling wire. In other words, a loud, disreputable-looking, no-nonsense Hog that got owner Mike Smith exactly where he was going whenever he wanted to get there.

"That's right," Mike says, smiling down at his luscious, lacquered lady. "That's the way she was for the first four years I owned her. . . a pure, righteous rat."

"One day I just got tired of the way she looked," Mike recalls. "I mean, she had five different colors, flaked black plating, and no chrome at all. There were dents in the tank and dings in the fenders. But she'd come cheap, and that was important. I decided to take her down to bare metal to see what I could do with





her, and now, two years later, this is the result."

And one hell of a result it is. Having finally decided what he wanted his rat to grow up to be, Mike spared no effort to get the job done perfectly.

"Just for personal styling reasons, I didn't want aftermarket fenders; I wanted stock ones," Mike says. "It actually held up construction of the bike for quite a while, but I finally located a stock fender intended for a

police special. It was hidden behind a lot of shit at a Harley dealership back East and was still wrapped up in brown paper from the factory. The rear fender turned up in a garage sale. It was in bad shape, real bad, actually, rusted and bent, but we fixed it up.

"I know that makes me hard to please, but what the hell — I keep the bikes I like a long, long time. I mean, I don't believe in getting rid of one motorcycle and buying another one just because





Photos by Pete Chiodo



that's how some guys get their egos off. My motto is 'keep it until you wear it out,' and that's exactly what I'm going to do with this one. Fact is, I'm very pleased with the way this one came out. I'm gonna keep everything on it exactly the way it is until I wear it out."

Impressed by Mike's out-front opinions, we asked him if he didn't think he might be even happier if his scooter had the latest Harley hi-tech running

gear — a blockhead power plant, to be precise.

"Aw, ya caught me out," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "I am planning an engine change. See, I got this 1957 pan that I'm gonna stroke out to 86 inches and drop in there."

"Yeah, man, I'm gonna convert that motorcycle into a panhead — just as soon, and not a minute sooner, as the shovel that's in there finally goes south."

—Trampo

Owner: Mike Smith		City: San Fernando, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Type: rigid/straightleg	
Value: make offer		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: clean	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: H-D	
Year: 1974		Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): perfect	
Rebuilder: Casey's Cycle Repair		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: floorboards	
Balancing: Hank The Crank		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: H-D/star emblems	
Heads: Manley/S&S		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Bar Enterprises	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close ratio gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1974		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ed's Custom Painting		Rim width: 4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Candy Brandywine		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: Ed's Custom Painting			
Other special modifications: many, many hours of work			

Easynews

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

Industry group jumps on bucket bandwagon

The movement to pass a federal mandatory helmet law may be receiving some powerful, though covert, aid from one of the most powerful trade organizations in the motorcycle industry.

According to very reliable sources, the Motorcycle Industry Council, a group of motorcycle and accessory companies dominated by Japan's big four, voted at a semi-secret Palm Springs, California meeting to throw its support behind federal legislation to put a plastic pig on the head of every motorcycle rider in the U.S. That's right — the Japanese money boys, not content with blighting our highways with tons of Oriental tin, now want to dictate lid laws to all American bikers.

The Palm Springs confab was considered semi-secret because although it was made public that representatives of all the MIC member firms were meeting in Palm Springs, their decision to support a mandatory helmet law was not announced. The MIC, in fact, actually issued a press release, bragging about various unimportant decisions reached at the meeting and not mentioning their helmet law action at all.

What a bunch of heroes — no wonder they think they need lids to protect 'em.

In another ominous move, the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, a rider education group financed by Honda, Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki, and BMW, has agreed to undertake part of the work on a National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) contract for development of print ads, broadcast ads, and brochures on four so-called "aspects of motorcycle safety":

- The encouragement of helmet use.
- Auto driver awareness.
- Visibility.
- Discouragement of alcohol abuse when riding.

Though the MSF, by taking part in this project, is not really changing its long-time position of **recommending** helmet use without supporting mandatory helmet laws, motorcyclist rights advocates will have to remain on guard to see that the materials produced for the NHTSA do not make fraudulent or overstated claims for the alleged life-saving abilities of skid lids.

What the Motorcycle Industry Council's decision to support a federal helmet law means, in practical terms, is impossible to say at this point. We are trying to get on top of the move and hope to have a full

report on it in our next issue.

ORGANIZATIONS SUPPORTING MANDATORY HELMET LAWS:

Motorcycle Industry Council, Honda, Suzuki, Kawasaki, Rider Magazine, BMW, Brooks Leathers, Burroughs and Associates

ORGANIZATIONS SUPPORTING FREEDOM OF CHOICE OR NEUTRAL:

Easyriders, Harley-Davidson, American Motorcyclist Association, Custom Chrome, Gary Bang, Inc., *Biker Lifestyle Magazine*, VanLeeuwen Enterprises, Yamaha

FREEDOM BESIEGED

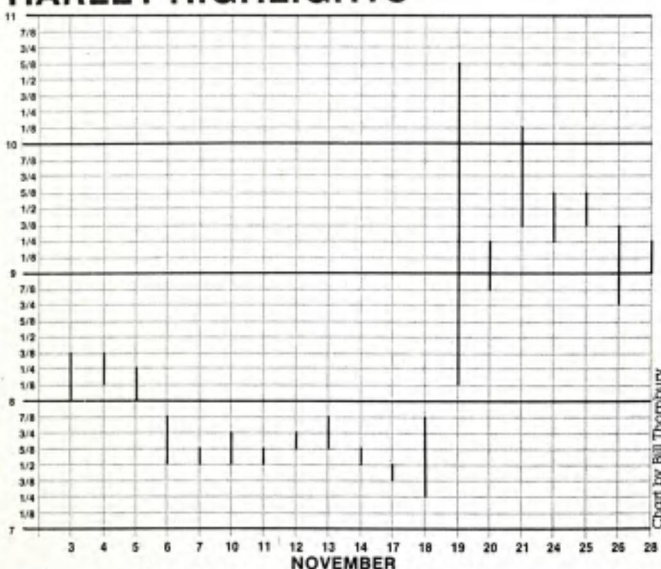
"I'm gonna stack the deck. . . I'm gonna bring in the witnesses that are best for me. I'm sure as hell not going to bring in the other witnesses."

—California Rep. Richard Floyd, *Easyriders* #155

On December 1, 1986, to paraphrase Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the hand that held the dagger plunged it deep into the back of the constituents, the Constitution, and our country. On that date, Assemblyman Richard Floyd introduced AB36, a legislative bill to make so-called motorcycle safety helmets mandatory in California, the only state never to have had such a law. Floyd, who has previously said he would not introduce such a bill unless he had all his "ducks in line first" and was sure it would pass, has a history of coming down on the fascist side of repressive legislation. This comment on California's seat belt law is illustrative of the way he thinks: "Hey, baby, we *made* them put on the seat belts." Just what the U.S. needs, right? — another "lawmaker" who sees the world as he against "them," who doesn't accept the fact that we're all supposed to be equal under God in this republic. The problem with the Richard Floyds of this world is that they have nothing but contempt for the very idea of freedom and the Constitution that attempts to guarantee it. Floyd's version of the 14th Amendment, for instance, goes something like this: No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States *unless they are doing something I, King Richard of Orange County, disagree with.*

Enough editorializing. The fact is that several million California bike riders are now responsible for dealing not only with a threat to themselves, but also to all other riders, because bullshit that starts here has a history of spreading. The time for action is now. If you live in California, call your local newspaper or city hall and find out the name and mailing address of your state senators and representative. Write them both a nice, polite letter. Explain that you are opposed to Assembly Bill 36 because it is a bad bill. Point out that despite the propaganda they may have heard, helmets can actually cause accidents. Point out that year after year, the safest states per 100,000 motorcycle registrations are states that don't require adults to wear helmets: Iowa, Wisconsin, and South Dakota. And point out this: That if a helmet law is passed, you and your friends, your family, and anyone you can reach, will work tirelessly to see that the person you are writing to is defeated if he runs for reelection, regardless of his or her position on any other issues. Then get everyone you know to write a similar letter — ten separate pieces of mail are more effective than one letter with ten signatures on it. And above all, remember this: Freedom was born in America; if we let Richard Floyd have his way, it will die in California.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



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

Small news, medium news, and BIG news mark the Harley-Davidson scoreboard for this month. The little news is that owners of pre-Evolution models no longer have to fear valve and valve guide damage caused by low-lead or no-lead gas. The factory has developed a special gas additive designed to take the place of lead as an engine lubricant. Just pour some in your tank and you'll be as safe as a faggot in a whorehouse.

The mid-sized news is the release of Harley-Davidson Inc.'s financial report for the first three quarters (ending Sept. 28) of 1986. You'll be pleased to know that almost all the financial indicators are good. Revenue for the first nine months was up \$9.2 million over the year before, and Harley's share of the over-650cc bike market jumped a full 4.3 percent, to 18.3. Not only that, but export sales for the period were the highest in six years, and the parts and accessories end of the business hit a five-year peak.

And now, the big, big, big news. For the first time in history, a Harley-Davidson owner will literally be able to honest-to-God HOG THE ROAD — if they buy one of H-D's new motorhomes, that is. That's right, this is NOT our annual April Fool's Day issue. For a total of \$155 million (\$35 million in cash, the rest borrowed,) Harley has bought the Holiday Rambler Corp., the world's largest privately-held maker of recreational vehicles.

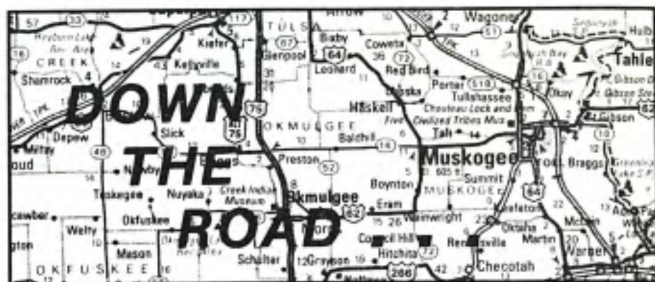
"Holiday Rambler is very much like Harley-Davidson," Chairman Vaughn Beals said. "It is a manufacturing-intensive company that sells a very high quality vehicle to a specific group of enthusiasts. Because of the many similarities, we will be able to share engineering, manufacturing, and marketing expertise for increased efficiency and profitability."

Despite the purchase, don't expect to see Winnebago clones flying the Harley Eagle huffing and puffing up any grades in the near future. According to Beals, the company plans to keep marketing the motorhomes under their current brand names: Imperial, Presidential, Alumn-Lite, Monitor, and Trailseeker. Also, Harley intends to keep and further develop Holiday Rambler's business as a supplier of commercial vans and recreational vehicle parts and accessories.

And, in case you think current Harley products are expensive... Holiday Rambler's offerings BEGIN at \$10,000 for a trailer and top out at 180,000 big ones for its most elaborate cruiser.

Two important items. One: Interest payments on big items like motorcycles and cages are not, repeat, are not, tax-deductible anymore. Interest payments on residences are. The 1986 tax bill defines a residence as anything with sleeping quarters, cooking facilities, and a toilet — all standard equipment on motorhomes.

Two: In his *Easyriders* interview last fall, Vaughn Beals said he would much rather compete against American firms than Japanese firms. There is, Beals pointed out after acquiring Holiday Rambler, no Japanese competition in the motorhome market.



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have your club or organization's event listed, get the information to us at least three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

FEBRUARY

February 17 — SWAP MEET at the National Guard Armory, 2610 E. Holmes Rd., Memphis, TN. Sponsored by ABATE of the Mid South, Box 281137, Memphis, TN 38128. (901) 452-1784.

February 20 — BIKE SHOW at Rosemont/O'Hare Expo Center, Chicago, Illinois. Sponsored by Great American Motorcycle and ATV Shows, 151 Shipyard, Newport Beach, CA 91663.

February 27-March 1 — RUN TO THE SUN at the American Legion Fairgrounds in Tifton, Georgia. Swap meet, field events, contests, live bands, etc. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia, Box 669, Bethlehem, GA 30620, (404) 867-8026.

MARCH

March 1-8 — SPEED WEEK in Daytona, Florida. Bikes, broods, booze, and all the other good things. Be there or be square.

March 21 — SWAP MEET and rock and roll party in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. Ninth annual event will be held at the Exhibition Grounds, 250 Thatcher Drive, East. For more info call (301) 692-2666.

March 28-29 — BIKE SHOW AND SWAP MEET at the Best Western Ramada Inn Convention Center in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Sponsored by ABATE of South Dakota, Box 864, Sioux Falls, SD 57101, (605) 335-8772.

APRIL

April 12 — SWAP MEET at the Virginia State Fairgrounds, Richmond, Virginia. Sponsored by the Free Brotherhood Church, Box 381, King George, VA 22485.

MAY

May 9 — POKER RUN in Charleston, West Virginia. Spring Fever Run begins at Cruiser's Drive-In with registration from 9-11 a.m. Proceeds to Special Olympics. Over \$500 in trophies and prizes. Sponsored by Capital City Civitan Club.

May 22-24 — AM-JAM '87 at the Cobleskill Sunshine Fairgrounds, South Grand Street, Cobleskill, N.Y. Rock bands, current and antique swap meet, camping included in ticket price. For more info, write: AM-JAM, Inc., Box 4709, Schenectady, NY 12303, or call (518) 346-0521.

JUNE

June 6 — POKER RUN in Coudersport, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by God's Country Chapter, ABATE of PA, 402 Vine St, Coudersport, PA 16915. (814) 274-7980.

June 13 — HELMET PROTEST at 12 noon in the Algonquin Grove of Settlers Cabin Park, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sponsored by ABATE of Pa. For info, call Dan at (412) 931-5185.

Bikers on the Beach: It's Bike Week time again

Well, it's almost time to brush the snowflakes off the scooter and get on down the road to Daytona, which means it's also time for our annual round-up of Florida state and local motorcycle rules and regulations.

The big change this year was supposed to be the opportunity for bikers from everywhere to get some of that famous Florida sunshine on their bald spots, but thanks to the governor's backstabbing veto of the legislature's helmet law repeal bill, you'll still have to haul your lid with you and keep it on you when riding everywhere except on the beach.

Other Florida equipment laws require you to keep your headlights on at all times and run stock mufflers in "good working order." Those ever-on headlights must be mounted no higher than 54 inches or lower than 24 inches from the ground, and taillights must be no higher than 72 inches or lower than 20 inches. Handlebars must not be more than 15 inches above the part of the seat that hits the bottom of your butt, and footpegs are required for both the driver and passenger. Forget running cutouts or bypasses for those drags at the Cabbage Patch; they're illegal to have on your bike even if not in use at the time the cops check you out.

Other things you must have include at least one rearview mirror, a horn or some other type of warning device beyond shouting "Watch out fucker!" at the top of your lungs, and both front and rear brakes.

What to do with all that stuff? Well, according to the Florida vehicle code, "a person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator. Operators and passengers must sit astride the seat, facing forward, with one leg on each side of the motorcycle. How this last law is applied to one-legged riders like the redoubtable Rev. Kaiser (see Short Strokes) is not, believe it or not, addressed in the vehicle code.

And still the laws keep coming. Motorcycles shall not be operated more than two abreast in a single lane. The operator of a motorcycle shall not overtake or pass in the same lane occupied by the vehicle being overtaken, and no person shall operate a motorcycle between lanes of traffic or between adjacent lines or rows of vehicles. In other words, all you California hotshots had best leave your white line fever at home.

Also, and obvious, is the fact that you must have a valid operator's license (but not a motorcycle operator's license if the state your cage license is from doesn't require one) and a valid license plate with a current registration tag. Less obvious is the requirement that the license plate be "securely affixed to the rear of the motorcycle in such a manner as to be readily

visible for 100 feet" with the tag "properly positioned, not upside down or vertical."

On to the non-mechanical side of the law book. Carrying or consuming an open container of any alcoholic beverage, including beer, is prohibited on the beach and city streets. And, speaking of alcoholic beverages, Florida finally bowed to federal pressure in 1986 and raised the legal drinking age from 19 to 21.

Hitchhiking is prohibited within the city limits of Daytona, so if you see any hot pants honeys with tits and thumbs out, be a Good Samaritan and pick 'em up fast before they get their cute little asses in trouble.

Littering of all kinds is prohibited, and the speed limit on the beach — open to vehicles only during the day, like last year — is 10mph. While on the beach, you aren't allowed to ride in the water or soft sand, and the law requires you to leave your dog somewhere else. Sleeping on the streets or parks at any time, or on the beach at night, is prohibited, so best get those hitchhiking honeys you saved from the hoosegow to a motel room or campground. Camping on the beach, incidentally,

is also illegal — even if you never fall asleep.

Hanging out eyeing the chicks at a motel where you're not registered can get you busted for trespassing, as can swimming within 100 yards of an ocean pier (take a long ruler in the water with you — you can always use it as a life raft if a storm comes up). Advertising or soliciting without a license is prohibited (better just settle for giving it away, ladies), and pedestrians always have the right of way on the beach.

And last, but not least, don't sunbathe where you might obstruct traffic (like out in the street) or toss your balls across traffic lanes.

If you do happen to run afoul of one of the ten thousand or so regulations the state of Florida has concocted to remind you exactly where you are, you'll be entitled to release on a "reasonable" bond after you are booked. If you remain in jail, you are guaranteed a first appearance before a judge within 24 hours.

So go on down there and have a ball (but not across traffic lanes). We're rootin' for ya.

Cops nailed for trashing bikers

Three Cedar Falls, Iowa police officers have been punished for vandalizing three Harleys during a post-bachelor party bar-hopping expedition.

According to Police Chief Paul Hoeffy, the attack on the bikes was "a practical joke that backfired" and was "simply not funny." However, Hoeffy added, the act "cannot be condoned by the Cedar Falls Police Department." Hoeffy recommended that one of the officers involved in the incident be suspended for two days without pay, and the other two be given written and verbal reprimands. Hoeffy also ordered the cops to reimburse the bikers for the damage to the cycles in return for the bikers agreeing not to press criminal charges against the cops.

The incident began when the three cops decided to hit some bars after attending a bachelor party for a former officer. While strolling one of the main drags in nearby Waterloo, they passed three hogs parked diagonally in the street and began knocking them over and vandalizing them.

The cops then fled the scene, but witnesses saw them entering a nearby car and took down the license number as it drove away.

According to one of the bikers, who discovered the three downed H-Ds after leaving a nearby tavern, the bikes were "lying like turtles on their backs." His bike, he said, suffered \$2,000 to \$3,000 worth of damage to the bars, mirror, tank, and front end.

Maybe the cagers should have been in helmets

The two men lectured about drinking by an Illinois State Trooper, who stopped when he saw the hood up on their car, probably wound up wishing the officer had been more diligent and hauled them in. As it was, however, all he did was force them to empty the four cans of beer they were carrying in the vehicle. The men, the cop later explained, didn't seem "drunk or rowdy" and his "time could be best used somewhere else."

Perhaps. In any case, about two hours later the same two men, having managed to get their '77 Buick running, tried to repeatedly cut off three bike riders passing through the town of Elmhurst on their way back from a scooter bar in Lom-

bard. While stopped at a traffic light, one of the bike riders made an appropriate comment to the cagers and was answered with a flying beer bottle, which he caught and threw back.

When the light changed, the bikers took off with the Buick in pursuit. Eventually the cage driver managed to ram two of the bikes, after which the Buick swerved into a light pole and rolled. One of the cagers died instantly, the other in an hour.

One of the bikers who was hit was treated and released at a local hospital, and the other was admitted in fair condition. Sometimes it's easy to believe God does ride a Harley after all. At least it's pretty clear he doesn't drive a Buick.



The crusading Rev. Kaiser of the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers is still feuding with the state of Connecticut over its policy of issuing handicapped license plates. Kaiser, who once handed legislators his right (and artificial) leg to dramatize his plea that such plates be given to bike riders, is now protesting that the state will only issue one such plate per person, regardless of how many vehicles that person has. People with two cages are supposed to put a state-supplied ID card on the dashboard of their second cage — a real problem if you have two bikes. . **A gut-shot woman wandering** on a Southern California freeway owes her life to the quick thinking of a bike-riding drugstore worker. Seeing a woman on foot wandering in and out of traffic on the Glendale Freeway, Patrick Black stopped his scooter and helped the woman over to the side of the freeway. "Please help me," she said. "My husband just shot me." Black, who realized the heavily bleeding woman would probably not survive the ride to the nearest hospital or the wait for an ambulance, put her on his scooter and raced straight to the nurse's office at nearby Glendale College. The unidentified woman was hospitalized in serious condition.

More than 2,000 bikers took part in the Eighth Annual Christmas Bureau Toy Run in Vancouver, British Columbia. Over 2,500 toys were collected. . **If you've got** a 1986 H-D FLT or FXR, take it to the dealer to get your swingarm pivot bearings retorqued; the company says they may otherwise come loose.

Is this sick enough for ya? Arthur Gene Davis, 25, of Brooks, Alberta, Canada, drove his GMC 4x4 over the top of a motorcycle, killing the driver and causing multiple fractures to the passenger. Davis' ex-girlfriend. And the judge, Justice J.D. Bracco, called Davis — the killer, not the victim — a "tragic figure." At least he did sentence the dude to four years for manslaughter. Davis also drew six months time for a prior offense — two months before killing the biker, he rammed his truck into his ex-girlfriend's cage. A tragic figure indeed. . **And finally.** This might just be the quote of the year: "I believe in Harley-Davidson and the American working man." It's on the back of Lacy J. Dalton's new album "Highway Diner," and Lacy got it this way. "I was watching the news and saw this biker rally from someplace like Detroit, making their statement for American products," Lacy recalls. "They were hoisting up Japanese motorcycles and dropping them from a crane. The people were all cheering every time a motorcycle dropped." At one point during the news show, Lacy says, an unidentified woman leaned into the camera and said "I believe in Harley-Davidson and the American working man." The words stuck in Lacy's mind and later, when the record company asked country belter Lacy to write some liner notes for "Highway Diner," she said, "Who needs liner notes, this lady had said it all."

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 ⁶
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. ⁵-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. ⁶-Required for speeds above 35mph. ⁷-1970 or newer bikes. ⁸-If over 21. ⁹-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰-Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹-Passengers must wear helmets. ¹²-Passengers under 15 must wear helmets. ¹³-Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

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Creative Cycles 1218 S. Alvernon, Tucson

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Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

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J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
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Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
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Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
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Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
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New Castle
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L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
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Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
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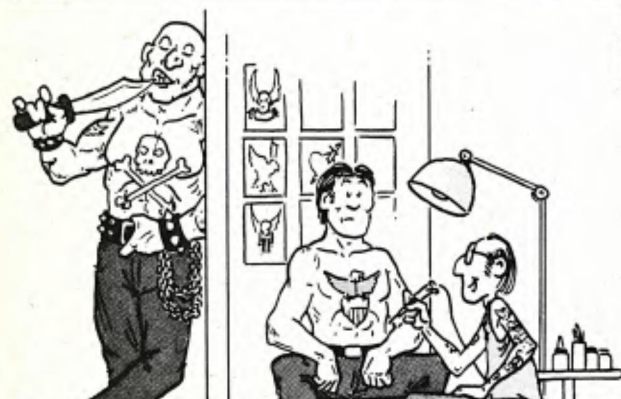
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Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



"As a matter of fact, I do have a repo service for people who don't want to pay up afterwards."

A woman left a note for her milkman which read, "Please leave 50 gallons of milk." The milkman couldn't believe the order, so he knocked on the door to confirm it.

"That's the right amount," she said. "I'm taking my annual milk bath."

So the milkman asked, "Would you like it pasteurized?"

"No," she replied, "up to my tits would be fine."

—Bruce Quigley
Raymond, N.H.

A not-too-bright biker walked into the doctor's office and nervously showed the doc a bright-red ring around his dick. Frantically, he asked the doctor for help.

After seriously studying the situation, the doctor said, "Well, I can fix this for \$25."

"But the last doctor I saw said it would be very expensive to cure," replied the biker.

"Well, either that doctor was blind or he had never seen lipstick before."

—Linda Merithew
Belfast, Maine



"You're the girl of my dreams. That's why I always fall asleep after we make love."



"Hey, Mr. Biggers, there's no rule that says the fella that's going to do your brain surgery can't be a biker too."

The biker and his ol' lady had a rugrat who was flat crazy about animals. When he was about 13, he got a bullfrog that he just loved the hell out of. Had it with him in a shoebox during the day — and at night he'd tie a string around the frog's back leg and put him out on the back porch. One morning he came out and found the frog flatter'n a pancake with tire tracks all over him. Grabbing the string, he slung the frog over his shoulder and went into the house to get his piggybank. Then he headed down to the local whorehouse.

"Lady," he told the madam, "there's 33 dollars in this bank and I want to buy me a piece of pussy."

The madam was skeptical, but finally agreed and suggested that he choose one of the young ladies in the parlor.

"No, I don't want one of them. I want me a bitch who has herpes and syphilis and AIDS and is about to die!"

"We just happen to have a 'retired' employee who fits that description," the madam replied.

And the deal was struck. After the boy had returned downstairs, the madam stopped him and asked, "Why?"

"Ya see, we've got a 17-year-old babysitter at the house that I'm gonna fuck, then she's gonna die."

"And about 5:30 this afternoon, my dad is gonna fuck her and he's gonna die. Then about 10:30 tonight, Dad's gonna fuck Mom and she's gonna die. And about 6:30 in the morning, Mom's gonna fuck the milkman and he's gonna die. And that's the dirty sonuvabitch that ran over my frog!"

—James Coleman
Polk City, Fla.

A newly-married couple moved into a small house in the neighborhood, and after they didn't show up outside for three weeks, the neighbors came to their door to check on them.

The spokesman for the group introduced himself and said that they were welcome here, but would they like some food brought over, because they must be starving.

The new husband replied that food was no problem — they were living on the "fruits of love." The spokesman said that was just fine and dandy, but would they please stop throwing the skins out the window?

—George Tobey
Reseda, Calif.



"I'd like to try something different. How about the chili served in your panties?"

Two very tight bros, Blockhead and Knucklehead, made a solemn promise to each other. Whoever died first would somehow contact the other to let him know if there really are Harleys in Heaven.

It was some time later that Knucklehead died from having too much fun, and late one night he came back to tell Blockhead what he had learned.

Knucklehead said, "I've got some bad news for you, bro."

"Damn! There are no Harleys in Heaven, right?"

"Relax, bro, there are Harleys in Heaven," said Knucklehead. "We're even goin' on a run this weekend."

"So what's the bad news, then?" asked Blockhead.

"Well, you've been invited."

—Brian Conway
Milwaukee, Wis.

Three farm boys went to the big city, hoping to find some wild women. By 11 p.m., Frank and Bill had scored two beautiful, giggly girls, but Jim had failed to find any one. Lonely and frustrated, he decided he might as well go home.

Near his house, he passed a field of ripe pumpkins. The moonlight was glinting off their smooth, rounded surfaces, and for a second they reminded Jim of a naked lady, just waiting for him. He went into the field and lay down amongst the vegetables, hugging one like the firm ass of the girl he longed for. He then cut a hole in the pumpkin, whipped out his throbbing cock, and started screwing it, murmuring, "Judy, Judy, Judy!"

As he was about to come, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Good evening, sir," said a cop. "And what do you think you're doing with that pumpkin?"

"Pumpkin?" said Jim, thinking quickly. "For crissakes, is it midnight already?"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



"It was your idea to 'do it in the road!'"

There was a little kid tottering on the edge of the roof of a building, and a big crowd gathering 20 stories below. Everybody knew the kid would fall, but nobody knew what to do. A pro football wide receiver was riding by in his Ferrari Testarossa. He screeched to a stop, jumped out, and ran into the crowd, yelling, "I'm a wide receiver — let me catch the kid!" The crowd gave him room, and sure enough, the kid fell the 20 stories, and the pro caught him without a whimper.

Then he spiked the kid.

—George Tobey
Reseda, Calif.

Then there's the hooker who had her appendix taken out and made quite a bit of money on the side.

—Keith Burr
Sarasota, Fla.

What's brown and full of holes? Swiss shit.

—Dave Chance
Tamal, Calif.



"The first and only real use of the helmet was found in 4,000,000 B.C., when man discovered that pterodactyls were not yet extinct."

Duke and Pete had been on their scoots for days. When they saw the road sign for 25¢ showers, they wheeled in. While in the shower, Duke couldn't help noticing the immense dick that Pete had.

"Jesus!" Duke exclaimed. "How the fuck did you get that thing so big?"

With a grin, Pete said, "Well, Duke, every night before I pork my sweetie, I haul it out and slam it on the bedpost. That's what makes it so big."

As soon as Duke got home, late that night, he couldn't wait to try out this method.

He sneaked into his ol' lady's room and stripped, hauled out his whanger, and bang, he slammed it on the bedpost.

His ol' lady rolled over and said, "Is that you, Pete?"

—Scott Robertson
Windham, Me.



"Amazing! Absolutely unbelievable... she's got the biggest set of tits I've ever seen."

Easyriders



"It isn't stolen. You think I'd steal that Jap piece of shit?"

Three old ladies are sitting on a bench in the park. Up walks a biker and whips it out right in front of them. The first old lady has a stroke right there. The second old lady has a stroke, too. The third old lady would have had a stroke, but she couldn't reach it.

—John Riopko
Charlotte, N.C.

Five-year-old Jimmy had been a pain in the butt all day, so his mother finally says, "Why don't you go across the street and watch those bikers working? Maybe you'll learn something."

The kid was gone for about two hours, so when he came back, his mother inquired as to what he'd learned.

"Well," he said, "first you put the fuckin' oil pan on, then the sonuvabitch doesn't line up, so you have to take the cocksucker back off. Then you have to take a cunt hair off each side and put the muthafucker back up."

Trying not to scream, his mother said, "Just wait until your father comes home."

When the old man came home, his wife suggested he asked Jimmy what he'd learned that day — so he did, and got the full story. "Jimmy," fumed the father, "you go outside right now and get a switch."

The kid replied, "Fuck you! That's the electrician's job!"

—David and Betty
Monalpa, Tex.

Bruno was fed up with the cock-teasing girl he was dating, so one night he took her ten miles from home, stopped his bike in a secluded spot, and said, "Fuck or walk." She refused to fuck, got off the bike, and walked home.

The next night, Bruno took her twenty miles from home, stopped his bike in a secluded spot, and said again, "Fuck or walk." Damned if she didn't get off the bike and hike all the way home.

A couple of nights later, Bruno took her fifty miles from home, stopped, and made his demand. This time, she gave in, and Bruno had the wildest fuck of his life.

Later, as they were riding home, Bruno said, "Now, weren't you stupid to do all that walking?"

"Well," the footsore girl said, "I didn't mind walking ten miles, or even twenty miles, but damned if I'll walk fifty miles to keep a guy I like from catching the clap."

—B. Beck
TDC, USA



"We haven't been studying our Mortician's Manual, have we?"

A biker from Texas picked up a woman in a singles bar in New York, ordered several drinks, and then demanded the biggest steaks in a hotel restaurant. Finally he ended up with his willing companion in the largest suite in the establishment.

"Ah'm from Dallas, and Ah'm big!" the biker boasted as he removed his jeans and so indeed proved to be as he rolled naked into bed with the woman.

The biker paused after the first thrust. "Shee-yit, ma'am!" he exclaimed, "What part of Texas are you from?"

—Larry Ward
Canon City, Colo.



Tanya

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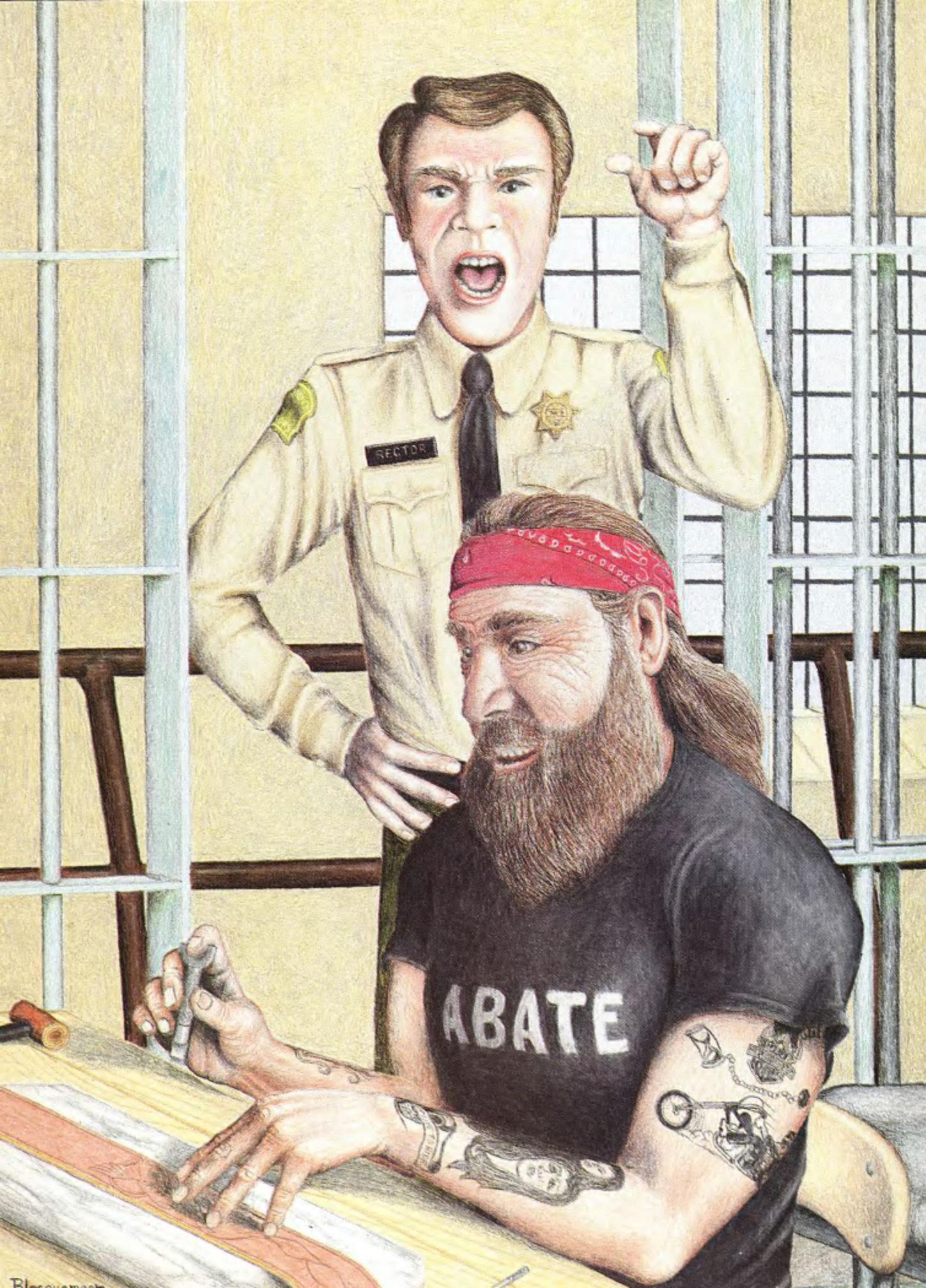
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Officer Rector stepped boldly in front of cell 223 and motioned for his brother officer at the end of the tier to throw open the lock bar. At the very sound of metal grating against metal, the lone occupant of the small cubicle looked up with no emotion showing in his dark eyes.

"Surprise shakedown, biker!" announced the officer loudly. Then he jerked the door open.

The old tramp shook his head slightly, let go with a small chuckle, and turned his concentration back to the leather belt he'd been tooling before the officer arrived.

The guard flushed red and tried to sound even more menacing when he spoke again. "I said shakedown, dude! Now put the damn leather tools on the table and step outta that cell!"

The biker calmly ignored the officer for the second time, and only after completing a complicated pattern on the piece of leather did he lean back, a smile of satisfaction on his face.

Correctional Officer Rector failed to hide his anger at the obvious rebuke.

"Emery! When a guard tells you to fall outta this damn cell, you better fall out! You hear me?"

A quiet smile tugged at the corners of the tramp's mouth as he rose slowly to his feet. Still determined not to be rushed by the impatient guard, the old biker stretched his arms over his head, making his six foot, four frame seem even bigger.

Back again to a relaxed position, the biker turned his attention once more to the embarrassed guard in the doorway. "Ya say somethin', Officer?" he asked innocently.

The guard's face grew even more crimson and he had to fight to control his voice.

"I said. . .damn you. . .I said. . .this is a surprise shakedown! Now step outta that fuckin' cell or I'll. . .I'll. . ." His voice trailed off to a croak and only his mouth moved as

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

By Silver

his brain frantically searched for an impressive threat of punishment. Taxed nearly to his limit, Rector was mercifully saved by a third party who joined the conversation.

"What's the problem here, Officer Rector?"

The guard turned to face the new voice, the surprise apparent on his face.

"Oh! Uh, Captain Roberts. Well, I was gonna do a shakedown on this inmate's cell but, uh, the inmate was, uh, uncooperative, sir."

"Who ordered the shakedown, Officer?" asked the captain quizzically.

"Well, uh, Captain, nobody or-

dered it, sir. There was a spoon missing at the chow hall and I was searching for it in the cells."

"Hmmm!" responded the senior officer easily. "So you decided to start in this man's cell? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you always start your searches in the middle of the tier? Or were you acting on impulse?"

When Officer Rector failed to reply, the captain went on speaking. "Tell you what, Rector. I suggest you follow procedures and clear this shakedown through Search and Escort. Then S and E can clear it through me. Understand? That way I'll be able to say nobody went over my head. Does that make sense to you, Officer?"

Words again failed the younger guard, and he could only nod his agreement.

"Good. That will be all. I'll search Emery's cell myself."

Officer Rector quickly took his leave.

The captain turned his attention to the silver-haired biker once more. "Tramp, you gotta stop baiting my officers like that."

The biker smiled, then sat down on his bunk. "Where ya recruitin' from nowadays, Cap'n?"

The old guard smiled. "Same place they get this new breed of convicts, I reckon."

Tramp busied himself, filling a glass coffee jar half full of water from the sink, then dropping the "stinger" in to heat the water. This done, he sat back down on the bunk. "Was we ever like that, Cap'n?" he asked.

The officer laughed as the memories flashed before his mind's eye. "Hell, yes. And maybe even worse! Shit, first time we met, you were in the middle of a damn riot in the dining hall. You remember that? You and those boys from South Block, red bandannas around your heads, knives in your hands, wounded all over the place. Looked like a battlefield over in Europe

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET



durin' the big war!"

Tramp laughed easily.

"You weren't no cap'n then though, huh? Hell, you was five or six months in uniform and didn't know the difference between a punk and a trunk!"

The officer laughed openly as his mind drifted back in time.

"How. . . how long ago was that, Tramp?" he asked.

The huge biker fought to bring his laughter under control, then he shrugged his ancient shoulders. "Almost eighteen years ago, now, Cap'n," he replied at last.

The old captain shook his head and when he spoke again, his voice was subdued. "Are we gettin' old, Tramp?" he asked at last.

The biker disconnected the stinger, removed it from the jar of water, and filled a plastic coffee cup to the brim. This done, he added a heaping spoon of coffee to the boiling liquid and stirred it slowly.

"Things change, Cap'n. I guess we have, too. Yeah, we're gettin' old. Hopefully wiser."

"Tell me, Tramp. What will you do when you get out?"

The biker shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know, Cap'n. Ain't thought 'bout it much. That's still two years away."

"Any family?" asked the captain.

Tramp laughed without any humor. "Not any more. Like I said, things change."

"No club brothers? No home to go to?"

"'Fraid not, Cap'n. I was always a loner of sorts. Never flew a patch. No wife, no kids." Tramp took a long drink from the coffee cup, then lit a cigarette and fell silent.

Both men became aware that they had never spoken to each other this way before. In Tramp's mind Captain Roberts was the enemy. It was apparent that the old guard held the same opinion. They had fought and survived by their wits. Guard versus convict, a wall between them as high and as strong as any that surrounded the prison. But the years had offered up a small crack in that wall. A mutual respect was there, or as much as could be. A rarity in itself. Just two old enemies taking a brief break before going on with the fighting at hand.

The old captain stood up and pushed his hat back on his head, revealing the receding hairline. "I hope you find whatever it is you call home, Tramp."

The biker smiled. "A good ol' lady. A couple kids who love ya no matter what anyone says. And a scooter to ride on a strip of free highway. That's what I call home, Cap'n. That's home."

The captain nodded in acknowledgment. "By the way, Tramp, that's a beautiful piece of leather work." With those words, he exited from the cell.

It was two weeks later when Tramp received the ducat to report to the captain's office. The fat guard took the pass, grunted once, and pointed to another door.

"What's this all about?" asked the biker warily.

"Ask them. I only work here," replied the guard.

Tramp opened the door and found himself facing not only the old captain but the warden and the program administrator as well.

It was obvious by the look the captain gave Tramp that the two of them were once again on opposite sides of the wall.

Fine with me, thought Tramp to himself. *I understand it better this way.*

The warden shuffled a few papers that were inside a folder marked "EMERY, RON, B-11654."

"Emery? You're an old-timer here so I'll tell you straight out what's happening." The warden pushed his glasses up on his nose and went on, speaking quickly.

"This prison is overcrowded, and we have to cut down on the population. We're opening an old prison farm in the southern part of the state. Minimum security. Nothing but a fence between it and the small farms belonging to a bunch of citizens who've been against us all the way because they're afraid of being killed in their sleep by an escaping convict. Are you interested in going down there on a transfer?"

Tramp's mind whirled at the thought. "Why me?" he asked cautiously.

"Because the captain here thinks you'd be a good candidate. You've been looking at the walls



"I almost had this great worm. . . but it was stuck to some human."

and the guntowers here for eighteen years. You only got two years left. You'd be a fool to blow it now. You were a fuckup for the first twelve years, and now you've straightened out some. To be honest, I'm not all that sure — but I'll take the captain's word on it. You want it or not?"

Tramp smiled. "Yeah, yeah, Warden. I'll take it."

Two months later Tramp stood in the middle of a freshly plowed field. Reaching down he picked up a clod of rich soil and crushed it, then let it sift slowly between his fingers. His thoughts rushed back to a farm in Tennessee and a time when he had seen his dad do the same thing. So many years ago.

"Still be a good crop this year, son. You'll see." But his father's promise was seldom kept because the soil was burned and poor. Tramp had stood dry-eyed at his father's grave and watched as they filled a poor man's grave with that same poor soil, burying all the poor old dreams. Tramp had gone to work in a lumber mill. A year later he watched as his mother was laid to rest next to his dad. Selling all they had, he bought an old Harley and spent the next ten years riding, partying, and trying to forget. His one and only companion had been his bike. No one else could get close to him. The bike understood — it asked only for what it needed and gave all it had.

Tramp didn't realize how long he had been staring at the figure across the road. He supposed that he must have seen the man exit from the house and walk to the garage, but he wasn't sure because he had been lost in thought.

There was something about the scene that made the biker start walking toward the end of the field. Just as Tramp reached the fence, all of it came into focus. There was no doubt: The long hair, the beard, the Levi's, the boots, the black leather. All this could only spell one thing —

biker. And where there's a biker, there's got to be a Harley!

Tramp watched as the garage door went up, watched as the biker inserted the key in the ignition, and watched in pure envy as he threw one leg over and sat down easily on the Cobra seat.

Although nearly 30 yards away, Tramp guessed it to be a '53 or '54 pan. Its eight over springer reflected the sunlight like a mirror. The owner reached down to retard the spark, then kicked it through twice before turning on

"The look on her face was one of total bewilderment and from where he stood, Tramp could make out the single word she spoke. 'Why?' she screamed loudly. 'Why?'"

the key. As he lifted up to come down full weight on his kick, Tramp's heart beat faster with anticipation of the upcoming sound.

That sound, that glorious sound that not even eighteen years of prison could ever erase! And when it came, roaring across the road to fill his ears, it was nearly beyond description.

As the panhead's owner worked the throttle lightly to warm the bike, Tramp's fingers tightened their grip on the chain link fence. Then came the familiar *clunk* that told everyone within hearing that first gear was engaged, and the Harley rolled slowly from the garage.

The sun danced brightly from obviously well-polished chrome, and the panhead's owner sat rightfully proud on his scooter.

As the bike sat idling at the end of the walk that ran from the porch to the driveway, Tramp wondered impatiently why the rider was not moving. His question was answered in less than a heartbeat when he noted a woman running from the house, her long blue nightgown blowing out behind her and revealing long, lovely legs.

She planted a loving kiss on the biker's lips and said words that the distance between the house and the prison field kept a secret from Tramp's ears, then stepped back to let the Harley leave.

Once more in first, the panhead rolled from the driveway to the edge of the country road. It was then that the rider saw Tramp for the first time.

The two bikers stared at each other for several seconds, then Tramp raised his right hand in fisted salute. The rider smiled

broadly, returned the salute, then gave the throttle a few hard twists.

Halfway up on the revs he suddenly popped the clutch and sent the shiny springer grabbing for the sky. Before the Avon could kiss the road, second gear sent her high again. Then trees blocked the bike from Tramp's view, but he could still hear both third and fourth being wound out for his benefit.

With the sounds of the powerful Harley still ringing inside his head, Tramp's eyes came to rest on the house once more.

The woman was still there, only now two children had walked outside to join her. Tramp guessed the boy to be about nine years old and a carbon copy of the biker on the panhead. The other was a girl of seven or eight with long, golden hair like her mother's.

The little girl raised one hand and timidly waved to Tramp. The biker returned the gesture, then watched as the trio walked back inside the house.

Tramp stood there for several long seconds, savoring the scene he had just witnessed. Old memories rushed into his mind, and his heart beat so hard that there was a tightness in his huge chest. The

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

images of the sleek and powerful Harley, the unknown biker sitting so proudly on the leather seat, and the lovely woman with her children at her side stirred up long-buried emotions in Tramp.

"That's living," he said aloud to no one. "I've only been existing in this garbage can called prison." He shook his head in disgust. "One of these days," he muttered to himself. "One of these fuckin' days."

Tramp ripped the month of August from the calendar and tore it to pieces before dropping it into the makeshift trash can next to the sink.

"That leaves sixteen more to go, muthafucker," he said aloud.

The months had moved by quickly as Tramp worked the fields during the day and his leather work at night. For years his leather goods had been popular with the free people who frequented the prison art shows, and his bank account had increased with each passing year. The money was all he had, but it was enough to get him established after his release.

As he walked out to the old Allis-Chalmers tractor, Tramp felt a strange sense of uneasiness invade his large frame. It was that same feeling he used to get on the prison yard when something heavy was about to come down. Long years of experience had taught him to be on guard. Later that day he halted the tractor directly across the road from the biker's house.

He had spent a lot of his lunch breaks there, eating his sandwiches and silently hoping to get still another glimpse of life being lived by others.

During the past eight months he had watched the biker work on his scooter in the garage. He'd seen the pretty blonde bring him beer

and food. He'd seen the children playing in the yard. Several times Tramp had been forced to leave because the scene had a tendency to lean too heavily on his heart.

Now, as he munched on a sandwich, Tramp could not shake off the uneasy feeling he felt inside. The first thing he noticed was how quiet the house across the street appeared to be. The old '57 Chevy truck that the woman often drove was gone from its usual place, but nothing else seemed amiss. Still, Tramp could not shake that ominous feeling.

He silently chided himself and was reaching to turn the ignition key when he spied the gray pickup truck coming down the road. As the Chevy reached the driveway, it slowed to negotiate the sharp turn. Tramp could see that the blonde was driving and the two children were in the cab with her.

Riding in the bed of the pickup were two bearded bikers that Tramp had seen at the house on several occasions. Friends of the unknown biker, pitching in to work on his scooter or theirs.

Tramp watched as the pickup came to a halt and the blonde slid gracefully out of the truck and began opening the door of the garage. As she did, the two bikers jumped out of the truck and dropped the tailgate.

That eerie feeling began to rise in Tramp's chest again as he saw what it was that the two tramps were about to unload. It was the beautiful panhead. Only it wasn't so beautiful any more. The once-shiny springer was a twisted mess, the rim bent nearly in half. One of the pullbacks was missing and the other had been driven into the gas tank.

Tramp felt a stab of pain shoot through his heart at the very sight. "Oh, Gawd, no," he whispered aloud.

God must have been busy somewhere else that day because it was then that Tramp noticed the black funeral bands around the left arms of the two bikers.

The big biker watched as the two brothers half-dragged, half-carried the fallen Harley inside the garage.

As each gave the blonde a brotherly hug, another girl drove up in a battered old Ford. After a short conversation, the two bikers and the girl left, waving a parting goodbye out the car window. They left the lovely blonde standing with an arm around each of her children.

In all of the time that Tramp had been watching the house and the people who lived there, he had never seen the beautiful woman look so utterly defeated. There was no longer a smile on her lovely mouth, and the once-proud shoulders had sagged slightly forward as if carrying a weight too heavy for her delicate frame.

One of the children spoke and she nodded, then they ran inside the house, leaving her standing alone on the walkway.

Tramp watched as she covered her face with her hands and he did not have to see the tears to know that she was crying. He longed to comfort her, to reach out and place his arms around her, to tell her it would be all right. As though she had felt his eyes upon her, she looked at him and spread her arms wide.

The look on her face was one of total bewilderment and from where he stood, Tramp could make out the single word she



"I'll be right home as soon as Jimmy stops playing with my pussy."

spoke. "Why?" she screamed loudly. "Why?"

Tramp stood up on the tractor and sadly shook his head. "I don't know, lady," he said aloud, "I don't know." Then he watched as she ran quickly into the house.

After she had disappeared, Tramp lifted his eyes skyward and yelled aloud in anger: "You tell me, fucker! You tell me!" he screamed to the heavens. "Why? Why? Why?" But the Big Man upstairs wasn't answering that day.

The next fifteen months crept slowly by for Tramp. He spent a lot of time at the end of the field watching the house across the street. He watched as friends of the fallen biker came to visit the pretty blonde, but after a year or so the visits ceased.

Tramp had seen her almost every day for the past six months. By the waitress uniform she wore, he deduced that she was working in a restaurant somewhere. Each morning she stood on the porch and watched the boy and girl get on the school bus. Then she would fire up the old Chevy truck and head for work.

The old smile was not as bright as it once was, but it had crept back slowly to her sweet face.

As he sat there on the tractor, Tramp waited for the newly developed part of her routine. Each morning before she left, she'd smile. The brightest of smiles. And then she'd wave — to him.

Tramp had just watched the pickup disappear from view and was about to fire up the Allis-Chalmers when a voice stopped him cold.

"You making illegal contact with free people, convict?"

Turning in his seat, Tramp came face to face with none other than Officer Rector. The sight left him speechless.

"I said, are you. . ."

Tramp cut him short. "I heard,

ya, Rectum."

The guard flushed red. "That's Rector! Not Rectum, convict."

Tramp shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever," he replied nonchalantly. "What the hell you doin' here?"

"I don't know — they transferred me here. Guess they wanted someone to keep an eye on you."

Hah! Tramp thought quietly to himself. *You couldn't handle the pressure of the prison, punk.*

Rector nodded his head toward the house across the street. "That was a fine-looking blonde piece of ass over there, huh, Emery? You thinking about hopping the fence and getting you some?"

Tramp shook his head in disgust. When he spoke, he had to fight to keep his voice even. "For one thing, Rectum, I only got 28 days to the streets. For another, that's no piece of ass. That's a lady. But I'm sure the word isn't in your vocabulary."

Officer Rector laughed. "One thing I know, convict. I've got a better chance to score a piece than you do. I'm free. You ain't."

Tramp stared menacingly at the officer. "Free or not, Rectum, she's got too much class for an asshole like you."

As Tramp slammed the throttle forward, Officer Rector yelled at his departing back, "Hey, Emery, it was just a joke, dude."

* * *

Officer Rector stormed angrily across the field to where the idle tractor sat. "Hornsby! Why ain't you plowing this damn field?"

The skinny driver on the Allis-Chalmers spread out his arms in a gesture of confusion. "Dunno, Officer. Damn thing just quit on me."

Storming up to where the inmate stood, Rector came nose to nose with the other man. "Are you fuckin' with me, inmate? I know for a fact that that damn biker drove this damn tractor for over

two damn years, and he never had any damn problems. Explain that!"

"Well," replied the inmate, "maybe we can get him down here to look at it."

Officer Rector shook his head in disgust. "He's gone, stupid! Maxed out his sentence more than two months ago." Rector suddenly laughed at the memory of Tramp. "Hell, that asshole is probably dead by now." The thought gave the officer a small rush of satisfaction. "Or back in prison."

As Rector stood there enjoying the idea of Tramp's getting sentenced for some heinous crime, his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a powerful engine being revved to its peak.

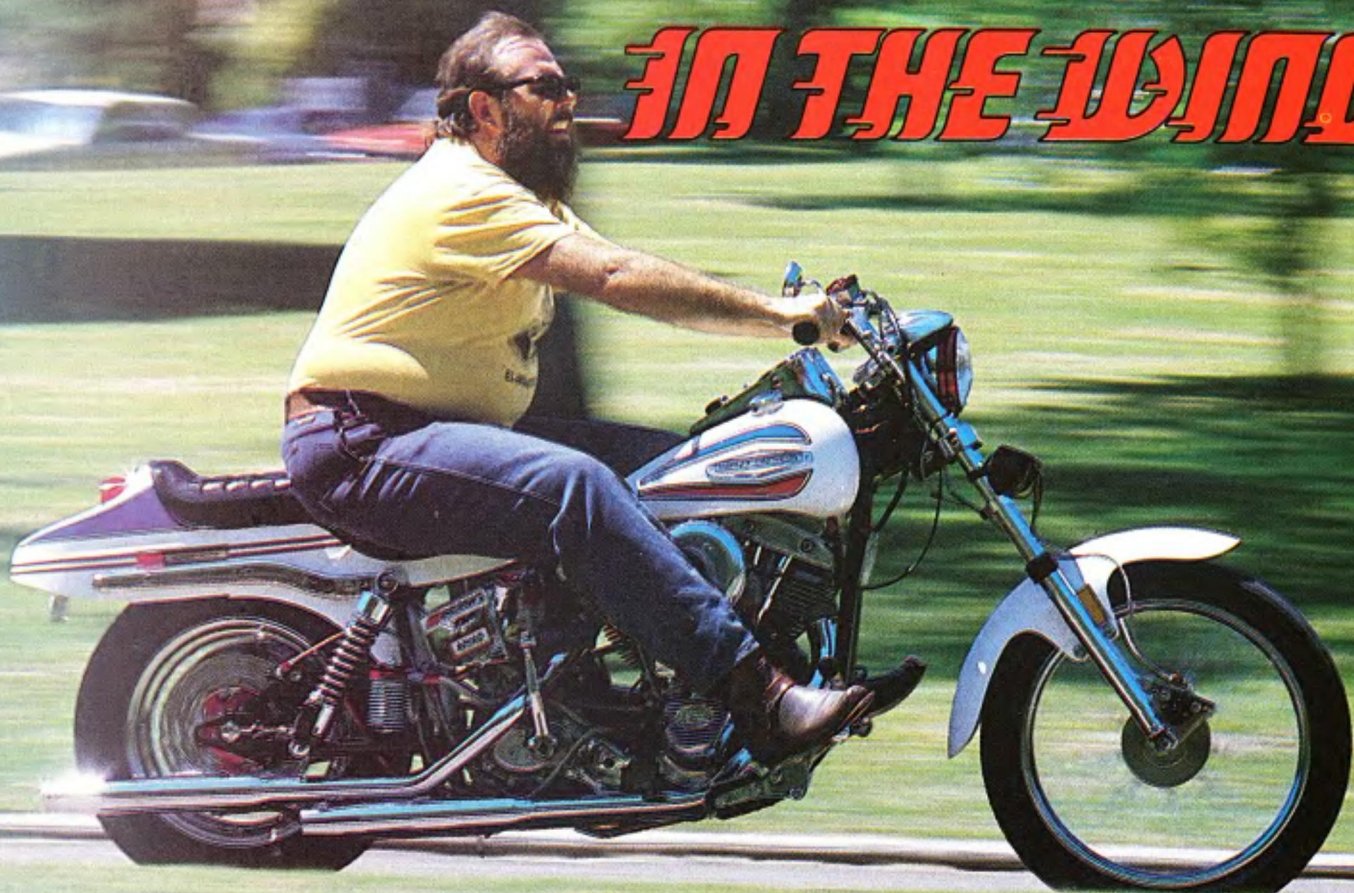
Turning toward the sound, Officer Rector's eyes came to focus on a lone biker sitting astride a chopped Harley across the road. As the guard watched, a beautiful blonde ran up to the rider and kissed him lovingly on the lips. Then she stepped back so the bike could leave.

As the huge Harley left the driveway, it suddenly stopped directly across from where the guard and inmate stood. Rector stared intently at the rider, saw an evil grin cross the biker's bearded face, and felt his heart skip several beats. Seconds later the huge old biker pointed a fist at the officer and fully extended the index finger. Then the rider dumped the clutch and sent the shiny springer reaching for the sky.

As the two men stood in awe on the other side of the fence, it was the inmate who spoke first. "Hey! Wasn't that the old biker you was just talkin' 'bout?" Rector couldn't find the voice to speak. The skinny inmate laughed aloud. "Hah! He sure don't look dead to me, boss. No, sir. He sure don't look dead to me!"

Rector's embarrassment was written all over his face. "Shut up, asshole. Just shut up and fix this damn tractor!" ■

IN THE WIND



Due to local censorship, we have regretfully had to remove nude pictures from this feature. By subscribing you can obtain future issues uncensored. Please see page 43.

—from Redbelly, Sydney, Australia



—from Holly Meadors, Ojai, Calif.

—from Susie Bardo, Rochester, N.Y.





—from Bush, Philadelphia, Pa.



—from Harold Northway, Green Bay, Wis.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



—from Wild Billy, Roseville, Calif.



—from Rod, Spokane, Wash.

—from Jacki G., Hartford, Conn.



—from Cabby, Cincinnati, Ohio





—from Joe the German, Lake Hughes, Calif.

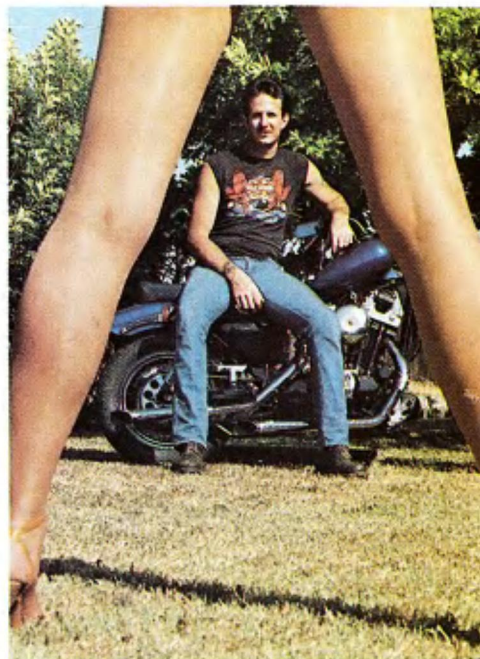


—from Gene Rollins, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from Gaylord, Seattle, Wash.

—from Wayne and Kim, Baltimore, Md.



—from The Breeze, Charleston, S.C.



—from Nicki, Eagle Rock, Calif.





—from James Kemp, Baltimore, Md.



—from Dave Mellies, Santee, Calif.



—from Jack Mitchell, Grand Haven, Mich.



—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.



—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Springs, Calif.



—from Rene Griffith, Clarksville, Tenn.



—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from "Fast" Ed Krupinski, HDRA circuit



—from Klaes Palmgren, Solna, Sweden



—from K.W. Robison, East Machias, Me.

—from Mashed Kidneys MC, Orebro, Sweden



—from Balls, Granger, Ind.



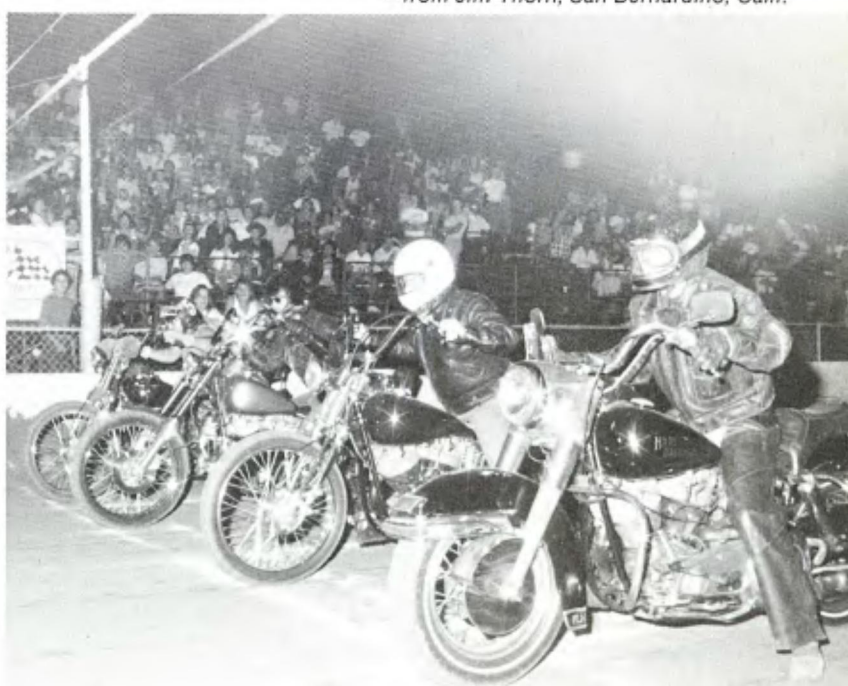
—from S. Zimmerman, Mt. Morris, Mich.



—from Jim Thorn, San Bernardino, Calif.



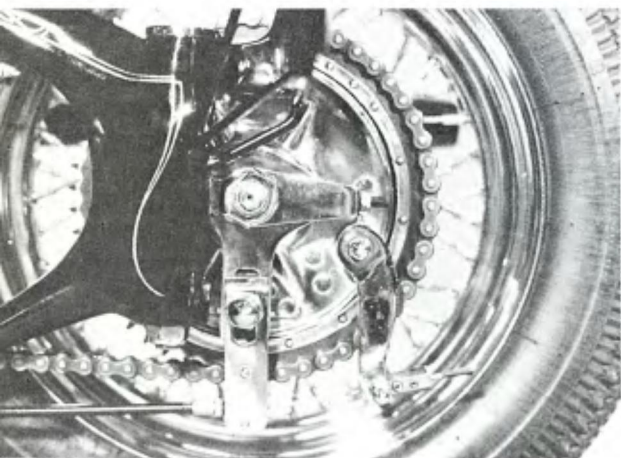
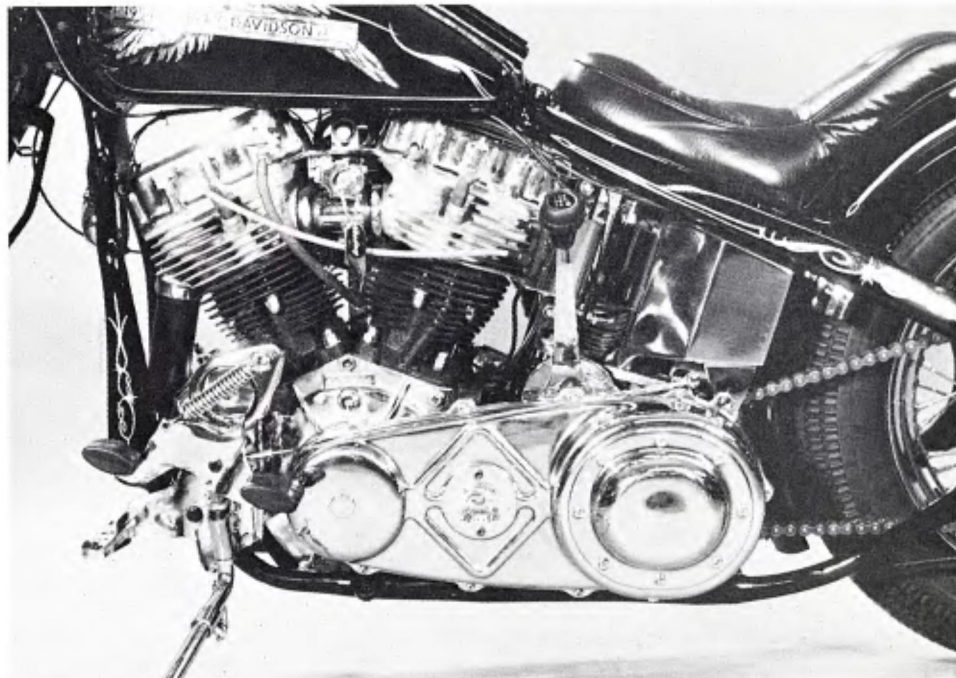
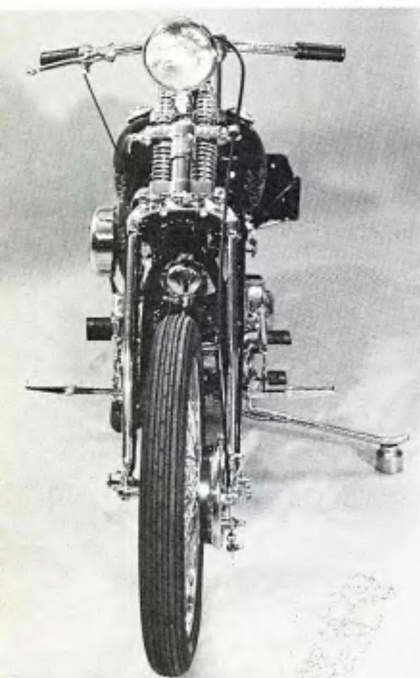
—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Springs, Calif.



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.



**Jim "Hook" Williams, Kenosha, Wisconsin
1954 Harley-Davidson FL panhead**

This blazing black and gold-leaf pavement-pusher, the one with a roarin' eagle on the tanks, is from Wisconsin and was the handiwork of Rodney Pierantoni, a formerly featured bike builder (ER May, 1986/'51 panhead). The lucky bro who now owns it, Jim "Hook" Williams, so named for his eloquently mean left, missed out on the time-consuming construction phase of building the bike.

When Rodney wrapped up the project, with considerable help from Ron Halverson, his right-hand man, and got about five years of serious putting in on the beast, he knew Hook would be a worthy owner. Rodney knew him to be a spit-and-polish kid who would see to it that Rodney's pride and joy would remain as righteous as the day he delivered it.

And now, a couple years later, Hook treats it with love, care, and affection because now it's his own pride and joy. Keep them panheads rollin'!

—Pan Man



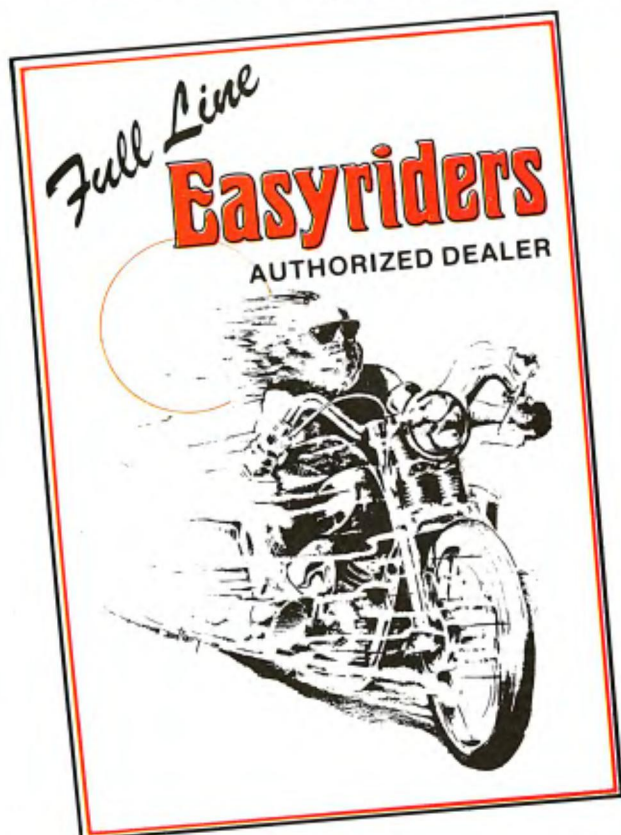
Photos by Van Thompson





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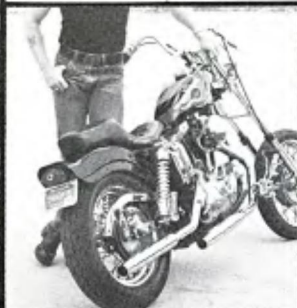
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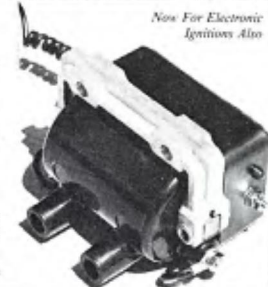
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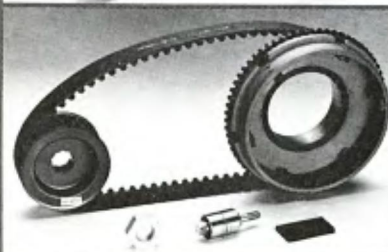
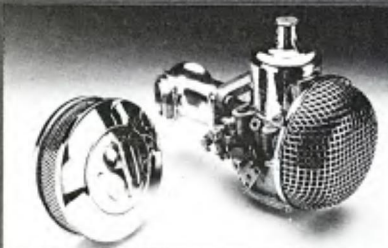
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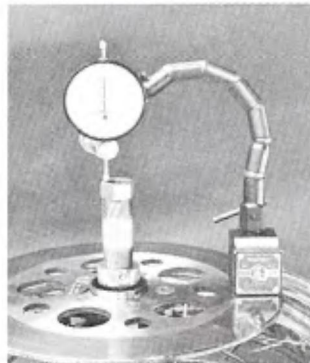
WHEEL BEARING HOW-TO

Set-Up and Maintenance of Harley Wheel Bearings.

By Joe Minton



Axle nut must be torqued correctly when measuring end play.



A set-up like this is needed to measure the bearing end play.



H-D makes wheel bearing spacers in three lengths. One of them should make things right.

Most of us take our Harleys' wheel bearings for granted; we use and ignore them. Once in a while some of us will be reminded of our neglect in dramatic fashion; we'll come to a grinding and expensive halt in some place the telephone company never heard of.

While a Hog's tapered roller wheel bearings are tough and way bigger than they have to be, they can be destroyed by dirt or incorrect set-up. Harley's tapered roller wheel bearings are capable of handling much more load and will last longer than equal-sized ball bearings. However, a typical ball bearing, as used in motorcycle wheels, sets its own side-to-side play, and a pair of them are cheaper and easier to install in a wheel. Tapered rollers are the better bearings but need some careful set-up. If you make sure your bike's bearings have the right end play, then clean and properly lubricate them, they will last as long as you will have any use for them. Even if you can ignore your bike's wheel bearings for 50,000 miles and get away with it, knowing that they are right will add to your rid-

ing confidence — and that's worth a few hours of your garage time.

The outer races of your Harley's wheel bearings are pressed into the hub with their more open side facing out. The distance between them is set by the shoulders they seat against in the hub. When you install the inner races, which also carry the rollers and cages, the distance between the inner races is set by a spacer that rides on the axle. That spacer, along with how much you tighten the axle nut, determines how much free play there will be in the whole wheel bearing assembly. Correct free play is vital. It determines how long the bearings will last, how your bike will feel when you ride it and, in extreme cases, how safe you will be.

While tapered wheel bearing spacing problems are rare, damage from dirt and inadequate lubrication are not. Even a short ride will collect some grit around the greasy edges of your bike's wheel bearing seals. If you then direct a stream of high velocity water (car wash or garden hose) at the junction of the seal and the spacer it rides on, you might very well drive some

of that dirt into the bearing. It happens many times every day. Some greases can be displaced by water, so even if you only drive water into your bearings, they can be damaged by running dry.

If you wash your bike with a garden hose, get one of those hand sprinkler fittings that sends out a fan-shaped pattern of water, and don't use so much pressure.

Some seals work better than others. Most late-model Harley wheels use seal part number 47519-83A. This is a superior seal, and if it is the right one for your bike's wheels, *you should use no other!* There are some after-market single-lip seals that will pass dirt and water with relative ease, and you should avoid them.

You must be careful when you select a grease for your Hog's wheel bearings, too. There is a natural tendency to think of thick grease as being better than thin grease. You know — the dark brown stuff that you have to cut out of the can in chunks. It just has to stay where ya put it, right? Right. The problem is: you might put it in and all over the bearings, but they will push it out of the way as they roll

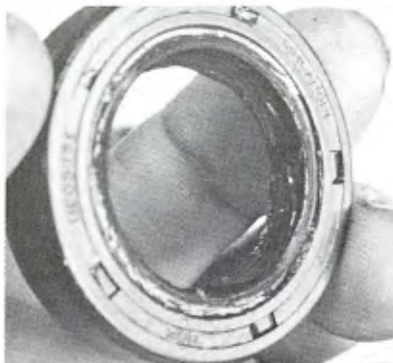
around, and it will be too thick to suck back in behind the rollers as they go by. This will let the bearings run dry and destroy themselves.

The best grease for your Harley's wheel bearings is the rather ordinary Lithium grease found in service station lube racks all over the country. The reason it is ordinary is because it works best in most applications. The Harley factory used it when they built your bike, and they strongly recommend that you continue to use it. They have spent considerable time testing greases for their wheel bearings and have found that general-purpose Lithium chassis grease is best. In addition to staying in the bearings better than thicker greases, Lithium chassis grease is more water-resistant than some of the other "trick" greases. It stays put and repels water. Use it.

Now that I have you worried about the health of your bike's wheel bearings, let's go through the procedures of cleaning, lubing and setting their end play.

Before you start, read the appropriate section of your factory shop manual and familiarize yourself

Tech Tip



Photos by Joe Minton

Work grease in thoroughly and make sure everything is clean.

The seal needs to be packed with grease, same as the bearing.

H-D makes this outer race driver. Nice tool — you oughta get one.

with the removal and replacement procedures.

If you are going to check the end play of your bearings, you will need a set-up similar to the one shown in the accompanying photos. Not many of us have a snake and dial indicator set, so you may have to have the end play of your bike's wheel bearings checked and set by a shop. You may be surprised by how many motorcycle shops don't now how to make this vital check. If you can't find a mechanic with the tools and the knowledge, look for a friendly machinist; he will have the tools and knowledge. Bearing end play will seldom have to be checked or set more than once, but you should check it the first time you re-grease your wheels.

Cleanliness is important any time you work with bearings, and you should clean — really clean — a place on your bench for the work at hand. Get some clean solvent with a clean brush. Have an aerosol can of contact cleaner handy, and collect some clean rags or paper towels. Before you remove either wheel, wash the dirt away from the bearing and seal areas.

Remove the wheel and

lay the parts out so that you can be sure of getting things back together right. Use a large round shanked flat-blade screwdriver to pry the seals out of the hub. Catch the flat-blade under the bottom edge of the seal and rest the round shank on the opposite side of the hole. Gently pry the seal out. It may take a second bite once the seal starts to move, but it will come out fairly easily. The round shank of a large screwdriver will not usually distort the edge of the bearing hole. Just the same, be careful about the edge of the hole. If you think the screwdriver might deform the edge, put something between the shank and the edge of the hole to spread the load. Something thin, strong, and pliant, like an ice cream stick, will do the job.

After you pull the seal and before you remove the inner race, carefully wipe any grit from around the hole with a paper towel or clean rag. Remove and wash the inner race with clean solvent and mark both it and the wheel with a magic marker, so that you will be able to put it back with its mated outer race. Wipe the grease off the outer race. Repeat for

the other side.

Use a magnifying glass to look for pits or score marks in the outer race and rollers. If either rollers or race are damaged, the bearing must be replaced. Chances are, if you find any damage, it will be rust. While rust may leave what appears to be only a stain, it will have ruined the bearing, and any rusty bearing should be replaced.

Use the same glass to inspect the running surfaces of the bearing spacers that the seals run on. If they are badly pitted or have rough surfaces, they will eat your seals and let water and dirt in. The factory seals have a coil spring behind the inner lip that helps keep it tight against the spacer. In addition, there is an outer lip that does much to keep water and dirt away from the all-important inner sealing lip. If the space between these lips is filled with grease, it is unlikely that you will have any trouble with dirty or washed-out bearings.

Since bearings seldom need replacing, I will deal with how to remove and replace outer races at the end of the article instead of right here.

After you have assured

yourself that your bike's bearings are okay, re-assemble the bearings in the wheel with only a light coat of oil. You should never let bearings mate without at least some oil between them. Install the axle, spacers, and one additional spacer long enough to let you torque the axle nut. As you can see in the photos, I used a 2½ inch long, 3/4-inch pipe close nipple as a spacer for the rear wheel assembly of my Softail. Whatever you choose for a spacer, it should be fairly square on the ends.

Torque the axle nut to factory specs. This can be anywhere from 45 to 65 foot-pounds. The torque is important. The bearings' end play will be affected by how tight the axle nut is. The end play can vary by three or four thousandths of an inch, depending on the torque applied to the axle nut. The only way to be sure is to use a torque wrench. Most of us will go through our entire motorcycle careers without one of these tools and do okay. Still, it is an important tool and one that you really ought to have if you can manage it.

Set up a dial indicator so that you can measure

the movement of the axle in the wheel. As you can see in the photos, I mounted a magnetic snake on the disc and indicated off the axle end. Move the wheel or axle to and fro along the axis of the axle, and read the bearing end play on the dial indicator. It is important that the bearing races be essentially free of grease when you do this, so that the end play can be easily read. Even a light film of grease will mask the play and give false readings on the dial indicator.

The factory calls for .004 to .018 inches of total bearing free play. If it is less or more, the inner spacer will need to be replaced. Harley makes three lengths of inner spacer for its late wheels. You should be able to get your wheel's bearings right with one of them. It might be tempting to try and trim a too-long (too much end play) spacer on a lathe. Won't work. The factory spacers are case hardened and must be ground.

Performance Machine can supply inner spacers made of tubing that can be trimmed to length on a lathe.

Now, with the bearing end play all set, it is time to re-pack the bearings, install the seals, and put your bike back together.

First, clean everything. Wash your hands. Get any signs of dirt off the moving parts. Wash the bearings down with contact cleaner and carefully wipe them dry with paper towels.

The grease you use must be clean. Sta-Lube sells Lithium chassis grease in sealed one-pound containers. One of the nice touches of the Sta-Lube product is that they actually tell you some important things about the grease in the can with a little chart on the label. For instance, Sta-Lube states what the soapy base is and gives the grease a

water-repellent rating. You want *Lithium* and *excellent*. A grease gun is a good way to keep grease clean, provided, of course, the gun was clean when you loaded it and that you keep the delivery tip clean.

Work grease into the grooves of the seals that you've kept sealed in their packages until just now. Always use new seals. Lightly grease the spacers that the seals run on. Most of us ruin new seals by forgetting to properly lube them. The grease you give them now is all they're ever going to get.

Put the inner race assemblies back in their outer races (don't forget the inner spacer!). Position the seals and start them with your thumbs. Use a big (clean) hammer to gently tap them in flush with the hole. Some Harley wheels need the seals set below the top of the bearing hole. There is no special tool available, and you will have to drive them in with a hammer and punch. If you are careful and use a ruler to make sure that the seals are set in evenly from the top of the hole, things will be okay. It is important that the seals are square with the holes. Take your time and don't rush through this important step.

Before you re-install the wheel, clean the axle, spacers, washers, and nuts. Coat them with a film of oil or grease. I have used an anti-rust lubricant made by Kal-Gard for years and recommend it highly. The product is "30-30." It is an aerosol, comes in a big blue can, and can be used for lubricating and rust-proofing just about any part of your motorcycle. Any time I remove a nut, bolt, or any part that can suffer from corrosion, I spray it with 30-30. My bike's nuts and bolts stay new-looking and don't corrode in place. This is good stuff.

Except for bolting the wheels back on your bike,

you are finished. Your Hog will be ready for another year or so of rolling down that road, and at least you won't have to wonder about the condition of the wheel bearings. After a couple of times through this bearing re-greasing procedure, you will find it routine and easy to do. It is certainly worth the time and trouble. Peace of mind always is.

Earlier, I stated that I would tell you how to remove and replace outer races. Here goes. You will need a Harley special tool for this job (see photo). I know that many mechanics remove outer races with a punch and hammer; however, the correct tool works so well that even the most adept wrench will be converted once he uses it. Harley sells the wheel bearing R&R tool in two parts: Part No. HD-33071 "Wheel Bearing Race Remover and Installer" and Part No. HD-33416 "Universal Driver Handle." Your dealer can get these for you.

If your hubs are aluminum, you will need a source of heat. I use a single element hot plate or propane torch. Don't use a welding torch unless you have considerable self-control. After you install the bearing driver tool (it is tight and will be hard to work with after the hub is hot), gently heat the aluminum hub with the hot plate or torch until water will just sizzle on its surface. This will loosen the outer bearing in the hub and let you drive it out with very little effort. Aluminum can be damaged fairly easily, and driving the bearing outer races through a cold hub can make them permanently loose. You should have the new race ready when you drive the old one out; that way, you won't have to re-heat the hub.

If you put the new outer race in your freezer and then take it out just in time

to install it, the race will almost fall in the heated hub, and a light tap with the hammer will make sure it is seated.

When you use the special tool, be sure that you hold it square and hit it square. You can distort the hole if you really try. Also, a big hammer swung slowly works better than a small one moving fast. I have used a three-pound, one-hand sledge for years, with excellent results.

Proper support for the hub is important while you drive the new bearings back into it. A piece of wood and the garage floor is the best combination I have found. You will be able to clearly hear and feel the difference in the driving tool and hammer when the race seats. The pitch of the hammer-blow's sound will suddenly rise, and the blow will feel harder through both the tool and hammer handles.

If you buy the special Harley tool and use heat, you will be a leg-up over most professional mechanics. You will be doing it better and with less trouble. If you are a professional mechanic, this tool and procedure will let you do a better job in less time.

Wheel bearing maintenance is ignored much too often. It is important, and you should either learn to do it or make sure that it gets done at regular intervals by someone who is capable of doing it correctly. You take care of your scooter, and it'll take you where you want to go. ■



DEBBIE DOES DIXIE

Usually you get tanked on booze, but there are other ways. If you don't believe it, just ask darlin' Debbie about it.

One of the most popular porno movies of all time was a takeoff on the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders called "Debbie Does Dallas." As you might imagine, the straight-laced suit-and-tie set that runs the Cowboys was less than pleased with the film, though why they should have been upset by pictures of a pretty young girl doin' what comes naturally is something for their shrinks to scope out.

In any case, hardly anybody should be upset to learn that our Debbie comes not from Dallas, but from Dublin — Dublin, California, that is, a little town about 35 miles from San Francisco.

So, surprising as it may seem, Debbie wasn't making some kind of weird joke when we





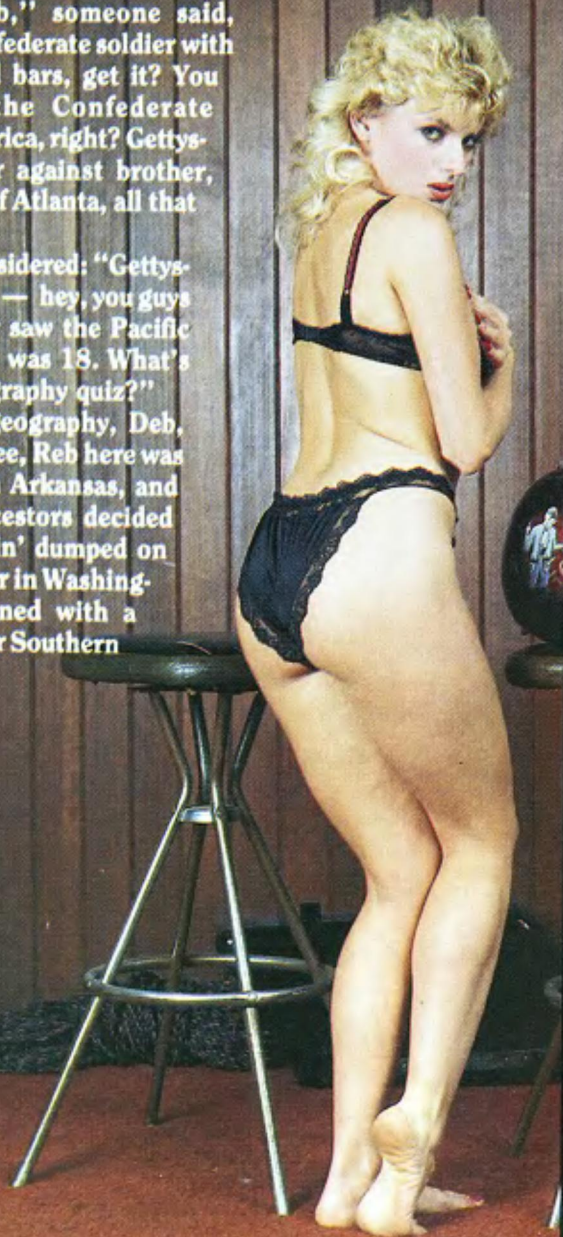


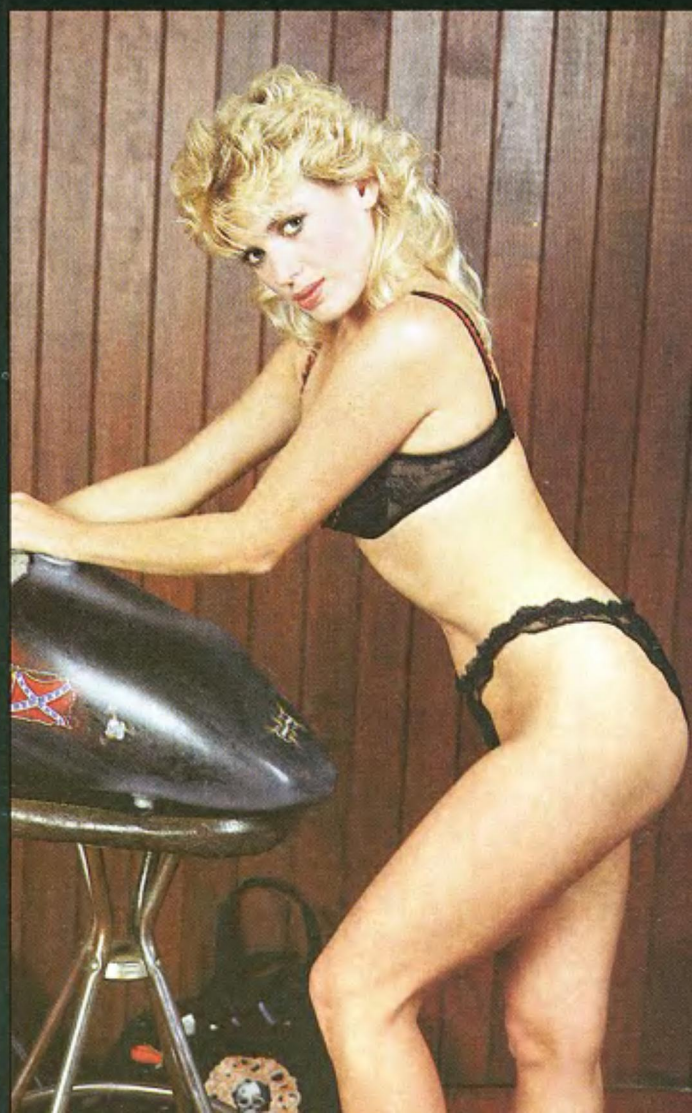
asked her to pose with a couple of Rebel's tanks and she said, "What's that funny guy with the strange flag mean?"

"Hey, Deb," someone said, "that's a Confederate soldier with the stars and bars, get it? You remember the Confederate States of America, right? Gettysburg, brother against brother, the burning of Atlanta, all that shit, got it?"

Debbie considered: "Gettysburg, Atlanta — hey, you guys know I never saw the Pacific Ocean until I was 18. What's with the geography quiz?"

"It's not geography, Deb. It's history. See, Reb here was born down in Arkansas, and when his ancestors decided they were bein' dumped on by Big Brother in Washington, they joined with a bunch of other Southern







Photos by Pete Chioldo

states and set up their own country called the Confederate States of America.

"Damn right," Rebel cut in. "That's what this dude on the tank signifies. He's wearing the uniform of the Confederacy, see. They made those uniforms grey so they'd be different from the uniforms worn by the Union Army, which were blue. And that flag there, that's the Confederate flag. See, the *United States* of America had a flag featuring stars and stripes, so the *Confederate States* of America designed a flag with stars and bars."

"No shit," said Debbie. "What has all that got to do with those places and things you were talkin' about earlier?"

"Well, look, Debbie," Reb said, pickin' up the challenge. "When my great-great-grandpappy told those pricks in Washington that he was gonna cut out just like they did from King George, they got pissy and declared war on the Confederacy. Since some states were right on the border of the two countries, families often had their loyalties split, with one son fighting for the Yankees and one for the Rebs. Gettysburg was where one of the major battles was, and Atlanta was a big Confederate city burned to the ground by Union troops. It was all part of the Civil War, girl, just like they taught y'all in school. Though where you went to school, ya only got the Yankee side of the tale."

"The Civil War. Awright!" said Debbie brightly. "The Civil War. Who won?"

—Trampo



Special thanks to Painter James of Country Motorcycles, Moorpark, California.



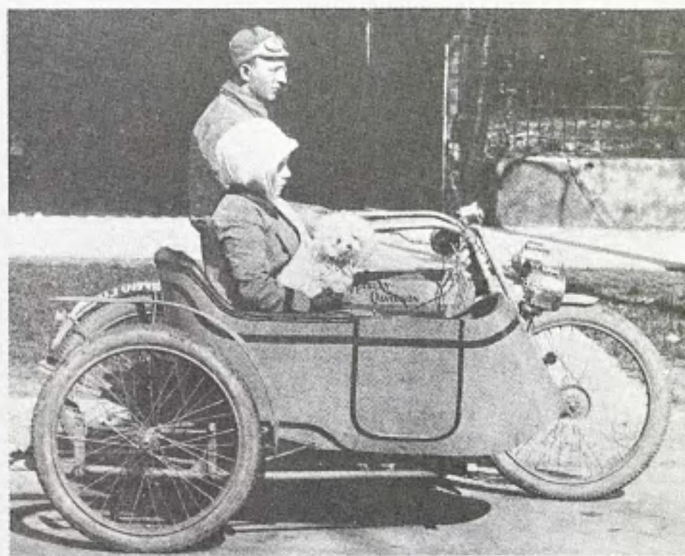
FOXY RIDERS

Back in the days of yore, when blacktop roads were hard to find, and the bros were wearin' breeches, and their women rode sidesaddle behind them or next to them in sidecars, or later when the men started a forty-year fad of Levi's and T-shirts, and the lady riders outfitted themselves in smart riding suits, they probably didn't refer to the best lookers as "foxes." No matter. A chick, by any other animal name, is always a marvel to look at, especially when they start rubbin' up next to some fine two-wheeled iron. Get a gander at what grandma was up to, and the righteous motorcycles she was around.

—Flathead Phred



—from Judith Bugley, Alpena, Mich. (1937)



—from Big Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Scott and Eric Peterson, Milledgeville, Ga.

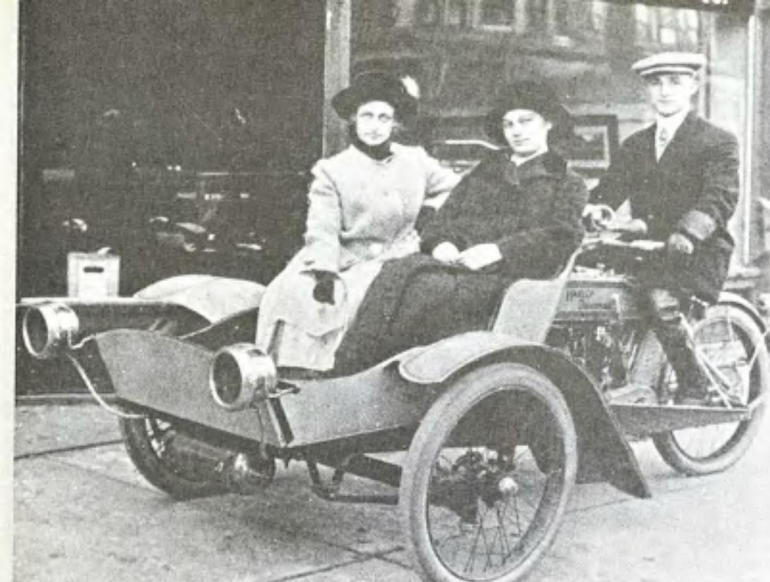


—from Robert Lesko, Kenosha, Wis. (1928)



—from E.B. Judd, East Greenwich, N.J. (1945)





—from Big Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from John Watson, Whittier, Calif.

—from Preach, Rochester, N.Y. (1953)



—from Kerry Carmody, Chelsea, Mass.



—from Grant Clayton, Nanaimo, B.C.



—from Richard Boda, Calif. (1935)



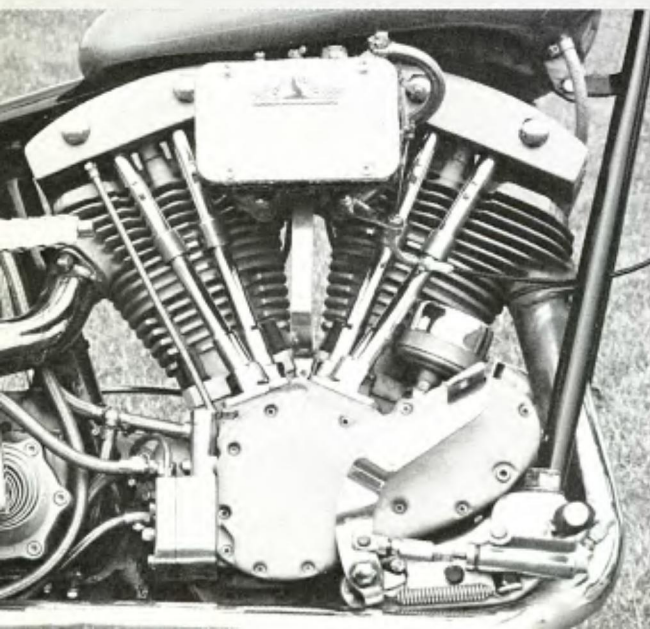
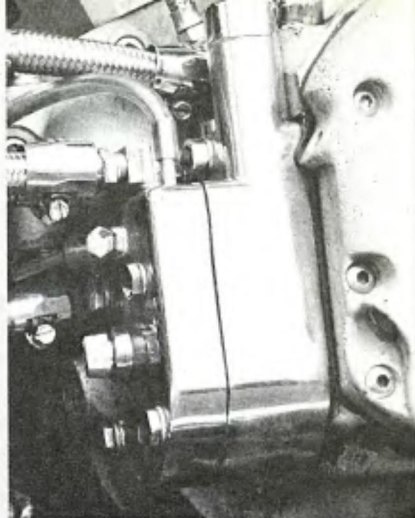
—from Becky Hagerly, Rock Island, Ill.



—from Alexander Bauling, Ky.



READER'S RIDE



**Björn, Uppsala, Sweden
1968 Harley-Davidson FLH**

Nobody could ever accuse this gold shovelhead of not getting around — it's slipped across more international borders than James Bond. (Probably, in fact, even more than some of our junketeering legislators.)

At last count Björn had piloted his international cruiser in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and Liechtenstein. In other words, everywhere east of Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga.

So if you happen to see a fatbobbled shovel with a leather disc stating "The More I Learn About Women, The More I Love My Harley" between its tanks at Sturgis or Daytona, don't be too surprised if the owner greets ya in a Swedish accent. It'll just be Björn, adding a few more stamps to his extremely well-worn passport.

—Nerd



Photos by Michael Lichter





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Here Come Those Stereotypes Again

(or, how to become a campaign issue without even trying)

You probably don't realize it, if you live outside the land of fruits and nuts, but bikers played a big role in last November's California elections.

No, there wasn't any helmet law on the ballot, and none of the candidates had been vowing to ban motorcycles from the Golden Gate Bridge or anything like that. The biker issue, such as it was, hit the big time in the race for Lieutenant Governor. It seems that former Lieutenant Governor Mike Curb, best known for having once organized a bubblegum singing group called (get ready to puke now) the Mike Curb Congregation, was locked in a neck-and-neck race for his old job with Democratic bigwig Leo McCarthy.

Seeking an edge in the closing days of the campaign, McCarthy unloaded a blockbuster by claiming that Curb, back in the 60s, had, according to McCarthy, made "a fortune" out of sex- and violence-filled "biker" movies. Curb, recognizing the political folly of being linked to even fictitious bikers, countered that he had only written the music for the films, had not been paid very much at all, and hadn't known what nefarious purposes his musical scores were going to be put to.

The bullshit part was that these ripoff flicks were never identified as biker exploitation films or even sex-exploitation films, but were always described as movies about biker perversions and violence. It was a typical media-versus-biker scenario — we take it in the shorts from the filmmakers in the 60s and up the ass from the politicians in the 80s. And all over the same gory loops of celluloid. Had the films featured actors portraying doctors doing the raping and pillaging, do

you think the media would have billed them as "medical movies?" Right.

In case you care, McCarthy won and Curb was defeated. But it was really the bikers who lost.

Speaking of which, I, for one, am getting damn sick and tired of bikers not being allowed to act like assholes once in a while just like everybody else. Hey, baby, we're American citizens — we have as much right to have a few psychos, weirdos, flakes, and dumbshits in our midst as anyone else.

Why is it that whenever a biker gets into trouble, the public attitude is always, "What do you expect, he's a biker." When Dr. Jeffrey McDonald was convicted of killing his wife and kids and trying to blame it on some non-existent drug freaks, no one said, "Of course he killed them. He's a doctor, isn't he?" Likewise, when a Los Angeles schoolteacher recently was sentenced to 35 to 80 years for abusing grammar school kids for over five years, the media never pilloried the nation's schoolteachers the way they do bikers when one of us fucks up and gets out of line.

Media discrimination against bikers shows up in a lot of small, irritating ways as well. For instance, let's say eight bikers ride through some town and take over part of a campground. What do you find in the local paper the day after they leave? You find that the paper has called every law enforcement office within a hundred miles to get the "lowdown" on all the trouble the bikers have caused.

At least that's what they say. But that's all BS. By the time they place those calls, they know the bikers haven't caused any hassle. They have police scanners in their offices, and beat reporters who check with

the cops regularly. In case of strife they find out about it right away. The real reason they make those calls is so they can write a story quoting some cop saying that although his stalwart protectors of life and property were "ready for anything," the "bikers remained peaceable." The story, of course, never mentions that that is the norm at biker events, but instead it tries hard to give the impression that peaceful bikers on a run are as common as the extinct passenger pigeon. Some of us call those post-run newspaper potboilers the old "God-must-sure-have-been-watching-over-our-little-town-last-weekend-when-He-spared-us-from-those-bikers" story.

Strangely, the newspapers never seem to ask the cops the same question about Elks, car salesmen, crop dusters, or any other group of people who travel en masse to meetings or conventions. They might get some interesting answers.

Another standard item in reports about biker events is the line about how "clean" the bikers left whatever area the event was in. Here again, the implication is that bikers are usually as unwilling to clean up their own messes as Quakers are to fight wars.

There used to be a saying that there is no such thing as "bad publicity," as long as your name is spelled right. As bikers, I think we've managed to prove that old saw has dull teeth indeed. In fact, despite the fine work so many organized and independent bikers are doing raising money for charity and helping kids and so on, I sometimes feel that for bikers, the best publicity is no publicity at all.

—Grape

INTERVIEW

Gary Bang: A Junkie Hooked On Two Wheels

When it comes to letting people know where he stands, Gary Bang doesn't fool around. For example, signs on every space of his building's parking lot tell visitors that parking is "For American Cars Only." And then there are the motorcycle magazine ads that say, "I'm Gary Bang and I buy a new Harley-Davidson every year." Harley doesn't pay for those ads, Gary Bang does.

Exactly 20 years ago, Gary Bang opened up a tiny Southern California store dedicated to providing bikers with custom parts for their machines. One of a handful of pioneers dedicated to creating an environment where chopper builders could flourish, Gary eventually went national. Today he carries more than 6,000 motorcycle products, many of them exclusive, in his catalog.

But Gary is more than just a bike-riding businessman. He's also a two-wheel fanatic. Scores of bicycles, some so old they precede the invention of the pedal, crowd his warehouse. He can tell you the history of the big wheel bicycles popular in the late 1880s and illustrate his talk with perfectly restored examples.

His feeling for his collection of 35 motorcycles is even more strong. You can see him licking his lips as he whips off the covers and shows them to a visitor. "This little son of a bitch is fantastic," he says of one mid-'50s Hog. "This is incredible — 4,000 original miles — it's never been apart," he chortles about a '62. His view of his whole collection? "I almost feel guilty about the crap I have."

Gary Bang is hardly the first motorcycle madman in his family. The Bangs' association with two wheels began way back in 1895

when his great-grandfather Nels immigrated from Denmark to Iowa and opened a bicycle and gunsmith shop. In 1902 Nels mounted a motor on a Danish bicycle frame and fell in love with the results. He soon added Ivar Johnson motorcycles to his line of Ivar Johnson bicycles and firearms and was well on his way to developing a sizable scooter business.

When Nels retired back in the teen years of the twentieth century, Gary's grandfather took over and ran the family business. During the years that he ran it, he steadfastly retained the use of the slogan Nels C. Bang had adopted way back in 1895. The slogan, still used by Gary Bang more than 90 years later, is simple, meaningful, and only two words long: *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

EASYSIDERS: You're surrounded with motorcycles, bicycles, motorcycle toys, old ads, all this stuff. You're clearly a man obsessed with life on two wheels. How'd you get that way?

GARY BANG: I think I was like every other kid in the late '40s. Every kid I knew at that particular time was interested in something mechanical. I think I was brought up in the *Mechanix Illustrated* era. I'll never forget that when I was about twelve, some guy, who was probably seventeen at the time, had an Ariel Square Four. We used to hang around at this gas station and this guy would come down Valley Circle — this was right here in the San Fernando Valley — and stop at the mailbox and get his mail. Then he'd take off on the Ariel and we'd just sit there down at that gas station and we'd just quiver. I mean we'd just absolutely quiver when that thing took off. He'd go right past the gas station and turn right, go up this hill, and get on that son-of-a-bitch and we'd just

wet our pants.

And that's what started it.

ER: How long before you graduated from quiverer to rider?

GB: When I was twelve my dad got me a Cushman motorscooter. There was nothing here in the Valley then. I could drive just about anywhere without having a problem or seeing a cop.

So we had our Cushmans and thought we were hot shit. Then a guy in town got a Harley Hummer. A red one. And that guy would come up to the little store on that Hummer and the kids would just sit there and pant. It was just great. It was just something that interested us. Like that Ariel Square Four, it took my breath away just looking at that damn thing. . . listening to it, just hearing it take off. A Square Four with straight pipes is the most unbelievable thing you've ever heard.

After that we got interested in the British bikes, anything that was a sport bike. Remember, when you're a kid, your size equates to what you like — I don't care what anyone says. Think about it, when you're thirteen or fourteen years old, a minibike or a scooter is what you feel good on. Something like a 125cc James. That was my next bike. A James. Famous James, what a motorscooter that was.

And I had a . . . what was the name of that famous scooter? Pal, that was it, a Pal. Those were really fast scooters.

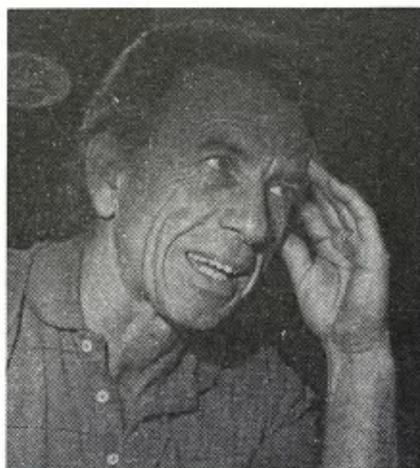
ER: Must have been famous before my time; I never heard of it. Was it another British make?

GB: Oh, God, no! It was American made. America made some fantastic scooters. There was this great entry-level stuff for kids to get hooked on two wheels with.

ER: Jumping ahead about 35 years for a second — now that there has been a resurgence of interest in scooters, do you think there is enough of a market to support an American challenge to the Hondas and Yamahoppers?

GB: I think the market is different today than it was 40 years ago. Kids today are using scooters because they're stylish and faddish. It's about like dyeing your nostril hair red. Having a scooter is a real "in" thing to do these days.

We did it for fun. Pure, sheer fun. Nothing else but the fun and excitement of it. You weren't trying to impress anybody, you were out having fun. They're so faddish (the market) might not last long enough. Why get involved? I'm afraid it would be gone too soon. All of a sudden the kids will go, "Scooters aren't hot this year." They'll be back to skateboards or something.



Photos by Kim Peterson

ER: When did you decide to make motorcycles your career?

GB: In 1965, I was Velocette road rep for the mid-United States. I worked for a company called M.C. Supply in Los Angeles.

ER: That was ex-Boozefighter C.B. Clausen's company, right?

GB: C.B. Clausen and Jim McNamara, two of the most fantastic guys you'd ever want to meet. Dynamic, fantastic guys.

I was on the road and I said: This is what I want to do, I want to have my own store. That was in 1965. By 1967, I'd sold my first motorcycle parts retail.

ER: Were those first parts Gary Bang originals or were you reselling other people's parts?

GB: Reselling. I'd gotten into the business to sell parts for competition motorcycles. Specialty parts, of all the stupid things. I was gonna do stuff like lace-up wheels. I honestly was gonna do something real small and real kicked back. I thought I was gonna start myself up a real fun little hobby. I just wanted to stay involved in this thing because it was so damned much fun.

ER: How long did it take before you discovered you had a tiger by the tail?

GB: Two years. In 1969 the whole thing changed. A guy talked me into making a retail catalog. I didn't even know how the hell to make a catalog. It was so funny. He says, "You take your catalog and you sell it for a dollar." I said, "I don't have a catalog." He says, "You can make one."

I put my first catalog together and the thing cost me about 40 cents. That's no shit. My wife and I sat down and we kind of... well, she did the typing and I yelled at her a lot. I did a lot of free-hand stuff. We didn't know about photographs, so I just did some free-hand drawings that were supposed to be the products. It was the horriblest lookin' thing you've ever seen.

But you know what was funny? Nobody else in the industry had anything better at that time. It was unbelievable. It was so much fun. I wouldn't have missed this for anything.

ER: By the time you brought that first catalog out in 1969, you were already offering your own exclusive products. What was the first Gary Bang special?

GB: The first thing, what we call our claim to fame, was custom spokes. At that particular time, there were no spokes available. What we did was we

bought blank spokes, cut 'em, threaded 'em, and had 'em chromed.

The first order we sent out, a guy called up from someplace in New Mexico and he gave us the biggest order I'd ever seen in my life. It was unbelievable. We sold 'em for a dime apiece unchromed. A dime apiece — with nipple, cut to whatever length you wanted. You'd tell what you wanted it for and we'd cut it to fit.

ER: You mean the various factories didn't make spokes available? If you bent some spokes you had to replace the whole rim?

GB: There were replacement spokes available, but nobody had what I call custom spokes.

When you wanted to go from a 19-inch wheel on a motorcycle to a 21-inch wheel, there were no spokes. Positively none. In those days spool wheels were a craze. If you wanted to put a spool wheel on there, you had to have some spokes, so that's where we came in.

Anyway, the first set I sent out to this guy, they were all wrong. The biggest order we'd ever got and they were all wrong. I'll never forget it. We'd sit down at night in a backroom just threading and cutting. We had this little mini-assembly line set up — a threader, a cutter, and a

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grinder — and we were just rolling along and they were all wrong.

As we started going, though, we were bombarded, and I mean literally bombarded, with orders. Chrome was another thing. You could get spokes, but where in the hell could you get chromed spokes? And then we started converting wheels, making 17-inch wheels into 16s, changing 19-inch wheels to 21s for the 74s and Sportsters. We were so busy we couldn't keep up with it.

The second big success we had was with sissybars.

ER: Were you the first guy to offer those on a large-scale commercial basis?

GB: I would say that what we first did was to make a sissybar that was really nothing special, except that it filled a very definite need. There simply were more people out there who wanted sissybars than there were people to make them.

It's hard to imagine, but I can remember going down to the A.E.E. cycle parts store on Saturdays — and that guy would come from the back room and he'd lay just-finished seats up on the counter and the people would just grab 'em.

Sissybars. They'd bring the damned sissybars up and they were gone. I mean those sissybars didn't even get cold. The chrome rinse was still wet and those things were gone, out the door. I couldn't believe it. I've never seen anything like it in my life.

It was the same thing at Jammer, actually D&D back then. You'd go down to D&D's store on a Saturday and it was an experience. People were just standing there waiting for the chance to buy anything. God, they'd go down there and buy anything that the guy would throw out on the damn counter.

ER: Not like today?

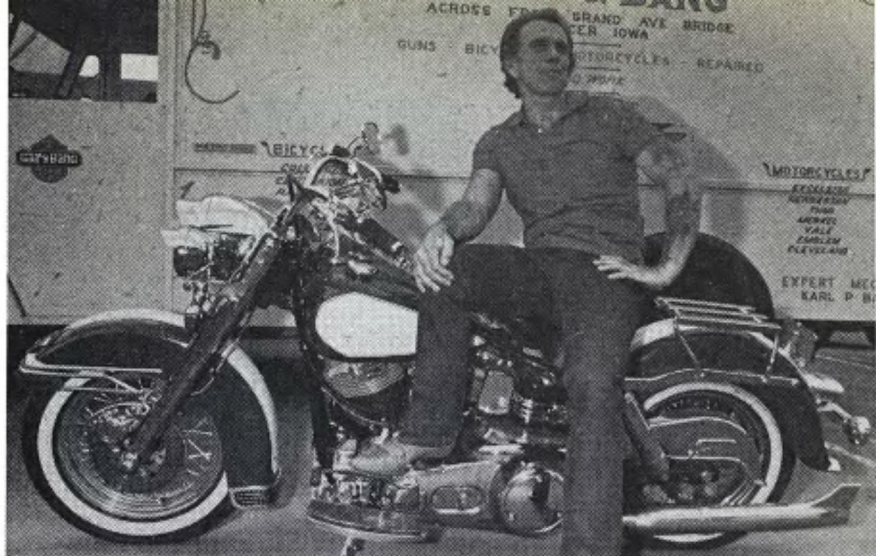
GB: Absolutely not. Today's biker knows exactly what he wants to buy. Think about it. People bought sissybars that had hand grenades on the back, peace symbols, daggers, devil's forktails. They had on those sissybars every kind of piece of shit you could put on a sissybar. Now they're not going to buy that today.

ER: No more signs of the Zodiac on the sissybars, right?

GB: When I look back at those old magazines I almost get embarrassed. I look at that and I think, "My God, this is the kind of stuff that we thought was neat."

ER: It looked better after you'd dropped some acid.

GB: Yeah, there was that whole psychedelic style. My God, hip-hugger pants. The boots with the square toes. I always liked those, except I



Gary relaxes on his own custom Harley. The step-van behind him is a testimonial to his family's motorcycle work ethic.

could never figure out what the hell the square toes were for unless it made it easier for you to get closer to a wall or something.

That was fun. I opened that store on a Saturday, and it was just unbelievable. People came in there and they just bought stuff. I look back and I can't believe it. We sold sissybars — you had to go home and drill holes in the damn things. We made everything pretty universal — that was before aftermarket parts were made to fit. A seat... you put the same seat on a Triumph that fit on a Harley-Davidson. They (the aftermarket companies) only made one seat. The only differences were different pleats and back heights. You just got "a seat" and you had to make it fit on your bike.

Now, as we've grown more sophisticated, we've got seats for rigids and swingarms and custom frames and on and on.

ER: That's something I've always wondered about. When you go to design something like a sissybar or a seat, how do you engineer the mounting hardware to work? Do the bike makers provide aftermarket people with specs?

GB: Today it's real difficult. Fifteen years ago it wasn't quite as hard because the customer accepted the fact that he was going to have to do a little work — or he accepted the fact that it wasn't just perfect. That's the difference. Today, the customer will not accept that. He's a different generation of consumer. I'm a different consumer today. I refuse to buy something that doesn't fit just perfect. I don't have the time to monkey with it and neither does anyone else.

So today, we have to be so sophisticated. It has to have all the mounting brackets with it, all the proper stuff. Does the original equipment manufacturer want to supply us with information? Today, no, they really

don't. Years ago they did, because the aftermarket helped them.

Today, sometimes you'll buy a motorcycle, or you'll get someone to loan you a certain model. In my case, one of my sons is a Harley-Davidson dealer, so I don't have a real problem getting Harleys.

ER: While we're kind of on the subject of the relationship between aftermarket manufacturers and the factories, what's the story behind those magazine ads that feature a picture of you talking about why you buy a new Harley every year?

GB: That's my own personal ad. I do that for a number of reasons. The first is that it's a real true feeling; it's my way of supporting my industry. That's really the main thing.

ER: They read like factory ads, like Harley is publishing a testimonial from Gary Bang.

GB: They do in a way, but it's not really intended to. It's a good-feeling ad. It doesn't really plug any particular product, it just plugs the whole idea of riding, which Harley-Davidson happens to be such a major part of.

ER: Think they'll ever return the favor? Maybe run an ad in which Willie G. says, "I use Gary Bang parts in my favorite scooter?"

GB: Never, never, never, you know that.

I believe that at one point, many years ago, the factory felt the aftermarket suppliers were a blessing. At that time they were unable to keep up with production; they could not supply their dealers' needs for custom parts. All of a sudden everybody was coming in to the dealers — knuckleheads, panheads — and they were saying I want to make a custom motorcycle out of this. And the dealers had nothing for them. So these customers were going everywhere looking for parts, and eventually the aftermarket business developed to take care of that.

And the factory in a way blessed this, because it took a lot of pressure off of them. It really did. The aftermarket companies are one reason the whole thing is still surviving today because we, all of us, helped make it into a lifestyle. We kept the motorcycle very, very popular and we kept it with a nationwide network of people out there servicing and caring for those cycles.

ER: Presumably, having shelves full of aftermarket parts to sell helped keep a lot of factory dealers going during Harley's bad years under AMF.

GB: Absolutely. Distributors, dealers, magazines, event promoters — everyone is part of this aftermarket and has been helped by it. Harley-Davidson supplied the motorcycle, and the rest of us, everybody, supplied the fun.

Today it's a different song. The factory realizes they don't have to live in the past, they don't have the pressures they used to have, and now they want to move along. They want to put new motorcycles out on the road.

ER: Was it tough for you to make the jump from running a small store for fun and profit to operating an international business?

GB: It would be like becoming a brain surgeon without going to medical school. I was not brought up to be a businessman. I did not go to any finishing schools, I did not go to any business schools, I didn't graduate from high school. So, yes, it was very difficult.

ER: In addition to collecting and restoring classic bikes, you also build your own choppers for your personal use. What's the last project you worked on?

GB: My last project is still on the stand. My friend Arlen Ness came down about two weeks ago and we dug around in my workroom and in about six hours we assembled a motorcycle. Without his help I never could have done it, because he kinda kicked me in the butt and got me going.

So my project is still on the stand. It was put together from parts in stock and it's going to be a nice little low-running motorcycle with a shovel engine, a four-speed transmission, and high-tech disc brakes.

ER: Will it have that classic Arlen Ness look or be more conservative?

GB: Yes, it'll have Arlen's styling. I think it'll look phenomenal. I just love the way it looks. The frame is designed by Jim Davis of Northern California. Is it going to have that Northern California look? You bet. I like that.

ER: It sounds like after 20 years in the business you still get turned on by bolting together a new ride.

GB: I was so excited I couldn't hardly stand it. I said, "God, this thing is just rolling along." The thing is just sitting there. I can't understand it! Six hours! It's not running, but it's rolling. Six hours and the thing is rolling.

So that's one of my projects. I have many, many projects to finish up. I've got four JDs to restore; I have six VLS to restore.

ER: According to what I hear, racing also used to excite you. What kind of racing did you do?

GB: TT, Scrambles, a little bit of Half-Mile, a little bit of desert.

ER: Which was your favorite?

GB: TT. I loved it. God, that was fun. It gives you a rush that's just unexplainable, unbelievable.

ER: In what way is it more of a rush than other forms of racing?

GB: Well, look, you're on a 40-inch motorcycle and you've got that thing locked up, stop to stop, you're going sideways and you've got your foot down and you're going as fast as you can go and the only thing that's getting you around that corner is just keeping it that way. It's hard to explain, it's just the thrill of going sideways, I suppose.

ER: Just about everything connected with bikes seems to thrill you. You seem to get a kick out of just uncovering one of your old bikes. Tell me a little about your collection. What is your most antique antique?

GB: My problem is that I'm a junkie when it comes to being interested in things. I overindulge in everything. I want to do it all. That's why I collect all this. The oldest bike is a 1905 Pope Crescent. Really, it's just a heavy bicycle frame with a motor.

See, the motorcycle appeared right after the big wheel bicycle fad. The first ones were bicycle frames that somebody stuck an engine in. They were all belt drives. Take the Thor motorcycle. Thor was originally into washing machines and they made auxiliary engines, like to pump water. So you'd go out there, and they'd have all these things powered by a belt.

So they took this really simple belt and they hooked it on, and away they went. Chains were there, but only for bicycles at that time.

About this collection. . . you know what you are when you collect that stuff? You don't really own it. You never own it, when it's really nice stuff like this, you're just a caretaker, a caretaker for a short time. If you have it for 40 years, you're a caretaker for 40 years, but then it goes to someone else. It's not yours; it's a national treasure.

ER: Ever wish you'd done something else for a living and just ridden

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and built bikes as a hobby?

GB: I say this sincerely: every single day in this business is fun. Sure, you get a little stress, but this is my life. This is not just a business; this is fun. I know some of the best people in the world in this business and we're all friends. We have a camaraderie that's unbelievable.

I've had my moments. I've had times when it was tough, when it was tougher than hell, and it didn't seem like it was fun. But the motorcycle field is so broad — hardly anyone realizes how broad it is.

You're talking antique stuff, hot rod stuff, custom stuff, off-road stuff. You're talking sport bikes and German stuff, and British bikes and scooters, Cushmans, Whizzers, Salisburys. And there are rallies, races, Harley-type events like Sturgis, Daytona. It's so unbelievable, what you can get involved in. You don't have to stop and say, "Gee, this is all I can do. I've got this FLH and there's nothing else."

Anybody who sits around and says, "I'm sure bored," is nuts. I can't imagine that there are people sitting around out there who wouldn't be exhilarated just by getting involved in this thing.

To me, it takes all my time. I'm trying to work, but I'm having too much fun.

ER: In terms of keeping the lifestyle alive, what do you think your major contribution has been?

GB: I think I've taken a product and reintroduced it. I'm not saying I developed it, I reintroduced it. And I think by reintroducing some of these products, we — all the aftermarket suppliers — encouraged the factory to also reintroduce some of them.

I can't really say I invented the tall sissybar or the long sissybar or anything like that. I'm saying a lot of products have been reintroduced, rediscovered.

We copied the Harley-Davidson air cleaner, an air cleaner they saw fit to make obsolete years ago — which made good business sense at the time. We reintroduced it and today the factory's reintroduced it again. Great! It was the aftermarket people that reintroduced the fatbob gas tanks, for example. There was a time everybody was riding around with a 2.2-gallon Sportster gas tank. Now, everybody's running on a 3.5- or a 5.2-gallon fatbob. What did we do? We reintroduced something Harley's had since 1936. We showed that it was popular again and they go, "Hey, guys, good idea."

I think we are reintroducing more and more products and Harley now sees that this stuff can still be sold.

ER: Do you think it's people like you selling the old-style air cleaners, the old-design oil tanks, fenders, stuff like that, that convinced Harley that there would be a big market for a bike like the Heritage?

GB: I believe the aftermarket had a tremendous impact on that. You can see that. The Heritage is fantastic, a fantastic motorcycle, but it reflects what a lot of people are doing on their own. They're restoring a fifties, sixties style motorcycle. They're restoring that stuff.

Let's go back to the fatbobs again to see how this whole thing works.

We were tired of the 2.2-gallon tank, it was a style that we were tired



Gary gets more of a bang out of scooters than caffeine.

of, absolutely tired of, just like we were tired of bell-bottom pants. Along came the gas crunch. Boy, we needed more gas. Everybody knew that. What to do? They tried making the tank bigger, but it got uglier. Then they said, "Let's put fatbobs back on." We took fatbobs off in the '60s and threw them away. We threw them in the trash and now those same fatbob tanks, speedos, and dashes are now worth \$250 a unit.

So we did the fatbobs. But when we did them, the front ends came lower, 'cause the tanks didn't look right up there. More fenders were put back on, it became more popular to run brakes. We're talking about the style changing over eight years. Now everybody's ready for the motorcycle they tore apart 20 years ago.

ER: How's the future look for two-wheel freaks?

GB: We had our biggest influx in the late '60s and early '70s. Now we don't have as many new enthusiasts coming in as we should.

ER: Why is that?

GB: Motorcycles ran hand in hand with the '60s — the ultimate

protest, the way you showed you were a free spirit. They went with drugs, long hair, flower children, be different. Protest. It was an era. The movie *Easy Rider* came out and everything went zoom. It was Great! *Easy Rider* could come out today and it wouldn't do shit, wouldn't do shit.

The TV show "Then Came Bronson"... how many Sportsters do you think Bronson sold? *On Any Sunday*. I don't think that kind of movie would have that big an impact today unless it was so well done, was done by a name so big that it could do what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco dancing.

Everything has to come together. Everything in the '60s motorcycle boom just clicked in: Vietnam, hippies, drugs, long hair, wild women. Women with no bras, for crissake! This shit just all went together and it worked.

Now, we're up against something... the stigma of stereotyping. We noticed it in this election campaign [see "Soapbox" page 75]. To give the ultimate insult to Mike Curb, they linked him to bikers — not even real bikers, but Hollywood bikers. We're victimized by that, by that stigma.

You just can't get people to understand that that is all bullshit. Sure, we're a little loud, but we pay our bills, we tip well. It's the people who don't have any contact with us who believe the stereotype. You go to Sturgis and there's maybe one percent of the people who get uptight. For the rest it's, "Hi, how you doin', you boys — it's always 'you boys' — come in, we got plenty of food."

Bikers are like the old cowboys. Remember the old days? The cowboys would come galloping into town and they were rough and ready guys. And some of those guys were real honest. Real honest, think about that. Some of them wouldn't take a nickel off a guy if he was passed out drunk. But they'd come rollin' into town and they loved to drink and yell and chase women. They had good fun — rollicking, jolly good fun.

Those guys became obsolete. They'd come to town and have too much fun, they'd scare the shit out of the straight people.

We ain't no different from the cowboys — they did it a hundred years ago. The girls would be in the saloons just like they are today because women like excitement.

Here come the cowboys; they got money in their pockets, they're rough and ready guys. They're good bad boys. Just like most bikers. ■

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

Kenny Burton: Last talked to ya Christmas of '83. Will ya still come till ya see snow? Mich. now. Need ya. Call collect 517-683-2021. Betty Lou. (165)

Diane Meyers or Rinda Meyers, please contact Frank Hinch 19330 at Hospital Drive North #23, Orofino, Idaho 83544. Very important regarding brother Don who was murdered on 3/3/85. I'll be released from prison in '87 and have one Sportster willed to Rinda, plus a surprise for you. Love you both. (165G)

Psycho in N.H.: Every time I think of the times we've shared, a dirty little smile comes to my lips. You're the best I've ever had. Your friend, J. (165)

Libra, artist, poet, scooter tramp, my ol' man. Luv ya, Rozee. (165)

Tattoo flash-English artists. Bob Smith set \$25; Terry Biles set \$45; Jeff Baker set \$25. Tattoo Flash, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA 207-934-4090. (165)

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Wanted: **Easyriders** special Tattoos magazine, could also use **Easyriders** #63, 68, 74. Call Steve 507-764-4338.

Couple seeks T & A photo, swap with other couples, collectors, and bi-chicks. J. Pauls, Box 2192, Hutchinson, KS 67501. (165)

Kiwi biker going to Canada and the States for 6 months, beginning in May 1987, has no committed plans. Wishes to meet bikers from all over Canada and the States. Also wants to go to Sturgis bike week. Would like replies from any interested people to: L.R. Mabey, 100 Settlement Rd., Papakura, Auckland, New Zealand. (165)

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

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dana Reese, please have her contact Butch Beckman, 3618 Kell Lane, Las Vegas, NV 89115. It is important! (165)

Needed immediately: Honest, dependable caretaker for van and ocean-front home. Owner in prison for two years. Salary, moving expenses, other benefits, negotiable. Children okay. Contact Fred Bowman 86730, 19 Barracks, Box 500, Grady, AR 71644. (165)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals, unbelievable low prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Artist, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (165)

Hey, Crash: I can't really call you my ol' man as of yet, but I have to say, you got me hot, horny and head-over-heals for you, dude. Either way it goes, may '87 be your slice of heaven. Happy new year baby, love, Shithead. (165)

Hey bros: I would appreciate any info on Sunwest Stokers, on 24th St., in National City. I've lost their address and phone number and they're unlisted. This is Ken from US/Festival '83, from Stockton. Ken DePennes, D-04712, Devel Vocational Institute, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (165G)

In memory of Calvin "CC" Cook. I would like to thank all the bro's who attended my brother's funeral and participated in the procession on October 29, 1986 in Crane, Missouri. To each and every one of you my many thanks and love. "C's" sister, Kay Farrington, Tucson, Arizona. (165)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Jim Wadsworth or Delphi Helms, please have them write me. Randall Fuhrman 22284, Box 473-D-2-W, Westville, IN 46341. (165G)

Brett: Happy 1st my loving husband. I love you and can't wait to celebrate the rest of our lives together. Claire. (165)

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In memory of Shitty. To my brother whom I love, who is now in biker heaven, up above, I can feel you always by my side, every time I mount my glide. You were the very best, my friend. I'll always remember you till the end. Spank. (165)

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

"Wildman" Gary: How's Phoenix? Thinking about you still. Kansas Kathy. (165)



"Cool it, will ya? A little birdshit ain't gonna mess up the chrome!"

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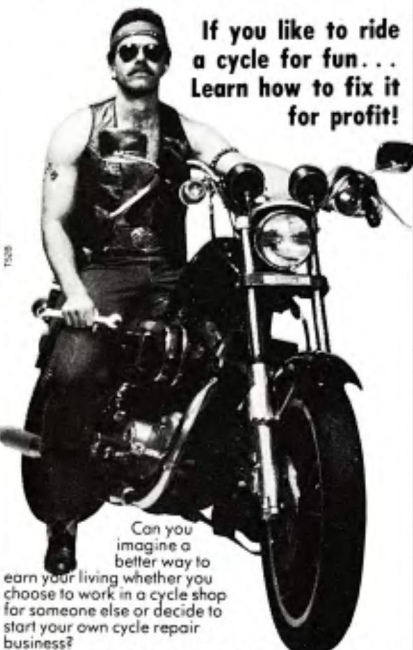
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Two-Wheel Tale

All In The Cards

By Bruce Mosiman

Mike, Eddie, Kenny, and I were
always looking for a place to go,
so when the Honda shop put on a
Poker Run, we were ready to ride. Let's
get something straight to begin
with — we all ride Harleys; Mike rides
a Classic, and the rest of us ride
pans. Anyway, we decided to give this
Poker Run a try, so we loaded up our
ice chest with beer and hit the road.

After paying our entry fee, we each
received one Jap T-shirt (which we
decided would make good shop rags),
our map of the course, and free beer
at the end of the run. Sounded like a
good time, so we headed for the first
checkpoint to pick up our cards.

It was a nice day, but a little on the
warm side, so as soon as we got our
first cards, it was time for a brew.
Mike and I were each packing an ice
chest, so we had an ample supply of
suds. The cold beer really tasted good
under the Kansas sun. We finished
our beers and took off for the second
checkpoint, enjoying the ride and the
Kansas Flint Hills.

Between the second and third
checkpoint, we decided it was time
for another break, so we found a
shady place and sat back with
another beer. I don't think any of us
really cared whether we won any-
thing or not — we were having a
good time just getting out and in the
wind. After a few stories and a few
beers, we headed out.

I guess we were all pretty loaded
when we got to the fourth stop, 'cause
we should have gassed up again.
Kenny had a small custom tank, and
a few miles from the last stop he'd
sucked her dry. It didn't take long,
though, to drain enough out of
Eddie's bike to get Kenny to another
filling station.

Back at the shop, we got our last
card and decided to hit the beer and
grub. After everyone made it back, the
poker hands were judged, and guess
who came out with the \$100 1st prize?
The man on the new Classic, ol' Mike.
Everyone in the place was pissed
except for us — we were yelling and
whistling and raising hell just for
the fact that one of us Harley riders
had taken 1st Place at a run spon-
sored by a Honda shop. That defi-
nitely made the day worthwhile. We
laughed about it all the way home.

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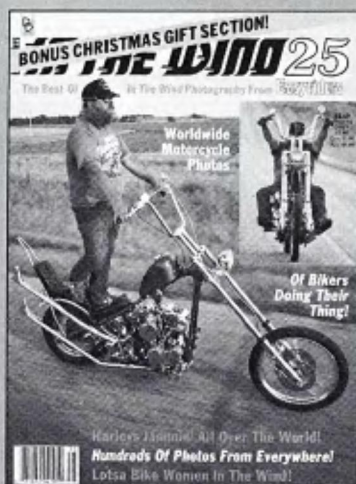
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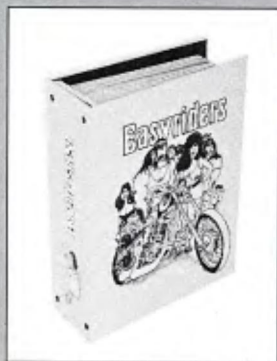
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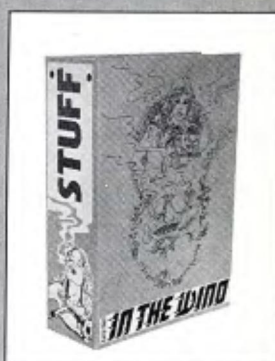
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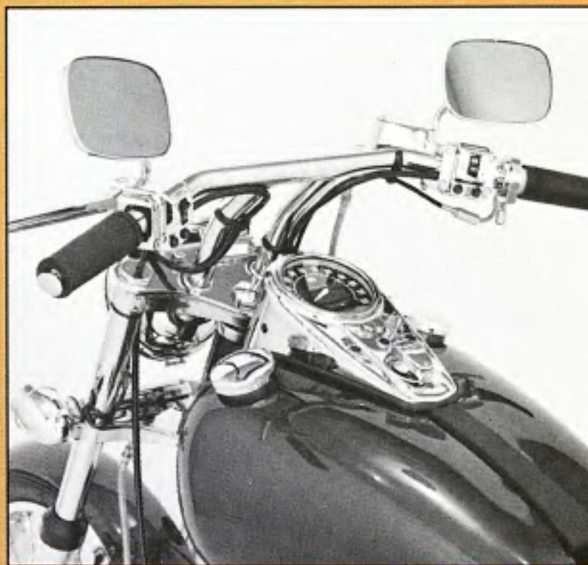
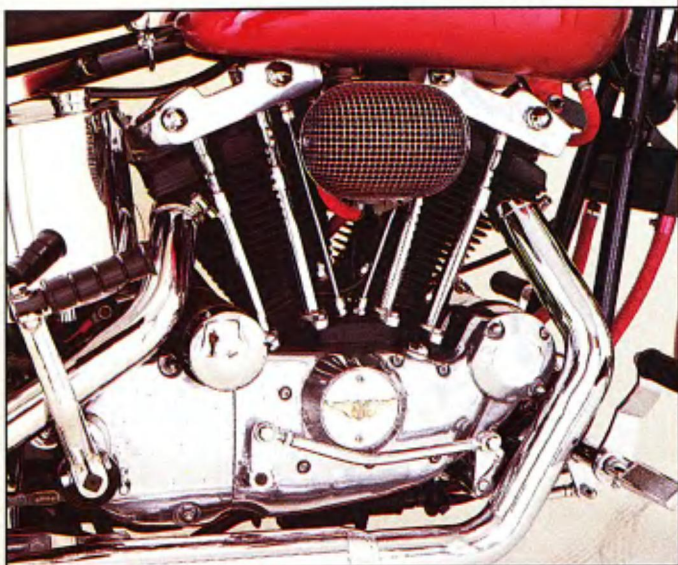
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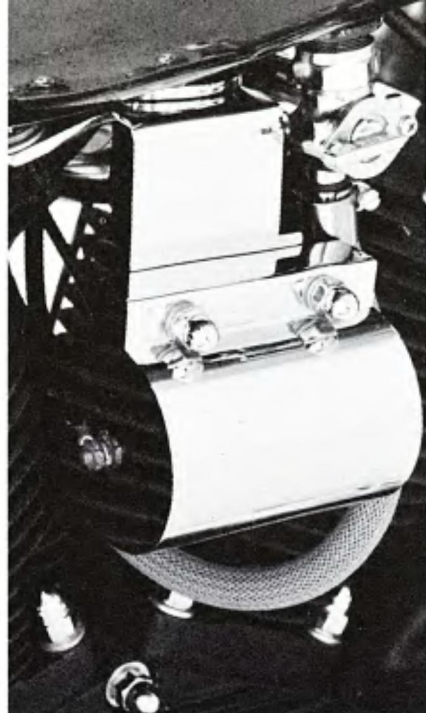
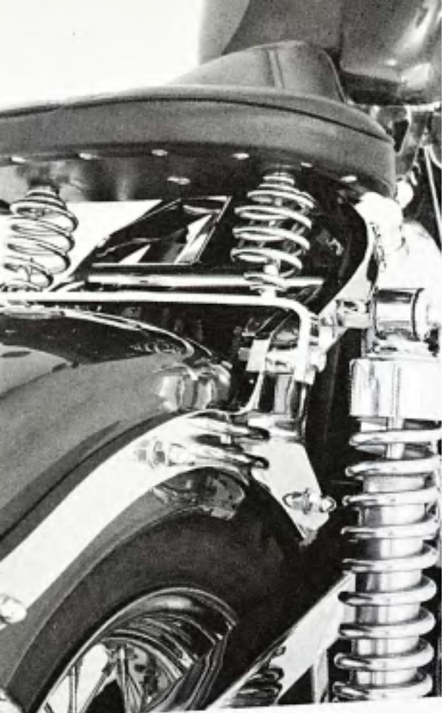
The barter system has been around since before God invented Harley-Davidsons, so it's no wonder that various Harley freaks have managed to adapt it to their own purposes.

Like so many other Harley projects, this top-of-the-line Sportster came into the good hands of the Santee products people as a trashed, barely running, totally abused relic of its proud Milwaukee past.

"We'd wanted to do a Sportster for some time," Ron says. "I mean, the interest in them has been so high, and we've been selling so many products for Sportys, that I began to feel a little weird about never having built one."

Which might strike you as odd. After all, why would a guy whose life revolves around Harleys never have gotten around to doing up the junior member of the Hog family. The answer is as simple as it is obvious — 74- and 80-inchers just





fit the man better.

Given those two facts — Ron wanted to do a Sportster project but didn't really want to own and run a Sportster — nobody was surprised when Ron leaped at the chance to trade a Santee Sportster to a friend in exchange for a new roof.

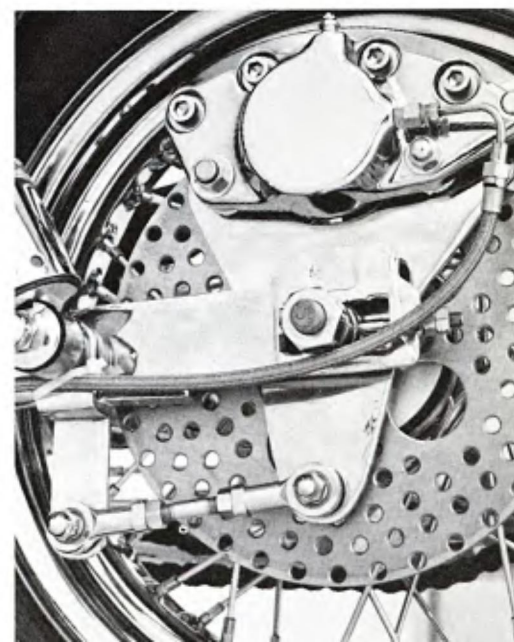
"This buddy of mine is a roofer," Ron recalls. "So when he said he'd sure like a custom Sportster, I was ready to go."

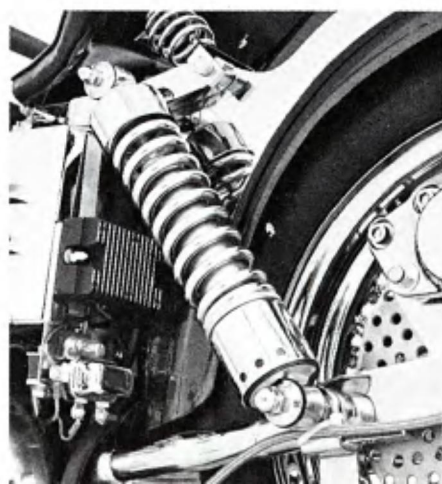
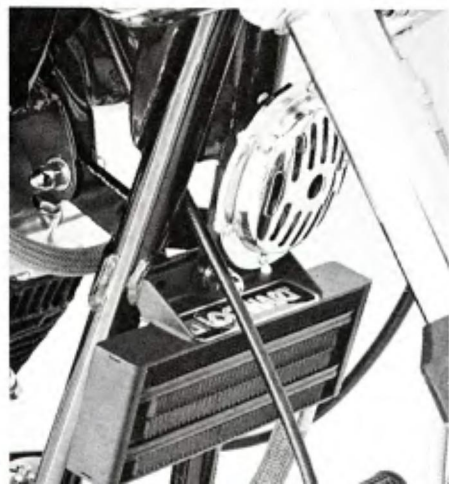
In building his first Sportster, Ron says, he not only got himself a new roof, he also

obtained a better understanding of the potentials and problems involved in customizing the junior Hogs.

"Now, when someone starts talking to me about all the different things involved in working on Sportys," Ron notes, "I know what I'm talking about."

Among the more interesting mods on this bike, from his point of view, are the swapped shift and brake pedals and the Santee frame. In both of these cases, Ron points out, the means necessary to get the job done are

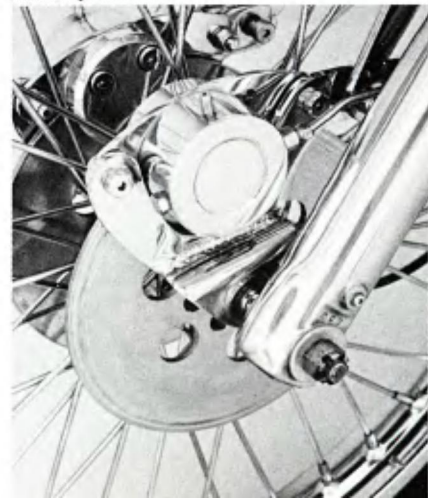




Owner: G. Burns		City: San Fernando, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: S.F. MC Service		Year: new	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Santee	
Model: Sportster		Type: swingarm/fatbob	
Value: plenty		Rake: 33 degrees	
Assembly by: S.F. MC Service		Stretch: 1/2 in.	
Time: long enough		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: whomever		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Santee/drag	
Year: 1972		Risers: in bars	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): fatbob rear/CCI front	
Rebuilder: John Orth		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 1000 cu. cent.		Speedo: FL	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Bob Peysar/S.F. MC Service	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: S. F. MC Service	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: 12 volt/electric start	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.5 gal. fatbobs	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Bob Peysar/S.F. MC Service	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: 5 qts./oil cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Santee	
Air cleaner: Santee		Sissybar: fender struts/Santee	
Pipes: Santee		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): Santee-Turbo		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: widened narrow glide	
Year: 1972		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: left side		Builder: Bob Peysar/S.F. MC Service	
Engine sprocket: 34		Special features: widened triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: Santee	Hub: CCI
Painter: George "Butch" Simpson		Rim width: 1.5 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Candy Apple Red		Tire: Cheng Shin	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: lacquer		Brake: Santee	Brake: CCI disc
Special paint: George "Butch" Simpson			
Other special modifications: handmade forward controls, master cylinder, oil filter by Bob Peysar, San Fernando MC Service.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



substantially different from those you would use on the Big Twins.

But, whatever the means, the end remains the same: a one-of-a-kind scooter that takes you where you want to go in eye-turning style. And, in the case of this Sportster, the end more than justifies those means.

"My buddy just loves the bike," Ron says. "He says he

gets compliments on it everywhere he goes. My new roof is great, too. I really needed it."

Sure, Ron, OK, but the big question everyone in America is straining to get answered is this: What's gonna leak first, the roof or the Sportster?

"That's easy," says master bike builder Ron Santee. "The motorcycle. Of course."

—Butcher

In a sense, you could almost say the man and the motorcycle grew up together. Gene Church, after all, was only about 14 years old when he went to work at Don Tilley's North Carolina Harley shop as a part-time gofer in 1976. Within just a couple of years, Don was fielding dirt track racers for Gene, and the two were carting home trophies by the bushelful. Starting in 1980, the dynamic duo collaborated on winning entries in the road racing stock and modified classes. Finally, in 1982, they moved up into the GP ranks. . .and then came Lucifer's Hammer.

You may have to be a follower of the Sport of Kings to really appreciate Lucifer's Hammer. Those of us who live strictly in the world of racing *machines* aren't really equipped to look upon a thoroughbred with the same eyes that a jockey or trainer turns upon a once-in-a-lifetime colt, though that's exactly what Lucifer's Hammer is — the Native Dancer or John Henry of motorcycles.

On the one hand, Lucifer's Hammer did grow up with Gene Church; he has been that thoroughbred's only serious rider. On the other hand, you could say that Lucifer's Hammer never grew up at all — that it was born, as they say down Don Tilley's way, fully grown. Three years in competition, three national championships — that's full-grown

performance if ever there was such a thing.

But though Gene Church is far from retirement, his riding partner, Lucifer's Hammer, may not be. Despite hitting trap speeds in excess of 164mph while winning the Battle of the Twins at Daytona in 1986 (where these pictures were taken), Gene and Don think even more speed is possible.

In an attempt to find it, Gene is intending to run most of his season on a monoshock-equipped frame designed by Eric Buell. If you're up on your not-so-trivial Harley Trivia, you will recall that Eric is the man responsible for the anti-dive front end Harley has been using for the past few years, along with being project engineer on the FXRT. Adapting what he learned from production models to the track, Buell has come up with a rubber-dampened racing frame that, according to Gene, is lighter and more nimble than Lucifer's Hammer, but is "as smooth as a street bike."

So, there you have it, the hot ticket for 1987. But don't expect to see Lucifer's Hammer in the Harley-Davidson Hall of Fame anytime in the near future. Don and Gene are keeping it finely tuned in the wings and, they assure us, if the Buell bomb should for any reason turn out to be a dud, the Hammer will most definitely be ready to come down.

—Trampo

STILL THE CHAMP

*There are winners and then there are big winners.
Gene Church and Lucifer's Hammer are big,
big winners in anybody's scorebook.*



Photos by Don Bok



READER'S RIDE



Bob Butterfield, Omaha, Nebraska
1946 Harley-Davidson WL 45

Oh yeah, an oldie with class. Put together by a brother who digs the old time styling and doesn't give a rat's ass for high-tech speed features.

Bob had bought two basket case 45's back in 1972 and began building an Econo-rat to ease the gas crunch pains at the pump. Then his ol' lady dropped a pair of kids and stopped riding her trike, so Bob pulled the engine out of the trike, put it in his rat, added a mag and 12-volt electrics and, presto, had a good beater to drive to work.

Over the years he's plated parts here and there to get it looking decidedly less like a rat. Bob says it ain't worth a shit on the highway, but it's a good town putter with 5.68:1 gearing. He can go around corners in high gear and beat the traffic out of the hole.

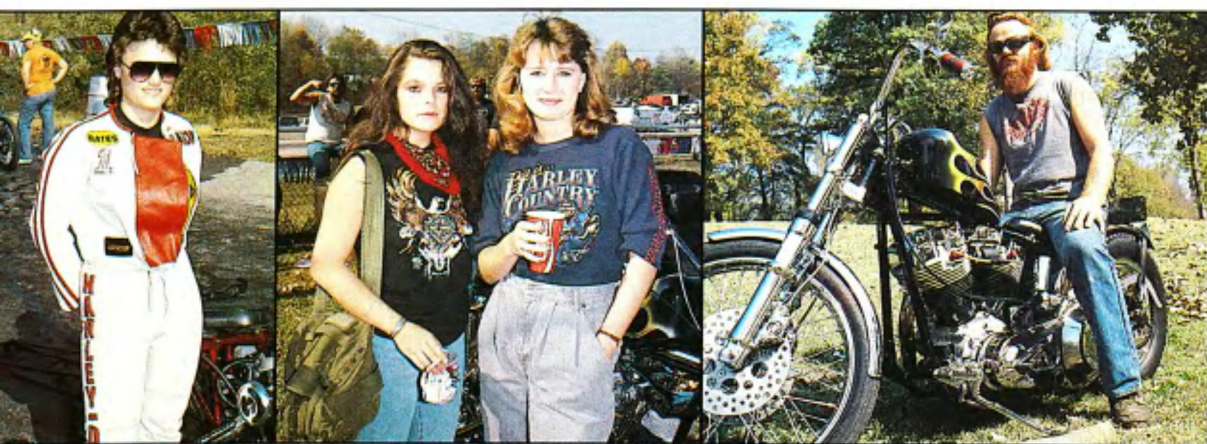
—Butt Breath





Photos by Earle McCartney





RIP'S RUN



Photo by Kim Peterson

Back in Dixie by Rip

After checking out the weather channel in Indy very studiously, it was time for a fast and hard ride to Nashville, Tennessee. Having lived at one time or another on both ends of the Volunteer State and missing hilly country to ride in, I opted to ride to the capital city.

Rolling south on US 65 out of Indianapolis, the warm sun came out. The Softail felt good to me, never missing a lick. My one gas stop was in Louisville, Kentucky, near the fairgrounds. Not knowing anyone in town and having only a bogus telephone number, I jumped back on the slab and cooked on down the road. Nearing Nashville in the late afternoon, I rode in on Whites Creek Pike to a bike shop called "Keep it Puttin'." There I met Bob Putman and also one of his customers, a dude named Saucerhead. Saucer has a few acres in the country near Joelton, Tennessee, and he lives just a few miles from Possum's Pizza, which was all-right fare for a couple of hungry motorcyclists that evening.

The autumn leaves of the sassafras, maple, locust, oak, and hick-



More than bearable.



Whatta handsome face.



What a clown.

ory trees were turning colors before releasing their grip on the limbs they were attached to. The woods were alive with fiery deep dark shiny reds to flat pastel amber hues, with all the shades of green in between. These are the colors that predominate throughout the mid-South this time of year.

With the help of a few bros, Sauce has built a good-size garage, from which he works on Harleys only. Sauce also built himself a decent-looking shovel-head, of which I took pictures in a nearby park.

I hung around for the Halloween party at the "Fifth Wheel" bar in Smyrna, Tennessee and for

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Harley ridin' honey.

the AMRA drags in Clarksville, near Fort Campbell, Kentucky. Many Harley-Davidson-riding GIs were on hand. Thanks for the support, men. The "Fifth Wheel" was bonaroo. The bar owner had prizes for the best costumes. The highlight of the evening was when a coffin was brought into the bar and placed on a pool table. Inside the coffin was a bro who passed out cold cans of brew when the lid was lifted on the casket.

There were 15 people in our pack riding to Clarksville, with some fine-looking ladies present. Pete Hill took the top fuel honors on the 1/8 mile track that Sunday,

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1982	104	105	106			108		110	111	112	113	114
1983	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122		124	125	126
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Motorcycle Mechanics Institute

beating a very good field of competitors. McClure got into the fours — 04:97 to be exact. Sharon Garrison from Sheffield, Alabama and Lori Dalton from St. Louis, Missouri were two of the ladies running in the gas classes. They looked as if they were having mucho fun. Willie G. Davidson showed up to carry the H-D banner at the start of the program, after the fuel bikes had qualified. Willie hung around the pits and talked to many of the race fans. Rumor has it that H-D is going to help support the racers by giving Evo-engines to some of the class winners. The reasoning

Nice shooting, sister.



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LOS DIABLOS CANTINA

Sign at Family M C clubhouse.



Sauce in truck after breaking front belt after races in Clarksville.

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ERECTED BY THE SHELBY COUNTY HISTORICAL COMMISSION AND THE ELVIS PRESLEY INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION - 1985

The root cellar of rock 'n' roll, an American institution.

behind this is to help the experienced, serious drag racers get into the newer equipment. That makes sense.

Harleys on fuel are exciting. That smell — oh, oh — that smell! The smell of hot rubber and exotic fuels that accompany the staccato roar coming from the exhaust pipes is something that I experience every chance I get.

The ground shakes and rumbles and roars and then they're gone, smoking down the track. Standing behind them when they launch, being pelted by small chunks of rubber coming off the rear tires, reminds me very much of being in a roundy-round dirt track and being hit by clods of dirt. Of course the dirt clods invariably fall into my paper cup of beer.

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Throw a little paint on her, Doug.

From Music City, Tennessee, the short 200-plus miles on US 40 to Memphis didn't take much time. The highway wasn't torn up as badly as it is in the colder region of the country. Memphis-town, where Elvis the King lived and died. That Little Feat tune crept into my head the closer I got to Memphis. You know the one I mean — it's called Dixie



Lori Dalton pre-staging at Clarksville AMRA drags.



Above: Sometimes you have your ups, and sometimes you have your downs.

Below: Mom pushing her ol' man back to the starting line after warming up the rear tire.



DAYTONA!

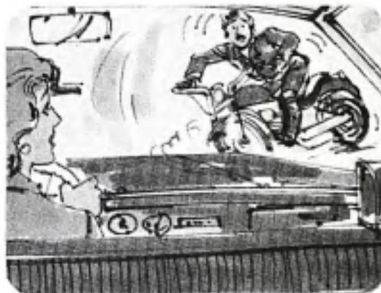


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You say I'm dripping fuel on the track?



What do you mean, he left without me?

Photos by Rip



Above left: Dixie Belle

Above right: Two fans enjoying the drag races.

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Chicken. It starts out, "I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel."

I rode in to visit Bill Naylor, an old friend and member of the Family MC (Memphis chapter). It rained quite a bit during my stay, or else it remained overcast and dreary — generally bad for photography for an entire week. In between rain showers, Bill and I would venture out to see da river (Mississippi, that is) or to see the new bridge, Graceland, Beale Street, the riverboats, etc. Or maybe we would spin by the clubhouse, which is called Los Diablos Cantina. A touch of the west, they made me feel comfortable. On one of our trips, we went to find Captain Jake Meanly, the owner of the Memphis Queen boat Line. His boats are paddle-wheelers and are neat to see splashing their way up and down the river. Captain Jake also owns and rides a '73 FLH dresser.

The bike shops to visit in Memphis are the H-D shop on Summer



A little smoke, maestro!



Monte Matheas



Above left: The winner: Notice the small hog on his cap.

Above right: The G Man at the pits.

Avenue and the John Hudson Motorcycle Machine Shop on Broad Avenue. They carry *Easy-riders* stuff and are good people to deal with. The two titty bars in town worth checking out are Club Tiffany and the Cherokee Rose.

After seeing *The Wild Bunch* for the 411th time on Naylor's VCR and visiting R. T. Blues, a biker beer bar, about that many times, it's time for this rider to grab his hat and head out. I'll be heading south to another river city, that being Baton Rouge. I want to be near US 10 so I can take the southern route to the Big Orange. I want to ride in a warmer climate.

Be good to yourselves and ride free. ■

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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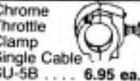
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GO·BLOOD

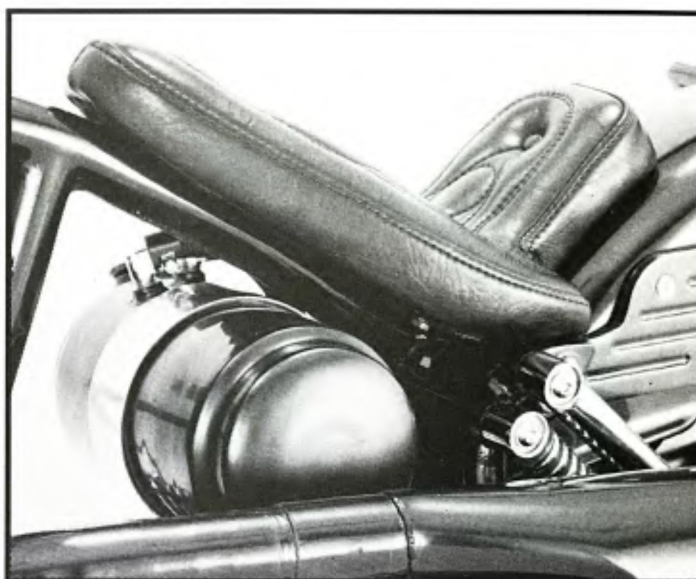
During college football season, just about every vehicle moving in the state of Nebraska seems to be sporting something on it that exhorts the state's university gridiron gladiators to "Go Big Red." To our eyes, this crimson cruiser bears a deeper hue.

Ever hear the old line about how the shortest distance between two points is a straight line? Guarantee ya one thing, whoever made that puppy up never rode across Nebraska from one end to the other. No, baby, the man did not. There ain't no shortest distance between those two points; there's only one distance, and it's a long one.

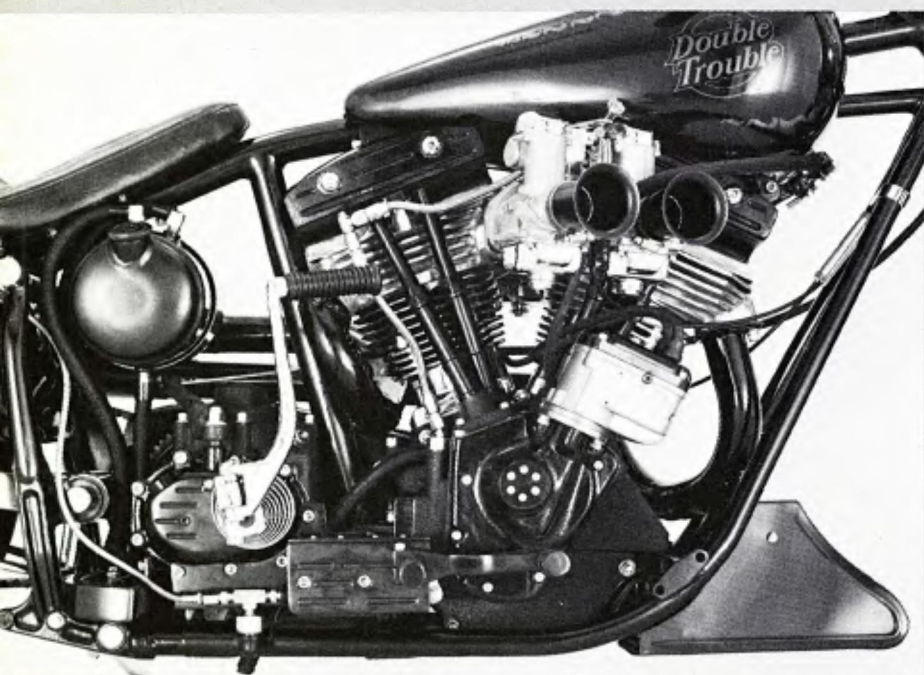
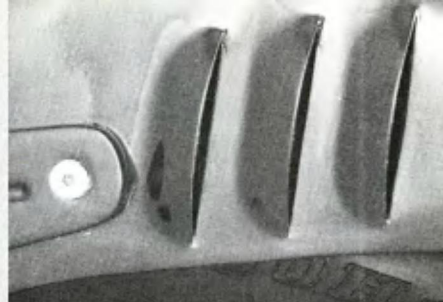
They say, ya know, that Alaska is the biggest state in the Union and that Texas is the biggest state in the Continental 48. Well, friend, "they" say wrong. "They" never rode from one end of Nebraska to the other. Sure, Alaska's a monstrous big place, but the distance is shortened by the interesting scenery — everything from bears to glaciers to Eskimos. And Texas? Damn right, Texas is huge. As big as Willie Nelson's repertoire. . . and as interesting. The Alamo is in Texas, Austin City Limits is in Texas, and Gilley's is in Texas, an' Lone Star beer, an' the world's most fucked-up airport, an' Tex-Mex chow, an', most of all, all them Texas women immortalized in the



RIED







Hank Williams Jr. song of the same name are in Texas.

But Nebraska. Oh, Nebraska. What's waitin' for a man in Nebraska? The airplane-directed speed trap outside North Platte? A feedlot full of chubby short-haired football freaks with chubby short-haired wives and three chubby short-haired always-screamin' kids? Eight hundred truck stops that would rather serve Russians than bikers?

Listen, the point of all this is

that a bike's gotta be tough to travel the long distances inherent in Nebraska runs. Most of the covered wagon types who died crossing Nebraska — and there were a shitload of them — didn't meet their maker with an Oglala Sioux arrow in their back. They died of boredom, dig it? The distance was long, and your average run-of-the-mill covered wagon was none too swift. So the inevitable happened. To barbecue a





Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Fred Cuba		City: Hastings, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Fred's Speed & Sport		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1980 H-D		Builder: H-D/Fred's Speed	
Model: FXES		Type: FLH swing-arm	
Value: \$6,500		Rake: very little	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: one year		Other alterations: sectioned top	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: 1980		Risers: in bars	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): FLH front	
Rebuilder: Fred's Speed & Sport		Headlight: Drag Specialties	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: right wrist	
Lower end: heavy		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: factors		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: two		Electrics: in frame	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: owner/aluminum	
Heads: hexed/dual carbs		Oil tank: Gardner's	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: dry	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: starter removed	
Carb(s): dual dual Mikunis		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: left side		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): "ha"		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: modified for belt		Type: FX	
Year: 1980		Extension: 4 in. under	
Shifting: backwards		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: trees, cut legs and tubes	
Trans sprocket: belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: you bet		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Rod Jensen		Rim width: 1½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: Romanesque Crimson		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop TE
Type: lacquer/Radiance II		Brake: H-D	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: gold leaf by John Beyke			
Other special modifications: wheel covers with louvers, dual carbs, dual spring struts and special thanks to Joe Knapp, Rod Jensen, John Beyke, Clod, Wall, and Animal			

phrase, the cowards never started and the easily bored died along the way — or went stone, ravin' mad, wanderin' the barren plains shouting "GO BIG RED, GO BIG RED" to the crows for the rest of their miserable lives.

Fred Cuba knows all that shit. Fred's been buildin' bikes designed to cope with Nebraska for years. This here's the latest. Climb in the saddle, twist the wick, and pretend yer climbin' the Rockies. In no

time Nebraska will be just a long-haul memory. If Fred had been building covered wagons, not a single pioneer would have fallen by the wayside. They'd have all made it, ridin' high and fast, across the Great Divide to the coast. An' today, California would be even more overcrowded and fucked up than it already is.

Well, what the fuck. At least Fred painted the bike bloody crimson, not Nebraska red.

—Butcher

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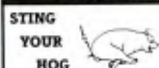
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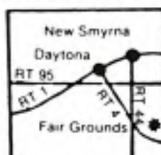
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