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CHROME™**

Easyriders

NUMBER 166

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

APRIL 1987

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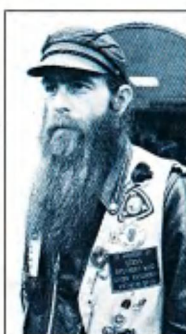
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag
goes on sale March 26.



Audited Paid



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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Michael Lichter popped a can of kick-ass when he photographed blonde beauty Mimi and Carl Wilson with his prideful purple panhead. Makeup assistance provided by Beth Ryan. Special thanks to Rick, Carl, Mike, and Chris.

THE
THRILL
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NEVER
GONE.

Not with all the ways you can keep on customizing with genuine Harley-Davidson® accessories. You see, we believe you should have it your way: your bike shouldn't have to look like anyone else's. That's why Harley offers so many personal choices. Plus everything else you'd ever want in accessories. Best looking. Best fitting. Best performing and longest lasting. So ride on down to your Harley dealer and pick up your copy of our newest catalog. There are thrills on every page.



THE BIKE SHOWN IS EQUIPPED WITH GENUINE HARLEY-DAVIDSON CUSHION GRIPS, MATCHING TIMER COVER AND GAS CAP MEDALLIONS, SPORT WINDSHIELD, FORK BAG, FORK JOINT COVERS, CHROME SADDLEBAG SUPPORTS, OIL COOLER, CUSTOM FOOTPEGS, BRASS AIR CLEANER, CUSTOM MUFFLERS, HEAT SHIELD, TOOL BOX, LOW Sissy BAR WITH INSERT, CUSTOM SEAT AND TWO-TONE CANDY CINNAMON CUSTOM PAINT.

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H A R L E Y
A C C E S S O R I E S

He bought two 4-packs of toilet paper to last him over the winter months. That's eight rolls of toilet paper. He took the paper home, and within two days his brother had somehow used six rolls. He was so pissed he shot his brother's ass dead as he sat on the throne reading the Spider column.

He was arrested for stealing microwave ovens. During his trial it was revealed that he thought he was stealing TV sets. The judge gave him a suspended sentence, saying it was unfair to sentence to prison anyone so stupid.

They were banging away in bed, generally having a good time at fun and games. There was so much action that a 44-caliber gun he had hidden under the pillow discharged, sending a shell through both their heads and on into the wall. What a way to die! It must have been a good piece of ass.

Then there was the case where a giant lizard invaded the courtroom. While the bailiffs tried to kill it, 20 defendants split the scene.

This freak was arrested for driving around in his car nude—and flinging lard at women.

He had just robbed a liquor store and had broken into a building to hide—but surprise, surprise! It turned out to be a kennel of a training school for guard dogs.

Speaking of drugs, there is a guy in Texas who will supply you with drug-free urine for \$50 to be used in any drug test you may have to take. He'll guarantee that it is 100% pure urine, suitable for unanticipated urine demand. Maybe you have to gargle it first to get it warm enough to be believable.

She wanted some ass real bad, so she asked her husband to give her a little, but he refused. Then she got angry and threw several cups up against the wall repeatedly, slammed a carport door until the glass shattered, and took his clothes from the closet and tossed them in the yard. So he ran next door to call the police and told them that he was afraid his wife would kill him because she had gone crazy. So watch it, you guys. Women tend to freak out when a guy refuses to hose them. Oh yeah—she was 65 years old and he was 67!

He was freed on bail, and while waiting for a court appearance on an auto theft charge, he jumped bail. A few months later, seeing a notice offering \$150 reward for information leading to his arrest, this nerd, believe it or not, turned himself in to the police, expecting to collect the reward, whereupon they promptly threw his ass in jail.

Here it happened again. This guy got the hots while talking to this lady at a bus stop and decided he'd like to get a little. He grabbed her and dragged her off into the bushes. After banging her, he demanded her telephone number, which the woman promptly gave him. The next day he called for a date, and they agreed to meet later that afternoon, but you know the rest. When he showed up, there was a gang of policemen there to arrest his ass.

He was a huge hairy guy and it was 2:00 in the morning. He forced this woman who was standing on the corner into his car and drove her to his apartment—where he forced her to wash his dishes!

Now I've told you guys always to go to sleep last—let everyone go to sleep before you do, because you don't know what the hell might happen. Take this woman who was freaked out on crack and thought her brother was part of a group who harassed her whenever she smoked cocaine. So while her brother nodded, she poured 12—count 'em—12 quarts of boiling water on him. When are you guys ever going to learn to let the bitches go to sleep first?

Dipshit of the month: Speaking of crack, this dipshit went to court on a heavy beef. He wasn't able to make the bail, so they threw his ass in jail. As he was searched, they found 76 vials of crack cocaine on him and re-arrested him for possession with intent to sell.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





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ABATE Alive and Well

☐ In response to L. Kelly (February '87), ABATE is alive and well in Illinois. We are trying to do something about the impending helmet law. Drop me a line and I'll get you together with the chapter in your area. There's more strength in numbers.

Sharon Thomas, Sec.
Eastern Illinois ABATE
P.O. Box 2264 Station A
Champaign, IL 61820

Lightweight Harley

☐ Got some updated info on lightweight Harley parts. The place out in California, Cagiva North America, has transferred their Italian parts to Kesco Harley-Davidson (phone number is 818-885-0430). I called Cagiva trying to find parts for my 350 Sprint, and they gave me Kesco's name and number. I called them and they said they had parts. Give them the engine number and they'll tell you right then if they've got the parts. Also, they've got owner's manuals for Harley lightweights. Give them the model and type and they'll mail ya a manual.

Squirell
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Henderson Club

☐ I would like to get ahold of the address of The West Coast Excelsior-Henderson Restoral Club. They put on a rally in Lancaster a few years back and I believe they publish a quarterly newsletter.

Paul Goldfarb
Marysville, Utah

Likes Article

☐ You didn't print a name, but I sure would like to thank and congratulate the writer who wrote the article on page 35 of the February '87 issue. A whole raisin pie for him. That cat has his head on straight. Too bad we don't have more like him. I think I'll run a copy of this article (I wanna keep mine) and send a letter to Mr. Murphy about this Simon asshole.

Jim Greene
Richmond Hill, Ga.

Hit On The Head

☐ The last three times I wrote ya, ya didn't print my letters ('course I was bitchin' in all three). Even lost a bet with the ol' lady, and I'm still a little pissed about it.

Anyway, the January "Soap Box" fuckin' hits a real problem to the core. It was a good article. People must educate their own.

Rod
Watertown, Wis.

Biker Rights

☐ This is in reply to Bro Bear from Loudon, Tennessee asking about a bikers' rights organization in Tennessee. There is one called Concerned Motorcyclists of Tennessee (or C.M.T.). Bro Bear or anyone else in the state who is interested in joining or setting up an area chapter can write to C.M.T., P.O. Box 140585, Nashville, TN 37214.

Pete Wair
Nashville, Tenn.

Agrees

☐ In regard to "Bitchin'" in the January '87 issue, I agree with what Gordon Peckham had to say about the feature bikes. There's a lot of good-looking scoots out there that are ridden, not just hauled around to shows. It would be nice to see a few of 'em.

Mike
Jennerstown, Pa.

British Bikes

☐ To Ozzi from N.J. (February '87), check out the ad for British Cycle on page 111 of February's rag. British Cycle is always in the "General Store." There is a lot of info in "General Store." You need only ask the people who advertise there.

I think you're in luck. British Cycle probably has shirts too.

Mongo
Hudson, N.H.

Nutsac

☐ This letter is in response to Nutsac (February '87) complaining about women riders. My question: Does he have any nuts in his sac?

Well, here is one "female heterosexual," attractive and well-built rider who is more feminine woman than a man like he could ever dream about. I used to get pissed off at guys with his attitude until I realized that men who believe as he are simply insecure about their own masculinity. "Butchness," as he wrote, is an internal emotional state and is not included in the price of a Harley. He should quit expecting his bike to inject him with testosterone. Women riders are not attempting to threaten the male population; we're just seeking the same freedom in the wind. Give us a fair break and open up your mind. Meanwhile, ride on, women!

Hawg Queen
Columbus, Ohio

☐ In response to Nutsac, pull your head out of your ass. What's to stop 'em from doing what we enjoy ourselves? By the way, who named you Nutsac?

Lucky One Leg
Southgate, Mich.

☐ Most men I've talked to think women look sexy riding a bike, especially a Harley. Just because we like the wind in our faces and the freedom of our own ride doesn't mean we'd trade our Kotex for dicks.

Kathy
St. Paul, Minn.

A Phone Number

☐ In reply to Desperada (January '87), if you're looking for real biker people and a dynamite bar, give me a call at (718) 330-5634 between 8:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. and I'll put you on to some good people. If I'm out, leave a number and I'll get back to you.

Al
Queens, N.Y.

Likes Sportys

☐ I'll make this short and to the point. For all you ignorant fuckheads who believe a Sportster is only half a Harley, you can eat skunk shit in

a fucking cesspool. Willie G. didn't put half a Harley on my owner's certificate nor do I believe 67 cu. in. is a mini-bike. I own a new 1100cc Liberty Edition Sportster and I'm damn proud of my Hog. I love Harleys, period. Regardless of what kind. Pan, knuck, shovel, as long as it's a Harley.

I rest my fucking case, bros. It may be my opinion, but it's a Harley-Davidson I own — 100% fucking Hog. Long live Sportys.

R.J. Kukula
Hill AFB, Utah

■ No one here said anything against Sportys or they'd get a fistful of knuckles.

Early Christmas

□ You people are incredible! I was sitting around the house the other day calling everywhere, looking for a legit (not stolen) stock H-D swingarm frame to replace my stock hardtail for my '54 pan. No fuckin' luck at all.

So I went to check the mail to see if the new *Easyriders* was in yet. There it was, like clockwork. That alone was enough to make my day, but that wasn't all. There was also a manila envelope from Paisano Publications. I thought it might be my 1987 *Easyriders* catalog. But it was something even better — a Dave Mann "Ghost Rider" tapestry. Thanks a lot for making my day and for the early Christmas present (it's the bee's knees).

Wolfie
Carver, Mass.

Chicks In Sweden

□ ...alla burläglar, suputer och alla ni andra. Här är vi och kan inget annat. Fast det går bra ändå, än så länge i alla fall. Vi fryser om fötterna och det snöar som f-n. Vi förbrukar stearinljus som om det vore dasspapper. Men nu skulle det sitta fint med en liten hustomte som är bra på allehanda ting. Alltså en häutig och upptinningsrik typ. Det är därför vi sitter och tittar på alla vackra och ovackra pojkar i *In The Wind*. Förstår ni???

Okay, end of Swedish lesson, Part 1. Here's where the English starts. We sat here flipping through an old issue of *In The Wind*. We got so homesick for the U.S. and started to miss people we met on our trips over there — people we've lost track of.

So why don't you all write us a letter? We sure would like to hear from our friends, but letters from friends we haven't met yet are also welcome.

Help us pass the time until we are ready to pack our bags and leave. You all just let us know how you are and we'll give you an update on what's been going on here since we got back from the good ol' U.S. of A.

If you want a translation of the Swedish lesson, Part 1, you all know what to do. Write!

Pia & Jannika
Ga. Lundbygatan,
Villa Dalhem
41709 Göteborg
Sweden

Another Law

□ I was involved in a motorcycle wreck on March 4. An old woman cut into traffic. I was going south and she wanted to go north — naturally, she didn't see me.

She totaled my bike and me. I had only a 1% chance of getting to the hospital alive. I was in a coma for six weeks and in the hospital for three months. I'm lucky to be alive.

Did you know that in Missouri if you have a head injury, you must surrender your license whether it's your fault or not or if you're driving or just riding. State Farm Insurance Co. pushed the law through the legislature.

Jeff "Kaki" Crum
Springfield, Mo.

Needs Help

□ I am in the process of seeking legal representation for the purpose of upgrading an unfair discharge or being allowed to return to active duty.

While serving on active duty in the U.S. Navy, I was repeatedly forced to work in high-radiation areas with open wounds. A direct violation of Navy and government regulations. I was also refused proper medical attention. When I tried to stand for my rights, I was kicked out of the Navy with an OTH Discharge (Other Than Honorable). I know that I have a good case against the Navy. I served over a decade for my country and now am forced to live a life of hardships. I can't get a good job, can't live a normal life, and am forced to live in disgrace.

I plan to fight this to my fullest ability. Any help that

you can assist me with will be greatly appreciated. I need addresses of where to get copies of medical records, service records, and any other administrations that may be of help. Also, if you can recommend an attorney for my needs of taking on the government, I would be forever grateful. I am willing to travel for my cause and would like to speak to anyone interested in my efforts. I can be reached at the address below or by phone at 902-689-2046.

Bruce Faulkner
General Delivery
Chester Basin, N.S.
Canada B0J 1K0

Righteous Company

□ Just a quick note to let you guys know that one of your advertisers is straight. They could have kept the check but returned it with a letter.

In my book they are a "Righteous" company. Let them know we appreciate it.

Motor Scooter
Tewksbury, Mass.

Good People

□ A special thanks to Tilley Harley-Davidson, U.S. Hwy. 64-70, West Statesville, N.C. In August of 1985 on our way to Florida, there was a hurricane in the Gulf. We decided to stay in the Smokey Mountains until it passed. With limited time we decided to reroute our trip to Virginia Beach. Going 40 East, my 79 Lowrider hung a valve. After finding some cold beer and hanging on to the side of a bro's van with a police escort, I was pulled six miles to Tilley's. We arrived there at 11:00 p.m. Friday night.

I pulled my head off and we crashed out until 9:00 a.m. when Tilley's opened. They worked me into their busy schedule of bikers getting ready for the Hog Rally in Cherokee. By 11:00 I had a new valve, guide, and pushrod and we were back on the road by 2:00.

If you're ever in Statesville, N.C., stop in and see Tilley's. They're really great people.

Billy & Erika
Toledo, Ohio

More Good People

□ Thanks and a double serving of raisin pie go to the Southern California Motorcycling Association for recognizing Madawaska, Maine as "one" of the Four Corners Motorcycle Tour in the U.S.

of A. Any bikers passing through Madawaska should make it a point to stop at the almost-famous Wonder Bar. Owners Jean and Claire and the brothers and sisters there will treat you like family. Lots of good partyin', and the friendships you make there will last a lifetime.

Pat Clingan
Madawaska, Maine

Jap Crap

□ Today at work during lunch I went down into one of the shops. I happened to pick up and thumb through someone's *Easyriders* magazine.

I have never much liked you Harley types, but the material in your magazine convinced me never to ride or even associate with Harley riders ever in my whole life. I mean a few of your chicks have some nice titties, and I thank you for the look-see. But the rest of you are a bunch of scum bucket dirt bags.

You guys and Harley-Davidson are synonymous, and you lack the sense to understand why your neighbors and other bikers look down on Hog riders. Shut! The likes of people like yourselves destroy the sociably acceptable image many of the rest of us riders strive for.

Poison Pen
Oakland, Calif.

■ Improve your image while riding some Jap shit?

Biker Bar

□ For all you maniacs in Arizona, a new home-away-from-home is coming to Tucson. It's owned and run by Chip and Mom Geller and is called the G-Spot. So if you're looking to "party hardy" there's the place to be!

All the bros stuck here in Germany will be there soon.

Kristi S.
Nuremberg, Germany

Lost Leg

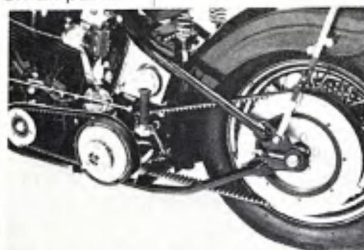
□ I just finished reading your story "Parts" and found out that it relates to my own accident.

I was riding a '64 Harley Sprint when a cager pulled out in front of me. Has a one-legged man ever succeeded in riding a Harley? From my experience it was hard to get back on a bike — right now I just look at it in the corner of the dining room.

David C. Berg
Traverse City, Mich.

SUPER MAX PRODUCTS

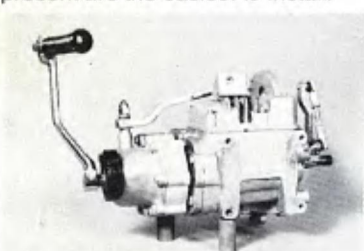
Tired of broken belts and rattly, Greasy CHAINS? Buy SUPER MAX POLYCHAINS. 1 year Guarantee on all parts.



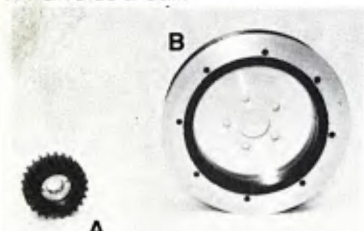
Primary and secondary belt drives for all big twin 4 speeds including chain drive Softails. (Primary Drive required.) 1 1/4" for rigids too. With no case or frame modification, retain your old shafts, but get a DISC BRAKE.



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■ The easiest thing for you to do is switch to a Harley trike.

Another Thanks

□ A big thank-you to Don Tilley in Statesville, N.C.

My son and I were headed to the swap meet in Charlotte on Sunday, Nov. 9th, when my front tire gave out on I-77 about 35 miles from Charlotte. I called Don at his home (lucky for me he was there). He went down to his shop, picked up what I needed, brought it out to where I was stranded, and helped me get going in no time.

Don drove 20 miles or so (one way) to help someone in need.

Ernie
Morganton, N.C.

New ABATE Chapter

□ This past summer a few of my bros and I got together and formed an ABATE of Montana organization. We have the state organization incorporated as non-profit and all that doo-dah and are now setting up chapters.

Anyone interested should contact ABATE of Montana, P.O. Box 30395, Billings, Mont. 59107-0395.

See y'all down the white line.

Terry Iholts
Billings, Mont.

Bike Bar

□ In answer to Dizzy from Mesquite, Texas, there is a biker club on Harry Hines Blvd. south of 635, about two miles on the right. The place's name is Garfields. No dress code and good biker people. The owner rides.

Duck
Dallas, Texas

Boycott?

□ I attended a CBA/ABATE bike show and swap meet yesterday in Charlotte, N.C. While I was there some chick was passin' out these flyers (enclosed) for the 9th Annual "Jam-On Productions" Swap Meet at Daytona.

I didn't get a chance to read it until today. When I did, I got pissed! Friday is Antique Bike Day and antique riders get in free. Okay. Saturday is European Bike Day and their riders get in free. Okay. Sunday is Jap Bike Day and Jap jockeys get in free?! Whatdafuck! What about us red-blooded fuckin' Harley riders? Don't we get a day to honor Ameri-

can bikes? Fuck no! I say "Jam-On productions" is some kind of un-American, commie front, and we up-standing, patriotic Harley riders should boycott their fuckin' event!

Heritage Al
Goldsboro, N.C.

■ We got ahold of Jam-On Productions, and they told us the Jap Bike Day was dead.

Thanks

□ Just a line to let you know that we received our first issue of your rag.

It took a lot of door-knocking, brow-beating, and a lot of opinionated views as to why we shouldn't have it.

Finally, after talking with Mrs. Le Donne, senior librarian, North Facility, Soledad, she was more than helpful and willing to sign the approval letter.

From the inmates of the East Dorm who read your magazine, our socks are off to you.

Pete Graham
Soledad, Calif.

Get Well

□ Hey, Sarge, how the fuck ya doin'? We all miss ya, bro. Hang in there and get well.

A Buncha Viet Vets
Santa Clara, Calif.

Good People

□ I thought I'd send you a kite to tell you about Ron and Lew Elliott at Supercycle in Memphis, Tennessee. I've wanted a Harley for a long time, and they've taken my dream bike and improved it. They built my bike into a piece of art and also put up with a lot of stupid questions and far-away gazes, without running me off. They're good people, so if you're ever in Memphis, stop by and say hi.

Jim "Rambo" Moore
Southaven, Miss.

No Rights

□ What the fuck? All bros out there who signed on the dotted line and now serve your country in defense of the Constitution, listen up. The Army is nullifying the Constitution.

I was going out to enjoy Germany on a Friday night, having just got paid. Got to the gate and an MP grabbed me and made me get in line so I could be searched. They even checked the seams of my clothes and separated my

money. I asked the searcher, "What the fuck ever happened to the Fourth Amendment?" and the shitface bastard said, "You ain't got none, soldier."

I found out that CID (Criminal Investigation Dickheads) does this once a month at a different post in the 3rd Armored Division. So what has happened to the Fourth Amendment? I hear in Russia they ain't got no rights, either.

Da Moose
APO N.Y.

An Original

□ In regard to Hollywood and Sleazy from Portland, Maine ("Wordmonger," July '86): Hey, whatdafuck? Has my favorite state lost its sense of humor, or what? I was born and raised in Hartland before moving to this hellhole they call New Hampshire and never met people with such a dull, fucked-up, mislaid sense of humor. I thought that the biker lifestyle was based on originality. Personally, I look forward to the fucked-up April issues. If it weren't for those, Easyriders wouldn't stand out from the crowd. I hope this isn't a majority opinion from the bros and sisters of Maine! To the staff of this excellent rag: Keep up the good work you do and thanks for being original.

Wolf
Nashua, N.H.

□ For Hollywood and Sleazy, who got their panties all in a wad over the April Fool's rag: You two faggots make me want to puke. Once a year these righteous people want to fuck with our heads. I say go for it! Fuck you if you can't take a joke.

The Mongoose
Killeen, Tex.

□ Plastic lenses do come Polarized, but will work best for a long period if they have a surface coating to protect them from the shit that flies at your face — while riding, not in a brawl. These lenses are available at most optical shops, but be sure to specify Polarized lenses, not polarized dye. And one more tip: Insist on the lenses being ground as thin as possible. Even though your vision may be bad, it isn't always necessary to wear thick, Coke-bottle lenses.

Jill
Denver, Colo.

"Soap Box"

□ I don't express myself in letter form very often. I spend most of my spare time on my scooter. However, I just gotta compliment Steve Andrews for the "Soap Box" (July '86) on federal spending. For once in my 41 years I think I got the point explained in plain language. Listen up, bros, he's got good advice.

A.J.H.

Ormond Beach, Fla.

Thanks

□ Say, bro, your rag really did my life in this can a big one. You've got a reader for life (hopefully, not all of it will be down and out). "Male Call" hooked me up with my "Sunshine" and I'm forever thankful. The column is absolutely a righteous thing you do for downed bros. Keep up the good work. I'm in love.

Cowboy

Rosharon, Tex.

"The Contract"

□ "The Contract" by Lee and Reverend Fugate has got to be the worst piece of shit ever written. When are you assholes gonna grow up? I can't believe you tried to dignify "The Contract" by saying it was to ensure a loving/living relationship. You wouldn't know what the fuck that is. Grow up! Sounds like you'd rather be married to your mommy. How come you're always the first ones to cry, "No one respects us bikers," when you treat the one you love by following the guidelines of that contract? If you treat her with so little respect, how must you treat other people?

I know you all aren't apt to follow this contract, but the ones who do are lazy-assed scum babies who earn us all bad reps. Treat others as you would have them treat you, and maybe people would change their attitudes toward you. How can you live free when you keep her in chains? "A stupid fucking cunt" is what she'd be to live with you.

S. Howe

Rochester, N.Y.

□ Gotta tell ya, after livin' with my ol' man for seven years, "The Contract" hit this home. For years he's felt that way, but had never had it spelled out in print. In fact, he wouldn't let me read this month's issue till I read "The Contract" first!

You guys are all the same,

I swear. But I guess this female wouldn't have it any other way.

Dale's Ol' Lady
Springfield, Mo.

□ Bullshit! That's how I feel about "The Contract." No lady would have anything to do with that trash. *Easyriders* wasted good space to print it; Mutha could have gone on that page.

It's an insult to all of us ladies, so it must have been written for some scumbags. Yeah, you have me (and I'm sure a lot of other ol' ladies) pissed off.

Funky Unky's Ol' Lady
Starks, La.

□ I'm writing to you male chauvinist pigs who printed "The Contract." I'm sure I'm speaking for a lot of us females when I say what a load of bullshit! Whoever wrote that was in dreamland and is, I'm sure, without one of us wonderful females.

All Of Us Females
Utica, N.Y.

□ Woman was created from the rib of man, not from his head to be above him, nor from his feet to be walked upon (get that, assholes?), but from his side to be equal, near his arms to be protected and close to his heart to be truly loved.

You do remember what love is, don't you? Yes, I know we females come after the Harleys, but I've got a feeling most of us don't mind as long as you let us wash and polish your #1 love. But who do you talk to when things get ya down and a buddy wouldn't understand? Your woman. Who holds you close at night and makes you feel you're top cock of the walk? Your woman. Who do you fuck around on but go home to and find with love and respect in her eyes? Your woman. Okay, fuckers, I think ya got the idea. If ya want respect, ya gotta give it.

Metal Man's Ol' Lady
Nunn, Colo.

Biker's Ol' Lady

□ I usually just shake my head and pass it by whenever I encounter one of those letters ragging about how bikers treat their women like shit and how we don't respect their minds or their feelings or this or that. I mean, a real biker chick knows the score, right? A righteous ol' lady

understands that the scooter comes first and everything else comes after, and if she can live with that, she can also live with me.

Mike

Hamilton, Ontario

Riding Glasses

□ In response to Mongoose (July '86): I, too, wear glasses and contacts (hard lenses). For ridin', especially in rain, I've found contacts to be a better choice. A good pair of shades can be had from an eye doctor. Mine were custom-designed for ridin' (\$60) and are worth the investment. They look okay, too. Or, as *Easyriders* says, you can go with wraparound shades, but in my opinion, they cramp a biker's style. The only sport model I've found that's worth a second look was in a fishing specialty store. Best of luck and remember, squint when ya turn to the side while in the wind.

Rio

Somewhere in Kan.

A Message To Sarge

□ Alpha Papa One, Alpha Papa One, this is Delta Two Kilo. If your situation is unchanged, break squelch twice.

Doctor Feel Real Good
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

■ He's doing well.

Leaky Truck

□ That chick Dalia (July '86) has something wrong with her lips — the ones on her face. In every picture she looks like she's giving head to the invisible man.

To let you know that I'm not always a complainer, I've got some advice: When you're trying to pass a long string of cages on a two-lane road, don't zip in behind one of those round trucks. Those are the kind they use to pump out cesspools and they leak.

Soso Bledsoe
Boise, Ida.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Polson pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, California 91301. ■

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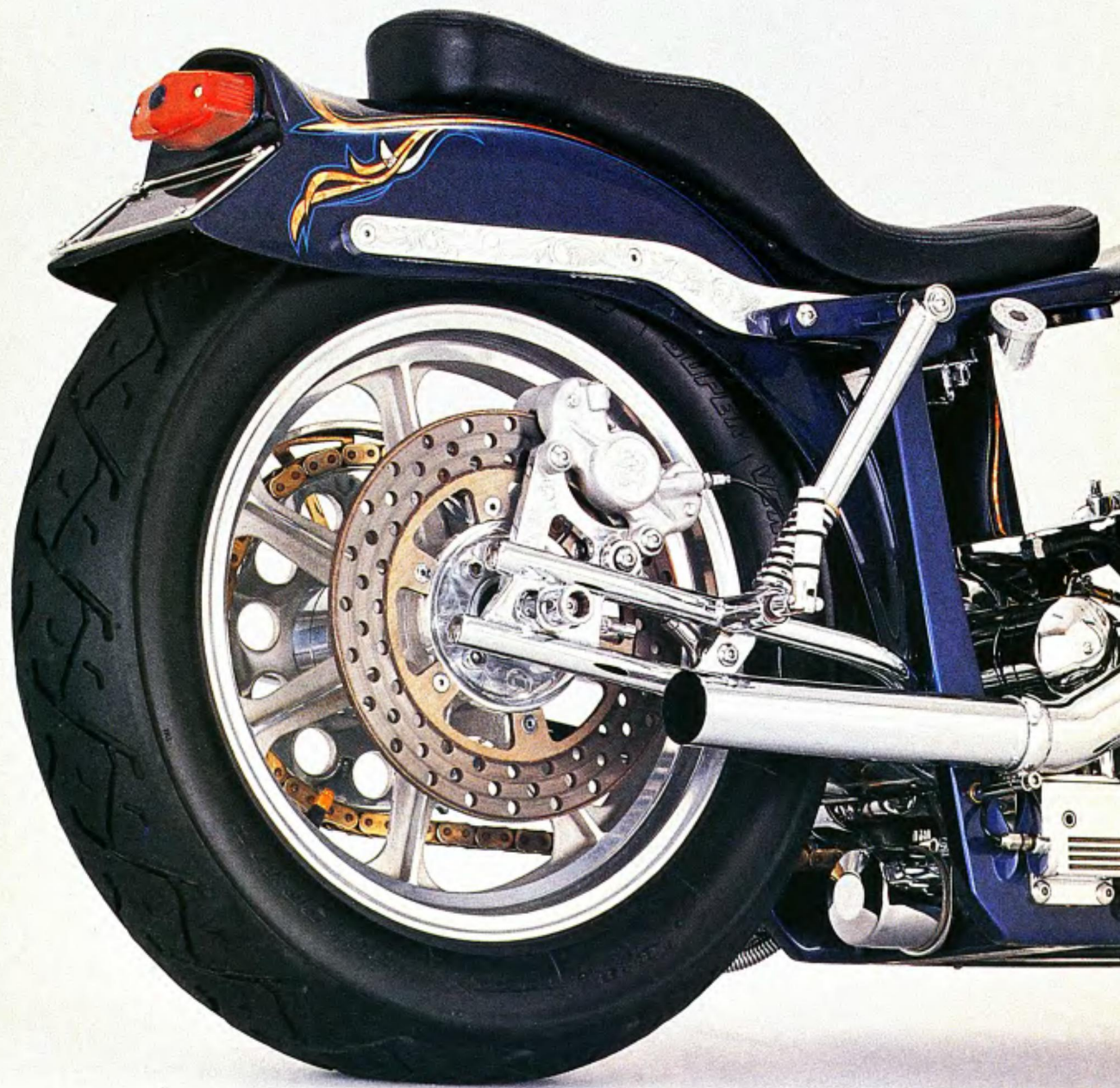
MASTER BLA

Don Hotop Pops a Can of Kick-Ass In The Iowa Farmlands

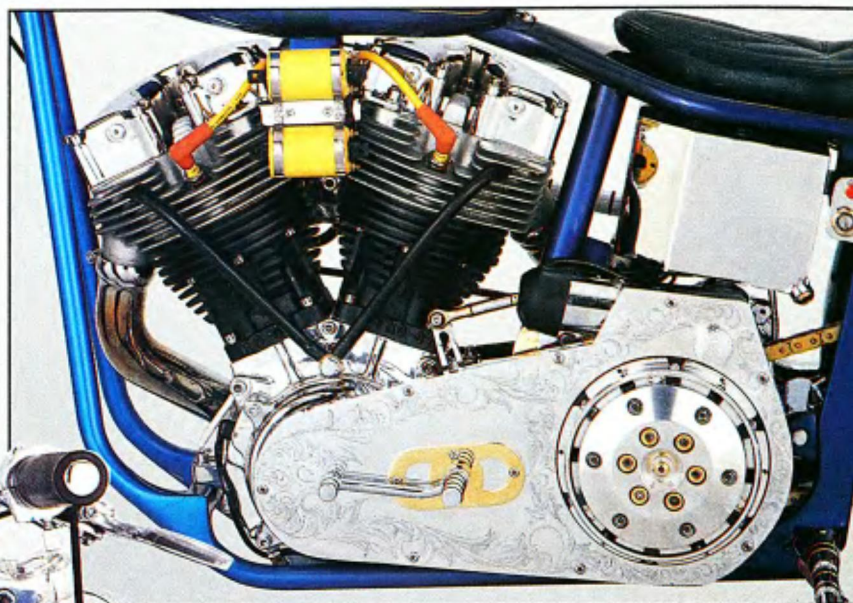
When Don, the owner and builder of the blue 103-inch tarmac-melter you see here, was a strapping young corn-fed lad of eighteen, he was probably pretty much the same as any other country boy from southeast Iowa — chasin' the local dairymaids up into dark and steamy haylofts, takin' the farmers' daughters skinnydippin' in Ole

Miss all summer long, and roastin' nuts by an open fire during the mustache-frostin' winters.

Except that young Don liked to shoot pool, and by '69 he was good enough with the ivory orbs to win a 1939 rat 45, complete with sidecar, in a game of eight ball. "It was a close game, though," says Don. "And the bike was a rusty old dog,



STER







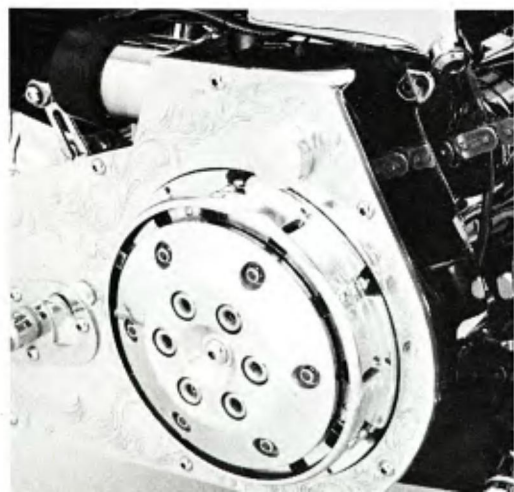
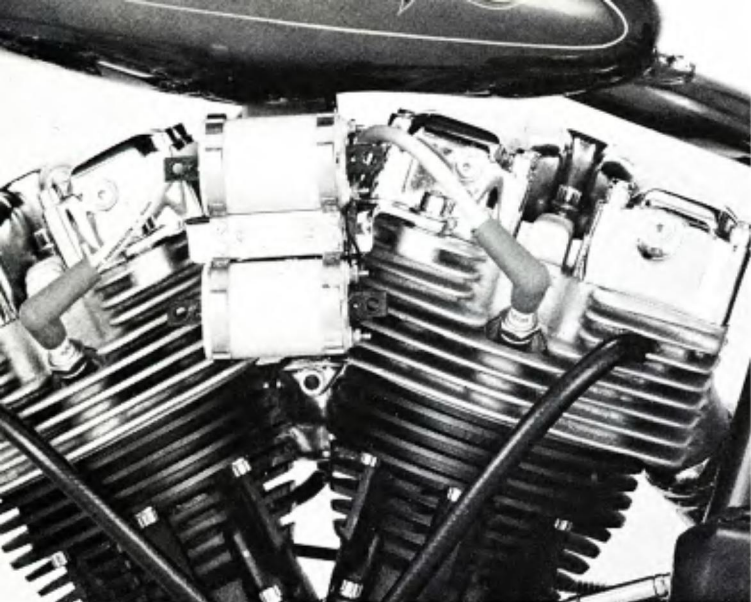
falling apart in all the wrong places, and with more baling wire than chrome. I had \$50 bet on my side, so that should tell ya something." The first time Don took his prize for an around-the-block putt, it promptly self-grenaded its tranny into the nearest corn tassels.

No matter. Even an old junkyard relic like that 45 was enough to infect Don with Milwaukee fever, and the shovelhead pictured

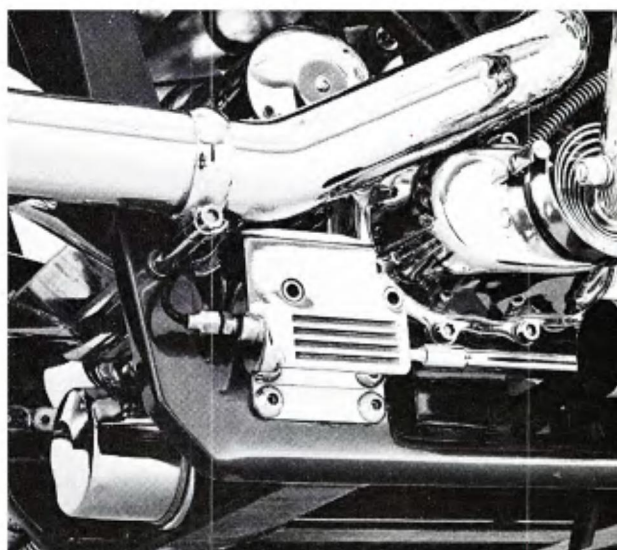
here is the latest in a long line of bitchin' scooters since that eight-ball special.

In fact, the fever hit Don so hard that he wasn't content with just buildin' the asphalt asskickers only for himself — 13 years ago he founded Don's Speed and Custom, a shop that deals almost exclusively with 103-inchers. In fact, if this sled's design looks faintly familiar to ya, it's probably because you scoped out Arlin





Owner: Don Hotop		City: Fort Madison, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Don's Speed & Cstm.		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D		Builder: Santee	
Model: recreational		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 33 degrees	
Assembly by: Don's Speed & Custom.		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: oil tank, top motor mts.	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1985		Risers: 2 1/2 in.	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Don's Speed & Custom		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: 4 plugs/Accel		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 103 cu.in.		Speedo: Don's Speed & Custom	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Don's Speed & Custom	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: Don's Speed & Custom	
Pistons: Arias 10.5/Trock Cycle		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: Don's Speed & Custom	
Heads: Don's Speed/port. & polished		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Andrews number 9		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: Don's Speed & Custom		Primary cover: Don's Speed & Custom	
Carb(s): S&S 2 1/4 in. D		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: CCI		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Don's Speed & Custom		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): never		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1975		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Cerriani	
Engine sprocket: Primo Belt		Special features: smooth	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jim Grant		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Jim Grant		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Fade Candy Blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon Venom
Type: lacquer		Brake: Grimeca	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: Tom Lewis			
Other special modifications: Too many to list, too fast to count. Special thanks to Sieg The Mad German, Jim Grant, Fid, Rod, Rudy Pena, The Hampsters.			



Photos by Michael Lichter

Fatland's black shovel in ER October '86, another example of Don's craftsmanship.

But there is such a thing as bein' too good. In spite of regularly dustin' Jap shit off the Iowa roads — Don's known as The Master Blaster from Cornfield County

— he's about to shit bricks because of one particular 86-inch Sporty in the area that whips him like a red-headed stepchild.

Trouble is, Don built that Sporty himself, so who the hell can he blame?

—Pizzaman



Decked and lowered, chopped and channeled, raked and flamed. It was the fabulous Fifties, and wheels were the ultimate experience.

Bombing around on four wheels, it could have been a '41 Ford, a '50 Merc, a T-Bird or a Vette. On two wheels, it had to be a Harley-Davidson®.

We were there. We spoke the

language. And we can take you back, on the Heritage Softail™.

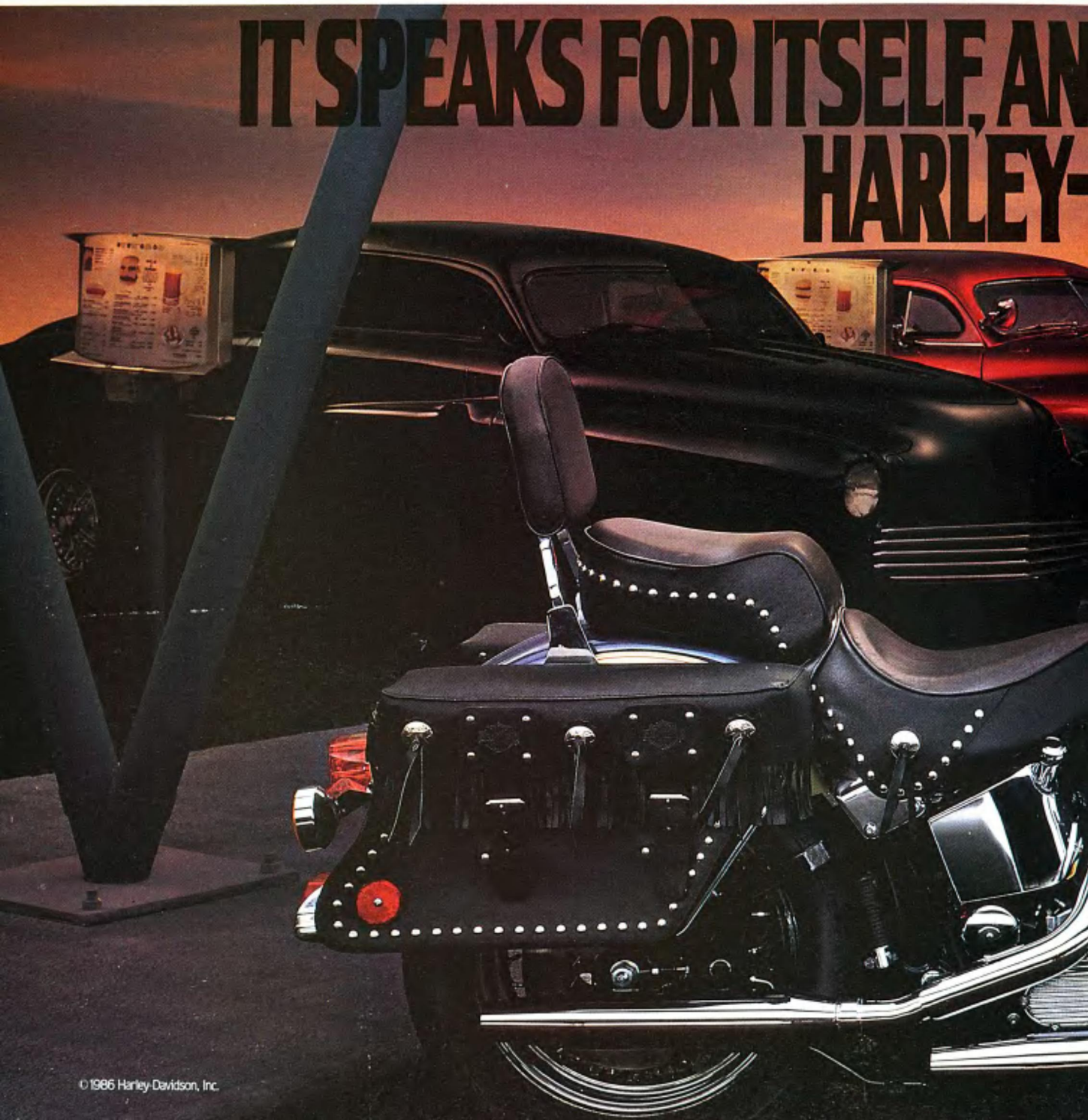
You don't build a motorcycle like this with robotics. You use your memory, your experience, and a lot of good old-fashioned elbow grease.

Naturally, we gave it all the classic features—a wide front fender, telescopic front suspension, heel-toe shifter, full-length

footboards and seven inch headlight. They worked then, they work now. Yet the Heritage Softail is far more than a replica. Beneath its '50s looking exterior is sophisticated engineering.

Instead of a 74 cubic inch Panhead, this Harley® boasts an 80 cubic inch V² Evolution™, and all the technology that makes it the smooth, durable, oil-tight engine

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AN HARLEY-



of the '80s. Instead of points and a condenser, maintenance-free V-Fire III™ electronic ignition. Instead of a chain, clean, dependable belt drive.

We also gave the Heritage Softail rear suspension with plenty of travel, and gas-charged, horizontally mounted shocks. After all, even those who want to travel back in time deserve a smooth trip.

Other things you can add yourself, or simply buy as a complete package on the Heritage Softail Special Edition shown here. It includes a windshield, dual chrome passing lamps, special seat with matching pillion and leather saddlebags, and custom wrinkle black and chrome engine.

A Harley this moving speaks for itself. Once you're on it, you'll

discover it says even more about you and Harley-Davidson.

The Heritage Softail. It's powerful enough to take you to another time. Enjoy yourself. These will be the good old days you'll cherish twenty years from now.



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H-D BRAIN-

All right, bros, pop open another beer and sharpen your pencils (or crayons, depending on who might be reading this). Uncle Ross has a little test for you know-it-alls out there. Oh, sure, you might think you know all there is to know about that great American institution called Harley-Davidson, but did you know that the first engine used by Harley-Davidson came from Japan and was designed by a Jap named Isukyu Suzuki? (Just kidding, bros — just wanted to see if you were paying attention.)

Anyway, I dug out some poop from two books. One is "The Harley-Davidson Motor Company/An Official Eighty-Year History," and the other is "The Harley-Davidson Story,"

put out by the company. I'm telling ya this so you don't start bitchin' if ya find something not quite right in my test. I pulled it all from those two books.

The following test is multiple choice, and only one answer is correct for each question. Don't look for any tricks. There might be a couple of wisecracks here and there, but no sneaky shit. The way I figure it, if one of you gets all of these correct (without cheating, I mean), you can consider yourself a Harley genius.

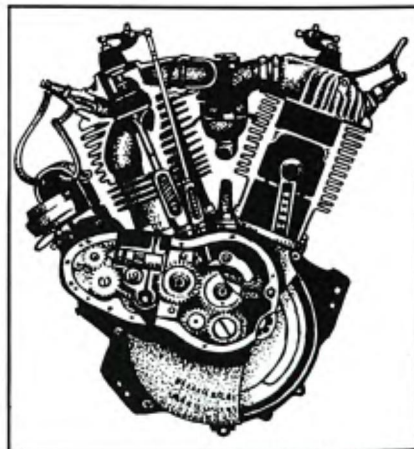
If you get, say, 34 to 37 right, pat yourself on the back and be happy knowing you're a hell of a lot smarter than I am (although that's not saying much).

- The town where Harley-Davidson originated was:
A. Miami, Florida
B. Osaka, Japan
C. Milwaukee, Wisconsin
- The year the first H-D was produced was:
A. 1901
B. 1903
C. 1907
- It is *believed* that how many H-D motorcycles were produced the first year:
A. one
B. two
C. three
- The bore and stroke of the first H-D engine was:
A. 2 x 3
B. 2 1/8 x 2 7/8
C. 3 x 3 1/2
- The number of cubic inches put out by the first H-D engine was:
A. 15
B. 20
C. 25
- The *nickname* of the earliest H-D was:
A. Hog
B. Loud Green Guy
C. Silent Grey Fellow
- This H-D magazine was first published in 1916 and is still in publication:
A. *The V-Twin Gazette*
B. *Modern Hogs*
C. *Enthusiast*
- Mr. Harley's first name was:
A. Robert
B. William
C. Knarley
- This Davidson brother was the company's first president:



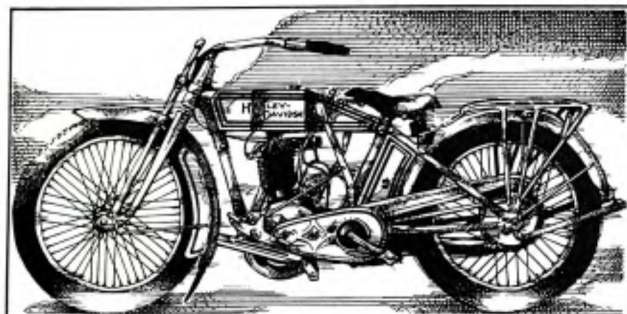
- William
B. Arthur
C. Walter
- This Davidson brother died just two days after signing the first union admittance contract at H-D:
A. William
B. Arthur
C. Walter
- This Davidson brother was killed in a 1950 auto wreck:
A. Walter
B. Arthur
C. William
- Mr. Harley majored in engineering at the University of:
A. Minnesota
B. Illinois
C. Wisconsin
- The last name of the man who helped H-D design their first successful carburetor:
A. Bendix
B. Evinrude
C. Holley

- The first year that H-D motorcycles saw military duty:
A. 1904
B. 1909
C. 1916
- Harley-Davidson sold these only between 1918 and 1924:
A. sewing machines
B. *Easyriders* magazines
C. bicycles
- The bore and stroke of the second H-D engine was:
A. 3 x 3 1/2
B. 3 x 4
C. 4 x 4 1/2
- How many countries had H-D dealerships in 1921:
A. 12
B. 34
C. 67
- The 74 cu. in./sidevalve engine was introduced in:
A. 1925



Illustrations by Dutty Duggan

FRYER QUIZ



If you score 19 to 33, you're still not doing too bad, but I wouldn't go around showing off your Harley knowledge at the local bar. Now if you score 20 to 27, just remember that you can buy the two books I mentioned at your local Harley dealer. If you get 10 to 18, hell, that's not even 50% — get with it, man. If you get less than 9 correct, then you're dumber than I look. If you get them all wrong, simply sell your Harley and head down to your local Honda dealer, because 5 of these questions are gimmes. If you can't get those right, I doubt if you can read anyway, and you probably buy this rag just to look at the nekkid wimmin.

—Uncle Ross

- B. 1930
C. 1935
19. The 80 cu. in./sidevalve engine was introduced in:
A. 1930
B. 1933
C. 1936
20. The designation given the military 45 cu. in. Twin:
A. Grunt
B. WLA
C. WHD
21. In 1930, William H. Davidson won what famous *Michigan* enduro:
A. The Jackpot
B. The Jack Pine
C. The Jack Off
22. Once the labor union was established at H-D in 1937, male employees made how much per hour:
A. 16¢
B. 40¢
C. 60¢
23. H-D raced on circle tracks back in the 1920s. These tracks were made of:
A. wood
B. clay
C. concrete
24. In 1937, this man set a new speed record of 136.183 mph on an H-D at Daytona Beach:
A. Joe Pepitone
B. Joe Amato
C. Joe Petrali
25. In 1949, H-D introduced these type of forks on their *Big Twins*:
A. pneumatic
B. salad
C. hydraulic
26. In 1948, H-D introduced its first of this type of motorcycle:
A. four-stroke
B. two-stroke
C. hand-stroke
27. The May 1956 issue of *Enthusiast* magazine featured what famous singer aboard a 1956 KH on the cover:
A. Kate Smith
B. Elvis Presley
C. Liberace
28. In the late 1950s, H-D introduced a 125cc bike called the
A. Hummer
B. Bummer
C. Beemer
29. In 1965, H-D added an electric starter and boosted the voltage from 6 to 12 on the Duo-Glide. This new bike was called
A. the Volt Glide
B. The Slide Glide
C. The Electra Glide
30. What motorcycle company closed its doors the same year H-D celebrated its golden anniversary:
A. Cyclone
B. Indian
C. Excelsior
31. In 1960, H-D introduced a 165cc motor scooter. It was called a:
A. Topper
B. Popper
C. Piece of shit
32. Willie G. Davidson officially joined H-D in what year:
A. 1963
B. 1965
C. 1969
33. According to the 1934 H-D options catalog, this item was available to the H-D owner:
A. hydraulic clutch
B. handlebar-mounted notepad
C. studded rear tire
34. Which of the following was *not* available on H-D prior to 1928:
A. rubber tires
B. front brakes
C. headlight
35. The first H-D dealership was located in Milwaukee, Wisc. The dealer's name was:
A. C.H. Lang
B. C.H. Sugar
C. Yugo Skruyirself
36. Which of the following engines came *second* in relation to the others:
A. the shovelhead
B. the knucklehead
C. the panhead
37. What was the first year for the shovelhead:
A. 1963
B. 1966
C. 1967
38. The original 1971 Super Glide was a hybrid of the Sportster and the:
A. Volkswagen
B. Electra Glide
C. Low Rider



Answers on page 70

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Introducing the Harley-Davidson 883 Ride Free Guarantee.

Buy any new Sportster® 883 at a participating dealer between January 1 and July 31, 1987, and Harley-Davidson will guarantee you \$3995 if, within two years of the purchase date, you trade up to a new FX or FL model Harley.†

What if you already own an 883? The deal still holds. Just trade your Sportster by April 30, 1987.

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

Then again, Harley-Davidson motorcycles have always held their

**\$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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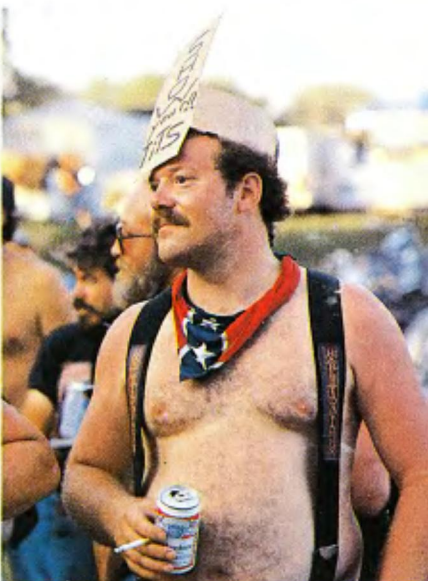


*\$3995 Sportster 883 available in vivid black only. Other colors slightly higher. MSRP, excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges and dealer prep (if any).

†Trade-in must be in average condition and good working order, as explained in the rules. Your participating dealer is an equal contributor to this trade-up offer and his participation may affect final consumer cost.

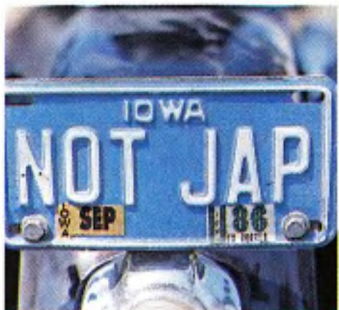
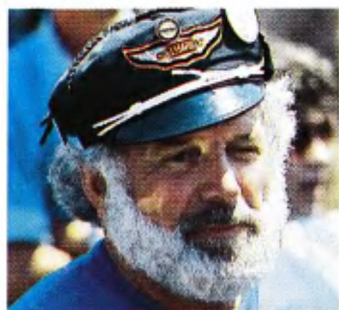
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THIS POEM'S ALL WET

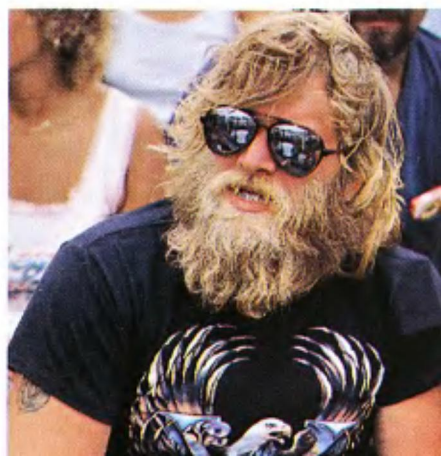
Ace photographer Michael Lichter calls the annual all-Harley Drags in Iowa his favorite event of all. These pictures give a few hints why.

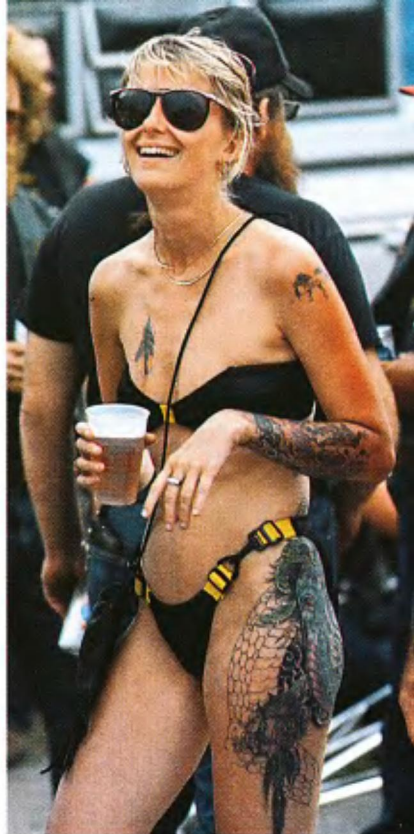
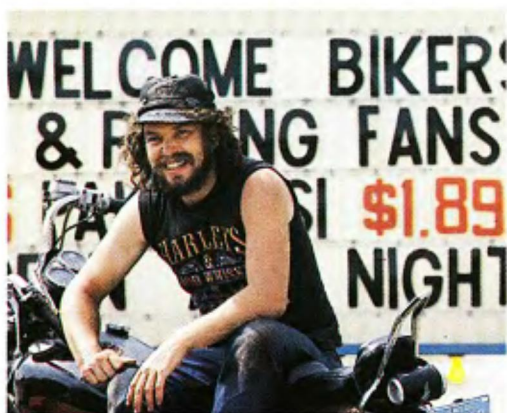
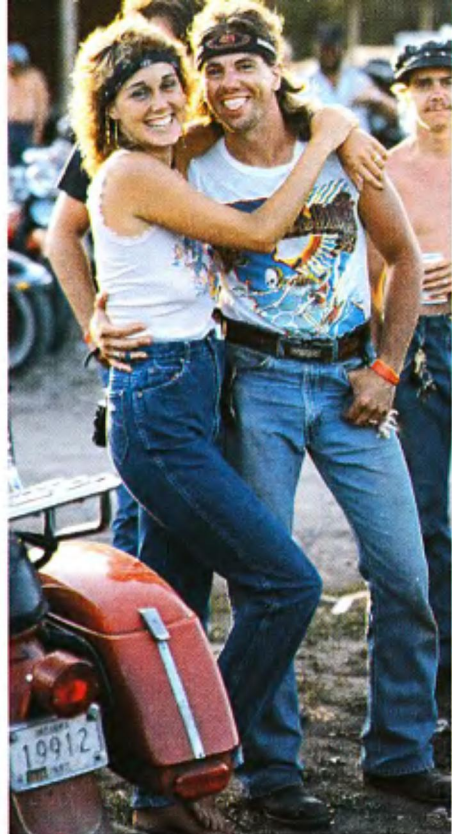


THIS POEM'S ALL WET

Five thousand strong they hit the
Midwest,
To give all those super-hot Harleys the
test.
To Iowa they came, where the drags
were the game,
But the beer and the broads really
helped fan the flame.

Now this you should know if you're
planning to show:
Forget all your ridin' gear for the
snow.





They race in summer with that old sun
and corn high,
When fireworks from heat waves light
up the sky.

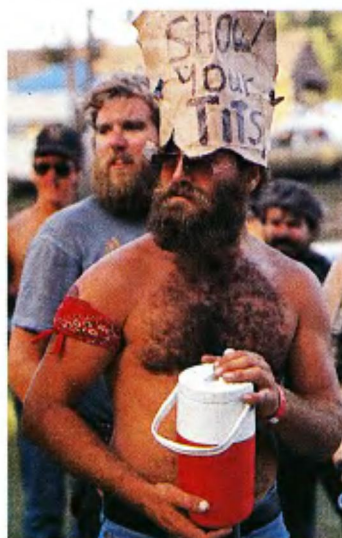
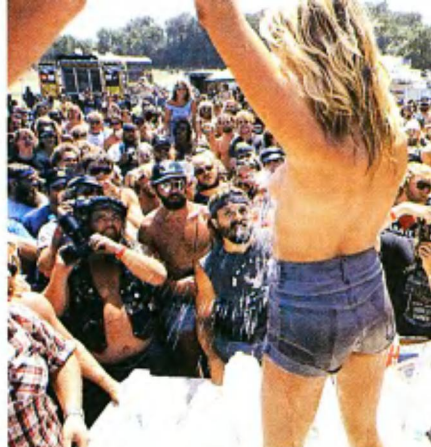
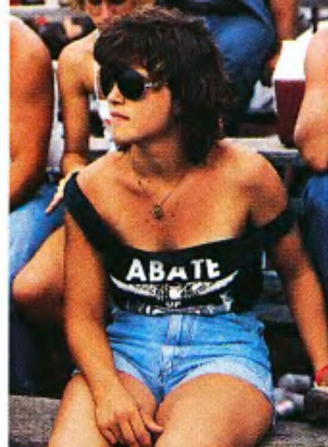
Nineteen eighty-six brought buckets of
rain,
To give the riders and watchers some
pain.

Bear it they did, each man, chick, and
kid,
And everyone wound up damn glad
that they did.

So here is the tale as it came out of
the clouds,
Of bikers and weather and me gettin'
ploughed.
And if you look close at these photos
by Lichter,
And read these words I'm sure you'll
get the pic-ture.

The racing events went off, with
clockwork precision,
The laws of the dragstrip rendered
decision.





THIS POEM'S ALL WET

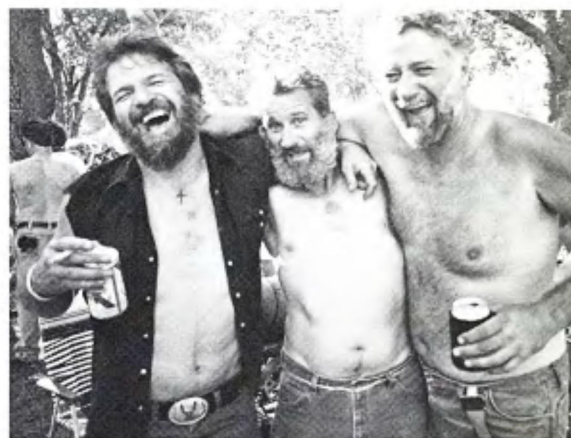
Of who was the fastest, and who was
the slow,
Of who was a rear-ender and who
could just go.

Until into the finals the weather stayed
dry,
With two hotshots on the line opened
the sky.
A deluge it was, huge buckets of rain,
From further racing we'd have to
abstain.

The announcer gave the word to those
in the stands,



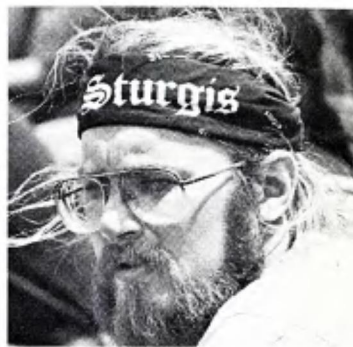
WELCOME ABATE



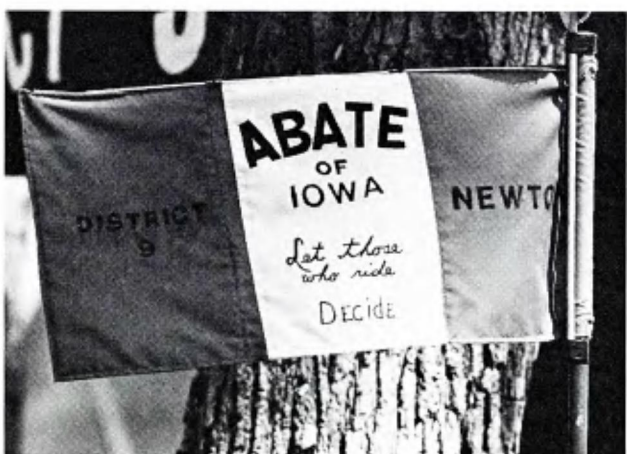
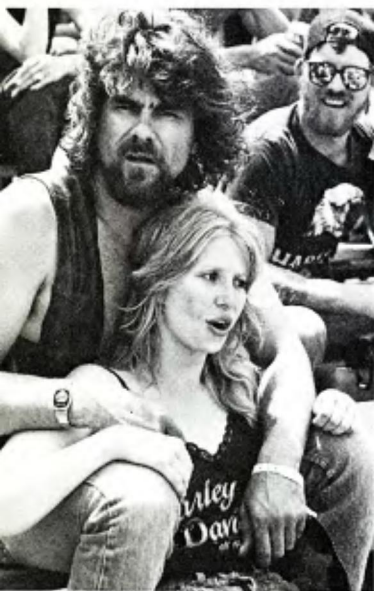
"We gotta stop running — we're damn sorry, fans."
But from down on the track we all heard a roar,
And saw two riders flying despite the downpour.
"They can't, they're nuts!" screamed the man on the horn,
"They can't have no traction," he sounded forlorn.
But they completed the run, though no timing was had,
Then we all rushed for cover, 'cause the rain was damn bad.

Some of us got warm and dry in a neighborhood tavern,
Others found rooms or holed up in a cavern.
But I and my bros had accommodations most posh,
We hid out and partied in a convenient cage wash.
So if ya wanna know if I had fun that damp summer day,
The answer is yes, it was a blast all the way.
And I promise to go back, come hell or high water,





Photos by Michael Lichter



THIS POEM'S ALL WET

And next time I'll cop me some
stacked farmer's daughter.

—Grape

*And in case you're wonderin' how I
conned Spider,
Into believin' that I am a poetry writer.
I saved up my talent for the April
Fool's Day rag,
When the dumbest stuff possible
becomes Spider's bag.*





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hog chrome

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BUZZ'S BO

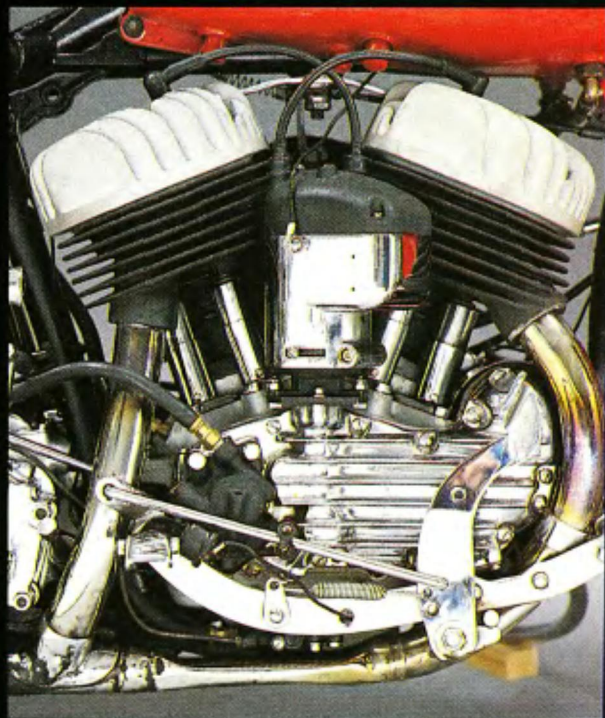


MBER

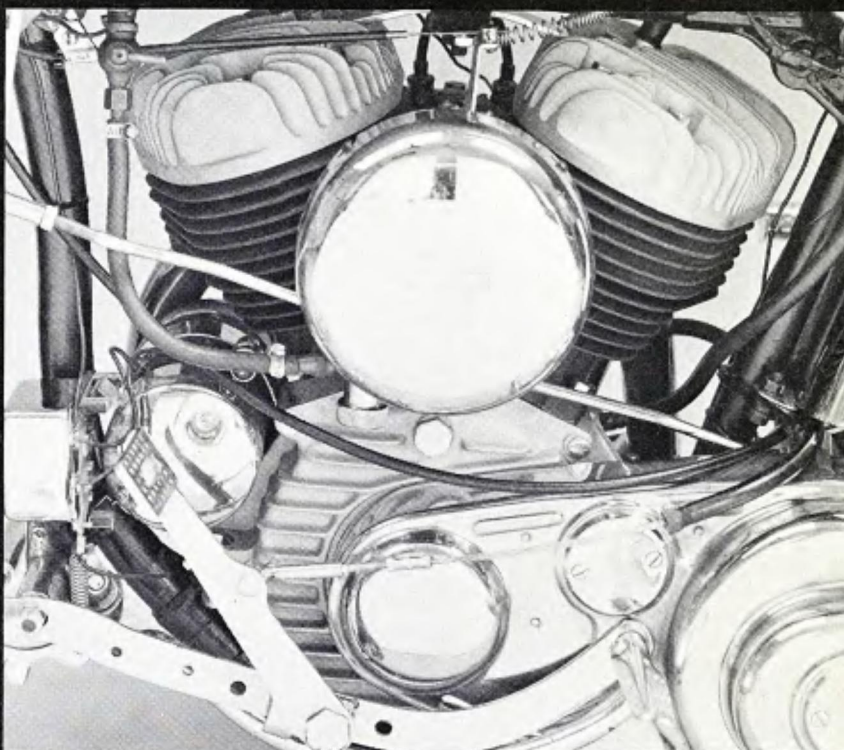
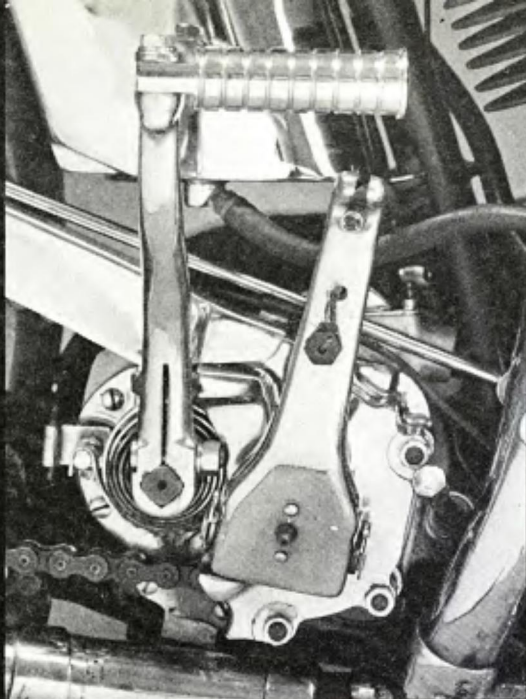
This Humpin' WLA Piglet Is Still Making 'Em Squeal After Nearly Half A Century On The Road

Buzz Walneck, owner and operator of this machine, is a motorcycle fanatic. He lives and dreams motorcycles. His job is that of editor of *Old Time Cycles*, a want-ads type of rag specializing in antiques. A job like this no doubt allows Buzz to come across many deals, and this is one he couldn't pass up. This bike is kind of a time capsule — you older riders should remember some of the trick stuff on it. The sweet old 45 sure got enough use during the war years. Even to this day, some 34 years later, they're occasionally seen on the road. Not fast, not torquey, but dependable as hell, and a friend when you need someone to talk to that don't talk back.

Now here she sits, an old war hero, possibly (she ain't tellin' any stories). Fact remains that it is a 42 WLA ("A" stands for U.S. Army issue). This is Buzz's heritage bike 'cause as he says, "I can check its heritage for the last 40 years (only two owners). Back in '47 a fellow on the southwest side of Chicago named Joe Kratyk was "bobbing" a few 45s. In the pictures you can







see how he did the bike. Since that time it has undergone only minor changes. Shown here is the Midwest version of the chopper of the 40s. Joe built the oil tanks for a couple of area bikes. The Daytona "slimbobs" held a little more gas. A 47-and-later tranny top allowed for a first gear forward arrangement. Buzz calls it a time warp machine.

When it was bobbed, it had a 125 Harley front fender cut and installed on the front; the rear fender was thinned on the sides to make for a smaller profile. The handlebars are Flanders' "O bend" with the shortened grips. The

handgrips are radiator hose. Buzz bought another set of Flanders, same bend, just to go to a quick throttle. He also added the military (Canadian and British) auxiliary hand clutch; this makes it easier for his wife and son to ride it, as opposed to the full suicide clutch. Front brake was also switched to the right side.

The hot setup after the war was to buy a WR racing kit. You used your stock lower end, not the "ball bearing" cams. A bushing on one end of the cam and a flat tappet rather than a roller kept power down from the factory WRs, but you got the same cam profile, bigger valves,

aluminum big-finned heads, and maybe even a Wico mag like this one. Buzz claims it'll run 100mph. Not bad for a bike that's approaching a half a century old.

The bike even came with the "accessory" buddy seat that came out of California in the 50s. The driver slid forward and sat on the pad, and the passenger got the sprung seat (don't hardly seem fair to me).

When asked what it's like to ride, Buzz had several comments. First off, with the chokeless carb it takes some primer kicks (what Linkert doesn't?); with warm weather, she usually fires up right



Joe Kratky pops a can of kick-ass aboard this same WLA 45 in 1947. Yep, 40 years ago.



Photos by José

away. "Idles like a dog shittin' razor blades," Buzz claims. Considering it's one of the most reliable machines, it's also one of the noisiest sonuvabitches Harley ever made. With about 40 horsepower on tap, it may sound mean, but by today's standards, it just ain't fast. . . who fuckin' cares, though? Buzz says, "I don't care how fast those rice rockets are — in a few

months they will be obsoleted by another one. Which one will succeed for four or five generations? You guessed it — the flathead."

Buzz is proud of his latest purchase. It's a 55mph machine, starts first kick most of the time (fuck those electric starts), and has no vibration to speak of at 55. We heard stories of a guy who rode from Chicago to Alaska

on one of these machines, and he had no vibration problems. He said he had never heard vibration mentioned until he started reading Jap bike road tests. Until that time his bike rode fine. He points out that these 45s have "small power tremors. . ." Bigger Harleys have "bigger tremors." Only Jap bikes vibrate. . .

—José

Owner: Buzz & Pixie Walneck		City: Woodridge, Illinois	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Joe Kratky (1947)		Year: 1942	
Year and make: 1942 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: WLA 45		Type: rigid	
Value: \$8,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Joe Kratky		Stretch: none	
Time: not available		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: not available		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1942		Risers: 3 in. dogbones	
Model: 45		Fender(s): f: 1948-125/r: trimmed H-D	
Rebuilder: Ted Moran		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: Wico competition mag.		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 45 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Ted Moran		Front pegs: yes	
Balancing: some		Rear pegs: yes	
Pistons: WR Racing Kit		Electrics: no battery	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Daytona slimbobs	
Heads: WR Racing Kit		Oil tank: Joe Kratky (1947)	
Cam(s): WR Racing Kit		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): WM3 racing carb		Seat: Brookfield Leathers	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: stock		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): very loud		Material: Milwaukee steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1942 3-speed		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank/1947 style		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: not available		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: not available		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: handmade oil tank by Joe Kratky, chokeless racing carb, accessory horseshoe tank seat			

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Address _____

City _____ County _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone Bus. () _____ Home () _____

Date of Birth _____

Motorcycle Owned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Fold under here

Make _____ Model _____ Year _____

Blood Type _____ Allergies _____

Medical Problems _____

Emergency Contact Person _____

Telephone () _____

Referred By _____

I belong to the following motorcycle organizations:

Name _____ Name _____

As a B.A.M. supporter, I can help with:

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|--|--|
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| ☐ Motorcycle Transportation | ☐ B.A.M. Area Representative |
| ☐ Housing | ☐ Distribute Literature |
| ☐ Emergency Repair | ☐ Assist in Trade Shows |
| ☐ Hospital/Home Visitations | Are you: Dealer/Shop? |
| ☐ Vehicle Storage | ☐ Yes ☐ No |
| ☐ Follow-up Investigation | If yes, please send us your
business card or information. |

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Easynews

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

Mag says: Wear yer lids, the sky is falling

The December issue of the highly influential motorcycle industry trade magazine, *Dealernews*, featured a full-page editorial supporting mandatory helmet laws and shamelessly slandering pro-choice freedom fighters.

In his "the-sky-is-falling, the-sky-is-falling" screed, *Dealernews*' Don Emde paints the battle over helmet laws as a conflict "of the rights of the riders versus the rights of an industry to exist."

"I don't find it surprising at all that the industry has a different point of view from the riders," Emde writes. "We are protecting something entirely different: the future of motorcycling! This is something you have to keep in mind when discussing the issue with the *anti-helmet* types. They are generally concerned about what happens to them now and couldn't care less if there are any dealers left to sell them parts, accessories, and even future motorcycles. Things like a good image and profitability are not their problem."

As the late Jack Benny used to say: "WELL!"

How do you respond to bullshit that far off the wall? Where do you start? We could point out that bikers, with their thousands of annual charitable activities, do a hell of a lot more for the "image" of motorcycling than the 140mph-per-hour-teen-killer rice rockets, whose manufacturers Emde and his magazine front for. We could note that the U.S. Constitution has one or two or 12 things to say about *individual* rights but is totally silent about corporate "rights." Or we could simply observe that Emde's basic premise — that the health of the motorcycle industry is somehow linked Siamese-twin fashion to helmet laws — is logically false, patently untrue, and obviously deliberate propaganda intended to stampede the more gullible people in the bike business into joining Emde and his strange bedfellows in the helmet law crusade.

Listen again.

"While we have all heard the case for the riders' rights," Emde says. "Who speaks for you, the dealer? We have watched sales of two-wheelers plummet since the mid-70s, and we owe it to the people who earn their living in this industry to try to assist in this situation."

There is only one possible way to interpret the above paragraph. Clearly Emde is

claiming that motorcycle sales are down because some people have stood up for "the riders' rights." Look for any evidence, let alone proof, for this startling conclusion in Emde's editorial, however, and you won't find it.

Proof that he is full of shit, however, is ample. Simply check the registration records for states with helmet laws against those without them. You'll find motorcycle sales are down almost everywhere, regardless of whether helmets are required or not. I'm sure it never occurred to Emde, but soaring motorcycle prices and the increasing average age of the American population are the real reasons sales are down. As just one bit of evidence for that, consider that Harley sales are up. And what makes Harley riders different from import buyers? They tend to be older, with better paying jobs and more credit experience than import buyers. In other words, they are more likely to be able to afford a new bike, and the aging baby boomers are increasing their numbers.

Emde's grasp of history is as weak as his understanding of logic. He repeats a totally discredited National Highway Traffic Safety Administration statistic — that the lives of 1,100 to 1,500 motorcyclists a year would be saved if there were helmet laws everywhere (the statistic has been

discredited because no states have had anywhere near that kind of increase in fatalities after repealing their lid laws) — and says "If motorcycle helmet laws would have been in effect since the peak sales year of 1973, we would have saved the lives of at least 13,000 riders. Sorry to put facts in the way of your great theories, Don, but for about four years after 1973, around 49 states *did* have mandatory lid laws — and still motorcycle sales did not remain at those peak 1973 levels."

But the most blatant lie in Emde's entire pack is his earnest assertion that he "respect(s) the views of those who differ with me." Not a chance — you don't slander and distort the views of people you respect. Yet Emde does this throughout, repeatedly referring to bikers' rights supporters as "anti-helmet types" representing "the anti-helmet side." Really. I don't know a single person who's anti-helmet. Lots of us are anti-mandatory helmet law, however, and Emde, a literate man despite his loose play with the facts, damn well knows the difference. The fact is that nobody, not the most radical person among us, is talking about banning helmets or in any way taking away Don Emde's right to wear one. The only people in this debate who wish to oppress others are Emde and the rest of his ilk.

B.C. lid law zapped

The Supreme Court of British Columbia has ruled the mandatory helmet law in that province illegal.

In a written decision, Justice Wilfred Wallace of the B.C. Supreme Court upheld a provincial court ruling that the province's superintendent of motor vehicles has no power to set standards for or approve so-called safety helmets. Since that in effect means that there are no approved helmets in British Columbia, Judge Wallace Craig said in the provincial action, motorcycle riders can't be required to use one.

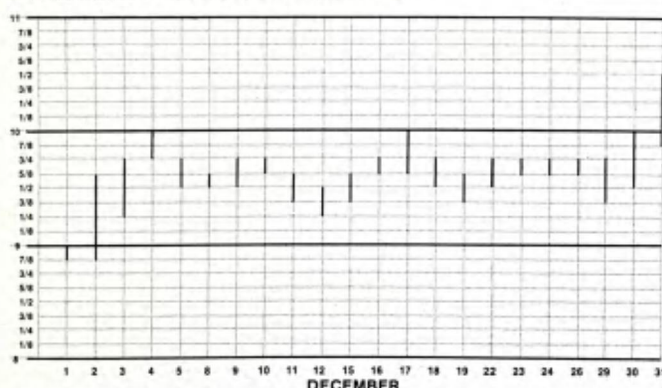
Immediately after the decision, a spokesman for the Vancouver Police Department announced that his officers would cease ticketing helmetless riders until such time as the law was changed.

The decision marked the second time in a year that a British Columbia lid law had been invalidated by the courts. In the first instance, a previous helmet law had been thrown out by a district court but was reinstated several days later, when the provincial government rewrote it.

Since the current case went to the Supreme Court, it might take the lawmakers a bit longer to come up with a new law crafted skillfully enough to meet the Court's requirements. However wide or narrow the window of freedom, B.C. riders, who have been battling mandatory helmet laws for close to nine years, are under no illusions.

"It's just like a revolving door," one told a Vancouver reporter. "Helmets are on one week and off the next."

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.

Never missing a chance to highlight the difference between Hog people and wimp riders, the brass at Harley-Davidson are introducing a new, more potent version of Harley beer at this year's Daytona Bike Week.

Though the regular Harley brew has been a perennial sellout, the company feels there is a market for a darker, higher-calorie, more ale-like beverage.

The new Harley beer is "guaranteed to contain no rice or rice derivatives of any kind," Harley marketing whiz Clyde Fessler says. "It's brewed entirely from American hops and doesn't use any fancy French water."

And, just in case a six-pack of Harley dark doesn't impress you, how about this? Harley-Davidson is offering to guarantee the trade-in value of every Evolution Sportster XLH-883 sold between now and July 31, 1987. And what will they guarantee the trade-in at? \$3,995. That's right, \$3,995 — the suggested list price of the Sporty when new.

"This is the most unique trade-in program in motorcycling history," says Buzz Buzzelli, Harley public relations manager. "We guarantee the owner of an 883 will get a trade-in equal to what he paid for the bike anytime within two years. Buy an 883 for \$3,995 and you'll get \$3,995 when you trade. What makes this possible is the outstanding resale value of Harley-Davidson motorcycles."

And if you already own an 883, the company's got a deal for you, too. If you trade your current 883 for a new FX or FL model before April 30, 1987, participating Harley dealers will allow you a \$3,995 trade-in allowance. For riders who don't own an 883, but who purchase one from a participating dealer before July 31, 1987, Harley-Davidson guarantees a \$3,995 allowance if it is traded for a new FX or FL within two years of the purchase date.

Though there is, as always, some fine print (your trade-in must be in "average condition and good running order," for example), it sounds to us like if you bought a Sporty, rode it for a couple of years, and moved up to a Big Twin, you would have gotten two years' use out of the Sporty virtually for free. Hhhmmmm...bet that increases the angle of eye-slant at Yamasucki a few degrees.

Ever say to yourself, "Damn, that's a nice ride?" If you have a favorite stretch of front or backroad, Harley-Davidson would like you to share it with them as they search for America's 10 best touring roads.

Last summer, H-D polled its dealers to determine the best touring road in each of the 50 states. "Response to the announcement of the 50 best roads was so great, we decided to go one step further and narrow the list to America's top 10 and make 1987 the best year ever for motorcycle touring," said Harley spokeswoman Kathleen Demitros.

From now until May 1, riders may vote for their favorite stretch of asphalt (or concrete, or railroad ties) at any participating Harley dealership. Each participant will receive a free directory of the "50 Best Motorcycle Touring Roads" and automatically qualify to win H-D touring gear and accessories.

In addition, H-D has two special Touring Center booths at Bike Week. They will offer updated information on the touring contest and provide a place for people to cast their votes. One booth will be set up at the Convention Center and the other at the Holiday Inn Surfside.



Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052

Ohio ended 1986 by enacting a motorcycle rider education bill. Under it, completion of a Motorcycle Safety Foundation-type riding course will be required for all riders under 18 (as of January 1989). Other parts of the law call for establishing programs to increase cager awareness, drug and alcohol education, and improvement of bike license tests. The program will be financed by a \$4 hike in motorcycle registration fees. . . **And somebody oughtta educate this judge.** Magistrate Claude Heath of Garden City, Kansas acquitted a cager of vehicular homicide after the cager said he "didn't see" the biker he cut off and killed. Heath's ruling was that if the suspect couldn't see his victim, he couldn't be guilty of failure to yield. Heath seemed unaware that it is illegal for blind people to drive. Wonder how he would have ruled if the "unseen" victim had been an eight-year-old pedestrian instead of a biker?

ABATE of Douglas County, Oregon has issued its 1987 Biker Art Calendar featuring prize-winning illustrations from throughout the country. To get one, send \$5.50 to ABATE of Oregon, Box 61, Roseburg, OR 97470. For information on entering the contest to pick the artwork for next year's calendar, flip a kite to the same address. . . **Members of the Wheels for Jesus MC** pitched in to help obtain and deliver Christmas toys to the children of prison inmates in Pasadena, Texas. The effort was part of the nationwide Project Angel Tree, a Christmas program organized by the Prison Fellowship Ministries. Linda Crone, Prison Fellowship Houston director, said the bikers' aid was especially appreciated when it came to delivering gifts to their youthful recipients. Some of the neighborhoods children of inmates have to live in, she said, "aren't so nice." . .

ABATE of Pennsylvania has joined the increasing number of bikers' rights organizations that have come to the conclusion that the only way to fight the professionals from the insurance and medical lobbies is with a more professional approach of our own. They've formed their own political action committee, called BIKEPAC, and hired both a lobbyist and a law firm. . . **And, finally.** Like most cliches, the phrase "When we do right, no one ever remembers; when we do wrong, no one ever forgets" is based on solid truth. Thankfully, there are occasional exceptions. One occurred when a biker telephoned Scripps Howard News Service columnist Mark Patinkin to ask why he hadn't written about a Rhode Island toy run. Patinkin said he hadn't written about it because he hadn't heard about it. To his credit, he was willing to listen and wound up devoting a whole column to the subject. His closing line is one of the nicest things the media has ever written about us and a great last Short Stroke for 1986 (it's December 30 as we go to press): "I never thought," Patinkin wrote, that "bikers would end up reminding me what the [Christmas] season is all about." Hallelujah.

Aprilnews

"If it's too dumb to believe, we'll print it."

Easyriders' skid lid challenge to Floyd

In an offer of unprecedented generosity, the Easynews editor of *Easyriders* magazine has promised to cease, desist, and abstain from holding California Assemblyman Richard Floyd and his fascist mandatory helmet bill up to any further ridicule or criticism if the assemblyman will personally demonstrate that a helmeted motorcycle rider who bashes his head into a curb at freeway speeds will suffer substantially fewer injuries than he would without a helmet.

In an interview in the May 1986 edition of *Easyriders*, Floyd said helmet law opponents "keep telling me that it's your and my constitutional right if we want to bash our heads in and die with our heads up against a curb. I don't argue that, I think that's marvelous. Only problem is, the bastards don't die. They live in trauma wards, they live as vegetables in the care wards. They live for long periods of time. They'll keep people alive, you know, for years, and years, and years."

"And so my constituents, you and I, every taxpayer, are paying this extreme cost that wouldn't have been there, in most cases, if they'd worn a helmet."

Since federal laws require helmets to offer skull protection only at extremely low rates of speed and controlled laboratory

conditions, then we dispute Floyd's assertion that a helmeted person who bashes his head against a curb under highway conditions would fare substantially better than one without a helmet and hereby challenge the assemblyman to put it to the test.

THE CHALLENGE: Assemblyman Floyd, in your *Easyriders* interview you cited medical cost figures of between \$32,772 and \$62,481 for people hospitalized at UC Davis because of injuries sustained while riding a motorcycle without a helmet. You also stated that these "extreme costs wouldn't have been there, in most cases, if they'd worn a helmet" and made reference to people "bashin'" their heads into curbs.

We believe your thesis should be completely and scientifically tested and, in order to accomplish this, offer you this challenge: Wearing a commercially available motorcycle helmet of your choice, you unload from a bike traveling the legal limit of 55 miles per hour at such a place and in such a manner that your head impacts a curb as soon as your body hits the ground. If you are uninjured, or if the cost of treating your injuries is less than 80% of the average cost of treating unhelmeted riders who have had similar accidents (obviously, we can't count people who were

run over by a semi after hitting the old curb), we will cease all criticism of you and your proposed helmet law. If, on the other hand, the extent of your injuries is the same or greater than those suffered by the average unhelmeted rider, you agree to withdraw your helmet bill, AB36, from consideration by the legislature.

Whaddaya think, Assemblyman? A great opportunity for you to prove something you obviously believe deeply, isn't it? Just like that guy that hangs high in the air with his head Superglued to a rafter or that other fella who used to stand behind the Gleem toothpaste shield while a car drove toward him.

Since you've been riding bikes for over 20 years, you shouldn't have any trouble getting off in shape to centerpunch the target curb and we're willing to use your UC Davis statistics to figure out what the average unhelmeted rider's injuries would cost. So how about it? With that helmet clamped firmly on the old dome, you've got nothing to lose but a little dignity. And here's something else to consider: though this issue is dated April, it goes on sale at the end of February, so there's still time for you to take the challenge on the most appropriate day of the year for it... April Fool's Day.

Gonzo University offering biker scholarships

In an overnight bid to become a major college football power, the Board of Trustees of tiny Gonzo University has agreed to provide athletic scholarships to bikers wishing to enroll in the university and participate in its football program.

According to football coach Woodhead Haze, godfather of Gonzo's biker recruitment campaign, the only requirements for a scholarship are that the biker must be at least 6'7" tall, weigh over 320 lbs., have attended high school for at least a week, and possess all his own natural arms and legs.

"Like most minority group members, a lot of bikers who aspire to better themselves have been cheated out of the opportunity to experience the glories of a higher education," Haze told the press. "We

have designed a program that will allow them to maximize their potentials as human beings. This program is so particularly well suited to athlete scholars of the biker persuasion, in fact, that I can virtually guarantee that no biker we put on scholarship will ever flunk out, unless, of course, he becomes incapacitated, incarcerated or otherwise unable to get it up on the gridiron."

Among the courses to be offered to the biker enrollees are seminars on cheerleader anatomy, workshops on Harley maintenance, and fine arts classes in getting and giving tattoos. Bikers on scholarship will be provided room, board, tuition, books, special motorcycle parking passes, and weekly urine samples guaranteed to exceed National Collegiate Athletic Association

(NCAA) Standards of purity.

"We feel a biker-based football team has a lot to offer our institution," Coach Haze wrote in a recent letter to alumni. "Strength, determination, and killer instinct are characteristics inherent in the breed. In view of this, we are asking you, as a loyal alumnus, to make a substantial cash contribution to our Adopt-A-Biker scholarship fund. In return for your gift, you will receive a handsome framed mug shot of the biker whose scholarship you sponsor and regular letters from 'your' biker when and if we teach him to write."

"Alumni choosing to ignore this sincere appeal will be invited to discuss the scholarship campaign with a delegation of those fine young men seeking these grants."

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALASKA

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Creative Cycles 1218 S. Alvernon, Tucson

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

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D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
AAA 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 688 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave.,
N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 232 W. Olive, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Dexter Enterprises 2291 Business Way, Riverside
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Beck's Chopper Design & Fabrication 1292 E. 3rd, Pomona
Carlo's Custom MC Parts 2395 Monument Blvd., Bldg. H,
Concord
R.P.M. 1727 National City Blvd., National City

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Colorado Springs
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Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9850 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
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Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 481 Boulevard, New Haven

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

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L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
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Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Bustin' Chops 2371 SW 57th Ave., Hollywood
Petty V-Twin Performance 5627 15th St. E. #B-16,
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Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
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Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogeechee Rd., Savannah

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Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
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"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines
Cyclepieda Corp. 1824 Dean Ave., Des Moines

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Rebel's MC Parts & Acc. 1511 Central Ave., Kansas City

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Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

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Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

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H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, ElkrIDGE
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown

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H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
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NEW JERSEY

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
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Millville H.D. 1131 S. Second St., Millville

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

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

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
Genuine Cycle Service 2946 Niagara Falls Blvd.,
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J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Pruett Enterprises Cycle Supplies 527 Inglewood Ave.,
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Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
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Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Cyclidell Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
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CJ's Scooter Shop 399 W. Chestnut St., Washington
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Schoch's Inc. RD 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg
Nasty Cycles Rd. #4 Box 184, Slippery Rock

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Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish
St. Croix Cycle Sales Rt. 3 Box 127 B, New Richmond
The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior
Total Performance Engineering 1210 12th St., Hudson

Passin' Gas

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

Easyriders



"Hey, it's not your turn to swing on our swing!"

Three dudes happened to reach the gates of Hell at the same time. "I can't take all of you at the same time," the Devil advised them. "So if any of you can name something that I can't do, I'll send you up to Heaven."

The first guy had been a pizza-maker on earth, so he said, "Make a hundred pizzas and eat them in one minute!" The Devil did it, with time to spare.

The next guy had been a bartender, so he commanded, "Make a hundred kegs of beer and drink them in one minute!" The Devil did it, again with time to spare.

The third dude had been a biker. He laughed, stepped forward, farted, and said, "Catch that, muthafucker!"

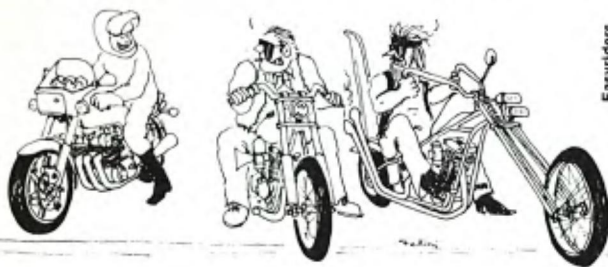
—Donald Presley
Hagerstown, Md.

One day ol' Gramps was telling his grandson about a bear-hunting trip he'd been on: "There he stood — musta been seven feet tall — lookin' me dead in the eye. I pulled back the hammer and fired, but the fucker jammed. So I hit him dead in the head with my rifle and started runnin'. Well, at about 10 feet out, I could feel that bear's breath hot on my neck. Then the bear slipped and fell. 'Bout another eight feet farther and I could feel that hot breath on my neck — but when that ol' grizzly reached for me, why he slipped and fell again."

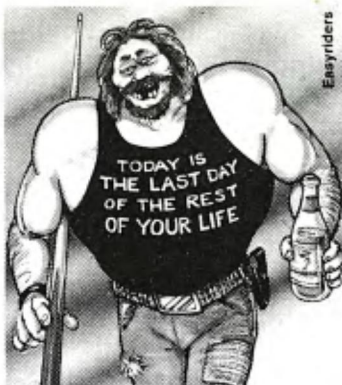
"Geez," the youngster exclaimed. "I'da shit!" "What the hell you think that bear was slippin' on?"

—Tom Oliver
Menard, Ill.

HI THERE, WANNA RACE? (TEE HEE)
SURE KID, IN 10 YEARS... ON THE SAME BIKES



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Relative humidity is the sweat that drips off your balls when you're fucking your cousin.

—Bill Norris
St. John, Kans.

If you must get married, it is always advisable to marry a ravishing beauty. Otherwise, you'll never find anybody to take her off your hands.

—J.A.L.
Huntingdon, Pa.

She was standing before the judge crying out her story: "Your Honor, he gets up every morning and starts knocking me around the bedroom. He hits me in the head with his fist, and sometimes uses a boot. If I don't fix his meals just the way he likes them, he conks me with the pots and pans. If I dare to talk back to him or say anything he doesn't care for, he belts me on the head with a beer bottle. Your Honor, that man ought to be in jail."

Turning to the defendant, the judge asked, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"You can't believe a word that woman says, Your Honor," said the man. "She's obviously punch-drunk."

—Panhead Mike
Wichita, Kan.

"Hear about the guy who got busted for an unnatural act with a Honda?" "Jeeze, no. What'd he do?" "Bought it."

—J.D. Mallory
Tucson, Ariz.

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TMASIC

Do you know how Eskimos have babies? They rub noses until a little snot pops out.

—Fingers
Monroe, Wash.

Why do they play football on artificial turf in Poland? To keep the cheerleaders from grazing.

—Dave Chance
Tamal, Calif.

Carl had been out on the town with a dazzling blonde, and as he returned home, the sun was just coming up. Marshaling his inner resources, he managed an air of quiet sobriety before the suspicious eye and clapping tongue of his wife.

Suddenly, as he was undressing, she gasped, "Carl, where's your underwear?"

Blearily, Carl noticed that his shorts were, indeed, missing. Then inspiration struck.

"My God!" he cried with astonishment. "I've been robbed!"

—Pete's ol' lady
Astoria, N.Y.



"Sometimes I think you love that motorcycle too much!"



"I don't swallow it anymore. I had a diaphragm surgically implanted in my throat."

The biker's kid disappeared from the house one Saturday morning and didn't return until late that afternoon. When his mother asked him where he'd been and what he'd been doing all day, he replied, "Oh, not much. I've just been down fuckin' Susie all day."

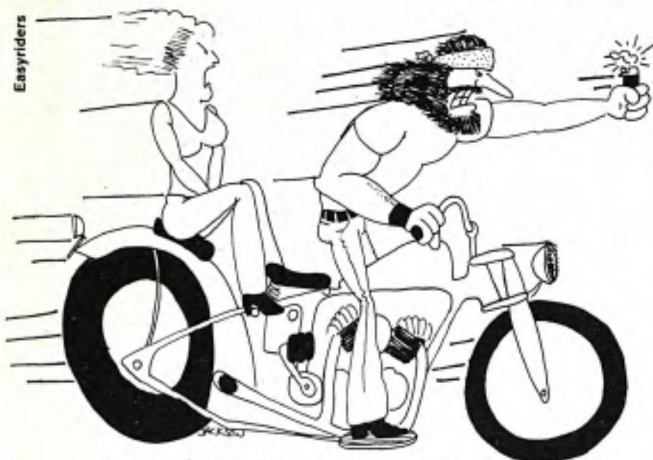
"Just go to your room, young man. Your father's going to hear about this when he gets home."

When the bro cruised in, his ol' lady immediately told him what the kid had said. Without a second's hesitation, he headed into the kitchen and grabbed a big cast-iron skillet.

"Wait!" she screamed. "You're not gonna hit him with that, are you?"

"Hell, no! I'm gonna cook him a steak. Can't be out fuckin' all day on an empty stomach!"

—Robert Burgess
Akron, Ohio



"All right, all right! You proved your point — I'll loan you the money for a new headlight!"

You know you're in trouble when you look up "pussy-whipped" in the dictionary, and it has your picture beside it.

—Smitty
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

The biker's ol' lady hurried home from the doctor's office, devastated by the medical report she had just received. When her ol' man came in from his weekly club meeting, she told him, "Darling, the doctor said I only have twelve hours to live. So I've decided we should go to bed and screw all night. How does that sound, dearest?"

"Hey, that's fine for you," replied the biker. "You don't have to get up for a 500-mile run in the morning."

—John Fisher
Ft. Eustis, Va.

One afternoon, having nothing better to do, the biker's ol' lady went to the zoo. She was walking around and admiring all the animals when she came to the giraffes' compound. "Shit," she murmured as she gazed upward. "What a magnificent animal." After checking to see that no one was watching, she reached up and grabbed the male's two big purple balls. Immediately, the giraffe jumped the fence and hauled ass.

"Lady, lady," shouted the zookeeper as he ran over to her, "what the hell did you do to that giraffe?"

She meekly replied, "Well, sir, I just reached up and grabbed those two big purple balls."

Dropping his pants, he yelled, "Quick, lady, grab mine! I gotta catch that sonuvabitch!"

—Jim McNabb
Palm Harbour, Fla.



"Wipe your own ass!"

Q: What's the difference between a dog and a fox?

A: Six beers.

—Bill Melda
Chino, Calif.



"Fuck up the navigator, pass it back!"

Biker Bob, Bad Bill, and Wino Tom decided to take one last putt before the winter weather set in, so they strapped their gear to their scoots and roared off into the hills. Evening came and so did the rain. Bad Bill was the only one who had a tent, so they decided they'd all cram into the pup tent rather than get soaked. So they settled down for the night, with Bad Bill in the middle.

In the morning, Biker Bob woke up with a big grin on his face. "Man, what a dream," he said. "I dreamed a luscious blonde was jerkin' me off."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Wino Tom. "I dreamed a beautiful redhead was pullin' my pud."

"You guys have all the luck," sniveled Bad Bill. "All I dreamed was that I was cross-country skiing all night."

—Mr. Bill
McKinleyville, Calif.

Two guys decided to get away from their naggin' ol' ladies for a few days and go fishing and camping at a nearby lake.

Every morning, the two guys would go out to fish, and they would see this beautiful blonde, sunbathing in the nude while her husband fished. They couldn't understand why he'd be fishing instead of fucking the hell outta her in the cabin, so one day they asked him about it.

"Can't," said the husband. "She's got gonorrhea."

"Well, then, turn her over," suggested one guy.

"Nope, she's got diarrhea, too," said the husband.

"Then how about oral sex?" asked the other guy.

"No way," said the husband. "She's got pyorrhea, too."

Finally they shouted, "Then why in the hell did you bring her along, man?"

"Oh," said the husband, "she's got worms, too, and I just love to fish."

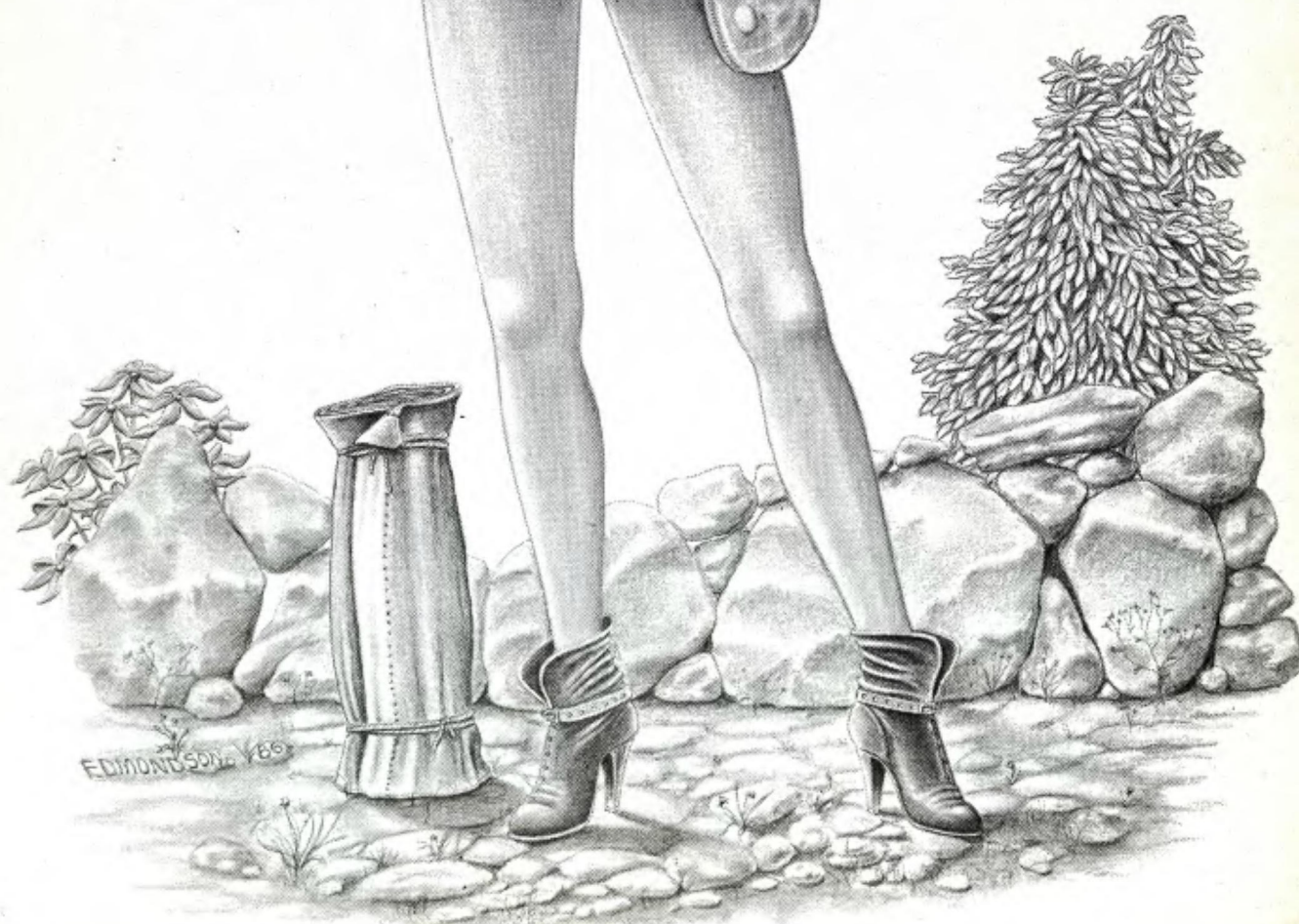
—C. Ruggles
Tollesboro, Ky.



"I teach sex education at the high school, and I was wondering if you would donate some visual aids."



"Calne"



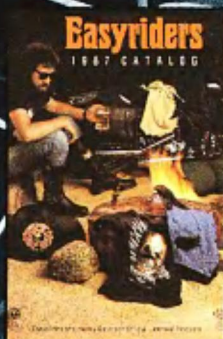
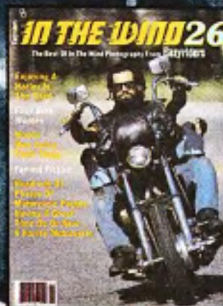
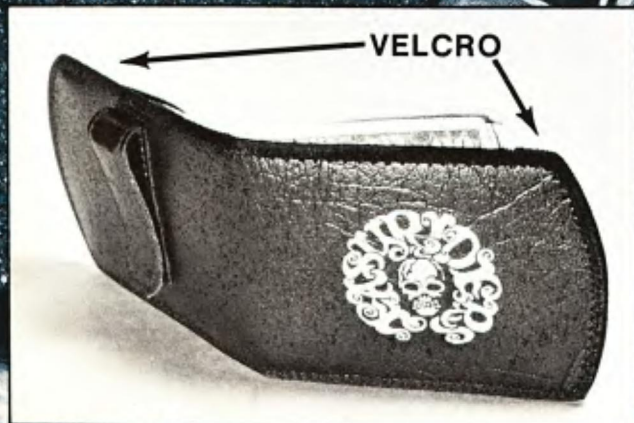
Get Two BootTopper Stash Wallets Absolutely Free!

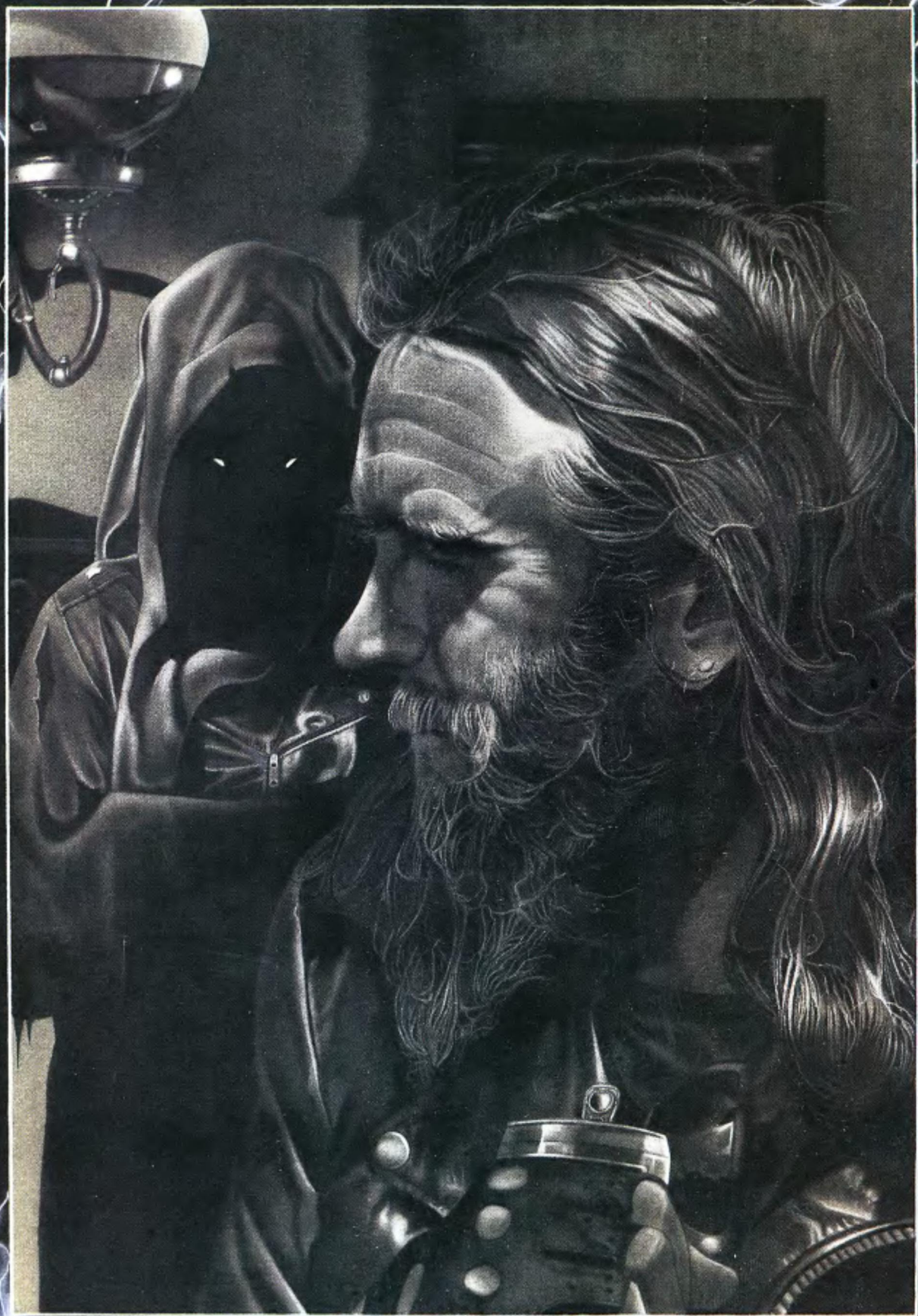
Awright, awright, I know what yer thinkin' — this is the notorious, once-a-year, don't-believe-a-word-of-it April Fool's issue, so this has gotta be some kinda sick, demented, off-the-wall come-on scam that we're rappin' on ya, right? Some kinda bullshit blarney that only the beaver-boggled bucket-brains around this raunchy rag could dream up, right?

Wrong! This might be the **only** legit page in the whole miserable magazine this month, but this gonad-pumping offer is on the level.

The way it works is this — subscribe to both **Easyriders** and **In The Wind** for a measly \$39, and we'll send ya the next 12 liver-quiverin' issues of **Easyriders** and the next 8 issues of **In The Wind**, and because we're nice guys, we'll send ya not one, but **two** BootTopper stash wallets to keep all the bread ya saved safe — a whoppin' \$24 off the newsstand price. If you'd rather subscribe to only one rag, send \$22 for 12 issues of **Easyriders** or \$19 for 8 issues of **In The Wind**, either way, ya still save dough — \$13 off **Easyriders** or \$9 off **In The Wind** — and we'll toss in yer very own BootTopper wallet with yer order.

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BAD BOB CASHES IN HIS CHIPS

BY ALBERT LEE TATE

Death sat at the kitchen table and he wore black riding leathers and heavy, high-top leather boots. The leathers had a well-worn but cared for look and they fit as if custom made. The jacket lacked any ornamentation except for two silver buckles along the bottom where the jacket could be cinched in for a snugger fit. The collar could be wrapped around the head to form a hood, as it was now.

His head, if you cared to call that grinning skull a head, was shrouded in shadows not wholly due to the hood, the darkness of the room, or in fact, anything of this world.

He sat smoking a joint and waiting patiently as if time were at his disposal. In the broad sense of the word, it was.

The deep-throated roar of an 80 flathead Harley shattered the quietness of the morning and announced to the world at large the arrival of Bad Bob, the throbbing sound of the dual straight pipes making his and the Harley's presence felt as well as heard.

Death checked his watch (a habit that he had acquired in recent years) and a sound of satisfaction escaped his grinning skull, though you'd hardly recognize it as such had you heard it. It was similar in sound to Yahtzee dice being shaken in their cup. Just confirming what he already knew, everything was right on schedule. No delays or mistakes. Death had not expected any, but you could never tell with Bad Bob. Several times Death had been primed to pick him up, but that whore Lady Luck had stepped in and pulled him from Death's grip. She had showered Bad Bob with her favors many times, but like all whores, she had become fickle — and Bad Bob was now close.

Death held no grudges because he got everybody in the end anyway. Tonight was to be a little different for Death. A diversion. He looked forward to this one, even though he almost regretted having to take Bad Bob. But a job is a job — and who's to tell Death how to do his job?

Out in the drive Bad Bob twisted the wick a touch and rapped his pipes before shutting down the scooter, just to let his neighbors know that he was thinking about them snug in their beds and that he loved to irritate them with the noise of the big V-twin. He then gave a whoop to let them know he was fucked up again, but they'd come to expect this as a normal state for "that scum living in the house on the corner."

Tonight's party had been even more entertaining than

usual because of several events that just happened to coincide at a most opportune time. First of all, Whizzer had just returned from south of the border with a truck full of goodies. Second, it was the club's tenth anniversary. And third, Honey Tongue Jim had smooth-talked a whole shitload of the local high school cheerleaders to party with the bros.

It had turned out to be one hell of a party. One that would be remembered by all for a long time to come — even the cops who'd shown up complete with helmets, billy clubs, and tear gas.

Still straddling the scooter, Bad Bob rolled it under his bedroom window. Normally she stayed in the house with him, but tonight he just didn't think he could ride her up the six steps, across the porch, and through the door without breaking something. And he sure as hell couldn't push the fucker through all that in his present condition, so she'd just have to stay out tonight. *Yeah, dumb*, he thought, *but fuck it! Life's a bitch sometimes.*

Swinging his leg over and planting both feet firmly on the ground, he slowly and carefully stood up, but even then he almost fell flat on his face. Had he not caught the windowsill, he would have plowed grass with his nose.

"Fuckin' trucker," he swore. "Bastard nearly killed me."

Still muttering and cussing, more good-naturedly than anything else because of his high, he stumbled up the steps, crossed the porch, and crashed into the door.

"Fuckin' forget I got to open this bastard before I can get in," he mumbled as he fumbled for the keys. As usual, the lights had been turned off — the only time he ever remembered about paying the electric bill — so he stumbled around in the darkness, tripping over the spare flathead in the middle of the living room and barking his shin on the coffee table, and spilled whatever was sitting there onto the already littered floor.

"Damn! Need to clean this place pretty soon," he muttered over the tinkling of bottles and the clashing of aluminum cans as he waded toward the kitchen.

Chuckling over things he remembered from earlier in the evening, Bob headed toward the fridge for a cold one (if they were still cold) to wash out the cotton in his mouth. Thinking about that honey in the cutoffs, he failed to see the darker figure that sat within the darkness of the room and who watched him with amused patience.



BAD BOB CASHES IN HIS CHIPS

BY ALBERT LEE TATE

Bad Bob stopped and listened for a moment, but heard only the quietness of the room. Had he heard anything? Not really. But even in his drug-befuddled mind, he had noticed that something wasn't quite

right. Unable to put his finger on it, he'd shrugged it off and continued his trip to the box.

Almost there, Bad Bob stopped cold in his tracks, his attention fixed on a smoldering roach in a dirty plate on the table where the grim old dude had tossed it when he finished it.

Knowing he wasn't alone, Bad Bob peered around the room, trying to pierce the darkness with eyes that didn't want to work right, but he failed to see the shadows collected at the opposite end of the table. Not being one who took kindly to any skulking around his crib, or to the idea that someone was waiting along his side trail, he reached automatically for the 9 mm stuck in his waistband. In most cases it was enough to pull it, and looks alone would take care of any trouble he might have — but being as dark as it was, it was going to take more, so he jacked a round into the chamber and prepared to take care of business.

Still not having seen his grim visitor, he demanded in his most menacing voice, "Okay, fucker, whoever you are, speak up or I start firing." Crouching, he started to say something more to draw out his invader, but was silenced by a rasping laugh that sent chills up and down his spine.

As the laugh faded off, the chill remained and a grating voice said, "While you're getting beer, get two. I'm a little dry myself."

At the sound of his voice, Bad Bob snapped his eyes to his right and began making out the outline of his guest. Realizing that this was no lightweight, he then ran through memories of past events to see if something had come down where somebody might be gunning for him. Whatever the reason, this dude was not here by accident, and he had something to say. It was only courteous to hear him out, and if he came out with some bullshit, Bad Bob could always waste him later, but he didn't want to blow him away until he found out something about this mysterious visitor. So, playing it cool while his mind raced ahead on how to best deal with his situation, Bad Bob ambled over to the box and pulled out a couple of Buds kept cold somehow.

Turning now, he popped the tabs and said, "Conversation would be better if there was some light, but I forgot to pay my bill." He was unprepared for the sight that greeted him as light flared from the end of the bony hand extended toward some candles on the table.

The chill in his spine now turned to liquid oxygen that froze him throughout his being. He hoped that either this was just a weird trip produced by the acid he'd taken earlier or that someone had gone to a lot of trouble to fuck with his head. At least he could deal with that — and make certain someone got his ass kicked for this shit.

Bad Bob took in the hooded jacket and the thick shadows

that obscured his visitor's features despite the candles' glow. And somehow he knew that neither of his hopes was coming true — and he knew that this dude was real and not one of his asses playing a trick.

"Well, you gonna stand there pissin' down your leg or are you gonna drink beer?" Death asked in a disgusted tone.

"Holy fuckin' Jesus Christ," Bad Bob managed to croak.

"Don't flatter me, fool. Sit down before you piss yourself, you spineless bag of dogshit. I didn't know you had a cunt. I'm beginning to think I misjudged you from the start."

Still frozen in position, Bad Bob awakened gradually as Death's words sank in and kindled a fire within his soul that would have thawed the Antarctic ice. Bad Bob had more balls than most and occasionally his brain functioned enough to give him a semi-brilliant flash of wisdom, but those rare insights were hardly of pure genius. Chunking lead or his fists were things he did well — and no one bad-mouthed him like this and got away with it, no matter who he was.

"Worthless, stupid muthafucker. You know who I am, or you should, so sit your camel-smelling ass down and act like the man you always thought you were. You pansy, BB-balled punk." Death's words oozed contempt. With a sigh that sounded like a chipped tooth in a gearbox, he spread his arms along the edges of the table.

Death had succeeded in reaching a nerve about the time that Bad Bob reached his limit. Quick as a chain drive in first gear, he dropped the beers, grabbed the piece he had returned to his waistband, and started busting caps at the spectre before him.

"Here's why they call me Bad Bob, cocksucker," he screamed as he emptied on Death, who apparently wasn't impressed with the bullets that zipped straight through him, because Bad Bob never missed. When he was done, the biker stood and assessed the damage and effect of his attack. Damage negligible, except to the cabinets behind Death, and effect, zero.

"Convinced?" Death asked in a humorous tone.

Bad Bob was convinced all right. Shaking his head, he dropped into a chair.

"How about them beers now?" Death asked casually. "We've got a date, you know!"

A half-hearted grunt was all Bad Bob could manage while he fished out two fresh beers from the box. As he sat back down and passed one to Death, he said, "I guess this shoots the shit out of fuckin' Sally Ann tomorrow, huh?"

"That's death," Death said philosophically, as he drained the can and tossed it in the corner.

"Well, when do I die and how? I'd always hoped it would be in the wind with a fist full of throttle!"

"Oh! You did? I did that much for you, and it happened just a moment ago." Death said, as he checked his watch again.

"Yeah?" Bad Bob asked with a half-assed grin. "How'd I manage it? Ain't it supposed to hurt or something?"

"It hurts only when it's slow. Yours was real quick. Remember that cattle truck that almost smoked you tonight on the way home?" Death asked with a grin.

"Sure, I remember. Crazy bastard!"

"Well, he didn't miss. He creamed your ass, wrinkled his truck, and spread beef all over the highway — spectacular crash. You'll make the headlines in the morning." Death let out a raspy laugh again. "They're probably picking up the pieces now. Ought to be a hell of a clean-up job, too, with all those chunks of cows and you lying around. Guess they'll just pick up the worst-smelling pieces and call 'em Bad Bob," Death said, his laugh dying slowly to a chuckle.

"Fuckin' truckers," Bad Bob spat out with contempt. "Did he get it too? Where's he at? I'll kick a mudhole in his ass!"

A bony hand jammed Bad Bob back into the chair as he

started to rise, and Death barked, "Sit down, asshole. He's still alive. Anyway, it seems he didn't see you as he swerved to miss a cat and then all hell broke loose. No need to take it so hard — I was the cat."

"Guess I should have been wearing a helmet, huh?" Bad Bob said with a snort that served for a laugh. "Damn. I knew I should've taken Wicked Wanda up on her offer last night," he said as an afterthought.

"Wouldn't have done you any good. You're on my list and I'd have got you somehow. Drink your beer."

"No shit? Ya mean when your time's up, that's it? Just like a fuckin' time clock, huh?"

"That's about it," Death lied. He didn't bother telling Bad Bob that there were exceptions and that he'd been one.

"Well, I'll be damned," Bad Bob said, shaking his head.

"Probably," Death said drily.

"Hey, man, I ain't going to Hell, am I?"

drive and it's been a while since I've copped a good buzz." Death chuckled as Bad Bob leaped from his chair to get his stash.

Returning, he slapped a solid four-ounce brick of the finest hash available onto the table before Death. Grinning at his visitor, he whipped out his Buck and stuck it in the center of the brick. "This ought to be enough for a little buzz." Saying this, he walked to the box and took two more Buds from inside and snatched a bottle of Jack Black from the top of the box. He looked toward Death and said, with a lopsided grin, "Ain't no sense in letting someone else get this when we can enjoy it, huh?"

"So right!" agreed Death. So it was that Bad Bob sat down with the Grim Reaper and the party started. Just then, the grim old man didn't seem so grim. Passing the bong between them, they both drank from tall glasses of Jack Black and chased that with beer. As each item was con-

"No shit? Ya mean when your time's up, that's it?" "That's about it."

"I couldn't tell you," Death lied again. "All I do is punch the tickets. I don't give a fuck about destinations. That's not my department. What do you think? You're the one should know."

"I think. . . Fuck it — it's too late now anyway. Right? Why don't we party a little first? I got some primo shit back there I been saving for a dry spell. Shit'll knock your dick stiff! How about it?" With that said, Bad Bob finished his beer off slowly, checking out the Reaper over the edge of his can as he schemed on an idea that had popped into his mind.

Death killed off his brew, tossed it into the corner, and appeared to be thinking over the idea, but truth was, he'd already made up his mind. He knew what Bad Bob was thinking, but he couldn't let Bad Bob know he knew. Not being one to show all his cards at one time, he appeared to give the idea some serious thought. Bad Bob was a schemer, which was why Death respected him, but Death had an ace in the hole. Bad Bob was beginning to fidget in his chair like he had ants in his pants and was afraid to scratch them by the time Death finally spoke.

"Well, you'll not be taking it with you, and that's a fact, so I guess we could load up before we go. It's a long hot

summed, Bad Bob replaced it. Hoping to get Death fucked-up enough to pass out and give him a chance to get away, the biker smoked and drank more than ever before.

The stereo was cooking some really righteous rock 'n' roll. Like with the power in the fridge to keep the beers cold, Death had come up from somewhere with this power, but Bad Bob would not ask. During a lull, when Bad Bob was fixing the bong and pouring more Jack in their glasses, he said to the Reaper, "Death, my friend, you're a pretty good muthafucker. How'd you get this gig?"

"Well," answered Death, "it all started a long time ago. Before Harley-Davidson, even."

"That long, huh?"

"Yeah, but I don't want to bore you with the details, so just let me say that this job does have its fringe benefits. Like now. It's a pleasure doing business with a good breed. Scooter tramps. Ain't many like them left these days. Most people get weak-kneed and piss-legged just thinking about me, like I thought you were going to do earlier. But at least you reaffirmed my faith in you. Those others are so scared of dying that they can't live worth a shit. Life's a waste on assholes like that. I

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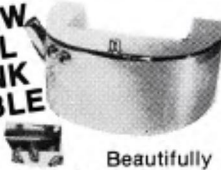
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get disgusted with shitheads like that and I really make it hard on 'em when I get them. I don't party with just anybody. Hey, ain't you got that bowl filled up yet?"

Bad Bob refilled the bowl, poured another round of Jack, and got two more beers from the box.

"Here ya go," he said as he handed the bong to Death.

Death fired it up, took in a huge hit of the sweet smoke, and handed it back to Bad Bob. He exhaled and continued in his sandpaper croak of a voice, "I respect men with balls enough to live right — and die right, for that matter — and I do right by them. I give what I get. Show me fear, and you'll have something to fear 'cause I give just what you expect. Hell, I get every-one sometime or another, and it don't make no difference how and usually only I know when, so you might as well live life to the fullest." Death said this with a flourishing gesture that took in the whole world.

"Well, I'd say that that was mighty white of you, Bro," Bad Bob said between tokes, casually checking out Death for any sign that the dope and drink were taking their toll. "Here ya go, dude. Here's another set-up. Go ahead and go first."

Death took the bong, smiling inwardly. He enjoyed the game he and Bad Bob were playing and he almost hated to take a dude like Bad Bob. The gods knew he probably deserved it, but still, Death liked these wild ones, because at one time he had been one of the wildest. That's why he had this gig, but few knew that.

On it went. Bad Bob and Death sat it out and partied hearty. The hours passed, even though Death had stopped time for the express purpose of partying with Bad Bob.

Bad Bob was getting fucked up, but he had to outlast Death if his plan was to work. He thought he'd seen a barely perceptible nod of Death's head after the last round of smoke and Jack — but it would have to be the next round or nothing because Bad Bob didn't think he could last out two or more passes. Loading up the bong again, he handed it to Death and watched him take in the smoke and hold it. He vowed to go down fighting because it was not in his nature to give up. And he damn sure didn't want a much-warmer climate to live his days in.

The deathly head began nodding, as though he couldn't keep it up any longer, and Bad Bob watched as the skull came ever so closer to the table. When it came to rest Bad Bob almost jumped and shrieked his delight, but he kept his cool and did a silent little jig around the room, careful not to trip over anything and disturb the grim

presence.

I did it, he shrieked to himself. I beat death! But he had failed to see the bitter grin on the old man's face. With his heart pounding like a single banger with a bent rod, he faced the still form and declared: "This is Bad Bob you're fuckin' with, bonehead." But for all his shit-talking, he didn't say it very loud. He was already thinking about Sally Ann and wondering whether she'd like to fuck a ghost. He decided to grab one last taste of the Jack Black — a victory toast, if you like. He picked up the bottle, lifted it to his lips, and drained the inch of liquid left in the bottom. Setting it down quietly, he turned toward the door and wondered what kind of ride Death had. *It must be a Harley, he thought. Why ride anything but the best?*

That was his last thought. He slipped slowly to the floor just three steps from the table. Death had slipped him a mickey.

Death raised his head from the table and smiled his gory smile. He fired up the last of the hash and lifted it in salute to Bad Bob lying on the floor and said, in all seriousness, "Here's to ya, Bro. You made a nice try, and I respect you for that, but you were in the wrong league. It's your time to go — but maybe later on we can party together like this again. I had a ball." With those words, he effortlessly pulled the smoke in and held it as he lifted Bad Bob to his bony shoulder. As he leaned over and blew out the candles with his raspy breath, the house dissolved into a swirling mist.

Before him stood a shining black-and-silver chariot, the likes of which will never be seen by the living. It was half Harley and half living demon crafted in the very bowels and forges of Hell. While Death loaded his cargo into the back and settled down for the long ride to his domain, Bad Bob tossed and mumbled Sally Ann's name over and over.

"The party's over, Bad Bob," Death said as he kicked the huge chariot to life. It belched flame and smoke, the ground trembled beneath the mighty machine, and Death and Bad Bob rode off into the mist. ■





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IN THE WIND



—from Atteson, Sweden

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, dig this — we now pay \$30 for every black-and-white photo we print, \$100 for every color photo we print *full-page*, \$50 for every color photo we print *half-page*, and \$40 for every color photo printed *smaller than half-page*.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

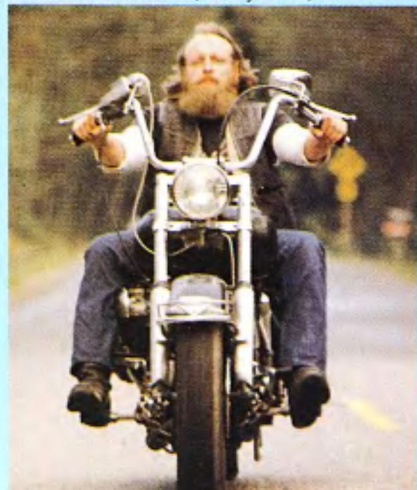
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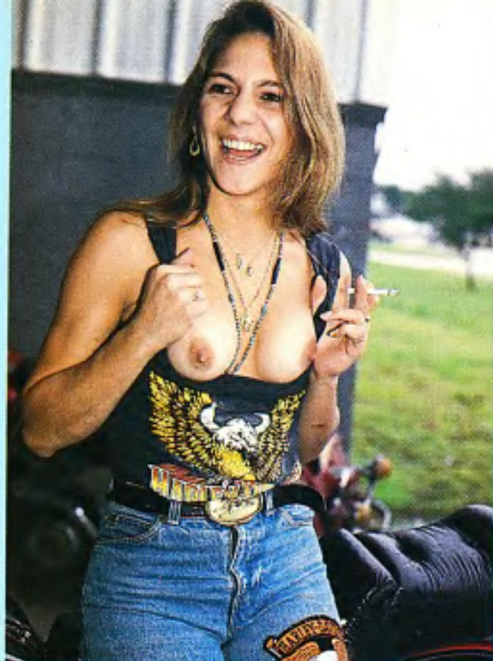


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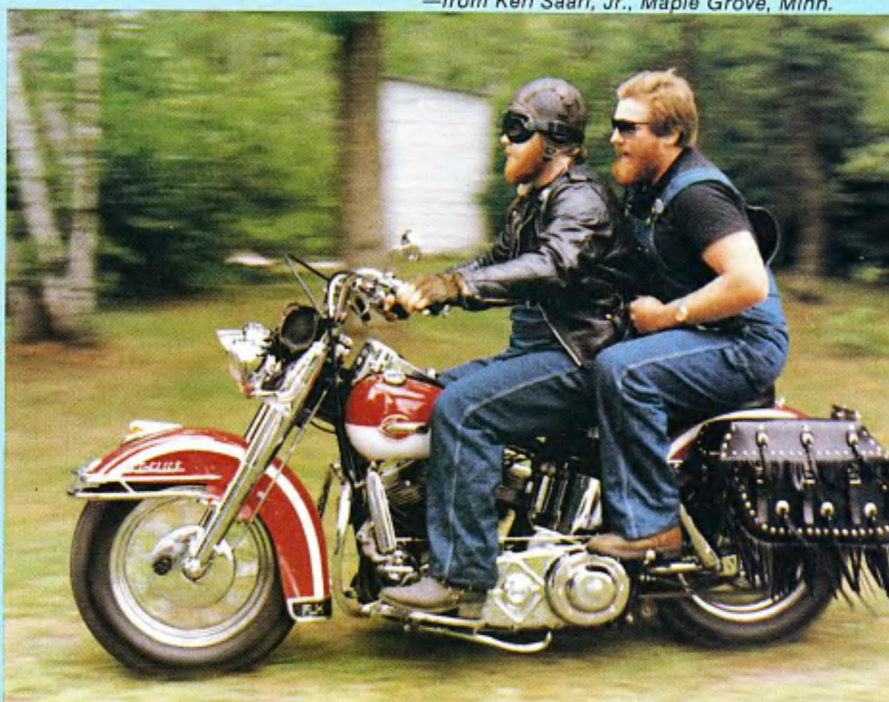
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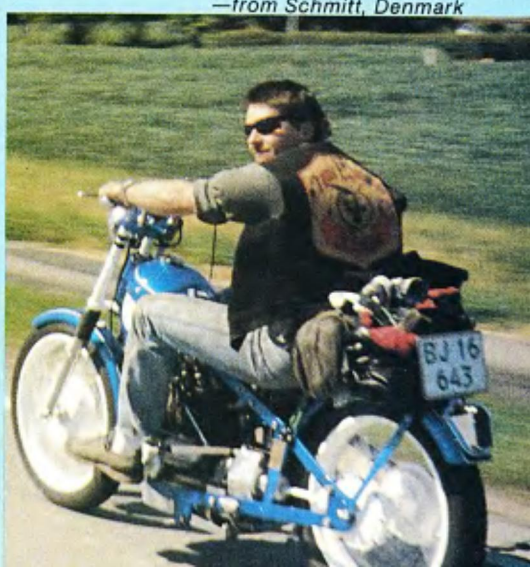
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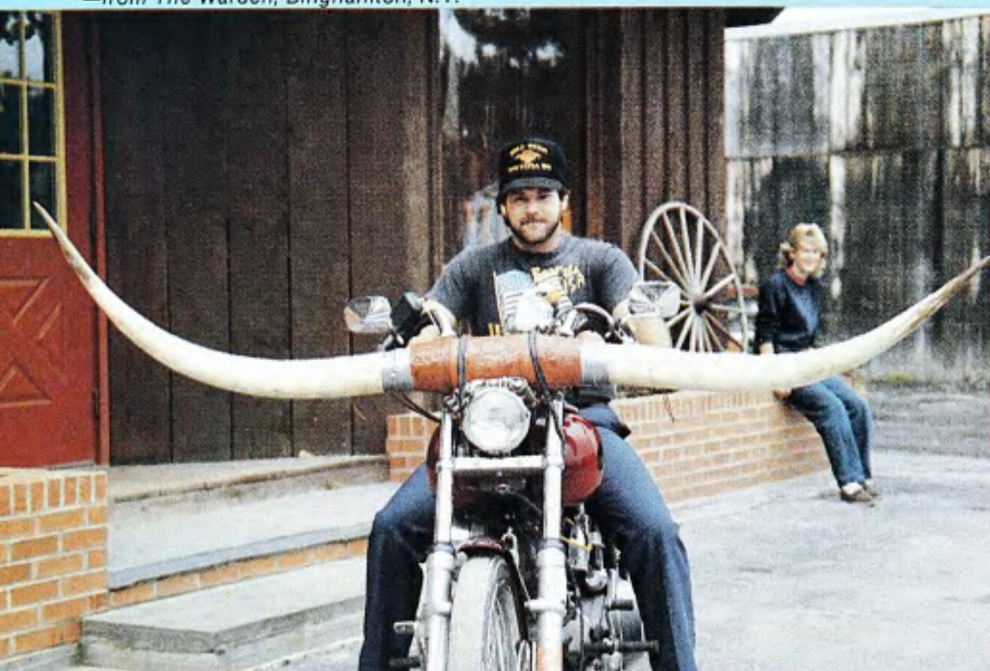


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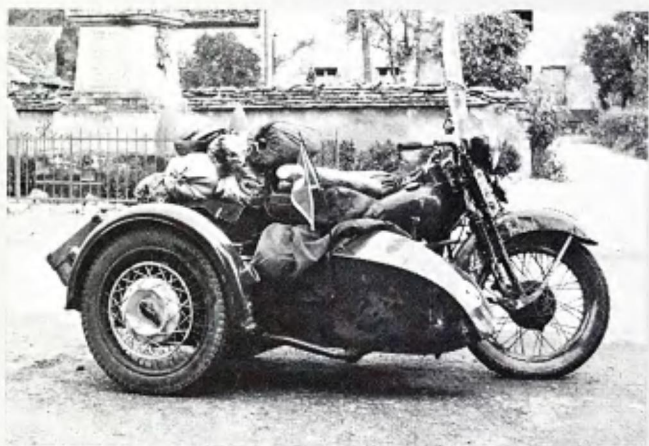
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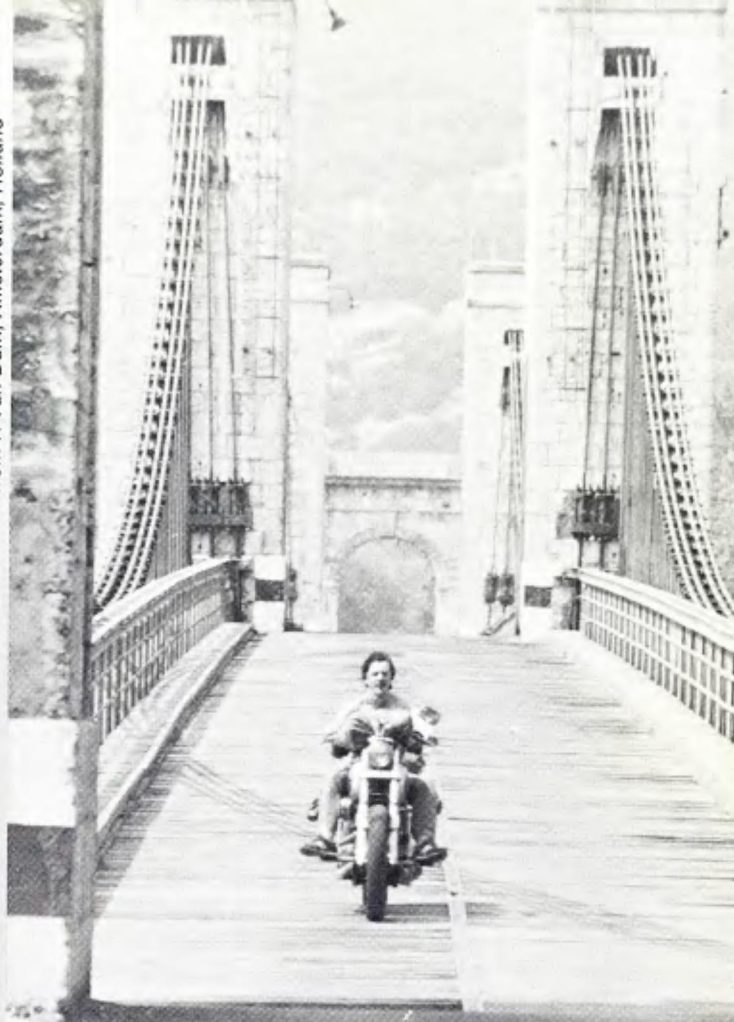


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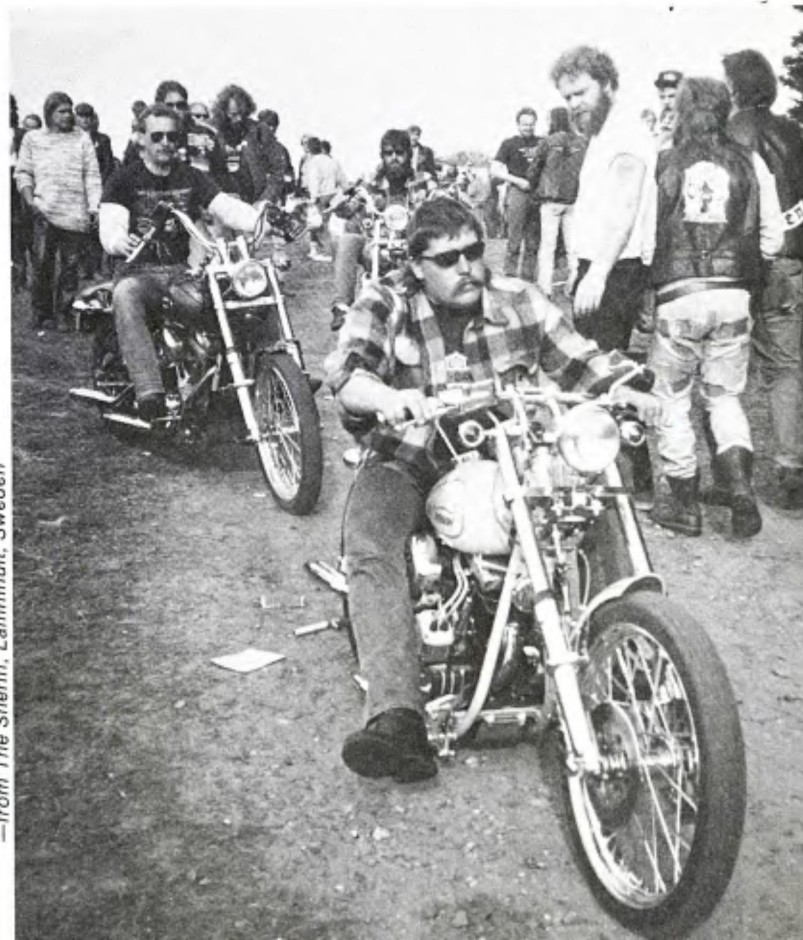
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FOXY RIDERS



**Trixie Hollister, Winter Haven, Florida
1949 Harley-Davidson flathead 45**

Here's one ol' lady who can do more than sludge down slop on a plate and turn the record over for her ol' man. Trixie Hollister must have Hendrix twistin' and shoutin' in his subterranean holding cell as she blows down the flat roadways of Florida — her custom '49 flathead 45 singing its own version of "Purple Haze." Like Jimi says, "It's all around my brain."

This righteous piece of American history wasn't just hand-delivered by a uniformed government messenger; no sir, Trixie popped a can of kick-ass and went for the gusto herself. Turning wrenches herself, often until two and three a.m., huntin' down hard-to-find parts, and handling her husband's business bookwork to boot, Trixie shows a lot of moxie. And it's paid off.

Purple Haze has gone from a bad basket that occupied a corner since '72 to the pride of Trixie, with the help of brothers Cliff Titus, Big Joe Thunder, Matt Fitch and superb paintwork, all hand done, by Tim and Jean from Lakeland, Florida.

Trixie and her husband, Frank, run Hollister's Motor Cycle Shop in Winter Haven, a well-respected outfit. She also publishes a quarterly newsletter and is committed to the betterment of biking and bikers.

—Buster



Photos by Pat Randle





READER'S RIDE



Phil "Nomad" Brilly, Orange, California
1949 Harley-Davidson FL panhead

Coming up on a year ago, we were up in Hanford, California, burnin' the wick at both ends, stumblin' from camp to camp, beer to joint, babe to bike, when we caught a glimpse of one of our photogs creatin' havoc, gettin' a blonde nutsweller to pose semi-nude on this here panhead.

Well, broads are a dime a dozen, but a really fine, custom panhead can take ages to track down. So as soon as the hubbub had died down and the crowd had gone back to its party-timn', we let Nomad know we were interested in shooting his bike. He let us in on the facts and figures and agreed to a later-day photo session. Some special items of note are the stainless hardware, the braided lines leading everywhere, and the diamond plate running boards. Paint and molding was done by Nomad, though the interior guts were redone by Phil's Speed shop, with thanks to Clyde and Dean and Jacloy Manufacturing.

—Yrba Buena





Photos by Kim Peterson



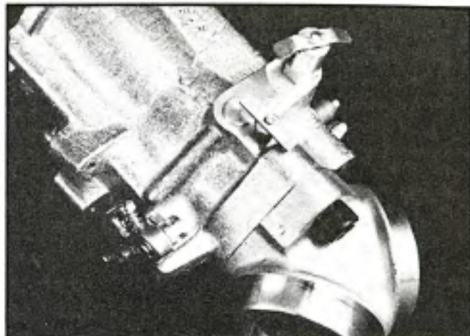
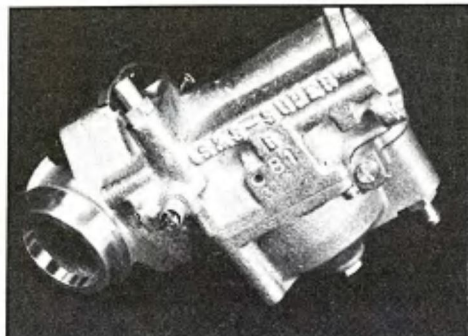
How To Tune the S&S Super Carb

By Joe Minton

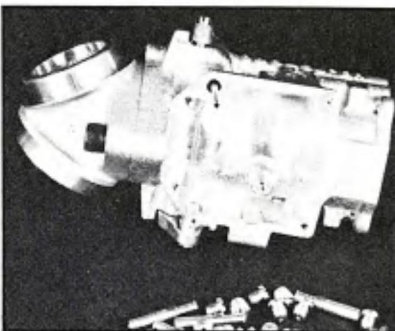
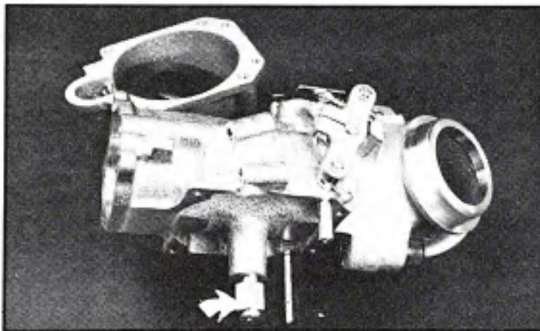
The S&S Super is the most popular after-market carburetor in motorcycling. There are some very good reasons for this being true, the most important of which is that it is easy to tune. You don't have to be an experienced carb man to deal with the Super; you can make it perform quite well with only a little patience, a few parts, and some information about how they work.

The S&S is, in design concept, similar to the Keihin carburetor that has been standard on Harleys for the past 15 years. It has a fixed venturi that is controlled by a butterfly. It has two replaceable jets: the main and the intermediate. There is an adjustable idle mixture screw and a small separate enriching system for cold starting. The S&S will flow much more air through its 1½ inch throat than the Keihin will through its 38 millimeter (1½ inch) one. Not only is the Keihin smaller, but it also has a restrictive choke plate in its mouth that further reduces air flow. On the other hand, the S&S lacks the Keihin's accelerator pump that can sometimes be useful, although it adds complication.

How well an S&S or any carburetor can be tuned is very much affected by the mechanical condition of the engine, as well as the cams, exhaust, and the state of tune. Leaking valves, worn-out piston rings, or a weak or out-of-time ignition will keep you from getting the carb right. One of the most common sources of frustration is a worn advance mechanism. If the return springs are weak and the advance is binding, the engine will tend to idle at



The S&S Super — from a long line of high-performance American-made carburetors. It is simple, reliable, and easy to tune. The detail photo shows the idle mixture, speed, choke, and throttle controls.



The arrows point to the intermediate and main jets (the main is at the bottom). The second photo shows the complete set of jets available from S&S — a couple are usually enough to get it right.

1,600 rpm or so and then fall off as the advance finally returns to the idle position. Check the condition of your advance. Before you start the carburetor tuning process, be sure that the engine is sound; the carb must be done last.

Seemingly poor carburetor performance can often have another cause entirely. A cam that is too radical or a lousy exhaust system can make a carburetor — any carburetor — perform erratically. The S&S, being as large as it is, is somewhat more sensitive to poor cam or exhaust choice than the stock Keihin.

Some of us run straight pipes. They can drive a carburetor nuts, especially if they are too long. The most popular length is 40 inches. That length is also the worst

possible choice from the performance point of view. You simply will not be able to make your S&S Super (or any other carb) work with 40-inch pipes, unless your standards of performance are very low. The 30-inch straight pipes are another matter. While it is unlikely that you will be able to get an engine with 30-inches to carburetor smoothly below 4,000 rpm, above that rpm it will match the best high performance systems available. If you must run straight pipes, make them 30 inches long and don't expect too much below four grand.

Exhaust pipe diameter is another important factor in carburetor tuning. Harleys run best with the standard 1½ inch diameter pipes. This has been proved over and over again by many tuners, including S&S Cycle themselves.

Two-inch pipes will make it virtually impossible to get good street manners from your S&S Super carb.

Most of us who modify our engines to make more power over-cam them. A cam with too much timing will make good low speed carburetion difficult to achieve. Unless you bore and/or stroke your motor, chances are the best cam will have more lift than stock, but not a whole lot more timing. One thing is sure — a mild, high-lift cam will be easier on carb tuning than one that never closes.

So, if you are sure your engine is in good tune and good condition and is equipped with a reasonable exhaust, let's get on with tuning your new S&S.

There are three adjustments you will be working with: the idle mixture screw, the intermediate

Photos by Joe Minton

jet, and the main jet. The idle mixture screw does what its name implies — it sets the idle fuel mixture strength. The idle mixture screw gets its fuel from the intermediate jet. The intermediate jet can be a couple of sizes too large or too small, yet you will still be able to get a correct idle setting with the mixture screw.

The intermediate jet controls mixture strength mainly from just off-idle to roughly one-third throttle. There is a long overlap between its influence and the main jet's, and the intermediate jet has some effect even at full throttle and high rpm. You will select the intermediate jet to give the best off-idle and part-throttle response. Much more fuel will pass through this jet than will ever go through the main jet.

You will select the main jet for best full-throttle and high-rpm operation. It is the most effective jet, starting at about one-half throttle. The main jet is the easiest to choose and is best left for last.

Without meaning any insult: be sure that the Super is mounted correctly, that there are no air leaks, and that the throttle is adjusted for smooth non-binding operation.

Turn the idle mixture screw in until it seats and open it one-and-a-half turns. This should be fairly close to its final position and is a good starting place. NOTE: Be very careful about how hard you seat the mixture screw. The brass screw is tapered on the end, and this taper seats against the idle port in the aluminum body of the carburetor. If you force the screw, you will distort both the taper and the seat in the car-

buretor. The damage can be permanent and make it difficult to get a proper idle mixture.

Lift the starting enricher rod and turn it so that it will stay up. Without opening the throttle, start the engine. If you open the throttle more than a very little when the enricher is engaged, air will flow around the throttle butterfly instead of through the enricher passage.

Warm the engine and adjust the idle speed for a smooth yet low rpm (about 900 to 1,100) idle. Without letting the engine get too hot, adjust the idle mixture screw in or out for maximum rpm. If the rpm climbs above 1,100 bring it down again with the idle speed screw. When you are finished, the idle speed should drop when you turn the mixture screw in either direction. There will usually be a mixture screw range of from a quarter- to a half-turn where the idle speed is not affected. Set the screw in the middle of this range.

The final position of the idle mixture screw is an important clue as to whether or not the intermediate jet is the correct size. If best idle is obtained with the mixture screw set between one and one-and-a-half turns open, the intermediate jet is probably right. If the mixture screw has to be opened further for best idle, the intermediate is too small. If it must be at less than one turn, the intermediate is too large.

It's now time for a ride. Chances are that after the idle mixture procedure, your Hog's combustion chambers are hotter than they normally will be, yet the oil and the rest of the engine are cooler than

normal. If it runs okay, ride your bike moderately for a few miles to even out the temperatures. Now we will check out the intermediate jet.

If the intermediate jet is right or nearly right, and the engine is at full operating temperature, you will be able to pull away from a stop smoothly with moderate throttle settings. If the engine backfires through the carb or is very slow to warm up, the intermediate jet is too small, and you should go up one size (at a time). If the engine hesitates or emits black smoke from the exhaust when leaving a stop moderately, the intermediate jet is too large, and you should go down one or more sizes.

Each time you change the intermediate jet, you will have to make a minor re-adjustment of the mixture screw. A larger intermediate jet will require that the mixture screw be turned in a bit, while a smaller jet will bring it out some.

When both the intermediate jet and the mixture screw are right, your Hog will idle smoothly and pull away smoothly from a stop.

There will probably be two intermediate jets that will work well in your engine. One will be slightly rich and will give the best acceleration; the other will be slightly lean and give the best mileage. When you get the jetting this close, it is normally necessary to measure the mileage and ride the bike for a few days before you finally decide which intermediate jet to use. S&S Supers can give terrific mileage — sometimes in the 50s — yet can run down in the 30s if the intermediate jet is too rich.

Most of us have a tendency to select a rather rich jet at first, so don't quit too soon.

There are a couple of methods to selecting the correct main jet, and both are fairly easy to follow.

The first method is fairly simple. Get up into third gear and accelerate through about 3,500 rpm, which is near enough to the peak torque rpm of most Harley motors. As the engine passes through this rpm range, quickly shut the throttle to the 7/8ths position. If the main jet is close, the motor will simply slow a little; it will continue to run smoothly and cleanly. If the jet is too big (rich), there will be a clear hesitation before it clears and continues to run smoothly. The hesitation will be due to the engine loading up from a suddenly-rich mixture. Finally, if the jet is too small (lean), the motor will actually pick up power when you shut it down to 7/8ths throttle. This technique can get within one jet size of ideal.

The second method can be used either by itself or to refine the jetting selected by the first method. Get a friend to time you as you do 50mph top-gear roll-ons through a distance of three or four hundred yards. The best main jet is the one that gets you through the measured distance in the least time. Simple, and it works.

Keep in mind that altitude, temperature, and humidity all play a role in determining the correct jets. These factors won't be of much concern if you tune for the lean side on a cool, dry day at the altitude you plan to do most of your riding.

There are a couple of

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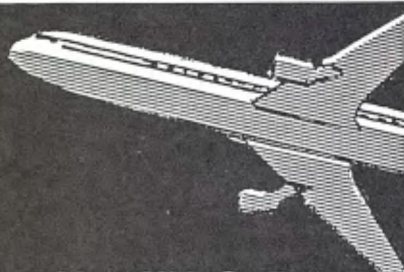
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accessories made for the S&S Super carburetor that deserve some comment, neither of which are produced by S&S. There is an adjustable main jet that looks mighty inviting, especially to a rider who does a lot of climbing. Also, there is an accelerator pump kit for the Super.

The adjustable main jet is not a good idea, for the simple reason that it can be too easily adjusted dangerously lean and can burn the motor down on the open road without any overt signs. This has happened to experienced riders, and the convenience isn't generally worth the risk. You may feel otherwise and may have been using one for some time; okay — just be very, very careful.

The accelerator pump sold by Cafe Company is something else. An accelerator pump will allow you to open the throttle further and more quickly without bogging or detonation. When the 1% Super is mounted on a small engine like a Sportster, the accelerator pump is mighty nice to have. Large engines (90 inches or more) won't have much of a bogging problem in the first place, and the engine won't notice the pump that much. I like them and think that all non-racing carbs should have one.

One of the great strengths of the S&S Super is its simplicity. There just aren't that many parts, and they are easy to fiddle with and understand. The tuning procedure outlined above is all you will need to know to dial one in. If you ever manage to wear yours out, you can get it rebuilt by S&S for a reasonable fee. While it isn't the most sophisticated carburetor you can buy for your Hog, it is the easiest to live with and tune. It is a good, reliable carburetor, and there are literally tens of thousands who will agree. ■



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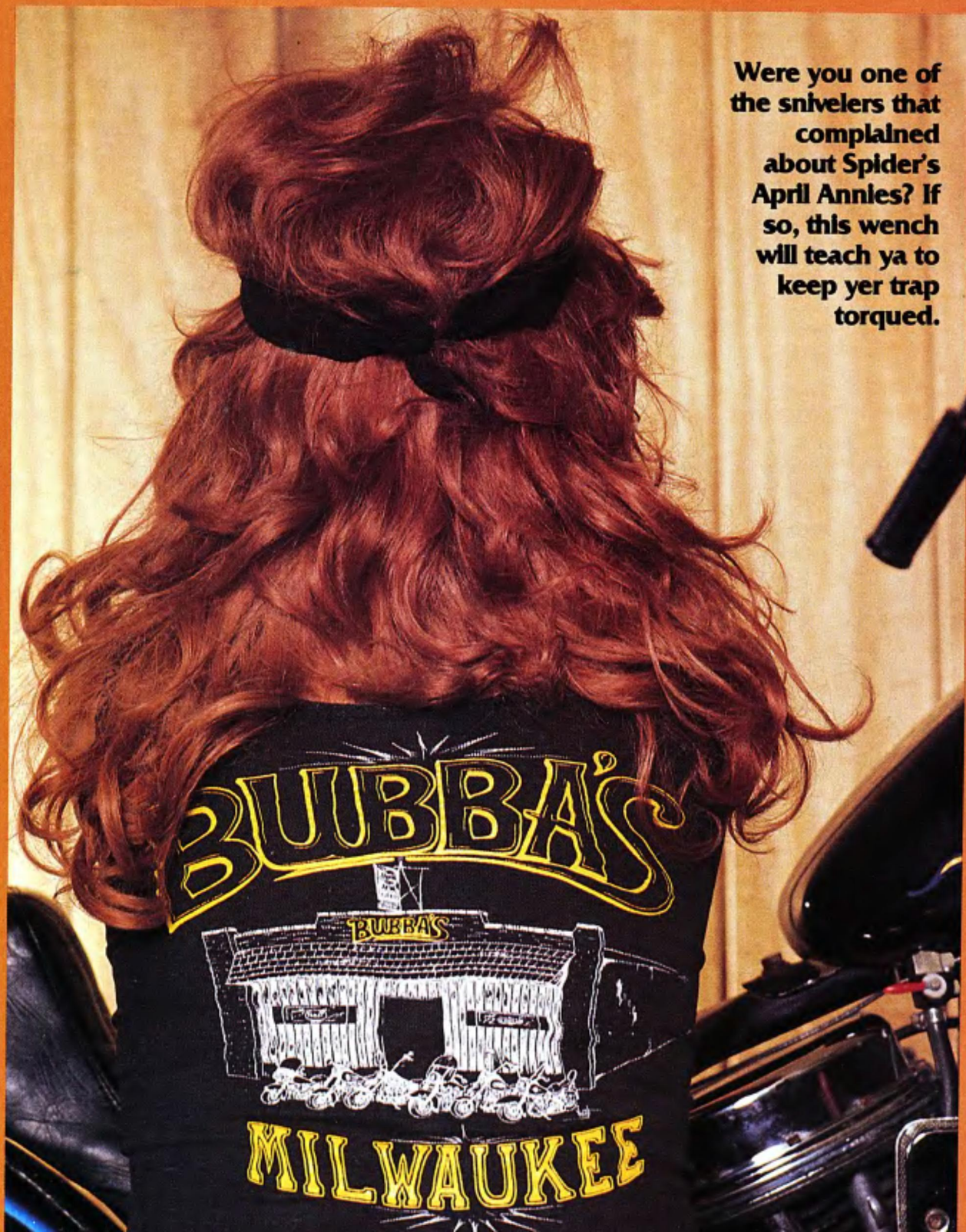


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Dismal Dan always used to say that just when ya thought Spider couldn't possibly ever surprise ya again, he'd turn right around and surprise ya. But I had Dan pegged to be wrong. I knew that nothin' Spider could do, say, or drag in could ever shock the shit out of me. Never, not again, not after blowing my mind 9,999 other times. When a dude is as totally off-the-wall as Spider, you just learn not to be surprised no matter how he plays his hand.

So he, Spider, did not, repeat, did not, surprise me a bit with the latest porker he hauled into the office. But she, at least I think there was a she in there somewhere, really



stunned me, knocked me for a loop, shattered my senses and just plain made my poor frightened crank wanna roll up and hide between my legs. It's not that she was big — we're used to Spider's hypothyroid honeys showin' up while we're working on the April Fool's Day issue. The scary thing was that she was monstrously big, monumentally huge, as overstressed and overstuffed as all the previous April Animals combined.

How big was she? When she asked for a souvenir T-shirt, Spider had to give her a motorcycle cover. Bro, if ya ever see a mountain slowly waddlin' down the street toward ya, and it's got "Go Ahead Make My Day" un-

dulating across its front, you've met the lady in question. The overall reaction to Spider's tremendous (literally) find was unanimous: Not again. Please, Spider, not this year. We got a lot of runs and stuff comin' up and we're tired of explaining how it's just a joke. . .

"It ain't just a joke."

Spider spoke like a man who'd just seen a bus roll over his scooter.

"What the hell, whaddaya mean, it ain't a joke? What else could it be? YOU always said it was a joke. . . your joke at that — nobody else ever thought it was funny."





Photos by Billy Tinney



Spider looked more somber than any of us had ever seen him as he slowly began to speak. "Sure, what else could I do but call it a joke? But it ain't no joke, it ain't even a tiny bit funny. It's about my first ol' lady, the one none of you turds was ever good enough to meet."

"Okay, okay, so you had a porker for an ol' lady one time, what's the hangup? We've all made mistakes."

"How'd ya like my boot to introduce yer asshole to yer lips?" Spider yelled. "She wasn't no porker and shackin' with her was as far from a mistake as anything I've ever done. She was tits in every way, the best fuckin' ol' lady I've ever had. She never gave me no lip, always guarded my back and could suck the Harley oil out of the garage floor. Then she got sick . . ."

Tears, the only ones any of us had ever seen on that ugly mug, seemed to be gathering at the corners of Spider's blood-red eyes.

"Jesus, Spider, that's tough," someone blurted out after a few silent moments. "But what's it got to do with the fatties? I mean if the ol' lady wasn't hefty, why . . ."

"Can't ya ever understand anything, ya assholes? . . . the fat chicks help me forget what happened to LuLu. Do I have ta paint ya'll a picture? Fuck it, probably I do. All right, you'll fuckin' see for yourselves."

He stalked from the room, pausing only long enough to shout, "I'll be back, don't nobody leave — or elsel!"

A few minutes later we heard the sound of his panhead doing a screeching peel-out. In what must have been a half hour, but seemed like just a heartbeat, we heard the pan coming back down the street.

One thing you got to admire about Spider — when he decides to fuck around, he don't fuck around. He rode that panhead straight through the door and right into the office without even knocking that fuckin' skeleton's wig off. Then he dropped the scooter on its stand, climbed off, and still as dead-pan and grim as an undertaker, delivered the capper.

"Bros, this here's LuLu, my very best ex-ol' lady. She done got anorexic and starved ta death. By the time the end came, there wasn't enough left of her ta be worth buryin' so I decided to keep her with me."

"April Fool's, ya double-dumb dickheads, now get the fuck back ta work."

— Trampo

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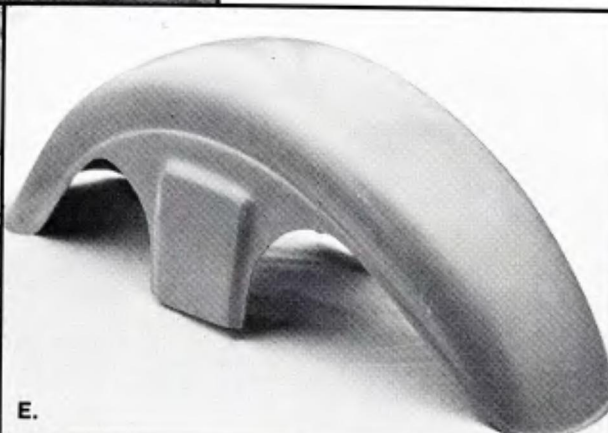
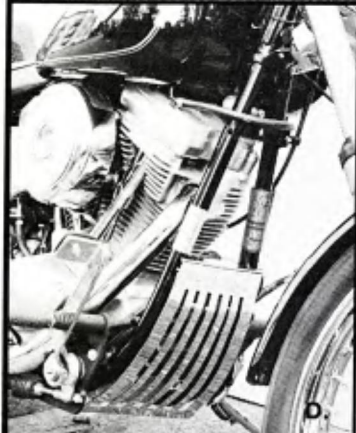
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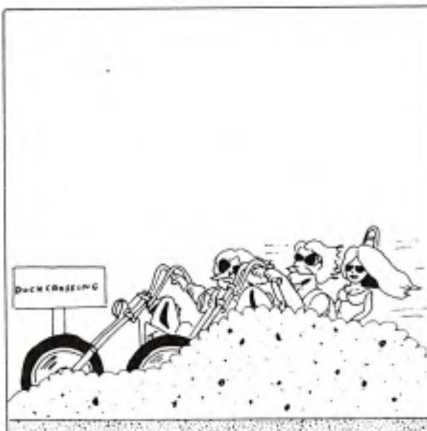
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Quiz on page 18

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| 2. B | 15. C | 28. A |
| 3. A | 16. A | 29. C |
| 4. B | 17. C | 30. B |
| 5. C | 18. B | 31. A |
| 6. C | 19. C | 32. A |
| 7. C | 20. B | 33. B |
| 8. B | 21. B | 34. B |
| 9. B | 22. C | 35. A |
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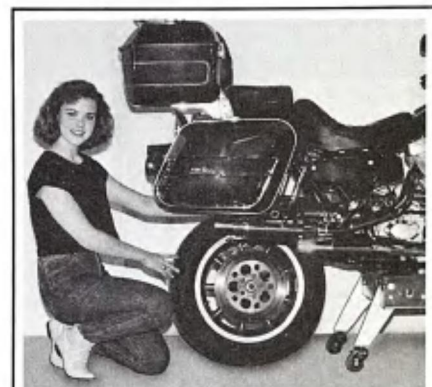
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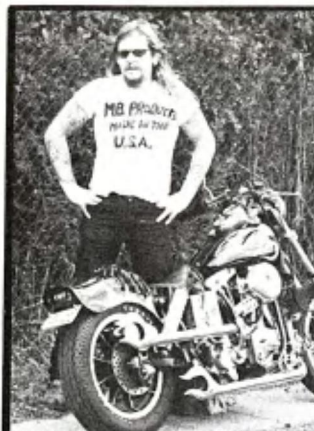
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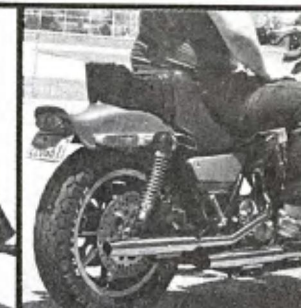


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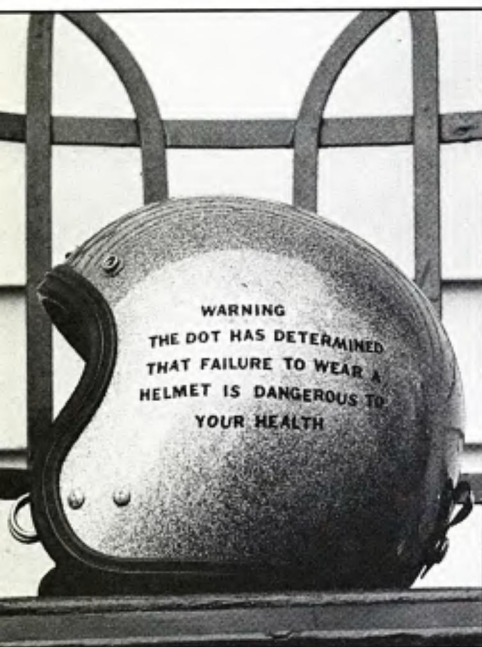
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Is A National Helmet Law Coming In 1987?



In case you hadn't noticed, 1987 is well on its way to becoming the year of the mandatory helmet law. The Motorcycle Industry Council, the most powerful trade group in the motorcycle and motorcycle accessory business, has reportedly gone on record as supporting mandatory helmet laws. The editor of *Dealernews*, one of the most influential publications in the field, has hysterically called for enactment of a national mandatory helmet law. If such a law is not passed, he rants, the whole motorcycle industry is doomed. Legislatures in states that haven't had mandatory helmet laws for years, such as Ohio and Texas, are considering reimposing them, and Joan Claybrook is on the warpath trying to bludgeon the Department Of Transportation into making a nationwide helmet push. As if all that weren't enough, the riders in the one state of the Union never to have had a helmet law in the first place, California, face a determined effort to finally teach them the joys of getting in the plastic instead of the wind.

Altogether, our freedom is being challenged by a rather impressive array of powerful forces: the insurance industry,

the American Medical Association, an untold number of publicity-grubbing politicians, helmet makers and importers, three of the big four Japanese bike makers, and Ralph Nadarites everywhere. It's all enough to make a regular-Joe, live-and-let-live biker want to scream. Don't these people have anything better to do? How the hell did we ever become so important, anyway?

Arrayed against these forces of darkness are small numbers of bikers' rights activists who have spent years gathering the facts on the helmet safety fallacy, organizing helmet law protests, and lobbying state legislatures in our behalf. To help you prepare for the year of the mandatory helmet law, we have asked three of the most prominent, each representing a state with a different slant on the helmet law issue, to fill us in on the threat and on how to fight it.

Linda Stuart is a member of the state board of directors and treasurer of ABATE of Florida. Active in bikers' rights for seven years, she and her ol' man Grandpa Stuart, long-time leader of Florida ABATE, thought they had the helmet battle finally won in 1986 when the legislature passed a repeal bill. Then the governor vetoed it, and they faced the task of picking themselves up off the floor and starting all over again.

Bill Gannon is a member of the board of directors of the Modified Motorcycle Association of Massachusetts, on the staff of the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers, and the chairman of Bikers Behind Bars. He has been active in bikers' rights since joining ABATE through *Easyriders* in 1972. Massachusetts bros and sisters face an even tougher battle than their counterparts in Florida. A Massachusetts governor vetoed a repeal bill back in 1978, and the biker community hasn't been able to get another past the legislature since.

Michael "Balls" Farabaugh is executive director of one of the most effective and successful bikers' rights groups in America, ABATE of Indiana. A former *Easyriders* interview subject, Balls helped bring repeal to Indiana in the late 70s. His group's main efforts these days are directed to providing rider education and working to keep their current freedom going.

When we finally managed to get these three fast-movers together on the phone shortly before Christmas, Linda was on a short break from hounding members of the Florida legislature in Tallahassee, Bill was recovering from neck injuries he got when a cager rear-ended him, and Balls was busy being Balls, probably addressing cards wishing his members a Merry Christmas and reminding them to send in their \$15 membership fees.

EASYSIDERS: Linda, what is ABATE of Florida doing to try and get around the governor's veto of the 1986 repeal bill?

LINDA: We have a lobbyist and we're filing our repeal and motorcycle education bills again this session. We have a new governor who was just elected (recently), so we're hoping to get the same kind of repeal bill before a new governor.

The other thing we're doing is that we have a federal lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of the helmet law. It's never been taken all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court before (ed. note: on two occasions in the 70s, the Supreme Court refused to hear helmet law cases), and we have pledged to take this lawsuit all the way, through all of the steps necessary to get the Supreme Court to rule on it.

ER: How far has the case gotten so far?

LINDA: We have gone through the state level, and it is scheduled to come up before the federal district court in Atlanta, Georgia in the near future.

ER: Was this a case of someone who just got tagged for not wearing a helmet coming to you and saying, "Hey, I need backup in fighting this thing," or did ABATE set it up with a legal challenge in mind?

LINDA: We set it up. One of our former state vice-presidents deliberately went out and violated the law to get the suit started.

BALLS: What happens if it goes all the way to the Supreme Court and the Supreme Court butt-fucks us on it? Does Indiana end up with a helmet law?

ER: No. The Supreme Court doesn't make laws, it just seems like they do. All the court can decide is whether or not it is constitutional for states to have helmet laws. If they decide that it isn't, then the battle is over — at least until some clever legislator devises a way to word a helmet law to skate around the Court's ruling. If they butt-fuck us and decide helmet laws are constitutional, Indiana and other states without them would stay right where they are now, fighting the battle in the state legislature. The Indiana legislature didn't repeal your helmet law because it was unconstitutional; they repealed it for political reasons.

Speaking of politics, how come Indiana bikers were able to get their helmet law repealed, while bikers in states like Florida and Massachusetts haven't been able to?

BALLS: I think a lot of it had to do with the available personnel at the time. There were a lot of states that might not have been as ready [to take advantage of the 1976 Congressional action prohibiting the Department of Transportation from withholding highway funds from states without helmet laws].

If you had people who had been involved, who had paid their dues, who were ready for the issues and understood the issues, who were involved in the national move with Cranston and Helms (Senators Alan Cranston, D-California, and Jesse Helms, R-North Carolina, sponsors of the bill bringing the DOT to heel), you had a head start on winning a repeal battle.

We had been going down to Washington, D.C. for the hearings on the Cranston bill, and when it was passed and President Ford signed it, we were ready to come right into the state and follow up on its coat-tails. The wheel was rolling, so if you got involved in it the first year, you could really get some results. Not only were we able to do that, I think there were 12 or 14 states able to win repeal the first year. So if you got a repeal bill before your legislature the first year and just pushed the hell out of it, it didn't seem like the people on the

other side were aggressive enough to defeat it.

In our case, it was less than a month after the Cranston bill was signed before we were at the state House, prepared and ready to go. A whole month before the legislature even went into session, we let every member know that the thing had been defeated on a national level. We had mailings. We coordinated our efforts with the AMAs. Quite frankly, we were at the state House so much it seemed like we were sleeping there. At one point we were

ready to turn around. We've seen that with the seat belt laws. The only positive sign I've seen in the past five years is that the citizens of some states are starting to keep mandatory seat belt laws off their books and repeal the ones they have.

And some of the main people we have to thank for that are Billy Gannon and the rest of the MMA members out there in Massachusetts.

If seat belt law repeal really takes off, I might change my mind some about the chances of us defeating a national helmet

us, and we won at the polls by over 100,000 votes. So the seat belt law became history in Massachusetts. I do understand that another one has already been filed, but I don't think that it will pass. I think the members of the General Assembly realize that the people have spoken.

As far as the Massachusetts Modified Motorcycle Association goes, unfortunately, we're taking it on the chin now, because the legislators are pissed at us.

ER: Did you give any thought to tacking helmet law repeal onto the seat belt repeal

"We have to face the fact that within the next three to four to five years, there is nothing we can do, with the numbers we have presently, to stop [a national helmet law]. If people would get off their asses and believe what we're saying and not allow 2 to 3 percent of the motorcyclists in this country to do all the work for them, we might have the ability to defeat it. . ." —Balls

there 90 days in a row. . . in other words, we really dove into it, and the effort paid off.

ER: The thing that everyone is most worried about right now is the passage of a national helmet law or, at least, another effort by the feds to force all 50 states to enact their own helmet laws. How likely do each of you think that is during the next year or two?

LINDA: We'd all like to think it isn't going to happen, and we've been working to prevent it since we've heard about it. We've (representatives of all major bikers' rights groups) met nationally for the last two years, and we're now starting an effort to collect enough money to retain a national lobbyist — a lobbyist in Washington to present our side of issues affecting motorcyclists directly to individual Congressmen. . .

We've already put an appeal out to all the groups represented at the Meeting of the Minds convention in Hot Springs this past October, to help support having somebody looking out for our rights in Washington. The AMA has been there for years, but I think we need to add to their efforts.

ER: There's no doubt that all of us are going to do our damndest to fight a federal law, but that doesn't answer the question of what you people who are in the political trenches every day think the odds on it are.

BALLS: I think the big problem is that large segments of the motorcycle industry are now saying: Let's go for mandatory helmet laws. Another big "if" is if California, Illinois, Texas, or Ohio falls. These are four important states where obvious pushes for helmet laws are going on now, in mid-December. If those laws roll in a couple of those states, they are going to roll right across the country.

If we don't hang together now, it's going to happen — we're going to have mandatory helmets throughout the country. The ten-year history of the rights movement and our victory over the bureaucrats is

law, but I feel we have to face the fact that within the next three to four to five years, there is nothing we can do, with the numbers we have presently, to stop this. Now, if people would get off their asses and believe what we're saying and not allow 2 to 3 percent of the motorcyclists in this country to do all the work for them, we might have the ability to defeat it.

As it stands right now, with 3 percent of us representing the whole motorcycle world, we're in trouble.

ER: Balls brought up something interesting there. Massachusetts MMA was instrumental in stopping a seat belt law there. How'd you get involved in that, Bill, and why?

BILL: The seat belt law was introduced April 1, 1985, right on April Fool's Day, like it should have been. . .

ER: Then it's appropriate we're talking about it in our April Fool's issue.

BILL: Right. The MMA looked at that, and we decided that should that seat belt law pass in Massachusetts, any ideas we had of ever getting the helmets off of our heads were doomed.

So we went to the state House to throw our support behind anyone who was going to take up opposition to the seat belt law. To our surprise, we discovered that we were it — we were the only ones. What happened was that nobody expected it to pass; there was total apathy to it. When I asked non-bike people, like the people I work with, to write or call their representatives, they just said, "I'm not concerned about it; it'll never pass."

So for 20 months we just fought and pushed and did everything we could by ourselves, but it did pass anyway. Then everybody said, "Why didn't you stop it?" I just said, "Why didn't you?"

The next thing we did was get up a petition and gather 60,000 signatures — twice as many as what we needed — to get repeal of the seat belt law on the ballot as a referendum. At that point, we were getting a lot of help from talk show host Jerry Williams, who just kept the issue alive for

referendum?

BILL: We gave it a lot of thought, but it wouldn't have been a good way for us to go. The reason is that most people don't ride motorcycles. We have only 110,000 registered motorcyclists in this state. When we were collecting the seat belt signatures, we told people how we felt it was allied with our helmet law protests, and they were saying "Oh, no, you should wear a helmet." So if it were to go to a referendum, we would lose, and it would set a precedent for the legislators. They could just say, "We'll never take the helmets off your heads, because the people want them there."

We figure that we're better off going the way we've been going (lobbying the legislators) and also trying to get some relief through the courts if we can.

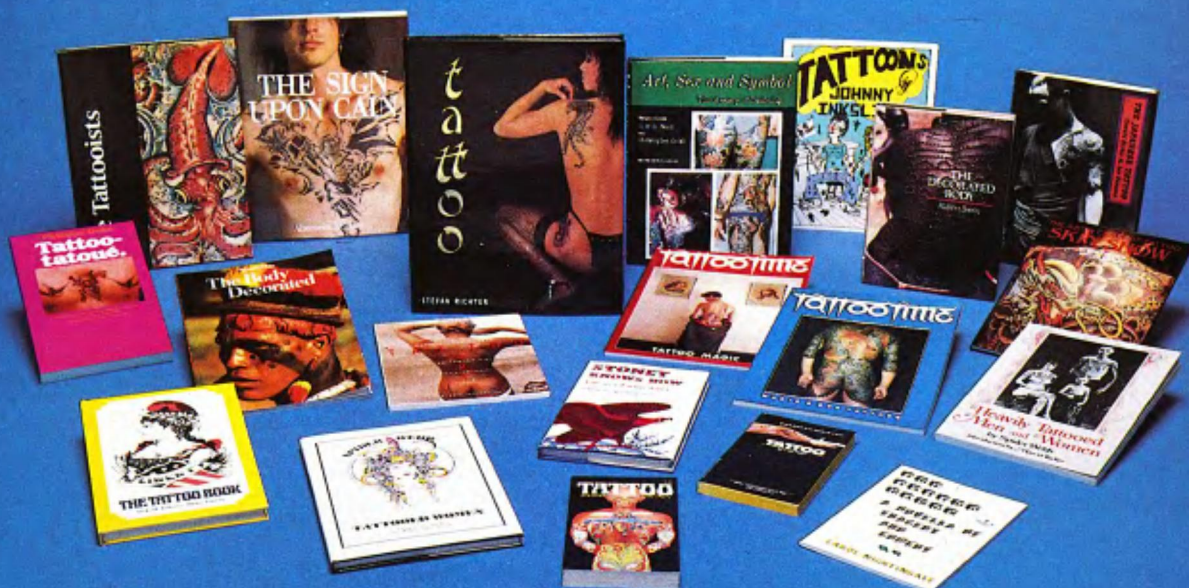
ER: Linda, forgetting for a moment that Governor Graham shittcanned the helmet repeal bill, the fact remains that in 1986 you did get repeal through the legislature after years of falling short. What made the difference?

LINDA: I think a lot of it was a conscious decision to make an all-out effort in '86. We built our membership up — doubled it, in fact — which helped a lot, we established legislative liaisons with each chapter, and we employed a full-time capitol lobbyist who had some very good connections — she wasn't entirely motorcycle-oriented, but she had a lot of legislative contacts and experience.

Our biggest problem was people in the governor's Cabinet who didn't listen to what came out of both the House and the Senate, and a governor who was supposed to have been elected by the people who turned around and ignored what they wanted. Both the Cabinet and the governor just ignored the results of all the studies — such as a financial impact report — presented to the General Assembly.

Talk about ignoring the will of the people. In the 10 days from the time the bill reached the governor's desk to the time he vetoed it, they needed to put in special

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phone lines just to handle the flood of calls urging him to sign the repeal bill.

The most frustrating thing was that it was an 11th-hour veto. If he didn't like it himself, but still wanted to honorably do his job, he didn't have to sign it. He could have just let it sit, and it would have automatically gone in effect, just as the legislators and the people wanted it to. Instead, at the very last hour of the very last day before that would have happened, he vetoed it. That was pretty devastating, but we've gotten ourselves back together and decided that we're not going to let it get us down. We're back in there fighting.

But, like Balls said, just a handful of people can't do it. And the same people can't keep doing it. You need fresh people, fresh blood, fresh money, and a bigger income. That's what we're working on. Florida just had an election and put 30 new people into the state House of Representatives alone. So we have 30 new people to contact and try to win over.

ER: Is it your feeling that one-to-one approaches to legislators are more effective than mass protests — those annual helmet runs held at Daytona time, for example?

LINDA: I think so. The protests make the media for a day, but don't have an impact on the legislators. They have some impact on the public, but for the non-motorcycle public it's not always a positive impact, unfortunately. You know, we tie up traffic and generate more complaints. At least we've been lucky and had no major incidents or accidents during the protests, so we've established good rapport with the law enforcement community.

But the best way to convince a legislator is one-to-one. And you don't have to make it all the way to your capitol to do that. They're only at the capitol when they're in session; they're home during the rest of the year and usually have offices right in their districts.

But let me make clear when I talk about one-on-one contacts with legislators that I mean one-on-one times as many people as possible. If you know someone else has contacted your legislator, don't assume that person was all that it took. Legislators are looking and counting how many votes are involved in these issues.

ER: When you get an appointment to talk to a legislator, what do you tell them? What arguments have you found to be most effective?

LINDA: Mainly the fact that each and all of us, in addition to being motorcyclists, are working people, taxpayers — that some of us own property in that legislator's district.

One recently asked us to "explain how bikers are regular people."

I think that it's important that you meet them face-to-face, that they find out that we are regular people. Anyone that you're trying to deal with, and you go and face them and explain your personal desires, and beliefs, and goals, they're more likely to listen to you than to a bunch of people shouting and waving signs. If you're sincere in what you believe in and present it in a logical manner to someone else, you've every chance of convincing them that what you believe in is right.

ER: What do you tell some legislator who says he really believes helmets save lives and that he won't vote for repeal unless you convince him otherwise?

LINDA: We explain to them that a helmet does not save anybody's life. Education and what's in the helmet saves lives. Education for the rider, and especially for

automobile drivers, is what is going to prevent accidents that cost lives in the first place. We do not have a state rider education program here in Florida. We have had a rider education bill filed for the past several years, and we're going to try and get it through again in '87.

BALLS: Can I add something to that? People have to understand that to do what they did in Florida — to be so well organized that you had 285,000 registered motorcyclists sitting by their radios that last hour, waiting to find out if they were still going to have to wear a fucking helmet — that costs money.

They had a professional lobbyist; they had experts fly down to testify. Linda, how much money did you spend to get the helmet repeal on the governor's desk and then have him blow you off with one sentence? \$30,000? \$25,000? Every dime you guys made at Daytona that year?

LINDA: We spent close to \$30,000.

BALLS: The point I'm making again is, that the 2 to 3 percent of the riders in Florida who belong to ABATE, the 3,000 or 4,000 members they have, are pulling the weight for 285,000 riders. They spent \$30,000 in one year to try and get the helmet off your head. If you can't spend \$10 or \$15 to help these people out, then you ain't got the right to run around and bitch about it.

Linda also talked about one-on-one contacts with representatives. That's very important, and we've found it works much better if it is from somebody who is voting for this person. So we bring somebody from each of our regions and pay their way to Indianapolis, and we have a seminar for one day. We give them all the information about helmets and helmet laws, we ask them the type of questions a legislator would ask, and the next day they go over to the state House and meet with the assemblyman from their district. After they get home, they follow up with letters.

Another thing we've found to be effective is to take computer sheets of our membership lists to individual Representatives and show them the number of members we have in their area — who vote in their area. We don't hand the sheets over so they can see the names, but it's very effective to sit down next to this guy and hold the list up about five feet and let it float down to the floor.

There's also nothing wrong with protests, either, if they're done properly.

Overall, the best argument we have ever had down at the state House is the effectiveness and publicity we've gotten in motorcycle safety. That is the issue that neutralizes everything else. We say: "We are working toward saving lives in motorcycling; we have a viable program that has taught 7,000-8,000 people in the last couple of years in Indiana. Listen to what the

fuck we have to say." And they do, because of that credential on your arm saying you're a motorcycle safety instructor. It's a big benefit.

ER: What are the Indiana fatality figures since you had helmet repeal and started a safety program?

BALLS: In 1979, the first year that we had a safety program in more than one city, there were 185,000 registered motorcycles and 179 fatalities. We now have dropped to 150,000 motorcycles but only 82 fatalities. The fatality rate has also dropped substantially — by about 30 percent — from what it was when we had a mandatory helmet law.

And that's happened in a lot of places, not just in Indiana. In fact, Roger Hull did a computer study that showed that the nine safest states to ride in, on a per capita basis, were states without helmet laws. It used to be the first four or five; now it's the first nine. And Roger used Motorcycle Industry Council statistics in his calculations.

ER: If the MIC's own statistics prove the states without helmet laws are the safest, why has the MIC changed its position from being neutral on mandatory helmet laws to being in support of them?

BALLS: Well, they're being so wimpy about this, nobody will come right out and say why they're doing it. I've talked to 8 of the 13 people on their board of directors, and everyone has given me a different answer. One of them is that they think the whole industry will be legislated out of business if there is not a mandatory helmet law.

Another excuse is that the industry is in such trouble that they feel a new image is needed and want to get in good with the DOT and the National Highway Transportation Safety Administration (NHTSA).

ER: Do you think the Jap bike makers who control the MIC are under a lot of pressure from the Joan Claybrook types and other safety freaks?

BALLS: Absolutely. They tell us they are not, but, if not, why were all four Motorcycle Safety Foundation conferences held in 1986 paid for by NHTSA?

Another reason the MIC is pushing for helmet laws is because of a poll they did. They called X amount of people and asked, "Why don't you own a motorcycle?" The number one reason was that the people were afraid of them. The poll results highlighted several times the respondents' fear of riding a motorcycle.

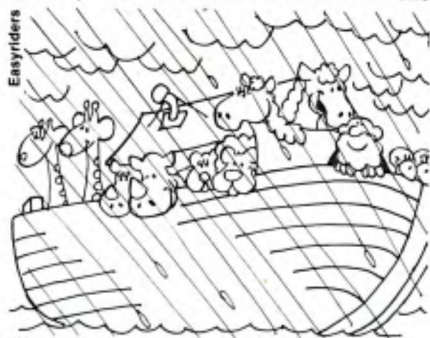
I don't remember how many people they polled, but I was told about it by Alan Easley, the president of the MIC. He said the results of this poll proved the industry needed to develop a new "safety" image. Therefore, let's put helmets on everyone.

Of course, the logic to that is so ridiculous we don't even need to talk about it.

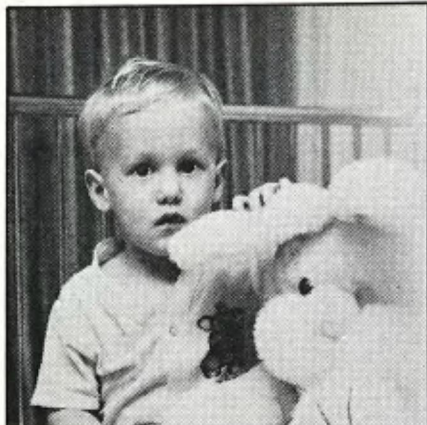
What we really have here is an industry that is afraid. It's losing money; sales of Jap bikes are down 23 to 30 percent, depending on which company you're talking about.

BILL: I have an idea that some of these people with really passionate attitudes — like Mothers Against Drunk Drivers and Joan Claybrook — are looking at some of these rocket ships that are coming out of Japan and actually killing youngsters, and they're saying to the Japanese, "I can push legislation to stop these kinds of sales unless you play ball on helmets." And without the quick bikes, the Japanese are pretty much history.

So you've got pressure on them from that direction. And they're in a serious



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economic and sales depression, so they've brought in these Wall Street types that don't ride motorcycles but can sell just about anything. Those people don't care about motorcycles; the product could just as easily be cameras or computers. They're just using what they think is common sense (to create a better political climate) for their product.

What they don't understand, and what's going to kill them and perhaps all of us, is that Joan Claybrook and the people like her want to take my motorcycle away and your motorcycle away and everybody else's motorcycle away.

LINDA: On our 1986 repeal bill, we had a situation like this. Initially the Florida Motorcycle Dealers Association came out against the bill and requested their members contact the governor and ask him to veto it. We published that information in our statewide newsletter and requested bikers to ask their dealer if they actually supported this position. In the next issue of the Dealers Association newsletter, they published a retraction and said that they no longer took that stand against helmet law repeal.

I'm confident enough to say that if we can change a state dealers association's position, we can do the same thing nationally. We just have to all get our shift together and contact the members of the Motorcycle Industry Council and tell them we aren't going to buy their products if they continue their support for mandatory helmets.

I'm a very optimistic person but a hard worker, too. It's going to take work to change people's minds, but I'm confident that if we work hard enough at it, it can be done.

ER: How optimistic are you, Bill? You're still living under a helmet law.

BILL: All I can be is optimistic. After all, the only other New England state with a helmet law besides Massachusetts is Vermont, and Vermont has had virtually no organized bikers' rights group fighting it. Now I understand that there is a group that has started up, but they're even having trouble giving their toys away.

Now here in Massachusetts we have the most totalitarian state in the union. We have a one-party government...there's the Democrats and there's the Democrats. Most of them run unopposed. And then we've got Boston, which has become an international city. That means that everybody who runs for dogcatcher around here isn't thinking about catching dogs — they're dreaming about Pennsylvania Avenue. They get elected dogcatcher, buy a Ted Kennedy haircut, start to pronounce their Rs funny, and begin running for national office...they're not interested in representing the local people.

Still, if I didn't think we had a chance, a real fighting chance, I'd pack it all in and move to Indiana.

ER: It's one thing to have a chance; it's another thing to be on a roll. At one time there were 49 states with helmet laws, then after the Cranston bill passed there were a flurry of repeals and, eventually, we had more states without mandatory helmet laws, at least for adults, than with them. We were on a roll. Now there's more talk about reinstating helmet laws than repealing them. Have we lost the initiative and been put on the defensive?

BALLS: You'd almost have to go state by state, though I think we all feel the potential is there for that — for us to go on the back burners and be on the defensive all the time.

LINDA: We have been on the defensive all along in the sense that we were defending our rights. It's a shame that it's such a negative term. We've been defenders and pioneers in freedom for a long time. I think we'll always have to be that way.

I think we've learned to defend ourselves in a more professional, more logical way. We're catching (anti-biker) bills earlier and preventing them from passing, instead of waiting until they're history and trying to get rid of them. That's one message we need to get through to rights groups in states without helmet laws: They need to be as strong as the groups in states with those laws, because once that law is in place, it's a lot harder to get rid of than it would be to prevent it from happening in the first place.

BILL: I agree with both of you, especially about rights groups becoming more professional. Politics is really a business, and we've become some of the last to catch on because we've always wanted to run our own lifestyle and our own culture, and we never wanted to get involved with the government until the government got involved with us.

Just look at what's happened over the last ten years. You've got roadside justice where a machine (Breathalyzer) can take your license away; you've got seat belt laws rammed down our throats by big money interests like General Motors. I myself have been detained at two roadblocks for drunken drivers, not because I drink, but because I was "uncooperative" about being pulled over for no reason. Ten years ago if I had said to you you're going to have roadblocks stopping people and running them through computers for nothing, without any violations, you'd have said, "No, no, this isn't Chile, this is America." Now roadblocks have become acceptable.

And they're talking about having people pissing in a bottle. I can't see that as anything but an invasion of my privacy and my body. This has been going on in the services and the prisons for years — now they want to make everyone do it. The first person that hands me a bottle and tells me to go in it is going to have wet feet. **ER:** You've raised some interesting points, Bill. Do any of you think that there'll come a point when people outside of biking will begin to notice that they are losing their basic freedoms and be willing to work with us to get everyone's liberties back?

BALLS: The response I have to that is that we do not even effectively convince our own people to back us on these issues, to trust us and believe in the rights groups around the country. We're hitting a better percentage than the AMA state by state, but we're still under 5 percent of the total motorcycle rider population. If we



"I wouldn't go in there, ma'am... suicide by enema is not a pretty sight."

ever got to even 25 percent, we'd have an awesome voice.

LINDA: One thing we have to stress, and we do it here in Florida every time we meet with legislators, is the vast difference between a mandatory helmet law and not having to wear a helmet. You talk about repealing, that's negative. We talk about amending. We say we are trying to amend the current helmet law and, in keeping with political reality, what that basically means is that it will be rewritten to include an age limit, so that adults will not have to wear helmets.

The main thing is that we emphasize that we are not trying to get rid of or outlaw helmets; we are supporting voluntary use of helmets for adults.

ER: Have you found that the repeal effort has been hurt because the pro-helmet-law forces — insurance companies and safety freaks — have made it sound like we want to outlaw helmets instead of just make them voluntary?

BALLS: That's a good point, and it all comes back to the approach. Many of us have decided that it's not as effective for us to all go to the state House anymore. That we do better if we hire someone who is a little more patient and not as emotional about the issue — someone who comes from a government background — to lobby for us. A person like that can be super-effective by presenting the positive side of our arguments without the negatives that accompany some protests.

Look, protests can be effective too, if done the right way, but some protests — burning helmets or pissing on the state House lawn, for example — present a tremendous negative image and just do a lot of damage. That burning buckets stuff would have been great in the 60s, but not in the 80s. A good well-organized protest run like ABATE of Florida puts on works, but some of those continuous battles where there have been runs to state Houses for eight or nine years and there's never even been a move to get a repeal bill to committee... well, I think it's kind of obvious that you ought to step back and quit throwing interceptions, maybe take a punt, and start first and ten with a new game plan.

One of the things we started throwing around at the Hot Springs conference was a proposal to try to get better representation available to states that don't have much money. The idea is we'd all chip in and help them hire an expert to come in and help defeat some of this anti-biker legislation. That idea is under consideration throughout the country right now.

ER: Repeatedly, you people have talked about how only a relatively small number of the country's bikers are involved in fighting for their rights, and that the rest are being carried. But the fact is that many people are bikers precisely because they aren't joiners, because they're loners and don't want to get involved in group bullshit. What about them?

BALLS: I think that it's a process that takes more than a year to bring this person around. We have to reach this person and let them know that we understand their attitude: "I got a bike and I want to ride around the country with my hair in the wind and that's it. I don't want to belong to anything. Fuck ya, stay away from me." But if you keep coming at the person with different angles — here's a couple of hundred sanctioned events you'd really dig, here's a way to improve your enjoyment by getting involved in a safety program, here's some parties we're

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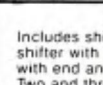
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putting on. . . You might not get him the first time, but if you're a solid organization and you keep on getting press, and everything to do with motorcycling in the area kind of ties around you, eventually they're gonna come your way. But it's not an easy sell.

ER: Everybody's gonna come your way?

BALLS: There are always people you're never going to get, but we've got 42 clubs that belong to ABATE of Indiana, and they represent everything from one percenters to AMA racers, which is a pretty good spread. And half of those clubs require their individual members to belong to ABATE.

LINDA: We have other things we offer members. For instance, accidents are an unfortunate part of biking. We have a blood bank set up. If you don't get involved with the helmet protests or don't even go to a single one of our parties, it's worth the \$15 membership fee just to be eligible for the blood bank service. We also have a \$1,000 reward program for recovery of members' ripped-off bikes. **We're working on an accident insurance program and a lot of other benefits.**

ER: Say I'm not fortunate enough to live in Florida or Indiana or some place with a well-organized bikers' rights movement. Say I'm in Arizona and I hear that the legislature is thinking about passing a helmet law. I want to do something more than sending a letter to a politician; what can I do?

BALLS: That's a difficult one. . .

LINDA: What we have done is put together an information packet explaining how we're set up and run. We've had people from other states contact us, and we send them this information to kind of

help them get themselves going. Any help and assistance that we can offer from Florida, we've offered to other states.

ER: How can people get a copy of your information package?

LINDA: They just need to write to ABATE of Florida, Inc., 1102 Columbus Ave., Lehigh, FL 33936.

BALLS: Give 'em your phone number Linda. . .

LINDA: Call Balls, he gives everybody his number. . .

ER: Call Balls and he'll send you an ABATE of Indiana membership application even if you live in Anchorage.

BALLS: Seriously, the question of how does a guy in Arizona get something going is difficult. In the first place, that requires a special person. Still, it's much easier now than it was 11 or 12 years ago — there are a number of people who will help you. Linda is one of them, the Aid to Injured Motorcyclists (AIM) people have been helping groups start up. Bikers Against Manslaughter (BAM) has been helping groups start up, but still, historically, in the evolution of rights groups it's



"Remember, always keep your feet on the pegs when leaning into a turn. . ."

taken a burnout of five or six good quality people to get to the spot where you are effective.

So if you think you might want to start a group, call around to some other groups first. Get an idea of the amount of mental and physical effort it's going to take and the amount of time it's going to eat up before you start something and drop it three months down the road. I mean, that's so negative. To start something and wash it out does so much harm that the next person who comes along is really in a fucked position.

ER: Any closing comments?

BILL: I've got a closing comment for Massachusetts and every other state in this country. People should get out there and join the rights group in their state. Get involved where you can, even if it's just mailing in that \$15. Because what we see down the line is that they're coming to take our motorcycles away. I don't think there's any one of us that never heard someone refer to motorcycles by saying "the damn things are dangerous, they ought to be outlawed." I know that if it were on the ballot tomorrow, both my mother and father would vote to outlaw them.

They're coming to take our motorcycles away. A lot of people are going to sit back and say that will never happen. To them I say, look what's happening to the ATVs right now and remember the Vincent Black Shadow — it was outlawed in some states. There are people who have their eyes on your motorcycle. If you want to keep it, support the rights groups whatever way you can. Without them, there's nobody out there fighting for us; they're all against us. ■

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Two-Wheel Tale

A Stop On The Road

By Harry Lee

With my head crammed into my melon cover, my camping gear in, on, and around my Sporty, I let the clutch out and work my way into the flow of traffic.

Heading where? To another swap meet, weekend bash, or just another campout down the road. Who knows? But first, find me a bar that's open so I can get a beer.

With the wind in my face again, I can hear my mind start its same old shit again, talking to itself. I can hear Roxann saying, "Old fart, when are you going to park for a while?" Park for what — rent money to pay every month, a light bill to worry about, a damned phone to bug the shit out of me? No, thanks. Hell, a life on the road ain't perfect, but it sure beats the shit out of that. Bike Week at Daytona was my last stop, and who had a better time than I?

Now, with that week behind me, and with the wind in my face again, my mind starts that same old shit, bugging me — why can't it leave me alone? I'm still thinking about it when I spot the cage that's half off the road. A skinny broad and a rugrat are standing by a downed car, and I can see a tear rolling down the cheek of the kid.

What the hell, I ain't going no place in particular, so I swing back and pull up behind them. The skinny broad looks relieved, and while we push the car off the road, she's telling me that the car just sputtered and died, and the little one is even trying to help.

After a lot of poking around and experimenting, it turns out the problem is the gas filter in the carb, so I pull that out and hook everything back up, telling her to get a new filter in it as soon as she can. Both the skinny broad and her little rugrat are all grins now, and for the first time I notice they're damned cute; so when she says she'll buy me a beer if I wanted to follow them home, I was like a lost puppy found.

I've been here about six months now. I got me a job in a little garage in town so I can make the rent and pay the utilities. The phone doesn't bug me that much, either, and guess what? My mind hasn't been bugging me at all. ■



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Two-Wheel Tale

Damned If I Know

By Weasel Man

We'd just left the beachside bar, and we were riding north along the ocean boulevard, six beers high and puttin' free. It was Woody, Mark, and I, with Cindyrella on my pillion seat. Mark and Woody had a couple of beach cuties in tow, and we were all feeling great.

We rode the scenic beach road for a few miles, but tired of the heavy traffic and slow pace, so Mark motioned a left turn signal for a road leading out to Highway 17, where we could blow some killer herb as we rode along.

I was feeling a wonderful THC rush by the time we rolled to a stop at the intersection leading to Highway 17, watching the crowded six-laner for an opening. Lots of Harley traffic was roaring past, since it was Saturday afternoon and the weekend of the H-D sponsored Cycle Rally at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

A slot opened up, and I pulled inside a lane with five or six scooters running north — no helmets, drag pipes blasting, and as free as eagles on the wing. I glanced over at an old yellow panhead dresser next to me, and the bro on it grinned, then reached behind him and pulled up his ol' lady's jersey. A big, rosy tit stared back at me. I lost my breath for a second, then I started laughing and screaming:

"Cindy, flash 'em, babe!"

I felt Cindyrella moving around behind me, and from the expression on the faces on the pan rider and his mate, she was showing them both hooters.

From that point on, tit-flashing on Highway 17 was epidemic. With all those ol' ladies baring their bosoms, we males got a bit crazy. Woody did a burnout by me that made my hair stand on end. I couldn't shut up; I kept screaming for Cindyrella to "show those tits! show those tits!" All up and down the highway, horns were blowing and V-Twins were screaming. The cage drivers even got into it — a tractor-trailer driver behind us started raising hell with his air horn, and I felt Cindyrella turn and give him a good eyeful. Man, were we having fun.

Then I saw the law up ahead, in the opposite lane and heading our way, and the show was over as fast as it had started. Lots of pipes popped as everyone backed off the throttles, and blouses and tit-tops fell, covering the objects of our great, rowdy pleasure.

Straights are always asking Cindyrella and me just what the hell we bikers do at motorcycle rallies.

"Damned if I know," I tell them. It's the only answer. They'd never understand if I tried to explain. ■

Easyriders



Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ per word for private individuals, \$2.75 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$6.50 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

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

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (175)

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.

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)

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

To the man at the Washington ABATE swap meet, 11/8/86, who accidentally spilled my coffee. Please contact me. Curious Lady, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (166)

J.P. Adams, I've lost my throne again, please help put a king back where he belongs! Contact Joseph Williams, 85-A-6336 Box AG, Fallsburg, NY 12733. All are welcome.

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.

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.

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.

"Runnin' Wild" Bikers Bible: Over 50 runs/swaps/bars/state laws/etc. More info send SASE — this issue — Bikers Bulletin Board. (166)

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

1987 "Runnin' Wild" is a biker's bible, hundreds of H-D events and hangouts. This issue in "Bikers Bulletin Board."

Ju-Ju William Jubak, Ju-Ju-Mary, Berdoo, write a line, bro. Piggy-Wigly, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (166)

Tattoos by Lou, 20926 So. Dixie Hwy., So. Miami, FL 33189. Phone 305-238-8333. (166)

Wino Joe, USA, write Bambi, 7th CSM, Box 668, APO, New York, NY 09138.

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)

Bubba: Happy birthday, baby! Hope I'm always "in the wind" with you! Love forever, your ol' lady, Mo. (166)

Jeff from Colorado: In '81 you were Michigan-bound, had a breakdown, and met me along the way. Found the old cards you sent. Get in touch if you remember. Sylvia, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (166)

Richard Gonzalez: Happy birthday 1-30-47. I'll always love you. Kat. (166)

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The Couple Next Door magazine. Sample copy \$10 (refunded), sign over 21. CND, Box 47081-TA, Atlanta, GA 30362. (166)

Executioners MC, Texas and Florida, write Danny Criswell, Box 1100-1429, Avon Park, FL 33825. (166)

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Jo Jo: Meet you final day of Daytona Beach races at the Boothill Saloon for ride to 62901, via Key West. Lord Jim. (166)

DOWN THE ROAD

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.

MARCH

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

March 1-October 31 — TEXAS MINI-TOUR sponsored by Dallas H.O.G. Chapter. For info, write Harley Owners Group, Box 1455, Plano, TX 75074.

March 7 — BIKE SHOW 15th Annual Rat's Hole Custom Chopper Show at Daytona. Important Note: Event will not be held on the Boardwalk this year. Call (904) 257-1822 for new location.

March 15 — SWAP MEET at McCormick Place West in Chicago, Illinois. World's largest indoor motorcycle swap meet under one roof. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Productions, Box 135, Anamosa, IA 52205-0135. (319) 462-4844.

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 21 — CHILI COOKOFF at Lang's Bar in St. Martin's, Wisconsin. Chili, beer, and a 50/50 raffle. Sponsored by ABATE of Wisconsin, Box 25581, Milwaukee, WI 53225.

March 21 — ANTIQUE & CLASSIC bike show and swap meet in Phoenix, Arizona. Fourth annual event will be held at Arizona Equestrian Center from 8 a.m. - 4 p.m. For more info, call Dave Hogan (602) 849-3049, or write AACME Secretary, Box 48477, Phoenix, AZ 85075.

March 22 — SWAP MEET at Erie County Fairgrounds in Hamburg, N.Y. Sponsored by T.H.F. Productions, 721 Mineral Springs, West Seneca, NY 14224. (716) 822-3227.

March 22 — SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW at the W.G. Smith Auditorium, New Castle, Indiana. Sponsored by ABATE Region 5. For info on swap meet, call Bev at (317) 533-6310. For info on show, call Les at (317) 964-2747.

March 28 — EASTER RUN on Kauai, Hawaii. Third annual event kicks off from the County City Building in Lihue at 11 a.m. Proceeds benefit YWCA children's programs. For more info call (808) 822-1579.

APRIL

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April 11 — FIFTH ANNUAL RIVER RUN in Laughlin, Nevada. Sponsored by the Southern California H-D Dealers Assoc. with proceeds to go to MDA. Entry forms and info at any participating So. California Harley dealership.

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

April 25 — SWAP MEET, PARTY & CHICKEN ROAST at the Grove City Sportsman's Club, Grove City, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Venango County, 410 Tidwell Ave., Grove City, PA 16127.

April 26 — MEMORIAL RUN in Mentor, Ohio. Run to honor downed bros and sisters leaves Ridge High School at 1 p.m. Sponsored by Region 1, ABATE of Ohio, 4116 Woburn, Cleveland, OH 44109 (216) 398-3857.

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

JEWELRY

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

KICK STARTER KITS

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

LEATHERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAGNETOS

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

MC SERVICES

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

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

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

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

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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OBsolete PARTS

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

The Cycle Den, 1115 Lancaster Ave., Columbia, PA 17512. (717) 684-9733. (171)

SPECIAL SERVICES

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

SPEEDOMETERS

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

TRANS CASES

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

T-SHIRTS

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

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

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS/C.O.D.) (171)

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

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

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

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

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

Miller's Custom Parts/Bike Week 1987 T-shirts, S thru XL \$8.95, XXL thru XXXL \$10.95. 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona, FL 32019. (904) 761-0858. (167)

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

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The Cycle Den, 1115 Lancaster Ave., Columbia, PA 17512. (717) 684-9733. (171)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

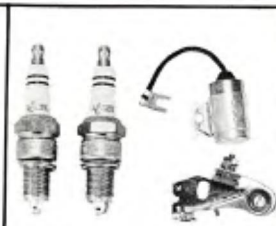
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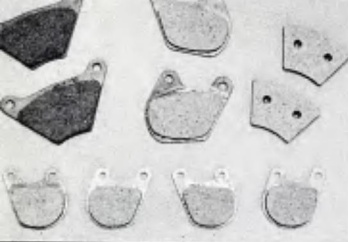
25-247 OIL FILTER KIT 70-74 FL, FX \$34.95

12-354 REPLACEMENT FILTER \$6.95

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Premium quality brake pads grip plenty at high speeds or when the disc is wet and are compatible with all disc rotors.

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FXR) 73-74 XL fr \$7.25

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14-37 1937-54 Taper Shaft, 2" belt \$255.00

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(pan/shov) \$12.82

8407 70-74 FL, FLH, FX, FXE Twins

(Shovelhead) \$12.82

8408 75-77 FL, FLH, FX, FXE Twins

75-77 FL, FLH, FX, FXE Twins, (4" reach

plug version of Shovelhead) \$12.82

8409 57-70XL XLH tw, Sprtstr. \$12.82

8410 58-69 XLCH tw, magneto. \$19.10

8411 71-77 XL XLH XLCH CAFE

XL \$12.82



No Further Discount

TOMBSTONE TAILLIGHT

19-644 TOMBSTONE TAILLIGHT \$19.95

BLUE DOT TAILLIGHT LENSES

68091-47 BLUE DOT, Tombstone lens, \$19.95

68090-69 BLUE DOT 55-73XL, FL, \$17.95



20% Off

KICKSTARTER KITS

33030-68E KICKER KIT, plain 41", \$99.00

33030-68C KICKER KIT, chrome 41" \$115.00



20% Off

COUNTERSHAFT SPROCKET NUT WITH SEAL

Fits all 1970 and later Big Twins with four speed

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35211-36DL Nut w/seal, 70-74 belt/ch \$14.95

35211-85 Oil seal, sprocket nut \$3.50



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Available only through NOSTALGIA-CYCLE, this

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38mm size adjustable mainjet, accelerator pump,

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the stock Harley intake manifold without modification.

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Bendix carb gives a 10-15% increase in horsepower

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ADJUSTABLE MAINJET Bendix uses the existing re-

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27152-86 Bendix carb, hi-prfm, chr. all V-tw \$160.00

27153-86 Bendix carb kit, hi-prfm, chr. all V-tw \$180.00

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M-5 Magneto, auto advance, 70-74 FL, FX, \$475.00

MM74L Magneto, man advance, 70-74 FL, FX \$375.00

MM74E Magneto, pan or early Shovel, 36-69 FL \$270.00

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MM3 Magneto, man advance, 57-70 XL \$275.00

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8943 HALOGEN HEADLAMP 12-V, 5 1/2" 55-60W 65-86 XL \$28.95ea

6342 REPLACEMENT BULB, 6-V, (H-4) 55-60W \$11.50ea

12342-99 REPLACEMENT BULB, 12-V, (H-4) 55-60W \$8.75ea

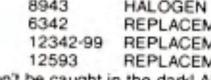
12593 REPLACEMENT BULB, 12-V, (H-4) 55-60W \$11.25ea

Don't be caught in the dark! Always carry a spare H-4 bulb.

OIL TEMPERATURE DIP STICK

6000 DIP STICK, chrome 65-74 FL, FX, \$19.95

6001 DIP STICK, chrome 78-81 XL, \$19.95



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Stock replacement and custom Shift and Brake Kits include all parts to convert to forward

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CHROME BRAKE REPLACEMENTS

1970VT BRAKE KIT, uses early master cylinder 58-78 FL, FX, \$79.95

1980VT BRAKE KIT, uses late master cylinder 79-81 FL, FX, \$79.95

1958VT BRAKE KIT, hydraulic brake 58-69 FL, \$79.95

CHROME SHIFT REPLACEMENTS

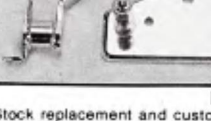
1952VT SHIFT KIT, early ratchet lid 52-E-79, FL, FX, \$79.95

1979VT SHIFT KIT, late rotary ratchet lid L-79-81 FL, FX, \$79.95

JOCKEY SHIFT CONVERSION KIT

Converts Ratchet Lid 4-speed tranny w/foot shift to jockey shift with foot operated clutch.

H 105 JOCKEY SHIFT CONVERSION KIT, chrome \$42.95



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5607 Frame, swing-arm 58-74 FL, FX \$425.00

5646 Frame, swg-arm, blt-drv 58-74 FL, FX \$475

5610 Frame, swg-arm, 4-spd 80-81 FXR \$585

5618 Frame, rig, w/tknmts, ju/dis 36-74 FL \$425

5620 Frame, rig, w/tknmts, mech brk 36-74 FL \$425

5626 Frame, rig, w/tknmts 57-74 XL \$399

STOCK REPLACEMENT FRAME NECKS

47004-36 Early, no number boss 49-69 EL, FL \$125

47004-70 Late, with number boss 70-74 FL, FX \$125

Frames require deposit, & are shipped truck freight.



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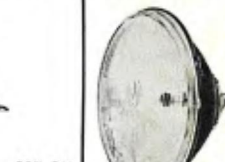
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29975-65A GENERATOR, less drive gear, 12 vlt, blk \$95.00
29975-65C GENERATOR, less gear, 12-v, chrome \$115.00



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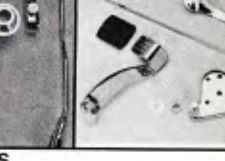
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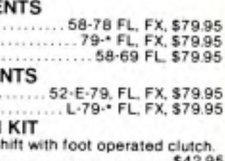
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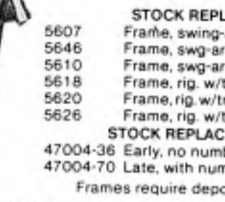
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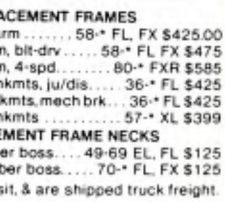
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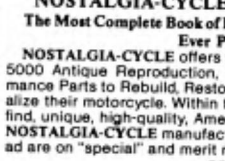
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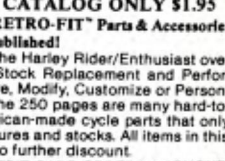
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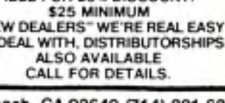
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Ol' Lady Contest

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

Here's what we're lookin' for:

The broad must be a biker-like kinda chick. Not some "pro" out for the dough. You know, someone us scooter tramps can get off on. Chicks, just pose in a casual manner, be yourself. There must be a reason your ol' man has ya, right? Have the shots taken with

as plain a background as possible, no Jap crap or the kid's diapers hangin' around to detract from you.

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

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

166

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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

Model's Name

Model's Legal Signature

I am years of age, born

Address

City

State Zip

Phone

Photographer

Address

City

State Zip

Witness to Signature

In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, tell us why you should be voted to be the monthly girl feature of *Easyriders*.

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

You readers select the winners. Monthly winners will now have the opportunity to model for the *Easyriders* monthly girl feature, and we've upped our ante to \$500, complete with air fare to California and hotel accommodations to boot. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year, not to mention richer by 1,000 green ones.

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

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, tell us why you should be voted to be the monthly girl feature of *Easyriders*.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is March 31. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #166 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



MARY



DIANE



MONICA



JENNIE

JANE



DEBBIE



LORIE



DEBORAH



PUG

NEW YORK CRUISER



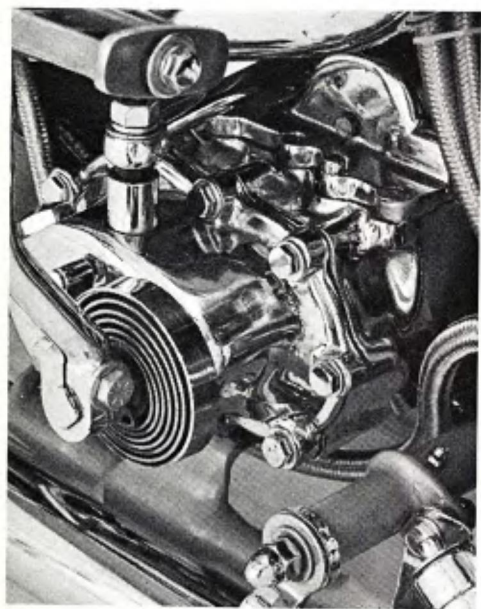


Ten different times in ten separate bikes, this shovel has graced the thoroughfares, throughways, and parkways of New York.

When Pete Smith picked up this shovelhead motor back in late 1969, he didn't dream that she'd still be with him, like a dependable ol' lady, nearly twenty years later. But considering the strength and durability of the FLH powerplant, time-tested in some of the toughest conditions anywhere (upstate New York, where the engine-fryin' heat and humidity of the summer months is matched only by the case-crackin' cold of the winter), it's not that unusual that Pete has been able to make ten different motorcycles with this one engine.

This latest version, ol' number 10, may be the finest development yet. Not that Pete would necessarily agree — it's hard to diminish past efforts, and he's probably scratchin' his head about what the next transformation will entail — but, hey, a scoot like this would make me happier than a ground-





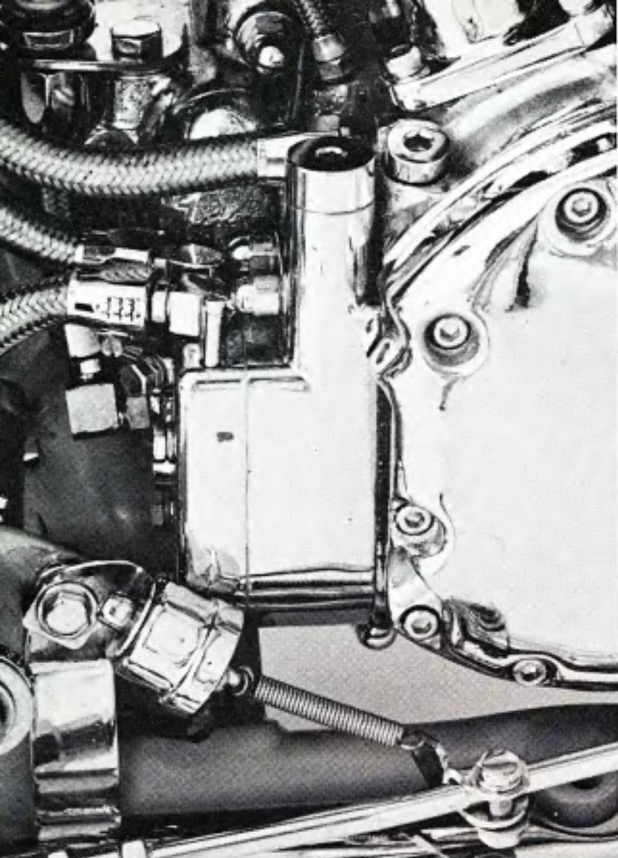
hog in soft dirt. This would be it. **Fin!** Final. Forget it. Just ride the sucker.

But like the gunslingers of the past, the guys who used to frequent Deadwood's No. 10 saloon with holsters readied, backs to the walls, and itchy trigger fingers, Pete keeps an eye on the competition, each bike carving another outstanding notch in his reputation as a builder of quality, functional iron.

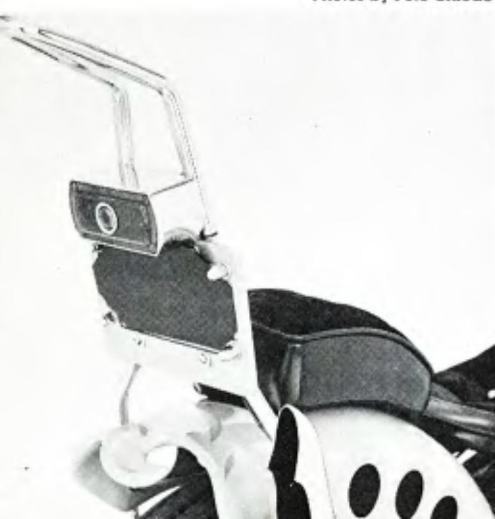
As owner and operator of the Motorcycle Supermarket

in Lockport, New York — tumbling distance from Niagara Falls — Pete has the resources to put such a day-glo specimen on the road. If it looks like something you might envision at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, pickin' up a mini-skirted, paisley-bloused, patchouli-stenched wench whose boots are made for ridin', then you're right on target. Somethin' ya might ride down to Gazzari's, The Cheetah, or The Whiskey A-Go-Go to see The Doors, The





Photos by Pete Chiodo



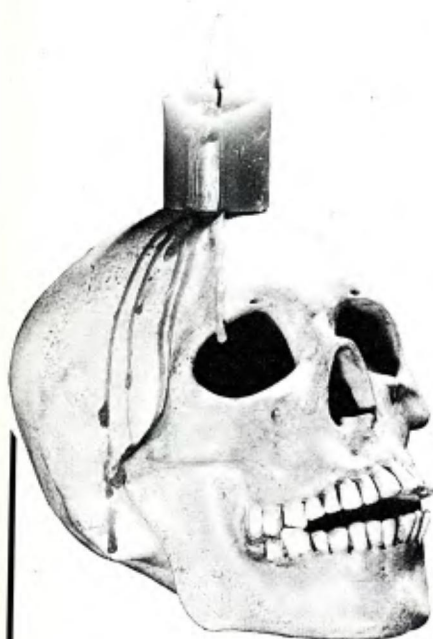
Seeds, Vanilla Fudge, or Johnny Rivers.

Pete's idea was to keep that wild, anything-goes, blow-their-minds 60s mentality roll-in' in the 80s. With 86 inches of pumpin' thunder, an eye-poppin' candy tangerine paint job by Jim Hastie, and hard-to-find parts located from stem to stern, he's got to be satisfied. I know we are.

—Hectic Hank



Owner: Pete Smith		City: Lockport, New York	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: M.C. Supermarket		Year: 1949	
Year and make: 1969 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Type: wishbone	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: M.C. Supermarket		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: molding	
Chroming by: Niagara Custom Plt.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Paughco	
Year: 1969		Risers: solid brass dogbones	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): 1949 cut/sculptured	
Rebuilder: Adam		Headlight: reproduction	
Ignition: auto advance		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 86 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S 4½ in.		Front pegs: Monster pegs M.C.S.	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 6 volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3¼ gal. fatbobs	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: sidefill	
Cam(s): Sifton 468s		Oil system: late model pump	
Lifters: Colony solids		Primary cover: chromed tin	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: covered by Cookie	
Air cleaner: custom		Sissybar: M.C. Supermarket	
Pipes: Santee 2 in. fishtails		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): zero		Material: round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews close-ratio		Type: 1948 springer	
Year: 1959		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: spring covers	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jim Hastie		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jim Hastie		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: Candy Tangerine/White Pearl		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: House of Color/lacquer		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: yes			
Other special modifications: chrome engine cases, custom headlight bucket, springer rear leg painted to match bike.			



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I've seen since I saw
my mother-in-law's."
— Spider**

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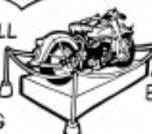
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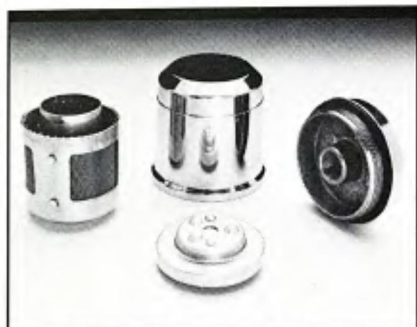
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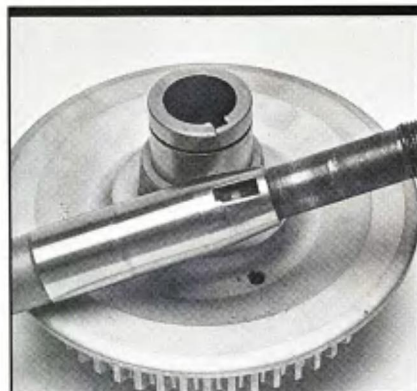
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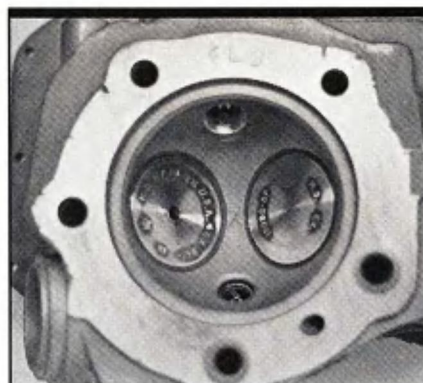
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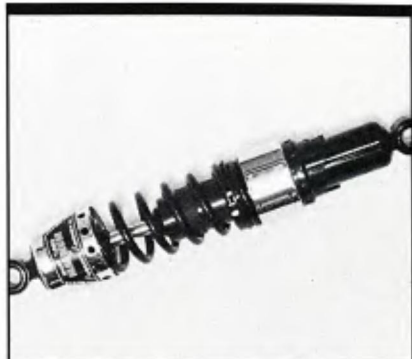
FLANDERS BARS

Flanders now offers a line of hand-dimpled bars for late model Harleys, complete with the dimples required for the wiring. A total of 35 different part numbers of 1-inch diameter bars are shown in their 1987 catalog along with 10,000 other motorcycle items. Available now through your local dealer. You get their full line catalog by sending \$5 to Flanders Co., Dept. ER, Box 93605, Pasadena, CA 91109. Dealer inquiries call toll free outside of California (800) 423-4438, inside California (800) 362-7005.



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These high-performance, freon cell, steel spring shocks have been designed with the Harley rider in mind. They are constructed from the highest-quality materials with double wall construction. The damper rod is heat-treated and hard-chromed. Six-stage automatic damping along with fade-resistant oil improves handling and comfort. Suggested retail \$169.95. For more info contact Progressive Suspension, Inc., 11129 G Ave., Dept. ER, Hesperia, CA 92345. (619) 948-4012.

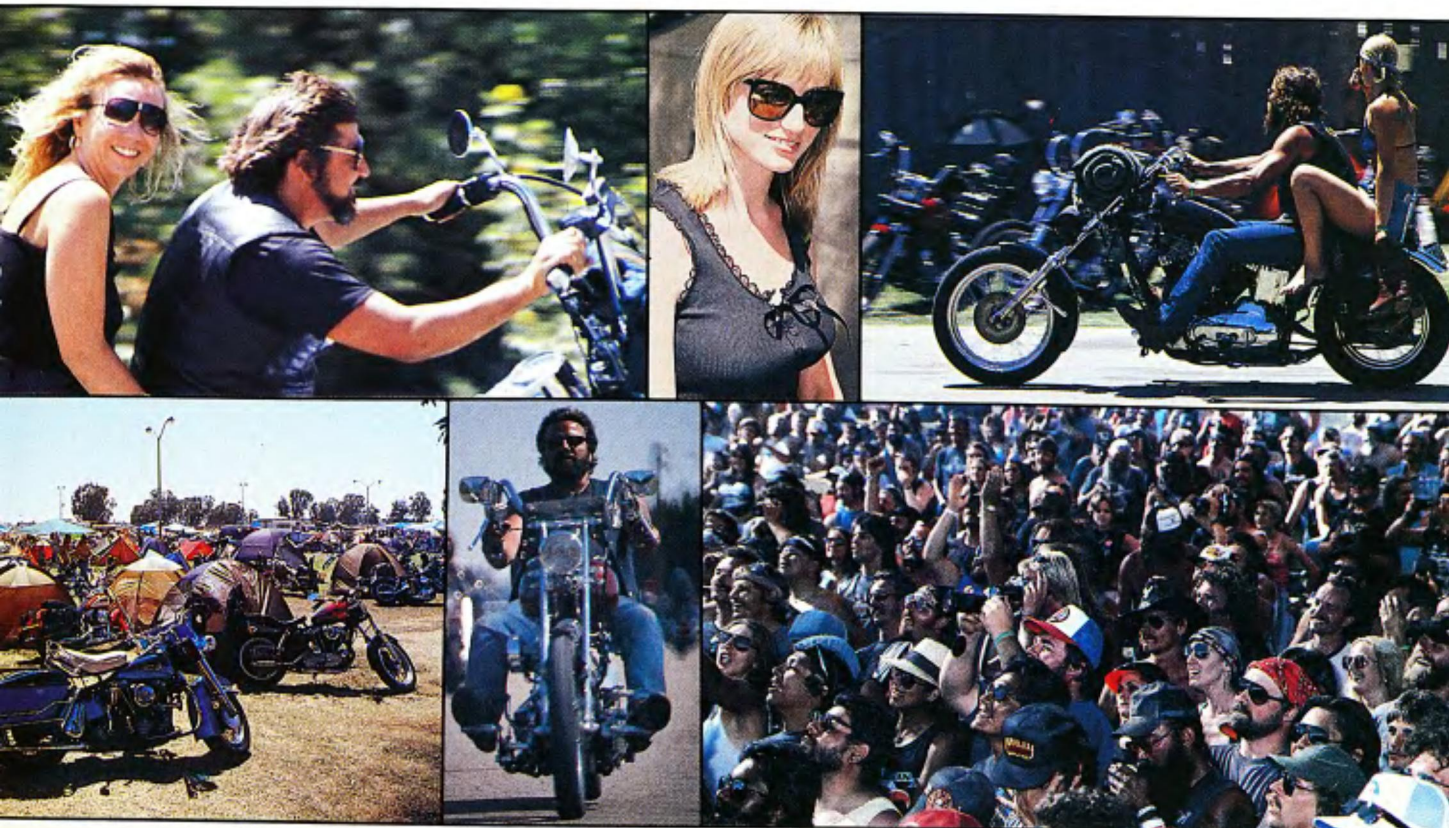


JAY BRAKE FOOTPEGS

New from Jay Brake Enterprises, these aluminum footpegs are machined from billet and feature smooth fold-up action. Each peg comes with wide rubber bands for a different look from the conventional O-rings. For more info on all Jay Brake Products, contact Jay Brake Enterprises, 211 Grand St., Box D, Dept. ER, Lockport, NY 14094.

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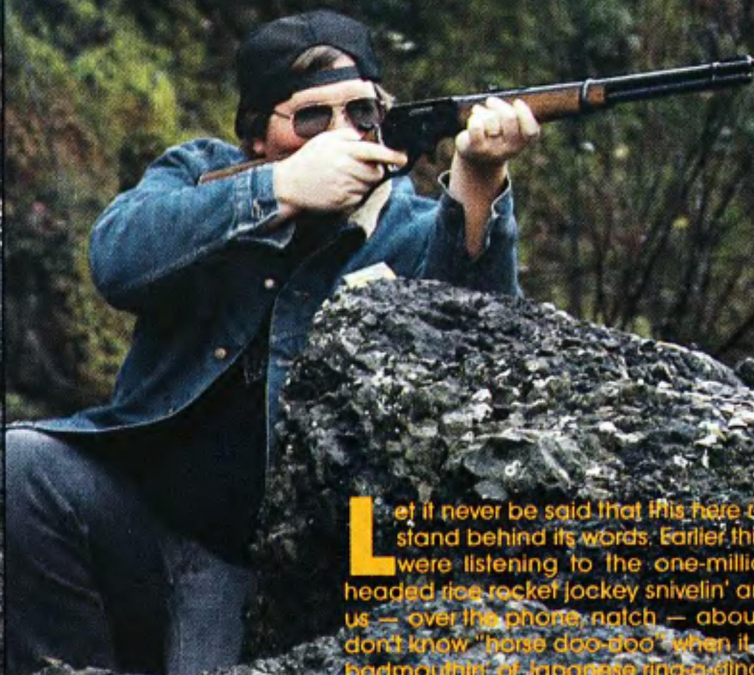
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JAP BIKE ROAD TEST



Let it never be said that this here rag doesn't stand behind its words. Earlier this year, we were listening to the one-millionth maggot-headed rice rocket jockey snivelin' an' whinin' to us — over the phone, natch — about how we don't know "horse doo-doo" when it comes to our badmouthin' of Japanese ring-a-dings from the Land of the Rising Seam. If we had any sense of fairness in reportin', this miserable pimple-ranch said, we'd run an unbiased, impartial road test on say, a Yamasukimi. Then we'd see the light, all right.

We were still rollin' around on the floor when Spider grabbed the phone and invited the limp-wrist to come on down to the office in person, so



the staff could take turns poppin' open cans of kick-ass on him. Our ninja warrior said gee, no thanks, he had to do the dishes, and anyway, he didn't think his boyfriend would let him.

It was about that time that someone noticed the crazy, pop-eyed, gettin'-a-reds-attitude look that Spider gets when his drug-fumigated mind is feverishly tryin' to give birth to an idea. As everybody dashed for cover, we could hear him mutterin', "Whatdafuck, it is the April Fool's issue, it is the April Fool's issue..."

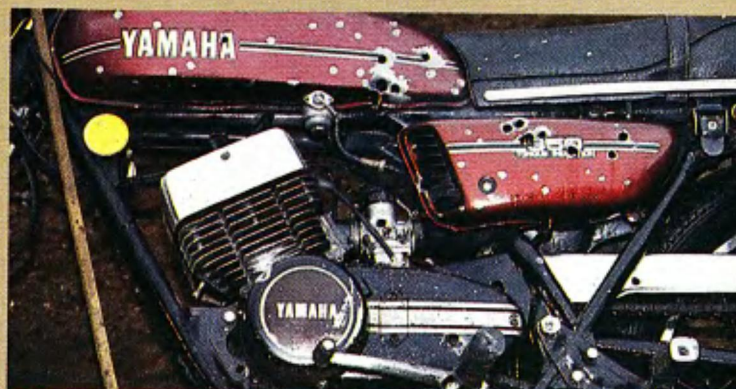
A week later, there was a note scrawled on a Big Chief tablet on my desk with Spider's mark on the bottom. It said: "Our journalistic integrity has been insulted, asshole. The Anthropologist will have Jap Road Test results to ya today." This was followed by the usual threats and thunderstorms of impending doom directed at me, my dog, and my seventeen illegitimate kids all over the US of A, if I didn't have the copy ready for him in the time it took him to finish walkin' over with my own personal can of kick-ass in hand.

So here it is, all ya Nipwits out there in Slantland — the first ever, unbiased, even-handed Easyriders Jap Bike Road Test. Judge for yerselves, and save yer phone money to call somebody who gives a shit.

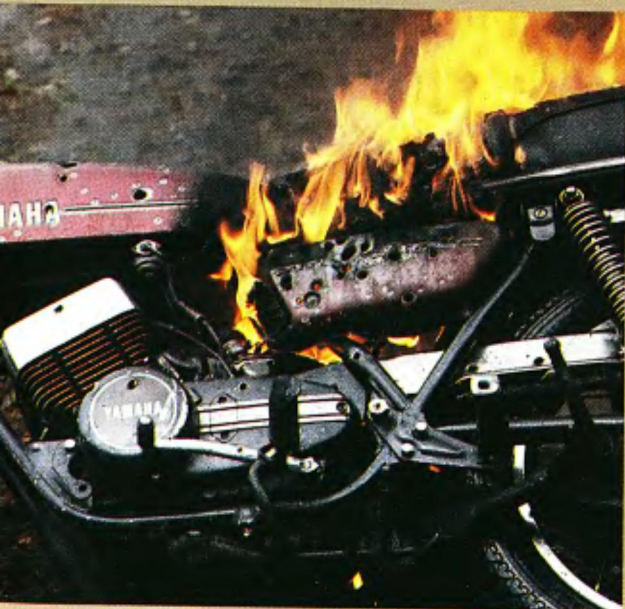
—Glueface

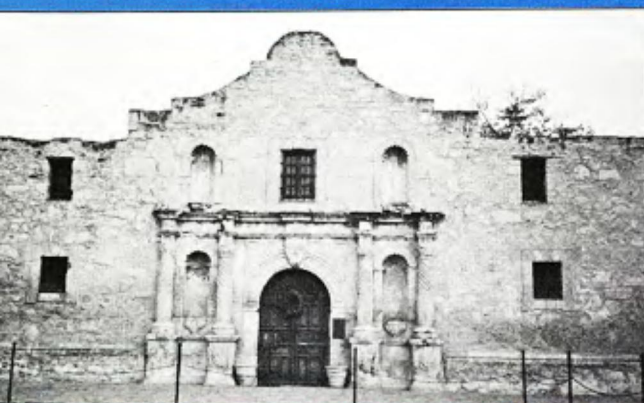
JAP BIKE ROAD TEST RESULTS

Model:	Japanese Shit
Value:	Not the sweat off your balls
Model availability:	Unfortunately
Styling:	Flame job
Acceleration:	14 ft/sec off 80-foot cliff
Stopping:	Noisy & satisfying
Fuel mileage:	2 ft., 4 in. per one pound black powder
Tires:	Riddled, blistered
Seat comfort:	Excellent on a cold day after lighting it
Maintenance:	Easy — let it burn
Electrics:	Shorted & fried
Unusual problems:	Leaked a lot of oil, gas, and battery acid soon after beginning of test
Special tools:	Ammo, black powder, nitro, puke bags

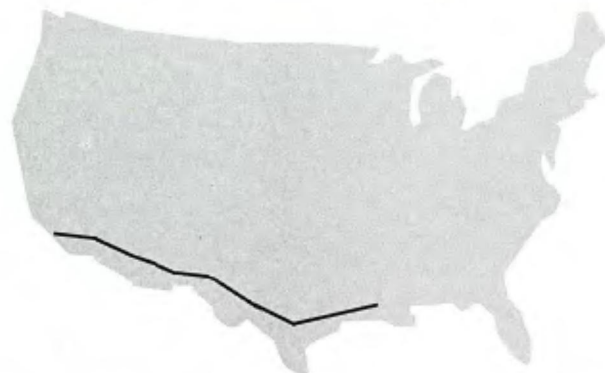


Photos by Anonymous Anthropologist





RIP'S RUN



Rip (left) with musician Augie Meyers in the Alamo City.

GOIN' HOME *By Rip*

Last month, I left off this minor epic by saying that I was headin' south toward Baton Rouge. The ride down was made in good weather — fair and warm. The nights were cool, and generally clear with calm winds. After leaving Memphis, locating the proper Interstate was easy.

Highway 55 is a very good road; it didn't have wavy lanes, as is common on many Interstates. The eighteen-wheelers hadn't yet cut grooves in the slow lane, or if they had, the road crews have since covered them over with a fresh coat of blacktop. It's as smooth as a baby's butt, with major work being done on the approaches in Jackson, Mississippi, the capital city. I only made two stops — one at a fast food chicken puke palace near Jackson, and the other for fuel where Highway 12 cuts into Interstate 55, leading to Baton Rouge.

Baton Rouge is French for Red Stick. Riding to the west side of town, I located Ingram's Custom Cycle, owned by Ed and Ellen Ingram. While there, I also met Norby, a patchholder in the Sons of Silence. He invited me to his house, shortly after which a barbecue was whipped up. While in Baton Rouge, I had the opportunity to visit with many good people Down by the Bayou, as the song goes.

Michael and Wayne are a couple of lucky dudes living in the Atchafalaya swamp. Atchafalaya is pronounced a-chef-a-lie-a, which is



Partyin' down on the bayou.



Norby and his son Kenneth.

redskin for River Of No Bottom. In other words, deep — maybe even as deep as Old Muddy itself. The boat ride around the swamps was grand; beau-coup squirrels abound there, along with many deer and gators.

Mike has fine French cuisine down; he made deer sauce *piquant* (hot deer sauce) — spicy and very much to my liking. The boudin I was introduced to was tasty — somewhat on the hot side, but not bad. Boudin is Louisiana's answer to a Western burrito or taco.

The following weekend, I was invited to a surprise bon voyage party for Earl. He was moving to Florida. Earl's a damned good welder and fabricator, and he will be sorely missed. "The Fass Coonass," Archie Carter, was in attendance, enjoying himself, as usual.

While in Red Stick, there are three neat bars to check out: The Zoo, the Delmont Lounge, and The Stumble Inn. All three have live entertainment, with Ladies Night at The Stumble Inn on Tuesdays and



Baton Rouge bros whipping up their fine French cuisine for some righteous Cajun bros and sisters.



much, have they?

The Texan is owned by bro Doug, a man who has much heart. I say this because Doug was in a very serious motorcycle accident just 4½ months earlier. The frame of his rigid Harley sits near the doorway to the men's room in The Texan. The front end hit with such force that the frame is bent almost at a right angle. As a result of the accident, he has a Dacron patch on his heart, but that didn't slow him down.

Take his kick-ass spool-racing, for

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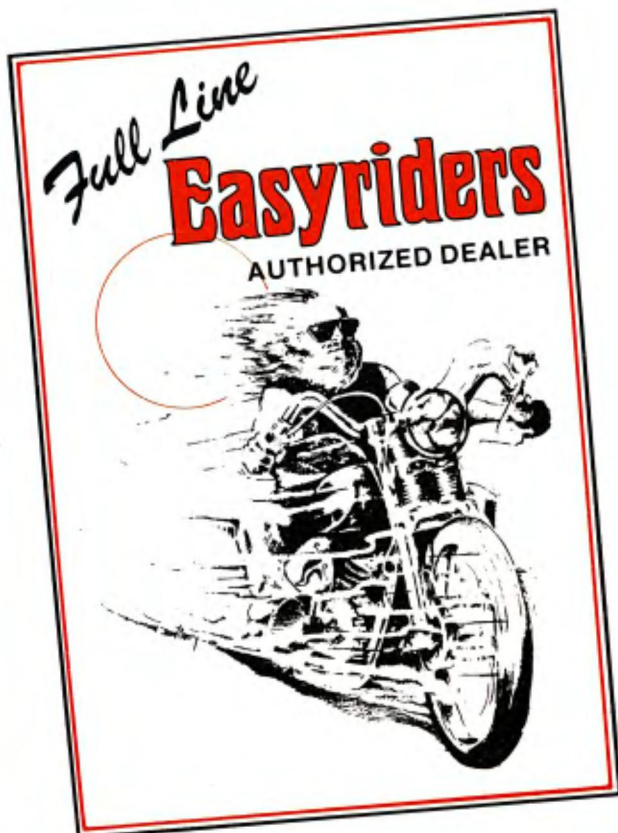


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example. This is the damndest two-wheel sport I've ever seen. The races are conducted right outside the bar. I don't know who thought this up, but it is killer, with mucho fun for the fans and participants alike. The object of the races is to jump off an eight-foot spool, which is laid on its side, onto another spool, which you ride the same way a logger would ride a log, except that you can use your hands. The rider goes about 60 feet, touches a pole near the street, and then rides the spool back to the starting line. All of this is accomplished under the clock, and a rider gets three tries.

The bugaboo is that if your foot slips and you fall forward, the spool can (and generally will) run you over. Yeah — great fun and excitement. Bikers are a breed apart, and we do have more full-tilt fun than anyone else. The winner gets a free case of whatever beer he or she chooses. If you break a bone while attempting to ride the spool, you get a free case. On the Sunday of the spool races, it was drizzling rain, which made footing extremely difficult. Doug won, breaking his own record of 24 seconds. He donated the case of beer to the fans who showed up. What a guy.

On the weekend, The Texan has live entertainment, and many home-grown musicians show up to jam. I met Augie Meyers, who played with

Dealer inquiries invited.

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NATIONAL

IN CALIFORNIA



The Spool Races outside The Texan and good company inside.

The Sir Douglas Quintet. Jerry Waddel, a huge man in whose mitts a guitar looks like a ukelele, entertained us, along with Chris Holzhaus. I couldn't conceive musicians of this caliber playing in a small beer bar, but there they were, knocking out tunes for us. Let me tell ya, it was sure appreciated. They got down with the R&B — Janis Joplin, another Texas hero and one of my favorites, got a lotta play on the jukebox.

While in San Antonio, Bob showed me quite a few Mexican restaurants. My favorite was Blanco (Spanish for white) Cafe #2. I like the harder beans instead of the refried variety. If you're like me and love Mexican food, try it; you'll like it. The world-famous Blanco #1 or #2, that is.

Before leaving the city, I had the opportunity to attend the 19th Annual Toys For Tots Run. Monty from S.A. has been carrying the ball on this run for many years. He needs a lotta help to get the message out to the surrounding communities. All proceeds go to the San Antonio State School.

Back out on Highway 10, headed west out of the city to El Paso, it was frigid. The halfway point was to be Fort Stockton; whatta shitty surprise to wake up and find four inches of

DAYTONA!

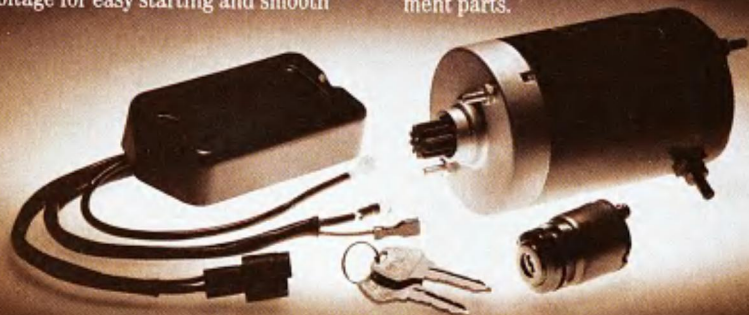


Relive Daytona '86 on video tape in your home. Go to Main Street, the Rat's Hole bike show, see tattooists, women, and hundreds of bikes. If you were there you might be in the film and you can relive the wild times you had that week. If you want to go there this coming year, you can see all the things you missed and start making plans to attend next year's Daytona Bike Week. An unbelievable event — you have never seen so many Harleys in one place. Send \$39.95 plus \$2.00 per tape for postage and handling to Righteous Products, P.O. Box 6767, Malibu, CA 90265. Specify Beta or VHS.

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GENUINE  PARTS

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The San Antonio Toy Run's good Samaritan revelers.



snow on the saddle of the Softail. I put on two sets of longjohns and two pairs of socks and started off, thinking it might not be as bad as it looked. That's what one gets for thinking — I rode 62 miles in ice and snow, biting the bullet all the way. I quickly found out what black ice is, and lemme tell ya, it's nothing a

motorcycle rider should be in. If the Softail had had a sidehack bolted on, or even a windshield, it may not have been so bad. But slippin' and slidin' around on ice, expecting to lay her down any second, took all the fun out of the ride home. It made for highly anxious moments and a very stressful situation. I know I was



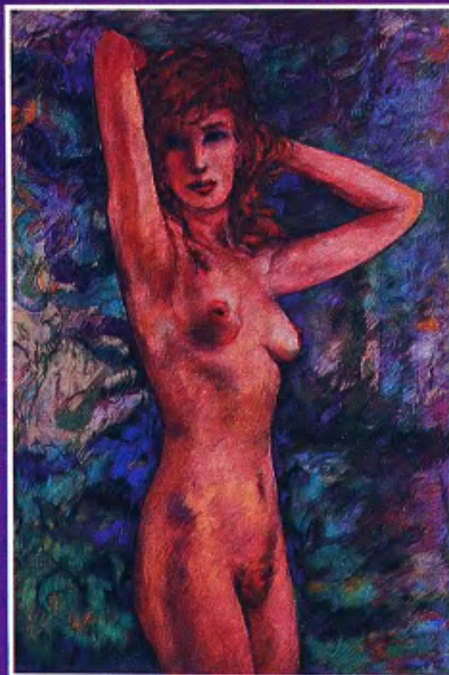
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blowin' some truckers' minds, being the only fool riding in the snow on a scooter that day. We are now talking freezing, biting cold. In a word, *miserable* — the kind of cold that shrivels the nutsack to the size of an acorn.

The Softail's front end was covered with ice. My nose, toes, and fingers were frozen. My beard had icicles on it. Finally, civilization. In a small town called Balmorhea, I stopped at a Fina gas station to get out of the cold and possibly to find something warm to drink. Although at the station only 15 to 20 minutes drinking coffee, it was long enough for the front wheel to literally freeze up. The brakes wouldn't work — the ice wouldn't allow the caliper to grab the rotor — and the spokes on both wheels were fat fingers of icicles. Nothing like this had ever happened to this Southern California bro. I had to beat on the components with a hard rubber mallet to break them loose. As I was doing this, I remember thinking that it is one thing to be a macho man — strong, proud, and bold, with heart and balls — but it's another thing to be just plain stupid. So I rode slowly into town and found a good, clean, economical motel room to wait out the storm. Wouldn't ya know it — I found out that the only motel in town was owned and operated by a retired motorcycle rider. He rode H-Ds and Indians, to be exact. The motel is called the Valley Motel.

Having experienced it first-hand, I didn't need to watch the National Weather channel, NOAA, to know what was happening outside. It was called near-blizzard conditions. After two days, there was a break in the weather pattern, and I got on the road and kept riding until I reached Wilcox, Arizona. From there, it was a short hop home.

Pleasure is where you find it. At this time of the year, it feels great being home with the family for the holidays. And particularly out of the grip of Old Man Winter, away from ice, slush, and snow. I'm gonna kick back for a short-short, and then I'm gonna roar outta here and head south — about as far south as a person can go. Then, if all goes well and with the help of God, I'll do the East Coast next year.

Take care.

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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1987

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This show is not a swap meet — only new parts and accessories will be on display and may be purchased.

ADMISSIONS: Adults \$5.00, Ages 65 & over \$3.00, Ages 12 through 16 \$3.00, Under 12 get in FREE.

TICKETS PURCHASED AT DOOR.

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Fri. April 3 — 4:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.
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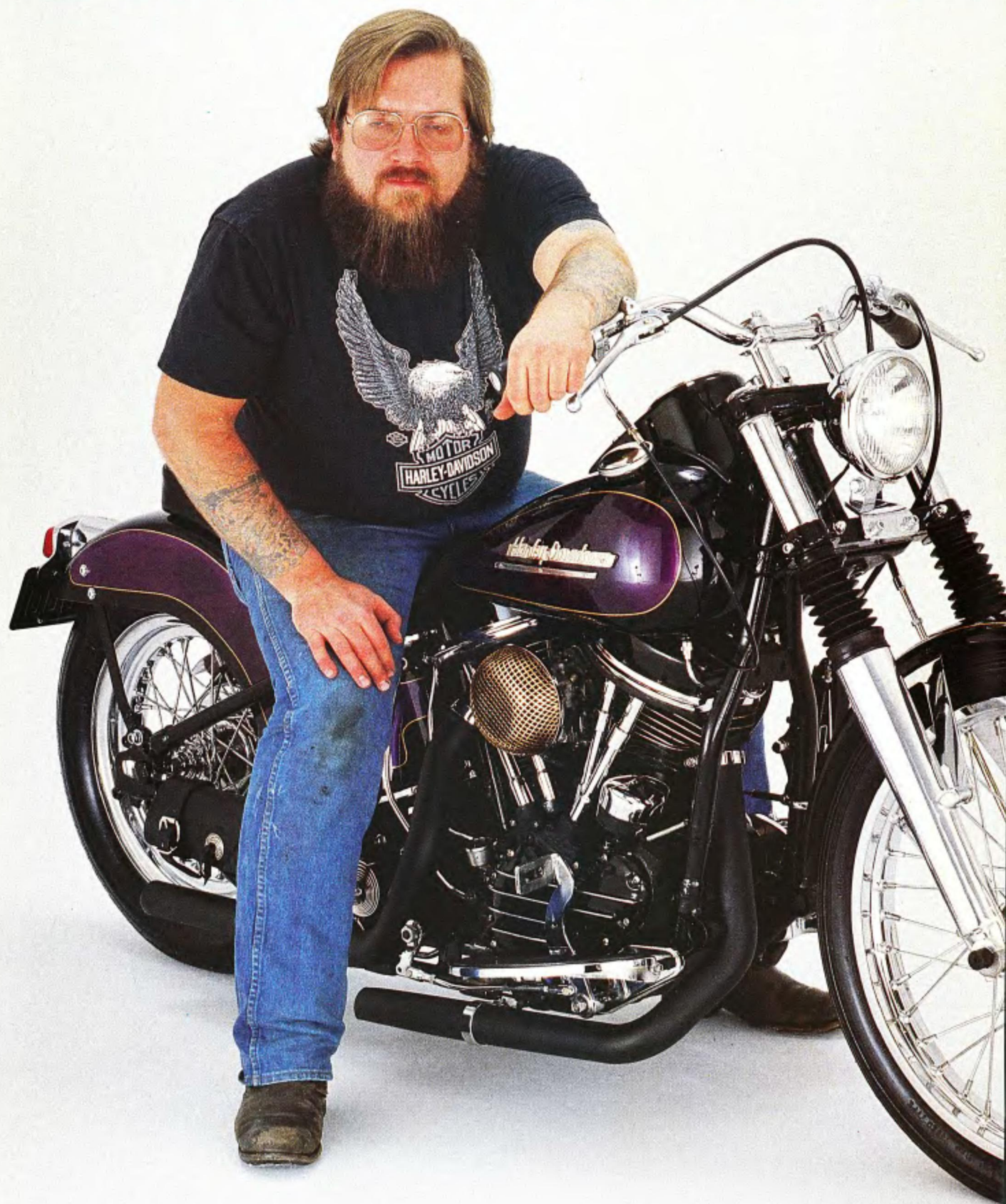
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BIRTHDAY BIKE



Over all the years we've been running stories about the best and brightest bikes in Harleydom, we've heard some really off-the-wall reasons for dudes buying a certain scooter. This is the latest one.



When you're 34 years old and you've already been living on Harley-Davidsons for over half your lifetime, you're entitled to some strong opinions. And Colorado-based Carl Wilson, no relation to Beach Boy Carl Wilson or surf punks of any size, shape, or description, has his share of them.

For instance, Carl has some strong opinions of what his favorite bikes are. Of all of them — the good, the bad, and the ugly — that he's owned or ridden in the past 17 years, he says the hands-down best is a 98-inch shovelhead stroker that currently resides in his garage when it's not rolling beneath his butt.

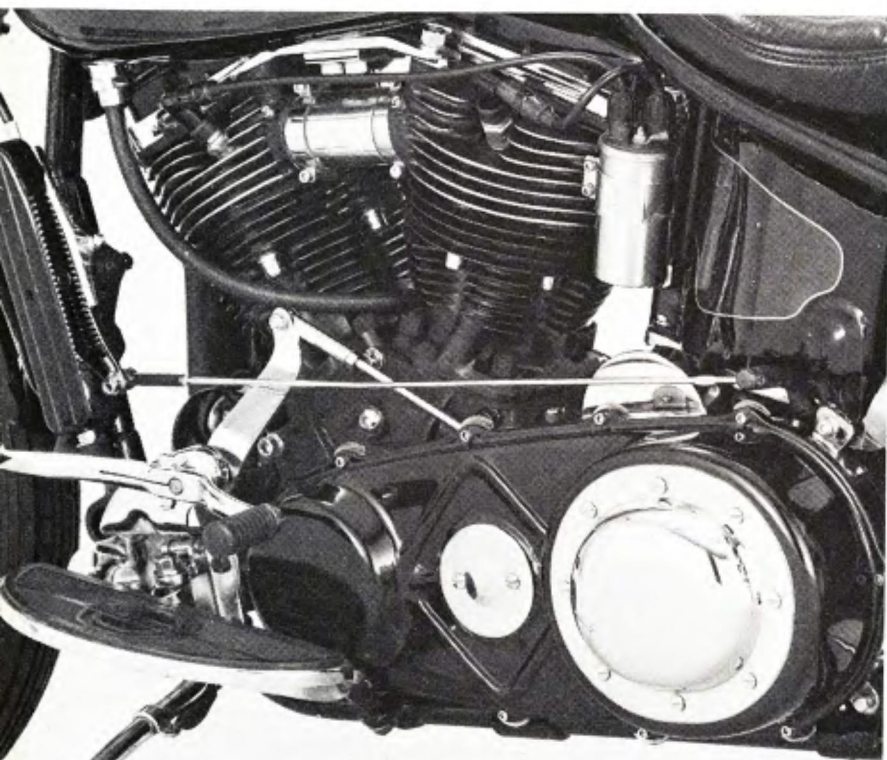
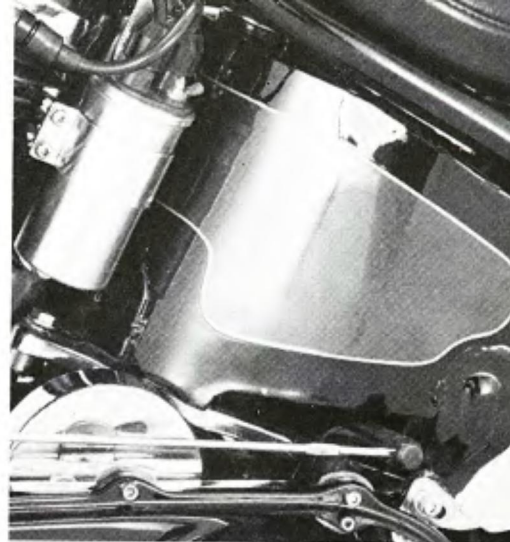
So what's the story with this classic black and purple panhead, then? After all, one of Carl's other strong opinions is that he isn't really much of a pan man.

"The deal is really simple," Carl explains. "I've always wanted to own a Harley that is the same age as I am. The pan was born in 1953 and so was I."

And, while it is true that both the motorcycle and the man



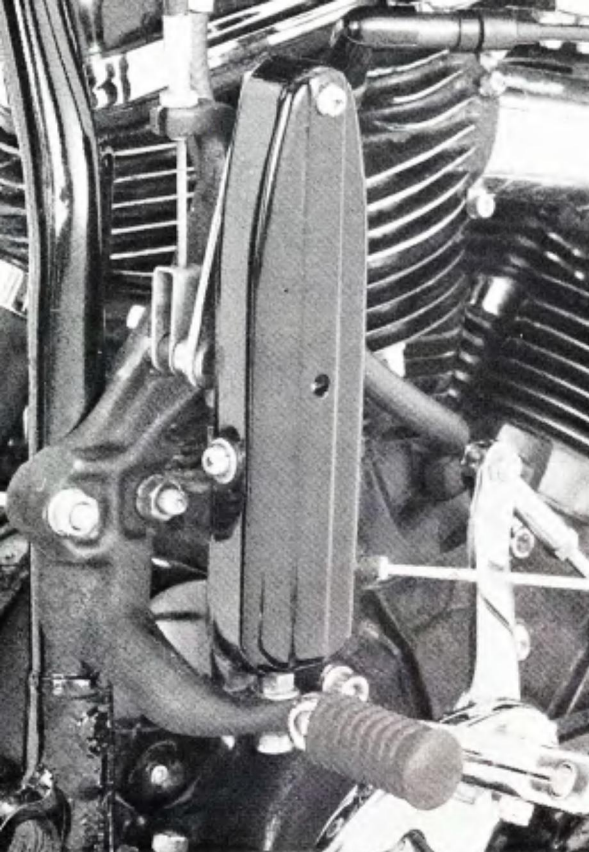




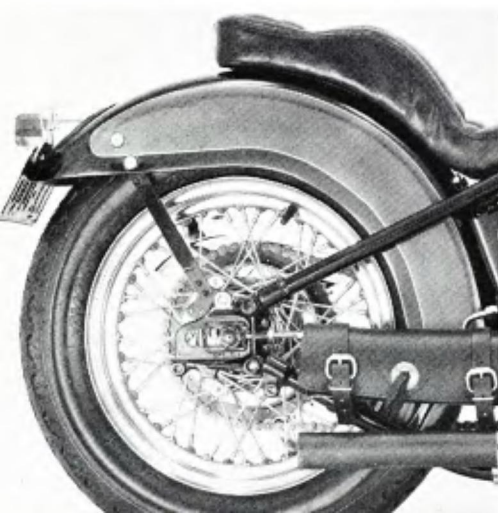
arrived on Earth in the same year, it is equally a fact that of the two of them, Carl was in a helluva lot better shape when they were introduced close to three years ago. Carl, at least, was a reasonable facsimile of his younger self and could maneuver about under his own power. That's a lot more than could have been said about the rusty, musty old FL he decided to bring back from the grave.

As Carl recalls it, the FL

wasn't in a box but might just as well have been. In fact, he probably would have been better off if the panhead had been in pieces. At least then he would have been spared the hassle and skinned knuckles involved in breaking loose all the rusted nuts and bolts that were holding it together. The main problem with the bike was that it was in stock condition not because somebody had carefully and deliberately kept it that way, but because no one



Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Carl Wilson		City: Thornton, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1953	
Year and make: 1953 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$5,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: straight	
Chroming by: T.J. Nielsen		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Two Wheelers	
Year: 1953		Risers: Gary Bang	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Two Wheelers/owner	
Rebuilder: Mile High V-Twins		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: distributor 12 volt		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: 86 FXST	
Lower end: Mile High V-Twins		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: Little Pete		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Gary Bang		Electrics: 12 volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.5 stock	
Heads: Rick La Briola		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Lienweber		Oil system: leaks	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Two Wheelers	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1953		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Rick Pew		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: black and Candy Purple		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: Ditzler Deltron		Brake: mech. H-D	Brake: sometimes
Special paint: Rick Pew			
Special thanks: Jim Taylor, Rick Pew, Arlin, Al Bolger, and Felix			

had ever done anything at all to it. . . they just let the original parts go on and on, without maintenance or rebuilding, until long after the poor pan was ready to reach the end of the road. But all that's in the past. Carl has lovingly restored the bike to stock-like condition, and he intends to

keep it that way for as long as he owns it, which, he makes it clear, is forever.

"I really don't believe in selling my motorcycles," Carl says. "Especially not this one. How can I, when we're going to be celebrating our birthday together?"

—Butcher

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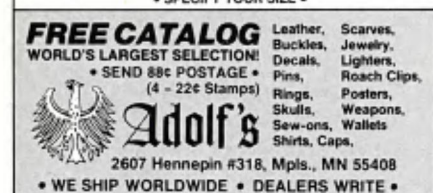


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 Clutch Hub Nut with Seal & Locking Tab D-12 6.95 ea. Nut Only D-12A 3.95 ea. Seal Only D-12B 1.95 ea. Locking Tab D-12C 1.95 ea.	 Universal Steel Rear Fender 5" Flat Fender 6" Flat Fender FE-12 14.95 ea.	 Chrome Front Master Cylinder Cover C-75B 7.95 ea.	 Drilled Rotor, fits FL front & rear 72-78, FXE rear 73-78, SP-29 29.95 ea. Fits FX, XL, dual disc front 78-83 SP-30 29.95	 Chrome Rear Sprocket, fits 73-84 Big Twin, XL 79-85 SP-27A 29.95 ea.	 Sale 14.95 List 29.95 Kickstand F-4 14.95	 Drag Bars, with built in riser, 4" Rise H-1A 34.95 ea. 6" Rise H-1B 34.95 ea. 8" Rise H-1C 34.95 ea.	 Rear Sprocket includes rivets, fits 30-57 Big Twin, XL 57-78 RG-1 24.95 ea. includes rivets, fits 67-72 RG-3 24.95 ea. includes rivets, fits 62-66 Big Twin RG-2 24.95
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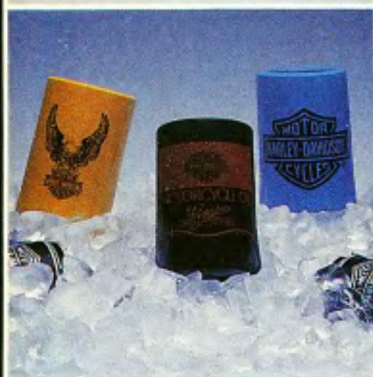
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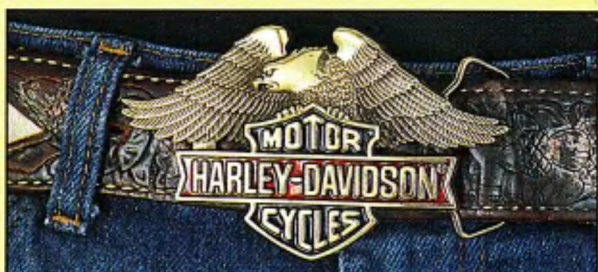
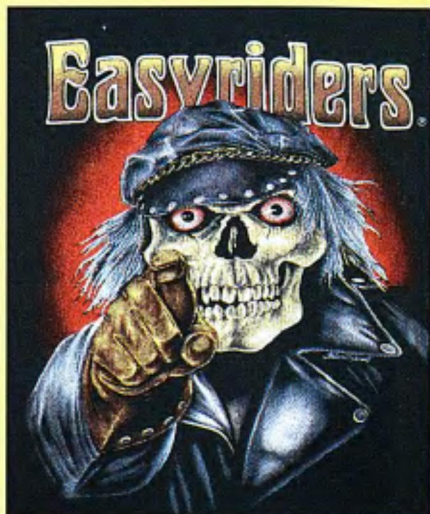
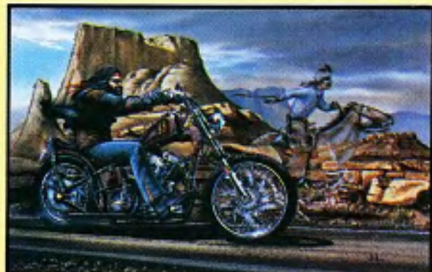
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The warm and sunny days of the riding season are right around the corner, so it's time to dust off the leathers and get it together, and what better way to flash some class this summer than with genuine *Easyriders* products? From bun-huggers to beer chuggers, we've got it all, and then some. Check it out.



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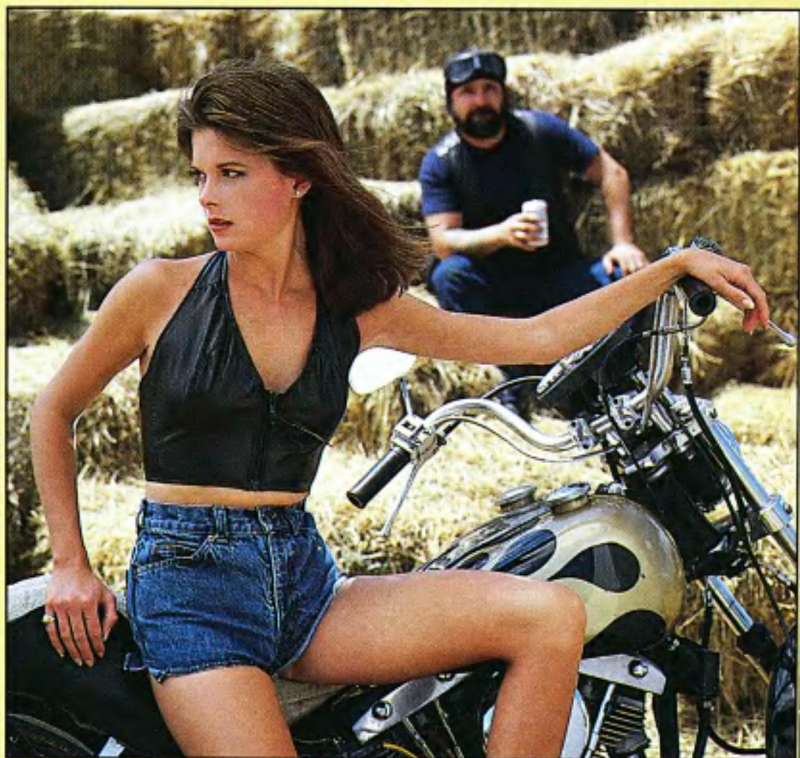
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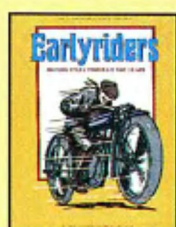
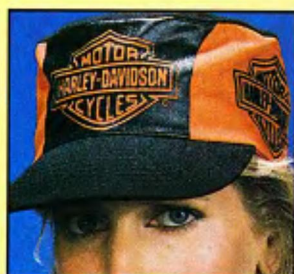
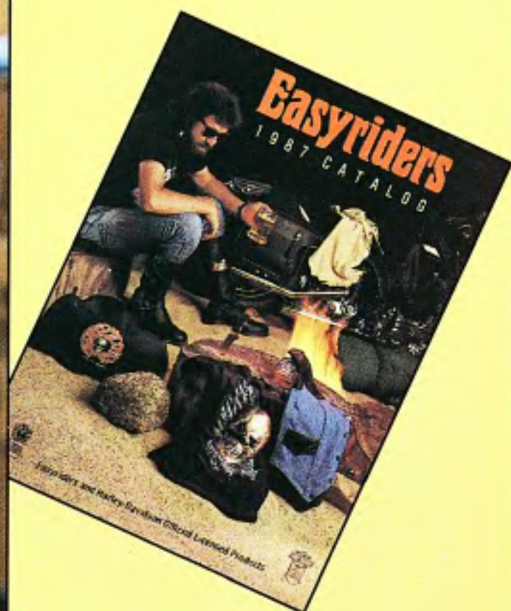
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DAYTONA! DAYTONA! DAYTONA!

Easyriders Rodeo

An All-American Event

Featuring Harley and Indian V-twins

Friday
March 6, 1987
2:00 p.m.

From Daytona, take
I-95 South to New Smyrna Exit,
then West 6 miles on Hwy 44 to
Corner of State Road 44 & 415.
NEW SMYRNA SPEEDWAY

\$5,000⁰⁰ ^{*}
Purse

Trophy Buckles and Participant Pins
awarded in all events

Admission
\$6.00 adult
\$5.00 seniors
\$4.00 children
At the Gate

Call For Reserved Tickets
Discount tickets at Easyriders Dealers

— Main Events —

Trike Sled Pull \$700

1st \$350 2nd \$250 3rd \$100
Top Four Qualify

Solo Sled Pull \$300

1st \$150 2nd \$100 3rd \$50
Top Six Qualify

Keg Derby \$300

1st \$150 2nd \$100 3rd \$50
Top Six Qualify

Bikers Tug-of-War \$600

1st \$500 2nd \$100
Top Two Teams of Five Bikes Ea. Qualify —
Two Out Of Three Wins

Tire Ride \$500

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

Movin' Hog Pile \$300

1st \$200 2nd \$100
Top Two Teams Qualify

— Feature Events —

Barrel Race \$400
Wienie Bite \$400

Beer Can Grab \$400
Slow Race \$400

Tire Toss \$400
Potato Haystack \$400

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

— Participant Entry Fees —

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

Entrants call before March 4, 1987

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Practice 12 noon — 5:00 p.m.,
Thursday, March 5, 1987
Qualifying 8:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon,
Friday, March 6, 1987



***GUARANTEED** if all events are
fully entered — If not, prize money
will be adjusted in each event to
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