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Lotsa Harleys

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May 1987
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Easyriders

NUMBER 167

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

MAY 1987

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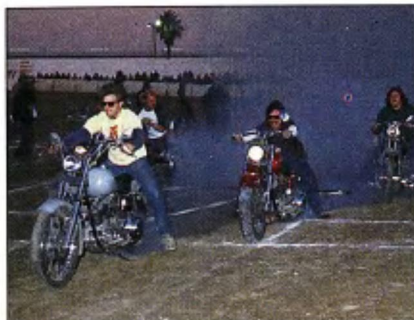
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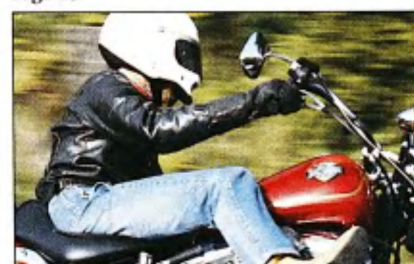
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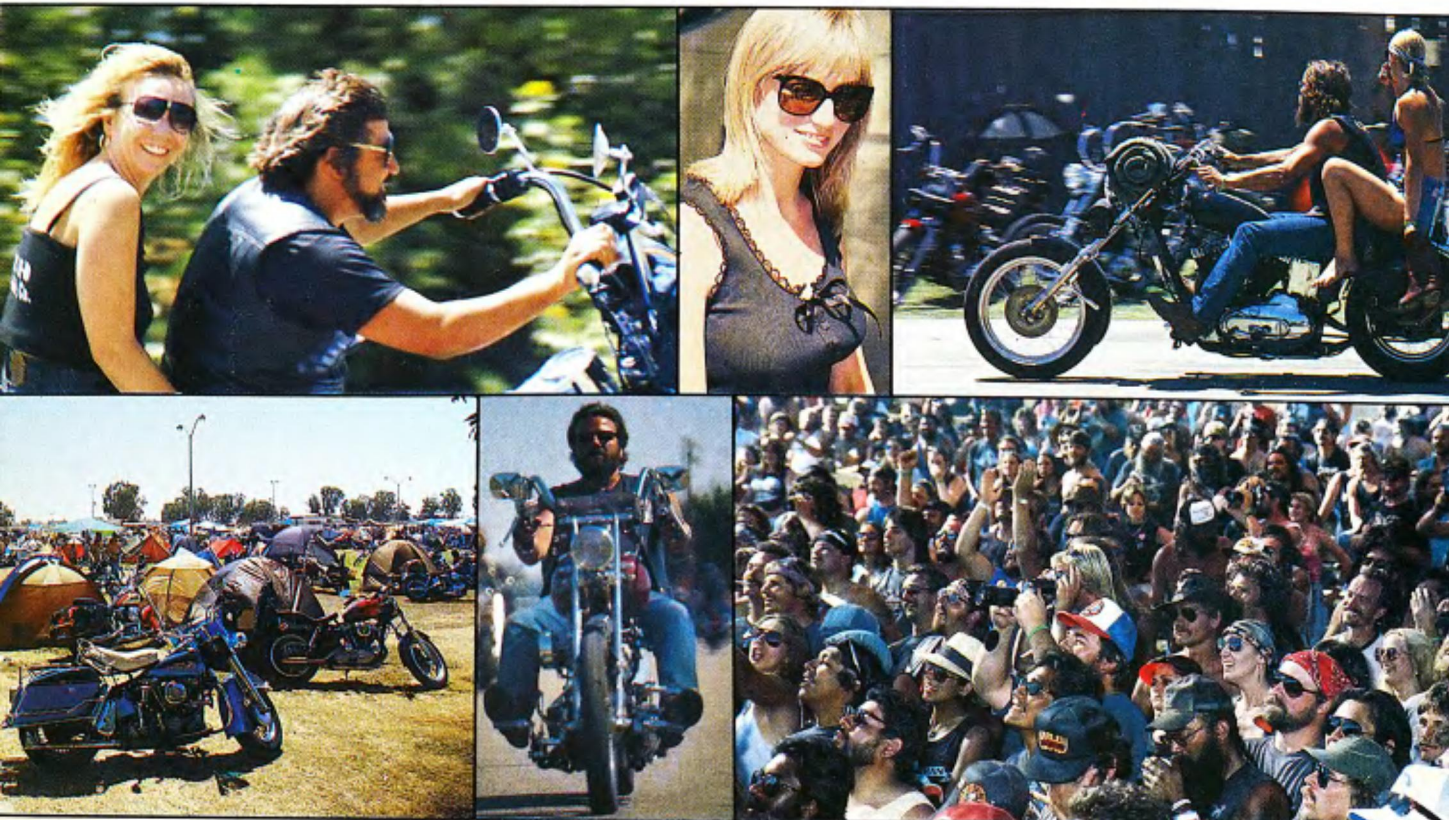
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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Our cover and gatefold photography of sexy Susan clinging to Greg Anderson's red-hot Afterburner was done by Michael Lichter. Michael was assisted by makeup artist Beth Ryan.

BIKE FEST '87

June 19, 20, 21

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Easyriders staffers will be on hand all three days, snapping pix of bikes, bros, broads, and whatever else they can find to point their cameras at for the rag!

Send _____ tickets @ \$25 and _____ children's tickets @ \$12.50.
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KINGS COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS
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**Look for postage paid envelope
between pages 34 and 35.**

I've been told by my bros that I would fuck mud if I couldn't find a broad. Well, I just heard some great news, and I now don't feel too bad about being a lecher. It seems that the more often you climax during your life, the less chance there is of having prostate problems, even prostate cancer. So if your ol' lady says to you, "Not tonight, I have a headache," tell her the least she could do is choke your chicken, because climaxing means that you'll have a happy life when you're older.

This state was wondering why the numbers on the license plates which were manufactured in a local prison were peeling. They investigated and found that the prisoners were pissing in the paint.

This guy decided to snuff his companion, so he went out to the desert, found a dead rabbit, and sprinkled its remains on his roommate's breakfast. His roommate croaked, and he confessed to the crime, but the police have nothing on the books on which they can charge him—rabbit fever isn't on the list of poisons, so they don't know what to do.

He was riding a bike early one Saturday morning when he came upon a tow truck parked in the middle of the road. People were apparently trying to warn him about the truck, so he went around it, but the tow truck had a 3/8-inch cable going from it across the highway and down the side, pulling up a car that had gone over the cliff. Not seeing the cable until the last moment, he ducked, and it missed him but caught his ol' lady, who was riding with him. He managed to stop about 100 feet away, walked back to the scene, saw that she had croaked, went back to the bike, and split the scene. That's cold, man.

You tell me what his trip is. He had stolen 370 dirty diapers throughout the city, and when he was busted, he was wearing diapers. Part of his trip was that he pretended to be a driver for a diaper service, so he went around to houses picking up dirty diapers that he had told people to leave on their front porch. The police can't figure him out and neither can I.

Now I know I've told you and told you never to go to sleep first. Let the broad go to sleep first. Look what happened to this guy who had his dick out off while he was sleeping. And there was

a little boy who was also sleeping—his mother whacked his joint off with a razor, believing her former husband's spirit was present in the boy's penis. I know this is weird, but it's just another example of why you can't go to sleep first around women.

Now this has gotta be a first. He was screwin' around on the side of a mountain on his skis, just generally hotdogging around, but believe it or not, he was arrested for reckless skiing.

At last they've finally discovered our secret. A university professor just discovered that bikers get the feeling of belonging to an elite organization. It gives the biker an intense set of friendships stronger than his own individuality. A member's commitment is constantly tested by social censure, moral condemnation, and hassles from the police. You wouldn't think it would take a college professor to figure this out, would you?

Last month I told you about a con who shit in the guard's spaghetti. Now we have a guy who threw rats in the guard's coffee, and they have found sneakers and shreds of glass in the coffeepot. They don't know who it is, so the guards are not eatin' in the cafeteria any more.

This guy must have really been pissed at a broad. He stabbed her 30 times—with a ball-point pen. After he finished stabbing her, he beat her over the head so hard that the telephone broke. Man, he was pissed ass.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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WORDMONGER

Legs

□ That 120-incher in the January '87 issue was deluxe to the max but didn't hold the road with Laurie Ann's legs.

I love legs! And the thing I love most about legs is that they've got toes on one end and pussy on the other.

One Wire Joe
San Jose, Calif.

New MC

□ A motorcycle club has formed a chapter in the Houston, Texas area. We are a group of Harley riders who get together and ride without drinking or druggin' anymore and still have a good time. Our motto is "Ride Clean, Sober, and Free."

All inquiries can be addressed to: Chapter Twelve MC, P.O. Box 931, Friendswood, TX 77546: (713) 332-2363 or (713) 337-1619.

Mike, President
Chapter Twelve MC
Friendswood, Tex.

Not The Same

□ This is to let Bobbi Yum and her ol' man (February '87 "Wordmonger") know that I'm alive — most of the time — and when I am, I'm a lineman, not a postman, in Bend, Oregon. Still riding the same scooter (naked lady on tank) back and forth to Sturgis every year over the same route where we met.

It's good to know that there are still bros and sisters who remember the good times like: starting my scooter for me at the tavern in Burns because of my leg, the "Lyme biker" Bill, Smokey, Dennis, and the rest of the bros at the Pastime.

If fate makes us meet on the road again, we'll still have good times. The offer still stands to crash at my place anytime.

James Lake
Bend, Ore.

Lost Leg

□ Last May, I was hit by a drunk driver, and he took off my right leg. The day before, I had purchased a bike. It

now sits in the garage, and I have no way of riding it with my artificial leg.

In the February '87 issue of your magazine, there was a picture of a man with two artificial legs. Does this man ride, and if so, how?

Can you put me in contact with anyone who rides with a right artificial leg?

Ralphe Dodge
Kansas City, Mo.

■ See next letter.

A Trike Club

□ In response to James Crouch's letter (March '87) and for the information of anyone else who might be interested, there is a place you can turn to get help in building your trike. Try writing: Brothers Of The Third Wheel, P.O. Box 345, Coal Valley, IL 61240.

Brothers Of The Third Wheel is an international club dedicated to trikers.

Jim Sickler
National Director
Brothers Of The Third Wheel
Coal Valley, Ill.

Illinois Lid Law

□ In the February '87 issue, L. Kelley writes, "Only with the full support of bikers can we defeat this law" (Illinois helmet law).

I would like to inform L. Kelley and all other concerned bikers that the previously independent ABATE chapters in Illinois have formed a statewide organization. We want and need your support to defeat the lid law and protect all your rights as an Illinois biker.

For more info, write ABATE of Illinois, 501 W. Woods, Avon, Ill. 61415 or contact me.

Ernie Steele
1217 2nd St.
Rock Island, Ill. 61201

Thanks

□ I don't generally make it a habit to write letters, but I would like to say thanks to a man who helped me out last

summer.

I had taken a few weeks off to make a run to Humboldt, Iowa for the Freedom Rally, and I guess I rode my old pan a few more miles than I expected. (Where the hell is Iowa?) Anyway, I pulled into Truett & Osborn's at closing time, for the sole purpose of getting a voltage regulator support bracket. Mine broke on I-35, just north of Oklahoma City.

Dan, one of the wrenches there, helped me push my dresser inside the nice, cool shop and proceeded to build me a rather nice bracket. (They had just sold the last OEM bracket for a 1964 FLH the day before.) So I bolt everything together, pay Mr. Truett (or was it Mr. Osborn?) \$1.25 and get ready to leave. That's when Dan notices that my Goodyear ain't no good. So I tell him I'll be back in the mornin' for a new rear tire. He says, "Hell, man, just leave it locked inside here tonight and crash at my place. We'll fix it first thing in the mornin'." Since I kinda hate riding on a slick rear tire in Kansas at night alone, without a clue as to where to camp, I said, "Sure." We drank a case of that good ol' beer, and he showed me the couch.

The next mornin' after a hot shower, I'm on the road again. Dan, if you're ever near Texas/Louisiana, you've got a place to stay and some beer! Cossack Reed
Tyler, Tex.

'Nam Vets MC

□ In reply to Mike Guthery's letter (February '87), the man is absolutely right to believe that the Brothers of The Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club has something special. Although all the Vietnam veterans have "prospected" the hard way, that only gives them the right to seek memberships in the club. Like any club, no one just joins. Each and every member is carefully screened before being chosen.

Mike and any other Viet-

nam veterans who are independent riders should talk to some of the brothers of the club. They stand a very good chance of changing their views on riding independently. There is a real brotherhood with a lot of heart in the club. The "In Memory Of" patch that Mike spotted in your November '86 (pg. 21) issue is available to all Vietnam veterans through any club member. Forget the war, not the warrior!

D. Zahniser
Everett, Wash.

☐ In the February '87 issue, under "Nam Vets Again," Fleming from Norco, California said that he's seen many pictures in *Easyriders* of members of the Vietnam Vets MC (apparently he missed some of the damn fine articles) and wanted info on Vietnam Vets MC. Fleming can contact VNV MC, P.O. Box 1121, El Toro, CA 92630.

You rag writers at *Easyriders* have not only provided a lot of good info on vet affairs, VA info, etc., but you've done it with style and heart — that's more than I can say for our elected and non-elected officials. This is one vet who appreciates what you folks have done. Thanks!

Tex
Calif. State Coordinator
Vietnam Vets M/C
El Toro, Calif.

Thanks, T-Bird

☐ Thanks to your office mouse, Theresa Lapinski, you saved a subscriber. She and only she got me my skipped September '86 issue after four months and several calls. Thank you, Theresa.

Joe Baille
Bella Vista, Calif.

☒ She's one of our long-time employees, so we have to put up with her — she knows too many secrets!

An Offer

☐ Doing time in Texas and have 14 mint-condition *Easyriders* (#152 - #164). The "Man" here is a real redneck and has a bad habit of destroying all *Easyriders* he/she finds.

I'd like to get them into the hands of some good scooter people who'd appreciate them. Ain't asking for anything in return, but you could say thank you, say fuck you, send flicks of your naked ol' lady, send flicks of your dog,

pay me back on the postage, or any or all of these. First kite gets them all. No wannabes! Bikers only!

Brady Beck #356344
P.O. Box 128
Tennessee Colony,
TX 75861

No Censorship Here

☐ In regard to Dawn's letter from Ada, Minnesota (February '87 issue), the Rev. Don Meyerson of Bemidji, Minnesota tried to push for all store owners to censor their mag racks.

I, for one, owner-operator of Bill's Self Serve of Bemidji, Minnesota, would not back down to the religious fanatics. We will carry 20 to 25 adult mag titles, including *Easyriders* and *In The Wind*, which are usually sold out before the next issue date.

Thank you, Joe Teresi and company, for not giving in like *Auto Buff* and putting bathing suits on your models. *Easyriders* is a great mag.

Dave C.
Bemidji, Minn.

Wants Info

☐ I would like to know if anyone out there knows where I can get a hub for an Invader six-spoke wheel. The wheel is universal, but I need the right hub to fit a '79 FL front end.

I've already tried contacting the Invader Company, but they've gone out of business. Any information would be appreciated. Contact H.C., P.O. Box 16188, Austin, TX 78761.

H.C.
Austin, Tex.

A Thought

☐ When laws are outlawed, only outlaws will have law.

The Vulture
Sacramento, Calif.

Ship His Bike

☐ I want to ship my motorcycle to Europe for a vacation. Do you or any of your readers know anyone who provides this service? How much does it cost? Where does it depart and arrive? I've heard the BMW Owners Association does it. Do they ship Harleys?

Write Kenneth W. Bunn at P.O. Box 1356, Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870.

Kenneth W. Bunn
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

We Succeeded

☐ I'm a new reader (female)

of your great magazine. Last night I had a dream that I owned and rode a 1934 Harley. It (the bike) was just beautiful (I've never before seen one). When I woke up, I started asking my fiancé to find me a 1934 Harley and buy it.

Am I too old to start riding a bike? I'm almost 40 and a grandmother.

Fred Cronk's ol' lady, Opal Hampton, Iowa

☒ Who says you can't ride at 40? Road rash stings a little bit more when you're older — but whatdafuck.

She Saw The Light

☐ For 25 years I led a boring straight-type life. Then last July, I accidentally stopped in for a beer at a bar which, to my surprise, was filled with long-haired, tattooed bikers. It was love at first sight!

I've now convinced my best friend to quit her job and join me in a trip cross-country to California. We'd love to meet up with bike people to party with along the way and find out where the good biker bars are.

Tina 'Cheshire Cat' Roberts
P.O. Box 84
Marion, Conn. 06444

Another One Saw The Light

☐ Can you help a distressed wannabe biker? I've been packing behind bars for a little over a year and have loved it. Hog blood runs through my veins. I know I wasn't at it long, but I know biking is the life for me. The bikes are the best, the partying is hard, and the people are the nicest, best-hearted I've ever met!

Just when the leather jacket was being broken in, I was deported out of the U.S. back to England. My jacket and tattoo aren't well-liked here in this piss-hole Lincoln.

There have to be bikers somewhere in England. This is the land of Triumphs, Nortons, and BSAs. It's taken me about three years to save up for my own Hog. When that time comes, I'd love to get in contact with some righteous bros over here, if possible.

Charlotte 'The Harlot' Ford
80 Monks Road
Lincoln,
Lincolnshire,
England LN2 5HY

Prison Needs Help

☐ We bros of the Ellis I unit at the Texas Department of Corrections in Huntsville,

Texas would like to make a request.

This is an open letter to any and all brothers who have been involved in or who have been instrumental in getting a bike shop started in prison. What we need is some input from brothers who have had previous experience dealing with the administrations of prisons concerning bike shops within the walls.

We need copies of plans, diagrams, etc. and also a copy of the proposal used.

Warren Underwood
TDC #397420
Ellis I
Huntsville, Tex. 77343

Planning A Putt

☐ A couple of bros and I are planning a cross-country putt from Ohio to California and back. We would like to know of some partying places where bikers are welcome. We'll be takin' 80 west to California and a return trip on 10 or 40 East.

Please contact "Chow" at 3814 Torrance, Toledo, OH 43612.

Chow
Toledo, Ohio

ABATE

☐ Nebraskans and ABATE of Nebraska should be proud. We have voted and repealed our mandatory seat belt law. With this law off the books, we have a much better chance of keeping a helmet law off the books. I urge all bikers to join our local ABATE chapters and fight these laws. Every vote counts. We voted the seat belt law out by less than 1,000 votes.

Get out there and fight for freedom or lose it.

Tim Leise
Hartington, Neb.

Wants A Shirt

☐ I'm hoping you can help. I'm looking for a 1986 Boot Hill Saloon Bike Week T-shirt. Trying to collect a shirt from each state. If you have info, write me. Thanks.

Chuck Bergeron
1437 S.E. 130th
Portland, Ore. 97233

Hurrah For Sportys

☐ Just thought I'd drop ya a line concernin' something that kinda pissed me off in the February issue (#164). It was in the "Foxy Riders" part of the rag.

P.J. Bassett said she got rid of her Sportster because she

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Leather 19x12x5 1/2. Old style bags can fit new style bikes using our bracket. Swing arm bracket extra. Rigid frame models come with chrome plate. All leather, neoprene backs, glued, sewed, riveted, free mink oil. 1 yr. guarantee. \$335.00.



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37
Thro-
Over
Oiley.

Fits most all Harleys including '87 Soft-tails, Low riders, and FX's and '74s-'80s. Large 14 1/2 x 12 x 6 1/2. Lots of Room, holds case and a half of u-know. Eagle logo free. Free mink oil. #1 tough bag. \$159.00 1 yr. warranty.

326-Oily. 6x12x13 1/2.

Excellent for weekends. Super nice fit. All bags glued, sewn & riveted. Holds 1 full case. Strong as a bull. Brown or black. With or without wings. Comes with mink oil, too. \$149.00. Fits Vargo and many foreign models. 1 yr. guarantee.



NN Tool Bag. Extra heavy leather. Unconditionally guaranteed. Mounts under headlight. 3"x5 1/2"x11". Plain \$36.00.

Thro-Over Bags available. Fits FXR. Nice. Send \$2.00 for complete brochure Refundable.

was tired of half-a-Harley. Well, P.J., I'll tell ya what. I own a '69 Sporty, and I'm damn proud and damn happy with it. Not once have I ever considered it anything less than a full-fledged Harley-Davidson, and I'm sure there are plenty of bros out there who feel the same as I do. Don't get me wrong. FXs are also damn good bikes, but I also think, P.J., that you'd better get your head out of your pretty ass. Sportys are tried and true bikes and all Harley-Davidson.

Hooter
San Bernardino, Calif.

Big Beaver

Just finished reading your story, "Signs of The Times." It was great, but you missed one of Michigan's better highway exit signs. Not far from Hell, Michigan, right around Bloomfield Hills on I-75, is Exit 69. Exit 69... "big deal," you say. Well, Exit 69 is Big Beaver Road.

So if you're ever putting down I-75, and you see the "Exit 69 - Big Beaver Road" sign, don't start drooling. I took the exit and never could find Miraculous Mutha.

Doug "Starsi" Stark
Pontiac, Mich.

Human Beings?

My wife and I met Michael Lichter and Al Sherman in Wall, South Dakota, on the way to Sturgis last year. They both seemed like human beings.

If all the staff are all-right people like they are, hope to see you in Sturgis this year.

Tommy Ray
Lisbon, Iowa

Thanks, Monica

All right, you slimeballs, you get an extra slice of raisin pie this month. The reason why I say that is because I just got some good news in the mail from you all.

Back about five months ago, I got pissed off at the ol' lady and threw her out the door for good. Well, after that and some confusion with my attorney, I served the dumb broad with her final walking papers. During all that, my subscription to your rag got fucked up, and I missed a few rags. Come to find out my ex-dumb broad was getting my rag, that I spent my hard-earned bucks to get a two-year sub for, so I dropped a kite to Monica Stewart at your office and explained the

whole fucking story to her. Well, I just got her explanation, and she said she was sorry for my missing a few months of the finest rag out on the market today, and to make up for the mistake, she was going to messing my sub to the rag by six months.

Well, now I believe that you all treat your customers right, and I want to say thanks to you and Monica Stewart, too.

Bob Erdman
Lamadda Lena, Italy

Fast Photo Service

Here is a real service for all bros and sisters who are locked down.

There is a company called Color Lab that will make reprints of pictures for you, and here is the good part. They accept U.S. postage stamps for payment instead of cash. Of course, if you're not locked up, I guess they'll take cash too.

They do great work and have fast service - about ten days from the day you mail it. Send \$2.30 in stamps for one 8 x 10 or three 5 x 7s or ten wallet-size. Send them to Color Lab, 8 Burneff Ave., Maplewood, NJ 07040.

You get the original photo back, too. It can be Polaroid, snapshot, or whatever.

Be sure to tell them you saw it in *Easyriders* and get even better service.

Big Bunko Bob
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Response To Split-Tail

This is in response to Big-Sized Split-Tail in the February '87 issue.

There's a leather shop in Wooster, Ohio, where a bro by the name of Jim Accord works. Jim can make whatever you want in leathers. The address is 151 S. Market St., Wooster, OH 44691 (216) 262-5223.

Short Round
Wooster, Ohio

Response To Nutsac

This goes out to Nutsac ('cuz he's only got one) in the January '87 issue and his opinion of "Foxy Riders." Fuck you!

I live in Gallup, New Mexico, and there is no such thing as a "biker" here. Rather than ride behind a lame wannabe muthafucker like Nutsac (I'd have to hang my righteous head in shame), I ride my own. To give up ridin' and feelin' the wind in my face is spelled s-u-i-

c-i-d-e! Obviously, this boy has never had a Harley-blooded woman, or he would not have such an uninformed, rat's-ass opinion as he has farted out.

There are a lot of good sisters such as myself who ride and still prefer their dicks on the inside of the "hole" situation.

Sundowner
Gallup, N.M.

Hey, honey, I wouldn't trade my Kotex in for a dick even if it had gold balls attached to it.

Rosie
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I am a woman, over forty, married 24 years, mother of two teenagers, and freelance writer for several magazines.

I own and ride my own bike and have clocked one or two miles in the wind during my lifetime. All of them on a Harley, of course.

I have many hundreds of brothers and sisters around this great country of ours and have probably forgotten more about women Harley riders than Nutsac will ever know, even if he lives a hundred more ignorant years. In short, I'm a lady biker. That alone ought to qualify me to answer his bullshit letter.

Personally, Nutsac, I've never met a brother who didn't appreciate and encourage women to ride. Never. I'd be willing to bet that you are either a faggot rice-rider or my next least favorite thing in the world, a fuckin' sidewalk commando. One thing I'm sure of, you ain't no brother.

Boo
Oak Grove, Ky.

Fuck off, gonad-brain, and let us enjoy our freedom. Jessi

Phoenix, Ariz.

In reply to Nutsac (February '87), you obviously were named well, 'cause you must be keepin' your brains in your nutsack.

I am a female from California, and even though I'm in England for a spell, your bullshit came 6,000 miles to my eyes. Maybe if you look further than the end of your nose, you might find that there are women out there who are bike enthusiasts and who ain't butch. There are many fine women in Califor-

nia and everywhere else who wouldn't want a dick if ya sewed it on 'em yerself!

So why don'tcha pull yer head out and take a look around! And if you don't believe that there are women in California who are bike enthusiasts and not butch, then send a line to this rag and say so. I'll send in some photos of me and my sisters and let you decide!

Angel
San Leandro, Calif.

□ Why would any women want to trade in their Kotex for a dick?

Jody
Dows, Iowa

Likes Lichter

□ The interview with Mike Lichter in the February '87 issue was fuckin' great. Anyone who knows Mike knows he does bust his ass, but always has time to say "hi" and visit with people. In my book, he's the best photographer in any rag on the market. He shows us scooter people the way we really are. Keep up the fine work, Mike. It's appreciated by all of us.

Dick "Shyrock" Shyrock
Omaha, Neb.

Likes Us

□ Never wrote a rag before, so this is a first. I was involved in a near-fatal accident on the job in mid-December, and your rag came in the mail just as I was getting out of ICU. It pulled me back over the hump. I've read it cover to cover twice.

Crazy Wolf
Bremerhaven, W. Germany

Hats Off

□ Hats off to the March '87 issue. Great work, guys.

R.H.
Crowley, La.

Minnesota Lid Law

□ The Minnesota legislature is at it again. We small-town folks have heard that the politicians in St. Paul are trying to pass a couple of new laws: 1. Helmets for everyone (again?) and 2. New no-fault insurance for motorcycles at \$1.00 per cc per year (if you ride a 1200, you'd pay \$1,200 a year for insurance).

I don't know about you bros out there, but this is one thing I'm not taking lying down!

It's time to tell those politicians a thing or two! Write to

your district representative. Call ABATE, MMRA, AMA. Tell your local shop. Tell everyone who rides.

Don't let our government sneak this type of bullshit on us.

Sister Skip
Brainerd, Minn.

□ Minnesota is introducing another bill in the legislature this session that would require Minnesota motorcycle riders to wear helmets and pay a dollar per cc per year for liability insurance. This is a bill no one can afford to let get passed. We all have to write our district legislator to let him/her know how we feel about this bill. One point that must be emphasized strongly is that for these letters to do any good, you must be a registered voter, the reason being that each legislator has a registered voter list, and if your name isn't on it, your letter won't mean anything to him/her because you won't be voting for or against him/her anyway. If you aren't registered, go to your county auditor's office or any place of registration and get registered.

Another thing that you can do is join the MMRA (Minnesota Motorcycle Riders Association), as they are one of the major lobbying forces in Minnesota. They will keep you informed of any laws affecting the motorcyclists in Minnesota by way of newsletters and bulletins. Their annual dues are \$12 for full membership, and it's well worth it for the information they provide you. Their address is: MMRA, P.O. Box 27528, Minneapolis, MN 55427 (612-541-1704).

Sidney Bowman
Brainerd, Minn.

Ripped Off

□ In response to Esto & Squat Hadley's letter in the February '87 issue, yeah, it's a bitch when some fuckin' hustler rips off Dave Mann's (or anyone else's) shit and has it copied cheaply overseas. But what the fuck, the Turks are righteous folks. It could have been worse. It could have been made in Iran.

Steve (Cannibal) Arango
Trenton, Maine

English Bike Info

□ In response to Ozzi from N. Cape May, N.J. (February '87 issue), you can get any-

thing you need for a Triumph at either one of these locations: Cycle City, Inc., 1148 Sunrise Hwy., Capaigue, N.Y. 11728 (516-842-5771) or British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Canada BOP 1X0 (902-542-7478).

I own a '68 650cc BSA chopper. I've had no trouble getting parts, and I ride it every day. Good luck.

Willard
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

□ In response to Ozzi, who is looking for a Triumph manual, if you have a unit twin construction Triumph, which I think you do, write me at the address below and I can get you one, as there is a Triumph shop close to where I live.

I think also that Jammer carries some shop manuals if you write them.

As far as Triumph shirts go, I am looking myself.

Ralph Fillingier
Rt. #1 Box 68
Perry, Ariz. 72125

Censorship

□ I hit the hospital for surgery in late September and asked my ol' man to pick up the November *Easyriders* for me so I'd have something good around when I got my shit together again. Guess what? Ya can't buy one in the great state of North Carolina anymore. So what are we supposed to do? The obvious answer is a subscription.

Libby
Charlotte, N.C.

■ We don't know why a person who doesn't want to read a mag feels no one else should read it either. Bible-thumpers' thinking is strange.

A Saying

□ Just remember what my ol' Uncle Bud used to say: "You don't get a new Harley, you get another Harley."

Griz
Kansas City, Mo.

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

Presenting...
this
month's

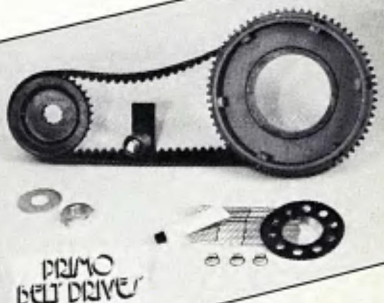
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A BUILDER'S BU

Wrench lifted his shaggy head from the Wendy's wrappers, bike charts, and stacks of unanswered mail covering his desk. Suddenly his Kong-like arm lashed out with blinding speed and swept across the desk like a wiper across a Kenworth windshield. Thirty gallons of debris splattered into the wall and slowly sank onto the mounds already growing from the carpet.

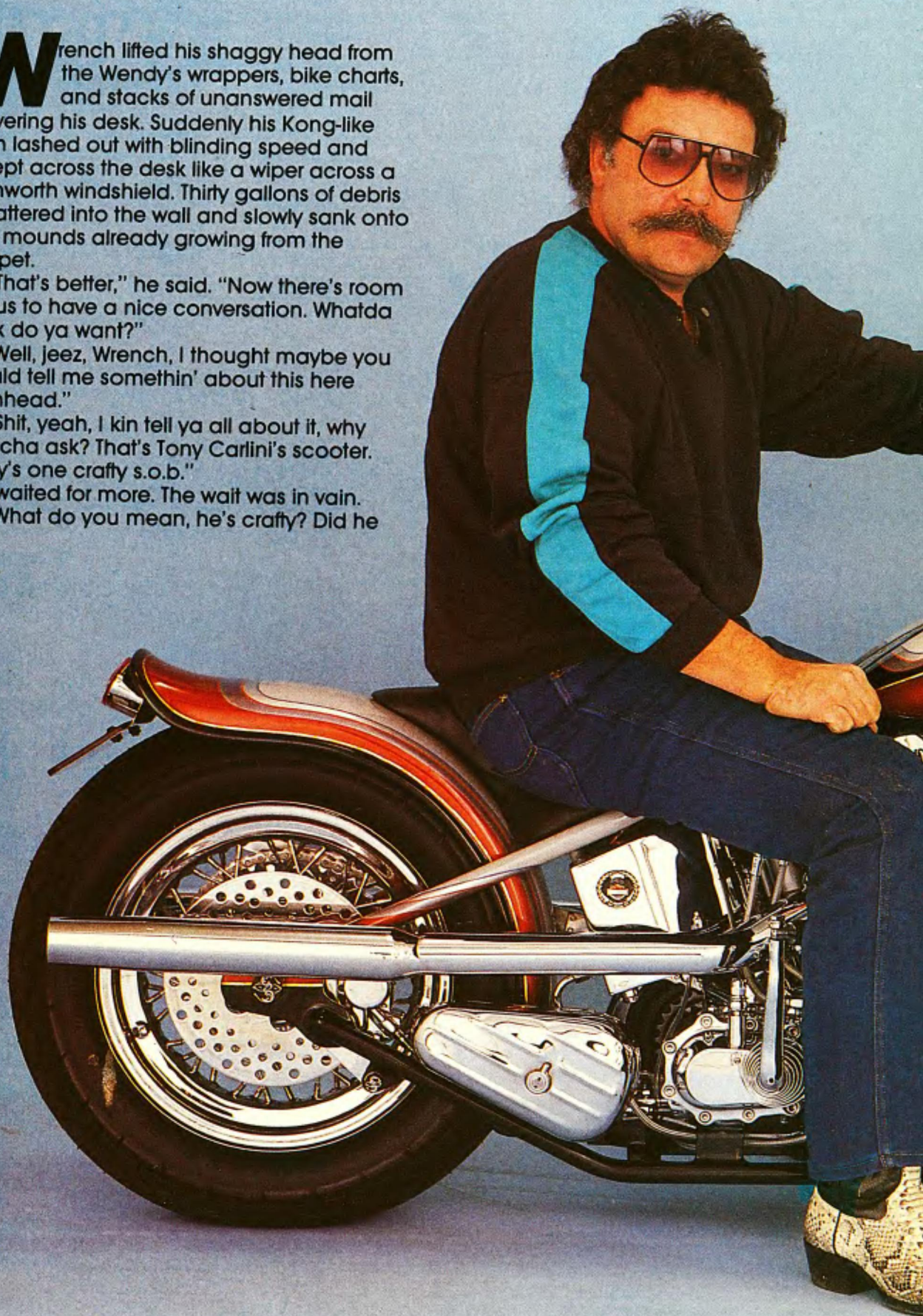
"That's better," he said. "Now there's room for us to have a nice conversation. Whatda fuck do ya want?"

"Well, jeez, Wrench, I thought maybe you could tell me somethin' about this here panhead."

"Shit, yeah, I kin tell ya all about it, why dintcha ask? That's Tony Carlini's scooter. Tony's one crafty s.o.b."

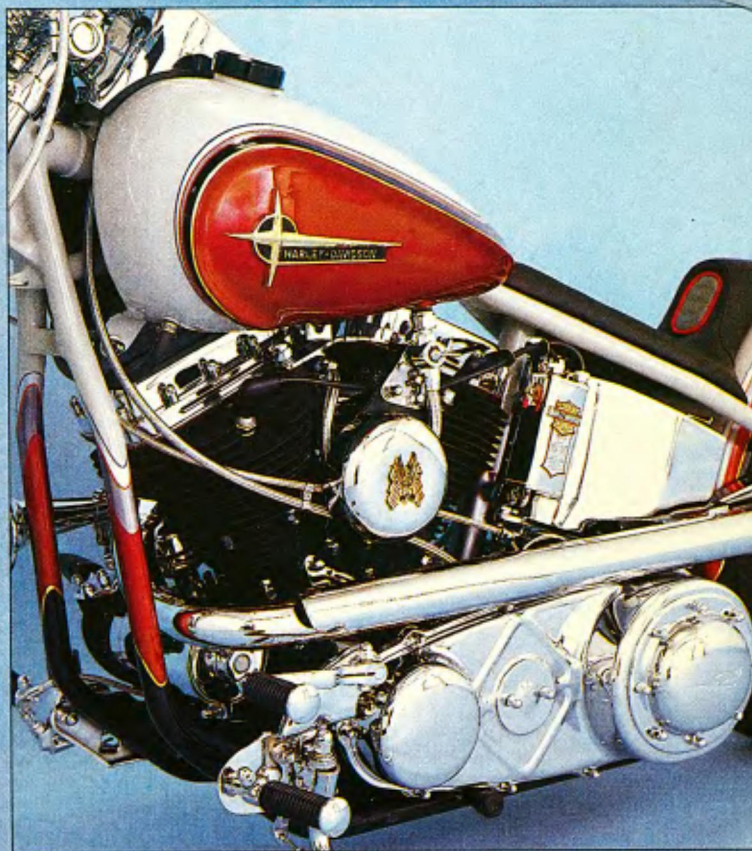
I waited for more. The wait was in vain.

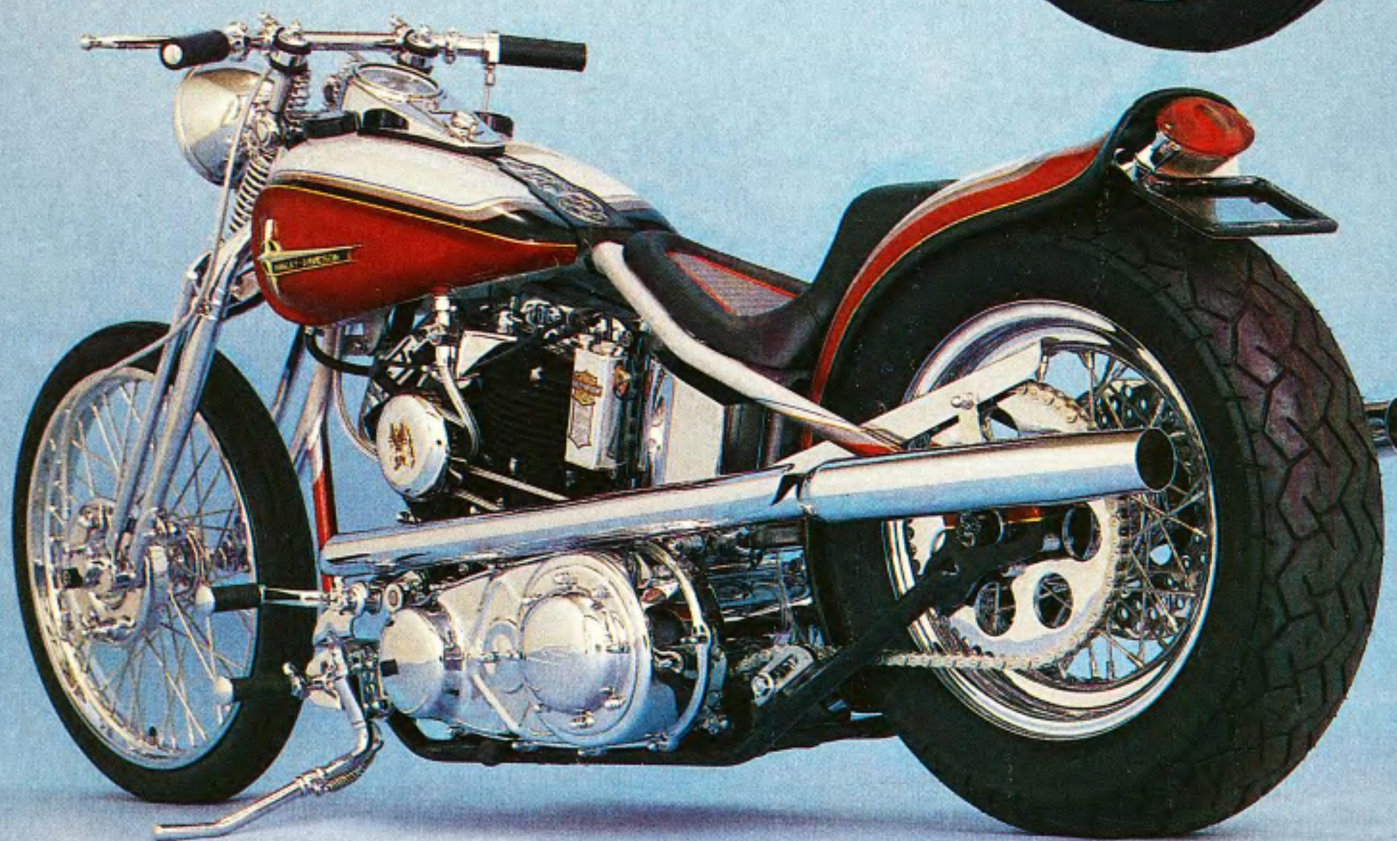
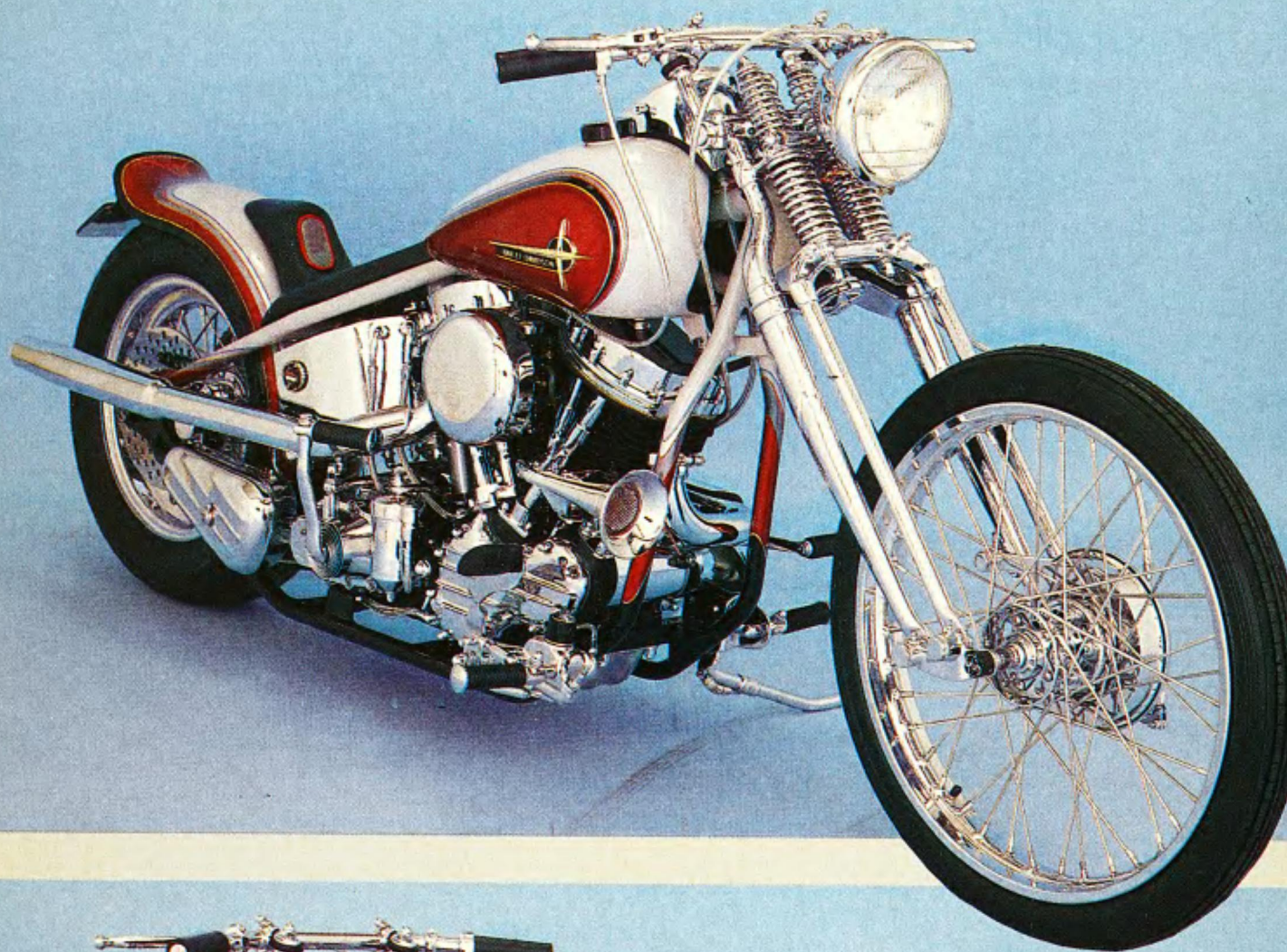
"What do you mean, he's crafty? Did he



OLDER

Executives build their bank-rolls, and bikers build their bikes. Some guys build shacks, and others build barroom fantasies. And then there're those guys who build everything.







get some kind of weird deal on the bike?"

"Whaddaya mean, weird deal? The only thing Tony got on that bike was skinned knuckles from building it. Tony's a straight-shooter — always pays his own way."

"Look, Wrench, you're the one that called him crafty."

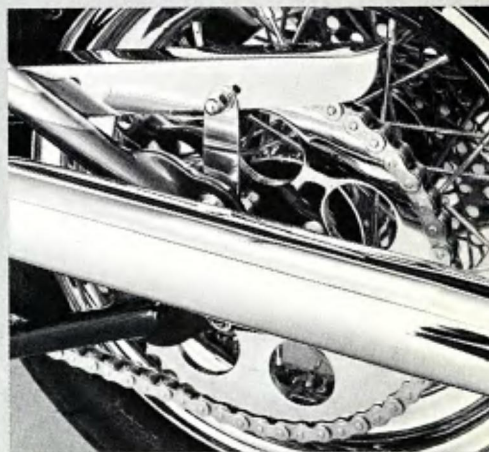
"Yeah, crafty, crafty — you know, good with his hands. This guy can build anything. Before he moved out to Southern California, he used to build bikes and houses. Then he came out

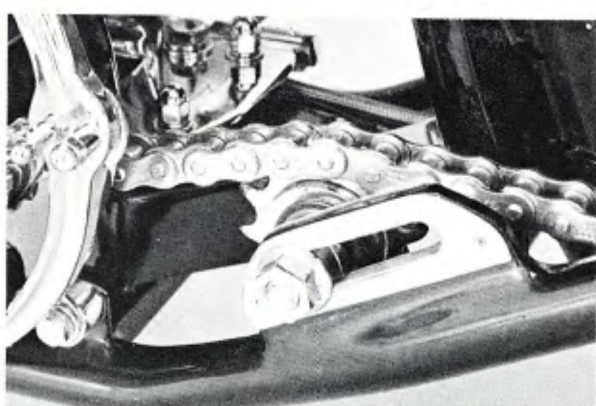
here and began supplying and building custom cages for movie and TV producers."

As usual when trying to explain something to Wrench, I wasn't quite sure where to start, but I plunged ahead anyway.

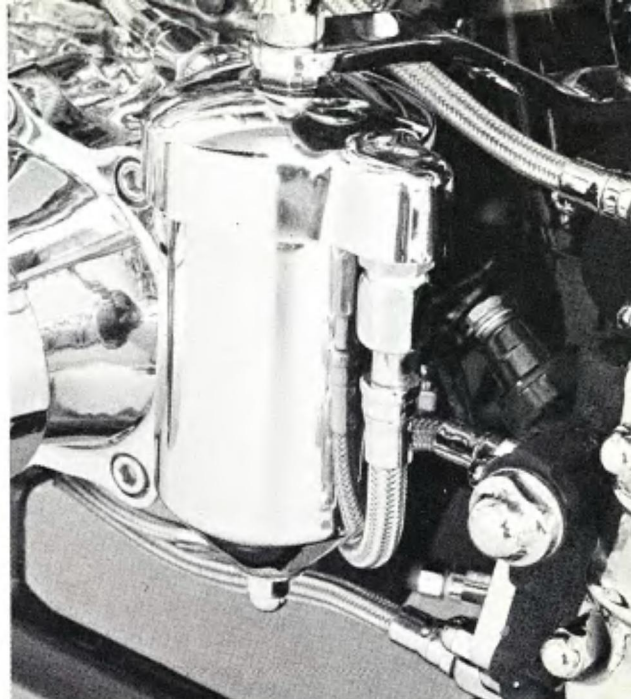
"Listen, bro, the fact that the guy's a tremendous mechanic and carpenter and metalworker and whatever else don't mean that he's crafty. You're confusing it with craftsman. Bein' a craftsman ain't the same thing as being crafty."

"Why not?" Wrench said,





Owner: Tony Carlini		City: Newport Beach, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Wink/owner		Year: 1986	
Year and make: 1962 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: 43 degrees	
Assembly by: Wink/owner		Stretch: none	
Time: Wink 100 hrs./owner 1000 hrs.		Other alterations: chain adjuster mount	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Paughco	
Year: 1962		Risers: Flanders	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): custom-made by owner	
Rebuilder: Wink		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Action Choppers		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: Wink		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: CCI		Electrics: Action Choppers	
Cases: original		Gas tank: 3.5 gal. fatbobs	
Heads: CCI		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: Paughco stainless lines	
Lifters: CCI		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Bob Le Pera/owner	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: Paughco/Wink		Height: hidden	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: XA springer	
Year: 1962		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: custom offset CCI		Special features: cherried by owner	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: Arlen Ness
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: Dove Gray, silver, black, candy red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: Arlen Ness
Special paint: gold leaf and striping by T.C.			
Other special modifications: slight gas tank character, floating rear fender, all acorn nuts from Colony, all engraved pieces from Sumax. Special thanks to Hulk Hogan, Art Lo Greco, Pops, Ron Pough, Nace from CCI, and The Other Guys Welding Shop.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



sounding pissed. "It means the same to me. You got no right sayin' Tony ain't crafty. How many guys do you know who not only built their own bike, but built the garage they built it in?"

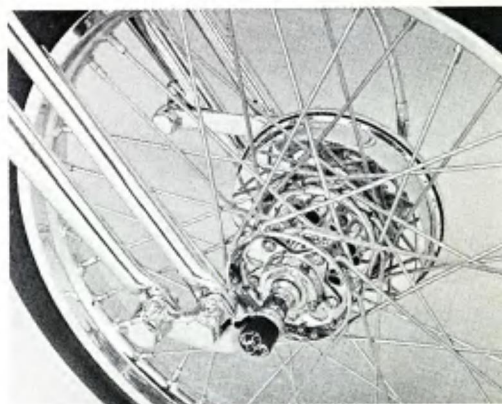
"Not many," I admitted.

"I didn't think so," he said triumphantly. "Now answer this. How many guys do you know who not only built their own bikes in a garage they built their own-selves but also built their own house that's connected to their

own garage that they built in order to have a place to build their own bike? C'mon, answer."

My reply was to turn and leave Wrench's cubicle. Looking over my shoulder, I could see his giant maw scooping rubble off the floor and piling it up on the desk. After all that conversation, I figured, he was ready for a period of introspection and needed a wall to withdraw behind.

—Butcher



Last year, the Softail™ Custom set the motorcycle world on fire. It was radically styled. It was factory direct. And from the moment it reached our dealers, it was hot.

Then again, Harley-Davidson® has always led the way in custom styling. So it is easy to understand why the demand for this one is still burning, especially when you know where it came from.

Like any true enthusiast looking to dress out his pride and joy, we took a custom chassis—in this case the Softail, complete with 5-speed V² Evolution™ engine and belt drive—grabbed our tools and went to work.

We warmed up by color-matching the frame to the fenders and tanks. Like we do on all Harleys, we used a powder-coating system

for a tough, long-lasting high gloss finish. We carefully handstriped the tanks and fenders, then added unique "Harley-Davidson" scroll graphics to the twin Fat Bob® tanks.

Things started getting hot when we started chroming parts. Rocker boxes, engine covers, fender supports, even a custom wrinkle black and chrome engine. By the time we were done, we had given

BE CAREFUL



"chrome accents" a brilliant new meaning. As much as the Softail Custom moves everyone to oohs and ahs, it comfortably moves you through the gears to highway speed.

Hidden beneath the frame, gas-charged, horizontally mounted rear shocks give you a ride smoother than you ever thought possible on a hardtail looking motorcycle. Behind the plush, pillow seat, a

pillion, custom sissy bar and backrest let you share the comfort on the long haul.

The Softail Custom picks up a few more hot ideas for 1987, including a new, solid disc rear wheel with a textured center and polished rim, and a new ribbed transmission end cover with improved cable routing and actuation.

All in all, this Harley® promises

to keep the custom flame burning for years to come. For now, get to your Harley dealer as quick as possible. But don't be surprised if you have to wait in line to see the Softail Custom. After all, it's still hot.



THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.®

Lyons Capital Resources proudly introduces Eagle Finance at participating dealers, with easy terms available to qualified buyers. See your participating dealer for details.

T'S STILL HOT.



OVER THE EDGE

Money-making mission hits the skids on a patch of black ice.

By J.L. Gomez

On that second morning in the middle of January, it was still snowing, the wind was howling in through the broken windows, and if that wasn't bad enough, there was one hell of a hole in the roof and we couldn't find a dry place to get a fire going in the old abandoned house outside of Lajitas, Texas. Toni looked like she was coming down with pneumonia, and I really didn't know what the hell we were going to do with her, because we couldn't take her to the hospital, since her ol' man had drowned after trying to take a curve too fast and ending up in the Rio Grande — along with his Sporty, ol' lady, and of course the four ounces of pure nose candy that had been taped to the underside of his leather jacket.

Bob, our prez, was going to be one mad muthafucker when I told him that we could only deliver half the shipment, but he'd understand when he saw how bad off Toni was. The problem right now was how we were going to get three persons back inland with only one scoot.

Agatha, the third of us, was a small girl, and she had asked me the week before if she could make this trip with us. I had talked it over with Bob and Jesse, and we had all agreed that it would be a lot better if none of us were seen riding solo, since the Border Patrol always liked to hassle bikers in this part of the country. So it was decided that Agatha would ride with me, and Jesse and Toni would ride together.

It had been a good ride through the Davis Mountains, and we had found one hell of a camping area on the way, right near a running creek that even had fish in it. We had neither rods nor reels — but leave it to Jesse, who'd been



Illustration by David Mann

in Viet Nam and knew how to survive. He made a net out of roots and the long-stringed grass that was growing by the water. I was talking a lot of shit to Jesse about his weird net, saying that the only thing he'd catch was a cold from standing waist-deep in water.

But sure as shit, Jesse caught six catfish and a turtle in a little over an hour's time. He looked at me when I went back to see what he'd caught, if anything, and he said, "Who's the weirdo now, smart-ass?" I ignored him and just grabbed the fish and headed back to camp, so the girls could clean and cook them for us. After the feast, we sat down and smoked a couple of bombers and sipped some J.D. while we talked about how we were going to score and then head back to the homestead.

All had gone great until it started to snow, and I told Jesse, "Let's go ahead and get us a motel room until the snow stops," but as always, Jesse said no, because if we stayed around any longer, we'd be stuck there if the pass was closed, and it'd be days or a week before we could hit the road again.

So we all bundled up as best we could and headed out. We had been on the highway about an hour when I started seeing patches of ice on the road, and I signalled to Jesse to see if he wanted to stop. He shook his head no, and that's when I saw the curve and slowed down, but Jesse didn't even let up on the gas. When he hit the curve, I saw Toni shift her weight behind him, and that's when it happened.

Jesse hit a patch of ice that shot him, Toni, and the Sporty right over the edge of the cliff, landing him right smack in the middle of the river. It was weird, because there was only one rock in that section of the river, and as luck would have it, Jesse caught it with his head and went under, and that's the last we saw of him. As for Toni, she landed about ten feet from the bank, and we managed to get her out before she froze. I looked and looked for Jesse's body, but with no luck.

That was when I remembered

seeing the old house about a mile or so back up the road, and I decided to check it out. I left Toni with Agatha and hauled ass to it. It looked all right, compared to being outside in the wind and snow. I rode back to the girls and told them to hop on — the both of them. Believe me, brother, it is really hard to keep a bike on an icy road with three persons on top, but we made it, only falling once on the way.

"When he hit the curve, I saw Toni shift her weight behind him, and that's when it happened."

I dropped the girls off and headed back toward Lajitas to give Bob a call to tell him what happened, but as usual, he was out getting shit-faced, and I had to leave a message with his stupid broad, which meant I couldn't even be sure that he'd get the word for a couple of days. I bought some canned goods and a blanket, since I only had one sleeping bag and a .357 magnum in my supplies — all of Jesse's things had been lost in the river — and headed back to the old house.

So there we were, the three of us, sitting around with the wind blasting in through the broken windows and the hole in the roof, trying to keep warm. Toni started to doze off, so I laid my sleeping bag out for her, and she lay down and fell fast asleep. As for Agatha and me, we shared the blanket, since we could keep ourselves reasonably warm by sleeping naked close together.

Morning came too fast for me, and I felt like shit. Judging by the looks of Agatha, she hadn't slept too well herself. Toni slept all day, and I tried to keep my shit together and think things out. I couldn't go to the cops, because I wouldn't be able to explain what

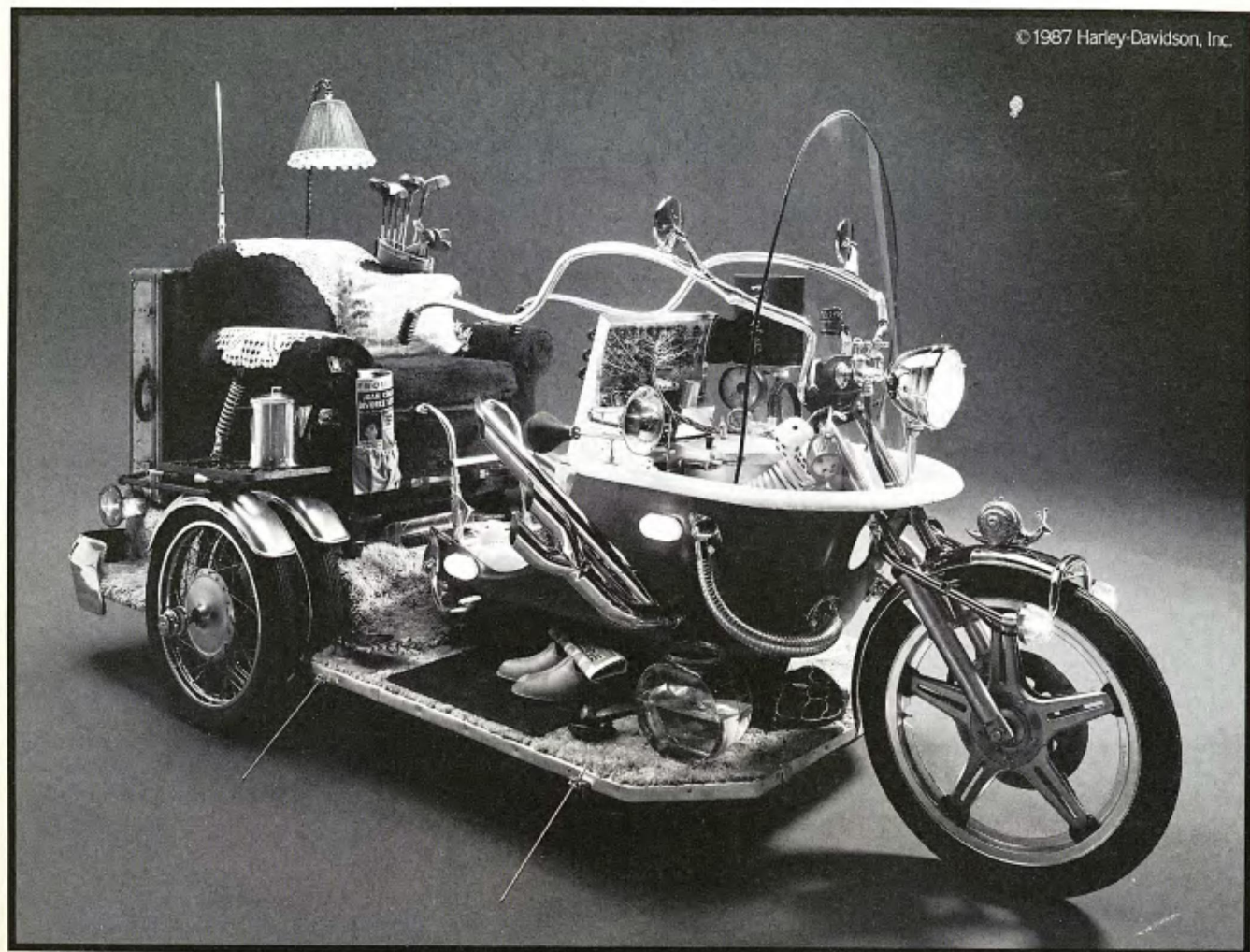
Jesse was doing with four ounces of coke on him when they'd drag him out of the river. That is, if they did manage to find him before some fisherman did.

Finally, about 7:00 a.m., Agatha said she'd ride my bike back to the clubhouse, get the van, and bring some help. Brother, I didn't think she'd get ten miles from here before she had to stop, but no — she was back within 12 hours with the prez and some bros.

Hell, Bob wasn't mad at all. He wanted to start looking for Jesse's body, since they had served together in Nam, so we fanned out, looking into every nook and cranny along the river. We were about to give it up when we saw a village on the Mexican side of the river. We decided to have a look, and the first house we came to was adobe and abandoned. We walked about a block to the next hut, and guess who we found there, buck naked, eating beans and tortillas? The devil himself, Jesse, was kicked back, munching away, and Bob about hit the roof when he saw him sitting there, pigging out.

I about had a shit fit, because Jesse was acting like nothing had happened, but all Bob wanted was an explanation. So Jesse wiped his face and started telling us what had happened after he'd hit the water. It seems he had hit his head and gone under, and the next thing he knew, he woke up in this adobe house, with people trying to take his clothes off because he was all wet. At first, Jesse wouldn't let them, thinking they wanted to rip him off, but he soon figured out that they were trying to help instead, and he went along with them. He had been waiting for them to bring his clothes back after washing and drying them so he could go looking for us. And believe it or not, he still had the coke with him, as dry and as safe as he was.

Soon after we had pulled his Harley out of the river and stowed it in the van, we were all on our way home. Under no circumstances will I ever let my friends down, because if I ever need them, they'll be there. ■



**IF YOU WANT ALL THE
COMFORTS OF HOME, STAY THERE.**

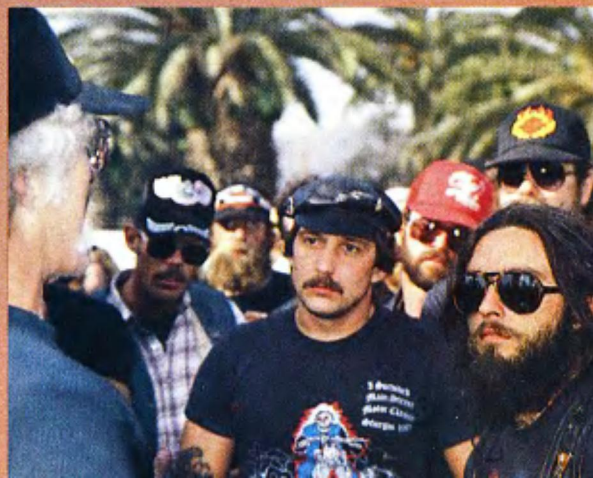
We made touring a sport. So we're not about to make sport of touring.

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.



EASYRIDERS MOTORCYCLE RODEO KICKOFF

*Texas bro finds on-the-range tradition
different in the land of fruits and nuts.*



RODEO KICKOFF

Dear Jimmy Joe,

Bubba, I never thought it'd come to this, but I just gotta swallow my pride and admit that you were right after all, pard, and I was as wrong as an armadillo tryin' to face down a Mack truck on I-35, and all I can say is that I'm sorry about all those things I said about Linda Lou before I left. An' let me say right now that it warn't Linda Lou that was in your daddy's barn with me after that hay-ride, anyway. 'Twas your other sister,



Emma Jean, and we warn't doin' nothin' but stinkfinger, I swear.

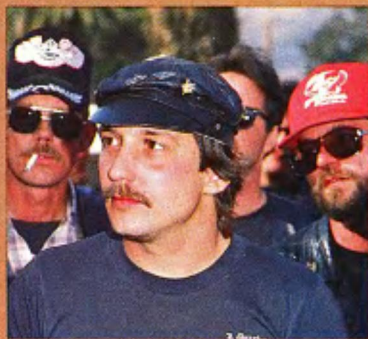
I reckon I was just ticked off, bubba, about the way ya had nothin' good to say about my gettin' this job at *Easyriders*, 'specially considerin' how it meant I wouldn't be borrowin' any more money from ya for a while — hell's bells, I wouldn't even be borrowin' yer *sisters* anymore, and I thought ya'd be happy about that, at least.

But were ya? Nosireebob. Ya said,

"Hoss, did that old piebald of yours lay a hoof on the side of your head when you weren't lookin', boy? Only queers, weirdos, and folks half-a-bubble-off-plumb — or worse — live in Californy."

"What about bikers?" I said, and you said that was different, but that it didn't matter anyways, because I was a *Texas* biker, and that was a pup out of a different litter altogether.

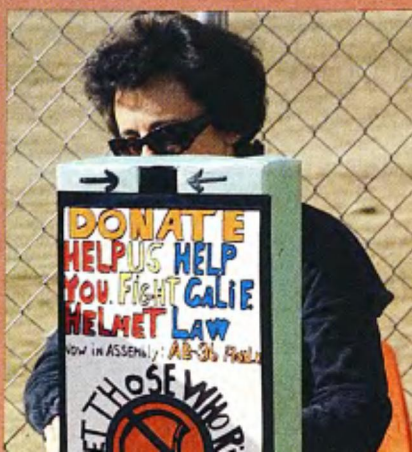
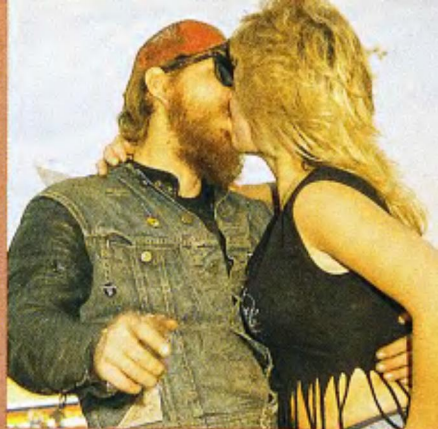
"And them people out there," ya said, "do things in mighty strange



RODEO KICKOFF

ways, and there ain't no talkin' any sense into any of them, 'cause they've burned their brains out on yogurt, tofu, granola, and shit like that."

Well, bubba, I'm ashamed to 'fess up that I thought you were just pickin' flyshit outta pepper at the time, but I'm here to tell ya today that ya were absolutely right, an' I seen the light. Mebbe ya'd better sit down before you read the rest of this



letter, 'cause what I'm gonna tell ya is enough to make anybody go off his feed, I swear.

What they done, Jimmy Joe, is they held a rodeo here with — sit up straight now — *Harleys and Indians* instead of horses or bulls. Ya still with me, bubba? Ya read it right — these wackos held a day-long rodeo in Ventura, Californy, complete with barrel-racin', sled pullin', a tug-o'-war, an' a passel of other events —

all with motorcycles! And it wårn't just the folks from the magazine that were runnin' around crazy like hounds needin' last month's wormin' — over 5,000 other bikers from all over the country showed up, can ya believe it? An' everybody was a-screamin' an' a-hollerin' an' carryin' on, even louder and more rambunctious than at one of our hoedowns back in Cowtown. An' ya don't have to take my word for it, either —

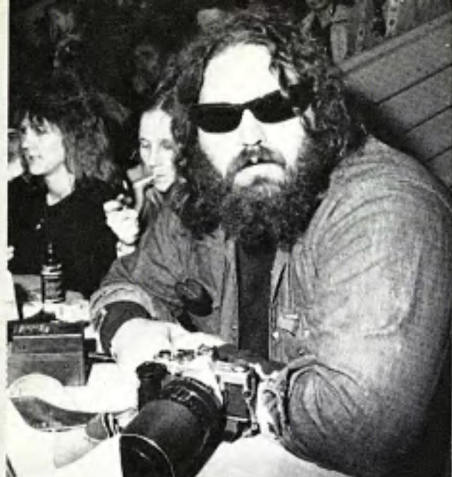


RODEO KICKOFF

we're takin' the whole kit an' caboodle on a national tour this year.

Now here's the part I've been afraid to tell ya, bubba, an' I hope ya don't think the less of me for it. Thing is, the magazine had a wet T-shirt contest at a saloon called the Ban Dar, where the trophy girl for the rodeo was picked, and it turned out she was a redhead. And ya know what that means — I always had a weak spot for carrot-top honeys, particularly the natural ones. Well, pard, naturally I had to go to the





rodeo then, just to try to find out what her basement looked like.

Well, Jimmy Joe, I had a better time at that shindig than I ever had at any of our cowshit-scrapin' rodeos back home (even though that trophy girl wouldn't let me get within horse-shoe-pitchin' distance of her), so mebbe this means that the water here in Californy's finally gettin' to me.

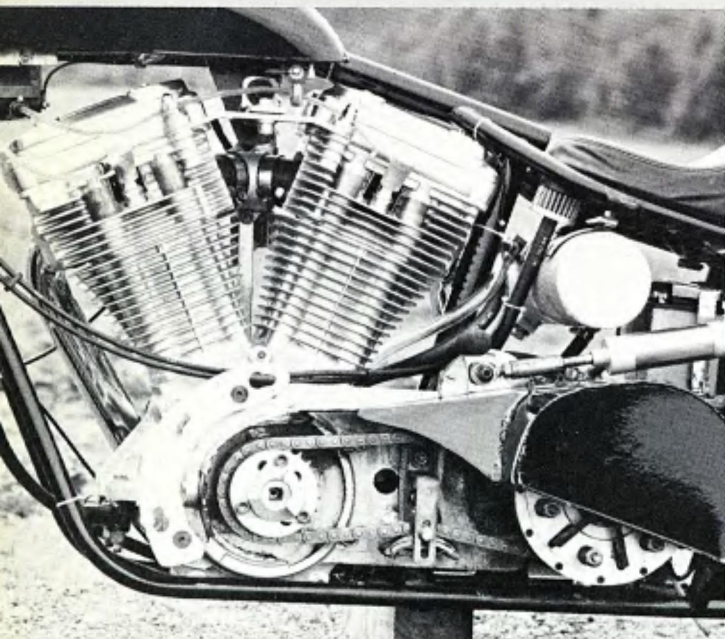
So how's about sendin' me a coupla cases of Lone Star? And mebbe Linda Lou while yer at it. —Hoss



Photos by Kim Peterson, EKB, Gregg Daniel, Frank Kaisler, LT Mike, Bob Benevides and Rip



READER'S RIDE



Tony Mattioli, Middlegrove, New York
1985 Jap-Eater Hittin' Warp 10 and Climblin'

Tony Mattioli, the owner and builder of this 92-inch ebony Evolution, is just the kind of guy ya like to have around when the puffed-rice crowd starts yappin' their same old tired shit about how slow those Harley dinosaurs are and how they can't hold their mud against the imports on the racetrack.

Yeah, s-u-u-u-re. Go tell it to Tony. He started poppin' open cans of kick-ass with this 1985 H-D back in June of last year, turnin' a not-too-shabby 10.51 in the quarter-mile at the Am-Jam in Gansevoort, New York. And that was just to get the wick wet; by September, he had this sweetheart fine-tuned to a racer's edge, and he took the Drag Bike Summer Nationals in Lebanon Valley, with a winning time of 10.18 seconds at 132mph — the first time Harley has won in the Super Gas Class.

Think that's fast enough for them rice jockeys? If not, don't worry, 'cause Tony turned right around and topped that at the Yankee Final Nationals, with the eyeball-waterin' speed of 135mph, clocking in at 9.80 seconds through the quarter.

Dinosaurs, huh? Those mullet-brained morons can eat my skivvies, an' if they wanna be convinced further, Tony says he'll be happy to give 'em a friendly demonstration at his shop, Mountain Cycle in Middlegrove, New York. (If they bring their wallets.)

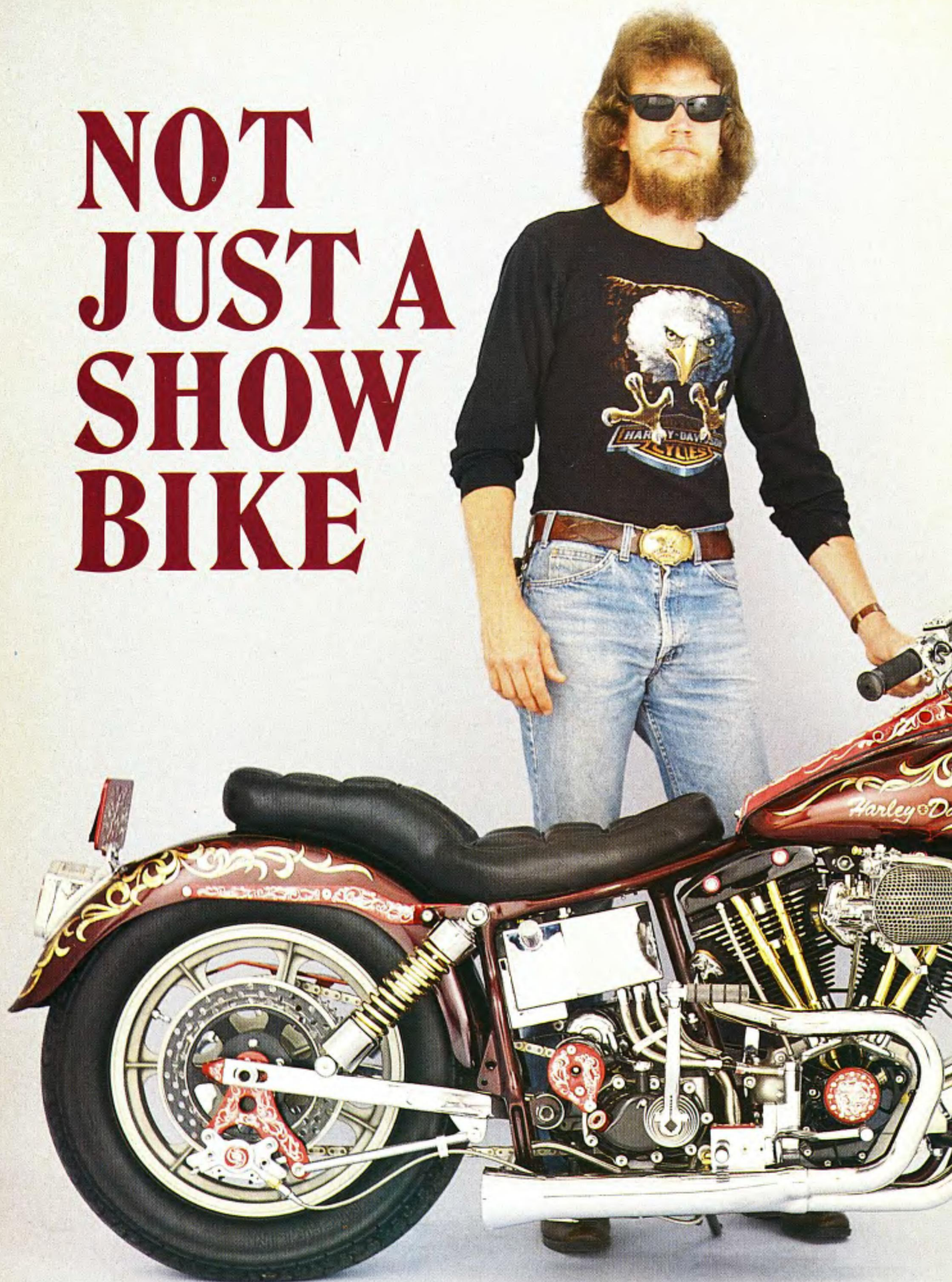
— Rapper



Photos by Mike Lichter

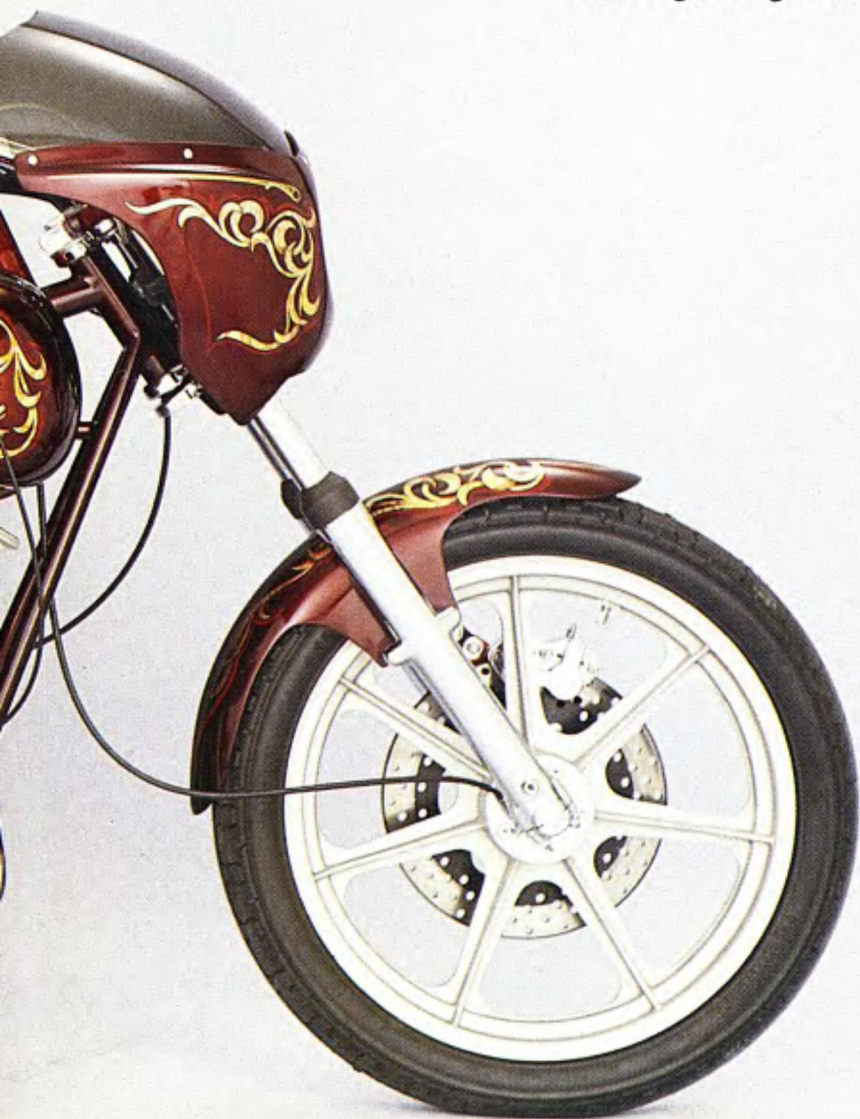


NOT
JUST A
SHOW
BIKE





***This tricked-out
Ohio sled could stick
in your mind
a long, long time.***



For those of ya who haven't yet burned out all of yer memory cells by oxygen deprivation from too much deepwater muff-divin', the name Mike Crawford just might ring a bell somewhere in the back alleys of yer skulls. Me, I can't remember my own ol' lady's name half the time (in the mornings mostly), but Loudmouth's one of those obnoxious bros who don't fergit *nothin'*, which don't exactly make him the life of the party anywhere.

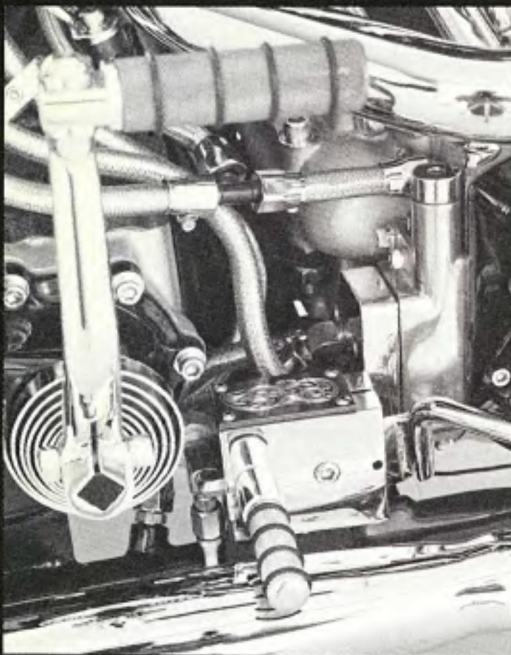
So it wasn't unusual that when Loudmouth overhead me talkin' on the horn to Sam Meyers, the owner of the 96-inch steamy shovel pictured here, he looked at the tech sheet and muttered, "Sam, Mike Crawford, and Bruce Blevins put this sweetheart together, huh? Let's see, Mike Crawford — that sounds familiar. . ."

"Don't start fucking with me, Mouth," I said. "I gotta get this copy on Spider's desk by noon, or he'll carve me a brand-new asshole." But it was already too late — Loudmouth's varicose eyes had glazed over, and before I could shove him outta the door, the connection had clicked.

"I got it, I got it!" he hollered at the top of his lungs, jumpin' around my office like a ravin' lunatic on the wrong end of a cattle prod. "He had a bitchin' blue Sporty in the July '84 issue, man. It was a '71. . .no, no — a '72, *that* was it!" he bellowed at the ceiling. "Crawford had placed third at the Rat's Hole show in Daytona, and he said he was gonna help his buddy back home — this cat Sam Meyers — put together a prize-winnin' 96-incher, and then they were gonna. . ."

"Bullshit, Mouth," I interrupted. Ain't *nobody* remembers that much shit after almost three years."





Photos by Pete Chiodo

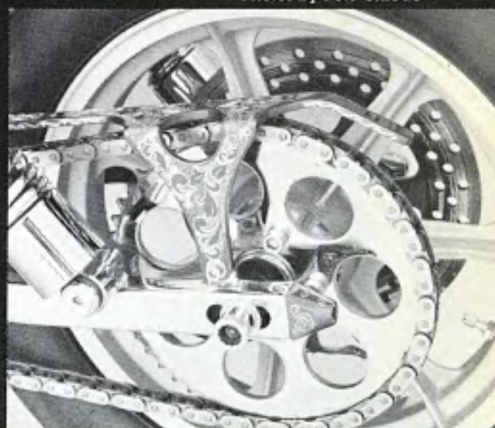
Wrong thing to say, and I shoulda known better. With a shit-eating grin spreadin' across his ugly mug, he said, "Oh, yeah, asshole? How'd ya like to bet a lid of that primo homegrown ya got squirreled away at yer pad?"

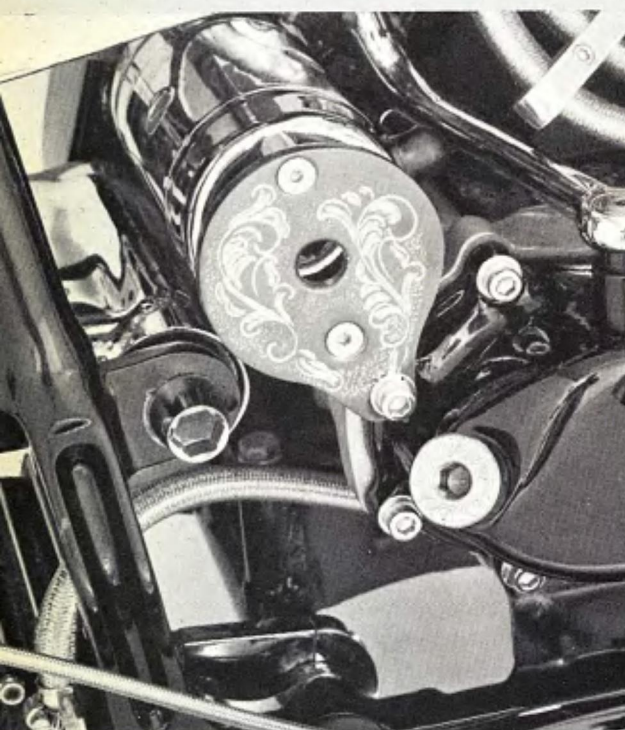
Time to put up or shut up. But as extra insurance, I added, "Okay, smart-ass, but with one more detail — what page was it on?"

"Page 12, ya stupid shit!" he spit-shot back without even a pause, then the fucker went hee-hawing all the way down the hall like some demented jack-ass, fingerin' his pockets for rollin'

papers and headin' for my pad. If ya haven't figgered it out yet, this is gonna be a lean-dope week for this losin' bro.

But Sam Meyers' immaculate FX, on the other hand, is anything but a loser. This red, gold-leafed, and pinstriped sled is the end result of many hours of fastidious fabrication by Sam, Mike Crawford, and super wrench Bruce Blevins. Their combined efforts speak for themselves — this shovel has racked up a whole mantel-bendin' array of trophies since 1985: Daytona's Holiday Inn Bike Show and Rat's Hole; Nashville's All-Harley Show; Louis-



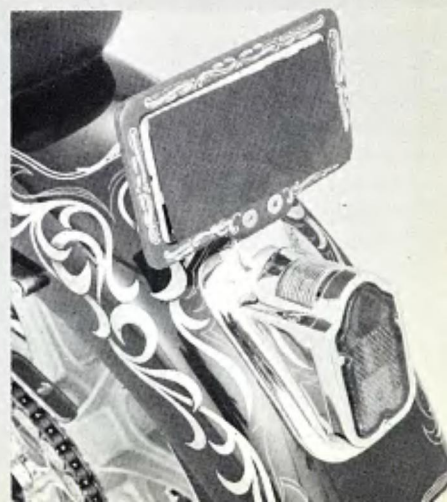


ville's G&H Motorcycle Expo; the Cincinnati Gardens; and a whole slew of smaller shows.

And if yer one of those cats who turns his nose up at show bikes because ya think none of them is functional, dig this: Sam rides this baby, and not just every once in a while. "Yeah, I want to feel that power," he says. "I wouldn't have a Harley if I couldn't ride it — that would take all the fun out of it."

'Nuff said, in my book.

—Pizzaman



Owner: Sam Meyers		City: Newark, Ohio	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: M. Crawford/owner		Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1975 H-D		Builder: Mike Crawford	
Model: FX		Type: swingarm	
Value: unknown		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Mike Crawford/owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: hardhead section	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: 1975		Risers: welded	
Model: FX		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Mike Crawford		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 96 cu.in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: SB&F	
Balancing: Bruce Blevins		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 9 to 1 S&S		Electrics: 12 volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: narrowed fatbobs	
Heads: ported/polished		Oil tank: Mike Crawford	
Cam(s): Andrews 525		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: cut out	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto		Seat: Crawford's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: Dell 'Orto		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Arlen Ness		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): Arlen Ness		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1975		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Karata belt drive		Special features: cleaned up	
Trans sprocket: round one		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: big round one		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Morris	Hub: Morris
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Black Cherry		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: gold leaf and striping by Arlen Ness			
Other special modifications: Anodizing and engraving by Cycle Fab., custom dash, fender rails, chain guard, primary cover, derby, point cover, plate holder.			

EASYNEWS

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

Did a skid lid steal your future?

Helmet victims urged to help save their bros and sisters

We know you're out there. We read about you in the headlines all the time: "Motorcycle Rider Wins \$1.7 Million In Helmet Suit," "Man Paralyzed After Being Dragged By Helmet," "Biker Critical After Neck Fracture." Yeah, we know you're out there, all right. You're the silent ones in the helmet law controversy, the brain-damaged and unmoving opposite numbers of all those "Saved-By-A-Helmet Club" members. You're the victims of the system.

The victims of the system. . . in many cases, wearing a helmet only because the alternative was going to jail. The politicians who put you in that piece of deadly plastic are still playing with their golf balls and their constituents' lives, while your playful days are over. Victims of the system. If only it were in our power to give you the chance to get even. But it isn't. No man can ever return to you what you've lost, or sufficiently punish those who took it from you. We can, however, give you the chance to save your brothers and sisters from a similar, equally horrible fate.

The game they play works like this. Some opportunistic politician files a mandatory helmet law bill in the state legislature. Hearings are scheduled. Motorcycle rights activists, rider education specialists, people who know the facts about helmets and safety, testify — usually before an empty chamber — and are ignored. Then the sleazy politician gets the chance to put on his dog-and-pony show. First he calls the TV stations: "Hey, guys, I'm gonna be bringin' a lot of weeping mothers and a bunch of crips in wheelchairs to the state House tomorrow. Great human misery stuff, just what you jaspers love. I'm gonna hold a press conference with two vegetables and a set of grieving parents right on the Capitol steps at 1 p.m., if that leaves you enough time to edit the tape for the evening news. If not, I'll make it earlier. Hey, whenever you guys like. Name the time, I'll be there."

And the press, always more interested in a story that is handed to them than one they might — God forbid — have to work for, shows up in force. And the bikers get clobbered. Here's Mrs. Y. She and the ol' man told Baby Joey to wear a lid. But noooo, he put his 135-horsepower Honda Hurricane into a tree at 126mph and died. Oh, the tragedy. Oh, the horror. Poor Mr. Y started drinking and lost his job. And Mrs. Y doubled up on the Valium, by gum, and still can't sleep. Damn pity, right?

And the press, the free press, guardian of truth and honor, buys the whole charade, gives the weeping Y

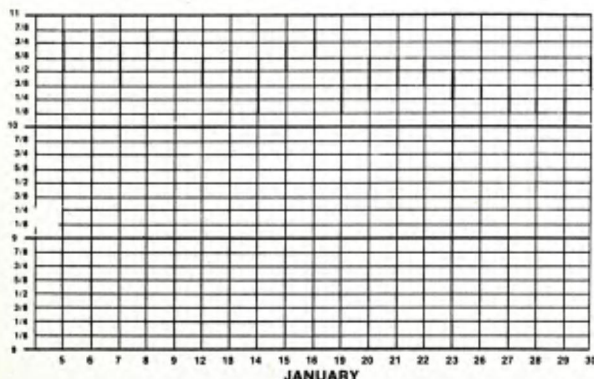
family and the suitably indignant politician who dragged them out from under their rock complete coverage, no question asked. No questions like: What evidence is there that a helmet would have made any difference to a human body flung into a tree at 126mph? No questions like: Why should all of society lose its freedom just because Baby Joey refuses to obey his parents and wear a helmet? No questions like: Who is at fault here, the non-helmet-wearing motorcycle riders of America, or the parents who raised dumb Baby Joey to ride like an asshole on a racing motorcycle he was barely qualified to look at?

Now comes the politician, with a human vegetable propped up next to him. "Not to sound crass in the face of human misery," he says. "But these people who refuse to wear helmets are costing us a fortune. I have here in my hand," he says, waving a blank sheet of paper in front of the cameras, "a list of 100 injured motorcyclists and the thousands of dollars of medical expenses they ran up." And he starts reading. Riders A, B, C, in the hospital so many days, at a cost of so many tens of thousands of dollars. And, again, the press swallows it. Reporters never call hospitals in helmet-law states to find out if riders there can be run down by semis without sustaining any serious injuries.

Which is where you helmet victims come in. We need to hear from people who have had personal experience with the dark side of helmets and are willing to testify — either in person or by notarized statement — about them. We need medical reports of people who have been maimed or killed by helmets. We need copies of the expert witness testimonies and jury findings in product liability suits against helmet makers. Most of all, we need you, the victims, to come forward and say to all those pitiful, but wrong, figures pimping for the other side, "You're only guessing about what a helmet could have done for you. I know what it did to me."

Motorcycle riders' rights to decide for themselves whether they wish to gamble on helmets are under attack throughout the country. One of the most active biker rights groups in the U.S., ABATE of Indiana, has offered to keep a confidential list of helmet law victims, which will be available only to legitimate groups actively fighting helmet laws throughout the country. If you've been hurt by a helmet, or if you have lost a loved one to a helmet, send your name, address, and a brief description of what happened to you to: Balls, c/o ABATE of Indiana, Box 81, Granger, IN 46530.

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.

If you think that the new Big Twins coming off the dealers' floors are quieter than the models from two or three years ago, you're right. As you would expect in the Year of Our Lord 1987, the impetus to quiet the bikes was a federal government regulation. What might surprise you is the fact that the excess noise was not from the bikes' exhaust systems or engines.

According to the feds, new motorcycles must no longer generate more than 80 dBA (weighted decibels) of noise measured in the following manner. The bike must enter a sound trap located 50 feet from a microphone at 45 percent of its maximum rpms and accelerate, at full throttle, to 55 percent of the redline. The federal test calls for each bike to make four runs through the trap, two in each direction. The two runs going in one direction are averaged together and the two return runs are averaged together. The higher of the two averages has to be submitted to the feds.

Unfortunately, when Harley-Davidson tested their belt-drive blockheads prior to applying for federal certification, they discovered the bikes were generating 83dBA. Not only would that have made the bikes illegal under the new regulations, it was louder than some older, less heavily-muffled Hogs. Research discovered the offending noise seemed to come from the meshing of the transmission gears, a process that apparently increased in volume after the gearcases were redesigned to handle belt drives.

Enter John E. Favill, H-D's chief power train designer. Favill was the man on the bubble, the man Vaughn Beals and company expected to make those motorcycles legal — and fast. So what did Favill do? He did what any sane person would. He decided to take his mind off his troubles by hand-building some music boxes to give away as Christmas gifts. Being a true descendant of such other American engineers as Thomas Edison, simply building the music boxes wasn't enough for Favill. He wanted to study them. So he began placing them on different surfaces and materials to see how their tone was affected. One of the surfaces he used was an aluminum gearcase lying around the lab.

To Favill's surprise, the gearcase made the music box sound much louder. In fact, it seemed to be acting as an amplifier. And that's when the light bulb went on. The meshing of the transmission gears wasn't generating the excess noise at all. The noise was actually vibration from the inner and outer gearcases. The question now was what to do about it; you don't design a new transmission case and retool for it unless you enjoy burning greenbacks.

Audio resonance tests showed that making the offending pieces more rigid would shift the sound frequencies enough to stop them from vibrating. New molds, which added stiffening ribs to the inner primary, outer cover, bearing end plate, and a few other pieces, were made. The result: a 79 dBA noise level for the feds and some stronger cases for the public.

And all because the problem was thrown squarely at a man who could use his hands as well as his brain and liked to make music boxes. We'd like to see a Jap robot try and do it.

Record-settin' cop uses scooter to scarf speeders

If anyone has ever accused you of riding an "instrument of the devil," you probably laughed them off. Laugh no more; in Los Angeles, at least, a motorcycle is being used as a tool by a man many motorists consider to be, if not actually a devil, at least diabolical in his pursuit of evildoers.

Brothers and sisters, allow us to introduce Los Angeles Police Department Motorcycle Officer Kelly S. "Clickety" Klatt, maybe the greatest municipal revenue generator since the invention of the parking meter, and officially the speeding ticket champion of the nation's largest police department.

"On any given day," says the authoritative *Los Angeles Times*, while most of the department's 320 motorcycle cops give out between eight and ten tickets, "the department's own Baron von Richtofen will shoot down more than 20."

Indeed, Last September Clickety Klatt wrote up a record-setting 435 motoring desperados in just 19 days.

"I've got my own radar equipment, I personally believe in the importance of speed enforcement, and I'm a workaholic," Klatt says. Such a workaholic, in fact, that his partners tend to suffer almost as much as the speeders. "I haven't been to Winchell's in two years," moans his latest.

Despite his rep as the fastest radar gun in the West, Klatt faces the same hazards that confront anyone on a Harley and wears the scars to prove it — like the one he got when it took 100 stitches to sew up his face after being rammed by a truck. He also occasionally leaves the ticket book in his back pocket.

"I stopped a guy on a motorcycle not too long ago," he says. "He had the beard, the long hair — the kind of guy you'd think a motor cop would love to cite. He tells me he's a longshoreman and he's on his way home because his six-year-old kid is hurt. I told him to be careful, and then I let him go. I have kids, and I'd probably be in a hurry, too. He was so stunned that I think he was still scratching his head as he was leaving."

Tell it like it is — to Easyriders

It ain't manly to beg, but we need help if we're going to keep up with all the shit that's goin' down in the biker universe. While we're not as immobile as Dan Rather or Peter Jennings, we can't be everywhere at once. So, if anything involving motorcycles or motorcyclists happens in your area, we'd appreciate you flyin' us a kite telling us what went down and when.

The best way to do that, by the way, is to send us any newspaper or magazine clippings about the situation. Please make sure to mark each clipping with the name of the paper it came out of and the date it was published.

Send your contributions to *Easynews*, Box 3000, Agoura, CA 91301. We thank you, and your brothers and sisters will, too.

Some leftover April News to cheer you up

The number one son of the late, great Nipponese motorcycle designer Toefood Shimishimi has begun making waves in the rice overgrowing his famous father's footprints.

Shimishimi-san, you probably recall, committed harikari when his proposed design for a Harley-Davidson ripoff failed to satisfy directors of the Kawesauna Motorcycle Works because it didn't leak enough oil. Now, Shimishimi the younger, has designed his own American knockoff for Kawesauna, and its reception by executives has been nothing short of sensational. The motorcycle so honored? Tad Winiecki's one-and-only Safercycle.

"I rooking flor Amelican machine to copy and think to myself that most honorable Safercycle be exerrent choice as brike of the fluture," Shimishimi said through a translator. "The onry ploblem I find is that Safercycle not velly safe. I lead in *Easylders* magazine that lider in Safercycle clash blake bones (*Easyriders* #164). I fix that chop, chop."

And how did Shimishimi's make his big improvement to Winiecki's design in the area of increased stability and improve rider safety. And how did Shimishimi make the Safercycle more stable and safer? Like the credit to his race that he is, Shimishimi answers with the modesty customary for his race. "That easy," he says, "I just added two extra wheels."

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 5-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 6-Required for speeds above 35mph. 8-1970 or newer bikes. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15% must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Servicemen, already painfully bent under the yoke of having to wear so-called safety helmets whether on or off base, regardless of local state laws, are also required to submit to the whims of individual base commanders regarding clothing and equipment. Recently feeling the lash were GIs at Fort Stewart, Georgia, who now must ride with two rearview mirrors, gloves, long-sleeved shirts, and a helmet sticker showing they've passed a motorcycle safety course. . . **ORDER OF THE DAY TO FORT STEWART MPs:** This is not, repeat not, appropriate enforcement action at this facility: a cop in Turin, Italy recently shot a motorcycling teenager in the head for not wearing a helmet. Maybe he thought it was the most effective way to convince the little fucker to keep his gourd covered.

Did anybody except us notice that a recent cover on the *American Motorcyclist*, official magazine of the American Motorcyclist Association, featured a poster that seemed to be, to put it politely, *inspired* by Dave Mann's 'Ghost Rider'? It shows a dude on a bike in the foreground and an old-time cowboy riding next to him. The main differences are a huge, phallic Statue of Liberty rising out of the background and the fact that the motorcyclist is wearing a helmet and riding an obviously Jap bike with a . . . gag, choke, puke. . . American flag painted on the tank. . . **According to the AMA**, any resemblances between Dave Mann's "Ghost Rider" and any poster of theirs, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Their artist never even saw the Mann, as they say. Actually, the AMA claims, artist Gregory Perillo began working on their way back in 1984. . . **Mann's not only faster**, he paints without a helmet, though not necessarily without a hangover. Besides, he owns and rides a motorcycle. Perillo doesn't. Maybe he's got a horse. Last we heard, Dave would rather ride Jackie than any other nag. Oops, time to head for the border, folks. . . Hey, bro, is this column particularly silly this month? Say what? Not to the kid in Turin? Hey, the helmet wouldn't have stopped the slug. Besides, he wasn't killed, just kind of surprised a little. Still not silly enough for ya? OK, you asked for it. Here it comes. . .

And finally: Have you noticed that telephone service in this great union has gone the way of the Turin police department since the breakup of Ma Bell? The folks at Spirit Harley-Davidson in Glenshaw, Pennsylvania, sure have. Like all Hog dealers, Spirit not only sells motorcycles, it also sells parts and accessories and offers all kinds of services. The problem is the phone company screwed up the Yellow Pages ad and said they were in Gibsonia, instead of Glenshaw — a long detour, whether you're walking on your fingers or your feet. Among the services Spirit offers is trueing wheels. . . Bell of Pennsylvania's translators rendered that as "training wheels" . . . **Say, now, maybe** the next time the AMA puts out a poster, they can draw those in — right under the helmet, where the rider's ears oughtta be.

Bikin' Macbeth adds culture to Windy City

Remember the first time you seriously thought about skippin' out of high school? Not just cutting some classes, or shagging off for a few days, but walking out that uncomfortable door and never coming back. For some of us, that first "this-shit-ain't-for-me" thought arrived with algebra, and for others it was an introduction to the whims and pitfalls of a foreign language that made us hunger for the world outside the walls.

A large percentage of us scooter scholars, however, first began to really yearn for the wide open spaces when those self-anointed preservers of literacy, decency, and THE-FUTURE-OF-THE-ENTIRE-CIVILIZED-WORLD — school teachers — began bringing out the Bard.

Yeah, the Bard — William Shakespeare, to those of you who still cringe at the remembrance of being asked to stand and deliver "To be or not to be. . ." etc. etc. etc.

Well, take heart, bros and sisters. A Chicago theater company has struck a blow for our side by creating and staging a bikerized version of Willie S.'s classic old chestnut, "Macbeth." Called, appropriately if not imaginatively, "Biker Macbeth," the play is the product of the Windy City's Prop Theater and, especially, of its director, Dan Sutherland.

In keeping with its image, "Biker Macbeth" differs from its more widely known ancestor in a few commendable ways. For instance, the action is moved out of the countryside manors and castles and into biker clubhouses and repair shops. The kings, knights, fair maidens, and horses have, respectively, been turned into bike club presidents, members, mamas, and Harleys. Swords become tire irons and chains, crowns are replaced by bandannas, and the Bard's syntax has been metamorphized into a hybrid of King's

English, biker slang, and Chicagoland grunts, groans, and growls.

There's more: the three witches spend as much time swigging beer as they do stirring their cauldron, and Lady Macbeth sports as fine a collection of tattoos as you could hope to see.

Still, Shakespeare is Shakespeare, and "Biker Macbeth" retains the time-honored plot line of a tough-but-okay guy brought down by greed and ambition. Shakespeare's scheming, back-stabbing, and multiple killings are lovingly preserved by the Prop Theater, and by the time of the famous, climactic duel between Macbeth and Macduff (in this case with both men tied to a big Twin engine block), you know that what you are seeing is, if not exactly Theater Hall of Fame material, at least better than the last Macbeth-inspired parody, a coma-inducing jab at Lyndon Johnson called "Macbird."

Bikers save elderly from drowning after crash

The accident was tragic and made national headlines. A speeding tour bus, jammed with Southern California nursing home residents returning from an outing to the Lake Tahoe, Nevada casinos, ran off a twisting mountain road and plunged into the icy Walker River. Nineteen people were killed, 22 injured.

The accident occurred almost a year ago. Within days, some people were questioning whether it was really an "act of God." The bus driver said there was a blow-out, but no evidence of this was found. The driver's record was investigated, and other accidents and numerous violations were found. Some survivors claimed that the bus had been careening through the mountain passes on two wheels. After 10 or 11 months, the driver was put on trial, and other facts began to emerge — a key one being that it was only the quick thinking and fast action of a group of seven bike riders that kept the death toll from being higher, possibly much higher.

The riders were fixing a flat on one of the bikes when the bus roared past them on Highway 395 in the Sierra Nevada. "He's really hauling," one of the riders remembers thinking as the bus went by. An instant later, there was a crash and a cloud of dust rising from a canyon. The bikers raced to the scene and found the bus partway down a steep embankment, with its rear wheels blocked by some boulders. The bus was clearly soon to break loose and continue its plunge into the river, and several people who had been thrown through its windows were already in the rocky shoals.

"We started pushing people out of the bus as fast as we could," bike rider Judy Sobel recalls. "I helped seven up the hill. One woman had had her face in the water with her foot caught in the rocks. She had no face. I felt her pulse, then it was gone."

One of the first California Highway

Patrol officers on the scene professed to be surprised by the group's behavior. "I saw a group of bikers come down the river and help," he said incredulously. More fair-minded observers were less skeptical.

"That's what we do up here in the mountains," said the owner of a nearby motel, who had watched the bikers racing to the rescue as he was driving to the scene. "We all help each other."

Does this look like a man
who needs you to look out for
his safety?



HERE WE GO AGAIN — Just when we thought it was safe to open our eyes as we put the papers into the cat box, here comes the *Cincinnati Enquirer* to take a few potshots at bikers in general and patchholders in particular. We don't, to be truthful, really understand the meaning of this cartoon (the mark of a fourth-rate editorial cartoonist is that the reader can't get his point.) Is it for helmet laws? Against them? Who knows? We understand all too well, however, the tattoo on the so-called biker's arm: Kill, maim, murder. You know, Borgman, a lot more people are killed by cops every year than by bikers. Why don't you draw some sickening dude flying the Cincinnati PD's color and label him a killer. Then you might get to find out what killing and maiming — not to mention traffic tickets — are really about.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

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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.

A biker and his pregnant ol' lady were in a cage accident that left them unconscious for three days.

When the biker's ol' lady woke up, she found the doctor standing by the bedside, and her stomach was flat.

"My baby! My baby!" she screamed.

"Don't worry," said the doc, easing her mind. "You had twins — a boy and a girl. They're just fine."

"Thank heavens," she sighed. "But I should name them."

"While you were unconscious," the doc said, "your brother named them for the birth certificates."

"Oh, swell. Curly never finished the fourth grade. What did he name them?" she asked.

"He named your little girl Denise."

"Oh, that's a lovely name for a little girl! What did he name the little boy?"

"Denephew."

—Rabbit
Texas

A man who worked for the fire department came home from work one day and told his wife, "You know, we have a wonderful system at the job: at Bell 1 we all put on our coats, at Bell 2 we all slide down the pole, and when Bell 3 rings, we are on the truck and ready to go. From now on, we're going to run this house the same way."

"When I say Bell 1," he said, "you strip naked. When I say Bell 2 you jump into bed, and at Bell 3 we're going to screw all night."

The next night, he came home from work and yelled, "Bell 1!" His wife immediately took off all her clothes. "Bell 2!" he hollered, and she jumped into bed. "Bell 3!" and he jumped on her and began to screw.

In a few minutes, his wife began to scream, "Bell 4! Bell 4!" Stunned, her husband said, "What in the hell is Bell 4?"

"More hose," she said. "You ain't nowhere near the fire!"

—L.O.
Wisconsin

Easyriders



Why is a clitoris like Antarctica? Most men know it's there, but few really care.

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

Easyriders



Six bikers were seated at the bar, each tryin' to impress one another with the size of their dicks. The bragging went on for almost an hour, and the bartender got tired of hearing that shit, so he said, "Let's put an end to all this crap and find out who's lying and who isn't. Each of you whip out your dong and lay it on the bar." All six of 'em did.

Just at that moment a faggot walked into the bar, and the bartender asked him if he wanted a drink.

The queer looked down the bar, and in a lisping voice, he said, "No thanks, I'll just have some of the buffet."

—Robert Johns
Randallstown, Md.

A man asked a hooker, "What would your mother say if she saw you doing this?"

The hooker replied, "She'd kill me — I'm on her corner."

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Q: What's the difference between a hog and a man?

A: The hog doesn't have to sit in a bar and buy drinks all night just so he can fuck some pig.

—Craig Layn
Saranac, N.Y.

A Sportster and a panhead were talking to each other out in front of a bar one night.

The Sportster asked the Hog, "Man, how did you get so big?"

The panhead answered, "I eat riceburners."

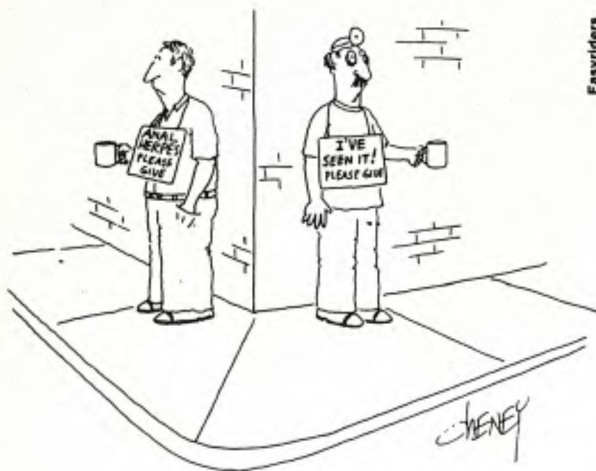
"I eat 'em, too," said the Sporty, "but I ain't as big as you."

"Hmm. How do you prepare 'em?" asked the panhead.

"Well, I just creep up on 'em from behind while they're not lookin', and I shake the shit outta 'em, then I eat 'em up."

The Hog said, "Well, hell, that's your problem — once ya do that, you ain't got nothin' left but a light bulb and a footpeg!"

—James Simmons
Huntsville, Tex.



Easyriders



Easyriders

"I'd like to compliment you on your sales presentation!"

"I always worry when you leave for a weekend run with the guys," sobbed the biker's pretty young wife.

"Don't worry about me, babe," he soothed her. "I'll be back before you know it."

"I know," she sighed. "That's what worries me."

—S. Foster
Elmira, N.Y.

One morning, a milkman called on one of his regular customers and was surprised to see a white bedsheet with a hole in the center of it hanging up in the living room.

The housewife explained that she'd had a party the night before, where they had played a game called "Who's Who," in which each of the men had put his meat through the hole, and the women tried to guess their identities.

"Gee, that sounds like fun," said the milkman. "Sure wish I'd been here."

"You should have been," replied the housewife. "Your name was guessed three times."

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Man.

Q: What do you call a successful masturbation by a 90-year-old man?

A: Miracle Whip.
—Harley Honey
Sacramento, Calif.



"You still don't believe he's your kid, do you, Ed?"

This chick walks into a bar and says, "I'll have a beer." "Anheuser-Busch?" asks the barkeep.

"Just fine," she replies. "And how's your dick?"

—Mitch England
Bean Station, Tenn.



The boss walked into the office one morning and placed a bottle of mint-flavored mouthwash on his secretary's desk.

"I already use a mouthwash!" she gasped. "Does my breath smell bad?"

"No," replied the boss, "but my wife keeps complaining that my dick tastes like medicine."

—Miss Shelly B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Out on the farm, the hens weren't laying many eggs, so the farmer decided to get himself a new rooster to see if it would help. When the cocky young rooster arrived in the chicken yard, the old rooster went over and greeted him. The old rooster said, "We have a tradition here — when a new rooster arrives, we have a race around the perimeter of the yard, and whoever wins after three laps gets to rule the roost."

"I'm getting too old to run very fast," continued the old rooster. "I know you're going to beat me, but I'd like to ask one favor. This has been my yard for a long time, and I'd like to leave with some respect. How about letting me stay in front for the first lap?"

The new rooster thought for a minute, realizing how easy it was going to be to win this race, and he said: "Sure — take off, you old fart."

After the first lap, the cocky young rooster decided it was time to pass the old rooster and make a good showing for himself. As he got ready to pour it on, there was a shotgun blast from the gate of the chicken yard, and the young rooster was blown into a cloud of feathers and chicken guts.

The farmer shouldered his shotgun and walked away, complaining, "Fourth faggot rooster this week."

—Porno Al
Quartz Hill, Calif.

The biker and his ol' lady are in bed. He rolls over, pats her on the ass, and says, "Let's fool around."

She shakes her head and says, "Not tonight, hon — I have an appointment with the gynecologist in the morning, and I'd like to be clean for it."

He pats her ass again. "I don't suppose you have a dentist appointment too, do ya?"

—Karen Lombness
Yakima, Wash.

A lesbian was in the gynecologist's office one day, and as the doc began his examination, he remarked, "My, aren't we clean today?"

"Yeah," replied the lezzie, "I have a woman who comes in twice a week."

—Dave Chance
Tamal, Calif.

The bro was hangin' around the house one day when the phone rang.

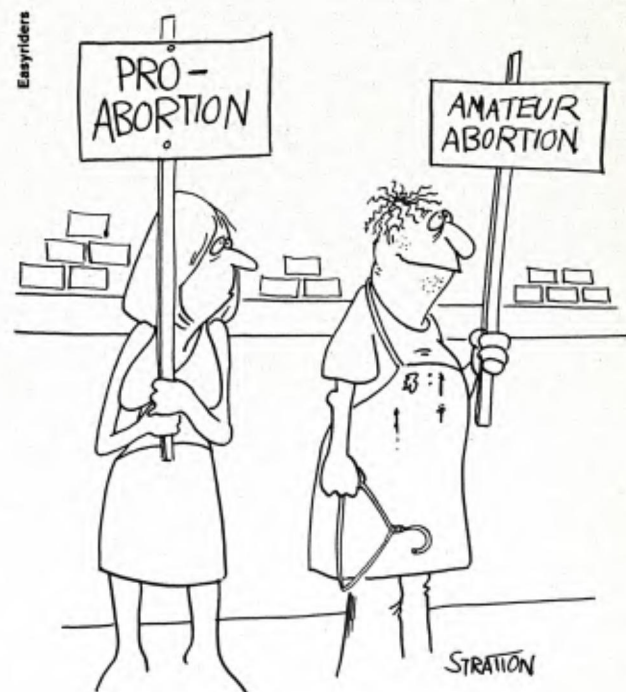
"Hi, this is Cindy. Remember me?" said the voice on the phone.

"Uh, no."
"You took me home after the Christmas party, and you said I was a good sport."

"Oh, yeah. How ya doin'?"
"Not so good. I just found out I'm pregnant, and I've just decided to kill myself," she said.

"Hey, you really are a good sport!" said the bro.

—Paul Jackson
Uncasville, Conn.



How do you get an Iranian bitch pregnant? Come on her shoes and let the flies do all the work.

—Dave's ol' lady
Omaha, Neb.

Carl arrived at work late one morning and was greeted with giggles from the pretty receptionist.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Carl.

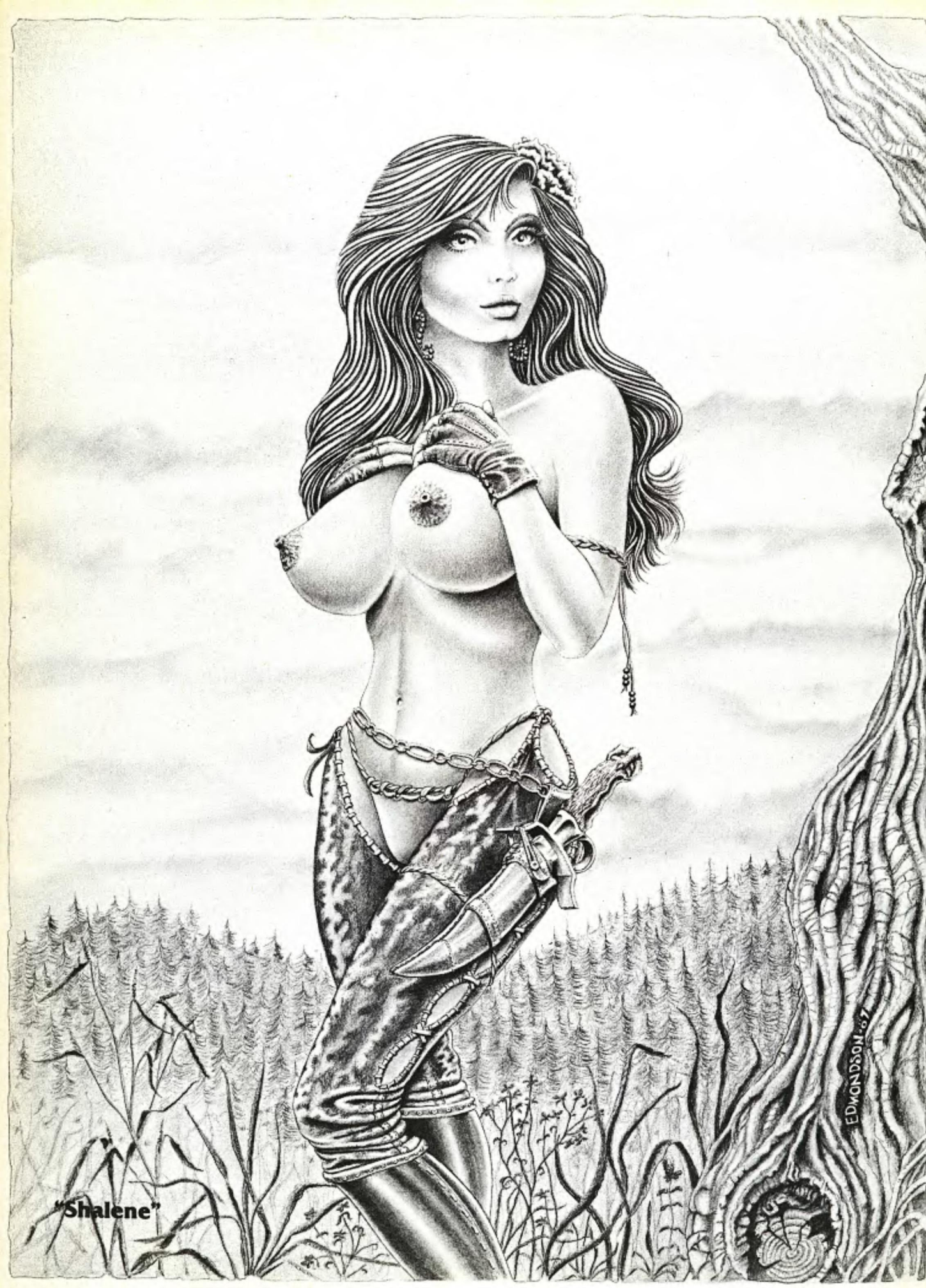
"There's a big black smudge on your face," said the girl.

"Oh, that," said Carl. "That's easy to explain. I saw my wife off on a month's vacation this morning. I took her to the Amtrak station and kissed her goodbye."

"But what about the smudge?"

"As soon as she got on board, I ran up and kissed the engine."

—Big Jack
Montreal, Quebec



EDMONDSON '87

"Shalene"

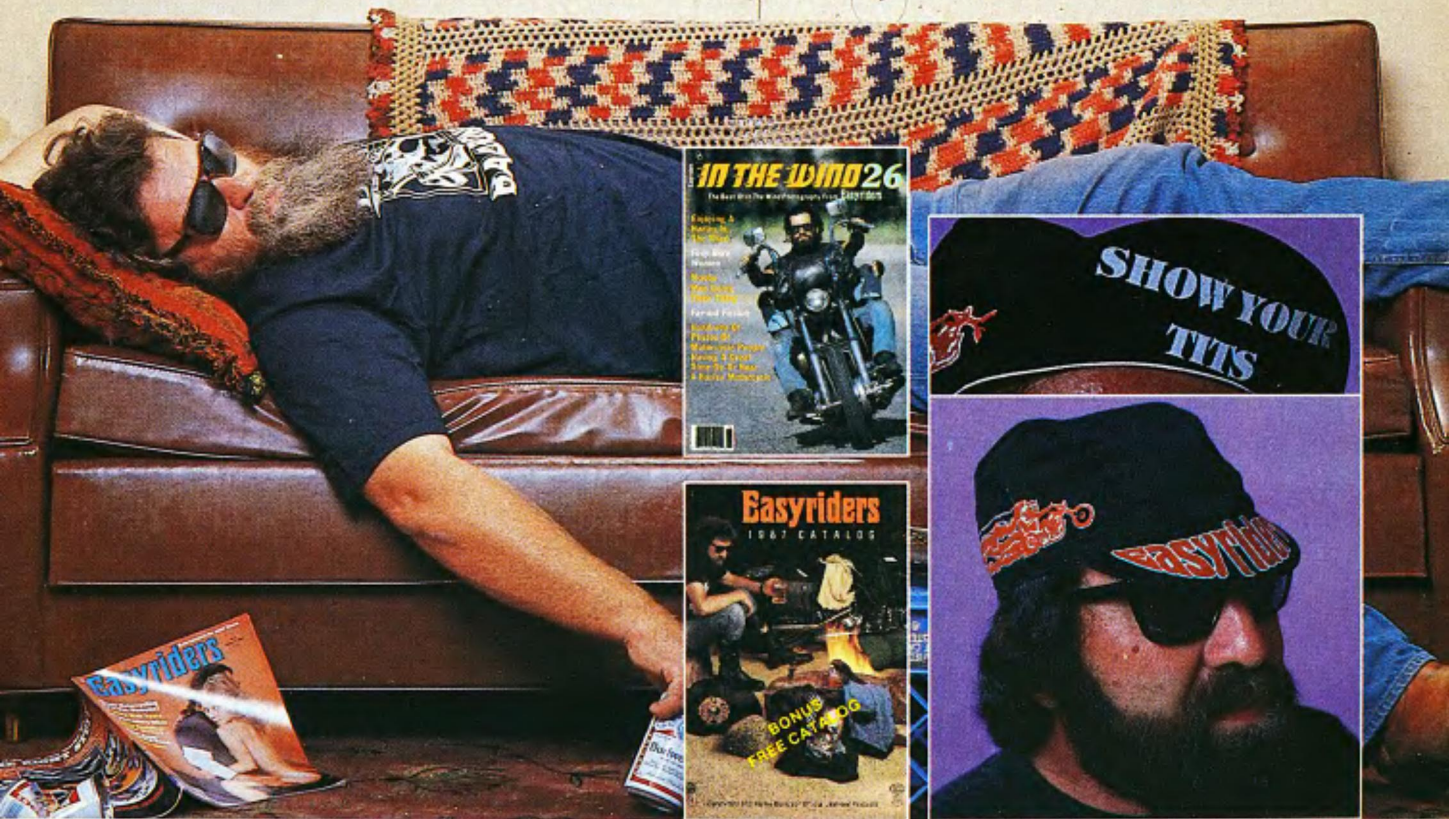
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ORD EAL!

Blind-as-a-bat bro tries to steer clear of trouble on the road.

by Troll

Clutching the projecting lip of solid granite with my right hand, I dipped the little plastic bucket into the incredibly powerful current of the fast-running Columbia River — scooping up water.

Plop-splash*went my falling glasses.

"Oh, succulent shit!" I said, freezing.

"Hurry up with that damn water," called Riffy. "I'm dyin' fer a cuppa coffee."

Inching backward away from the granite's edge, I hunkered there, trying to accept the terrifying fact that my glasses were gone. Forever. Probably already ten miles downriver if not smashed to smithereens. Without those thick-lensed glasses I was in deep shit. Gazing around in several directions, I could still see masses of color. Blurred masses of green that were shrubbery. Blurred masses of brown that were tree trunks. But not one fuckin' detail like individual leaves or branches or clumps of grass.

Real men don't cry, I reminded myself sternly, getting to my feet. Real men talk dirty. Swear creatively. Kick the livin' shit outta sumpin' that can feel pain. But the Spartan sonsabitches never cry.

I slowly, cautiously, walked back to our campsite.

"You look *different*," said the denim-colored blur with yellow hair atop it that was Riffy. Age-22. Feisty as they come. 38-24-32. Five-one. Squeaky clean. The little lady that had been humpin' me silly for the past seven months — when she wasn't bitchin' about doin' runs on a Harley shovel trike or the fact that I didn't know even one fellow biker who was couth.

"Everything looks different," I said.

"Hey, where's yer glasses?"

"Who needs those crappy old downstream specs?" I replied. "Hell, always slippin' down my nose. Always fallin' off. Fuckin' frames looser than a shot clutch on a used rice burner."

"You need'm, that's who. Without those glasses, yer blinder than an eyeless mole at midnight, Troll. No shit, hon. Ya need'm to *ride*."

I grinned. "Nah. I got you, darlin'."

"I can't drive. You know that." Paranoia tinged her rising voice. "You know my fear about gittin' kilt real dead if I ever so much as touch handlebars."

"Coffee ready yet?" I said, changing the subject.

"If you don't drive us outta this Godforsaken ass-end of nowhere, we're damn near stranded!" she shrieked in a panicked tone. "I shit thee not, four-eyes!"

"Maybe the people who were supposed to meet us here will show up, just delayed by traffic, bad maps, or overly ambitious minions."

"They ain't comin'," Riffy said firmly. "We been here nearly a week. Maybe we got the wrong place. Maybe all sixty of them biker people are havin' a blast at the right area."

I nodded glum agreement. It was sixty-to-two that the other members of our Solo Riders' Social Association had found the correct site, while I had carelessly taken a wrong turn. Shit, the story of my life. Age-23. Two-forty. Six-five. Been slammed down twice since nineteen. Only owned two Harleys — and one of those with no registration. My sunshiny credo: If things aren't better by tomorrow, they'll probably be worse. Well, shit. At least Riffy didn't suffer from herpes, and I was over havin' the clap for the third time.

"The two nearest highways are 20 and 25, but I can't read signs or steer too nifty," I said, "so you'll hafta tough it out and drive the trike to the nearest town where I can find an optometrist, order new glasses."

"Bullshit," Riffy spat. "I ain't touchin' no fuckin' handlebars, see? I'll guide ya verbally. I'll read signs for ya. But that's all."

"Yer lucky I'm a Leo and not a Scorpio."

ORDEAL!



"There's a difference?"
"Skip it, ya rotten little whore," I sighed. "Yer mind ain't built fer explanations, primary logic, common sense, or anything but havin' yer own way."

"Fuck you, too."
On that note we broke camp, folded the tent, put out the cook fire, finished

swillin' tepid coffee, and packed the trike for the road.

How we ever made it up and outta that riverside canyon, I'll never know. The dirt road wasn't more than a gasp wider than the trike's rear wheels. Riffy's guidance consisted of screeches, shrieks, moans, and indistinct babblin's, while I could barely see — if I squinted hard until my fuckin' eyebrows ached — where any dirt road was. Twice, the left rear wheel spun in empty space. Three times I plowed into boulders. Suddenly, we were coastin' down a straightaway toward a dark ribbon that *had* to be a paved highway.

And the trike ran outta gas.

Fortunately, we still had one last 5-gallon can of fuel. Fifteen minutes later, we braked to a stop beside a road sign.

"Well, read the fuckin' thing aloud," I demanded.

"Twenny-five," rasped Riffy.

"North or south?"

"It don't say."

"Look, bitch, we're in far Northeastern Washington. Twenny-five runs north and south. We don't want Canada. We want L.A. That's *south*."

"I didn't letter the fuckin' thing!" Riffy howled.

Something big and noisy rumbled past us at high speed. It seemed vaguely truck-sized, but my blurred vision couldn't adequately identify it.

"What was *that*?" I asked.

"Loggin' truck."

"Okay, flag down whatever comes by next."

"I don't wanna," she sniffled.

"Why *not*, fer crissakes?"

"Only cheap girls hitchhike."

"I gotta ask somebody which way south is, dammit," I fumed. "We gotta find Spokane."

Three car-sized shapes streaked by, but she just sulked. I got off the trike when I heard the next vehicle coming. It slowed as I frenziedly waved my arms. Then it came to a halt.

My eyes were waterin' from the effort of strainin' to see it. All I could be sure of was a cowboy hat protrudin' from a window.

"Which way's south, man?" I implored.

"This trashy dude with you, lady?" boomed a gruff voice from the vicinity of the cowboy hat.

"He's tryin' to *kidnap* me!" yelled Riffy. Whatta whore.

"Freeze, you filthy pervert!" snarled a chilly voice from the cowboy hat, and I caught the blurry highlights glintin' off a rifle barrel now stickin' out of the window.

I froze obediently, hearin' Riffy madly haulin' shit from the trike's bed.

"I hope the fucker gives ya AIDS," I growled softly.

"Hurry up, lady," urged the cowboy hat.

"God," whimpered Riffy, stumblin' away from me and the trike, "to ride in a decent vehicle again with a man the whole world don't hate."

"She's too good to give head," I shouted at the cowboy hat. "Better count the cash in yer wallet every now and then. She's sneaky as all shit."

"Get *in*, lady," pleaded the voice.

"Listen, man," I said pleasantly, "all her bullshit aside, I've got this temporary problem of —"

"You don't know what a problem is," the voice snapped. "But you sure as hell will — as soon as I've reported your kidnapping attempt to the sheriff in Northport."

"Which way is Northport?" I inquired.

"Where I'm headed — *north*, you stupid damn biker."

The vehicle lunged forward in a frantic meshing of worn gears, leavin' to my left. I didn't wait for it to vanish. I just turned right and twisted up the wick, hopin' I was seein' enough of the fuckin' highway to stay on one of its lanes. By now it was late afternoon. What I'd do — unless I reached a town before dark — I wasn't sure, but I had an idea it would be far better than exchanging small talk with Northport's finest.

The trike sped smoothly. The center line flowed faintly as I chased it. Actually, I felt relieved to be ridin' truly solo again. As the blurry scenery went by, I made a decision to

sell the fuckin' trike and get a Harley Low Rider, even if it meant findin' a job and workin' for a while. Shit, there are some prices every man must pay in this costly world.

Just before dusk closed in around me, tiny lights flickered in the gathering darkness — not more than a mile or so ahead.

Then I was rollin' into a town.

* * *

After toppin' all three gas cans and the machine's tank, I paid the station operator — explainin' the loss of my glasses and hopin' the dude would tell me the town optometrist was hungry enough to take night work.

was a squad car.

Leavin' the booth, I walked quickly over to the twin restroom doors, entering one. Standin' behind it, listening through an opened half-inch, I heard the guys comin' into the cafe. Tensely, I followed their conversation.

"Seen a biker in here tonight, Sowbug?"

Long pause, then a husky female voice:

"Yeah, I did."

"Where did he go?"

"Uh, he left. Headed north outta town, I think. Why?"

"Sheriff, up at Northport, wants him. Guess we should run up there, just to be sure. Might find him camped somewhere along

"Freeze, you filthy pervert!" snarled a chilly voice under the cowboy hat, and I caught the blurry highlights glintin' off a rifle barrel."

"We got no optometrist," he informed me. "Everybody goes down to Spokane fer glasses."

"How far is Spokane?" I asked, knowin' there was abso-shittin'-lutely no way I could get there without daylight.

"About a hunnert miles."

"How far to the nearest motel?"

"Three blocks, on yer left."

"Cafe?"

"Next door to the motel."

Thanking him, I rolled the trike back onto the road. No siren. No flashin' lights. No red-neck sheriff to hassle me, unnerve me, bust me. I could almost read the motel and cafe signs when I reached them. Pullin' into the motel, I parked the trike in the dark at the rear of the parking lot. Then I rented unit 11, which turned out — as I hoped it would — to be only two units from where the trike sat.

Next, I took my starvin' self into the brightly lit but practically empty cafe. Easin' into a booth where I could watch the deserted road, I waited. So far, so good. Even so, I couldn't quite understand how a simple mishap like losin' glasses had turned into such a flat-out threatenin' situation. Here I sat — hundreds of miles from home — alone. Probably wanted by the law for something that had never happened. With nobody to say a good word for me in case the bastards caught me. Depression began settling down over me. It didn't last long. There's just nothin' like added anxiety to dissolve depression — and a blurry car pulled up to the cafe's front. Instantly, I knew it

the highway."

"Gotta bleed the one-eyed dragon," said a different male voice. "Be right with ya, sarge." Footsteps comin' closer. I stiffened. Shit, it was all over — except for bein' hauled to a bad rap in Redneckland.

The cop went into the *other* restroom. Lookin' wildly round the shitter I was in, I realized it contained no urinal. Relief flooded through me from head to boottips.

Hell! I rejoiced. I'm in the cunts' restroom!

* * *

A lot later that same night, Sowbug and I lay pantin' on the unit 11 waterbed. First, she had brought a hot supper of cheeseburgers, fries, onion rings, and beer to the unit — which we shared. While we ate, we traded our stories. I regaled her with Riffy's shitty behavior and my visual problem. She described her despair at havin' been dumped in greater Colville by a trucker who never returned as promised. After that, one move and mood led to another, until we both were shuckin' off clothes.

Even myopically stricken, I could tell she was a tall plumper with mammothly pert jugs. Lettin' my fingers do the walkin', I discovered she was warm, satiny all over, and 110% woman. Wet and frantic with lust, she proved what all her beddy-bye experience had taught her about pleasin' herself and a man.

Me, I proved I could still go five times after a long, worrisome day — once my mind had been taken off mundane matters and shoved into roiling, squirmen' sex. Now, relaxin' with

ORDEAL!

tokes, we busied ourselves surveyin' a whole new situation.

"I've never been to L.A.," Sowbug admitted wistfully. "I've always wanted to go there."

"Count this," I said, emptyin' my wallet onto the bed. "We'll start south after daybreak."

"Seven-hundred and forty-two bucks — but we'd better leave tonight."

"Can't," I sighed. "Can't see good enough to steer in the fuckin' dark."

"So I'll steer and you catch up on zees."

"Hey, I dig yer thinkin'!"

"I know a route due east outta this damned wide place. It adds about eighty miles to reaching Spokane, but it keeps us way off Highway 385 and those troopers who patrol it between here and Spokane."

"Jeeze," I whistled, awed. "A chubby with a genuine mind. Things are lookin' up!"

"They sure are," she giggled, strokin' a suddenly rigid piece of me, throbbin' urgently in her devilishly skillful fingers. "Care to exert yourself one more time?"

"A penetratin' plan, ya little greedy!"

"Insatiable, yes," she chuckled. "Little? Hardly. Not at five-ten. Not at 160-pounds."

"The more, the merrier, I always say," I said, sinking it unhurriedly into moist bliss and listenin' to her muted sounds of enjoyment. "I've jumped enough skinny-assed, bare-bones broads who can't spell loyalty to last me for a long, long time."

By then, she was a quiverin' madwoman.

* * *

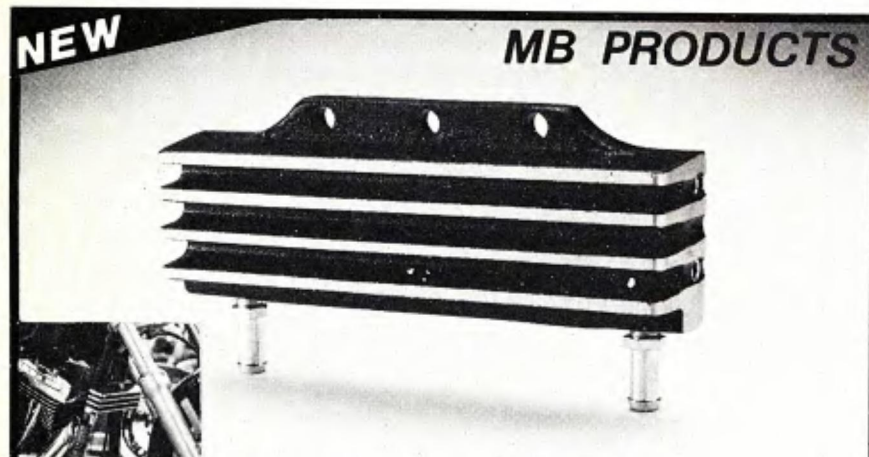
A night and a full day later, I emerged from the optometry shop to find the world around me a brighter, more fantastically detailed place. Almost painfully sharp, with clear edges to everything. Dazzlin' clarity, overwhelmin' tints and hues and colors. For a moment I just stood there, drinkin' it all in with what felt like brand-new eyes.

Then I spotted Sowbug grinnin' happily at me from the curbed trike. A big brunette and a foxy one. With imagination and carnal appetites that were as new to me as the glasses ridin' my face.

"They look great," Sowbug assured me.

"Here," I said, "you take care of the spare pair."

The ordeal was over. ■



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Two-Wheel Tale

What Goes Around, Comes Around

By Don Thomas

The night rain was beading on the fatbob tanks of the blue bike parked outside the Trax's Inn. I could swear I'd seen that bike before — it looked like the bike I helped build for Shady — Shady Dolton, my ex-ol' lady, that rotten bitch! I always did want to punch her face, but I never got the chance before she split. Last I heard, she was living in L.A.

I had to arrive at the gig in a four-wheeler, not just because of the rain exactly, but because of the fact that I was part of the Blade Colton Band, and lead guitar players don't do well soakin'-ass wet, holding an electric guitar.

I had about enough time for one quick beer before tuning my gold Gibson six-string guitar and firing up the rest of the band.

In spite of the rain, that night felt like an ass-kickin' night to play some old Lynyrd Skynyrd and really get the place jumpin'. One look around told me everyone else felt the

same; the place was packed, and everyone was ready to party. Plenty of women, and the band was ready to play "Sweet Home Alabama."

We weren't up to full volume or full potential yet, but we'd get there before midnight, with the help of a few more beers. The lights were dim, and there was plenty of smoke in the old dirtbag bar. As loud as the band was, I could still hear the cue ball breakin' on the pool table. As I looked over there, I could see a bro and some broad playin' eight-ball. Damn, that bitch looked like Shady — and the bike outside!

I studied her moves and her face. Yeah, damned sure was Shady, all right. What was that bitch doing there? She knew I worked there! I wanted to punch her face in.

I knew I couldn't set my guitar down and leave the stage, even if it was my own band. The other guys in the band would crucify me. I was only ten minutes into the first set, with thirty-five more minutes to go before I had a break coming up. If I could just keep my cool — but I was steaming-ass mad, thinking of how that rotten bitch screwed me over. She had gone out with my ex-best friend on nights when I would stay home to work on the Harley — the one I had been building as a sur-

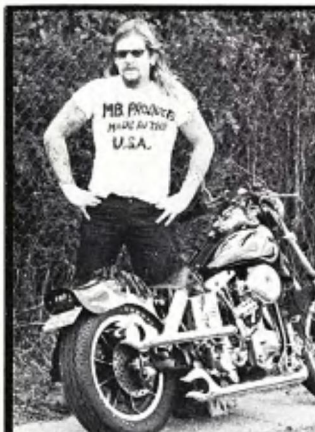
prise for her, the one parked outside in the rain next to my car. That rotten bitch!

We had to slow the pace down with a slow tune by Hank Jr. so the guys could rub belt buckles with their ol' ladies on the dance floor. Well, kiss my ass! Shady started to slow-dance with this dude! She knew I was there, looking at her looking up at me and laughing. That bitch, she was doing this on purpose, rubbing her money-maker all over this fool.

Well, I had to forget her for then, because my guitar solo came up and I wanted to do a dynamite one.

Above the sound of the band, I could hear this noise on the dance floor. It sounded like our usual Saturday night fight was ready to start. As I looked over, this big dude about 6'2" and 230 lbs. was telling Shady's friend that he was going to dance with her. He took a punch at Shady's friend, but missed and punched Shady right in her mouth! All right, man, make my day — buy that man a beer on the band!

Well, as for me, old Blade Colton himself, I never played better than after they carried that bitch out of the old Trax's Inn. I guess that old saying is true. What goes around, comes around. ■



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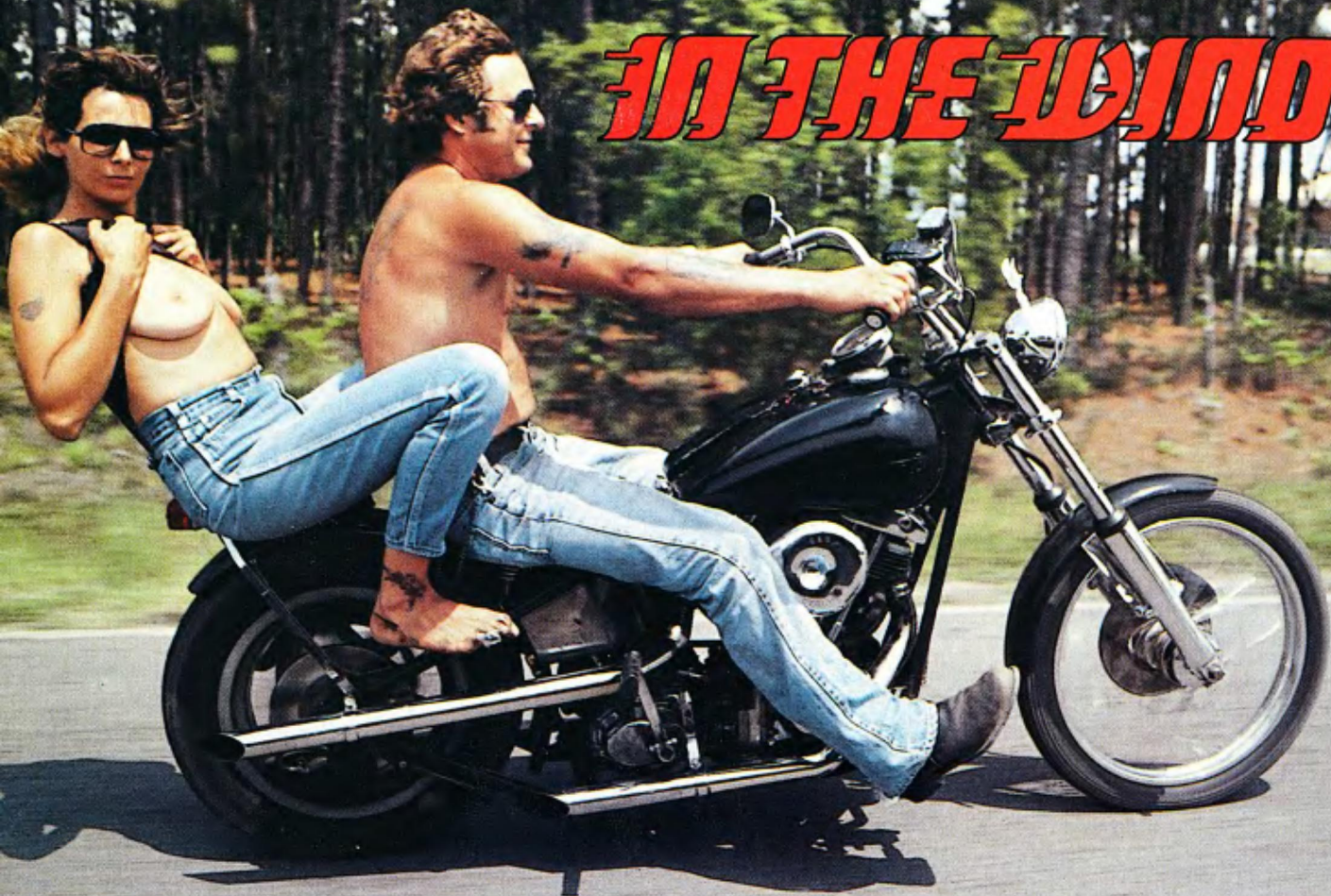
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IN THE WIND



—from Pat Randle, St. Cloud, Fla.

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.

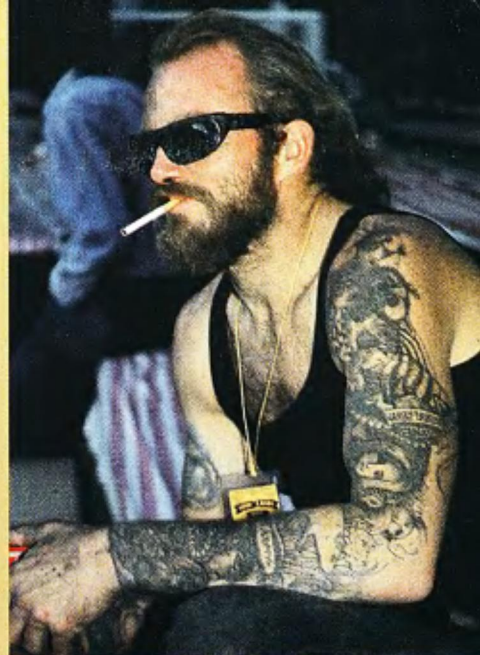
—from Ludy, Wyoming

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.





—from Fred Russell, Hagerstown, Md.



—from Indian Sue, Morro Bay, Calif.



—from Raisinbrain, Mound, Minn.

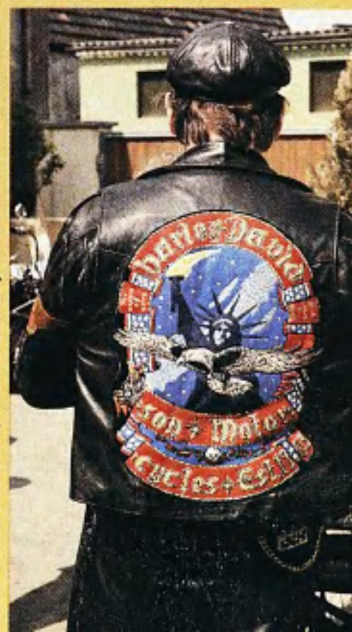


—from Jan, Las Cruces, N.M.

—from Dan Anible, Kent City, Mich.



—from J.J., West Germany

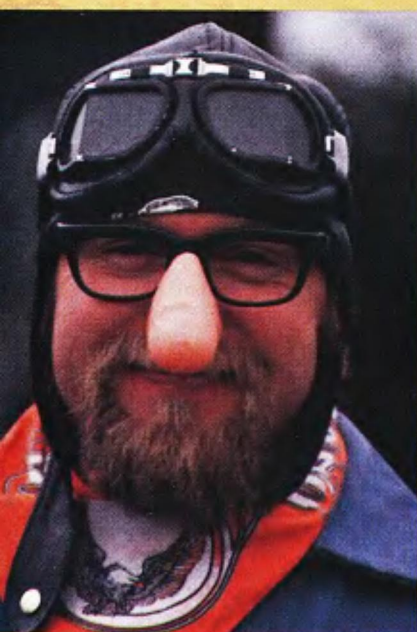




—from Mac McMillian, Virginia Beach, Va.



—from Kelly Jessee, Alliance, Neb.



—from Connie Ball, Dayton, Ohio



—from Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, Fla.

—from R. Vaags, Madetswil, Switzerland



—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.





—from Johnny Manic, Sydney, Australia



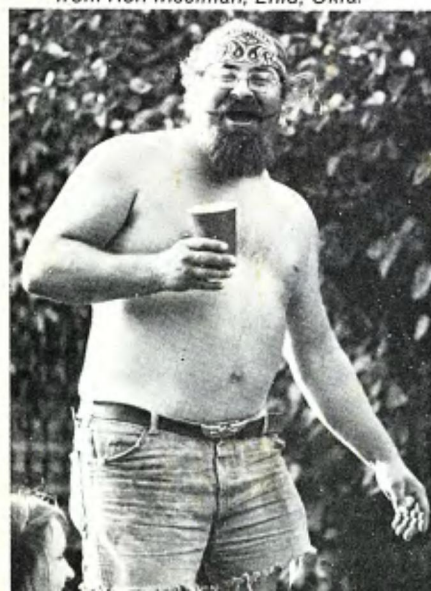
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Ron Inselman, Enid, Okla.



—from The Sheriff of Asshole County



—from JoJo, Cleveland, Ohio

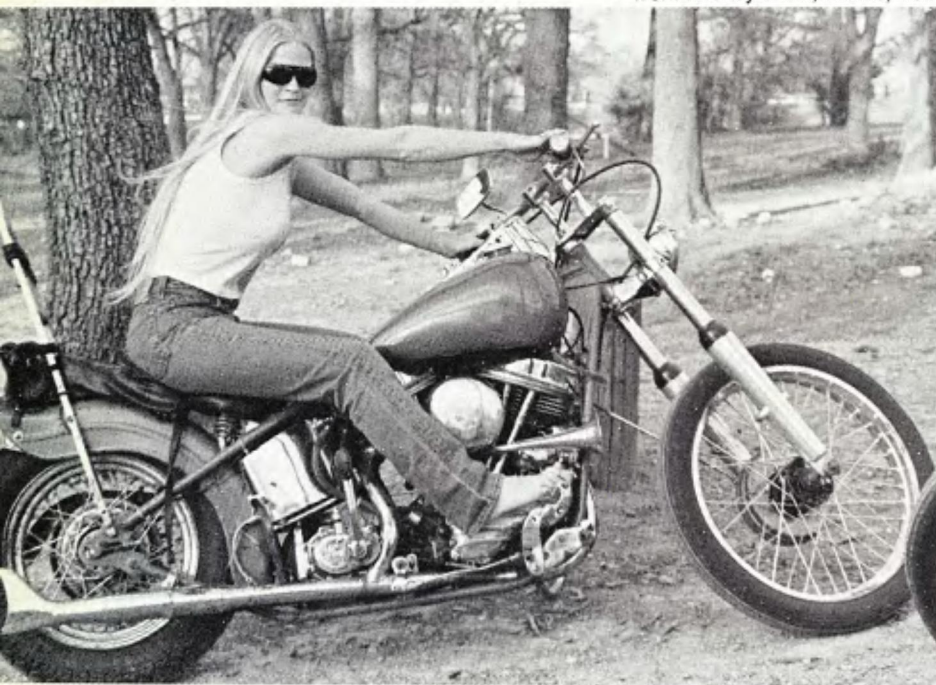




—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.



—from Tom Quist, Utica, N.Y.



—from Willie Krider, Boca Raton, Fla.



—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Spring, Calif.



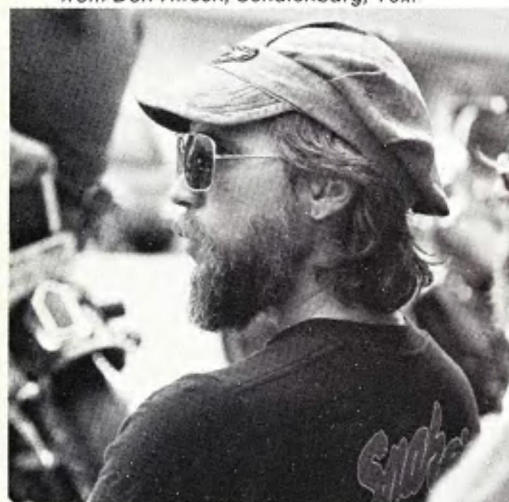


—from Don Hirsch, Schulenburg, Tex.

—from Michael Kennedy, Ponca City, Okla.



—from Harley-Davidson riders of Italy



—from Johnny Manic, Sydney, Australia



—from Steve Greener, Cleveland, Ohio



—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.





—from Klaes Palmgren, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

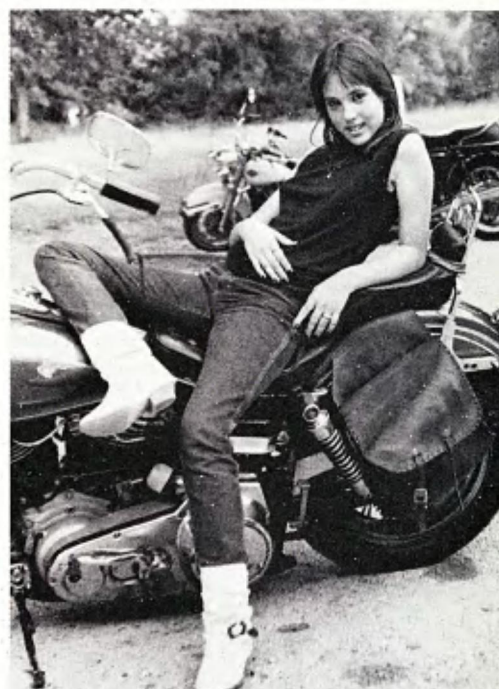


—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



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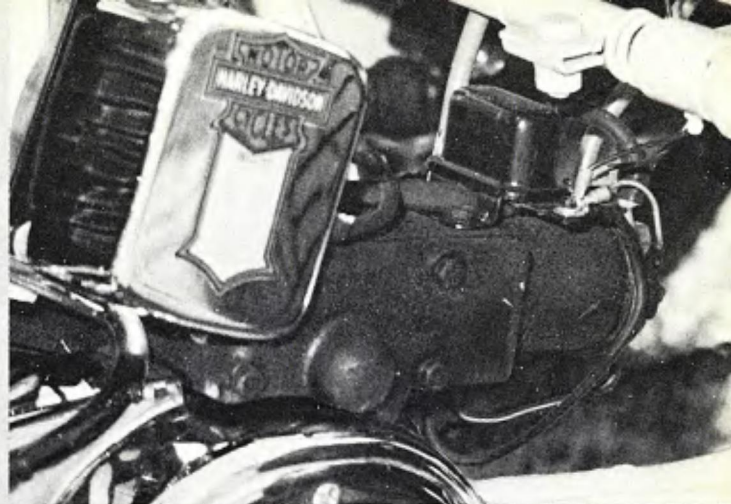
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FOXY RIDERS



Photos by Kim Peterson

Sue Betts, Southern California 1973 45 Harley-Davidson GE Trike

No, sit down, relax, Harley hasn't started to mix it up with an electronics firm — "GE" is merely the designation of an electric start on their G model.

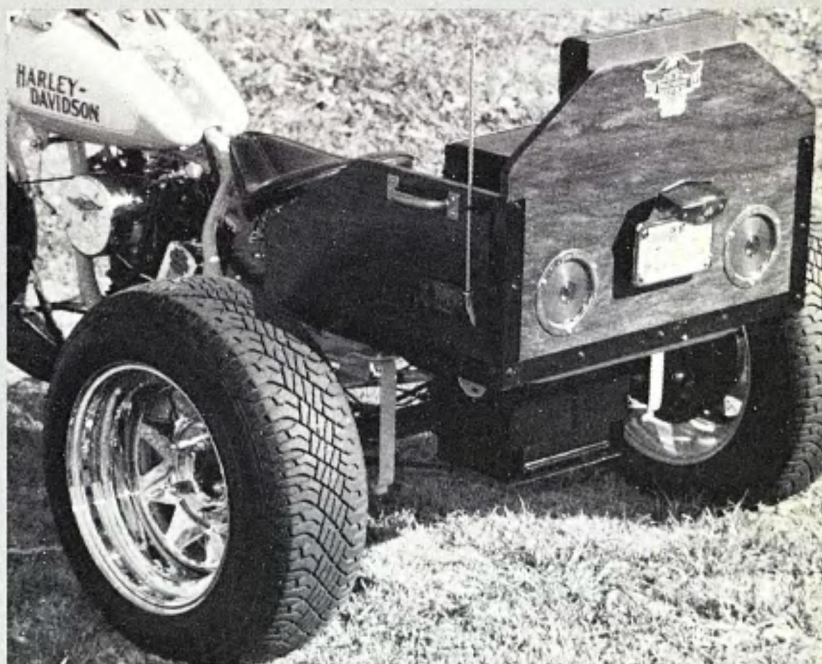
Sue Betts, supplemented and augmented by her husband Will's vast knowledge of the 45 motor (he's had 13 or 14), has been in the wind, carting her two boys around, stereo blaring, and following Will on his shovel, making all the MMA runs, for the past year. The family that rides together, glides together.

It's hard to imagine anything that can bind a family closer than the shared experience of traveling as a unit on two or three wheels.

Will and Sue work in the high-tech guided missile field, fulfilling government contracts. As a pressure release, they jointly work on their family motorcycle projects. This is Sue's second sled, the first being a panhead. She did all the handiwork, using vast amounts of elbow grease in sanding, priming, cleaning, and detailing while Will was down with an illness.

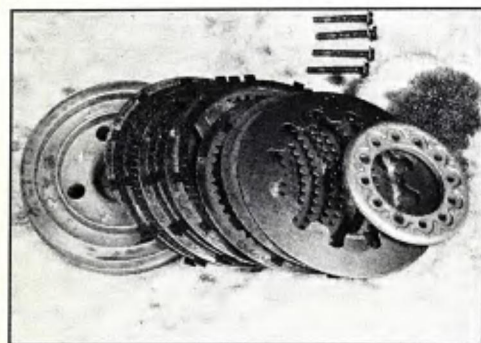
The 45 is the preferred engine for the Betts family due to its reliability and ease in maintenance. She's runnin' adjustable wide glide forks that're two inches over. The frame has an adjustable half-inch rake to it, with a specially constructed box on it to hold tools, the stereo, and a picnic lunch.

— Ram Pan



How To Set Up Your Big Twin Evo

By Joe Minton



Harley's Evolution clutch is sure different from the traditional one. It'll handle more torque, but not more heat. The left photo shows all the parts of the new clutch. Center is a shot of the assembly; notice the automotive-style diaphragm spring. The aluminum collar that compresses the spring (right photo) also adjusts the spring shape, which is critical for best clutch feel and performance.

Harley's Evolution clutches are better than the old ones in many ways. In other ways, they aren't as good. What they certainly are, though, is different. Anyone who wants to get the best performance out of his Evolution clutch will need to know how to treat it and how to set it up.

The new Evolution Big Twin clutch has a lot less surface area than the old one. Harley claims that the new clutch will handle more torque, which is probably true. I have done extensive work with the Evolution Big Twin on Jerry Branch's dyno, where we made more torque than the factory ever saw. The stock clutch was more than good enough.

But handling torque from the engine isn't the same as being able to withstand drag race starts or power shifts. The difference is heat. The reduced surface area in the new clutch means it will get too hot just that much faster when it is being slipped. The cure is easy and in two steps: don't push cages with your Evo scooter (the CHP tries to), or get a set of higher heat capacity friction

plates.

Harley sells them — (p/n 37931-84, \$12.75 per plate — you need six), as does Barnett Tool and Engineering, 9920 Freeman Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670, (p/n HOP-9, \$54.00). The Barnett clutch has an important advantage over both of Harley's — it will significantly reduce clutch drag.

Harleys have seldom been great shifters — you can hear them clunk for blocks. The main reason for the familiar clunk and the occasionally hard-to-find neutral is clutch drag.

As you pull the clutch lever in, the pressure plate is moved away from the clutch pack by the pushrod running through the center of the mainshaft. The friction plates, driven by the clutch basket, are essentially locked together with the steel inner plates which drive the input shaft. The act of pulling the clutch lever doesn't force the outer friction and inner steel plates apart; it merely removes the force of the clutch spring. If the friction and steel plates are, for any reason, stuck to one another, the clutch ain't gonna let go. Ideally,

they will separate in a smooth, predictable way as you release the pressure holding them together by pulling the clutch lever. Ideal isn't the way things usually are, though.

When you lift the pressure plate from the steel and friction plates, you only move it about an eighth of an inch away. If any of the components — pressure, friction, or steel plates — are warped, part of your clutch lever lift will go towards overcoming the warping. Given enough warping, you will use the whole lift and still not get the pressure plate completely away from the clutch plates. So if you have damaged your bike's clutch plates by overheating them, the clutch may drag simply because its plates are warped more than the travel of the clutch release and cannot get free of one another.

Another possible source of clutch drag is the primary chain. If you happen to over-tighten the chain, it will pull the clutch basket off-center and cause the plates to drag against one another. There must be free play in the chain at all times. It will be less

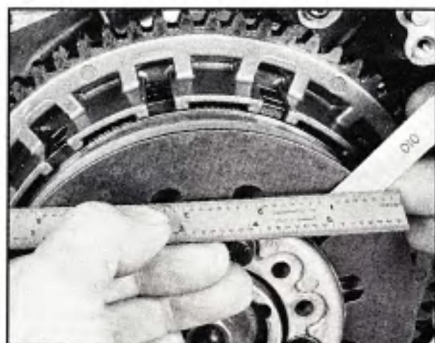
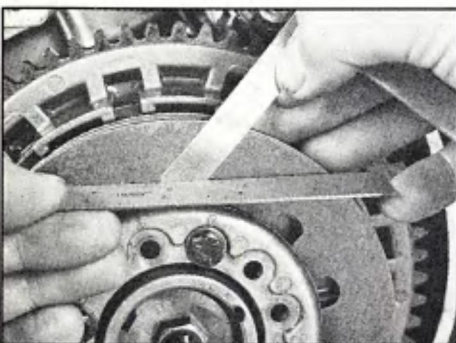
when the engine, primary, and transmission are at operating temperature than when they are cold. Your shop or owner's manual will give you the range of slack that is acceptable. Generally, they will call for at least one quarter of an inch of free play, in the center of the chain run, when the engine is hot.

Oil that is too thick will tend to stick the friction and steel plates together. STP will stick them so hard that the clutch will completely lock up. The clutch would like to see oil that is thin, like automatic transmission fluid. The chain, on the other hand, prefers thick and gooeey gearbox oil, thank you. Evolution Big Twins have a separate and sealed primary oil supply. Because of this, Harley has been able to develop an oil that will take care of both the chain and clutch without having to worry about its effect on the engine. They use a mixture of petroleum and synthetic oils that give the protection of gear oil, yet is thin like engine oil (it's about a 10W-40). The chain, sprockets, and clutch discs all get what they need.

Part of how well a

Evolution Clutch

Tech Tip



Clutch spring shape can be measured with ordinary tools. Note that the four spring retaining bolts are fitted through holes with a letter — either A, B, or C. These hole sets pre-load the spring different amounts, changing its shape. Best lever feel results when the spring is flat or slightly dished (left photo). The large contact area of the new clutch hub eliminates wear and the sticking between the plates and hub.

Photos by Joe Minton

clutch lets go when it's told to is determined by the material its friction plates are made from. A compromise has to be reached between easy release and holding power. The stock Harley friction material for the Evolution Big Twins is okay on hold, but not too good at release. The Barnett clutch friction material will not only hold harder and deliver more torque, but it will also release more easily. It will withstand much, much more abuse as well.

Okay, if you have Harley's primary oil, straight plates, and friction material that releases well, you should have a great shifting Evo Hog, right? Well, maybe. There's a little more to it yet.

The shifting dogs on Harley transmission gears are undercut. That makes them stay in gear and helps complete a sloppy shift by pulling the gears firmly into engagement. The undercutting also makes it hard to shift the gears out of engagement if there is a load on them. A dragging clutch will keep the undercut gears loaded and make shifting clunky and uncertain. So, while it is the gear-

box that is making the noise, it is the drag of the clutch that causes it.

Both the Evolution Big Twin and Sportster clutches use diaphragm springs instead of coils (as found in the older designs). The main reason for the switch to a diaphragm spring was compactness. It must, though, be adjusted correctly for best results.

According to the factory shop manual, when you place a straightedge across the spring (see photo), there should be no more than a .010 inch gap between the ruler and the spring, in either the center or at the edges. If there is more, the spring will not be pressing on the clutch pack enough, and it might slip.

An incorrectly adjusted spring will also affect how the clutch lever feels when you use it. The only difference between an Evolution clutch lever that is easy to pull and one that seems to be harder halfway through is the spring adjustment. A perfect setup will have the spring flat. If the spring is dished out, it will be harder to pull the lever. A dished-in spring will be easier and better, within the .010 limit.

How much the clutch spring is compressed (when you aren't pulling the lever) is determined by which set of holes you use when you bolt on the adjuster plate (see photo). The holes are marked "A," "B," and "C." The "C" hole set compresses the spring the least amount and "B" the most. Ideally, one of these hole sets will compress the spring so that it is perfectly flat.

If your Evo's spring happens to have acceptable clearance between the straightedge and the spring's edges with one set of holes and between its center and the straightedge with another set, use the holes that will give the clearance in the center (dished-out). This will make the clutch lever easier to pull and will eliminate that hard spot halfway through the lever's travel. It won't affect the clutch's torque capacity at all.

Once you get the spring right, it's time to set up the adjusting screw and cable. First, turn the cable adjuster in about as far as it will go (this applies to '87 models, too). Loosen the locknut and run the screw in until you feel

the friction from its trying to operate the clutch. Back the screw out a half-turn or so and run it in again a couple of times to make sure you know where the adjuster takes up all the free play. You should be able to feel when the clutch adjuster touches the pushrod.

Be sure that there is still play in the clutch cable when you feel the screw bottom. If there isn't, loosen the cable adjuster some more and run the screw in again. Now, back the adjuster screw out 3/4 of a turn and tighten the locknut.

The best positioning of the clutch lever is where it gives you the most control over the clutch. There is no one correct lever adjustment; we all have different hands and will prefer that the clutch begin to engage at different lever positions. Set the clutch lever where you like it.

There must always be some free play in the cable, hot or cold, just so you can be sure that it is fully engaged. The farther out the lever is when the clutch begins to engage, the freer the clutch will be when the lever is pulled all the way to the grip. That will help

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give smoother shifts but may be clumsy to use. If, on the other hand, the lever has too much free play, the clutch will drag, and shifting will be lousy. Find your own compromise.

Finally, lube the cable; that will sometimes give as much shifting improvement as all the rest of the things you have done.

When any of us are riding, we don't think of how far we are pulling the clutch lever when we shift. We just pull it and shift. If most of that pulling effort is used to overcome the friction of a sticky cable, then we won't actually move the lever very far, and the clutch will not be fully disengaged — clunky shifts. If your bike's cable is dry now, you'll be surprised at how much better your shifts will be after you lube it.

When you loosen the clutch cable to adjust the clutch, go ahead and take it off at the lever end. Prop the cable up so that it is vertical. Wrap some tape around the end of the sheath to form a funnel. Now fill the funnel with primary oil and let it run down into the cable. Light oil seems to work better than heavy engine oil; the heavy stuff just makes for friction in the system. You should do this every 5,000 miles.

If your Evolution Big Twin is like most that I have worked on, the majority of the clutch adjustments mentioned here will be correct from the factory. However, I have yet to find one that is perfect in all respects. If you will take the time to go through the procedure, your bike will almost certainly shift better. If you're gonna drag race or you want the best possible clutch release, install the Barnett friction plate set, do the setup, and ride. ■

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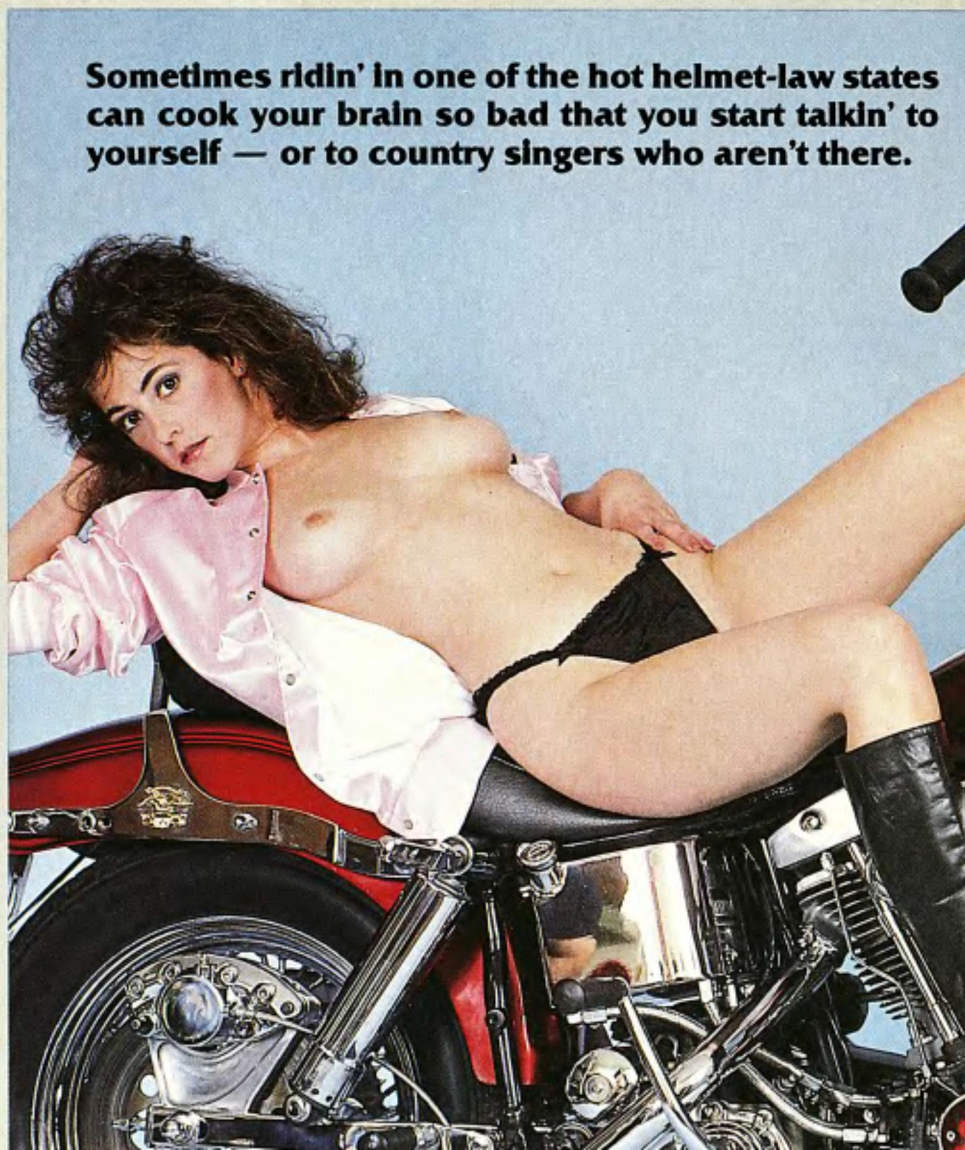


BREEZE

Somewhere west of Laramie, I found her wrapped in a warm spring wind. Breeze, she said, was her name. Breeze to refresh the tired mind, Breeze to cool the overheated body. A man on the road gets his chances — some good, some bad, a few ugly. Matters not, he takes 'em all. What was that Hank Jr. sang, "I like to have women I've never had"? Don't we all, Hank, ol' bro? What else is new? You ain't no different from me, 'ceptin' you got talent, a famous daddy, an' lots of money. I got me a scooter. Figure it makes us even, with me a few cunt hairs ahead.

BREEZE...
Check this out.





**Sometimes ridin' in one of the hot helmet-law states
can cook your brain so bad that you start talkin' to
yourself — or to country singers who aren't there.**



Hank, Jr. Did ya ever notice how some women ya never had remind ya of ones ya have? The way they move in their clothes, or maybe out of 'em. Or the way their tongue separates yer teeth. Sometimes it's just in the flavor of the thing. Know what I mean, Hank? I had me this ol' lady once't, but she stopped digging the scooter trip after I got laid up and the bills fell on her ass. So it ended, like them things always end, and I went back ta livin' yer song about them never-had ladies. One day I pick up this number who don't look, sound, drink, or do nothin' like that ol' lady. But when I kicked over the scooter and she climbed on behind me, it wasn't some chick I'd never had — it was the ol' lady, or at least it felt so much the same I nearly dropped the bike. It was weird, Hank — she wasn't the same size as the ol' lady, but all her front parts seemed to hit my back ones exactly in the same place. An' her arms went around me just where the ol' lady's had, and her fingers spread out and touched me in the same ten places.

Praise the Lord, that was the only way in which she reminded me of that ol' rag, though. 'Cause, just 'tween me an' you, Hank, I don't get off on loud arguin' accompanyin' my lovmakin' all that much. It always seems to me there are better things a bitch can do with her mouth than process insults.

BREEZE...

Where was I, Hank? Yeah, we was talking about the difference between women never had and women that ya've had ta boredom's door and beyond. Probably a lot of guys that ain't been around as much as you an' me can't understand how havin' a woman, any woman, could get boring. Ya gotta pity them poor fools.

BREEZE...

The thing is, Hank, I was ridin' somewhere across the plains an' this vision appeared and said her name was Breeze. I knowed I'd never had her, but she seemed familiar, somehow, somethin' like all the best of ladies I ever had rolled into one. An', ya know, Hank, I wanted that piece. Who wouldn't? But she wouldn't get onto the sled. She kept dodging into the fields and calling out that if I wanted her, really wanted to have her, I'd have to hang around a little while.

And, the funny thing was I couldn't do it, Hank. I couldn't get off that bike and follow that girl. I guess the thing was that no matter how much I wanted ta be in the Breeze, I'd really rather've stayed in the wind.

—Luke The Drifter

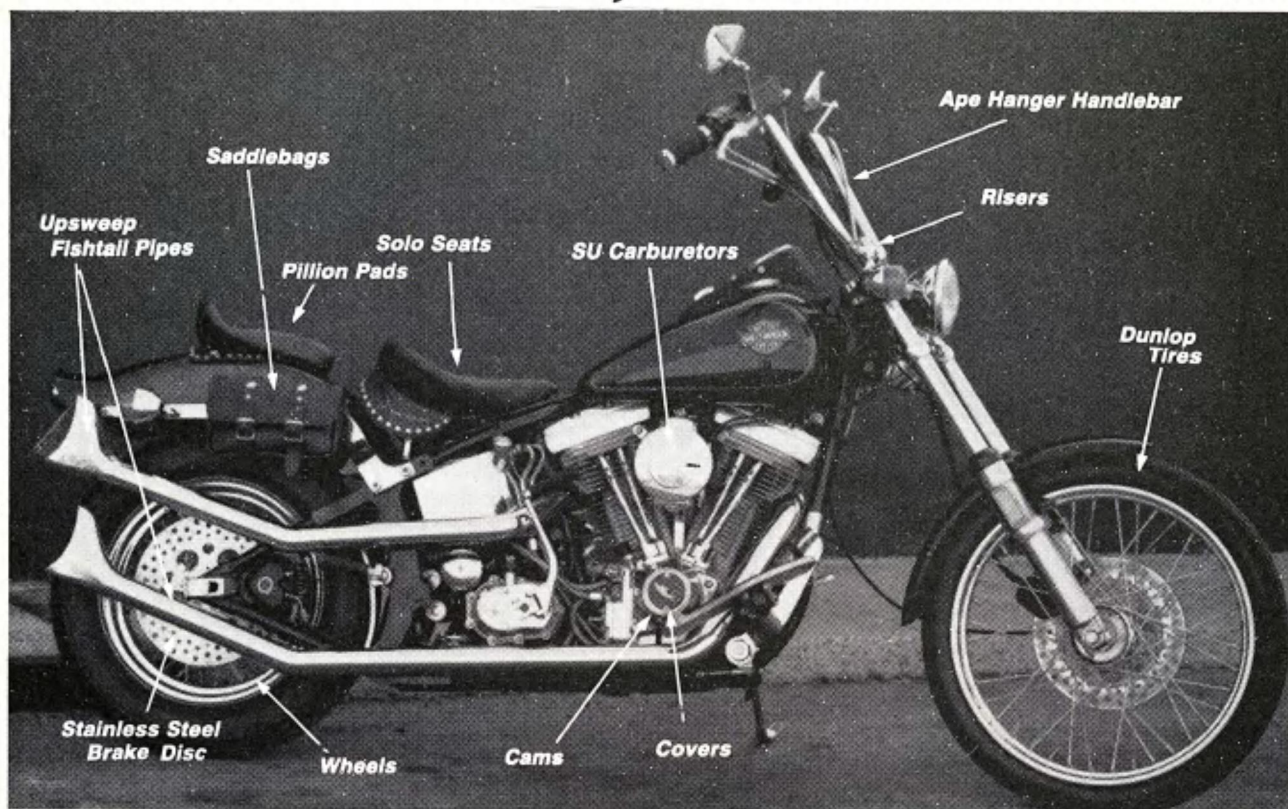




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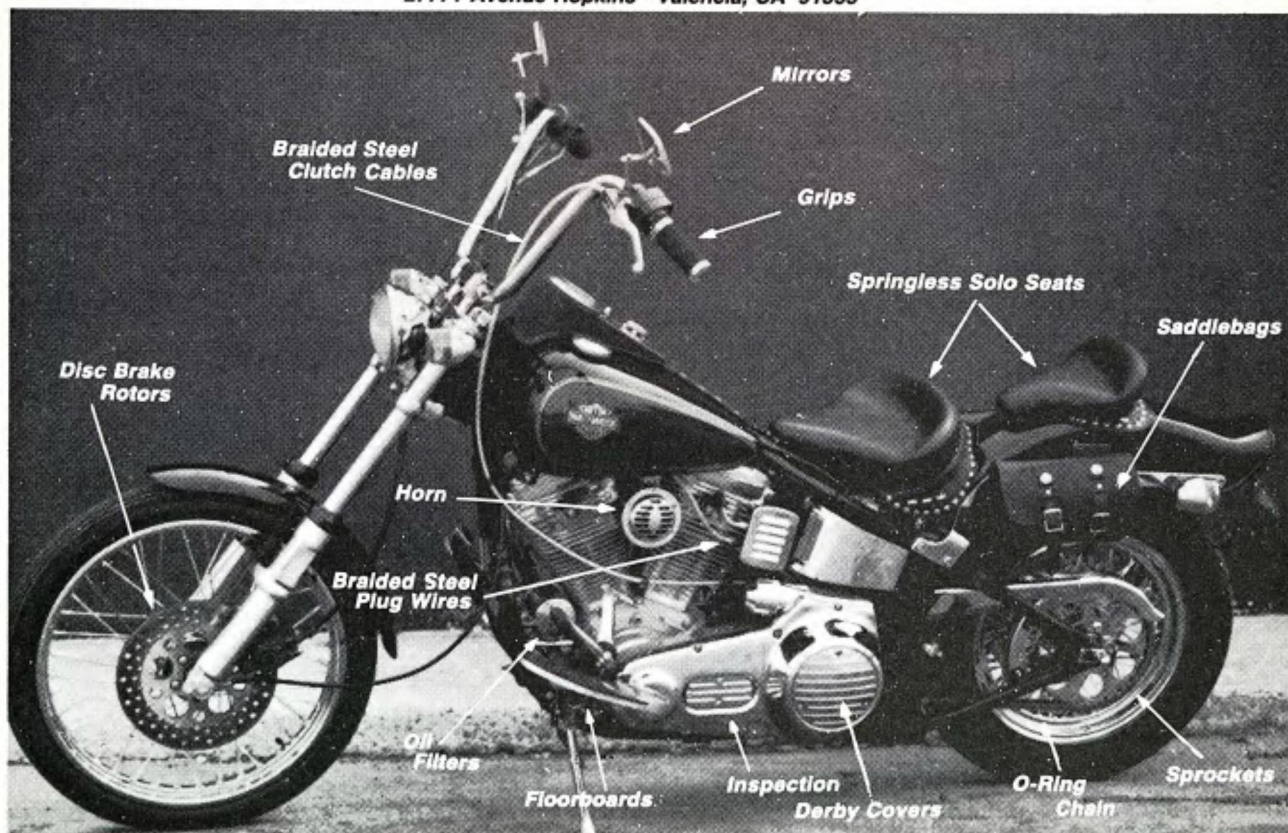
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Iran should get U.S. arms — barrel end first

"The officials responsible for this treacherous 'deal' should be put on trial for treason."

For some of us, that old Paul Simon song "Kodachrome" has a special meaning. Maybe you remember the song; it opened like this: "When I look back on all the crap I learned in high school." The reason some of us — I for one — find meaning in that song is that "all the crap" we learned in high school has been coming back to haunt us, to fuck up our lives, even. Just because we actually believed it.

Crap like, "This is a free country."

Crap like, "I disagree with what you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it."

Crap like, "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

Hard as it is to cop to it, I actually swallowed all those lines. As a kid, I believed them with the intensity of a man walking to the cross to die for his God. And I believe them still today just as fiercely, maybe more.

Which just makes me stupid, I guess. Maybe I'm brain-dead from too much wind through the ears over too many years. Logically, rationally, I know those old American clichés are high school civics crap. Emotionally, however, I just can't accept it. And so I spend a lot of time pissed off.

First off, let's establish that those fine sentiments are, in 1987, so much crap.

Number 1: A free country. Try to tell yourself that one still exists the next time you slip on your state-mandated helmet or chain yourself into your cage to legally ride to the beer hall.

Number 2: The right to free speech. Do you think Attorney General Ed Meese had it in his mind to offer his life to defend our rights to express ourselves when he launched

his campaign to drive publishers whose words and pictures he didn't like out of business?

Number 3: This one hurts. Do you think treason is still treason? Explain, then, how members of the United States government could sell guns and missiles and spare parts for his armor to the Ayatollah Khomeini. You remember the Ayatollah — he runs a country called Iran. A country that seized and held over 40 hostages in an American embassy. A country that planned and financed the slaughter of 244 American Marines in Lebanon.

Look at that definition again. "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." That's from the Constitution of the United States, baby — another thing I learned to believe in when I was in high school. The crucial part of the definition is this: "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

Anybody here deny that any American official involved in providing arms to Iran was giving aid and comfort to an enemy of the United States? What... did I hear someone say that we're not at war with Iran, therefore it is not our enemy? Iran not an enemy of the United States? Tell it to the Marines, the dead ones in Beirut, not the ones who, like Ollie North, pissed on their brothers' graves by trading with the terrorist Ayatollah. And that incredible story that the guns and missiles weren't sold to the Ayatollah but to some other, unnamed and unknown, more "moderate" shitty Moslems in Iran. If you believe that, you're more gullible than I was in high school.

Forget the missing millions, the covert aid to the Contras, the role or

non-role of the CIA — that's all asshole gas. The issue of the Iranian arms deal is strictly one of giving aid and comfort to one of the most deadly enemies the U.S. has in the world. Consider it this way: the Russians have never dared to slaughter 204 American Marines. If they did, I suspect we'd send them some arms, too, only they'd be in use — on the Russians — when they arrived. Or ponder this: in the over 10 years since the end of the Vietnam War, Iran has been responsible for the deaths of more American servicemen than every other country in the world combined.

The conclusion is inescapable: The officials responsible for this treacherous "deal" shouldn't be asked to resign from office. They should be put on trial for treason... or so they taught us in high school.

Maybe a lot of people don't see the relationship between helmet laws and selling guns to the Ayatollah, between federal speed limits and Watergate, between censorship and ABSCAM, but there is one. A big one, in fact — namely that they are all symptoms of a cancer rotting the guts of OUR country, a cancer caused by the fact that many, many of the people we have allowed to run OUR nation no longer believe (if they ever did) in a democratic, constitutional form of government. They think the Founding Fathers and the Constitution, to use a phrase popular in today's high schools, are past it.

Mostly, they think we're stupid — plain, pig-ignorant stupid. Too stupid to care that they are selling guns to the people who killed our sons, brothers, and lovers in Beirut. Too stupid to figure out that they don't want to put us in helmets because they love us and are con-

cerned for our welfare, but because they want to control us. Too stupid to catch them when they take payoffs from Arabs, sell votes to industries, and pay hundreds of tax dollars for "high-pressure impact tools" more commonly known as off-the-shelf, eight-dollar hammers.

Yeah, the power brokers think we're a bunch of dumb shits. Easy to con, even easier to manipulate. And manipulate us they do. Remember the orgy over the Bicentennial and the rapture over the Statue of Liberty restoration? Well, the hot studs in Washington are just now gearing up for the next patriotic extravaganza — carefully orchestrated and directed, as always, by the TV networks. The occasion? The 200th anniversary of the adoption of the U.S. Constitution.

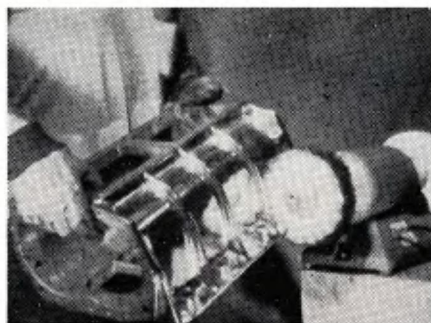
Which is all okay: I've got nothing against a good patriotic blowout, even if most places have made it illegal to mark the occasion with a Roman candle or two. (What was that stuff about a free country again, Mrs. Grundy?) The thing I find troubling is that all the hype over these events deals with the glories of the past. Little or nothing about the present or future is ever brought up. It's almost as if "we the people" would rather OD on nostalgia for the America that once was than fight to keep the freedoms we still have.

If there's one constant about all these super-patriotic exercises, it's the fact that you can take in every bit of them — from the first Bicentennial Minute to the last Constitutional commemorative ashtray — and you'll never hear a word about what Abraham Lincoln described as the "cause" for which our honored dead — the Marines in Beirut as well as the Union soldiers at Gettysburg, the GIs in 'Nam just as surely as the colonials at Valley Forge — "gave the last full measure of devotion. . . that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

"A new birth of freedom." What a wonderful fuckin' concept. What a totally appropriate thing to dedicate such an occasion as the Constitution's bicentennial to. What an impossible dream! Or is it? We do, whether we've used it wisely or not, still have the right to vote. We can, if we want it badly enough, retake control of our own country. What? You don't believe it? Where the hell were you the day the high school civics teacher gave that lecture about "turning the rascals out of office?"

—Trampo

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Two-Wheel Tale

A Run For Life

By Foot Peg
and the many friends of Tristan

This is the story of a little boy named Tristan, who had a wish — a wish to ride in a pack before he died. That's easy enough to do. There are plenty of bikes to take a putt on, but this little seven-year-old boy was very special.

The doctors said he had four to eight weeks to live because of a cancerous tumor. Well, we worked fast on short notice. A brother named Gator whipped up a set of boy-sized leathers, other brothers and sisters were reached, things were planned, and bikes were on their way to the meeting place at the Point Tavern in Tumwater, Washington on July 20, 1986.

Tristan's mom, Janelle, stood in the Tavern, jaw down to the floor as more and more bikers pulled in. Fighting the tears, she mentioned something about only expecting a few bikers to take her son riding. There were a hell of a lot of brothers and sisters with big hearts.

With all of us on bikes and Tristan's mom in the lead van, we were off to Tristan's house to take him on his run. Tristan had never expected that his dream would come true so soon. Gator put the new leathers on him and lifted him onto a couple of big brothers' shoulders so that everyone could see him. Tristan looked around at everyone and listened to the clapping and the cheering. "Are you ready to ride, Tristan?" someone yelled from the crowd, and Tristan nodded his head and grinned.

Tristan got to choose the bike he would ride on, and that bike would lead the pack, of course. We all



"And you must ride it for five years!"

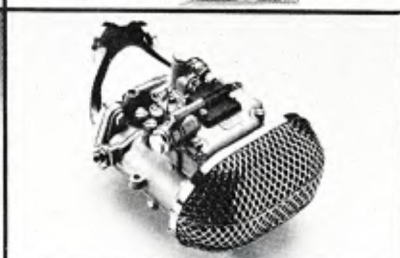
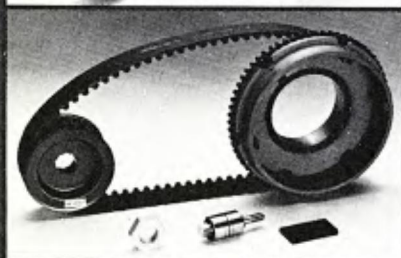
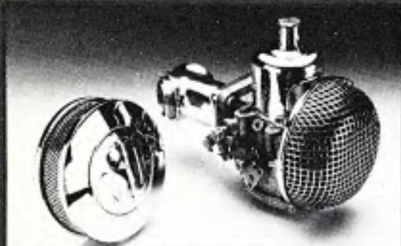
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pulled out and headed for Tenino, Washington, to Anderson's Tavern, where we had arranged with the owner to let Tristan sit on the bar. We wanted Tristan to feel as if he were on a real "run." Then we were off to a better place for a seven-year-old boy — the ice cream parlor across the street. After many hugs, kisses, and tears, Tristan and his pack headed back to the Point Tavern through the country roads.

Back at the Point, pins came off various cutaways, to be attached to Tristan's shirt. There were handshakes, hugs, and giggles from silly jokes. There were multiple cheers from inside and outside of the Tavern for the main little man of the day. Up and down the road Tristan rode with CJ. Tristan even got to steer, and boy, was he proud of that! Soon, the little guy was feeling the excitement of the day and was getting pretty tired. Tristan asked why so many people came to get him, and we told him he was very much admired and loved.

He put in one more request: if it could be arranged, he wanted the four bikers he became close to that day to be the pallbearers at his funeral. No problem.

With a pocketful of phone numbers (in case he wanted to go for another putt), it was time for Tristan to rest. He wanted to ride home on a bike, so Animal put him on the front of his Harley and took him home.

After we said our good-byes to Tristan, we sat around the Tavern with a glow and a few tears over this brave little boy. If only we could all be as brave.

Many thanks go out to the Tavern proprietors, to the Olympia chapter of ABATE of Washington, and to all the independents who made this run for life for a brave little boy named Tristan. ■



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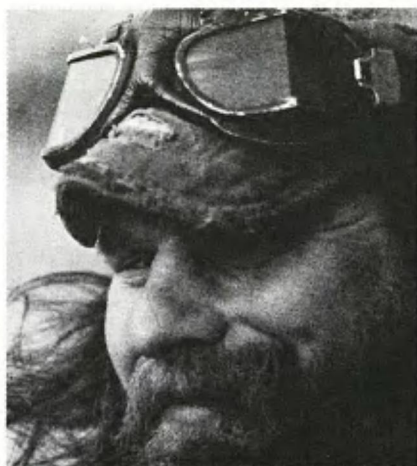
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INTERVIEW

William Van Dyke: Ringmaster of The Greatest Show On Two Wheels



Photos by Kim Peterson

"Now a lot of people don't understand why them guys wear long hair and why they're dirty/But the main reason is you only got room for a certain amount of things to carry on your motorcycle when you're out ridin' around/And why carry a razor when you don't shave your legs/Well, figure that one out later/The truth is that you're out there in the breeze and all that dirt's catching all on you and you're gonna be greasy 'cuz you stopped to check the oil and stuff like that/Wipe it off on your pants/Have them oil spots and everything/And a motorcycle made out of iron and steel and everything needs a certain amount of lubrication/Right, girls?/Aw, I used that line in the last album/But it's the same old stash/High class scooter trash"...

Well, yeah, it does sound different when William Van Dyke is belting it out at some campground or in some barroom. Van Dyke is a different breed of cat than most entertainers who play the bike-run circuit — they're all singers and pickers who perform for bikers; he's a biker who sings and picks. And writes songs, real biker songs written from the heart of a man who has spent a lifetime sleeping in the dust and eating at McDonald's. Songs like "I'm A Nomad," "My Motorcycle," and the tune from which the above lines were lifted, "High Class Scooter Trash."

Now Bill Van Dyke is putting his skill as a performer and his experience as a biker to use in a slightly different way. As announcer extraordinaire of the Easyriders Rodeo, Van Dyke will spend the next nine months criss-crossing the United States, bringing a new form of two-wheel excitement and fun to towns from coast to coast. We talked to Van Dyke right after the sold-out kickoff rodeo in Ven-

tura, California (read all about it elsewhere in this issue), and we asked him to tell us a bit about the rodeo and a little about what it means to be a bikin' balladeer.

EASYRIDERS: By any definition, the first Easyriders Rodeo was a big success for everybody except the 800 or so people who got there too late and had to be turned away. Were you surprised that it went off so well?

WILLIAM VAN DYKE: We weren't surprised, but we were super pleased. You know we were hoping just to sell out the grandstand, which holds about 3,000 people, but those seats went, and then we filled up the overflow area around the outside of the fence, and then we had to turn the rest away. That was unfortunate, but the fairground operators and fire officials and those kind of people set the maximum capacity rules.

ER: Whose idea was the rodeo?

WVD: I would say mostly Joe Teresi's. It was something we'd always wanted to do. I've known Joe for years, and we were always talking about what we could do to get people together that wasn't drag racing and wasn't a swap meet, but was a kind of thing where there was always something going on, something happening.

ER: How'd you come to meet Joe and eventually get involved with the rodeo project?

WVD: It all goes back to 1981 in Sturgis. I was out there entertaining — in fact I'd just written a song called "In The Wind," which was sort of about the magazine — when the guy they had announcing the mud wrestling at the Easyriders Saloon just up and quit, walked out. And they asked me if I would fill in for him. And I did, and I sang a few songs, and I had a blast. After that, I made a record album called "I'm A Nomad," and Joe advertised it for me. We've been friends ever since.

ER: You're primarily known as a biker troubadour, a singer/songwriter for motorcycle people. How'd you get started in music?

WVD: I started singing in the Army when I was 17, just to kill time. And, I guess, about '78 or '79 I started getting serious about writing songs. I got involved with a professional singer, Carrie Williams, and I wrote her a song. She liked it, and the next thing I knew, I was singing in bars and making records.

ER: How many years have you been riding? Is that something else you took up after you got out of the Army?

WVD: As far as being a motorcycle person, that started on day one. My uncle had a Harley with a sheepskin seat cover on it when I was a kid, and I used to go over and stand next to it because it made me feel good just being close to the bike.

ER: You mentioned earlier that you're riding a homemade custom right now. Tell us a little about it.

WVD: I got a dual-spark plug, 86-inch, alternator-generator, electric-start panhead. It just keeps getting more complicated as I add stuff to it...but it's in a swingarm frame. They call it a buffalo bike back in the Midwest. You know, fatbobs, fat fenders, fat tires, leather saddlebags, solo seat, no sissybar or luggage rack, wide handlebars. Lots of good control there, you can drive it right off the road and right back up on it without fallin' down.

ER: How long did it take you to build it?

WVD: I guess it was '76, I bought a '74 FXE that was wrecked in the front and a '53 panhead that was a basket case. I took the panhead wide glide front end and put it on the FXE and started riding it. In the meantime, I started working on the panhead engine. I put it in a rigid frame and made a chopper out of it. Once I had it running, I sold the '74 FXE without the front end, which I took off and kept. Then I had a '46 knucklehead that I built up and I ended up trading it off for something else. But I've always kept one or two motorcycles around.

When I left for Florida in '73, I'd been riding my bike for a couple of years, and I wanted it to be in top shape before I pulled out. So I traded a guy some tools for a whole new freshly-rebuilt engine and transmission. I put all my parts on it and I've been riding it since '78. I just keep it going. Like last year, I blew the motor coming back from Sturgis, but I limped into North Judson, Indiana, where Jim Kersting, the Harley dealer, is a friend of mine. He loaned me his mechanic, Russell Hendron, in the evenings and let me use his shop. We worked two or three nights in

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a row, stayed up late, and put it back together. I rode it back to Florida, then to Clarksville for a race, and it's what I'm riding now.

ER: When you're performing these days, do you do mostly all your own stuff, or a mixture of original material and hit songs?

WVD: It doesn't matter to me who wrote the song. People want to hear David Allan Coe's older songs a lot, and other stuff like that. If I can relate to the song, if I believe in it, I do it. Songs like Charlie Daniels' "Long-Haired Country Boy" — people love to hear that song. I do some old Johnny Cash tunes, and some Waylon and Willie tunes, some rowdy songs, some porno songs. I do two or three hours of different stuff. A lot of it I wrote myself, a lot I didn't.

ER: Any particular songs that are the most requested, that people in the audience are always yelling for?

WVD: They like to hear the National Anthem, which I do everywhere. And I do Janis Joplin's Mercedes-Benz song a capella (without musical accompaniment) and they really like that. They like to hear me sing "Swap Meet Special," "In The Wind," "I'm A Nomad," "I Didn't See The Motorcycle," "Brotherhood" — those are all songs I wrote myself. Then, of course, there's songs like "Mamma Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys" that are always requested.

ER: What's your favorite place to play and sing?

WVD: Well, I've always loved Sturgis and Daytona, but like I say, "wherever you have two or three motorcycles gather, there you shall have a swap meet," and I like those just as much. Really, it doesn't matter to me where I perform, not at all. This whole country is my backyard and I love it all.

ER: There is a scene in the Blues Brothers movie where John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd's band is playing in a hillbilly bar where the band has to be protected from the audience with a chicken-wire screen. All night long, the geeks out front just toss their empties and anything else they can find right into that net. Got something like that in your bag of memories?

WVD: There's always people that want to get up on the stage and join the act. We did a concert at Mingus, Texas, and there was seven or eight of the most beautiful young girls I had ever seen in my life signed up for the titty contest. This one girl was havin' such a good time that she jumped off into the crowd buck naked. . . all these hairy bikers were just passing her around a-kissin' and a-fingerin' her like mad. When it was time to judge the contest I said, "Okay, boys, put her back up on the

stage," and they just passed her up to the front over their heads on their fingertips and put her back on the stage. That one always kind of sticks in my mind.

ER: Did she win?

WVD: What do you think?

ER: Let's talk about the rodeo a little bit. I understand that the rodeo trophy girls were picked in a contest in a local bar last week, and they were all local girls. You emceed the contest; tell us what happened.

WVD: Well, the contest was held at a predominantly country bar, and suddenly it's chock-full of bikers. There were cowboys and Marines there with their girls, too, but mostly bikers. Every-

little funny things that can be said.

ER: Obviously, the motorcycle rodeo is partly based on the horse-and-cow rodeos the cowboys put on. What else went into the planning of it?

WVD: This here, this rodeo, is like a culmination of all the gypsy-tour events and rallies I've ever been to. In 1970 I went to my first gypsy tour in York, Pennsylvania, and they had a greased-rail ride, and a potato haystack event, a tire ride, things like that. Everybody got together and got in on one event or another. . . the slow race and things. And the prizes were little pins, AMA kind of things. Those kinds of experiences went into planning the rodeo.

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one was having a good time, and as luck would have it, the trophy girls who won the wet T-shirt contest were all locals, so there was plenty of hometown representation at the Ventura fairgrounds for the first rodeo.

ER: Have you done any other kind of announcing, like at races or something?

WVD: I've done a lot of motorcycle events. Field meets, things like that. I've also emceed titty contests, wet T-shirt contests, rallies. I guess I've got what they call the gift of gab. I've announced things like the Bean Blossom Boogie, and when the power would go out I've kept the people entertained. When you get right down to it, one form of entertainment is pretty much like another.

ER: But when you're doing the rodeo, aren't you responsible for more than entertaining the crowd? Aren't you more like a circus ringmaster having to keep everything moving on schedule and shit like that?

WVD: Yeah, I've got to keep track of what's going on, I've got to keep it flowing. Sometimes there'll be like a lull if something breaks, and I've got to signal the crew to get the next event going. You see what's happening to hold things up, and if necessary you call out the next contestants. Then the pit crew and those guys actually do the work of staging the event.

Primarily, though, the announcer has got to tell the crowd what's going on and keep up a running commentary. . . you know, when five ladies dive off motorcycles and begin scrabbling around in a pile of hay, there's a lot of

ER: If you had to give a simple definition of the motorcycle rodeo, what would it be?

WVD: I think what the rodeo really is, is a place where we can show the skills we have as riders. We can compete and find out who the top riders are. The trouble with flattrack and drag racing and things like that is that they've gotten into such a professional level that it costs too much for regular riders to compete. . . but anybody can ride slow. And we have enough competition in some of these other events that entrants can improve and eventually become professional-class riders themselves.

The other thing is that it is an all-American event. It's wide open to everybody — women can compete, older people can compete. We do have to have a minimum age limit of 18 for competitors because of legal requirements, but the younger folks can still watch and have a good time and learn a lot about handling a motorcycle. It's really a great spectator event because there is something going on all the time, there's very little break, if any, between events.

ER: What was your favorite event of the ones that ran this weekend?

WVD: I liked the tire ride because there were two bikes going on the course at once. It gave it a great sense of competition. And I liked the potato haystack thing because the excitement kept building as it got down to the last two finalists. And, of course, the wienie bite is always outrageous. And the slow race. . . it's hard to believe that a big, old, fat man can almost stop moving and sit



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there without falling over. They're all pretty interesting and enjoyable. It's something we should have had a long time ago.

ER: I see a big map behind your shoulder with strings snaking all over it and little yellow tags stuck here, there, and everywhere. If that's the

rodeo route map, it would take the Signal Corps code-breakers to decipher it. Where do you go from here?

WVD: First we're going to Daytona, and after that we're going to Miami or Tampa and then across the Southwest through Texas. We have approximately 35 different rodeos tentatively scheduled all around the country, from Seattle to New York. We're even going to put one on somewhere near Toronto. We'll hit 20-some different states, with the culmination being a Grand National finals in Sacramento. We're hoping for 22,000 to 25,000 people for that... there will be around a \$25,000 purse for those finals.

ER: And that will be in Sacramento when?

WVD: Well, it'll tentatively be in Sacramento... we don't know the exact date or place yet, but it will be in November, after we've finished the national tour.

ER: Are you going to run the Grand Nationals like the horse rodeo operators do, with only the finalists from the regular competitions participating, or will it be open to everyone?

WVD: We'll invite all the top riders to be there if they can make it, but anyone will be able to compete for the big purse.

ER: Speaking of top riders, do you expect to have just local riders at each

rodeo, or do you think some people are going to follow the circuit the way traditional rodeo cowboys do?

WVD: We feel that we'll come up with a class of rodeo riders that work their regular jobs and go off to compete in the rodeo on weekends. We think we'll attract a following, because we're offering some pretty good purses. You know, on \$400 a week you can pretty much follow the rodeo to wherever it goes. This one guy had a first and a couple of seconds at Ventura, and he cleaned up \$800 or \$900. That's money worth competing for.

ER: Are you planning any changes in the rodeo format based on what you learned at this first one? Are there going to be new events added or old ones dropped?

WVD: There's been talk of changing the beer can grab to, like, a keyhole race, where they race into a keyhole-shaped area, do a brodie around a barrel and come back. We like that, because a couple of riders go at once and it provides head-to-head competition. The thing is that the slow race and the keg derby — where they roll the kegs down the track — and the beer can grab are all kind of the same thing. They're straight-line kind of deals. We have plenty of them, so if we eliminate one of them and bring in another, faster race, it

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could add to the excitement.

See, in the keyhole event they race out about 100 feet, make a U-turn as fast they can, and race back. Those donuts are going to raise a lot of dust and action, and we can have two or three motorcycles do it at once. Then the winner would run in a final heat against the winners of the other preliminaries.

ER: I noticed you had some little skits to entertain the crowd during the intermission and right at the end of the rodeo. In one of them, an Arab abducted one of the trophy girls, and she had to be rescued by Captain America and Billy, riding recreations of the bikes from the movie, "Easy Rider." Is that type of thing going to be a regular part of the rodeos?

WVD: We might change that as we go along, but there will always be something like that. I mean, that's really what you might call ancient comedy, as well as a political statement.

The other skit, where Captain America and Billy are attacked by the redneck, was the real crowd pleaser, because this time, unlike in the movie, it ends the way it should end — Captain America and Billy pull out their guns and blow the redneck away. Yeah, that got large crowd approval; they all got off on that.

ER: Are you going to program a little intermission or something in there for yourself? You know, some time for Bill Van Dyke to sing a few songs?

WVD: One of the things we're planning is that if we have the rodeo on a Saturday night, we'll have a participants' party the night before, like we did at Ventura before the first one. And I'll perform at those, around the campfire. You know, there's some pretty good biker artists out there, a lot of scooter talent... guys that ride and play and sing and tell jokes, and a lot of our girls can really sing and dance... so there's a good chance those things will turn into just a natural kind of get-together with everyone entertaining everyone else.

The band I've done all my recording with will be at the rodeo in Daytona and we'll have a regular concert at the New Smyrna race track the night before the rodeo. We'll also have the trophy girl competition at the same time.

ER: So wherever the rodeo goes, local girls will have the chance to compete to be a trophy girl or rodeo queen?

WVD: Definitely. We want everybody to be able to get in on it as much as possible. It's like a biker family reunion. We'll use local people all we can; there's only, like, about four people who are going to be working on it full-time.

Of course, there'll be some personali-

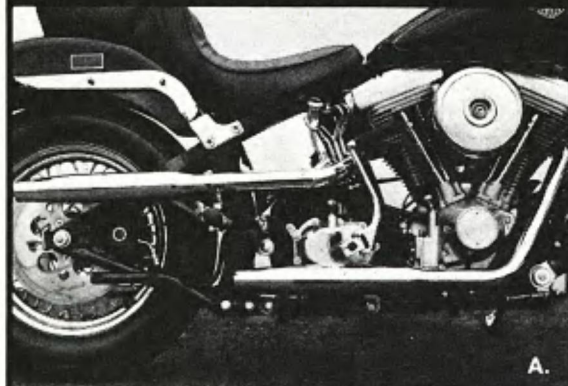
ties like you see at Sturgis probably following along, you know, and some tattoo artists who can support themselves following an event like this — they'll come. But for the most part, the local people in the local towns will be providing the trophy girls and the competition.

ER: Let's say you wind up doing 35 *Easysiders* Rodeos over the next eight or nine months. Will you have to do anything special to psyche yourself up for the last 20 or so? Will it be tough to get yourself in the mood to generate some excitement in the crowd and get them stirred up? I mean, you're going to be traveling with the equipment, getting to each town early, helping recruit local people to work at security, and all that shit. Isn't it gonna be hard, as they say in football, for you to keep getting your game face on as the months roll along?

WVD: It might be for some people, but I'm a biker — I'm goin' to the party. Getting to go to the *Easysiders* Rodeo party every weekend for the next year just suits me fine. I don't have nothin' else to do and I don't want to do nothin' else.

ER: Sounds like you're not going to have much time for your music over the next year, at least in terms of making new record albums.

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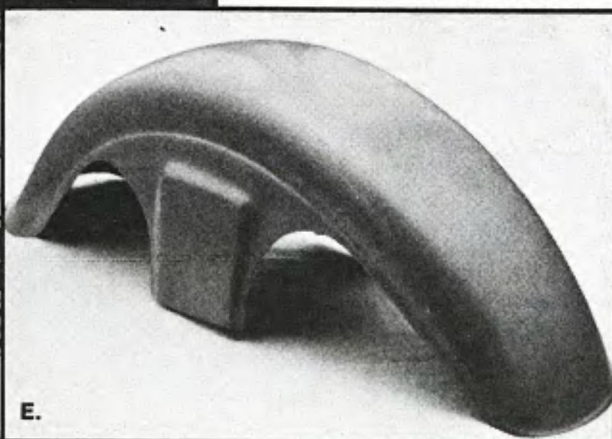
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WVD: Actually, I hope to keep recording when I can. In fact, I'm going to slip into the studio for a few days before the Daytona rodeo. I've got some new songs I'd like to try, some ideas I've had just since I've been out here in California. And I'm also gonna do a rodeo song for motorcycle rodeo people.

ER: Is that basically how you get your ideas for songs, by taking part in things like the rodeo? Do the words just pop into your head after some situation or event has struck the right mental chord?

WVD: Something has got to happen that's exciting enough. For instance, I've written songs about funerals just because I was so moved by the people's emotion that it made a wrinkle in my mind and a mark on my heart — sort of a memorial offering for a downed brother. You know, that "she broke my heart and I broke her jaw" stuff just gets so old after a while.

ER: You said you'd been a truck driver back in the 70s. Will you be dusting off that Class I license as part of going on the road with the *Easyriders* Rodeo? What kind of rig are you going to be using to haul the rodeo around in?

WVD: Yeah, I've still got the license. We'll be hauling the rodeo behind one of those ton-and-a-half dual-wheel Chevy six-passenger pickups, with a fifth-wheel horse trailer on the back. We'll have the trailer set up to sleep four comfortably and have enough cargo space for the rodeo equipment and some bikes.

ER: Will the Captain America and Billy bikes be among those?

WVD: Of course; they'll actually be escorting us through some of the towns — they're really authentic, you know — Jammer Products did a hell of a job reproducing those motorcycles.

ER: What do you mean by escorting you? Will they be on the truck or out in the streets like a circus parade?

WVD: Time and weather permitting, they'll be running in the streets. It's our intention to ride the hell out of those motorcycles this summer. We might even use them to go into towns in advance of the rodeo and visit the newspapers and radio stations and let people know that something is gonna be happening in their town. We want the motorcycle community to be aware of us.

And besides, motorcycle riding is fun. After all is said and done, it's just plain fun. We're gonna try to wear those motorcycles out. These are horses you can ride on the Interstate, not just in a rodeo. ■

*High Class Scooter Trash, copyright R.F. Greenlee, Ernie Lancaster, and William Van Dyke.

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)

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

Kack: I will love you now, always, and forever. Your baby, Andrea. (167)

34-year-old inmate would like to hear from older ladies who think young and stay young in looks. Getting released December '87. Will answer all with pic. . Paul R. Peterson 00771-097, Box 1700 Black Cyn., Stage 1, Phoenix, AZ 85029. (167)

Tattooing equipment: colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog. S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (175)

Terry MacDonald: Still have my bullet? I need to contact you. Memories of Killen, Texas keep flooding in. Future plans include you. Please make whereabouts known. Ron has address. "J.B." (167)

J.J. 1/er, West Penn: Lost addresses of friends in movement from prisons, would like to hear from friends. Write to John J. Flick, Jr. 02526-068, United States Penitentiary, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. (167)

Gina: Miss you, too. Think of you daily. Thanks for the card — brightened my day. Happy birthday; I didn't forget. Have same address, phone? Have moved, love, Smitty (Montana). (167)

Peg Fisher: Are you still in Kalamazoo? Dyrin Dave is down in "Hotel Arizona," wants to hear from you. Drop me a line. Nyman 58073, ASPC-T Rincon #3, 10,000 S. Wilmet, Tucson, AZ 85777-0003. (167)

Women in the Wind MC is growing. If you're interested in joining an existing chapter, starting one, or becoming an associate member, write Box 8392, Toledo, OH 43605. No prisoners, please. (167)

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)

Larsen Leathers, new/used biker duds (from hats to boots); \$1 catalog; Box 33, Riner, VA 24149, 703-382-4668. (174)

Rugrat wanted! True sailing is dead, ol' lady's been cut. Serious only. Call 312-942-5928. Ride free, S.D.A. (167)

Apple Valley: Tell Stacey Vauter I need her. I'm sorry! Anybody please reply. Gepson 157716, Box 379, Boonville, MO 65233. (167)

James T. "Goldie" Cutrer, or anyone knowing the whereabouts of him, please contact his son; Jimmy Cutrer at 8556, Apt. 1A Storch Wds Dr., Savage, MD 20763. (167)

For sale: McCormick Place, Chicago, 3/15/86. Stock 1977 H-D Sporty. Must see to believe. Dream machine, price dropped \$100 every hour. Take Harley home. Send \$1 for a picture to R.J.B., c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (167)

Buddy Cazalas of Clearwater Beach, please send me your address and phone number so I can give it to Dave Mann. We lost your address last time you wrote to us. Send to Theresa Lapinski, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Thanks! (167)

Roach: Darrell Kurt Kangas, please call the Scorpio Sue. Urgent! (167)

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

Thermie, bad-assed "Grizzly," hot and ready! Hurry home, I miss my "Teddy." Happy 42nd, babe! Frenchie. (167)

Richie Rich/Preacher Man, what happened? "Ma" 904-926-3556 or Box 1106, Crawfordville, FL 32327, Sho'Nuf. (168)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boy-friends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (167)

Desperately seeking In The Wind #1, plus *Easyriders* #5, 30, 103, 107, 109, 123. Keith Baker, Det. 3, 81st TFW, APO New York, NY 09069. (167)

Sinbad's got an '86 FXSTC and will be puttin' across country in June, July, and August of '87. Would like to look up and contact old friends that I have lost contact with over the years. Drop me a line before May, so I'll have time to figure out my routes. Sinbad, Box 5228, San Pedro, CA 90731. (167)

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)

Prostitution License: An original "Nuevo Laredo" or "Reynosa" Mexico's Boys Town License to operate as a prostitute. Send one to — well, we will let you decide. Suitable for framing (8x10). Send \$4.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to MCor Publishing, Box 16438, Austin, TX 78761. Sold as a novelty.

Free — world's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (167)

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.

APRIL

April 3-5 — CYCLE MEET at Eagleville, Tennessee. Camping, swap meet, bike show, field events, live music, live girls. For info, write MidSouth Cycle Meet, Box 135, Eagleville, TN 37060.

April 4-5 — ALL-HARLEY DRAGS at the Gulfport Dragway, Gulfport, Mississippi. Camping available at the track. For info, write H-D News, Box 6, Covington, TX 76636 (817) 763-5747.

April 4-5 — SWAP MEET in the East Hall of the Downtown Mecca Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Sponsored by J&P Swap Meet Productions, Box 135, Anamosa, IA 52205-0135 (319) 462-4844.

April 5 — SWAP MEET at Funtime Amusement Inc., Elmira Rd., Ithaca, New York. Sponsored by ABATE of Tompkins County. For more info, call (607) 387-5294.

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 18-19 — JOE RICHARDSON MEMORIAL EASTER RUN at Hubbard City Lakes, Hubbard, Texas. Swap meet, field events, music, beer, food. For more info, write B.O.B., Box 1341, Mexia, Texas 76667, or call Tinker or Tom, (817) 562-2773.

April 19 — SWAP MEET at Campbell Hall, 7600 Red Bluff Rd., Pasadena, Texas. For more info, call (713) 991-0699.

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 25-26 — BIKE SHOW at the All-Seasons Arena, State Fairgrounds, Minot, South Dakota. Sponsored by the Norsemen MC, (701) 839-4725.

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.

MAY

May 2 — TATTOO PARTY five miles south of Russell, Kansas, on Highway 28 (follow signs). Starts at 10 a.m. Door prizes, live music, beer, camping. Neutral grounds. Sponsored by Ride The Iron MC, Box 454, Russell, KS 67665.

May 2 — GOOD SAM RUN to benefit the Good Samaritan Hospital. Sponsored by the Tacoma and East Pierce county chapters of ABATE of Washington. For info, call Mike at (206) 537-3457.

May 2 — SWAP MEET at the New Oxford Social Club Pavilion, New Oxford, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by Mason-Dixon Chapter, ABATE of PA, (717) 334-4670.

Biker's Bulletin Board

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

ALLOY POLISHING

Ed's Polishing, 5030 46th Ave., Hyattsville, MD 20781.
(301) 779-7871. (167)

ANODIZED & ENGRAVED PARTS

Sumax, \$3 for new catalog. 7091 South St., Westmoreland, NY 13490. (315) 853-5623. (175)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (167)

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

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 281086, Memphis, TN 38128. Call or write for H-D parts catalog. (901) 353-0601. (174)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. Also available at: (178)

Conley's H-D of Dallas, 11702 Plano Rd., Dallas, TX 75243. (214) 348-5653. (178)

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

Primo Products, Inc., 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 692-8944. (178)

BOOKS

Runnin' Wild 1987 U.S. & Canadian H-D Annual/parties & swaps, etc. 100 + pgs. 10 bucks, R.W. Dept. 223B-1, 1927 W. Thunderbird, Phoenix, AZ 85023. (168)

Indoor Grow Manuals/PAPER EXPRESS, 3320-B Veterans Hwy., Suite 105, Bohemia, NY 11716. Send name & address for list. (171)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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

CARBURETORS

Rivera Engineering, Inc., home of the SU "Eliminator." 6416 Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 693-4273. (178)

CATALOGS

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

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

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

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

Newton Cycle & Leather, 2 catalogs for \$2/Harley & Leather, 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton, KS 67114 (800) 255-1382 ext. 627. Orders only, please. (178)

CRANKCASES

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

House of Horsepower, Case Mfg./Repair, 7811 Alabama Ave. #3, Canoga Park, CA 91304. (818) 348-8359 (176)

CYLINDERS

Axtell Sales Cylinders & Pistons, 1424 S. E. Maury, Des Moines, IA 50317 (515) 243-2518. (177)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 252-PIPE. (167)

FENDERS

Crazy Frank's Enterprises/Rear Connections, 13738 1/2 Glenoaks Blvd., Sylmar, CA 91342. (818) 362-9630. (173)

FLYWHEELS

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

FORKS

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

FRAMES

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

HEADS

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

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. (171)

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)

A & A Men's & Ladies' Custom Leathers, chaps made to order. Call for catalog. (800) 992-9093 or (213) 390-9093. (172)

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. (172)

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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

OBSOLETE PARTS

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

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)

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)

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)

A & A Custom Motorcycle, T-shirts from L.A., S-XL \$10, XXL-XXXL \$10.95, mailing address: 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230 (213) 390-9093. (171)

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

American & Import Service Center, from \$8.95 & up, S-XXL, 1015 S. Kansas, Topeka, KS 66612 (913) 232-1050. (169)

Oakland Harley-Davidson, 744 E. 12th St., Oakland, CA 94606. Unique design \$15. State size (S-XL) and color (black or white) shipped UPS. Cert. check or MO w/order. Sorry, no CODs. (172)

TOOLS

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

TRANS CASES

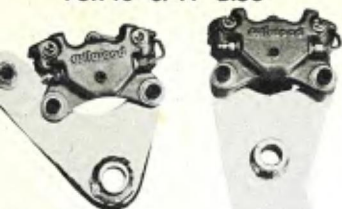
Sputhe Engineering Inc./5spd., 11185 Lime Kiln Rd., Grass Valley, CA 95949. (916) 268-0887. (169)

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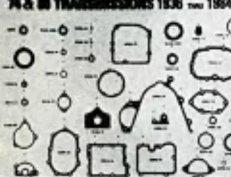
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These Front-End Assemblies come complete with all internals and choice of lower fork legs & length, (stock to d") for your specific application. All Front-Ends are Made in U.S.A. and come disassembled.

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Comes with stock trees, choice of lower fork legs, sheet metal, and headlight.

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Includes stock trees, choice of length, (stk to 8") fork tubes w/all internals & headlight housing. Note: Headlight, mounting ring, & headlight rim not included.

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Comes with new adjustable triple trees and fork tube plugs to allow the rake to be altered. Complete internals with choice of lower legs and length.

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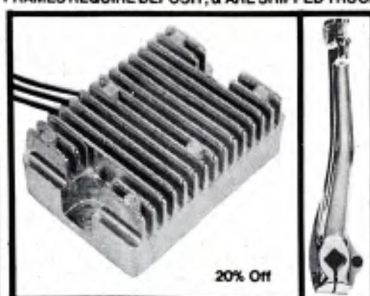
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- 5618 Frame, rig. w/tknmts, ju/dis..... 36" FL \$425
- 5620 Frame, rig. w/tknmts, mech brk..... 36" FL \$425
- 5626 Frame, rig. w/tknmts..... 57" XL \$399

STOCK REPLACEMENT FRAME NECKS

- 47004-36 Early, no number boss..... 49-69 EL, FL \$125
- 47004-70 Late, with number boss..... 70" FL, FX \$125

FRAMES REQUIRE DEPOSIT, & ARE SHIPPED TRUCK FREIGHT



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ACCEL VOLTAGE REGULATORS

- 201100 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74510-70A..... 70-75 FL, FLH, 71-75 FX, FXE, \$63.63
- 201101 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74510-75..... 76-80 FL, FLH, 76-80 FX, FXE, FXS, \$63.63
- 201102 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74510-78..... 81-84 FLH, 80, Classic FXE, FXER, FXS, FXB, \$63.63
- 201103 Voltage Regulator, replaces 6V Mech..... 58-64 XL, XLH, XLCH, 58-64 FL, FLH, \$54.84
- 201104 Voltage Regulator, replaces 12V Mech..... 65-77 XL, XLH, XLCH, 65-69 FL, FLH, \$54.84
- 201117 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74504-82..... 82-84 XL, XLS, XLX with 12V Gen, \$63.63
- 201118 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74513-85..... 81-84 FLH, 80, Classic FXE, FXER, FXS, FXB, \$63.63
- 201119 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74512-84..... FXWG, 82-84 FXR, FXRS, FXRT \$65.82
- 201110 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74512-84..... 84 FLT Classic FLHT Classic, \$63.63
- 201111 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74523-84..... 85 All XL models, \$63.63
- 201112 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74513-85..... 85 FXRS, FXRT, FXRP, (Ev.Ser) \$63.63
- 201119 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74512-79A..... 76-80 FLH, FL, FLH 80 Classic, All FX, \$63.63
- 201120 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74515-86..... 86, All FX models, \$63.63
- 201121 Voltage Regulator, replaces #74523-84A..... 86 All XL models, \$63.63

STOCK REPLACEMENT LOWER FORK LEGS

Fit all Big Glide Front-Ends from 1949 to present these fork legs are cast aluminum and polished to a high luster. Made in U.S.A.

- 45800-50 Lower Legs (2) Drum Brake..... 49" FL, FXWG \$275.00
- 45807-72 Lower Legs (2) Single Disc..... 49" FL, FXWG \$275.00
- 45872-80 Lower Legs (2) Dual Disc, straight..... 49" FL, FXWG \$275.00
- 45863-79 Lower Legs (2) Dual Disc, tapered..... 49" FL, FLT \$275.00

NOTE: All lower legs are designed to utilize both early and late damper tubes.

No Further Discount



CHROME AND PLAIN KICKSTARTER KITS

- 33030-68E Kickstarter Kit, plain..... 41" \$99.00
- 33030-68C Kickstarter Kit, chrome..... 41" \$115.00
- 33157 Kickstarter Kit, comp. w/o cover..... 57-70 XL \$99.00
- 45-0710 Kickstarter Kit, elec. w/cover..... 71-73 XL \$175.00
- 45-0711 Kickstarter Kit, kick w/cover..... 71-73 XL \$175.00
- 45-0712 Kickstarter Kit, elec. w/cover..... 73-76 XL \$175.00
- 45-0713 Kickstarter Kit, kick w/cover..... 73-76 XL \$175.00
- 45-0714 Kickstarter Kit, elec. w/cover..... 77-78 XL \$175.00
- 45-0715 Kickstarter Kit, kick w/cover..... 77-78 XL \$175.00
- 45-0716 Kickstarter Kit, kick & elec..... 79" XL \$175.00

POWER KICKER

- 33064-36 Kickstarter Arm..... \$34.95



STAINLESS STEEL FORK PANELS

- 46273-49 Front Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$24.95
- 26-751 Front Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$29.95
- 46283-49 R/R Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$19.95
- 26-752 R/R Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$19.95
- 46281-49 L/R Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$19.95
- 26-753 L/R Fork Panel..... 49-59 FL \$19.95

TOP TRIPLE TREE COVERS

- 45741-50 Triple Tree Cover..... 49-59 FL \$15.75

STOCK REPLACEMENT SLIDER COVERS

- 26-754 Triple Tree Cover..... 49-59 FL \$15.75
- 45964-49 Slider Cover, stock..... 49" FL \$33.33
- 45965-49 Slider Cover, 2" over..... 49" FL \$33.33
- 45966-49 Slider Cover, 4" over..... 49" FL \$33.33

NOSTALGIA-CYCLE CATALOG \$1.95

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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.

167

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 April 30, 1987. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #167 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



LISA



PUSS



KATRINA



PHOENIX



ALISON



SALLY



LHEE

P.J.





SHOULDA SAID NO



This sled has prompted a few sobering afterthoughts from the biker soapbox.

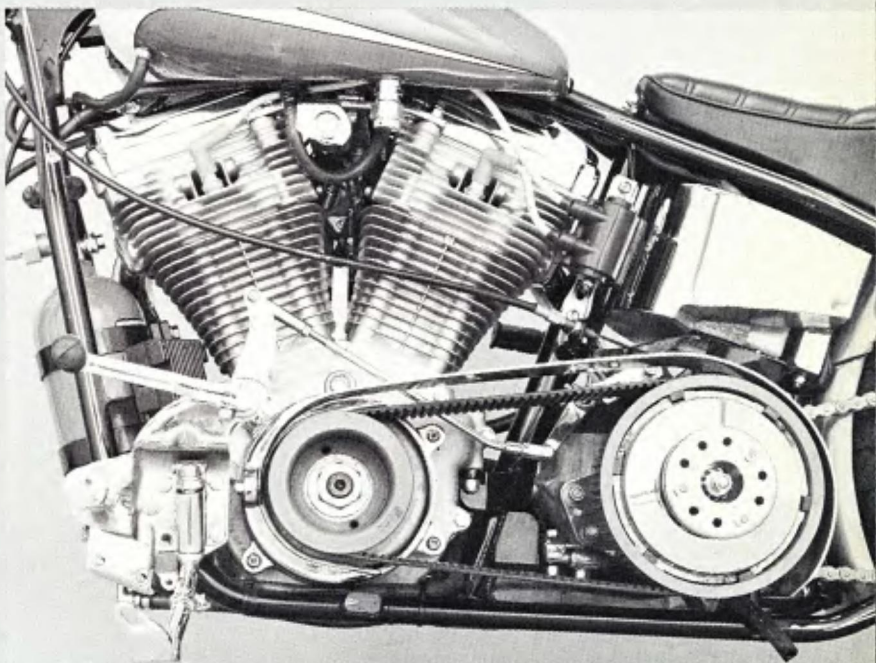
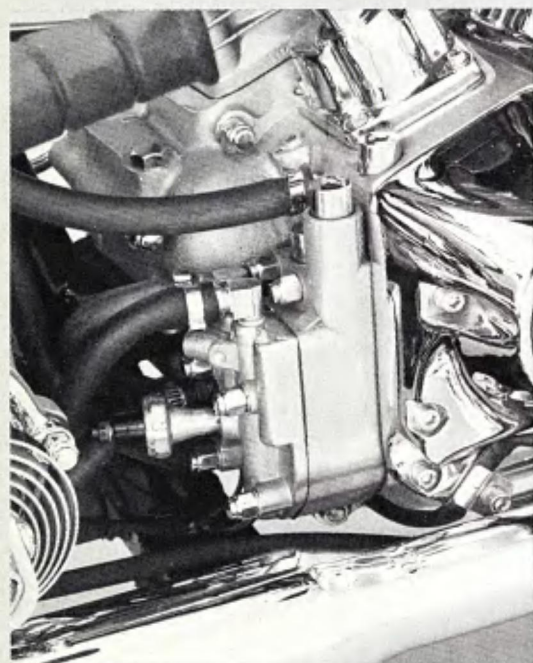
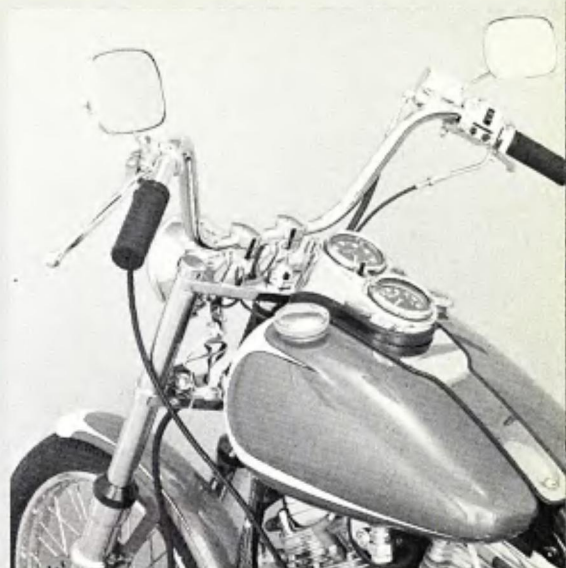
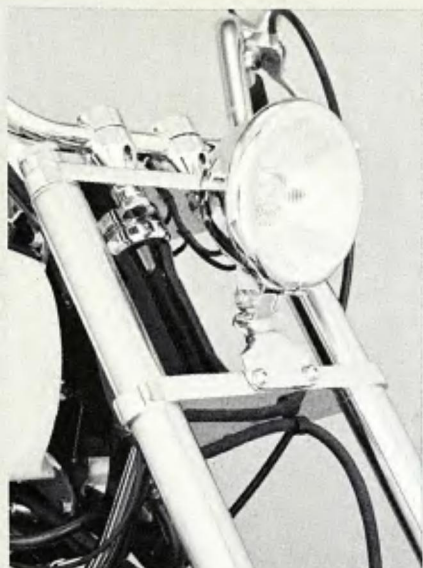
This may seem a little out of character coming from this mouth, perceived as I and my brothers in bikedom are — you know, party animal sonsabitches. Toot up whatever ya got. Guzzle till ya puke. Roll joints till the Zig-Zags are gone and ya can't roll no more. But the fact is, we *maintain*.

As any experienced rider knows, ridin' and drinkin' and druggin' don't get it for the long mileage. It just ain't cool no more to be out of your gourd and mixing it up with traffic.

So what's this shit leadin' to? Did I get religion? No; simply put, I got a high dose of reality. It's about being responsible for yourself, your passenger, and your ride. As a wise man once said, "moderation in everything."

Dig this story. It's a true one. Dude A gets a hankerin' to be one of those rough, tough, biker types. He likes the image of freedom, broads hangin' around, and brotherhood. But he's got a jones with the white fright. He comes up with a 1985 Evolution engine, Paughco rigid frame, and an '82 trans. He figures he's set to move into that biker world. He's got all the fixin's for a really nice custom ride. But, bein' a greenhorn, he couldn't put it together



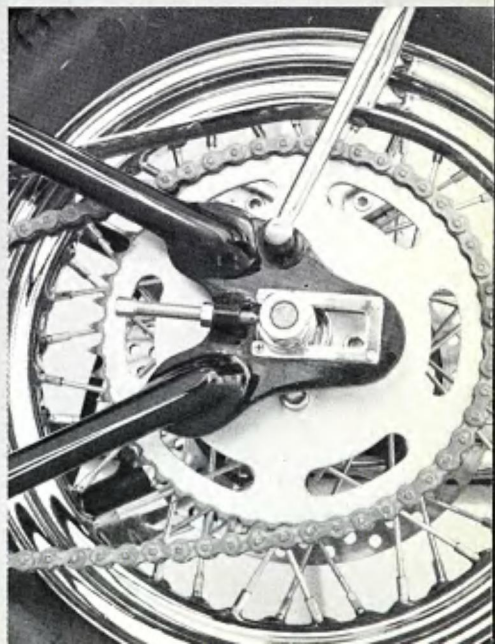


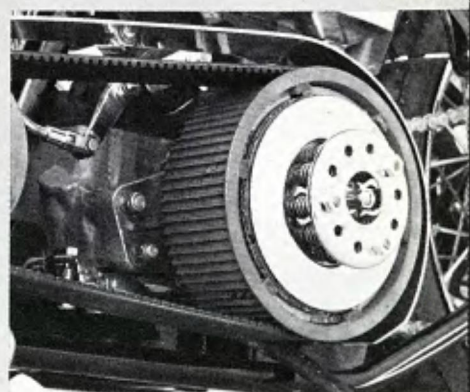
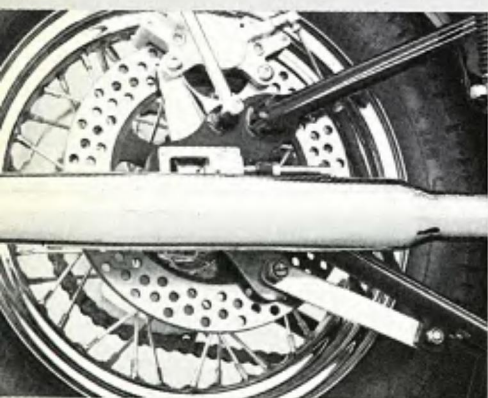
himself, so his brain percolated that he'd lay the hardware on Michael Gatt, owner of Michael's Motorcycle Works, and let him take care of the trimmings, in the hopes of fabricating the dream cycle he pictured in his mind's eye and completing the fantasy of being a biker. But that's all that became of it. One big bullshit fantasy. With hardly a mile on the finished product.

Why? Well, seems he got caught up in that Miami Vice, dealin' in the controlled substance game. Playin' his cards to the hilt with the big honchos way down south, he suddenly found himself drawing empty into an inside straight.

No more motorcycle. No more wind. It's a shame, after making a multitude of changes in the design, per the customer's wishes — in fact, more changes than a Friday night disco D.J. Stuff like that nitrous oxide tube up front that Michael made fit so nicely into the bowleg frame, that required nine extra wires that needed to be hidden like the others for the clean look. Modifications to the frame with tabs, brackets, and transmission and motor mounts, etc., etc. Gatt acceded to the wants and wishes of the customer, and that's what he got.

Nitrous is for going fast, an



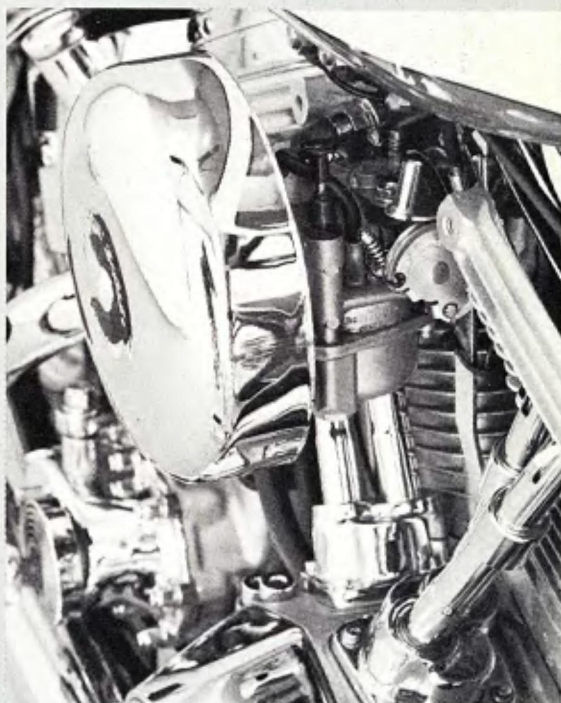


Owner: Michael Gatt		City: San Fernando Valley, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Michael's M.C.		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D		Builder: Paughco/Michael's M.C.	
Model: bad-ass		Type: rigid	
Value: \$12,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Michael's M.C.		Stretch: none	
Time: 2½ months		Other alterations: many	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1985		Risers: 2 in.	
Model: Evolution		Fender(s): Michael's M.C.	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: import	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: import	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: import	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: import	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: import	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: Michael's M.C.	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 3½-gal. split tanks	
Heads: Jerry Branch		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Screamin' Eagle		Oil system: flowing	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: take a look	
Carb(s): Screamin' Eagle		Seat: junk	
Air cleaner: Screamin' Eagle		Sissybar: Michael's M.C.	
Pipes: Michael's M.C.		Height: 9 in.	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shack		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: FXWG	
Year: 1982		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Michael's M.C.	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: turned legs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jesse James		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jesse James		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: yellow/red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: polyurethane			
Other special modifications: Nitrous oxide by Fours 'n More, many hours of fabrication			

instant rush for the man that likes the rush. Kind of ironic — the bike was all speeded up, and yet it sits, waiting for a new owner to slide into the solo and run through the gears out on the open highway. Someone who will take the time to wash and wax and care for that beautiful, striking paint job, to painstakingly and lovingly polish the chrome to a blinding finish. All done with pride. *That's bein' a biker.*

Hopefully, the new owner won't be working off a dream, but a reality. He'll respect the quality he has, the dedication to perfection that went into it, and maybe, just maybe, he'll ride with the thumbs-up perspective that will enable him to maintain and will allow him to ride safely for millions of miles. Life's for enjoying, and ya can't do it dead or in jail.

Ride safe,
—Loudmouth



Photos by Pete Chiodo



PARTS BOX



ENGRAVED INSPECTION COVER

Here is just one of many engraved, anodized aluminum covers available from Sumax. The inspection cover pictured above fits all 4-speed aluminum primary covers and all late-model Softail primary covers. Every cover comes complete with chrome-plated mounting hardware and your choice of anodized color. Catalog \$3. For more information, contact Sumax, 7091 South St., Dept. ER, Westmoreland, NY 13490.



POWER SHIFTER

Dale Walker, former AMA Drag Bike Top Fuel National Champion and owner of Hole Shot Performance Products, now has available the new 5-speed Harley-Davidson electric power shifter. The unit works electronically and allows the rider to power shift under full throttle without backing off the gas or using the clutch. The handlebar switch activates the unit. When the shift lever is pre-loaded to upshift, the ignition coil is momentarily killed, releasing all the load on the

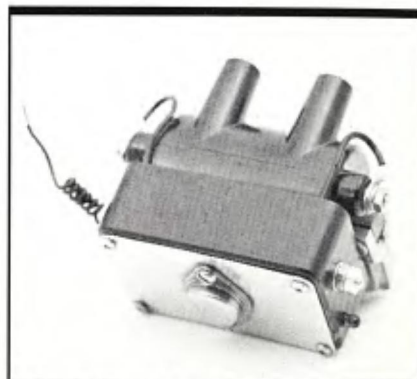
power train. The next gear engages without hesitation. The ignition does not come back on until the transmission is fully in the next gear. You get lightning-fast, safe shifts with a built-in rev-limiter. If the bike should ever come out of gear, the "power shifter" instantly kills the engine, preventing costly over-revving engine damage! Return to normal operation is via the handlebar switch, which bypasses the unit.

The unit fits all 1979 and up 5-speed Harleys. The retail cost is \$215.00. To order or for more information, call Dale Walker at Hole Shot Performance Products, 311 Chestnut St., Dept. ER, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. 408-427-3625. Dealers are also invited.



"KEEP ABREAST" SHOWER/SHAVER CADDY

Here's a gift that really stands out. Prodeco's eye-poppin' caddy has a tan, porcelain-like finish and an unbreakable mirror that is resistant to steaming up (good thing, too). These 34C jugs can be permanently mounted or hung (yeah!) on your wall, and the sculpture measures 12" x 18". They are available for \$21.95, which includes shipping and handling, from Prodeco, Box 82778, Kenmore, WA 98028.



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The EBI hooks up quickly with simple instructions. Cat. No.: RE-EBI-60 List price \$118.00. Rivera Engineering, 6416 S. Western Ave., Dept. ER, Whittier, CA 90606.



DRAG CYLINDERS

Sputhe Engineering, Inc. now offers "Nitalloy" drag racing cylinders for both Evolution Sportsters and Big Twins. Any bore and cylinder length may be specified, and cylinders are "gun coated," bored, honed, and come complete with one-piece ground chrome-moly studs, wire "O" rings, forged pistons with dry lubed skirts and ceramic crowns, rings, and tool steel pins. For more information contact Sputhe Engineering, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 3018, Grass Valley, CA 95949.

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Don Ringgold, Fresno, California
1938 Harley-Davidson ULH 80

As a successful real estate appraiser for a bank in his hometown, Don rates right up near the top of the upwardly-mobile envy list. In today's simpering, manicured, let's-do-lunch, yup-yup-yuppie segment of society, Don Ringgold would be called a shaker-and-mover.

We simply call him a man with class. It's no wonder that a man who makes his living by judging property values can make such a sure-fire decision on his ride. Unimpressed by the short-lived, faddish Jap tin on the market, Don has invested eleven years of personal assets in this long-term flattie project.

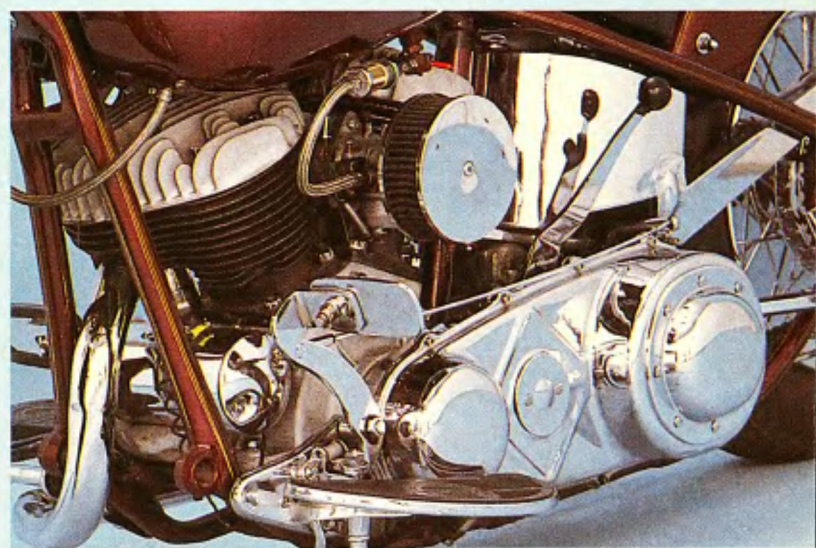
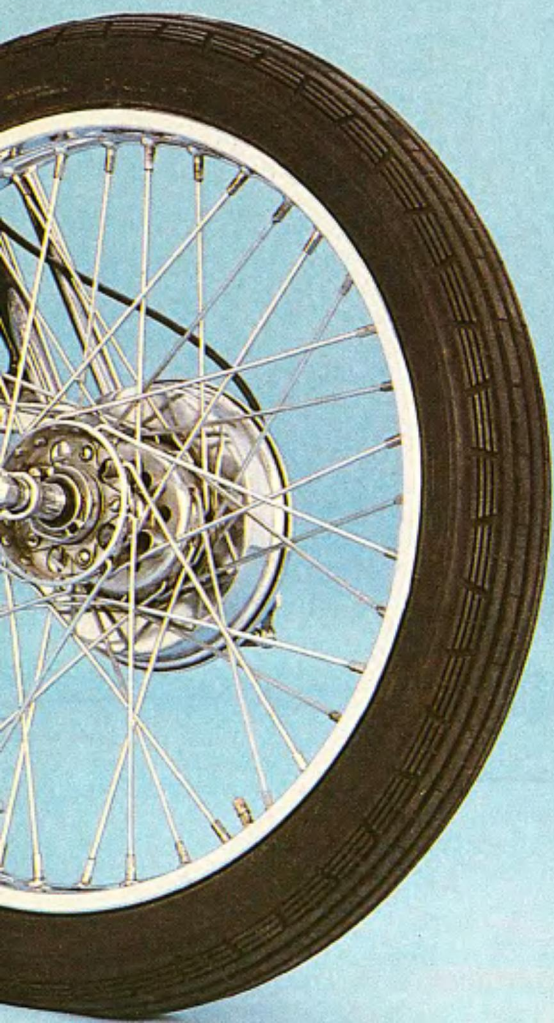
This veteran rider does his own work, remarking that "nobody wants to do it right, or else they don't know what they're doing." This past year, Don went through the 80-inch powerplant, upgrading it with new flywheels and cam gears — property renovation, you might say. Then he added a hinged rear fender and a Lincoln Continental maroon-and-champagne paint job by his own hand, topping it off with trick pinstriping by Ron Talley.

As an expert on appreciation (of both kinds), Don places this ULH's market value at \$6,500. I'm not going to argue.

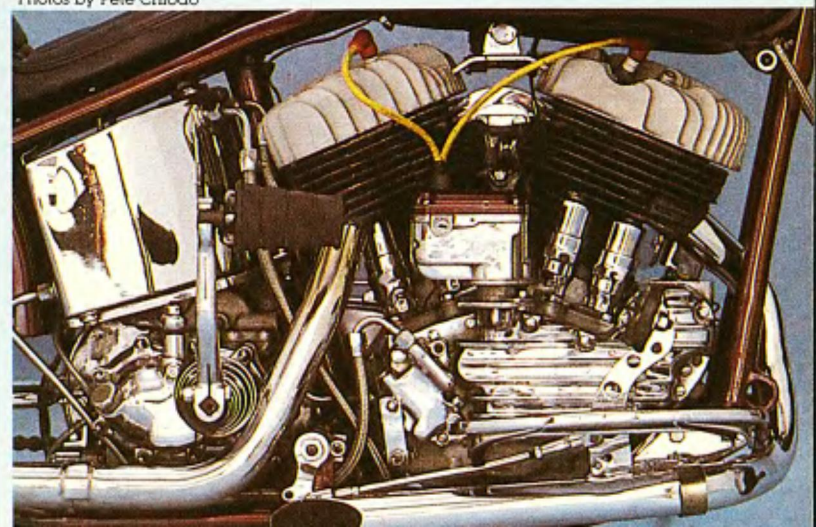
—Twin Spin

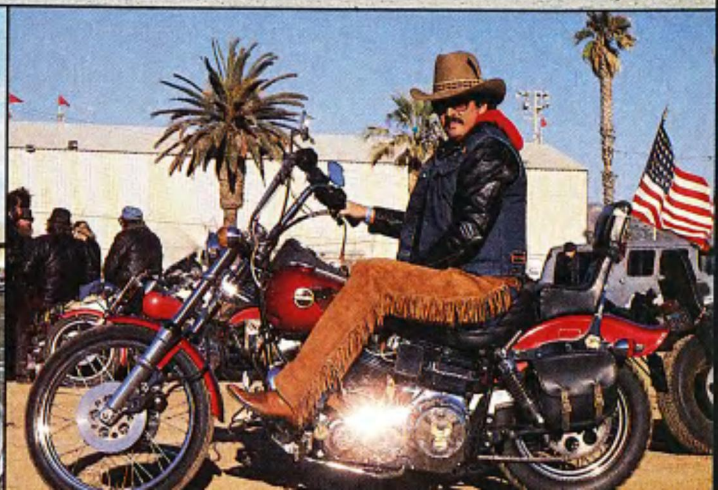
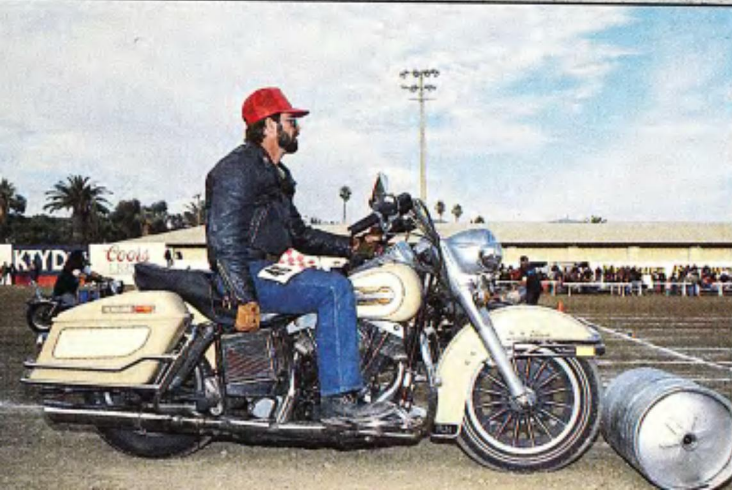
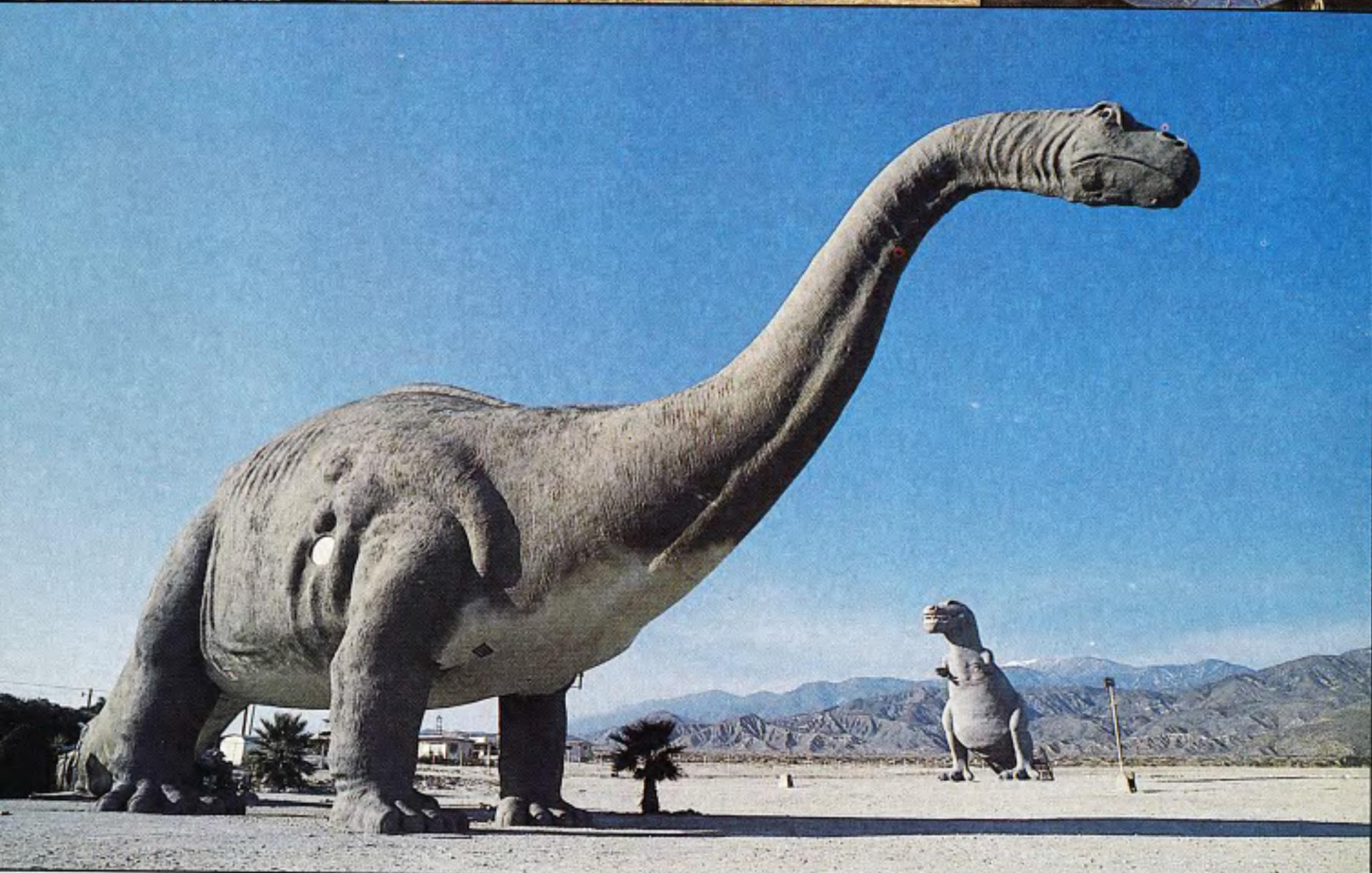
READER'S RIDE





Photos by Pete Chiodo





RIP'S RUN



Yahoo!

by Rip

Last issue, I left off by saying that being home for the holidays was grand. I spent New Year's Eve partying with the Monks Motorcycle Club. Their clubhouse was a retail store before it was converted to what it is today. They have a good-sized bar and stage area, and there is mucho room for wrenching on scooters in the back of the building. The band who entertained us was called Bootleg Express.

I don't know how many of you readers saw the movie, "Mask." It was based on true incidents which happened for the most part in the San Gabriel valley area of California, and many members of the Monks MC knew and partied with Rocky, the son and Rusty, his mother, on whom the movie was based. Thanks for inviting me. I enjoyed myself immensely.

While in Victorville, California one day chasing parts, I had the pleasure of meeting two outstanding men whom I



want to introduce to you. The two dudes holding the American flag and the black POW-MIA flag are Butch Appel (on

the left) and Mike Herchede. Butch started walking from the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. En

route he picked up Mike at Cincinnati, Ohio. They were on a mission, protesting against the apparent apathy our government is showing concerning the men who were left behind. Mike said, "The government is fucking over vets by keeping quiet." Mike also said, "If all the facts were known, it would make the Iran arms scandal look like a first-time DWI." I don't know about you, but for myself, I don't like to walk anywhere my Harley can take me, much less across the great distance of our homeland. My hat is off to these gentlemen for accomplishing this task. Well done.

On the lead color page of this column, you may have noticed the dinosaurs. Made of steel and concrete, the dinosaurs are mainly for the benefit of tourists. They are



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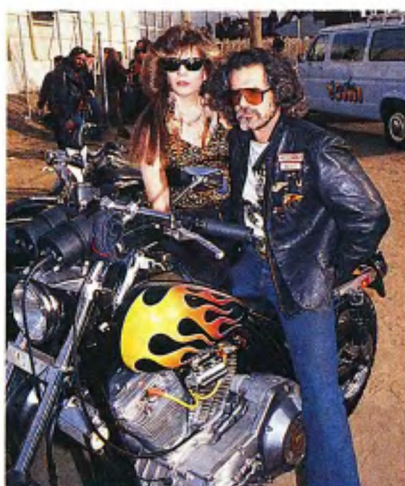
"GET INTO SOMETHING TASTY"!



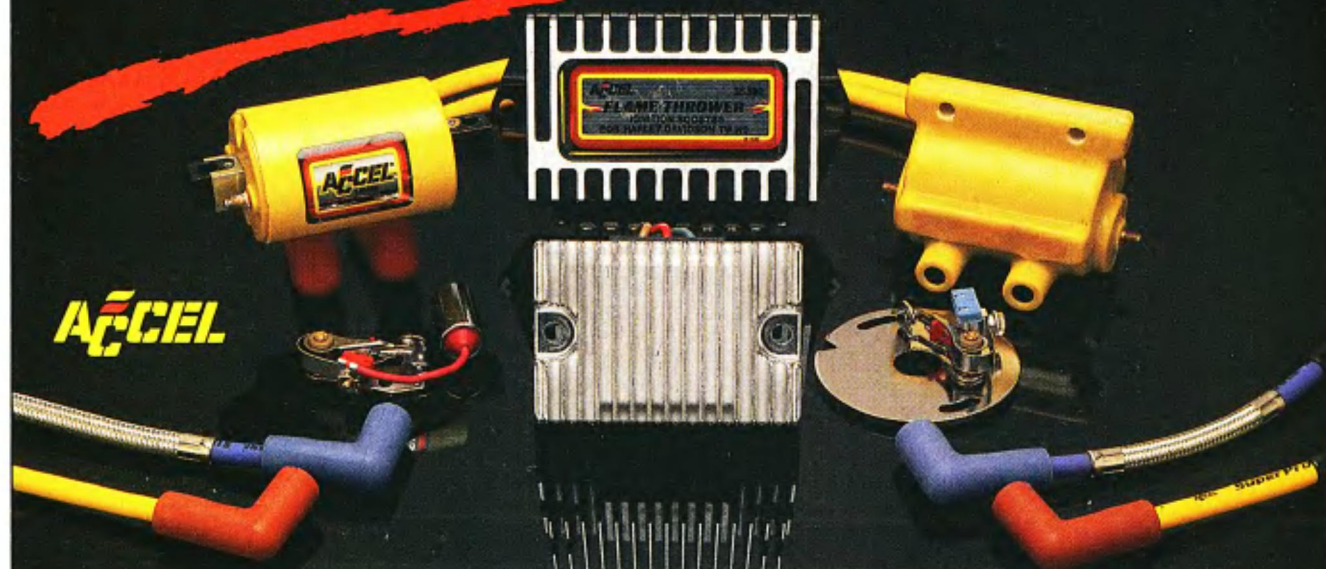
found in Cabason, California, one exit east of Apache Trail, halfway between Palm Springs and San Bernardino (Berdo). They are 15 to 20 miles west of the cluster of wind machines that generate electricity for the surrounding desert communities. If you're in the area, they are a sight to behold. Simply fascinating.

The wind machines are near the Palm Springs turnoff. To be more exact, look for the Gene Autry exit on Interstate 10.

Getting back to the concrete lizards, many truckers stop here to take on fuel or to fix their log books before hitting the scales they will encounter east of Banning, California. When I'm on the road, I feel a certain kinship to truckers, especially the ones who wear black Harley T-shirts. Many times they have saved me from getting



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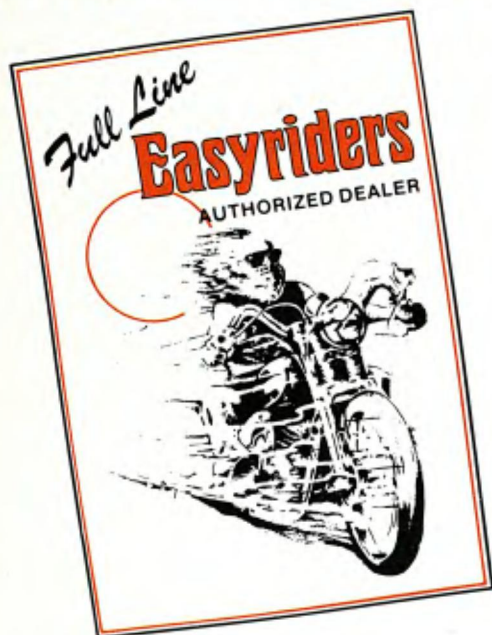
speeding tickets. Those of us who have Evo engines know how nice they cruise at 80mph all day long.

While riding toward town (Berdo) one morning, I saw a rider on a Softail with out-of-state plates. I chased him down to rap with him and also to take his picture. It turned out that this dude is named Rich, and he is from Phillips-



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it means the dealer displaying it stocks a full line of *Easyriders* products.



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(414) 281-4770



burg, New Jersey. A retired state policeman, Rich has been riding Harleys since 1974. It seems that after 20 years of service, he is treating himself to a trip around the country on his 1986 Softail — camping out, weather permitting. Rich bought the Softail six months before retiring. He rode to Key West, Florida before heading out west. He



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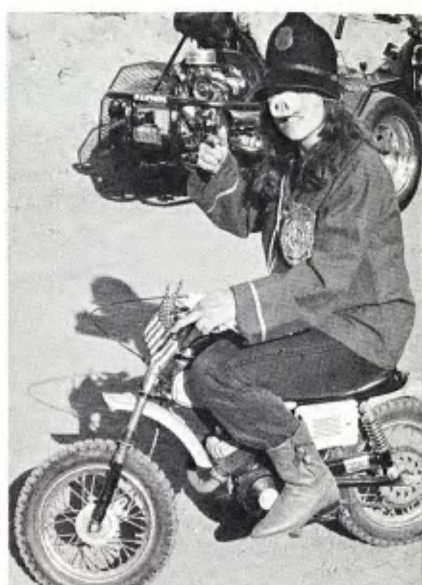
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doesn't plan to ride back to New Jersey till the snow is melted and gone. He has been on the road several months and digs the hell out of it. Rich had 7,500 miles on his Softail at this time. And get this: he asked me how the cops in the area treat scooter riders with drag pipes. I told him you pays your money and you takes your chances.

Talkin' about takin' your chances, that's what a whole bunch of folks did at the first *Easyriders* Rodeo — while goin' for that \$5,000 purse. Folks showed up from all over the country. I saw license plates from as far away as Virginia and South Dakota.



The first man to park his scooter in the secured parking area that Sunday was Billy Joe Gregory, who rode a '55 panhead from North Carolina to attend the event. Way to go, Billy Joe.

If you want to see a totally outrageous show, if and when the *Easyriders* Rodeo comes to your area, go see it. Better yet, if you're a hot-shot rider, get your feet wet; you will like it. I don't know what kind of monster we started here in California, but the reception was bodacious. It was a humongous effort that turned out bonaroo, thanks to the people who showed up. The two ladies who grace page



Photos by Rip



96 with their tattoos are Wings, who has the H-D logo on her back, and the other lady is Sylvia Thomas.

Well, I'm chomping at the bit to get back on the road, but I had to hang around here to lend a hand with the rodeo, and besides, the weather back east ain't too favorable this time of the year. I've been checking the weather channel every day, and as soon as it warms up, I'm out of here.

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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GREG'S AFTERBU



RNER



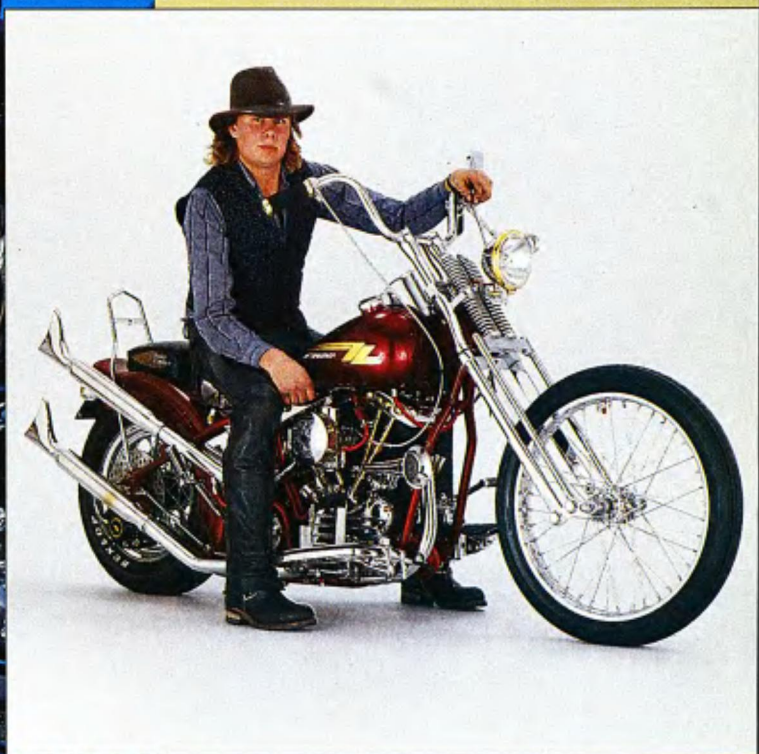
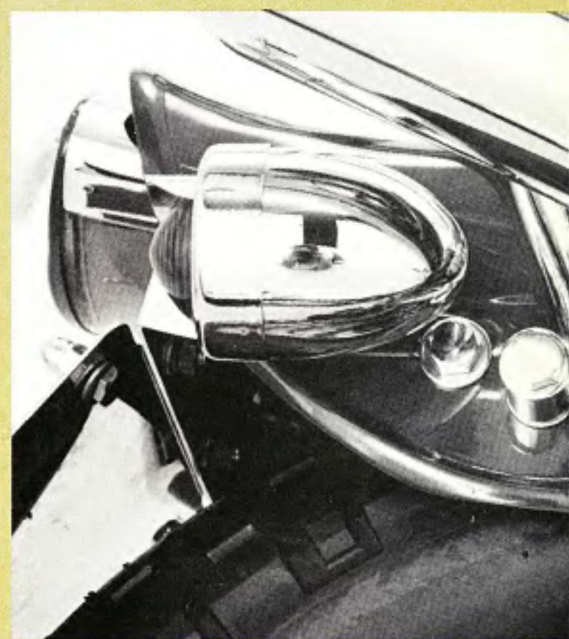
The farm may be down the tubes, but he can be proud of the Hog he's raised.

Greg Anderson comes from a long line of tough, upper-Midwestern farmers. Eighty years' worth of toiling on the plains of South Dakota is the heritage of the Anderson family. Since 1907, four years after the first Silent Grey Fellow was bolted up in Milwaukee, Greg's forefathers have been growing wheat and corn and raising pigs, just like millions of other hardworking families all over the U.S. And just like many of those other sixteen-hour-a-day folks, Greg's family now faces the bitter pill of seeing eighty years' worth of sweat on the brow, blood in the dirt, and uncountable backbreakin' hours of work going down a rathole.

Ya see, the Andersons are facing tough times on their farm. In a troubling, odd irony, despite doing a good job, raising plenty of their product, they can't get a selling price to justify their means.

All this heartache hasn't stopped Greg from building a high-quality, pristine machine. Even though he has been forced to move off the farm and down to the big city in Minneapolis, where he has found work pouring cement and is sending money back home to help pay the bills, Greg has been able to continue promoting and preserving his two greatest loves (after his plot of land) — Harley-Davidsons and that little ol' band from Texas, ZZ Top.

After years of listening to the three-piece, brain-blastin' outfit, then seeing them play in Rapid City, Greg decided that his next sled would be dedicated to the Top men. He figured, quite naturally, that since ZZ Top has their own hot rod car, they needed to get onto two wheels — hence Afterburner.





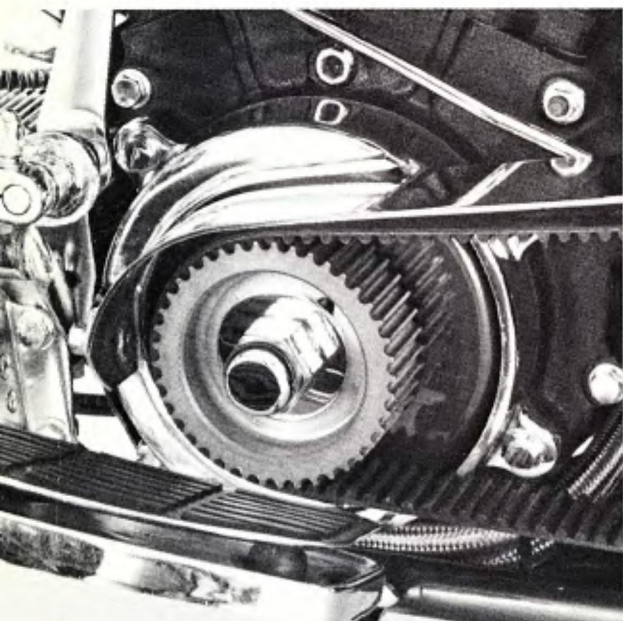
Greg figures he's got a value of about 200 feeder pigs wrapped into his bike, to say nothing of his busted knuckles. Plus, if ya look closely at the rear fender, you'll notice a weasel tail promenading off the ass end. Seems he had one on his last bike and wanted to continue the tradition, for good luck or somethin'. Anyway, he saw a prospective candidate high-tailin' it across the road near his house with a rat in its mouth, so Greg nabbed the furbearin'

fella, held it in a trap, lopped off the tail, and let the weasel get back to doin' whatever it was he was doin' with the rat before his freedom got shanked.

Now I guess no matter how bad Greg does down at the waterin' hole with the women, he can always say he got a little tail. Sick. Oh yeah, weasels have a black tip on their tails, but this one got his bitten off by a cow that was lickin' the bike. Told ya he's a farm boy.

—Bomber





Owner: Greg Anderson

City: Crocker, South Dakota

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Hilltop Custom/owner	Year: 1986
Year and make: 1986 H-D	Builder: Paughco
Model: fatbob	Type: dual-belt rigid
Value: \$10,000	Rake: 5 degrees
Assembly by: Hilltop Custom/owner	Stretch: none
Time: 2 months	Other alterations: various

Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: baby apes

Year: 1986	Risers: 4 in.
Model: pan-shovel	Fender(s): fatbob rear
Rebuilder: V ² Motor Co.	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: distributor	Taillight: catseye
Displacement: 88 cu.in.	Speedo: early style
Lower end: H-D/Brian Crawford	Front pegs: floorboards
Balancing: Brian Crawford	Rear pegs: yep
Pistons: Sands	Electrics: very little
Cases: STD	Gas tank: Paughco 4 gal.
Heads: ported	Oil tank: Paughco
Cam(s): Andrews B grind	Oil system: late-style pump
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: open
Carb(s): SU	Seat: hand-tooled/laced
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties	Sissybar: Paughco
Pipes: Paughco	Height: 8 in.
Muffler(s): yes	Material: round steel

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none	Type: springer
Year: 1985	Extension: 3 in.
Shifting: forward	Builder: Jammer
Engine sprocket: 14mm Primo belt	Special features: none

Trans sprocket: H-D belt

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Wheel sprocket: H-D belt	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Hilltop Custom	Hub: Drag. Spec.	Hub: H-D
Painter: Mark Wattier	Rim width: 1.85 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Sunset Red over gold	Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Deltron Candy	Brake: none	Brake: H-D disc

Special paint: gold leaf by Tim Peterson

Other special modifications: Alternator left case, generator right case, oil filter in place of generator, leatherwork by Randy Horter of Country Leathers. Special thanks: Tim Peterson, Mark Wattier, Brian Crawford, Forrest Grimes, Randy Horter

Photos by Michael Lichter

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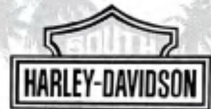
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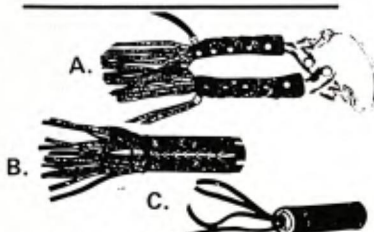
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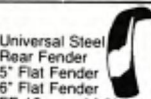
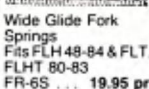
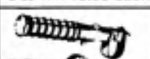
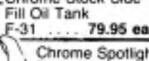
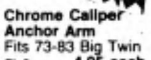
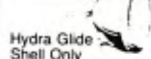
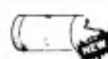
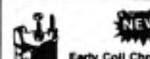
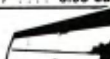
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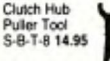
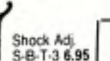
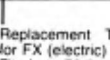
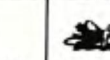
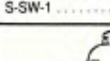
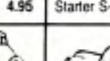
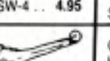
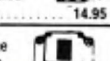
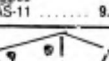
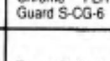
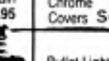
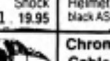
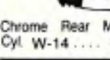
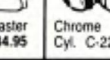
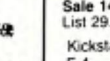
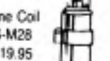
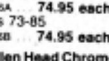
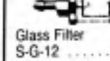
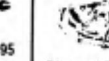
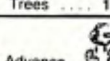
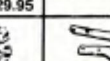
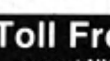
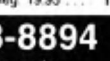
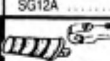
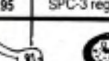
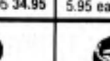
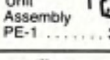
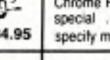
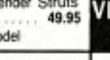
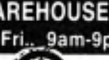
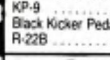
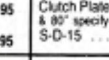
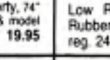
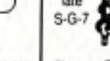
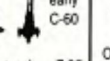
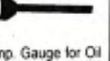
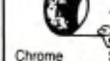
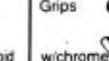
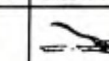
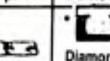
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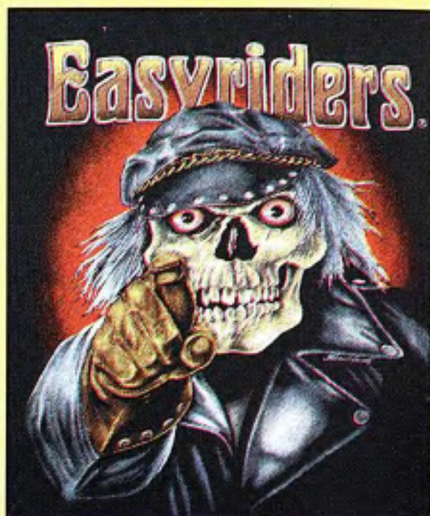
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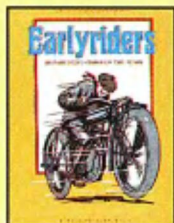
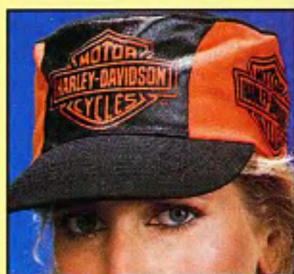
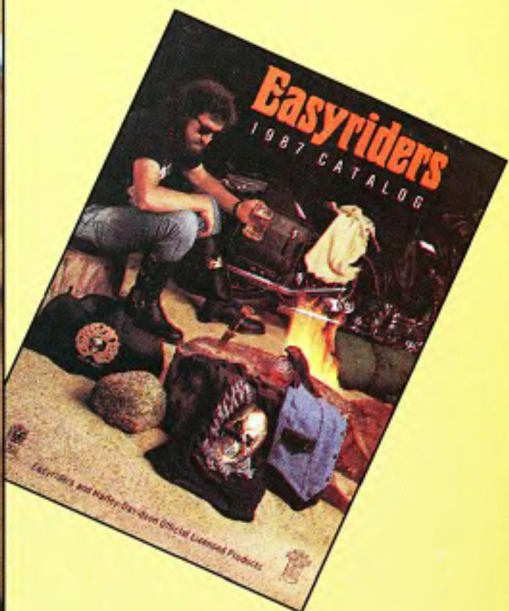
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FLORIDA NATIONAL SPEEDWAY**

(East Bay Raceway)
1 Birch Rd., 5 miles south of I-4 off Hwy. 41
beer sold - camping - RV hookups

**SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1:00 PM
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA/
PHENIX CITY, ALABAMA
EAST ALABAMA SPEEDWAY**

6 miles west of Phenix City on Hwy. 80
b.y.o. beer, 14" cooler max. - camping - no showers

**SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1:00 PM
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
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7100 Statesville Rd./Exit 16A off I-77
beer sold - camping \$5.00 - RV hookups \$10.00

**SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1:00 PM
AUSTIN, TEXAS
AUSTIN TRAVIS LIVESTOCK SHOW**

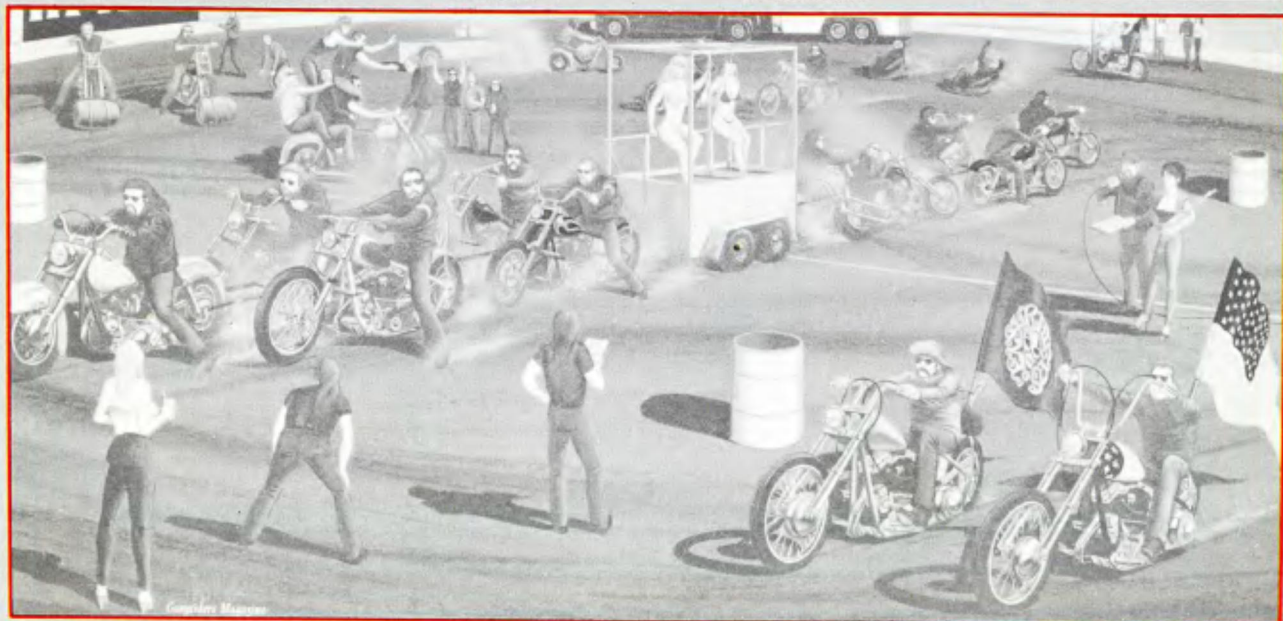
(indoor arena)
7311 Decker Lane/Hwy. 290 East
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All you fun-lovin' folks come on Saturday for participant sign-up, practice, free camping, (where available) and Keg Party! Entry fee \$25 per bike per event. Two people admitted per entry.

Practice 12 noon — 5:00 p.m.
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Qualifying 8:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon
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