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Easyriders

NUMBER 169

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

JULY 1987

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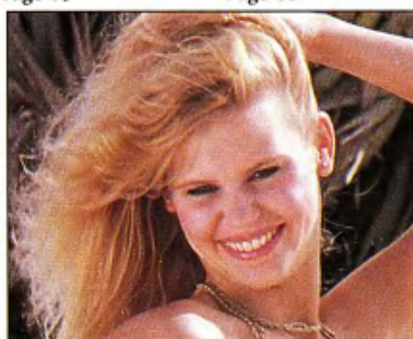
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 25.



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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Cover and gatefold photography of chic Sheila with Pete Smith's outstanding shovelhead is by Michael Lichter.

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Now prepare yourself. I really have a mind-blower for you this month. A fatass lady sat down on the cruise ship's toilet. She did her duty, then flushed the toilet while still sitting on it. The toilet worked by the suction method that is used on ships, rather than by the usual flushing method. With her fat ass sealing off the toilet seat, the toilet sucked everything out, including her intestines.

She told this guy who was about to rape her that he'd better not fuck with her, because she had AIDS. He, thinking that she was trying to frighten him off, didn't pay attention and proceeded to pork her. But surprise, surprise! She did have AIDS. Now his crank's probably going to rot off or something, so if a chick tells you she's got AIDS, you'd better have a go at her armpit or have her pound you off.

Here's my do-gooder item of the month. This paramedic was in a boat five miles from shore when he spotted a dog lying facedown in the water. He fished the dog out of the water and applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The dog lived, so now they're the best of pals.

You know how slow-moving chess games can be, but this game must have been the slowest game of all time. He made a move and then waited five hours for his partner's move. Yes, I said five hours. When his partner finally keeled over onto the floor, he realized that he had been dead all that time.

This lady was having fun and games with one of her male neighbors when she saw the figure of another man coming up to the car flashing a flashlight. She jumped up, started the car, and ran the figure over, thinking it was her husband coming to see if she was fucking around. But it turned out to be a policeman, who fired several shots into her car. She was arrested the next day when her pissed-off husband turned her ass in.

I have a whole slew of dipshits for you this month. For instance, there was a guy who went into a bank and handed the teller a note demanding all her money. She politely gave him his sack of money, and he split the scene, but he had written his note on the back of his parole card. Needless to say, the police busted his ass the same day.

Then there was the guy who was in his shed behind his house with boxes of dynamite that he used to break up beaver dams in nearby streams. He saw a snake and shot the shit out of it, but some of the bullets went into the boxes of dynamite and blew the shed up and spread pieces of himself all over the place.

This woman went into a store and robbed it. She put all the money into a money sack and split, but the police nabbed her ass because of the trail of coins coming out of a hole in the sack.

This guy was arrested for riding a stolen bike. When he was arrested, they discovered two notebooks meticulously detailing and listing some hundred thefts he had made. He explained that the reason for logging his crimes was because when he was arrested once before, he couldn't remember all the details of the crimes, and he felt that was an inconvenience to the police officer in charge, so he decided not to let that happen again.

He held up the liquor store and split with all their money but got busted while returning to the scene to retrieve a pocket radio he had left there.

Then there was the guy who was released from prison and while being released, he called for a cab to come by and pick him up. Later he asked the cab driver to drive him home, but when he got there, he didn't have any money so he held up the driver at knifepoint and stole all his money. But this guy must have cracked up over the years in prison by playing with himself too much, for the cab driver merely went to the police and gave them the guy's home address.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





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Proud Owner

□ Upon reading the text accompanying the feature bike "Trade Off" (March '87), I must say I'm severely pissed! Sportster owners are Harley riders, too. I can understand the jokes and the "half-a-Harley" and the "junior member of the Hog family" remarks, but there are reasons I personally chose my Sportster.

For a long time I was one of those rice jockeys who used the old line, "I can't afford a fuckin' Harley" as an excuse for riding a Jap bike. Well, one day my brother (the flesh-and-blood kind and the owner of a couple of Harleys himself) told me that wasn't any excuse, and when I wanted a Hog badly enough, I would make sacrifices to get it.

That was the kick in the head I needed. I found a Harley dealer who would take a Jap bike as a trade-in (and which he still had the last time I was in his shop) and bought my '84 XLH. Now, 30 monthly payments later, I'm the sole owner (it's not mine and the bank's anymore). I'm proud of that bike and hope to keep it till I'm old and gray. "Mad Max" Meade
Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dave Mann

□ We were wondering why Dave Mann forgot valve stems on all his centerspreads. Those poor guys have been ridin' for a long time without putting air in their tires.

Diana & John
Lansdale, Pa.

■ That's called artistic license. It's like cartoonists who usually draw only three fingers on a hand — Dave doesn't show valve stems.

Will Donate

□ My shop has old unsold issues of *Easyriders* and other bike mags that we will donate to all brothers serving time in the USA. So just drop us a line, and we'll send you a copy, or have the prison

library send us a letter. It's free. It's the least we can do to help our bros.

Dave Berg
Milwaukee Ghost
2037 Hollins Ferry Rd.
Baltimore, MD 21230

■ Prisons usually only accept magazines shipped directly from the publishers, but maybe someone will answer. Why not make the offer to a veterans' hospital?

Help!

□ I'm positive that somewhere out there in the vast area that *Easyriders* covers, someone has the item for my '76 FLH that I'm seeking. I've checked in the New York, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Colorado areas but to no avail. Please help!

I'm looking for two amber lenses that go on each side of the front fender, actually just below it between the chrome framing that goes around the front fender. They are six inches long, one inch wide, and are cut at an angle at the rear — there is a left one and a right one.

If anyone has a couple of these lenses, please let me know. I would be most grateful. Thanks.

Richard E. Geisert
Rt. 1 Box 211
Wentworth, WI 54894

Iowa Meets

□ Thanks for all the good words about our Freedom Rally and the drags held in Humboldt. You're right, it was a blast. I would just like to call to your attention that even though these events are held in conjunction with each other, they are separate events. ABATE of Iowa has our Freedom Rally at Sheldon Park in Humboldt every 4th of July weekend. The Annual Iowa Hog Drags are also held in Humboldt. ABATE's Freedom Rally runs the whole weekend with bands, field events, a lot of contests, and a whole lot of partying. The Drags are held one day during our rally.

They do give motorcycle rights groups a discount, and ABATE advertises on its posters for them, but we are two different events. Just wanted to set the record straight for you and everyone else.

Roxy
Britt, Iowa

Shit Talk

□ Picked up your mag by mistake the other day. Harley-Davidson hasn't made a motorcycle since the '74 series. All I see is fat old men with fat old women on fat old bikes. If any club riding what is laughingly called a motorcycle made by Harley-Davidson ever meets any other club on the streets, all you fat old men will be shitting through a Yamaha tail pipe. What a waste of sheet metal.

Willy
Janesville, Wis.

■ Dream on, shit-for-brains.

Just Lookin'

□ Just thought I'd write to let you all know how your mag is not only good for the pix of the parties, bikes, and other bullshit that goes into it. I had a comparison paper due in English (college level) and couldn't think of anything to compare until one night while leafin' through the January issue, I ran across an article that caught my interest ("The Contract — Part 2"). After laughin' my ass off, I decided to read "The Contract — Part 1." Couldn't find July's issue in my house. After doing some calling around, I finally located the issue, read the article, wrote the damn paper, and — believe this — I made an "A" on the thing.

Just goes to show ya — your mag can be used for something more than just looking at.

Darlene
Woodbridge, Va.

Bitch, Bitch

□ How come your rag doesn't show more bush on the ladies who display their

bodies before the lens? It was my impression that you guys understood that we like to look at an ugly pussy to get that old crank hard as hell so it gives me an inspiration to fuck the ol' lady.

Your new fold-out on the last page seems to be pretty soft. I mean the ladies look like they've been photographed by some reject hard-belly photographer. I suppose it's out of the question to see a little brown-eye now and then.

Bear
Hillsboro, Ore.

Snakes

□ While at a swap meet in Daytona Beach last week, my ol' man and I saw some chick wearing a T-shirt from Snakes out of Lufkin, Texas. We need the address and phone number so we can get some shirts.

Cher Lewis
2922 N. Vista Dr.
Nashport, OH 43830

Wants Info

□ In March of 1985, my husband was involved in a motorcycle/car accident. After two years of surgeries and physical therapy, he still has no use of his left leg.

After he got out of the hospital, he bought a 1986 FXSTC Softail Custom. It's been sitting in the garage since he bought it.

We were wondering if there is a kit designed to switch the shifter from the left side to the right side without going to a jockey shift. He doesn't want a trike, either.

If you know of a kit or have any ideas on how to do this, please write. Two years is too long — it's time to get in the wind.

Ken and Julie Grove
7351 M-18
Roscommon, MI 48653

Hollister Again

□ Well, I see that the town of Hollister, California finally got pillaged, plundered, and thoroughly trashed. Was it those evil bikers again? No, it was 1,200 little darlings from the local high school. It seems they got bent out of shape over some new rules and regs, walked out of school, and commenced tearing up the town. Why, the little devils even ransacked city hall and stole the mayor's gavel.

I wonder if they will try to

pin this one on the Galloping Gooses and the Boozefighters? Do you think Lee Marvin and Marlon Brando could play a couple of misunderstood high school kids in a 1987 sequel to that epic motion picture of theirs, "The Wild One"?

Alabama Wild Man
High Point, N.C.

Thanks

□ Just want to publicly thank two fine people who work for *Easysiders*: Al Sherman (marketing director) and Mike Lichter (photographer) for helping me when I had a front tube blow on my old pan on the way to Sturgis '86. Our group met the two while we stopped in Wall, South Dakota. They invited us to ride with them as they made their way to Sturgis.

Meats
Waverly, Minn.

Bavarian Bike Club

□ We're a bunch of discordant, anarchist bikers with headquarters here in Bavaria, West Germany and chapters in Holland, England, Georgia, North Carolina, and soon-to-be in Washington State.

If you're ever cruisin' in Deutschland, be sure to look us up for some fun! We're apolitical, nonterritorial, and into biker brotherhood and free will!

Dan "Troll" Deeley
President
Illuminati International MC
APO N.Y.

Woman Hater

□ I'm sick of all you bitches and I'll tell you why you receive no respect.

All of you sluts are in a "no-win" situation. If you don't work, you're lazy. If you work 50 hours a week, care for the brats, cook, clean, etc., your brains are probably up your uterus somewhere. Your claim to equality lies in your fucking gashes. You are all a bunch of useless, good-for-nothing, undependable, irresponsible, flea-infested vagabond cunts.

Woman Fucker
Manchester, N.H.

Fly and Ride

□ We would like to say thanks to all the people who made our first H.O.G. Fly and Ride tour a really great time and something we sure plan

on doing more of.

On February 10, 1987, we picked up a new FLHTC from H-D of Glendale, California and toured for a week, with the weather cooperating the whole time. We only regret not renting the bike longer.

The Reids
Fairbanks, Alaska

"The Games Convicts Play"

□ A new book written by a bro about prison life that answers the ten most asked questions about prison life and its effects on bros and their families has been printed. The pictures are worth the price of \$9.95 for this hardbound book. And dig this — the money made from the sales of it (I have read) is going toward the operation of a halfway house for bikers and Vietnam vets.

Write Gold-Leaf Publications, 53 Sunshine Ave., Dept. C/ER, Fort Pierce, FL 33482.

Scarface
Sturgis, Mich.

New Biker Bar

□ I'm writing in regard to a newly opened decent biker bar back home in Erie, Pennsylvania. Being in the Navy, I don't get home too much, but this past Christmas, "California East" opened. The crowd is great and they love to party down. Its owners are two fellow bikers, Danny Carr and Don Plonski. It's located on East Lake Road. Ask about their delicious frog legs.

Andy "Smitty" Smith
Norfolk, Va.

Spider Not Listed

□ Got hit with the third snowstorm in a month, so while the scoot's thawing out, I thought I'd lodge a bitch in favor of shithead Spider. How come he ain't in the staff credits anymore? Shit, even Rufus's name gets printed.

Low Ridin' Pete
Ft. Belvoir, Va.

■ Rufus has been around longer than the magazine. Shit, he has more pull than Spider ever had.

ABATE Bro

□ I was scanning my back issues and noticed a scribe from Russ in Oregon looking for a deaf motorcycle club. While I can't speak for all of Oregon, I can talk about

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Marc Cook — *Cycle Guide*,
October 1985

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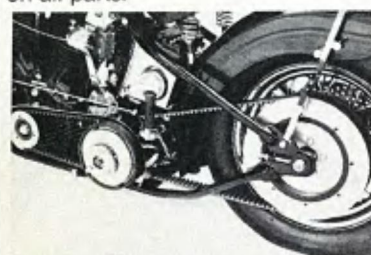
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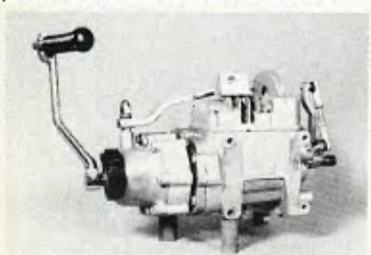
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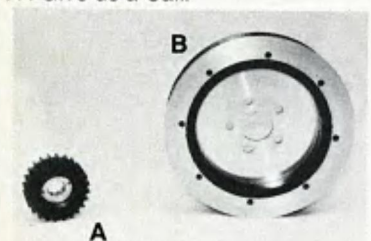
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ABATE of Indiana, Region XI, Morgan County, of which I am proud to be a member.

I started out going on MDA runs as an outsider on a Jap bike and never got that first glance as to what I rode. I joined ABATE two years ago and all I got was a firm handshake, a smile, and "Welcome to our family." I got an FXRT last fall, and while all my friends said, "It's about time" and other such comments, it changed nothing about how I stood. I was already accepted as a brother and treated like one.

Jack Teagarden
Monrovia, Ind.

Sober Run

☐ I was reading a past issue and read about a rally in Minnesota where there were no booze or drugs. It would be great to get info on this or any other dope-free rally anywhere. I would love to go to a bash where everyone is in the same boat as I.

Woody
Ontario, Canada

Sporty Lover

☐ Like R.J. Kukula said, "I'll make this short and sweet." Right fuckin' on, R.J. It's about time someone stood up for Sportsters.

I own a 1960 Sporty. I've heard it called half-a-Harley, Sprint, etc. I plan on a bigger bike but I'll still keep, ride, and love my Sporty.

T.L.
Midvale, Utah

Needs Info

☐ I'm traveling to Toronto, Canada in a few months and would like information on things to do, bike parties, musicfests, and employment. I prefer construction work. If anyone feels like writing and letting me in on this type of info, please write soon. I may need a place to lay over. What about non-citizen work permits? Park camping fees?

Doug Elsbury
R.1 Box 438
Hanover, IN 47243

Likes Us

☐ How the hell do you address a bunch of scooter tramps who happen to print the most successful biker rag ever? Obviously not "Gentlemen." Surely not "Dear Sirs" or "To Whom It May Concern."

You people do good stuff. I just rushed through the April '87 issue, stopping only to

read "Bad Bob Cashes In His Chips." Great fiction! Compliments to Albert Lee Tate.

Moonshadow
Henderson, Nev.

Shipping Instructions

☐ In reply to Kenneth W. Bunn from Roanoke Rapids, N.C., I spent three years stationed in London, England and shipped my 1979 Low-rider back to the States when I transferred back. I shipped the bike on Pan Am Freight from Heathrow International the day before I flew out, picked it up at JFK Customs where I signed the papers, and rode off. It was a gas.

I can't remember the exact cost, but I think it was about the same as a first class ticket — maybe \$800. The deal works like this:

1. Contact all the international freight airlines. Ask about costs to various airports in the area you want to go. Some flights are more expensive simply because they go into a big airport, while a smaller airport a few miles away has a cheaper flight from the same airline.

2. Ask about shipping restrictions. Some airlines require crating the bike. Others will ship it bare bones, strapped to the wall of the plane. Most require the bike be emptied of gas and the battery disconnected. Sometimes you have to flush the fuel system with carbon dioxide to meet safety regs for explosive substances.

3. Make your best deal, pay the cash, and drive into the freight hangar. If you can, talk to the shipping foreman. Tell him you just filled the tank (damn, bad planning) and need help getting the bike ready for shipment. He'll probably take care of everything for the gas in the tank and maybe ten bucks.

4. When you arrive, be ready for Customs. Have the shipping invoice, manifest, registration papers, your driver's license (current), passport, etc. Coming into most countries, you'll get a quick check for contraband and other goodies, followed by a real close check for dirt on the tires, frame, seat and other strange places. They're looking for bugs and micro-organisms. Remember the Japanese beetle? How about the Mediterranean Fruit Fly? Don't hassle the man, 'cause he'll keep your sled forever.

5. Put it together (you

can pack a small tool kit in your backpack). Don't forget to buy a gallon of gas, any oil, and so on that you drained out before you go to get the bike. And that's it.

If you stop in England, try asking for Steve or Bob from the West London Harley Rider's Association in Harrow. Good people, and I miss them. Good riding.

Gary Smith
New Orleans, La.

Response to W.M. Edwards

☐ In response to W.M. Edwards from England, I saw Canned Heat in a little club in Ashland, Oregon in Sept. '86. And they're still great! Maybe you can get more info from the club. It's "Jazmin's," P.O. Box 940, Ashland, OR 97520.

Coco
Klamath Falls, Ore.

☐ Write to Al Farleigh at Big Al's Record Barn, 3070 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051 for your Canned Heat. Tell him what you want. If he doesn't have it, he'll find it. Big Al deals mostly in oldies, and he has tons. Prices vary with age and wear (just picked up "Buddy Holly's 23 Greatest Hits" cassette for only \$5.00).

Rags
Santa Clara, Calif.

Bike Quiz Wrong

☐ Which one of you idiots hired Uncle Ross? I think Uncle Ross and whoever hired him should be fired. I took his little test in the April '87 issue of your magazine and got question number three wrong, according to Uncle Ross, which I beg to differ with.

If your asshole Uncle had been anywhere like the Harley Museum in York, Pa. or the Smithsonian Institution, which is this country's museum, each has one of the first Harleys built in 1903. And a funny thing, both state that they believe a third Harley was built in 1903. Not just one as stated by Uncle Dipshit.

And just for the record, I did get some others wrong, but I have been to both York and Washington, D.C., and looked at the two known Harleys built in 1903.

Bummer
Bend, Ore.

Triumph T-shirt

☐ In response to Ralph Filinger in Perry, Arizona (May '87), if you're looking for a

Triumph shirt, give Empire Cycle Sales a call in South Buffalo, New York (716) 875-5656.

Tyrant
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ In response to Ralph and Ozzi, we at Pappy's Cycle have a very large supply of Triumph manuals dating from 1947 to 1978 and some BSA manuals. We also have a large parts store from Triumph Pre-Unit Twins 1947 to 1962 and genuine Lucas parts. Also Triumph T-shirts, patches, pins.

Give us a call. We can help.

Pappy
600 W. College St.
Springfield, MO 65806
(417) 866-8667

Iowa Drags

☐ In regard to your pictorial on the Iowa All-Harley Drags in the April '87 rag, when is it? Where is it in Iowa? How about including that info in future features? I would also like to know more about ABATE of Iowa. Someone drop a line.

Scott Blixt
905 N. Polk
Mason City, IA 50401

Answer To "Help"

☐ In response to "Needs Help" in the March '87 issue, I have the info you need.

If you need legal aid, write to NORML, 2001 So. Street, N.W., Suite 640, Washington, D.C. 20009 and/or contact either of these lawyers in Texas: Gerald Goldstein, Tower Life Bldg., 29th floor, San Antonio, TX 78205 (512) 226-1463; or Joseph A. Connors III, 804 Pecan, McAllen, TX 78502-5838 (512) 687-8217.

I hope this is what you want. I'm not a Harley rider right now, but I'm a truck driver who watches out for all you bikers.

Good luck in your conquest.

Robert "The Fonz" Sigley
Defiance, Ohio

Belt Buckle

☐ This is to Crazy Mick ("Wordmonger," July '86): I used a solid brass H-D buckle and ground off the buckle and shit on the back so it was flat. Then I took two pieces of 1/8" rod about 3-4" long and bent the ends 180 degrees, silver-soldered it to the buckle, and that's it. I did this about a year and a half ago and it hasn't fallen apart yet.

What the fuck, why buy it when ya can make it?

Eric Duffy
Northampton, Mass.

A Response

☐ In response to Wicked Wanda (June '86): It would really be nice to see some cunt who's willing to stick with her ol' man, instead of sniveling bitches who are drawn to an outlaw biker by his so-called "chauvinistic ways," only to badmouth the man when they start to realize he's for real.

Rapper
Highland, Mich.

Hats Off

☐ In reference to "Happy Birthday, America" (July '86): My hat's off to you all for telling it like it was and still is. I'm glad to see the editors of *Easyriders* can put into words what needs to be etched in every mind in the U.S.

Krazy
Sikes, La.

Response to "Ripped Off"

☐ In response to Steve (Cannibal) Arango's letter in the May '87 issue, what the fuck is so righteous about a bunch of camel fuckin' faggots who steal and copy a great artist's work?

Madman
Woburn, Mass.

Lost Leg

☐ In regard to the letter from "Lost Leg" (April '87), if he's got the July '86 issue, have him take a look at page 17, and he'll have the answer to his question. Evidently someone figured out how to do it.

Rick B.
Trenton, Mich.

Wants Mail

☐ In your March '87 issue, the woman in "The House Across The Street" reminds me of myself. I'm a mother of one, and my husband was killed over a year ago. Now I'm lonely and depressed.

If anyone wants correspondence or friendship or whatever comes along, please write.

Carol Lampi
6402 Douglas Dr. #108
Brooklyn Park, MN 55429

☐ Just got ahold of your March issue and was more than happy to see more of Silver's great fiction. The guy is one hell of a good writer.

Rick Moss
Buena Vista, Colo.

☐ I've got to commend you guys on that fuckin' story in the March '87 issue, "The House Across The Street" and to Silver: all the raisin pie you can eat!

Chukker
FPO N.Y.

Helmet Issue

☐ I'm writing about an article in your April '87 issue. It's about the bullshit on the helmet laws nationwide bullshit. I remember being told that America was the home of the free. Well, making us wear the fucking things is not being free. I can understand some of the rules, but I feel that I speak for a lot of bros.

Let those who ride decide.

Pat Sinclair
Derry, N.H.

☐ Regarding the article on mandatory helmet laws in the "Easynews" section of the April issue, Dickhead Don Emde was quoted from an article contained in *Dealernews* stating that the issue of mandatory helmet laws is basically a conflict "of the rights of the riders versus the rights of an industry to exist." Bullshit!

No special interest group, society, or industry, regardless of its numbers and/or prestige, has rights above and beyond those derived from its individual members.

William Mark Orton
Avon Park, Fla.

☐ It's very possible that a helmet law for street riders looms on the horizon for 1988. It is because of this threat that all Utah motorcyclists who are concerned about their freedom of choice should join ABATE of Utah, so that the battle can be waged when the time comes in the land of Zion.

For more information on ABATE of Utah, write to: ABATE of Utah, P.O. Box 520204, Salt Lake City, UT 84152.

Scuz
Salt Lake city, Utah

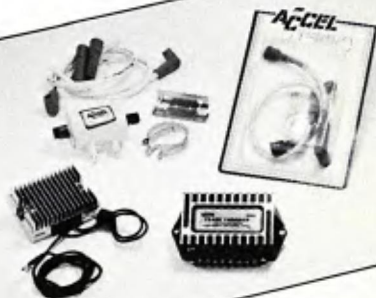
Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Polson pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, California 91301.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

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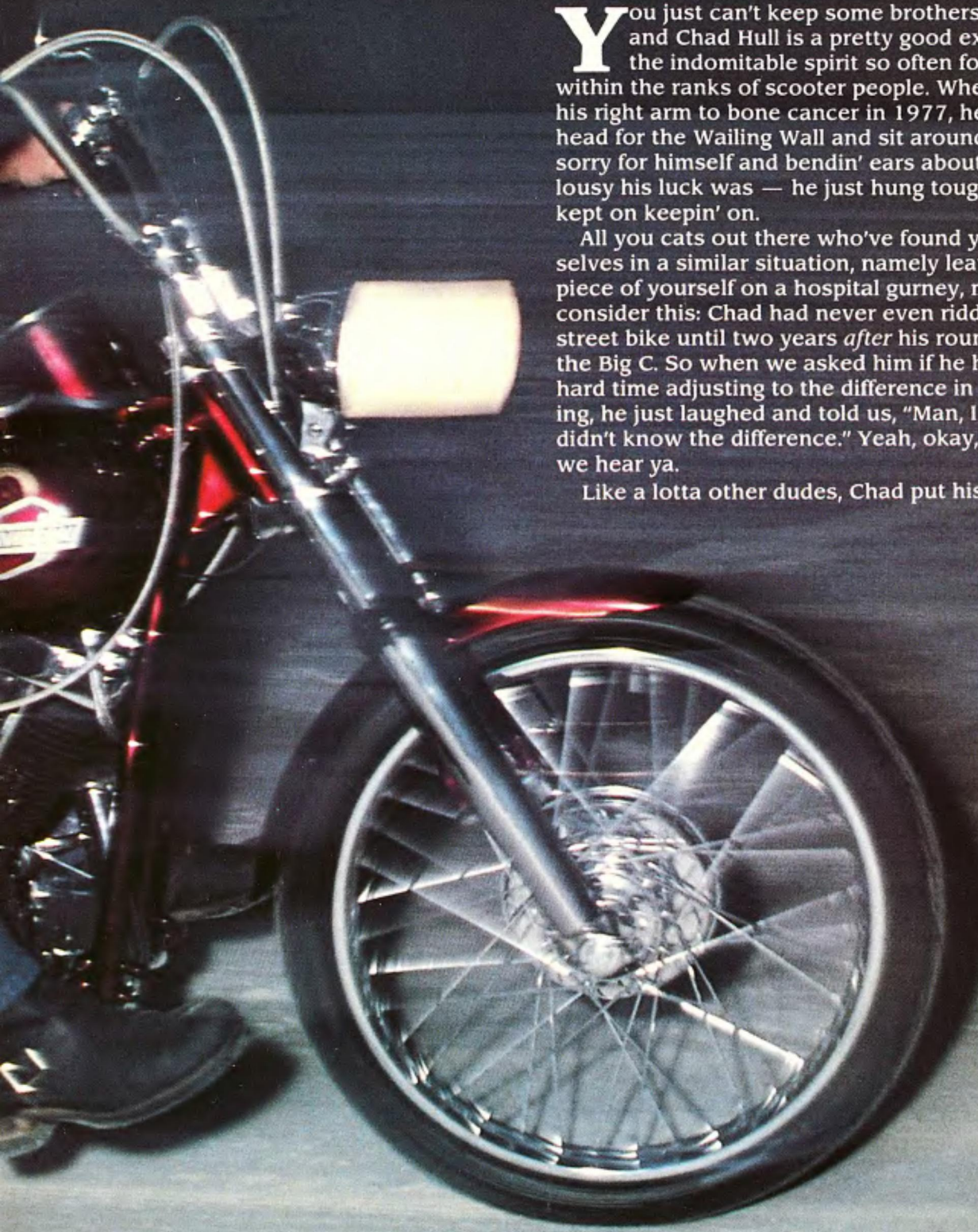
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CHAD



'S BAD SHOVEL

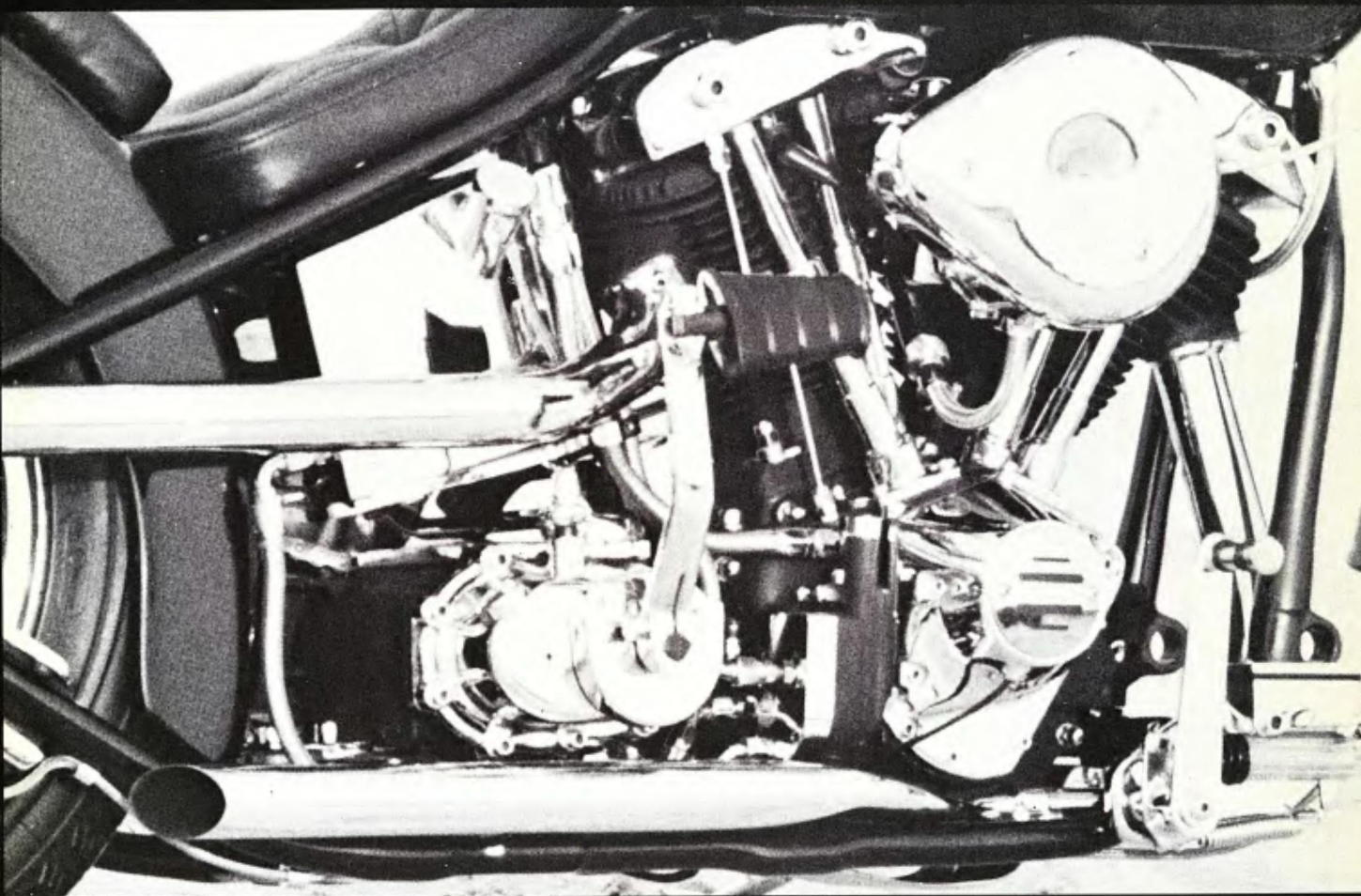
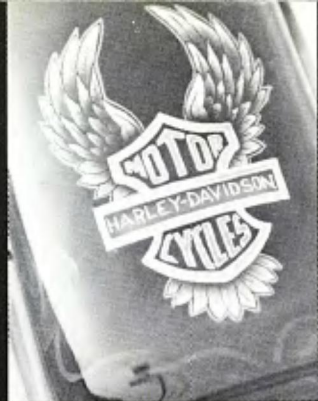


You just can't keep some brothers down, and Chad Hull is a pretty good example of the indomitable spirit so often found within the ranks of scooter people. When he lost his right arm to bone cancer in 1977, he didn't head for the Wailing Wall and sit around feelin' sorry for himself and bendin' ears about how lousy his luck was — he just hung tough and kept on keepin' on.

All you cats out there who've found yourselves in a similar situation, namely leavin' a piece of yourself on a hospital gurney, might consider this: Chad had never even ridden a street bike until two years *after* his round with the Big C. So when we asked him if he had had a hard time adjusting to the difference in balancing, he just laughed and told us, "Man, I really didn't know the difference." Yeah, okay, Chad, we hear ya.

Like a lotta other dudes, Chad put his sled



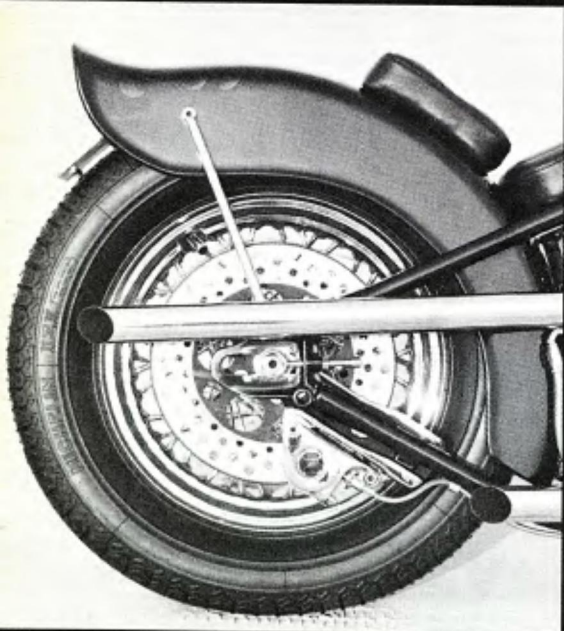


together one piece at a time, dedicating as many hours as needed to get it all to come together just right. The wishbone frame had been pretzeled somewhere down the line, but did he take it down to some shop for straightening? Naw, man, he borrowed himself a hydraulic lift, used a backhoe to hold her down, and straightened it out himself, heli-arc-ing in a new

downtube section while he was at it for added strength.

One of the things that might jump off the page at ya is the brake lever on the right handlebar, even though Chad ain't got nothin' to pull it in with. "Ah, that's just to balance the looks out," he said when we asked him about it. He had originally wanted to rig up a 2-stage delay disc setup, so that the front brake





Owner: Chad (Big Dog) Hull		City: Mt. Airy, North Carolina	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: don't know.	
Year and make: 1978 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: FXS		Type: rigid wishbone	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 16 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1978 H-D		Risers: two	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): fatbob by owner/FXWG	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.5 gal.	
Heads: Rick Doss/Danny Johnson		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Andrews B grind		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: custom/owner	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: struts	
Pipes: Paughco/owner		Height: 11 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: cold roll	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1978		Extension: 1 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: slotted brake	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Teresa Crane		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: Brandywine/Candy Red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: artwork by Teresa Crane			
Other special modifications: built for one-armed rider. Special thanks to Janet, Chuck, Frog, Dave, Bo, Brent, Rick Doss, Ed, David, Mike, Ed.			

would kick in after the rear binders took hold, but he hasn't had any luck so far finding the right combination to make it work the way he wants. He plans on gettin' the brake department bugs worked out when he builds his next bike.

He's currently planted this ride on the auction block, because he wants to put together another shovel —

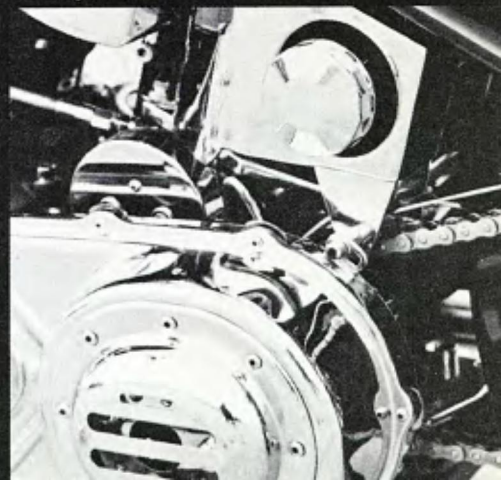
one with a lot less brightwork on it and maybe some more go-fast under the saddle. In the meantime, he won't be missin' out on any riding time — Chad's also got a '73 rat as his everyday bike to keep his face in the wind while he's wrenchin' on his next project.

Like I said, the man just keeps on keepin' on.

—Pizzaman



Photos by Michael Lichter



BERTHA

by Ratface



"In case you're interested, biker boy, that's a patch of saw grass and short palm over there where you're lookin'." She jerked her fat index finger back at me, then out the window at what she figured I was starin' at. I sure as fuck didn't give a shit about any saw grass and short palm, and that wasn't what I was starin' at, either. I was just starin' out at space, thinkin' about how I'd been stupid enough to get busted for a short-end stash of smokin' dope — again. Talkin' to too many people, trustin' 'em, that was where I fucked up. It was where I *always* fucked up. Now I had five years of cell time and sweaty labor in south Florida's Everglades to look forward to, all because I trusted people, because I was too fuckin' stupid and too fuckin' greedy not to check out a few people before I set things up. So tell me why your whole fuckin' life goes like that.

"I s'pose up in California where you from, you got nuthin' but flat ground in the east and rocky beach in the west, an' you figure that's what real country's all about, huh, biker boy?" she went on, drawling her words out in a slow, rolling tone. Then she pressed a hand to her greasy forehead to flick away a shoelace of hair that kept fallin' down. "Well, I tell yuh, here in Florida is where the real country is."

There was no way this Big Bertha was gonna shut the fuck up. Her mouth had to be hooked up to a Briggs & Stratton motor to go like it did, it *had* to be. I hated her guts the first second she squeezed herself in behind the wheel of that Dodge patrol car I was in.

"You the dirtbag biker goin' to State Corrections, are yuh?" she had snorted back at me before she'd even got the keys in the ignition. "I gotta give up a whole Friday afternoon — hell, even most part

of a Friday night — just to see you get there all safe and sound. Waste of good taxpayers' money." Then she shot a long look back at me, first in the rearview mirror, then turning around and looking me all up and down like she was lookin' at a pile of dogshit on a carpet. "I hate drivin' the best of times, and I gotta spend the next two hundred and fifty miles with a dirtbag biker like you. Yessir, not worth the taxpayers' good money." She plucked an Almond Joy out of her shirt pocket and threw it on the seat beside her, then flicked the ignition, all in one motion. It made that shoelace of hair fall down again.

I actually did look like shit sittin' back there, too. I really did. They hadn't let me shave in the holdover cells, and I bet my jeans would've stood up by themselves if I'd've taken them off, not that I'd have ever done that and shown this ball-breakin' bitch what a real set of

balls looked like — she might just have leaped right over that seat for me with that big bus-driver ass of hers. I looked down at the steel bar that was bolted to the floorboards. Not a chance in hell of gettin' that sucker off. The cuffs that connected me to it gave me just enough room to sit far back enough so I could see out the window, but no more. And I couldn't rest my back against anything; the fuckers had made sure of that. It was gonna be a real comfy ride for old Will Cottle, real comfy. I figured about three and a half hours to go — four and a half if you counted a supper break.

The car veered onto a feeder road that put us on a ridge that traveled around a jutting peninsula. We were closer to the water than I'd thought. I could just barely get my head over to look down at it. Everything was a real nice, deep blue, and the sand in spots was all eggshell white. I started thinkin' about a swim, about how that beautiful water could clean my pores, get some of that greasy jail grime off me.

But now old Bertha wouldn't shut up again. She was keepin' up the mindless chatter between bites of her Almond Joy.

"Creek Indians used to be around these parts. Used to build mounds of garbage, then build their houses up on the mounds. Now, the Government calls 'em Seminoles — means 'runaway' in Muskogean — and gives 'em land. Pigs, though. They don't deserve it, even if it is brownwater land. I never could figure out why all Indians are so stubborn. They're like you, huh — they cost honest taxpayers plenty of money. Why, back in the Seminole Wars. . . back in. . . yeah, back in 1835, why they cost the U.S. Government damn close to sixty million dollars. Killed plenty of good U.S. soldiers, too. They used to hide their kids right in the swamps under the saw grass — used to cut 'em all to shit, that stuff did. That's cold water down there, too, in case you're thinkin' of a little swim, biker boy. That's ocean water, looks deceivin' as hell. I had a cousin fell out of a turtle boat in that water. He was good in the water, no trouble. He used to win ribbons for swimmin' at school all the time. He lasted fifteen minutes in that water before they figure he drowned. Took him two weeks to wash up, too. They found him with holes all over him, where the fish took little bites while he washed to shore. Don't think you'd last ten minutes out in that

water. You don't look very strong to me. You need more sun, looks like to me."

You don't get much sun sittin' in city cells waiting for your trial to come up, but I didn't tell the bitch that. I looked at her big rounded shoulders and thick neck, then at her hair that was done up in a tight bun at the back of her head. What blew me away was how she didn't seem to feel the heat, and how she was a real cop and not a prison matron. She was big bones all over and gettin' on to six feet. I figured.

"I hated her guts the first second she squeezed herself in behind the wheel of that Dodge patrol car I was in."

How the fuck could the cops let a dyke-ass-lookin' bitch like her on the force? If you ask me, I think she was lovin' every minute of this ride.

A Willie Nelson tune came on the radio. "Angel Flyin' Too Low To The Ground." That was me, all right; your whole fuckin' life goes like that, but I liked the song well enough. But old Bertha reached over when she heard it and changed the station button. "Leave it on," I said. "That's a good song."

"I don't like Willie Nelson," she snapped back, then jabbed at the buttons till some kinda uptown rock shit came on. "Yunno, biker, you oughtta be grateful, gettin' a tour of Florida like this. I had my way, I'd put all you bikers behind bars, where you can't foul up the streets with your noise and filthy machines. I got a brother on the force in Dallas and one in Louisiana. The one in Dallas — he's one you'd like, biker boy — he says they oughtta just dig a big hole in the ground and drop all those bikes right in that hole, just use a big crane and dump 'em in. Suit me fine, too. Suit me damn fine. Matter fact, you damn lucky you ain't in some other parts of this here country and it ain't a few years ago, 'cause they'd be thinkin' 'bout hangin' you. Yessir. Not that many years ago, either. You damn lucky, I figure, and now you got a top-line tour of Florida coastland, too."

An intersection came up and she turned right, and we were down on low roads again. It was interstate now, and there was a lot more traffic. She stopped for a Coke at a roadside stand to wash down the

last bite of her Almond Joy. She'd been making that thing last as long as she could, takin' little bites every three or four miles, then chewin' away for a fuckin' eternity.

"How about me?" I asked.

"Suppertime ain't for almost two hours yet," she snapped back. "Least not scheduled suppertime." She stuffed the Almond Joy wrapper in the ashtray, then threw the empty Coke bottle on the floor beside her. Meanwhile, I was gettin' a kink in my fuckin' back from havin' to lean forward so much. The

chains on the cuffs were looped, then locked through where the loops joined to make the reach shorter. Without the looping, I would have enough room to lean back against the seat, get the damned kink outta my back.

I knew old Bertha wouldn't go for it, but like an asshole I asked anyway. "Hey, Bertha," I said, trying real fuckin' hard to sound serious, "how 'bout lengthening these chains so I can rest my back against the seat for a while?" But I tell ya, I shouldn'ta bothered.

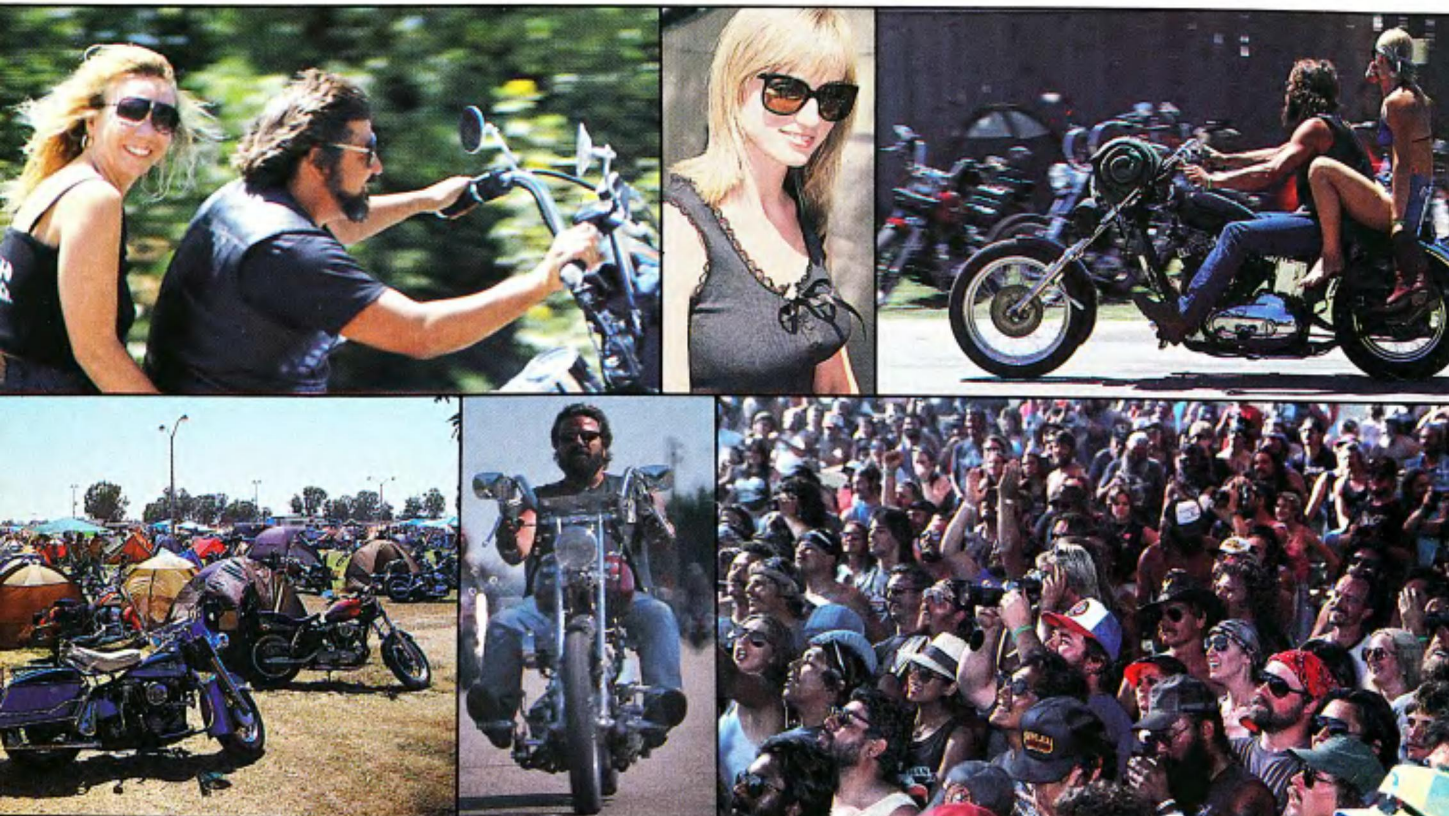
"My name ain't Bertha." She turned her fat head around to look at me squarely. I could see that little shoelace of hair hangin' down again. "See this name tag right here on my shirt, biker boy? That says G. Koski, Municipal Police Force. This name tag here says I made somethin' outta my life, that's exactly what it says. It says I got somethin' to be proud of and that I got a job to do in this here state that *means* somethin'! I don't think you ever did a damn thing that means anything, biker boy, and if you did, well you can tell me right now what it is, but I bet ten of my old dad's plucked chickens it wouldn't amount to a damn thing, not a damn thing! The chains can stay where they are, too. I'll be the judge of how long they should be."

"That's nice, Bertha," I said.

We were along water again, but the land rose up and there were green knob hills up ahead and to the left. It was plenty hot out there; I figured about ninety, and still well over two hours to go. I passed a few minutes checking out everything

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BERTHA

Continued

that was in the car. Through the thick steel mesh, I could see all the usual police crap: a clipboard up on the dash and a pen attached to it, the two-way radio, manuals, code books, and all done up in a special brace was a short-barreled shotgun, right where she could reach it plenty quick if she figured she had reason. The frame it was in was bolted by pieces of rib steel that went somewhere under the dash. But I had seen that type of setup before — a hard yank on the butt end released a spring clip, and the gun would be automatically free. I guess they figured if the gun had to be used fast, it would take too much time undoing any stupid locks. People didn't know about the automatic release, anyway; I only knew about it because I had seen one jerked loose one time when a pile of cops swooped on a pretty big fencing operation that was on the same street we lived on when we were kids. Those things come out pretty fast, lemme tell ya.

The car hit a bump right then, just as I was diggin' my boot heel under the steel bar on the floor again and tryin' like fuck to pry it up. It was like fuckin' Gibraltar. There was nothing to do except straighten my aching back and legs out as much as I could and look at the scenery passin' by.

"I first went fishin' down in some a' this area when I was a little girl. I went along with both my brothers, and there was some a' the sweetest eatin' mullet and bluefish you ever set teeth to. Went huntin' and shrimpin', too. Then the water started gettin' all mucked up with some of those flood control programs like they got there in Louisiana. I figure. . ."

"How 'bout some food, Bertha? I'm gettin' plenty hungry back here."

"Told yuh, biker, name ain't Bertha. It's G. Koski. The G. stands for Georgina, but you take plenty care to call me Corporal Koski."

"Corporal Koski, then, but how 'bout some supper?"

"Ain't scheduled time yet. Scheduled time's five-thirty to six-thirty. You'll eat when it's time. Don't worry. State ain't gonna let even scooter scum like you starve. You oughtta be thankful you're gettin' anything at all, and what you get is gonna be one hell of a lot better

than what you're gonna be gettin' where you're goin'. What'd you get anyway, three years?"

"Five."

She whistled, then sucked in air like she was havin' trouble breathin'. "Five! Whoooooee! That'll change some a' that trashy thinkin' of yours. Like I said, though, you damn lucky you ain't in other parts I could name. They'd be thinkin' to stretch your neck a little for sure, my brother especially — the one in Dallas. He was a witness at a state execution once. They hung that there kid everybody heard about who shot that lady in the head after he raped her. He didn't die right away. Hangin' still takes a bit of know-how. In the old days, they used to have to go underneath and pull on their legs a lot of the time, either that or jump on their shoulders. Anyway, this kid, from the time he went to death row till the time they stretched his neck, all he did was eat. My brother said he put on ninety pounds in that six months. He got his hands on every bit of scrap food he could get in that prison."

"Don't you ever fuckin' stop?" I asked, not even halfheartedly.

She ignored it. "There must be somethin' about stress and eatin'. Yeah, I bet there is. I bet a psychiatrist or a psychologist or somethin' could tell you all about it, but I figure you don't need a fancy-pants degree to know stuff anyway, leastways 'bout people. My brother said once that. . ."

"How long?"

"How long what?"

"How long before we get there?"

"We'll get there when we get there."



"Until tonight, I had no idea the morgue had a cafeteria. . ."

biker boy. You should be enjoyin' the ride, like I said." She kept jabbing the station buttons on the radio back and forth again, until she found some shit station that was playin' more of that uptown rock crap.

Then around a wide veer, there was suddenly a big patch of green farmland, and even some cattle swishin' their tails in the heat. That patch of farmland spread out from both sides of the road until it met a darker ridge of green at the horizon, that I figured had to be forest or low hills. The road we were on was still interstate, though. There was plenty of traffic, and sometimes I could get a whiff of diesel through the open window. Every so often, there was an orphan patch of sabal palm, just enough to give shade to some of the shrubbery below it. I was havin' a hard time keeping my mind off my stomach now. Then suddenly, there was a roadside diner sign looming up fast. On the road in front of it was another sign, a faded old sandwich sign that said, "Dibbleman's Smoked Meats — on sale inside."

"Is it scheduled time yet?" I asked. I put a lot of punctuation on the scheduled.

"Well now, I guess it is," she looked at her watch.

"So why aren't we stoppin'?"

"That was a chili joint."

"So?"

"I don't like chili."

Holy fuckin' shit. This ball-breaker was a piece of flint. Just get me away from this bitch, God, and I promise I'll never fuck with dope again, I promise to fuck I won't! Then a new thought came and hit me. What if I had to take a crap? Was there a scheduled time for that, too? If I crapped right there in the back of her precious fuckin' squad car, she'd sure stop then. For a second or so I thought almost half-seriously about it. But she'd only tell me how I did it because I was a weak biker boy and I had no control. Then she'd make fuckin' sure everyone at the Corrections Center knew about it when she dropped me off. I'd never get to hear the end of that, for sure.

Half an hour later, she stopped. There was a burger joint and gas bar on the highway, under a clump of high trees that gave it shade from the sun. She pulled in wide as soon as she saw the sign. I guess she liked burgers okay.

First she filled the car up. She flipped out a credit card from the



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BERTHA

Continued

glove box, gave it to the kid, and then we went to eat. I noticed how careful she was to lock the car when we went inside. She parked it directly underneath that high clump of trees, I guess to keep it cool. It was the only car there.

"You're allowed four dollars and fifty cents for a supper," she said to me. She unlocked me from the steel bar in the squad car, but she used her own cuffs to confine me to the counter we were sitting at. There was a bar underneath that was handy, and she just cuffed me to that, which meant I only had one free hand to eat with. That was gonna be a bit awkward, because all I could get for the money I was allowed was a fuckin' hamburger. Old Bertha was enjoyin' the attention we were gettin' in there, too, makin' loud comments so that everyone could hear that she was a real city cop and that she had a big responsibility to see to — meanin' gettin' my dirtbag biker ass to State Corrections. That didn't bother me, though. There were only three other people besides the waitress, anyway, and if there's one thing I never gave any kind of shit about, it was what square-assed, square-johned people think about any fuckin' thing.

"Can't use that card," the waitress said when Bertha flashed it up to pay for the food.

"They took it outside for the gas," Bertha shot back, annoyed now at the lack of special treatment she figured she should be getting.

"They're different; we're not the same owner as them. It has to be cash. I can give a receipt."

Old Bertha shot her a look. "My wallet's in the cruiser," she said. "I'll go get it outta the glove box. I'll leave biker boy here so you know I'm comin' back." Then her face broke a little, and she chuckled as she went out. The waitress took away the empty plates and then made one of those faces you make when you suck in part of your cheek with your tongue as she watched her walk out. Then she sort of shrugged and made a half-smile at me without parting her lips. She was a damn good-looking waitress, and when she bent down behind the counter, I could see where the outline of her panties stopped. They were the little white bikini kind. About a minute went

by while I stared at every damn piece and part of her that I could. She knew it, too, and to this fuckin' day I still don't think she minded one little bit.

"I gotta use the shitter," I said to Bertha after she came back in and paid. "You gonna come and watch?"

"Nope," she said right back, "but I'm gonna go check it out first." She came back in a minute and undid my cuffs and walked me to the shitter door. "Go ahead," she said, "but try not to stink the place out too bad, huh?" Then she laughed out loud at the waitress, but the waitress just looked at her.

Inside, there was a window just big enough to get through, but it was barred. I guess the place got its share of people who tried to sneak out on their food bill. Old Bertha wouldn't do that, though. No sir, not with good state money payin' for that good chow we were eatin'. I took a quick piss and then looked closer at those bars. They were put up quite a few years ago, from the looks of things. Most of the screws looked rusted, and there was a lot of wood rot where they went in. I gave it a little push, and it actually budged. That was when I got this big rush of adrenaline and a hot feeling right in my balls. I could be free, outside and free, in less than a minute if any fuckin' luck at all was with me. I gave the toilet a flush to cover up any noise and gave one real good — I mean *real* good — shove. It came out even easier than I'd thought, and I had to hold like hell to keep it from clanking down to the outside ground.

I was outta there lickety-split and around to where the car was before the toilet even stopped flushing. My heart did another double-jerk when I saw that the passenger door on

the front was unlocked. She must have left it unlocked after she came out to get her wallet. I opened it and gave the butt end of that shotgun a hard jerk. It was in my hand, barrels cocked, and I was around the back of the building in no time. I figured to just get into the bushes and get moving like hell for some water, where any dogs wouldn't be able to keep to my scent. I knew plenty about living in the woods, and if I could just keep clear of dogs or cops for a couple of days, then I wasn't very worried about surviving low for the next couple of weeks.

Suddenly she was there. I guess she'd gone in to check on me and found me gone, and then come around back for a look before radioing. She came around the corner of the building so fuckin' fast she collided right into me. That was what set her off balance, and she couldn't get her gun up fast enough. You can be plenty sure she had it in her hand, though. But old Will Cottle wasn't as slow. The shotgun I had was already facing straight out, and both barrels were cocked. I used it as a lever to ram her hard, up against the building. I rammed her so fuckin' hard she even dropped her pistol on the ground.

"Whaddaya say now, fatass?" I growled at her and moved the barrel up to stick it right in the bitch's mouth. There was a sudden, sickening smell that flooded the air as I jammed it hard in past her teeth so it pointed straight up to her brain. The smell drenched over us even more as I realized what it was. Shit! All her fuckin' tough talk, and here she was, cavin' in like a punctured beach ball. Her eyes went huge as they looked right down the clean, blued barrels of that double shotgun. She tried to speak, but only made a choking sound. So she just kept looking right straight down those barrels, but that was no worry for her 'cause she didn't have to look down them very fuckin' long. I grabbed the service revolver and brought it down hard at the base of her skull, which made me feel better than I had all day long and made Bertha feel absolutely nothing at all.

As I turned the key in the ignition, I glanced back in the rearview mirror of the squad car. The waitress, standing outside by the crumpled form of ol' Bertha Shit-pants, still wore that same half-smile I'd seen earlier.

I fed the big Dodge a pedalful of gas and switched the siren and lights on, heading north. ■

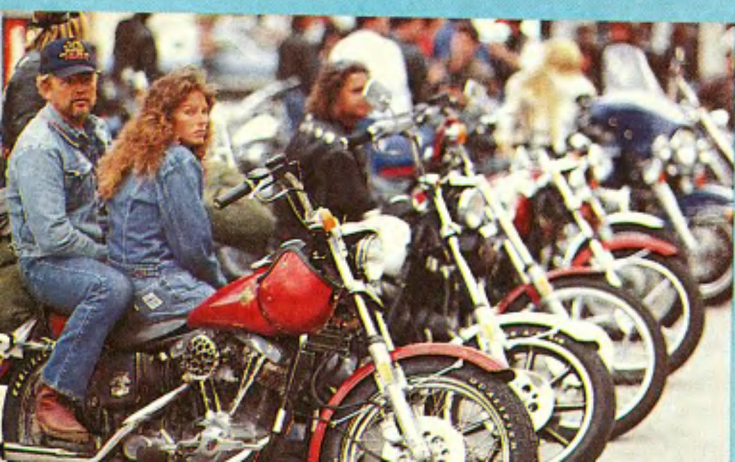
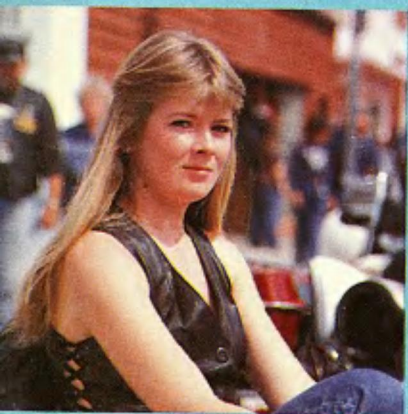
Easyriders



"Son, I'd appreciate it if you would call me 'Dad' instead of 'Muthafucker.'"

DATELINE DAYTONA

If Bike Week is only seven days long, why is it that I feel like I haven't slept in a month?

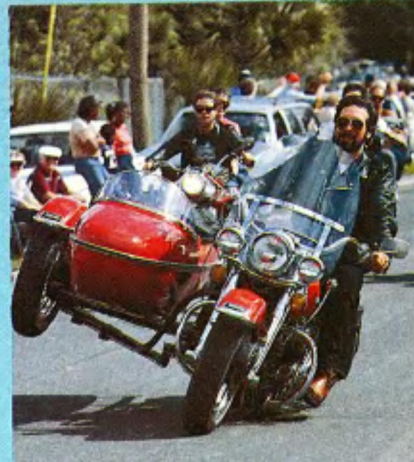
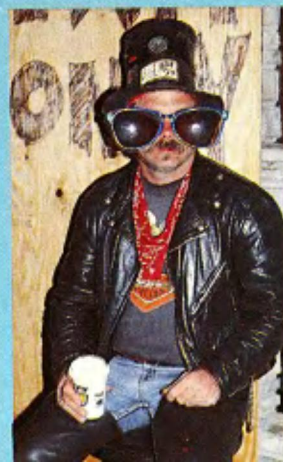
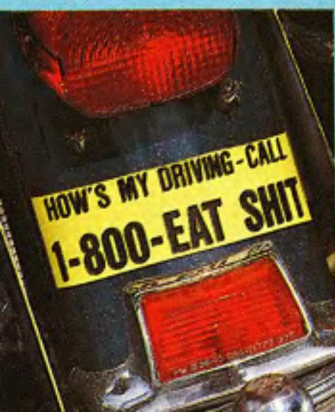
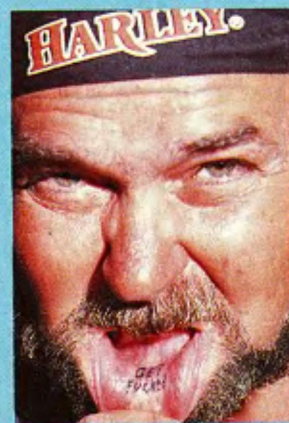


How do all those "unavailable" new Harleys get here every year? I hadn't been on Main Street for an hour, and I'd already seen two of those new Heritage Specials with the blue-and-cream paint job, and one 883 Hugger. Those bikes aren't even supposed to be at the dealers yet. Later in the week I ask Harley topkick Vaughn Beals about it, but he just smiles.

Beals was smiling a lot at Daytona this year, especially entering and leaving his hotel, the Hilton. For reasons unknown, the Yamaha brass

decided to use a vacant lot across the street from that selfsame hotel as their demo ride site. There they sat, dozens of shiny new rice rockets, patiently waiting for hordes of riders who never showed up. No wonder Beals grinned every time he gazed across the street. Across town, outside the racetrack, people were taking numbers and standing in multiple lines to ride the Harley demos. It would've made you smile, too.

Memories. . . The airplane banner advertising the new Harley "heavy" beer: "It contains no rice."

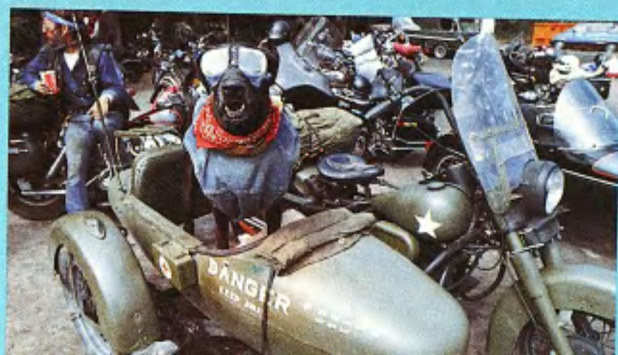
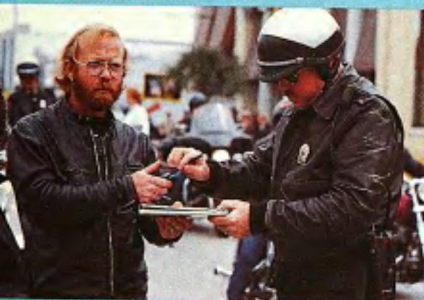
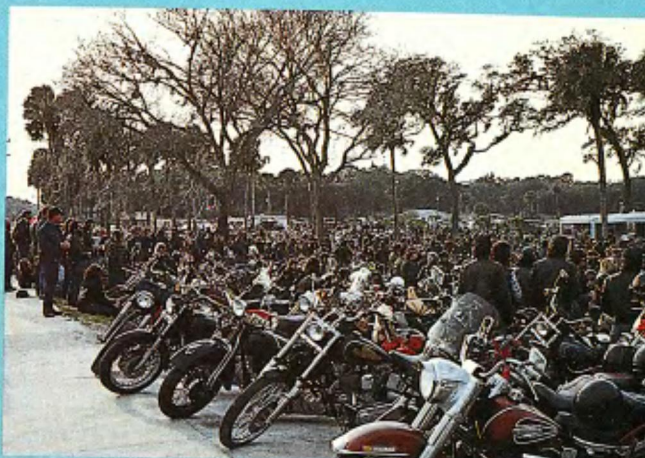
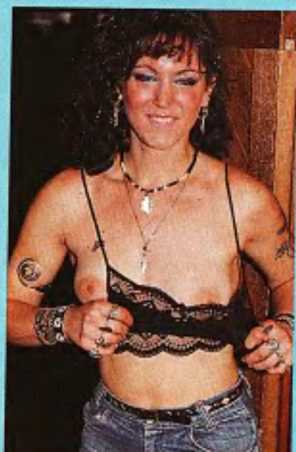
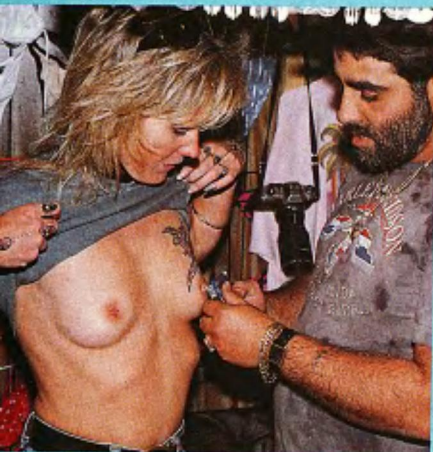
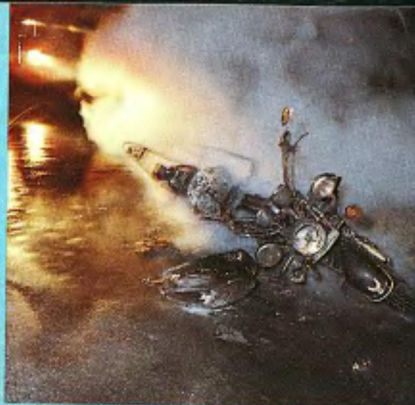


DAYTONA

This year's slogan of the week was "Shit Happens," but the winner of the most popular T-shirt contest just had to be the "I Fuck On The First Date" model. Bros and sisters were wearing those everywhere. I still wonder how those bikers cruising the Orlando airport in them while waiting for flights home got away

with it. And can anybody tell me whether any of the I-Fuck-On-The-First-Daters managed to make it into Disney World?

It used to be that if you stayed on Main Street long enough, you'd see everything. Not in 1987. What you couldn't see was a bunch of storefront vendors peddling that bobbed fender and tombstone taillight you needed so bad. Seems the Daytona city fuhrers passed a law making it illegal to sell motorcycle parts dur-



ing Bike Week unless you had been selling parts within the city limits for six prior consecutive months. Maybe next year they can make it illegal to chase ambulances on Main Street unless you've practiced law in Daytona for at least six months.

Memories. . . Thursday night a little lady on Main Street spotted a German shepherd guarding his owner's scooter and decided to incite him to riot by getting down on her hands and knees and barking and

growling at him. The dog turned around and said, "This chick is crazy." Why shouldn't the dog talk? The chick was barking, wasn't she?

Winners of the hardcore-to-the-bone award had to be the tough-it-out set at the ABATE of Florida campground in nearby New Smyrna. It rained at the beginning of the week, and they put in untold effort getting everything back up to perfect for the big crowds that started pouring in Wednesday and Thurs-

day. Then they really got drenched.

But the instant change in status from ABATE campground to Swamp City didn't bother them a bit. Muddy bros raced their shoats through the slop, while smiling scooter trash saved their rags by padding barefooted and barelegged through the puddles. Meanwhile, Grandpa and his troops kept the roast pig hot and the bands at the ready.

Memories. . . A bro out at the ABATE Campground gets the Tom



DAYTONA

Edison inventiveness citation for his instant boot-drying system. All it used was a cup of petrol and a match. He named the blazing sandals Yamaha and Suzuki (what else?)

One thing you don't see much of in Daytona anymore is colors. The town is generally acknowledged to

be neutral turf, and besides, most of the places just about everybody wants to go to have no-color policies.

The major exceptions to this rule were the members of the various Vietnam veterans' bike clubs. They paid the primo price for their colors, and they wear them everywhere.

Memories. . . Eight members of the Vietnam Vets of America MC walking — silent, single-file and in lock-step — out of an A1A body bar after the manager decided to "resched-



ule" the wet T-shirt contest from midnight to 12:30 to sell a few more beers. Interesting how even among a large group of people who are all proud, like bikers, some individuals still stand a little taller than everyone else. . . Also walking tall and proud, thank you, was a sister busted on Main Street Friday night. Figuring to get their rocks off on her humiliation, the cops decided to make her walk. . . wrists cuffed behind her back — almost the entire length of

the strip instead of taking her away in a patrol car. By the time they finished the trek to their vehicle, though, her ramrod spine and flashing eyes made them the ones who looked uncomfortable.

This was the first year they had the Rat's Hole Show downtown. Its old home by the beach has been bought by some development company hell-bent on putting up yet another highrise to help spoil what little is left of the view. The show

was fantastic, as always (look for the best bikes from it to show up here over the next couple of months), but I don't know that I really dig it as much as I do the two smaller Harley Ride-In shows (one for dudes, one for chicks).

In addition to fantastic bikes, you meet really fantastic people at Daytona. . . more and more of them coming from overseas. In a few hours cruising one night, I ran into bros from Sweden, England, Holland, and



DAYTONA

France. One of the Brits had had his bike featured in *Easyriders* way back in 1978. He still carries a picture of it in his wallet. And that well-preserved panhead still carries him, too.

If there's one group of people you would expect to be relieved at our departure, it would be the cops. After all, we'd sure be delighted at

theirs. We decided to check the theory out after the big race Sunday afternoon and profiled over to the cop shop . . . rudely interrupting the late-afternoon siestas of two Canadian bros snoring on top of their scooters as they waited for a friend to make his peace with the peacekeepers and reappear from inside.

After a suitable period of time, he finally strolled out, trading end-of-the-week jokes with one of Daytona's finest. We asked the officer

whether he'd be getting some comp time off to help him recover from the rigors of Bike Week.

"You gotta be kidding," he said, his well-tanned face going gray. "Spring Break is starting; the kids are coming. Christ, they're the worst."

He was still standing there trembling when we rode away.

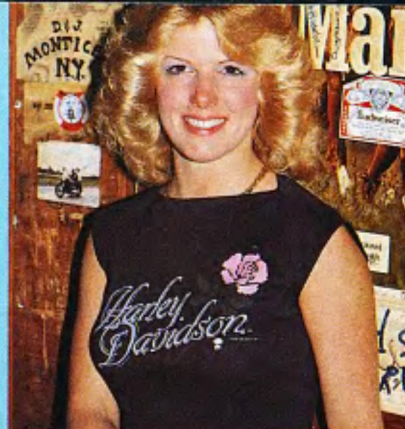
Next year, race fans . . . and all the rest of you bros, too.

—Trampo



Photos by Michael Lichter, Kim Peterson, Pat Randle, Pete Chiodo, EKB, Jim Shaffer, and Frank Kaiser





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NICE RES

When Bill Gardner bought this bitchin' '61 pan, it was in boxes — enough of 'em, he thought, for a restoration. A closer look straightened him out about that. So, what'd he do? Bill made a better Harley, one the factory couldn't build or even imagine in '61.

Gardner's been into bikes since he was 14, an' that's far enough back to have seen new '61 pans runnin' down the road. He was mighty impressed with what Hog riders were doin' to their scoots back then, so when the restoration

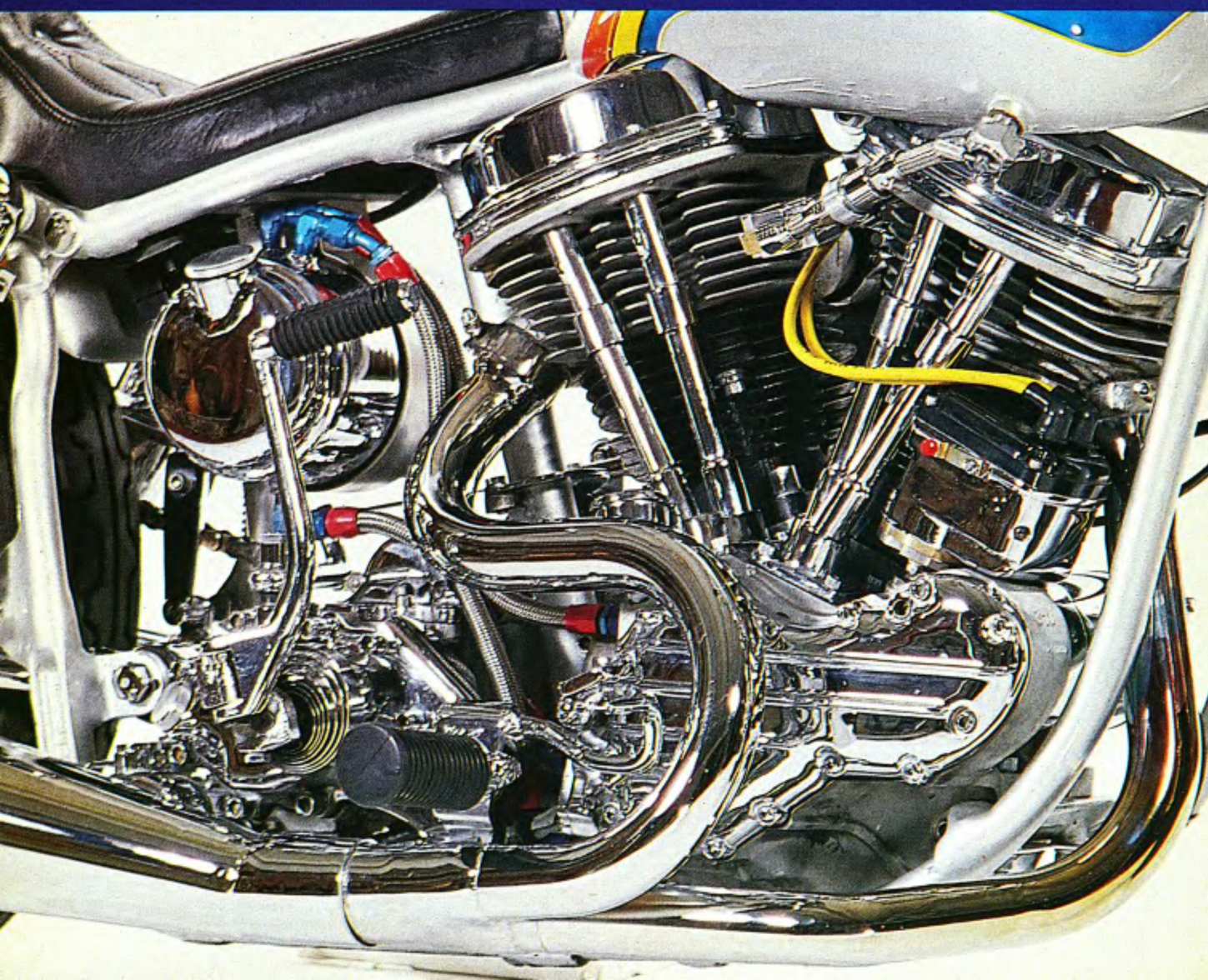
fell through, he had the excuse he needed to build the bike he couldn't have a quarter of a century ago. This sorta turned out to be a restoration, after all.

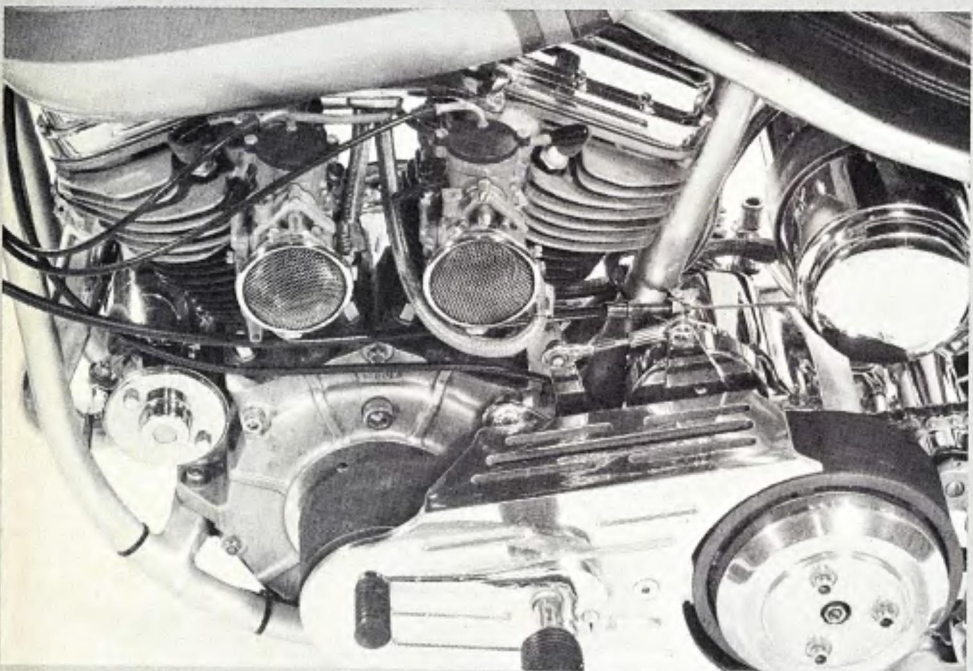
GMA Engineering is Gardner's company, it makes cycle parts for the industry, including Rivera an' Primo. It isn't any surprise, then, that the pan got a primary belt an' a pair of Dell 'Orto carbs. The Dell 'Ortos were fitted up, one to each port, with special manifolds an' some welding. The exhaust is also one-of-a-kind, b



TORATION



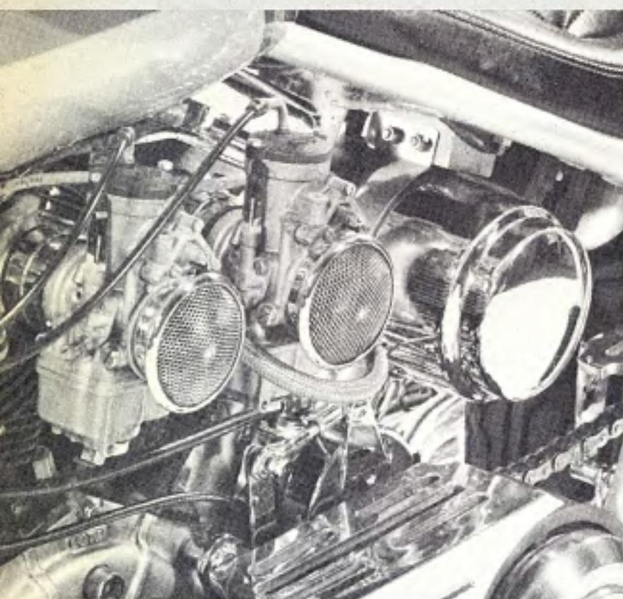




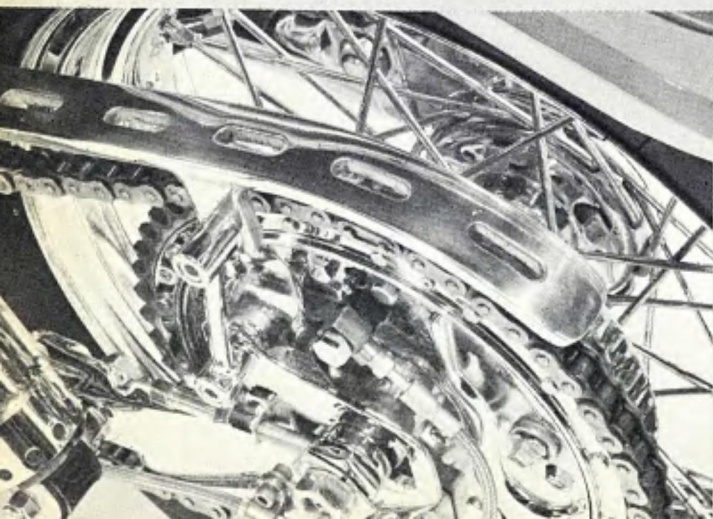
by GMA. The rest of the engine an' gearbox are pretty much as Harley made them, except for some bigger an' better parts. Truett & Osborn wheels an' Arias pistons take it out to 88 inches. A Leineweber cam and the Dell 'Ortos pass the gas. Andrews gears handle the power, and a Morris mag makes the sparks. At the local drags, Bill's pan has turned an 11.90 at 100 mph — runs fast.

The chassis has been lowered with two-inch-under glide forks. The wheels got sealed bearings and were rebuilt with lotsa chrome. Dave





Photos by Bill Gardner



Owner: Bill Gardner		City: Omaha, Nebraska	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: GMA Engineering		Year: 1961	
Year and make: 1961 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: panhead		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$7,500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: GMA Engineering		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Industrial Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: handmade	
Year: 1961 H-D		Risers: on bars	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): fiberglass/GMA Engineering	
Rebuilder: Fred Jansen		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Morris magneto		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 88 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Truett & Osborn		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Fred Jansen		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Arias		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: STD generator model		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: H-D reworked		Oil tank: GMA Engineering	
Cam(s): Leineweber L-61		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: handmade GMA Engineering	
Carb(s): (2) Dell 'Orto 38 mm		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade GMA Eng.		Height: curved	
Muffler(s): handmade GMA Eng.		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1961		Extension: 2 in. under	
Shifting: handmade		Builder: H-D/GMA Engineering	
Engine sprocket: 3-in. belt drive		Special features: smooth	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Dave Huxhold		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Huxhold		Rim width: WM4	Rim width: WM6
Color: silver/graphics		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: House of Color		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by Richard Victor			
Other special modifications: shortened shocks, dual Dell 'Ortos, eliminator clutch, sealed bearings in wheel hubs.			

Huxhold did the tasteful molding, an' the House of Color laid the paint on the GMA 'glass fenders and Harley fatbob tanks. The round oil tank is one that GMA makes. Brakes were rebuilt and left stock. Handlebars were custom-made and chromed, like everythin' else, by Industrial Plating.

While Harley's busy tryin' to recapture the past with their Heritage Softail, Low Riders, an' all that, Bill Gardner has the real thing. He has captured and improved on the past an' brought a dream to life, one we can all get off on. Nice restoration.

—Guru

Easynews

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

Lid-Lover takes on 'sissies' an' 'fat boys' Join Easyriders' Floyd Watch for a whale of a good time

It had to happen. California Assemblyman Richard "I Never Read It Myself" Floyd has started generating news so fast we can't keep up with it by ourselves. First it was his attempt to play plaster caster to our craniums. Then it was his crying "fix, fix" at the wrestling matches. And just recently it was revealed that he was one of the top legislative money-earners on the rubber chicken circuit last year. Of the over \$15,000 he earned mouthing off in 1986, how much was paid by insurance companies and others with a vested interest in helmet laws is something we still hope to find out.

It's overwhelming. If President Reagan is the Great Communicator, Richard Floyd is the Great Newsmaker. He generates so much ink, we can't keep up. Therefore, and since the California whale-watching season is now over, leaving residents of the state bereft of low-order beasts to keep their eyes peeled for, we are happy to announce the inauguration of *Easyriders'* FLOYD WATCH, a chance for all of you to take part in an updated version of Pin The Tail On The Donkey, aka Pin The Words On The Politician's Tongue.

Like the Whale Watch, the Floyd Watch is an attempt to focus on the appearance of a strange, unnatural creature nearing our shores. What you do is this: every time you encounter a newspaper or magazine story that includes the magic words "Assemblyman Floyd," scream, "Floyd, Floyd, Floyd!" at the top of your lungs. Then, as soon as you've calmed the neighbors, clip the article containing the offensive words out of the publication, put it in an envelope addressed to Floyd Watch, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301, put a stamp on it, kiss it while muttering, "Fuck you, sucker," quietly to yourself, and drop it in the mailbox. We'll use your contributions to keep all the brothers and sisters aware of what the Golden State's whale of a lawman is up to.

This month, for example, the Floyd Watch highlights a startling interview that Assemblyman Floyd (startling interviews are one of his specialties) gave to political writer Gale Holland of the *Orange County News Pilot*. In this interview, Holland quotes the "cigar-chomping Gardena assemblyman" as calling one of his political opponents a "fat boy" and his

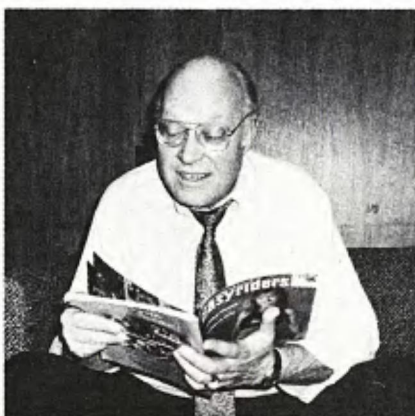


Photo by EKB

"I never read it myself."

"sissy caucus." Well, we don't know about either of those charges, though our mind, having quirky problems of its own, does tend to wonder whether the "sissies" Floyd derides chomp on as many phallic objects as he does.

Notwithstanding, Floyd managed to fill Ms. Holland's ears with almost as much nonsense as he did ours during his infamous *Easyriders* interview. To her credit, Ms. Holland a) seems to recognize buffalo chips when she sniffs them and b) went out of her way to do an objective piece on Reactionary Richard, even to the point of tracking down Roger Hull to ask what he thought of Foul-Mouth Floyd's calling him an asshole.

Consider:
— On his *Easyriders* interview: "I know how to speak to these people. I can speak their language. . . It isn't the same kind of interview I'd give to the *Ladies Home Journal*."

You don't have to be a Floyd-level cunning linguist to translate that statement into English. It means, "I throw different bull at different people, regardless of what the truth is."

— On political foe Pat Nolan's accusation that Floyd was guilty of "hypocrisy" in giving an "interview full of obscenities" to *Easyriders*: "It's the number one magazine in prisons, a magazine for cons. I never read it myself. How did Nolan get it?

I imagine he subscribes."

Memo to Pat Nolan: The copy of *Easyriders* Richard Floyd is holding in the picture accompanying this article was one of four or five issues Floyd pulled out of his Capitol office desk at the conclusion of our interview with him. It was not, repeat not, provided by our interviewer. What was that about hypocrisy?

— On the moral convictions and courage of his fellow legislators: "Legislators are afraid if they vote for the [mandatory helmet] bill, they'll find a Hells Angel on their door (sic)."

Note to California legislators: Floyd seems to imply that you people have less guts than your opposite numbers in the 49 states who at one time or another have passed mandatory helmet laws. Don't let him intimidate you. California's two million motorcycle riders — and a whole lot of other voters — know that it's not a question of less guts, it's simply a matter of more brains.

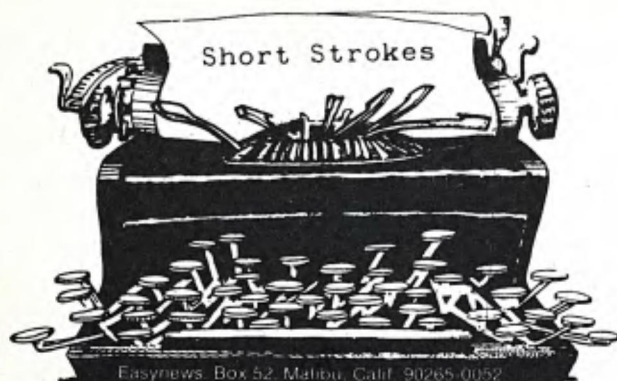
Bikers' rights groups back databank plan

If Harley-Davidson can use computer-ground gears, motorcycle rights groups can enter the world of microchips, too (especially now that the government has finally decided to slap the wrists of the Jap chip-makers).

The latest attempt to bring high-tech to our world is a joint proposal by the Motorcycle Rights Fund and Bikers Against Manslaughter to organize an on-line computer database to provide information on existing laws, pending laws, politicians' voting records, technical reports on items such as helmet use and efficiency studies, and a raft of other useful stuff.

Operating the system will require the hiring of a systems operator (called a SYSOP in computer jargon) at about 25 grand a year. According to the proposal, BAM will provide \$15,000 of the first year's salary, and the MRF the other ten.

Use of the database will be available to both individuals and organizations, with varying levels of access depending on the amount of support the user has contributed to the system.



Things are different, and not always better, when you're a biker. Churches do it, Little Leagues do it, even "Jerry's Kids" do it — "it" being raffling off expensive items to raise funds. When the Florida chapter of the Outlaws MC tried to raffle off a Hog to raise money for their legal defense fund, however, the owner of the bar where the raffle was being held was busted for allegedly staging a lottery. . **The All Bikers Blood Donation Foundation**, Box 13428, Chesapeake, VA 23325, an independent biker-run group set up to help support Red Cross blood programs on a local and national level, has declared June 22-28 National Blood Donation Week. Their slogan is "Bad Bikers Have Good Blood."

A 25-year-old cager in Wichita Falls, Texas, was given the maximum sentence allowable for criminally negligent homicide after he killed a biker by running him down with his pickup. The imposition of a "maximum sentence" in a case like this was so unusual that the assistant district attorney prosecuting the case said it was the first time he had ever heard of it being done in the state. The sentence was a \$2,000 fine and one year in the county jail. . . some maximum price for taking a life. Where the hell is Judge Roy Bean when we need him? Apparently there is no longer any law — or at least justice — west of the Pecos. If a year in the slammer and a two grand fine constitutes throwing the book at someone, those Lone Star State lawmakers must be using a very thin paperback indeed.

A Smithsonian Institution exhibit called "American Motorcycling and Motorcyclists, 1900-1940" has proved so popular that its run has been extended through August 2. The exhibit is housed in the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History at the corner of 14th Street and Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C. For information on viewing times, call 202-357-2700. It had been scheduled to close last winter. . **Harley-Davidson** is offering a \$25 tuition rebate to women who complete an accredited Motorcycle Safety Foundation rider education course and join the newly formed Ladies of Harley group. . **The city commission of Deadwood**, South Dakota, is considering amending its parking laws to allow scooter parking on all streets except Main Street during Bike Week at Sturgis. Previously, bike parking had been limited to certain designated parking lots.

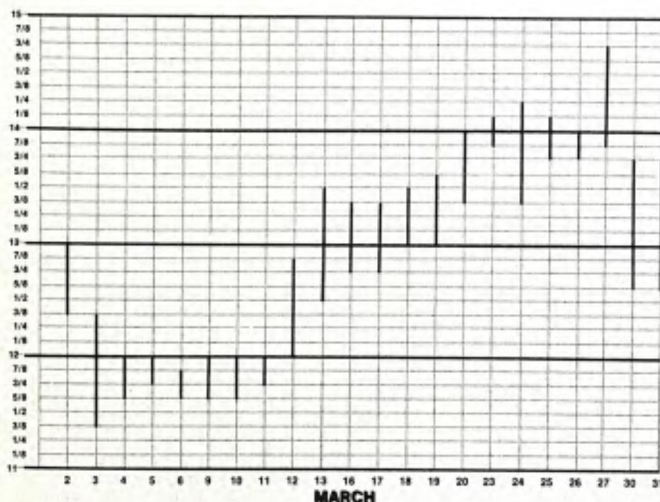
A police officer in Duncan, British Columbia, has been ordered to pay a broken-toed biker \$4,500 for his damaged digits. The cop had run his car into the bike in order to make the biker stop; in the process, two of the rider's piggies got pounded. . **And finally:** A rider in Montana enlisted the aid of former scooter stuntman Evel Knievel in a suit against his insurance company. What happened was that the biker was forced off the highway by an 18-wheeler coming straight at him. When he tried to get the insurance company to pay for his injuries, they refused, claiming that his bike had traveled 28 feet in the air after leaving the highway, which proved, the insurance company claimed, that the rider was speeding. Not so, testified "expert witness" Knievel. He claimed that the rider's speed leaving the roadway could not have been over 25mph, or the bike would have gone much farther. "Why, I can spit as far as he jumped," Knievel told the court. Asked to detail his qualifications as an expert on motorcycle jumps, Knievel was nothing if not brutally honest. "I never missed a takeoff," he replied. "However, when it came to landings, I did have some problems." The biker won his case anyway.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

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

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.

In a macho display of muscle-flexing, Harley-Davidson recently demonstrated its newly found fiscal strength by asking the International Trade Commission to lift the tariffs imposed on heavyweight Japanese motorcycles by President Reagan in 1982.

"We have informed the ITC that we no longer need tariff relief to compete with the Japanese," Harley boss Vaughn Beals said in making the announcement. "We're taking this action now because we believe we're sending a strong message out to the international industrial community: U.S. workers, given a respite from predatory import practices, can be competitive in world markets."

As those of you who participated in *Easyriders'* petition drive urging the president to adopt the tariffs probably recall, Harley-Davidson was able to prove in 1982 that the Japanese Big Four were attempting to drive competitors out of the American market by flooding the country with excess inventory, despite a long period of decreasing sales. A nearly two-year glut of unsold Japanese motorcycles in the U.S. were to be unloaded at fire-sale, below-cost prices which, if allowed to continue, could have destroyed the American motorcycle industry (and the European motorcycle industry's American export business).

Upon the ITC's recommendation, President Reagan imposed additional tariffs on imported Jap heavyweights for a five-year period ending in April of 1988. The tariff rate began at 45 percent (of cost, not retail) and was to decline to 35 percent, 20 percent, 15 percent, and 10 percent over the five-year period. It was applicable to motorcycles with engine displacements of 700cc and above.

"At the time of our original petition in 1982," Beals said, "we promised the government that we would return to competitiveness with the Japanese if we were given some time and breathing room to finish the revitalization programs we began prior to the Japanese disrupting the market with excessive inventories. We've accomplished what we set out to and don't need relief any longer."

"Harley-Davidson's share of the heavyweight motorcycle market has climbed 50 percent from a record low of 12.5 percent in 1983 to 19.4 percent in 1986," the chairman of the board added. "This share includes that portion of the motorcycle market from 650cc and up. At the premium end of the heavyweight market (over 850cc), Harley-Davidson is now the market leader, with 34 percent of the market share. Our market shares are up on virtually every continent. We've proved that we no longer need the additional tariff relief to be competitive with the Japanese, and we want to thank our friends in Washington and the Reagan administration for providing the time we needed to return to competitiveness."

"This 'new' Harley-Davidson runs its plants with two-thirds less inventory than in 1981, has improved productivity by 50 percent, lowered scrap and rework by two-thirds, and cut defects per unit by 70 percent. The company's annual revenues per employee have doubled since 1981," Beals continued. "We've taken a company that was on the brink of disaster and transformed it."

Rain can't extinguish Washington bros' fire

Despite rain so heavy that one participant described it as "a deluge of a magnitude I hadn't seen since the Tonkin Gulf," a two-mile long convoy of bikes and bikers recently roared in procession to the Washington state Capitol in Olympia to stage a demonstration against a mandatory helmet bill, HB161, being considered by the state assembly.

In protesting the discriminatory legislation, the bikers focused upon a provision of the state constitution which says, "No law shall be passed granting to any citizen, class of citizens, or corporation other than municipal, privileges or immunities which upon the same terms shall not equally belong to all..."

That was the legal argument, namely that by giving car drivers — who die from head injuries about as often as bikers — immunity from the helmet law, the state violates its own law.

ABATE's position was best exemplified by a Capitol steps speech by Deputy Coordinator Ken Youngblood. Excerpts are:

All too many are willing to sacrifice liberty for financial gain or cost reduction as long as it is someone else's liberty. History has proved time and again that to deny one man his freedom is to do an injustice to all.

It was the intention of the Founding Fathers to found a nation where men could live free — without fear of government interference — to worship the God of their beliefs in the manner they believed was right. When any fundamental right is denied any citizen, a crack has been formed in the foundation of freedom and human dignity. As an injustice is allowed to continue, the crack widens, threatening the entire structure with collapse. Many people believe that you can deny the rights of one without endangering all. This concept is false and extremely dangerous to all citizens of our proud nation. As long as one American is unjustly imprisoned, restricted, or denied rights that are ours, no one can be free...

Last week [a member of the transportation panel] told a roomful of Americans that freedoms and liberties had a price that was being paid with tax dollars. The shock turned to dismay when no one who was there to represent the people disputed that. Freedom cannot be bought with dollars, and liberty doesn't have a price tag that can be figured into the state budget.

It was dead silent in the Senate hearing room until an angry and disgusted rumble turned into a growl from the back. This cry of protest didn't come from our duly elected officials, or the clean-shaven and well-groomed state patrol captain. The highly respected medical men there nodded in assent to the irresponsible statement. Somehow it didn't surprise me to look back and find the protest and sounds of anguish coming from the leather-clad, bearded men of the motorcycling community, there to state their case for freedom.

When I looked to my side and saw my 11-year-old daughter sitting next to me with a look that said, "Daddy, protect me," I found my voice. When I opened my mouth, [what came out] wasn't a planned string of statistics to refute the prior testimony of misguided men who felt liberty could be sold on the auction block. Something I hadn't felt in years happened. My chest swelled up and my heart began to pound as I remembered an oath I had taken nearly 15 years ago — to protect our Constitution from all enemies, foreign and domestic. Ignorance is the worst enemy of freedom, and that oath, once taken, is never rescinded...

Remember the fiery young man named Patrick Henry who stood against tyranny and the odds with enough conviction to tell the world, "I know not what course others may take, but for me, give me liberty or give me death..."

For the sake of our nation and your children, who will inherit this world when we are gone, remember the reason this nation was founded. Think of the millions of brave American men and women before us who pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to defend what you, with a quick stroke of the pen, can...render meaningless.

Vote "NO" on 161. We can turn the tide of history starting today...don't let the betrayal of our Constitution and the liberties of our people be the legacy we leave for children.

Don't bet on Nader, put your chips on liberty

Dear Don:

We were somewhat startled and more than a little pleased to read your recent *Dealernews* editorial praising the dedication and ability of ABATE of Indiana members in crusading for what they believe in — freedom of choice in such areas as the use of motorcycle helmets and auto seat belts. What you said, if I recall correctly, was that you wished people who opposed the government's efforts to legislate off-road bikes and ATVs from public lands were as well-organized as the ABATE folks and that ABATE would join them in protesting the injustice inherent in the feds' kowtowing to the Sierra Club while kicking off-road riding clubs.

It may surprise you — in view of the battering you've taken on these pages in recent months — but we agree. Completely, totally, and without reservation. In our opinion, the land-use issue is identical with the helmet issue — a matter of freedom of choice. It may also surprise you to find out that you and your allies in the fight to keep America's "open" lands truly open, could easily get the willing help of tens of thousands of members of ABATE, AIM, MMA, BAM, CMRA, and other bikers' rights groups. All you have to do is admit that it is as much our right to go out and ride the freeways — possibly to our deaths — bareheaded, as it is your right to go out and horse around in the dust — mayhaps getting killed in the process — on an ATV.

Surely you must be aware that many of the same people who are pushing mandatory helmet laws are also pushing a total, nationwide ban on ATV sales and use. They even want ATV dealers and manufacturers — your readers and advertisers, Don — to recall all the ATVs currently in use and refund the purchasers' money. If you don't support that legislation, and we know you don't, how can you support mandatory helmet legislation? The issue is exactly the same. People are allegedly safer in a helmet, make them wear helmets. People are allegedly safer not bombing around on ATVs, take away their ATVs. If one makes perfect sense, the other does. In fact, neither makes any sense. However...

The argument you have repeatedly used for backing mandatory helmet laws is that the motorcycle industry will cease to exist without them. Since the biggest sales years in motorcycle history were the late 70s, when many states were repealing helmet laws, we assume you're talking about the industry being legislated out of business. Again, we agree — probably to your surprise. We think there is a very good chance that in the not-too-distant future there will be a serious attempt to outlaw motorcycles altogether. That's one of the reasons we are so dogged in fighting against mandatory lid laws.

You see, Don, we believe we are sort of like the little Dutch boy holding back a flood by plugging a tiny hole in the wall

with his finger. If we open the hole and let the helmet laws wash through, how do we then stop the flood of laws that say "Helmets or no helmets, people are still dying on those contraptions; let's just get rid of them altogether?"

Or, to paraphrase a German philosopher whose name momentarily escapes me: "First the Nazis came for the gypsies, but I didn't say anything because I wasn't a gypsy. Then they came for the Jews, but I wasn't a Jew, so I kept silent. Later they came for the Catholics, but not being a Catholic, I held my peace. Then they came for me..."

Who are you and the segment of the industry you represent, Don? What are we? The gypsy? The Jew? The Catholic? The philosopher? When you say, "It's easy for me to support a mandatory helmet law; I believe helmets save lives and I always wear one anyway," aren't you betting the entire future of the motorcycle industry on the dubious gamble that the Naders and Claybrooks won't come for you next? It's a bad bet, Don.

If so-called safety is allowed to become the only issue, you eventually run into the obvious truth that the safest thing you can do with a motorcycle is compact it into a brick. You can't argue that one. It is also the safest thing you can do with a car, but this is a nation in which 99 percent of the population must have a car in order to exist. Only we 1 percenters, pardon the pun, must ride a bike. So when it comes time to tote up the cost — benefit ratios — cars won't be outlawed, but motorcycles will. If you and I allow so-called safety — and not liberty — to become the issue.

Jesus, I'm getting windy. There was a whole bunch of other things I wanted to get into, but now I'm out of space. Things like those surveys that show most people who don't buy motorcycles, don't buy them because they're scared. People are scared of the motorcycles themselves, Don, not the idea that they're going to get their head mashed by a semi. Nobody who's afraid he's going to get his skull crushed if he rides a motorcycle rides one, with or without a helmet. He'd be crazy. Nobody, but nobody, who is afraid of a motorcycle will buy one just because a state passes a mandatory helmet law. If the fear of hitting their heads is all that keeps them from buying a bike, why wouldn't they wear a helmet without being ordered to?

And I wanted to tell you a little about what the proper role of the government in protecting the health and welfare of the people should be — to inform, not to coerce. The best example of the government working the way it should in this area is in the tobacco industry. The government, in all its wisdom, decided that cigarettes contribute to cancer. The industry disagreed, but the government felt the people should be protected. So what did they do? They informed the public of

what they had discovered. They required manufacturers to warn consumers of the dangers of using the product. But they did not make it illegal for people to smoke cigarettes. They merely required that you make a conscious choice between puffing pleasure and continued health. It's a choice even heavy-smoking Assemblyman Richard Floyd, whose mandatory helmet bill you support, believes consumers should be allowed to make.

Why are motorcycles different?

And if only, if only I had the space to point out to you how different mandatory seat belt laws and speeding laws are from helmet laws. You know, Don, many people ask why, if drivers have to wear seat belts, why shouldn't cyclists have to wear helmets? But the fact is that if seat belt laws were enforced only 20 percent as stringently as mandatory helmet laws are, there would be, if not an outright revolution, a lot of state legislatures without a single incumbent reelected in the next election. Seat belt laws have worked, purely and simply, because they inconvenience only a few unfortunates. People who believe in them wear them and people who don't, don't, and who cares about them? The concept of individual rights and equal application of the laws was apparently buried with, or possibly before, Jefferson.

Maybe one out of every 10,000 people who doesn't wear a seat belt, and one out of every 2,000 speeders, gets a ticket. In what helmet law state does only one out of 10,000 or only one out of 2,000 or only one out of every ten bareheaded bikers get a ticket? They all get them, except for the handful that manage to sneak from point A to point B without being seen by a cop.

Why, in some states, California being one, a police officer cannot stop and cite a driver for not wearing a seat belt unless that person is also committing some other criminal offense. Next time you talk to Assemblyman Floyd, Don, (we doubt he's talking to us anymore) could you please ask him why his helmet law bill doesn't make it illegal for the cops to pull over helmetless riders unless they are also committing some other infraction?

But, like I said, I don't have the space to talk about all that. I've got to wrap it up with a quick, simple appeal. Don: Don't gamble on the goodwill of the Claybrooks; bet your faith, your prestige as an industry leader, and your obvious skill as a propagandist, on freedom. Don't trade the future for an insincere promise that they won't come for you next... you'll be damn uncomfortable wearing that helmet in a Pinto or Vega.

Freedom, my friend, is like virginity. You can only poke and maul and prod it so far before it goes pop and is gone, completely and irrevocably gone.

For you.

For me.

For everyone.

Forever.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

- ALASKA**
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage
- ARIZONA**
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Creative Cycles 1218 S. Alvernon, Tucson
- ARKANSAS**
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado
- CALIFORNIA**
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Essentials 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 150 Porter Rd., Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Beck's Chopper Design & Fabrication 1292 E. 3rd, Pomona
Carlo's Custom MC Parts 2395 Monument Blvd., Bldg. H, Concord
R.P.M. 1727 National City Blvd., National City
- COLORADO**
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
MC Trading Post 200 N. Commercial, Trinidad
- CONNECTICUT**
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 481 Boulevard, New Haven
- DELAWARE**
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market, Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle
- FLORIDA**
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H.D. Engineering, Inc. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Bustin' Chops 2371 SW 57th Ave., Hollywood
H-D of Seminole 490 W. State Rd. 434, Longwood
Nostalgia Cycle of South Florida 1212 S. Dixie Hwy., Hollywood
Southside M/C Hawg Dept. 5612 S. Orange Ave., Orlando
- GEORGIA**
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna
Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogechee Rd., Savannah
Banshee Cycle 2507 N. Lumpkin Rd., Columbus
- HAWAII**
Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua
- ILLINOIS**
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
- INDIANA**
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 745 E. Virginia, Evansville
Bryan's Speed & Custom MC 16611 County Rd. #38, Goshen
- IOWA**
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 105 E. Euclid, Des Moines
Cycleguide Corp. 1824 Dean Ave., Des Moines
- KANSAS**
Newton Cycle Shop & Leather 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
Rebel's MC Parts & Acc. 1511 Central Ave., Kansas City
- KENTUCKY**
Pappy's Custom Cycles Box 425 Collins Hwy., Pikeville
- LOUISIANA**
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Ed's Cajun Cycle 817 Grand Cillou Rd., Houma
- MAINE**
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland
- MARYLAND**
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown
- MICHIGAN**
Motor City Harley-Davidson 8755 Inkster, Westland
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
- MINNESOTA**
American M/C Supply Rt. 3 Box 396 S. Hwy. 65, Cambridge
- MISSOURI**
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Motorcycle Stuff 4312 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Pappy's Cycle 600 W. College, Springfield
- MONTANA**
Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings
- NEBRASKA**
Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha
D & T Cycle 1026 W. 1st, Alliance
- NEVADA**
Show Bike Performance Center 1786 N. Nellis Blvd., Las Vegas
- NEW JERSEY**
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Charley's Harley-Davidson 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Millville H.D. 1131 S. Second St., Millville
- NEW MEXICO**
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants
- NEW YORK**
Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Zack's V-Twin Cycles 511 Violet Ave., Hyde Park, NY
- Superior MC Parts** 3041 Hempstead Turnpike, Levittown
Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
Genuine Cycle Service 2945 Niagara Falls Blvd., N. Tonawanda
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Carolina Cycle 3704 Bragg Blvd., Fayetteville
Snakes Hawg 1208 N. Berkeley, Goldsboro
Curly's HD Walkertown Shopping Ctr., Walkertown
- NORTH DAKOTA**
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan
- OHIO**
Freedom Harley-Davidson, Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Don's Custom Cycle 7025 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati
Jim Barr, Mowrystown
The Barn 2731 Pan Handle Rd., Lynchburg
- OKLAHOMA**
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Cycledelic Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
CJ's Scooter Shak 399 W. Chestnut St., Washington
Spirit Harley-Davidson 1023 William Flynn Hwy., Glenshaw
Schuch's Inc. Rd. 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg
Nasty Cycle Repair Rd. #4 Box 184, Slippery Rock
Cycle World Rd. #2 Burns Ave., Altoona
Beshore Cycle Co., Rd. 5 Strinestown, York
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
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Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
Country's H-D Inc. 1093 Albright Rd., Rockhill
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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.

Big Joe and his ol' lady, Cathy, were in their backyard one day, when out of nowhere a spaceship landed, and a male and a female alien stepped out. Big Joe, being a righteous dude, offered them a beer and a joint.

They drank and toked for a few hours, and pretty soon they decided to switch ol' ladies for the night. Off they went into separate bedrooms.

"My, but you're well-hung!" exclaimed Cathy when she got an eyeful of the alien's dong. Immediately, the alien slapped his forehead, and his dick grew another three inches. "That's amazing!" she cried, so he hit his forehead a few more times, much to her delight.

Early the next morning, the alien couple got into the spaceship and flew away. Big Joe turned to Cathy and asked if she had a good time last night.

"It was unbelievable!" she replied. "How was your night?"

"Not so hot," Big Joe lamented. "The bitch gave me a splittin' headache — kept hittin' me on the forehead all night long."

—Cindy Petrovic
Clinton, Ohio



"I don't kiss on the first date, but it's the only thing I don't do on the first date."

One day, a lonely farmer was lookin' out his window, and he saw a man goin' from his horse to his cow to his sheep, bendin' down by their faces like he's listenin' to them. The farmer figured he'd better go out an' see what this nut was up to.

He walked up to the stranger and asked, "Just whatdafuck do ya think you're doin'?"

The guy shrugged and said, "I was walking by when your animals called to me — they've got some problems and needed to tell someone."

The farmer looked him in the eye and said, "I think you're crazier'n hell, but just for laughs, tell me what my horse said."

The dude said, "Well, he told me that there's a burr on his saddle blanket that's rubbed a raw spot on his back."

The farmer checked the horse and the blanket, and sure enough, he found just what the guy had said — a sore and a burr. Still disbelief-in', he asked, "Okay, what did my cow say?"

The dude responded, "Your cow said that she has a crack on the inside of one of her teats, and it hurts when you milk her, but that you didn't know it was there."

The farmer crawled under the cow, and sure as shit, there's a painful crack on her innermost teat. As the farmer crawled slowly out from under the cow, he said to the guy, "And what did them lyin' fuck-in' sheep have to say?"

—Bee Kelly
Missoula, Mont.

Do you know where cousins come from? Auntholes.

—Deetcers
Scottsdale, Ariz.

When God decided to teach Adam the ins and outs of the male/female relationship, He pulled him aside and suggested, for openers, that he give Eve a hug.

"What's a hug, God?" Adam asked. The Big Guy explained it to him and sent Adam off to try it out.

Adam came back later, saying, "That was great! Is there more?" So God suggested that he give Eve a kiss.

"What's a kiss, God?" Adam asked, and God explained it to him and sent him off again. Later in the afternoon, an exuberant Adam returned.

"Wow, God! That was really great! Does it get even better?" he asked. God smiled and said yes, it certainly did, and He told Adam that now was the time to make love to Eve.

"What's making love, God?" Adam asked eagerly, and God explained it to him. Adam then went running off to find Eve.

In a few minutes, though, Adam was back, much to God's surprise.

"God," Adam asked, "what's a headache?"

—Linda Lou
Muleshoe, Tex.

After some small talk, this biker asks the airhead in the bar to fuck. "I'd like to," she says, "but I don't want to make any babies. Sorry."

Undaunted, the seasoned bro says, "You don't haveta worry about a thing, honey, 'cause when we screw, we'll only make one part at a time. One fuck makes an eye, another fuck makes an ear, and so on."

The dumb chick buys his story, and they go at it. Later, while they're dressin', she says, "Gee, you were right about making babies — I think we made the nose, because I can feel the snot dripping down my legs right now."

—Buzzed in 119
Livermore, Calif.



"It looks strange, but it's necessary. He has shit for brains."



"Mind if I slip into something more comfortable... like a condom?"

Three old guys in the rest home were talkin' one day; one was 70, one was 80, an' the other was 90. The 70-year-old said to his buddies, "Man, I'd give anything to take a healthy piss again."

The 80-year-old responded, "Hell, I got no problem doing that; I just wish I could take a decent shit every once in a while."

The 90-year-old looked at both of them and said, "Boys, every morning I take a healthy piss between 7:00 and 7:15, and I shit like clockwork at exactly 7:35 — I just wish I could wake up before noon."

—Theresa Lanier
Amite, La.

Q: Why don't babies just pop out when they're born?

A: 'Cause they're screwed in.
—David Kirk
Alberta, Canada

The ultimate rejection: when your hand falls asleep while you're beatin' off.

—Sunshine
Camphill, Pa.

Why did God give women periods? 'Cause they deserve 'em.

—Foreskin
Belle Plaine, Minn.

Easyriders

Easyriders

GLASBERGEN

Bruno and his skydiving instructor peered down at the fields 17,000 feet below. "There's nothing to worry about," the instructor said. "You just jump, count to 100, and pull your ripcord. If that don't work, pull your reserve. There'll be a truck down there to pick you up."

Bruno took a deep breath and jumped out of the airplane. After free-falling, he pulled his ripcord. Nothing. He pulled his reserve. A few cobwebs drifted out of the pack.

"Shit," Bruno said. "I bet that fucking truck's not down there, either!"

—Brady
In the Joint

Did you hear about the little boy who was born without eyelids? When they circumcised him, they took some of the foreskin and made two eyelids out of it.

He's a little cock-eyed, but otherwise fine.

—Stroker Joe
Hinesburg, Vt.

Easyriders



"What the fuck do you mean, you don't deliver beer and Jack Daniel's? We got the fuckin' money!"

Two middle-aged bikers were sitting in a bar, telling each other their most embarrassing moments. One bro admitted that he had been caught watching his parents fucking.

"That's not so bad," said his partner.

"Yeah, but this was only last night," he said.

—Jack Curtis
McAlester, Okla.

There was this bitch from Natchez who was born with two snatches. She said, "Shit, I'd give either tit

For a dude with equipment that matches."

—Sue Logrero
Greensburg, Pa.

Easyriders



"Why is it that every time we go hunting, I always have to be the one who wears these silly old deer antlers?"

Abiker got drunk one night, went home, and crawled into bed with his ol' lady. Lying in bed, he cut a huge beer fart.

"What the hell was that?" his ol' lady asked.

"I'm playing football," he wisecracked. "The score is 6-0."

His ol' lady thought, *okay, you smartass, I'll show you, and she let loose a fart of her own.* "I'm playing, too," she said. "The score's 6-6 now."

The biker laughed and tried to work up a real sizzler, and to his dismay, he shit the bed instead.

"Whatdafuck was that?" his ol' lady asked.

"Half time," replied her ol' man. "We change sides."

—Chris Yoder
Anderson, Ind.

The biker felt weak, tired, and run-down, so he went to see a sawbones. During the physical, he told the doc, "I have sex with maybe five, six broads, three times a day."

"Well," said the doctor, "that's the cause of all your problems."

"Damn, I'm glad to hear that," said the hot-blooded bro. "I was afraid it might be the masturbation."

—Beck the Wreck
Roodhouse, Ill.

Easyriders



"Oh really now, Margie, where do you think his blow-up tube is?"

This Texan biker was braggin' to everyone in the bar about how big everything is in Texas.

"I can go out my front door and ride in any direction all day long and never leave my ranch," he boasted.

A bro at the end of the bar piped up, "Yeah, I had a bike like that once."

—Hangman
Quebec, Canada

Roadside quickie: braking and entering.

—William Bayer
Vienna, Ill.

Definition of a fart: a turd honkin' for the right-of-way.

—J.C. Atwood
Los Alamitos, Calif.

Easyriders



"I've never been arrested, but I'm always being strip-searched."

Although the ol' lady tried to please her man, the poor woman failed regularly. Most often it was at breakfast. If the eggs were scrambled, he wanted them poached. If they were poached, he wanted them scrambled. She couldn't win, it seemed.

One morning, she cleverly poached one and scrambled the other, put the plate in front of her ol' man, and waited for his approval.

Her ol' man took one glance at the plate. "You stupid bitch," he snorted. "You scrambled the wrong one."

—Cool Ed
TDC Tex.

The ripoff artist busts into a bro's garage and begins to hot-wire his sled. Suddenly he feels this hot breath on the side of his neck. He looks over his shoulder and sees a pit bull standing beside him. He thinks, "Oh, fuck!" but the pit bull just continues to stand there, doing nothing, so he goes back to hot-wiring the scooter.

Soon he feels more hot breath at his neck, and he turns around to find another pit bull, bigger and meaner than the first, standing on his other side. This one is just watching him, too.

"Stupid fuckin' mutts," he thinks to himself, and just then a parrot flies up and lands on the sled.

"Whaddaya doin'? Whaddaya doin'?" the parrot keeps saying, over and over again.

Pretty soon the ripoff artist is getting pissed, and he yells to the parrot, "Don't ya know how to say anythin' else, bird?"

The parrot looks at him for a second, then says, "Sic 'im, boys!"

—Robert Clayton
Turlock, Calif.

Didja hear about the one-legged lady who got raped? She couldn't cross her legs to save her ass.

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

A visitor was being shown around the farmhouse. "Built this place with my own hands — the hard way," the farmer boasted. "See the floor? Didn't use no nails; whole thing is dovetailed. The hard way, don't you know. See the ceiling? Didn't use no columns; hangs from a flying beam."

Just then, the farmer's beautiful young daughter walked into the room. The visitor arched his eyebrows quizzically at his host.

"Yup," said the farmer. "The hard way. Standing up in a canoe."

—Beck
TDC, Texas

• *Shawna* •

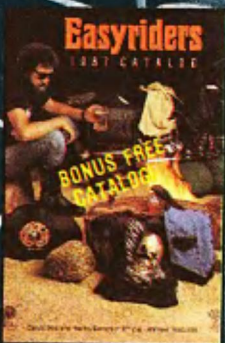
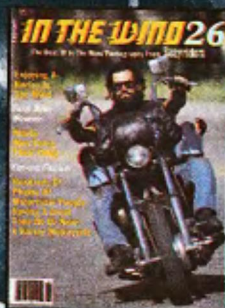
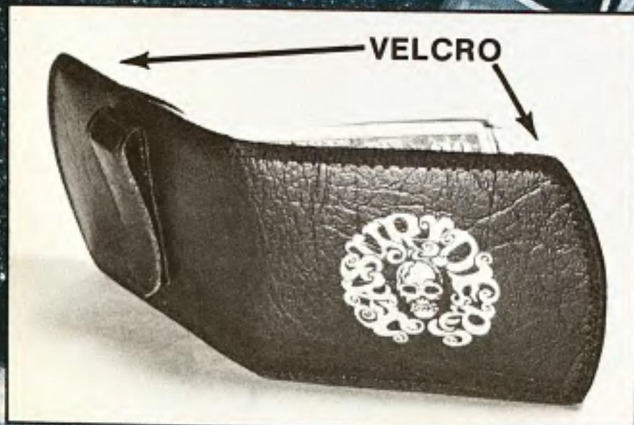


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BUSINESS AS USUAL

by Carl Kohler

Idly watching the pair of voluptuously curved club mamas busily packing the radically chopped knucklehead for the road, Pokerface toked and sipped. Beside him, Moony worried the run aloud.

"Ya rilly wanna ride alone, prez?" asked Moony for the tenth time since the cuddlesome little whores had begun packing the scoot.

"Alone," Pokerface repeated patiently.

"Nobody fer backup? Nobody fer company? Not even one of the mamas fer R and R?"

"Shit, it's only a coupla hunnert miles up to Tinville," Pokerface replied, yawning. "Stop actin' like I wuz fuckin' headed fer Mars."

"Yeh, but supposin' —"

Pokerface sighed. "Fer crissakes, give it a rest, will ya? It's no big thing. Hell, I'll enjoy bookin' up there without listenin' to all the usual static and crapola. It'll gimme a chance to think a few long thoughts. Maybe finish plannin' some club business. Kinda let the wind blow the city stink off me."

"This uncle yer gonna visit — you and him were real tight, huh?"

Pokerface nodded, smiling faintly. "Uncle Flimflam raised me, bro. Taught me to ride. Put me on an ancient Indian when I wuz thirteen. Saw to it that I learned to drink by fifteen. Made sure I punched pussy by sixteen. Half of what I know about money, bikes, cooze, and the fuckin' world at large, that savvy old guy fed into me like I wuz some kinda pimped computer."

"And he wuz an old-timey biker?"

"Betcher ass he was. Charter member of the Road Toads. The *original* Road Toads, organized just before them Boozefighters got it together. All our dumbfuck relatives put him down fer bein' a rebel. Called him a wastrel. A drifter. A failure. And half a hunnert other crummy names. So when my folks were killed in the damned train wreck, ol' Flimflam jist up and hauled ass, takin' his sister's kid along because his dead sis — my

mother — never once nagged him about his need fer various freedoms, see?"

Moony scratched his tawny beard thoughtfully. "And he ran a hotel fer miners in Tinville, where you grew up from snotsucker to wannabe."

"Right."

"The hotel still there?"

"It wuz the last visit I made, about two years ago. But Flimflam was gittin' up in years, so he shut the place down, jist livin' in it with his first legal wife."

"First legal wife?" echoed Moony, grinning.

"Yep. All those years I wuz growin' up, he always had broads. Fer awhile. Shit, I musta had twenny or thirty make-believe mommies, man. Ol' Flimflam got tired of each one as fast as they found him."

"They still married?"

"Far as I know. Whatta pair! Him in his seventies. Her about twenny, twenny-five. Shrewd little bitch, too. Conned the old man into makin' it legal after all them other cunts struck out. Guess Cynthia must have something going fer her that the average doll lacks. Nothin' ol' Flimflam despised more than female stupidity."

"He'll shit hairy bolts, seein' ya ride up," Moony said prophetically. "But I sure as hell wish you'd take somebody along fer —"

Pokerface stood up, stretching and yawning. "Yer the vice-prez. Ya know how to keep things hummin'. Jist stay on top of the club until I get back. Say, a week at most. Quitcher damned worryin'. I'm a big boy. I've got the Python fer company."

Moony nodded grimly.

"Okay, you," said Pokerface, gesturing at the little red-headed mama who was all tits and hips. "I need one fer the road, hon."

The brunette's face fell into a hurt expression.

"All right," boomed Pokerface, "you, too. Always like to start a ride drained of tensions, lusts, and doubts. Makes

"Whatta pair! Him in his seventies. Her about twenny, twenny-five. Shrewd little bitch, too. Conned the old man into makin' it legal."

BUSINESS AS USUAL Continued



for a clearer mind and a better run."

He herded the smirking women into the clubhouse.

Tinville had changed only superficially. The Santa Fe station had been transformed into a small shopping mall. Retail stores had modernized fronts. One street had been widened and closed off, now sporting another shopping center with artsy-fartsy landscaping, fountains, and benches for a three-block stretch. Birk's Grocery *hadn't* changed. Same plank flooring, heavily waxed. Same sawdust sprinkled on the floor behind the meat counter. Same dusty stacks of canned and boxed foodstuffs everywhere, with the same narrow aisles between them.

Owner Terence Birk had changed. Older, grayer, and wearier-looking than ever. Pokerface rolled the antique grocery cart up to the check-out counter, wheels screeching softly. Birk began taking the purchases — cartons of cigarettes, pipes, tinned tobacco, several bottles of whiskey, wine, and gin — from the tarnished cart, hitting the old-fashioned cash register's keys with each item.

"Guess you don't recognize me," laughed Pokerface.

"Yes I do," mumbled Birk, eyes averted.

"Our hotel still standin' out there at the old side of town?" asked a puzzled Pokerface, aware of the man's undeniably guarded tone and expression, and wondering what *that* was all about.

"Dunno. Never get over that way."

An uncomfortable silence hung in the air.

"Well," Pokerface said pleasantly after a few seconds, "my uncle still trades here, doesn't he?"

Tired eyes met his, cold caution gleaming in them as they flickered up and down briefly. "Haven't seen your uncle in almost a year. I don't want any trouble. Not from anybody. That'll be \$87.52."

A chill's icy fingers fondled Pokerface's spine.

"Right," Pokerface said blandly, bringing out a wallet bulging with cash. "Let's keep it businesslike. Please get all this shit in one box so I can bungee-cord it on a bike."

It was the same unfriendly story at the drugstore where he bought magazines Flimflam liked, and at the old bootery where he bought a pair of gaudily decorated snakeskin cowboy boots, which his uncle had always preferred for footgear. Both druggist and merchant behaved in chilly evasion the moment they recognized him.

Tying the carton, boot box, and thick sheaf of magazines onto the sissybar, Pokerface straddled the still-warm machine, staring moodily at his own reflection in a nearby jewelry shop window. The huge, bearded man with the somber, expressionless face and the build of a denim-clad bear gazed gravely back at him. *Sumpin' awful wrong here, he decided. Been here before, and the biker appearance didn't shake anybody up then. And why ain't nobody seen Flimflam in damn near a year?*

The question roiled sickeningly in his gut.

Unhurriedly rolling past five blocks of darkened and boarded-up stores that had obviously gone out of business long ago, Pokerface studied the streets — almost empty of traffic — until he reached the edge of town and the fairly new state freeway that had replaced the old highway which had once taken hungry, thirsty, and sleepy potential customers through the center of town. Continuing through an underpass, he rode another mile past buildings in various stages of decay, looming like drying monsters in the gathering dusk.

Then he was approaching the hotel.

"Holy shit!" he growled softly.

Several flashing neon signs decorated the three-story, block-long building huddled back from the pave-

ment by a hundred yards. All the shrubbery had gone brittle and dead. All the trees had been reduced to bleak stumps. In their place was a dirt parking lot, filled with cars and pickup trucks and a scattering of vans, both old and new. Pulling into the parking lot, he guided the machine around the lines of cages, intending to park his sled behind the building, as usual.

The brand new chain link fence brought him to a halt, his booted feet going from pegs to dirt. Getting off, he listened to the music — western music blaring from the hotel's interior. Leaning the bike on its stand, he unwrapped a length of heavy chain with a large hasp lock, chaining the chopper to a steel fence post. Walking to the hotel's entrance, he stared, fascinated, at the brightly flashing signs. *Beer*, silently shouted one. *Dancing*, shrieked another soundlessly. And a larger one in fancy, blinking letters announced: *Cynthia's Funhouse*.

He went up the sagging wooden steps, crossed the wide porch, and entered the place. Stunned, he stood in the redecorated lobby — looking in all directions, one by one, disbelief flooding him. The dining room had been turned into an enlarged dance hall, complete with a noisy western band. Each hallway offered a different brand of bar. Rodeo Room. Cutie Corral. Slippery Nook. He moved forward, glancing into each crowded room, amazed at the hordes clustered within each small barroom, marveling at the hallways seething with throngs of laughing, loud-mouthed customers — all of them shit-faced and barging past in frenzied, stumbling hurrying. Loudspeakers in the ceiling blared the band's corny beat and close harmony melody. *My God*, Pokerface thought, wandering toward a darker, quieter end of the hallway, *Flimflam's either changed or lost his mind. He hated noise. Crowds made him testy. What the livin' hell's happenin' here?*

Abruptly, the immense redneck in the western clothes stepped out of a doorway into the hall, his expression sullen as he clomped toward Pokerface.

"You lost, fella?" snapped the redneck.

"Not yet," said Pokerface coolly.

"Well, the action is back that-a-way — unless you wanna visit the girls upstairs."

"Sure, let's visit the girls."

"Okay, let's see your membership card."

"Hey, I'm family," chuckled Pokerface, winking. "I'm my own membership card, man."

"You're what?" snarled the redneck.

"I'd like to see Cynthia, my darlin' little aunt by marriage, y'know?"

"You shittin' me?"

Pokerface sighed. "Yer gonna hafta improve yer rotten attitude, asshole, or hunt work. Now stop imitatin' a fuckin' rent-a-cop and let's go see Cynthia while you still have a gravy train job."

The guy led him farther down the hallway, glaring at Pokerface twice, but his beady eyes reflected uncertainty.

* * *

Cynthia's dimly lit office was anything but late ranch style. Everything in it and about it murmured money, money, money.

Thinner, mildly haggard, and looking harder than solid concrete, Cynthia lounged behind the big desk, pale eyes

the mammoth Billy Bob had been joined by two more hefty dudes. All three looked anxious to do more than merely show him out to a parking lot. Apparently Cynthia had done a good job of selecting experienced muscle. The thing now was to go quietly. Pretend to go quietly, anyway. Getting himself stomped wouldn't accomplish much. *Never again*, he vowed silently, *will I doubt Moony's natural instinct.*

"This lousy, long-haired creep really yer nephew?" demanded Billy Bob disgustedly.

"Yeah, by marriage," Cynthia admitted sourly. "If anybody can call existin' with his crummy, old, horny uncle a marriage."

"And you own this operation," Pokerface said in a flat voice. 'Includin' the gash upstairs and the gamblin' in the basement.'"

aimed up at Pokerface.

"Yer uncle?" she said nasally. "Dunno where the crazy old fart went. He just wandered off without sayin' a damned word. That's what I told the sheriff. That's all I can tell you."

"And you own this operation," Pokerface said in a flat voice. "Includin' the gash upstairs and the gamblin' in the basement."

She smiled viciously. "It's all mine. Legally, too. He had no imagination, no guts. I turned this stinkin' mausoleum into a goin' thing. Drummed up the financin'. Made all the arrangements. Put the whole operation together — by myself, see? I own the property, the deals with local bloodsuckers. What passes for law hereabouts is in my purse."

"That figures."

"I don't give handouts, either," she hissed.

"Ya think Flimflam's dead, somewhere?"

A strange expression flickered across her cold face. "Hell, who knows? He might just be wanderin' around, outta his gourd, for all I know."

At that moment, clued by her expressive lapse, Pokerface knew one thing for abso-damn-lutely certain. Flimflam was alive. And somewhere on the premises. It would be just a matter of finding him.

"I'd kinda like to look the place over," he ventured, keeping his face and voice casual. "See all the great improvements ya made."

"Fergit it." Her tone was hardened steel. "We ain't got any fifty-cent tours. Escort this guy to the parking lot, Billy Bob."

Pokerface turned, not surprised to find

Pokerface turned, shoving past the outsized rednecks, leaving the office without a word — his mind swiftly snatching at the details it still contained regarding the hotel grounds. The trio of muscle followed him to the front porch, where one of them couldn't resist shoving him hard down the steps, sending him sprawling onto his face in the sand.

Laughing delightedly, they reentered the throbbing, music-filled hotel.

It'll be interestin' as all hell, Pokerface fumed mentally, to watch that shit-head crawl outta here with broken arms and legs.

Rising painfully, dusting himself off, he ambled along the chain link fence, moving past the locked motorcycle until he reached a far corner of the fence in the darkness. Gathering himself, he clambered over it easily, dropping to the ground on its other side. *Dumb*, he decided with satisfaction. *Anybody else woulda run some juice through the fuckin' fence.*

Slowly, carefully working his way at an angle through the dried, dying, and already dead bushes toward the hotel's rear, he paused, estimating the patches of light from the first, second, and third floor windows he must avoid in order to reach the small brick smokehouse at the far back of the ruined lot. It crouched squatly in the distance, well beyond lighted areas.

Reaching it moments later, he checked the broad steel door, finding it secured shut by three locked bolts which looked a lot newer than the vintage door. Going around to the building's rear, he found the tiny window barred — another new touch and a revealing one. Hunting a rock, he found

part of a brick. Removing his headband, he wrapped it around the half-brick and plunged it between bars, smashing the anciently thin glass, which faintly tinkled in the darkness.

Pausing, he waited, listening acutely for any signs or sounds that might indicate the shattering glass had been heard at the hotel. Considering the decibel level of the shit-kicking music, he doubted the broken window had been detected. Stepping closer to the jagged opening, he redirected his intent listening to within the utter blackness of the smokehouse.

He seemed to hear ragged breathing. A foul stench began flowing from the blackness.

"Uncle Flimflam?" he said softly. "You in there, old man?"

A muted moan answered his question. It quavered piteously from the inner blackness, drifting out to him on the rancid, nauseating odors.

"Hold on, Uncle Flimflam. This is Pokerface. I'll be back tomorrow night. You're as good as sprung, old-timer. Understand?"

A second moan quivered on a rising note.

Instantly, Pokerface began making his way back toward the fence and his machine.

* * *

Slumped exhaustedly on the motel couch, his stocking feet propped atop the knucklehead's saddle, Pokerface gulped whiskey down, hearing Moony's excited voice in the phone he held. Taking a deep hit, he exhaled smoke before interrupting the agitated Moony.

"Shaddup, dammit!" Pokerface barked. "Stuff yer fuckin' suggestions. Jeez, bro, I'm worn out from the ride, from the hassle and from the shock of discoverin' poor old Flimflam in that fuckin' smokehouse. Listen to me. Get the picture. Hear what I want."

"All right," agreed a chastened Moony.

"I can't drag the heat into this, because she probably wasn't lyin' about havin' them in her hip pocket. Which means we gotta do this bit right. You dig?"

"Hell, there's seventy-nine of us patches. And I can round up another twenny hangarounds. We'll jist storm the fuckin' place!"

"Screw that plan, dipshit," Pokerface snapped tiredly.

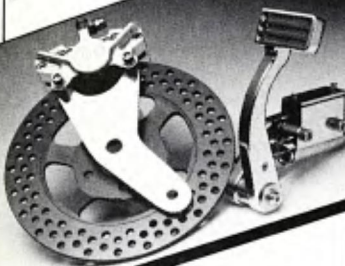
"What, then?"

"Pick about thirty of our best. Only the ones with outstandin' smarts. Proven smarts. Enter town limits from the west. Got that? The west side, which ain't as busy or well lit."

Moony dutifully repeated the specifics.

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"Arrive only in small groups of two or three. We sure as shit aren't gonna announce the whole thing, and we don't make a fuckin' move on the hotel until three in the fuckin' mornin'. Got that?"

Moony echoed the instructions.

Closing his burning eyes, tilting his head back upon the couch's backrest, Pokerface had another hit, smoke slowly dribbling from his nostrils. "I'll be waitin' behind a billboard advertisin' dog food. Repeat, dog food."

"Dog food," echoed Moony.

"South side of the road leadin' to the hotel. Big billboard with a grove of eucalyptus trees behind it. Plenty of room for everyone to pull in there for last-minute briefing."

Moony reiterated all the specifics, taking them from the top with precision.

"Fine, fine," sighed Pokerface, yawning. "Jist don't fergit the van converted into an ambulance. Don't fergit Hairy Gary's doctor cousin."

"Ya think yer uncle will still be breathin', bro?"

Pokerface swallowed hard. "Ya had to ask that, didn't ya, birdbrain?"

"Well, I jist meant —"

"Look, the bitch has had him imprisoned fer Christ only knows how long. Probably starvin' him in hopes his heart will stop. How the fuck much longer he can hang on is anybody's guess. Maybe hearin' my voice, maybe realizin' help is comin', will enable the poor old bastard to survive. I hope so. If he doesn't, I'm gonna make damned sure she pays for him. Totally."

"We'll be there," Moony assured him quietly.

"Jist don't fergit the fuckin' tear gas either," Pokerface mumbled, hanging up.

Thirty seconds later, his snoring filled the room.

* * *

At exactly three-thirty-one a.m. on the scheduled morning, a converted hotel changed hands and was under completely new management.

Entering from the building's rear — after barging with incredible silence and wire cutters through the fence — the intruders swiftly captured a mixture of employees, clients, security members, and one terrified female proprietor. Unnerved musicians and off-duty whores were found hiding under the gaming tables in the basement. One confused client attempted retaliatory violence but lost consciousness — with help — immediately. Billy Bob's anguished screams were quickly muffled, leaving him sobbing with agony and skillfully fractured limbs. Following an hour of chaotic commands, countercommands and subsiding cries,

weepings, and cursings, the bikers were in control of the premises.

As the elderly man's emaciated form, still caked in his own dried excrement and vomit, was carried to the imported medic, Pokerface spent a few moments talking in muted whispers to his aged relative, who seemed to gain some strength from his nephew's words and a few swallows of booze. Shortly thereafter, the ambulance departed via the same unnoticed route it had arrived, bearing the medic, the patient, two blank-faced patches, and a fresh driver.

By five-fifteen a.m., whores were back in their respective rooms — enthusiastically servicing bikers. Kitchen staffers were cooking breakfast. Musicians were peacefully sleeping off a fast drunk. And Pokerface lolled behind the executive desk, grinning grimly at his aunt, who huddled tragically in a chair opposite the carved designs of the teakwood desk. A number of sleepy-eyed, sexually satiated, and semi-shit-faced bikers sat, sprawled, and squatted about the office.

"Whatcha gonna do to me?" Cynthia whimpered.

Pokerface shrugged enigmatically. "Not a whole hell of a lot. Not even what ya deserve. Considerin' what a nice little operation you've built for yer ex-hubby —"

Her eyes widened "Ex-hubby?"

Pokerface nodded, continuing. "— it seems fair to jist change yer status to a divorced woman who signs a fuckin' legal waiver, relinquishin' all her rights to this property. After that, you'll work double shifts in the fuckin', suckin', and romper department until further notification."

Burying her contorted face in her trembling hands, Cynthia wept copiously.

Nobody present made fun of her.

Pokerface's gimlet eyes swept all the faces in the room. "The bottom line, bros, is the club is now in property management. Brother Moony will assume full executive authority. Shit, we may even buy some computers."

"Anything else?" inquired Moony.

Pokerface yawned widely. "Only a new sign that says *Hearty Partyhouse* — and business as usual."

Easyriders



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IN THE WIND



—from S. Draper, Taupo, New Zealand

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 Big Jim, Epsom, N.H.



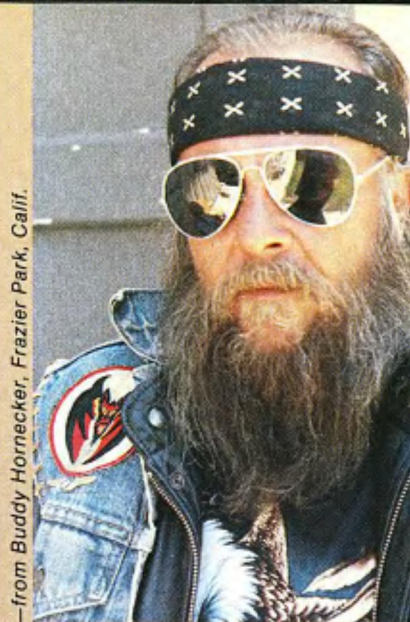
—from Stump, San Berdo, Calif.

—from Shuggs, Cornwall, England

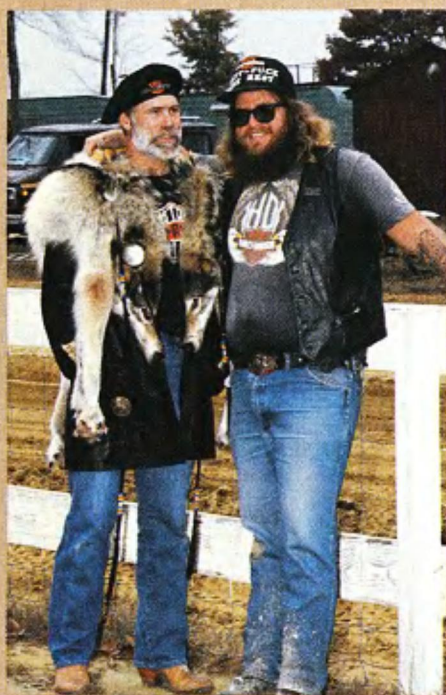




—from Abe Clarkson, Hampton, Va.



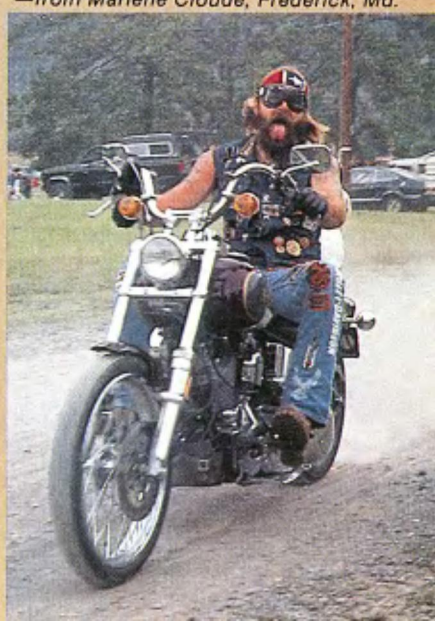
—from Buddy Hornecker, Frazier Park, Calif.



—from Bill Hynes, Baltimore, Md.



—from Sam Deitch, Carlisle, Pa.



—from Marlene Cloude, Frederick, Md.



—from J.D.J.M.W. MC, Heerle, Holland



—from Tom Petrie, Medford, N.Y.



—from Mad Yankee, Litchfield, Conn.

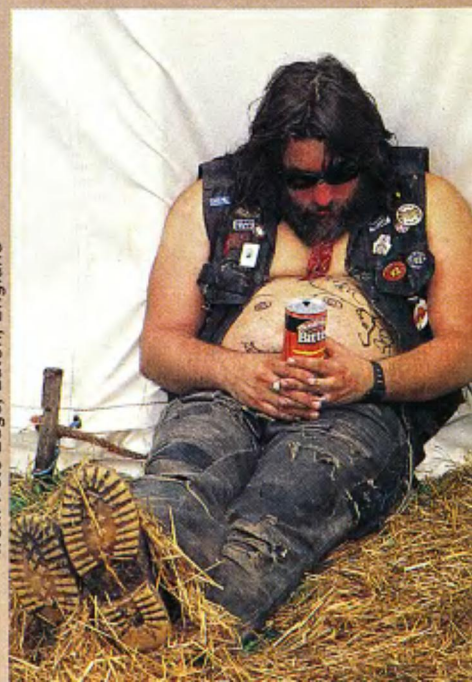
—from Papa Smurf, Armstrong, B.C.



—from Elaine Miller, Eau Claire, Wis.



—from Pete Edge, Luton, England





—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Springs, Calif.



—from Mick Connolly, West Ryde, Australia

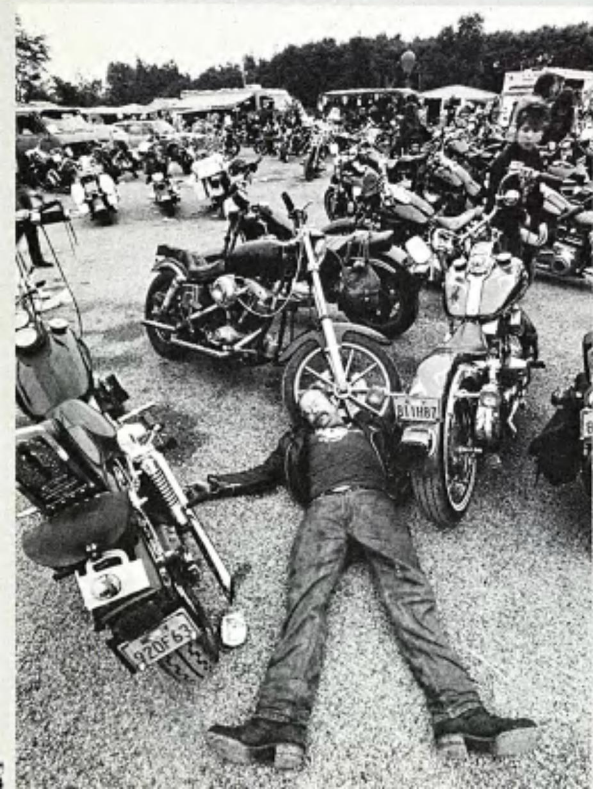


—from Jim Jett, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

—from David Oliver, Larkspur, Colo.



—from Klaes Palmgren, Giutarn M.C, Sweden





—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Klaes Palmgren, Malmo, Sweden



—from Snipe, Lake Worth, Fla.

—from Scott Zimmerman, Mt. Morris, Mich.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Ox, Oxnard, Calif.





—from Dave Mellies, Santee, Calif.



—from Nick Chambless, Anderson, Ind.



—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.



—from Big Jim, Epsom, N.H.

—from Ian Mutch, M.A.G., London, England



—from Mac, Lahr, West Germany

Department of Transport 2 M

South Tower Entrance

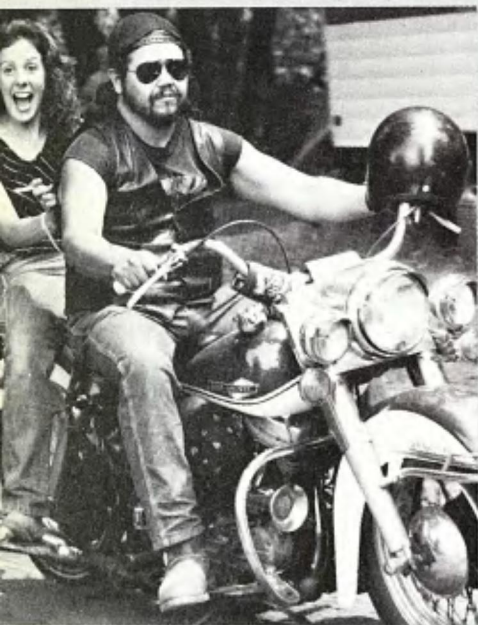




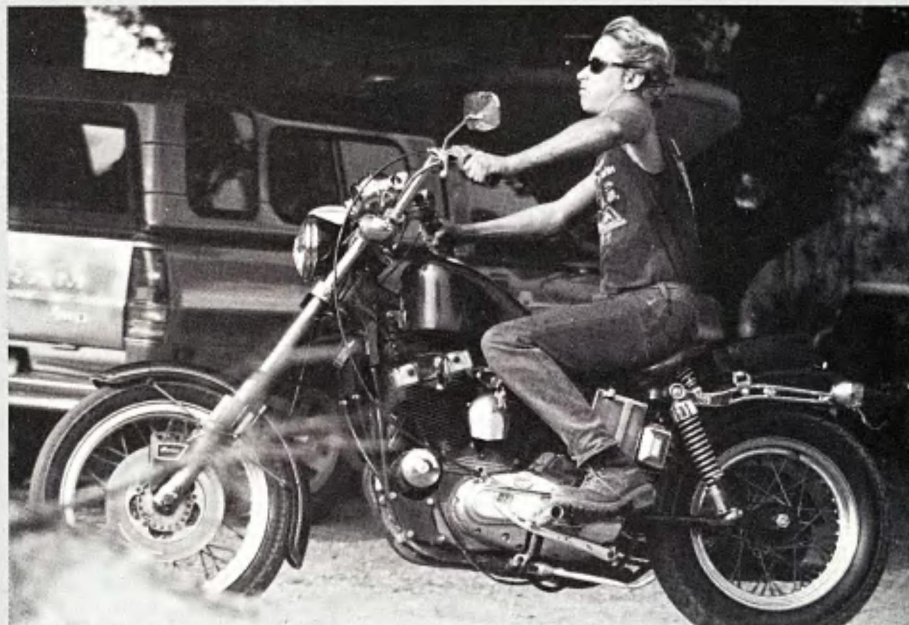
—from Harold Thomas, Hogansburg, N.Y.



—from D. Lockwood, Long Beach, Calif.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



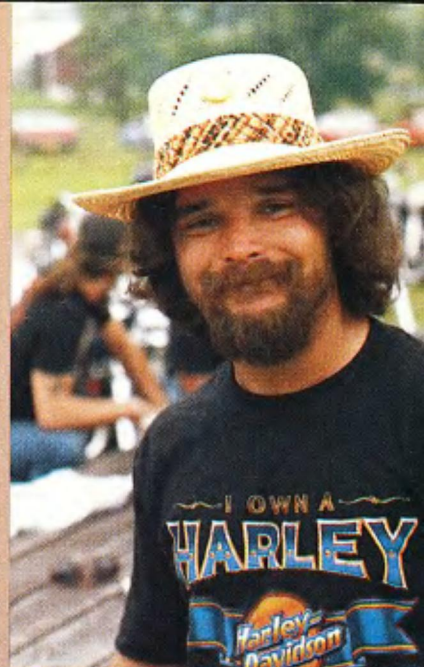
—from Rusty, Chatsworth, Calif.

—from Dangerous Dave, Claypool, Ariz.





—from Jimmy Johnson, Charleston, S.C.



—from Sgt. Rock, Mapleton, Pa.



—from The Squeak, Costa Mesa, Calif.



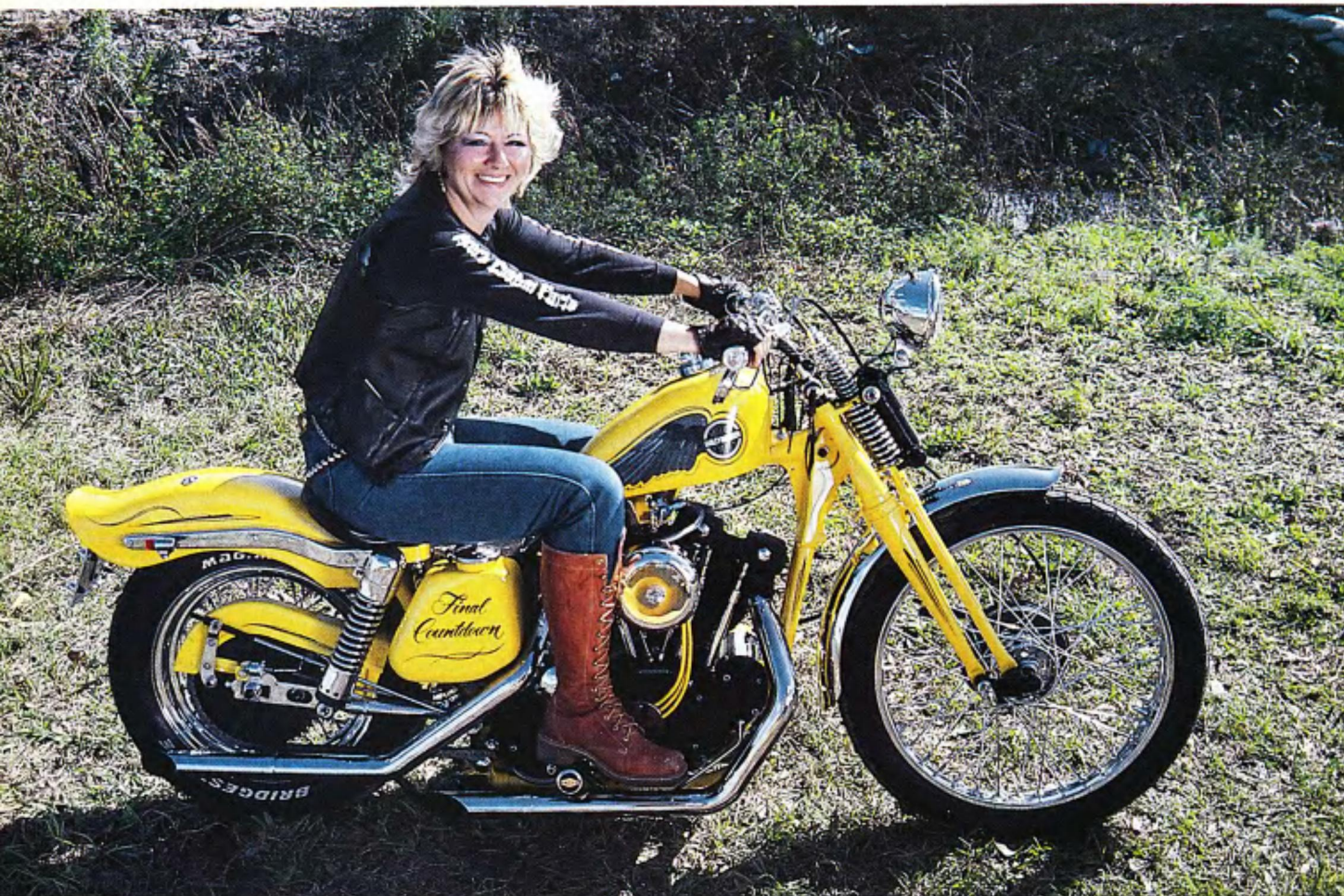
—from Chris Wanner, Reading, Pa.

—from Mike Leslie, Sellersburg, Ind.





FOXY RIDERS



**Jackie Tatro, Edgewater, Florida
1972 Harley-Davidson Sportster**

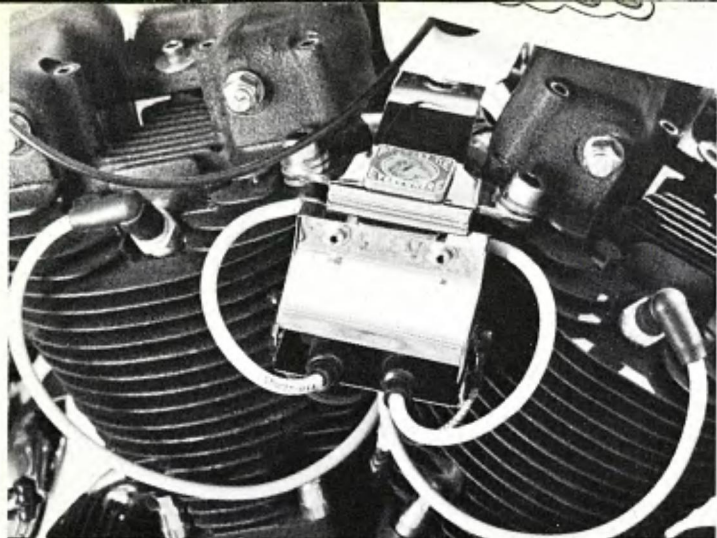
Seated on the asphalt with polishing rags, cleaning solvents, and an audience to watch her every stroke was how we encountered Jackie Tatro at the Harley Sportster Ride-In Show at Daytona. Her sunburst-yellow Imron paint soaked up a rare day of Floridian spring sunshine, the bike standing out as a jewel amongst the field of fine rides.

Later that week, at Harley Heaven, we linked up again and photographed *The Final Countdown*.

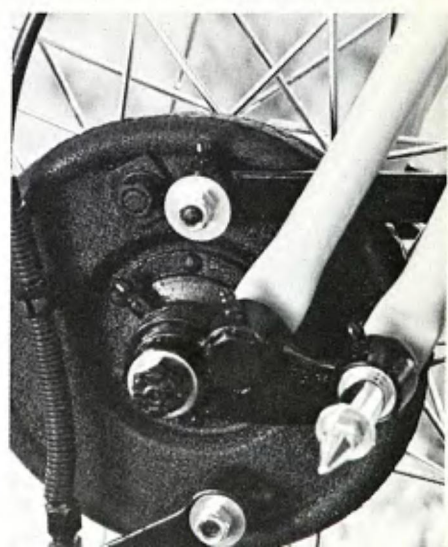
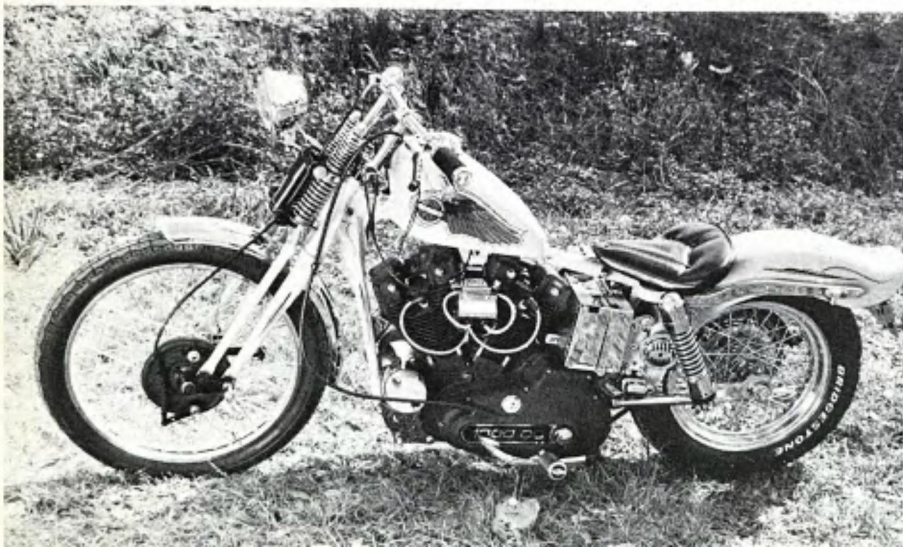
Jackie and her ol' man, Bernie (himself previously featured in ER 145) have combined more than three years of collecting parts and one month of bolt-up time to produce this sharp little killer bee roundabout.

The frame is stock '72, as is the trans with the exception of a Trock door. Adding style and class are the 1947 springer forks, fat-bob rear fender, dogbones, and drag bars. One helluva sporty little Sportster.

—Buster

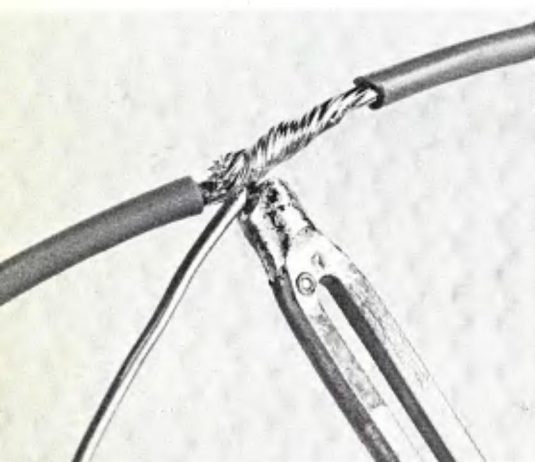


Photos by Kim Peterson



SOLDER UP, SOLDIER

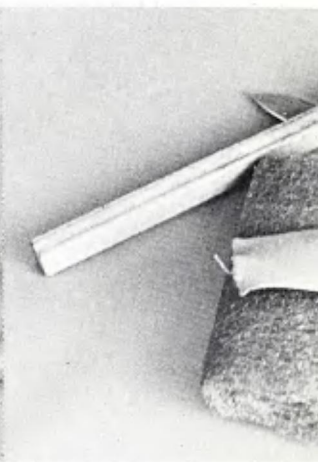
By Joe Minton



You should feed solder into the joint between the gun and wires.



Soldered, crimped/soldered, and crimped connections.



Tools to get things clean enough to solder.

Most electrical failures happen where wires get connected to something. It is much more likely that you will get parked because of a bad connection than because your alternator, regulator, ignition switch, or some other component fails. One of the more common ways that wires fail is for the wire to break at the end of a solder joint.

The quality of a solder joint and the way in which the wire leading from that joint is supported can mean the difference between having no problem and having a broken wire. Well supported and properly executed solder joints will seldom give any trouble. A good solder joint is actually easier to do than a bad one. We're gonna show you how.

The single most important factor in good soldering is cleanliness. It isn't the only one, though. Vibration, together with a poorly soldered and supported wire, can lead to a break where the solder and the wire meet. Too much solder and heat can be as bad for a sound connection as too little solder

or not enough heat. Things need to be done just so.

Of all the things you can do while soldering, the most important is protecting your eyes. Wear glasses of some kind. It is no exaggeration to say that one small drop of solder in your eye can blind it — forever. A piece of wire that springs away from a joint while the solder is still molten will toss drops of solder, any one of which can blind you.

Good soldering isn't difficult. Like nearly everything else, it's simply a matter of knowing what is important and getting some practice.

The solder we use for electrical connections is a mixture of tin and lead. The most common mixtures will have 40, 50, or 60 percent tin, with the rest being lead. All three will melt at 361 degrees Fahrenheit but will flow at different temperatures. The most common tin/lead mixture, 60/40, will flow at 370°, 50/50 flows at 420°, and 40/60 at 460°. The 60/40 will tend to give a cleaner solder joint and one that can be finished more quickly.

As you can see, solder

melts at a much lower temperature than any metal we would use it on. By definition, soldering is the joining of two metals by melting another metal onto them without melting either of the pieces being joined. Brazing is soldering at temperatures over 800°. Welding, of course, is the joining of metals by actually melting them.

Most of the time we will be soldering parts that are copper, like wires, to terminals, but copper wires can be easily soldered to steel. Ordinary solder won't stick to aluminum or stainless steel, which need special solders and fluxes.

The technique of soldering centers on cleanliness. Not the sort of cleanliness you get when you wash your hands, but chemical cleanliness, right down to the bare, non-oxidized metal. Iron oxide (rust) won't stick to solder, and neither will copper oxide.

There are several simple ways to get wires clean enough to solder. They can be scrubbed clean with a wire brush or steel wool. They can also be sanded or scraped clean. The purpose of these operations is to get the

parts ready for the flux.

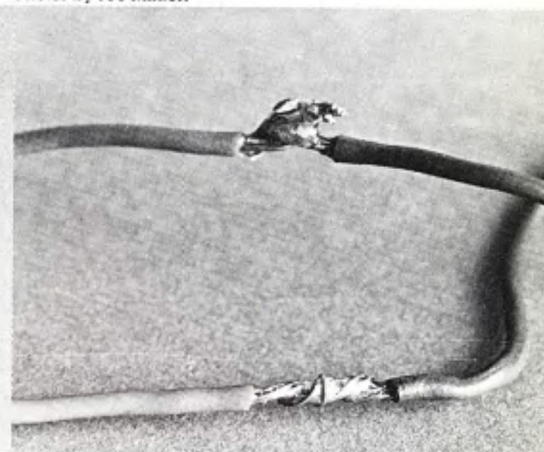
Flux chemically cleans and protects the surfaces to be joined as they heat to soldering temperatures. While plumbers use something like battery acid to help them join copper pipes, that acid should never be used to solder electrical equipment. The acid will wick up the wires, under the insulation, and corrode the wires into junk. In fact, all you will likely ever need comes in the middle of ordinary resin-core solder.

As resin-core solder melts, it releases the flux that is, like its name implies, derived from tree sap. The resin melts, runs ahead of the solder, and cleans the surface of the wires, keeping it covered from the air until the solder can wick along behind it. If a surface is reasonably clean when you start, the resin will ensure a solid bond between solder and the parts it joins. The trick in using solder is to apply it to the surfaces to be joined as soon as they are hot enough to melt it. More on that in a minute.

The main reason electrical wire has many strands

Tech Tip

Photos by Joe Minton



Get a good soldering gun, some resin-core solder, and a little non-acid flux — you're on your way.

Solder joints, one good an' one bad. The upper example was rushed an' didn't get hot enough.

is not to simply make it easy to move around, although that is an important one; it is to reduce the chance of the wire breaking due to vibration. Now maybe your Hog doesn't shake, but everyone else's does, and copper wire can't take too much of that sort of thing. Many small strands of wire can withstand much, much more of the flexing that goes along with vibration than a single wire can.

When you solder a multi-strand wire to something, you make a part of it, at the end, into a large solid wire — one that is much more sensitive to the effects of vibration. Now you know why wires tend to break next to a solder joint. There are two ways to get around this problem, actually three. First, don't let the solder run too far up the wire strands. Second, support the wire so that any flexing or vibration isn't concentrated at the wire/solder joint. The third way? Use a well designed crimp-on connector if you can, one that grabs the insulation as well as the strands of wire itself.

The best soldering iron

to use for virtually any work you'll need to do on your motorcycle is the Weller 550 soldering gun or its equivalent.

Okay, now let's go over soldering a joint (not rolling one). First, of course, make sure that the wires or connectors are clean, really clean. Second, wrap the wires around each other or the connector, or in some other way support the joint so that it will not move as the solder cools.

Get out your pound of resin core 60/40 solder (.032" diameter is best) along with the Weller iron. Make sure that the screws that hold the replaceable tips in the soldering iron are tight, so the joint is good. Check the condition of the tip of the gun; if it is dirty, heat the gun and clean the hot tip with a piece of steel wool or small wire brush (remember the glasses), then add solder to the tip to make sure it is coated with solder (tinned).

Heat the gun before you touch it to the work. As you touch the tip of the gun to the joint, melt a little solder into the junction of the soldering gun tip and the wires. This will

melt some of the resin onto the joint, which will then run ahead of the flowing solder, cleaning the wires as it goes. As soon as the first solder melts between the tip of the gun and the joint, pull the solder away and continue to heat the joint with the gun until it is hot enough to make the solder flow.

As soon as the bit of solder you melted onto the joint begins to flow, add more solder and feed it into the joint until the entire joint is coated. Now, pull the solder away and leave the gun's tip on the joint for another second or so. Pull the gun away and let the joint cool without shaking it. If the solder joint is moved as the solder cools, you may get a bad connection — one that will not pass electricity all that well and one that can be shaken apart quickly by all those Big Twin power pulses. A really good solder joint will have all the wires coated with solder, yet you will be able to see the individual strands.

There are three mistakes that you are likely to make if you are new at this soldering business: too much

solder, not enough heat, and too much heat. Too much solder can hide a joint that didn't get hot enough to make the solder flow around the parts to be joined. Too much heat will let the solder flow too far up the strands of wire and raise the likelihood that they will fail from vibration.

A sound solder joint isn't always enough to ensure reliability; the wires leading away must be supported so that the weight and shaking of a wire won't be concentrated at the junction between the individual strands and where they are soldered together to form one large wire. Never put tension on a soldered wire. There should always be some slack or loose wire leading away from a soldered joint. You can make it look great if you form a small loop or spiral (pigtail) out of the wire next to the joint.

A sound, reliable solder joint is a thing of beauty. When you get the feel of it, you'll be able to forget about bad joints. You'll know it was done right, because you did it yourself. ■

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Two-Wheel Tale

Spring Run

by Karen Griffin-Shuman

Finally! It's spring. The sun is shining. And the kids are all in school. Now I get to take my first run of the year with my ol' man, Racer. Oh, he's been up and running since the snow melted off, but I always like to wait until the first warm, sunny day of spring. I like to make this run as good for my man as he makes it for me.

Leaning back against the bar, I can already feel the warmth of the sun soaking through my shirt. Sighing, I relax against Racer and let the vibrations only a Harley can give run through my body. When we start to move, I stretch out a little more, spreading my legs wider to let Racer lean back into me. I am ready for the kind of ride I know my ol' man likes to give.

Easing out onto the road, slipping into the traffic as easily as he slips into me on a cold winter night, Racer heads for the country roads, where we can ride easy and free and alone. As we move farther out of town, he begins to open it up, knowing how to turn me on with the deep vibrations of his scooter. Feeling me tremble with pleasure, Racer runs his hand slowly up the outside of my leg. Laughing, he leans hard into my body and opens it up all the way. He knows I'll be hot before the next mile ends. We've got all day, and lots of open road to ride.

Feeling the wind in my hair, the sun on my face, smelling the fresh spring air and the still-damp earth of winter, I watch the muscles in Racer's body ripple with power as he takes us low into another corner. I

can feel the heat from the Harley and from Racer's body mixing with my own heat. My ol' man feels it, too, and he slides farther back, resting his head between my tits.

We have been heading towards an old cabin that has been empty forever — at least, it has been empty for as long as Racer and I have been together. We found it on our first spring run, twelve years ago. Just thinking of all the fun we have had inside those walls makes me even hotter. I remember the secluded meadow, just before the cabin, with a little creek running through it. I wonder where Racer will lay me down today?

I know we're getting close; we just crossed the old bridge. Swinging low into another corner, Racer takes my hand and guides it between his legs. I feel him straining hard against his leathers, and I know we won't make it to the cabin first today.

Turning into the field, Racer begins to idle down. Knowing what those low Harley vibrations do to me, he just smiles as he kisses the curves of my neck. Even as he shuts the scooter down, I feel the heat building, deep inside my gut. Taking my hand, he pulls me down beside him, onto the damp coolness of the new grass. With the clean smell of earth and the hot smell of Harley oil surrounding all my senses, I am more than ready to give my man a ride that will equal the one he has just given me. As he slides gently into my body, we begin to move steadily towards the climax of another spring run. ■

Easyriders



Easyriders

FOX HUNT

A New Twist On An Ol' Contest

**Make \$500 by being selected to model for an *Easyriders* feature!
New winner every month!**

OKAY, BROS — here's a chance to share your favorite hardbelly with all bikerdom on the pages of *Easyriders*! We're huntin' for the foxiest, real-live, bike-lovin' women to show their stuff.

It works this way — if your entry is selected, you get \$150 for sendin' in the photo; the cutie gets \$350 for modeling at our studio or location. (Girls, send in your own photo and grab the whole \$500!) We'll even throw in round-trip air fare and deluxe accommodations at a ritzy hotel Spider doesn't know about (or isn't allowed in) and maybe — just maybe — even a ride on a Harley.

The winner is selected by our lecherous staff, based on how many votes are received and the reason given why you want to pose for *Easyriders*.

All entrants must be 18 years of age or older, and the model release form on page 69 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, unless the model release form is accompanied by a photocopy of the model's driver's license, showing signature and photo of the model.

Ladies, one last favor. In your own sweet, legible handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), tell us exactly why you want to be the *Easyriders* monthly fox feature. The scuzworthy staff will be gruntin', sweatin', slobberin', and letchin' over your flicks until the wee dark hours of the night, tryin' to get a grip on themselves to pick the monthly finalists, and your 25-word message of inspiration just might make the difference between a no-go and a hell-yes, so give it your best shot.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives (color slides are best). Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decisions are final.

Readers, exercise your God-given right as a biker and a reader of this rag — vote *now*. The deadline for this month's issue is June 30, 1987. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #169 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

PAM



DONNA



UNRULY JULIE

A rose by any other name would still be a rose, and Julie by any other name would still be unruly.

J.T. decided to do somethin' new an' give you lust-crazed lugs a better shot at seein' the chicks you elect Ol' Lady of the Month. He figured that instead of just running one shot of each winner, we'd do a whole photo spread on each one. And for the first one, he decided to invite the winner of the February Fox Hunt, Unruly Julie, down to Daytona, Florida, to have her shots snapped by all our best lensheads.

Naturally, the first question we asked after we dragged her offa the dog from Savannah was how she got the name. "A teacher in grammar school called me that because I was always getting into

mischief," she said. "I'm not *like that* anymore."

Hell, no! She ain't Unruly Julie no more. She's a real Tranquil Tillie now. You bet. So who was that girl rippin' souvenir posters off'n the walls of the The Last Resort, almost getting thrown out of the ABC Lounge's wet t-shirt contest for cutting her t-shirt off *above* the nipple, sitting five feet off the ground on the arm of some eight-footer she'd never met before?

Who was that girl? Looked like Unruly Julie to us, and we loved every minute of her company... in spite of her bein' still *like that*, or more probably because she is still unrepentantly unruly.

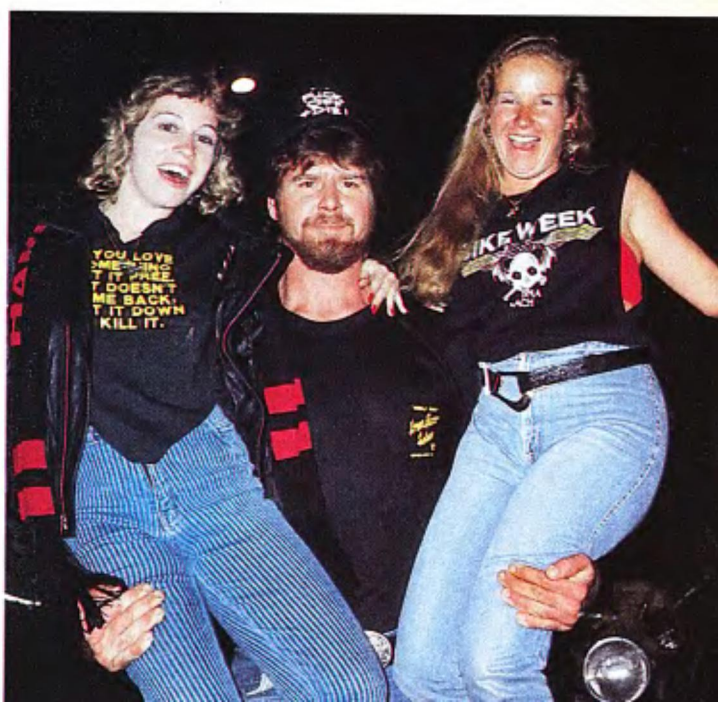
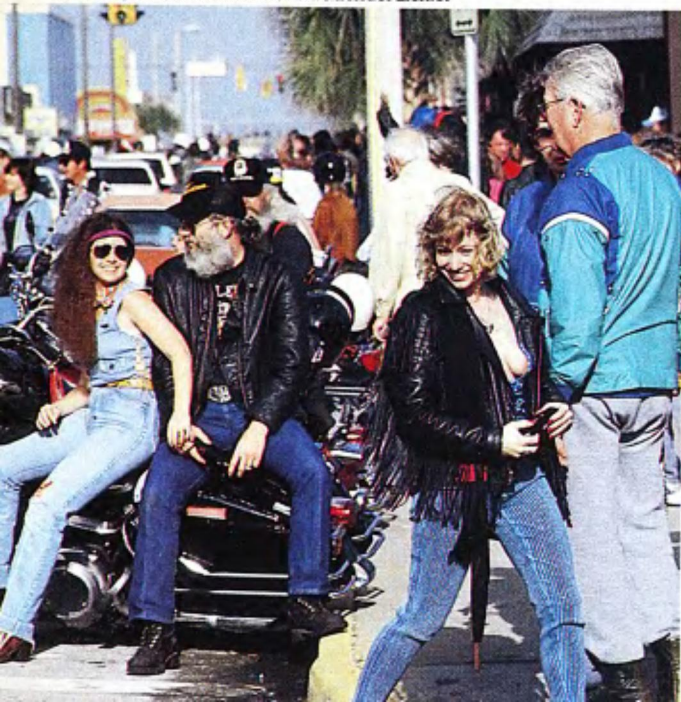
Ya done voted good, troops.

—Wheels





Photos by Kim Peterson, EKB, and Michael Lichter



Easyriders FOX HUNT

A New Twist On An Ol' Contest

JUDY



STACY-LEE



LYNN



LITTLE RED



LISA



DIANE



Bros, it's up to you — choose which one of these honeys ya want to see more of in **Easyriders**. The deadline for this month's issue is June 30, and we'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #169 **Easyriders** Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Here she is, bros, the second winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Cheryl, from Lowell, Michigan. See more of her in next month's issue.

VALENTINE



GILLEY



THERESA



FOX HUNT
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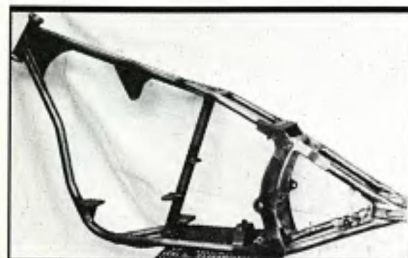
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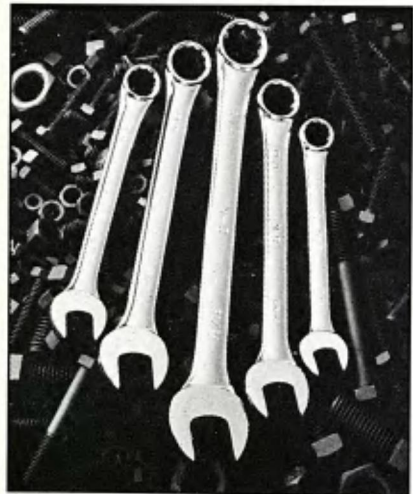


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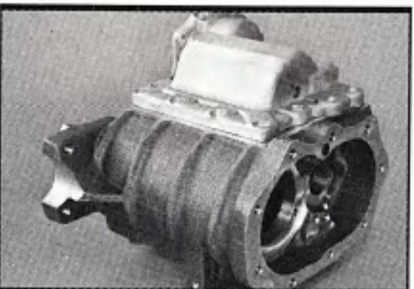
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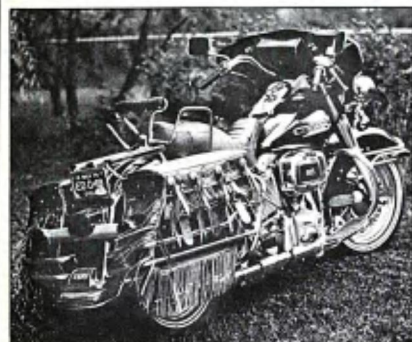
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Two-Wheel Tale

Debby's Lament

By Debby

It all started the day Donald bought the motorcycle. It was a Wednesday. I remember, because "Dynasty" was coming on television that night.

Anyway, some guy I'd never seen before brought this motorcycle over to our house, mostly in boxes — big, greasy, cardboard boxes — and Donald paid him for it with money he had withdrawn from our savings account. That shocked me. We'd been saving that money for our vacation to Disney World, for goodness sakes!

Donald spent three straight days and nights in the garage with that stuff, working on putting it together until he fell asleep in the middle of all those gear-things and oil and stuff, and then he'd wake up only to start working again. Why, the only time he came into the house at all was to grab a sandwich and a couple of beers. And occasionally a little one-fall-ten-minute-time-limit wherever he happened to catch me.

I didn't know what the matter was, but I was getting worried. I tried to talk with him, but he just ignored me. He had already missed three days in a row from his job as a bank clerk — a *good* job that Daddy got for him. I might add — and I told him I was afraid he'd get fired.

"I already quit," he informed me calmly, not even looking up from the mess in front of him.

I almost fainted. "What? Are you crazy?" I wailed at him. "You can't quit your job!"

"Shaddup an' git me a beer," was the only response I got from him.

I ran into the house, flung myself on our bed, and cried my baby blue eyes out. What had I done, I wondered. What terrible thing could I have done to turn my sweet 'n' neat sensible Donald into the degenerate in our garage that would rather sleep in a pile of motorcycle parts than with me?

I'm real pretty. Daddy always told me that. And so what if I might be a little plump? That just means there's more of me to love, is all. And we'd had a good first year. Donald would come home from the bank, and I would have the house all pretty for him, and I'd fix dinner from recipes I clipped from *Better Neighborhoods* magazine. Then we'd sit around and watch TV until

bedtime. I just couldn't understand what had gone wrong.

Pretty soon, other guys started coming over on their own motorcycles, helping Donald out with something or another. They always looked mean and dirty. I didn't like them much. The women that sometimes came with them didn't impress me, either. When they looked at me, I always felt uncomfortable, the way they would throw me a disapproving glance up and down, and smirk. Well, I was a banker's daughter! Who were they to disapprove of me?

Well, anyhow, one day I was in the living room watching "Wheel of Fortune," when this godawful noise suddenly scared me out of my wits. It sounded like an explosion! I ran to the kitchen door that opened to our garage, halfway expecting to find Donald blown to smithereens. Instead, he was sitting on that damn motorcycle, grinning like a kid. He had finally gotten it to run.

Donald was hardly ever home after that. When he did come home, it was usually with some of his new buddies. They'd mostly stay in the garage, drinking beer, shouting obscenities at each other, and laughing drunkenly. Why, you couldn't even hear the TV with all that racket.

Anyway, two things happened after that that made me realize that my marriage to Donald was over. The first was on my birthday. I was afraid Donald had forgotten, because he hadn't mentioned it or anything, but he came in late that afternoon carrying a large box.

I was elated! He hadn't forgotten my birthday, after all. He still loved me! I jumped up from the sofa where I had been watching my favorite soap opera, "All My Problems," and threw my arms open wide.

But my joy turned to despair as he walked past me to the door that led to the garage. There he opened the box, pulled out this little pot-looking thingamajig, and started bolting it to the motorcycle.

I was shattered! I tried to hide it, but at that very moment I wanted to just die!

The other thing that made me realize our marriage was over was when I met Tony.

Tony was assistant manager at the grocery store where I always shopped. They were shorthanded on help one day, and he was helping

out up front, and when he carried my grocery bags to the car he smiled, and — well, anyway, we started seeing a lot of each other after that, and one day, while Donald was out who-knows-where with his buddies, doing only who-knows-what, I packed my things. Tony picked me up, and we left town that very afternoon.

Tony was a dream come true: good-looking, a neat dresser, and he always made love gentle and easy, the way I like it.

Daddy approved of Tony — he would have approved of almost anyone after Donald changed —

and used his connections to get Tony a job as a bank teller in one of his banks, and he even helped us buy a new house.

Life was good with Tony. He'd come home from the bank in the afternoons, and we'd spend quiet evenings watching TV. Everything was just great. Until last week, that is.

I still don't know exactly what happened, because he wouldn't tell me, but Tony came home early one day, with no warning, and announced that he had quit his job.

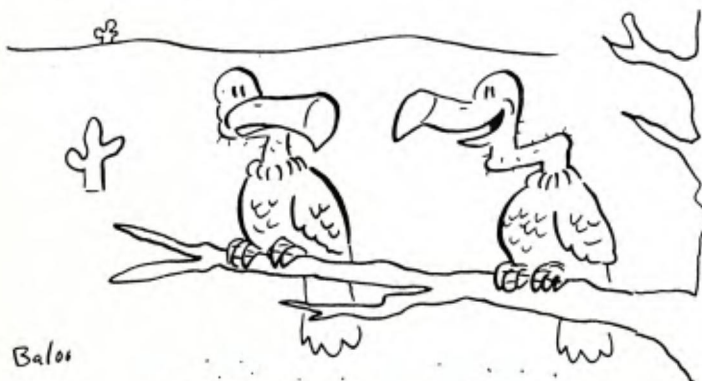
And just today, he bought a motorcycle. . . ■

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Remember the time you got really loaded before leaving the bar and forgot to put your feet down when you got to the first stop sign? How about the night you met that stone fox who arrived at the club next to some dude in a cage and left behind you on your scooter? Didja ever feel the adrenaline rush that comes from outrunnin' a county mountie?

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INTERVIEW

Dave Zien: The Eagle and the Flag, Part 2



Photo from Dave Zien

Last month we ran the first part of a wide-ranging interview with Dave Zien, an ex-combat Marine who ran for political office in Wisconsin, with a Harley as his campaign plane and an American flag as his political platform. During Part One of the interview, Dave talked about his lifelong love of bike riding, his experiences in Vietnam, and his feelings of guilt at having made it back alive while so many of his fellow grunts did not.

In the concluding part of "Dave Zien: The Eagle and the Flag," Dave describes his unique brand of campaigning for office (you won't find Madison Avenue coming up with creative campaign ideas like the Senior Zip-A-Long or the Dunk-A-Candidate fund-raiser) and explains why he thinks he can someday ride his Harley straight into high public office.

EASYSIDERS: Why did you decide to run for elective office? Do you think the government needs to be changed?

DAVE ZIEN: I'm a very patriotic person. I believe very strongly in the United States and what it stands for. We have the greatest nation on earth, no question about it. We have the freedom, the flexibility, the latitude to express ourselves any way we want. I like our government, but the fact is that some of the people in the government could be better.

ER: During your campaign, you made no secret of the fact that you are a Harley rider. You used your Hog, in fact, the way other candidates use a campaign plane. Did your opponent try to exploit this biker image?

DZ: Not really, but he did call me Rambo. Right after the movie

became popular, he started calling me that, so I tried to turn it into a blessing by going on television and radio and pointing out that Vietnam veterans are not fictional heroes, they are real-life heroes.

The funniest thing my opponent did was when he accused me of riding a Japanese bike.

ER: You spent your entire campaign crisscrossing the district on a flag-waving Harley, and your opponent accused you of riding a rice-grinder? How could any Wisconsin politician not know where Harleys are made?

DZ: I don't know, but he did accuse me of that, and some of his fellow Democrats in the legislature said the same thing. Every time that particular bit of nonsense would come up, I'd take people right outside and make them read the Harley logo and the "Made-in-America" decal.

ER: What is the most important thing the bike did for your campaign?

DZ: It provided me with recognition far out of proportion to the money I had available for advertising.

What happened is that I was virtually unknown in the district I was running in. I live in the far, far remote rural area of the district, way to the east of the district's major population center. And not only was I running against a 16-year incumbent, but the district is a very Democratic district and I was running as a Republican.

In other words, I ran against almost impossible odds, and I needed something to capture attention and focus the voters' minds on what the race was really about. And that was the Harley and the flag.

ER: As a newcomer to politics, did you have a lot of trouble getting the

GOP nomination, or was the party just happy to have somebody volunteer to take on a suicide mission?

DZ: Some members of the party took that approach. They thought I was crazy to challenge such a formidable foe, but they figured what the hell, somebody's got to do it.

Initially, my opponent had the same attitude. He tried to laugh me off for the first couple of months. After a while, though, he got serious because the polls started to show me in the lead. In fact, according to the polls, it looked like I was going to win right up to the end.

ER: What happened?

DZ: Right before the election, the Democrats launched a massive phone-calling barrage against me. They called every Democratic voter up and said, "We're in trouble, haul down to the polling place and take all your friends and relatives with you."

ER: That reminds me of that old saying about how it doesn't matter whether you won or lost, that what counts is how you played the game. You played the running-for-office game differently than anyone I ever heard of, and had a lot of fun doing it. What were some of your stunts?

DZ: Well, one of my favorite campaign activities was giving Harley rides to senior citizens. We called that the Senior Zip-A-Long and despite some initial laughter from the established politicians, the people really liked it.

ER: Didn't you also offer Vice-President Bush a ride?

DZ: Almost. He had heard about my motorcycle and flag, and when I was in a group of people being introduced while he was campaigning in Wisconsin, he made some remark about it. Unfortunately, the receiving line I was in was moving too fast for me to invite him to go for a ride. I did ask some of his Secret Service guards to relay the invitation to him, but they stared as if they were looking right through me and shook their heads.

ER: What are some of the other things you did during your campaign?

DZ: In addition to riding all over the district, I also ran door-to-door. I think the most I hit was 600 houses in one day. I'd run up and knock on the door and say, "My name is Dave Zien and I'm running for state representative; I'm running to be your public servant." Invariably, people would smile. They'd see me sweat and they'd say, "You are running, aren't you?" A couple of people



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asked me why I was running, and I said that I wanted to show people that I'm willing to work hard. The people just loved it. I never got any negative criticism on that, either. It was very well taken.

ER: What about the work program that you had?

DZ: Ah, the Zinger Work-Share. I'd work a couple of hours a week at somebody's house, business, factory, or whatever.

I did everything from cleaning yards, to repairing fences, to unloading feed sacks. In fact, one day I unloaded 16 tons of feed sacks. The day I did that, I released a song about my opponent. It was called "Sixteen Years and What Do You Get?" and was based on the Tennessee Ernie Ford classic, "Sixteen Tons." Some of the words went like this:

Sixteen years and what do you get?

The same representative and deeper in debt.

You work in the fields and what do you see?

Your money being wasted by bureaucracy.

I had a semi-professional singer make a record of the song, and I played it at different meetings I would go to. . . (singing) sixteen years and whaddaya get. . . da, da. . . most of the people really liked it. I didn't play it at all the meetings, though, because I had some hostile audiences.

ER: What did your opponent think of it?

DZ: He was very, very upset by that song. He was really bent because I'd taken a famous tune and used it to make fun of him. Playing it was really like sticking needles under his skin.

ER: Getting back a bit, what was the purpose behind the Work-Share program?

DZ: I worked at a junkyard one time, ripping apart old cars and salvaging them. And that guy asked me the very question you just did. He

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"...so if we both shit in the ocean for another eighty years, the environmental people may find us."

says, "Why are you out here?" I told him that I felt that if I worked alongside people in their environment, talking to them on different levels, we'd see the different dimensions of the world of work, the different ways in which legislation and politics affect how we earn our living. I told him that maybe I and the people I was working with would find things to agree on, and maybe we wouldn't. I told him that the important thing was that I get to know them if I was going to represent them in the legislature. I told him that I thought I could get to know people better if we labored together, sweated together. Well, we were both already sweating pretty hard from salvaging these cars, so that made us both laugh.

Seriously, though, I really think that there is something about working alongside of a person in his or her environment that can help an officeholder know and understand his constituents.

ER: Had you been elected, would you have kept on doing volunteer work for people when the legislature wasn't in session?

DZ: That was one of my promises — that I was going to continue to do that for a few hours a week, even while I was in office. Another promise I had was that I would ride to Madison for the first day of the legislative session, regardless of weather conditions. I was determined to have that Harley carry me and the flag to the statehouse.

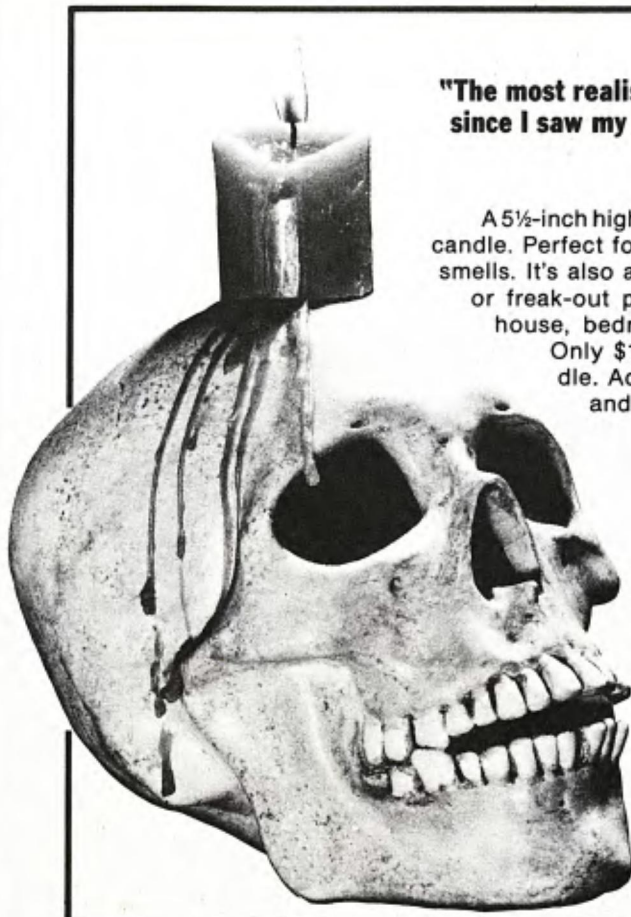
Ironically, the first day of the session was January 4, and the temperature was in the upper 30s. It was a beautiful day for Wisconsin in mid-winter.

ER: You could have stopped every few miles and given speeches off the back of the Harley. That alone might have gotten you elected governor.

DZ: I don't know about that, but people did respond to my standing on the back of the Harley. Every time I stood up on the seat to adjust the flag, I had to stretch to reach the top of it. . . you know, the flag was really high, and a three-by-five flag is pretty big for a bike. Anyway, every time I stood up on the bike and reached for the flag, the people gathered 'round would just love it.

ER: Getting back to the campaign for a minute. Didn't you have some kind of drown-the-candidate gimmick?

DZ: Yeah. It was a fund-raiser, just like those dunking booths in carnivals. We advertised that we would give the public a chance to dunk me 68 times in 68 minutes. What happened was they dunked me 70 times



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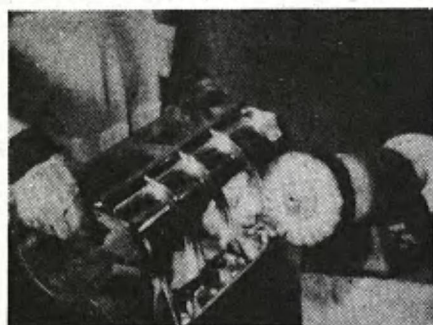
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ER: How much did you charge for each pitch?

DZ: It was whatever people wanted to donate. I think we got \$18 for the first ball, \$14 or \$15 for the next couple, and then it started going down until it leveled off at about \$1 apiece.

We used that as a fund-raising event because we were always in trouble with funds. Trying to get money together for TV and newspaper ads isn't easy when you're unknown.

ER: You ran for office and came within an LRCH (less than 250 votes) of getting elected, despite running an extremely unconventional. . .

DZ: We prefer to call it creative.

ER: Okay, an extremely creative campaign. Do you think that your effort was a harbinger of things to come? That people are burned out on those slick 60-second political commercials and want a return to the days when they could get a look at candidates in the flesh?

DZ: Yes, I think people respond to the more personal approach. I believe people like creativity, they like someone who innovates, they like someone who's different. Once people meet someone, whether it's me or anyone else, they are in a position to judge the person's sincerity, his dedication. They're able to judge which person is a fly-by-night operator, and which person is coming at them right from the heart. And that's what they gotta know if they're going to make the right choice on election day.

I also think creative campaigning can work on any level, not just in local elections. My goal is to be a state representative for maybe four years, and then try and advance to higher levels of office. And when I do, I'll still be utilizing these techniques, in particular the one of campaigning on a Hog. . . I'll never get rid of that Harley and that flag.

ER: Speaking of that flag, why did

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"Exactly what do you mean by, 'I'd walk a mile for a camel,' Mr. Brubaker?"

you decide to use such a large one? After all, that was a Harley you were piloting down the street, not Fort McHenry.

DZ: You sound like some of the people on my campaign committee. They wanted me to use a one-by-two flag, but I refused.

ER: We've talked a lot about your campaign, but sad as it is to say, you did lose, even if it was by a handful of votes. What kind of campaign did your opponent run?

DZ: The last couple of months, after we forced him out of his shell, he went door-to-door.

He also outspent me two-to-one on newspaper ads and probably three-to-one on radio ads. He really went to town in those media. He didn't do too much on TV, but he had a billboard campaign next to none. Every time you'd turn around, you'd see one of his billboards. And billboards are about \$2,000 apiece for three-to-four weeks. So you can see what kind of money he was spending.

ER: How big a district are we talking about here, and where is it located?

DZ: There are about 45,000 eligible voters, of whom about 15,000 actually cast ballots in that election. We live way up in North Central Wisconsin, about 270 riding miles from the Harley factory on Juneau Avenue in Milwaukee.

ER: You must have crisscrossed that district an awful lot of times to put 19,000 campaign miles on that motorcycle.

DZ: It's kind of ironic that you would bring that up, because some of those miles were not put on in my district, they were accumulated riding to Madison to appear before the state elections board.

What happened was that they called me on the carpet and wanted to nail me because I reported that I had used campaign funds to pay for the bracket that holds the flag on my bike. These Democratic lawyers convinced the elections board to call me in for a big hearing. The first thing that happened was that one of their lawyers got up and said, "Oh, I sure wish I could fix my car like you fixed your motorcycle, with donated money."

Now you have to understand that we're talking about, I think, \$68.25 here. We were having a lot of trouble with the bracket because the welds kept on busting, so we had to put reinforcement struts on it. They cost \$68.25 to have made up.

Anyway, the guy says, I sure wish I could get my car fixed that way. Then I got up and let a few seconds

of silence go by to get their attention. That \$68.25, I said, was to pay for a bracket strong enough to carry the flag so many Americans had died for. When I was done, the board members applauded. Needless to say, I wasn't penalized, but the fact that I had to interrupt my campaign to attend the hearing shows you what kind of tactics my opponent was using.

ER: It's obvious from talking to you that you have pretty high aspirations for your political career. Is there anything you haven't already told us, that you feel qualifies you to hold an important office?

DZ: I am a person who makes things tick. I really believe in linkages between citizens and government and workers and managers. That's what I look forward to doing as a legislator — being a link between the people who have to obey the laws and the people who write the laws.

ER: What's politician Dave Zien's solution to a problem that has long troubled most Harley riders, protecting American companies from a flood of cheap foreign imitators?

DZ: I think the utmost thing, absolutely the utmost, is consciousness raising. We have a lot of scattered people saying, "Buy American," but there needs to be an all-out, high-pressure campaign focusing on American products, American labor, and most of all, American pride and prestige.

Another thing I would try to do is increase America's exports to other countries. Take the district where I ran for office. It's in an agricultural area. There are many agricultural alternatives that would help our ever-worsening balance of trade situation. We can raise all sorts of things for export here, everything from Shitake mushrooms to alligators. We have a lot of vacant barns and silos up here. They're excellent for growing alligators, believe it or not. Traditional crops, vegetables, fruits — there are all sorts of things we can grow and export.

But the most important thing is still consciousness raising. We've got to get the people thinking about this issue right at the grass roots level. It's got to be a coordinated push from a lot of different directions.

Let me give you an example. One day I campaigned in front of the employees' entrance at a giant Uniroyal plant here. It's a huge place, the largest employer in the district. And the people there absolutely loved it, they just loved the fact that I was at the gate shaking hands

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with them while my American motorcycle, flying an American flag, was parked next to us.

ER: Was there a potential problem at that plant? Were those people worried about the future of America in general, or were they personally worried about losing their jobs?

DZ: Absolutely. They were absolutely worried about losing their jobs. Foreign imports are destroying that [tire] market, and we don't seem to be able to do anything about either increasing our exports to those countries or stopping their imports.

people that American workers today — not 20 or 30 years ago, but today — can make products that are the best of their kind in the world. The Harley certainly proved that point, and Barbara made it possible. She believed in me enough, even at the very first part of my campaign, to help me along.

I've got six children, you know, and with such a big family and the expenses of the campaign, there's no way I could have traded up for a new bike without her help.

ER: When do you get to try it again?

"American workers can make products that are the best of their kind in the world. The Harley certainly proved that point."

ER: Imagine it's eight or ten years from now. You've held some state offices, and your career has been going pretty well. All of a sudden, some of the national party bosses come in and suggest that they're considering backing you for a big national post, say the U.S. Senate. The only problem is, they say, that your style is too flamboyant for a national race; you're too non-conformist. We can get you to Washington, they say, but you've got to get rid of that damn motorcycle first. What would you tell them?

DZ: I'd listen to what they had to say, let them give all their arguments. I wouldn't want to upset them right off the bat. But, between you and me, I don't think I'll ever change.

Of course, if they were to pressure me, to say they were going to cut off my funding or something, I'd seriously consider going to the other party.

ER: How much money did your campaign cost?

DZ: Fourteen thousand dollars. My opponent spent about 17 or 18 thousand. We're about \$2,000 in the hole now. The other thing is that I never used a penny of my campaign contributors' money for mileage or meals. That all came out of my pocket.

One important thing that helped was that Barbara Krueger at the Cycle Center here in Wausau gave me a good deal on the Harley. I felt that to make my case for "Buy American," I had to be able to show

DZ: The next assembly election is in 1988, and I'm going to announce my candidacy in April of that year.

ER: Are you going to be flying the flag in the meantime?

DZ: You bet. I'll use the Harley and the flag in parades, and when I go up to the state Republican convention, I'll be riding with the flag. Also, I'm district commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and I ride the Harley and carry the flag when I'm on VFW business.

ER: Sounds like you're going to be wearing out a few more flags. How many flags did you wind up retiring during your campaign?

DZ: Fourteen flags, I completely wore out 14 flags.

ER: What did you do with them after they wore out? I can't picture an ex-Marine deep-sixing Old Glory in a dumpster.

ER: I burned them in a very ceremonial manner. And I really thought a lot about Vietnam while I was doing it. In fact, I'm not ashamed to admit I had tears in my eyes while I was doing it. Another thing I thought about while I burned those flags was the friends who were no longer with me. . . one in particular was a guy named Stubbs, he was a Marine that had gotten through 'Nam okay, but wound up being killed on his scooter.

Let me tell you, burning those flags was a very emotional thing. I thought about all the places I'd been, all the people I knew that were gone. . . it was almost like I was doing it in their memory. ■

Choppershopper

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J.C.F.: Happy birthday 7/25/52? You disappeared off the face of the earth. I'll try finding you by birth. Hope nothing drastic happened, like being lead-filled in a silk-lined basket. Write Smitty, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (169)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Conni or Vicki Stutes, have her contact Chris Trumbo 01694-097, 8901 S. Wilmot, Tucson, AZ 85706. (169)

Hey! This is Maingy, Pagans MC. Feds gave me a new address. Want mail from everyone and everywhere. Anthony Megninie, 03627-016, Box 7000, PMB 816, Unit F, Texarkana, TX 75501. (175)

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JUNE

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

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Charley's Harley-Davidson, 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover, NJ 07801. \$12 plus shipping, S, M, L, XL. (201) 361-8844.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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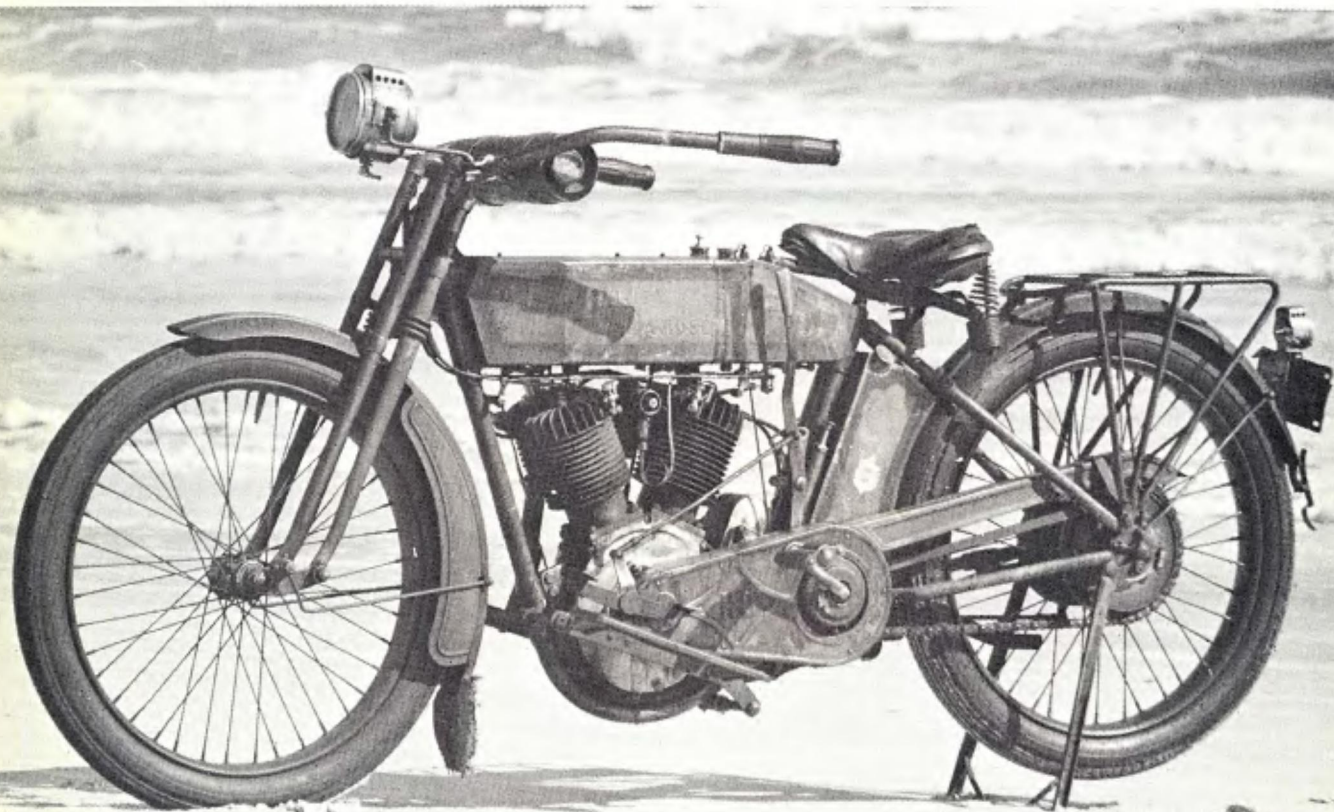


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READER'S RIDE



**Grott, Eden, New York
1914 Harley-Davidson JD**

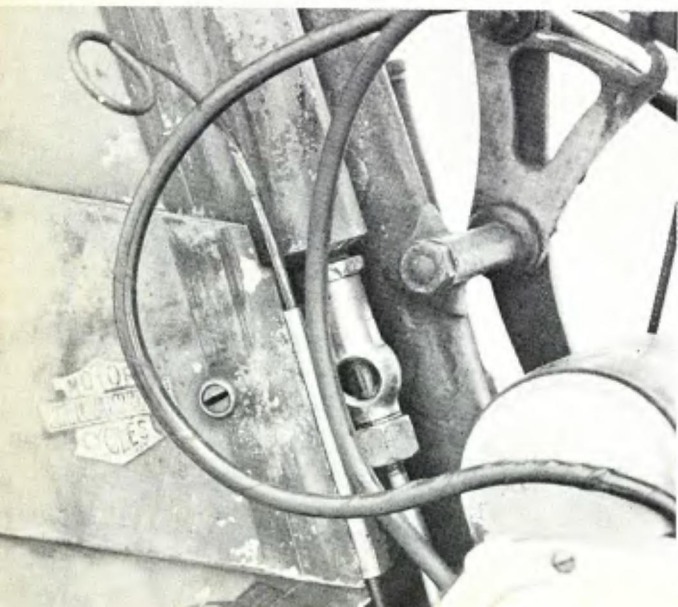
Popped out of a bar on Main Street in Daytona, sportin' a pretty good buzz, when suddenly, in a rush of ancient nostalgia, there came a vision beaming into my brainpan that was too radical to be true. But there — surrounded by its muscled-up grandchildren: Softails, Low Riders, Wide Glides, shovels, pans, knuckles, and the like — with a familiar drop of oil under it indicating usage, was this 61-cubic-inch JD. And a Silent Grey Fellow enjoys Bike Week again.

Grott, the owner and proprietor of The Hog Farm in West Seneca, New York, is the prideful caretaker. He's been on this totally original ride since 1978. Wait, let's make that nearly totally original; see, the clamps on the handlebars and the headlight supports are reproduction issue, something that Grott is quick to point out. The bike attains speeds of 55 to 60 when supporting its 250-pound rider. That's after Grott slips the clutch and lets the one-speed tranny carry him away.

He puts on a couple hundred miles a year on it — this down from years past, but when he got creamed by a cager pulling out in front of him, that kinda made him nervous.

Grott likes going to antique car meets with it, because the car owners will let slip valuable info on where others are stashed, unlike the tight-lipped scooter enthusiasts.

— Bomber





Photos by Michael Lichter



BLAME IT ON THE



CAGER

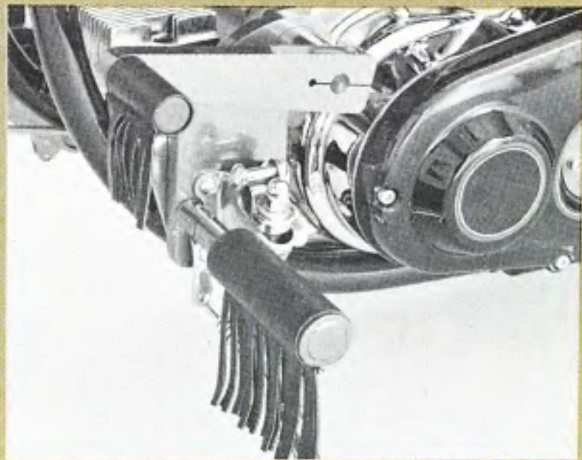
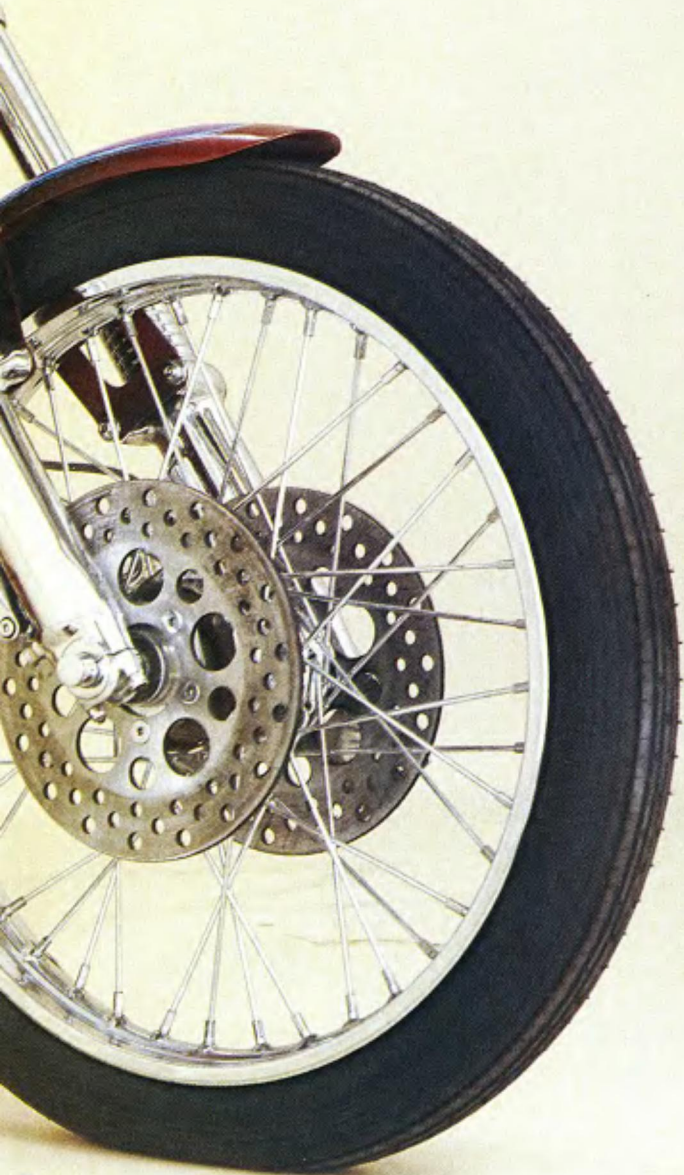
Most of the time a person builds a new bike because he wants to; sometimes, however, he does it because he has to.



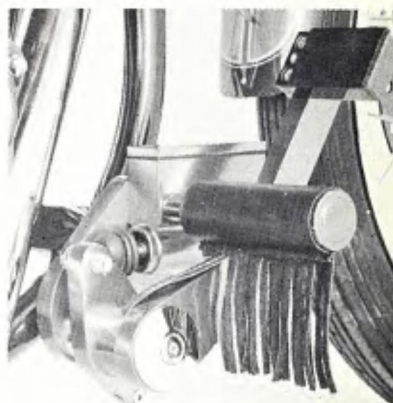
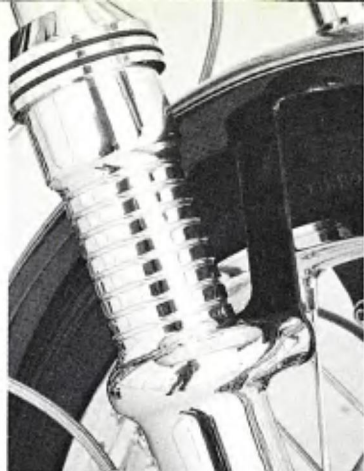
“Getting up a new ride goes against the main principle of my religion,” Bomber said as he surveyed the sagging pan across the garage.

“Whaddaya mean, it goes against yer religious principles?” asked Wrench. “I didn’t know ya went in for religion, and I’m damn sure ya ain’t got no principles.”

“The principle is this,” replied Bomber. “Live to ride, loathe to wrench. I mean, I’m just not into making with the sockets and spanners, ya know. And before any of ya wise-asses say that’s obvious by lookin’ at my pan, let me tell ya I already know that. Still, it gets me wherever I got to go — sooner or later. I mean, it’s different for guys who are good at that sort of thing. A man’s been building bikes for years and years, that’s his life, he digs it. Those guys probably can’t wait to tear down every single bike they can get their hands on, just so they can put it back







together some other way."

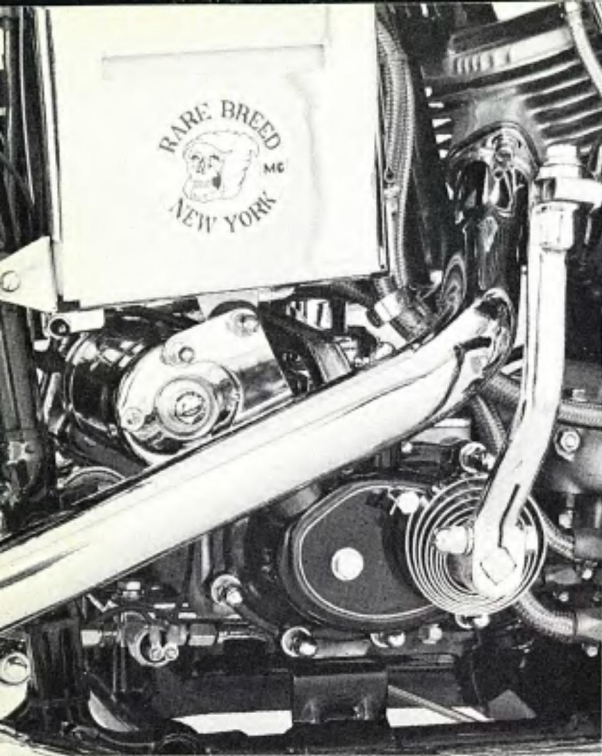
"Not true at all," said Wrench. "Take that super-colorful shovel-head in this issue. That's one of Pete Smith's bikes. You know how long Pete's been building Harley-Davidsons? Twenty-three years, that's how long. People have been paying him to build Hogs for them for seventeen years. The man is absofucking-lutely an artist."

"Yeah, he's just the kind of guy I was rappin' about," Bomber cut in. "Once he got hold of that shovel, he probably had it opened up faster than a surgeon with a patient on full-coverage

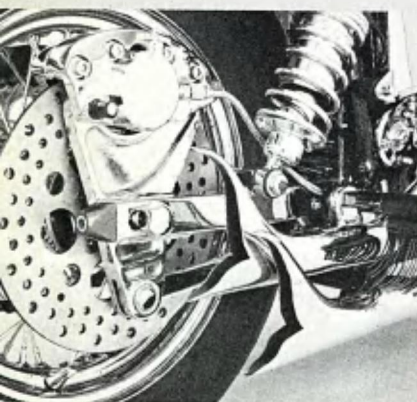
insurance."

"That's just what I was gettin' at," Wrench continued. "That was a decent-running, semi-chopped FX when Pete got it. And ya know the first thing he did? He rode the sucker. That's the first thing he did. He rode the hell out of it for about three years, in fact. Didn't change a thing. Then one day he was humpin' along through a rain-storm when some asshole in a cage pulled out in front of him. The choice was either center-punch the cage or put down the bike, so Pete put 'er down. Seein' that the road was slick, Pete, the





Photos by Pete Chiodo



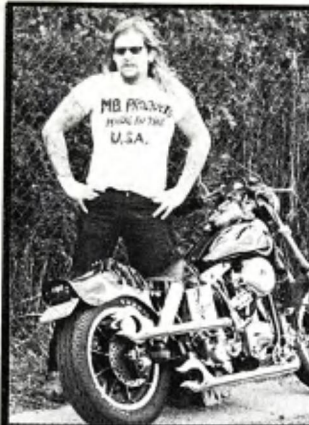
Owner: Pete Smith		City: Lockport, New York	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: MC Supermarket		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1981 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FXWG		Type: FXWG swingarm	
Value: \$12,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: powder-coated	
Chroming by: Niagara Cust. Plat.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: wide pullbacks	
Year: 1981		Risers: 4 in. custom	
Model: FXWG		Fender(s): front: stock/rear: strutless	
Rebuilder: Brian Dolan		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 88 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S rods		Front pegs: Jay Brake	
Balancing: S&S static balance		Rear pegs: Jay Brake	
Pistons: S&S 3-5/8 big bore		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: dished/sculptured	
Heads: ported		Oil tank: chromed	
Cam(s): 520 Leineweber		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: painted	
Carb(s): Andrews Flowmaster		Seat: handmade/black velvet	
Air cleaner: K&N custom		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Fubar/sculptured fishtails		Height: none	
Muffler(s): zip		Material: none	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: blasted/chromed		Type: H-D FXWG	
Year: 1981/Andrews gears		Extension: none	
Shifting: Jay Brake shifter		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt 11mm		Special features: grooved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51/chrome		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Jim Hastie/Buffalo, N.Y.		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Perowitz		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM3
Color: Candy Red/gold, Black Cherry		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: purple panels, gold leaf, striping			
Other special modifications: handmade dash divider with snakeskin lettering, engraved air cleaner cover, red anodizing, spring-loaded passenger pegs, shifter/master cylinder/brake pedal by Jay Brake, Lockport, N.Y.			
Special Thanks: Cookie for seatwork, Jay Brainard for Jay Brake red anodized foot controls, Mike and Joe for chrome at Niagara Custom Plating, Randy from MC Supermarket			

scooter, the whole package, slid a lot farther than it might have otherwise. By the time it came to a stop, it looked kinda like your pan over there. Pete had no choice but to rebuild it."

"Hey, bro," said Bomber after a suitable pause. "I'm sure glad ya told me that story."

"Yeah, I thought ya'd find it educational," said Wrench.

"I surely did," replied Bomber. "It really makes me feel a lot better about everything. Like, if a primo craftsman like Pete Smith can keep a bike intact until he's forced to rebuild it by some shit-for-brains cager, there's sure as hell no reason at all why a tenthumbed knuckle-buster like me should do any work on a classic pan like mine." —Butcher



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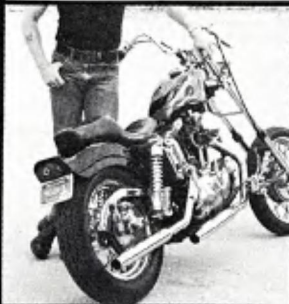
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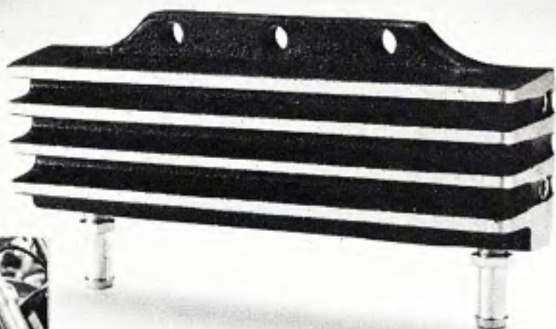


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			Gold Spring	\$150.00
73-85	FL (4-speed)	11.1" Lower Bike 1"	Covered Chrome Spring	\$150.00
73-85	FX (4-speed)	"	Gold Spring	\$160.00
Year	Model	Available Lengths	Price	
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80-81	XL	12" 11.1"	\$150.00	
82 & up	FLT	12" 11.1"	\$150.00	
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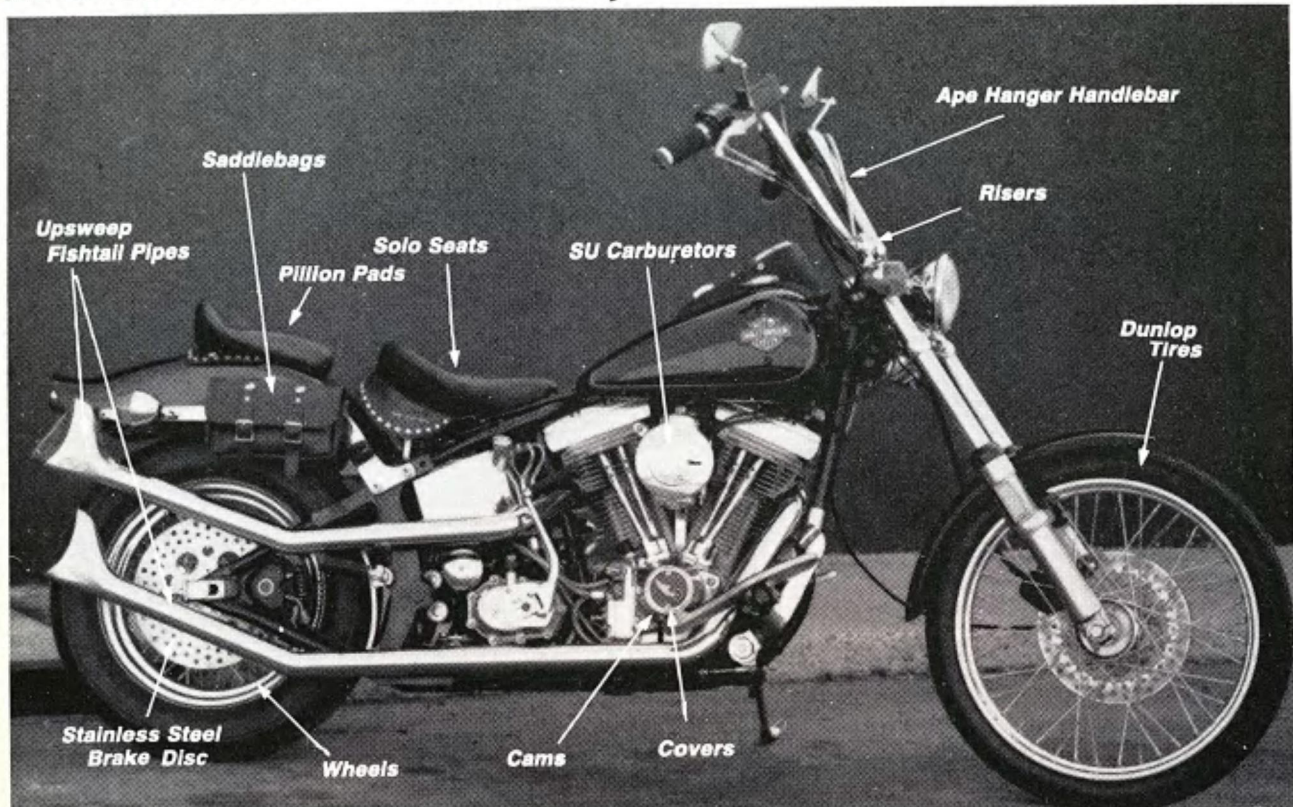
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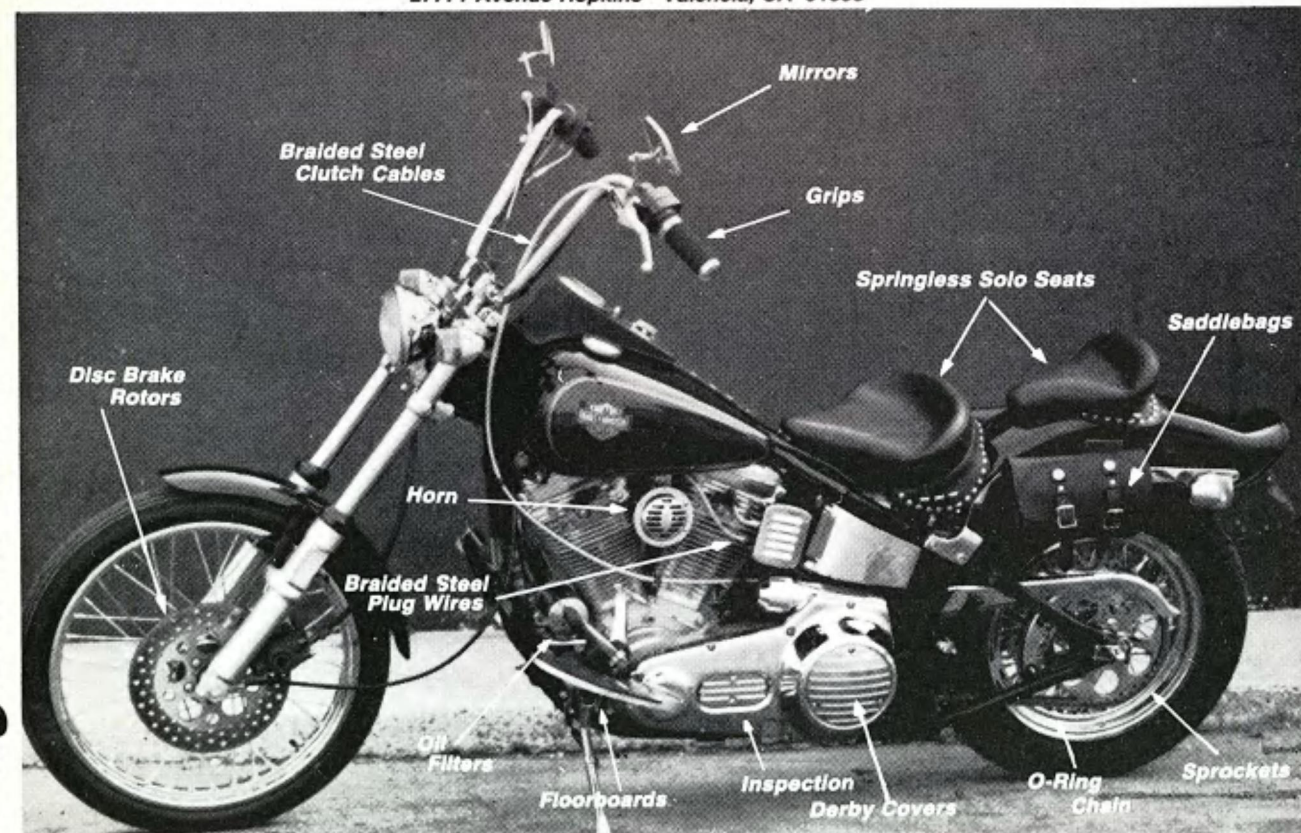
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So hot from the Daytona sands, here's our tribute to the changin' of the seasons — a fine woman, a boss bike. Say what you will about Christmas, this is truly the season to be jolly.

— Emdash



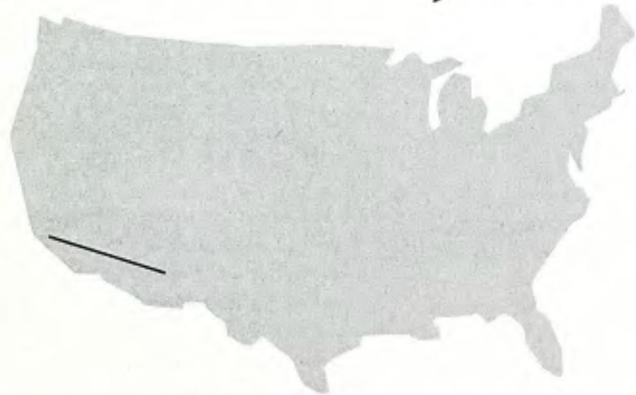


Photos by Michael Lichter





RIP'S RUN



HEADIN' OUT

By Rip

Well, I finally made it back out on the super slab. I thought I'd ride over to our neighboring state of Arizona for the start of my nomadic journey. I hadn't been in these parts since March 22, 1986, for the 3rd annual Arizona Antique and Classic Motorcycle Show and swap meet. It was held in the parking lot of the Phoenix Trotting Park, located on the west side of town.

I left town (Berdoo) with the issue being debated on the tube whether to allow condom ads to be aired. This is a sign of the times. Be more selective about whom you diddle. I don't need to pick up any diseases on the road.

The putt was uneventful, stopping only one time in Blythe, California. After taking on gasoline and drinking a Coke, my darling Softail and I headed east toward Phoenix on Interstate 10.

Arizona, the Grand Canyon State. Home of Rex Allen and Jacob Waltz. Right about here you may be saying, "Who the hell is Jacob Waltz?" Jacob Waltz, aka the Dutchman. He is the primary character in the legend of the Lost Dutchman's mine. Legend has it that the Dutchman would disappear from Phoenix into the nearby Supersition Mountains for several weeks, only to return with *mucho oro*. Gold dust, that is. He was trailed many times but seemingly always managed to elude his trackers. Only when he was absolutely sure that the path to the gold



was free and clear would he go to his diggings. One day he never returned. As of this date, the fabulous Lost Dutchman's mine has never materialized. Maybe Jacob was stealing from the Indians and got caught. Maybe the redskins scalped him, or worse yet, left him staked out in the desert inferno for the buzzards. Or maybe he was dry-gulched — ambushed or shot in the back, like Jesse James. Perhaps nefarious *hombres* set him up, torturing him till he told them what they

wanted to hear. Maybe animals got him. Any number of things could have befallen Jacob.

Did the secret of the Lost Dutchman's gold mine die with him? Is he really dead, or did he assume another identity to escape the pressure? As you can see, this is the stuff legends are made of.

The Grand Canyon (center, page 96) isn't a legend; it's real. What struck me was the enormity of it all. It's located in the northwestern corner of the state. A rider should

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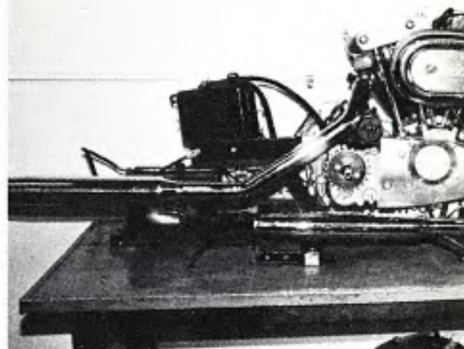
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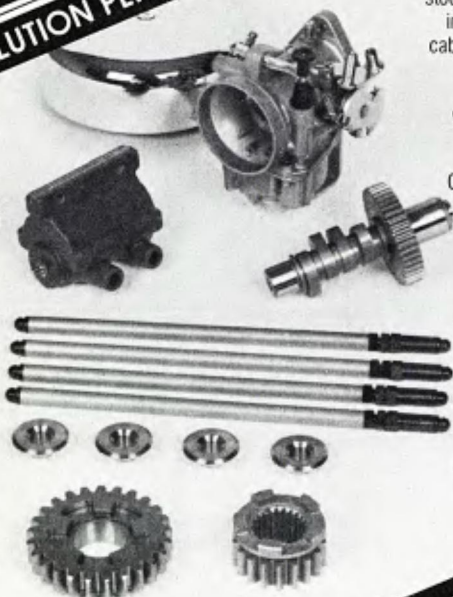
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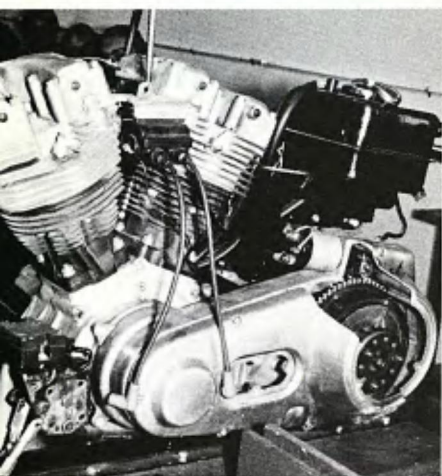
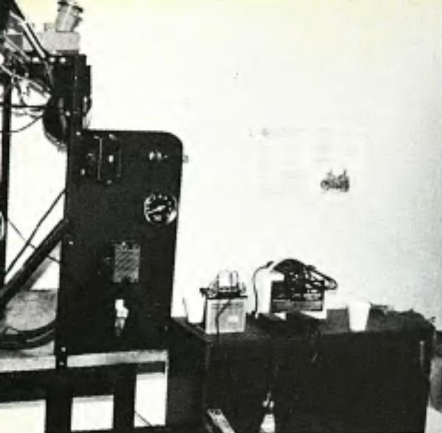
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wait till he's sure he's not going to be rained on or pelted with hail, like we were.

The Superstition Mountains (bottom right, page 96) jut out of the surrounding desert floor. On the south side of the mountains, cliffs are predominant, going straight up for hundreds of feet. It's kinda solo, all by itself, not joined to any other mountain. The Indians often talked of strange beings and of still stranger things going on in these mountains.

Phoenix is the capital city. The original capital city was Prescott, but it was moved to Phoenix because of its central locale. Phoenix was born out of the ruins of the ancient Ho Ho Kam Indian settlement. No one knows for sure what happened to this tribe. They, like the Dutchman, simply disappeared.

Coming back to the present, Phoenix is a large modern city. It is a young, spreading metropolis with much to see and do. Riding to the west side of town, I quickly located Lobo Joe and Legs, my hosts while visiting Arizona. They saw to it that I was taken care of and showed me quite a few sights and told me of many places to see. I want to thank Sporty Mike for fabricating a steel brace for my left saddlebag, which I'd kinda overloaded.



One Saturday night we went to Frankies on the north side of Phoenix. The live music was handled by Blue Flame, featuring Nina Sutton. Blue Flame plays rhythm, blues, and boogie. I liked their rendition of the official wino's song very much: *Wine, wine, wine, elderberry wine, wine, wine, black cherry wine, wine, wine, pass that bottle to me.*

Easyriders' Spider and I recall drinking our share of Mad Dog 20/20 or Pink Lady 21 — horrible stuff. Nina, the lead singer, is a darling little blonde with excellent stage presence. Her delivery sounds a little like Janis Joplin. Throaty but smooth, not as rough. She's as cute as a bug's ear. She captured my heart. Watch her if she keeps singing; she should go far. Nina, baby, you knocked me out.

The following weekend we went to Warsaw Wally's and the Crazy Horse Saloon. Warsaw Wally's serves music seven days a week. They play a lotta blues and they serve mixed drinks. The Crazy Horse Saloon (top left, page 96) serves beer and wine. They have live music on the weekends. I'd say it's a biker hangout, and the first ever Arizona ABATE meeting was conducted from this

bar. Paul T. Morris and the P.M. Band favored us with their regional hit, titled "Harley Was David's Son." It's on the Stacka label. Try it, you may like it.

While in the Valley of the Sun, I attended a party at Spyder's and Bob's house. The barbecued steaks, potato salad, baked beans, and beer were tasty. Both of these brothers' ol' ladies are called Dee (bottom center, page 96). It must make for occasional confusing moments.

My boss, Spider, from *Easyriders* doesn't take offense when another individual has the same name as his — as long as they don't say they're he. He's got enough problems trying to dodge old girlfriends and ex-wives. He said it's a common name (Spider), as is Bear, Tiny, Animal, Tramp, etc. Besides, it takes the heat off of him.

All the brothers at Spyder's and Bob's house that Sunday afternoon were students of the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute in Phoenix. MMI is the authorized H-D motorcycle mechanic's school, the only one that is certified by the factory. All the brothers at the party were also politically aware folks. It made me feel proud to look around the room to

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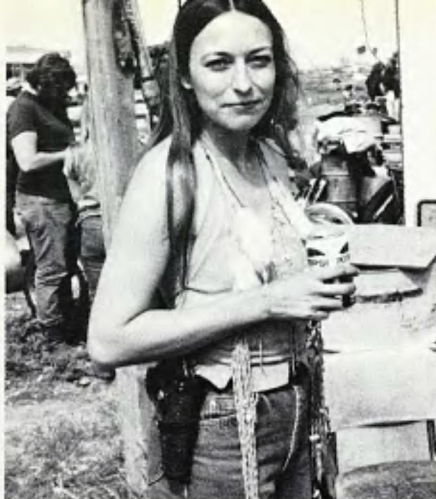


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see them wearing emblems showing what political organizations they were involved in. All the brothers were veterans of the Asian wars and the wars here on the streets, fighting for our freedom — motorcyclists taking enough interest to stand up and tell the bureaucrats to fuck off, don't tread on us.

All the brothers understand the fight and will continue to do battle to see that supposedly well-meaning bureaucratic assholes don't pass legislation that will still further decrease our rights in the pursuit of happiness, which our forefathers left us written in blood. Don't tread on us, the people. How do you like me now? Now that I've gotten that off my chest, I'll move right along. Let me tell you that Spyder was the past state coordinator for ABATE of Nebraska. Animal was founder and past state coordinator for ABATE of New Mexico. Bob was number two honcho in ABATE of Colorado. Both Spyder and Bob spent several hours on the local radio station, explaining the seat belt law to the listeners. Then the listeners got to call and talk to them on the air. The MMA is also active in Arizona.

One Tuesday I rode north of town



to see what the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute was all about. Their curriculum starts with the basics and then takes a student through each phase step by step. Workbooks and tests are standard issue. Tools and/or toolboxes are made easy to acquire. For vets, Uncle takes care of the schooling bill. Ninety-eight percent of the students come from out of state. Staff people help with housing and part-time jobs. The school is approved by the VA and is accredited by the National Association of Trade and Technical Schools.



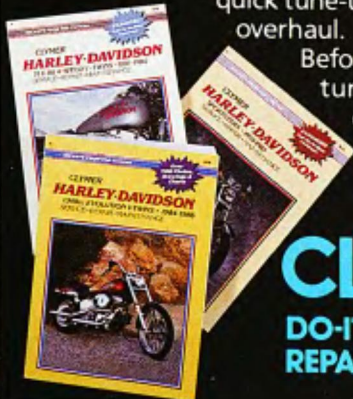
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As I said earlier, MMI is Harley-Davidson factory training program certified. They have 25 instructors or staff on hand. I always try to visit the people in the back room. They reflect the general attitude of their surroundings. They seemed to be a happy group, helpful and sympathetic to motorcyclists. They are generally well-rounded folks coming from the racetrack ranks. Or they may have had their own motorcycle shops at one time. Also, some of the instructors came from the manufacturing industry. MMI has been in business since 1971, and they have

another campus in Orlando, Florida. Their toll-free number is 800-528-7995. Incidentally, a student need only have minimal reading and math skills. It's mostly hands-on training. It's so easy even I could pass.

When in Phoenix, be sure to stop by Buddy Stubbs H-D, aka Arizona Harley-Davidson. Tempe is the home of the 1987 Rose Bowl champion Sun Devils and is also the home of Chosa's Harley-Davidson (top right, page 96). Be sure to tell Jerry that Rip said howdy, howdy. Jerry is one of the fairest and nicest dealers you would ever want to meet. In a word, hospitality to the max.

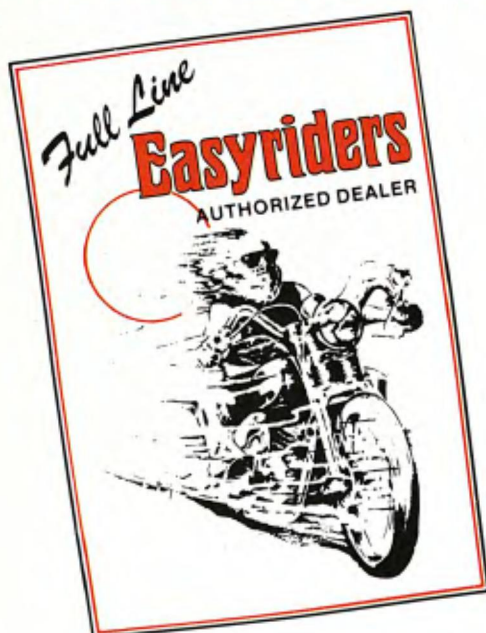
The large cacti associated with Arizona are called saquaro (center, page 96). They don't grow very fast. Maybe one inch a year. The real tall plants are very old. They are protected by the state. In fact, all desert plants are protected, period.

The lady with the tattoo of the Oriental Phoenix bird (bottom left, page 96) is Debbie. This is the work of Mike Armstrong, a longtime Arizona tattoo artist with over ten years' worth of experience. Mike's shop is called Peter-Tat-2.

Still on the quest for a better Mexican restaurant, Lobo Joe took me to

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two of his favorites. They are both authentic Ari-Mex dining spots, with most of the help unable to speak or read English very well. That didn't seem to interfere with their ability around the pots and pans. Rita's serves up a great *carne asada*. El Molino is downtown and is very popular with the lunch crowd. If you're into strictly western grub, try T-Bones on the south side of Phoenix. It overlooks the city from South Mountain. The evening we were there, about 30 cowboys and cowgirls rode up on their hay-burners. They parked them in the back and came in for some groceries and drinks. The steaks there come in two sizes: large and extra large. Cowboy beans and fresh bread round out the menu. The place is always packed. You stand a better chance of getting served sooner during weekdays than on weekends; on the weekend, you may have to wait up to an hour.

On some of these black-and-white photos, you may have noticed that some of the brothers and sisters are packing sidearms. In Arizona this is legal, as long as the weapons can be



Photos by Rip

seen. This applies to non-felons only. Arizona celebrates its 75th birthday this year. And as you can see, it still retains some old western laws. I kinda like that. I don't know any of these *pistoleros*. I took pictures of them one Sunday at Bear's Swap Meet in Queen Creek (south-east of town).

Earlier in this column I mentioned Rex Allen. He is known as Mr. Arizona. He is an old singing cowboy from the black-and-white cowboy movie days — the kind of stuff we used to see as a kid at the Saturday matinees. If you're like me, you drove the ushers crazy by running up and down the aisles, throwing popcorn boxes and shit around, and generally being a pre-adolescent asshole (when older, getting a little stinkfinger). The only thing that has changed in this regard is that now I'm a full-fledged, card-carrying, post-adolescent asshole, and proud of it. Fuckin' A, the American way. For short subjects or short features, the Three Stooges are my all-time favorites, particularly the original adventures with the trio including Curly. He was such a knucklehead.

Thinking further about those old black-and-white cowboy movies and of this part of my trip, Gabby Hayes could have said, pardoning in Arizona was one happy fiesta. Or as the Cisco Kid may have said, "Adios, amigos, until we meet again. . ."

This article is dedicated to Norby, Sons of Silence, Louisiana. Rest in peace.

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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The casual, calm demeanor that is the mark of a true professional never ceases to amaze this high-strung, golly-gee-whiz, motorcycle admirer. Looking at a street-peelin' savage like Jim Johnson's 105-incher makes my blood course and heart pump like Ollie North's must've when he was on the hot seat at Capitol Hill.

Johnson and Ron Simms described this sled in a telephone interview with all the zeal of a plumber's manual on threadin' pipe. "Yeah,

Jimmy wanted a little street racer, just somethin' to run around on. Nah, he never raced it legal-like or anything. Yeah, he built it himself at the shop. Just sold it to some guy from Thailand." End of conversation.

Johnson's production caught the eye of an import-export businessman from the Far East, and after a week of comparison shopping, he came back to Bay Area Custom Cycle in Hayward, California to obtain the bike of his choosing. And if you're familiar with the quality of bikes

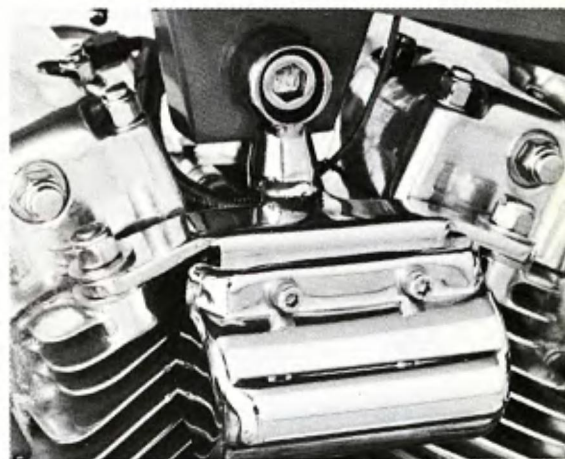
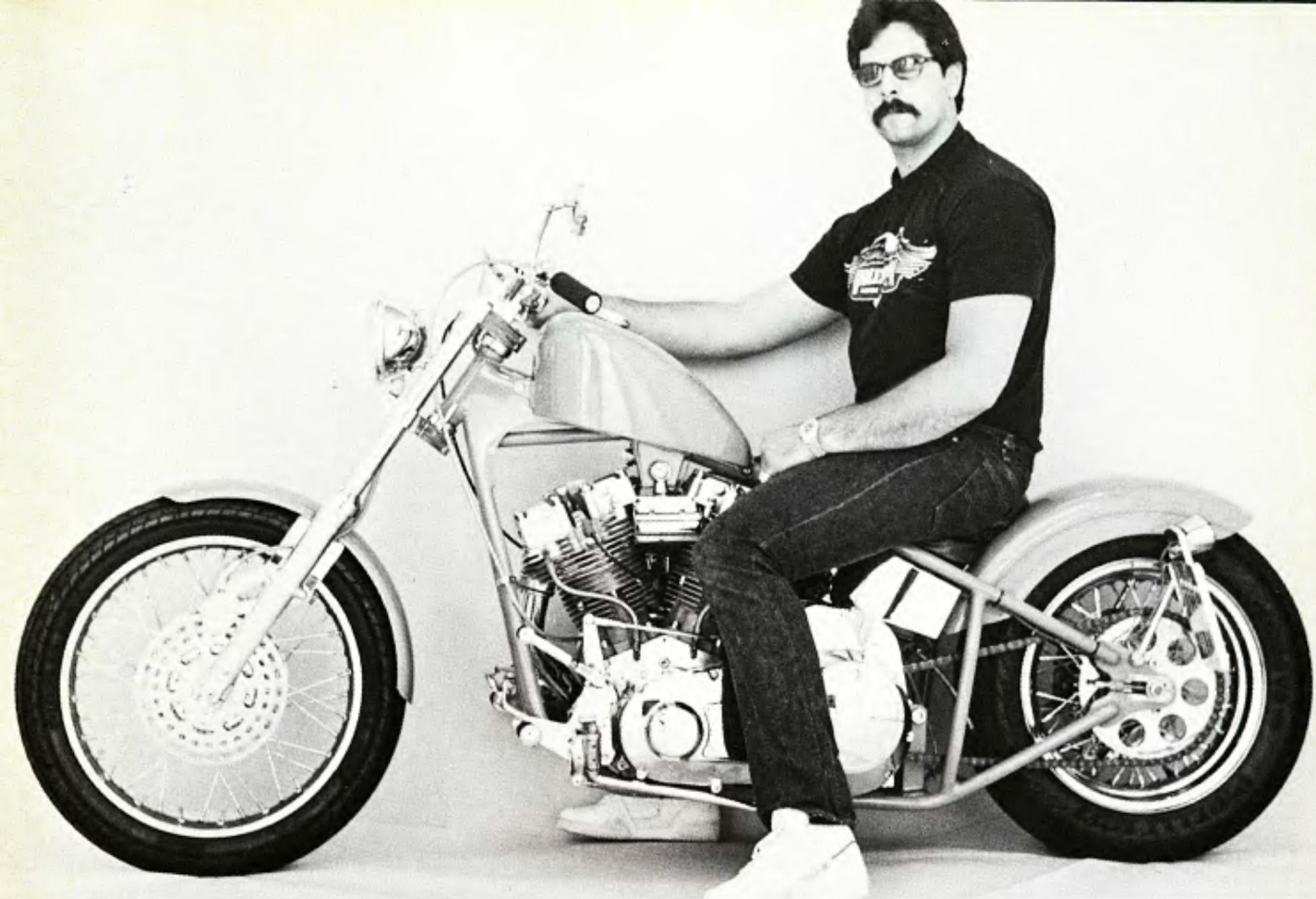


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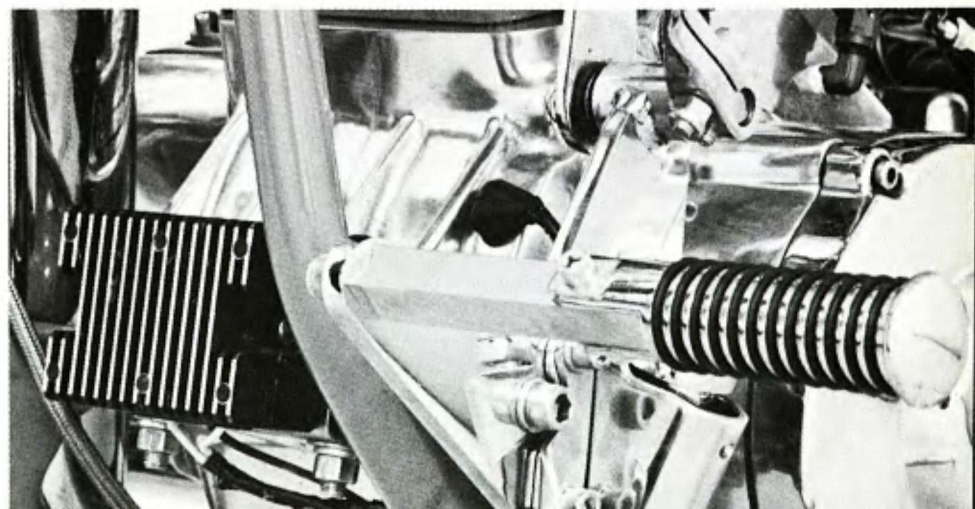
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that come out of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay area in general, you know the dude saw some top-notch stuff. But it was this Porsche red, rigid frame, solo sled that caught the guy's fancy. A sure-fire Thai terror. A Bangkok burner.

Jim Johnson stands on at six-foot-five, fairly dwarfing the crimson cruiser, but ya gotta wonder how it'll fit one of them Eastern shorty types. One thing





Photos by Pete Chiodo



the new owner won't have to worry about is stopping. Even in a monsoon, the Performance Machine disc brakes will bring to a halt the hot rod shovel. And if the rider needs to get a quick shot of penicillin to combat something that little mama-san left him with, the electric start should help. And if it's a long ride to the medic's, the five-speed trans will come in handy. Plus he'll look real sharp with the hidden wiring in the

risers and the custom-made BACC forks and Sportster tank, despite the prickly problem in his stinger.

But whether it's a jungle jaunt or rippin' around the rice paddies, the mark of the Bay Area will be prominent in the nearly 200,000-square-mile puttin' area of the kingdom of Thailand. Together with this regal ride, the owner can justifiably go by the handle of The King and I.

—Badger

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General		Frame	
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Year and make: 1987 BACC		Builder: Paughco	
Model: hot rod		Type: rigid/5-speed	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: some	
Assembly by: Bob Gomes/owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 weeks		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Frank's Polish/Hywd.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Super Bars	
Year: 1986		Risers: BACC	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): BACC	
Rebuilder: Bob Gomes		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: points		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 105 cu.in.		Speedo: radar	
Lower end: Rich Products		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: Rich Products		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Axtell		Electrics: Bob Gomes	
Cases: Delkron		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Leineweber		Oil system: steel braided lines	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: CCI	
Carb(s): S&S drag		Seat: BACC	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: loud		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): ha-ha		Material: round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1986		Extension: none	
Shifting: forward controls		Builder: BACC	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: handmade trees	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Shanklin's		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Kirk		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM4
Color: Porsche Red		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Pirelli
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Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: all wiring in risers, 1/4 mile in 11 seconds. Special thanks to Chicago Joe and Ron Simms.			

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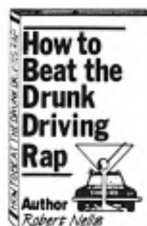
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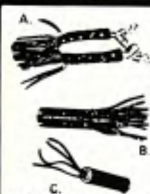


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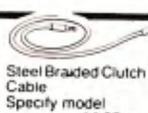
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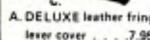
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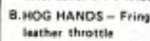
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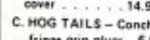
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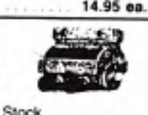
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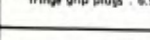
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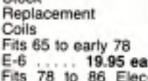
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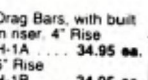
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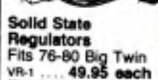
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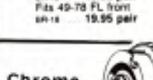
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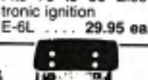
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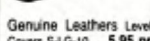
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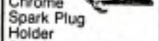
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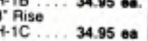
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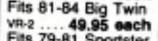
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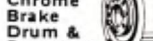
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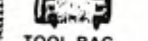
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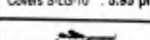
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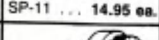
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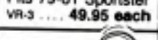
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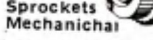
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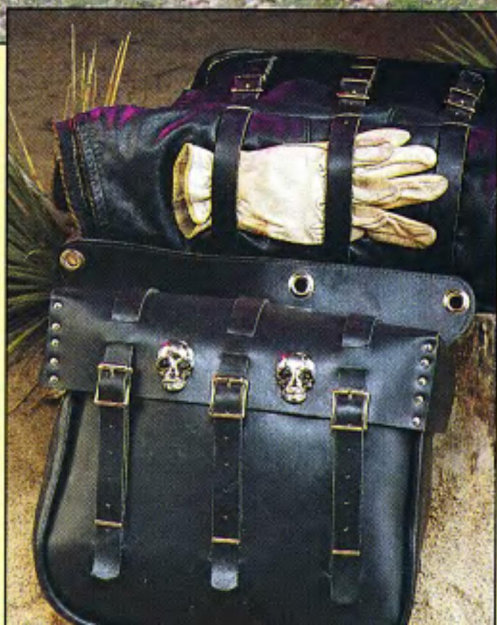
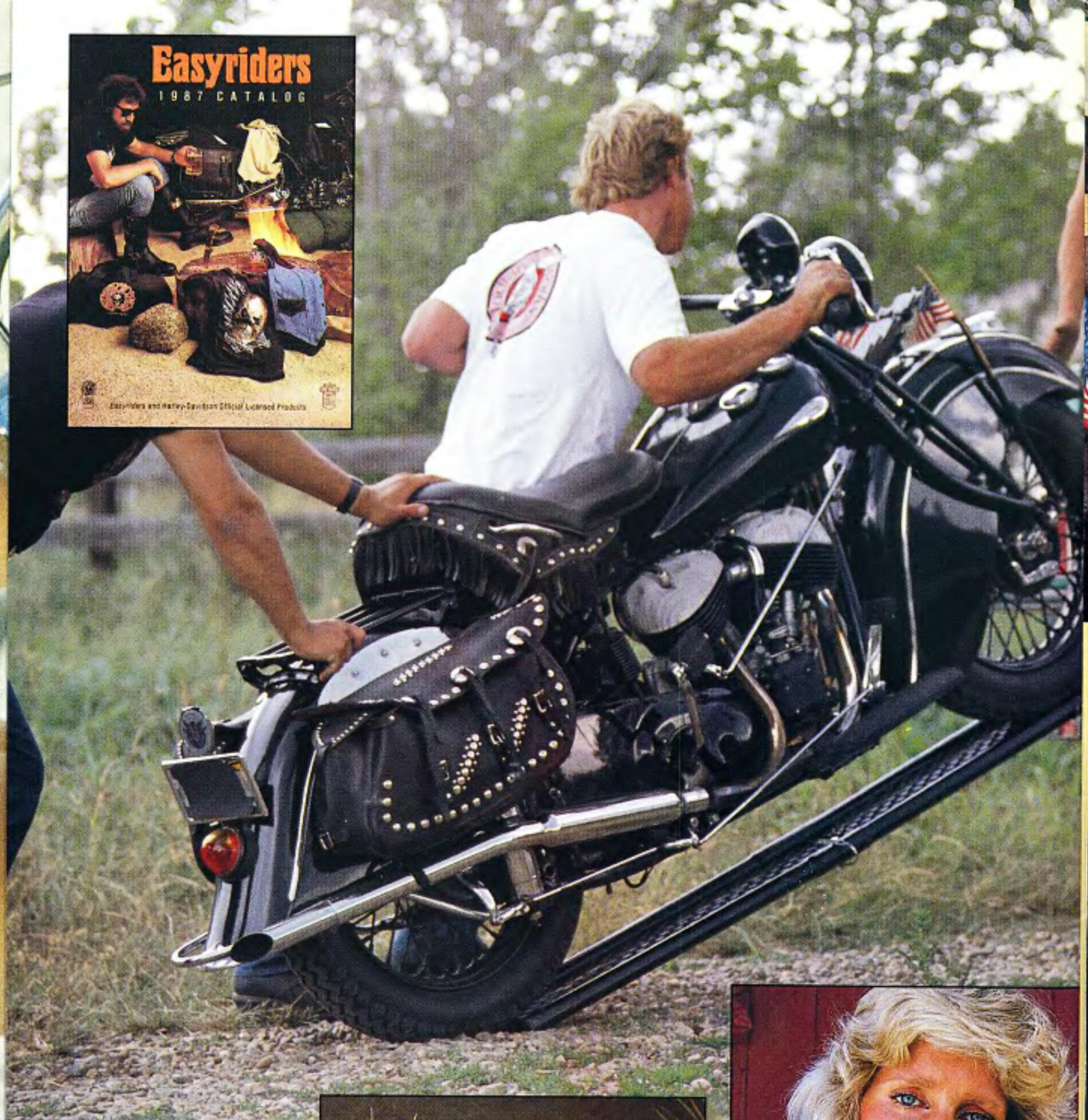
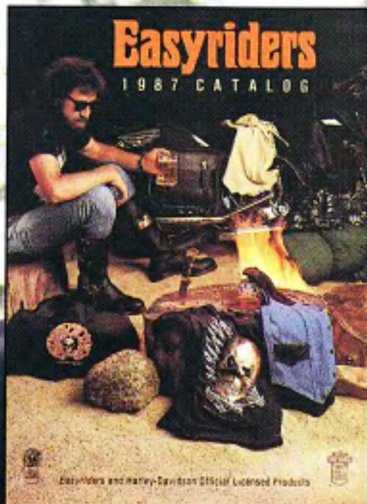
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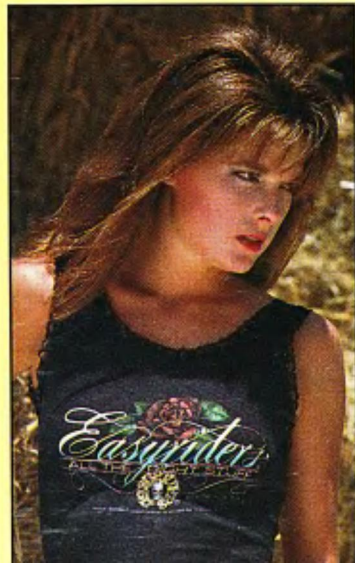
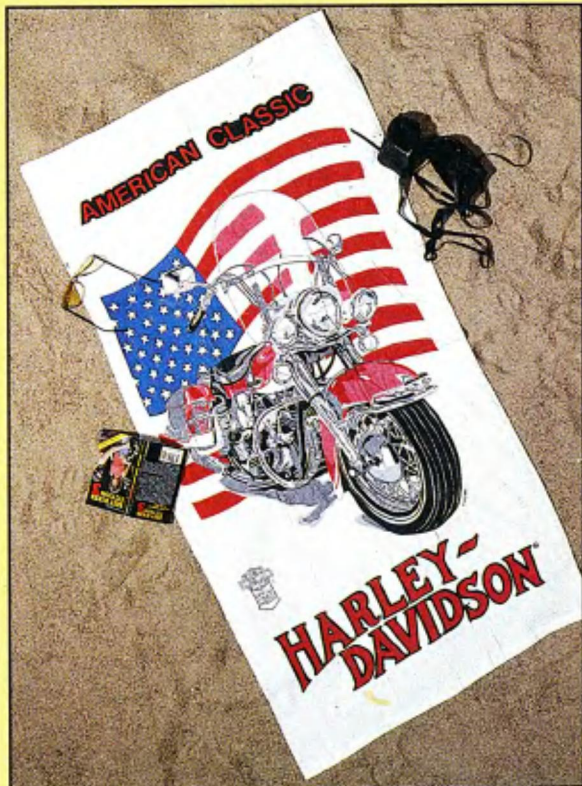
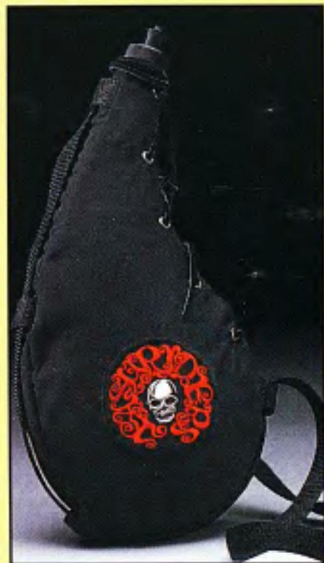
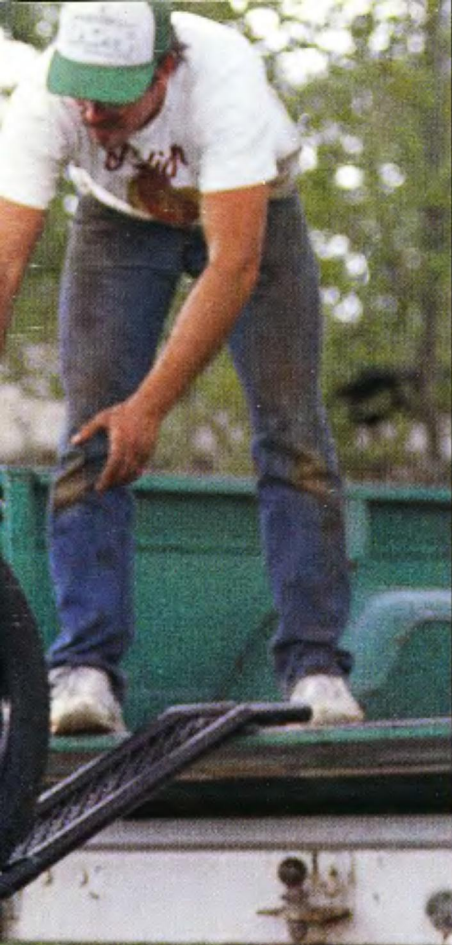
SUMMERTIME, AND LIVIN' IS EASY . . .

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Summertime is here, bro, so it's time to fire up the trusty sled and aim her down the highway, hittin' the asphalt for another season of righteous puttin', partyin', an' cuttin' loose. Well, we know a way to make this summer even better — take a piece of *Easyriders* along with ya. We have everything imaginable, from T-shirts to beer can covers, bota bags to snotrags, and lotsa other goodies for your ol' lady, too!

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\$5,000^{00†}
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Trophy Buckles and Participant Pins
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SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 12:00 Noon
BRIGHTON, COLORADO
ADAMS COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS

9755 Henderson Rd.
1.5 miles west of Hwy. 85 on 124th Ave.
beer sold - camping \$2.00

MILWAUKEE
SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 12:00 Noon
LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN
LAKE GENEVA RACEWAY

1 mile south of Lake Geneva on Hwy. H,
then 3/4 mile on Bloomfield Rd.
beer sold - camping

★ ★ ★ INDEPENDENCE DAY DOUBLEHEADER ★ ★ ★

Rodeo and Iowa Hog Drags on same day — Friday, July 3, 1987, Humboldt, Iowa

Drags: 11:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. Rodeo: 4:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m. Admission: \$10.00 for both. (Rodeo entry \$20.00. Does not include camping and Keg Party. \$5,000.00 purse for Rodeo if all events fully entered.) Participant sign-up Thursday or Friday a.m. ABATE camping available.

Coming in July:

New York/New Jersey • Pennsylvania • Ohio • Indiana

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.
on Saturdays
Keg Party Saturday night
Qualifying 8:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon
on Sundays
Rodeo starts 2:00 p.m. Sunday

For more information call:
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† GUARANTEED if all events are
fully entered — if not, prize
money will be adjusted in each
event to match the entry fees.

For illustrated rules and event description booklet send \$1.00 to Easyriders Rodeo, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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