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Easyriders

NUMBER 170

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

AUGUST 1987

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The next liver-quirvin' issue of this rag
goes on sale July 28.



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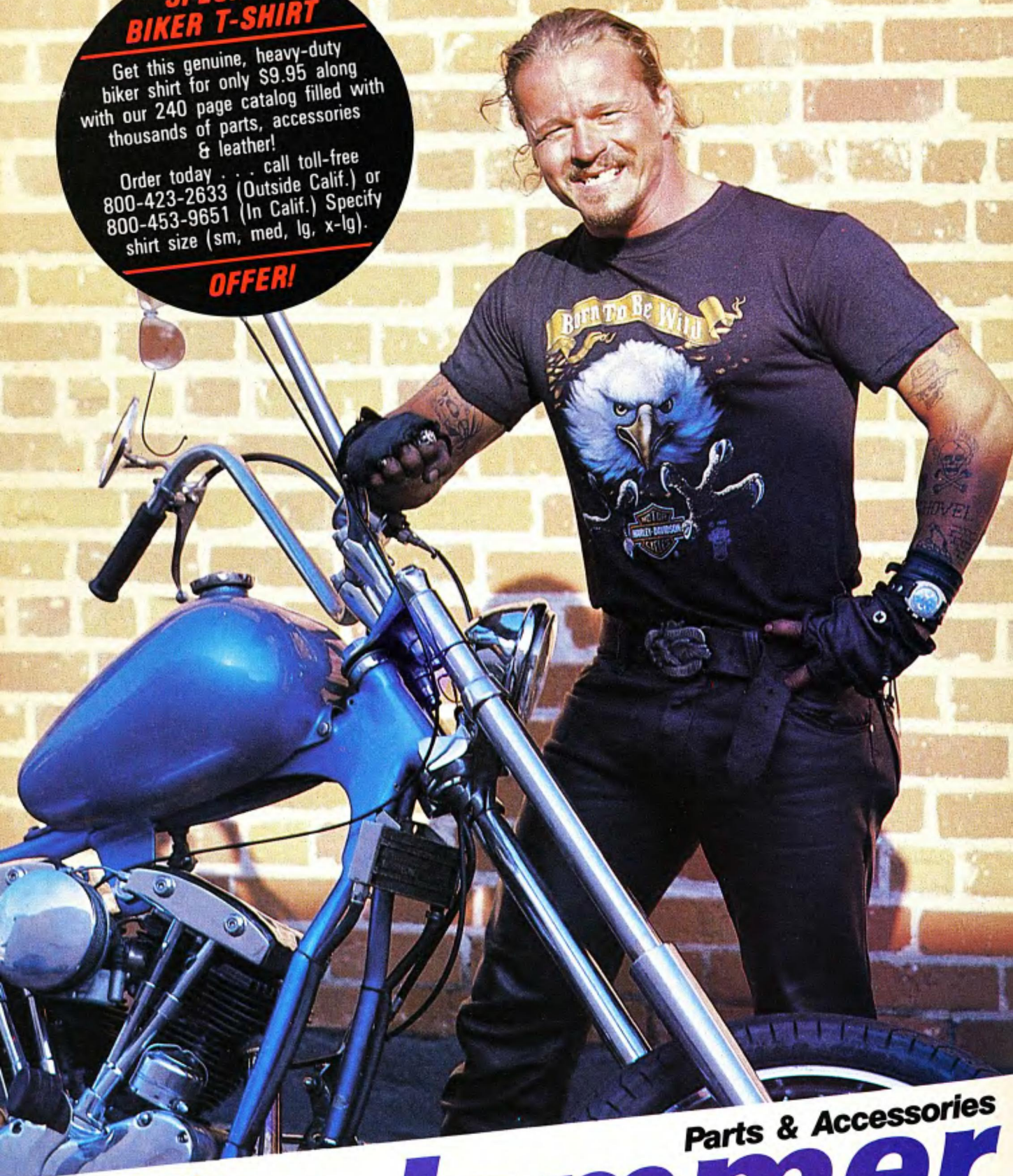
Cover and gatefold photography of Fox Hunt winner Cheryl with Rick Pew's hot '77
shovel was handled by Mike.

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Parts & Accessories
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I don't know if it's because a lot of women are having their periods during a full moon or what, but there seems to be a lot of off-the-wall features about women this month. For instance, how about the woman and her mother who, before getting into the car, put the baby (strapped in a car seat) on top of the car. Then they drove off, having forgotten about where they put him. They went several blocks before discovering the baby wasn't in the car, and they freaked. The baby lived, but he has an attitude against women now.

Or how about the woman who heard voices that told her to chop her son's head off. She did, and the body fell down the back stairs, with its head rolling several yards farther.

Then there was the woman who found herself pregnant. The only way she felt she'd got pregnant was by the ghost of Steve McQueen, who sneaked into her bedroom and porked her. McQueen's ghost must have dug it, as he came back six more nights and had at her with her husband asleep in the same bed.

She was walking along the road when a car pulled up and a guy asked her if she'd like to go to a motel for fun and games and imbibe a little nose candy. She went with him to the motel, where they injected themselves with the dope. He immediately flopped to the floor, quivering and having a heart attack. So she grabbed a lamp with a broken light, plugged it in, and pressed it to his chest. She said she was trying to "jump start" him. It didn't work, so she grabbed his wallet and credit cards and was in the process of leaving the hotel when the ambulance and police (that she had called earlier) arrived.

She was pissed off at her ol' man coming home drunk every night, so she decided to do something about it. When her husband tottered in, her father hit him over the head with a large piece of wood, knocking him unconscious, and while he was unconscious, she took a kitchen knife and cut his tongue out--and for good measure she sliced off one of his ears.

These women attended a male strip show and were all prepared to slip dollar bills inside the men's bikini shorts. After a time, when the show didn't start, the women got restless. Finally

the manager came out and said the show had been cancelled. So the women got pissed and rioted. The police had to come with dogs to calm them down. Meanwhile they tore the restaurant apart and threw glasses and bottles of beer all over the place. Man, when women want to see some cock, don't tell them they can't.

This woman weighed 400 lbs. She decided to get into the hot tub one night while her husband was gone. She climbed into the tub but found that she couldn't get out. Because her husband wasn't due home until the following evening, she had no choice but to sit in the tub, waiting for his arrival. When he came home, he couldn't pull her out and had to call the fire department for help.

The judge sent her to a state mental hospital after the woman claimed that she had become pregnant with a puppy. She claimed dog blood was injected under her fingernails, causing the pregnancy. She'd shot in the head the woman who had injected the dog blood under her fingernails.

Then there was the broad who wanted to make sure Queen Elizabeth saw her as she drove past. So what did this broad do? She unbuttoned her blouse and plopped her tits out. She figured if the Queen didn't do anything about it, she at least saw her.

This broad loved her two Chihuahuas so much they when they died, she buried them in a pet cemetery. So when she croaked last week, she wanted to be buried in the same cemetery with her two pet dogs and alongside her husband, who was already buried there.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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Harley Owners, Take Notice

☐ Prestolite and Harley-Davidson have discontinued the production and distribution of any starter replacement parts for all electric-start Harley-Davidson motorcycles built from 1966 to 1982. However, there is a solution. Cycles USA, Inc. has a high-quality starter rebuild kit available which includes the following key items: brush plate and holder (replaces OEM #31537-66), terminal and ground brushes (#31541-66), brush springs with clips (#31534-66), and a replacement shaft bushing. Suggested retail is under \$30.

For more information on this critical new product, call Bob Lundquist (formerly a Drag Specialties sales representative) at (612) 521-6550, or write, care of Box 11692, Minneapolis, MN 55411. Dealer and/or distributor inquiries are welcome.

Bob Lundquist
Minneapolis, Minn.

Oops!

☐ Just wanted to expound on the brake system in the bike feature, "Lady In Red" (June '87). The owner listed the brake as Hurst. While the master cylinder and caliper are Hurst Airheart, the mounting brackets and setup are the ones I set up for C & G Mfg. back in 1971 and am still using on my wheels.

Rocky
Fullerton, Calif.

Crunched

☐ It happened yesterday in the San Fernando Valley. Some clown in a pickup turned left in front of Danny's scooter. The bike may have been somewhat crunched, but it knocked the cage clean over on its side.

Get well soon, Danny!
Skip
Arleta, Calif.

Handicap

☐ In response to Ralphe Dodge in the May '87 issue, I lost my right leg in a motorcycle accident in 1960. However, I lost it below the knee,

which made a great difference in my ability to ride.

Ralphe, if your leg is off above the knee, there's still hope of gettin' in the breeze on two wheels again—don't despair.

Since most bikes are left-foot shift now, you will have to have yours transferred to left-foot shift and brake. I'm sure any competent bike shop can help you with the arrangement of levers and heim joints to convert your rear brake to left-foot shift.

Another problem you're likely to encounter is the lack of strength to hold the bike up at stoplights with your right leg amputated far above the knee. With a short stump, the leverage you need just isn't going to be there. To solve this problem, I saw a guy in a similar case who had an extra brake handle on the right side of the bars. When he'd pull the brake in tight to hold the bike at a light, the extra handle, connected to a cable, would extend a right-side kickstand. He could then lay the bike over to the right and use his left foot to downshift into first or whatever. When he'd release the hand brake, the extra (short) brake handle would allow the kickstand to release and be retracted by a spring mounted under the right side of the frame of the bike.

With a little ingenuity and a lot of desire to be up on two wheels, nothing is impossible. You just have to want it badly enough.

Woody Eargle
Nashville, Tenn.

☐ I know a rider who has one paralyzed arm and one leg amputated. He finally got a bike with an electric starter. Guess you have to make some concession.

Bad Bill
Phillipsville, Calif.

☐ Besides considering a trike, I'd like Ralphe Dodge and others to know that a sidecar outfit is also a viable alternative to amputees. I know several single- and

double-amputees who have overcome their physical disabilities and prohibitions from operating a two-wheeler safely by converting their present motorcycles to sidecar units. There are even two manufacturers in the States that make sidecar units capable of handling wheelchair-bound motorcyclists, where-in the sidecar is specially adapted with all hand controls and operated from the chair.

Jim Dodson

Hack'd

The Magazine For and
About Sidecarists
P.O. Box 17640
Portland, OR 97217

Rufus

☐ I've seen Rufus's name in the mag from year one, but I've never seen a photo of him. Is he real?

Wide Glide
Salt Lake City, Utah

■ Rufus has been a pal of Spider's for over 16 years. When he was younger, he was like his owner: a cocky man. He's a big, woolly Samoyed, and he's still alive, although a bit rickety from old age.



Rufus

Jap Test

☐ This is in response to your so-called test of a Japanese bike in the April issue and your general biased attitude against Japanese bikes. Take a good, close look at your Harley and its various parts. If you do, you'll find Japanese shocks, carbs, forks, electronics and ignition, German pistons, Australian-made cast wheels, Japanese

tires, etc. You get the picture. What the hell is so American about your bike?

Doctor Truth
LaCrosse, Wis.

□ I was disappointed and disgusted in the "Jap Bike Road Test" in a recent issue. There are plenty of anti-wheel groups that would delight in one more bike removed from use, without bikers doing it to themselves. Better to fix up the machine and donate it to some rider education group or teenager than to shooft holes in it.

Grasshopper
Annapolis, Md.

■ Or dump it in the ocean so fish can live in and around it.

□ It was great. But I think you should do a test on the Jap shit like *Cycle World* or *Road Rider* magazines (Jap-shit lovers) would do on a Harley. Exaggerate and point out all its bad points and nothing else.

Then you could shoot it, burn it, and run it over with a tank.

Wouldn't that be fun?

Keith C. Ward
Haledon, N.J.

□ I've just read your "Jap Bike Road Test" article and am confused. If this is such a righteous bike rag, why are you such cheap wimpos? A truly righteous biker mag would have trashed something really impressive. Instead, *Pussyriders* did in an old 350cc Yamaha. Where are the 1200 Viragos or the 1400 Suzuki Intruders? You assholes are not only boring, bigoted, and probably bisexual, but you're also cheap, second-rate assholes at that. But since you all probably ride cheap, second-rate bikes (aka Harleys), I guess that's to be expected.

K.D.
Porterville, Calif.

□ That was the best Jap shit road test I've read about. When's the next one?

Tony Stephenson
Hiawatha, Kan.

Proud Owner

□ I wanted to write you and say I'm very happy that your magazine was there for my husband. You see, he was dying and it took six years. Gary had his Super Glide for a year until his strength gave

out. He read your magazine for years and cherished them.

Thanks for being there.

Kathleen Leitner
LaCrosse, Wis.

Response to Nutsac (February '87)

□ Your name is well placed. Nutsac must be all you have left. You obviously have no balls. This unwarranted attack on female riders can only be a feeble attempt to escalate your nonexistent manhood. Personally, I enjoy riding with women as well as men. You must be awfully insecure or a hell of an asshole, or both. Actually, you removed all doubt, asshole.

Big Dave
Baltimore, Md.

□ Horseshit to you! I'll bet you're one of those mealy-mouthed, wannabe badasses my mama told me to ignore.

A Lady in The Wind
Baltimore, Md.

□ You must have had some dyke bitch steal your Harley and leave you standing with a finger in your ass. Either way, you're a piss-pot excuse for a man. I personally ride with a bunch of ladies on all makes of bikes. So if you've got the balls, keep up your bullshit in putting down foxy riders, Nutsac.

A Lady in The Wind
Owings Mills, Md.

□ I can only say that I'm glad the men I ride with are not so insecure that they can't deal with women riding beside them as well as behind them.

Wrong Way
Everywhere

Bad To The Bone

□ Concerning your "Ol' Lady of the Century" feature (April '87), I hate to be the muthafucker who brings bad news, but there's something you ought to know about that bitch — she's a guy.

Bob Paris
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ One sack of bones looks like another to us fuck-ups.

□ My faithful assistant Igor brought the article about Spider's anorexic girl friend to my attention today. After suitably chastising him for reading such filth when he should be out robbing graves for me, I informed him that you owe him an extra large

helping of raisin pie.

Spider's girl friend isn't (wasn't) a girl. This is the skeleton of a male, which makes Spider not only a necrophiliac, but a queer necrophiliac with a transvestite lover. But I suppose that's to be expected in any area of the world with such loose morals.

As long ago as my first year of medical school, the differences between the male and female pelvises were made obvious. The clearest views are afforded by the photographs on pages 66 and 68. The two large holes just inboard of the thighbones are called the obturator foramen. In the male these are nearly round, while in females they are distinctly egg-shaped and lie on their sides. Spider's companion's obturator foramen prove to be nearly round.

Baron Von Frankenstein
Castle Frankenstein,
Transylvania, Romania

Catshit Sandwich

□ In response to the letter signed by "Poison Pen" in the April issue, I would like to propose the following changes to whip us "scum bucket dirt bags" into "sociably acceptable" dirt bags. Would it make you happy to see me sell off my Heritage and buy a Gold Wing, toss out my leather jacket and chaps for color-coordinated matching jackets for me and the wife, and stow away the Grateful Dead albums and pick up the latest pimple pus that passes as music in the '80s? Well, I'm sorry to have to disappoint you, but I would rather eat a catshit sandwich!

Ramblin' Man
Rotterdam, N.Y.

□ So, Poison Pen, you took a break at the flower shop and eyeballed your first *Easyriders*, and from that you determined that anyone who rides a Harley is a "scum bucket dirt bag."

This may surprise you, asshole, but I don't ride a Harley. I own two Triumphs (a '65 Tiger and a '72 Trident). I have attended many swap meets and most ABATE functions that I can get to. I have never had any negative comments about my bikes from Harley riders, and I'm sure a three-cylinder Limey doesn't thrill a true Hogger spitless. All I can assume is that as a group, they have the good manners to keep any nega-

tive comments they might have to themselves, unlike you, douchebag.

This may also surprise you, but no one really gives a shit if you want to ride your plastic Yamawhatthefuck. In other words, mind your own fuckin' business. Everyone else is minding theirs.

J.P.G.
Jacksonville, Fla.

□ To Poison Pen: I am a top model, from California to New York. I look better than your wildest dreams. My close friends in the limelight include many top celebrities. I ride on the back of my boyfriend's Harley and enjoy the company of the (sometimes) crazy people we meet on runs. I look as if I stepped out of *Vogue* magazine, and I am respected by all who know me and want to know me.

Raving Beauty
Oahu, Hawaii

"Miami Vice"

□ In regard to the "Miami Vice" episode of April 3, 1987, I am sick and tired of TV directors having free shots at bikers! If anyone reading this saw the episode I'm talking about, it should have pissed you off as much as it did me! Where does Hollywood get off always using bikers as the bad guys ("Mask" excepted)? Why don't they pick on someone else for a change? Professional sports fans, maybe, corrupt legislative and judicial branches — I could write a million great plots for them. Why then is it that they always feel the need to crack on our heads?

The show that I suffered through so that I could be good and pissed off when I wrote this letter was so filled with absurdities that any self-respecting biker should be writing NBC right fucking now! For example:

1. They painted these so-called actors up with pathetically fake tat work;
2. They had them riding all over Miami without helmets;
3. At least, even being the ignorant assholes that they are, the directors did not insult my motorcycle. No, they had these third-rate actors riding around on Jap tin.

So in reference to #3, I want to thank the directors of "Miami Vice." I would, in fact, like to thank them in person. So would quite a few of my

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friends, I'm sure.

Imagine, a brother in a bar full of brothers letting Don Johnson rough him up. ... right.

Paul Orr
Conway, S.C.

Glasses

☐ In response to "Riding Glasses" in the April '87 issue, I wear soft contacts. After the first hour in the wind, my eyes would look like I had toked 1/2 lb. of killer green bud (if I had or not), and my eyelids would turn to sandpaper.

I got my hands on a set of wraparounds made for the military tank operators and other off-road drivers. They're called Gargoyles and are almost impossible to scratch — they don't break easily, either. They come tinted or clear. The price is a little high (you get what you pay for) and should be obtainable at any Army surplus.

Snake
Tacoma, Wash.

Two Gas Tanks

☐ I work for Chrysler. The auto industries have to install two fuel tanks in cars by 1992 or 1993 (due to the oil industry — so they wouldn't have to update their prehistoric gas stations): one tank for gas, the other for vapors that are made when 50-degree (underground fuel temperature) gas hits your 70- to 80-degree gas tank. (It's true that if the oil industry had been made to install the second tank, every time you filled your tank up, they would have been ripping you off for gas in the form of vapor — it could have been as much as a quart of gas to a tankful on a hot day.)

My question: Are motorcycles going to have to have the two-tank system by 1992?

Dragon
Belvidere, Ill.

Trampo Speaks

☐ I just finished reading "Soapbox" in the May issue (concerning the Iran and U.S. arms deal). First off, let me say thanks to Trampo, who wrote it. He's really telling it like it is. No cut-and-dried pigshit in what he's rapping about. Second, thanks, *Easyriders*, for printing it. I think everyone should read it.

Snow
Oakland, Calif.

☐ Trampo's gripe in the May '87 "Soapbox" hit me like a

ton of bricks. I haven't seen a more righteous gripe since the lid law shit they pulled on Bike Week this year at Daytona.

I'm in the U.S. Army, and if it were my voice, I would hang every bastard involved in helping Iran and the scum in Lebanon. And, yes, it would be on national television at 8:00 p.m., to teach others that this shit will not be excused. Treason should be an automatic necktie party.

The Dog
Ft. Sill, Okla.

Helmet Law

☐ Here we go again, people. I just finished talking on the telephone with Representative John Merk. Mr. Merk has introduced Assembly Bill 165, which calls for mandatory helmet use here in the cowshit state. Mr. Merk told me he doesn't ride a motorcycle — what a surprise!

Anyone wishing to voice an opinion on this matter may call Mr. Merk at his office: (608) 266-3756. Let's light up his telephone lines, shall we?

Bob Packer
Ripon, Wis.

☐ Red alert to all Illinois riders: our representatives in Springfield are introducing a bill to make brain buckets mandatory. Today is the day to write and call your representative and senator to remind them that freedom of choice is something that applies to our heads as well as our minds. ... and our votes in the next round of elections.

Get on it now!

Steve
Chicago, Ill.

☐ If the helmet law passes, how long before they add two more wheels to motorcycles for safety?

Wearing a helmet does not prevent accidents or turn bikers into "safe bikers." Perhaps more state-funded educational programs would create more safety.

A helmet can, in fact, endanger you more by restricting vision and hearing — the biggest equalizers of motorcycles in competing with the so-called "safe" automobiles. Who really wants this law? The average biker, or the law-makers and helmetmakers?

If this country continues to dictate laws against so-called dangerous sports, it's on its

way to breeding overprotected, paranoid couch potatoes who will never be able to defend this country or themselves against the real dangers in the world.

I do believe in protecting the body with leather and jeans, unlike some riders who wear a bathing suit, gym shoes, and a helmet. Whether or not the helmet serves a purpose to insure my safety is my decision.

Where was this state's concern for my safety when they sent me to Vietnam at the age of 19? I may not have had a choice then, but now, at 40, I feel I've more than earned the right to make a choice.

Biker
Somewhere

☐ The whole idea of riding is to be free, feeling the wind blowing in your face and through your hair. With a brain bucket on you, you have none of this.

Next, they'll say that the law was voted on in each state. Well, I have one question for them that will solve this problem: out of all the people who voted on the law, how many rode bikes?

Ron Werle
Sheridan, Ill.

Important News

☐ I need help in locating Vernon "Preacher" Parsons and also Wesley "Shark Teeth" Davis. I've got some very important news to tell them and would very much appreciate it if anyone knowing their whereabouts would tell them to contact me, ASAP. Both were last known to live near Liberty, Texas, back in '84.

Bob "The Cook" Wilkey
Rt. 3 Box 300
Navasota, TX 77868

Free Again

☐ Thanks to you, I feel free again. I just got out of the pen after four years, and the first thing I did was get an *Easyriders* magazine. Boy, I sure have a lot of catching up to to. Four years is a long time.

Little Angle
Marietta, Ga.

A Good Samaritan

☐ While my buddy and I were riding to Yellowstone National Park via Sturgis, I broke a kickstand in the Big-horn Mountains. We drove to Cody, Wyoming, and found Hal Lee of Cody Custom Cycle, who didn't have a kick-

stand for my dresser but called around to see if he could find one. And sure enough, he did. I can't remember the name of the person he got the kickstand from, but I would like to thank him and Hal Lee for letting me continue my trip without having to look for a rock or a tree to lean my bike against. Thanks again.

Tom Jarvis
Rhineland, Wis.

Leaded Gas

□ Come on. Are we gonna let 'em do it to us again? What I'm talking about is the fact that our good buddies at the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) are still pushing to do away with leaded gas. Why? They say it's for our own good. But how many times have we heard that?

The folks we broke away from some 200-plus years ago have come up with an interesting study that claims the amount of airborne lead that enters our bloodstream when we breathe is insignificant when compared to the amount of lead some of us absorb just from drinking regular tap water.

A Connecticut-based firm called Water-Test backs up the Limey claims, saying an awfully large amount of U.S. tap water appears to contain high (but safe, according to the EPA) levels of lead. In other words, the water some of us drink is more dangerous than the air we breathe.

If the British researchers are correct and airborne lead isn't a major health problem, what will eliminating lead accomplish? Maybe no more than just stashing a few extra bucks in oil company bank accounts, but then, isn't that the American way?

At any rate, before the EPA does another number on us, maybe it should take a closer look into the results of that British study. In the meantime, let the EPA eliminate leaded water instead of leaded gas.

Mule
Newport Beach, Calif.

A Burn?

□ Just a warning to those bros who might be thinking about moving their weed-growing operation indoors next season. If you run across a mail order company advertising a single unit indoor growing system out of a place called Melrose Park, Illinois and operating under the

name of Pyraonic Industries, don't send them any money unless you printed it yourself!

We sent them a check three months ago (which they cashed, of course) and haven't heard a single word from them since! We tried calling the telephone number they listed in an ad we found in another magazine and that didn't do any good either.

So save your bucks and grow it naturally.

T.K.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Wants Mutha

□ I've been reading your magazine for a few years now, and every month when it arrives, it makes my day. I have to hand it to you guys and gals, you really know how to put a book together.

I know Mutha is gone, but the ol' man and I really miss her. Isn't there any way you could persuade her to come back, at least for one issue? That's all we ask.

Todd and Bev Holland
Stewart, Minn.

Vet Needs Help

□ I'm a brother still on active duty with the Army and have a problem that only you guys can help me with. While we're on active duty we can't wear any colors when riding, no matter where we're stationed.

Now I've checked with The Man here in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, and found that we can wear one set of colors that wouldn't put us in a bind with the MPs (they wouldn't have the balls to stop these colors), which leads me to the reason for this letter. Another bro and I have been trying to locate the Viet Nam Vets MC. We want to get in touch with them and let them know there are a lot of brothers still serving with Uncle Sam who are Viet vets and want to join their club. Can you help?

R.P.
Honolulu, Hawaii

■ Here are three Viet Nam Vets MC addresses you can check out: Box 461, Hammond, IN 46325; Box 31633, Aurora, CO 80041; and Wisconsin Chapter, Box 19654, Milwaukee, WI 53219.

Help!

□ In Ohio the law is sending a lot of good bros and their ol' ladies to the pen with mandatory time. This means they

can't even go to the board for parole in six months like rapists and child molesters, etc. get to do.

It's a fucked law and we need bros and their ol' ladies to complain about its unfairness. Even we bikers have a right to vote. The address to write to is: Glenn & Metzbaum, 200 N. High St., Columbus, OH 43215.

What next? Seat belts on our bikes?

Concerned
Mansfield, Ohio

"Choppershopper"

□ Thanks a fuckin' lot. I mean unfuckingbelievable. I met my wife through your "Choppershopper" section. She's awesome — '53 pan with stock chromed wide glide front end — wow! Tight pipe, too, and just love those secretions. Very tasty. Entire raisin pie for all of you.

Lizard
Dallas, Tex.

Made His Day

□ Just in case some of you don't know it (like I didn't, up until about an hour ago), the state of Washington requires two rearview mirrors on a scooter. A state cop and his partner (both mounted on Kawasakis) were more than happy to pass this info along to me for a mere \$47. Made my fucking day.

Mark Kramer
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Dave Mann

□ A sister and I went together on the Dave Mann poster artistry. We scraped our budgets, sharing the cost, to take advantage of the four-for-\$16 (\$26 Canadian) offer. Our order flew your way May 1. Preparing to wait 4-6 weeks for delivery wasn't any too easy.

Have a hoot, a piece of pie, or whatever's your pleasure. You earned it. Twenty days after ordering, the posters are on our walls.

The Seed and Madge
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

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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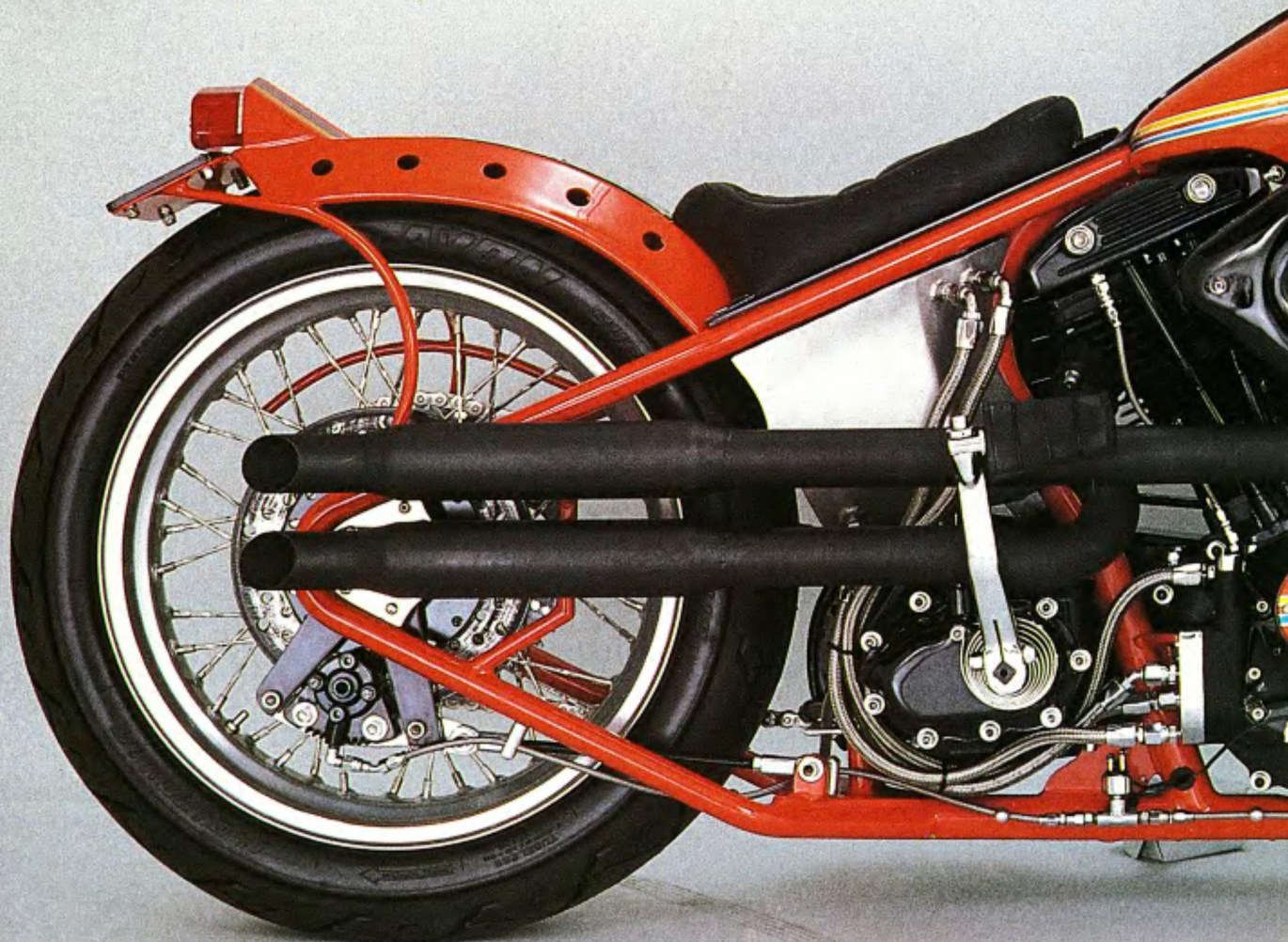
X-RATED

The first time I ever tried to do any sheet metal craftin' on a scooter was back in '69, when "axing" fat-bobs was the hot idea, an' I can still remember pullin' off the pair of cherry tanks — complete with shifter gate on the left one — from my old rusty panhead an' bandsawing those suckers lengthwise, takin' off a coupla inches outta the insides an' then brazin' the two sides together. I wanted that primo, slim look, just like I'd seen in some magazine, and hell, I was even gonna lay a righteous lace job on the tank — another sign of the times — when I put the paint to her.

That was the theory, anyway. Instead, what I ended up with was a homely, eye-

ball-engineering piece of shit with about two and a half pounds of brazing that didn't come anywhere near stoppin' the six hundred an' twelve leaks that cropped up within a month, all of 'em spewin' gas like a showerhead, eatin' away chunks of Bondo, an' dousin' my blast-furnace-hot engine with Enco premium when I least expected it — like every fuckin' time I went for a putt.

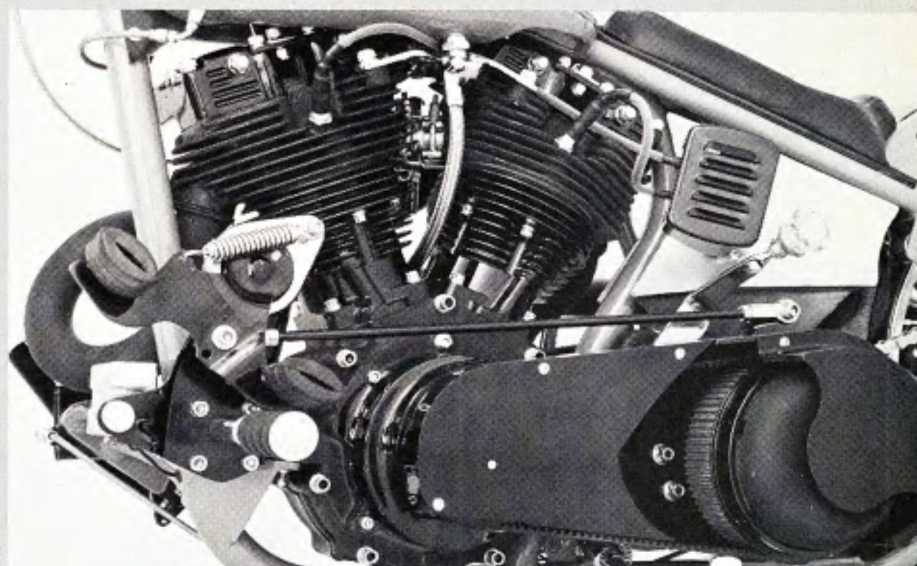
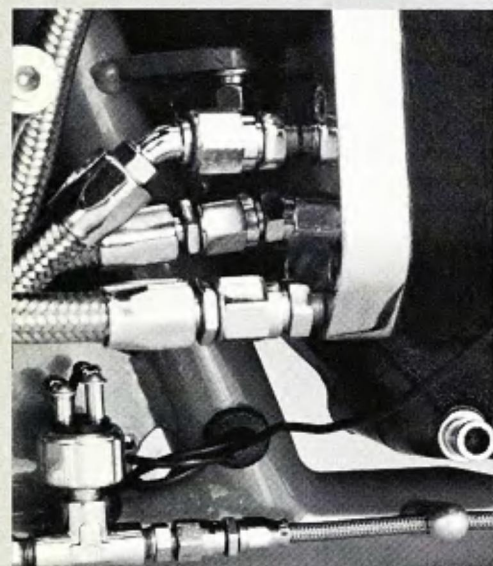
That damn Hog caught fire three different times, an' I finally tossed that drain-spout bucket of shit into the middle of the nearest mesquite grove an' bought myself a mail-order peanut tank with an end-of-the-driveway fuel range, which suited me just fuckin' fine, lemme tellya.



**When it comes to his scooter,
Don York's a true believer in
the layin' on of hands.**





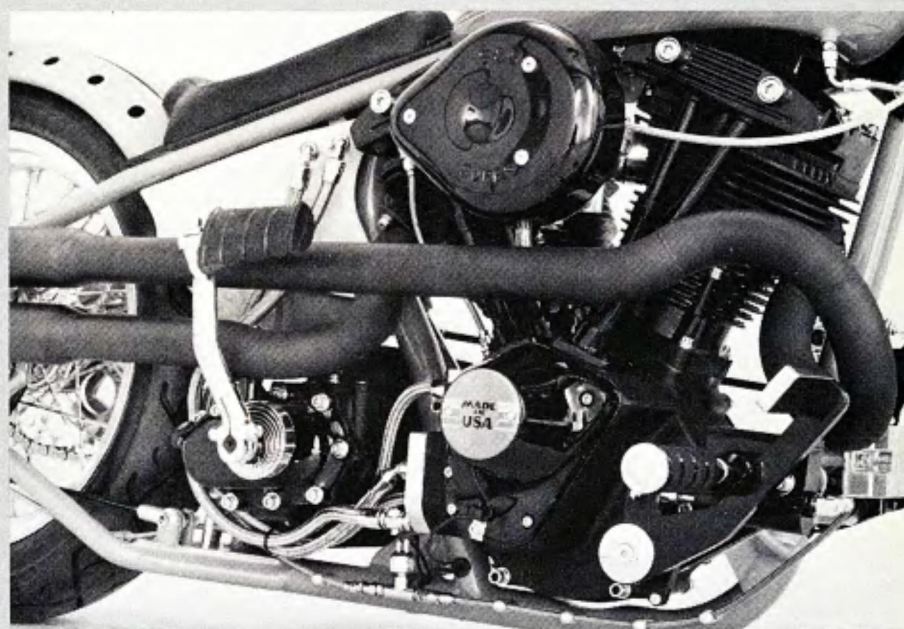


Somehow I don't think that Don York ever had problems like that — the man's a top-notch fabricator, as you can see by studyin' his latest ride. Not a dude who'll settle for mass-manufactured bolt-on parts for any of his four scoots (he's got two other shovels, an' he's puttin' together a

blower knuckle right now, just for a change of pace), Don makes a respectable percentage of his bikes' components by hand. Like from scratch, dig?

Don and his brother Billy own York Roofing Company up in North Carolina, an' after a day of nailin' down shingles, Don likes to



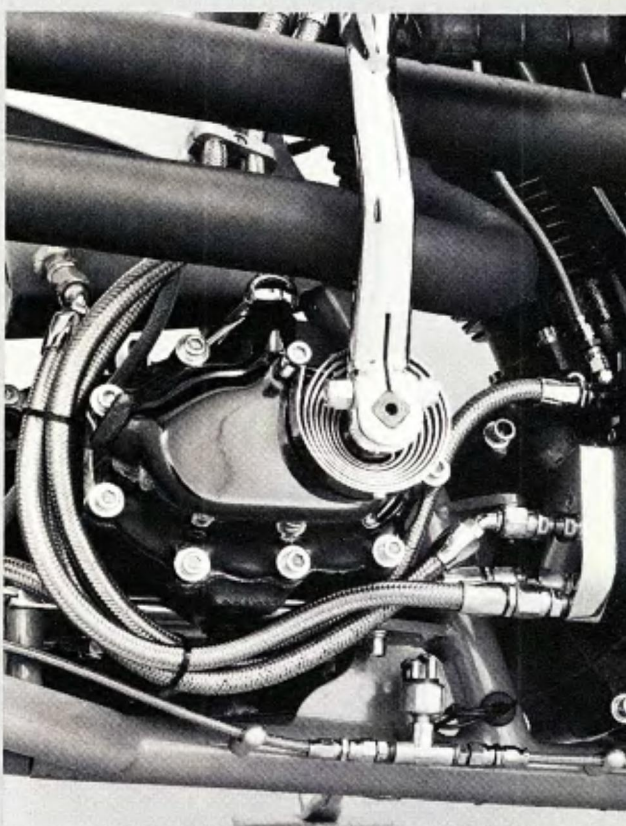


Owner: Donald York		City: Lumberton, North Carolina	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Rick's		Year: unknown	
Year and make: 1975 H-D		Builder: Motor Shop	
Model: FX-rated		Type: single-loop	
Value: ???		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Rick's Custom Harlees		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: several	
Chroming by: Allied Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1975		Risers: "Sug" Barfield	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): owner	
Rebuilder: Ray Price		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: points		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 93 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Jay Brake	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: big ones		Electrics: in frame	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: narrowed/owner	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: stainless steel/owner	
Cam(s): Leineweber		Oil system: modified	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: aluminum/owner	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close-ratio gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1975		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey shift		Builder: swap meet special	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: custom trees	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Teresa Crane		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Teresa Crane		Rim width: 1.85 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.
Color: Oraanngge		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: Imron over lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Jay Brake
Special paint: candy colors			
Other special modifications: custom braided lines, handmade triple trees, risers, exhaust pipes, rear fender, oil tank, control mounts, seat plate, front frame plate, brake line holders, and primary cover. Special thanks: Jay Brake, Sug, Steve, Barry Fowler, Jim Shaffer, and everyone at Rick's Custom Harlees.			

pop open a can of kick-ass and relax by crankin' out one-of-a-kind goodies for his sleds, instead of just sittin' back an' turnin' into a TV-blinded couch potato. Check out the immaculate aluminum primary cover, for instance, or the stainless steel oil tank, the custom triple trees, headers, or

rear fender on this pumpkin-orange highway duster — every bit of that was painstakingly handcrafted from its raw material by Don himself. And yeah, he even narrowed down his fatbobs by hand, just like I did. 'Cept his actually hold gas.

—Pizzaman



Photos by Pete Chiodo



The Sunday morning sun had risen as a blood-red fireball, leaking across the early sky. JayCee, Willie, and I finished the last corner of the J.D., said our good-byes, and left the hidden valley below Truchas, New Mexico. We were headed home, after a party that had been a blast. It had started the afternoon before. There had been lots of good bros, beer, Grateful Dead tapes, and the usual rapping about scoots, the law, drugs, sex, and Vietnam, though not necessarily in that order.

JayCee took the lead down the winding paved road on his red '51 panhead; Willie and I rode side by side behind him. We eased our Harleys through the sleepy town of Penasco at a muffled 45mph. The wind on our faces felt good and cleared out the cobwebs from the night before.

We turned left at the Rockwall intersection and headed toward Taos on Highway 3 — a steep, winding road to the summit of U.S. Hill. We stopped at the top, smoked a doobie, and took in the breathtaking view. We gazed across the wide valley, noting the patches of golden aspens and blotches of red scrub oak.

Taos lay to the north, with drifts of hazy pinion smoke rising above it. Behind Taos rose the two majestic mountains that the Pueblo Indians call *Na Tua* — "Twin Sisters" — their blue-covered sides veiled near the tops with a fresh dusting of snow.

We left the vista (lookout) and started down the other side of U.S. Hill. The road jogged to the right and continued down in a series of zigzag switchbacks toward an open stretch of straight highway. The road was joined at the bottom by Pot Creek. Together the road and creek led to the villages of Talpa and Ranchos De Taos.

We leaned the big Harleys through the first of the zigzags easily, with JayCee in front and Willie and I hanging back in staggered formation to give us all plenty of breathing room.

Up ahead, JayCee rounded a blind curve at a comfortable half-throttle — and found himself staring at the broad flank of a deer, standing foursquare in the center of his lane and almost right on top of him already.

To avoid the certain collision course, JayCee pulled hard to his right, trying to keep as much blacktop between himself and the deer. His panhead, though, drifted a little too far, and his compensating lean-back was a little too late. The rear tire of his panhead found the soft shoulder

and burrowed in. Crushed gravel and dirt sprayed from beneath the wheel as he cranked the gas, and the invisible hand of momentum pulled him to the edge of the road.

"Oooh shit," I cried, as I saw him go over the side.

JayCee's Hog, heavy with inertia, was drawn down into the soft bank; it shot down it, crashing through the clumps of grass and reeds. She bottomed near the creek, becoming airborne again, with the glide pattern of a rock. The wheels screamed free. His Harley flew over the creek and into the bottomland weeds and reeds.

Wham!

I could hear them hit a downed log on the opposite bank. At this point, JayCee and his scoot parted company. The bike flopped over on its side, the rear wheel still spinning. JayCee was still airborne. He landed headfirst into a clump of thickets.

I jammed on both my rear and front brakes, and my Low Rider stood up in a sliding halt. Throwing down the kickstand, I grabbed my trauma kit from the sissybar. Besides being scooter trash for more years than I care to remember, I am also a New Mexico certified EMT-Paramedic, and I've been on ambulances for so long that there's a story circulating that the Shroud of Turin came off my rig.

I could see JayCee lying very still on his back, but I was still too far away to see if he was breathing.

***"I could see JayCee
lying very still on his
back, but I was still too
far away to see if he
was breathing."***

I started down the steep embankment. The water was knee-deep, shallow for this time of year but ice-cold. I slipped and almost lost it on the slippery bottom mud. Finally I was at his side, kneeling in the wet, soggy, marsh grass. It was an all too familiar scene.

JayCee lay on his back, a slight blue color on his lips. He was making snoring sounds through his partially opened mouth. Unconscious.

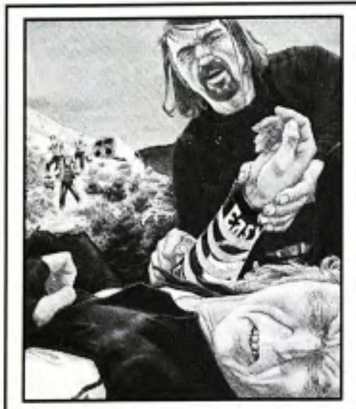
Moving to a kneeling position above his head, I rested on my elbows and carefully reached forward, gently placing one hand on either side of his chin at the angle of his jaw. I pushed his jaw forward, applying most of the pressure with my index fingers, being careful not to rotate his head or neck. The snoring sound stopped — the maneuver, called the Modified Jaw Thrust, had cleared his tongue from the back of his throat. I watched his chest rising unobstructed now. If he had been wearing a helmet, I

By Magic Doctor
EMT-Paramedic (retired)

BIKER SAWBONES



BIKER SAWBONES



would have made no move to remove it.

Willie was at my back, peering over my shoulder. "Willie, ride down the road a few miles to Taos. There's a bar on the right as you enter the village. Go around to the rear; the owner lives there. He has a phone. Tell him to call Taos County Ambulance."

"What about JayCee? Will he be all right?"

"I'm with him, bro. He'll be okay," I said.

I watched as the blue discoloration disappeared from JayCee's lips. "One problem solved," I muttered under my breath. But I still had an unconscious, injured friend, and as yet I couldn't tell what was wrong. I had to be careful — there are too many paraplegic biker brothers already.

I heard Willie splashing across the creek as I continued.

Staying in the same position, above his head, I gently ran my fingers through his hair, feeling for any cuts, bumps, or soft soggy depressions. There were none. Nor was there any blood or fluid coming from his ears. I double-checked, looking for any swelling or discoloration behind either ear, called "Battle's Sign." Finding none, I felt the back of his neck for any misalignment of the neck bones. Feeling with my fingers, I slid them down the breastbone, across the collarbone, and down each side of his chest wall, while watching his chest rise and fall with no paradoxical (opposite) movements of the chest that would indicate a flail chest.

JayCee's eyes blinked, and he moaned. He was regaining consciousness. "Stay still, bro. I'm right here beside you."

"I'm cold," he said. Beads of cool perspiration stood on his forehead. I slipped off my jacket and tucked it around him. Then, placing my fingertips to the side of his Adam's apple and feeling a pulse, I glanced at my watch and counted for one minute. His pulse was strong and even at 110 (a normal pulse rate is usually between 60-100). I then timed his breathing. It was 30 breaths a minute (average is 12-20 per minute.)

I reached into my trauma bag for my blood pressure cuff. It wasn't there. As usual, my ol' lady had been checking her blood pressure and forgot to put it back in. "Bitch!" I muttered under my breath. Still, pulse rate and respiration rate are better indicators of shock than blood pressure.

"Oh, man," JayCee moaned, "my arm hurts like a bitch."

Now that he was alert, I could ask him the three most important questions of accident cases:

"JayCee, do you have any neck pain?"

"No."

"Are you having any trouble breathing?"

"No."

"Have any numbness or tingling in your fingers or toes?"

"No, bro."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Stopping then to immobilize his broken arm, I reached into my bag for a splint. Shit.

There were none. But there was something just as good — inside my bag. I pulled out an old copy of *Easyriders*. It had been there since my last tour of duty, and I had been reading it in the rig, between calls. Folding it in half, I placed it under his fractured forearm and wrapped it with a Kerlix bandage, though a bandanna would have done just as well. I checked the pulse on the thumb side of his arm. It was strong. His fingers were warm and pink. I knew he would feel better, and at

least now he'd have something to read while he was recovering.

Resuming my secondary survey, I checked his pelvis by pushing against the wings of his hips, then thoroughly felt down both legs individually. JayCee had some kind of luck — nothing else was broken.

The distant wailing and yelping of an oncoming ambulance let me know that Willie had got through, and help was coming.

"Do you hurt anywhere else, JayCee?"

"No, bro. But where is my scooter? Is it bad?"

"It'll be all right. Your scooter has a few scrapes and maybe a bent front wheel, but nothing more. JayCee, I have some bros in Taos. I'll get them while your arm is being set, and we'll take it back home with us in their truck. Don't worry," I said.

I next palpated his abdomen by placing my hands on the four quadrants and gently pushing while feeling for any tenderness. It was soft. My examination was complete.

The ambulance siren ground to a halt. Glancing up, I could see Willie and two EMTs in white jackets with blue armbands coming down the embankment.

"Get me a backboard and a blanket roll!" I shouted.

One of the EMTs stopped and looked hard, trying to recognize me at a distance. He turned and looked up toward my candy apple and metallic grey Harley Low Rider with the blue Star of Life decal on the gas tank, and a light went on in his head. He spun and started back up the embankment.

The other EMT and Willie waded across the cold creek. The EMT had a grin on his face. I recognized him as one of my former students.

"How's Albuquerque Ambulance? Whaddaya got?"

"A 34 Ulna-Radius. Vitals are stable, he's alert, and oriented-times-three. No known allergies and no medical history," I reported.

As he knelt next to JayCee, I gave the Taos EMT the full report, concluding with, "I still think we should CYA (cover your ass) and put him on a backboard with a neck roll."

The other EMT arrived with a blanket, a bag of straps, and a backboard. Taking the edge of the blanket, we folded it in halves until it was about twelve inches long, then we rolled each end in, toward each other, making two connecting rolls. I positioned myself at JayCee's head, and on the count of three, I put slight traction on his head and neck while we log-rolled him just enough for Willie to slip the backboard under him. Then we eased him back onto it.

I stood up and stretched my aching back, while the two well-trained EMTs securely strapped JayCee onto the board with five straps. They then placed the rolled blanket under his neck, with the rolled-up sections on either side of his head, and secured them in place with some wide two-inch tape.

We each grabbed a corner of the board and started wading the muddy creek and up the steep embankment. At the top we placed the litter onto the waiting ambulance gurney. The two EMTs rolled him toward their rig. Willie was standing beside me, looking relieved.

"It's a good thing you brought your medic bag," he said.

"It didn't hurt, Willie, but I really didn't need it," I said.

"Anyone with a little bit of training could've done the same thing, you know."

"Yeah, that's what you're always telling me, bro. I guess I'll take you up on that free instruction you're always offering to give me."

"Bitchin'," I said. "There're only two kinds of bikers, man — those who have gone down and those who haven't gone down yet. It can't hurt to learn a few things that might get 'em back up again when it happens."

"You said it, bro."

We climbed on the bikes and fell in behind the ambulance, heading to town. We had a buddy and his bike to take care of. To go riding with on yet another day. ■

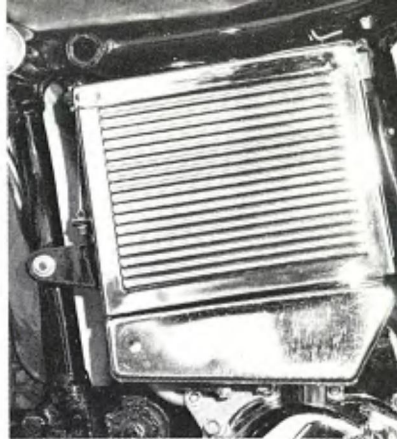


**CAN YOU FIND A HARLEY®
IN THIS PICTURE?**

Of course you can't.
THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.®



READER'S RIDE



Joe Parnello, Chatsworth, California
1970 Harley-Davidson FLH



The story on Joe's bike could be titled "Family Feud." His dad originally bought the shovelhead back in 1970, got some miles on it, then got bored (don't ask me how) and stashed it in the garage.

Ten years later, Joe decided he'd have to fix up the rusty, dusty, but still trusty Hog, complete with dog piss on the tires. He was offered a measly \$500 for it by his local dealer on a trade-in. But this was the bike he wanted. He figured he'd chop the shit out of it — that is, till he was deprogrammed by Michael Gatt at Michael's Motorcycle Works. Michael notified Joe of the value of a stone stocker and told him what a dumbshit he'd be for choppin' it.

The rebuild was extensive, both inside and out, with Gatt doing the motor work and Jesse James the Rolls Royce red and white paint. Therein lies the basis of the feud. Yep, you know who wants it back. Father used to know best, but Joe's dad stooped to an Aspencade, and now asks how "his" bike is doing.

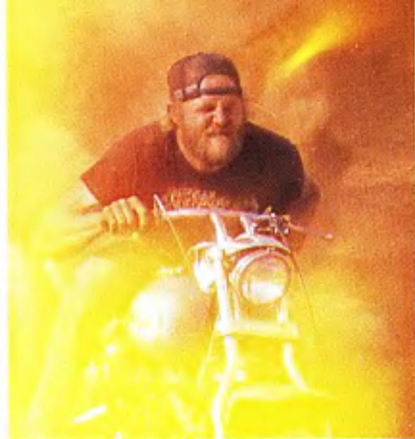
"Sorry, Pops, this ride's for me," counters Joe.

—Sluggo



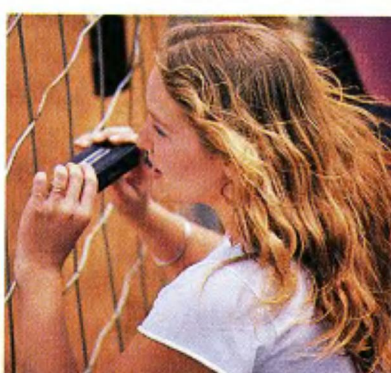
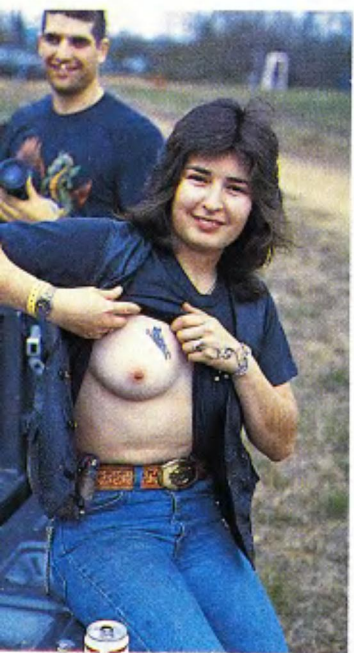
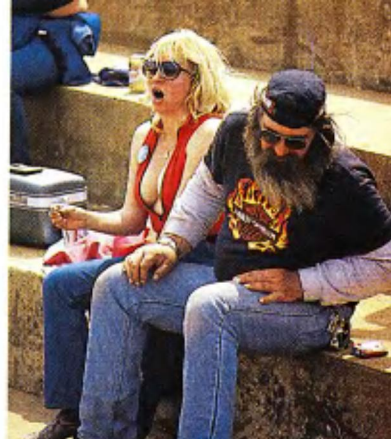
Photos by Kim Peterson





CAROLINA COWPOKES

The Easyriders Motorcycle Rodeo heads west from Florida, bringing thrills, chills, and a bit of rain to Georgia and North Carolina.



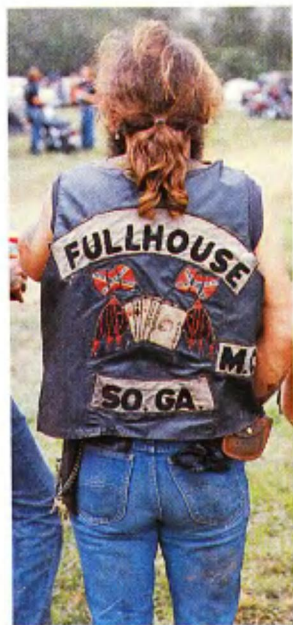
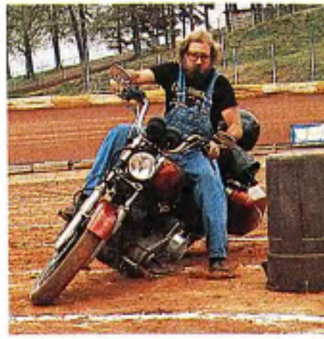
You know the old saying about the dog barking and the caravan moving on? Believe it or not, we managed to get our mini-caravan (all two vehicles) rolling west from Daytona and Tampa, inspired only by some of Big Al's loud yowls and a few long-distance yips from J.T.

Pulling into Columbus, Georgia, the skies looked

threatening, and it weren't no bluff — rodeo day dawned gray and wet. Since there ain't no such thing as a fair-weather biker, that didn't slow us down a bit. We got in a full competition, capped by a spontaneous event that wasn't even on the program — a group of bikes challenging the infamous Tri-'N-Whip-It weight sled to a tug-of-war.

Despite all the on-field heroics, the best imagination award of the day went to the dude who decided to deal with the rain by waterproofing his ol' lady, who was a real doll. . . if you've ever read the ads in the back of the skin books, you know exactly what kind of **doll** we mean.

Followin' the white line (on our pay, you'd best



CAROLINA COWPOKES

believe we mean the one on the highway) to Charlotte, we found ourselves welcomed by both ol' Sol and the standup bros of

the Concerned Bikers Association of North Carolina, who co-hosted the pre-rodeo blast.

Sunday the weather god kept smiling, and riders came from as far away as New Jersey — yeah, New Jersey, one of the original thirteen colonies — to cop the action. With four rodeos under our belts,





we're starting to pick up some regular competitors who've taken to following the circuit, just like the guys with the sweaty nags do.

From California, there's Matt, Bobbie, and Eddie, who so far have had a lock on the trike sled pull competition. Of course, trike pulls have been a West Coast **thing** for a

while now. Every place we've gone, the crowds seem to really dig them, and more than a few wrench-twirlers have been heard to mutter, "Wait'll next year." It wouldn't surprise me to see a General Electric jet on three wheels show up somewhere.

Another potential rodeo star is Turbo, a dude from





CAROLINA COWPOKES

Georgia who enters a lot of events and seems to place well in just about all of them. And then there's Tampa Bay Ray, another bro who enters events across the board and

usually winds up in the prize money.

At Charlotte, Ray almost became our first casualty as he was pulling the weight sled back to the starting post after a run. Usually we use a pick-em-up for that, but Ray decided to show what he could do with his scooter. Only thing is, he done too good. See, the weight sled has no brake when travel-





Photos by J.T., John Teresi, Ellen Meagher, and Trapper John



ing in reverse, and Ray got rolling so fast, it caught up with him and ran him over. So what does Ray do? He digs himself out from under everything and orders, "Nobody move nothin' till I find a camera and get back in there." Was the bike crunched? Are you kidding? It's a Harley — not a scratch on it.

But for the record, Ray, that's why we use the truck.

After Charlotte, we were off to Austin, where we arrived at the Heritage Center at the same time as a guy with a big hat and a horse trailer. All he said was, "Where's the row-day-oh?" All I kin say is so long, thanks to all the bike shops that have helped us pass the rodeo word, and see ya somewhere down the line.

—Bobo the rodeo clown



Motorcycles — Endangered Species in England?

TOO NOISY ?



YOU MUST BE JOKING !

Photo from Ian Mutch, M.A.G.

Seems like the bullshit flows rampant everywhere these days when it comes to the hell-bent-for-leather attempts by governmental agencies to cram their legislative enema nozzles straight up our asses. And it's not just our own beloved hordes of pencil-pushers and vote-hungry buzzards in the USA slinging the crap, either. Our Limey brothers across the Atlantic are getting their full share of rectal gymnastics, too.

Never a country to be accused of merrily tolerating overt independence or individuality on the part of its subjects — let's not forget how America came to be in the first place — England's Department of Transport has launched a fierce broadside attack on the island's motorcycling fraternity. Not content with their longstanding and seemingly impregnable helmet man-

date, the DoT has proposed noise restrictions so severe that even the BMWs currently ridden by the police wouldn't be able to pass the specs.

Yeah, you read it right — *police-issue BMWs* would be too loud under the proposed guidelines — and possibly 98% of morning beer farts, for all I know.

"Over here, it's getting so serious that there is no way that anything with an air-cooled engine is going to be [legally] produced after about 1995," according to Ian Mutch of England's Motorcycle Action Group. In other words, their DoT has hit on an effective, roundabout plan to eventually legislate scooters off the roads completely, unless they can be stopped in time by our overseas bros and sisters.

Might be time for another revolution.

—Rapper

How Come The Grim Reaper Is Never Around When You Need Him?

So many times, Lord, so many, many, many times You could have consigned this Evel one to the dark recesses he deserves. There was that day outside Caesar's Palace, Lord. Where were Your blessed angels then? Or how about that afternoon at the Snake River? Or those times when there was one bus too many in the line?

For Christ's sake, God, what does it take to get Your attention? How in the name of Hell (a fine establishment of Your creation, if I recall correctly) could You have allowed somebody who handled a motorcycle so badly to go on so long without claiming him for Your own? (You say You don't want him, either? Hey, I can dig it.) Rephrase the question: How could You have let such a ding-dong of a self-proclaimed daredevil bust up so many bikes, so many buses, and so many bones without drop-kicking him into Eternity's Elevator and slam-dunking the down button?

More seriously, how could You have let him keep lining his pockets while showing, intentionally or not, so many children, hundreds of thousands of children, *millions* of children, that they could become instant heroes by misusing a motorcycle? Have You checked his hands for blood, Lord? Have You checked the hospital files for records on little guys who shouted, "Hey, watch me, I'm EVEL KNIEVEL," as they jumped their little dirt play bikes off hills, into ditches, and down driveways into the paths of oncoming trucks?

And now, Lord, now that the

memory of him has grown dim, now that his last big play in the press came when he was accused of ripping off some poor old artist's ideas and selling them as his own, now, Father, he comes before the microphones and cameras and dares to speak of motorcycle *safety*. And now, Lord, now that he thinks the public has forgotten how he sniveled and whined when the GOVERNMENT refused to let him try to jump a motorcycle over the *Grand Canyon* because they were afraid he would HURT HIMSELF, now, Father, he says the GOVERNMENT should make all us sane riders wear "safety" helmets. To use a word much favored by Your chosen people, Lord, is that *chutzpah*, or what?

Despite his sins, he's still a child of God, Lord, created in Your image, just like the rest of us. Maybe the reason he is still here tormenting us with his hypocrisy today is because sometimes, more than one time, You decided to take pity on him. What the f... whoops, what the heck, Lord, You're the one with the infinite wisdom — though if You had consulted me, I could have suggested some better candidates for divine intervention.

But pay no mind to my jawing at You, Father. If You find Evel Knievel an object worthy of pity, so be it. You just go right on pitying the son of a... a... buck, that's it, son of a buck. And while You're at it, You might as well forgive him, too — even though, unlike those who crucified Your Son, Evel Knievel knows exactly what he's done.

—EKB



PANSTER

Leos are known for their stubbornness, and you might say the same for bikers in general. 'Course, not all bikers are born under the sign of the lion, but most are born with an inherent ability to be themselves, proud and true to what we believe in. Things other Americans take for granted — you know, dumb stuff like free speech, freedom of choice, the right to buy what you want, and the idea that America stands tall, leading the world toward total liberty.

Mary and Bob Ward of Clay City, Kentucky, are a pair of Leos who know the feeling of standing up and being proud for believing in not only each other as man and wife, but for believing in Harley-Davidson, despite the chagrin of their relatives. In other words, these hardworking Americans are black sheep in their own family circles. For the rancid reason of bein' bikers.

Like I said, that doesn't slow 'em down from keepin' the wrenches turnin' and the bros at Casey's Custom Harleys riding in

their hill country hometown. It also doesn't stop them from dreaming.

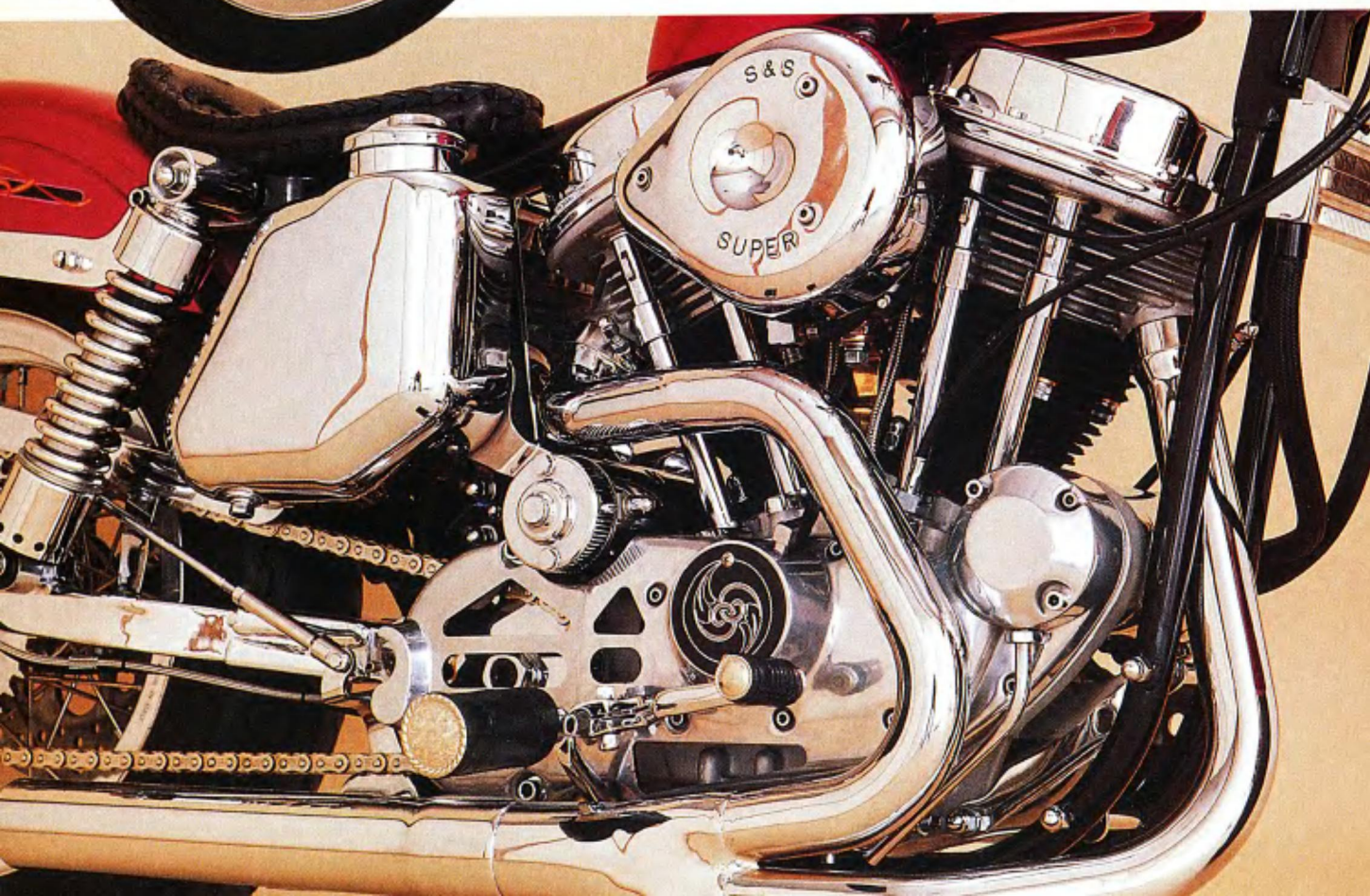
It was Mary's vision to have a motorcycle similar in class to what she saw going out to the customers from the backyard shop at their home, and it worked out that it was Bob who could perchance make the dream a reality. Went like this: Wes Sexton, the main man with the Craftsman tools, had built a panster for himself along the lines of a builder he respected, Skeeter Todd.

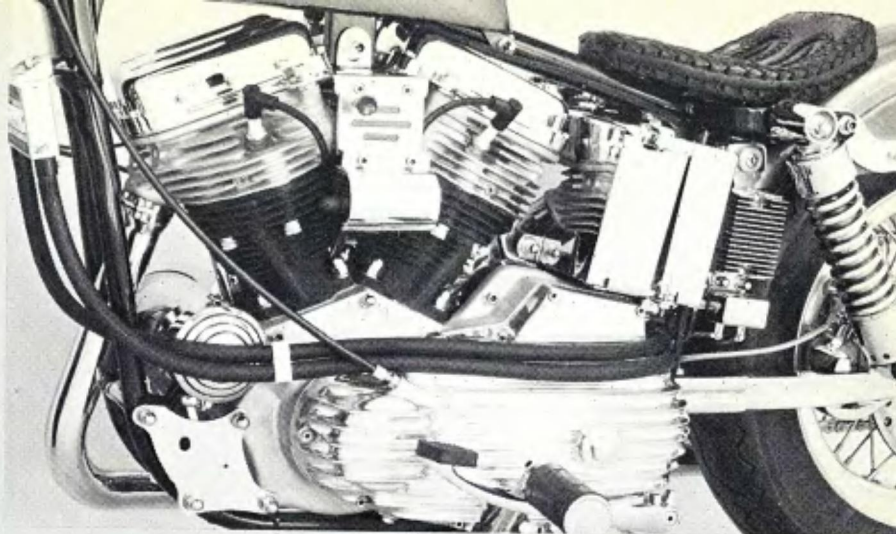
Her dream of a righteous solo ride comes true.



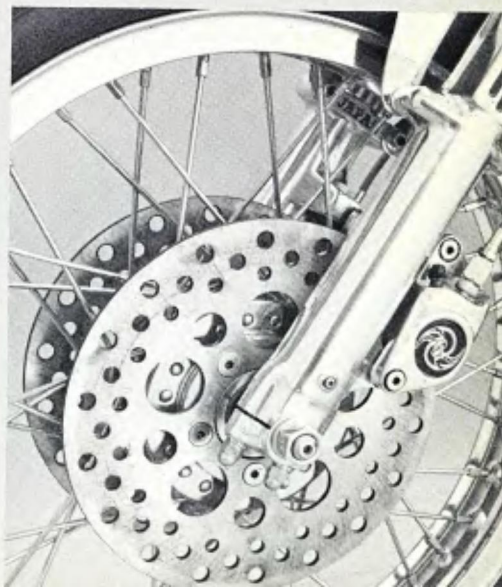
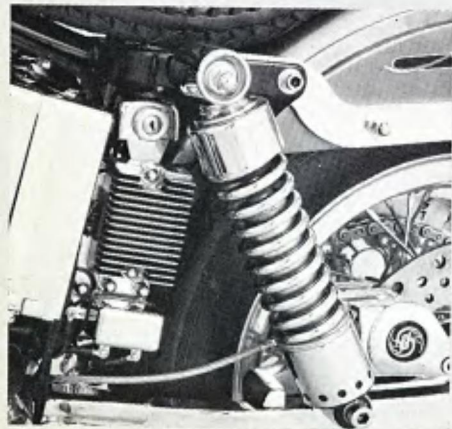
SURPRISE

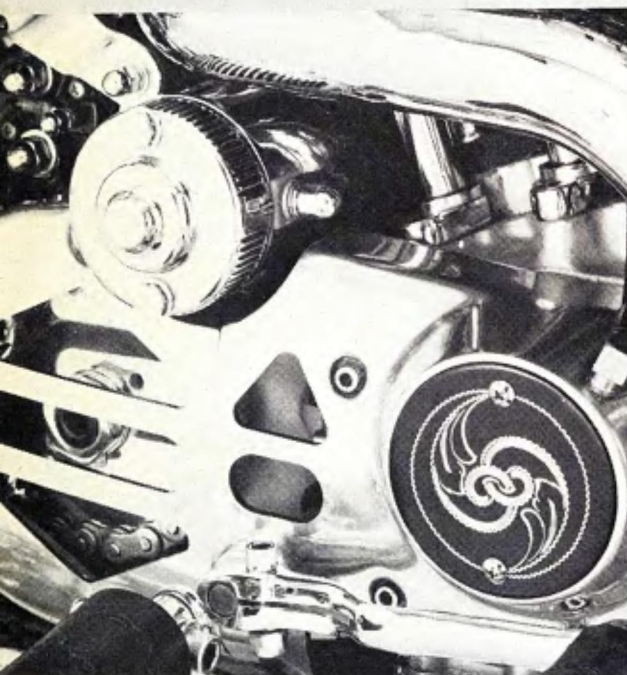
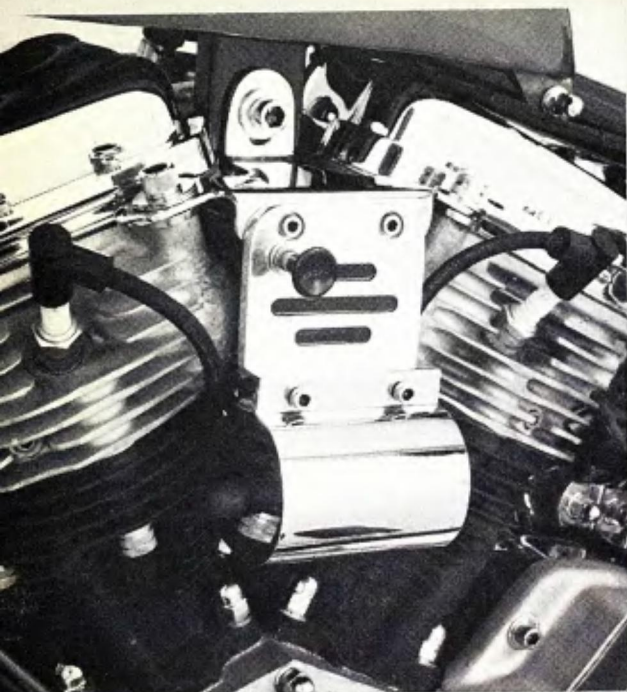




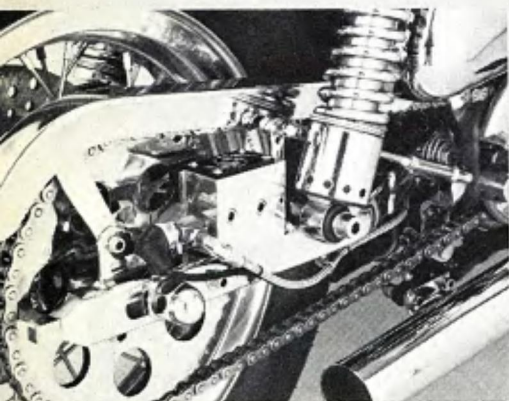


Mary had popped a peek at it once, probably while bringin' out a tray of homemade cornbread and a round of Ale 8' for the boys out back, while Wes was going through yet another shakedown on the panster to get it just so. Anyway, the sight held a firm grip in her imagination and wouldn't go away in her brain. You know women — after some sweet cooin' in her ol' man's ear, the next thing ya know, Bob's wheelin' and dealin', fryin' an' pryin' it away from ol'





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Mary Ward		City: Clay City, Kentucky	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Casey's Custom		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: H-D/CCH	
Model: panster		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$9,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly: CCH/W. Sexton/B. Ward		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N drag bars	
Year: 1957		Risers: H-D	
Model: XL		Fender(s): H-D Sprint/Super Glide	
Rebuilder: CCH/Wesley Sexton		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Country Cobbler	
Balancing: Wesley Sexton		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: CCH	
Cases: H-D/modified		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: H-D/modified		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: Casey's Custom Harleys	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Cafe Company	
Carb(s): Linkert/modified		Seat: Country Cobbler	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: CCH/handmade		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): collector		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1974		Extension: 1-in. under	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/CCH	
Engine sprocket: 25		Special features: fluted sliders	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Aardvark		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Vahnke		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: Wineberry over silver		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D/modified
Special paint: gold leaf and artwork			
Other special modifications: too many to list. Special thanks to Wesley Sexton, Bob Ward, and the Country Cobbler.			

Wes. He figured he'd drop it on her surprise-style, like, "Hey, hey, honey, looky here!"

Faster'n you can say "Panster," the hybrid panhead/Sportster was in Mary's hot little lady hill-billy hands. And the look of surprise was painted all over ol' Daniel Boone's native state.

Now, just as Bob and Mary have grown used to being out-

siders in their families, they are now accustomed to being out on runs through the Coombs Mountain Parkway together. Going to drag races and just being with people who accept and love them for being just exactly like they are. Bikers. Kind of like that American dream we were talkin' about.

—Bomber

Easynews

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

Calif. bucket bill closer to bein' law

In its second major legislative test, the California mandatory helmet law passed the state House Ways and Means Committee by a razor-thin 12 to 11 margin. The bill will now go to the full assembly. If it passes there, which seems likely, it will go to the state senate and the governor. If passed it will take effect January 1, 1988.

The brainchild of Assemblyman Richard Floyd, the bill defies all logic by exempting people riding on private property or off-road, even though that's where many careless rice riders, especially young kids, fuck themselves up.

For the Ways and Means Committee hearing, Floyd appeared without his dogs and ponies. Earlier in the month, however, at the Transportation Committee hearing, Floyd orchestrated a circus worthy of Barnum, Bailey, and all five Ringling Brothers. Playing head down under the Floyd big top was noted motorcycle crash-and-bash artist Evel Knievel (see editorial, page 29), who proudly bragged that he has broken just about everything in his body except his brains in stunt jumping accidents.

Well, you can't break what you don't have. If Knievel's total and (considering he's a lot more famous for crashes than successful jumps) unskilled use of a motorcycle qualifies him as an expert, why not get a dude who makes his living being fired out of a cannon to testify?

Evel notwithstanding, Floyd's most effective witnesses were victims. Motorcycle accident victims to be sure, but also victims of Floyd's shameless exploitation.

Floyd had said he would not push a helmet bill until he was sure he would win, until he had "all [his] ducks in a row." The cripples in wheelchairs, the teary-eyed parents — those were Richard Floyd's "ducks," and he had them lined up well. So well, that it went almost unnoticed that most of them had been victims of circumstances in which even helmet advocates admit lids would have made no difference.

What can you say about a guy who cons a grieving mother into believing that a piece of plastic could have saved her son when he got drunk and put his rice rocket into a tree at 85mph? What kind of heartless, cynical demagogue do you have to be to use tragedies like that to get yourself and your programs into the papers? Is there a special place in Hell reserved for those who feed their political careers on blood, pain, and death?

Reagan goes Hog wild!



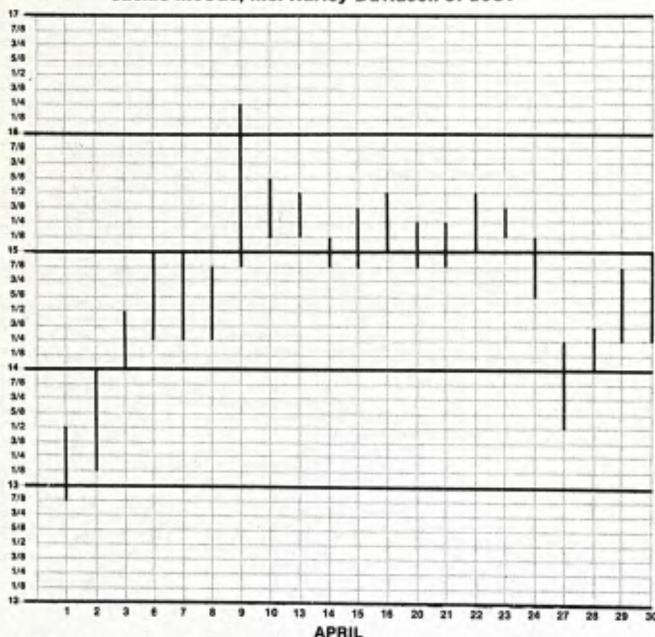
Ronald Reagan took the presidential "soapbox" to the York, Pennsylvania, Harley plant May 6. In the photos above, he displays his new Harley jacket and, with Labor Secretary William Brock, gets a few tips from an H-D employee. After his plant tour, Reagan noted how temporary import tariffs he imposed helped Harley get back on its feet and said the entire company is on the road to prosperity. "We'll get there," the president said, "on a Harley."

Wide World Photo

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



Jackie McCue, Ms. Harley-Davidson of 1987



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.

No, that mouth-waterin' mug on the top of the column is not the face on the barroom floor. It's actually the face of 22-year-old Jackie McCue, Ms. Harley-Davidson of 1987. Jackie, a member of both H.O.G. and Ladies of Harley, won the title of top Harley honey by defeating 199 other contestants in a nationwide competition. A seamstress by trade ("Hot damn," says the Wrench, "if she can sew, she must be able to cook."), Jackie comes from Deland, Florida, and is (gasp, groan) more into aerobics than beer. ("Where do these kids go to school?" sighs Spider. "Why haven't they learned that if God wanted us to bounce around on our feet, he wouldn't have invented motorcycles — or beds.") And before ya ask, the answer is no, she ain't available for p-pad putts. She uses them well-exercised muskels (as Popeye used to call them) to horse around on her own Sportster.

Montana bros take fight for freedom to Capitol

S tating that if they wanted more rules, they would "go to New Jersey or Russia," Montana riders recently jammed a state Capitol hearing room to register their protests against a mandatory helmet bill introduced by Rep. Gerald Nisbet (D-Great Falls).

Testifying at the hearing in support of the bill, which would extend Montana's current helmet requirement for riders under 18 to everyone, the usual fascist coalition of medical groups, insurance hacks, and law enforcement officials floated all the tried-and-true red herrings about the "social cost" of head injuries and the alleged ability of brain buckets to prevent them.

One spokeswoman for a Helena pro-bucket group even ordered the legislators to act to stop the "living nightmare" of head injuries. Unfortunately, she seemed unaware that the only way to stop this "nightmare" is to wake up to the fact that accidents, not the absence of a helmet, are what cause the crushed craniums. It's too bad the spokeswoman, and the thousands of people like her, can't realize this and turn their considerable energies to alleviating the accident epidemic by pushing to get drunken killer-cagers permanently off the road and rider education programs on it.

In their turn at the podium, spokesmen for Montana ABATE and other bikers' rights groups pointed out that most of the state's riders already wear helmets voluntarily, that the proposed bill contains no provisions for keeping substandard helmets off the market, and that the states with the lowest motorcycle fatality rates are all freedom-of-choice states.

"There are a thousand ways to die in this world," pointed out one rider. "Are you going to legislate all of them away?"

GM hops jobs-for-Japs train

They say that people who refuse to learn from history are condemned to keep repeating it. Apparently many so-called American "captains of industry" are incredibly slow learners.

What we're talking about specifically is the history of the relationship between Japanese and American industrialists during the years leading up to World War II. Put as simply as possible, American businessmen kept providing Japan with millions of pounds of the raw materials needed to make weapons, despite the fact the Japanese were obviously and publicly increasing their military forces far beyond the limit they had agreed to in a post-World War I naval treaty. Beginning at Pearl Harbor, tens of thousands of "average Joes" were called upon to pay the ultimate price for the industrialists' profit-before-patriotism policy.

Is history repeating itself? Let's stop the Jap-bashing (not that they don't deserve a good deal of it) for a minute and look at the evidence. Didja ever notice that most color TV sets named *General Electric* are labeled, "made in Japan"? or that all *Kodak* 35mm cameras, *RCA* video recorders, and *Black and Decker* steam irons share that same place of origin? And are you aware that the latest chapter in the American business success story called "Apple Computers" features wholesale firings of American workers and the exporting of their jobs to southeast Asia? And how about the new Chevy slogan. See the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet from Tokyo Bay?

Yeah, how about Chevy? There used to be a saying, "What's good for General Motors is good for the country." Maybe it was true, maybe not. Regardless, current GM chairman Roger Smith, widely rumored to be a native-born American himself, seems to be trying his best to reverse it. Smith, whose firm grossed \$102.8 billion last year, has announced plans to shitcan 29,000 Americans by 1989. Among them are 4,700 people who currently build compressors in Ohio — Smith is exporting those jobs to Japan. Another couple of thousand will be yanked from the assembly lines producing Oldsmobile Cieras and Buick Centuries. Smith intends to start making those models in Mexico... to be sold in the United States.

Left to die like a tramp on the street

Texas cops bicker over biker's bones

*He was some mother's darling,
he was some mother's son.
Once he was fair and once he
was young.
Some mother rocked him,
her little baby, to sleep.
But they left him to die like a
tramp on the streets.*

Be forewarned — this is no story for people with weak stomachs. A Texas biker who went down on his Hog on a freeway ramp was left lying, dead, or maybe not-so-dead, on that ramp for two hours, while Bexar County sheriff's deputies and San Antonio city policemen argued over which agency had the responsibility for getting the busted-up scooter tramp off the street.

The sickening incident began when construction worker Dennis Weyers' bike

either accidentally grazed, or was forced into, a guardrail on an entrance ramp to Interstate 37 and went down. Weyers, 33, came off and was thrown into a yield sign.

According to official reports, the county mounties were first on the scene but refused to do anything after one of them checked a map and decided that Weyers' mangled body lay inside the San Antonio city limits. City officers arriving at the scene, however, disputed the deputy's map-reading ability and pointed out a "Welcome to San Antonio" sign about 200 feet past the accident site. They didn't have to bother with the mess, the city cops said; any fool who could read a sign could see it was in the county's jurisdiction.

For two hours, the cops on the scene had their radio dispatchers debate the issue, while hundreds of cages drove past Weyers and his wrecked bike, and an

ambulance stood parked, while its crew waited for someone to allow them to scrape the poor dude off the pavement. At the end of the negotiations, the city police department was ordered to do the dirty work, and an officer instructed the ambulance crew to take Weyers to the morgue.

After two hours on the ground, the morgue was, not surprisingly, the only place to take him. The question is, would it have been the morgue — or a hospital — 120 minutes earlier? Weyers, a member of the Cen-Tex Roadriders MC, met the Reaper and his badge-wearing associates while on his way to a fund-raising run for the San Antonio Special Olympics program — a run sponsored — with sadistic irony — by the Bexar County Sheriff's Posse.

**Tramp On The Street, copyright Grady and Hazel Cole.*

Good reasons to abolish lid laws (Try 'em on your legislators for size)

A couple of times every year, we try to gather together in one place some of the major arguments against mandatory helmet laws. This particular list was generated by Bipartisans Against Discriminatory Legislation (B.A.D.L.), a small-but-determined bikers' rights group out of Northern California. For information on joining, write to B.A.D.L., 20175 Ricardo Ave., Hayward, CA 94541.

— Statistics verified by the AMA and the MSF show that Iowa, Wisconsin, South Dakota, and Kansas are the four safest states to ride in. None of them mandates helmets for adults.

— The federal Department of Transportation has admitted that no helmet on the market can reject impact stress above 12mph.

— In one DOT study, 90 percent of all helmets failed to meet even that 13mph standard.

— A study by the University of Utah Speech and Hearing Clinic found that helmets can confuse and disorient riders by restricting hearing and distorting sound direction.

— In July, 1980, the American College of Surgeons Committee on Trauma warned that improperly taking a helmet off an injured person could cause permanent paralysis.

— Dr. D.M. Kuland of Rhode Island Hospital has reported that *concussions without fractures* can be caused by helmets. These can lead to massive internal head swelling and paralysis or even death.

— Rhode Island had a 166.7 percent increase in motorcycle-related fatalities after putting a mandatory helmet law into effect.

— Cage drivers and passengers, even those wearing seat belts, suffer a far greater number of head injuries than motorcyclists, yet no one is suggesting they wear helmets.

— Neck injuries and fatalities in New York state jumped 75 percent the year the state's helmet law went into effect.

— In New Jersey, motorcycle deaths soared 340 percent after a helmet law was passed.

— Temperatures can reach 130 inside a full-coverage helmet. Heat-related factors contributing to accidents and deaths include fatigue, nausea, lightheadedness, blurred vision, loss of visual perception, and fainting.

— California Highway Patrol statistics show that motorcyclists voluntarily use helmets 50 percent of the time, auto drivers voluntarily use seat belts 20 percent of the time, and auto drivers in seat belt-law states use belts 47 percent of the time.

— A study by the Utah Highway Safety Department showed that helmet usage does not significantly affect the severity of head injuries.

— The Kansas Department of Health and Environment reported that it could find no evidence of increased motorcycle fatalities after repeal of the Kansas helmet law.

— Testing at the University of Technology in Sothenburg, Sweden, established that helmets slide only two thousandths of an inch before grabbing. Such sudden stopping of the helmet twists the head and may cause the brain to move inside the skull, rupturing arteries and causing permanent brain damage.

Testimonial to a brother killed by law

Dear Easynews:

This is in response to your "Did A Skid Lid Steal Your Future?" article in the May issue. In March, I lost my brother to a helmet. He was riding home from dropping me off, and a cop stopped him and told him to put his helmet on. Since Tommy was like "fuck you," the cop followed him for awhile to make sure he kept the helmet on all the way home.

A little way down the road, an asshole driver cut him off. He wiped the bike and slid about ten yards. That fucking helmet broke his neck and jaw.

As far as I'm concerned, they can take this law AND SHOVE IT UP THEIR FUCKING ASS!!

It doesn't save lives, it takes them!

I know. My brother Tommy, he's dead now.

Dancer
Fords, N.Y.



San Diego Union columnist Richard Louv has come up with the best explanation yet for why the rice cartel supports mandatory helmet laws. He got it from Andy Lomas, owner of the local House of Honda-Kawasaki. Sayeth Lomas: "Americans have outgrown the Harley look. That image is finished. James Dean is dead. Now we're into superbikes, street racers. You lean way over in a crouched position, almost a laid-down position. The helmet is designed to match the bike. . . ." So that's what it's all about — fashion, design, street racing. What Lomas calls "an aura, an image" — that's what they're playing with peoples' lives and rights over. Ain't cha glad ya finally found out? . . . **More on Lummo**, oops, Lomas! If Americans have "outgrown" the Harley "look," who do you suppose the House of Honda rice peddlers are unloading all those Rebels and Shadows on? . . . **Columnist Louv** ain't no dummy. He found Mr. Lomas' logic, or lack thereof, peculiar, to say the least. Commented Louv, "Japanese motorcycle manufacturers and retailers lobby for a helmet law but continue to market motorcycles that can go nearly *three times the speed limit*. And the Japanese manufacturers are racing to make them even faster."

Two Maryland state troopers have been transferred to desk duty after the shooting of an unarmed biker they had spread-eagled, face down, on the street. Fortunately for the cops, they only winged the dude in the arm. Had they killed him, they might have been hit with some heavy shit — like a three-day suspension. . . **Consign the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette** to the catbox collection. A recent article on high school fashions described the current Yuppie-ized look of the students as "a shock to the system for teachers who lived through the 1960s and 1970s, when students often looked as if they'd wandered in from the barn or climbed off a Harley-Davidson". . . "She kills my father and gets away with it," the tearful man said outside the courtroom, his grief making excusable his lie. You see, Dorothy June Smith did not "get away" with getting drunk and running down 60-year-old motorcyclist Bodo Klissner in Edmonton, Alberta. Indeed she didn't — Queen's Bench "Justice" F.R. MacNaughton fined her \$800.

A jury has ordered Suzuki to pay \$19 million to an American backyard inventor for ripping off his full-floating suspension design. . . **The recent highway bill** authorizing states to raise the double-nickel to the six-pack-and-a-half also contained strong language requiring states to permit motorcyclists to use so-called high-occupancy vehicle lanes on federally financed freeways. . . **Jap tire maker Bridgestone** is recalling its recently introduced Spitfire S55 Touring Radial while engineers try to cure a high-speed wandering problem. . . **And finally**, A railroad car jammed with crates of new Hogs mysteriously exploded not long ago, showering the outskirts of Springfield, Missouri, with instant basket cases. Now that Harley has regained the heavyweight market share leadership, the Japs may be getting desperate. Remember Pearl Harbor.

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 ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 5-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 6-Required for speeds above 35mph. 7-1970 or newer bikes. 8-If over 21. 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 10-Certain cities may require lights. 11-Passengers must wear helmets. 12-Passengers under 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.

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Easyriders



"My God! Did I tell him to wave at the audience with his dividing rod, or his divine rod?"

An ugly old maid was Miss Schmidt, as ugly as two corks of shit. But her boyfriend was simple—he loved every pimple And prized every wart on her tits.

—J.J.G.
California

"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," said the sweet young thing in the confessional. "Last night I had sex with six different bikers in six different ways."

The priest was silent for several minutes, and then he said, "Go home and suck the juice out of nine lemons."

"Will that make me pure again?" asked the astonished woman.

"No," said the priest, "but at least it should wipe that satisfied smile off your face."

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

When one of the prostitutes passed away, the rest of the girls were moping around the whorehouse, dejected.

"Good ol' Blanche," lamented one. "She could handle twenty men a night, drink a fifth of whiskey, and still have the strength to roll five drunks at the end of her shift."

Hearing this, one of the hookers burst into tears. "Why is it," she sobbed, "that a girl has to die before anyone says somethin' nice about her?"

—Gretta
Kempton, Germany

Pile carpeting: hair on hemorrhoids.

—Jolly Joe
Castro Valley, Calif.

Lesbian: just another woman tryin' to do a man's job.

—Russ Watson
Squadron 146

Did ya hear about the flasher who was thinkin' about retirement? He decided to stick it out one more year.

—Dingleberry
Here and There

Three bikers were standin' outside a whorehouse, countin' their money.

"I got \$20," said the first biker. "I'll go in first."

Ten minutes later, the first biker came out, grinnin' from ear to ear.

"What did she do, man?" his bros asked him.

"She put a scoop of vanilla ice cream on my cock and then ate it," he told 'em, still grinnin'.

"Well, I've got \$30," said the second biker. "I'll go next."

Fifteen minutes later, the bro came back out, smilin' even bigger'n the first one.

"Well, well? What did she do?" they asked.

"She put a scoop of vanilla ice cream on my dick, then she put a scoop of chocolate ice cream on top of that, an' then she ate the whole damn thing!" he exclaimed.

"Holy shit!" said the third biker. "I've got \$50! I wonder what she'll do for *that*!" An' off he went inside.

A full hour later, the third biker came stumblin' out of the whorehouse, gaggin' an' pukin' up a storm. His bros gathered around him, askin' him what the hell had happened.

"First," replied the biker between heaves, "she put a scoop of vanilla ice cream on my cock, then a ring of pineapple, then a scoop of chocolate, then another ring of pineapple, then a scoop of strawberry, and she topped it all off with whipped cream and a cherry."

"What was wrong with that?" his buddies inquired.

"Well, it looked so good, I ate the damn thing myself!"

—Jimmy Carroll
Marmarth, N.D.

The biker, lonely and in a strange bar, called the bartender over and said he wanted to buy a beer for the woman down at the other end. "No way," said the barkeep. "She's a lesbian."

"I said I'm paying for a beer!" snarled the biker. After twenty minutes, the bartender was called over again, and another beer was demanded for the broad.

"Look," said the bartender, "you ain't gonna get anywhere with her. I told you, she's a lesbian."

The bartender didn't say anything when the third beer was sent down and the horny biker strolled to the end of the bar. Putting his arm around the bitch, the Harley rider said, "So, how are things over in Lesbia?"

—Roy Wilson
Monrovia, Calif.



"That's not his last request. He's blackmailing the warden."

Two women were sittin' on the front porch, passin' the time of day.

"Dammit," said one to the other. "My husband came home with a dozen roses. I'm gonna have to spend all weekend with my legs in the air."

"Why?" asked her friend. "Don't you have a vase?"

—Big Jack
Montreal, Canada

Easyriders



"I don't understand him. He buys a brand-new car and doesn't even piss on the wheels."



"Are you flirting with me?"

A man walked up to a lady tryin' to fix a flat tire and asked her how it had happened. "Hit a milk bottle," she replied.

"Didn't see it, huh?"

"No," she complained, "the little bastard had it under his coat."

—Barry DeWald
Great Bend, Kan.

"Pete," the dying biker wheezed, "I gotta confession to make to ya. It was me who ripped off your Harley two years ago and sold it, an' it was me who fucked yer ol' lady that time..."

"That's all right, bro," replied Pete. "It was me that poisoned ya."

—Joseph Tatol
Avon Park, Fla.

What do Michael Jackson and a Dodgers baseball player have in common? They both wear one glove for no apparent reason.

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

Two-bit hooker: a quarter-pounder.

—Greg LeMay
Waupun, Wis.

Why are most cowgirls bow-legged? Because cowboys never take their hats off when they eat.

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

While they were parked on Lovers' Lane one dark night, the sweet young thing suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, oh... please don't do that, or I'll go all to pieces!"

"Go right ahead," panted her date. "I've got hold of the part I want."

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

This bro walked into the local tavern one evening with a parrot sitting on his shoulder. Sitting down at the bar, he smiled as Easy Mary, the waitress, came over to take his order.

"Say, momma," said the bro, "have you ever kissed a parrot?"

"No, I haven't," replied Mary with a smile, "but I've kissed a cockatoo."

—Jim Jett
APO N.Y.

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"Whaddaya mean, 'wrong address'?"

Wanting to really impress the foxy lass who had reluctantly agreed to go for a spin, the biker burned rubber at every light, took corners at 45 degrees, did figure-eights, spinouts, and donuts — finally sliding to a stop in his front yard.

"Whew!" she gasped after she caught her breath, "I'll bet you're hard on tires."

"Bet it don't," the biker said with a grin.

—Robert Rice
Sioux Falls, S.D.

A dude came home to find his ol' lady sitting naked in front of the mirror, admiring her tits. "Whaddaya think yer doin'?" he asked.

"I went to the doctor today, and he said that I have the breasts of a twenty-year-old," she replied smugly.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "An' what did he say about yer fifty-year-old ass?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Your name didn't come up at all."

—Richard King
Florence, Ariz.

What do ya call a cow that's had an abortion?
Decaffeinated.

—Rotten Rhodes
Altoona, Pa.

Q: What do you call three lepers in a hot tub?

A: Soup.

—M. Barrett
Roseville, Mich.

Gross stupidity: 144 Honda riders.

—Toad
Pilot Point, Tex.

Easyriders



A biker returned from a party and proudly showed his wife the gallon of scotch he'd won for having the largest dick.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you exhibited yourself in front of all those people?"

"Only enough to win, honey," he replied. "Only enough to win."

—Rubberman
Seadrift, Tex.

The scooter bum was having trouble with his hemorrhoids acting up after a six-day ride on his rigid knucklehead, so he stopped at a doctor's office to get 'em checked out. The doc took him into the examining room and told him to drop his drawers and bend over.

After pokin' around for a couple of minutes, the doc told the nurse to get him a light. She left the room and returned with a bottle of beer five minutes later.

The doc looked at her and said, "I meant a butt light!"

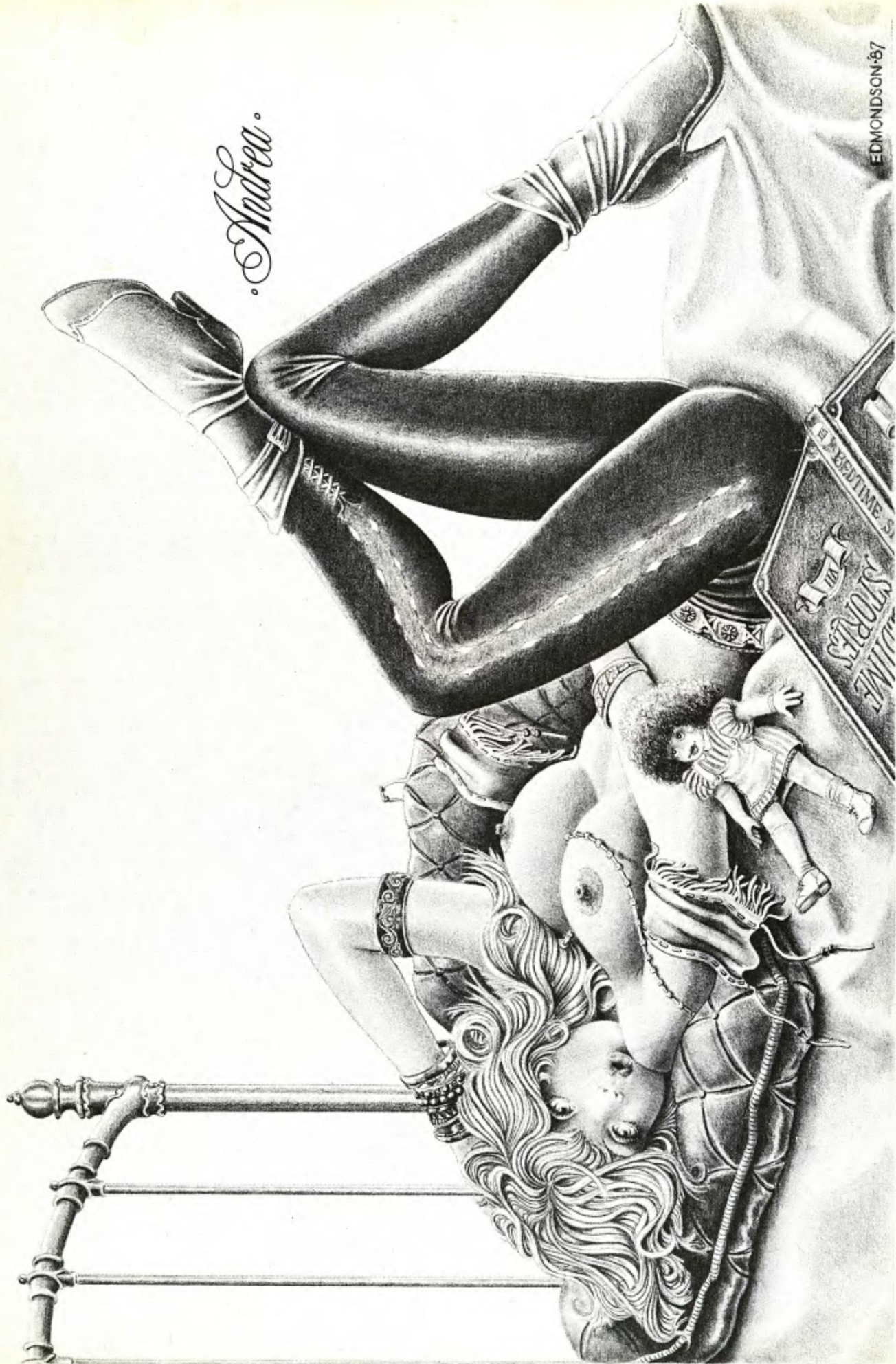
—Dash
Loudonville, Ohio

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"Hi, neighbor, could I borrow a couple of D-cups of tits?"

Andrea.



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STAR-SPANGLED BUMMER

By Richard Ries

"I don't know you and you don't know me, and I'd like to keep it that way. But I have a plan I think could make a lot of money for both of us. That is, if you could use a lot of money."

I had been watching the rivulets of condensation running down my beer bottle onto the scarred oak here at Shorty's Bar and Grill. Sometimes, when things were slow, I placed mental bets on how long it would take a particular trickle to make its way in starts and fits to the puddle which formed where the glass met the wood. As another droplet joined its brothers at the bottom, I glanced at the second hand on my Timex, then slowly raised my eyes to look at the guy who had been sitting next to me.

I remembered reading a book for school one time, where the bad guy was described as "odious." I wasn't really sure what it meant, but I got a mental picture of the milky brown slop that comes out of a Harley's tranny when water somehow gets mixed into the gear lube.

When I looked it up, I found out it meant "detestable, highly offensive, disgusting." Now, looking at this guy, that word "odious" popped back into my mind. In fact, to borrow a line from Rodney Dangerfield, I seemed to recall seeing a picture of his face next to the word when I looked it up.

He was thin. Not the trim, tan thin of a yuppie, but the frayed, faded thin that results from years of hustling for every scrap of bread. He wasn't quite six feet tall. His jeans were threadbare at the knees and were held up with a cracked leather belt. Draped over his bony shoulders was a short-sleeved shirt, with a dim paisley pattern barely distinguishable against the dingy background fabric. His holey Nikes probably came out of the same thrift shop dumpster as the rest of his wardrobe. Three or four days' growth of beard covered his face. A shock of unruly black hair stuck out from under a baseball cap. This guy had been going "casual" before Don Johnson was old enough to jerk off.

What really stuck out about the guy, though, were his eyes. They had the piercing brightness of someone who has done enough drugs long enough to really believe his delusions of grandeur. There was

an animalistic wildness in his face, a look about him that let you know no action was too crazy for him to consider. This must be the face that Charles Manson sees when old Charlie has nightmares.

But he had certainly gotten my attention. Could I use a lot of money? Could the Pope use a night on the town? Like so many of my brothers, my first priority was riding my scoot as much as possible. Other things took a back seat to that. Things like steady work and the paychecks that went with it. I work jobs the same way Japs build motorcycles. Their parts come to the factory and down the assembly line on an "as needed, just-in-time" basis.

I had just finished a stint as a security guard for an apartment complex being built on the west side of town. I listed my experience as an MP and even cut my hair to get the job. I didn't like it, but I didn't like having my shovelhead laid up with a busted rod, either. There weren't a lot of jobs around for thirty-eight-year-old scooter tramps, so I

jumped at the first one that would pay me enough to get in the wind again. Besides, my 6'4", 240-pound body and "don't fuck with me" attitude made me a natural for the security guard job.

But now the apartments were built. The working class was moving in, and there was no construction equipment left for me to guard. All that remained of the job was enough money to rebuild my bike, and this damned short haircut.

"Well," I replied, "I can always use some money. I got a lot of uses for a lot of money. What'd you have in mind, uh. . . what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, and I don't want to know yours, either. If anything goes sour with my plan, the less we know about each other the better. For now, you just call me John, and I'll call you Joe."

"What I've got in mind is simple. You know a place called Drake's?"

Sure, I knew Drake's Lounge. That's where all my people hung out. That's where I hung out, too, when my bike was up and I didn't have to hoof it everywhere. Shorty's was the only decent place within walking distance of my rathole, but given a choice and some transportation, I'd rather be at Drake's.

"He intended to walk into a roomful of my brothers and shake them down at gunpoint for everything he could. Right then my mind was made up. This worm didn't deserve to be discouraged. He needed to be destroyed."

STAR-SPANGLED BUMMER



"Yeah, I've heard of the place," I told John.

He half-stood up and pulled his stool closer to mine. Watching the paper napkin he was twisting up in his hands, he lowered his voice and said, "Well, I have it on good authority that there are some high-stakes poker games played in the back room of that place."

I didn't know who his authority was, but John should pay whatever that person asked. The existence of the game room at Drake's was a closely held secret. A player could get in only by invitation of another player. And there was plenty of gambling going on, all right. High-stakes stuff, too, just like John said. Too high for my blood. Some of my well-heeled bros had come out of Drake's back room thousands of dollars richer or poorer than when they went in. And it was cash money all the way — no pink slips, no borrowing, and no sympathy for the losers.

"So there's some card-playing going on there. How does that fit into a plan to make us a lot of money?" I asked.

"Simple. We go in and rob the game."

"Rob the game? You're crazy. I've seen that place when there must have been two hundred people in there. Bikers, ranch hands, construction workers. Tough hombres. Even if you got in and out of the back room, you'd never make it back outside. Hell, there wouldn't be enough of you left to bury in a one-pound Folger's can."

"Most of the time that's true, Joe. But

this year, the Fourth of July is on a Saturday. And that changes the whole picture."

"How so?" I asked, although I already knew the answer.

"Because with the Fourth on a weekend, most of those regulars will be head-in' up to Stardust Lake to Drake's annual party. The only ones left at the bar will be hardcore gamblers. The odds will definitely be in our favor."

John had obviously planned this whole thing out already. Since I couldn't talk him out of it, I decided to play along. For one thing, it might be the only way to get enough information to prepare a defense against what the creep was planning. Besides, we might be able to have a little fun with this guy.

"The odds will be improved," I said, "but hardly in our favor. Even ten or twelve of Drake's regulars sitting around that night will make things tough. Don't you think they're going to be armed? How are the two of us going to pull something like this off?"

"Sure they'll be armed. But there will be three of us. I already got another guy lined up. And you'd better believe the three of us will be carrying some weapons of our own. We'll have the element of surprise and superior firepower. That's all the advantage we need."

"Okay, you might have something going here. But before I get involved, I want to know who this third person is. I'm not walking into a roomful of armed gamblers with a stranger at my side."

"You're going to have to. I don't know his name, just like I don't know yours. And we're going to keep it that way. If something goes wrong and one of us gets caught, I don't want to spend the rest of my life lookin' over my shoulder. You can't tell what you don't know. Besides, I figured each of us should get at least ten or twelve grand for our efforts, plus whatever guns and dope we can get out of those bozos."

John was not only dangerous, he was greedy, too. He intended to walk into a roomful of my brothers and shake them down at gunpoint for everything he could. Right then my mind was made up. This worm didn't deserve to be discouraged. He needed to be destroyed.

"Okay, you talked me into it. I could do a lot with twelve grand. But tell me something. Why'd you pick me?"

"We need someone with your build

to strike a little fear into those scumbags. Since you came in here from the street door instead of the parking lot, I figure you can't afford a car. Twelve thousand dollars will buy a pretty nice ride. And to be safe, I wanted someone with short hair, so I could be sure he wouldn't be part of the group that hangs out at Drake's. I wouldn't want them biker-types getting tipped off about this deal. And you know no self-respecting biker would have short hair."

"That's for sure," I said, and laughed. Inside I wanted to tear this smartass, scrawny fucker's throat out. But over the years I have become a patient man. And I knew a better revenge could be had if I just waited. I was going to give John a lesson in self-respect. As the picture of that time formed in my mind, I chuckled again. "That's for damn sure," I repeated.

As I sat on the bus bench, waiting for John and his other partner to pick me up, I could see the fireworks exploding over Veteran's Memorial Plaza about a mile away. I could barely hear the muffled oohs and aahs of the crowd as each shell burst into a fountain of colored sparks. For them, it was an exciting time. For my part, I just tried to shut out the sound of each round being launched. That sound, like someone beating an empty fifty-five-gallon drum with a pugil stick, reminded me of my time in 'Nam. As I sat and waited, my old kill-or-be-killed attitude came burning up from somewhere inside me, like the hot vomit that comes from drinking too much Jack Black. I couldn't stop it, didn't really want to. Tonight, that attitude seemed just right.

At exactly ten o'clock, John pulled up to the curb in a ratty old '76 Impala. As the streetlight shined through the open passenger-side window, I could see the face of the other partner. My heart skipped a beat. This whole thing could blow up right now, unless I thought fast. Because the face of the passenger's side belonged to Scott Blevins.

Scott had hung around Drake's for a while. Nobody had asked him to; he just did. His old Triumph twin could be seen in the parking lot on the nights it would run. Other times he would try to hook a ride there with one of the regulars. But no one liked him enough to risk being seen with him.

Scott never really did anything to piss anybody off — he was just one of those unfortunate wannabes so obsessed with machismo that he would do anything to prove his manliness. He walked with an unnatural swagger, his arms bowed out at the elbows and swinging an exaggerated arc. He talked tough, he walked

tough. Too tough. A man like that becomes a real liability in a touchy situation.

Eventually 'Bama, who managed the club for Drake, told Scott he was no longer welcome in our presence. Scott was pissed, but he knew better than to say anything to 'Bama if he wanted to live. Rumor was that the reason 'Bama left Alabama in the first place was to avoid prosecution on a manslaughter rap for the last guy who'd got out of line with him. Scott thought he'd done something to make 'Bama run him off. What he failed to understand was that 'Bama disliked everybody until he got a chance to know them. What 'Bama needed was a reason to like somebody; dislike came naturally for him.

"As I sat and waited, my old kill-or-be-killed attitude came burning up from somewhere inside me, like the hot vomit that comes from drinking too much Jack Black."

Eventually, 'Bama's suspicions of Scott were proved justifiable. Seems Scott decided to prove his manhood by raping a ten-year-old girl, the daughter of one of Drake's regulars. By the time the girl got over her fear and told her parents about her ordeal, Scott had dropped out of sight.

And now here he was again, showing up at the most unexpected time, like a case of herpes. That certainly explained where John had gotten all of his inside information about Drake's. And the more I thought about it, the more logical it was for Scott to be there. This robbery would do two things for him: feed his insatiable ego and serve revenge on the group that had spurned him.

I decided to go through with the plan. The opportunity to serve both of these scumbags up to 'Bama was just too tempting. To compensate some for my short hair, I had let my beard grow out on my previously clean-shaven face. Although it was a dark night, I pulled a pair of sunglasses out of my pocket and slipped them on. With any luck, Scott wouldn't see through my disguise.

I walked toward the car with a slight slouch, to keep Scott from seeing my real height. The nylon windbreaker I wore hid my true build. I slipped into the back seat, careful to keep the glow from the streetlight from falling onto my face. Once in the car, I sat back into the shadows in the corner of the seat. At that point, I was sure Scott hadn't rec-

ognized me. But what would I do if I had to talk?

"All set?" John asked. I grunted an affirmative.

"This is Pete," John said, tilting his head in Scott's direction. "Pete, this is Joe." I nodded to Scott. A look of recognition crossed his face, then passed. So far, so good.

"Hey, what's with the shades?" John asked.

"I'm supposed to look bad, right? I think they add to the effect." I hiked my voice up into my nasal passages, like I had done when I was a kid trying to learn ventriloquism from some pamphlet I ordered out of a Superman comic book.

"Man, your voice sounds funny

tonight. How come?"

"Sinuses. My allergies act up this time every year. What is this, anyway, twenty questions?"

John seemed satisfied. He drove on in silence for a while, then looked at me in his rearview mirror. His eyes glowed with the look of a religious fanatic. "The weapons are under my side of the front seat. Get them out and load them up."

I reached down and pulled out a Mac 10 machine gun and two sawed-off twelve-gauge pump shotguns. This guy wasn't shittin' about superior firepower.

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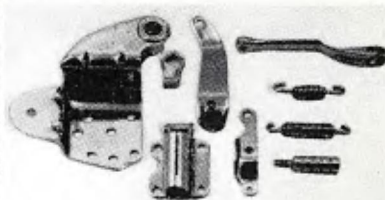
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STAR-SPANGLED BUMMER

"There's deer slugs and double-aught three-inch magnum shells. Load them alternately into both sawed-offs. There's an extra clip for the machine gun. Make sure it's filled, too."

I set about my task, sliding clips in and out, jacking the pump once on both shotguns. "Ready," I rasped.

We pulled into the parking lot at Drake's. As John had predicted, there were only a dozen vehicles in the lot, mostly bikes and pickup trucks. Every one else was up at Stardust Lake, partying. He cut the motor and the lights and coasted to a stop by the tavern's back door. John had already thought to remove the bulb from the dome light, so anyone who happened to see us pull up couldn't get a description.

"Just leave the doors open to save time when we leave," John said in a whisper.

I handed the Mac to John and slipped the spare clip into the pocket of his Army surplus field jacket. An evil fire made his eyes glow brightly in the moonless night. Scott took one of the shotguns, stroking the stock and barrel like most men would caress a woman.

"All set?" John asked. Scott and I nodded. "Okay, let's go."

John abruptly shoved through the door, levelled his weapon at the bartender, and said, "One word, mutha-fucker, and it's your last!" I latched the deadbolt on the door so no one could come in behind us, then walked over and did the same to the other exit door. Scott trained his shotgun on three guys drinking beer at a table. He motioned with it for them to stand up. One of them recognized Scott and said, "So,

you wormy little shit, you turn out to be as gutless as we thought."

"Shut up and get over there," John said, jerking his head toward the door to the back room. Behind the door were voices, the clinking of beer bottles, and the occasional sound of a chair being slid on the hardwood floor.

The bartender and the three customers moved slowly toward the door. John and Scott kept their weapons trained on them the whole time. I had been staying back in the shadows, letting John call the shots.

"Open the door, shithead," John hissed at the bartender.

When the door opened a crack, John shoved the four hostages in front of him into the room. He leaped through the doorway behind them, then took one step to the side so Scott and I could follow him in.

"Nobody move!" John yelled. "Or you'll all be going out in body bags."

The room fell silent. Smoke drifted slowly from the ashtrays toward the bare bulbs hung from the ceiling. Everyone in the room fixed John and Scott in their stare, as if they couldn't believe anybody would be so foolish as to pull a trick like this. On the tables, between the beer bottles and overflowing ashtrays, were stacks of money. John's face flushed with excitement as his eyes took in what must have been fifty thousand dollars in cash scattered around the room. This was going to be a good haul, he was no doubt saying to himself.

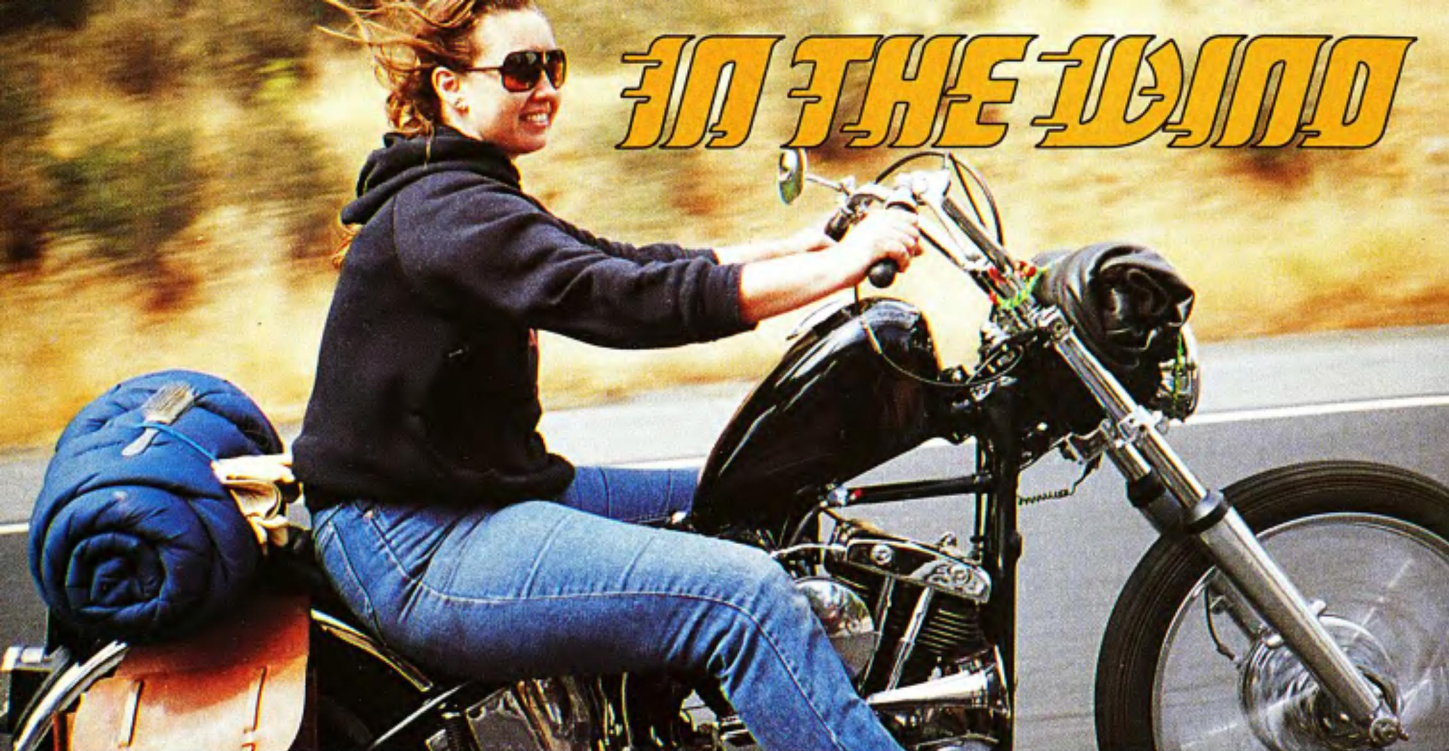
I had entered the room now and was standing in the dim light of the doorway. Across the room from me, at one of the tables, sat Bama. As I watched, he

Easyriders



"So what the hell ya want me to do?"

IN THE WIND



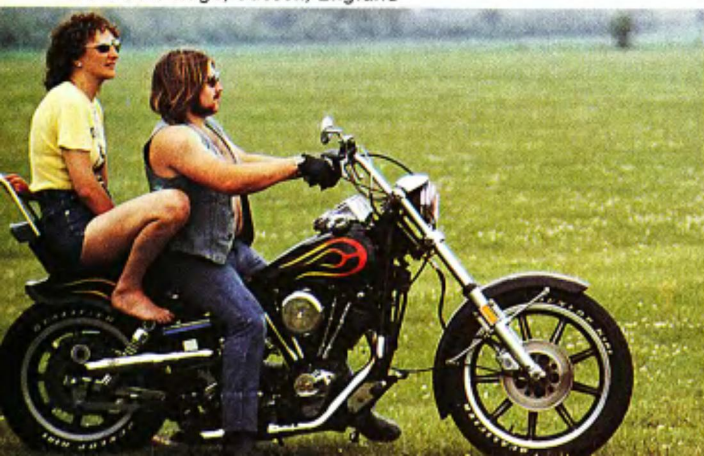
—from Todd Sutterley, Lafayette, Calif.

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 R&L Purcell, Ardenvoir, Wash.

—from Pete Edge, Sussex, England



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



slowly stood up.

"Well, Scott, all that time we spent lookin' for you, and now you've delivered yourself right into our hands. How convenient. Tell me, who's the bag of bones you got with you?"

"Never mind my name, hot shot," John said. "You won't live long enough for it to matter. And just sit your ass back down in that chair."

"Nobody, least of all you, tells me what to do," Bama said. He leaned over and got his nickel-plated High Standard twelve-gauge riot gun from the floor.

When John saw the first glint of light reflecting off the nickel plate, he reacted. Without hesitation, he yanked back on the trigger of his automatic. In the silence of the room, the sound of the firing pin slamming against the empty chamber was ear-splitting. Confusion, then fear, crossed his face as he pulled back the bolt again and again in a desperate attempt to chamber a shell that just wasn't there.

As soon as Scott saw what was happening, he swung his shotgun on Bama and pulled the trigger. *Click*, went the hammer. Scott yanked back the pump and stared down the breech into an empty magazine. His face paled in the harsh light of the naked bulbs as he realized something had gone wrong. Horribly, fatally wrong.

I walked across the room to stand beside Bama. I dumped a handful of ammunition on the table. "Lookin' for these?" I asked. "Seems I got so excited playing with those weapons, I forgot to actually load them." I removed my sunglasses slowly. The shadow of recognition crossed Scott's face again. This time it stayed. "Butch," he gasped.

"That's right, pervert," I said. "And thanks for making it easy, John — this beat the hell out of the original plan of

me and Bama catchin' you in a crossfire."

"You mean you know this guy?" John screamed at Scott. "Sweet Jesus, why didn't you say something?"

Scott fainted to his left, then broke to his right for the door. Skeeter whirled in his chair and kicked Scott's legs out from under him. Scott sprawled on the floor. The shotgun he had been holding slid out the door and bumped to a stop against the bar. Skeeter strolled over and closed the door, then sat back down.

There was a different fire burning in John's eyes now, the fire which only terror can produce. He slowly lowered his weapon to his side, then dropped it to the floor. "Please," he began begging, "please don't. . ." His plea trailed off into a whisper.

"What was that you were telling me about self-respect, asshole?" I said. "Seems you've just lost yours."

Bama moved the riot gun to his hip, nestling the stock between his forearm and his leather belt. Scott was standing again now, next to John. They suddenly found themselves alone, as the people sitting around them moved to the sides of the room.

"Happy Fourth of July, muthafuckers," Bama said. "You're about to see your last fireworks display." ■

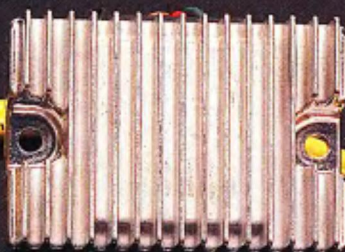


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—from John Wargo, Pittsburgh, Pa.



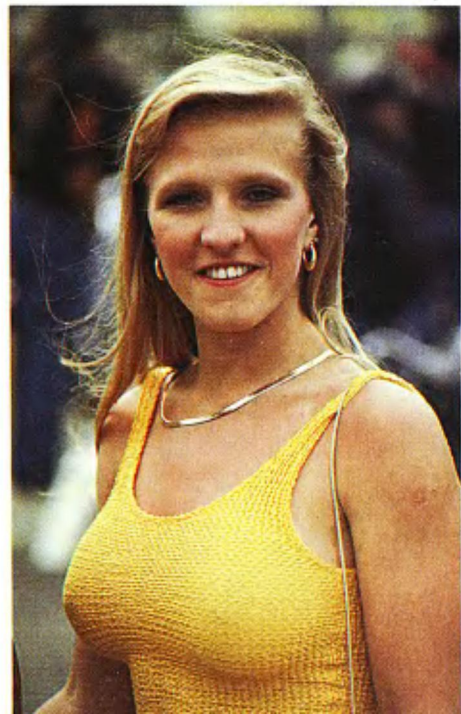
—from Greg Eakins, Wylie, Tex.



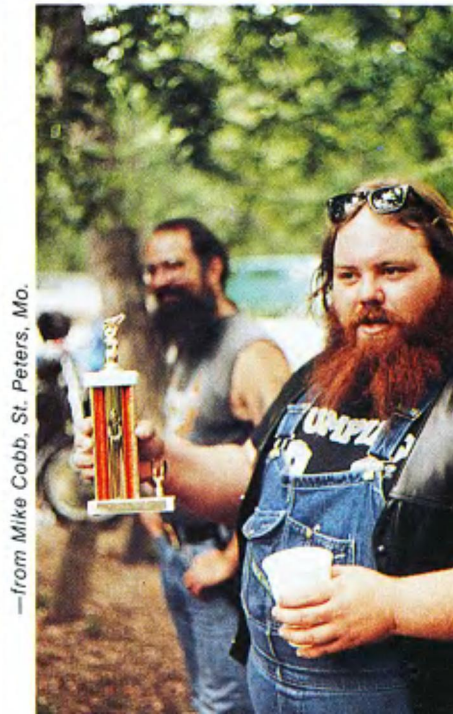
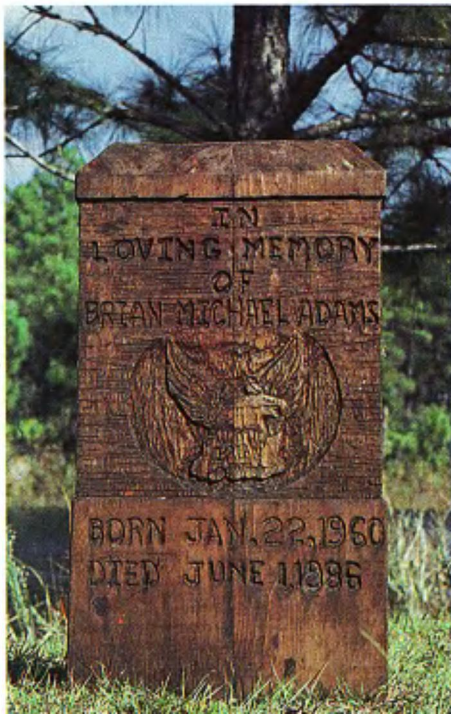
—from Mary Hoyt, Centralia, Ill.



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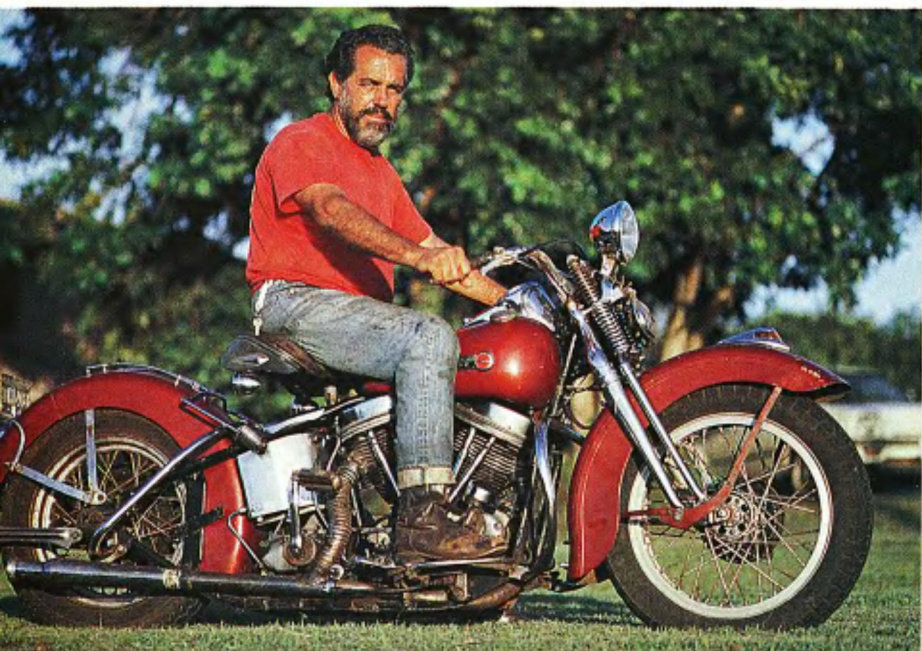
—from Mike Cobb, St. Peters, Mo.



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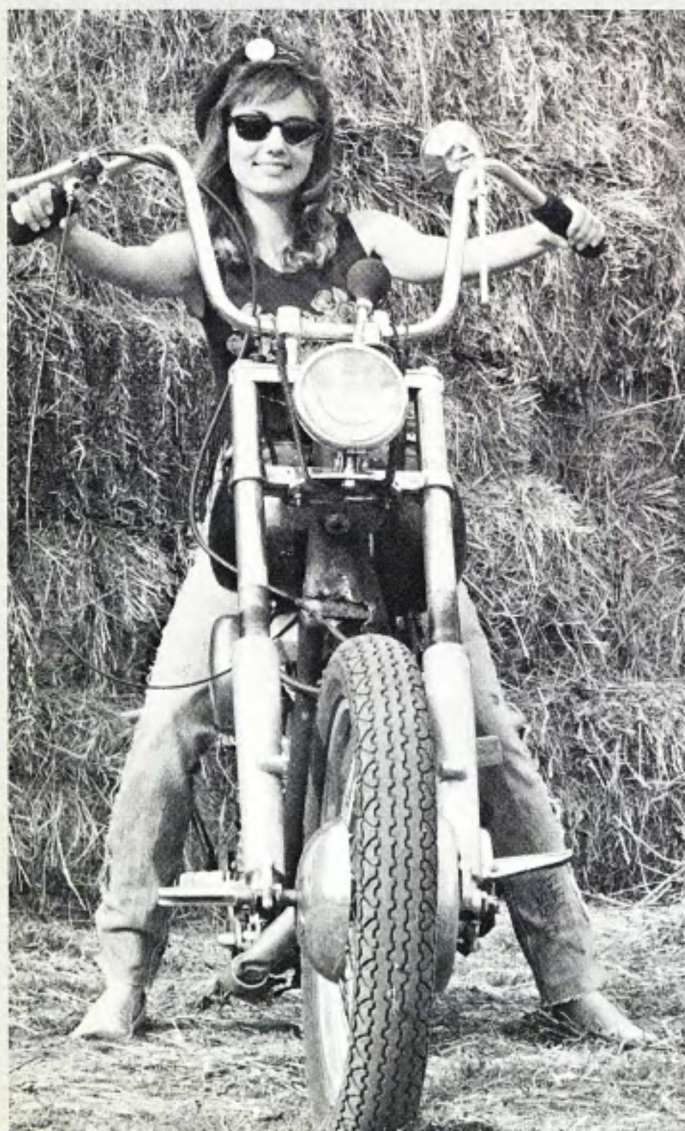




—from Andrew Cowan, Bristol, Tenn.



—from Dale Martin, Tomah, Wis.



—from Waco, Trinidad, Colo.



—from Arlyn Brackemyer, Baldwin, Wis.



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—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



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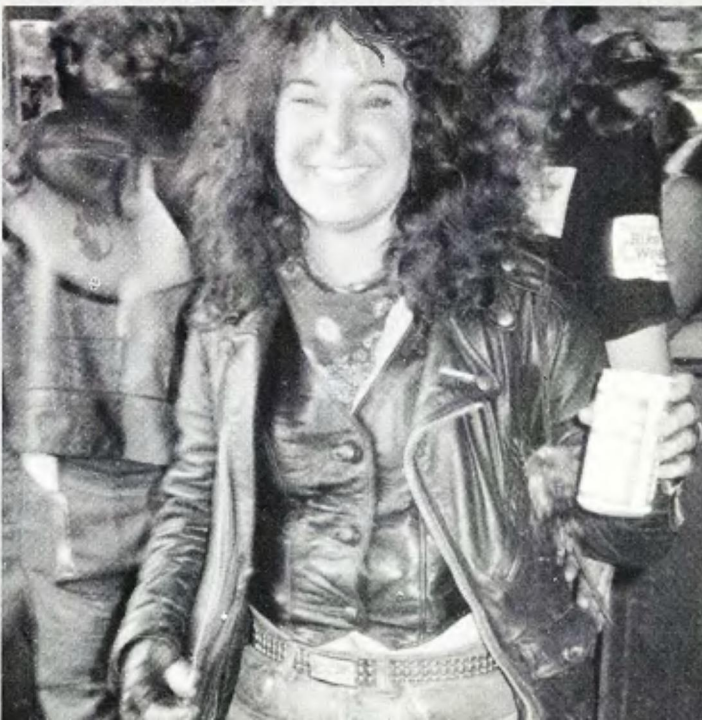


—from Wayne Benvenuti, New London, Conn.

—from Teacher Bill, C.G., Ariz.



—from Brad Hurt, Carmi, Ill.





—from Bill W. Johnston, Cheyenne, Wyo.

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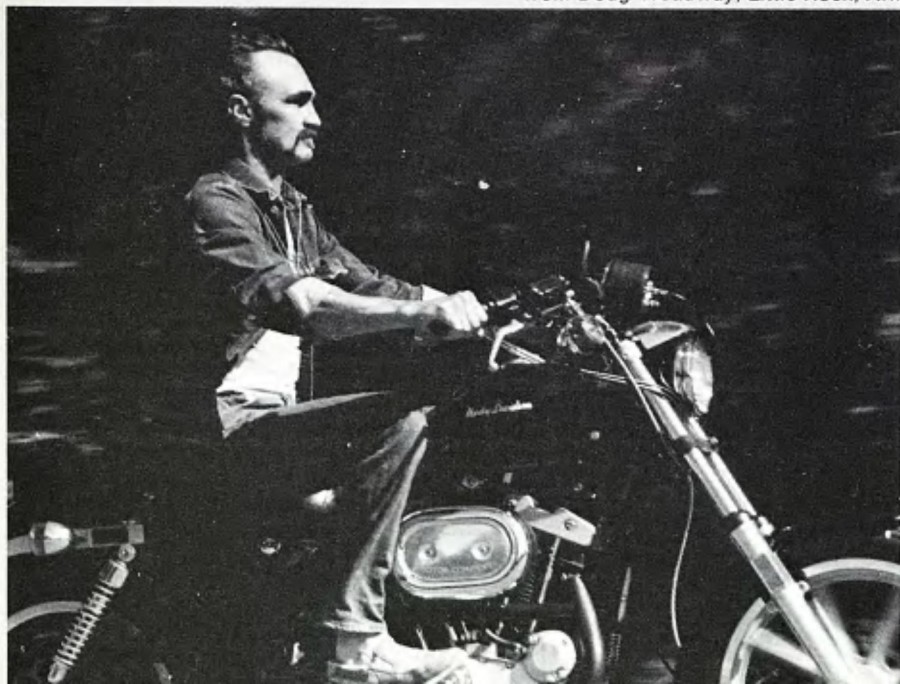
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Joe Salinas, Sebastian, Tex.



—from Doug Treadway, Little Rock, Ark.



—from Drew "The Who" Robertson, Oswego, Kan.



CHARLIE'S PLACE

Sometimes, a dream-come-true turns out to be a nightmare that won't go away. Charlie Craig, a good guy who can't say no, long-time biker, frame specialist, and owner/proprietor of Charlie's Place, a landmark shop in the Antelope Valley, recently had a closing-down party to thank the hundreds of friends and customers who have stood by him for the past sixteen years, and through a particularly tough last year.

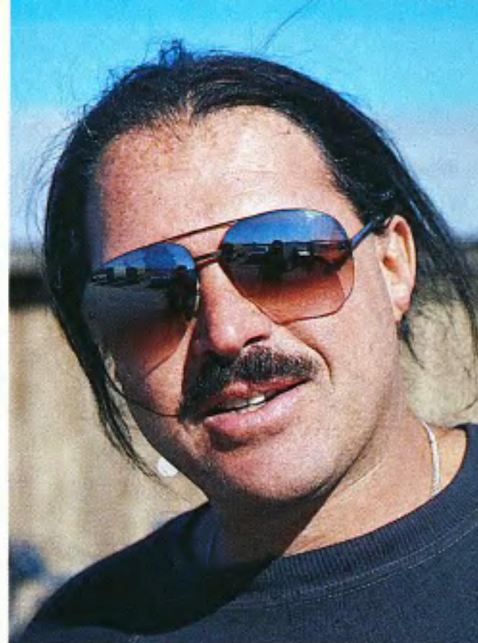
Charlie and his brother George were planning on moving out of their unique rustic digs, a former chicken slaughterhouse, and begin working strictly on frames in a new location. Things were moving along swell, until George met with

an untimely death, namely murder. It was particularly galling that the murderer got off with a paltry three-year stretch of downtime.

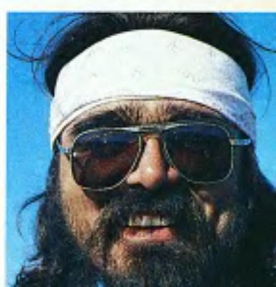
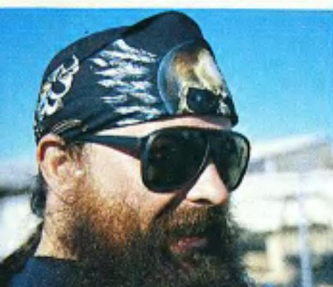
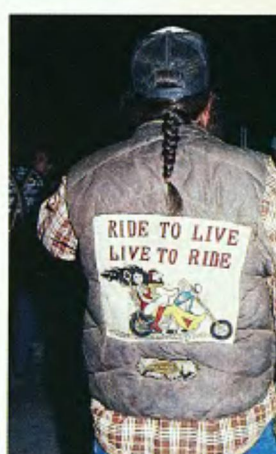
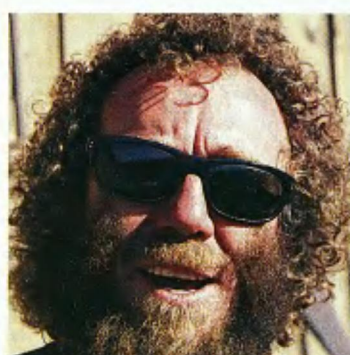
So Charlie's final blowout wasn't, in his words, "The gala affair it could've been if George was here, but you've got to move on." He talked of the bros he's buried over the years, and all the people we talked to spoke in reverent terms of the help Charlie has provided for bikers of all walks of life. Respect was the key, operative word for the shindig. So was fun. That's one thing that was had by all at the wrap-up party on a sunny pre-summer day in the desert. Good luck, Charlie.

—Kim





Photos by Kim Peterson





FOXY RIDERS.



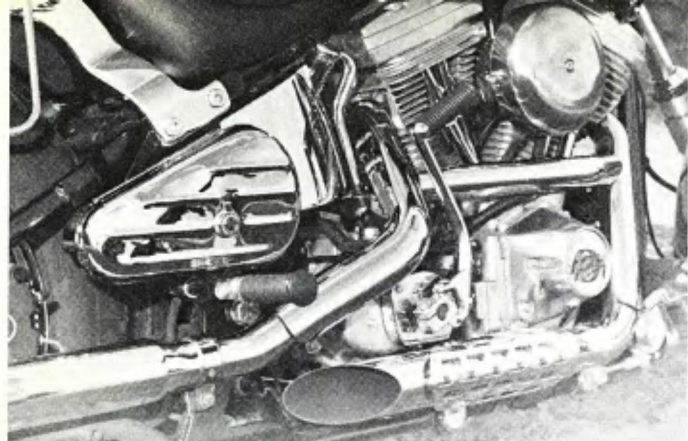
Sue O'Neill, Baltimore, Maryland
1985 Harley-Davidson FXST

Imagine the lumps you'd take if you were fightin' against mandatory helmets, and your own flesh-and-blood brother was on the other side — well, you could compare the embarrassment to that of Brian Matthews, longtime bike enthusiast and factory engineer at Harley's York, Pennsylvania plant, when his ol' lady, Sue, used to accompany him on runs, mounted on a Yamasushi-type ride. But now Brian's mission is accomplished, and Sue is now proudly profilin' on a Softail. And Brian is considerably less red-faced.

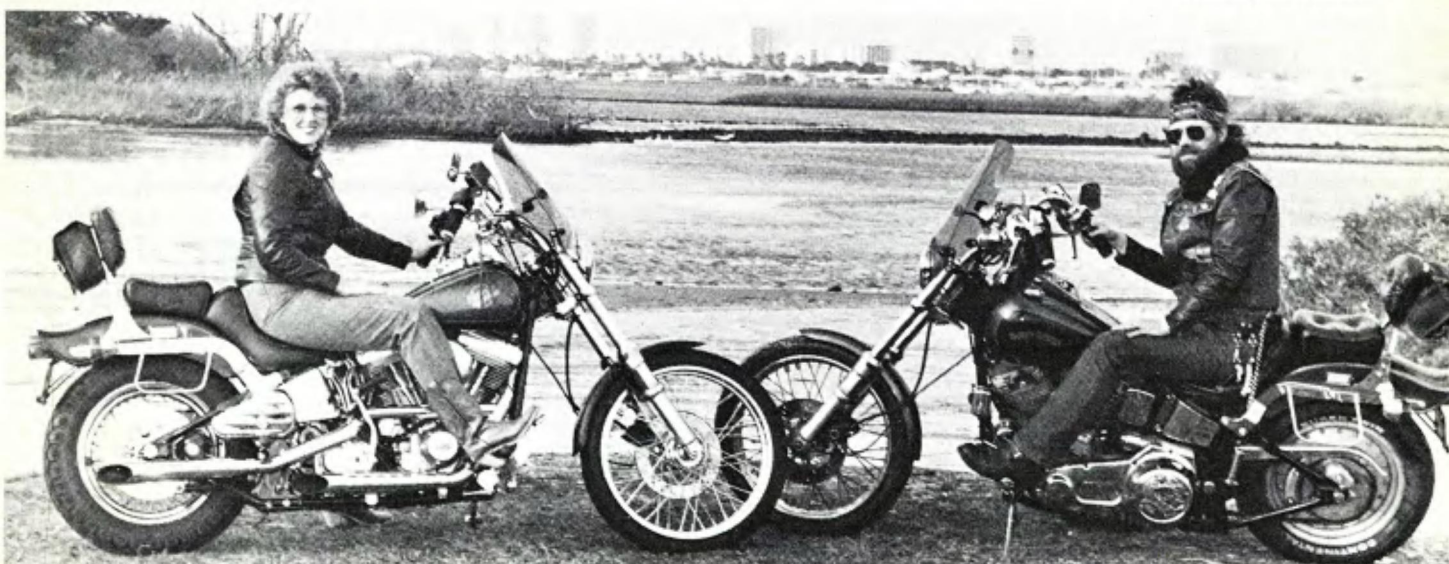
Sue and Brian are members of H.O.G., and Sue is a charter member of Ladies of Harley, learning the joys of those monthly payments.

It took her three weeks to wipe off the Daytona grime this year, but she's planning on a lifetime of being in the wind, regardless of how much mud's on her motorcycle.

—Sport

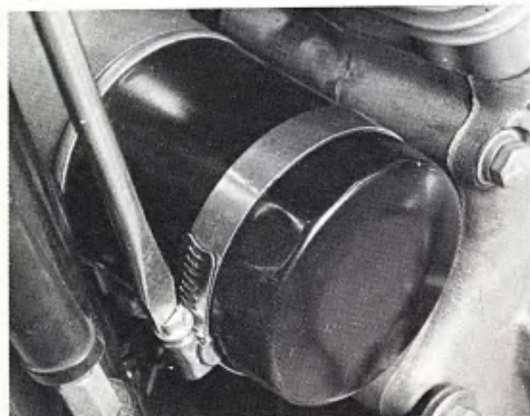


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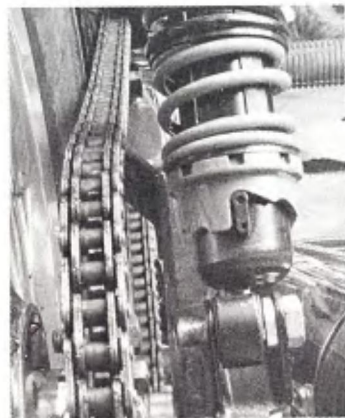


Short Fix-Its

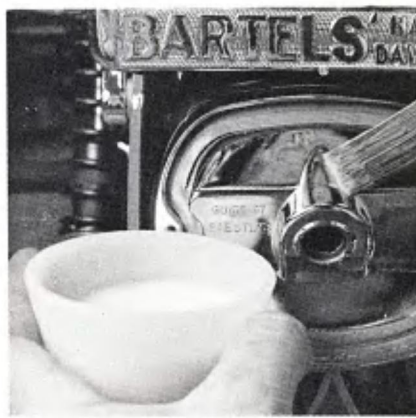
By Joe Minton



A \$2 hose clamp can take the place of a \$30 pair of pliers. The hose clamp is cheap, simple to use, and will let you get into tight places.



A chain will last a long time if it runs straight. If it looks like this, it is surely straight.



White paint on the reflecting surface of a taillight will make the whole thing glow like a jack-o'-lantern.

1. Take It Off

The late model Harley spin-on oil filters are great. They have a lot of crap capacity, and they filter even the smallest hard particles that are death to roller bearings. They can also be removed without making a big mess — that is, if you can get them off at all.

Those little flutes on the end of a Harley spin-on filter are for a filter wrench. I don't know any Harley owner or mechanic who owns one of these wrenches; besides, ya usually can't get one in where the filter is, anyway. Most of us who work on Harleys for a living use a big pair of channel-lock pliers. You don't have an expensive pair of big pliers, you say? Well, read on.

What ya need is to get some kind of grip on the filter body so's you can turn it. That can be done with a hose clamp. Most auto parts stores have a rack of screw-type hose clamps. You need to find one big enough to go around your Hog's oil filter. What you do is tighten that hose clamp around

the filter, right up next to the open end of the filter.

Now that you've got the hose clamp on and tight, put a screwdriver in the hose clamp screw and hit the end of the driver with a hammer. A few taps will break the filter loose, and you can then take it off. A heavy hammer swung slowly works better than a light one swung fast. Hang that hose clamp up where you can get to it next time ya need it.

Take it easy on the torque when you put that new filter on. With a little oil on the rubber sealing ring of the filter, run it in until it just seats, then turn it one-quarter turn more. That may not feel like enough, but it is. If you tighten the filter like a bolt or nut, it'll be real hard to get off later and won't be a bit less likely to leak.

2: Chain run: get it straight

We all know that chain life depends on good lube, proper adjustment, and high-quality sprockets and chain. Just as important as havin' the right amount of free play is getting the chain to run straight. Sometimes that isn't so

easy to do — unless ya know how.

One of the more common reasons for rapid chain wear is friction against the sides of the sprockets. If the side plates of the chain rub on the sprocket teeth, the lube will get rubbed and melted off. The heat from the rubbing friction will drive off the lube in the chain and cause very rapid wear. You need to get the chain and sprockets straight with one another.

The most common reason that chains run against the sides of sprockets — in this case the rear sprocket — is that the rear wheel is not straight in the frame. It can be kinda hard to align the rear wheel on a Harley, partly because of the size of the rear tire and partly because of the chain guard.

There is a simple and fairly easy way to check the alignment of the sprockets and rear wheel in your garage. First you'll need to remove the chain guard, then get some light on the chain so you can see all of the chain and up into where the front

sprocket lives. There are a couple of things yer gonna look for: you wanna see if the chain runs straight, and if it doesn't, just how it's crooked. Finally, yer gonna fix it.

Position yourself so you can sight along the top of the chain all the way from the rear sprocket to the front one. Carefully look at the top run of the chain — it should be straight as a laser beam. There may be a slight kink in the chain at the position where it first engages the rear sprocket. If there is a kink, the rear wheel is out of line. If you see a kink in the chain at the front sprocket as well as at the rear, then the sprockets are out of line. That is, they are offset from one another.

Most of us check rear wheel alignment by eye, and that can work just fine. Others do it with long straightedges, and some use string. However you align your rear wheel, one thing will hold true as long as there is no sprocket offset: the chain will run straight from the rear sprocket to the front. It won't have a kink in it and will not rub on the sides of



Photos by Joe Minton

It's hard enough to find three wrenches the same size, let alone hold them and the pushrod cover. Hooks made of coat hanger wire and a rubber band will fix that.

the sprockets enough to matter.

Sprocket offset is generally the result of improper wheel spacing or a bent swingarm. In any case, should you find that your bike's sprockets are offset, you will have to fix the problem if you are to get any kind of chain life.

3. White paint

There are enough problems with bein' a biker without gettin' yer ass run over by some cage driver who couldn't see yer taillight. What we have to offer here is a couple of ways to make yer taillight shine more than it does already. One is as easy to handle as a paint brush, an' the other takes a couple of parts an' a little fiddlin'.

If ya paint the inside of yer taillight with gloss white paint, it'll brighten the taillight more than you'd think. A local hobby shop or large toy store should have some small bottles of plastic model paint and brushes to go with it. Clean the inside of the taillight reflector with soap and water to get it clean. After the water dries, paint the reflector

with white paint; it may take a couple of coats. That's it! Simple and effective.

For lots of light at the rear of the late-model Harleys, you can put double-filament bulb assemblies in the rear turn signals. The easiest way to do this is to use late-model front turn signal assemblies. Or you can take the bulb holders out of a set of late front turn signals and put them in your housings. Since so many bikers remove turn signals from new scoots, there should be some lyin' around the back at your local dealer. You'll have to splice off the taillight wire to get power to the running light side of the new double-filament bulbs. Most states require that all rear running lights be red, but most police don't bother with all that and generally seem to have sympathy for our problem of not being seen from behind.

4. Pushrod holder-upper

Although Harleys only need their pushrods adjusted about once a year, it can be a pain in the ass when yer tryin' ta hold three wrenches, get

the adjustment right, and hold the pushrod covers up outta yer way at the same time.

If you're willin' ta spend a few minutes makin' parts and a few more talkin' to your ol' lady, you can at least get the pushrod tubes up and away while you wrestle with three wrenches an' the adjustment.

Basically, you wanna bend a couple of hooks out of some wire — one end to fit the bottom of a pushrod tube, and the other to catch something at the top of the engine. These hooks are held together by some sort of spring. We use sixteenth-inch welding rod for the hooks, and one of those wrapped rubber bands our ladies use to hold their hair in place for the spring. This rig lasts well and is a lot easier to use than connecting the hooks with an actual steel spring. This little tool will do much to help you control the situation and will do wonders for your attitude.

5. Late-model gas caps

Late-model gas tanks (1982 and up) have one-way vents in their caps. The reason for this is to reduce the release of raw gas fumes into the air. There are a couple of clear advantages for this new vent system, but there can be a couple of new problems as well.

A spring-loaded flapper valve in the new caps will let air in but will not let anything out. That will keep gasoline inside the tank and off your paint. Remember the time you filled it to the top on a hot day and when the cool gas began to warm up, it ran out all over the tank? Well, that can't happen with the

new vent system. Of course, there's nothin' wrong with keepin' raw gas out of the air we breathe.

Gasoline evaporates easily, and as the engine uses the stuff from one of these one-way valved tanks, the heat from the engine will keep the tank filled with gas fumes so that gas will continue to run into the carb. In fact, there will even be a little pressure in the tank — not much, but a little. This pressure can sometimes be enough to screw up the fuel flow to the carb an' make your engine run bad. Pressure in the tank (hot day, sitting at a light, etc.) can force the carb's needle valve open enough to raise the fuel level in the carb. That, it turn, will make the engine run rich, maybe even enough to cause it to die at idle. If that happens to you, simply crack the seal on the gas cap to relieve the pressure.

The new venting system makes it imperative that you shut the gas off when you park. The slight pressure caused by engine heat on the tank can raise the pressure in the tank enough to occasionally force fuel by the carb's needle valve and into the engine.

A few have recommended removing the valve in the cap. That's not such a good idea. While it'll eliminate the occasional idle problem from too much pressure, it'll also let gas run out onto the tank when the tank is full — more than the old caps would. This problem doesn't come up very often, and cracking the cap will take care of it just fine. ■

Easyriders FOX HUNT

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

OKAY, MEN — 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 hotel Spider doesn't know about (or isn't allowed in) and maybe — just maybe — even a ride on a Harley.

The winner is chosen by our lecherous staff, based on the number of votes 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 this page must be *completely* filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Entries

without a notarized release can't 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 25 words or fewer, tell us exactly why you want to be the *Easyriders* monthly fox feature. Your message 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*.

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 July 31, 1987. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #170 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the third winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Deborah, from Cucamonga (no shit), California. See more of her in next month's issue.



GINGER

FOX HUNT
Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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

I further agree that if I am selected, that for valuable consideration this will serve (along with other model releases I will sign) as permission to publish photos from the *Easyriders* photo session.

170

Model's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone day () _____ night () _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
I will pose Topless _____ Full Nude _____
Model's Signature _____
Notary _____

Instead of Notary, you may send a photocopy of your picture I.D. that shows your signature and photo.

Photographer's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone day () _____ night () _____
Photographer's Signature _____
Notary Seal _____

In your own handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell the staff why you want to be the *Easyriders* monthly foxy woman feature.
Why I want to pose for *Easyriders* (25 words or fewer):



FRANKIE



SHARRON

SANDRA



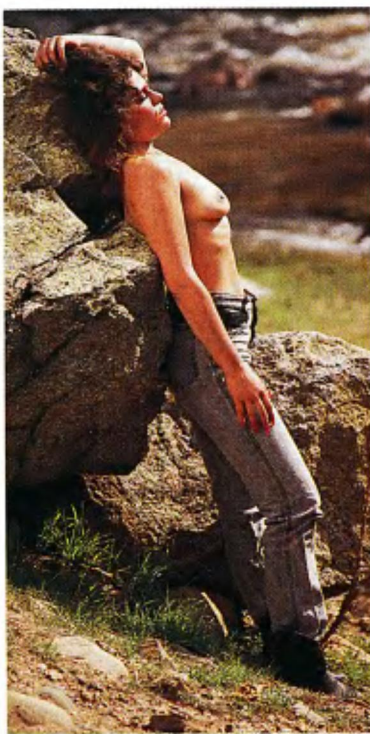
STING

RUTH ANN



TWO SHAKES WITH CHERYL

A quick Rocky Mountain go-round with a hardworkin' ol' lady who had to grin and bare it through more modeling than she'd ever cared for, and survived!



Well, ya can't say our biker women don't have heart. You can generally count on 'em to take care of the home front, get the kids ready for school, make the meals when we're ready, hold 'em if we're not, and go that extra mile to please their ol' men.

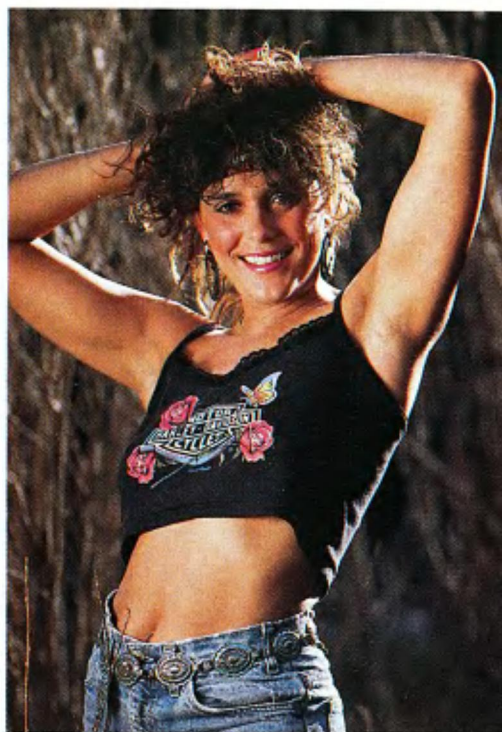
This month's Fox Hunt winner, Cheryl, from Lowell, Michigan (up around Grand Rapids), is all of the above and more. She gave it everything she had, came close to blowing her lid when she couldn't get a big shopping extravaganza in because of the deadline period for the magazine, but bit her

lip and held her tongue and mud in check and worked out well in her first-ever modeling session.

All this with the pain of fresh road rash on her legs and arms from a fall on the night before she left for her Boulder, Colorado photo session destination. She didn't need any Tryptophane to get to sleep after putting in twelve-hour-minimum-days to get the job done while there was good weather in the Rockies. We made the best of the weather — unseasonably warm, 80-degree days — and she made the best out of working with us tramps. And not getting her shopping list filled. —Loudmouth



Photos by Michael



Easyriders FOX HUNT

VICKI



KIM



DONNA





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DENIS KILGORE



EAGLE EYES WATCH OVER BIKERS



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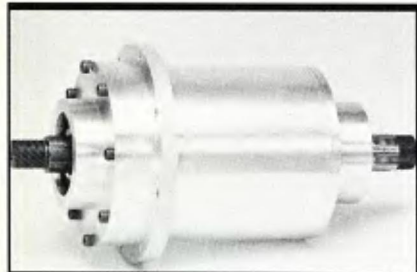


PARTS BOX



DELL 'ORTO AIR CLEANER

All new for 1987 is the specially designed chrome air cleaner for the dual-throat Dell 'Orto carburetor. The air cleaner features a washable element that does not require oiling, and a superior chrome front cover held on by two show-chromed acorn nuts. This long-awaited air cleaner was designed to enhance the performance of the Dell 'Orto carburetor when used with the plenum manifold, which angles the carburetor forward. The air cleaner defers the direct ram flow of air into the carburetor and keeps the mixture correct at all times. This air cleaner is a must for all performance-minded Dell 'Orto buffs. For more information, write Rivera Engineering, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Avenue, Whittier, CA 90606.

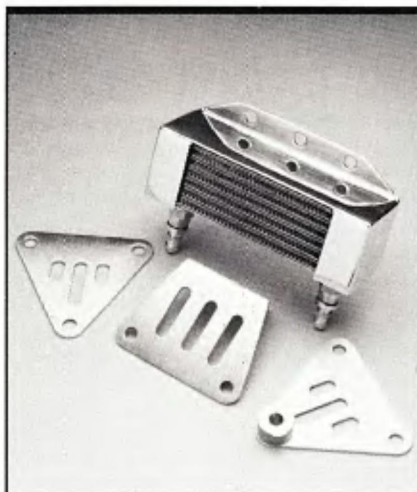


2-SPEED TRANSMISSION

Ray Price, president of Ray Price Performance Products, announces the release of the Ray Price Performance Products 2-speed transmission. The 2-speed transmission was designed and built by Price for use in high-horsepower applications on the nation's drag strips. The aluminum cases house a single hardened alloy steel shaft which always remains in gear, thus eliminating missed shifts and a "false" neutral. With the Ray Price Performance Products 2-speed transmission,

there is no unloading of the transmission and no overrevving of the motor. The unit is lightweight and durable and completely reliable. Nationally known racers like Jim McClure, Bob Spina, and Sam Wills have used Ray Price Performance Products 2-speed transmissions to attain unheard-of elapsed times and mph clockings all across the nation.

For more information on this revolutionary product, contact Ray Price Performance Products, Dept. ER, 1126 S. Saunders St., Raleigh, NC 27603. (919) 832-2261.



HIGH-PERFORMANCE OIL COOLER FOR HARLEY

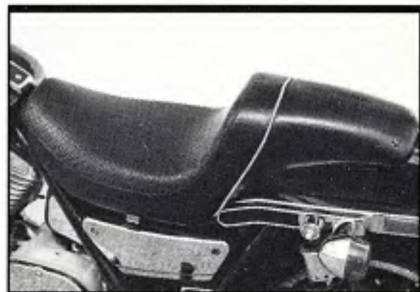
An all new high-performance oil cooler designed through the combined efforts of Custom Chrome and Pag Bros. Cycles is available now. This highly polished aluminum cooler measures 2" x 2" x 6 1/2" wide and mounts under the steering neck on many Harley-Davidsons when the appropriate bracket is used. The cooler has seven rows of shallow tubes with internal turbulators and pleated heat dissipators between each pipe, making a very effective heat exchanger. It's sold complete with a pair of brass socketless oil line fittings and 8 feet of 3/8" oil line. The brackets are made of 1/8" brushed aluminum. Hardware is included with the brackets and cooler. See your nearby Custom Chrome Dealer, or write Custom Chrome at Dept ER, 16160 Caputo Drive, Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



THE STREAMLINER FENDER

The Streamliner by MB Products is an aftermarket fender available for the five-speed frame — FXR, FXRS, and FLT. The Streamliner is all-steel construction, mounts like the stock fender, and has stock seat holes drilled and seat nuts welded into it. The fender was designed to flow with the lines of the frame, and it also adds a more massive look to the rear section of the bike. The taillight bracket is welded into the fender for a cleaner look.

For more information, write or call MB, Dept. ER, 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909. (303) 683-3838.



FXR GUNFIGHTER

Mike Corbin is proud to present his "Gunfighter" seat, specifically developed for Harley FXR frames. This unit fits onto all FXR frames and uses the stock Harley hinge and latch. There is also a slotted tab on the rear of the one-piece "Gunfighter" that lines up with the threaded hole in the fender, where a 1/4" x 20 screw is used to hold the seat down tightly onto the fender. The "Gunfighter" saddle offers extreme comfort for the driver and a unique look for solo riding. Remove any stock Harley seat from an FXR frame, and this "Gunfighter" will fit. For more information, write Corbin, Dept. ER, 123-C Lee Road, Box 1562, Watsonville, CA 95077.

Attitude

By Weejee Foster

I had this growing collection of motorcycles.

Starting at age 17, when I got my first full-time job as janitor for a large bike sales and repair shop, I fell in love with two-wheeled machines. It was inevitable that I'd lose my mind over them. Hadn't I been watching them and admiring them ever since I was a little kid? Hadn't I wanted one of my own from the age of 11?

My attitude toward scoots had worried the living hell out of my folks. I was aware of their concern, having accidentally heard them talking about it.

"Something wrong with that kid," insisted Dad, dourly. "Nothing on the walls of his room but photographs and drawings of Harley-Davidson motorcycles. No movie stars. No rock stars. No sports stars. Just Harley models and outlaw-type riders."

"He's normal," Mom replied. "Keeps an ample supply of girlie pictures — some of them awfully raunchy — under his bed where he thinks they're a secret from us."

"Well, nobody in my family ever owned or even rode a motorcycle," Dad said piously.

"Blaming my side of the family, eh?" snarled Mom. "Just because my brother, Fred, rides a rebuilt Indian, and my brother, Greer, traded his Beemer for a Harley."

"Mark my words," Dad said darkly. "Our kid is doomed to become one of those scruffy motor-suckle freaks unless we do something about it."

"You and your Buick mind," scoffed Mom.

The years booked along. I grew to 6'3". Tried shaving, decided it was as futile as mowing a dumb lawn. Somewhere between 17 and 19, a friend who had learned to ride bikes and actually owned an ancient Harley repaid a cash loan by teaching me how to ride. I knew I'd never be the same again. Well, what the hell. Baseball, football, and basketball had always bored me. Girls didn't. I respected cars as basic transportation for those who didn't mind traveling in clumsy cages, but me, I

wanted my face in the wind. At 21 and a bit savvier than ever before, I had begun collecting old Harleys of all kinds — one at a time. I knew how to weld. I knew how to wrench (but had much still to learn). Shit, I even knew how to sell machines.

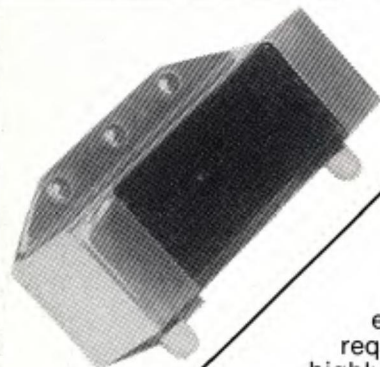
Any dude who can sell a motorcycle is bound to be able to haggle, barter, and acquire bikes, because all the awkward experiences and mistakes eventually turn into sheer skill if he just hangs in there with it.

By age 27, I owned nearly 50 bikes and labored diligently, in my spare time, under the delusion that — somehow, someday — all of them would be running. To that end, I spent longer and longer hours working on them. Eight hours at the shop, for money. Another eight at night, for love of the beautiful old machines. By this time I'd rented my own pad: a diehard farmhouse with plenty of sheds to stash the collection. The extra miles into town, the salaried job, and a diminished social life was worth the rural setup.

Then, a visiting bro blew my plan to smithereens.

"C'mon," he urged. "Shake loose from all this dedication to a buncha rusty relics, man. Ya ain't made a run with anybody in damn near a

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year. All's ya do is eat, sleep, earn money, and muck around with this horde of mechanical has-beens. You'll git old, tendin' them."

"You might be right," I admitted, uneasily.

"Look," he said earnestly, "a man can only ride and enjoy one scooter at a time. Life is more than payin' bills — or it ain't shit. You don't own this collection. It owns you, dummy."

"My God," I whispered hoarsely. "How'd that happen?"

These days, I ride almost constantly. Haven't held a paid job in nearly 3 years. Haven't missed any meals, drinks, or fun, either. But I've explored most of the United States and Canada.

And that motorcycle collection is down to about thirteen gems — all of 'em for sale. ■



"Dripping oil again, eh, bro?"

Two-Wheel Tale

Mercy Run

By Kim Gill

That month, we were almost caught up on all our unpaid bills, none of our three cave-apes were sick, and our guard dog, Killum, hadn't bitten anybody in the neighborhood for so long we figured his fangs had fallen out.

Suddenly, Pitchfork (my ol' man) got this phone call from his grandpa. Seems the old man was dying and distraught — 81 years old and never been more than 50 miles from his shack in some god-forsaken part of New Mexico's mountain area. Pathetically, he reminded Pitchfork that he had always hoped to see the Pacific Ocean before he died. None of his widely scattered children or their kids had had time for him since their grandmother passed away, 20 years earlier, and the poor old poop had been existing in loneliness and poverty, too proud to even tell Pitchfork, his favorite grandson. Now he

begged to be shown the ocean and promised to somehow stay alive long enough to make the trip. Tears were streaking into my ol' man's beard by the time he hung up, having promised Gramps we would come and get him and bring him to the ocean's edge, if Gramps would just hang in there and stay breathing-warm long enough.

Well, there went our funds for the baby-sitter, gas, food, and the planned week's run up to Oregon with all our biking friends. So what the hell, how often does anybody get a chance to fulfill a dying old man's last request, fercrissakes?

I stashed the nosepickers with my sis. Pitchfork borrowed a bro's wishbone Harley trike. Four hours after that phone conversation, we were booking across Nevada like a coupla record-breaking fanatics. I mean, we barely stopped to pee, crap, check oil, and top the tanks. Twice, we traded places. I drove, and Pitchfork got zees in the trike's big bed, which we had made into a travel bed with pillows and blankets for Gramps.

Meals (I can only remember two) consisted of gulping down coffee and burgers bought at gas stops and devoured in motion as we

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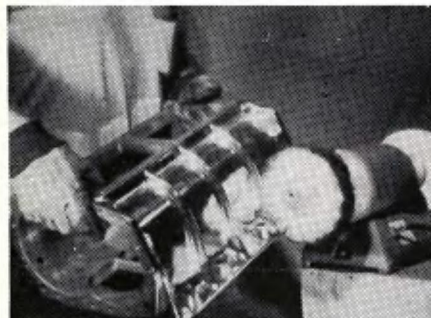
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covered the miles.

In a lot more time than it takes to tell (after two flats and some generator trouble), we got there, put Gramps in the trike's bed, and headed back to the coast. Jeez, the old dude looked like a gaunt and bearded mummy. Seemed awful weak. Slept most of the way home. Had to be carried by Pitchfork to the shitters along the way. Forced himself to eat so we wouldn't feel guilty about scarfing our chow in front of him. Pitchfork and I took turns, riding in the cushioned trike bed alongside Gramps and driving the machine, giving each of us minimal sleep, but enough to be safe on the road. What cash we had just didn't include even one motel stop.

Gramps was still alive as we pulled into the coastal rest area, just as the sun was sinking into the ocean. A beautiful sight. All those tiny golden highlights on the water. All those rosy clouds. A dying man couldn't have seen the Pacific any more gorgeous if we had been able to arrange the sight for him.

"We're here, Gramps," Pitchfork said tensely.

Groaning softly, Gramps struggled to a sitting position, with me holding his fragile shoulders as he stared intently into the setting sun-light, his faded old eyes filled with obviously strong emotion.

"What do ya think of it, Gramps?" I whispered softly.

"Shit, I've seen mudholes that had more character than *that* wavy mess!" he bellowed. "Lemme outta this damn fool contraption. I gotta call a cab and git over to a widow woman's house in the Valley. Been sparkin' her by phone fer months. She sounds ripe."

Pitchfork and I just stared at each other.

Seems Gramps — too old to drive, fearing airplanes, mistrusting buses, and hating trains — fell back on what he could get for transportation to reach his girl friend and her cozy Valley bungalow.

Did I mention that he used to be a biker? ■



"Okay, it's a deal. I won't shit on your back if you won't piss on my worms."

Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soapbox, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Reverend tosses his big, hairy, yellow moon at bikers

It's bad enough that bikers are constantly under attack from yahoos and yo-yos like Joan Claybrook and Richard Floyd, but they, at least, are Americans — even if they rarely act like it. But now, rubbing fishheads into our wounds, comes the Reverend Sung Yung (rhymes with dung) Moon, best known as an ex-convict frequently accused of deluding his followers — those lost souls popularly known as Moonies — and previously proven to have defrauded the government of the United States.

And what does the moon man have to say that has us so enraged? He says that you, our readers, are a bunch of rapists, that's what. He says that *Easyriders* and several other magazines, including *Army Times* and *Navy Times*, form the preferred reading list of rapists throughout the country. To illustrate his point, he even ripped off an *ER* cover and reprinted it in his magazine. The cover showed a pretty girl in a bathing suit standing next to a Harley, just the image to send Jack The Raper into a frenzy, sayeth his Moonship, the slant-eyed savior from Seoul.

But wait! Maybe you didn't know that the Reverend Moon, an alien and a tax evader, had a magazine. Don't feel bad — you're not alone. We'd venture to guess that not one out of every ten of the so-called opinion molders who find Moon's missive mixed in with their junk mail (knowing what his shit is worth, the reverend gives the rag away) realize that the right-wing, anti-American propaganda sheet in their hands is the product of a third-world turd financing his empire through the misguided efforts of a bunch of brain-dead air-

heads whose chronic empty-behind-the-eyes facial expression inspired the phrase, "thousand-mile stare."

Yes, folks, despite his prison stretch, Reverend Gook, oops, pardon us, Reverend Moon, is doing quite well, thank you. It's amazing how many lightly-taxed dollars one can rake in when he has thousands of true believers, out selling flowers as phony as his philosophy. Yes, yes, it's true, friends; one can make a lot of money playing God, and one can also do a number of interesting things with all those Yankee dollars — like acquire a media empire dedicated to propagating a political philosophy that most citizens of the United States might look at more skeptically if they knew it was coming right from the yellow mouth of a Korean crook. Needless to say, the Reverend Moon takes pains to make sure that they don't find out.

Which brings us to *Insight* magazine, the reactionary rag that recently ripped off our cover and smeared our readers. *Insight* is published by the *Washington Times*, and the *Washington Times* (sounds like a legit newspaper, right? — Koreans are nothin' if not cute) is owned by New World Publishing, and New World Publishing is owned by the Unification Church. Guess who the Unification Church is? Aw shucks, you already figured it out.

Ready for some comic relief? Try this. When Reverend Moonbeam first established the *Washington Times*, it is said, he wanted it clearly understood that he stood four-square for law and order, so he promulgated the following policy: all persons referred to in the news columns of the *Times* were to be properly honored with their appropriate title (Mr. Smith, Mrs. Jones,

Dr. Roo, Rev. Sweatgrunt, etc.) unless they were accused of a crime, in which case they were referred to solely by their last name (Smith, Jones, Roo, etc.)

Then came that fateful day the Moondog was popped on tax evasion charges. No big problem. The powers at the *Washington Times* merely decided that they had been presuming people were guilty without benefit of a trial. The name policy was revised to allow the courtesy titles for everyone except those convicted of a crime. . . and the Reverend Moon remained a reverend in his own news columns. . . for a while. But then he was convicted. Again no problem. The policy was merely revised to require the use of titles until after all the guilty party's appeals were heard. . . which worked for a while. Except Moon lost all his appeals. At this point, the *Times'* elastic name policy was stretched once more: everyone except those people doing time would be given a courtesy title. . . sighs of relief flooded the *Times'* offices. And then convict Moon was sent to the can — a great day for justice, if not for the mercenaries who make up his editorial staff.

Well, there you have it. Much as we don't like being called a house organ for rapists, we take much comfort from the old saying that you can tell more about a person — or a magazine — from his enemies than from his friends. As long as the not-so-good reverend and his legions of losers hate us, we know we can't be too terrible. So we'll just keep on keepin' on, and anyone that dont like it can bugger off on a fuckin' riceburner and go racin' with the Moon.

—Trampo

INTERVIEW

Harry Fisher: Backwards In The Saddle Again



Photo by E.K.B.

Like maddened motorized manifestations of the Flying Wallendas, they roar past the grandstands deployed in a pyramid, two bikes running abreast with guys standing on the shoulders of the riders and more guys on those guys and... the crowd goes wild.

The place is Anaheim Stadium, Anaheim, California, and the occasion is Elks Night at a California Angels baseball game. The madmen putting on the pre-game show on their Harleys are members of the Victor McLaglen Motor Corps Drill and Stunt Team, which has been wowing spectators with backwards riding, no-hands slow circles, pyramids, handstands on Hog seats, and a host of other precision riding feats for over 50 years.

Harry Fisher, Colonel Harry Fisher to his Corps brothers, joined the Corps in 1962, was elected its leader in 1978, and has been regularly reelected since then. Founded and sponsored in the '30s by Academy Award-winning (for "The Informer" in 1934) actor Victor McLaglen, the Corps won many precision riding titles, including the World Championship, during the days when such titles were fiercely contested by teams from many states and several countries. Along the way from then to now, the Corps has survived World War II (which shut it down for a while), the Korean War, the death of Victor McLaglen, and the invasion of the rice riders.

But Harry Fisher's love affair with riding didn't begin and

doesn't end with his activities in the Motor Corps. A Harley rider since boyhood, Harry has raced both solo bikes and sidehacks, and he currently makes his living operating a funeral escort and limo service that allows him to dress up sorta like a cop and use his black-and-white Harley to take, rather than, wake, as in his straight-pipe days, the dead.

We met Harry at a greasy spoon near a local graveyard. While we're not sure that Harry's recently removed client would be turning up as the following chef's special, we wouldn't bet against it. Harry, however, was oblivious to all that. He was too busy trying to get the cute little waitress to shrug off her uniform and hop on his almost-a-CHP bike for a ride to the beach... or maybe to hop on his bike for a ride to the beach and then shrug off her uniform.

EASYRIDERS: How long have you been escortin' funerals?

HARRY FISHER: Off and on for 20 years.

ER: How often do you go out on a job?

HF: I may ride six, seven a week. If it's really busy, I may ride as many as fifteen.

ER: Has it always been legal for escorts to ride pseudo-police bikes in California?

HF: Right now in California, anyone can have a black-and-white Harley. In 1979 there was a move to license funeral escorts and only allow them and the police to use black-and-whites. That offended me

because of the Motor Corps. So I called the American Motorcyclist Association, and we started lobbying against the bill. Eventually we beat that bill.

Most of the problems didn't have anything to do with civilian motorcycles, anyway. It had to do with people buying CHP surplus cars and bikes and doing burglaries and that kind of thing.

ER: Have you ever taken anybody to the wrong cemetery?

HF: I didn't do this myself, but not too long ago my company had a funeral out in the San Fernando Valley. I had assigned two riders to the job who were mostly used to L.A., so I was very careful to give them full instructions and to explain the route they'd be riding. Well, they got there and the family was already upset, the people from the funeral home were having their problems, and in the confusion my escorts made a right turn where they should have made a left.

That's a little embarrassing, but it wouldn't ordinarily be a catastrophe. I mean, these things sometimes happen. Except that this time, they wound up taking the entire funeral procession up a canyon to the exact place where the deceased happened to have met his Waterloo, so to speak. And it was a dead-end canyon, so they all had to make a U-turn right there at the scene and go back.

The family wasn't too mad, though — they said it was just like the guy, because he'd been ornery all his life.

ER: What did your lead rider say?

HF: He said the devil made him do it. Another time, one of the guys in the Motor Corps had finished a funeral and was riding home, and a gal in a sports car pulled up and he looked at her and winked at her, waved, and all that shit. She called him a show-off. Between lights he turned around and started riding backwards. As he roared past her, sitting on the bike backwards, he yelled to her, "This is showing off."

ER: How long have you been in the Motor Corps?

HF: I joined in 1962.

ER: Ever thought about showing up for an funeral escort job with the whole Corps and then riding out to the cemetery doing pyramids and handstands?

HF: I've thought about standing on the seat and riding backwards, but what I would really like to do is put the 22 guys on their motorcycles and go down the freeway

doing our show.

ER: Why not? California doesn't have any law requiring you to keep both hands on the bars at the same time or anything like that. So why not barrel down the Hollywood Freeway with a bunch of guys standing on each others' shoulders?

HF: I believe it's called reckless driving.

ER: Yeah, but you could beat that. All you have to do is go to court and introduce expert testimony that proves you can ride better standing on the seat or in a pyramid than the average person can sitting in a normal riding posture, and it's not reckless driving.

HF: That sounds great. Why don't you try it?

ER: I'd fall off and get turned into

frame in both directions. Keeping your feet up and making a really tight turn is tough. Pretty soon, though, with repetition and more repetition, practice and more practice, it gets a little easier.

ER: If that's the hardest thing for a beginner to do, what's the easiest?

HF: That's probably the side ride (riding while hanging out to one side of the bike); the hardest part of that is keeping the throttle steady. As you work through some of these one-man steps, you get ready for the other stunts requiring more than one man on each bike.

ER: How about riding two Harleys at one time? I understand that's a specialty of yours.

HF: The Roman ride (so-called because a dramatic highlight of the

with Nick DeRush, who formerly did the Roman ride in the Motor Corps. And he told me how Nick did it. So with a lot of work and practice on the basics and some good coaching after that, we finally got it down.

ER: As you've indicated, a lot of the Corps' more spectacular stunts involve more than one man on a motorcycle — you build pyramids on bikes, you have guys stand on top of each other on bikes. What's involved in learning to do that?

HF: Hours and hours of time. It's relatively easy to do, but you have to be dedicated. Unfortunately, to get into it, you have to practice every week for six or seven hours. It's just like playing a piano or violin; it doesn't matter how good you get, you have to practice to stay up with it and make sure the timing between the different people in each stunt is right. There have been some holidays where everybody seems to be celebrating except for 20 or so of us who are riding around and around, rehearsing stunts in a parking lot.

ER: How many of the stunts that you do today are the same as the ones Motor Corps riders were doing in the '30s and '40s?

HF: I've studied what the Corps used to do in the early days, and I think that the Corps today pretty much matches most of the things that were really impressive then.

ER: Do you add a lot of different things to your performances from year to year?

HF: Not necessarily a lot, but we're always looking for something new, or something old that hasn't been done in a while, that will be a crowd-pleaser. If you don't change things around, you kind of saturate the market, and everybody goes, "So what, I've seen that." You gotta go after some of those things they haven't seen.

For example, I've had the riders stand on the seats of their motorcycles to salute the flag.

Another factor is the particular talents of the people you have. Years ago, when I was first starting to stunt ride, I met a person who drove bikes and cars for Mundy Bros. Circus on the East Coast. He would eat fire, talk about the circus, and all of that stuff. We had a little debate about going through a fire wall and I said, "Well, hell, anybody can do that." Well, he was 28 years old and I was 18, so you know how much I knew about it. So he got me aside and asked me how many times I'd been through a fire wall. I admitted I

"One of the guys in the Motor Corps had finished escorting a funeral and was riding home. A gal in a sports car pulled up and he looked at her and winked, waved, and all. She called him a show-off. Between lights he turned around and started riding backwards. As he roared past her, sitting on the bike backwards, he yelled to her, 'This is showing off.'"

an instant rug by 12 semis before I got the ticket, let alone to court. What turned you on about the Motor Corps, anyway?

HF: Years ago when the Death Valley Run was going on, I rode my '51 Harley to Death Valley and saw the team perform. And, at roughly the same time, I was just starting in straight racing and sidecar racing. I was basically just into doing anything that could be done on a bike. Well, when I saw these riders doing slow circles with no hands, people standing on the front axles of Harleys and doing handstands, I was impressed. I could see that those kinds of stunts would be tough to learn, but I could also see they were very crowd-pleasing.

Incidentally, I later found you could get a lot of free beer in a bar if you could ride your cycle like that.

ER: What's the most difficult stunt that the Corps does? The most difficult one for you to learn?

HF: All of the stunts and tricks are hard. They all require constant practice. Probably the hardest thing for a guy who's just starting, believe it or not, is to turn the motorcycle with the wheel in full lock to the

ancient Roman games was gladiators riding two horses, or driving two chariots, standing up with one foot on each) was one of the most difficult tricks I've ever learned.

I first got interested in it on a trip to Mexico City to see the famed Mexico City Police Motorcycle Drill Team perform. They had someone doing Roman riding, and I took some movie film of him. After I got home, I watched it and I watched it and I watched it. After I studied the film, I would go out to the garage at night and line two motorcycles up and balance them, standing on the floorboards. At that point I was saying to myself how easy it was.

But it was far from being easy, once I started trying to do it while moving. Once I got that far, I started practicing with another rider on the second motorcycle. I'd get on one, and with the other guy driving the second, I'd try to get one leg over there and balance both bikes. I used to work four or five hours, three times a week — aside from the drill team practice — practicing going in a circle with the Roman ride.

Then I was fortunate enough to run into a person who had worked



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hadn't, but said it didn't make any difference — all you had to do was crank the throttle on and go like a bat out of hell.

Well, he told me to come along with him and he'd show me what you had to do, as long as I promised to keep my mouth shut. So I went along and learned how to throw the gas on the fire wall, how to make it, and what you're supposed to do to go through it. It's relatively easy, except if there's a problem or if it's rough terrain. There's the surface of the wall to worry about, there's a big difference whether it's daytime or nighttime — at night your goggles may steam up as soon as the fire is lit.

It's those kinds of things that add a degree of difficulty. I've done three fire walls in a row, I've hung off an airplane on a rope ladder being pulled through a fire wall, I used to be the bike rider in a motorcycle-to-airplane transfer stunt. The abilities of your riders to do these kinds of things don't necessarily mean you're going to do them in a Motor Corps show, of course (liability insurance problems have about banished setting up fire walls in public, for one thing), but the fact that you have people with that kind of knowledge and skill does mean you can perhaps do more strenuous regular stunts than you would do otherwise.

ER: I know the Victor McLaglen Motor Corps is about 53 years old now. Are those consecutive years, or have there been gaps?

HF: It's been pretty much continuous, except for the war years. World War II naturally brought everything to a stop. First, most of the riders were in the service, and later, even for a few years after the war, gas and tires were hard to get.

ER: How many active riding members do you have?

HF: Probably 22 right now.

ER: Do they all have to ride the same model bike, or do you have a mixture?

HF: Well, we're running into a problem right now. FLHs and FLs are going by the wayside. We're starting to get some FLT's — at one particular point we had six FXRTs,



Easyriders

and they wanted to have their own squad. So I don't know exactly how we're going to handle it.

The rules say the motorcycles have to be 45 cu. in., 74 cu. in., 61 cu. in., or 80 cu. in. Harleys. For a while, people thought our having the 80 in there was a joke, but then Harley put the 80 back on the market.

ER: What's the problem involved in mixing different size and model bikes?

HF: Take the Cossacks [a precision riding team from Washington]. They all have V.L.s. For what they do, their motorcycles handle much better than our Hydra-Glide front ends or our Duo-Glides. We've adapted through the 80s as far as the engines go, but now we're having a problem with the accessories and the looks and the trim.

I'm looking at things like the plastic headlight covers. . . how are you going to fit two guys on it? I'm looking at the slip-clutch problem with the new transmission. We've been thinking of trying to put a slip-clutch in mine to see if it will adapt. But my model is an '85, and the '87s are different even from the '85s.

ER: What changes, if any, do you make to the stock bikes?

HF: On the earlier ones, like models from the '60s, there's a throttle block that we put on. On the newer bikes, we shave the forks to make them come to lock a little faster. Not every member does it at first, but if you're going to ride with us and do what we do and get involved, eventually that happens to your motorcycle. The slip-clutch is basically a suicide clutch, only it's operated with the heel.

ER: How would a person go about joining the Victor McLaglen Motor Corps?

HF: What usually happens is that people see this fantastic show, and they don't think about or realize the hours that go into making it work, and they say, "I would like to join that team, but I can't ride good enough," and they go away.

The first thing I tell somebody when they want to join is, "We don't expect you to ride well, just ride a motorcycle and have a Harley-Davidson." We use cones and we set up a course and we make the guys ride through that. Then we widen the course a little and put him through it side-by-side with someone else. We make them practice sharp turns over and over.

When it comes to learning stunts, he rides on the back with a good rider who shows him and tells him what to do. If the person is willing to

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listen and accept criticism, he can learn precision riding. It's basically that simple.

ER: What kind of people join the Motor Corps? Do you have anybody exotic, like a brain surgeon?

HF: We don't have any brain surgeons, but we could probably use one. We've got truck drivers, we've got a cop, we've got a Harley rep — they're all just basically normal people who like to ride their motorcycles and show what they can do. Not everybody can do what we do. And not everybody wants to do what we do.

It's like guys with choppers. They've got some of the best-looking motorcycles around. The best paint, the best chrome. But, still, not everybody wants to ride a chopper, so those who do kind of tend to hang out together. Our members are the same way; they tend to be members because we all like to do the same things with our motorcycles.

ER: Have there ever been any women who tried to join the McLaughlin Motor Corps?

HF: Well, we've had 'em look. There were two girls from one of the motorcycle magazines that I tried to talk into filling an application, but they were just too busy road testing bikes and other things.

ER: So you don't have any policy excluding chicks?

HF: No, I like girls.

ER: Your rank in the Motor Corps is colonel, which is the top rank. Who decided to put you in charge, and how will your successor be picked?

HF: We have an annual election. I was first elected in 1978, and I've been reelected every year since then.

ER: Have you had any opposition lately, or do you usually run unopposed?

HF: There's always some opposition. The stunt leader — the guy who's in charge of coordinating the stunts and deciding who does what — probably changes a little more often.

As far as my successor goes, I've appointed an assistant, and these days he's doing more than I am. There's a couple of reasons for that. If I'm sick or if I retire, I want somebody there that I know can do the job if he's elected. Actually, I'm doing more coaching than riding these days. But that's what has to be done to keep the program going.

ER: Clearly, being a member of the Corps requires a lot of commitment and time, but that is rewarded by the opportunity to show what you can do as a rider and associate with a good bunch of like-minded men. On the other hand, being the leader

instead of just a member seems to require a lot more commitment for basically the same rewards. Does the leadership role ever get to you?

HF: I enjoy virtually all of it. The one thing that is not so much fun is calling a guy up and saying, "Why weren't you there? If you can't show up, turn your uniform in." The opposite of that is when the show is finished and everything's gone well, and you can kick back and enjoy feeling satisfied about what you've done.

ER: Any interesting experiences getting to or from a show?

HF: I don't know whether you'd call them interesting, but it always seems that even though we're in uniform instead of denim, we can invariably generate the same kind of interest on the part of the law enforcement community as anybody else on a Harley.

We've been stopped pulling into town, we've been roused by the cops when we've stopped in local taverns after a show, we've had all our licenses and registrations checked. The usual treatment.

ER: How long have you been riding Harleys?

HF: Since I was ten years old. My uncle had a 125cc Hummer that he hopped up to 155cc, and I started by pushing that around the yard. Then I figured out how to start it, and then I figured out how to ride it headfirst into the house. Then I had it taken away from me.

Later on we had a vacant house for sale next door to where we lived. Every time the realtor would show the house, it was my job to go start my uncle's straight-piped knuckle-head up. I'd rev it up for five or ten minutes so the people wouldn't buy the house.

ER: How old were you before you decided motorcycles were going to play a key part in your life? In other words, before you were hooked?

HF: I don't think I ever really had to make that decision. My whole family were motorcyclists. My mother rode, and my uncle not only rode, he was a factory-trained mechanic. On Sundays my uncle's friends would come by, and he'd work on a few of their bikes and let me help with a clutch or something like that. We'd go to the races at Ascot, Crater Camp, all the other tracks in Southern California. When I was a little kid, I even got to go to Riverside while Ed Kretz was still running.

You could say I was born into motorcycling. It's always come first with me and I've always been happiest when I'm riding. ■

Choppershopper

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Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos \$1 (cash only). Roth, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (171)

Free — World's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (171)

Harley Charlie #55224: "My" Harley Hobo. I love you. Time passes quickly. We will make it! I'm waiting. Kim. (170)

Rags A: This is to wish you the best always on 7/16/87 and to let you know I miss my home bad. I'm ready to build, are you? Please call so we can talk new plans. All of me is with you. B.B. (170)

Happy birthday, Ralph "Too-Loose" and Bunky Martinez, August 3. (170)

Attention: All retired Death Motorcycle Club members. Having 20th anniversary party. Contact Springer, Box 96, New Carlisle, OH 45344 by 7/31. (170)

Established motorcycle club ready to accept new members for New England area. Must be white, 21, and riding H-D. No power trips, no wannabes! P.O. Box 511, Coventry, RI 02816. (170)

For sale: 1982 red Harley FLT, belt drive, 7,500 miles, extras, excellent condition. Call (515) 379-1481 after 5:00.

Walker (Spencer, Ia.): Good guys do wear white. Call 693-4037. (170)

Bumper stickers. Your message. \$1.00 money order. Bryant Donovan, Box 145, Watseka, IL 60970. (170)

Prostitution License: An original Nuevo Laredo or Reynosa, Mexico Boys Town License to operate as prostitutes. Send one to... well, we will let you decide. Suitable for framing (8 x 10). Send \$4.95 plus \$1 postage and handling along with check or money order to MCor Publishing, Box 16486, Austin, TX 78761. Sold as a novelty. (175)

Marijuana grower kits. Grow your own, or profit. Only \$475. Kits include grower's guide, scales, pricing sheet, weighing sheet, and more. Kenneth, Box 17271 A15, Louisville, KY 40217. (170)

Chyris: I'm back in the wind and doing well. But without you, the magic ain't there. Now who's waiting on somebody? Call me at my folks: 221-1243. (170)

To M.A. of North Vancouver, B.C.: Happy birthday, babe! You're the best! From Jay in North Carolina. (170)

Cow Town Clown, Wanda X, Wicked Wanda: Have you forgotten Dr. Feel-good and Clearance Johnson? Waiting to hear from you. The Boss. (170)

Jerry ('66 shovel) Monahan, Hollywood, Florida: Contact a bro layin' low. Mike (Body Shop) Massaria, 50 Knollwood Drive, Wallingford, CT 06492. (203) 289-9807. (170)

DOWN THE ROAD

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

JULY

July 3-5 — FREEDOM BASH AND POKER RUN in Vassar, Michigan. Pig roast, music, bike show, poker run, two big fireworks displays. For more info, including exact location, write to the Iron Warriors MC, Attention President Gypsy, 3180 West Saginaw Road, Vassar, MI 48768.

July 3-5 — IOWA HOG DRAGS/ABATE PARTY/EASYRIDERS RODEO at and around the Humboldt County Dragway, Humboldt, Iowa. **Easyriders** Motorcycle Rodeo to be held on Friday. Races have been moved up one day from previous schedule, with qualifying now on Saturday, eliminations on Sunday. Races sponsored by the AMRA. ABATE of Iowa annual party takes place two miles west of the racetrack. For info, write "Chrome Horse," 707 E. Milwaukee, Spencer, IA 51301, or call (712) 262-8910.

July 4 — INDEPENDENCE RUN in Albany, Oregon. Live music, food, fireworks, games, camping, swimming. Sponsored by Association for Motorcyclists of Oregon. For info, call (503) 928-4592.

July 5 — POKER RUN in Dixon, South Dakota. Sponsored by North Star ABATE. For more info, call (605) 734-6009.

July 10-12 — FIELD MEET AND HOG ROAST in Otisville, Michigan. ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, MI 48121.

July 11 — BLOOD RUN for the entire area around Burlington, Vermont. Sponsored by Freedom Of The Road For Vermont, Box 482, Montpelier, VT 05602.

July 17-19 — 14th ANNUAL AARDVARK at La Vernia Chamber of Commerce Park, La Vernia, Texas. Lots of prizes, loads of free beer, two free tacos, free camping and showers, air conditioned dance hall. Sponsored by San Antonio Gypsy MC, Box 5028, San Antonio, TX 78201.

July 17-19 — SWAP MEET on Route 10 west of Oberlin, Ohio. Sponsored by Dirt & Grime MC. For more info, call (216) 244-9759.

July 18-19 — SEVENTH ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP PARTY sponsored by ABATE of Maryland at the Cumberland Fairgrounds, Cumberland, Maryland. Camping, showers, live entertainment. For info, write 'em at Box 1733, Annapolis, MD 21404, or call (800) 843-0252 in Maryland or (301) 263-9195 outside of Maryland.

July 19 — COWBOY CLASSIC POKER RUN at UAW 1166, U.S. 31N, Kokomo, Indiana. Sponsored by Good Ol' Boys MC, Burt Shearer, ad chairman, 3453 W. Sycamore Lane, Kokomo, IN 46901.

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

July 24-26 — SWAP MEET in East Liverpool, Ohio. Entertainment by Burnt River Band. Sponsored by Iron Mustangs MC.

July 25 — POKER RUN AND PARTY at the Greenville Sportsmen's Club, Greenville, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Mercer Co. For info, call (412) 962-7918.

July 26 — BIKE SHOW at Putnam Landing (Sixth Street Bridge) in Zanesville, Ohio. Ten classes of bikes in show, live music, raffles, 50-cent beer, kickstart contest. Proceeds to Vietnam vet charities. Rain date — August 2. Sponsored by Southeastern Ohio Bikers. For more info, call John Smitley at 453-1328.

AUGUST

August 1-3 — POKER AND TOY RUN at Dawson Creek, British Columbia. Proceeds benefit the Child Development Center. For info, call Phil at (604) 783-5798.

Biker's Bulletin Board

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

ALL SERVICES

Hawg Head-Quarters Unauthorized Inc., 705 Anderson Street, Belton, SC 29627. (803) 338-6663.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS & PISTONS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree Road, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351.

ALUMINUM ROCKER ARMS & CAM GEARS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree Road, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Government surplus and genuine H-D parts. Catalog \$5.00 (616) 636-8200.

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

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

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. Also available at: **Conley's H-D of Dallas**, 11702 Plano Rd., Dallas, TX 75243. (214) 348-5653.

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

BOOKS

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

Harley Women Magazine/Asphalt Angels Publ., Inc., Box 864, Addison, IL 60101.

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada B0P 1X0. (902) 542-7478.

CARBURETORS

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

CATALOGS

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

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

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

Custom Chrome, Inc. (CCI), Giant 430 pages/color \$9.95, 16160 Caputo Drive, Morgan Hill, CA 95037. Visa/MasterCard/Check.

CRANKCASES

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

CUSTOM MOTORCYCLE REBUILDING

Rolling Thunder Motorcycles, 8808-B Cullen Lane, Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-0152.

CYLINDERS

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

EXHAUST PIPES

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

FENDERS

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

FLYWHEELS

RoKil Engineering Co. Self-balancing. 7415 Jefferson, Kansas City, MO 64114.

FORKS

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

FRAMES

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

HEADS

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

IGNITION SYSTEMS

Stinger U.S.A./Single Fire Distributor Kit, 720 S.E. 20th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50317. (515) 265-5513.

JEWELRY

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

Brass Head Inc., 68 Lamar St., W. Babylon, NY 11704. Spike leather and chain jewelry. (516) 643-6060.

LEATHERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tasty Leathers/Showroom, 17642 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (818) 342-8839. Catalog \$2.00.

MAIL ORDER

Hawg Head-Quarters/custom or stock parts, T-shirts, 705 Anderson Street, Belton, SC 29627. (803) 338-6663, EDT 9:30am - 5:30pm, M-F.

MC SERVICES

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

Hawg Head-Quarters Unauthorized, Inc./paint, flow, machine and welding. All work guaranteed and performed by certified professionals. 705 Anderson St., Belton, SC. (803) 338-6663.

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

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

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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

MOTORCYCLE RESTORATION

Rolling Thunder Motorcycles, 8808-B Cullen Lane, Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-0152.

OBsolete PARTS

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

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

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Performance Oil Coolers/performance with show quality. Distributed by CCI, Nempco, and Arlen Ness.

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H-D Salvage Used Parts, 3808 S. Ashland, Chicago, IL 60609. (312) 523-8470.

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

SPEEDOMETERS

Paramount Speedometers, 8845 Alondra Blvd., Paramount, CA 90723 (213) 630-9753.

T-SHIRTS

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 185) 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.

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.

Blue Ribbon Cycles Inc. Easyriders, H-D, custom designs, 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna, GA 30060. (404) 432-3614. Shipped UPS/COD

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

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

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

Harley-Davidson of Beirut Lebanon \$10, payable to S.A. Marketing, 902 Lee Road Suite 30-449, Orlando, FL 32810-5585 (state size S,M,L,XL).

H.O.G. L.A. #1 Chapter \$12.00, Bartel's Harley-Davidson, 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. (213) 838-3003 (shipping included).

Harley-Davidson of Green River Wyoming \$12 total, 5-color double. State size, S-XXXL M.O. or cashier's check. 193 W. Flaming Gorge Way, Green River, WY 82935 (off I-80).

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Cal Products, 1936-79 w/cover, Route #2, East Jordan, MI 49727. (616) 536-7575.

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A.P.R. Repair/C&G and Hurst-Airheart replacements, 635 S. Raymond #B, Fullerton, CA 92631. (714) 447-3021.

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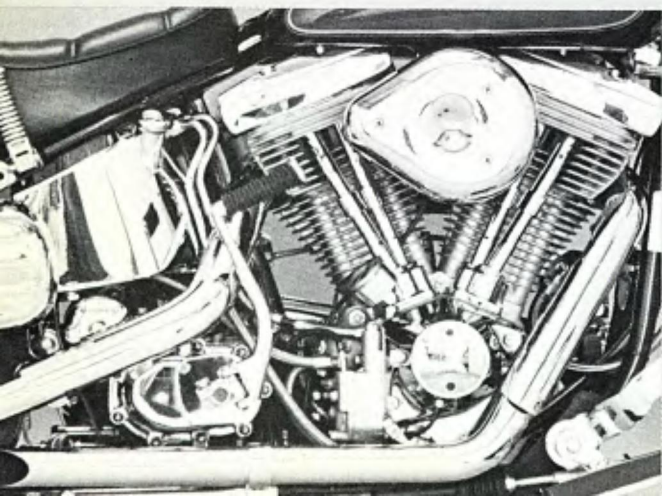
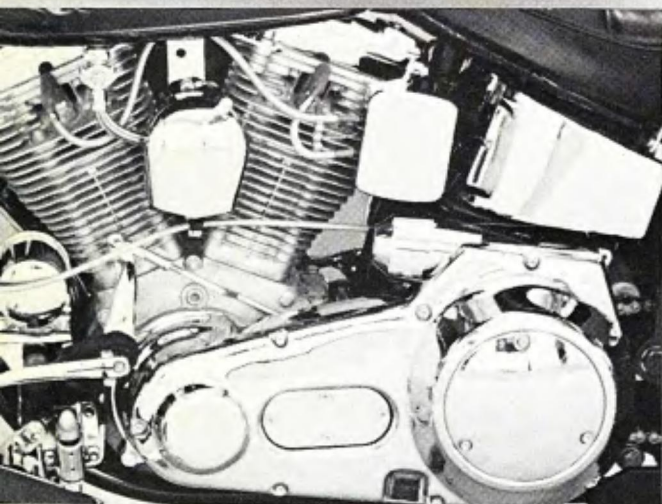
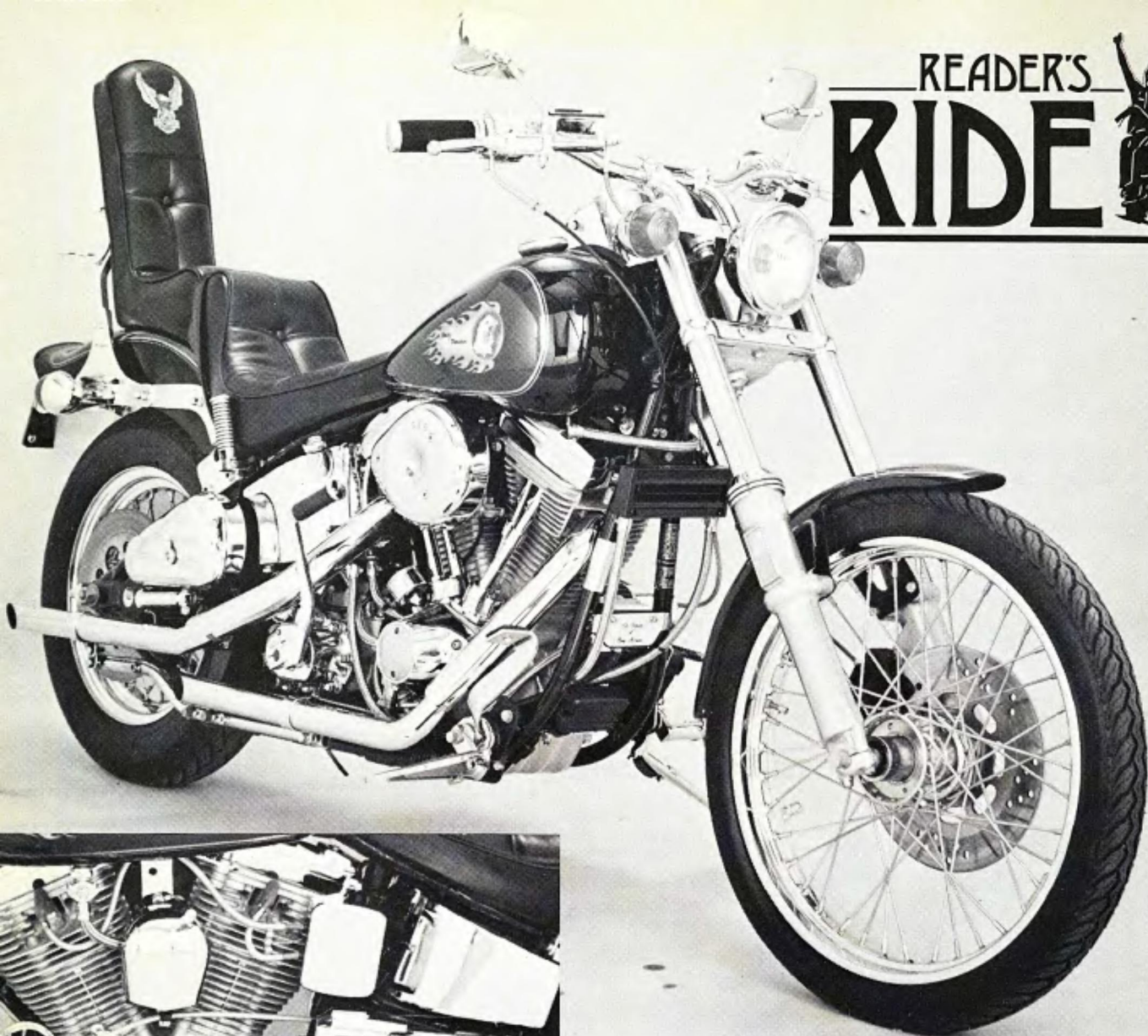


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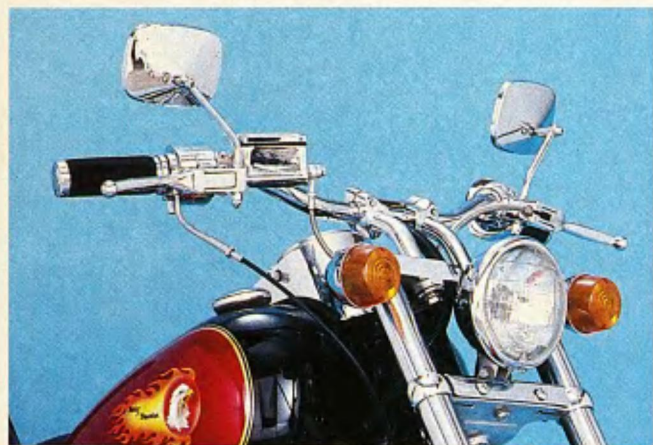
**Gary Monina, Westlake Village, California
1984 Harley-Davidson FXST**

Part of Harley's newfound wealth has come about due to the fact that many first-time buyers can assure themselves of Harley class simply by signing on the dotted line and wheeling out the door on a factory-custom bike. Many, like Gary Monina, go one step further and additionally enhance their new purchase with slight customizations to more perfectly fit their own personalities and tastes.

Gary liked his bike just fine the way he bought it from his local dealer (Barger Harley-Davidson), but knew there were to be a couple of extras he wanted to round out the package. A new paint job via the talented hand of Bob Brouett, spreading the Dupont enamel with plastic clear and airbrushing the eagle's head with great care and concentration, modified floorboards for a more cushy ride, and some carb and chrome work have the ride the way Gary wants it for a long time to come.

From here he can get down to the basics — riding!

—Buster



Photos by Pete Chiodo



NESS FINESSE

Just when you think you've got a handle on Arlen's fastball bike-building technique, he'll throw you a curve like this panhead. About once a year.

Don't know what it is with Arlen Ness lately. It might have something to do with the stars, or maybe it's because of all the Republican gamma waves crisscrossing the country these days, but Arlen keeps going periodically conservative on us.

You might remember that the last time it happened — exactly one year ago — we featured the result, a near-conventional knuckle. As nice as it was, we'd thought then that it had

been a one-shot deal for him, and that was that.

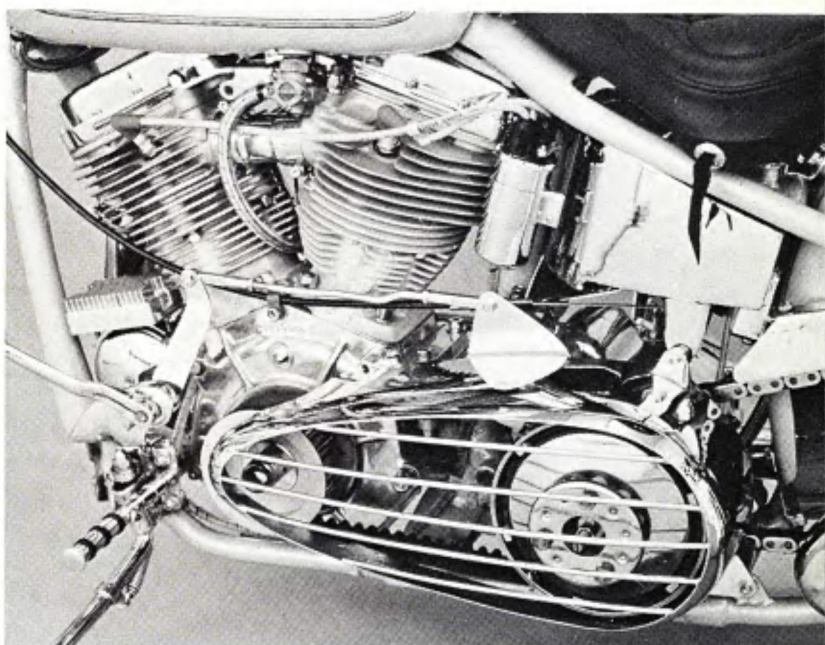
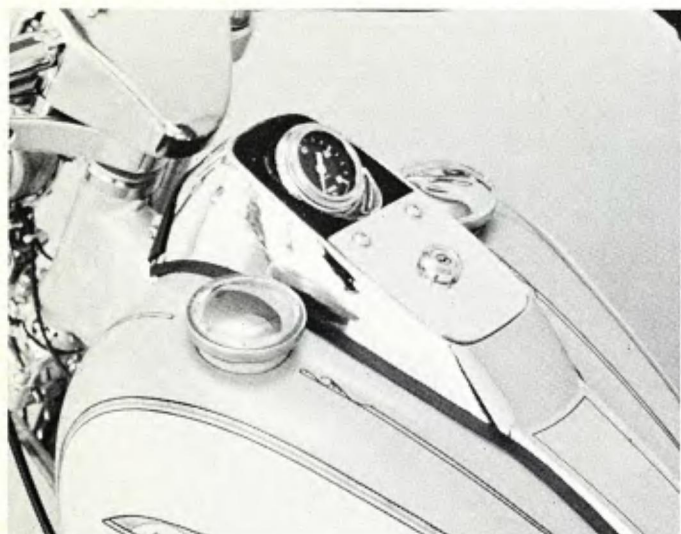
Which is why, when Frank laid the pics of Arlen's latest ride on me, I did a double-take at this coffee-and-cream panhead. Missing were the expected cowcatcher oil cooler mounted low in front, the monster blower hanging from one side, and the almost-paisleyed paint and engraving work from headlight to Dunlop.

As you can see, his most recent scoot bears

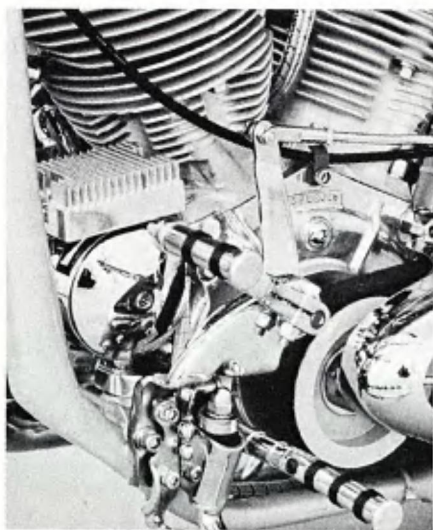


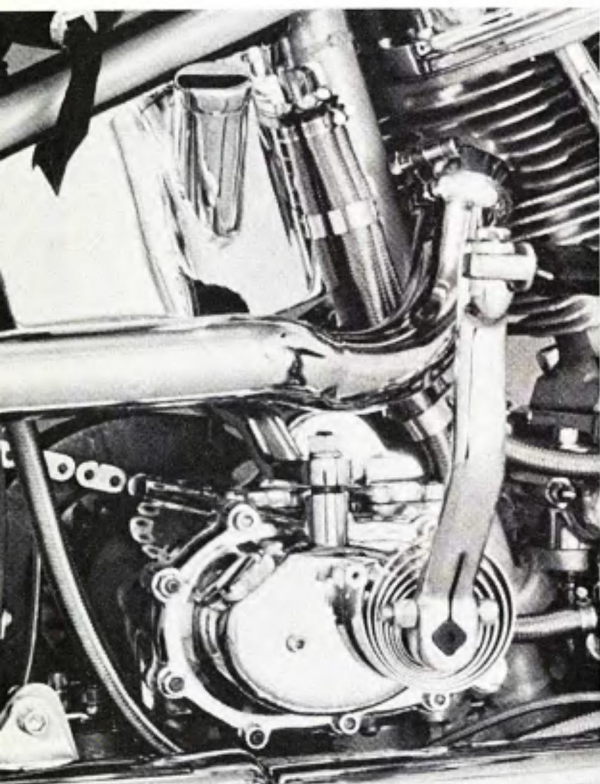




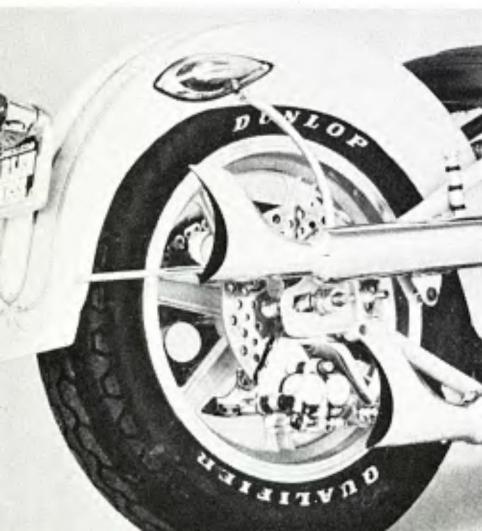


little resemblance to what has come to be considered the traditional Ness look. And although this '53 pan could hardly be regarded as anything but a custom job, it's such a radical departure — make that a non-radical departure — from Arlen's customary otherworldly fare, that it just might strike you as a fully-restored classic, at least by comparison to his other past accomplishments, like the mind-blowing '80 FX we featured in the November '86 issue.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Arlen Ness		City: San Leandro, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1953	
Year and make: 1953 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: panhead		Type: wishbone/rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 1 year, on and off		Other alterations: cherried	
Chroming by: High-Lustre		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Gary Bang	
Year: 1953		Risers: H-D	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Bob Dron H-D		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: Accel		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Bob Dron H-D		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Bob Dron H-D		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: Accel	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Bob Munroe/narrowed	
Heads: H-D modified		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Crane		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Bob Munroe	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto by Rivera		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissybar: fender struts/Bob Munroe	
Pipes: handmade		Height: curved	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shack		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Bob Dron H-D		Type: glide	
Year: 1953		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: Ness triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: cream and tan		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: House of Color, lacquer		Brake: Honda	Brake: Honda
Special paint: gold leaf and striping by Dennis Dardanelli			
Other special modifications: Subaki chain, handmade front fender supports, front brake caliper mounts, rear brake caliper mount, Russell brake lines.			

But in case it sounds like I'm even a little bit disappointed in the unexpected silhouette of this H-D, let me straighten out that notion right now. You don't have to be the ardent panhead-lover that I am to appreciate the obvious attention to flawless detailing, mated to performance, that has become synonymous with Ness's chariots.

From the Primo belt drive and Dell 'Orto fuel-flinger to

the tits-up craftsmanship by Bob Munroe in the fender struts and unique primary cover fashioned from a fat-bob, everything about this bike points to a dependable and robust ride that will get you where you aim her, and look damned good while she's doing it.

Which is, of course, what it's been about from the beginning, no matter what particular style of steel steed you prefer.

—Savage

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A side profile of a cruiser motorcycle. Labels with leader lines point to the following parts: Ape Hanger Handlebar, Risers, Dunlop Tires, SU Carburetors, Solo Seats, Pillion Pads, Saddlebags, Upsweep Fishtail Pipes, Stainless Steel Brake Disc, Wheels, Cams, and Covers.

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A side profile of a cruiser motorcycle. Labels with leader lines point to the following parts: Mirrors, Grips, Braided Steel Clutch Cables, Springless Solo Seats, Saddlebags, Disc Brake Rotors, Horn, Braided Steel Plug Wires, Oil Filters, Floorboards, Inspection Derby Covers, O-Ring Chain, and Sprockets.

Tires, Wheels, Brakes, Sprockets & Chain

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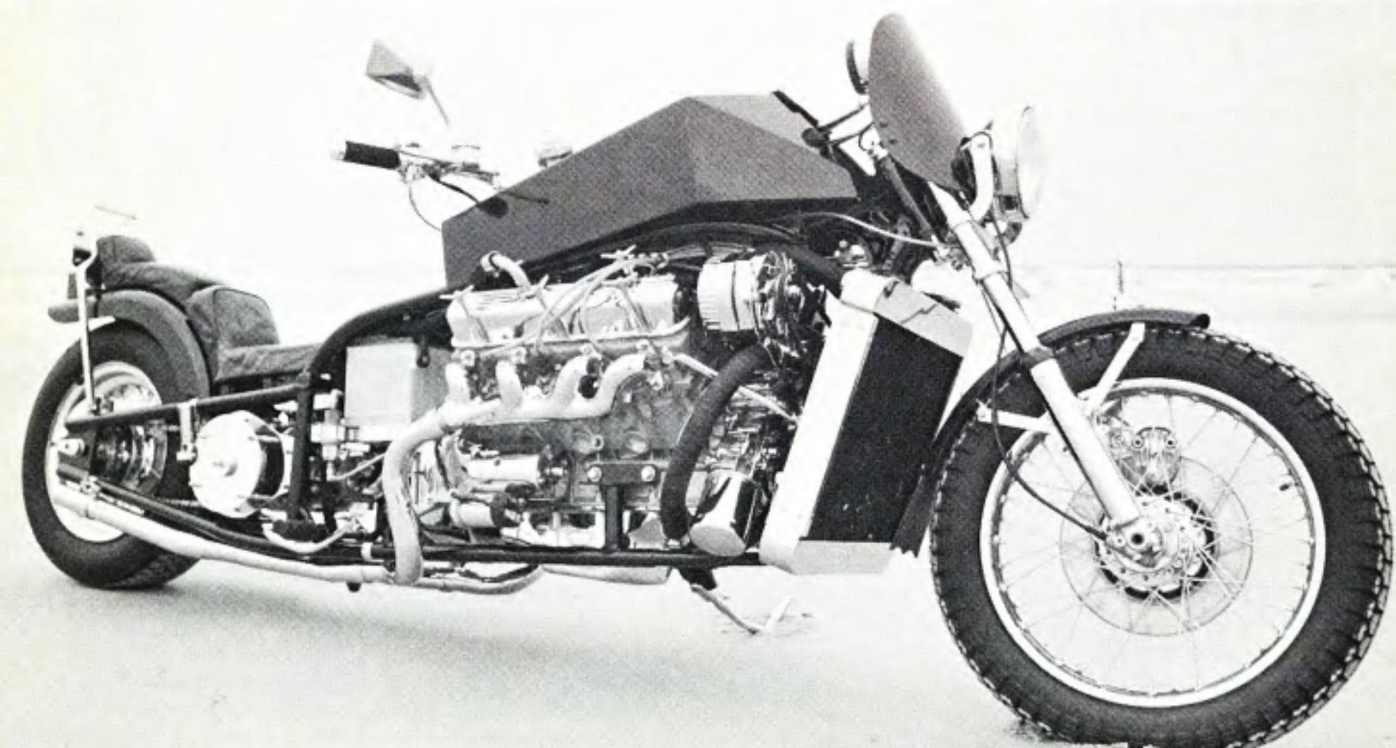
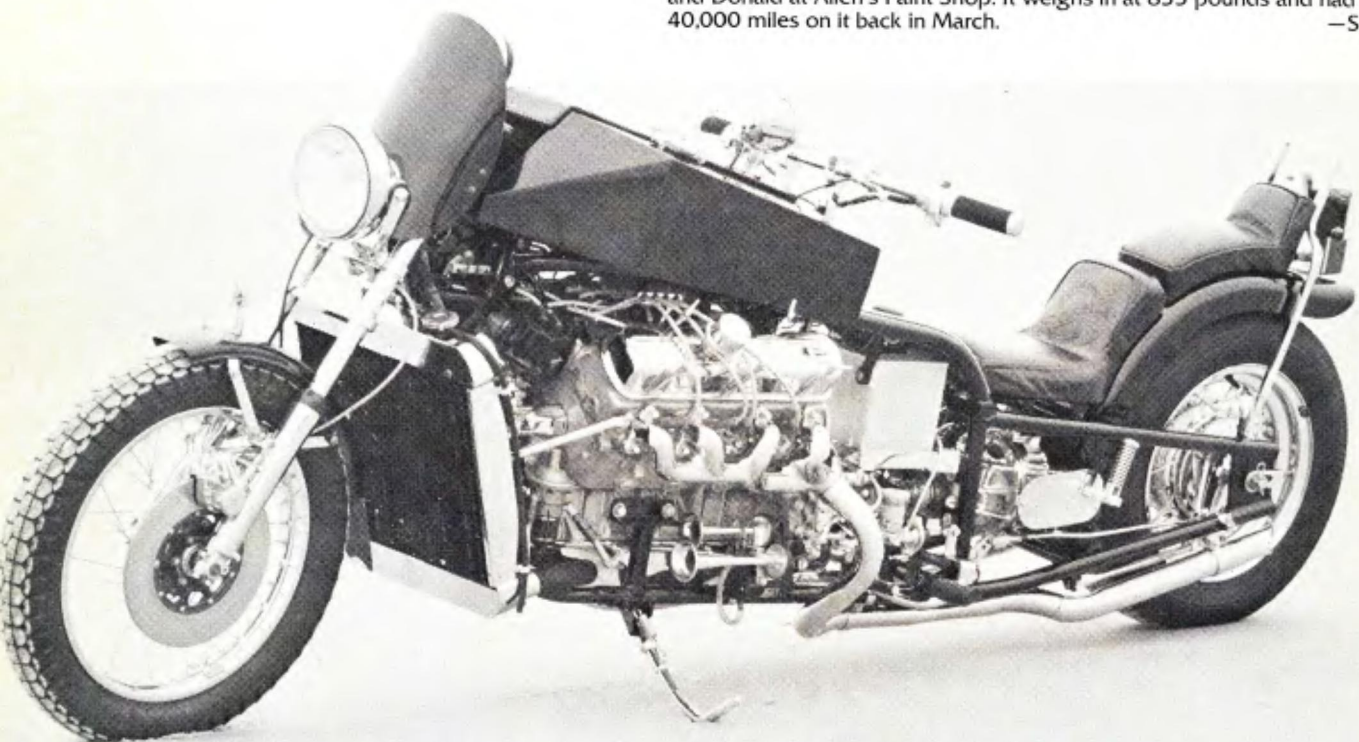
Donnelly Hall, Manchester, Kentucky
1961 Owner/Oldsmobile V-8

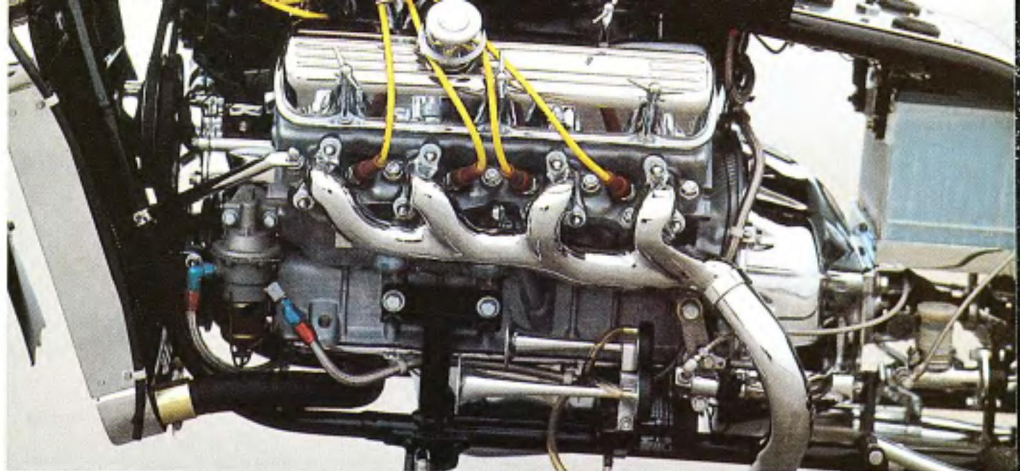
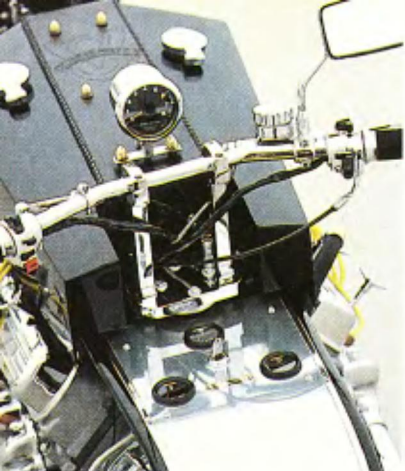
One of the strangest sights of this or any year in Daytona, one that could make a poor boy chirp his cookies if he wasn't careful, was this ten-foot black monolith fillin' up at a gas station, or sitting, mindin' its own business outside a restaurant, paying no attention to the hordes of wowfied scooter enthusiasts who were checkin' every nook and cranny, lookin' for the tranny, while its owner, Donnelly Hall, tried to eat in peace inside.

Peace was one thing that Donnelly didn't get much of this year, but when you're operating a muscle bike like this, you can't really expect it.

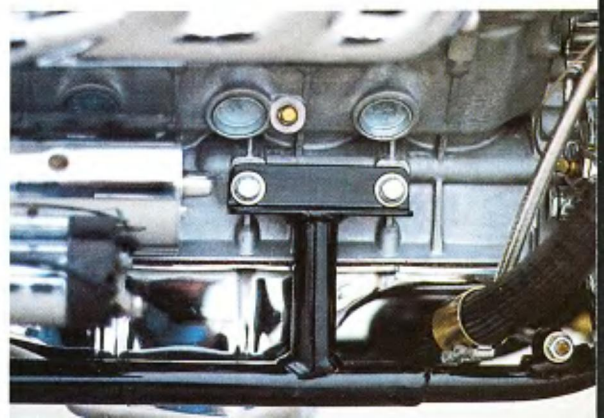
This V-8 Olds has been under Hall for a few years. It'll attain speeds of up to 185 mph with the one single speed in its Triumph Spitfire 42-tooth sprocketed differential. The rigid frame is handmade and sports a 30 degree rake. The black polyurethane paint was done by Clayton, Ferlon, and Donald at Allen's Paint Shop. It weighs in at 835 pounds and had 40,000 miles on it back in March.

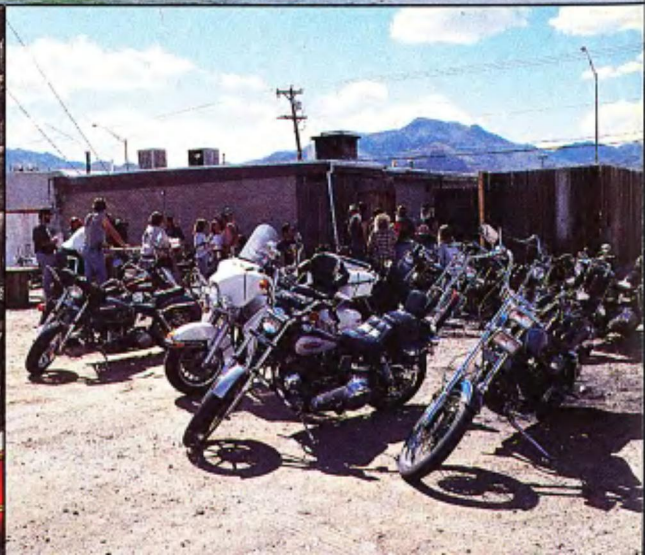
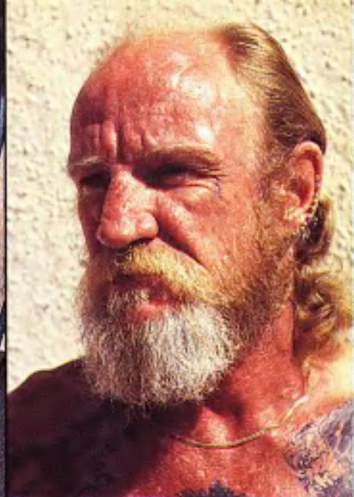
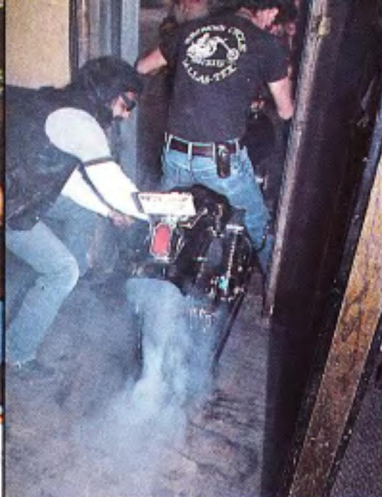
—Suds



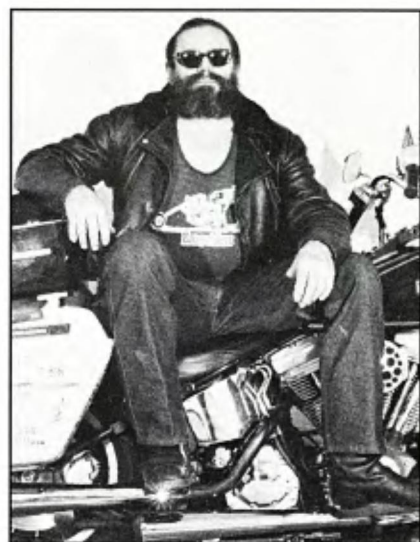
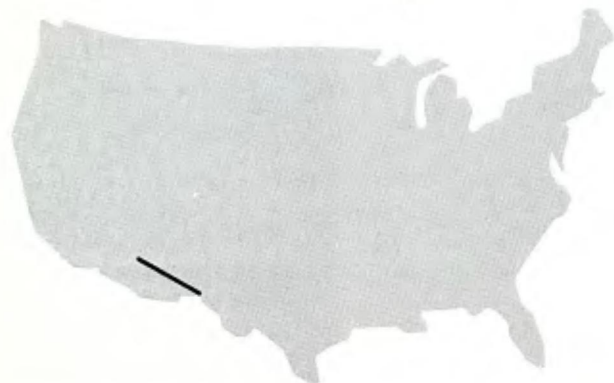


Photos by Michael Lichter





RIP'S RUN



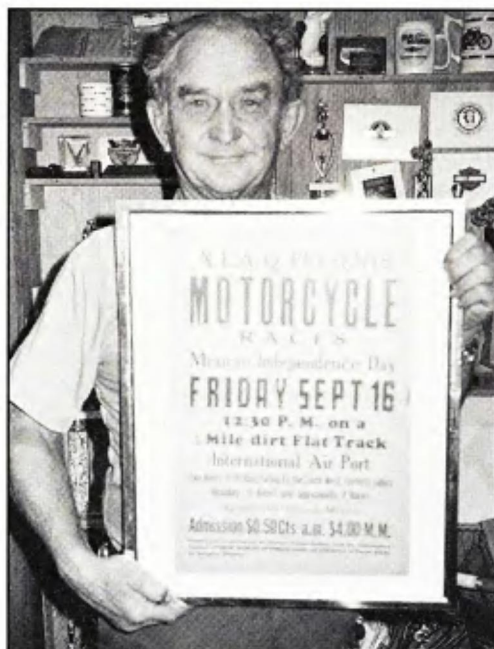
The author in repose.

SPRING RITES *By Rip*

In the last Rip's Run column, I wrote about Arizona. This month's column is about my trip to the great state of Texas.

Leaving Phoenix, I headed towards Tucson on Interstate 10 — a hot ride. After putting on all the miles that I have, you would think that I would know to cover up while going through the desert. But *no*, I didn't, and the result was burnt arms and face. It was such a fine day that I must have been daydreaming, thinking that I was riding in Malibu, being cooled by the breeze coming off the ocean. Billy the Kid once said, "Travel alone and travel light." I'd like to add: whenever possible, travel the desert at night.

Anyway, while in Tucson I dropped in on Brothers Motorcycle Parts, Inc. They gave me the nickel tour, and after spending about an hour or so shooting the bull, I left for Sierra Vista, Arizona, to visit with Red and Florence Hartman. Red has the oldest H-D dealership in Arizona, started in 1948. At one time, Red had three shops in Arizona, but it got to be too much of a hassle so he whittled it down to the one store in Sierra Vista. It's in Cochise County, where that infamous redskin did his thing,



Red Hartman.

fighting the cavalry. Sierra Vista is a small but growing community. Red told me that he's thinking of maybe retiring. And if so, he wants someone responsible to take over the shop. If you're interested, get ahold of him; you may be that special one. That night Red and Florence took me out for a shrimp dinner. That was a nice birthday present. They didn't have to do it. Thanks, folks.

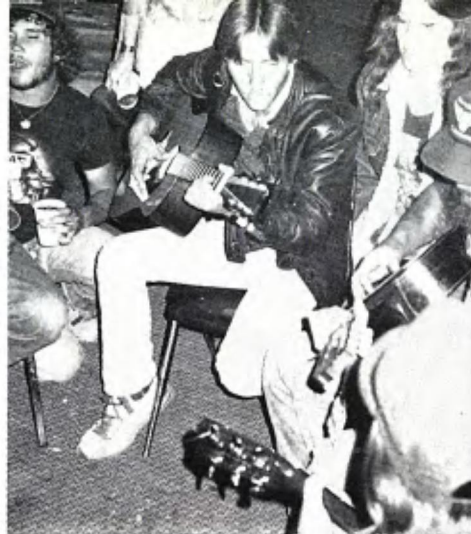


Moonshine.

That's Red holding a poster. His old shop in Douglas, Arizona, was sixteen blocks from the Mexican border. Way back when things were a lot better below the border, his club used to sponsor flattrack races in Mexico. The club is long gone; they were called the 4 C's — that's the Cochise Cactus Cutters Club. By the way, you won't find any rice on his floor. He never sold out to the Japs. He is



The Drifters bar in El Paso.



Another Saturday night.



Out behind The Drifters bar.



Five on a bike.



Drifters bar patio.



Drifters bar

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The next morning we left town, heading toward New Mexico. When I say we, I'm referring to me and my Softail. I call her Darling. The ride to El Paso was wet. I raced the rain clouds and lost. It rained for two hours, then I got a half hour break, and then it rained some more. I didn't slow down going through Las Cruces, New Mexico, because I knew El Paso wasn't far. The rain stopped a half hour after reaching town. The main reason I was in El Paso was to search out the reader who had written me and told me about a couple of biker bars to visit in El Paso — Wizard's on Hondo Pass and The Drifters Bar on Dyer.

El Paso means The Pass in Spanish. It's the pass through the Franklin Mountains, one of the easiest passes entering the USA from Mexico across the Rio Grande (Big River). El Paso del Norte, The Pass of the North. Across the international boundary line is Ciudad Juarez (city of Juarez) in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. El Paso is known as Sun City, and the city sponsors the Sun Bowl Festival every year. It's a post-football season event, much like the Orange Bowl, Rose Bowl, etc.

While in El Paso, I stayed with Rick and his ol' lady, Moonshine. Rick is the owner of The Drifters. Rick put in over twenty years in the U.S. Army. When he found out the Drifters bar was up for sale, he bought it. He told me that the bar has been a biker bar for eighteen years. He bought it because he didn't want it to fall into other hands. In other words, he wanted it to remain a biker bar. It is located on the northeast side of town. Rick has owned The Drifters since May of '86. "God Bless Beer and Harley-Davidson," by Paul Mattox, gets a lotta play on the jukebox. It's on the Martone Music label (MTR-02183-B, to be exact). Paul is another Texan from Fort Worth.

Rick told me they sell shitpots full of Killian's Red Ale on draft. Red for the head. It's a 6% ale, much stronger than the watered-down swill sold at other bars.

Saturday night is talent night, when many local musicians drop by to sing and play. Sunday afternoon they have what they call Church. It's simply another chance to get together and party.

If things get a little dull, someone usually thinks of something neat to do, such as riding a Harley into the bar and doing a burn-out. Sure, the place fills up with smoke, but Rick doesn't give a fuck, just as long as no one gets hurt. He has a patio which everyone retires to while the smoke clears from the bar. I'm saying these folks know how to party, and party they do. During the hot summer months, the patio is covered by a camouflage net which works bitchin' keeping the sun off the brothers and sisters. There is also room for parking bikes in this area.

Staying with Rick were three dudes from Berlin, West Germany — Rudi, Alfons, and Matthias. They were on holiday, traveling to California before flying back to Germany. Rudi had bought an Austin police shovel-head, and they were sharing the riding duties across the desert. If I ever make it across the pond, I'm gonna look them up. I'll probably go to the Milwaukee bike station located in Berlin for starters.

Getting back to El Paso, the weather so far had been great. Two of Rick's bartenders are Butch and Carol. They live in southern New Mexico, about maybe seven miles from the bar. They are good people who wouldn't let me pay for a drink. Right here I want to personally thank each and every one of you folks who treated me with respect and made life a lot easier for me. I won't forget you.

A special thanks goes out to Doc and his group of merry-makers. They took me out to see the grave of the baddest desperado of his time — John Wesley Hardin. A little footnote on John: Billy the Kid killed maybe 21 people before he was 21, but John gets credit for killing at least 47 before he cashed in his chips. As you can see, he died less than 100 years ago. I really

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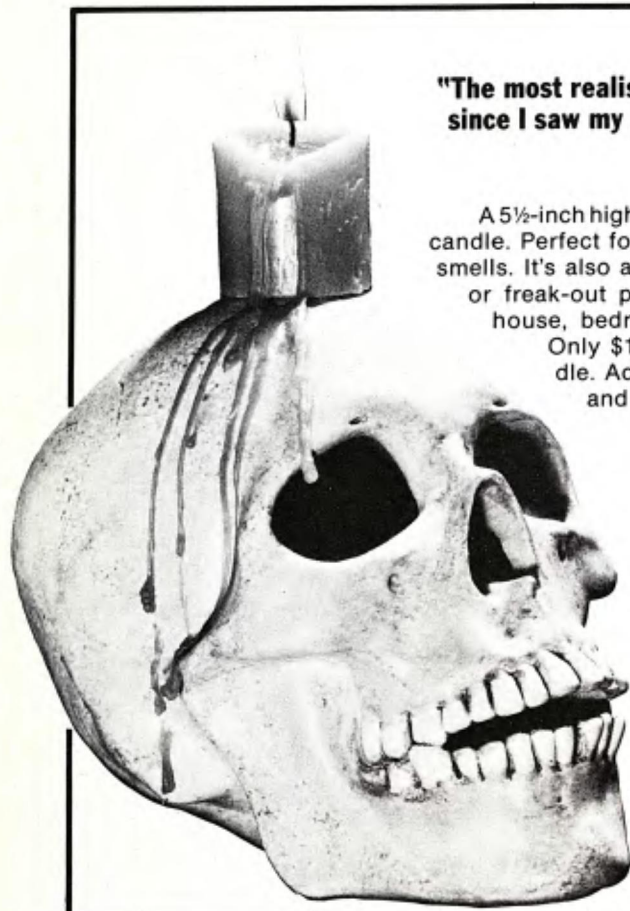
Photographed by Art Kane

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

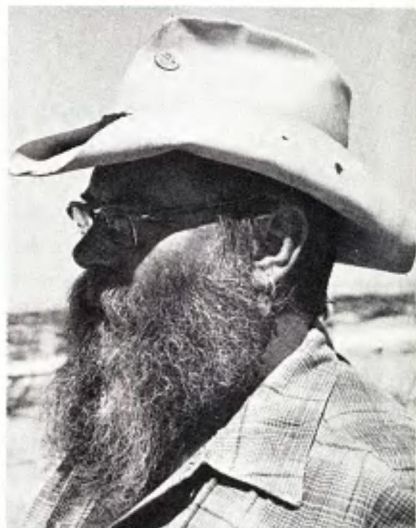
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Mike and his ol' lady.



Doc.

hate to bring up the subject of tombstones, since I feel that some jerks will go out and desecrate Hardin's burial site, as was James Dean's in Indiana. Some people don't have any class at all.

I'd like to say also that I'm into ecology — that's the reason for the picture of the windmills in the last issue. Texas has always had strong winds; why can't developers harvest its energy? The sun is another good source. All one needs to do is ride around a bit and check out what a diversified and beautiful country we have. It's a damn shame that it hasn't been protected any more than it has. Most developers aren't thinking of the future; they're just thinking of how to make a fast buck, and fuck everyone else.

Continuing the quest for the best Mexican restaurant, Rick took me to La Paloma (The Pigeon) and to the Burrito House. The La Paloma serves good *chili verde* (green chile).

The dinner was excellent. At the Burrito House they serve a variety of burritos, green or red, pork or beef, all of which is hard as hell to beat. La Paloma, on a scale of one to five, five being best, gets a four. The Burrito House gets a solid three points. There are many fine Tex-Mex restaurants in El Paso.

The Wizard's Lounge sells hard alcohol. It's a cocktail bar run by bikers, just a few miles from Rick's place. I saw the Sugar Ray-Marvelous Marvin bout on the big screen there. I lost 25 bucks betting on Marvin. No, there isn't any waging going on in the bar — this was a side bet with one of my homeboys. I still can't believe that Marvin fought Ray's fight. Ray was too fast; Marvin couldn't catch him. Ray couldn't hurt a fly, but he fought a smart fight. The three people in the picture of Wizard's front door are Michael the manager, Denice the barmaid, and James the Harley-riding customer.

While in El Paso, I couldn't pass up the opportunity to visit Barnett's H-D, located on the east side of town. Sherman Barnett has a good-sized store with many units on the floor, both new and used. He sells many motorcycles to GIs at Fort Bliss, located just northeast of El Paso. Barnett's is a volume dealer — in other words, he sells a shitload of Harley-Davidsons, most of which go at a reasonable price, compared to what bikes sell for in California.

Also while in town, I got to visit with Z-Bros, a custom bike shop which features many radical custom bikes. We sat around drinking brews and enjoying each other's company.

The oldest custom bike shop

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AUG. 19, 1895

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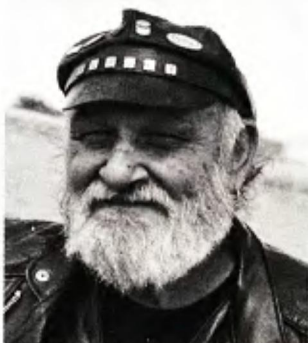
Denice, Michael, and James.



The men from Bikers Custom.



German brothers Rudi, Alfons, and Matthias.



70-year-old Harley rider.



Ken and Sherman Barnett

CRANE CAMS FOR HARLEY ARE:

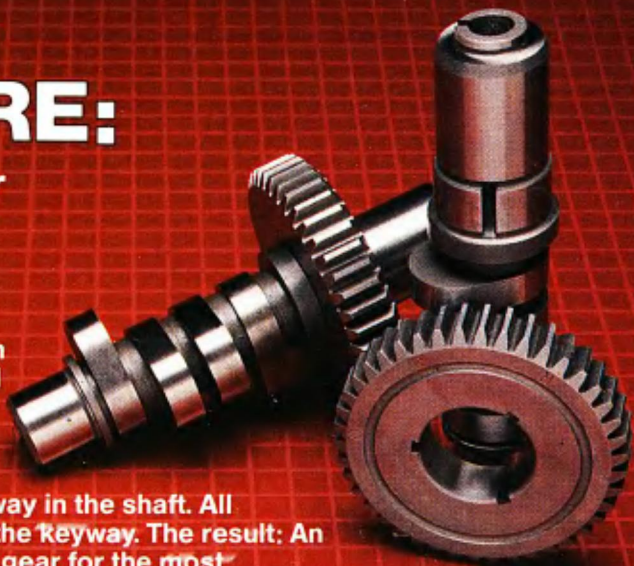
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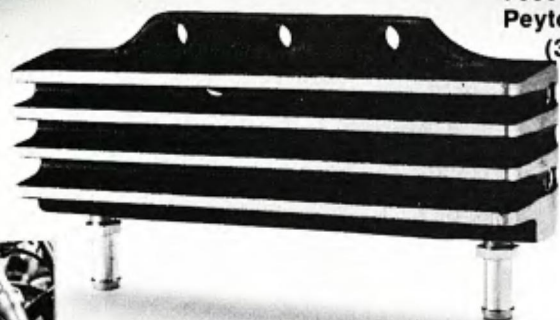
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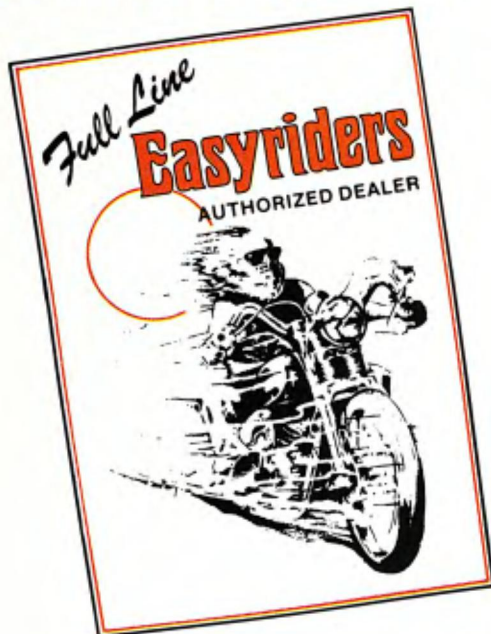
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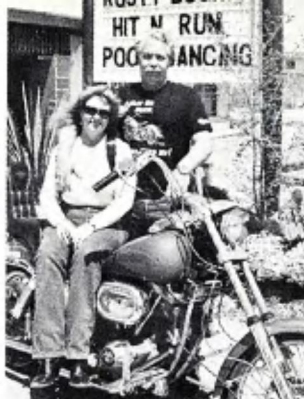
The Cycle Empire

4001 Loomis Road
Milwaukee, WI 53221
(414) 281-4770



House party in Big Spring.

Photos by Rip



Red and Jesse Shrum.

in town is called, strangely enough, Bikers Custom. They started business in 1970. They have two stores. Jimbo, the owner, works at their southside store, while Mike runs their north-east annex. They carry a huge inventory of parts. I saw many used 45 rigid frames for sale. Jimbo gets motorcycles from Mexico, fixes them up, and resells them. They stand behind their work. Chango ("monkey" in Spanish), the head wrench at the main store, fixed my speedo cable, which had broken coming into town. The speedo cable hadn't been serviced in 82,000-plus miles, which is damn good in my way of looking at things. Thank you, Chango and Jimbo.

One Monday morning I left El Paso, heading towards Big Spring, Texas. I wanted to see who these people were who had written to Rip's Run about their bar called the Rusty Bucket. Jesse and Robbie (Red) Shrum own this small beer bar in Big Spring. They received me with open arms, making sure I had someplace to stay and treated me as they would a long-lost friend. The center color picture on page 94 is the actual spring where Big Spring, Texas, got its name. The spring was used by many emigrants heading toward California during the gold rush days, and of course it was also used by the Indians and Spaniards before that. The remaining color shots were taken at The Drifters bar in El Paso.

Getting back to the Rusty Bucket in Big Spring — Johnny, Glen, and Kendall, three of the brothers who drink there, had a party at their house while I was there. The ladies that rode along

were friendly. Before you knew it, they were taking their tops off for these pictures. I'd say they were all pleasant to look at. There wasn't a dog in the crowd. Check out the pictures to see if you agree.

The Harley dealership in town was founded in 1929 by Cecil Thixton, making it the oldest dealership in Texas. Cecil died in 1979, and the shop is now operated by Howard Walker, who married the boss's daughter 27 years ago. Howard worked for Cecil for 26 years before becoming the owner. I wish I could show you pictures of him on his immaculate white panhead with sidehack, but unfortunately that roll of film disappeared. Sorry, Howard. If you're traveling in the area, pay him a visit. He is very active in the Harley Owners Group (H.O.G.) and is a fine fellow to do business with.

Right about here, you may be wondering why the title of this column is "Rites of Spring." Simple; I don't usually have a lotta tits and ass in this column, but it is springtime as I write this. As we all know, spring brings out the lust in us animals.

The next column will be coming to you from the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Texas is a big state, and it takes a long time to get through all of it.

Well, I'm going to close now; this copy is getting long.

Ride free, ride safe. See ya on the road.

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

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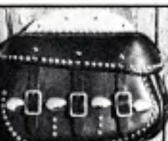
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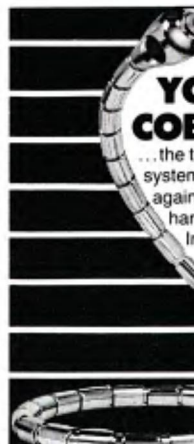
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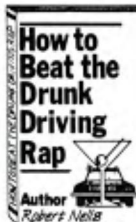
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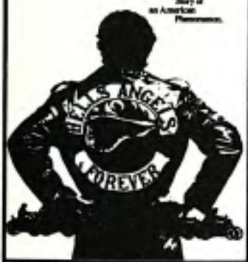
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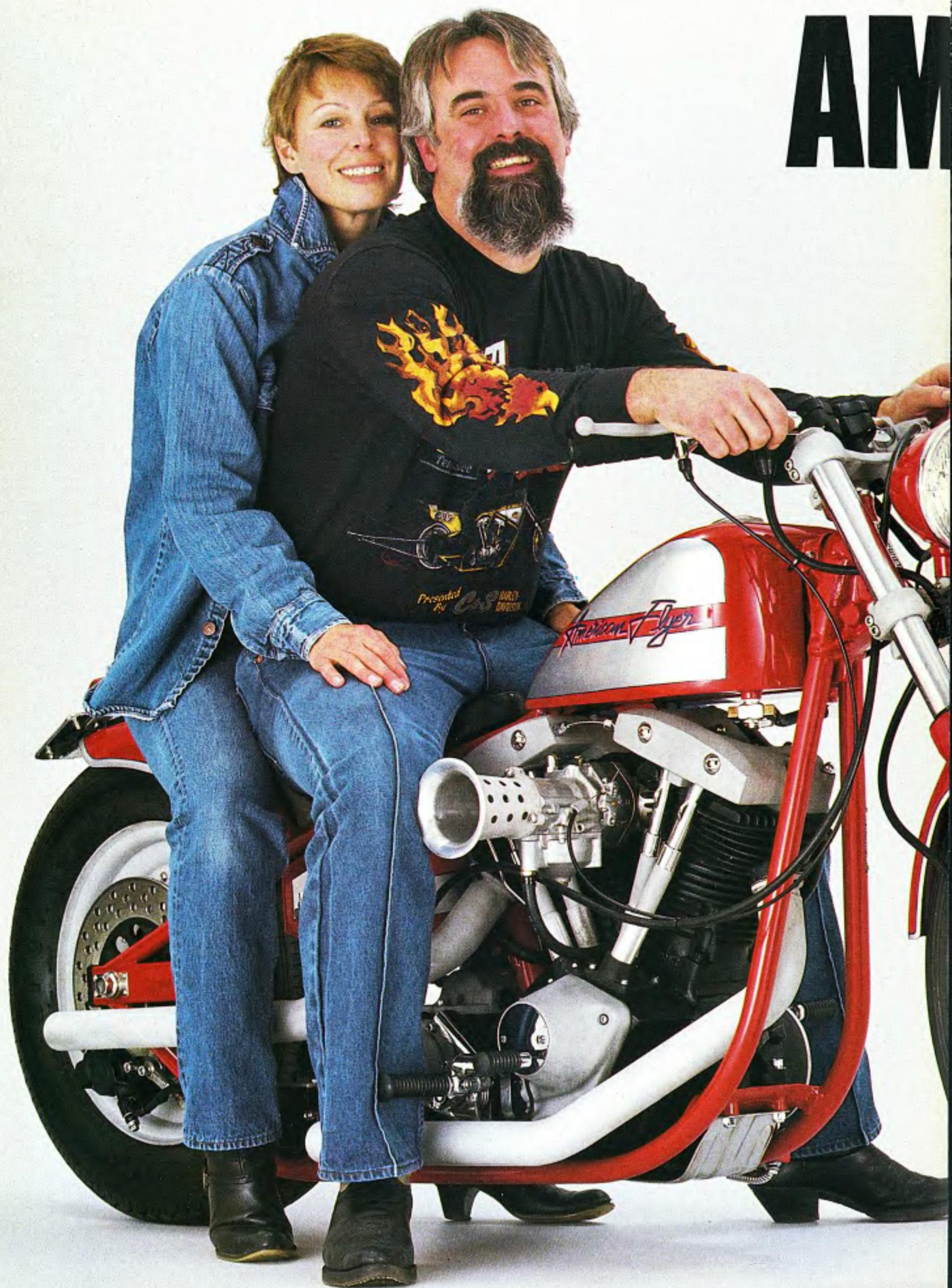
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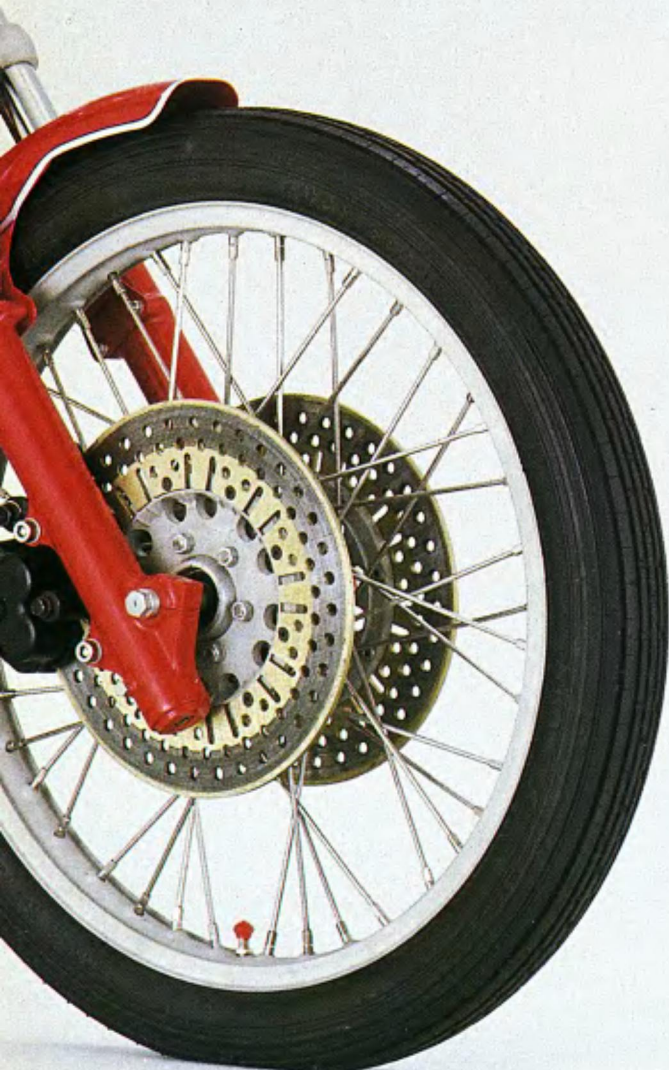


AM



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Rick's changed quite a
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Way back when he was just a snotsucker in knee pants, Mrs. Pew's baby boy must've been a pretty well-behaved young'un, 'cause when Christmas was right around the corner one year an' Saint Nick was checkin' his goodies list, what did he see, bigger'n shit, but Rick's name and address in the "good little boy" column.

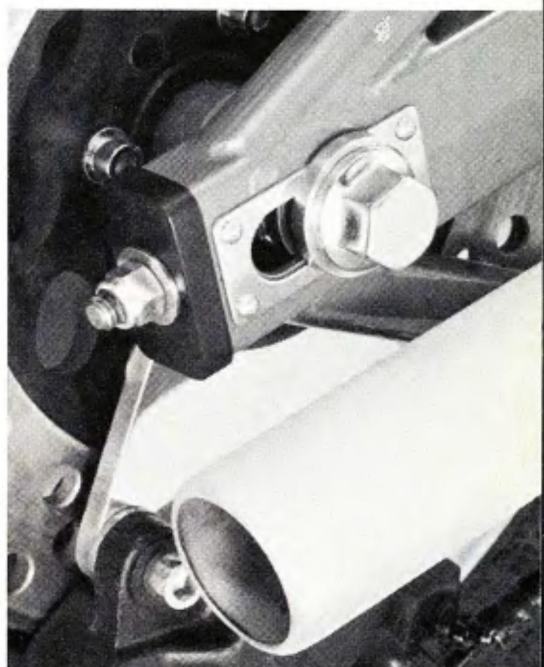
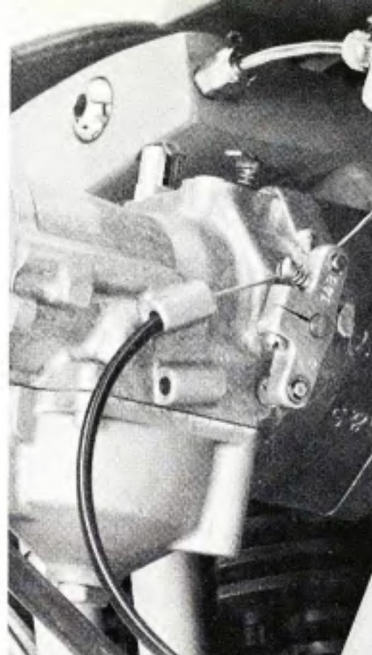
Either he wasn't as full of piss an' vinegar as most kids, or (more likely) Big Nick must've been asleep at the switch all those times when Rick was out stirrin' up shit with all the pig-tailed gigglers-and-soon-to-be-jigglers in grammar school.

No matter how he'd managed to shine it on, young Pew wasn't disappointed when he checked under the tree on Christmas morning and found just exactly what he'd asked for — an American Flyer sled.

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Rick damned near wore out that mini-sleigh for a coupla winters, an' ya can guess what happened next. Rick got older, an' along the way, his toys kept gettin' a lot fancier an' more expensive as the years rolled by. Ya might say that Rick went from sandwich-grabber to gusto-grabber, an' what yer eye-

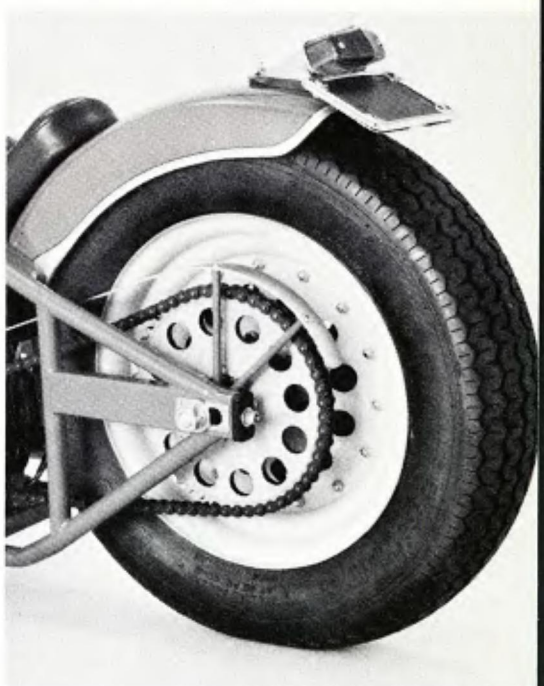
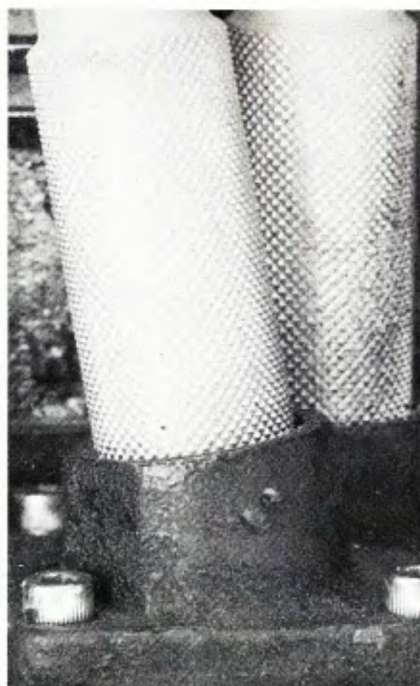


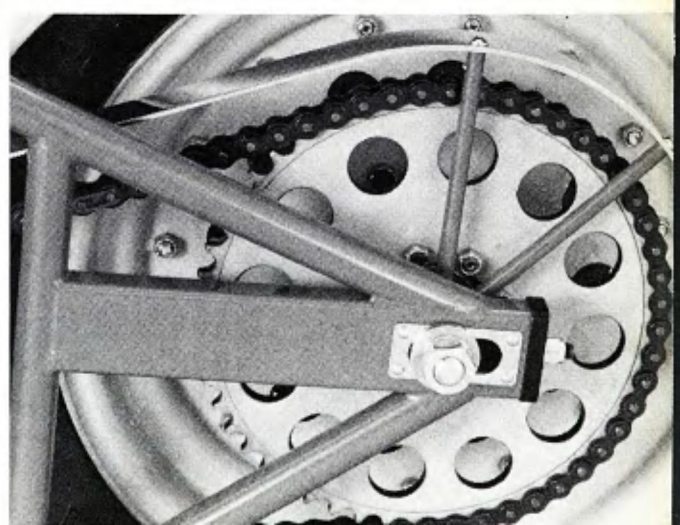
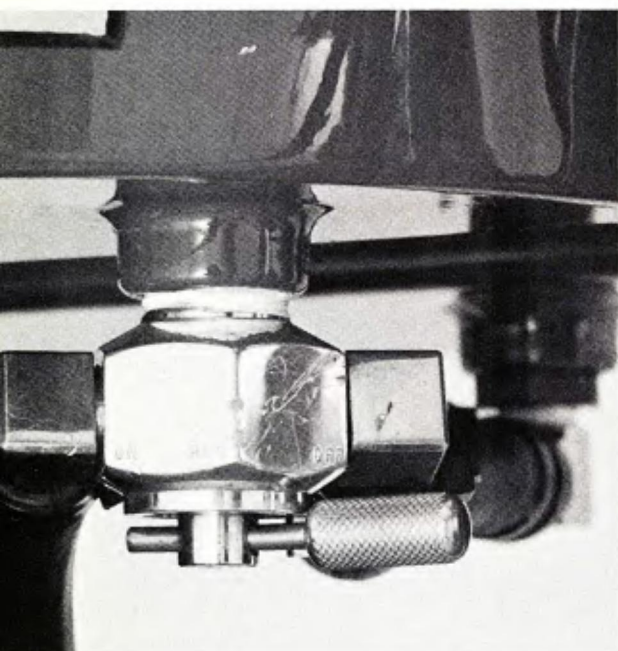
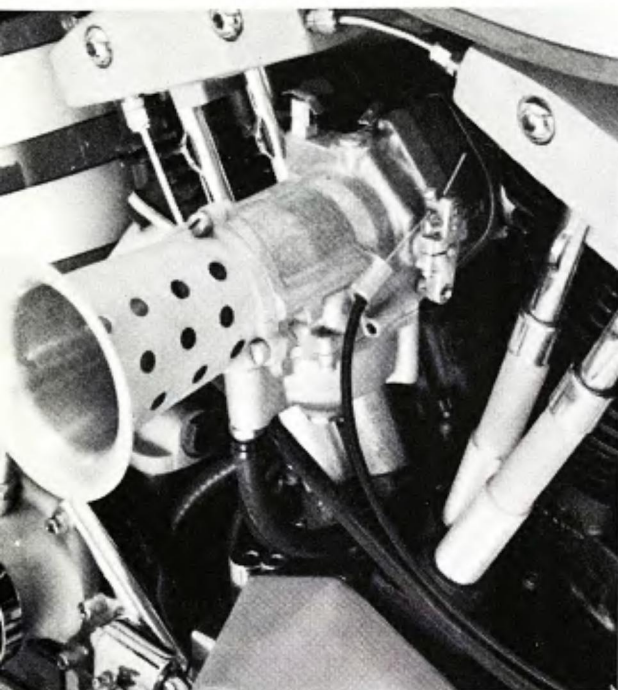


allin' here is the most recent in
long line of his playthings —
orta an adult version of that
ong-ago winter whistler.

Nowadays, though, instead of
eein' him hotdoggin' down the
y hillocks, yer more likely to
atch a glimpse of him blazin'
round over the Denver-area
asphalt atop this red-an'-silver
hovel stroker — that is, when
e's not wrenchin' an' paintin' at
-Wheelers in Broomfield, Colo-
rado, or just generally ham-
terin' around town.

Or, if yer into the go-fast
cene, ya might've seen him the
ummer before last, nailin' the
hrottle open at the Harley
rags in Colorado Springs,
where the unleashed stamina of
he screamin' 103-inch power
lant got a tad out of hand and
id a self-destruct number,





Owner: Rick Pew		City: Broomfield, Colorado	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1977	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: H-D/Mark Trevithick	
Model: FX		Type: rigid	
Value: \$7,500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: now and then		Other alterations: beefed up	
Chroming by: T.J. Nielsen		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Gary Bang	
Year: 1977		Risers: Schenck Brothers	
Model: FX		Fender(s): Mark Trevithick/Schenck Brothers	
Rebuilder: Little Pete/Statler		Headlight: 2-Wheelers	
Ignition: 12-volt		Taillight: 2-Wheelers	
Displacement: 103 cu. in.		Speedo: guesstimation	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: FX	
Balancing: Equipoise, Inc.		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Arias		Electrics: shocking	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: Mile High V-Twins		Oil tank: Mark Trevithick	
Cam(s): S&S		Oil system: squirts	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: Hawkeye Hotop	
Carb(s): S&S Super D		Seat: Mr. Ness	
Air cleaner: bug-sucker		Sissybar: no way, Jose'	
Pipes: Mark Trevithick/2 in.		Height: none	
Muffler(s): rolled tips		Material: none	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Ravioli ratchet top		Type: glide	
Year: 1980		Extension: 4 in. under	
Shifting: backwards		Builder: Schenck Brothers	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: Yankee trees	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: G. Bang	Hub: Marv Cable
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: red/silver		Tire: Avon	Tire: M. Thompson
Type: Deltron		Brake: Gardner	Brake: Gardner
Special paint: Screwy Louie			
Special thanks: Arlin, Jim, Quick Carl, Mark the Arc, and the infamous Hamsters			

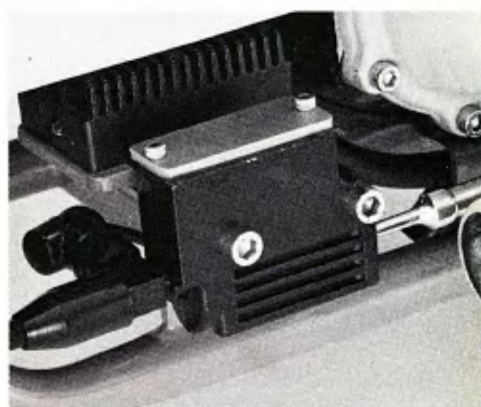
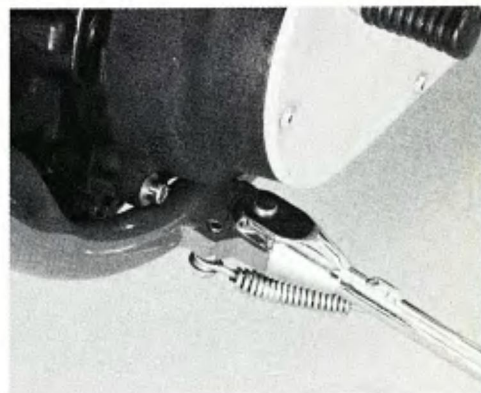


Photo by Michael Lichter



lunchin' three of the motor mounts an' completely trashin' damned near everything else in the process.

After pickin' up all the pieces off the racetrack macadam, Rick hauled it all back home and went to work producin' the hunk of art on these pages. As a final touch, he was able to talk Gary Bang out of the "American Flyer" nameplate ya see on the

frame neck as a memento of bygone days.

I asked Rick what his ol' lady, Nancy, thought about his obsession with this adult counterpart of that childhood snow sled.

"Oh, I'm used to it by now. Our kids will probably grow up before Rick does, you know."

Maybe so, Nancy, but it looks to us like he did Santa one better.

—Glueface



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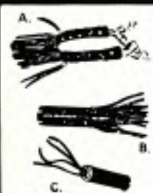
Made of black grade A leather w/leather lining & oil resistant neoprene soles.
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With leather lining & oil resistant "Vibram" neoprene soles.
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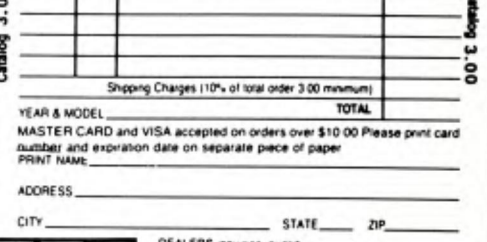
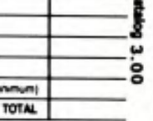
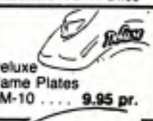
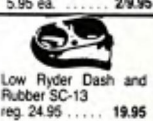
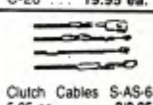
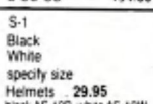
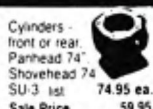
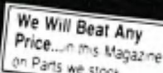
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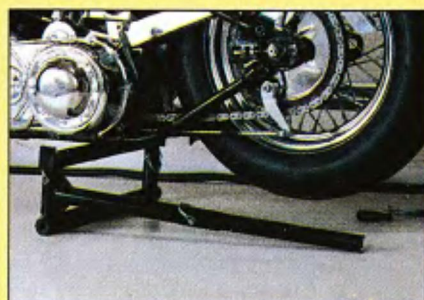
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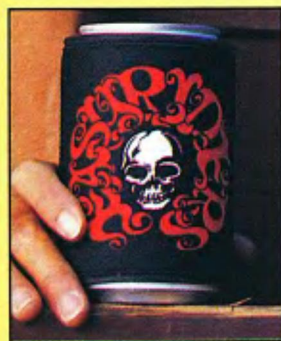
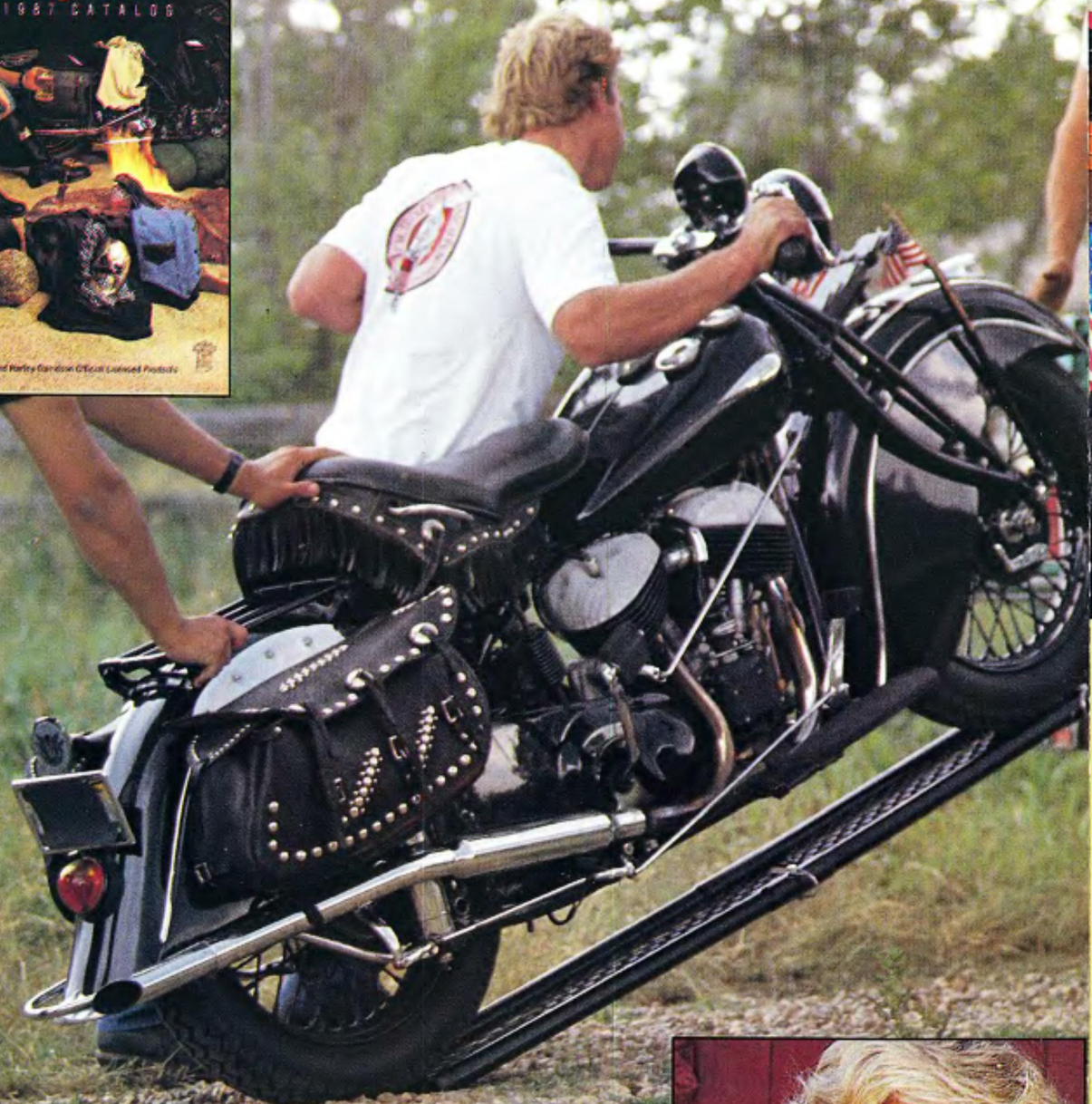
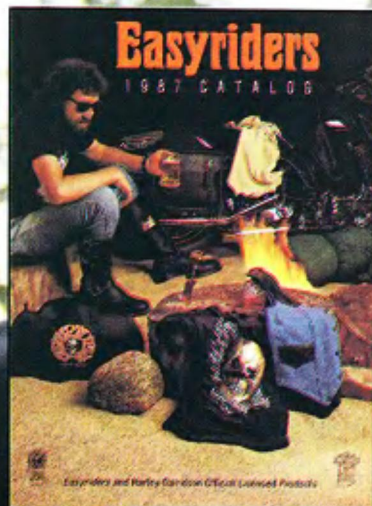


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(low position)

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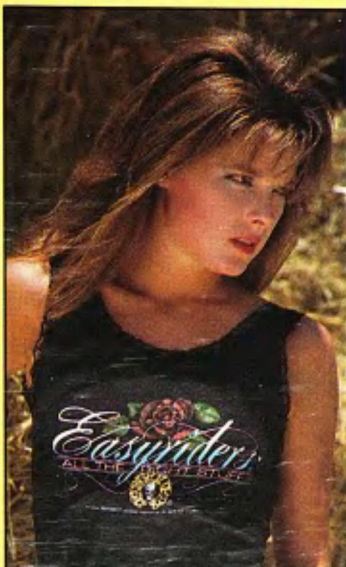
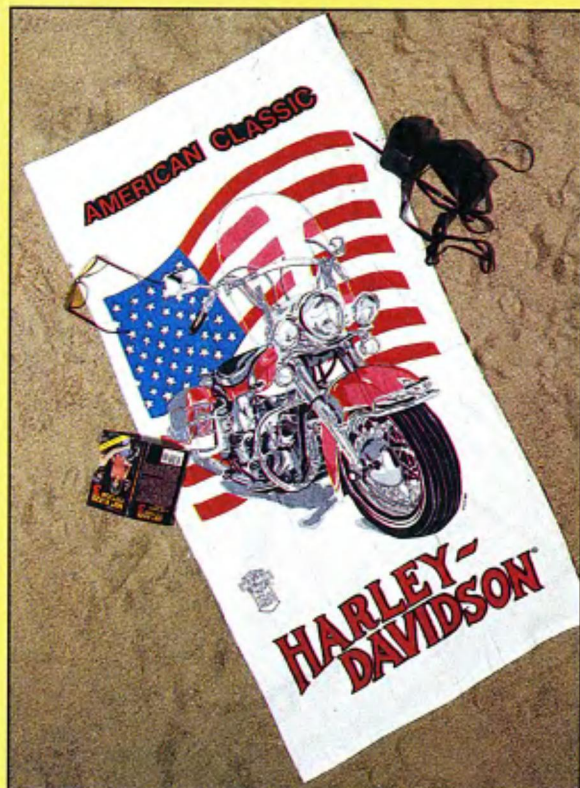
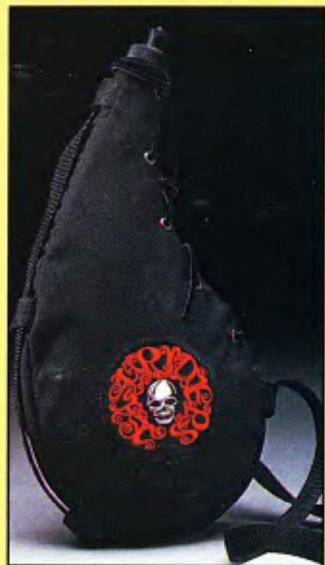
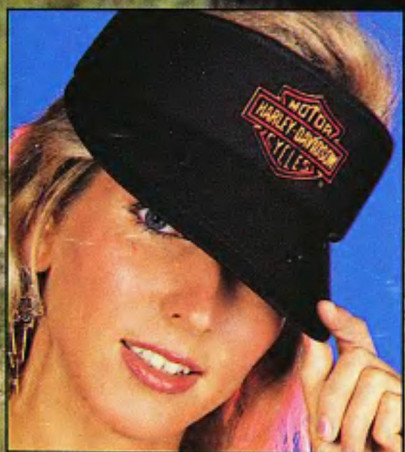
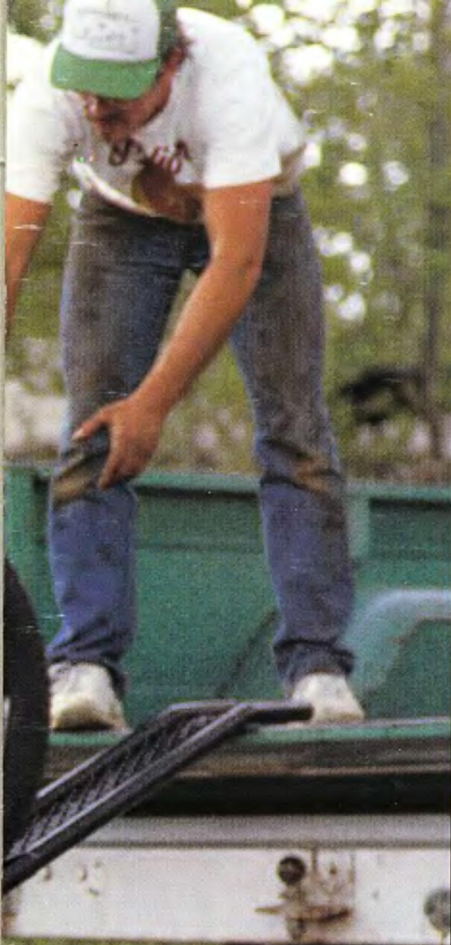
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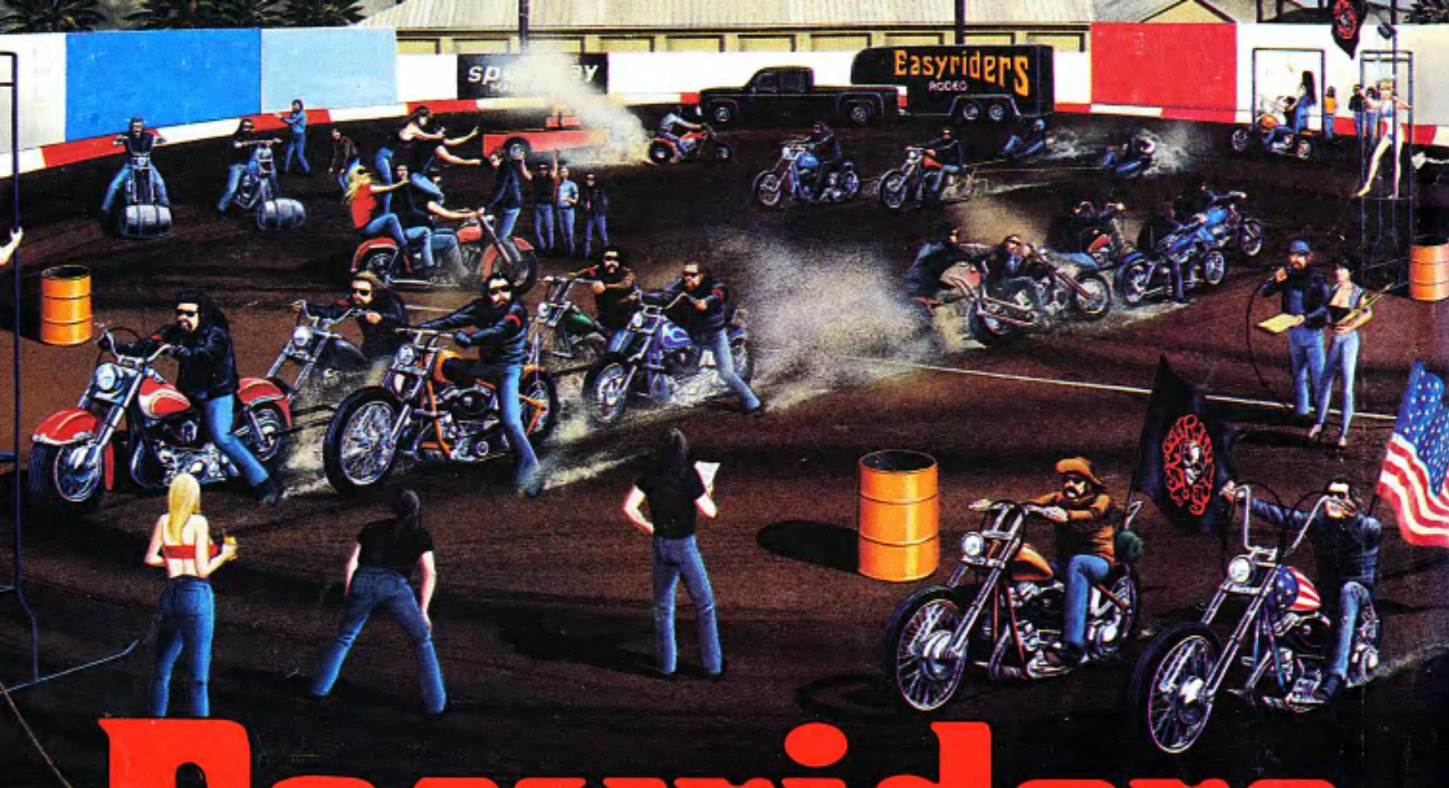
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For illustrated rules and event description booklet, send \$1.00 to Easyriders Rodeo, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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