

Easyriders
171

Largest-Selling Motorcycle Mag On Newsstands

September 1987
ADULTS ONLY

Easyriders

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Found Not Guilty!**

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The Right Way!***

**A Redhead
On A Knucklehead**

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16160 Caputo Drive Morgan Hill, California 9503

Easyriders

NUMBER 171

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

SEPTEMBER 1987

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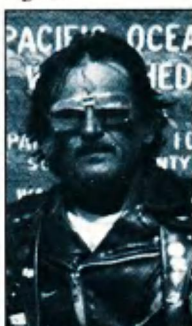
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag
goes on sale August 27.



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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Cover and gatefold photography of dynamite Dana
with Rick Hallett's hellacious '42 knucklehead by Gayda.



Gold! As beautiful and enduring as the Black Hills themselves. Stamper, manufacturers of Genuine Black Hills Gold Jewelry, has combined their classic tri-color gold designs with the official Harley-Davidson emblem. Rugged elegance handcrafted exclusively in the Black Hills of South Dakota. See the complete line at your Harley-Davidson dealer.



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This guy must have really stored up a wad. When his girlfriend went down on him to give him a knob job, she gagged and choked to death. I often wondered if that was gonna happen to me, but I guess I lucked out.

A real dipshit of the month: He went up to two women and robbed them of \$101. He said he would pay them back the next payday, and to assure them, he gave them his name and address. The women, in turn, gave his name and address to the police, and you know the rest.

Two doctors really fucked up when this woman went in for a face-lift. The bungling doctors performed a sex change operation—now she has a cock and balls, and the operation can't be reversed. She's going to have a hard time explaining it to her boyfriend.

This town is thinking of a name change, because bikers and other freaks are always stealing its sign. The reason? The town's name is Climax.

Here's another dipshit who stuck up a bank and two days later came back to the same female teller he'd robbed and inquired about opening an account with the bank.

This bright cop went into his garage, and a rat jumped on his arm. He couldn't seem to shake it off, so he fired his magnum pistol at the rat, missed it, and shot the shit out of his arm.

This woman was accosted at knifepoint by another woman. She was taken inside a house and stripped of all her clothing. The other woman, forgetting who or what she was, tried to rape her but couldn't, for some reason.

This guy and his ol' lady were arguing, and she picked up a butcher knife. He said, "What do you think you're going to do with that, you dumb twat? Stab me?" He bared his chest and told her to go for it. She promptly stuck the knife in his chest. Don't fuck with women.

They were leaving church when he pulled out a gun and shot the shit out of her. When the authorities grabbed him, and he found out who he had killed, he exclaimed, "I'm sorry about that woman. I meant to kill my wife, but I left my glasses at home." They hauled his ass off to jail.

Another dipshit check-passer went fishing one day, caught a 9-pound walleye and proudly had his picture taken. When the photo appeared in the paper, a lot of the people he had passed checks on went to the police.

This guy spent seven years in a wheelchair while in prison. Recently he was taken to a medical center in a prison van, and all of a sudden he jumped the guards, leaped out of the van, and took off running, leaving the wheelchair behind.

This 22-year-old guy must have just come out of an x-rated movie or something— he had the impulse to jerk off. He simply had to pull his meat, so he went into the nearest clothing store and whacked off, coming on two hundred dollars' worth of clothing. You explain it—I can't.

In 1971 she forbade an old dude from bathing in the boarding house anymore. She said he never cleaned up the tub after using it, and she didn't want him using it anymore. So he hadn't bathed for 16 years and thought it was high time the landlady gave him a break on the rent, since he wasn't using any water or soap.

She was in a beauty contest and felt that with her body, she should win it, but when the judges awarded her third place, rating two other women better, she went to her purse, pulled out a gun, and shot the judges' asses.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Easyriders

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Booze- And Drug-Free Bikers

☐ We are Visions Motorcycle Association, and we ride and live our lifestyle without mind-altering chemicals. If you're going to be in our area and wish to meet with sober, clean bikers, write or call: Visions Motorcycle Association, Box 4115, Independence, MO 64050. (816) 796-3657 — ask for Dresser Rick, coordinator.

Charlie "Horse"
Independence, Mo.

Wales Biker

☐ After years of wishing and dreaming, I finally managed a short stay in the U.S. of A. last year. Man, what a fuckin' buzz! I saw nothing, but I saw everything. The hospitality and generosity were really quite something. Thanks, America, I owe ya one.

So come early '88, this Welsh warrior plans another full-scale assault on the U.S. I was wondering if anyone anywhere would wanna lend a hand. I'll be there longer this time, so I should be able to get around a lot more. All I ask is friendship.

Likewise, if anyone needs an ally in Wales, be sure to look me up. Ride on, ride free!

Highfield
8, Ty-Merchant
Penprig, Pencoed
Bridgend
Mid-Glamorgan
South Wales CF35 6PN

Fuck Helmets!

☐ A big thanks to all the bikers and legislators who worked so hard, protested, wrote letters, and just plain bitched to get the Illinois helmet law shut down again!

It makes me proud to be a biker and an American — to know that there are still a few people who believe in the freedom of choice.

It can be done, people, so hang in there.

Biker 4
Bloomington, Ill.

Let's Hope

☐ I've heard rumors that Nevada is going to modify its

helmet law next year to allow riders able to show their proficiency to get by without a cover.

Big Ass Harold
S. Lake Tahoe, Nev.

■ They lost the vote.

Fly-And-Ride

☐ Here's some info some of your readers could use. Wardair, a Canadian charter airline, offers a fly-and-ride from Vancouver to Prestwick, Scotland, or from Toronto to London, Paris, and Frankfurt. They can only handle two bikes per trip, and you must book your passage with Wardair. Round trip air fare for your bike is approximately \$625 (U.S.) plus "green card" minimum insurance from AAA for \$101.

Another company, called World Motorcycle Tours, offers service from Los Angeles, but for more money. Its phone number is (201) 226-9107, and the address is 339 Bloomfield, Caldwell, NJ 07006.

See ya in the old country.
Dave Wood
Pasadena, Calif.

Another Good Person

☐ I want to say thanks to Russ of Motorcycle Service Center in Swansea, Massachusetts.

Being a squid and a proud owner of a 74 Police FLH, I have run across many Harley shops from Florida, Virginia, and Massachusetts, none of which gave me the service I received from Russ. I have owned the bike for six years now. This winter it was in need of a serious top end job. After calling around, Russ gave me the best price (about \$200 cheaper than the closest "authorized dealer") for new pistons, rings, bore job, new valves, and the works.

When I picked up my parts, I explained that it was my first rebuild. He handed me a bottle of Jack and proceeded to tell me the finer points of a rebuild for about 1½ hours.

When I got it back together, I fucked it up, as most first-

timers do. He corrected it for me in a day and at a very good price. If any Harley riders in the Rhode Island/Massachusetts area need a good mechanic for whom you don't need to grease your ass or wallet, this is the place.

Lew
FPO New York, N.Y.

An Offer

☐ I'm doing time here in Texas. One of my bros went to the streets and left me with a whole stock of *Easyriders*, from 1975 to December, 1979. All are in tip-top condition! They need a good home. Trade, sell, or give! Ain't choosy about what you are or who you are, just as long as you take care of them! And if any of y'all ladies out there would like to write, I'll answer you, too.

Shannon Davis #302443
Wynne Unit
Huntsville, TX 77349

☐ I have *Easyriders* back issues for sale, numbers 110-141, 146, 150, and the first special 10th Anniversary issue — all in good condition. There are a few pen marks on some pages. Specify numbered copies. \$2.75 each. Money orders only. Mail order to Donna Zielsdorf, Rt. 3, Box 197, Augusta, WI 54722.

Donna Zielsdorf
Augusta, Wis.

Jailhouse Lawyer

☐ I'm writing this letter to inform you of a legal service now being afforded to prisoners by a prisoner who has studied law for approximately 15 years. This service will be available for all inmates incarcerated in prisons across the U.S. The only payment required will be postage stamps for those who can afford them, no charge for those who cannot afford them.

Any prisoner in need of legal service and/or legal advice may write to: Michael Gene David #61735, ASPC-PV-30/141, Box 3300, Good-year, Arizona 85338. Please

send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, along with the service/information needed, and Mr. David will answer your questions and send you a questionnaire requesting any additional information and needed postage stamps for the service (if you can afford them).

D.R. "Doc" Cox
Goodyear, Ariz.

Good People

☐ We would like to give a big thanks to B & S Cycle in Centralia, Illinois. While on our way back from St. Louis, my chain took a shit out in East Bumfukt, and I limped into town. Luckily, they were open. Not only did they set me up with a chain but also put us up for the night. There are a lot of great people there and some good bars, too. If any of you get out that way, be sure to stop in and see John and Fred.

We're planning a road trip west this summer. So if any of you know of good places to go (towns, bars, events, etc.), please write and let us know.

Doug Wothke &
Ronnie Smith
8534 Monticello
West Chester, OH 45069

Wants Mail

☐ First, let me say thanks to all of you for filling in hours of my boring time with interesting articles, good advice, dirty jokes, and everything else in this great magazine.

I am a 19-year-old blonde female from New Zealand and have been sent here to the U.S. against my will.

So far, after four very boring months, I have been unable to meet or even see any bikers. I am used to partying with fine biker people, and here my life has been dead.

If there are any party-hardy biker people in the Virginia Beach area who are willing to show a foreigner that the U.S. ain't so bad after all, drop me a line. I await anxiously your response.

Tanz Andersen
5308 Rosaer Place
Virginia Beach, VA 23464

Needs Friends

☐ First, I'd like to say I enjoy your rag. It usually has at least one article or story that tells how bikers take care of their own, something the general public doesn't understand.

I need to call for help now. I recently transferred from

Arlington, Texas, to Shreveport, Louisiana. What a switch! I belonged to a club in Texas and miss my friends very much. I don't suppose there are any bikers in the Shreveport area, because I haven't seen any around. I would very much like to get together with some people of my own kind. Please help! The general public here really sucks!

Lonely Lady in Louisiana
Box 38111
Shreveport, LA 71133

Cause To Bitch

☐ I was reading your article in the May '87 *Easyriders* on restrictions on service members at Fort Stewart, Georgia, and, man, you haven't listed the half it.

Bikers must also wear a reflective vest at all times, on and off post. If they are in an accident and have broken any of the rules, the Army has the right to make you pay for all medical expenses incurred by you at the Army hospital.

A friend of mine was in an accident there (a drunk driver pulled out in front of him). My friend was sober. The accident fucked up his leg and his Hog big-time. The Army officer who investigated the accident tried to lay the blame on him by stating that he had no business riding his bike down that street at that time of day because of all the bars on that street. They tried to lay the blame on him.

At Fort Knox, Kentucky, they are trying to lay on the same rules as at Fort Stewart. They've made it mandatory to attend a Defensive Drivers course for motorcycles before you can ride on post. While attending this course, I and several others found out that we had not only ridden longer than the instructor, but knew more about riding safety than he did. He was a police officer for the Radcliff Police Department. Ha! Ha!

Here's the kicker. If you are assigned to the 3rd Armor Division in Germany and wish to buy a motorcycle, you must have a note from the post commander to give to the dealer before he can sell you one. Give me a fuckin' break!

A Dogface
Ft. Knox, Ky.

Why In A Hurry?

☐ I was cruising the other day on my '85 FXRS and was wondering why Jap riders are

always in such a hurry.

Then it came to me. The reason for being in such a hurry is that the Jap rider isn't where he wants to be yet, and he must hurry up and get there.

The Harley rider is never in a hurry, because he is already where he wants to be — on his Harley, of course.

Mark E. Durand
Spooner, Wis.

☐ Or they think they're a hot-shit road racer — in the city.

Rice-Burner Land

☐ I'm over in rice-burner country, but not by choice. Uncle Sugar sent me here courtesy of the USMC. I'll be going free of my contract next month and back home on my Sportster.

It's been six long months, and what made it somewhat pleasant was seeing quite a lot of nippers riding Harleys! There are a couple of Marines here with Harleys and one great Harley military sales rep, but the Japanese Harley owners have a Japanese Harley dealership in town. Rough estimates put about 150 Jap Harley riders in the area.

Harley is making a dent in the land of rice-burners, and the nippers are proud to own them. Thumper's letter in June's rag is accurate, but the Japs have their own Harley dealer to buy from now. And an American GI can buy a Harley through the military sales rep and have it delivered overseas. Registration is as he says.

I just had to sound off to let you know how well Harley's doing in the land of the little rice-propelled muthafuckers.

Blades
Iwakuni, Japan

Wants Patch

☐ In *Easyriders* #168, on page 24, there's a dude sewing patches. If you look closely, you'll see on his display a patch, "Triumph Motorcycles." I want one of those. Hey, dude, if you see this letter or anyone else out there has or knows where I can get one of them, please write me.

D.B. Foster
701 King St.
Regina, Sask.
Canada S4T 4E1

Diaper Freak

☐ In response to your mentioning the guy in diapers in your May '87 issue, I'm a

biker, tattooed and all, and I wear diapers, too! I'm as tough as they come, am Navy aircrew, been through survival schools, etc. We diaper-wearers are not freaks. It's just that the feel of bulky diapers turns us on. There are several clubs for diaper wearers throughout the USA. The biggest is DPF (Diaper Pail Fraternity).

We are not sissies, just guys who like to wear diapers under our clothes. Most of us stay indoors.

Well, thanks for letting me set it straight.

No Name
Somewhere

A Patch

☐ In response to "A Patch" that Paul Jacques was asking about in the June issue: yes, the patch is a heart patch that belongs to the Losers Motorcycle Club of Fayetteville, North Carolina (not to be confused with the Losers Motorcycle Club of Monterey, California).

A Biker
New York, N.Y.

Trump Info

☐ In regard to "Needs Info" in the June '87 issue: John, #DU27099 is a T120V 650cc Bonney, built from '63-'67 (also #DU101 to DU66245). If ya need parts, call British Cycle at (902) 542-7478. Takes one week to Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

Did ya look inside the timing gear cover? Mine has '71 above the serial number for the cover — the year mine is.

Keep it in the wind!

Scruffy
Stroudsburg, Pa.

'Nam Vet

☐ I hope ya can help me out. I'm looking for a sew-on patch. The patch says "In Memory of 57,939 Brothers Who Never Returned From Vietnam '62-'75." Some of my bros never came back, and it hurts not to see them or talk to them.

Gordie
Box 682
Gibbons
Alberta, Canada T0A 1N0

☐ Contact a vets bike club.

A Shovester

☐ I was wondering if anyone out there could help in obtaining any information on making a shovester. I need to know what parts are needed and what type of machine

work needs to be done.

Any information on shovellers would be greatly appreciated.

Randy Martin
Box 41
New Hartford, IA 50660

■ Maybe one of our readers can help you.

Helmets (Bar!!)

□ I am the proud owner of a Harley-Davidson and have been riding motorcycles for 15 years. Bikers have a slogan which states, "Let those who ride decide." California Assemblyman Floyd's retort to us is, "Let those who pay have their say." My medical benefits are part of my union-negotiated benefit package. Assemblyman Floyd's salary and medical benefits are paid by California's taxpayers. He and his colleagues are paid to protect the constitutional right of all the Californians he represents — including those of bikers.

My observations over the years indicate that most of the people who drive cars are oblivious to their surroundings. I personally have had two motorcycles totalled by what I consider to be unconscious car drivers. In both cases, the first words that came out of the motorists' mouths were documented as, "But officer, I didn't even see her." Also, in both cases I came out relatively unscathed — without wearing a helmet.

Victoria Hayden
San Francisco, Calif.

□ After having had the great pleasure in attending the 2nd annual NCOM Convention in Atlanta, Georgia (May 7 - 10), I want to say how proud I am to be from the South, and especially South Carolina.

We are an adult freedom-of-choice state surrounded by mandatory helmet states. We stay this way by being on top of what's going on in our legislature by using our toll-free legislative number and by writing our lawmakers. We constantly remind them that they are working for us.

Pam Maloney
Rock Hill, S.C.

□ On Sunday night at or about the hour of 11:00 p.m. on the 17th of May, 1987, Bill Press, an ABC-TV newscaster, did a commentary on the impending helmet law in the state of California. Taking full

advantage of the L.A. station, Bill made it very clear that he was in favor of the new law. His biased self-serving opinion also made it clear (at least to me) that he is a political puppet — a puppet with one of the most powerful media at his disposal. Who pulls the strings? Certainly no big brother of mine.

Schady Dan
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Harley At Last

□ Just got the latest issue of my subscription (June '87), and as always, I read "Word-monger" first. I want to let Marg Goodness ("A Harley At Last") know what I think.

Way to go, Marg. When my ol' lady and I read your letter, we couldn't help but feel your excitement. We felt the same way when we got our first Harleys, too. (I was 28; my ol' lady was 35). And we know that the first time you ride that baby will be the ultimate thrill.

Have fun, Marg, and enjoy the hell out of your new baby. Be in the wind forever!! We are proud to have one more good person among our ranks.

Bruce "Bomber" Maves &
Pat "The Mouse" Maves
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Lost What War?

□ Where the hell did an otherwise straight dude like Dave Zien get the idea we lost the war in Vietnam? After wasting a few years pretending the South Vietnamese were doing it all, we started issuing some primo ass-kickings. We crushed Uncle Ho's best in the Tet offenses. We bombed his ass to the peace table and kept the heat on until he signed on the dotted line. We left believing we had all our POWs and that the B-52 threat would keep them north of the DMZ. We might have been wrong, but we sure the fuck didn't lose any war!

"Chain" Mallory
Tucson, Ariz.

□ It's too bad that Dave Zien lost his election. He sounds like the perfect man for the job. Anyone who calls himself a Vietnam vet and rides around Wisconsin on a Hog all decked with flags, telling everyone that we "lost the war," should be in politics.

The men who went to Vietnam when their country called never lost a major battle or gave up any ground.

Those battles were lost in Washington and on our nation's college campuses. Dave Zien should think before he opens his big mouth. We have a lot of brothers out there still living that damn war 20 years later, and the last thing we need is to pick up *Easyriders* and read an interview with some "Remington Raider" bad-mouthing the Vietnam vet.

Mac, Tet 1968
Mankato, Minn.

Response To Woman Hater

□ This is in regard to "Woman Hater" in the July '87 issue. My temperature is hitting 212 degrees. If we so-called bitches are all you say we are (useless, good-for-nothing, etc.), would you kindly tell me why I've been busting my ass for the last six months working two jobs, going to school at night, trying to keep the house, taking care of my so-called "brat," fitting in wild partying time, and finishing as one of the top Emergency Medical Technicians in my class with a 90 average. There are some good ol' men in this world, but jackasses like you are enough to sour me on all of them. You just proved you're one of the most brainless, spineless bags of shit ever to crawl on this earth.

T.C.
Sedalia, Ky.

□ If you think all women are sluts, undependable, flea-infested, vagabond cunts, you must be either a steer or a queer, and most likely there ain't no horns on your head. So if ya don't like women, go gay, muthafucker. You might like AIDS better.

The Michigan Wild Boys
Iron Mountain, Mich.

□ You sick sonuvabitch! You sound like a closet queen to me!

Ghoulie
Altha, Fla.

□ This is in reply to "Woman Hater" in the July '87 issue. Thanks for the great laugh! Your letter was one of the funniest I've read in this column! It was meant to be funny, wasn't it?

C
Manchester, N.H.

□ Obviously your taste in women matches your much-to-be desired attitude. If we women are (as you put it)

"useless and good-for-nothing," where do you put your slimy and little (no doubt) dick when it's hard? Certainly not in a "flea-infested vagabond cunt."

I get the impression you are either a fag still in the closet or a mealy-mouthed, spineless, yellow-line-down-your-back wimp. So why don't you make your city a happier place by blowing out the fungus ya got between your ears.

Ellie
Austin, Texas

□ I work because I want to, not because some fuckhead like you says do it! If I were irresponsible, I wouldn't have my job, so go fuck yourself. Any woman with a quarter of a brain wouldn't fuck you.

Lady Outlaw
Alexis, Ill.

□ If all you want women for is to stick your dick in a hole, why don't you cut yours off and shove it up your ass!

Red
Florissant, Mo.

□ You are obviously a rat-brained asshole who thinks with his dick. I hope no woman ever lets you use it again if you hate them so much. Turn gay — you're halfway there already anyway. Hopefully, a respectable biker woman will run your ass over one day and put you out of your misery.

Troy's Fair Lady
Tacoma, Wash.

□ You grimy asshole-breath! I have more respect for myself than I need from any slimebag like you.

Justice
Bellflower, Calif.

□ Do us all a favor, asshole, and go take a long ride on your Honda 125 down the wrong lane of your nearest freeway.

Man-Pleaser
Royal Oak, Mich.

□ Wise up, you asshole. Have you forgotten where and what you came from?

Short & Sassy
Stroudsburg, Pa.

The Rodeo

□ Just came back from one of the best weekends I think I've spent in a long time. Give the boys on the rodeo staff extra raisin pie. They do a hell of a job.

We went to help with security, and on Sunday afternoon Little John came up to me at the main gate to ask how I would like to be Captain America in the show. Well, you don't have to ask twice. I loved it! They had to pry me away from it.

Kevin "Grumpy" Hiatt
Pigeon Forge, Tenn.

□ All the contestants were great. The only thing wrong was that there was only one solo lady rider. I'm a lady rider and I hope to be participating next year.

Look out, guys.

Sarepta, La.

□ Just got back from the *Easyriders* rodeo in Austin. Had a fucking blast and won enough cash for my new top end and the trip to boot. See ya at the finals, so watch out for the Super Glide from Texas.

Jake the Snake
Friendswood, Tex.

Likes Us

□ I am currently in the USMC (Uncle Sam's Motorcycle Club) and would like to say thanks to your rag for helping pass time while performing everyday duties as an MP, which stands for Multi-Purpose. I'll leave the rest to your imagination.

Thanks again for all the babes on bikes. My compliments to the editor.

Tim Wendland
Santa Ana, Calif.

Kitsap ABATE

□ To the crew of the USS Nimitz: you are welcomed by and invited to join the Kitsap County chapter, ABATE of Washington.

Our meetings are held on the first Thursday and third Sunday of each month at: American Legion Post 149, 425 Cambrian So., Bremerton, Washington.

For further information about ABATE, or for any questions you may have about the Peninsula area, please feel free to call me. Call Dave at (206) 479-6399.

Dave
Bremerton, Wash.

Porno Mag

□ What do you have to do to be able to carry an *Easyriders* porno mag in the cab of your own pickup?

My ol' man and his buddies broke down on the way to work and had permission to

park their pickup at a convenience store. Sometime during the day, an old lady came snooping around and called the cops to break into my ol' man's buddy's pickup to "remove" his *Easyriders*, just because she didn't like the picture on the cover of the rag.

I'm not sure which issue it was, but the cop left this note on the pickup: "To whom it may concern: two pornographic books were removed from your vehicle, due to a complaint received by this department today. They can be picked up if you will contact the police department."

Now isn't that a bunch of shit? I guess if you buy an *Easyriders* at a store, you're gonna have to hide it like a weapon. Doesn't breaking into a vehicle and removing a magazine violate some kind of a reading right? Where's our justice?

I guess my ol' man felt like *Easyriders* should know what can happen in Sundown, Texas, if you read *Easyriders*. So if you know of a bro heading to Sundown, tell him to keep on cruisin'.

Thanks for listenin'.

Pissed Off at Sundown
Sundown, Tex.

■ Since when is a photo of a woman's tit pornographic?

David Allan Coe

□ Maybe someone out there can help me. I've been trying to locate the David Allan Coe uncensored LP "Nothing Sacred."

I've tried ordering it, but you just can't get it anymore. If anyone could tell me where and how I can acquire it, or get me a copy of it on cassette, it would be greatly appreciated and I'd be more than happy to pay you for your trouble and the tape.

Bandit Barnett
1530 Rocktree Rd
Somerset, KY 42501

Jay Leno

□ He's funny, he's famous, he's a Harley rider with a dozen Harleys, he's Jay Leno.

How about some pictures and an interview?

He made network news in that southern California bike run for kids. You guys could at least give him an honorable mention in your magazine.

Trapshooter
Lewistown, Ohio

■ We've tried, but his manager doesn't like us for some reason. Maybe he's related to Meese.

Fuckface Trampol

□ Hey, asshole, it's your right to fuck up any handicapped parking place if ya want. It's a free world. And it's my fucking right to fuck up your life and/or ride for taking my parking place. You worry so much 'bout these prime parking places that are in front of the window so you can keep an eye on your scooter and all. I don't know 'bout you but back when I had two real fucking legs that worked instead of one fake leg, I could run after people if they were fucking with my ride.

It's bad enough dealing with cagers who take those places 'cause they're lazy. All the Harley riders I've met had a little more respect. Never can tell when some redneck cager is gonna fuck ya up like they did me. Maybe then you'll know why they have these handicapped places, asshole!

Dan La Poino
Fort Edward, N.Y.

Where's The Austin Animal?

□ As a native of the great state of Texas, I find your stories offensive. Where is the Austin Animal?

Bee Sargent
Houston, Texas

■ That half-breed is barkin' at the moon and has turned into a couch potato.

From Alaska to Zanzibar

□ I would like to inquire of the brothers and sisters from Alaska to Zanzibar where I can get a '65 panhead engine, transmission, electric start, and kickstart. I want to build me a Hawg.

Anyone having any information, please drop me a line.

Dave Luttrell
8934 Bunker Hill Drive
Munster, IN 46321

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

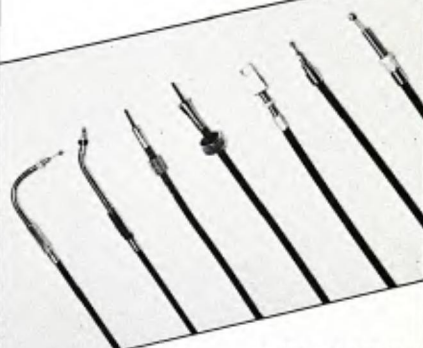
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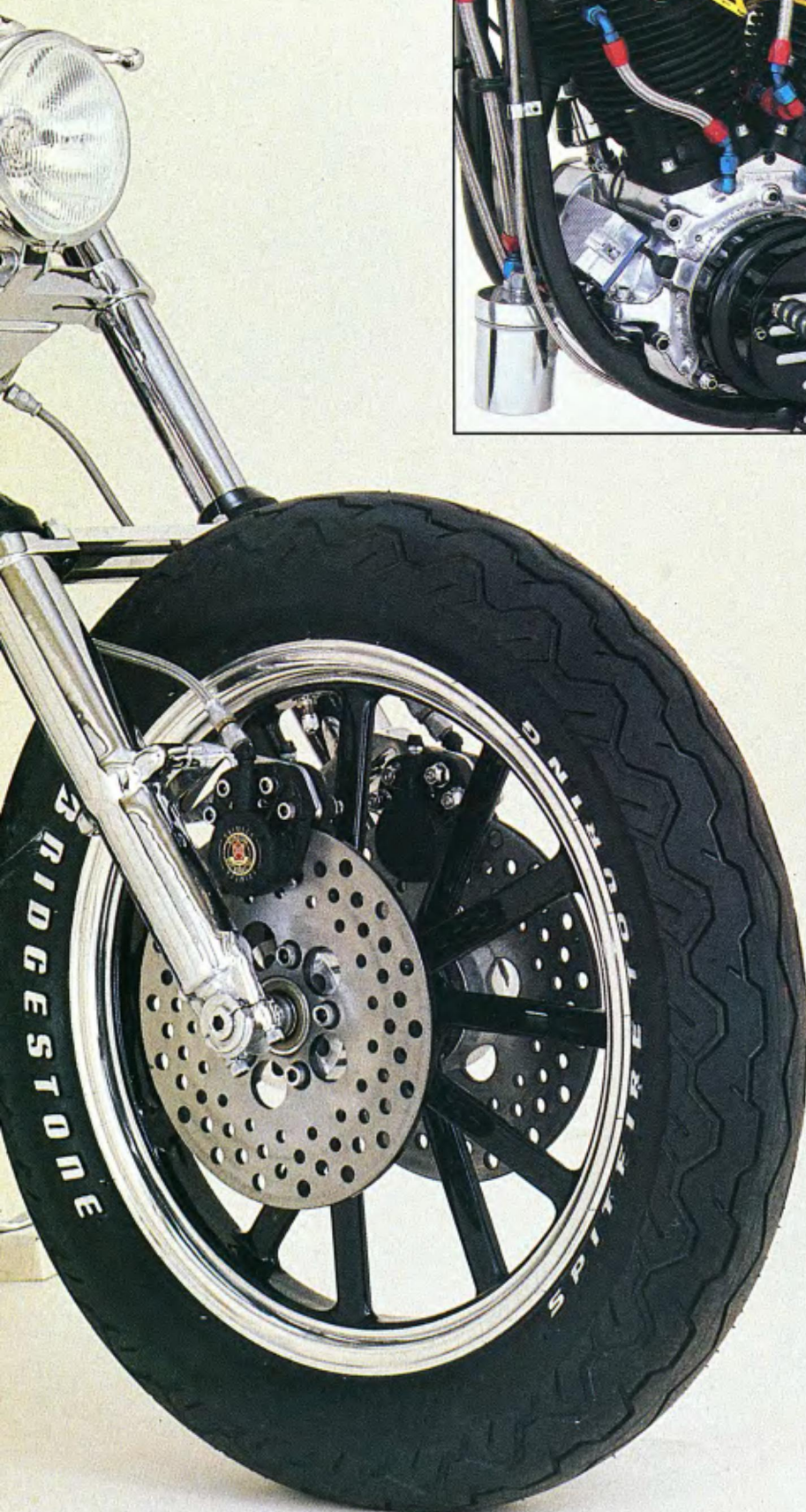
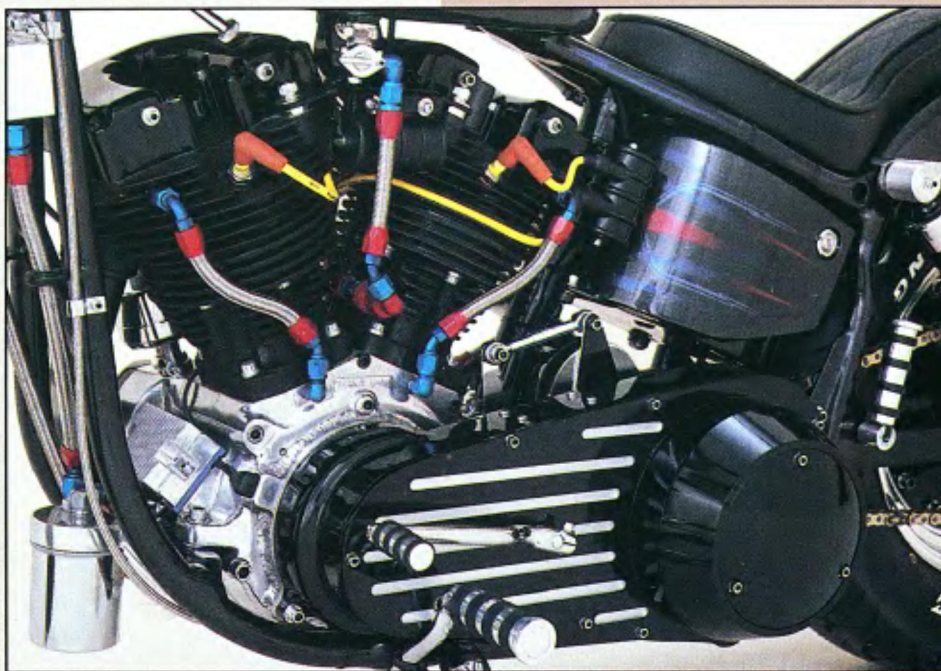
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**WHO
MADE
WHO?**



This machine may have a head of its own, as well as the head of its owner.



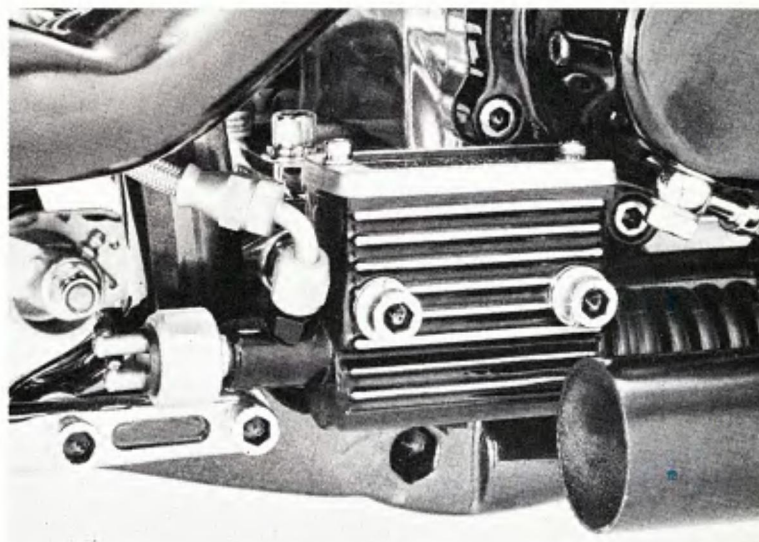
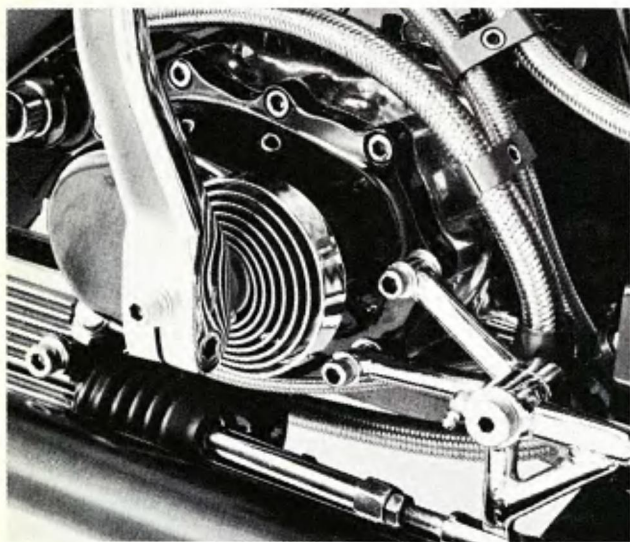
A man finds himself increasingly compelled to spend late nights and early mornings surrounded by oil, metal filings, and distant hopes of producing a project that will match his ideas of perfection. The project is all-encompassing. It absorbs his every waking moment, and other than the mandatory head jobs, his dozing time, too.

Every little nut and bolt has to be just so. Ignorance is bliss, and at times you wish you could be a little lamer on the details. But you know your shit and shortcuts ain't happenin', so you bite the bullet and do it the right way.

After a while you wonder, who's in control here? Or, as the British headbasher band, AC/DC, said, "Who made who?" Did I make the bike or did the bike make me? The machinery takes over, leaving man as the robot. Fix, fabricate, and fondle over custom parts designed to make a difference in the art of building a fantastic two-wheeled road warrior, the envy of all the other V-Twins.

This machine picked an excellent human, one capable of being drawn into the plans of a thirty-year-old Harley-Davidson who had a hankering



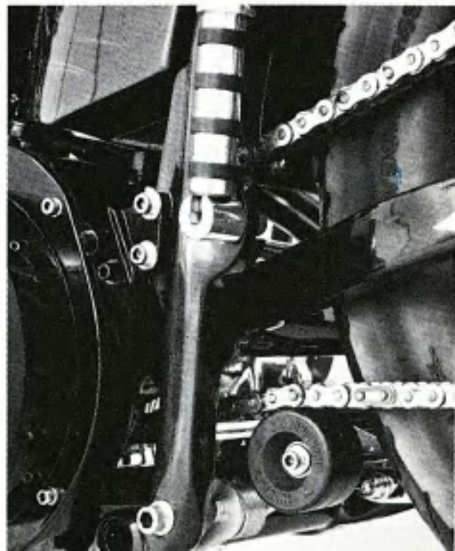


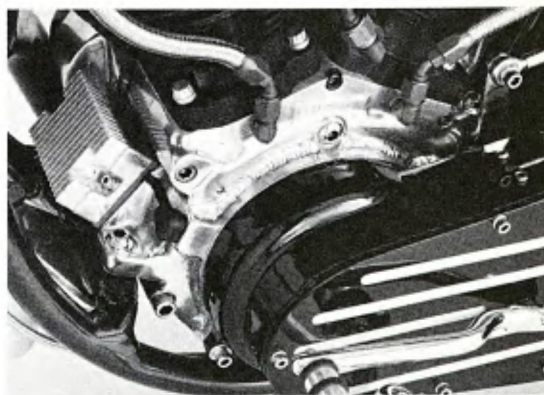
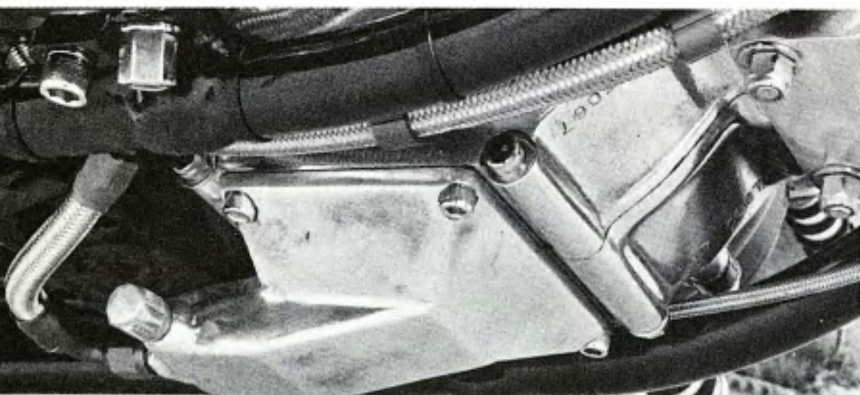
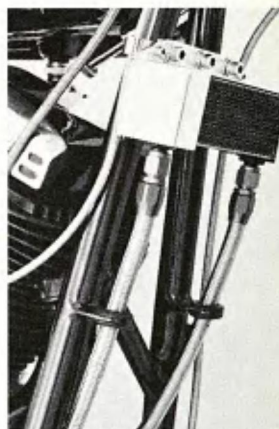
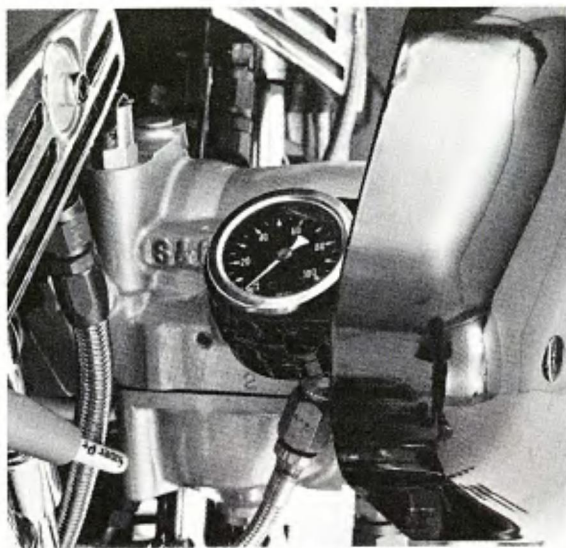
to be young, restless, and on the pavement again.

This sneaky Harley suckered in Giggie like a slick card-player talking down his full house for a potential pot of gold. There was nothing that the good-natured, self-proclaimed "redneck at heart" from Richmond, Virginia, could do. The machine was in maximum overdrive before the first motor mount was cinched down and long before this blacktop baron got as tricked

out as you see it. No doubt about it: the bike was the boss.

Because Giggie was naturally drawn to Big Twins, was a true believer in cubic inches, hated hose clamps, and had a super bunch of brothers to help him through, the bike had no problem coming together — not that the builder didn't have his share of personal crises throughout the ordeal. With the help of the crew at Departure Bike Works, the shop he works at, Mark J., Musky, and Brenda,





Owner: Giggie		City: Richmond, Virginia	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/D. Bike Works		Year: 1958	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: FLH		Type: swingarm	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in. front rails	
Time: too long		Other alterations: lowered swingarm	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag bars	
Year: 1957		Risers: 6 in. weld-on	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): H-D/owner	
Rebuilder: owner/Musky		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: twin ignitions		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 109 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S 4%		Front pegs: Jay Brake	
Balancing: Musky/D. Bike Works		Rear pegs: Jay Brake	
Pistons: 3 1/2 bore		Electrics: 12-volt Accel	
Cases: H-D/owner		Gas tank: Quick Bob	
Heads: 4 plugs/port & polish		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): 590 lift		Oil system: owner/Russell/Pag Bros.	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): S&S Super D		Seat: Raybo	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: handmade		Height: 1 1/2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: ratchet top		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1982		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: 1 up, 3 across		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: fork brace	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: some		Hub: Mark/owner	Hub: Mark/owner
Painter: Keith Saunders		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: Bridgestone	Tire: Bridgestone
Type: Imron		Brake: Grimeca	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: Candy Apple, lightning bolts			
Other special modifications: Russell lines and polishing by Robbie. Special thanks to Departure Bike Works, Mark, Accel, Bridgestone, and Russel.			

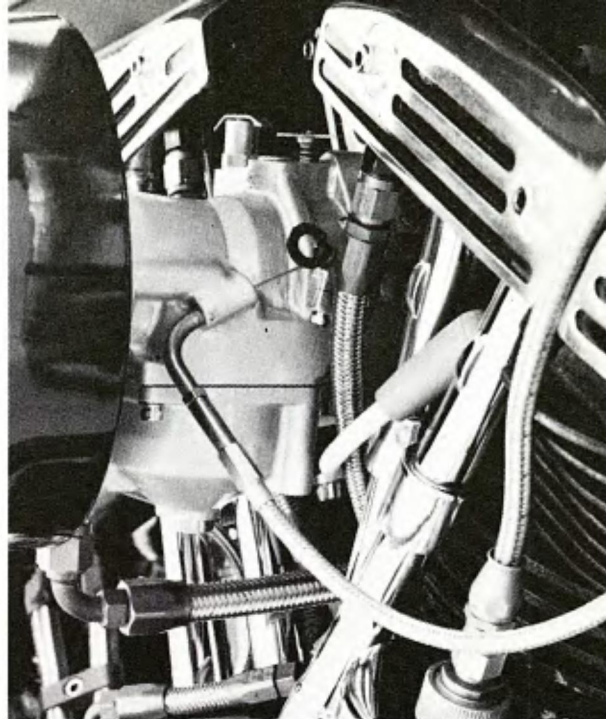
and professional help from Alan Alvarez, Bobby Sullivan, and Rick Rohauer, the bike has been guaranteed a spot in a warm garage for years to come, when it's not purring its 109 inches on an open road.

As is obvious to any knowledgeable scooter enthusiast, Giggie went all-out in redefining what an FLH can become. We'll let Pete's photos tell the rest of the story of this Russell oil-lined, dual-ignitioned, black-Imroned, key-in-oil tank,

fender-widened, frame-stretched, heads-bored, bars-bent, generator-altered-to-alternator, hellhouse of a motorcycle.

Giggie proudly claims it's like sittin' in an easy chair as he reclines, watching the wheels go 'round down Skyline Drive on the Blue Ridge Parkway headin' through the Shenandoah Valley. Methinks that motorcycle has him right where she wants him — on the road.

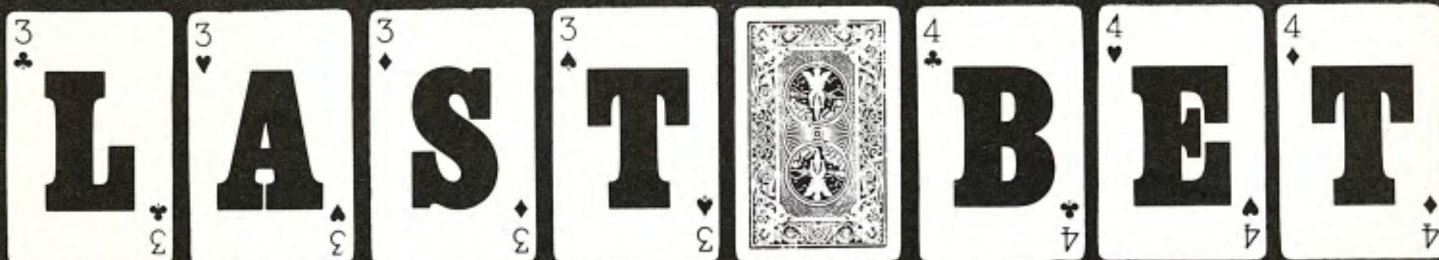
—Bomber



Photos by Pete Chiodo



THE



BY SILVER

The sheriff pulled a piece of paper from its place in his shirt pocket, unfolded it, and began speaking in a rapid-fire manner to the men who stood lined up against the opposite wall.

"Okay, you men, listen up! When I call your last name, answer with your first name, pick up a mattress, roll your bedding inside, and then I'll give you your cell location, where you will be housed during your stay in the San Bernardino County Hotel!" The officer hesitated, then sucked another long breath through a set of even white teeth and went on speaking quickly.

"If you're housed in L-North, take your mattress and your bedding and stand in front of the door to my immediate left! If you're housed in L-South, take your mattress and your bedding and stand in front of the door on my immediate right! There will be NO talking, NO grab-assin', and NO fuckin' questions! Understood?"

Another pause as still more air was inhaled. "I ain't your momma, and I ain't got time for your bullshit. So get it right the first time, or you'll find your ass cryin' in your oatmeal down in the hole!"

With those words, he then unfolded the paper he held in his hand and read aloud the first name on the list.

"Johnston!"

Tramp watched as the dude standing in front of him stepped to the stack of mattresses and began folding his sheet, towel, and blanket inside the top one.

The sheriff's face took on a look of disgust as Johnston fumbled feebly in his effort, due in part to a cast that encased the forearm, wrist,

**"So get it right, or
you'll be cryin'
in your oatmeal
down in the
hole!"**

and three fingers of his right hand.

"Oh, Mister Johnston?" the officer intoned with mock concern in his voice.

"Yes, sir?" replied the inmate.

The officer sneered openly. "Didn't your momma give you a first name? Or was that beyond her fuckin' mental capability?"

Tramp balled his right hand into a fist and bit down on the inside of his cheek as he fought for self-control.

The inmate's eyes darted quickly around to the other men who still stood in line,

and when he finally answered, the words came tumbling out.

"No, uh, sir! I mean, yes, sir!" stammered the bewildered man.

"No, sir. Yes, sir," mocked the officer sarcastically. "What's your fuckin' first name, dipshit?" screamed the deputy menacingly.

"It's, uh, Keith!" replied the inmate at last. Then he exhaled with a long sigh of relief and added, "Keith Johnston, sir."

The officer shook his head in obvious disgust, and when he spoke again, his voice took on the tone of a first-grade teacher trying to encourage a backward student.

"That's VERY good, Keith! Now pick up your mattress and go stand in front of the door on my right. You are in L-South. Cell number four. Can you remember that, Keith?" Then he raised his voice angrily, "Or shall I tattoo it on your fuckin' forehead?"

Johnston opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. With one fearful burst of energy, he managed to dislodge the top mattress, and he quickly made his way to the designated door.

The sheriff eyed the second name on the list. "Martin!" he yelled loudly.

Without hesitation, Tramp



LAST BET



responded, "Jay!" then headed to the stack. "And if you make a crack about MY mom, I'll stuff this bedding up your arrogant ass!" The last remark drew no response from the jailer, because Tramp had chosen to think it to himself rather than speak aloud.

"You're in L-North," added the jailer. "Cell number one."

Fifteen minutes later, the bearded biker stepped into cell one and looked around for an empty bunk. A young blond kid with a punk-rocker haircut eyed the biker, then jumped up from one of the bottom bunks. He hurriedly dragged his bedding from the bed and began chattering rapidly as he worked.

"Hey, man! Like, you can have this bottom bunk, ya know? Like, I don't dig it no way, ya know? I mean, it's easy for me to climb up to the top bunk and I like the top bunk and I sorta . . ."

Tramp stood transfixed, unable to hide the surprised look on his face as he watched the kid make the move. The biker's first reaction was to tell the kid he had no intention of pressuring him out of his bed, but before he could voice the

thought, the move was completed.

Tramp found that besides himself and the punk-rocker, there were six other men in the cell. He mentally dismissed five of those and spent the following days playing cards with an ancient old biker by the name of Sheldon Scott. "Scottie," the younger biker learned, was en route back to Folsom Prison after losing an appeal action in the local courts.

"So then, youngster, the only one that's knowin' 'bout this 'ere deal of your'n is 'at gal you was a-ridin' wit'?" Scottie asked.

It took Tramp's brain a moment or two to translate the Tennessee dialect into understandable English.

"That's right, old man," he responded at last.

"Hmmm," mused the aged biker softly. "'N' yer a-thinkin' she ain't a-gonna tell 'em cops 'bout nuthin'?"

Tramp smiled broadly. "Hey, old man. Didn't I already tell ya? When the Tramp slaps tongue between their legs, we're talkin' LOVE! Hell, that girl loves me better than her own daddy," boasted the biker. "And I know she'll keep her mouth shut in that courtroom. Which means I'll be outta here in no time."

A smile tugged at the corners of the old man's mouth. "Yer a-thinkin' 'at fer sure, youngsters?" he queried.

Tramp peered intently at the other man. "I'm not a-thinkin'. . . I mean, dammit, I'm not THINKIN' shit! I KNOW, old man. That little cutie would rather cut off her own tit than turn state's evidence on me!"

The rustic old tramp shrugged his thin shoulders. "Maybe," he replied. "Then agin, maybe not."

Tramp felt a warm flush of embarrassment creep slowly up his neck. "Care to make a bet on it, old-timer?" he challenged hotly.

The old biker pondered for a moment, then replied slowly. "Lemme see, youngster. Yer

a-owin' me five packs of Camels fer the card games, and I cain't take 'em back to Folsom wit' me. What say we double-or-nuthin' on 'em?" The old man grinned openly. "'At way, y'all be owin' me a carton when ya git to Folsom." He hesitated, and the smile widened on his wrinkled face. "Bet?" he asked.

Tramp stuck out his right hand eagerly. "Bet, old man!" Then he added happily, "And that's the easiest five packs I ever made!"

The next day Scottie caught the chain and was returned to Folsom Prison to finish his term.

Tramp stepped down from the bus and had to blink his eyes several times before they adjusted to the bright sunshine. No sooner had this been accomplished when he spied a familiar form making its way to the place where he was standing.

"Hey there, youngster!" hailed the familiar voice happily. "I see yer a-owin' me a carton of them tailor-made Camels!"

Tramp failed to hide the bitter disappointment of the trial results when he responded.

"Gawd-damn little bitch!" he spit out angrily.

Scottie laughed easily. "Reckon that little girl didn't mind losin' a tit, huh, youngster?"

Tramp recalled his earlier brag in the county jail and had to laugh in spite of himself. "How in the fuck did ya guess all that, ya ol' bastard?" he asked, then added, "And what made ya think I'd be sent to Folsom even if that slut did testify?"

"That weren't hard to figure, youngster. Ya told me she had a kid. The law uses that sorta thing to pressure folks into testifying. As for the prison part, it's an election year, and the governor's a-tellin' folks he's gonna lock up all the criminals. Now old Folsom is way over capacity, but they always got room for one more."

Tramp shook his head in disbelief. "Yeah? Well, I say it was a lucky fuckin' guess, old man!"

Scottie shrugged his bony shoulders and grinned knowingly. "Maybe," he replied. "Maybe not. Anyway, I done spoke to the cap'n. Soon's yer done with yer orientation, ya kin move in a cell with me." Then the old biker added, "If you've a mind to."

"Yeah," replied Tramp evenly. "I guess I could do worse. But why me, old man?"

Scottie turned and spoke over his shoulder as he walked away.

"Cause yer bettin' stinks, youngster! And I need the smokes!"

Scottie had been instrumental in securing a job in the Silk-screening Department for Tramp, and as the months slipped quietly into the second year, the young biker and the old scooter tramp grew closer together. Not even the captain understood the relationship, since it appeared they were always arguing and making bets on everything from football games to the time it took to walk around the yard. One day the officer approached Sheldon Scott with that question.

"Ain't hard to figure, cap'n," responded the old biker. "The youngster likes to bet. So do I. He always loses, and I love to win!"

The captain stared suspiciously at Scott but chose to remain quiet. "What the hell," he thought to himself. "The old man's been down six years, and he's got 18 months to go. If he's able to keep that young biker in line, that's fine with me!"

"Listen, you old turd! I've been in that bar a thousand times. I've seen that mirror, and I'm tellin' ya I know what I'm talkin' about!"

Scottie shook his ancient head sadly, and a patient smile filled his weather-worn face.

"And I'm a-tellin' ya, youngster, yer wrong. The license plate on that bike says, '1-BAD-MF'."

Then he added, "I've been to that bar a time or two myself,

ya know."

"Bullshit!" responded Tramp angrily. Then he leaped to his feet and began gesturing with his hands for emphasis. The excitement of a pending bet was obvious on his face.

"Okay," he said in a controlled voice. "Okay, we're talkin' 'bout the bar right off the Frontage Road. Right?"

"Right," replied the old biker.

"A place called Little Joe's. Right?" Tramp asked again.

"That's the one, youngster."

"And right behind the cash register is an etched mirror that the ol' fucker who owns the bar refuses to sell. Right?"

Scottie moved his head in the affirmative. "The ol' fucker, as ya call 'im, is a dude named 'Cuz. He's had that mirror fer fifteen or sixteen years."

"That's him!" yelled Tramp gleefully. "It's an etched mirror with a dude on a knucklehead,

yer memory's 'bout as bad as yer bettin'! So — I'll refresh ya a bit. Never. Ya ain't NEVER won a bet, and yer 'bout to make it NEVER plus one!"

Confidence flooded through Tramp's frame, and it came from the sure knowledge that this time he was right.

"You scared to bet, old man?" he asked confidently. "I got your ass on this one, and ya know it. The plate on that bike has the letter A on it. 'A-BAD-MF'."

"And I still say it's the number one. '1-BAD-MF'."

"Bet?" yelled Tramp.

"Bet," replied the old biker.

The two men spent the next half hour working out the details of their wager. Since Scottie was due for release in 17 months, and Tramp only one month later, Scottie would return from his home in Tennessee and meet the younger biker on July 20, the date of Tramp's parole,

"Seems yer memory's about as bad as yer bettin'! So — I'll refresh ya a bit. Never. Ya ain't NEVER won a bet, and yer 'bout to make it NEVER plus one!"

ridin' down a long stretch of highway, headin' toward the mountains."

"Youngster," said the old man patiently. "I've done told ya it's the same mirror we're a-talkin' 'bout."

"Aha!" screamed Tramp, and he brought his hands together with a loud slap that echoed in the narrow cell.

"The fuckin' license plate doesn't read, '1-BAD-MF'! It says, 'A-BAD-MF'! The letter A. Not the number one!"

"Youngster," he said softly. "how long have we been a-bettin'?"

"Over two years. Why?" asked Tramp suspiciously.

"How many times have ya beat me bettin'?" asked the old man.

Tramp's face flushed crimson. "What the fuck has that got to do with anythin'?" he retorted hotly.

The old biker smiled. "Seems

at Little Joe's Bar. The loser was to buy all the drinks for the next two days.

Tramp was happier than a pig in shit. It didn't matter that he had to wait 18 months for the answer to his bet. He didn't even care that he had lost all the preceding bets. He knew this one was a winner!

Spex eased up next to Tramp and patiently waited his turn at the coffeepot that bore a large sign which read, "Silk-screen Shop — Workers Only."

"Where's the old man?" he asked conversationally.

Tramp turned to face the man before answering. "You mean my cellie? Scottie?"

"Yeah," replied the bespectacled clerk. "Is he laid up again?"

The biker failed to hide the obvious concern that flooded his

bearded face. "Yeah. He got another lay-in from the doc."

Spex shook his head sadly. "That's the fourth or fifth one in the past few months, ain't it?" he asked. "Is Scottie okay?"

Tramp shrugged his huge shoulders. "Dunno. He don't complain 'bout it. Just says it's his arthritis actin' up."

The clerk finished filling his cup with coffee, then said slowly, "Well, I just hope it ain't nuthin' serious."

Without waiting for a reply, Spex turned and walked back toward the office.

"Yeah," Tramp muttered aloud. "Me, too."

Later that same night, as the two bikers sat watching television in their cell, Tramp tried to find a way to ask Scottie about the many visits to the infirmary.

"Hey, old man?"

As Scottie turned to look at Tramp, the young biker thought he had detected a grimace of pain in the old man's eyes.

"Yeah, youngster?" he replied softly.

"Ol' Spex offered me three points with San Diego when they play the Raiders next week. Whatcha think?"

Scottie shook his head.

"Dunno, youngster," he replied.

Tramp peered intently at his longtime friend. "That ain't like you, Scottie. Hell, you always gotta opinion on everything."

Scottie shook his ancient head slowly but did not reply.

Tramp pushed doggedly onward, trying to encourage the old man. "What 'bout a bet on that game, old man? I'm takin' San Diego and three points. Same bet I'm givin' Spex. Whatcha say?"

Instead of responding, the aged biker reached over and shut off the television. In the darkness he replied, "We'll talk 'bout it in the mornin', youngster. I'm a bit under the weather right now."

After getting undressed, Tramp climbed into the upper bunk and lay there in the darkness. A deep sense of concern

sat heavily upon his chest. Hours later, he listened to the raspy breathing of the old man below.

"Doc! Hey, Doc! Wait up for a minute, will ya?"

Doctor Tuller turned to face the long-haired biker who came toward him and noticed the anxious expression on the young man's face.

Tramp came to within a few feet of the medic and stopped.

"Hey, Doc? What's happenin' with Scottie, man?"

"Scottie?" asked the doctor, perplexed.

"Yeah," replied Tramp. "Scott Sheldon. He's my cell partner, and I'm really worried about him."

The doctor shifted nervously from one foot to the other. "Look, uh, I can't tell you that. It's, uh, you know, institutional policy. Perhaps you should ask Mister Scott yourself."

Tramp fought for self-control. "Look, man, the ol' fart ain't gonna tell me shi. . . I mean nuthin'. Dammit! What's happenin', Doc?"

Doctor Tuller looked around to make sure no one was within earshot, then lowered his voice and whispered softly. "Since you're a friend and obviously concerned, I'll tell you. But," he added quickly, "it goes no further than us, understand?"

Tramp nodded his head and felt the muscles in his stomach tighten up with anticipation.

"In layman's terms, Sheldon Scott has terminal cancer. Very late stages. If he lives more than four or five months, it would be a miracle from the Almighty."

Tramp opened his mouth to voice a violent "No!" but the sound came out as an incoherent scream, like that of some wounded wild animal. And at the same time, the young biker sent a huge fist crashing into the wall beside him.

"Well, at least you're gettin' outta this garbage can, Scottie."

The old biker turned to face Tramp with a forced smile on his mouth.

"Yep. Gotta give ol' Doc credit fer gettin' me that early release. But I'm a-thinkin' they just didn't wanna go to the expense of buryin' me."

Tramp fought down a surge of emotion and tried to give a flip-pant response, but the words hung heavily in his throat.

Noticing his discomfort, the old scooter tramp got slowly to his feet.

"Reckon I oughta mosey on over to the release area. I'm outta here at nine o'clock."

Tramp picked up the cardboard box that contained Scottie's few possessions, and together they walked the yard of Folsom Prison for the last time. The guard opened the huge iron gate as they approached, then held up a hand in front of Tramp.

"Only Scott from here on. If you'll hand me that box, I'll carry it for him."

"Well, gotta go. Y'all take care, youngster. You hear?" Then he held out a frail hand to Tramp, but the young biker ignored it and instead grasped the old man and hugged him tightly to his chest.

After several long moments, Scottie pulled away and turned toward the door that led to freedom.

As he reached the gate, he stopped, and without turning around, he said over his shoulder, "The Raiders gonna win that game by six. So if ya bet, take the Raiders!"

Then he was gone.

...and in an overtime game just concluded, the Raiders defeated the San Diego Chargers 37 to 31."

Tramp fingered the carton of Camels he had just lost on the game.

Tramp turned slowly around and gave Folsom Prison one last look, then shook his head and spit.

Bear approached him from behind and laid a massive arm around his shoulders as he

spoke. "It's over now, bro. I got your scooter in the back of my truck, and it's ready to go."

As they lowered the shovel-head to the blacktop of the parking lot, Bear straightened up and flexed his back muscles. "I'm gettin' old, bro. Ya know?"

Tramp smiled and nodded his head.

"Where we off to, bro?" asked Bear.

Tramp kicked the bike through twice with the key in the off position. "You 'member a place called Little Joe's?" he asked.

"Sure," responded Bear. "Right off of the Frontage Road. Why?"

"I'll explain later. Follow me over there. I gotta go check on a bet I made a long time ago."

As Bear stood there with a confused look on his face, Tramp turned on the ignition, rose high into the air, and came down full weight on the kicker.

The bored-out shovel gave an angry cry of power and burst into life, then Tramp dumped her into first and popped the clutch, sending the wide glide clawing at the morning skies.

Tramp eased the shovelhead into a slot next to an old knuckle and shut her down. Moments later, he entered Little Joe's and took a seat at the bar.

"Help ya?" asked the bartender.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Two Buds."

The man behind the bar looked around toward the door.

Tramp smiled. "I got a bro comin' in behind me in a pickup. Guess I left him in my dust a few miles back."

The man pulled out the long-necked bottles and sat them in front of the biker. Tramp dropped a twenty-dollar bill on the counter.

"Tell me somethin', old man. Would your name happen to be 'Cuz?"

The bartender gave Tramp a toothless grin. "Yep. Been called worse, but I answer to 'Cuz."

Tramp pointed to the cash register. "There used to be a

small etched mirror back there. Had a picture of a biker on a knucklehead ridin' toward the mountains."

'Cuz began to shake his gray-ing head eagerly. "Yep. Yer right as rain, young man!"

"You still got it?"

Instead of answering, the bartender walked into the back room. Several moments later, he returned and held the mirror out to Tramp. "Careful with it, son. I'm partial to that mirror." Then he added, "Whatcha wanna see it fer? It ain't fer sale, ya know."

Tramp took the mirror from 'Cuz but couldn't bring himself to look at it. "I, uh, made a bet with an ol' biker up at Folsom Prison."

Tramp's body shook with the memory. "Not long after we bet, I found out he had terminal cancer. Four or five months to live, at the most."

The young biker took a long pull from the bottle of Bud and swallowed hard, trying to regain control of his emotions. "Anyway, he got out early 'cause he was dying."

'Cuz peered intently at the biker. "You okay, son?" he asked.

Tramp didn't respond to the question. "You know, 'Cuz, for two fuckin' years I made bets with that crusty ol' fart. Two fuckin' years!" Tramp laughed at the memory. "And I never won a damn one of them! Not a Gawd-damn one!"

The biker held the mirror out in front of 'Cuz. "Until this one! This time I had his ass beat."

Tramp put the bottle of Bud-weiser to his lips and didn't return it to the bar until it was empty. "All those fuckin' bets," he intoned somberly. "All those times I tried to beat that ol' bastard and somehow, some way, he always won."

The biker's face broke into a humorless grin. "And ya know the ironic part of it, 'Cuz? Now that it's down to the nitty-gritty? I don't even wanna know. I tried for years to beat him. At the time it was important. But now that he's gone, it don't mean nuthin'."

Tramp held the mirror out to 'Cuz without bothering to read

the license plate number that had been the object of that final bet with Scottie.

Not knowing what to say to the young biker, 'Cuz sat another beer on the bar, then retreated to the back room. Seconds later, he returned without the mirror and made his way to a table in the far corner of the dimly lit bar to serve another customer.

Tramp sat staring at the front door, waiting for the arrival of Bear and at the same time trying to shake the memory of Scottie from his mind. Slowly he became aware of 'Cuz's voice cutting in on his thoughts.

"Whatcha say?" he asked quizzically.

"I said," repeated 'Cuz slowly, "that fella over yonder said you was buyin' this round of drinks."

Tramp's anger flared, and he spun around to face the lone figure at the table. "I ain't said shit 'bout buyin' no muthafucker no damn. . . .!"

'Cuz suddenly stepped back from the bar and held his hands up in front of him. "Whoa, son! Hold on now! If ya say ya ain't buyin', well then, hell, ya ain't. I'm just tellin' ya what the man said. Somethin' 'bout ya owin' him, and I ain't. . . ."

Tramp cut 'Cuz off in mid-sentence with a wave of his hand, and he felt a cold shiver run up the length of his spine. He slid off the barstool and walked slowly over to the table where the lone figure sat hunched over the disputed drink. Tramp stood there, mouth agape, staring in disbelief. Then the old man lifted his head, and as his eyes met those of the young biker, his ancient face broke into an evil grin.

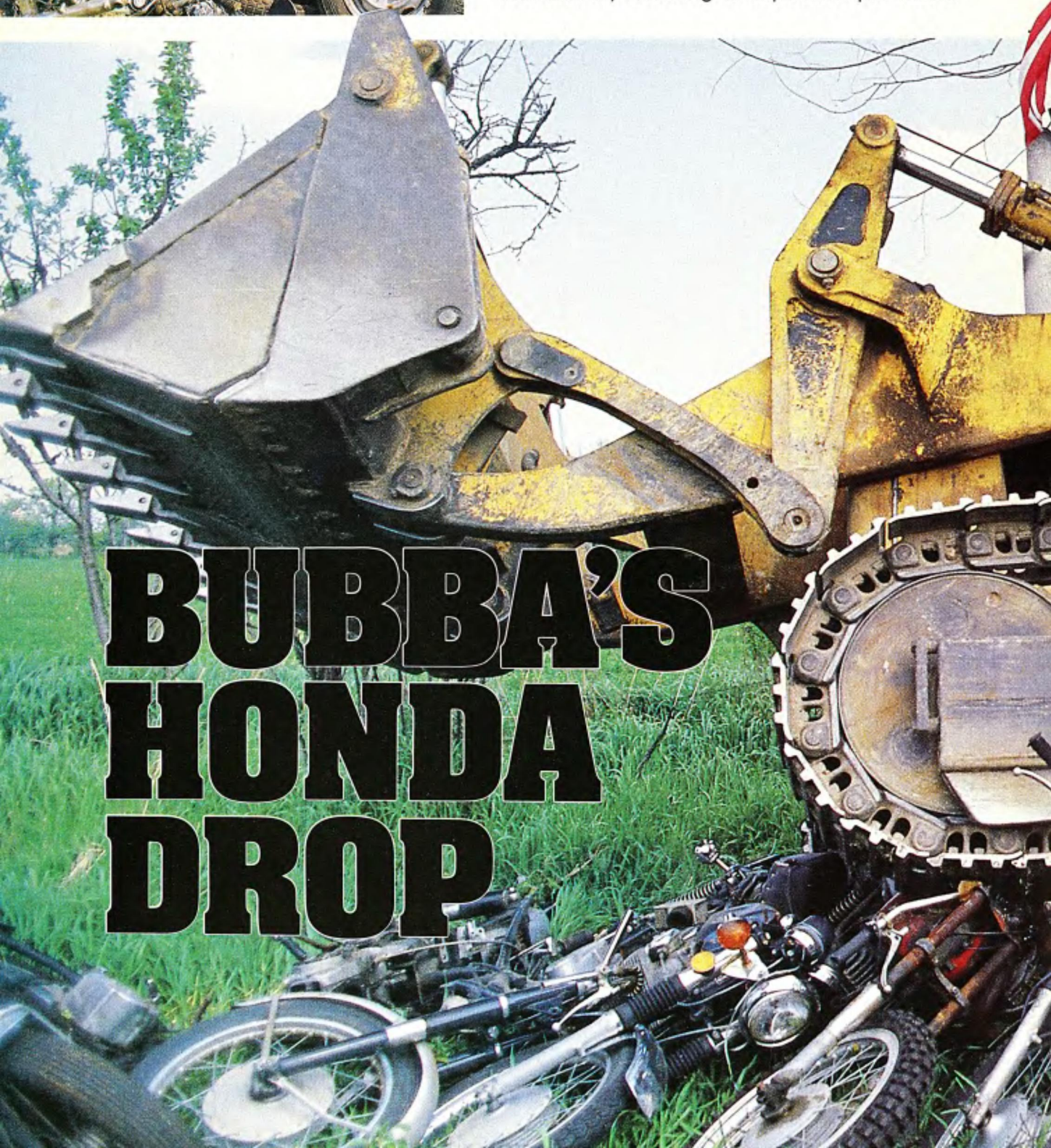
"I took the liberty of checkin' that mirror 'fore ya got here, youngster. Seems ya be a-owin' me a couple days' wortha free booze!"

"Why, you ol' bastard," Tramp whispered at last. "You lucky-guessin' ol' bastard!"

Scottie laughed gleefully. "Maybe," he replied. "That's just what ol' Doc said today, when I collected from him." ■



Pictures paint dictionaries fulla words, but in no way can they express the sound low-grade metal makes when it careens from the crushing grasp of a crane 100 feet in the air to the solid Milwaukee turf. The poorly pressed plastic wailed as it was pulverized, the weak windshields snapped and whined, and the searing synthetics screamed as the third annual Bubba's Honda Drop mashed three Civics or Accords or whatever Honda cages and five ring-dings. Then his annual production delighted his gleeful six grand of bros and sweeties by creating a Japanese pot-metal



BUBBA'S HONDA DROP

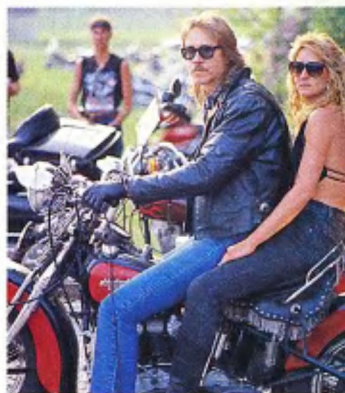


BUBBA'S HONDA DROP

landfill by crushing 25 rice
rickshaws into the soured soil
with a 20-ton bulldozer. The

plastic, rice paper, and
porous aluminum screaming
for one last sip of Sapporo
could be heard for miles.

Then the celebration
began, with tunes from the
Lost Armadillo Band cranking
David's, Willie's, and Hank Jr.'s
down-home melodies into the
evening air. And the women
exhibited every bit of their

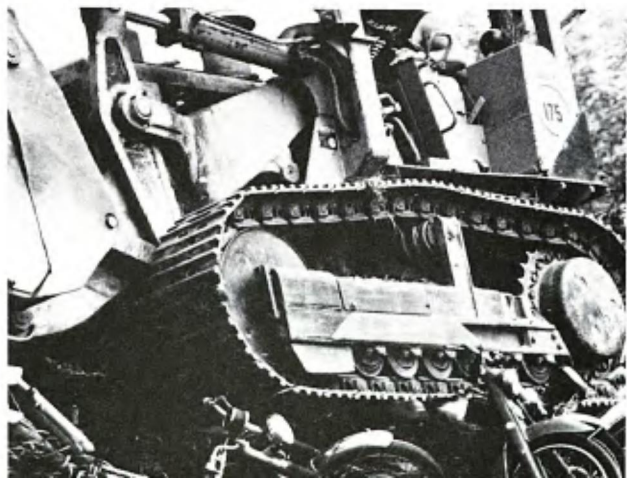
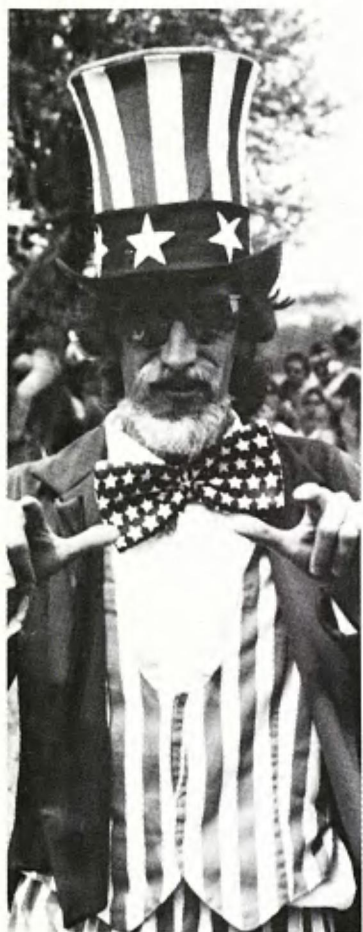


heartfelt patriotism by strippin' down in an all-nude contest for prizes donated by the local Hog dealers.

Sonuvabitch, and while I was away I thought the bros started adjustin' to the Oriental economy.

But, hold on now, Bubba goes to great heights to enhance this devastation

each year. I wasn't going to cop to Bubba's next-year planned demolition follies, until Sparkle batted her amber eyes in my direction. Seems she's taken by the man in red, white, and blue with the salt 'n' pepper beard and the biker bar named after his infamous self in Milwaukee. Old Glory and the



BUBBA'S HONDA DROP

American Way have their
effects on corn-fed women.
I couldn't be outdone by

her affection toward this
Oriental-iron-eating country
gentleman, so I subtly leaned
back on my solo seat padded
milk crate and offered to
pack her to the Mil next year,
'cause rumor has it that in '88,
skydiving Hondas will polka-
dot the skies from helicopters.

Now she's eatin' outta my
hand. Or somethin' like that.

—Renegade



Photos by Billy Tinney and Jingles



EAGLE EYES WATCH OVER BIKERS



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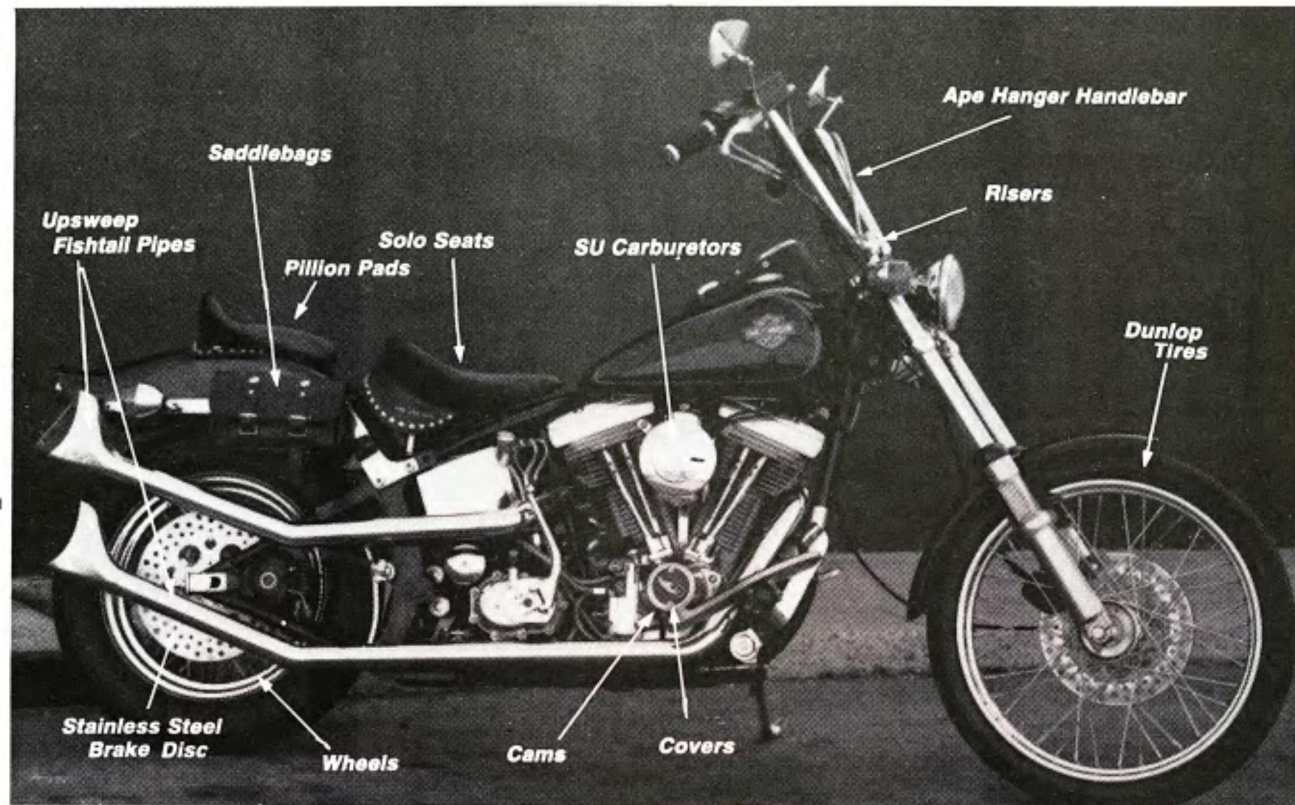
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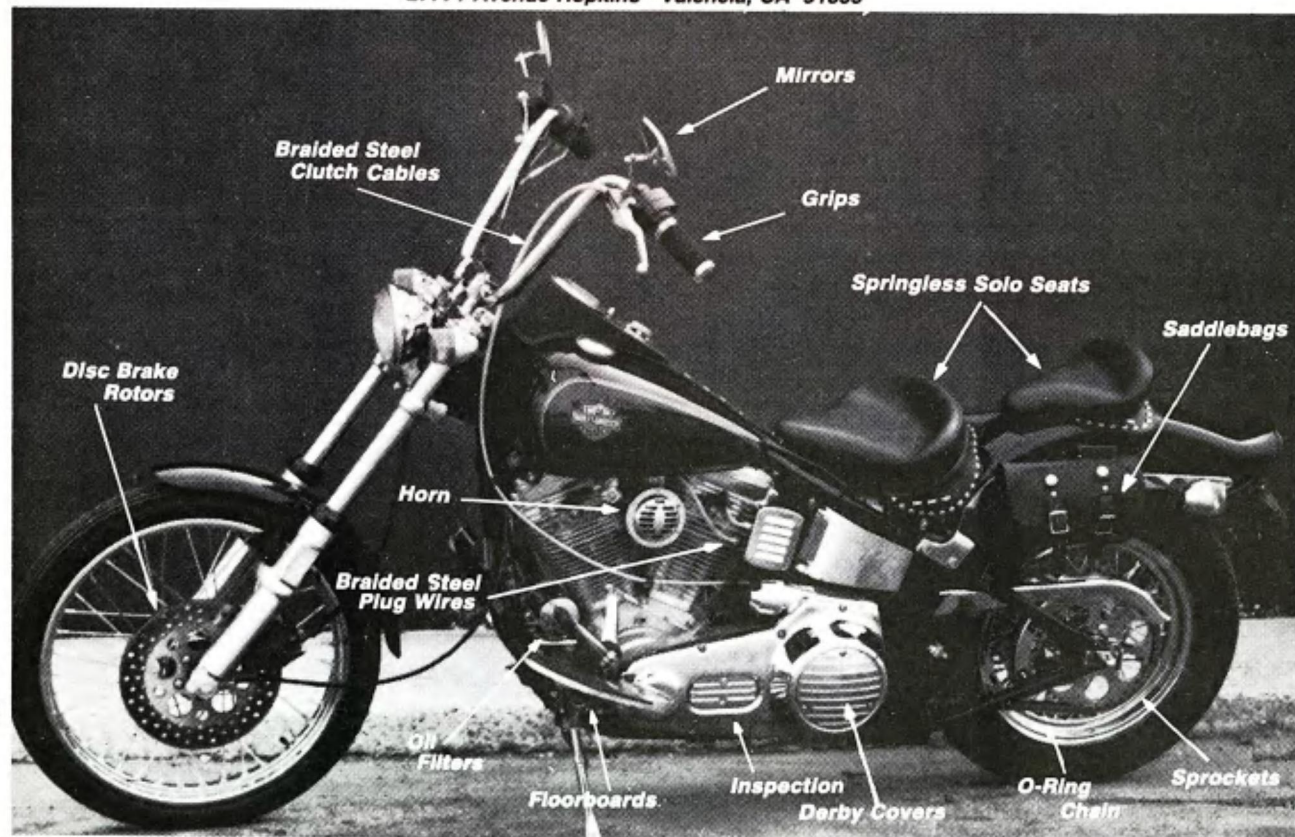
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HATS — T-SHIRTS — JERSEYS

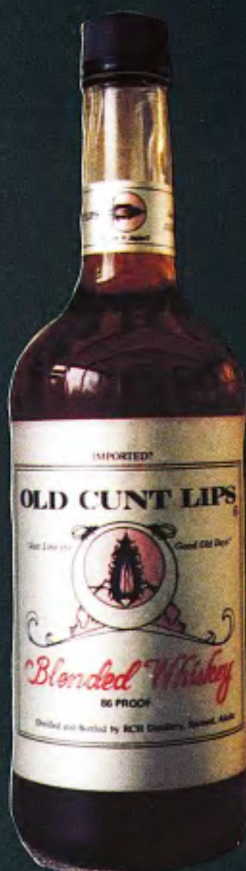
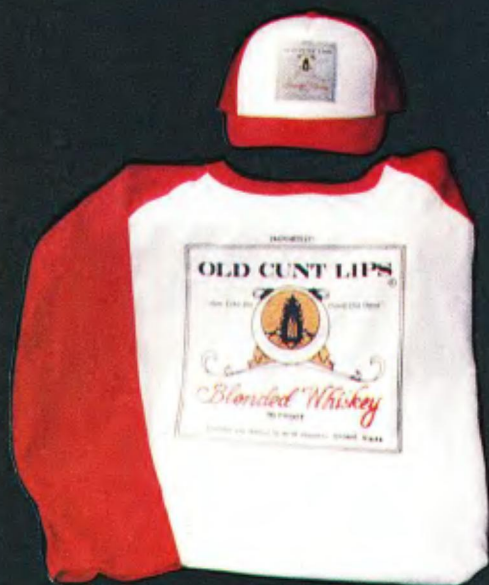
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T-SHIRTS: White with either Black (as shown) or Red trim. Basic Biker Black with silver OLD CUNT LIPS label on front. Sizes: S, M, L, XL

JERSEYS: White with either Black or Red (as shown) trim. Sizes: S, M, L, XL

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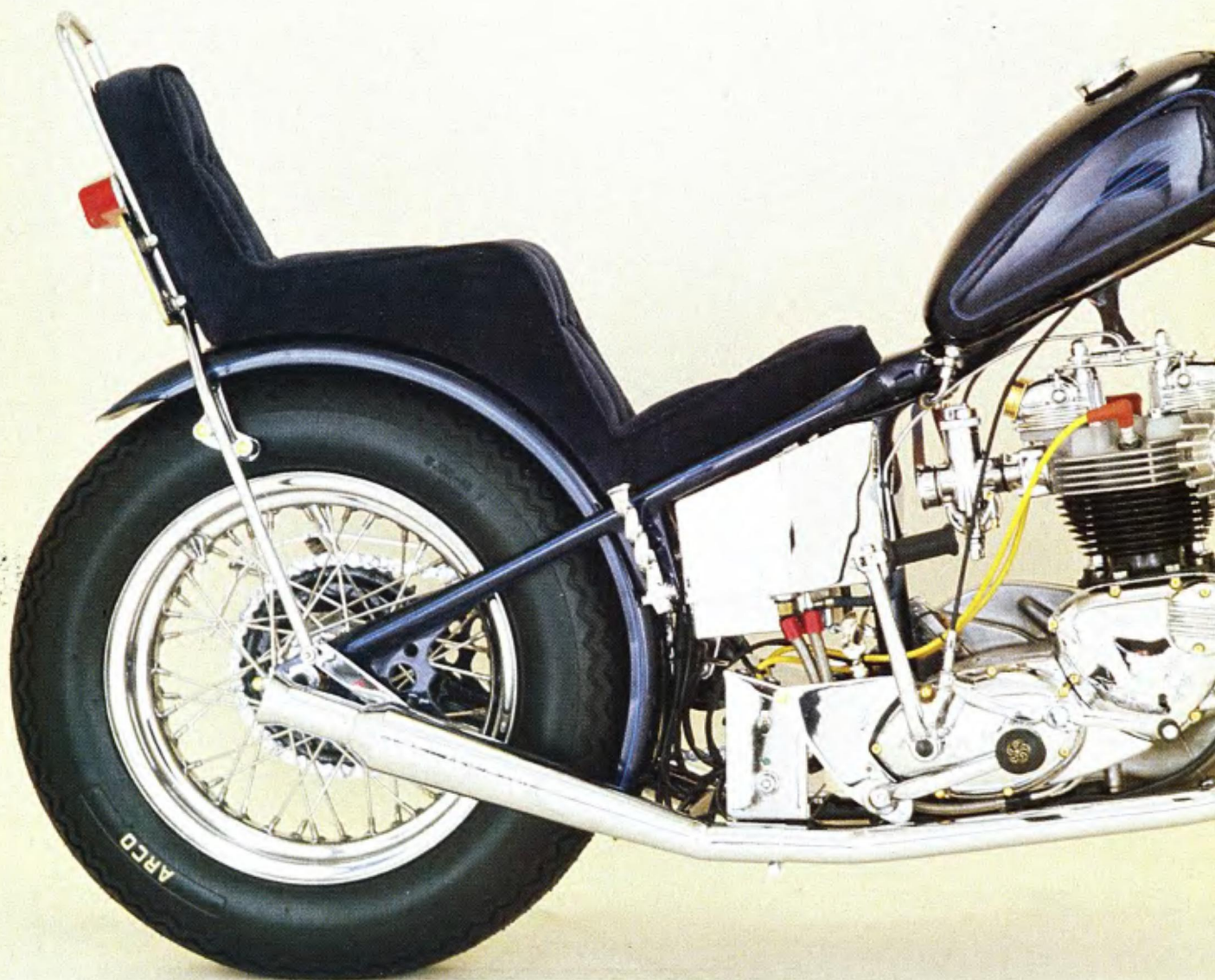
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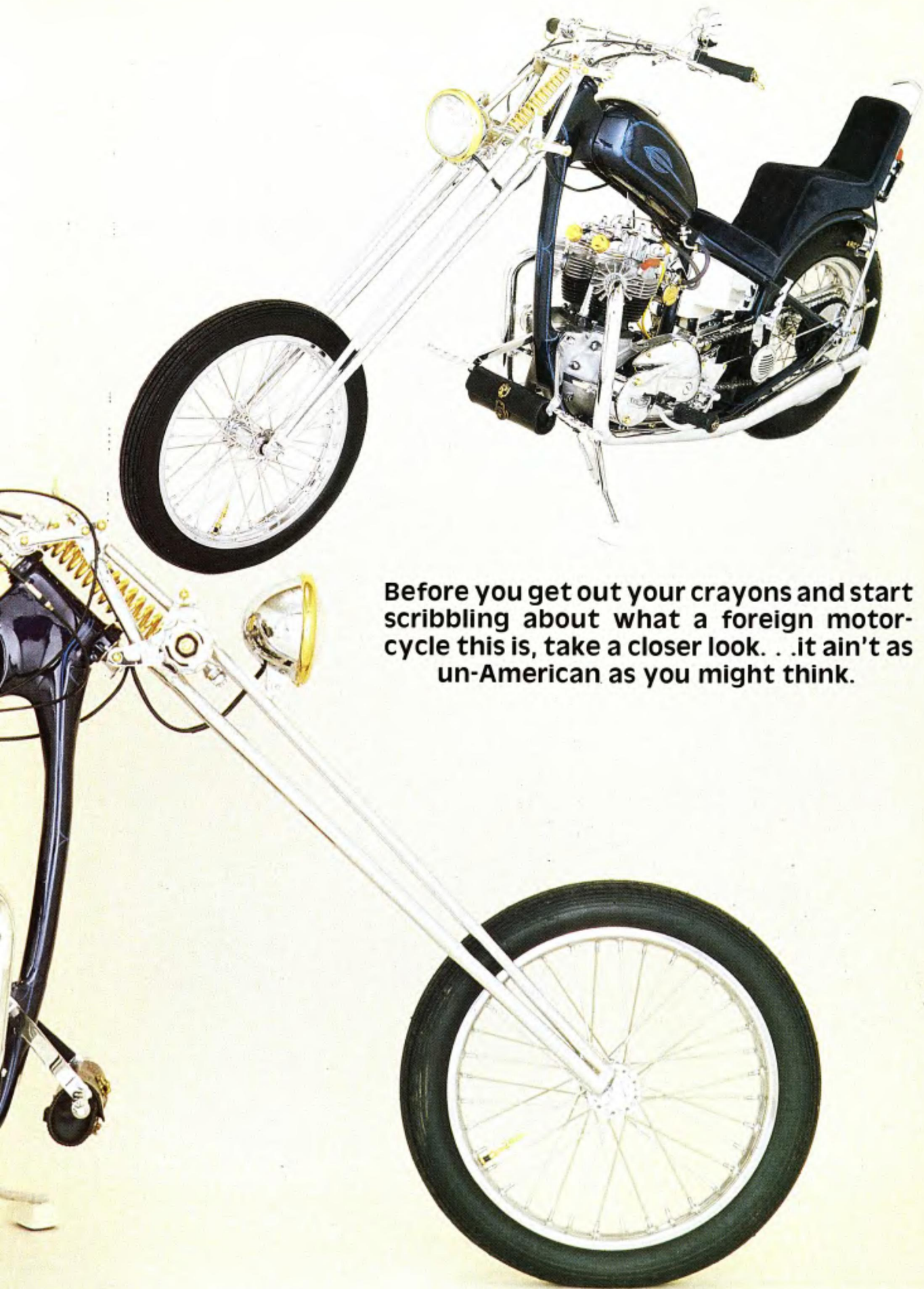
ANGLO-AMERICAN

If you've been eyeballing our bike features for any amount of time, you already know that most of the bikes we parade before ya are the products of bros who have spent years and years perfecting their skills as bike builders. It's not in the least uncommon for someone to have been a wrench for five, ten, or even more years before he manages to come up with a scooter that is detail-perfect enough to satisfy Frank, Lou, Spider, J.T., and the other lowlifes who get to paw over the bike photos between the time they leave the camera and get on the printed page.

The reason that it's so difficult for novices to break into the rag has often nothing to do with the bikes they've built. Many relatively inexperienced bros build fast, exciting, stylish rides that will stand up to anyone's. Where experience pays off is in the details — the quality of the molding, the way the cables are routed, the look of the electrical fittings. All the nit-picking things that our eagle-eye gearheads scrutinize so carefully.

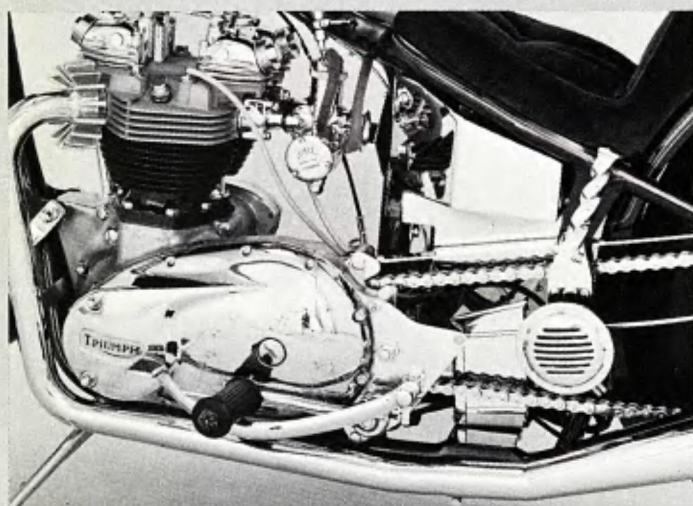
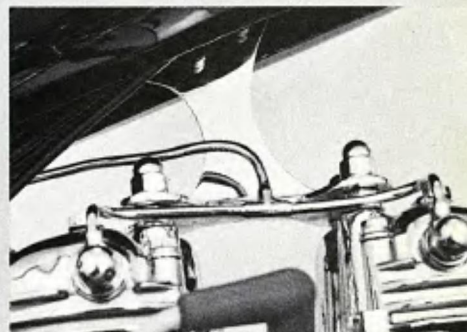
It's this nit-picking attitude that makes it unusual for someone to get the first bike he ever built onto the pages of the rag. That's





Before you get out your crayons and start scribbling about what a foreign motorcycle this is, take a closer look. . .it ain't as un-American as you might think.



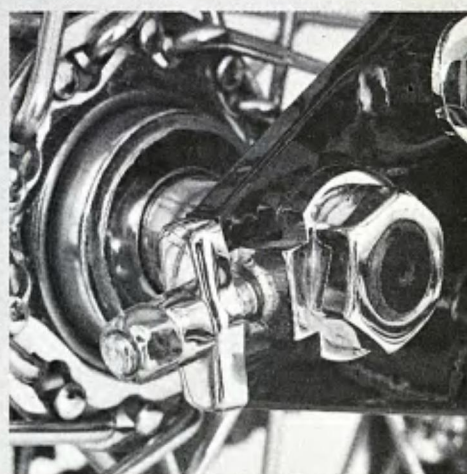


something so rare ya don't even need a complete set of fingers and toes to be able to count the number of times it's happened. This is the latest one of those times.

"About eight years ago, I wanted to build myself a bike," owner-builder Bill Duarte recalls. "I looked long and hard for a basket case Harley but couldn't find anything I could afford at that time. I started to look at British bikes but didn't feel quite

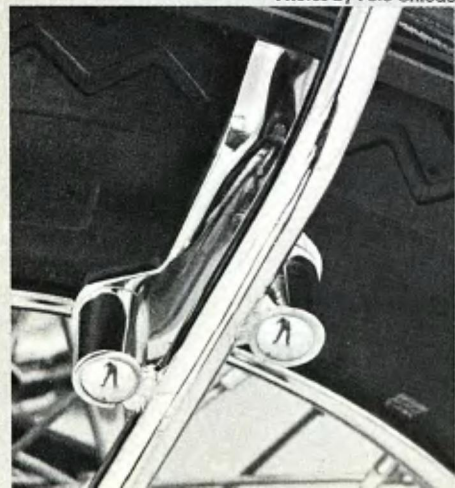
right about buying a totally foreign machine. Then I saw this scooter — it was all ratted out and hung together Mickey Mouse-style at the time — and I knew it was for me."

The main selling point of the Trumpet, for those who haven't figured it out by now, was the genuine Indian front end grafted onto the British power train. Produced at Springfield, Massachusetts, for the 1939 model year, the





Photos by Pete Chiodo



girder is as American as mom, apple pie, and yes, even Harley-Davidson. It gives Bill's scooter a big slice of Yankee style without taking anything away from its British roots.

You could say that Bill has built his motorcycle the way the Founding Fathers built the U.S. — with British ideas improved by American ingenuity. Not bad for a guy's first effort, eh, mate?

—Butcher



Owner: William Duarte		City: San Gabriel, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1965	
Year and make: 1965 Triumph		Builder: owner	
Model: 650		Type: rigid	
Value: \$8,000		Rake: 3/4 in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 10 in.	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: H-D hardtail	
Chroming by: El Monte Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1965		Risers: dogbones	
Model: TR-6		Fender(s): 6 in. H-D	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: Lucas		Taillight: Webco	
Displacement: 650 cu. cent.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Triumph	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: Triumph		Electrics: Lucas	
Cases: Triumph		Gas tank: custom	
Heads: bead-blasted		Oil tank: Jammer	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: chrome	
Carb(s): Amal		Seat: Le Pera Enterprises, Inc.	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissybar: H-D	
Pipes: custom		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): engraved		Material: 3/4 in. hex stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: 1939 girder	
Year: 1965		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: up		Builder: Indian	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: restored	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 17 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner/Bob's Custom		Hub: custom	Hub: Triumph
Painter: Foot		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: Cobalt Blue/Payo Purple		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: urethane enamel		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: pinstriping by Gary Mitchell			
Other special modifications: four-leaf clover design engraved on mufflers, case covers, and headlight by the Glass Rainbow, tool pouch on freeway pegs, brass lions on handlebar grips, roach clip on front wheel valve stem, gold-plated finger on rear fender, gold-plated license plate frame.			

EASYnews

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

Jury rips Fed frame of George Christie *Ventura Hells Angels prez vindicated by 12 honest men and women*

Ventura County, California, Hells Angels president, Olympic torch runner, and *Easyriders* interview subject (ER #148) George Christie has been acquitted of conspiracy and solicitation of murder.

In rejecting the government's "case," members of a federal jury in Los Angeles made it plain that they agreed with defense contentions that Christie had been fitted for a frame because of his well-publicized feud with Kennedy clan kitten Eunice Shriver and his TV comments on fed harassment of bike clubs.

"I was told that if I went on a TV show in New York two years ago, my folder would be on (Attorney General) Ed Meese's desk in the morning, and apparently they weren't kidding. The FBI does make threats, and they do keep their promises. They said they were going to make life miserable for me, and they did."

Christie's dispute with Shriver stems from the diversion of funds the Hells Angels raised to pay for Christie's leg of the 1984 Olympic Torch Run. The club had been told they could designate any charity they wanted to receive the money, and they selected the Pottstown, Pennsylvania, Special Olympics program. When national officials of the Special Olympics, led by Shriver, refused to turn the money over to the Pottstown chapter, Christie publicly charged them with reneging on their commitment.

In their failed conspiracy case, the Feds charged that Christie, 40, and co-defendant Daniel Fabricant, 37, attempted to let a "contract" on an Arizona prison inmate. According to the prosecution, the two defendants tried to arrange the so-called hit through a government snitch named Mike Mulhern. The only problem with the Feds' case was that Mulhern's momma wasn't on the jury, and none of the six men and six women who were on it could believe a word he said.

Mulhern, allegedly a founder of the Mexican Mafia, is being paid thousands of tax dollars in government witness fees, despite a rap sheet that has earned him, in the words of Christie's attorney, Barry Tarlow, the title of "one-man crime wave."

In acquitting the defendants, Tarlow said, "The jury wanted a message sent to Washington: that this type of framing tactics ought not to go on in a free society."

"This is a great day for the criminal jus-



Photo by Kim Peterson

George Christie carrying the torch

tice system," Tarlow added. "This case terminated a four-year vendetta... against George Christie. It was a vendetta, pure and simple. The jury saw it for what it really was."

Before heading home to celebrate his freedom with his wife and kids, Christie made a brief side trip to pick up his

scooter at Terminal Island federal prison.

The club, he told reporters outside the courtroom, "symbolizes what this country's all about — people doing what they want and expressing themselves, to live the life we've chosen. I thought this was a country you could do that in. I guess that's questionable."

British Columbia bikers back in buckets

Freedom of choice foes have won the latest round in the on-and-off (literally and figuratively) helmet law battle in British Columbia.

After almost a full year of being free in the wind, riders in Canada's west coast province were forced to pull their skid lids out of mothballs when a British Columbia Appeal Court reversed a lower court ruling invalidating the helmet section of the province's Motor Vehicle Code. Police agencies were quick to hail the latest ruling and equally quick to begin enforcing the resurrected helmet law — Vancouver police began issuing \$100 tickets for violations, the morning after the verdict was announced.

The case against the helmet law was brought by a Harley-riding construction worker, who contended that the provision of the helmet law authorizing the provincial superintendent of motor vehicles to certify helmets for use was invalid. Only the legislature could do that, the biker, Larry Stone, contended. Agreeing with Stone, Provincial Judge Wallace Craig declared the helmet law null and void. The government appealed the decision to the provincial Supreme Court (in British Columbia, the Supreme Court is the first appellate court), which agreed with Stone and Craig, and let the ruling stand.

In reinstating the lid law, the three-member Appeal Court admitted that the law restricts the rights and freedom of British Columbia riders.

"We went all through this with seat belts," said Chief Justice Nathan Nemetz. "People don't like them (helmets and seat belts). They're an infringement on their liberty and everything, but they cut down deaths."

Stone, who said he would pack his helmet around with him but not wear it, disagreed. "Whether you're wearing a helmet or not, you're dead if you impact with your head," he told the press. "I guess I'll just start my ticket collection again."

Jackoff ejaculates bucket bile

Readers active in the motorcycle rights fight never cease to be amazed by the outlandish lies, brutalized logic, and convoluted concepts used by mandatory helmet law zealots.

An outstanding example was provided by *Motorcycle Industry* magazine columnist Bruce Armstrong, Armstrong, one of several trade paper pundits trying to con members of the cycle biz into backing lid laws, claims that it's the *hardcore* riders who favor mandatory helmet laws, and the novices who oppose them.

Strange. Just last month, we quoted one big Honda dealer saying that it is the *kids* who are buying almost all the helmets, that the whole "in thing" in rice-portionation was color-coordinated motorcycles, riding suits, and helmets.

It's also apparent that Armstrong has never been to a meeting of any biker rights group. Take a look around you at your next ABATE or MMA gathering. What do you see? A bunch of graybeards, most likely. For the most part, the "kids" are too busy getting laid and smoking their tires to get involved in political fights. The activist ranks are largely filled with guys who fought for freedom in Vietnam, or maybe Korea, and are fighting for it still today.

We freedom-of-choice fanatics are those to whom motorcycling is a "passion," Mr. Armstrong. We anti-motorcycling law activists are those who will not give up our bikes until they are pried out of our dead fingers. If the motorcycle industry, foreign or domestic, follows your lunatic logic and begins to push for mandatory helmet laws, it will be pissing on tens of thousands of its best customers. Don't be surprised when they start spitting and pissing back.

Lid- an' Jap-lickin' rag finally turns its toes up

There once was a rag called *Cycle Guide*,
Which about lids and laws often lied.
But the readers got wise and stopped buying the lies,
And now it's the Guide that has died.

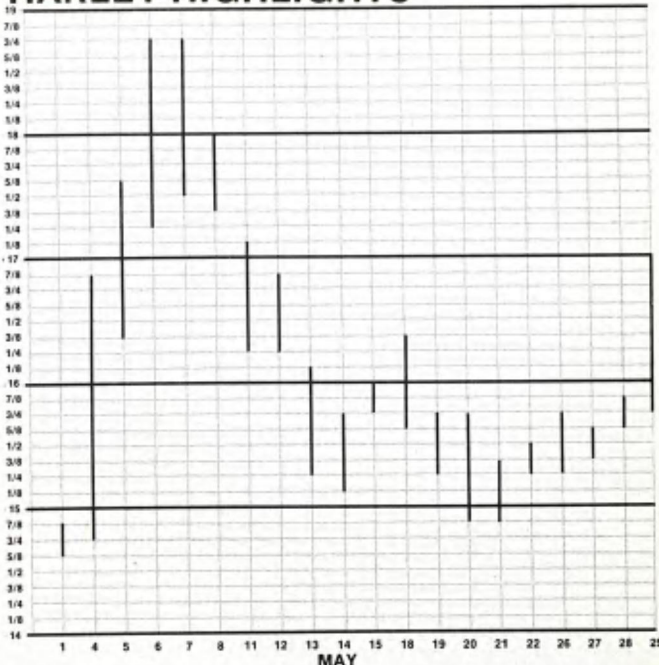
Sometimes there is justice in the world, after all. In recent years the puerile so-called motorcycle rag, *Cycle Guide*, has been infamous for sucking up to its helmet and Jap crap advertisers with comments like, "Despite what nay-sayers and ABATE's hand-wringers swear, mandatory helmet laws won't mean the end of personal freedom in the United States. We have a lot of rights in this country, but we *don't* have a constitutional right to spread our gray matter over the landscape. And as far as the staff here is concerned, anyone who doesn't wear a helmet is a fool, and as motorcyclists, we have enough of an image problem without looking foolish to boot."

Fortunately, one of the ever-decreasing number of rights we do have is the right to not buy garbage magazines. We are pleased to report that, apparently, enough Americans exercised that right to put *Cycle Guide* out of business. And, as for that so-afraid-to-look-foolish (how the hell else can you look on a Ninja?) staff, they're now wearing their helmets to exactly the right place — the California state unemployment office.



Vaughn Beals delivers the good news on Harley stock.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



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



Harley stockholders convene in Milwaukee.

Harley is planning to put another 2,000,000 shares of common stock on the market. Of those shares, 1,140,000 will be issued by the corporation, and 860,000 will come from the personal holdings of company officials.

According to H-D's investment banker, Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc., proceeds from the new sale will be used to repurchase outstanding stock option warrants and for capital expenses and working capital. At this writing, the Securities and Exchange Commission has yet to act on Harley's application for the sale, and the company is keeping mum about which members of the management team are planning to cash in some of their chips.

On a different financial front, Harley has signed a new four-year contract with the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers. The union, which represents about 1,000 workers at the York plant, ratified the pact by a five-to-one vote. According to John Campbell, H-D's Director of Human Resources, the agreement calls for a two percent pay increase in each of the next three years. (Two percent a year may not be much, but it'll buy a few pieces of raisin pie, and it's better than three pokes in the eye with a sharp stick.)

And besides their raises, over 150 of those York workers are going to be able to continue getting bombed on the job. Yes, the Defense Department has given Harley another contract to make bomb casings. This one calls for the production of 15,678 (how do they arrive at those numbers?) 500-pounders for Navy and Air Force practice drops. Total tab on the deal is \$3.7 million.

Cops disrupt New Jersey bro's funeral

Who says bikers aren't important citizens? When the President gets snuffed, the only armed forces represented at his funeral are the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. When James H. "Bud" Townsend of the Breed MC was laid to rest, however, he drew agents of not just four armed government forces, but seven.

Disrupting the services and harassing mourners at the East Brunswick, New Jersey, funeral were agents from the FBI, the U.S. Task Force on Organized Crime, the New Jersey Commission on Crime, the state Attorney General's office, the state police intelligence unit, the Middlesex County prosecutor's office, and the East Brunswick Police Department.

What had Townsend done to "deserve" all this heavy-handed posthumous attention? He'd been unfortunate enough to be killed in a traffic accident. And what did the denizens of law and order do before, during, and after the services? Well, when asked to identify themselves or explain what they were doing by local newsmen, they refused. However, they were observed videotaping every bike,

car, and truck entering the funeral home parking lot, reading all the vehicles' license plate numbers into an audio tape recorder, taking still photos of people attending the funeral, and videotaping and taking stills of the funeral procession going to the cemetery.

"We just want to bury our dead, just like they bury theirs," one of Townsend's bros said. "I wonder how they'd feel if one of them died, and I showed up to take pictures? But we'll show our class and try to ignore them."

Which, except for a moment when cops kept getting their cameras in grieving family members' faces at the gravesite, they did.

Accompanied by a chopper-shaped wreath, James H. Townsend, an American biker harassed even after death by the "authorities," was sent on his way to his next stop down the road to the tune of Bob Seger's "Turn the Page." We can only hope that when the badge-and-bullet boys who tried to trash his funeral get their turns to enter the cold, cold ground, the only sound to be heard will be the splat, splat of piss on freshly-turned earth.

Bikers win big case against traffic stop bias at Speed Week

Here's something we don't get to report too often. The good guys — that's us — have won one against Daytona City Hall. Considering the record of "us" versus "them," up to and including this year's ban on parts sales on Main Street, that's big news indeed.

What makes it even bigger is the fact that the case in question concerned the basic constitutional right of citizens to have equal protection under the law, regardless of their fraternal affiliations (that's club membership, Wrench) and mode of transportation.

The case involved a Bike Week traffic stop of a group of patchholders out on a run. Ignoring all the cagers flashing by, Daytona city cops pulled over the group of bikers without cause and subjected them to registration and license checks and equipment inspections.

In throwing out the 76 traffic citations bestowed upon the bikers, county Judge Patrick Kennedy called the cops' harassment of the motorcycle riders "an unreasonable detention."

"I'm happy as a clam," crowed defense attorney David C. Robinson. "For the judge to have denied the motion [to throw out the tickets] would have given the [Daytona city] police a license to stop everybody with beards and tattoos riding Harley-Davidsons."

Assistant City Attorney Greg McDole was less than thrilled by the verdict. The ruling, he complained, would make it easy for a "wanted criminal" to disguise himself as a biker and hide in a crowd of other bikers. Maybe we're getting old, but we can't seem to remember too many cases where the cops have rounded up everyone in the financial district to check for fugitives masquerading as businessmen.

Still, the idea has some potential. Imagine the scene on Wall Street if shock waves of SWAT team members stormed that bastion of business some day at lunchtime. All the biker-hating bankers and brokers would choke on their Nathan's hot dogs.

The Floyd Watch Stogies stinkin' up the joint

This installment of the Floyd Watch finds the Peerless Leader feuding about fumes with one of his fellow legislators.

According to the *Sacramento Bee*, Richard Floyd's habit of keeping the California Assembly chamber "bathed in the fragrance of cigar smoke" recently raised the ire of Assemblywoman Marian LaFollette. R-Northridge, who yanked open a window and demanded to know the status of a bill prohibiting smoking in the chamber. Though that bill is currently stalled in committee, Floyd indicated that he might ignore it even if it was passed by his fellow assemblymen.

"They are going to have to arrest me, because I am not going to stop," said the Hawthorne Democrat, who claims he acquired his taste for puffing on phallic-shaped objects when he was nine years old. "And if they do arrest me, they'll have to keep doing it day after day, and how long could that go on?"

Responded LaFollette: "That's fine; I'd just as soon have him arrested."

Welcome to the club, madame legislator. Welcome to the club.

Bike riders from 35 states, 3 provinces are represented at Atlanta convention

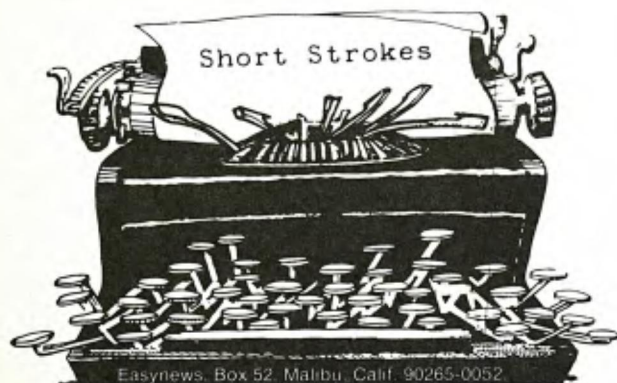
Over 175 motorcyclists from the United States and Canada recently gathered at the Atlanta, Georgia, Airport Hotel to attend the Second Annual National Coalition of Motorcyclists Convention. In honor of the occasion, Georgia Governor Joe Frank Harris officially proclaimed the month of May "Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Month." Also representing the state government was state Senator Max Brannon, who was the guest speaker at a Saturday night banquet. In his address, Brannon promised an enthusiastic audience of bikers his help in the ongoing battle to preserve freedom of choice.

At the confab, freedom fighters from 35 states and three Canadian provinces joined together to share their problems and solutions and to attend workshops on such issues as motorcycle safety and awareness, public relations, organizational training, insurance, wills, lobbying, discrimination against bikers, and the use of the courts. The attendees represented not only biker rights groups, but patchholder clubs, touring clubs, and competition-sponsoring groups. Despite their different interests, however, all the groups were unified in their passion for freedom of choice and freedom of the road.

After the closing session of the convention, most of those who had attended seemed to feel that they were leaving with a lot more information than they had arrived with. Energy levels were high as riders headed back home to try and use their newly acquired facts in the fight against the spread of anti-motorcycle legislation in their various states and provinces.

Buoyed by the success of the gathering, Richard M. Lester, founder of both NCOM and AIM (Aid to Injured Motorcyclists) was already hip-deep in planning for the third annual NCOM convention, which is scheduled for Los Angeles at a time to be determined later in the year.

For further information regarding AIM, NCOM, and the upcoming third annual convention, call Pepper Massey at (800) 531-2424 (outside California), (800) 235-2424 (California), or (800) 521-2425 (Canada).



Motorcycle-riding grunts aren't the only members of the Marine Corps feeling the heavy hand of the safety freaks who have been invading the military. At Camp Pendleton, California, Marines riding *bicycles* on base now have to wear reflective orange vests. Semper Fuck, as they say. . . The latest issue of Harley-Davidson's official magazine, *The Enthusiast*, contains a four-star review of the *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo. As Joe Bob Briggs would say, twist and shout and check it out. . . **On the good news front**, motorcycle rider and passenger fatalities *decreased* by four percent in 1986. The death rate for other vehicles (cages, boats, etc.) went up from one to five percent.

It happened at one of the public hearings on the California mandatory helmet bill. Eight bros rode up to the Capitol and jockeyed their Hogs into a single parking space — without a one of them bothering to feed the city's kitty. Along comes Ms. Meter Maid. Now let's see, which one should I write up? All of 'em? Fuck that shit, I ain't gonna wear my wrist out on this crummy job. Eventually, after circling the space three or four times with citation book in hand, she hopped back into her golf cart and drove off, looking for less eccentric scoff-laws. . . **A Tampa attorney** may unwittingly make it easier for Florida riders to finally get rid of The Lid. A victim of locking brakes on a ten-speed, lawyer Barry Cohen credits his "safety" helmet with saving his gourd after he was launched from his pedal-pusher. Now he's pushing the Tampa City Council to pass a mandatory helmet law for everyone riding bicycles or skateboards. We're all for it — can't think of a better way to create a whole new class of people willing to fight helmet laws.

Massachusetts has become the 25th state to pass a rider education bill. Under the measure, a Motorcycle Safety Fund will be established to pay for rider training, instructor training, public awareness, and license testing equipment. The fund is to be supported by a \$2 surcharge on scooter registrations and is expected to generate \$190,000 a year. The bill requires insurance firms doing business in Massachusetts to give graduates a ten percent discount. . . **And finally**. There are old bikers, there are bold bikers, and there are lucky, old, bold bikers. A 63-year-old scooter pilot was recently bombing down a Florida freeway when he made eye contact with a young redhead driving a cage in an adjoining lane. His admiring glance was returned, and the pair continued playing looky-looky until the gray-beard slammed his scooter into the back of a slow-moving cage. Up, up, and away over the cage he went, getting so excited by the flight that his pants came loose. Coming down in the classic bellyflop position, he landed flat and slid 200 feet on his brass biker belt buckle, which just happened to hit standing on end. Dusting himself off and looking around to see if the redhead had pulled over, the biker had only one (printable) comment: "I'm sure glad I don't wear suspenders."

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights On 24 hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ¹³	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes 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 15% must wear helmets. ¹³ Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Creative Cycles 1218 S. Alvernon, Tucson

ARKANSAS

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

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Armar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Francisco Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I. Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 688 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave.,
N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 1221 N. Main St. Unit 6, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Beck's Chopper Design & Fabrication 1292 E. 3rd, Pomona
Carlo's Custom MC Parts 2395 Monument Blvd., Bldg. H,
Concord
R.P.M. 1727 National City Blvd., National City
Bellflower Harley-Davidson 8846 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower

CANADA

Phantom Ranch 6815 104th Street, Edmonton, Alberta

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9005 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
MC Trading Post 200 N. Commercial, Trinidad
Rocky Mountain HD 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT

Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 481 Boulevard, New Haven

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market,
New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market,
Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H.D. Engineering, Inc. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Nostalgia Cycle of South Florida 1212 S. Dixie Hwy.,
Hollywood
Southside M/C Hawg Dept. 5612 S. Orange Ave., Orlando
Indian Gary's Rt. #2 Lot 24, Arcadia
Petry V-Twin Performance 5627 15th St. E #B-16, Brandenton

GEORGIA

Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna

Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogeechiee Rd., Savannah
Banshee Cycle 2507 N. Lumpkin Rd., Columbus
Hartman Cycles Rt. #5 Box 129, Canton

HAWAII

Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua
Smoking Scooter 74-5546 F Kaiwi St., Kailua Kona

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Naperville HD 25 W. Ogden Ave. #25, Naperville

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
Bryan's Speed & Custom MC 16611 County Rd. #38, Goshen

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 105 E. Euclid, Des Moines
Cyclepedia Corp. 1824 Dean Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS

Newton Cycle Shop & Leather 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
Rebel's MC Parts & Acc. 1511 Central Ave., Kansas City
Hog Barn Custom Cycle 118 E. 10th St., Great Bend

KENTUCKY

Pappy's Custom Cycles Box 425 Collins Hwy., Pikeville
LOUISIANA

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown
East Side Harley Salvage 2516 Sparrow Point Rd., Edgemere
Milwaukee Ghost 2037 Hollins Ferry Rd., Baltimore

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 8755 Inkster, Westland
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorcycles 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 538 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron

MINNESOTA

American M/C Supply Rt. 3 Box 396 S. Hwy. 65, Cambridge

MISSOURI

Custom MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Motorcycle Stuff 4312 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Pappy's Cycle 600 W. College, Springfield

MONTANA

Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA

Butterfields MC Parts 6025 Blondo, Omaha
D & T Cycle 1026 W. 1st Alliance

NEVADA

Show Bike Performance Center 1786 N. Nellis Blvd.,
Las Vegas

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Charley's Harley-Davidson 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Millville H.D. 1131 S. Second St., Millville

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants
Clean Tom's and Pia 3958 San Ygnacio SW, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Zack's V-Twin Cycles 511 Violet Ave., Hyde Park, NY

Superior MC Parts 3041 Hempstead Turnpike, Levittown
Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
Genuine Cycle Service 2946 Niagara Falls Blvd.,
N. Tonawanda
Shady Painter M/C Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Carolina Cycle 3704 Bragg Blvd., Fayetteville
HD of Goldsboro 1208 N. Berkeley, Goldsboro
Curly's HD Walkerstown Shopping Ctr., Walkerstown
Hawg Wild Rt. #2 Box 463 A, Hubert

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson, Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Don's Custom Cycle 7025 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati
Jim Bailey, Mowrytown
The Barn 2731 Pan Handle Rd., Lynchburg
Stroker's Inc. 3910 Cleveland Ave., Columbus

OKLAHOMA

The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA

Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Cycledelic Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
CJ's Scooter Shak 399 W. Chestnut St., Washington
Spirit Harley-Davidson 1023 William Flynn Hwy., Glenshaw
Schoch's Inc. Rd. 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg
Nasty Cycle Repair Rd. #4 Box 184, Slippery Rock
Cycle World Rd. #2 Burns Ave., Altoona
Beshore Cycle Co., Rd. 5 Strinestown, York

SOUTH CAROLINA

Doug's H-D 2790 Pamplico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
Country's H-D Inc. 1093 Albright Rd., Rockhill
Southern Scooter Supply 2985 1/2 Hwy. 170, Beaufort

TENNESSEE

Pappy's Custom Motorcycles 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Harleys Only 1264 W. Arkansas Ave., Arlington
Southern Motorcycle 1710 Aldine Mall Rt., Houston

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd.,
Newport News
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Mountain Cycle Box 922 Rt. 11 No., Verona

WASHINGTON

Bear's Bike Barn 13919 NE 78th Street, Vancouver

WEST VIRGINIA

Custom Classic, Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne
Spider's Cycle City Box 357, Rt. 16-N, Bradley
HD of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave. SW, South
Charleston

Hillbilly H-D 1211 Harrison Ave., Elkins

WISCONSIN

Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales Rt. 3 Box 127 B, New Richmond
The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior
Total Performance Engineering 1210 12th St., Hudson
H-D of Green Bay 727 Memorial Dr., Green Bay

Passin' Gas

Face it — everybody can use a good laugh now and then. That ain't to say yer gonna find one on these pages, but whatdafuck, we hadda fill the space somehow, and yer at least bound to run into a gut-grabbin' groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Think ya can do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!) and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 in hard, American cash for every knee-slappin' newie or moldy oldie that we print. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

A gentleman, upon boarding his plane for his flight to Chicago, found himself seated beside the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. A conversation began between the two, and she revealed that she held a doctorate degree in Anthropology, and that she had studied all over the world. She told the gentleman that her studies revealed that the American Indians had the largest penises, and that the Jews were the world's best lovers.

As they fastened their seat belts prior to landing at Chicago, the gorgeous woman stated, "We have talked all the way here, and I don't even know your name. What is your name?"

The gentleman replied, "Tonto Horowitz."

—Rob Johns
Randallstown, Md.

A biker and his ol' lady were walking down Main Street when she spotted a beautiful diamond ring in a jewelry store window. "Wow, I'd sure love to have that!" she gushed.

"No problem, baby," the biker said, throwing a brick through the glass and grabbing the ring.

A few blocks later, his ol' lady was admiring a full-length sable coat in a furrier's window. "What I'd give to own that!" she exclaimed.

"Sure thing, baby," the biker said, throwing another brick through the window and snatching the coat.

Finally, turning home, they passed a Rolls-Royce car dealership. "Boy, I'd do anything for one of those!" she said to her ol' man.

"Jeez, baby," the biker moaned. "D'ya think I'm made of bricks?"

—Greg LeMay
Waupun, Wis.

A skydiver jumps at 12,000 feet from the plane. Upon pullin' his ripcord, he finds that his chute doesn't open. Gettin' really nervous, he yanks the cord on his emergency chute. Again, nothin' happens. Needless to say, he knows his number is up.

As he's lookin' down, he's astonished to see a biker flyin' straight up toward him from the ground. Thinkin' fast, he hollers at the biker, "Hey! Do you know anything about parachutes?"

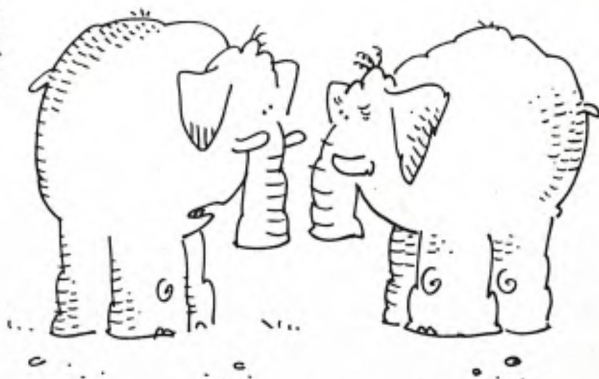
"No, man," replies the biker, whizzin' by. "Do you know anything about gas stoves?"

—Lou Saracina
Slidell, La.

What's the quickest way to a chick's heart?

Straight through the rib cage.
—Timothy O. Duke
Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

Easyriders



"I'm sorry, but once you get a blowjob from a giraffe, you lose interest in all other sex!"

A small boy was standing at a bus stop with a large basket. A few minutes passed, and a bus pulled up and stopped, letting the boy on. When the kid found an empty seat, he placed the large basket above in the overhead luggage rack and sat down next to an older man reading a newspaper.

About a mile down the road, the older man felt a drop of something hit his forehead, and it ran down the side of his nose and into his mouth. The man stuck out his tongue to get a better taste as another drop splashed on his head. He licked at it, trying to figure out what it tasted like. Undecidedly, he turned to the little boy and asked, "Pickles?"

"No," the boy replied. "Puppies."

—Charles Bell
Huntsville, Tex.

Why do you see Mary Lou Retton with a big smile on her face on the front of a box of Wheaties?

Because she knows what the big boys eat.

—Big G
Ronan, Mont.

The biker took a solo trip to Mexico until things cooled down in the States. While he was there, he took in a bullfight and really enjoyed the country's traditional sport.

After the bullfight, he had the munchies, so he went into a little diner right next to the stadium. While he was eating his *carne asada*, the biker noticed the guy next to him was chowin' down on two of the biggest and juiciest-lookin' meatballs he'd ever seen. Interested, he called the waiter over.

"Sí, señor?" the waiter asked. "What's that stuff over there called? Looks great."

"Ah, señor, that is the Bullfight Special — we serve it after each fight is finished next door. Would you like to request the next available order of this fabulous dish?"

The biker said he sure as hell would, and he sat drinkin' beer after beer while waiting anxiously for the delicacy to be prepared. Finally, the waiter arrived from the kitchen and placed his order of Bullfight Special in front of him.

The biker took one look at the plate and almost dropped his fork and knife at what he saw — two little shriveled-up meatballs, not at all like the other customer's big, juicy ones that he'd seen earlier.

"What the fuck is this?" he screamed at the waiter.

"Ah, but señor," the waiter explained. "The bull, he does not always lose."

—Deadly Doc
Florence, Ariz.

Easyriders



"My wife and I are currently separated — I'm here, and she's at home with the kids."

A biker walked into the doctor's office for an appointment. "Would you like to tell me your problem?" the pretty receptionist asked. "I'll need the information for the doctor."

"It's rather embarrassing," the bro stammered. "You see, I have a very large and almost constant hard-on."

"Well, the doctor is very busy today," the receptionist cooed, "but maybe I can squeeze you in."

—Snowman
Thompson, Utah

The bro was putting up a stud notice for his 15-year-old German Shepherd when a groupie wiggled up behind him.

"A stud, huh?" she said. "Ain't he a little old?"

"Naw. Used to have some trouble, but the vet gave him some pills. Hell, I can't even keep him in the yard now."

"Gee, what was in those pills?"

"Damn if I know," the bro said, "but it tastes kinda like peppermint."

—J.D. Mallory
Tucson, Ariz.

Easyriders



"Only a gringo would lift a leg on a cactus."

A married couple and a single man were marooned on an island that contained little vegetation except one enormous palm tree. The men took turns climbing the tree to scan the horizon for possible rescuers. After three months of isolation, the single man was horny as hell, and although the woman wanted him, too, there was little chance for privacy. While manning his perch atop the tree one day, the single man came up with an idea.

"Hey, you two," he shouted down. "Stop that fucking!"

The married man was bewildered, since he and his wife were sitting ten feet apart. The next day, the married man climbed the tree. After searching the sea for ships, he looked down at the figures directly below him.

"Well, I'll be damned," he muttered. "It really does look like they're fucking!"

—G.L.M.
Somewhere

A young man addicted to stick-in'er, could always be found with his dick in'er. He tried cunnilingus, but found that his dingus was neglected while he was lick-in'er.

—Doc
APO Miami

Eddie, the cheatin' gambler, was in a hot game of craps. The pot was enormous, and Eddie shook the dice, rolled 'em, and as luck would have it, a third die slipped out of his sleeve and fell on the table alongside the other two.

No one said a word until Mad Mike, the toughest dude in the city, picked up the third die, slipped it into his pocket, and handed Eddie the other two.

"Roll 'em," he said, grinnin'.

"Your point is fourteen."

—Halfbreed
Green Bay, Wis.

Easyriders



"How many times have I told you not to chew on the lamp cord?"

Easyriders



"Mom, does Dad love you, or does he just like big tits?"

"It's just too hot to wear clothes today," sniveled the biker to his ol' lady as he stepped outta the shower. "Whaddaya think the neighbors would say if I mowed the lawn like this?"

His ol' lady glanced over at his naked body and said, "Probably that I married you for your Harley."

—Squire
Tenn. Colony, Tex.

A woman went to a clinic for artificial insemination. When she got there, she was shocked to see the staff physician walking around without his pants on.

"Doctor, what's the meaning of this outrage?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, madam," he answered curtly, "but we're out of the bottled stuff today. You'll have to settle for draft."

—Big Jack
Montreal, Canada

One night at supper, Jimmy's parents asked him what he wanted for his birthday, which was coming up soon.

Jimmy thought for a long while and finally declared, "I wanna watch!"

They let him.

—C.R.B.
America

My ol' lady fell down the side of a hill and through a briar patch a while back and cut herself up pretty bad — cut herself just about everywhere. We rushed her to the hospital, and the doc said they'd have to do a skin graft, but the ol' lady didn't have much skin left to graft from. So loving the ol' lady dearly, I donated the skin. Now I can't say where they got the skin, or show ya, but I couldn't sit down for two weeks. The day finally came for the bandages to come off. They sat her in front of a mirror, and when she got a look at herself, she couldn't believe how good she looked. She said to me, "How can I ever thank you, how can I ever possibly thank you?"

I told the ol' lady, "Hon, when your mother comes to visit and kisses you on the cheek, that'll be thanks enough for me."

—Chips
Hastings, Neb.

Easyriders



A young city boy was taken for a school trip to the countryside with the rest of the class. He was shown around a farm and excitedly took in everything he saw. After a long day, he came home to his parents, who asked him what he had seen and done.

"Gosh, Mom, it was great," he said, still brimming with excitement. "There were all kinds of things I'd never seen before. There were tall things called trees and grass and hills, and then we went down to the farm."

"And what did you see there?" they asked.

"Lots of animals," he replied. "There were pigs, sheep, fuckers, horses — all sorts." The boy was gabbing away so happily that his parents hardly dared to interrupt, but finally his father did.

"Look, pigs, sheep, and horses I know about," he said. "But I don't think I've ever heard of a farm animal called a fucker. What are they, exactly?"

"Well," said the boy thoughtfully, "the teacher called them 'effers, but we all knew what she meant."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

Billie May



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BONUS FREE CATALOG



E·A·S·I·L·Y S·P·O·K·E·N

BY R. H. STROM

Frank glided the low-slung Sportster into the parking lot, keying off the ignition and coasting the last twenty feet. Remaining seated, he drew a smoke out of his jacket pocket. He pulled deeply on the filterless cigarette and let his eyes idle back and forth behind the dark sunglasses.

Fifteen minutes before starting time — the loading ramps leading into the shipping-receiving department were quiet. Soon it would be as busy as a hive of pissed-off hornets.

"What the hell," Frank said aloud. "The pay is right and I needed the break."

His mind wandered back to seven months ago, to the day he walked from the joint after a four-year stretch. No one to meet him, no one to look up. Frank let another draught of smoke hiss slowly from his nose and mouth, mentally backtracking on the different places he had lived, the gigs he had worked, and the shallow relationships he had had. When it came down to brass tacks, Frank had Frank to answer to, to depend on. And he preferred it that way.

A lot of bros out of the joint would walk fairly clean if luck was with them. But trying to convince the Man that you won't rip him off, jack him around, or steal his woman isn't always easy. Not without dropping your pride. Sometimes that's all you've got, the one thing you can't give up. Most bros go back to the fast dollar. A lot of bros go back to the joint, too.

But Frank had met Gene, the dock supervisor, over a pool table and a brew. Frank kept his own company best, but didn't shun occasional conversation. Gene was an older guy, paunchy and flat-topped, but he obviously knew a lot about scooters. Frank subconsciously glanced at the dresser next to his scoot, giving substance to his remembered first meeting with Gene.

Conversation had led to a job offer. Frank had coasted on the idea a couple of days. He fought between needing the job and feeling indebted for the favor. He didn't want Gene to think him too eager.

"Son of a bitch'll have me jumpin' like a fuckin' rookie," Frank had thought with a tight grin.

Gene had escorted Frank through the hiring formalities. It was obvious that much of the paperwork had already been done.

"Cocky bastard," Frank had said to Gene's grinning face.

"Shit, man. The paramedics took Gene away. He had a heart attack."

"Hell of an hourly to turn down," Gene said.

Frank thought to himself, "Go ahead, say it: 'Especially where you just came from.'"

Gene looked at Frank. He saw a young man who had been walking a tightwire for years. Frank's senses had a fine-honed

edge, taking in everything. Gene knew he had a smart one, that blend between fast intellect and raw instinct. Gene properly read Frank's mood.

"Frank, don't think for a minute that you owe me personally. I wouldn't hold that over any man's head. Just give me eight for eight. While you can," he said.

The heat from the cigarette in Frank's fingers registered in his brain, snapping him back to the moment. He flicked the butt upward and out, trailing a shower of sparks. He could see Gene pacing the dock, the usual cup of coffee in his hand.

Frank's attention became riveted on the car approaching quickly through the parking lot. As it began to turn into a slot, the dark hair of a woman was visible. From a distance, their eyes seemed to lock. With a quick maneuver, she backed up and moved the sleek car to a parking place across from where Frank still leaned against his scooter.

"Her name is Teresa, man. No touch there, compadre," Manny, one of the dock apes, had

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informed him.

Usually she came and went with some suit, parking up by the fountain and the tiered glass facade of the firm's front offices. The suit was some high-level exec, who usually looked like he had been shitting bricks. Uptight, man.

Occasionally, Teresa came into the back to shuffle papers with Gene. The times she saw Frank watching, she would exaggerate her walk. Flaunt it.

"Yeah, you look good, baby," Frank would say under his breath, enjoying the sight of her tight-dressed stroll.

Frank watched her long legs extend from the cage. Gracefully, she was upright and moving in Frank's direction, toward the stairs.

"Morning," Frank said, lowering his sunglasses from the bridge of his nose.

"Oh, hi," the woman said, feigning distraction. Her long black hair flowed back in full waves. Large, dark eyes were set above high mestizo cheekbones. Full lips gave her a petulant look, the slightly arched brow spelling out "Bitch."

"Frank, isn't it?"

"Right," Frank responded, casually moving a comb through his own dark, shoulder-length hair.

Teresa stared at him, momentarily caught off guard, expecting him to say more. Recovering, her eyes appraised him openly. He ran the comb through his neatly trimmed beard, while Teresa's eyes took in four years of lifting weights and working at the bags.

"Nice day," Teresa said. "See you around. . . Frank."

She moved toward the building, her tight dress hugging her curves. Frank appreciated the long, muscular legs plunging up into the dress, and the musical sway of the woman's hips and ass.

At the top of the stairs, Teresa paused long enough to glance back to ensure that he was watching. Frank nodded slightly. She smiled, then continued her rhythmic walk through the door.

He would've liked to get into some of that, but it had never been his style to chase women. He had always just sat back and let it happen if it was going to. His odds had always been high.

"Mornin', Frankie," Gene broke Frank's stare with a grin, moving towards him with an easy roll of his head in Teresa's direction.

"Prime stuff."

"Hey, Gene," Frank returned, his trance broken. "Yeah, a lot of flash."

Gene's voice quieted, "Women like that know the depths of a man's billfold and of his soul. She is a nice enough gal on a person-to-person level, but damn if she isn't like a barracuda striking at shiny objects."

"No sweat, Gene," Frank said, leaving further remarks hanging.

Gene looked at Frank. He would probably strike back faster than the barracuda, Gene thought.

You can't tell the young to steer clear of trouble, he thought.

Hell, not when trouble comes in a tight skirt.

The days went fast for Frank. He worked fast and hard, making the heavy lifting and moving around into a workout. He began to catch on that Gene was starting to show him the ropes of running the area. Frank reckoned Gene would let him know why soon enough.

Frank was working up a sweat. He and Manny were throwing a shipment due out in forty-five minutes. Manny had been kind of lax when Frank first started, but he'd quickly gotten into a rivalry with Frank. But they got on halfway decently, with Manny flapping his jaw and Frank filtering through the mountains of bullshit.

"Yo, Cronin! Relieve Frank," Gene shouted across the large area. "Hey, Frank, I need your presence!"

Frank walked over to Gene, undoing his headband and wiping sweat from his face.

"Yeah, Gene?"

"Sit, Frank," Gene said. "Good work here doesn't go unnoticed. You've helped me weed out the culls just by busting ass. Some can cut it, some can't. Hell, even Manny has turned around. There's going to be some reorganization in the department. We're expanding. I'm going to offer Manny a lead position on day."

Frank remained poker-faced. His mind worked quickly. What was Gene throwing this shit in his face for? Seniority or not, Frank knew he was twice the worker Manny would ever be. Whatdafuck?

Gene waited for a moment, watching Frank's face for any movement, although he really didn't expect any. He leaned back and swung his feet up onto the steel desk.

"We're going to two shifts," He paused, "I'm offering you the second shift super. Same pay as I get, half again as much as you're making now. Of course, I get a slight boost, too."

Frank registered response by slightly arching his brow.

Gene continued, "Think on it a few days. Beer time Friday, let me know. Send Manny my way."

"Okay, Gene," Frank said, tapping the water cooler before

returning to work.

Nights weren't bad. It was pretty low-key, and besides, it left days to do winter wrenchin' on his scooter, and he could still catch the bars after his shift. His bankroll was getting fat, and he envisioned a carefree summer, taking off in late spring and heading wherever his head and his bike took him. Like times before, he would come to rest somewhere. Maybe the coast, where riding weather was best.

Frank wheeled the beater VW into the parking lot. Glancing up at

area was kept very clean, and its stark concrete floors and walls clashed with the carpeted halls in front.

Amelia responded to Frank's approach to the counter by rising up quickly on her crutches, the kind that are supported by the forearm.

"They tell me you helped Gene," Frank said.

She blushed.

"It felt automatic. I just hope someone would do the same for me," Amelia responded quietly.

"I guess Hogan wants to see

Hogan stopped him.

"I got my ass shot off in the Mekong, too."

Frank nodded and continued out the door.

"Doesn't surprise me," he said to himself.

Gene was made of cast iron, but the quack said that he couldn't work for four to six months. Frank settled into the days, but he missed the physical work. The papers all began to look the same.

Changes brought in a computer console. Frank wasn't intimidated, but he wasn't big on the idea,

"Teresa was on her hands and knees on the sofa, her bare ass pumping, glowing white-hot in Frank's hands."

the docks, he sensed something wrong. Instead of having his usual smoke, he headed straight up.

"Whoa, Frank, you're getting to be a dedicated muthafucker. It's still ten minutes early," he said to himself.

Frank froze as he saw Manny moving toward him, fast.

"Shit, man. The paramedics took Gene away. He had a heart attack."

"Son of a bitch!" Frank muttered.

"He was working some papers with Amelia, that gimp from up front, and he went down on the ground like he was having a huge cramp. You should have seen that crip in action. She dropped her crutches and went for it, yelling at someone to call the paramedics, and beating on Gene's chest. They say she may have saved his life."

Frank glared briefly at Manny's choice of words, calling the woman with the messed-up legs a "crip" and a "gimp." The woman used short crutches to get around. True, it was hard to see past the handicap, but Frank had noticed that Amelia always had a smile and a good word for everyone.

Manny continued, "The front office wants to see you right away."

Frank headed toward the front offices. The shipping-receiving

me?"

The next day Frank found himself in the cat seat, temporarily in Gene's position. Gene must have really pumped him up good. Vern Hogan, the production boss, had offered Frank the position with very few questions.

"Vietnam vet: Navy SEAL Team, well decorated, two Purple Hearts." He shuffled the personnel folder. "Ex-con, four years in Cristero State Prison."

Hogan glanced up at Frank. Frank knew he was being measured. Hogan looked, Frank thought idly, out of place in the collar and tie.

Hogan began again, "Gene's down. We're all aware of that. You're his right-hand man. You know the job. The company needs you on days. Gene's pay, of course."

Frank knew that there was no time for decision-making. Besides, Gene would want him to keep it together.

"Right. Finish my shift?"

"No. Cut now," Hogan said.

He quickly scribbled some info onto a notepad. He ripped it off and handed it to Frank. The hospital name where they had taken Gene was scrawled out. So was Hogan's phone number.

Frank moved toward the door.

either. Amelia spent a lot of time setting up the data and showing Frank what he would need to know. She came around every day to do most of the heavy data entry work.

Amelia was almost pretty. Her attitude was always sunny. Frank found himself enjoying her presence and turned a deaf ear to the jokes on the dock about "doing a cripple."

Amelia's vivid green eyes sparkled when she found out about Frank's bike.

"When I was a kid, my uncle had a bike. I used to love going for rides with him, feeling the wind and the world rush past my body."

Frank gazed at the woman. Slowly he measured his words.

"Would you like to ride again, Amelia?"

Amelia glanced down at her legs. A quick mist seemed to cloud over her eyes, then disappear again. Her head straightened, the pride back.

"Do I have to answer now?" she asked.

She looked at Frank and wondered about this quiet, serious biker. She tried to fathom what sadnesses he kept locked inside. Such a contrast between herself and him. Everything he was, she was not. She wondered whether

E·A·S·I·L·Y S·P·O·K·E·N



he shared in the jokes that she sometimes overheard about her handicap. But curiosity attracted her, and she found him compelling as a man.

"No," was his simple answer.

Early spring brought those days sunny enough for some road trials. The cold bite on the skin and the forced inhale of rushing wind stirred wanderlust deep within Frank. His face relaxed into a rare smile.

Damn, it felt good to ride again.

Amelia finally tagged him on a Friday.

"If it's nice tomorrow, I'd like to take you up on that ride."

Frank looked at her. He was accustomed to choosing the time. But something about Amelia. . .

"Yeah. That can be arranged."

"Let me know where you live, and. . ."

"No, I'll come and get you."

Saturday brought a clear day, and Frank easily found Amelia's. The ride was good, pushing the Sportster through the rolling country roads.

Amelia was quiet and clung warmly to Frank. Maybe he had

thought her less a woman because of her handicap, but the warm softness pushing against his back left no doubt.

Nearly back to town, she surprised Frank.

"I want to see where you live, Frank."

"Pretty damn humble place. I keep things simple."

Frank was uneasy about the feelings building inside for this woman. There was a lot about her that he wanted to protect. He felt too easy around her. But love was foreign to him; if he had ever felt it, he sure as hell had never copped to it.

Frank sat back with a beer and a reefer while Amelia hustled up a light meal with the meager fixin's in Frank's icebox. The rock music from the second-hand box pulsed in Frank's brain.

The food went down quickly, and they sat around talking afterwards. Frank realized that Amelia had him talking at length about himself. His past, where he'd been, what he'd seen.

"Amelia, I have to ask. What is wrong with your legs?" Frank asked gently.

Amelia smiled. "Leukemia. I've had bone marrow transplants and some grafting. You learn to ignore the odds after a while."

On impulse, Frank reached across the short, tattered sofa, pulled her gently towards him, and held her against his chest.

She looked up, her face framed by short brown hair.

"Men usually back off in a hurry. I'm still a woman."

Frank kissed her.

She was first to stand up, without her crutches, pulling him after her into the bedroom.

Frank undressed her slowly, admiring the slender, well-proportioned body that had stayed hidden by plain clothes. There were long incision scars

down the length of both lower legs, but it wasn't a turnoff. Just as slowly, she undressed him, lightly caressing the scars of what had been life-threatening wounds. The sex was passionate and lingering. Frank marveled at how many times he could get it up and plow into Amelia again and again.

She slept. He lay smoking in the dark.

"Hell, yes, you're still a woman," he whispered.

She stirred lightly, a half-smile on her face. Frank butted the smoke and moved next to her. Usually he'd be leaving the bed now, climbing on his scooter for a pre-dawn run. But that morning was different.

"Hey, the word's out, Frank. Was she able to move her legs, or did you just prop her up and drill her?" Big Cronin snickered, with some of the other dock apes laughing and talking shit.

Without warning, Frank hit Cronin with a sharp left at the belt-line. He paused long enough to meet Cronin eye to eye — Cronin's eyes in pain and wonder, Frank's throwing a million looks of anger in response. Frank's right came like lightning under Cronin's chin in a short, clipping blow. Cronin went down hard, with Frank's lean frame flexed in challenge to any other takers. They backed off, Cronin spitting and mumbling apologies.

The tension mellowed back down after a week. If anything, the guys knew they were dealing with a tough sonuvabitch.

Mid-summer came in a hurry. Frank was seeing Amelia a lot. Often, she was at work only part of the day; the medical trips were never-ending. She told Frank that she was going to take some time off and go upstate to her folks'. Her spirits seemed dim the night Frank saw her off. She hovered before leaving, studying Frank's face, searching for something that Frank couldn't say. The bus finally pulled out, Amelia's face staring out the window. Frank read her lips.

"I love you," they said.

Frank felt trapped in time, afraid of the moment. Words were trying to scrape up his throat. The scene

seemed to be magnified under the luminescent street lights. His finger pointed to his chest, paused, then slowly pointed to her. He saw her smile and lean her head back. Frank stood for a long time.

More than a week went by quickly. Frank kept expecting a call or a letter but refused to wait for one.

The bar was quiet, and Frank was putting down the brews. Easier not to do any serious thinking right now, he thought. The low whistle from the bartender brought Frank's attention to the door. Of all people, Teresa strolled in.

Frank's jeans tightened as he watched the seductive bitch moving straight for him.

"Buy a lady a drink?" Teresa asked.

Her tight dress rode high up her thighs as she climbed on the stool next to Frank. She made no move to pull it down, smiling at Frank as the bartender broke his ass getting over to her.

"White wine?" Frank asked with a sarcastic voice.

She raised her brow at Frank, but nodded to the barkeep.

"Where's your man, Teresa?"

"I choose what company I keep. If you mean Jeff, he's indisposed."

Frank was getting horny as hell being near Teresa. She even smelled like lust — a heady perfume that kept intensifying.

"Let's go." Frank stood up. "You follow me in your car."

Teresa pretended surprise.

"But we don't really know each other," she said, placing her hand at Frank's waist.

Frank moved her up with his hand, prompting her out the door. Just outside, she pushed her back-

side up against him, letting him walk her to her car that way. Frank had to fight for control not to jump her bones on the spot.

"Follow," his voice rasped.

They were barely in Frank's door before their clothes were off. But the ride back had had a cooling effect on Frank's mind. Not Teresa's — her black hair hung long down her tawny back, her nostrils flaring. Warming up was a state of mind played over the last few months of suggestive looks. Teresa was ready.

Teresa was on her hands and knees on the sofa, her bare ass pumping, glowing white-hot in Frank's hands. He felt like he was looking down a tunnel, his hands disconnected from his mind. Abruptly, he stopped in midstroke.

"Damn!" he said, backing off.

"Get out, Teresa. Just get the fuck out."

Teresa stepped up off the sofa, her flushed face changing into a smirk.

Frank stood tall, not humbled, still erect, but like ice.

Ice. Teresa's smirk froze and was gone as she quickly slid into her dress. She thought of running her tongue, but one cautious glance at Frank's iron stance, and she was quickly on the street.

"Shit," Frank grimaced as his face hit the cold water.

His movements were rapid as he strapped his roll to his scooter, then threw the garage door up, flicking his smoke in a spray of sparks. The Sportster roared in the tight space, then lulled into a throaty purr as he moved out.

The upstate town split the morning sunrise. Frank rubbed the road out of his eyes, quickly flipping the

telephone book for Amelia's parents.

"Amelia, please."

"Who is this?" the voice sounded thin, sleepy.

"A friend. Name's Frank."

Muffled conversation, then, "Amelia is in Claremont Hospital."

"Frank?" the voice cracked. "She told us about you. Thanks."

The line went flat. Frank felt an inner sense to hurry. Finding the hospital was easy; talking his way past the duty nurse was not. Maybe there was something in Frank's eyes that spoke to the nurse of things best left unsaid. Finally, she placed her index finger to her lips, then hurried down the hall, with Frank close behind. Her right hand motioned to an open door as she continued walking. Frank slid into the room, the stark walls softened by the glow of early morning. Amelia lay there.

Frank sat on the bed and lightly stroked her forehead. Subtle movement, and her face colored slightly.

"Frank," her voice came out of the depths, her lids lifted.

Her hand found his. She smiled, and she was gone. He sat with his free hand still tracing her face.

"Goodbye, Amelia."

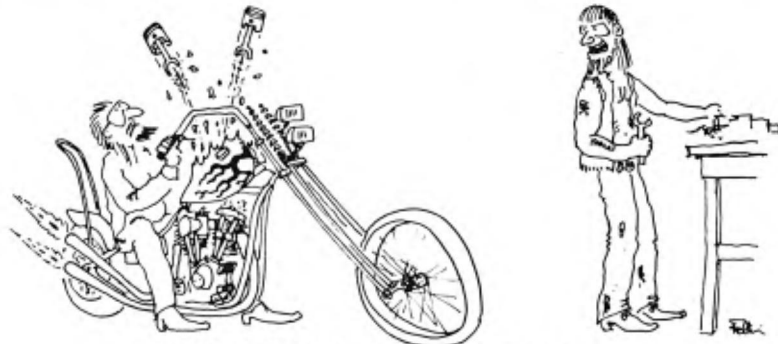
The same nurse nodded from behind the counter and grabbed for a chart. She pivoted, then hesitated, as if remembering. She handed Frank an envelope, ready to be mailed. To Frank. A letter that he read over and over again, holed up in the motel room, until it was etched in his mind. She had taken, but she had given so much. And for once, Frank knew that he had, too.

Frank remembered his plans to spend the summer drifting, riding hard. Summer was only half over. He called the company, quit, and left a general delivery on the coast to have his closing pay forwarded.

From behind his dark glasses, the dozen roses seemed to cascade slowly from his hands onto the fresh grave.

"Damn," Frank said, kicking the Sportster over.

He hit the freeway hard, fast, turning his head slightly to the side, blinking hard to clear his eyes. ■



"Tightenin' things with them fingers again, eh?"

IN THE WIND



—from Charlie Babcock, Anchorage, Alaska

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.

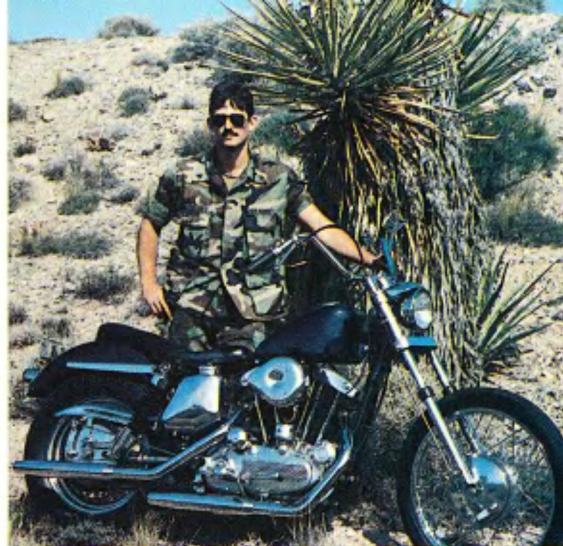
—from D.J. Drovillard, Baltimore, Md.

—from Charlie Babcock, Anchorage, Alaska

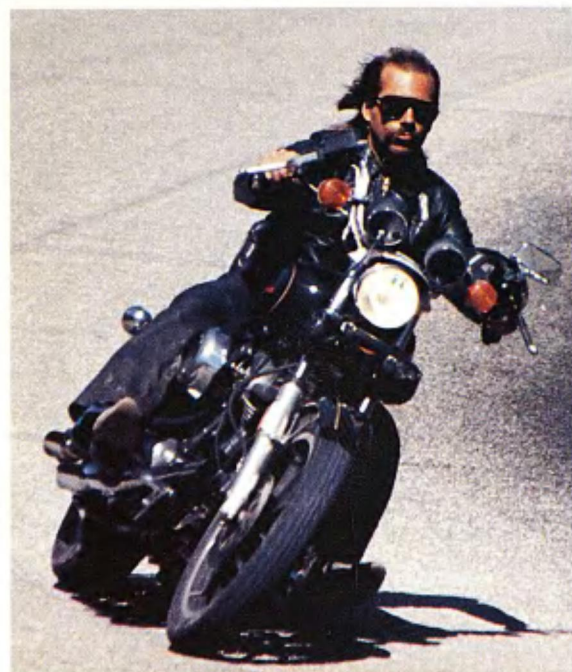




—from The Lady, Page, Ariz.



—from Robert Molay, Indian Springs, Nev.

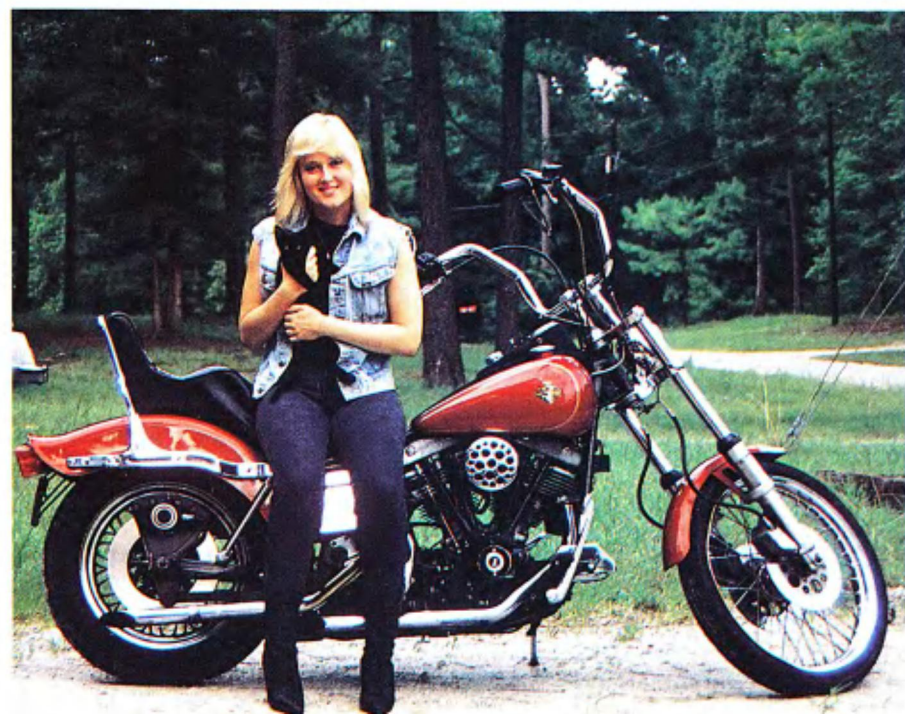


—from Jeff Wall, Blaine, Minn.



—from Kelly Jessee, Alliance, Neb.

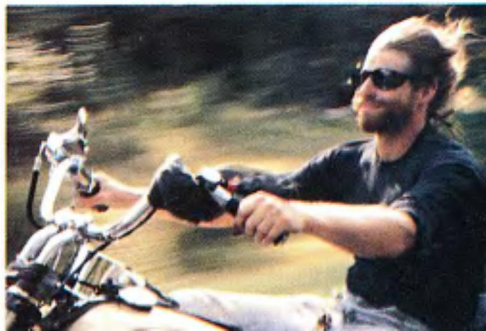
—from R. Vaags, Madetswil, Switzerland



—from John Villius, Richmond Hill, N.Y.



—from Beast, Charleston, S.C.





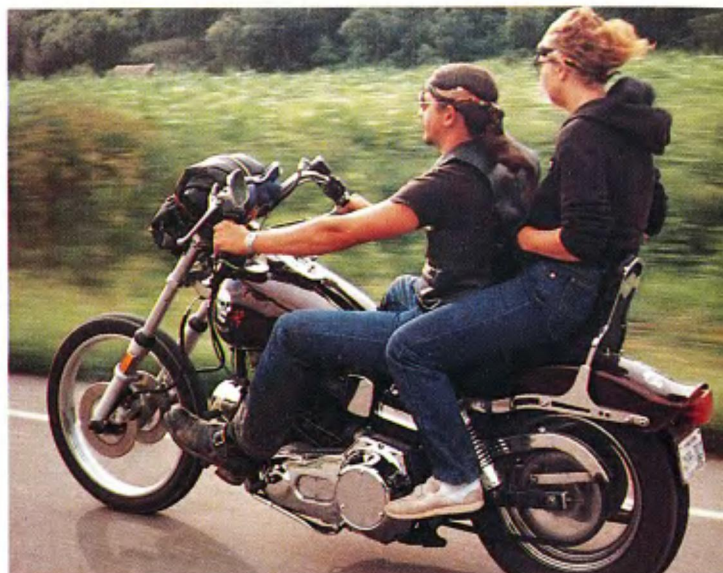
—from Don Bok, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from Don Bok, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from Wilson Pecanha, Pavuna, Brazil



—from Dan Mithun, Northfield, Minn.



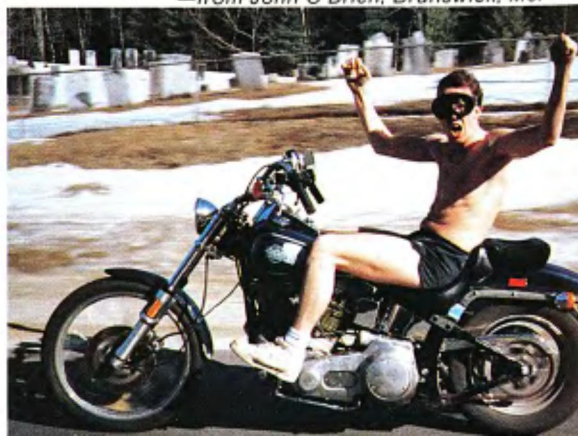
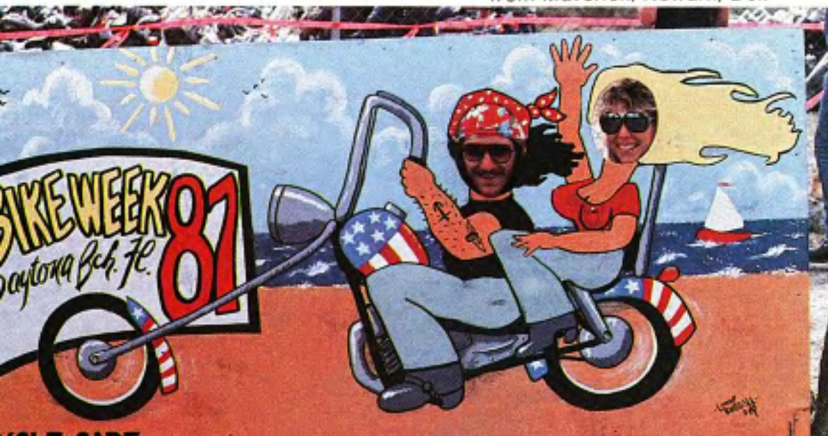
—from N.C. Pemberton, Rockville, Md.



—from Arne Kjell Larson, Trondheim, Norway

—from Maverick, Newark, Del.

—from John O'Brien, Brunswick, Me.





—from Pee Wee, San Pedro, Calif.



—from Denise Passaretti, Newton, Mass.

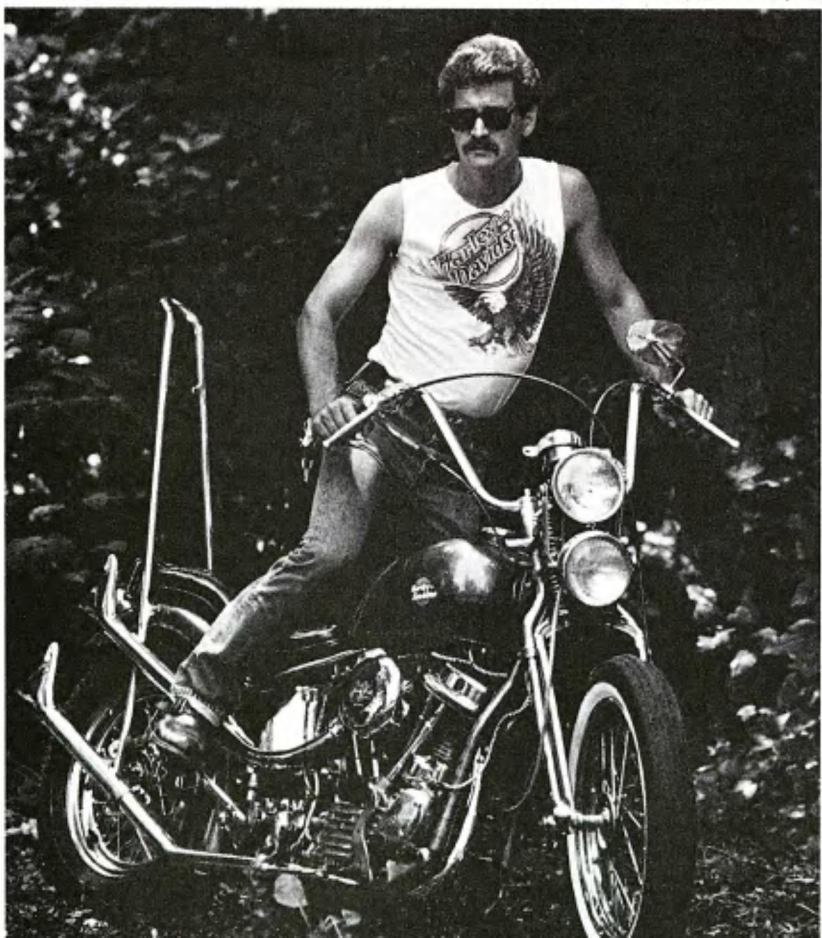


—from Chain and Kate, Rosholt, Wis.

—from Sher Bear, Herndon, Va.

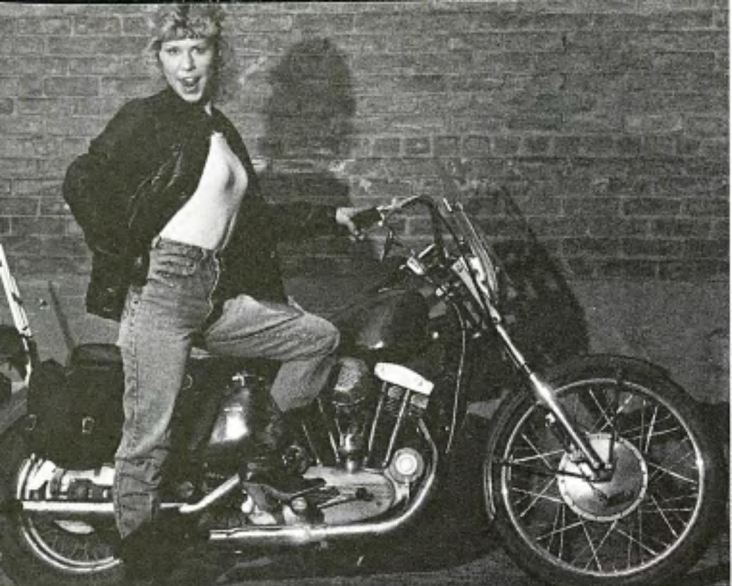


—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.



—from Brad Hurt, Carmi, Ill.





—from Rick Floding, Detroit Lakes, Minn.



—from Angelo Mercure, San Diego, Calif.



—from Coffin, Rahway, N.J.



—from Mary Ann Wilkins, Topeka, Kan.



—from S.S., Van Nuys, Calif.

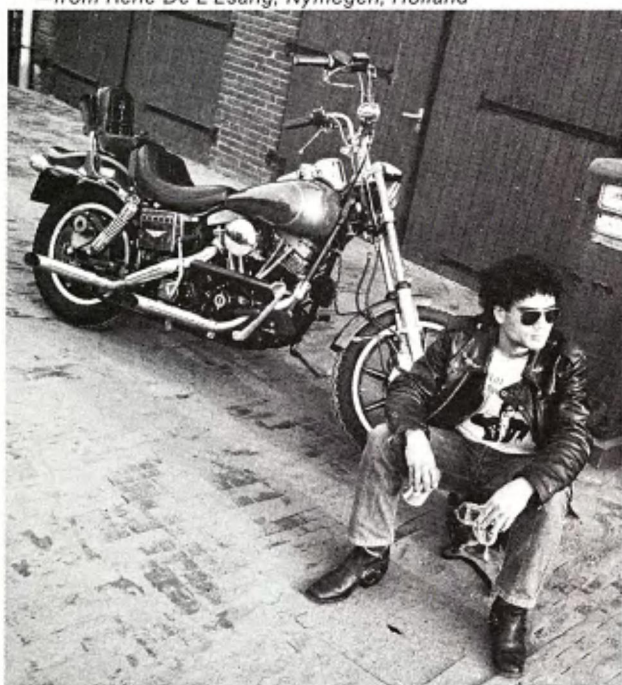




—from René De L'Esang, Nymegen, Holland



—from Scooter, Putt Bros. M/C, Denver, Colo.



—from Prong, Berkeley, Calif.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Jim Thorn, San Bernardino, Calif.



RODEO REALLY GETTING HOT

After weeks of spring flowers, April showers, and a lot of hard truckin', the EASYRIDERS Rodeo runs into summer and adds a sizzlin' new attraction.



Where the hell did we leave off last month? Shit, I can't remember where I was yesterday, let alone last month. I think we were followin' the white line to Phoenix. As it turned out, our Arizona stop inaugurated the "summer season" for the EASYRIDERS Motorcycle Rodeo. The ambient temperature was in the 90s, and the heat generated by the competitors was about 40 degrees above that. If I didn't know better (an' I don't), I'd guess some of the good ol' boys in these events are tryin' to sandbag their opponents by playin' hooky from work and practicing hard the week before.

Heading west from Injun country, we circled our wagons in Paso Robles, California, a few hundred miles from our hometown, where we were greeted by a large contingent of Harley-mounted Marines from San Diego's Camp Pendleton and some great news from the home office — we're startin' a BIKE SHOW!

That's right, not content with givin' you a chance to profile your ridin' skills, we're now gonna give ya a chance to test your scooter's style and class against the rest of the hot Har-

leys in your area with the EASYRIDERS Motorcycle Rodeo Ride-In Bike Show.

The bike show will take place in the parking lot of each rodeo site between 9 a.m. and noon on rodeo day. An entry fee of \$5 per bike will be charged to keep out the riffraff, and prize money will be \$50 for first in show, \$30 for second, and \$20 for third, as well as first, second, and third trophy buckles. All entry fees collected in excess of the prize money will be donated to charity — this one's for fun, not bucks. Best of all, the judging will be by the public. The more bros you bring with ya, the better your chance to win (unless one decides to slip ya the shaft and enter himself).

On another subject, the office mice have been getting a lot of calls from bros and sisters who'd like to attend the pre-rodeo keg parties without enterin' any rodeo events. Who the hell ever said ya can't? Here's how it all works:

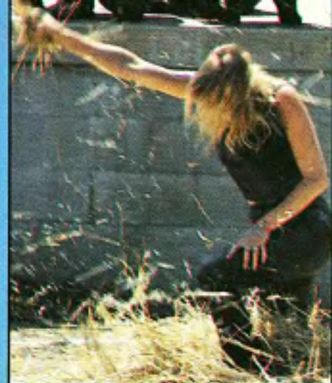
The rodeo itself is a three-hour competition (usually held on Sunday) that caps almost two full days of activities. The day before the rodeo features participant sign-ups, a practice period, and our famous free-

beer-and-funky-music keg party. Rodeo events cost \$25 each to enter, and every entry fee includes TWO free admissions to the keg party AND the rodeo. If you're NOT going to enter the rodeo, you can pay \$15 each for both admission to the keg party (all the beer you can drink) AND the rodeo. And, in case all the beer you can drink is more than you can handle, there is camping available (sometimes for free) at most rodeo sites.

Rodeo morning begins with the Ride-In Bike Show (five bucks to enter, nothin' to check out the sharp scoots) at 9 a.m. Simultaneously with the bike show, late entries in the rodeo are accepted, and preliminary runoffs in the more popular events are held.

The gates of the rodeo arena open to the public at noon, allowing plenty of time for you to buy a brew an' burger, check out the chippies, and select a good seat before the first event is run promptly at 2:00 p.m. Admission to the rodeo alone is only \$6 (\$4 for kids).

Ya'll got it now? Good. That must mean it's 'bout time fer J.T. ta decide ta turn it all upside down. —Bobo the rodeo clown





JAN CAL
14ALL

CAL
4 FUN

FEB CAL
ALL 41

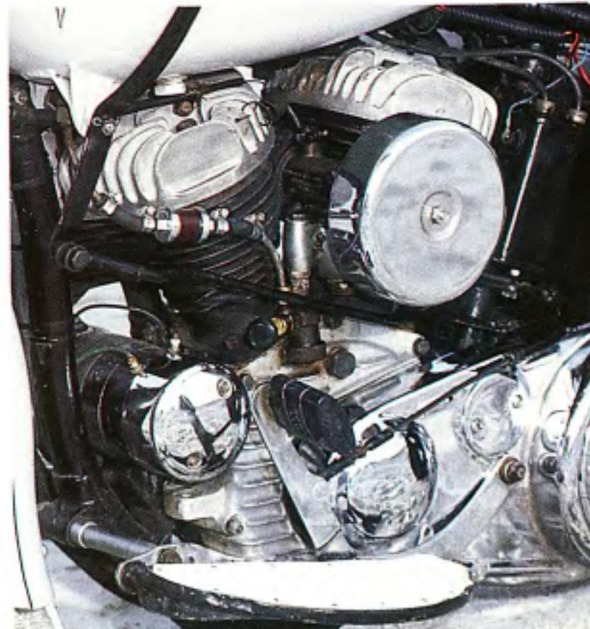
CARNIVAL

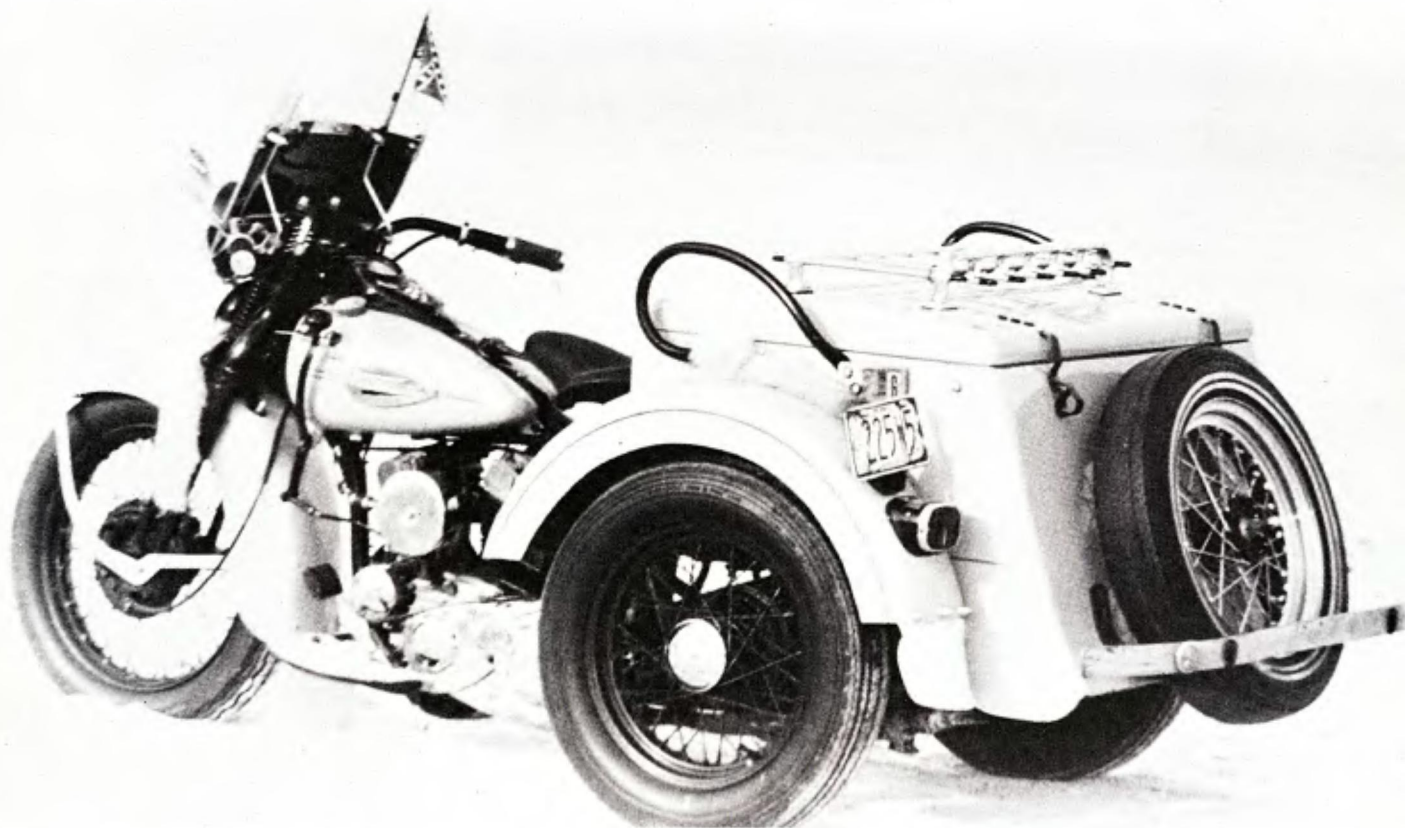
MAIN ENTRANCE

BIG BROTHER
SUCKS!

David Mann

FOXY RIDER





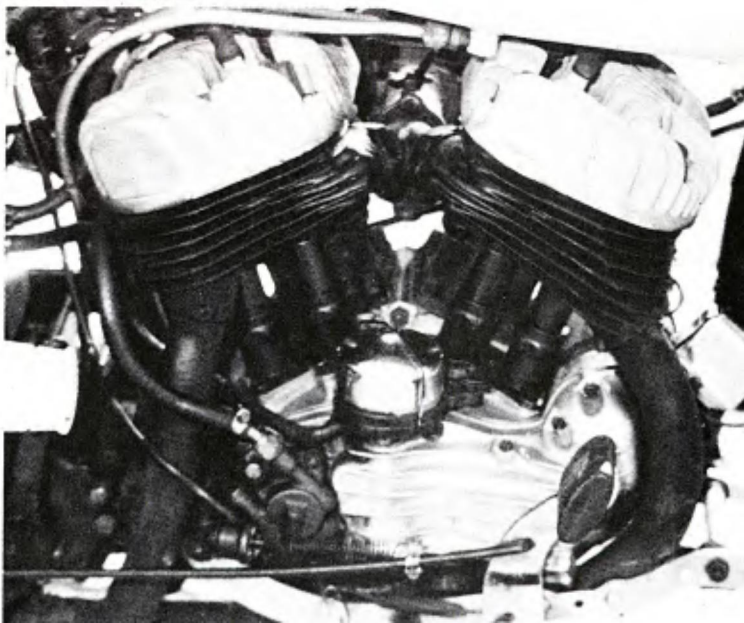
Lynne Lee, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
1944 Harley-Davidson Servi-Car

Lynne bought this Harley from a Davidson (Roy) three years ago in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, home of Broadway Joe Namath, famous football player, but a town liable to be equally well-known for being the home of well-stashed scooter memorabilia. The Servi-Car was sold on the condition that it would continue to be rebuilt to stock and that it would be painted dove grey. (Hey, I don't make the rules. But if she was gonna play this game, she had to follow 'em.)

Lynne was the perfect person for the rebuild, as she had plenty of prior experience to draw on. This is her seventh or eighth bike (who's counting?). Ms. Lee currently has three bikes in her domain — this one, a '59 Servi-Car, and a '37 80-inch flathead two-wheeler. Not bad, eh?

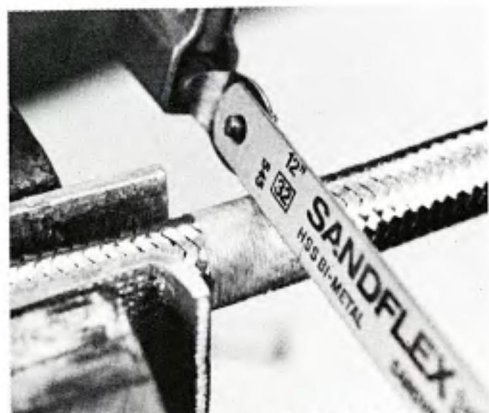
In the restoration of this one, Lynne says the rear hubcaps were the hardest parts to come across; she eventually located them at Bill's Custom Cycles in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania. Her ol' man, Charlie, is responsible for the bolt-up assembly and acrylic enamel paint, with pinstriping honors going to Pantilla and De Felice. This little beater goes out on the parts runs for the others and is capable of holding 12 cases of Harley beer; belch.

Photos by Kim Peterson



HOSES

By Joe Minton



Make sure your cut is perpendicular to the hose.



Russell components — simple, yet effective.



The finished result: a flashy and functional setup.

Stainless braided oil hoses look great. It isn't just that they sparkle and shine, which they do, but they add a missing dimension to any Harley. Those gently shining hoses visually bind a bike's engine with its accessories and show their relationship. The oil tank and oil cooler reveal their connection with the engine and make the whole thing seem somehow more important and solid. Then, too, not only do stainless hoses look good, but they work.

Ordinary rubber hoses will pass oil okay and, if

cared for and replaced every couple of years, will give perfectly reliable service. They've done it for decades. That doesn't mean there isn't something better, though. There is also the possibility that the rubber hose you buy at your local auto parts store may not be all that great for handling hot oil. The hose sold as fuel line will take being exposed to engine oil, but you must be careful of the quality. Like so many other things these days, cheap and inferior foreign-made hose is showing up in discount auto parts

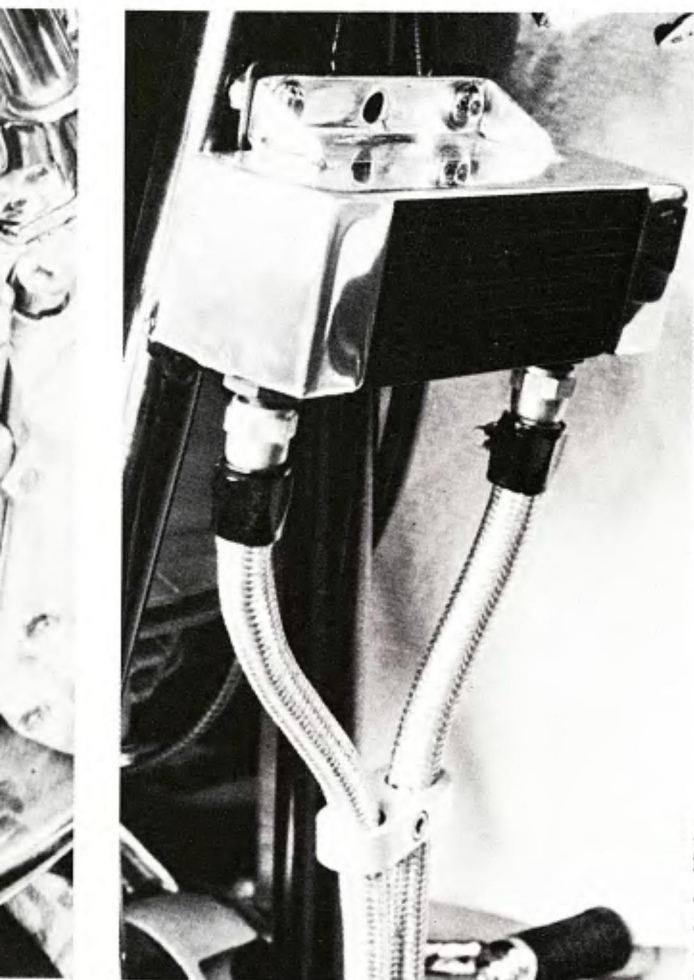
stores. Ya gotta be careful what you buy!

When you get a set of stainless hoses on your Hog, there'll be one less thing to worry about. The stainless steel braid is just about bulletproof; you won't have to worry about a sharp edge cuttin' into an oil hose an' parking you somewhere out there on the road. The braided steel sheath greatly strengthens the joint between the fitting and hose, and it reduces the chance of the hose cracking at that point. Inside the tough braided sheath is some of the best-quality

rubber hose that can be made. It is certainly tougher and more durable than the automotive oil or gas line.

This braided line business got its start in the military. Bros who had spent time serving their country had a chance to see how it could be done — when money didn't matter. Until a few years ago, the only way to get braided lines on yer bike was to bite the financial bullet and spring for genuine AN-type (aircraft) fittings and go to all the trouble of getting them on the tank an' engine. Russell Performance Pro-

Tech Tip



Stainless lines also dress up your cooler's appearance.

Photos by Joe Minton

ducts, 6301 E. Alondra, Paramount, CA 90723, has taken care of the cost and fitting problems with their line of shrouded clamp-on end fittings.

These parts look like AN fittings and have the reliability of stainless hose clamps. They are an excellent compromise between the very costly and troublesome AN-types and the plain, low-tech look of hose clamps. Mind you, the common stainless hose clamp is a very reliable item. It just doesn't look as good as it works. Russell's answer to the problem was to make cov-

ers for the hose clamps that look like AN fittings. They work, look good, and keep the sharp ends of the braid away from working fingers.

Russell has two somewhat different hose lines available: Street-Flex and Pro-Flex. The Street-Flex hose is the easier to use, because it is more flexible. The Pro-Flex has thicker rubber walls, and the stainless braid is heavier and stiffer. I consider the Pro-Flex to be too much trouble to deal with; the strength of the Street-Flex is plenty good enough.

Now that you've decided

to go ahead, here's what's needed to do the work: enough Russell hose, the clamps and shrouds that go with it, and a few accessories. You'll need some of that nylon reinforced tape used to wrap packages. Hardware stores and even supermarkets have it. The tape will be used to keep the ends of the braid from unravelling when it is cut. You'll also need a few tie-wraps to tie the hoses out of the way of paint and aluminum parts.

If you happen to have a die grinder or Dremel Tool, get a thin cutoff wheel for the grinder or some Dremel's thin abrasive discs for the Dremel. These are best for cutting through the braid. The alternative is a 32-tooth hacksaw blade. The blade will leave a rougher end, but it will do the job. A little WD-40 or oil to lube the hose clamps and a screwdriver to tighten them will take care of the rest of it.

The work itself is not difficult. If you are like I was, you'll be intimidated by the whole thing at first. That'll be gone by the time you cut the second hose, when you realize how easy it really is. First thing to do is to get familiar with which hoses go to what fittings and decide how you want to route the braided lines. A little time spent threading the Russell hose between the tank and pump fittings, to see how they lie and how they look, will be time well-spent.

Be very careful where you run the hoses. Whereas conventional hoses could get cut rather easily by corners and edges, these braided stainless muthas will cut into your bike's paint, and even the

metal itself. Be careful about routing, and use tie-wraps in the appropriate places.

After you get a feel for where the hoses are going, install the one that will be most covered by the others after they are all in place. Slide one end in place. Route the hose and mark the cutting place at the other end with two turns of the nylon tape. Cut through in the middle of the tape; be sure that the cut is square with the hose, and don't hurry the cut. Too much speed with one of the abrasive wheels will burn the hose and make a rougher cut. Too much pressure against the hacksaw blade will tear the braid more than is necessary.

Clean the crud left from cutting off the ends of the hose. Slide a clamp and shroud over one end and install it on the correct fitting. As you tighten the clamp, make sure that the opening in the shroud and the screwhead of the clamp is where you want it to be (out of sight). Most of us over-tighten hose clamps. Run them in until they are tight but not until the hose starts to squeeze out around the edges of the clamp. Run the hose to where it has to go and install the other clamp and shroud.

Take a look at things, just to be sure. Then fit the rest of the hoses in the sequence that will make the job easiest. Apply tie-wraps where they need to be to keep the lines out of contact with painted and aluminum parts.

You're done — except for standin' back to admire the effect. After that, you can forget about yer oil lines. They're history. ■

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

All entrants must be 18 years of age or older, and the model release form on this page must be *completely* filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Entries

without notarized releases cannot be used, unless the model release form is accompanied by a photocopy of the model's driver's license, showing signature and photo of the model.

Ladies, one last favor. In your own sweet, legible handwriting and in 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 August 31, 1987. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #171 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Here she is bro's, the fourth winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Phoenix, from Greenwood, Indiana. See more of her in next month's issue.

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.

171

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

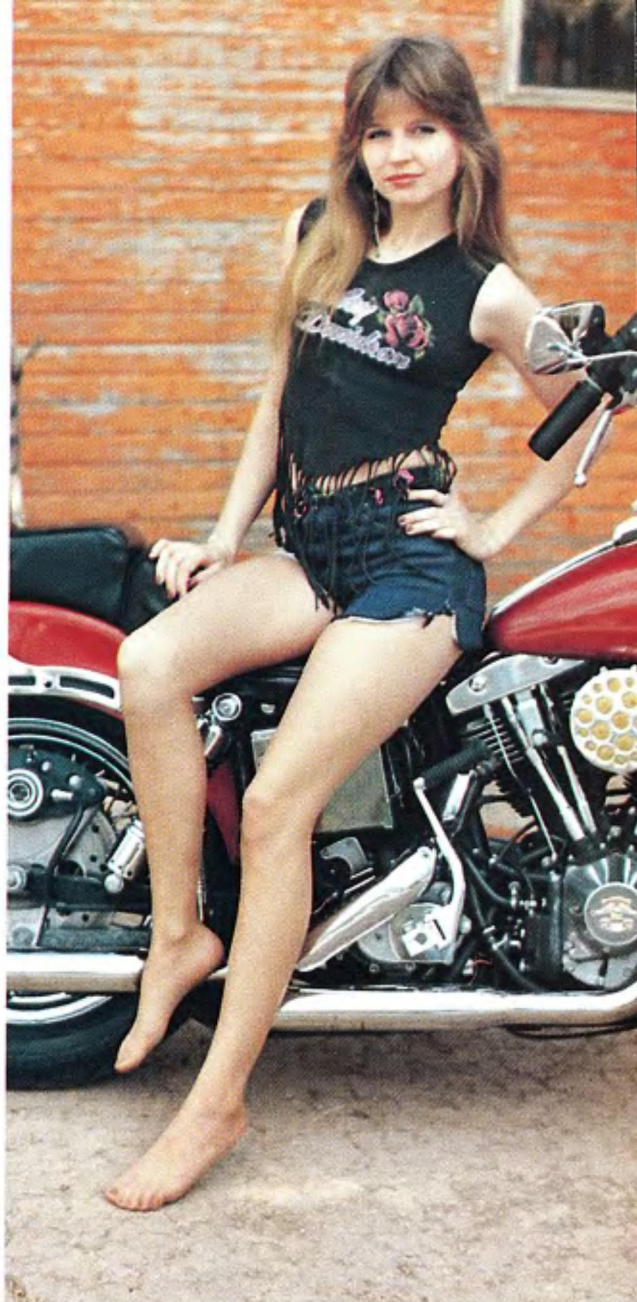
In your own handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell the staff why you want to be the *Easyriders* monthly foxy woman feature.

Why I want to pose for *Easyriders* (25 words or fewer):



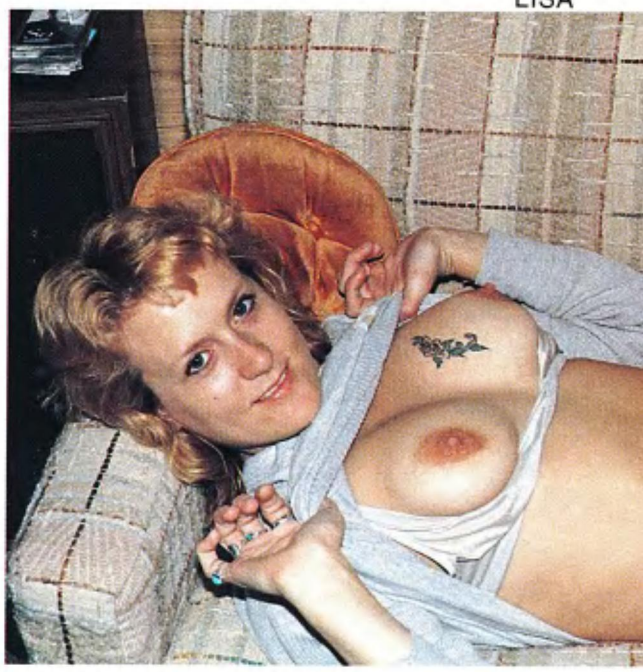
REDA

SUE



PAM

LISA



Easyriders FOX HUNT

A New Twist On An Ol' Contest

SHEILA



DONNA



JACKIE



DUSTY



Fox Hunt Winner

DEBORAH POLISHES OFF TWO JOBS

And while she does it, we get a close-up look at a woman who is, as Muddy Waters said, "hard again."



Parts courtesy of Micah McCloskey's Custom Motorcycles



Fox Hunt Winner — Deborah

Deborah arrived at Pete's studio, shaking, if not like a leaf, then at least like one of the many bolts that attempt to hold the motor to the frame on my panhead.

It wasn't long before the fear of the unknown was replaced by the furor of the known. Namely, she found out what we had in mind for her. See, we thought we could lick two jobs with one tongue, or rag, or somethin'. Bro Micah had just delivered on some parts for a sled he was completing, and they needed cleanin' before the final installation. "No problem, bro, lay 'em on me," I said, lettin' my mind get to clickin' with ideas.

Deborah became well-versed in the art of

polishin'. She was already a pro at gettin' the vote out, as she had organized a great campaign plan that engaged all her biker buddies and buddettes to send in postcards with her name brightly emblazoned on them. Handfuls of the suckers. Mounds of 'em.

She's our winner by a knockout, and a knock-out of a winner. She complied with our every direction, including going on a two-week starvation diet. Nothin' but broccoli. Winning gave her the impetus to tighten up her bod again, and now she is ready for a rock-and-roll summer on the back of her favorite Harley, jammin' to all the happenings.

—Buster



Photos by Pete Chiodo



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.

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.

August 3-9 — BLACK HILLS CLASSIC in Sturgis, South Dakota. Racing, gypsy tours, poker runs. New this year: nightly drags at a new strip, and Big Daddy Rat's Custom Bike Show all day Friday at City Park. Steppenwolf concert on Wednesday afternoon. For info, write Black Hills Motor Classic, Box 504, Sturgis, SD 57785.

August 7-9 — ANNUAL OVERNIGHTER at Follows Camp, Azusa, California. Live band, wet T-shirt contest, swap meet, bike games, Saturday night dinner included with sign-in. Sponsored by Partners MC, Box 1104, Gardena, CA 90249, (213) 946-5748.

August 9 — CORNFEST RUN to Mendota, Illinois. Run leaves Bollingbrook K-Mart at 10:30 a.m. sharp. Sponsored by V-Twin Riders MC. For more info, call Bret at (312) 739-5770.

August 15 — TOY RUN beginning at 11 a.m. at the Dubois Trucking parking lot in South Barre, Vermont. Run goes to the statehouse in Montpelier, with party to follow. Camping available. Sponsored by Freedom Of The Road For Vermont, Box 482, Montpelier, VT 05602.

August 21-23 — SOUTHERN HILLS BASH at the Dubois Community Club, Dubois, Indiana. Swap meet, horseshoe tournament,

tug-of-war, bike games, 30-prize raffle, free hot chili. Camping, showers, beach available. Sponsored by Regions 8, 9, 10, and 13 of ABATE of Indiana. For info, write Tim Fromme, Box 88B, St. Anthony, IN 47575, or call (812) 326-2480 after 6 p.m. (EST).

August 22 — 10th ANNUAL POKER RUN sponsored by ABATE of Pennsylvania, Erie County Chapter 1. Free run pin to first 150 sign-ups. Prizes for first four riders and passengers. For details, write 'em at RD 2, Box 373, Albion, PA 16401, or call Milt, (814) 587-6387.

August 22-23 — 15th ANNUAL KEY WEST POKER RUN in the breeze down the Keys. Sponsored by Phil Peterson's H-D of Miami, 7701 N.W. Avenue, Miami, FL 33150, (305) 754-2648.

August 23 — POKER RUN sponsored by ABATE of Hudson, New York. Location and time to be announced. For info, write the ABATE secretary at 2 Roxbury Road, Chatham, NY 12037.

August 30 — COMMEMORATIVE RALLY to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Wisconsin's helmet law repeal. Rally will be held at Warner Park, Madison, Wisconsin. For more info, contact the Right to Decide Committee, 1601 Flett Avenue, Racine, WI 53405.

SEPTEMBER

September 4-7 — ABATE NATIONAL RUN, 12th Annual Labor Day Rally at Lake Perry, Kansas. Sponsored by ABATE of Kansas, 650 Elm, Perry, Kansas 66073.

September 16 — HELMET RUN in Lansing, Michigan. Run begins at 1:00 p.m. at the state Capitol building, rain or shine. Sponsored by ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, MI 48121.

September 19-20 — ALL-HARLEY DRAGS at the Bunker Hill Drag Strip in Bunker Hill, Indiana. Sponsored by ABATE of Indiana and the American Motorcycle Racing Association, Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143, (312) 250-0838.

September 20 — SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW at the Wintergarden Ballroom, 1616 John West Road, Dallas, Texas. Sponsored by T.A.'s & Snake's Super Tee's, Box 271235, Dallas, TX 75227.

September 26 — TOY RUN in Lansing, Michigan. Runs leaves from the state Capitol building at 1:00 p.m., rain or shine. Sponsored by ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, MI 48121.

Easyriders



SUPER MAX PRODUCTS

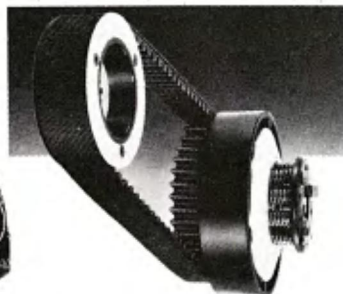
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- ★ We offer modification services and complete instructions.
- ★ We invite our customers to call or drop in and receive help with installation.
- ★ We stand behind our products with a one year unlimited mileage warranty on all parts, including belts, if installed according to our instructions.
- ★ All of our products are high quality, hand made units. 100% made in the U.S.A. Made by Harley lovers for Harley lovers.



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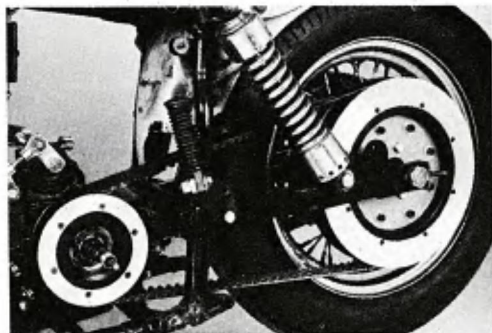
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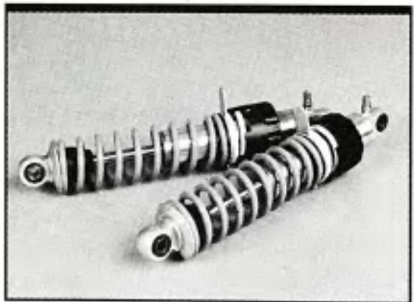
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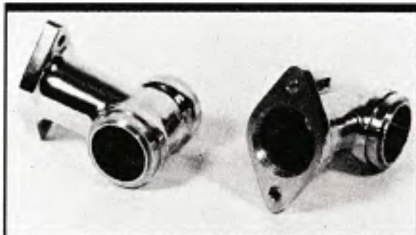


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Two-Wheel Tale

Summer of '49

by Corky

Nineteen-forty-nine was a damn good year — maybe the best one ever. World War II was over, Korea hadn't really hit the fan yet, and Vietnam was still either French Indochina or Annam — or so they tell me, but I wouldn't know about that. A couple of things I do know: I was 2½ years old that summer, and this guy named Ben, who lived next door to us in Killeen, Texas, had a Harley.

I even knew what model it was: a big, black, loud one that went real fast, that's what. And the back of the headlight was real shiny.

I remember the part about the headlight because one day I was outside after lunch, playing in the driveway and checking out the bike. Ben had come home to eat from the lumberyard he and his brother worked in, down the road in Youngsport, a town that was even smaller than Killeen. He came out of his house and saw me squatted down in the dust, peering into the mysteries of the machine.

"Hey, Corky, you wanna go for a ride?" He didn't have to ask me twice.

Ben kicked life into the beast and picked me up and sat me on the gas tank, putting each of my legs on either side of that shiny gas cap. "Hold on tight," he told me as he wrapped my fingers around the bars. "Okay, you ready?" he said. I nodded, and we were off.

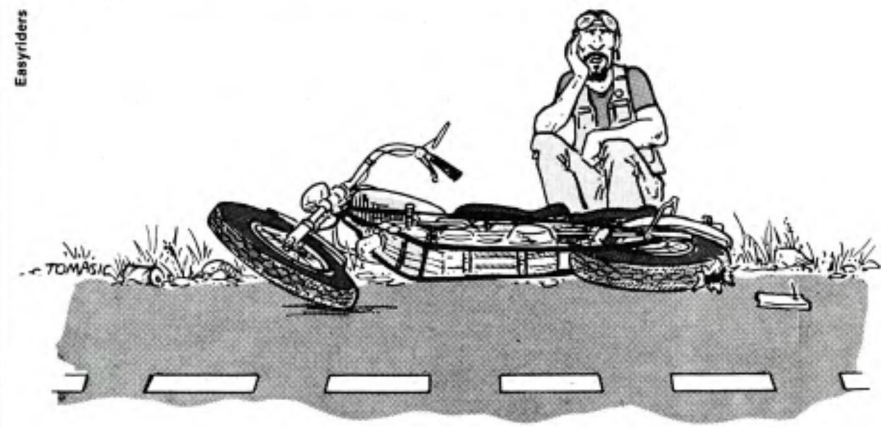
Asphalt flew past beneath my feet — black and gray streaks, filled

with sparkles. The yellow dashes down the center of the two-lane road shot past, faster and faster, until they blurred into a stripe. Heat shimmers made mirages of water in the low places, but by the time we got there, the water was always gone. My face looked back at me from the headlight shell, the wind blew hot and cool at the same time, and from that moment there was no time — just the road and the wind and me, sitting on the front of Ben's Hog. It went on forever; it became my life.

To this day, when I twist the wick and the wind hits me in the face and the world goes away, I'm two years old with my knees pressed against that gas tank and my feet just touching the forks. I ride that same stretch of road often, going from Austin to Killeen to visit my mother in the nursing home, and when I pass the turnoff to Youngsport, I always find myself grinning the same foolish, openmouthed grin I saw reflected that day. A two-year-old boy, in blue shorts and cowboy boots, sitting on the gas tank of a Harley-Davidson, roaring down a country road in Texas.

Today, even in Texas, Ben would draw a stiff fine for what he did, but back then, a helmet was something soldiers wore. Most likely, now he and my parents would draw time for reckless endangerment of a child. Fuck that. He gave me the finest present I ever had. He gave me the wind. ■

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INTERVIEW

Bob Mannah: Fighting The Helmet B.A.D.L.



Photo by Alice Mannah

In some ways, San Francisco Bay Area biker Bob Mannah is just like you and I. He rides his scooter, pays his taxes, loves his ol' lady, and hates mandatory helmet laws. In one crucial respect, however, Bob is different than most of us. Like British biker rights martyr Fred Hill, who died in prison for insisting on his right to ride on a motorcycle bareheaded, Bob takes the helmet law threat personally — so personally that he quit his well-paying job as a traveling school photographer the day after Assemblyman Richard Floyd introduced his notorious lid law in the California Assembly. His reason for quitting was simple: he couldn't devote his full time and attention to fighting Floyd's bill if he was traveling the country, snapping pictures.

At first, Bob operated as a one-man fact-finding and lobbying team before the California legislature. Later, as more and more people began picking his brains for what he had learned about the helmet law effort, he decided to magnify his efforts by organizing a small group of highly dedicated bros and sisters to help him. The resulting organization was B.A.D.L. — BIPARTISANS AGAINST DISCRIMINATORY LEGISLATION, whose mailing address is 20175 Ricardo Ave., Hayward, CA 94541.

Unlike some biker rights organization "leaders," Bob is not an attorney, nor is he fronting for one. He draws no salary, plans no "biker bashes," offers his members zero "roadside services."

Like its founder, who these days is keeping a roof over his head by photographing an occasional neighborhood wedding, B.A.D.L. is

a lean, mean, no-nonsense organization dedicated to offering ceaseless opposition to all those who would steal our rights as bikers and Americans.

ER: What made you decide to start your own biker rights group?

BM: When this thing — this California helmet law bill — first started coming up back in September of last year, I tried to get information about it. Unfortunately, it just seemed like I couldn't get any accurate information on it from anybody.

I wanted to know simple, basic things. What was going to happen to the Floyd bill? What procedures did he have to follow to get it passed, what did we have to do to register opposition to it? Things like that. My family and I were working with another rights organization (which I'd just as soon not name) at that time, and it seemed like they didn't want our help.

We were doing a lot of things voluntarily, but they didn't want us to do anything until they told us what to do and when to do it. And when we asked questions, we weren't getting any good answers.

ER: So that's when you formed B.A.D.L.?

BM: Not right away. First I started going right to the sources to find out what I personally needed to know. I started going to Sacramento and getting my answers directly from there. Then I found out other people were running into the same problems and were starting to call me and say, "Bob, you've got this information: can we get it from you?" And that's kind of how the whole thing got started.

ER: How difficult was it to trans-

form that personal quest for information into a viable organization? **BM:** For about two-and-a-half months, me and my wife and her daughter just worked by ourselves, going out and getting the information. I went over to Sacramento and walked through those great, big, monstrous doors of the Capitol building and was impressed, like everybody is the first time. But I kept going back, and little by little, people over there began helping me.

I'd talk to a secretary one time, and maybe the next time I'd get to spend five minutes with an assemblyman's aide. It just built up. Then, like I said before, word got out that I was getting this damn information and that I was willing to give it out, and people started calling me and asking for it. Eventually some of them said, "How are you doing this?" I said, "Well, we're doing it out of our own pockets, you know." And they said, "Let us throw in a few bucks."

Later, Bill Durning of Bikers Against Manslaughter got wind of it and got to talking to me and watched for a while to see that we were serious and finally offered to help. Then we started sending information to the A-1 bike shop in San Leandro, so they could tell their customers what was happening with the helmet law. They're the ones who said, "Why don't you start accepting members and get this thing going?" I said I didn't know how the hell to do it. They said, "You just give yourself a name and start letting people know about it." I did it, and little by little, people started joining.

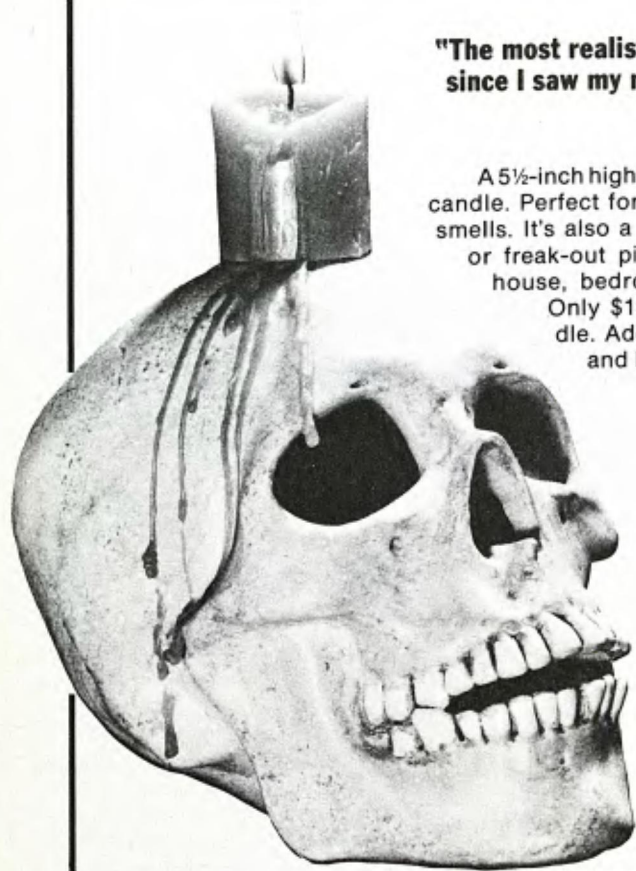
ER: So it was almost like you never made a conscious decision to start a biker rights group — it just happened?

BM: Yeah. And you got to remember, we're still small. . . less than 100 members. We're not a monstrous organization, but people are joining as they find out B.A.D.L. exists.

ER: Where did the name come from?

BM: I started out with B.A.T.L., because that could be pronounced "battle" and I looked at this as being a battle. I thought that every time something comes up involving motorcycles, it means another damn fight for us, one battle after another. I wondered how I could use it, and what I came up with was "Bikers Against Totalitarian Legislation."

Then I talked to a couple of people, and they said, "You don't want



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to use the name 'bikers,' because that limits you." So we came up with "bipartisans." And then somebody else said, "You know, 'totalitarian' has a left-wing, communist sound to it." So we came up with B.A.D.L., which still sounds like battle and can be shortened from Bipartisans Against Discriminatory Legislation to Bikers Against Dumb Laws.

ER: Aside from being young and small, what distinguishes B.A.D.L. from other groups?

BM: We have a policy that no information goes out of here until it's been verified twice — once by the original party, and then a second time. The stuff that goes out of here is accurate, and that's the most important thing that I can find to do. The bikers out there have to have accurate information, because stuff gets twisted bad enough even when it does start out right. You can't start out with a half-truth, because it will just get bent completely out of shape.

ER: What, pardon the pun, battle plan do you have for distributing this information?

BM: A lot of my members do belong to other organizations. I've got ABATE members, MMA members, SRRA members. A lot of other organizations are represented by members of B.A.D.L. The memberships are intertwined, and everything that goes out of B.A.D.L. is public information. I don't care if MMA gets it and uses it, or if ABATE gets it and uses it — hell, I want them to use it.

I try and find out exactly where the thing is going at the moment. Like right now. Since the Ways and Means hearings, I know we've got eleven legislators over there who are willing to vote against the helmet bill. I've been working with Gil Ferguson, and he's been working with his fellow assemblymen, talking to them about this issue. He's really worked his tail off. I don't mean to single him out over others who have worked, but he's really been pushing. He's argued with Floyd on the

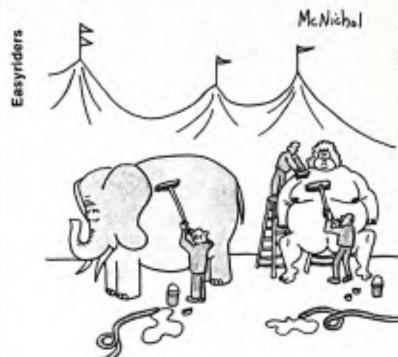
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floor of the Transportation Committee hearing room. He's argued with Floyd at the Ways and Means hearing. The man has really worked. I'm also going to try and get in to see Steve Klute, another assemblyman who voted against the bill at the hearing. He also has offered to help.

Then I give this information out to my membership — that we have these people working for us. And what the members have to do is get in touch with their local representatives and say, "Listen, here are the facts on this helmet bill; if you don't believe us, talk to these guys who are your colleagues, and they'll set you straight."

ER: Is B.A.D.L. active outside of the legislative area?

BM: Yes. Right now we're putting

strict back in those days. . .

ER: I'll say they weren't. Now you'd not only need a license, you'd have to have a helmet and a reflective vest on just to putt down to the commissary for a pack of smokes.

BM: Yeah, they didn't have any of that harassment then. For that \$50, you could ride the knuckle anywhere on the post as long as you were there. It was a nice big post, too, with a lot of boondock area.

I had it for about a year before I shipped out of there.

ER: Were you discharged, or just transferred back to the States?

BM: Neither. I was transferred to. . . ah. . . ah. . . well, at that time they weren't admitting it, but I was transferred over to the Vietnam area. My orders said I was on special

"Life is only worth living if you live it. It's not that you go stand on the edge of a cliff and blindfold yourself and lean forward. . . but, you don't stand 30 feet away from the cliff, either. You go on and walk up and take a look at what's over the edge."

together a letter to go to every helmet retailer in the state, from Honda dealers to K-Marts. This letter will point out to these people the product liability bind a mandatory helmet law could put them in. As long as it's voluntary, a person who buys a helmet and puts it on accepts the restrictions of that helmet, and you don't have product liability suits. But you're going to have a bunch of them after it's mandatory. How many retailers can afford a whole bunch of those, whether they lose 'em or not?

ER: How long have you been riding?

BM: I bought my first bike in 1957. It was an old '47 knucklehead that I bought down in Panama when I was in the Army and stationed down there.

That's kind of a funny story. I was in the 20th Infantry Division at Fort Coby over on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal Zone, and there was an old bike down there that hadn't had any papers on it for years and years; they'd just been lost forever. The deal was that you bought it for \$50, and when you got your orders to leave, you sold it to somebody else for \$50.

Of course, you couldn't get it licensed, but you were allowed to ride it anywhere on the post without a license. They weren't quite as

assignment. In fact, I didn't even know where the hell I was going until we landed.

ER: Probably not too easy a place to score a \$50 ride in.

BM: No. I didn't get to ride again until after I was discharged and returned to the States about thirteen months after.

ER: Did you buy a bike right away?

BM: Not for about six months. When I first got back, I really didn't know what the hell I wanted to do with my life. I'd been in the Airborne Rangers, and there wasn't a hell of a lot of use for that in civilian life.

ER: Jumping into forest fires is about it.

BM: Being from Ohio, I didn't know about that then. I might have even thought about it at the time, so I'm glad now I didn't know.

ER: When did you first come out to California?

BM: Somewhere around March or April of 1960. I bought a '55 Harley and lived down in the Los Angeles area for about two years. In '63 I had to go back East and needed money for the move, so I had to sell the bike. I lived in Ohio and Maryland and had two or three other Hogs until 1970, when my son was born and I was forced to get rid of the bike and try to live "straight" for a while.

ER: It sounds like one of our

fiction stories.

BM: Yeah, but dig the ending.

In '74, when they had that gas crunch, I was flying down in the Norfolk area, and I could see the tankers full of oil lying offshore because the oil companies wouldn't bring them in and unload 'em. I got so damn mad at the oil companies that I sold my car. Well, that turned out not to be a real good idea in Salisbury, Maryland, because they don't have any buses there. So I bought another bike and that was a good idea. A great idea, in fact.

ER: So you got pissed with the oil companies and sold your cage to keep them from getting any more money out of you. And when you got pissed with Richard Floyd's helmet bill, you quit your job to spend all your time fighting it. Would you say you've kind of got a quick temper?

BM: Yeah, you could say that. Sometimes I make some rash decisions, but I generally stay with them after they're made. Like, it was five or six years after I sold that cage before I ever had another one. They just made me so damn mad that I settled in on the bike, and the ol' lady had to get used to doing the grocery shopping and everything else on it.

ER: During the years you were riding back East, you lived in states that did have helmet laws. Aside from your opposition to these laws on the freedom-of-choice issue, what was your feeling about the safety aspect of the lids?

BM: I was living in Maryland when it had a helmet law, and I was very, very active in getting that law repealed in the late '70s. I belonged to ABATE of Maryland and ABATE of Delaware at the time, and though I was not involved in the legislative area like I am now, I was heavily involved in the demonstration and protest areas.

A lot of what I tell legislators these days is based on what I honestly experienced myself, back when I was forced to wear a helmet. . . things like the close calls in traffic caused by the helmet. I explain to them that when you wear a helmet, you have a tendency to not swing your head and look over your shoulders and watch your traffic lanes like you do when you're not wearing one.

I never thought about it until a doctor pointed it out to me, but when you're wearing a helmet, you've got a lot of wind resistance, and what you have a tendency to do is find the point of least resistance and hold your head there. Instead of



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looking behind you, you start depending on your mirrors. And, of course, most of those damn mirrors are about as useful as tits on a bull hog. I had a lot of close calls, and I dumped my bike a few times over that. I really looked forward to getting to the other states where I could get the helmet and its added weight off my head.

I was always just a little bit scared with that helmet on, because I felt that I wasn't quite as aware as I was when I was riding in the couple of states I could get to that didn't have a helmet law.

ER: So you found you were a lot less likely to get screwed up and drop your bike when you were riding without a lid?

BM: I wasn't as likely to get into a situation where I even had to worry about it.

There's no doubt that wearing a helmet contributes substantially to accident rates. I won't even get into the argument about whether it helps when you go down or not, because I think that there are enough statistics that prove that if you have the accident, the helmet will probably help you half the time and not help you the other half.

The real question is: why put something on that is going to put you into an accident situation to begin with? Even when the helmet does work, it's only going to help your head. It is not going to save you from the broken backs, arms, legs, and massive internal injuries you wouldn't have had if you hadn't gone down.

Awareness is what is going to keep you out of the accident altogether, and awareness is what you diminish by wearing a helmet.

Hey, I'm third generation biker. . .my grandfather rode, and my father rode. And neither ever wore a helmet.

ER: And they both survived being on motorcycles without encasing



"It all started when they tried to gong Marvo the knife thrower."

themselves in plastic?

BM: They both lived is right. My grandfather died at 76 years old, and he wasn't on his bike at the time. He was brought down by pneumonia. My dad was killed during World War II, so he didn't get to live to be an old biker. But he rode all over before the war, and it wasn't not wearing a helmet on a motorcycle that killed him.

ER: Since you were only a kid when your father was killed, it must have been your grandfather who taught you to love biking.

BM: Yeah, he kind of raised me for the first ten years of my life; then my aunt took over. He was a rail-roader; he worked for the New York Central Railroad. He hopped on and off moving trains all the time. His whole life was kind of on the ragged edge of feeling alive, and I guess he instilled in me the idea that life is only worth living if you live it.

It's not that you go stand on the edge of a cliff and blindfold yourself and lean forward. . . but, you don't stand 30 feet away from the cliff, either. You go on and walk up and take a look at what's over the edge.

ER: Have you had a chance to explain some of these concepts to individual legislators? If so, what

have their reactions been?

BM: I think that's why we got a 12-11 vote in the House Ways and Means Committee after being beaten 10-4 in the House Transportation Committee. We're learning to project to them better what we're trying to say.

The biggest problem is they've never been on a bike. I put out an information packet, and one of the things I include with that is a statement pointing out that all the studies, all the tests, and all the library and lab work by all the brilliant men in the world don't mean a thing when you're out there on the highway, with a 5000-pound car in front of you, one on each side of you, and one behind you, and you're traveling at 55mph. The only thing that's going to keep you alive then is what you know right at that moment.

ER: And you really think some of the lawmakers are responding to that kind of logic?

BM: Yeah, they're starting to understand it. I've gotten through to a couple of them by saying, "Look, if you wanted expert testimony on medicine, you'd go to a doctor. If you wanted expert testimony on law, you'd go to a lawyer or a judge."

"You want expert testimony on

how to stay alive on a motorcycle, you come to me, because I've done it for 30 years, my grandfather did it for 60 years, and my father, until he was killed in the war, did it, too. And not one of us, not anybody in three generations, ever spent one night in a hospital from a motorcycle accident."

ER: In other words, if you want to find out how to survive on the street, you don't go to a media freak like Evel Knievel.

BM: You sure don't. That man's not a motorcyclist. If I had a friend who told me he was gonna jump 23 buses with his motorcycle or run it off the edge of a cliff, I'd not only strap him in a helmet — I'd strap him in a straitjacket, throw him in a rubber room, and lock the door.

I'll give you another thing. I just found this out yesterday, and it really pissed me off. This business about Knievel showing up before the Transportation Committee and saying, "Pass a helmet law, help me protect my son, Robbie, because he doesn't always wear a helmet." Well, the first thing they're gonna have to do if they want to protect Knievel's son, Robbie, is get him to move from Kingman, Arizona, to California.

ER: That brings up the whole issue

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of people who are trying to force these laws through hiding behind a bunch of children. What do you think of the argument that we should all have to wear helmets just because some kid disobeys his mommy, gets loaded, hops on his rice rocket without his helmet, and puts it into a tree at 125mph?

BM: Assemblyman Steve Klute had the best comment on that. At the Transportation Committee hearing, he listened to all these people talk about how their kids had died, and he listened to Knievel, and he said, "The whole thing sounds like a parental guidance problem to me." And he's one of the assemblymen who ended up voting against the helmet bill.

They (the helmet lobby) do this all the time. They say, "We are just trying to do it for the kids; let us do it for them." I've argued time and time again, don't let 'em get away with that shit. They don't give a damn about "the kids," they're just trying to get their foot in the door. First, they said, "Let's require carriers in cars for little babies." Great, now we've got seat belt laws. **ER:** Strange you brought the car-seat law up. I was riding across the Midwest last week, and I saw a newspaper article out of Minnesota or Iowa, reporting on the results of the first two years of the infant car-seat law there. The annual number of infant deaths and injuries had doubled since the law went into effect.

The Nader set in that state's government is blaming the increase on people not tying the kids into the seats properly. They just can't face up to the facts and admit that a toddler might be safer in his mother's arms than strapped to a chair. By their own figures, that law is responsible for babies being killed, and they still won't change it. **BM:** That's the thing about all this stuff. The more you get into it, the more you discover what bullshit it is. It's like climbing a tree: there's a base to it, but as you get up a little bit higher, the limbs just keep going off in all different directions.

For instance, I started looking into the whole financial end of this thing, and I discovered that in 1982 the state of California paid for, out of Medical, 91,200 abortions, at a cost to the taxpayers of \$30,000,000. They spend \$30,000,000 on abortions and complain because it costs around \$6,000,000 a year to keep critically injured bikers without

insurance alive.

Recently-published statistics show that smoking in the state of California costs 6.5 million lost man-hours of productive labor a year, but people like Floyd say they have a "constitutional right" to smoke.

ER: Isn't the phoniest thing about the medical cost figures, trotted out by helmet law advocates, the fact that they always seem to presume a 100 percent "saving" if a helmet law is passed? In other words, they'll say that the care of riders injured in accidents costs so many dollars, and that the state could save that money by requiring riders to put on lids. But that, of course, is crazy. Riders wearing helmets get hurt, too, just like people in cages.

BM: Right. The other thing they do is include the costs of all the injuries to the whole person. Floyd is constantly citing one University of California at Davis study to substantiate his claims about how much it costs to treat a bareheaded rider who has had an accident. What he never mentions is the fact that medical costs in that study include what the hospital spent on the riders' broken bones, crushed chests, dislocated shoulders — in short, everything. In some of those cases, head injuries weren't even a factor.

That study has nothing to do with motorcycle accidents per se, absolutely nothing to do with helmets, and nothing to do with accident prevention.

ER: So you think helmets shouldn't be required, even if someone could prove that they do save lives?

BM: I can't remember which assemblyman I said this to, but I was talking to one of them and it just popped into my head, so I said it. "You know," I told him, "a mandatory helmet law to reduce injuries to motorcycle riders is about like a condom law to keep people from getting AIDS. It might be a good idea to wear one, but it's a piss-poor law." He laughed and told me I really ought to use that argument on



"Sure, I'll have her home by midnight, Pops. I only feel like a quickie out on the front lawn, tonight."

some of the other assembly members.

ER: He's got a point. One California assemblyman just introduced a bill calling for the state to spend \$43,000,000 on AIDS research — and that's on top of the billions various government agencies are already spending. Why do you think it is that these politicians think the state should keep throwing money and medical care at AIDS patients, but deny it to injured bikers?

BM: They don't think bikers are organized enough to do anything about it — to get them voted out of office.

ER: As far as this moment goes, they're probably unfortunately right. We really need some help from non-riders who still believe in freedom. What is the toughest argument you come up against trying to persuade those types of people?

BM: The biggest thing we all run into is that every time we say we are anti-helmet law, the first thing that comes back is, "Well, what have you got against helmets?" Then you've got to stop and explain that you're not against helmets, you're against the helmet law.

ER: Where do B.A.D.L. and Bob Mannah go, after the helmet law fight?

BM: If this damn thing some way does get through, we're gonna have a lot of court battles right here out of my house, because I ain't wearing the son of a bitch. I'm gonna get the tickets, I'm gonna take it to court, and we're gonna fight this thing tooth and toenail. We're going to beat it one way or another, and it's going to be a lot cheaper on this state if they don't put it through than if they do, because I'm not going to be the only one fighting it.

ER: What are your plans if we do manage to defeat the bill?

BM: B.A.D.L. is gonna stay active, B.A.D.L. is gonna stay in there, and B.A.D.L. is going to continue to be a moving, growing organization . . . particularly on the education side of things. What we have with the motorcycle safety program is a great foundation, but it is only a foundation. The building itself is very weak and needs to be strengthened if we're going to have a great program.

And there's one other thing. Since B.A.D.L. is not yet an incorporated not-for-profit organization, I can do whatever the fuck I want to do. And what I want to do, what I intend to do, is go to work to get a couple of legislators out of office. ■

Choppershopper

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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.

OIL COOLERS

Performance Oil Coolers/performance with show quality. See your local dealer or call (714) 650-9016. Distributed by CCI, Nempco, Arlen Ness, and Rivera Engineering.

SERVI-CAR

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

SPECIAL SERVICES

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).

Bellflower Harley-Davidson, S-XL \$9.95, XXL-XXXL \$10.95, shipped UPS/COD same day, 8846 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower, California 90706. (213) 634-9211.

TRANS CASES

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

TRANSPORTATION

Path International, Inc., full service — International cargo agents, 110 W. Ocean Blvd., #320, Long Beach, CA 90802. (213) 435-2334.

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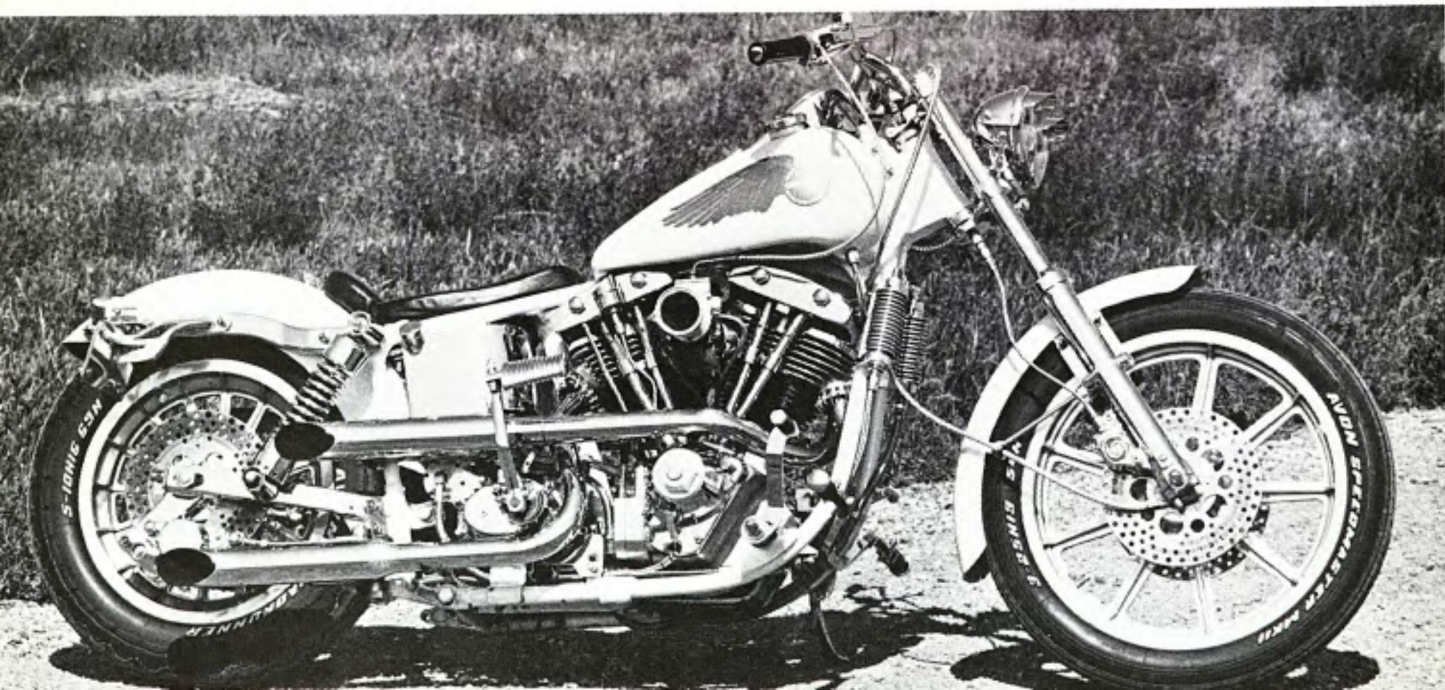
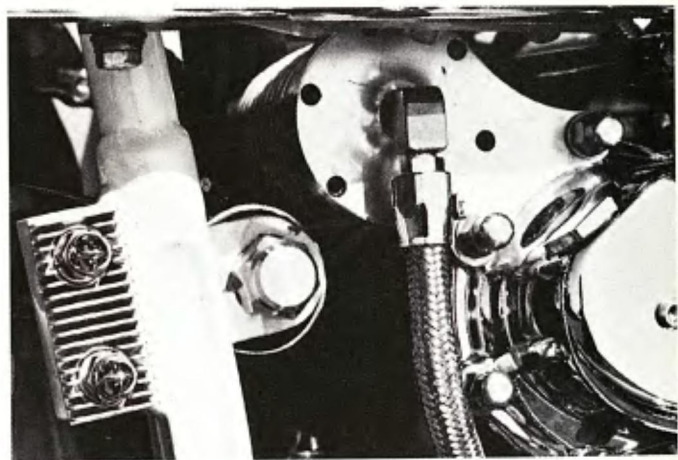
Lynn Gelo, Buffalo, Minnesota
1978 Harley-Davidson Super Glide

When a guy writes three pages of notes regarding the customizing of his motorcycle and then says, "That doesn't even cover everything," well, you get the idea the man is heavily into his ridin' and wrenchin'. That's the case with Lynn Gelo, a machinist from Lake Engineering, up in the land of the Homer Dome and of a jillion lakes, or whatever it says on their license plates.

And when that same man allows his buddy to take the same bike on a ride out to Sturgis and tells him to ride it hard, like it was his own, well, in my book that qualifies him as a standup brother of the first order. Everything has its rewards, even if the bike gets dumped a time or two. For one, with the rider not babying it, the motor got well-conditioned; for two, the guy riding it decided to get off his rice-grinder and bought his own Low Rider when he returned. That's salesmanship. Lynn figures, "It's just iron and paint."

Even after all the modifications, Lynn is still thinking of others as he blazes down the Minnesota roads, dodging monster-sized mosquitoes. But it's hard to beat what's already there — like the paint job by Kevin Dubbins, a perfectionist, and the low look from the altered swingarm that he did the "best of the wrong ways to do it." He's also installed internal fork stops, raised the gas tanks two inches, routed oil lines, changed the speedo housing, and generally fucked with everything else.

—Ram Pan





Photos by Michael Lichter



SUCCESS MODE

Unless you're part of Highway 66 or in the joint, you've survived fist fights, knife fights, blowouts, left-handers, bad drugs, too much booze, and herpes-infested cooze, but you survived. That is, unless you're sixteen (then you're

still immersed in the indestructible stage). But after a while somethin' clicks, ya pull yourself out from under a truck — alive, ya meet a girl (like Dana, here), ya quit snortin' yer life savings and start a business — somethin' just clicks.

This tail (excuse me, tale) relates to the knucklehead's owner and Dana in two separate and totally unrelated true stories. Rick's ol' lady for fifteen years wouldn't abide by anything else. Rick's 35, he's 6'6", he's been in the joint, fought the wars, bounced

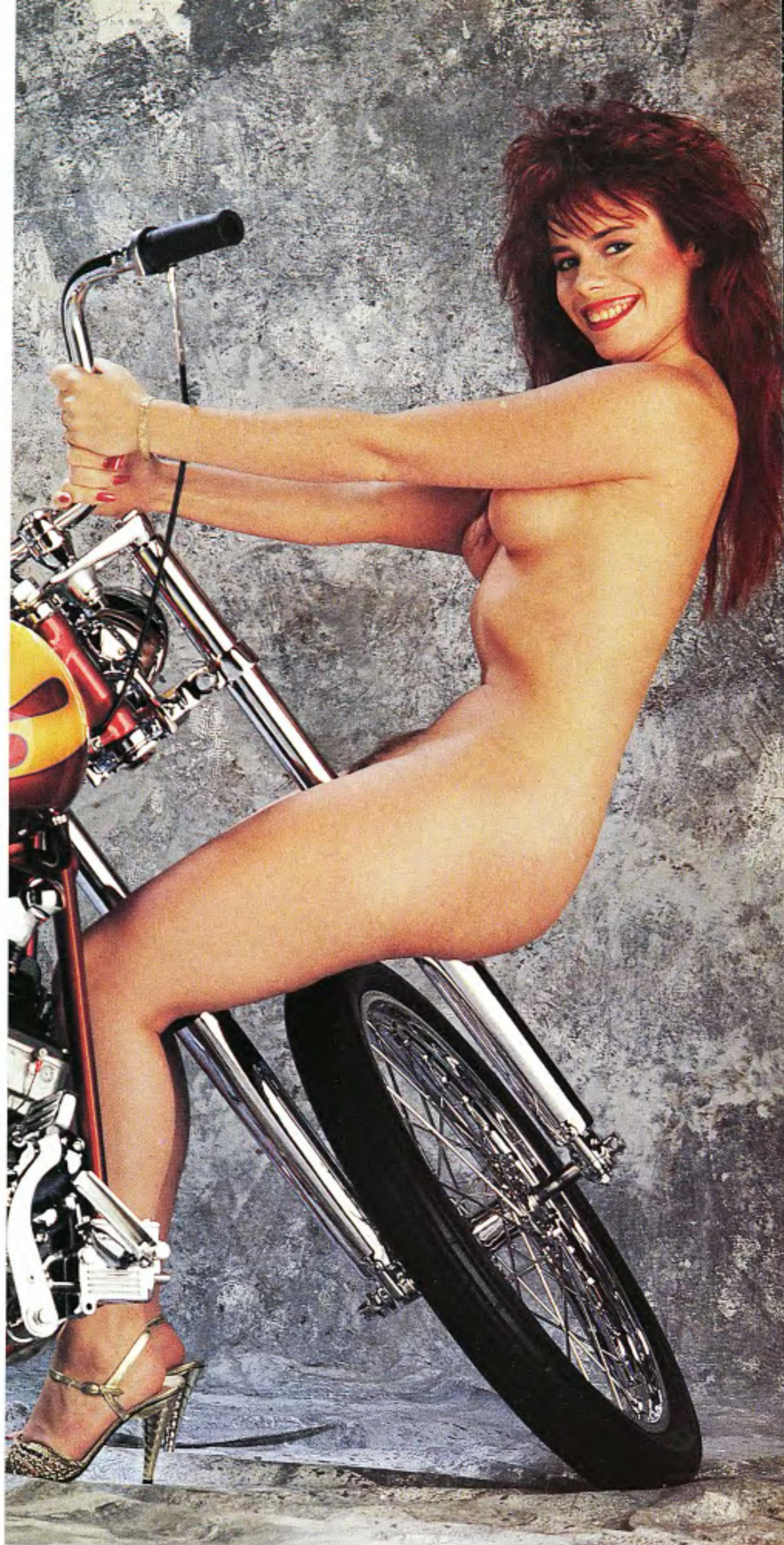
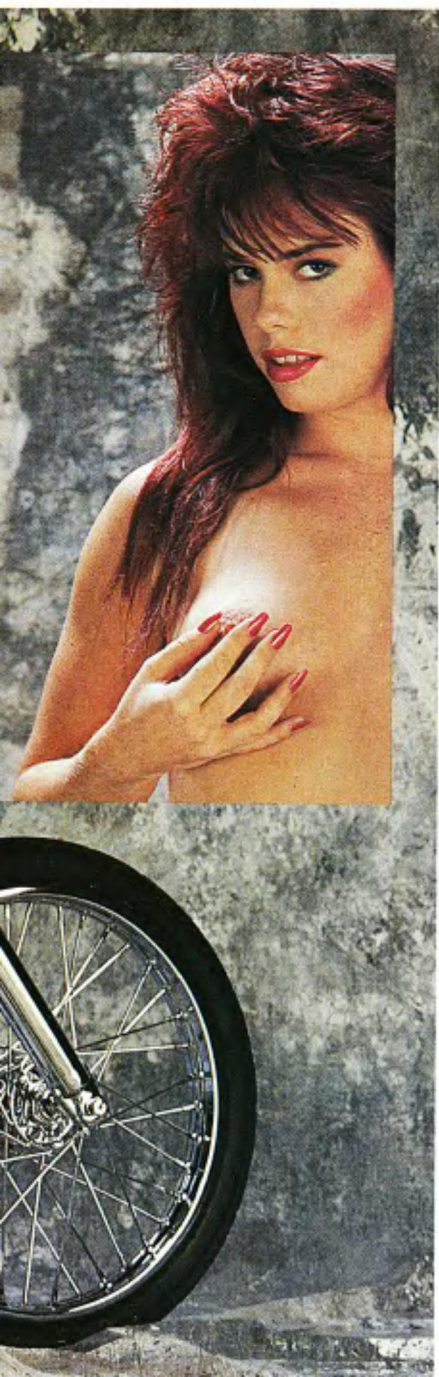


***Even after years of sex,
drugs, and rock 'n' roll,
people can make somethin'
outta their lives.***

between divorced folks, got no education (too indestructible), did too many nose bums, then had an experience 'bout five years ago.

He was puttin' the coast on a fine summer day after too many brain turns, on his knuck (when it wasn't

(continued after two pages of photos)







quite so fine), when he wobbled to a stop at a light, and what pulled up alongside 'im was a sparklin' vanilla with red leather upholstery, convertible (top down) Rolls-Royce Corniche. The sun on that carefully hand-crafted, finished paint sparkled like lightbursts off a plate of snow. The chrome reflected a galaxy of star-

bursts, but the sixteen-year-old driver brought Rick's senses back to reality.

The light turned, the car disappeared, and the knuck sputtered and rumbled on down the coast. But that scene changed Rick's life. He decided he was going to get his ass in gear and have one of them shimmerin' shorts. Dammit, if a snotnose can

tool the coast in six-digit style, then a fist-fightin', hard-working, never-give-up sonuvabitch can have *two* and a get-down, dead-sharp scoot to boot.

With a splintered back from ridin' off a cliff and a bad record, no-learnin' Rick and his pard, James McDermott, slid into the motion pic-



ture biz. Their company is Street Production, Inc. in L.A., and they're about to release (next summer) their first biker epic. With the assistance and blessing of a major club, this film, "Rogues of the Empire," should be an upright, down-home, out-back, no-shit, true-to-life bike film.

Shit, he blew up the knuck while





Name: Dana Dylan	Owner: Rick Hallett City: Malibu, California	
Birth Date: 5/25/67	General Frame	
Frame:	Fabrication by: Michael's MC Works Year: 1984	
Bust: 35" Waist: 25" Hips: 36" Height: 5'6" Weight: 125 lbs. Age: 20	Year and make: 1942 H-D Builder: Santee	
	Model: FL Type: rigid	
	Value: \$14,000 Rake: 10 degrees over	
	Assembly by: Michael's MC Stretch: 2 1/2 in.	
General	Time: months Other alterations: massive (to fit)	
Hometown: Salt Lake City Residence: La-La land Ol' Man: who? Occupation: porno star Favorite bike: Vince Neil's H-D Favorite hangout: Rainbow Bar & Grill	Chroming by: Brown's Plating Accessories	
	Engine Bars: Flanders	
	Year: 1942 Risers: Santee	
	Model: FL Fender(s): 6 in. flat, with slip	
Attitude	Rebuilder: Michael's MC Headlight: Bates	
Sex: "It's my job." Drugs: "Don't tell anyone." Rock 'n' roll: "My ambition." Turnoffs: "Dog breath and fat guys." Life: "I'm dazed and confused."	Ignition: magneto Taillight: catseye	
	Displacement: 80 cu. in. Speedo: Taiwan	
	Lower end: ULH flywheels Front pegs: Taiwan	
	Balancing: who Rear pegs: Taiwan	
Specifics	Pistons: S&S Electrics: Michael's MC	
Favorite position: doggy-style Favorite man: Jon Bon Jovi Favorite tunes: orgasms Favorite activity: singin' 'n' sex Favorite phallic symbol: guitars Romantic evening: At home, in front of a fire with a bottle of Jack Daniels. Fantasy: To be able to roll over and fall asleep in the arms of a hairy biker.	Cases: just barely Gas tank: 3 1/2 gal. H-D	
	Heads: stock Oil tank: Paughco	
	Cam(s): Andrews K Oil system: stock	
	Lifters: solids Primary cover: Paughco	
Transmission Forks	Carb(s): Andrews Flow Master Seat: Bar Enterprises/Ardy	
	Air cleaner: K&N Sissybar: Michael's MC	
	Pipes: Michael's MC Height: 9 in.	
	Muffler(s): Cycle Shack Material: 5/8 in. round	
Wheels	Modifications: none Type: wide glide	
	Year: 1942 Extension: 4 in. over	
	Shifting: ratchet Builder: H-D	
	Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive Special features: turned legs	
Painting	Trans sprocket: 24	
	Wheel sprocket: 51	
	Size: 21 in. Hub: H-D	
	Size: 16 in. Hub: star	
Molding: Bob Brouett		Rim width: 2 in. Rim width: 3.5 in.
Painter: Bob Brouett		Tire: Carlisle Tire: Michelin
Color: candy red		Brake: none Brake: Perf. Mach.
Type: lacquer/polyurethane		Special paint: Bob
Other special modifications: here and there		



filmin' it; as you can see, it's been rebuilt. He's into his second Rolls, and he pulled it all off legally, no big-time blow sales — he's got a lot to be proud of.

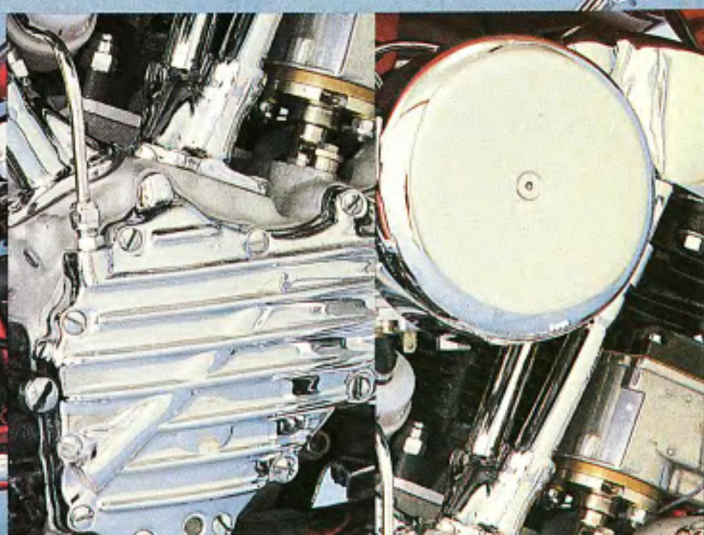
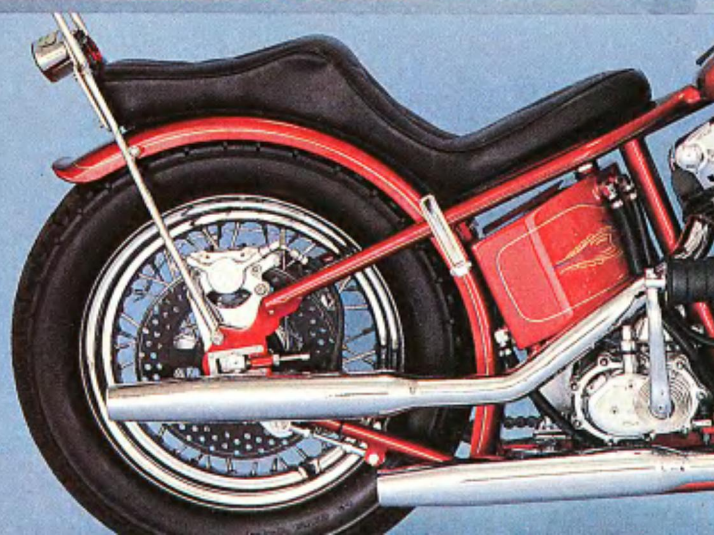
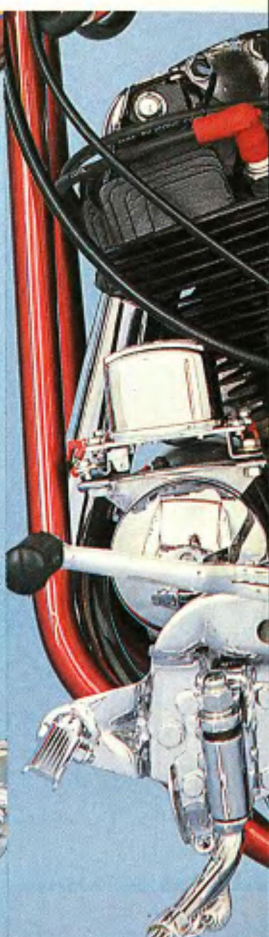
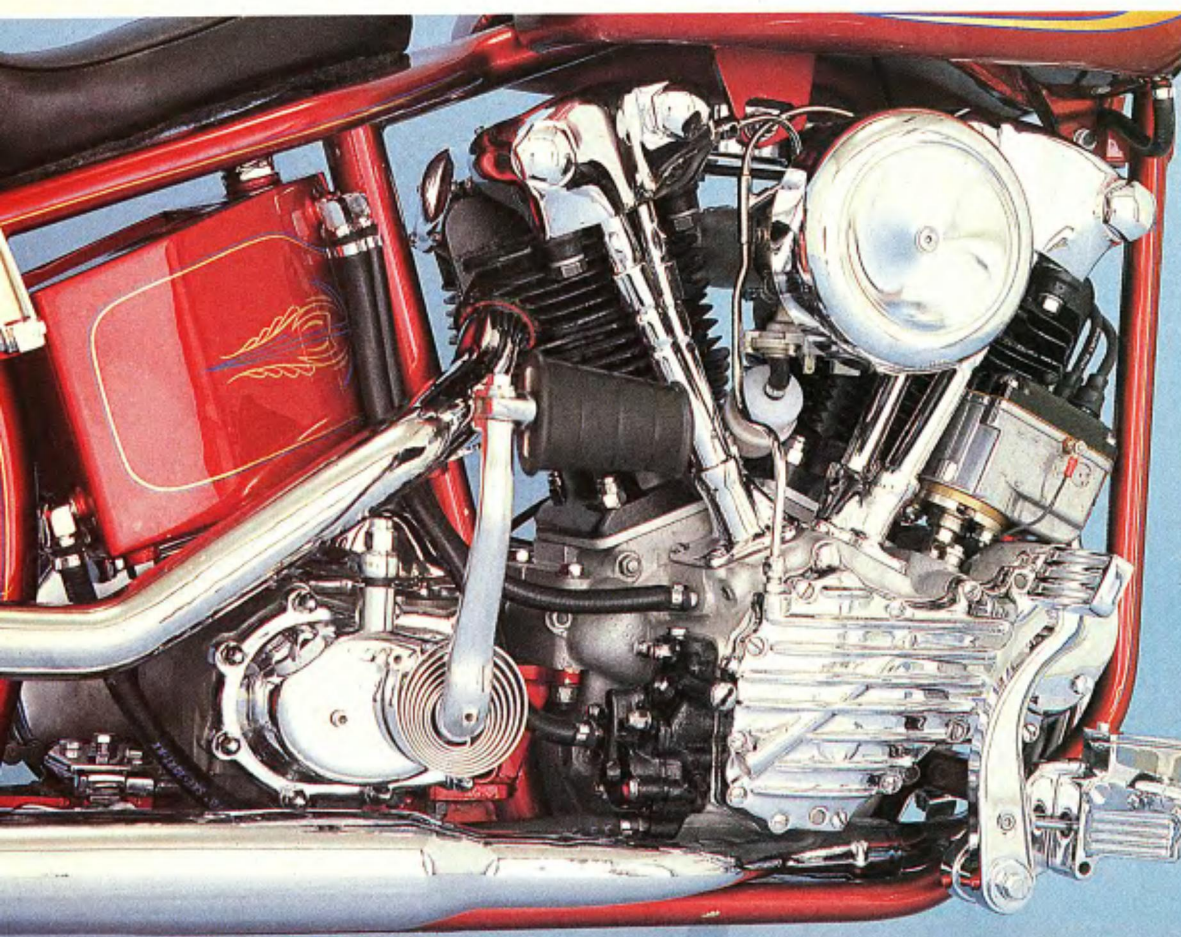
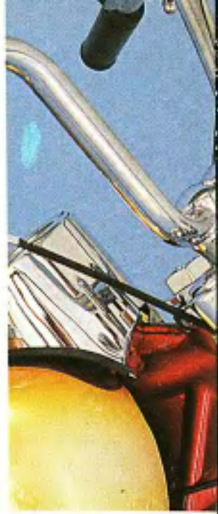
But let's get to the meat of the subject — Dana. She describes her outlook on life as "dazed and confused," but with some light seepin'

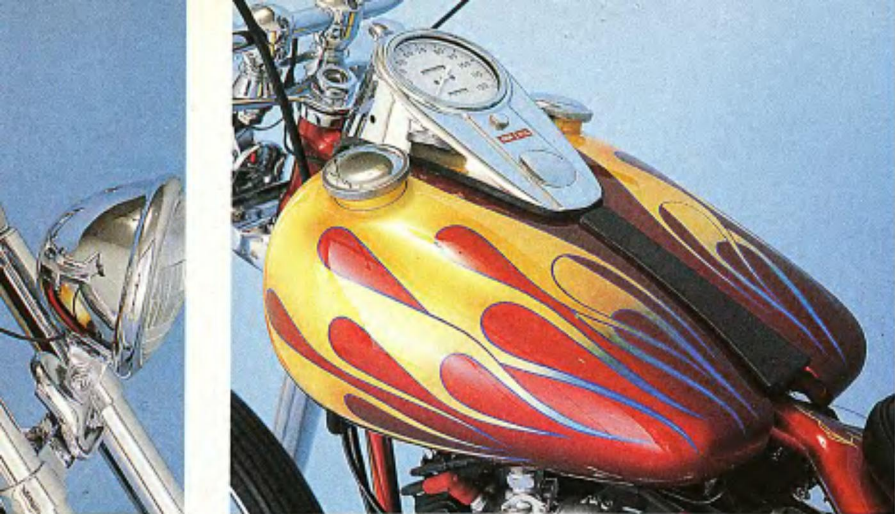
in at the end of the tunnel. This silky kitten skidded out of Salt Lake City on a hot rail for Glittersville and right into the neon strip joints, pausin' momentarily for a sensual interlude before she stepped into the porno biz — shit, her roomie was doin' it and enjoyin' the fuck outta it, while makin' good bread. This seeth-

ing sumptuous snake has slithered through thirty porno productions, including doin' the wicker basket number while on a boat in *Graffenburg Girls Go Fishing*, and a recent epic (if you're in the market) was *Loose Caboose*.

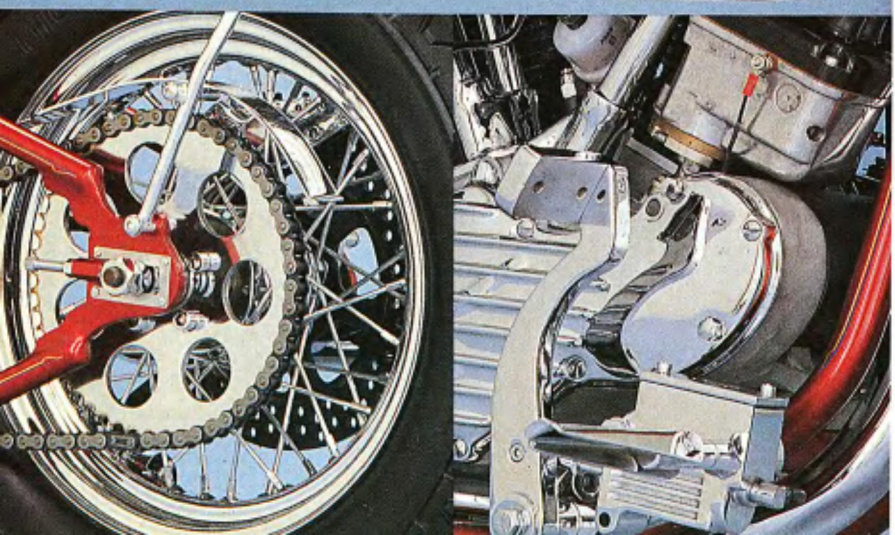
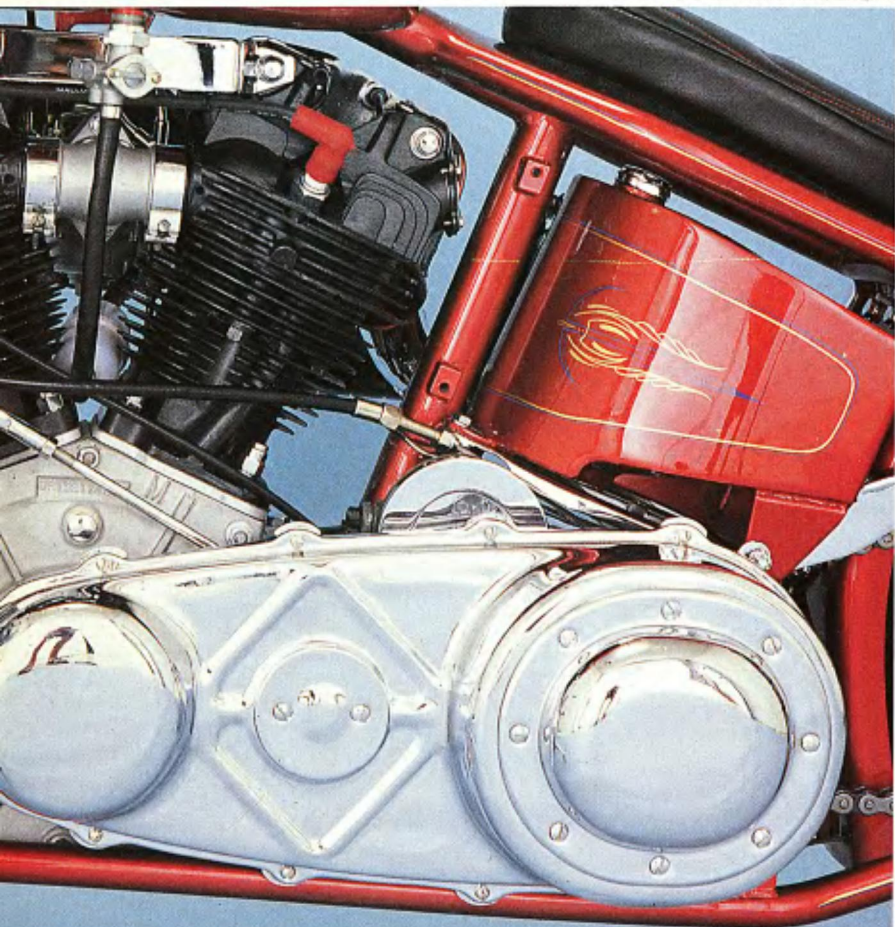
But underneath her quaking sexuality is the occasional need to make







Photos by Pete Chiodo and Gayda



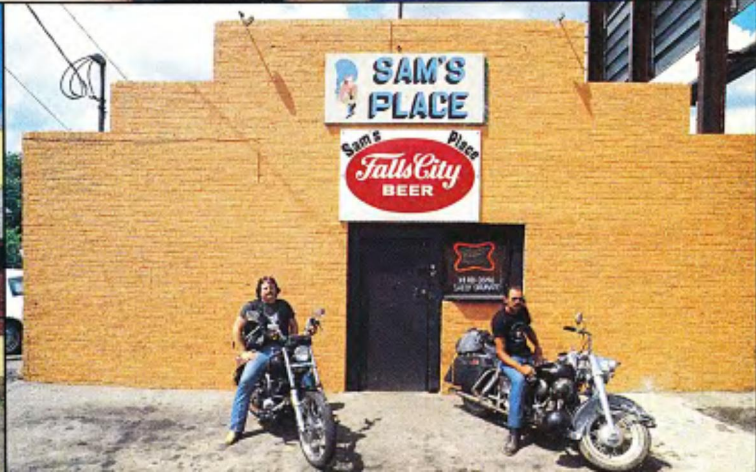
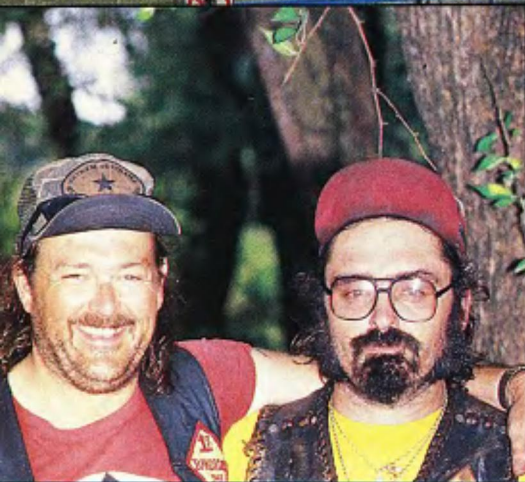
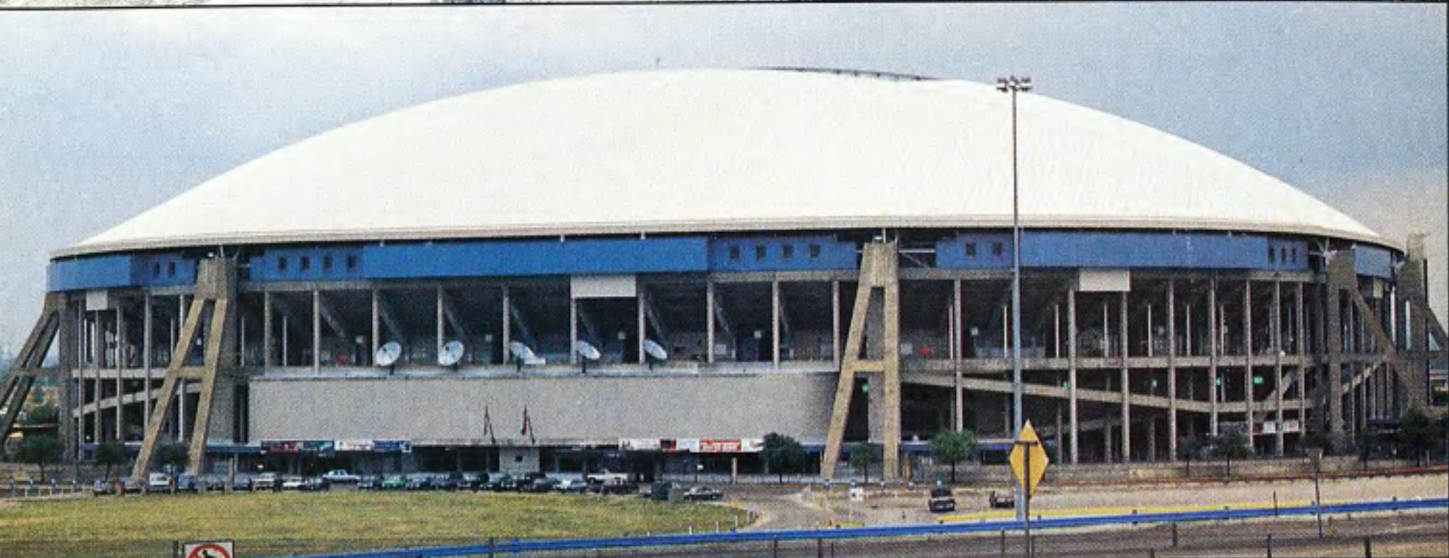
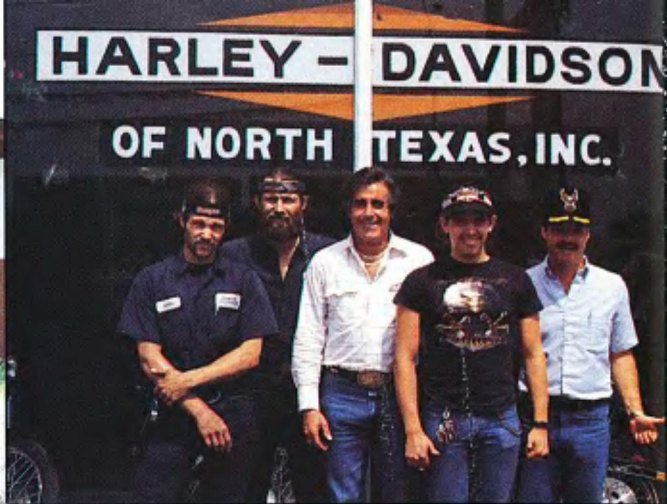
love, roll over, and fall asleep in someone's arms. She's currently without an ol' man. Besides a touch of humanity, this tantalizing, touchable torso twangs to the beat of hard rock. Bass guitar and squealing into a mike drives her thoughts to the future. A rock 'n' roll career surges through her bone-hardening figure.

At the nymphet age of thirteen, she began lusting after John Bon Jovi, and she's followed him since his first album. And although she's got her eyes on Vince Neil's (Motley Cruë) H-D, she spent \$300 for a front row seat to get close to Bon Jovi — she actually wants to hunt this cat down and tie a guitar string around his finger. Strummin' bass guitar and singin' with those hips carryin' the rhythm, she's written her first tune and is in the process of completing the business aspects of her first album.

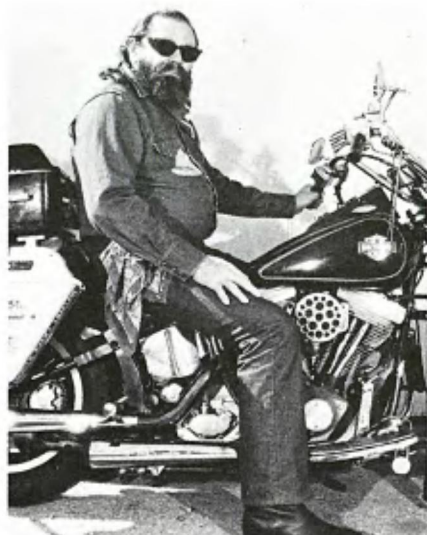
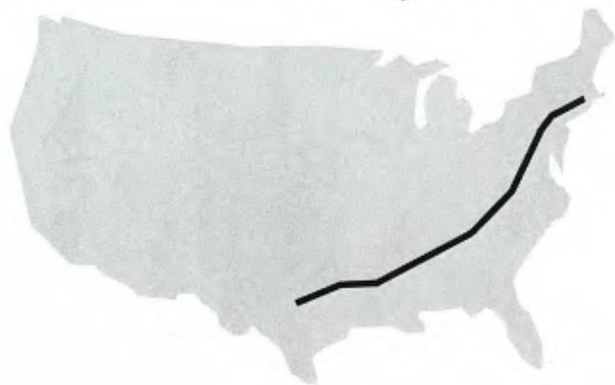
'Course she's only 20; she can flash her sweet ass in a few more porno flicks before she locks her lovely self into the success mode. But I can see success written all over her, can't you?

—Rev. Bandit





RIP'S RUN



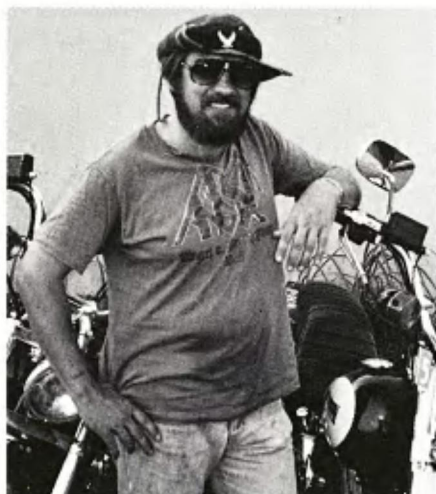
Rip aboard Darling

APPALACHIAN TRAIL *By Rip*

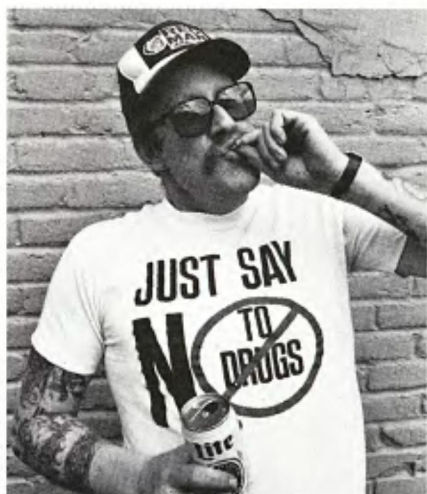
In the last leg-wetting issue, I left off by saying that the next column would be coming to ya from the Dallas-Fort Worth area of Texas. The putt to Big D was attempted under blue skies — a bit windy, but generally not bad at all. Big Dallas and the surrounding Arlington and Irving areas are the homes of the Dallas Cowboys, the Texas Rangers, and the chainsaw massacre. It is also the home base of the Fabulous Thunderbirds and Stevie Ray Vaughan, a modern-day Texas hero.

The dome photo on the color page is Texas Stadium, where the archrivals of my Los Angeles Raiders play. Of course, I'm referring to the Dallas Cowboys, often called America's Team.

Not having been in this part of Texas for a while, I had lost contact with the people whom I had met previously from this area. Not to worry; I rode over to Harley-Davidson of North Texas. Rapper, one of our *Easyriders* prospects, had told me earlier that Lee Woods, the owner, was a pretty good dude. The store is located on Harry Hines Boulevard, just up from Garfield's, a sometimes biker bar. At H-D of North Texas, I had the oil and filter changed and also had the



Capt. Cave Man



Bro at Sam's Place

primary chain looked at.

Darling, my Softail, said she felt better with a new filter and fresh, clean oil. While waiting for the service work to be completed, I got to looking at a flyer pinned on the bulletin board. I came across a name that was familiar, that being Misfit. I had met Misfit in Sacramento, California, in the early '80s, when he helped stage the first and only California Hog Rally. Misfit was the starter at the track. So I gave him a call, and he came right over.

Misfit shares a pad in Irving with Preacher and Marie. (Pictured on page 96, right side,

third from top, is Preacher. Marie is the girl with her top off, same page.) Marie was a titty dancer for the Ecstasies Club in Fort Worth. Let me warn you right now, if you go into this bar, be on the lookout for Leslie, the mixologist — she makes heavy drinks. In fact, the night I was there, I got so fucked up, I don't remember getting home. I'm glad I had friends watching over me, or I would have been long-gone many times. But hey, what are bros for? I'd do it for them.

While in the area, my plans were to catch the ninth annual original Texas Hog Rally on Sat-

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Misfit, Irving, Texas



Toothless, Dallas, Texas

urday, and then to ride south
down to Austin on Sunday for
the demonstration against the
proposed mandatory helmet law.
The rally was held on the steps
of the state Capitol building.

At the drag races I ran into a
couple of Bandidos — Crash,
who has been known to do a bit
of drag racing in his time, and
his brother, who will have to go
nameless, because I didn't write
his name down. I wasn't, how
you say, up to par that day.

I attended the Hog Rally Sat-
urday, but couldn't drag myself
out for the demonstration due to
a bad cold — it just kicked my
ass. I guess all the riding I had
done in the rain had finally
caught up with me. I felt like a
dog on Saturday at the track,
while trying to take some decent
pictures. It's a real strange
weather pattern around the Met-
roplex this time of year. The Dal-
las-Fort Worth area gets many
thunderstorms. Warm air from
the Gulf butts up against colder
air from the north, causing thun-
dershowers to spin around in
circles, going from Dallas to Fort
Worth and then back again. For
the next few days, I just kinda
hung around the house, hitting
the cold remedy and cough
syrup. Misfit, in the meanwhile,
had been bitten by a brown
recluse spider, better known as a
fiddle-back spider. These spid-
ers don't look like much but are

very poisonous, and if not
treated promptly, the flesh
around the bite rots off. Great,
ain't it? They also have spiny
white caterpillars that sting one's
bare feet when stepped on.

We did watch the tube for
news of the demonstration,
which came off well, although
the turnout was very light. The
newscaster said that only 400
people showed up to demon-
strate. Shit, Austin all by itself
has more riders than that. All I
know is that once you leave
Texas, going east, you'd better
have a helmet on, 'cause it's the
law. It's too bad, but if the locals
can't support ABATE or any
other political biker rights organ-
izations, they have no one to
blame but themselves.

Getting back on a lighter note,
I did get to party with the Dallas
chapter of the Banshees. They
cooked a goat behind their club-
house, and I've got to say it
wasn't half bad. I have eaten
goat and goat brains before. We
partied all night and had a great
time. Thanks go out to Li'l Rick,
Snorton, Toothless, Spud, and
all the other folks who attended
the party that evening. Murf from
the Texarkana, Texas, chapter
rode down to party and to escort
me up to their clubhouse. It's
an old frame building located
back in the woods a few miles
from town.

While in Texarkana, I had the



Hoss, Clarksville, Tennessee



L'I Rick

opportunity to visit Jack's Harley-Davidson, an authorized dealer. There I met Jay, Karie, Mary, and of course, Jack. After checking out their store, Murf and I headed to the clubhouse to get down with the pardooing. The club has fixed their old house up to their liking. It may not look like much from the outside, but the inside of the building is a horse of a different color. All the walls have Bud six-pack cartons stapled on them for starters. They have a pool table, plus a few pinball and video games. At the party that night, I got to renew a friendship with an old friend whom I had met many years ago in California. Spanky is a Banshee now, and he gave me a telephone number for Hoss and Pat in Clarksville, Tennessee.

I rode out the next day to pay them a call and to see if I could visit with Capt. Cave Man, who had written "Rip's Run" about a bar called Mr. Bill in Clarksville, Tennessee. I didn't leave the clubhouse in Texarkana early, like I wanted to. Consequently, I had to ride at night, reaching Clarksville after midnight the next morning. The ride through Little Rock, Memphis, and Nashville was a fast one. They had the faster speed limit signs up already. I kept it between 70 and 80 most of the time.

Hoss is a retired warrant

officer, having served in the U.S. Army for over 23 years. He flew helicopters for Uncle Sammy. Hoss plays a mean guitar. He loves bluegrass and country sounds. I told him about my trip last summer to Weiser, Idaho, for the Fiddlers Championship. Thank you, Hoss and Pat, for letting me stay with you all and for the fine grub — it was tasty. Mr. Bill is under new ownership and is now called The Crossroads. Jacky has owned it since January 1 of this year. I love going into biker bars. One of the first things I do is to look for the burn-out marks on the floor. The Crossroads had quite a few. During the weekend, the local bands that play there get down with Southern-fried rock-and-roll.

After leaving Tennessee, I rode along the west side of the Allegheny Mountains to Lexington, Kentucky, via the Western Kentucky and Bluegrass Parkways, a good, fast toll road with ample scenery, to a bar called Sam's Place. I have always liked Kentucky, as I have relatives there. Fast motorcycles, older, smoother whisky, and younger women. I hear tell that women far outnumber the men in the Bluegrass State. I stayed a couple of days, checking out the talent and making notes to return sometime later, when I had more time. If you're in the area, go see what I'm talking about.

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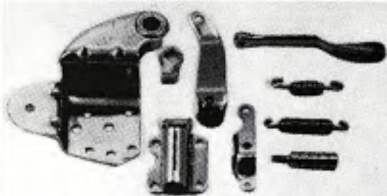
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Banshees' clubhouse, Dallas, Texas

The ride out of town on Highway 64 to Charleston, West Virginia, was a piece of cake, although it had started to drizzle.

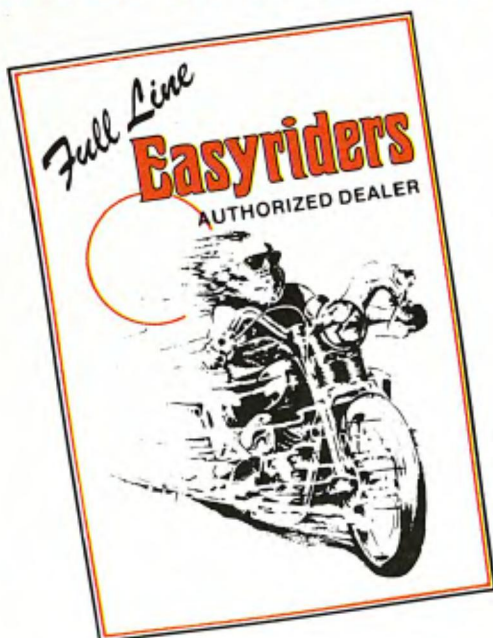
The rain stopped by the time I and Darling, my Softail, hit the state line. We were dried out completely by the time we

reached Charleston. We were looking for the Eagle's Nest, located five miles east of Charleston, in a small community called Rand. A dude named Nut had written me about this place, so I just had to see what was shaking.

Wildman, a Pagans patch-holder, is the owner. There were mucho black burnout marks on the Eagle's Nest's floor. They have live entertainment on the weekends. There is beau-coup parking area in front of the bar. The people are bonaroo. I really hated leaving so soon — I wanted to hang out and party — but I had to get out on the highway so I could ride in the rain some more. Of course I'm being facetious; that's just the way it turned out. I rode north through the Cumberland part of the Appalachian Mountains, getting nearly drowned, and the steady drizzling rain in Pennsylvania wasn't much fun, either. But fuck it — in this job, as in many others, you've got to take the bad with the good. I'm about half-

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tough, so I can handle it. Right about here, I should say that I wouldn't trade this job for any other one. Can you imagine getting paid for this?

I rode through New York into Connecticut at night. It finally stopped raining, right after I paid the toll-keeper on the east side of the Hudson River, just north of West Point and not too far from Sing-Sing. From there it was just a hop, skip, and a jump to Danbury and Hartford, Connecticut.

The next installment of this gripping roadside tale will be coming to ya out of the New England states.

Keep the rubber side on the road and have a good ol' good one. I'll be out here, looking for those cornfields to start sprouting.

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.



Bros at The Crossroads, Clarksville, Tennessee



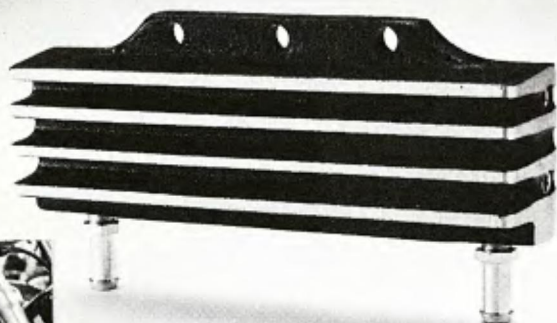
Banshees' clubhouse, Texarkana, Texas

Photos by Rip

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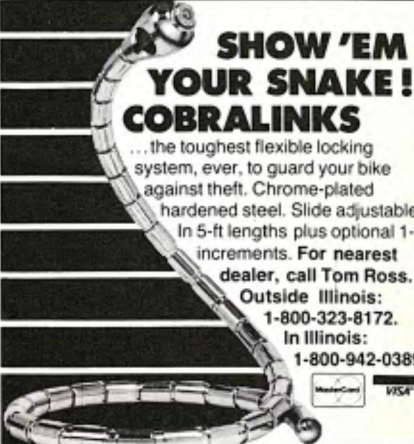
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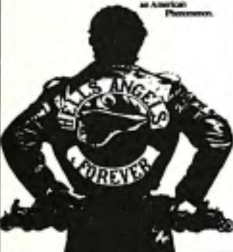
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KINDRED KAM

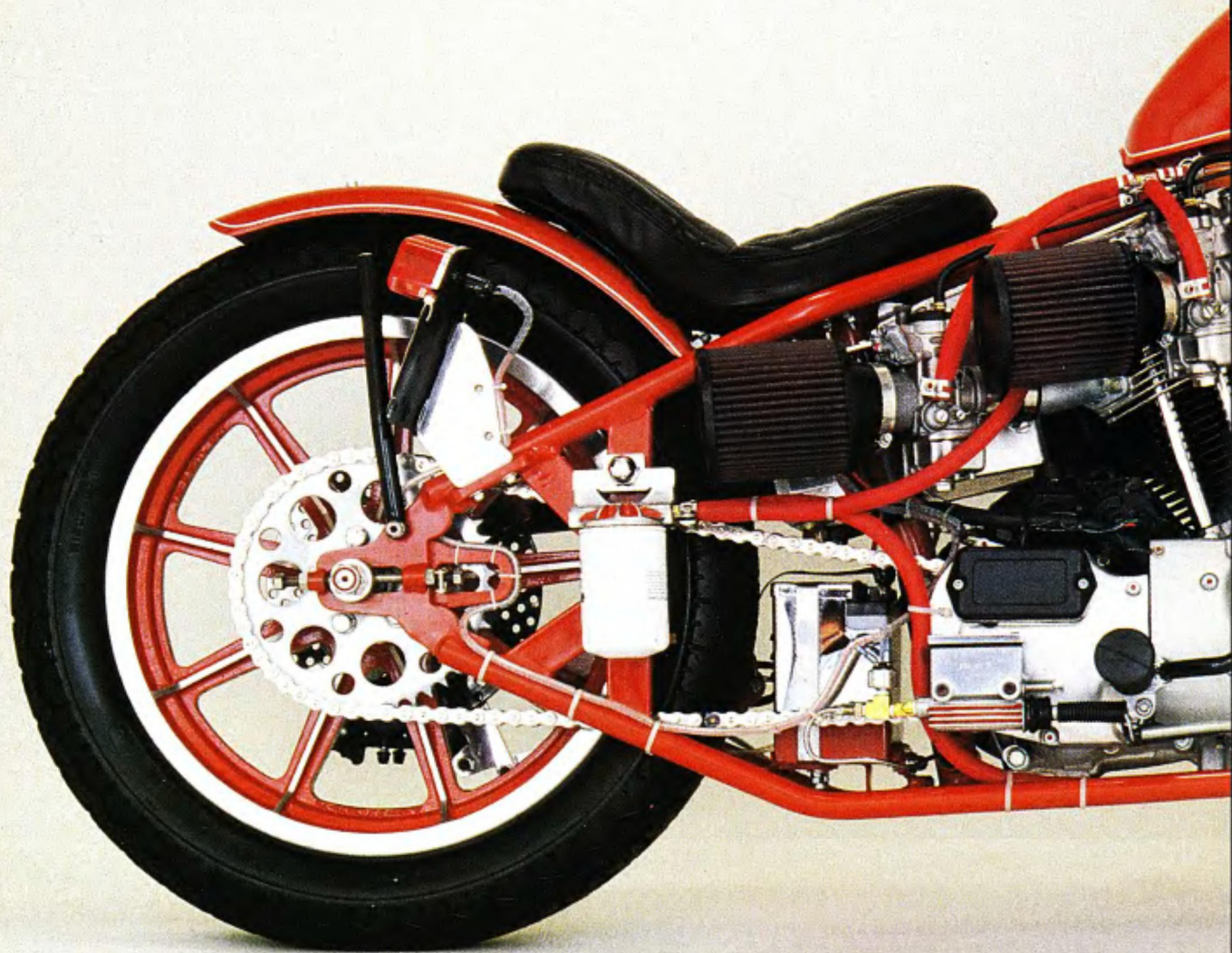
You might call this kick-ass knockabout rocket a Harley-Dad'n'son

Some guys have all the luck. When I was the same age as the owner of this XR-1000, I was ridin' a baling-wire Honda and flippin' beef patties at a McFur-burger stand to earn my gas money, and I could only dream of the day when I'd be able to afford to put some American iron between my skinny legs.

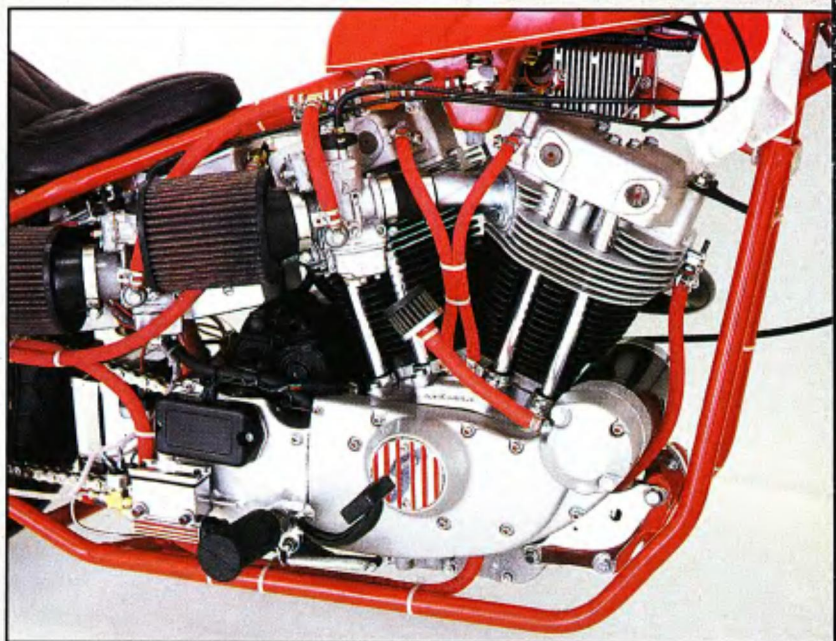
Not Dave Wada, Jr. No, sir. Even though he's still in high school, probably hangin' around at the bottom of the stairs like I used to do in the

miniskirt days, Dave is the title-holder of this bitchin' bike, and he ain't even seventeen years old yet! Can you flash on what it must be like to be just out of junior high school, smothered neck-deep in firm, fresh-faced foxes with busily-blossomin' boobs, and havin' this street-searin' Harley to putt to algebra class on?

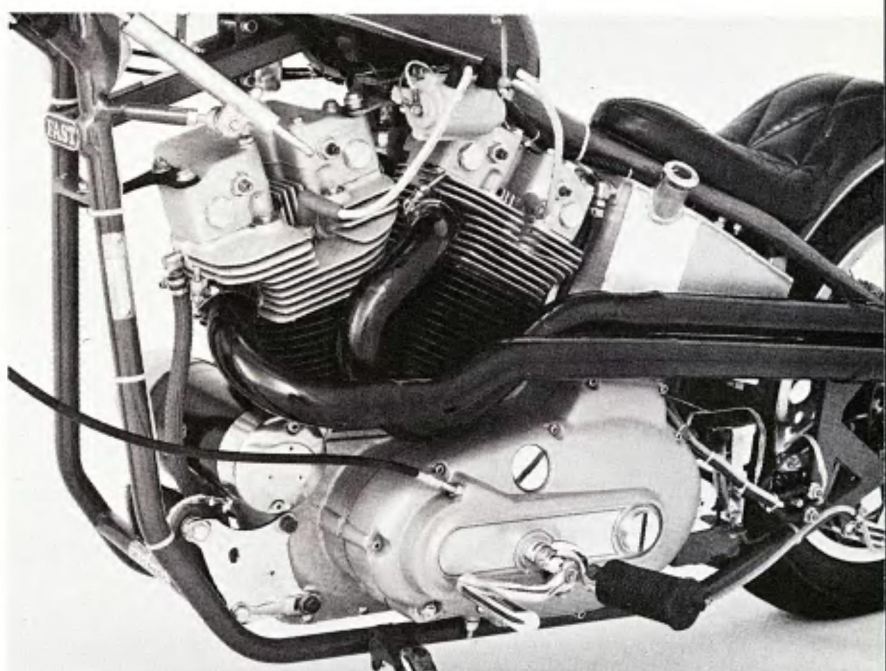
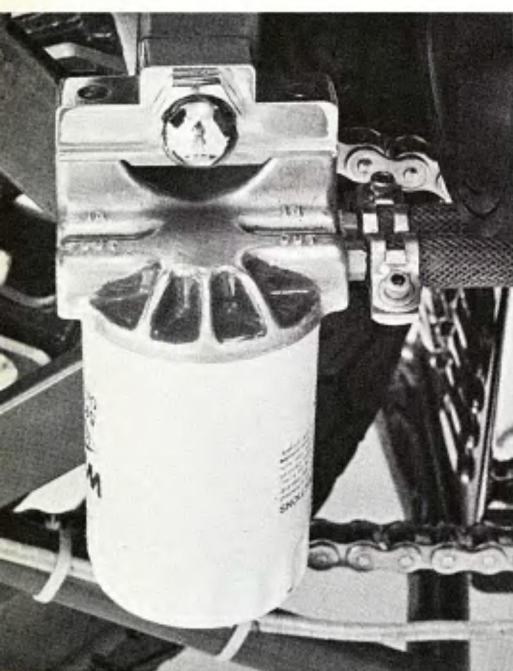
Just think about it, bro — hell, the girls don't even smell rank yet when they're that young. And ya can take my word on it, too, consid-



IKAZE

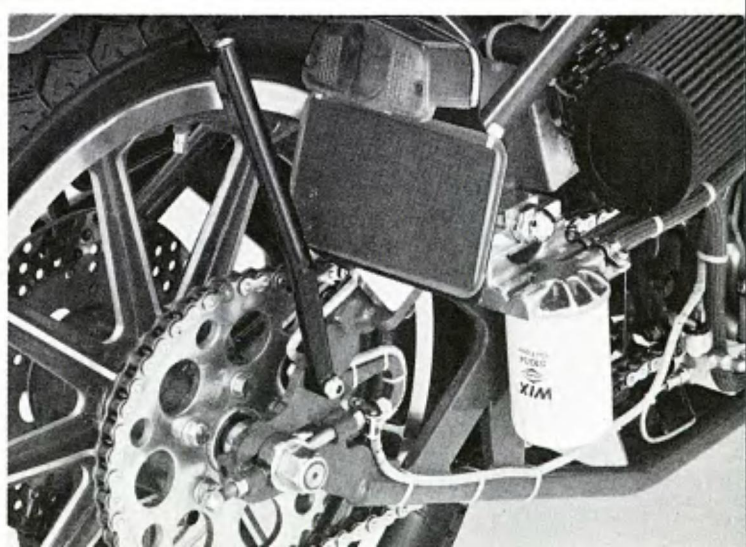


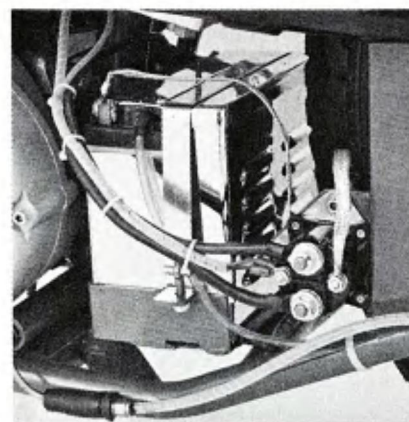
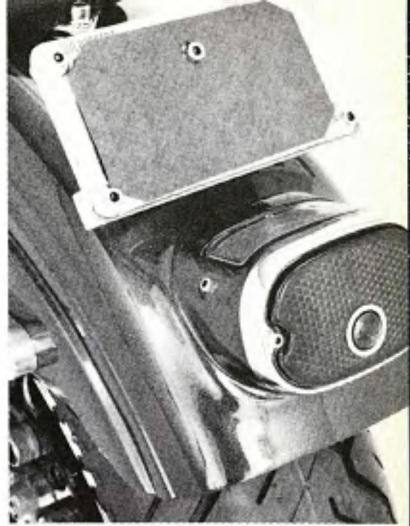
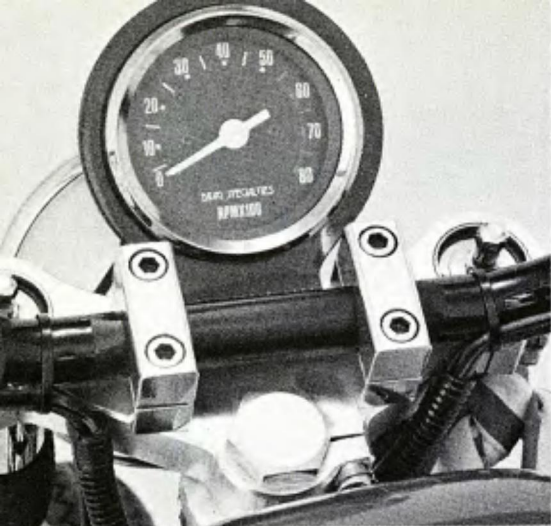




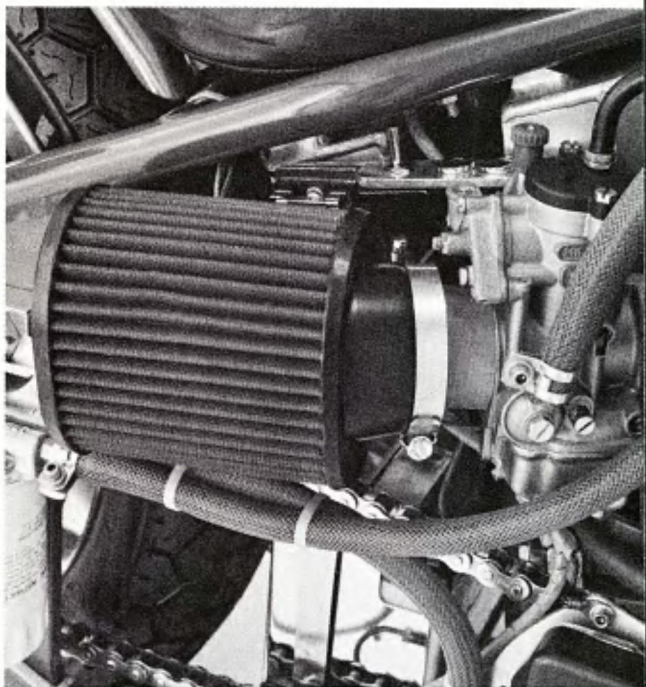
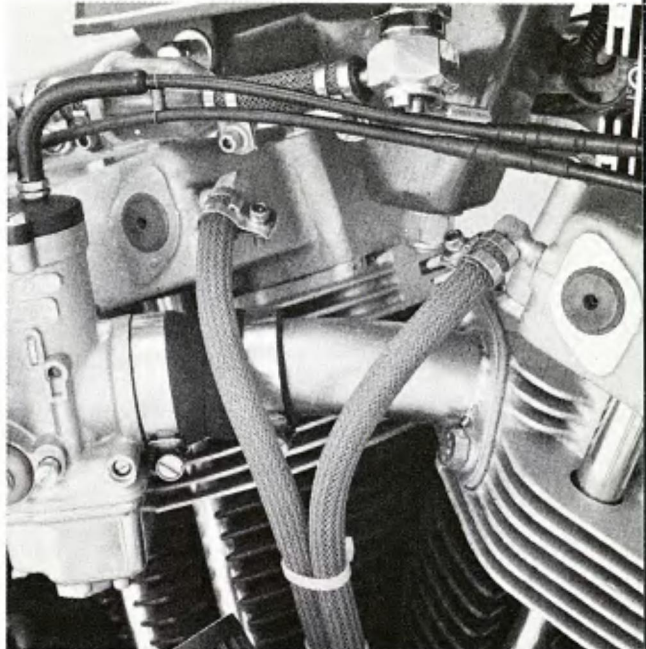
erin' how much time I still spend rootin' around an' letchin' at high schools, oglin' the up-and-coming talent with muff-mirrors pasted on the top of my boots, or scrabblin' around on the sidewalk, lookin' for "dropped" coins. You can bet yer ass that, with this sled, Dave doesn't have anywhere near the problems I used to have tryin' to coax the teenaged twatettes onto the back of my old sweat-stained Super Hawk seat.

... But back to Dave. This lucky cat's righteous dad, Dave, Sr., couldn't see any reason why his boy should have to wait all those years to get his face in the wind, so father and





Owner: Dave Wada, Jr.		City: Los Altos, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Dad		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: XR-1000		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot of sushi		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Dad		Stretch: none	
Time: not much		Other alterations: gussets	
Chroming by: none		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N	
Year: 1984		Risers: very short	
Model: XR-1000		Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: whoever wants to		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: pointless		Taillight: CC	
Displacement: 1000 cu. cent.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: I guess		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: really smooth		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 2		Electrics: battery	
Cases: 1 set		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: 2		Oil tank: handmade	
Cam(s): 4		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: 4		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): 2		Seat: leather	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade		Height: frame-to-fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: custom	
Year: 1		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Dad	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: air	
Trans sprocket: 21		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 46		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: frame		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: Dad		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM3
Color: EB dark red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Carlisle
Type: enamel		Brake: none	Brake: Brembo
Special paint: spray can			
Special thanks to: Jack and the Bone.			

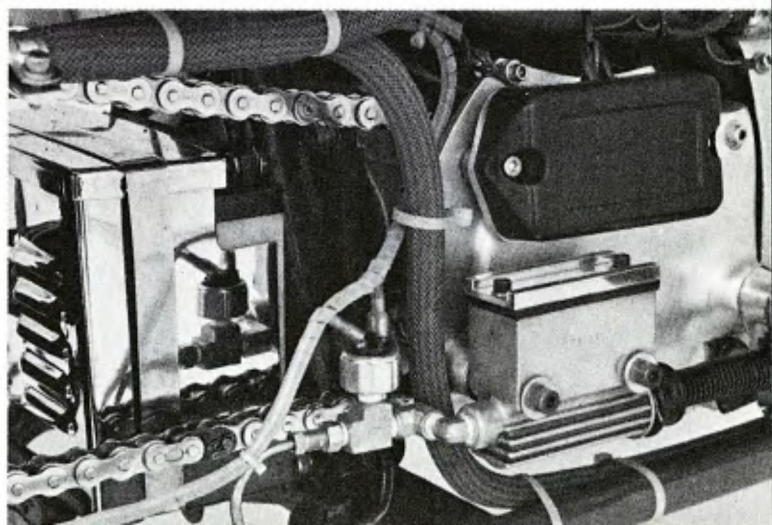


Photos by Pete Chiodo

son just up and built this damned near rare '84 model to part the breezes with. An' talk about a great team for the project — Dave, Sr. is a machinist by trade, and Dave, Jr. pulls down a part-time gig in a body shop. Between themselves, the two Wadas pieced together a bitchin' combo job, from start to finish, within one short month.

Sure as hell can't complain about that. I don't know what that kamikaze scarf tied on the fork means to Dave, but if it had been my scooter way back when I was still in high school, I can tell ya how it would've implied suicide to yours truly.

I'd have been fucked to death. —Glueface





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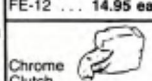
C. HOG TAILS - Concho fringe grip plug **6.95**



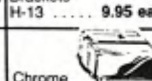
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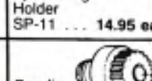
Chrome Throttle Clamp Single Cable SU-58 **6.95 ea.**



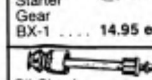
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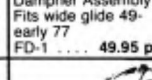
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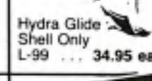
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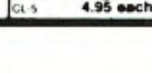
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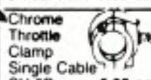
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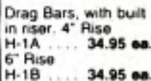
Chrome Throttle Cable SU-58 **6.95 ea.**



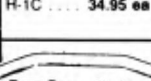
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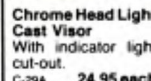
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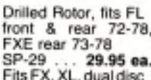
Chrome Throttle Cable SU-5 **6.95 ea.**



Chrome Throttle Cable SU-5 **6.95 ea.**



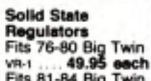
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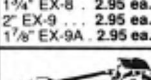
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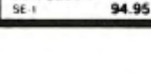
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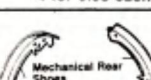
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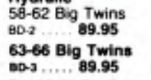
Mechanical Rear Shoe Fits 36-57 Big Twin 84-15 **19.95 pair**



Fits 58-62 Big Twin 84-16 **19.95 pair**



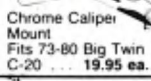
Fits 54-63 XL 1041 84-17 **19.95 pair**



Fits 54-78 XL 1041 84-18 **19.95 pair**



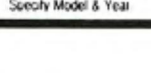
Fits 49-78 FL front 84-19 **19.95 pair**



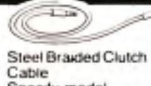
Chrome Brake Drum & Sprockets Mechanical



Chrome Brake Drum & Sprockets Mechanical



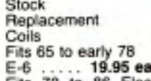
Chrome Brake Drum & Sprockets Mechanical



Steel Braided Clutch Cable Specify model **14.95 ea.**



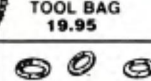
Steel Braided Clutch Cable Specify model **14.95 ea.**



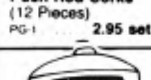
Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



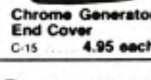
Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



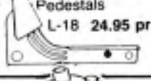
Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



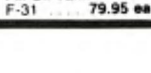
Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



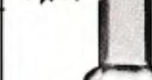
Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



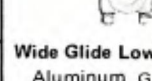
Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



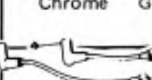
Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



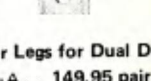
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



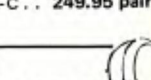
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



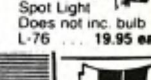
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



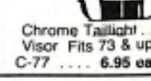
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



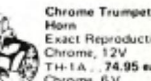
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



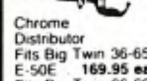
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



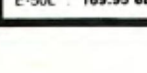
Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



Chrome FLH Spot Light Does not inc. bulb L-76 **19.95 ea.**



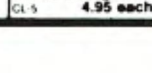
Chrome Distributor Fits Big Twin 36-65 E-50E **169.95 ea.**



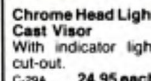
Chrome Distributor Fits Big Twin 66-69 E-50L **169.95 ea.**



Chrome Caliper Anchor Arm Fits 73-83 Big Twin GL-5 **4.95 each**



Chrome Caliper Anchor Arm Fits 73-83 Big Twin GL-5 **4.95 each**



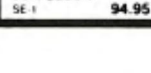
Chrome Head Light Cast Visor With indicator light cut-out. C-29A **24.95 each**



Chrome Head Light Cast Visor With indicator light cut-out. C-29A **24.95 each**



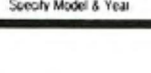
Genuine Harley Deluxe Police Solo Saddle SE-1 **94.95**



Genuine Harley Deluxe Police Solo Saddle SE-1 **94.95**



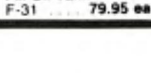
Tapered Muffler Pipes EX-1 **89.95 pr.**



Tapered Muffler Pipes EX-1 **89.95 pr.**



Chrome Stock Side Fill Oil Tank F-31 **79.95 ea.**



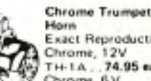
Chrome Stock Side Fill Oil Tank F-31 **79.95 ea.**



Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 12V TH-1A **74.95 each**



Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 6V TH-1B **74.95 each**



Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 12V TH-1A **74.95 each**



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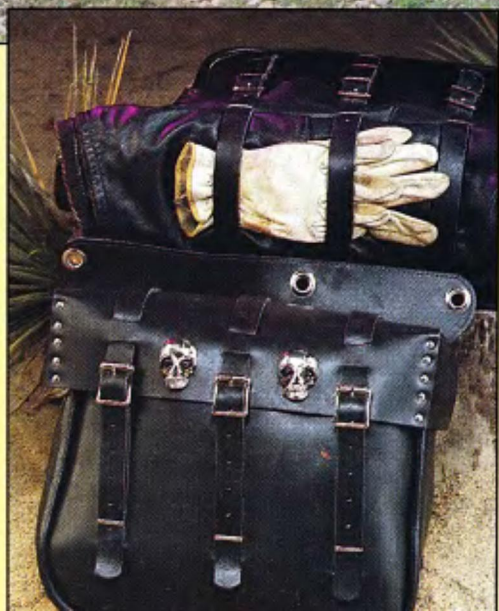
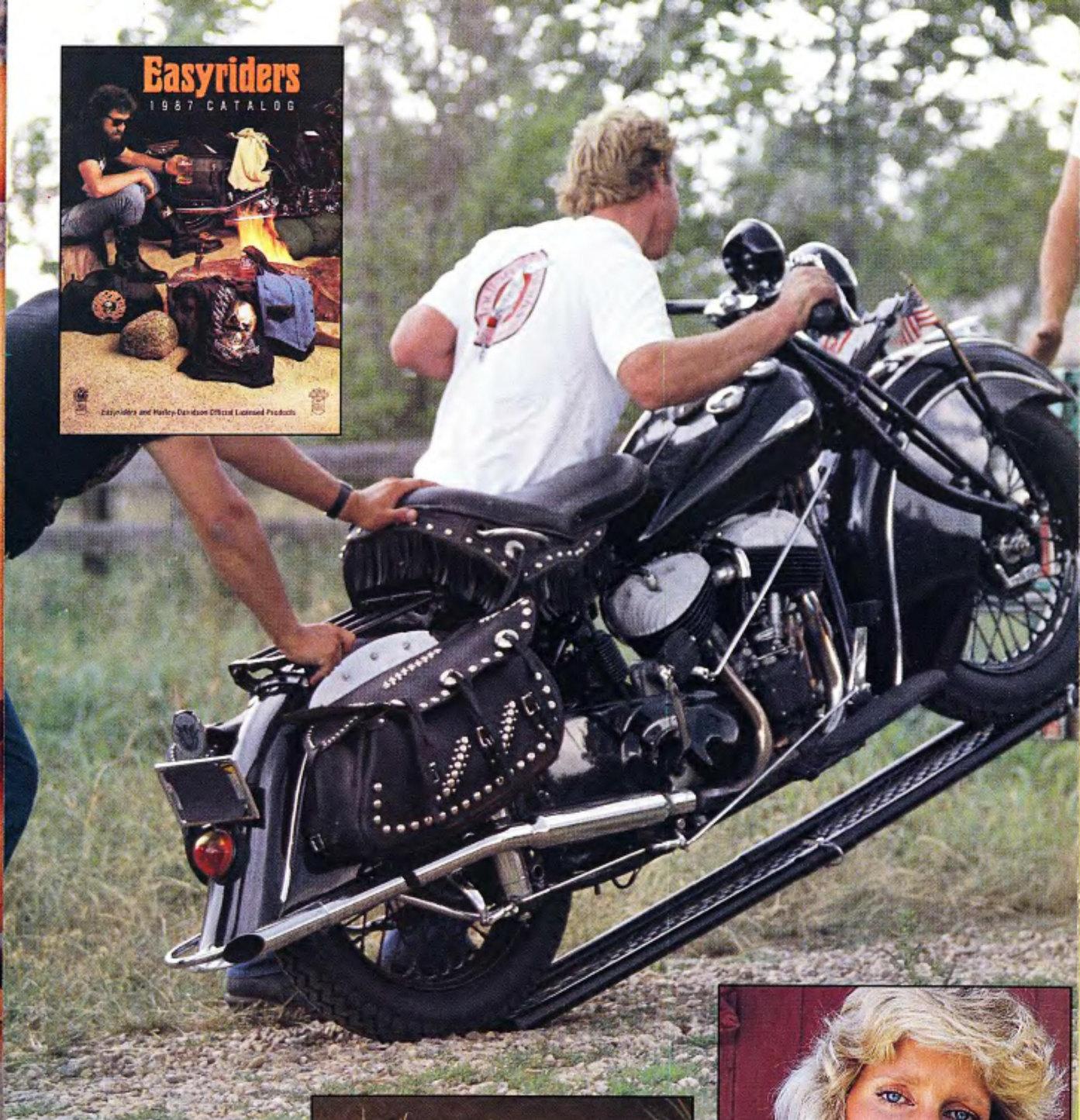
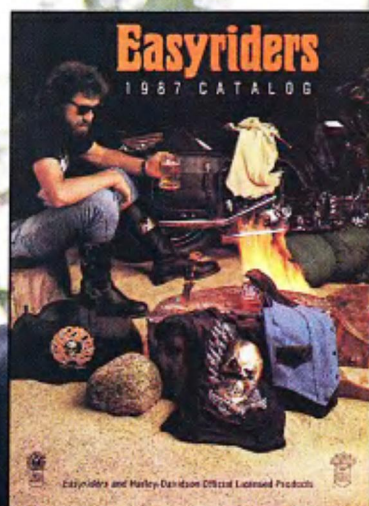
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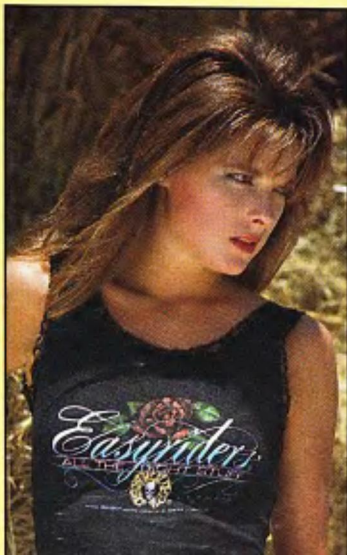
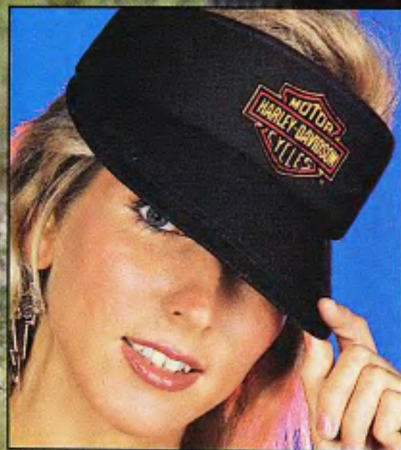
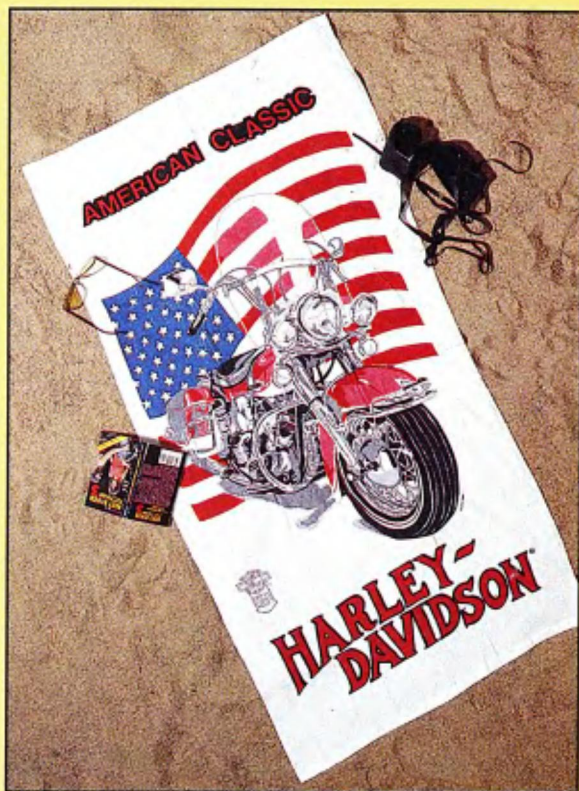
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Summertime is here, bro, so it's time to fire up the trusty sled and aim her down the highway, hittin' the asphalt for another season of righteous puttin', partyin', an' cuttin' loose. Well, we know a way to make this summer even better — take a piece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

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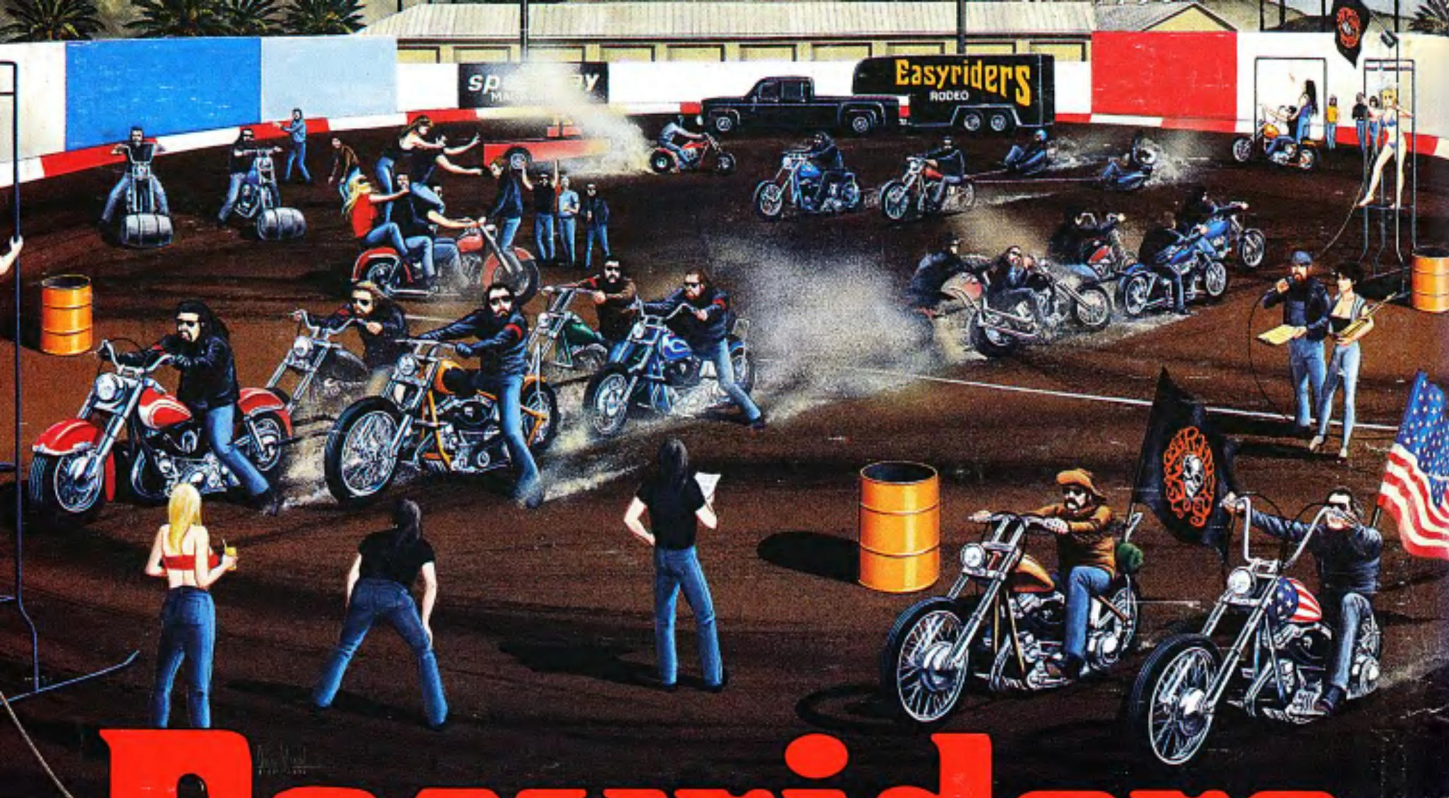
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SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 12:00 NOON
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One mile northeast of Flemington circle, on Hwy. 31.
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BYOB Bring your own beer — small coolers, **NO BOTTLES**,
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All you fun-lovin' folks, come out Saturday for participant sign-up, practice, free camping, and Keg Party!

Entry fee \$25 per bike, per event. Two people admitted per entry.

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Keg Party Saturday night

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Rodeo starts 2:00 p.m. Sunday

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