

Easyriders

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Laws Killed**

**Cookin' With
Beer Cans!**

Laconia Is Alive!

Fabulous Scooters

Rat Bike Returns

Nam Vets MC

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FLASHBACK



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Easyriders

NUMBER 172

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

OCTOBER 1987

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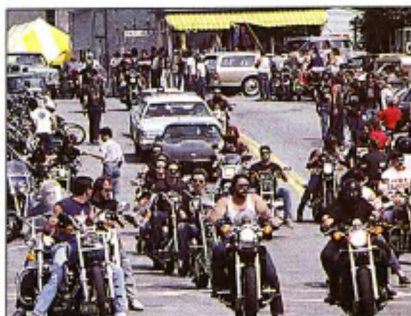
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag
goes on sale September 27.



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Cover, gatefold, and feature photography of Olivia
and Mike Sing's panhead by Gayda.

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**HARLEY'S BEEN OUT-RIDING
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H A R L E Y[®]
L E A T H E R S

Two guys playing like gangsters from the '30s movies decided to blow up a safe. They blew the hell out of the building the safe was in—even blew out windows up and down the street. It blew the guys into confetti, but the safe remained intact.

There's a guy who cut his wife so badly that it took 1,200 stitches to sew her up. The reason for cutting her up was that his dinner was late. Whatdafuck!

Here's something I might try with Rufus if he weren't so damned old. A man was walking his dog one night when he passed a girl. He threatened her—if she didn't cooperate, his dog was going to get her, whereupon the dog jumped up on her leg and bit a piece out of her jeans (you know where). She was so terrified that she submitted to the guy's molesting. Damn! I think of all the missed opportunities I had when Rufus was younger.

You've heard of all the reasons you should stop smoking, but they finally came up with one that hits home. Doctors now claim that smoke will put your dick in the dirt. Apparently, smoking restricts the flow of blood to your crank. Shit! I can put up with possibly getting cancer of the lungs or scrotum, but putting my dick in the dirt is too much.

This biker was tooling along the highway, missed a curve, and crashed into a large tree. He croaked (even though he was wearing a helmet), but by the time the police got to the scene, someone had stolen his motorcycle.

She came home with a real fancy-dancy hairdo, and he didn't like it at all. He got so pissed at her that he sliced a hole in his waterbed and crammed her head in the hole. Her life was saved by the couple's 13-year-old son, who started whacking his father over the head with a two-by-four. While he was hitting his father, his brother and sister slipped out of the house and called the police.

This is the weirdest happening since a man in 1982 punched a hole in his head with an electric drill. Now we have a guy who, at 61, wanted to call it a day and hammered two—count them, two—five-inch nails into his gourd. I don't know why people do things like this when it's so easy to turn on a gas jet or smell the exhaust from a car.

This 18-year-old guy who had just joined the fire department extinguished his first fire with a paper cup. He was tooling along the highway when he noticed a small brush fire in progress, so he jumped out and ran to the nearest pond with a Dixie cup. He ran back and forth 20 times between the fire and the pond, eventually putting out the fire. At that rate he could have pissed on it.

Then we have the dipshit who was teaching a friend how to use a shotgun. He told his friend that no pellets would penetrate from 60 yards. To prove his point, he counted off 60 paces, turned, and told his friend to shoot. His friend was a little unsure, but the guy insisted so he pulled the trigger. Surprise, surprise! His friend got 27 bird-shot pellets in his chest.

Now we have this bright guy who broke into a camera store. He took his picture with a Polaroid camera, and when he pulled the film out, it was still black and undeveloped. He thought the camera was no good and threw the film into the wastebasket. The next day the police found the film in the wastebasket completely developed, showing a perfect picture. He was only 19, so I guess we can cut him some slack.

When he left his home to go to work, he grabbed the morning newspaper off the lawn and got into his cage. Then he discovered that a live bird was inside the folded paper. He stopped to free the bird and fell out of his car. His car rolled down the street, crashing into a neighbor's house. While he was chasing the car, his pants fell down. He then decided it was a fucked-up day.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Easyriders

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Gas Tip

☐ I just bought an '87 Softail after 20 years of foreign ownership. It's the best thing I've done in a long time!

I've been running 100 LL (lowlead) gas in the Harley, and the plugs look like new after 2,500 miles. You can get this stuff at your local airport. Just bring some gas cans and get all you want. It costs a bit more, but it burns really clean, and if you do have to go to the local station for some of the cheap stuff, it will mix with what's left in the tank and up its octane.

B.S.
Londonderry, N.H.

Asshole Having A Shit Fit

☐ Your magazine is pure shit. I've never read such tripe in my life. I cannot comprehend what sort of subhuman could possibly gain anything positive from reading it. And talk about "ugly"! The sluts depicted in your mag all look like Dick Tracy characters. I couldn't warm up to any of them if we were being cremated together.

It saddens me to know that a tree died in order to print your trash. Picture after picture of big, fat-assed, tattooed, moronic fags — disgusting. No wonder bikers all have rotten teeth — oralizing those harlots they think are so demure and lovely.

Ed Barnett
Columbus, Ohio

■ Go back to exposing yourself. Give everyone something to laugh at — needle-dick!

Help!

☐ My name is Gwendolyn Star James. I am presently incarcerated at Purdy Correctional Center for Women, Gig Harbor, Washington.

I'm trying to get transferred to Oklahoma Prison for Women, but I need someone to exchange with me — either the men's or the women's prison. My three children live there with my family, and I have not seen

them for 1½ years. Washington is too far for them to come to see me.

I have been diagnosed as having a terminal disease, Systemic Lupus. There is no cure. I would appreciate being near my family during whatever time I have left.

Please help! (Write to me at the address below.) Thanks!
Gwendolyn Star James
#919107
P.O. Box 17
Gig Harbor, WA 98335-0017

Thanks

☐ I would like to thank all of the brothers and sisters who helped make our 4th annual Prison Bike Show happen — especially ABATE of Oklahoma (Oklahoma City and Lawton chapters), Gamblers Motorcycle Club, and the Forsaken Few Motorcycle Club. And all the loners who showed up to bring a little bit of life back to us inside this fence. Thanks again and see you next year.

Ralph "Pinky" Williams
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Vietnam Vets

☐ In your August 1987 issue, there was a letter and a response for the address of the Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club. The address you gave was incorrect for the Milwaukee chapter. Please correct your records to read as follows:

Vietnam Vets M/C
Wisconsin Chapter "B"
P.O. Box 07391
Milwaukee, WI 53207
Rick Reinke
Milwaukee, Wis.

Watson Sounds Off

☐ A few letters have been forwarded to me, written to "Wordmonger" by readers who feel that I have plagiarized a 1½-page short-short story written by Saki (H.H. Munroe) in 1912. Before this story went to press, I discussed it with the editor of *Easyriders* and explained where the basic plot came from and that it had been updated. Since plagiarism

was not involved, the story was printed.

Some readers suffer under the delusion that every story that appears between the covers of a magazine is a new, fresh idea. Such is not the case. Mark Twain's stories have been copied as books and made into a number of movies. "To Have And Have Not" has been made into at least seven movies, all written by different authors.

Plot-stealing is a game virtually all writers employ, since a truly original plot comes along only about once every ten years. We have been rewriting everything from the Bible to Jones. I used none of Saki's words, but my own. The plot was recognizable, but so what? Virtually every TV movie has a plot so worn-out from overuse that it can be discerned in the first five minutes running.

The world is full of critics. Most of them are poor and illiterate. For them, I suggest staying home all day and watching Donahue or Oprah Winfrey so they don't stray beyond their limits of intelligence. For those who want to have their imaginations titillated, don't worry, I'll steal more plots and use them just like all the other writers in history have done. And for those readers who wish to criticize me or any other writer whose plot is subliminally recognizable — fuck off!

John Watson
Somewhere in the USA

■ Calm down, John, you come off like a chick with a two-week period.

Bickering Cops

☐ My ol' man, Ben, the members of our club, the Cen-Tex Road Riders Association, and I would like to thank *Easyriders* for publishing the article, "Texas Cops Bicker Over Biker's Bones" in the August '87 issue. We were all very, very close to Dennis. He was one of the nicest bros anyone could ever have.

We've sent letters to the

Bexar County sheriff's office and the San Antonio city cop shop, telling them just what we think of the way they handled things that fateful day. Due to the fact that they let his body lie in the road so damned long, not even completely covering him up, it has made his death so much harder to accept. People were actually bringing their children up to the site to look.

If anyone is ever passing through central Texas and needs help or just a place to party, call Boris or Ben at work (817) 634-1093 or Ben at home (817) 526-9728.

Wynne Mahan
Killeen, Tex.

Beaten Helmet Law

Illinois brothers and sisters, thank you for all your help. Together we beat the helmet law this year. Also, we proved to the skeptics that you can beat Big Brother at his game. But there's still a lot of work to be done. We have to build a strong organization, in case they try to put a lid on us again. We have to work hard, because if we don't fight for our rights, who will? Anyone interested in information, call (800) 54-ABATE (good in Illinois only).

Skinny
ABATE of Illinois
Worden, Ill.

Thanks

Thanks to B. Johnson of Texas for the manual. My '67 Triumph is running fine now. I'll send pics soon. Thanks again.

Ozzi
Cape May, N.J.

Help!

I'm looking for someone who has a copy of a tape released in 1973. It's "Witness," by a group called "Spooky Tooth." My tape finally gave up the ghost.

Rocky Johnson
3014 N. Dixieland Rd.
(Little Flock)
Rogers, AR 72756

Prison Bike Show

On June 6, 1987, we at the Indiana Reformatory made history by having our first bike show. I personally want to thank ABATE of Indiana for coming in and helping us forget where we're at.

We had 24 beautiful Harley-Davidsons and one decent and restored Indian.

The bros were all great and look forward to bringing the

program in next year.

Believe it or not, the superintendent even got on a Harley and took part in the games!

From all of us bros here at the Indiana Reformatory in Pendleton, Indiana, we say thanks, ABATE of Indiana.

Brad "Red Beard" Antrim
Pendleton, Ind.

Curious

What the fuck's the deal in your July '87 issue? In "Date-line Daytona" there's a bike with a bumper sticker that says, "How's My Driving — Call 1-800-EAT SHIT." We called and got a fuckin' recording that said, "Enter your password now." Then what? Nothing. "You have made a dialing error. Please hang up and redial the test call." Whatdafuck?

Bored, Curious Dumbfucks
Brazil, Ind.

Politicians

All riders are going to have to stick together — Hog owners, off-roaders, and highway riders — and let the politicians know that any legislation affecting the use of motorcycles will be met with a phone call or letter from all riders. I am informed that motorcycle riders have about 50% voter registration, similar to all citizens. Let's all register to vote and let our representatives know where we stand on any law affecting motorcycles. Most politicians figure that a call is representative of about 150 similar opinions that could be detrimental for them to oppose.

A politician is an odd animal. He is willing to spend millions of dollars to get elected to a job that pays in the mid-thousands for a year or two. They are on a power and ego trip. Unfortunately, a large part of them believe in "government by nanny" — they will write many ill-conceived laws to protect you from yourself. The consolation is that they are consummate cowards who will do anything to keep themselves in office. If we get involved in politics, we can prevent attacks against us.

Pops
Downey, Calif.

Startin' A Shop

I was wondering if someone out there could help me out. I'm looking for information on how to start my own Harley shop. It's a lifelong

dream and would be truly appreciated.

Jake
McKinley & Lenape Sts.
Roseto, PA 18013

G.I. Do-gooder

I'm an ex-Army bitch, and I've got something to pass on to all my Army buddies (and buddies) who ride. Please wear all the shit they (Department of the Army, Post Commanders, etc.) tell you to. Did you all know that if you crash and burn your bike and happen to croak, your family won't see one red cent if any of the following applies: 1. No helmet 2. Drunk driving 3. Reckless driving 4. No protective clothing (on Fort Sill this means leather boots or shoes, long pants, long-sleeved jacket/shirt, and gloves) 5. No reflective garment, such as a road-guard vest.

Sure, it's all a pain in the ass to wear and put up with, but it will be worth it to your folks. Uncle Sam would just love to screw some GI's family out of that insurance money on any one of these technicalities.

B.S.
Lawton, Okla.

Man Of A Few Words

Fuck!

Mike "Mad Dog" Kobel
Warrensburg, Mo.

P.S. I'm pissed at something but not sure what yet!

More Helmet Shit

Don't let them sell your freedom of choice to the insurance companies and helmet manufacturers. Tell them to stop the accidents and don't just stick a false sense of security on the victim (called a helmet).

If a helmet law passes here, I'll make money (I own a parts and supply store). But unlike the politicians, I don't put profit before freedom.

Tell your lawmakers what helmets won't do. For one, they won't prevent accidents. They won't stop 16- to 20-year-olds from trying to go 140mph on their Ninja, like the factory says it will. And at that speed a helmet don't mean shit, daddy! Helmets will not take the place of rider and driver intelligence.

Lyle, Owner
American Rider
Motorcycle Supply
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Mag In Turkey

My friend and I are at present working on foreign assignment for an American company. We are in Kangal, Turkey — not the end of the world, but you can see the end of the world from here, believe me!

Both my friend and I ride '84 FXSB Low Riders and are regular readers of your mag each month. We love it all. We get your mag when we can kick ass with our ol' ladies and get them to go to the local post office. Believe it or not, there are a lot of local Turks who love H-D. They have never seen one except in photos, but they love them.

Jerry & Red
Kangal, Turkey

Responses To Woman Hater

If it wasn't for a woman, you wouldn't be here. Your mother should have flushed the wad down the toilet.

Bitch
Gering, Neb.

I don't believe you're a woman fucker. Anyone who hates women as much as you do is obviously a faggot.

Windy
Helena, Mont.

Undoubtedly the best part of you ran down your mama's leg.

Alice
Fayetteville, N.C.

Just keep fucking guys. Maybe you'll get AIDS and die!

Faggot Hater
Hackensack, N.J.

I wouldn't even take my left leg off (it does come off) to beat his ass, 'cause I for sure wouldn't want it to catch somethin' from his sorry ass!

Sue
Cherokee, Iowa

Sort of makes me wonder what you use for pussy — a worthwhile, useful, dependable, responsible, squeaky-clean, homebody homosexual?

A Satisfied Owner
Laurel, Del.

New Brunswick

I've just moved here to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and would like to know about bikers in the local area — where they hang out, are there any, etc. So far I haven't seen too many other Harleys, but I'm not prejudiced. The

biker spirit is what I'm lookin' for. If any of your readers could help me out on this situation, I'd be totally fuckin' grateful.

Charlie B.
45 Boyne Crt. Apt. 212
Frederickton, N.B.
Canada E3B 2A8

Shirt Off His Back

□ My mother just recently returned from a trip to Holland, and before she left she asked me if there was anything I'd like from overseas. Well, since I ride a Harley, I wanted a T-shirt from Holland. Told her to make sure it showed where it was from on the back.

Well, she drove around two days, trying to find a Harley shop in Holland. She finally found a shop but no shirts with its logo on it. So what does the guy behind the counter do? He puts home and gets a shirt of his own (complete with logo) and gives it to my mom. Thanks, bro. I owe ya one. I don't have the name of the shop handy, but if you read *Easyriders* over there in Tulipland, you'll know who you are. Drop me a line.

M. Pender
1221 1st St. N.
Newton, IA 50208

Wants Story Ideas

□ To Moonshadow from Henderson, Nevada, who complimented me on "Bad Bob Cashes In His Chips": Thanks, and here's my address if you or anyone would care to send me some scribes to help pass the time or give me ideas for stories or drawings or whatever:

Albert Lee Tate #312639
Retrieve Unit
Rt. 4, Box 1500
Angleton, TX 77515

Thanks!

□ I'd like to thank *Easyriders* for going overseas. I'm in the Army, stationed in Korea, and it's nice to have the *Easyriders* family with me 13,000 miles from home. I no longer feel alone. Your mag will always be the best.

The Biffer
Mayfield, Ohio

Enough Class

□ In response to "Bitch, Bitch" in the July '87 issue, I think *Easyriders* has enough class to know it's not necessary to show "more bush" in order to attract more subscribers. There are plenty of

porno mags out there to give you the "inspiration" you evidently need to fuck the ol' lady. I feel sorry that your ol' lady is stuck with such scum that you require the aid of another woman's "bush" to get an erection.

Linda
Richmond, Calif.

Truly A Warrior

□ Dave Zien, you and all of our Vietnam vet brothers are not forgotten! May you always ride with the wind!

Semper Fi
Glendale, Calif.



Dave Zien

□ I just finished reading the interview with Dave Zien in the June and July issues and want to say thank you. I definitely applaud him and his efforts. I'm proud to say I had tears in my eyes and a prickly feeling all over my body as I read the interview. I especially loved the end, when he talked about burning the flags, and his friends from 'Nam.

I am a Teamster, so I know where he's coming from with "Made in America." But I'm also a former Marine, and I served proudly in Beirut. I'm from a different time and place with all the same feelings. Keep the faith, bro.

Steve
Leonida, N.J.

Shit For Brains

□ Well, fuck, it never fails. Just sat down, popped a Bud, got a pair of female-type lips workin' on my tool like a duck eatin' corn, opened your latest rag, and lo and behold! Here's another shit-for-brains rice rider who pulled the dick out of his mouth long enough to stick his foot in it (Willy in the July '87 issue). Just bring your fuckin' Commie faggot, goat-smellin', AIDS-infected boy-ass on down here to south Texas, and this fat old man will shove that Yamaha tail pipe so far up your punk ass

you'll need a ten-gallon bucket to shit in.

Deke
Houston, Texas

□ Hey, Willy, fuck you and the bag ladies you ride with. Pete Graham
Soledad, Calif.

□ Are you a faggot or something? You have a big problem. You're probably an ugly muthafucker who can't get a piece of ass. Either that or you've got your wimpy dick stuck up some queer's ass. I hope you get AIDS.

Jan
N. Stratford, N.H.

□ You sure sound like one limp-wristed, candy-ass cocksucker who would ride rice! (If you ride at all.)

Squeezie
New Tripoli, Pa.

□ You're probably hung like a field rat and you haven't cleaned your nasty ass since you fell into the sewer system!

The Doctor
Berkeley, Calif.

□ Willy, I'm a good old cold boy from Canada, and I would like you to come up here and visit me on your bike so I can stick that fuckin' Yamaha tail pipe up your ass.

Eric Ferguson
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

□ Hey, shit-for-brains with the Yamadog from Janesville, Wisconsin, what the fuck do you know about Harleys? Shit, you own a Rice-a-Roni rickshaw! You're such an asshole.

And about those tail pipes — from this day on, look behind your spineless scrotum, 'cause I'm gonna start eating up every Yamadog I see with my 40" drag pipes!

Jake
Friendswood, Tex.

□ Why don't you ride up to Milwaukee some sunny day when there's a "Jap crap" drop party going on?

Coon Dog
Milwaukee, Wis.

Response To Don Moore

□ In regard to the letter written by Don Moore (June '87), I buy *Easyriders* for everything that's in it — no matter who or what's on the pages. If you don't like it the way it is, why don't you publish your own mag? You must be some-

body who bitches all the time 'cause you don't get what you want. Stop your snivelin' shit and enjoy the mag for what's in it and what it's for. Come on, bro.

Skeeter
Yokosuka, Japan

Another Do-gooder

□ Just a few words to my motorcycle brothers and sisters. I've been riding bikes since I was old enough to have a license (16 years ago). But understand, those head covers (helmets) have a good reason for being there. If I didn't care about my fellow bikers, I wouldn't be writing this. I am an American who believes in freedom. And that freedom that we share should follow with some reason. If that helmet would save one good person from among us, it would be worth wearing.

Think about the lady you ride with. She cares about you or she wouldn't be there. Is it worth a small amount of pride and sacrifice?

This is my opinion. Please don't answer with some glib bullshit about choice. I know that. Let's help one another and not flush the obvious down the river.

Marty "Moose"
Los Osos, Calif.

■ Gosh, Marty, how about the people whose deaths are caused by that plastic piece of shit?

Free Issues

□ I've been an avid fan of *Easyriders* now for about 11 years. I've always been satisfied and entertained by your mag.

I was a subscriber for approximately eight years, and I would like to know if it's possible to donate my collection to some worthwhile cause (prison, rehabs, less fortunate). I have approximately 130 mags 1977-1985 complete), most of which still have mailing covers.

Allan S. Woodell
610 Sycamore Terrace
Owings, MD 20736

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



ATTENTION!

The women of war want to salute you throughout 1988. Who says war is hell when you have twelve lovely G.I. Janes helping you win the big battle? When people mention the Battle of the Bulge, they'll be speaking of the 1988 **G.I. Jane Calendar**. The beautiful full-color paintings are destined to become collector's items, so consider it your patriotic duty to get one today. Better yet... delight your friends with this gorgeous 1988 **G.I. Jane Calendar**. They'll stand up and cheer throughout the year for this magnificent present. Extra large 13" x 16" size in a spiral-bound format (over 200 square inches of pulchritudinous delight each month). Exquisitely printed on high-quality, extra-weight paper for long life.

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DEFEATED BUT NOT DEFEATED

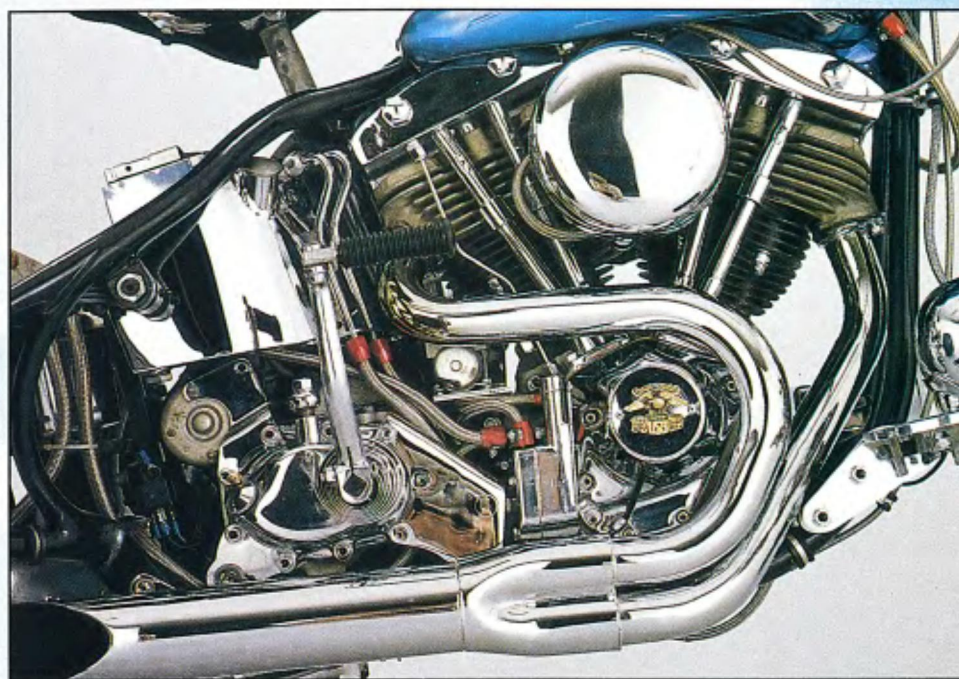
Kansas City brother rises to a new challenge, as his Pegasus bike rides the wind again.

What's riding about to you? To me, it's about being by myself to think, with the wind as inspiration. That was up until yesterday, when riding became more than a philosopher's think tank on wheels. That's when I got stuck with a lightning rod of truth. It was as if I'd downed the rugrat's can of Jolt — you know, the new, not-so-healthy drink that's got all the sugar and twice the caffeine as the leading cola. I wanna tell ya, bro, I made tracks around my garage like a jacked-up hyena, moving boxes, rinsing and washing parts, and generally doing a lot of the things I'd put off eternally.

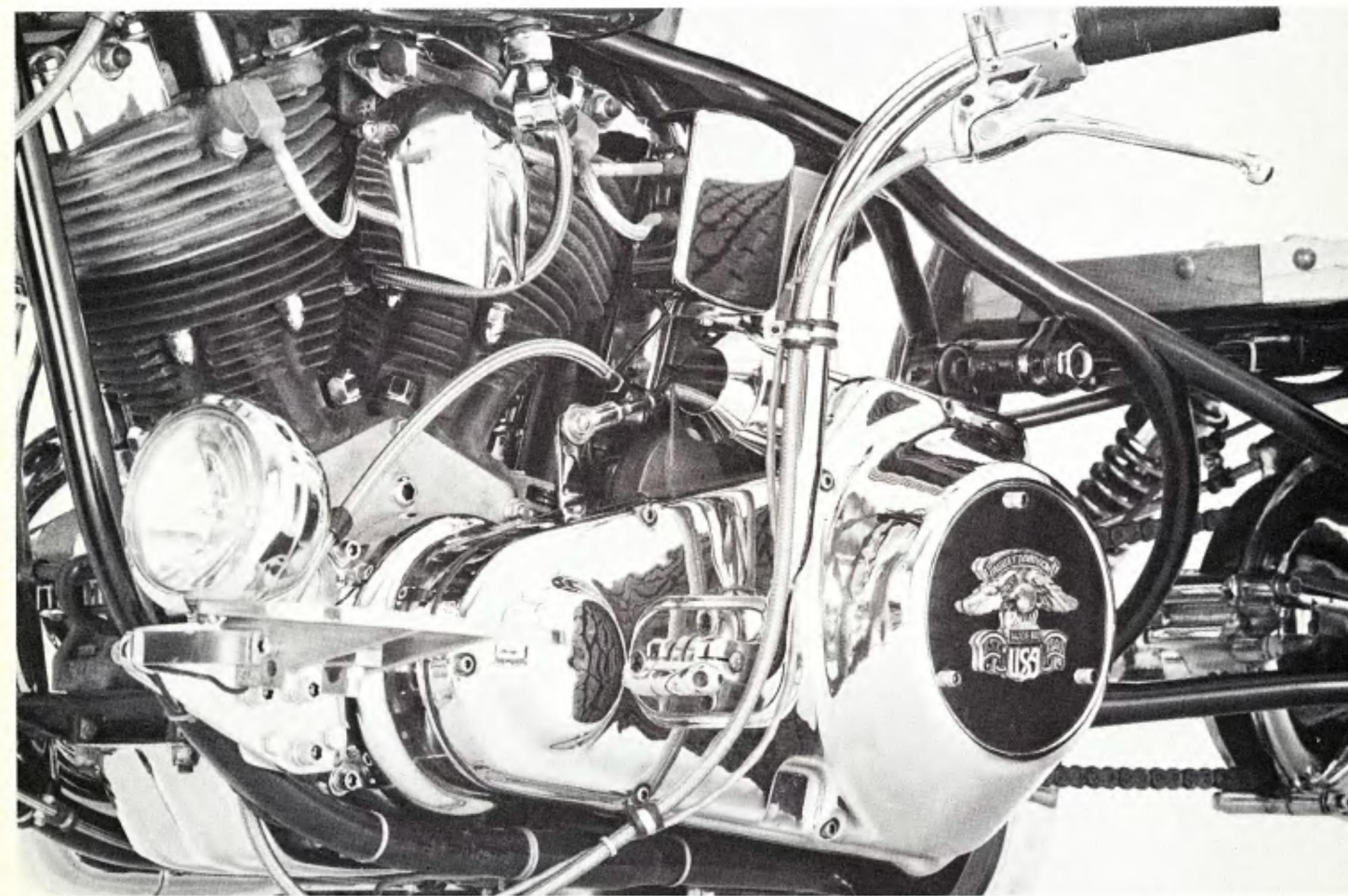
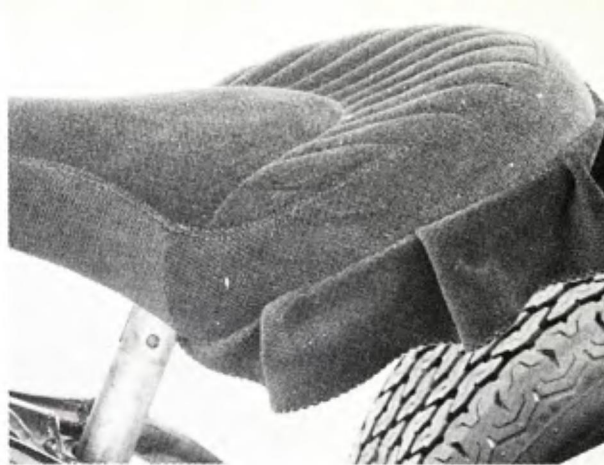
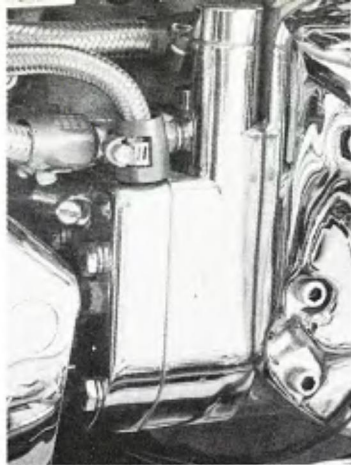
When the ol' lady arched an eyebrow at my pace, and quizzed as to where **her** stash was, I had to tell her it was all on the natch, sweetie.

Rapping with a man like Junior Foster can do it to ya. Junior is one man who won't say no, and Nancy Reagan couldn't be happier. It might've been easy to just









say, "No, I can't. The doc's right. I'll never ride my bike again. Waaah, waaah, pout, snivel."

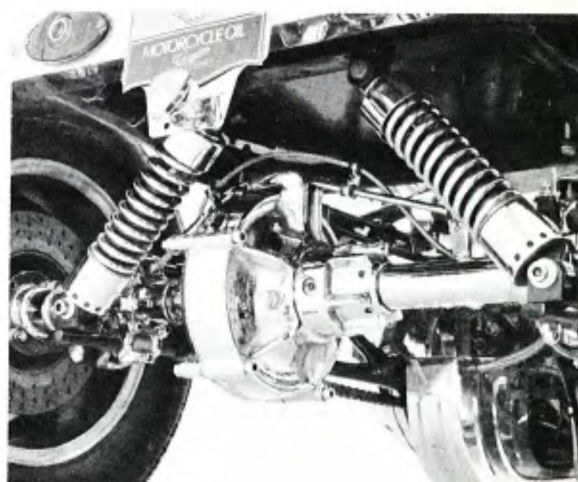
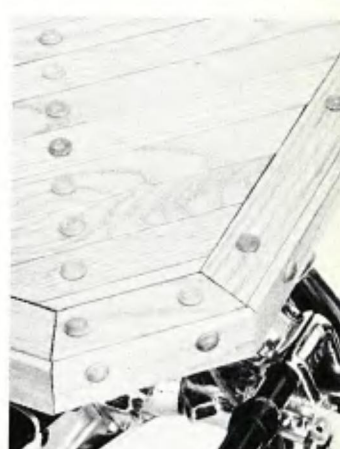
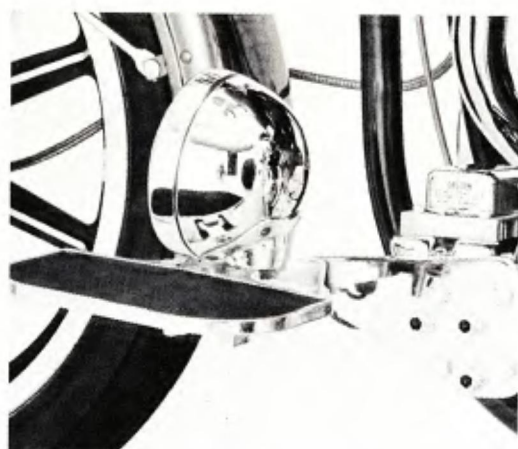
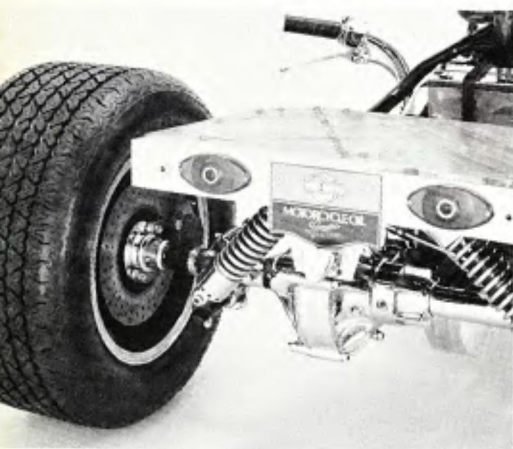
But thank God, Clarence "Junior" Foster carries that special never-give-up spirit that causes some men to rise above apparently hopeless conditions. He's a Harley man from the word go, an' the word started going when he was fifteen and began riding. Nothing but H-Ds ever since.

Junior had both legs lopped off at the knees in an accident while repairing an escalator.

Someone had inadvertently started the motor up, pulling his legs into the revolving mechanism. Instantly the damage was done. Junior knew it was curtains as he lay there — but only for his legs, not his riding days. Inspired by doctors telling him otherwise, he said, "I've been riding since I was fifteen, and I ain't stoppin' now." Six months later he was back at work.

He had a 1974 FXE, which he was close to selling in order to start fresh, but when he was at a swap meet at the monthly I-70





Owner: Jr. Foster	City: Kansas City, Missouri	
General	Frame	
Fabrication by: Jr. Foster	Year: 1952/1945	
Year and make: 1974	Builder: Mike Bernard	
Model: trike	Type: trike	
Value: megabucks	Rake: none	
Assembly by: Jr. Foster	Stretch: none	
Time: 18 months	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Yeager's	Accessories	
Engine	Bars: stock H-D buckhorns	
Year: 1974	Risers: Low Rider	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): bobbed	
Rebuilder: none	Headlight: stock	
Ignition: standard H-D	Taillight: blue dot catseyes	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: Low Rider	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: rear passenger footboards	
Balancing: stock	Rear pegs: none (yet)	
Pistons: stock	Electrics: stock	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: CCI 5-gallon	
Heads: cleaned out	Oil tank: Softail H-D	
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: chrome	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: old Police, recovered	
Air cleaner: Linkert	Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2-into-1 H-D header	Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): baffled	Material: N/A	
Transmission	Forks	
Modifications: a lot of them	Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1974 case, 1955 insides	Extension: none	
Shifting: 3 forward, 1 reverse	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 20	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 37	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: by owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Randy "Rebel" Bush	Rim width: stock	Rim width: 10 in.
Color: Candy Blue	Tire: Continental	Tire: B.F. Goodrich
Type: R&M lacquer	Brake: drilled disc	Brake: drilled disc
Special paint: Pegasus mural		
Other special modifications: all completely hand-controlled, shift and clutch one piece, rear disc brakes controlled by handlebar master cylinder		

drive-in, Junior found a frame and rear end that he envisioned bolted up to his FXE, and with the support and help of his wife, family, and bros Steve Hackett, Big Pete Zibers, and Mike "Animal" McPeak, he didn't have time to get down in the dumps about his legless situation; he had time only to live life to the max, and on the road at that. Aboard one super-lookin'

scooter that's got as much form to it as function.

This bike has been entered in shows, gathering eight first-place trophies and two Best of Show awards. It was beaten out once in a trike class by — now get this — a five-wheeled Volkswagen. He sloughed that one off.

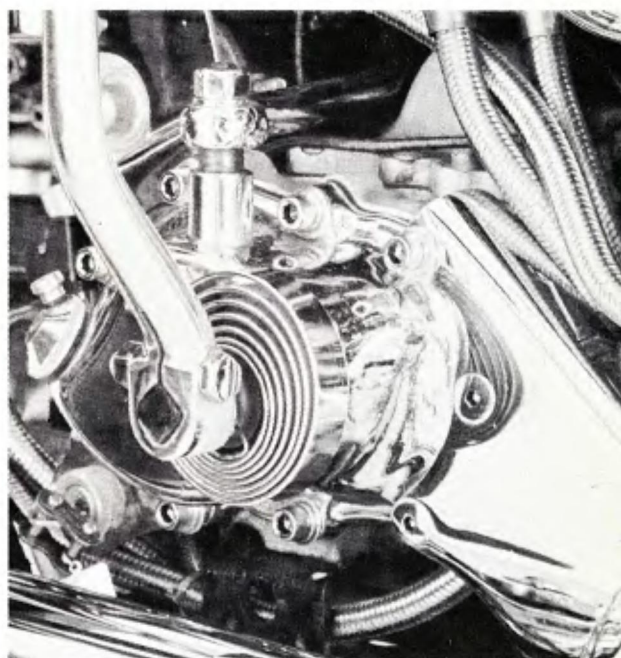
Among the multitude of handmade items, the jam-up

jockey shift ranks high, as do the hand controls, but what stands out the most is Junior's high spirit. Like he says, "You don't know how good ya got it till ya see someone else's problems." As John "Teach" Girard from Oregon, another knocked-off-at-the-knees man says, "Defeated, but never defeated." Right on!

Ride forever,
— Ram Pan



Photos by Michael Lichter



VIETNAM

Bikin' Brothers from the War

VETS MC

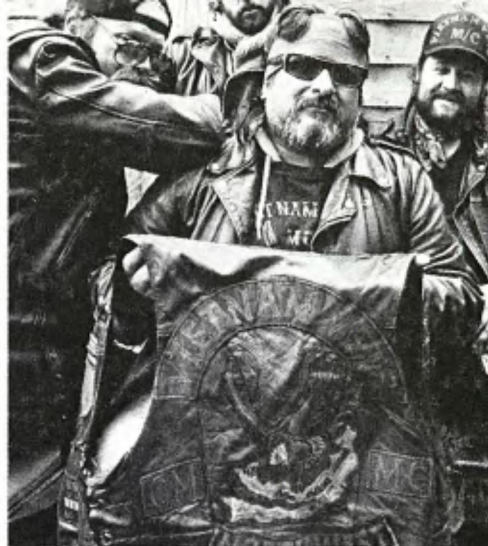


Not criminals, not punks, but men rekindling the forced camaraderie of the Vietnam conflict through the brotherhood of motorcycles.

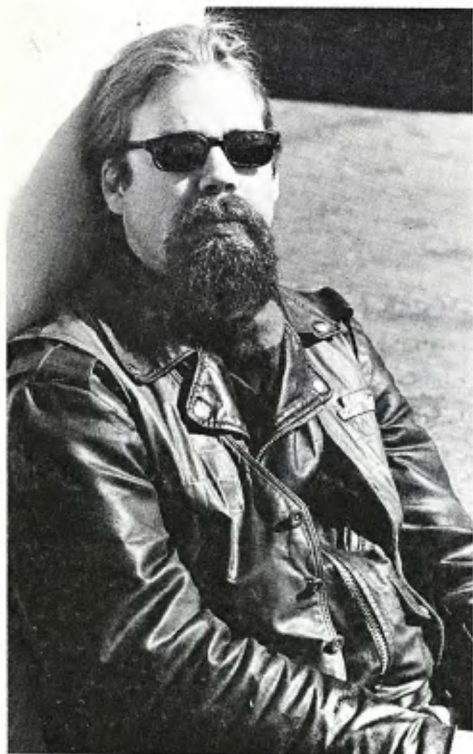
Sanctioned by the Veterans Administration and founded in '79, their membership requirements are simple and direct: you must have been an active-duty vet in the service between '65 and '75, ride a 650cc motorcycle or larger, be a concerned individual, put your family and job first, be community-minded, and be a damned good brother.

Each chapter has no more than 25 members, so they remain close-knit. Each chapter is represented from the state level to the national level. Their colors are patented, and the club is incorporated. Each chapter aligns itself with and supports at least one community or charitable organization and assists with activities at veterans hospitals, veteran outreach programs, and veteran counseling. Each member must prospect and prove he's worthy of an alliance with a brotherhood that now has 4,000 members nationwide. Ride on.

—Renegade (Vietnam '67, '68, '69)



Photos by Serge McCabe



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A FEW MAKE IT WEST

By Charlaine Lacroix

There are thousands of people seeking entry into the West. Many wait for years, and some never get passes at all.

After three-and-a-half long years, he rode his 1942 WLC military model 45 for the first time, wearing blue jeans and a homemade No. 1 T-shirt, and the police stopped him.

The T-shirt was propaganda and would be best unseen, the police instructed him. Milan Podsednik, now 25, of Letovice, Czechoslovakia, refused to take his shirt off. The police then advised him he had better, or else he would never see his bike again. Milan stripped himself of his upper clothing.

That instance only reinforced Milan's objective — to defect to the West. He was 19 and pissed off that the Communists could stop him from wearing a mere No. 1 H-D logo.

But obtaining a passport was next to impossible. Being a Harley-Davidson enthusiast was bad enough,



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN

but belonging to the only motorcycle club (an antique club), whose membership totals 26 of the 150 H-D riders in Czechoslovakia, was unheard of. There are over 15 million people living in the country of Czechoslovakia.

He had known since the age of 15 that the Czech regime was corrupt. "You start to think," Milan said, "and you know it's bullshit." But he also knew nothing of the West. The Czech media advertised, according to

Milan, that the West had very high unemployment, mass starvation, and much corruption. But what he saw of the East depressed him. Their escalating food prices, where no one complains for fear of being reprimanded, and their constant food and housing shortages were taking their toll.

And besides the lack of everyday necessities,

Milan and Zdenek leaving Letovice, Czechoslovakia for the final time. August 12, 1983.





Harley-Davidsons and parts were also rarities. Even if you managed to save enough money, you can only buy an old Army 45, and if you manage to buy a military style bike, parts are a problem — you must make them yourself. If you need a bolt, you make one. If you want chrome, forget it.

Milan was somewhat at a minor advantage. He worked in a large manufacturing plant employing various tradesmen, and being an electrician, he traded his services with others who made his much-needed parts. Eventually he tooled most parts himself and produced parts for his bros.

"That is the Czech way; you work and save for years to buy an old Army style H-D, then you save and barter to keep the machine running."

Milan applied for a passport unsuccessfully for

"In 1983, the authorities granted him a passport. He was smart now, the authorities said, and he finally saw the proper way — or so they thought. . ."

years. He was also known to speak his mind — perhaps too much for the authorities' liking — so Milan tried a different tactic.

From a person who complained and negated the country's system, another tack was to appear to enhance it. "The Czech way is the way to go and the West is no good," Milan professed for three years. It paid off, because in 1983, the authorities granted him a passport. He was smart now, the authorities said, and he finally saw the proper way — or so they thought. . .

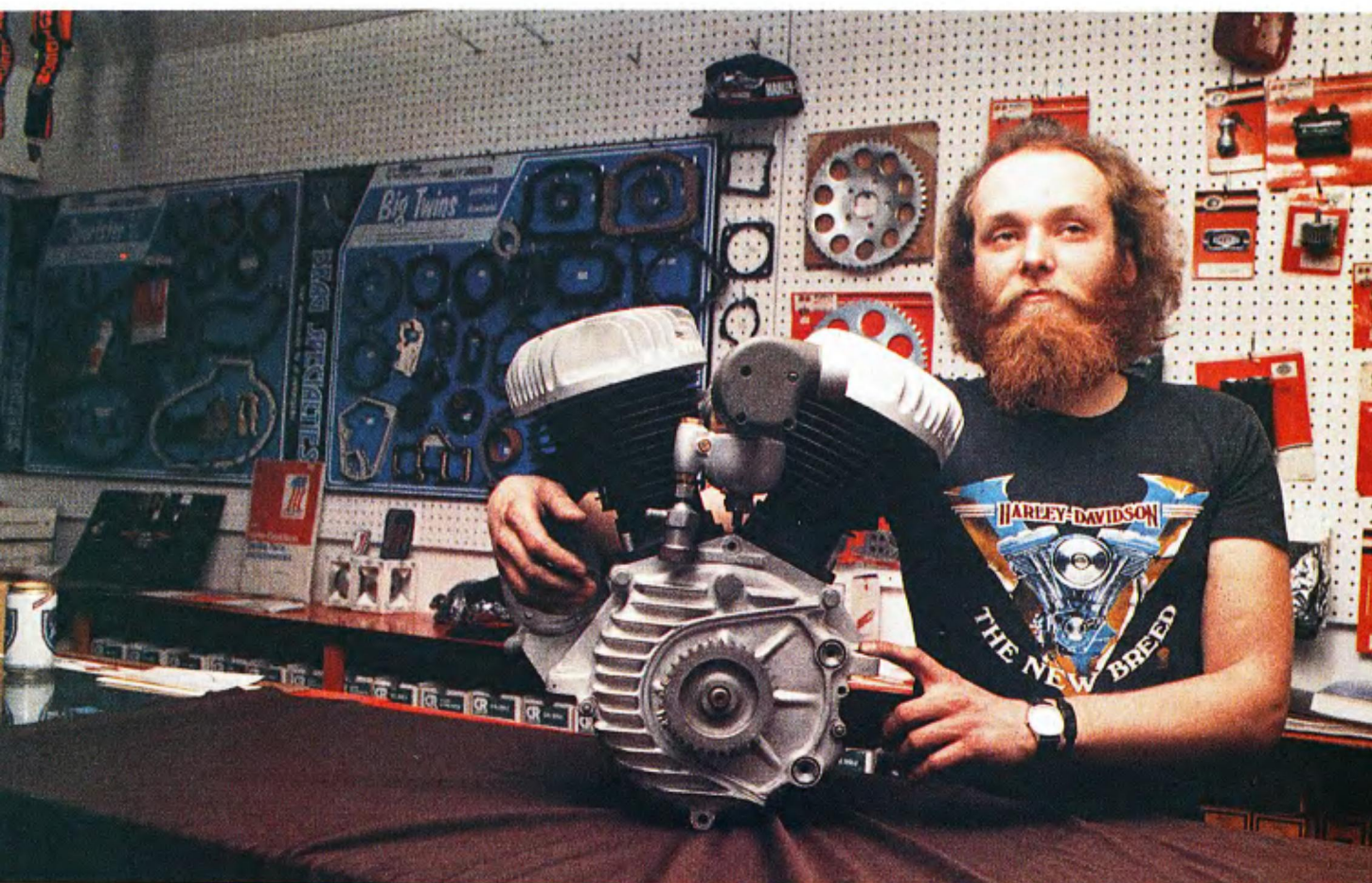
Milan also received his passport on account of his father, who was supposed to join them across in Austria for their four-day vacation. With a wife and two other sons still living in Czechoslovakia, defection seemed unlikely. It is the norm for Czech citizens to leave part of their family behind as a form of ransom, thus ensuring their return. In Milan's case and that of his brother, Zdenek, now 22, who followed, their father stayed home, but only after the passes were handed out.

"And it was the greatest high I ever experienced: August 12, 1983, when I gave the border guard my middle finger after crossing into Austria," Milan said.

But once across the border, Milan had to make the biggest decision in his life — should he forsake his family, friends, and all that he was accustomed to and apply for passage into Canada? He knew once he attempted entry, he could no longer return home. Heavy prosecution awaits anyone who attempts defection and returns.

It was on their third day's visit that both Podsednik brothers visited the police. They were sent to Traiskirchen, a refugee camp, 20 miles south of Vienna, Austria, to await word from the authorities.

There are thousands of people seeking entry into



Photos by Charline Lacroix

the West. Many wait for years, and some never get passes at all. It took Milan and Zdenek, both journeymen electricians, three months. "It depends on your first interview; if you blow it, you wait years," Milan said.

On November 31, 1983, with a one-year government sponsorship, both brothers landed in Fort McMurray, a small northern city in Alberta, Canada.

First thing after setting foot on Western soil, Milan sought out a Harley-Davidson shop. "There had to be one, so I got the Yellow Pages and looked under Motorcycles," he said. V-Twin Cycle displayed the familiar No. 1 logo. Soon after, Milan visited his first Canadian H-D shop. For him, this was a fantasy come true — shop visits became an everyday occurrence.

Finally, V-Twin owner Mike "Dirty" Connors asked Milan if he would assist out back, since he was at the shop every day anyway. The grandest blue eyes and widest smile replied. He was to change the oil on a 74. Understanding little else except that the oil was in the corner and the bike was a bit low on the dipstick, Milan topped it off. He soon learned, he said laughing, "the meaning of the word 'change.'" A change in lifestyle soon followed, as Dirty's new-found friend learned the finer ways of Canadian women and lifestyles.

"And I thought I was going to be a garbage man

for the rest of my days," Milan said, but he's gone a lot further since he stepped onto Canadian soil. With the aid of his now best of friends, those he met at V-Twin, Milan runs his own electrical company and owns and operates his own bike shop (not dealership) in Fort McMurray, since V-Twin closed its doors in August, 1986. He now also owns a 1983 FLHT Classic, which he bought six months after arriving in Fort McMurray, a 1943 WLC military 45, and is presently restoring with original Army color paint a 1942 XA military flat Twin. "I wish to specialize in military styles," Milan said. "I still fancy them."

Since Milan's escape, a few other club members have gained entry into a Western country. In 1986, the antique club's president, Sigmund, defected to West Germany, even though they had taken his passport away after Milan had skipped out. It took him another three years before acquiring a new passport. One other member also lives in West Germany, and yet another resides in Australia. But many of his bros are not so lucky and still live under the Communist rule, dreaming of new scooters.

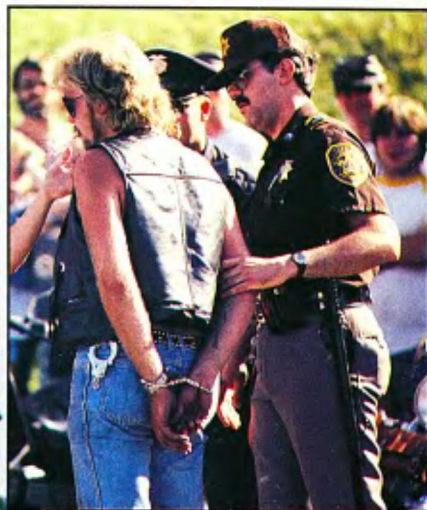
"Those long hellish years," Milan said, "when I dreamed every night about owning a new putt." A past Milan reflects upon — not one he misses — when he rides in the wind on his new H-D while proudly brandishing a Harley-Davidson T-shirt for all the world to see. ■

ARE WE HAVING

Laconia, the oldest run, still lives



FUN YET?

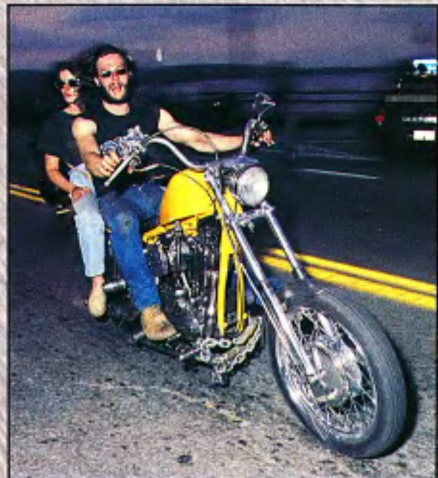


Fraught with problems, club wars, riots, and the National Guard, the Laconia, New Hampshire, run which began with the races in 1923 is still alive and a gorgeous place to party in '87.

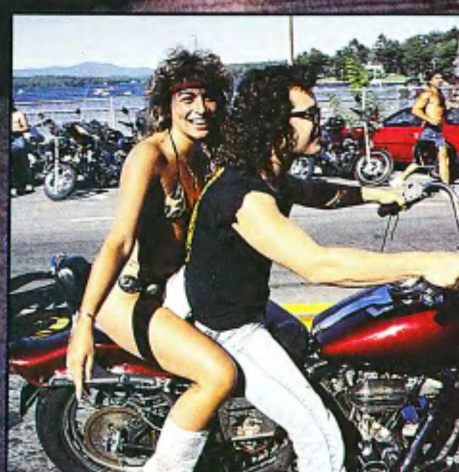
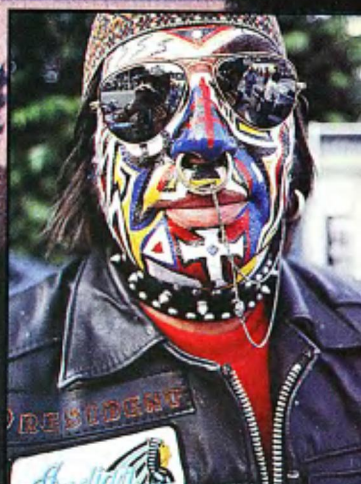
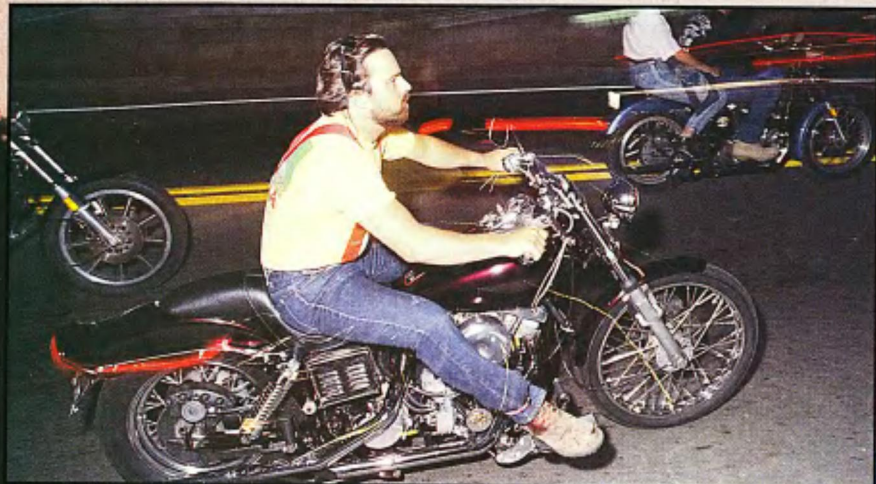
In '63, troubles at the original track forced a race move to Loudon, eighteen miles away. In '64, rioting on Weirs Beach caused the National Guard to be a part of the scene for years to come. Finally, partying along Highway 106 in the late '60s began to get outta hand. In '74, the frenzy ended in several deaths, but not due to accidents — no more camp-in' along the highway.

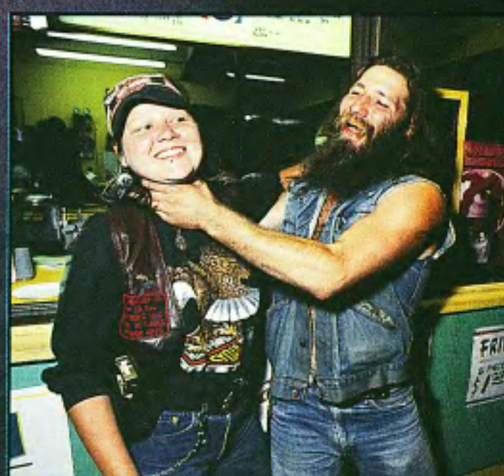
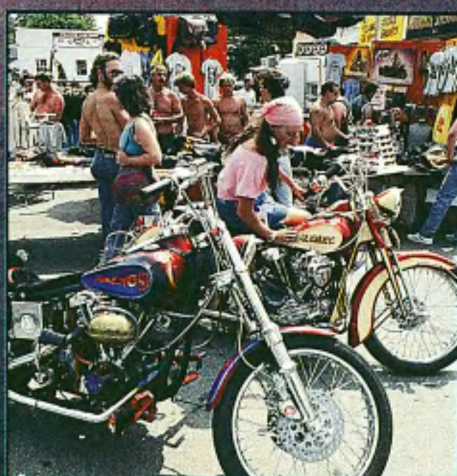
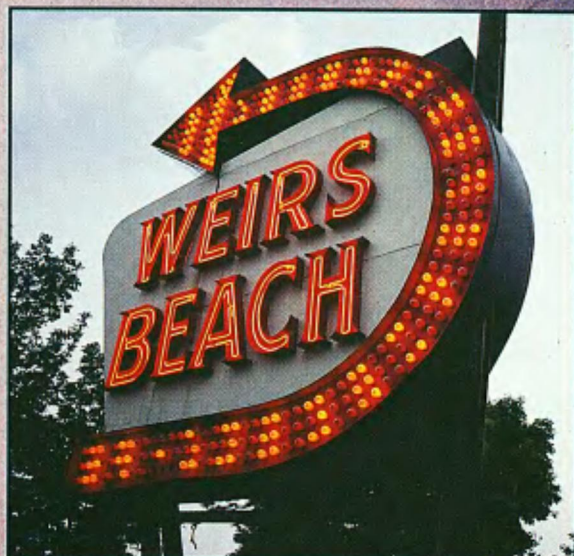
The Man even shut down the races in '75, but they were revived in '76 and so on until 75,000 showed this year, camped at the racegrounds and partied,

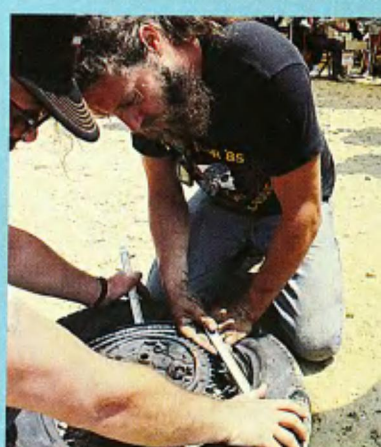
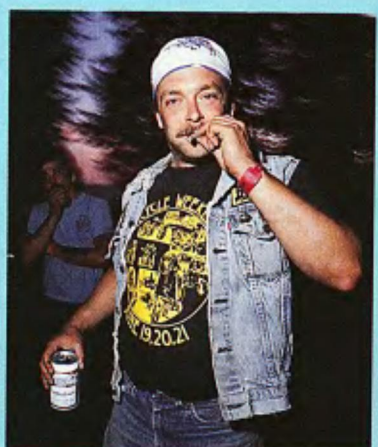
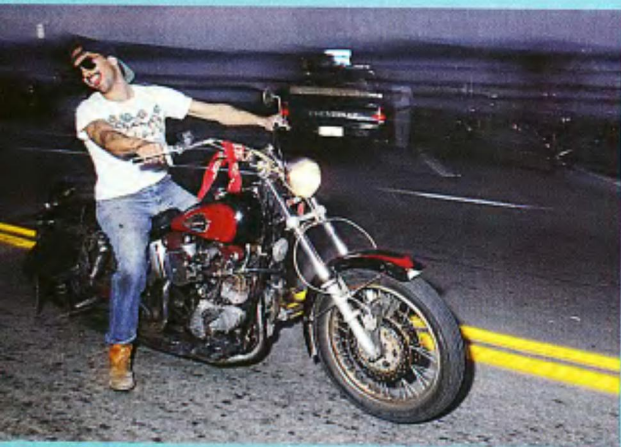
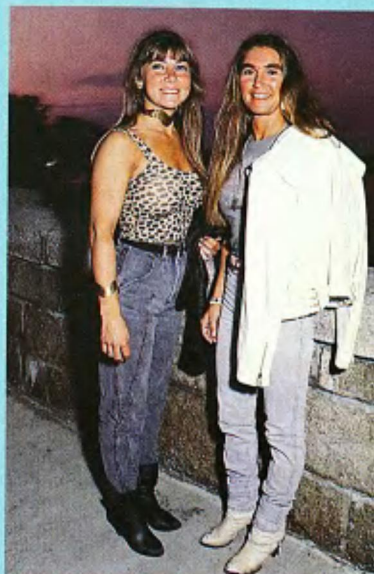
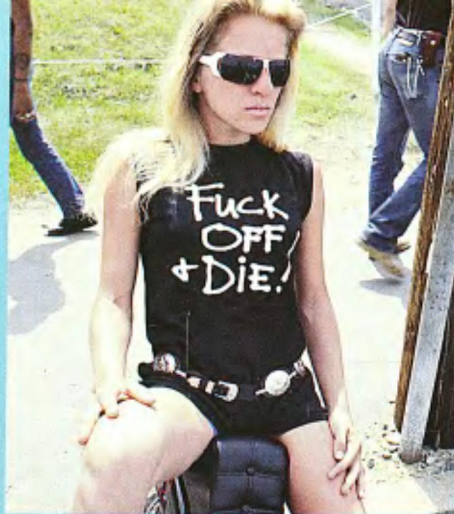
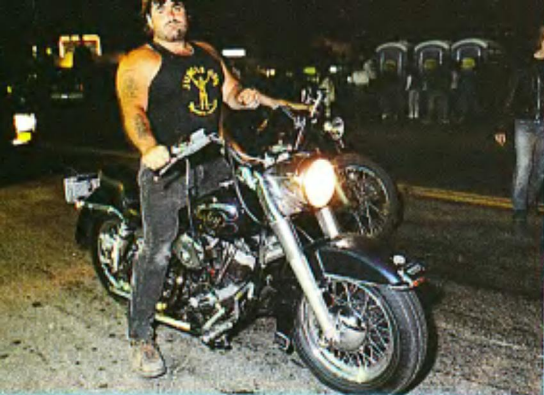
Continued after two pages of photos



See more of Laconia in In The Wind #29, on sale October 6, 1987.







Photos by Michael Lichter

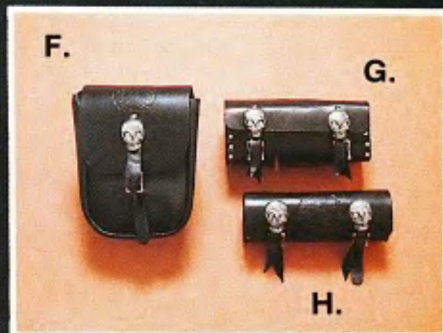
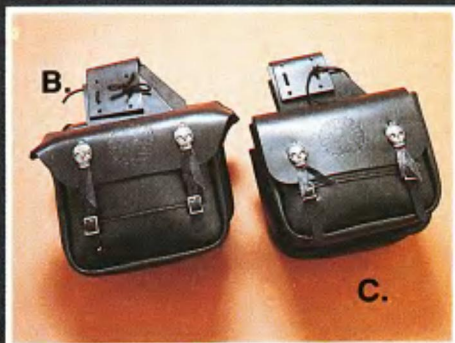
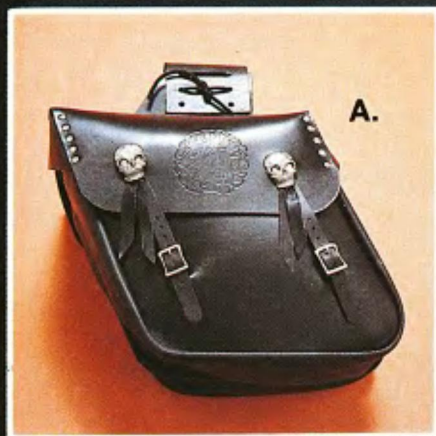


jammed along Lakeside Avenue and partied, and enjoyed spectacular riding through the Lakes region. Even Willie G. took a train ride in Laconia for his birthday.

The bars were shut down, but the cops were cool. The weather was fine, and the grub wasn't bad. Hell, David Perowitz loaned Mike the Tike, our photog, a scooter for the run, and an ol' friend from Sturgis, Schultz, kept bailin' him outta trouble.

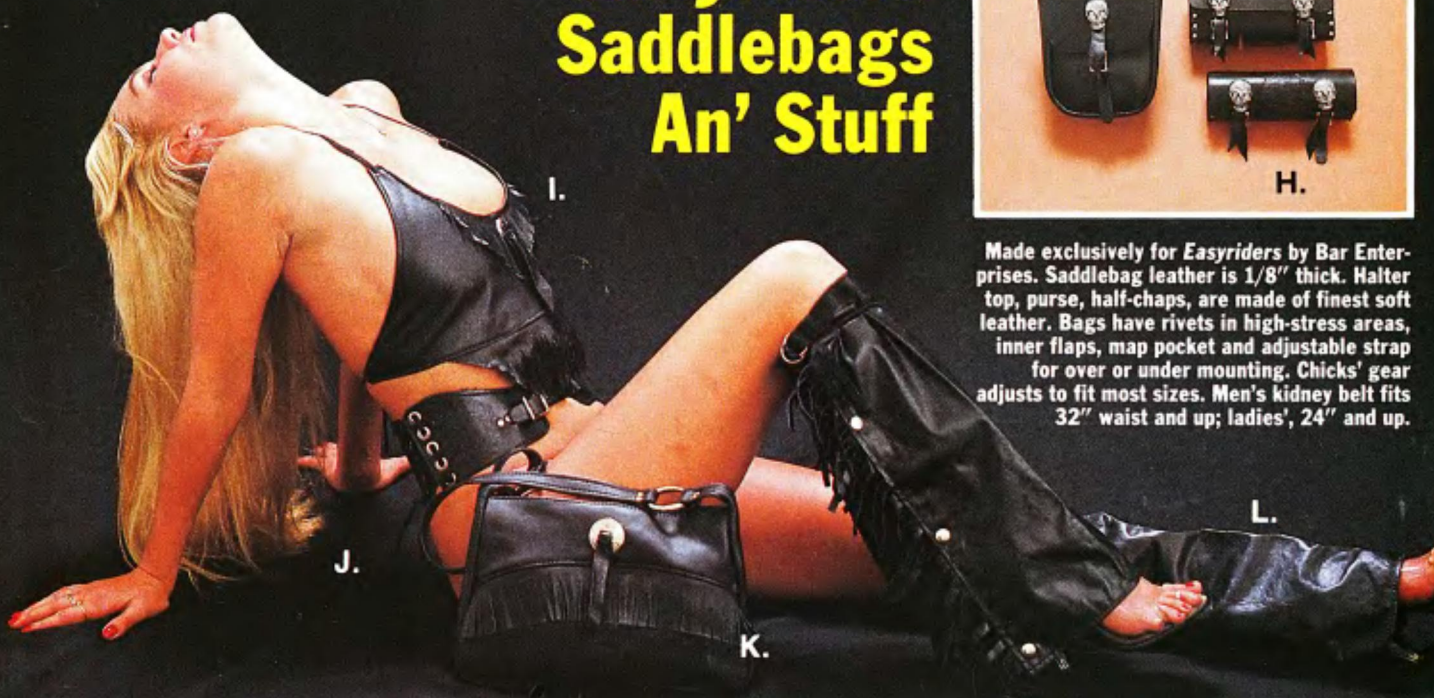
What more could you ask for on a summer weekend?

—Bandit



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— (E)	Super Oval Saddlebags (6" x 14" x 11")	\$169.00
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— (G)	Large Cycle Pouch w/ Skull (4" x 11" x 5")	\$ 37.00
— (H)	Cycle Pouch with Skull (3" x 9" x 3")	\$ 24.00
— (I)	Leather Halter Top	\$ 39.00
— (J)	Ladies' Kidney Belt	\$ 39.00
— (J1)	Men's Kidney Belt (not shown)	\$ 45.00
— (K)	Leather Purse	\$ 49.00
— (L)	Ladies' Half-Chaps	\$ 45.00
— (L1)	Men's Half-Chaps (not shown)	\$ 45.00
	Subtotal	
	Calif. res., add 6%	
	TOTAL	

LOOK HARD

Hybrid Or Bastard, Whatever You Want To Call It

Sometime in January of '82, Ron Rients of Orangevale, California, the designer of Delkron's heavy-duty cases, had an inspiration. What if he could modify his shovel to a smoother 90° instead of 45°? Shit, he could even run a bigger bore without the pistons smackin' each other.

No problem — Ron researched the project for almost a year, then created blueprints. Machining began in March of '83, and the bike finally hit the asphalt in January of '87.

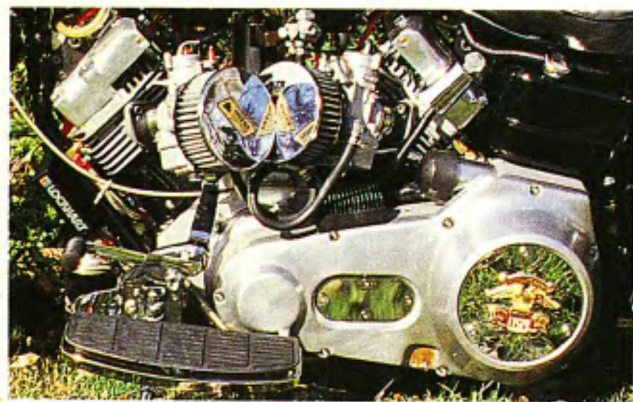
The biggest obstacles were figuring the cam and crankshaft timing and working with the little mill he used to make the cases. The engine has 396 Chevy rods and a computer-modified (he's a computer programmer) 350H, 1961, 327 Chevy cam. Some H-D oil pump gears and some VW gears are in the oil pump.

Trock built the barrels, and the bore is 3-13/16 with a 3-3/4 stroke. The cases are made from military helicopter 2024F aluminum with 36,000-lb. tensile strength. It puts out 100 strong horses, top ends around 140mph, and idles like silk with the cam modifications and the two 40mm Dell 'Orto "Pumper" carbs from Rivera. It fires with a pointless ignition capped into a hand-built-by-Ron distributor. The trans is pure H-D, with a CCI "Best in the West" clutch.

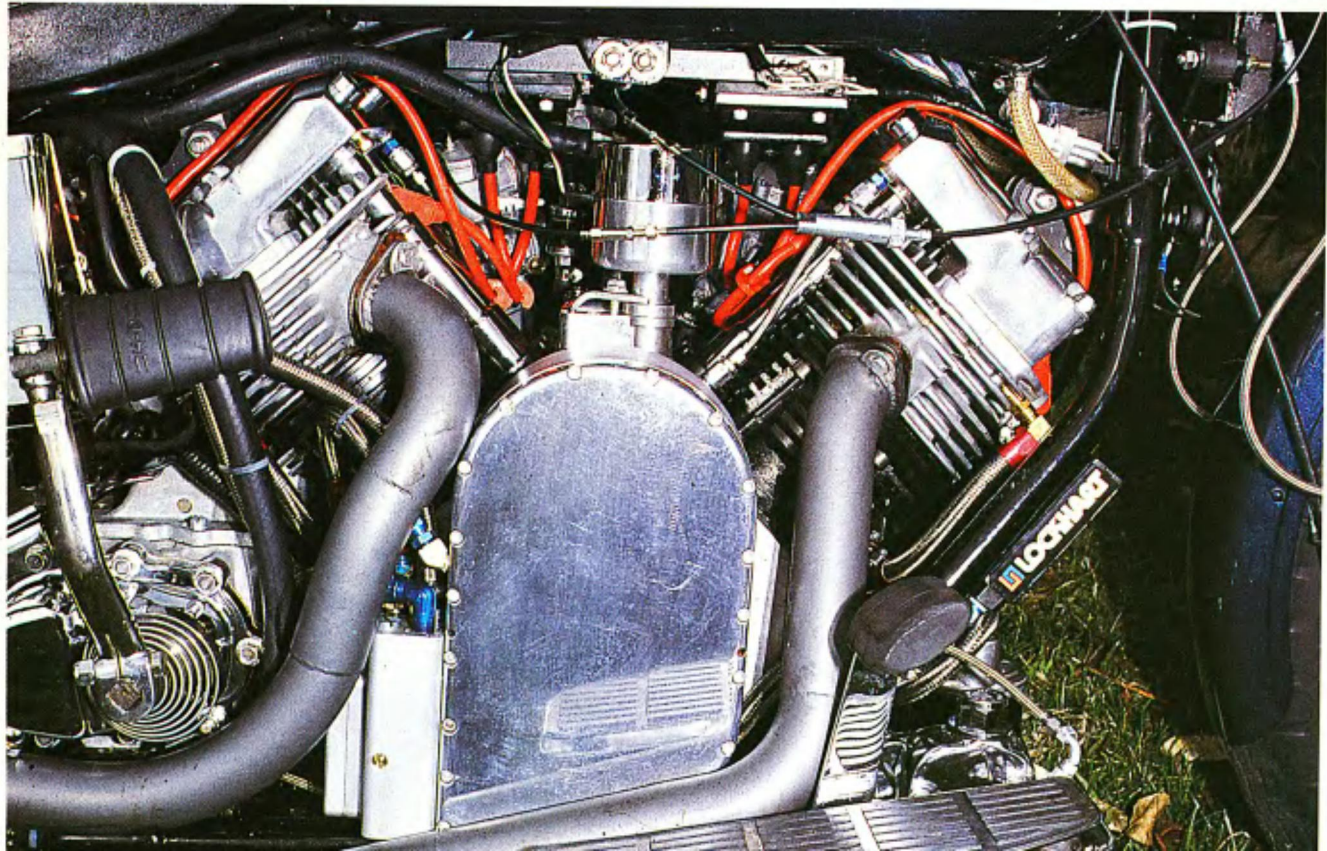
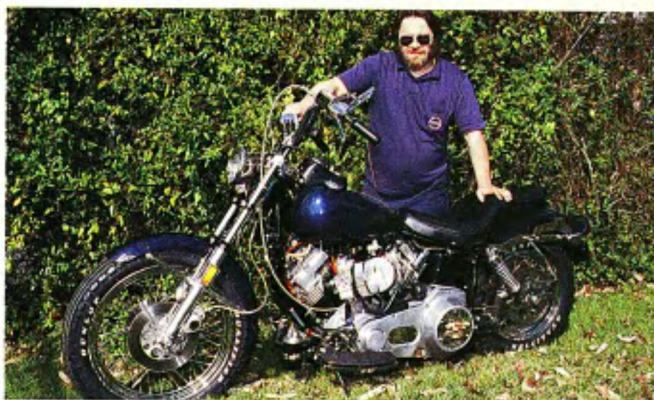
Ron calls it RXR. I call it genius or madness, and I asked, "How the fuck do you adjust the pushrods?" "They're hydraulics, and I've never had to adjust them since it went together," he said.

Half a dozen brews and a half-pint of Jack, and I'd ride it anywhere.

—Snake



Photos by Rip



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Not available where prohibited by law. Inquire about special military and police waivers and discounts.

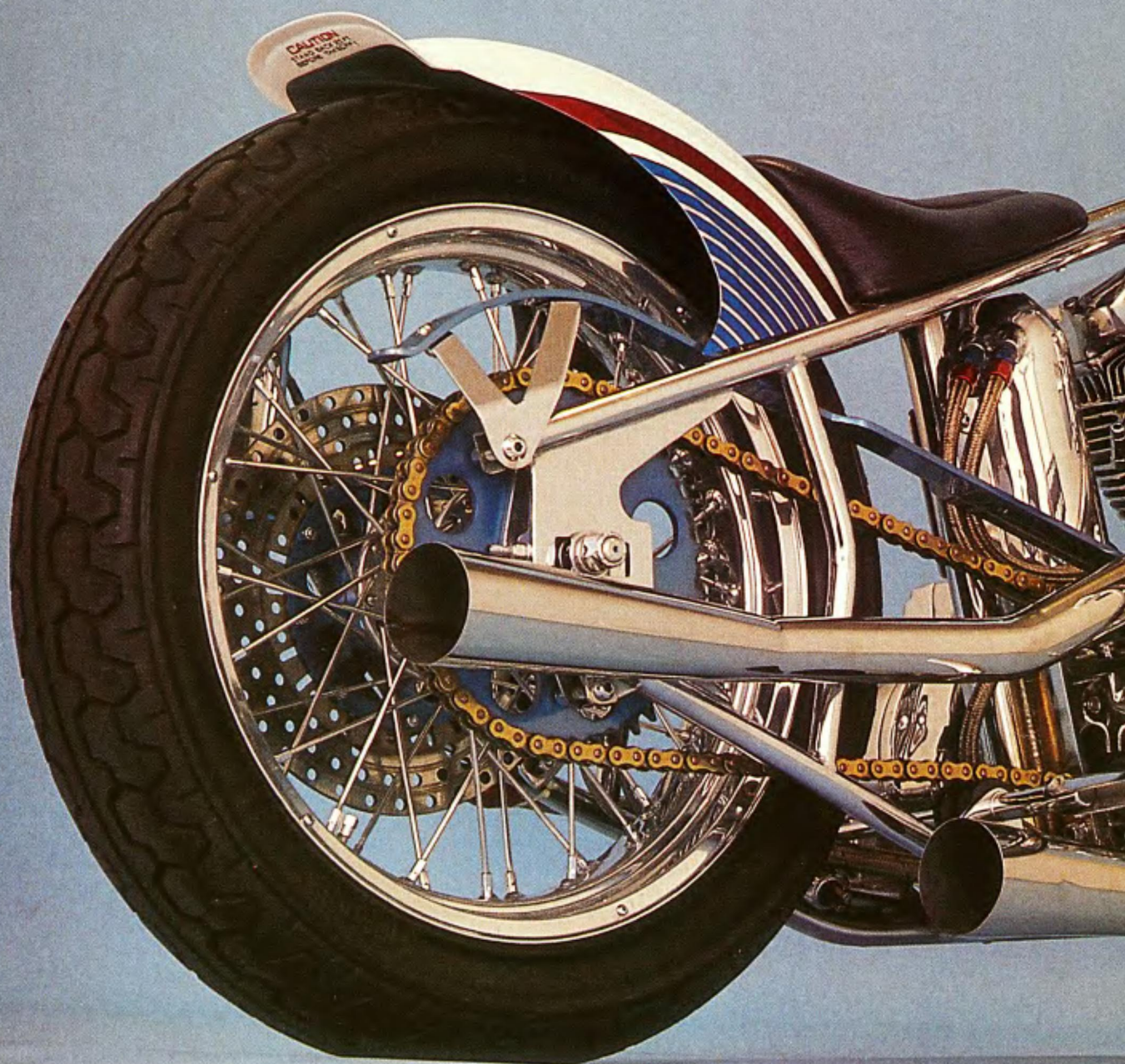
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*Attn. Collectors & Sportsmen: Though legal in parts form, in certain areas the completion of these kits may violate certain laws. Please check your area before ordering or assembling, as compliance with any such law is the purchaser's responsibility.

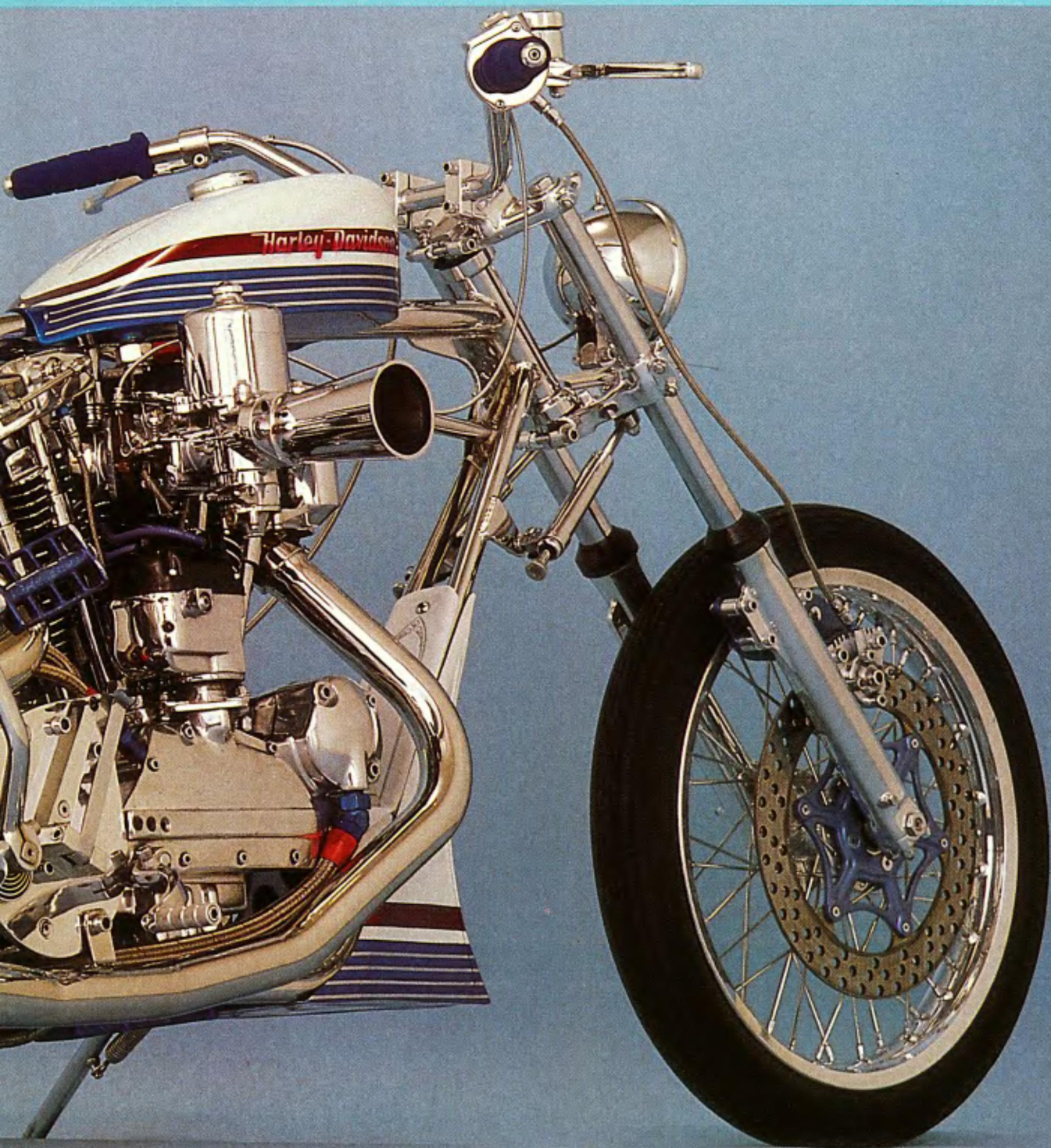
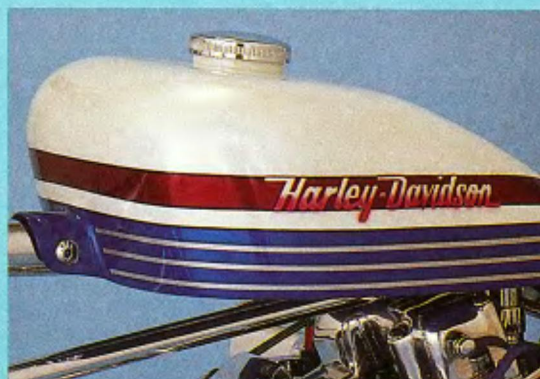
LOS GATOS FLYER

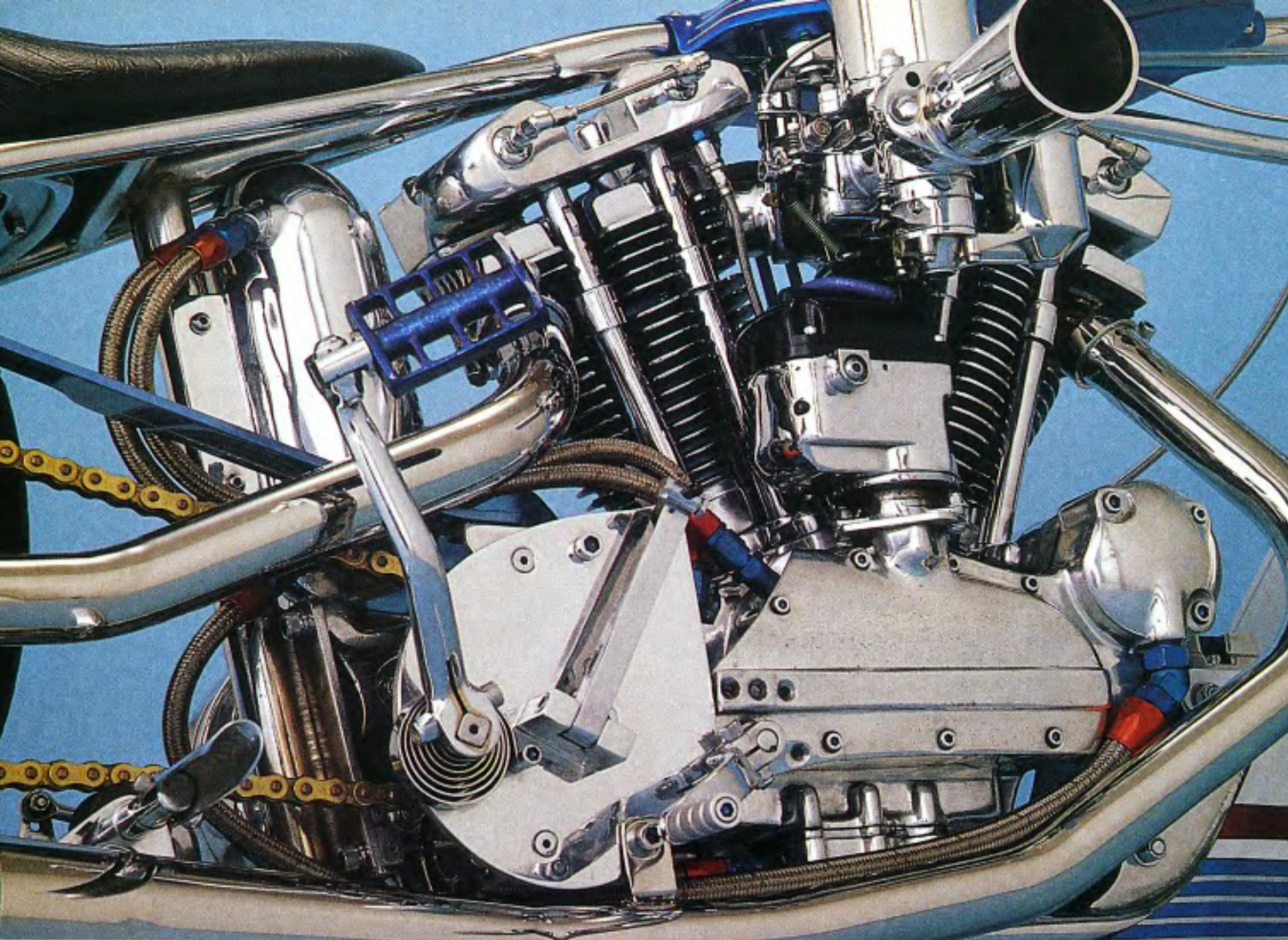
Central California Scooter Creativity



There's something about the insecticides they spray the crops in the Central Valley with. Somethin' in that pungent fog dumped by antique biplanes on unsuspecting plant life wafts through the air and up the flared nostrils of bikers blazin' through the hills and valleys.

Shit, look closely at this sizzlin' Sportster. Is this chromium and acrylic-lacquered sleekster unique, or what? Anyone with the mental imagery to discover the promise of two fire extinguishers cut in half, forming a slim, substantial oil tank has an exceptionally creative mind.







Sammy Newsom, the creative genius behind this once-drag bike (pullin' down low 10s at 133mph in 1980), decided last year to transform it into the street slider you see here. Sammy began snorting crop dust while working at Shack 'n' Back, a Sportster shop, then went on to San Jose H-D, then to Custom Chrome to work alongside another cycle creator, John Reed (see

interview on page 76).

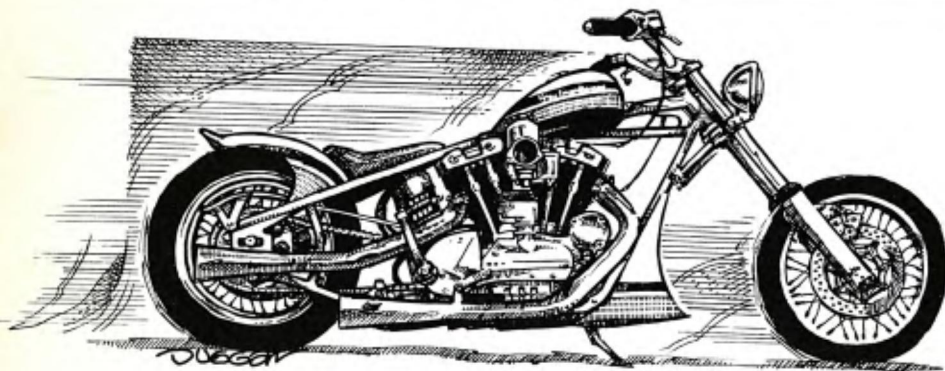
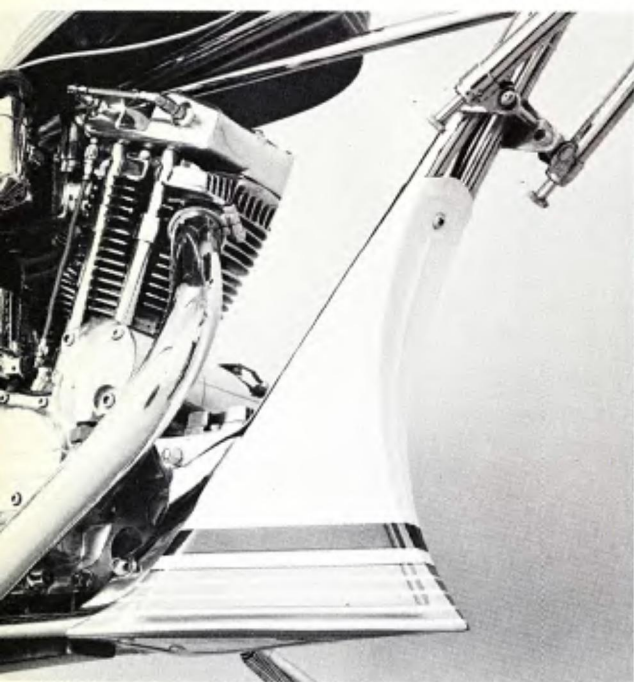
The talent they exude is tremendous, and we'll feature it whenever possible to share their ideas. Like Sammy says, "Once it's in your blood, ya can't let it go. John and I must have five bikes in our minds, just waitin' for the machine shop."

Sammy collaborates with Arlen Ness, also of the Central Valley, and is currently twisting steel around a





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Sammy Newsom		City: Los Gatos, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner & Puccio		Year: 1986	
Year and make: '82 drag, '86 street		Builder: Arlen Ness & Puccio Welding	
Model: lay-down		Type: low	
Value: \$12,000		Rake: a lot	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: some	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: chrome	
Chroming by: Reliable and Valley		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N Superbike	
Year: 1974		Risers: top tree	
Model: modified XL		Fender(s): Puccio Welding	
Rebuilder: owner & Jeff Boddie		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: single-fire magneto		Taillight: CCI blue dot	
Displacement: 90 cu. in.		Speedo: won't stay together	
Lower end: 4-13/16 S&S (lightened)		Front pegs: none	
Balancing: Jeff Boddie		Rear pegs: folding	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: CCI 12-volt generator	
Cases: polished H-D		Gas tank: King Sportster (cut down)	
Heads: Baisley Hi-Performance		Oil tank: 2-quart	
Cam(s): Sifton "C"		Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: cutaway	
Carb(s): 2" SU (Carl's Speed Shop)		Seat: Howard	
Air cleaner: stack		Sissybar: no way	
Pipes: Pipefyne		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): none		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: racing	
Year: 1974		Extension: none	
Shifting: short		Builder: ?	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: polished	
Trans sprocket: 21		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: J&D Body Shop		Hub: narrow	Hub: Quik Change
Painter: Dennis Dardanelli		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.
Color: Pearl White, Candy Blue, Cherry		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer, polyurethane		Brake: Hurst	Brake: Hurst x 2
Special paint: silver leaf, silver pinstriping			
Other special modifications: Thanks to Jeff Boddie, Ken & Kerry Puccio, Val Venezio, and J.R. the Limey.			

110-inch Sportster. I've tried snortin' downtown smog for years, and I can't come up with anything any more innovative than roach clips made from broken spokes.

—Snake

Easynews

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

California Pops The Helmet Law

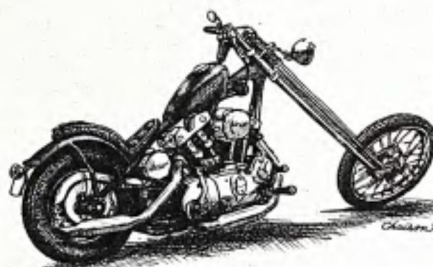
Do bike people still have the clout? Well, 844,000 motorcyclists in California do. Assemblyman Floyd's helmet bill was defeated June 30th in Sacramento by the Senate Transportation Committee. Unless reintroduced immediately, it will die there.

The active motorcyclists in California kept the freedom to decide alive through their letters, testimonies, and

presences at Sacramento hearings.

To be congratulated are organizations like BAM, BADL, the MMA, ABATE, and every brother and sister involved.

The people to vote against and watch in the future are Assemblyman Floyd, Gardena, Senator Gary Hart from Ventura, and Assemblyman Roos from Santa Monica.



MDA Run A Success For Muscular Dystrophy And Motorcyclists

Over 400 bikers recently took part in the Second Annual 100-Mile Ride For Life in Austin, Texas. Sponsored by local Harley-Davidson dealers, the run brought in over \$25,000 for the Muscular Dystrophy Association, a staggering figure considering the number of participants.

"Things worked out really well," said MDA district director Melissa Emerson. "This is one of the best group of guys we've ever worked

with. These events are good because they give the MDA needed funds, and they give the bikers some good and much-needed PR."

First-place money-raiser was Kelly Milligan of the Bryan-College Station area. She raised \$805 in pledges and won a trophy and a trip to Las Vegas. Paladin Nethaniel of Killeen finished second and Gerald Christ of San Antonio third. James Holt of Giddings won an '87 Sporty in a random drawing.

Helmets On The Run In Texas, Washington, And Oregon

Hheavy lobbying by state biker rights groups and the American Motorcyclist Association was responsible for retaining voluntary helmet use for adult riders in Texas, Washington, and Oregon — Congratulations.

Texas law, which calls for helmets on all Lone Star State motorcyclists under the age of 18, recently came under attack by Senate Bill 144, which would've mandated lids on all bikers. However, intensive lobbying in Austin by biker rights groups, coupled with an overloaded budget agenda, resulted in the bill dying on the House floor because of the 72-hour "no consideration" rule. A similar bill is expected to resurface next year, and anti-helmet law proponents say they'll be ready.

House Bill 161 in the state

of Washington originally called for mandatory helmet use by all riders but was amended to cover only those riders aged 18 and under. That bill has been signed into law and is now in effect. Prior to the passage of HB-161, Washington was one of only six states that had no helmet requirements at all. The new law also restricts motorcyclists from carrying passengers under the age of five years.

Meanwhile, House Bill 2581 in Oregon was not expected to receive enough support for passage before the full House and has been amended to require placing the issue before the public in the form of a referendum vote on the May 1988 primary ballot. Oregon's law currently requires helmet use only for riders under the age of 18 years.



HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS

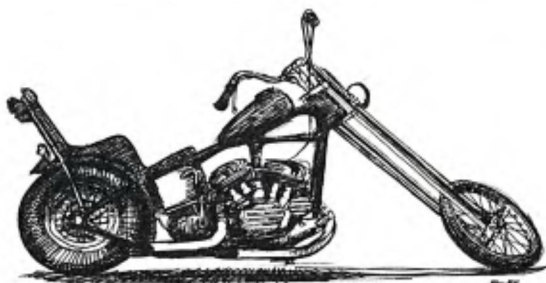


Two Million Shares On Sale

Final details of the new Harley-Davidson stock offering we alerted you to last month have been released, and the 2,000,000 shares were placed on sale at an offering price of \$16.50.

As stated in the preliminary information on the issue, 1,140,000 shares were being offered by the company and 860,000 by selling shareholders. Proceeds to the company, after the deduction of expenses, underwriting discounts, and com-

missions, will be used to repurchase certain warrants to acquire 200,000 shares of the company's common stock and for capital expenditures, working capital, and general corporate purposes. The company and the selling shareholders have granted the underwriter (Dean, Witter Reynolds) a 30-day option to purchase up to an additional 300,000 shares (90,000 of which will be sold by the company) to cover over-allotments.



Harley's Comet Hits The Desert

Now it can be told. Harley's Comet, the custom-built desert demon that took fourth in the open class of the last Baja 1000, was conceived as a joke by two L.A.-based Harley lovers. The pair, TV commercial director David Farrow and stuntman Jim Jackson (he played the Harley rider in last year's slice-of-Americana Kodak commercial), were trading bike-riding war stories one day last year and came to the conclusion that their street model Hogs were so boss they could probably take on the Baja. After they stopped laughing at the very thought of such an idea, they said,

"Why not build a Harley that could?"

So, wrapping a stock 1986 Sportster 1100 engine in a modified C&J Racing Frames chassis, they did. As far as Jackson, who did most of the wrenching (and a good job of it, too, as he crashed three times during his leg of the Baja without breaking the bike), he'd like to enter Harley's Comet in the international Paris-Dakar Rally.

Farrow shows his pride less flamboyantly. "A lot of guys say, 'Let's build a (racing) motorcycle,'" he notes, "but they just talk about it. To really finish and make it work, that's a miracle."

Parts Finder

Chicago Betty Runs A Caring Dealership

A Chicago Heights, Illinois, woman who has been officially lauded by President Reagan for her leadership ability has also earned praise from an untold number of bikers because of her company's ability and willingness to locate hard-to-find Harley parts and accessories.

Betty Luback was almost forced into the motorcycle business in 1974, when her husband had to quit active management of the Harley dealership he had run for over 20 years because of cataracts. Upon taking over, Mrs. Luback decided the best thing for both her business and her customers would be for her to concentrate on helping people keep their old Hogs on the road longer.

Twenty-three years later, her decision is reflected in

Luback Harley-Davidson's proud boast that "you'll find everything you need and more at Luback's." With over 3,000,000 parts always in stock, Luback's backs up its bragging a lot more often than not.

Along the way to becoming a legend to parts hunters, Betty Luback has also been highly active in community and youth activities. As testimony to her volunteer work, Luback recently became the first woman to receive the Toastmaster International Ralph C. Smedley Award for distinguished service. Her winning of this award was acknowledged by the president in a letter praising her leadership abilities.

So whether you need something for your K-model or someone to address the local Kiwanis Club, you can prob-

ably find it at Luback's, 454-458 W. 14th St., U.S. 30, Chicago Heights, IL 60411.



Anti-Helmet Cop

It's somewhat rare for us to offer praise to one of the boys in blue, but Multnomah County (Oregon) Sheriff's Lieutenant Steve Tillinghast is one police officer that really has his head on straight.

A 20-year veteran of the police force and a motorcycle rider for 29 years, Tillinghast, like many Oregon riders, felt the hair rise on the back of his head when some state legislators tried to push through a new mandatory helmet bill (they failed in '87, but plan to try again — see related story in this issue). In a guest column in the *Portland Oregonian*, Tillinghast gave his reasons for opposing such a bill. His words should be must reading, not only for legislators, but for all those police officials who go around testifying in favor of every lid law that comes down the pike.

"I have either personally attended the scenes or reviewed the circumstances of many more head injuries than I like to remember," Tillinghast wrote. "Of those caused by accidents, the vast majority have been sustained by the occupants of

automobiles, often involving several persons in a single incident. Yet, I have never seen a car occupant outside a race course wearing a helmet. Seat belts help a lot, but cars are getting smaller and lighter and offer less protection, especially from an impact to the side. Heads keep getting battered. . . If I were again forced to wear a helmet while carefully purring down a freeway on my well-maintained, heavy machine while car occupants were not, I'm afraid I would have to feel discriminated against.

"I would like helmet (law) proponents also to consider that there are more auto-pedestrian accidents than auto-motorcycle accidents, and that the typical injury is to the head. It would be ridiculous to require pedestrians to wear helmets, but it makes as much sense to me as to require all motorcyclists to wear them.

"If concern for the victims and the saving of public money really is a concern of the proponents, then I suppose it might not seem ridiculous to them to consider that by far the majority of

head injuries in the nation occur within the home — in showers, on kitchen floors, ladders and so forth. Why not require everybody to wear helmets at all times?

"Helmets are torture to wear for long periods or in hot weather or when you want to hear something or say something.

"Why are the proponents so willing to inflict helmets on motorcyclists and so unwilling to accept wearing them themselves? The answer may have been provided me a few years ago, when I had the honor to attend a course the FBI puts on for local police officers at Quantico, Virginia. A special lecture by Charles Whitebread, a University of Virginia law professor, dealt with the oppression of the minority by the majority. I remember feeling thankful I was a member of the majority and resolved to combat whenever and wherever I could the oppression of those in the minority and helpless because of it.

"It occurs to me now that I may not be so lucky as I thought."



Straight Journalist Sees Error Of Her Ways

Sometimes just doing what comes naturally can pay big, and unexpected, dividends. Such was the case when an anonymous biker took an excited toddler for a "joy ride" around a parking lot in New York recently. As it turned out, the child's mother was Glen Falls *Post-Star* columnist Rita Macy, and the incident inspired her to relate her reaction to her readers.

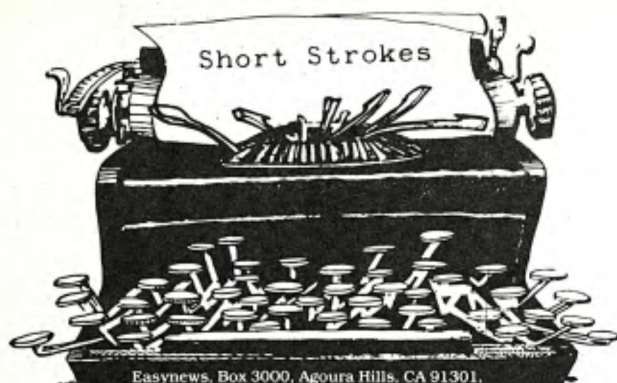
"We were at a local store when about thirty bikes came roaring in," she wrote. "There they were in the flesh, Marlon Brando's gang, complete with black leather muscle shirts, tattoos, chains, beards, long hair. . ."

Macy goes on to describe how her young son became entranced by the sight and sound of the Harleys. "He pulled out of my grasp and

ran up to the largest, scruffiest-looking man I had ever seen. He held his arms up and asked, 'Broom broom?'

"Dwarfing his motorcycle, the man seemed to look a long way down at the chubby little baby. 'Kid wanna go broom broom,' he said as he scooped the baby up with one big paw and perched him on the seat. Deftly weaving around the other parked bikes, he gave the happily squealing baby a gentle ride.

"After a few minutes he deposited the baby back at my feet. The baby waved bye-bye, and the biker, never having changed his deadpan expression, gave the baby a thumbs-up and rode off with the others without a backward glance, leaving a happy baby and one mother who had swallowed another bitter prejudice."



Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Spring is the season of the Bs — baseball bats, basketball bounces, and bike blessings. About 1,000 bikers took part in the annual Providence, Rhode Island, blessing ceremony this year. In addition to getting their scooters doused with holy water, they raised much-needed funds for the Holy Ghost Church in Providence. . . And in Indiana, ABATE organized its first-ever bike blessing last June. Balls being Balls (Indiana ABATE honcho), the event couldn't be held without sneaking in a bit of pro-biker political lobbying. Or was it just coincidence that it took place concurrently with the Fourth Annual Governors Ride Through Downtown Indianapolis (in memory of fallen bros and sisters) and the opening day of the state's official Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week? . . . Tennessee Governor Ned McWherter, meanwhile, has given his blessing to a new law setting up a statewide rider education program and safety fund. Initially, the program will provide funding for rider training courses and instructor training, but expansion into the areas of cager awareness, licensing improvement, etc. is expected. The goodies will be financed by a \$2 hike in bike registration fees and a \$1 boost in license fees. A feature of the bill requires the state Commissioner of Commerce and Industry to fix and establish insurance premium charges so as to provide a 10 percent

reduction in rates for riders successfully completing an approved training course. Course graduates will also be spared the hassle of the licensing skills test.

The Illinois legislature got a dose of real honesty in its recent hearings on a mandatory helmet law proposal. Expecting to hear from a wheelchair-bound advocate of fiberglass *uber alles*, they were instead confronted by Ben Crocker, who's been a quadriplegic since a bike accident about a year-and-a-half ago. The former Rock Island truck driver told the solons that he doesn't think a helmet would have spared him from being crippled and that even if it would have, he wouldn't advocate a mandatory lid law. "It's a matter of principle," he testified. "The government wants to decide everything for everybody. People can decide about a helmet for themselves."

And finally. The newspaper caption in the *Boston Herald* is headlined "Dashing Bachelor Finds Love" and tells the story of a "young, handsome" stud "riding high atop a promising career when he asked a former girlfriend if she would set him up with a nice girl." The fella pictured in their article atop a Vespa is Michael Dukakis, Democratic presidential hopeful, governor of Massachusetts, and main roadblock to repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law. You guess what Dukakis is not, repeat *not*, wearing on his scooter-riding head.

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 ⁹
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. 6-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35mph. 8-1970 or newer bikes. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15% must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

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

ARKANSAS

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

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Armar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 5417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I. Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs

Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 1221 N. Main St. Unit 6, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yuca 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
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
Rocky Mountain HD 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT

Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
All's Motorcycles 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

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Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Cycle, Inc. 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
L & K Cycle South U.S. 1 & MM31, Big Pine Key

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Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna
HD of Savannah 2913 W. Broad St., Savannah

Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogeechee Rd., Savannah
Banshee Cycle 2507 N. Lumpkin Rd., Columbus
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Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua
Smoking Scooter 74-5546 F Kaiwi St., Kailua Kona

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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

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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
Bryant's Speed & Custom MC 16611 County Rd. #38, Goshen

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Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 105 E. Euclid, Des Moines
Cyclepedia Corp. 1624 Dean Ave., Des Moines

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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

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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown
East Side Harley Salvage 2516 Sparrow Point Rd., Edgemere
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Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Sunshine Creations 421 River St., Comstock

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MISSOURI

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Motorcycle Stuff 4312 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Pappy's Cycle 600 W. College, Springfield

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Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

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Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEVADA

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

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Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Millville H-D, 1131 S. Second St., Millville

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Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants
Knight Cycle 3958 San Ygnacio SW, Albuquerque

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All'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
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Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
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Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
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Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
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J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Carolina Cycle 3704 Bragg Blvd., Fayetteville
HD of Goldsboro 1208 N. Berkeley, Goldsboro
Curly's HD Walkerston Shopping Ctr., Walkerston
Hawg Wild Rt. #2 Box 463 A, Hubert

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The Big Bike Shop 561 W. Broad St., Columbus
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Don's Custom Cycle 7025 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati
Jim Bailey, Mowrytown
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Buffalo Iron 5429 Grave Rd., Clinton

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The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

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Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
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Schoch's Inc. RD 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg
Nasty Cycle Repair Rt. #4 Box 184 1/2, Slippery Rock
Cycle World RD #2 Burns Ave., Altoona
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Link Cycle Route 309, Coopersburg
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Country's H-D Inc. 1093 Albright Rd., Rockhill
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Southern Motorcycle 1710 Aldine Mail Rd., Houston

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Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Mountain Cycle Box 922 Rt. 11 No., Verona
American Engineering Route 60 & Route 155, Providence Forge

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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

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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.

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Why does the crack of yer ass go up and down instead of across?

So when yer slidin' downhill, ya don't mumble.

—Shelly
Arlington, Neb.

“Who will give the bride away?” asked the preacher.

“I could,” came a voice from the back of the church, “but I’m keepin’ my mouth shut.”

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

Didja hear about the midget in the circus who got the tall lady pregnant? His friends put him up to it.

—Lizard
Massena, N.Y.

Q: What’s the difference between an epileptic corn farmer and a prostitute with diarrhea?

A: One shucks between fits.
—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Canada

Abiker collapsed on the street, and a large crowd gathered.

“Give the poor man a drink of whiskey!” said an old woman.
“Give him some air!” said a man.

“Call an ambulance!” someone else suggested.

The babble continued until the biker suddenly sat up and said, “Will you all shut up and listen to the old lady?”

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Easyriders



“Don’t worry about your ol’ man — he used my scooter once without askin’ me!”

This fertilizer salesman walked up to a farmer’s house, and as he was climbing the front steps, he saw a one-legged pig resting on the front porch. When the farmer came to the door, the salesman happened to ask him why the pig had only one leg.

The farmer replied, “Well, I’ll tell you why. One night when we were all asleep, the house caught fire, and that pig started snortin’ an’ rootin’ around, and generally raising hell until he woke us all up. Saved our lives, that pig did.”

Confused after hearing this, the salesman said that was nice, but why did the pig have only one leg?

The farmer said, “Well, I’ll tell you why. I was plowing the fields one day, when the damn tractor turned over on me and pinned me down, and by gawd, here comes that pig. He started rootin’ around in that dirt and muck, and he dug me out from underneath that tractor. Saved my life, that pig did.”

Exasperated, the salesman finally said, “That still doesn’t tell me why that pig has only one leg, old-timer.”

“Well, son,” the farmer said. “It’s like this. You find a pig like that, you just don’t want to eat him all at once.”

—Terry Miller
Pecan Island, La.

What’s the difference between a hooker, your girlfriend, and your ol’ lady?

A hooker says, “Ain’t ya done yet?”

Your girlfriend says, “Are you done already?”

Your ol’ lady says, “Beige — I think we’ll paint the ceiling beige.”

—Jim Sallows
Verona, Pa.

Two bros were both pluggin’ the same chick at the same time, and they were greeted with the sad news one day that their common squeeze had got knocked up. Having no way of knowing which was the father, the two bros chipped in and sent her out of town to have the little bastard.

Several months passed without either of the bros hearing from the chick, so one of them decided to find her and get the straight poop about the pregnancy.

The next day, the other dude got a call from his bro. “I’ve got some good news and some bad news,” the bro said on the telephone.

“Well, give me the good news first,” replied the other.

“The good news is that she’s fine, and she had twins,” came the reply.

“And the bad news?”
“Mine died,” said his bro.
—Butch
McAlester, Okla.

Alimony: the screwing ya get for the screwing ya got.

—L.T. Larsen
Sandy, Utah

Easyriders



“Every time I slide down this thing, I go off in my pants.”

Granny went to the pet shop to buy a parrot. She told the pet store owner that she wanted one that talked, but not one that used dirty words. Nevertheless, he sold her the last parrot he had, neglecting to tell her that it used to belong to a biker.

Granny got home, walked in the back door, and put the cage down on the dining room table. Immediately, the parrot looked around and said, "Holy shit, lady! Nice house!"

In a state of shock, Granny pulled the parrot out of the cage and threw him in the refrigerator to teach him a lesson. After a while, however, she began to feel sorry for him, so she let him out of the icebox.

The parrot shivered, looked at her, and squawked, "What-dafuck did ya do that for, bitch?" In a fit of rage, Granny grabbed the parrot, and this time she threw him into the freezer. After a few minutes, the parrot's eyes got used to the dark, and he spotted a frozen turkey in the far corner.

Amazed, the parrot leaned over and said to the turkey, "Shit, bro, what did you say?"

—Mr. Bill
McKinleyville, Calif.

"Doc, ya gotta help me!" said the bro to his physician. "I eat apples, and whole apples come out. I eat bananas, and bananas come out! What do I do?"

"Simple," said the doc. "Eat shit."

—Carl Campbell
Rochester, N.Y.

Then there was the plastic surgeon who hung himself.

—Gary Andrews
Carson City, Nev.



"You dumb asshole, when are you gonna remember to put your feet down?"

Easyriders



"Good news, Butch — someone stole your helmet and left your bike."

Two truckers are having breakfast with their wives at a diner one morning, when in walk a biker and his ol' lady, who sit at the next table.

After ordering morning chow for himself and his ol' lady, the bro happens to overhear how politely the truckers are speaking to their women.

"Pass the sugar, sugar," says the first trucker to his wife.

"Please pass the honey, honey," says the second trucker to his wife.

Not to be outdone, the biker is thinking really hard, trying to come up with something to say, when the waitress comes with their breakfast and sets it on the table.

The bro glances down, gets an inspiration, and says to his ol' lady, "Pass me the bacon, you fuckin' pig!"

—Tiger Lily
Melrose, Mass.

The minister of a small congregation was about to start his sermon when he noticed a young lady in the front row, wearing a tight dress with her boobs practically hangin' out.

He couldn't concentrate on his message to the flock, so he dismissed the service and asked to speak to the woman after everyone else left the church.

When they were alone, the reverend said in his sternest lecturing voice, "Just what do you mean, coming to church dressed like that?"

"Why, reverend," the young thing replied. "All my boyfriends tell me they can hear the angels sing when they put their heads on my breasts."

"Hmm. Well, let me check," said the man of the cloth, placing his head between her tits. After several minutes, he raised his head and said, "I don't hear any angels singing!"

"Of course not, reverend," she said. "You're not plugged in yet."

—C. Ruggles
Tollesboro, Ky.

Two old ladies were sittin' in the park one afternoon, feeding the birds, when a big, burly biker walked up an' sat down beside them on the bench.

After a minute, one of the old women whispered to the other, "Martha, this dirty biker is masturbating right next to me!"

"Oh, my! Well, let's just leave, Agnes," her friend replied indignantly.

"I can't," said the other. "He's using my hand."

—Fast Fred
Circleville, Ohio

The next time ya go by a tattoo parlor, why not get yer name tattooed on yer dick? That way, no matter how crowded the urinal gets, you'll always know that you've grabbed the right one.

—Marcelo Rodriguez
Buenos Aires, Argentina

What do you call an Italian man eatin' pussy? Cunnilinguini.

—Linda Lou
Muleshoe, Tex.

There was a biker mama named Dot, Who lived on pig shit and snot. And when she couldn't get these, She'd eat the green cheese. That she scraped from the sides of her twat.

—Sergeant "Ski"
APO New York

There was the whore who couldn't do it the normal way, because it was the wrong time of the moon. Not wanting to miss out on any tricks, she explained to this john that she had a removable glass eye, and she could give him a "wink" job for half-price.

The john figured, what the hell, and went at it. To his surprise, the "wink" job turned out to be the best piece he'd ever experienced.

"That was great," he told the whore. "I'll be back next week for more of the same."

"Okay," she replied. "I'll keep an eye out for ya."

—Barry DeWald
Great Bend, Kan.



After the horny biker dropped his pants, the chick was dismayed to see that he had only a 2-inch dick.

"Who the hell do ya think you're gonna satisfy with that?" she demanded.

"Me," the bro said with a smile.

—Toad
Texas

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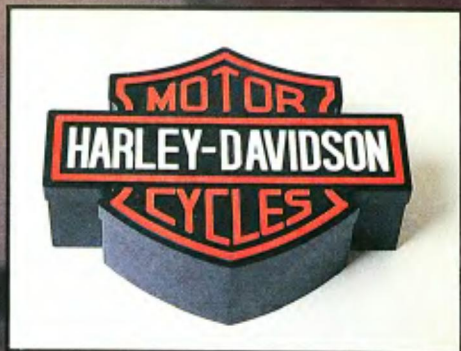
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Betsy

I just can't seem to keep
this halter tied.

EDMONDSON '87

I Toldya To Keep Yer Hands Outta My Stash!



Happens every time — ya punch out on the clock after a bitchuva day at work, climb on the Hog, an' putt yer tired, achin' ass to the homestead, where ya at least got some brew an' some toke to help ya forgit the day's bullshit for a while.

'Cept that yer ol' bro, Bummer, crashed at yer pad last night, an' ya just remembered that ya left yer stash in plain sight, which means ya might have a sip an' a roach left, if yer lucky, after Bummer flashed on yer goodies this mornin'.

What ya need, man, is one of these nifty, Made-In-USA, officially licensed Harley-Davidson "Carry-Alls" to hide yer stash in, an' we'll send ya one FREE when ya subscribe.

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3-MIRACLE DAY

BY TULLY HOBB

Motor-hiking the damned import with its dead alternator, I plodded toward the rest area, which was a lot closer now than it had been an hour ago. Around me, the desert baked under a merciless sun. Traffic droned along I-40 in both directions — a gleaming stream of cages, pickups, and 18-wheelers, none of them giving a shit about the tall, skinny guy walking the dysfunctional rice-burner on the interstate's graveled shoulder.

At age 19, I had been into biking only a couple years, not long enough to have been given a nickname. Barely long enough to make a few, widely scattered biker friends, and just long enough to have ridden a total of maybe a few hundred miles around my hometown of Amarillo, Texas. Probably qualifying as a hang-around, I was considerably past the wannabe stage. I knew a few patches, casually. I low-profiled visits to biker bars, keeping my mouth shut. Maintaining better with each look-and-listen session. Avoiding getting shit-faced and making no trouble for anybody, including myself.

The only fight I'd been in was my fault — and I'd won the brief scuffle with the woozied-up mean-ass who had leaned on me for riding a trail bike, plus for my stupidity in parking it in front of the puke joint. When some accumulated overtime allowed me to step up from the trail bike to 750-chopstick-cecees, I started parking the machine away from any bars I visited, chaining it securely to telephone poles in alleys and hoping nobody with a pipecutter and pickup would see it.

Now, here I was — Missus Jennings' youngest and most rebellious son, Thad — still miles east of Gallup, New Mexico. Shoving a ricer wreck. Thirstier than a flock of cowbirds who hadn't seen water in a week. More tired than a late-late movie rerun. Another diesel rig passed me, its windy wake buffeting me and the useless Nippon marvel, causing me to falter.

"Shit!" I snarled aloud, bitterly. "What a grand fuckin' beginning this is. Some way to start my first run to the West Coast. I shoulda stuck to Plan A and

waited until I'd earned enough to buy the oldest Harley in town. On the other hand, how the hell was I to know that little ol' Ruthy gal was gonna git pregnant — and horny her with five redneck brothers plus a daddy who owns half the county?"

Steering the wheeled burden from the weeds, I clomped grimly into the deserted rest area.

* * *

With five gallons of tepid water from the drinking fountain sloshing in my gut, I sprawled on a picnic table — smoking a butt and staring at the ricer nearby as I made what seemed like the best decision open to me. Hide the machine in that gully over there. Hitch a ride into Gallup. Find somebody who'll drive me back here in a pickup to retrieve the hunka Jap engineering and, hopefully, buy another alternator without spending all my food and gas money. It had to be the most practical solution, because nothin' any better came to mind. Sighing, I got up, yawned, scratched my crotch, and

took the ricer off its stand. Pushing it toward the gully, I kept shooting glances in all directions, hoping nobody would drive into the place and see me stashin' the alleged bike. Easing it down into the gully, I gently lowered it onto its side — heapin' armfuls of shrubbery and a few empty coke cans for effect on the booger. Then I had a last-minute thought: Better take the road bag with me, just in case somebody really desperate for a shitty ride stumbles across this atrocity. Slinging the road bag's strap over my shoulder, I had one last look at where the fuckin' ricer was hidden, turned to leave, and found myself starin' directly at the dead human body curled up five feet away.

An old guy. At least 40. Wearin' one of those fancy, shiny business suits. Blood all over his head and the upper part of his clothing. Sprawled awkwardly onto his face. Everything about him shouted I am real dead.

"Holy shit," I mumbled, frozen, suddenly feeling like the whole wide world was peering down into that gully at the wasted guy — and me. "Gotta git the fuck outta here, right now!" Plunging back up

"Ridin' into the fading sunset with Waif behind me, I marveled at what a day it had been."

Continued on next page

3-MIRACLE DAY



the gully's weedy side, I reached the rest area's pavement and had hurriedly taken about ten steps toward the public shitters when a van drove slowly into the place, parking at the curb ahead of me. Instantly, I slowed down — doin' my damndest to look like a happy cross-country walker with just thirst on my mind. An entire family plus their yappy little poodle began flowing from the van into the shitters, ignoring me.

Then the maroon Mercedes entered the area. It rolled to a stop in front of me. The woman at the steering wheel — a gal about 30, with bleached blonde hair, enough makeup for a dozen wan whores, and eyes colder than green ice — gazed nervously at me. I didn't know whether to smile, shit, or pray for invisibility.

"Get in!" she said hoarsely.

"What?" I whispered.

"Get in the car, for God's sake!" she hissed.

I stumbled around the car's grill, getting into the passenger side, hugging the road bag like it was the last friend I had on earth. The cage lurched forward and we went, burning rubber, out of the rest area. She turned west on I-40, frowning straight ahead.

For the first time since buying the ricer — from a guy famous for his shady deals — I was glad all

the paperwork on the damned thing hadn't been clarified — or nailed to me. There was no way this child would ever go back to that murderous gully for the machine, even if it meant ridin' a bus to California.

"Is it over?" The woman asked in a low, quavery tone.

For a second I almost asked, "Is what over?" but a jolt went through my gut as I realized that the dead guy in the gully was, in

some way, connected to her — and she was mistakenly connecting me to the mystery.

"Listen, lady. . ." I began cautiously.

"On the phone, you said it would be over by three in the afternoon, and I should bring the cash to that place by three-thirty." Her voice shook with agitation. "Right there, on the seat beside you."

I slanted a glance at the bulging plastic bank envelope on the seat between us. Oh, sweet saintly shit, I thought. She thinks I'm the hitter she hired!

"Go ahead, dammit. Count it!"

Without a word, I unzipped the bank envelope. It was jammy-packed with cash. Fifties. Hundreds. Even thousand-dollar bills. Considerin' that I'd never seen anything bigger than a hundred-dollar bill, it's a wonder I stayed cool enough to count my fingers, much less all the cash fillin' that plastic envelope. After counting it the first time, I recounted it two more times. It kept adding up to thirty-five grand.

"Uh, just right," I said calmly, zipping the rectangular bag shut.

"Wh-Where do you want out?" she demanded thinly.

"Edge of town."

"I've — I've never done anything like that before, y'know," she

said plaintively. "But the sonuva-bitch had it coming."

I nodded, just like I agreed with her. What the hell. A totally strange woman hands a guy my age a package of thirty-five grand, the least he can do is act polite — and get away from her as fast as possible. Vaguely, I wondered just how pissed the real hitter was gonna be.

She stopped and let me out of the cage at the gas station I indicated, driving away immediately. First I took a needed leak. Then I recounted the cash. Still thirty-five grand. I could only hope the stuff wasn't counterfeit.

Going to a pay phone, I called a cab, which took me into the down-

"What the hell. A totally strange woman hands a guy my age a package of thirty-five grand, the least he can do is act polite — and get away from her as fast as possible."

town Gallup area. Weirdly enough, the cabby — a gruff old fart — knew exactly where the local Harley dealership was, and I tipped him generously when we reached it.

All those shiny new Harleys were a terrible temptation, but on the way over I'd already firmly made up my mind to buy a used scooter. No tellin' how long my fortune might have to last. I'd heard California was an expensive trip. I'd play it as cheap as possible — unless my luck improved beyond the miracle money, and I didn't see how that was possible. So I ignored the new rides and started peerin' around for bargains.

I.R.S. 



"Sumpin'?" said the wrenchy-lookin' dude emerging from a repair bay at the shop's rear.

"Wanna see whatcha got in the way of used machines on sale," I told him, grinnin' like a jack-ass eating cactus. "Somethin' really righteous."

He seemed to wince, but he led me into the far rear room where a nearly new Beemer, three Harley panheads, two shovelheads, an ancient Indian older than my daddy, and the most radically chopped and customized knucklehead I ever saw all leaned on their sidestands.

I caressed the knuck's tank, all golden and emblazoned with naked little nymphs doing wild things with leering hairy-legged satyrs across the tank's glossy surface.

Love at first sight. But then, I suppose every guy's very first Harley is love at first sight.

"The knuck?" I inquired.

"We can letcha have it for fifteen-five."

I stared thoughtfully, my eyes lusting all over the wickedly crimson thing's stunnin' details, wondering if I wasn't just back down the road in a thirst-maddened dream, instead of actually standing here with enough cash to buy anything in the place.

"How about twelve-five — cash?" I countered.

"Cash?" His beady eyes glittered.

I rode away from the site on my knuck, poorer by thirteen-five, but high on the feel and the thunderous sound of the chopper. Next came minor shopping. New T-shirts. New denims. New boots. New shades. Unchaining the knuck from the parking lot light pole, I rode to the western edge of town. Finding a modest but clean motel without a No Bikers sign, I checked in. Showered. Fresh threads. Supper of ribs and suds at the eatery across the street. Back to the cave, where I admired the sneaked-in ride, yawned a few times, and crawled between the sheets.

My faithful Timex showed 6:16. Now for a full night's refreshing sleep. Then breakfast and off to magical California to hunt up restless friends who might turn out to be bros in a new land.

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3-MIRACLE DAY



I awaited the drift into unconsciousness.

An hour later I was still alertly gazing up at the damned ceiling. "Fuck this shit," I grumbled, rolling out of bed and pulling on clothes and boots. "Two miracles in the same day leave a man too excited to sleep. I'll catch some zees farther on down the road."

Easing the knuck out of the unit, I saw two women, a brawny guy, and a glistening panhead outside the door, three units away. They

saw me and strolled over, studying me intently.

"Beerbelly Fletcher," he said, extending his hand, teeth flashing whitely in the reddish beard. "My ol' lady, Bitchy, and Waif." Bitchy's mouth twitched into a haughty smile. Waif stared up at me, weirdly.

I thought fast, naming myself on the spot. "Viking Jennings," I offered.

"Jeez, ya look like a Viking," Waif

"Well, we don't really wanna put Waif, here, on a damned bus to the coast, see? Any chance of you packin' her home along with us?"

I looked down again into Waif's hungry eyes. Her boobs were jutting hard against the thin tank top. It was written all over her short, shapely bod and pixie face: Frustrated Woman Needs Stud.

"Be glad to help," I crooned, winking at Waif, "in any way I can."

"Jeez, that's wunnerful news," Waif said, visibly shivering. "Do ya snore?"

"Only when I'm not gettin' any," I said.

"Let's git it on the road," suggested Beerbelly, looking im-

"Her boobs were jutting hard against the thin tank top. It was written all over her short, shapely bod and pixie face: Frustrated Woman Needs Stud."

said softly. "All that blond hair and beard. And so damned tall."

"We got a small problem," Beerbelly said wryly. "Seems Waif, here, encouraged the man who was packin' her to go his own way."

"Boring," Waif commented. "He was so fuckin' boring. Couldn't get it up when it was most needed. Had about as much class as out-house fumes, y'know? Jeez, I'll bet you're hung."

"Which way you bookin', man?" Beerbelly asked.

"West," I admitted.

mensely relieved. "Appreciate meetin' ya, man. We'll show you some new dimensions in partying and some incredible Berserkeley hospitality when we git there."

"I'll show ya some incredible hospitality of my own," Waif whispered, smirking heatedly, "long before we git there."

Ridin' into the fading sunset with Waif behind me, I marveled at what a day it had been. The cash. The Harley. And Waif. Truly a three-miracle day.

Viking, I told myself, some lucky bastards live right. ■



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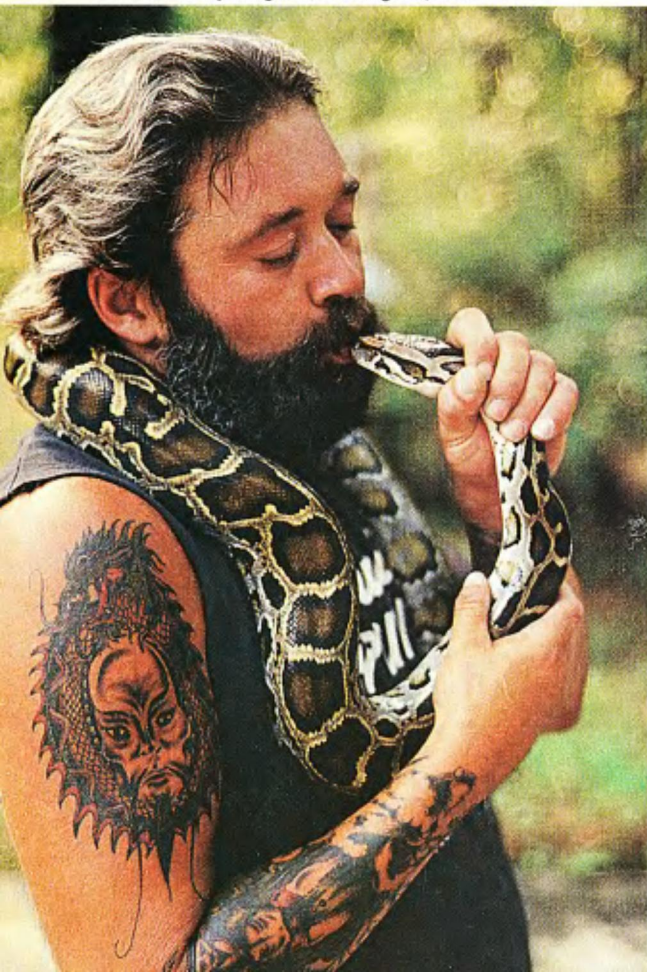
IN THE WIND

—from Lance Lowrey, Salinas, Calif.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah, dig this — we now pay \$30 for every black-and-white photo we print, \$100 for every color photo we print full-page, \$50 for every color photo we print half-page, and \$40 for every color photo printed smaller than half-page.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

—from Monty Hughes, Covington, Ga.

—from John Mourgos, Castro Valley, Calif.



—from Jess, Auckland, New Zealand





—from Tattoo Larry, Phantoms MC —from Slab, Spartanburg, S.C.



—from Wolf, France



—from Richard Caston, Phoenix, Ariz.

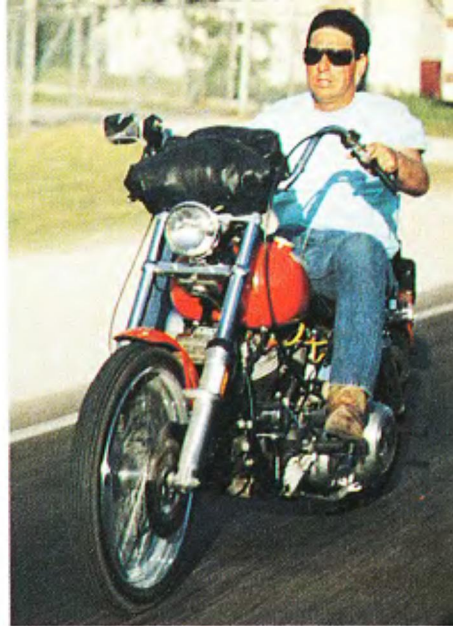


—from Randy Smarr, Charleston, W. Va.

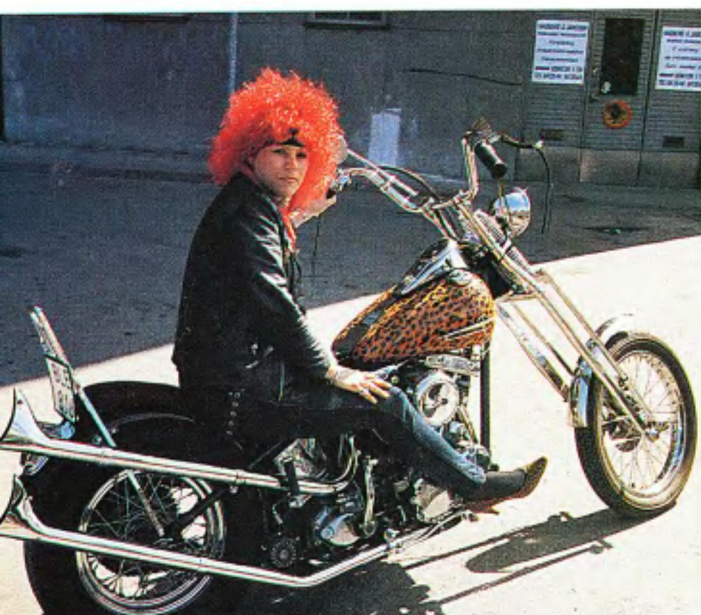




—from Lucy, Arlington, Mass.



—from Victor Huff, Alvin, Tex.



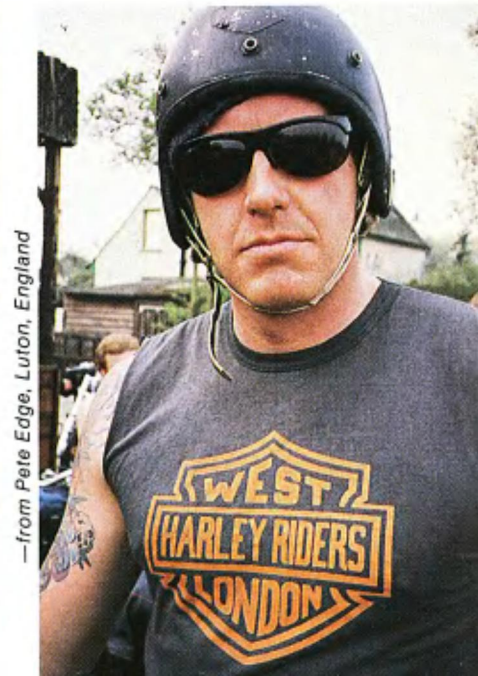
—from Runaway, Stockholm, Sweden



—from Silver Jim, Toledo, Ohio



—from Richard Cross, Dallas, Tex.



—from Pete Edge, Luton, England



—from Dozer, Glenwood, Iowa

Knight in Shining Leather

Hot wind in my face
 Pipe heat rises, sizzling.
 Riding — motor thundering
 I can feel the wind
 whipping tears from my eyes.
 I am half dreaming
 And the machine becomes a
 stallion,
 And I, a maiden, carried
 By a knight in shining leathers.
 I see hot red sunset,
 And the sweet smell of
 leather
 fills my senses.
 The highway becomes an elusive
 black snake
 shimmering in heat waves.
 My hands in his pockets,
 My head against his back,
 we could ride in the wind
 forever.

—Diane Johnson

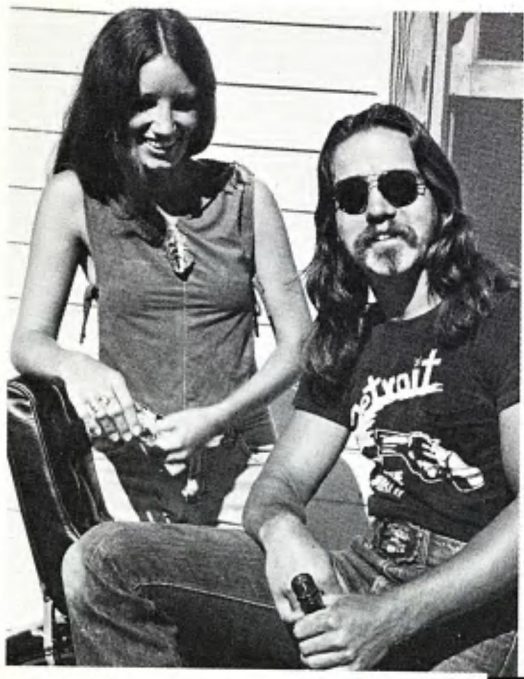


—from James Kemp, Baltimore, Md.

—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Wino Joe, USA





—from Papa Stick, Brock, Neb.

—from Ro and Zeus, Stoughton, Wis.



—from The Breeze, Virginia Beach, Va.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.





—from Ralph Gerkens, Lexington, Ky.



—from Geezer, Esopus, N.Y.



—from George Arceropoulos, Medford, N.Y.

—from C.J., Medicine Hat, Alberta



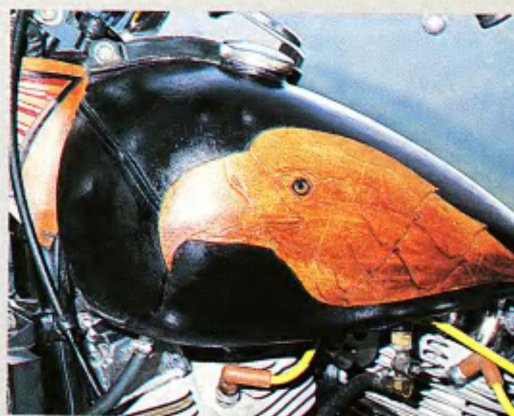
—from Michael Kennedy, Ponca City, Okla.





READER'S
RIDE





Photos by Kim Peterson



Spank, Concord Township, Ohio
1981 Harley-Davidson Leather Low Rider

They say bad shit comes in threes. Recently The Great One, Jackie Gleason, left us for more liquid lands, and at the same time Fred Astaire did his final soft-shoe into the night, just after Geraldine Page, of "A Trip to Bountiful" Oscar fame, had cashed in her silver screen chips. What's that got to do with the price of belt drives in Malasia, you ask? Well, Spank here had his own little run of bummers goin' for him when he caught up with us last year.

Spank and his brother, Shitty (no shit), had just made their summer dream run complete by riding out to Sturgis from Ohio. It was all they had ever hoped for — the bikes ran perfectly, and the bros they met were great, as was the partyin'. Then on the way to the Coast, their final destination, Shitty got tangled up with a truck, went down hard, and didn't get up. Dead.

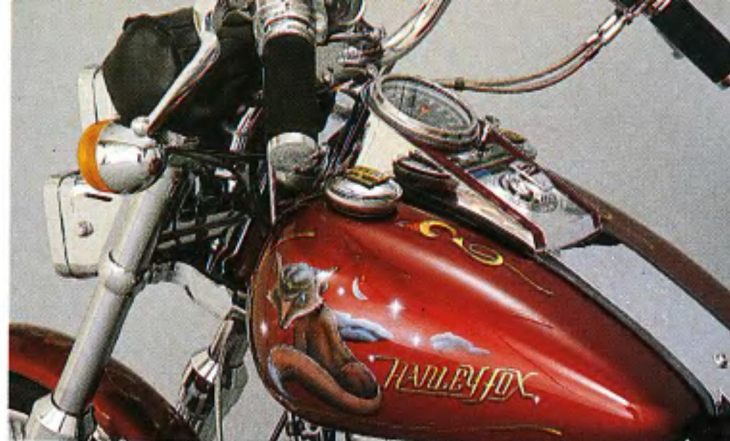
Spank arrives here, a little downcast, right? We shoot his bike, party him up, and send him off. He gets home, and before the dust has settled on his leathered-out wonder machine, some thievin' asshole rips it off. Now we can't get in touch with him to tell him that he's on the cover of *In The Wind* #28 and his bike is at last being featured. Hopefully, he's just out ridin' around on a new Harley, or huntin' cow for more leather. Either way, Spank, good luck.

— Bomber





FOXY RIDER



**Gail Anderson, Pompano Beach, Florida
1986 FXSTC**

Ladies who ride their own bikes are becoming a more common sight. Some of these ladies rag on their ol' men to teach them the finer points of street survival, which is fine, if the ol' man can find the patience.

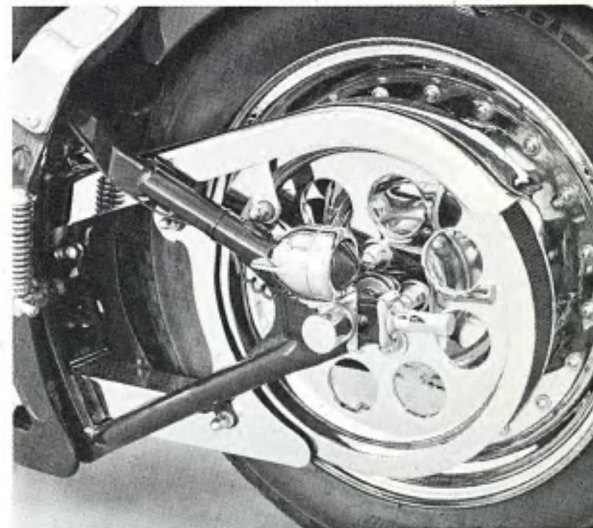
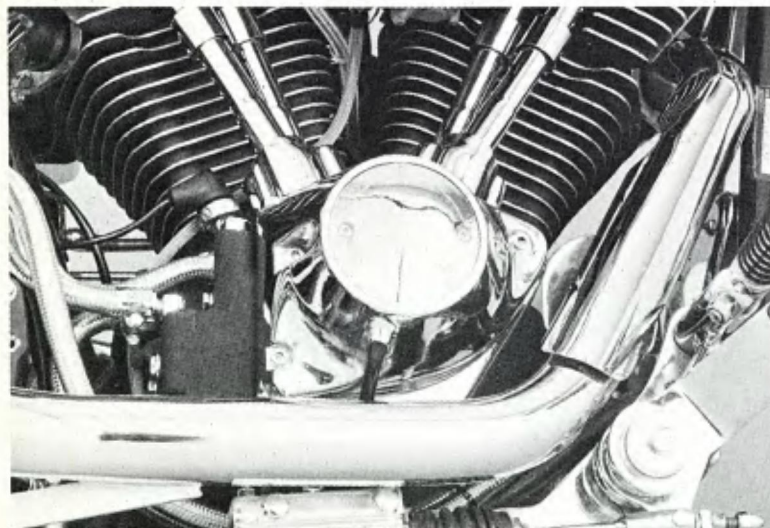
Then you have the independent lady who recognizes the importance of knowing all there is to riding and to keepin' her ol' man from gettin' an ulcer. So she goes out and enrolls in the Motorcycle Safety Foundation riding course. Sure, the ol' man has been riding for ten years or so and can relate to how to read traffic, and to how cagers indicate that they're gonna move. But Gail felt the basics could be obtained from a course, so the ol' man wouldn't tear his hair out bein' an instructor.

Thousands of miles later, with a few embarrassing moments along the way, Gail has attended most of the major bike events in the East, from Daytona to Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, havin' progressed from packin' with a smile to rackin' up her own miles.

—Wrench



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Cookin' In Beer Cans — Sturgis Style

By Filthy

We ran a little faster than the crash truck, so we tossed down a couple brews at the campground in Sturgis, waiting for the split-tails to roll into camp. When Sweetheart finally spilled out of the truck, we found the cold beer, tent, and sleeping bags, and we set up our vacation condo. We were ready to eat before runnin' back downtown to

see if our friends were at the bar yet, but... where was the fryin' pan?

"I thought you had it," gargled Honeypot, as she fell into the tent. Oh well, at least she wasn't driving. I thought for a moment as I looked at the bike and wondered where the hell I'd hang a stew pot, what the fuck it would look like, and how badly it would chip the paint and chrome as it

slapped in the wind over the four hundred miles down to Sturgis.

My fine, analytical mind had not been affected by the beers, so immediately I took stock of the situation. The plates, bowls, forks, etc., had all been left behind in a box, sitting in the hallway back home. The ol' Buck knife would handle scoopin' food off paper plates, but what

could I use to cook the food in?

Let's see, the Boy Scouts taught me how to use aluminum foil to prepack individually wrapped meals that could be tossed into the burning coals, but I didn't have no aluminum.

I was about to go and check the bars in town for my friends and an overpriced gut-bomb, when my bro's beer,



Illustrations by Duffy Duggan

which he'd left on the grill when he went to pitch his tent, started boilin' beer all over the steaming grill.

Holy Einstein, Batman! The problem was almost solved. All that was left was to figure out how to make the beer cans into a service for eight.

Experimentation with the cans over the week spent at Sturgis proved to us that a person can survive without packing a twenty-five-piece cookware set and still eat like a king, out of beer cans.

Since all sorts of wholesome meals (Man-handlers, Spaghettios, etc.) all come in cans from the market, these foodstuffs are readily prepared for the grill by removing the paper label and cutting the top open, leaving a one-inch portion still attached. The top is bent back and easily folded into a triangular handle that supports

the can well and runs interference for burned fingers.

The tops of beer cans are cut open in the same manner (figure 1) by taking care to leave the pop-top opening attached on both sides of the can. If the pop-top part is in a different place, the top does not bend as easily, and sometimes the damn thing breaks in half, leaving two little hooks that manage to stick into your thumbs and make you want to go find a high-priced gut-bomb.

A properly opened beer can will serve as a coffee cup, soup bowl, serving ladle, tea saucer, stew mug, wine glass, gravy boat, and dipper.

Beer cans may also be sliced open like a variety-pack cereal box (figure 2), to be used as a plate, vegi-tray, fry pan, etc. The can is cut halfway through at top and bottom (on the same side), then sliced the length of the can. Fold down the two wings so it doesn't roll, then ya can start experimentin'.

Though almost any knife will split the cans, the job is a bit easier with a can opener or the Army's best invention, the P-38. (The Army's worst invention was the canned-egg breakfast in C-rats, packed in '47.)

We tried fryin' eggs and found it harder'n hell flippin' off an egg in a beer can to get it over easy. Try tossin' a couple strips of bacon in the can (for grease), then throw in the chicken and get used to sunny-side up or scrambled. A forked branch makes a good skillet handle, if ya have a flat-bottomed tuna can

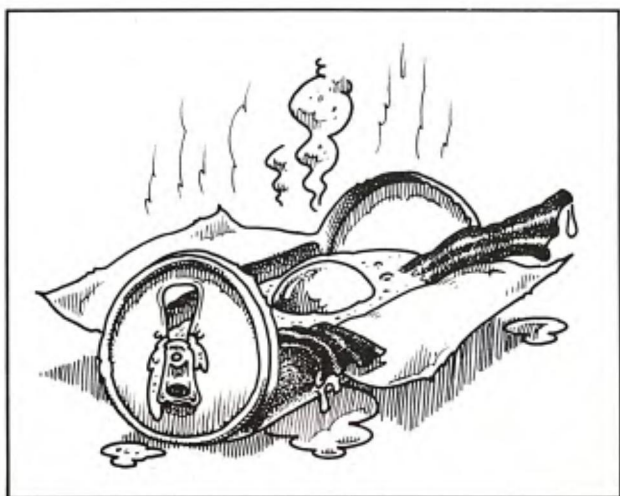


Figure 2



Figure 3

and can't shake yer over easy habit (figure 3).

Now we come to the subject of baking potatoes. The easiest way is to shave off the spud so it looks like the beer can, smear butter and spices on it, put it in the can, close the top, and toss it under a pile of coals. Fires are different temperatures, so watch yer chow — it'll burn faster'n you figure.

A quicker way of cookin' taters is to slice 'em up like an orange and stuff as many as will fit in the can. They cook a lot faster this way, so again, watch the fire.

Perhaps you'd like to

dice yer shit like a shish kabob and stuff it in the coals. Try a Pillsbury biscuit as a stopper, and put an omelette in front. Run stripped pork chops around the outside and stuff the inside with mushrooms. Slice cob corn in half, leaving the husk on, butter it, season it, fold the husk back, and it's in the can. Bet pizza stuff would work if ya rolled it up.

Experimentation is the key. Try your favorite goulash on a partner; maybe he'll invent a double-boiler, or a spaghetti strainer, or still, or... let's work on the still. ■



Figure 1



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.

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 September 30, 1987. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or on the back of a sealed envelope — to #172 **Easyriders** Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the fifth winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Susan, from Granbury, Texas. 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.

172

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):



*I love my ol' man and I love his Harley. I'd live
or die for both.*

Tammy



*This seems really exciting. I would like to see what the biker
guys think about a sweet girl like me.*

Gina

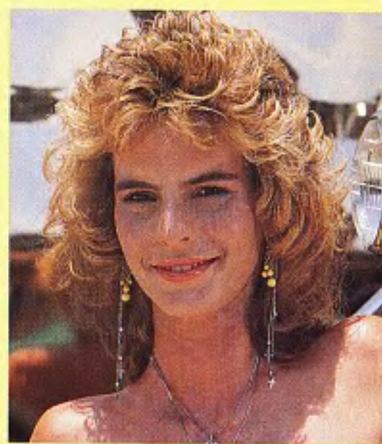


*I'm a show-off and where else would be a better place to show
my stuff? Plus, I would love to go for a real ride on a Harley.*

Lisa

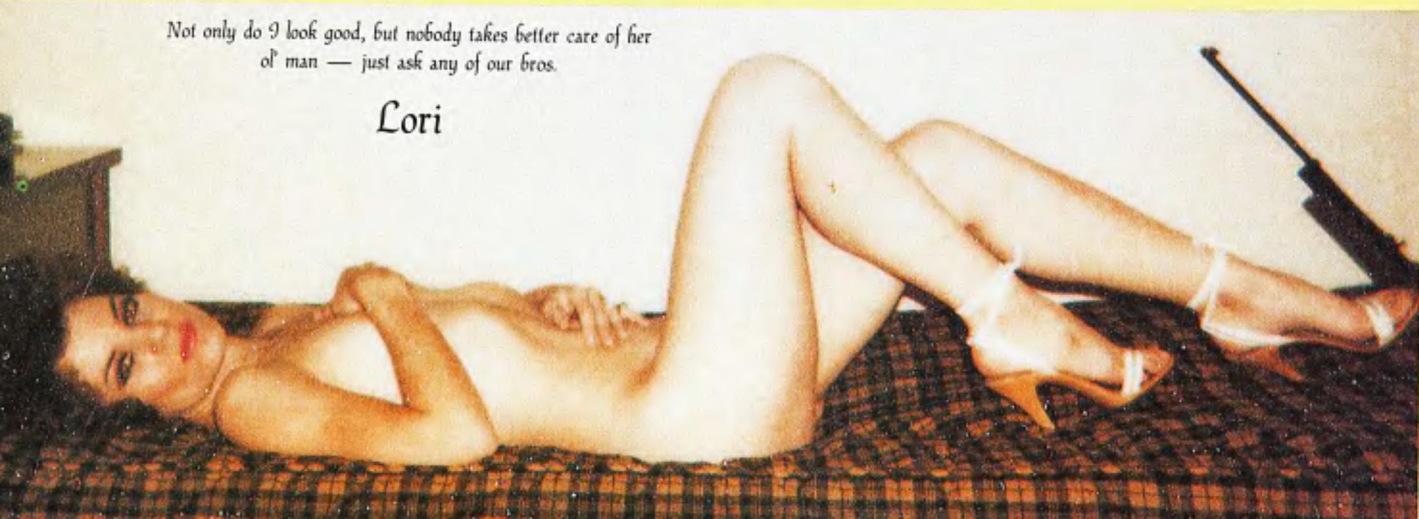
MAY FOX HUNT WINNER

***Phoenix — A rare bird blazes out to the Coast,
and everything comes up roses.***



Not only do I look good, but nobody takes better care of her
ol' man — just ask any of our bros.

Lori

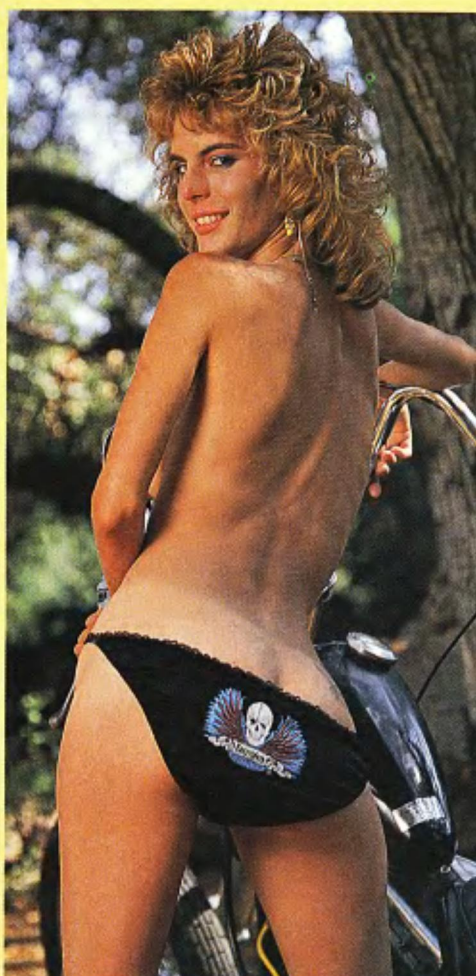
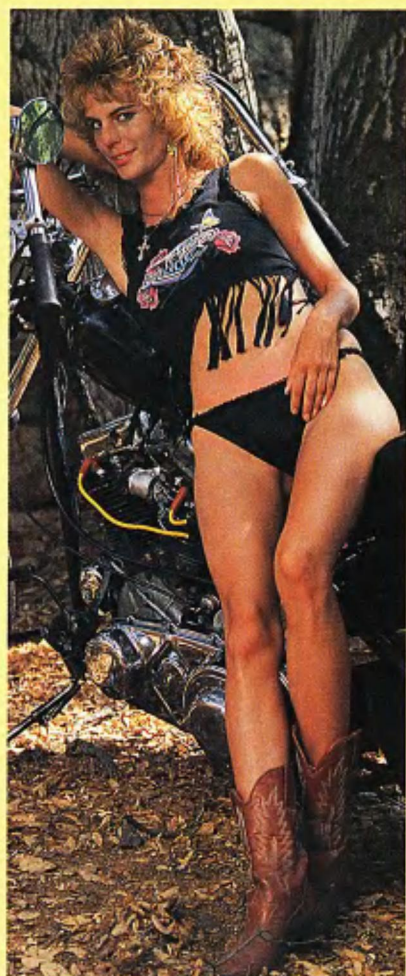
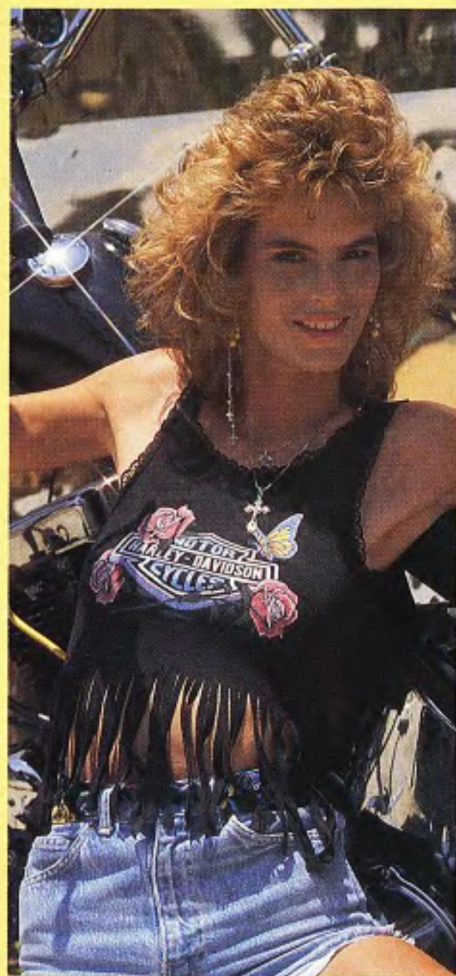


It had been a hectic June. The Grateful Dead rolled into Ventura, the West Coast Bike Fest came down, and in between we were wrenchin' on our bikes, gettin' ready for long-distance haulin', as well as pushin' through another deadline in our spare time — that's when we woke up to realize we still had to count up the votes in the mailbag for the Fox Hunt.

Phoenix got the nod from you readers this month. The lanky lady is out of Virginia originally, but she now makes her home in Greenwood, Indiana, near 'Naptown. The twenty-one-year-old is into rock 'n' roll, da Lord, motorcycles, snakes, and her ol' man, not necessarily in that order. She *doesn't* like bees — deathly afraid of 'em, in fact.

It was her first trip out West and her first time on an airplane, and wouldn't ya know it, her convictions got tested right off the bat. As the plane was departing from Memphis, the tail section scraped on the runway, causing a gut-spillin' reaction from the passengers. Not to worry; Phoenix ordered a quick brew to ease tensions and before ya knew it, she was safely in our possession. We got her out into the Pacific Coast's sun and she lost her farmer's tan. We attempted to make her feel comfortable, but lying on Savage's pan may not have been the answer. At any rate, she came out of the photo session like a professional model who'd been peering into lenses her whole life. Now you can peer.

— Loudmouth



Photos by Gayda and Kim Peterson



I'm a beautiful Harley child who
was born free and runs wild.

Jeannie



I make my living with a little help from H-D riders throughout the USA, and I think this would be a way to say, "Thanks."

Ida



Why do you ask? No bull, it would be quite an honor.

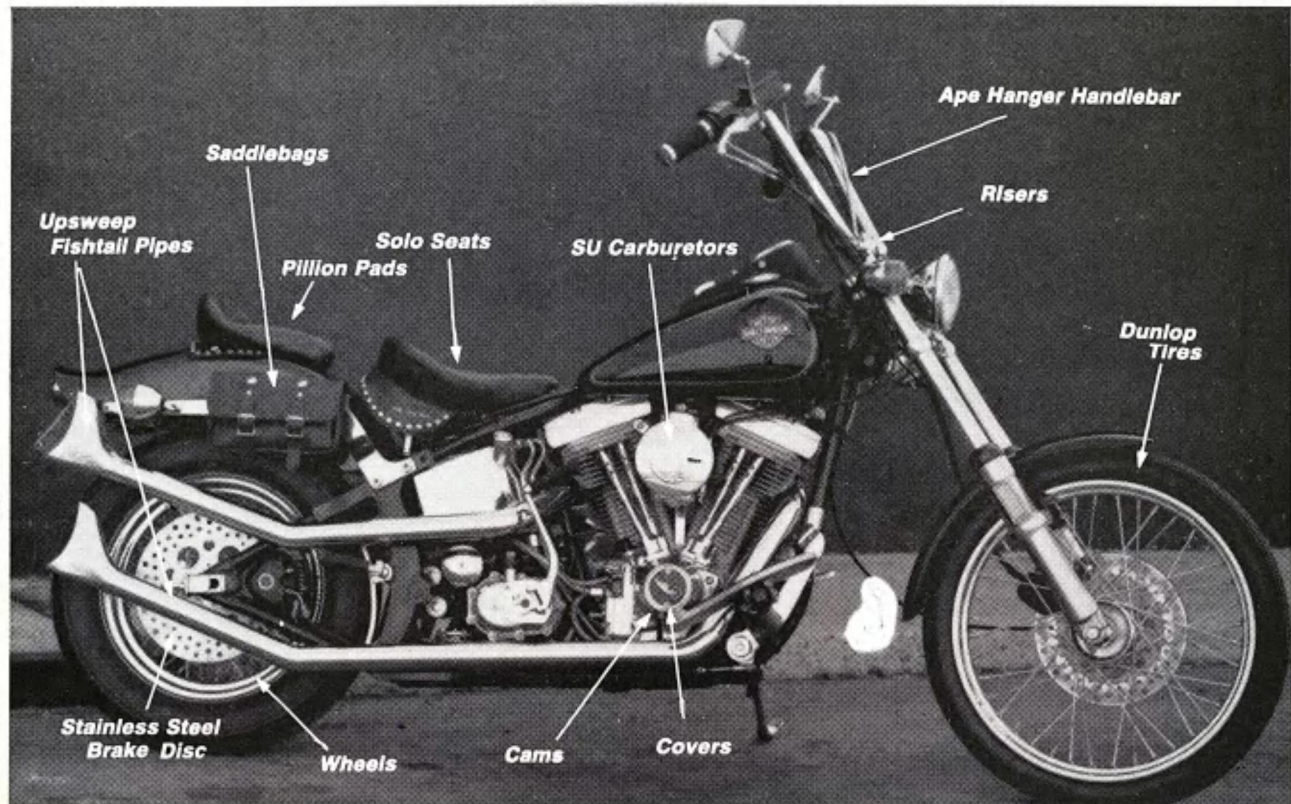
Tammy Jean



I look as good as most foxes I've seen. I'd really have fun.

Pam

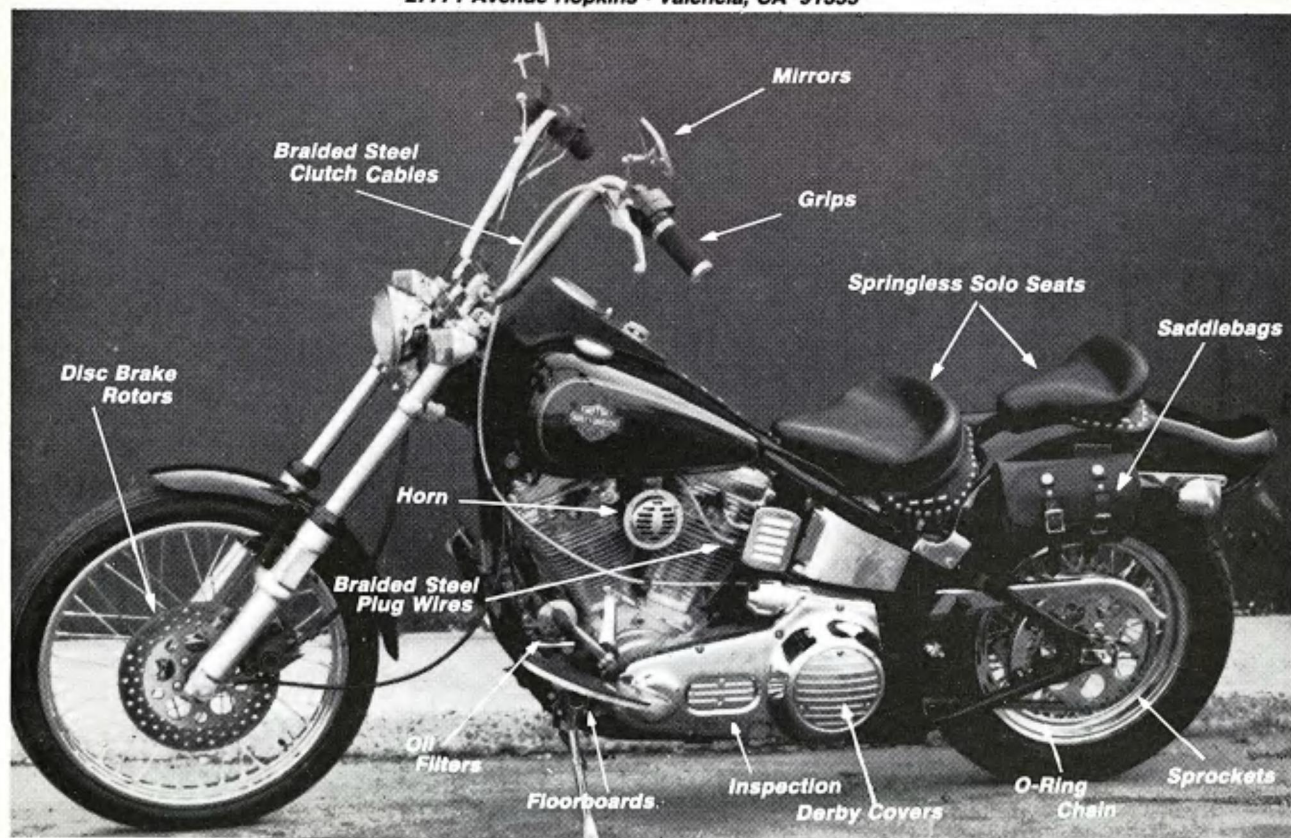
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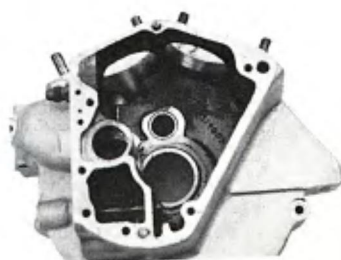
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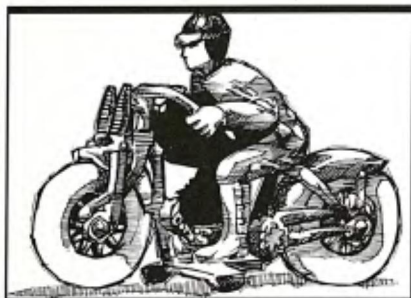
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15. Front End Rebuilding (Springers, Wide Glide, Super Glide, specify 1941 - 1982)
16. Chain Replacement and Adjustment (1941 - 1982)
17. Basic Maintenance (1941 - 1982 — later models coming soon)

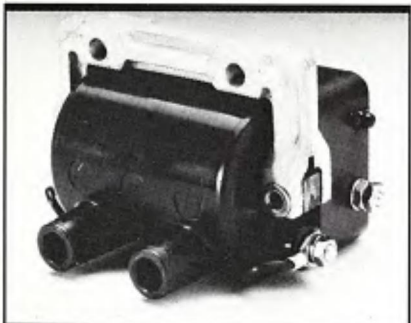


PARTS BOX



FUN STUFF

Now this is more like it. With Christmas only five months away, I want all my ex-ol' ladies to know the kinda shit I want for Christmas. Besides a Rivera carb for my pan, I have a small collection of antique cast-iron cycle toys (so does Spider), and they're a trip. Anyway, send a small bag of gold to the Antique Cycle Supply Inc., Dept. ER, Cedar Springs, MI 49319, and they'll send ya one of these gems.



HOT SPARKS

I've only worked on Harleys for twenty years, and I still don't understand the difference between a regular spark and a hot flash. I mean if yer scooter starts and goes with the regular flicker, then what the fuck good is a spark plug explosion that melts the top of your pistons? 'Course, I also have more breakdowns than interstates have gas stations. This here coil gushes never-ending oceans of spark and promises never to burn your points. But dig this: the E.B.I. coil contains a light emittin' diode that lights up when the plug fires — shit, I could adjust my timin' for the first time in fifteen years. For more info on this sizzlin' coil, write Eagle Motorcycle Products, Dept. ER, 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin, NY 11510.

Tell 'em Snake sent ya, 'cause if they receive over 100,000 inquiries, they told me they'd send me one, and I could throw the piece-of-shit, tar-drippin' sonuvabitch I've had on my single-cylinder-firin' panhead since 1975, away — at last.



HEAVY BREATHING

I learn something every ten years whether I need it or not. I've built 74s, strokers, 61s, etc., and when it came time to slip in the breather gear, I made sure it wasn't pitted, and in it went. And now after all those years, CCI informs my uninvestigative self that breather gear adjustment is essential to matching the displacement of the engine. RevTech designed and manufactured an adjustable gear to do the job. Beats me how to figure out the adjustment; better write CCI, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



I GIVE UP

They can't have their lower ends trued at this company. They've actually designed leathers for Cabbage Patch dolls. If your cabbagehead is a lightweight, ya can order just a vest, but if it's a heavy-weather rider, they also stock chaps, jackets, and H-D T-shirts. I can't handle it; you write 'em at Newton Cycle Shop, Dept. ER, 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton, KS 67114.



KEY SWITCH FOR FATBOBS

Are you restoring a fatbob, and the switch has been twisted the wrong way too many times? Or how about the breakdown due to the corroded brass gadgets under the switch? Jammer has a replacement and a couple of other dandy parts for H-Ds. For more propaganda, write my pard Paul at Jammer Cycle Products, Dept. ER, 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355.



XXX-RATED BIKER VIDEO

No shit, you shoulda seen the photo they sent to go along with my mumblin' on this page — nasty. I kept it. If you want to catch some boner raunch from your bros in N.Y., write to MB, Dept. ER, 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909. They got these wild broads on VHS and Beta.



TWO-WHEEL TALE

RYDELL'S END

By V.R.

I'm sure it's happened to ya a time or two, 'cause it's sure happened to me before. You're sittin' at a light, enjoyin' the freedom of bein' on the road, and ya hear this buzzin', as though a bee or something got loose in the ol' skullcap. But ya look to the side, and ya see this kid sittin' there on this... this, well, you know what I mean — jap insect. He's lookin' at ya and grinnin'. He nods and revs that insect up. Fuckin' kid wants to race, but ya know he only means to the next light, and all you'll make off with is a little less gas in your tank. But get one of them fuckers to agree to a real race, and then I'd show 'em what ridin's really about. Well, I got my chance. . .

I was out enjoyin' the early ridin' weather on my '67 Sporty. It was still only April, but the weather was clear and in the upper 70s. I ride mostly by myself, but only 'cause this hick of a town doesn't have its fair share of bikers. Sure, it's got motorcycle riders, but bikers? Any-way, I was headin' for the pass, which is this seldom-used road goin' through the mountain to Rydell. The pass is about 17 miles long and the newer thruway is almost 30, but because the pass is full of turns and rocks and shit like that, the average Joe considers the thruway better. I, for that reason, prefer the pass. For some reason, though, there is this cop who sits at the last stretch of the pass into Rydell, but knowin' that is all right, too.

So I was headin' out that way when the old insect sound interferes with my pleasant thoughts. I glance over that way, and I see this geek who musta really thought he was it. I mean, he's got this long-ass mustache, chrome goggles, a red leather jacket with more zippers than wheels have spokes, matching red leather pants tucked into knee-high leather boots, fingerless leather

gloves, and what looks like three chains wrapped around his waist — and a red full-visor helmet with a smiling-face sticker on the back of it. He's ridin' this all-black insect and does nothin' but rev that fucker up. I know now I got my chance.

I point forward and he nods. I lean his way some and say, "If ya really wanna race, follow me." He nods again and I pull away. A few minutes later we pull up to the stretch that leads up into the pass. He pulls up next to me and I say, "Through the pass."

He looks up the road, then at me. "All the way through?" I don't say shit. Just look at him kinda dumb-like. Finally he says, "For what?"

"Name it," I say. He looks down at my bike and nods to it. "Bet," I say.

We both look up the road to the pass, and I figure I'll let him take the jump. I've been through so many times, I could probably do it with my eyes closed, and the stretch we're at now goes for a good mile at least, and then ya hit a short but steep rise that goes into an immediate hard left. He may not even make that. We'll see.

I look at him and he nods. I grab the throttle and twist it open. My baby roars like thunder. He leaps forward and I drop the clutch at almost the same time. We're halfway down the first stretch and I realize I could take him now if I want. But I won't. We got a good ways to go yet. We're flyin', but just as he hits the rise he lets up, so I see he knows at least that much. He goes slidin'



through at about 65, and a second later I go into it. As I come out he's dippin' away to his right 100 yards ahead. When I come outta that right he's at least 200 yards on me now. . .no problem.

I get to the top of this rise, and now he's only about 100 yards up. In front of us is a slight decreasing stretch of a half mile, a left, then a right into another rise, but this one is steeper, longer, and nothin' but lefts and rights up the side of the mountain. Down we fly. . .115, 120, 130. . .no longer are there trees or rock walls on the sides. Only a rushing blue. We slow up, clip into the left at 90, then the right at 80. I kick down a gear and start up the turns. I love this shit here! My baby feels like she weighs nothin' at times like this. He's only six feet up now. I creep up. Two feet, a foot, six inches. . .good enough. We're clippin' in and outta turns at about 70.

We come outta the turns and in front of us is the road's namesake — Rydell's Pass. Why it's like it is, I can only say what I've been told — that it was dynamited out just to make the pass, or that it was the place of a large gold vein back in the mining days. But it's a stretch a mile long, and the walls on each side of it reach up a good 200 feet, if an inch.

The walls are almost right on the edge of the blacktop, and when I'm flyin' they seem to come in even closer. All you can really see is the other end. 'Cause of the speed, the narrow opening seems to close in closer real quick but not get any wider. The natural thing to do is ride the center line. Outta the other end of the pass ya have about 200 feet, then a hard right. That's where I'll take him.

"But get one of them fuckers to agree to a real race, and then I'd show 'em what ridin's really about. Well, I got my chance. . ."

We both go into the pass with throttles pinned. He does the obvious and drifts to the middle. I come over on his left and come up between him and the wall. Let me tell ya, only common sense tells me I have enough room. The eyes don't see it. As we come outta the pass my front tire is level with his engine. Now he has two choices: try to make the turn from the inside, which is

impossible, or slow up and take it wider after I do. He kicks it down. A second later I do the same, but in front now, and I dip through at 75.

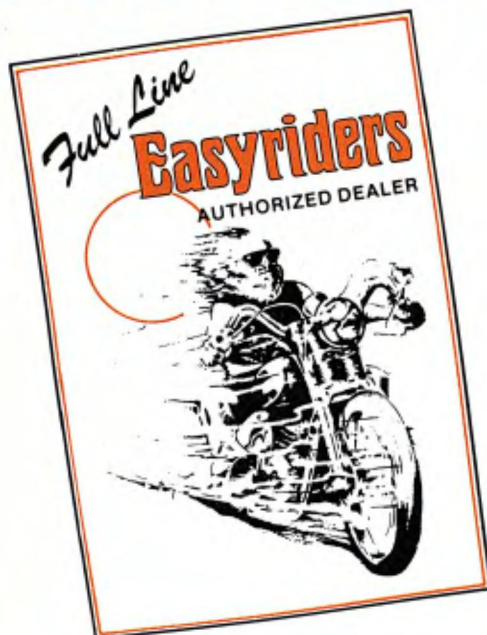
The next three miles go as the first part did, but with me leadin' now. If he tries to take me in the last three turns just before the stretch into Rydell, I'll be ready for him. I've got to be. It's the only way he can hope to win, seein' as my top end is better than his.

I come flyin' down the hill to the last three turns doin' 115. The best I've done through these turns is going in at 70 and comin' out at 50, but this time it really counts. I go slidin' in at 85 and my rear tire wants to let go. Somehow she hangs on. I came outta that right and throw the Sporty up and over to the left in one movement. That went nice and I come out at 70. This last turn is the bitch. Turns right back on itself. . .almost. I slide in and my rear tire lets go. I come out, but sideways. Fuck it! I kick my foot down and I swear that fucker kicked me in the back, but the bike came up. I pin it and look to my right. Yup, there's the cop. Just as I fly past, I grin at him. His lights come on. . .

. . .Three seconds later I hear the crash. . . ■

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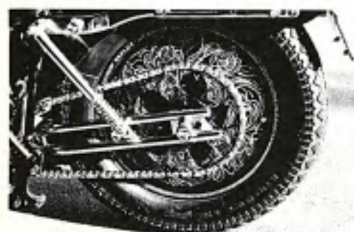
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A LETTER

Dear Zack,

I know you're too young to read this letter, but maybe your ma will read it to you and you can look at those old pictures of me on my sled. I'm sorry I'm not there at night to hold you or have those long conversations when you can't sleep. But I don't care where you are, or wherever you go, 'cause wherever I am, I love you, son, and I'm ridin' with you. I know you remember sittin' up on my fatbobs as I ran you up and down the street. Remember how we actually cruised five whole blocks with you wearin' my shades and laughin'? Hell, 'twarn't my fault that last block was five miles around.

Anyway, pretty soon you're gonna be a big boy, and big boys ask questions. Some of those questions are gonna be about scooters and such, I hope. You're the lucky one; you were first up on a sled before you were three years old — a good solid chopper, too. Mine! But it warn't like that for me. I was maybe ten years old before I even got to touch one.

Ever since I'd found a dirty copy of Harley-Davidson's *Enthusiast* magazine in a rain-washed gutter, I'd been in love with Hogs. That rag was dirty and torn, but the pictures were whole, and there was a free coupon to get on the mailing list for that rag. Every month I'd read about the old flattrackers and Harley's domination of racing. I'd read about the new motorcycles, all panheads. Boy, I tell you, I'd sit for hours on a curbside with my partners, talking about the sled I'd have one day.

It was the summer of '59, and my dad had taken my older brother and me somewhere or other with him. I could see a couple or three scooters and some men standin' around 'em. Boy, I had to see this.

I moved on over to them, slow like, kinda circlin' back and forth, hopin' I wouldn't be noticed and just prayin' for a chance to get close to those bikes! They were classic

choppers. Dirty, covered with road grime, they were absolutely beautiful. One of 'em in particular fascinated me. It was a monster big fat-bob chopper, like I have now, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

The men saw me and, grinning, stepped back a bit to let the pup take a look. Awed, overwhelmed, I said exactly the wrong thing.

"Where do you buy a bike like that?" Every one of those men cracked up laughin' in total derision.

They were pretty much driftin' away, when one of 'em turned back and hesitated, lookin' at me. He was about the age I am now, I guess, but at the time I just saw him as a grown man.

"Come here, boy. Come on." I hesitated. I was pissed, too. I didn't know what I'd said so wrong, and I guess he knew that. Then he smiled. His hair was a bit long and shaggy. His beard was short, and his face was lined with road grime.

"You don't buy a bike like mine. They don't make 'em. Ever see one in there?" He pointed to the *Enthusiast*. I shook my head. "You won't. You want a real bike, it's a matter of wanting it. Wanting it bad. So bad you do something about it, and then what ya get is a matter of pride." I stared at him intensely, listening, listening hard. If you want it, boy, then build it! It's the only real way." It was a direct challenge, something I was gonna have to live by, as it turned out.

He reached out with an iron-hard hand and pulled me over to that beautiful bitch of a sled, and he laid my hand on the front of the right fatbob, near the dash. "Feel it," he said. "Listen," he said, and he kicked her over. The ground shook under that machine as it rumbled into life. Shook under my feet as I stood awestruck and openmouthed next to it, my hand still glued to the tank. "Wow, oh wow!" was all I could say.

He'd thrown a leg over the saddle and clunked her into gear. "Yeah, ya will, you'll do it." He really smiled then; he knew, and then he was gone.

That was a long time ago, and I've never forgotten. I hope you never forget, Zack. I hope you never forget daddy's red sled and the way we rode together.

Listen to your ma and do what she says — she's a good person.

It's not her fault that she's a lady and I'm an outlaw. Different people need different things. And remember, son, I love you and I'm always with you. Ridin' with you.

Love, Dad ■

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INTERVIEW

John Reed: A Leading English Bike Builder Brings His Talents Stateside.



Photo by Pete Chiodo

Motorcycles may have been invented in Germany, but custom show bikes are an American original. We've got so many top-cabin bike builders in this country, that you can go to ten different shows and discover the best-in-show crown going to ten different bros.

In England, the situation is different. There, a small pack of super-creative wrench-twirlers dominate the show bike world. And, for more years than he probably cares to remember, 40-year-old John Reed has been the leader of the pack.

Or, more accurately, he was the leader of the pack until 18 months ago when, disillusioned by motorcycles that were getting more and more radical and less and less rideable, he came to the U.S. and began to work as a consultant to the giant aftermarket parts and accessories company, Custom Chrome, Inc. In this interview, John discusses differences between U.S. and British biking and what he thinks the future holds for two-wheel travelers.

EASYSIDERS: What's the biggest difference between designing show bikes and designing aftermarket parts?

JOHN REED: We have to see things a year away. It's scary. You sort of cover your ass so that in a year's time 20,000 of the parts don't arrive in the warehouse and stay there.

ER: How long have you been working with bikes?

JR: Forever and ever; I'm getting a

bit long in the tooth. I started when I was 16 as a trials rider. Then I got into road racing and did that until I was 28. That's when I got involved in more custom-type bikes.

ER: Most American builders create a chopper, ride it, show it a while, and then sell it. I hear you don't do that.

JR: I've only ever sold one show bike. I recently went back to Europe to get some of my personal possessions and ran into a guy over there who's been after me for about the last five years to buy one particular Triumph. I finally sold it to him on the condition that he love it forever and ever and never get rid of it.

ER: What had you done to it?

JR: It started off as one of our shop bikes. I made the frame, wheels. . . I think it was shown in the States at Vegas one time.

There's lots of heavy engraving. I'm very, very heavy into the arts that have been lost, so to speak — like engraving and gun checkering.

ER: Does that mean that your favorite designs feature the old-fashioned nostalgic look, or do you like to combine those "lost arts" with radical high-tech designs?

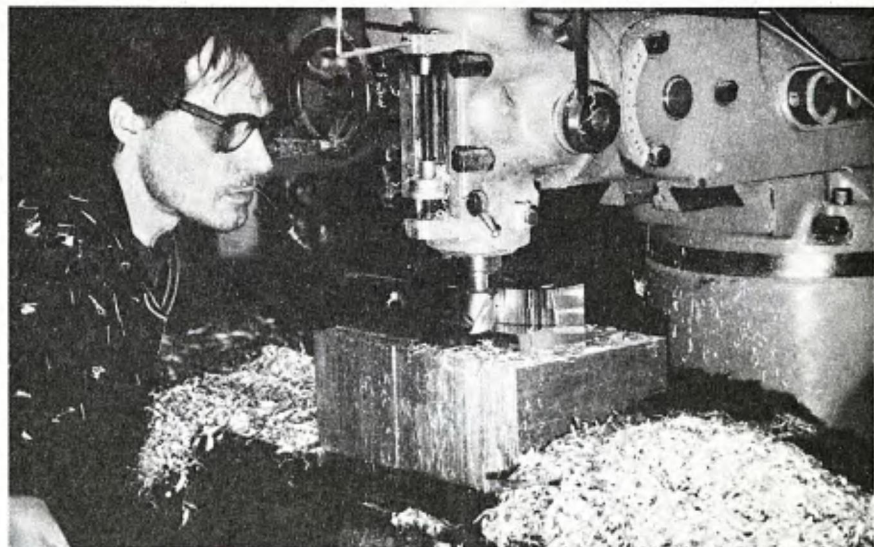
JR: I'm almost schizophrenic about that. I own a 1925 V-Twin Royal Enfield; I've even got all the original paperwork on it. I passionately love V-Twins. I still own the original Vincent engine that I raced on. But I'm also sort of passionately involved with monocoque (steel shell) design and more futuristic stuff.

ER: How did you manage to hang on to your creations? Most builders in the United States have to sell one project bike to finance the next. I can't believe prize money is that much greater in England.

JR: I built bikes to gain publicity for various sponsors. That's the way I financed my bike-building. I'd design a project and go out and get lots of guaranteed press, and then I'd go to sponsors, and they would actually pay to finance the bike's construction.

ER: That sounds like the way all the backmarkers in Indy car racing manage to keep getting money to operate their teams. Why did you stop doing it?

JR: I got pretty disillusioned a couple of years ago, when I realized that a lot of the show bikes weren't actually being built for the guy in the street anymore. You were almost sort of building for your peers, the other show builders. It was almost an incestuous type thing. And also I became very, very conscious that I



lacked the discipline; I wanted the challenge of building that comes from designing bikes that really work on the street.

Here I was and I could do whatever I wanted to do, but the bottom line is, everybody stands around and says they like them, but they don't really like them. What they're really saying is "Jeez, what's the point of that? That's a motorcycle you can't even use." So I got this big hair up my ass about actually making stuff that could go on the market and have guys like it enough so that they put their hands in their pockets and pay for it.

ER: Is your collection of show

bikes. Over a period of years, the company that made them for us, probably because their tools were getting old and worn out, started weakening and weakening the flange material.

So we pulled them off the shelf because of the poor material and shipped them back to the vendor (the manufacturer). To our surprise, they appeared back on the market not too many weeks afterwards. All they did was sell them to another company, and they were back on the market. That really, really pissed me off.

ER: Do you get involved in any special areas, like wheels or tanks or whatever?

JR: Recently I've been very involved in a product update program. A lot of stuff has been around for many, many years without being

"I think within a year or two you'll see somebody come out with a hub-center steering bike. And I think that within four or five years somebody will design a feet-forward motorcycle."

bikes here or in England?

JR: Over here now. I was getting lonely, not for people, but for some nice things I wanted. So I went back to England and brought my show bikes and a lot of my street bikes over here.

One funny thing was that I got to re-import my old panhead. Financially, I should have left it in England, but we've been through a lot together.

ER: What year pan is it?

JR: It's a very early rigid frame with one of the late engines in it. I think it was in your magazine a couple of years ago.

ER: It ran in our all-panhead issue (*Easyriders*, Sept. '85). Anyway, you said before that you wanted to work on things that people would want badly enough to buy. What kind of irresistible products are you working on for Custom Chrome?

JR: I was very lucky to find a company as aggressive as this — a company that will put up with my egoistic and artistic rages.

Basically, what happens here is that somebody will come up with an idea, and I will do some ultra-quick sketches of it. I work with a sort of blackboard and chalk, and I do dimension sketches and change it around and put forth my idea of how it should be made. Then the other members of the team here put forth their ideas.

After how it should be done is

changed or upgraded. What we're doing now is that every time something comes in from the manufacturer, we don't automatically reorder. We redevelop it, check it over, see how we can improve it.

I get very involved in the actual engineering side of those products, which is interesting, because even if you fit a throttle cable on your own bike, it's a pretty mundane sort of job. But if you're responsible for getting thousands of them on the market, that makes it a lot bigger responsibility. So you tend to take more care.

A lot of my time is actually limited to [trying to improve] parts. Obviously safety parts, but I've also got a personal thing about parts that are deep in the motorcycle. You know, it can be even a cheap part, but if it takes a guy four hours to fit the part and he then has a problem with it, he has to take it all to pieces again. Eliminating that kind of thing is a personal interest I have.

ER: Could you give us an example of a part, like a throttle cable, that has been done a certain way for years and years and has now fallen into the high-tech world?

JR: I'll give you a classic example of something that disturbed me, but ultimately benefitted the whole industry. When I came here, we'd been selling star hubs for years and years. I was very familiar with star hubs and had used them on my

bikes. Over a period of years, the company that made them for us, probably because their tools were getting old and worn out, started weakening and weakening the flange material.

So we pulled them off the shelf because of the poor material and shipped them back to the vendor (the manufacturer). To our surprise, they appeared back on the market not too many weeks afterwards. All they did was sell them to another company, and they were back on the market. That really, really pissed me off.

From there, we started considering how we could improve the hubs ourselves. I saw an article in a magazine about fitting Timken roller bearings. So I went down to the machine shop and machined them out, [and it left] only a wafer-thin amount of material [to hold the bearings in]. So that magazine was saying to people, "Sure, you can turn the hub to take Timken roller bearings," but you're actually producing a thing that is very, very unsafe.

So the company here (Custom Chrome) kind of set out to solve that problem. In fact, just last week I saw a prototype star hub that takes roller bearings, and it's a gorgeous piece.

ER: Do you still have time to work on any complete motorcycles?

JR: I sometimes put together some company show bikes. In addition to showing off all of our parts, it's an ideal way to make sure that everything fits.

And I get involved in personal projects, which usually sort of bite me up the ass. What happens is, I go back in the evening and start making my own stuff, and then everybody comes down and has a look at the new pieces. If I'm not very careful, they get taken up as a company project. And that involves me in a lot more work. Suddenly instead of just making one part for pleasure, I wind up having to make four or five to check them. Then I have to worry about the drawings and all that. The funny thing is, if the part is successful, it's another superb Custom Chrome project. But if the part doesn't sell, they all say, "Oh, Reed's just fucked up again."

ER: Speaking of fucking up, what happened to the motorcycle industry in your home country?

JR: We gave it away. Triumph, BSA, all the companies that no longer exist... if they still did exist, they wouldn't support somebody

Continued on next page

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like myself. I couldn't get a job with them, because I wouldn't meet the qualifications. They'd still insist on taking all their people out of the engineering colleges. And they'd never, ever succeed. At least the aftermarket American companies are prepared to sort of look at people like myself on merit, rather than just worrying about qualifications.
ER: Why do you suppose the British industrialists gave that market away? Didn't they see the Jap threat coming, or were they just too slow in reacting to it?

JR: Are you familiar with the Peter Principle, where everything is run by incompetents? Well, that happens even more in England. You get the terribly nice school tie man. When you're in school, you know, you're dragged before the headmaster, and there's this fat industrialist sitting there giving you a hard time, talking terribly nice with

that relates to this. I went round to the old BSA factory just before they shut it down, and they had rows and rows of cam-grinding machines and stuff to build motorcycles, and all they had at the end were about three guys making aluminum wrought-iron gates. And I actually went to them and I said, "Do you realize the market out there? Why don't you put a proposal together, and why don't we try and make some [aftermarket] parts [for] the big American market?" And they were just too lazy to get off their asses and even propose quotes.

And that amazed me. I still believe that if the Englishman and the American just got off their asses and started working as hard as the Chinaman, they would get a lot more work.

ER: While you were back in England building show bikes, you had a chance to work with AMF-vintage

"Harley-Davidson exhaust noise is the same noise as a woman's heartbeat."

a plum in his mouth. You get into industry, and there's the same guy sitting there.

I'll be honest with you. In my opinion, apart from the new breed of Englishman, the old, established Englishman can't even tell his ass from a hole in the ground. It really kind of pisses me off that they weren't more aggressive. They just wanted to rest on their laurels. They didn't respect the people in the street enough to advance their products and make them worthy of the new age.

I could be bullshitting you, you know.

ER: And you don't have any idea of what we might do to this, either. You know they're still building some Norton rotaries for use as police bikes. Do you think it possible that somebody could come in there the way the new management team came into Harley-Davidson and remake Norton as a viable consumer bike company?

JR: No, I think not. I think even in the States it would be very hard to tool up and build a brand-new motorcycle company. You see, the Japanese had a nice, fresh start after the war. Everything was knocked down and they started off fresh, without obsolete plants and things like that.

I had a very, very sad experience

Harleys, and now that you're with Custom Chrome, you're obviously heavily involved in designing parts and accessories for current Hogs. How far, technically, do you think the company has come under its new management?

JR: I always used to put Harley-Davidsons in the same class as Triumphs. You know you have to work on them, and you know they're going to break down, and you know it's going to cost you an arm and a leg. But you still get a hard-on every time you hear a V-Twin.

Obviously we (Custom Chrome) have all the new motorcycles, and I've been very, very, pleasantly surprised by the new [Evolution] Harleys. I could buy one now and never have to work on it.

ER: How about riders? Are British motorcycle people different from those in the U.S.?

JR: We've been getting American motorcycle magazines for many, many years, and I think that a lot of the English riders read the magazines and get a little bit of an inferiority complex when they read about you guys riding through the desert and over the mountains in your cutoffs.

Another thing I have found since I've been over here is that there are a lot more British motorcyclists who ride all the year round. You know,

people whose only form of transport is their motorcycle. It seems to me that with a lot of California motorcyclists, whenever the temperature drops below 55 degrees, they put their motorcycle in the shed and wheel out their pickup truck or something.

But all in all, there's not that much difference. It's my theory that people within a certain group are pretty much the same no matter where in the world you travel.

ER: Why the hard-on from the V-Twin?

JR: I have a theory that Harley-Davidson exhaust noise is the same noise as a woman's heartbeat. It's the noise you hear in the womb. The first noise you hear in there is thoompa, thoompa, thoompa, thoompa.

I sort of verified this by looking at groups of Harley riders firing up. You know how when you first fire a Harley up, it sounds like a piece of shit, just popping and banging? And everybody's messing with their carburetors. All of a sudden one smooths out and starts going schtoompa, toompa, toompa, and everybody just sort of looks at each other with a silly grin on their face.

Interesting theory, isn't it? You must always bear in mind that I could be bullshitting you.

ER: In that case, I'll toss you a perfect bullshitter's question. What is the motorcycle of the future going to be like?

JR: If I had untold wealth and I was absorbed in a university-type research system, I would build a motorcycle that runs on ten-inch slicks, with spherical linear motor bearings on each wheel. The motor would fire up like a generator, and I would have superconductors (space-age electromagnets) driving the front and rear linear motors. And I'd have rheostats on each motor, so when you went into a corner, you'd press the rheostat and supply more power to one side of the motors and less to the other. You'd tilt the bike over with the ten-inch slicks staying flat on the ground and the resultant force still going through the tire. And I'd have variable infrared lasers on the sides, keeping the whole thing in balance.

ER: Well, now I know you couldn't possibly be bullshitting me.

JR: A lot of the stuff I do now is sort of high-pressure and not as exotic as I've been used to. I still get a lot of pleasure out of thinking and dreaming up these things.

Do you know we're very, very close to a levitation vehicle?

ER: Do you see exotic propulsion



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systems like that taking over by, say, the middle of the next century, or are bikers still going to be putting around on internal combustion engines?

JR: I think things are going to fragment. As technology increases, you'll get some groups of riders who stop at whatever level of development they're comfortable with, and others who move on to the next phase.

I don't think you'll ever lose motorcycles as they stand now, with steering forks and all. But I think within a year or two you'll see somebody come out with a hub-center steering bike. And I think that within four or five years somebody will design a feet-forward motorcycle.

ER: What's your personal goal? Do you want to be the guy that invents the ground effects motorcycle or the feet-forward motorcycle?

JR: My ultimate aim now is to design a product that could be efficiently marketed and is attractive enough to the motorcyclist so that every single rider in the world puts his hand in his pocket and buys one. You see, that cuts out all the bullshit of them saying they like it when they don't really like it.

ER: Do you plan to go back to England to try for this goal or continue to work here?

JR: I really don't know. There's some things that I miss in England, but it's very, very difficult there [for what I do]. There doesn't seem to be the capital there to allow someone like me to stay in the motorcycle business.

We had some very, very, successful projects in England, and we'd sell two thousand. Similar projects in the States would sell 20,000. You have such a huge market, and if you build motorcycles or put parts out for sale, you need that big audience.

There are so many more potential customers here than in England, it makes it a lot easier. It's the difference between singing at Madison Square Garden and the Hammer-smith Odeon. ■

Easyriders



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Steve Omelian/home state, Pa., formerly Maury, N.C. 1984. O.U.A. picture, plus "Help wearin' out set a' tires." Vikki, Box 23, Levittown, NY 11756.

Chuck: Happy first anniversary, 10/4/87! I'll love you forever, even though you are a jerk. But I'll always be your jerkette. Got a quarter? Love, Annie. (172)

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September 16 — HELMET RUN in Lansing, Michigan. Run be-

gins 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 p.m., rain or shine. Sponsored by ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, MI 48121.

September 26 — TOY RUN in Crater Lake, Iowa. Eighth annual run leaves Memorial Park, 62 Underwood St., at 11 a.m. Bike show, free refreshments, games at end of run. Rain date, October 3. Sponsored by District 6, ABATE of Nebraska. For info, write or call Angelo Bruno, 4310 North 9th St., Carter Lake, Iowa 51510, (712) 347-5307.

OCTOBER

October 4 — TOY RUN to benefit the Edith Casey Stocking Fund in Hudson, N.Y. Donation: one new unwrapped toy or \$5 per person. For details, including location, write ABATE of Hudson, 2 Roxbury Rd., Chatham, NY 12037.

October 4 — MEMORIAL RUN in Amityville, N.Y. For details, including location, write the South Shore MC, Inc., Box 253, 6 Seabro Ave., Amityville, NY 11701.

October 10 — LAST HOORAH OF SUMMER RUN in Charleston, West Virginia. Registration from 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. at Ray's Deli, 200 35th St. Tickets are \$6 for drivers, \$4 for passengers. Sponsored by Capital City Civitan Club, Box 5027, Charleston, WV 25361.

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

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

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

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 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., \$12 each. 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223. (718) 998-6666. (U.S. Funds only.)

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.

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/\$12, 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. 193W. 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.

D.M. Best Harley-Davidson/\$11.95 (\$9.95 each additional shirt). Send certified check or money order to 6516 McCart Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76133. (817) 294-8634. (Price includes postage and handling.)

Harley-Davidson of Hiroshima, Japan (Atomic Bomb)/\$12, payable to S.A. Marketing, * 902 Lee Rd., Suite 30-449, Orlando, FL 32810-5585 (state size S, M, L, XL).

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Photos by J.T. Ellen Meagher, and Gregg Daniel

If you've come out to any of the ten EASYRIDERS rodeos we've put on so far this year, you probably noticed Leon (the blast of energy wearing a baseball cap and carrying all the clipboards) runnin' the events down on the field. Well, ol' Leon was tellin' me that he's damned busy before the events, signin' up entries, and after the events, payin' out prize money, too. It seems like it's the same story at every rodeo — while he's shel- lin' out the greenbacks, he keeps hearin', "Shit, man, I didn't think I could win; I shoulda entered more events. I coulda won the Keg Derby easy and probably placed in a couple more." Well, that's true for some of ya, but there are a few guys and gals out there who have had it figured out for a while and have taken a big chunk of that \$50,000 purse that's been up for grabs so far this year.

Like Matt and Bobby from Sanger, California, for instance, who've been to every rodeo, including the first one in Ventura, California. They've had a lock on the Trike Sled Pull with their "Boss Hog" and "Bad Company" trikes, and in Denver they showed up with a third blue beauty called "Hammer." They also bring along their solo machines and sometimes place or win in the Solo Sled Pull and Barrel Race. Their winnings to

date have been over \$10,000! But in the last rodeo in Wisconsin, they met a serious new competitor in the form of a converted Sportster hillclimber from Lakeview Cycle. The Sportster's got a few design bugs — but really runs strong. There are also rumors of some big stuff bein' built on the East Coast and just waitin' in the weeds for 'em. Oh yeah, they may have made a fatal mistake in Wisconsin — they invited Bob Courtwright (the guy you see pictured with his race car) to ride "Bad Company" in the rodeo. So what, ya say? Well, ya see, Bob looked like maybe he was havin' too much fun — and it so happens he works in engineering at the Harley factory.

The next big winner is Ray from Tampa Bay. Ray's first rodeo was our third one, in Tampa, Florida, and he's been at every one since. Ray does things a little differently, though. He enters mostly two-people events — usually six or seven of 'em — with his sidekick Kim, and he comes in the money somewhere in 'most all of 'em. Ray's won between \$4,000 and \$5,000 this year and says he's hangin' in there for every rodeo, right up to the Grand Nationals this November. Hell of a way to see the USA.

Another pair of regulars are Steve and Kitty, who've been fol-

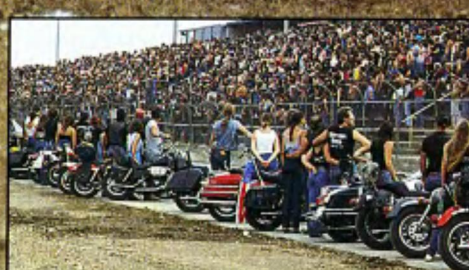
lowing the rodeo since Phoenix, Arizona (the seventh one). They also enter several events and have picked up around \$1,000.

We'd like to give a big thanks to these folks and to all of you folks who participated by "puttin' up yer money and takin' yer chances" and for pitchin' in and helpin' us with the rodeo chores out of the goodness of your Harley-ridin' hearts.

And thanks to all of you who come out to cheer on your bros and sisters. We need you, too! Lots of ya! See, these rodeos are for ALL of US — the ones who like ta ride, play, party, or just watch. No professional bullshit — just a bunch of homespun fun.

At this time, we've got seven more rodeos scheduled, although four of those will be history by the time you read this (Iowa, Ohio, New Jersey, and Connecticut). Check out the back cover ad for September dates in either Maryland or Kentucky, Kansas, and the November Grand Nationals (\$10,000 purse) comin' up in Northern California.

If you're a mover and doer, come out to play and party with us Saturday and Sunday. On the other hand, if you're more the kicked-back type, ride on out on Sunday and join the party in the grandstands. Remember, this one's for you! —Bobo the Rodeo Clown

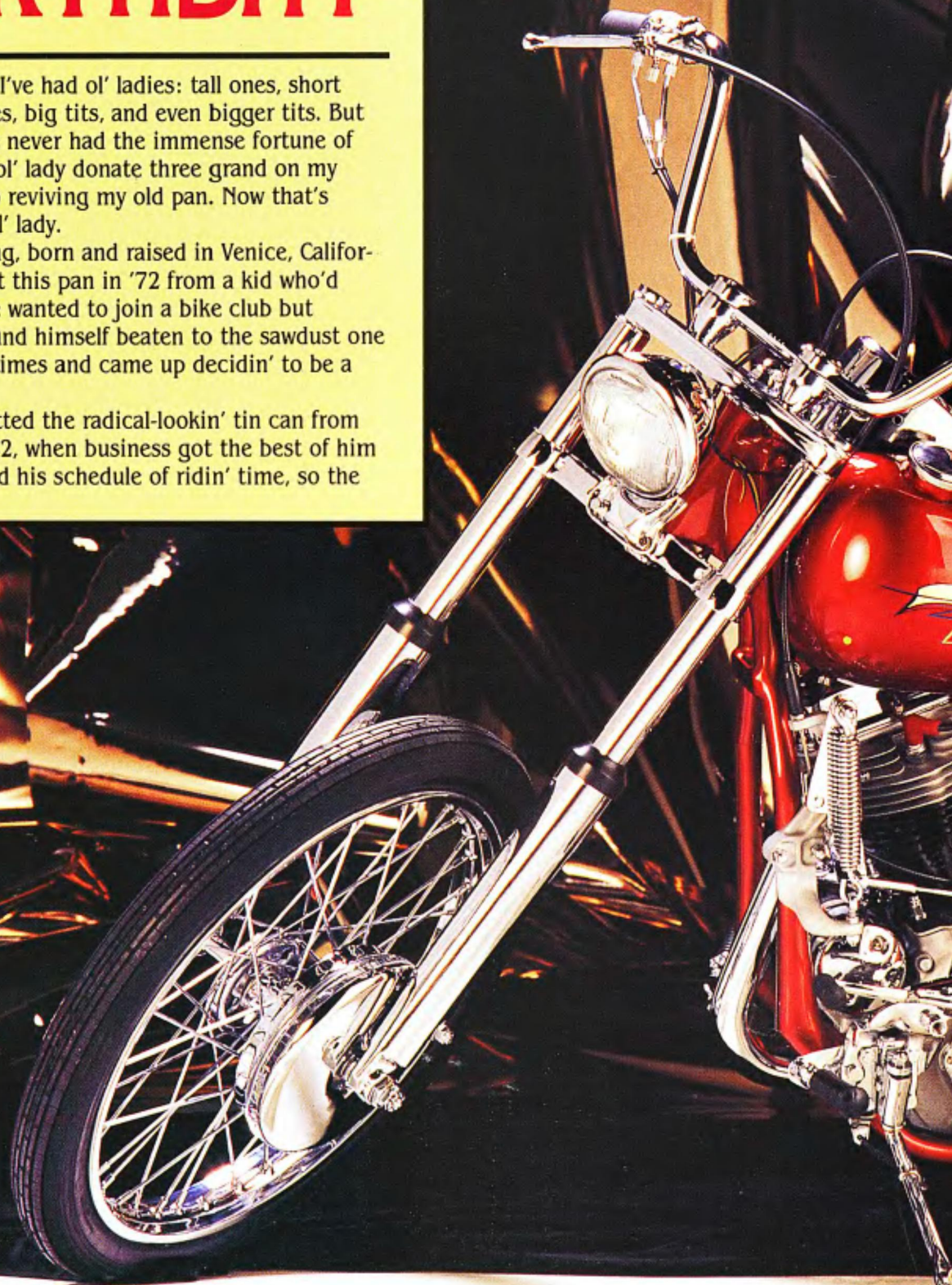


HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Hey, I've had ol' ladies: tall ones, short ones, big tits, and even bigger tits. But I've never had the immense fortune of having an ol' lady donate three grand on my birthday to reviving my old pan. Now that's a special ol' lady.

Mike Sing, born and raised in Venice, California, bought this pan in '72 from a kid who'd thought he wanted to join a bike club but instead found himself beaten to the sawdust one too many times and came up decidin' to be a librarian.

Mike putted the radical-lookin' tin can from '72 until '82, when business got the best of him and drained his schedule of ridin' time, so the









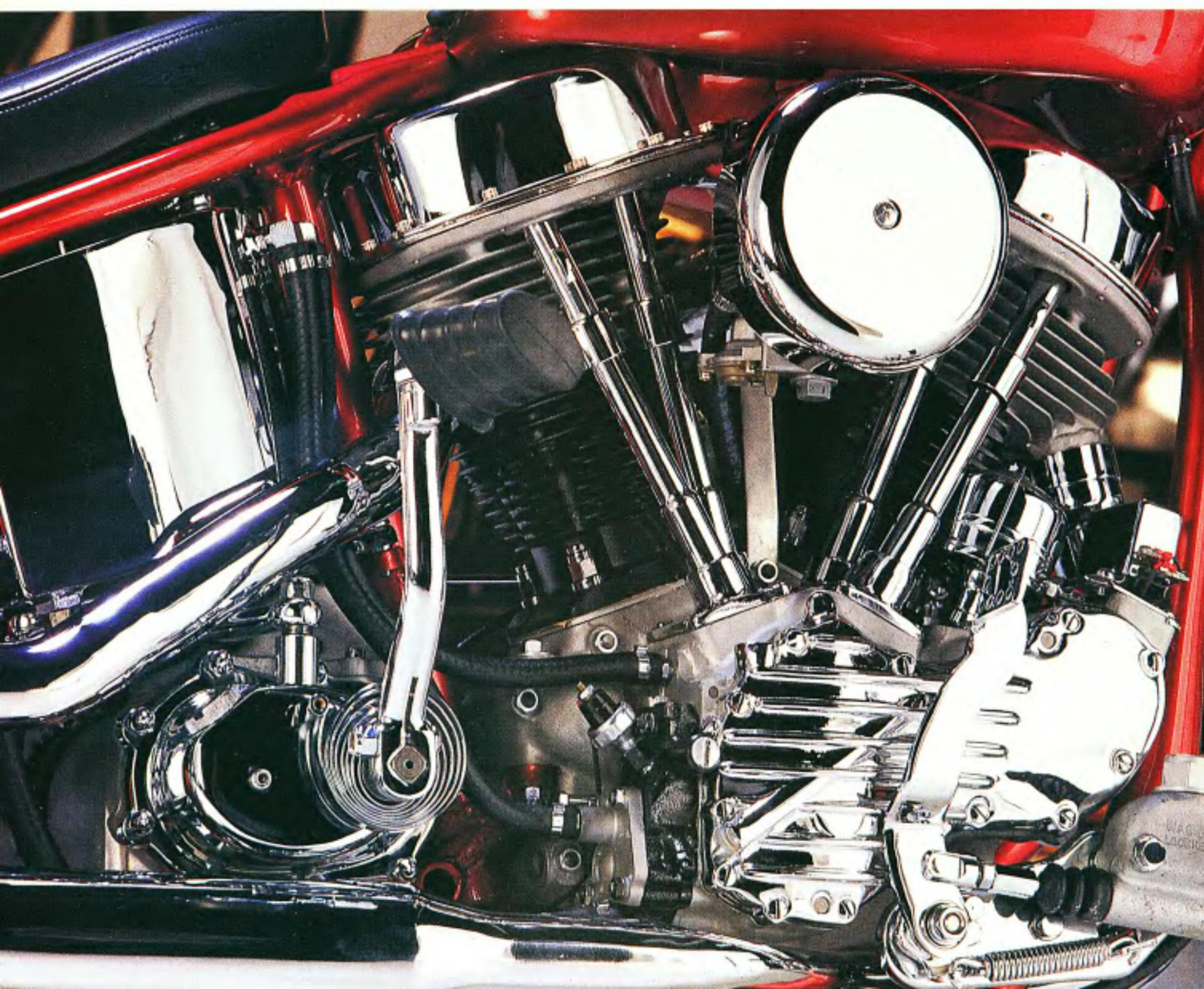
scooter retired for a couple of years. That is, until his birthday.

The envelope please, and Mike began an investigation into the right shops for the transformation. Seems he handled some wrenchin' through the years under the supervision of a member of the Chosen Few MC, "but mostly he'd try to explain somethin', we'd start drinking, and I'd get drunk before I started payin' attention."

The bike ended up at Michael's in the Valley, soon to move to Colorado Springs. And you can see the transformation that took place, from the long front end and high sissybar to a Venice Styler — low and comfortable and built for dodging traffic.

Mike's ol' lady laid the cash on him about a year ago, so now we got another birthday surprise for him. It's not one he can take home.





We're not about to mess with a strong 15-year relationship, but it might take the sting outta paying the \$6,000 difference to have his bike refurbished from valve stems to pistons.

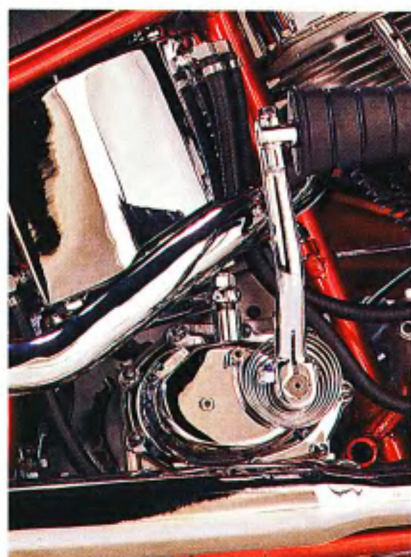
His birthday present this year takes the form of Olivia, the 5'8" blonde drapin' her sweet cheeks from one end of Mike's pan to the other. A birthday present like this one ain't easy. Thousands of nude things must be carefully scrutinized and interviewed. She's gotta be loose, like to party, and naturally ride (?). Our first indication was when she saw a test shot of herself: "I look so good I could eat myself." Well, whattaya think?

—Bandit





Photos by Gayda





Name: Olivia

Birthdate: 3/31/65

Frame:

Tits: 34"

Waist: 24"

Hips: 34"

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 120 lbs.

Age: 22

General:

Hometown: Lilhammer, Norway
Residence: Huntington Beach, California
Ol' man: engaged, dammit
Favorite hangout: any pub'll do
Occupation: model

Attitude:

Sex: erotic, please
Drugs: pass the straw
Rock 'n' roll: fanatic
Turn offs: disrespectful, immature men
Turn ons: good-lovin', muscular, fair hair, blue eyes
Life: To be your best, happy, and successful — or laid.

Specifics:

Favorite position: from behind, standing up in heels.
Favorite man: fiancé or Peter O'Toole, or both
Favorite tunes: Beatles
Favorite activity: modeling
Favorite phallic symbol: mirror
Romantic evening: dinner, dancing, and drugs, drugs, drugs.
Fantasy: to be seduced by two women.



Owner: Mike Sing

City: Venice, California

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Michael's

Year: 1950

Year and make: 1950 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FL

Type: cradle

Value: \$11,000

Rake: stock

Assembly by: Michael's

Stretch: none

Time: 11 months

Other alterations: replaced mounts

Chroming by: Brown's

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Flanders #2

Year: 1950

Risers: Santee

Model: FL

Fender(s): Drag Specialties

Rebuilder: Michael's

Headlight: Taiwan

Ignition: 6-volt

Taillight: Gary Bang

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: Police Special

Lower end: Michael's

Front pegs: FX

Balancing: none

Rear pegs: FX

Pistons: Taiwan

Electrics: Michael's

Cases: beadblasted

Gas tank: stock 3 1/2-gallon

Heads: beadblasted, reconditioned

Oil tank: Santee

Cam(s): FLH

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): Andrews Flowmaster

Seat: Andy Barr Enterprises

Air cleaner: K&N

Sissybar: Michael's

Pipes: Michael's

Height: 8 in. above fender

Muffler(s): Cycle Shack

Material: U.S. steel 1/2 in. round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: rebuilt

Type: wide glide

Year: 1950

Extension: 2 in. over

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: Michael's and H-D

Engine sprocket: Primo belt

Special features: trimmed lower legs

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: Bob Brouett

Hub: H-D

Hub: stock

Painter: Bob Brouett

Rim width: WM1

Rim width: 3.5 in.

Color: Candy Apple red

Tire: Avon

Tire: Dunlop

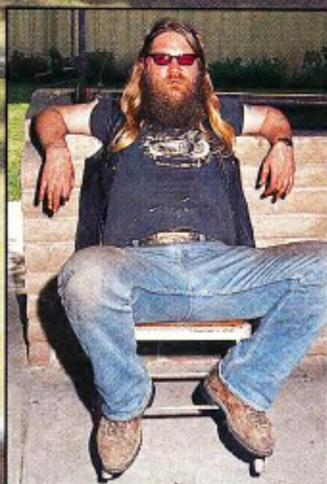
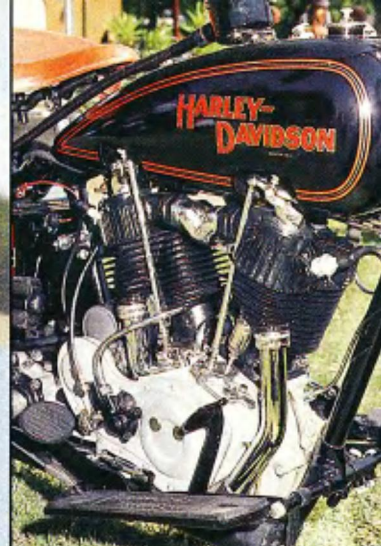
Type: acrylic

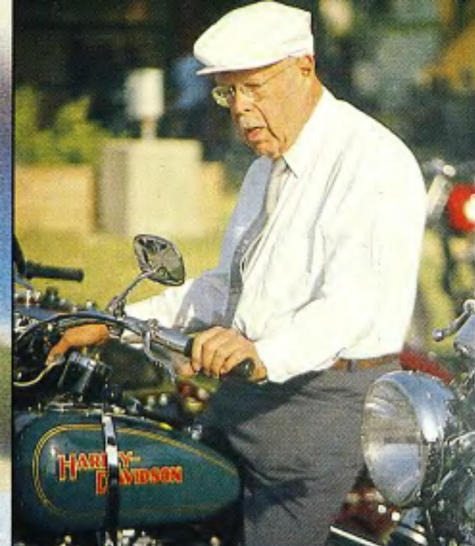
Brake: H-D

Brake: Perf. Machine

Special paint: Bob Brouett

Other special modifications: Handcrafted packer bar.





WE'RE FREAKS FOR ANTIQUES

The Smithsonian's got nothin' on this meet — just ask the 2000 folks who showed in Tulare, California.

Enthusiasm for motorcycles knows no bounds, especially when the bikes in question are of the vintage variety. The idea of a county fairground packed to the pig troughs with classically ancient, sparkingly restored two-wheeled wonders was enough to make me drop all plans of working around the house on a weekend. Not that it takes much to toss the hoe, but the additional knowledge that old friends like Galen Olson would be there and checkin' out the old Indians, Hogs, Hendersons, Broughs, Ariels, Velocettes, and truly Methuselahian motorcycles like a 1905 Marsh-Metz put our asses on the highway in a hurry.

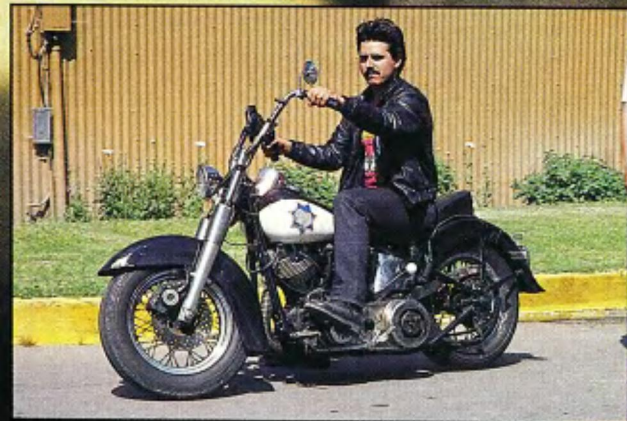
This year's West Coast Vintage Cycle Rally was sponsored by **Vintage Cycle Magazine**, under the direction of Marc Michon.

Marc asked that a cold one be raised to Custom Chrome, in appreciation of their donation of trophies for the Harley classes at the show.

The event featured an all-day show of 155 bikes and a swap meet with 200 vendors. On Sunday the Southern California BSA Club held a poker run, with 45 bikes participating. Tulare is centrally located, giving people from Southern and Northern California equal opportunity to check out the goodies. The last weekend in April has been the traditional date, so mark it on your **Easyriders** calendar. Believe it or not, old iron freaks from as far away as Arkansas, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Arizona were in attendance.

—Buster

Photos by Kim Peterson, Savage Williamson, and Indian Sue Christian





RIP'S RUN

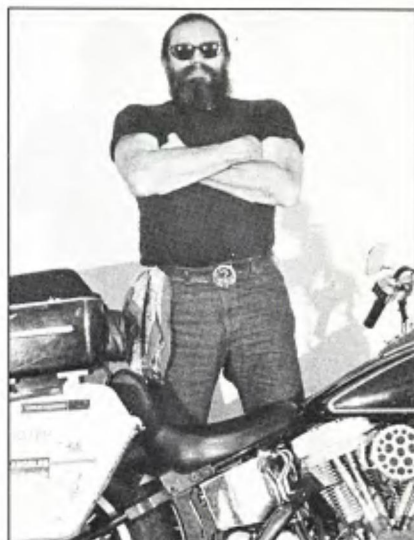


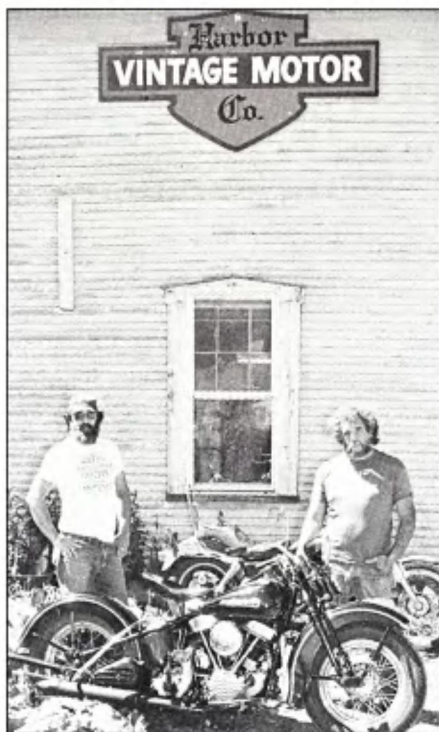
Photo by Kim Peterson

GOD'S COUNTRY By Rip

In the last roadside installment of these cross-country adventures, I left off by saying this column would be coming to ya from the New England states. I planned to visit a few of New England's favorite watering holes and ride up to Caribou, Maine.

After riding into Connecticut, one of the original thirteen colonies, I called my old pal, Mike. Mike is also known as Tiny. He temporarily evicted his nephew so I could have his room while staying with him. I first met Tiny in 1976, when he rode out to the Coast for the first time on a Sportster. Why? Simply because people told him he couldn't do it. He's been on several cross-countrys since then.

While in Connecticut, I had to see the Red Dog Saloon. John the owner, Frank the manager, and Rick the bouncer run this major biker saloon. Carrie is the bartender. Sue does the cooking chores at the Red Dog, and the food ain't half bad. John has had the Red Dog since June of '81. It is run by and for bikers. Folks come from as far away as Pennsylvania for a beer, and then they ride back home. John also said that the attendance one



Rat and Dave at their shop in Jonesville, Vermont.

Sunday reached a record 275 scoots. "The parking lot was so filled with motorcycles that a car didn't have a chance."

While in New Haven, I had a chance to ride around the Yale campus. I was impressed with the Gothic architectural style of these buildings. Mike also took



The crew at Red Dog Saloon, Middlefield, Connecticut.

me by the poor part of town. It's sad when you see American slums. My heart goes out to these people.

In the New England states, I gave up the search for Mexican food. Once you leave the border towns of the Southwest, it's more or less futile, anyway. I

A Living American Legend The Pit Bull Terrier

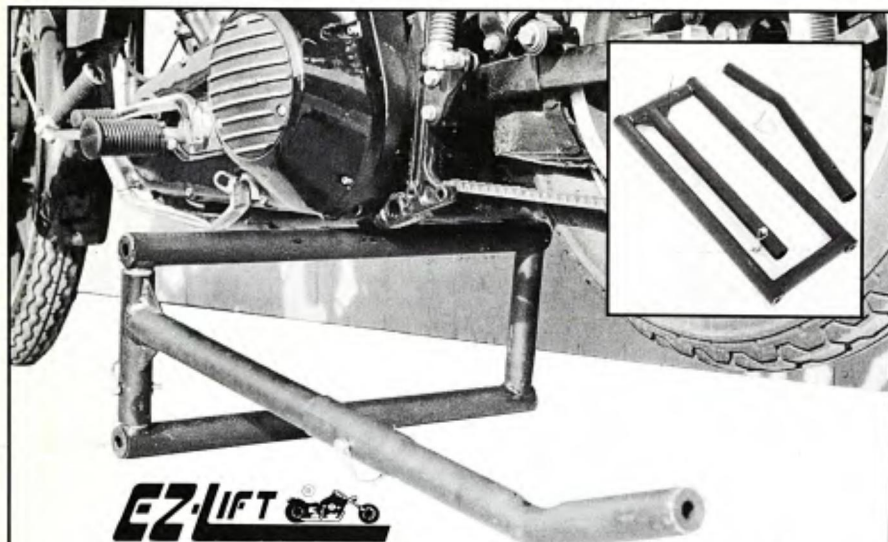


This 8½" x 11" hardcover book consists of 165 pages. The references and facts are derived from 15 years of experience, with first-hand information spanning across two countries. Most of the legendary dogs and their handlers examined in this book hailed from the Great Lakes area, including surrounding states and provinces. Feature dogs, factual events, fiction stories, pedigrees, and never-before-published photos are just some of the ingredients used to produce the most unique text ever published about the breed. I feel this will be an asset to the apprentice, and an old friend to the veteran.



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have been surprised by a taco or two, but it's been on very rare occasions. A bunch of us rode out to The Place in Guilford, Connecticut. No burritos, but icy beer, buttery lobster, and fresh corn under the stars.

While in Connecticut, I did stop by T.S.I. Harley-Davidson in Ellington; Corbin-Gentry, also in Ellington; Hartford H-D; and Brothers H-D in New Haven.

The ride to Newport, Rhode Island, was smooth and under clear skies. I putted into and through Boston during the early morning rush hour. The traffic and hustle made me homesick for the L.A. basin.



Tiny and Shawn, solid folks from New Haven, Connecticut.

A few issues ago, I visited the southwesternmost Harley dealership, so it was natural that I visit the dealership way up in the northeast, Plourde and Plourde in Caribou, Maine. Once a rider leaves Caribou, if he travels north or east, he would end up in the Canadian province of New Brunswick, just outside of Caribou. I rode into Caribou in the rain and left the following day in the rain.

While south of town, I had a religious experience I'd like to share. That is, a lightning bolt hit a tree in a field next to the road I was on, maybe 100 feet from me

and Darling. The wind was hellish — white-knuckle time again. I dropped the Sputhe tranny into fourth, kept up the Rs, and leaned into the wind. Immediately after the lightning bolt shook the ground, Darling and I hit the first driveway. It was a trucking outfit that hauled milk. The thunder sounded as if I was standing right next to a large battery of field artillery pieces bein' discharged. I don't know about you, but I like to get the hell out of electrical storms just as quickly as possible. Riding down the road as a human lightning rod isn't my idea of great fun. I didn't want to be

ELIMINATION SCOOTER



Gary and Dayna, Brewer, Maine.



The gang at Plourde & Plourde H-D, Caribou, Maine.

fried like a *chicharron* (that's Spanish for fried pork skin).

The next day, I rode south of Bangor, Maine. Just east of Bangor, across a small bridge, lies Brewer, home of Elimination Scooters, owned by Gary Tibbetts and Dayna, his ol' lady. Gary and Dayna put me up for a couple of days. They treated me to Maine lobster at Capt. Nick's. Maine has fantastic seafood. Gary and Dayna took the day off and escorted me to Skowhegan, Maine, for a short meeting with Paul Vestal, president of United Bikers of Maine. He, in turn, rode with me west on



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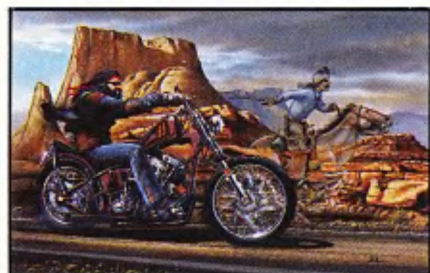
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Brothers and sisters at Montpelier, Vermont.

Highway 2 almost to the New Hampshire line.

The ride through the White Mountains was breathtaking, but at the peak, rain was waiting for me. Pulling off the road into a motel parking lot, I put on rain gear and headed west toward Charlie O's, a biker hangout in the capital city of Montpelier,

"I had the privilege of meeting the Mountain Men Motorcycle Club."

Vermont. That's where I met Lou and Lyn, who let me crash in their converted hayloft.

I hung around to meet Cindy Jones and her ol' man, Rick. Cindy had written to "Rip's Run" earlier about several biker taverns in the area. The Vermont bros made me an honorary member of the Freedom of the Road Association for Vermont. One Sunday afternoon we rode out to Oscar's Pizza and Keg in Lindenville for a political meeting, and I had the privilege of meeting the Mountain Men Motorcycle Club. They have chapters in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The next morning I rode northwest to Burlington, Vermont. I was looking for Harbor Vintage Motor Company and found them in Jonesville. Rat, one of the owners, opened it up on Monday for me. Dave, Rat's

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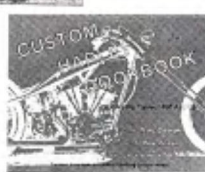
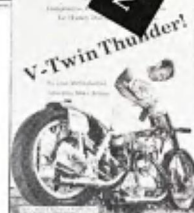
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Good people, Jenni and Joel,
Schenectady, New York.

partner, stopped in and rode with me south along Lake Champlain, which divides the states of New York and Vermont. Dave told me which roads to take to find the toll bridge leading to New York.

Once in New York, Darling and I headed south on I-87, getting off in Glens Falls, then taking Highway 50 to Schenectady, to crash at some good people's home. Jenni and Joel had written, telling me they could put me up if I was ever passin' through. I needed a break — they saved my ass.

Thinkin' back, the best way to

"It's like riding inside a picture postcard."

describe riding in New England is what 350 Pete, of the Mountain Men Motorcycle Club, told me. He described it perfectly: "It's like riding inside a picture postcard."

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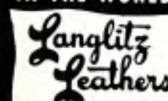
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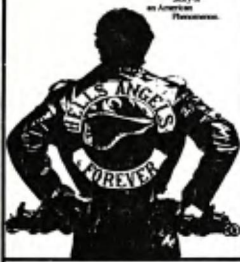
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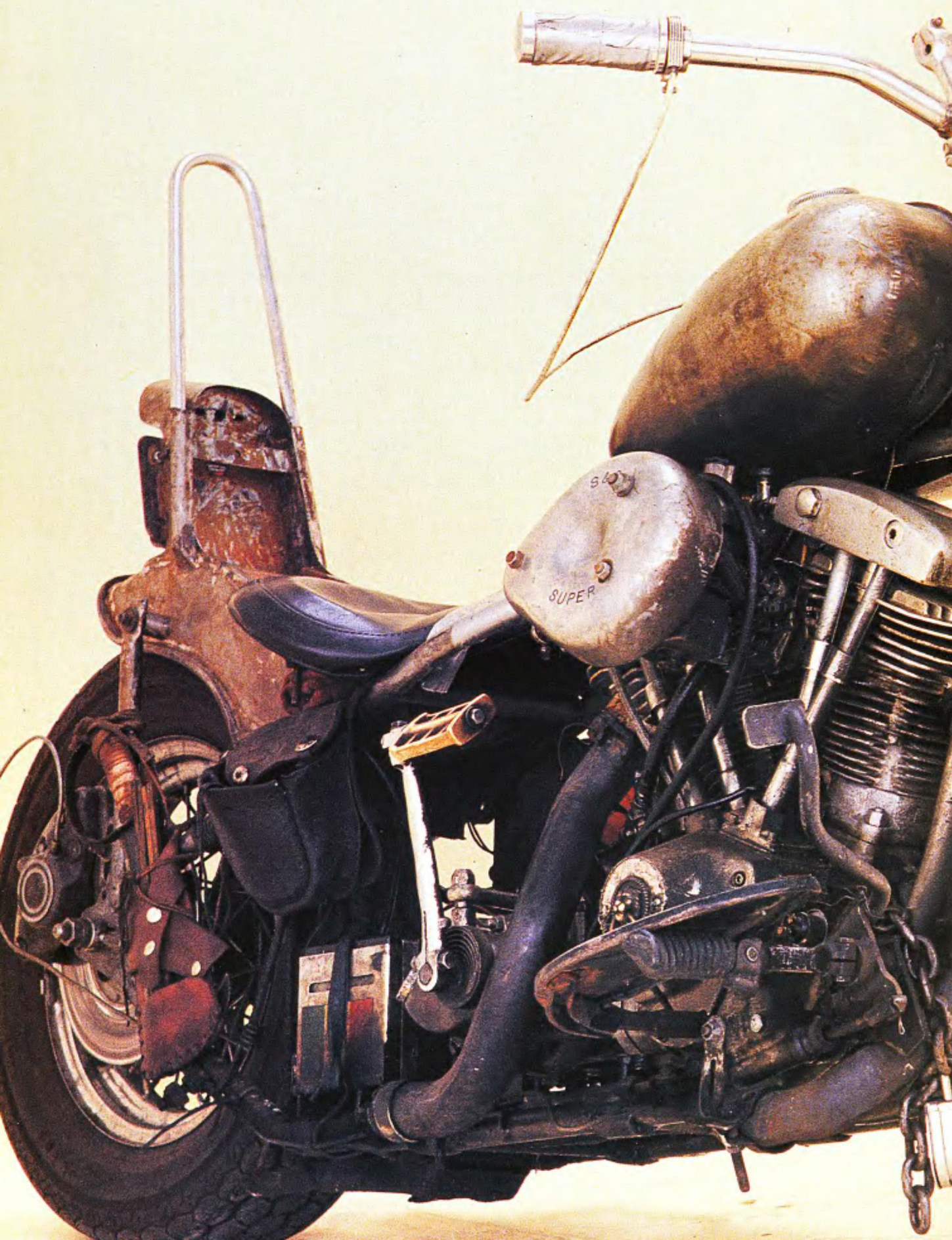
MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT SPECIALISTS

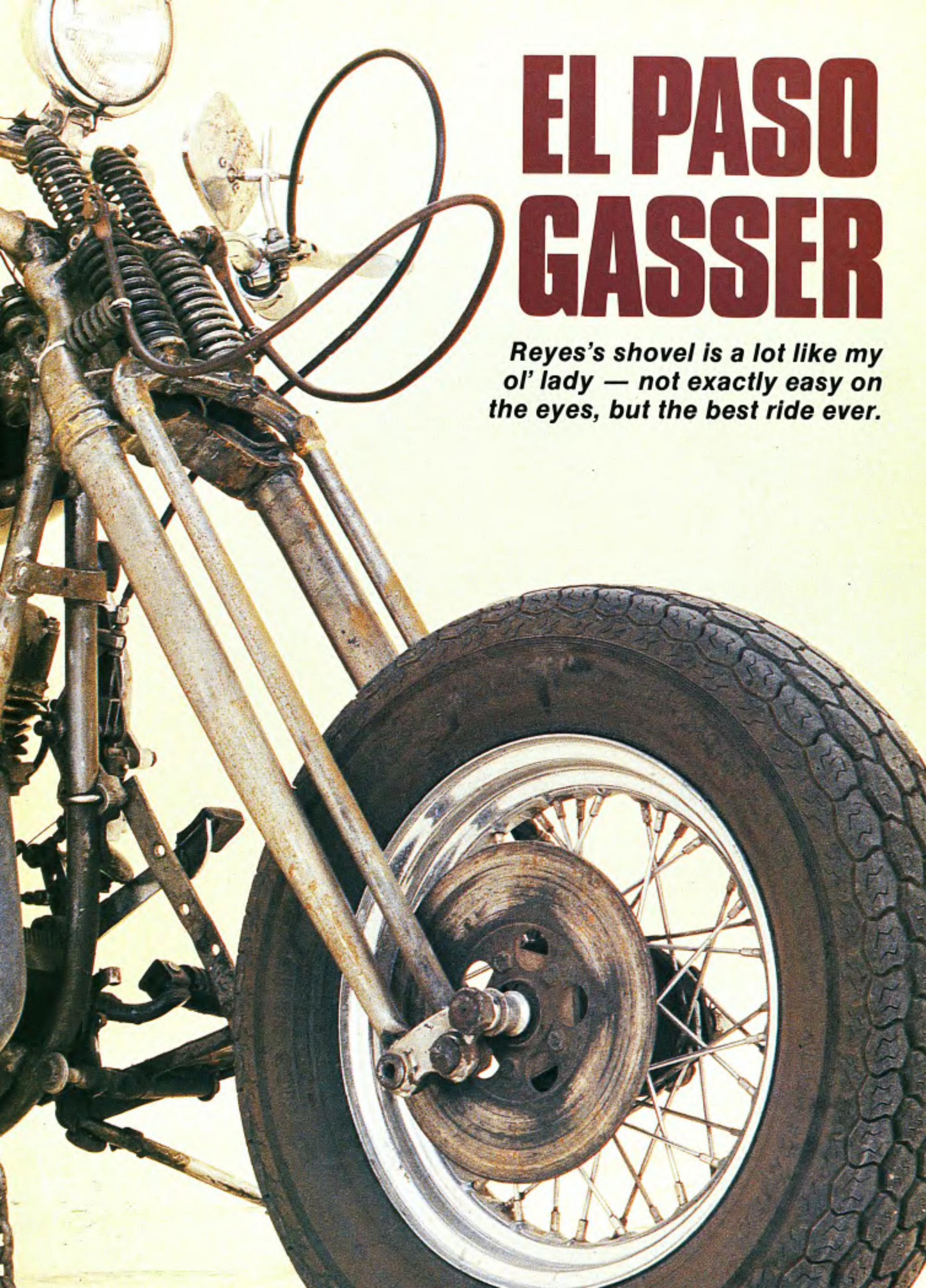
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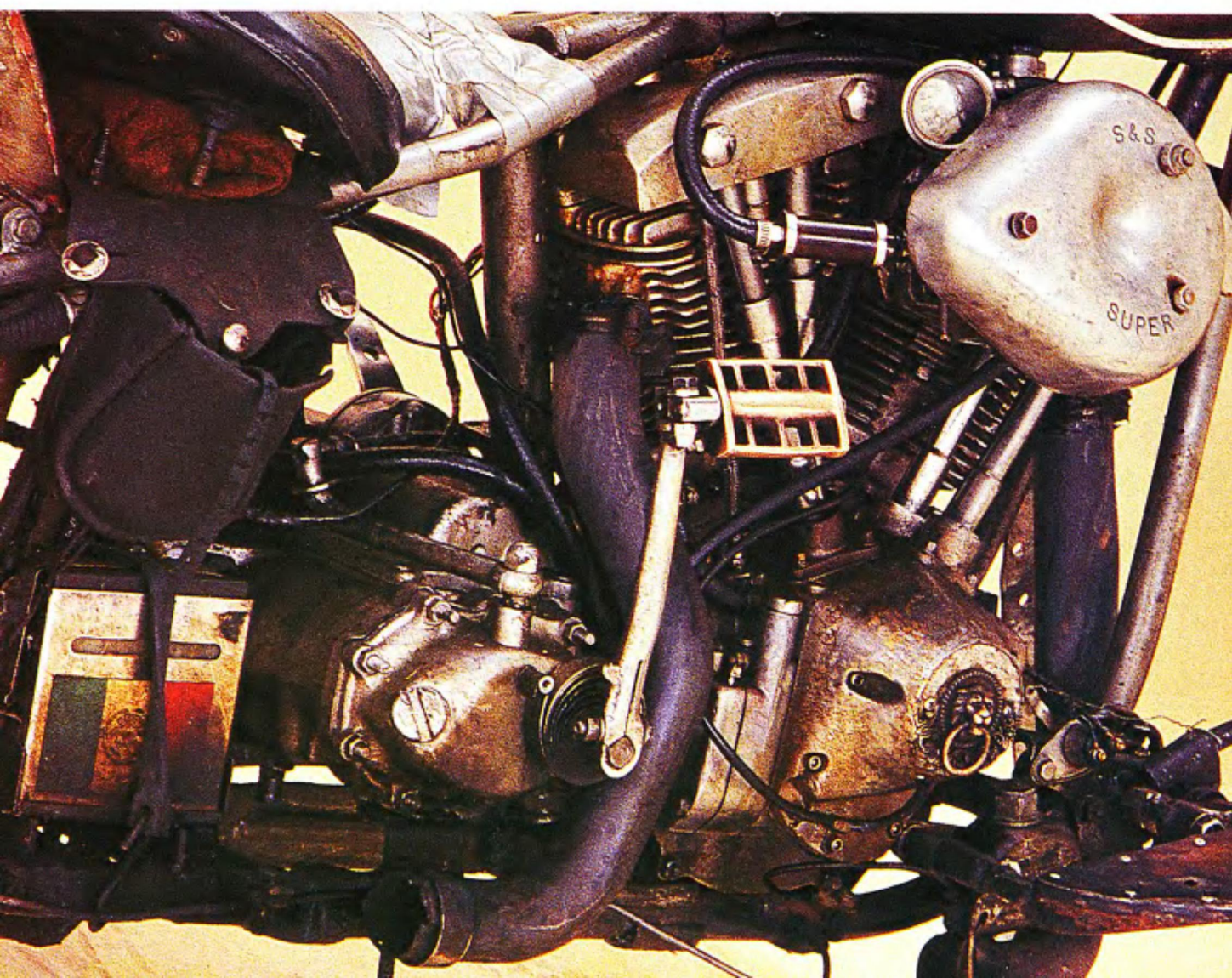


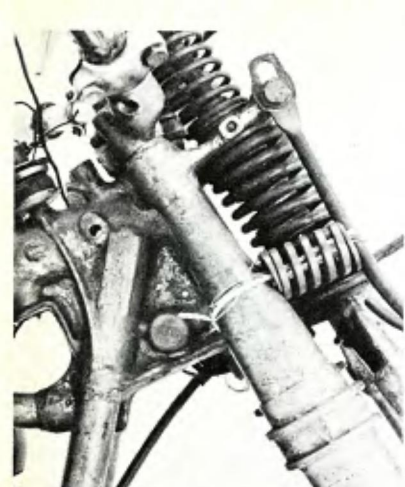


A close-up photograph of the front section of a vintage motorcycle. The image captures the headlight assembly with a round lens and a smaller auxiliary light, the handlebars with various cables and springs, and the front wheel featuring a spoked rim and a thick, treaded tire. The metal components show signs of age and wear.

EL PASO GASSER

*Reyes's shovel is a lot like my
ol' lady — not exactly easy on
the eyes, but the best ride ever.*





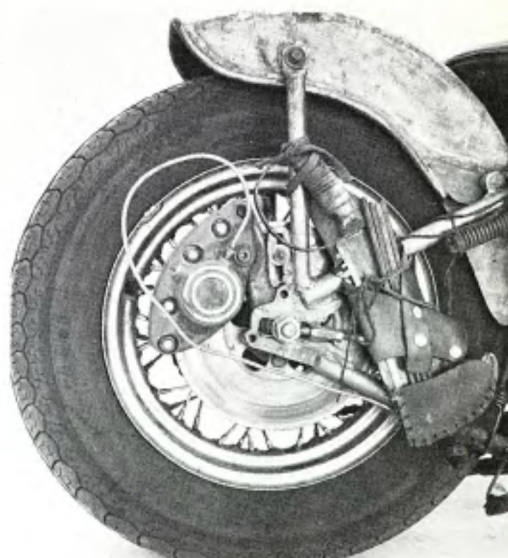
A lotta dudes will crank their jaws at ya all day long, spoutin' off about what red-hot scoots they've got under their chaps an' what tits-up go-getters their sleds are.

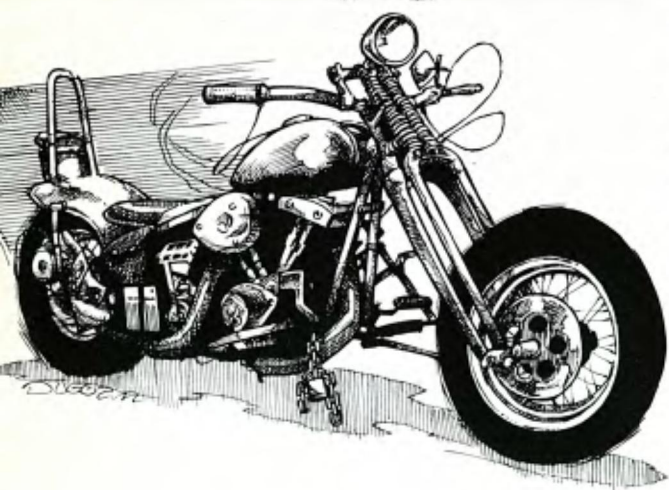
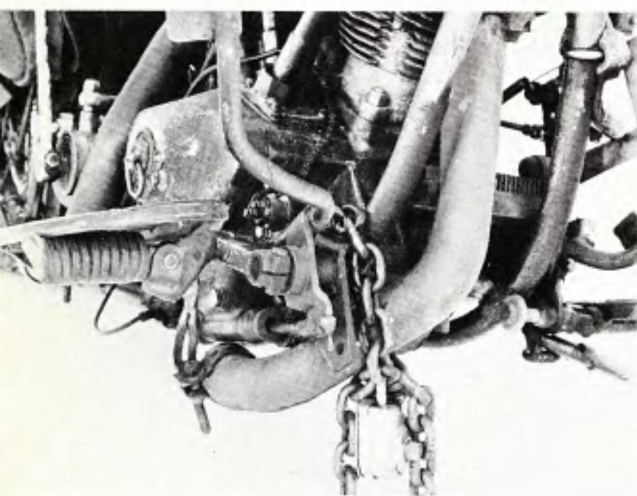
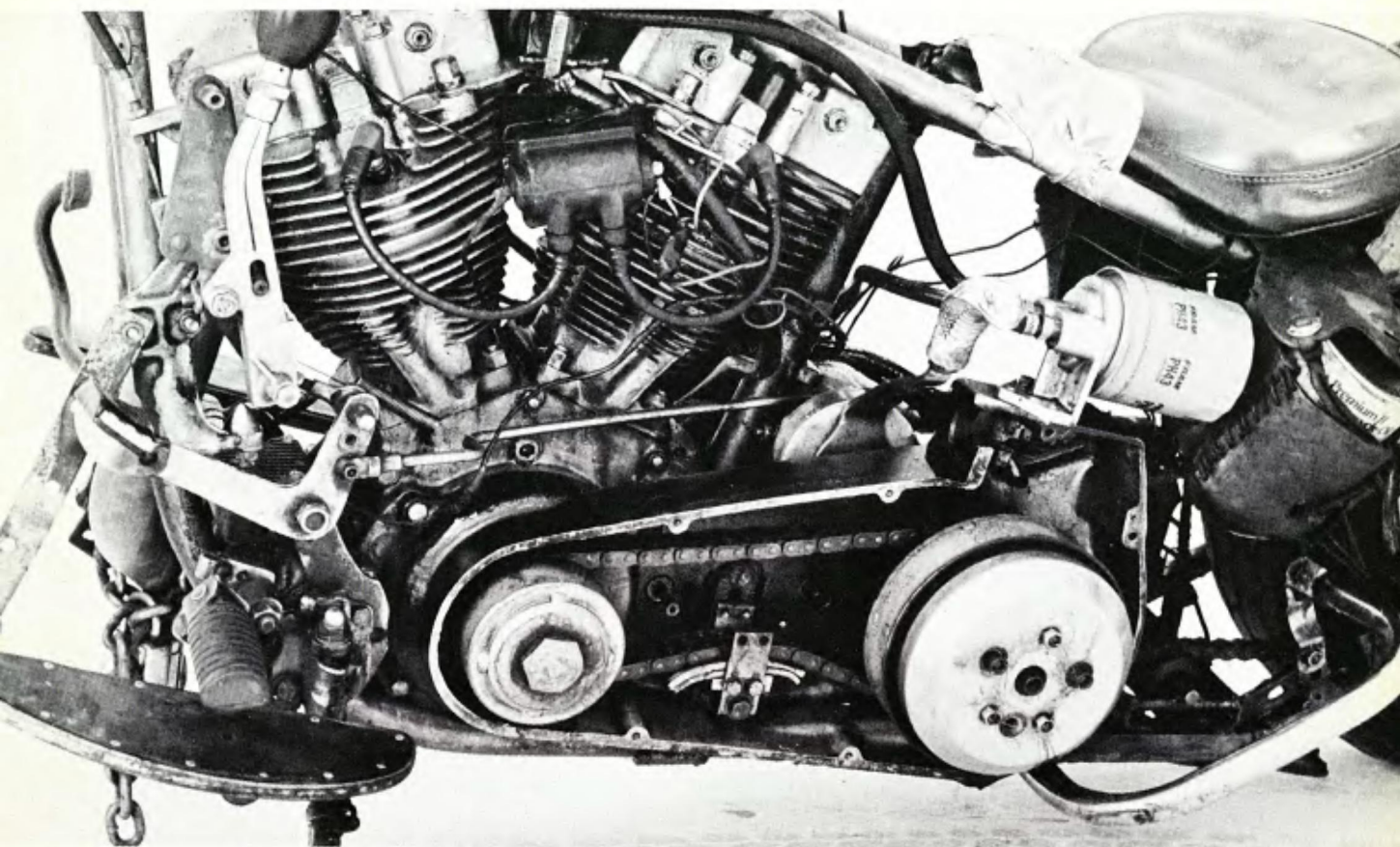
If yer like me, ya just shine on the barroom shit-talkers. The kind of cat that gets my respect is a bro like Reyes Rivera from the El Paso area, whose proven and movin' shovel ya see plastered across these pages in all its gutsy glory. When Reyes tells ya that his baby is the last of the red-hot mommas, he ain't just

blowin' smoke at ya — he's tellin' ya the literal truth.

Seems that seven years ago, Reyes was havin' a bitch of a time gettin' this '74 rat 74 to boogie along to a smooth tune around redline, so he fired 'er up an' aimed the reinforcing-rod luggage rack at Ascarate Lake, figurin' on workin' the bugs out along the way to a party with his bros.

"I got a little crazy," says Reyes. "I climbed on Highway 20 and rode all the way to the lake in second gear, going about 60mph, trying to find out

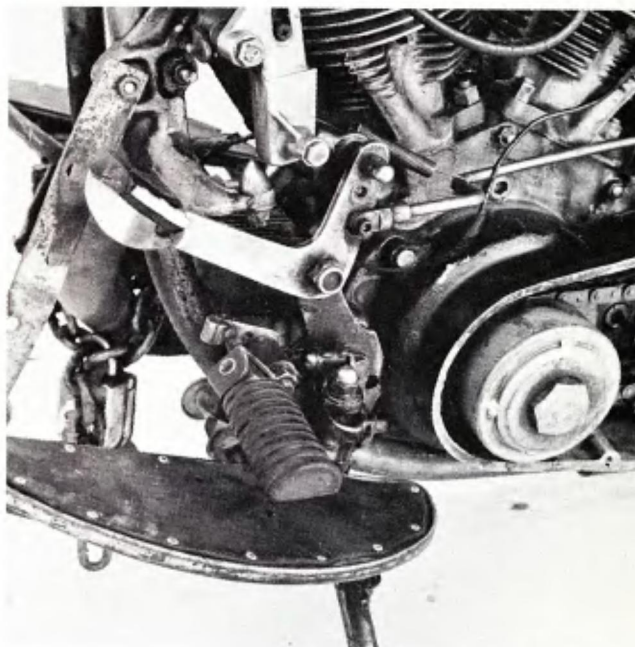




Owner: Reyes L. Rivera (J.R.)		City: El Paso, Texas	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Reyes		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1974 74 Super Glide		Builder: Reyes	
Model: Super Glide		Type: weld-on hardtail	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: Reyes		Stretch: rear, 6 inches	
Time: 9 years		Other alterations: just more class	
Chroming by: you kiddin'?		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: homemade	
Year: 1974		Risers: backwards dogbones	
Model: Super Glide		Fender(s): custom rear fender	
Rebuilder: Reyes		Headlight: stock Super Glide	
Ignition: switch		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 68-horsepower		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: panhead	
Balancing: Biker's Custom		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .70 over		Electrics: simple	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: oil/gas	
Heads: Manley Intake		Oil tank: none	
Cam(s): 440		Oil system: on one side	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: open chain	
Carb(s): Stromberg		Seat: fatbob seat	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: custom fender bar	
Pipes: 2-inch, 13 inches long		Height: about right	
Muffler(s): none		Material: metal	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: 1933 springer	
Year: 1974		Extension: 8 inches	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: Reyes	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: original shit	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 15-inch	Size: 15-inch
Molding: none		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: none		Rim width: stock	Rim width: stock
Color: metal		Tire: Tiger	Tire: Tiger
Type: metal		Brake: none	Brake: stock
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: exhaust pipe cigarette lighter			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



what the hi-revving problem was. When I rode up, all my buddies kept staring at me and my Super Glide. I climbed off the bike and said, "Whatdafuck you guys starin' at?" and one of the bros pointed at the heads on my Hog. Man, they were *glowing cherry red*! I even lit a cigarette off the pipes. She'd got a little hot on the way down."

But did that blisterin' putt fry the engine? "Fuck no, man — it's a Harley." This Milwaukee

pack mule has endured beaucoup other episodes of Reyes's hard-partyin' throttle-wrenchin' — everything from stairs-climbin' to event competitions to overall balls-out peg-scrapin' around the El Chuco pavement. Deadpan, Reyes admits, "I guess I've abused the machine a little over the years."

Well, maybe ya have, Reyes — just a little. Sure hasn't slowed her down any, though. Kinda like my ol' lady: built to ride.

—Pizzaman





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(big boys) 54 - 60 **49.95 ea.**

Womens Sizes: 6 - 18 **\$39.95 ea.**

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A. 11" **54.95 each**

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

B. Sizes 9 - 13 **99.95 each**

LADIES LEATHER COWBOY BOOT

With leather lining & oil resistant "Vibram" neoprene soles.

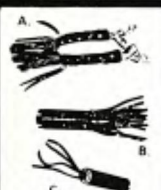
C. Sizes 5 - 10 **89.95 each**

STYLISH LADIES SUEDE FRINGE BOOTS

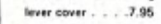
With 2" Heel.

D. Sizes 5 - 10

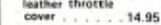
\$49.95 each



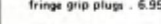
A. DELUXE leather fringe lever cover **7.95**



B. HOG HANDS - Fringed leather throttle cover **14.95**



C. HOG TAILS - Concho fringe grip plugs **6.95**



Genuine Leathers Level Covers S-LG-10 **5.95 pr**



Universal Steel Rear Fender 5" Flat Fender FE-12 **14.95 ea.**



Chrome Clutch Brackets H-13 **9.95 ea.**



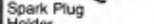
Chrome Spark Plug Holder SP-11 **14.95 ea.**



Bendix Starter Gear BX-1 **14.95 ea.**



Oil Shock Damper Assembly Fits wide glide 49-early 77 FD-1 **49.95 pr.**



Chrome Starter Motor SM-1 **99.95 ea.**



Hydra Glide Shell Only L-99 **34.95 ea.**



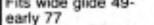
Chrome Head Light Cast Visor With indicator light cut-out. C-25A **24.95 each**



Chrome Caliper Anchor Arm Fits 73-83 Big Twin C-5 **4.95 each**



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 Front Master Cylinder Cover C-75B **7.95 ea.**



Chrome Throttle Clamp Single Cable SU-5B **6.95 ea.**



Chrome Throttle Clamp Dual Cable SU-5 **6.95 ea.**



Drag Bars, with built in riser, 4" Rise H-1A **34.95 ea.**



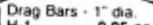
Drag Bars, 6" Rise H-1B **34.95 ea.**



Drag Bars, 8" Rise H-1C **34.95 ea.**



Solid State Regulators Fits 76-80 Big Twin V-1 **49.95 ea.**



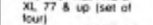
Solid State Regulators Fits 81-84 Big Twin V-2 **49.95 ea.**



Solid State Regulators Fits 79-81 Sportster V-3 **49.95 ea.**



Pipe Clamps 1 1/4" EX-8 **2.95 ea.**



Pipe Clamps 2" EX-9 **2.95 ea.**



Pipe Clamps 1 1/8" EX-9A **2.95 ea.**



Chrome Inner Primary Complete Fits Big Twin 70 & up, includes bearing & seals. PC-2 **149.95 ea.**



Genuine Harley Deluxe Police Solo Saddle SE-1 **94.95**



Drilled Rotor, fits FL front & rear 72-78, FXE rear 73-78 SP-29 **29.95 ea.**



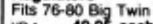
Drilled Rotor, fits FX, XL, dual disc front 78-83 SP-30 **29.95**



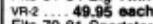
Mechanical Rear Shoes Fits 36-57 Big Twin SH-15 **19.95 pair**



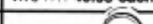
Mechanical Rear Shoes Fits 58-62 Big Twin SH-16 **19.95 pair**



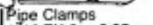
Mechanical Rear Shoes Fits 54-63 XL, 9001 SH-17 **19.95 pair**



Mechanical Rear Shoes Fits 54-78 XL, rear SH-18 **19.95 pair**



Mechanical Rear Shoes Fits 49-78 FL front SH-19 **19.95 pair**



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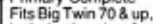
36-57 Big Twins SH-1 **89.95**



Hydraulic 58-62 Big Twins SH-2 **89.95**



63-66 Big Twins SH-3 **89.95**



Fits 67-72 Big Twins SH-4 **89.95**



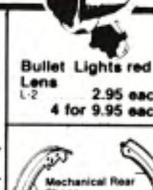
Chrome Caliper Mount Fits 73-80 Big Twin C-20 **19.95 ea.**



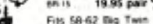
Tapered Muffler Pipes EX-1 **89.95 pr.**



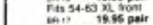
Specify Model & Year



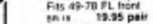
Bullet Lights red Lens L-2 **2.95 each**



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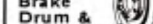
Steel Braided Clutch Cable Specify model **14.95 ea.**



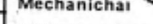
Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



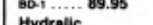
Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



TOOL BAG 19.95



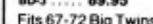
Push Rod Corks (12 Pieces) PG-1 **2.95 set**



Chrome Generator End Cover C-15 **4.95 each**



Chrome Spotlight Pedestals L-18 **24.95 pr.**



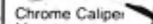
Chrome Clamp On Pegs, Flat style F-14 **9.95 ea.**



Chrome Tailight Visor Fits 73 & up C-77 **6.95 ea.**



Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 12V TH-1A **74.95 each**



Chrome, 6V TH-1B **74.95 each**



Chrome Stock Side Fill Oil Tank F-31 **79.95 ea.**



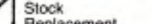
Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



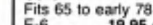
Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



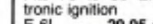
NEW Steel Braided Clutch Cable Specify model **14.95 ea.**



Stock Replacement Coils Fits 65 to early 78 E-6 **19.95 ea.**



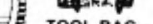
Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



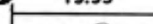
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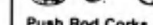
Push Rod Corks (12 Pieces) PG-1 **2.95 set**



Chrome Generator End Cover C-15 **4.95 each**



Chrome Spotlight Pedestals L-18 **24.95 pr.**



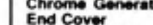
Chrome Clamp On Pegs, Flat style F-14 **9.95 ea.**



Chrome Tailight Visor Fits 73 & up C-77 **6.95 ea.**



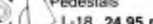
Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 12V TH-1A **74.95 each**



Chrome, 6V TH-1B **74.95 each**



Chrome Stock Side Fill Oil Tank F-31 **79.95 ea.**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



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Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



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Fits 78 to 86 Electronic ignition E-6L **29.95 ea.**



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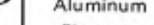
Push Rod Corks (12 Pieces) PG-1 **2.95 set**



Chrome Generator End Cover C-15 **4.95 each**



Chrome Spotlight Pedestals L-18 **24.95 pr.**



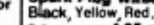
Chrome Clamp On Pegs, Flat style F-14 **9.95 ea.**



Chrome Tailight Visor Fits 73 & up C-77 **6.95 ea.**



Chrome Trumpet Horn Exact Reproduction Chrome, 12V TH-1A **74.95 each**



Chrome, 6V TH-1B **74.95 each**



Chrome Stock Side Fill Oil Tank F-31 **79.95 ea.**



Wide Glide Lower Legs for Dual Disc Aluminum GL-A **149.95 pair**



Chrome GL-C **249.95 pair**



NEW Steel Braided Clutch Cable Specify model **14.95 ea.**



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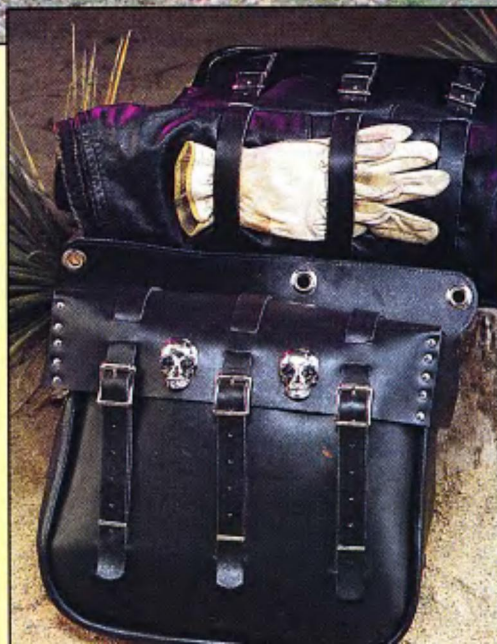
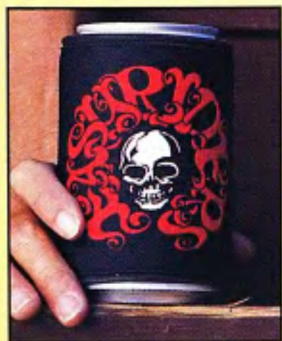
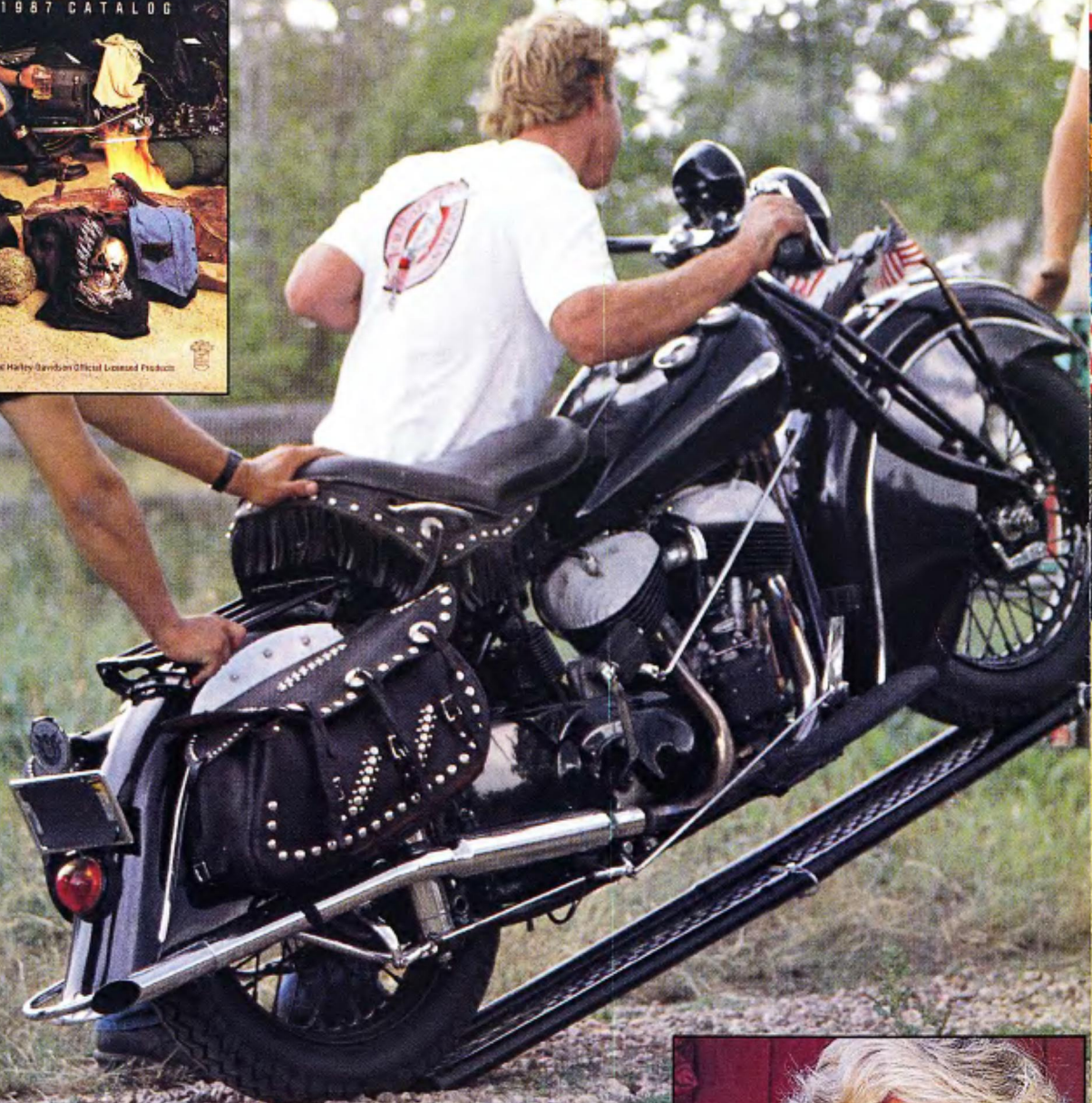
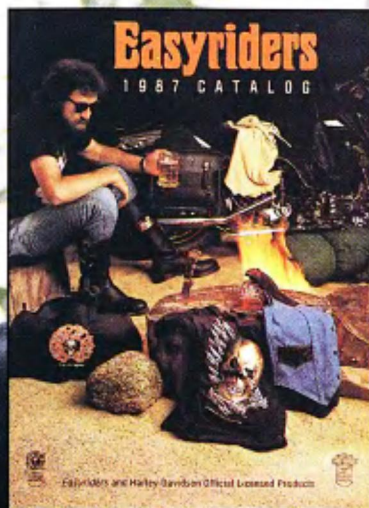
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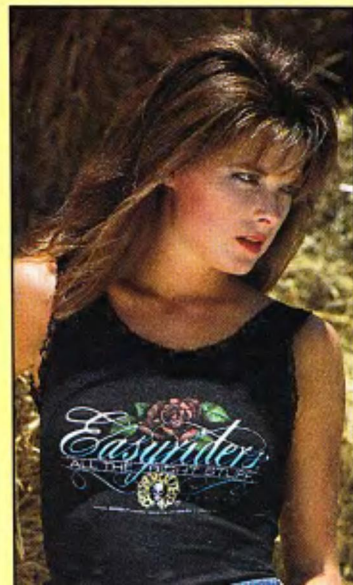
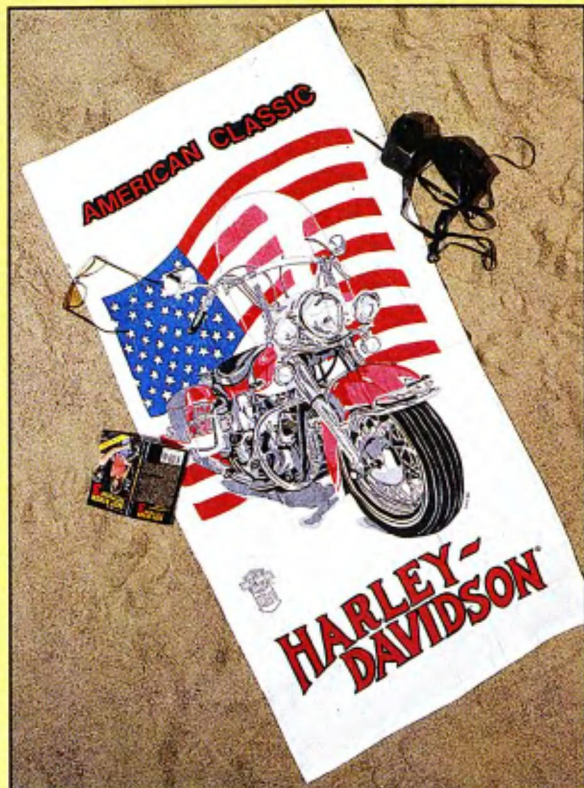
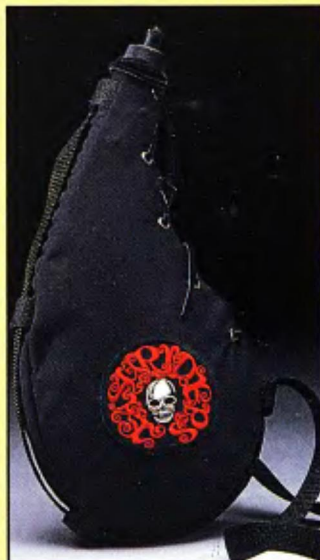
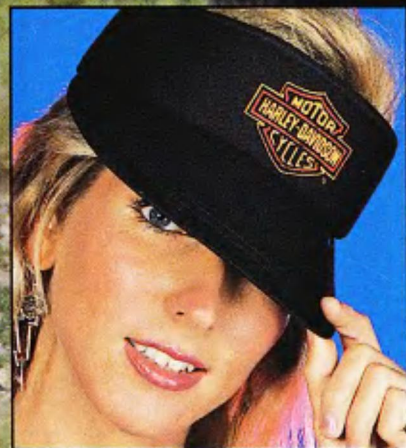
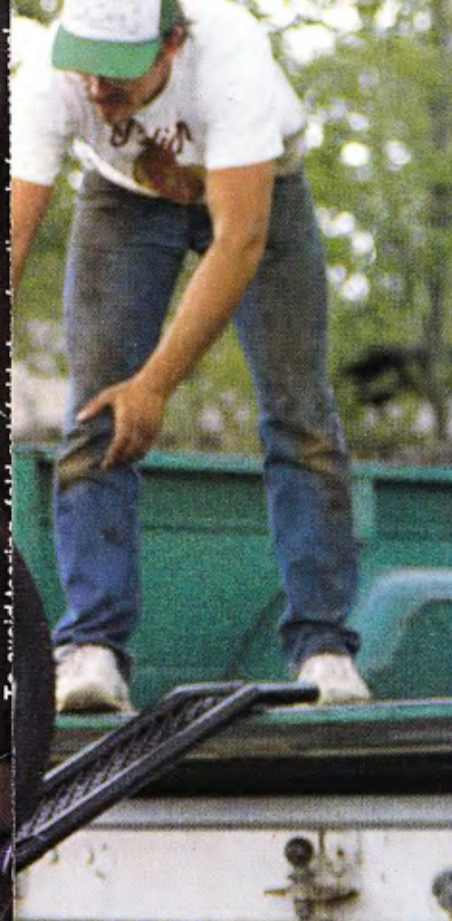
SUMMERTIME, AND LIVIN' IS EASY . . .

With licensed products from *Easyriders* and Harley-Davidson

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!

Just in case you might need to load yer scoot — hey, happens to all of us now and then, bro — we also have the EZ-Load for hassle-free loading of your bike. Or how 'bout a gourd-bendin' selection of *Easyriders* saddlebags to stash all yer goodies (except for yer ol' lady, bro — she prob'ly wouldn't fit) as you bomb down the highway? Check out the details below for instructions on how to pick up yer own copy of our 1987 catalog. Don't kick yer sidestand up without checking out all of the great *Easyriders* products you can take along with ya this season.

Have a great summer!



AVAILABLE NOW!

At your friendly neighborhood bike shop

Call 24 hours day or night for the location of the nearest bike shop handling this fine merchandise, and for information on how to get a **FREE** catalog of all our products.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

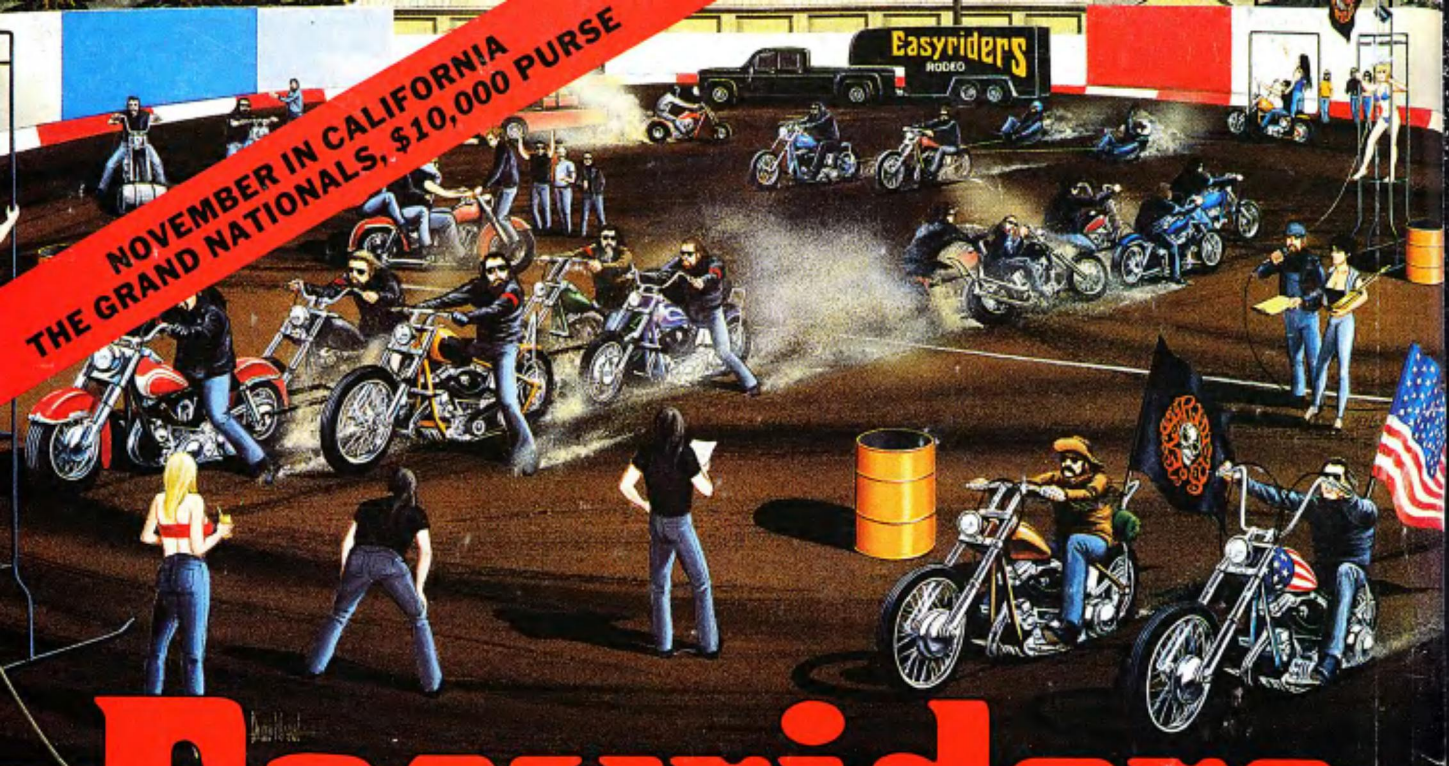
National

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NOVEMBER IN CALIFORNIA!
THE GRAND NATIONALS, \$10,000 PURSE



Easyriders*

MOTORCYCLE RODEO

An All-American Event

SUMMER
Tour '87

\$5,000^{00†}
Purse

Trophy Buckles and Participant Pins
awarded in all events

FREE TO PUBLIC
People's Choice Ride-In Custom
Motorcycle Show
Sunday 9:00 a.m. — 12:00 noon

Budds Creek, Maryland

Potomac Speedway

(7 miles east of US Hwy 301, on Hwy 234)

Sunday September 13, 12:00 noon

Admission \$6: adults, \$4 children

All you fun-lovin' folks come out on Saturday for participant sign-ups, practice, keg party and camping. No showers available.

Entry fee \$25 per bike, per event. Two people admitted per entry.

(Two-day pit passes available, \$15 per person.)

Practice 12:00 noon-5:00 p.m. on Saturday

Keg Party Saturday night

Qualifying 8:00 a.m.-12:00 noon on Sunday

Rodeo starts 2:00 p.m. Sunday

Newton Cycle and Leather 11th annual Customer Appreciation Party & Charity Drive in conjunction with Easyriders Motorcycle Rodeo

A two-day party & Easyriders Rodeo
September 19th & 20th - Kansas

Kansas Coliseum, Hwy 135 at 85th St. North, Wichita, Kansas.

Including — Rodeo — Swap Meet — Live Music —
Bike Show — Camping — Free Beer Saturday.

\$15 per person, or \$25 per couple charity donation.

Beer sold Sunday at Rodeo, Camping with laundry facilities available.

Rodeo \$25 entry fee per bike, per event, as a participant in rodeo
(includes two person's admission)

Party & camping info: (316) 283-1428

For more information, call:
(800) 247-6246 • (800) 231-2669
National In California

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

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

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