

Easyriders

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Hottest
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**Texas Honey
Wins Fox Hunt**

**The Best
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Cycling News

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Easyriders

NUMBER 173

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

NOVEMBER 1987

Bike Features

- Sky blue pan/shovel
from Connecticut 10
- This Hamster's XR-1000
is on parole until 1996 30
- Screamin' yellow shovel
meets up with Texas Fox Hunt
winner in the Rockies 86
- Rowdy Rockford blockhead
will perform for whomever's
riding it 106

Foxy Rider

- 1973 Sportster/Peaches 56

Reader's Rides

- '41 knuckle, '64 pan,
'81 FLHS/Bob Jones 60

Events

- Hollister revisited,
forty years and a lousy
media image later 22
- Buffalo, New York, bros'
annual building benefit
get-together 94

Interview

- Scooter photog and goodhearted
lady, Linda Barbour, talks
about how regular people
can make a difference 76



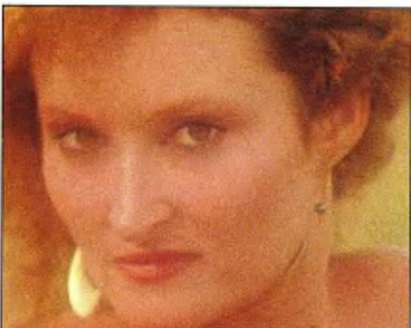
Page 22



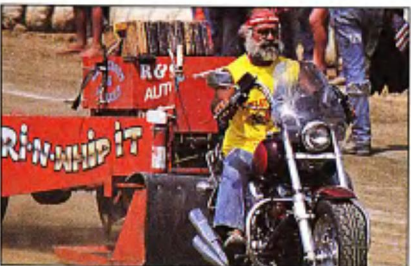
Page 19



Page 76



Gatefold



Page 112

Fiction

- Leavin' Time* . . . Gary Lee Isbell
Biker must make his yearly decision
about which bitch to ride 16

And One Blue Panhead

- . . . Dan Millirons
A biker's spirit is a tough
one to bury 44

Articles

- Kram's art is his business 19
- Eye-catchin' tags we've scoped 28
- Here's some skull, brother 62
- Fox Hunt Winner Susan 67
- Stuff that makes ya edgy 72

Columns

- Spider 5
- Rip's Run 96

Departments

- Wordmonger 6
- Easynews 35
- Passin' Gas 40
- In The Wind 50
- Fox Hunt 64
- Parts Box 70
- Choppershopper 81
- Biker's Bulletin Board 82
- General Store 103

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



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Cover, gatefold, and feature photography of sexy Susan
and Dave Morgan's shovel by Michael Lichter.

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H A R L E Y
A C C E S S O R I E S

A report was just released showing that the average male wants to make love at least two or three times a week, whereas the average female wants sex only once a week. Is there any wonder there are so many shootings and strangulations of women going on?

The guy liked his mustard on one side of his plate, with the daily newspaper on the opposite side. But his wife reversed the order of things one day, and being pretty uppity, she said, "That's where I want it, and that's where I'll put it," whereupon he got up from the table and strangled her. (Who does she think she is, fuckin' up his head?)

Or how about the guy who went into a chicken restaurant with his wife, and she wanted drumsticks and he wanted breasts. They argued about it. Finally he said well, fuck it, took a gun out, and shot her.

Then there was the woman who was sitting at the table with her husband. All of a sudden he grabbed his chest, fell off his chair, and started flopping around on the floor. What did his wife do? Call an ambulance? Sheriff? Paramedics? She ran for her video camera and started taking pictures of him flopping around. He was saved by their son, who called the paramedics, but while the paramedics were pounding on his chest and doing all the other good things, she continued to take pictures. Even took pictures in the ambulance and pictures of him in the hospital. Do you think she's trying to tell him something?

There was this guy who got pissed off at his joint. He said all through his life, all it had done was cause him a lot of hassles. First there was circumcision, then the years of pounding it, then the years of being worried whether she was going to bite it or not. Now there's the possibility of getting AIDS. Fuck it. He was pissed off, so he took a chisel from the garage shelf and hammered it off. The chisel did so much damage that it couldn't be reattached. It smarted a little, but at least he no longer has the problems that go along with having a dick.

In Indonesia they have a new animal trick. They're using the animal trick to attract new tourists who are fond of strange things nonexistent in their own countries. What is it? Prepare yourself. You get to watch elephants screwing.

You are aware that coke dealers "step" on it to extend it. Well, here's an extender of all time. In Egypt, the coke dealers use pulverized bone from human skulls.

You might be interested to know that two of our most famous presidents, Abe Lincoln and Jack Kennedy, had tattoos.

He had humongous headaches. The torturous headaches lasted for years. Finally he decided enough was enough, so he hacked off his head with a machete.

I read a report that says if you want accurate directions to get somewhere, ask a woman, not a man. The report says that women generally are better at giving route directions. Shit, any woman I pull up alongside to ask directions grabs her purse and hauls ass.

Do you want to make sure your wife doesn't fool around on you while you're out? Then do as the birds do. Before the male bird leaves the nest in search of food, he fucks his mate so many times that he leaves her too weak to have enough energy for an extramarital affair.

His mother and aunt put him in the back seat. He was only two years old, so they strapped him in and took off to town in their '74 VW. While flying along the highway, the whole floor of the back seat area fell off, and before his mother could stop the car, he received a broken arm and cuts and bruises all over his body. (Fucking women start hassling guys at birth.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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All-American

□ In response to Doctor Truth's letter (August '87), I thought I'd give him the benefit of the doubt and go out to check my bike. The results were as follows:

Tires: Carlises — still made in Pennsylvania, I believe.

Pistons and carb: S&S — still made in Wisconsin.

Electronics: What electronics? I've got Blue Streak points — American made.

Forks: None — girder was made in California. **Wheels:** Can't honestly say — chrome mags were bought at a swap meet.

Shocks: Shocks? Do bikes come with shocks now?

I followed the doctor's orders. Looks like America won. So stick your Jap parts up your ass.

Head Hunter
Sweetwater, N.J.

Insurance Blues

□ Hey bros, I just got a very rude awakening. I paid my annual insurance premium on October 2, 1986, with American Interinsurance Exchange. Well, on April 20, 1987, I got a letter saying that as of June 1986, the company has put a surcharge on Harleys. They say that they forgot to charge me for it earlier. So now they want me to send them a check for \$105 — almost doubling my premium.

Now if they had raised my rates at premium time because of an accident or tickets, etc., that would be one thing. But to tell me about a surcharge put on all Harleys six months into the year — what the fuck is going on?

What's worse is that I talked to a lawyer about this, and he said all I can do is drop the company, stay with the company and pay the \$105, or stay with them and hope that they will say no more about the money I owe them. But if the latter were the case and I was in an accident or my bike was ripped off, they would

probably say that my premium was not paid and they wouldn't pay!

What kind of ripoff scam have these insurance companies got going? All bros beware!

Pissed Off
Dows, Iowa

■ The problem is the popularity of a Harley-Davidson. Nobody in his right mind steals Jap crap.

He Saw The Light

□ As a "citizen," I have had very limited contact with the so-called "biker" population. I did, however, have a painful encounter that led to a newfound respect for your lifestyle.

I was with my brother at Bob's Cycle Supply on University in Phoenix. An employee of the shop was on a ladder, getting a part for my brother's bike. As the ladder started to slip, I was injured trying to get to it, and I ended up in a hospital.

Even though the shop owner was not legally responsible, he did help me pay the medical bills. For this I say thank you.

Don Champion
Phoenix, Ariz.

Cop Shot

□ I just wanted to pass on a compliment about a photo in the August 1987 issue. In the "In The Wind" section, there is a cop on a custom Harley with a radar gun and in full dress blues. It's on page 51.

I don't understand how the picture came to be, but I am very impressed. To Greg Eakins of Wylie, Texas, I take off my mandatory motorcycle helmet and shit in it. Thank you.

Wong
Stewart, B.C., Canada

We Won!

□ Hey, guys, I just finished your latest issue on Daytona Bike Week and was surprised to read your statement saying there weren't any patches this year.

I realize you have to cater

to the general public scooter tramps at Daytona, but it seems that your reporters like to hang out at bars and places that don't allow patches. We will not take our patches off and will not patronize those places that don't allow patches.

We were front-page news a few days running. There is always a number of Outlaw MC who show up for Daytona every year. This letter and the news articles about our being fucked with and going to court would cover a page in itself. This court case wasn't just for us, because winning this case will benefit all scooter tramps who go to Daytona. Can you imagine if they would have gotten away with this case?

We will continue to ride and party.

Stitch
South Fla.

■ Eighty-one Outlaw members were stopped at a roadblock, largely because of beards and being on Harleys. They went to court, claiming road blocks were illegal and that setting up a roadblock just because they had beards and rode Harleys was unconstitutional — and they won! The police wept because 76 tickets were thrown out of court. Hooray for our side and all the good people who have been hassled by the Gestapo cops at Daytona every year.

Jap Crap

□ Okay, Harleys are American-made, and they are the best bikes around. However, what type of a damned punk bitches at a guy for buying a Jap bike when he himself watches "Bugs Bunny" on a Jap TV, tells time with a Jap watch, drives a 4 x 4 Jap truck, lives with a Jap wife, eats Jap food, takes pictures of his Harley with a Jap camera using Jap film, smokes dope from South America, wears jeans made in Mexico, plays music on Jap stereos, listens to music on his Harley via a Jap radio,

uses a Jap or German gun for firepower, uses German war material as a symbol of freedom, has tires made in Italy, Germany, England, or Japan on his Harley, wears leather that comes from either South America or New Zealand, wears Mexican boots, drinks everything from beer to mixed drinks from places outside the U.S., etc., etc.,?

The point is that Japan is not ahead of the U.S. because of bike sales. It's the dumb muthafuckers who spend 95% of their income on non-American junk and are too stupid to realize that buying one Harley will not upset the world's economy.

If this constant bitching about buying Jap bikes or Harleys is truly done because Harleys are American-made, then what about all the non-American junk that we spend \$10,000,000,000 for each year? In your latest mag, I counted 12 places where non-American items can be seen and most of them are Jap.

I truly believe that some of you folks would blow out a candle while the rest of Atlanta burned. If you're going to buy American, then damn it, buy American. If not, keep your dicksucker shut.

Fat Jack
Springville, Ala.

■ There are more billionaires in Japan than anywhere else in the world. Is there any reason to wonder why?

Lost Legs

□ In the April '87 magazine, a guy wrote in who had lost a leg and wanted to know if anyone had ever succeeded in riding a Harley after such an accident.

I lost my left leg in an accident years ago, but I continued to do whatever I wanted to do, including riding my Harley and a Henderson Four.

A few years later, I hit a car on our Queen Elizabeth Highway. It was at night and the car had no taillights. I was pretty bad off, and they didn't expect me to live. My Harley was totaled. Then they took my right leg off.

I'm still riding my '66 shovel, with no special controls. But you need to learn to balance again. If you go too slowly on a turn or a curve, you might fall off. I had to take a new driver's test. Most of the guys up here took the

test on a Honda, and I was told to do the same. I figured if I couldn't ride or pass my test on my Harley, then I wouldn't ride again.

The only change I made on the bike was on my heel-and-toe shifter. I welded big washers on the bolts for heel and toe pads. It works fine, with lots of room for me to hit more lightly with my heel. I can pick my bike up once, and that's it. I dumped it in my lane and twice in the sand. I tightened up my forks. It's all in the way you look at it. Just go out and do it.

Here's a picture of me with my Hog and with my pants down so you can see my legs.

Lucky
Ontario, Canada



Satisfied Customer

□ Raisin pie for all who work at the *Easyriders* catalog department. You people made my day. Less than four weeks ago, I sent an order in, and today I received it with not one item missing. I have never had faster or more complete service. You can expect to see many more orders from this very satisfied customer.

Kendall "Little Bit" French
Springfield, Mass.

Thanks

□ This is an open letter of thanks to Southern Freedom ABATE of Marion, Illinois. It's taken me a while to do this, but I just want to thank you for helping a lady in her time of need. Mike would have been just as proud to be a member of Southern Freedom as I am.

Nova Crabtree
Johnston City, Ill.

Wants Aussie Help

□ I'm doing a two-year contract in Papua, New Guinea, as a woodworking and car-

pentry instructor. About Christmastime of this year, I'm planning to travel to Australia for six weeks. I'd like to get in touch with individual bikers or clubs in Australia who may be into helping a bro from Canada do a little partyin' 'n' puttin'. I've left a '73 Triumph Bonneville and a '70 650cc BSA behind, and right now I'd give my left nut to have either one of them here in P.N.G.

I'm not looking for any freebies. I've got my own beer and grub money. So if there're any Aussie bikers who are into showing a Canuck how you boogie down under, I'd really appreciate hearing from you.

Paul Clubine
c/o Mendi Vocational Centre
P.O. Box 223
Mendi S.H.P.
Papua, New Guinea

Rip's Run

□ In reference to "Rip's Run" in the September issue, I don't know what Rip was smokin', but if that's the Protest Rally I went to, send me some of that shit. There were at least 3,500 bikers there from all over Texas. As for being involved in ABATE, well, I've ridden with two chapters, Killeen and Houston, and both are filled with righteous, concerned bros.

Tell Rip on his next run through the Lone Star State to go by American Cycle in Killeen and talk to Ron Hall and Coy Phillips about our chapter. Then stop by the Stetson Saloon for a cold Coors.

Speedy Sagerian
Houston, Tex.

■ Rip's a Bud man.

Pit Bulls

□ My problem is that a committee of women are working to have pit bulls banned from the town of Marianna and Lee County, Arkansas. They are working to have these dogs killed off and banned. What I need are people who can give me the positive sides of the dog. We own three at the present, and my husband has raised four generations of these dogs.

These women have been to court once and have an attorney looking into this matter before they return to court. They "want something done before someone is seriously mauled or killed by a pit bull."

I admit some people do fight dogs, but don't kill a breed of dog because some people raise them wrong. They are punishing the wrong party; it should be the owner.

Deborah Ramsey
Lexa, Ark.

Needs Help

□ I saw her in the April '87 issue of *Easyriders* in "In The Wind." Please print my letter, and, Debbie Miller, if you're reading this please contact me. You have information that can prove I'm innocent, and I'll need you for my new trial in '88.

The Debbie Miller I'm referring to grew up in Pensacola, Florida, lived in Lake City, Florida, in '81 and '82, and we met at the Chevron station in '82 and were lovers for a brief while. Contact me — this is truly a matter of life and death.

John Merritt
#058704 S-3-South-6
Florida State Prison
P.O. Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

More On Woman Hater

□ In response to Woman Hater from Manchester, New Hampshire, in the July '87 rag, I'm sick of all you using and abusing, sniveling, dog-fucking, pussy-diseasing, pig-porking, butt-breathing, three-inch-cocks-with-two-brain-cells-located-in-your-left-nut-which-fell-off-last-September dudes.

Master Muff
Chehalis, Wash.

□ Where the fuck do you come off calling yourself Woman Fucker, you cum-for-brains?

Li'l Linna
Kempston, Pa.

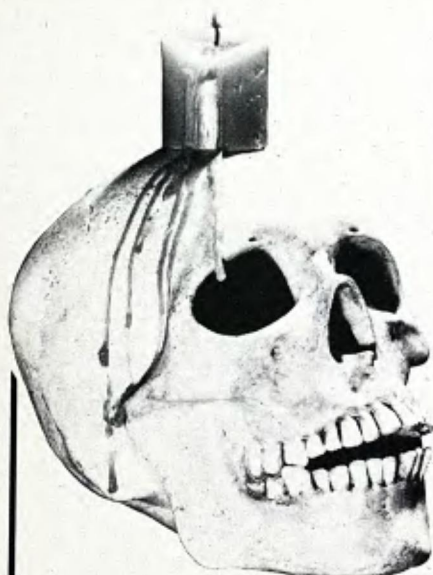
□ Now that I've gotten over my shock and disbelief of your letter, dickface, I can't help but think of you the same way I thought of Boy George: you're a disgrace to men.

Joette
San Diego, Calif.

□ You ought to be castrated. Then we could use your balls as Christmas decorations or door knockers. They're useless anyway!

Reno
American Falls, Ida.

□ Seems to me you could spend your time picking the lint out of your navel or lice

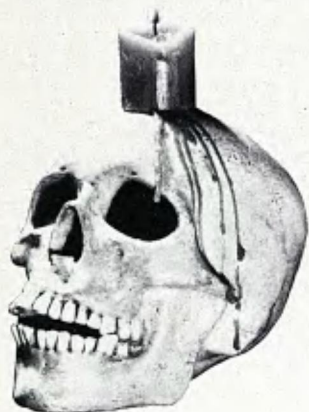


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— Spider**

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out of your hair.

But the way, anyone know of any biker bars around Dallas? I just know of one.

I'll answer anyone who wants to write.

Linda
4758 Bedford
Mesquite, TX 75150

☐ Hey, handjob! You must have pulled your dick one time too often.

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Lead Gas Source

☐ No matter what the EPA does, there will always be a good supply of leaded gas. Just go to the nearest airport and get 100LL Avgas. The EPA has no authority to fuck with airplanes or their fuel, and the big air-cooled aircraft engines must have this fuel. (Some can run on car gas, but most can't.) The airport will not sell it to you if you say you're going to put it in your bike. Go out and get a jerry can and tell them you're building a home-built and need to run up the engine or, if you look rich, that you have a helicopter at home.

Don't use it straight, or it will foul plugs and make your engine run hot. Mix it with regular or unleaded — 10 to 20 percent is all you need for valve lubrication and octane improvement (it has a huge amount of lead in it).

Do not listen to any fuck-head who tells you this is illegal or harmful. They're full of shit. I am a licensed aircraft mechanic and restore and ride antique and odd bikes. I have had Hendersons, Vincents, Triumphs, a Scott, and a Ner-A-Car — and oh, yeah — I think I might have had a Harley in there somewhere.

By the way, if any EPA, BATF, or FAA clowns are reading this, go fuck yourselves sideways. I don't like the FCC or the Interior Department, either.

Pistol Pat
Kansas City, Mo.

Lost Arm

☐ My daughter just handed me the mail, and my boyfriend's July '87 issue of your mag was the first thing I grabbed to read. I was overwhelmed with the profile on Chad Hull. It was such a coincidence that the article appeared when it did.

I learned to ride in '75 after I

turned 18. In August of '81 I was a passenger on a '74 dresser when a cager who claimed he did not see us hit the bike twice in a matter of seconds, causing me to somersault over the guard-rails, slicing my left arm off below the elbow and gashing my right — almost taking it, too. In March of '86, I took my first ride in over five years. (It was like I'd been riding all along.) Since that time, I've been a passenger riding several thousand miles, with the dream of riding alone again. Just two days ago, my boyfriend and I decided to find out if one of your readers could aid us in obtaining ideas for modifications needed to achieve proper handling.

I don't use a prosthesis. I've become fully independent with the use of one hand, and my stump has complete elbow movement required for grasping. Anyone out there who can help me fulfill my dream, please contact me by mail.

Tina Kriebel
Rd #1 Box 313
Harrisville, PA 16038



Chad Hull

Rufus Turd

☐ Wow! You guys are something else! When I sent in the ticket to re-up my subscription a while back, I enclosed a shitty letter, bitching and whining 'cause you never send me any neat stuff. I mean, you run these ads saying stuff like, "Subscribe now and we'll send you a genuine Rufus turd, emblazoned with the Easyriders logo." Well, you never sent me anything except the magazines I paid for. So I ragged on ya. Anyway, that was a few months back, and my brain cells bein' what they are, I quickly forgot all about it.

Today I got this big envelope in the mail, and when I opened it, it had an Easyrid-

ers catalog on it. . . and something else. I pulled the "something else" out and just about shit my pants. It was this huge, silk-looking print of Dave Mann's "Ghost Rider." It's fuckin' beautiful! I take back almost everything I said about ya. You're all right. Have a triple ration of raisin pie on me.

Dave Alvar
Seattle, Wash.

Triumph

☐ Help! My ol' lady and I just rolled into Fort Dix, New Jersey, after spending close to two years in Italy. I've just recently picked up a Triumph ('69 Tiger) and need parts and tech books. Anyone who knows of dealerships in the Tri-state area or any other helpful info can write me at the address below. Can't wait to get back in the wind.

Flounder
950 C Elbe Lp
Ft. Dix, NJ 08640
(609) 723-4159

Riding Glasses

☐ In response to Snake's letter about riding glasses in the August '87 issue, there's another pair of made-in-the-USA wraparound riding glasses available for less than \$20, which includes a carrying case to protect against scratching.

Pro-Tek Eye in Westlake Village, California, has these shatterproof, optical quality glasses, and they're available in six colors (smoke, brown, rose, yellow, purple, and turquoise) as well as clear. They are comfortable and fit snugly, so they won't go flying off your face. The wraparound is wide enough to really protect the eyes from wind and dust, yet is transparent so as not to interfere with peripheral vision. The glasses totally block ultraviolet rays to help preserve your eyes a little longer.

Give a call and we'll tell you where the glasses are available. (800) 345-5243 (except California) or (818) 706-1945.

James E. McGee
Westlake Village, Calif.

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. ■

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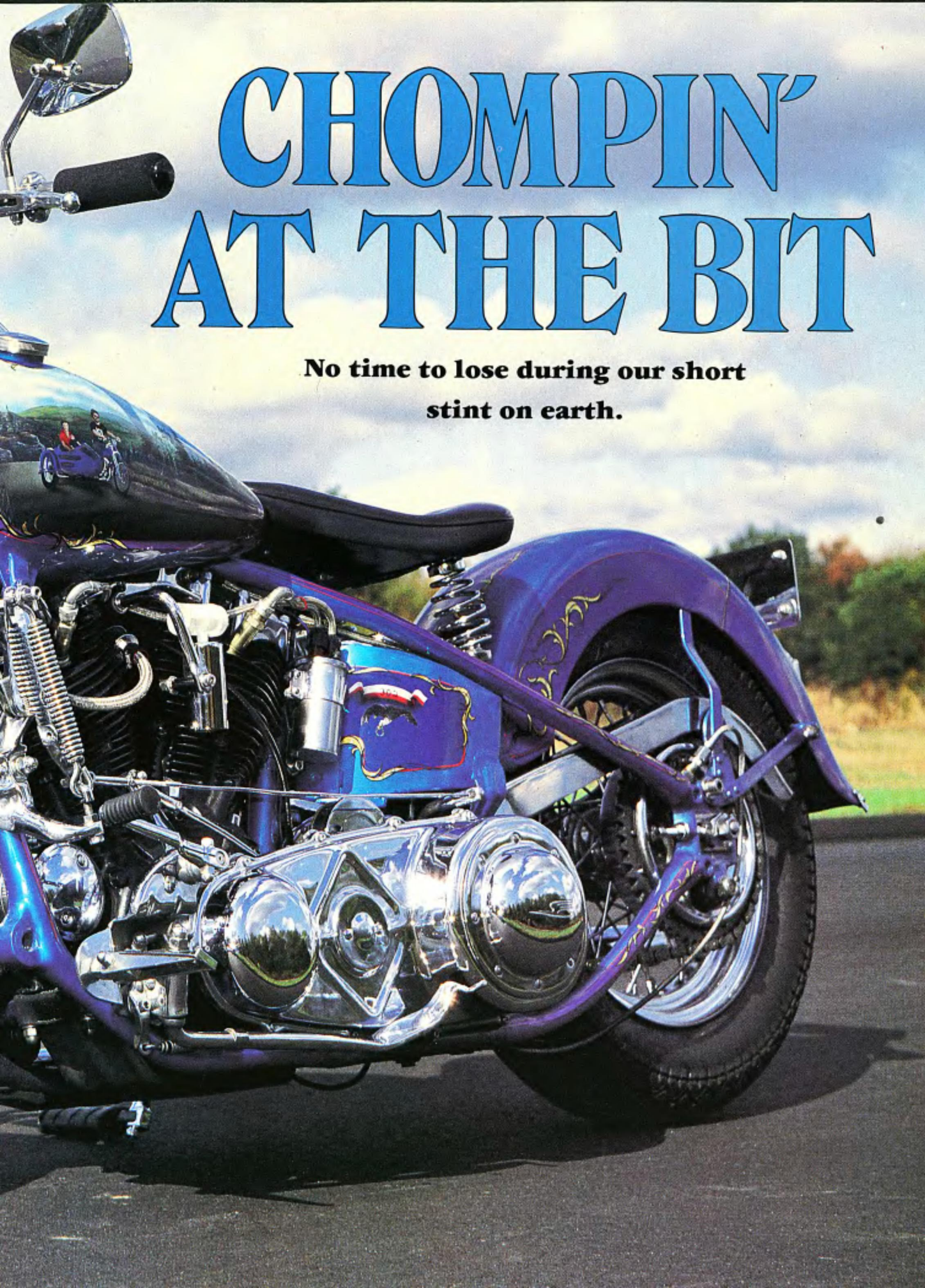
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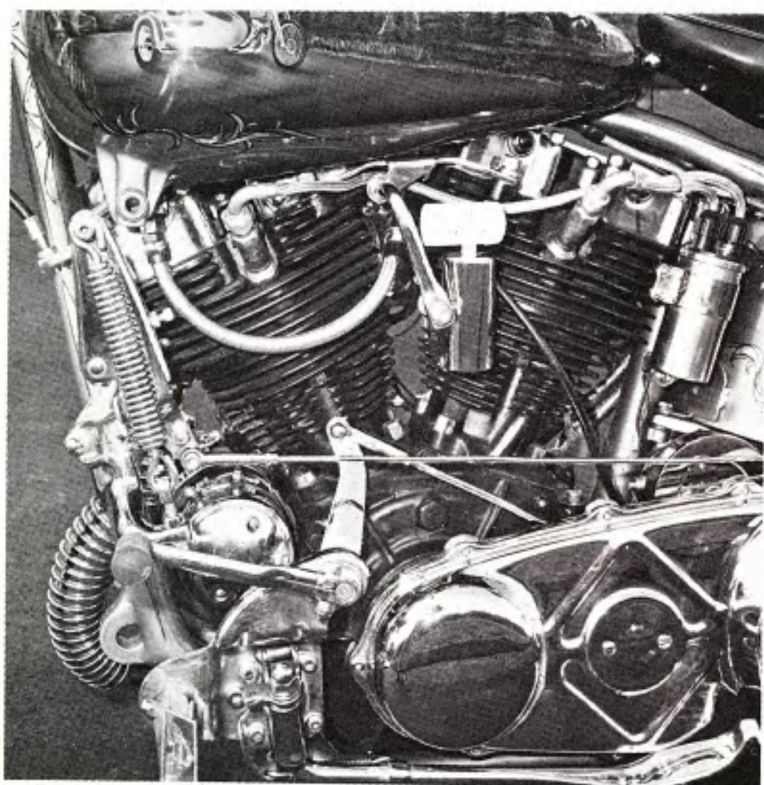
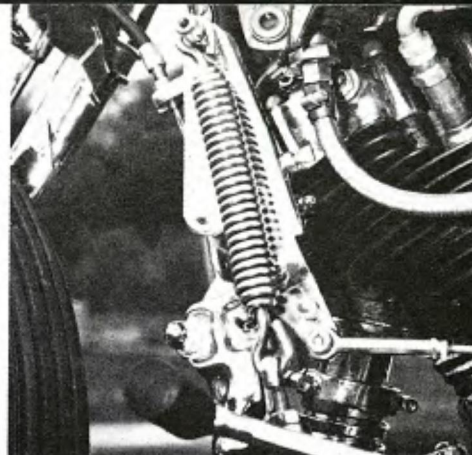


CHOMPIN' AT THE BIT

**No time to lose during our short
stint on earth.**





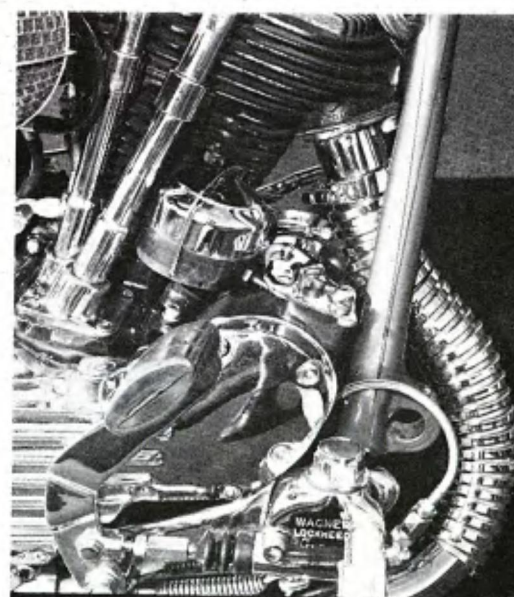


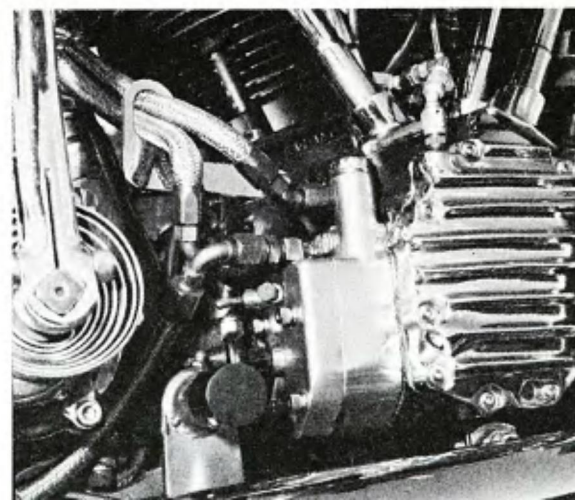
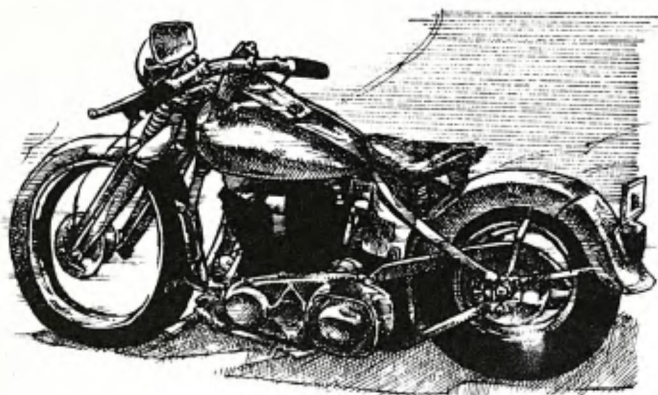
If yer like me, then things never seem to happen fast enough or soon enough in life. I mean, we're only on this hunk of rock for a few score orbits. So why spend a fatbobful of time patiently gazin' at something when you could be grabbin' it? Why dilly-dally around when you could be doing it? Why ask permission first when you could ask forgiveness afterwards? After all, a bush in the face is worth a dozen in the imagination. A putt around the block on a newly-built sled beats six hunnert miles of mind-trippin'.

Of course, it sometimes takes time ta do things right. Whether

it's whittlin' a custom part from a billet of solid aluminum, or scroungin' in old barns for genuine, original parts, or selling yer body for a set of late-model heads, Rome wasn't built in a day. BUT, at least you can truncate matters (Ed. note: he throws these words in sometimes to show a little class.)

Take this bobsled here. Rich, the owner and builder, has been scheming, dreaming, and collecting special stuff for years to build his idea of the ultimate sidehack setup. But rather than waiting until the whole rig was ready for the road, he's already got the two-wheeled portion on the road and screaming.





Owner: Rich Krasun		City: Montville, Connecticut	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Custom Creations		Year: 1955	
Year and make: 1955 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: FL		Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: \$12,500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 4½ years		Other alterations: rebuilt front loops	
Chroming by: Melric Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: 15 degree drag	
Year: 1951		Risers: Flanders dogbones	
Model: pan/shovel		Fender(s): stock rear w/trim	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: K-D	
Ignition: aircraft plugs		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: late FL	
Lower end: rebuilt		Front pegs: H-D wings	
Balancing: factory specs		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .020 in. over		Electrics: 6-volt; relay eliminator	
Cases: flat black		Gas tank: early 3.5-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: 1966 shovel		Oil tank: stock wraparound	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: late model pump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s) 38mm Mikuni pumper		Seat: Gary Bang solo	
Air cleaner: Ram-Flo/Alphabet's		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Alphabet's/Rich C.C.		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): turbo glass-packs		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1951		Extension: none	
Shifting: ratchet lid		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 22		Special features: chromed, rebuilt	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Rich Custom Creations		Hub: star	Hub: star
Painter: Rich Krasun		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy cobalt blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: polyurethane lacquer		Brake: mechanical	Brake: juice
Special paint: gold leaf, artwork, murals by owner			
Other special modifications: braided oil lines, axle plates, solo seat mounts, socket head screws, hydraulic brake light switch, sidecar mounts, leather fatbobs cover, center head oil feed, mount for tool box.			

A lotta the time and care put into this sled was spent on combinin' the best of old and new. For an ol'-timer look, the scoot retains an early front end (springer with dogbones), original tool box, mousetrap, and three-and-a-half-gallon fatbobs. But it's been updated with a late 120mph speedo, pumper carb, shovel heads, and late oil pump. Braided aircraft stainless lines are used for oil, gas, brake, and ignition, and the electrics have

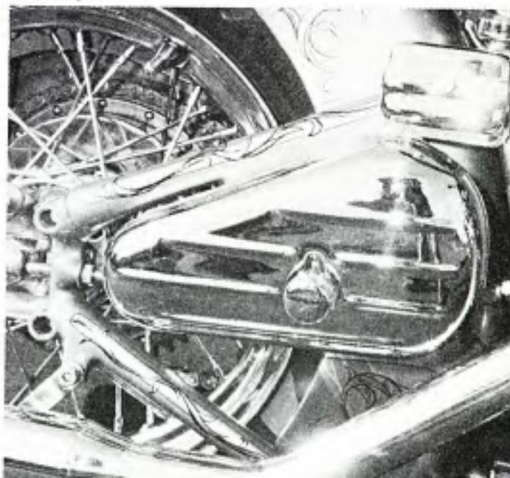
been simplified with a relay eliminator.

In fact, Rich likes the riding, handling, and general operation of this lowdowner enough that the chair may be gathering dust in the packing crate forever — or at least until its current rider is too old to hold this thing up at stoplights. But don't despair if you're a sidehack freak. Jes' gaze into the gas tank mural for a glimpse of the future. . .

—Quick-draw



Photos by Jake



LEAVING TIME

It was good last night, too damn good, I think. Came real close to throwin' down my jiffy stand, real permanently like, next to her li'l farmhouse. Some of you know what I'm talkin' about; you younger bucks'll learn. After a few years, it gets harder and harder to say adios. Especially after a few laid-back months like these have been. She's a good broad. Done her best to make this ol' tramp feel at home. A man can get used to three squares a day, clean skivvies, and a woman that screws like a wild mountain lion. Last night she was like every chick I'd ever known, all rolled into one hot, purring woman. . .and winter's comin' on. Damn!

Ol' Man Time must ride some mean stroker. Seems like every year he twists the wick a little harder. Sure doesn't seem like seven months ago I strolled into that little roadhouse deep in the Missouri Ozarks. I'd been riding back from Daytona, only taking time to top off and grab a burger. The weather had been holding, the shovel was running cool, and I was figuring on jammin' straight through to Taos, but that last Bud sign was more than I could resist.

As it always goes, one led to six, and six led to twelve, so I was still holding down the bar stool when she came on her shift. I was half in the bag (long rides tend to lower my tolerance), but you couldn't miss that silky strut or those "Come on, daddy" nipples, straining to poke holes through her T-top. Guess I was in rare form, 'cause it didn't take long to sell her on the idea of takin' a walk the next time I checked my bike. We smoked a little and joked a little, and the rest, as they say, is history. Seven months, summer's about shot. . .damn.

The sun is just about to reach for second gear, leaving night in the dust and jammin' up a new day. As the light hits the valley, the trees explode with the colors of fall — yellow, gold, and flame, as if airbrushed by some great artist. As a lukewarm autumn sun sends blades of light across the porch, I can see that the cold front left a thin crust of frost on the leather of my old cobra seat. A shiver runs up my spine. October. I've always called this the leaving time. Not to be confused with "leafing time," when all the trees blush and drop their laundry. Nope, we're talkin' kiss the lass, move yer ass, down the pass, leaving time! The time when all good scooter tramps point their triple trees toward warmer climes. Nothin's more sorry-lookin' that some late-to-leave dude, profilin' like Hans Brinker on six inches of ice. I don't think that's why they call 'em sleds.

She's got a good pickup truck, though. I could tear down the scoot and get some long-needed maintenance done. Maybe grab a job in town and get that SU carb I've been droolin' over. I know that's what my shovel wants, and it would be a hell of a comfie winter.

While lost in these heavy ponderings, the roach I've been ignoring burns my fingers and snaps me out of it. I

take a final drag and flick it into the yard.

She'll be getting up soon — opening those saucer-sized eyes and shakin' the sheets off that fine body. The thought of it warms the cool morning air. It would be so easy just to go back in there, slide into that bed next to her warmth, and get lost in it till spring. A sharp breeze moves up the valley just then and moves me with a sense of urgency. You know the feelin'. Some critters get it, too. Take the old Canada goose; he knows. He lies around up in his Northern feeding grounds all summer, and man, it's friggin' paradise. Plenty to eat, lotsa puss, no assholes gunnin' for him — just fine. Then one day comes a Northern express right down from Santaland, chills him right down to his short feathers, and no matter how bad he hates to, he puts his back to the wind, his face in the sun, and he boogies. I know, men are different, ya say. Men aren't at the mercy of the seasons; they have the ability to make options for themselves, right? Wrong. Like the man said, "Ya are what ya are." I can't no more change than can that old Canada; we're pretty much the same, he

"A man can get used to three squares a day, clean skivvies, and a woman that screws like a wild mountain lion."

and I — brothers of the sun and wind. I look across the yard to my FL. The bags are packed, and my bedroll is lashed to the sissybar. Ya see, I already knew how this little debate with myself would end. I've had it countless times. It's just that each time it takes a little longer for the pros to outnumber the cons. I get up and make my way to my only real love. I'll not wake the one inside with a

goodbye. There will be no letters of explanation for her to find; none are needed. She knows what I am, what she meant to me, and also why I must go. 'Nuff said.

The morning sun floods her bedroom and wakes her from her dreams of him. They were alone together on a desert island. He was hers to love forever, and there were no highways upon which he could leave her. It was beautiful, she thinks. Becoming more awake, she is filled with need for him. She coos his name softly, huskily. She turns back the sheets so that her body might summon him to her. He would come to her soon, she thinks. "Baby, come see what momma's got." No reply. "Honey!" As if in answer, she is jarred upright by the thunder of two-inch drag pipes and the solid clang of first gear. She runs for the window, but the thunder is already beyond the trees and rolling along the hills to the south.

"Yes, perhaps it was only the thunder," she thinks. "I'll go down and find him sitting on the porch. He likes it there." As she stands at the bedroom window, her gaze shifts upward. To the west she catches sight of a flock of wild geese, their chevron formation slicing the wind towards the south. Again she hears the thunder, much farther now, and the geese seem to answer in greeting. She clutches the curtain to her. Her eyes fill slowly as the thunder brings on the rain. ■

BY GARY LEE ISBELL



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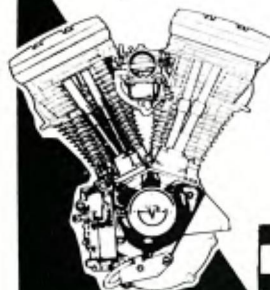
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KRAM

The Airbrush Man and His Lady, Beth



The brotherhood of motorcycling has dreams and inspirations associated with it. Many of us dream of the day when we can make a cross-country run (Rip's the only one here who's lucky enough to be able to live that particular dream every day), and many brothers would give their left nut to take their God-given talent and associate it with motorcycles.

Kram has both opportunities. As a kid, he started to draw. Too small at 5'5" to play football in his hometown in upstate New York, he concentrated on his artistic abilities until 1972, when he picked up his first airbrush at the age of seventeen. He worked for a custom cage builder in Detroit and for a custom painter in New York, and he began airbrushing on spare tire covers for vans.

After extensive experimentation, he perfected painting on leather, and with Beth at his side, he took his talent and love of motorcycles (his scooter was featured in *Easyriders*, December '85) on the road to every major run in the country. This coming year, he will tow his putt and Beth's '68 Sporty around the country.

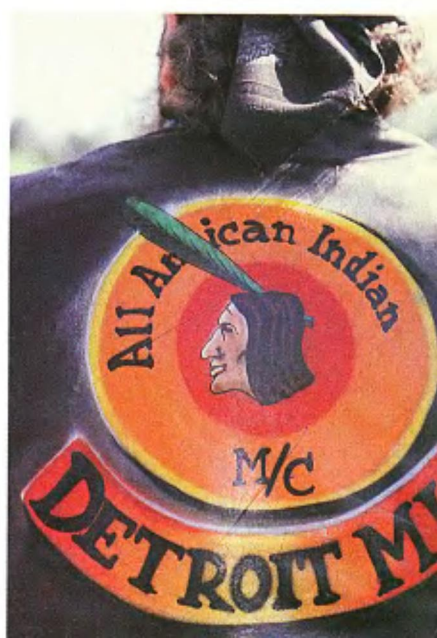
In the winter he paints bikes while snowed in, while Beth prepares the schedule for the spring.

He left his mark on the van for the Cossacks stunt riding team in Washington, and he was flown to Switzerland to paint for brothers there. He loves the life, his ol' lady, and so far, his Russian wolfhound. He thanks God daily for his ability and the people who enjoy his work. Look for his big van at runs with "Cross Country Colors" emblazoned on the back.

—Bandit

KRAM

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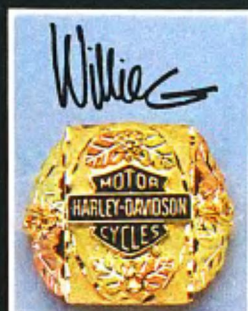
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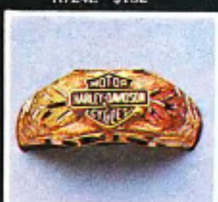
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HOLLISTER

July 4, 1947, Hollister, California — The Day We're



Forty years ago this past Fourth of July weekend marked a journalistic low for motorcyclists everywhere. Yes, Independence Day, 1987, was the forty-year anniversary of a red-letter day in yellow journalism — the day the “Battle of Hollister” occurred. An “invasion of celebrating motorcyclists,” trumpeted the *Hollister Free Lance*, not to be outdone by its northern big brother, the *San Francisco Chronicle* (with its own screaming headlines), which had sent reporter C.J. Doughty, Jr. and photographer Barney Peterson as witnesses and scribes for a brief but long-lived look at the alleged devastation taking place at the previously peaceful annual AMA Gypsy Tour event.

The infamous photo by Barney Peterson that boosted biker notoriety to new heights.

REVISITED

Still Payin' For . . .



The work of the two journalists has been tough to live down — ask any rider who's had to endure the snide, flippant remarks about "murdercycles," "his kind," long hair, and riding apparel. Thousands of busted noses are the bloody answers to them. Our troubles are, for the most part, due to the distorted, overly dramatized media mangling of motorcyclists, which we're celebratin' with this gala anniversary bash overview of Hollister, California — the place where we took a knockdown blow that's kept our images on the mat for forty years now.

The sensationalism that led to greater newsstand sales of newspapers through the use of blaring headlines was, in fact, a fabrication, backed up with "real"

photographs depicting the alleged debauchery, drunkenness, and the ol' media faves, rapin' an' pillagin'. The "culprits" had catchy names like the Boozefighters, Galloping Gooses, Yellow Jackets, 13 Rebels, Winos, Satan's Sinners, and Satan's Daughters — the original one percenters (as defined by an AMA honcho).

One particularly damning photo, showing a man propped up on a fatbob knuckle Hog, a true period classic, wavering back with a beer bottle in each hand, his ball cap askew, and a couple dozen beer bottles under and around the bike, was a dupe. A canard. Pure fiction. A debilitating set-up. Barney Peterson, the *San Francisco Chronicle* photographer, admitted as much later. But that was after it had run front page in

the *Chronicle* and full page in *Life* magazine, hitting its nearly five million readers smack-dab in the kisser with the unforgettable notion that these bikers were some really bad dudes.

To make greater impact with their story, Peterson had horsecol-

lared some rummy off the street and sat him on the knuckle (the rightful owner was probably inside Johnnie's Bar, poppin' a can of kickass), as a group of children stood around and watched the image-damning deed being done on celluloid. Two of the kids watching were Cliff Cardoza and Leonard Poletti, ironically the current and former mayors of Hollister. Cardoza, nine at the time, thought he had made the big time by being included in the photo, but alas, he was cropped out of the final print — no doubt by an equally unscrupulous photo editor who saw children as less-menacing, par-

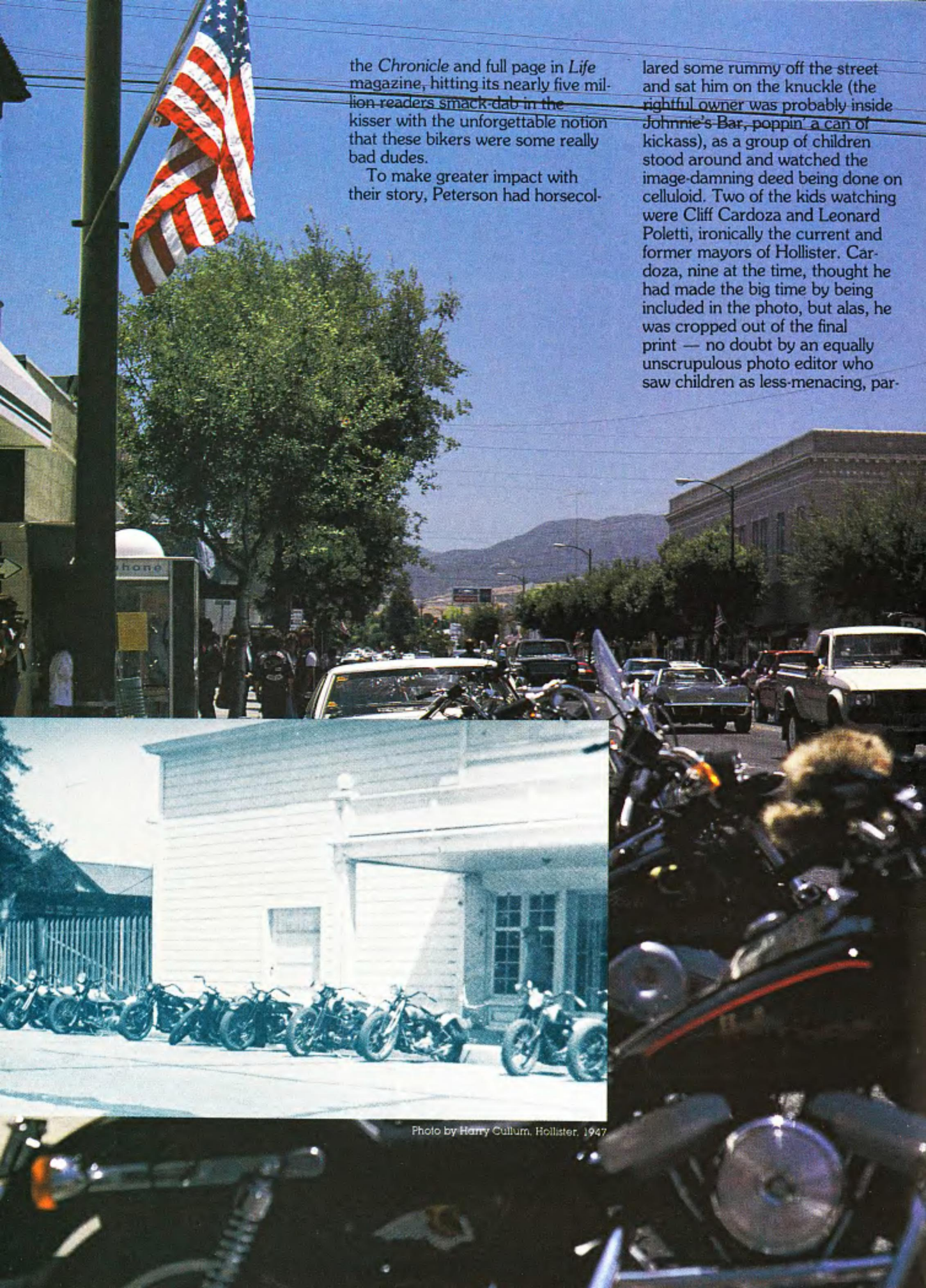


Photo by Harry Cullum, Hollister, 1947

ticularly since they were in no danger, and smiling for the photographer as the non-biker bimbo did his drunk act on another man's motorcycle. The photo ran the next day, and we've been paying for it ever since. So has Hollister.

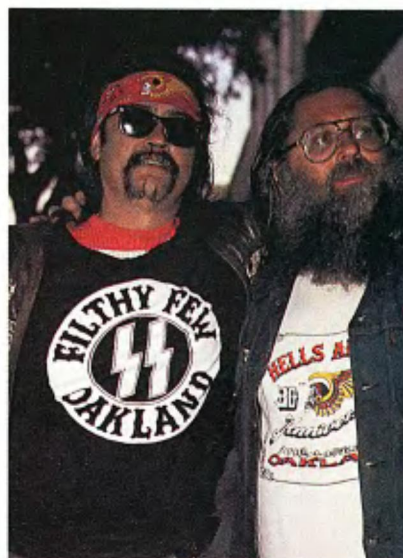
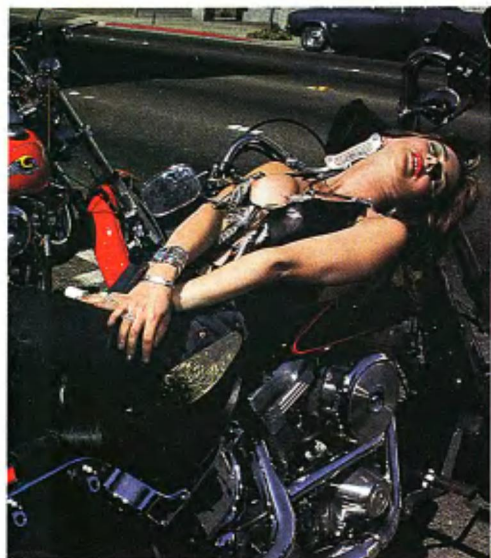
This was long before bad meant good — when guys wore plain white T-shirts, minus logos and corporate advertising messages. The resulting "news" story also generated a fiction story, "Cyclists' Raid," by Frank Rooney, which

was the basis for *The Wild One*, another injurious image-masher, with Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin, in 1954.

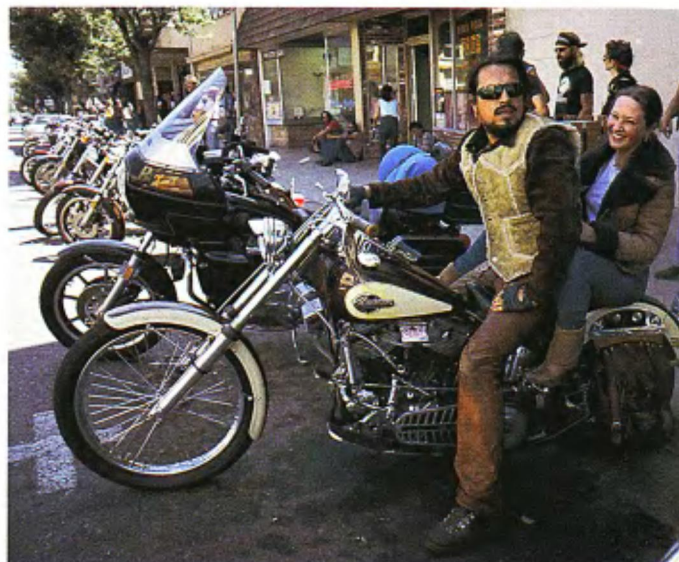
There is no disagreement that a lot of crazy, off-the-wall things went down in the day-and-a-half of reverie that catapulted Hollister onto the map and into the conscience of America and the world. These were guys just returned from a world war, some out for the first time with their reunited buddies, taking advantage of a small town's

hospitality, getting drunk and showing off on their bikes by doing wheelies, donuts, and burnouts on the main drag (San Benito Street), which, as was usual during previous years, had been voluntarily closed to non-bike traffic by the city for the bikers. It was their moment in the sun and suds.

Leonard Poletti, sixteen at the time, relates his feelings about the day. "It was exciting seeing all those motorcycles; there were more bikers than townspeople. We



HOLLISTER REVISITED



Photos by Linda Barbour

Extra raisin pie to Linda Barbour and John Cameron for their additional contributions in background reporting in this article.

only had about four thousand living in town then. It was a wild free-for-all, with bikes racing up and down the street and in and out of Johnnie's Bar. There was a lot of trash, a real mess, but nobody hurt the locals."

This had been a traditional AMA Gypsy Tour stop during the Independence Day holiday weekend prior to World War II. Towns competed to get the tour, knowing the money they'd make. There were planned, sanctioned events, including hill-climbs, slow races, plank riding, and a "digout race," all culminating with a big Sunday wrap-up of flattrack and TT races. On Friday morning the hill-climb took place. Obviously the bikers were whipped up with the thrill of Harley and Indian power — with that, and with the camaraderie between themselves, who, by the way, had to be feeling pretty good, with their military severance pay and the knowledge they didn't have to pick up the bodies of their partners, or be on the lookout for the enemy.

The "mess," as it is so often described by townspeople who were there, occurred primarily in the downtown center Friday afternoon through Saturday morning. Part of the "heavy" stuff involved toilet-papering a hotel. There was no jail-break, as was reported. There also were no guns or knives involved. Back then, according to one

Boozefighter, "everything was done with knuckles." When the police came on the scene Saturday afternoon, armed with tear gas, that pretty much wrapped up the proceedings. The revelers kicked over their Hogs and hit the highways out of town, probably figuring they'd tied on one helluva humdinger.

Although there was nearly a ton of trash and bottles picked up by the Hollister city crews afterwards, all interviewed agreed that *The Wild One* overdramatized and greatly sensationalized the event. As Poletti says, "it was one big free-for-all, but nowadays the Hells Angels and bikers in general do a lot of good that goes unnoticed — benefit runs and so forth."

Hollister Police Chief Wayne Purves was five at the time and remembers "a lot of noise." Purves himself rides, without a helmet, citing that "they give me a headache," and he adds that "bikers don't cause any more trouble than anyone else." Purves says the locals don't think about the "Hollister Invasion" too much anymore, and "people don't panic if they hear a motorcycle or feel a tremor." But the media sure panicked, or was it just good business?

This past Fourth of July holiday, a group of motorcycle enthusiasts, led by, but not limited to, the Hells Angels, went back to Hollister to pay their respects to both the town and the symbolism of those days of

innocence and hell-raisin' characters like Red Dahlberg, Wino Willie, and Kokomo. It was quiet, a stark contrast to the beer-bottles-in-the-gutters gala of yesteryear. Business was booming at Nino's Pizza, Johnnie's Bar (still standing), the local motels, gas stations, markets, and restaurants. Nobody complained about the dollars being rung up in tills all over town.

But of course, the media were at it again. This time a reporter from the *San Jose Mercury News* called Chief Purves, trying to get some dirt, inquiring about the doings and goings-on in Hollister, what with all them scurvy bikers rollin' in and all. The chief didn't give 'em any fodder to fill their headlines. What they could've found if they'd checked honestly were people having an enjoyable weekend traveling on the roads, visiting a quaint California town that would just as soon forget the media rendition and the resulting image it stung the town and motorcycling with. Hollister would prefer to be known solely as the "Earthquake Capital of the World," as they do sit directly on top of the San Andreas Fault.

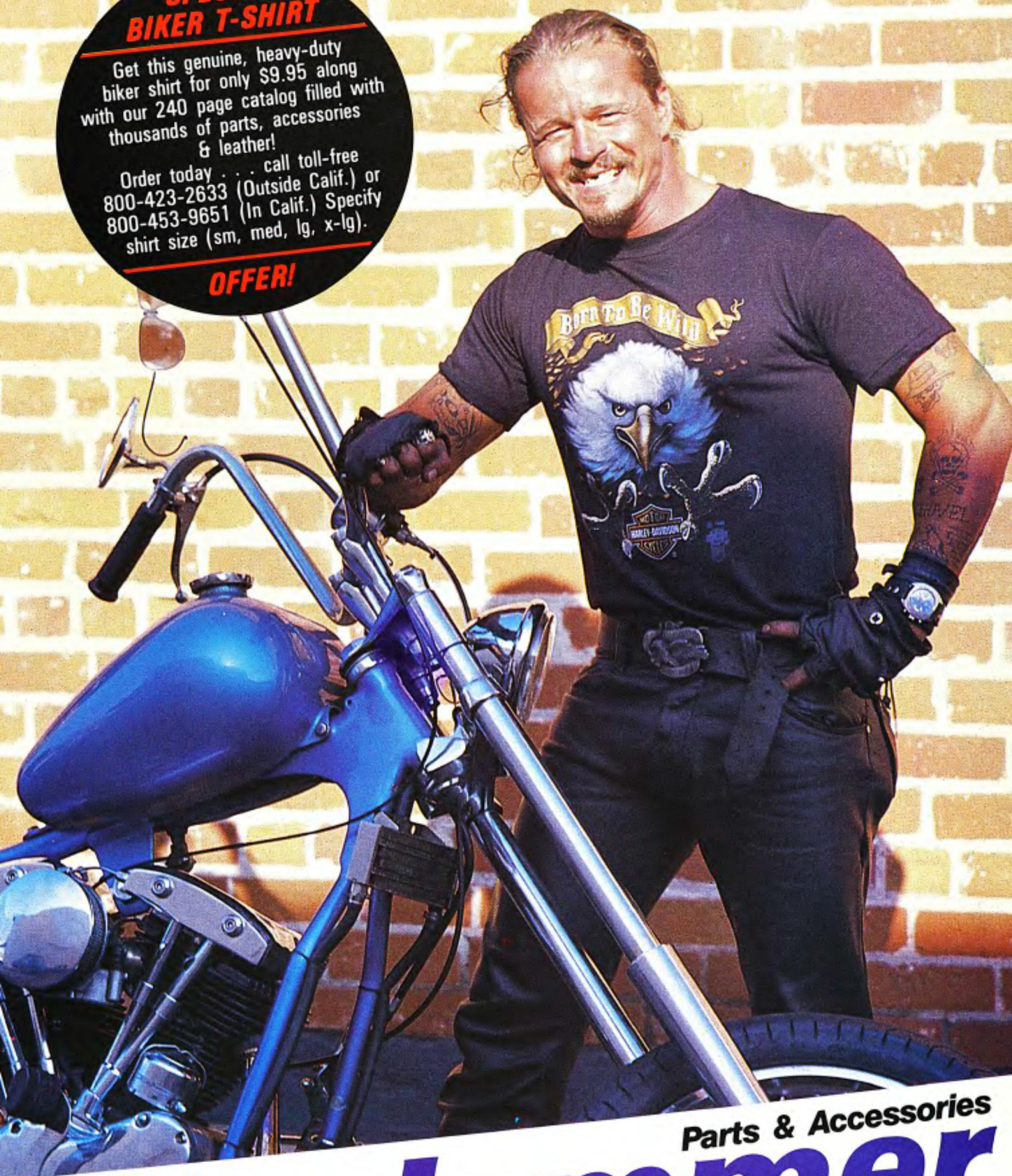
The media tremor of '47 still exists. Now we are attempting to repair that jolting action, shim down the shakes, and get on with the business of just being bikers. Riders to the end. Enthusiasts for the sun and puttin' with the wind on our faces forever. ■

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LICENSE PLATES WITH HEART

With the advent of personalized plates, we now have the opportunity to... aw, screw it. You know what, since we got back here, Bandit's been so busy kickin' ass that he asked *me* to scribe something for Mike Lichter's plate photos. What the fuck am I supposed to say? You can see 'em, I can eyeball 'em, Cisco doesn't like 'em, and Weed thinks they're a trip an' keeps buggin' the DMV to have 'em put "Super Fast Shovelhead" on his without abbreviating it.

—Renegade



Photos by Michael Lichter

EDGE COMPANY KNIVES

PRESENTS THE

WIN A HOG! SWEEPSTAKES

GRAND PRIZE:

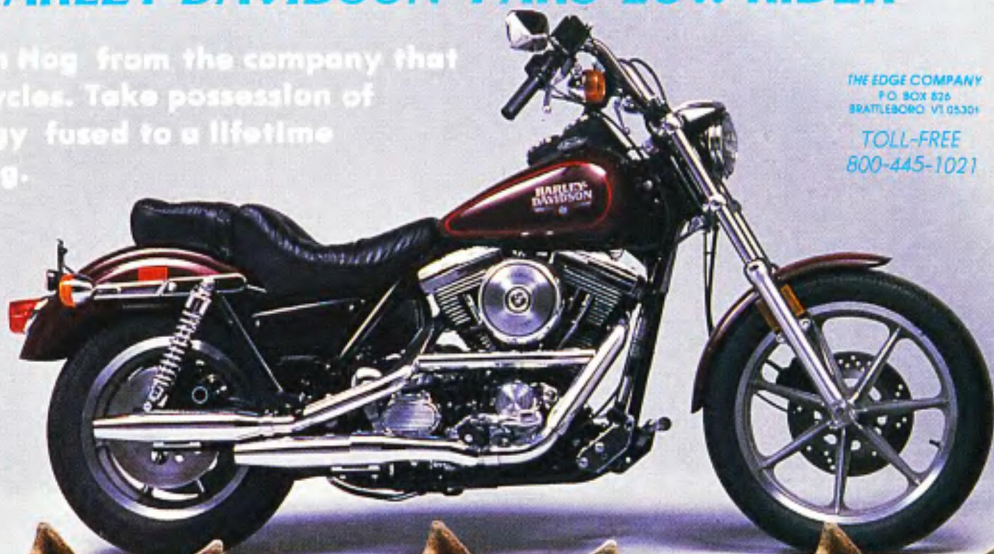
THIS 1988 HARLEY-DAVIDSON FXRS LOW RIDER

The classic American custom Hog from the company that wrote the book on motorcycles. Take possession of the latest Harley technology fused to a lifetime of traditional Harley styling.

Charge past your bros on 1340 cc's of V² Evolution power! This Harley FXRS LOW RIDER retails at \$9,300 — it could be yours absolutely free!

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Brass lined,
Side Opening,
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Red, White,
and Black.



2nd
PRIZE

3rd
PRIZE

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PRIZE

OR A THOUSAND BUCKS (\$1,000) CASH!

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A HOG
Sweepstakes,
and also send
me these
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MODEL _____ QTY. _____ MODEL _____ QTY. _____

MODEL _____ QTY. _____ MODEL _____ QTY. _____

I'VE ADDED \$1.50 FOR SHIPPING, HANDLING, AND A COLD BEER; AND ENCLOSED A FAIRLY GOOD CHECK - OR, USE MY VISA OR MC:

VISA/MC _____

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world. Olive Drab
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Automatics
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Bootknife with double
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Genuine Horn Handle
With spring clip Leather
Boot sheath. 9 1/2" with
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OFFICIAL RULES

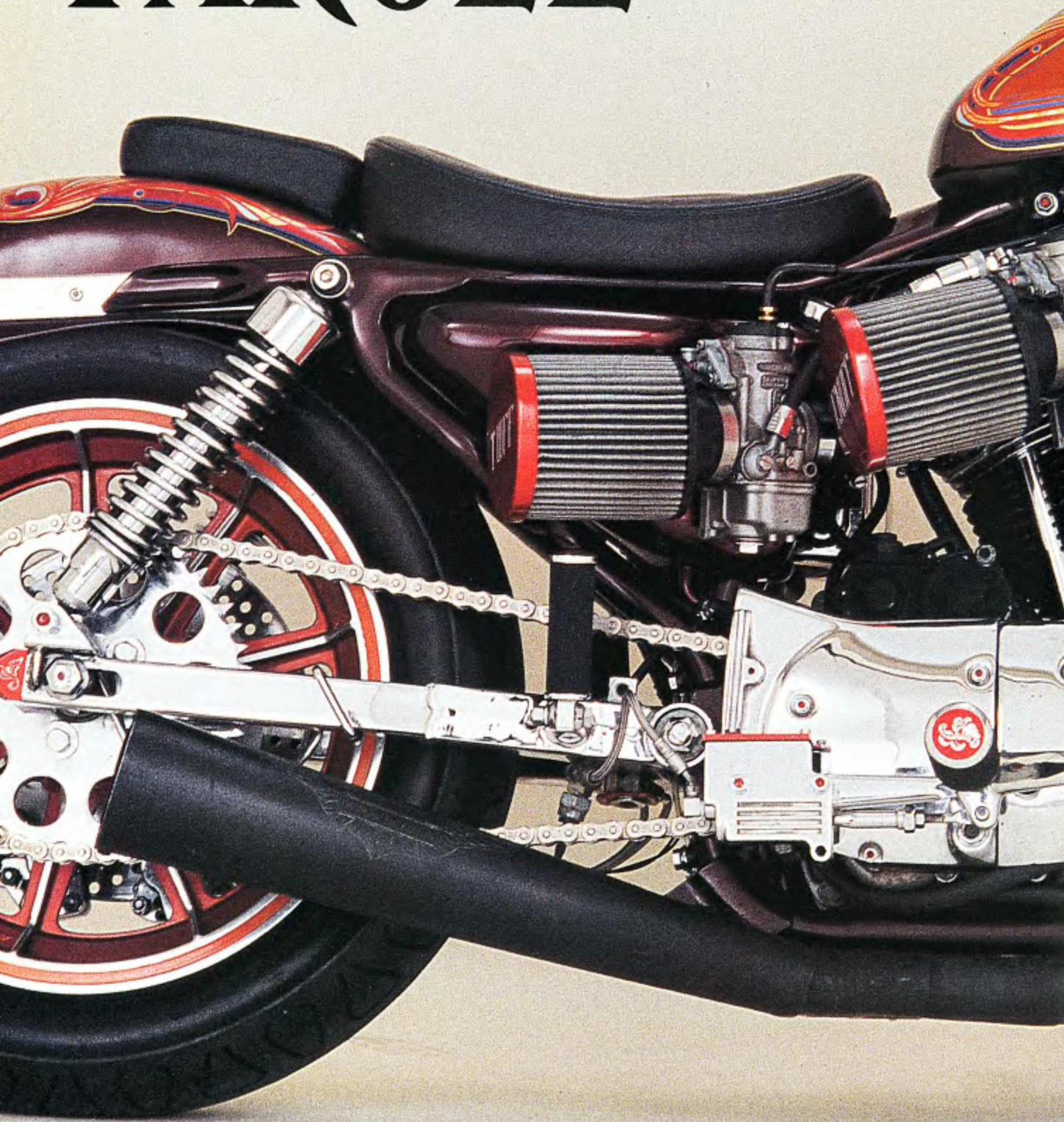
1. No Purchase Required. Fill out The Edge Company WIN A HOG Sweepstakes Order Form/Entry Coupon on this page and mail to: The Edge Company, WIN A HOG Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 826, Brattleboro, VT 05301. Order Form/Entry Coupons must be postmarked by February 29th, 1988. You may also enter by hand printing your name, address, zip code, and your Edge Company Knife selection(s) on a plain piece of 3"x5" paper and mailing as above. No purchase required, enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
2. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted on or about April 4, 1988 by an independent judge, whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail, and will be asked to sign a statement of eligibility.

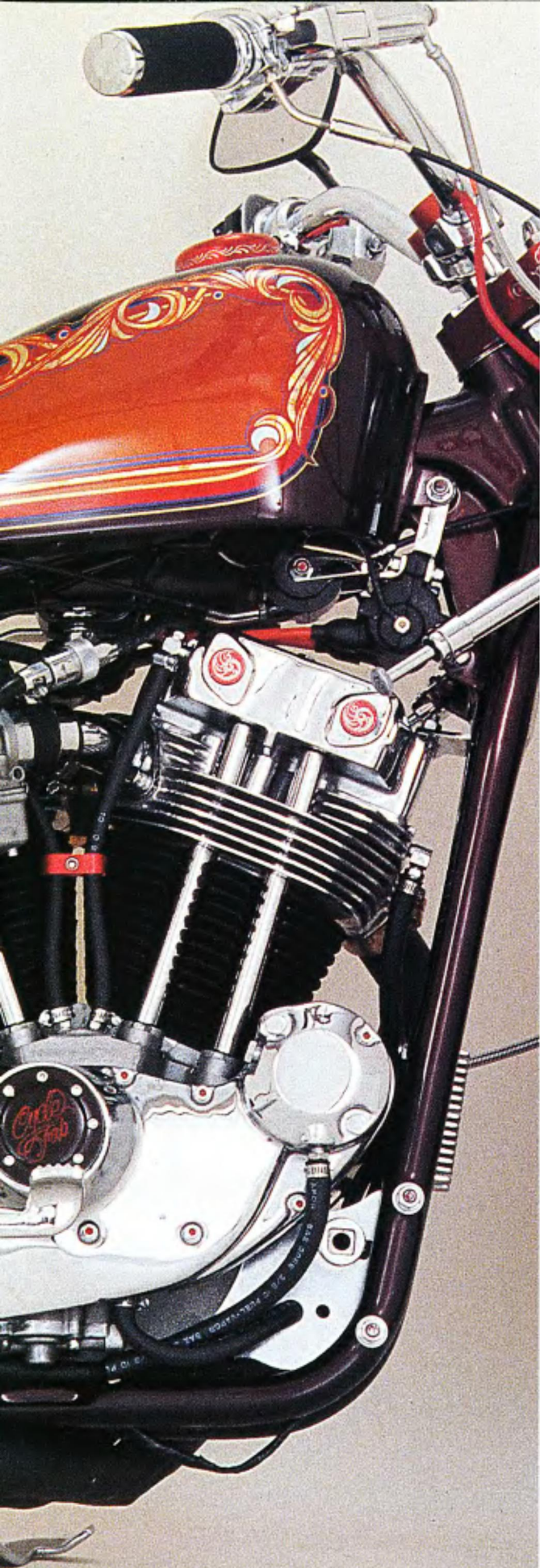
which must be returned within 21 days of receipt or alternate winners will be selected at random. All federal, state and local laws apply. Sales taxes, licenses, and any options are the responsibility of prizewinners. All prizes will be awarded.

3. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States 18 years of age or older. Employees and their families of the Edge Company, Harley-Davidson, the independent judge, any affiliated companies, advertising, print, and production agencies are not eligible. Void where prohibited by law. For a list of prizewinners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Edge Company, HOG prizewinners, P.O. Box 826, Brattleboro, VT 05301.

EDGE COMPANY KNIVES; RUGGED, INDEPENDENT, TOUGH AND GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

HAMSTER ON PAROLE





When we call to rap with the owner of a scooter, there are two responses we don't want to hear: he's gone down or is hurt (I won't go beyond road rash), or he's in the joint. Jimmy Leahy, this XR-1000 owner and a founding father of the Hamsters MC, is currently doing time for parole violations — after he gets out, he'll still be on parole until 1996. Tough not to smoke a joint for twelve years.

The irony is how he got popped. Seems Jimmy lived high on the hog, complete with a luxury apartment — looked suspicious. Well, Jimmy had a young daughter, and he decided she could handle a pet, so he got her a rabbit. He loved this kid, and the kid fell in love with the rabbit. But the critter needed an abode, a pad or cave — somewhere to crash.

So Jimmy took his van down to the local shitkicker store and scored a bale of hay, which they gift wrapped in a burlap bag and sent him home. About 2 a.m., he slid his van into the carport, and Jimmy the biker threw this gunnysack over his shoulder and headed inside.

So far so good. Except between Jimmy and his kid, they decided they needed another bale. He made the same trip the next day — cool. The kid and the rabbit were in enough hay to feed a herd of stallions.

It was late, carryin' bales of hay wasn't light work, and he was kickin' back when the reflection of Blue Knight lights began flickerin' in the windows. Checkin' it out, he discovered some of Brockton's finest jackin' up a dude against his van. So Jimmy bolted to investigate what was comin' down.

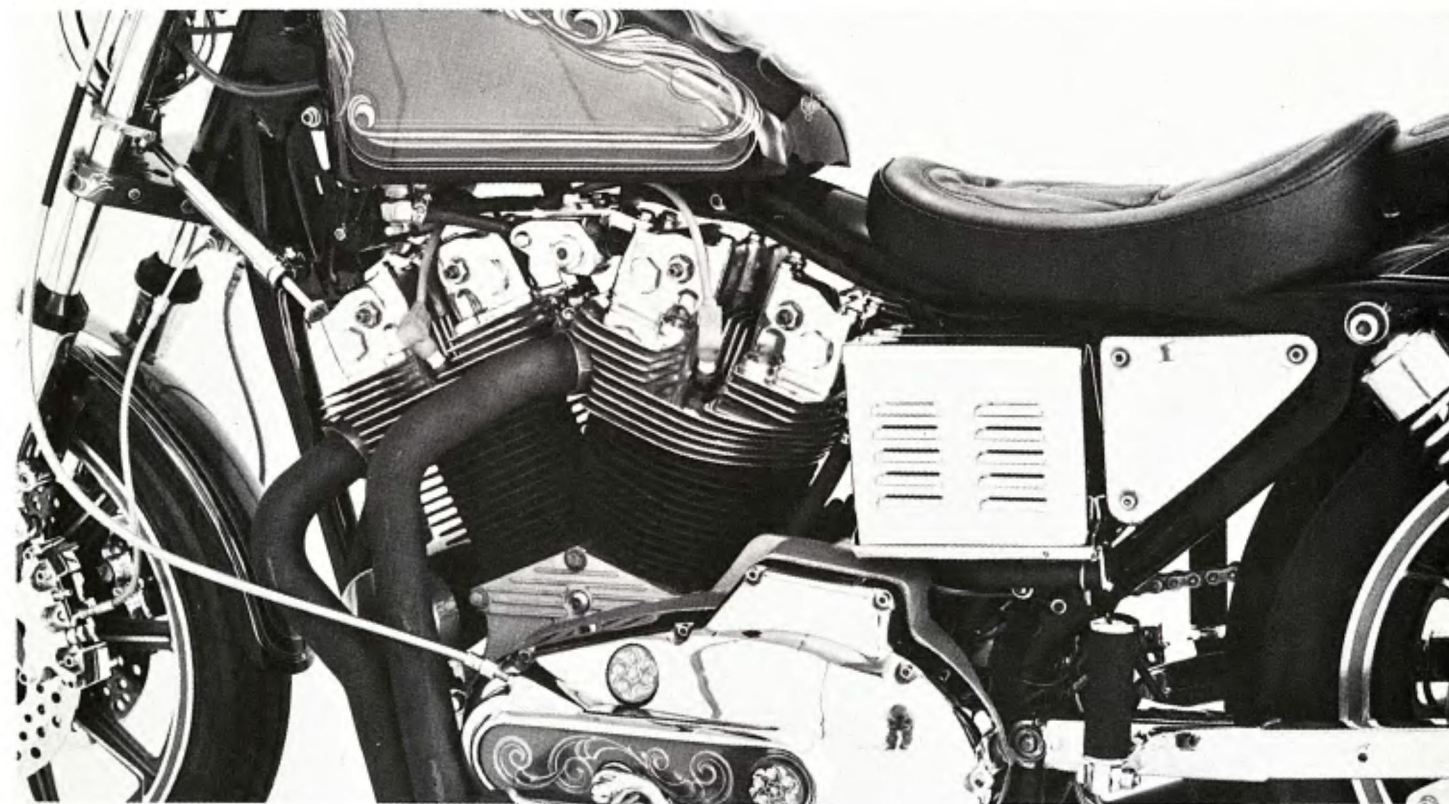
Never bolt to investigate what The Man might be up to. Twenty or so men in blue were concealed around the parking lot. When the Hamster showed, they thought they had made a major pot bust. They tore his place apart — nothin' but hay. They brought in the dog. He chased the rabbit. But they finally violated him on account of a piece he had, and so Jimmy's in the joint once again.

But from all the Hamsters and the brothers here at *Easyriders*, we send our regards and hope he's out for Daytona next year.

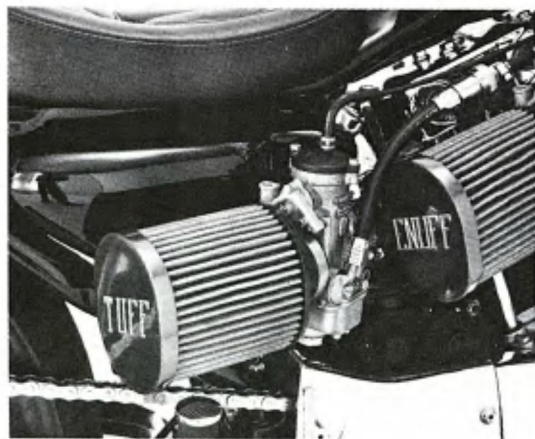
—Bandit

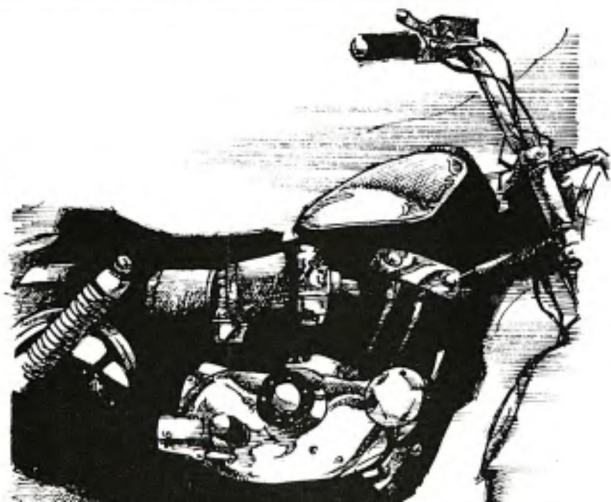
more photos next page





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Jim Leahy		City: Brockton, Massachusetts	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Cycle Fab./owner		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: XR-1000		Type: XR	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Cycle Fab./owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: rear shock mounts	
Chroming by: South Shore Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1983		Risers: stock	
Model: XR-1000		Fender(s): stock front, Ness rear	
Rebuilder: George Korey		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: Bates	
Displacement: stock		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: by George		Rear pegs: stock	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: Cycle Fabrication	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: stock	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): XR		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Dell'Ortos		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Supertraps		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): Supertraps		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: glide	
Year: 1983		Extension: 2 in. under	
Shifting: stock		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: aluminum trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Don Perewitz		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Dave Perewitz		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM4
Color: Brandywine and Tangerine		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Roy Mason			

Easynews

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

A Short Quiz For Would-Be And Experienced Bikers

You've worked hard all week. Friday night has finally arrived, even though this week has had sixteen working days in it and each one has been twenty-five hours long. But that is all behind you now. Your mind is only on one thing now: the trip you're going to take on your bike tomorrow. It doesn't matter that you're pressed for time and only have one day to yourself, because you know that the few hours you have on that bike are going to make all that hard work and frustration of the past week fade away.

However, if while on your journey someone pulls out in front of you, and you end up in the hospital because you didn't have time to react and avoid the collision, where does that leave you?

In deep shit.

In reality, though, it wasn't

the jerk who pulled out in front of you who caused the collision. But for the moment we'll give you the benefit of the doubt, because there is one time in every hundred you might not have time to react. The hard truth is, in the other ninety-nine, you had time to react and didn't.

Let's take that short ride again, the one that put you in the hospital.

You are entering a curve at a reasonable speed, and you see nothing in your path until you're halfway through the curve, and then suddenly there's a tree two feet in diameter that fell during last night's storm. Do you know how to stop?

Now let's enter the same curve and we're really cooking, the wick is turned up, the pegs are almost touching. Do you know how to stop in time?

We are now traveling down a straight road and suddenly, as if from out of nowhere, a cow appears dead in front of you. Can you stop quick enough? You hit the rear brake too hard and lock up the rear wheel. What now?

Five minutes later, we come over a rise, and there is a highway truck in the middle of the road, doing some patchwork. This time, we can't stop because there isn't enough time or distance. Do you know what to do?

You come into a long, decreasing radius turn. Your speed seemed just fine, but you now realize this turn gets tighter and tighter, and you find yourself in deep shit again. What do you do now?

And then the jerk that put you in the hospital pulls out in front of you. You were not going too fast — maybe 20-25mph — but he pulls

out when you're only 15-20 feet from him. Do you know why you hit him? There are many possible reasons. Do you know what they are?

If you didn't know the answers to these questions and know how to use the answers, you are a rider programmed to be a victim. And if you did know the answers and how to use them, there are more questions you probably can't answer.

This isn't *Cycle Guide*, *Road Rider*, or *Motorcyclist* magazine, where you'll get the answers next month.

You want the answers so you can stay alive and healthy. Sign up today for a Motorcycle Safety Course. The life you save will probably be your own.

—Art Burk
ABATE of Indiana

Pennsylvania Bikers Continue Their Fight For Repeal of Keystone State Helmet Law

Recently the dedicated Blue Mountain chapter and the Mason-Dixon chapter of ABATE in Pennsylvania took 600 of their closest friends to the capitol in support of House Bill 813 and Senate Bill 305, which would restore freedom of choice in the Keystone State.

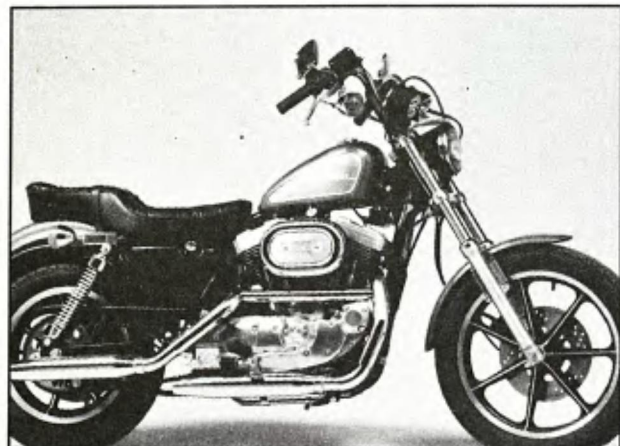
State Senator Clarence D.

Bell (R-Media) sponsored the repeal. It's co-sponsored by Rep. William H. DeWeese (D-Waynesburg), who joined the rally in support of the repeal. Even the local police chief afforded riders slack when they arrived at the capitol with their hair in the wind.

Keep the momentum up, brothers.



Harley Highlights



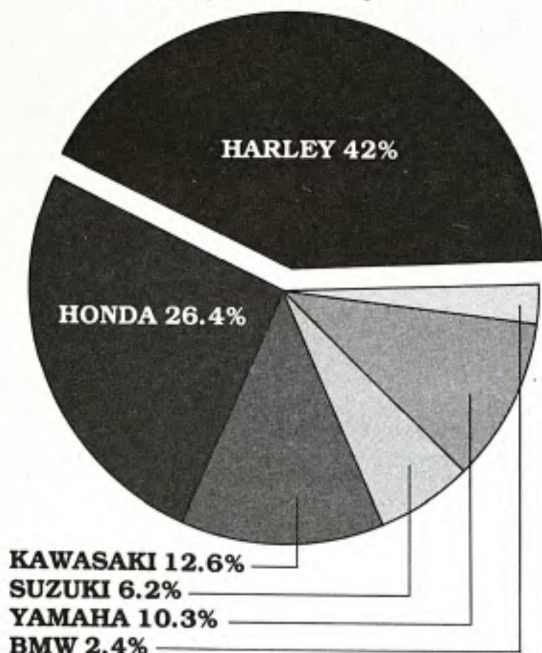
1200 Sportster In '88

For you riders who have the bucks burning in your pockets for a new '88 H-D, we have a couple of teasers, but first I'd like to tip my beer mug to H-D for a job well done. Not only are they building the stylish, American scooters we want to ride, but they're kickin' ass on the Oriental competition.

The hottest new item this

year is the 1200cc XLH, which puts an end to the half-a-Harley stigma. All new sport models will have the 39mm forks. All brake callipers will now be American-made. Hotter cams throughout. All models can be ordered with the chrome-and-black engines. Anti-dive front ends are available. The list goes on, and so does our HD heritage.

851+CC MARKET SHARE Year-To-Date Basis Through February, 1987



FEBRUARY, 1987 Year-To-Date
Source: Business Planning Department

Harley-Davidson, Inc. Now Listed On New York Stock Exchange

Harley-Davidson is on a roll. Stir in some diversification, the styles we wanted to see and ride, and now the ol' Harley-Davidson factory is cookin'. On July 1, Harley-Davidson, Inc. was approved for the New York Stock Exchange, with the ticker symbol HDI. Last year H-D made it to the American Stock Exchange with its initial public offering.

According to Harley-Davidson, Incorporated, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer Vaughn L. Beals, Jr., the move "will provide Harley-

Davidson with improved market liquidity and visibility and will bolster our stature as a broadly diversified, international company."

"Being approved for listing on the New York Stock Exchange is a very major event for a company like ours," Beals said. "We're a revitalized company that has regained its competitiveness, regained the number one position in the U.S. super heavyweight market (850cc and above), and improved its market share on virtually every continent," he said.



A Vote For Rider Education

Hoss and Peg from Indiana ABATE's Region Three made a strong argument for rider education recently. In 1977 the helmet law was repealed in Indiana. However, from 1977 to 1979, fatalities rose, and the legislators once again began a drive against freedom of choice. But astute ABATE people Mike Bella, Squatter, and Wanda offered rider education in lieu of lid legislation, and since its passage,

the results have been remarkable. Fatalities have dropped considerably.

But Hoss and Peg have another two-pronged mission: first, to see the rider education opportunity expanded to include classes supported and sponsored by ABATE, and second, to encourage not only beginning riders to take the course, but to have even us old suicide-clutch, solo-seat, and high-bar maniacs check it out.

Iowa Governor Signs Motorcycle Rider Education Funding Bill

Governor Terry Branstad has signed legislation to establish the Iowa Motorcycle Rider Education Fund that will raise an anticipated annual \$260,000 revenue for motorcycle safety. The fund, obtained from a \$1.00 per year motorcycle license fee increase, will be administered by the Iowa Department of Education.

Iowa has had a motorcycle



Iowa Governor Terry Branstad

rider education program since 1975. A bill passed in 1981 provided for rider education but did not include funds to create training programs. With the passage of this new bill, the program will help establish new training sites and reimburse existing sites for their administrative costs.

According to Bob Roush, the Iowa Motorcycle Safety

Coordinator, "We've been working on this bill for three years. This funding should reduce student cost by at least one half. Hopefully more students will enroll in the course. It's a big shot in the arm."

Iowa now joins 26 states in enacting rider education legislation. These 27 states now generate \$9,154,500 for motorcycle safety annually.

Blaming Radar Detectors, Michigan's Governor Becomes First To Veto Speed Limit Increase

Because Michigan lawmakers refused to outlaw radar detectors, James Blanchard on July 1st became the first governor to veto a bill increasing the speed limit on rural interstate highways. Thirty-five other states have already raised speed limits to 65mph.

"After the legislature finally rejected a radar detector ban, we find it hard to believe that Governor Blanchard would be compelled to derail this important legislation because of an unrelated issue," said Janice Lee, president of the Radio Association Defending Airwave Rights, Inc. (RADAR).

RADAR, an advocacy group for radar detector owners and the businesses that make and sell the devices, has strongly argued that speed limits and radar detector use are two distinct issues that should not be considered in the same piece of legislation. After much wrangling and despite threats by the governor, the bill sent to Blanchard con-

tained no restrictions on radar detectors.

In vetoing the legislation the day after lawmakers recessed for the summer, Blanchard claimed the bill did not contain "adequate safety measures." "As I have said on many occasions, the use of radar detectors is dangerous and harms our efforts both on and off highways to protect citizens," he wrote in his veto message.

In response to the question of enforcement, Lee pointed out that a federal police radar training manual states that radar detectors do not seriously affect the effectiveness of radar.

Blanchard said he is optimistic the legislature will send him speed limit legislation containing radar detector restrictions and stricter penalties for speeders. "I still believe we can work that out, and I believe we can do it by the fall," the governor said.

RADAR, however, is urging lawmakers to put the issue to rest by overriding the governor's veto. "The governor is



holding popular legislation hostage with his unfounded accusations about radar detectors," Lee said. "Legislators will agree that the whole controversy has taken up too much of their time this ses-

sion, and it's time to vote to make this bill law without the governor's approval."

For more information, write RADAR, 4949 S. 25A, Tipp City, OH 45371.

Cut The Cake In Connecticut



Photo by Mike Adeskevich

Somewhere in Manchester, there's a missing birthday cake, once belonging to Town Manager Robert B. Weiss. And somehow the heat came to rest on Rev. Robert W. "Kaiser" Hersberger, a leader of a local biker rights group. Kaiser wasn't about to take the rap, so he showed up at the next

council meeting, where the oven was definitely turned up. While playing Willie Nelson's "Crucifixion" song, he ran the town directors out of their chambers, then asked two plainclothes officers to escort him to the door so that if the water cooler happened to turn up missing, he wouldn't take the heat.

Missouri Helmet Scenario

Welcome to Missouri — check your guns, put your helmets on, fasten your seat belts, and leave all personal liberties and rights at the border.

Ed Dotson, Chairman of Freedom of the Road Riders (F.O.R.R.) told one of the most concise, clear, helmet law repeal scenarios I've read. Watch me blow it. Seems F.O.R.R. did some incredible, in-depth, documented research (with 100,000 bikers in Missouri, they make up only 3.3% of injury experience in that state), and they recruited several co-sponsors for HB358, their helmet law repeal bill. It passed the House Motor Vehicle Committee unanimously. On the House floor, it received 95 ayes against 52 nays. A fiscal report was initiated, and it concluded that there would be no fiscal impact — zip.

But somewhere between the Budget Committee and picking the violin as the state's official musical instrument, the bill was killed.

For more info on this exciting chain of disasters, write F.O.R.R., Box 801, Independence, MO 64052.



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 ¹⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes ³	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 ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflected. ⁵ Lights on if bike was made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ 1970 or newer bikes. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart is accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Malibu, 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
Sedona Scooter 2962 West Highway 89A, Sedona

ARKANSAS

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

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Armar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San 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., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
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
American Rider 19478 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach
Silvie's Cycle Salvage and Repair 323 N "P" St., Imperial
Bead Motorcycles 2240 B Del Monte Ave., Monterey

CANADA

Phantom Ranch 6815 104th Street, Edmonton, Alberta
Rider Motorcycle Accessories Box 1245, 420 Island Hwy., Parksville, B.C.

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
Heads of States 4407 N. Federal Boulevard, Denver

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K 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
Petty 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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Blue Ribbon Cycles 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna
HD of Savannah 2913 W. Broad St., Savannah
Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogechee Rd., Savannah
Banshee Cycle 2507 N. Lumpkin Rd., Columbus
Hartman Cycles Rt #5 Box 129, Canton

HAWAII

Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua
Smoking Scooter 74-5546 F Kailua 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
Napeville HD 25 W. Ogden Ave. #25, Napeville
Choppers Inc. #7 Waibel Road, Bartonville

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Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville

IOWA

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

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

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

LOUISIANA

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

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H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warner Dr. Cresaptown
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Dave Franks Motorcycle Sales 81 Bridge St., Salem

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Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
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Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
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HD of Suffolk County 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
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H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
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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
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Curly's HD Walkerston Shopping Ctr. Walkerston
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Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
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Streetside MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
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The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

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Nasty Cycle Repair Rd. #4 Box 184½, Slippery Rock
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Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish
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.



How to make paper dolls:
fuck an old bag.

—Sidewalk
Wheeling, W.Va.

After the movie, the biker packed his new bitch to his pad for a little fun and games. When he slid his hand under her shirt and grabbed her tit, she giggled and pulled her top off, an' the bro was immediately suckin' on her melons.

All of a sudden, the biker jumped up and headed for the bathroom, where he could be heard pukin' an' spittin' up a storm. "Damn, woman," said the biker as he returned to her side. "Didja just have a baby or somethin'? 'Cause yer givin' milk — an' sour milk, at that."

"No, I don't have a kid," she answered. "But another biker asked me that last week, so I went to have it checked out."

"Yeah, so what is it?" asked the bro.

"The doc said it's cancer."

—Dave Meredith
Medaryville, Ind.



"A gang-bang is fine, as long as you refer to it as group therapy."

What are invisible and smell like dog food?

Old people's farts.

—T.F.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Why don't Polacks eat M&M's?

'Cause they're too hard to peel.

—Christy Cluver
Watseka, Ill.



"Tammy, you're such a flirt!"

Two bros were hangin' out at the local watering hole, rating all the broads who came into the bar, on a scale of 1 to 10. An old graybeard biker, shitfaced to the max, was sittin' next to them, listening.

The first chick who came through the door — a foxy redhead — was given a relatively modest 7 rating by the bros. Hearin' this, the old biker raised his head, looked at the chick, and loudly pronounced her to be a 1. The two bros looked at each other, stunned.

In walked another broad, an' she was a blonde beauty in hot pants. Droolin', the bros rated her a 10. Again, the old biker next to them gave her a brief look, then loudly declared her to be a 2. The bros stared at each other, dumbfounded, figuring the old guy must have one hell of a culling rare.

Then a third chick walked into the bar, a real knockout: coal-black hair to her shoulders, long legs, tight ass, small waist, huge tits, and the hair and face of an angel. The two bros damned near fell off their bar stools, and they enthusiastically gave her a rating of 17, right off the scale.

The old biker glanced at her and said, "Naw, she's a 3."

This was too much. The bros asked him what the hell he was using as a guideline for his ratings.

"I'm rating them by the Anheuser-Busch scale," the old guy said.

The bros responded that they'd never heard of it; how'd it work?

The old biker nodded at the one rated 3 and said, "That one would take 3 Clydesdales to pull her off my face."

—Ron Berry
Fair Grove, Mo.



After an operation, a girl asked her doctor how long it would be before she and her boyfriend could resume sexual relations.

"I don't know," replied the doctor. "No one has ever asked me that question after a tonsillectomy."

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

The nervous young bride became irritated by her husband's lusty advances on their wedding night, and she told him severely, "I demand proper manners in bed, just as I do at the dinner table."

Laughing at his wife's formality, the groom smoothed his rumpled hair and climbed quietly into bed. "Is that better?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes," said the girl. "Much better."

"Very good, darling," whispered the husband. "Now would you please be so kind as to pass the pussy?"

—Sad Sack
On the road

It's obvious that God knew that women were to be the less intelligent of the species. That's why He gave 'em a couple of pointers.

—John Lischevski
Portage, Wis.



"Hey, great — looks like we arrived in time for happy hour!"

On their 25th anniversary, a biker took his ol' lady on a second honeymoon to the same place as their first — same motel, same room as on their wedding night. When they checked in, his ol' lady said, "Oh honey, it'll be just like when we got married!"

"Yeah," said the biker. "Except this time, it'll be me sittin' on the edge of the bed, screamin', 'It's too big, it's too big!'"

—Mousetrap
Sioux Falls, S.D.

"And my husband is very absent-minded," wailed the embarrassed bride to the marriage counselor. "Last night while we were getting it on, the doorbell rang, and without a word he jumped up to answer it."

"You mean he just got up and left you lying there?" the incredulous counselor asked.

"No, sir," she sobbed. "he took me with him!"

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.



"Well, dammit... they're your fuckin' rules, lady!"

Bein' in prison is like gettin' a good, slow blowjob — the closer ya get to discharge, the better ya feel.

—Hitler
Comstock, N.Y.



"I hate it when the herd gets diarrhea."

Dumptruck, a 380-pound biker, had a lot of trouble gettin' dates. His bros, however, found a 250-pound girl who seemed willin' to go out with him. Before their first date, his bros advised him to be nice to her at first.

"Compliment her on somethin'," they said. "Chicks always like to hear good things about themselves." Dumptruck decided to give it a try, an' he left to pick up the hefty honey.

His bros were surprised when Dumptruck returned less than an hour later, alone.

"What happened, man?" they asked him.

"I dunno," Dumptruck replied. "After walkin' her from her door to the bike, I took yer advice, an' she split. I told her that for a fat, ugly broad, she didn't sweat much."

—Boo
Sneads, Fla.



"Who the fuck farted?!"



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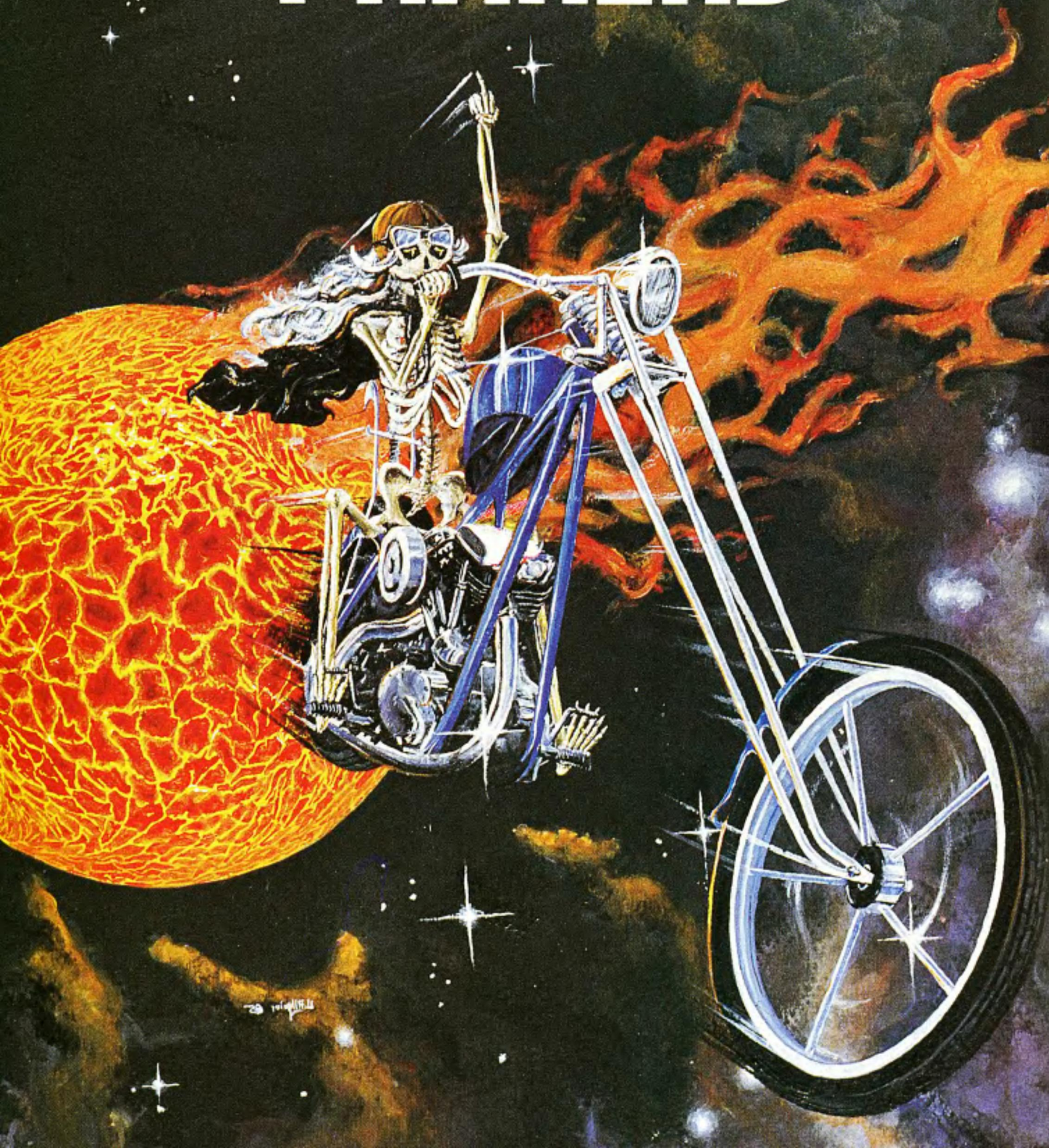
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AND ONE BLUE PANHEAD



It was the night after the funeral. Big Jim and his wife Susan had been buried that morning at eleven, and all of his bros were gathered at Chain's house for their version of a wake. Chain had been Big Jim's tightest bro ever since they celled together for two years of hard time. That was ten years and many miles ago.

The funeral had gone fairly well, as far as funerals go. Susan didn't have any people, so Big Jim's parents took care of the double burial. Although straight, both of them understood what brotherhood meant to their son, and they respected it. After the viewing by relatives, Big Jim's and Susan's bros and sisters paid their respects, each of them nodding once towards his mom and dad, who were standing at the head of both caskets with their arms around Susan's and Big Jim's four-year-old son.

Chain was first, with Big Jim's frayed cutoff in his hands. Bending low over the open top, he gently laid the jacket across Big Jim's stilled chest. "Not much to say, bro," he whispered. "I'll ride with you again one day." Straightening back up, he turned toward the casket on the other side, dropping his hand in to softly pat the clasped hands of the blonde woman who rested there. "Miss you, too, Susan. You were a righteous ol' lady." When Chain turned away, Becky, his ol' lady, stepped up to spread Susan's leather jacket over her folded hands.

One by one they came, more than a hundred of them, stone-faced bikers with their jaws clenched tightly shut until the muscles ached, and the biker's women with wet eyes. Most placed something in with their bro or sister: a patch, a run pin, a fifth of J.D., and one of them put in an entire gasket set for a panhead.

The procession to the grave site was led by sixty-three thundering Harleys and one '49 Indian, their lights on and all their riders with their helmets off, a black armband on every left arm.

At the cemetery, the bikers hung back while the family and relatives conducted their service with their preacher. When those in suits and ties began to leave, they were replaced by those in blue jeans and leather. After saying a few words at the graves, Chain tossed in his tattered copy of the panhead manual, and they turned as a group and began walking back to their bikes.

It was then that Big Jim's son broke away from his grandparents and ran into the group of bikers. With tears streaming down his young face, he began calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" while searching the faces of the men around him. Running up to each big man who had his back turned, he would pull on the bottom of his jacket, hollering, "Daddy! Daddy!" until the biker turned to face

him. The boy would look up through his tears into the eyes of the man, into eyes that were now unashamedly wet also, and the disappointment would be quickly mirrored in the child's face, and he would turn again to search the faces surrounding him. "Daddy, let's ride, Daddy. Time to ride!"

Chain stepped out in front of the boy and knelt down. The child looked into his face with a puzzled expression. "Where's Big Jim, Chain? Where is my daddy?"

"He's gone, son. He didn't wanna go, but he had to."

"And Mommy went with him?" the young boy asked.

"Yeah, little biker, she went with him."

Before the child could say anything else, his grandfather stepped to his side and took his small hand. "We have to go now," he said, as he gently turned the boy toward their car. The old man had one tear sliding down

his cheek when he started to his car with his grandson. After a few steps, he stopped and turned back to look at the biker.

"Chain," he said, putting his hand into his pocket, "I know that Jim would want his brothers to have this." He pulled out a yellow piece of paper and handed it to Chain. "I've had it signed over to you. You can pick it up and decide what to do with it." As the

man walked away with the child, Chain looked down at the paper in his hand — the title to Big Jim's bike.

A few hours later, Chain, Joker, and Chuck picked up Big Jim's sled, because they wanted it at the wake that night. After loading it in the back of Chain's truck, the trip was a silent one, each man lost in his own thoughts and memories. Backing the pickup into Chain's garage, they rolled the scooter down the ramp and let its kickstand down, parking it in the middle of the oil-stained garage floor after pushing Chain's knucklehead off to one side.

As the house filled that night with men and women who had known and ridden with Big Jim and Susan, each made his way at one time or another into the garage to pay homage to the midnight-blue panhead, the bike Big Jim had never really got to ride.

"Man," Chain said, standing beside a workbench with a cold beer in his hand and gazing at the Harley in the center of the floor, "I couldn't believe the amount of time Big Jim put into that bike. We'd built plenty before. Shit, we jumped up that rat shovel he was riding in less than two weeks, but this one was his, and he had somethin' in him that wouldn't let him take any help with it."

Chain shook his head and then brought the Bud can up to his mouth, tilting his head back and killing the beer that was left, then tossing the can into the pile that was growing in one corner of the garage. When his ol' lady

**"He's gone, son.
He didn't wanna
go, but he
had to."**

AND ONE BLUE PANHEAD



saw him glance in her direction, Becky left the small group of women she was talking with and walked over to the ice- and beer-filled trash can at the entrance to the kitchen. She plucked out another cold beer and stepped over to where her man was surrounded by six of his and Big Jim's tightest bros. As she handed Chain the brew, she heard Jimbo ask, "Well, he let you help with the cases, didn't he?"

"Nope," Chain answered, "I'm tellin' you, he wouldn't let me or anybody else do a damn thing, nothin'. I'd sit and watch, shootin' the shit, while Big Jim sat on a milk crate an' spent hours going over every inch of that pan. Once, his hand slipped off a ratchet, cutting a pretty good gash across two knuckles. He stood up and took off the gas cap an' let the blood drip into the fatbobs, telling me, 'You see, bro, I'm putting my blood into this one, the only Hog I've built completely by myself. This one is mine!' After that, I didn't ask to help again — just watched an' gave tips when I could, and gave him somebody to argue with about a belt drive."

By three in the morning, everyone had cleared out and left for home except for nine men and four women, those who had ridden and partied with Big Jim and Susan the most. The garage was locked, and the group was in Chain's large living room. The men were kicking back and telling their favorite stories of the good times they'd had with a bro who would never ride with them again, while the women were puttering around, helping Becky clean up and gathering in the kitchen to tell stories of their own, remembering the smiling face of a sister.

"Dammit!" Chuck said bitterly. "It just ain't right. Big Jim spent five damned months on that panhead and then got to ride it seven fuckin' miles. If he hadn't had that carb problem, at least he would have been able to put some miles on it."

"The run next week was gonna be his shakedown cruise," Chain said. That's what he told me five days ago, after he'd taken care of that two-throat an' got everything jetted like he wanted."

"Sonuvabitch!" Snake mumbled loudly from the couch. "If that asshole drunk that plowed into Big Jim's cage hadn't been DOA, then at least we coulda done somethin' about it. Now we can't do nothin', man, nothing! Sonuvabitch!"

Chain looked over at his bro on the couch and slowly shook his head. "No, we don't have any payback this time; that's just the way it is," he told them as he stood up and began to pace around the room. "We do have somethin' to deal with, though, and we might as well do some talkin' about it now. We have to decide what to do with Big Jim's Harley, an' I'm open to any suggestions."

"It was signed over to you, right?" Jake said from a corner, where he was slumped down against the wall. "You were Big Jim's running partner, too, so why don't you keep it? I don't think anybody will have a problem with that, right?" he asked, looking around the room and getting nods from the men around him.

"Hold on," Chain told them, one hand raised in the air to still the assenting murmurs making their way around the room. "I don't want it; I've got my knuckle and I'm gonna keep it. You guys can fuck with me all you want

about it leaking, an' it don't make a damn to me. I'm not taking Big Jim's scooter as my own — no way, not after all that he has in it. Besides, his dad said it was for Big Jim's bros, not just for me. I don't mind stashing it here till we can decide what to do with it, but it's got too many memories for me to keep it here from now on."

At that moment every man's head jerked towards the kitchen, where the door to the garage was; the sound of a kick-through, a sound they all knew intimately, had come from the garage, followed by a blast of thunder coming from straight pipes before settling down to the steady rumble of a 74 at idle.

It seemed as if they were all frozen for half a second before they burst into movement as a group. Chuck was the first to reach the kitchen door, roughly shoving the women out of the way as his hand gripped the doorknob. Twisting it savagely, he jerked the door open and dove into the garage, followed closely by Chain and the rest of the men.

The blue panhead was leaning over on its kickstand, exactly as it had been left — only now it was idling, filling the garage with the low grumbling of a caged beast. Chain turned quickly to look at the garage door, his Buck knife open in his hand. The two pins were still locked securely into each side of the door, running through both the door and its runners, with heavy padlocks clamped on the ends.

"All right," Chain said, a barely controlled fury breaking to the surface in his voice. "I want to know who did this shit, an' I wanna know it now!"

Turning back towards the men, Chain looked them all up and down as if he could search out the guilty party with his eyes. Jimbo was standing to one side of the group of men in front of the vibrating Harley, his 9mm Browning held tightly in his right hand with the hammer back. Chuck had slipped loose the old, black primary chain belt from around his waist, and it was dangling from one fist.

"Joker!" Chain suddenly hollered, rushing up to him and grabbing the collar of his jacket in two beefy hands. "This shit ain't funny, man, not even a little bit."

Joker threw both of his arms out wide from his sides. "Hey, hold on, Chain! I swear, I didn't have jack shit to do with it! I was out there with everybody else; you know that!"

The man's hands relaxed a little on the collar he was holding, but they didn't turn loose. "Yeah, but I've seen your pranks before. We all have. Just because you weren't out here doesn't



mean you didn't have anything to do with it."

"I'm telling you, it wasn't me, Chain."

Releasing his grip on Joker's jacket, Chain walked slowly over to the still-running machine. Standing before it, he looked down and saw the ignition key glinting in the light, the round metal key fob with "HAWG" stamped on it jumping up and down slightly from the vibration of the engine. He had taken it off his own key ring two weeks ago and tossed it to Big Jim as

kitchen when it kicked over. Nobody came out of here before all of you went in."

"No, I didn't think there had been, Becky. Maybe," he said, the beginnings of a chuckle in his voice, "it was Big Jim's ghost giving his sled one final kick. That would be just about like him, too, scaring the shit out of everybody one last time."

"I don't think so, Chain," she said seriously. "I'd sure rather think that, too, but I don't. I think it was

howl of the 74. Grabbing a twelve-gauge riot gun from behind the bedroom door, he heard the engine slow and the clunk of first gear being hit.

"Son of a bitch!" he yelled, dashing from the bedroom towards the kitchen. Earlier, someone had left a chair between the couch and the coffee table, and in the dark he slammed into it, running full bore. Crashing to the floor, he heard the Harley catch second. He scrambled to his feet again and dashed into the kitchen, throwing

"Big Jim and his wife Susan had been buried that morning at eleven, and all of his bros were gathered at Chain's house for their version of a wake."

he was finishing bolting on the extended wide glide front end. Bending down, Chain twisted the key to the left and withdrew it from the switch.

The bike stuttered and slowed and then picked back up for just a second before the motor finally died. In the pale and still quiet that followed, Chain muttered loudly enough for them all to hear, "Whoever did this, don't do it again. If you do, then you'll damn sure wish you hadn't."

The mood had changed, had grown heavy and thick, and one by one the bikers left for their homes, all promising to get back together the night before the run the following week. It wasn't said aloud, but it was understood by everyone that a decision was to be made then about what to do with Big Jim's scooter.

After all had left, Becky stepped lightly out of the kitchen and into the garage. Easing up to her man, she slipped her arm around his waist as he stood before the silent Harley-Davidson. "Let's go to bed, Chain," she whispered. "I'll finish cleaning up in the morning, all right?"

"Yeah, might as well," he answered. "Might as damn well."

Bending down towards the bike, he shot his hand out and gripped a coil wire, pulling it back and snatching it off. Repeating the same movement, he then stood back up, stuffing both wires into his jeans, along with the key to the pan. Turning to his old lady, he gave her a quick kiss on the forehead, and both of them walked over to the kitchen door.

Opening the door, Chain turned and looked back at the bike, silent on the cement floor.

"Honey," Becky said, "I was in the

the bike, just the bike, and that really bothers me."

Chain crossed the doorway and pulled the door shut behind them as he said, "Well, I don't think ya got to be worried, not about a panhead."

Getting into bed, Chain pulled Becky to his chest and reached out to cup a breast in his hand. They both wanted to forget for a few moments, needed to forget, and they found this forgetfulness in each other's arms. After the moans and soft whispers had stilled, the house was quiet and at peace. They slept.

Not an hour later, the quiet was shattered by the screaming roar of a Big Twin with the throttle cranked wide open, causing the windows to vibrate in their frames. As Chain jumped out of bed and quickly pulled on his jeans, he heard the clanking of his garage door opening over the

the door open. Entering the garage, he saw what he knew he would see: the garage was empty except for his knuckle off to one side, the garage door yawning open like an empty tomb. From outside he heard a shift into third, and then the steady increase of thumping that he had heard so many times before. Dashing down the driveway, he got to the street just in time to hear the pan gear back to second and to see the last flicker of the red tombstone taillight as the bike took a right turn five blocks away.

Standing barefooted in the street with nothing on but a pair of jeans and clutching the short shotgun in one hand, Chain muttered, "Son of a fuckin' bitch," as he continued to stare at the last point he'd seen Big Jim's blue pan.

He trotted back to his garage and scavenged around a bit, looking through his tools and getting what he needed, while Becky made the three phone calls he had instructed her to make.

Within thirty minutes, all three men who had been called stood before Chain in his garage. Joker, Jimbo, and Chuck had come as soon as Becky had told them that Chain had to have them there and that Big Jim's bike was gone. Jimbo had been the last to arrive, and Chain had been silent until they were all there together, telling the other men only that he would say what he had to say to all three of them.

"Like Becky told you, the pan is missing," Chain said as he stared hard and directly at the three men. "It was ridden out of here about an hour ago, an' both padlocks in the door had been unlocked before that. I'm askin' the three of you to go with me and

Easyriders



AND ONE BLUE PANHEAD



get it back, because I believe I know where it's at."

"Shit, Chain," Joker answered. "You know we'll go with ya, but do ya know who stole it, or what? I mean, if it was another club, man, then we gotta..."

"I take it that everyone is carrying," Chain interrupted. "That'll be fine for now. Anything else you need to know, I'll be sure I tell you before you need to know it. Now, who's gonna come with me?"

Walking out of the garage, Chain got into his pickup truck and waited. He didn't have long to wait before the passenger door opened and the three bikers piled in. It was crowded, but they had ridden four in the front many times in the past. Chain started the truck and pulled out of his driveway, turning in the direction he had seen the pan take.

The cab of the pickup was silent, each of the three men along with Chain glancing nervously at each other and then at Chain as he drove. He didn't hesitate as he drove, turning blinkers on in advance of his turns and seeming to know exactly where he was headed.

The first words spoken came from Jimbo as Chain put on the right blinker and slowed for a turn. "Hey, man, this is the fuckin' graveyard!"

"Yeah," Chain answered, "it's the graveyard."

As the truck turned once more and the graves of Big Jim and Susan came in view, all four men were totally silent once again. Between the two graves sat Big Jim's panhead, laid over on its kickstand, the tip of which was just resting on the brass plaque with Big Jim's name on it.

Stopping the truck and pulling up

the hand brake, Chain got out and walked around to the back, reaching into the bed and taking out two long-handled shovels and a small spade. The other men had left the pickup and were standing quietly by the Harley as Chain approached them. Laying down the shovels and spade, he reached into his pocket, bringing out the key to the bike and the two coil wires. He put the key into the switch, knelt down,

Leaning heavily on one of the shovels, Joker shook his head and said, "Don't you think we should say something?"

"It's just a bike, Joker. We buried Big Jim and Susan this morning — we're only finishing up now. The funeral was over a long time ago." Chain began to shovel dirt back into the grave, throwing it against the side, where it began to pile up around the pan. It did not

"The blue panhead was leaning over on its kickstand, exactly as it had been left — only now it was idling, filling the garage with the low grumbling of a caged beast."

and slipped both wires back in place.

"How in the hell did this, this thing, get here without any fuckin' coil wires?" Chuck asked in a voice that was shaking.

"It's ain't a thing, Chuck," Chain said, looking up at him. "It's a '53 panhead. It's here and it's gonna stay here. This is where it belongs."

The first thing they did was to move the bike from between the two graves. Then the grass was taken up in squares with the spade. After that the heavy work began. Each man took a turn wielding a shovel, pitching in beside Chain, who would not give his up or take a break. Within two hours there was a third grave dug, this one between the two that had been filled earlier. Using canvas straps from the back of the truck, the four men gently lowered the large motorcycle to rest on the bottom.

"All right," Chain said, the first of the men to speak since they had begun their labor. "Let's get it filled in an' get gone before a caretaker shows up."

take the men long to get everything covered up, the displaced dirt shoveled into the pickup's bed, the ground tamped back down, and the sod carefully replaced. When they piled into the truck to leave, the ground had no appearance of being disturbed.

As Chain pulled out of the cemetery and started down the street for home, the three men with him turned together and searched the graveyard with their eyes before glancing at each other furtively. They looked at Chain and saw him staring straight ahead, his hands tightly clenched on the steering wheel. Since he gave no sign of noticing anything, none of the three men with him spoke. They were silent, each of them keeping to himself what he could have sworn that he heard.

As the years passed, rumor slowly became legend. You can hear it at any of the local high schools, where the kids use the cemetery as a lover's lane and as somewhere to smoke dope without being bothered. They say that on some nights you can hear a motorcycle crank up — a big one by the sound of it, they say — and that you can hear it go into first gear. After that, the story goes, it sounds like somebody is really winding it out, pushing every gear to the max before shifting. One, two, three, four, like a bat out of Hell, until the sound finally just fades away in the distance. They say a biker and his ol' lady are buried out there somewhere.

They're right, you know. A biker and his ol' lady are surely buried out there. My dad and mom are out there. Mom, Dad, and one blue panhead. ■



IN THE WIND

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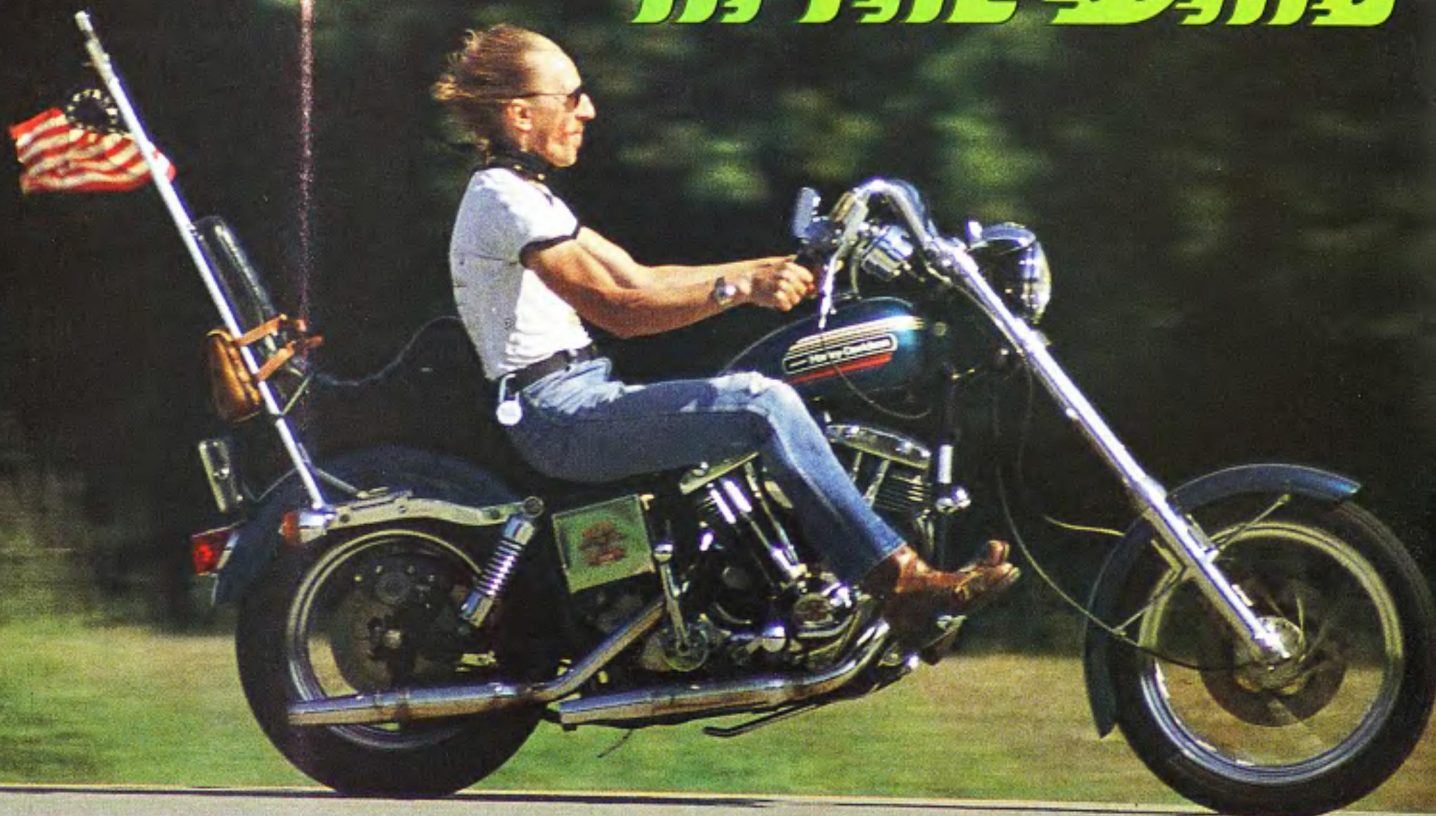
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IN THE WIND



—from Michael Weber, Muskego, Wis.

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 Fast Eddie & Dirty Mary, Salt Lake City, Utah





—from Shawnee, Orlando, Fla.

—from Randall & Gina Hess, Anthony, Kan.



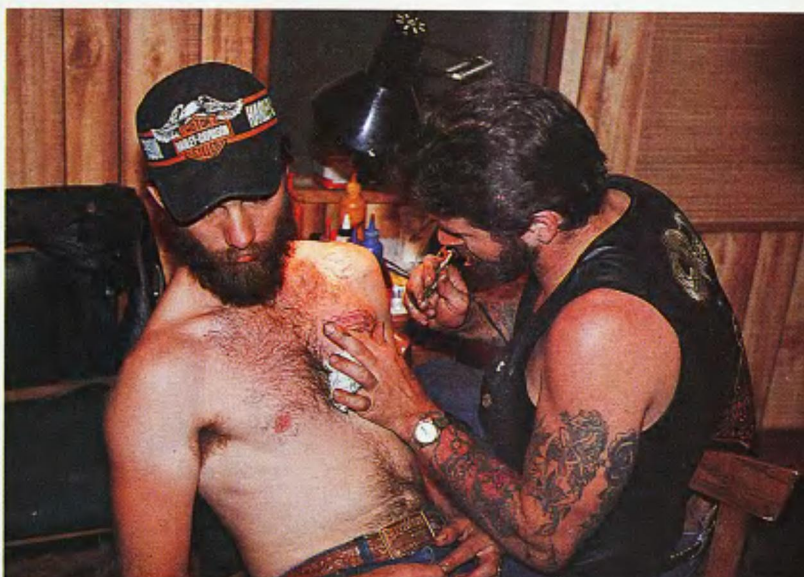
—from Woody, Binghamton, N.Y.



—from Keith Cole, Iluka, Australia



—from Beth Topliss, Clifton, Colo.



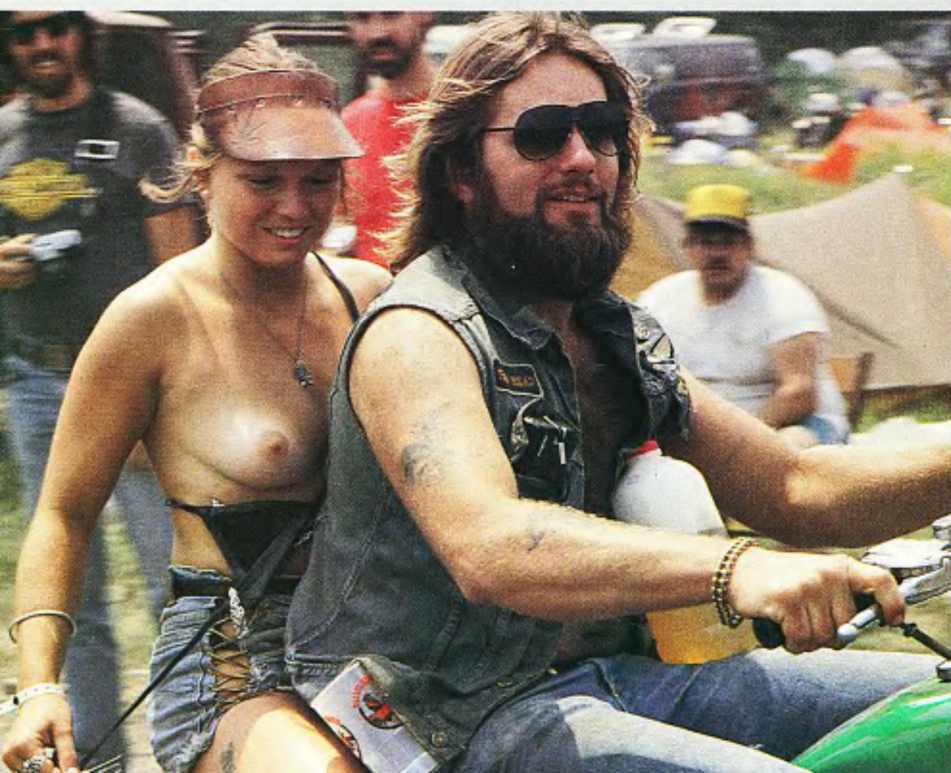
—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



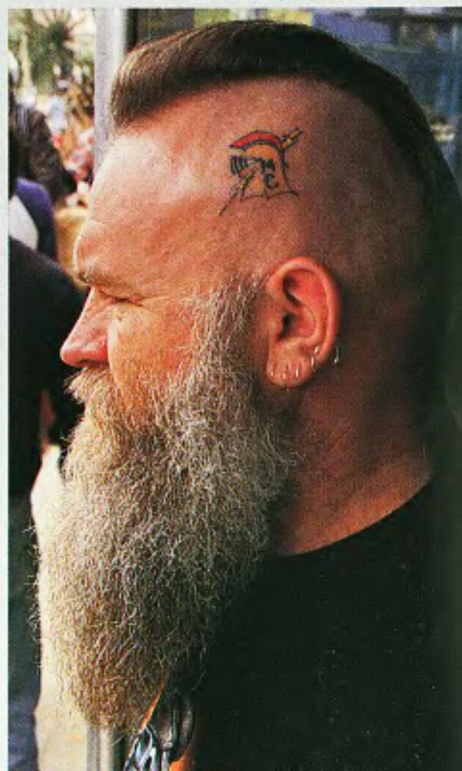


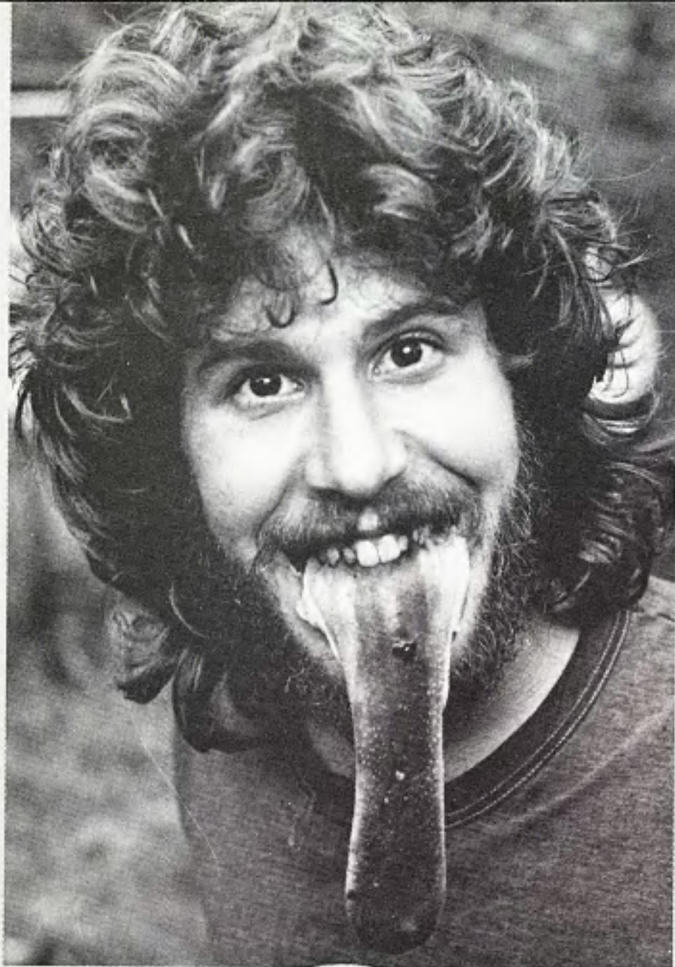
—from Kelly Schuweiler, Swan River, Manitoba

—from Shawnee, Orlando, Fla.



—from Bob Letourneau, Derry, N.H.



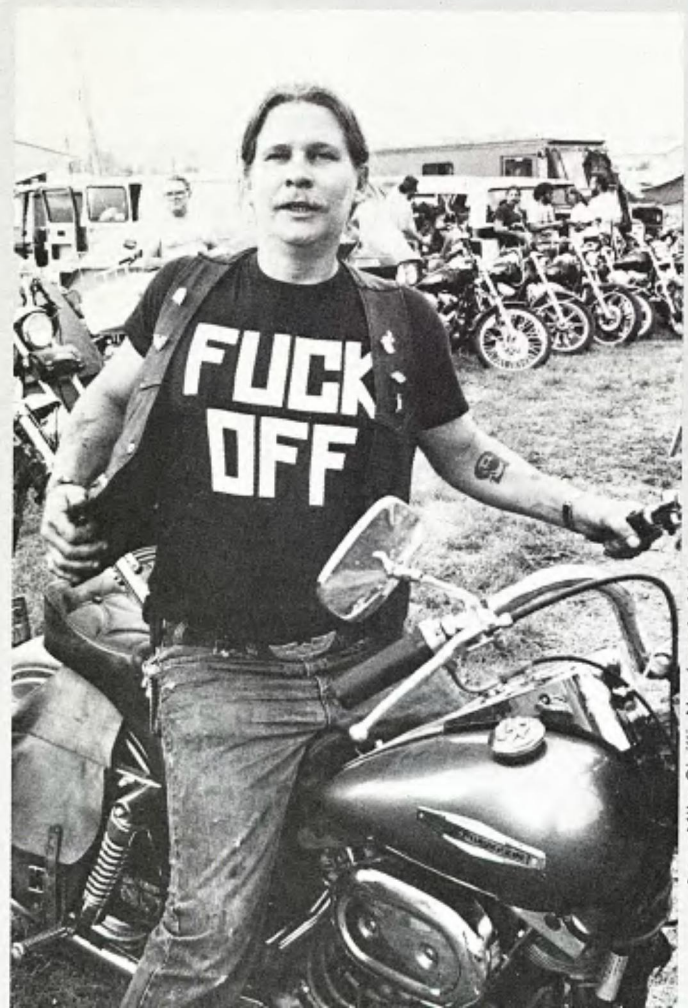


—from T.A.S., Boynton Beach, Fla.

—from Jonn Kisch, New York, N.Y.



—from P.J. Paralakis, Norwood, Mass.



—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.



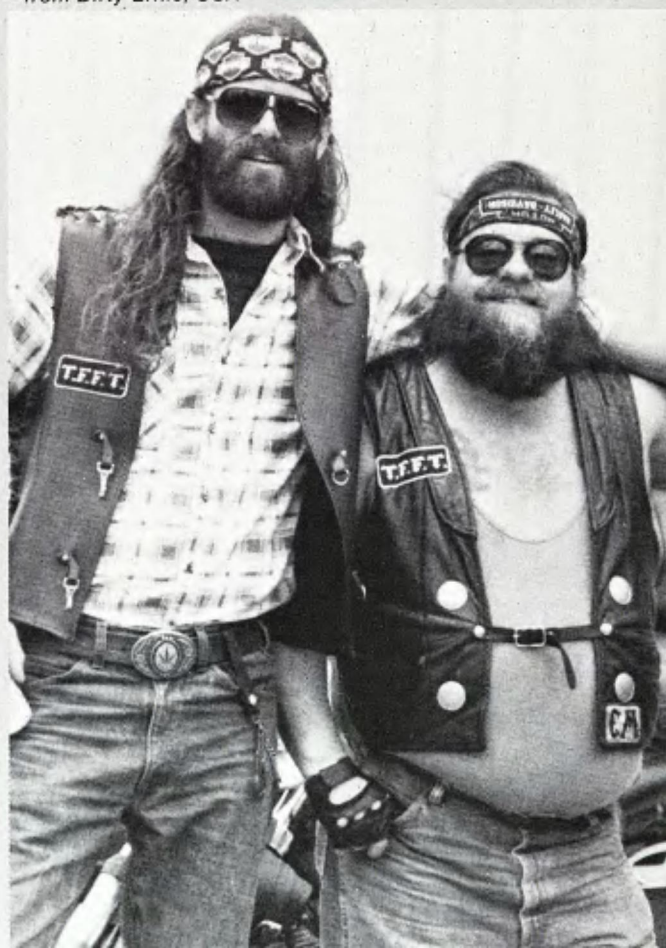


—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—from Sgt. T. Hanau, West Germany

—from Dirty Ernie, USA





—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Balls, ABATE of Ind.



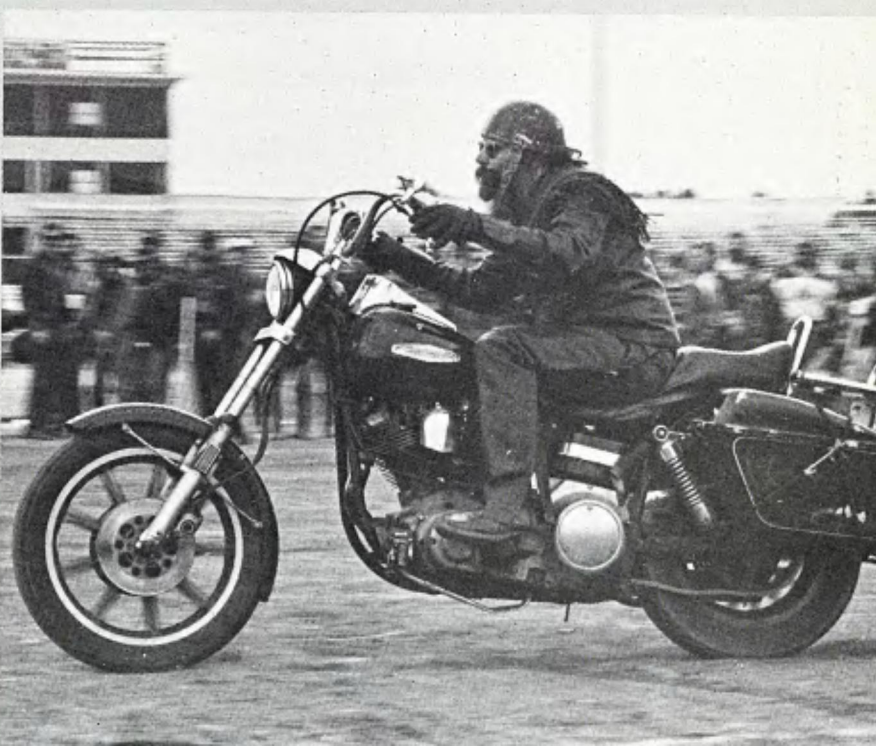
—from John Fryz, Queensland, Australia



—from Mary Ellen Rockett, New York, N.Y.



—from Beemer, Davie, Fla.



FOXY RIDER



**Peaches, Phoenix, Arizona
1973 Sportster**

This custom rigid frame Sportster took ten months and two boyfriends to put it up. Peaches bought a basket case and then had a hardtail welded on the rear of the Sporty frame. She wanted it low, so her cutie-pie legs would reach the ground. Peaches weighs less than 100 pounds, a spinner — a fine-looking redheaded lass who is just about the right size for packing. She enjoys riding solo but also misses packing behind her man: "Snuggling up to my sweetie." She also said, "You've got to remember, I built it myself, so it's no jewel. It would be a lot cleaner if I had a bitch to wash it."

Peaches worked for two years in parts, sales, and light motor repair. She did service work adjusting pushrods, etc., for Iron and Thunder in Phoenix, Arizona. Peaches plans to finish her nursing training, going for an RN certificate. But like she said, she does what she's got to do and doesn't mind getting her hands dirty — whatever it takes.

—Dr. Roo

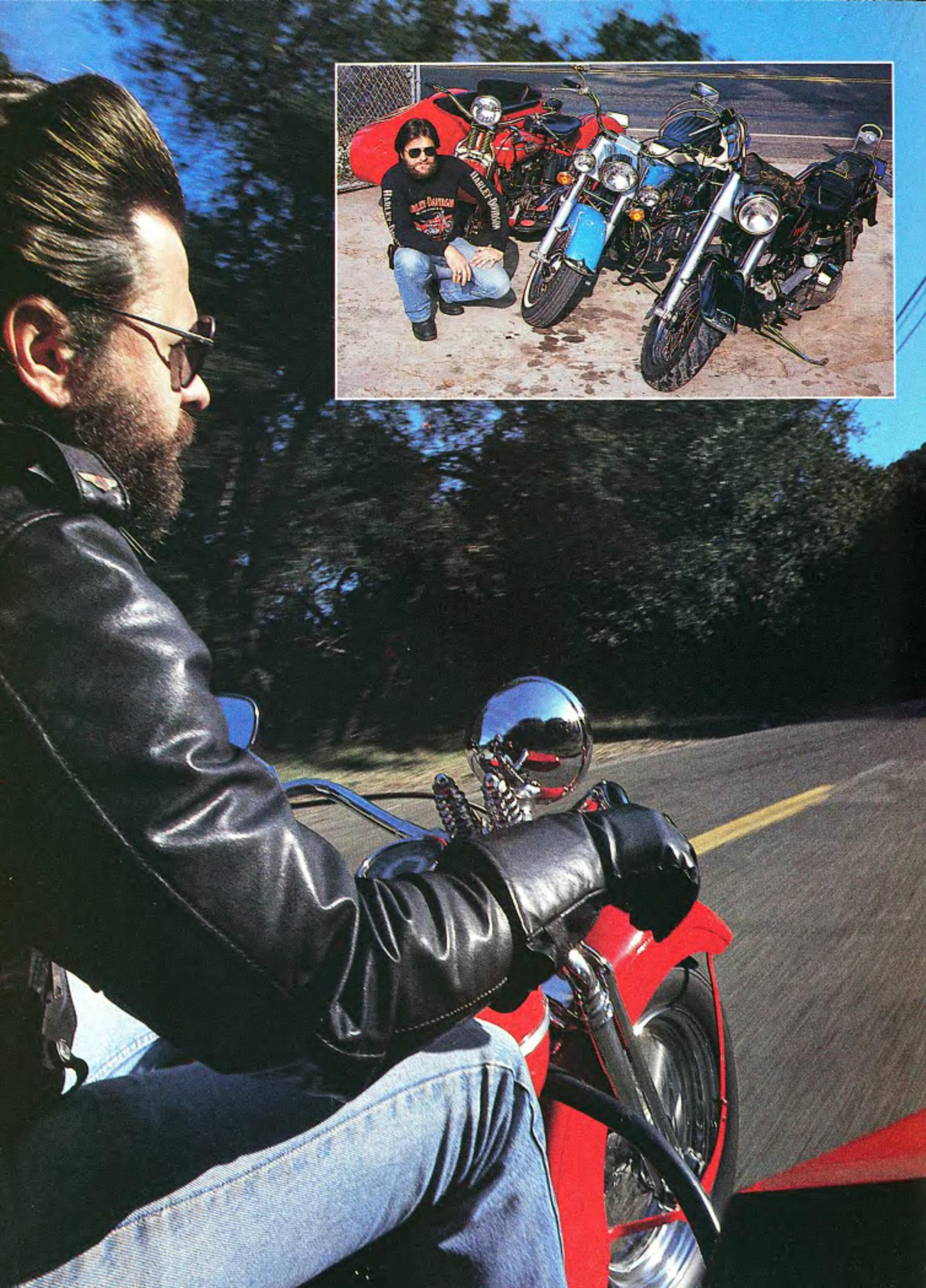




Photos by Rip







Bob Jones, Santa Barbara, California
1941 knucklehead, 1964 panhead, 1981 FLHS

READERS' RIDES

Bob Jones is an ordinary bro, but he's got four of what most of us have only one of — that's right, four! He has four fuckin' scooters, and three of 'em are pictured here.

The fourth one, a '48 panhead, was still under construction when we talked to him. Bob has about 90% of the parts in hand now, and the final touch is gonna be two quarts of H-D Azure Blue, which was available only in '48.

He rides three of the sleds weekly. It must be tough, gettin' up and havin' to decide which ride to take to work. He could fire up the knuckle, which is '41 vintage — the first year for overhead valves on the 74. The bike has a stock sidecar, tank-shift 4-speed, and a rocker clutch. Since WWII began on December 7, 1941, and because a lot of '41 Harley-Davidsons were used in the war effort, Bob likes to call this sled his "Japanese Commemorative" model. As he says, "If it weren't for H-D's efforts, you'd be reading this article from right to left."

Or he could ride the '64 panhead to work, instead. This Duo-Glide is 99% original, with factory wiring, 6-volt system, dual-points distributor and dual coils, external oilers, and original turn signals — probably one of the most stock '64s around. The paint job only starts to look good after about a dozen brews, and that's only if you don't have any taste.

Last, but not least, Bob could swing his leg over his shovel after breakfast. The '81 FLHS came off the assembly line with narrower handlebars than the FLH, smaller battery, Wide Glide forward controls, wire wheels, dual exhausts, and a Super Glide seat.

So which one's he gonna ride? That's a helluva decision to have to make every morning — I guess it just depends on which one of 'em has a topped-off tank.

—Serge A. McCabe



Photos by Serge McCabe



GIMME MORE SKULL!

I was sitting down at the Nut House in Long Beach, California, soaked to the skin, drinkin' a Bud and thinkin' that if I had a front fender, I wouldn't be in this predicament. A couple of bros and sisters were there, funnin' me. (You know how it is: they were saying I should have taken my clothes off before I went swim-

min' — lightweight shit like that.)

Brother Tom popped in for a cold one, and we struck up a conversation. I was tellin' him what a dummy I was for giving away the only stock wide glide front fender I had, and that if I had it back I would section it by taking four inches out of the center, rewelding it, doing a little body work,

and then I'd have something that was really tits to keep the rain off me.

We laughed at ourselves, because a few years ago everyone we knew just had to run a Sportster or peanut gas tank, along with a long springer or wide glide front end, but that now the trends had been reversed. Tom said he had a cherry front fender

he could let me have, but that he needed a juice brake pedal and mounting plate for an early panhead.

Well, it just so happened that I still had those parts in my stash. He only lived a couple of blocks from the bar, so we rode over to get dry and to check out his front fender.

The fender was choice, so we made an agreement. But while we were in his house, putting some Mount St. Helen's volcanic dust up our noses and tokin' some real fine buds (not the drinkin' kind, either), in comes Tom's partner, Danny McCarty, better known as Tramp. We were talkin' about bikes and poontang when we switched the conversation over to what a fine artist David Mann is.

The Tramp happened to drop the fact that he was also an artist, after a fashion. I pried a little to see what kind of art he was talkin' about. He said it would be easier to show me than to try to explain, and he went home and promptly returned with the clutch and brake handles that are in the picture on this page.

He said he was wired one night, looking for something to do, so he got out his Dremel high-speed grinder, and in twenty minutes he had a finished product. I think he's damn good, myself. It just goes to show the irony of society that in our lifestyle, a *tramp* is not always a no-talent bum.

—Beer Can



Photo by Pete Chiodo

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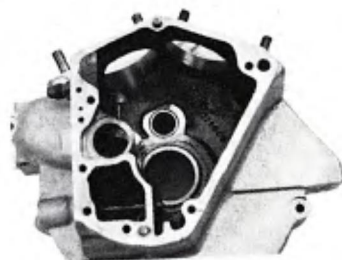
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14. Generator Repair (1941 - 1982)
15. Front End Rebuilding (Springers, Wide Glide, Super Glide, specify 1941 - 1982)
16. Chain Replacement and Adjustment (1941 - 1982)
17. Basic Maintenance (1941 - 1982 — later models coming soon)





Easyriders FOX HUNT

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ladies, one last favor. In your own sweet, legible handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell us exactly why you want to be the *Easyriders* monthly fox feature. Your message just might make the difference between a no-go and a hell-yes, so give it your best shot.

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

Readers, exercise your God-given right as a biker and a reader of this rag — vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is October 31, 1987. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #173 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the sixth winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Lisa, from Santa Cruz, California. 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.

173

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):



Every man's dream is to own a Harley, and my dream is to show
my ass off on one the whole world will be seeing.

Tina Marie



Would someone please show me how a professional picture is taken?
Let's have some fun! I would love to come to California.
See you soon.

Jennifer



All my friends think I'm as hot as my pipes on my FXS Softail after a three-day run.

Jennifer Renae



I live in Brazil, and my dream is to go to America, ride on a Harley, and get to know American bikers.

Jati



I am a hot French-Canadian redhead. It would be a great privilege to pose for your magazine. Every time I open to where the chick is posed, I wish it was me.

Stormy

JULY FOX HUNT WINNER



Here's Susan, the July Fox Hunt winner. This all-nature lady from Granbury, Texas, likes flyin' down the road on the back of a Harley in the great outdoors of Texas, so we took her out to the back forty of the biggest ranch we could find in the Rockies and had at it with the cameras.

Check out the results on page 86.



It would be a dream come true. I've wanted it for two years, but wasn't old enough, but now I am.

Shelly



I'm a true Floride from Canada and want to win. I hope someday to be a part of the good ol' USA.

Denise

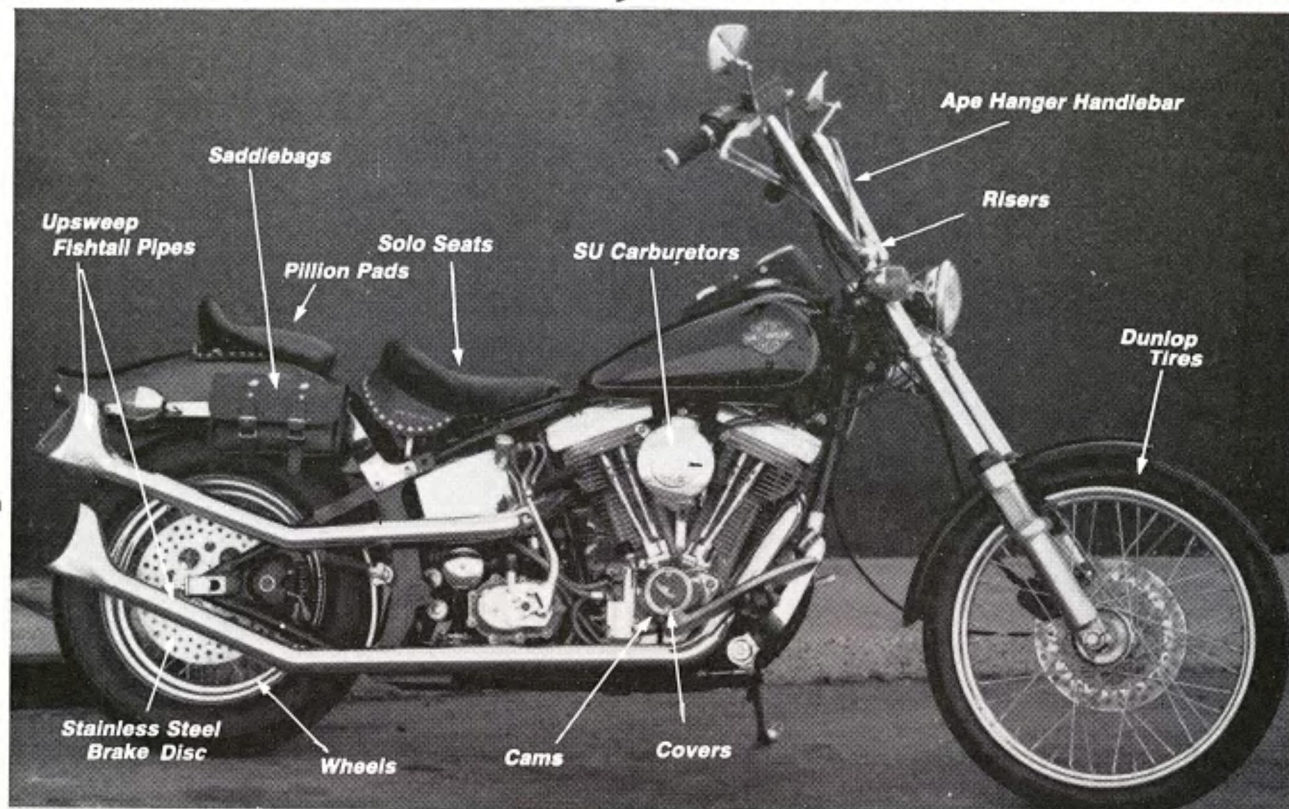


Scooter trash turns me on. I'd like to return a few fantasies.

Brenda

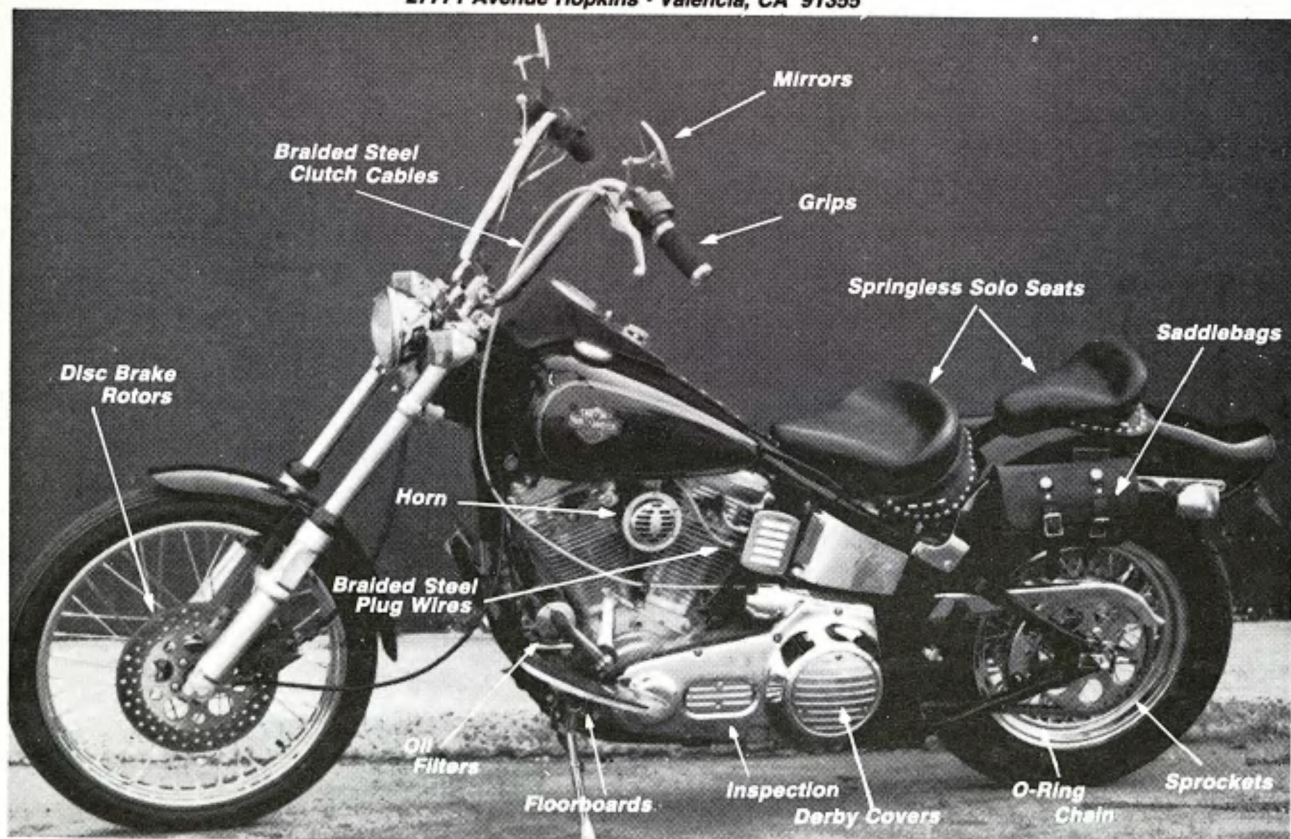
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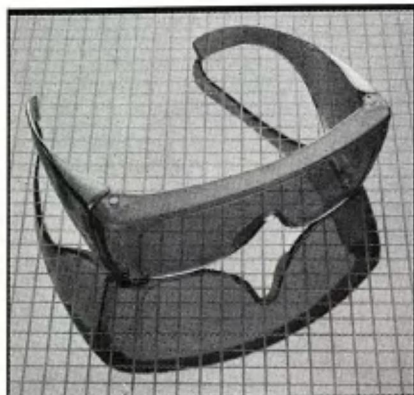


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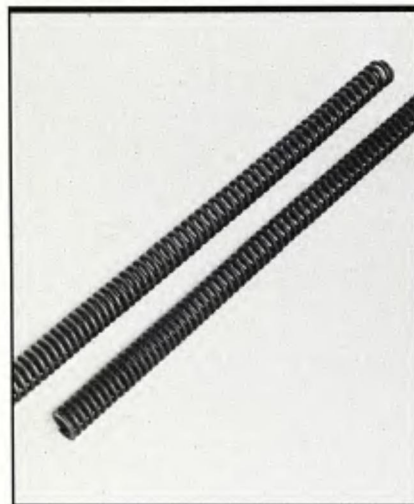
PARTS BOX

Tell 'em Snake sent ya.



SHADES

Sunglasses are usually a matter of personal style — that is, unless you don't have a front fender, and a dead gopher shoots up from under your front tire, smack into your shades and line of vision — then I'd re-evaluate yer eye protection strategy. Here are some new, highstyle, futuristic, polycarbonate rock-blockers. If you like their lines, write Pro-Tek Eye, Dept. ER, 31304 Via Colinas, Suite 103, Westlake Village, CA 91362.



FORK SPRINGS

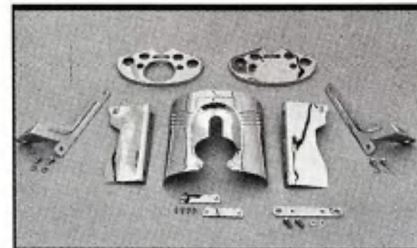
No shit, Perry Mason. I remember years ago when we'd ordered longer tubes for a bro's bike and got all excited about whipping those suckers into place, only to find when the slider hit the floor that the spring had sprung or was broken in several pieces. Well, springs are available. Write Progressive Suspension, Inc., Dept. ER, 11129 G Ave., Hesperia, CA 92345.



ENTREPRENEURIAL INDIAN

Chief Wise Owl sent me this scribe and started it with, "We are very loyal Americans with no alcohol or drugs on our reservation. We work hard and have nothing to show for it." He's bitchin' that the Man sends billions to Ethiopia, but nothing to his people. Well, I ain't got nothing to show for my prolific prose, and the Man don't send me shit, either.

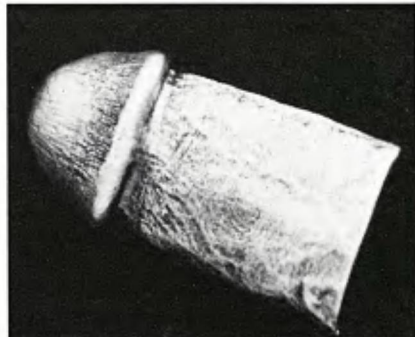
I ain't even talented enough to weave a patch in my Levi's, let alone a colorful Indian blanket. And shit, Chief Wise Owl — also head feather of the Drowning Creek(?) reservation — will even bless your 72" x 90" blanket. For more smoke signals, write Honorable Chief Wise Owl, Dept. ER, Rt. 2, Box 108, Maxton, NC 28364.



TINNY STUFF

I remember when ya bought a scooter and immediately shitcanned the tin bullshit. But not anymore. Ya paw through a thousand milk crates at every swap meet in yer state for one tinny ingredient to make an old dented and dinged set complete. Well, Drag Specialties has revived the tin look for 71-86 FXs and XLs, modeled after the ol' FL.

For more info, write Drag Specialties, Dept. ER, 5401 Smetana Dr., Minnetonka, MN 55343.



WHAT THE...

This'll be short. You guess what it is. It comes in brass or pewter and, for our oversexed female readers, yes, it's as hard as a dildo left in the snow. For more details, write Lifeform Products, Dept. ER, Box 35066, Kansas City, MO 64134.



BREAKDOWN PATCH

It's funky, but it can save the day. There's nothing worse than a fuckin' flat. Yeah, there is — no gas station in 100 miles or no help at the station. Or no compressor. This kit fills all the bills, and the tire with air when yer through. For more info, write Jammer Cycle, Dept. ER, 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355.



GREASER

This is the type of dandy device I can dig. Greasing rear wheel bearings and swingarms can be tougher than discussing your new sweetie with your wife. This makes it easy — just shove it down her throat. For details, write Rivera Engineering, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606.

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A phobia, in case ya didn't know, is described by Webster as "something to be feared, an exaggerated, usually inexplicable and illogical fear of a particular object or class of objects." Fear is what makes ya flinch, shrink, recoil, quail, cringe, wince, blanch, tremble, shake, stampede, panic, an' shit your pants. I have to tell ya all these things, 'cause there ain't many bikers who've experienced fear, but the possibility of it happenin' exists, an' I want 'em to be prepared. Personally, the only phobia I have is *gametophobia* — the fear of marriage. I've been married twice, once for a long time, an' it still scares the shit outta me.

Cops have lots of phobias, their main one bein' *bikerophobia*, an' that one don't need no explanation. That's why they gang up whenever

they can to play Jamaican jungle-drum music on a biker's head with those big fuckin' sticks they pack around.

Bikers, on the other hand, fear very little, if at all. Oh, they may be a bit leery about a few things, but as a rule, genuine fear is unknown to 'em. Everybody's gotta have a teeny-weeny bit of fear so he can compare it to the good times, otherwise he ain't regular.

I rode with this one partner who had a strange kind of phobia. Whenever we were on the road an' we came to a bridge, he'd shake like a dog shittin' peach pits. I never did figure it out until one time when we were stopped for a smoke, he confessed that he suffered from *gephyrophobia* — the fear of bridges. When he was a kid an' the ol' man was takin' the family for a weekend

drive, whenever they crossed a bridge, he'd turn to the kids an' say, "If you ain't good, I'm gonna toss ya off the bridge." Well, shit like that stays with a dude all his life.

One of my little honeys gave me the best head I ever got, except that when it came time to start curlin' my toes an' grittin' my teeth, she'd turn around an' spit. She suffered from a combination of *spermatophobia*, *phagophobia*, an' *coitophobia*. That's germs, swallowin', an' comin'. The order's reversed, but you know what I mean. I finally convinced the babe that if she swallowed enough sperm, all her teenage zits would disappear, her skin would get as soft an' smooth as a lacquered gas tank, an' she could then eat all the chocolate bars I gave her to blow me durin' recess. After that, she'd gobble a gallon when it was available,



Whatsamatter, are ya afraid?

by Dr. Twatburger

an' if ya don't believe me, ask Spider. I gave the bitch to him as soon as she turned eighteen. Actually, I traded her to him for a Coleman stove.

My kid brother had a phobia that

back to their desks before the boss catches 'em fuckin' off. It's called *awkophobia*. What it is will be familiar to a few dudes — it's the fear of catchin' the foreskin of your dork in the zipper of your pants when you're

An' while we're on the subject of bikes, there's a couple of genuine phobias that a few bikers *do* suffer from. *Yamahaphobia* — the fear that your Harley will suck a Yamaha up the tailpipe while passin' it on the

"Everybody's gotta have a teeny-weeny bit of fear so he can compare it to the good times, otherwise he ain't regular."

was longer than he was tall. He suffered from *arachibutyrophobia*. Not often — only after school when he raided the fridge. That's the fear of peanut butter stickin' to the roof of your mouth.

City dudes, especially those who work in the downtown section or the Madison Avenue joints, have a unique phobia. It's all a result of their havin' to hurry so fast in order to get

in a hurry, know what I mean? "Awwwkkk!"

Bandit, the editor of this here rag, confessed to me one time that he often wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. He has this hidden fear that Annie Sprinkle will come along while his bike is parked in front of the Pussycat Theater an' suck all the chrome off his exhaust pipe. It's called *pornophobia*.

freeway, an' *Kawasakiphobia*. This is almost the same as *Yamahaphobia*, except that with this you fear you'll wake up with three cocks that smoke an' make a ring-a-ding noise.

Certain phobias belong grouped together, but in what order, I ain't sure. *Genophobia* — the fear of sex, *gymnophobia* — the fear of nudity, an' *bathophobia* all seem to belong in a category along with

PHOBIAS

scaradickophobia — the fear that you'll get too wasted to notice the broken tooth-braces on that little teenage cocksucker ya took for a ride an' who's about to give ya a blowjob. *Bathophobia* is the fear of depth, an' with lips like hers, a deep-throat job seemed to be guaranteed.

Myxophobia, *coprophobia*, *urophobia*, an' *mysophobia* belong in the same category, too. In order, that's the fear of slime, the fear of shit, the fear of piss, an' the fear of dirt.

Potophobia is somethin' that bikers never have. That's the fear of drink. They also don't have *trichophobia* — the fear of hair, or *pogonophobia* — the fear of beards.

I'll mention that there are folks who suffer from such things as *Germanophobia*, *Japanophobia*, *Judeophobia*, *Anglophobia*, an' *Galophobia*. Most of those don't need translatin', except maybe the last. If ya think *Galophobia* has somethin' to do with Ripple or muscatel wine, you're off your fuckin' rocker. It's the fear of French people.

Up in places like Wyomin' an' Montana, every once in a while ya run into a dude who suffers from *flockophobia*. That's the fear of catchin' a disease from one of his sheep. An' in Salt Lake City, the worst thing that can happen to one of the local bikers is his comin' down with a bad case of *mamaphobia*. That's the fear that every other biker in town is ballin' his ol' lady.

Unemployed persons suffer from a phobia that's easy to detect visually. You can tell the afflicted by the way his eyes roll around and by his nervous tossin' of the head as he glances over his shoulder this way an' that, to get a better look at whoever's standin' next to him. This phobia is named *flatulaphobia*, an' it's the fear that you're standin' in line at the unemployment office right next to — or behind — some big dude who's been eatin' dog food, onions, an' beans, an' he cuts a fart!

I don't know any dudes who suffer from *parthenophobia*. That's the fear of young girls, but I do know a lot of chicks who have a phobia about small things, such as dorks. This is known as *microphobia*. Chicks ain't too fond of *bromidrosiphobia*, either, the fear of body odor. That's why deodorants an' vaginal sprays



were invented. You'll note that, although there's lotsa jokes about 'em, nobody has as yet marketed a vaginal spray with the patented scent, "Tuna Fish."

Ever since I spent a weekend in the Washoe County jail in Reno, I've suffered from *acarophobia*, fear of the itch. That's 'cause it was the dirtiest slammer I was ever in, an' when the cops pulled a raid on the drunks who hung out under the Washoe River bridge, the place got filled up with winos who were apparently the Western distributors of pubic hair infestations.

Bein' in the drunk tank on a Saturday night can give ya *emetophobia*, the fear of vomitin', especially if you're tryin' to sleep on the floor an' there ain't no toilet, an' the absence of this valuable item can also give ya *coprostasophobia* — the fear of constipation.

If you don't suffer from *eleuthero-phobia* an' *hedonophobia* — fear of freedom an' pleasure, in that order, then ya better consider maintainin' a little bit of *venereophobia* — the fear of venereal disease.

I ain't never had no *thaasophobia* — the fear of bein' idle, 'cause I don't do much anyway unless I'm forced to, an' I ain't got *peccatophobia* or *kleptophobia* — the fear of sin or the fear of stealin'. I do worry some about *dikephobia*. That



sounds like it might have smethin' to do with a gay bar for lesbians, but it's the fear of justice.

Just in case anybody wants to know about a few other phobias, I'll run 'em down for ya, an' the next time ya see some fucker cowerin' in a doorway, afraid to do anything at all, you'll know he's sufferin' from *phobophobia* — the fear of fear. Ain't that stupid?

Enidophobia — the fear of insect stings, *helminthophobia* — the fear of worms, *lyssophobia* — fear of insanity, *acrophobia* — fear of sharpness, *algophobia* — fear of pain, *peniaphobia* — fear of poverty, *poinophobia* — fear of punishment, an' *chronophobia* — the fear of duration (some dudes worry that they ain't gonna last for more than two or three fucks before their dork goes soft).

Triskaidekaphobia is the fear of the number thirteen; *kakorrhaphiophobia* — the fear of failure; *acrophobia*, *altophobia*, *batophobia*, *hypophobi* are all the fear of high places — like a scaffold on the day of execution.

Potamophobia — fear of rivers, *thalassophobia* — fear of the sea, *ecclesiophobia* — fear of church, an' *oikophobia* — fear of goin' home, especially if ya ain't bin there for a few days, an' your ol' lady's found out about that babe with the big tits.

Ouranophobia is somethin' most bikers won't have to worry about. That's the fear of heaven. *Stygiophobia* is more their worry — the fear of hell.

If you're afraid of the followin' things, you have the phobias written down here: *ichthyophobia* — fish, *apiphobia* — bees, *arachnophobia* — spiders, *pediculophobia* — ice, an' *teratophobia* — monsters.

Pantophobia means you're scared of everything; *cometophobia* is the fear of havin' Halley's comet land on your melon while you're puttin' down the freeway; *astrophobia* is the fear of lightnin', an' *keraunophobia* is the fear of thunder. If you're scared of those last two, you're a big pussy.

Ancraophobia is the fear of wind. Not many people fear wind, unless it's created by Spider lettin' one of his infamous farts. *Hodophobia* — travel, *clinophobia* — goin' to bed, *ergophobia* — work, *thixophobia* — touch, *ophresophobia* — smell, *datagelophobia* — the fear of ridicule, an' *mastigophobia* is the fear of beatin', although it don't have nothin' to do with beatin' your meat. That's *jackoffophobia*, I think. ■

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An Interview with **Linda Barbour**

A twenty-year rider and a hardworking freedom fighter



Photos by Kim Peterson

Sometimes controversial and overzealous, but nonetheless devoted to the bone, forty-four-year-old Linda Barbour led the motorcycle riders and ultimately the Board of Supervisors of El Dorado County, California, to oppose AB36, Assemblyman Richard Floyd's proposed helmet law. But we're not out of the woods yet. It's on the agenda to haunt Golden State riders again in January. In this interview, Linda explains her background, motivation, and direction and what must be done to stop the helmet law from being enacted in currently lidless states, such as California.

EASYSIDERS: When did you start riding motorcycles?

LINDA BARBOUR: When I was sixteen in Los Angeles, learning to ride in the L.A. riverbed. I didn't buy my first bike until I was twenty-one. The guys I packed behind taught me to

ride. My first scooter was a '52 BSA with a stock frame and front end. I had it for twelve years. Then I got an A-65/'64 BSA. Had it until '76, hit an animal, almost lost my leg. It had a 24-over springer, which I wore out. Then I got a '52 KR mountain-rat in Placerville, sold it through the Modified Motorcycle Association (MMA) Bullshead. I saved the tank and front end. The front end is on this bike. I've had this Sportster two years. Haven't been able to work on it much, 'cause I've been fighting Floyd. He made me mad.

ER: How did you first get involved with the MMA?

LB: Six years ago I moved to the Bay Area for four years. Some neighbors told me about an MMA meeting. I saw how motivated they were with blood runs, activities, and their political rep. The energy of the volunteers charged me up. I began taking photos for *Easyriders*, MMA functions,

and MMA newsletters.

ER: Tell us how you got into the fight against Assemblyman Floyd and the California helmet law, which will come up for a vote again in January.

LB: The MMA called a rally in Sacramento (the state capital). We rode down there from Placerville, and they were passing out an analysis of the legislation. I discovered all the one-sided support Floyd had accumulated, and I discovered that El Dorado county was behind him. How had I lost my own county and not even known it? I started investigating it. This is where we lose it — by not being on the mailing list in our own counties. At least one bike person in every town should be on the mailing list for the county agenda.

Floyd managed to take a form letter and send it to every county in the state. It went on the county agendas, and without anyone there to contest

it, the riders lost their cities and counties, unbeknownst to them. First, you must stay on top of your cities and counties.

So after the rally, I wrote a letter asking my county to reconsider. I had new information they needed to look over. I had expert documentation, such as Jim Leonard's report, the author for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, and he was willing to come to testify. I had J.J. "Jungle Jim" Scott, who was in the International Brotherhood of Biker Tears, and an unlimited source of computerized information. BADL picked up the fight, and Bob Mannah started feeding me research, like the Fisher report.

This is what the Board of Supervisors needed. But they also needed to

We sent letters to the editors of our local newspapers and challenged Floyd to debate us on our local radio station, K-Hangtown. Two weeks later, when the board invited Floyd and he didn't show to represent his side, Jim Leonard, a retired CHP motorcycle safety training instructor, as well as the author of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation magazine, attended in our behalf. We won.

I didn't ask the board to oppose the bill, just to drop their support. But after Mister Leonard's testimony, they not only dropped their support, but they unanimously opposed AB36. El Dorado is the only county in the state to drop its support and pick up the opposition. You can do it in every town with the right procedure, the support of the people through peti-

ens, an actor from the television show "Dallas," convinced the committee members to put on a helmet. Rose Ann Vuich was the first and immediately complained about the lack of hearing and peripheral vision. Then the rest tried it on.

By not getting a majority, he lost in a sense, but he asked for reconsideration, which was granted and will come up again in January.

Elections are coming down in November, and it's a serious opportunity to show our strength. I brought a list of local politicians throughout the state and how they voted (Ed. note: see sidebar on page 78). If riders don't register to vote for any other reason, they should register to vote against those men who voted in favor of the helmet law — *vote 'em*

"I think that the lesson, what I learned today, is that I have been hoodwinked into giving my support to something that maybe I should have kept my little nose out of." — Jack Sweeney, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, El Dorado county, California, when the board decided to reconsider the issue.

know how the local people felt. Don't ever go in front of a county board without people. Take petitions. In three weeks, we got three thousand local signatures. But signatures alone weren't enough.

We needed as much clout as Floyd had. I developed a resolution with the help of PAC MAN (Political Action Committee for Motorcycle Awareness Now) representative Ken Dillon from San Jose, who spoke at the State Transportation Committee. He helped me develop a resolution for small businesses, large businesses, and the Kiwanis and Elks clubs. We started indicating that businesses, the people, and organizations were not in favor of this law.

tions, and the support of businesses and organizations through resolutions.

ER: What happened then?

LB: When the law reached the Senate Transportation Committee, Floyd had five pages of businesses and organizations supporting AB36, and only six groups, such as ABATE and the MMA, who opposed it. By the time it came up for a vote, we had five pages of resolutions. We didn't spend a lot of money doing it, either.

Floyd needed a majority to pass the bill. He got four votes, we received two, and the rest abstained. Chairman Wadie Deddah said they weren't ready to vote.

Floyd pursued it, and Andrew Stev-

out. Show them the power we have. If we do it, it will be a long time before another assemblyman will take on the helmet law.

ER: What happens in January?

LB: The Senate Transportation Committee will put it on the calendar sometime in January. But first, get your biker buns out there and vote.

I have the list of all the members of the Senate Transportation Committee and how they voted (Ed. note: see sidebar on page 79). People should write, send petitions, and send resolutions from their bike shops, beauty shops, workplaces, and the organizations they're members of. Every ol' lady has a beautician or a mechanic who works on her car. ■



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Robert Campbell — Richmond
Peter Chacon — San Diego
Dominic Cortese — San Jose
Jim Costa — Fresno
Bill Duplissee — San Carlos
Delaine Eastin — Union City
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William Filante — Greenbrae
Richard Floyd — Gardena
Robert Frazee — Carlsbad
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Tom Hayden — Santa Monica
Teresa Hughes — Los Angeles
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Patrick Johnston — Stockton
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David Kelley — Hemet
Lucy Killea — San Diego
Johan Klehs — San Leandro
Tim Leslie — Carmichael
Burt Margolin — Los Angeles
Sunny Mojonner — Encinitas
Gwen Moore — Los Angeles
Jack O'Connell — Carpinteria
Steve Peace — Chula Vista
Richard Polanco — Los Angeles
(Co-author of the bill)
Chas. Guackenbush — Saratoga
Mike Roos — Los Angeles
Byron Sher — Palo Alto
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**SENATE TRANSPORTATION
COMMITTEE VOTE**

(The AB36 helmet law proposal
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in January.)

VOTED YES ON HELMET BILL

Marion Bergeson (R)
140 Newport Center Dr., Suite 120
Newport Beach, CA 92660

Gary Hart (D)
4881 Topanga Cyn. Blvd., Suite 202
Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Quentin Kopp (I)
363 El Camino Real
So. San Francisco, CA 94080

Rebecca Morgan (R)
830 Menlo Ave., Suite 100
Menlo Park, CA 94025

VOTED NO ON HELMET BILL

Jim Ellis (R)
2755 Navajo Rd.
El Cajon, CA 92020

Robert Beverly (R)
1611 S. Pacific Coast Hwy.
Redondo Beach, CA 90277

**ABSTAINED FROM VOTING ON
HELMET BILL**

Wadie Deddah (D)
430 Davidson St.
Chula Vista, CA 92010

Dan McCorquodale (D)
100 Pasea de San Antonio
San Jose, CA 95113

Alan Robbins (D)
6150 Van Nuys Blvd.
Van Nuys, CA 91401

Newton Russell (R)
401 N. Brand Blvd., Suite 424
Glendale, CA 91203

John Seymour (R)
2150 Towne Center Pl., Suite 205
Anaheim, CA 92806

Rose Ann Vuich (D)
120 W. Tulari
Dinuba, CA 93618 (Fresno area)



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In The Saddle of The Iron Horse

By Michael Raymond

Cavalry no longer roams the rolling woods; the thunder boom of cannon fire no more echoes in the valley; but the soothing roar of pistons churning smooth while humming rumbling harmonies of shifting gears and revolution make this rider every bit a piece of place and time as rebel warrior ghosts who watch from thickets, dreaming of one long ride upon the iron horse.

It is a day for riding where the sun is hanging high in heat and clouds are lonely. Breezes rush through denim-cloaked legs, fanned as leather boots are hoisted onto highway pegs. Though steel vessels appear at intervals, he is alone with his machine and the open air, and finds more truth in eyes of cattle grazing fenced on hillsides than he's ever seen in his caged brothers.

It is a play; his role is his love for a machine that cannot comprehend emotion, yet is more than loyal, trustworthy, or dependable. The bike is more than that. It has no blood, no brain to make it tame, but gasoline and oil course its metal veins, resolved to serve, performing for the man who sees in its polished chrome and waxed enamel the reflection of his lined countenance, sunglasses shielding light, and winds frustrated, tangled in the current of his mane.

It is a day for riding, as is every day for he who comes from nowhere, doesn't know where he is heading, or what leads him. There is peace in passing along what he cannot share. There is life in motion for as long as man-machine can persevere. There is music in combustion playing the ballad to the iron horseman.

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The Couple Next Door magazine. Sample copy \$10 (refunded), Box 47081-TA, Atlanta, GA 30362. (173)

C.T.: Bitch, when you comin' home? You're missed! Johnson. (173)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (175)

Out of print and rare records. Send want lists to Backtrax Records, Box 3109, Princeton, NJ 08543. (173)

Don: The bad's forgotten. Truly loving you, trashing Texas. 2,000 miles again. Call Ukiah info, or Mo-Mo 782-4257 for our number. Write Dianne, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Yearning, Dianne, Dustin, and the Mad-City shirt. (173)

Gentleman doing time in need of female correspondence. Please write Donald Boutte C-38216, Box 500, Chino, CA 91708. (173)

Beautiful girls worldwide, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos \$1 (cash only)! Roth, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (173)

Free: World's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, CA 89513-5637. (173)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Beverly Aline Cure/Hill, last known whereabouts, Sharptown area, Houston, Texas. Please contact Billy P. Hill 424846-6TK, Box 59, Rt. 3, Rosharon, TX 77583. Would like to know about our son! (173)

Mischief: Write Clutch. He is doin' time at La Tuna. Mark McCutchan 03136-051, Box 1000, Bin 124B, Anthony, TX 88021. (173)

Essy: Call me; it's important to me that we talk. I'm riding solo. Edwin, (617) 990-7263. (173)

To Jim from North Carolina: If you still remember those rainy nights in Augusta, Georgia, please call Phyllis in South Carolina. (173)

Jeannie: Saw your picture in July's **Easyriders**. Love you, Janice and Joe. (173)

Harley parts, wholesale to public. Send \$5 for parts and price lists. Box 8636, Riverside, CA 92515.

Government jobs — thousands of vacancies, must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. J8030.

Partnershopper: For bros and scooter women. Free listing. No catch. Send stamped, return envelope. Box 11776, Coddington, CA 96406. (174)

Hair of the Bear custom tattooing. If you are looking for a consistently good, fine line specialist, come and see me. Formerly Silver Butterfly Tattooing for 15 years in Eugene, Oregon. (503) 687-9294, or write to Hair of the Bear, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

DOWN THE ROAD

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

OCTOBER

October 3 — THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SHOW/FIELD MEET/SWAP MEET sponsored by the Southern California Antique MC. Show, judging, banquet. For general info, call John Eagles at (714) 538-0416. For registration info, call Rose Hrovat at (714) 628-1532.

October 3-4 — SHAKEDOWN/MUSIC/COOKOUT/DANCE sponsored by The Freedom Riders MC. The event will feature a bike show, foreign and American classes, and twelve-foot trophies will be awarded. Location: Road Knights Clubhouse, 909 N. Locke, Kokomo, IN (317) 457-0758.

October 3-4 — SACRAMENTO MILE with the Southern California Sidecar Association. An AMA flattrack event with sidecar friends. The ride north to Sacramento will leave from Accessories Unlimited parking lot in Newhall (Lyons Ave., exit I-5) at 6 a.m. on the 3rd. Camping and motels available Saturday night.

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.

October 10 — SECOND ANNUAL BOOTLEG BOOGIE sponsored by the Bootleg Militia MC of South Carolina. Camping on Friday night only, in Boogie, South Carolina. For tickets and info, call Eddie Zeigler at (803) 531-4835.

October 11 — CMRA's SIXTH ANNUAL TOY RUN sponsored by the Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association. For info, write the CMRA, Box 186, Terryville, CT 06786.

October 18 — H-D FALL ROUNDUP at the Devils Bowl Speedway in Dallas, Texas. Annual all-day events include a swap meet, field meet, bike show, chili cook-off, helicopter rides, and more. For info, call Bob Bagwell at (817) 488-9133.

October 24-25 — GRIFFITH PARK SIDECAR RALLY is the oldest sidecar rally known to the Southern California Sidecar Association. Admission is per sidecar, not per person, and includes camping Saturday night. The main attraction is Sunday between 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. Be at the Mineral Wells Picnic Area, or give Doug Bingham a call at (818) 780-5542.

October 31 — HALLOWEEN PARTY sponsored by the Modified Motorcycle Association of Arizona. Live music and costume contest with prizes. Location: Eagles Hall, 3550 E. Drexel Rd., Tucson, AZ 85706. Tickets available at H-D of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., and at Papa John's MC, 3537 E. Speedway Blvd.

NOVEMBER

November 1 — ANNUAL STATEWIDE TOY RUN sponsored by the Freedom of Road Riders, Box 801, Independence, MO 64052.

November 13-15 — SECOND ATTEMPT TMRA POKER RUN sponsored by the Phoenix MC. Free beer while it lasts, and a chili cook-off. Register Friday night between 5 and 8 p.m., or Saturday at 8 a.m. Price is \$7.00 at Frank's Lakeview Inn, Belton Lake, Belton, Texas. For more info, call Helen or Debbie at (817) 634-1332.

November 13-15 — SEVENTH ANNUAL SPOOKS AND SCOOTERS STATE MEETING AND PARTY for brothers lost. Co-hosted by Hillsborough/County Line Chapters — ABATE of Florida. For location and info, call Radical Rick at (813) 920-4842, or Crash at (813) 754-2802.

Biker's Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Biker's Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,500,000 readers every month, call (818) 889-8740.

ACCIDENTS

Cage got your scooter down? Attorney Allan G. Bird, (206) 928-2179 or (213) 547-9944. Left-turn cases nationwide.

ALL SERVICES

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

ALUMINUM ROCKER ARMS & CAM GEARS

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

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 48319. Government surplus and genuine H-D parts. Catalog \$5.00 (616) 636-8200.

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

BELT DRIVES

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

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

BOOKS

The Vintage Cycle Magazine, 6 issues/year, subscription \$17.95. The Vintage Cycle, P.O. Box 4134-E, Sonoma, CA 95370.

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

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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

CARBURETORS

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

CATALOGS

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

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

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

CRANKCASES

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

CUSTOM MOTORCYCLE REBUILDING

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

CYLINDERS

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

DEALERS NEEDED

The Source, world's largest selection of licensed H-D novelties. Please call (209) 486-4646.

EXHAUST PIPES

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

FENDERS

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

FLYWHEELS

R&K Engineering Co. Self-balancing. 7415 Jefferson, Kansas City, MO 64114.

FORKS

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

FRAMES

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

HEADS

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

IGNITION SYSTEMS

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

JEWELRY

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

KICKSTARTER KITS

Grannys Trannys, kickstarter adaptors for 5-speeds, Box 4637, El Monte, CA 91734. (818) 579-2822.

LEATHERS

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

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

Branded Garments, 43-38 36th St., L.I.C., NY 11101. (718) 361-2072. Write for free catalog and send unusual/wild photos for our Bulletin Board.

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

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

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

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

Pac-Kit Saddlebag Company (a large and sincere saddlebag company). Literature sent upon request, 1213 Corunna Ave., Owosso, MI 48867. (517) 723-4746.

MAIL ORDER

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

MC SERVICES

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

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

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

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

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

Semel's Custom Embroidered Patches, 76 Lexington Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055 (201) 473-6866; (201) 473-3959. Free quotes.

MOTORCYCLE RESTORATION

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

NEW PRODUCTS NEEDED

The Source/looking for new wholesale products. Send photo and information on product to 3164 N. Marks #106, Fresno, CA 93722 or call (209) 466-4646.

OBsolete PARTS

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

OIL COOLERS

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

SERVI-CAR

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

SPECIAL SERVICES

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

SPEEDOMETERS

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

T-SHIRTS

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

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

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

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS/C.O.D.)

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

Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., \$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 30080. (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/S12, 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/S12.00, Bartel's Harley-Davidson, 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. (213) 838-3003 (shipping included).

Harley-Davidson of Green River Wyoming/S12 total, 5-color double. State size, S-XXXL M.O. or cashier's check. 193 W. Flamingo 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/S11.95 (\$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)/S12, payable to S.A. Marketing, 902 Lee Rd., Suite 30-449, Orlando, FL 32810-5585 (state size S, M, L, XL).

Arlen Ness Quality T-shirts, black or white/\$14, catalog \$4 extra, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578. (Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL).

TRANS CASES

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

Grannys Trannys, 4- to 5-speed, Box 4637, El Monte, CA 91734. (818) 597-2822.

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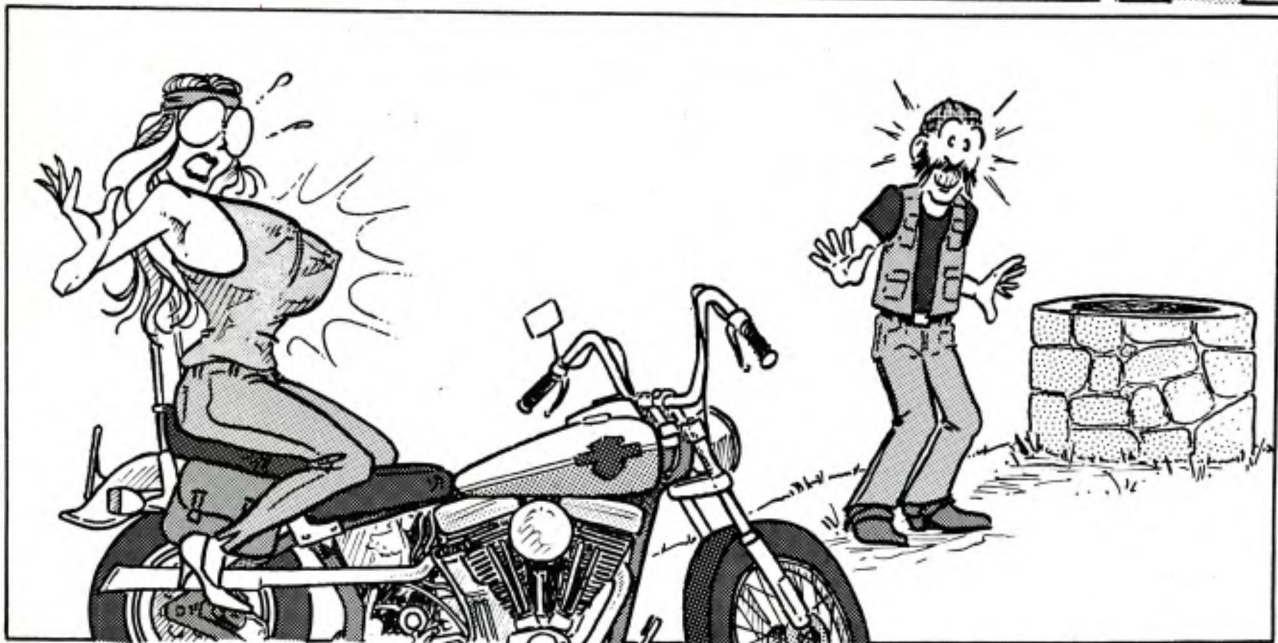
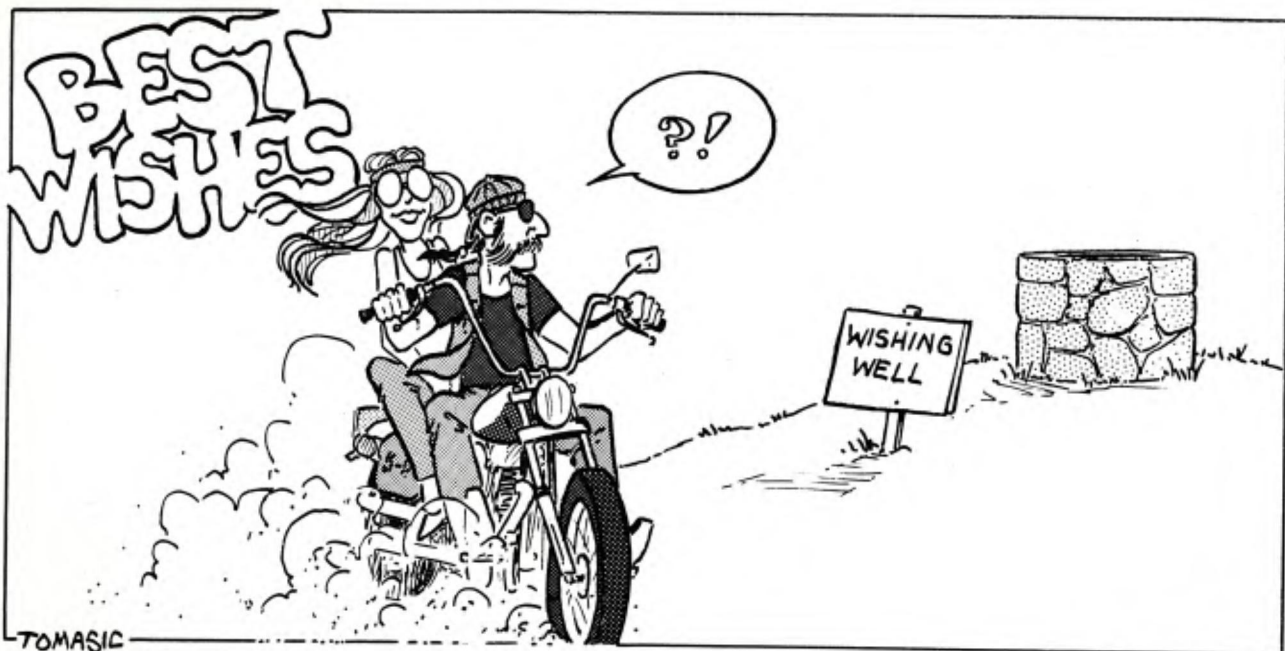
Path International, Inc., full service — International cargo agents, 110 W. Ocean Blvd., #320, Long Beach, CA 90802. (213) 435-2334.

WHEELS

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

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

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All Superior leathers are made from heavy duty top grain leather and are available in a wide range of sizes.

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LADIES HALTER TOP

Soft leather halter top with four front snaps, adjustable snap neck strap and elastic back straps.

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A sharp looking tailored vest made from top grade cowhide, nylon lining, heavy duty snaps, w/two slit pockets, and an inside pocket.

American made.

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Black grade A oil tanned leather, "Vibram" neoprene soles, 11" or 13" high, sizes 8-13.

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

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With 2" Heel.

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Dual Cable SU-5 **6.95 ea.**

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

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

6" Rise H-1B **34.95 ea.**

8" Rise H-1C **34.95 ea.**

Drag Bars - 1" dia. H-1 **9.95 ea.**

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

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

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

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

Chrome Clutch Cable Specify Model & Year

Chrome Spark Plug Wires Black, Yellow, Red. R-5 **4.95 set**

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

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

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

Chrome Clutch Cable Specify Model & Year

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Dual Cable SU-5 **6.95 ea.**

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

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

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

6" Rise H-1B **34.95 ea.**

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Drag Bars - 1" dia. H-1 **9.95 ea.**

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

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

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

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Chrome Spark Plug Wires Black, Yellow, Red. R-5 **4.95 set**

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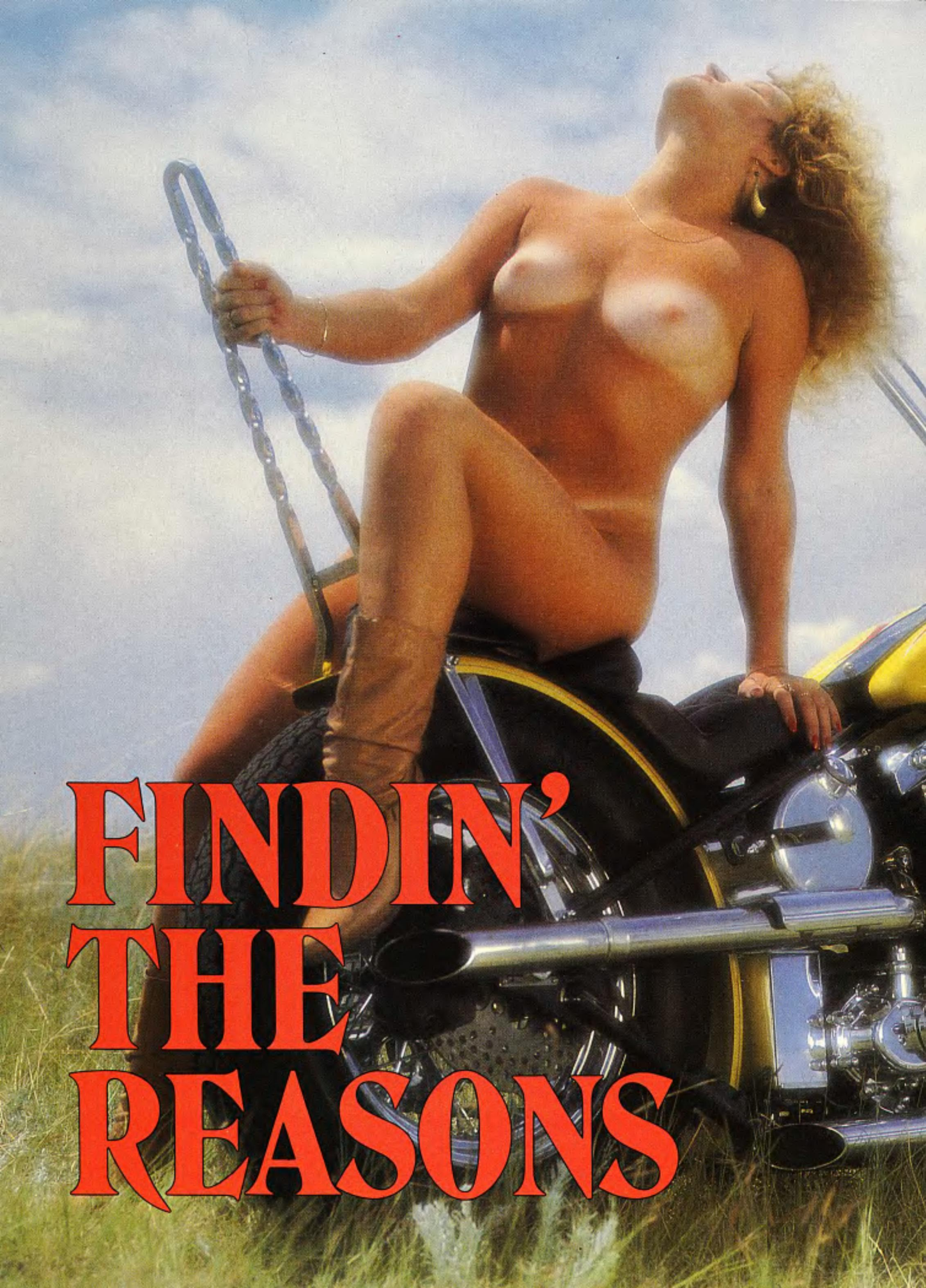
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A woman with long, curly blonde hair is sitting on a motorcycle. She is topless, wearing a thin gold chain necklace, a gold bracelet on her right wrist, and large gold hoop earrings. She is holding a blue, twisted metal handle in her right hand. The motorcycle is black and yellow, with a large chrome headlight and a chrome exhaust pipe. The background is a cloudy sky and tall grass.

FINDIN' THE REASONS



***A heavily horsepowered
Harley is reason enough
for Dave Morgan, and bein'
in the wind says it all
for Susan, our health-
conscious July Fox
Hunt Winner.***

It's amazing how difficult it can be to nail someone down on why riding appeals to him. Think about it. How would you define the exhilarating combination of speed, open highway, shotgun pipes, highbars, and your face in the wind?

But when this bubbly Fox Hunt winner and the owner of this rowdy shovel met in Colorado, we had to ask. Dave goes to the asphalt to find his true answer and something individualistic runnin' through his veins. And the same can be said for Susan, the July Fox Hunt winner. As she said, "I love the outdoors. I like doing everything outside, whether it's riding, water skiing, horseback riding, or making love."



This feature took place where the thin air is — where you've gotta lean out your carb because of the lack of oxygen, and where the sun can fry ya in a New York minute. Somewhere in the Colorado hills on a sixteen-jillion-acre ranch, the shots were taken against the most awesome mountains in the Western Hemisphere. Helluva backdrop, eh? Ya can't get sets like this from central casting or have them built by motion picture carpenters. Cecil B. De Mille would be pissin' green envy.

Dave's had the bike for five years, taking pains each winter to update it. This past winter, he saved up a bunch of bones from his job where he makes *dog food*, and he redid *everything*. Right down to every nut, bolt, and lock washer, to say nothin' about the obvious





stuff like paint, belt drive, and the dual plugs, which allow him to burn any type of gas he's liable to run across. These days, that's a major factor, now that they're doing away with leaded fuels, and the octane available is so weak it couldn't propel a popcorn fart in a windstorm.

The bike and Dave have been regulars at Sturgis for seven years, camping at the Buffalo Chip campground. During his first Sturgis attempt, he totaled his scooter, but remnants are still active on this scooter.

While Dave might have been stuck for words on why he rides, he had no problem



eliciting thanks to his dad for letting him use his garage for the rebuild, and to his many friends, including Rick Pew, for the support in accomplishing the task.

And Susan, our latest winnin' Texas sweetie, hails originally from the deep South, Mississippi, and still retains her rebel status while residin' with her ol' man in Granbury, Texas. As Tom Petty says (and Susan agrees), "I was born a rebel." She's been around bikes and bikers since she was a teenager, gettin' off on the brotherhood and packin' fast down an open road with no particular place to go. Her favorite run was a recent benefit Christmas Toy Run in Corpus Christi for needy kids.

In the small town of Granbury, Texas, they like doin' small-town things, like going to the ice cream parlor and munchin' down some rocky





Photos by Michael Lichter

road to beat the 100-degree-plus heat that is an everyday deal in the Lone Star State. If it's wild things they're lookin' for, then it's off to the bright lights and big city of Fort Worth.

Susan keeps herself busy and active but still has time to crank out sit-ups each day — all the better for her ol' man and the customers she serves booze to at the club she works in, and it sure didn't hurt the lenses much, either. Make mine a double Jack, on the rocks, ya sweet Southern belle.

—Bomber





Name: Susan
Birthdate: March 22, 1962
Frame:
Tits: 34" Waist: 24" Hips: 34" Height: 5'3" Weight: 116 lbs. Age: 25
General:
Hometown: Mississippi Residence: Granbury, Texas Ol' man: Billy Favorite hangout: Lake Granbury (in the shade) Occupation: cocktail waitress
Attitude:
Sex: "It's great." Drugs: never Rock 'n' roll: Bob Seger Turn offs: nerds Turn ons: fine bod, fine bike, lots of money Life: "I love it."
Specifics:
Favorite position: horizontal Favorite man: "My ol' man." Favorite tune: "Let The Good Times Roll" Favorite activity: riding the bike, skiing, horseback riding, photography Favorite phallic symbol: crankshaft Romantic evening: "Down by the lake, under the moon, nude." Fantasy: to live on a desert island. Favorite bike: shovelhead Best run: Christmas run for kids

Owner: Dave Morgan	City: Northglenn, Colorado	
General	Frame	
Fabrication by: Dave Morgan	Year: unknown	
Year and make: 1978 H-D	Builder: Drag Specialties	
Model: shovelhead	Type: rigid	
Value: ?	Rake: a taste	
Assembly by: Dave Morgan	Stretch: some	
Time: 8 months	Other alterations: a few	
Chroming by: Alert Plating	Accessories	
Engine	Bars: 18 in. apehangers	
Year: 1978	Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): barely there	
Rebuilder: Top-n-Bottom Cycles	Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: points and dual plugs	Taillight: side mount	
Displacement: 93 cu. in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Doug's Balancing	Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 12-volt kickstart	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 3½-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: ported, 4-plug	Oil tank: 5-quart spun aluminum	
Cam(s): 520 Leineweber	Oil system: H-D filter	
Lifters: S&S	Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S D series	Seat: soft	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: twisted	
Pipes: 2 in. shotguns	Height: 24 in.	
Muffler(s): sure	Material: American steel	
Transmission	Forks	
Modifications: stock	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1978	Extension: 6 in. over	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 3 in. Primo belt	Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 24	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Gary Dovel	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jim Dockter	Rim width: 1.85 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.
Color: several	Tire: Avon	Tire: Riken
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: striping by Louie Allison		

NE



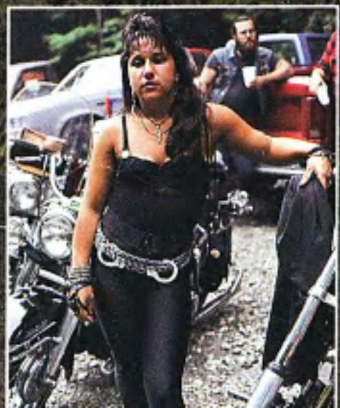
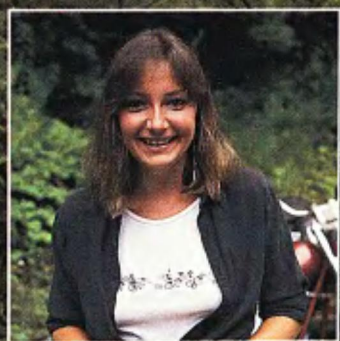
NEW YORK PARTY GIRLS

Fifth annual building fund-raiser brings out the best.

For five years, the Rare Breed MC has held a clubhouse restoration party for its downtown Buffalo pad. Rain or shine, the brothers and sweeties putt into the mountains some fifty miles outside Buffalo to the Lance and Shield nightclub to support the efforts. Last year's gathering brought out some fine-looking ladies — hope they do as well this year.

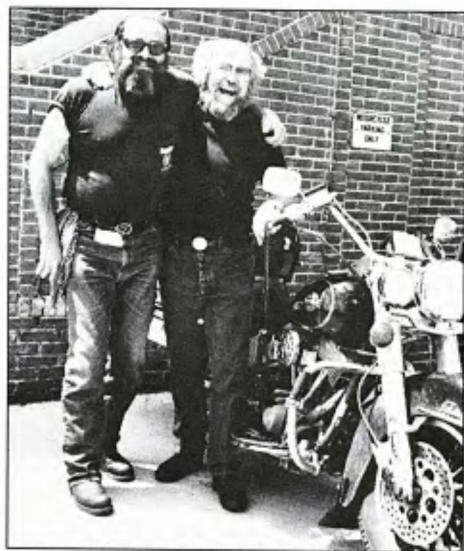
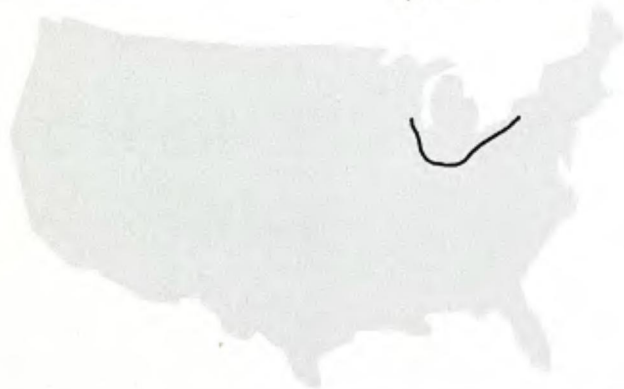


Photos by Pat Randle





RIP'S RUN



Rip with the G-man, Willie G. Davidson.

VISITING MOM *By Rip*

Sum-sum-summertime, summertime. Are we having fun now? Fuckin' A, you bet your ass we are. Darling (my Softail) and I just got through going to Milwaukee for the first time. Darling had over 90,000 miles on her clock, and she wanted to go home to see her mom. Being rather fond of cold beer, bratwurst, and Harley-Davidson, I said, Why not?

But whoa, let me back up to the beginning of this story.

This part of my adventure started near the raging waters of Niagara Falls — to be more exact, in John Brinkworth's H-D dealership in Buffalo, New York. John is the president of the H-D Dealers Association and has the eighth oldest dealership in existence.

John's shop was the first place I stopped in Buffalo, and while I was there, I walked a giant of a man. John introduced him to me as Billy, an officer of the Rare Breed Motorcycle Club. Finding out who I was, he said, "Bud, you are officially kidnapped, and you're coming with me." He took me to his clubhouse and gave me a room with a telephone and adjoining bathroom. I loved it.

Billy gave me a short tour of the clubhouse, which was a large, old, run-down hardware store at one time. The club members completely renovated the old structure. Incidentally, it is in a bad part of town, but for some unknown reason, no one fucks with it. They have received a



Artistic goodies stashed at The Motorcycle Supermarket.

commendation from the city for doing a great job on the building. When Billy took me up on the roof to show me what they had done, a familiar feeling came over me. There is something about standing up on a rooftop that lets you know immediately that you're in New York.

These folks went out of their way to make me feel comfortable, and I greatly appreciated it. I found out later that Billy was Mr. Buffalo, winning the title in very heavy body building competition. Billy makes jewelry for a living. We are talking

about beautifully handcrafted, unique creations — pieces of gold or silver. His company's name is SS Gold.

The next day Brian, a Rare Breed patchholder, and I rode to Pete and Linda Smith's store in Lockport. Their place is called The Motorcycle Supermarket. Linda Smith is the real power behind the Smith dynasty. The mother of five kids, she also takes care of the business end of things. You can literally get whatever you want for a motorcycle as you fight your way through the



Robin shows her stuff at the Rare Breed clubhouse.



Pete Smith with his son and Linda, his wife.

crowded aislesways. I've been to many motorcycle stores and have never seen that quantity of stock on hand. If you have a question about parts, ask Linda; she'll surprise you.

After a short visit, we cruised back to the clubhouse, where I met Robin. Robin was chasing Don, a brother in the club. That evening I took shots of her downstairs on the clubhouse bar. She's been running with the club for over ten years. Robin's not only a good-looker, but she also has talent. As witness to this is the following poem:

R.B.M.C.

*The bikers I know
The Harleys they ride,
The ones I know
They do it with pride.
They party a lot
And have a good time,
Puttin' around
With their ladies so fine.*

*God keep them safe
From bullets and jails,
But most of all
From the hurtin' females.
When they're out of their territory
They're unsure of their finds,
But I can usually sense
What's going down in their minds.*

*They're really precious
In their own special way,
They don't just pick up
Chicks for a lay.
They're good-lovin' men
Though scarce 'n' few,
They're usually at the clubhouse
Catchin' a brew.*

*Yet they all come
From a special seed,
Ya know who they are?
They're the men of the
"RARE BREED."*

Later that weekend, brother Gary and his wife drove me across the Peace Bridge to Fort Erie, Ontario Province, Canada. I wanted to take shots of the Niagara Falls from the Canadian side. That evening an old member, Hungry, took a group of us to Del and Herb's, a restaurant on Grand Island. The food was excellent. Hungry works on Harley-Davidson golf carts nearby. Grand Island is on the Niagara River, which feeds the Falls.

Buffalo is an international border town in the Great White North. It is the home of one of the wonders of the world, that being Niagara Falls. Buffalo also is the home of the Buffalo Bills football team. It sits against Lake Erie in western New York state. Because of the lake, Buffalo is known to be the coldest city in the nation at many times during the winter. When the lake freezes over, it acts like a refrigerator — the winds blow over this humongous patch of ice, right into the city. This is known as lake effects.

Buffalo has horrendously bad roads. Known to be a hemorrhoidal nightmare, it is possibly the pothole capital of the world. Rigid-frame bikes are scarce and impractical here. The roads stay torn up; they buckle and snap due to the extreme, frigid winters. The ice, snow, and salt which eat away at the cages give

them the appearance of grotesque, cancerous mutations. My Softail took the Buffalo roads in stride and performed admirably well.

I wanted to hang out longer, but I had prior family commitments for the Fourth of July. I left town in a slight drizzle, riding to Granger, Indiana, to visit with Balls, Squat, and Wanda, leaders of ABATE of Indiana. I enjoyed meeting these folks. They are very hardworking people, as is evident by their fine organization. They threw a party for me. Mac, the owner of McDaniel's Harley-Davidson of South Bend, rode over with his wife to attend the party. He is a longtime supporter of ABATE of Indiana and one of the first, if not the first, to go into his pocket to help establish it.

I have a large family scattered all over the country. Every year we pick out a different place to go; that gives us a chance to see the country, coming and going to our annual reunions. Briefly, all I want to say on this matter is that we had one hell of a time. Food, booze, and let me tell ya — for three days it sounded like the fall of Saigon. There were fireworks going off, both day and night. About the time I thought that all the shit was exploded, someone else would break into his stash and start the war all over again. There was an immense cloud of black powder over the campsite all weekend. My ears were still ringing when I pulled out to head north for my first visit to Milwaukee.

The ride to Wisconsin was a piece of cake. I skirted Chitown via the toll



Hal and his wife at their shop in New Berlin, Wisconsin.



L.D. from Cudahy, Wisconsin, and Sarah, his red-nosed pit bull.

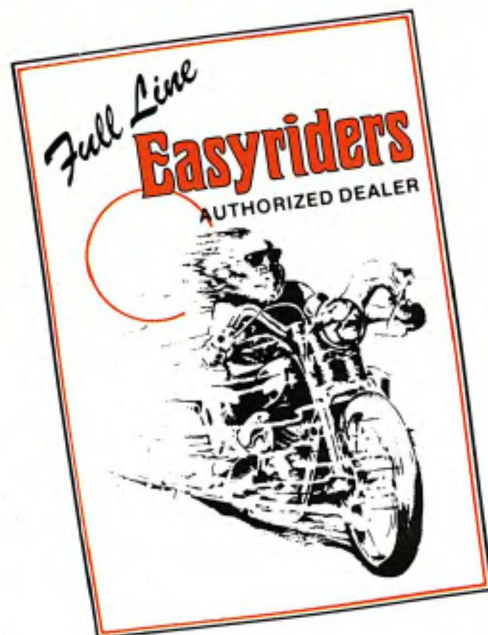
road and was in Wisconsin in short order. To say that I was stoked would be putting it mildly — a great understatement. To me, being there ranked right up there with seeing the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls for the first time. Aw shit, it's better than that. Darling (my Softail) and I had

finally made the holy pilgrimage. As I stood on the corner, I remember thinking, Well, Ollie, here we are in front of the last American Motorcycle Company. The last vestige of American freedom on two wheels. Red, white, and blue, and fuckin' damn proud of it.

I had a luncheon date with Willie G. Davidson, the grandson of one of the original founders of the company. You readers may remember an interview *Easyriders* did with Willie several months back, where he stated that he was just regular folks. I can personally verify that from the

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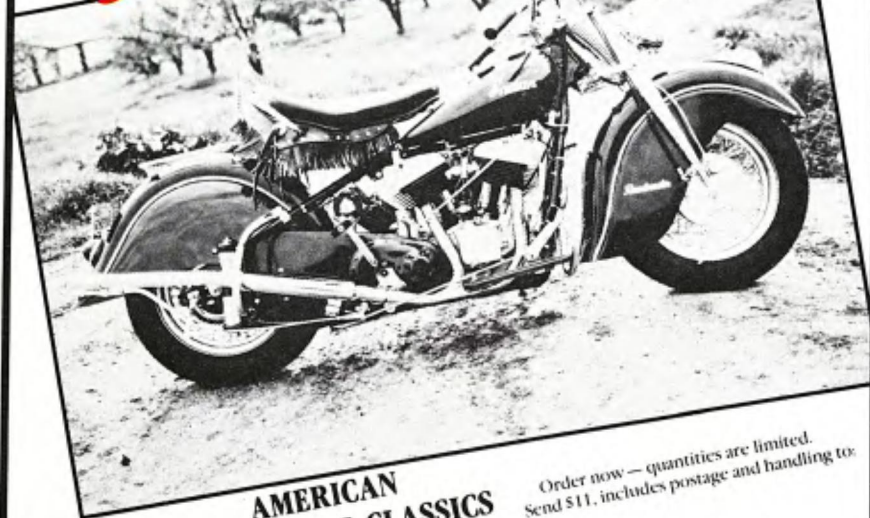
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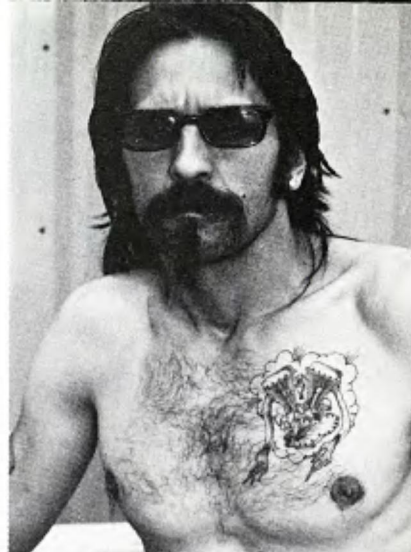


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Hungry, President of the Rare Breed MC, Buffalo, New York.

two hours I spent with him. The man has got bread, no doubt, but he doesn't come off as an arrogant, pompous, self-centered asshole. Willie is Willie, a down-to-earth, unassuming good human being. If this sounds like ass-kissing, so be it. I didn't want it to sound like that; I just wanted to see for myself if he was a real person or not.

Switching over to birds of a different feather, let's talk about the MDA Run a flock of us American eagles — bikers — went to from New Berlin, Wisconsin. It was called Hal's Run to the Races, the races being the state Flattrack Championships in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, a ride of 40 or 50 miles from Milwaukee.

Hal Topel, president of Hal's Harley-Davidson, has had this run for nine years. It is held in conjunction with the above-mentioned Wisconsin State Flattrack Championships, with the proceeds going to MDA. A couple of thousand people showed up for this run. Thanks for the support. Alisha, on the color page, had tons of fun.

We riders left promptly at 10:30 in the morning for the short ride west. There were citizens lined up on the overpasses of the freeway leading to Elk Horn, many taking pictures or waving at us as we passed. Not quite halfway there, the low, dark clouds we were riding under suddenly cut loose with big drops of rain. We hid under one of the overpasses for about 20 to 30 minutes before proceeding.

The expert class was run earlier than usual, due to the uncertainty of the weather. It was won by Dave Durell, sponsored by Muth H-D in Black River Falls, Wisconsin. That's Dave on the color page flanked by two cuties — the lucky dog. The clouds never dumped any rain on us

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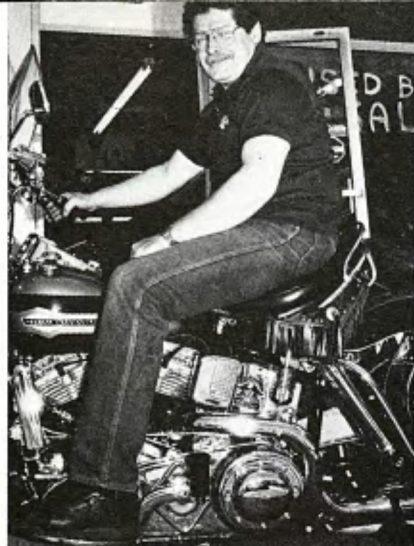
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Looking good on his panhead is John Brinkworth, H-D dealer, Buffalo, New York.

for the rest of the evening. Free draft beer was provided for the riders who bought their tickets from Hal. It was dispensed out of a truck with four or five spigots on one side.

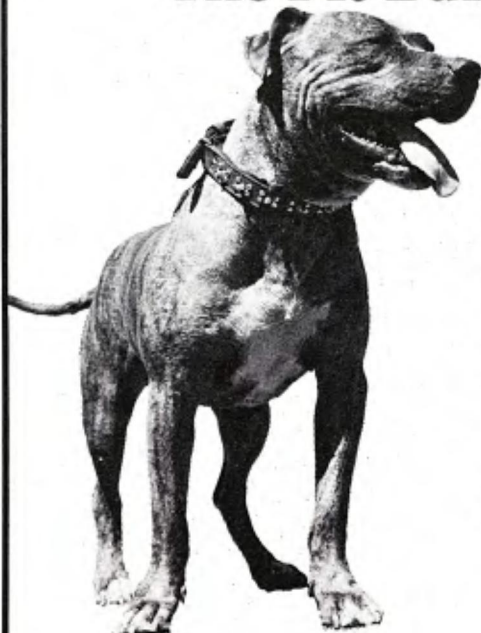
Hal's a great guy; he has been in business since April 15, 1978. His dealership originally was the second one in Milwaukee. Hal is also a strong sponsor of ABATE and gives each purchaser a free membership with each bike sold, new or used.

After the races, a group of us rode to the Fox River Inn, generally a weekend hangout for local bikers. Gator, one of the bros, kidnapped me again and dragged me around to meet some of his friends, of which he has many. You know how much I hated that; I'm so easy. If Gator's hangover was as big as mine, I doubt very much if he made it to work Monday morning.

Coming out of the corporate headquarters on Juneau Avenue, I met Public Relations Manager Buzz Buzzelli and Joe Ford, who works in the department which writes the technical data for all the factory products. Joe rides a rat pan and was going out on a shoot — that's photography language for taking pictures on location. He invited me along; I checked out his technique and saw that he knew what he was doing. Joe has shot several bike features for *Easyriders* in the past. In fact, there is one in this issue. There are many fine-looking scoots in and around Milwaukee. Many choppers, but some fine old restorations, also. My dick got hard seeing these beauties around town.

Joe also had a company bike with a sidehack hooked up to it. He was taking the weekend off to go camping with a girlfriend and her young son. He gave me the keys to his apartment and told me to make

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Harley factory folks Buzz Buzzeli and Joe Ford (on Darling).

Photos by Rip

myself at home, which I did. Joe has a couple of birds, a parakeet and Pooky, a cockatoo. I ain't into birds much, since I've never had any around the house. Himmler, my pit bull, would probably like them, if you get my drift, so I never bothered getting one.

Anyway, Pooky, Joe's cockatoo, kept eating my stems and roaches off the coffee table. He got so fucked up that he walked across the plate of Mexican hot sauce laid out on the large ammo box Joe calls a coffee table. Joe has a sarape (Mexican blanket) over the ammo box. Pooky must have had a bad case of the muncholas. He sang and tried to get into the shower with me. Joe thinks Pooky loves to hear the water running.

Thank you, land of beer, brats, and Harley-Davidson. I've got a strong feeling that I will return. ■

This is your column just as much as mine. So how about some mail? I want to know where the real biker bars are, where the real bike shops are, and places of interest that I can visit and share with our readership. No bullshit, please.
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REAPER'S RI



DE



Ain't nothin' grim about this sled.

Tracking down this bike to shoot it was a bitch and a half, but it coulda been worse. I first flashed on this blue beast at Monte's speed shop, MC Fabrication in Rockford, Illinois. We took some test shots at that time and scheduled it for a feature spread. No sweat, right?

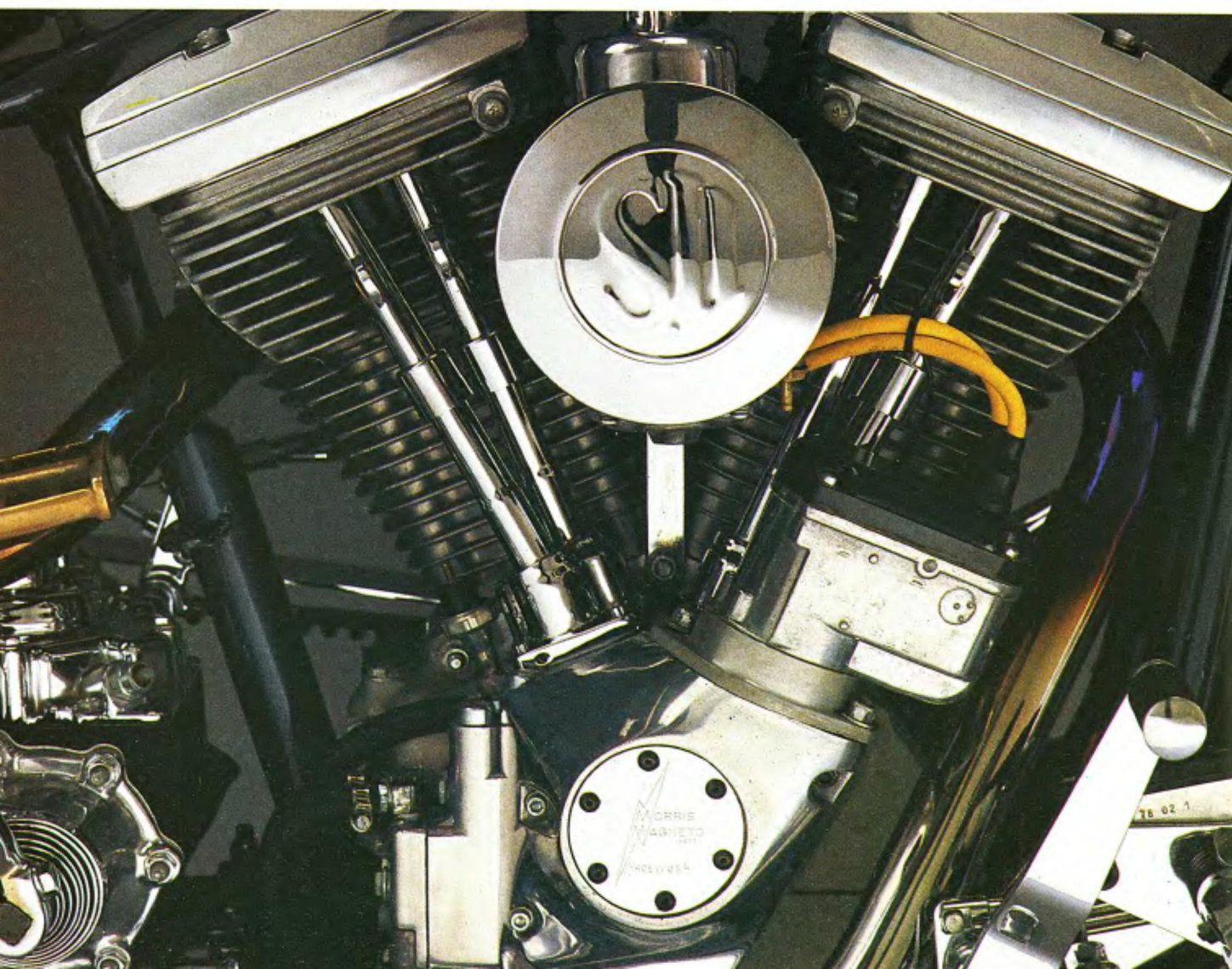
Wrong, bro. In the meantime, the guy who owned the scoot developed some serious back problems. Now, as anyone who's ever done any serious puttin' on a rigid frame on the pothole-dotted roads of the Midwest can tell ya, that combination doesn't mix well with bad backs, so he hadda put the Evo up for sale. And along came Brad.

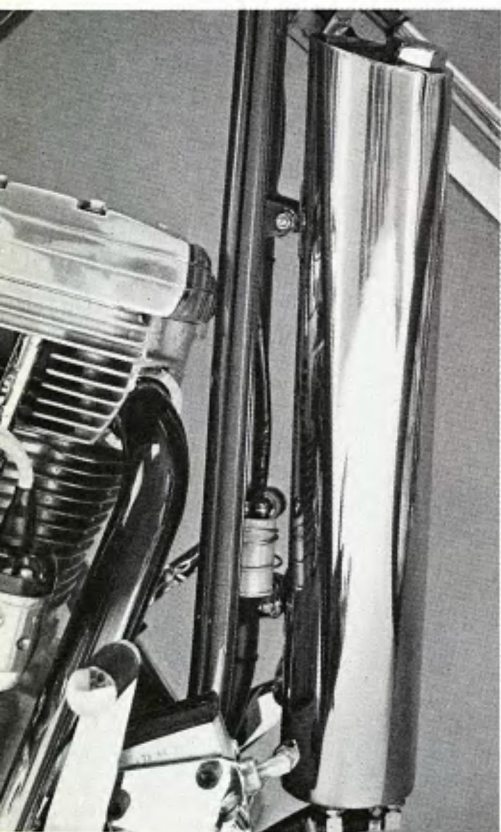
Brad walked into the shop, lookin' for parts for his pan-head, an' he spotted this eye-catcher sittin' off in the corner. When he found out it was for sale, he worked out a deal with Monte, slapped down the bucks, an' rode her

home. That's how it stood the next time I rapped with Monte, so we hadda hunt for the new owner.

Turned out Brad wasn't in the phone book, an' Monte didn't have his number, so we were shit outta luck. All we could do was put the word out on the street, sit back, an' hope Brad dropped in for more parts or something. Like it happens sometimes (but not often enough), we got lucky — eventually he checked in, an' within a few days, we had the bike in the studio.

Anyway, check out some of the goodies Monte made for this ride — some typically Midwest chopper stuff, combined with some unique parts to create a helluva nice effect. An' this sled ain't just a looker, either; the heads have been reworked to let the motor breathe more deeply, an' she was road-ready and rarin' to go when Brad got his hands on her.



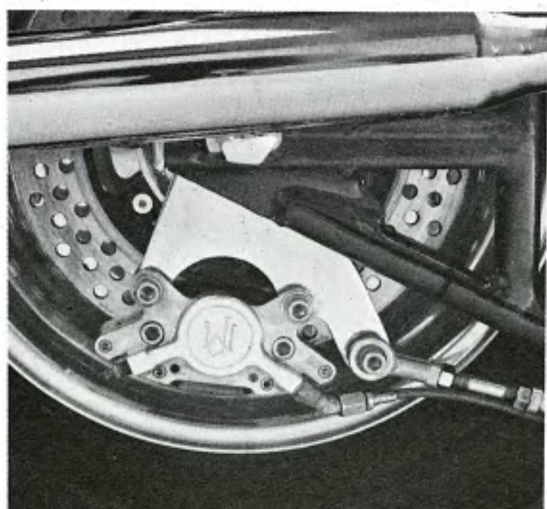


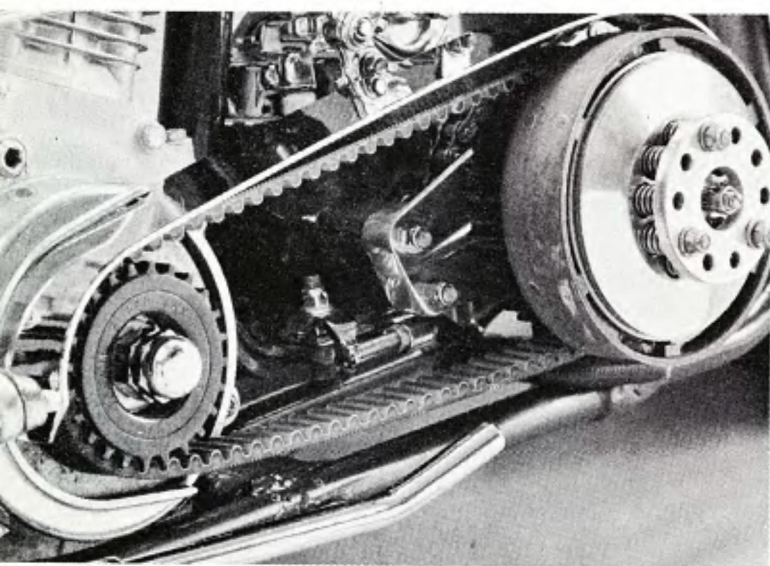
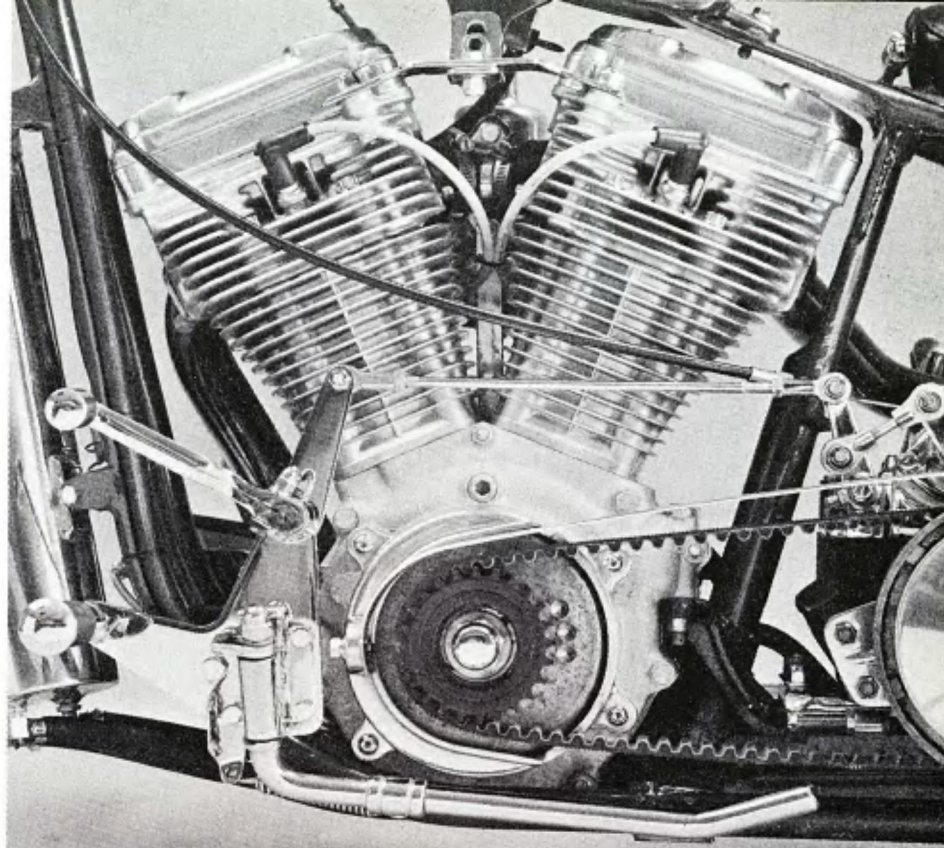
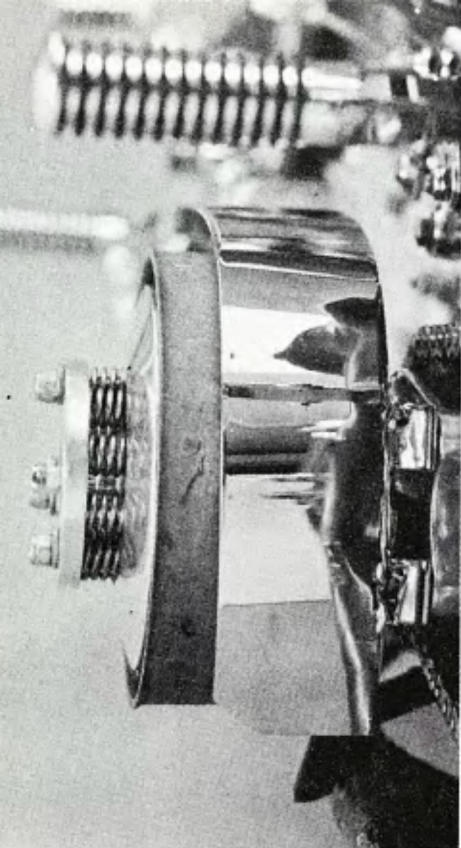
Good thing, too, because Brad had to rely on this "Reaper" ride after he recently went down on his panhead, hard enough to bend the frame. That pan's gonna be his winter project, but right now, all he's gotta do is grab a handful of this throttle in order to get it on.

Nice to have a backup like that, ya know?

—Jose' Dallas

more photos next page

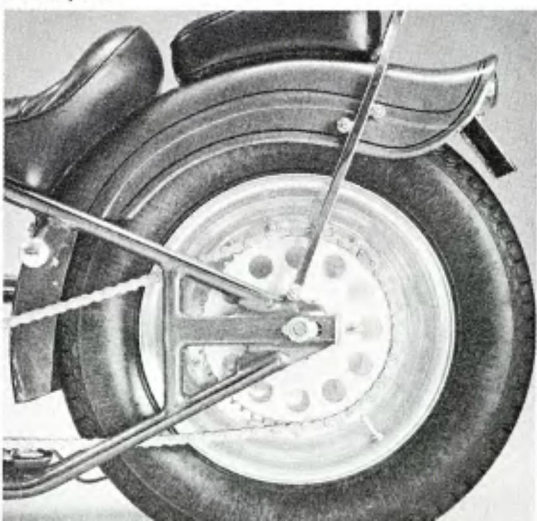
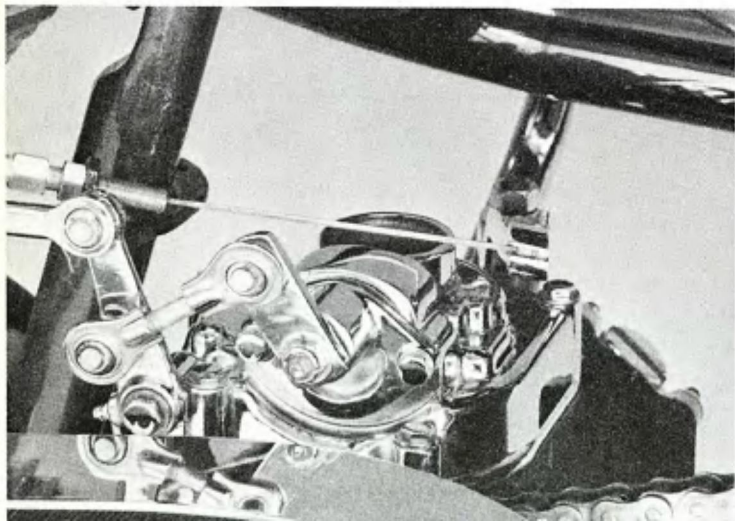


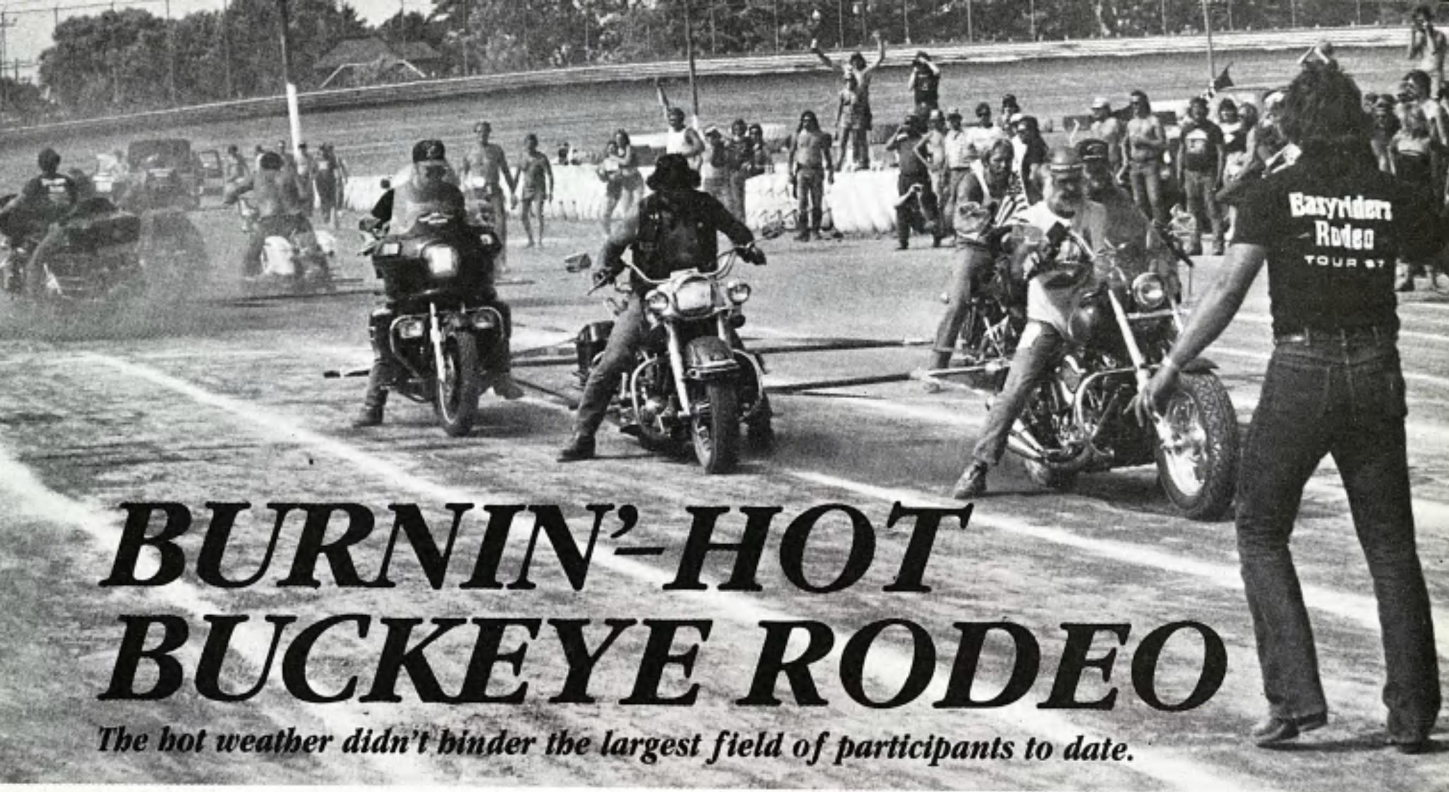


Owner: Brad Rampenthal		City: Rockford, Illinois	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: MC Fabrication		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 blockhead		Builder: MC Fabrication	
Model: special construction		Type: modified shovel	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: 12 degrees	
Assembly by: MC Fabrication		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 9 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Jammer	
Year: 1985		Risers: Jammer	
Model: blockhead		Fender(s): modified fatbob	
Rebuilder: MC Fabrication		Headlight: Jammer	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: Morris Magneto	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: ported by MC Fabrication		Oil tank: May Manufacturing	
Cam(s): Sifton EU2		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): SU Eliminator II		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: SU		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1985		Extension: 15 in.	
Shifting: Cow Pie		Builder: Paughco	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: no	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Butch Enterprises		Hub: spool	Hub: Perf. Products
Painter: Butch Enterprises		Rim width: 2.75 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: Ron Wilson			



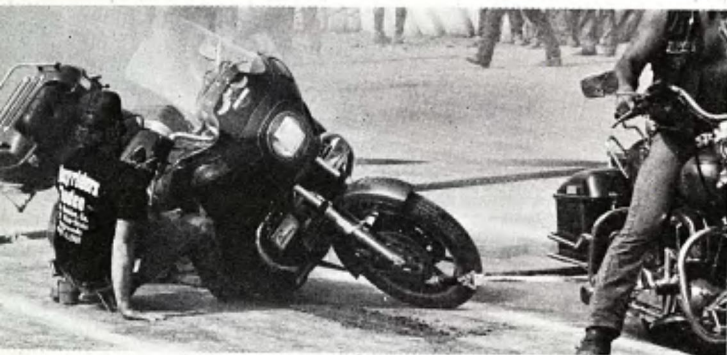
Photos by José





BURNIN'-HOT BUCKEYE RODEO

The hot weather didn't hinder the largest field of participants to date.

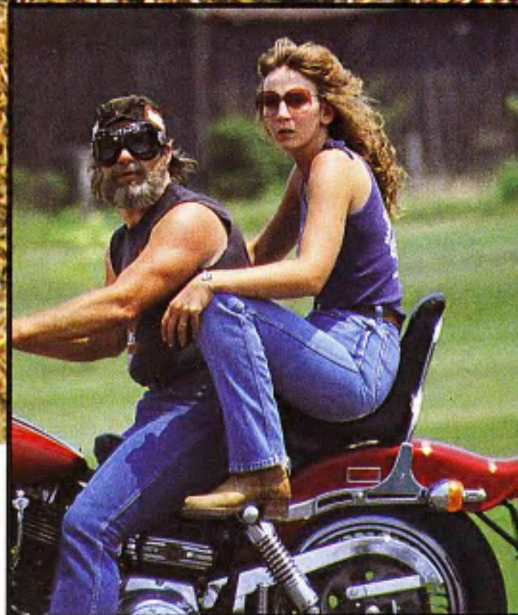
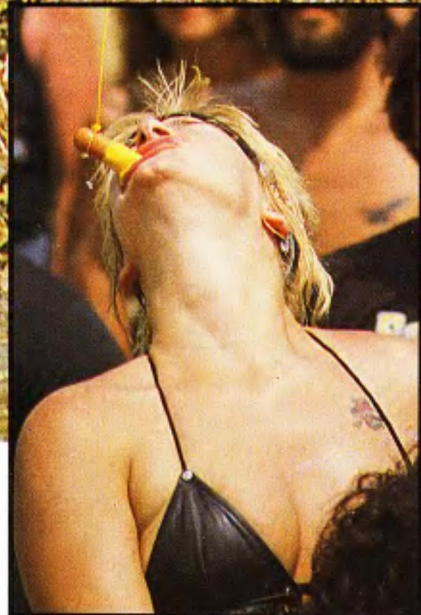
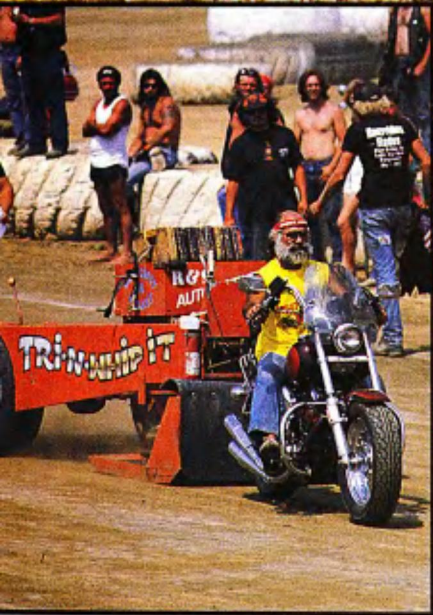


Photos by J.T. and Al Sherman



Well, like I told ya last month, the competition is gettin' fierce out there. The Lakeview Sportster trike from Illinois showed up again, this time with two more tires attached, and it knocked the Bad Company trike out of the box to come in the money. Ol' Ray from Tampa Bay found it a hard way to go this time, too — not only did the local Ohio folks grab the lion's share of the \$5,000 purse, but Tim from Florida showed up





with two bikes (an 80 and a Sportster) and took first in the Slow Race and the Solo Sled Pull. Crazy Animal and Lucky Renny from New Jersey also showed up and took home some loot (they came down from New Jersey and North Carolina earlier this year).

Ohio also had the first Ride-In Bike Show to be combined with the rodeo, and it netted some fine-lookin' road machines — popular vote gave first place to a bike that had just finished a

27-state tour, and second place went to one with 140,000 miles on it!

No, I didn't forget to tell ya about the rodeo held in Iowa, but because it was held in conjunction with the 11th Annual ABATE Party and Iowa Hog Drags, we'll be featurin' it soon as a complete event.

The big news — comin' up after New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, and Kansas are the Grand Nationals (\$10,000 purse) in California, on either

the second or third weekend in November. We're lookin' for the ideal location, because it's gonna be a two-day slam-bammer with lotsa stuff goin' on — keep your eye on the back cover for the exact time and place.

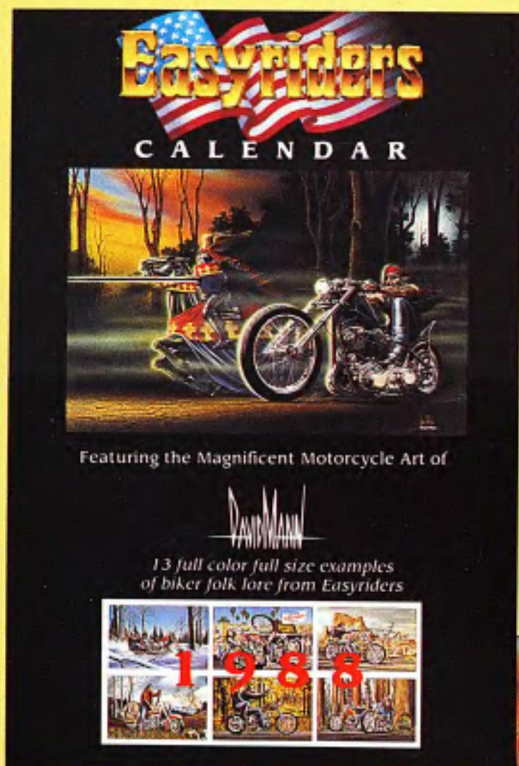
Thanks to the local bike shops and the H.O.G. club in Ohio for all the help — and a special thanks to Freedom Harley-Davidson for bringin' out their H-D powered lawn tractor to return-pull the sled.

—Bobo the Rodeo Clown

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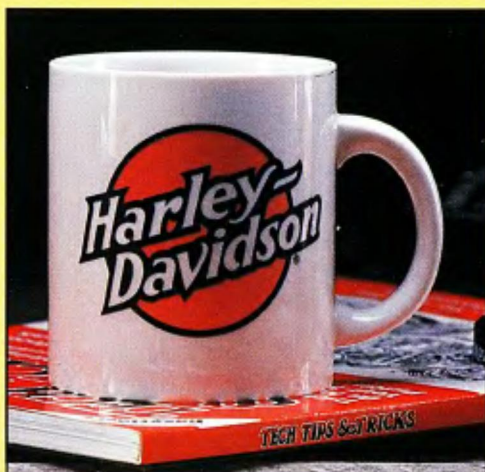
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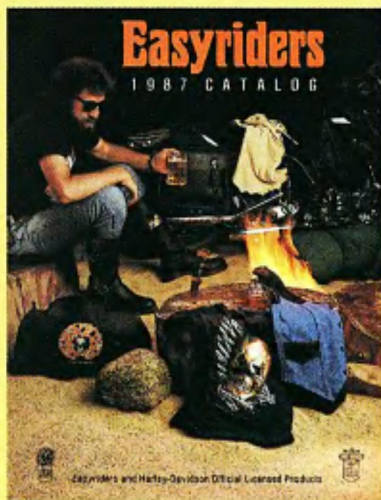
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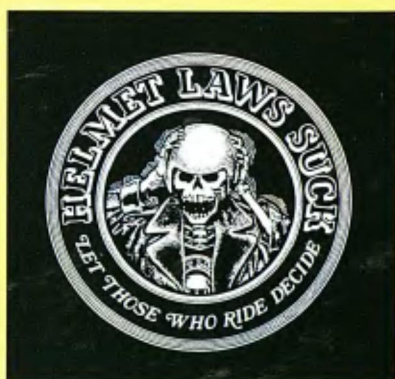
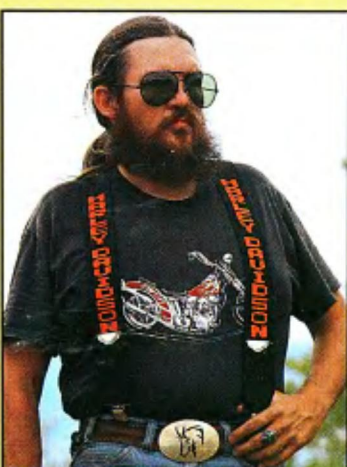
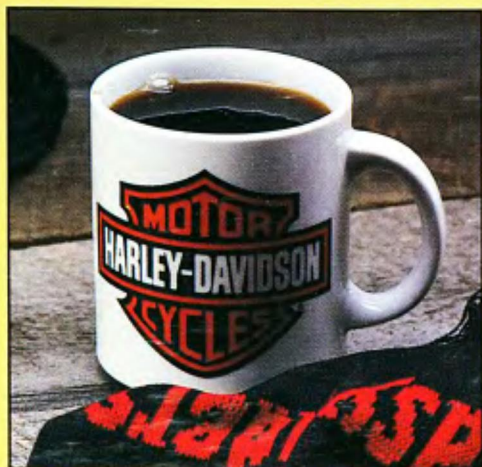
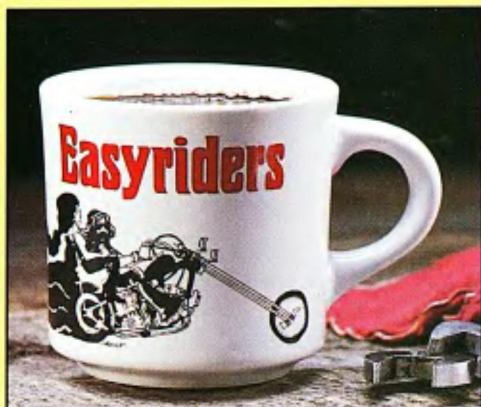
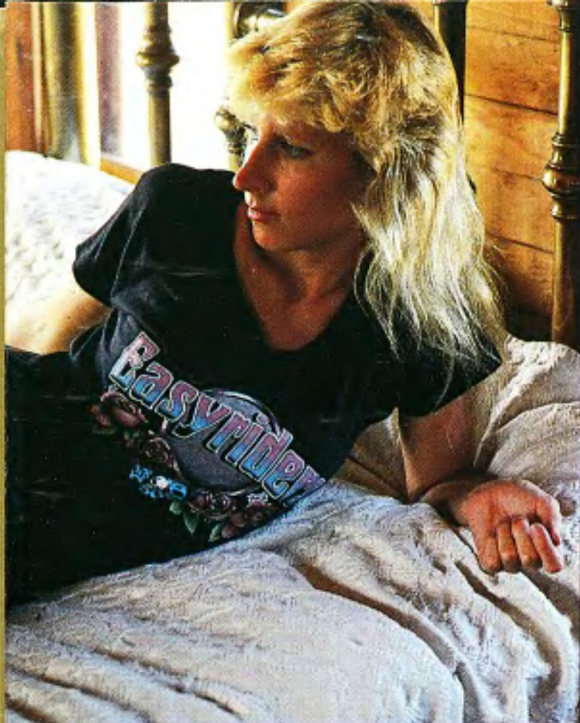
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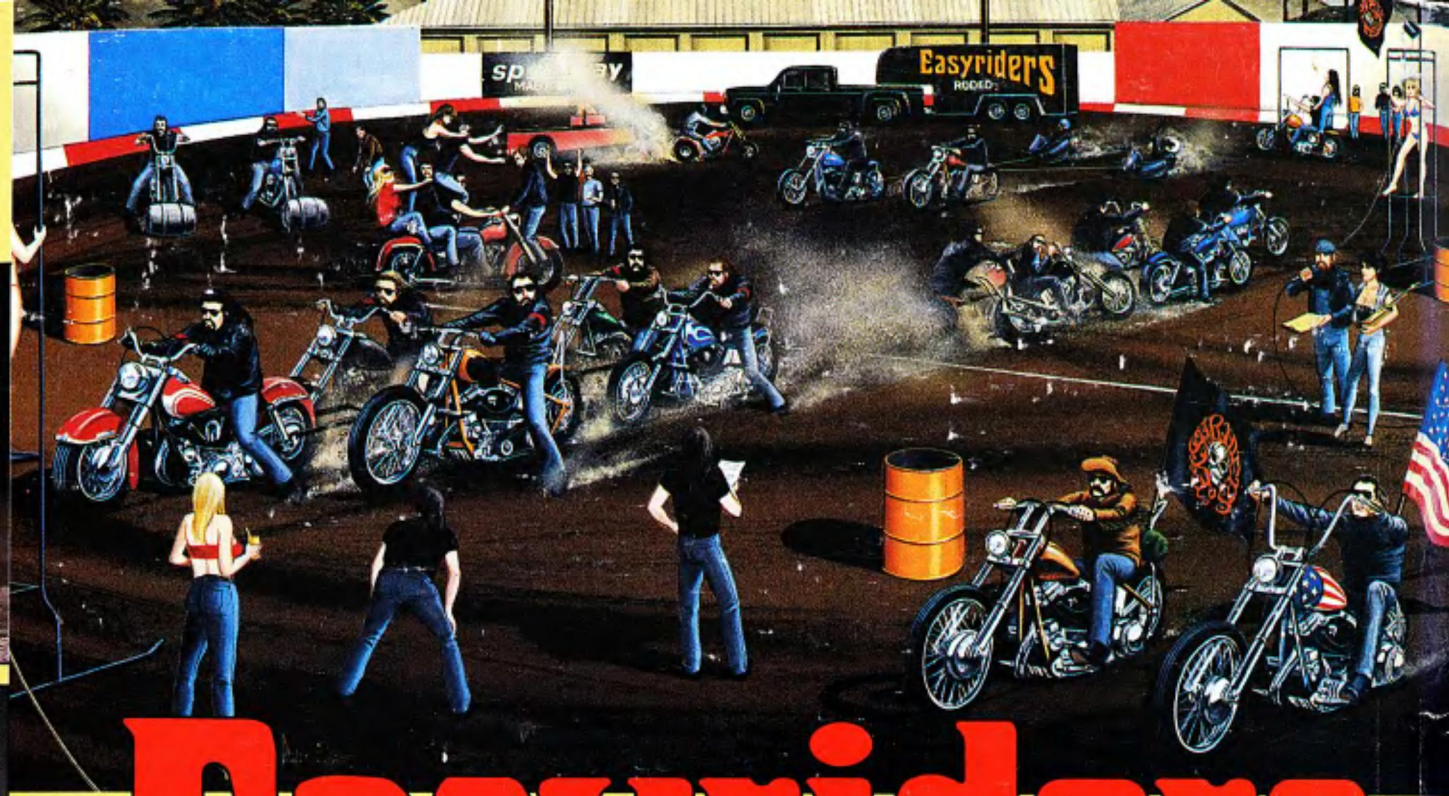
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