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**Easyriders Rodeo
Grand Nationals
See Back
Cover**

TIMELESS STYLE



Detailed information about these styles and our entire Bullskin line can be found in our 1987 catalog.

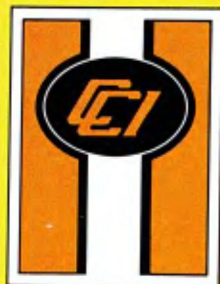
Styles shown left to right:

- Ladies' Heritage Jacket
- Men's Heritage Jacket
- Ladies' Fringe Jacket

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Easyriders

NUMBER 174

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

DECEMBER 1987

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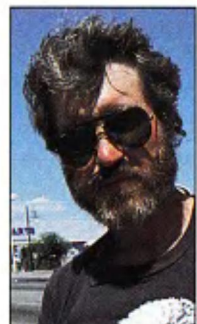
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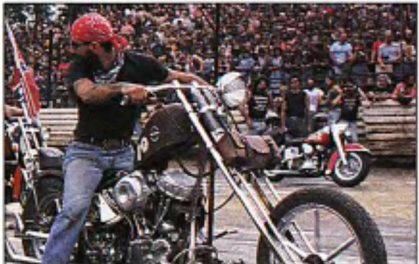
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 24.



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Cover and gatefold photography of Shelby by Steve Gunn.



A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S UNDER WRAPS FOR CHRISTMAS '87.

If holiday shopping has you coming unwrapped, take a ride to your Harley dealer. He has gifts you can't wait to give — because they're all genuine Harley. Gifts to dress up you and your partner, your Harley and your home.

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catalog. You'll have all your holiday shopping wrapped up in one trip.

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This guy went into a store, demanded all the money, and said something else, but the clerk couldn't hear him because of the ski mask he was wearing. So to make himself heard, he pulled up the ski mask right in front of the store's surveillance cameras.

Now this sounds like something Miraculous Mutha would do. She walked into the police station, squatted over the ash can to take a piss, then moved out a little on the floor and took a healthy shit. As she was being dragged away, she smeared as much shit on the walls and counter as she could. If you gotta go, you gotta go, I guess.

A guy whose wife was visiting him in the well-lit visiting room of a local prison started to pork her right there in front of God and everybody. He even shot his wad before they dragged him away. You gotta admit he showed a lot of class.

Here's another example of something all of us guys could have told them before they made the research. They found that fewer breast-fed babies than bottle-fed babies later needed dental braces.

It was June 8, and the more the hours went by, the more he got pissed. It was Father's Day, and his daughter hadn't given him a gift yet. He got so pissed that he shot her and her husband for forgetting him. When the police came, he found that Father's Day was a week later.

He slapped a chastity belt on her every time he went out of town on business. An infection developed where the lock had dug into her flesh. He was apparently away for a considerable length of time, so she croaked and he got five years—for one reason or another.

While having a beer sometime, turn to the guy next to you, tell him to take a coin out of his pocket and you'll tell him the date, and if you're right, he's gotta buy you a beer. When he takes the coin out of his pocket, you give him that day's date. (Duck when he swings at ya.)

I've mentioned dipshits like this before, but for some reason it constantly happens. He drove up to this lady at the bus stop and offered to take her home. But instead of driving her home, he forced her to lie down in the car while he drove to a secluded spot, where he

forced her to engage in sex, and then he drove her home. The next day he called her at work (having noticed her name tag while he was porking her) and believe it or not, he asked her to meet him for lunch. (He must have dug it.) So she showed up for lunch, along with numerous plainclothes cops.

Take this as a warning to you guys to clean up your act. She claimed in divorce court that he had terrible breath because he never cleaned his teeth and that his feet stank to high heaven, particularly when he put his feet up on the dining room table after eating. For some reason she felt that was just cause for getting a divorce, and believe it or not, the judge agreed with her.

Now brace yourself for this one. They did an experiment on rats, where they fed a junk food diet to one of them. He lived high on the hog with his diet of pizza, pretzels, brownies, cupcakes, and ice cream. They fed another rat wholesome food—a diet of seeds, grain, rice, rat pellets, and other healthy food, and guess what? The rat that was fed the healthy food croaked, but the other rat who supposedly ate all that shit is the picture of vitality. That tends to show you what the experts know.

This rickety 80-year-old man was walking down the street, picking his nose and minding his own business, when a fast-moving car struck a dog in the street so hard that it flew across two lanes of traffic and knocked the old man out. They didn't give the automobile driver a ticket, but they did cite the owner of the dog for not keeping it on a leash. Police will be police.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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Hard To Find

It's easier to find a Harley than it is to find a copy of this damned rag in Edinburgh, Scotland. I've found your rag with the help of intuition. I knew I was headed in the right direction, 'cause bike guts littered the highway. Jap bike guts. I followed the wreckage of broken mechanical integrity. Hell of an overseas circulation. I appreciate the effort.

Ramblin' Rich Kraskin
Edinburgh, Scotland

Shithole Readin'

I'm a biker in the Air Force from Los Angeles. I'm stationed in Turkey, and this has been the worst fucking year of my life. But one bright spot in this gloomy Middle Eastern shithole is that they sell *Easyriders* in the bookstore, and I've made it through this year with your fantastic magazine.

All I want to say is thank you to the staff at *Easyriders* for making this year in hell go by a little better.

Burnout
APO N.Y.

Good People

Three of my friends and I were on our merry way to Sturgis recently, and after many trials and much tribulation, the trailer hitch let go several miles south of Wichita, Kansas.

One of the two safety chains held, and David plowed only a small stretch of I-35 getting over to the shoulder. We managed to Bronson the hitch together and limp into town, and on the first telephone call we got hold of Truett and Osborn Harley.

We explained our situation and they said they had a welding machine but no welder. No problem; we had a van full of welders.

We made our way over to them, and they provided us with the machine, rods, space to work, bathroom, clean-up facilities, and conversation.

Then, after we had used

their tools, burned their rods and electricity, got in their way, made a mess on their parking lot, and generally abused their good humor, they would not accept a penny. That doesn't happen in Houston on a regular basis.

Phillip Wilson
Arcadia, Tex.

No Problems

Just had to fire off a quick note in reply to T.K., who said (in the August column) that he'd gotten ripped by Pyra-ponic Industries, the guys who produce a self-contained growing unit for... well, whatever ya wanna grow.

Don't know what the problem is, but I ordered one of their units (after first sending for literature), and it arrived within a week.

I'd offer the following suggestion to T.K.: if all else fails, follow directions. This outfit is a stickler for following their instructions to the letter.

The whole procedure may seem silly and irritating, but give it a try. I've had no problem with Pyra-ponic Industries.

A. Grower
Bumfuque, Ga.

German T-Shirts

My reason for writing is that my husband is currently serving in the U.S. Army, and we are presently stationed in Fulda, West Germany. I've been trying to find some authentic German Harley-Davidson shirts, pins, patches, etc.

I'd love to locate some things from German bike clubs or German Harley-Davidson dealers. If anyone has any info about how I can get my hands on some of this stuff, send it my way!

Sue Corcoran
A Troop 1/11th ACR
APO N.Y. 09146

Thanks

Just thought I'd thank you guys for having the best damn bike rag ever.

This July my Hawg shorted out the wiring. After a few

kicks, I grabbed your rag to see what or who could help.

I found "Nasty's Cycle Repair." After calling them, I found I had no way to get the bike to him. Nasty drove down, got my bike, and after a fifth of J.D., he took my sled to the shop. Two weeks later I'm back in the wind. (Oh, did I mention that my bike doesn't take a stock wire harness? — Nasty had to build it.)

The address is Nasty Cycle Repair, Box 184½, Slippery Rock, PA 16057.

Ted
Pittsburgh, Pa.

P.S. Nasty has free *Easyriders* mags for all of you.

Help!

I'm in the process of restoring a 1965 165cc Harley-Davidson Topper Motor Scooter. Anyone out there who has ever seen one or has any info about it, please drop me a line.

John Sullivan
Box 19
Shelburne Falls, MA 01370

Dipshit

What do the bikers do for this country (besides vandalizing, destruction to private and public property, sucking off the welfare system, and taking our tax dollars to keep them in jail)? Nothing! So that's why I'm asking decent Americans to write to me and tell me how they feel about this national disgrace. Hopefully, if enough of us can get together, we can take care of this problem through tougher laws against this scum of the earth.

Rick Hydro
So. Palm Beach, Fla.

■ Eat shit and die!

Trikes

Just a word of thanks for running our letter in your past issue of *Easyriders* magazine.

We received a ton of mail and hopefully helped a few of our brothers and sisters get back in the wind.

In 1988 our International Trike-In will be moved to Rapid City, South Dakota, during Sturgis Bike Week.

Anyone considering a three-wheeled ride or who wants to know more about our organization dedicated to trikers, is invited to write B.T.W.

Jim Sickler
National Director
Brothers Of The Third Wheel
P.O. Box 345
Coal Valley, IL 61240

Free Copies

☐ The Man over here says my cell is a fire hazard and to dispose of a lot of my personal property. I say he's just a ball-buster.

Anyway, I have a big collection of *Easysiders* and other various mags (cars and bikes) to give away free. You pay postage. First-come, first-served basis.

Richard Tornetto #84A3521
Box 338
Napanoch, NY 12458

Southern Biker Bar

☐ Just a line to say thanks to you guys for printing the letter on Southern biker bars in the June '87 issue. Four of us Yankee bros rode down to Savannah, Georgia, on our Harleys to support an Army exercise. We're from the 174 TFW in Syracuse, New York, and flying the A10A Warthogs.

As we were sitting around the barracks, Cowboy was reading your rag and came across the letter, so we looked it up on the map to see how close we were. One to two hours later, we pulled up to Jeanne's Bar. Ours were the only bikes there, so we went inside to get a brew. As we walked inside, we were greeted with a "Hey, how'y'all doing?" Just as we popped the top, the president of the local ABATE came in and asked who owned the New York bikes. He invited us to an ABATE-sponsored swap meet just up the road, and forty-five minutes later we were there. The people we met there, including Todd "Dog" Maas, were outstanding. We had one hell of a time.

Mongo, Pathfinder, Scumbag, Cowboy
Syracuse, N.Y.

Wants Mail

☐ Hi! I'm a young white female presently residing in the Long Island, New York, area. In June of '88 I'll be hitting the road with nothin' but

my cage and my bike trailin' behind me. My destination is Southern California, where I plan to make a new life for myself.

The reason I'm writing this is because I could really use some information and some good people to hook up with along the way.

If anyone could tell me of any happening places out there throughout the U.S. worth visiting, or if there's anyone in the Southern California area who wouldn't mind showing this New York girl around, then please pick up a pen and drop me a line. (I'm sorry, but please, no prison mail.)

Becky Knipper
19 Caton Street
E. Northport, NY 11731

☒ Remember, you asked for it!

Bummer's Bummer

☐ In response to Bummer's different opinion (July '87) on Uncle Ross's Bike Quiz (April '87), William S. Harley, a former apprentice bicycle assembler and present apprentice draftsman, along with boyhood friend Arthur Davidson, fabricated their first prototype engine.

It was not applied to powered bicycles, though, strange as it sounds, but to rowboats. Being trout-fishing fanatics, Harley and Davidson figured that motive power of a mechanical nature was a definite improvement over oars.

The early small engines were not original creations. The story goes that the man who supplied them with shop blueprints was a German immigrant who was formerly employed by the Astor Company, that at the time was manufacturing its own pirated versions of the French De Dion and Bouton works.

There is evidence that at least two small single-cylinder marine engines were built by Harley, along with the propeller and installation gear. Unfortunately for us Harley buffs, no photographs or other details of this project survived.

Most of the early scoots started out simply by fitting a small engine to the common Roadster bicycle, which, as we all know, then fell apart after a few miles over the rough roads back then.

Harley and Davidson's first creation was also of this type — fitted with Harley's 25-cubic-inch version of the

De Dion powerplant. After several of their bicycles had been shaken apart, the decision to build a machine from the ground up of more rugged cycle components was made.

The ultimate 1903 model, fitted with a more powerful 35-cubic-inch engine, was a pedal-assisted belt-driven machine. Such construction was to become the hallmark of H-D tradition, and it paid off.

The well-publicized 10' x 15' woodshed was built by Davidson's father in the backyard of the family home at 38th and Highland Streets in Milwaukee. And it was from that shed that they built three more machines and sold them to satisfied customers in 1904. Five more were assembled in 1905.

So sorry to bum ya out, Bummer from Bend, Oregon, but ol' Uncle Ross was right. You'd better check those scoots out in York, Pennsylvania, and the Smithsonian again. Only one can be the 1903 or maybe neither. They may be '04s or '05s.

Anyway, I just got back from Sturgis '87 and had one fantastic, tit-suckin', cunt-lickin' time.

R.A. Magnuson
Minneapolis, Minn.

No Nothing

☐ Any brothers or sisters planning on going through the Ossipee area of New Hampshire, don't stay and camp at Totem Pole campground in Freedom, New Hampshire. It's a nice campground on a real nice lake, but no fires after 10:00 p.m., and no music or "objectionable noise" after 10:00 p.m. But the worst thing is that no bikes or bikers are allowed.

There are many good camp areas around there to go instead, and the folks are great. Think about it — a place called Freedom, New Hampshire, where you can't even be yourself!

Freebird Johnston
Middlesex, Mass.

Two Seasons

☐ Just wanted to shoot you a line and let you know about a righteous Harley dealer in Maine, Harleys-R-U.S. in Lewiston.

One week before I had to ride my FXRT from Maine to Bumfuck, Virginia, my Bendix went out. Because Maine has only two seasons, the Fourth of July and winter, the service department is usually

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backlogged with two to three weeks' worth of work.

I went in and explained that I was a member of Uncle Sam's Big Grey Canoe Club and that I had very little time to get to Virginia. Well, those guys got their wrenches turning and had me on my way South on time.

An extra big slice of raisin pie to the boys at Harleys-R-U.S. They made me a very happy guy.

Freebird
 FPO N.Y.

At Last

□ Coverage on Laconia, New Hampshire!! FINALLY! We couldn't believe it! You guys finally got around to covering the other half of the states! I mean righteous races and bike happenings do exist over here!

Jersey Ginny
 New Haven, Conn.

A Question

□ Who's right? I say that Jack Daniel's birthday is March 25. My cellie says it's on Whatdafuck Day.

Doc
 Lebanon, Ohio

■ You're both wrong. Jack's birth date was September 5, 1846. Whatdafuck Day is September 26.

A Goof

□ Just got my September '87 issue and was checking out the Sportster featured on pages 106-111. Just thought I'd mention the slight screw-up. On page 109, lower right, corner, is a picture of a rear tire, taillight, etc., and on page 110, top right, is a picture of a rear tire, taillight, etc. of something else.

J.R.
 Hayfork, Calif.

□ Y'all blew it this time. I caught one that fucked me outta my skull, and I wish I was on the dope you guys are on. The September '87 issue has an XR-1000 on page 110 with the wrong rear fender! Finally got ya!

But y'all made up for it with Dana Dylan. Show me more! Whiplash
 Ft. Knox, Ky.

□ In your September '87 issue, on page 110 in the upper right hand corner, is a picture of someone else's fender, brake light, and license plate.

I figure one beer too many.
 Spring
 Corpus Christi, Tex.

New Jersey Rodeo

□ Just got back from the rodeo at the Flemington, New Jersey, fairgrounds. Despite popular belief, no one was raped, and I saw no evidence of pillaging. Maybe it was the presence of no less than forty New Jersey state police cruisers on the grounds and at least one (maybe two) helicopters in the air.

From what I saw, the troopers spent the whole day either standing in groups, sitting in their air-conditioned cars, or sitting in the first turn bleachers. It's a shame to see such a waste of taxpayer dollars — paying all of those troopers all of that overtime just to watch a bunch of Harley riders having fun. And have fun we did. Brought the wife and kids this year, but if you guys come back next year, we're gonna leave the kids at home, and the wife and I are gonna enter some events.

Sportster George
 Edison, N.J.

□ At the rodeo you had in Flemington, New Jersey, we thought you might enjoy the video we took, so we made you this one. Unloosen your belt buckles, grab a cold one, and enjoy! That rodeo was the best event we had here in a long time. Thanks!

Charlie Carroll and
 Lorraine Stana
 Piscataway, N.J.

□ Just came back from your Flemington, New Jersey, rodeo and let me tell you, it was one of the best Sundays I had had in a long time. I would like to take the time to congratulate the guy from Ohio and the guy from Tampa who won all the events. It was the first time I ever went to something like this, and never in my life have I seen so many Harley-Davidsons — it was a beautiful sight.

What I'm trying to say is that I'm glad the rodeo went on, despite all the problems you guys had with our local law enforcement assholes. Hope to see you guys at Easyriders back in New Jersey next year. You would be more than welcome in Old Bridge, New Jersey.

G.B.
 Old Bridge, N.J.

□ We were really sorry for all the bull that they were put through here in this stinking state. Saturday was a blast, and the band and keg party were outrageous. Sunday for

the rodeo itself was great, too. Seems the cops were expecting a lot of trouble, and all they got for their efforts was one bitch going into labor! ABATE of North Jersey handled the security and did a fine job at it, too. I really enjoyed helping out when I could and seeing the "movie bikes." John, who portrayed Dennis Hopper, was a pisser to be around and I made sure my ol' man took a picture of us on the bike.

For everyone who hasn't yet seen the event, if it's coming to your area, go and participate. You'll have a bitchin' good time and get to see a lot of righteous ridin' and some beats-all, no-shit, makes-ya-come-in-your-shorts bikes. My ol' man and I plan to try to get up to Connecticut for the next one and are planning the events we'll enter next year, too.

Cathy and Keith deserve a few extra raisin pies for their hard work to pull these things off. (Yes, the WHOLE PIES.)

P.J. and Bimbette
 North Jersey, N.J.

Showster Info

□ A bro named Randy Martin requested some information on building a Showster in the September '87 issue.

Trock Cycle Specialties builds big-bore cylinders for Sportsters and Big Twins. He can supply cylinders for Sportsters that will accept Sportster or Big Twin heads. Also, I have seen a Big Twin engine fitted with his big-bore cylinders wearing Evolution heads in his shop, but I don't know if these are in production.

This is the same Trock who developed the Trock "iron door" transmission door for Sportsters and who has been building Showsters for many moons. Write Trock Cycle Specialties, Inc., R.R. 2 Box 415G, French Road, Hampshire, IL 60140.

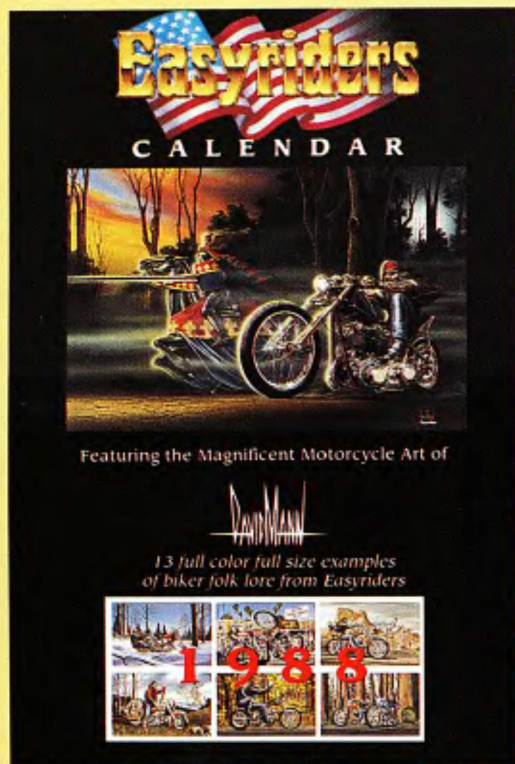
Smitty
 Grantville, Ga.

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. ■

At Last . . .

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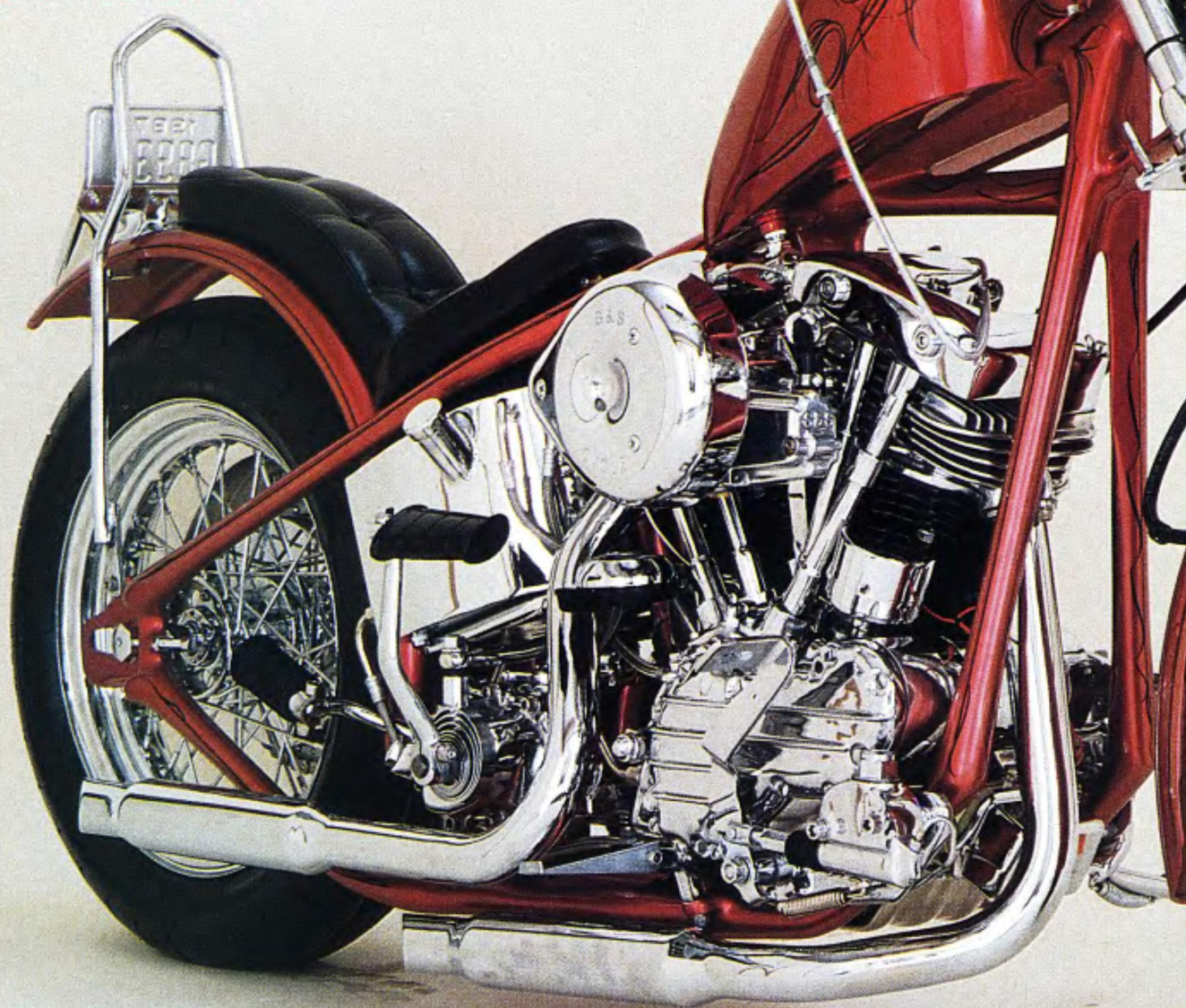
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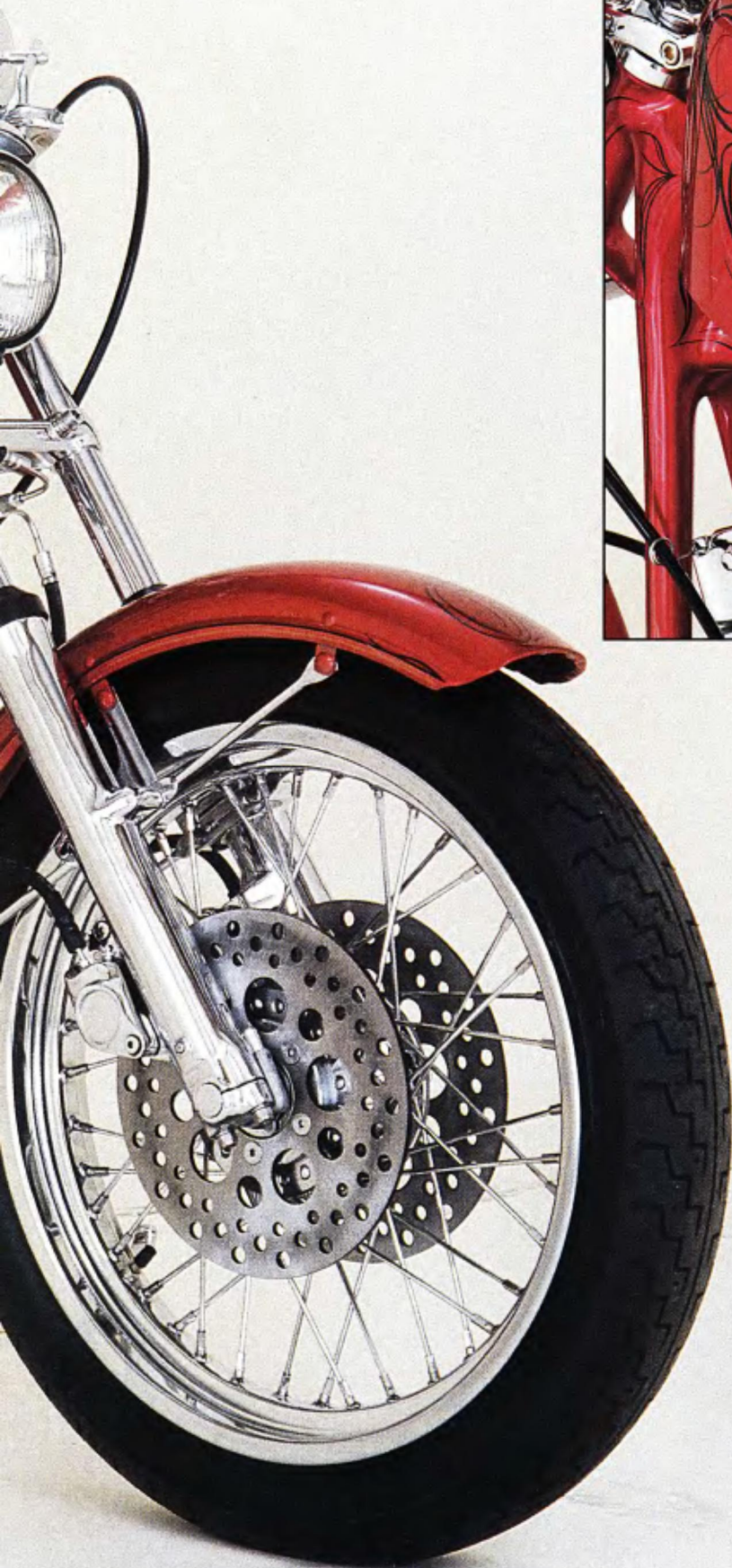
JANUARY 1988

Easyriders							CHECK LIST	
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	Parties	
					1	2		
					8	9		
					15	16		
3	4	5	6	7	14	15	Runs	
10	11	12	13	20	21	22	Maintenance	
17	18	19	26	27	28	29	Parts	
						30		

**DOG
DAY**



AFTERNOON



Tom McGrane shoulda built a fence around this one.

It was bad enough when we only had Spider's off-the-wall bullshit to contend with. At least when that cat stuck his grizzled head outta his cave, we knew what he expected — blood from a fuckin' turnip, usually. But ever since Bandit and his motley crew came back to the rag, ya never know what kinda weird shit's gonna come down.

Like today. Here I was, working my ass off, goin' through all the Sturgis tit shots for this issue, when Knucklehead, Bandit's mangy Doberman-an'-German-shepherd mix, came crawlin' into my office, draggin' the flywheels Bandit has hooked onto his chain as exercise for the mutt.

There was a spit-drippin' note between his teeth from his master. It said: "I want a dog story in the first bike feature, cuntface. Write the fucker."

"Screw that drill," I growled, a little too loud, an' that's when Knucklehead gave me a ball-shrinkin'

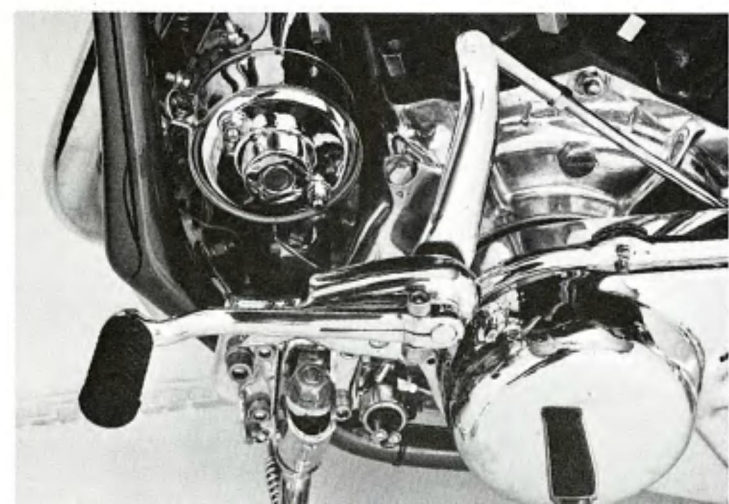
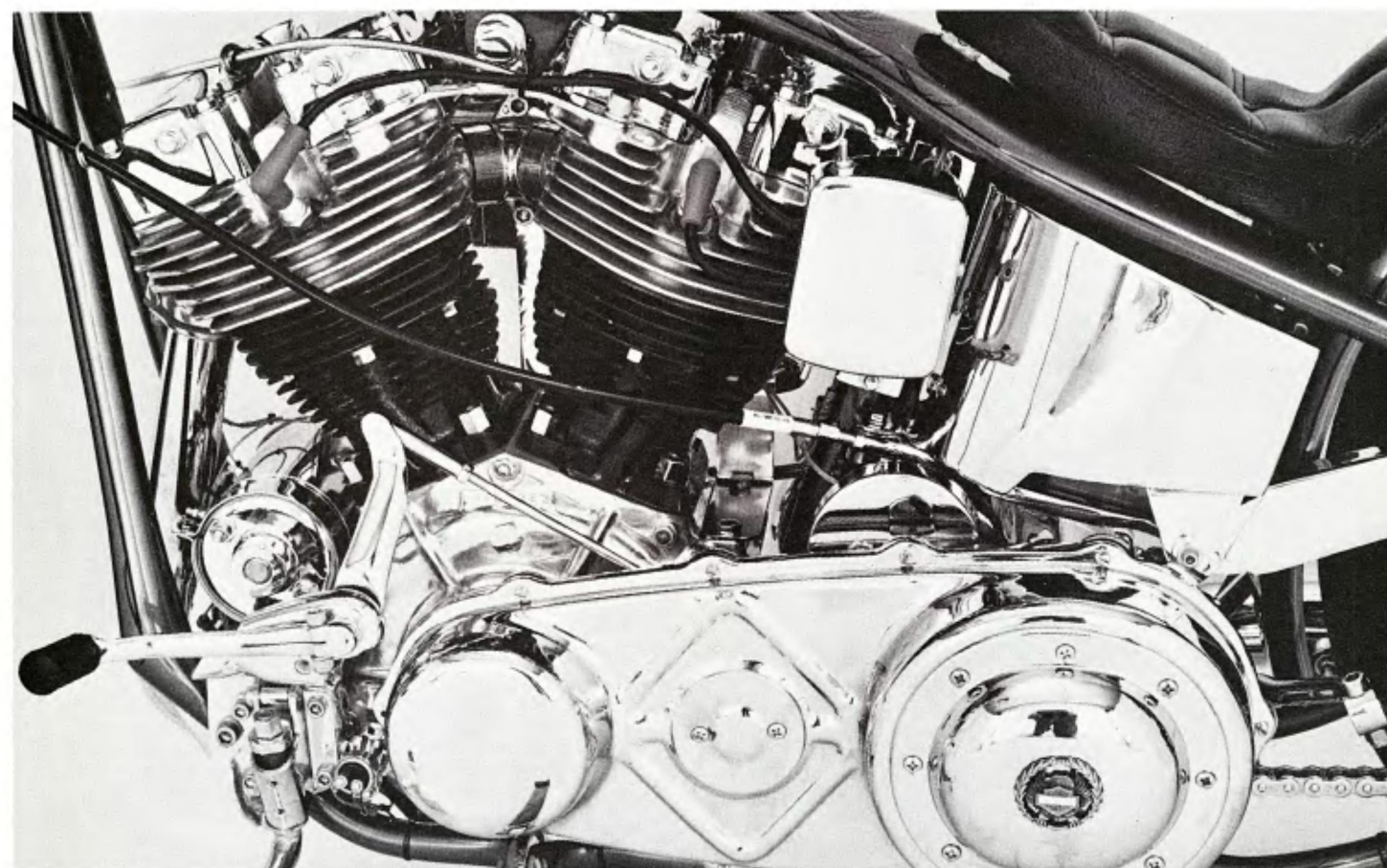


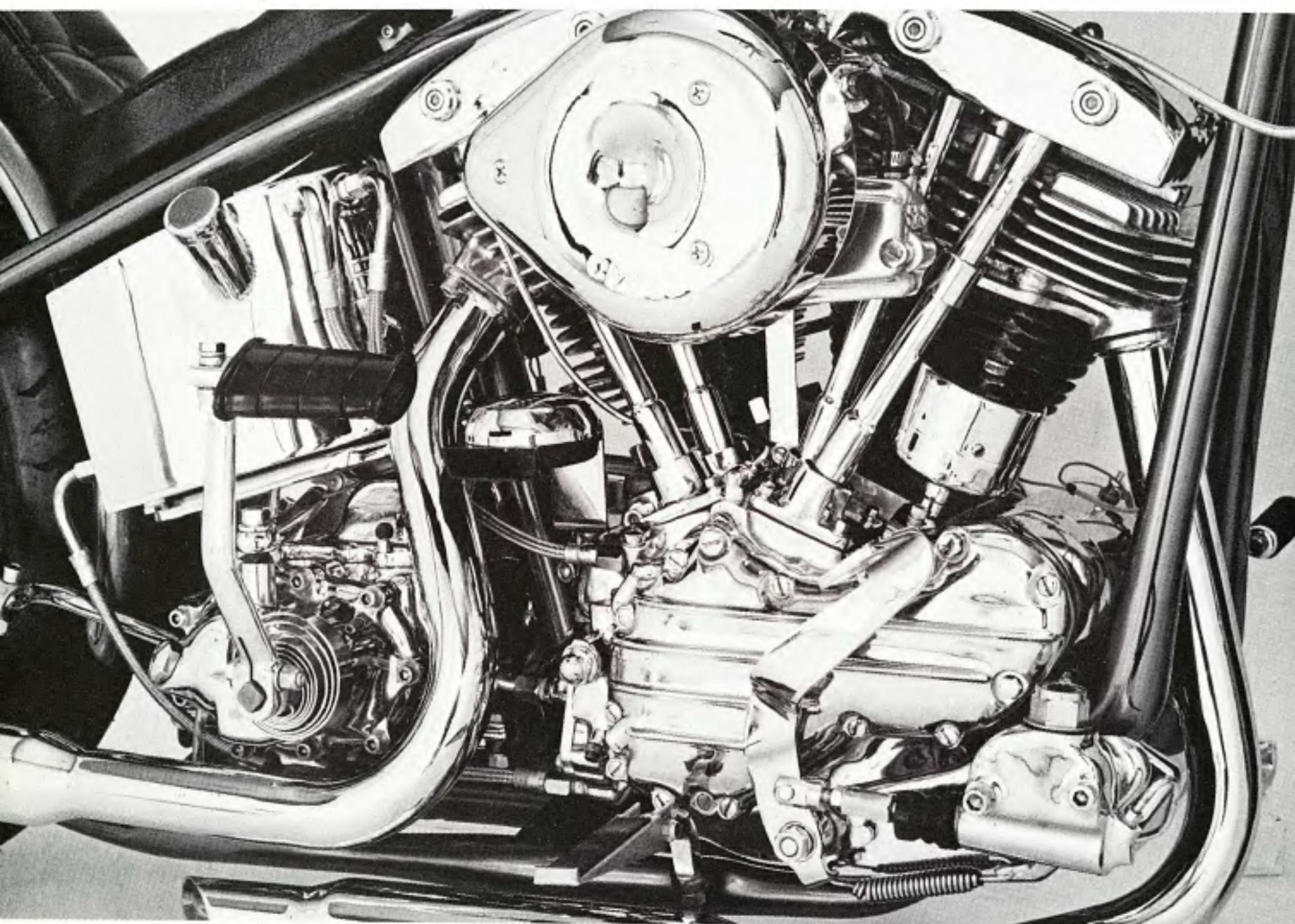
demonstration of what real growling was all about, an' if those fuckin' flywheels hadn't got snagged on Renegade's barbells, I wouldn't have made it out the window in time.

As it turned out, though, there was a dog story behind Tom McGrane's panhead-turned-shovel, after all. Kinda. Tom is a damned successful fence-layer by trade, an' his ol' lady raises golden retrievers for a livin', which naturally means that they keep a lotta dog food on hand for the kennels. An' even though his ol' lady runs a spotless an' well-maintained business, it seems that there was a pack rat on the grounds, livin' in rodent heaven amid all that feed.

All this was goin' on while Tom was outriggin' his '64 pan with the shovel heads ya see on



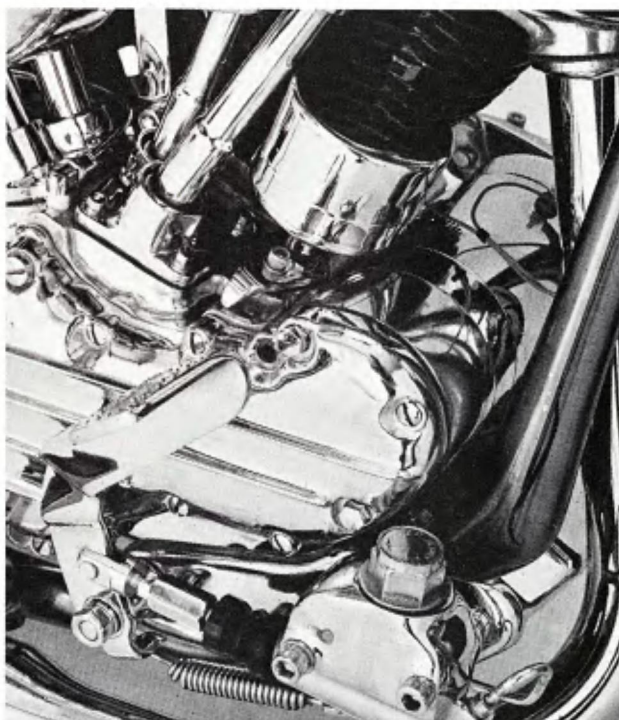




Owner: Tom McGrane		City: Capon Bridge, West Virginia	
General		Frame	
Fab. by: Gene Miller/Butch Brinkman		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1964 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: straightleg	
Value: \$8,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: G. Miller/B. Brinkman		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: molded	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Super Glide	
Year: 1964		Risers: stock	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 1979 Super Glide	
Rebuilder: Butch Brinkman		Headlight: Super Glide	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: .60 over		Electrics: stock	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Sportster 2.8-gallon	
Heads: 1969 shovel		Oil tank: CCI	
Cam(s): 412 Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Doug's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Ted's Cycle	
Pipes: 1½ in. CCI		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): CCI		Material: ½ round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: 1979 Super Glide	
Year: 1964		Extension: stock	
Shifting: ratchet top		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: chromed	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Gene Miller/Butch Brinkman		Hub: H-D	Hub: star
Painter: Al (Linc) Tenley		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: Acrylic urethane clear (DuPont)		Brake: disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: Mick Henry pinstriping			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



the scooter now, so his lower end was sittin' on the work-bench every night, all by its lonesome.

Guess what the pack rat decided would be a primo hidin' place for its personal Alpo stash?

You got it. After Tom traileered this scarlet 74 to Daytona earlier this year, he unloaded her an' kicked her through, figgerin' on checkin' out the bikini-busters on the beach. She fired up just fine an' sounded

bitchin' — an' then Tom noticed the geyser of oil spewin' from his tin primary like an Arab's wet dream. Oh holy shit.

At first, Tom thought he'd sheared a scavenger key in the pump — no big deal — so he dug out his wrenches. But when he pulled the cam cover, surprise, surprise! (as Spider would say) — he found the entire oil system completely clogged with dog food/60-weight mush.

But it coulda been worse. At least clogged oil lines don't

show up in photos, so runnin' or not, we were able to shoot his cherry FL at Pete's Daytona studio. After Bike Week, Tom hauled her back home, cleaned her out from heads to cases, an' in no time flat, he had her burnin' down the road to the feed store for a coupla pounds of rat poison.

Awright, Bandit — there's yer fuckin' dog story. Now how 'bout gettin' that asshole flea-farm mutt of yours outta my office?
— Glueface



HYPOTHERMIA

by Bernhard

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Hey, bro, watch out for the "Big H"—it can kill you. No, I ain't talking about your Harley, herpes, or that white stuff from China. Winter's going to be here soon, and it don't matter whether you live in New York or sunny California—it can get damned cold on your scooter and raise fuckin' hell with you. Ya might become hypothermic.

No, I ain't calling you a name. Hypothermia is the word docs use for what happens to you when you've exposed yourself—to the weather, that is—for too long. Hypothermia is a condition in which your body's insides, as a result of exposure and other factors—such as wet clothes, high winds (like being in the wind), and too much liquid antifreeze—cool to a critical point. This results in a gradually deteriorating physical condition that if not taken care of, can lead to your immediate demise.

A lot of you who have heard about hypothermia think of subfreezing weather, and that ain't necessarily the case. Hypothermia can get you even in mild weather if all the conditions are right.

Let me run this tale down to you about good weather. It was mid-August and the temps were in the 70s to 80s, the sky was clear, and everything was looking good for a short putt. These two bros, both in great shape (ain't we fuckin' all?), were daytrippin' down the old Central Camp road near Bass Lake, California. Shortly after noon, high clouds moved in, and the area was soon drenched in a summer storm. Deciding to ride back to Bass, the bros headed back down the gravel road. Winds, along with the speed of the bikes, dropped the temp to around 60°. Now, 60° weather ain't shit, except both had downed some Jack, had wet clothes, and had the wind in their faces.

Halfway back to the main road, one brother got a flat on the rear. Now we know what it's like to fix

a rear flat under good conditions, but wet, rainy weather, cold wind, and the Jack they'd downed made the whole thing a bitch. Exertion set in, and the muscles in their legs and arms started getting sluggish. After fuckin' with the tire for about an hour, they decided to haul the scooter back to the lake and fix it there. One bro went back to the lake for a truck. By the time he got back, only one hour later and less than three hours from the start of the whole fuckin' mess, his bro was unconscious and damn near dead. By luck, he had a truck heater, and his bro warmed up enough to pull through. Neither one of them realized hypothermia was the cause of the problem.

A lot of you who have heard about hypothermia think of subfreezing weather, and that ain't necessarily the case.

Hey, ain't no one I fuckin' ride with would leave a bro when he's dying, but that's the way hypothermia works. It numbs the brain and senses so you can't think straight.

Now, if this kind of shit can happen in 60° weather, what the fuck do you think can come down if you fall in an icy lake or if the temps are below 30°? Falling in icy water can make you hypothermic in three minutes and take you off the count in five.

Hypothermia occurs because your body loses heat faster than it can be produced. Many people make the deadly mistake of not recognizing hypothermia until it's too late. The first sign is intense, uncontrollable shivering and a drop in your body temp to 95°. At this stage you may have trouble talking and thinking clearly, and you'll act irrational.

As the body temperature drops to about 90°, the shivering may suddenly stop and muscles will become rigid, irrationality will increase, and

standing will be difficult; the skin will turn blue. When inside temperatures drop to 80°, the victim will be unable to stand, pulse and breathing will be slow, reflexes will be absent, and unconsciousness will occur, with death soon following. Now you don't have to be a doctor or have a thermometer with you to remember the signs—just watch your bro's condition.

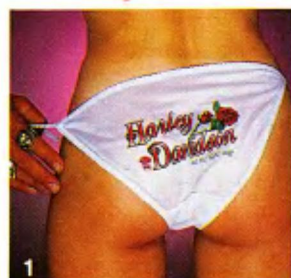
Now that we know the signs of hypothermia, let's get to some treatment. When you're shivering, you're not a pussy; rather, your body is trying to tell you something. Take immediate steps to keep from getting colder and losing more body heat. If conditions get worse, get the brother or sister into shelter, even if it's only behind a big rock or tree. Remove all wet clothes and put the victim in a sleeping bag. If necessary, crawl in the sleeping bag to add your body heat. If it's a chick, forget the kinky shit until later, and if it's a bro, remember: you're saving his life. If the person is conscious, give him hot fluids, even if it's just water, and get him to eat candy or other foods, because eating will raise the inside body heat. Be sure the victim is completely warmed and has dry clothing before resuming previous activities.

The best cure is prevention. Be aware of what causes hypothermia and watch the weather conditions. Remember mountain conditions change rapidly. Dress right. It's better to have on too much instead of not enough. Wear those thermals. On an extended ride, carry extra clothing, rain gear, a wool skullcap, gloves, candy bars, and a sleeping bag. Avoid alcohol—it may warm your insides, but it doesn't warm your body, and it helps create body heat loss.

No matter what, remember that hypothermia can occur in almost any weather (even though it is more serious in winter) and that it can kill you. No one wants to lose a brother or sister because of fucked-up weather. ■

Straight Outta STURGIS!

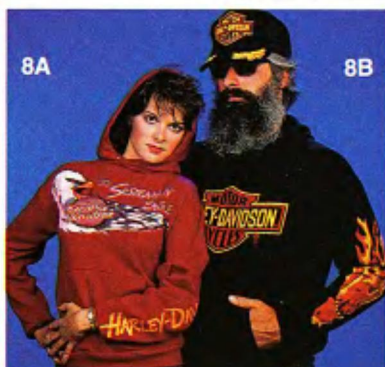
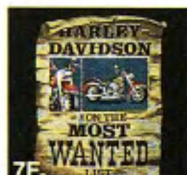
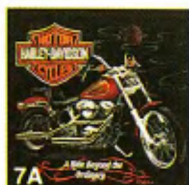
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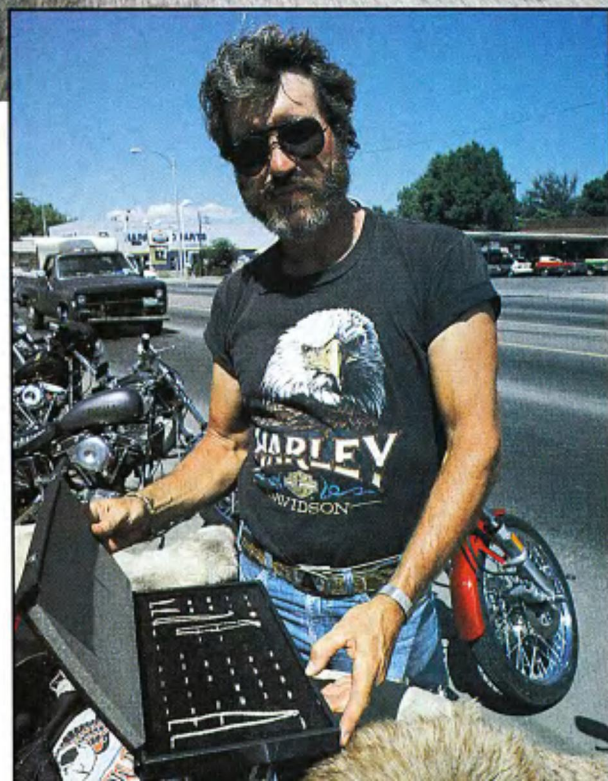
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When the

RINGMAKER

Comes to Town



Robert Coberly may well be the last of a dying breed — a traveling ringmaker and custom fitter who makes his rounds with his display box strapped onto his '84 Sport Glide, showing his handmade silver and gold rings at various biker events and runs, such as last August's Sturgis Black Hills Classic in South Dakota.

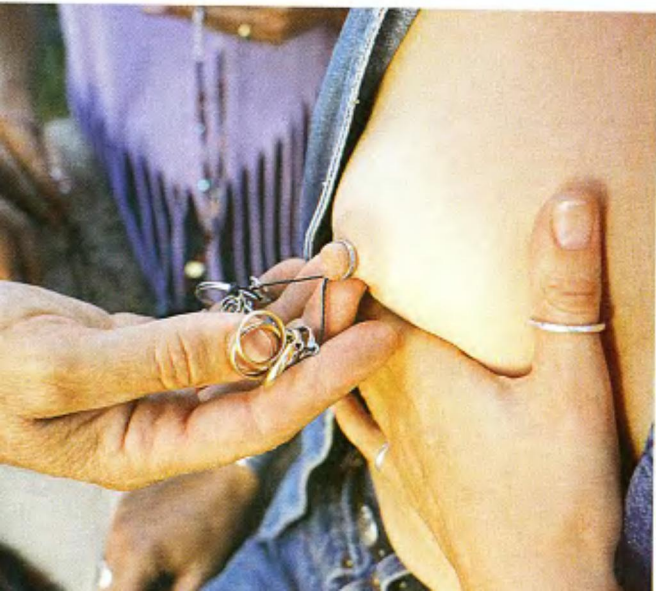
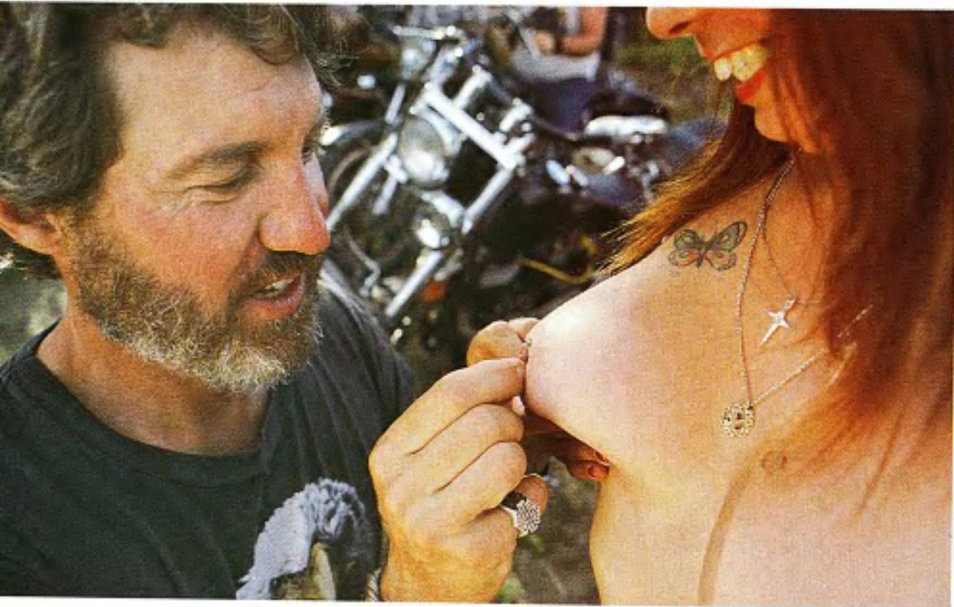
It was at the Classic that Robert first trotted out his wares for the general public, and the response on the strip was, to put it mildly, wildly enthusiastic. To give his rings plenty of exposure, he outfitted his ol' lady with his merchandise and set her loose on Main Street. At the sight of the approachin' Cindy, bros began walkin' into light poles and fire hydrants, bustin' ass to try to get a better look at the flash on her bod. What could be *that* special about a set of rings, ya say? Flip the page, man.

Talk about a job that really is tits

After ya get done scoping out the flicks on these pages, ya can't help but say to yourself: The man's gotta helluva tough job, no doubt about it. A real killer. Robert is the owner of Sweater Bumpers (Box 1854, Los Lunas, New Mexico 87031, 505/865-1488), and what the cat does is hand-craft and *personally fit* these ass-kickin' nipple rings on our ol' ladies' most teasable an' squeezable parts, can ya dig it?

On top of that, it's a class act. Although he plays his cards close to the, uh, chest, Robert did tell me that his growing success is due to his firsthand attention to customer service, an' he even kept a straight face while he was saying it. "I offer free fitting, free installation, free follow-up checks, and there's never a handling charge," he said. Whatta hero.

These primo areola-snuggers will cost ya less than most guys lay out just to get to press their





eyeballs an' eyeteeth on the mother lodes, much less decorate 'em with precious-metal tinsel: Robert's prices walk into the ballpark at a painless \$18 per pair for the sterling silver numbers, an' they go up from there, depending on what ya want in the way of accessories or Midas fever.

Encouraged by the initial reception to their nipple rings, Robert and Cindy plan to expand into mail-order soon, an' I even took a shot at the California field rep position, but I fucked it up on my first try at ring-fitting — kept swallowin' the damned things.

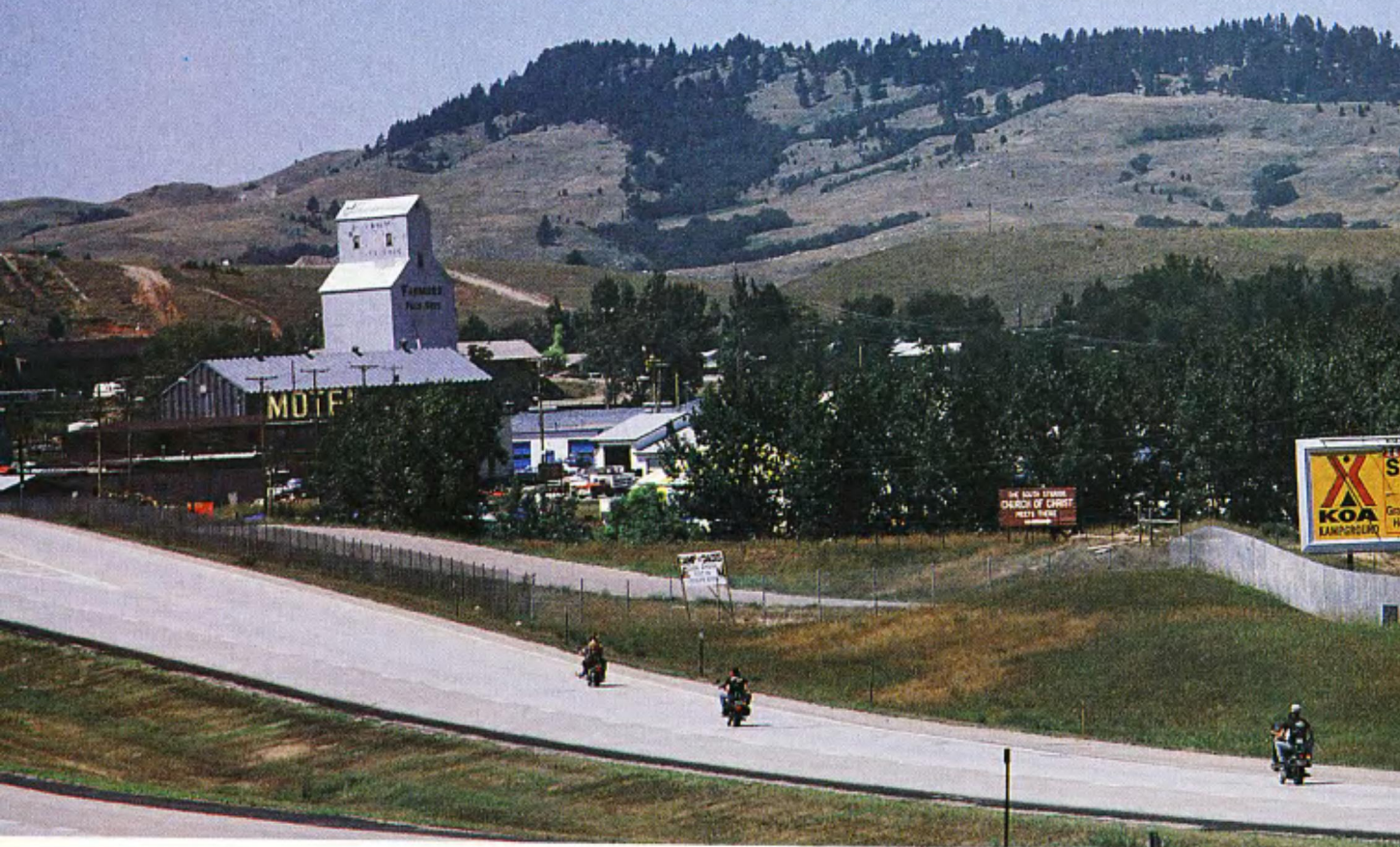
— Pizzaman

Photos by Michael Lichter



STURGIS '87

Three More Years To Go



Black Hills coated with jack pines, the mining town of Deadwood, the Number 10 Saloon where Hickok was wasted, downtown Sturgis, and 5,000 Harleys on Main Street (no cages allowed) from all over America, shining in the sun and reflecting the warm summer nights. It's the run of runs — open highways, the Frontier Bar bristling with brotherhood, and a brand-new drag strip smoking with turbocharged V-Twins. Open concerts blazed with throttle-twistin' tunes from Steppenwolf or Canned Heat, and the sprawlin', all-day, all-night jam from the rolling Bare





Butte grounds raged with the rowdy rock 'n' roll of Black Oak Arkansas and Biker Joe Warren rippin' the clothes right off the sweeties gyratin' on the stage all fuckin' night long.

Half-mile-long packs of major clubs, drag pipes blarin' against the tall pines like locomotive thunder from the 1800s, tore together as units, wheels only inches apart, through mountains of sheer precipices, and the memories of outlaw lore touched a chord inside me.

Restaurants and businesses, such as chef Rudy's, embraced the asphalt cowboys



STURGIS '87

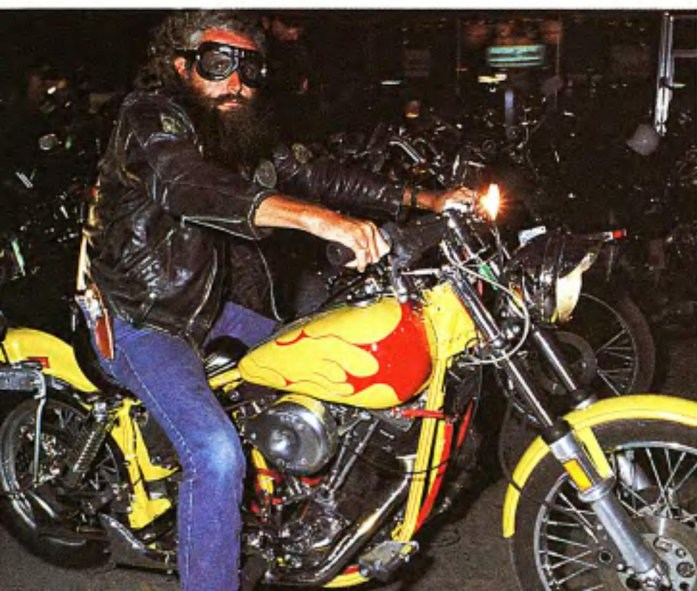
with motorcycle menus, and street-front banners proclaimed their welcome. Women on their own rides streaked the campgrounds. Bike shows brought out the best (when it wasn't raining) from all over the country. Rides, runs, and parties abounded daily. The tunes, the concerts, and the camaraderie turned the Black Hills into the brotherhood of Bikers' Badlands again this August. It was a chrome paradise for a thirty-mile radius, from the B&B bar in Spearfish to Rapid City, from test rides on new H-Ds to Malcolm Forbes' hot-air Harley balloon, from Paddy's bar to Truthaven (you catch 'em, they cook 'em).

This little shindig, which drew 30,000 **motorcycles** this year, was initiated by a guy who once chased a pickup full of chicks on a motorcycle that didn't have any brakes ('bout 1924). When the four-wheeler hit the binders in front of a dusty wooden bridge on the road to Vale, "Pappy" Hoel smacked the tailgate and launched himself up and over the





Photos by Michael Lichter

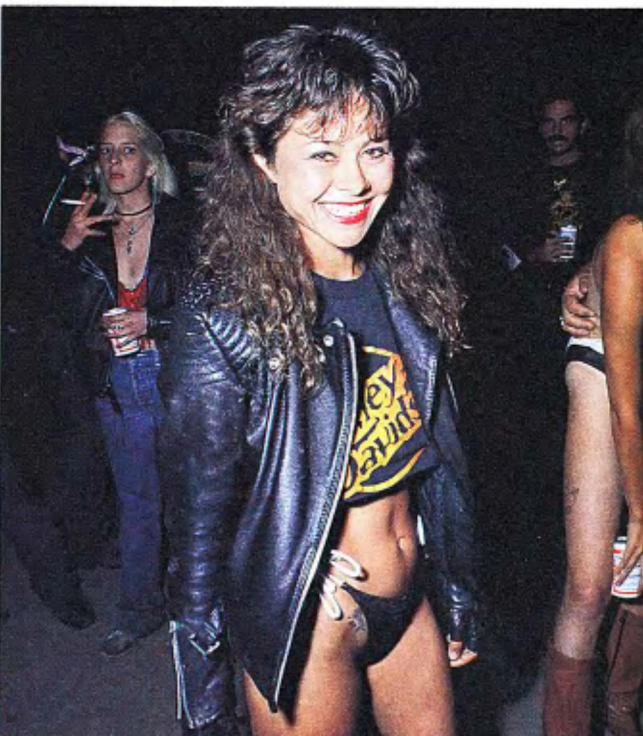
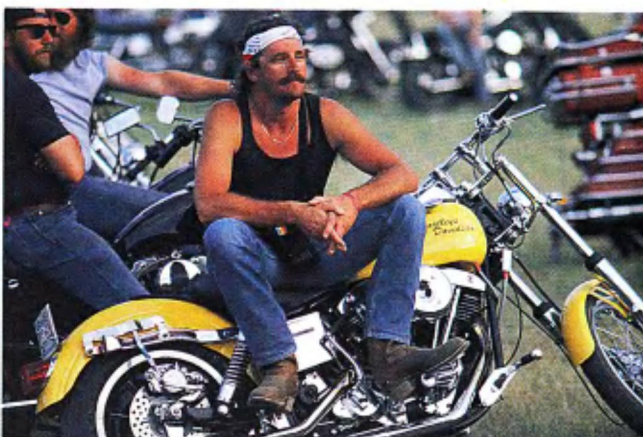
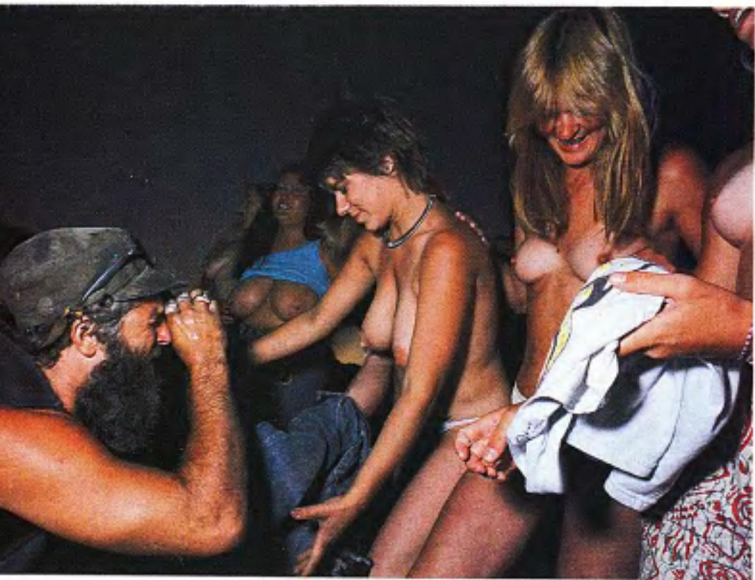
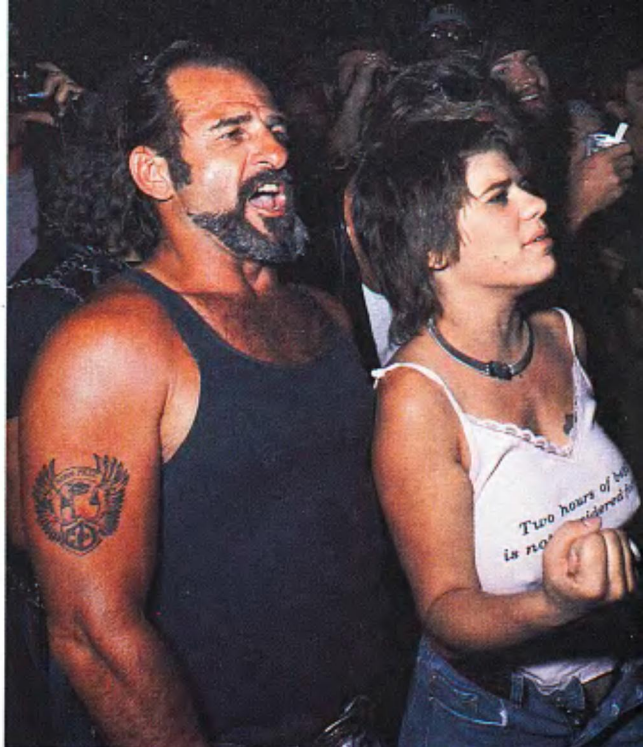


STURGIS '87

bridge — he survived to start all this mud-slingin' motorcycle madness in 1938.

In 1937 John Milek, Ed Cruickshank, Earl Sly, Harry Carlson, and Pappy incorporated the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic and sold lifetime shares for two bucks a pop, after years of promising race prize money they didn't have (unless spectators showed) and cuttin' the weeds themselves for the track. But fuck, they had fun.

So, there are only three years to go before the fiftieth anniversary of

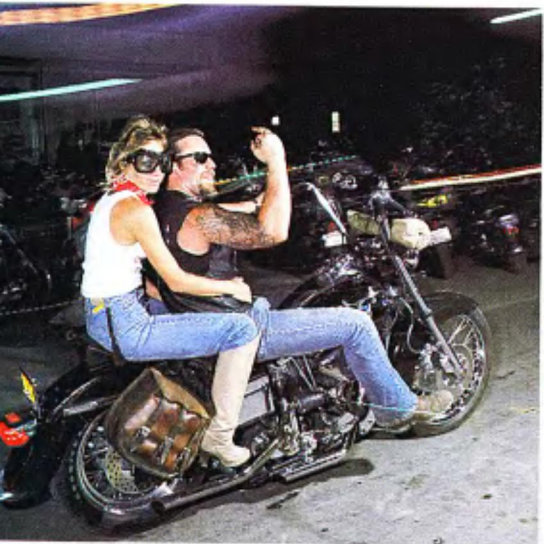




STURGIS '87

"Pappy" Hoel's party in the Black Hills. Three years to plan the run of a lifetime on the finest road machine you ever built. As for myself, I'll be there again next year and the following, just to monitor the women ridin' in and to stake out the finest campsite and drink a taste of whiskey, catch a trout, rock 'n' roll, and party till. . .

— Weed



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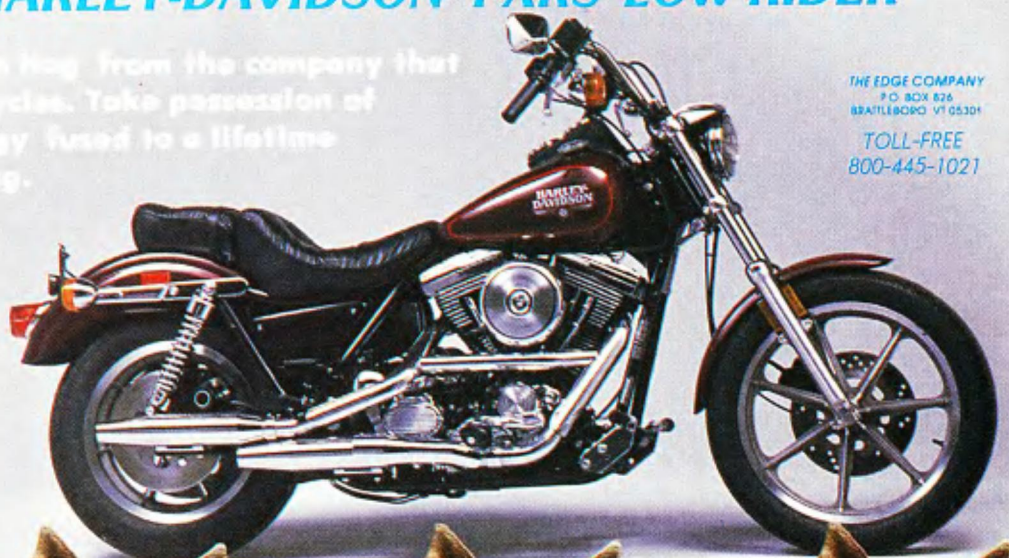
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2. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted on or about April 4, 1988 by an independent judge, whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail, and will be asked to sign a statement of eligibility,

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

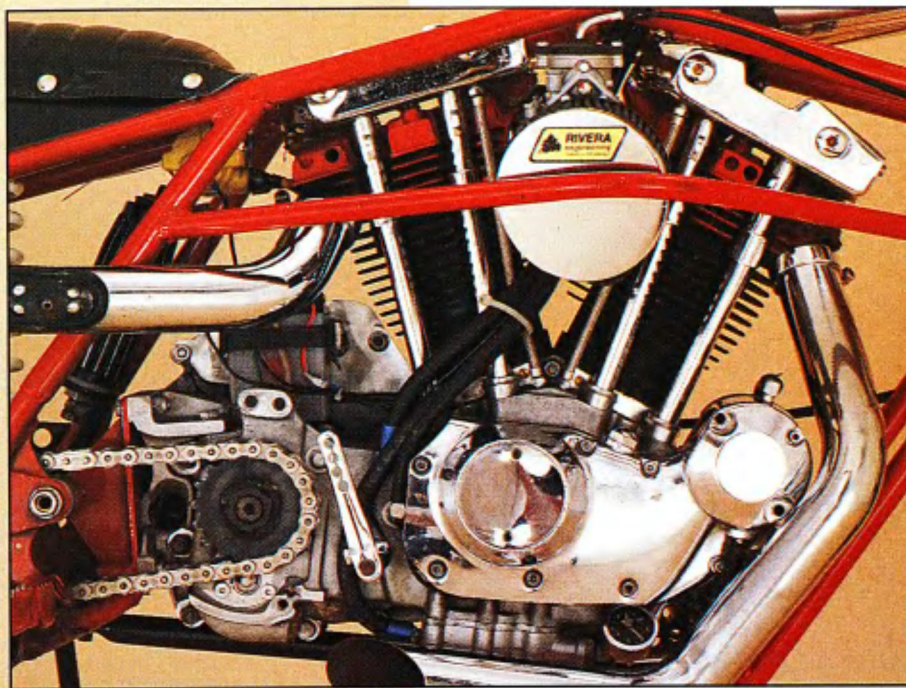
DAVE'S NOT HERE

He's out tearin' up some hill.

An alien creature from a far and distant galaxy could probably spring a rivet-bustin' hard-on with just a glance at this otherworldly, spiny creature. No doubt a few humanoids of the hill-climbin' persuasion will get a little charge of adrenaline checkin' out this mountain-mastering mass of metallica. For there is no way this motorized hiker of the hills could leave any motorcycle enthusiast limp.

Dave Feazell from Hudson, Iowa, has been chargin' the uppermost outer limits for years, on this and other studley steeds — garnering the Open Expert number 1 plate in the process. Though photographed a couple of years ago,



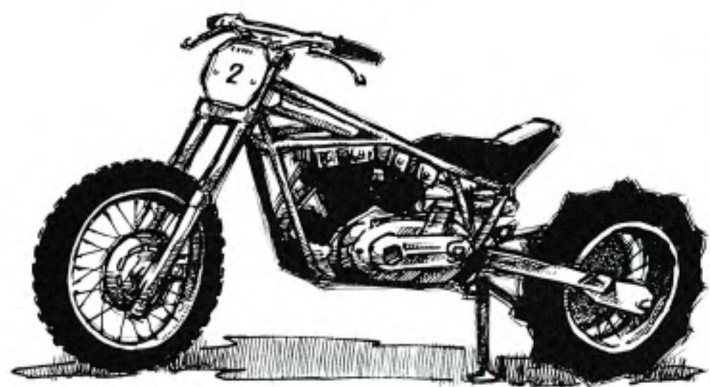
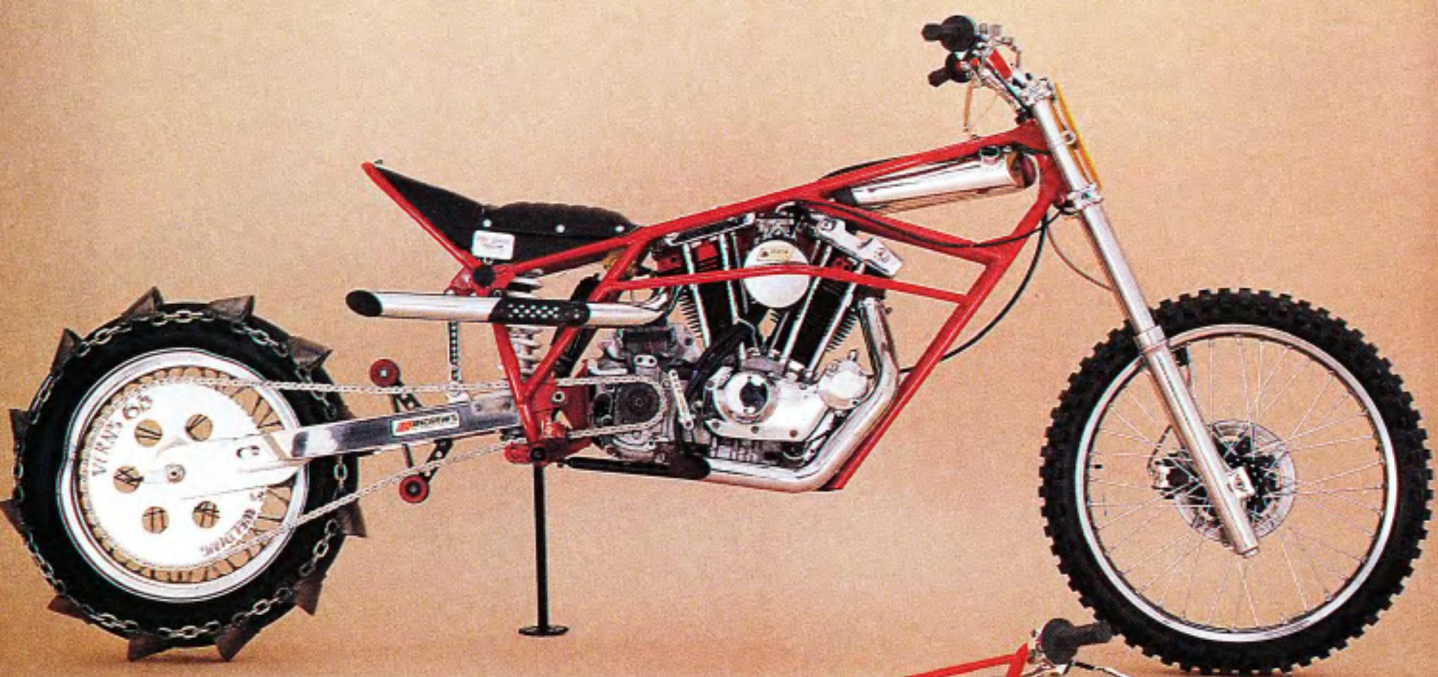


this bike is more than just a memory of its spidery Sportster self. It still runs all year round.

Ya gotta appreciate anyone who supports and backs himself with Harley iron in competition, particularly when he's not funded by the factory. Dave knows what he needs to be competitive, and as the vice-president of the Mid-West Hill-Climbers, he sees to it that all is smooth for the competitors during the circuit's twelve-event season.

We thought it would be a rush to check out one of these Harley-powered hill-climbers from an up-close and personal perspective instead of the half-mile away, 7x50 binocular view that is the norm as you check the bike leaping and hurdling over the top of the majestic mountain.

Years ago we witnessed, from afar, the late Chuck Baker, from San Jose's Soapstone Engineering, go



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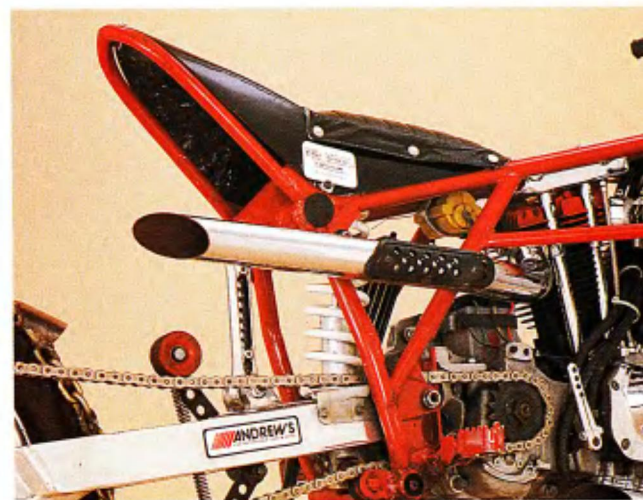
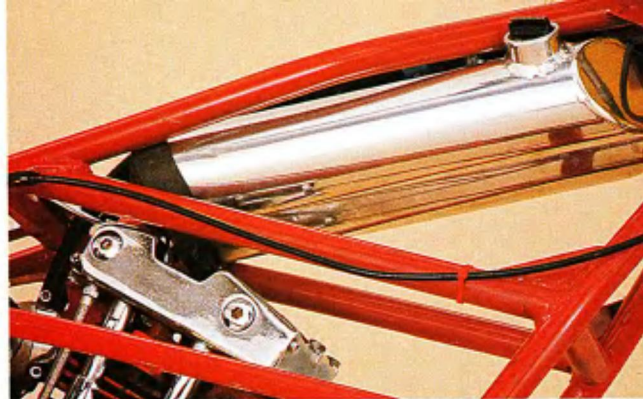
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: **Seattle FilmWorks**
500 Third Ave. W., P.O. Box 34056
Seattle, WA 98124

4857

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Owner: Dave Feazell		City: Hudson, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Two Wheel Travel		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1971 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: XLCH		Type: Stress #MX	
Value: \$7,000		Rake: 27 degrees	
Assembly by: Two Wheel Travel		Stretch: 6 in. front, 10 in. rear	
Time: one winter		Other alterations: lots of torching	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N	
Year: 1971		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): none	
Rebuilder: owner/Stick Engineering		Headlight: none	
Ignition: Stinger		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 86 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S, Supreme rods		Front pegs: passenger	
Balancing: Stick Engineering		Rear pegs: note from mom	
Pistons: Axtel		Electrics: Accel coil	
Cases: modified		Gas tank: aluminum	
Heads: ported, Manley valves		Oil tank: combo in gas tank	
Cam(s): Andrews 490		Oil system: Sporty pump, restricted flow	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: dented	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto 40mm		Seat: small launching pad	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: no sissies	
Pipes: 2-in. drag		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): nope		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: high speed only		Type: Showa 43mm	
Year: who knows?		Extension: none	
Shifting: once		Builder: Showa	
Engine sprocket: Rivera belt		Special features: dampening reworked	
Trans sprocket: 18		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 71		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 23 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: round	Hub: Sportster
Painter: Dave Feazell		Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 1.85 in.
Color: red		Tire: changes	Tire: paddle
Type: Imron		Brake: disc	Brake: none
Special paint: hard shell			
Thanks to: Rick Stick, Willwert's, Sparky, Geno, Nugget Nick, Whitewall.			



Photos by Michael Lichter



crashing over the top of Hollister's hill, with his rear tire's traction chain coming loose, whipping him unmercifully like a Puritan at the stake. Dave claims he's had that happen, this thumping paddle tire beating on his back. Left a lifelong impression — kinda like a hill-climber's tattoo.

Dave says his best wipeout was when he was in the middle of the six-second run and his throttle stuck, boosting him eight feet up a tree in Dayton, Iowa. Knocked the rear cylinder clear off. Made him get out his trusty flame wrench and weld the bastard back together.

He's currently working on a 103-inch project projectile for the 1988 campaign — an Evolution Sporty that promises to blow minds as well as hills. —Bomber

EASYnews

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

Time Has Been On Our Side

Read — what comes around goes around

Since 1972, when Lou Kimzey began ABATE and a couple of months later hired this college student tramp with a big heart for chrome and rigid frames to manage it, times have changed drastically to the brothers' benefit. Back then, as far as society was concerned, we were the proverbial bad news, and to the news, we were sensationalism. But what began as a handful of biker believers has now turned into a network of sophisticated, politically savvy, conscientious freedom fighters, diligently keeping a vigilance on the right to ride free. The fight continues, however (and every brother who has ever picked up a pen to write a lawmaker should be congratulated), and our ability, knowledge, and strength as a unit is now common knowledge in the legislative halls nationwide.

During the last fifteen years, there has been only one weak link in our nearly invincible front, and that was lack of support from the straight motorcycle press — to their detriment, because the majority of straight cyclists have always faced the same discrimination we have.

We overcame their printed editorial abuse, and although we have never counter-attacked their lack of depth and understanding, what comes around goes around. In jest we've picked on straights and rice grinders, but we've never preached their demise. Freedom is freedom — it's not designed for a select few.

Well, recently I attended a gathering of editors and publishers from motorcycle magazines and trade publications, accompanied by a couple of members of the staff of the Motorcycle Industry Council. Their concern was sales. Ten years ago, over a million motorcycles were sold in the United States. In 1986, less than 600,000 were sold — the sport, to them, is dying, which in turn puts their livelihood on the fleeting line. Keep in mind that Harley-Davidson sales continue to climb and surpass all sales records in the past. The Motorcycle Industry Council equates this rapid and enormous sales decline again to image.

But no longer are the chopper riders — Harley-Davidson custom riders — under attack by the straight media as they constantly were in the early '70s. The Ninjas, road racers, dirt bikes, and ATCs are now the source of the bad element, equaling diminishing sales. Whether the premise — that image directly relates to

sales — can be proved or not, is unimportant here. The point is that we're all right.

There's another front, though, which now threatens sales and existence to even a greater degree. Legislation is flooding out against ATCs, trying to outlaw them. The laws against dirt bike riding and the bikes are becoming more and more severe, and recently Senator John C. Danforth (R-Missouri) has introduced legislation which, if passed, will ultimately outlaw Ninjas and high-powered street machines (the Motorcycle Safety Act of 1987). Senator Danforth calls these rice rockets "killer motorcycles."

Below are several excerpts from Danforth's statement.

Mr. President, in 1984, the Japanese began selling what can only be described as "killer motorcycles" in this country. These are racing bikes that were developed for use on a track but they are being driven on our streets. From a dead stop, one of these "super bikes" can accelerate to 60mph by

the time it reaches the other side of a city intersection. It takes one of those killer cycles 2.7 seconds to reach this speed. Top speeds for these bikes range up to 162 mph. Some of these 400 to 600 pound motorcycles have well over 100 horsepower. For comparison, a four-cylinder Chevrolet Celebrity weighs 2,705 pounds and has 98 horsepower. A four-cylinder Ford Taurus weighing 2,886 pounds has only 98 horsepower.

Mr. President, the marketing of these killer cycles is a lesson in corporate irresponsibility. They are made by Japanese manufacturers under names such as the Kawasaki Ninja, Honda Hurricane, Suzuki GSXR, and Yamaha FZ. The ads are directed at teenage males. A typical one is Honda's slogan — "0 to 55 faster than you can read this."

Mr. President, I am introducing today the "Motorcycle Safety Act of 1987" to end this danger. It would require the Secretary of Transportation to develop

Continued on next page



Time on our side. . .

safety standards that will eliminate the hazards of these killer cycles. My bill would require the secretary to examine a series of limitations on this new breed of racing-type motorcycles. One limit that must be considered is on acceleration. Zero to 60 in 2.7 seconds on city streets is too dangerous. The bill would also require consideration on limits on the weight to horsepower ratios of super bikes.

We would never entertain the notion not to support any of our brothers in their quest for freedom. Although when confronted with articles from motorcycling, editors preaching for legislation against our freedom to ride, it becomes tempting to plagiarize some of their past prose in support of this legislation, which would ultimately kill their market, but supposedly save lives.

There are two answers, as I see it: rider education and all motorcyclists promoting a united front for freedom of the road. The bill number is S1536. Write Senator Danforth and your senator and suggest that education, not legislation, is the road to fewer accidents — let's kick some ass.

Additionally, Senate Resolution Bill S1351 would kill the industry if it is allowed to limit the amount of two types of exhaust emissions. Sponsored by Senator George

Mitchell (D-Maine), the amendments would reclassify scooters larger than 280cc as light-duty vehicles, which would require cyclists to meet the same federally mandated exhaust emission standards as cars by 1992.

The cost to comply with these standards would virtually wipe out some manufacturers in this seriously declining market. Harley-Davidson, although currently enjoying an 11 percent increase in retail registrations, estimates that to comply with S1351 would cost \$1300 per bike.

Members of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee can be reached at 458 Dirksen Senate Office Building, Washington, DC 20510-6175 or by calling 202/224-3121. Senators serving on this committee are Mitchell, Chairman Quentin Burdick (D-North Dakota), Max Baucus (D-Montana), John B. Breaux (D-Louisiana), John H. Chafee (R-Rhode Island), David Durenberger (R-Minnesota), Bob Graham (D-Florida), Frank Lautenberg (D-New Jersey), Barbara Mikulski (D-Maryland), Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-New York), Larry Pressler (R-South Dakota), Harry Reid (D-Nevada), Alan K. Simpson (R-Wyoming), Robert T. Stafford (V-Vermont), Steven D. Symms (R-Idaho) and John W. Warner (R-Virginia).

—K.B.

Companies vs. Bikers' Rights

ALERT! ALERT! By now, most of us have heard of the impending threat of a national helmet law. It has been expected since our government and the domestic auto-makers have been forcing mandatory seat belt legislation down our throats. ABATE and NCOM are doing all they can, but the almighty consumer dollar sometimes shows the most force. What can we do? Well, here is a list of companies who have jumped on the national mandatory helmet law bandwagon, and of the patriotic companies that support our cause, freedom of choice. Use your consumer dollars to support the businesses who are standing up for our rights.

Those for a national helmet law

1. The Motorcycle Industry Council
2. Brooks Leather and Sportswear
3. Honda
4. Suzuki
5. Kawasaki
6. Burroughs & Associates
7. Rider magazine
8. BMW of North America

Those for freedom of choice

1. Harley-Davidson, Inc.
2. American Motorcycle Association

3. Motorcycle Safety Foundation
4. Yamaha
5. Custom Chrome
6. Gary Bang, Inc.
7. Biker Lifestyle magazine
8. Easyriders magazine
9. Van Leeuwen Enterprises

Bikers' rights groups have done an outstanding job of mustering the grass roots voice and aiming it in the right direction. But there is another element, which at times has more impact with legislatures, and that is the business voice. The above article indicates the division of businesses against and for helmets. Business generally represents a more vocal political voice and a heavier tax punch. Don't bother attacking or boycotting businesses who are against us. Shine 'em on, but recruit resolutions and testimonials from pro-freedom businesses — it's a collective vote on our behalf. And generally, the business owner is more freedom-minded — he must try to make a buck, pay his people, and run his biz against a flood of restrictions and taxes.

New address for ABATE of Colorado: Box 269, Arvada, CO 80001-0269.

Motorcycle Accident Rate Decreases In 1986

An analysis of preliminary data for 1986 shows a continuation of a seven-year downward trend in motorcycle accident fatalities. The Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF) study of accident and fatality information uncovered a 5 percent decrease in motorcycle accidents in 1986, down from 1985 figures. The total number of motorcycle accident fatalities decreased by 2.2 percent.

Due to a decline in the total number of registered motorcycles throughout the U.S., the accident rate (based on 100,000 motorcycle registrations) posted a 1.4 percent

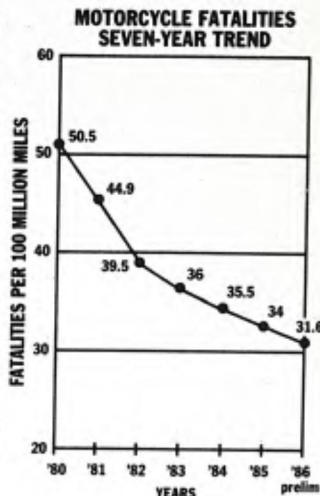
reduction. Fatalities per 10,000 registrations, however, were up slightly by 1.6 percent, making the rates based on registrations essentially unchanged.

These figures are still seen as a good sign by MSF analysts, especially in light of figures recently released by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, indicating a dramatic increase in fatalities for other road users. An examination of motorcycle fatalities per 100 million miles traveled (a rate many researchers believe to be a more accurate indicator) shows a large drop from 34 in 1985 to 31.6 in 1986.

This 2.4 point drop is a further sharp reduction in the seven-year downward trend in motorcycle fatalities. All other traffic deaths per 10 million miles remained unchanged from 1985 to 1986.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation credits a growing awareness of safe riding practices, the expanding availability of quality rider education programs that have trained over 600,000 riders, and the increased number of funded state motorcyclist safety programs for contributing to the improvements seen.

—Motorcycle Safety Foundation



Helmet Prejudice

Freedom of the Road Riders, Inc., in Missouri, puts out an interesting fact-stacked newsletter. In the July '87 issue, they presented a page of newsclippings regarding various accidents unrelated to motorcycles, in which the victims died of head injuries. The concept, at which they succeeded admirably, was to point out the prejudice applied to motorcyclists by requiring only bikers to wear helmets.

A man died when a trash container fell on his head from a trash truck. He was employed by the city. Three teenagers on bicycles were hit by a car and killed. A woman in a car, wearing a seat belt, died of head injuries. A hiker fell into a stony creek and died of head injuries, and the list goes on.

Motorcycle Safety Month

Here's another example of positive action to prevent motorcycle accidents and not create restrictive legislation. An identical program could be, and in many cases should be, instituted in every major metropolis across the country.

The following is a San Diego proclamation for an annual motorcycle awareness month every August, presented by the Office of the Mayor, July '87.

The City of San Diego Proclamation

WHEREAS, motorcycle riding has become a popular form of recreation and transportation for thousands of San Diegans; and

WHEREAS, the safety problems created by motorcycling are a concern of motorcycle riders as well as other motorists; and

WHEREAS, it is incumbent upon all vehicle drivers to look carefully for motorcyclists, respecting their safety, and sharing the roadways with them; and

WHEREAS, a left-hand turn across traffic into an oncoming motorcyclist is the most common vehicle accident threatening motorcycle drivers and passengers of every age; and

WHEREAS, Southern California motorcyclists will endeavor to ride "A Million Miles for Motorcycle Safety" during the month of August, 1987 to demonstrate their personal commitment to motorcycle safety;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, MAUREEN O'CONNOR, the thirty-first Mayor of the City of San Diego, do hereby proclaim August, 1987 to be "MOTORCYCLE SAFETY MONTH" in San Diego, and extend best wishes to all the participants in the "Million Miles Run" for a safe and enjoyable motorcycle ride.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, this day, and have caused the seal to be affixed hereto: Maureen O'Connor, Mayor.

Spot Test

The NHTSA Is At It Again

Look out for this one. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is planning to commission a study of what bikers look like when they're riding under the influence of alcohol.

The paper went on to say cops need help discovering tenants for their hoosegows. Perhaps it's a job local ABATE chapters should bid for. The following are some astute examples of over six hundred telltale symptoms Terry Johnston, a farmer and weekly columnist for the *Gustine Press* in Merced County, California, cataloged.

1. Road Turns, Cyclist Goes Straight. This is one of the classic manifestations of the imbibing motorcyclist, and law enforcement officers should be drilled until their recognition of it becomes almost second nature.

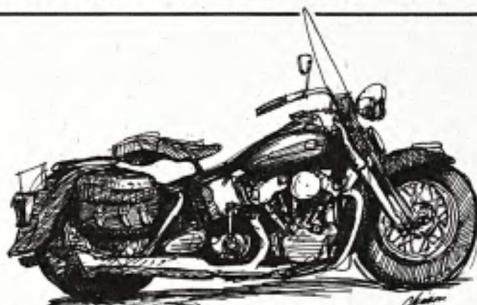
Also of interest is the closely related phenomenon, only slightly less prevalent but of equal importance, which I call: Road Goes Straight,

Cyclist Turns.

2. Cyclist Dragging Parking Meter. Earlier research (cf. R.F. Glyclump's "Hand-Eye Coordination and the Accumulative Effects of Insect Inhalation") demonstrates that the average motorcyclist, when first arriving at a bar or tavern, is still generally attentive to such details as chaining his motorcycle to a lamppost or parking meter. After anywhere from three to six ounces of alcohol, however, such vigilance is subject to erosion.

3. Cyclist Driving Continuously in a Tight Circle. Similar in its genesis to No. 2 above, this phenomenon will be most frequently noted when the intoxicated cyclist in question neglects to raise his kickstand.

4. Cyclist Wearing His Helmet backward. A sure tip-off to the knowledgeable observer.



Resume Builder from ABATE of Virginia

Mike Lancaster was elected as New River Valley ABATE's new coordinator. In addition to being raised in Snowville and having attended high school in Dublin, he proudly states that he has been reading *Easyriders* magazine since Volume 1, Issue 1. Get behind

him and your other officers to keep things moving along. They need your participation to make the toy runs and charity projects successful. (One important charity NRV is working on is a Cystic Fibrosis Glass Collection Drive.) Good luck and keep up the good work!

B.A.D.L. Burns

A recent house fire — an honest fire — burnt the home and holdings of Bob Mannah, director of Bikers Against Discriminatory Legislation (*Easyriders*, September '87).

Mannah lost his computers as well as his roster of membership. He requests that all members please write

him so he can reenlist them in the membership roll call.

Bob lost his 1985 FLT but is in the process, through the help of Bob Dron, of taking ownership of a new 1987 FLHTC. He and the organization will get by. They will survive.

Write him at BADL, 20175 Ricardo, Hayward, CA 94541.

Harley Highlights

Harley-Davidson Honors Tuner

When Harley-Davidson Team rider Scott Parker won the Lima, Ohio, half-mile race on June 27, 1987, it marked the 50th time that a Bill Werner-tuned Harley won an AMA national event. Werner has tuned for championship riders like Garth Brow, Gary Scott, Jay Springsteen, and his current star, Scott Parker. Werner-wrenched motors have powered Scott and

Springsteen to a total of four national titles.

Harley-Davidson recently honored Werner's milestone achievement by presenting him with a special award listing his wins, as well as memorial jackets for him and his family members. From left to right are: engineering VP Mark Tuttle, dyno lab manager Walt Faulk, Werner, racing manager Bob Conway, and tuner Al Stangler.



2,000,000 Shares of Common Stock

Since we live and breathe this pig iron, we might as well avail ourselves to the company making the bucks off our religion. If I could have bought shares in H-D in 1966 when I started riding, I might have more to my name than a '47 cattle truck, a house the bugs control, and a faithful '48 pan.

If you're interested in dabbling in the stock market or becoming a stockholder in the mighty Harley-Davidson,

Inc., or if you wish to keep abreast of the company which means so much to us, just call your local Dean Witter office and ask them to send you the fine print for purchasing common H-D stock. The prospectus will contain a plethora of data on the company, from assets, to who owns what, to income statements. You'll know more about the company than you do about your carburetor.

Harley Credit Card

A Daily News staff writer called it, "from Easy Rider to easy credit." Harley-Davidson initiated a bank credit card in October, and by August the 8,000 bros with cards had chalked up eight million dollars in sales. Believe it — it's the most successful card the First Financial Savings Association in Milwaukee has promoted. The 14 percent

response makes the usual 3 percent card response appear lightweight, and to top it off, delinquency on the H-D card is far below the national average.

Their research indicates that Harley owners have a \$35,900 average income and 46 percent have some college education. We're not only smart, stable, and secure, but we're strong.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹⁻¹²	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ¹³	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes 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 ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵ Lights on if bike was made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 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 2000 Lorene Street, El Dorado

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Part 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,
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 8th 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
Baad Motorcycles 2240 B Del Monte Ave., Monterey
The Belt & Chain Place 330 Railroad Avenue, Grass Valley
Randy Smith Custom Cycle 13740 Golden West Street,
Westminster

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
Petty V-Twin Performance 6025 15th Street, Brandenton
L & K Cycle South U.S. 1 & MM31, Big Pine Key

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Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4962 North Ave., Buford

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

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

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Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Naperville HD 25 W. Ogden Ave. #25, Naperville
Choppers Inc. #7 Walbeil Road, Bartonville

INDIANA

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Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 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
Hammond Distributors #1 Bridge Street, Benton Fairfield

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown
East Side Harley Salvage 2516 Sparrow Point Rd., Edgemere
Milwaukee Ghost 2037 Hollins Ferry Rd., Baltimore
Flying Eagle Bike Boutique 1124 S. Main St., Hampstead
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 5112 Belair Road, Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

Dave Frank's Motorcycle Sales 81 Bridge St., Salem
Milwaukee Iron 3508 Washington Street, Jamaica Plain

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 8755 Inkster, Westland
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Sunshine Creations 421 River St., Comstock

MINNESOTA

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

MISSOURI

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

MONTANA

Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA

Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEVADA

Show Bike Performance Center 1786 N. Nellis Blvd.,
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NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1956 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

NEW YORK

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

Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester
Shady Painter M/C Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis
Carolina Cycle 3704 Bragg Blvd., Fayetteville
Curly's HD Walkertown Shopping Ctr., Walkertown
Dillard's Motorcycle Shop 510 Boston Avenue, Kannapolis
Hawg Wild Rt. #2 Box 463 A, Hubert
Caveman Cycle Supply Old 107, Cullowhee

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shack 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

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

OKLAHOMA

The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

OREGON

Century Sales 534 Market Street, Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA

Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Cycledelic Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
Spirit Harley-Davidson 1023 William Flynn Hwy., Glenshaw
Schoch's Inc. RD 2/RT. 33, Stroudsburg
Cycle World RD #2 Burns Ave., Altoona
Beshore Cycle Co., Rd. 5 Strinestown, York
Link Cycle Route 309, Coopersburg
Montgomery County HD 1217-19 South Trooper Road,
Norristown

SOUTH CAROLINA

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Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
Country's H-D Inc. 1093 Albright Rd., Rockhill
Southern Scooter Supply 2995 S. Hwy. 170, Beaufort
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WASHINGTON

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Columbia Motorcycle Company 3312 E. 14th Plain Boulevard,
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WEST VIRGINIA

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

Hillbilly H-D 1211 Harrison Ave., Elkins

WISCONSIN

Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish
St. Croix Cycle Sales Rt. 3 Box 127 B, New Richmond
The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior
H-D of Green Bay 727 Memorial Dr., Green Bay
Harley-Davidson Motorcycle of Appleton, Inc. 2144 W.
Wisconsin, Appleton

Cycle Empire 4001 W. Loomis Road, Milwaukee

Van Beek Cycle 517 N. Main Street, West Bend

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.

Flight 913 from Warsaw was on its final approach to Chicago O'Hare International Airport when the pilot called the tower.

"This is Polish Airways Flight 913 from Warsaw. We cannot land this 747, because my co-pilot says your runway is way too short."

The air controller logged the message and radioed back, "This is O'Hare International Airport, and we read you, Polish Airways Flight 913. We don't understand your problem; we have one of the longest runways in the world."

There was silence, then the pilot radioed back, "Tower, this is Flight 913. We are circling and trying another approach, but it still looks too short to us. We'll try it anyhow, but get all the ambulances and firefighting equipment out there, okay?"

Flight 913 circled once more and came in for a landing. Sure enough, the plane skidded half a mile past the runway and crashed into one of the terminals. The fire trucks and ambulances came screaming onto the field, hoses and stretchers at the ready.

Inside the cockpit, the shaken but unhurt pilot said to his co-pilot, "You were right, Horowitz — it was too short. But did you see how *wide* that runway was?"

—Don Batt
Colorado Springs, Colo.

"How come ya never tell me when ya have an orgasm?" the sniveling bro asked his ol' lady.

"'Cause you're never there," came the reply.

—Sean Bresnahan
Leesville, La.

Bruno took a girl out on her first date. When they pulled off into a secluded area around midnight, the girl said, "My mother told me to say *no* to everything."

"Well," Bruno said, "do you mind if I put my arm around you?"

"No," the girl replied.

"Do you mind if I put my other hand on your leg?"

"N-n-no," the girl replied.

"You know," Bruno said, "We're going to have a lotta fun if you're on the level about this."

—B. Beck
Tenn. Colony, Tex.

Definition of *mixed emotions*: your mother-in-law riding off a cliff — on your bike.

—Lee Hudson
Dallas, Pa.

The farmer sat in the kitchen while the midwife attended to his wife upstairs. Suddenly, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp. The baby's coming!"

He ran upstairs and held the lamp while his wife gave birth to a baby girl. Then he headed back to the kitchen.

As he was halfway down the stairs, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp back! It's gonna be twins!"

The farmer rushed back in time to hold the lamp while yet another baby girl was born. Then he headed back downstairs again.

He was pouring coffee when he heard the midwife shout, "Bring the lamp back! Here comes another!"

"I'm stayin' put!" the farmer yelled back. "I think they're attracted to the light."

—Wolf
Waupun, Wis.

There was a bro who hated Jap riders so much that whenever he came across one, he would run him off the road. One day he picked up a hitchhiking priest, and a few miles down the road, he saw a Kawasaki rider coming the other way.

Even with the priest in his truck, the bro couldn't help himself, and he pretended to fall asleep at the wheel and swerved over into the Jap rider's lane.

Feigning surprise, the bro snapped his head up and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, did I hit that poor motorcycle rider, Father?"

"No, but I got him with the tire iron," said the priest.

—Rat
Swedesboro, N.J.

Two bikers went into a tavern, and seeing two women seated at the bar, one of the bros started to approach them but quickly turned around.

"What's wrong?" asked the second biker.

"Those women are my ol' lady and my mistress."

The second biker decided to make a move on them, but he, too, quickly changed his mind.

"What the hell is *your* problem?" asked the first biker.

Replied the other, "Small world, ain't it?"

—Garold Baker
St. Clair, Mo.

What's the difference between a kindergarten class and a meeting of the Yamaha Riders Association?

Adult supervision.

—Hitler
Comstock, N.Y.

Easvriders



**"I think I've succeeded beyond my wildest dreams
in curing you of being an introvert."**

Ensayridora



Two Polish immigrants in the Old West couldn't find work. Desperate for cash, they heard that Indian scalps were bringing in \$25 apiece, so they went to the prairie and pitched a tent. Along came ten Indians, and the Polacks shot 'em and scalped 'em. They took the scalps into town and sure as hell, they sold every one of the scalps, pocketing \$250.

To celebrate, they bought a fifth of whiskey and went back to their tent to drink it. Soon, they heard a lot of noise outside, and one of the Polacks stuck his head out, to see 10,000 Indians on horseback, surrounding their tent.

He pulled his head back inside the tent and told his buddy, "Hey, guess what? We're millionaires!"

—Iron Ovaries
Scottsdale, Ariz.

At a boat rental concession, the manager went to the lake's edge and yelled through his megaphone, "Number ninety-nine, come in, please. Your time is up."

Several minutes passed, but the boat didn't return. "Boat number ninety-nine," he again hollered, "return to the dock immediately, or I'll have to charge you overtime."

Something is wrong here, boss," the assistant said. "We have only seventy-five boats. There is no number ninety-nine."

The manager thought for a moment and then raised his megaphone. "Boat number sixty-six," he yelled. "Are you having any trouble out there?"

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

Easyriders



"Look, Rhonda, you either stop wearing breast jewelry or stop wearing cutoff tank tops!"

Grandpa caught little Tommy, age eleven, smoking a cigarette behind the barn. "You shouldn't be doing that, boy," he said. "Especially you being a young'un and all."

"Young'un?" sneered the boy. "Hell, Grandpa, I had my first piece of ass when I was just seven years old!"

"Do tell," Grandpa said. "Didja enjoy it at that age?"

"How the hell should I know?" snapped the boy. "I was drunk as a skunk at the time!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



"Now, there is the real reason why the chicken crossed the road."

Pussy: the only type of trouble that a man would rather get into than get out of.

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Not-so-bright Calvin was hauled in on a rape charge. The police quickly put him in a lineup with six other men. As they led in the rape victim, Calvin squinted past the bright lights and said to the cops, "Yep, that's her."

—A.H.
USA

The young girl had not been feeling well, so she went to the doctor.

"Young lady," said the physician after a thorough examination, "you're pregnant."

"But that can't be!" she exclaimed. "The only men I've been around are nudists, and in our colony we practice sex only with our eyes."

"Well, my dear," the doc said, "someone in that colony is cockeyed."

—Trish Newman
Livermore, Calif.

How can ya tell when yer ol' lady is gettin' too fat? When she sits on yer face and ya can't hear the stereo.

—Danny
Tucson, Ariz.

Then there were the two nudists who decided to stop dating because they felt they were seeing too much of each other.

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Easyriders



"Fred says to say hello, Mother."

Iwant an ol' lady who's nice and sound,
With a 12-volt pussy and a positive ground;
A good carburetor that can swallow the gas,
With an oversized bearing and a free-wheeling ass;
A big generator that can throw out the juice,
And a chromium piston that'll never come loose;
A vacuum drive from her hips to her knees,
And horn-button tits I can forever squeeze;
A good manifold to muffle her farts,
And big bellybutton to hold her spare parts.
A woman like that, I'd marry, by God,
And be glad to supply her with the connectin' rod.

—T. Simmons
California



Sardine: a little fish that smells like a finger.

—Jay Coe
Cleveland, Ohio

Two bros were in a pool hall one day, shooting a game of eight-ball, when a funeral procession passed by outside. Seeing the hearse, one bro laid down his cue, removed his cap, and stood solemnly as the procession passed by. The other bro was touched by this gesture of respect and said so.

"Oh, it's the least I could do, man," the biker replied. "In five more days, we would've been married twenty years."

—Squire
Lost

Why don't Polacks hunt elephants in Africa anymore? The decoys got too heavy.

—Timothy Johns
Franklin, N.C.

Angel



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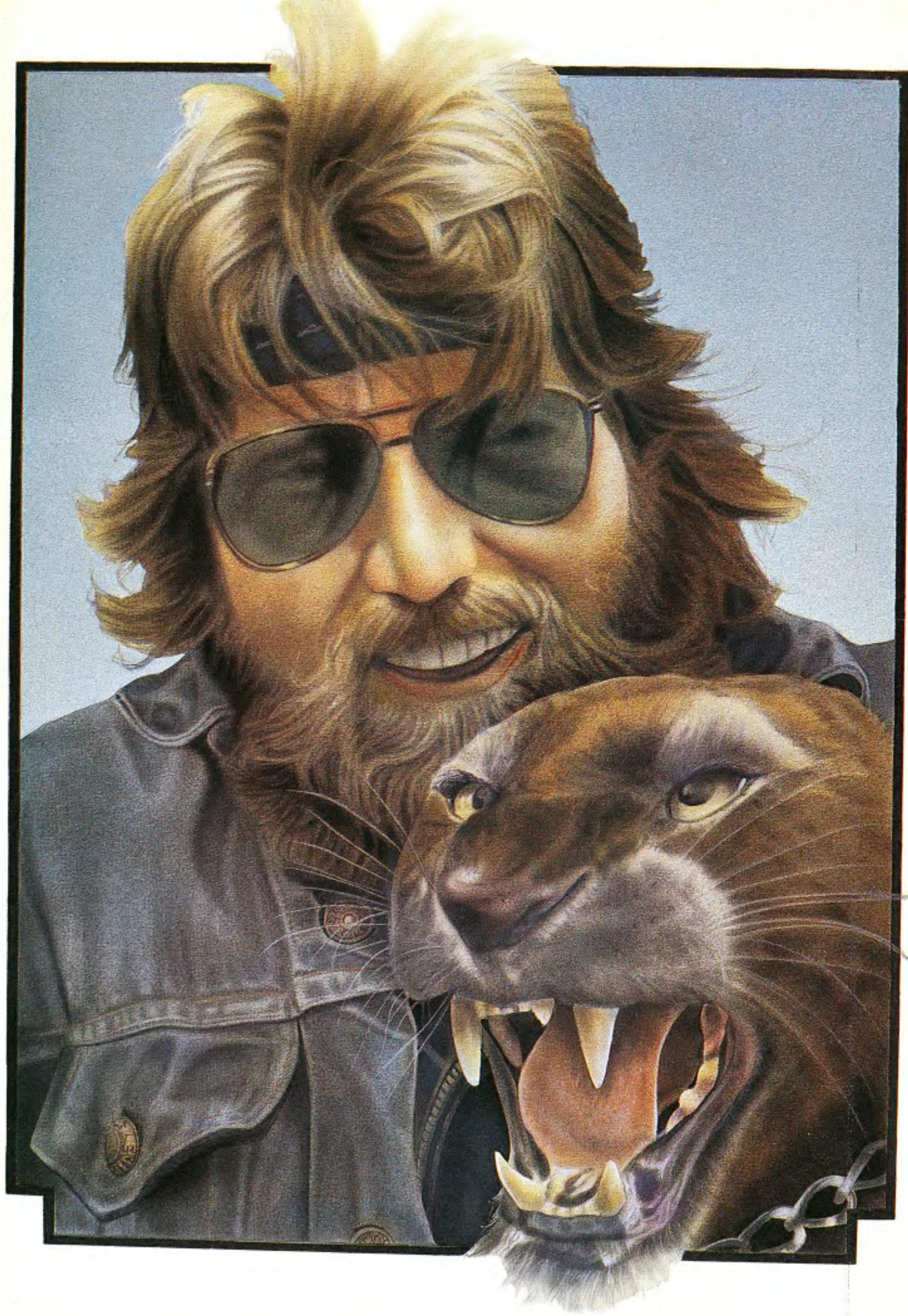
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E•R•R•O•R

By Pissant

Outside the larger of the two travel trailers parked on the club's remote desert property, I was playing with Kitty. The bastard is no house cat. About seven feet long from muzzle to tail and weighing nearly four hundred pounds, Kitty looks a lot different than he did the long-ago day I stumbled across him—an orphaned cougar kitten, sprawled beside his dead mother, mewling like a lost soul.

Naturally, I adopted him and raised him. Fed the wild-eyed feline by hand until he got big enough and strong enough to kill the squawkin' chickens I threw to him—ignorant of the fact that my kindness was spoilin' him from ever developing into the naturally feral creature he was intended to be. Now he was six years old, and what I had on my hands was a wickedly powerful, fully grown male puma that expected me to feed him daily. If I was gone from the property for more than a day or two—getting supplies and coaxing some twat to be my horny little guest for a week—Kitty never went hungry. The huge bundle of muscle, sinew, and fur just hunted the area until he found and downed some rancher's stupid but juicy goat or calf, but the cat refused to hunt anything wild, always returned to our property, and weirdly enough, preferred the horsemeat I kept stashed away in one of the outsized freezers just for him.

The phone inside the trailer started janglin' noisily.

"Leggo, Kitty," I grunted, unwrapping the silly damn cat's immense forepaws—viciously sharp claws carefully sheathed—from around my neck. "I shoulda never let the bros talk me into stringin' phone lines out here. Worst fuckin' mistake I ever made, this side of connin' a straight cunt into visitin' longer than it took for the borin' bitch to lose her cherry and start thinkin' marriage."

The phone shrilled for the tenth time just as I reached it, scoopin' it up to my ear.

"Hermit's hideaway," I said pleasantly, knowing it had to be a bro, because only the club knew the number.

"What the fuck took ya so damn long to answer?" growled our prez, Cyclone Anderson.

"I was clownin' around with Kitty."

"Kitty? Guess I interrupted a good hump, huh?" He laughed with relish, and I could visualize that brutal face wreathed in a broad grin of total enjoyment at believing he had called while I was just slippin' the worm to some writhing doll.

"Naw," I said calmly. "You remember, Kitty. The big-assed cat who helps me guard all the club's treasure stashed in that abandoned mine here."

"Oh, shit. *That* spooky sonuvabitch." Cyclone was scared to death of Kitty, who—despisin' all humans except me—once came close to shreddin' Cyclone while I was gone and the prez had arrived alone. All that saved Kitty from havin' his intrepidly snarlin' head removed by a shotgun blast was my accidentally early return. Even then, it took over a fuckin' hour to talk Cyclone into lettin' me keep Kitty. The clincher was the fact that the cougar slept in the mine shaft and was, therefore, the finest protection all those crates and barrels and cartons of assorted goodies and costly collector's items could possibly have—especially if an intruder wasted me and was unluckily nosy enough to explore the mine.

*"Yeah, there is one last thing,"
Cyclone said slowly. "You're
gonna have company, like it or
not, asshole."*

"Yeah, but he keeps the inventory and me safe, bro," I reminded him.

"A fuckin' pack of good junkyard dogs could handle that just as well," Cyclone snapped.

"No way. The other cats in these hills would gobble the suckers up, or they'd git snakebit and die. They'd run off every damn time they'd smell

a coyote bitch in heat. Kitty's the ticket, prez. Shit, every varmint for fifteen miles in every direction avoids him."

"Even female cats? Is the fucker queer or sumpin', fer crissakes?"

"Naw. I . . . uh . . . fixed him a long time back, see?"

"What the fuckin' hell you babblin' about, Hermit?"

I sighed in mild shame. "I put him to sleep with ether while I cut off his balls. Now he never gets restless or horny when the cougar seasons roll around. In fact, he damn near butchers any female puma that comes near the place. Kitty's perfect for the job. No shit."

"Hermit, sometimes me and the bros think maybe you've been out there in the ass-end of nowhere just a shade too long, y'know? Sometimes you sound a little strange in the head. Maybe you should have a replacement fer awhile."

"Fergit it!" I snapped. "Ya know I hate towns and cities and civilization in general. That wasn't our deal when ya gave me a job nobody else would've or could've endured like I have. You want the brothers to know we got a prez that welches on a deal?"

During the next ten seconds of silence, I worried how far into thin ice I'd skated with that hasty little outburst. Cyclone fears nothin' on God's earth—except Kitty.

"Ya got a point, dipshit," he sullenly admitted. I hand-picked ya fer that assignment because you're just loner enough at heart, screwy enough between the ears, and savvy enough to exist out there safer than anybody else could. Okay, scratch the cityside R&R I generously had in mind fer ya. Just go right on chokin' yer chicken a dozen

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times daily, fartin' around with your fuckin' sissy cat, and the hell with ya!"

I breathed easier. I hadn't skated too far. I was still safe from rotten civilization—or worse, had he decided I needed club discipline the hard, painful way.

"For crissakes," he muttered dolefully. "A fuckin' neutered puma. What a kook."

"Anything else, prez?" I asked cheerfully. It was no news to me that the whole club considered me their most off-the-wall brother. I didn't mind the rep. Hell, it was job insurance for livin' totally free in a fascinatin' wasteland seethin' with interesting critters, constant weather shows, and all.

"Yeah, there is one last thing," Cyclone said slowly. "You're gonna have company, like it or not, asshole."

"What kinda company?"

"We're doin' a little favor fer another club. They got a dude who needs a quiet place to cool."

"Cool? Out here? It's 115°, man. In the shade."

"Don't get smart with me, Hermit. You know what I'm talkin' about. The guy will only be there for a few days. Feed him. House him. Share some goodies with him. Try to be genial. Hospitable, even."

"Is he bringin' any women?" I couldn't keep the edgy note of hope from my voice. I hadn't been laid in nearly a month.

"How the fuckin' hell would I know?" snapped Cyclone.

"He'll be drivin' one of our trucks. He's supposed to bring some items back to town for us. His name is Greer. Hop Greer. Treat him right, dammit. His club called in a favor, see? So don't get huffy, mouthy, or in a fuckin' hurry. Just let the dude rest, but help him pack the truck when it's time fer him to leave."

"How will I know for sure it's really the right guy?"

"We don't loan our vehicles to *wrong* guys, turdbrian. Remember? Jeez, ya been out there too damned long. Tell ya what, ya nervous nelly. We'll send him with a fuckin' note from home, signed by me. That make ya feel any easier?"

It did. I said so. Cyclone hung up. The desert silence and heat closed around me like a burning fist, so I switched on the evaporative cooler, popped open a beer, and sat for an hour, tokin'—irritated at havin' a visitor but hopin' like all hell he would have sense enough to bring two broads or, at least, one woman who hungered for love and fun times enough for two dolls.

What a dreamer.

★ ★ ★

They arrived a day and a night later, just before dawn. I heard the club's flatbed when it was still a mile distant.

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Putting clothes on my carcass and a coffee pot on the stove, I waited for them.

They climbed outta the familiar truck stiffly, like a couple exhausted robots. There was a shapely little brunette with wow-sized boobs and an underslung ass, exactly what I like best. Hop was squat, with muscles on his muscles, a face like a tired cobra, and squinty little eyes that raked over me with open disdain.

"The note?" I said.

"Uh, it blew away," Hop mumbled. "Where the fuck do we catch some zees, anyway?"

"I gotta see a note," I said firmly.

"This dumb little whore lost it." His thin-lipped mouth tried for a faint grin,

"And I just c-can't handle an-another murder!"

I froze, still leanin' toward her. Gently, slowly, I coaxed the whole lousy story out of her between spasms of weeping and gritted teeth. The guy she came with wasn't Hop Greer. The bastard was named Orry Moore. They had been hitchhiking, and big-hearted Hop had picked them up. Shitfaced, he'd leaked all the details of his troubles, his trip to our property—including all the high-priced stuff he would be haulin' back to Yuma—and Orry had deftly stabbed Hop to death, figurin' he would pass as Hop and get into a cushy deal. Winnie was afraid of Orry. She had fear-

still where I'd left them in the larger trailer. I had no other handguns or a shotgun stashed anywhere else, not even in the mine. So much for stupid hospitality.

"Did Orry find my guns?" I demanded coldly.

Still weeping, she nodded, her face averted.

I led her, stumbling and terrified, to the mine.

★ ★ ★

Kitty wasn't thrilled by Winnie's presence, but he made no menacing movements, showed no signs of impending attack. He just worked up a snarly storm of protest, pacing between the mine entrance and where we were crouched behind crates. I gave Orry an hour to awaken, discover we were missing, and head for the mine shaft—either to corner us or to check out its contents to estimate the amount of labor needed to load the truck.

Abruptly, a glaring light flooded in from the shaft's entrance: Orry with a flashlight in one hand and my Colt Python in the other. Feelin' Winnie flinch beside me, I got my hand cupped over her opened mouth just as she whimpered, muffling the sound. I pulled her flat to the damp sand along with me—minimizing our risk of being hit by a slug.

Orry squeezed off a tentative shot, playing the flashlight's beam along the shaft's rough walls and the ancient wooden supports. Somehow, the irony of it—that ruthless bastard hunting us with my own tool and weapon—lacked appeal. Seemed indecent.

Orry fired another explorative round, moving closer as its explosion echoed throughout the narrow shaft.

"I know you're in..." Orry started to shout gleefully.

At that instant, a dark object in midair blotted out the probing beam of light. Simultaneously, Kitty's enraged scream filled the air. Two more fast gunshots.

Silently I implored the Big Prez In The Sky: Let him miss, and I'll never lie to brothers, friends, or strange women again, sir.

Winnie slumped against me, sagging in a total faint, even while the quick shots were whining off the rock walls and thudding viciously into the sand nearby, kicking up tiny spurts.

Three heartbeats of utter silence.

Then Kitty screamed again, his furious cry mingling with a shriek of agony from a human throat. After that, there was just a noisy Kitty triumphantly snarling and snapping and slashing with little muted grunts of satisfaction in the blackness of the shaft.

Cautiously, I let the unconscious Winnie slide gently full-length onto the sand, and I moved unhurriedly toward all the wet sounds Kitty was making.

Hop was squat, with muscles on his muscles, a face like a tired cobra, and squinty little eyes that raked over me with open disdain.

but those reptilian eyes didn't bother echoing it. "Let the damn thing blow right outta her clumsy hand. Where do we stay, man? We been rattlin' in that fuckin' rig for hours."

The girl stared dully at her slippered feet, sayin' nothing, just looking awful damn weary. I recalled Cyclone's warnings to be nice. To be hospitable. To make the guy comfortable. So I gave them the bigger trailer. They tromped into it without further conversation.

I knew they'd probably sleep around the clock. Imagine being tired enough to actually sleep next to a chick like that, I thought. I couldn't imagine it, so I fed Kitty inside the mine shaft as usual and ambled back to the smaller trailer, where I made breakfast for myself.

The day dragged on like forever. Night gradually dimmed the sky, creeping over the desert like a stealthy, silent veil of coolness. Still no sign of the visitors. I checked on Kitty in the mine. He was agitated, restless, but so conditioned by habit that he only roamed to the shaft's entrance and stood there, makin' soft sounds of nervousness as I trudged to the smaller trailer. Kinda pooped myself, from the tension of being around strangers, I flopped on the bed—suddenly aware somebody was already sprawled across the sheets.

The raw jolt of it softened as I realized the somebody was female. And cryin'. The unexpectedness disoriented my mind.

Hey, what's happenin' here?" I asked, hoping to hear her admit she had craved my manly bod since she first set glazed eyes on it.

"My name's W-Winnie," she sobbed.

fully agreed to go along with his new plan to dust me, boost the club's properties, and split.

The hitch was, the sight of Hop's messy murder had finally gotten to her, and she was unable to go along with the grisly plan. After getting some rest, she had also come to the bright conclusion that she might easily become Orry's third victim, realizing he'd probably want no living witness to a double murder of patchholders and to the theft of club goodies. According to Winnie, the deadly Orry was still sleeping when she had snuck away to hunt me and warn me—but sleeping restlessly.

Then a really shitty realization of my own exploded in my skull. It had lurked deep in my mind all day as a vaguely nagging sense of error. A dumb mistake. A lethal mistake.

My pieces—all three of them—were





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★ SABRINA ★ (15½" x 20")

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When I stepped on the flashlight, I damn near fell. Wouldn't that be a sweet touch? I asked myself. Break my own fuckin' neck after all this action?

Clicking the beam on, I swept the shaft's width with it—finding Kitty hunched wickedly over Orry's prone body. Blood dripped brightly from Kitty's muzzle and fangs. Orry's face was half-destroyed, his throat neatly torn open, his eyes fixed upon the dim ceiling with the steady focus only death can achieve.

Then I remembered a terrible truth an elderly Indian friend had once mentioned: when a mountain lion has tasted human blood, that cat will mainly hunt humans ever after.

... Mainly humans, with nobody immune from the stalking cat's newfound hunger for human flesh—not even a man whose life that cat has saved.

My foot brushed against the Python on the sand. Slowly, guardedly, I picked it up, keeping Kitty and Orry in the flashlight's glare. Checking the piece, I found it was still loaded.

Kitty hissed at me in warning, crouching lower over the worthless human who had ruined a beautiful friendship, ruined a loyal animal's pattern, and would cost the cat his corrupted life. Sadness and guilt and anger flooded my mind in a complete turmoil, so I used the reaction to overcome my revulsion.

Raising the piece, aiming it at Kitty's furred skull, I squeezed off a careful shot, and a hole blossomed between Kitty's narrowed eyes. He jerked twice, rolled away from the human corpse, twitched convulsively, and became motionless. My pet and friend was gone.

Errors trigger more errors, I thought bleakly.

Emerging from the mine, helping an emotionally shattered Winnie to stagger toward the trailers, I bawled in unison with her.

Only our reasons for pain were different.

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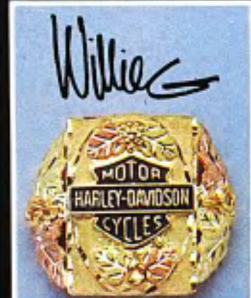
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Necklace
N747 - \$336



Necklace
N737 - \$126



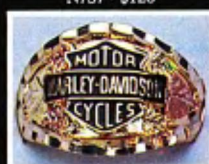
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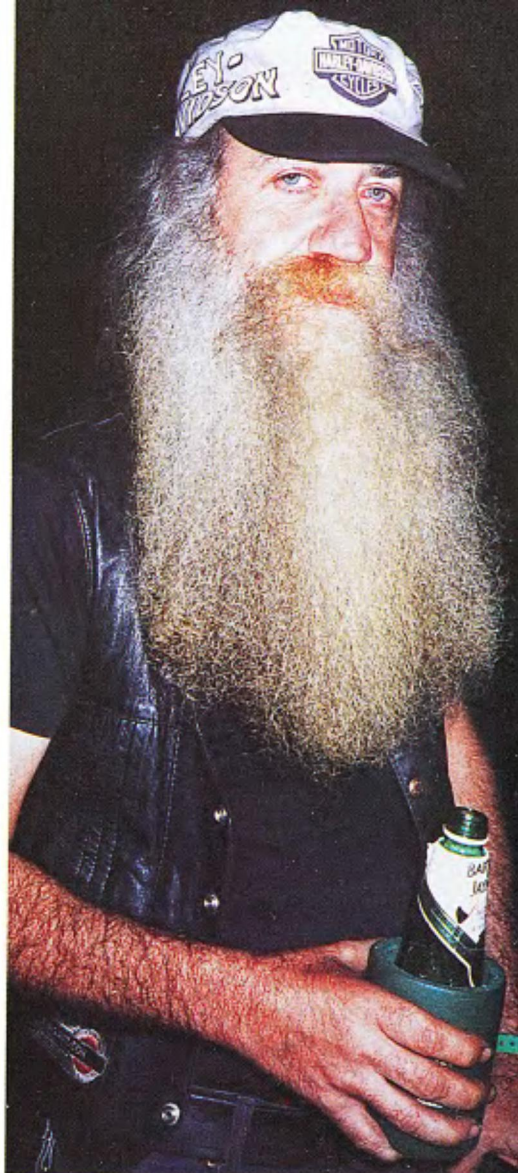
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IN THE WIND



—from John Foster, Curlew, Wash.



—from Kristiana, Hanford, Calif.

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

—from Karin, Rockaway, N.J.





—from Lorina, Oregon



—from Kelly Jessee, Alliance, Neb.



—from David Frier, Broadalbin, N.Y.

—from Rick Lambert, Edmonton, Alberta

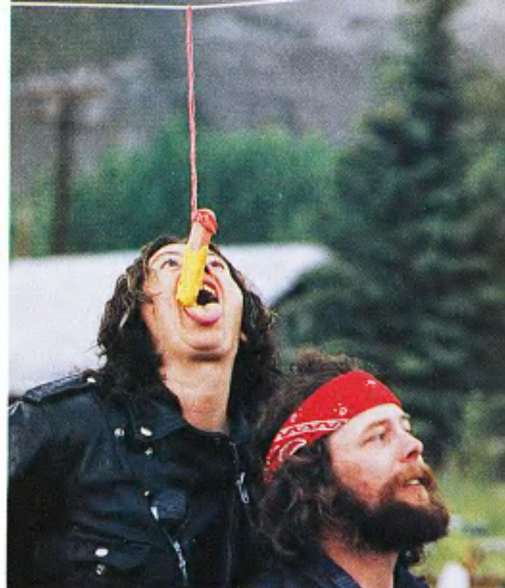


—from Patrick Pettis, Washington, D.C.





—from Dwayne Buntin, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Steele Davis, Anchorage, Alaska



—from Harvey Higley, Victorville, Calif.



—from Fast Ed, Ft. Worth, Tex.

—from The Breeze, Virginia Beach, Va.



—from Flash, Redcliffe, Alberta





—from *Cyclops*, Franklin, N.H.

WHEELDOME OF THE WIND

Beyond the ken of many men
Lies the wheeldom of the wind,
And in the wind there ride the few
Who claim the roads by right of due.

They make their stand out on the edge,
Where most men do not dare to tread.
Their lives have fire and majesty,
And their way leads to destiny.

Such men as they do not live tame,
They're brawling lads who drink the rain.
A gypsy breed on steeds of steel,
Their hearts are strong, their courage real.

A nomad tribe is what they are,
A drifting tide that ranges far,
The sound of thunder, rumbling low,
Marks their passing where they go.

Their nation has no boundary line,
They take their space in place and time.
In the wind they're sworn to stay,
And where the road runs, so do they.

— Jody Via

—from *John Fitzhugh*, Winter Haven, Fla.





—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Stephen Jay, Broken Hill, Australia



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.



—from Rusty, Victorville, Calif.



—from George Hays, Manhattan, Mont.



—from Michel Tanguy, Brest, France



—from Buck Williams, St. Petersburg, Fla.

—from D. Dinneen, Melrose, Iowa



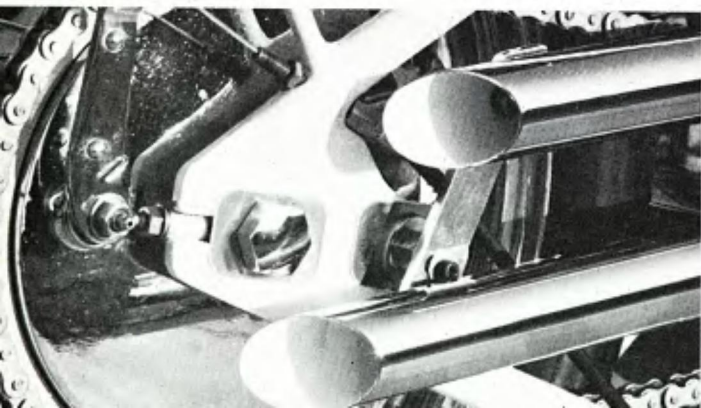
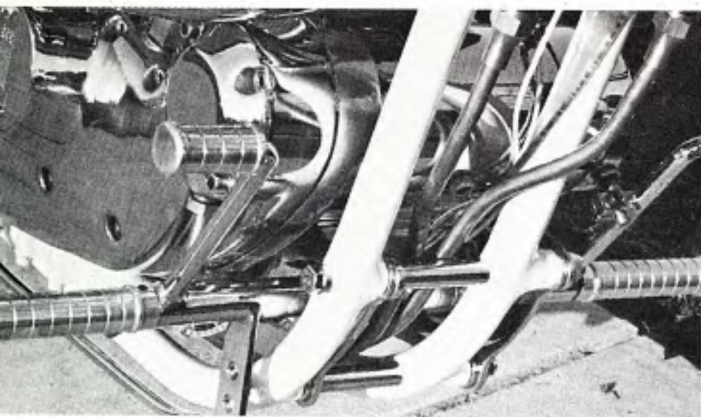
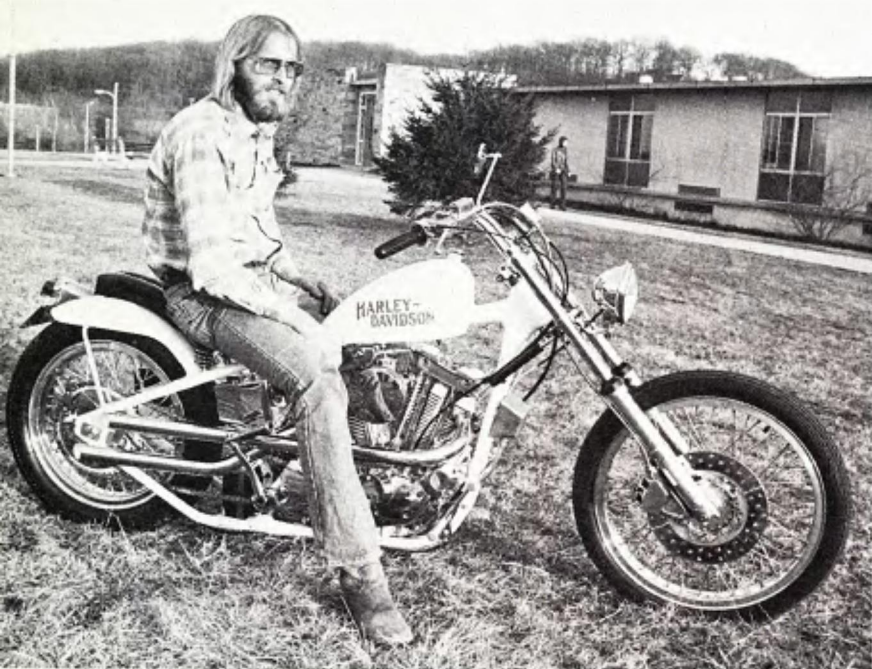
—from Ian Mutch, M.A.G., England



—from Mike Sivilli, Newburgh, N.Y.



READER'S RIDE



Paul Tegtmeier, Baltimore, Maryland
1974 Harley-Davidson XLCH

It's been a long time since Teg had his bike shot — you could tell right off by the deep oil stain the long-forgotten burrito had created on the package where the photos and tech sheet rested. Grade 8 grease. Luckily, the feature was salvaged, and Teg can look back with rose-colored glasses at the fine custom Sportster he used to jam around the D.C. Beltway on. The White Knight of Baltimore.

It only took him four months to get it up, with all the goodies to boot. The Wes Brown-reworked rigid frame with the 40-degree rake, Charlie Anderson paint, modified forks, ported and polished heads, detailed cases, and side-spout gas cap are definitely worth a look back.

Hope what you're runnin' now matches up favorably, Teg.

— Ram Pan



Photos by Frank Kaisler





FOXY RIDER

Debbie Pruitt, Summerfield, Ohio
1949 Harley-Davidson FL

Last fall Debbie's ol' man, Ron, had a wad of dough packed away from their jobs as chimney sweeps. Apparently he asked her, "Well, char cheeks, whatcha want? A shitteroo, with a septic, or a panhead?" The answer was easy. Even though she still trudges to the frozen Ohio woods to relieve herself, Debbie has only to go to the garage for complete relief and a ride on her 1949 red rigid pan. I guess you could say she spells relief P-A-N-H-E-A-D.

She had a memorable ride the first time out, dodging a storm, dogs, and logs. The usual.

The bike was assembled professional-like by Duck and Jimmy at Duck's Putter Parts, Inc., in Litchfield, Ohio. The stock sled was painted by Batman, using no special paint — just red. Hold the molding.

It's a 12-volt. Has close-cut gears, a Linkert M-74B carb, a '57 straightleg frame, 16-inch wheels front and rear, and is your basic durable Harley iron.

— Butt Breath



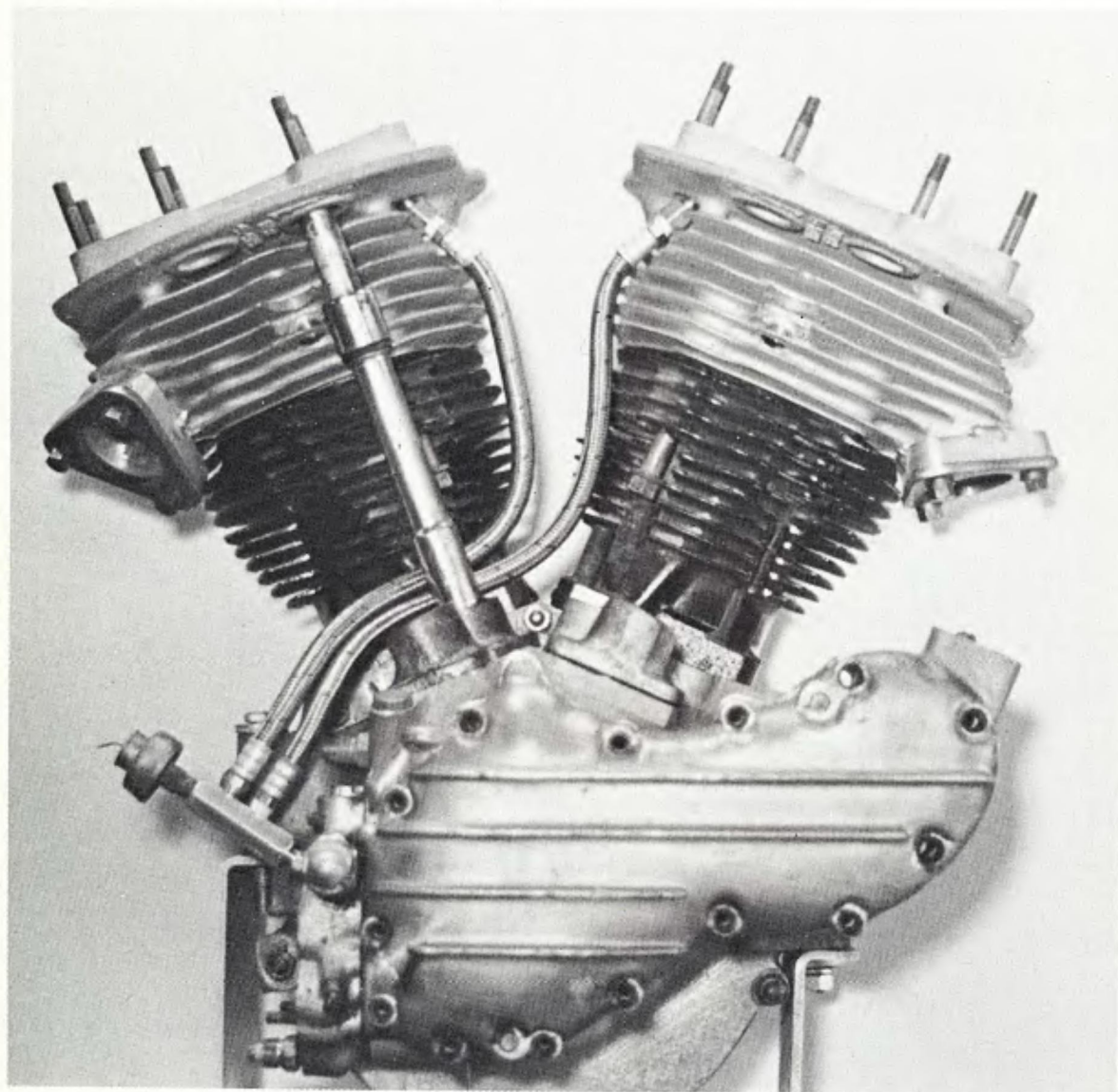


Photos by Sharon Davis



Tech Tip

Tin Head Savers



I used to eat heads on my panhead every six months, whether I needed to or not. Even after installing a late-model oil pump, 'bout six months would pass and a terrible squealing noise, like squeezing a rat's tail in a vise, would begin singin' inside my tin cans. After yankin' the head an pryin' the lifter blocks apart and generally replacing everything, six months later the next one would go. The extensive flip-flop maintenance

got old, and I ultimately ran outside oilers.

Now there's a kit developed by Perry Kime at Flo Dynamics in Oceano, California, specifically designed to save '48 to '60 panheads from an oiling system that routed the 60-weight through the cylinders directly adjacent to the combustion chamber, frying that slippery shit, until when it reached the heads the temp reached 100 degrees above the oil in the tank, and the viscosity

dropped to less than 10-weight. After it destroyed the heads, this bronze-flaked oil returned to contaminate the oil in the tank.

Flo Dynamics designed the hoses, fittings, and machining procedures to install this outside oiler system for \$150. The oil manifold (2024-T4 aluminum) for number four steel-braided oil lines (tested to 150 pounds) is designed to give the heads enough oil without flooding. Special jigs and fixtures were





Photos by Harry Kime



designed to drill and tap the heads, so they can guarantee this process will double the life expectancy of your valves and guides.

If squealing rocker arms and bent pushrods aren't your bag, you may want to ship those heads to Flo Dynamics (1150 Pine Lane, #2, Oceano, CA 93445) for a week and clean out your metalflake oil bag.

— Weed

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FOX HUNT

**Make \$500 by being selected to model for an *Easyriders* feature!
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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 November 30, 1987. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #174 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the seventh winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt (formerly Ol' Lady of the Year Contest) — Sting, from Bossier City, Louisiana. 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.

174

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 _____

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

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

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



I'm a German girl working in a bar in Mississippi. I like partying and riding Harleys. You boys better watch out!

Brunie



I want to get rid of my ol' man's bumper sticker, "Temporary Transportation Only." I'd parlay that \$500 into a panhead.

Nan



I've been living in Berlin, Germany, for years with bikers and I'm curious if you will print my photo.

Sylvia



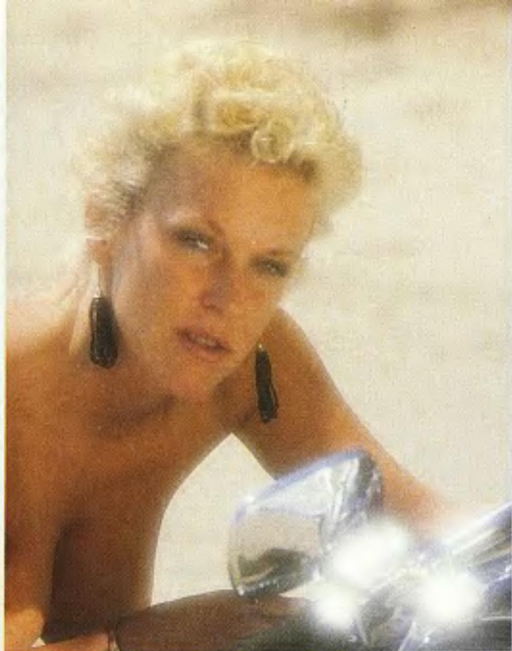
I love Harleys, Easyriders, and our lifestyle. I'm not into bullshit.

Debra



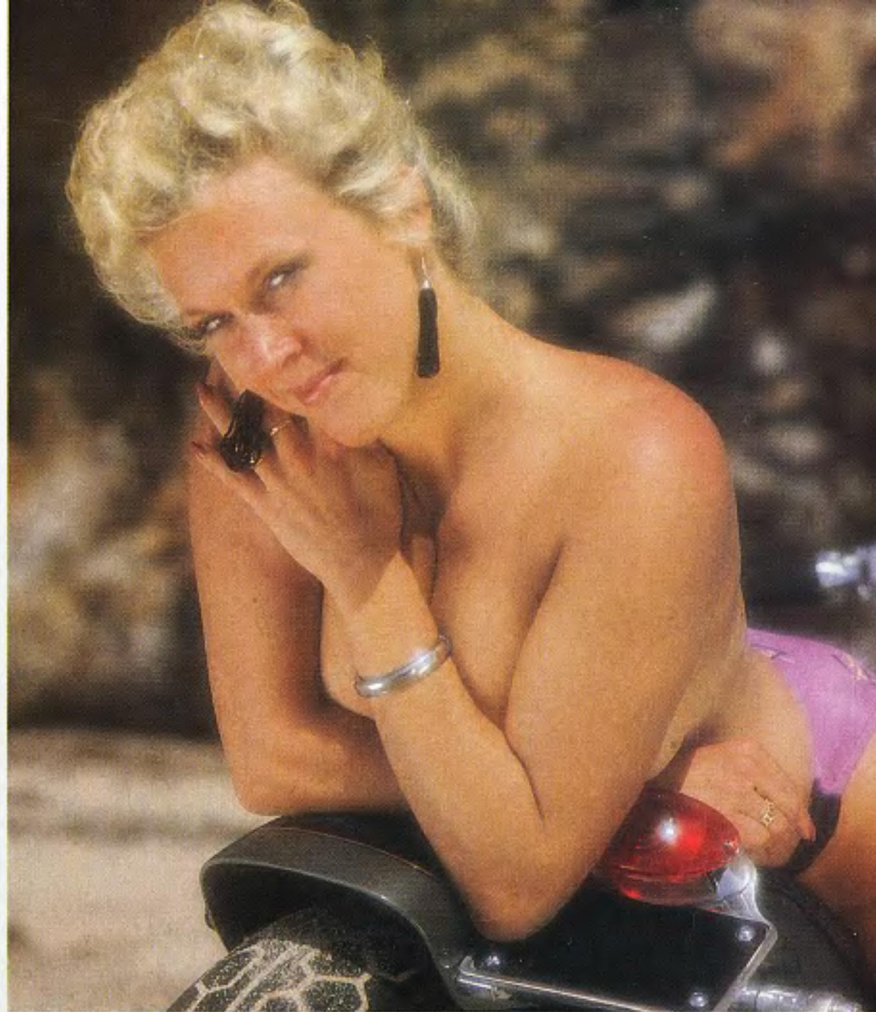
Because.

Vicki



Meet Lisa from Santa Cruz, California, the July Fox Hunt winner.

She recently led us all over the mountains and even a Red, White, and Blue beach in our never-ending quest for better pictures. With her and a bike like Arnie Araujo's Evolution, any gutter woulda done just fine.

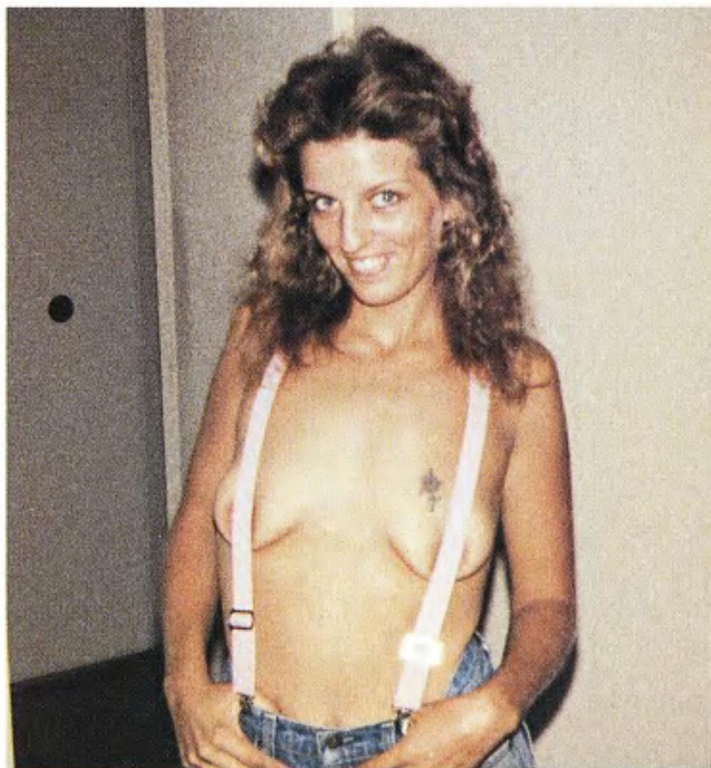


Photos by Michael Lichter



I believe in your magazine and I believe in me. Just in case you haven't seen me lately, take a look at me now.

Serena



I have something to prove to myself. I'd be very honored to represent Easyriders.

Donna

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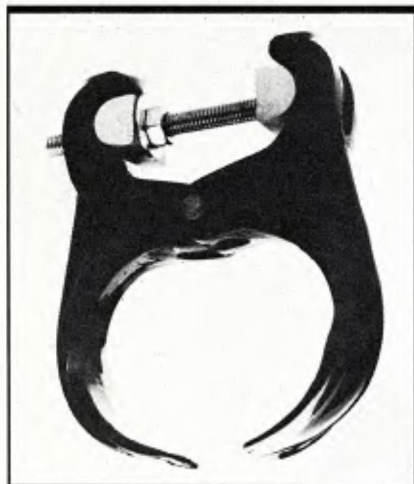
PARTS BOX

Tell 'em Snake sent ya.



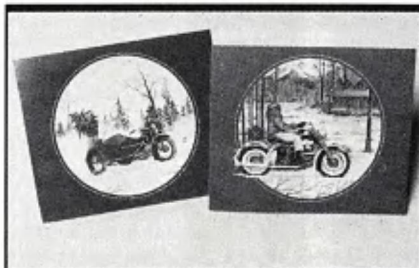
Rockin' Panhead

Since we're creepin' into the triangle of financial death (Christmas), I'm gonna lay out some stunning solutions to the I-can't-find-shit blues. How about a hand-carved panhead rocker for the rugrat who's constantly whinin' 'bout wanting to go for a ride? Shit, each one is signed and numbered, crafted from black walnut, alder, or maple, and runs thirty-plus days to complete. That is, if you put a small bag of gold down on the project. For more info, write Mike or Dinah, Dept. ER, Box 7133, Santa Rosa, CA 95407.



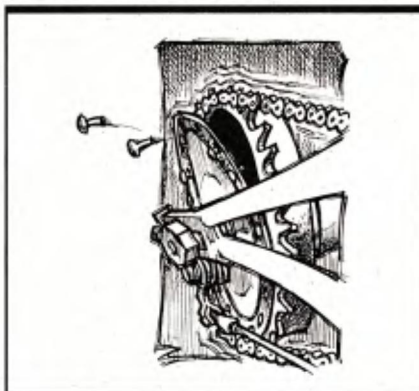
Bead Buster

Weed broke a vice; Renegade crashed his truck; Wilburn Roach gave up and let a shop get his tire broken loose to change a flat. This is a terrific gift for breakin' the ol' bead — that is, if it works. I personally haven't tested it. But it's a butt-saving gift if it can handle the pressure. Write Stop & Go International, Dept. ER, Box 544, Wheeling, IL 60090.



Scooter Cards

When it comes to Christmas, we tramps don't find much of a selection at Hallmark. So some Canadian "Ride Hard, Live Free" bros came up with a couple of acceptable solutions. For info, write Zie Cards, Dept. ER, 211 Edgemont Dr., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2J 3H6.



Stocking Stuffer

I will never forget the blazing hot summer day a few bros and I went for a ride into the foothills. I was riding my all-time, most-thrashed-parts rat, when it began to gently coast. It never did anything gently, and the odd element to this occurrence was that the engine was still running and it was in gear. I revved it, and the multitude of parts making up that tin can sang to me as if I had set them free. I had — I'd set the rivets in the rear sprocket free from the brake hub. I rode the rest of the weekend with sheet metal screws securin' the drive train.

The McCarty Bros. created a stronger, more secure solution to the problem, and you can pack it in a small tool bag. It's a set of grade five allen bolts and self-locking nuts, and it's cheap. For details, write the McCarty Bros., Dept. ER, Box 6052, Great Falls, MT 59406.

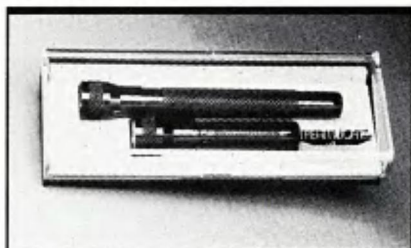


Christmas Catalogs

I could fill this rag with "Parts Box" suggestions and never come close to all the goodies these two companies have in their catalogs, and besides, they're eye candy to look at.

Custom Chrome's 400-page catalog is ten bucks; order by writing Custom Chrome, Dept. ER, 1 Jacqueline Court, Morgan Hill, CA 95037.

The Drag Specialties catalog is equally impressive, titled "The Stuff Legends are Made Of." Send ten bucks, with three bucks for postage (thirteen bills total) to Drag Specialties, Dept. ER, Box 9336, Minneapolis, MN 55440.



Miniature Baton

I don't know about you, but I've enjoyed the displeasure of being pushed around by a yard-long, fourteen-battery Kell flashlight by the men in blue. They're as bright as quartz and as heavy as a fork tube. So just as a reminder of police harassment in days gone by, Streamlight, Inc. created two miniature industrial strength flashlights. Compact, lightweight, and weather-proof, they hold AAA batteries and are just heavy enough to smack the ol' house cat with and they can be purchased in gift boxes from Streamlight, Inc., Dept. ER, STR-164, 1030 W. Germantown Pike, Norristown, PA 19403.

Somewhere along the line, a lot of you dedicated lipreaders out there have gotten the unfair idea that yours truly, for some reason or another, doesn't like the more bountiful variety of the sweeter sex. You know, the porkers, the big mammas—those eclipse-causing women who are a lot easier to jump over than they are to walk around.

This kind of judgmental bullshit really gives me a dose of the red-ass, particularly in this case, because nothing could be further from the truth. I like sweatshops. A lot. Just ask anyone who's ever seen me at the bar on a Saturday around midnight. Would I spend that

much time with the round ones if I didn't truly *love* 'em?

Of course not. I might not swan-dive into ectoplasmic ecstasy in the harsh light of day, maybe, but under cover of darkness, you bet your pile-driving ass, man.

And just to put an end to these unfounded accusations once and for all, I'm gonna pass along my *numero uno* household tip to my fellow men who try to embrace the elegantly elephantine, usually with limited success. Sorta like Hints From Heloise for Two-Ton Lovers. Just because I'm a decent kind of guy.

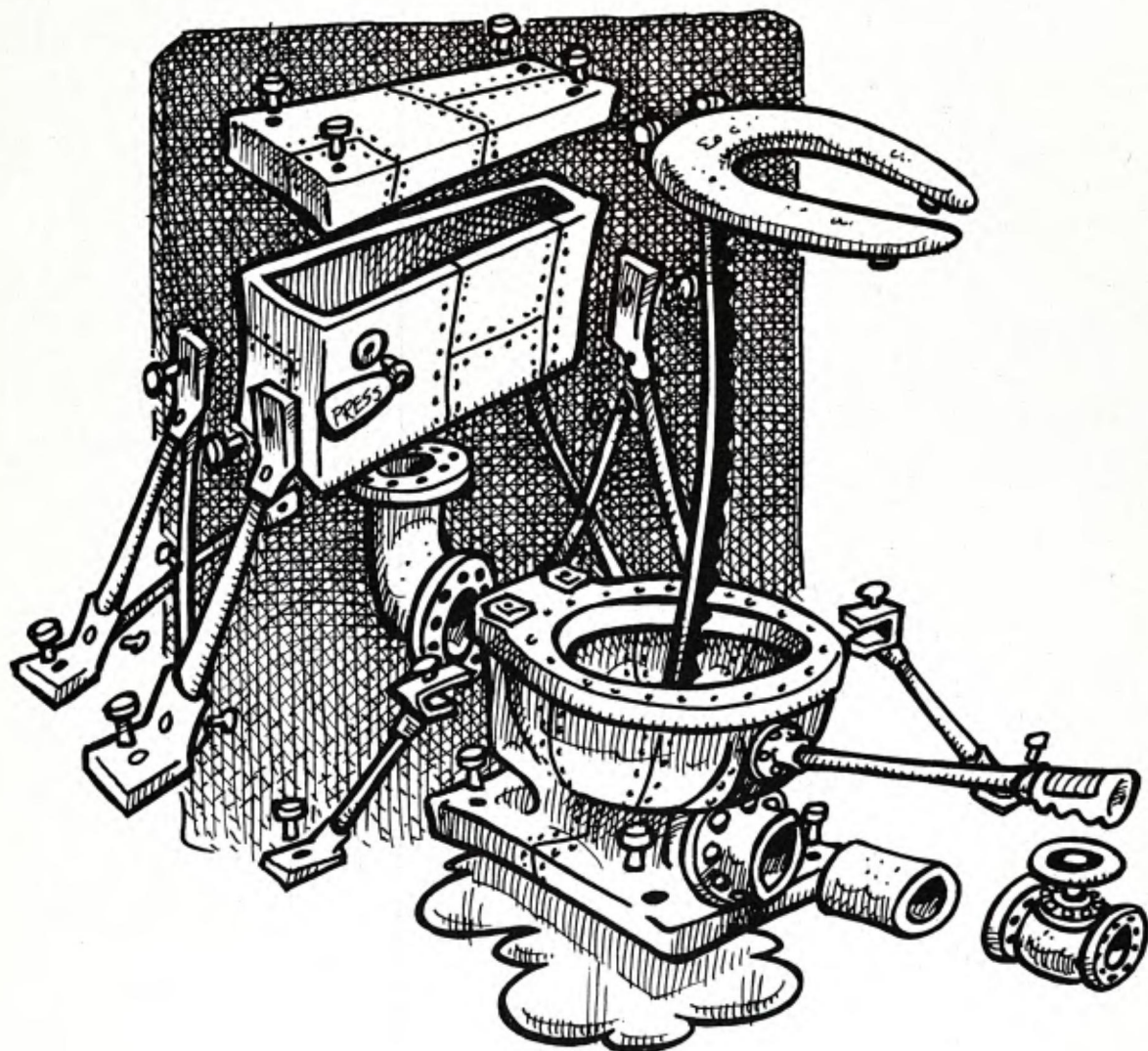
Now, assuming that you're stuck, er, *blessed* with one of these bovine

beauties, and the situation is beginning to look like she's gonna be hanging around for a while (translation: she's too fucking big to throw out by yourself, and your bros can't stop laughing long enough to help you give her the ol' heave-ho out the door), there is one major but easy modification you need to do around the house before the sun sets again. That is, besides looking for another place to live until she heads for the tar pits. And that, bro, is:

Saving Your Shitter

Truthfully, didn't you ever wonder how fat chicks manage to take a shit? Believe me, I ain't got any really unusual sicko tendencies, but I also ain't got a

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Illustrations by Ditty Duggan

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LARD LOVERS

door on my bathroom, and the awful truth hit me one early Sunday morning right where I lived, so to speak, when I happened to stumble to the medicine cabinet for some crosses without noticing that my latest FFA blue ribbon-winner was inside the head, with her beady little eyes torqued shut in strained concentration on the job below decks. Froze me in my tracks, and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

What these big ones do, bro, is kind of grunt and wheeze and hold their breath to get ready, then they muscle those big ol' yeasty buns into two giant sourdough loaves, and they just flop one over each side of the crapper with an explosive sigh of relief, right before they let the menudo dam bust loose. It's not a pretty sight for a grown man to see first thing in the morning, take my word for it.

Now, aside from the tremendous strain that this puts on your household drainage system, it also plays hell with those normal-stress hinges on the crapper—the ones that hold the seat onto the porcelain saddle and center your ass over the Black Hole to Never-Never Land. They just weren't designed to deal with this kind of abuse.

I think it should be pretty clear by now that beefing up these hinges constitutes a Red Alert Priority if you suddenly find yourself with a butterball babe under your roof, unless you enjoy doing a hungover slalom on the shitter every morning because of decimated seat fasteners.

I'm gonna help ya do something about it, bro—while there's still time.

Get your power drill out and ream the hinges to about 7/16" and slot some case-hardened bolts through the suckers, *with industrial strength lock washers*. This is important. The ones on

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your cylinder bolts will fit just about right. Torque those babies down until, when you lift it, the lid squeals just like your own newfound darling does when you putt by a 24-hour Jack-in-the-Box with a two-for-one taco special.

Okay, bro, you're halfway there. Ride down to the neighborhood auto salvage yard and get a pair of heavy-duty bumper pads. Dodge used to make some fairly stout ones in their Duster days, but just about any set from a light truck will do if you can't find those early gems. You can strap these under the toilet seat with hose clamps if you have to, but I recommend that if your porker at least fixes you breakfast in the

**Truthfully,
didn't you ever
wonder how fat
chicks manage
to take a shit?**

morning (which most of 'em do, I've found), you should go the extra mile and Super Glue the bumper pads to the lid, to give it that polished, professional look. This touching show of kindness is as much for you as it is for her—do you really think you can live with the bimbo's hose-clamp abrasion rash staring you in the face in the wee light of dawn? You might not be able to get that breakfast to stay down. Think about that one for a minute.

As with all projects that you take pride in, give the new seat an acid test. Don't be deceived by appearances. It's been my experience that three 90-pound sacks of cement, dropped from a height of four feet onto a sturdy piece of oak shelving laid across the toilet seat, is the precise equivalent of one burrito-loaded blimp baby in a hurry to the trusty ol' flushola.

When she sees all the trouble you went through for her, your tonner's eyes are gonna get all misty, and *you're* gonna feel a helluva lot more secure when you hit the head every morning, where you'll be able to sit in peace and quiet while you figure out a workable plan on how to shake loose the hog. The first time I did this number on my own toilet, many years ago, my sweet Texas Rose was so overcome by emotion and gratitude that she went directly into the sweating and snorting stage, and she couldn't do enough for me for a week.

Just don't let her get on top, bro.

— Savage

Wanna Play?

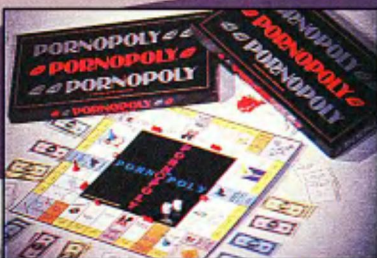
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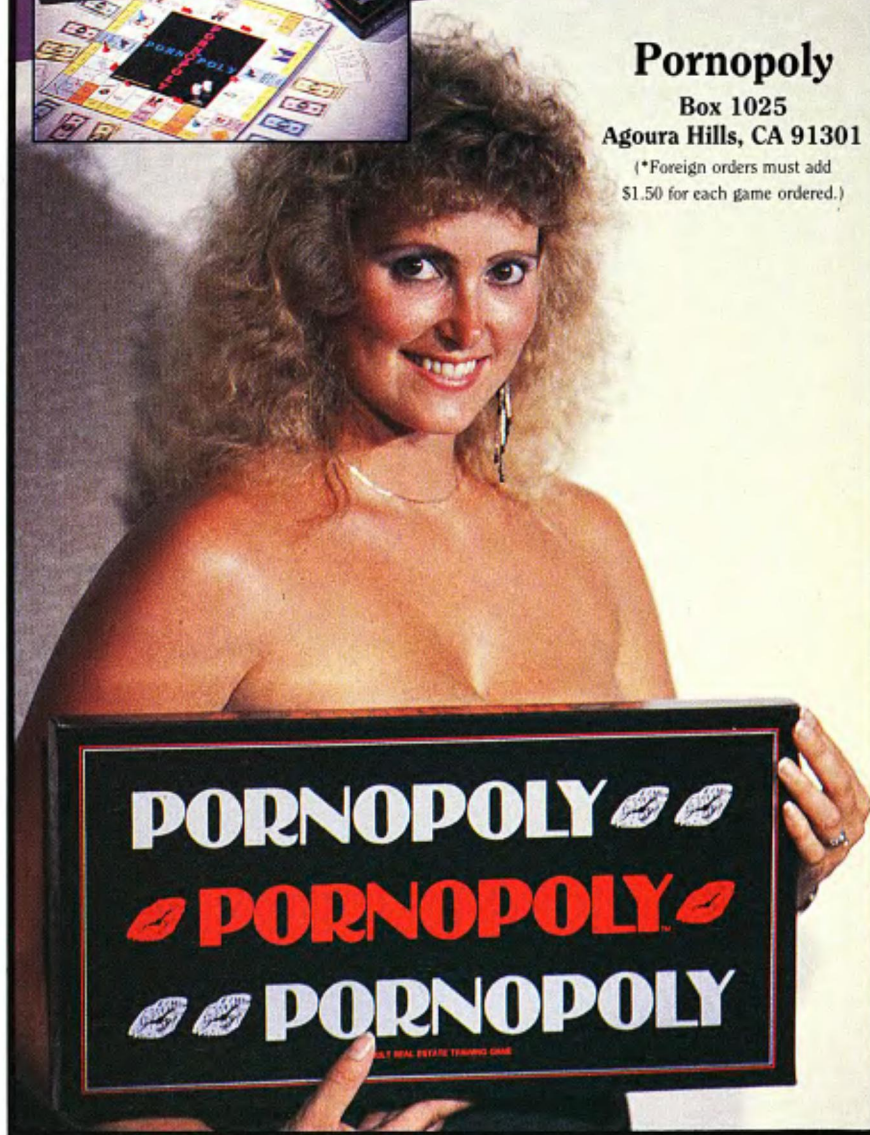
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(Tote bags and cards available free at participating bike shops.)

Hiram P. Farnsworth. When he introduced himself to me, I expected him to add "the Third." Even without the number, he looked like a Hiram P. Farnsworth. The three-piece suit, bald head, and little round wire-rimmed glasses all identified him as a member of the head shed. I didn't get his type down here on the loading dock too often, which suited me just fine. They get in the way and then try to either tell me how to do my job or talk to me. This one wanted to talk to me —■— "They call you 'Bear,' don't they?" Hiram wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had that nervous twitch to him that told me he had something to say that he didn't want to say. —■— "Depends on who 'they' are." Shit, I thought, the asshole's probably gonna can me. I'll bet one of those geeks upstairs saw me tokin' up this morning. Shit. —■— "Mr. Bear, I need to talk to you privately about a business proposition. Could you meet me at the Cozy Lounge at, say, six-thirty this evening?" —■— What kind of business did this little worm have for me? Whatever it was, I knew that I didn't want to hear about it at the "Cozy Lounge." —■— "In the first place, Hiram, it's just 'Bear.' In the second place, I always go to Casey's Bar after work. If you want to talk to me, that's where I'll be." —■— Hiram looked like he wanted to say something else, but I guess he figured it could wait. He just nodded and left. As he walked away, he kept looking around. Very nervous guy, Hiram. —■— Well, I figured, he's not gonna fire me. A business proposition, he'd said. That could mean anything from taking care of some dude to washin' his car. Whatever, it was gonna cost him. The tax payment on the farm was due, and I always needed cash, anyway. —■— About an hour after my conversation with Hiram, the time whistle on the tower blew that sweet sound, and I was straddlin' my sled before the music stopped. Kickin' the old shovel over, I felt the loading dock melt away. I hit the throttle a few times just to massage my joints and to remind myself how great it was to be off work. Since it was Friday, the lot cleared fast. I waited until most of the cages were gone before I made my break. —■— As I pulled up in front of Casey's, I saw the rides of most of my friends, all shined and ready. The weekend was here. I parked the beast next to T.J.'s trike and went on in. —■— "Hey, Bear," the shout went up. From the look of things, some of my bros had gotten off work early. —■— "Got one waitin'," Casey said as he slid a cold Bud down the bar to me. —■— Damn few things taste better than that first cold beer at the end of the day. It didn't take long before the loading dock faded into a distant bad memory. —■— "Come on, man." T.J. flashed a baggie. "I picked up this red bud this afternoon. It's killer, man." —■— I followed T.J. into the can and watched him roll up the weed. T.J. rolled great doobs—tight to draw right. —■— "Fire that mutha up." He held the joint out to me. —■— I stuck a match to it and let the sweet smoke flow and expand into my lungs. —■— "Pretty tasty." I held the smoke deep and passed the joint back to T.J. —■— "Hey, you guys," Casey said as he stuck his head in the door. "Put that shit away. Some narc-lookin' dude just walked in, and I can't take another violation." —■— T.J. extinguished the reef on the end of his tongue and handed the roach to me. —■— "Here, keep this and let me know how you love it later." —■— I stuck the roach in the cellophane of my cigarette pack and followed T.J. out of the john. As I walked out to the front of the bar, I saw him standing in the doorway, still blinkin'. Hiram. Well, I thought, let's get this out of the way and get back to the partyin'. —■— "Over here, Hiram," I shouted to him from the secluded end of the bar.

THE SCORE

by Joel L. Jackson

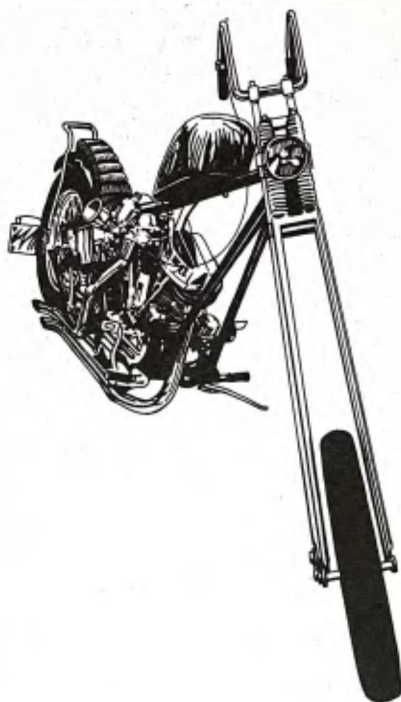


Illustration by Jan Larkman

THE SCORE

Hiram came over and sat on the barstool next to me. He still had his three-piece suit and that nervous twitch. He looked around the place and spoke to me at the same time.

"I would like to purchase a quantity of marijuana."

My mouthful of beer sprayed the front of his vest. The bar had become real quiet. This guy sure knows how to get your attention, I thought, as I stared back at him.

"Hiram, are you a narc? You know, a narcotics officer?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I work at the same plant that you do. Now, about the marijuana . . ."

"Hold it, Hiram. Things don't work that quick. I've got a few questions myself. Like, why me?"

"I have been watching you for the past few days. I have taken notice that you smoke this marijuana before and after work and during your lunch break. I determined that you would probably be the most likely contact for this procurement."

It took me a couple of moments to figure out what he'd said before

I went on with the whys and wherefores.

"What do you want the stuff for, Hiram? You a closet toker?"

"Oh, heavens, no. I would never use illicit drugs. No, Mr. Bear, my purpose for this transaction is purely business. You see, I am a family man with strict accountability of funds. There is an item that I wish to purchase



"When are you going to stop fooling around with those chickens and bring on the men who are going to do the cockfighting?"

that costs approximately two thousand dollars. Such an expense would be readily noticed by my wife. But, I can acquire, say, five hundred dollars through the sale of some lawn implements. With this venture capital, I am of the understanding that I could double my investment. It should only take three of these investments to raise the capital for my purchase."

I was speechless. I slowly sipped my brew while I considered the deal. This guy could still be a narc, I thought. And I wasn't ready for another trip to the slammer for anybody, especially this wimp. Better check him out.

"Tell you what, Hiram. Check out the weed first and then let me know if it's what you're lookin' for. It's out at my farm in the barn. You follow me and a friend of mine out there and maybe we can seal this deal tonight."

"Excellent," he smiled quickly.

I gulped my beer and watched Hiram walk out the front door.

"T.J.," I called, "come on. We got some business."

"What business?" T.J. said as he joined me on the sidewalk in front of Casey's.

"This dude wants to buy some weed," I pointed to Hiram as he got

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into his little Oriental cage across the street. "I'm gonna check him out first."

"Why?"

T.J. liked to be a smartass every now and then.

"Just follow us, okay?"

The ride out to the farm was practically spiritual. The place was fifteen miles out west of town. Going to and from work, I got my share of

Hell of a change from the hole you were in three years ago. But that's the price you pay for not payin' close enough attention. Don't skip the details. Well, this time I was gonna pay attention to the details and check this Hiram P. Farnsworth out.

I kept an eye on Hiram's cage in my rearview mirror. What did I really know about this guy? I'd seen him a few times, but had always written

I'd know soon enough.

The small two-story farmhouse was dark and quiet as I pulled up in the front yard. T.J.'s trike pulled alongside me while Hiram stopped in the driveway. I dropped the kickstand and let the ol' Harley have a rest. Hiram was just gettin' out of his car as I walked up to him.

"This is the place, Hiram," I said. "Come on out to the barn and we'll check out some marijuana."

The old, weathered barn doors opened with a loud creaking as Hiram and T.J. followed me into the wreck of a barn.

"Don't touch anything," I warned Hiram as I flipped on the lights. "This is also my garage, and I know exactly where everything is." Hiram looked pretty funny as he hopped around the tools, bike parts, and an old pan-head basket case that lay scattered all over the floor.

Satisfied that Hiram wasn't going to disturb anything, I climbed the ladder to the loft. I kept enough hay up there to feed a couple of steer every year, and they kept me fed through the winter. I broke open one of the bales and picked up one of the segments. Christ, I thought, don't I wish this really was reefer.

Well, at least I knew he wasn't a narc, just stupid. And I could make five hundred on a chunk of cow food.

great sunrises and sunsets, but this sunset was outstanding. Golds and pinks and blues. And the old shovel picked up on it, too. The deep bass of the pipes provided the music for the cruise. Leanin' back, I felt the week's work drain away and the thrill of just bein' alive take its place.

Shit, man, I told myself, you got it pretty good. A good ride, a decent-payin' job for a change. The farm's yours as long as you keep the taxes up on it, and it even pays for itself.

him off as just another boss, and God knows there's plenty of bosses. Something in the back of my mind told me the feds wouldn't be dumb enough to hire someone as obviously stupid as Hiram P. Farnsworth. He had to be for real. He'd said he had a family. Sounded like he had to hide things from his ol' lady. Considerin' how he acted, I figured the bitch was probably the boss at home. Hell, who knows, maybe this guy had just seen too many episodes of "Miami Vice." Either way,

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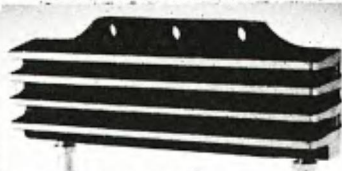


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THE SCORE

It looked like the real thing, though. At least, close enough for my purpose.

I cradled the five-inch-thick segment of clover and alfalfa gently as I climbed back down. I shot T.J. a hard look when it looked like he was gonna bust out laughin'. T.J. just coughed and looked at the old 74 frame I kept in the corner.

"Well, here it is, Hiram." I handed him the "weed." "I reckon that's about two pounds."

Hiram studied the chunk real close, even pulled out a couple of pieces.

"Yes, yes, I believe this will do quite nicely," he handed the hay back to me. "I can bring you the money tomorrow afternoon around, say, three o'clock if that is satisfactory with you?"

"Yeah, that's okay," I said. Well, at least I knew he wasn't a narc, just stupid. And I could make five hundred on a chunk of cow food. "I've just got one question though, Hiram. What-cha gonna buy with the money you make off this stuff?"

Hiram cleared his throat and actually seemed to relax.

"I want to buy a motorcycle. The

one I have in mind is a specific motorcycle. It was my father's. You see, my father was killed in a fight when I was ten years old. My mother vowed that I would not be exposed to that type of environment. She worked very hard to send me to the better schools and to expose me to the better people. When she died six months ago, she left to me a letter that told me about my father. Ap-



parently, all he left to her was his 1954 Harley-Davidson. She sold this to my uncle. In recent correspondence from this uncle, he has indicated that he would sell it to me for two thousand dollars. Here is a picture my uncle sent me of the item. My wife has informed me that this purchase is out of the question and that there is to be no further discussion of it. So, you see my predicament. I must have the motorcycle, Mr. Bear. And have it I will."

So, that was it! He just wanted to buy his ol' man's bike. I looked at the snapshot he handed me and almost drooled at the cherry '54 Hydra-Glide. That big ol' 1200 sittin' in that hardtail frame and the cross-in-the-circle emblem gleamin' on the tank set it apart from any ride I'd seen lately.

I felt a lump in my throat and a swellin' in my chest. Then I went stupid.

"Look, Hiram, I'll level with ya. I don't think you'll make enough off this weed to buy your ol' man's ride. You don't have the contacts or the guts. But I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do. You give me the five hundred, and I'll turn it around for ya. I'll give you the two grand Monday at work. You just let me take a spin on the bike when you get it, okay?"

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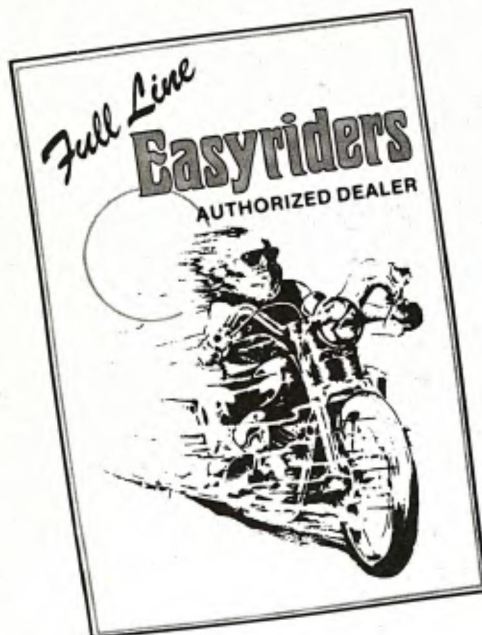
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THE SCORE

I flashed the guy a big grin and stuck out my hand.

After about ten seconds, Hiram took my mitt between the both of his and pumped it like he was tryin' to draw water.

"I will never be able to thank you enough. You don't know what this means to me," he gushed.

"Oh, I think I do. Now get out of here, and I'll see ya tomorrow."

As I watched the little fella bounce out to his car, T.J. walked up beside me.

"I always knew you were an ol' softy," he said. "But I never thought ya was stupid. I thought you told me when ya got out of the joint that you'd never get back in the dealin' game, remember?"

I shook the roach out of the cigarette pack and lit it, took a big toke, and passed it to T.J. "Yeah, I remember, bro, and I meant it. That ain't what I had in mind."

"Well, then how the fuck . . .?"

I reached for the joint and drew down another lungful while I pointed at the old ratted-out basket case panhead with my other hand.

"Hiram's five hundred should just about cover all the parts I need to get that old dog up an' runnin' again, I figure, an' if the day ever comes when I can't get two grand for a purrin' panhead with one of your immaculate paint jobs on it, I'll just hang it up for good."

"My paint job? You're askin' me to . . ." T.J. began, and I watched as the grin spread slowly across his face.

"Okay, so we're both softies, bro," he laughed. "Come on, man—we got some wrenchin' an' sprayin' to do." ■

Easyriders



"No, we don't have termites. Herb likes to pick his nose while he watches TV."

Choppershopper

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Jeannie B.: have Humboldt shirt yet? I waited at Sturgis '86. Leave message at folks. See ya later! — Steve. (174)

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DOWN THE ROAD

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NOVEMBER

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

November 8 — LOVE RIDE FOUR in Glendale, California. Prizes, live entertainment, and barbecue. Participants must raise a minimum of \$35 in pledges and/or donations per rider. Proceeds benefit the Muscular Dystrophy Association. For info, call John Niles at (213) 387-5157, or H-D of Glendale at (818) 246-5618.

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.

EASYSIDERS RODEO GRAND NATIONALS — Second or third weekend in November (specific date and location to be announced) — to be held in California.

November 21-25 — ANNUAL TOY RUN in Greenville, North Carolina. Begins at noon at J and E Harley-Davidson, 1008 Dickenson Avenue. Proceeds benefit the Salvation Army. Sponsored by the

Greenville Chapter of H.O.G. and other local clubs. For more info, call (919) 757-1345.

November 29 — CHRISTMAS SUPER SPREE SWAP MEET sponsored by ABATE of New Jersey. Run starts at 11 p.m. at the Veterans Foreign War building, 600 Washington Avenue, Manville, New Jersey. Live music, food, and beer. Cost is \$3 per person, \$5 per couple. For more info, call (201) 906-7643.

November 29 — TOY RUN at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Admission one toy, canned food, or \$2 per person — no exceptions. Toys, canned goods, and money will go to the Salvation Army. Sponsored by the MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

DECEMBER

December 5 — TOY RUN in Portland, Oregon. Run leaves from A and G Motorcycles, 10th and Woodward, at 1 p.m. Donation of toys or money. Sponsored by ABATE of Oregon. For info, call Gary Martin at (503) 639-0873, or Gary Vinson at (503) 287-5031.

December 6 — SUPER SWAP MEET AND SHOW at the Guys and Dolls Ballroom in Fort Worth, Texas. Harley-Davidsons only. For info, call Bob Bagwell at (817) 488-9133.

December 12-13 — BENEFIT RUN at Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Toys for Tots and "goodies for grunts" run. Bring a toy for the kids and a gift for a vet. Camping, barbecue, field events, live music, and beer. Sponsored by ABATE of California and Vietnam Vets of Ventura County. For info, write ABATE of California, Box 219, Oak View, CA 93022, or call Rick at (805) 656-6777.

December 13 — STATE TOY RUN sponsored by ABATE of Florida, coordinated by Palm Beach County Chapter, 2005 Tallahassee Drive, W. Palm Beach, FL 33409. (305) 684-1626.

December 13 — SIXTH ANNUAL TOY RUN in Tucson, Arizona. Sign-in at the Tucson Community Center, 260 S. Church St., 10:30 a.m.-noon. Donation is \$10 or a new, unwrapped toy of equal value. Party after the run. Sponsored by Sun Riders MC, 7502 E. 45th St., Tucson, AZ 85730. (602) 790-8112.

December 20 — TOY RUN in Ventura, California. Bring a toy and a gift for a vet. Run leaves from The Shop, 6541 Ventura Blvd., and ends up at the VA Hospital. For info, call Rick at (805) 656-6777, or Wykk at (805) 652-1973.

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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.

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

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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.

Branded Garments, 43-38 36th St., L.I.C., NY 11011. (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

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MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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MOTORCYCLE RESTORATION

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

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Performance Coolers distributed by CCI, Nempco, Eagle, Gary Bang, V-Twin, Arlen Ness, and Rivera. For more information, call (714) 650-9016.

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

SERVI-CAR

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

SPECIAL SERVICES

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

SPEEDOMETERS

Paramount Speedometers, 6845 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.)

Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., \$12 each, 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223. (718) 996-6666. (U.S. Funds only.)

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/\$12, payable to S.A. Marketing, 902 Lee Road Suite 30-449, Orlando, FL 32810-5585 (state size S,M,L,XL).

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

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

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

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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).

So. Calif. Motorcycles/Licensed Harley-Davidson T-shirt, \$12 total, state size, M.O. payable to So. Cal. Enterprises, 815 E. St., San Diego, CA 92112-6005. NO CODs.

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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.

TRANSPORTATION

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

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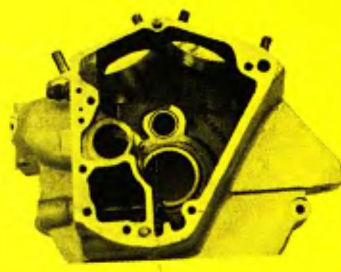
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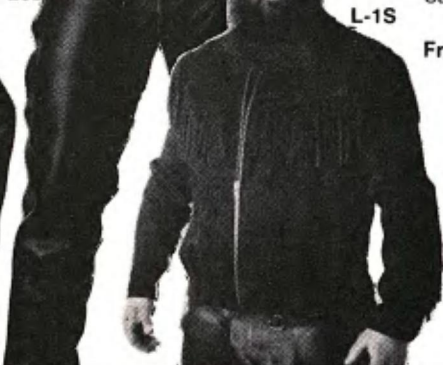
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L31



L12

L32



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B-7

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SS-7 Blockhead Hwy.

A.

A.

B.

C.



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Finest American
made motorcycle
boot. Meets all ANSI
safety standards.
Sizes 8-13 11" \$59.95
" " " 13" \$59.95
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" " " 11" \$49.95
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Made of black grade
a leather w/leather
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SHELBY

Some broads make yer toes tingle, and some make ya stand up tall an' proud. Some will satisfy yer appetite an' soothe yer woes, and some will make ya enough money to pay for what ya need, an' more. Some women are great pals, some just great lovers — until ya just gotta get away from 'em. Some of 'em are visually entrancing, but ya know not to get too close. . an' ya can't



Smooth to the Bone

get close enough to some. Some chicks are addiction, an' some get addicted to you an' ya can't get rid of 'em.

A few are as fragile as crystal; others ya arm-wrestle all night, not even wantin' to win the last round. Some ya remember for their tits, some for their tears, and some for the terrible fights.

Some of the sex ya remember for their grip. Some, ya just can't forget those moves. Some, for the wonderful sounds they make. Some, for that deep, inside closeness ya feel. A few, of course, ya remember for the sheer stamina portrayed, the positions displayed, and the fantasies played. But ya remember 'em all.

With this chick, it's all visualization, speculation, an' imagination.

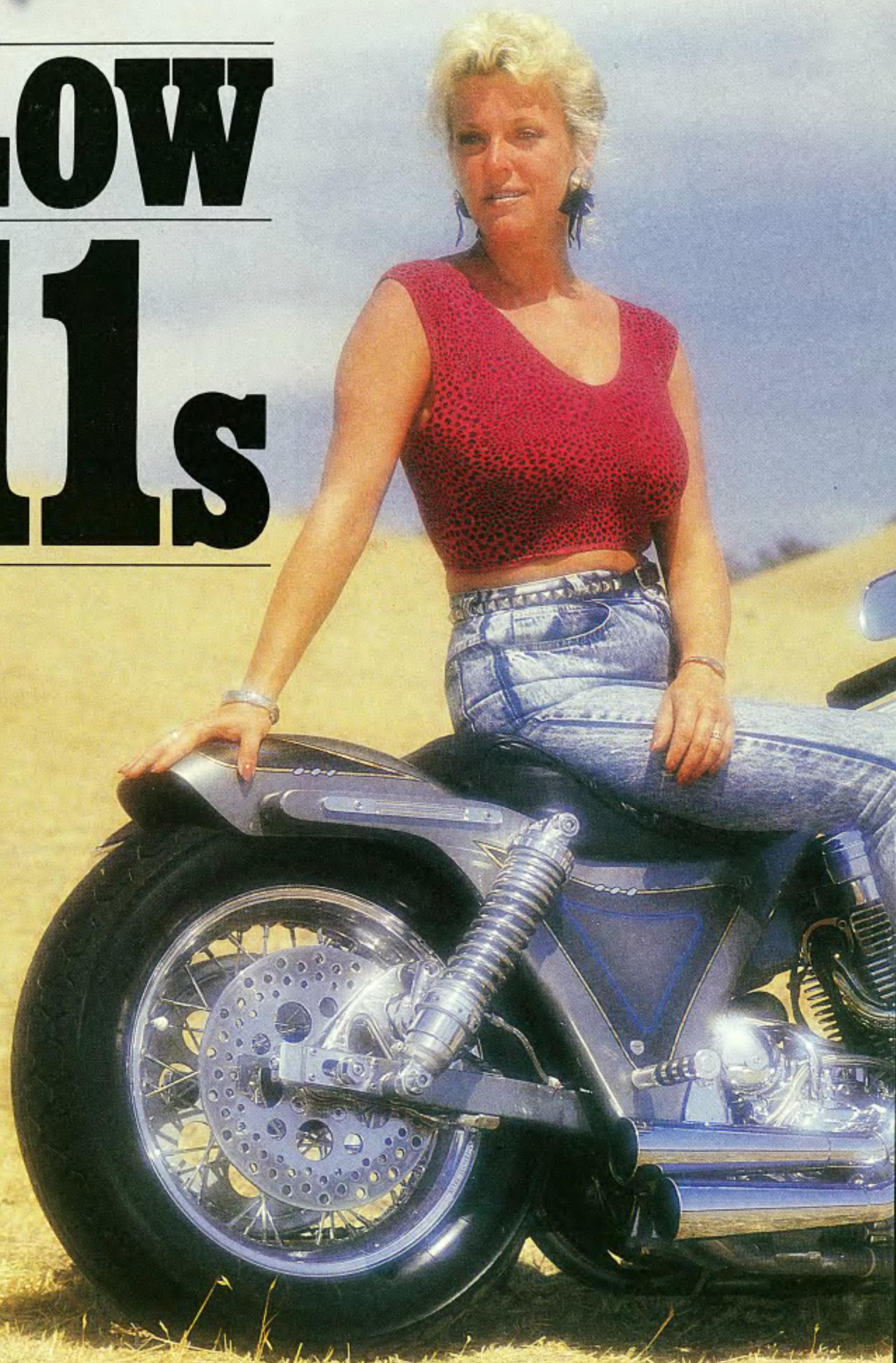
—Bandit

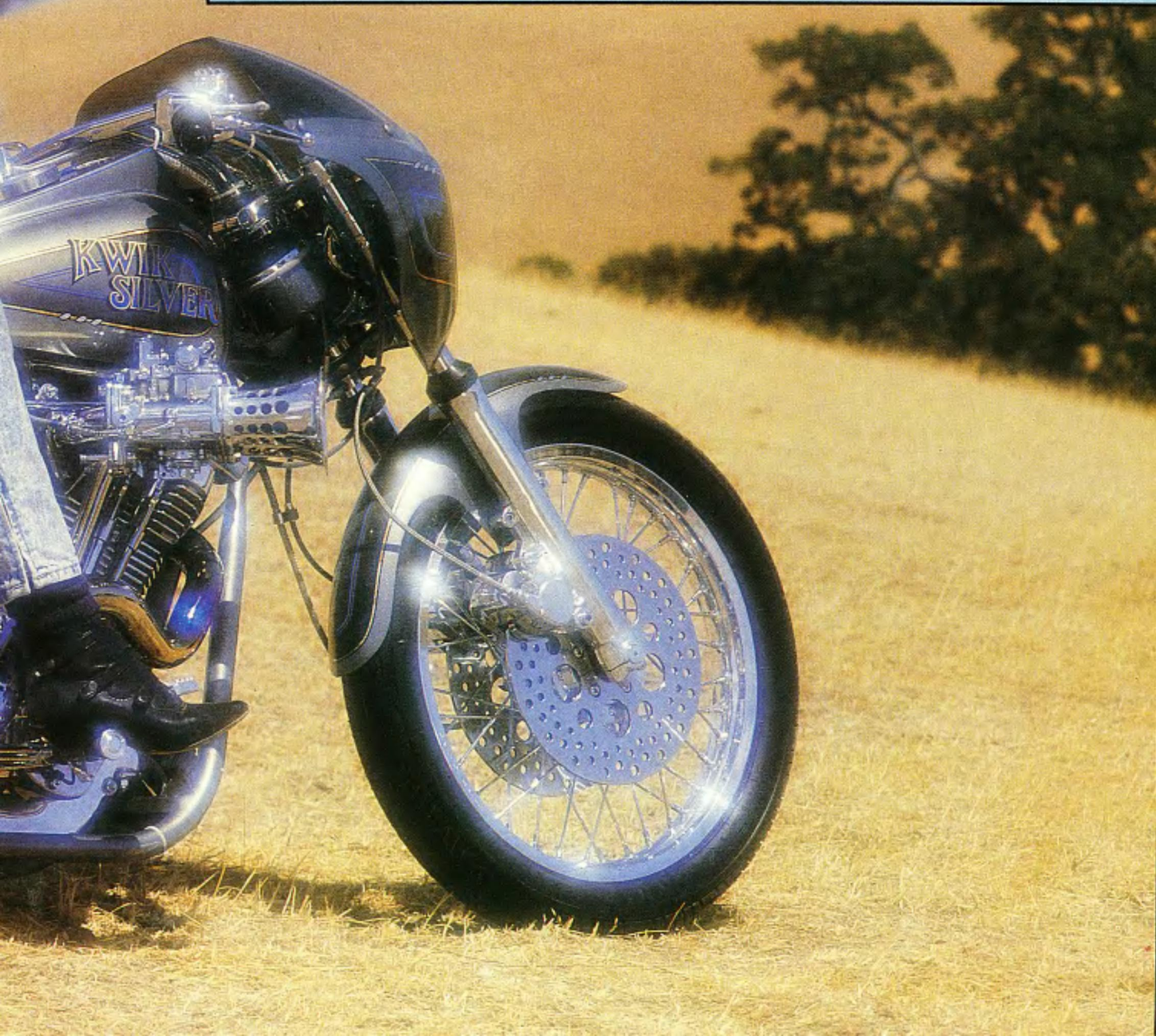


Photos by Steve Gunn



LOW 11s



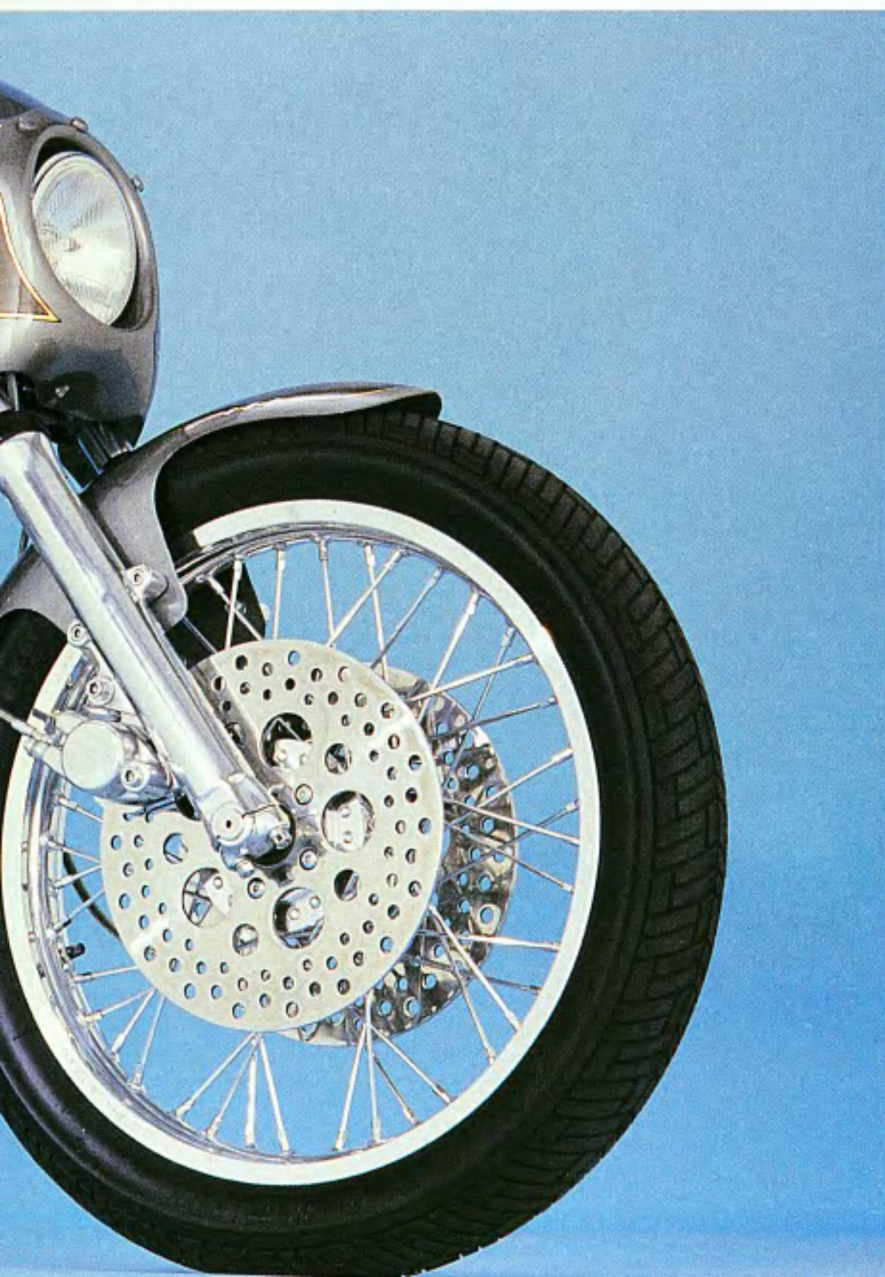


Bear with me a tad on this one. Occasionally, as the sun sets on another gorgeous day, when I should be in the wind or three sheets to the wind, or in a pile of hay with some semi-soft sweet-heart, I'm workin'. I'm sure you know the feelin'.

You can no doubt relate to the feelings we all go through after we toked and partake of a few brews while sittin' around the garage, sort of dissectin' our scoots with the ol' bloodshots. The conversation rolls along about this pace:

"Say, Burn when ya gonna spruce up this piece o' rusty shit?"





"Well, ya know, bro, I was thinkin' if I had the cash, I'd yank that lower end, get some S&S wheels greased and balanced, port the heads, and then I've always wanted Weed to create one of those bizarre, one-of-a-kind packer bars he builds, get an Arlen Ness frame and a Paughco custom-made, sleek, shortened springer. Shit, it'd be nasty to have Brown's chrome every fuckin' flashy piece I've always wanted chromed and. . ."

Do you get the picture? It doesn't matter what style yer after when the creative juices flow without the up-front bucks. I should probably stop and let ya chuckle about all the sketches you've drawn on restaurant napkins, all the etchin' in the sand with twigs around campfires, and all the inspirations floating in the creative side of your brain.

Arnie here made that inspiration come to life, but not overnight. He's been steering H-Ds for fifteen years and ate six Sportsters and seven Big Twins before he slid into this '86 cop bike and decided this time, the sketches would come to life and run in the low 11s in the quarter-mile.



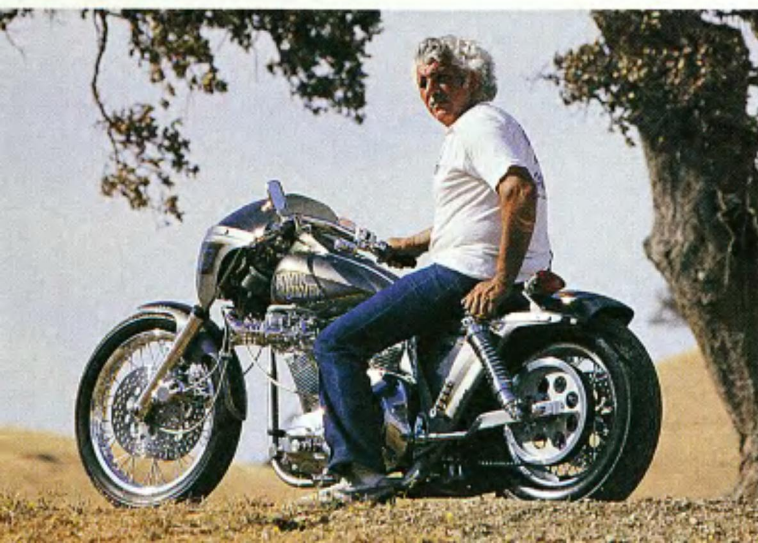
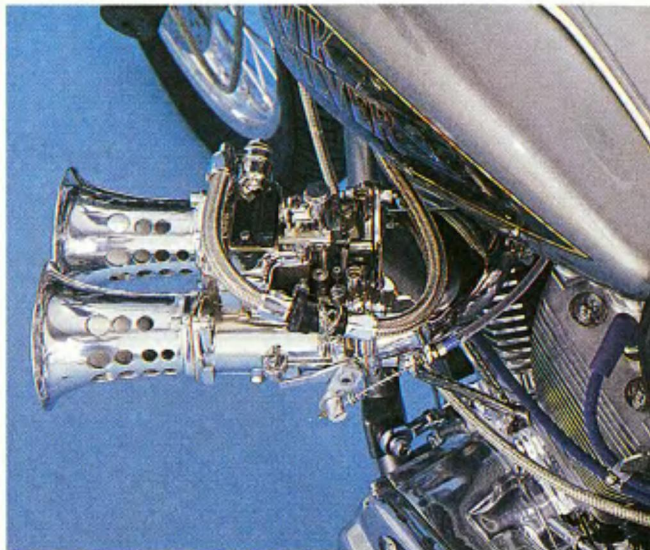
Shit, he made side panels for this scooter outta cardboard and got his wife, Bobby from Arlen's shop, and a friend from work to check 'em out before he asked The Mun to fashion the removable plates out of aluminum. This scooter showed up in Sturgis, and in the three months since the rubber hit the road, he's accumulated 2,400 miles and a quarter-mile time of 106mph.

Arnie ain't cheatin', either. It ran twelve seconds flat, and he wants it in the low 11s without special modifications for the strip. It's a road bike and a street racer and one man's reach into his imagination.

—Wilburn Roach



Owner: Arnie Araujo		City: Fremont, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: Arlen Ness/H-D	
Year and make: 1986 cop bike		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Model: cop ugly		Type: modified swingarm	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: 38 degree	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: one year		Other alterations: front section replaced	
Chroming by: Smith's metal finishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness pullbacks	
Year: 1986		Risers: none	
Model: copper		Fender(s): Arlen Ness fiberglass	
Rebuilder: Dee's American V-Twin		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: owner/catseye	
Displacement: 96 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Dee's		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: The Mun	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Sifton EV-7		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: polished	
Carb(s): dual Dell 'Ortos		Seat: cutdown FXR	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: The Mun		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): owner		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt by Dee		Type: H-D	
Year: 1986		Extension: cut 5 1/2 in.	
Shifting: 5-speed		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: polished	
Trans sprocket: belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: alloy	Hub: alloy
Painter: Arlen Ness		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5.5 in.
Color: silver and charcoal		Tire: Metzler	Tire: Metzler
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: striping by Dennis Dardanelli			
Other special modifications: side panels by owner and The Mun			



Photos by Pete Chiodo and Michael

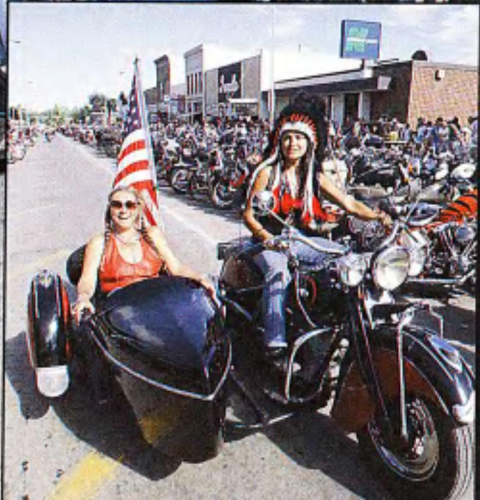
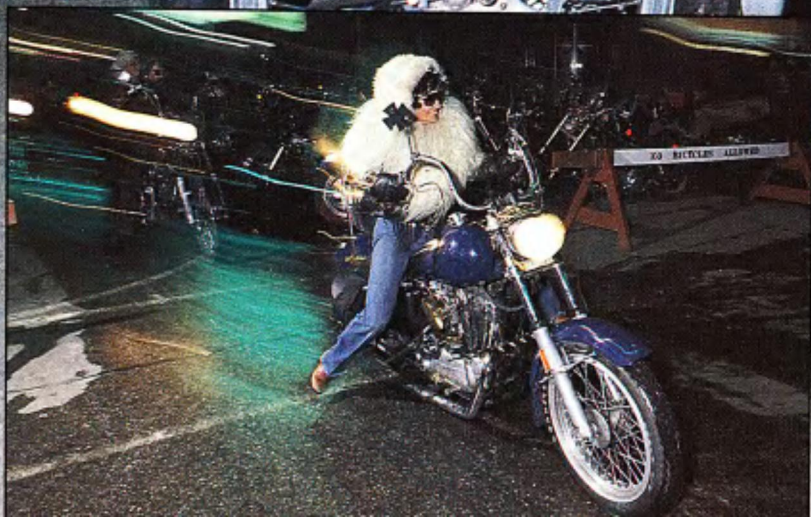
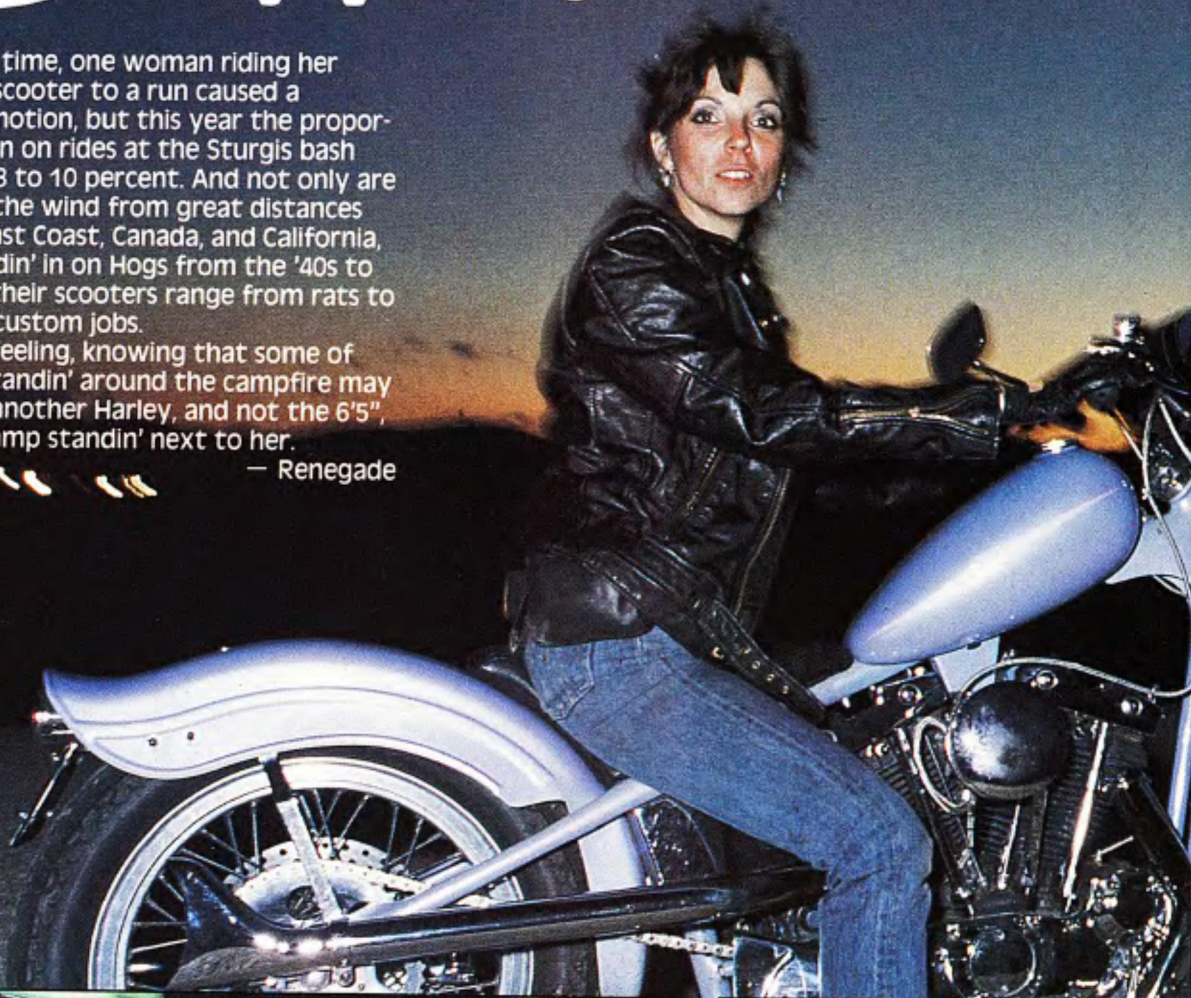
STURGIS WOMEN

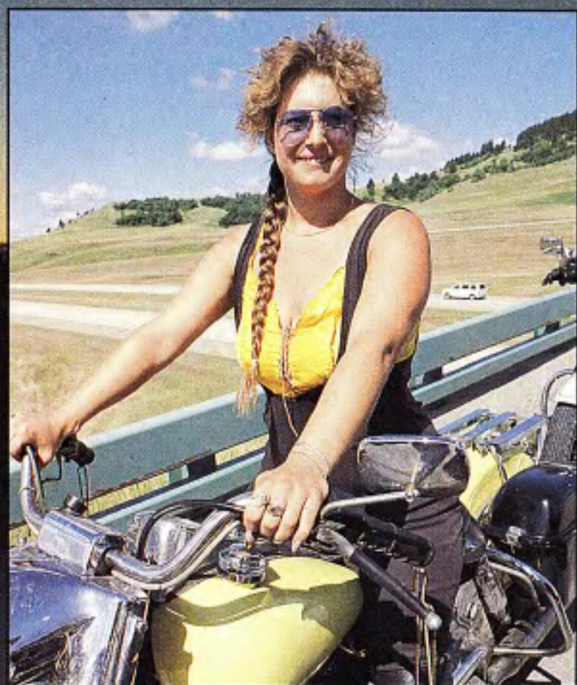
The times, they are
a-changin'...

At one time, one woman riding her own scooter to a run caused a commotion, but this year the proportion of women on rides at the Sturgis bash ranged from 8 to 10 percent. And not only are their locks in the wind from great distances such as the East Coast, Canada, and California, but they're ridin' in on Hogs from the '40s to the '80s, and their scooters range from rats to stone radical custom jobs.

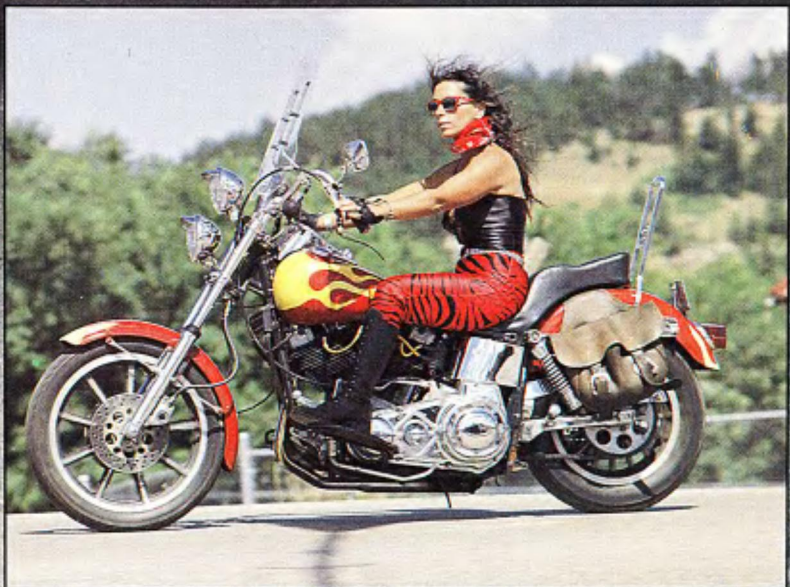
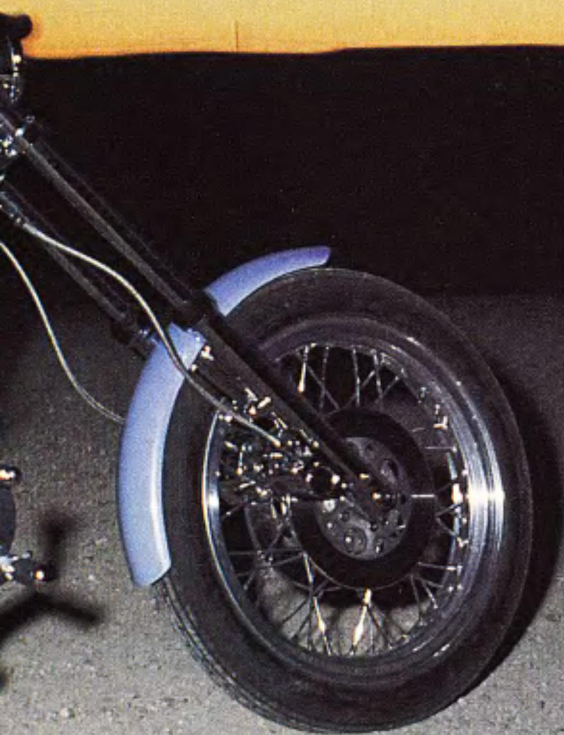
It's a good feeling, knowing that some of the women standin' around the campfire may only be with another Harley, and not the 6'5", 230-pound tramp standin' next to her.

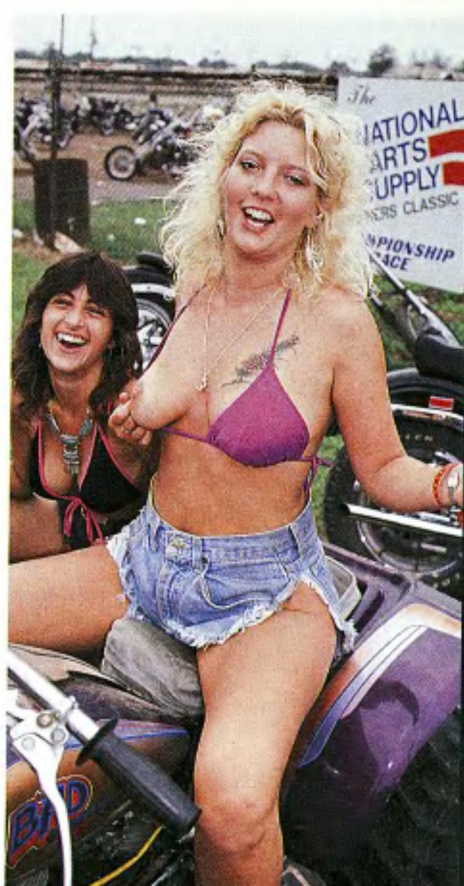
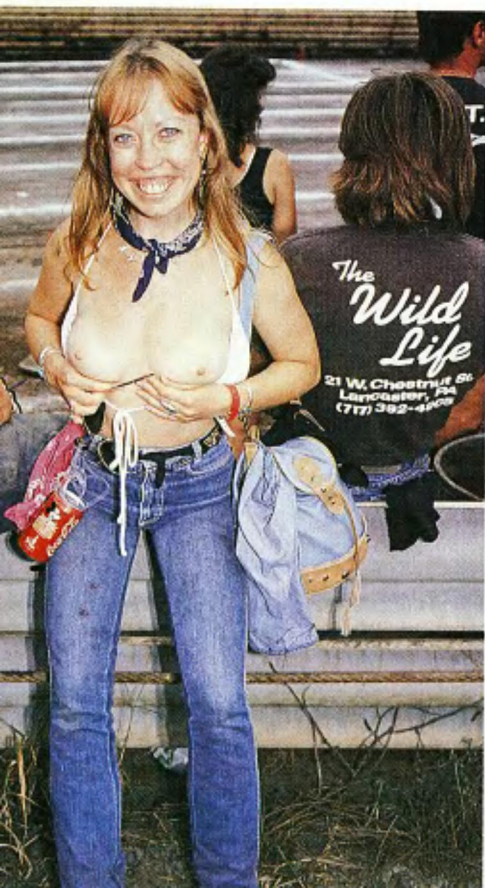
— Renegade



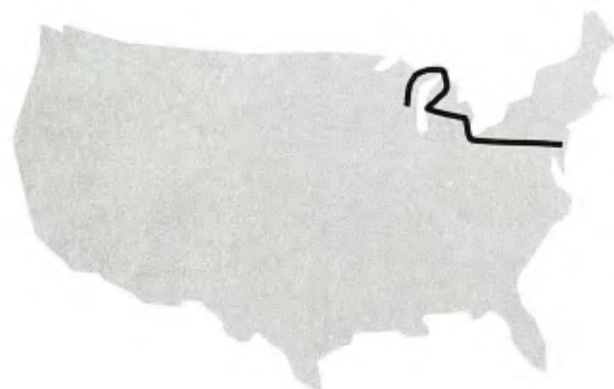


Photos by Michael Lichter





RIP'S RUN



BRIDGING THE GAP By Rip

In the last issue, I left off at Milwaukee, after having visited the Harley-Davidson corporate headquarters. In this column, I'd like to take you readers along with me through Michigan and into New Jersey for the 13th *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo. In a manner of speaking, this is a postcard from the road.

First of all, I just had to check out the Harley plant on Capital Drive, where the H-D engines and transmissions are assembled. They go down the production line matched up in pairs for better inventory control and quality. Of course, I'm talking about the Big Twins, since the Sportster crankcases and transmissions are integral.

The following day, after an evening of torrential downpour, I rolled north on Darling (my Soft-tail) to Suburban Motors Harley-Davidson. They're located on Main Street in Thiensville, Wisconsin. About three quarters of a block down from their store, the state is erecting a new bridge. The street in front of the store is all torn up. I don't know how they do a penny's worth of business that way. But being Harley



Homestead Ted with his ol' lady, plus Spider on the left. The dude on the right is also a member of the Mason County Motorcycle Association. Shot in front of the Crow's Nest, Ludington, Michigan.

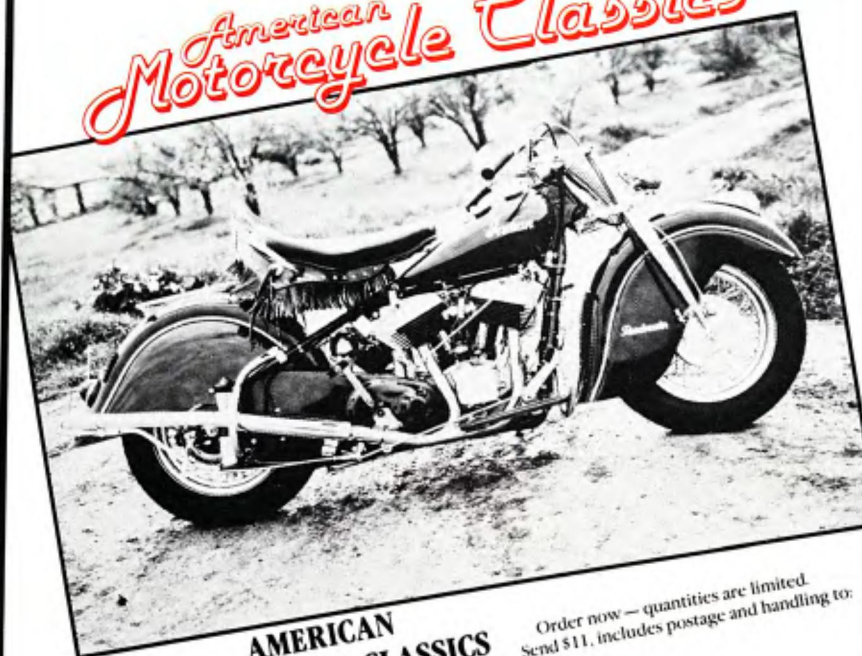
people, we all know that when the going gets tough, the tough get going. Or like that new Grateful Dead tune goes, "We will survive."

After visiting with these folks for a few hours, I headed north. I wanted to see the Mackinaw Bridge. Darling and I hugged the Michigan Lake shoreline all the way around till we reached the

bridge. I have to say it was a very pleasant putt. If you take this ride, be aware that there are many deer in this neck of the woods. I passed quite a few of these critters alongside the road — beware.

The Mackinaw Bridge joins the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan. Right here I have to cop to not really liking to ride

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Hobo, a magazine fan; he cuts out pictures from motorcycle magazines and laminates them on motorcycle gas tanks and fenders.

over bridge gratings. Road rash is one thing, but being strained through steel grating is another. The front wheel seems to track where it wants to. When I looked down between the steel grating and saw a boat splashing underneath me in the water, I got a very strange sensation. Luckily there was one small blacktop lane on the bridge. I rode on that one, savvy? Another Grateful Dead tune kept creeping into my head, the one that goes, "I may be going to hell in a bucket, but at least I'm enjoying the ride." Yes, it's sad to say — Michigan is a helmet state.

Puttin' down Interstate 75 from the upper peninsula, I cut west at Clare and got on Highway 10 to Ludington. Ludington is a small lakeside farming community with a bonaroo-looking beach. I was searching for Homestead Ted, who had written "Rip's Run" earlier about his favorite biker bar, that being The Crow's Nest. It's located downtown, just a few blocks from the fine beach I mentioned earlier. After the barmaid made a telephone call, Ted rode over to meet me. We threw down a few brewskis and then rode to his crib.

Ted is the road captain for the Mason County Motorcycle Association. They are a group of riders who sponsor a Toys for Tots run each year. The next one will be Saturday, July 30, 1988. They are inviting all riders in the area to attend. Be there or be



Big Mary and "Peg Leg" Mark Derry from Westwood, New Jersey. She is an owner-operator of a big rig semi. He drives nails, mostly working on decks, and owns his own company of one. Good people.

square. Seriously, support your fellow bikers.

That evening Ted, MCMA president Roger, Spider, and several other good people fell by the pad to bullshit and drink some brews. Roger works for the *Ludington Daily News*. He isn't a dummy, otherwise he wouldn't be in the position he's in. I hung out for a few days, taking pictures and doing the same thing I do all over the country. By then it was time to head east to Brighton, Michigan.

Dave Gardner had written "Rip's Run" about a group of guys who have property in Brighton, Michigan. The club, the Iron Mustangs, sponsors all kinds of activities on their property. Dave is locked down in an Arizona joint and doesn't expect to see daylight till sometime in the '90s. Hang in there, bro, and thanks for writing.

The club took real good care of me, although it was touch-and-go for a while. I say this because I thought the Iron Mustangs was a bar (what did I know?), and not finding it, I was ready to get out of Dodge. It was on my way out of town that I spotted a clean shovelhead parked near a body and fender shop. So I thought, "Whatda-fuck, let's see who it belongs to." That's when I met Walker, who introduced me to Hobo, who put me up for a few days and escorted me to some of the members' homes.

One Friday evening we rode

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into Detroit to the Iron Mustangs clubhouse. From there we cruised over to the Knights of the Road clubhouse, where I met Bruce. Bruce showed me around the clubhouse and told me that they will soon be celebrating their 50th anniversary. That's a long fuckin' time. I understand that Michigan — Detroit in particular — has many motorcycle clubs. The next day, after staying up all night, Darling and I left for New Jersey. And wouldn't you know it, it started raining as soon as we hit Interstate 80. *C'est la vie.*

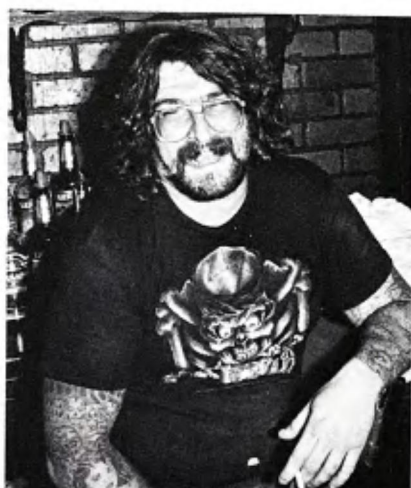
That night I crashed at a motel in Brookville, Pennsylvania. The next stop, other than for fuel and food, was at the Jugtown Campgrounds in West Portal, New Jersey, where our *Easyriders* Rodeo crew was staying. It was copacetic, since I hadn't seen some of these guys since our first rodeo in California last January. We celebrated by having a barbecue that evening. We called the home office the next



Kim Mizack wrote "Rip's Run" about taverns in her area. Shot in front of the Hilltop Tavern.

morning and reported that things weren't going too well for us with the owners of the Flemington Fairgrounds, where we had a rodeo scheduled for the next weekend. They had heard ugly rumors and didn't want us there.

When I talked to J.T. (the boss), he said, "Rip, just go do your thing. We're not going to



Giggles, the bartender at the Hose Rack. Guess how he got his name?

have a problem — we are going to have a rodeo." I felt better after talking to him, so I split to northern New Jersey. I was looking for Peg Leg (Mark Derry) and Big Mary from Westwood, New Jersey. They had written "Rip's Run" about the Hose Rack in Spring Valley, New York, and also a titty bar called Leo's Lamplighter. The Lamplighter had a

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by Randy G. Fox

couple of fine-looking honeys shaking their stuff at us the night we checked it out. We have all heard the old saying about when in Rome. . . , so I had to see what New York steaks tasted like in New York. We went to Nibel's in Nanuet and were pleasantly surprised; the prices were very reasonable.

I got a big kick out of reading Mark's letter, 'cause he said that if I came to their area, he would set me off on the right foot. I like a man who can take a joke. I mean that Mark's left foot is gone, kaput, finished — he only has his right foot. What a joker.

Mark and Mary showed me New York from the Jersey side, overlooking the Palisades along the Hudson River. They also showed me Bear Mountain and Greenwood Lake. The best time I had with them was at the Hose Rack. It's too bad that it will be demolished shortly for improvements. At the Hose Rack, shit happens in a New York minute. I stayed with Mark and Mary till it was time for the rodeo.

I'm not going to say too much about the rodeo, since you can read all about it on pages 112 and 113. We had a ball and it went off well. Thanks, boss. Thanks for showing them that they can't shit on us. There would have been several thousand disappointed folks if the show hadn't gone off. There really isn't any way to predict what would have happened.

After the Sunday show, the rodeo crew left for the next location in Connecticut, and I cut out for Pennsy to see if I could find Kim Mizack, who had written me about a couple of her favorite haunts. One was the Beerstein in Wind Gap, Pennsylvania, which is more or less a pit stop when cruising the southern Poconos. The other place was the hometown neighborhood biker bar, called the Hilltop Tavern. It is located in Easton, Pennsylvania, near the banks of the Delaware River. I was very well-received and enjoyed riding around with the brothers and sisters. The law in Pennsylvania states that tav-

erns may stay open on Sundays if they sell food. However, Jim Donato, the bar owner, takes Sundays off. They are open six days a week.

From Easton, it was a short putt north to New Tripoli to visit with Squeezie. She manages the New Tripoli Hotel for her folks, and as you can see, they have topless entertainment during the week. This small farming community really rocks out since Squeezie came to town.

Well, it's time to close again. Keep those cards and letters coming. Let me know about your favorite bars, bike shops, or anything else you find interesting. I'm making a concentrated effort to visit as many people as I can. ■

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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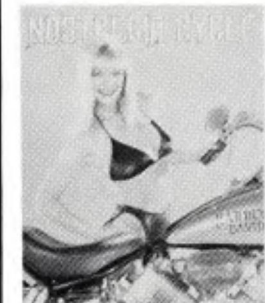
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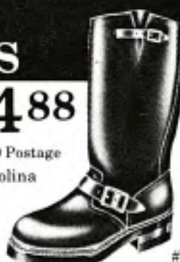
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HE'S GOT HARLEY FEVER

Perry was bitten by the bikin' bug and took the ultimate cure — he bought one of each.

One of the great myths generated by citizens about Harley-ridin' scooter tramps is that we're all a bunch of good-for-nothin' bums. Yet, you know and I know that a lazy slime-ball can't cope with the full-

time job and expertise of maintaining a smooth-runnin', classy-lookin' machine.

That ol' myth is constantly being dispelled. Even straights out there in the streets and in the comfort of their couch-potato houses







look on in awe at the amount of dedication, creativity, and knuckle-bustin' spirit. One only needs to take a gander at the television to see bikers being given, if not a fair shake, at least something in that direction in the way of commercials. Take, for instance, the Kodak commercials of a biker puttin' across the country, with the connection of freedom and photography as the message, or Kool cigarettes' guy on a Sportster, to say nothing of Harley's own television ad campaign, designed to show professionals owning and riding their "Freedom Machines."

Of course, there's still the negative imagery, like the



Anacin commercial showing a woman worrying to death about her kid on a bike and calming down with a tab of the stuff, or the credit card spot depicting a purse-snatch-in' by bikers, or the rampant, gratuitous biker violence that TV dramas still invoke, despite positive cinematic exploits such as *Mask*.

All this is getting to the bike you're feasting on. Perry DiLoreto is exactly what the Madison Avenue types at Harley-Davidson are looking for: successful, professional, and hopelessly infected with Harley fever. He's got it, and he's got it good. To the tune of *ten* Harleys, all bought since 1986 — all different models: some stock, some not-so-stock.

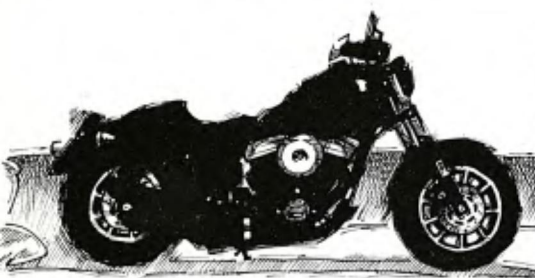
And then there is this black bear of a bike that Perry rides damned near every evening through the mountains and desert that surround his Carson City, Nevada, home. Pulling into gas stations, restaurants, or biking events, he says he inevitably hears, "Wow, it is a Harley."

Oakland, California, Harley dealer Bob Dron (as in drawn), is responsible for the rebuild on this '86 Police Special. It was bought new, then completely redone by Bob's brother, Jack. Think the CHP ain't droolin'? They wouldn't have a problem catchin' up to the freeway shootists in L.A. with a fleet of these. Dron, incidentally, was recently honored as the West

Coast's largest supplier of police bikes; congrats.

Perry likes the best of everything, hence the Harley bug he's been bitten with. He gets involved to the max in positive programs like the H-D/MDA benefits, which he has cosponsored with Phil Glascock at Harley-Davidson of Palm Springs, California. He is obviously the kind of patron Harley's Madison Avenue types were targeting.

DiLoreto rode as a youngster, then got involved with his home-building business, laid off from riding, then by chance went to a Harley shop with a friend, and both walked out members of H.O.G. He digs his feet up on the road pegs, unwinding and recy-



cling his own body's batteries, enjoying the jam-up exhilaration of his face in the wind, no matter what the weather is. Like Perry says, "They make clothes that will prepare you for any weather, so you can't use that as an excuse not to ride. And I'm planning on riding this bike for a long time. It's a keeper."

—Buster

Owner: Perry DiLoreto		City: Carson City, Nevada	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Bob Dron H-D		Year: 1986	
Year and make: 1986 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FXRP		Type: rubber mount	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Jack Dron		Stretch: stock	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: shocks by The Works	
Chroming by: spray can		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: standard cop	
Year: 1986		Risers: H-D	
Model: FXRP		Fender(s): two	
Rebuilder: Jack Dron		Headlight: bright	
Ignition: Screamin' Eagle		Taillight: works	
Displacement: 93 cu. in.		Speedo: high-speed	
Lower end: Carlo's Custom Cycle		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Carlo's Custom Cycle		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: stock	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gallon	
Heads: Dave Mackey		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: doesn't leak	
Lifters: got 'em		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Screamin' Eagle		Seat: Corbin Gunfighter	
Air cleaner: Screamin' Eagle		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Kerker/H-D		Height: N/A	
Muffler(s): Kerker/H-D		Material: N/A	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt, Jack Dron		Type: H-D	
Year: 1986		Extension: none	
Shifting: five-speed		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: fork brace	
Trans sprocket: belt drive		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: belt drive		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: John Norman		Rim width: enough	Rim width: enough
Color: black		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer/powder coat		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: engine by Jack Dron			
Other special modifications: Arlen Ness trim parts, license plate frame, derby cover, etc.			

Photos by Pete Chiodo



L·U·C·K·Y

13

The number 13 is supposed to be unlucky, and for a couple of weeks we weren't sure if we were going to have an event in Flemington, New Jersey, or not. When we first talked to the fairgrounds people, they led us to believe that it was a wonderful idea. But when it came right down to it, the shit hit the fan (some local was puttin' pressure on the owner).

Friday—July 31, one week before the actual event, they pulled the rug out from under us, or so they thought. We were notified by the owner that we definitely weren't going to have an event, even though we did have an agreement! They waited till 4:30 p.m. Jersey time to tell us. Saturday, no one was available to be reached. Ditto Sunday.

Monday—There were many cross-country telephone calls to the headquarters in California, resulting in the hiring of Andrew Prince and Steve Greenstein, two kick-ass lawyers from New Jersey. Their firm represents the North Central ABATE chapter in New Jersey.

Tuesday—Our California lawyers and their Jersey counterparts put a plan together via Ma Bell.

Wednesday morning—Depositions were drawn up. Wednesday afternoon we went to court. In the meanwhile, the local newspapers had us dead in the water. It didn't look good for the home team.

Easyriders Rodeo Prevails In New Jersey

On Thursday, Keith Ruxton, our rodeo leader, released the news that the rodeo was on. It felt good; the bikers had won this one. It was a pure case of alarmism, much like when Halley's comet swung by in 1910—everyone was running around in circles, wringing their hands, and screaming about how they were all gonna die when the comet hit. Like back then, all the New Jersey doomsaying turned out to be just so much bullshit.

The only incident was with Johnny T., who is part of the road crew. John was detained for about half an hour, because an eagle-eyed Statey thought he had

caught himself a terrorist with a shotgun and an explosive device. These are props that are used in the program, but it took thirty minutes or so to convince the cops. And then it took twenty of them to escort him back out on the track. They finally decided that the shells for the shotgun were truly blanks.

The rodeo went off well with a good turnout, despite all the problems encountered with the owners, cops, and some newspapers (most newspapers treated us right and told the truth).

The competition was keen, and a lot of local folks grabbed up the prize money. As for the rest of the fans, thanks for showing up. We even had a boa constrictor and a ferret. It just goes to show how popular we are with the animal and reptile kingdom.

From the reports I received, everyone had a good time and they can't wait till the next one. And there *will* be a next one, despite all the hassles and bullshit we had to go through to bring the rodeo to New Jersey. We'll be back next year, and it'll be bigger and better!

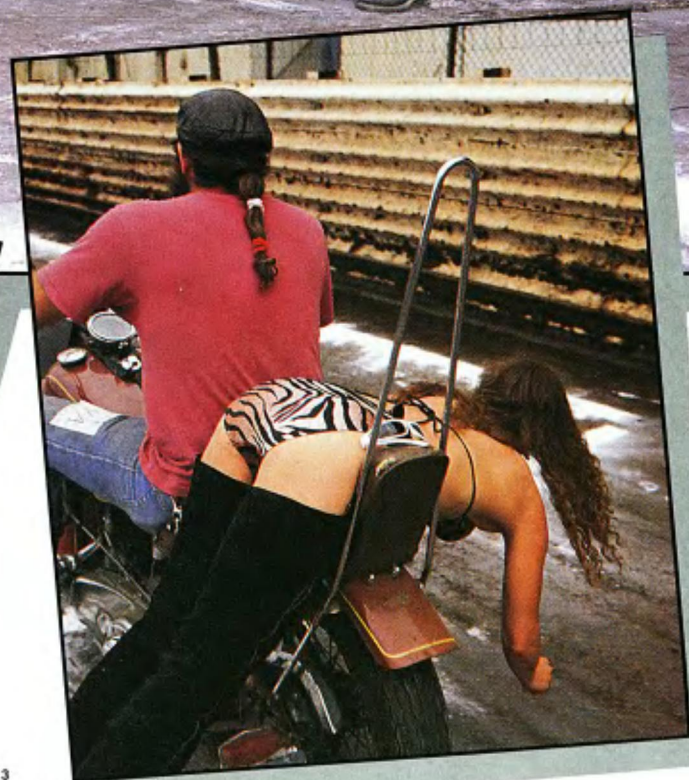
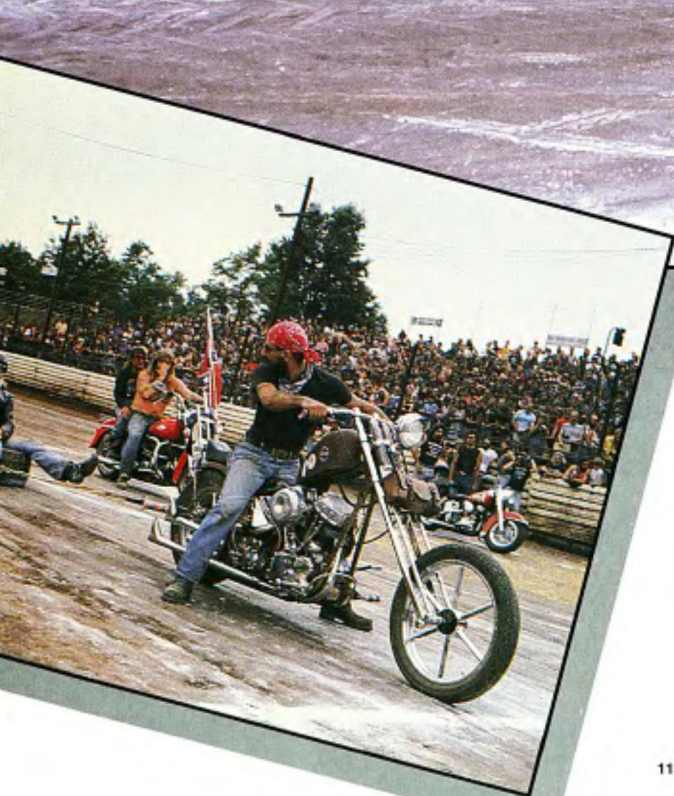
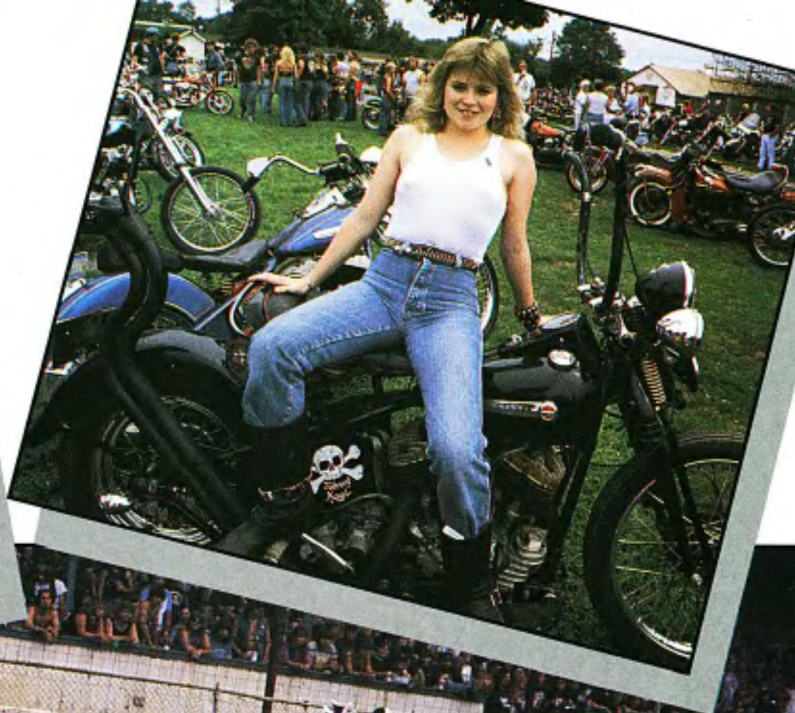
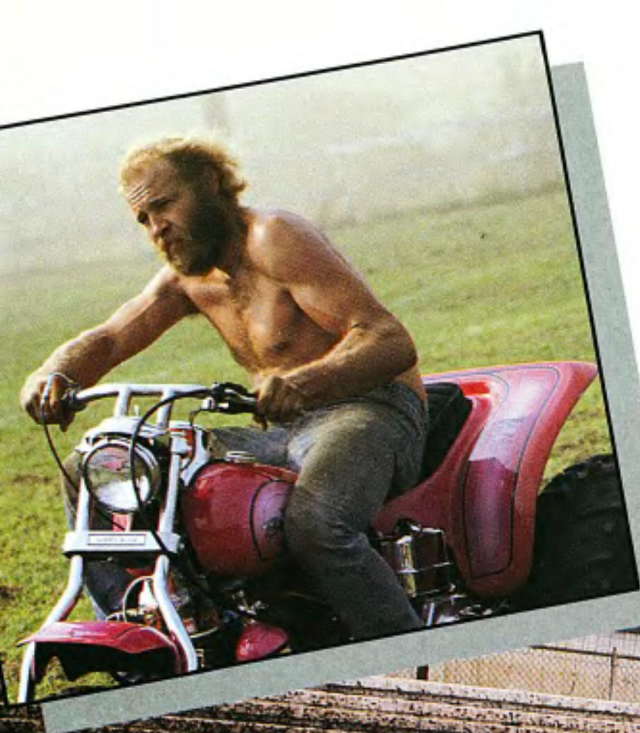
Also, don't forget to keep an eye out for the exact date and location of the *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo Grand Nationals. We're scouring California for the perfect site, and we're aiming for the second or third week in November. We'll keep ya posted.

—Bobo the Rodeo Clown



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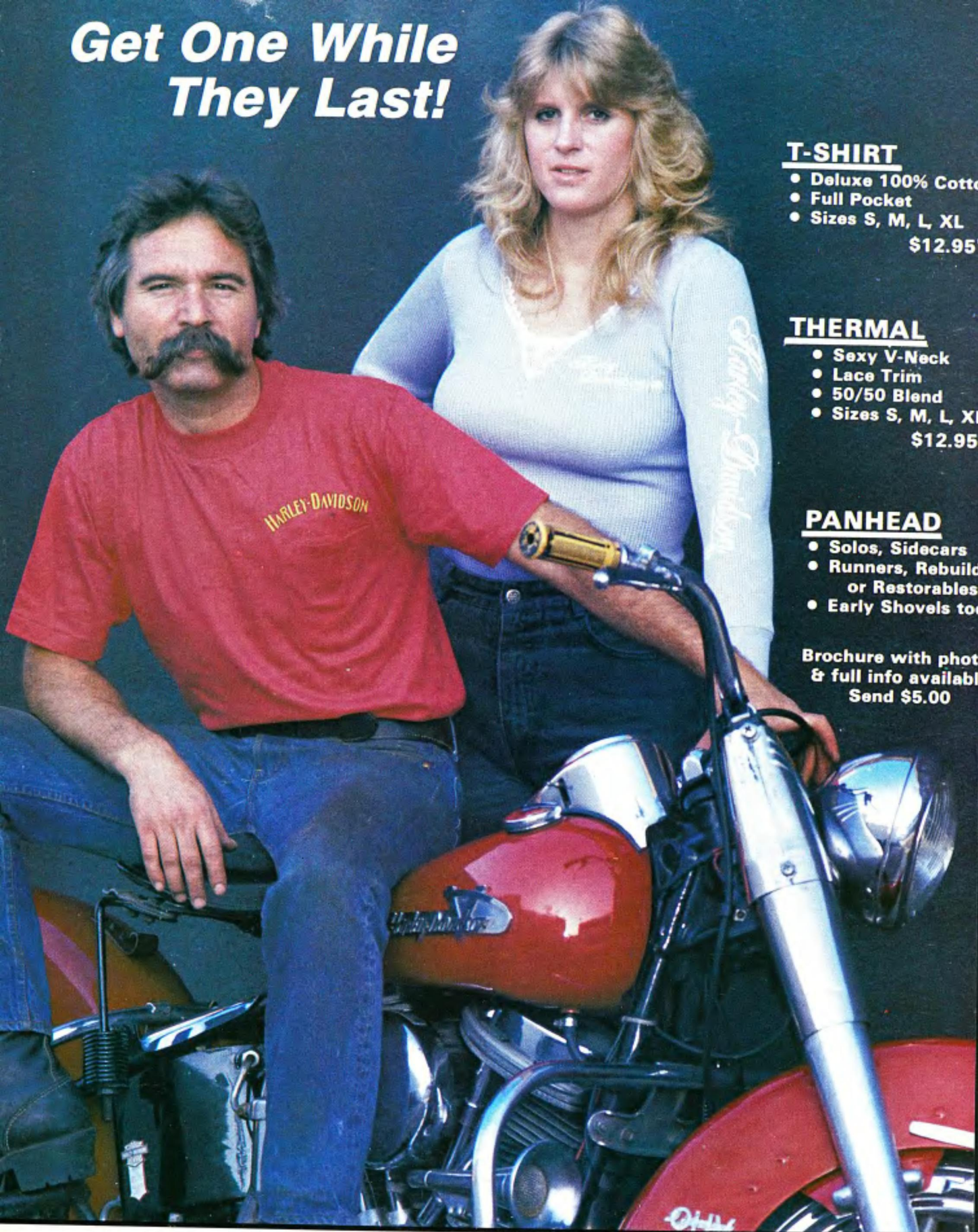
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FUN!

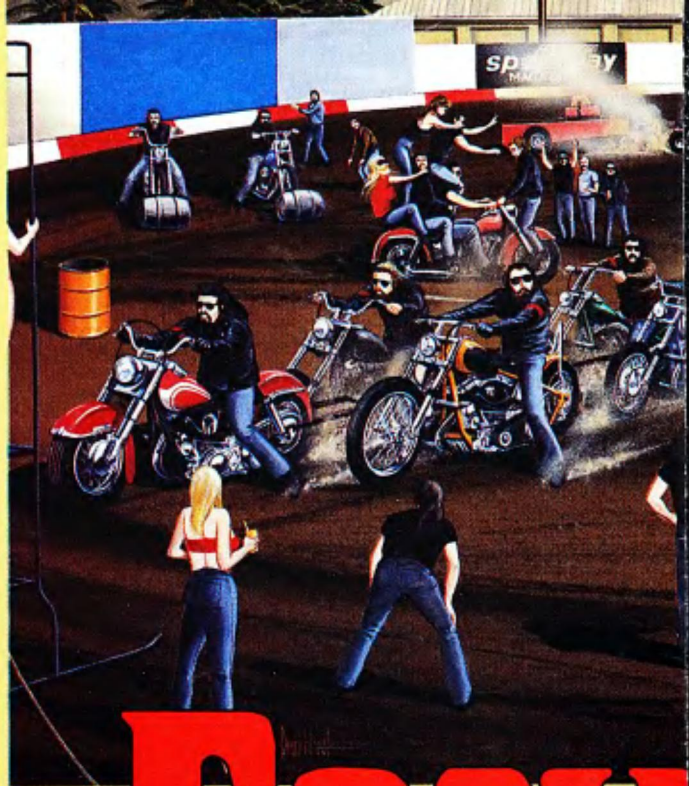
How much fun? Well, that all depends on you! How much fun can you take? There's gonna be beer and food — a bike show — beer and live music from noon until 2:00 a.m. Saturday — beer and a midnight trophy girl contest — beer and biker gizmos, like T-shirts, leathers, and tattoos to shop for — beer and bull around the campfire — all topped off with beer and a Rodeo!

RIDE-IN BIKE SHOW

You must *ride* your bike in to enter — winner picked by public ballot. 1st prize \$200, 2nd prize \$100, 3rd prize \$50, and belt buckles. Entry fee \$10.

SELLERS' SPACES

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