

Easyriders

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Santa's Cycle Revealed

Warm Winter Fiction



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Easyriders

NUMBER 175

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS

JANUARY 1988

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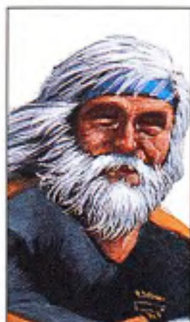
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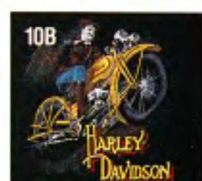
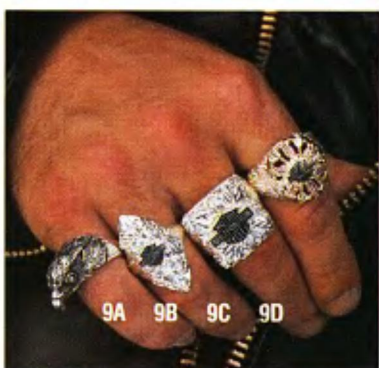
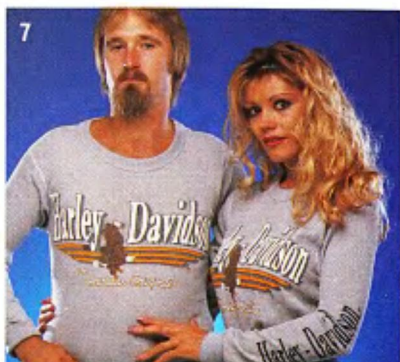
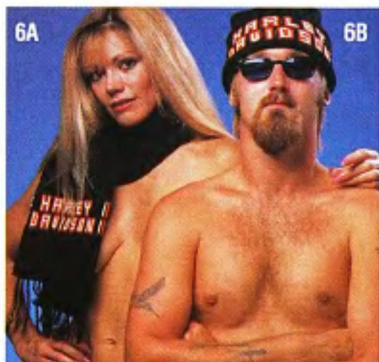
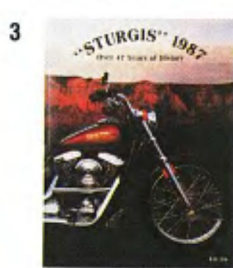
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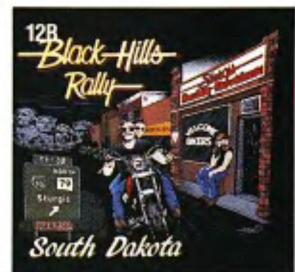
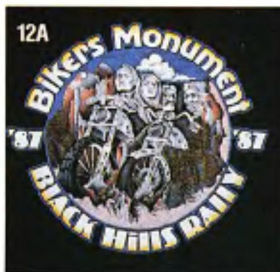
Cover, gatefold, and feature photography of Sting and T.C.'s Orange Crush shovel by Billy Tinney.

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Now let me ask you, would you be suspicious of this pretty white house on the corner with a six-foot chain fence around it, and inside the fence were 40—count 'em, 40—pit bulls, and all were a day behind in their eating? It caught the sheriff's attention, so they broke in the house (one way or another) and found it was a drug fortress. When the sheriff's deputies crashed the fence, they had to kill one of the dogs because it failed to recognize their uniforms.

Speaking of dogs, how about the lady who let her children sleep in one bedroom, while she slept on the hall floor and her 48 dogs slept in the other bedroom? In addition to the 48 dogs, she had 25 cats, a rabbit, and a macaw. To give up your bedroom for a gang of dogs has gotta be true love.

The prison guard was out with his girlfriend on a Saturday night, and they decided to check into a motel for fun and games. When asked his name, he had to think fast, for as a prison guard, he didn't want to use his real name. So he gave a fake name and went to his room. A short while later, all hell broke loose. The sheriff's department broke into his room. The city SWAT team also broke in and dragged him out on the wet lawn. As he lay face down, he found out that the fake name he gave was the name of an escaped convict—a convict being sought in a nationwide manhunt.

He was on his way to get married, and on the way to the church he started thinking about what the fuck he was doing. He was going to be tied down for the rest of his life. So he decided to burglarize a place so he'd be arrested, as he figured 10 years in prison was better than a lifetime of marriage. He pulled over to the curb, broke into the nearest store he could find, and made sure he made a lot of noise so he would be caught. After breaking in, he drove off to the church, and the police arrived before he could say, "I do." they hauled him off to jail (naturally), but the judge, hearing his tale, sent him home with a stern warning. So he got out of marriage and jail.

This guy was really pissed at his ol' lady. He was so pissed that he didn't want her killed, he wanted to make her a living vegetable. So he talked a guy into cutting his wife's eyes out, cutting her

voice box, deafening her, and snapping her spinal cord to paralyze her. He wanted to do worse than kill her. He wanted her maimed and crippled the rest of her life! He also wanted her two children killed. But he goofed. He said all this to an undercover police officer, so he's now on the inside looking out.

She fell out of bed one morning, all hung over from the night before (she'd stayed up late having fun and games with her boyfriend), and she decided that her red eyes needed some eye drops to cool them down. But surprise, surprise! She grabbed a small bottle of Super Glue, and when the paramedics arrived, her eyes were glued shut.

He was on a work release program and it was Christmas Eve, so he thought he'd do his friends in prison a favor and brought back eight cans of beer. He was caught, and believe it or not, although he would have been released one year later, the Florida judge tacked 15 years to his sentence for trying to bring a little Christmas cheer into prison.

Here's a guy who showed a little class. He broke into a motel room and started porking the woman who was in the room. When she woke up, he held a knife to her throat, threatening her not to make any noise. So she didn't, while he continued to pork her as her husband slept right next to her in the same bed. But he goofed. The alarm that was set for 3:00 a.m. started ringing, so he freaked and got the hell out of the room with a pounding hard-on.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Easyriders

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Bein' Hassled

☐ Talk about gettin' fucked with for being a biker! I had been workin' as a supervisor in an office supply warehouse for about three years. I'd been without a Hawg for a few years. So everything started fallin' together, and I finally got enough to buy a bad-assed '62 panhead. This was on a Thursday night.

Friday morning I ride the Hawg to work. At 11:00 a.m. the boss man calls me into his office and tells me I'm through. I asked, "What the fuck for?" The answer: ridin' that Harley was the last straw. The tattoos and attitude were bad enough, but that Harley was more than they could take. Talk about a bunch of shit! So, bros and sisters, watch the man. If he don't ride, he ain't shit!

Stormin' Norm
Chicago, Ill.

Let 'Em Crash

☐ A short "hello" to the five guys from Wisconsin who paid me \$10 each to let them crash on my floor. I know, you're thinking I got rich, but I didn't do it for the money. They were on their way back from Sturgis, and there was no place left in Sioux Falls where they could crash. They came into the bar where I work, and after talking to them and hearing their tale of woe, I let them crash on my floor. The thing is I never did get any addresses or anything, and I can't remember all the names. I know there was a Teapot and Clyde and Pappy (I think). Besides just saying "hi" to them, I wanted to let them know that one of the guys left his watch and his shampoo at my house. He probably doesn't care about the shampoo, but if he would like me to send his watch to him, I'd be glad to. Just send me a note and I'll mail it off! See ya.

Connie Eleeson
324 N. Nesmith
Sioux Falls, SD 57103

Needs Help

☐ The Saddle Tramps MC of St. Louis, Missouri, would

like to ask everyone who rides a motorcycle or even if you don't to please have a heart and help give a heart.

We have a brother, Rodger Ramjet, who needs a heart transplant and only has a short time to live without it. We need donations, no matter how small or large; all will be deeply appreciated.

I heard somewhere that there are some 18 million or so of us out there who ride. It doesn't matter who or what you are or what you ride or drive. This is a serious problem that could happen to any one of us at any time.

We are asking for your help to keep this brother in the wind. If you wish to send a donation, please send a check or money order payable to:

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Acct. No. #50522713
7730 Forsyth Blvd.
Clayton, MO 63105
Attn: Nancy Hell

If anyone would like to help by passing out flyers or anything, or if you would like more information or need more flyers, just call (314) 664-4958. We will help you in any way we can.

Saddle Tramps MC
St. Louis, Mo.

Babblin'

☐ Don't make me laugh. I've just been to the news agent to buy your mag for the first time. What do I see? Page after page of total shit. Why don't you and your fat, tattooed riders do yourselves a favor? Put your leg over a Suzuki GSX1100 or a Kawasaki GPZ900. Then you just might understand what real power is. Your Harleys must handle like fucking tea trolleys. If your mag is serious, then you all must be limp-wristed faggots, so don't screw around with the intelligence of real bikers. Anyway, I'm gonna rip out every page of the mag and use it for wiping my arse. Maybe I'll take one or two pictures of your

women home to wank over. I hope to visit both Texas and California in '88. You'll soon recognize me — I'll be the cool guy going twice as fast as you.

Dave "0-60" Roberts
Essex, England

☐ Why don't you go to Japan in '88?

Likes Us

☐ Just wanted to write and let you know how much I've enjoyed the mag over the years. I started reading *Easyriders* with issue #4 and haven't missed one yet. I've subscribed when I could and scrounged for issues when I couldn't. About a year ago I renewed my subscription and also subscribed to the *other* mags. Only *Easyriders* sends every issue on time every time.

You all deserve an extra piece of raisin pie. Keep up the good work and thanks for taking care of the people who believe in you.

Greg Wendler
Chickasha, Okla.

Good People

☐ If any of you are traveling through Colorado, try to get by Hawkline H-D in Pueblo. I passed through the week after Sturgis and needed the 10,000-mile service on my FXST. They were closed but opened up, called in two mechanics, serviced my sled, and had me on the road in two and a half hours. They even offered to loan me a cage so I wouldn't have to sit around waiting on them.

So if you're in the area, be sure to stop by — they're really good people.

Wayne Hughes
Pulaski, Va.

Words From Afar

☐ I want to say thank you for selling your mag in the UK. I'm here for school and hate every second of living in London. I live in New Hampshire and miss the U.S. like hell. Your October issue had an article on Laconia, which is only a few miles from my home. It was great to see the

pictures of the Weirs — and there was even a picture of a friend of mine in the article. You guys made my day — you made me homesick but nevertheless very happy. Thanks again.

Katie
London, England



Help!

Does anyone out there know where I can get an album or cassette of Biker Joe Warren's debut album on Red Wing Records? I saw him at Buffalo Chip in Sturgis and thought his tunes were pretty fuckin' great.

Fitch
2324 S. Telulah Ave.
Appleton, WI 54915

I'm looking for a stock 45 H-D two-wheeler frame and info on where to purchase stock 45 parts.

Roger
Box 103
Leon, KS 67074

Wants Jacket Back

I would sure appreciate your printing part of this letter.

On my way to Sturgis '87, I had scooter problems on I-90 about 10 miles east of Wall, South Dakota. Some people (good people) gave me a piggyback ride to the Rapid City H-D shop. Left my leather jacket and sleeping bag in the van. They were from Branson and St. Joe, Missouri.

Sure would appreciate it if one of them could reach me.

Gregg "Gas" Johnson
Box 2521
Garden City, KS 67846

Three Things

I've noticed some dudes writin' in to complain about your havin' naked chicks draped all over the bikes, but whatdafuck! The bike ain't wearin' no clothes, why should the chick? The way I figure it is that God created three things that are damn near perfect: beautiful Harleys (ain't they all?), beautiful

women (again, ain't they all in one way or another, especially naked?), and of course, good whiskey (if it fucks ya up, it's good!)

If I had to choose just one of the three, I think I'd just blow my fuckin' brains out, 'cause if I couldn't have all three, then fuck it. I guess I'm done now. If I think of anything else, you'll be the first to know.

Brian McGovern
Flint, Mich.

Promise?

From Scotland

We're a couple of British bikers who hope to come over to Florida in April of '88 for a few weeks.

We obviously would prefer to tour on motorcycles, so we need information on rental prices, regulations, etc. Also, any info on good, friendly bars that wouldn't mind a couple of scruffy Brits stopping by for a drink would be much appreciated.

Steve McErlain
Flying Clothing
R.A.F. Kinloss
Forres, Moray
Scotland IV36OUH

Dumb Question

Why don't you take up a collection to clothe those women of yours and do all those teenagers who read your magazine a favor? Maybe that would save so many of them from becoming queers.

Jens & Jack
San Diego, Calif.

Beautiful women will turn a guy queer? Never!

A.F.F.A.

A couple of bros and I have been trying to locate the movie, "Hells Angels Forever, Forever Hells Angels" on videocassette. None of the video stores around seem to have heard of it (or they don't want to hear about it).

So do you guys have any suggestions, leads, or an address for us folks who missed it?

G. Ellenburg
1759 Riverside Dr.
Bullhead City, AZ 86442

Wants Tape

While in Sturgis we heard a song on the local radio station called "Harley is American." We don't know who it's by or if it's on a record label,

but we would like to get a copy of it.

Can anyone help us locate one?

Joyce & Jerry Barnholtz
RR1 Box 186B
Gering, NE 69341

A Successful Run

Over the weekend of July 18, we were hosts to the First Annual Feather River Run, a group of about 200 (mostly) Northern California Harley-Davidson riders. We are a small (but growing) family-operated resort in a mountain community. We have had some pretty big parties and we have had bikers, but this was our first biker party.

Due in good part to the efforts and organization of Terry and Patsy Jones of Paradise, the party was a success. We found everyone easy to care for, well-behaved, and, despite rain, in wonderful spirits. Even a few of the skeptics were impressed, which can only make it that much nicer for everyone, especially in our neck of the woods.

Therefore, we'd like to say thank you to Terry and Patsy and Jerry and Jim (!) and all the folks who came so far and made it work.

Jeffery and Dorothy Wilson
and the Belden Town staff
Belden Town, Calif.

Sportster Leg

It starts when it wants to But I love my Sportster Six weeks in a cast from kickback

But I love my Sportster A sore butt after a hundred miles

But I love my Sportster People always put them down

But I love my Sportster Half a Harley — better than no Harley

But I love my Sportster Hell, even Sonny rode one I love my Sportster.

Sportster Rider
San Francisco, Calif.

Woman Hater

Whatever happened to the old customs of the women? Ya know what I mean? She's supposed to be the house mouse doin' for her man, bakin' him up 100% at all times. Basically, barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen! To be seen and not heard. She's not supposed to speak until spoken to.

In the Scriptures it states, "Man did not come from

woman, but woman from man. Neither was man created for woman, but woman for man."

Y'all think about this shit. These bitches have been getting away with shit they never should have. Fuck ERA! Ain't no bitch ever gonna be equal to me.

Now you bitches may not like what is said here. So fucking what! Start doing what you were born for: spreadin' those legs and takin' care of your ol' man.

You guys that let your ol' lady get away with this ERA bullshit deserve it when she cleans out your bank account and breaks your fuckin' heart.

But I guess the old saying is true: Ya can't live with 'em, ya can't live without 'em. Ain't that a bitch?

Lee
Carson City, Nev.

More fun livin' with 'em than without 'em.

Help My Ol' Lady

My ol' lady, sweet she is, would like to get back on her own two wheels by the spring of 1988.

I am a devoted Harley fan myself for quite a few years — and devoted to *Easyriders*. I recently acquired a 1965 BSA 500 and need any info from any bros who can connect me with someone or some place where I can pick up stock parts or good American aftermarket parts.

I'll put her on the BSA for now until we can afford her own Harley. She's worth the effort.

Sparky
RD #2 Box 86
Stillwater, NY 12170

Response To Marg Goodness

Read your letter in *Easyriders* back in June. I cut it out and hung it where it can be seen. And every chance I get, I take a good long look at what you said. And someday — I don't know how — I'll be riding free on my own H-D.

Cindy Manse
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Jarhead Babbles

I recently picked up the October '87 issue of *Easyriders*. It was the first time I had looked at the magazine in depth. I own a Kawasaki Ninja 1100 R. I'm a ricer rider, as you would fondly put it. I had always categorized Har-

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ley-Davidson riders in one group — dirtbags and slime. I'm glad to see your magazine is really showing the rest of the world that this image is true. If being "American" and riding "American" means you need to be nasty, illiterate, and unkempt, then I'm glad that I don't own a Harley. Also, if you are going to feature nude women in your magazine, get a good-looking one, not some fat bitch with stretch marks all over her body.

Tim
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

■ As soon as you said what you ride, we knew your elevator didn't go to the top floor, asshole eyes.

Some Good Service

□ I was riding in the annual Key West Poker run when the electricians gave up on my FLHTC. I got the headlight turned off and headed for Harley-Davidson South, Inc., in Perrine, Florida. There were 75 or so riders signing up for the Poker Run, and all the employees were super busy.

Drew Peterson heard my sad tale and said he'd get the next available mechanic on it. Randy Traver checked out the system, replaced a faulty voltage regulator, and had me back in the wind in less than an hour. The good folks turned what could have been a "We're too busy now, we'll look at it Tuesday" attitude into a memorable run.

If you're in the southern Miami area and need service, stop in. They'll treat you right.
Jerry Clifford
Miami, Fla.

Vintage Cycle

□ I'm in prison in Georgia and don't have much access to getting addresses. It would make my day if someone out there could send me the address to *Vintage Cycle* magazine.

Tony Cox E.F. 183755
4600 Fulton Mill Rd.
Macon, GA 31213

Wants To Move

□ Anyone down in Minnesota corralled by the Minnesota State prison system and who would like to relocate to a warmer climate, you're in luck. We can possibly make an arrangement by swapping cages. I'm a prisoner of the Texas Department of Corrections and want to organize an effort to exchange with one of your brothers in the Min-

nesota system. Interested cons, write Kerry Daussin #317203, Ellis I, Huntsville, Texas 77343.

Crazy Kerry
Huntsville, Tex.

■ I don't know if they'll let you exchange mail, but here it is.

He's Seen The Light

□ Got my fuckin' shit together, and I'm tourin' the USA in early '88, so if any bros or sisters could send some info on parties, runs, gigs, or waterin' holes, send me a line.

KLIC
102 The Newry
Saffron Lane Est
Leicester, England LE2 6SS

Wants A Copy

□ In response to "David Allan Coe" (September '87), I'm like Bandit — I've tried everything to find a cassette of Coe's uncensored "Nothing Sacred." If anyone can oblige this bro with a copy, it would be deeply appreciated, and I would pay for your trouble and the tape.

"Seadog" Altman
429 Clay St.
Rochester, PA 15074

Liked Story

□ Just finished Tully Hobb's "3-Miracle Day" in the October '87 issue and wanted to say, "Well done." Not the usual drivel of "bro this and bro that." Good story line, interesting plot, fine writing, and a strong ending. His building of the main character told a lot of how Tully must feel about the "biking scene." Sounds like a man with convictions as well as writing talent. Let's see more of his work.

Joe R. Jennings
Santa Maria, Calif.

Crotch Rocket

□ In response to "Why In A Hurry?" (September '87) by Mark E. Durand: You got it pegged! I was always wonderin' why they were in such a fuckin' hurry.

The ol' man and I will be puttin' along about 50-55, kicked back, feet up on the highway bars, enjoyin' the roadside, sun, bikes, etc., and then it happens. Some asshole, lyin' down on a crotch-rocket, zzzzzzzings by doin' about 90 mph.

Almost wants to ruin yer day. Ahh, fuck 'em — back to puttin'.

Stormy
Lemitar, N.M.

Response To Ed Barnett

□ In response to "Asshole Having A Shit Fit" in the October '87 issue, for your information, shit-for-brains, alias Ed Barnett, I happen to be big, fat-assed, tattooed, and disgusting. However, I don't happen to be a moronic faggot. You sound like one of those poor shitheads who can't get pussy, so your only recourse is to baby-rape your little brother.

Those so-called "sluts" and "harlots" are by all means demure and lovely, because they are good to their men, unlike your mother was to your father. Yes, shit-for-brains, your mama did roll Rufus that night long ago. Why don't you bring your nasty ass to my neck of the woods so we can go more in depth?

Thomas "The Squatch"
Lindgens, Jr.
New Douglas, Ill.

P.S. Rufus, no offense, bro!

□ At least my teeth aren't falling out from sucking on an AIDS-infected faggot's asshole like yourself.

Astro
Helena, Mont.

□ Eat shit and bark at the moon.

Griz
Thonotosassa, Fla.

□ I'm also from Columbus, Ohio. So I do hope we run into each other one day. Then I can give you my personal feelings about you — up close and personal.

Ed Scowden
Columbus, Ohio

□ Hey, bros of Columbus, Ohio, you guys need to clean house.

Peckerwood
South Gate, Calif.

□ This fucker's opinion is just like the helmet laws — it sucks!

Tim "T"
Lakewood, Fla.

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

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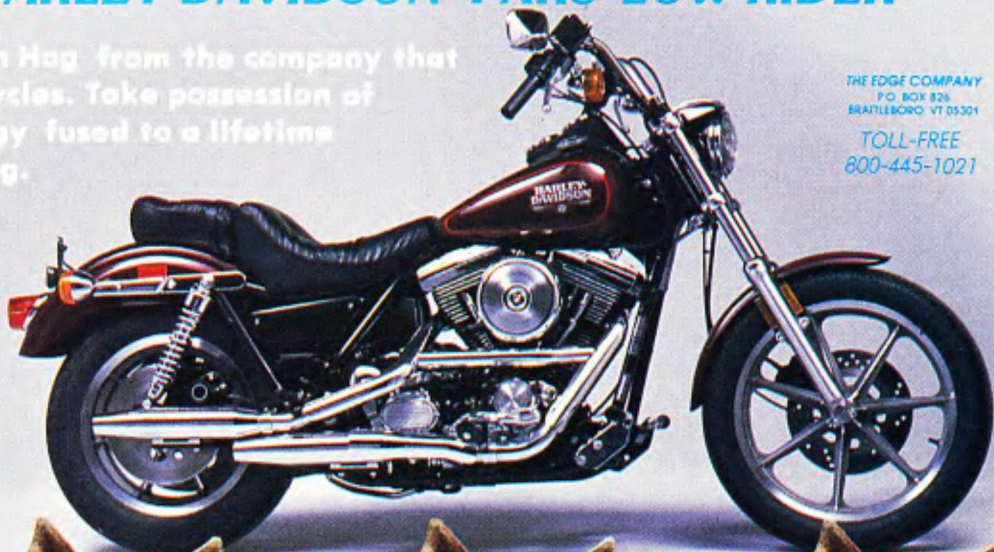
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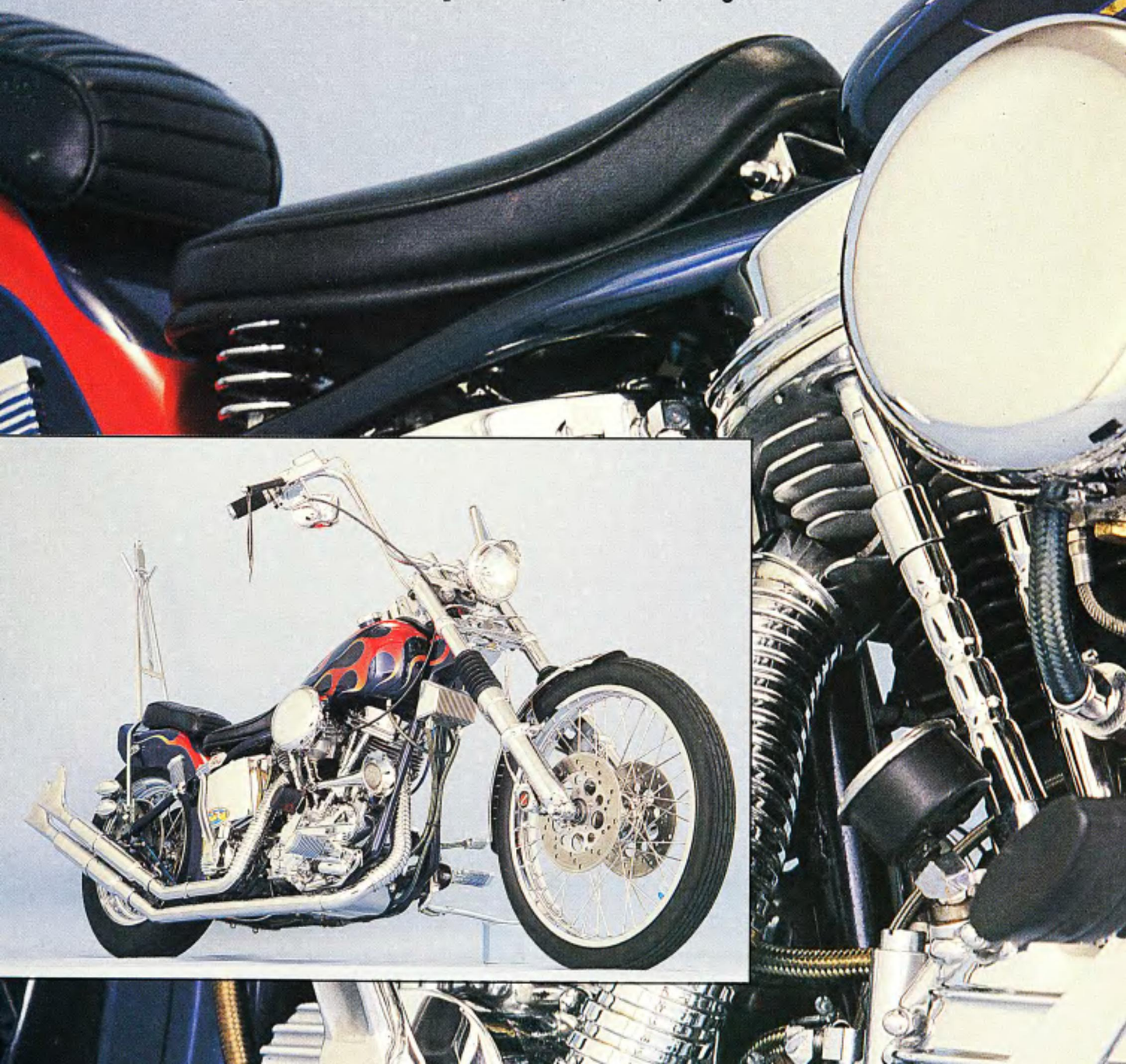
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EDGE COMPANY KNIVES; RUGGED, INDEPENDENT, TOUGH AND GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

GOOD TIMES

I don't need to run this down to many of you H-D jockeys, but recently when I asked John, the owner of this here highbar handler, to describe the best time he ever had on a scooter, he said, "I have the best time every time I ride." Somethin' about motorcycles and the people make every ride an adventure.

For instance: 'bout eleven years ago, John fell in love with a girl he'd gone to high school with. She was married, and for some time they'd been seeing each other on the sly and finally, one Friday afternoon, he got ahold of Shirley and said, "Fuck it, let's go to



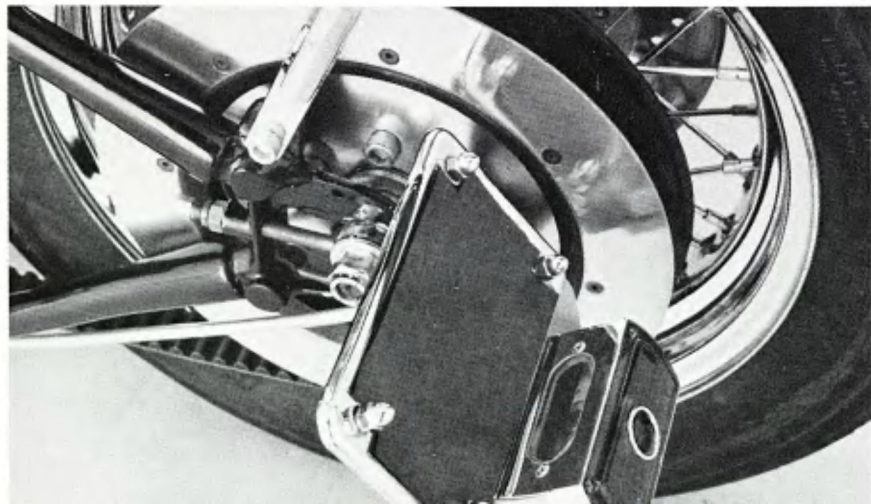
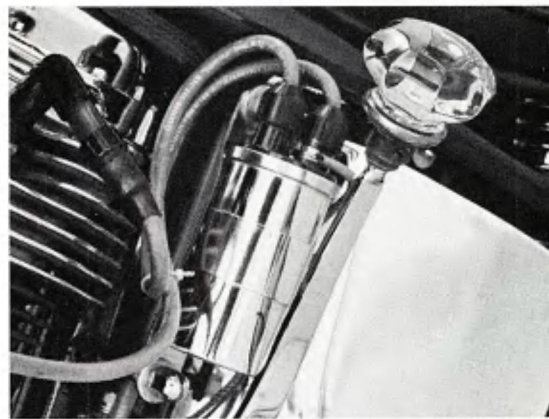


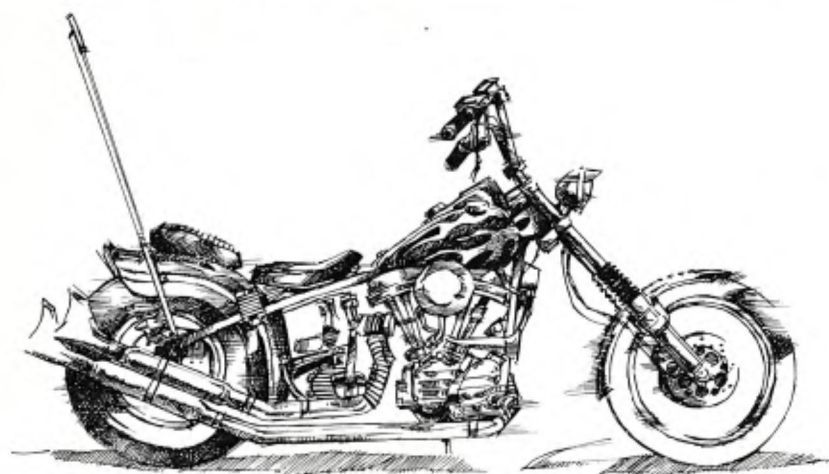
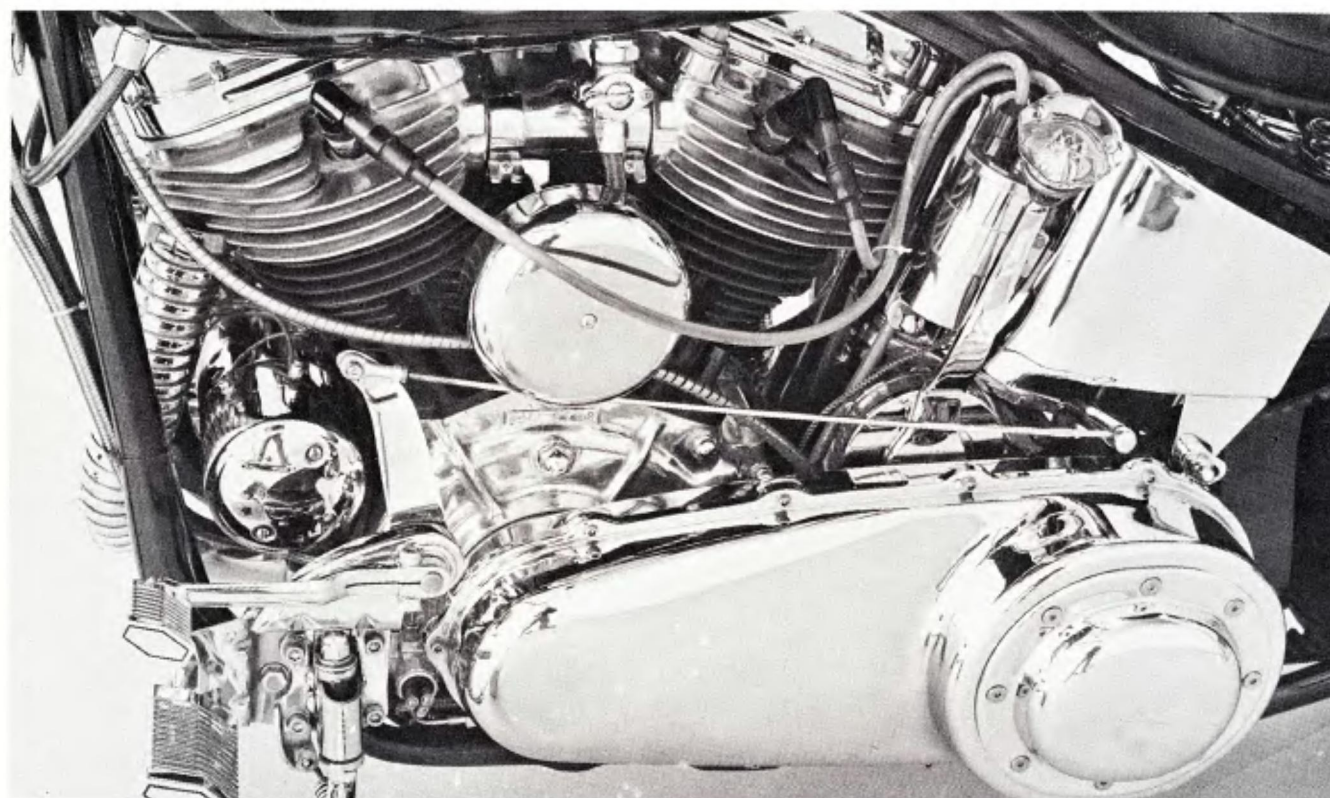
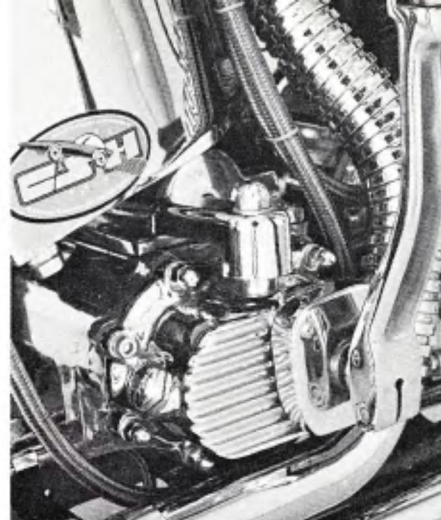


the river." Emotions running to the stops, her marriage failing, her feelings for John had reached that do-or-die level, so she handed the keys to her new truck to a neighbor, packed a bag, and with five bucks apiece they jammed to the Kern River for a week. They've been married a decade now.

And in 13 years, this scooter has never seen the back of a pickup, includin' the time his straight-laced front wheel collapsed in front of Whittier H-D; after laughin' their butts off, they laced him up a new wheel and he hit the road. Or the time out in the hills on Reno-Rice Road when the ol' pan ran out of gas and died. When he pulled over, the float bowl screw on the Linkert





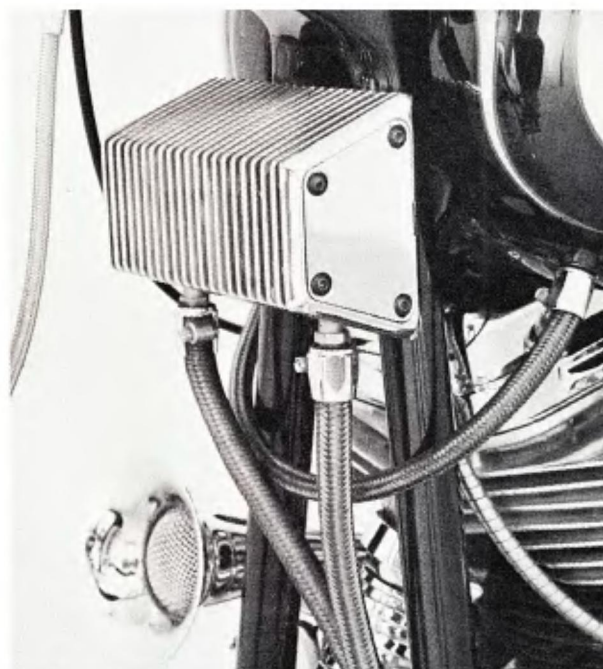
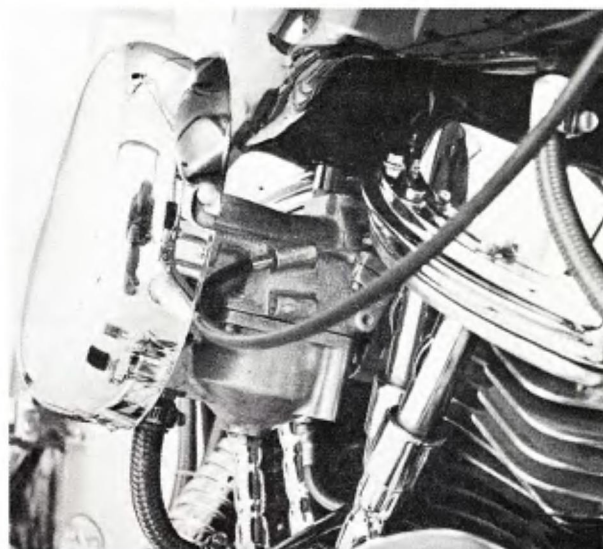


Owner: John Skerbelis		City: Riverside, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1947	
Year and make: 1964 Harley		Builder: Harley	
Model: panhead		Type: knuckle straightleg	
Value: whole bunch		Rake: don't know	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: one year		Other alterations: tabs shaved	
Chroming by: El Monte Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apes	
Year: 1964		Risers: swap meet	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): swap meet	
Rebuilder: D&G Cycle		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 94 cubic inches		Speedo: Nostalgia	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: D&G Cycle		Rear pegs: CCI	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: Harley		Gas tank: 3½-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics		Oil tank: CCI	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: shovel high-volume pump	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: smooth tin	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: swap meet		Sissybar: Cheetah	
Pipes: T-Bird		Height: doesn't matter	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: strong stuff	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Super Max rear belt		Type: FXWG dual disc glide	
Year: 1964		Extension: stock	
Shifting: ratchet jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Super Max		Special features: drilled discs, turned legs	
Trans sprocket: Super Max		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: Super Max		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Pomona Valley MC & Paint		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Pomona Valley MC & Paint		Rim width: stock	Rim width: 5 inches
Color: blue		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: polyurethane		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: flames (no shit!)			
Other special modifications: very special thanks to Dan Bougner, D&G Cycle, and Phil Ross of Super Max			

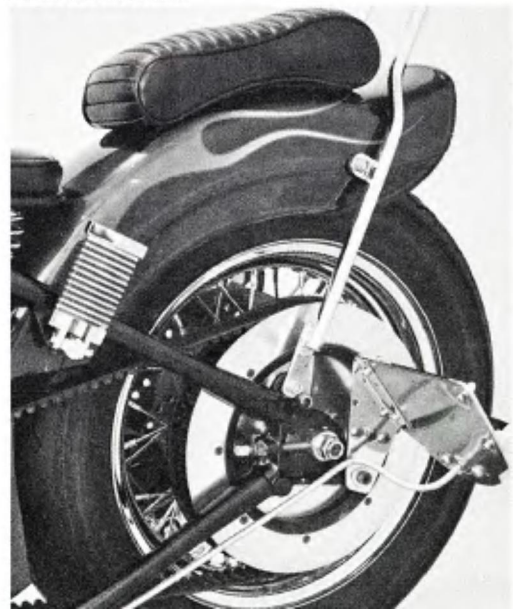
backed out, and all the guts in the carb fell out. But instead of losing all this tiny shit over a five-mile stretch, all the pieces rested neatly between the barrels.

Although he buys and sells cars and bikes for a living, this scooter has stayed with him from the time when you used to strip 'em down and throw the extra parts away to the times when you pay the big bucks to retrieve that old shit, and he vows not to ever sell it. It's taken him from being a rowdy to a family man and from being a few-bucks-a-week tramp to regular vocation. And just a few weeks ago he made a Carson/Reno/Lake Tahoe run — trouble-free.

Makes my heart warm to hear stories like this. Good woman, righteous scooter, and the wind. —Renegade

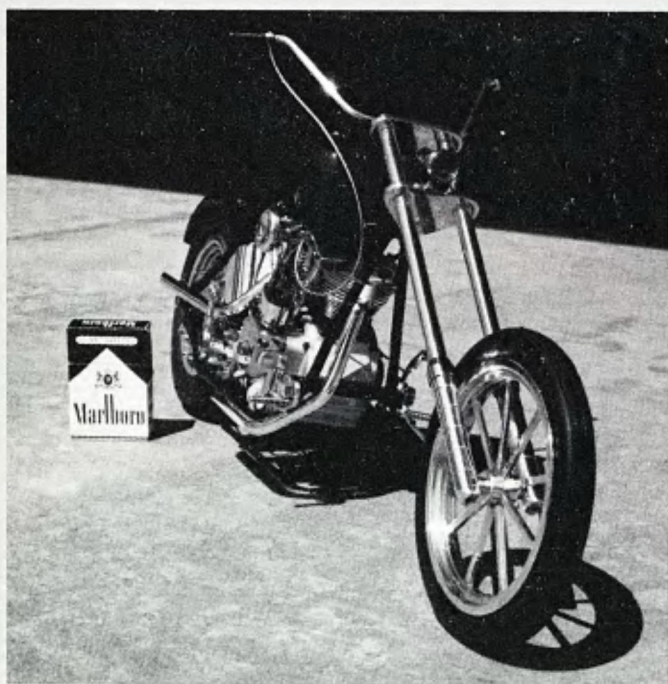


Photos by Pete Chiodo



SANTA'S CYCLE

by Chainsaw



Every year, close to Christmas, the inmates working in the Machine Shop Vocational Training Program at the Federal Correctional Institution in Petersburg, Virginia, are asked to do a project for the shop's visitor display case. In 1986 we chose to do a 4:1 scale model of a rigid frame Harley. Working out of a Harley-Davidson manual and several dozen back issues of *Easyriders*, it took us 33 days to complete our project. The finished motorcycle consists of 508 parts, all machined from brass, aluminum, stretched copper tubing, leather for the seat, and injection-molded rubber.

The late-model lower end and transmission were turned over to our milling genius, "Wizard Tom," for fabrication on a numerically-controlled milling machine, which is no small task when working from a picture to obtain the geometry. The cylinders and heads were machined from aluminum, and the rocker boxes are brass. The cylinders and heads are finned and complete with intake manifold, S&S carb, spark plugs, and exhaust ports. The drive train is belt-driven.

After the major parts were completed, everyone pitched in to finish the remaining parts. Very close attention was paid to the smallest of details to enhance the realism of the entire project.

The horseshoe oil tank and the oil pump are accented with brass fittings to attach the oil lines. The oil



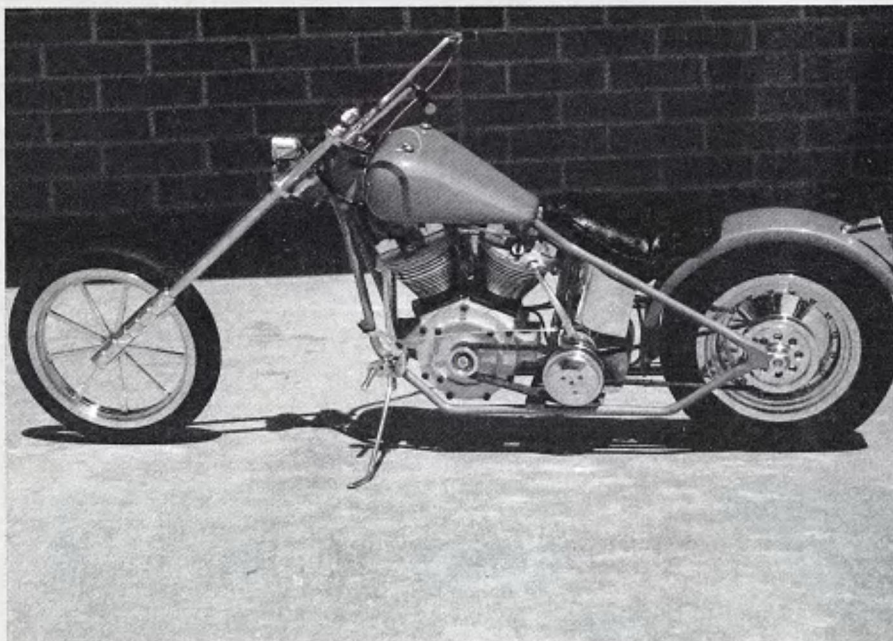
Graybar bros' sizeable Yuletide project.

lines are actually bass guitar strings. The forward brake control, foot clutch, and kick-start pedal pivot, and the linkage moves when operated. The kickstand has a stop and a return spring that works better than those on most full-size Harleys.

For the molding and painting, Auto Body Vocational Training was recruited. The hand-sanding and scrubbing of the 10 coats of Candy Apple red and 12 coats of clear provided the finished project with excellent depth of color.

Santa's Cycle would not be complete without old Saint Nick himself. The red and white Santa suit was knitted by Larry "Vern," and then Santa was provided with a pipe and an imitation bottle of Jack Daniel's for comfort on cold winter nights.

We actually created an old Saint Nick for Santa's Cycle to add the Christmas spirit to the display case (which isn't shown). Larry "Vern" knitted a red and white suit, and Santa was even provided with a pipe and an imitation bottle of Jack for comfort on cold winter nights.



Photos by Chainsaw

PULLIN' THE PIN

by Jack Starbuck

Ya know, I've been a Harley mechanic for 40 years, and now that I'm whatcha might call semiretired, I get most of my jollies from ridin' my own Harleys and, every once in a while, doing some wrenchin' fer one of my buddies. That's the good part about bein' semiretired, 'cause I can pick who I want to work for. Thinkin' back over some of the assholes I've had to work with in the last four decades, well, shit, it's enough to drive a man to drink. Come to think of it, I think I'll grab myself another beer.

I mean, I've worked fer some guys that would really drive ya buggy. Some of 'em was bosses, and some of 'em was customers. I remember one asshole I used to work for who used to read me the riot act every time I was 15 minutes late. Didn't seem to make no difference that I'd be there till midnight sometimes, gettin' things ready for bros goin' on a run the next day. That shit lasted about four months, until one day I laid that gomer out cold. Only took one punch, too.



The weirdest thing ever, though, happened the day I retired from Smitty's. I worked at Smitty's for maybe eight or nine years, mostly because he's an okay dude. Never had a hassle with him or any of the customers I wrenched for, 'cause I know my shit, I do good work, and if I tell ya somethin' will be done by a certain time, then ya can bet yer life it's gonna happen.

he had a lot on his mind, which I guess goes with the clothes. Guy looked older than me, but Smitty said he was only in his 40s. Go figure.

Anyway, Smitty wanted me to deliver this guy's bike after I was done servicin' it. Smitty told the guy he'd have the Hog delivered to his house. The guy was a little nervous about that, but Smitty told about how I'd been doin' this shit for 40

swered was enough to give a dead man a hard-on. There stood this gal that couldn't have been no more than 30. She was wearin' skin-tight jeans and a blouse with a slit all the way down to her belly-button. After 70 years of dedicated beaver-watchin', I could tell that if she moved ever so slightly, catchin' a glimpse of her tits was a real possibility.

"Are you Jack?" she said.

She moved around a lot, and so did what was inside that skimpy blouse.

Well, ya see, a lot of the bros got together on my last day, and we had us a party right in the back of Smitty's shop. Good party, too. All of 'em were pretty wasted, 'cept for me. At my age, gettin' fallin' down drunk just don't seem to make much sense. That's probably why Smitty asked me to do just one last favor, see, 'cause he knew I'd be the only guy left in the place who could stand up.

One of Smitty's customers was an executive, see, and about six months ago, Smitty sold this guy a full dresser. Good-lookin' bus, too. Smitty had been sellin' this guy a new Hog every year for the last four or five years. Guess the guy made a lotta money doin' whatever it is executives do. Funny sight, seein' this guy ridin' up on a Hog, wearin' a three-piece suit and all. Seemed like a nice enough guy, but always a little bit nervous. Kinda like

years, and I was going to be pullin' the pin that very same day, and there really wasn't nothin' to worry about. That seemed to calm the guy down, and he said okay. The plan was for Smitty to follow me out later and take me back to the shop.

Well, the party wrapped up right around quittin' time, and after steppin' over all my thoroughly inebriated bros, I got the Hog started. I guess I don't know what I was expectin' when I got to this guy's house, but whatever it was, I sure wasn't prepared for what I saw. The house musta cost about a million bucks. The garage door was open, and I could see he had four other bikes (none of 'em were Harleys, though) and three or four foreign sports cars. Big money.

That wasn't the real kicker, though. When I knocked on the door, what an-

"Yes, ma'am," I answered. (I learned a long time ago that women really dig polite dudes — no sense pissin' 'em off right away). "I brought the Harley back. Is your ol' man, er, I mean, your husband at home? I got the keys and the bill here for him."

"Oh, no," she said. "He's out of town on business."

After 70 years, ya kinda learn to pick up on things. I'm talkin' about readin' between the lines and sizin' people up in a hurry. Two things kinda leaped out at me (besides her tits) from the way she answered my question. I could tell that her husband being outta town was a fairly regular state of affairs, and she wasn't too happy about it. The other thing I sensed was that this broad wasn't related to Albert Einstein. I mean, she wasn't a complete idiot, but it seemed

Illustration by Ditty Duggan



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PULLIN' THE PIN

like her elevator didn't go all the way to the top.

"Well, I'll just leave these things with you, ma'am," I said, handing her the keys and Smitty's bill.

"My husband told me you'd be bringing his Harley-Davidson back," she said, "and he told me you were retiring after being a motorcycle technician for 40 years."

brains out for what must have been two hours, and finally I'd had enough. After all, like I told ya before, I'm 70 years old.

"That sure was nice, sweetie," I said. "That's gotta be the nicest retirement present anyone ever got."

"Well, most of it was my husband's idea," she said. That really knocked me on my butt.

"How's that?"

She was wearin' skin-tight jeans and a blouse with a slit all the way down to her bellybutton.

"Well, I ain't never thought of myself as no technician, ma'am."

"I asked my husband what we should do for you," she said. "Won't you come in?"

What the hell, I thought. Maybe she'd move around enough to show a little tit. Ya never know. What I saw inside, though, wasn't a little tit. This gal had a full course steak dinner laid out in the family dinin' room. Bacon-wrapped filet mignon, still sizzlin' off the grill. Baked potato, with butter and green onions runnin' over the sides. Red wine, and the good stuff, too, with a cork in the bottle instead of a twist-off cap. Shit, why not, I thought. Beats the beer back at Smitty's.

The dinner was great, and so was her company. She moved around a lot, and so did what was inside that skimpy blouse. "Ma'am," I said, "I sure do appreciate what you done here to honor my retirement."

"Oh, but there's more," she said, handing me an envelope.

I opened it, and found a dollar bill inside. Like I said, this broad was kinda runnin' on empty. What the fuck, though. She had other attributes.

"Well, this is nice, too, ma'am, but I gotta be goin' now. Smitty's probably waitin' outside."

"Oh, you can't go yet," she said.

"There's one more thing I have for you."

"And what might that be?" I asked.

"Come with me," she said, taking my hand. She took me into her bedroom and began to strip. Without waitin' to be asked, I did the same. "I want you to make love to me," she said.

"I sorta figgered that part out on my own, honey," I answered. We fucked our

"Well, my husband told me the man that would be delivering his motorcycle was retiring after 40 years, and I asked him what we should do for him, because we always give gifts to the housekeeper and the gardener and the mailman at Christmas, and..."

"And he told you to do this?" I asked in a mild state of shock.

"You bet," she said. "He said, 'Fuck him... give him a dollar.' The dinner was my idea, though..." ■



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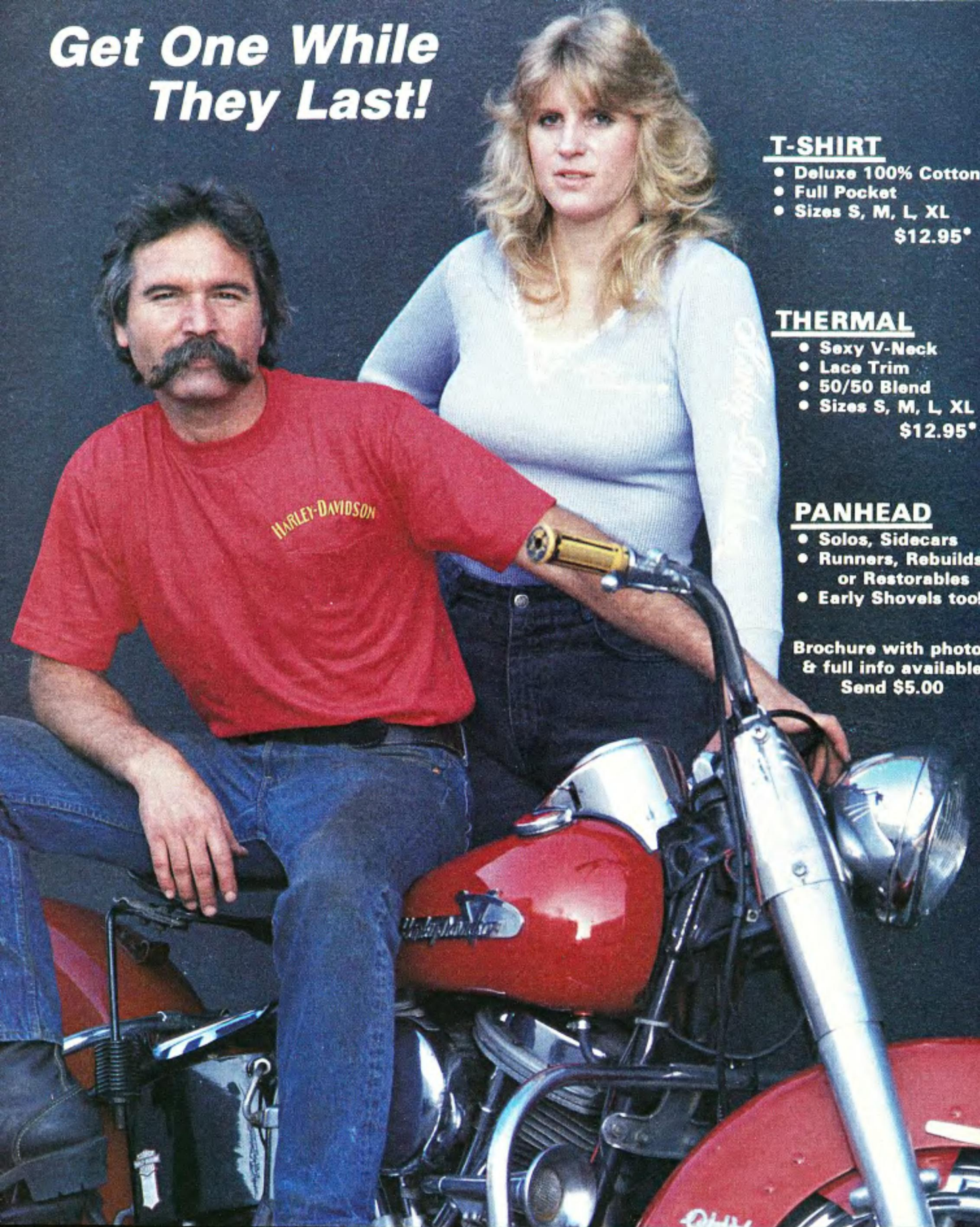
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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Nobody can ever say bikers don't have hearts as big as fatbobs.



Photos by Pat Randle

Scooter people have always had a deep understanding of the downtrodden. A kinship to those less fortunate souls has permeated our existence. Men of the tough side of town, the wrong side of the tracks, and the victims of discrimination stand together, especially when the winter cold whistles along dark streets where only single headlights dare to venture, but where the spirit of brotherhood shines on slippery narrow tires.

It's a time when strong hearts spread powerful arms to assist others who don't feel the freedom we've worked so hard to maintain. Some are elderly, some young but without families, and some ill. But from coast to coast, the strength from our own hard times reaches thousands to assure some less fortunate that the Christmas spirit is alive and fighting the brisk air on two wheels.

This is a tribute to all the brothers in the country who over the years attend events such as toy runs, like the Los Angeles

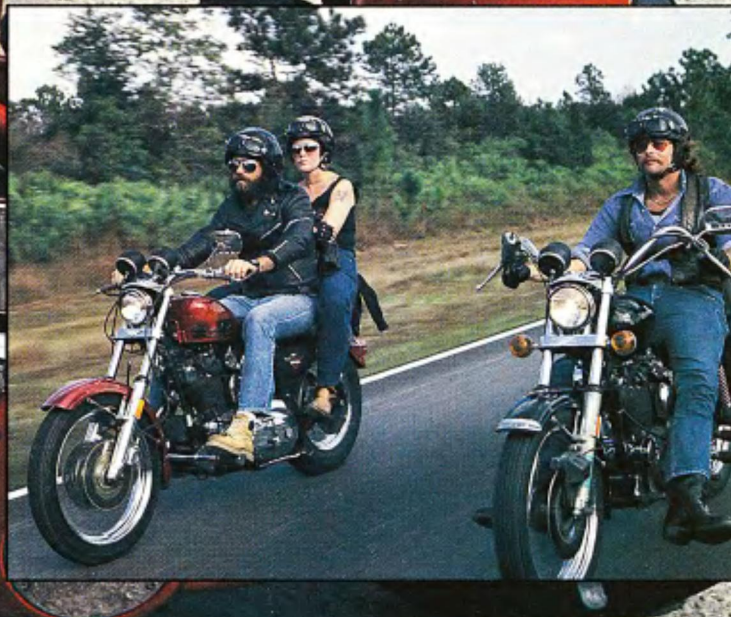
run, which draws 50,000 riders and a parking lot fulla Christmas donations for needy kids, the run in Baltimore, Maryland, which draws 35,000 winter riders, and the one pictured here, put on by ABATE of Florida in 1986.

This is also a tribute to the clubs and organizations who look out for the elderly, like the Restless Few MC from New York.

It's also a tribute to the brothers who give blood at this time of the year, when many institutions are in dire need of support. Donations drop off during the holidays, and whole blood and plasma levels dip to dangerous levels. Last year, ABATE of Wisconsin put a group together for the holidays which, with their Southern chapters, contributed a total of approximately 140 pints for the year.

We may know tough times, milk crate furniture, spray can paint jobs, and empty checking accounts, but when it comes to caring, scooter people make a point to go the extra 10 miles — in the cold.

—Bandit



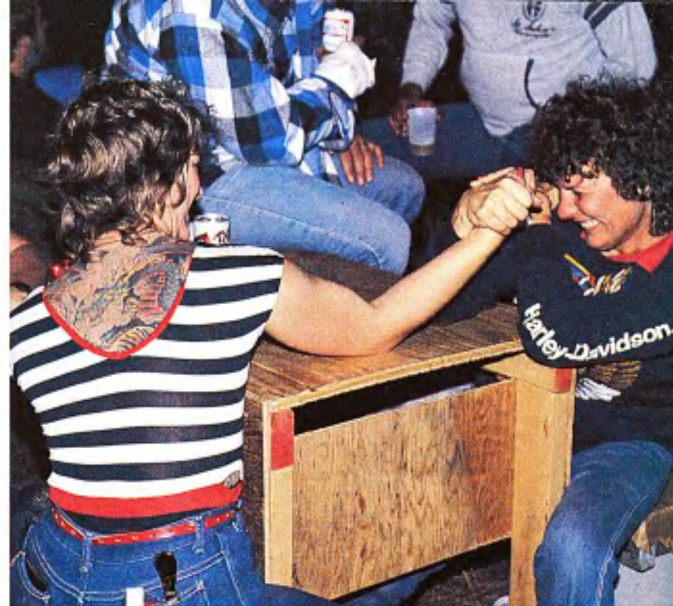
ABATE of Florida Toy Run 1986

Over 900 bikers and 2,000 brothers and sisters attended the state-wide Marine Corps and *National Enquirer* toy run last year. Local media reported that the scooter parade, which prompted the local citizenry to leave their homes and line Dixie Highway in Lake Worth and Lantana to watch, brought the Marines over 2,000 toys for needy kids.

According to Big Bill, coordinator of the event for the Palm Beach County chapter of ABATE of Florida, each of the 35 chapters in Florida is responsible for one toy run locally, but many of the members from all over the state attended this statewide function. In addition to the actual toy run, Bill's brothers (40 to 50 of 'em) cleared five acres of a member's land, set up electricity, a stage, facilities, and a cook tent for the weekend function. A bro actually had to grade seven miles of road to the property. A business in town donated breakfast, and for weeks prior to the event, brothers hunted wild boar for chow.

Lotsa hard work for a helluva good cause.





Photos by Pat Randle



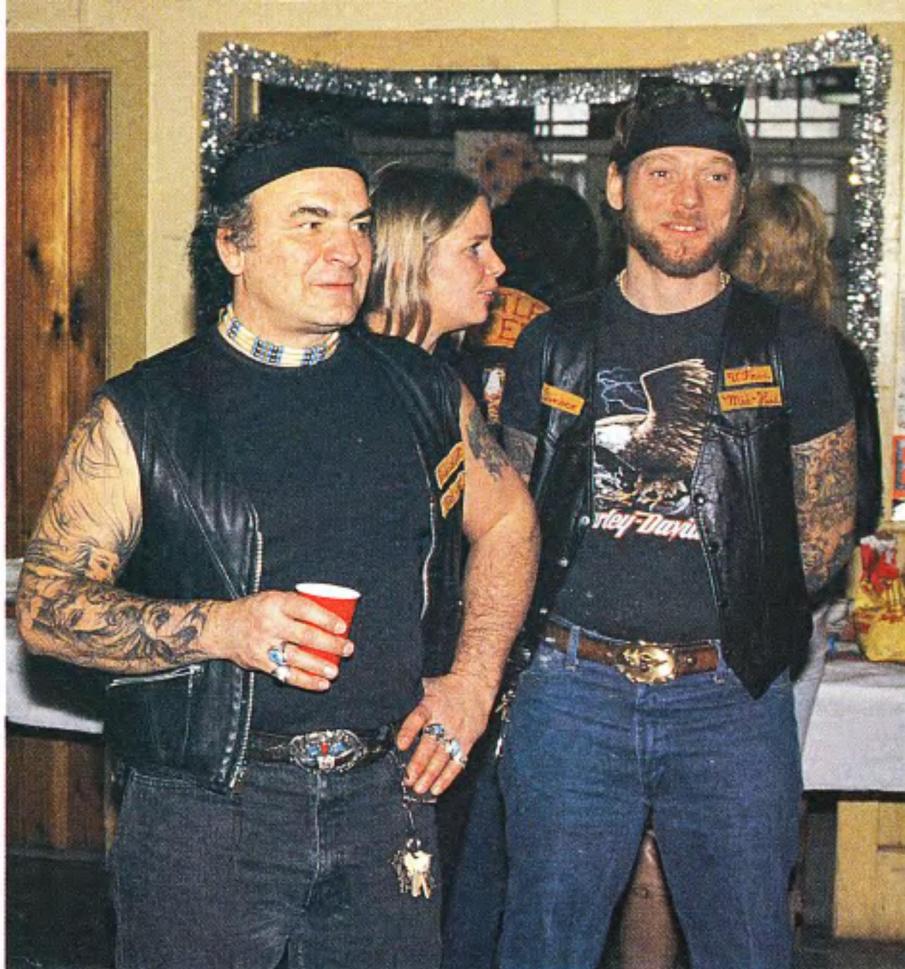


**Christmas Dinner
In Poughkeepsie, New York**

It's cold in Poughkeepsie at Christmas, and particularly chilly for the elderly without families to create the annual holiday warmth.

*Many Santas will
make the dark trek
from the North
before these people
forget this
Christmas dinner.*





Photos by Lou Pesano

More than a few of us have spent a Christmas alone in prison, in Vietnam, in a bar, and sometimes at home, but without a family.

Last Christmas the Restless Few MC must have felt this compassion, and they did something about it. Over 40 members and their wives coordinated the cooking, waited on, and assisted with the entertainment of 90 senior citizens in St. Paul's Church. President Tony Marchese said, "We wanted to do something for the aged and people who might be forgotten." And they did.

Many Santas will make the dark trek from the North before these people forget this Christmas dinner.

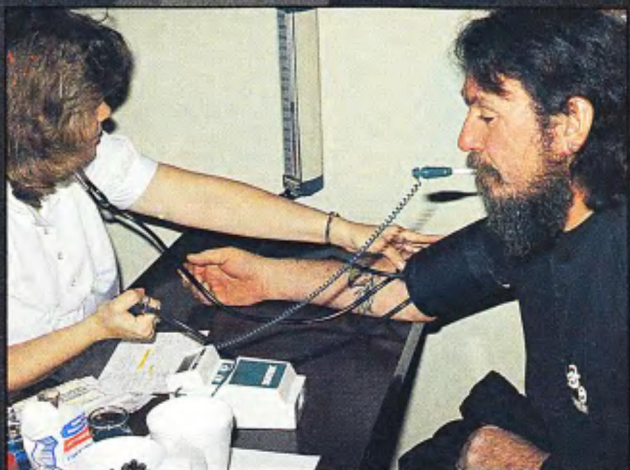
—Lou Pesano



Blood Drive

Blood drives have become a good way of upgrading the biker image, as well as helping others. Of course, the local press that covered this drive chose only to show the Brady Bunch group of donors filling their little bags. But what the heck, we had a good time doing something worthwhile, and when we got back to party, the beer and food were free and abundant. In fact, the blood drive was sandwiched between two bar stops. First we grouped and had "breakfast" at the Holiday Bar, ABATE of Butler headquarters, then partied down at Bubba's Bar, of Honda Drop fame (*Easyriders*, September '87). With a shortage of red corpuscles coursing through the veins, it didn't take long for the brew to get people acting a little crazy, but most kinda sat around on the verge of nodding off.

—Tony Pan



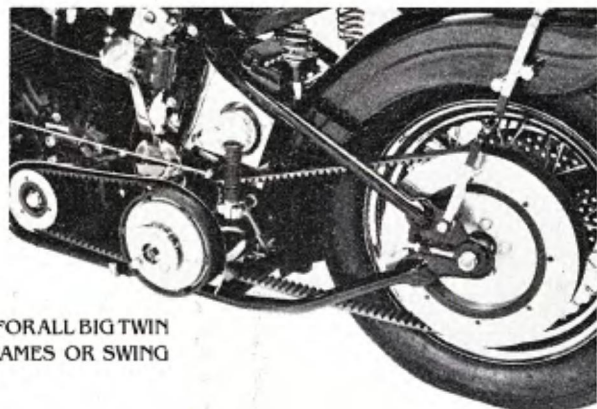
Seasons Greetings

AT THIS VERY SPECIAL TIME OF THE YEAR, WE HERE AT SUPER MAX PRODUCTS WANT TO TAKE THE TIME TO SAY THANK YOU TO ALL OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE OUR BUSINESS SO VERY SUCCESSFUL. WE WANT TO THANK OUR EMPLOYEES AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES, WHO HELP US TO PRODUCE OUR QUALITY BELT DRIVE SYSTEMS. WE WANT TO THANK THE GOOD FOLKS AT EASYRIDERS FOR THEIR FINE MAGAZINE IN WHICH WE MAY PRESENT OUR PRODUCTS TO OUR CUSTOMERS. WE WANT TO THANK OUR DEALERS FOR ALL OF THEIR HARD WORK AND FAITHFULNESS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS. MOST OF ALL WE WANT TO THANK ALL OF THE BIKERS WHO OWN SUPER MAX BELT DRIVES. WE REALIZE THAT YOU ARE THE CORNER STONE, THE FOUNDATION ON WHICH ALL OF OUR GOOD FORTUNE IS BUILT UPON. WE WANT TO WISH YOU A HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON AND A NEW YEAR OF HEALTH, PROSPERITY, AND RIDING FREE.

THANK YOU,



PHIL ROSS
OWNER: SUPER MAX PRODUCTS



A

- A** DUAL BELT DRIVE CONVERSION KITS ARE AVAILABLE FOR ALL BIG TWIN FOUR SPEEDS, 1936 TO PRESENT. FOR RIDGED FRAMES OR SWING ARMS. FOR KICK OR ELECTRIC STARTS.

- B** STURGIS REPLACEMENT PULLEYS ARE AVAILABLE TO REPLACE THE ENGINE PULLEY ON ALL FACTORY BUILT PRIMARY BELT DRIVES. REPLACEMENT BELTS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE.

- C** REAR WHEEL PULLEYS, 66 AND 68 TOOTH PULLEYS TO GEAR UP ALL FACTORY BUILT FINAL BELT DRIVES.

- D** FINAL BELT DRIVES FOR ALL SPORTSTERS.



B

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 1, 1987 TO MARCH 31, 1988, SAVE 20% ON ALL RETAIL ORDERS. JUST SAY YOU SAW IT IN EASYRIDERS WHEN YOU PLACE YOUR ORDER.

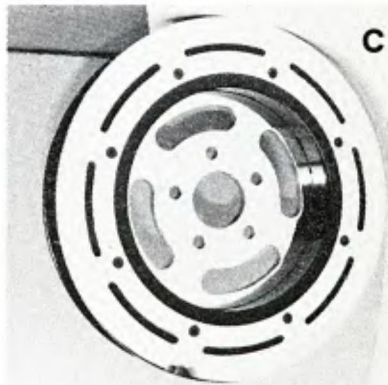
SUPER MAX PRODUCTS
BOX 285
GARDENA, CA 90247

CATALOGUE \$2.00

213-516-0500



D

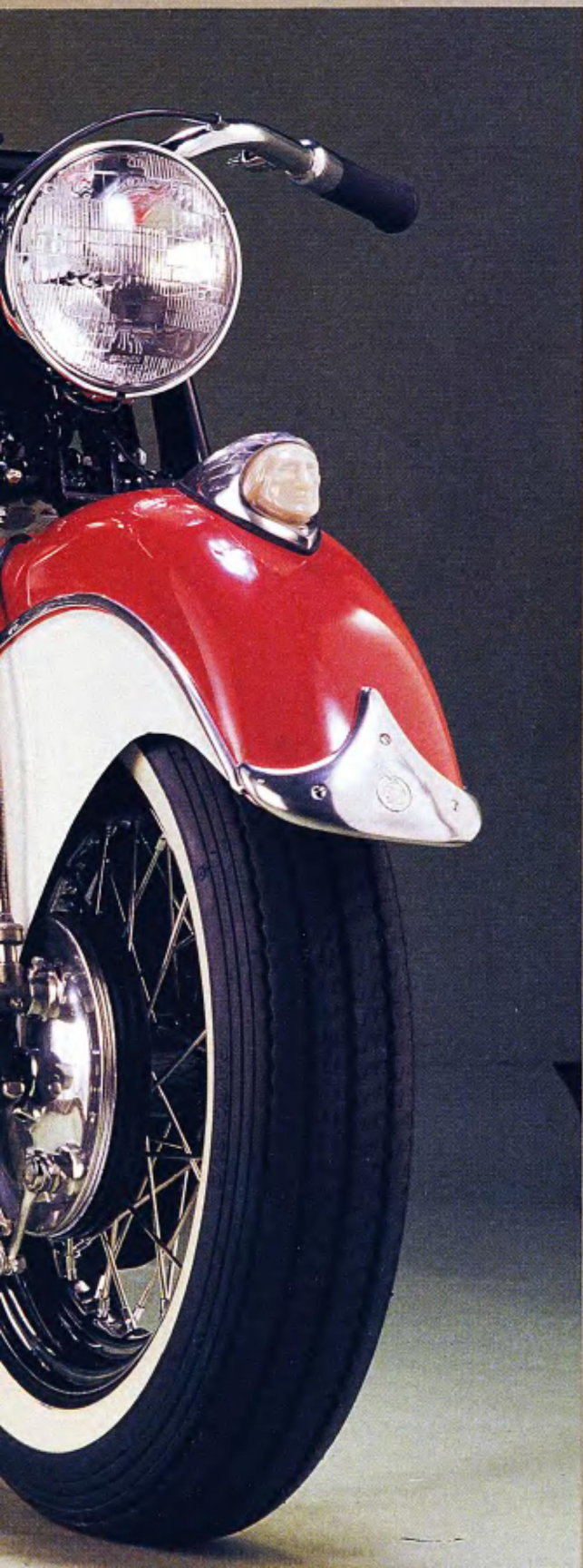


C

INDIAN SPIRIT



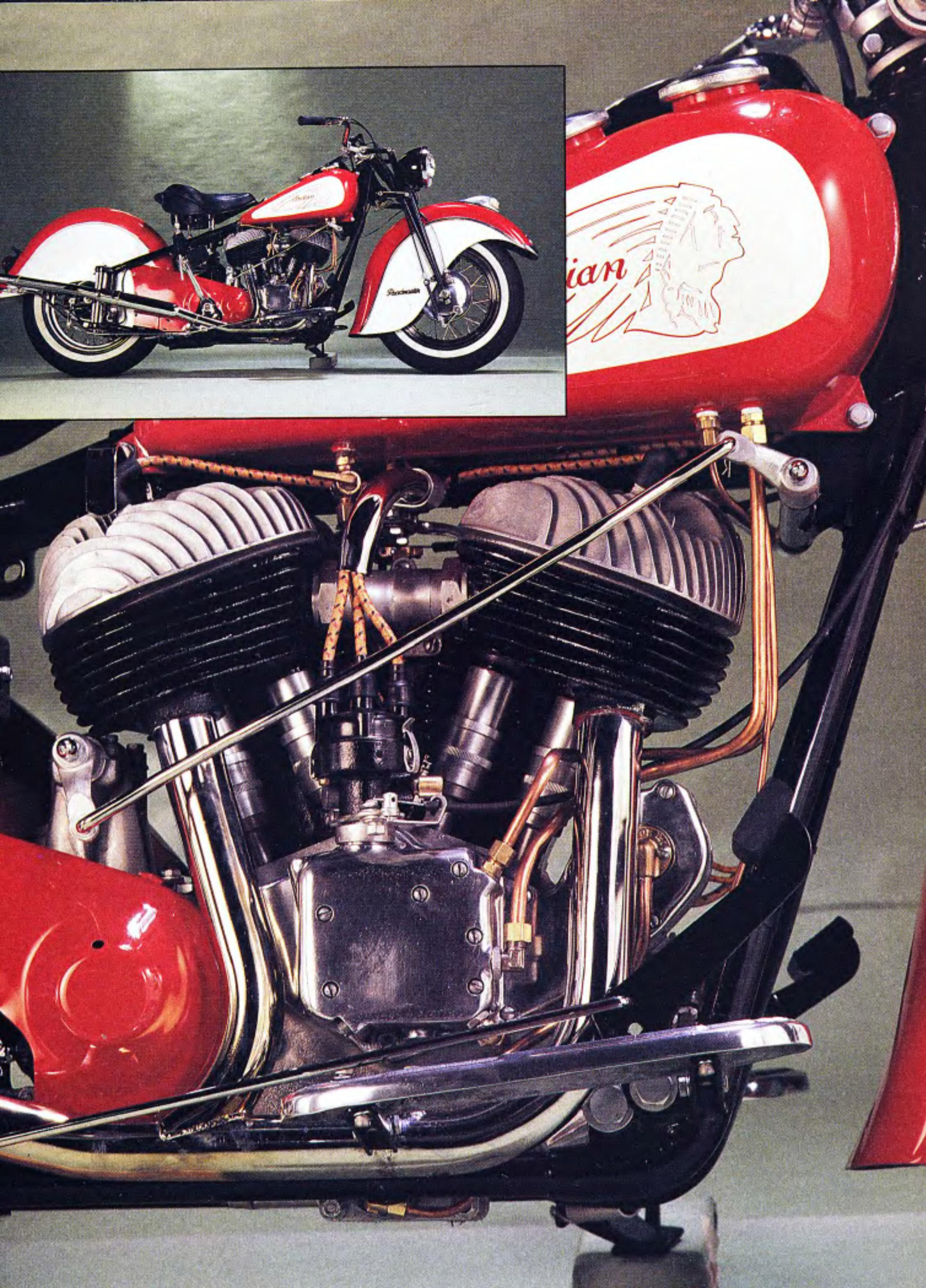
Lost bro lives on
in this iron.



A little over a year ago, John Doom's blood brother, Michael, built an immaculate '48 Indian Chief for his closest friend, a cat by the name of Paul Istrim. Since Michael did all the assembly in the Doom brothers' shop, MD Cycle near L.A., John had plenty of opportunity to be smitten with flattie fever, and before he knew it, he got caught up in a one-upmanship competition. Amid good-natured razzing and wise-cracking directed at Paul, John vowed that he'd restore an Indian of the same year, same lines, and same color — only his would be even more detail-perfect. The friendly rivalry was on.

Having decided on a '48 Roadmaster as his project, John crisscrossed the country in search of genuine Indian parts for his ride. "I wasn't going to put any aftermarket shit on this bike," he told us, and a quick glance at the tech sheet for this sled will bear him out.

He was so dead set against aftermarket parts, in fact, that he handcrafted what few components he couldn't dig up, including the oil

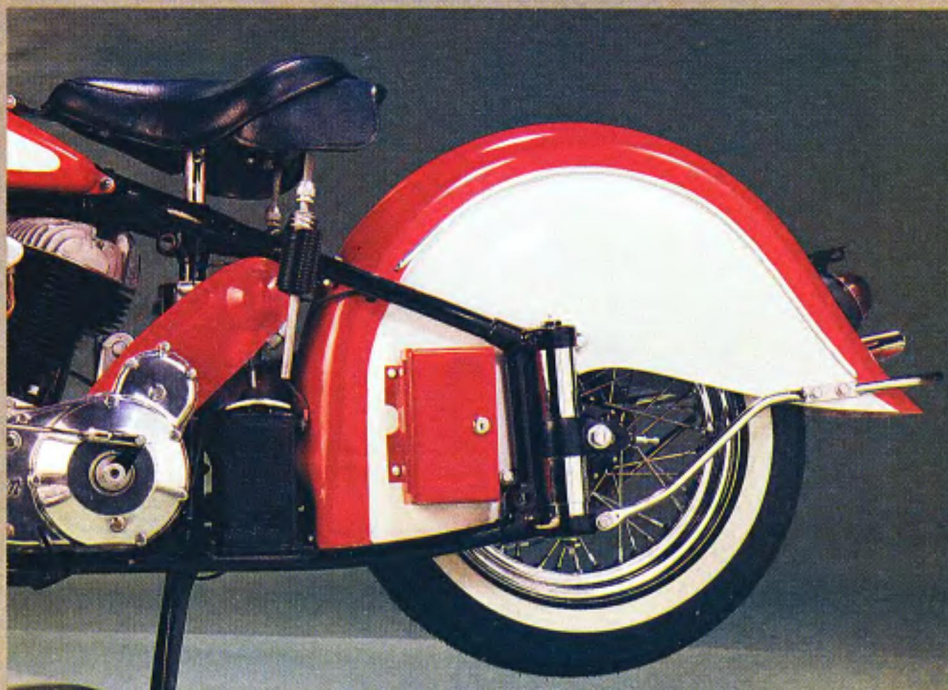




lines, which he formed the old-fashioned way: by filling the suckers with salt, sealing them off, and manually bending the tubes until they were routed exactly right.

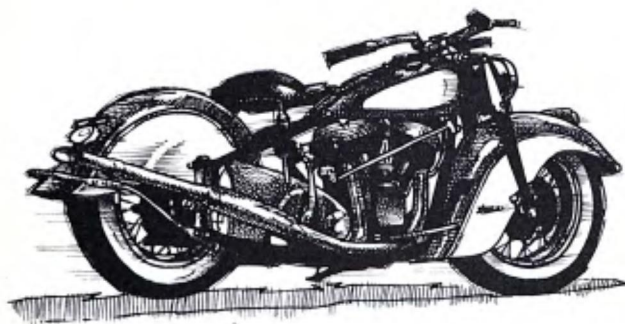
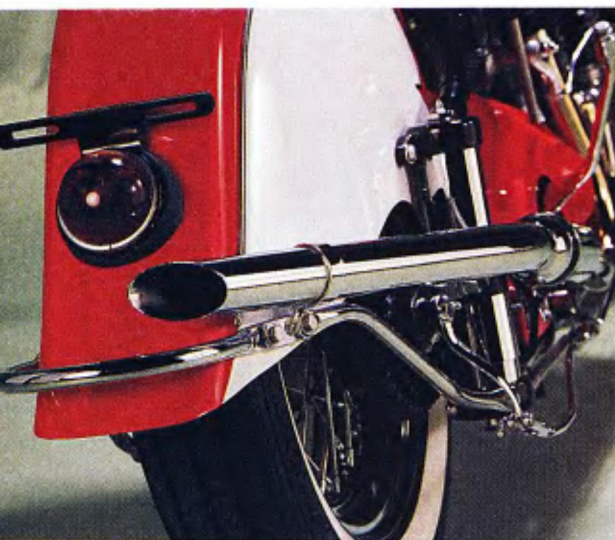
John was just as much a stickler for a pure restoration. "She doesn't have any extra crap like a radio or headsets, which ya see pasted on some antiques. She's got a good motor, and that's all I need talkin' to me when I'm riding."

John just about had this





Photos by Gayda



Owner: Dr. Doom		City: West Hills, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: D&D Cycle		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1948 Indian		Builder: owner	
Model: Roadmaster		Type: Indian	
Value: \$16,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner/MD Cycle		Stretch: none	
Time: six months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Aztec Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: genuine	
Year: 1948		Risers: new	
Model: flathead		Fender(s): genuine	
Rebuilder: MD Cycle owner/brother		Headlight: genuine	
Ignition: genuine		Taillight: genuine	
Displacement: 74 cubic inch		Speedo: genuine	
Lower end: MD Cycle		Front pegs: floorboards/owner	
Balancing: West Valley Engine Bal.		Rear pegs: floorboards/owner	
Pistons: stock, genuine		Electrics: by owner	
Cases: genuine		Gas tank: genuine	
Heads: Valley Head Shop		Oil tank: in gas tank	
Cam(s): stock, genuine		Oil system: a bitch	
Lifters: genuine		Primary cover: genuine, w/logo	
Carb(s): genuine		Seat: Starklite Cycle	
Air cleaner: genuine		Sissybar: no fuckin' way	
Pipes: Starklite Cycle		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): Starklite Cycle		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: Indian girder	
Year: 1948		Extension: none	
Shifting: hand, 3-speed		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: deraked	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: none		Hub: genuine	Hub: genuine
Painter: William Johansen		Rim width: stock	Rim width: stock
Color: Marlboro red and white		Tire: whitewall	Tire: whitewall
Type: lacquer		Brake: genuine	Brake: genuine
Special paint: Indian head on tank by Larry Gloge			
Other special modifications: trim by Starklite Cycle, powder-coating by Pyramid Powder Coat, San Francisco			

beauty buttoned down and ready for unveiling when an all-too-familiar trip came down. Last February, before Paul had ever had the chance to flash on John's Indian, Paul was puttin' in the British Motorcycle Road Rally and was nailed by a truck. He went over the high side, and there was one less righteous bro on the road.

Paul's death hit John and Michael Doom hard, but they maintain. "His spirit is still with us, man. I only wish he could've seen the finished bike."

Ride free, Paul.

—Savage

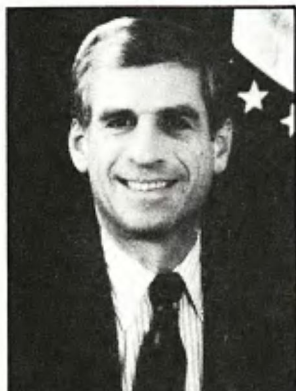
EASYnews

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

Danforth Replies To Concerns Regarding Motorcycle Safety Act

Thank you for your letter concerning the Motorcycle Safety Act of 1987, S. 1536.

First, let me clarify what this bill does and does not cover. It does not cover the overwhelming majority of motorcycles used by their riders for transportation or recreation. It would not limit off-street racing of any type of motorcycle. It does not propose to limit motorcycle engine size or top speed. This legislation has a very narrow focus — the use on public streets of a new breed of high performance motorcycles, which are sometimes known as "superbikes." These bikes are manufactured by four Japanese companies under the names of Kawasaki Ninja,



Honda Hurricane, Suzuki GSXR, and the Yamaha FZ.

I am concerned about street use of superbikes because young, inexperienced riders are frequently crashing these bikes. This is par-

ticularly true in areas around military bases. The safety of these bikes is so suspect that the Japanese have virtually banned their use in Japan. The Japanese have done this through licensing restrictions and an informal understanding between the manufacturers and the Japanese government.

My proposal would require the Department of Transportation (DOT) to develop safety standards for superbikes that are used on public streets. Specifically, DOT would be asked to examine whether there should be a maximum acceleration capability or a maximum ratio between horsepower and weight for these superbikes. A copy of the bill and a

statement of explanation are enclosed.

I believe the dialogue initiated by this bill's introduction has already had beneficial results. Manufacturers who are members of the Motorcycle Industry Council have been meeting with my staff to discuss safety improvements in areas such as advertising practices and rider education.

Although we disagree on this issue, I appreciate your taking the time to write. I hope to work with industry, user, and citizen representatives to develop solutions to this problem.

— John C. Danforth, Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation, Washington, D.C. 20510-6125

ABATE of Florida On A Roll

ABATE of Florida seems to have all the positive vibes heading in the right direction. Occasionally the budgets and inner politics strain the abilities to see past to the overall mission. Recently in the ABATE of Florida newsletter, Doc Peppers, president of the Cape Coral chapter, made the following statement about beginning relationships stepping off on the wrong foot:

"We cannot afford to spend time on petty differences. All our efforts must be toward the bigger picture — The Brotherhood. It's time to bury the hatchet."

We have a lot of work ahead of us to reach our goals. Let us earn and grow together.

Let's all pull together in the name of ABATE."

In July, "Mail Man Bill" from the Northern Pinellas County chapter received the following letter from the White House:

Dear Mr. Long:
Your message has just reached my desk, and I wanted to thank you for the wonderful work you and your fellow cyclists are doing in promoting the Organ and Tissue Donor Program. Your enterprise is literally lifesaving, and you have the gratitude of all Americans for your efforts. Thanks also for your generous words of support. Messages like yours help make

this job a little easier. I especially appreciate the prayers — a cyclist learns early how to pray well, so I figure his prayers are especially valuable.

Best wishes and God bless you.

Sincerely,
Ronald Reagan

Although the helmet repeal bill (HB122 and SB273) is dead for the '87 regular session, it passed five committees, two of them unanimously. At the end of the session, an emergency phone call/telegram campaign kicked the bill in front of the Senate, which passed it by 23-11, but it never made it before the House. But ABATE



member Bones is concentrating on being heard during the special session.

Their rider education bills have passed and are on their way to the governor.

— ABATE of Florida, Inc., 1102 Columbus Ave., Lehigh Acres, FL 33936.

Panel Urged To Repeal Helmet Law

Pennsylvania should experience fewer accidents, injuries, and fatalities among motorcyclists by repealing a mandatory helmet law.

That was the conclusion of Randal Mackenzie, a New York State physician who testified Thursday before the state House Transportation Committee concerning a bill to end Pennsylvania's 19-year-old mandatory motorcycle helmet requirement.

Mackenzie was the only medical expert of the nine witnesses who testified.

Only a lobbyist for Pennsylvania AAA Federation

spoke in favor of retaining the helmet law.

Mackenzie provided statistics indicating that more serious motorcycle accidents occur in the 19 states that require helmet use. He cited diminished hearing, reduced field of vision, heat, and fatigue associated with helmet use as the prime reasons.

"But most important, a helmet, because of its vaunted reputation as a safety device, encourages the inexperienced to take risks beyond what he would without a helmet," Mackenzie said. "In short, it conveys a feeling of invulnerability."

He urged panel members to release the bill from committee. However, he said a strong motorcycle safety education program should also be enacted.

Mackenzie's testimony was supported by Howard Segermark of the Motorcycle Rights Fund of Washington, D.C.

"In all major studies by the U.S. Department of Transportation and other agencies, there are only two variables in accident rates between various riders — experience and training," Segermark said. "The more experience and training a cyclist has,

the fewer accidents."

Mackenzie's position was supported by representatives of motorcycle organizations. The strongest endorsement came from representatives of ABATE — the Alliance of Bikers Aimed Toward Education.

ABATE spokesman Charles Umbenhaur said the organization favors mandatory helmet use for those under 21 years of age. "Adults simply must have the right to choose what safety equipment they feel is necessary," he said.

—Dennis Barbagello
Tribune-Review

Indiana Celebrates Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week

ABATE of Indiana should be congratulated. Its efforts to promote motorcycle safety and awareness garnered proclamations from the mayors of Hammond, Gary, Fort Wayne, Evansville, East Chicago, and Columbia City, Indiana.

The Awareness Week ran June 14th-20th and signifi-

cantly contributed to public awareness of motorcyclists and their rights.

ABATE of Indiana continues to work for rider education and against any introduction of a helmet bill. You can write to this active group, ten thousand strong, at ABATE, Box 81, Granger, IN 46530.

Harley vs. Marlboro

Damn, we're good, and gaining substantial, credible notoriety. The latest example comes in the form of cigarettes called Harley-Davidson Custom Blend. First it was beer, now cigs, next it may be laundry detergent. Anyway, Lorillard, Inc., manufacturers of Newport and Kent, created the H-D brand to kick the most popular brand, the Marlboro man, off his horse.

Reactions are mixed, from the American Cancer Society to the H-D dealers, but the



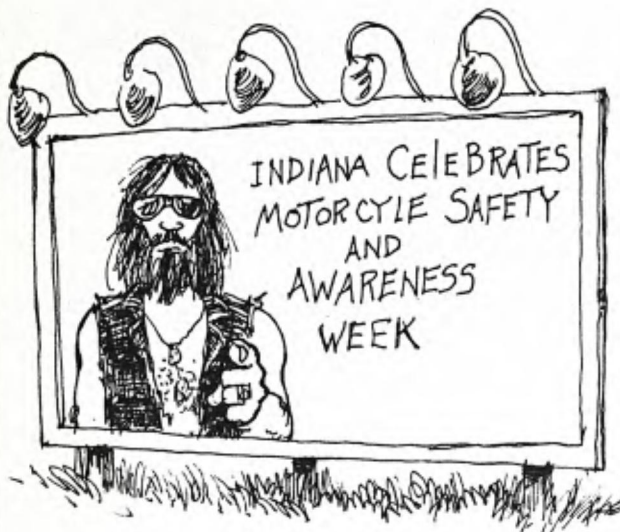
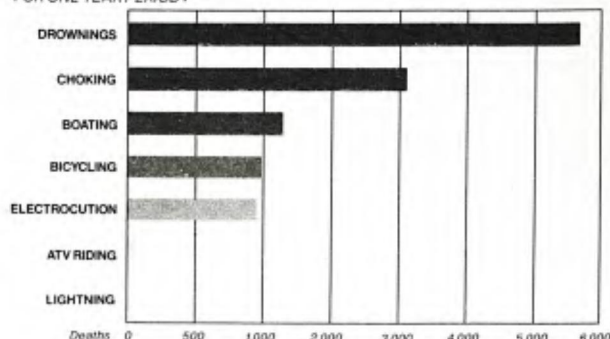
bottom line seems to be the impact bikers have had on society and now business. It may be true — bikers are the last American heroes.

F.Y.I.

Recently the All-Terrain Vehicle (ATV) industry, on the brink of extinction, published a report to educate the public and point out to rid-

ers the importance of safe use of ATVs. Below is a segment of their data, which may be of use to bikers' rights groups.

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS
FOR ONE YEAR PERIOD.



Letter To America From Great Britain

Here is the news from across the Atlantic. It's all bad — and it goes something like this. . .

The anti-bike lobby, as most of us are probably aware, is anything but a purely Stateside problem. It seems that everywhere you turn these days — from London to L.A., from Sydney to Stockholm — there's yet another pen-pushing governmental agent out to silence our motors forever.

Work is under way on a proposed bill entitled "Intellectual Property and Innovation." It's designed to prevent aftermarket manufacturers from copying original items, thereby paving the way for a spares and prices monopoly.

Initially, the protection rights will last for five years, and heavy penalties will be imposed for copyright infringement. After that, the protection will continue for a further five years, subject to a license from the manufacturers. This new sound that you can probably hear is our freedom of choice fizzling away. . .

That was the better part of the news.

But it gets worse.

Our DoT are presently investigating the proposed mandatory introduction of leg protectors for all new machines. Yep. Crash bars.

Whether or not they intend to extend the law onto existing machines is yet unclear. But you can be damn sure that they're giving the mat-



ter their "thoughtful consideration."

Daytime headlight use is in the cards and is already an official recommendation in our Highway Code (which could reduce personal injury insurance claims in the event of a collision if shown that we ignored the DoT's advice).

Reflective clothing stripes are illuminating the horizon. The 125 cc law, restricting learner bikers to pint-sized, gutless, unstable, two-stroke lawnmowers, has been around for a while.

The latest batch of exhaust noise control laws have been drafted and will likely bring an end to air-cooled motorcycles — or, at least, gag

them into incoherent impotence.

Vague indications suggest that open-faced lids may become illegal, leaving us with only those full-faced NASA reject items to keep us completely out of the wind until they can get us strapped into seat belts behind triplex (safety glass) windshields.

The new visor/goggle regulations are already with us, imposing a new British standard on all such items. The idea is to prevent the use of non-scratch-resistant or light-restricting visors/goggles. But, curiously enough, it's still legal to wear shades or no eye protection at all. Naturally, tinted glass

in motor vehicles is still permitted.

Water-cooling with a protective soundproofed cowl-ing is gradually creeping in, so quietly you can hardly hear it coming unless you listen very carefully. But it's clear that the Japanese are gearing up for the eventual transition to two-wheeled motorcars.

Visit England in a couple of years, and you can watch us all motor around like silent, Day-Glo, water-cooled Christmas trees, maybe even following a man in a suit waving a red flag, in case anyone on four wheels still can't see us, despite our being lit up like a supernova.

We've got some keen minds and good hearts striving for bikers' rights. And we're burning a little midnight oil of our own. But we're just not biting back hard enough. Not yet.

But we're working on it. . .

And all this couldn't have come at a worse time. Triumph Bonneville's are in production again at a small factory in southwest England. True, in very limited numbers, but the legend lives on. The new rotary-engined Nortons will hopefully be in the marketplace fairly soon. There is speculation that the Norton Commando may be put back into limited production once again. And the Hesketh is currently receiving renewed interest.

—Danny DeFazio. M.A.G. England.

Senior Assemblyman Charles Force

Mr. Force is an old-time biker who keeps on bikin'. He makes an 800-mile round trip between his home in Santa Barbara and Sacramento, as a member of the California Senior Legislature. That means he is a biker who doesn't quit. He is involved. He earns his raisin pie representing older Cal-

fornians in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. Mr. Force goes back to the days of puttin' Harleys and Indians. He represents a little bit of something in all of us who ride. Let's hope 20 years from now, we will still have a couple of members of the Senior Legislature puttin' to Sacramento. May the force be with you.

—Wino Joe





The next time you or someone you know wants to leave the altar honeymoon-bound on two wheels, tell the ol'-lady-to-be to pack a couple of bungee cords under that lace factory she calls a wedding dress. A Rochester, New York, couple, Mary Jo and Roger Lane, managed to tangle her wedding dress in the rear wheel of his scooter half a block from the church. The gutsy Mary Jo struggled to free the dress but sustained a compound fracture in the melée. . . **More dangerous** could be the passage of the new Florida gun permit law, which will afford 120,000 shooters the opportunity to apply for permits — can I get one? Only 10,000 to 15,000 people are now licensed to carry concealed weapons.

On the brighter side, the Hells Angels beat a bad image rap in Anchorage, Alaska, when the owner of the Crazy Horse Saloon posted a "no colors" rule. Judge Joan M. Katz wouldn't accept the discrimination and decided in the club's favor. . . **Speaking of groups**, ABATE of South Central Minnesota has recruited 70 strong members in its short 45-day existence — the interest in freedom of the road continues to grow.

Two deejays on KLOS — 95.5FM in Los Angeles — seem to think it would be a smart notion to buy junkers and smack brothers who split lanes. Their names are Mark and Brian, in case someone gets the notion to split deejays. . . **On a more lively concept**, the Tri-State Road Riders in Missouri adopted a six-year-old with a terminal disease and created fund-raisers to assist. They

plan to adopt a new child every year. . . **The Saddle Tramps MC** of St. Louis have a brother desperately in need of a heart transplant. If you can assist this brother or donate, call (314) 664-4958. . . **In Connecticut**, Reverend Kaiser from the Mission Church of Bikers turned in his American Express card in protest of their commercial portraying bikers as purse-snatchers. And the Motorcycle Industry Council was successful at stopping a headache medicine company from running their commercial denoting motorcycles as a pain cause. . . **Talk about pains**, some misguided soul in Twin Lakes, Idaho, got the media going with reports of warring bike clubs. The truth was he lost his stash and his girl. . . **And rumor has it** Elizabeth Taylor is hanging out with Malcom Forbes to raise funds for the AIDS Foundation. It's actually more than a rumor — she's been seen packing with him on his Harley and sporting new tattoos.

And our own feature bike owner Clarence Foster (ER October '87) won his court case against the Jones Store Co., where his legs were amputated by an escalator. He'll now have the bucks to keep that trike up and in the wind for years. . . **In Deland, Florida**, the 5,000 bros and sisters who would usually camp out in Volusia County during Daytona Bike Week may have a problem. The county council is having a problem locating 50 comfortable acres for campsites, but they will find a site before March of '88.

— Ride Free

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 ⁵	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. Alhambra, Tucson
Sedona Scooter 2962 West Highway 89A, Sedona
M&R Cycles 579 N. Arizona Avenue, Chandler
Satan's Cycle Works 1706 W. Hatcher Road, Phoenix
Sedona Scooter 2962 West Highway 89A, Sedona

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle

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
Purple Hog Leathers 668 Plumas, Yuba City
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 18345 N. Indian Ave.,
N. Palm Springs

Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 1221 N. Main St. Unit 6, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cutlery 10613 Michele Ave., Bakersfield
Carlo's Custom MC Parts 2395 Monument Blvd., Bldg. H,
Concord

R.P.M. 1727 National City Blvd., National City
Bellflower Harley-Davidson 8846 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower
American Rider 19478 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach
Silve's Cycle Salvage and Repair 323 N. "P" St., Imperial
Bead Motorcycles 2240 S. Del Monte Ave., Monterey
The Bell & 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

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Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Hartford H.D. Sales 317 W. Service Road, Hartford
D&S Cycle Supply 27 Willowbrook Street, Willimantic

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 Hewg Dept. 5612 S. Orange Ave., Orlando
Petry V-Twin Performance 6025 15th Street, Brandenton
L & K Cycle South U.S. 1 & MM31, Big Pine Key

GEORGIA

Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford

Blue Ribbon Cycles 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna
HD of Savannah 2913 W. Broad St., 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 Walpole Road, Bartonville

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Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville

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Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 105 E. Euclid, Des Moines
Cycleclopedia Corp. 1824 Dean Ave., Des Moines

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Hog Barn Custom Cycle 118 E. 10th St., Great Bend

KENTUCKY

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

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H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr., Cresaptown
Milwaukee Ghost 2037 Hollins Ferry Rd., Baltimore
Flying Eagle Bike Boutique 1124 S. Main St., Hampstead
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 5112 Belair Road, Baltimore
Crazy Carl's Harley Service 8258 Rt. 3 Northbound Lane,
Millersville

MASSACHUSETTS

Dave Franks Motorcycle Sales 81 Bridge St., Salem
Milwaukee Iron 3508 Washington Street, Jamaica Plain
Northshore Motorcycle Center 246 Newbury Street (R. 1),
Peabody

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

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

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Pappy's Cycle 600 W. College, Springfield

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Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA

Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEVADA

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

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Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Millville H-D 1131 S. Second Street, Millville

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

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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. 108, 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

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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
Curly's HD Walkerstown Shopping Ctr., Walkerstown
Dillard's Motorcycle Shop 510 Boston Avenue, Kannapolis
Hawg Wild Rt. #2 Box 463 A, Hubert
Caveman Cycle Supply Old 107, Cullowhee
Webb Harley-Davidson Ocean Highway 17, Wilmington

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shack 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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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. 4861 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Don's Custom Cycle 7025 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati
Jim Bailey, Mowrystown
The Barn 2731 Pan Handle Rd., Lynchburg

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The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

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Schuch's Inc. Rd. 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg
Cycle World Rd. #2 Burns Ave., Altoona
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Link Cycle Route 309, Coopersburg
Montgomery County HD 1217-19 South Trooper Road,
Norristown
Nasty Cycle Repair Rd. #4 Box 1841, Slippery Rock

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Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
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HD of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave. SW, South
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Hillbilly H-D 1211 Harrison Ave., Elkins

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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. Sorry, but contributions can be neither acknowledged nor returned. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

A young girl went to a movie, and as the lights went down and the movie started, she felt a man's hand touch her leg. It began to slowly creep up her thigh. Then, stealthily, a finger was thrust into her pavilion of joy.

"Psst," she whispered. "Put in another finger."

"Why?" came the surprised reply in the darkness.

"Because I want to whistle for the manager," she answered.

—Wayne Willhoite
Tehachapi, Calif.

Definition of eternity: from the time ya come to the time she goes home.

—Vicki Ochoa
Caruthers, Calif.

The word is that IBM is comin' out with a new Presidential version Selectric typewriter. This model has no memory and no colon.

—Greg LeMay
Waupun, Wis.

An old maid claimed that a biker had stolen her purse, and a quick-thinkin' cop nabbed the first biker that passed by. "Okay, ya bum!" the cop growled. "Where's the lady's purse?"

"Purse? I got no purse," the biker answered.

The old maid yelled, "He probably threw away my purse and kept the wallet that was in it!"

"Awright, ya bum! Hand over the wallet!" the cop said.

"Wallet? I got no wallet," the biker replied.

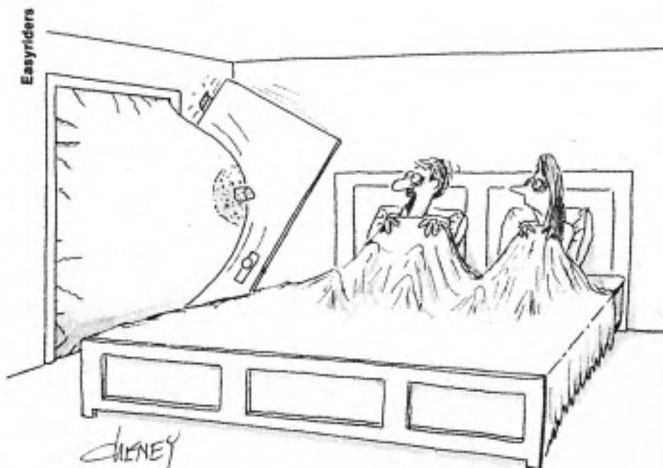
The old gal's blood was boilin' now. "He probably threw that away, too, after taking the money! I'll find it!" she hollered, and then she thrust her hand into the biker's pocket.

Immediately the old lady let out a horrible scream and took off down the street.

Puzzled, the cop asked the biker, "Just what the hell ya got in your pocket, mister?"

"Pocket? I got no pocket," the biker answered innocently.

—Mr. French
Houston, Tex.



"Oooooooooooooohh, shit! It's my wife!"

When corporate layoffs cost him his job as a company pilot, the middle-aged aviator applied for a job with a major airline. After filling out a psychological evaluation questionnaire, he was told to wait until the psychologist could see him.

Finally, he was called into the shrink's office. "Mr. Burk, I would like to clarify one of your answers," the psychologist said. "After the question, 'When was the last time you had sex?' you answered, '1955.' Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"You haven't had sex since 1955?" the psychologist exclaimed. "Isn't that a bit unusual?"

"Not really, sir," the applicant replied, glancing at his watch. "It's only 2100 now."

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

After much coaxing, Roy finally talked his ol' lady into coming over to his twin bed for some fun and games. On the way across, she tripped and almost fell down. Roy said, "What's the matter, sweetheart? Did my little baby almost fall and hurt herself? Come on over here and let Daddy make it all better."

She snuggled up next to Roy under the covers, and they embarked on a long and satisfying bout of lovemaking. On her way back to her own bed, she again stumbled, almost landing flat on her ass.

This time, Roy looked up from his pillow and said, "What's the matter, ya clumsy bitch! Can't ya walk straight?"

—Mounty
Somewhere

A Californian biker who usually worked nights stayed home one evening, watchin' TV with his ol' lady. The phone rang, an' he picked it up, not sayin' anything.

After about 20 seconds of listenin', he suddenly hollered into the phone, "How the fuck should I know? That's 50 miles away!" He slammed the phone down and sat back down in front of the TV.

"What the hell was that all about?" his ol' lady asked him.

"Some damned idiot," replied her ol' man. "Wanted to know if the coast was clear."

—Richard Wesolowski
Oceanside, Calif.



"Wait a second. . . does this 'forsaking all others' even rule out an occasional prostitute?"

The biker carried his new bride over the threshold of the honeymoon suite. As he was undressin' her, he spotted the unshaven bushes of hair sproutin' from under her arm-pits.

"Hot damn!" he said, thrilled. "Two more!"

—Ruben Sanchez
Tehachapi, Calif.



"Yeah, but will you still respect us in the morning?"

The young chick went to the doctor to see about the removal of several greenish marks on her right inner thigh. The doc took a look, prescribed some antibiotics, and told her to come back in a week.

When she returned the next week, the green marks had doubled in number, so the doc increased the prescription dosage and told her to come back in a month.

Still no luck. On her next visit, the green marks were still there, and multiplying rapidly. The sawbones wasn't sure what to make of it. Then he had a thought.

"Miss, are you married?" he asked.

"No, but I live with someone," she answered.

"Would it happen to be a biker, and did you just happen to give him an earring?" the doc queried.

"Why, yes," said the surprised lass. "How did you know? I just last month gave him a solid gold earring!"

"Miss," said the doc, "it's not gold."

—C.A. Panetta

Salt Lake City, Utah

Why did God invent women? 'Cause sheep can't cook.

—Shawn Conaway

Milwaukee, Wis.

Q: What makes a bull sweat the most?

A: A tight jersey.

—Don Lindal

Winnipeg, Canada

Easyriders



"I got a new bike for my ol' lady last year. Good trade, don'tcha think?"

Why do bros blow in their ol' ladies' ears so often? 'Cause the chicks are always needin' refills.

—Lee

Dallas, Pa.

Did ya hear about the Polack who was found dead in his jail cell with 12 lumps on his head? He tried to hang himself with a rubber band.

—Joker

America

"Hey, bro, where's yer ol' lady?"

"Cut her loose, man. That chick was too much like a football player."

"Ya mean she was rough and tough and hard to tackle, somethin' like that?"

"Naw, bro. Like she only showered after the fourth period."

—Turk

On the reservation

Easyriders



"Economy mastectomy number 10. . .kneel right here, Helen."

What do ya call it when two neutered dogs get into a scrap? A fixed fight.

—Ambush

Death Row

What do you call an anorexemic woman with a yeast infection?

A quarter-pounder with cheese.

—Herb Smith

Guilford, Conn.

The new mother in the maternity ward was distraught because she hadn't been allowed to see her baby after its birth. Summoning the nurse, she asked her to please bring her baby to her. The nurse, obviously flustered, left the ward and sent the doctor in to talk to the mother.

"Ma'am," began the doc, "I don't think you want to see your baby boy just yet. The fact is, he's hideously deformed. I think it would be best to . . ."

"My baby! I want to see my baby! I don't care what he looks like!" the frantic mother yelled, and she went into hysterics, demanding again and again to see her son.

Defeated, the doctor left, returning in a few minutes with her baby covered in a blue blanket. Holding the bundle in front of the mother, he slowly unfolded the blanket, and staring at the mother was a giant, blob-like eyeball.

The shocked mother began screaming at the top of her lungs, and the doc had to give her a tranquilizer to calm her down. As the sedative began to take effect, she tearfully said to the doctor, "Nothing could be worse than this, could it?"

The sawbones replied, "Well, yes, ma'am, it could — he's blind."

—Hawk

Moorpark, Calif.

Q: What's the difference between a vulture an' yer ol' lady?

A: A vulture circles three times before chewin' yer ass out.

—Jack Maliszewski

Milwaukee, Wis.

Two bros were at the ball game, an' one of 'em turned an' looked up at the bleachers. "Damn, lookit that!" the bro exclaimed, starin' up a young lady's skirt. "I can see that chick's pussy from down here."

The other biker took a look and said, "Naw, man, she's just wearin' black panties, that's all."

"Bullshit, that's pussy hair, plain as day," contended the other.

After some discussion, the bikers bet \$10 on who was right, an' one of the bros went to check.

"Well, who won the bet?" asked the bro when the other returned.

"We both lost," came the reply. "It's flies."

—F.C.B.

Long Beach, Calif.

Did ya hear about the biker who had five dicks? His pants fit him like a glove.

—Fat Boy

Durango, Colo.

School teacher to biker's rugrat: "How do you spell straight?"

Rugrat: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."

Teacher: "That's right. And what does it mean?"

Rugrat: "Without water."

—Aaron Davis

Jefferson City, Mo.

Easyriders



"Look, er, Mr. Jones. When I called your wife a sleazy, booze-soaked, herpes-ridden scumbag, I didn't mean anything by it."

What hit me?

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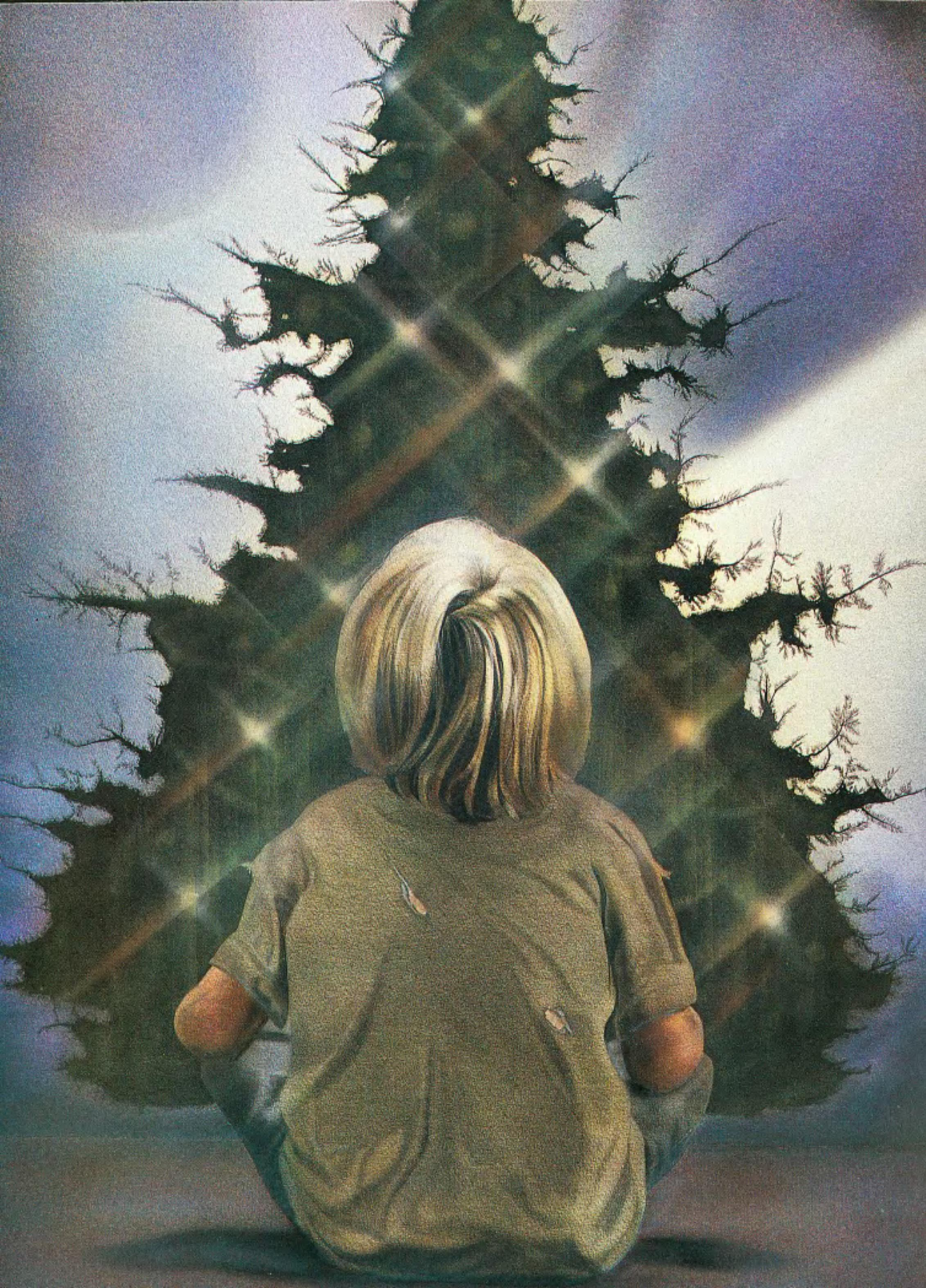
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A TREE for CHRISTMAS

by Ed Vaughn

"Hey, Jake, you're wanted in the principal's office."
"I'm getting laid off, right?"
Yeah, me and the rest of the world.
Christmas. Shit!

"Uh-uh. The school called. Your kid, Rugger, got the boot. They want to see you over there right away."

"Thanks," I said. "Happy New Year."
I punched out, gave Chug a couple of stiff kicks, and rumbled out into a bone-snapping north wind. The sky was the color of chimney smoke, thick and low. Along Eastern Avenue, I caught a glimpse of a time-and-temperature sign — 2:38, 24 degrees. It was going to snow. The right time for it, I thought, with Christmas only a few days away.

When I pulled up in front of the school, half a dozen lumpy bundles of cloth were stamping around outside the door, puffing on something or other. Not one of them made a move to come over and look at Chug. What do they teach kids these days, anyway?

The inside of the three-story brick building felt like a blast furnace. The heat was higher than the galvanize vats I work with. The girl behind the counter asked what she could do for me and added "sir." Obviously she didn't mistake me for a student.

"I'm looking for whatsizname, the principal."

She took a couple of long steps backward, held her hand to her mouth, and looked like she was about to sick up over everything. I'd forgotten how I smelled. Galvanize will do that. It makes everyone ill the first time they smell it.

"Mr. Murblemumble." She pointed and ran for the door.

I trudged down the hall. The place looked just like the joint I'd been asked to leave years before. Wood and plaster, scarred by knives and splattered with slogans. But the artwork was new. Decorating the walls were guys with helmets and swords and wool leggings, and broads drawn large in the butt and knockers. Kids Rugger's age are really into tits. But then, who ain't?

The door was open. A sign said *Martin Henry, Principal*. I went in and sat

The place looked just like the joint I'd been asked to leave years before. Wood and plaster, scarred by knives and splattered with slogans.

down. The room was empty. Henry had a desk made for labor/management negotiations. About the size of a small aircraft carrier. Flat and empty, as if the guy didn't have anything to do. He'd probably pulled me down here because he was bored. Makes \$89 million a year sitting at an empty desk and doesn't have anything better to do than jerk me around, making me lose pay so that he won't be lonely.

To hell with this, I thought. I stood up and started for the door when a little guy in glasses and a face like a starving rat whipped into the room. His jacket was corduroy, with leather elbow patches; a plaid shirt open at the neck billowed underneath. He resembled a

scarecrow without the stuffing. The door slammed behind him, but not before he had gotten seated. Quick little sucker. Probably jogged and ate sprouts. He didn't offer his hand.

"Mr. Wilkins?"

"Yeah, who're you?"

"I'm Mr. Henry, as it says on the door."

I stared at him.

"You know why I asked you down here?"

"To read your door?"

He frowned. "I had to kick your boy out of school today. First time I've ever had to do that. It didn't feel very good."

I could tell. He looked real hurt. Like Mark Gastineau after sacking Danny White.

"He was caught stealing."

Now *that* hurt. I may have let Rugger get away with a lot of things, even a couple of lies here and there, but stealing was something I wouldn't put up with. It made *me* look bad, like I couldn't provide for my family.

"Did he do it?"

"Of course he did it!"

"You asked him?"

"Of course I asked him! What do you think, that I just lobbed him out for fun?"

His nose was twitching. The smell was beginning to get to him. Closed up in that stuffy room, it must have come at him like five fingers of Scotch on an empty stomach. He sneezed.

"Man alive! What's that smell?"

"Galvanize."

"You work with that stuff?"

"Every day. Open a window, you don't like it."

He pulled open a window. The north wind wolfed in, hungry. As close as he

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BIKER NEWS

A PROFILE OF AN AIM ATTORNEY

**JEFF
CHAPNICK**

**ONTARIO,
CANADA**



Most of our attorneys are a little more conservative than Jeff Chapnick, whose final words during a recent telephone conversation were, "Don't write the article so I look like a jerk!" This from a guy who's called a "Barrister/solicitor," aside from other things, and walks around the courthouse in a robe.

Actually, our Ontario, Canada, AIM attorney, is a cool guy, but a very strange character. He was born a poor, black sheep into a family of respected legal and medical backgrounds (they are still waiting for him to change his name). Following in his family's footsteps, he decided he wanted to be a doctor, but was told he was too dumb and should go to law school. That he did, via his Bachelor of Science degree at the University of Toronto, and finally graduating in 1977 with a Bachelor of Law degree from the University of Windsor. Licensed in 1979, he now works with two other attorneys, soon to be three. Additionally, he'd like it known, that he is the BOSS! He started out practicing criminal law, and soon was defending many patch holders in the Toronto area. His appreciation for the downed biker came in 1980 when he became the victim of a left hander. He understands the plight of the biker because he is a biker. It's a lifestyle he believes in and works hard to protect.

Jeff mostly rides his stroker, all 86 cubic inches. His other Harleys include two 48s (1 war, 1 civilian), a flathead, knucklehead, panhead and an old style shovelhead. He isn't a collector, all the bikes are for sale. But no collect calls, please. He considers himself a serious rider who likes to ride for fun and wants to be a biker when he grows up. You figure it out.

AIM HITS 100,000 MARK

On the 13th day of April, 1987, an amazing memo crossed my desk: Aid to Injured Motorcyclists signed up its 100,000th member.

What started a very short time ago as a program to protect the legal rights of motorcyclists in California, has grown to include bikers in all states and provinces of two countries. Also, motorcyclists are sending in applications for all family members for extended protection. Over 300 motorcycle organizations across North America include AIM as their group's own program.

The following are some of this program's outstanding statistics:

- 110 affiliated AIM attorneys working to protect motorcyclists rights.
- Approximately 9,000 AIM volunteers aiding injured motorcyclists "Bikers Helping Bikers."
- A quarterly newsletter distributed to over 150,000 informed riders.
- Attorney legal network for other legal problems that include hundreds of attorneys.

AIM still provides 24-hour legal protection for all accidents—motorcycle, car, truck or work related. CALL US.

NCOM SERVES 200 GROUPS

The National Coalition of Motorcyclists, now serving over 200 rider organizations, groups and clubs, is the fastest growing bikers rights voice in the United States and Canada.

Developed for all rider groups, this is a united voice for freedom of choice, protection of a lifestyle, and the right to ride. It provides member organizations with "free" legislative information, a quarterly newsletter, a grant/loan program, national public relations/public awareness, a proven communications network, and special assistance in a variety of areas.

Funded by the Aid to Injured Motorcyclists legal assistance program, NCOM is your voice through direct input from the member organizations and your representatives on the Board of Advisors serving ten regions.

JOIN TODAY by calling USA (800) 525-5355, CANADA (800) 521-2425 or CALL (800) 235-2424.

MANY GRANTS AWARDED

The NCOM Grant Program has been able to help member groups with various biker rights issues such as:

- A \$10,000 grant was given to ABATE of Florida to assist in their fight at the Supreme Court level, to declare their helmet law unconstitutional.
- Under the NCOM Grant Program, a substantial grant was given to ABATE of Colorado to hold their 1986 Coming Together Seminar.
- A small grant was given for the Rider Challenge (motorcycle safety program) during Bike Week at Daytona Beach.
- A grant of over \$7,000 has been given to the Modified Motorcycle Association of Nevada to assist in doing a legislative survey of their elected officials on motorcycling issues. The results will be mailed to every registered rider in Nevada for lobbying purposes. One of the main goals will be to repeal that state's current helmet law.
- Over \$7,000 was awarded to ABATE of North Dakota to perform an in-depth legislative survey of their elected officials on motorcycling issues. The results will be mailed to all registered motorcyclists in North Dakota.

DOORS OPENED IN ALBERTA, CANADA

On Wednesday, December 10, 1986, bikers' rights groups met with representatives of the Alberta, Canada Transportation Agency to discuss the current mandatory helmet law, the need to improve their rider education program and Motorcycle Safety Awareness Week.

The meeting was attended by: Ross P. Hogg, Director, Alberta Transportation Safety Branch and L.L. Keown, Assistant Director; Dan Yagos, President, Bikers Rights Organization (BRO) of Alberta; Ryan Larue, BRO member and National AIM representative for Canada; and Bob Thornton, Executive Director, National Coalition of Motorcyclists.

Generally, the bikers of Alberta have not had much luck in the past meeting with transportation representatives—for a lot of the usual "government versus bikers" excuses from government. But, with the coming of a new agency director, and the diligence of BRO and ABATE, the meeting on December 10 proved to be extremely productive for a new, cooperative effort to reduce motorcycle injuries and fatalities in Alberta.

Working hand in hand, government, BRO and ABATE are now going to review the current motorcycling rider education program to improve it; review the current laws pertaining to motorcycles and make recommendations to improve motorcycling throughout Alberta; continue to improve the current awareness efforts to all motorists; increase promotion of rider education.

An agreement was reached to have the government come to the bikers in the near future to continue the communication which can only help toward this new "open door" cooperation.

was to that window, he'd be a Popsicle in under two minutes. A lot I cared.

"Tell me what happened," I said.

"Take your time, I want to know everything."

I hit the door at a run. Rugger, whose real name is Phineas, because my ol' lady liked it, was sitting and staring at something on the tube. I punched the button and grabbed his arm, saying nothing. I pulled him upstairs and slapped his ass onto the bed. He started to protest.

"Shut up and listen! I talked to your principal this afternoon. He's a real prince, that Martin Henry Henry Martin guy."

"He's an asshole."

I cuffed him. "You're right, but shut up anyway."

Whoa, I told myself. No reason to smack the kid around. Slow down. Keep it cool.

Tugging a pack of smokes from my pocket, I flicked a match one-handed and pulled deep, feeling the smoke bite into my lungs. I held it a long time before exhaling.

"I only got one question," I said. "Did you do it?"

He nodded slowly, finding something interesting to stare at between his feet. "Yes," he said. "But I was just doing what you always told me."

We sat there for a long time, the only sound the wind whining around the house.

"You want to explain that," I said.

"Well, . . . you know Whitey Morgan. His old man owns an Ariel. They live over. . ."

"I know where they live. So?"

"Well, his old man hasn't worked in a long time. Whitey's always comin' to school lookin' worse and worse, clothes all ratty and stuff, and today he told me that he didn't have any lunch money, probably wouldn't have any for a long time. The only thing they got left that's worth selling is his old man's Ariel."

"Well, you always told me that brothers got to stick together, so I just sorta figured. . . well, there was all this collected money for the refugees and I just sorta figured that they got churches and stuff to look after them, but if we don't look after each other. . ."

I leaned back in my chair and listened to the wind for a while. "I got a story I want you to hear," I said.

"You remember your Uncle Woops, don't you? Short guy, fat, always making bad jokes and falling down. This happened a few years ago. Your old lady and I were having one of our usual

friendlinesses. You know, where she screams and throws things till I get sick of it and take a swipe at her and feel like shit afterwards. Not that she doesn't deserve it, mind you.

"Anyway, your old lady had taken you with her to stay at your Aunt Sunflower's place, one of those single-story cinder block boxes out in the valley. I was left to spend Christmas with Woops and a couple of bottles of bourbon. Woops was in great form, being his usual clumsy self, stumbling around the house, cracking stupid, tripping over the carpet nap, farting, and generally saying 'Woops!' a lot.

"I remember getting so sick of his falling down and dropping whatever I handed him that I suggested we take a ride somewhere. I didn't have any place particular in mind. I just didn't want to be alone — only away from the house and anything destructible.

"On the way out to his truck, Woops

"He was spilling more bourbon than he was drinking, but he managed, by sucking on the spill spots, to get most of it back."

managed, without help, to stun the front porch with his ear, collapse down an entire flight of stairs, and wrestle your old lady's favorite rose bush into submission — on the second try. I decided I'd drive.

"Anyway, as we pulled out it began to snow, like an invasion of a million brainless moths. We drove around until about three in the morning, spinning down the road and laughing like idiots. Then Woops took to nursing the bourbon, saying it was good for what ailed him. What ailed him was a terminal case of the clumsies. Maybe he was



"When I asked you what you'd like, that is not what I meant."

right. He was spilling more bourbon than he was drinking, but he managed, by sucking on the spill spots, to get most of it back.

"After we decided to turn back, he fell silent and I got to thinking about you and your old lady. Shit, it was Christmas. That was no time for me to be alone. I wanted you both home, but I couldn't think of any way to let you know.

"Woops had just about passed out when I heard him belch real funny, like he was going to lose it over everything. I didn't need that in the truck, even if it was his, so I reached across and rolled down the window, pushing the brakes real gentle so he wouldn't rip loose in the cab. The cold caught Woops right in the face. He lurched sideways and puked up last Sunday's breakfast. He kept heaving and farting and belching, till I had to get out of the truck to get some air.

"I walked around for a while, letting the cab air out, when I spotted this tree lot, and it gave me an idea. I started to prowl around, but I couldn't find anything I liked. The trees had been picked over real careful, and everything that was left was either too tall or too scrawny. It was like a health farm for sickly trees.

"I had just started back for the truck when I spotted it. If trees can be beautiful, this was Morgan Fairchild on a Harley. The branches arced up and dipped at the tip. It stood a little taller than my six-one and was as white as the air. I grabbed that sucker with both hands and took off. I don't know who would bust a guy for stealing a tree on Christmas Eve, but I didn't stick around to find out.

"Woops was snoring when I pulled up in front of the house. The moment the truck stopped, he snapped awake.

"Where are we?"

"My old lady's staying here."

"What are we doing here?"

"I got a gift. Go back to sleep."

"He looked around and saw the tree. He belched. 'Wanna help.'

"Before I could stop him, Woops had opened the door and fallen to the ground.

"We gonna put this up?" he asked in a whisper that could be heard in Wyoming.

"Shut up, fer crissakes."

"Okay, okay," he said. 'Wanna help.'

"I clamped my hand over his mouth. 'Shut up, damn it!'

"Sorry," he mouthed without words. 'Wanna help.'

"We hefted the tree out of the truck and started toward the house. Woops took the small end. His door was still open, so he gave it a gentle nudge with

his foot that almost caved in the side. It sounded like Godzilla falling on a kettle-drum.

"Woops."

"There we were, inside the house, Woops wobbling dangerously near the old tree, which looked like it had a contagious case of mange. Needles were all over the floor and packages; branches stuck out in every direction, mostly down, like they resented the weight of the decorations they carried. A half-eaten string of popcorn had been carelessly lobbed over a few of the branches to complete the effect. It was pathetic.

"We started from the top and took all the old crap off, then threw the old tree out, settling the new, flocked tree in its place. Woops giggled the whole time, like he had a secret. I kept hoping he'd sit down and pass out, but no such luck.

"It took almost an hour to replace

"You're not saying that it's okay to steal, are you, Pop?" Rugger asked.

everything. Woops finished the bourbon on the way back, giggling himself to sleep. I didn't feel like drinking.

"Snow was still falling like flakes of paint. The roads were empty and silent. If I hadn't been so exhausted I would have gone for a walk. Instead I collapsed into bed until the phone rang. It was your old lady.

"Phineas and I want to come home," she said."

* * *

"How old was I then?" Rugger asked.

"I don't know, two or three."

"I think I remember that tree."

"Sure, sure." I listened to the wind.

"You're not saying that it's okay to steal, are you, Pop?" Rugger asked.

"Course not." I ruffled his hair. "I took that tree, and that's stealing. But I didn't take it for myself. It wasn't like I needed that tree any more than you needed the money. What you did was wrong, but the reason you did it was right. Ya understand?"

Outside the window a million brainless moths were whirling and dancing. It was going to be a great Christmas. ■

Wanna Play?

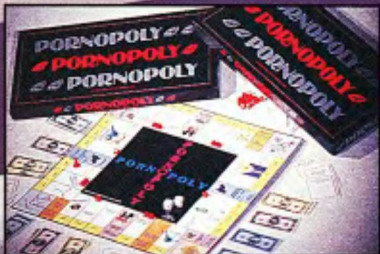
Three games in one — XXX-Rated Real Estate Training, Party game, and Real Estate Trading. Go for it!

Play this game with yer ol' lady, yer girlfriend, or the redhead down the block ya been thinkin' of hittin' on for the last two weeks.

send \$19.95

* (includes postage and handling) to:

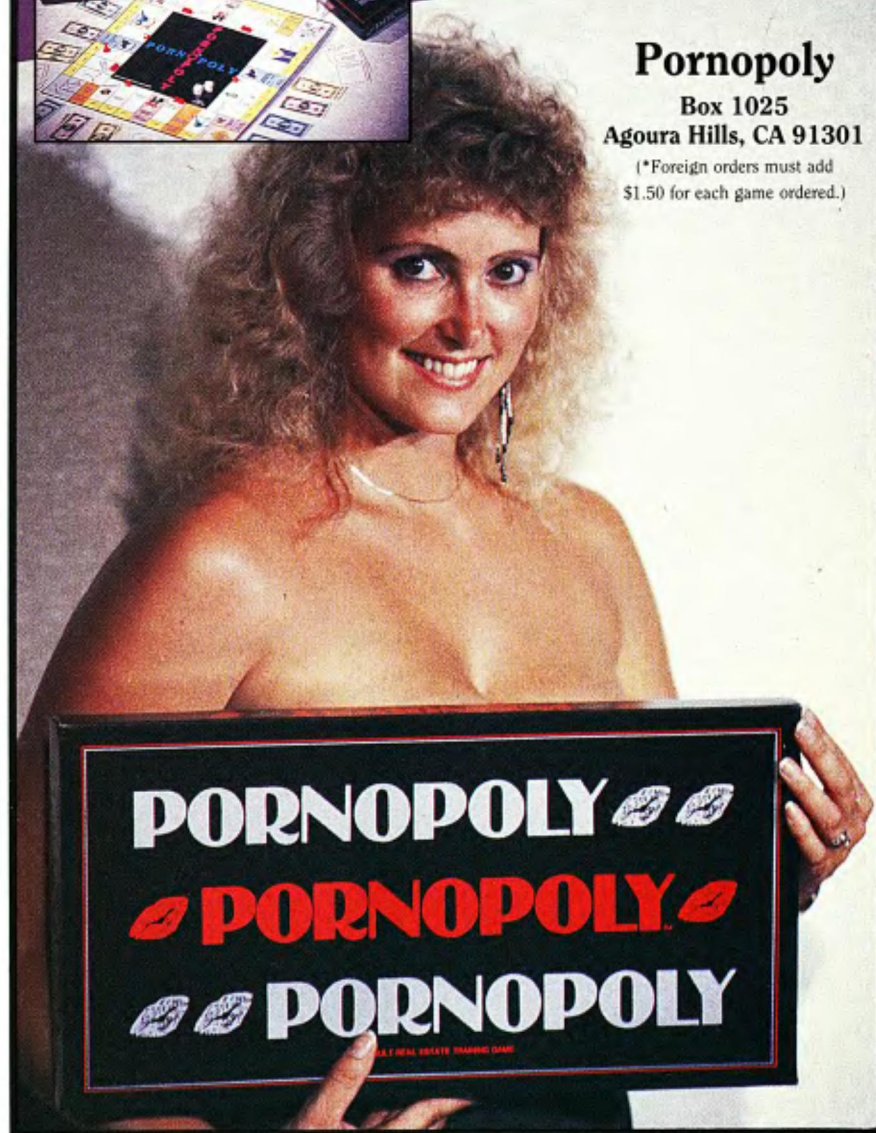
Passin' GO was never this much fun!



Pornopoly

Box 1025
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

(*Foreign orders must add \$1.50 for each game ordered.)



IN THE WIND



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

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 Shadow, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

—from Mad Doctor, On the road

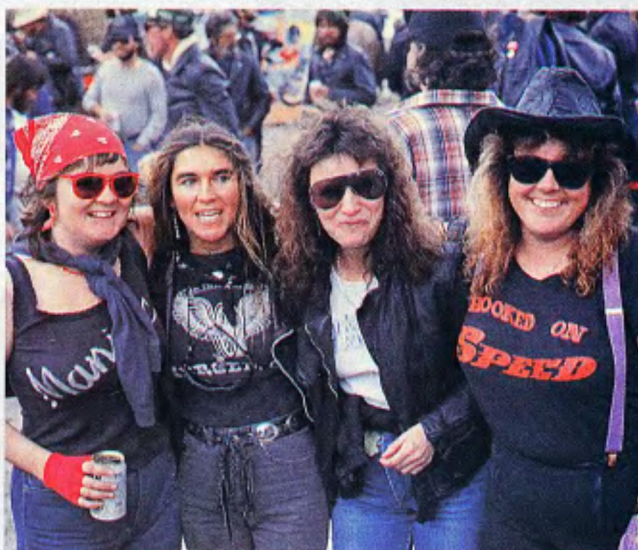




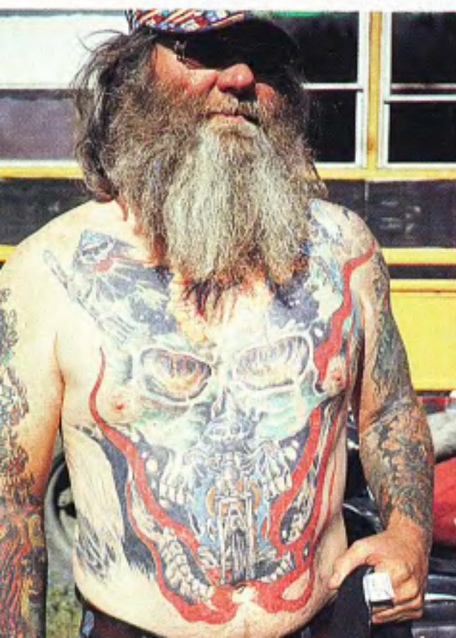
—from Mad Doctor, On the road



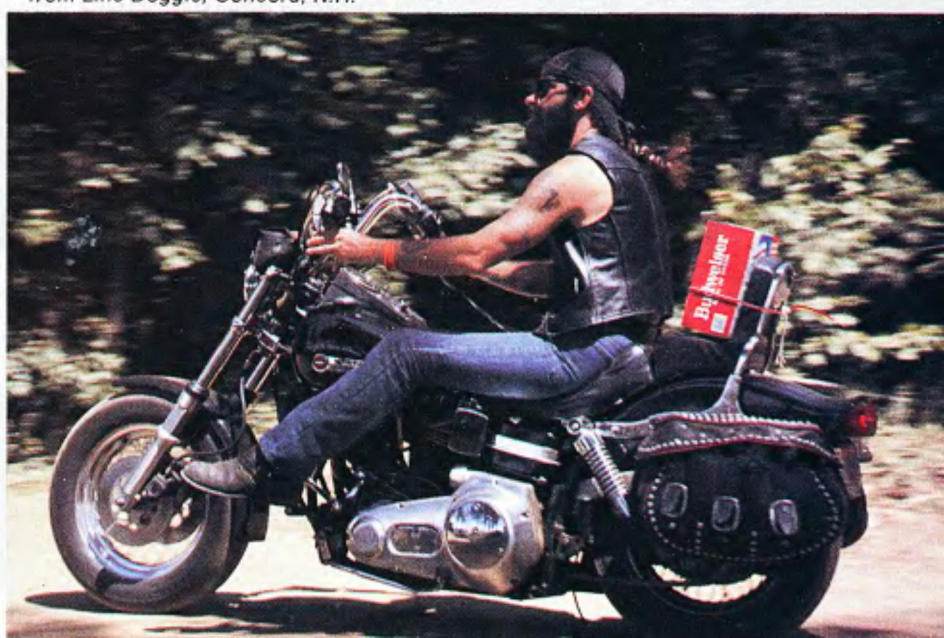
—from Bryan Chambers, Corvallis, Ore.



—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



—from Mad Doctor, On the road

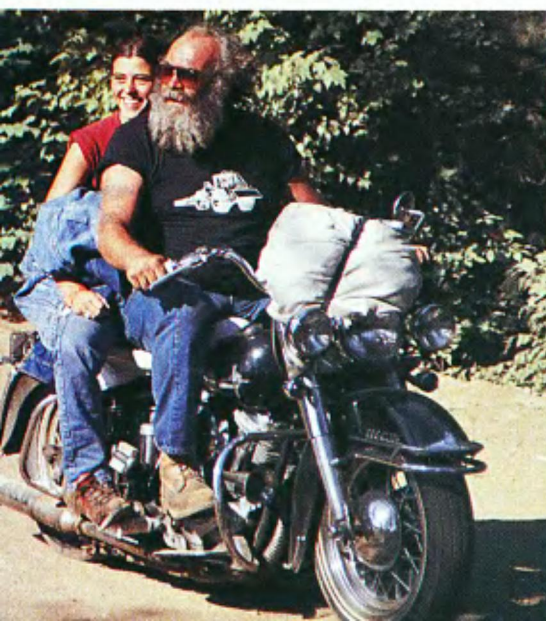




—from Mad Doctor, On the road

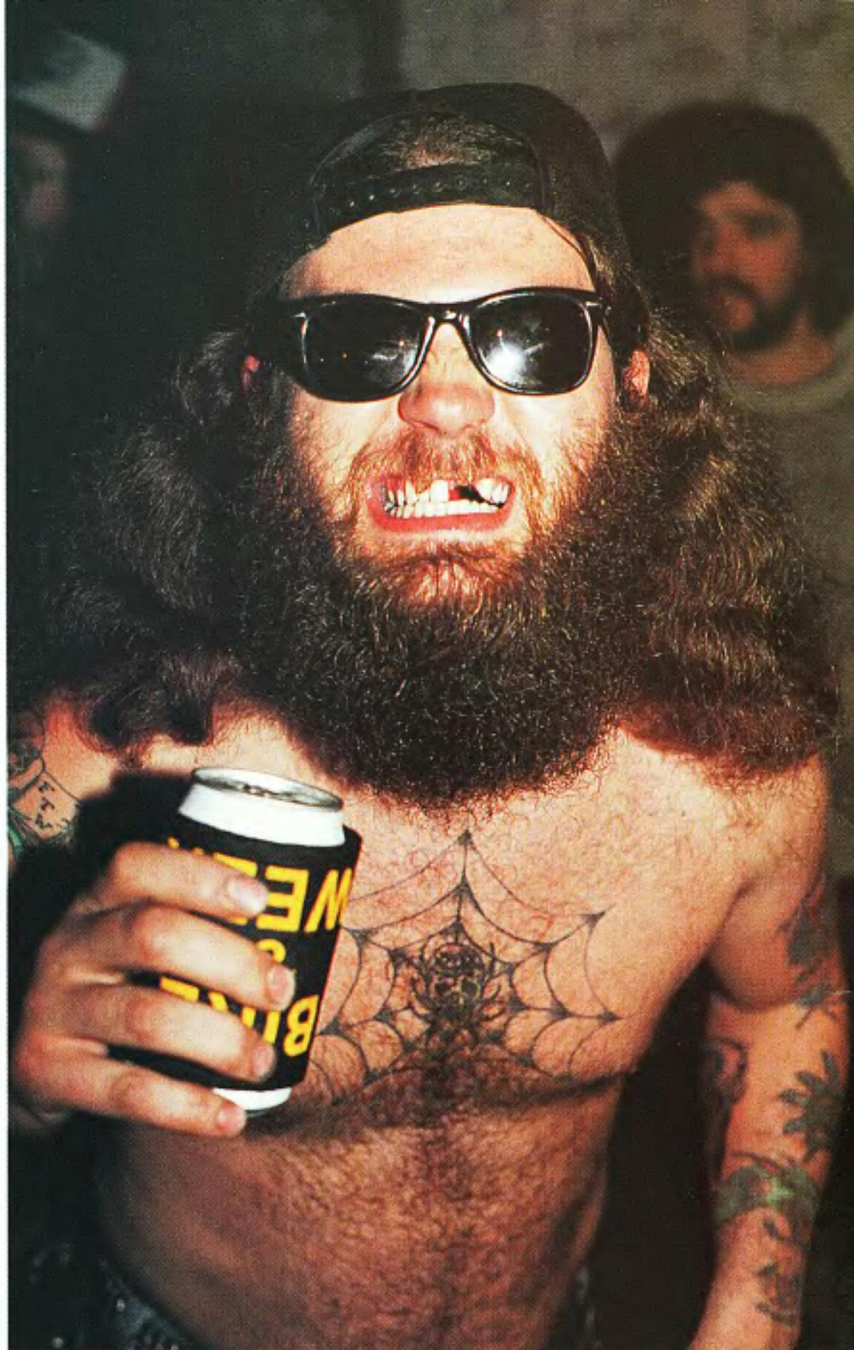


—from Mad Doctor, On the road



—from Line Doggie, Concord, N.H.

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



—from Indian Sue Christian, Morro Bay, Calif.





—from Wino Joe, USA



—from Pat Randle, St. Cloud, Fla.

Saint Nick's Visit by "Fast" Ed Krupinski

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house,
Not a drunkard was stirring,
Not even a louse.

The bottles were hung
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nick
Would fill them with beer.

The delinquents were jailed
And snug in their beds,
As visions of a breakout
Danced in their heads.

With Mom in her nighty
And I out of jail,
We had just settled in bed
For a nice piece of tail.

When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,
I jumped off the old bitch
To see what was the matter.

Away to the window
I made a quick pass,
Tore open a shutter
And fell flat on my ass.

The brightness of
The new-fallen snow
Gave a luster to
The whorehouses below.

When what to my
Poor bloodshot eyes should appear,
But a rusty old sleigh
And eight mangy reindeer.

With a little old driver
Holding his dick —
I knew in a moment it was
That bastard named Nick.

With mitts on the harness,
He flew like a plane,
And he bitched and he shouted,
And he called them by name.

"Now Dancer,
Now Prancer,
Get up to them walls,
Or I'll cut off your balls."

As I listened intently
I could hear on the roof,
A couple of reindeer
Pinching a loaf.

While getting some head,
And turning around,
Down the fireplace,
Fell Nick on my hound.

He was spruced up in red,
And covered with fur,
And he spit a wad of tobacco
On one of my curs.

A bundle of shit
He had flung on his back
And a brick of Colombian
He pulled out of his pack.

His eyes, how glazed!
He stumbled and cursed!
And when he dropped his pants,
He asked for the ol' lady first.

The stump of a pipe,
He clutched in his teeth
And the Jamaican he smoked,
Smelled like his feet.

He had a fat face,
And a belly to match
And it shook quite a bit,
As he dipped into Nell's snatch.

I laughed when I saw him.
In spite of his sight,
He was really layin' it on,
To Nelly's delight.

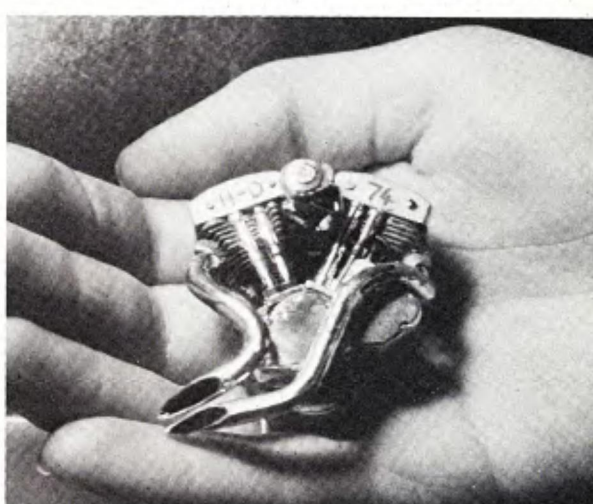
A wink of his eye,
And a twist of the bed
Soon gave me to know,
Nell could give me some head.

He didn't say much,
But a grunt and a groan,
And I could tell by them both
They were about to blow.

And with a happy smile,
He left an extra brick
And all ready next year,
I'll be up for that prick Nick.

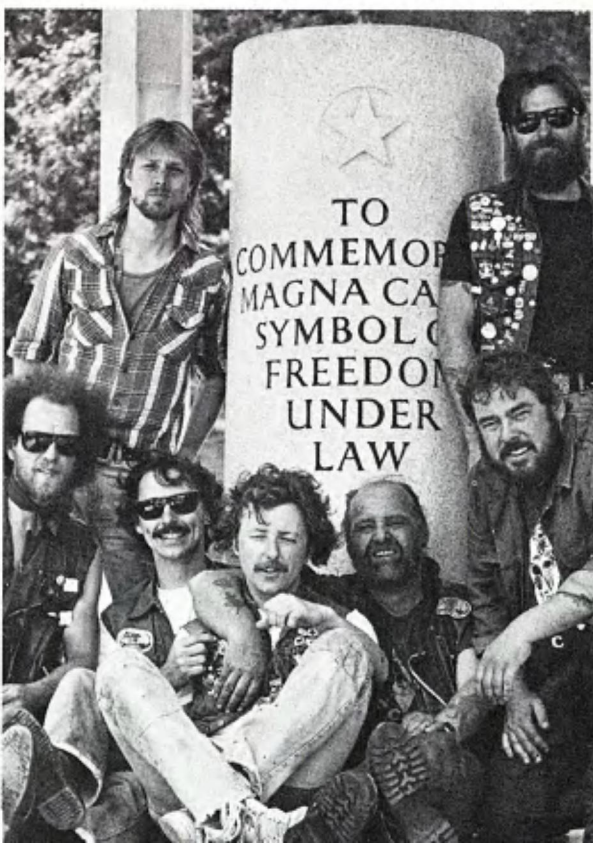
He sprang to his sleigh,
To his team he gave a fright,
And off they flew,
Clean out of sight.

But I heard him exclaim,
As he drove out of sight,
"Piss on these walls,
It's been one hell of a night."



—from Olaf, Sussex, England

—from Ian Mutch, M.A.G., England





—from Klaes Palmgren, Solna, Sweden



—from Wino Joe, USA



—from Weedhopper, Fairplay, Colo.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



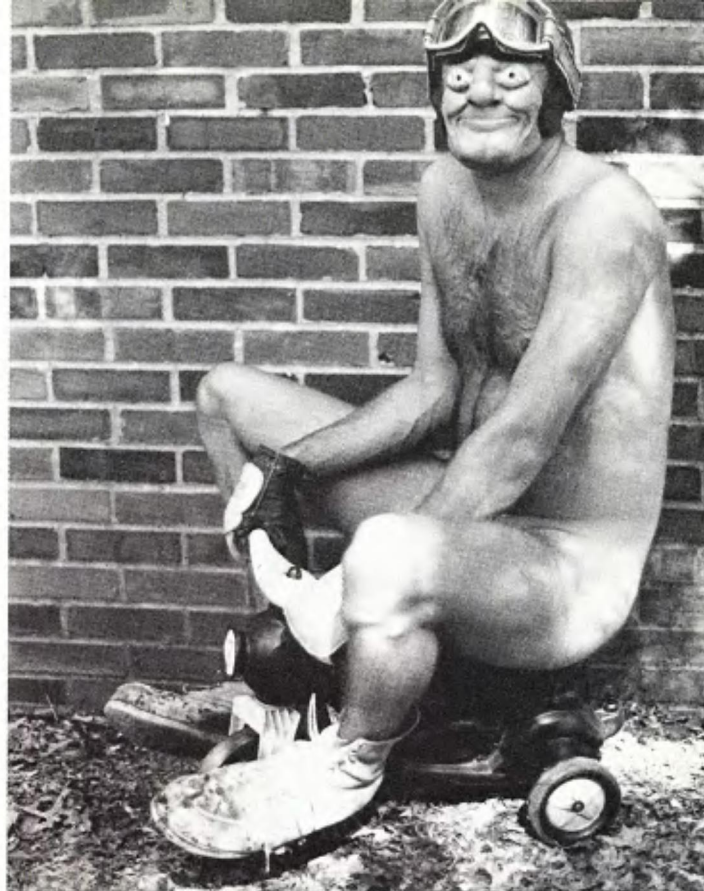


—from Klaes Palmgren, Norrköping, Sweden

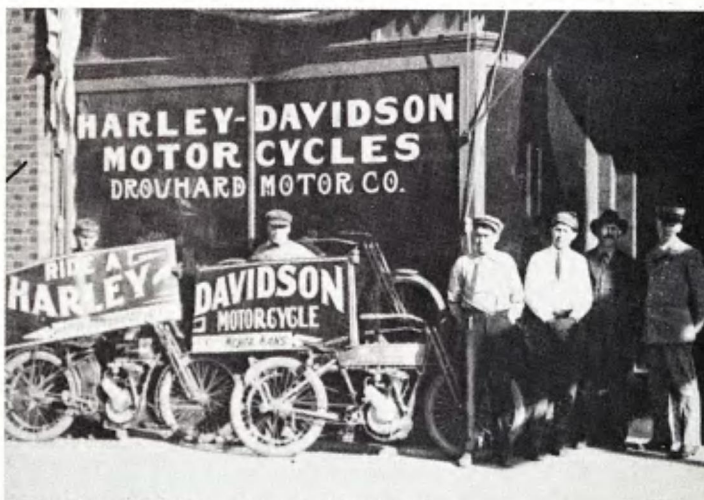


—from Betsy, New Bern, N.C.

—from Mike E., Marysville, Wash.



—from Doug Neyman, Gates Mills, Ohio



—from Randall & Gina Hess, Anthony, Kan.



FOXY RIDER



**Llewellyn, Southwest Oklahoma
1963 Duo-Glide FLH**

Llewellyn was cut from a rare piece of cloth. She probably won't admit it, but she has inadvertently opened a lot of doors for women riders through her persistence and love of motorcycling.

She bought this panhead dresser with 2,400 miles on the speedo in 1968 from a guy whose back gave out on him. With no experience to draw on, but with an insatiable need to ride, she wrote out a check for \$1,100. She put up with the guys' jokes, and with the help of Billy, who would teach her how to ride and who would later become her husband, she kicked the big boy over and has been up and riding ever since, covering the country from coast to coast: she only took time off to mourn the loss of Billy to lung cancer. She has a new riding partner now, Jim Johnson (has an electric start), a man who obviously knows class when he sees it, and the two of them make their own tracks.

The priceless pan, stone stock other than the paint, has made an enormous impact in developing the person who is Llewellyn — motivated, persistent, artistic, and a lover of the outdoors and her Harley.

— Ram Pan



Year: 1963

Model: FLH

Engine: Stock, not yet rebuilt

Forks: stock Duo-Glide

Transmission: original foot shift

Wheels: stock 16s, Goodyears

Chassis: clean and original

Finish: original design, Candy

Apple red and Corvette white

Credits: special thanks to Jim Johnson for minor mechanical assistance.

Special features: tender, lovin' care.



Photos from Llewellyn

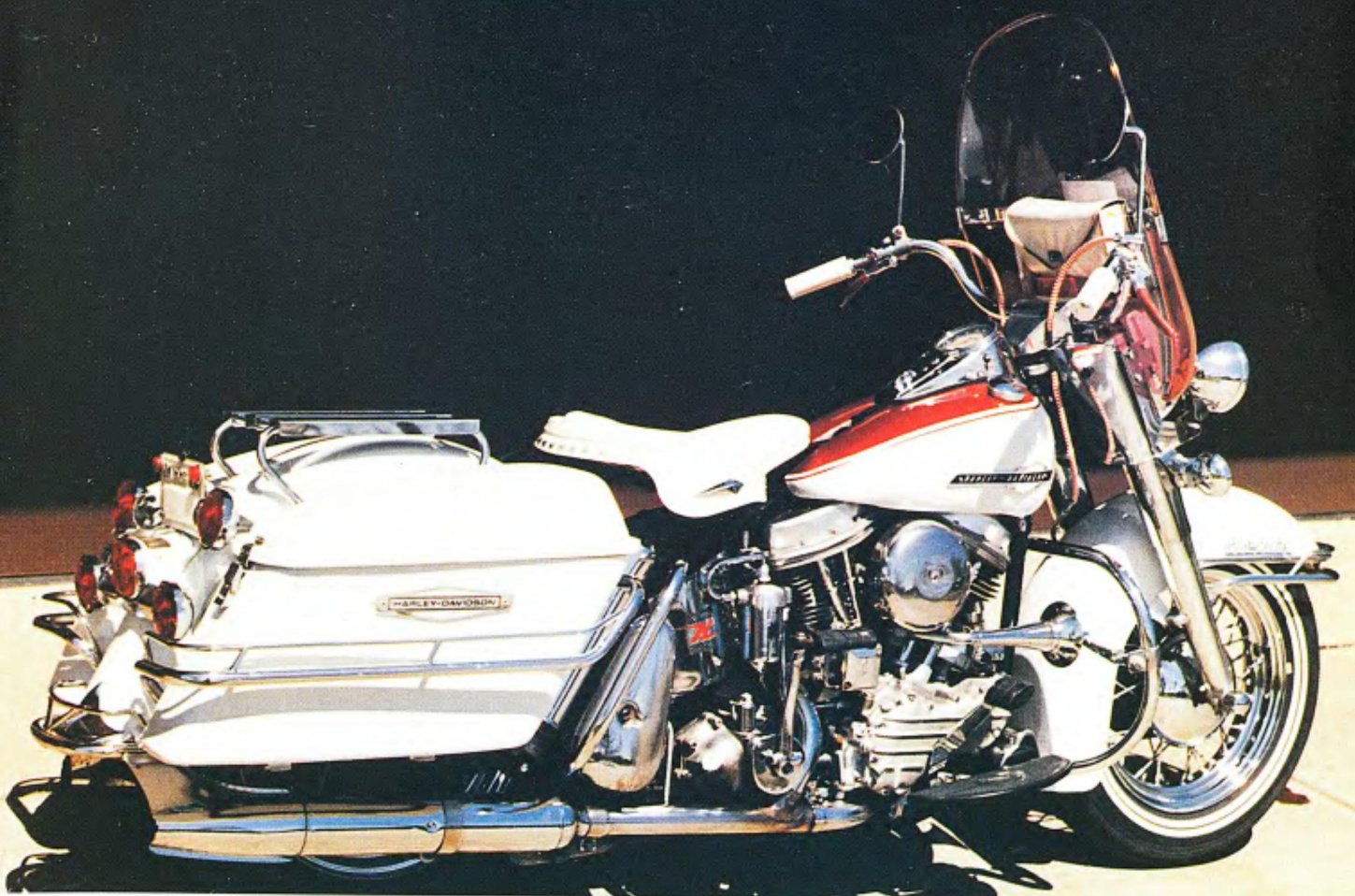






Photo from Jingles



ODIE OF THE NORTH

We were the symbol of the United States during both World Wars. Now, say the headlines, we are killer dogs!

If you believe everything you read in newspapers or see on television, you must be convinced by now that the pit bull terrier is a man-killer. Yes, we've been accused of everything from mayhem to murder, with not one word of praise. So I have chosen this time to speak out in defense of a great breed of dogs, the American pit bull terrier.

We bulldogs usually don't talk, but the square press is putting out such a large supply of anti-bulldog propaganda that I decided our side must be heard. Town after town is banning our very existence; some have even made it illegal to be a pit bull.

If these people had only studied their history, they would know my ancestors were from England and Ireland, where we ruled supreme for three hundred years. We came to America on ships with our English and Irish owners. They built the railroads and mined the gold; we guarded them and kicked ass when appropriate. As the men moved across the continent, we went with them. They were strong men, brave and adventurous; we were their reflections. They were the toughest of men; we were the toughest of dogs. When they were called to war, they went, served, and fought bravely; we were their mascots, representing all the attributes of a tried and true warrior. We were the symbol of the United States during both World Wars. Now, say the headlines, we are killer dogs!

I'm not saying we aren't tough — we are — but we are also loyal, kind, and would die before allowing harm to come to our owners. We love kids and flourish in a family atmosphere. We are neither

vicious nor evil. Yet night after night, the network news broadcasts focus on "pit bull attacks."

We are the victims of a bad image. Our name evokes fear in the minds of the viewers. Tight shots of snarling bulldogs and fearful stories of savage attacks boost the ratings, just as stories of bikers are used by sensationalist reporters looking for a story to frighten the folks in front of the set.

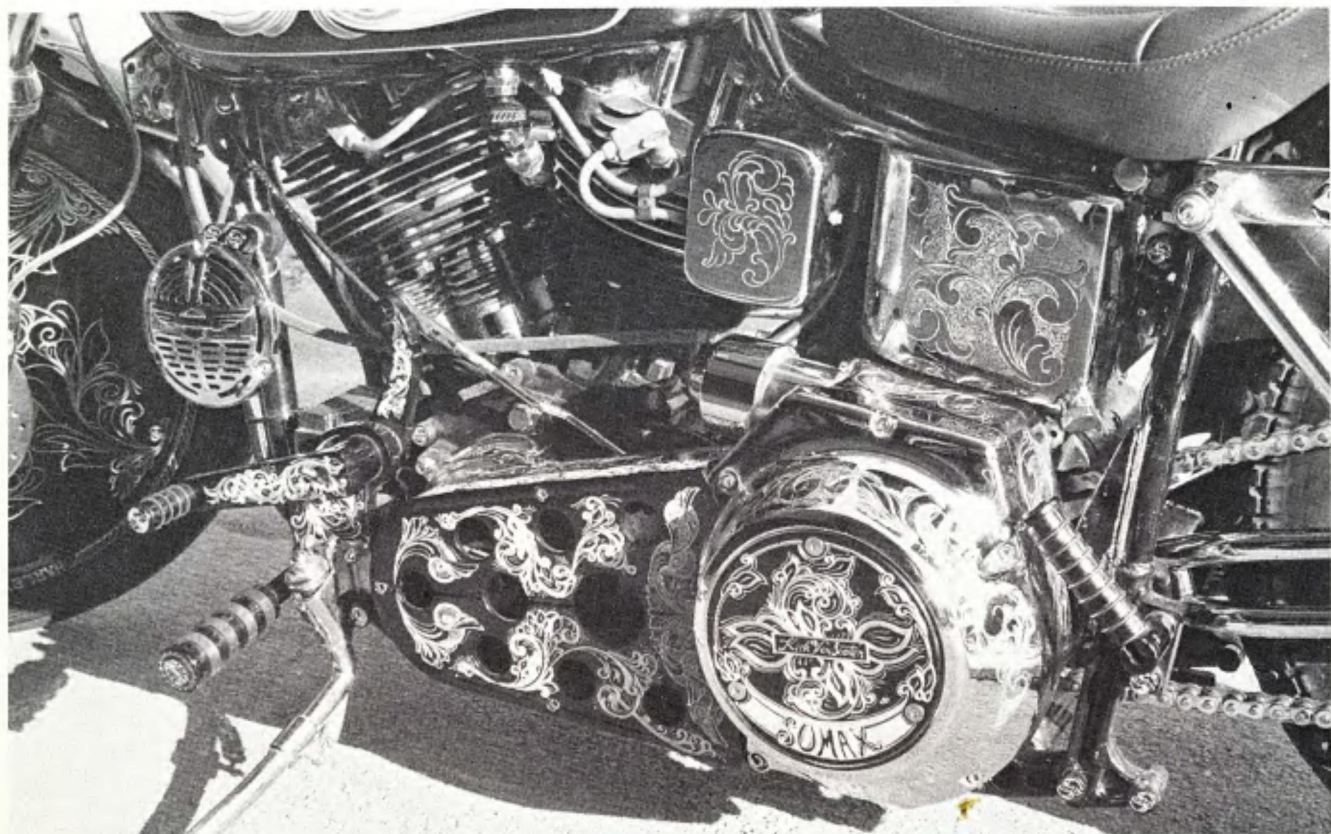
Where will this trend end? Killer Bikers and Their Killer Dogs — will that be the next headline? Will bulldogs and bikers be hounded out of existence? I think not. The same survival genes responsible for the bulldog's and the biker's presence in today's society will also enable them to survive in the future. The very attitudes and behavior found in both may be the very attributes required for survival on hostile planets or on an Earth torn by nuclear war.

The biker and the bulldog should be treasured by an educated population, but I doubt that it will happen. Stories about bad bikers and bad bulldogs will always recur, because bad news sells better than good news.

Every time a person is bitten by a bulldog, the press screams bloody murder, but in most cases of dogbite, the dog is usually not a bulldog. We have never been in the "Top Ten" of man-biting dog breeds! We are man's friend. We are the biker's best friend. We are true to the end. So love us or leave us alone! We are America's dog — a symbol of the heart of the USA and the spirit of America!

— "Odie"

Mascot of a proud and decorated Vietnam vet



HAND ENGRAVING

A tradition passed from father to son for three generations

Engraving goes back to the days of Sir Lancelot in the Middle Ages. Along with knighthood came honor, prestige, and engraved weaponry. Men have been engraving their weapons ever since.

Today, engraving bike parts takes on similar symbolism. As you take a closer look at some engraved parts, you will notice there are freehand and pattern styles. Freehand is usually found on such parts as lower legs, primary covers, nose cones, rockers, kicker covers, oil tanks, and air cleaners. It combines curves and swirls, and leaves accents by shading and stippling. Shading softens the cuts, while stippling (looks like millions of dots) accents the cuts.

Pattern engraving is just that — a pattern is laid out and cut. An accomplished engraver must also have artistic ability to draw out the pattern. Lettering can be tricky due to the multitude of styles. Check out the sprocket. Herb Jerred of Sumax engraved this detailed piece.

Most commonly engraved parts are either anodized or plated. Quality anodizing is done to highly polished billet or sheet aluminum. The engraver cuts through the color, exposing the glossy silver alumi-



Tech Tip

num finish underneath. With deep color hues, the cuts can be dramatic. Engraving is done after polishing and before plating. Chrome and gold-plated parts are usually engraved freehand.

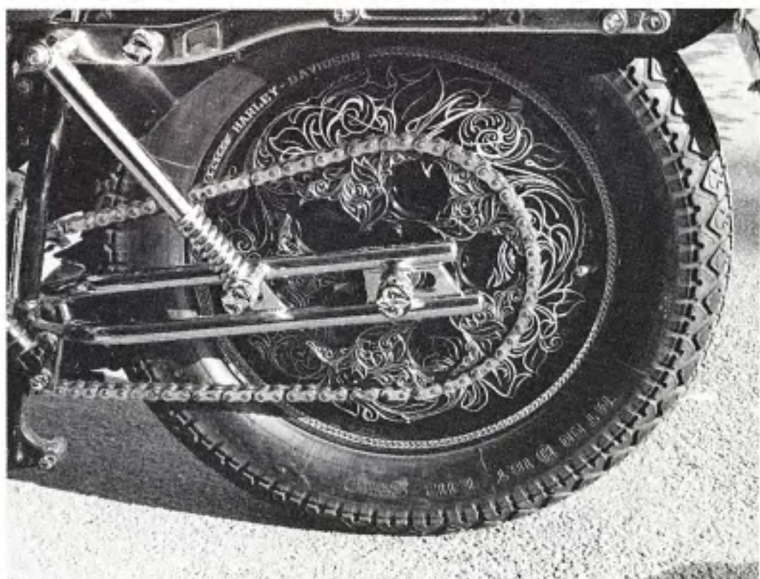
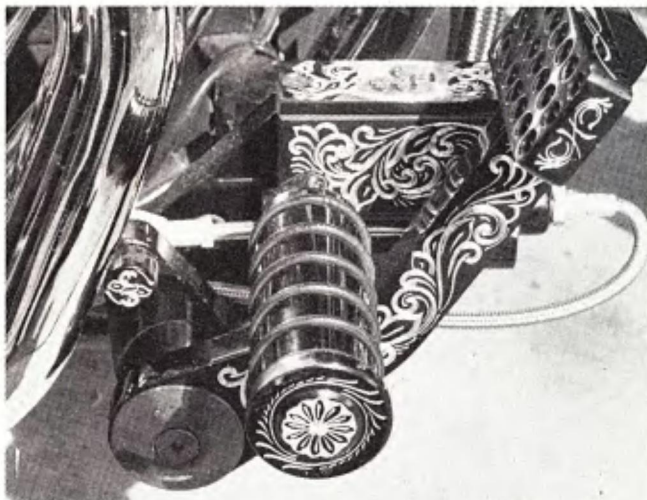
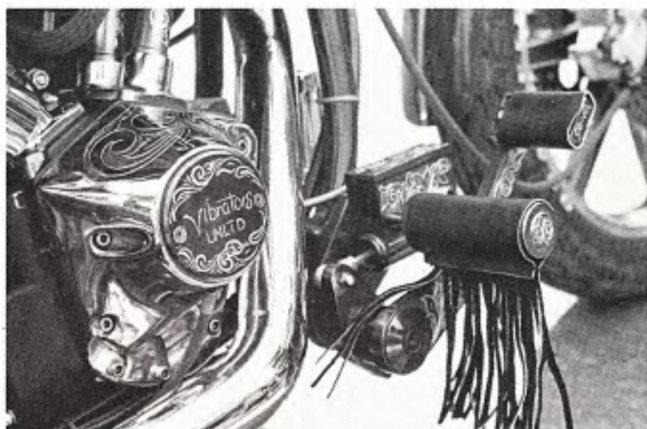
Herb Jerred of Sumax fame learned the art of engraving from his father, who was noted for cutting the intricate crown and imperial grade L.C. Smith shotguns. These guns are worth a fortune to collectors today. The Colt people wanted Herb's father to teach their people special effects. He rejected the offer, as he felt such an art should only be passed from father to son.

Herb apprenticed under his dad for two years (without pay), learning to make his own tools, all tailored to specific tasks. All grades, hardnesses, and shapes of metal were used for practice. Graduation day came with the completion of an "All Blue" pattern on a .44 caliber flatter. A wide variety of pistols, rifles, shotguns, and Bowie knives began to flow in from all over the country.

Kirk Van Scoten of Sumax got in touch with Herb three years ago, just to see what he could do with motorcycle parts. Herb got off on working on buttery soft aluminum (compared to gunmetal). He was taught to engrave the traditional way — by hand. To keep up with the volume of work and continue the top quality, Herb purchased a Graver Max. This miniature jackhammer allows cleaner, deeper cuts with less fatigue. Now Herb's son, Bert, is apprenticing under him as the tradition continues.

A full-line catalog from Sumax can be had by sending them \$3.00. Sumax, Dept. ER, 7091 South St., Westmoreland, NY 13490. (315) 853-5623.

—Weed





Easyriders

FOX HUNT

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

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

It works this way — if your entry is selected as the monthly winner, 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 December 31, 1987. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #175 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the eighth monthly winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt — Reda, from Waco, Texas. See more of her in next month's issue.



FOX HUNT
Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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

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

175

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

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

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

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



*I've always had an urge to be in *Easyriders*, and when I get an urge, I go for it.*

Monica



I spend lots of time and energy keeping in shape. I'd like to share the results with all the "Harley Hunks."

B.J.



I'm good-lookin' and have a nice body. I think my brother would be proud to show his friends I made it.

Deborah



I can always use the money. A trip out of town sounds just fine. But a ride on a Harley-Davidson gets this girl every time.

Lynn



It's plain and simple. I love the feeling of a Harley between my legs and the wind in my face. Isn't that what *Easyriders* is about?

Stephanie



I'd really get off on a lot of bikers drooling over me, not to mention I'm saving for a Harley 883 cc Hugger! Five hundred bucks would help!

Erin



I want to show that a biking mama, even at 40, is still capable of riding the wind, and looking good doing it.

Patti

SEPTEMBER FOX HUNT WINNER



Hey, fellas, gather 'round an' start droolin' at Sting, your September Fox Hunt winner. Sting lays an early Christmas present on us and you, with a huge Harley-helpin' of a ragin' Cajun.

See more of her exploits on page 86 and catch her in action as she readies her ol' man's scooter for Christmas.

The Magnificent
Motorcycle Art of

50 different pieces of art

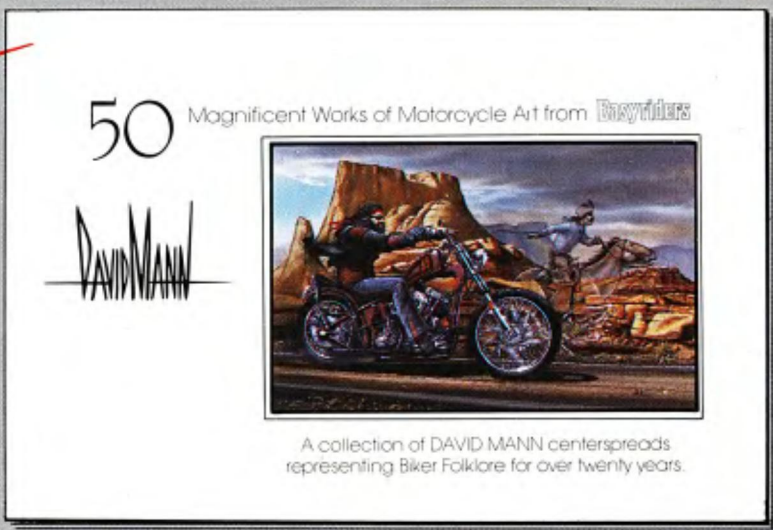
Finally, a DAVID MANN art collection. The biker's artist is finally honored with his own book. A collection of 15 years of the best DAVID MANN centerspreads from *Easyriders*.

Centerspread size on heavy
frameable stock — 11" x 16"

Also, a history of his motorcycling days and artistic talents.

A classic collection of bike lore, bikes, and the lifestyle, as portrayed by the MANN himself.

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At \$19.95 each (plus \$2.00 per order postage and handling. APO/FPO and Canadian, add \$3.50. Other foreign, add \$4.00. U.S. funds only! California residents, add 6% tax). These huge 11" x 16" books make gifts that will be remembered all year long. Order today!

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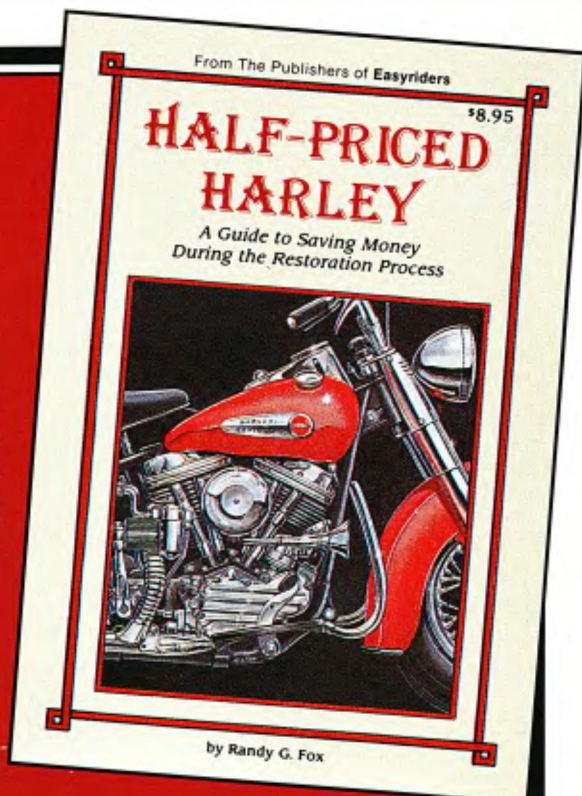
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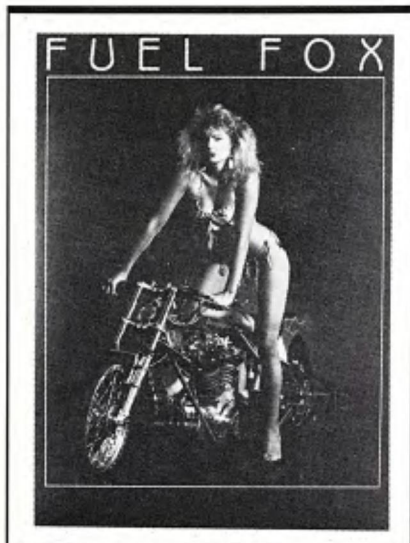
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PARTS BOX

Tell 'em Snake sent ya.



FOR DRAG FREAKS

Or speed freaks, or long leg aficionados — a full-color poster of a sweet blonde momma on asphalt, sizzlin'. If you're interested, and everyone who comes in my shed and sees mine is, just call (505) 345-7432 and ask for Gloria at Full Moon Photo-graphics.



BIKER YELLOW PAGES

No jive, there's a directory for everything now: women, seniors, doctors, and now a nationwide *Biker's Bible* with organizations, shops, bars, runs, and parties. Not a bad idea for when I collect enough days off to make that long-overdue cross-country. For more info, write: Thunderbird Advertising and Publishing, Dept. ER, 1927 West Thunderbird #223, Phoenix, AZ 85023.



DEEP BREATH MANIFOLDS

Alan Sputhe is noted for performance design. And since we put up a lotta bucks for state-of-the-art carbs, we might as well back 'em up with a manifold which is capable of flowing 44 to 65 percent more air than the stock counterparts. In the shot, the longest one hooks up to a 44 mm Mikuni, the shorter one with the flange keeps a 46 mm Flowmaster going, and the other one is designed for the Screamin' Eagle carburetor. For more info, write Alan Sputhe, Dept. ER, 11185 Lime Kiln Rd., Grass Valley, CA 95945.



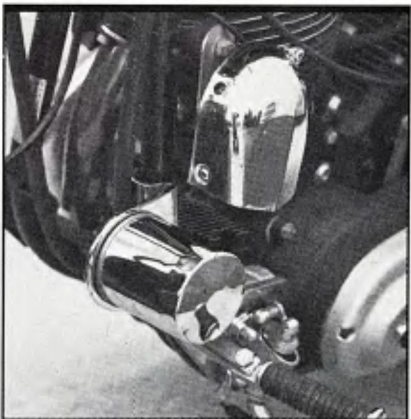
OLD HAT

Hey, here's a couple of guys with the right idea. If ya don't want their hat, for six bucks they'll send ya directions, and you can make yer own floppy lid! Finished caps and kits are available; just scribe to Old Hat, Dept. ER, Box 1132, Tioga, LA 71477.



The Marijuana Question

What a trip and what a Christmas present. Remember the last time you took a hit of some *sinsemilla* super shit from Saigon and went blind? Or think back to the hash oil your honey offered you and had you coughing for three years. Well, the Ann Landers of tokers has written a book, inspired by his long-running column in *High Times* called "Ask Ed." So ask him, or read the book by writing the Quick American Publishing Company, Dept. ER, Box 477, San Francisco (natch), CA 94101.



ENGINE-SAVER OIL FILTER KIT

Remember all the shit we used to do to filter oil and blew our engines in the process? Well, some yo-yo is now puttin' out kits and makin' a buck on it. 'Course, I suppose this one works. They're set up to fit all '79 and later Big Twins and Sports-ters. For specifics, write: P & P Distributors, Inc., Dept. ER, P.O. Box 656, Walled Lake, MI 48088. ■

OL' LADY APPLICATION

By Two Ton

Face it. Bitches can be a bitch. Half the time they're lying, the other half you can't tell, and you always pick the wrong time to believe them. I've been there. . . you, too.

You sit sucking your suds and eyeing the chick three stools over. She's wearin' H-D wings and leather chaps. Her eyes are huge, blue, and bewilderin'. They're sayin', "C'mon, buy me a beer."

They're also threatenin' to put your balls in your throat. She looks like she could do it, but could she also be a righteous ol' lady? Give her this quiz and find out. It's cheaper than pouring beer into her all night.

Name _____

Nickname _____

Last name you were called _____



SKILLS

I do...

- ☐ Windows.
- ☐ Trains.
- ☐ Anything.
- ☐ What my mother wouldn't.
- ☐ Whatever my ol' man asks.

ASSETS

I have...

- ☐ Unlimited funds.
- ☐ No reason to be alive.
- ☐ A Colombian connection.
- ☐ My own scooter.
- ☐ Dirty pictures of Nancy Reagan.

DEBTS

I owe...

- ☐ Everyone.
- ☐ My parts dealer.
- ☐ Your parts dealer.
- ☐ My life to you.
- ☐ Your bartender.

SEX

I need...

- ☐ It whenever you want it.
- ☐ To suck cock to come.
- ☐ It with other women.
- ☐ It when I'm mud wrestling.
- ☐ A conductor to call out the station stops.

RIDIN'

You go...

- ☐ Ahead without me — my tits would slow you down.
- ☐ On Saturday? Can I come? Please?
- ☐ Wherever you want.
- ☐ For groceries.
- ☐ The bail.

PROMISES

I will...

- ☐ Worship you forever.
- ☐ Screw around if I have the chance.

- ☐ Wish I hadn't.
- ☐ Wear your tat on my tit.
- ☐ Swallow.

TALENTS

I can...

- ☐ Polish chrome while I give head.
- ☐ Hide a loaded Colt in my snatch.
- ☐ Pick up a dollar bill with my snatch and make change.
- ☐ Hum "Dixie" with my mouth full.
- ☐ Suck the chrome off a bumper hitch.

COOKING

My specialty is...

- ☐ Rat on a stick.
- ☐ Roadkill.
- ☐ A can of Spaghetti-O's.
- ☐ Half-baked pussy.
- ☐ 40-weight clam dip.

Illustration by Mike Docherty



OL' LADY APPLICATION

CLEANING

I'll get to it...

- ☐ When you get a job.
- ☐ When the rugrat is eaten by a dust bunny.
- ☐ When I'm straight.
- ☐ When you wrench a shovel onto the Hoover.
- ☐ When you put a boot up my ass.

PARTIES

I will...

- ☐ Dance nude with a live boa.
- ☐ Insist on a dress code.
- ☐ Pay for the beer.
- ☐ Steal the beer.
- ☐ Show my tits.

STEALIN'

I'll take...

- ☐ Whatever you like.
- ☐ A powder.
- ☐ The Fifth.
- ☐ Any chance.
- ☐ Nine inches.

DESIRES

I dream of...

- ☐ Pullin' a train with your bros until my eyes glaze over.
- ☐ Embarrassing Joan Rivers.
- ☐ Gluing my lips to your cock.
- ☐ Eating out your girlfriend.
- ☐ Kissing the bugs off your teeth.

PLANS

I have them for...

- ☐ A new kitchen.
- ☐ No particular reason.
- ☐ An Uzi.
- ☐ The second coming of Debbie Boone.
- ☐ A new blockhead for you.

MY PAST

I used to...

- ☐ Be known as Amtrak.
- ☐ Be a nun.
- ☐ Get none.
- ☐ Wish I got more.
- ☐ Get more than I bargained for.

MY FUTURE

I hope to be...

- ☐ A Republican.
- ☐ Yer ol' lady.
- ☐ Anyone's ol' lady.
- ☐ An endangered species.
- ☐ Something you'll use.



POLITICS

I belong to...

- ☐ The Republican party.
- ☐ The Democratic party.
- ☐ Any party that'll have me.
- ☐ The party of the first part.
- ☐ A lingerie party.

Continued on page 74



California's Own:

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The Rose (Ladies' Negligee) -

This sheer, sexy ladies' negligee is trimmed with a classic rose and will keep you both warm year round. Sizes available: S,M,L, available in red, black or white. **Only \$19.95.**

Special Holiday Deal: Order both negligee and boots for only \$109.95! Save 10 bucks! Both in stock now for immediate delivery!

Orders placed by December 11 are guaranteed Christmas delivery (all orders shipped within 24 hours.)



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8545 Highway 101
Savage, MN 55378

Or Call Collect: (612) 890-6780

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

	Qty	Cost
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Boots (size)	@ \$ 99.95 =	
The Rose + Boots	@ \$109.95 =	
Postage & Handling		3.50
MN Res. add 6% sales tax		
TOTAL		

We'll ship UPS/C.O.D. Or pay now with Credit Card.

Visa/MasterCard# _____ Exp. _____

OL' LADY APPLICATION

BEER

I believe it is...

- ☐ Nectar of the gods.
- ☐ One of the three major food groups.
- ☐ Good for what ails you.
- ☐ A contraceptive.
- ☐ Parts cleaner.

PUSSY

I love to...

- ☐ Eat it.
- ☐ Sell it.
- ☐ Bring it home for my ol' man.
- ☐ Bring it home for his ol' lady.
- ☐ Can you repeat the question?



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NEW FOR '88... COMPLETE CAM KITS

Andrews performance parts for all Harley models. Call or write for free catalog today.

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Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.75 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$6.50 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Cavemen MC Germany holding 15th Anniversary Blood Rally, 27 May 1988. Old members residing stateside, write: SFC Jim Matthews, 6th CEC, Box 4719, APO New York 09059. (175)

Dear Hippie: One day you will figure it out. LooP. (175)

Daytona Bike Week: hotels/apartments, day/week. Air packages also available. (800) 541-1223. (177)

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS! Bear mugs only \$10 each (no postage and handling charges). Order now before they're gone. Send \$10 to Mackenzie Company, Box 8025, Calabasas, CA 91320. (177)

Bill Zemlin and Tom Headrick: call Kelly and one-legged Mike, collect. (419) 244-0914. (175)

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

Merry Christmas and happiest year ahead. Love you now, will love you forever — let's get married. Ditto, Canada. (175)

Plenty of mint condition Easyriders, In The Wind, and Iron Horse rags for sale, cheap. Trying to gain my freedom after 10 years of fighting the system, need to put cash together for legal proceedings. First come gets the rags, so get the letters coming. You can also help me pass this time with photos of the ol' ladies and good times — I need a peek into the free world again. James "White Snake" Wright #151-833, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302. (175)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (185)

Starting a partnershopper list for riders. No cost. Ladies, bro send name, address. Rod Trimble, Box 3300, Good-year, AZ 85338. (175)

Wanted: Easyriders magazines #1 through #35. Must be mint. Write: T.L. Tillis, 2402 Terrace Ln., Charleston, IL 61920 or call (217) 348-1338. (175)

Crazy Hippie: Contact Doug in New Jersey. It's important. (175)

Free pamphlet on Yoga exercises. Fully illustrated and descriptive daily program. No charge, no catch. Jumper Jones #Y2811, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (175)

To TEO E. Butcher or anyone who knows his whereabouts: Please write his father, who loves him and Nancy more than the hopes of freedom. Write to: Thomas French 032501, #154, Box 1500, Cross City, FL 32628. (175)

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

Easyriders #1 through present in binders. All complete in excellent to mint condition. Best offer. (816) 826-5073. (175)

For sale: Easyriders mags #1 through #120 with binders. \$350 money order. K.M.K., 1104 Patton St., DeRidder, LA 70634. (175)

1967 FL, 90% original, Demartint rebuild, 20 over, Andrews first and third, much more. \$7,500. 1947 FL, restored, 99% original, some repo, \$9,500 or both for \$15,000. Call (509) 299-7882 — Hammer. (175)

For sale: custom motorcycle shop, retail sales and repair. Includes all inventory, equipment, and excellent lease terms. Well-established, over 17 years in business. Well-located in Canoga Park, California. Call Bill Reid or Randy Baskin at Tabor Realty, (805) 522-4444. (175)

Harley Women: submissive, straight male, available to shine your shoes and do your do's. I will be a personal slave to one or ten. If interested, please write "Gene #175" c/o Easyriders, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Serious inquiries only. (175)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, Ltd., 3747 W. 63rd St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 582-4500. (178)

Wayne: We love you and miss you. Home is waiting. Dianne and Dana. (175)

Continued on page 81

What's Happenin'

Here's your guide to what's happenin' in your area during December, January, and February. To have your events listed, get the information to us at least three months in advance. We are as accurate as possible, but event dates are often changed after publication — check with the sponsors before you putt across the state. Send info to "What's Happenin'," c/o **Easyriders**, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

WHAT'S HAPPENIN' DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY

ARKANSAS

ANNUAL TOYS FOR TOTS PARADE — December 5th in Little Rock. Parade leaves from Rodney's Cycle House, 8120 Doyle Springs Road, at 1 p.m. Donation is one new toy per rider. Party held afterward. For info on the ride, call Rodney at (501) 562-6336. For info on the party, call Flipper at (501) 888-1571.

CALIFORNIA

BENEFIT RUN — December 12th and 13th at Ventura County Fairgrounds in Ventura. 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.

FIFTH ANNUAL POLAR BEAR RUN — February 5th in Huntington Park. Trophies, games, sweepstakes, mail-in raffle, food, soda, and beer. Sponsored by the Harley-Davidson Owners Association. Sign-in between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. at E.L.S. Pack, 7924 Seville Ave., Huntington Park. Admission is \$6.50 for HDOA members, \$9.50 for non-members. American-made motorcycles only. For info, call (213) LUV-HDOA.

TOY RUN — December 20th in Ventura. 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.

MICHIGAN

EIGHTH ANNUAL BIKE SHOW AND SWAP MEET — January 31st in Lansing. Large new bike show and motorcycle swap meet at the Lansing Civic Center. Sponsored by The Family MC. For info, call Lester at (517) 694-3849.

NEW YORK

GLENN'S SEVENTH ANNUAL TOY RUN — December 6th in Richmond Hill. Run starts at Glenn's Bar, 117-10 Hillside Ave. For more info, call (718) 846-9381.

TENNESSEE

FOURTH ANNUAL TOY RUN — December 6th in Memphis. Proceeds benefit the St. Jude Children's Hospital. Donation is one new toy. For info, write ABATE of the Mid-South, Box 281137, Memphis, TN 38128, or call (901) 452-1784 or (901) 327-0364.
FOURTH ANNUAL SWAP MEET — February 14th in Memphis. Location is 2610 Holmes Road East, Memphis. Sponsored by ABATE of the Mid-South. For info, call (901) 452-1784 or (901) 327-0364.

VIRGINIA

SWAP MEET — January 10th in Richmond at the Richmond Center. For reservations, call (804) 693-4203.

WASHINGTON

TOY RUN — December 12th in Tacoma. Sponsored by ABATE of Washington. For info, call Mike at (206) 537-2457.
NINTH ANNIVERSARY AND VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY — February 13th in Tacoma. Sponsored by the Tacoma Chapter, ABATE of Washington. For info, call Mike at (206) 537-3457. ■

Easyriders Interview:

Chester Grimes

His group brings real bikers, on their own Harleys, to the make-believe world of Hollywood.



Photo by Kim Peterson

We've all had enough of television and the silver screen depicting us saddle tramps as drug-crazed wild men on two wheels — neanderthal knuckleheads rollin' into town to rape and pillage, spreadin' hate and discontent at every turn. The perfect foil for the white hats, somebody to take the load off the Indians, the new bad guys of the '50s, '60s, and '70s have been us bikers.

The worst, and most galling part of it all, aside from the poor representation of ourselves, has been the fact that the actors portraying us have been pathetically, embarrassingly bad — strictly sidewalk commandos, with no knowledge of scooter life, customs, or riding etiquette. And riding ricers, to boot.

This is changing. A shot of realism is creeping into sets, thanks in part to the efforts of Chester Grimes and his motorcycle stunt/actor group, Harleys Unlimited. Real bikers, men who own and ride their own Harleys. They are a band of eight who work together, pull together, and carry the code into every scene.

A brief check list of screen appearances includes *Mask*, *Dragnet*, *Streets of Fire*, *Colors*, *Garbage Pail Kids*, *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, *Born in East L.A.*, *Who's That Girl*, *The Golden Child*, and

Saigon, as well as roles in *"Simon and Simon," "Night Court," "Hunter," "Quincy," "Mike Hammer," "New Gidget," "Trapper John," "Hill Street Blues,"* and occasional commercials.

So while we waited out a rain delay, we talked with members Wayne Anderson ('59 pan), Bill Willens (Sportster), Doug Ford ('84 FXRP), Lonnie Parkinson ('85 Softail), Bill Reed ('86 FXRS), Dirk ('56 pan/shovel), Chris ('87 Softail), and Grimes on his '68 shovel.

Chester got the okay to allow a couple of us from Easyriders to come check them out on a fairly typical day of fun, er, work. They were shooting an episode for the "New Gidget," show, no shit, at a studio in Burbank.

The men are all members of the Screen Actors Guild and American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. They have spent time on the picket line during two strikes.

EASYRIDERS: Tell us how you got together and started.

CHESTER GRIMES: I met James Garner as a young guy. He brought me in and got me an "extra" ticket — an SEG (Screen Extras Guild) card — and from there I got converted and...

ER: What does that mean?

CG: Converted? That means you walk in as an extra without any lines and

when they give ya a line, then they convert you to your SAG (Screen Actors Guild) card. It's called either a conversion or an upgrade.

The first show I ever worked on was *Hello, Dolly* with Barbra Streisand, and my first regular job was *Nickels*, with James Garner back in '70 or '71.

ER: What were you doing in those?

CG: *Hello, Dolly* was just a crowd sequence, and in *Nickels* I was the town storekeeper. My next one after that was *The Getaway*, where I went to Texas for three-and-a-half months with Steve McQueen.

Then I moved out to L.A. from the Colton, Berdoo, area. I had a '36 Chevy and a Harley. It got known that I was in the Screen Actors Guild and for a while, I was the only guy being used as a biker in television and movies. Then they began making movies with bikers that were profitable, like *Mask*, *Streets of Fire*, and others. I met these other guys on a set. I saw their expertise, their riding abilities, and their originality. They're all good brothers. We live by the code — we don't lie to each other, we don't bullshit each other, and we don't rip each other off for jobs. If one guy gets a job, man, the first thing on his mind is, "Hey, can you use my bro?"

We're just a group of guys who want to try to put originality and authenticity on the screen.

ER: Describe the service you offer. Are you open to anybody?

CG: We've been technical advisors. They'll ask us *how*, *what*, and *if* questions about guys riding, such as, "How would a biker handle this situation, and how would he react to this?"

We furnish all our own wardrobe — 98 percent of the time we walk in and are already wearing the wardrobe. The wardrobe man will look at us, and in almost every part we've ever had, he's said, "Hey, thanks. You've made my job easy. I don't even know why we have to look at you."

ER: And most of the time you're just wearing what you wear anyway, right?

CG: Right. Take this pair of Levi's — looks like I live in them. The back of them looks like I've shit in them. And *Easyriders* owes me a brand-new pair; when I came up for the interview, I had on new Levi's, and they caught on fire when I was burning up the freeway. My leg was on fire, and I reached down to put it out, and my glove came back burning. Then I knew I'd better pull over.

That was my first brand-new pair of Levi's in about 15 years; I want you to know, and you promised me a T-shirt and I haven't even got that, so it's a good thing my T-shirt wasn't ruined, or I'd be naked.

ER: Shit happens, man.

CG: Look, I ain't pretty naked in the daylight.

All right, what we do is we help 'em with wardrobe, and we get bike rentals for them. We got bikes, any years that they want. We got restored ones, and we got choppers.

Usually when they come to us, they'll say, "We need a hundred guys." Well, we go crazy for a week, lining up everybody we know, and the casting crew lines up everyone they know, which means they'll come up with wannabe drugstore bikers — guys from Hollywood Boulevard who only see a Harley-Davidson when it's passing them on the freeway or while they're sitting on their little riceburners parked on the side. On the other hand, we give them the safe feeling of having people on the set who ride Harley-Davidsons on a regular basis and know the movie business.

ER: In other words, that you got all your shit in one bucket.

CG: That's it. I mean, we ain't gonna bullshit 'em.

ER: You were mentioning earlier that a lot of these dudes in the movie industry were trying to make bikers into punk rock assholes.

CG: Yeah. They would want us to report to wardrobe after they'd seen us. So we'd go in dressed like we usually dress, and they'd try to put the spikes on us, the dog collars, the leather pants.

There was one guy who had a broad's leather pants on with a little snap thing in the front and one in the back — like you unsnap for the poop chute, you know. 'Course, he wasn't in our group. What finally happened is that I told 'em, "Hey, we ain't gonna wear that." Most of the time, they discover we're the authentic stuff and leave us be.

ER: What about the wardrobe in the futuristic films you've played, in like *Road Warrior*?

CG: Oh, yeah — they put leather shit on us for that one and for *Other Worlds*, where we were called the Road Pigs, Road Hogs, or something like that. Anyway, we were all radiation-burned guys on Harleys.

ER: What percentage of your work is portraying, say, a group of bikers making a cameo appearance, like you're doing on the "Gidget" set today?

CG: About 80 percent.

ER: With as much success as you're having in all the different shows, does that call for you to change the look of your bikes around?

CG: Sometimes. Mine hasn't been changed in the last three years, but before that it had been changed like once every two or three years. I'd repaint it to make it look different. I'm

just getting ready to paint this one here. We also change the wardrobe around so we don't always look the same. I'll switch a vest with a bro or a jacket with him or a different-colored headband or something. Wayne's had three bikes and changed them six times.

BILL WILLENS: Chester told me one time, "Take off your front fender and show up on the job." It was raining and I showed up on location with mud all over my face, and no job.

CG: I told him they didn't want any Sportsters with front fenders — that they wanted the bikes to look like choppers, but that I'd try and get it in there if he'd take the front fender off. So he gets off work like 3:00 in the morning and goes home, and he's wrestling this fender off to show up at the job at 6:30 a.m., it's raining, and I'd forgotten all about the job being canceled. When he got there, he was all muddied up and stuff. People were saying, "Whatda-fuck, don't you have a front fender?" I was laughin' my ass off.

ER: What do you think about the predominantly negative image you're often asked to portray on TV, like raising hell with the citizens and just generally being assholes?

DOUG FORD: We hate it; we don't like to do it. But it's hard for us to get around it. We try to discourage producers and writers from depicting that image.

ER: Have you ever had any luck in getting them to change a story line that was against us? Have you ever brought it up and actually had something changed or reversed?

CG: Usually, like I was saying, it goes back to when they'd begin discussing the scene. Our professionalism seems to alter their image of bikers. It helps.

ER: How about some stories from the sets?

WAYNE ANDERSON: On "Streets of Fire," we were doing a stunt, and they dropped a dirt bike in front of one of the Studebaker police cars, and one of the stunt men decided he'd get in kind of close to it to make the scene look better, and as he slid in front of it, he hit a wet spot and went up over the top of the dirt bike. He lost the 74, one of our Harleys, a '72 shovel.

When he dropped it over on the side, the gas cap popped off 'cause they didn't have the gas cap on tight. He's running five-gallon fatbobs; he lost a couple gallons of gas out real fast. Both stunt men reached for the gas cap, and both bikes caught on fire at the same time. When they ran out of the scene, both their feet were on fire. Lots of flames and pandemonium.

ER: What's the best production crew you've worked with so far?

WA: I guess I'd have to name three of them. And that would be when we did *Streets of Fire*, because that was where a lot of us got started. Chester was already in the industry, and so was Bill Willens and a couple others. I went over and I talked to Eddie Ball. He was supposed to set up the stunt bikes. He took me out to Universal Studios, introduced me to Gene Levy, Walter Hill, and John Silverman — everybody involved in *Streets of Fire*.

They asked me if I could come up with a hundred bikers. I said no problem. I came up with a hundred bikers, and then they told us that we might have to shave and cut our hair. All the bikes were being customized. It was futuristic, but the whole era was supposed to be like a '50s style futuristic, so we had to wear short hair, the greased-back look.

Well, from a hundred bikers, we ended up having to get two hundred, because the first hundred said no way when they found out about shaving. When we got out there, instead of a hundred, it turned out to be 48. That was the start, and then it changed. Where we were once the total bad guys, the whole industry began looking at us in a different light. They had never seen so many bikers come out on the show and work for that long and not be assholes.

ER: What kind of reaction do you usually get on the set from these cats? Anybody ever hostile?

WA: Sometimes, when we first come on the set. But it's business; we leave our own personal shit behind. This is strictly a job.

ER: A good job.

WA: Yeah, sometimes it's real good. And it's real bad when it's bad. Just like anything else. You blow a motor in the middle of a show, the next morning you've got to come back with that same bike together. No ifs, ands, or buts. . .

ER: How do you handle a blown motor, except to stay up all night and. . .?

WA: Yeah, you got to stay up all night. You got to dig up the money or whatever it takes to get it back together. That's part of taking the job in the first place. They guarantee they'll pay you so much, and you guarantee you'll furnish a number of good-lookin' bikes that'll stay that way.

ER: What happens then when you're locked into a movie and a run comes up?

WA: That depends on your situation. If you're a club member, you have to make the run.

You can't change anything on the bike, though. You can't change wheels,

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fenders — nothing. Everything has to match every day. If you're six months on a movie, six months later you have to remember what you did in the first scene. It's up to you to remember what you did.

ER: Don't they have continuity people to keep track?

WA: Just for the principals. And they only get a general idea of the background. When they see it on film it's got to match.

ER: Who's the midnight motor freak who keeps the bikes up when one takes a shit in the middle of a production?

WA: Phil Ross and Vince, The Motor-man, on Imperial Highway in Long Beach. Vince has worked in a lot of Harley shops, and he does a lot of really good work himself. We've brought stuff to him that's blown up in the show, and he's stayed up all night and put it together for us and never gouged us. He's busted his balls.

He built one for us, and the next day, we showed up on the set, and before we could say anything, the stunt man grabbed it to try it out and missed second gear — sucked a valve. Then somebody on the side — a mechanic from the studios — tried to say it was a bad build. So I jerked the top end apart right there in front of everybody and showed the valves crossed-up, where he'd missed it.

ER: It must have made a hell of an impression.

WA: Oh hell, yeah. That's the way we've always done it. If there's any question, we take it apart right there.

ER: What about principals whom you've worked with? Have any of them been really right on?

WA: Lee Ving has helped us, helped almost everybody, quite a bit. There's Don Gibb from *Revenge of the Nerds*. And he also does a series, "First and Ten," on HBO. I worked with him for five weeks as an actor, and he helped me a lot with my acting and I helped him with his bike.

ER: How much time do you spend on maintenance? I noticed on today's shoot, you had to start your bikes four different times, and there wasn't any time for any seconds or misses or hard-to-starts. Every one of them, or almost every bike, was ready. All except one.

WA: Oh, you mean their little Honda? That was a studio bike.

ER: Let's hear about that one.

WA: A big holdup on using Harleys has always been that studio people are under the theory they don't start. When you go out on a show, you usually carry a box of plugs with you, because you'll foul plugs, because the scooters are idling anywhere from 20 minutes at a time to all day.

It all looks good when you see a

movie, but you don't see what's behind the scenes. You've got to start that damn thing 30, 40 times a day — your leg wears out. I don't care who you are. A lot of our guys have gone to electric starts and late-model bikes to cut down on leg maintenance, but we still have to keep the early bikes for certain shows.

ER: Or you can do what Michael Parks did in "Then Came Bronson" — jump up on the kick pedal and hit the electric start at the same time.

WA: Yeah, you remember that? It's okay if the sound ain't running, but if it is, you hear that wing-wing-wing while somebody's kicking. It doesn't go over too well.

Now our bikes, we have to keep on them all the time. You go to work on it the day before and into the night to make sure it's tits-up.

ER: How close were all you tied in to *Mask*?

WA: Well, we did the whole thing, from before they picked the actors or anything. We got the script, and I read the script and said yeah, we want to do it.

ER: Lonnie Parkinson doubled for Dozer. You doubled for...

WA: I doubled for Howard Herder, who was Stickman. We did all the doubling, and there's a whole scene that nobody ever saw — a cemetery scene where Red, played by Harry Carey, Jr., died a few weeks before Rocky, in real life.

We taught all the principals to ride, you know. Sam Elliott and...

ER: I thought Sam did ride.

WA: Sam did. But they sent us all the actors to make sure they could ride — check them out.

ER: Like a refresher course.

WA: And teach everybody else. Some had never been on a motorcycle before in their lives. You've seen the movie; it turned out really well. It took anywhere from a couple weeks to a couple of months to teach everybody so they could handle the bikes they were riding.

ER: What do you have in the way of competition for roles?

WA: What we run into mostly are the people who don't ride and want to just do the movies. They ride a Honda or something, then they want to jump on a Harley, because of the authenticity demanded in the show. They jump on a Harley, go out there, and fall down. And the production people are under the impression that you can't pull wheelstands on a Harley.

ER: Yeah, who told 'em that?

WA: A lot of the stunt coordinators, because their stunt men can't — they just don't ride Harleys. Their main thing in movies for the last 20 years has been dirt bikes for the stunts. They're not familiar with Harleys.

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ER: A buddy of mine tried to ride across a fuckin' lake once.

WA: Oh, good. If you'd never ridden a Harley before, would you go out and try to do a wheelstand on one? You'd make the first 50 feet, just riding it normally, and you'd say no way in hell. But if you've been riding one for five, ten years, and you've already done it several times drunk and fucked up, you'll say hey, shit, if I can do it drunk, I can do it sober.

ER: And it doesn't work.

WA: No, it doesn't. You fall down a bunch. What they call stunt riding is what I call normal riding. I've got road rash on every inch of my body, including my dick.

ER: With cats you know that well, they telegraph it.

WA: Yeah. That's why we had to form a tight group; it's gotten too insane on a lot of shows.

ER: Not to mention if you dump six hundred pounds of Milwaukee iron into some of this equipment, I doubt you'd be asked back.

WA: Yeah, with a \$250,000 camera, they lose their sense of humor. They could care less about your bike. The cameras are rented.

ER: Here's a question that I know our readers will want to know: With all these nice-looking ladies that you see out here on these sets, do you ever get to dip into that shit?

WA: Just business, strictly.

ER: He's saying this with a straight face, almost. How about naming some impressive directors you've worked with?

WA: That would be Walter Hill, when we did *Streets of Fire*. How he puts a bunch of himself into a film. He gives a major amount of respect, and therefore, you give him the same amount of respect.

Peter Bogdanovich, the director of *Mask*, was extremely impressive. He wanted as much authenticity as possible — down to every bike being exact in that particular show. Because of what the script called for, there was not even a Sportster in the show.

The director and producer who helped me the most would be Gene Levy from *Streets of Fire*. He gave us all a large boost by letting us do the whole fuckin' show.

The most recent in the last couple of years has been Allen Barnett, who's a producer from *Streets of Justice* and *Other Worlds* and a few others. They gave us our first chance at acting. And then they cast us for *Streets of Justice*, which they felt bad about because it was portraying us as assholes. They gave us the shot at being the actors and putting the whole film together.

Christopher Crowe was director, and he's an excellent writer — he writes like Hitchcock. He always has little twists in his things, and he's a damn good director. We just worked with him again recently, last Friday, on *Saigon*. Both he and Gene Levy were there, and it was really funny to run into these people years later and be treated as peers.

All these people have been good to us and straight. They've always produced what they said they were going to do.

ER: Do most of you have other jobs as well as this?

WA: Yeah. I do plumbing contracting. You've got to have a second job. It's hard to make a living at this, although it would be nice. One year you could work a whole year, the next, nothing. Maybe the next two or three years, you've got to work another job, forty hours a week, and do this when you can. It makes it rough because you've got to work a job that you can take off to go to do a reading or an interview. And then you've got to take off one day one week, one day the next week, to work a show. Shows don't work every day for six months if you're filming for six months. You'll work one week, you'll be off for three.

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Choppershopper

Continued from page 75

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

CARBURETORS

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

CATALOGS

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

Custom Chrome, Inc. (CCI), Giant 430 pages/color \$9.95, 1 Jacqueline Court, Morgan Hill, CA 95037. Visa/MasterCard/Check.

CRANKCASES

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

CUSTOM MOTORCYCLE BUILDING

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

CUSTOM PAINT

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

Hawg Head-Quarters Inc., "Custom paint by Pockets," original airbrush murals. Send SASE for prices and info to 705 Anderson St., Belton, SC 29627. (803) 338-6663.

CYLINDERS

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

DEALERS NEEDED

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

EXHAUST PIPES

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

FENDERS

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

FORKS

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

FRAMES

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

HEADS

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

IGNITION SYSTEMS

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

JEWELRY

Brass Head Inc., 68 Lamar St., W. Babylon, NY 11704. Spike leather and chain jewelry. (516) 643-0060 (wholesale only).

S.W.A.T./rattlesnake rattle or gator-tooth earrings \$16.00 pair, Box 725E, Sharpes, FL 32959. Weird shit catalog, \$2 (refundable). (305) 632-0701.

KICKSTARTER KITS

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

LEATHERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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.

H&M Cycle Sales Inc., (Harley-Davidson dealer). Our own 52-page book, \$2.00 (refundable). Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875.

MC SERVICES

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

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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

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

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

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) 998-6666. (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.

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.

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

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

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.

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

Pappy's Custom Motorcycles, H-D, Easyriders And American Biker Ts \$8.95 - \$9.95 XXs, plus shipping. Send money order or certified check to 244 E. Main St., Kingsport, TN 37660. (615) 246-9594.

Miller's Custom Parts, S-XL \$9.95, XXL-XXXL \$11.95, 1863 S. Ridgewood Avenue, So. Daytona, FL 32019. (904) 761-0858.

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

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

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...and raises a hefty \$65,000 for charity.



The rodeos just kept gettin' bigger and ballsier as we were stampedin' down the home stretch to the Grand Nationals in California. The two-day ripsnorter at the Stafford Springs Speedway in Connecticut swelled the grandstands with a record 10,000 bros an' sisters, who turned out last August to watch the saddle tramps crankin' the torque an' aimin' their forks at the \$5,000 purse.

The weekend-long charity benefit was presented by the New England Harley-Davidson Dealers Association, with the money raised going to the Muscular Dystrophy Association and Paul Newman's Camp for Children, according to organizer Don Werner. It sounded like a great idea because it was a great idea.

But then the pre-rodeo jitters hit Stafford Springs's powers-that-be. Some local officials tried to shut us



Photos by Lenny Eagle

Easyriders Rodeo Grand Nationals November 21-22, 1987

Ventura County Fairgrounds
Ventura, California



out with that favorite dance of the politicians, the Paperwork Shuffle.

Fortunately, saner minds prevailed, and as expected, we all had a kick-ass good time with no hassles, and the get-down crowd raised \$65,000 for charity, which will be split up between Paul Newman's Camp for Children, the MDA, and local town funds. Helluva job, troops.

The rodeo went off so well, in fact, that when we pulled stakes and hit the dusty trail out of town, we passed sign after sign on local merchants' storefronts, inviting us back. Hell, even the police chief gave us an official invitation to come their way again, and you gotta admit, that's a switch from the old days.

Our caravan is rollin' west to the Coast now, and the crew is tryin' to get in some extra bunk time, 'cause the Grand Nationals look to be the biggest shindig yet. See ya there.

—Bobo the Rodeo Clown

CAYAN CHR



USTOMAS

Louisiana
brother
has it all.

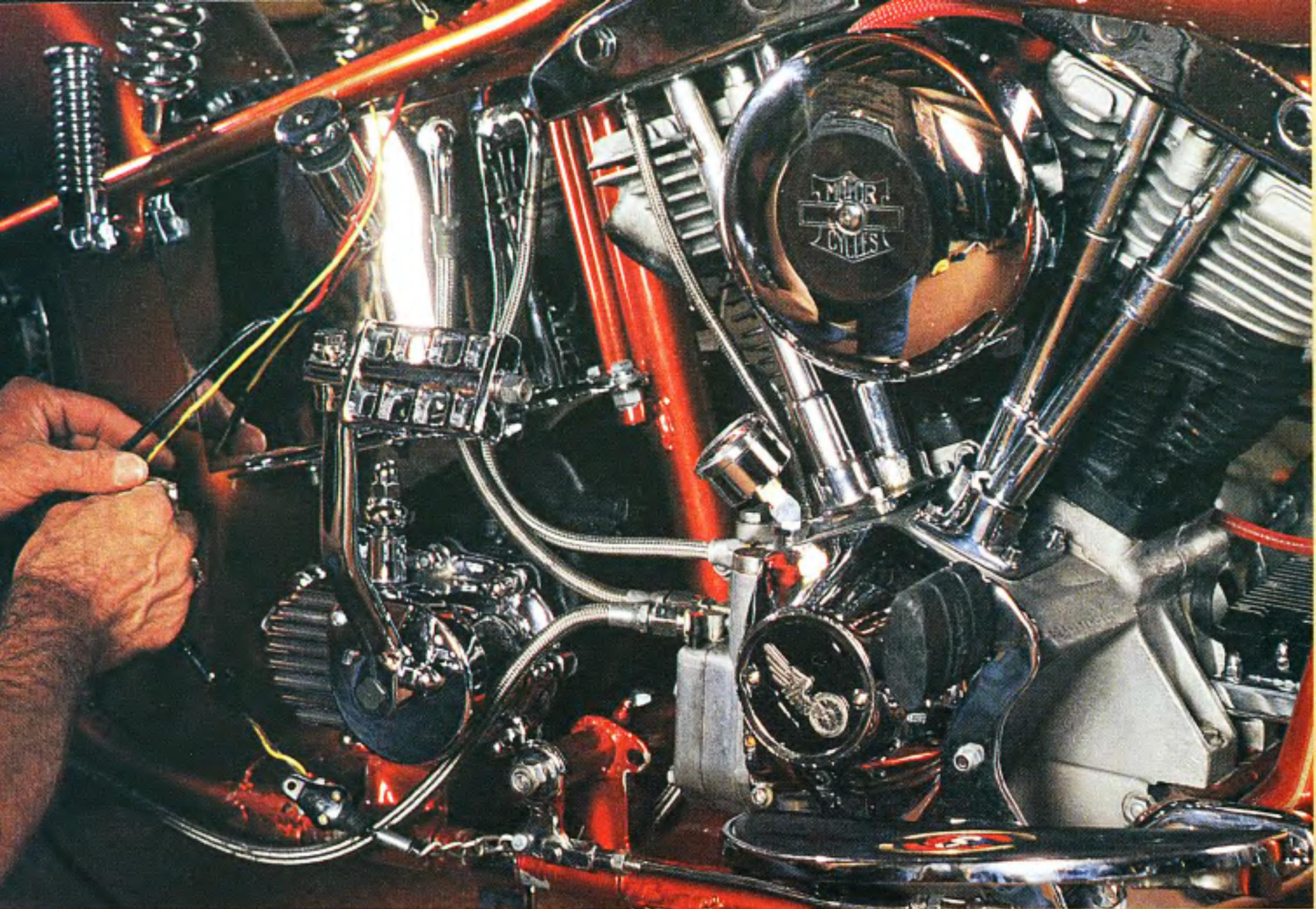




It's easy to assume, especially when times are as tough as a flat 16-inch on a mountain road in a snowstorm, that the next bro has it so much finer. But step into the shoes of another man and you're also settin' yourself up for his responsibilities, woes, and dilemmas. However, if your partner (the soft one) in life comprehends your problems, the team effort can overcome any obstacles. And so begins a warm story perfect for the season.

Unanimously, shapely Sting sizzling against these pages won the September Fox Hunt Contest, and with the sensational shots she submitted, she slipped in a couple of her ol' man's Orange Crush shovelhead. The perfect shoot was beginning to





unfold. Tom Cubley was blessed with a fine-looking, longtime ol' lady and a clean scooter, and we could pose the woman on her man's motorcycle.

T.C., excited about the prospects, decided to tear his scoot down. Now surfaces the one glacier-sized scratch in this perfect picture of scooter Utopia. T.C. punches the clock in the outermost reaches of the frozen tundras of Alaska. Tough to jam home to Louisiana after work to wrench on the scooter. And haulin' parts north of the Arctic Circle to the 70th parallel to use the machine shop doesn't cut his need for the ol' lady.

So Sting does her best to ease the long nights by taking care of business at home, staying in shape and in constant communication with her man. And when he got home



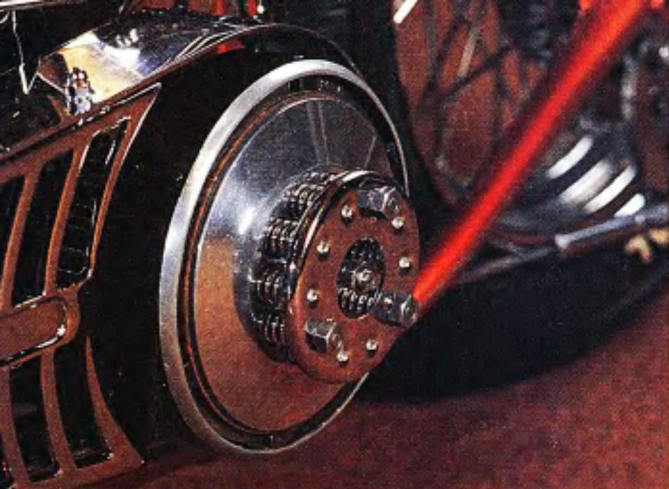


and began to feverishly wrench on his scooter for the shoot, she helped him relax, keeping the brews and herself on hand for her ol' man. But just like when you're trying to get your scooter up for the big run and time always seems to run out, the day Billy Tinney arrived to take the shots ya see here, the bike wasn't finished, and T.C. was packing to leave. If it hadn't been for Tinney's pull with travel agents, T.C.'s

Christmas card woulda been shot while he was somewhere over Canada, headin' north for frozen oil wells in the Prudhoe Bay area.

Now, when T.C. heads north to repair machines used for retrievin' oil well equipment 10,000 feet below the surface of ice and rock, he'll have holiday photography like no one has ever seen in the snowbound villages of Deadhorse or Salty Dog.

—Bomber



Photos by Billy Tinney

Name: Sting
Birth date: August 27, 1960
Frame:
Tits: 36" Waist: 22" Hips: 34" Height: 5'4" Weight: 108 lbs. Age: 27
General:
Hometown: Chattanooga, Tennessee Residence: Bossier City, Louisiana Ol' man: T.C. Favorite hangout: Keni Joe's, Alaska Occupation: nurse, dental assistant
Attitude:
Sex: "What else is there?" Rock 'n' roll: Stevie Ray Vaughan, Led Zeppelin, Ted Nugent Turn offs: green teeth Turn ons: hairy bellies, pierced ears Life: "Everybody is special; no day is too long; live life to the fullest."
Specifics:
Favorite position: "Outside, in a tree." Favorite man: Top Cat Favorite tune: "Desperado" Favorite activity: riding Harleys, riding horses, swimming nude Favorite phallic symbols: cucumbers, snakes Romantic evening: "In a graveyard, buck naked with a bottle of wine." Fantasy: race car driver — "I live what I dream." Favorite bike: Orange Crush Best run: Ozarks

Owner: Tom Cubley	City: Bossier City, Louisiana	
General	Frame	
Fabrication by: Mike Couch	Year: 1952	
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH	Type: wishbone	
Value: priceless	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Mike Couch/owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 10 months/endless	Other alterations: molding	
Chroming by: United	Accessories	
Engine	Bars: H-D	
Year: 1973	Risers: none	
Model: FLH	Fender(s): hinged rear	
Rebuilder: Hippie	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: distributor	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 93 inches	Speedo: aftermarket	
Lower end: 4% S&S	Front pegs: floorboards	
Balancing: Mike Couch	Rear pegs: lyin' around	
Pistons: oversized	Electrics: rewired 12-volt	
Cases: beadblasted	Gas tank: 3½-gallon	
Heads: redone	Oil tank: rechromed horseshoe	
Cam(s): Andrews A grind	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Manley	Primary cover: Phase 3	
Carb(s): Keihin	Seat: David/Judy, Pro Trim	
Air cleaner: chrome	Sissybar: none	
Pipes: handmade	Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): baffled	Material: n/a	
Transmission	Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt	Type: glide	
Year: 1973	Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey shift	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 21-inch	Size: 17-inch
Molding: Kris	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Sammie Dalby	Rim width: 2 inches	Rim width: 3½ inches
Color: Candy tangerine	Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: C.C.I. disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: metallflake, gold lacquer pinstriping, clear urethane, RM2K		

NEW YEAR'S RUN

Dear Bandit,
Enclosed are some slides I took on New Year's Day, 1986, of Missoula's Second Annual New Year's Day Run. I convinced three other guys to go riding in the subfreezing temperature last year. This year, 10 people went for the ride in a snowstorm. The temperature was around 30 degrees. It had been snowing since noon, so there were several inches of fresh stuff when we met at Luke's Bar at 2:00 p.m. Our plan was to ride to Harold's Club in Bonner, some 10 miles away, but most of us didn't make it. The group stopped at the Reno Bar in East Missoula, where they refused to serve "bikers." Billy Beemer, who rode the Honda scooter, inquired as to whether that included him, and apparently it did.

We proceeded to the Sun Motel, East Missoula's finest convention center, for peppermint schnapps and hot chocolate. Since the sun was setting, the air was getting cold, and the streets were freezing, most of the group went back to Luke's. I proceeded to Harold's club, since I was determined not to punk out. Bruce and Ann Marie were there already, wondering where everyone else was.

All in all, lots of fun was had. Several potential participants had to cancel, because they couldn't get their bikes out of their snowbound garages. Aussie Pete crashed his shovelhead in front of a cop car. They ignored him, probably believing he had enough trouble as it was or was too dumb to bother with, or both.

The participants were: Pete on his white camo-painted '49 45, Aussie Pete and his wife on a '77 shovel, Mellow Monte and Mary on a red knuckle, Peeper on his yellow '47 45, Tom on a stroked Sportster, Uncle Mort on a chopped Indian, Bruce and Ann Marie on his '49 panhead, and Billy Beemer on the Honda escort.

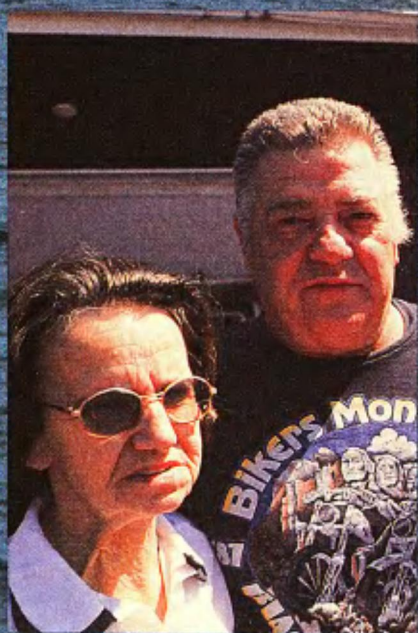
The reasons why we do stuff like ride in freezing weather are varied. It's boring to sit around, watching parades and football with a hangover, winter riding is easier than one might think, and with proper clothes and accessories, it's not all that fuckin' chilly. A third is that life in winter is damn dull unless you get crazy, say, "Fuck winter," and ignore its existence.

Thought you might find all this amusing.

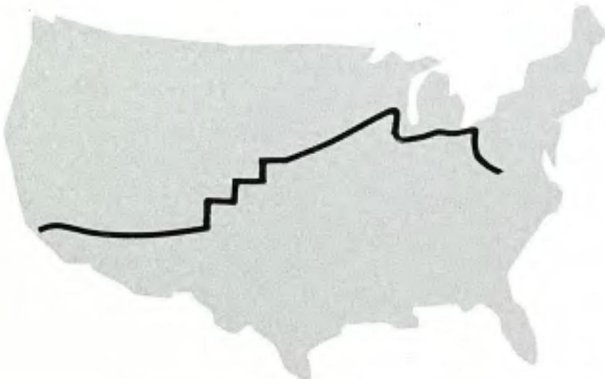
Sincerely, Snowbound Peeper







RIP'S RUN



The author in repose.

Welcome Home, Daddy By Rip

In the last installment of these monthly motorcycling adventures, I was in New Tripoli, Pennsylvania, pardooing with Squeezie. She runs a hotel bar featuring topless entertainment.

I left New Tripoli at night, preferring the coolness of the evening over the hot, sunbaked days of summer. The ride across Pennsylvania was uneventful. Rolling into Cleveland, Ohio, I immediately got lost, but after a few phone calls, U.S. Cycle was easy to find — just east of Cleveland. While en route, I rode past the infamous Dead Man's Curve on Interstate 90. Many a trucker has eaten it there. The trucker either falls asleep or underestimates the sharpness of the curve and before he knows it, his truck is lying on its side, spraying the roadway with humongous showers of sparks.

Anyway, Jamie Morrocco, the fuel pilot, owns part of the action at U.S. Cycle, and it was he whom I had come to visit. Getting the rear tire changed on Darling (my Softail), I also had the wheel bearings, races, and spacers checked. It was a good thing, too, because I had inadvertently washed the lube out of the bearing on the brake side. It must have been at a car wash. The seals, races, and both bearings were replaced.

If yer ever in this neck of the woods, go by Mr. Biggs Bar. It's down from U.S. Cycle. Jamie and I cruised to Frame Oddities and met George Masavage — one hell of a



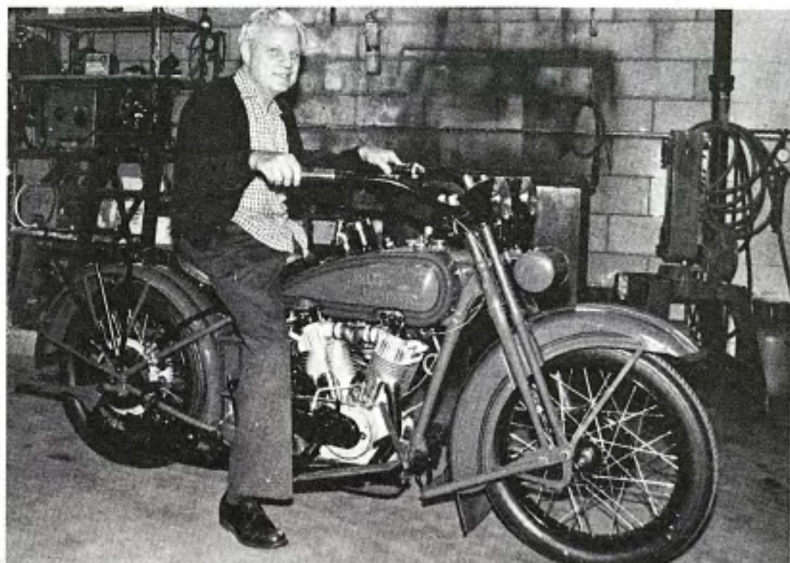
Shannon and Karen at the Berea Road Tavern on the west side of Cleveland.

fabricator. George has made many handcrafted parts, which can be found on some of this country's faster race bikes. I also met Frank from Clone Machine; they make and restore obsolete motorcycle parts.

While at U.S. Cycle, Inc., I examined Jamie's fuel bike very closely. The crew started the scooter up in preparation for the big fuel meet that was coming up September 5th and 6th, The Second Annual Reserve Harley-Davidson U.S. Open Motorcycle Nationals. That indeed is a mouthful. Incidentally, it was won by

Jim McClure, the gentleman from Virginia. Way to go, Jimmy. I love to hear fuelers run — just listening to the engines idling gets my blood pumping fast. And when they launch, I get such an adrenaline rush I want to squirt.

It was raining so I called Biker Greg, and he picked me up at the Gateway Motel, where I was staying. Greg had written "Rip's Run" very early in my column about the Berea Road Tavern on the west side of Cleveland. Mike "Hoghead" Hay runs the joint. Hoghead said the



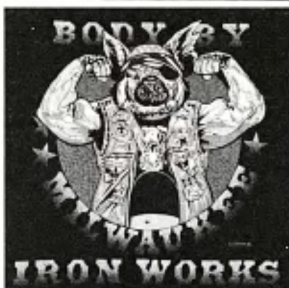
tavern has been a biker bar for 10 years. Originally (80 years ago) it was a weigh station, then later it was called Billy Ferguson's, and before becoming the Berea Road Tavern, it was the Olde Factory Tavern. I met beau-coup fine people there. The BRT has a patio in the back of the building, and Hoghead plans to expand before next summer.

Well, I wanted to hang out but was real tired of the rain, so I putted over to Toledo to visit with Hank "Pop" Myrice in the rain. Pop and his hell-raising sons and daughters and bros and sisters frequent Scott's Inn on the east side of town. Scott owns the bar and rides a sharp '86 Softail. While there, I tried Rolling Rock beer, made in Latrobe, Pennsylvania —

not half bad.

At the bar I met Bill, the road captain of the Dicemen from northeast Ohio. I also met Kathy from Women in the Wind MC. She is a tall, shapely gal and is very pleasant on the eyeballs. She's got long, beautiful legs that go all the way up to — aw, that's enough. You get the picture.

Back to Toledo, which is known as



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Zip

Design Number	Size	Price
SUB		
POST		\$2.50
TOTAL		



Photos by Rip

Sylvania Harley-Davidson in Toledo.



Hank (Pop) and his wife in front of Scott's Inn in Toledo.

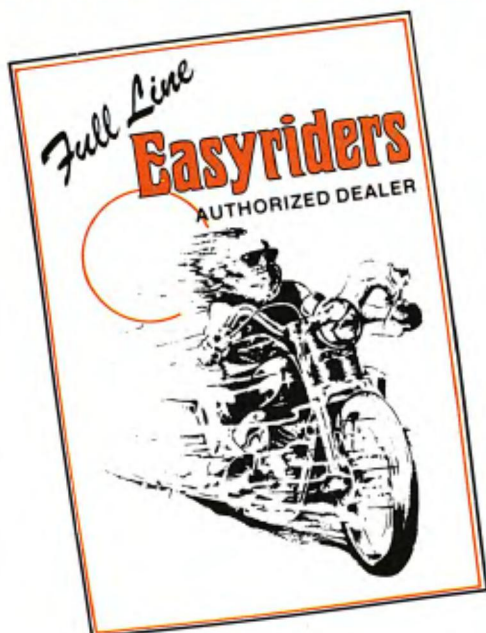
The Glass City, I let Dick Kapote kidnap me for a few days. Dick is an Avenger's Nomad. He let me crash at his pad and took real good care of me. Thanks, Dick; it was great fun. While in town I got to renew my friendship with an old pal, Big Foot from Napoleon, Ohio. Foot is now living in Toledo. I hadn't seen the big man since August of '80, when

we met in Sturgis and later rode to Denver to party down with some locals — but that's another story. Big Foot used to work for H-D out of Napoleon. He's an electrician now but does some moonlighting at Sylvania Harley-Davidson on Alexis Road in Toledo. I rode by the shop to see the new '88 models, which were just coming in.

Some of the other local shops I visited were H-D Sales Corp. on N. Detroit Street, H-D in Napoleon, Ohio, and Banzai Cycle Supply. One shop that impressed me was Harley Charlie's. Charlie was a bona fide H-D dealer for many years. Nowadays he's into restoration pretty heavily. He showed me a JD he just finished putting back together —

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Modesto 95354
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ABATE folks in front of Ski's, Mishawaka, Indiana.

really bonaroo — what a jewel. I'd give the old proverbial left nut for it, but that's me. You won't be finding too many copies like that around.

The following weekend, five bars — The Okolona Tavern, Snyder's Corners, 109 Club, Texas Inn, and Noel's Bar — joined together in a poker run for the Muscular Dystrophy Association and Jerry's Kids. A new FXRT was raffled off at Noel's bar; the Napoleon H-D dealership sold the bike at cost so they could have the raffle. That was damn decent of them.

Then it was time for me to roll on. I was kept busy shooting the lighthouse in St. Joe, Michigan, and going to Ski's Place, a major bike bar in Mishawaka, Indiana. ABATE Region 1 meetings are held there. When I was in southern Indiana last year, Ski threw a party for me. The only problem was that I didn't show up because of a communication breakdown. This year I showed up and enjoyed the hell out of myself.

Ski is also known as Dad, and his ol' lady is naturally known as Mom. Mom and Dad raised 198 foster kids. They have to have the patience of saints. Terry and John are bartenders, and "Doc" does the cooking chores. The food is good, and I guarantee you won't walk out of there hungry. The beer is frosty cold. The women are hot. Check it out. Ski's is at 507 E. McKinley in Mishawaka.

Since I was close, I decided to visit the people at the ABATE of Indiana headquarters in Granger, Indiana. Balls had ridden to Boston;

he's a Motorcycle Safety Foundation instructor. Wanda Hummel and her ol' man, Kevin, fixed up a place for me to stay while with them. I hung around till the following weekend for still another MDA run, where the bees made a showing, sending a female rider to the hospital.

Wanda introduced me to Snake, a patchholder with the Hells Henchmen. Snake works with leather; his company name is Leather Ltd. The fox on the color page is Sherry. She is sporting some of Snake's handiwork. Sherry belongs to Jimmy, a Jokers patchholder. The Jokers are from Niles, Michigan. The Hells Henchmen have a chapter in South Bend, Indiana, which adjoins Mishawaka. The areas that border each other here are called Michiana — part Michigan, part Indiana.

One Saturday Jokers Jimmy, his ol' lady Sherry, Hells Henchmen Snake, and I donned our helmets and rode to Michigan for a wedding of an officer in the Jokers MC. It was a catered affair held outside, complete with a large roasted pig and kick-ass rock 'n' roll band.

I rode back to Indiana later that night to attend a hog roast hosted by the Hells Henchmen south of South Bend. There I met Bozo, who invited me to Chicago. The Tuesday after Labor Day, I rolled Darling into Cicero, a suburb of the Windy City. I hung around with Bozo for a couple of days, visiting the clubhouse and eating baby shrimp down at the Navy Pier. We also cruised by Grump's Leaning Post, a biker hang-



Biker Greg and his ol' lady at the Berea Road Tavern in Cleveland, Ohio.



Tim Olson from Watertown, Wisconsin, coming back from Las Vegas.

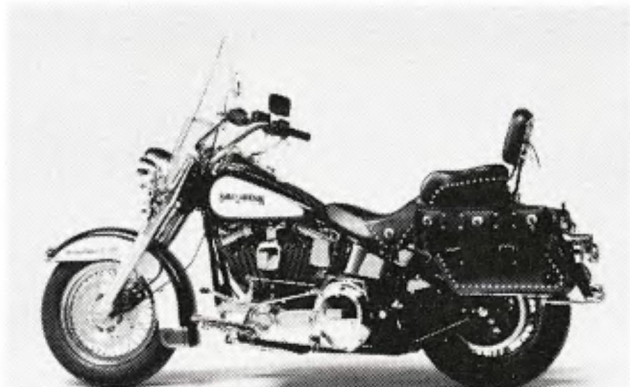
out in Stickney, Illinois. I took care of my laundry and left town that night, heading west to California.

En route I crashed in Davenport, Iowa, where I met Tim Olson from Watertown, Wisconsin. He had ridden in from Las Vegas, where he had taken a small vacation. Not finding anyone to ride with, he left solo. Tim makes cattle and calf feed for a living. He had been on the road for a couple of weeks. He said that all he lost in Vegas were a few hundred bucks and that the trip was well worth the effort.

Later that day, I putted into Council Bluffs to stay with Clay Johnson, the leader of ABATE of Iowa. Iowa is separated on the east by the mighty Mississippi and on the west by the Missouri River. Across the Missouri lies Omaha, Nebraska. Clay took me to both the Theodore and Musette bars in Omaha. In Pottawattomie County, Iowa, the bars to go to are Rumors Has It, on 16th, and The Hard Luck Saloon. If you like titty bars, try The Razzle Dazzle on West Broadway. The women don't dance topless, but what they wear doesn't make that much difference.

Clay and I rode over to visit with William Gardner of Gardner's Fabrication. He does real sanitary work. He showed me his well-equipped shop. His fixtures and tools would be the envy of many a Harley man. He not only owns the tools but knows how to use them. I enjoy talking to a man who knows what he's doing and doesn't waste time talking trash. Nice shop, Bub.

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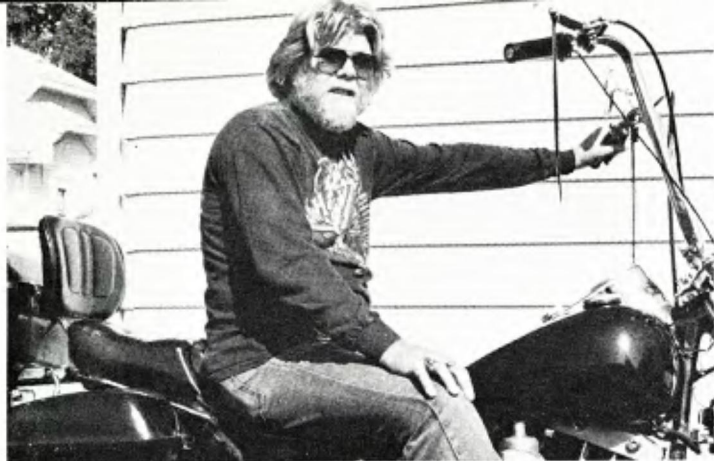
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Clay Johnson, the ABATE leader in Iowa.



The dudes at Omaha Harley-Davidson.



Dick Kapote and his ol' lady; she works at Scott's bar in Toledo.

I dropped Darling off at the Harley shop in Omaha, and they changed all the fluids, checked both wheels and bearings, and generally serviced the ol' gal. She had 95,000 on her speedo. After picking her back up, it was time to make a mad dash for the coast — 1,975 miles, to be exact, door to door from Clay's house to mine.

And a mad and crazy dash it was. It was I-80 to York, Nebraska; I-81 out of York to I-70 to Salina, Kansas; I-70 to U.S. 158 to Great Bend, Kansas; U.S. 158 to Dodge City; Dodge City to Mineola, Kansas; U.S. 54 to Tucumcari, New Mexico; and I-40 to Needles, California, with a thunder and lightning show in Texas and New Mexico thrown in, the likes of which I've never seen before.

The last part of the journey was a killer. Twenty hours in the saddle, racing rain clouds and 18-wheelers up a 90-mile grade. The next time I'll split it up more so I won't feel like a rag so much. But whatdafuck, most of us live and learn. It's something to talk about.

It was about 1:00 a.m. — I'm talking about early, real early in the morning. It bordered on insanity. If you think that 18-wheelers ain't got

get-up-and-go uphill, you got another think coming. There I was, airing it out, doing 90 mph, when looking in the mirrors, I saw a semi barreling down on me. I got over a lane, and five semis, drafting each other, flew by. Right then, being buffeted by the backwash in my delicate condition wasn't copacetic. It woke me up, however.

Later I did pass them and many more before reaching Ludlow. It's definitely a mind-fuck. You must call upon your want and willpower to accomplish such a feat. It was a game we played for 90 miles. The winner is the one who has the best equipment and who is freshest in the gourd department. About this time, I had damaged many brain cells and needed something to keep the interest up just long enough to make the Cajon Pass; it's all downhill after that. Being mentally drained, I was close to locking on to the white line. I stopped and slapped myself around and checked Darling. I tried to get myself prepared to continue the remainder of the ride home on the natch — that is, chemical-free, not geeked up.

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like us, 'cause we ain't candyass, pussy-whipped dildos.

You know how it is, the closer you get to home. Coming down the Cajon Pass into Berdoo, I remembered a picture I took years ago. It's titled *Welcome Home, Daddy*.

This was Darling's last long ride, consequently my next column will start in Wisconsin. I'm going there to pick up *Baby*, my new FLHS — an Electra Glide Sport, my ride for '88! She's all Candy Brandywine. I hope she's as good as old wine and as faithful as her older sister, Darling. I will let you know, and by the same token, you let me know what's going on in your area. Shit, ya never know when this dude may be saying, "Smile, you're in 'Rip's Run,'" or something to that effect.

Tune in next month.

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

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CROSS-COUNTRY B

I'm going to ramble here a taste. If it comes together and the concept gels — terrific. If it doesn't leave the starting gate, you may not read this. I began riding in 1966, never entirely stopped, but took a break from being immersed in motorcycling long enough to take a look at what other individualists are up to and up against.

I verified one contention I always had — that bike builders are some talented fuckers who can and should stand right alongside yacht builders, home builders, designers, and artists. We're no more tramps than Bob Dylan is a hippie. The brothers who make motorcycles their lives and build businesses around them are as much entrepreneurs and artists

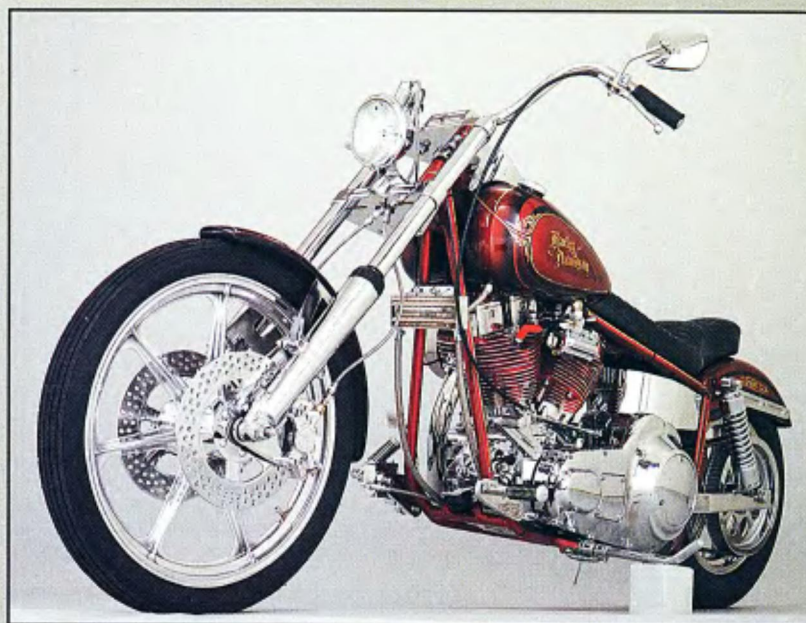
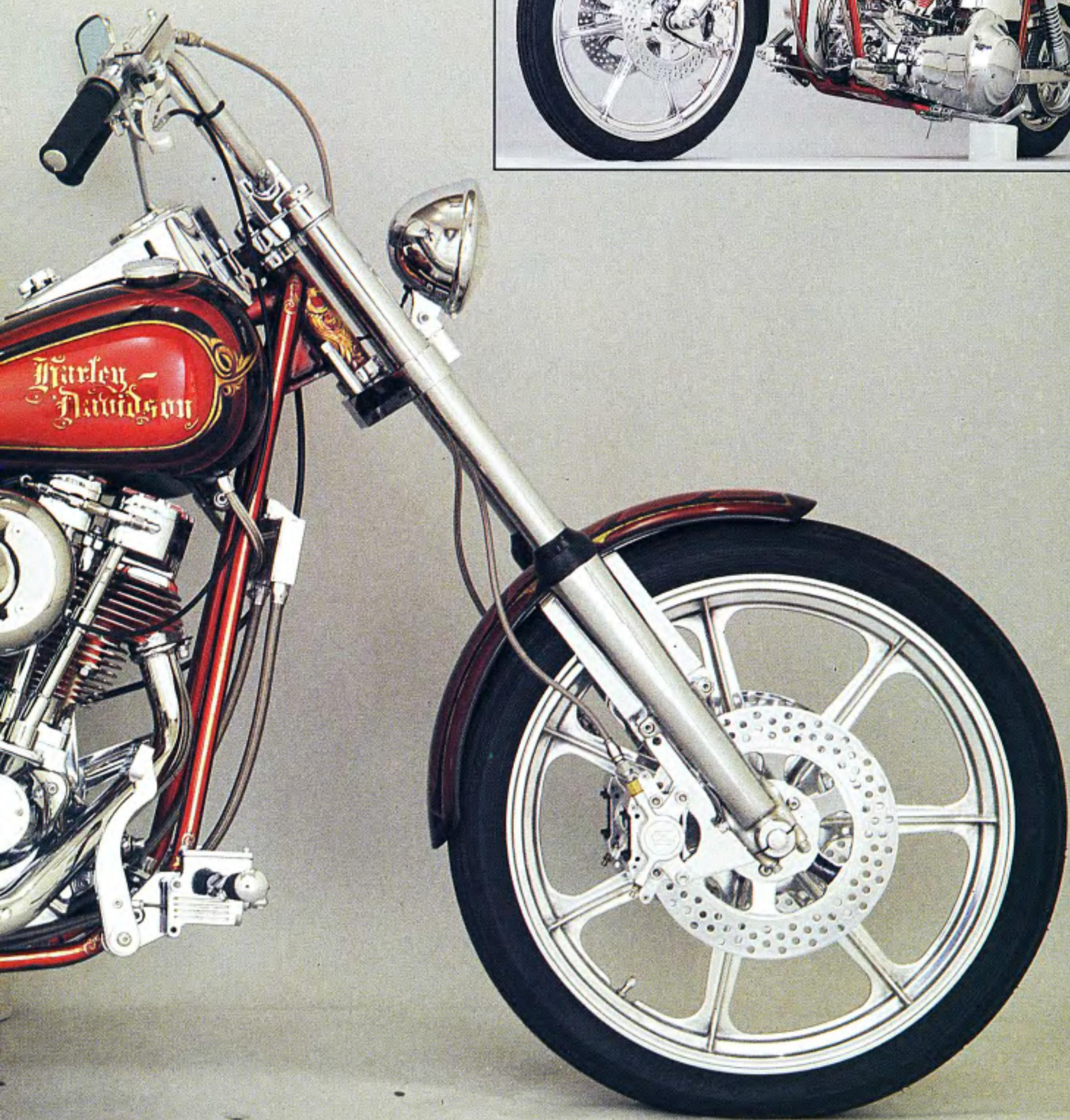
as a guy who lives and breathes managing a restaurant, restoring antique cars, creating stained glass windows, whatever.

Our life has many similarities, *except* it's more death-defying. Guys like Ron Simms, Harmon (who is suffering from cancer), and Gitmo, who created this scooter, also ride, which puts them in another class — a class only a few exist in anymore, such as race car builders who drive and skyjumping parachute makers. They create something, then live or die by it.

But we go a step further even than the talented engineer who tinkers with cars. Bike people live this life and fight for it. There aren't many grass roots



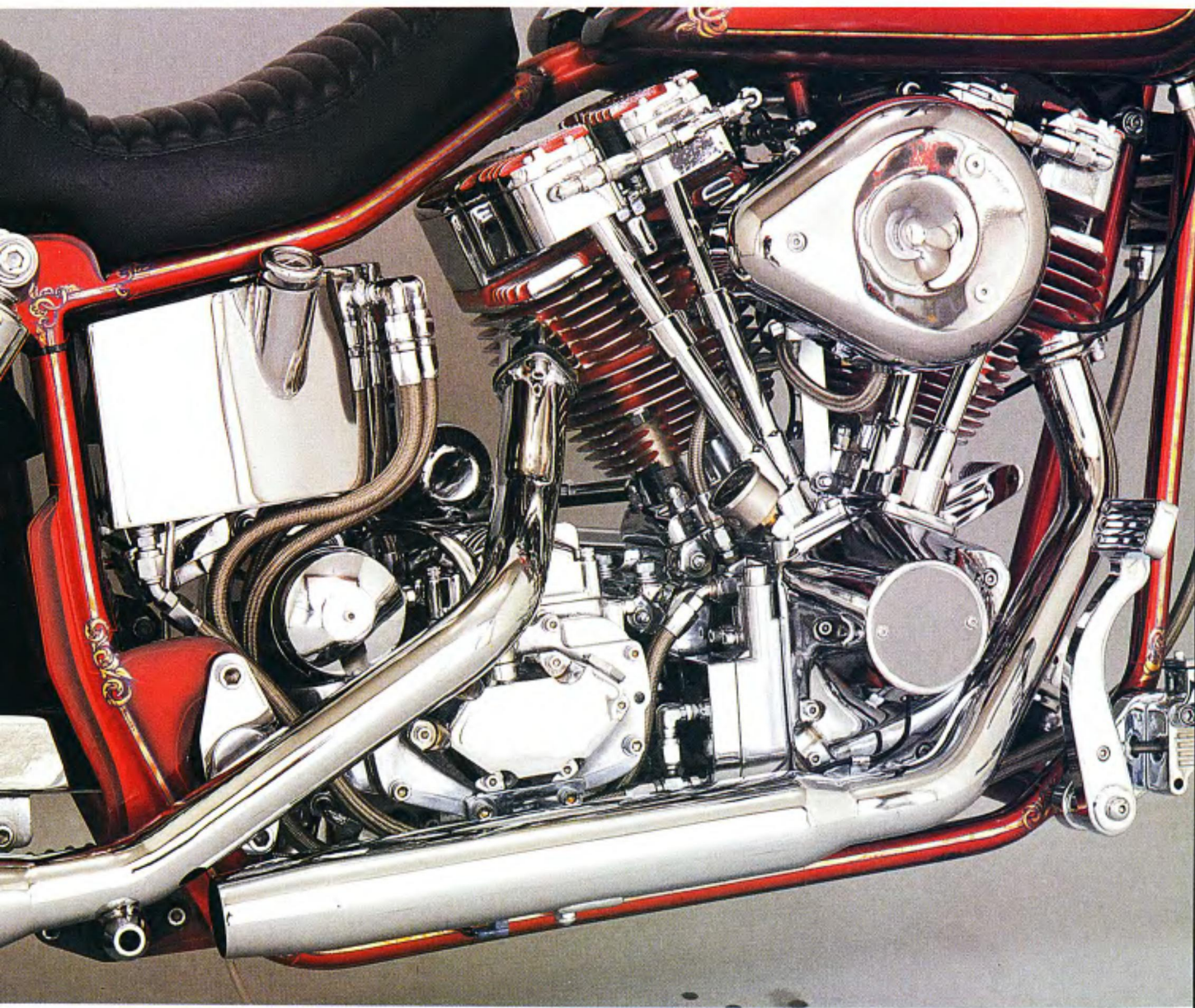
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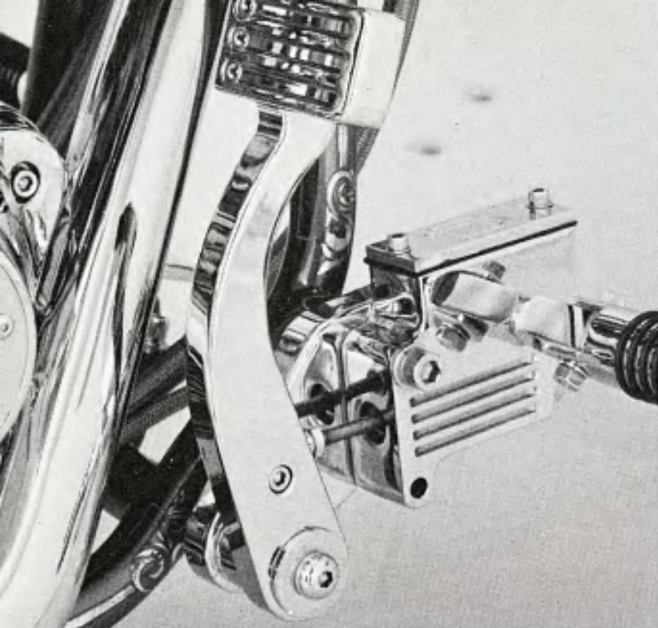


organizations left with the strength and desire ABATE and similar organizations muster. If the spirit and dedication of the members of ABATE and the Sierra Club merged, we'd rule the world. Lots of apathy exists in the world, but not on a Harley-Davidson.

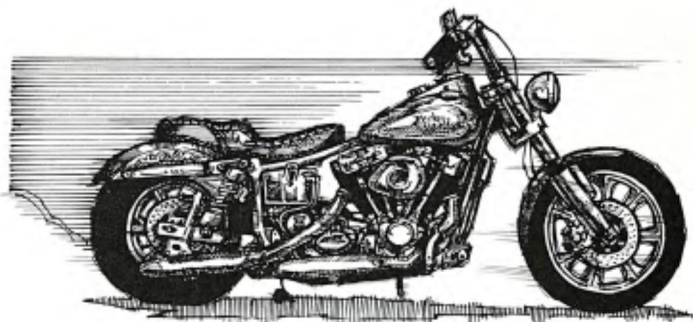
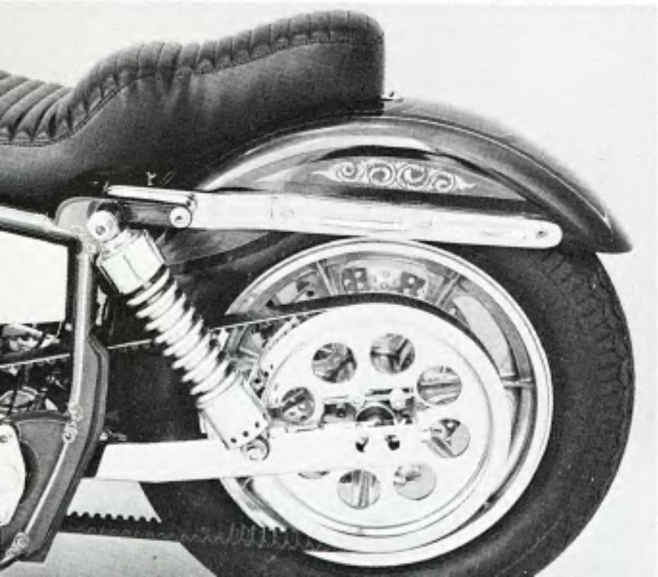
And to think we do it for the freedom to create the bikes we want to ride and the right to sustain the lifestyle.

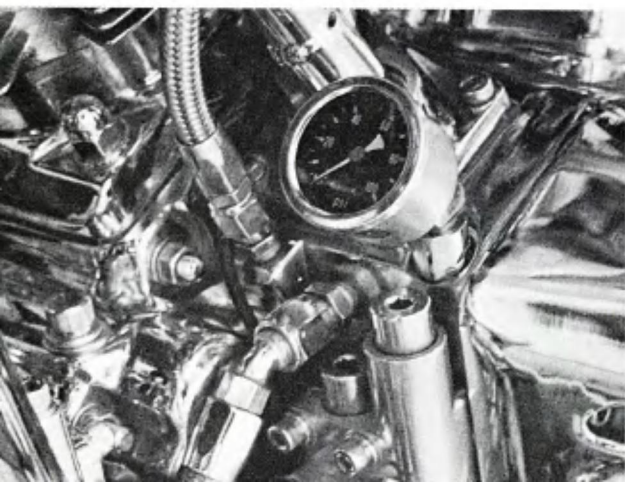
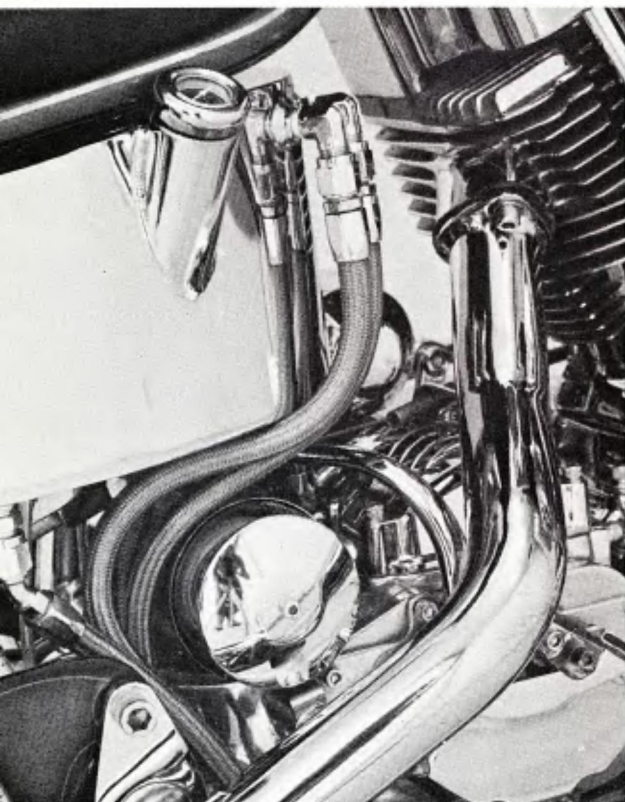
—Bandit





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Jon Sadowsky		City: Fort Lauderdale, Florida	
General		Frame	
Fab. by: Bay Area Custom Cycles		Year: 1986	
Year and make: 1986 H-D		Builder: Harmon	
Model: Bay Area		Type: swingarm by Gitmo	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Bob Gomes/BACC		Stretch: stock	
Time: three months		Other alterations: custom rubber mount	
Chroming by: Frank's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Superbar	
Year: 1986		Risers: Bay Area	
Model: stroker		Fender(s): shaved	
Rebuilder: Bay Area		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: side mount	
Displacement: 80 cubic inches		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stroked		Front pegs: Gitmo	
Balancing: by Rich		Rear pegs: Gitmo	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: trick		Oil tank: modified	
Cam(s): 440 Andrews		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Lonnie's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Bay Area by Gitmo		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): Max		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: B&B Chroming		Type: glide	
Year: 1986		Extension: 4 inches	
Shifting: 5-speed		Builder: Gitmo	
Engine sprocket: Super Max belt		Special features: aluminum billet trees	
Trans sprocket: belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock H-D		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Horst		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: Horst		Rim width: 2½ inches	Rim width: 5 inches
Color: Candy Apple red		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Horst			
Other special modifications: side mount taillight bracket, pedals and linkages, and swing-arm struts by Gitmo.			



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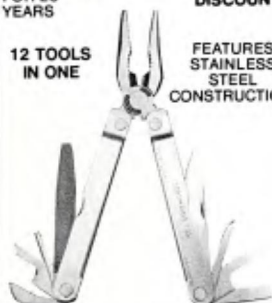
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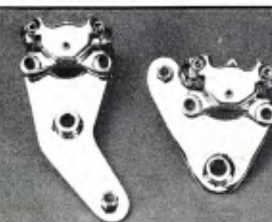
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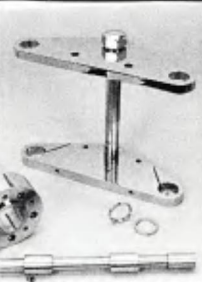
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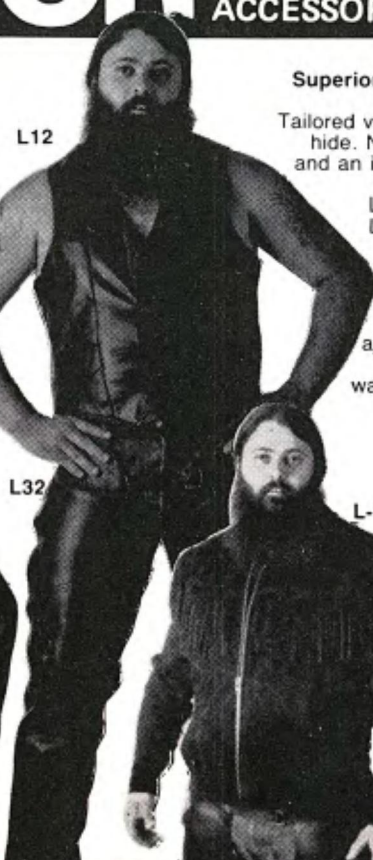
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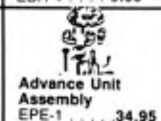
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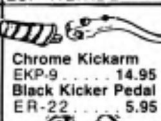
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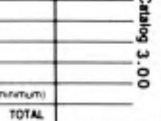
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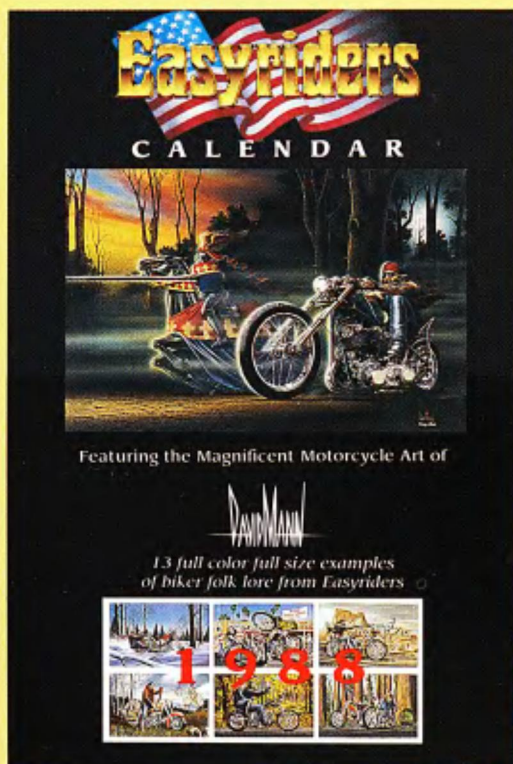
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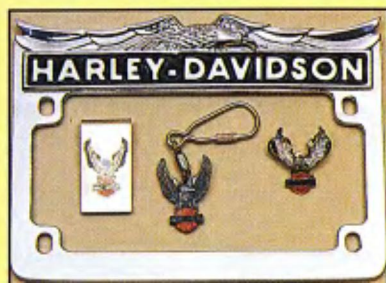
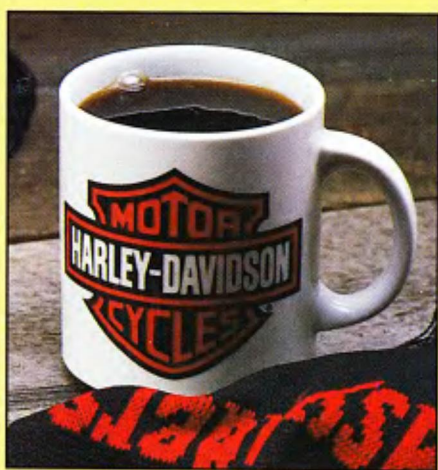
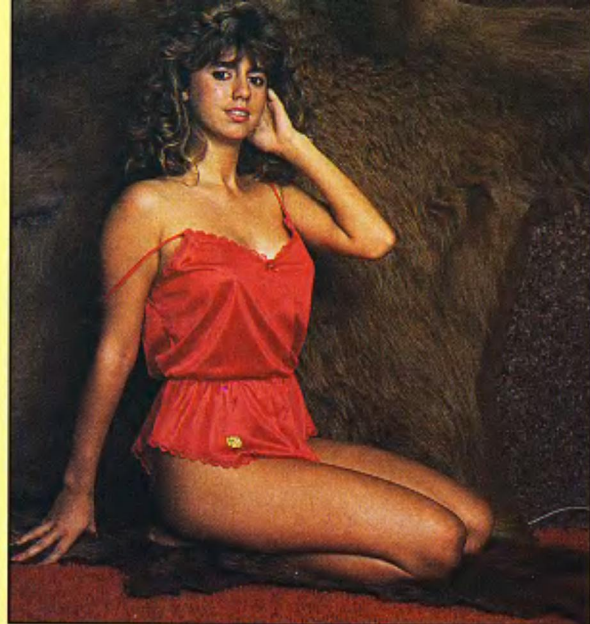
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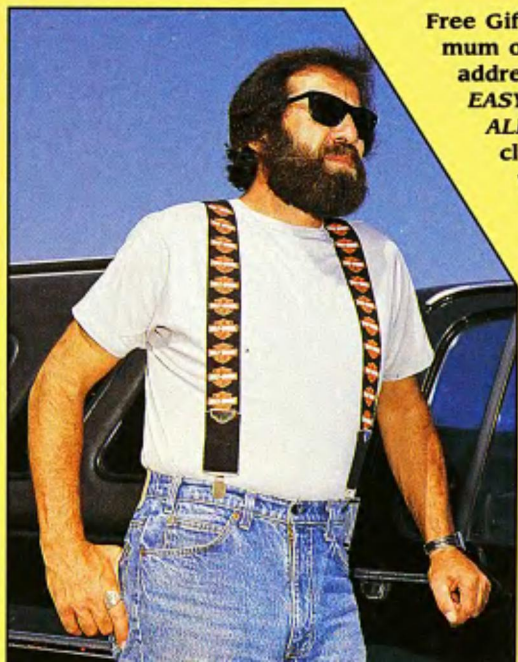
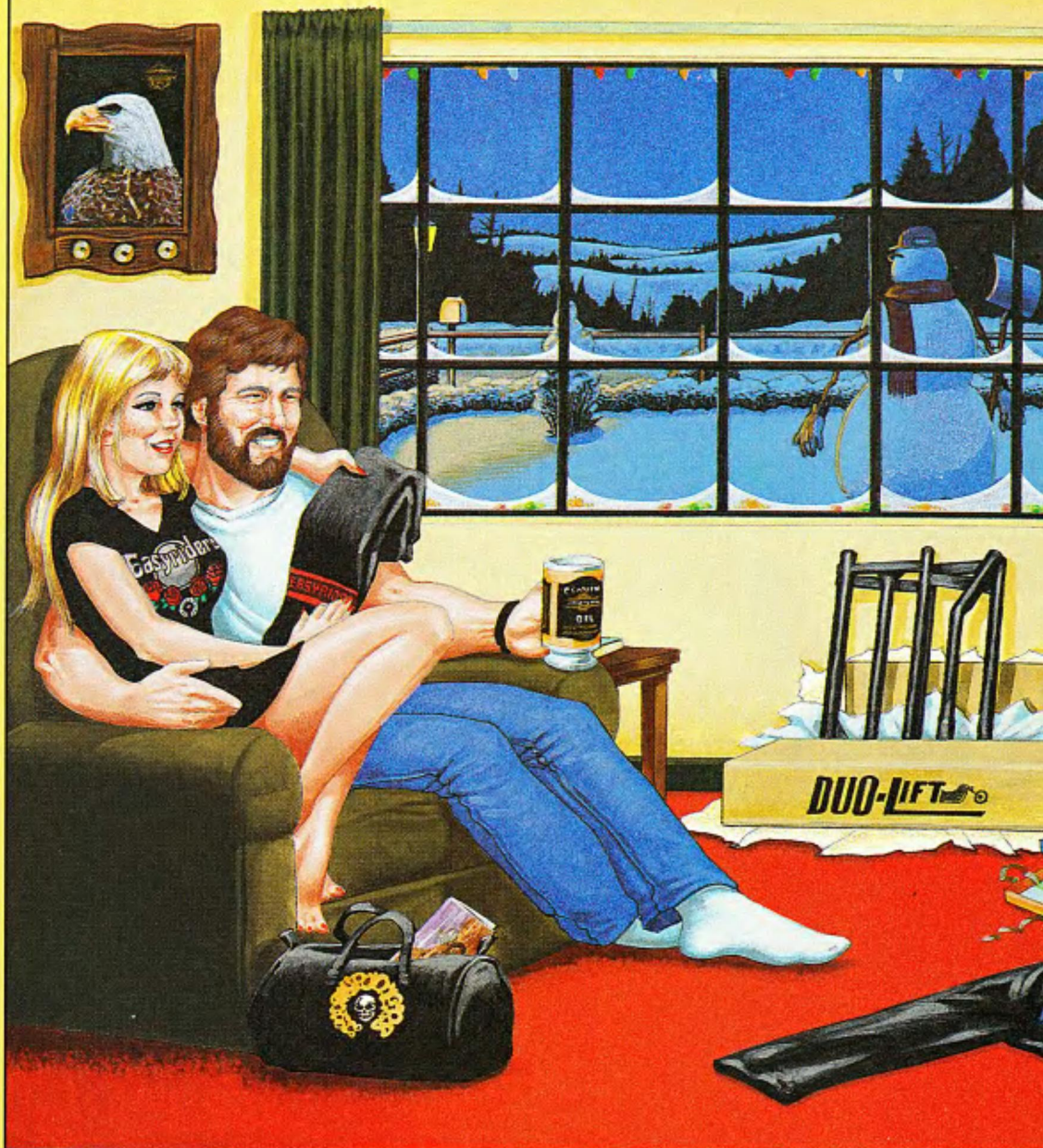
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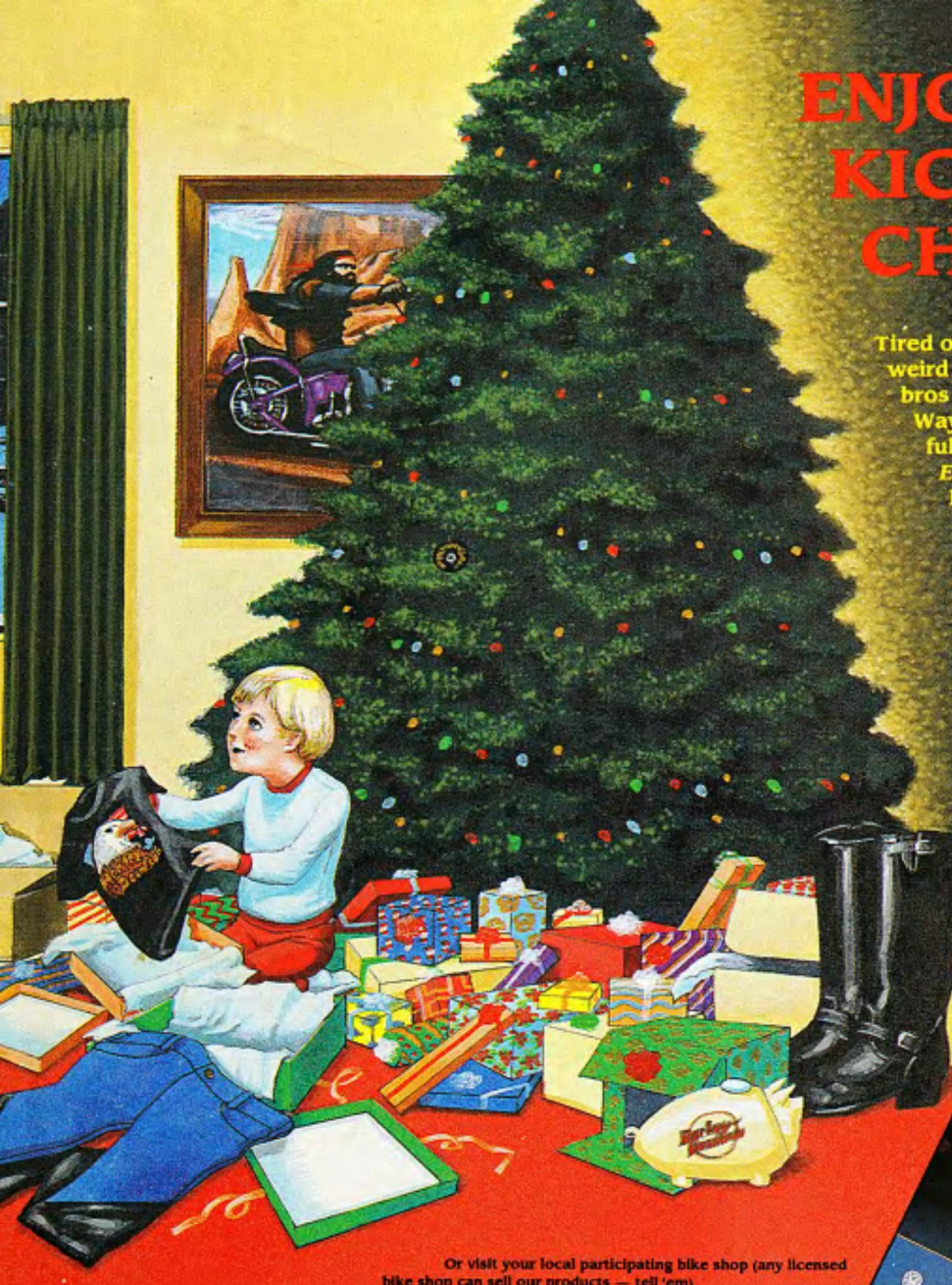
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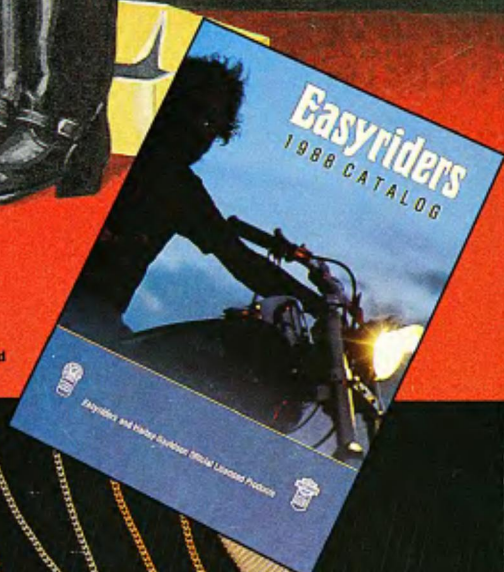
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