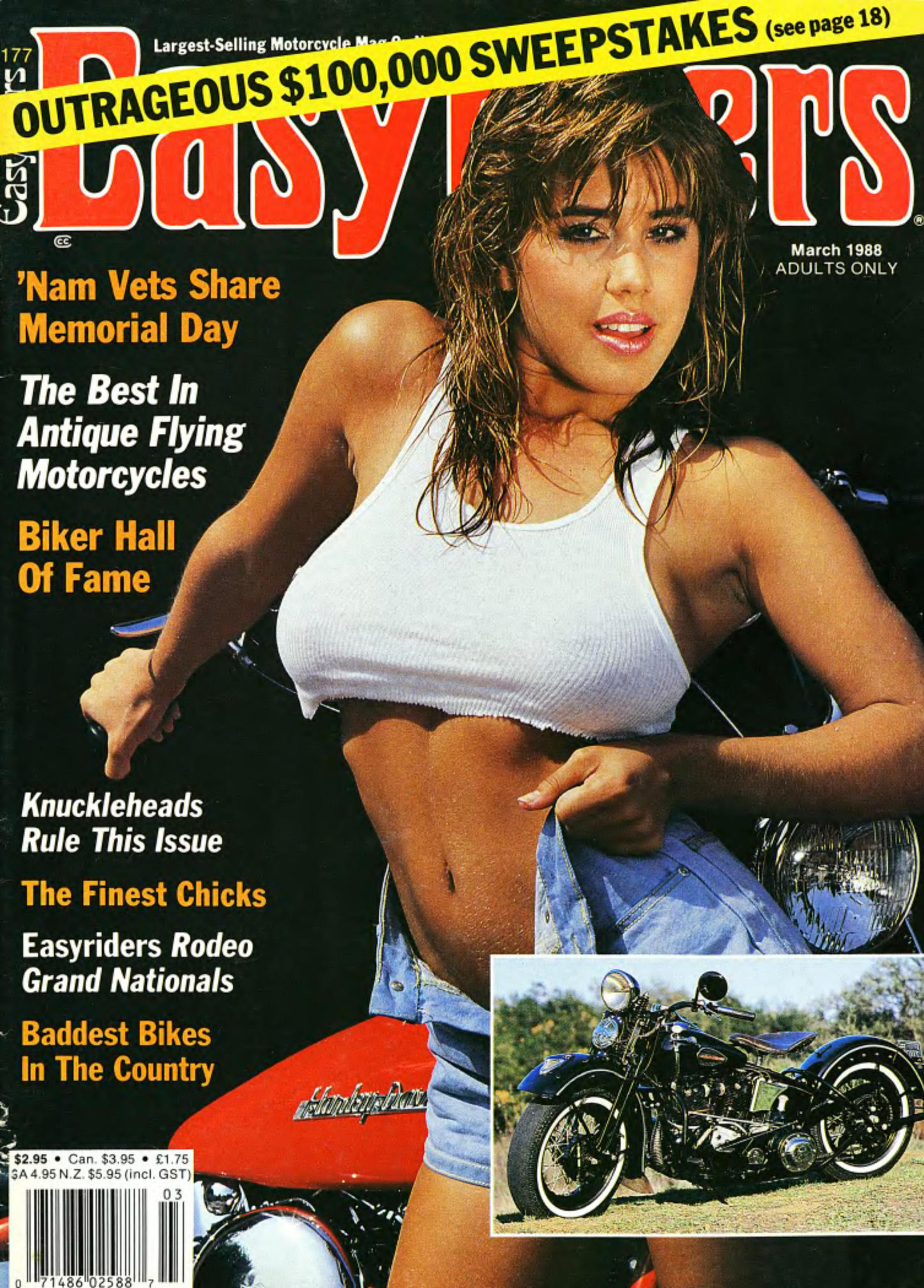


177
Largest-Selling Motorcycle Mag. in U.S.
Easyriders
March 1988
ADULTS ONLY



**'Nam Vets Share
Memorial Day**

**The Best In
Antique Flying
Motorcycles**

**Biker Hall
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**Knuckleheads
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The Finest Chicks

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CUSTOM CHROME

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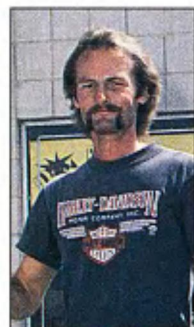
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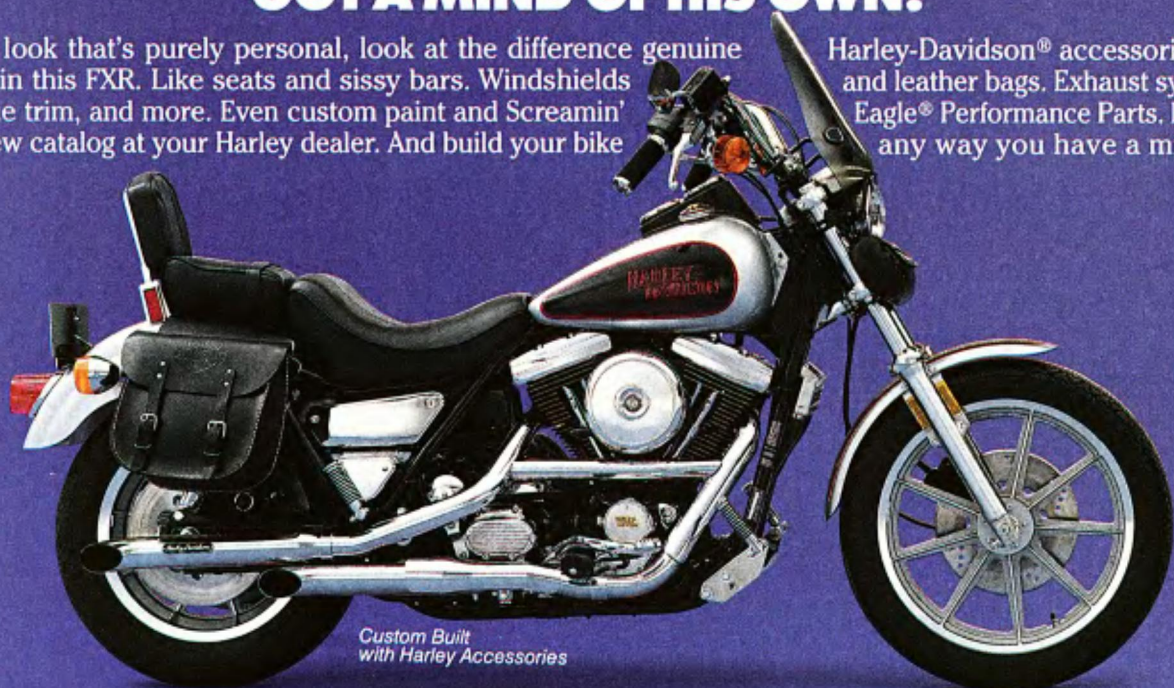


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H A R L E Y
A C C E S S O R I E S

He went blind about 20 years ago. While feeling his way around, he ran into a chick who didn't mind that he was blind, and she performed all the good things women can do for a guy to make him happy. She washed his shorts and socks and was generally a good, loving woman. Twenty years later he was hit on the head and got his sight back. He took one look at his wife and said, "Damn, you're as ugly as an orangutan. Get out of my sight." And he flatass dumped her.

I've told you guys over and over not to go to sleep first, because you never know what your ol' lady will do while you're asleep. For instance, a woman snipped off one dude's joint with scissors and flushed it down the toilet while he slept off a drunk!

Now here's a guy who got even with his wife. He was a doctor helping another doctor with surgery, and after the other doctor performed a hysterectomy on the assistant's wife, the assistant sewed up her box, saying that he'd fix it so she'd never screw around on him again. She's presently suing her ex-husband for \$6,000,000.

He was using the head of a matchstick to free a jammed zipper on his jumpsuit. While doing so, he accidentally lit the match and ignited his grease-soaked pants, burned off all the hair around his joint, and he had a wienie roast.

Is your beard getting thicker? Then you must be under the age of 37, for that's said to be the age when the beard stops getting thicker and starts getting thinner.

Do you know that all the insects eaten by spiders every year outweigh all the people alive?

Some guys are meant to be arrested. This guy wandered into a drug agents' party, thinking it was the party he was supposed to attend. After having a drink, he determined that the party was full of a bunch of deadheads, so he offered to liven it up. He had several acid (LSD) tablets in his pocket and offered to share them. So naturally the narcs purchased the tablets from him and promptly busted his ass.

You know how much we've resisted helmets over the years, but in Indonesia at least five people died and eight others were seriously injured in a clash between bike riders protesting a new helmet law and the

police. They were shouting words to the effect of, "Let the riders decide" (about wearing helmets).

I know this is something you've lain awake at night wondering about, but now it can be said. Earthworms taste just like chicken, but to check it out you have to eat them raw.

If you want to win a free beer from your buddy, just ask him to tell you who was the last president of the United States who had a beard. After you win your bet, tell him it was Benjamin Harrison.

There was a hell of a collision, and before the police arrived, some guys ran to the car to offer help. So what did they do? Bandage the victim's cuts? Put his arm in a splint, or what? Well, they grabbed some pliers and yanked a gold tooth out of his mouth and split.

Bummer. One of the side features of being rock-'n'-roll stars was that they could invariably choose from countless groupies for a hose job that night. Now with the AIDS scare, the groupies are afraid to share sex with anyone—even a rock star.

The more he thought about it, the more pissed off he got. The judge asked him if he had anything to say before passing sentence. He said, "Hell, yes, I do," turned around, dropped his trousers, and mooned the judge. "See you in hell," he told the magistrate. The judge, being a judge, extended his sentence six months for contempt of court.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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Response To Woman Hater

□ It sounds to me like your ol' lady just got smart and dumped your pig ass!
Crittter
Freeport, Me.

□ Lee, any woman whom you could get with your ignorant insights has really got to have extremely bad taste, or she has a love for small rodents!

Sweet Sue
Pasadena, Tex.

Pissed Off

□ Just when I'm really pissed and have convinced myself that Ollie North is in charge of mailing your magazine, I receive my January '88 issue in all its glory. It's not wrinkled, ripped, or rotted. It's sealed in a plastic bag. It's pristine.

I guess it's kudos and accolades to whoever had that brainstorm.

You guys will have to fuck something else up, because now I am pissed off because I have nothing to be pissed off about.

Trapshooter
DeGraff, Ohio

Thanks

□ I'd like to say thanks to everyone who responded to my letter in the October '87 issue and sent copies of the Spooky Tooth album "Witness." I got letters and packages from all over the world. Not only did I get the album I wanted, but I got a lot of tunes I never heard before. One of the best is a Canadian group called Minglewood.

A lady I work with told me that she couldn't believe that the kind of people who read *Easyriders* would respond like they did. I told her that only the readers of *Easyriders* would respond like they did.

I wish a big hairy furburger to all the bros and my sweet meat to all the ladies.

Rocky Johnson
Rogers, Ark.

Book Donations

□ You people are pretty fuckin' righteous in my book! A while back I asked if you had a rag lying around that Rufus was tired of gnawin' on to help pass the time in this dungeon. But did you guys up one? Hell, no — you sent three and made my fuckin' day! Since then I got my hands on some cash and got my script running full speed again. Thanks a hell of a lot.

So in like kind, here are a couple of places that'll help the bros and sisters who are down with me. These places send free books to prisoners. Just shoot 'em a kite and tell 'em what you want. If they don't have that exact book, they'll send something close. They get 'em from donations, so cut 'em some slack. It usually takes about two months after you write to get the books.

Addresses are: Redbook Store, Prison Book Program, 92 Green St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130 and Books for Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Seattle, WA 98101.

If any of you have some books to get rid of, you might send 'em their way. They are righteous folks and deserve our support.

Billy F. Slayton
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Buy American

□ It is true that just about everything in the house is made in Japan. I own and ride an '83 Sportster, which I rebuilt myself. All the hand tools I used in rebuilding it were American-made. The tool market today is flooded with cheap and unsafe Japanese tools; for example, sockets and wrench sets which are not worth one go-around on a rebuild. You know they're cheap because they are always on the auto parts store floor, and the good American tools are behind the counter on the wall.

I know American-made tools are a little more expen-

sive (SK, Craftsman, Snap-On), but an American hand tool will outlast a Jap tool any day — just like the panhead will outlast any Jap bike on today's market. But that's been proved already!

Frank Barberio, Jr.
Cliffwood Beach, N.J.

Responses To "0-60" Roberts

□ I hope that Dave "0-60" Roberts lives long enough to see Texas. I hate to see anyone on two wheels die, but recently I got to watch one of these "0-60" types die out on the highway. I work in a physical therapy clinic, and I work with a lot of accident victims. Funny thing, but we don't see many Harley riders there. Maybe that's because Harley riders respect their machines and ride accordingly. I also visit hospitals to work with patients who've totaled their bikes. Lo and behold, who do you suppose I find there? It's idiots like you on their "0-60" Jap crap going faster than they're capable of.

Lissa Walker
Moody, Tex.

□ Harley riders aren't into 45-degree angles or 11-second quarters as much as they're into style, pride, and class. But you wouldn't know about that, would you? How the fuck can you enjoy the beautiful spring and summer country views when you're going so fast that the electrical poles look like a picket fence?

Curly and Wormy
Cumberland County, N.C.

□ You don't understand. Harley people don't really hate you, just your attitude. I've met lots of folks with Jap bikes and the right attitude. Your anger comes from your own low self-image.

If you're lucky, you'll change your tune. But most likely your Ninja will kill you.
J.R. "Monty" Montgomery
Snoqualmie, Wash.

☐ Being the fastest is not what it's all about! Go get a blowjob from a tornado!

Smokey
Lyons, Ill.

☐ Forty years ago, your old man or granddad was killing those Japs so you could have a better place to live. Now you've got balls enough to throw a leg over that recycled "soda can" Jap crap you call a bike.

Mike "Spike"
Shawano, Wis.

☐ I figure the "0-60" stands for the number of dicks the bitch can take on any given night.

Bill James
Temple, Tex.

Word Of Thanks

☐ I'd like to say thanks to the Jokers MC from Indiana, especially Prez Bluto, who has helped me, put me to some tests, and I am now a full-status member of the club, even though I live in Brazil. I am happy to find partners who judge me for my attitude. Bikers are lonesome here, but now I have more warmth in my heart.

Fausto "Dylan" Macedo
Sao Paulo, Brazil

New Address

☐ My letter in the December "Wordmonger" offers free *Easyriders* and other mags, so long as you pay postage. First come, first served basis.

I've gotten two answers and have sent the mags out. However, I have a new address 'cause The Man decided to transfer me. So the offer is still good, but sometimes The Man doesn't forward my mail. Here's the new address.

Richard Tornado #84A3521
Attica Correctional Facility
P.O. Box 149
Attica, NY 14011

Bike Bar

☐ Another biker bar is Cyrus J's, and it's run and owned by damn good free-spirited people. I'm a trucker from Jersey, and anytime I get a load through Atlanta, I stop in. They have a kick-ass, outlaw, country, Southern rock band, plenty of ladies, and good times. Scooters line the sidewalk and parking lot; trucks and trailers park to the side and behind the building. I always seem to find a lady to warm half my sleeper, and I

have never had a problem of any kind.

I'm scooter people from way back and know a righteous place when I find one. Check it out; you won't regret it. Bikers are predominant, but I've even met some regular citizens and military personnel who seem to be on the level (those Army women are hot!!)

I'm writing this to let other travelers know about a place that will make you feel right at home. Leave attitudes in or on your vehicle; there's no room.

Rip ought to put this place on his list when he goes south. Take 285 north or south (it circles the city). Don't go east or west on 285, or you'll be on the wrong side. Go to the Covington Highway exit. It's half a mile inside the perimeter.

The Laminator
Atlanta, Ga.

Wants Tape

☐ My friends at work went to see the rodeo in Flemington. Since then one of the guys was killed in an accident. It would be really great to get a copy of your video from Charlie Carroll and Lorraine Stana of Piscataway or help me get in touch with them to see if I could get a copy directly from them.

Carol Jones
Ringoes, N.J.

Trouble With A Limey Bike

☐ Early this summer my Norton Commando had the misfortune of cooking its alternator right onto the crankshaft end. After trying to undo the damage myself and after consulting several repair shops, it looked like the solution was to remove the crank and lighten my bank account.

Just when I was geared up to accept the inevitable, I stopped by a local Harley garage in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Not only were these guys not intimidated by a limey bike, but they repaired the damage and installed my new parts without having to resort to major surgery. All the work was done in a very professional manner without the usual hand-wringing and head-shaking that usually greets me and my ride when I want something done.

So if any of your readers find themselves in or around central Pennsylvania, I'd recommend that they stop by and see Chick, John, Tootie,

and Billy Beefo at Cycle World in Altoona. They're good people in a well-equipped shop, and they'll give you an *Easyriders* mag with a \$25 purchase.

Stan Crilly
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

A Good Word

☐ You probably get plenty of letters bitching about products or service, but for a change here's one with a good word. My finishing touch in restoring a fine '66 FLH was a jockey shift kit by the V-TWIN people. A day after installation, the lever broke off in my hand. The workmanship on the rest of the kit was great, so I figured the bum weld on the lever was a fluke.

I sent V-TWIN a letter asking for a comment instead of hollering, and in less than a week they replied and said straight out that yes, they'd had a problem on some of these, and this one had somehow been overlooked and that they'd send me a new one free with improved weld.

Barry Petrillo, their sales manager, wrote their reply without bullshit, whining, or any of the crap you usually get these days when you say you have a problem with something you bought. These people have class! On the other hand, when you feel you've been ripped off by a seller of motorcycle stuff, unless the situation's really gross, it pays to give the guy the benefit of the doubt at the start.

Meanwhile, the restored Hawg looks great, and my hat's off to V-TWIN.

Wildcat
Bisbee, Ariz.

Oregon Notice

☐ All you scooter tramps in Oregon, get off your asses and register to vote. You have a unique and potentially dangerous situation in your state. The voting public will decide whether or not you wear a helmet in the May 17, 1988, statewide primary election.

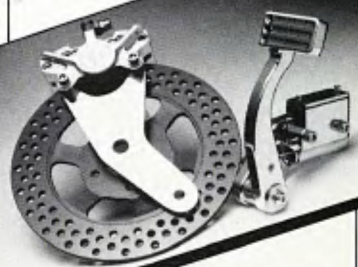
The *Oregonian* newspaper surveys show that most voters will be voting in favor of mandatory helmet use. If you haven't registered in the past two years, you must reregister. You may register by mail. Contact the county courthouse or township hall for details.

Remember, no voice, no choice; no vote, no voice.

Ernie Steele
ABATE of Ill.

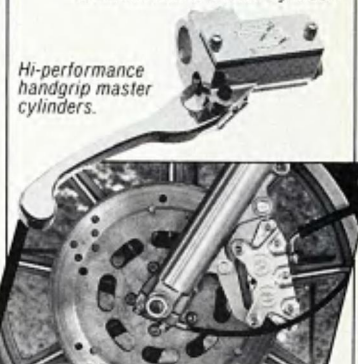
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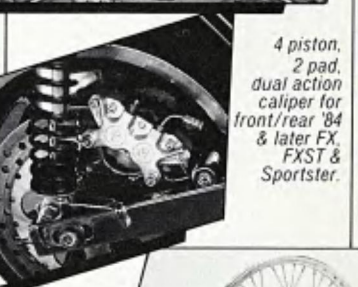


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German Sale

□ Attention German Harley riders: I recently sold my '67 shovel to some Germans who shipped about 35 Harley-Davidsons back home. Whoever bought mine will know it — the heads have "Property of Ziggy" engraved on them. If you want to know all about your new sled, write to Ziggy Lang, Box 55731, Houston, TX 77255.

I'll tell you all about the bike, and you can tell me about German riding.

Ziggy Lang
Houston, Tex.

She Saw The Light

□ When I first met my husband, he had boxes full of *Easyriders*. I used to bitch at him for spending so much money on your rag. Now I buy them for him, and if he buys them, I take them and read them before he gets a chance to see them.

Thanks for making my eight hours at work go by so fast.

Rhonda Erskine
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Parts, Parts, Parts

□ Anyone got any parts (mainly engine parts) for a 1949 Harley 125 two-stroke?

Tony
474 Ridgedale Ave.
East Hanover, NJ 07936

Wants Boogie Shirt

□ Just got my first Harley, went to Bean Blossom Boogie in style! Farted around long enough and screwed myself out of an '87 Boogie T-shirt. Need one real bad to "sport" on my chest. Will pick up postage and cost of shirt. Promise!

Cheryl Cox
547 N. Pratt Lot 98
Greenfield, IN 46140

Helpin' Hand

□ While taking my first long-distance solo ride, my bike decided it was time for a break near Halifax, North Carolina.

After consulting the *Hog Tour* book, I found a local dealer in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina — Collier Harley-Davidson. I wasn't feeling particularly lucky, as it was 3:00 p.m. on a Monday! After calling them, Marshall Collier's mom told me to "sit tight" and he'd come get me.

Marshall and friend came with pickup and loaded my Super Glide, and back to the shop we went (now 5:00 p.m.). Let me tell ya, folks, this man

and his friends and family were the greatest.

Marshall took me into town and got me set up at a motel, and he gave me lots of info (Western Union, etc.). After a good night's sleep, I was surprised to hear a knock on the door — Marshall Collier ready to take me back to the shop that morning. Hospital-ity! Southern style! I love it. My bike was ready for the road again that afternoon and running like a champ.

Anyone passing near Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, pop in and say hi! (Incidentally, the price was right, too!)

Christina Biddle
Newark, Del.

A Patch

□ Seven years ago a friend of my father's gave him a patch, a very hip patch at that (before committing suicide).

I would like to know more about this patch. It's about the size of every club's patch, big enough to cover the back of your leather. It's bright orange, and at the top it says "American." At the bottom it says "Breed," and in the center of it there is a skull with wings pointing up and out.

I'm getting a Harley soon and thought about flying this patch for kicks. But I don't want to intrude on any club or organization by flying their patch!

Little Bobby Mack
St. Louis, Mo.

■ Don't fly the patch until you're allowed to join the club.

History Lesson

□ A note to Bomber concerning a bike feature in the August issue. Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania, 10 miles east of Reading, on November 10, 1734. He lived there for 15 years. He never saw Kentucky until the Revolutionary War. Kentucky is the native state of a great American, however: our 16th president, Abraham Lincoln. So give Bomber some history lessons or have him stick to motorcycles.

J.C. Graff
Lancaster, Pa.

■ 'Preciate the lesson. I'll stick to 'sickles and rock-'n'-roll — Bomber.

Thanks

□ Just a note to say thanks to the couple on the ol' reliable red panhead who stopped to offer us help when

we broke down on Highway 101 outside of Ventura. Aside from a fried electrical system, it was a beautiful Sunday in November!

Special thanks to the Hells Angel who stopped to help us, too. We realized he was George Christie as he was riding away. We sure felt honored to have the prez stop for us!

Troy and Kay
Simi, Calif.

Army Biker

□ In reference to the letter from Dogface at Ft. Knox, Kentucky, you got most of it right, bro! Having been one of Uncle Sam's charter members for over 12 years, I've seen a lot of bullshit crammed down our throats (i.e., drug tests, Article 15s for tattoos that get infected, harassment if you belong to a club (a mortal sin if you're an NCO), and 50 miles of red tape to get a piece of plastic that allows you to ride a scooter).

But I can assure you, as a member of the 3rd Armored Division for almost four years and buyer of two new scooters (some slimebag muthafucker stole one), you are not required to have the post commander's permission to buy a scooter. If you hold a motorcycle endorsement from the States, you must have your license request approved by a "Full Bird" (06) and take a written verification test and road test. If you do not have an endorsement from the States, you must go to a German driving school (about \$100-\$150 in my area). You must attend the same school if you fail the verification and/or road test.

Also, the club scene is alive and well in Germany. But be warned, bros, it is not like the States, although it is still a good scene and there are a lot of damned fine bros over here. I belong to Heaven's Own MC and am as proud to be a member of Heaven's Own as I would any club in the States.

J.R.
APON.Y.

Iron Horse

□ Wanna sell collection of *Iron Horse* magazines. Have issues one to present boxed and in A-1 condition. Write to: Rick Monnier, 515 Briggs, Hastings, NE 68901 or call (402) 461-4872.

Rick Monnier
Hastings, Neb.

'Nam Patch

☐ I'm writing about a patch I've seen that says "IN MEMORY OF OVER 68,044 BROTHERS WHO NEVER RETURNED VIETNAM '62-'75." (In *The Wind* #29, the bro givin' the peace sign on the page before the catalog section.) I have a brother who was there from '65 to '67, but he was lucky enough not to get a "Congratulations" letter from Uncle Sam.

Are those patches strictly for Vietnam vets? If not, how can I get one? If they are (which I'm sure they probably are), is there a patch that those of us who are not vets can get to show our pride, respect, and appreciation to those who laid their lives on the line for us?

Bruce Ruddle
Woodbridge, Va.

■ Some 'Nam vet will answer ya.

We're All Right

☐ I just wanted to tell everyone that recently my views about bikers have changed. My dad always told me that bikers were dishonest, low-down trash. I found out differently.

I'm in the service, stationed in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Recently our cook got knocked up and is in the hospital. We needed someone to replace her, so they sent us Choke, a biker, tattoos and all, and he can't wait to get out. Anyway, my first impression of this guy was "Stay away from him, he's trouble." But Choke soon changed all that. He was backin' up and fucked up another guy's car. He was fucked up and there were no witnesses (at least no one but me — I was watchin' out the window when it happened). I expected to see him run, but not Choke. He went and found the owner and told him he would pay to have it fixed.

I just want to say thanks to Choke Kilgore for changing my views. I hope to ride someday. Also want to tell my dad he's "full of shit."

The New Wannabe
Atlantic City, N.J.

Which Bike?

☐ I've been reading your magazine on and off for a few years wishin' and dreamin'. I've been wanting a Harley for as long as I can remember. Now that I'm in the position that I can afford one (or at least try), I don't know what

would be the best bike for me. A new bike is financially out of the question.

The problem is I'm a pretty big guy (6'3" and 320 lbs.), and I don't know which bike would be the best to go after — a knucklehead, pan-head, or a shovelhead.

Like I said earlier, this is going to be my first bike, and I'd appreciate any help you can give me.

Big Frank
Cincinnati, Ohio

■ You'll need two Evolutions.

H-D History

☐ To Bummer: If you want to know more about what was what back in the early days of H-D, check out a copy of *Earlyriders*. It has the H-D history from 1903 until the present.

Ron Stone
Coatesville, Pa.

SOS

☐ Does anyone out there have any old *Easyriders* they'd be willing to part with? How about some flicks? Flicks of the men, the bikes, the parties... hell, even flicks of the family dog!

I'm a 23-year-old North Carolina girl back in the system on a violation. Gonna do a bullet, and I sure could use some contact with the real world.

Thanks.

Dawn Day W#24730
C.I.W. Em-B-538L
Frontera, CA 91720

Working Together

☐ Either great minds run in the same circles, or we've all developed an ability to read the writing on the wall. I refer to the "Time Has Been On Our Side" editorial appearing in the December 1987 issue. Enclosed please find an open letter to the motorcycling press. This same letter is being sent to motorcyclists' rights organizations and — on different letterhead — all motorcycle dealers associations, manufacturers, and aftermarket manufacturers.

Given the recent attack on superbikes, the threat to motorcyclists' rights in several states and the need for us to actively pursue our rights using every means possible — including a "friends of freedom of choice" list — now is the time for all of us to start working together.

You and Lou Kimzey have been active in the fight for motorcyclists' rights for 15 years, and the fight has not gotten any easier. The enemies of motorcycling — NHTSA, Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, and a cross-section of do-gooders — have traded off being pointmen. These groups are moving at warp 30-plus, and motorcyclists' rights organizations, with few exceptions, barely know how to write a press release, much less the names of the organizational enemies of motorcycling.

Fred Harrell
Business Manager/
Legislative Advocate
Modified Motorcycle
Assoc. of Nevada
Las Vegas, Nev.

So Whatdafuck?

☐ So Jack Daniel's birthday is September 5th and Whatdafuck Day is September 26th. Well, did ya know Whatdafuck Day falls on National Hunting and Fishing Day? So whatdafuck! I guess that depends on whatdafuck yer huntin' and fishin' for!

Now from page 8 of the December '87 mag I'm movin' on to page 112 to say I still don't know whatdafuck those ol' ladies are searchin' for in that hay. I guess I've just been locked down too tight for too long to know but whatdafuck?! If ya don't tell me, I'll just find out whatdafuck they're after Wednesday — that is, whens they let me outta here!

Lee
Dallas, Pa.

■ They're searchin' for spuds.

Kiss Me

☐ In response to "Dipshit" in the December '87 issue, kiss my ass and kiss my dog's ass, too!

Stella
Cortland, N.Y.

Good People

☐ On July 17, 1987 we bought a raffle ticket for a Harley dresser from a member of the Flying Circle motorcycle club at the race track in Parkersburg, West Virginia. The price was \$50. Expensive, yes, but only a small number of chances were to be sold, with profits going to the West Virginia Muscular Dystrophy Association, and a chance to own another H-D cheap! The club member took our name and address info and told us that if they fell short of their sales goal, they would refund the price of our ticket to us... Right!

Early in October we received a note from the Flying Circle club, along with a check for \$50. Apparently, they failed to sell enough chances and true to their word, they were refunding our ticket price.

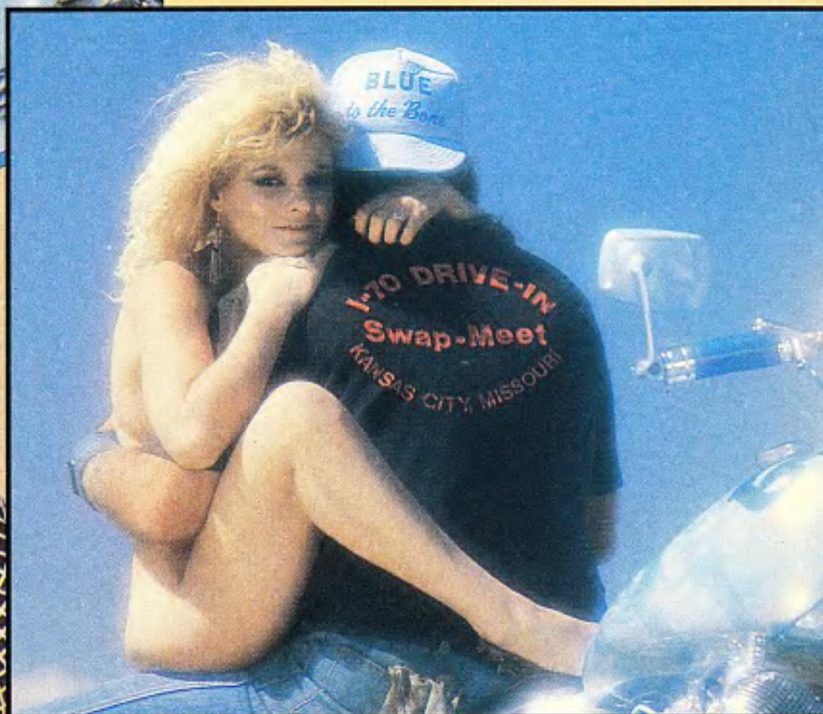
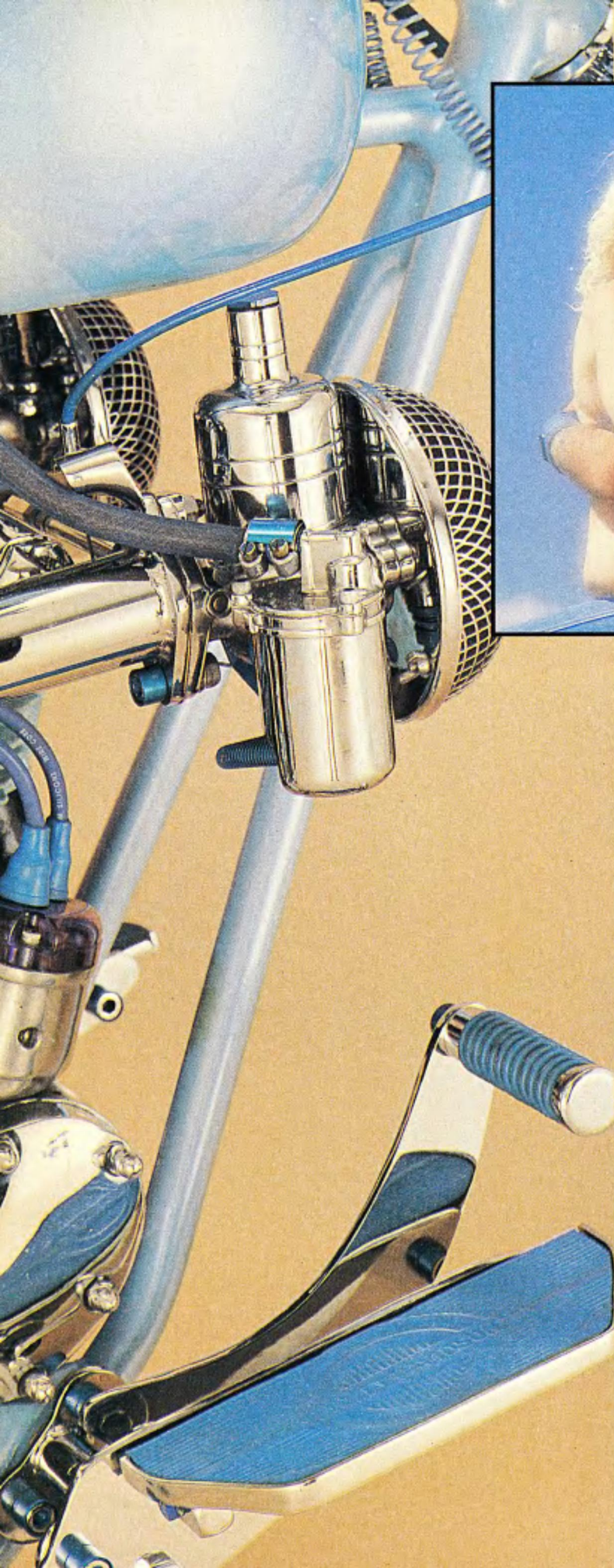
Ruth and Fred
Syracuse, N.Y.

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



BLUE FRIDAY





This kick-ass knuck is twice as nice.

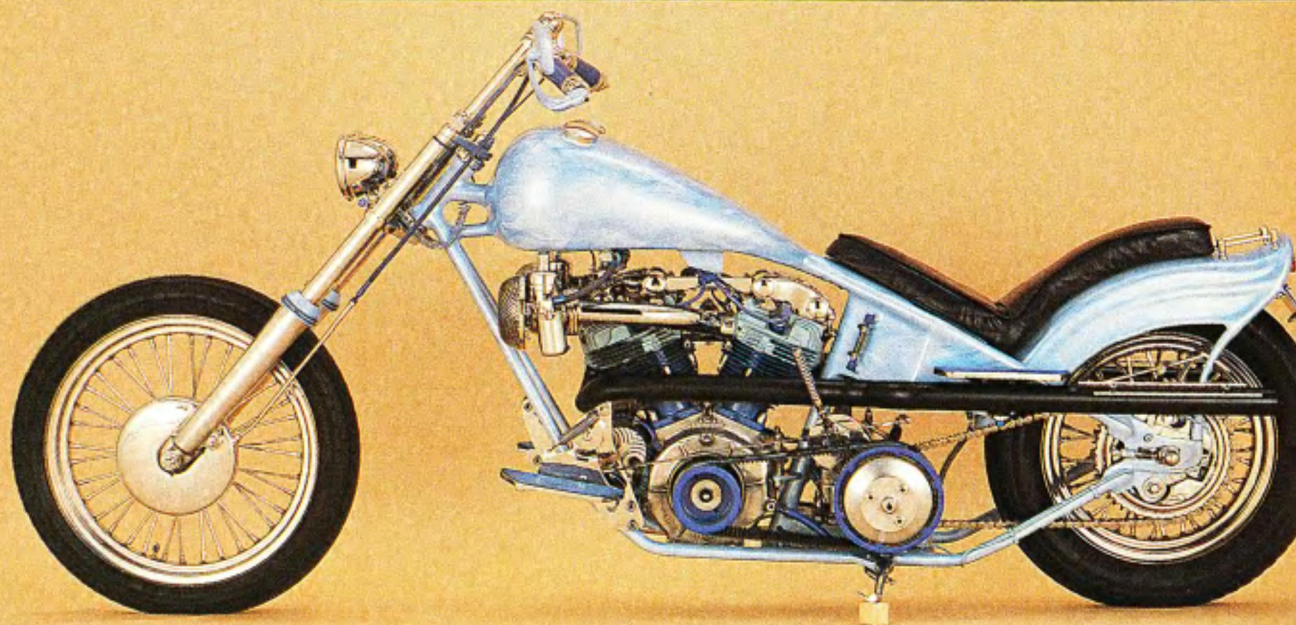
I always did figger the takillya would get to me sooner or later, but I'd kinda hoped it'd be later — or at least not on a deadline Friday. Like Arlo Guthrie said in *Alice's Restaurant*, "I'd gotten good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best" when I putted into work this morning.

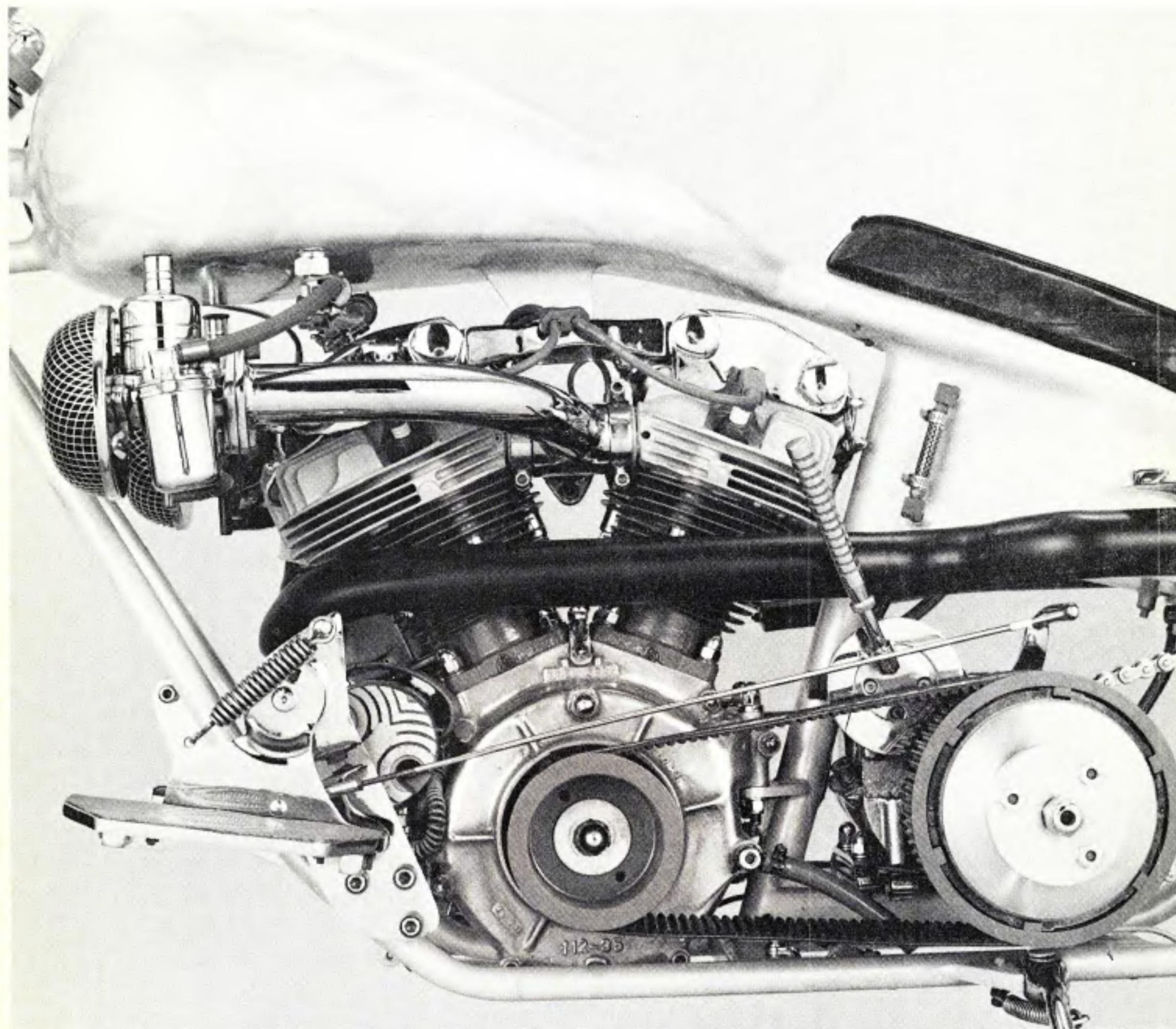
Ploppin' my tired, achin' ass behind my desk, I was tryin' to focus on the photos of this bitchin' knuckle when *whatdafuck!* — what I was starin' at with my throbbin' eyeballs looked like a baby blue EL with a set of knuckles on *both* sides of the heads.

No more all-nighters of chasin'-the-worm-in-the-bottle, I promised myself as I scarfed a handful of aspirin. From now on, I'd stick to Jack Daniel's — that, at least, was American, and it didn't fuck with my eyesight like this.

I'd already made a healthy start on my new resolution by the time I called up to rap with Bob Black, the owner of this Kansas mind-twister.

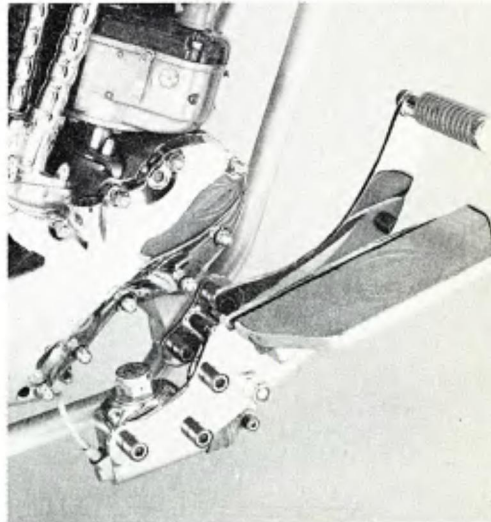
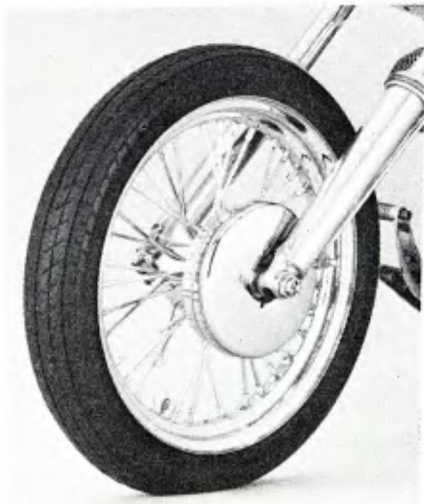
"This bike's a little different from the ones you usually run in the rag," he said. "It wasn't put together with a lotta bucks, 'cause I made or scrounged most of the parts, and all of my friends helped me out."

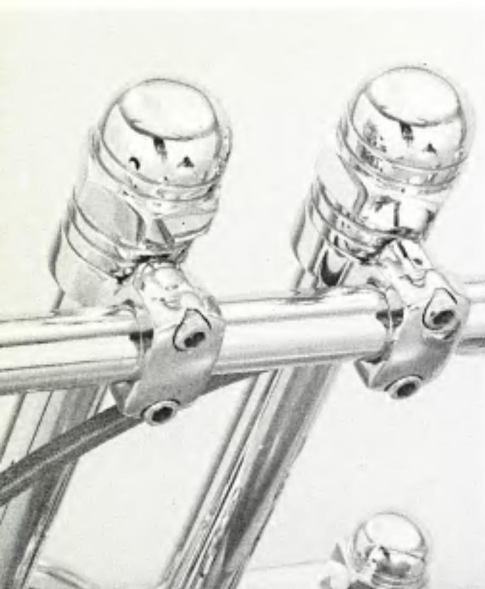




Like last August, when the knuck's rod bearings decided to take a shit on the morning Bob and his buddies were puttin' to Sturgis. Bob's bro, Whitey, loaned him all the guts to rebuild the lower end, and together they cinched her up and had her on the road to the Classic within 24 hours. Total cost: zero bucks.

Bob also managed to hold on to most of his *pesos* by hittin' the swap meets and usin' whatever material was at hand, such as a real estate "For Sale" sign that ultimately became his fender strut. "I'm kind of proud





Owner: Bob Black		City: Pittsburg, Kansas	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: several	
Year and make: 1939 H-D		Builder: Jammer/Rabbit/Rodney/owner	
Model: EL knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: your life		Rake: yes	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: yes	
Time: 49 years		Other alterations: internal fork stops	
Chroming by: B. Kaufman/M. Clark		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1939		Risers: Mokey/Beavers/owner	
Model: EL		Fender(s): modified swap meet	
Rebuilder: Rodney/owner		Headlight: two	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: double blue dot	
Displacement: 61 cubic inches		Speedo: the wind	
Lower end: Rodney/Whitey/owner		Front pegs: footboards—Rodney/owner	
Balancing: once upon a time		Rear pegs: footboards—Rodney/owner	
Pistons: two		Electrics: through the frame	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Drag Specialties/Rodney/owner	
Heads: double knuckle		Oil tank: Rabbit/owner	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: 6-quart	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): two SUs from MG Midget		Seat: Beef/owner	
Air cleaner: Custom Chrome		Sissybar: fender brace	
Pipes: the crew at Car-X Muffler		Height: enough	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material: real estate "For Sale" sign	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: ratchet top		Type: glide	
Year: who cares?		Extension: 4 inches	
Shifting: hand		Builder: H-D/Nostalgia Cycle/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: yes	
Trans sprocket: yes		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: yes		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: owner		Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Painter: owner		Rim width: enough	Rim width: enough
Color: Iceland Blue Pearl		Tire: Pirelli radial	Tire: Pirelli radial
Type: lacquer from Lockwood's		Brake: mechanical	Brake: juice
Special paint: belt lettering by Blaine Scott			
Other special modifications: most parts either modified or handmade. Thanks to Rodney Crane, Whitey, Rabbit, Mike Adams, Donny, Sheldon, Terry, Shep, Juan, Doug, K & B Cycle, BC Cycle, L.W., Kevin, Aesthetes MC, my kids, Mom, and all the ladies I've loved before.			



Photos by Michael Lichter



of this low-budget bike," he said, "and I think it can run alongside the best of 'em."

Near the end of the conversation, Bob remarked, "Hey, ya haven't said anything about the twin knuckles on the heads, man. That usually gets a lotta second looks. I kinda wanted two of everything on the scoot."

So it wasn't my double vision, after all. Pass the Cuervo.

—Pizzaman





**Last year, there just weren't enough
new Harleys to go around.**

If you want a 1988 Harley-Davidson,* you'd
better get to your nearest dealer soon.
Unless you like to share.



*Things Are Different On A Harley.**

We support the AMA and recommend you wear a helmet and protective gear while riding.

Waiting For A Knucklehead

Darcy Lee has been slapping brushes on canvas for as long as she can remember, creating wildlife scenes — that is, until her ol' man tore the screen door off the hinges one dismal afternoon and told her to paint a panhead on an iron skillet or hit the streets. The gesso and acrylic started flying like an exploding blender, and damn if she didn't accomplish the task, pronto.

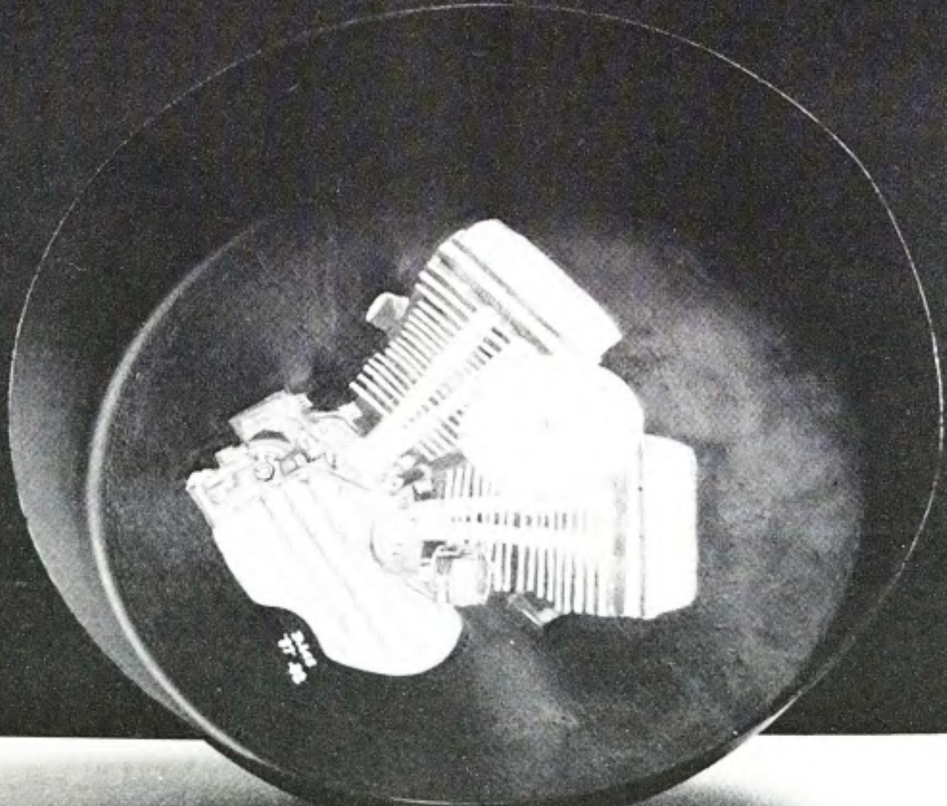
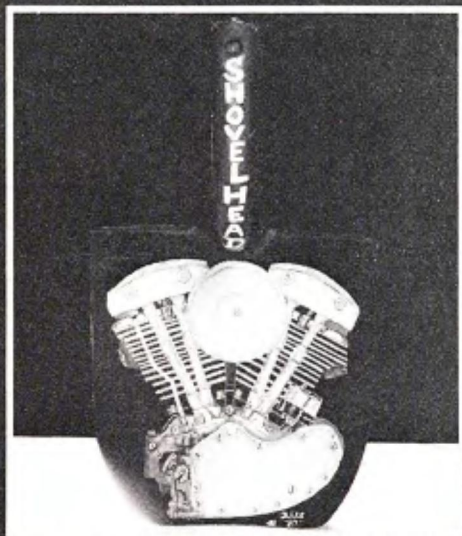
She was about to relax, thinking her home was secure again, when this here rusty shovel sliced

and diced its way through a window pane, followed abruptly by, "Now a shovelhead, bitch."

Her already weary fingers sanded the corroded shovel, and she went to work. Now she cringes each time she hears the ol' man slide to a stop outside, for fear he might find a knucklehead easel, or maybe form her blonde top into a flathead.

Course, she got somewhat of a payback — he hasn't had breakfast since the panhead.

—Snake



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I cut the motor, kicked the sidestand down, and leaned back on the sissybar to take in the view. The sun hung low in the Arizona sky — so low that it seemed to be balancing on the edge of the far rim of the Canyon. Even though it was close to dusk, it looked as though melted gold was pouring through the cracks in the floor of the sky.

I'd never seen anything like the sun setting over the Grand Canyon. Man, it was fuckin' beautiful. I pulled out a deck of Luckys and fired one up, taking the acrid smoke deep into my lungs, then let it out slowly, almost with a sigh, as my senses drank in the magnificent tableau that stretched out before me as far as the eye could see.

It was my first trip to the Canyon, and it was everything I'd ever heard about it. Coming up on the south rim, suddenly seeing it there at sunset, was something I'd never forget. Now I'd seen the Canyon from the top as well as from the bottom.

As I sat there and smoked, watching the sun dip low in the western sky, my mind went back through time and space to the strange events that had just occurred.

That old feeling had come over me again. The walls of my one-man machine shop had seemed to be closing in on me, and I had been spending most of my time redoing the jobs I'd fucked up by not having my mind on my work.

I'd had this problem before, and I knew what the cure was.

So I'd padlocked the shop and tacked a sign up on the door that said, "Gone Puttin', Be Back When I Get Back. P.M." P.M. is short for Preacher Man. That's me. The next morning I rolled the panhead out of my garage and kicked it over. It started on the first kick, like I knew it would. Some people wonder why I ride a pan instead of something newer. I tell 'em some things improve with age. Hell, I'd turned 50 last June, and my old ass fit that solo seat just right.

I ride alone. Always have, always will. I headed out of Oakland, going south. I really had no planned route — just kinda let the old pan go where it wanted. Hell, it always took me somewhere interesting. This time it wanted to turn left at Bakersfield and head for the Grand Canyon.

Well, I'd never been there, so I said okay, sounds good to me, and we headed off through the desert toward the border. I stopped overnight at a motel in Needles, and when I opened the door the next morning and stepped out of that air-conditioned motel room into the bright sunlight, the hot air hit me so hard it rocked me back on my heels. Shit, it must have been 110 degrees in the shade. I'd left my sunglasses on the fatbob, and they had melted into a shapeless mess of black plastic. I grabbed some breakfast at Denny's, hit a drugstore for some new shades, and was back on the road at 10 a.m.

I'd crossed the border and had been puttin' across the

Storm A-Comin'

by Preacher Man



Arizona desert for about two hours, when up ahead a small town appeared in the distance. Mesa something or another, I don't remember the name — just a wide spot in the road. I pulled into the one gas station in town, filled up, then headed for the tavern across the street. I planned to replace some of the sweat I'd lost with a couple of cold beers. I pulled up to the front of the joint and parked beside an old K Model Sportster that somebody had stuck into a rigid frame.

head. He was about twenty years old, dark-complected, with high cheekbones. He took a sip of draft, then turned towards me. His eyes were black as coal, and his mouth was a thin gash. He nodded at me and I nodded back. He turned his attention back to the dusty mirror behind the bar, and the black eyes stared back into black eyes.

I ordered a Bud from the overweight, sweating barkeep. He slammed it down on the bar and took my money without

It was an old face, ancient in fact, brown as a walnut and crisscrossed with lines, like a war map.

I stopped and looked at the bike for a second. You don't see many K Models around, and you sure as fuck don't see green ones with eagle feathers hanging from the handlebars, like this one had.

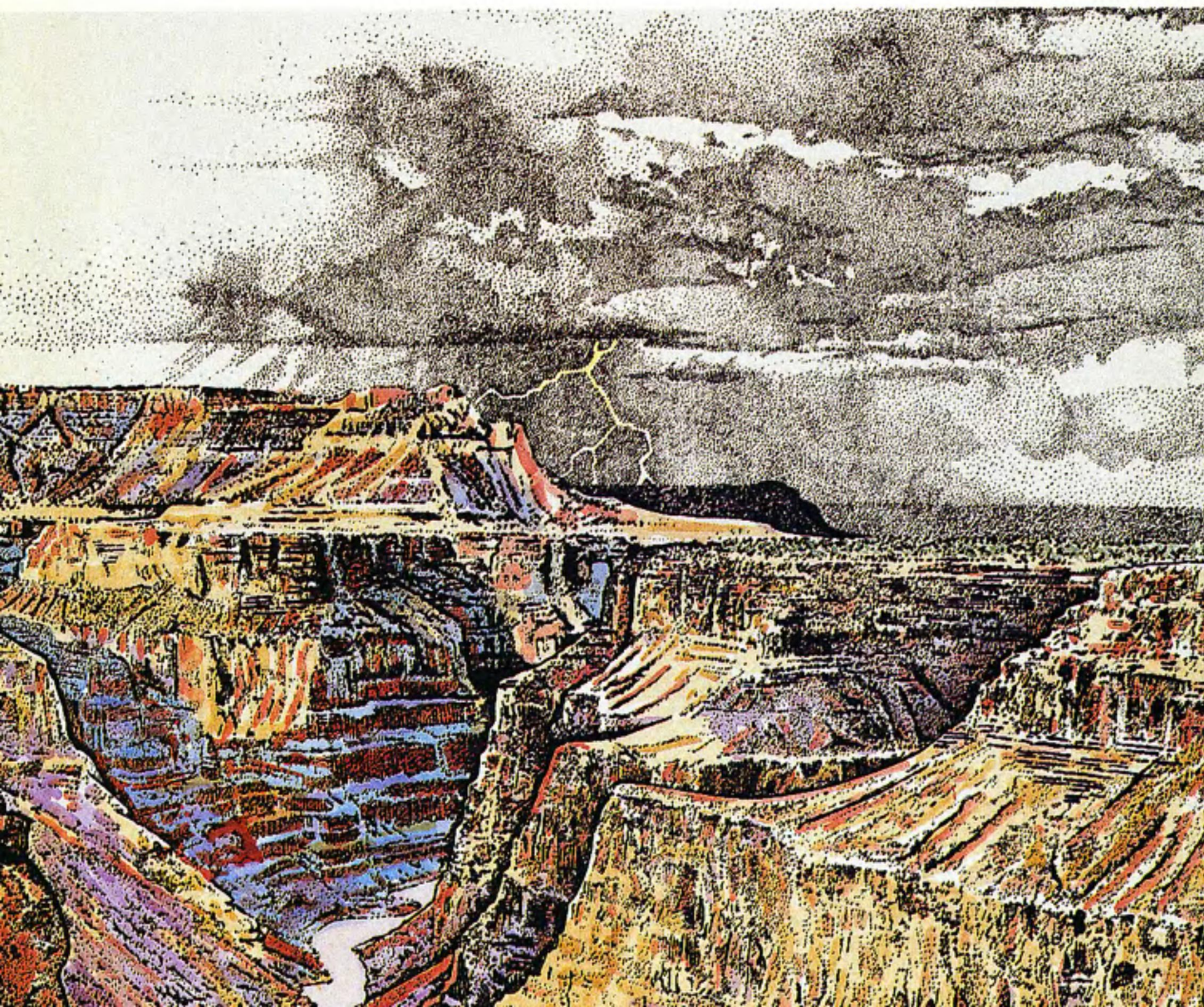
I shook my head at the color of the bike, then stomped into the place and sat my ass on a bar stool with cracked red upholstery. There was only one other person in the bar, and he was sitting down at the other end, nursing a beer. He had long, straight, black hair with a red bandana around his

a word. Real friendly people in this town, I thought. Well, fuck 'em, I just stopped in for a beer, anyway.

I finished the beer and decided not to have another one. That place gave me the creeps and I wanted to get outta there. As I started to leave, I felt a hand on my shoulder and I spun around. The Indian kid stood in front of me, his black, unsmiling eyes staring at me. I stared back. I was getting pissed. I don't like people I don't know grabbing at me. The kid suddenly smiled, showing strong, white, even teeth.

Continued on page 24

Illustration by W. Ward Ryan





Right outside your door, a kind of sameness permeates the world. Witness the tens of thousands of so-called "custom" motorcycles on the streets. Built more by formula than feeling, they all seem to blend together. As do their riders.

It's a different story when you're on a Harley-Davidson.* Wherever a Harley* takes you, eyes are sure to follow.

It never fails. When it comes to causing a scene, nothing is in the same league.

Consider the Harley-Davidson Low Rider.™ Like all Harleys, a motorcycle impossible to ignore. People notice everything about it. The clean custom lines. The original console-mounted gauges on the Fat Bob* gas tank. The



Kiss Anonymity Goodbye.

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If you'd rather move through life unnoticed, you should probably stay away from a Harley-Davidson. But if you don't mind attracting more than a little attention every

now and then, get on the new Low Rider. And get ready to kiss anonymity goodbye.



Things Are Different On A Harley[®]

We support the AMA and recommend you wear a helmet and protective gear while riding.

Storm A-Comin'

Continued from page 21

"You better find a place to hole up," he said.

I laughed, then asked why.

The smile faded as fast as it had appeared. "Storm's a-comin'," he said.

I looked out the window at the cloudless blue sky and blazing sunshine. I laughed again and said, "I'll take my chances, but thanks for the warning."

"Suit yourself," said the kid, and he turned on his heel and went back to his stool. I left that place, and I got to tell ya, I was glad to get outta there.

After a few miles, the wind in my face seemed to blow

soaked jacket and hung it up to dry. I went to the fire and held my hands close to it, trying to get warm. The blanketed man stirred and turned his face towards me. It was an old face, ancient in fact, brown as a walnut and crisscrossed with lines, like a war map. His hair was long and snow-white and fell down on each side of his face in braided ropes. He looked straight at me, even though I knew he couldn't see, because his eyes were clouded and opaque.

The kid's voice came out of the darkness behind me. "My grandfather. He is called Good Thunder. He is blind. I am called Spotted Eagle."

I turned away from the unseeing eyes of the old man and stuck my paw out at the kid. "They call me Preacher Man," I said. "Thanks for getting me out of that storm."

The kid hesitated for a second, then grasped my hand briefly. "It's nothing," he said. Then he turned to the large, black pot that squatted over the fire and ladled up three bowls of steaming corn mush, and we ate in silence.

*"Our people lived in peace and prosperity here
at the bottom of the Great Canyon."*

away the memory of that strange town and even stranger inhabitants. I settled back and started to enjoy the ride. I guess I was daydreaming or something, because the next thing I knew, the damned sky had darkened, and it started pouring rain.

I thought maybe I was gettin' too old for this shit, but then I never did like riding in the rain, so I started to look for a place to pull over and wait the storm out. The sky grew darker, then turned black. It was like the middle of the night — only it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Every few seconds, thunder would roll and crash, and lightning would bisect the sky, illuminating the flat desert and revealing the mountain peaks in the far distance.

There was no shelter in sight, and I had resigned myself to a long, wet ride when, suddenly, I felt another presence there on that dark and lonely ribbon of highway. I glanced over my shoulder, and there behind me, comin' up fast, was the long-haired kid on the green K Model.

He pulled even with me and yelled something, but the wind snatched the words out of his mouth and I just shook my head at him. He motioned for me to follow, then pulled ahead.

Hell, I had nothing better to do, so I stayed on his tail and followed him as he pulled off the main highway and headed out across the desert.

The rain had turned the dirt road into a sea of mud, and the panhead slipped and slid and wanted to go down, but I talked to it and it straightened up and tracked true, right behind that green dirt bike.

We stopped after a while and I found myself in an old open-faced shed, maybe a stable. The kid threw me a rag and I wiped my bike down, then followed him toward an old shack that loomed in the distance. As we made our way toward the structure, lightning flashed, and I could see other shacks and old wrecked cars.

It was a shanty town, a ghetto in the desert. The lightning flashed again, and I could see frightened young faces peering out at me from behind the cracked windows of those old cars. We reached the shack, and the wind almost tore the door off the hinges when the kid shoved it open, but we got inside and I helped him push it shut.

There was a fire going in a makeshift fireplace and a blanket-covered figure huddled over it. The kid took my rain-

Afterwards, we sat cross-legged around the fire and took turns toking on an old clay pipe. I don't know what we were smoking, but it must have been some good shit, because soon everything, except the dancing flames of the fire, began to recede into the distance.

The old man's presence broke through my thoughts, and I looked up from the flames and saw that he was staring at me again with those opaque eyes of his. Then he reached over, and with one gnarled finger, he traced the tattoo that encircled my neck.

From across the fire, Spotted Eagle spoke. "He wants to know about the tattoo."

I glanced sharply at the kid. "I thought he was blind," I said.

The kid replied, "He is, but that doesn't mean he can't see."

I looked back at the old man. He smiled at me and spoke. "Forgive an old man's curiosity, my son. It is an unusual mark, and I just wanted to know what it meant. Forget that I asked."

I'd never told anyone about the tattoo before. It was too personal, and I figured that it was nobody's fucking business, anyway, but somehow this old man had been able to trace it perfectly with his finger, even though he was blind, and I had the feeling that somehow he already knew what I was about to tell him.

Spotted Eagle handed me a cup containing some type of tea, and when I drank, the hot liquid tasted bitter, but once down, a feeling of warmth and well-being came over me.

I gazed into the flames and let my mind go back to when I was a kid growing up in Oakland. I heard myself speak, but it was like listening to the voice of someone else. It was as if my spirit had left my body and was somehow watching and listening from afar.

I heard myself talk about events that I'd thought were erased from my mind long ago. The gray-bearded man, who was I, spoke of a child who had no father, only a mother. A mother who wanted the best for her only son. A deeply religious woman who worked like a dog, worked so hard that the machine that was her body finally broke, and as she lay dying, she pressed a crucifix into the boy's hand and made him promise to wear it forever. The boy kept the promise until he was 19 years old, but then one morning the kid woke up to find the girl he thought he was in love

with gone, along with his wallet and the gold cross and chain. He searched everywhere for the bitch, but she'd disappeared. That's when the kid went downtown and had Frisco Bob tattoo the cross and chain around his neck. He'd never lose the crucifix again. From then on, he rode alone, and because of that tattoo the bros started calling him "Preacher Man."

That was 31 years ago, and nobody remembered my real name. Hell, sometimes even I had to think a while before it came to me.

I looked up from the flames into the wrinkled face of Good Thunder.

The old man smiled at me and stood up. He said, "You shared your past with us, and now I would do the same." He turned towards the door of the hovel and motioned me to follow. "Come with me, my son."

I got up and followed him to the door. He opened it and I expected the sleet and wind to rush in, but it didn't. Instead we stepped out into bright sunlight. I blinked and looked around in amazement. The shacks and old cars were gone, and the sun smiled down on a green, grassy meadow.

Brightly colored teepees were erected in a circle and, among them, naked brown children and dogs ran and played. As we walked through the village, I could see copper-skinned women weaving baskets and cooking in large pots. The men were laughing and exchanging war stories, and there was a feeling of peace and contentment in that place.

"Where are we?" I asked.

When Good Thunder answered, his voice was powerful and resonant. "We are at the center of the world," he said and gestured at the high rock walls that rose on either side and went as far as the eye could see.

We approached a woman cooking, and she smiled at me and gave me a piece of venison. I bit into the meat and it tasted good. We continued to walk as Good Thunder spoke again. "Our people lived in peace and prosperity here at the bottom of the Great Canyon. For hundreds of years it was like you see now. Then the white man came, like a storm, and our people were washed away in the fury and became as dust."

I looked at him, and he was no longer old. He had become a warrior, strong and tall. His hair was black as coal, and his eyes were bright and clear.

"I know what you mean, Good Thunder," I said to the warrior who walked beside me. "The Man destroys anything he doesn't understand or can't control."

The young warrior, Good Thunder, smiled at me and replied. "I understand what you mean when you say The Man. Because The Man is shackled to his narrow world with his rules and laws, he hates those who would be free. Like you, my brother. You ride your iron horse where you want to go, when you want to go. You are free. Like we once were. Do not let The Man do to you what he has done to us."

I looked up at the cliffs that towered above the village and thought about the words of Good Thunder. "No," I said. "As long as I can ride, I'm free. The Man hates that, but he also envies it."

We stopped beside a teepee, where a beautiful young woman was making beadwork. "This is Swift Deer. She was once my mother," my companion said.

The woman placed a string of blue beads around my neck, then turned and went into the teepee.

"Come. Let us go in," said Good Thunder.

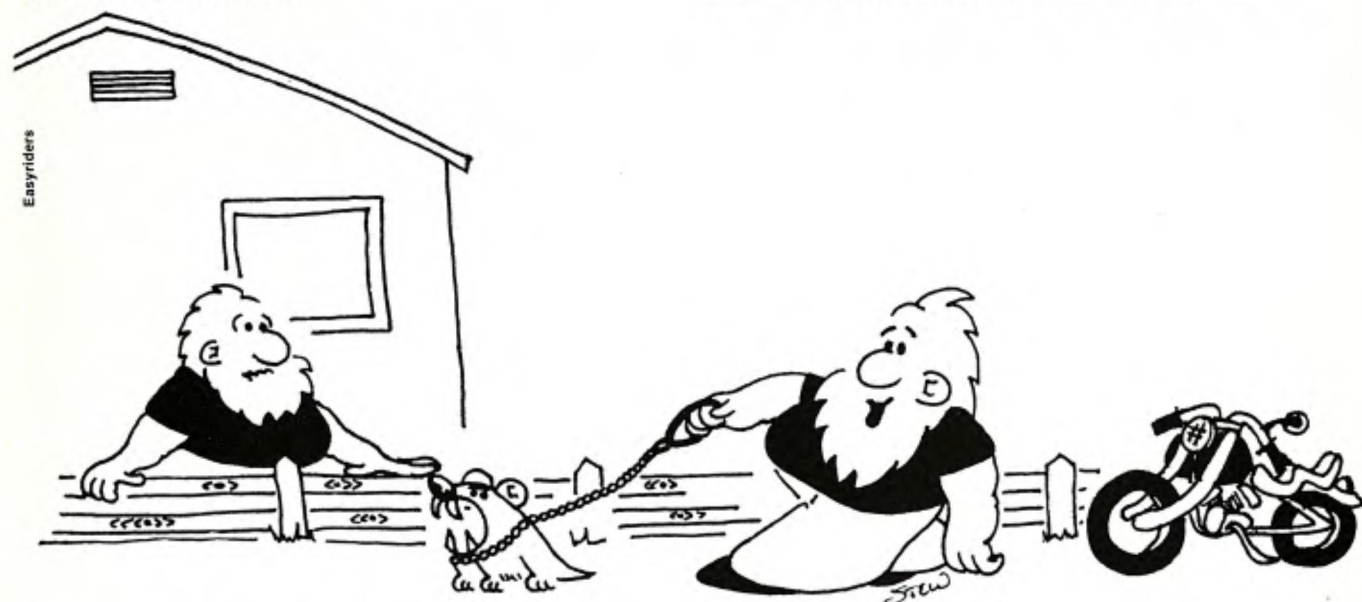
There was no light in there except for a small fire, and it took my eyes a while to get used to the dark. When I could see again, I saw that the old man was once more wrapped in his blanket, staring into the flames with his unseeing eyes. The kid was gone.

The rain no longer drummed on the tin roof, and I knew that the storm had passed. I left the old man by the fire, thinking about the strange experience I'd had. I finally decided that it had been a dream brought on by what we had been smoking out of that clay pipe, or maybe the bitter tea we'd drunk had had some kind of drug in it.

A sharp pain snapped me back to the present. The cigarette that I'd lit had burned down to my fingers, and I started to flick it away, then thought better of it. I field-stripped the butt and put the paper in my pocket.

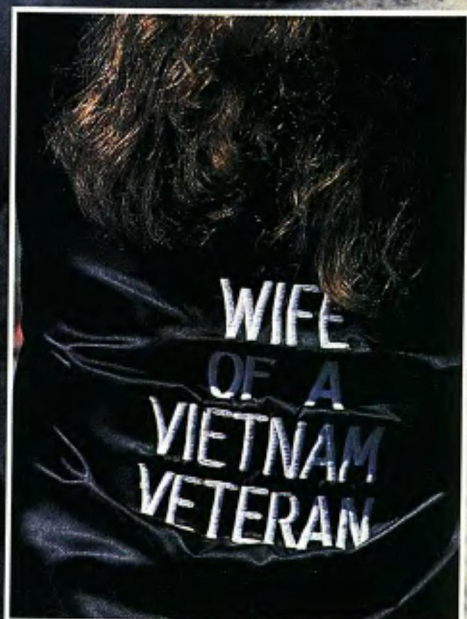
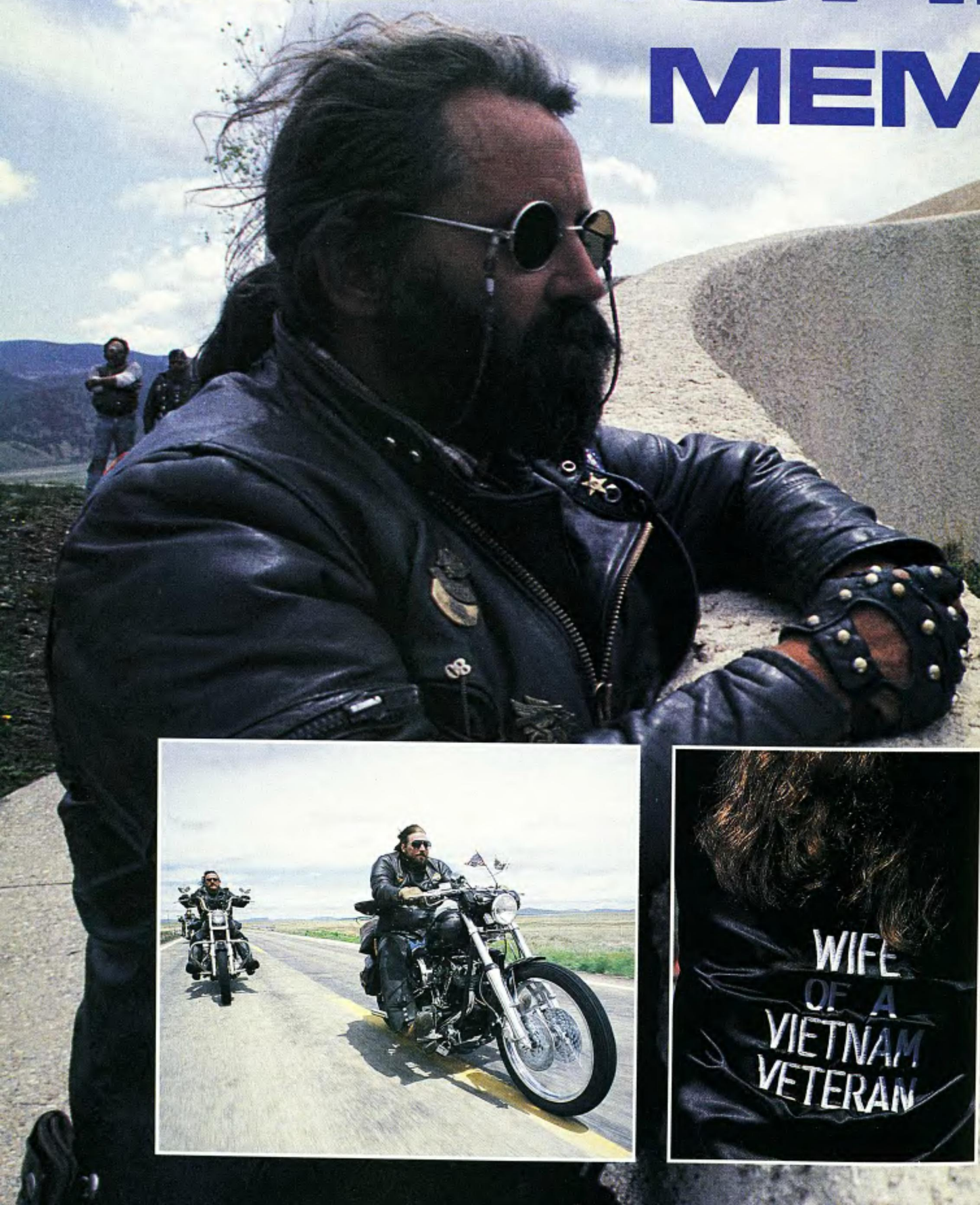
I took one last look at the sun setting over the far rim of the Grand Canyon and absentmindedly fingered the blue beads that hung around my neck next to the tattooed cross. The panhead started on the first kick, as usual, and as I headed down the highway, I threw my head back and laughed at the pure joy of being on the road with the wind in my face.

It had been a good day and I wasn't worried about tomorrow. Why should I be? Hell, man, I was free. ■



"I've trained him to go after anything Japanese. So far he's eaten your TV, stereo, and lawnmower. . ."

MEMORI MEM



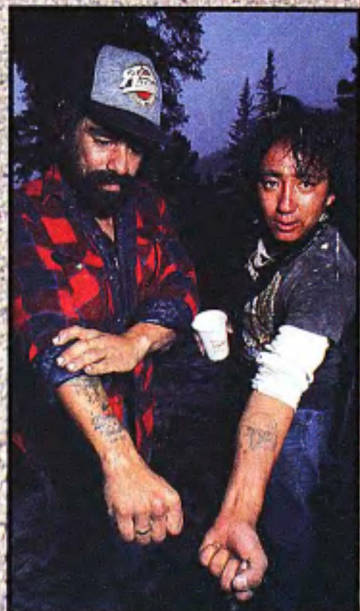
AL DAY ORIES

*More than open roads,
whiskey, and parties*

Memorial Day has taken on new meaning to many of us. No longer is it just a long, party weekend; it has now evolved into a time for thought, memories, and tribute to POWs and MIAs. Much of the contemplation and concern is due to the added awareness the Vietnam vets organizations have diligently sought after. The Vietnam Vets MC, for example, sponsors assistance and awareness programs all across the country.

This particular run took a special twist from the chilly, 6,000-foot elevation of Longmont, Colorado, where the bros of the Free Tomorrow MC wound 'em up and headed south to meet the Kansas riders in Cimarron, New Mexico. Together the packs headed toward the little ski resort community and longtime Memorial Day gathering hole of Red River, New Mexico, just 25 miles east of Taos. Wet and cold and not the place to camp, Red River, which together with Taos hosts a massive and growing Western arts



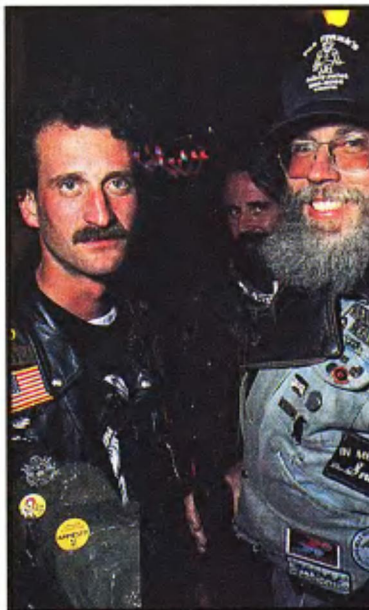
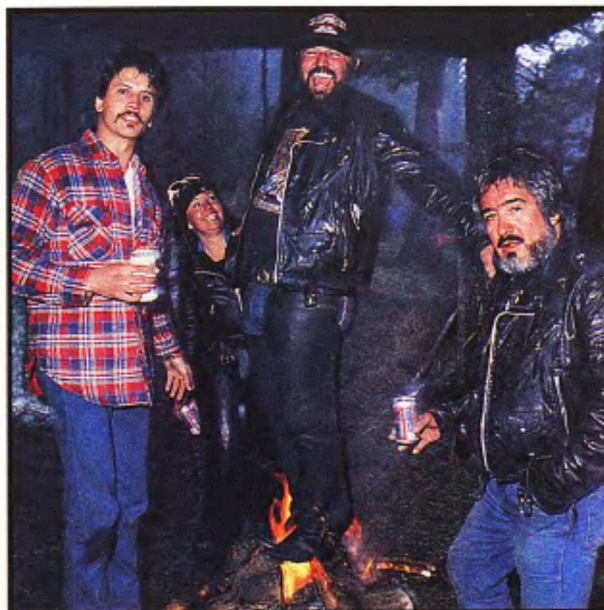


festival, is in northern New Mexico, about 80 miles south of Raton.

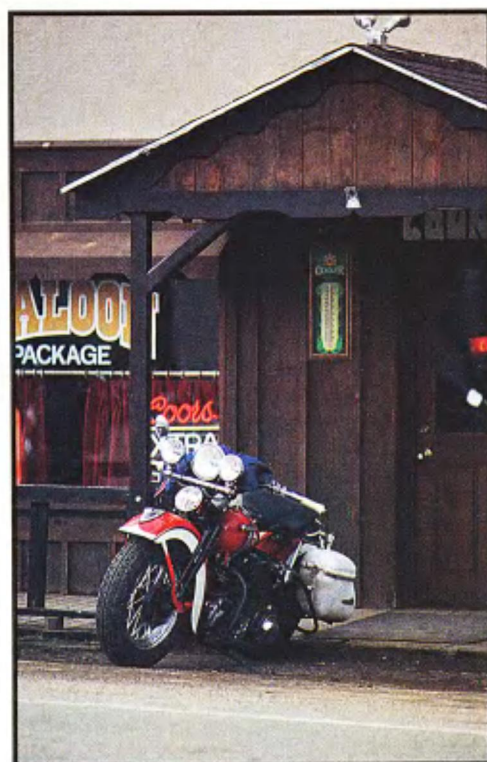
The highlight this particular year for the 700 to 800 riders, who are predominately Vietnam vets, was the National Disabled Vietnam Vet Memorial, built by a Vietnam vet's father in Angel Fire, New Mexico, between Red River and Taos. The chapel and ceremonies prompted many riders to take time away from ol' ladies and beer kegs to remember and share the event with brothers who were there on the battlefields of Southeast Asia.

This was a run with heart, and the town of Red River (9,200 elevation) carries the feeling with open roads, campgrounds for the frost lovers, plenty of places to stay, and friendly townfolk, especially Kate and Gary's bar, which caters exclusively to the rider.

—Bandit



Photos by Michael Lichter





SIoux CITY COOTER



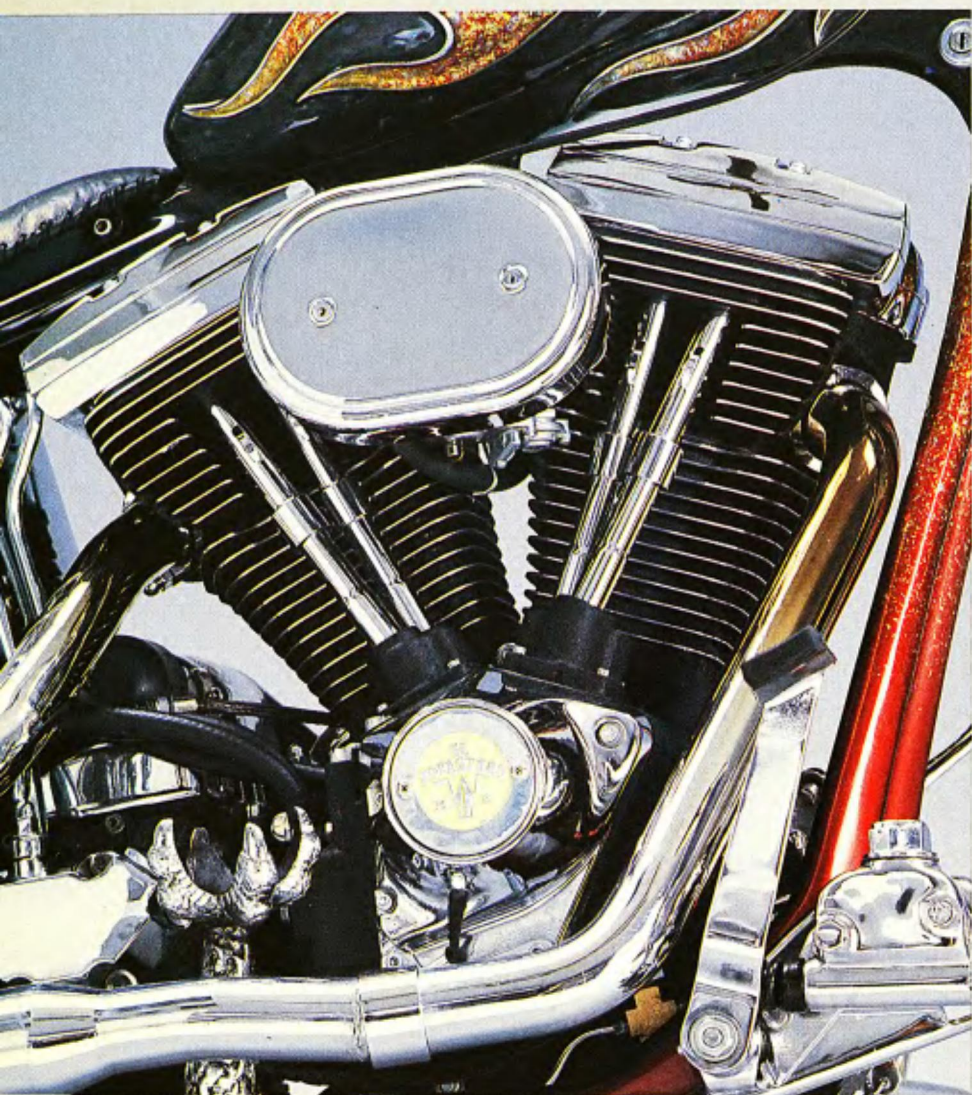
Bad and bizarre and built by a dealer

Who was it who said Iowa stands for "I Oughtta Went Around"? I don't know, but hey, every state has its bright spot. Iowa's may be a dealership called Midwest Cycle Service. Go around the state if you want, but when you get near the northwest corner, cut in a couple of miles to Sioux City and look up this Harley dealer.

Rude Rudy, the man in charge there, runs an authorized dealership, though he comes out with some pretty unauthorized stuff. Take this ride, for example. He calls it a rubber rigid, and when it was in the planning stages, Rude checked with some folks at the factory as to how to approach it and got "forget it" for an answer. Rude says, "Lucky I'm so ignorant, or I'd have never tried it." Even with the factory's negative response, Rude suggested building it with as many "real" Harley parts as possible.

When he got down to business, he found it was relatively easy to do the rubber-mount trick to the rigid. What took the most time, it seems, was the paint. Calling this electric-coating job paint, though, is like calling a Harley just another bike. You see, there's a lot more than paint involved here, like the holograms inlaid in the gas tank, the raised aluminum flame edging, the liquid temperature crystals, and the bits of abalone and secret glitter stuff.

Tom Fugle, the proud owner, told me about the many sleepless nights he spent in his basement,



working this bizarre paint scheme out. Due to the fact that lots of the material used here had considerable thickness, much of the paint was applied by hand, then sanded down and reapplied until Tom saw what he was after.

A good friend, Moose, spent a lot of time on this project, too, and he deserves credit for keeping Rude and Tom away from each other's throats, not to mention the long hours he spent in the basement, fingers in the







Photos by Jose



Owner: Tom Fugle		City: Sioux City, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Midwest Cycle		Year: rigid	
Year and make: 1984 Evolution		Builder: Paughco	
Model: rubber-mounted rigid		Type: rigid	
Value: \$17,500		Rake: 10 degrees over	
Assembly by: Tom/Moose/Rudy		Stretch: 2½ inches	
Time: three months		Other alterations: seat post removed	
Chroming by: somebody		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1984		Risers: H-D	
Model: blockhead		Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: Midwest Cycle Service		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: V-Fire III electronic		Taillight: 1938 Chevrolet	
Displacement: 80 cubic inches		Speedo: none	
Lower end: 4.250-inch stroke		Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: handmade	
Pistons: 3.498-inch		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam: H-D		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): 38 mm		Seat: handmade	
Air cleaner: chrome		Sissybar: hand-cut by Charlie Bramble	
Pipes: MAC		Height: sharp	
Muffler(s): MAC		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chrome top and side		Type: 1915 Henderson	
Year: 1984		Extension: 9 inches	
Shifting: 5-speed jockey		Builder: Tom Fugle	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: metalflaked	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Tom Fugle		Hub: Morris	Hub: Morris
Painter: Tom Fugle		Rim width: 3 inches	Rim width: wide
Color: blue/aqua/yellow/platinum		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Dunlop
Type: metalflake/silver and gold/pearl		Brake: none	Brake: 1963 drum
Special paint: Wonder dust/transparent color/holograms/liquid crystals			
Other special modifications: crushed abalone shells/jet black polished aluminum/inlay and pinstripping.			

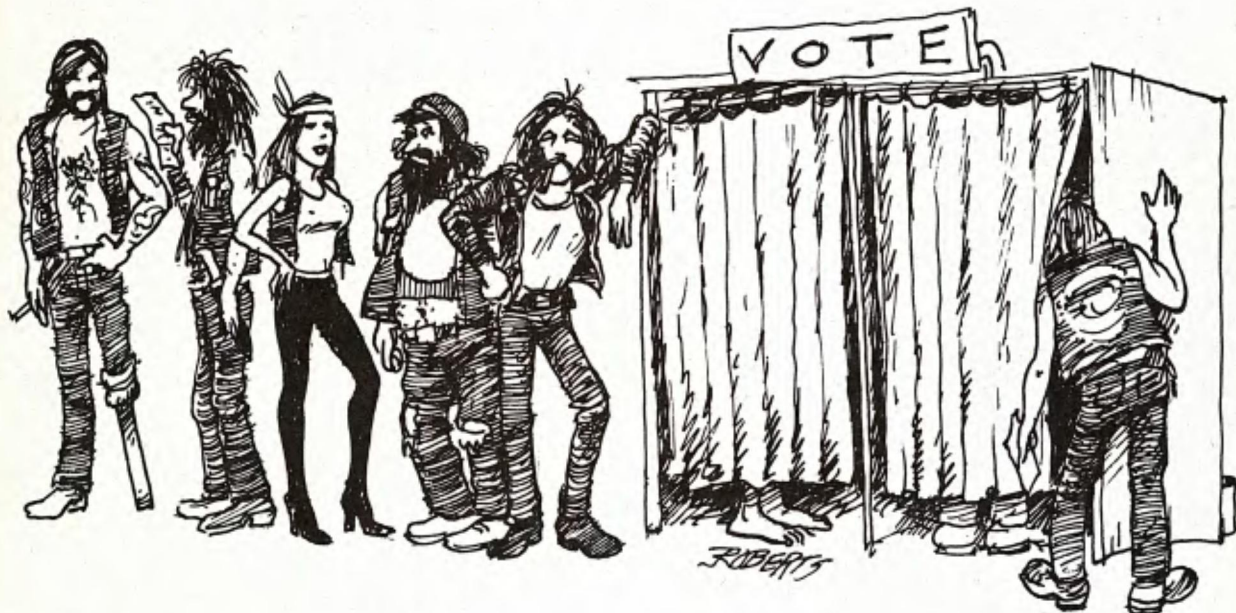
paint with the rest of them, like a bunch of damn kindergarteners during playtime. When the gas tank was dropped (twice), then the frame (once), it was Moose who kept Rude Rudy and Tom apart and kept the Evolution on track: "Hey, this is supposed to be fun, guys, remember?" Work or fun, who knows, what I do know is that the end product says tons for this corner of Iowa — this scooter is definitely more happening than pig and corn.

—José

Easynews

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

Oregon Up Against the Fiberglass Wall *Voters to decide on helmets*



Let those who ride, decide," has been the rallying cry for more than a decade among motorcyclists who believe in voluntary helmet use. The philosophy is that each motorcyclist is responsible for assessing the risks of the activity and choosing appropriate safety gear.

But as we all know, state governments have often been unwilling to leave that decision to motorcyclists, choosing instead to "let the legislators decide." The result is often mandatory helmet laws, passed in spite of the fact that most legislators are unfamiliar with

motorcycles and learn about them only through public hearings on helmet bills.

Now Oregon is taking that decision-making process one giant step further away from reality by "letting the voters decide." That's right, the issue of mandatory helmet use for motorcyclists will go before the voting public in the May 17, 1988, statewide primary election ballot.

That referendum results from the passage of House Bill 2581, sponsored by Rep. Mary Alice Ford (R-Portland), which was recently signed into law by Gov. Neil Goldschmidt. In its

original form, the bill would have modified current legislation to require helmet use by all motorcyclists. (Currently, riders under the age of 18 must wear helmets in Oregon.) When Ford couldn't garner enough support for passage of the mandatory-helmet measure in the state legislature, she modified the proposal to let the issue be decided by voters.

In a letter to Goldschmidt, Jim Bensberg, AMA legislative affairs specialist, urged the governor to veto the notion of a public referendum on helmet laws. "The greater majority of voters have little or no expe-

rience with motorcycles and therefore are ill prepared to decide this important issue," Bensberg argued. Recent surveys conducted by the *Oregonian* newspaper have shown that most voters would cast ballots in favor of a mandatory helmet law for all riders.

"By passing the issue on to the primary election referendum vote," Bensberg noted, "Oregon legislators will give a disproportionate amount of voting power to those who are the least qualified to decide the matter: non-motorcyclists."

— from ABATE of California
For info call: (503) 289-0153

Major Victory In the Super Bowl of Motorcycle Legislation

Several months ago, Senator Danforth (R-Missouri), introduced the Motorcycle Safety Act of 1987, which would have virtually eliminated power bikes, rice rockets, and perhaps what's left of the import motorcycle market. The campaign rapidly became a lesson in ignorant legislation and a legislator's vulnerability.

In the process of authoring the bill, Danforth researched without the assistance of anyone in the industry. He relied strictly on the one-sided information supplied by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS). Then they hid the bill until the motorcycle indus-



Senator Danforth
(R — Missouri)

try was unable to respond before it was introduced.

An ironic piece of missing evidence he failed to consider is that his emphasis was on 900 cc and bigger bikes, while the majority of the injury-related accidents occurred on 600 cc and smaller bikes.

In a recent interview with the American Motorcycle Association, Danforth admitted wrongdoing by not contacting experts in the industry. He admitted he had not considered licensing or education and made the following comment about the status of his bill: "I think that the bill I introduced is a dead-end street. I think that it's got

about as much life to it as last year's snow."

Danforth, previously unaware of organizations such as ABATE and the AMA, is now highly attuned to the feelings of industry and riders. He feels his bill is history, and there is a great deal of assurance surrounding his belief that the next time he has a legislative notion regarding motorcycles, it will be researched through motorcyclists first. Hopefully one immediate direction he will take will be regarding the extreme reduction in Federal 402 funds for motorcycle safety programs.

Education, not legislation.

Crash Jumping—Your Last Chance

"You sonofabitch, you saved my life!" That was the greeting parts man Al Schultz gave Ted Summerfield when he entered the Harley-Davidson shop. Al had taken Ted's rider course at Academy of Motorcycle Training in San Diego. When the kid in the pickup pulled out of a side street and stopped in front of Al's H-D Police Special, Al tried to stop. With both brakes on as hard as he could, it wasn't enough. Al knew he was going to hit the pickup. The Harley hit the pickup at 40 to 45 mph. At the last instant Al jumped up, and his boot hit the kid in the pickup as Al's leg hit the cab. Then Al flew over the cab, landed on the street, and slid to a stop. It took a while for the two broken bones in Al's leg to heal so he could ride again. It didn't take long at all to realize how vital Ted's crash jump training had been to his survival.

Jack Lucarelli is another motorcycle safety instructor whose students were glad he taught them to jump. In three accidents, Jack himself jumped over two cars and past the back end of a fire truck while his Harleys were hitting the vehicles. Jack wasn't hurt, but after one collision, the bike flopped down the street 250 feet, turned around, came back, and fell on Jack!



Crash jumping is a way to keep your body from hitting cages coming at you, even if your scooter smashes into them. Crash jumping works in several types of accidents and it could be your last chance to avoid serious injuries. Of course, crash jumping doesn't work if you have fallen down or if the vehicle you are about to impact is too high, such as a large truck or bus.

So crash jumping works, but how do you time it right? Jump too soon, and you lose braking and turning capability and may come down on the car. Jump too late, and you hit parts of your scooter and the car. You can't go out and practice running into cages without damaging your bike and the cars and injuring yourself.

Jack Lucarelli teaches his students to keep their heads up, their eyes open, and to let go of the bike and jump at the moment of impact. Ted Summerfield teaches visualization. Visualization is a mental rehearsal technique used by many athletes, especially gymnasts, high divers, high jumpers, and pole vaulters. In visualization, you imagine yourself going through all the actions of crash jumping. Picture a cage coming toward you in your lane on a two-lane road. Imagine putting on the brakes, and seeing no place to go to avoid the cage. See yourself tensing up, then pushing up off the footpegs with all the strength in your legs as you let go of the handlebars and lift your hands quickly as high as you can. Imagine get-

ting ready to tuck and roll as you fly through the air. See yourself putting your chin down toward your chest and bending forward as you hit the ground and then slide to a stop.

In addition to visualization, it helps to take a tumbling or other gymnastics class, or to play tackle football. These sports teach you to tuck and roll when you fall. You might also practice jumping up from a low stool. Start as closely as possible to your normal riding position. Jump up with your hands over your shoulders.

The proper position for jumping is feet beneath the hips, shoulders slightly forward of the hips, and elbows and hands lower than the shoulders. Dual-purpose, enduro, and dirt bikes have good seating positions for crash jumping. Feet-forward bikes like choppers and cruisers and feet-back bikes like cafe racers are harder to jump off because the feet aren't centered below the rest of the body.

When you have done all you can to avoid that fool in the cage and are still going to crash, you have one last choice. You can sit there like a dummy and let the cage hurt your body, or you can jump over the cage and slide to a stop. Think about it now. When it happens you won't have time.

—by Tad Winiacki

English Headlight Study

Research conducted by the University of Dublin indicates that the use of headlights in daytime by motorcyclists makes riders more prone to accidents.

Professor David Mingay has analyzed hundreds of accident details supplied by insurance companies and concludes that riders using headlights are one-and-a-half times as likely to be involved in an accident as riders not using them. Worst-affected are motorcycles under 250 cc. The inference drawn from the findings by Professor Mingay is that riders using headlights experience an increased confidence level, which subconsciously encourages

them to ride less carefully. It is a conclusion which complements the theory of risk compensation advocated by Dr. John Adams is a leading exponent of the theory that as vehicles become safer, their drivers compensate by driving faster, thus restoring the former margins of safety which they subconsciously find acceptable.

This all goes to prove that safety is in the mind, and all these gimmicks are doomed to failure. It's not a bad point to put to MPs, since when you think about it, it just boils down to common sense.

— from *Back Street Heroes*



ABATE of Georgia, Inc. Is Looking For A Lobbyist

If you or someone you know is interested in representing ABATE of Georgia as our registered lobbyist in the 1988 session of the Georgia General Assembly, please write the ABATE office. The session will begin in January. We don't have much time to decide on this. It will be discussed at our officers' meeting as to what extent ABATE will get involved in the upcoming session.

Hopefully at the November officers' meeting, a definite plan of action will be decided on and offers, proposals, etc., to represent ABATE will be reviewed. A decision on who will represent ABATE of Georgia, Inc. as our registered lobbyist for the 1988 session of the Georgia General Assembly will be made as early in December as possible.

All interested parties should reach the ABATE office. Our

main objective in this session will be to resume our efforts to modify our current mandatory helmet law to freedom of choice for those over 21, and to be aware of any legislation that may come up concerning motorcycles.

Interested persons should send information on past experience (if any), qualifications, or simply your reason for wanting to do it, and (unless you will

do it free) a price including terms of payment to: ABATE of Georgia, Box 669, Bethlehem, GA 30620.

If you are not interested, but have any comments concerning this, please write ABATE of Georgia. Don't wait until after the decision has been made and then complain about whom was chosen or what was paid.

—from ABATE of Georgia

Reprinted courtesy of MAGNEWS



Use as a poster where bikers meet!

Harley Highlights Harley-Davidson Joins the Army

Harley-Davidson, Inc., on October 7, 1987, acquired the Armstrong Equipment Company of North Humberstone, England, and the design and worldwide manufacturing rights for its model MT500 military motorcycle.

Armstrong Equipment had been doing 125 million pounds sterling annually, and Harley

intends to offer limey military scooters to the U.S. Department of Defense.

Alan Price, Managing Director of Armstrong Equipment's Automotive Division, said that the model MT500 motorcycle had been sold to the British, Canadian, and Jordanian armies.

Should be interesting.

Brooks Leather's Position On Helmet Laws

I read to my great distress that once again *Easyriders* magazine has listed Brooks Leather Sportswear, Inc. as a company who has "jumped on the national mandatory helmet law bandwagon." I'm at a loss to understand how you came to this conclusion or on what facts you base this claim. The fact of the matter is, Brooks Leather Sportswear, Inc. has never, ever had a policy regarding mandatory helmet laws, locally or nationally. In addition, we have never supported, contributed money, or lent our name to anyone dealing with this issue. I have talked to no legislators or lobbyists, nor discussed this issue for publication with anyone.

However, we somehow keep getting included in a list of companies and organizations in favor of the national helmet law. Therefore, let me state our

position clearly and concisely once and for all, so the readers of *Easyriders* magazine will know exactly where Brooks Leather Sportswear stands:

Brooks Leather Sportswear, Inc. is a strong advocate of motorcycle safety and believes and encourages all motorcycling participants to wear protective gear at all times. However, our company has never supported, in any way, shape, or manner, the national mandatory helmet laws. We have steadfastly remained neutral on this issue and plan to continue that posture in the future.

I can't make it any clearer than that. I am sending a copy of this letter to ABATE and asking that you publish this letter in the next issue of *Easyriders*.

—Steven Weiss
Brooks Leather
Sportswear, Inc.

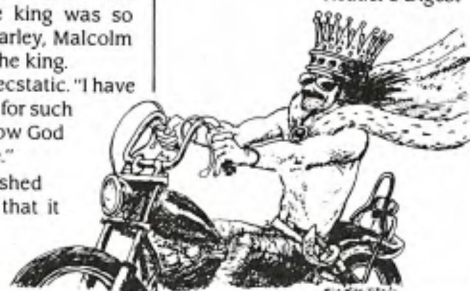
King of Malaysia Rides a Harley

In 1985, publishing magnate Malcolm Forbes took his hot air balloon and his Harley on a world tour. While Forbes was in Malaysia, the king was so riveted by the Harley, Malcolm bought one for the king.

The king was ecstatic. "I have wanted a Harley for such long time and now God has sent me one."

Malcolm blushed and explained that it

should be God with a small g.
— from Rat in Warren,
Pennsylvania, and the
Reader's Digest



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	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflected. ⁵ Lights on if bike was made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ 1970 or newer bikes. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart is accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

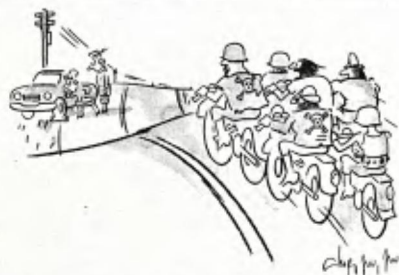
You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

- ALASKA**
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage
- ARIZONA**
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Creative Cycles 1218 S. Alvernon, Tucson
MAR Cycles 579 N. Arizona Avenue, Chandler
Satan's Cycle Works 1706 W. Hatcher Road, Phoenix
Jo's Cycle Machine 2350 W. Phelps, Suite #1, Phoenix
M/C Brothers Parts Inc. 3401 S. Park, Tucson
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
The Purple Hog Leathers 668 Plumas, Yuba City
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave.,
N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Moonshine Cycle 1221 N. Main St. Unit 6, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
Mars Custom Cycle 78 Shotwell, San Francisco
Curtis Fine Cullery 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
Bad Motorcycles 2240 B Del Monte Ave., Monterey
The Belt & Chain Place 330 Railroad Avenue, Grass Valley
Randy Smith Custom Cycle 13740 Golden West Street,
Westminster
Puff & Stuff of Livermore Smoke Shop 803 Rincon Avenue,
Livermore
Valley H-D 1220 W. Fremont Street, Stockton
- CANADA**
Phantom Ranch 6815 104th Street, Edmonton, Alberta
Rider Motorcycle Accessories Box 1245, 420 Island Hwy.,
Parksville, B.C.
- COLORADO**
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9005 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain HD 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood
Heads of States 4407 N. Federal Boulevard, Denver
- CONNECTICUT**
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
A'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. (Baird Rd.),
Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Dennison's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Southside M/C Hawg Dept. 5612 S. Orange Ave., Orlando
L & K Cycle South U.S. 1 & MM31, Big Pine Key
Ace Sport Cycles 5314 E. Colonial Drive, Orlando
- GEORGIA**
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Southern Scooter II 5202 Ogeechee Road, Savannah
- 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
- HAWAII**
Windward Motorcycles 1051 E. Keolu Dr. Suite 102, Kailua
- ILLINOIS**
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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. 165 Ogden Ave. Naperville
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Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
Bryant's Speed 16611 County Rd. #38, Goshen
- IOWA**
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Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 105 E. Euclid, Des Moines
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Hog Barn Custom Cycle 118 E. 10th St., Great Bend
Rebels M/C Parts 1511 Central Avenue, Kansas City
Hanks Cycle Shed Rt. 3, Box 209, St. George
International Cycle Parts & Service 1315 State Avenue,
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- KENTUCKY**
Pappy's Custom Cycles Box 425 Collins Hwy., Pikeville
- LOUISIANA**
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
J & B M/C Repair 3511 White Ferry Road, West Monroe
- MARYLAND**
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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown
Milwaukeee 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
Milwaukeee Iron 3508 Washington Street, Jamaica Plain
Northshore Motorcycle Center 246 Newbury Street (R 1),
Peabody
Garrey Motors 15A E. Central Street, Franklin
- MICHIGAN**
Motor City Harley-Davidson 8755 Inkster, Westland
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2683 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
Hooterville Parts & Accessories 11677 Pentecost Hwy.,
Onsted
- MINNESOTA**
American M/C Supply Rt. 3 Box 396 S. Hwy. 65, Cambridge
- MISSOURI**
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Pappy's Cycle 600 W. College, Springfield
Sparrow Cycle Repair 2003 N. Third Street, St. Charles
- MONTANA**
Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings
- NEBRASKA**
Butterflies MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha
- NEVADA**
Show Bike Performance Center 1786 N. Nellis Blvd.,
Las Vegas
- NEW JERSEY**
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
- NEW MEXICO**
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants
- NEW YORK**
Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
- Woodstock H-D, Inc.** Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
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Shady Painter M/C Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford
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Dilliard's Motorcycle Shop 510 Boston Avenue, Kannapolis
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Iron Horse Motorcycles 1905 Roosevelt Blvd., Monroe
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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
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Don's Custom Cycle 7025 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati
Jim Bailey, Mowbrystown
The Barn 2731 Pan Handle Rd., Lynchburg
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Road, Columbus
- OKLAHOMA**
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parrisville
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Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
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New Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston
Country's H-D Inc. 1093 Albright Rd., Rock Custom
Motorcycles 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
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Columbia Motorcycle Company 3312 E. 4th Plain Boulevard,
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- WEST VIRGINIA**
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Charleston
- WISCONSIN**
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Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish
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Harley-Davidson Motorcycle of Appleton, Inc. 2144 W.
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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.

Easyriders



"Think they'd panic if we stopped to help?"

Did you hear about the two Honda riders who just bought 500 septic tanks? As soon as they learn how to drive 'em, they're gonna invade Russia.

—Shortie Rylant
Montgomery, Ala.

After making a daring escape from the penitentiary, the convict eluded bloodhounds and police roadblocks and dodged helicopter searchlights on his way to see his wife. Finally sneaking in a back entrance, he knocked on the door and smiled triumphantly as she opened it.

"Where the hell have you been?" she blared. "You busted out more than four hours ago!"

—Greg LeMay
Waupun, Wis.

Q. Why do women have two sets of lips?

A: So they can bitch and moan at the same time.

—Vermin
Dime Box, Tex.

We just heard that Miraculous Mutha got busted. Seems the cops lifted her dress and found 40 pounds of crack under there.

—Payback Mike
Freeport, Tex.

Why don't Yamaha riders ever get laid?

"Cause they always wait for the swelling to go down."

—F.C.B.
Long Beach, Calif.

Easyriders



"Competitive little bitch, isn't she?"

Abro of ours recently married Siamese twins. Now he has a wife, and a girlfriend on the side.

—J. Santos
Oakland, Calif.

Two Polacks had paid a high price for an AKC-registered bird dog, and they excitedly took him out for a field trial.

After an hour, one Polack said in disgust, "This damned dog is no good. We might as well put him to sleep."

The other Polack replied, "Let's throw him in the air one more time. If he doesn't fly then, we'll just shoot him."

—D.W. Davis
Lexington, Ky.

"Hey, Pete," one bro said to the other, "didja know a lotta shrinks say that sex on the first date can prohibit any truly meaningful an' lastin' relationship from ever developin'?"

"Fuckin' A," replied Pete. "I count on it."

—Bert Hudson
Dallas, Pa.

How do ya give a leper a sex-change operation?
Just shake him.

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

Easyriders



"I take it you've never raked a frame before."

Aragged, bearded castaway, alone for years on a desert island, suddenly began shouting, "A ship! A ship! It's heading this way! And I bet," he went on talking to himself, "there's a gorgeous blonde on board — with big, bouncing boobs. And shapely hips, not to mention a round, smooth ass. I can just taste her hot lips as our naked bodies come together. I can..."

By then the fellow had a throbbin' hard-on. He grabbed himself and began jackin' off furiously. "I gotcha now, you bastard!" he yelled. "There ain't no fuckin' ship!"

—Bryan Lynch
Raleigh, N.C.

Easyriders



"What the hell are you doing in my silk, monogrammed bathrobe?"

Two Polack truck drivers were haulin' their rig through a small town when they came to a low overpass that read: "Clearance 10 feet."

Lookin' around, the Polack ridin' shotgun said, "Let's go anyway — there's no cops around."

—Charles Barnett
Dexter, Ky.

There's a new men's magazine hitting the stands next month, exclusively for married men. It has the same centerfold every month.

—Risky
USA

The biker's rugrat was having one hell of a time with his English homework, so he asked his dad, "What comes after a sentence, Pop?"

The biker considered a moment, then replied, "An appeal."

—Morris
Tenn. Colony, Tex.

After 20 years of obedience to his vow of silence, the Trappist monk was called to the abbot's study and was informed that he could utter two words at that time.

"Bad food," the monk said softly. His superior nodded and dismissed him.

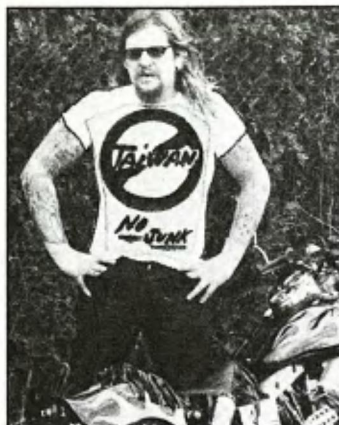
Twenty years later, the monk was again summoned to the abbot's study, and again he was told he could speak two words at that time.

"No heat," the monk said, head bowed. Again, the abbot nodded and dismissed him.

When he was called again 20 years later, the monk was an old man, and he had become disillusioned with his life of servitude. He tottered into the abbot's study, waved his cane, and said, "I quit."

The abbot said, "Just as well. You've done nothing but bitch ever since you got here."

—Willie Robertson
Tehachapi, Calif.



THE STRUTLESS BIG TWIN FENDER

For Big Twins with four-speed frames. Fender will carry passenger's weight easily. All steel mig welded. Requires very little molding. Easily bolts on. Part #1010 \$137. Shipping \$10 U.S. PAT #301391020

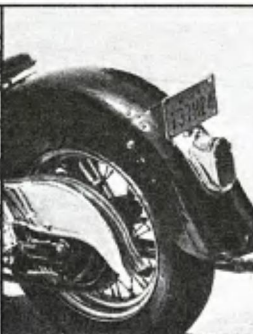
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Thanks, Mike Bernstein



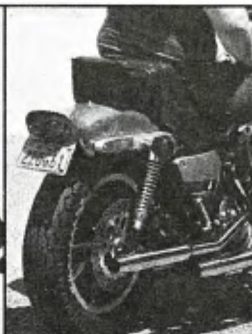
THE STRUTLESS SPORT FENDER

For 1952-1978 Sportsters. All steel, mig welded, and, as with all our Bob Fenders, the taillight bracket is welded in place. Part #4040 \$137. Shipping \$10 U.S. PAT #301391020



THE STRUTLESS DRESSER FENDER

Hinge still works. All steel mig welded. Will carry passenger's weight easily. No taillight cutout. Easily bolts on. Part #2020 \$139. Shipping \$12 U.S. PAT #301391020



THE STREAMLINER

For five-speed frames. The FXR, FXRs, and other five-speed models. Bolts on like stock. Taillight brackets welded in place. Seat holes are drilled. Part #7070 \$115. Shipping \$8.



THE SPORTBOB

With welded-in taillight bracket. Bolts on like stock fender. 1979-1981 Part #5050 1982-Later Part #6060 \$89. Shipping \$8.



STRUTLESS SOFTAIL FENDER

Designed for 1984 & 1985 Softails. '86 and later Softails can mount this fender if frame fender struts are removed. Taillight bracket welded in — all you need is a taillight. Part #0303 \$189 (includes shipping)



BLOCKHEAD OIL GAUGE MOUNT

Pat. Pending. Now you can put the oil gauge where you can read it on your Evolution engine. Part #0505 \$24.95. Liquid Filled Gauge #0099 \$19.95 (Add \$2 for C.O.D.)



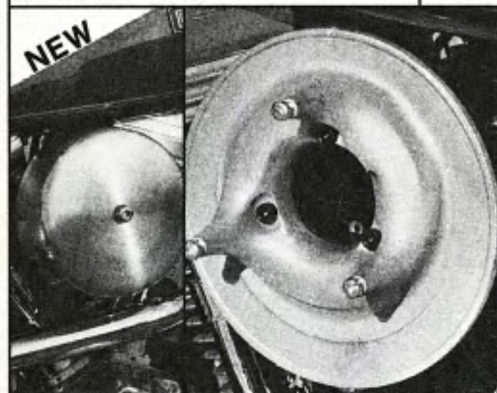
ROCKER BOX OIL GAUGE FITTING (Patented)

For 1952-85 Sportsters and 1966-85 shovelhead Big Twins. Now you can put your oil gauge where you can read it. Will clear all seats and 5-gallon tanks. Liquid Filled gauge Part #0099 \$19.95; '71 & later Part #0011 \$19.95 (Add \$2 for C.O.D. orders); '82-'70 Part #0022 \$19.95 (Add \$2 for C.O.D. orders)



Lower your bike with American-made shocks. These shocks are show bike quality. Stock lengths available upon request. Add \$8 for shipping. Year, '52-'78 Model, XL Length, 13.5" Finish, Covered Price, \$139.95; Year, '52-'78 Model, XL Length, Lowers bike 1 1/2" Finish, Chrome Spring Price, \$139.95; Year, '52-'78 Model, XL Length, Lowers bike 1 1/2" Finish, Gold Spring Price, \$149.95.

Year, '73-'85 Model, FL-FX Length, Lowers bike 1 1/2" Finish, Chrome Spring Price, \$159.95; Year, '73-'85 Model, 4-speed Length, Lowers bike 1 1/2" Finish, Gold Spring Price, \$159.95. Year, '79-'80 Model, XL Length, 11" or 12" Finish, Chrome Spring (only) Price, \$149.95; Year, '81 & up, Model, XL Length, 11" or 12" Finish, Chrome Spring Price, \$149.95; Model, Chrome Covered Price \$149.95. Year, '82-'86 Model, FXR Length, 11" or 12" Finish, Chrome Spring Price, \$149.95; Model, All 5-speed Finish, Chrome Covered Price, \$149.95; Model, Frames Finish, Gold Spring Price, \$159.95.

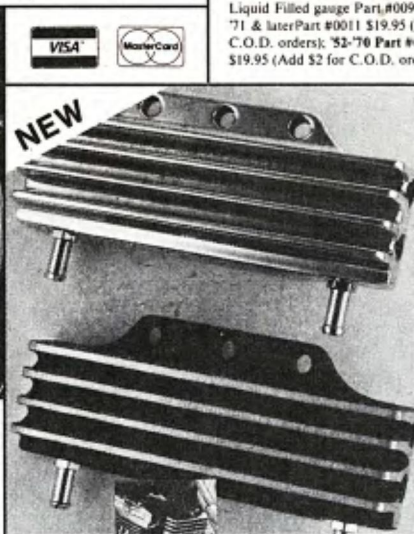


THE SUPER FLOW AIR CLEANER

Pat. Pending. Flow tests show this is the best intake system available for the Harley-Davidson, short of running an open velocity stack. If you want maximum horsepower from your engine, then Super Flow is the only way to go. Below are Flow Test Results. Flow tests performed at a vacuum of 6" of water:

Stock H-D Air Cleaner	116 Cubic Feet Per Minute
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Flowing 300 C.F.M.	138 C.F.M.
S & S Super Air Cleaner	145 C.F.M.
The Super Flow Air Cleaner	176 C.F.M.

Will fit Bendix, Tillotson, Keihin, S&S, and soon S.U. carbs. The stock H-D Round Evolution outer cover will fit the Super Flow Backing Plate. H-D part #29259-83A air filter needed or the equivalent. Part #0077 Super Flow Air Cleaner with Aluminum Cover, \$48.75; Part #0088 Super flow Back Plate only. Use H-D Chrome Cover \$39.95 (Add \$2 for C.O.D.)



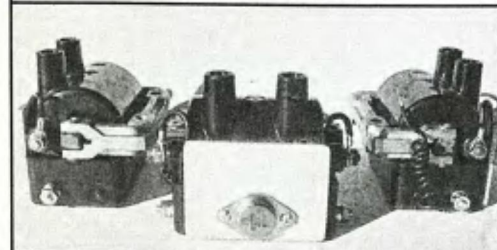
ALUMINUM OIL COOLERS

Performs as well as the Lockhart oil cooler, but for less money. Oil passages have been enlarged for even better cooling. Now available in polished aluminum and black wrinkle with highlighted fins. Fits all Harleys. Black Wrinkle Part #8080 \$69; Polished, Part #8888 \$89.



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4- and 5-Quart Aluminum. These aluminum tanks are hand-fabricated from 1/8" aluminum plate mig welded and polished (5-quart tank is shown above). They will replace the stock tank on the FX, FXE, & FLH models with 4-speed frames. No oil filter. 4 Quart, Part #0055, \$179.95 shipping \$5; 5 Quart Part #0066, \$189.95 shipping \$5



H.E.I.

With an output of almost 60,000 volts there is no other coil that comes close to its output. designed for points — no condenser is needed. Two H.E.I.s can be triggered by one set of points, without points burning. The H.E.I. can also be magneto-triggered. L.E.D. light shows unit is operating and can be used for static timing. Part #9090 \$97.50 (includes shipping) One year guarantee.



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Lady Rose

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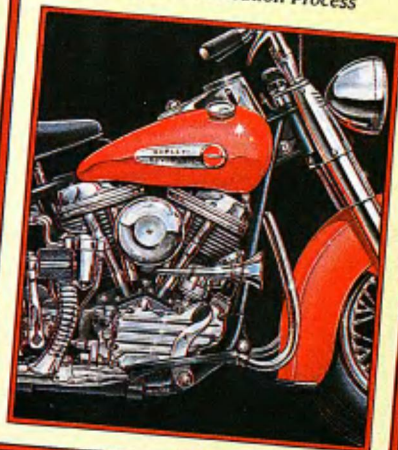
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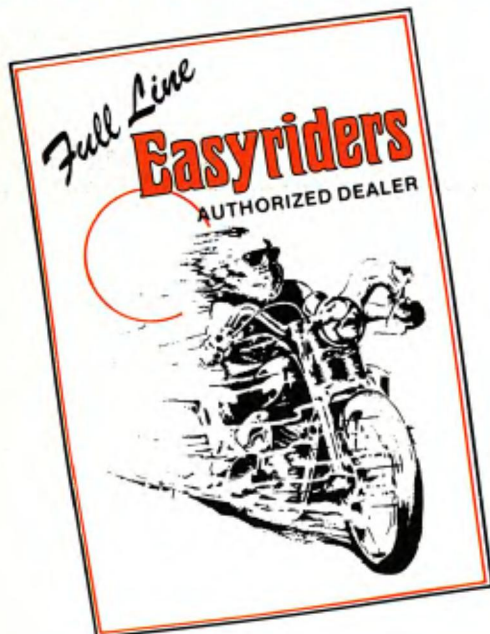
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Modesto Harley-Davidson
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Modesto 95354
(209) 522-1061

American Rider
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Huntington Beach 92646
(714) 968-3660

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Denver 80211
(303) 433-0564

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Miller's Custom Parts
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S. Daytona 32019
(904) 761-0858

GEORGIA

Blue Ribbon Cycles
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Smyrna 30080
(404) 432-3614

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Bruns
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Steelville 62288
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Newton 67114
(316) 283-1428

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Edgewood 21040
(301) 679-2965

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique
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Baltimore 21220
(301) 335-8800

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique
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Baltimore 21206
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Nebraska Motorcycle Parts
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Omaha 68127
(402) 592-1780

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Phillipsburg 08865
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Albuquerque 87123
(505) 294-0485

NEW YORK

Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc.
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Hempstead 11550
(516) 489-0770

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Canton 44702
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OLD MOTORCYCLE ENGINES NEVER DIE!

By Gordon Schindler

... and sometimes
ya can't even keep
'em on the ground.

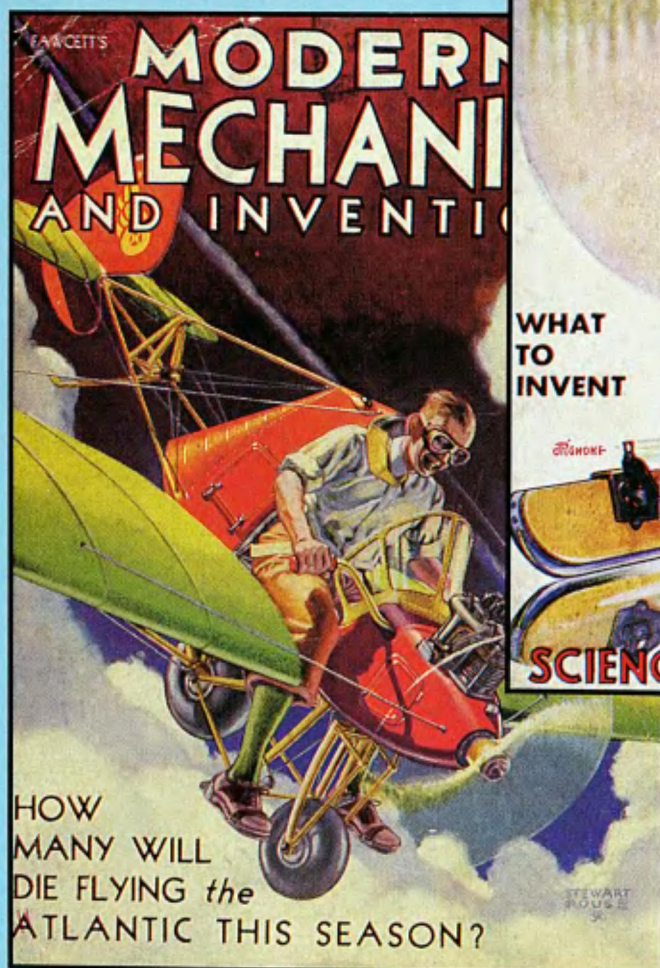


Figure 11

Figure 1

In the '30s, aviation reached a peak in public interest. The around-the-world flight of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, later overshadowed by the aviation antics of Howard Hughes and the National Air Races in Cleveland, brought aviation to the forefront; Charles Lindbergh's memorable Atlantic crossing was still a subject of public conversation. It was this atmosphere that fostered the light-plane movement, and what better means of powering such vehicles than motorcycle engines?

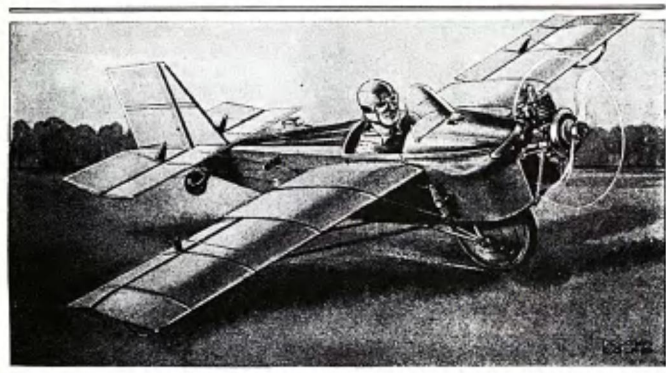
At least, it looked that way at first glance — they were light,

powerful, and cheap, not to mention air-cooled. The only trouble was that they ran too fast, and speed-reduction gears were either expensive or nonexistent. Eventually, they were not successful without modification (more on that later).

Figure 1 shows the cover of the August 1931 issue of *Modern Mechanics and Inventions*, which reported the ultimate in lightplanes powered by motorcycle engines. The mag described this ultralight as "an aerocycle plane, conceived and drawn by Douglas Rolfe, airplane expert." The author, while

admitting that such "flying scooters" were not available commercially, said they were nevertheless possible due to "new materials," and while "not practical for long-distance flying, [they] would be ideal for sports use."

The next year, the same mag published *Flying and Glider Manual* (Figure 2), which contained plans for "A Penguin Practice Plane — motorcycle engine ship for boys, [which] does not take off the ground." Such fledgling planes were used to train pilots during World War II, although they were not powered by motorcycle engines.



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 Lessons in Glider Flying
 Plans for a Penguin Practice Plane—motorcycle-engine ship for boys; does not take off the ground
 Model Plane, Two Glider Engines
 Equipping Your Hangar Workshop
 How to Build Good Wings
 Streamlining Your Light Plane
 And scores of others.

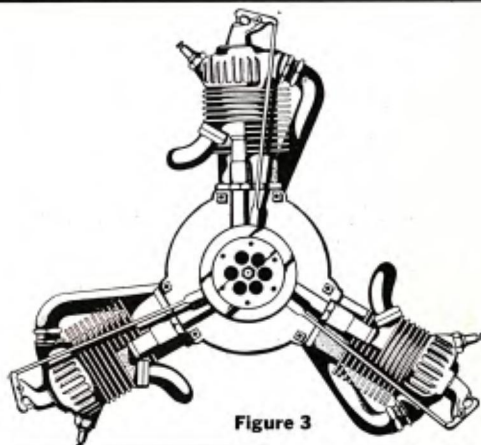
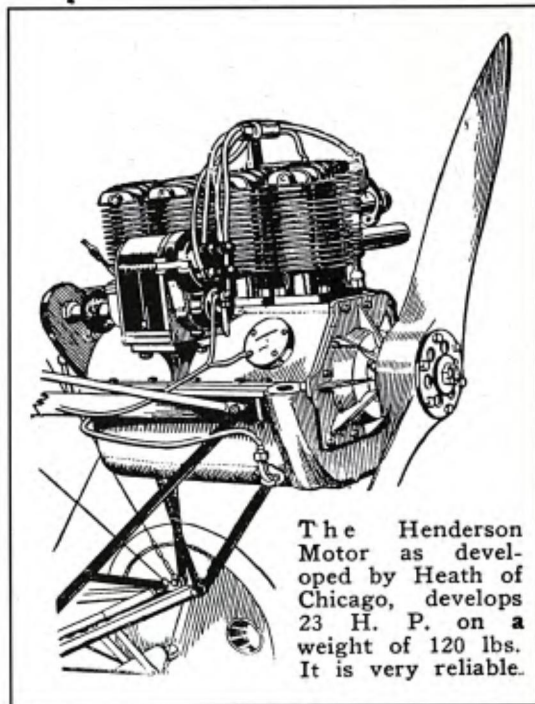


Figure 3



The Henderson Motor as developed by Heath of Chicago, develops 23 H. P. on a weight of 120 lbs. It is very reliable.

Figure 2

Figure 4

ENGINES NEVER DIE!

Several efforts were made to build satisfactory aircraft engines around motorcycle engine parts. *Modern Mechanics* ran an article in 1932 on converting motorcycle engines into aircraft engines, which could be done for as little as \$25. Figure 3 shows one such engine, consisting of three left-handed cylinders "from an ordinary motorcycle engine. Cams, valves, crankshaft, and connecting rods are standard motorcycle parts with but little hand work put into them."

This resulted in a "motor which will produce 27 horsepower at 1,800 rpm. It will weigh about 100 pounds."

Figure 4 is an example of a Henderson Four developed by the Heath Aviation Company of Chicago to power their various lightplanes. This developed 23 horsepower and weighed 120 pounds. It was reported to be "very reliable."

These were hardly the first of such efforts to utilize motorcycle

engines as aviation power plants, however; Figure 5 is a design run by *Popular Mechanics* in their March 1916 issue, calling the craft a "Baby Monoplane Driven by Motorcycle Engine." The story stated that it was a "tail-first monoplane, probably the smallest in the world, propelled by a seven-horsepower motor" said to be "an ordinary . . . twin-cylinder motorcycle engine." A 4½-foot prop was driven at 1400 rpm, giving the little plane a speed of 60 miles per hour.

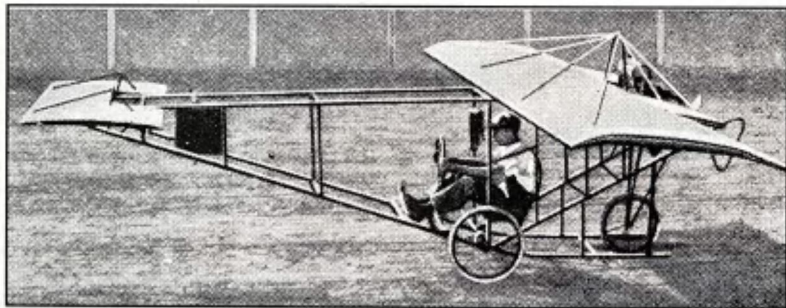


Figure 5

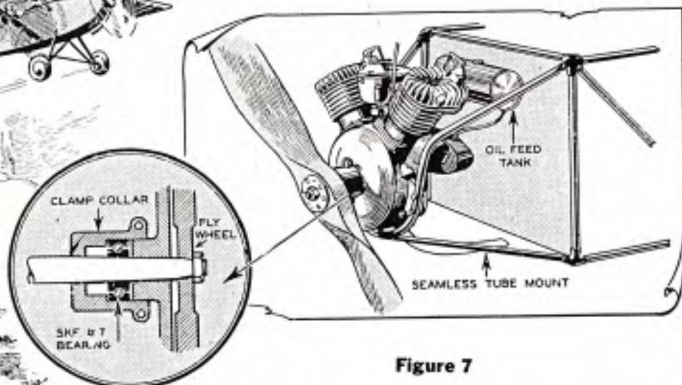
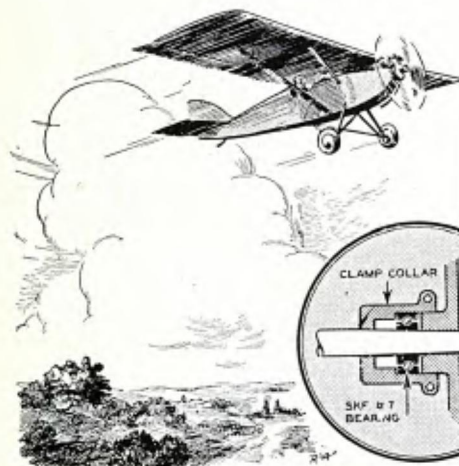


Figure 7

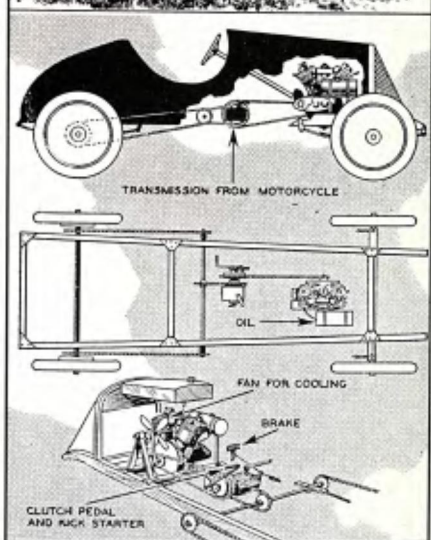


Figure 6

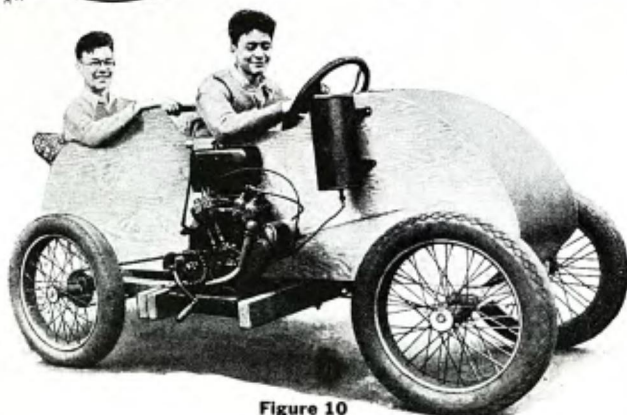


Figure 10

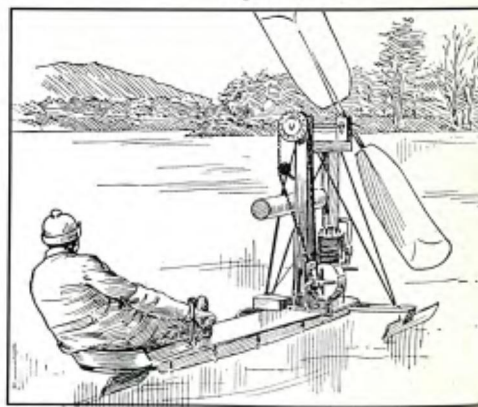


Figure 12

Modern Mechanix (note change in spelling of name) outdid itself in its October 1933 issue, when it ran the article, "Use Your Old Motorcycle Engine in a Car, Boat or Plane." Figure 6 shows their suggestion for a motorcycle-engine-powered car. "Midget cars are ideal objects for attack when planning to put an old motorcycle engine into use," the article began.

Figure 7 is their suggestion for aerial use. "V-twin engines from motorcycles have never been satisfactory in small planes," the article admitted, "but if you want to try them, there's no law against it." The drawing shows a method of mounting a "thrust bearing"

declared necessary to prevent excessive wear and overheating of the engine.

Figure 8 shows their suggestion for use in a boat. "For best service, the propeller selected should be one that will hold the motor down to about 1,000-1,500 rpm," the mag recommended, for this "will ensure the bearing being not over-worked, and will help keep the engine cool." Note the method of obtaining water-cooling by winding copper tubing around the cylinder fins — no easy matter!

In its June 1932 issue, *Modern Mechanics* ran plans for "Whizzer — a Hydroglider," described as "an air-driven speeder which with

souped-up motorcycle conversions will furnish good speed if weight is watched."

Figure 9 (which we lost somewhere along the way) showed side-view plans for a hydroglider, powered by a Harley or Indian of 15 horsepower or better. A 4-foot or 4½-foot prop was suggested, with "a relatively great pitch to keep the weight down. This is highly important and is one reason why no automobile engine will work in this little craft."

Popular Science, in its October 1934 issue, ran the picture seen in Figure 10, under the head, "Home-made Car is Built in Two Weeks." Made for \$10, "all the mechanical

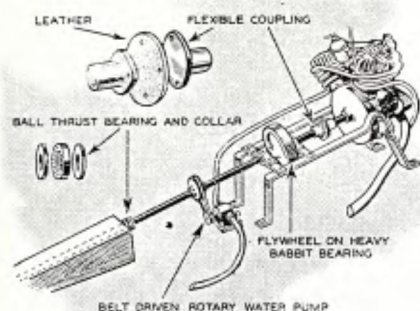


Figure 8



Figure 13



Figure 14

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ENGINES NEVER DIE!

parts of this vehicle, built by two 17-year-old San Francisco boys, came from secondhand dealers . . . The power plant is an old two-cylinder motorcycle engine."

If you preferred winter sports, you could have built the racing aerosled seen in Figure 11, from the cover of *Mechanics and Handicraft*, January 1936. The suggestion was hardly new even then, for in its December 1910 issue, *Popular Mechanics* ran the drawing seen in Figure 12, under the head, "Air Propellers and the Ice-Boat," predicting that "Motor ice-boats, drawn by aerial propellers, will create interest . . . this winter . . ." The illustration shows a boat built by an ice-boat enthusiast in Lake Placid, New York. "The propeller blades are 4 feet long, with a 10-foot swing, and are driven by a 4-horsepower motor. The speed is only 10 miles an hour on fair ice, particularly due to the fact that the machine weighs 150 pounds more than necessary and about one horsepower is lost in chain play," the mag reported.

In its September 1922 issue, *Popular Mechanics* ran the photo in Figure 13, under the head, "Motorcycle Transformed Into Auto Bobsled." The article began, "An auto bobsled which derives its locomotion from a motorcycle engine . . . has been developed by

an enterprising Indiana cyclist. The rear wheel of the motorcycle and the engine remain fitted to the cycle frame, and this in turn is fitted to the frame of the bobsled . . . The driving wheel is fitted with chains to prevent slipping."

While most, if not all, readers will believe that the rash of snowmobiles powered by motorcycle engines is a recent phenomenon, a glance at Figure 14 will change that impression; the picture shows a method of "Motorized Rapid Transit in the Far North" as reported by *Popular Science* in its April 1924 issue.

The article revealed, "The march of science into the frozen expanses of the Far North is bringing a new era of rapid communication across the wilderness of snow . . . swift, motorized sleds soon may replace the picturesque dog teams, [because] an ingenious motorized sled has made its appearance at Helsingfors [now Helsinki], Finland. The machine is propelled by a motorcycle engine belted to a bicycle wheel. The contact of the rubber tire with the snow is said to create sufficient friction to drive the sled forward."

Figure 15 is a circa '30s suggestion for getting some stationary uses out of old motorcycle engines.

Is there no end to the cleverness of these old bikers? ■

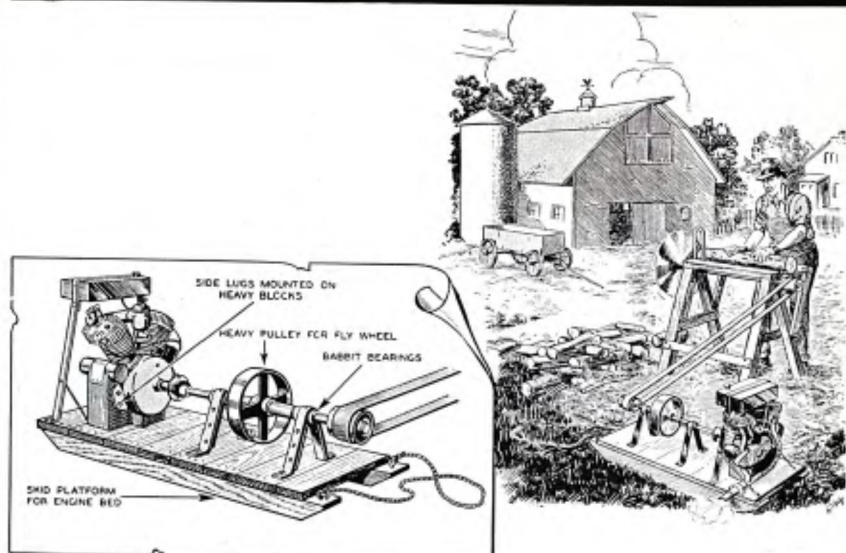


Figure 15

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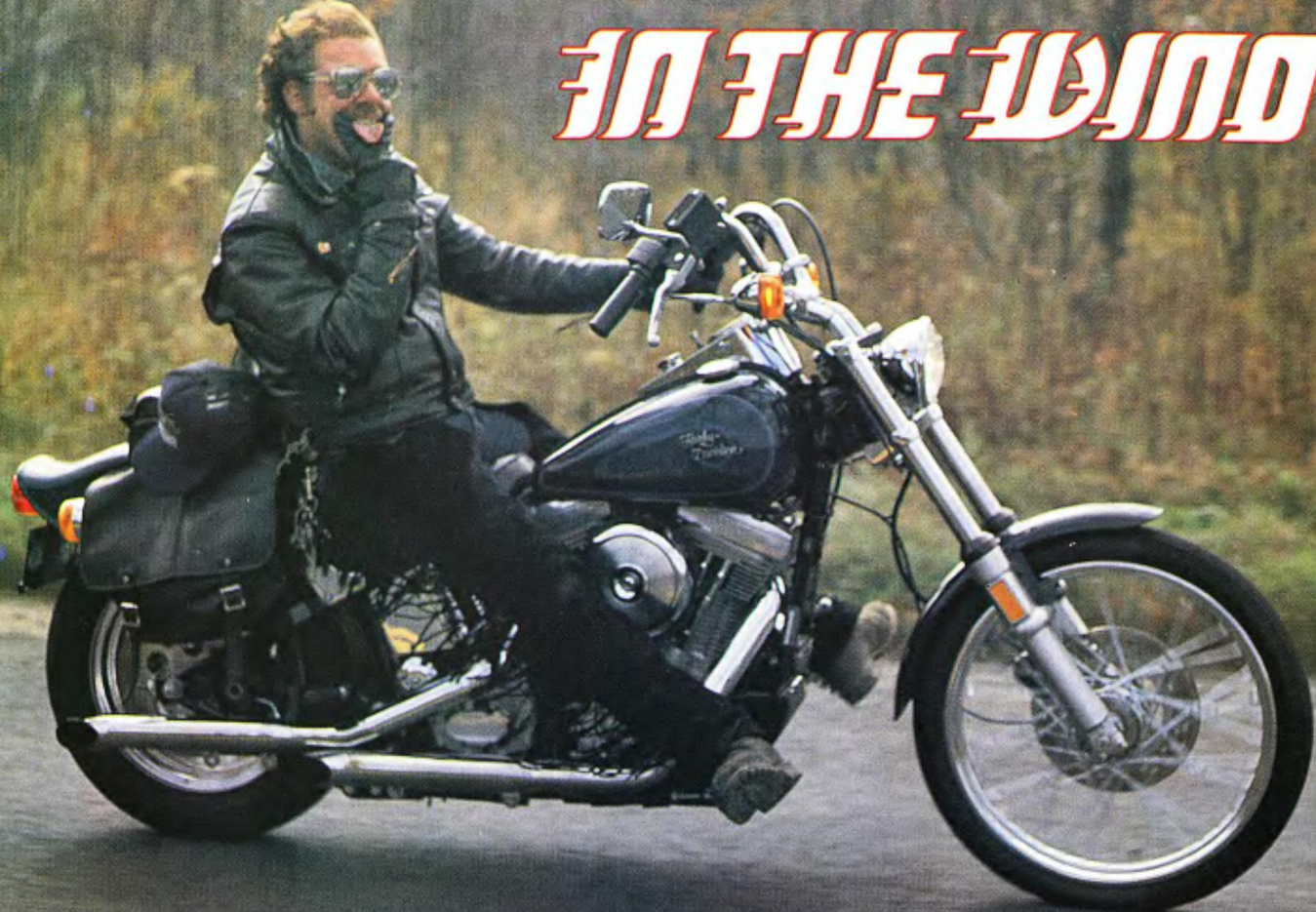
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IN THE WIND



—from Mudd, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

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 John Curtolo, Roseto, Pa.

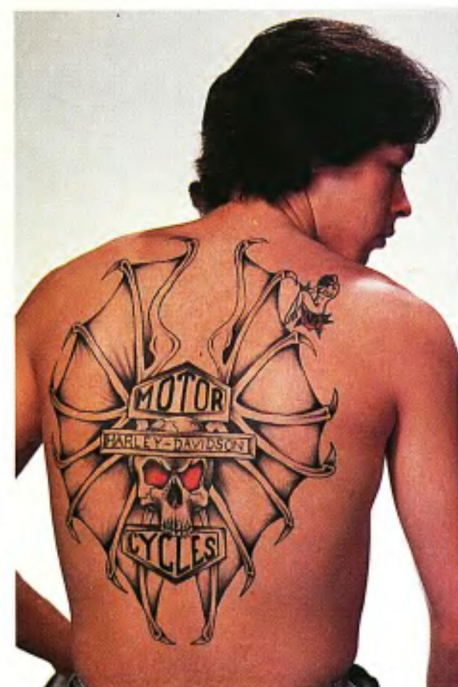




—from Deadeye, Eagle Nest, N.M.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Brad Elkema, Cedar Falls, Iowa



—from MD, Tracy, Calif.

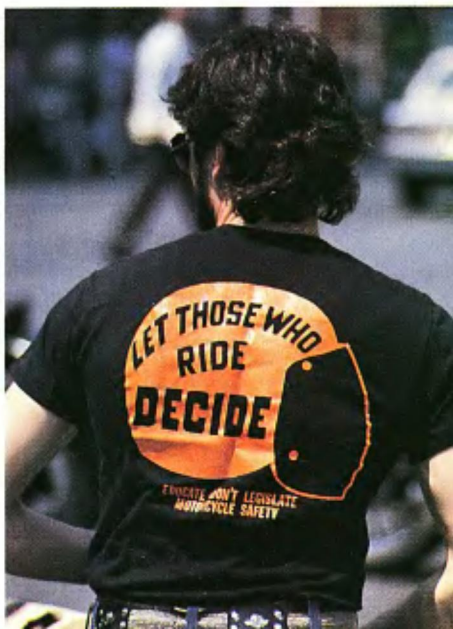
—from Gypsy Pete, Calgary, Alberta



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



—from Spero Branoff, Jr., Camp Hill, Pa.





—from Candy Man, Bristol, Va.

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



—from Longrider Pete, Milford, Conn.





—from Michael Kennedy, Ponca City, Okla.



—from Simon, W. Sussex, England



—from Steve Castle, Dixon, Ill.



—from *The Greek*, Medford, N.Y.

—from *Richard Cross*, Dallas, Tex.

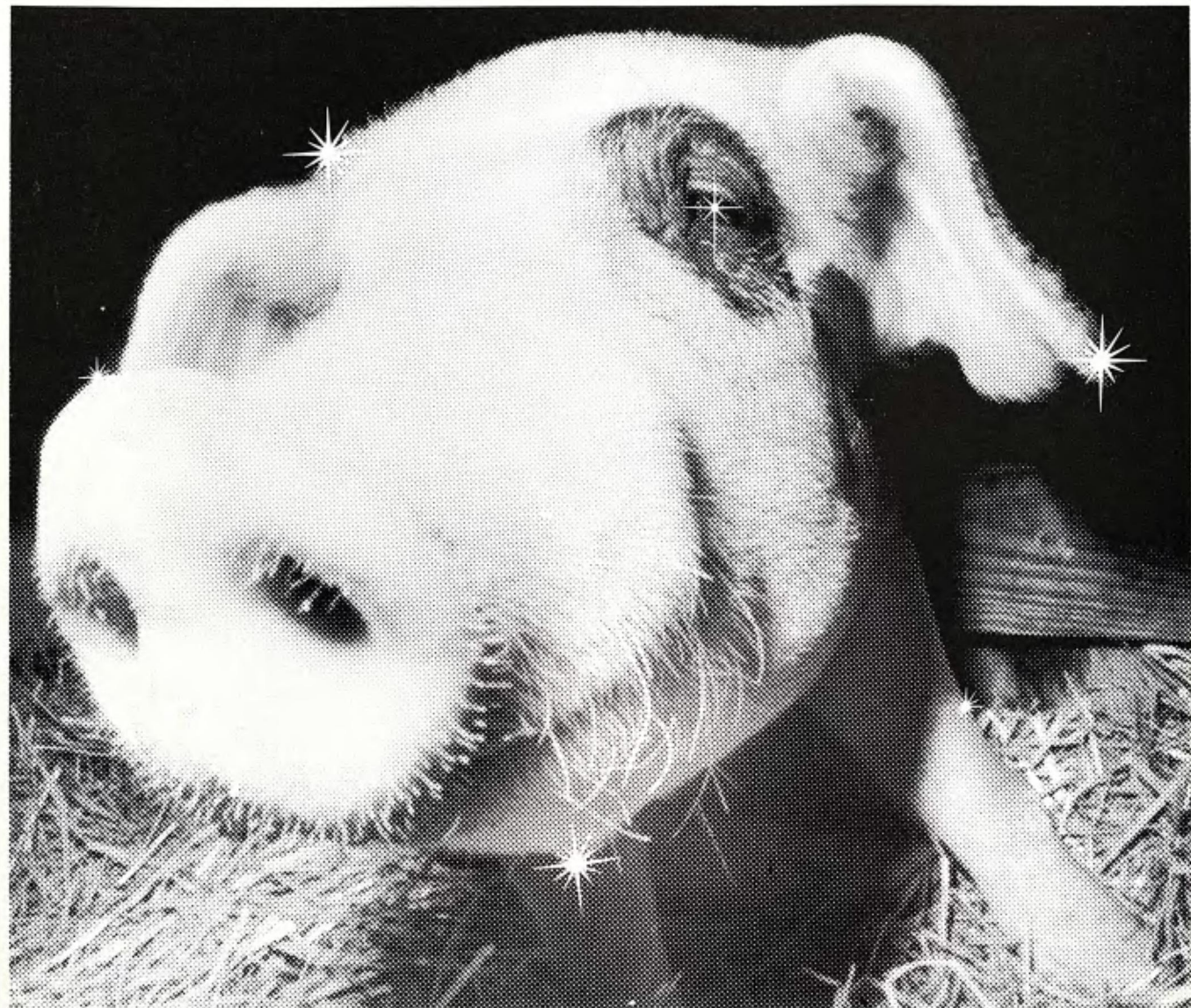


—from *Dragon Man*, Colorado Springs, Colo.



—from *John Lewis*, Flint, Mich.





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Wheels: 16-inch stock wheels with drum brakes, no chrome

Chassis: completely stock 45 rigid frame and fat fenders

Finish: wine and creme lacquer with Imron clear, black Imron on accessories

Credits: paint by Chuck's Antique Restoration, engine rebuild by Harry Stanley of H-D Cycles

Special features: ridden regularly to all antique bike events



Julie Alden, East Bay, California
1941 Harley-Davidson 45 flathead

Hey bro, listen up. Yeah, I'll have another Jack on the rocks, but look at this shit. Come over here. I don't want the ol' ladies to hear this.

Ya know, I'm comin' around to givin' a little credit to broads — okay, equality. My ol' lady works and that's cool, 'cause she doesn't cook for shit. But look at this 45. I suppose it's okay for a broad to have her own scoot, as long as I'm not the electric start. But hell, does the scoot have to be so fuckin' sharp? Shit, I'd give my left nut to have a scooter look half as good. It's fuckin' embarrassing.

Women's lib has gone too far when they're ridin' scoots like this.

—Weed



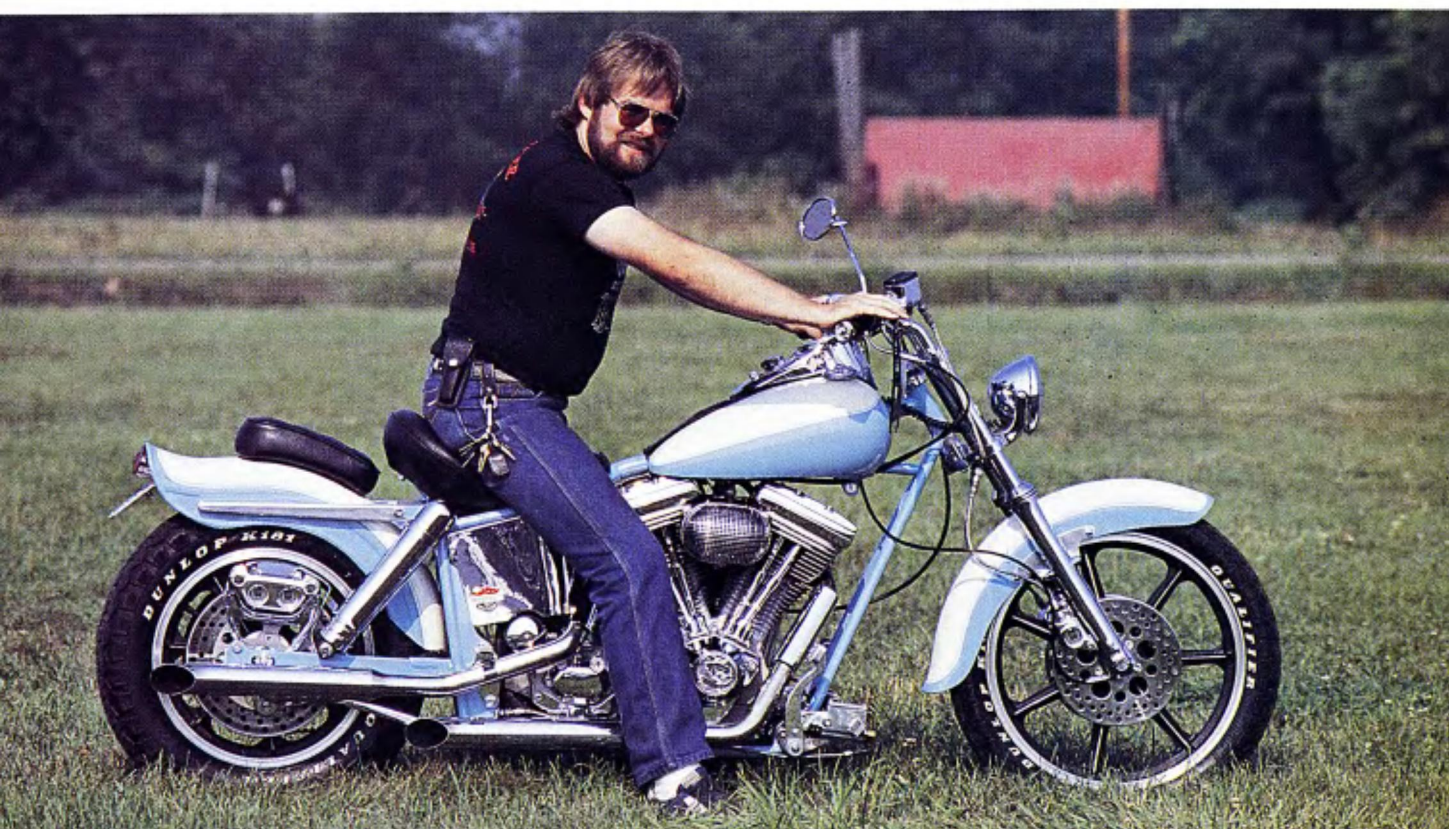
Photos by Buck Lovell





David M. Hall

READER'S RIDE



Terry Shaw, Zanesville, Ohio 1986 Harley-Davidson Evolution

Bikers fuck around, have a good time, chase a few chicks, and party a little more often than most, but they carry in their hearts a sense of how this country was pioneered, no matter what vocations they claim.

Terry Shaw is the director of data processing at Bethesda Hospital in Zanesville, Ohio, and when I spoke to him, he had recently been released from his hospital after a third knee operation.

"The majority of time I spent building this bike was spent on crutches. It wouldn't have been completed without the assistance of my wife and friends." He carries that kinsmanship over to the 40 brothers he rides with and their efforts to assist Chapter 42 of the Veterans Association of America through their bike show, which they've staged for six years running. "I wasn't called to go to Vietnam, so I do all I can for the guys who were."

He bought this scooter (wrecked) on Good Friday, 1986, and in 14 months built the unique scooter you see here, after riding it primed to Daytona to look for just the right color.

—Bandit

Year: 1986

Engine: 1985 Evolution, 80 cubic inches, new engine

Transmission: 1985 5-speed stock trans with forward-mounted foot shift

Chassis: 1986 Arlen Ness V2, 5-speed swingarm with 2-degree over rake and 2-inch stretch

Credits: Arlen Ness, shocks by The Shop, Bob Munroe battery box, molding by Howie, rear struts by Kurt Maxwell

Special features: gas tank, dash, pipe mounts

Model: FLHT

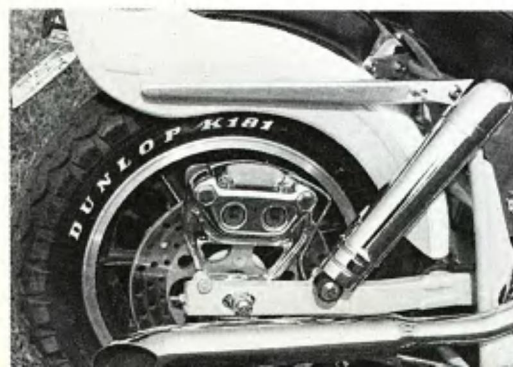
Forks: shortened 2 inches, narrow glide with custom fender and shaved lower legs

Wheels: 19-inch front Morris mag with Dunlop K181 tire, 16-inch rear Morris with Dunlop tire

Finish: Howie Harley, Miami blue-and-white acrylic with urethane



Photos by J.T.



The Fearsome Four

Footloose and Shiftless

Figure 1

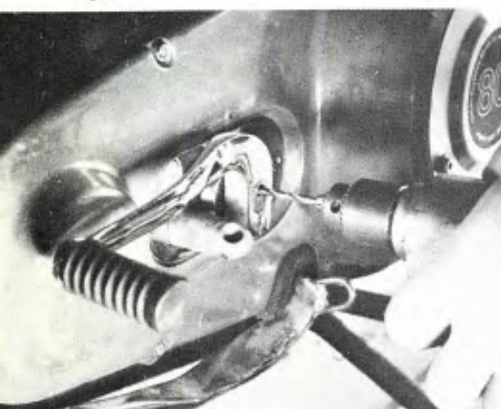
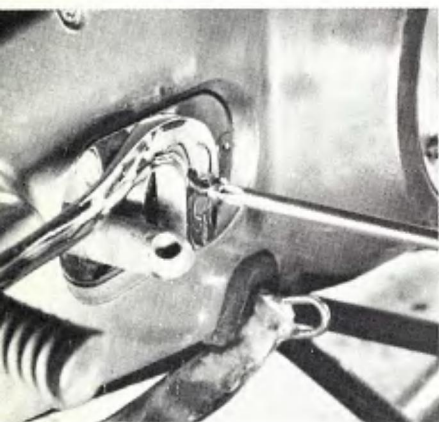
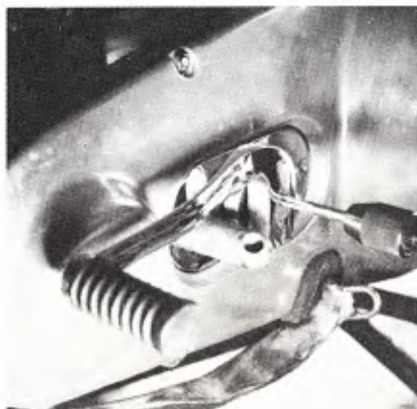


Figure 2



While doing some prep work on my Fat Bob, I jammed down on the shift lever and felt it slip. Sure enough, it was moving on the shaft, even with the bolt tight. Pretty fucked situation — I was due to leave on a run the next morning with the local crazies.

I started to check alternatives:

1. Buy new parts and put them in, but that meant spending time taking off the inner primary and spending money for parts. Time and money — when I didn't have either.
2. Put shim stock around the shaft and tighten the shit out of the pinch bolt. I didn't have any confidence in that one, having seen it fail in the past.
3. Try an idea I've had in my head for more than 20 years, which might be faster and cheaper and would require only simple tools.

Naturally, I chose alternative three. It worked so well, I decided to share it. Here is how it's done:

Put the bike in neutral, get the lever where you want it to be forever, then tighten it, but not all the way. Save another grunt for the last. Just tighten it enough to hold still while you drill. Then remove the footpeg.

Jam a screwdriver or bar between the cases and the back of the lever, so it won't move in when you drill. Center-punch the sucker. Starting with a 1/8" bit, drill a hole as deep as the lever is wide (see Figure 1). Go up in 1/16" steps, and stop at 13/64".

Tap the hole with a 1/4"-20 N.C. and finish it with a bottom or plug tap (see Figure 2), or snap off the end of the tapered tap and make your own plug tap. Remove the lever, clean the chips away, and replace it, lining up the new hole. Put in the screw, then tighten the pinch bolt one last grunt.

I have 10,000 miles on mine, and it's still working. I think it's better than stock.

—The Pope

You Guess



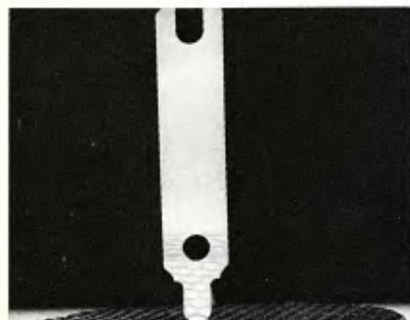
Listen, are you waiting for your latest issue, and the mailman looks at you as if you were a rabid dog? Have you been waiting for a check so long your car was repossessed? Does your narc neighbor get all your mail except for the hand-delivered indictments?

Well then, shit, get out of your sleeping bag and go build a mailbox every mailman in town will be talking about — 'cept don't weld it to the fence, 'cause then ya can't take it with ya when you move. Shit, it still pisses me off.

—Weed



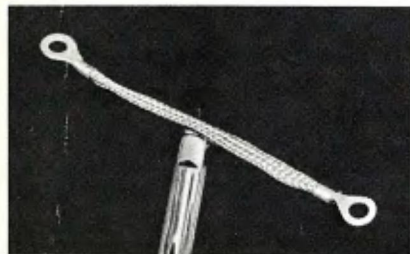
Motor Mount Shim



Did you torque down your new mill to your rear motor mounts, only to discover a gap between the front mounts and your new frame? This tidbit from Tom Craft in Kerrville, Texas, may be the answer.

It's a Chevrolet starter shim, available at most auto supply stores, and it'll fit under Big Twin motor mounts. They are available in several thicknesses and beat the shit out of cutting beer cans and fingers to make shims.

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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 February 29, 1988. We'll print the winner in the July issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #177 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the eleventh monthly winner in our Ninth Annual Fox Hunt — Jennifer, from Savage, Minnesota. 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.

177

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):



Because even if I don't win, I'm still going to get naked.
Heaven's Devil



It has been a fantasy of my ol' man's to see me in Easyriders
 ever since we started shackin' up.

Betty



This little lady will make your toes curl.
Diana



It's been my dream for three years. Now that I'm old
 enough, I'm gonna go for it!

Darlene



I'm from Germany. I love America and would like to get to know the country firsthand.

Silvia



Even in England, Harley-D will always be number one. I just want to have fun.

Lorna



Mom — Double Entry — Daughter

I want to pose for your rag so all the bros, including my ol' man in lockdown, can look at a decent ol' lady who keeps "it" up along with the ol' man's Harley.

Freebird



It is only right that a rag with such sharp scoots should also have a righteous scooter fox's tits and ass.

Lorin

NOVEMBER FOX HUNT WINNER



Jeannie, a self-described Harley child who was born free and runs wild in the hills of Northern California, is this month's blue-ribbon-winnin' fox. We felt it only fair that she also be paired up with a trophy-takin' scooter, and that's what you've got on page 90 — a winnin' woman and a People's Choice stock, knockout knuckle.

3 DAYS OF FUN AND SUN!

***\$5,000
purse**

Naples Cycle Festival AND Rodeo

**Average
temperature
mid-80s**

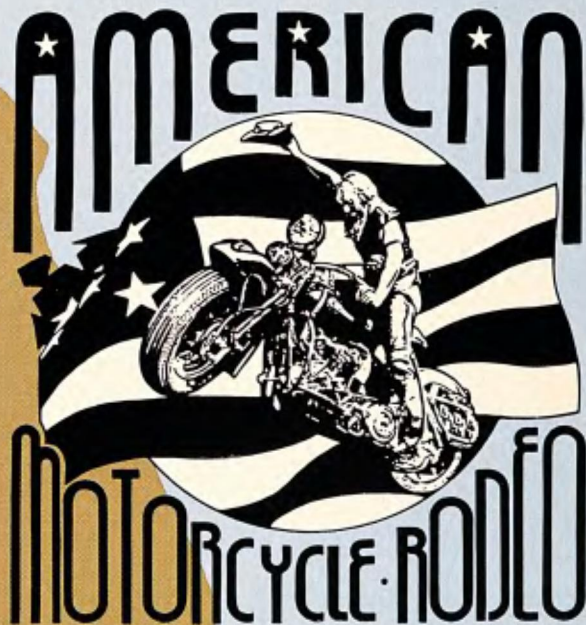
**March 11, 12, and 13
Florida Sports Park**

2.6 miles south of I-75 on
County Road 951. Located in Naples, Florida.

Featuring:

- Trade Show
- Bike Auction
- Bike Show
- Live Music
- Food and Beer on sale
- Camping (family area, too)
- The Southwest Florida Sky Divers

- \$20.00 for 3-day admission
- \$10.00 after noon on March 13
- Kids under 12 are free
- Rodeo entry fee \$30.00 per bike,
per event as a participant in rodeo
(includes one person's admission).



★ **NAPLES**

Seller spaces available

**Southwest Florida Promotions
(813) 643-4555**

Rodeo information:

**Chuck Schmidt
Box 145**

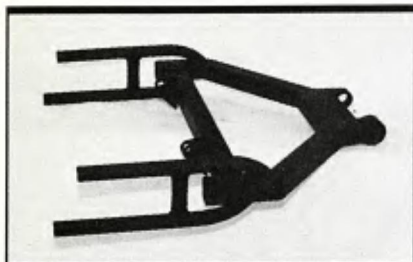
**Easthampton, Mass. 01027
(413) 586-4342**

*Guaranteed if all events are fully entered.

Security by ABATE of Florida, Inc., Gator Alley chapter.

PARTS BOX

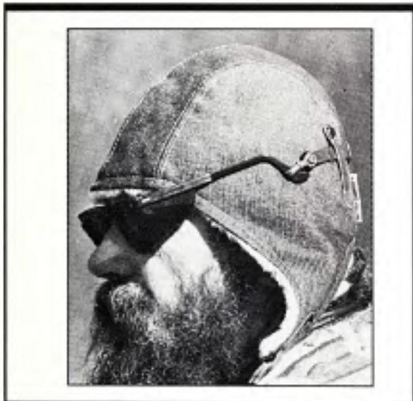
Tell 'em Snake sent ya.



TRIKE KIT

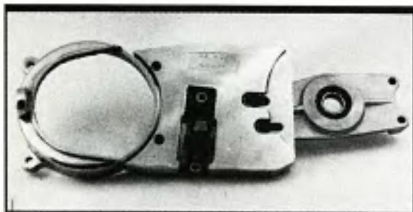
This is great. Texas Frame Works developed a rear section that will bolt up to a swingarm frame and make your scooter a trike — and a 45 rear end will slip right onto this honey. This little device will help solve innumerable problems.

For more info, write Rick Nichols, Dept. ER, 8808 Cullen Lane, Austin, TX 78748.



RAGGTOPS

Couple of months ago I mentioned some stylish denim caps — and the company moved. Well, here's another group of Harley riders making denim derbies. They got 'em in all styles and sizes. For more info, write 2 Rowdy Company, Dept. ER, Box 1653, Oxnard, CA 93032.

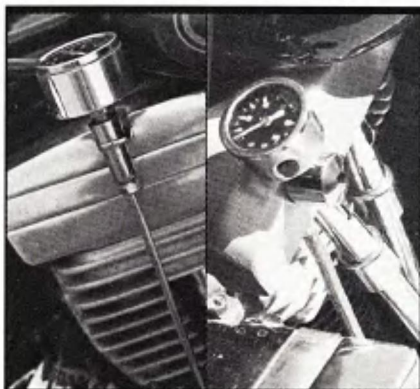


THE EQUALIZER

This caught my eye 'cause I'm about to start buildin' a bar-hopper, and this street screamer will have an

open primary, which means I'll need some kind of support between the engine and trans. This cast and polished, top-of-the-line, aluminum doodad ought to do the trick.

But for more info, write the bros at Primo Belt Drives, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606.



MORE READABLE OIL GAUGE

MB comes up with some interesting shit. I've mounted about 50 of these little oil pressure gauges on 74s and never looked at the bastards unless I was cleaning the scooter. Here's a couple of solutions from MB in Peyton, Colorado. One fits new Evolutions (Sportster, 74, and 80), and the other fits all shovel-heads and Sportsters.

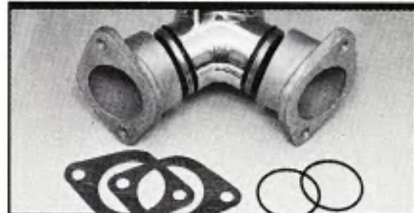
For more info, write MB Products, Dept. ER, 7950 Curtis Rd., Peyton, CO 80831.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT

First Cal Products turns to manufacturing condoms (bizarre, French condoms), and now Cycle Shack, famous for exhaust pipes in San Francisco, is producing *Biker Salsa*. Savage tried it, thought it was too mild; I snorted some and headed for the drinking fountain — not bad.

This spicy Mexican sauce will add a little class and some sass to any gathering, whether it's in the garage or at a party. For more info, write Cycle Shack, Inc., Dept. ER, 1104 San Mateo Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080.



COMPLIANCE ELIMINATOR

Rumor has it that the stock Harley-Davidson compliance-fitted intake manifolds on Evolution motors are shit. Apparently they leak, split, crack, break, and shatter in short order. But Arlen Ness developed the solution shown here. It will handle the heat expansion of the cylinders and will bolt up to almost any exotic carb you have. For more precise info, write Arlen Ness Enterprises, Dept. ER, 15997 East 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578. Arlen's new catalog is about to hit the streets.



CHAPS BRITCHES

Another innovative idea, except this time from a company building leather motorcycle duds for the last 40 years. Here's a pair of leather pants with 30-inch zippers in the legs, so they'll just slip right over yer Levi's like chaps — not bad. For the technical scoop, write Langlitz Leathers, Dept. ER, 2448 SE Division St., Portland, OR 97202.



THE LADY AND THE TRAMP

by Carla W. Smith

It was a most usual day. Nothing had given me a clue that my life would change forever. I was stopped at a red light when I heard the roar of an engine being raced beside me. I didn't particularly notice the rider at first, but the motorcycle was something special, all red and chrome.

It was instant heat! The feeling came up from my spine, all over, almost like a flush of embarrassment. I felt my face go red. He grinned at me. God, he knew! I reached down and pretended to adjust the radio. The minute the light changed, I was gone. I sped across three lanes of traffic and off the exit ramp. I was free!

I pulled up in the parking lot of an IHOP and just sat there. I was a doctor's wife. I had a masters degree. I had status in this town. I wasn't supposed to fall into heat over every biker I saw on the street. I got out of the car, careful to lock it. It was my Christmas present; my husband had given it to me to replace the Datsun I drove in college. He had bought the white-on-white Mercedes because it looked good . . . for him.

Inside the restaurant, I felt safer. I ordered tea and settled back. The



Illustration by Dante

waitress brought the cup, and I asked for cream. As I poured the cream, I suddenly looked up into the bluest eyes I had ever seen, peering out from under a shock of blond hair.

He slid in across from me, leaned back, and put his feet on the seat beside me. "Who do you think you are?" I demanded.

concerned about the same things. He was strongly against nuclear power. He was passionate about individual rights. He was devoutly patriotic. The conversation was easy and lasted through six cups of tea.

I looked at my watch and reached for my purse. I took out several singles and handed them to him with the

motorcycle much the way I pet my dog. We crossed steps that creaked, and he opened a door that had seen better days.

He busied himself in the kitchen, and I sat on a sofa I thought a friend of mine had donated to the Salvation Army. He came back with beers and even a glass for mine. I tried not to stare, but those eyes! I didn't have to say a thing to let him know. He just took my hand and led me to his bedroom. Before I had time to cooperate or protest, he had my clothes off and we were going at each other like we were starving.

After we made love, we lay in bed drinking beer and making small talk. We cuddled more than I expected. In fact, I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't the kindness and consideration between the sheets that this man had shown me, that was for sure. Suddenly, he got out of bed and pulled on his jeans. He threw me my slacks and said, "Let's ride." I dutifully dressed, and we went outdoors.

"Come on, girl!" He slapped my bottom. "Let's go." He jumped on the kickstarter and the engine roared. "I've never been on one this big," I shouted at him. He threw back his

Before I had time to cooperate or protest, he had my clothes off and we were going at each other like we were starving.

He gave me that knowing grin he had given me at the stoplight. "You give me that Lauren Bacall look and then expect me not to follow?" He reached across the table and took my hand. I jerked it back and glared at him. Those eyes were so blue.

His blond hair was in disarray on his forehead. His black T-shirt proudly proclaimed: *Harley — A Way Of Life*. I covered my mouth but laughed out loud. My friends were used to my having radical causes, but they would never believe what I was doing right now. We spoke a different language, but it was strange how we were

check. He pressed them back into my hand and announced, "I take care of my ladies." As he went to the cash register, I suddenly felt flushed. What in the hell was I doing? I practically ran to the car. I felt smothered by the situation I was falling into.

By the time I fumbled out my keys, he was beside me. "I don't live far from here," he was saying. "Can't we go there for a drink . . . or something?" I was shaking my head no when he pushed me against the car and kissed me. I followed him to a run-down duplex that badly needed paint. As I got out of my car, I saw him pat the

THE LADY AND THE TRAMP

head and laughed. "That's twice today, huh?" As I climbed on clumsily, he gave me a patronizing smile and took my hand to steady me. He patted my leg. "These things have got to go." He indicated my slacks. "You need some jeans. They would help protect your legs if we had to lay the bike down."

I suddenly wanted off. I could see the papers: "Local Doctor's Wife Dies on Motorcycle." The story would begin: "By day, she was her husband's devoted partner, but while he was out making her a living..." I shook the vision from my head. I wasn't sure how I got here, but I was here to stay. We traveled down back roads and narrow streets, then we were in the country.

I soon found myself enjoying the fresh air, the wind — and the smells were incredible. They were so strong, so pure. The asphalt, wild flowers — and I never knew it before, but the color green had its own smell, and it was overwhelming.

I wanted to stand up and spread my arms to meet each and every breeze, but I held on tighter, closer to his back for fear I was losing my grip on myself. I closed my eyes and drifted with the sway of the bike, feeling... alive. I'm not sure how long we rode, but I suddenly became aware that we were pulling up in front of the duplex. He braced himself, and I was sure I was going to tip the motorcycle getting off, but he smiled that knowing smile and took my hand to steady me.

We stood there for a few minutes, neither of us knowing what to say, so he just pulled me to him and held on. I got into the Mercedes, knowing that I was somehow changed. I felt like I knew more about myself than I ever had. I hadn't had time to decide if I liked what I had learned. I felt like I had met a part of myself I hadn't known was there. This newfound freedom frightened me a little. I drove home slowly, thinking about the afternoon. Why? Oh, if I knew the answer to that one.

The good doctor had beaten me home. It was the first time I had realized it had been the maid's day off. "Where in the hell have you been?"

he shouted at me by the time I hit the door. "I've called everyone I could think of. I was ready to call the police."

I calmly strolled into the kitchen. "Well, I'm sorry supper wasn't ready. I took a drive in the country, and I just lost track of time." I began to take out eggs for omelettes.

"You took a drive in the country in the middle of the day in the middle of the week?"

"That's what I said." I was pretty calm for an old gal who had just had her first extramarital affair.

The front doorbell rang. He threw his hands up in the air. "Now what?" I heard the front door open, and then male voices.

"Honey," my husband's voice came from the kitchen door. I turned to see my biker standing next to him. I gasped for air. "Well, I don't know what's come over you," he said. "First you're out all afternoon, and now you're rude to company." It was then I saw my purse in the doctor's hand. He was telling me, "This nice young man (*did he have to say young?*) found your bag at the service station you stopped at while you were out on your cruise."

I mumbled something like, "How can I ever thank you enough?" My biker said he just didn't know. The doctor was going for his checkbook — he was going to give him a reward! The biker shook his head and assured us that was not his purpose; he had found the bag and just wanted to return it. They shook hands.

We all walked in the living room, and the biker turned to my husband and said, "You know, we really do have more in common than you think." I felt faint. I sat down, hard, in the nearest chair. "I met you at the Muscular Dystrophy Association benefit," he told the doctor. "Me and some of the brothers gave you a rather sizable check from a run we made to the mountains."



"I'm still hungry."

The doctor perked up. He loved to toot his own horn about his charities. He reached out to shake hands again. "Well, I want to thank you personally for all you guys did to help us. You know, we just can't do enough for Jerry's kids." They walked out onto the front porch like old friends. I ran to the downstairs bathroom and vomited.

Before I knew it, the doctor was behind me. "You really have to start taking better care of yourself. Here you've caught a virus, and you're out all afternoon cruising the countryside." He walked off, bitching all the way down the hall. "Be sure you check your credit cards. You don't know if that trash might have taken some." I staggered to my bedroom.

I woke up the next morning. It was much later than I'd ever slept. I looked like warmed over... something or another. I was furious at everyone. I kicked the dog. I yelled at the cook. She didn't know why, and I certainly didn't. I finally got the swelling out of my eyes enough to put on some makeup. I went to have my hair redone. When I finished at the hairdresser, I strolled through the mall where it was located.

I suddenly found myself in front of a shop that specialized in jeans and the like. I hesitated, then went inside. The store clerk helped me pick out a pair with Vidal Sassoon's name on the pocket. Then she convinced me I had to have a chambray shirt to go with them. And a belt. And a jacket. And boots. I looked in the mirror and boy, was I surprised, but I liked what I saw. I felt young... like the girls in the Levi's commercials.

I pulled up in front of the duplex and waited a minute. I had stopped at a service station and changed my clothes. When I got out of the car, I had the strangest sensation I was leaving someone behind and was myself a stranger walking up to that door. I knocked, and a familiar voice called, "It's open." When I walked in, he looked stunned for a second. Then a slow smile spread over his face. He stood to embrace me. "I like," was all he said before he picked me up and carried me to his bed.

My jeans were tight, but that didn't slow him down at all. He was practiced at this. He knew what he was doing, but for some reason I felt special. The hours flew by in his bed. I felt like a little girl, all warm, all loved, all protected. And then there was the bike. It was like part of the lovemaking we did. We finished our afternoon together on the motorcycle. I felt alive. We spent the entire summer together,

from noon to six o'clock.

I couldn't see enough of him. I changed my hair to a softer style — easier to braid and then comb out after we rode. I started an entire wardrobe centered around the motorcycle. And I added several hundred dollars to his closet, too. That included a silk robe that he laughed at when he opened it. We did have fun.

We continued on to the fall. The doctor never again complained. Sometimes I felt guilty, but not enough to stop what I was doing.

"This is the lifestyle, baby. If you can't hack it, you better find another hobby."

I never got to stay after six o'clock, until one day when the doctor was going out of town to a convention. My biker was delighted. Some of his friends were having a party and he wanted me to go. I was careful to dress in just what he wanted me to — jeans so tight I could barely breathe, a low-cut black halter, and black knee boots that laced up the side.

When I came out of the bathroom, he laughed. "Well, it all looks great,

but these are out of place." Taking my hand, he pulled the large diamond ring off, then took the diamonds out of my ears. Suddenly he looked serious. "What the hell are you doing here with me? You don't belong here, you know." I put my arms around his waist and hugged him tightly. "But I'm where I want to be," I told him. He looked down at me, then smiled an almost sad smile. "I'm glad," was all he said as he held me close.

Then he grew festive. "All right, lady, there's no such thing as fashionably

late where we're going, so let's roll." The club, where we went, was on the east side of town. It was dark and sinister-looking. The windows were painted black, and a sign proclaimed: *If you don't ride a Harley — you ain't shit.*

A jolly fat man was tending bar. He was a cross between Santa Claus and every leprechaun I had ever seen pictures of. When my biker went to the jukebox, he told me not to worry

— no one would bother me because of whom I came with. It was then that I began to watch my escort as he prowled around the room. The women all knew him and were openly affectionate toward him. The men had healthy handshakes and slaps on the back. He drifted easily among the crowd, and all were obviously glad to have him there.

Some of the people gathered around, and all of a sudden I was one of them. Camaraderie among these people was the most incredible thing I had ever seen. Boy, I thought, you don't see friends like this at the country club. The wine and beer flowed, and I recognized the smell of marijuana in the air. I began to feel the spirit of the night.

We danced every slow song that played. The fast ones left no room on the floor for us, but if he had wanted to, he would have made room. Whatever he wanted to do was just fine with me. I felt like I belonged to him. Some of the other women pointed and whispered. It was obvious we were the major subject of the night, but I didn't care about what they had to say. Tonight he was mine.

I walked into my house just before dawn, and it was dark. I turned on the light in the study to find the doctor

**The Magnificent
Motorcycle Art of**

50 different pieces of art

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**Centerspread size on heavy
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Also, a history of his motorcycling days and artistic talents.

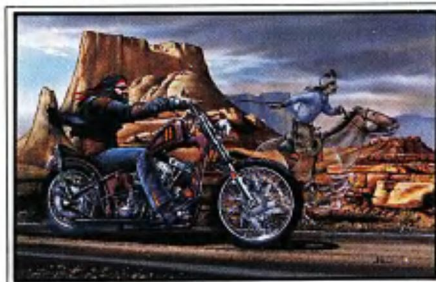
A classic collection of bike lore, bikes, and the lifestyle, as portrayed by the MANN himself.

\$19⁹⁵

50

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DAVID MANN



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Paisano Products, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

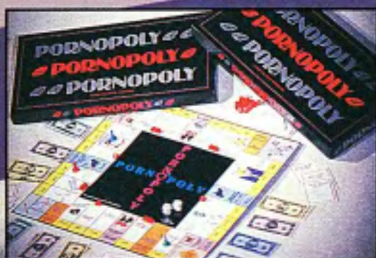
Wanna Play?

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.

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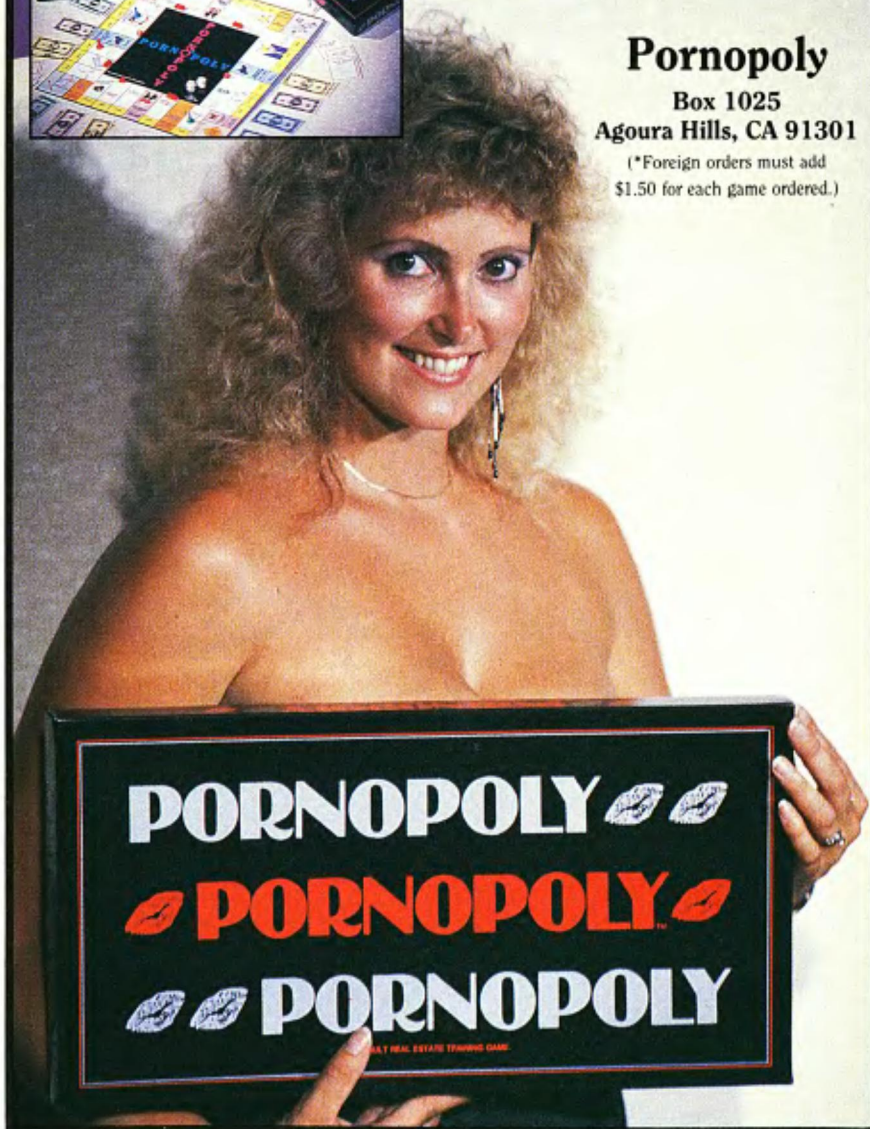
Passin' GO was
never this much fun!



Pornopoly

Box 1025
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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



sitting in the dark. He startled me so, I almost fainted. "What are you doing here?" I asked. It was then I saw that he was quite drunk, and he had been crying. I knelt down beside him, not knowing what to think except that he had found out about my secret. He jumped, as if he hadn't been aware that I was there.

"Oh honey," he sobbed into the sleeve of my sweater. I took a deep breath. Well, here goes.

"What is wrong with you?" I demanded.

He began to blubber. "I know you have been the best little wife a man could ask for," he began. "But I have to tell you, I've been seeing someone else."

I felt like cold water had been thrown in my face. "You've what?"

"Oh, I know it's disgusting to you, but it wasn't a cheap fling, I promise you." He looked like a little boy in trouble. "You remember the girl I hired last year to keep the books on the MDA contributions?" He heaved a sigh. "I've been seeing her for several months, and well . . . she's just not like the others."

I stood up quickly. "The others?" I screamed at him.

He grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, well, I'm afraid so." He ducked his head and giggled, then looked dreamy. He shook his head as if to clear his thoughts. Then he looked sober. "Now honey, I know you're going to take this pretty hard, but this girl is really something special to me . . . and besides . . . she's pregnant." I was silent, stunned. He was still talking. "The house, of course, will go to you. And the Mercedes. And I can give you an allowance until you get on your feet." Silence.

"You have your schooling and you're still young enough to start over." He was grasping at anything to make himself feel better. "You're pretty, and I know you've never really had a real job before, but of course, I'll give you a job reference." He glanced up at me, pleased with himself. I wanted to shout at him that he wasn't the only one who'd found someone special! I wanted to scream at him that I didn't need him or his money! But I didn't.

I told him I understood and would

Continued on page 112

Biker's Bulletin Board

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

ACCIDENTS

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

ALL SERVICES

Hawg Head-Quarters, Inc., Professionals performing with practical pricing. Send SASE with desired work to be performed to: 705 Anderson St., Belton, SC 29627. (803) 338-6663.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS & PISTONS

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

ANODIZED & ENGRAVED PARTS

Sumax Cycle Products, Inc. \$3 for full-line catalog, 7091 South Street, Westmoreland, NY 13490. (315) 853-5623.

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Government surplus and genuine H-D parts. Catalog \$5.00 (616) 636-8200.

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

BELT DRIVES

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

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

BOOKS

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

Harley Women Magazine/Asphalt Angels Publ., Inc., Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. (312) 858-BIKE.

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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

CARBURETORS

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

CATALOGS

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.

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

Bag Bros. Cycle/street, show, race, rebuilding to your specifications. Call or write 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa, CA 92627. (714) 650-9016.

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.

Cross Country Colors By Kram/Airbrushing on leather and metal. 7376 Kirkville Rd., E. Syracuse, NY 13057. Call (315) 656-3540.

CYLINDERS

Axtell Sales Cylinders and 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.

FENDERS

Crazy Frank's Enterprises/Rear Connections, 13738 1/2 Glenosks 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.

Howell's House of Harley/frames repaired, straightened, blueprinted, guaranteed. 232 S. Federal Blvd., Denver, CO 80219. (303) 922-2419.

HEADS

Flo Dynamics, 1150 Pike Lane, Oceano, CA 93445. (805) 481-8300.

IGNITION SYSTEMS

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

JEWELRY

Brass Head Inc., 68 Lamar St., W. Babylon, NY 11704. Spike leather and chain jewelry. (516) 643-6060 (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) 928-1071 (800) 338-8625.

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Pac-Kit Saddlebag Company (a large and sincere saddlebag company). Literature sent upon request, 1213 Corunna Ave., Owosso, MI 48867. (517) 723-4748.

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

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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

Cycle Super Market/complete engine and transmission and parts, 6500 Baker Rd., Ocean Springs, MS 39564. (601) 875-9207/875-7827 (exit 57 on I-10).

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

MOTORCYCLE PATCHES

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MOTORCYCLE RESTORATION

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

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Antique Cycle Supply/limited edition 45" Hill-climber cast-iron toy, \$125 postpaid. Cedar Springs, MI 49319. (616) 636-8200.

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SPECIAL SERVICES

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 Cone 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.

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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).

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

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Pappy's Custom Motorcycles, 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. (804) 761-0858.

Harley-Davidson of Green Bay, Inc., 727 Memorial Dr., (U.S. 41 and Velp), Green Bay, WI 54303. (414) 494-5256. \$10.50 + shipping (UPS).

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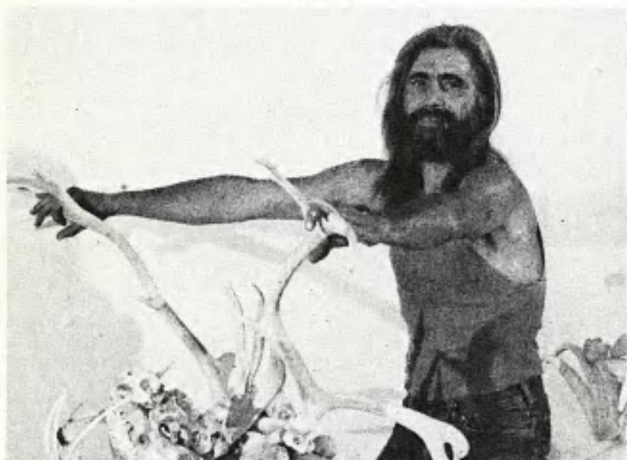
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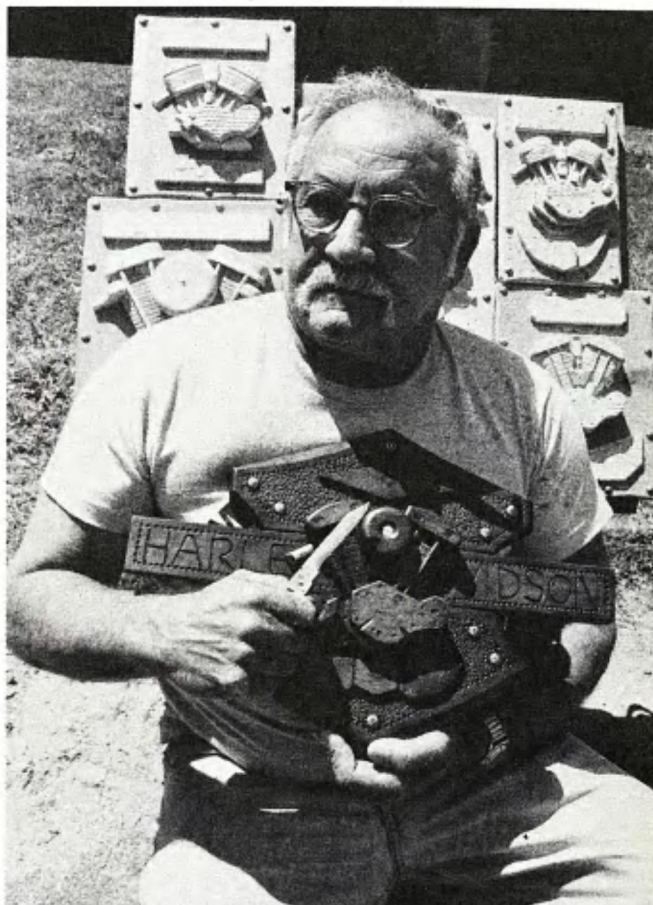
Hutch

Photo by Hutch



Billy Harrington

Photo by Richard Anderson



Tony Esposito

Photo by Rip

Hutch Upland, California

We receive a fair amount of scooter art, and often we don't have the space or quality photography to do it justice. It's difficult to photograph a six-inch scooter and capture all the intricate detail and workmanship that goes into it. Take Hutch's creations. Replicas such as this take a skilled welder with a steady hand, the ability to improvise on the parts, and an eye for design.

Hutch models these six-inch steel steeds after specific scooters. They take a great deal of time, since Hutch adds the element of function with working kickstands, rotating wheels, and front ends that turn. "But I'm always getting

these jokers askin' me if they run," Hutch grumbles.

Hutch has been at it since kickin' around junior high school, when he was into motocross before he advanced "to the best motorcycle in the world — H-D, of course."

Now H-D to the bone, he fires up the torch to create these scooters for brothers and associates, and when my scooter is completed, maybe one for me.

— Snake

Billy Harrington Central California

Answer this one: How many guys make their living by wandering through the hills and picking up bones, taking those bones and making them

into machines, and in this case making them into an ultimate custom ride called the ReCycle?

There's only one bro I know doing it — Hilly Billy Harrington from central California.

"I'm a junk artist," says Billy. "Anything out there that's stone, bone, fur, feather, or shell is fair game."

Not that he kills or traps anything to get at it, mind you. That's illegal, unfair, and downright sinful, he'll tell you. But you'd be surprised at what he finds at stagnant water holes or what comes in through the front door from friends who think of him when they see or smell something funny in the back 40.

"My biggest score was a couple of paired white draft horses that an old-timer gave me when they died — made 'em into the wheels of the ReCycle."

The spokes and sissybar are steer



Photo by Savage Williamson

Mike "Balls" Farabaugh



Photo by Pat Randle

Pop White



Photo by Wino Joe

Al Lozano

ribs, and the handlebars are fashioned from caribou horns. The gas tank and seat are horse skulls; the passenger seat is actually a horse's shoulder blade. The exhaust pipes are a ram's horns, the headlight a pig's skull, three wood rats, and a small bobcat. The taillight is a fox skull, and of course the chain is horse vertebrae — lots of them. A shell makes the license plate.

A lot of those bones are rearranged and redesigned, so if you really studied this setup, you might shake your head slowly, crank a big grin, slap your mamma on the back, and put pen to paper to figure another name for it other than ReCycle, which Billy prefers. Try MurderCycle, Stone Bone Pony, Nuke Wagon, and End of the Road, for starters. Or how about Morning After, Boning Up, Rolling Bones, Haunted Harley, or Rat Trap?

"And to think I wanted to be a lawyer," cracks Billy, who enjoys the names and reminisces about the time he was an executive at Warner Brothers during the *Easy Rider*/Dennis Hopper days, advising producers of what would sell and what wouldn't.

That little voice deep inside told him to head north after dropping out of Hollywood, an Army Corps brig, and formal art training, because he just couldn't live by the rules. "Be free," he challenges. "Be free every day, and you'll die happy."

Billy plans to paint a picture of the ReCycle as it might have looked with flesh and muscle covering the bones. Until then, he has a poster of it for sale — horses, wood rats, bobcat, pig, steers, and all — superimposed against the stars.

— Richard Anderson

Tony Esposito Middletown, Connecticut

Tony started carving wood plaques seriously in 1972, when his doctor advised him to find a hobby. Now they're all over the country; even H-D's Willie G. and Charlie Thompson have them.

Tony has donated many of his plaques to charity raffles, and he's been around motorcycles all his life. His main tool for carving is a switchblade knife he took away from his brother 46 years ago — Tony's now 66 years young, and still going strong.

He initiated our plaques A.P.E., so he calls them Ape Hangers. It fits, don't it? — Rip

Mike "Balls" Farabaugh Granger, Indiana

A decade ago, when the anti-motorcycle forces were in their heyday, legislating away our freedoms right and left, a typical "bikers' rights" meeting might've consisted of a small group of bros getting together at the local Redeye Saloon, where we'd piss and moan while knocking the suds down, eventually getting rowdy, shit-faced, and nowhere constructive at all.

That's the way Mike "Balls" Farabaugh saw it eight years ago, and he set out to elevate all this nonproductive barroom jaw-flapping into an effective, professional, no-bullshit organization of freedom fighters with

real clout and potential.

It worked. With 10 years under his belt of working in varied capacities for the American Motorcycle Association, Balls implemented all the knowledge he'd gleaned from that organization and applied it to ABATE of Indiana, of which he's been the Executive Director since 1985. Closely joined with the educational aims of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, ABATE of Indiana has become one of the most influential bikers' rights organizations in the country.

So influential, in fact, that Balls recently initiated an ABATE chapter in the Pendleton Reformatory, an Indiana maximum-security penitentiary which last June allowed motorcycles through its gates for the first time (*Easyriders*, February 1988).

And the fight goes on . . .

— Savage

Pop White Odessa, Florida

Old bikers never die, or at least in the case of this 75-year-old aficionado who's well-known in Florida and who enjoyed riding through the curves in North Carolina until 1974, we hope he'll be around for many moons to come. Pop's been married six times, ran an Indian dealership for five years, managed his own shop for 45 years, and still works on flatheads, knuckles, and pans. Occasionally he will lift a wrench for a shovel, but that's as far as he'll venture into the new models. He's had motors shipped to him from as far

away as Germany and Switzerland for his rebuilding prowess.

He still believes Harley flatheads to be the most reliable mills on the road. "They're more dependable. Hell, the Army used 'em and police rely on 'em," he says.

The man has owned 50 scooters and currently owns a '53 pan, a 500 Enfield, Indian single, a competition flatracker, and a BMW, and he's had his share of spills. But he keeps on pluggin' and turnin' — the man has class.

— Bandit

Al Lozano Salinas, California

Whenever a biker is out there doin' good, we love to hear about it. One of our freelance photo-journalists was makin' his regular visit to the probation department and ran into a dude he has known on the streets for a few years. They got to shootin' the breeze, and the biker/probation officer, Al Lozano, started to rap about a youth program he has been involved with. Since this project is being run by a biker and has been supported by some of the bros in the

joint, we thought the Rubicon Foundation and Al Lozano deserved a spot in our rag.

As some of our readers know, probation officers can be cunt/assholes, but that ain't the case here. Mr. Al Lozano ain't even a "suit." He's a concerned person. After doin' his time, he came back to work in the system, and that's never an easy ride. He is a counselor who tries to help juvenile offenders. If a kid is goin' crazy in his cell or needs guidance or support, they call on Al. After his regular office hours, which include weekends, he works on programs helping youths and first-time offenders straighten up their act. In 1986, he won the Salinas Jaycees' Humanitarian Award.

Al developed a street theater program called "Be Aware." It gets the kids to act out negative/positive roles representing themselves, parents, and other adults. He has brought this program to different community groups to make them aware of how young people see the world around them. This gives the adults a better perspective on the problems these kids face, such as peer pressure, inadequate home training, sex and drug abuse, and gang activity.

To make this awareness work for

these kids, Al fanned the fire under the Rubicon Foundation to get funding and to provide jobs to get these youngsters on their way towards a more successful life. The name Rubicon means "to embark on an undertaking from which one can not turn back." This foundation was established in 1976. It's a nonprofit corporation, and Al has enlisted a new board of directors from the community. He is now president, which means after putting in 40 hours a week, he gets to work another 10 or 20 hours for free.

Once a youth or first-time offender shows progress in the "Be Aware" program, he is considered for job placement in Rubicon. He "prospects" as a volunteer for a nonprofit community group before being placed in an entrance-level, paid position. Part of his wage, at this point, goes towards paying restitution or family support. The goal is to develop better work ethics and decision-making skills.

As a biker, Al knows he has earned his slice of raisin pie. If any bikers in the central California area want to help out, they can write Mr. Lozano at: Monterey Probation Department, 1422 Natividad Road, Salinas, CA 93906. Biker businessmen take note.

— Wino Joe

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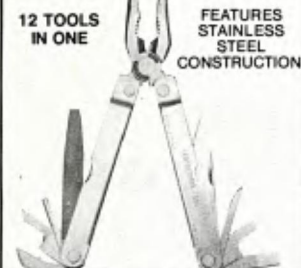
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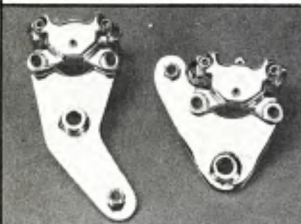
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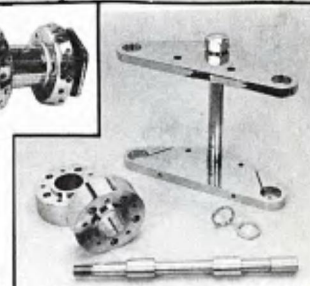
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8. Legal Information Newsletter.
9. Nationwide attorney referral services.
10. Legislative protection.

"BIKERS HELPING BIKERS"

Aid to Injured Motorcyclists

Cut Here

Send my **FREE** lifetime National Emergency Identification card to:



(PLEASE PRINT) NAME

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Please send to: Aid to Injured Motorcyclists • 15910 Ventura Blvd., Suite 1712 • Encino, CA 91436-9942

Also send me free information:

(Please Check Box)

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ National Coalition of Motorcyclists | ☐ Immediate accident investigation |
| ☐ A.I.M. volunteer program | ☐ Display box for groups & shops |
| ☐ A.I.M. representative | ☐ Emergency Roadside service |

***Call for additional information for family — TOLL FREE (800) 531-2424**

Aid to Injured Motorcyclists

NATIONAL COALITION
OF MOTORCYCLISTS

NCOM



BIKER NEWS

"BIKERS HELPING BIKERS"
THE AIM VOLUNTEER

Any motorcyclist who cares about other riders can be a volunteer. Motorcyclists from any and all sections of North America will be asked to help out in their areas. A.I.M. material, for distribution to all motorcyclists, will be sent to all volunteers. Each volunteer will receive an identification card, as well as information on how to help others "Know Their Rights."

Duties of a Volunteer:

As most of you know, one of the main goals for the Law Offices of Richard M. Lester has been to inform motorcyclists of their rights and how to protect those rights. Now, through the A.I.M. program, this information will be carried by those who really care, A.I.M. Volunteers, to those in real need, the injured motorcyclists. *Bikers helping bikers!*

A.I.M. volunteers will be alert to all motorcycle accidents in their local area (radio, newspaper, T.V., motorcycle shops, friends and motorcycle meetings). Upon hearing of someone going down, the volunteer will go to the injured person, present an I.D. card and explain that he/she is there to help in any way possible. The A.I.M. office will provide, at no charge, a booklet to give to the injured party, explaining all the rights available to an accident victim. In addition, the volunteer will explain these rights, help fill out reports and other papers, offer to find transportation for the scooter to the repair shop, and the family to the hospital. Finally, the volunteer will help with any other needs the biker or his family may have. The volunteer will also enlist other motorcyclists to help. Not only is this the way it should be — biker helping biker, brother helping brother — but this also gives motorcyclists contact with all motorcyclists in their community, no matter what they ride, and a new image to show the general public.

A PROFILE OF AN AIM ATTORNEY



BILL LEY — TEXAS

The A.I.M. office will try to profile a different attorney with each publication so that you might be familiar with the attorneys that are protecting your legal rights.

While attending law school at University of Texas in Austin, Bill Ley was a part-time instructor pilot. As much as he enjoyed the thrills, flying was costly, and he had to pay the rent. Bill's college roommate had a motorcycle that Bill rode more than his own. Finally, at his roommate's request, Bill got his own bike and discovered that riding was almost as exciting as flying. That was the start of a beautiful relationship that has been going on ever since.

Our Texas attorney, Bill Ley, is 42 years old and has been practicing law for the last 16 years. He rides his 650 Night Hawk to and from work regularly and enjoys touring the Rockies, Grand Canyon, and Canada in the summer with his wife Mary.

After law school Bill started working as a claims attorney representing insurance companies. He explained that it became harder and harder to sleep at night because of all the things that he saw and had to deal with so he decided to trade his black hat in for a white one. In between, Bill worked as a hearing judge on the Industrial Accident Board which polices on the job accidents/workers comp. He also took a year off to travel around the United States in his van before settling into private practice in Austin.

Bill was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina of British and American parents. As a small child his family returned to the U.S. where he grew up in Harlingen, Texas near the Texas/Mexican border. Along with his other passions, white water canoeing, gun collecting, motorcycling, he lists practicing law. He loves it! When I asked him what his future plans were, he told me he was happy right where he was and doesn't plan on making any changes.

INTERNATIONAL COALITION
OF MOTORCYCLISTS

ICOM — A DREAM COME TRUE

Ever dream of an international brotherhood of bikers?

For years, this has been in the thoughts of biker activists. The international exchange of valuable information and the coming together to fight repressive laws, is now a reality.

The International Coalition of Motorcyclists — I.C.O.M. — has been created as a clearing house, or blanket coalition, of the national coalition forming in each country. Every N.C.O.M. will be completely funded by that country's A.I.M. legal fees.

An example of how proposed laws in one country may be the future legislation in another part of the world is the current proposed law in England, that would require a completely silent motorcycle. Pretty scary stuff! If that becomes a law, and if such a bike could be manufactured, the negligent left turning (right turning in the United Kingdom) driver of a car would now say, "I didn't see you (the most common expression anywhere) and I didn't hear you."

The USA, Canada, England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, are currently member countries of the new I.C.O.M., with New Zealand and Australia under consideration. Sweden, Brazil and Germany have also made inquiries.

A great big welcome to the Motorcycle Action Group (M.A.G.) of the United Kingdom.

Together, our voice will be heard and there will no longer be a voiceless 2 wheeled minority.

Richard M. Lester

For years, motorcyclists have depended on certain state organizations to fight for our freedom of the road. These bikers rights organizations deserve our recognition, as well as our complete support. If you want your rights protected, join a group in your area. A different member organization of the National Coalition of Motorcyclists will be featured in each issue.

ABATE OF NORTH DAKOTA

Abate was formed in North Dakota in the mid-70's as a result of continued legislation restricting a motorcyclist's rights.

The founder, Wes Erickson, rallied bikers together under the acronym, ABATE, which at the time stood for "American Bikers Against Totalitarian Enactments".

Brothers gathered a thousand strong and rode to the capital without helmets to protest the helmet law. Letters with their opinions on the helmet laws were then written to legislators. Groups turned up at all committee hearings that involved anything to do with motorcycles.

The battle was up hill all the way; but the laws were repealed.

ABATE was instrumental in 1979, in having a bill passed, making North Dakota the first state to offer Rider Education courses, paid for by motorcyclists, paying an extra \$5.00 for the motorcycle registration. That same year, a bill passed stating that all new riders between the ages of 14 and 16, must take a motorcycle safety course before they could get their Class IV permit.

Each year thereafter, we became more involved with education and motorcycle safety.

Aware that a mandatory helmet law didn't necessarily reduce accidents or save lives. No, you put something in the head, not on it, to save lives.

ABATE of North Dakota in the 1980's

In the early 1980's, ABATE of ND changed the meaning of ABATE to stand for "American Bikers Aiming Toward Education".

ABATE is now a non-profit motorcycle organization, whose members are concerned with putting motorcycle legislation in its proper perspective with safety education programs, public awareness programs, and rider training programs for both the novice and experienced riders. These programs are designed to make motorcycling safer for all.

In October of 1985, ABATE signed a contract with the Department of Public Instruction. This contract allows ABATE to administer portions of the motorcycle education program statewide. ABATE was asked to assist in setting the current guidelines for motorcycle instructors. ABATE has been responsible for the promotion of the safety courses statewide. They have worked in conjunction with the Department of Public Instruction, North Dakota State Highway Patrol, and other state agencies.

ABATE's continuing job will be to watch all legislation, to keep its members updated on all concerns of motorcycling, to make motorists aware of motorcycles, and to continue the motorcycle safety education courses. This will make North Dakota's streets and highways a safer place to ride.

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.

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)

Non-recording AM/FM stereo players available. Free catalogs. The Conaid Company, 8221 Dunfield Court, Severn, MD 21144. (186)

Moonshine — a historical and instructional text with illustrations. Send \$5.00 to: Polygon ED, 64 Arnold Ave., West Babylon, NY 11704. (177)

FREE — World's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR Reno, NV 89513-5637 (177)

Gypsy's Catasaqua, PA area. Dawn is there now. "George" will soon be also. It's a family affair. What goes, comes around. Jeff, Ft. Irwin, Calif. (177)

Pam La 'Rue, contact Roger Bolinger. It's important! Rt. 2, Box 63, Guymon OK 73942.

Grandfather passed away and left me a building full of Harley parts and several complete bikes. No reasonable offer or trade refused. Send \$3.00 for lists. Rt. 4, Box 786-1, Mooresville, NC, 28115. (177)

Help: Looking for Howard Osbourne. Better known as "Ozy." Was last seen in Ft. Wayne, IN riding with The Evenger's. Any info, send to Ken "Little Ozy" Osbourne, #197-680, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302. (177)

Make money tattooing! Details on how to make your own tattoo machine. Instructions from a nationally known artist, and how to get inexpensive supplies. Send \$9.00 to W & S Enterprises, Box 2006, Largo, FL, 34649. (177)

Serena: long time no see. Give me a holler, I want to see how you're doing. Wayne - (201) 788-6811. (177)

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

Florida: Please tell Dwayne Emen to contact Pat in Germany. (177)

In memory of Mark — you gave more than you got.

Cadillacs, Mercedes, Porsches, etc. direct from Government. Seized in drug raids. Available in your area. Save thousands\$. (216) 453-3000, Ext. A8237. (177)

For Sale: Ocean front condo "penthouse" available on time share during Daytona Bike Week every year! Room for a large crowd, 2,200 sq. ft. Located 1 mile north of Main Street in Daytona Beach, Florida. \$9,950.00 firm. If interested call or write immediately: Rich Madsen, 926 Beach Blvd., Ste. 362, Jacksonville, FL 32216. (904) 223-1806, home, (800) 333-7578, work. (177)

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)

TATTOOING OUTFITS, INSTRUCTION MANUALS — overstocked sale! Huge price reductions. Illustrated literature \$2. ARTIST, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901-0242.

Incarcerated biker sells tattoo drawings and biker-oriented artwork. Juan Acosta #336181, Ellis 2, Huntsville, TX 77340.



What's Happenin'

Here's your guide to what's happenin' in your area during February and March. 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' FEBRUARY AND MARCH

ARKANSAS

SECOND ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE SHOW AND SWAP MEET — February 28th in Little Rock at Rick's Armory, 4700 West 8th. Bike show, tattoo contest, door prizes, and raffle. 9:30 a.m. until 5 p.m. For more info, call John at (501) 868-5890, or Bill at (501) 985-2890.

CALIFORNIA

FIFTH ANNUAL POLAR BEAR RUN — February 5th in Huntington Park. Sponsored by the Harley-Davidson Owners Association, 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. (213) LUV-HDOA.

CANADA

MOOSE JAW'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY SWAP MEET AND ROCK-AND-ROLL PARTY — March 12th in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan at the Heritage Pavilion, Moose Jaw Exhibition grounds, 250 Thatcher Dr., East. For more info, call (306) 692-8130.

DELAWARE

ABATE OF DELAWARE'S MONTHLY MEETING — February 14th in Christina at the ABATE Pole Barn. For more info, call (302) 731-4758 and leave a message.

FLORIDA

ABATE BIKE WEEK CAMPGROUNDS — February 29th through March 6th in Daytona at the Volusia County Speedway, State Road 40, 15 miles west of I-95. For more info, call (813) 369-5175.

ABATE OF FLORIDA, DAYTONA BEACH CHAPTER STORE — February 28th through March 7th in Daytona at 801 Main Street, next to the Rat's Hole. ABATE campground info maps, souvenirs, swap meets, etc. For more info, write ABATE of Florida, Inc., Daytona Beach Chapter, Box 3483, Daytona Beach, FL 32018.

GEORGIA

'88 RUN TO THE SUN — February 26th, 27th, and 28th in Unidilla. Live bands Friday and Saturday. Free outdoor camping. Run to Daytona will leave Sunday at noon. Admission is \$20 Friday, \$15 Saturday. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia. For more info, call Iven Shipley at (404) 867-8026, Moose Evans at (404) 294-8184, or Lee Richardson at (404) 438-8442.

MISSOURI

SAINT PAT'S DAY RUN AND SPRING BASH — March 20th in St. Louis. Sponsored by the Freedom of the Road Riders, Local 17, with bike bash, beer, chili, and prizes, starting at Doc's Harley-Davidson. For more info, write FORR, Box 10883, St. Louis, MO 63129.

NEBRASKA

MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET — February 14th in Omaha at the Omaha Civic Center, 1804 Capitol Ave., downtown Omaha. Sponsored by J & P Cycles. For more info, call (319) 462-4844.

PENNSYLVANIA

ANNUAL SWAP MEET — February 13th in Butler at the East Butler Fire Hall. Sponsored by ABATE of Pennsylvania, Butler Chapter 13. Starts at 11 a.m. For more info, call Annetta at (412) 287-7183 or (412) 285-9455.

TENNESSEE

FOURTH ANNUAL SWAP MEET — February 14th in Memphis. Location is 2610 Holmes Road East. Sponsored by ABATE of the Mid-South. For info, call (901) 452-1784 or (901) 327-0364.

TEXAS

ALL-HARLEY SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW — February 21st in Dallas at Devil's Bowl Speedway. Pre-Daytona season opener with AMA pro half-mile flat track races. For more info, call Bob Bagwell at (817) 488-9133.

SWAP MEET — February 7th in Pasadena at the fairgrounds, located at 7600 Red Bluff Rd. For more info, call (713) 991-0699.

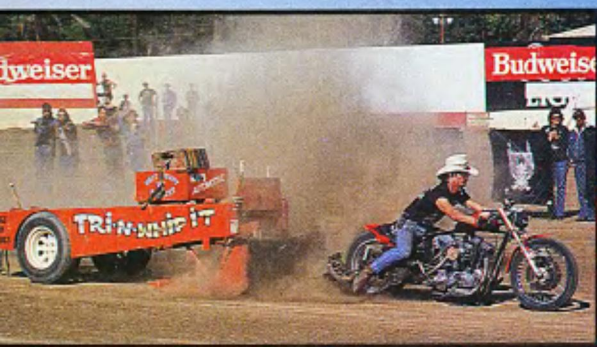
WASHINGTON

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.

WISCONSIN

GIANT SWAP MEET — February 7th and March 27th in Green Bay, held at Riverside Ballroom. Northeastern Wisconsin's largest. For more info, write MWB Productions, Box 2702, Appleton, WI 54913.

Easyriders Rodeo Grand Nationals



Saddle jockeys from all over the USA rumbled into Ventura, California, last November to try and grab a piece of the \$10,000 prize money in the first annual *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo Grand Nationals. As they kicked their stands down and dug their wrenches out for some last-minute prep work and adjustments before the competitions, they were soon joined by more incoming bikers and ol' ladies who'd come to Southern California for a more laid-back reason — to party.

And party we did. There was just enough time to pitch a tent on the Pacific oceanfront, snatch some grub, and grab some snatch before the live entertainment kicked off in the early afternoon.

When takin' a break from the rock-'n'-roll of Studebaker, Greg Kramer, and Stronghold, we were checkin' out the sleds at the custom bike show, the goodies at the trade show, and maybe gettin' a new tattoo or some nipple rings — or oglin' the hardbellies who were.

With the Budweiser truck still keeping thirsts at bay late into the night, there was the trophy girl contest, more dancin', and plenty of chow to keep the troops satisfied. It was a kick-ass night of chicks and V-twins screamin' into the night before the main event.

As the sun peeked over the grounds on Sunday, icy beer and breakfast was served. At 8 a.m. strokers and nitro-powered American-made motorcycles fired up the morning as qualifying began, with the main event less than four hours away.

Bill Van Dyke was the magnanimous ringmaster for an event that



And the winners are . . .

Slow Race

- 1st — Len Bogert, New Tripoli, Pa. — \$300
- 2nd — Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$200
- 3rd — Terry Rogers, San Clemente, Calif. — \$150
- 4th — Don Buttlerwerth, Port Hueneme, Calif. — \$100
- 5th — Rick Stecyk, Canoga Park, Calif. — \$50

Wienie Bite

- 1st — Dale Knoll and Cindy Thompson, Hermosa Beach, Calif. — \$300
- 2nd — Smily Stahl and Chislic Stahl, Fillmore, Calif. — \$200
- 3rd — Richard Buffum and Cole Johnson, Camarillo, Calif. — \$150
- 4th — Randy Mitchell and Pat Townsend, Whittier, Calif. — \$100

Beer Can Grab

- 1st — Jerry Cable and Clem, Ames Iowa — \$300
- 2nd — Tim Warner and Bill, Washington, Ohio — \$200
- 3rd — Gary Freel and Rick Dietz, Ames, Iowa — \$150
- 4th — Ray Tewksbury and Kim, Tampa, Fla. — \$75
- 5th — Tom Farnham and Marilyn, Oxnard, Calif. — \$75

Potato Haystack

- 1st — Gary Freel and Cindy James, Ames, Iowa — \$300
- 2nd — Perry and Kitty, Clovis, Calif. — \$200
- 3rd — Mary Ellen and Ralph, Mississauga, Ontario — \$150
- 4th — Frank Barry and Vanessa, Riverside, Calif. — \$100
- 5th — Ray Tewksbury and Kim, Tampa, Fla. — \$50

Tire Toss

- 1st — Ray Tewksbury and Kim, Tampa, Fla. — \$300
- 2nd — Perry and Kitty, Clovis, Calif. — \$200
- 3rd — Lakeview Cycle, Greg James, East Peoria, Ill. — \$150
- 4th — Rick Stecyk and Steve, Canoga Park, Calif. — \$100
- 5th — Jerry Cable and Rick Dietz, Ames, Iowa — \$50

Keg Derby

- 1st — Roger Arnold, Bellflower, Calif. — \$300
- 2nd — Tim Warner, Washington, Ohio — \$200
- 3rd — Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$100

Barrel Race

- 1st — Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$300
- 2nd — Tim Warner, Washington, Ohio — \$200
- 3rd — Rick Stecyk, Canoga Park, Calif. — \$150
- 4th — Bob Ritchie, Granada Hills, Calif. — \$100
- 5th — Sam Audi, Carson, Calif. — \$50

Tire Ride

- 1st — Tim Warner and Bill, Washington, Ohio — \$500
- 2nd — Tim Warner and Gail, Washington, Ohio — \$300
- 3rd — Gary Freel and Cindy James, Ames, Iowa — \$100
- 4th — John, Tujunga, Calif. — \$100

Solo Sled Pull

- 1st — Bob Ritchie, Granada Hills, Calif. — \$300
- 2nd — Andy, Oxnard, Calif. — \$200
- 3rd — Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$150

Trike Sled Pull

- 1st — Casson Johnson, Chariton, Iowa — \$700
- 2nd — Mitch Mitcheltree, Clovis, Calif. — \$500
- 3rd — George Azevedo, Modesto, Calif. — \$160

Biker Tug of War

- 1st — Rodeo Pro Team: Tim Warner, Ray Tewksbury, Gary Freel, Bob Torres, Jerry Cable — \$1,000
- 2nd — Texas Pullers From Amarillo, Texas: David Browning, Rick Preble, Norman McIntosh, Andy, Mystery Rider



Photos by Kim Peterson, Gregg Daniel, and Billy Tinney



marked the celebration of a 16-rodeo nationwide tour that bikers all over the country enjoyed, some cities tried to stop, and a number of brothers followed to reach this final meeting of power bikes unleashed in the dirt, competing in 11 dust-driving events.

When high noon hit, so did a hundred throttles as the parade of entrants blasted onto the field, led by the *Easy Rider* movie replica panheads.

The stands went crazy after Van Dyke bellowed out The National Anthem for the all-American event, and the first trike nailed the butterfly to the stops, dug a tractor trench in the dirt, and peeled the 6,000-pound sled away from the starting line.

The only rodeo designed for American bikers was under way. Shit, even the Slow Race had people on the edges of their seats when Len Bogert from New Tripoli, Pennsylvania, brought his scooter to a complete stop, balancing that heavy putt while other riders had long since crossed the line. Dale Knoll and Cindy Thompson from Hermosa Beach, California, set a new Wienie Bite record when Cindy inhaled 4½ inches of the dog while Dale held his scooter steady.

Two chicks wrestled for the final potato in the haystack. And no shit, when those spud-searchin' women hit the hay, some were buried until they burst from the stack, proudly clenching their potato.

Greg James from Lakeview Cycle, East Peoria, Illinois, deserves special recognition for becoming one of the first serious rodeo followers and the third place winner in the Tire Toss. Tim Warner, all the way from Washington, Ohio, took \$200 in the Keg Derby.

The Barrel Race, my favorite, had the crowd leaning and eyes riveted to scooters running a cloverleaf around the barrels at frame-twisting speeds. Every scooter slid as it attempted to round the barrel to jam to the next one — a true test of athletic skill on a 500-pound Harley.

Tim Warner and Bill, the passenger, took first place (\$500) in the Tire Ride, then Tim had a second passenger mount up and whipped Gail, also from Washington, Ohio, around the barrel for second place (\$300).

The first place winner of the screaming, dirt-diggin', Solo Sled Pull was Bob Ritchie from Granada Hills, California, who had NO₂ installed but

didn't have to engage it to win the event. Trike Sled Pulls and the Biker Tug of War were the meat of the events. Massive hundred-inch strokers built into weighted custom trike frames dug into the dirt with massive sand tires, riders twisting all they could, crouching low to their tanks to add weight and grab for as long as the sled slid.

Casson Johnson from Chariton, Iowa, snapped up the \$700 first place prize money in the Trike Pull, making it look deceptively easy by reeling it in after only his second time out at our rodeos. We'll be featuring his three-wheeler soon, so keep an eye out for it on these pages.

The wrap-up finale: five big Hogs pulling against another five, cranked to the stops, tires burning, the bikes almost invisible in a cloud of smoke, dust, and dirt. The cable taut, chains stretching, iron screaming like a pack of dragsters leaving the line, they strained until one group gradually, as if neither team could hold out without engines exploding — began to creep forward. It was fuckin' awesome.

Two bros strutted away as the top money winners. Tim Warner from Washington, Ohio, snagged the lion's share and is a cool \$1,600 richer today, and Gary Freil from Ames, Iowa, was right behind him, with a take-home kitty of \$1,500. Not bad for a day's work.

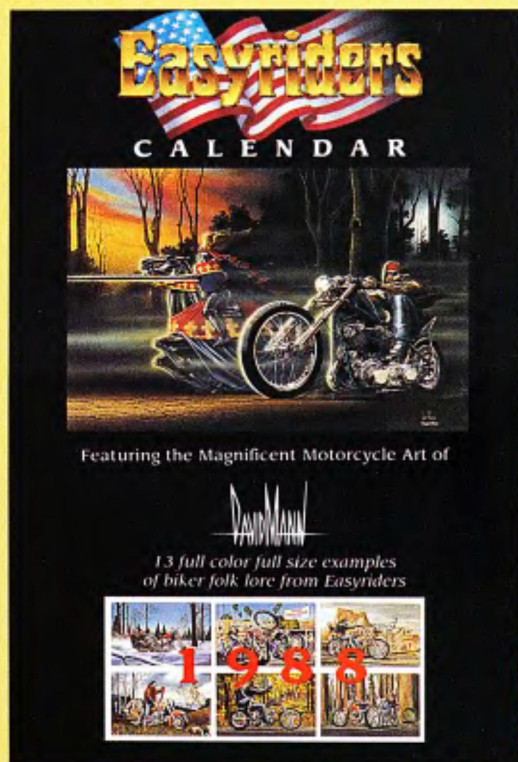
Next year promises to be bigger and better, with plans for two sleds pulling simultaneously, with scoring for both distance and times. Hopes are high for each event to last two or three days, with some events staged on Saturday, and the finals tearing up fields all over the country on Sundays. We'll see you in the spring.

—Bobo the Rodeo Clown

At Last . . .

An *Easyriders* 1988 Calendar devoted solely to the centerspread art of

DAVID MANN



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SUDS-HEAD SHEILA

It's about that time to start thinkin' about Daytona, spring runs, and parties — but first ya gotta find a house mouse to detail your scooter. I asked my skull puppy, and she packed her shit.

But all wasn't lost — red knuckleheads draw attention, so while chasin' brews in a valley bar and showin' another scooter pilot wrinkled shots of the red knuck, this chick drooled over my black T-shirt and said, "Will you take me for a ride? It's so hard and red."

Deep in my doldrums, I didn't even look at her, just grumbled, "Can ya suds 'er up and make her shine?" This heavy breathin' in my ear while I was sittin' sorta lopsided at the bar emitted a cooing sound that coulda melted a Coors truck.

I looked across the bar into the mirror and for the first time





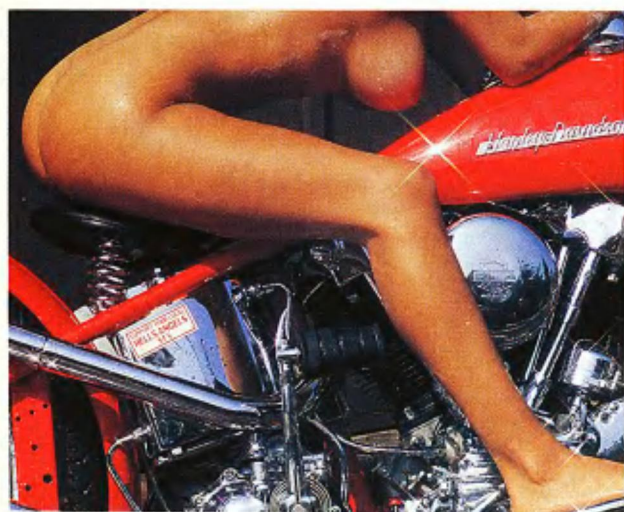
connected with the most sultry, big round mooneyes I've ever seen. Just then something warm and soft began to press against the back of my ABATE of Florida T-shirt, and something in the center poked insistently, so I spun around on my barstool. Sheila's sensuous melons, her nonstop tan, and those penetrating eyes — the whole package of steamin' womanhood—slipped between my knees.

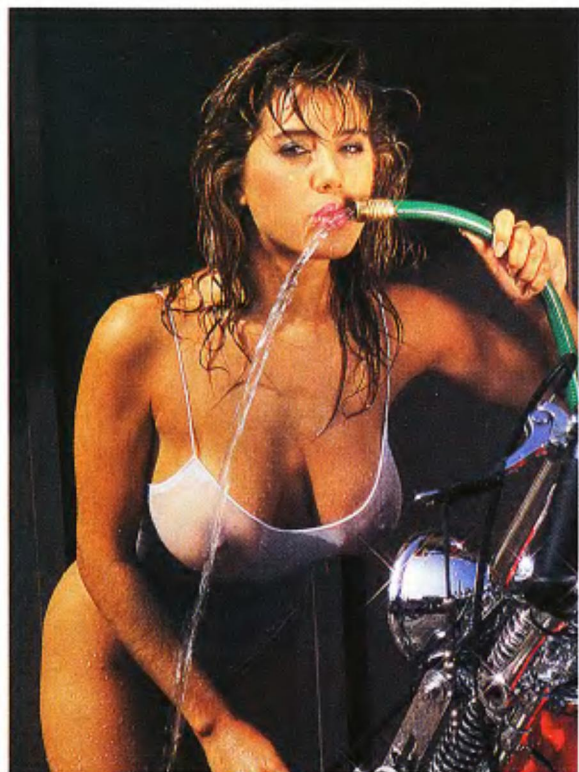
Our eyes met in a gang-war stare, then her lids slipped to half-mast and those too-tempting lips formed molten words, "I'd love to suds down your front end. My ex-ol' man wouldn't let me touch the paint."

My retort was obvious: "You can (her hands came to rest on my thighs) touch anything."

We've become the best of friends.

—Weed





Photos by Silvermoon



FROM PIECES TO PERFECT



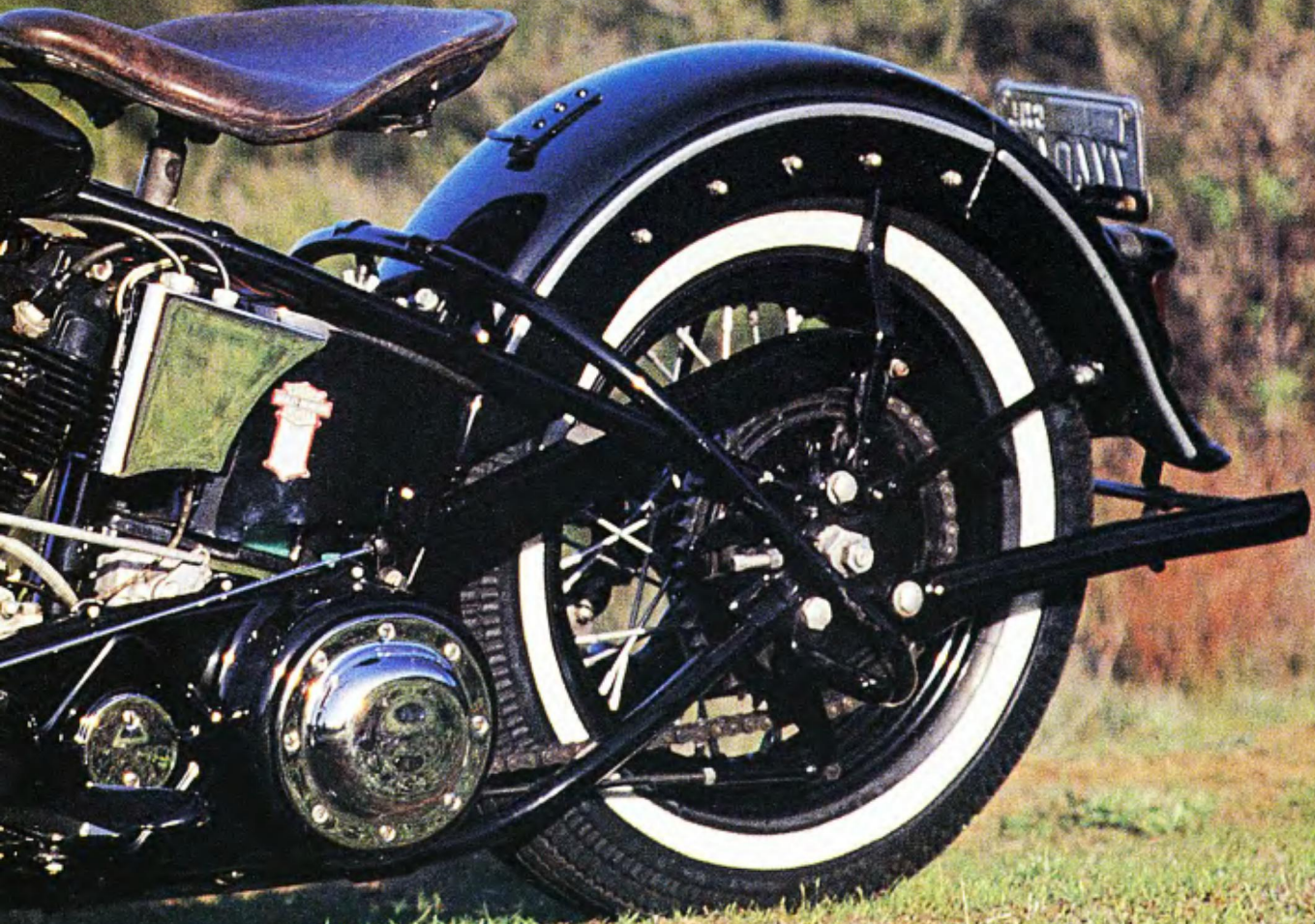
Jeannie enjoys basking on Andy's ex-basket.

Everybody was jacked up outta their gourds about the impending *Easyriders* Rodeo Grand Nationals in Ventura, California — bein' outside, partyin' with our people, chasin' unfamiliar legs wrapped in tight jeans, slobberin' down beers as fast as they could be cranked out of the keg, an' generally raisin' hell. Then I got *my* assignment for the shindig: "You, Rags, are to stay at the bike show, pass out ballots, and watch the bikes. And keep it cool, huh?" Hey, this didn't sound at all like what was in the brochure for the weekend.

Ya make the best out of the bad, right? Even though stayin' inside an exhibition hall all day Saturday wasn't exactly my cup of rye, keepin' the drool inside my lips wasn't easy, either — especially when I got a gander at this 1940 restored-to-nearly-stock knucklehead of Andy's. It was one of a coupla dozen delicious-lookin' sleds that rolled into the People's Choice Ride-In Motorcycle show. It won.

And to think that 10 years ago, this knuckle was sittin' in a box, livin' out its days as a basket case. Through Andy's dedication and expertise, it had come full circle. Right to the top. And there was more in store.

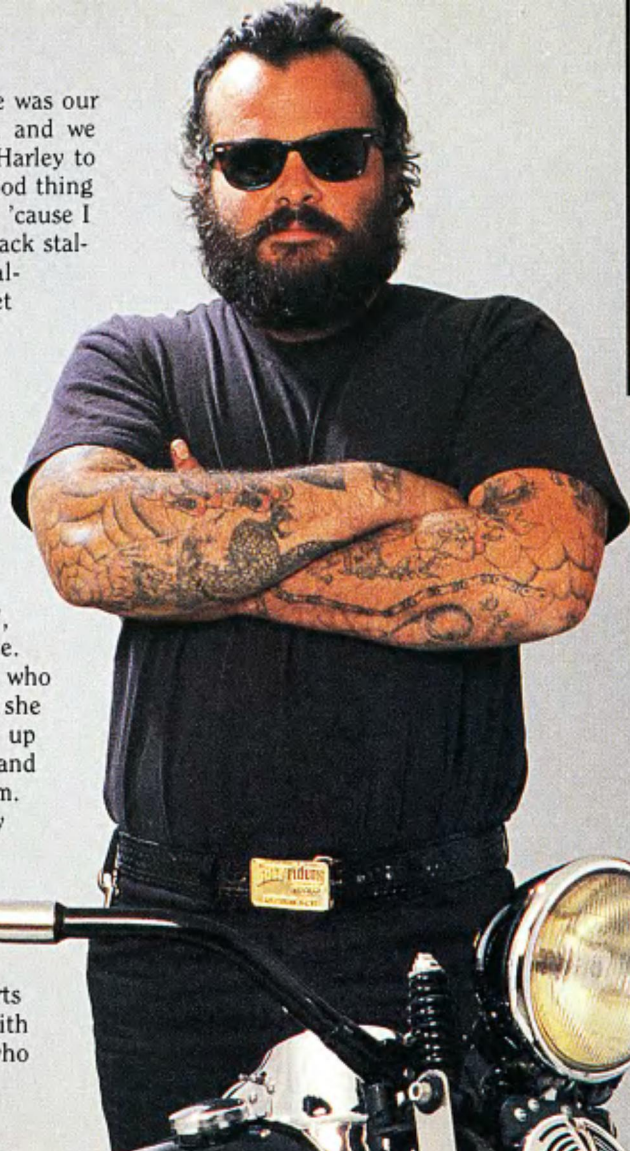
The next day a pretty damsel from the north country strutted in after



a bouncy plane ride. Jeannie was our monthly Fox Hunt winner, and we needed an equally dazzlin' Harley to really light up the scene. Good thing ol' Rags here had gone easy, 'cause I was able to remember the black stallion knuckle, and I crystal-balled a combination of sweet flesh an' vintage Harley iron pairin' up on a coastal mountain hillside.

Jeannie and Andy both proved to be troopers as they worked for two long days and nights as our crack Texas team of photographers and assistants got the whole thing on film amid a nipple-erectin', tit-hardenin' freezin' breeze. Jeannie's a true Harley child who was born free to run wild, and she has the credits to back her up solidly, as her dad fought and died for our freedom in Vietnam.

She lives the good country life in Placer-ville, California, where she is rearin' a daughter and workin' in a dental warehouse, makin' parts for your mouth. She met up with some good scooter people, who



rescued her from "the hellhole of Vegas" and got her up into the cool, fresh, mountain air, where good people are abundant.

Jeannie found out that this modeling business isn't the piece of cake it's cracked up to be, but that there are nice folks everywhere, even in Southern Cal. No matter what, though, she would rather ride than fly, coppin' that even a rigid pan isn't as bumpy as her flight was. Hell, she even liked ridin' on Bomber's bucket of bolts.

Well, maybe the plane jangled her brain into mud.

—Rags



Name: Jeannie
Birth date: November 27, 1965
Frame:
Tits: 36" Waist: 24" Hips: 36" Height: 5'3" Weight: 115 pounds Age: 22
General:
Hometown: Turlock, California Residence: Placerville, California Ol' man: none Favorite hangout: Diamond Hotel Occupation: dental assembly
Attitude:
Sex: "Love it." Rock-'n'-roll: "Can't live without it." Turn offs: "Macho men who think they're perfect." Turn ons: Harleys and masculinity Life: "People need to change their attitudes and slow down."
Specifics:
Favorite position: "All." Favorite man: Marlon Brando Favorite tune: "Photograph" by Def Leppard Favorite activity: riding Favorite phallic symbol: pickles Romantic evening: "Nice dinner, long ride into the sunset." Fantasy: "Make love on a Harley." Favorite bike: 1965 panhead Favorite run: frog jumps in Calaveras County, California

Owner: Andy	City: Oxnard, California
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1940
Year and make: 1940 EL	Builder: H-D
Model: knucklehead	Type: rigid
Value: not for sale	Rake: stock
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: one year	Other alterations: none
Chroming by: here and there	Accessories
Engine	Bars: buckhorns
Year: 1940	Risers: none
Model: knucklehead	Fender(s): fat
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: semi-bright
Ignition: points	Taillight: visible
Displacement: 61 cubic inches	Speedo: catseye
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: H-D
Balancing: as was	Rear pegs: original
Pistons: .030 over	Electrics: 6-volt
Cases: 1940	Gas tank: 3 1/2-gallon
Heads: knuckle original	Oil tank: horseshoe
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: works
Lifters: stock	Primary cover: black and chrome
Carb(s): Linkert	Seat: solo
Air cleaner: sufficient	Sissybar: not here
Pipes: flexpipe	Height: n/a
Muffler(s): you betcha	Material: n/a
Transmission	Forks
Modifications: none	Type: springer
Year: 1940	Extension: none
Shifting: 1 down, 3 up	Builder: H-D
Engine sprocket: belt	Special features: in line
Trans sprocket: 26	Wheels
Wheel sprocket: 52	Front
Painting	Size: 16-inch
Molding: none	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: stock
Color: black	Tire: Goodyear
Type: Sentry enamel	Brake: drum
	Brake: mechanical

Photos by Billy Tinney

HARLEY HANK

The Honda-Eating Dog

This is my "kid." Actually, he belongs to my wife and me. We've raised him well, don't you think? He's loyal (rip your arm off), faithful (seems to be around most of the time), and trustworthy (don't turn your back). Anyway, I'm real proud of him.

I've told these wannabes not to bring their Jap junk around my place, because Hank won't stand for it, but they just won't listen to me. So I leave it up to Harley Hank himself to get the message across. Trouble is, Hank's no lightweight, so his methods usually result in total destruction. Every time I turn around, I trip over another Jap cadaver. This place gets impassable if I don't haul them to the dump now and then.

Like most youngsters, Hank has some wild ideas. Thinks he wants to be a rodeo star, he does. I told him he was dreaming.

Now I find he's applied to *Easyriders* and gotten a spot in the next Tampa rodeo. Guess who Hank thinks should be wearing the collar now?

—Bruce



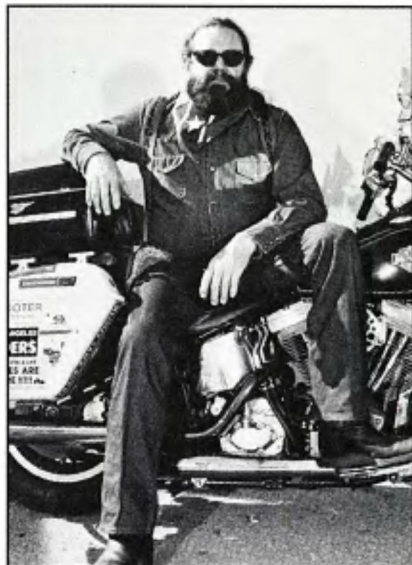


Photos by Pat Randle





RIP'S RUN



GONE FISHIN' By Rip

In the last issue, I left off saying that I would be riding to Washington state and then returning to California to lend a hand at the *Easyriders* Rodeo Grand Nationals. Oregon has been in a drought for several months, which is highly irregular. I was telling my bros that all Oregon needed was for me to ride up for it to rain there, which it did. But let me back up a bit and start all over.

My plan was to jam up to Washington via Interstate 5. I wanted to visit Bellingham H-D, the most northwest dealer in the lower 48 states. I made the ride in two jumps, stopping the first night in Cottonwood, California, at Keith and Susan Davis's home, about a 600-mile ride from San Berdo. After staying up half the night, shooting the bull, I left the next morning, reaching Bellingham, Washington, in the middle of the night — 12:30 a.m., to be exact. The second leg of this trip was an 800-mile hop.

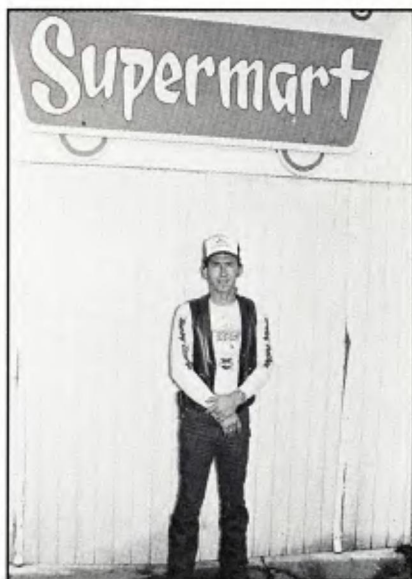
En route I photographed Mt. Shasta, an extinct volcano in Northern California. It had started raining just before sundown. Not a heavy downpour, but a steady drizzle, one that thoroughly soaked my body



Greg Richards, Bruce Elford, Kevin McCluskey, Barb and Grant Dalton at Bellingham H-D.

from stem to stern. Just fuckin' great. It was wet and wild, but I didn't feel it 'cause I was wired. Before you get the wrong idea, let me explain.

Last winter I froze my tail off getting caught in a blizzard while puttin' through west Texas. This year I was determined not to let that happen again. I looked up the Widder Letric-Heat Company, and they were good enough to let me try out one of their outfits. It worked bonaroo.



Willie James, owner of V-Twin Supermart, Bellingham, Washington.

What is it? It's electrically heated riding apparel — chaps, vest, and gloves. I can't say enough; they kept me comfy and cozy. I could not have been warmer if I'd been wrapped up in my baby's arms. Pretty toasty, too. I thought, "Here I am, averaging beau-coup miles a year; why not test different products in the field?" I'd co-sign for these guys. Here's the deal I made with them: I'd test their product — if it was good, I'd mention them in

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Halloween partiers at the California Tavern.



Impresario Limp Lee and wife at Halloween gig, Marysville, Washington.

my column, and if it wasn't, I wouldn't. Okay, enough of this crap. I'm not gonna turn my column solely into a test program.

Back to Washington — after crashing in a cheapo motel overnight, I called Bellingham H-D the first thing in the morning and talked to Kevin McCluskey, the parts manager. He was glad to hear from me and told me to "come on over." When I arrived at his store, there were some folks from Canada, picking up parts. Kevin gave me the nickel tour of his store, where I met Greg Richards of the service department. They have a pretty clean operation and get a lotta Canadian trade, since it is but a very short distance to the international border.

While in Bellingham, I had the opportunity to visit with Willie James, who operates V-Twin Supermart with another smaller shop in Oak Harbor. He let me sleep on his couch that evening. I woke up with one hell of a back pain. I guess that spill I took a few years ago was reminding me of that particular incident. Nevertheless we took a ride around the bay.

If you're ever in the area, do yourself a favor and go check it out for yourself. It's breathtaking, riding up high on the roadway, looking down on many islands in this humongous inlet.

Fog was hanging over the bay, lending a mystical eeriness. I dug it a bunch. For the most part, the folks here are real friendly, saying "howdy" when they see ya.

Willie and I attended a Halloween party that weekend at the California Tavern in Marysville, Washington, a longtime biker bar. There were many folks dressed up in costumes. We had great fun. A buffet was laid on top of the two covered pool tables. They had costume prizes, with the winner receiving 50 bucks. They also held a raffle, giving away bar stuff like signs, posters, etc. It was an enchanted evening, with Limp Lee producing the show. Limp Lee is a good dude; he sponsored this event and also the Oyster Run, which is usually held on the second weekend of October.

While at the California Tavern, I got to renew an old friendship with Bandido George, whom I hadn't seen in beau-coup years. George was on the October 1980 cover of *Easyriders*. He took me home with him and showed me some beautiful sights in his neck of the woods. We cruised around the bay once again, which had cleared up by then. We also checked out the Indian reservation, where they make totem poles and wood carvings. Many people in Washington state are into wood carvings. We also



J.C. Burgin with one of his many toys at his motorcycle museum in Spanaway, Washington.

stopped at Barkley's in La Conner, a small arty community where the late Hal Robinson was from. We stopped and tried out the seafood, which was delish. Those of you old-time *Easyriders* readers surely remember Hal's artwork gracing the pages of this here rag. George and I also checked out the Annex Restaurant and Lounge in Sumax, where many Canadians come to party. George has a television dish at his house, and I found it unusual to hear French being spoken on many of the channels.

After hanging out for a few days, it was time to head south to Squawman and Shana's home in Chehalis, Washington. Squawman is a retired Navy Chief, having paid his dues to the tune of 21 or 22 years for Uncle Sammy. I met him originally about five or six years ago down south in El Cajon, California. We hit it off great from the get-go and have been pals ever since.

He took me fishing near the Cowlitz Salmon Hatchery. I got lucky and caught about a 15-pound Chinook salmon. I took pictures of the fish with Squawman holding it, but I don't know what happened to them. I think that they were in color and came out too dark, so I probably threw them away. In case you haven't figured it out, when we get together we do get loose. But

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Syd from Centralia, Washington, displays his first Indian, the one he learned to ride on.

hey, what are brothers and sisters for if not to party with once in a while?

Squawman and Shana invited Jim McGinty over to help cook and eat the fish. Jimmy cooked the salmon with chunks of pineapple after fileting it, giving the fish a sweet taste, and we ate the whole thing. I know it sounds like a fish story, but she sure tasted good. Dirty Dan and his ol' lady, Markuittea, also came over. Dan is the Lewis County Chapter Coordinator for ABATE of Washington.

Squawman and I went to see Mount St. Helens and walked through the Cowlitz hatchery. Both were very interesting to me, not ever having experienced anything like this before. I guess I've lived a sheltered life. The most fun I had was visiting with J.C. Burgin and seeing his motorcycle museum in Spanaway, Washington. It's a two-story affair, with the downstairs area devoted to the restoration of these priceless antiques. On the side of the building, John has a car lift which he uses as an elevator when he wants to remove or install a scooter upstairs. I was very impressed with his operation.

Ken Youngblood and Larry Bowman, ABATE State Coordinator and Deputy State Coordinator, respectively, met me at the Vintage Motorcycles Northwest Museum, after which



Rotten Roger, the leader of ABATE in Oregon.



Jim McGinty cookin' up the Chinook salmon I hooked.



Members of Lewis County chapter, ABATE of Washington.

we drove over to Lacey, Washington, to their new headquarters. There I renewed my friendship with Verla (Vanilla) Christensen, past state newsletter editor. I also got to meet a few more of the honchos of ABATE of Washington. They have had their problems, but I'm sure they are working as hard as they can to keep the ship afloat and moving forward.

While in Centralia, Washington, I visited Syd, who has 26 restorations, all American iron — Indians and Harleys. He has been riding for 40 years and has mucho road miles under him.

From Chehalis it was about a 90-mile ride to Portland, Oregon, to visit Rotten Roger, ABATE's rabid righteous ruler. Rotten Roger Hendricks and his 800 ABATE of Oregon members have one hell of a fight on their hands. This spring one and a half million Oregonians get to vote on the helmet issue. This may set a precedent nationwide. We met with Len Rothbaum, editor of *Minutes* magazine, a local periodical, to discuss strategy on the forthcoming elections. Good luck, Oregon; let's see if freedom of choice lives or dies. If the people are smart, they will realize what Janis said in her song: "Freedom is just another word," and pretty soon there will be "nothing left to lose." Stand up and be counted.

Freedom of choice has always

been the American way. If you don't think it's worth it, then lie down and let the government cut off your balls, because that's what they will do by slowly eroding our personal liberties. Remember, gun control may be next, or who knows what evil lies in the hearts of the bureaucrats?

On a lighter note, Roger and I checked out Portland Motorsports on S.E. Division Street. We also went by Lanlitz Leathers, Inc. These folks have been in business since World War II, making custom leather garments. Barry Cooney and his wife were just leaving, but I had a chance to rap with him and to meet his good-looking lady. I was fitted up for a leather shirt that I will be purchasing this spring for my birthday if I'm lucky. I did buy a face mask and leather bandana to keep the chill off my neck while riding.

Also while in Portland, I photographed Jan (Slick) Jones in front of her favorite watering hole, The Mouse Trap. I also took pictures of Steve Keyes — Steve puts an 80-cubic-inch '81 Low Rider — and a couple of ladies who dance at The Q.T., a strip joint in Sherwood, Oregon. They have some of the finest dancers I've seen in many a moon. I saw plenty of those, too, while there. Don (H-D) Stephenson had written "Rip's Run" back in February about The Q.T. and also another bar in Newberg,

called Eden Gate. Newberg is just south of Sherwood.

I celebrated Veterans Day by riding from Portland to Grants Pass in the rain. I kept thinking the rain reminded me of the many tears American mothers shed when their sons never returned from 'Nam. Riding in the rain is very tiring and stressful, and I didn't want to attempt the ride over the mountain pass during nightfall.

The next morning, after crashing at the Colonial Motor Inn, the sun came out. It was still frigid, but at least I had dried out my leathers at the motel, and after getting a good night's sleep in a bed, I felt rested and ready to continue my journey south to Frisco and home. First I had to make a few stops along the way.

In San Pablo, California, I stopped and looked for Lisa Collins. She had moved, so I rode over to the Esquire Club and took pictures of Judi Stevenson, the bartender. She and her husband own two Harleys. Once in a while, "if she's a good girl," she gets to ride solo on the '84 Sportster. This bar rocks out, particularly when The Tommy Crank Band is in attendance. I wanted to hang out, but I was slowly burning myself out and needed to continue my trip tootsweet if I was to get everything done as I had planned.

Riding out of San Francisco on Highway 101, I found a room

Continued on page 110

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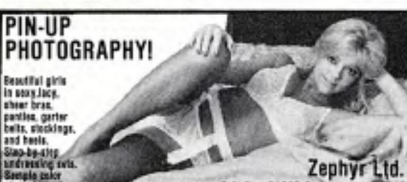
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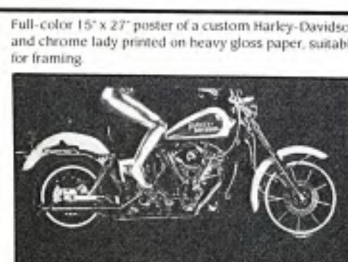
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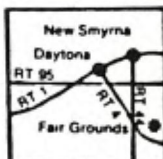
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THE ORPHAN



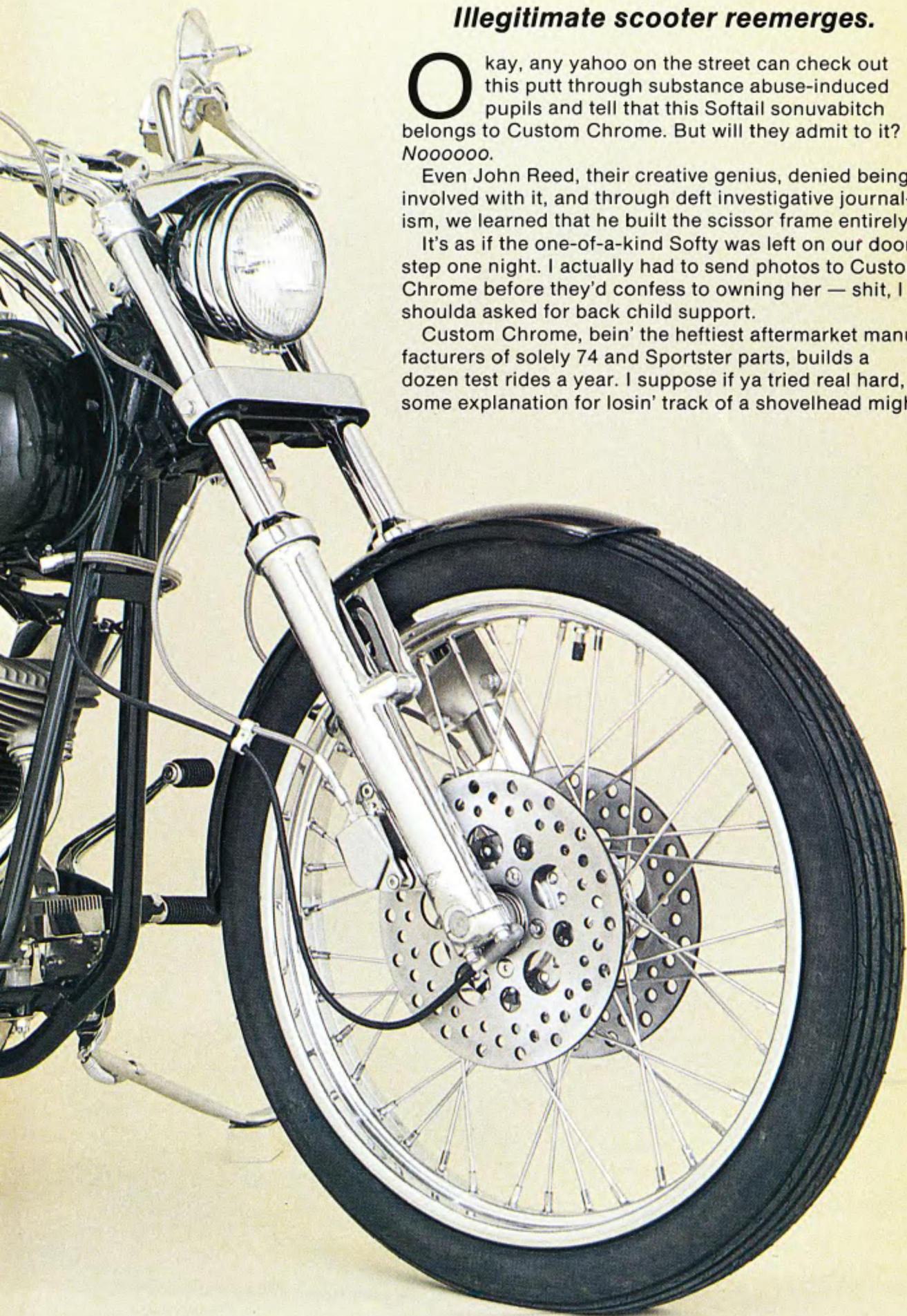
Illegitimate scooter reemerges.

Okay, any yahoo on the street can check out this putt through substance abuse-induced pupils and tell that this Softail sonuvabitch belongs to Custom Chrome. But will they admit to it? *Noooooo.*

Even John Reed, their creative genius, denied being involved with it, and through deft investigative journalism, we learned that he built the scissor frame entirely.

It's as if the one-of-a-kind Softy was left on our doorstep one night. I actually had to send photos to Custom Chrome before they'd confess to owning her — shit, I shoulda asked for back child support.

Custom Chrome, bein' the heftiest aftermarket manufacturers of solely 74 and Sportster parts, builds a dozen test rides a year. I suppose if ya tried real hard, some explanation for losin' track of a shovelhead might





Owner: abandoned	City: somewhere on the road	
General	Frame	
Fabrication by: John Reed	Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984	Builder: John Reed	
Model: FXJR	Type: scissor	
Value: unknown	Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: CCI	Stretch: none	
Time: 3 weeks	Other alterations: doughnut suspension	
Chroming by: who knows?	Accessories	
Engine	Bars: handle	
Year: 1972	Risers: CCI	
Model: shovel	Fender(s): CCI	
Rebuilder: Carl Spotts	Headlight: Sporty type	
Ignition: CCI	Taillight: bright	
Displacement: 80 cubic inches	Speedo: stock replacement	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: almost stock	
Balancing: stock	Rear pegs: same	
Pistons: Rev Tech experimental	Electrics: wire	
Cases: Harley	Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: shovel	Oil tank: CCI	
Cam(s): Andrews	Oil system: 50-weight	
Lifters: CCI	Primary cover: aluminum	
Carb(s): stock	Seat: Corbin Pacific	
Air cleaner: CCI	Sissybar: handmade struts	
Pipes: Cycle Shack	Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): none	Material: n/a	
Transmission	Forks	
Modifications: none	Type: glide	
Year: 1974	Extension: stock	
Shifting: forward	Builder: CCI	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: prototype	
Trans sprocket: 22	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: none	Hub: CCI	Hub: CCI
Painter: Huck	Rim width: 2 inches	Rim width: 3½ inches
Color: black	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel	Brake: CCI disc	Brake: CCI disc
Special paint: who?		



Photos by Pete Chiodo



be acceptable from a company beginning as a retail store 17 years ago.

But it didn't set too well for me, and I had to know, "Who goofed?" as Howard Cosell would say. I went to the Blue Moon detective agency, but Bruce Willis was in the joint. Finally cornering Doug Douglas, the vice-president at Custom Chrome, I drilled

him for info. Seems this putt was assembled several years ago.

It hit a show in Chino, California; she was then taken, underage, across state lines to Cincinnati, quietly whisked back later to Morgan Hill, California, and torn down without a shred of compassion. I grimaced. Under extreme duress, Douglas

admitted that the one-of-a-kind frame still existed, perhaps laden with dust in some dark corner of a warehouse.

Disillusioned, I looked hard at the photos for some sign that she lives on in another chassis out on some comfortable highway, tended by caring parents.

— Renegade

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Jan (Slick) Jones at the Mouse Trap, Portland, Oregon.



Having fun at the new ABATE of Washington headquarters.

in Atascadero, California, at a Motel 6. The next morning I spent a couple of hours looking for Deacon James from San Luis Obispo, to no avail, so I rode over to Pismo Beach and took pictures of Bev Rowland, the assistant manager of Harry's Cocktail Lounge, which Deacon had written me about, saying that a lot of tourists, cowboys, and truck drivers frequent the establishment. However, the best part is the college girls who come in. Harry's features a live band every night of the week, with two on the weekends. Colors are welcome, and there's free chili on Tuesday and Sunday afternoons, starting at 1:00 p.m. Ya can't ask for much more than that.

Well, I'm finally back home, hacking out this shit, waiting for the weekend to get here. From all indications, the *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo Grand Nationals should be an ass-kicker. We will let you know.

I can still use some mail. Write and tell me of your favorite haunts, taverns, bike shops, motels, or good places to chow down. Write to: Rip's Run, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

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THE LADY AND THE TRAMP

Continued from page 74

greatly appreciate any help he could give me getting started. He perked up. He said I would need a resume, and I could use him as a credit reference, too. I choked on laughter. He thought I was trying to keep from crying. I said I needed some air. He looked worried. "Now honey, don't do anything rash." I patted his arm and told him to go to his lady. She would need the father of her child at a time like this. I would be just fine.

Outside, I could breathe. I wanted to be on the bike. I wanted the wind in my hair and the smells around me. I got in my car and drove like a bat out of hell. I couldn't wait for the stoplights or the other drivers to get out of the way. I was free to do whatever I wanted to do, and the man I loved was just across town.

When I got there, the sun was just coming up. The Mercedes looked red in the glow. I didn't bother to close the car door or knock. I was all smiles when I ran into the bedroom. But I hadn't expected my knight in shining armor to be naked with a blonde straddled across him. She was young and pretty, with a large eagle tattooed across her left shoulder. He was on his back with the silk robe I'd bought him spread open for her.

I said nothing, but turned to get out of there as fast as I could. I slammed the door behind me, then I heard it slam again. He grabbed me by the arms and whirled me around to face him. "What the hell are you doing here? I thought you had to get home."

"I didn't know I had to have an appointment," I snapped. "Have you got some time a week from Thursday?" His eyes flashed and I knew I shouldn't have said it. "And what do you expect me to do while you screw your ol' man up in your mansion on the hilltop? This is the lifestyle, baby. If you can't

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hack it, you better find another hobby."

"I'm alone." I blurted out and began to sob.

He shook me where I had to face him. "What happened? Did he find out about us?"

"No," I was finally able to say. "He's gotten his bookkeeper pregnant."

He looked stunned for a second, then amused. He pulled me to him, shaking his head. Then he laughed softly. "What a mess."

A female voice called from the door. "Hey, I thought we were going to party."

His amusement changed. He sighed. "Look, go to the IHOP, order some tea, and wait for me." He ran his hand through his hair. "I'll just take her back to the bar where I found her."

I nodded numbly and got into the car. I backed out of the driveway as he went back into the house. I remembered the day we met. Time had flown by. We had been happy. I parked and went inside. I ordered tea and waited. And waited. The breakfast crowd came and went. I began to get angry. It hadn't taken him long to find me that first day, why did it take him so long to get rid of that . . . female? I paid the check and left. I wheeled out of the parking lot, leaving rubber behind on the pavement.

It had been a really shitty morning. To hell with him and with all men. There was a traffic jam ahead. I slowly inched the Mercedes up until I saw an officer who occasionally worked as a night watchman for the doctor.

"What's going on?" I asked him.

"Real bad wreck," he said. "Some old lady ran the stop sign getting onto the freeway and laid a biker low." I felt sick.

"I don't know where he was going, but he really wanted to get there bad," he was saying. "He was flying." The policeman next to him said, "He won't ever get there now. That old bitch dragged that bike 20 feet before she got around to stopping." I sat there, transfixed, as the wrecker winched the red bike out from under the Cadillac the old woman had been driving.

"No helmet," the first cop said. "Wouldn't have helped," the second one added. "Oh well, one less of the bastards we have to deal with." He leaned down to the window. "You okay, lady?" As I sobbed hysterically into the steering wheel, I heard the other one say, "Oh, you know these society types, frail Southern belles. You'd think they didn't know there was a world out there beyond the country club."

I knew! I knew I'd never look into those blue eyes again! ■

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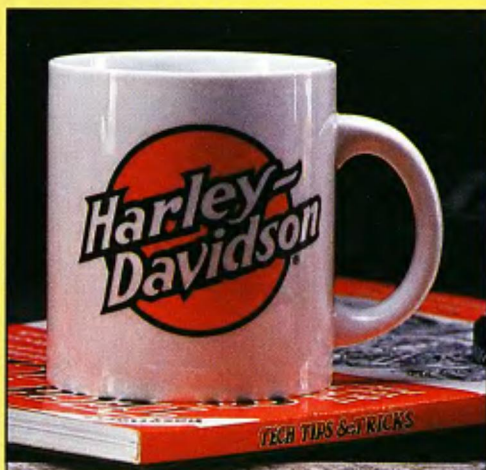
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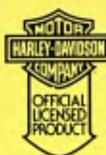
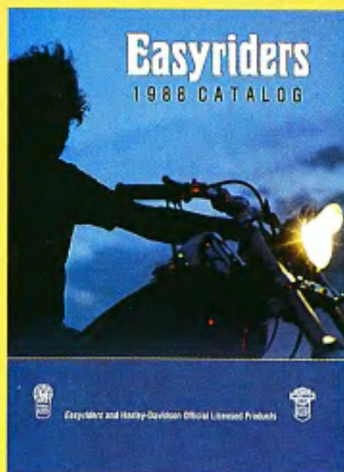
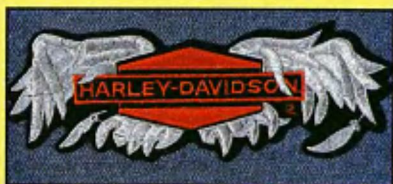
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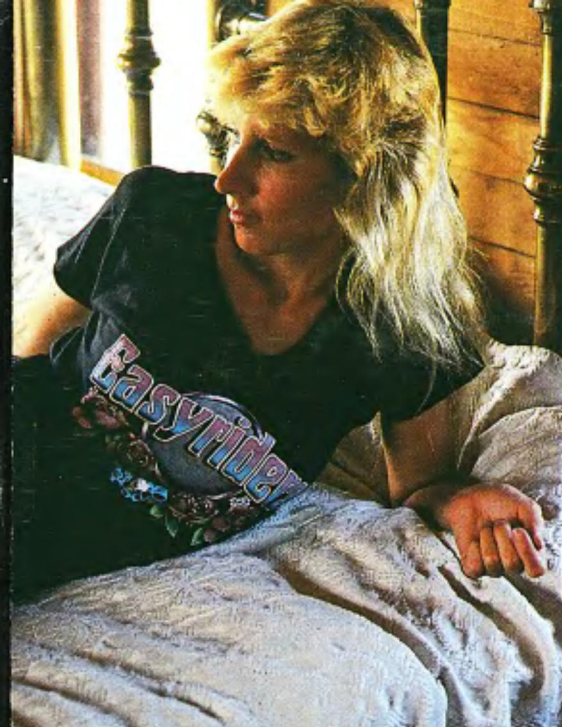
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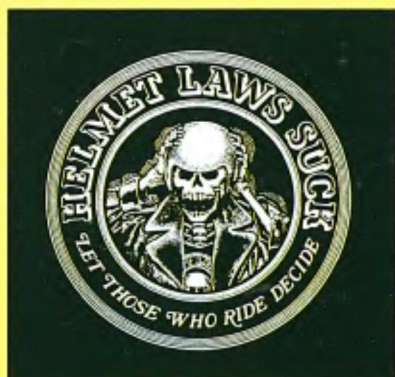
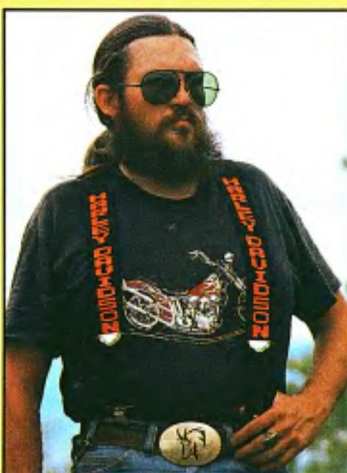
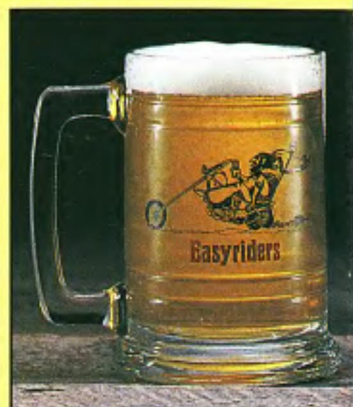
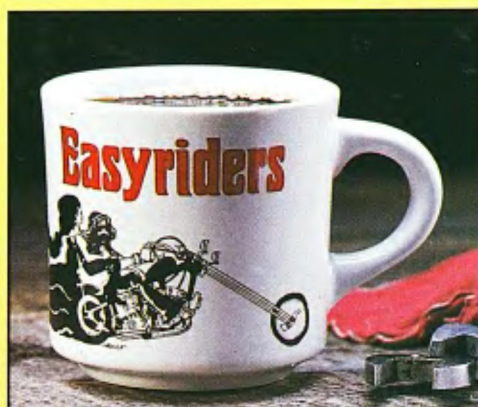
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