

Easyriders

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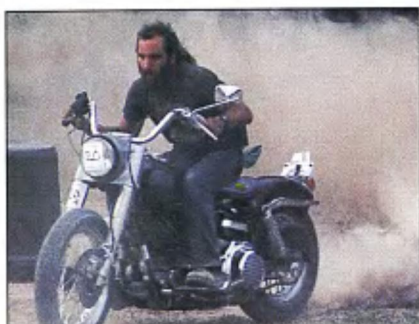
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 27.



Printed in the USA



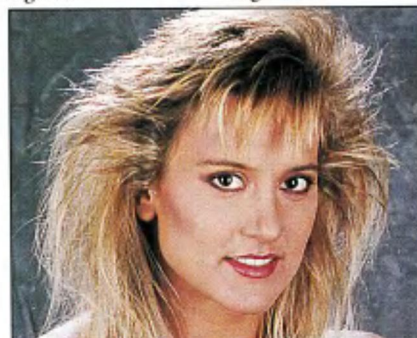
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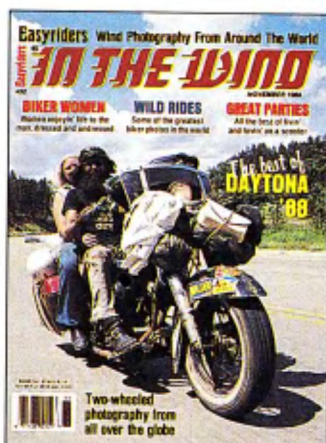
Handling the photographic duties for the cover, gatefold, and feature shoot of Sandy with Rex Zuvella's badass brown-and-diamondback panhead was Silvermoon.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!



BIKER

Biker takes you all over the country on all the biker runs and parties. Spend the weekend getting crazy with ABATE of Florida. Go parts shopping at New England's largest biker swapmeet. Ride to the Killen Hog Rally with Willie G. himself. Kick back under the warm California sun at Prado Park or feed your face at the hog roast at Nick's Place. And that's just to start — this issue has plenty more! There's also a complete listing of biker events, parties, runs and good times, as well as regularly scheduled meetings of biker rights organizations. It's on sale now, so check it out and join the party.



IN THE WIND

Every *In The Wind* book represents the best in biker photography from *Easyriders*. And every photo comes from the brothers and sisters out there in the streets, at the parties, and on the runs where it's all happening. It's more than just entertaining; each issue is a photo-journalistic collection of our lifestyle in vivid color and sharp black-and-white.

If you're a rider and interested in the lifestyle and photography, pick up an issue. You'll not only discover what you've been missing, but also learn how, through example, fellow riders capture the life of two-wheelers on film. And if you have questions, don't hesitate to write — we'll help you become a contributor to *In The Wind*.



TATTOO

If you're into bikes and the biker lifestyle, chances are you're into skin art too. The latest issue of *Tattoo Magazine* has you covered there, bro, with more photos, more color and more great ideas. Meet The Rat, a biker and tattoo fan who lives both lifestyles to the hilt. And then there's Tasty, the most colorful chick you're likely to encounter anywhere. And of course, there're all the features and sections that make *Tattoo* the best in its field. Like Large Tattoos, Small Tattoos and Cover Ups, plenty to get you thinking about inking. From flash to finished work, the latest issue of *Tattoo Magazine* has it all. It's on sale now.

If ya snooze ya lose, right? So why be a loser? We've got it all right here. Here's *everything* from the biker world: the runs, parties, events, news, legislation, fun, tattoos, flix, and yeah, plenty of chicks and scooters. Why settle for the rest when ya can have the best? On the newsstand or by subscription, here's everything you're looking for and more. Get your copies today. If ya wait, ya might be too late!

ON SALE NOW!

When do-gooders want you to stop doing something, they usually come out with horrible stories to shock you. Like smokin' marijuana—remember? They had a rat smoke 1,800 joints, and the result was a report saying you could get chromosome damage smoking joints. Now here's another scare report just received. If you smoke more than 10 cigarettes a day, you could get cancer of the dick! Man, those do-gooders really come up with scary facts.

I don't know if the following news clipping was sent to me as a scare tactic or not, but it's reported that a guy wanted to see what would happen if he stuck a needle in his dick and injected himself with cocaine. He got a humongous hard-on that was unreal. It lasted for three days, and he and his wife had a hell of a time—she even fell in love with him all over again. But his hard-on was so hard that it apparently shut off the circulation of blood to his extremities. He lost nine fingers and the lower half of both legs—and his joint fell off! The lack of circulation caused gangrene. (I don't think it's worth it.)

Can you imagine this? His girlfriend was on the bed facedown, and he used a device for engraving tennis balls to burn his initials on her ass. Needless to say, she jumped up with her butt burning and stomped out of the house. And would you believe it? She sued him, and the court awarded her \$30,000!

I know you're lying awake at night wondering about this amazing fact—guinea pigs don't sweat.

Something is wrong here. You figure it out—I can't. This guy forced a woman into her car with a knife. He made her drive around the city, and they went into several bars before he released her. He allegedly hit her upside the head and gave her his driver's license—for some reason—and then split.

This should warn you guys not to fool around with a pregnant woman's pussy, because you don't know what will happen. It seems that he got into an argument with this pregnant woman, threw her cat against the wall, and kicked in her TV set. She somehow dismembered his body and piled the parts in a neat stack in the middle of her

living room. I don't know how the police found out, but let this be a warning—don't screw around with a pregnant woman's pussy.

This Miami police lieutenant was accused in an anonymous letter of taking drugs. She was shocked by the letter and demanded a urine test to clear her name. So they gave her the test and she tested positive. (She resigned.)

At last I found a use for brain buckets. Three guys were sitting in a bar when they got into an argument. Two of the guys finally got up and beat the shit out of the third guy with their helmets! So there is a purpose for helmets after all.

This cruelhearted blind man constantly beat the shit out of his guide dog. As far as he was concerned, the dumb dog could do nothing right. So one day when they were out walking, all of a sudden the dog took his master from the sidewalk to the railroad tracks about 200 feet away. While crossing the tracks, the dog's master tripped and fell. Surprise, surprise! He did it right in front of a fast train, and then the dog took a shit and walked off alone.

He'd been out to sea a number of months, and when he came ashore, he and his girlfriend were so horny when they met each other that they got down on the sidewalk and made love right there on a busy street. When a policeman came up to them, they begged him to let them finish which, surprisingly, he did. Then he promptly arrested them.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Easyriders

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WORDMONGER

A Goof

□ Okay, you guys can relax now, 'cause Spider ain't so fuckin' perfect after all.

I was kicked back with some tasty suds, readin' the June '88 *Easyriders*, when an article in "Takin' It Easy" (about a giant lizard gettin' loose in a courtroom and 20 defendants escapin') rang a familiar bell. So I checked a few back issues and found the same story worded a little differently in "Takin' It Easy" (April '87). C'mon, Spider, "Dear Abby" couldn't get away with that shit, so what do you think makes you so special? I get enough fuckin' repeats on TV.

No raisin pie for you this month.

Buck
C-View, Tex.

■ Aah, Buck, give a fellow scooter tramp a break.

Whatdafuck?

□ You fuckers are really on the ball! I was at the local truck stop checkin' out the fuckbooks when somethin' caught my eye — an '88 FXSTS, the new Softail Springer. It was on the cover of the May '88 issue of one of those rags specializing in Nip shit. I was hopin' with delusional faith that *Easyriders* would've been first to the punch. Just a quarter-page in the "Easynews" section on the ass-kickin'est sled to come out of the factory in 40 years would've sufficed.

What were you doin' when those plastic-ridin' dickheads were in Milwaukee gettin' the first ride on that sled?

Flyin' "V"
North Platte, Neb.

□ I think you burnouts are slowin' down. In the April issue you said there was a rumor that the H-D factory was gonna resurrect the Springer. You also said we'd get an eyeful of it around April. April what? April '89?

A friend of mine who owns an '87 plastic-zoom-zoom-

zero-to-300-in-one-second crotch rocket just showed me the May issue of *Cycle* magazine. This mag has the poop, pics and all, on the '88 FXSTS Springer Softail.

What are you kids smokin'?

Bob Packer
Ripon, Wis.

□ Why oh why did I have to find out about the Harley FXSTS in a rice-rocket rag called *Cycle* (May issue)? I realize you're not a road-test rag, but surely you could have at least mentioned it. Just a little note to save you the embarrassment of findin' out the way I did. In case you don't know what the "S" stands for, it's Springer. A fine-looking machine.

Danny
Wallis, Tex.

□ I'd like to know why the May '88 issue of *Cycle* magazine has a road test of the new Springer Softail and not *Easyriders*.

Li'l Bob
Rego Park, N.Y.

■ We were promised an exclusive, but H-D's publicist formerly worked for *Cycle* magazine — does that tell you anything?

A Shame

□ I'm over here in Korea for a year and just started reading your mag. "Captain Crash" was good, but it reminded me of something.

Some shithead traded a 1941 knucklehead for a fuckin' rice rocket. I took a putt on the knuck, and this scooter is sweet. It needs some work, but it moves nicely. Rocky Mountain Yamaha has it right now, and they want \$6,000 for it. Someone ought to go buy that scooter, 'cause it's a shame when you see it sittin' next to some of those ricegrinders. Someone help us out and pick up that scooter. It deserves better than that.

I would also like some info from someone who wants to sell a trashed-out scooter,

because I want to build my own.

Robbie Godsey
552nd MP Co.
APO San Francisco 96259

Ridiculous

□ After checking out Willie G's '47 EL knuck with the sidehack (and it's no doubt a fine machine), I personally think the "nostalgia craze" has gotten a tad ridiculous.

I went to an H-D dealer to pick up a part, and on the showroom floor was another '47 EL that was a beautiful machine. It looked like it had just been removed from the crate. But it was there on consignment, obviously restored for profit (it could be donated to the Smithsonian), and the owner was asking \$14,000 for it. Be serious!

The Wrecker
The Bay Area, Calif.

Rebel Yell

□ How's about a Rebel yell for the bros down in Daytona doing time? I just left that fucked-up county jail after a six-month visit. Now I'm finishing a short stretch out in Atlanta. Soon I'll be free.

To Shorty Toad, Jim Martin, and even Billy Bob Bulldog (Tim Felice): y'all hang in — it's almost over.

Jeff
Decatur, Ga.

Class Bitch

□ A thunderstorm drove my bird dog (English Setter) under the desk.

She destroyed every bike mag but *Easyriders*.

Maybe the bitch has some class after all!

Rick the Prick
Pepperell, Mass.

■ She's got class!

Whaaat?

□ I guess you don't know what solid is until you ride with some bros who are. How to cut through the bullshit, start everyone at 100 percent and expect the same. Thanks to the Saddle Tramps MC, Owen Sound, Ontario. Hope to be back every year (I can

hear it now: "What the fuck is he talking about?"

Belushi
Port Stanley, Ontario

■ What the fuck is he talking about?

From Deutschland

□ Greetings from Deutschland, bros. I'm currently doing the last two years of a six-year membership with Uncle Sugar's M.C. The fuck-wads stuck me in a little shit-hole called Pfullendorf, West Germany. The only good thing about the place is a little bar in Einhart where the local bikers hang out (lots of good people but not too many Hogs — mostly Jap crap. Harleys are expensive over here).

Due to high insurance rates, I'm grounded for the duration; but thanks to you bunch of scooter trash, I don't miss everything. So give yourselves an extra piece of raisin pie and thanks for the best rag on the rack.

Anyone who might want to hear a little about Germany, drop me a line (the whole country doesn't suck). I wouldn't mind hearing about your parties or seeing some flicks from the world, either.

Buzzard Schaefer
2nd USAFAD
APO NY 09035

Jap Crap

□ I purchased a brand-new Harley-Davidson 883 Deluxe in April 1987. I've had real good service and reliability until about two weeks after the warranty ran out. So did the speedometer! I thought it was only a broken cable. No problem. Right? Wrong!

The cable had broken off inside the speedometer head. So I called the local Harley shop and talked with the mechanic. He told me to take the speedometer off the bike, tap it gently on a vise, and the cable should fall out. Well, I proceeded to do just what he said. I removed the speedometer from the bike and was checking it out carefully. That's when I found out the speedometer was made in Japan by Nippon. I said to myself, "A fucking wonder it works at all."

Anyway, I took the speedometer up to the Harley shop. They looked at it and tried to get the broken cable end out — but no luck!

I finally had to order a new speedometer at a cost of

\$100, plus the time of riding without one. All I have is one question: What happened to the American-made Harley-Davidson?

C. Hurst
Sebastian, Fla.

Where's Fang?

□ I want to get hold of Fang who used to be in the Chosen Few in Los Angeles in the '60s. He rode a clean and quick Royal Enfield.

Paul
Box 61
Marysville, Utah 84750

Help!

□ I just picked up a 1972 Sprint 350 and would like to know if you or any of your readers can recommend a place where I might be able to get manuals and parts.

Dave Caulfield
11116 Champlain
Chicago, IL 60628

Warning

□ Two years ago I got myself an '84 Harley Super Glide and all the accessories and leathers for protection against road rash. One piece of equipment I neglected to use was goggles. Dark shades looked good. Recently I got a checkup on my eyes 'cause they continue to tear — only to find out that the wind tore the fuck out of my sight. Wind and dust deteriorated the whites, causing low eye pressure. If not treated in time, eyesight becomes lost. If your eyes constantly tear or you see halos around lights and it's not from beer and the like, then see a doc before it's too fucking late. You can't ride a fucking Harley blind.

Eddie Welsh
APO NY

Great Time

□ I wanted to tell you what a great time we had at the Easyriders Rodeo in Austin this Memorial Day weekend! Lots of good-lookin' scooters, women, kick-ass live music, and good times. Even the rain on Sunday couldn't stop the "rolling thunder."

Low Life
Wells, Tex.

Bros?

□ This is for the "bros" I met at Madame's bar in Mississauga, Ontario. After sitting with you guys on the patio for the better part of an afternoon, I should have caught on to what a bunch of jerks

you guys were instead of the bros you pretended to be.

But hey, between the suds and the heat, something didn't click. Anyway, thanks for stealing my cash and not even leaving me a good fuck.

Veronica
Mississauga, Ontario

Tie-Downs

□ This letter is directed to Doug Warsalla, who dropped his Softail on his plastic bedliner.

There are many reasons one might want to haul a new bike home in a truck. Maybe after spending \$10,000 on the bike, he doesn't have the bucks for insurance just yet. Maybe he doesn't trust the mechanic with his new expensive baby (could've had a few beers too many the night before) and wants to be sure it's got motor oil instead of vegetable oil in it. Or maybe in Michigan there was still snow on the ground (call me a pussy if you want, but once was enough with the biking-in-the-snow routine).

Now I won't mention how little I think of plastic bedliners. But I will say, after spending ten grand, before you spend \$15 to register it, spend \$15 on a pair of tie-downs. A bike properly secured on a truck with tie-downs can withstand a Baja race without moving. They'll save you dents, you'll use them a million times, and they even work on my chop that has to go on the truck diagonally because of the length. Any good dealer (even a gook dealer, if you must) should have them.

Head Hunter
Sweetwater, N.J.

Oregon

□ I've lived in Oregon for 36 years and have always liked living here. Until May 17, 1988, I could exercise my freedom of choice. On that date, the assholes of this state passed a mandatory helmet law and gave ownership of my head to the state. I have three things to say about this: Fuck Oregon, fuck their helmet law, and fuck every slimy-dick, faggot cocksucker who voted for it.

Captain Beaver
Portland, Ore.

■ Amen.

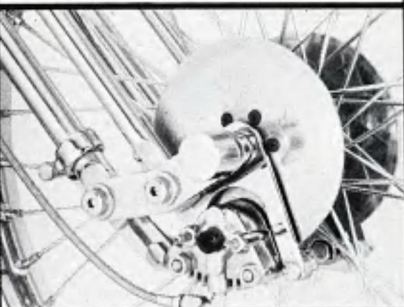
Brotherhood

□ For two real brothers at Cherokee, North Carolina, in

APR

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17" - 21" complete kit includes master cylinder, bearings, spacers, lines, fittings, and a cheap Jap tire.



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(Check out "Soybean Sportster" in the February '88 issue of Easyriders.)

ROG BROS

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35B HOG MOON



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 *XXL in T-Shirts Only

FREE BACK LOGO
 CHECK IF YOU WANT LOGO
 note: Logo Not Pictured

April/May: I almost bought it on the side of that mountain on the parkway. You picked me up, took me to the hospital, had the bike pulled up and stored for me, and left without leaving me your names. You're what brotherhood is all about. I'm healing and so is the sled. If I see you again, we'll lift a few together. Want you to know that the brotherhood will always be passed on to someone else. Maybe I'll see you in Cherokee in September. Ride free, bros.

Jim Young
 Columbia, S.C.

He's In Love

☐ You've fuckin' done it this time! Once in a while you do something worthwhile, but this time you've outdone yourselves.

I'm talkin' about Stella in your April '88 rag. You've fuckin' done it! I'm proud you guys! On a scale of 1 to 10, she broke that scale and made one all her own.

I've seen *Playboy* playmates, *Penthouse* pets, *Hustler* honeys and all the other so-called beauties, but when I flipped the page and saw Stella, I saw heaven's angel! (And the sled!)

God came close to beatin' his best creation (H-D, of course) when he created this heavenly lady. And ain't it a bitch? J. Bob's got her and that great sled!

Way to go, you fuckin' did it! I fell in love and she doesn't even know I exist.

Joel Knable
 Camp Hill, Pa.

Problems

☐ Back on April 25, 1988, some sorry sack of shit put enough sugar in my gas tank to totally screw up the engine. He also put gravel or other contaminants in the oil tank, and the wires on the starter were yanked off.

There was so much sugar in the tanks that the fuel lines became completely clogged.

I put the starter wires back together and took it out to see how it would run. It ran like shit, so I stopped to check if something had come loose. When I killed the engine, it backfired and fire went everywhere.

After the mechanic tore the engine apart, I looked at it and became even more pissed than I was before. The heads, barrels, and pistons were burned and coated with

sugar beyond use.

The total cost of the damage to my bike, including painting the fender and frame and wiring, is a grand total of \$2,125.

If I catch anyone touching my bike without my permission after it's fixed, I'm going to beat the shit out of them, then stuff them through a chain link fence. I'm not going to pay a lot of money for my Harley, then have some asshole try to tear it up or steal it and not do something about it.

Roy L. Henderson
 Rocky Ford, Colo.

☐ Are you sure you hadn't pissed off some broad?

Stay Away

☐ Just a word of advice if you're traveling through Palmdale, California. Stay away from Spanky's. They don't allow H-D T-shirts, and we were told flat-out by a waitress, "We don't want bikers here!"

The band stinks anyway.
 Alice Rice
 Palmdale, Calif.

Prescription Shades

☐ This is in reply to Dave Sheakley's letter (July '88) for K-D style prescription glasses. Bausch & Lomb make this style and they are top quality. They can grind any prescription, and they come in glass or plastic (glass is better). Mine were a C note, but shop around, because prices vary. Polarization is about \$60 more. A good optician should be able to help you get a pair. If not, mine can. Write me.

Daron Lollis
 Box 2491
 Danville, VA 24541

Insurance Advice

☐ I was reading your rag one night at work (third shift). I read a letter from Rusty Lawson about expensive insurance.

This spring I was looking around for a cheaper insurance company. Letting my fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages, I found out from the first place I called that in the state of Minnesota there is a pool for insurance companies. I filled out the paperwork and sent it to the state. (There are four or five companies involved.) The company that took me was called Universal Underwriters Insurance Co.

I couldn't fucking believe it. The yearly premium was one-fourth of what I was paying previously to another rip-off company.

For me it was worth checking out. I hope it can save some other bros a few greenbacks, too. Take the money you saved and party down. At least that's worth spending your hard-earned bucks on. Those fucking insurance companies make enough money the way it is.

Mike from Minnesota
 New Hope, Minn.

An Opinion

☐ In reference to Ron Hess (May '88): righteous letter, except your last line concerning the mag's plain brown wrapper. As a subscriber for many years myself and a member of Uncle Sam's largest yacht club, imagine receiving your rag after every swingin' dick on the ship has finger-fucked it. This tramp places one strong vote to keep the present sealed plastic bag.

Rock
 FPO San Francisco

Missing Tape

☐ I'm desperate to find the very first "Guns 'n' Roses" album (tape), but I'm having a hard time. They tell me it's not being made anymore, but I know someone out there has a copy. If so, I'll pay (a reasonable price) for it. I'd really appreciate any help on finding this. It means a lot to me.

Christina Clancy
 3 Keepsake Pl.
 Waldorf, MD 20601

Bummer

☐ I recently moved from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Spiro, Oklahoma. I couldn't believe the price on insurance here. I've lived here three years now and can see why it's so expensive. Everyone goes out and buys all these high-dollar scoots and trucks. They can't afford the payments, so they burn 'em and smash 'em up to collect insurance. They laugh, thinkin' they're fuckin' the insurance companies, but they're really gettin' it in their own asses!

Sick of Insurance
 Spiro, Okla.

In The Blood

☐ I would like to take the time to say that bikin' is definitely in the blood in my fam-

ily. Way back when I was just a little fart, my old man was scootin' around on a Harley, and he always had one of your rags lying around the house.

So thanks from me and my old man. He's been gone for a while now, but at least he knew what to ride and read.

Clyde the Spide
Helena, Okla.

A Fiend

Here is a copy of a letter I sent to Assemblyman Tom Hayden about six months ago. I thought you might want to read it:

"Big Brother" has been peeping into Americans' bedrooms, sticking its nose here in Malibu into our ecologically sound but big-business-thwarting septic tanks, and is now trying to clamp onto the heads of us motorcycle riders (through the initiative of Sir Richard 'Fearless' Floyd) the 'protection' referred to by bikers' rights organizations most appropriately and in more ways than one, as brain buckets.

"This is absolutely another insidious example of what is striking at the roots of what the United States of America is all about. Were this mindset and type of legislation to continue, Americans might as well replace the Stars and Stripes and the Golden Bear of California with the hammer and sickle.

For further, more detailed information on this matter, I urge you to contact ABATE of California, Box 327, Oak View, CA 93002."

Jack Stiegler
Malibu, Calif.

Thanks Us

Just a few lines to thank you so very much for affording my ol' man and me one of the best couple of get-together days since we've been riding motorcycles (about 20-some-odd years — I stopped counting a while back).

We've been married 28 years and riding the same old '58 pan for nearly that long. The rodeos are the best organized function I can remember.

Could be 'cause our local ABATE group is a really with-it bunch and really cares about the riders. The folks we know have the "brother" attitude in mind and efforts. You know, like it used to be... hoping some of you are old

enough to remember, that is.
Reitha Gaines
Lago Vista, Tex.

Kickstart

I get tired of hearing about everyone who gets thrown or hurt by a kickstarter. I've been kickstarting since 1973 and have never been thrown or hurt. I've owned a Tiger and a Bonneville (next to Harleys, the Triumph, in my book, is second best), and I've ridden a 1978 Super Glide 1200, bored to 1340cc, for the past year.

The worst thing that ever happened to me while kickstarting all the bikes I've owned was that too many of them were Jap shit. Surely, if I can learn after 15 years of riding which is the king of the road, then you big bros can learn to unlock your knee at the tail-end of the downstroke. My Super Glide threw a bro who was about 260 pounds, but I weigh only 150 with clothes and riding boots on, and I never have trouble except when it takes more than 15 kicks and I have to push-start it myself (out of breath). I call her "The Bitch" because sometimes she's happy with one stroke, though other times will be never-ending strokes with no results.

Unlock that knee at almost the bottom of the stroke!

Glider
Custar, Ohio

Question

In reference to the June '88 Wordmonger letter from Cosmo in regard to Lou Kimzey of *Road & Track*: I am a fan of the "Perry Mason" TV show, which ran from 1957 to present reruns. My question is: Is Paisano Publications, Inc., related to Paisano Productions, Inc., the company that produces the show? I've been wanting to ask this for years.

J.R. Raddatz
Hales Corners, Wis.

Not literally, but we got our name from a variation of Gail Patrick's "Perry Mason" television show.

Wants Pink

Help! I lost track of my brother, John Greeson. He's from Lucerne Valley, California. If anyone knows his whereabouts, please have him write me as soon as possible! He has the title to my '82 FLH and I need it des-

perately.

My address is:
"Carny" Vern Garlitz #20890
700 Conley Lake Road
Deer Lodge, MT 59722

Good Joint

I recently cruised through Tucson. In April's issue, Rip wrote about the "Rainbow Tavern." Well, he was right about a good time. Redbeard and Beast got together with the Huns MC and had a steak barbecue for \$6. You got a big-ass T-bone, beans, and a baked potato. And it fuckin' filled you up. They sold 140 steaks in only four hours. There were 100-plus motorcycles in the parking lot most of the day and bikes cruising in and out all day long — not even one hassle. But most of all, not one sheriff stopped.

Hey, Rip, keep up the good work. I hope you print this letter 'cause *Easyriders* recommended this place, and I was one fuckin' satisfied customer. A whole raisin pie to you all. One hell of a welcome and one hell of a meal for this hungry nomad. Besides, it's the only biker bar owned and operated by bikers in Tucson.

The Maniac
Somewhere

Good Time

Raisin pie to the good people of the NIMRA (Northern Illinois Motorcycle Riders Association).

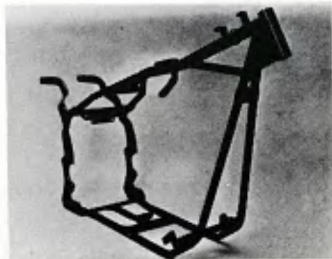
My ex and I went to their annual chili run in May and had a blast! She had never experienced a scooter party before, and she was not disappointed. The girl was an animal and loved every minute of it! We ended up going home with a first place trophy in the "Wienie Bite" strapped to the handlebars. Thanks for the good time!

Ed
Palatine, Ill.

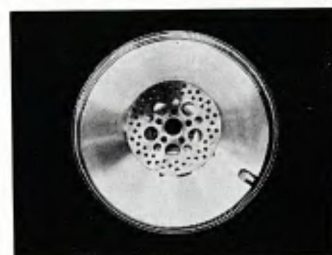
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Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger,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

CHRISTIAN CHR

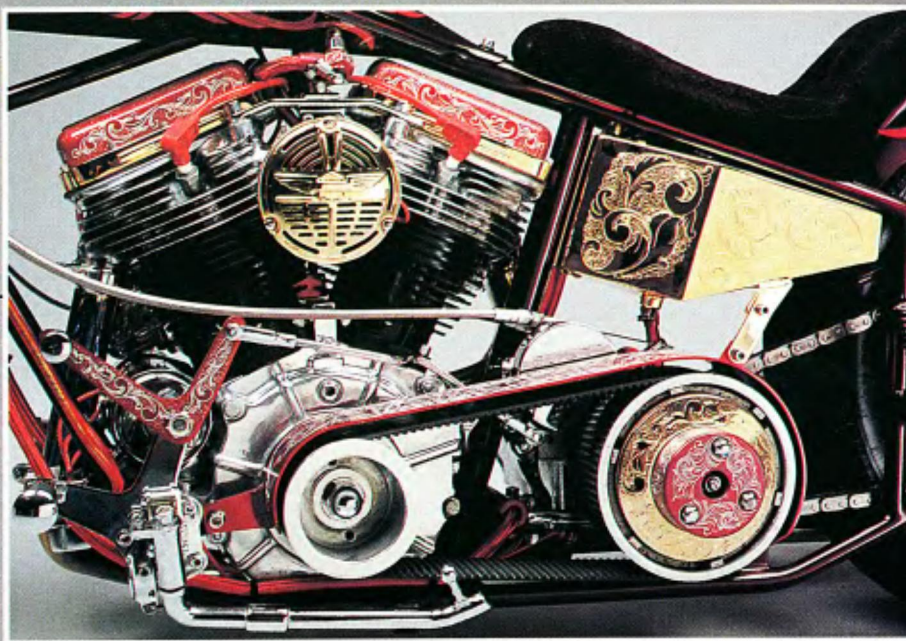
A believer in the road carries his religion with him.

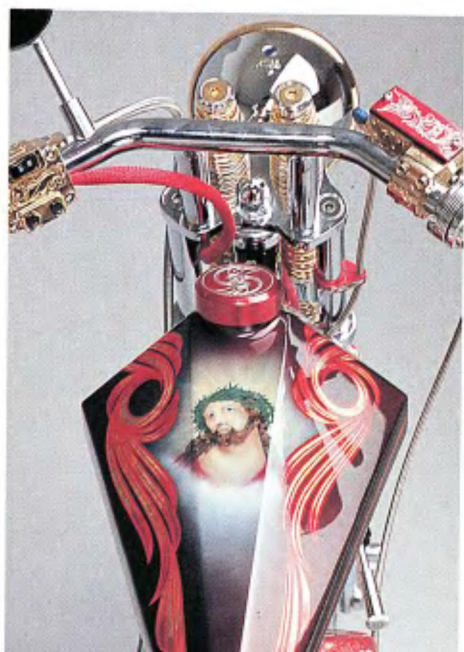
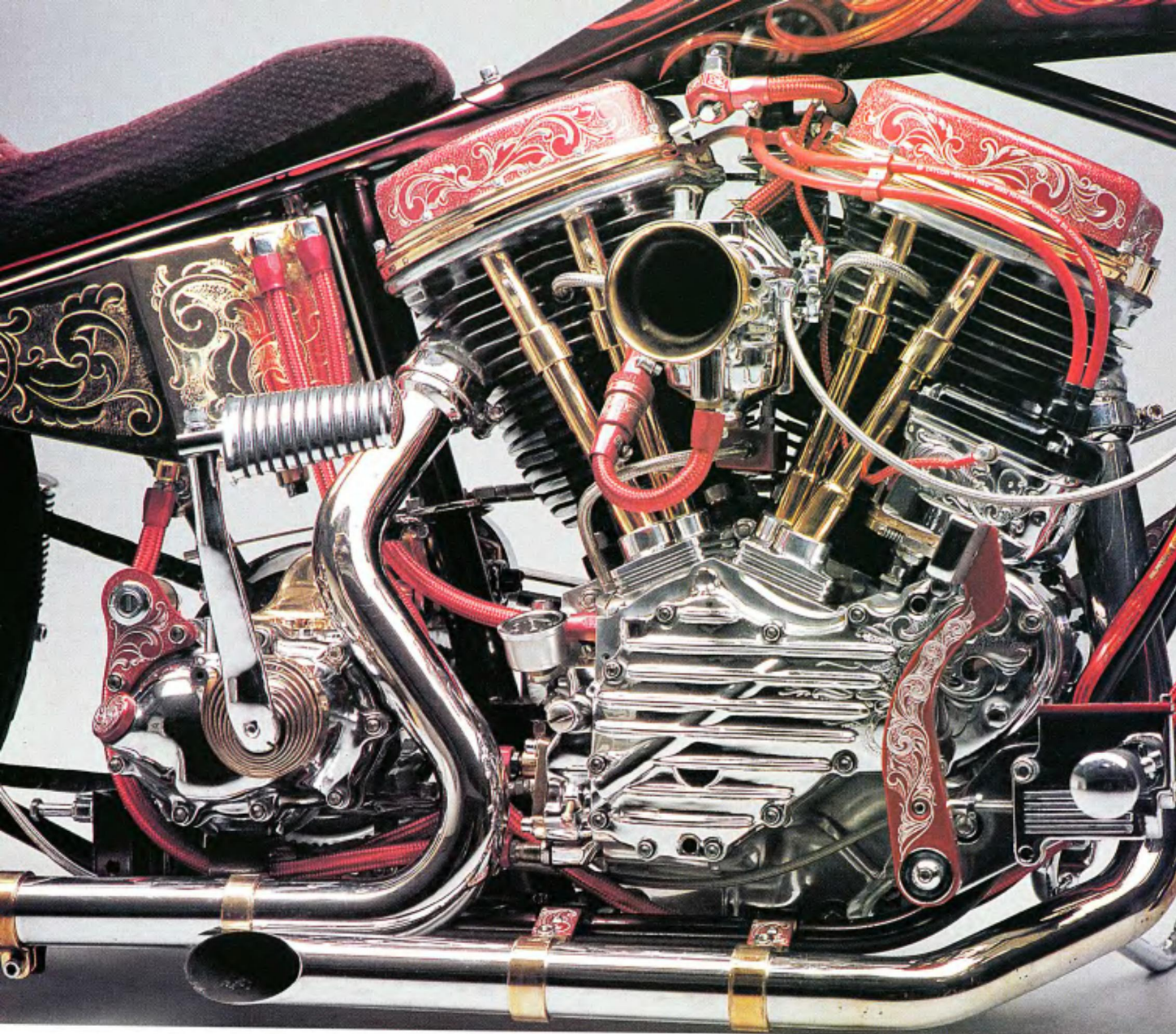
James, the owner/builder of this show-dazzlin' pan, has his beliefs about religion, Bibles, and such, but he ain't no fanatic — except for buildin' scooters and bein' creative. He gets his share of feedback at runs, though, because of the bike's religious theme. The hardcores hassle his ass for bein' overly religious, and the Bible-thumpers-cum-pornographers criticize him 'cause no good Christian would ride a motorcycle like *that*. James just shrugs his shoulders and says, "Hell, I just thought it'd be a neat theme."

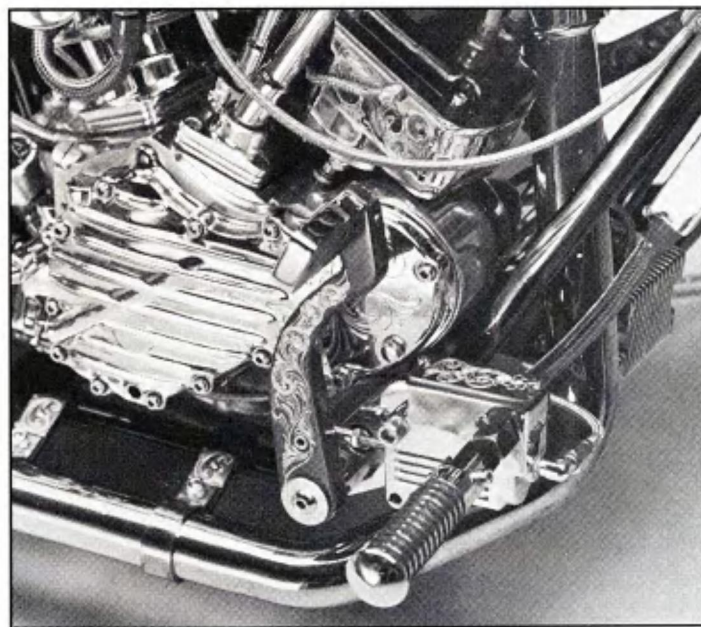
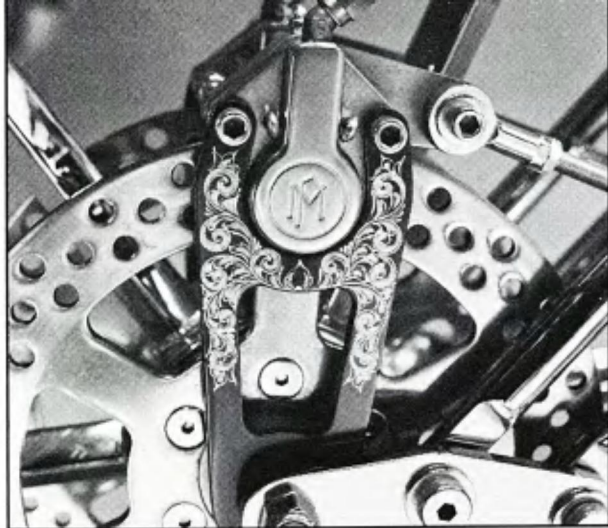
The religious flak is not a major hassle to a hardworking scooter builder who lives under a demerit system on the job, slappin' semi-trailers together while doing his best to be a faithful biker (he's owned three Sportys and this is his second pan — and he's only 28). Ya see, James gets only 100 demerits a year to fuck off with, and he risked 20 of those precious suckers gettin' his pan to the studio. Twenty fuckin' demerit points



OME





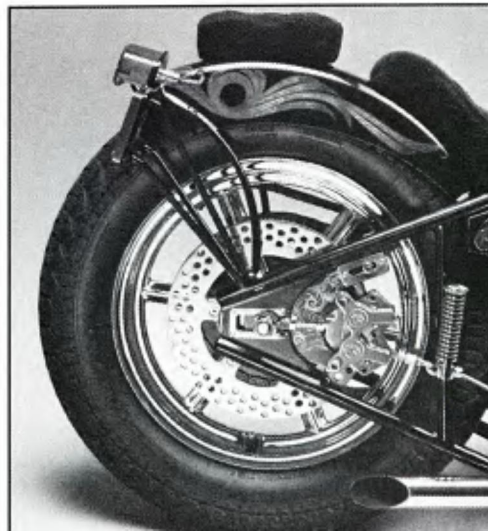


'cause he wanted to take a Saturday off from his routine 10-hour day, six-day workweek to see if he could get his pan in this rag. Can you handle that shit? Exceed your 100 points and you're out the door, pink-slipped, handed your walking papers — adios, mutha . . .

He's been putting up with that shit for 10 years now. He said he's come close to goin' over the edge while crankin' on that assembly line, but he's hangin' in to keep

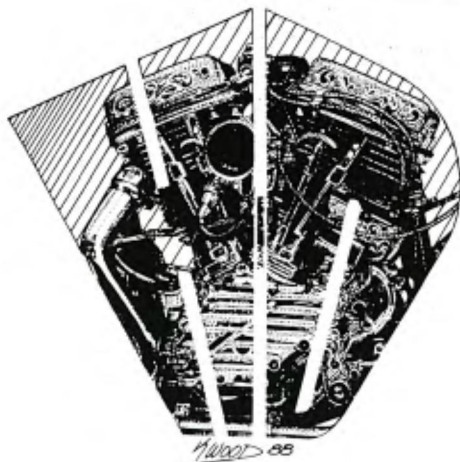
the bucks flowin' toward his garage and his next project bike. Bunches of time, effort, and money from James and from Debbie, who also works at the same sweatshop, went into this totally custom show bike, right down to the rendition of Jesus on the gas tank, "just to be different."

This heavenly ride has been gone over with enough attention to detail to scare the likes of Satan himself. Damn, he's even got chrome in places where I





Photos by Joe Ford



Owner: James K. Dowden		City: Reynolds, Indiana	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Stroud's H-D/owner		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1985 H-D		Builder: Ness	
Model: custom panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: don't remind me		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: Stroud's H-D/owner		Stretch: 6 inches	
Time: 4 years		Other alterations: struts for support	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Ness	
Year: 1985		Risers: 7 inches	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Ness	
Rebuilder: Stroud's H-D		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 103 cubic inches		Speedo: fast	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Sundance	
Balancing: Stroud's Electronic		Rear pegs: Sundance	
Pistons: custom Axtell		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: polished STD		Gas tank: Diamond	
Heads: you wouldn't believe me		Oil tank: custom	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: check it out	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: open	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: drag pipes		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): none		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1950		Extension: 6 inches	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Ness	
Engine sprocket: 3-inch Primo belt		Special features: gold-plated springs	
Trans sprocket: 22-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Cycle Fab		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Cycle Fab		Rim width: 1.75 inches	Rim width: 3.5 inches
Color: brandywine		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: leafing			
Other special modifications: anodized, engraved by Cycle Fab. Special thanks to Randy, Deb, Bob, Dave, and Dino at Cycle Fab. Very special thanks to Orville and Gary Stroud.			

didn't know there were parts. The engraving, anodizing, and various custom tricks James utilized didn't come cheap, either. We're talkin' serious sacrifices, 'cause unless I'm dreamin', they don't pay top dollar at the chain gang where James and Debbie work.

The job doesn't have a prayer at stoppin' this man from doin' what he loves. Good thing, too. We need dedicated scooter people with spirit.

—Rev. Snake

Harley-Davidson Motor Company Announces Addition of PHD Certification to Technician Certification Programs at Motorcycle Mechanics Institute

For six years the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute, with locations in both Phoenix, AZ and Orlando, FL, has been providing dealer update training for the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. In addition the Institute has a program leading to **Factory-Trained Certification** for graduates of the course.

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In addition to the Factory Certification Program the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute offers an "Early Model" program which covers restoration, repair, manufacture of parts, and

machining skills for all models. Flathead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Panhead and Iron Sportsters are covered.

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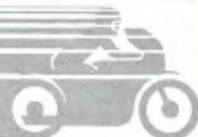
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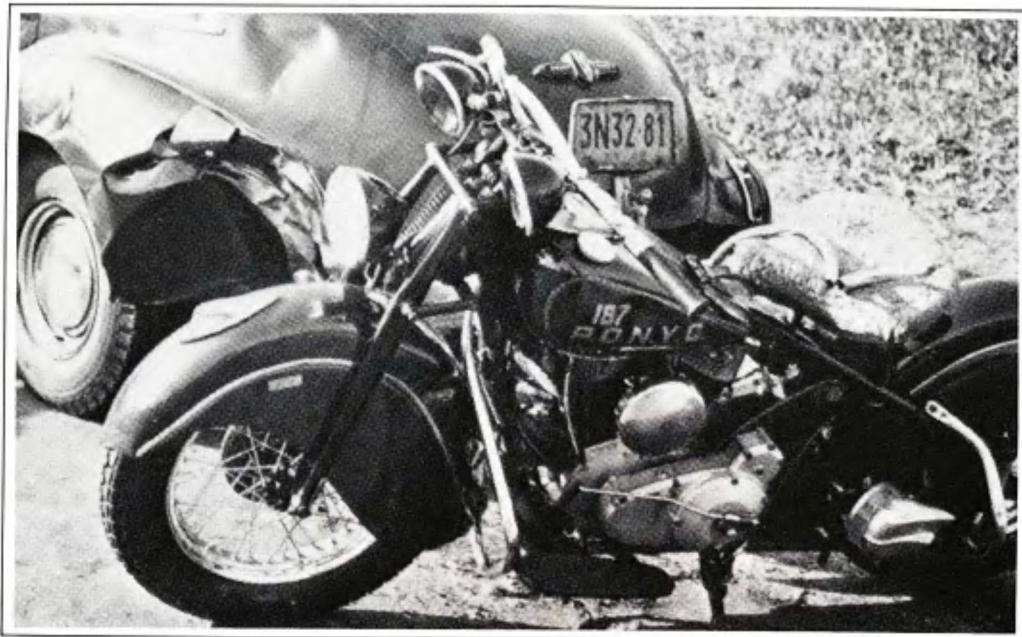
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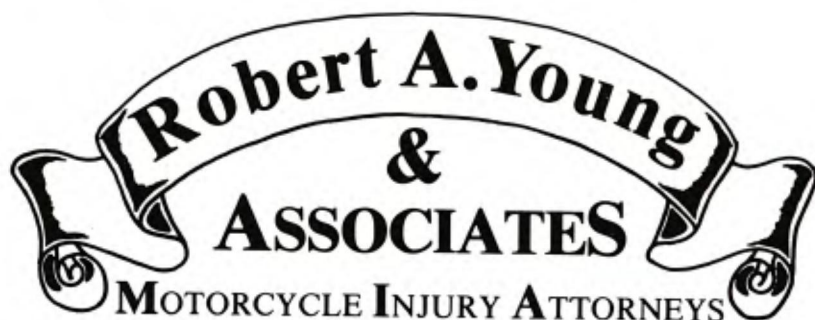
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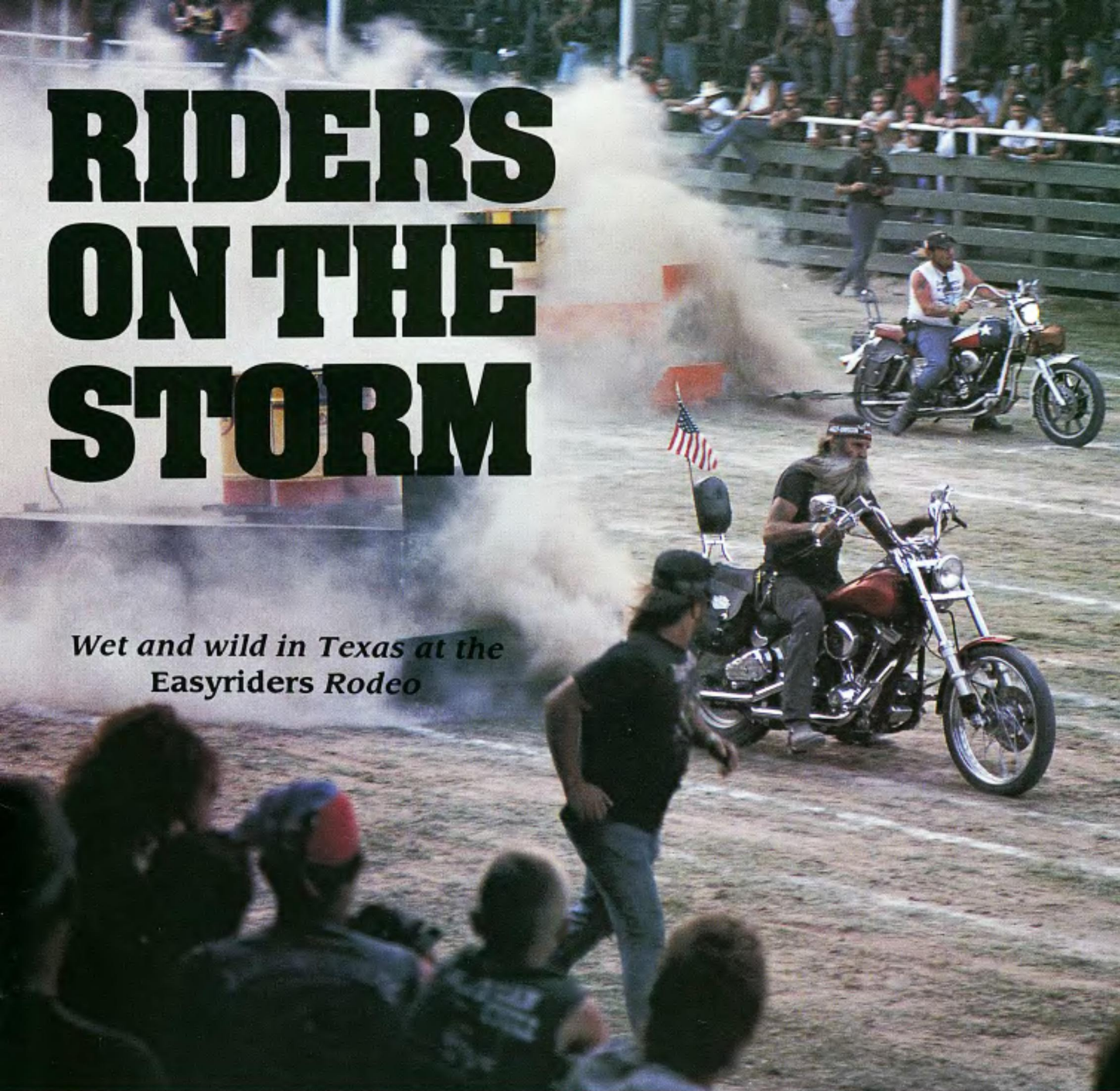


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RIDERS ON THE STORM

*Wet and wild in Texas at the
Easyriders Rodeo*



"One thang ya gotta admit about us Texans," Hoss was repeating for about the 213th time since returning from the *Easyriders* Rodeo last Memorial Day weekend, "when we wanna party, we're gonna party — ain't no piddly-ass little rainshower's gonna slow us down or make us spit up the cud."

Glueface, our Detroit hang-around, had been squatting in the corner of the garage all this time, trying to break loose the bead on his flat Goodyear, and



I guess he finally just snapped.

"Fer crissakes, Hoss!" he bel-lowed, jumping up. "If ya ask me, I think them Texans at the rodeo liked rootin' around in all that slopmud, an' it just shows they ain't got the good sense to get in outta the rain, is what it shows."

... But that ain't what I'm supposed to be telling you about. I'm supposed to be writing down what happened at the last *Easyriders* Rodeo — not how Hoss finally broke the bead on that tire with Glueface's three remaining front teeth.

RIDERS ON THE STORM



Photo by Sallie Kemper



Anyway, the Austin, Texas, blowout was tits-up all the way, even though Mutha Nature must've been ridin' the rag during the long Memorial Day weekend — she cut loose with one helluva downpour, trying her damndest to rain out the bros and sisters who'd come out to party hardy and catch the rodeo action at Manor Downs, the site of the '86 Farm Aid II benefit.

But she underestimated this crowd — there ain't no way in hell to keep Lone Star Staters down and out once they've set their minds on kicking up some dust. Or mud, for that matter.

In fact, when the rain came sheeting down so heavy that we had to pull the plug on all the events for nearly an hour, two of the rowdier, bawdier Texas honeys decided to entertain their all-weather homeboys

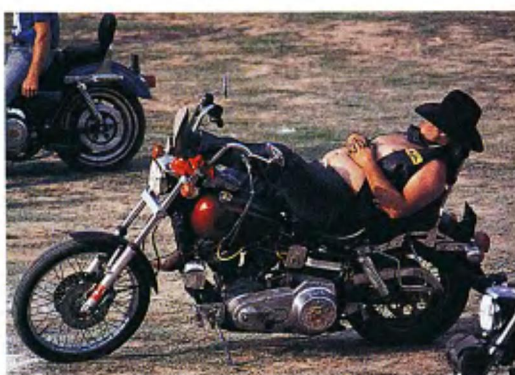
with a rip-'em-an'-grip-'em mud-wrestling match in front of the grandstands.

So natch, it wasn't long before the scheduled contestants looked around and said *screw the rain, we're gonna go for it*. We threw a lasso around the pair of hardbellied mucksuckers, cleared the field, and the finals and the new side-by-side sled races were underway once again.

Veteran sled-puller Gary Freel (Ames, Iowa) copped first place in the 1,000-pound solo Sled Drags, while Austin native Martin Whits snagged the 800-pound Solo Sled Drags trophy for the home team (Martin made a helluva comeback after finishing last in '87).

Cracking open the wicks on those torquey monsters while ankle-deep in sludge provided some interesting and unexpected consequences. When





Freel's bike got away from him during one of his pulls, the damn sled kept skimming right on through the mud, torpedoing his Hog hard enough to crease the weight sled's front plate and customize the ass end of the bike.

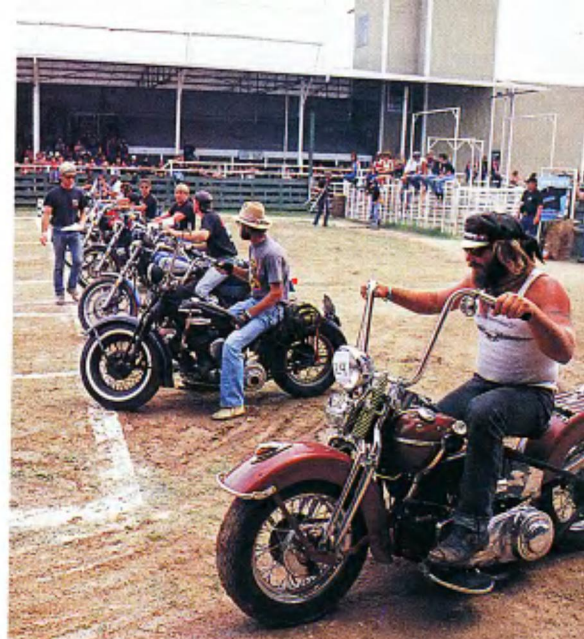
The bottom line was that everybody had a bitchin' time, especially toweling off. Extra slices of raisin pie for the Bandidos MC; Sundance Mitchell, Rick Michael, and the 60 other ABATE of Texas members for providing faultless security; and J.W. Rock and his band, The Motive, for rockin' our asses off all weekend.

Next year's Memorial Day weekend rodeo is already slated for the same place and same time, but we ain't guaranteeing shit about the weather. If it's sunny, don't blame us.

—Pizzaman



RIDERS ON THE STORM



Special Notice: *Easyriders* Rodeos are sanctioned by American Rodeo Riders On Wheels (ARROW), and all ARROW members who are event winners throughout the '88 tour now earn points toward \$10,000 in prizes, merchandise, and contingency awards to be given away at the Grand Nationals. Supporting memberships are also available. For more information, write ARROW, Box 1050, Agoura Hills, CA 91301 or call Cathy Chaffin at 800-247-6246 (national) or 800-231-2669 (in California).

And the winners are . . .

Wienie Bite

- 1st: Kenneth Pier and Theresa Ellars, Midland, Tex. — \$100
- 2nd: Larry Elwell and Carol Sessions, Turlock, Tex. — \$75
- 3rd: Daniel Kozlowski and friend, Chatworth, N.J. — \$50
- 4th: Gary Freel and Stephanie Contantino, Ames, Iowa — \$25

Keg Derby

- 1st: Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$73
- 2nd: Jerry Cable, Ames, Iowa — \$55
- 3rd: Trent Kirchner, Irving, Tex. — \$36
- 4th: Ray Tewksbury, Tampa, Fla. — \$18

Barrel Race

- 1st: Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$100
- 2nd: David Browning, Amarillo, Tex. — \$75
- 3rd: Trent Kirchner, Irving, Tex. — \$50
- 4th: Grover James, Sealy, Tex. — \$25

Slow Race

- 1st: Brett White, Austin, Tex. — \$100
- 2nd: Ray Tewksbury, Tampa, Fla. — \$75
- 3rd: Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$50
- 4th: Daniel Kozlowski, Chatworth, N.J. — \$25

Potato Haystack

- 1st: Jay Aldeman and Gus, Austin, Tex. — \$60
- 2nd: Harry Shreeve and Sandy Kramer, Tampa, Fla. — \$44
- 3rd: Ray Tewksbury and friend, Tampa, Fla. — \$30
- 4th: David Browning and Peggy, Amarillo, Tex. — \$15

Solo Sled 800 lbs. (gas class)

- 1st: Martin Whits, Austin, Tex. — \$200
- 2nd: Gene Ramsey, USA — \$85
- 3rd: Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$85
- 4th: Jerry Cable, Ames, Iowa — \$85

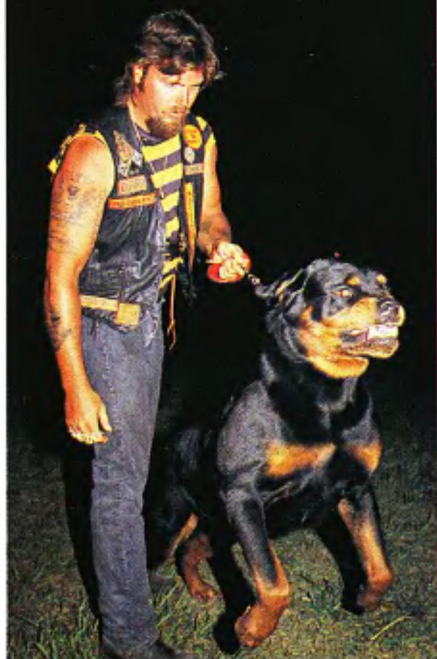
Solo Sled 1000 lbs. (gas class)

- 1st: Gary Freel, Ames, Iowa — \$275
- 2nd: Yankee Mike Pulkkinen, Snook, Tex. — \$162
- 3rd: Bob Ritchie, Granada Hills, Calif. — \$129

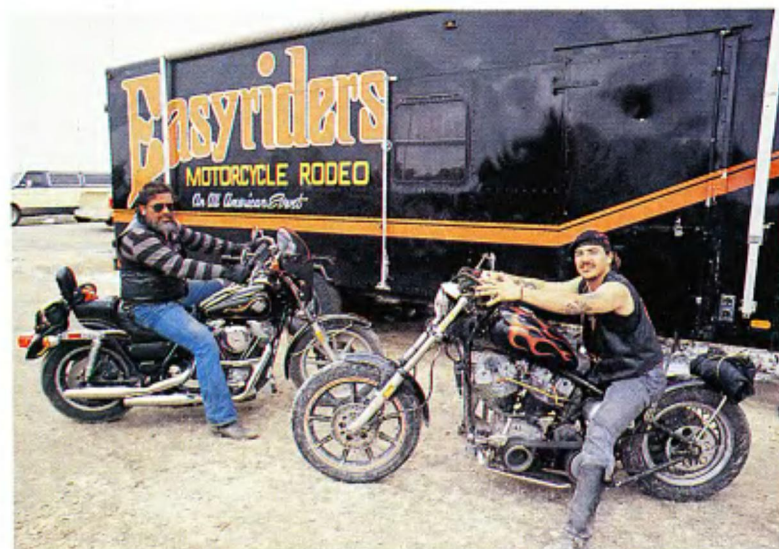
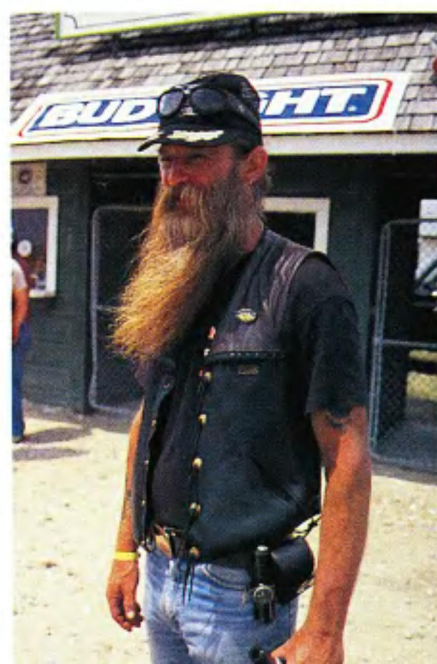
Trike Sled Pull

- 1st: *Ray Tewksbury, Tampa, Fla.
- 2nd: *Bobby Torres, Clovis, Calif.
- 3rd: *Keith Ruxton, Fresno, Calif.
- 4th: *Mark, USA

*Prize money split because of mud



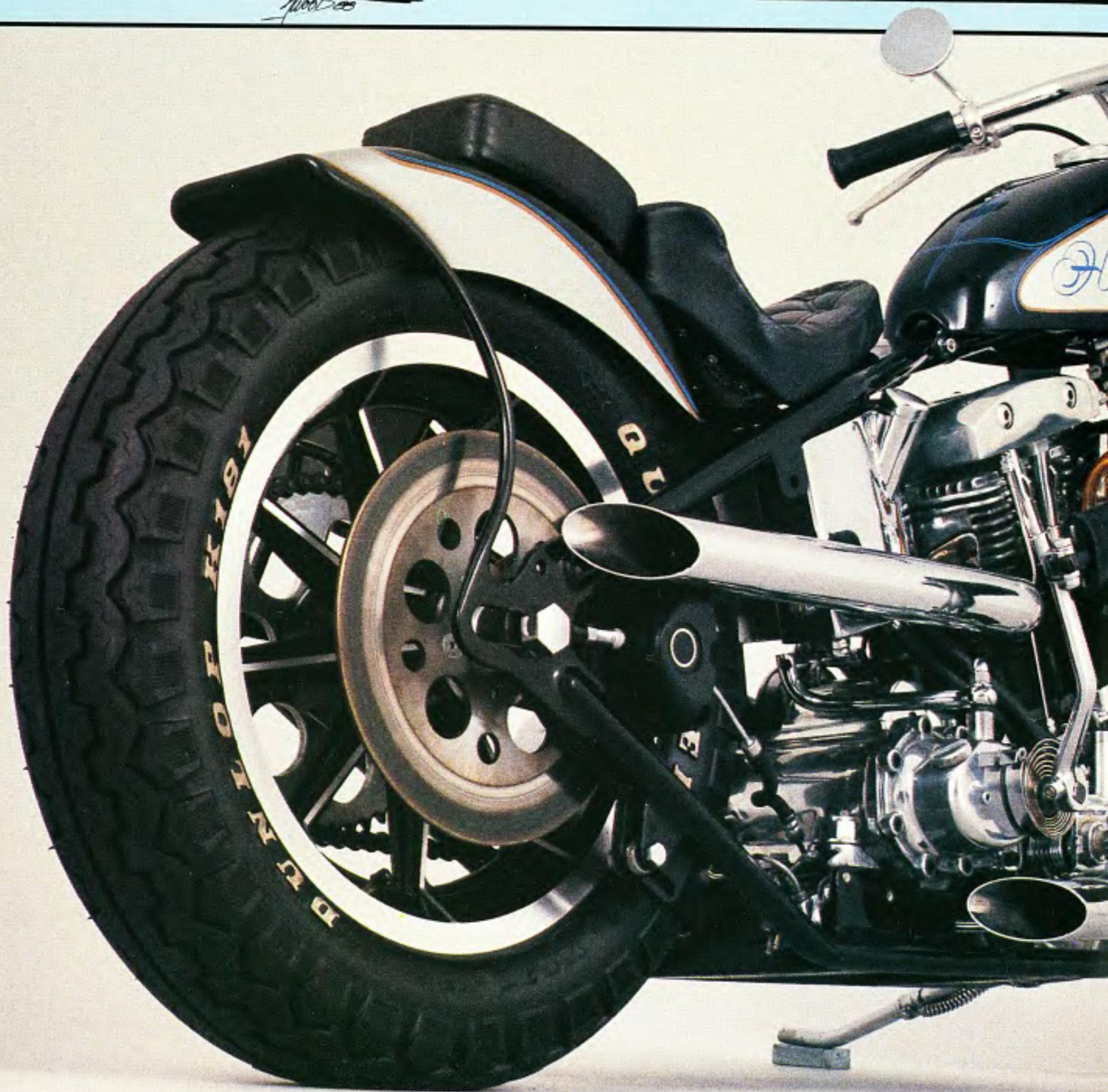
Photos by Billy Tinney and Rocky Boudreau

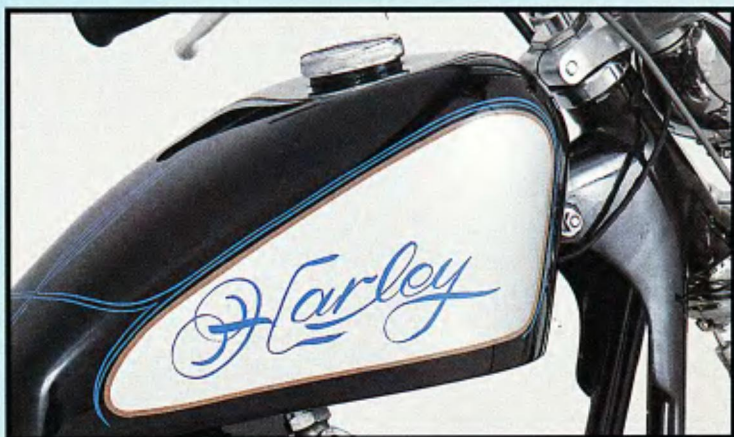
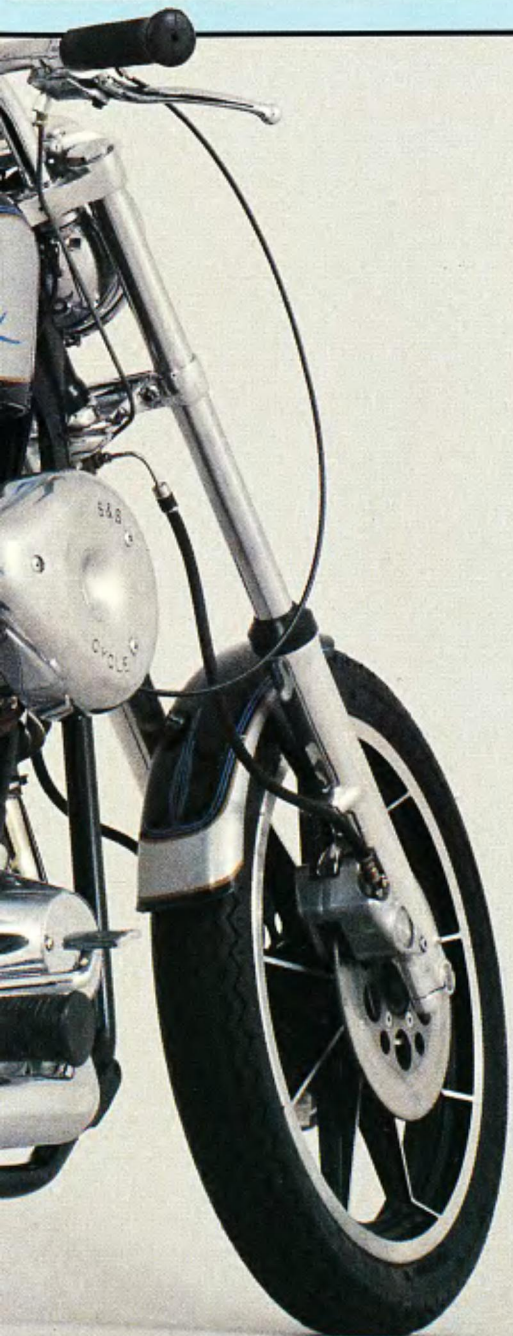


DAVE'S SLIDER



It takes more than a
blind-as-a-bat old
lady to keep
him down.





The tits had been bouncin' an' floppin' around like a chain with too much slack. It had been another high 'n' mighty night in the Rockies. Denver was actually turnin' out to be the kinda place Dave Anver had envisioned when he left his hometown of Chicago to head west in pursuit of culture and wild women.

The finer things that life had to offer were at Dave's beck and call — a freewheelin' putt into the mountains was a kickstart away, and his own business, Dave's Guns, was goin' great guns (gag me with a firearm).

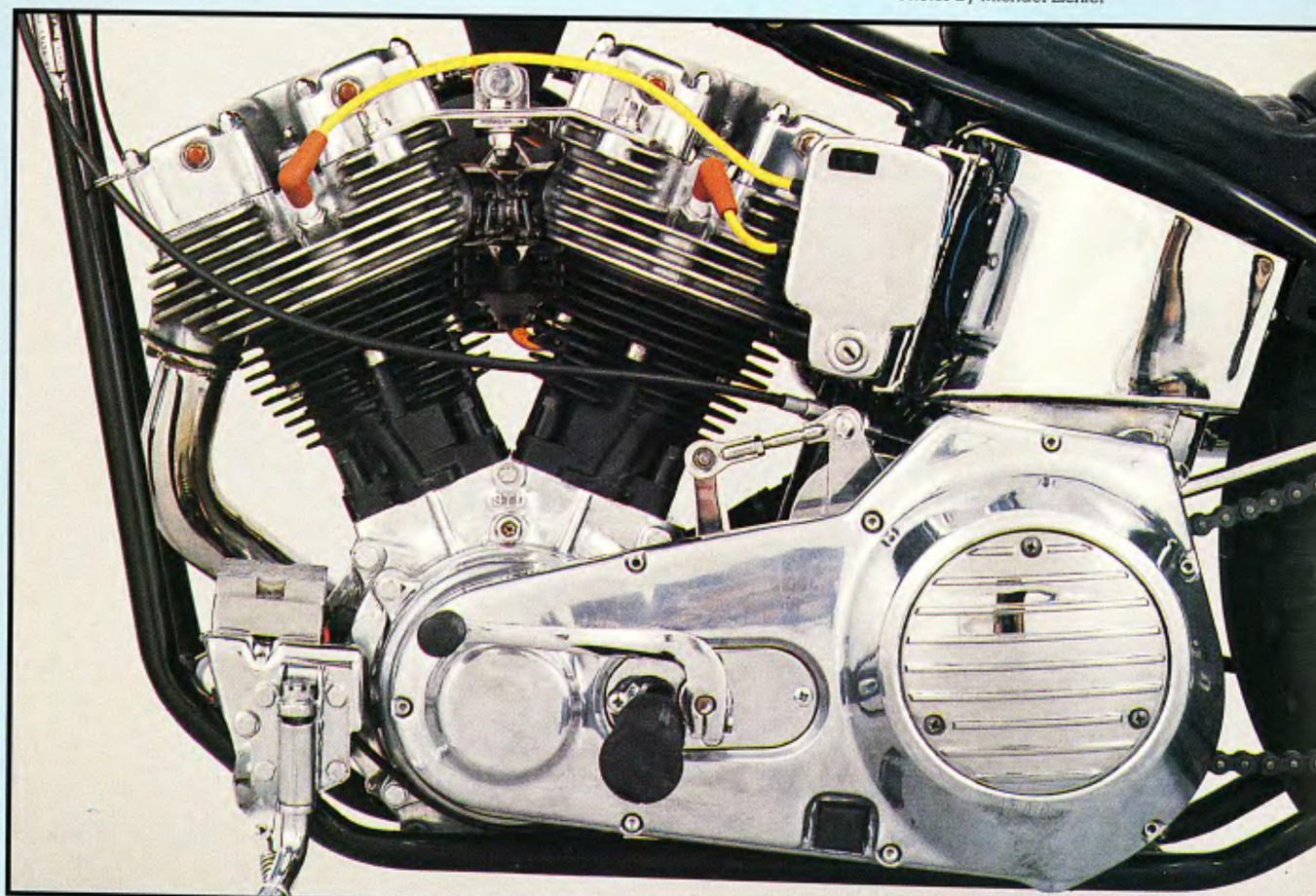
Everything had been up that night, includin' a great set of rock-hard titties in front of him. He'd checked 'em out all night and was now ready to get some wind. As he made his way toward home, a granny in a tank-size cage ahead of him pulled a right turn out of a left-turn-only lane, totaling Dave's ride.

He got a busted jaw that left him sippin' out of a straw for six or seven weeks, broke a wrist and some fingers, and got patched up with a few yards of stitches. With the help of Ron Thoes, Daniel The Dog, and painter Radar, the racy ride was rebuilt.

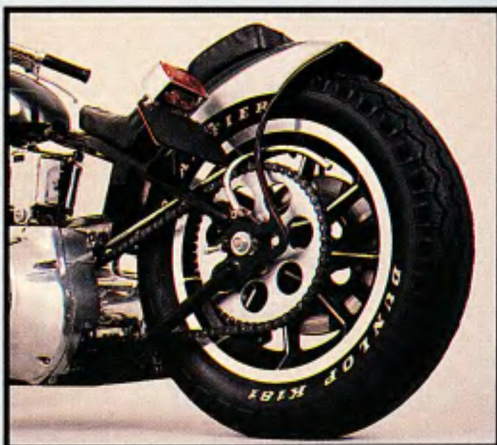
Bein' a fan of the late Marc Bolan, the writer/guitarist/singer from the '70s-era thunder rock group,



Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Dave Anver		City: Denver, Colorado	
General		Frame	
Fab. by: Ron Thoes Motor Works		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: custom		Type: custom	
Value: \$7,500		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: Thoes Motor Works		Stretch: 2½ inches	
Time: too long		Other alterations: molded rear fender	
Chroming by: Industrial Hard Chroming		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullback drag bars	
Year: 1983		Risers: none	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): front: Thoes; rear: Ness	
Rebuilder: Ron Thoes		Headlight: stock H-D	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: Thoes Motor Works	
Displacement: 98 inches		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Doug's Balancing		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: 2.2-gallon Sportster	
Heads: Paul's Heads		Oil tank: 5-quart wraparound/Thoes	
Cam(s): S&S		Oil system: stock H-D	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: leather, by Corbin Gentry	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2-inch drags by Thoes		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): none		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: H-D	
Year: 1977		Extension: 2 inches	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24-tooth		Special features: custom bottom tree	
Trans sprocket: 23-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Ron Thoes		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Radar		Rim width: enough	Rim width: fat
Color: black with silver panels		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Imron		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: pinstripes - side panels, Ron Avers			
Other special modifications: custom chain guard, ignition box by Thoes, custom taillight. Special thanks to Daniel the Dog, Ron Thoes, and Brandy for years of support. RIP Jamey Lynn.			



T. Rex, Anver lives his life to the tune of "The Slider." Up to a point, that is. Bolan, quite a whammer-jammer speed-freak in his own right, who rounded out his days on earth by slidin' fatally into a tree, wrote, "I have never kissed a car before." Well, Dave did. And it wasn't too sweet, neither.

Nowadays he's back to slidin' into the Bus Stop bar in

Boulder, where bikes are actually viewed as an acceptable mode of transportation, or hittin' any of the other juice joints that the 98-inch shovel is pointed toward. It's a tits-up TT bike — titty bar to titty bar.

Dave enjoys the big-inch rigid situation he's got in Denver, and he's also ready for long trips across the Rockies at the drop of any hat, or the

mention of tits, on his '86 FXRD road boat. But this Metal Guru's favorite Spaceball Ricochet is his Mystic Lady, known simply as The Slider. He thanks his Main Man, Ron Thoes, for the work that allowed him to Rock On, and Ron Avers, a one-armed pinstriper, for the detailin' on his Chariot Choogie.

—Telegram Sam

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This stuff fascinates me. Of course, half the time it's as far over my head as my high-bars, but I pay attention just the same because it could save my solo-seated hide. The following is from Barbara Porch, a Motorcycle Safety Foundation instructor from the Dade County, Florida, chapter of ABATE:

There are several things to consider when approaching any corner. One is your correct lane position or path of travel, and the other is your entry speed. Your best path of travel will be one that will allow you to see as far through the turn as possible and one that will "straighten out" the curve as much as possible.

Generally speaking, you will want to set yourself up at the outside of the turn, move toward the inside, and then exit at the outside. This increases your line of sight and creates both a maximum-radius turn and minimum cornering loads on your motorcycle. Roadway conditions and traffic may cause you to alter this "ideal" position. You will also want to

Cornering With Class

avoid a lane position close to oncoming traffic.

This brings us up to the second part of setting up, and that's speed. Slow down prior to entering a turn. Adjust your speed by either rolling off the throttle and/or braking and downshifting (if necessary) to reduce your approach speed to entry speed.

Entry speed is any speed that permits safe cornering and constant acceleration through the curve. The radius of the turn, the condition and camber of the roadway, your motorcycle and its condition, and your ability all influence the correct entry speed. Be prepared for unexpected excitement in the way of rocks, gravel, critters, broken-down vehicles, and yoyos who can't seem to make any turn without driving on your side of the road.

If you can't see the exit of a turn and all the possible surprises in between, slow down. You will also want to avoid excessive leaning, which may cause parts of your motorcycle to drag, thus reducing your traction. Your left-turn clearance may be reduced by the crown of the road.

Constant gradual acceleration throughout the turn will stabilize the suspension of your motorcycle. Avoid braking or slowing down if at all possible, because it overloads the front tire and lightens the rear tire, making it very vulnerable to skidding.

Probably the single most important factor in negotiating a turn is looking through it. There seems to be a natural tendency to look down somewhere just ahead of the front tire. This is unfortunate, be-

cause the motorcycle will go where you look. It will also cause you to make a lot of steering and/or speed corrections. You'll find yourself wobbling and making a whole bunch of little turns out of what should be a single, smooth arc—decidedly uncool and definitely no class. Keep both eyes level with the horizon.

You have set up for the curve by selecting your correct lane position, you've slowed down for a safe entry speed, and you're looking through the turn. Now it's time to use your countersteering to follow your desired path of travel. Remember? Press right go right, and press left to go left. Higher speeds on the same radius turn will require more pressure on the inside handgrip, as will the same speed on a decreasing radius turn. Let your body lean with your motorcycle. Continue a gradual roll-on of the throttle and you'll be cool going to school. Smooth cornering takes practice and more practice, but soon you'll be cornering with class.



New Georgia Chapter

ABATE of Georgia recently met to organize and elect officers for the newly formed District 1 chapter of ABATE, representing the nine-county area of Whitfield, Dade, Walker, Catoosa, Murray, Gordon, Fannin, Gilmer, and Pickens.

The chapter comprises individuals from all walks of life, and its main purpose is to promote to the general public a sense of motorcycle awareness and concern for safety.

The chapter will actively participate in local fundraising and charity events, the most

noted being the annual toy run for the Salvation Army. Locally, plans are under way for a toy-and-food run for the needy, as well as motorcycle checkup and safety classes.

Membership is open to anyone. Riders wanting more information about ABATE's District 1 chapter or upcoming events should call George Dougherty at (404) 673-6833. The group meets the first Monday of each month at 8:30 p.m. at Pizza Deli on Highway 41 North, in Dalton.

Florida Helmet Repeal Update

The Florida Helmet Repeal is beginning to move forward, and every rider in the state should become a member of ABATE of Florida, if only to keep tabs on his/her freedom through its very informative newsletter.

As of the date of the last newsletter, HB 115 and SB 182 were moving favorably. HB 115 had passed both the House Transportation Subcommittee on Highway Safety and the full Transportation Committee with an 8-0 vote and an 11-3 vote, respectively. With these two committees being all that the bill was referred to, HB 115 is ready for consideration on the full floor.

SB 182 has passed the Senate Transportation Committee with a 3-1 vote and still has

to be heard in the Senate Judiciary-Civil Committee. It should pass this committee as well.

As for the rider education bills, we have two filed. They are HB 445 by Kelly and Sansom, and SB 4325 by Beard. These bills, if passed, will put Florida riders back on track with the original intent of hands-on training in mind. The bills will bring us back to a volunteer program with a start-up time of January 1989. The legislation would put an end to the requirement to pass the four-hour National Safety Council course prior to license issuance.

The riders' voice is paramount to both of the above issues. Write your legislators and support ABATE of Florida.

Mustang Patrol Hits South Carolina Highways

The next time a Ford Mustang peels past you on the interstate, watch it, don't race it. It could be a trooper in disguise.

Some state troopers are cruising the highways in unmarked Mustangs in an effort to keep up with "professional speeders," said South Carolina Highway Patrol Colonel J. H. Lanier recently.

Lanier said several speeders have eluded apprehension because the Patrol's standard Ford LTDs don't have enough power to accelerate from a stationary lookout position to the speed of some motorists.

"Our cars are just not fast enough to catch some of those

cars," Lanier said. "Our cars just will not move."

Lanier said five Mustangs have arrived, and 60 more are expected to be delivered. Several troopers received training in driving the cars by troopers from Utah and Georgia, where the cars are used to control speeders, Lanier said. The newly trained troopers will teach others how to pursue a vehicle in a Mustang.

"Our people have got to train the drivers," Lanier said. "(The Mustangs) are smaller and they're very strong at a high speed."

— from ABATE of South Carolina



Another Helmet Law Threat

A new menace threatens the youth of America — bunk beds. The Consumer Product Safety Commission reports at least 23 bunk bed-related deaths occurred in 1985 and emergency room treatment of bunk bed-related injuries rose 75 percent, to 31,727 in the same year.

Will there be a threat to ban and recall all bunk beds? Or will

it become mandatory for toddlers to wear helmets to bed, or at least until they're 18? Imagine the cost to society and the welfare burden from all these helpless, uncoordinated kids running their heads into walls, curbs, sharp edges on furniture, etc. Don't mention a word of this to California Assemblyman Richard Floyd.



Warning: Bad News

*Pulling out in front of
a motorcycle could be
hazardous to you
and your community!*

It has been reported by a reliable source* that several groups of motorcycle riders have banded together and equipped their motorcycles with nuclear warheads (Arms Sale Surplus) that will explode upon impact with another vehicle.

The warheads are small compared to bombs, but will level about a 10-block area and leave radioactive waste with a half-life of 20 years over a 50-block area.

It is our understanding that the motorcyclists are using safety helmets to

mount the detonators in, therefore we urge you to write your legislator and plead with them to abolish helmet laws and make it illegal to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle. Meanwhile, look out for motorcycles if you love your family and your community.

*Security leak from testimony from the Iranian Arms Sale investigation.

P.S. Good News: there are only about 5,000 of these warheads unaccounted for throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Minnesota Bike Deaths Drop

Minnesota experienced another dramatic drop in the number of motorcycle accidents and fatalities in 1987, despite the longer riding season due to mild weather. Total accidents involving a motorcycle were 2,121 — the lowest in the past 11 years and nearly a 36 percent drop since the high of 3,308 accidents in 1980.

The number of motorcycle fatalities was 51, a decrease of more than 22 percent from 1986. That's 15 fewer deaths than the 66 in 1986, and well below the average of 70 for the previous five years.

Injuries also decreased. There were 1,853 persons injured in motorcycle accidents in 1987, compared with 2,152 injuries in 1986, a drop of 14 percent.

Accidents with other vehicles constituted slightly more than half of the crashes. Overturns accounted for 22 percent. The remainder of the accidents involved collisions with fixed objects, railroad trains, bicycles, pedestrians, or animals.

Alcohol was again the big-

gest contributing factor in fatal motorcycle accidents. Of the 51 deaths in 1987, 47 were tested for blood alcohol content. Of those tested, 62 percent had alcohol in their blood, and 53 percent were legally drunk at the time of the accident.

According to accident reports, all but one of the motorcyclists with measurable alcohol concentrations in their blood were judged to be at fault in the accidents.

The statistics, compiled by the Minnesota Department of Public Safety's Traffic Safety Office, reflect the decreasing accident rate for both motorcycles and automobiles over the past several years.

The decrease in motorcycle fatalities can be attributed in part to Minnesota's nationally recognized motorcycle safety program, which involves increasing public education and awareness, offering quality skills training, and establishing strict, comprehensive licensing procedures. Minnesota does not have an adult helmet law.

—from Trike Rick

Missouri Repeal Moves Ahead

The Missouri House of Representatives gave first-round approval to changing the helmet law to require only riders under the age of 21 to wear helmets.

"This is a civil liberties issue. Nothing says you can't wear one. This ought to be a matter of choice with motorcycle operators," said the sponsor, Rep. Jim Barnes (D-Raytown) — a good man to support on Election Day.

Approval came on a 79-57 vote. Under House rules, a bill can receive first-round approval on a majority of those voting, while final approval requires 82 votes in the 163-member chamber.

"I'm convinced that it is more

harmful to wear a helmet than not. There's not a helmet made today that can withstand the pressure of any accident over 15 miles per hour," said Rep. Glen Binger (D-Blue Springs). "I wouldn't wear one even if I had to go to jail."

Among those in support of keeping the helmet law was Rep. Pat Dougherty (D-St. Louis), who said, "It doesn't matter if you are over or under age 21. The fact is that serious head injuries are going to cost the state money."

Someone should send a few facts to this gentleman. For more information, write to Freedom Of Road Riders, Inc., Box 520211, Independence, MO 64052.

Charles Bookhammer — Floyd's Opponent in November

We've lucked out. In November, riders in the Hawthorne, California, area will have the opportunity to unseat Assemblyman Richard Floyd and replace him with a four-time Vietnam veteran and regular cycle rider, Charles W. "Chuck" Bookhammer. Chuck has taken time out of his busy schedule, running his own business and acting as mayor pro tem of Hawthorne, to ride out and meet with ABATE in California. He publicly opposes a mandatory helmet law.

This guy appears to be straight with the riders in his district and



has been positively involved in his community for more than a decade. "I don't like passing laws just to pass laws. We're too confined as it is," Chuck has said.

With our support, Bookhammer has an excellent chance of winning the election in November. Floyd's opponent in 1986 was a recent transplant into his district who only became active in the last six months of the election and came very close to beating Floyd by receiving 43 percent of the vote, while 6 percent went to an independent — Floyd squeaked by.

In this case, Bookhammer has been constantly involved in his community (Floyd rarely shows his face in the district), has a long productive track record, and is well known. If you live in the Hawthorne area (Assembly district 53), it is paramount to bikers' rights in California and to the movement all over the country to set a precedent here; so register to vote, get your fellow riders registered, and plan a voting day party where everyone votes, then goes to a party to celebrate. All the riders in the country will be toasting your victory.



Scooter Safety

Read this — it could save your neck.

To me, "Live to ride, ride to live" means that we ride to stay alive — to ride another day. Surviving on a scooter depends on how alert we are and how capably we handle our bikes in emergency situations. In this column, we want to point out some facts about motorcycle accidents that are both interesting and disturbing. This information comes directly from the Hurt report, which analyzed 900 accidents and reviewed several thousand more.

1. Seventy-five percent of all bike accidents involved automobiles.

2. Typically, the rider had less than two seconds to identify the hazard and execute evasive action.

3. A motorcycle has 70 percent of its braking force in the front wheel, yet only 17 percent of those riders involved in accidents used both brakes.

4. Riders facing a potential accident chose the proper evasive action only 16 percent

of the time.

5. You might want to read this one twice: 32 percent of all accidents involved riders who did nothing at all to avoid the accident; they just rode right into it.

6. Of riders involved in accidents, 92 percent had no training.

How well-prepared are you to avoid the accident that is bound to present itself sooner or later? How often do you practice your panic stops? When is the last time you practiced controlling a rear-wheel skid? Do you practice counter-steering? Do you know how to effectively swerve a motorcycle without laying it down? Can you execute a quick stop in a curve? How effective is your scanning technique for identifying possible accident situations?

Think about it, read it over again, and practice. And above all, ride safe.

—From David Picou

WARNING: Dukakis's Politics May Be Hazardous to Our Freedom



Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, dubbed "Mandatory Mike" by the news media, might very well bring his zeal for protecting our best interests to the national level. Check his record:

- When a mandatory seat belt law was proposed in 1986, Dukakis signed the law into effect by April of that year — despite strong opposition from the public. A repeal of the law went on the November ballot and won, even though there was a \$600,000 media campaign to convince voters that the law was for their own good.
- In 1976 a proposed repeal of the mandatory helmet law passed the state House and Senate with ease, but Dukakis, determined to "save us from ourselves," vetoed the bill.
- Early in 1988 Dukakis issued a statement that, begin-

ning January 1, no person who smokes will be hired as a police officer or firefighter.

- On several different occasions, "Mandatory Mike" has voiced the opinion that he is in favor of strict gun control laws, thus eliminating guns for hunting and target shooting as well as personal protection.
- When the federal government issued a list of ways to help prevent slaughter on the highways by drunk drivers, Dukakis made road blocks, the last-resort option on the list, his first choice.

Do we want a President who is so intent on doing things "for our own good," one who could conceivably outlaw the sale of motorcycles, guns, and cigarettes? "Mandatory Mike" might not be our best choice. Think about it.

—from Shirley Bourke



The word this issue is in-ternational, starting with the hundreds of French motorcyclists who demonstrated against increasingly high insurance rates by cruising the Eiffel Tower in Paris en masse. The riders claimed France was the most expensive European country when it came to insurance for motorcycles. Their demands resulted in reduced premiums — good work.

And in Ujung Pandang (I don't know where it is, either) the local police quickly squelched the student protest of a national law requiring motorcycle riders to wear helmets. In this Indonesian city, where small motorcycles are the major mode of transportation, the police often uses its power to extract bribes from the little people. The demonstrations began on a Friday evening and quickly spread from four university campuses into the streets. The students put up barricades and stopped helmeted motorcyclists, forced them to remove their skid lids, and burned the helmets in the streets — that's showin' 'em.

While hell was breakin' loose in Pandang, a couple of brothers were headed home in Garden Grove, California, when they noticed a four-wheeler following them. The cage started tailing so close that the riders couldn't turn into their driveway. One brother managed to escape as the iron weapon ran over his brother repeatedly.

"There's no way in the world it can be explained," police Sergeant Phil Mason said of the slaying in the Orange County city. "Kind of like a frenzy. It could have been anybody." The newspaper that reported the incident actually had the gall to state that the rider wasn't wearing a helmet.

In a major newspaper in the L.A. area, some writer tried to explain the California Supreme Court's ruling on dress codes for topless bars; the article referred specifically to a couple of club members in Dago who were turned away from bars 'cause of their colors. We think, after reading the article numerous times, that the brothers can wear their colors, but the court won't stand behind the ruling. So if it happens to you, there isn't anything you can do except start the legal process all over again — all this hassle just to get a cold one.

The scary news in Washington is that the Cowlitz County law enforcement officials joined with law enforcement agencies across the state to support an initiative campaign with 18 media spots to promote "one-party consent" legislation. The measure, which failed in the 1987 and 1988 legislative sessions, would allow the secret taping of undercover drug transactions without prior judicial consent.

Beware of GEICO Indemnity Company. They won't insure you unless you wear a helmet. Don't know much about accident statistics, do they? Just another multibillion-dollar closed mind. For your information, the address is: GEICO (pronounced "Geeko") Indemnity Company, GEICO (real estate moguls) Plaza, Washington, D.C. 20047-0001.

On a positive note, the Dairyland Insurance company in Scottsdale, Arizona, deducts one payment from your rider insurance premium if you qualify for their experienced rider discount. Only one problem: you must have 75 years of experience without any accidents and be less than 50 years old. Just kidding — check it out.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet Law	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	No ¹⁻¹²	Yes	Yes
Arizona	Yes	No 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	No ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	No ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	No 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	No ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	No ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	Yes	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	No ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	No ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ³	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	No ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	No ²	Yes ³	No
Oklahoma	No	No ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes	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	No ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	No ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	No ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	No ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	No ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	No ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

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

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



During a break in the recent summit talks, Russia's Mikhail Gorbachev admitted to President Reagan the desperate need for condoms in the Soviet Union, and he asked Reagan to send 400 million rubbers to his country as a goodwill gesture.

"But," said Gorbachev, "we require them to be three inches in diameter and twelve inches in length."

Reagan agreed to send the rubbers with the specified measurements. Once back in the USA, he consulted with an aide and gave him these instructions: "Have 400 million condoms made for shipment to the Russkies, each one three inches in diameter and twelve inches in length. Then stamp 'Made in America' on one side, and on the other side stamp 'Medium.'"

—Dave Chance
Tehachapi, Calif.

Why is it so groovy to be a test tube baby?

Ya get a womb with a view.
—K. D. Dodson
Villa Park, Ill.

Easyriders



"But I thought you knew about the hook!
Whaddidja think held the wienie up there?"

Why do women get wrinkles in the corners of their eyes?

From sayin', "Suck what?"
—Shonna
JAL, N.M.

A young man walked into the talent agent's office and announced he could fart in perfect tune to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Skeptical, the talent agent told him to go ahead and give it a rip. Before the agent knew what was happening, the guy dropped his drawers, squatted over the wastebasket, and took a big, greasy shit into it.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" screamed the agent.

"Hey, even Frank Sinatra has to clear his throat," the young man said.

—Wayne Willhoite
Tehachapi, Calif.

Q: How can ya pick out Dolly Parton's kids in a crowd?

A: They're the ones with stretch marks on their lips.

—Heller
Fallon, Nev.

When asked how he and his ol' lady managed to squeeze in so many afternoon quickies, with seven rugrats runnin' in and out of the house all day, the biker replied, "Vaseline."

"Vaseline?" his confused bro asked.

"Not on the ol' lady, asshole," the biker said. "On the doorknob."

—Thomas Oetzel
Philly

A wino was walking past a cathouse one night when he noticed two dogs screwing in the front yard of the establishment, so he stumbled up the steps and rang the doorbell.

When the madam opened the door and saw how shitfaced the wino was, she informed him, "I'm sorry, sir, but you're too drunk, and I can't let you inside."

"Hell, thash awright," the wino said, pointing a thumb at the two dogs. "I jush wanted to tell ya yer sign fell down."

—Dash Riprock
Slapout, Ala.

Said one biker to another, "Y'know, I never knew what happiness was until I got married."

"I can dig it, man," his bro said. "But then it's too late."

—Slim
Minneapolis, Minn.

The scuttlebutt goin' around is that the L.A. Rams are considerin' changin' their name to the Tampons—they're only good for one period, an' they don't have a second string.

—Olden Thomas
Eatontown, N.J.

Easyriders



"Whew! Talk about constipation."

While knockin' down a few pitchers at the bar, Knucklehead Pete told Fat Frank, "Y'know, one of these days, I wanna git married—to a beautiful, intelligent, standup chick who'll make me happy."

"Make up yer mind, bro," said Fat Frank.

—J. W. Jordan
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Dope ring: six Ninja riders sitting in a circle.

—Shirlean Lisenby
Cheraw, S.C.

Two not-so-bright farmers bought a truckload of watermelons, paying one dollar apiece for them. Then they drove to market and sold all their melons for the same price they'd paid for them.

After counting their money at the end of the day, they realized they'd ended up with no more money than they'd started with.

"See?" said one. "I told you we shoulda got a bigger truck."

—D. W. Davis
Lexington, Ky.

The bro parked his sled at the curb and walked into a bar for a cold brew to wash the dust down. Looking around, he noticed that all the stools had numbers painted on their backs.

After ordering a tall one, he asked the guy sitting next to him, "What's the deal with the numbered seats, man?"

"Oh, that," the guy said. "See, every hour, they call out a number, and if it's yours, you get to go in the back and get laid."

"Aw, bullshit," the bro snorted. "Tell me, has your number ever been called?"

"No," the guy replied, "but I know it's on the level, 'cause they've called my wife's number four times already."

—Craig Forshee
Lake Isabella, Calif.



"I'll have to call you back later, Zeke. Right now I'm gettin' ready to do some plowin'."

Why are bachelors thin, and married men fat?

Bachelors come home, check to see what's in the fridge, and go to bed. Married men come home, check to see what's in the bed, and go to the fridge.

—Plato
Phoenix, Ariz.

Here's another way—besides the roll-em-in-flour method—to find a fat chick's pussy: pull apart the rolls until ya smell shit, then go back one.

—Ron Nichwolodoff
Canada

Definition of well-informed: Somebody with opinions exactly the same as yours.

—Lee
Dallas, Pa.

Whaddaya get when ya cross James Dean with Ronald Reagan?

A rebel without a clue.
—Wolf
Oshkosh, Wis.



"You understand, Miss LaVon, this is a whole new ball game."

Whaddaya call a hitchhikin' Iranian?
Stranded.

—G. W.
Downed Bro

Q: What's better than honor?
A: In 'er.

—Ruben Sanchez
Tehachapi, Calif.

The scooter tramp was appearin' in court on a charge of indecent exposure, and the judge asked him to explain himself.

"Simple, yer Honor," he replied. "It's just that I was out ridin' all day on country roads and just had to relieve myself, so I pulled over and did so."

To the biker's considerable surprise, the judge dropped the charge and sternly admonished the arresting officer, stating that "the law must make exceptions for emergency situations, such as this obviously was."

Immediately, the prosecuting attorney was on his feet, objecting. "That's all well and good, your Honor," he stated, "but what about the young lady who relieved him?"

—Fatboy
The Rockies

"I'll tell ya, Jim Bob," Homer said to his friend, "the tractor business ain't doing too good. I ain't sold one in a week."

"You think you got troubles?" Jim Bob replied. "The other day I went out to milk Daisy, and she swatted me in the face with her tail. So I took some twine and tied her tail to the rafters."

"Then when I sat down to try to milk her again, she kicked me, so I tied her leg to the side of the stall."

"Then that damned Daisy kicked me with her other leg, so I tied that leg to the other side of the stall."

"So I'll tell ya what," Jim Bob continued with a sigh, "If you can convince my wife I was gonna milk that damned cow, I'll buy a tractor from you."

—Sicko
Lost



"Sure I've eaten pussy before . . . but I've never had a crunchy one."

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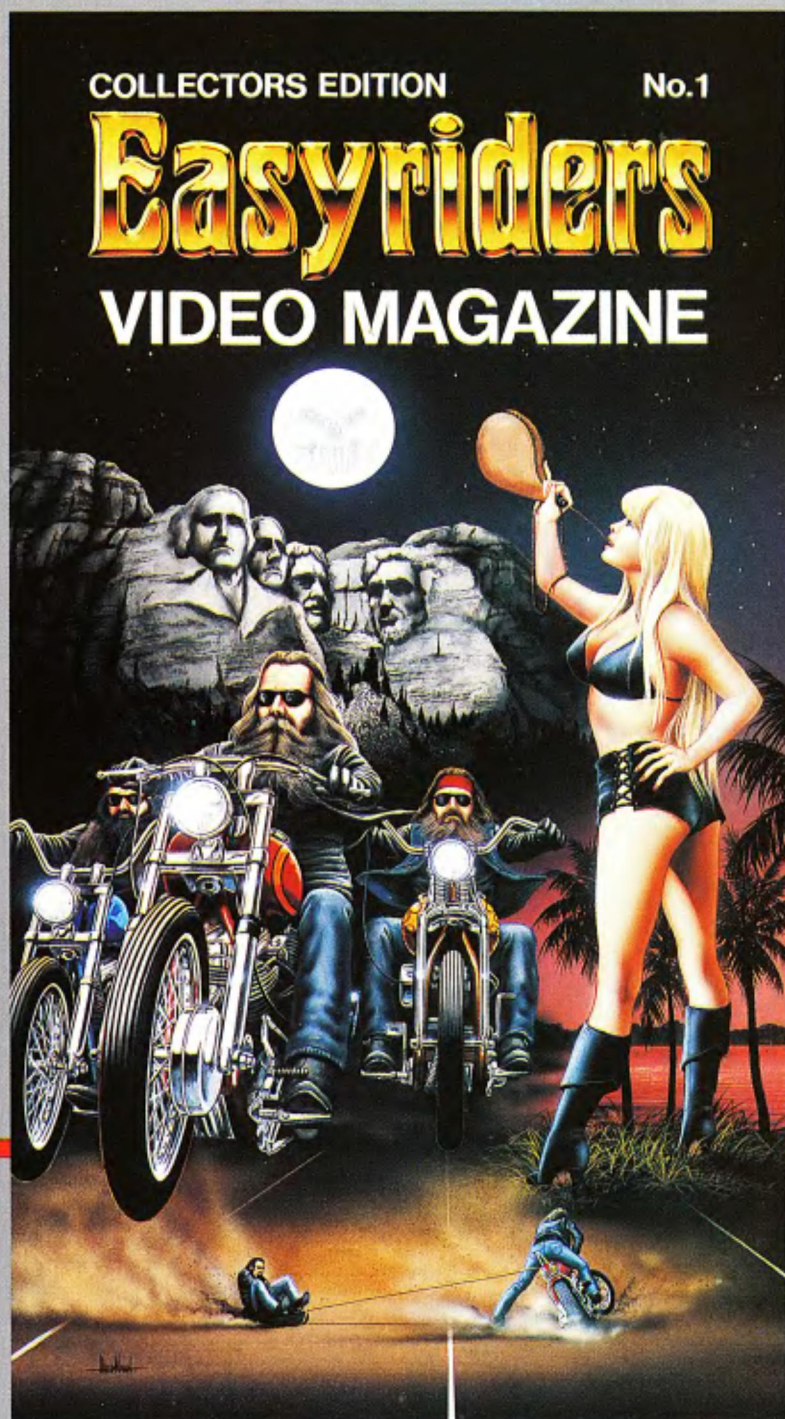
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PAYBACK

I came around a hairpin turn and hit an oil slick on the outside end of the curve. There was no time to do anything except ride it out, but not enough room to do that. My bike slid into the guardrail and threw me over the handlebars so fast that the steep gravel slope was coming up to meet me almost before I knew I was going down.

It was a hardscabble slope that fell away sharply to a deep river gorge far below. I hit the ground like a bigass swan, whumping the breath from my lungs, bounced high into the air and whumped down again, rolling out of control until I fetched hard up against the stump of a lightning-struck tree and blacked out.

For an immeasurable length of time afterward, I lay gasping and only semi-conscious, until a raindrop plopped on my nose, and I realized that the clouds in front of my eyes were real clouds and I was just lying there watching them blow by like I didn't have anything better to do. As I sat up, the air zizzed and a bolt of lightning struck the stump next to me. I knew then that it wasn't going to be my day.

A few scattered drops fell and the rain blew over the hill. Scratched, bruised, battered, and almost burned, I began to crawl back up the slope. The gravel was too loose and the grade too steep for me to climb upright. Partway up I began to slide back down again. I dug frantically through the scabble for bare earth to hold, tearing my fingertips and lacerating my palms, sliding almost back to the smoking stump before I could stop. Then, doggedly, I started crawling up again.

It was an hour later when I finally

wrapped one raw and bloody hand around the guardrail cable. I partly climbed, partly fell over the top of the guardrail and stumbled to my knees in the road. My bike was a wreck. The front end was bent back against the downtubes and the handlebars were twisted into a rough wishbone. The front wheel was spoke-sprung and mangled, the brake line and clutch cable were broken, and the clutch pedal was sheared clean off.

There wasn't a vehicle in sight or any signs of life about. But my nose twitched. I smelled beer.

The primary chain, also broken, twisted under the back tire like a crippled snake. I pounded the road with my fists and groaned.

After a while I stopped sniveling and struggled to my feet, then I looked the road up and down. The only sign of civilization in either direction was the blacktop byway itself. There were 40 uninhabited miles of it back to the last town the way I came, with a sheriff back there who had already run me out of his bailiwick once. He couldn't prove I'd put a hickey on his daughter and she swore up and down it wasn't me who did it, but the fact that it was sucked in the shape of an eagle roused

his suspicions enough that he booted me out of his burg anyway, with a warning not to come back.

Knowing where I wasn't welcome made deciding which way to go a snap. Slinging my saddlebags over one shoulder and the broken chain across the other, I trudged off up the road, looking like something out of *Road Warrior*. An airplane flew across the horizon and I took heart in the knowledge that I wasn't alone in the world.

When I topped the next rise and saw the motel, I couldn't believe my eyes. At first I thought it was a mirage, but when I walked up in front of the place and it didn't disappear, I reckoned it was real. The faded sign at the side of the road read *Long Way Lodge*. A smaller *Vacancy* sign underneath it hung by one end on a creaking chain. A tumbleweed caromed between the signposts and blew away across the bare dirt. The motel was a windowless block building divided into eight numbered rooms, with an office at one end — and that was that. There wasn't a vehicle in sight or any signs of life about. But my nose twitched.

I smelled beer.

I pushed open the door and stepped inside the office. It was empty. The walls were covered with paint-by-number seascapes, fly-specked and faded. Two sprung cane chairs and a counter with an old cash register made up the office furnishings. Behind the counter there was a door, slightly ajar. I toed it open.

"Hello! Anybody here?" I called.

"Ward, what are you doing back so soon?" a voice called back, and a big-titted blonde appeared in the doorway. Her long, tawny hair was tied back with

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PAYBACK IN FULL

a ribbon. She was wearing a skimpy halter top and a pair of jeans so tight that the midseam running between her legs separated the lips of her cooze into twin bulges. She had big blue eyes, one of which was decorated with a fading shiner, and great long legs, hourglass hips, and a bottle of Bud in her hand. The bottle was so cold that droplets of icy moisture were dripping on the floor at her bare feet. She gave me the once-over, slow on the uptake, and ran her tongue across her bottom lip.

"Oh. You're not Ward," she said.

"That's right," I replied, "I'm not.

What's your name? And do you have another one of those?" I pointed at the beer she was holding.

"Sure." She smiled. "Here, you can have this one. It sure is a scorcher, isn't it? I've had two fans on all day and I'm still sweating!" She ran her thumbs under the front of her halter to unstick the material from her tits. "I guess that's why I didn't hear you pull in. The fans, I mean. They're so noisy. I'm Lil, by the way," she added over her shoulder as she stepped past me and bent behind the counter to get the guest register from a shelf underneath.

It was some sight. Her jeans were made of stretch denim, I figured. They hadda be, to take the strain she put on them. Straightening, she extended a ballpoint pen for me to sign the book. Then, noticing the condition of my hands, she dropped the pen with a sharp gasp.

"Oh! What happened to you?"



"Tell me truthfully, Walter, did you ever, even once, have embarrassingly erotic fantasies about me?"

"I had a wreck a ways back. I'll sign that later, okay? Right now I need a long soak in a bathtub and some band-aids and antiseptic if you've got 'em — and I could stand another beer."

"Yes, of course. Come with me," she said. "The units only have showers, but you can use the tub in here." She led the way into the manager's quarters, a two-room suite with a kitchenette. The front room held a couch, a pair of upholstered chairs, a big-screen television, and a gun cabinet filled with lethal ordnance. In the bedroom, I saw as I followed Lil's undulating hips through to the bath, was a waterbed, a pair of whirring floor fans, another television, and a table piled with boudoir paraphernalia and video equipment. All the comforts of home.

Lil bent over the bathtub to start the water running, giving me another look at her upturned butt in those tight-assed jeans. I reckoned they were some sort of miracle fabric. While the tub filled, she helped me off with my boots, then went to fetch me a fresh brew. I dropped my clothes where I stepped out of them and got into the tub, sinking down in the water with a luxuriant sigh. When Lil brought the beer, I took a long swig, leaned my head back on the edge of the tub, closed my eyes pleasurably, and fell asleep.

When I woke up, Lil was rubbing soothing cream on the cuts on my hands and wrapping them with gauze. When I got out of the tub she dried me, eyeing me in the process with frank appraisal. I sat on the toilet while she put clean socks on my feet. Then she looked my crank straight in the eye and murmured, "Hi there, Mister Big. I'll take care of you now."

Pulling the ribbon loose in her hair, she shook her head so it cascaded down long and thick as she bent to succor me. It was the most blissful blowjob I ever got in my life, and when it was over she left me alone to take a peaceful dump while she bustled about the kitchenette, fixing something to eat. I sat there sipping beer and wondering how much stranger things could get. When I noticed the spool was empty, I wondered where the toilet paper was. I wondered what that sheriff would have done if he'd known about the hickey his daughter gave me, and where she put it. I wondered where that damned oil slick came from. And I wondered what I was going to do now.

I used a sock out of the laundry hamper for asswipe, then pulled on my jeans and went outside to take a look around. Up the road was sagebrush, tumbleweeds, and long hills. Down the road, the same. Across the road was a dead tree with a bird's nest in it.

Easyriders

Gault

Behind the motel there was a tool shed, a jackrabbit skeleton, and more tumbleweeds.

"Don't you have a car or truck — any kind of transportation?" I asked Lil when I went back inside. She was standing at the counter, putting the finishing touches on a plate of thick meat and cheese sandwiches.

"My ol' man has a pickup. Ward. He'll taxi you to town tomorrow. Bloomburg or Hicksville, depending which way you're going. He's in Bloomburg now, getting drunk." She took a deep breath and continued without looking around. "When he comes home later on, he'll knock me around some. Don't try to do anything about it, please. Just stay in your room."

I shrugged agreement. It takes all kinds, and it wasn't my business. After I ate, I signed the check-in book with an illegible scrawl and carried my boots next door to room number one. Lil wanted to put me in number eight, down at the far end, but I vetoed walking that far.

"It's so you won't hear him knocking me around," she protested, following with my saddlebags. "I don't want you to be involved. Ward is awful mean. You don't know him."

"I won't listen. I'm not involved. What

I am, I'm pooped." I dropped my boots on the floor and plopped my ass on the bed. "I'm going to sleep now. Tell Ward to keep the noise down low enough not to wake me and I won't get involved. He doesn't know me either, and I'm no slouch on meanness myself under certain conditions." I shut my eyes.

Lil sat on the edge of the bed and

She shook her head, eyes glimmering with tears. "He'd find me. And he'd kill me," she said with certainty.

placed a hand on my chest. "You don't understand," she hissed, digging in with her nails, "and you've got to. Ward killed a fellow last fall who tried to stop him from beating me. Killed him and buried him back in the hills, and that fellow wasn't the first one. Promise you

won't come out of this room before morning, please! It'll be safe then. He'll knock me around and drink until he passes out tonight, and when he wakes up sober tomorrow he'll be too sick to be mean. Tell him you need a ride and show him some money, that's all he'll care about. Just stay in here tonight, no matter how much hitting and yelling you hear. Please, I'm begging you!"

I raised up on my elbows and looked closely at her. My earlier impression that she was a consenting punching bag in some sort of S&M relationship wasn't the way of it at all, I realized. "You're scared shitless of him, aren't you? Why do you stay here? Why don't you cut and run?"

She shook her head, eyes glimmering with tears. "He'd find me. And he'd kill me," she said with certainty.

At the sound of an approaching engine, Lil jumped to her feet. Her eyes looked like a spotlighted deer's, glazed wide and frightened. The motor roar peaked in volume as the vehicle, a high-revving truck, barreled past the motel without slowing.

"Whaddafuck!" I exclaimed, sitting straight up on the bed. I couldn't believe it. The only traffic all day and it was *through* traffic? I couldn't even thumb a ride.

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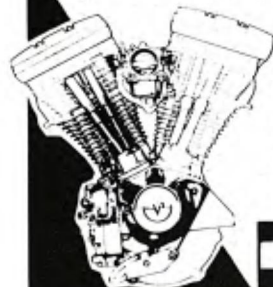
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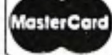
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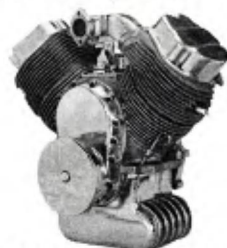
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PAYBACK IN FULL

"That was Ward. He'll be back in a few minutes," Lil said dully.

"Huh? Where's he going?"

"To check the oil slick. He'll be about 10 minutes, and then the shit will hit the fan."

"Maybe you don't know the half of it," I said slowly. "What's this about an oil slick?"

"Oh, that's Ward's way of checking traffic," Lil explained. "Whenever he leaves, he pours a line of oil across the road coming and going, at the end of the Hicksville curve and at the foot of the Bloomburg hill. Then when he comes back, he can tell by tire tracks if anyone came this way. If the oil has been driven over and nobody is here, he beats me for lying when I tell him no one stopped. If we've got a guest, he beats me for whoring behind his back — which I do every chance I get because I'm going to get knocked around for it anyway. And if nobody drove across the oil, he beats me because business is bad. Anyway you cut it, I get knocked around. But," she drew a deep, shuddering breath, "there are beatings and then there are *beatings*. I can't be in your room when he gets here." She fled.

I put on my boots and went after her. "Are you crazy?" She cried when I followed her into the office. "Get out of here! Ward will kill us both!"

"Not likely. Ward's shot his wad," I said. "That oil slick at the end of the curve is where I wrecked my motorcycle. Now get out of my way. I've got things to do."

"Oh, God!" Her hands flew to her mouth. She stumbled backward into the front room and huddled silently on the couch while I made a few simple

preparations for Ward's homecoming.

When the truck screeched to a halt outside, Lil ran into the bathroom, pulling the door shut a moment before the office door slammed open and Ward stomped in, yelling for her. He was a big son of a buck, thick-shouldered and ham-handed, but he had close-set eyes like a chicken thief and a beer gut that wobbled over his belt. If my hands had been in shape, I could've — and would've — pounded him to a bloody pulp by way of introducing myself. But as things were, I had to forego that pleasure.

"Lil! Where are you? You better answer me, bitch! What...?" Ward's jaw fell open and his eyes bugged out at the sight of me sitting in his easy chair, drinking his beer, pointing one of his pistols at him.

"I'm wearing your socks, too," I told him. "And your ol' lady gave me some head, but don't worry about kissing after me. The only thing you've got left to kiss is your ass good-bye." I pointed the pistol at the spot where his eyebrows met and cocked the hammer. He looked down the gun barrel and paled like a ghost. His chest deflated and sweat beaded his forehead. He took a step backward.

"D-Don't kill me!" he stuttered.

I smiled. You could call it a smile. I showed my teeth. Then I let the hammer down slowly. "I'm not going to kill you, asshole," I said. "I'm going to do to you what you did to me. Exactly."

Ward took another step back. "I don't know what you're talking about — I haven't done anything to you — I never saw you before," he whined. He backed up another step, then turned and lunged for the gun cabinet. Snatching a shotgun out of it, he spun around and pulled the trigger.

Click.

I chuckled at the expression on his face. Cursing, he pumped the slide and tried again before realizing the weapon was empty. He slung it away and grabbed a carbine. Like maybe I'd unloaded only some of the guns. Slow fellow, Ward. When he saw there was no clip in the carbine, he dropped it and bolted for the door. He was slow in more ways than one. I put a bullet in the wall six inches in front of his nose, and he came to an abrupt halt. Slow, but not plumb retarded.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot me!" he cried, throwing his hands up. I rose from the chair and he sank to his knees blubbering.

"Quit sniveling!" I whapped him upside the head with the gun barrel. "I'm not figuring to shoot you, not unless you try some more funny stuff. But if you do, I won't fire another warn-



"If you had a set of balls like that, you'd smile, too."

ing shot. Next time I'll blow your head off. You got that?" I whapped him again and the gunsight knocked a divot from his scalp.

"Yes, I've got it! No funny stuff! I won't! Wha-What do you want?" he whimpered. "I don't know why this is happening! I never did anything to you, mister!"

Whap. "Yes, you did!"

"I'm sorry!" he wailed.

"Sorry!" I bellowed. "You don't know the meaning of the word! But you will before I'm through with you, believe that!" Whap. Whap. "Did you see that

splattered on my boots and that was what she was concerned with.

"Don't bother. There'll be more," I told her.

"No, please! No more!" Ward wept.

"No more!" I roared. "Whaddaya mean no more? You almost killed me!"

Whap. "I went over a cliff!" Whap.

"Damn near. Look at my hands, for crissakes! I can't even beat you like you deserve, and that's your fault, too!" I whapped him once more and knocked him out.

When he came to it was night. He was hog-tied in the back of the truck,

loomed above him.

"You're not worth killing. We're going to get my bike now. You're going to load it on the truck. Lil got the block and tackle out of your tool shed. The block is down there by your feet. You've got the tackle around you. She tied you up. Pretty good job, huh? After my bike is loaded that'll be the end of it. I'll be through with you."

"You're going to kill me then, aren't you?" Ward sobbed.

"I should've let her gag you, like she wanted. No, I'm not killing you, you miserable turd. Not that I can think of a single good reason why not, but all I'm going to do is drive away and leave you. Just like your friggin' oil slick left me."

The motel door slammed as Lil came out with a Styrofoam cooler and a leather bag that held her personals. "I see he's still alive," she observed when she reached the truck.

"Oh, God! That means you are going to kill me sooner or later!" Ward wailed.

"You should have let me gag him," Lil said. She indicated the bag and cooler. "This is everything, including his other clean socks. Do you want me to drive?"

"No. You keep an eye on him so he doesn't try to roll out of the truck. He's so scared of getting killed that he might try to commit suicide," I said as I got in behind the steering wheel.

In the glare of the headlights my bike was a pitiful sight. It looked stark and cold and dead, lying busted at the side of the road. I pulled Ward out of the truck by his ankles and let him thump on the tarmac, then Lil uncocooned him and I booted his ass to work. He rigged the block and tackle on a tailgate post, and with Lil's help on the pulley, lifted my bike into the truck and tied it down for a secure ride. When the job was done to my satisfaction, I jerked Ward down from the truck. Lil gave him a final dark look and got into the cab.

"Are you going to kill me now? Don't kill me!" he bleated.

I pulled the broken bike chain from over my shoulder where I was carrying it and wrapped two turns of steel links around my fist.

"I'm a man of my word," I said flatly. "I told you I was leaving you here like I was left, and that's what I'm doing."

I punched him with my chain mailed fist and knocked him over the guardrail. He hit the ground like a bigass bird and bounced out of sight down the steep, dark slope. I could hear him sliding for a long time, a long way down. Then I got back in the truck and we drove away.

"Sorry!" I bellowed. "You don't know the meaning of the word! But you will before I'm through with you, believe that!"

wrecked bike out there on the road?"

Whap. "Did you? Guess whose bike that is!" Whap. "You're responsible for that, asshole! Your damned oil slick caused the wreck! You nearly killed me!"

Whappadywhap. "And you took my life as surely as if I had died! My bike was my freedom — Whap — my mobility — Whap — my life! It was everything I had, and you took it from me!"

I whapped him again, noticed that his orbs were swiveling independently of each other, and rapped him judiciously over top of the head to adjust his focus.

"Now it's payback time," I went on. "I'm taking everything you've got away from you. I'm going to leave you in the same fix your oil slick left me in, with nothing but your life to your name."

"You-You mean you're really not going to kill me?" Ward blubbered.

"Not unless you piss me off. Now shut up before you do. Lil, come out here!" I called. The bathroom door opened and Lil stuck her head out. She looked at Ward, then at me. Then she looked like she'd died and gone to heaven.

"Lil . . ." Ward sniveled, and I whapped his bridgework loose for talking out of turn. Lil looked directly at him once more, as though memorizing him, then she didn't glance his way again. I didn't blame her. He was a bloody mess.

"Bring me a beer," I directed. Pistol-whipping was thirsty work.

"Do you want me to get a sponge and clean up that blood?" she asked. Ward's head was hanging and he was dripping gore on the floor. Some had

rope-wrapped from ankles to Adam's apple and tucked in amongst a blanket-padded cargo of TVs, appliances, power tools, weaponry, and anything else he had that I either wanted or reckoned I could sell for a new wheel and front end.

I even told Lil to lug that old cash register out and add it to the load. It looked like it had been around long enough to have some value as an antique at one of those fancy *junque* shoppes, and it was heavy enough to unload for scrap if I couldn't peddle it to the swells. Lil huffed the cash register over the tailgate and had gone back inside for the rest of the beer when I noticed that Ward's eyes were open. I leaned over the side of the truck and looked to make sure they were tracking in sync before bringing him up to date on his fate.

"Don't kill me!" he begged as I



"I've got bad news — even '60 Minutes thinks you're guilty!"



Easyriders FOX HUNT

**Win and make \$500 by modeling for an *Easyriders* feature!
New winner every month!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Readers, exercise your God-given right as a biker and a reader of this rag — vote *now*.

The deadline for this month's issue is September 30, 1988. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #184 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Here she is, bros, the sixth monthly winner in our Tenth Annual Fox Hunt — Vicki, from Phoenix, Arizona. See more of her next issue.



FOX HUNT
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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.

184

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

Photographer's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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Photographer's Signature _____
Notary Seal _____

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

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



All of my Harley buddies would sure like this one, and so would I. It would be a dream come true.

Deborah, Indiana



My dream has always been riding on hot iron, and when I get to sit on one, it really gets me going.

Manuela, Austria



It's a chance to reach people I might otherwise never have the opportunity to know.

Doreen, California



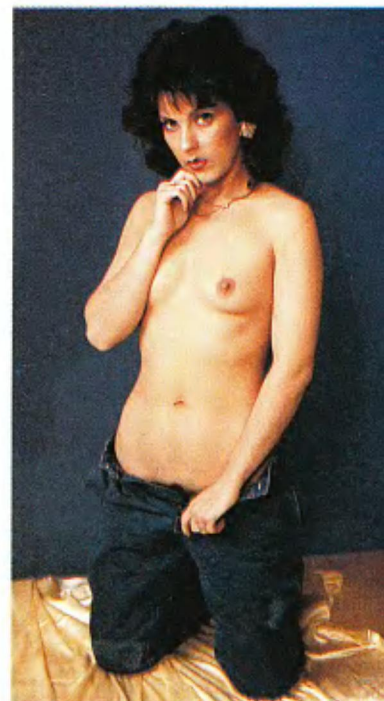
Anybody wanna ride? My picture speaks for itself. Keep the tac-n-black and remember me.

Jamie, Nevada



Biker men have given me the freedom to do what I want and be what I want. Pleasing a free-spirited man is it.

Patricia, California



I want everyone to see what a lot of men have already seen.

Hammer, Arkansas

MAY FOX HUNT WINNER

Cheri, a biker lady through and through who's devoted to supporting her ol' man in a way that many men only dream of, is our May Fox Hunt winner.

Her ol' man, B.J., is rightfully proud of his longtime, righteous ridin' partner.

Cheri recently sold her own Softail, the one she posed with in her contest entry photo, to get B.J.'s mobile bike shop business off the ground, and she plans to use her winnings to further help the cause on the homefront.

—Loudmouth

Photos by Kim Peterson



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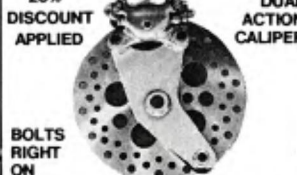


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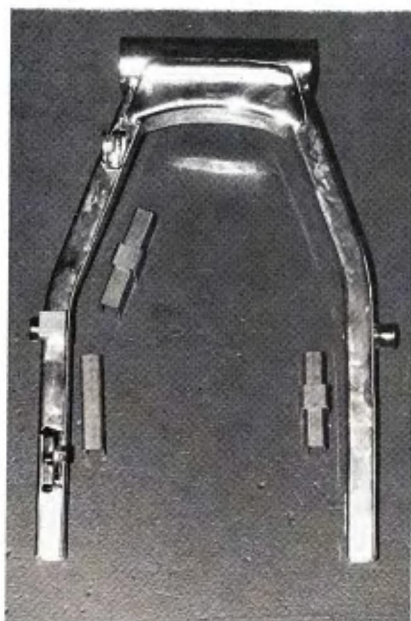
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Parole Your H-D from the Chain Gang



Phil Ross is a pioneer of belt-drive technology on Harleys. Here he demonstrates an easy way to turn down a tranny bearing boss without disassembling the transmission.

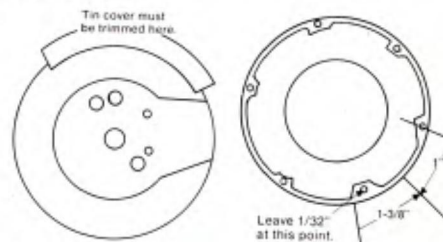


Your present swingarm can be modified with a kit, or you can obtain a chromed or unchromed replacement.

Photos by Ted Knuth



Inner primary must be opened up to clear rear belt and tranny pulley. Bearing support comes in "shorthorn" style, or "longhorn" for open primaries.



Ratchet drum modifications are minor, but necessary to clear the belt.

Upgrading your bike's rear chain to a belt drive may be easier than you think. It can be accomplished without a total teardown, and you don't need to be an ace Harley wrench to complete the task. It's a little more complicated than just swapping a few parts, however. If you lack the skills, tools, or willingness to tackle the changes yourself, you can send your parts to Super Max* or take them to a local machine shop for modifications.

This segment covers the required modifications to the inner primary, swingarm, and gearbox. Next time we'll cover the adjustment, break-in, and troubleshooting of a rear belt drive, which may be different from what you're used to, but you'll find that Super Max's straightforward installation and alignment procedures can also be used to align a chain drive properly.

Tranny Modifications

Super Max's countershaft pulley requires only .010-inch clearance from the case, so no modifications or shaft changes are required on pre-1965 transmissions if you use a 1 1/4-inch final drive. All '65-'79 transmissions require disassembly, because the support arms for the inner primary interfere with the pulley, and the arms must be ground. Late '79-and-up 4-speed cases can have the bearing boss turned down to 2.900-inch OD while still assembled. A bit of additional grinding is

required on the case and bearing support web for the OD of the pulley, and the ratchet shifter drum will also have to be trimmed or ground slightly.

Swingarm Modifications

Now's the time to lower your shock mounts if you have ever considered it. Belts on tranny-to-rear-wheel ratios of 33/68 or 33/70 will usually hit the starter shaft, so you need to check the belt-to-shaft clearance if your bike is lower than stock. Super Max's 32/66 ratio "lowers" the belt with a near-stock final drive ratio of 2.06/1; their 32/68 combination gives you an H-D Sturgis 2.12/1 ratio.

Square swingarms for chain-drive, 4-speed H-Ds will not clear any final belt drives now manufactured, but there are several ways to accomplish the necessary changes. You can either modify your present swingarm, using a kit from Super Max, or avoid the hassle by purchasing a new chromed or unchromed swingarm. Super Max swingarms are built wider and 1 1/2 inch longer than stock and allow you to choose from six final drive ratios, using either H-D's stock 70-tooth or Super Max's 66- or 68-tooth wheel pulleys matched with their 32- or 33-tooth tranny pulley. Early round H-D swingarms can also be used for final belt-drive setups, but remember you must also convert to a disc rear brake. A qualified frame fabricator

can widen the swingarm and mount the disc brake anchor without too much trouble.

Inner Primary Modifications

Inner primaries on '65 to '84 H-D chain-driven Big Twins must be modified with a 6 1/2-inch circular opening and the removal of two areas on either side of the rear bearing support to clear the tranny pulley and rear belt. These modifications may discourage a few, but they can be performed by hand. A modified starter collar moves the starter Bendix fingers outboard enough to clear the belt, and a "shorthorn" output shaft bearing support is available to fit inside the modified inner primary housing. (A "longhorn" version is also available for open-drive setups). Super Max offers a complete bolt-on modification service for the inner primary, which features a third mounting boss and bolt to give the starter housing additional support.

Frame Modifications

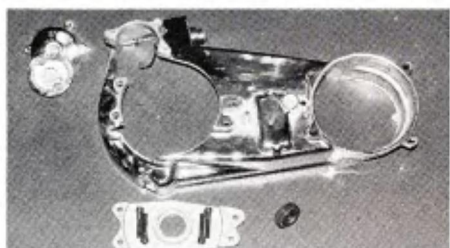
You must grind or file the drive-side swingarm mounting ear along the forward inboard corner to allow the rear belt to slip between the ear and transmission support during any future belt removal.

Oil Line Modifications

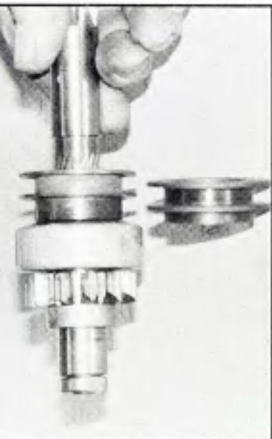
Oil line routing to '65 to '84 dry-clutch primaries must be modified, since the



Grinding away a bit of swingarm mounting ear will allow for later belt removal without having to move the transmission.



Super Max's modification service makes all the necessary changes, or you can go to your local machinist. Note that Super Max adds a third boss to the starter for more strength.



A modified starter Bendix keeps activating fingers clear of the drive belt.

inner primary will no longer be airtight. Later wet-diaphragm clutch models can be converted to the earlier dry-clutch style. Chain oil feed at the oil pump is shut down and the line is removed. The sucker line is removed from the primary and the opening is plugged, then the in-line T is replaced with a straight connector. The lower end breather line from the engine case (just inboard of the oil pump) is vented to the outer atmosphere via a case breather filter (a K&N #62-1000 vent filter is a good choice).

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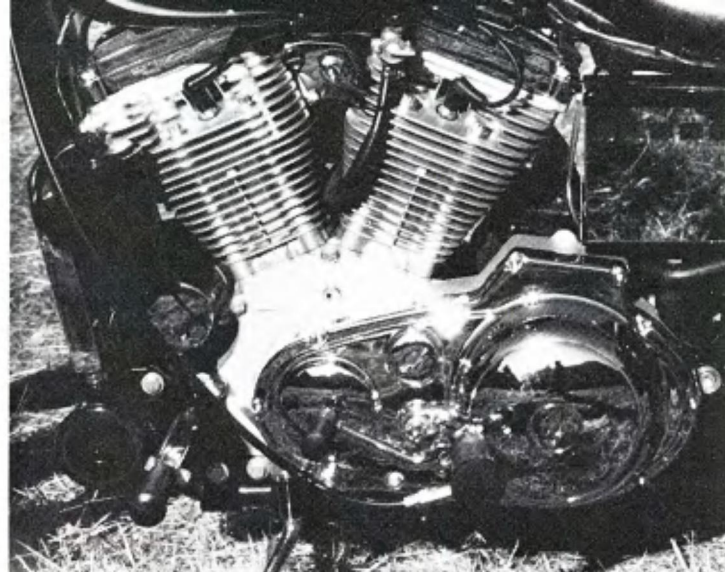
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FOXY RIDER



Marni Tucker, Newport Beach, California
1987 Harley-Davidson 883 Sportster

Marni's been riding for 15 years, since age 11, when she had to sneak off on her neighbor's minibike because her lawyer father wouldn't allow her to ride, since it was illegal anywhere but on private property, and there wasn't any of that around.

She graduated up in ccs over the years, at one point trading a trashed '61 Ford van for a Honda 750, and later acquiring a husband and a Low Rider at the same time. Her life became a constant party, and she wasn't able to shut it down. Good friends and a love of animals pulled her through.

For 18 years, Marni has been working with animals and has always had a dog riding with her. "What could be better than being on a bike with the dogs?" she asks. She plans a cross-country ride someday on a big V-twin with a sidecar, dogs everywhere, pullin' a trailer of Milk Bones. Her current puttin' pooch is S.O., as in Esso, the gas with the tiger in the tank. S.O. is short for Soberino Bozetta Chunkita Colada. Her last dog was named Chiva, so you can see where she's comin' from.

—Sport

Year: 1987

Engine: untouched stock 883

Transmission: no modifications to original

Chassis: altered to fit fuel tank

Model: Sportster

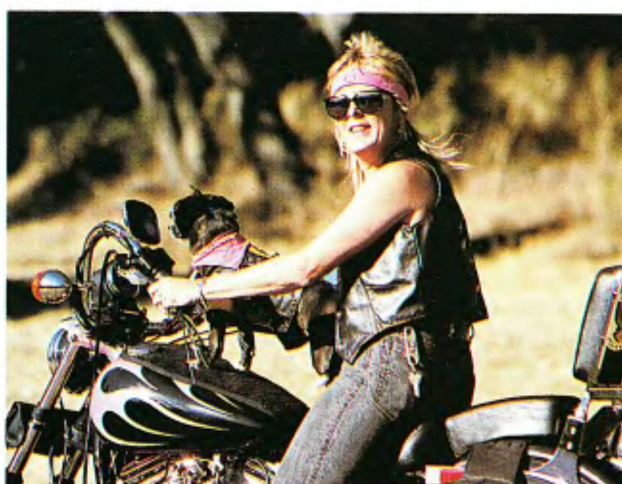
Forks: polished and chromed stock H-D

Wheels: front: 19-inch with Dunlop K-181 tire; rear: 16-inch with Dunlop K-181 tire

Finish: final paint by H-D of Westminster, pink and blue on black with pink lacquer flames

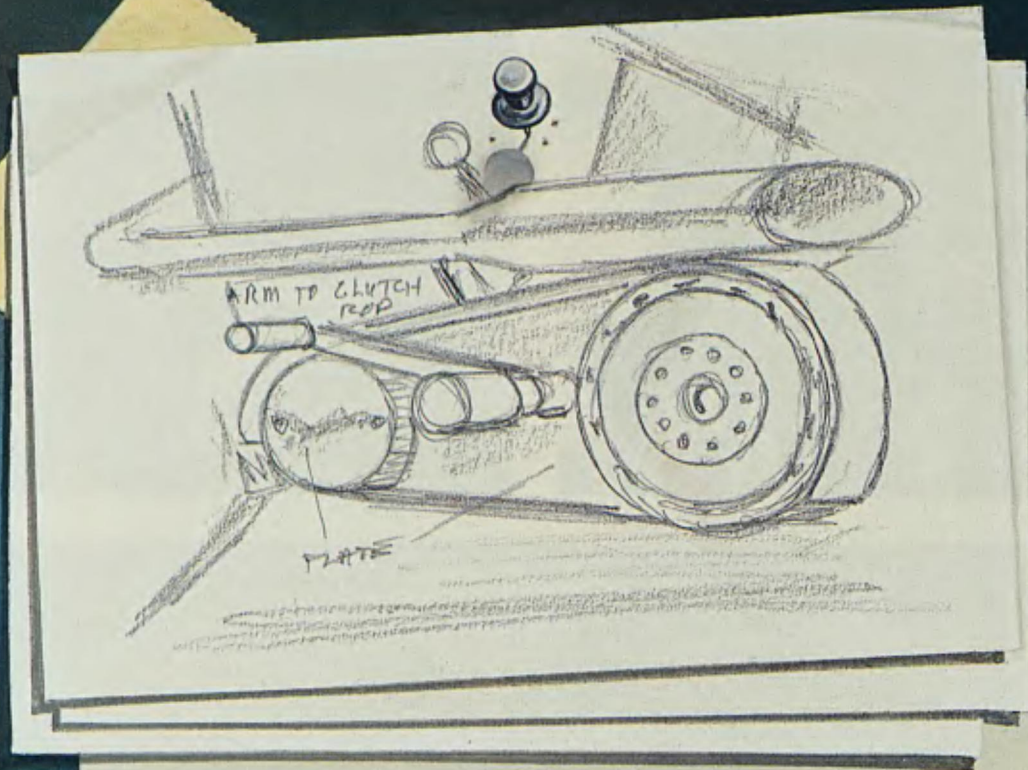
Credits: assembled by R. Deshazo in 60 days, chroming by Best, detailed by Sgt. Keith Landis, USMC, aka Sgt. Arms. S.O. is a Jack Russell Terrier/Harley-Davidson mix.

Special features: custom doggie tank pad by Dale's Shoe Repair, Westminster, California; doggie goggles by SPEEDO.

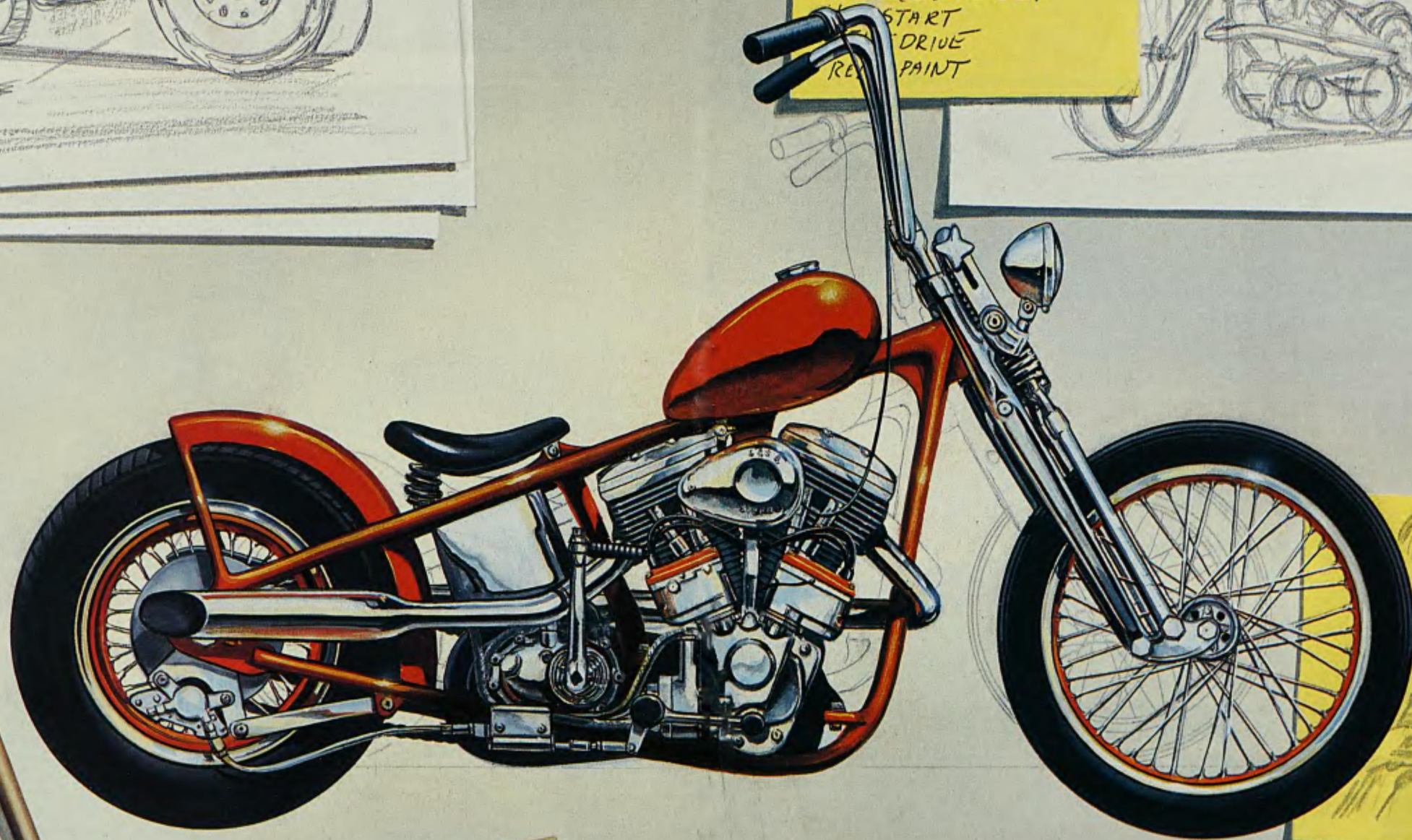
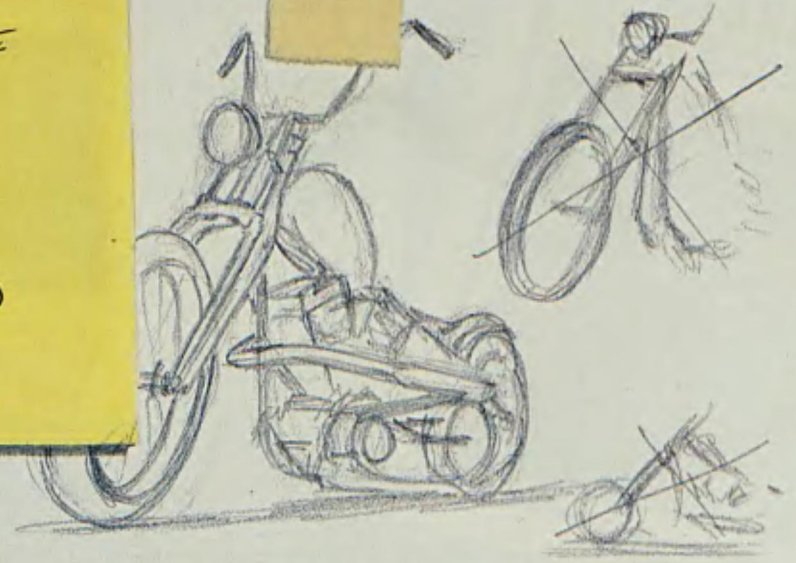


Photos by Kim Peterson

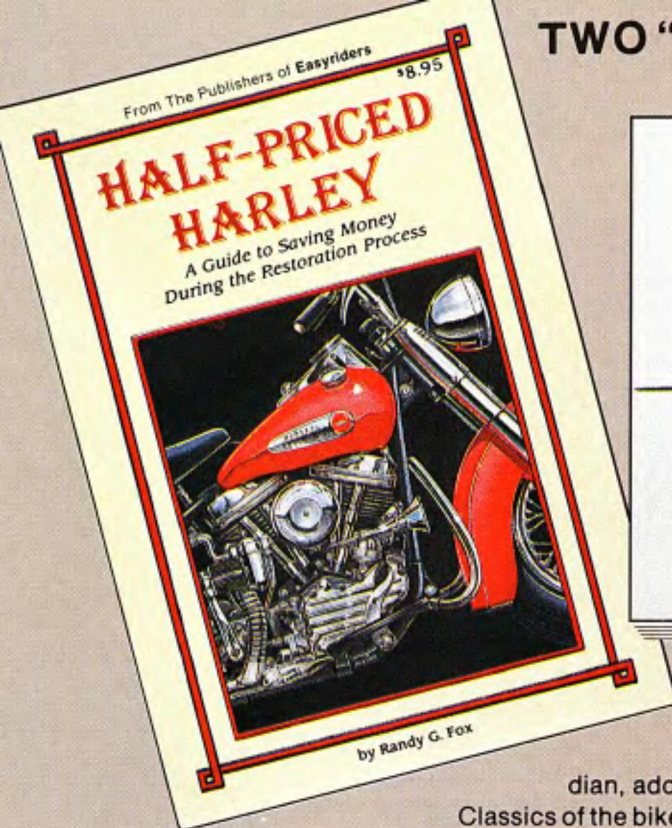




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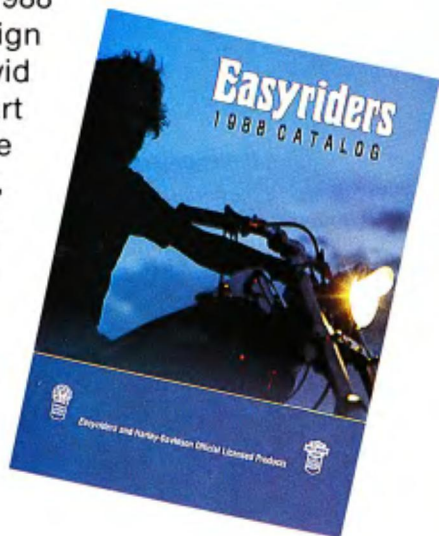
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Photo courtesy of Harold Entrop

Good-bye, Old Friend

by Harold Entrop

Today I finally traded in my old shovelhead for a new blockhead. Got a good trade, too, even with nothing much left of the old shovel.

Well, nothing much but memories—memories that pass me in the wind as I head down new roads, on a new bike, following both old and new dreams with the same (and just as lovely) lady.

That old shovel brought the lady and the last rugrat home from the hospital, just like the panhead before it had brought the previous three home.

Memories pass... like the summer in Pennsylvania and Niagara Falls... limping back from Colorado with a bent pushrod, suffering through 110 Texas degrees in Amarillo before finally making it to Wichita Falls. Did a top end at my cousin's place, drank a lot of beer and sweated bullets, but she fired right up!

The feel of the wind in my face won't let me forget riding all night to get to Waco, Texas, when Dad had a heart attack... then back again when the doctor told Mom she had cancer... and later to San Antonio when Sis had open-heart surgery... that old bike got washed with tears as the long, lonely miles brought me to the realization that my props were being pulled and I was on my own.

... The flat tire in Kansas, and the brother and sister who helped us get in the wind again... the transmission that went sour in West Virginia, and the Harley wrench who gave us an assist on his day off... It's memories like these that have built my faith in my fellow man.

... Shivering, with jackets freezing till they made a crackling sound in the morning stillness when we rose very

early from our tent to see the sun rise over the horizon of a beautiful, mist-covered lake... how good the coffee tasted, laced with a little Jack.

The good times, the hard times, the runs that never seemed to end and the ones that were over much too soon... the countryside, the night-blackened roads, the campfires... and most of all, the brotherhood that survives on its own strength—not studied friendships contrived to lead to profit or advancement, but just brothers and sisters meeting on the road anytime, anywhere, sharing beer and food, oil and tools, stories and songs and memories.

Well, the kids are grown now; the shovel is gone. And the lady and I are aiming to make some new memories—and I sure hope that, 20 years from now, these beautiful blockhead miles will pass us in the wind. ■



Illustration by George Delucchi

ONE IN A BILLION

by M. Chakoian

Today the chick who works in the office—I think her name is like Leslie or Lorelei or Simone—she's wearing these black stretch pants and spike-heeled shoes, and she asks me if I want to "do lunch." I answer her that if she feels like puttin' down to Filthy Merle's with me, I guess that's okay. "Filthy Merle's," she repeats. "It sounds so original. I bet it has lots of color."

"Yeah," I tell her, "especially when the meat starts to turn." The chick knocks me out.

Lunch ain't lunch unless it's a hamburger. Not just any hamburger, but Filthy Merle's Choker, a pound of ground in a big round mound, side of spuds and

a gallon of suds. You know. Lunch. The very same lunch I eat every day, cooked the very same way by the very same guy at the very same place. The one thing in the world you can depend on and never, ever be disappointed.

But God has been waiting to get even with me for that time in the basement of the church. So when me and Lilly or Lenora or Suzanne pull up in front of Filthy Merle's, the first problem we have is we can't find a good place to park, on account of the fire trucks blocking that side of the street.

Second problem we have is that Filthy Merle himself is out there running back and forth between fire trucks like a

cockroach on a hot grill, tugging at his stringy black hair and waving his spatula at the smoke that's gushing through the broken window like dirty oil through a blown gasket. Which means he ain't inside cooking.

"Hey, Filthy Merle."

"Hey, Shooter, roll the bike over here to the side—these firemen might finish their lunch hour one of these days and I wouldn't want it to be too tough for them to find the fire."

"So what's comin' down?"

"Looks like the roof to me, but what do I know, I'm just a fuckin' meatslinger—ask the professionals here. No, you better not, you might wake 'em from their naps."

"So what time you expect to be opening up today?"

"Opening up? I'm gonna open up a vein, is all I'm gonna open up today. That chick paint her skin black, or is she wearin' pants?"

As we're chugging back along the boulevard, Louise or Laramie or Cheyenne asks, "How about that place?" What she's pointing to with the hand that isn't wrapped around my empty, growling belly is a Green Weenie, one of those franchise gourmet hot-dog-and-seaweed fast-health-food places. "I've heard they make a really original ginger broccoli shake."

"Anything's drinkable with enough bourbon in it," I assure her. I scan the coming road and see nothing but Texaco stations. If we're going to get back to the warehouse before punch-out time, we've got to take some risks. I swing a left, across the grill of the last fire engine in the county on its way to the party at Filthy Merle's, and drop anchor in the lot of the Green Weenie.

I'm naturally a little reluctant to eat in a place that looks like the Taj Mahal redesigned by Oscar Mayer, and Lottie or Loretta or Celine must sense my discomfort, because she takes my hand and softly guides me toward the entrance. "What's the matter, haven't you ever had New Age food before?" she asks me.

"Not in this life," I answer.

"Well, you're in for an original experience," she promises. Whatever she's been eating for the past 18 years has made her healthy in some very exciting places, so I agree to give it an honest, open-minded try.

I know I'm going to hate the fucking place as soon as we step inside. First, it's packed full of people wearing pale clothes, like in them black-and-white movies that have been colorized. Second, the stereo system is screwed. Somebody trying to sound like Eric Clapton on downers is playing the world's slowest riff, skipping after two-

and-a-half bars so that the same random notes wander in, over and over and over again, like something the North Koreans might have used in spite of the Geneva Accord. And who can eat in a place that smells like the produce section of a Safeway? Where's that deep, gut-grabbing aroma of decaying animal flesh sizzling and crisping into little blackened cancer pills? Where's that asshole Filthy Merle when you really need him?

We wait in line behind a pack of the walking dead who have a helluva time deciding which vegetable topping to order on their soft imitation-tofu sundaes. Finally we squeeze up to the

"Oh," says the girl, writing it down. "Do you want that on a whole wheat, natural-yeast French roll?"

"Hot dog bun. White. Lots of preservatives. Maybe with some chili. You got chili?"

"No, no chili. How about lentil beans in a hot curry sauce?"

"Keep the beans. Just make it regular." "Regular?"

"You know. Mustard. Chopped onion. Dill pickle." I can't help it—I glance at the girl's nose. "Tomato. Horseradish. Ketchup. Sardines. Regular."

"The only thing we have of those is tomato," the girl says. "Sun-dried, of course." She snaps that gum as if to add:

"Coke? Pepsi? R-C? Nehi?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Okay, then, just make it a double bourbon."

"We have sparkling water," the girl recites, "roughage phosphates, and a special today on our mushroom shake." "Just the hot dog."

"Would you like a side order of pan-fried rice noodles with that?"

All else having failed, I try reasoning with her. "Just give me the fucking hot dog before I jam my fingers into your eyeballs and mouth, yank your head off, and enter it in the World's Ugliest Bowling Ball Contest. Are we communicating?"

"What else do you have I can slap on the hot dog?" I ask the girl with the dill pickle nose.

"You mean, like condiments?"

"No, honey, I ain't interested in safe sex, I just want a hot dog."

counter and a girl with 17 earrings and a nose like a dill pickle rolls her eyes, snaps her gum, and kind of drools into the side of her hand. Instinctively I understand that this is the secret ritual of the fast food restaurant and it means, "May I take your order, please?"

But before I can answer, she actually opens her mouth and says, "Oh, wow, I don't believe this. Do you know that you're like our one-billionth customer?"

"No," I reply. "The line didn't seem that long. What'll you have, babe?"

Linda or Lulu or Mary Anne says she'll have the Green Weenie Special, which comes with extra seaweed, sprouts, apple chutney, and hazelnut butter. She also orders one of the "original" ginger broccoli shakes to wash it down with.

The girl with the dill pickle nose is writing this down on a pad of recycled paper like it's a fucking message from heaven. When she's got it all, she looks up at me and pops her gum an extra time, which I know is the universal code for, "What will you have, sir?"

"Just gimme a hot dog."

The girl again mutters, "I don't believe this. Like number one billion. Isn't that cosmic? What did you say you wanted?"

"A hot dog. You know. A round tube of greasy pink meat about this long. What's the matter, you a virgin?"

The girl looks stupid, lost, and confused, which is to say there's no change at all in her expression.

"The Big Weenie," my companion explains.

"Please hold my pimply face down in the vat of warm lemon-and-herb salad dressing until the air from my tubercular lungs stops bubbling to the surface to atone for the inadequacy of our menu."

But as tempted as I am by her unspoken offer, I ask, "What else do you have I can slap on?"

"You mean, like, condiments?"

"No, honey, I ain't interested in safe sex, I just want a fucking hot dog. What else do you have to put on it?"

She looks down at her notepad. "Well, we have dried seaweed, capers, pine nuts, mint leaves, goat cheese, a yummy pesto sauce, and our famous homemade mayonnaise."

"Mayonnaise? Mayonnaise on a hot dog? Does the Health Department know about this? Does the Drug Enforcement Agency know? Does your parole officer know?" I start to get that feeling I get, like I'm a bottle of beer in the saddlebag on a rough road in July. "Does the House Committee on Un-American Activities know what you're promoting here?"

"Easy," says Luella or Lucinda or Saran. She begins to massage the back of my neck. "Just order it plain."

"Yeah. I can always take it outside and dribble some hot 50-weight on it or something."

"Anything to drink?" asks the girl behind the counter.

"You serve beer?"

"No."

"Wine?"

"No."

The girl smiles sweetly and punches the electronic register. "Order number one billion coming right up."

Soon as she enters the order, lights start flashing, sirens blare, fireworks explode, and a mariachi band comes firing out of the back room, playing "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" on trumpets and guitars. You would have thought it was a combination of the Fourth of July, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Indianapolis Colts winning the Super Bowl all on the same day.

We try to escape, but the second billion customers jam the doors. From a room labeled "Manager," a guy who looks like a very poorly embalmed Bert Parks floats toward us, twitching in time to the mariachis. Balloons drift down from the ceiling, some of them exploding as they land on the little potted cactuses that decorate the tables. Nobody looks up from their food, and the people in line behind us nudge us gently with their shoulders to hurry up and get the hell out of the way so they can order their steamed kelp and kippers.

"What the hell is it?" I ask, and Laguna or Lola or Shalom says, "It's all so original! I think something just like this happened to me once before, about 600 years ago, somewhere in the Andes," and I start to get that feeling again, you know the one, like when you're halfway between Salt Lake City and Hell and you notice that your oil has left a little snakeskin trail all along the road for about the last 782 miles, and now there

ONE IN A BILLION

ain't no more leaking out. That feeling.

"Congratulations," croons the Bert Parks zombie—or rather, the words come oozing out between his teeth like grease out of a bad fitting, and I'm starting to wonder what kind of mushrooms they use in these shakes. "Well, well, well, our one-billionth customer," he says. "That certainly makes you one in a billion."

"Oh, yeah? Well, what does that make you?" What an asshole!

"You probably can't control your excitement, can you?"

"I ain't been this jazzed since I was elected defensive captain of my high school 8-ball team."

"Well, then, let's talk about the very special prizes we have just for you!"

Prizes? Suddenly I'm thinking this guy ain't so bad, for a talking corpse, and sweet little Lubella or Lolita or Sarah is bouncing up and down like a coin on a belly dancer's tit and grabbing my arm so tight that my fingers are swelling into huge purple sausages. "What's the matter?" I ask her. "You got to go potty?"

"I can't believe it!" she says. "We're celebrities. We stop by for lunch and our whole lives are changed!"

"Yeah, kind of like going to the doctor for a shot of penicillin and finding out you got cancer of the—"

"What do you need penicillin for?" she interrupts.

"Nothin'. It's pretty much cured. Hey, amigos, could you turn down the trumpets a little? I want to hear about the prizes."

The mariachis are marching around us, stepping on the balloons and conking each other in the head with castanets. Somebody has let the parrots out of their cages for the celebration, and they're perching on the shoulders of the unresponsive diners, demanding bites of sushi and scattering brightly colored feathers among the greens and reds and purples of the neon salad bar.

"But first, let's find out more about our Green Weenie Winner," announces our decaying host, leaning forward and smelling slightly of formaldehyde. "Are you a regular here?"

"A regular what?"

"How many times a day do you come here to eat?"

"Um, let's see, counting today, this is my first, last, and if God has forgiven me for the church basement incident, only time ever. Listen, about those prizes. If it's all the same to you, I could sure use

a new couple of tires. I got places where the rubber's so thin you can see the color of the air inside."

"And what is your favorite dish here at the Green Weenie?"

"Tequila."

"I don't recall that being on the menu. You must be thinking of the cold avocado and sea cucumber soup. I know what you mean. It's my favorite, too."

"I could also use a couple of cases of beer and like maybe a refrigerator to put them in, and a kitchen, you know, someplace for the refrigerator to sit. Like in a house. Nothin' fancy, just a couple of

bring the entire family. It's on us."

"I'm an orphan. My family was eaten by Dobermans when I was five."

"Please save your thanks until the end, or this will take all day. Next we have this exclusive gold-colored pin, identifying you as a Green Weenie special customer. This entitles you to use the restroom even if you don't buy anything."

"You touch me with that pin, I'll tear your fucking hand off."

"We know you're excited, sir, but there's still more to come. Try this on for size. It's a round-trip bus ticket to

"Congratulations," croons the Bert Parks zombie — or rather, the words come oozing out between his teeth like grease out of a bad fitting, and I'm starting to wonder what kind of mushrooms they use in these shakes.

bedrooms—one for me, one for my scooter, maybe a game room, wet bar, sauna, indoor pool, 90-inch color TV, thousand-watt stereo system, something I could hear even when I'm in the basement or in the bathroom or in Detroit."

"So you're from Michigan. And you've come all the way to the Pacific Northwest just to enjoy the delicious, healthful cuisine found exclusively coast to coast at your nearest Green Weenie."

"Well, I sure as hell didn't come here to eat."

"You and one billion others! And now you're probably curious about your valuable and exciting prizes."

"You read my mind."

"Wanda, bring out the list of the valuable and exciting prizes."

A herd of what I at first think are goats but might in fact be Shetland ponies comes prancing out of the kitchen, trampling a few of the mariachis and snapping at the parrots and busting more of the balloons and helping themselves to the shit on people's plates. On one of the goats or ponies or whatever sits Wanda, who is either the ugliest little girl in the history of fast food or a naked dwarf, and as she comes galloping by while her pony or goat chases a parrot, she holds out an envelope to the zombie that he snags and rips open.

"Thanks, Wanda. First of all, we have for you this certificate good for a Green Weenie Special and drink of your choice at any Green Weenie outlet, and you can

Lincoln, Nebraska, birthplace of the Green Weenie chain of coast-to-coast dining establishments. It's good any Tuesday or Thursday through March."

"Where's Nebraska?"

"You'll meet a lot of interesting people on the bus, no doubt, and you'll have a lot to talk about because when you get to Lincoln, your entire visit will be recorded on videotape. You will become the star of our nationwide television ad campaign featuring you as the Green Weenie Customer of the Ages. Your face will appear on posters, napkins, Styrofoam cups, and waxed bags from Maine to California. Of course, we may ask you to chop back a few of those whiskers so we can actually see your face before we photograph it."

"Would you like to know what you can do with your Styrofoam cups?"

"I know it's hard to believe, sir, but it's all true. And, last and best, while you're in Lincoln, you will have exclusive use of a new, weenie green, 125-cc Macaroni scooter with butterfly windshield, foam dash, airbags, and cellular phone. Here is the loan agreement, liability waiver, and a gift certificate for free riding lessons from the Lincoln 4-H chapter of the Macaroni Girls Riders Club." He shoves some papers at me with his gray, scaly hand and I jump about three feet back, accidentally stepping on a pony or goat or parrot or something.

"Hold it," says the chick with the dull pickle nose. "Don't give him nothin' till he pays for his lunch."

I reach for my wallet and it isn't there.

Then I remember. It's back in the warehouse on the third shelf of aisle 46, between the boxes of half-inch brass grommets and the cases of freeze-dried cream cheese. I was showing Cyclops the picture of my sister and the snake, and I set it down when the shipment of surgical masks came in.

I turn to my date. "I don't suppose you could spring for this?"

"No problem," answers Lucile or Lisa or Sharon, fishing bills out of her simulated-eelskin purse like she has an open account with the petty-cash box. Which, considering she works in the office, she probably does. She hands the dough to the cashier, who gives her gum an extra-loud snap of appreciation.

"Wait a minute!" says the zombie. "Stop the celebration." The mariachis stop screeching, the parrots land on shoulders, the balloons freeze in mid-pop, the ponies or goats or whatever they are fall sound asleep on their little feet, and the naked dwarf covers herself with a couple of paper plates. Our friendly cadaver drapes an arm around Lucky or Lefty or Cherine. "If you're paying for this, then you're our one-billionth customer. What's your name, dear?"

"Barbara," she says.

"Barbara?" I ask.

"I can't believe this is happening. It's like a totally out-of-body experience."

"That's right, Barbara," says the talking corpse, "because today you're one in a billion!"

And this time the mariachis, birds, animals, and the dwarf start following her around. "Listen, I gotta run," I tell her. "Have a great time in Nebraska, and let me know when you're up for an in-body experience."

Waving her sandwich over the sombreroed musicians that surround and serenade her, she calls out to me. "Sounds original!"

And come to think of it, for her it just might be. ■



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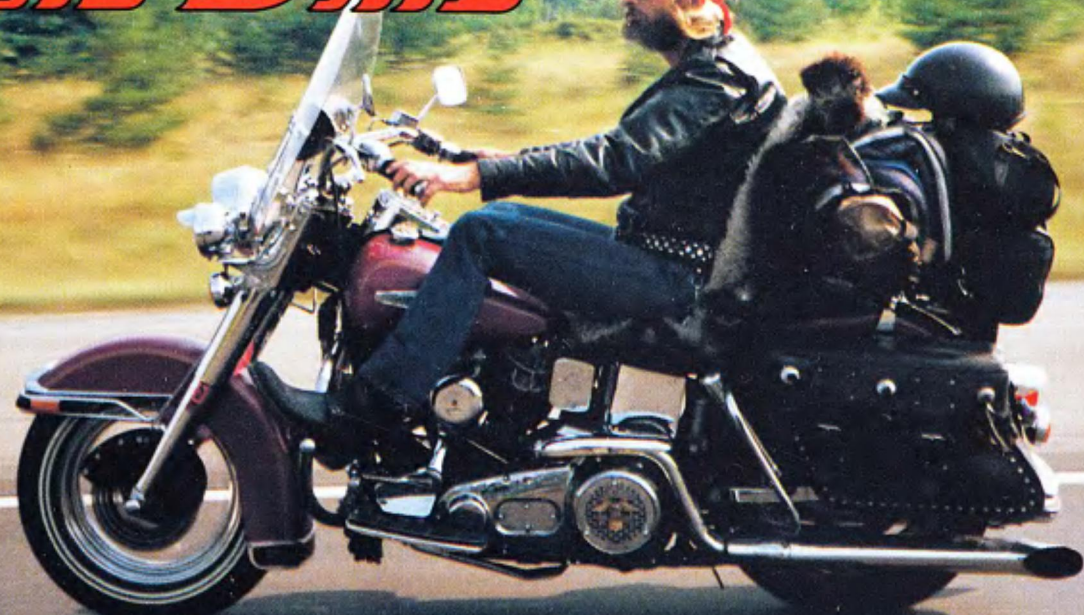
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IN THE WIND



—Dave Hornicsar, Port Vue, Pa.

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.

—Robert Fuller, Auburn, Mass.

—Les Holt, LaPorte, Tex.





—Richard Lechner, New York City



—Curt, Oxnard, Calif.



—Jeff J., Wis.

—Rick Bitner, Stevensville, Mich.





—Big Jeano, Lincoln, Neb.



—Ralph Curl, Carson City, Nev.



—Bill Costello, Russellville, Ark.



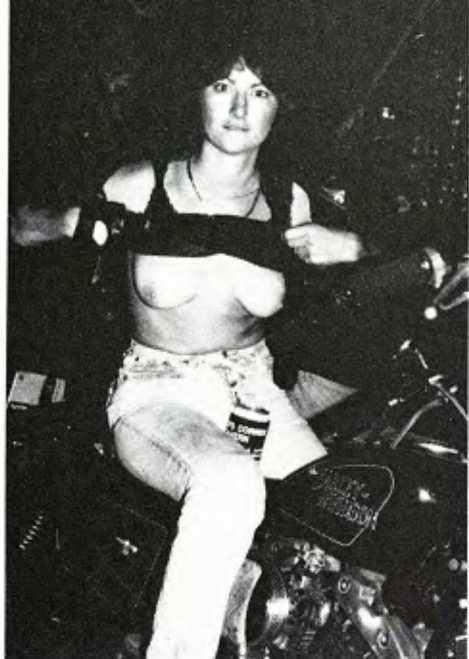
—Kathy Jordan, Memphis, Tenn.



—Dirk Strybis, Den Helder, Holland



—Darryl Hayslett, Athens, Ala.



—Brad Hurl, Carmi, Ill.

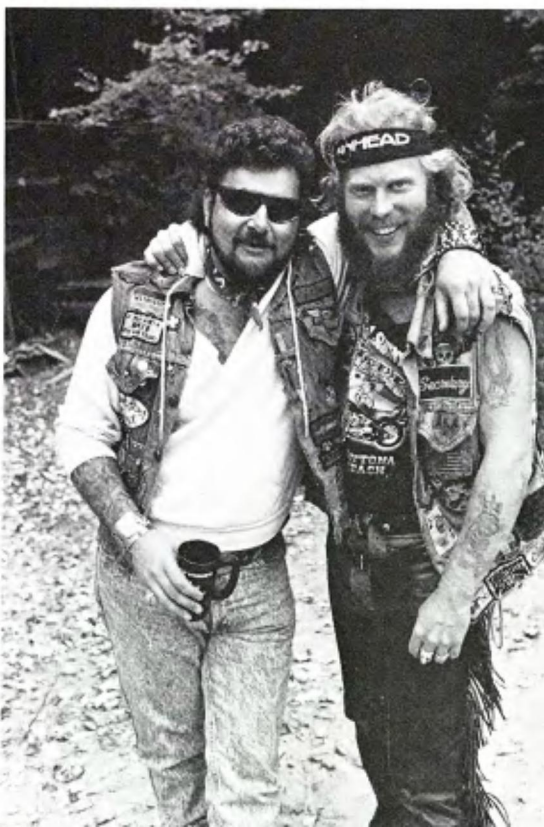


—Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—Ray Boldt, Evanston, Ill.



—D. Dinneen, Melrose, Iowa



—Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—D.J. Osteen, Thompsonville, Ill.



—Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—Tod Knuth, Orange, Calif.



—Tony Shipp, Billings, Mont.



—John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—Big Bird, N. Ft. Myers, Fla.



—Ludy, Torrington, Wyo.

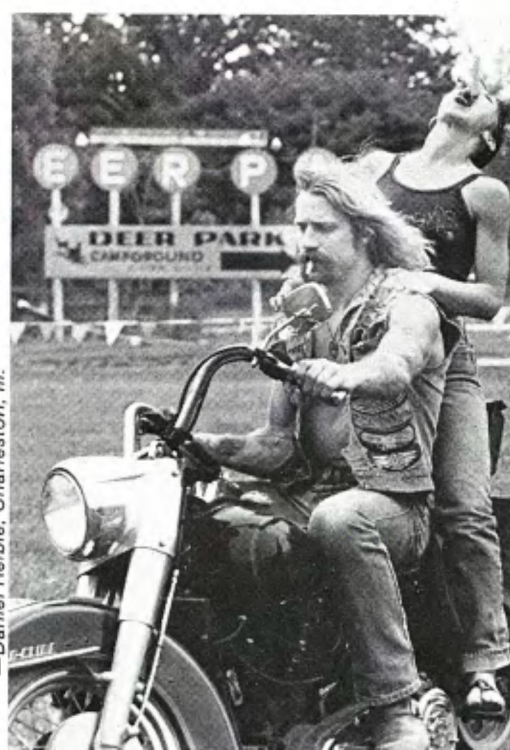
—Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.



—Les Holt, LaPorte, Tex.



—Daniel Reible, Charleston, Ill.



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County _____

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State _____ Zip _____

Telephone Home () _____ Bus. () _____

Date of Birth _____

Motorcycle Make _____ Model _____ Year _____

Blood Type _____ Allergies _____

Medical Problems _____

Emergency Contact Person _____

Telephone () _____

PARTS BOX



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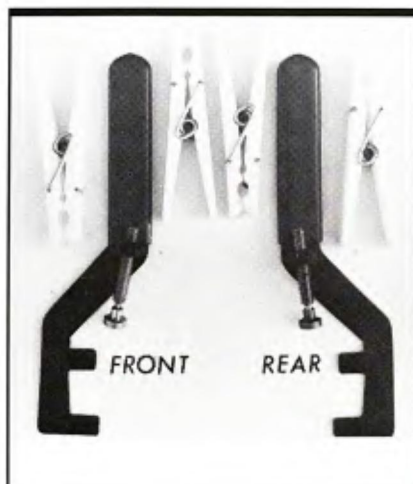
"Each Hawg Skin," the package goes on to tell us, "is individually, electronically tested by some very strange machines, so you can be sure of their reliability. Also, they're lubricated with non-irritant silicone-based Hawg Juice to facilitate slipping it in."

These new piston protectors come from none other than Custom Chrome, Dept. ER, 1 Jacqueline Court, Morgan Hill, CA 95037—write 'em or go see one of their dealers. Just tell 'em you're into a Goodyear fuck.



THE LOWERED SOFTAIL

Here's one solution for the Softtail blahs: a quick-change kit that will adjust your Softtail from stock to 3½ inches lower with only a couple of open-end wrenches and an Allen wrench—and then raise it back to stock in about a minute. The kit will fit all FX/FL Softtails and is made in the USA of the highest grade materials. For more information, write T. N. Engineering, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 393, Belle Vernon, PA 15012.



CAM TOOLS

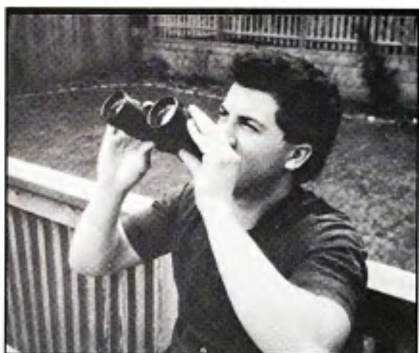
I used to be a tool fanatic. Not interested in the latest trick parts, I went after every special tool I could find, so my scooters never saw the inside of a shop. Here's a couple I coulda used on numerous occasions. The Cam Installation Tool holds the cam followers up so you can yank out yer cam and try another one anytime you feel like testing a new set of lobes.

The Tune-A-Cam Kit was developed for the rider who wants precision cam timing and is tired of relying on lining up notches. It includes a large, easy-to-read degree wheel, a dial indicator, a TDC locator, and lightweight checking springs. You can also use the kit to check camshaft and crankshaft end play, shaft and gear runout, and many other find-out-and-cry bits of information. The tools were developed by Crane Cams, an employee-owned company, Dept. ER, 530 Fentress Blvd., Daytona Beach, FL 32014.



SOFTAIL SADDLEBAGS

Now here's a sharp product. Riverdale Distributing Company, distributors of the well-known Spruce Hill Machine oil tanks, is also offering reproductions of those righteous old-style saddlebags for rigids, swingarms, and later-model Softails. For more information on these Speed King Saddlebags, which allow you to carry a lot of shit and still show class, write Riverdale Distributing Company, Dept. ER, Rt. 1, Carlos, MN 56319.



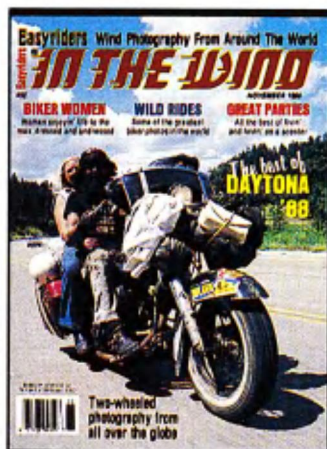
TRICK BINOCULARS

No, you can't see better with these eyeball extenders—and no, they don't fasten neatly to your shades so you can book through the desert at 100 mph and see way up ahead for cops. But they will hold 16 ounces of your favorite beverage.

The Drink-Noculars are the latest way to cool off without carrying hard-to-hold cans, bottles, jars, or any... what a bunch of bullshit. They even mentioned filling the gizmos with milk. Anyway, the photo gives you a fairly clear idea of what they're used for. For more slurping data, write JTS Sunshine & Gift Co., Dept. ER, 468 West 51st St., New York, NY 10019. ■

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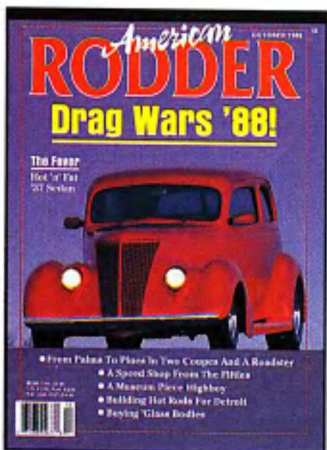
IN THE WIND

The bible of biker photography. All the excitement, bikes, and women from *Easyriders'* readers all over the world. A party on every page. On sale at your local newsstand.



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TATTOO

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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.

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Full Blast Engineering, 2304 S. Wats. Sioux Falls, SD 57105. (605) 332-2659.

Kokesh Motorcycle Accessories, 4018 Central Ave. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55421. (612) 781-4324.

MDO Modern Cycle, 15879 Redland Rd., Rockville, MD 20855. (301) 948-1704.

Pig Performance, 1330 S. St. Patrick St., Rapid City, SD 57701. (605) 348-0752.

T Town Motorcycles, 1639 E. 11th Ave., Tulsa, OK 74120. (918) 584-8184.

Calles Chopperdelar, 340 36 Moheda, Sweden 0472-771 31.

British American Imports Ltd., Box 52-154, Kingsland, Auckland, New Zealand 69-6621.

Primo Products, Inc., 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 692-8944. Catalog \$2 (refundable).

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

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Branded Garments, 43-38 36th St., L.I.C., NY 11001. (718) 361-2072. Write for free catalog and send unusual/wild photos for our Bulletin Board.

Sleepy Hollow Saddle Bags Inc./free info. & price list, 105 S. 2nd St., Chesterton, IN 46304. (219) 926-1071. (800) 338-8625.

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

Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., \$12 each. 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223. (718) 998-6666. (U.S. Funds only.)

Blue Ribbon Cycles Inc., Easyriders, H-D, custom designs, 2137 Dixie Ave., Smyrna, GA 30080. (404) 432-3614. Shipped UPS/C.O.D.

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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Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Veronica had originally planned a cross-country campaign ride. She'd written to Harley dealerships along the route to gain their support, and about half encouraged her. "But," Veronica said softly, "God had something else in mind." You see, her five-year-old daughter died of cancer of the liver early in June. So now Veronica and husband-to-be Brian will leave the Bay Area early in August to ride to her parents' farm in Illinois, where the little girl's ashes will be interred. They still plan to make campaign stops along the way.

So, no matter which candidate you favor — get out and vote, 'cause as Veronica reminds us: ya gotta speak up if ya wanna be heard.

Rev. Robert W. "Kaiser" Hershberger Middleburg, Florida

He knows how to attract attention — when testifying before a legislative committee in favor of handicapped license plates for motorcycles, he yanked off his booted, leather-clad artificial leg and put it on the table next to him. His tactics may have been unorthodox and attention-grabbing, but they did just what he wanted 'em to — they made folks pay attention to what he was saying.

Now after 20 years of outspoken advocacy for the underdog, whether it be the biker community or anyone else he thinks is gettin' the short end of the stick, Reverend Kaiser has moved the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers from Manchester, Connecticut, to Middleburg, Florida, where it will be known as the Mission Church of Bikers International. Health reasons and the desire to broaden the focus of his work are his reasons for relocating. He'll be missed in Manchester, even by Police Captain Joseph H. Brooks, who said, "To lose a contact person who is reasonable and with whom you can work always leaves a vacuum."

When shit comes down, Reverend Kaiser will still be around. Write to him at: Mission Church of Bikers International, Box 1389, Middleburg, FL 32068-1389.

—Duchess

The more we cover the biker world, the more we realize how many great people are deeply involved in the lifestyle — builders, innovators, artists, political activists — all dedicated to enriching the brotherhood. If you know of someone in biking who's added his or her unique touch, please write and tell us. Send your nominations to "Biker Hall of Fame," *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Be sure to include your name and address and phone number, if possible.

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The complete collection of them "Scooter Gypsies" you've been seein' in *Easyriders* each month is now available. We've rounded up all twelve of those cuties into a collectors edition of 11" x 14" art prints suitable for framing. The entire collection (Oct.-86 through Sept.-87) is printed on heavy gloss stock paper and is priced at \$20.00 plus \$4.00 postage & handling. Send \$2.00 for brochure which also includes all previous artwork by: **D. James Edmondson**

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Hawaii Res. add 4% Sales Tax... Foreign Money Orders Payable in U.S. Funds.

THE TRIKE THAT FLEW!



(Thanks to Jack Carpenter and Paul Matt for photos and information.)

I'm sure most of you bikin' bros and sisters have swapped barroom stories about trikes pullin' wheelies for a city block. Or mebbe about your zitfaced kid brother's ATV showing daylight under *all* three wheels at the crest of that backyard sandhill.

Well, here's a tale that will top 'em all, 'cause it's about a three-wheeler that could sprout wings and fly into the sky like an airplane — and it actually happened.

This story takes us back to the 1930s, when most self-respectin' side-hacks and Servi-Cars were content to stay in close proximity to terra firma. A genius aircraft designer by the name of Waldo Waterman wanted to make flying more appealing to the masses, and for several years he'd been scheming on developing a "roadable" aircraft — a flying machine that could also be driven on the ground like an ordinary cage.

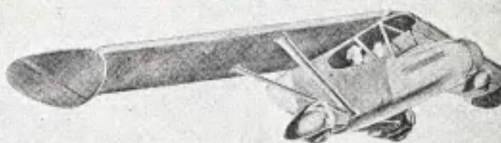
Great idea. You could step into one of these buggies in your garage back home, tool it over to your local airport, flip a few switches, and take off into the wild blue yonder like some kinda California condor.

There was just one slight problem — coming up with a design that would legally fulfill motor vehicle requirements for highway operation and still be aerodynamic enough at 5,000 feet up not to dive toward the ground like a homesick earthworm.

Waldo Waterman's ingenious solution was to develop a small, enclosed trike that was legally classified and licensed as a three-wheeled motor-

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WATERMAN
ARROWBIBLE
MASTER of
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AS THE only private-owner airplane to be built under their safety specifications and accepted by the United States Bureau of Air Commerce as the result of the national competition conducted by Eugene L. Vidal, director of Air Commerce, in 1934 the WATERMAN ARROWPLANE has passed through rigorous tests for safety and performance and has been pronounced "foolproof." It is the sport plane "air-wise." Americans have been waiting for.

WATERMAN ARROWPLANE CORP., 1540 Fifth Street, Santa Monica, California



cycle. This unit was steered and operated on the road as a car, and upon arrival at the local airport, wings were bolted on for flight. The motorcycle registration, which permitted a single headlight and a single front wheel, allowed a streamlined, aerodynamic body for partin' the breezes up in the clouds.

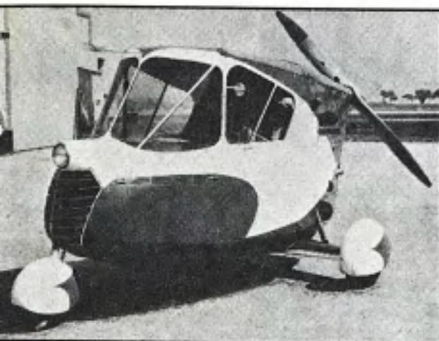
For power, a Studebaker auto engine drove the two rear wheels through a reduction gearbox. When it was time to make like a bird, the same engine was engaged, via clutch, to spin a propeller mounted to the rear of the trike body. To make ordinary citizens feel at home, a standard Studebaker radiator and dashboard were also used.

Waterman christened his craft the "Arrowbile," a combination and pun on the *aero* in aerodynamic and the *bile* in automobile. This craft was really much more than a goofy experiment. On its first flight in February 1937, the prototype performed well in both flight and road modes. Orders for five Arrowbiles were received from Studebaker, and a small production line began churning them out.

Unfortunately, Waterman never met his goal of placing an Arrowbile in the garage of Mr. and Mrs. Middle America. A recession in 1938 was ailing a national economy still weak from the Great Depression, and financing for further production of the Arrowbile evaporated faster than starting ether on a hot set of drag pipes. Only five Arrowbiles were completed. After World War II, Waldo utilized the remaining parts — with some modifications — to build a sixth "Aerobile" that now hangs on display in the San Diego, California, Aerospace Museum.

There have been numerous other attempts to create convertible automobile/aircraft designs over the years, but it is interesting to note that few were as successful as this effort, which capitalized on the advantages of three wheels — not four. Those other guys shoulda listened to us motorcycle people!

—Jake



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since I saw my mother-in-law's."**

— Spider

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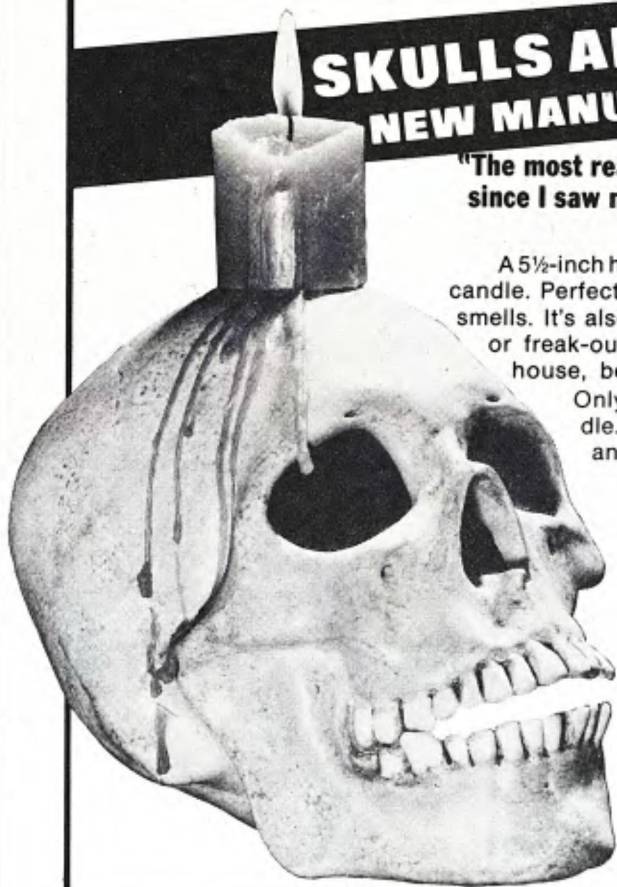
Only \$19.95 including candle. Add \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ per word for private individuals, \$2.50 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 the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$6.50 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./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.

HELP: Please donate back issues of Easyriders to this downed bro and the few "true bros" that are here at this camp. All magazines must come from a publisher for them to get inside the wall. Please send magazines to: Jeff L. Bevil, A.I.S. #147077, Dorm #16-24, Bullock Co. Corr. Facility, Union Springs, AL 36089. (184)

Smoke the finest! Join the "Lazy Nickels." Contact John Musters, 2695 Victoria Dr., Laguna Beach, CA 92651. (186)

PARTS NEEDED! Have frame, body parts for Stires or Wil-Mac VW trike kit. Need rest or will sell what I have. J. David Jacobs, 187 Poplar Dr., Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada B2W 4K6. (184)

FREE — WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLES MAGAZINE. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (184)

AMERICAN HANDMADE KNIVES: Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$1 for catalog. Kessler Knives, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (195)

Skull decals that look like tattoos. \$1 plus SASE gets one. Maelstrom, Box 126, Burnt Hills, NY 12027-0126. (184)

BIKER TATTOOS ON VIDEO: Photos taken at a major motorcycle event of women's tits, asses, and thighs — wherever they get tattoos. You've never seen so many different tattoos. There was a time when sailors got tattoos on their arms and chests, but now bikers get them all over their bodies — places where you would never dream of getting a tattoo. The tape is rated "R" and is meant for the more adventuresome viewer. Get some ideas for your next tattoo! Send \$39.95 plus \$2 for postage and handling to: Righteous Products, 5699 Kanan Road, #222, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Specify BETA or VHS (55 minutes in length). (184)

Wanted: Original black exhaust system or parts for a 1977 XLCR (Cafe Racer). Mike Burch, Box 869, Spencer, WV 25276. (184)

Special close-out offer. Trojan condoms (rubbers) are being sold at cost. 3 for \$1, 12 for \$3. Sent to you in a plain brown wrapper, postage paid. Safe Products, 5699 Kanan Road, #222, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (184)

1989 Third Reich Edged Weapons Calendar, all color, \$3.95 each. Sir Red Publications, Box 34594E, Richmond, VA 23237. (184)

Cadillacs, Mercedes, Porsches, etc., direct from government. Seized in drug raids. Available in your area. Save \$thousands\$. (216) 453-3000, ext. A8239. (184)

Anyone interested in forming a chapter of the Boozefighters Motorcycle Club get hold of Wino Willy at 31950 Pudding Creek Rd., Ft. Bragg, CA 95437. (18)

New pen pal club needs locked-down, otherwise, bros and ladies for correspondence. Send SASE to: Dann Matthews #98353, D-4, NTC, Box 47, Burgin, KY 40310. (18)

Non-recording AM/FM stereo players available. Free catalog. The Company, 8221 Dunfield Court, Severn, MD 21144. (18)

Buy & trade new/used biker duds from hats to boots. \$2 catalog. Large Leathers, Box 33, Riner, VA 24149, (703) 382-4668. (18)

SHOP MOUSE WANTED: Long hours, low pay, large fun. Call Rocky at A.P. (only after 12 noon!). (714) 447-3021. (18)

Kathy Rickman: The Peaslee case resolved. Marion County Circuit Court Judge West dismissed the murder charge of Peaslee's in the third week of April 1988, upon motion for dismissal by District Attorney Penn. I personally read the motion and court order. Sincerely, John Rickman. (18)

PIT BULLS: A book including the old conditioning methods once used for fighting dogs that are now employed for shows, weight pulls, and general fitness. Also, some pedigrees, action shots, and portraits of the famous dogs and their handlers, past and present are examined. First-hand information and stories spanning two countries along with an action-packed fiction novella are all part of this 8 1/2" x 11" hardcover book. This is definitely a one-of-a-kind text that will soon become collector's item. \$30 anywhere in N. America; \$40 in Europe, \$45 anywhere else. Righteous Products, 5699 Kanan Road, #222, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. (18)

"Shit Happens" — black Beefy Ts, \$1 Special-T, Box 25043, Honolulu, HI 96825. (18)



Jon Liet

ATTENTION ALL BIKERS

"Believe me, I WILL introduce this same (helmet) bill again, next year!"

Quote by California State Assemblyman Richard Floyd (Democrat, Hawthorne)



"Believe ME, Mr. Floyd, you WILL NOT introduce a helmet bill, or any OTHER anti-biker legislation, ever again!"

Quote by Bob Mannah, National Director of Bipartisans Against Discriminatory Legislation (B.A.D.L.)

PUT A BUCK IN....TO GET FLOYD OUT!

The **ONLY** way we will be able to win the fight to ride free is by being involved in the political process. That means supporting and opposing certain elected representatives in Sacramento!

Our Political Action Committee, **BADLPAC**, was put together to give **YOU**, the dedicated biker, a chance to help keep the right people in office and get the wrong people out of office! We have made **NO** secret that we want to remove Floyd from office! Democrat California State Assemblyman Dick Floyd introduced AB-36, the mandatory helmet bill and opened the way for possible considerations of other stupid laws like day-glow vests, etc. If we let him get away with this, **IT WILL NEVER END** until we are not allowed to ride motorcycles in the state of California. One legislator is already talking about limiting the **SIZE** of motorcycle that you are allowed to own in California.

Beating an incumbent politician is **NOT EASY**. But

Floyd **CAN BE BEATEN!** To do that, we **ALL** have to do **TWO THINGS**:

***VOTE** against him in the general Election in November, if you're in his district.

***DONATE MONEY** to help pay for the election campaign to defeat Floyd!

One thing for sure; we won't beat him if we don't try! If **YOU** do **NOT** help, then **YOU ARE JUST AS GUILTY** of putting a helmet on yourself and your brother biker as Floyd is! You **CAN** help. Your donation is important whether it is one dollar or one thousand dollars. But it **IS** important to donate **SOMETHING** and to make that donation **AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AFFORD!** Election campaigns are **EXPENSIVE!** So, dig down into your special stash and **PUT A BUCK IN TO GET FLOYD (AND OTHERS LIKE HIM) OUT!** With **YOUR** help, we can do it. Without your help, we can't!

**BIPARTISANS AGAINST DISCRIMINATORY LEGISLATION
POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE
20175 RICARDO AVE. HAYWARD, CA 94541 (415) 278-8808**

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!

RETURN THIS PORTION TO THE ADDRESS ABOVE WITH YOUR DONATION FOR YOUR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE RECEIPT.

**I WANT TO HELP
GET FLOYD OUT
OF OFFICE**

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Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
State Law Requires:
Your Occupation _____
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☐ \$10.00

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PLEASE MAKE YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO "**BADLPAC**"

(BADLPAC is registered with the California Secretary of State as an official Political Action Committee, registration number 881123.)

What's Happenin'

Here's your guide to what's happenin' in your area during September and October. 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.

ARIZONA

MMA OF ARIZONA 2ND ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY — October 29th in Tucson at Eagle's Hall, 3550 Drexel. For info, write Modified Motorcycle Association of Arizona, 4625 E. Broadway, Suite 211, Tucson, AZ 85711, or call (602) 322-5511.

CALIFORNIA

CRITTER RUN II — September 18th starting from Nordhoff Park, 16244 Nordhoff, in Sepulveda. Sign in between 8 and 10 a.m. Sponsored by ABATE of California, Local 1. Proceeds to benefit the Animal Care and Control Center #7 in Agoura Hills. For info, call (818) 352-2411.

EASYSRIDERS GRAND NATIONALS — October 14th through 16th in Costa Mesa at Orange County Fairgrounds. For more info, call (800) 247-6246 national, and (800) 231-2669 in California.

COLORADO

EASYSRIDERS RODEO — September 17th and 18th in Estes Park at Estes Park Fairgrounds. For more info, call (800) 247-6246 national, and (800) 231-2669 in California.

CONNECTICUT

MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET — September 25th in Plymouth at Terryville Fairgrounds. For dealer inquiries or info, write Swap Meets & Flea Markets, Box 7140, Prospect, CT 06712, or call (203) 754-4691 or (203) 753-3497.

DELAWARE

3RD ANNUAL BLOOD RUN — September 17th. Sponsored by ABATE of Delaware, New Castle County Chapter. Leave Pole Barn at 10 a.m. sharp. T-shirts for donors. For details, call Bobby Hall at (302) 731-4758.

FLORIDA

ANNUAL NATIONAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th leaving from Waffle House at I-95 exit in Merritt Island, Winn Dixie Foods in Edgewater at U.S. 1 and Indian River, Denny's Restaurant in Miami at NW 36th St. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For more info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

IDAHO

ICMS FALL RODEO — September 11th at Discovery Park, 7 miles east of Boise on Hwy. 21. For info, write Idaho Coalition For Motorcycle Safety, Inc., Box 2732, Boise, ID 83701-2732.

ILLINOIS

V-TWIN RIDERS MC ANNIVERSARY PARTY — October 8th. For info, write V-Twin Riders, Box 302-R, Romeoville, IL 60441.

INDIANA

ANNUAL NATIONAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th starting in Peru at Hardee's parking lot, 301 N. Broadway. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

2ND ANNUAL INDIANA ABATE ALL-HARLEY NATIONAL — September 17th and 18th in Bunker Hill at Bunker Hill Dragstrip. For info, write or call ABATE of Indiana, Box 81, Granger, IN 46530, (219) 674-5694.

KANSAS

ANNUAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th starting in Kansas City at the parking lot at 61st and State Ave. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

MINNESOTA

MMRA FALL SHIT TOGETHER PROGRAM — October 15th. Sponsored by Minnesota Motorcycle Riders Association. For info, write MMRA, Box 27528, Minneapolis, MN 55427, or call (612) 541-1704.

MISSISSIPPI

FIGHT LEUKEMIA RUN — September 25th. Proceeds to benefit Saint Jude Children's Hospital in the name of 3-year-old Peter Minges, who loves motorcycles and is suffering from acute lymphatic leukemia. Write for run details and send cards and letters, checks and money orders (payable to Peter Minges Fund) to Peter Minges, c/o ABATE of Mississippi, Northwest chapter, Box 708, Hernando, MS 38632.

MISSOURI

7TH SORT-OF-ANNUAL OCTOBERFEST — September 23rd through 25th near Lone Jack. Sponsored by Freedom of Road Riders, District 4. For info, write Dean Stephens, Rt. 2, Box 53, Oak Grove, MO 64075, or call Dean at (816) 625-3649 or Missy at (816) 252-6347.

NEW MEXICO

ANNUAL NATIONAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th starting in Alamogordo at White Sands Mall. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

NEVADA

1ST ANNUAL GREAT WESTERN TATTOO EXPO — September 24th in Reno at the VFW Building, Burris and Baker Lane. Starts at 11 a.m. Proceeds benefit needy children with medical and dental assistance. Sponsored by Shadow Brite Tattoo Studio. For info, call Kelly at (702) 348-8383 or Jim at (702) 359-3943.

NEW YORK

ANNUAL NATIONAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th starting in Valley Stream at Key Foods parking lot. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

TOY RUN — September 17th. Sponsored by ABATE of New York, Oswego County chapter. Proceeds benefit the Salvation Army. For info, write ABATE of NYS, Inc., Oswego County chapter, Box 5144, Oswego, NY 13126.

OHIO

EASYSRIDERS MOTORCYCLE RODEO — September 3rd through 5th in Chillicothe at Ross County Fairgrounds. For info, call (800) 247-6246 national, and (800) 231-2669 in California.

2ND ANNUAL TOY RUN — October 15th. Sponsored by ABATE/CMRO, Inc., Region XIII, "In memory of Joshua Slocum." For details, call Chip at (216) 466-4211 or Lumpy at (216) 576-5466.

PENNSYLVANIA

FUN RUN — September 10th for the Ulysses Senior Center. For info, write ABATE of Pennsylvania, God's Country chapter, Attn: Susan Fisher, Box 402, Coudersport, PA 16915.

ANNUAL TOY RUN — October 15th in Potter County. For info, write ABATE of Pennsylvania, God's Country chapter, Attn: Susan Fisher, Box 402, Coudersport, PA 15915.

TENNESSEE

3RD ANNUAL AMRA NATIONAL ALL-HARLEY-DAVIDSON FINALS — October 8th and 9th in Clarksville at Clarksville Dragstrip. For info, write or call Performance Cycles, 914 New Providence Blvd., Clarksville, TN 37042, (615) 552-0381.

TEXAS

3RD ANNUAL HARLEY-DAVIDSON FALL ROUND-UP — October 16th in Dallas at Devils Bowl Speedway. All-day swap meet, field meet, antique and custom bike show, chili cook-off, parade, and AMA half-mile flat track races. For info, call Bob Bagwell at (817) 488-9133.

3RD ANNUAL BATTLESHIP TEXAS RUN — October 22nd and 23rd. For info, write ABATE of Texas, Houston chapter, 11227 Fieldcrest, La Porte, TX 77571, or call (713) 471-6837 or (713) 944-2694.

VIRGINIA

TIDEWATER NATIONALS — September 10th and 11th in Suffolk at Suffolk Raceway. Sponsored by HDRA.

WISCONSIN

ANNUAL NATIONAL CHILDREN'S RUN — September 18th in New Berlin at Hal's H-D, 16701 W. Cleveland. Sign up between 9 and 10 a.m. For info, write Leather & Lace National Headquarters, Box 162, Holly Hill, FL 32017.

FLOYD SPEAK

Further indication that the father of California's helmet bill should not be reelected

About Governor Deukmejian after his veto:
"He answered to the unbathed, unshaven tattooed people who are apparently his folks . . ."

"The governor caved in to the pressure of the outlaw motorcyclists . . . the governor doesn't have any guts."

"I think he ought to go see a psychiatrist to find out which side of his brain is functioning at which time. He's suffered some head trauma in the past and it's now showing."

"I guess the governor is afraid that when he goes back to Long Beach, his local Hells Angels group will be on his doorstep."

"The governor is the hardest-headed SOB we have ever seen . . ."

When asked to apologize for this beaut, Floyd replied with "an obscene gesture." After "being lectured by my momma," he apologized on the floor



Assemblyman Richard Floyd

of the Assembly and avoided censure.

When comedian Jay Leno called Floyd to campaign against the proposed

bill, Floyd "said something about bikers and sexual preference." Floyd later confirmed this and added: "He's a jerk. I don't think he's funny at all."

On using his seat belts (California has a mandatory law): "I had my seat belt on, oh yeah," and claimed his couldn't be seen because the shoulder harness was wrapped around his gut.

Last but not least: In the Assembly, after Floyd made one of his usual fiery speeches, a fellow Assemblyman commented that they'd made it through a Floyd speech without the usual profanity. The taunt was too much, and Floyd had to respond with "a descriptive profanity rarely heard in more civilized deliberative chambers." The next order of business was the introduction of 35 elementary schoolchildren who were watching the proceedings. ■



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Send your work to the most complete motorcycle machine shop in the country!

Unleaded Conversion —
 \$275.00 set (for shovels and pans) Includes: Ampco guides, Nitrided valves, Nichol alloy seats, glass beading, and valve job. **Build up to 101" shovel "Big Bore Motor"**
 \$995.00 (parts and labor).

Port and Flow — \$95.00
 set (For shovels, pans, Evolutions, and Sportsters)

Valve Job — \$45.00

Dual Plug Setup — \$50.00
 set (shovels) \$60.00 set (Sportsters & Evolutions)

Engine Balancing —
 \$50.00 (all H-D motors)

Every Type of Case Repair —
 Call for price.

Dragon's All-New **Stroker Flywheels** w/thrust washers \$170.00 per set

Rebuilt Generators — \$65.00
 (exchange)

Valve Seats (only) installed \$160.00

Shovel Exhaust Ports welded onto pans \$50.00 a set.

Delkron Motor Cases —
 \$475.00 (Evolutions, shovels, and generator motors). (Repaired seconds.)

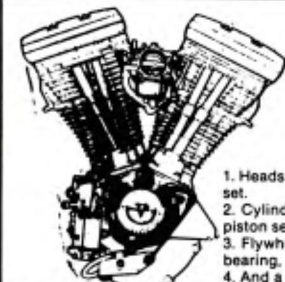
Complete Flywheel Assembly — \$175.00
 (exchange).

Cylinders Bored with Pistons and Rings —
 \$70.00 per set.

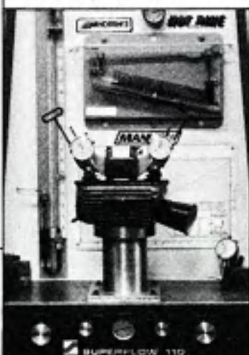
TOP END SPECIAL — WHY PAY MORE? ONE-DAY SERVICE — For Sportsters, shovelheads, and panheads. **List \$135.00 per set.** Using all stock replacement parts. Glass-beaded. Valve Job is done on a Wet Seat Headmaster machine for that super finish. Four new valve guides installed (Ampco) four new valves. Spring tension checked. Ready to go.

\$445.00 REBUILD YOUR OWN MOTOR/NO SPECIAL TOOLS REQUIRED. Just send us your heads, barrels, and flywheels. If 1955 and up 74, '80s, or any year Sportsters, leave your left-hand cases pressed on your flywheels and remove your right side of case. This way we will rebuild the flywheels and press the left-side case back on for you. This way no special tools will be required to assemble the rest. *For glass beading or line boring, both sides of the cases are needed.

1. Heads: new valves, guides, glass-beaded, valve job, spring tension set.
2. Cylinders: beaded, baked in oven, then painted and bored, new piston set with rings.
3. Flywheels: rebuilt rod set, balanced and trued, new pinion shaft bearing, new sprocket bearings.
4. And a complete gasket set.



TRY DRAGON MAN'S Videotapes. Step-by-Step instruction! Learn to rebuild ALL Harley motors from start to finish: also stroker motors, tranny rebuilding, motor balancing, tune-ups, flywheel truing; wire up a bike and check electrical system, install valve seats, dual spark plug, and much more! Each tape runs 1½ - 3½ hrs. No need to spend thousands of dollars in a classroom setting. Just watch in your own home as often as you like. All 35 tapes available in VHS or BETA, all tapes \$29.95 - \$39.95. For a complete listing of all tapes and our new catalog, send \$3.00.



HARLEY'S ANNIVERSARY

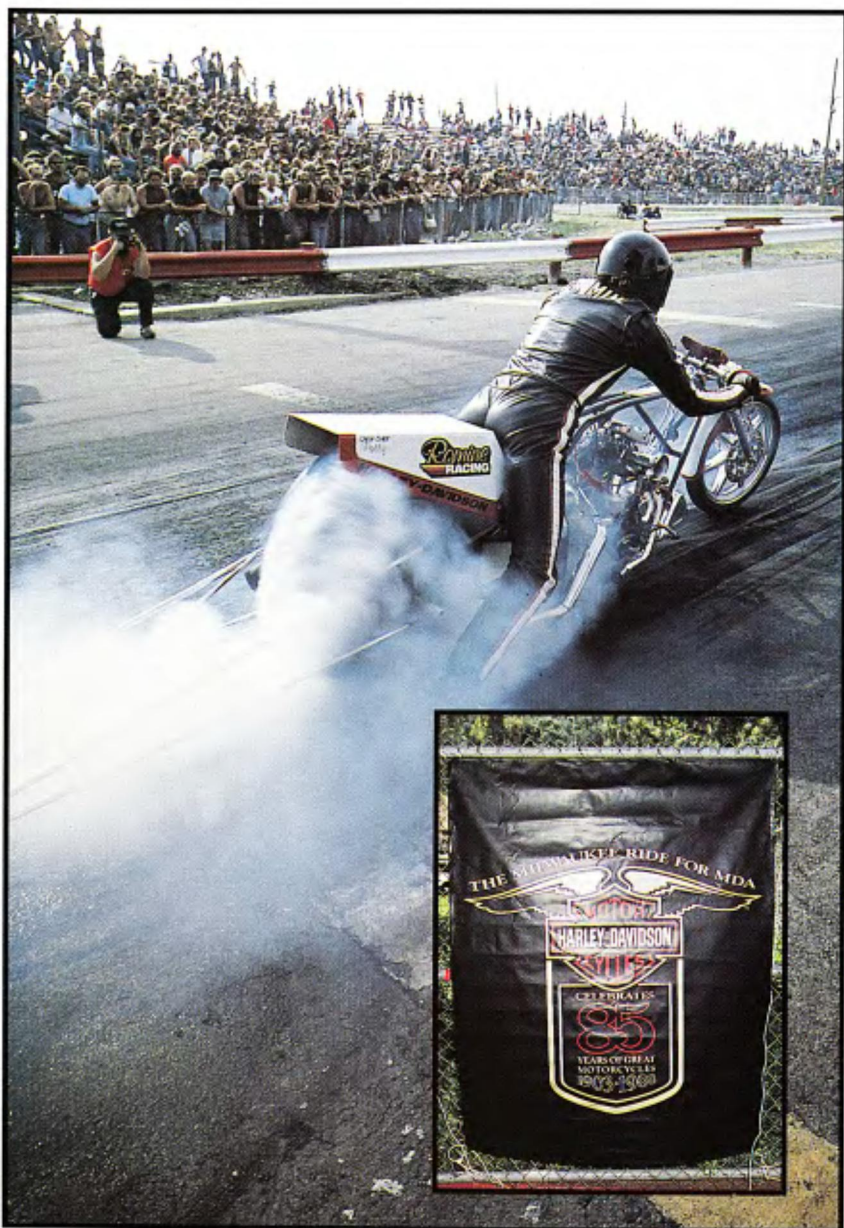
Harley goes cross-country for MDA.

When the word went out to "Wind 'em up," more than 35,000 bikers throughout North America cranked

their Hogs to life on June 11 to ride "home" to Milwaukee.

The fundraiser for the Muscular Dystrophy





Association doubled as Harley's 85th birthday celebration and began with an invitation to all motorcyclists to join in by donating \$10 to the MDA and filing in with packs from Los Angeles; San Francisco; Washington, D.C.; Orlando, Florida; Augusta, Maine; Seattle, Washington; Kittyhawk, North Carolina; and San Antonio, Texas.

When they reached Milwaukee, groups such as the Charlie Daniels Band, Bachman Turner Overdrive, and Waylon Jennings rocked the weary riders, festivals kept 'em busy, Harley Drags heated the asphalt, tours of the factory were available, and displays of antique iron intrigued onlookers.

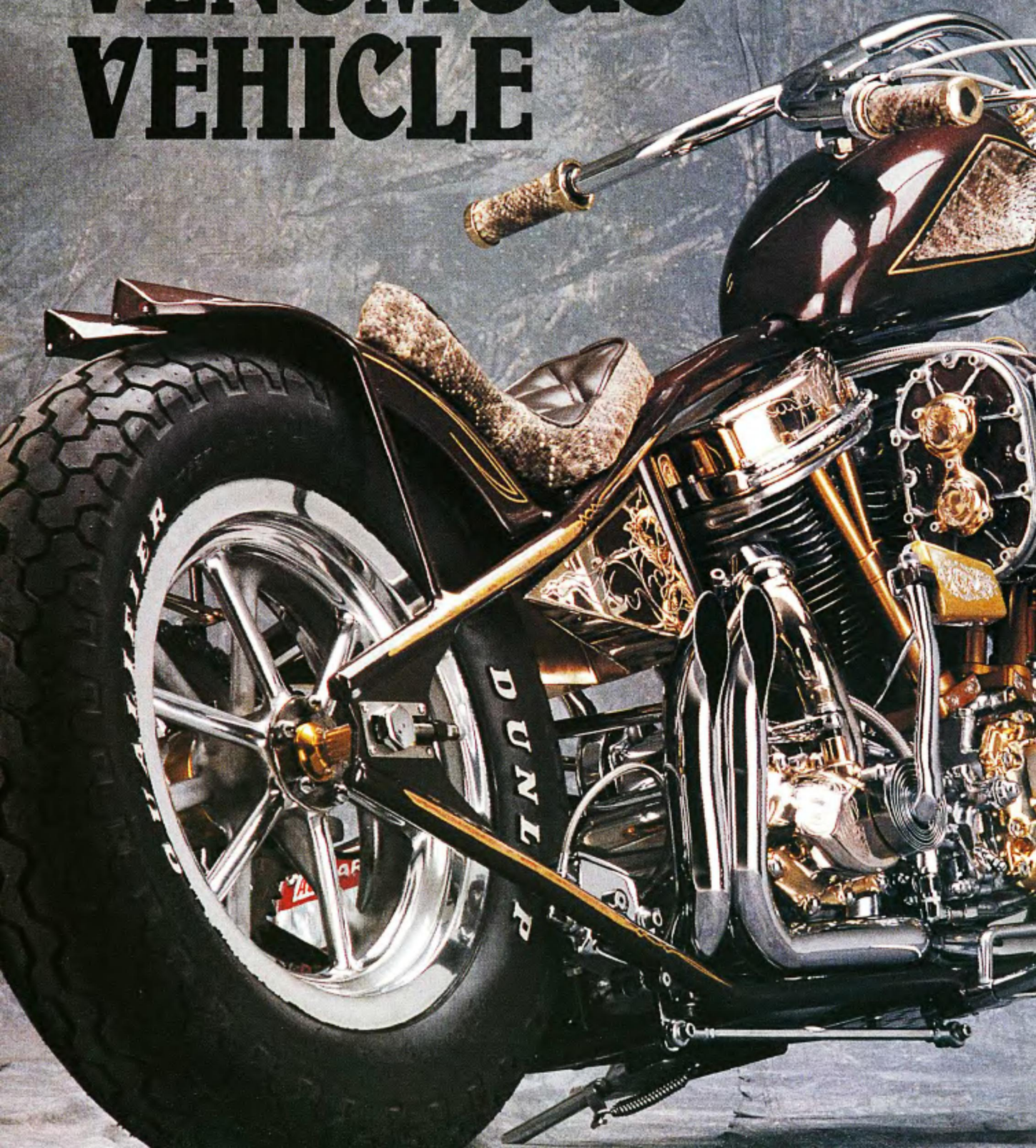
But there was more, a bunch more we couldn't fit on the pages of this issue, so our brothers at *Biker* jumped on the stacks of photos we weren't able to use, and they'll be doing a major feature on this cross-country charity run in their December issue. Don't miss it. Hell, I'm gonna steal a copy myself.

—Snake



Photos by Billy Tinney, Mad Mike, and Kim Peterson

ZUVELLA'S VENOMOUS VEHICLE





***Rex's project bike
brings it all back home.***

They say the first time is the best, that you'll never forget it — whether it's your first ride between the sheets or on the seat of a motorcycle. The rest of our days are devoted to recapturing that initial rush, and that's what Rex Zuvella, an electrician and air conditioning mechanic in the Phoenix, Arizona, area, has tried to do with this bike — go back in his mind to the days of his first experiences on two wheels.

That would be in Cleveland, where he grew up and, at age 15, bought his first Harley for \$250. Today, 20 years later, Rex has a hydra-Harley that reminds him, if ever so faintly, of that old '51 dresser pan.

As Rex recalls, back then he and his partners couldn't wait to start tearin' down their new purchases and get to customizin'. Short, easy-to-steer, stubby front ends were the first to go, replaced by long forks that stretched halfway to Akron. Then, of course, the fatbob tanks and fenders were goners. It's enough to make a bro cry, but that's the way we all did it at one time, remember? Live and learn.



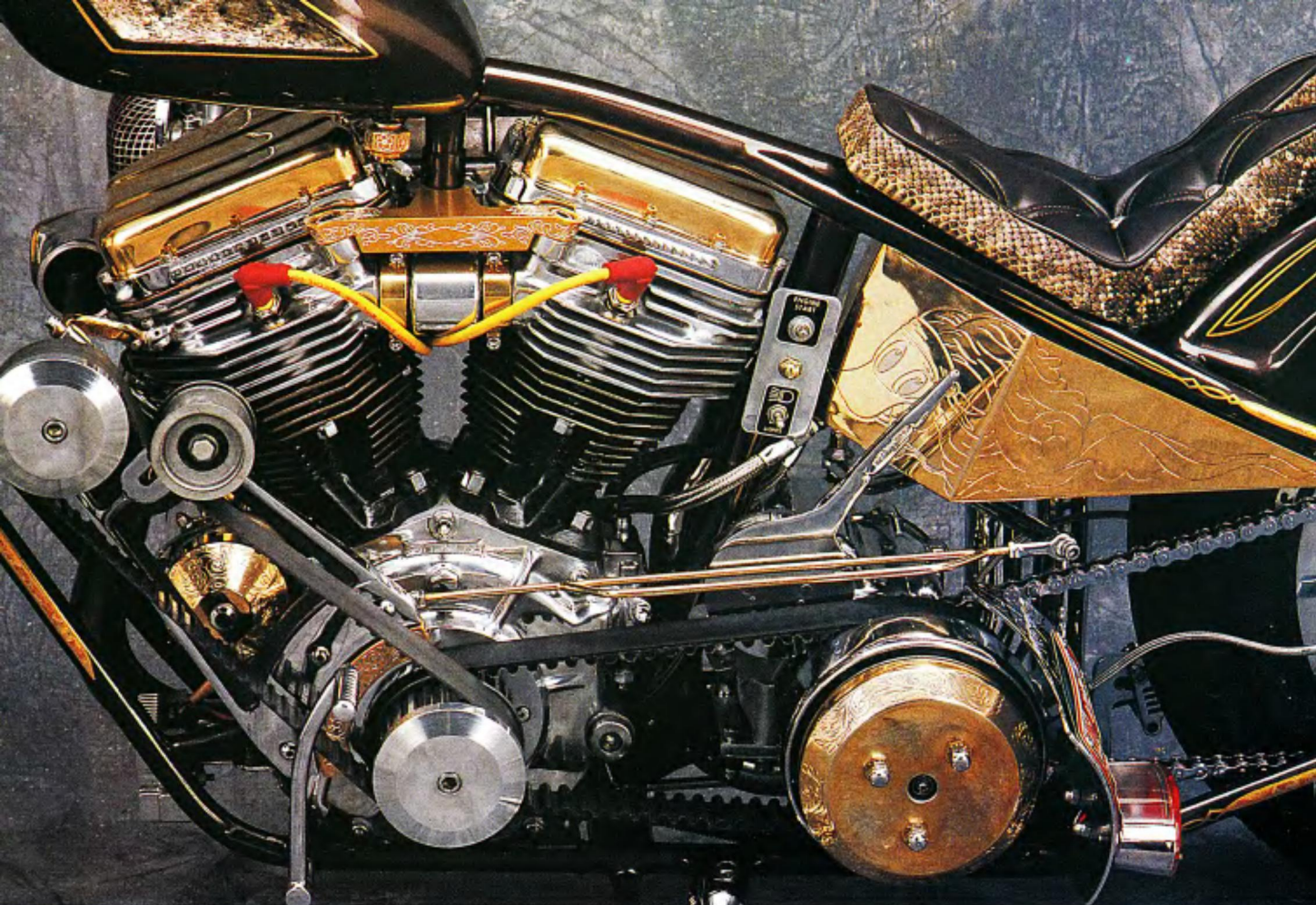


After moving to Arizona, Rex spent three years of weekends in his garage, hammering out the details of his new scooter. He updated the old-style stuff to match his new surroundings, the Valley of the Sun — where the skin gets broiled on everything but the snakes, who have the presence of mind to stay shaded until the blazin' ball of fire calls it a day.

Rex's snakes came from Lubbock, Texas, where they had the bad luck to be near the annual Rattlesnake Roundup. He used two six-foot skins and still has left-overs, which is good, because he lost some after tryin' to affix 'em with Super Glue, plastic cement, and Elmer's, finally settling on ape snot for the job.

Then he put Harley seat-saver on 'em to preserve the texture of the skins, and a rat in his garage ate 'em — then had the balls to take a shit on the seat. Talk about a payback for all them rat brothers who've been gobbled whole by diamondback rattlers down through the years.





Rex started with a rough chopper from Northern California that he came upon for \$1,500 (there'd been some inflation since his first one). After five years of ridin' and rebuildin', she's been up for two-and-a-half years, and Rex has a mantel stacked with awards, because his bike has copped top prize at every show he's entered in the radical class.

So is the update complete, the old styling of his youth at last combined with the modern, high-tech advances of the '80s? Nope. Ya see, he thought mebbe he'd pull the blower and add a stock Sturgis carb and . . . ah, you get the picture.

—Ram Pan Man





Photos by Silvermoon

Name: Sandy
Birth date: March 12, 1965
Frame:
Tits: 36" Waist: 24" Hips: 34" Height: 5'10" Weight: 130 pounds Age: 23
General:
Hometown: Southern California Residence: San Fernando Valley Ol' man: he's around Favorite hangout: beach Occupation: lookin' fine and screwin' around
Attitude:
Sex: "I love it." Rock-'n'-roll: dancin' music Turn-offs: negative waves Turn-ons: happy people, good attitudes Life: "If you can't fix it, don't complain."
Specifics:
Favorite position: depends Favorite man: Patrick Swayze Favorite tunes: classical for listening Favorite activity: outdoors Favorite phallic symbol: Harley Romantic evening: with someone close Fantasy: sex in a jet

Owner: Rex Zuvella		City: Phoenix, Arizona	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1959 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$12,000		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: six inches	
Time: three years of weekends		Other alterations: molding	
Chroming: Metro of Mesa/Brown's		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1959		Risers: owner	
Model: panhead FL		Fender(s): owner	
Rebuilder: Dennis of Stubbs H-D		Headlight: White Freightliner	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 1200 cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: who needs 'em?	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: two-brush/Pingel	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: peanut tank/owner	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Arlen Ness	
Cam(s): Sifton 440		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Rivera SU/Magnusen blower		Seat: Top Notch/owner	
Air cleaner: SU		Sissybar: never been in one	
Pipes: owner		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): none		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: H-D springer	
Year: 1959		Extension: seven inches	
Shifting: Hurst		Builder: owner/Joel Null	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: modified	
Trans sprocket: 24-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19-inch	Size: 15-inch
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: Mister Mag
Painter: Bob Mayhew		Rim width: 2.75 inches	Rim width: 4.5 inches
Color: chocolate brown		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Deltron		Brake: Sifton	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: leaf and diamondback skin			
Other special modifications: engraving by Vern Wagoner of Mesa, machined parts by Joel Null. Special thanks to Spider J. and Lary Alvey.			



RIP'S RUN

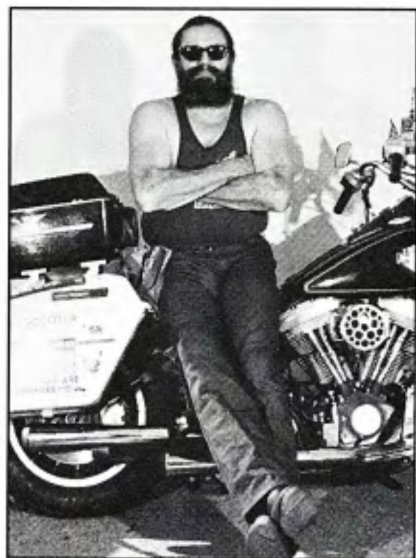
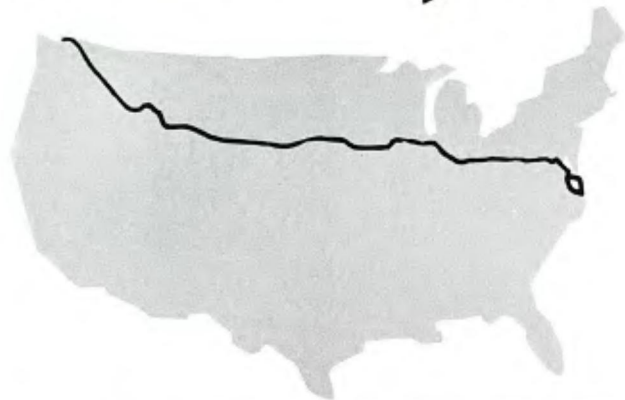


Photo by Rip

TO THE WALL by Rip

In last month's issue, I left off in Virginia. I took in the season's opener for the American Motorcycle Racing Association held in Colonial Beach, Virginia. It was one hell of a good time.

It was there that I met Hoss, who invited me down to Richmond to visit with him and the crew at Departure Bike Works. They are located at 3087-3093 Hull Street — in other words, they have a whole block. If you need any work done on your scooter, drop on by. If you need parts, go see Brenda and Lee. They can handle anything from A to Z. Tell 'em Rip sent ya.

That's a picture of Hoss on the color page, lower right. He ain't too happy, 'cause he was forced to ride what he calls the white elephant. Secretly, he loved the comfort and power the white beast provided.

That's Big Bill next to Hoss. Bill works as a bouncer at The Last Chance, one of the finest titty bars in the South. Inside the bar are many large paintings done by Hoss. The place is covered with Rebel flags and memorabilia. When "Dixie" is played, everyone stands up. I loved it. There is a feeling of pride that goes along with the entire area. I mean, Virginia is steeped in history.

The lead color picture is of Stratford Hall Plantation, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee. In last month's issue, I featured a picture of George Washington's birthplace. They were both born in the same county, maybe 12 miles apart.

Back to Hoss and Bill. The color



A man called Hoss.



Angel, baby, you're the one.



Departure Bike Works crew.

Back row: Mike, Lee, Brenda, Hoss, Giggie, and Musky.

Front row: Terrell, Sky, Keith, and Allan.



Master Performance Cycles.
Left to right: Randy, Wes, Jim, Jim Jr., and Tom.



Jersey ABATE on duty.



Kentucky bikers backing up the vets.



In the Pentagon parking lot, getting ready for the parade.

photo was taken on the ramp leading to the ferryboat *Jamestown*. The city of Jamestown was the first place an English-speaking colony was founded in our country. I'm gonna have to go back someday and slowly absorb it all. There was much to see and much to do.

I hung out with Hoss and checked out a few bike shops and parties. One was the Surry County dirt drags, which never came off because it was rained out. No one had told us, so a group of riders showed up and partied anyway. It was mostly a tailgate bash. A tattoo artist showed up with his gear and got some work. Another dude showed up with his van and provided the sounds. He simply pulled out two large speakers and let them wail.

It was a fun time — we entertained ourselves, and a few folks even got out on the track and played around anyway, mud bog and all. Pretty typical for our crowd. We don't let a little rain dampen our spirits — we party on, onward through the fog.

Later that week, Hoss and I putted on down to Portsmouth in the rain to see Dan Grinde of Chesapeake Cycle. We also went a couple of

doors down from Dan's shop and visited Ed Boomhower, an ex-H-D dealer who is much loved by his Portsmouth homeboys. Dan is building a badass top fueler, complete with blower. We checked out all the titty bars in that neck of the woods later that night.

The following weekend a group of us rode to Newport News, Virginia, to see Jim McClure at his shop. It is called Master Performance Cycles. Jim is national number one pro dragster. You can't get much better than that. He has a well-equipped shop with one of the largest lathes I've seen in many a moon. The best part is that he knows how to use all the tooling there.

Jim showed me a wooden box of early Evo castings. They were marked with a 1980 casting date, which means that Harley had at least three-and-a-half years of R&D before they sold the first Evo model. That's unlike a certain California manufacturer that has zero research and development on its units. Super what? Ya just can't beat 85 years of experience overnight.

Okay, moving right along. We attended two parties in southern Vir-

ginia. One was at Plumber Mike's pad the day before the Surry County sand drags. It was bonaroo. The other party was the following weekend. I had received a letter from a dude who calls himself "The Breeze." It was co-signed by Mac and Indian John. The party was held in Indian John's backyard. John and his bros belong to a group of riders who call themselves The Stumbling Idiots MC. This party was their spring kickoff.

Many riders from all over the Southeast attended. Many more would have showed up if the weather had been a bit more favorable. I had a great time till I crashed early in the morning in my sleeping bag in Indian John's living room. How times change. I remember when ya didn't dare crash at a party. If you did, you would get booked — that's when you get your boots painted, get set on fire with lighter fluid, or worse. The party continued all weekend. The roast pork and fixings were delish. Thanks for the invite and everything. I hope the Number 9 spring kickoff goes well.

I was killing time waiting for the Memorial Day run, which was organized by Larry Darkow and Ray



Most of The Stumbling Idiots MC spring kickoff, on old Indian.



Fine folks: Tommy and Kage.



Check out the handlebars.



Flying the black flag.

Mango, two Vietnam Vets. It was called the Rolling Thunder Rally and was dedicated to all the POWs and MIAs. Larry and Ray's picture is on the color page. To their left is Lefty. Lefty is a poet and what follows was written by him. It is dedicated to all who served, fought, and died in Vietnam.

NEVER-ENDING WAR, EVERLASTING STRUGGLE

February 1967

So, here I am, nineteen years old,
And doing what my country
wanted.

They said, "Son, you're going to
Vietnam."

Which to me, at the time, seemed
haunted.

I'd heard the tales of blood and guts
and napalm in the air.
To me, a boy of nineteen years,
it seemed so all unfair.

My friends, my school, my senior
prom,
Of which I had attended.
Sitting here three months in Vietnam
wondering,
"Who had I offended?"

The heat, the cold, the blinding rain,
my shadow on patrol.
I felt the Lord had forsaken me,
and taken my very soul.
The jungle, the swamps, the elephant
grass,
We humped through mud up to our
ass.

Six months have passed.
Ten paces from me, a pal takes a
round
From a gook strapped in a tree.
I run to his side, his eyes filled with
dread,
A few minutes later, my friend laid
there dead.

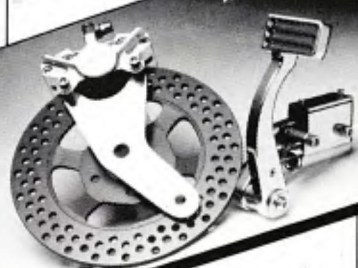
I laughed and I cried, the bullets they
flew,
Pulling his body to mine,
not quite sure what to do.

The choppers came in,
at the heat of attack,
Taking my brother away
in a tied poncho sack.

I'm getting real short with six weeks
to toll,
Wearing helmet and flak vest
wherever I go.

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My replacement's here, I grab my gear,
And look him in the eyes.
Sure tell he's green. So young, too clean.
"Is there time to learn to survive?"

It's time to leave, I can't believe the loneliness I feel.
Don't say good-bye, I know I'll cry.
I feel I've abandoned you all in the field.
Nineteen years have passed, I thought maybe at last,
I left that damn war behind me.

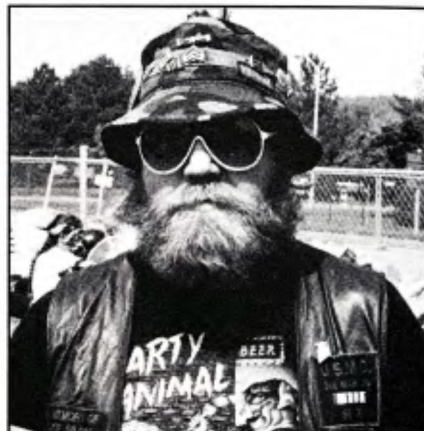
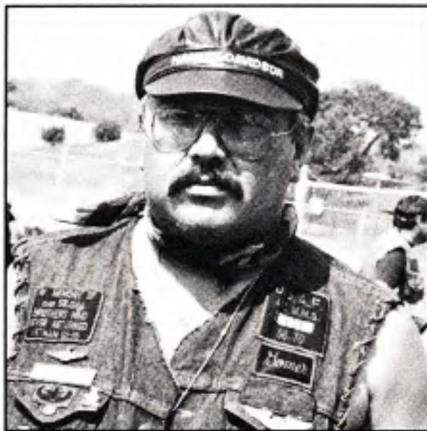
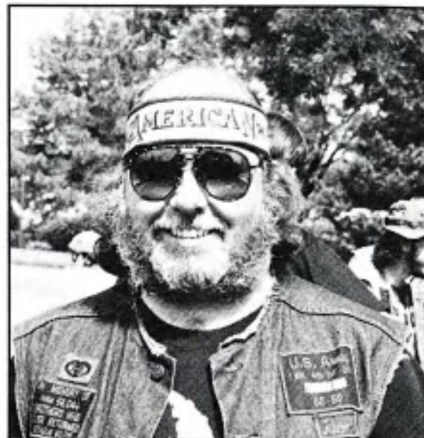
*Lefty, February 1986
Themadones MC
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

Lefty was in 'Nam in '67 and '68. His unit was the 173 Airborne, 2nd Battalion of the 503rd. He is an active member of the Themadones MC from Minneapolis, Minnesota. God bless you, brother, and all the brothers who gave up so much to stem the Commie tide.

There are more than 2,400 families in our country who go to bed every night wondering what happened to their kids who have been classified as POWs or MIAs by the Defense Department. Since the way we do things in this country is through our senators and representatives, what happens is this: Mom or Dad calls said representative or senator and asks if he or she can help find their son or daughter who went off to war and never came back. They may get the names and addresses of other mothers and fathers who are in the same predicament. Then they may form a delegation and go to Washington to meet with certain committees that have been set up to help. Washington is famous for its committees.

I say fuck all this shit — it's been going on since 1975 and very little, if anything, has been done. Yeah, I'm pissed. I say vote these lame-dick, wimpy bozos out of office and get someone in power who will clean up this old business. This is an election year, and I believe that this issue should be a plank on one, if not both, of the platforms, Democratic and Republican, to determine who will be the next President. What are they waiting for? Are they dragging their feet, waiting for the moms and dads to kick off so there won't be any more questions? I say it's way beyond the point of being nice about the matter.

If Ollie North can deal with the towel-heads, then surely there has to be someone with enough balls to



Vets answering the call for their brothers.



**Downtown Harley-Davidson, Seattle, Washington, June 3, 1988.
Left to right: Cole, Breakdown, Tom, Doc Hog, Russ, and Dave.**

handle this POW/MIA issue. We answered the call to duty, and we are fortunate because most of us came home — but what about the ones who didn't? Washington, that's the question. What's your answer?

There is nothing nice about war. We are sick and tired of being put on the back burner. This matter should not be ignored, nor swept under a bureaucratic rug. Don't write off my brothers. After all, this is a basic human right. I'm sure if those legislators who are supposed to be working for us — the ones who are trying to put

helmets on our heads — worked as hard on the POW/MIA issue, this matter would have been resolved long ago.

Brothers and sisters, citizens: get mad, get vocal, get loud, get to the polls. Let's not wait till all the old folks are long gone. These mothers and fathers want accountability. They want to be sure their kids aren't Commie slaves, hung up on heavy drugs, or God only knows what. It's past time — quit stonewalling. Stand and deliver or get out of the way. Don't block the American people. We want

to know what happened to our brothers now, not tomorrow — now. I apologize, but I guess I get a little emotional at times.

As the last bike of the more than 3,000 at the Memorial Day rally left the north parking lot of the Pentagon, Baby (my FLH Sport) and I took off in the opposite direction — toward Seattle, Washington. It took four-and-a-half days, with a party in Ohio thrown in for good measure.

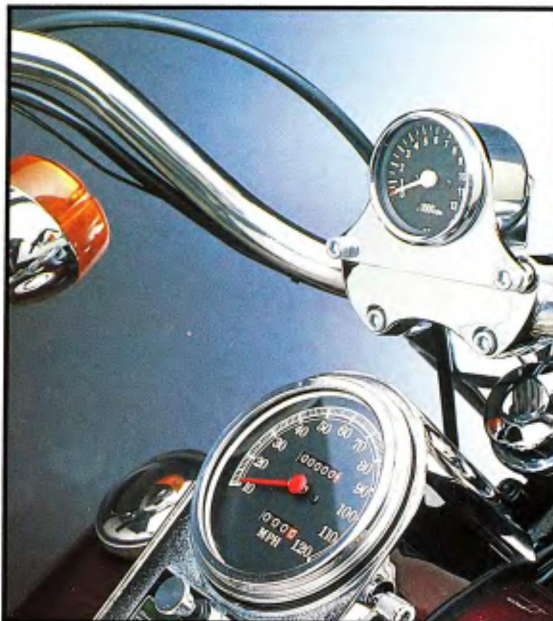
As an experiment, I didn't change the oil or the filter, to see what the consumption would be. It was practically nil, less than half a quart in more than 4,000 miles. That's the 3,000-mile run across the country and more than 1,000 miles running around Virginia. Baby averaged 40 miles per gallon, and I didn't baby Baby. I flogged her pretty hard, doing better than 75 mph most of the time.

On the last leg going into Seattle, I blew off an import. Interstate 90 going west into Seattle is all uphill. I just toyed with him. I watched him in my mirrors, going just fast enough to suck him into a race. He finally gave up when smoke poured out of his exhaust pipes. I laughed to myself and then buried the needle. The new Evo engines are really something else.

In closing, I'd like to thank the Governor of California, George Deukmejian, for having what it took to veto AB-36, California's mandatory helmet bill. He has that old-time pride and realizes that government has no business in the helmet issue and that freedom of choice is all-important. Good job, your Honor. Duke, you have my vote for whatever office you choose to run for.

I think a few letters to the good governor are in order. We bitch and moan about poor government; now is the time to show a modern-day hero how we feel. I'm damn proud to be a Californian and damn proud to be an American. Let's all work together to make this country a better place to live for all of us, and for our children, and for our children's children. Sorry about all that political stuff, but it's Flag Day — June 14, 1988 — as I write this and I know those 58,000 families who lost sons and daughters in Vietnam — and all those who lost loved ones in the other wars we've fought — have the same thought as I have on this day: God Bless America.

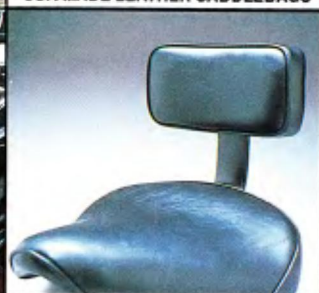
Say, how about a letter or a postcard to share with the readers? I'm looking for neat bike shops, crazy bars, or good places to stuff my face. No bullshit letters, please. Write to: "Rip's Run," *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



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ONE MAN'S MACHINE



Another man's story

The newfangled machinery today ain't worth the rivets that once held the sprocket to the brake drum on my knuckle/pan rat. For example, check out the frames with the rubber-mount business—they look like poor grades in a high school welding class.

On the other hand, that scrapyard of broken parts I painted Army green, which this rag road-tested way back in '73, is still around—even if the Cub, who acquired that pan at his five-year party, has changed his name since then (he ain't no cub no more). That scooter was built on one mighty premise: Each part was handpicked to be the worst part I could muster, even if it meant looking through some shop trash. Every bracket was brazed, every part loose, every assembly glued with Loctite.

I remember riding that broken-framed monster to the mountains 'bout 10 years ago, shit rattlin' in my old Army ammo canister bolted to the shortest, worst-lookin' packer bar I ever admitted to building. I could pull pickups with it, but was it ever ugly.

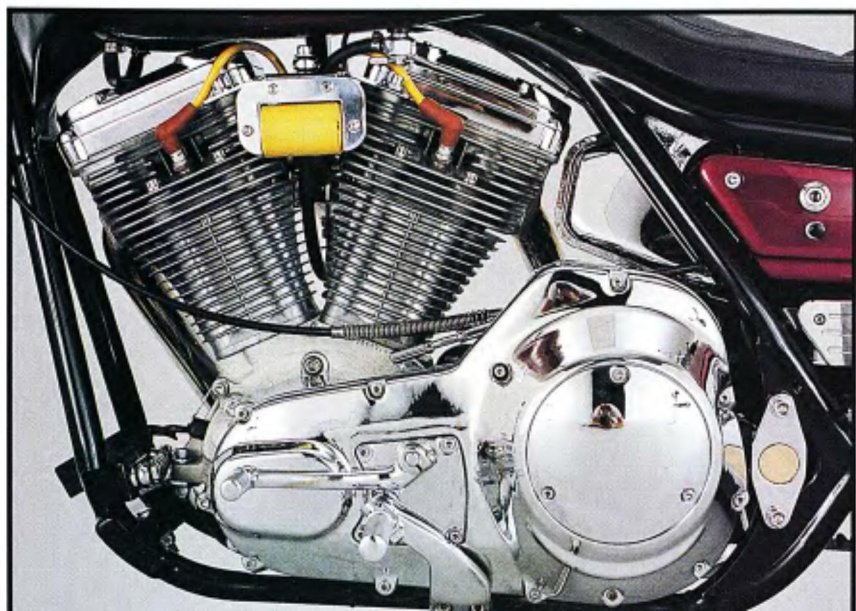
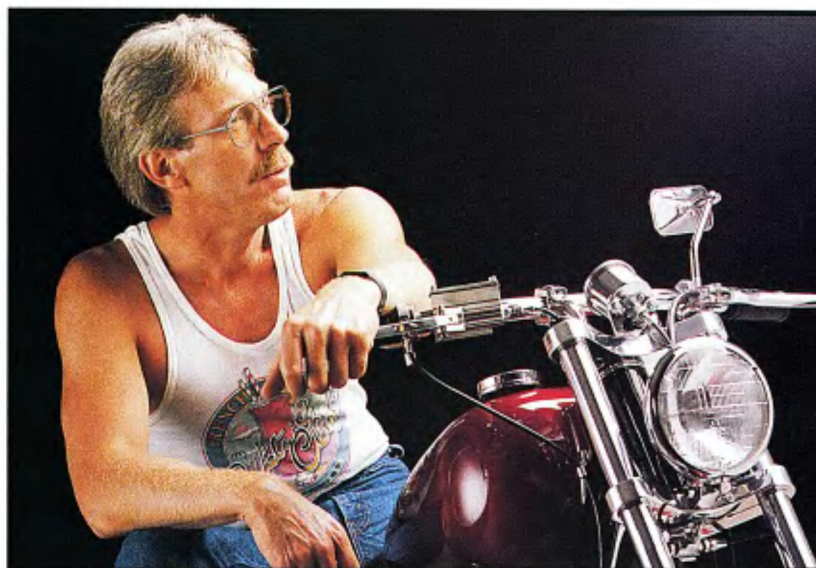
Anyway, I was toolin' along this comfy mountain road in about 104-degree heat, when I started slowing down. The engine wasn't taperin' off, the mousetrap hadn't sprung, the B&H shifter was still hangin' on the left side of my open primary—nothin' seemed wrong, 'cept the fact that I was now on the shoulder of the road and if I didn't put my feet down, I was going to fall in the dirt and pine needles.

After further scrutiny, I discovered that the rivets in my rear brake drums had decided to get a beer at the last





Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Carol Lund		City: Fort Madison, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fab. by: Don's Speed & Custom		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D		Builder: Harley, Don's Speed & Custom	
Model: FXRS		Type: rubber-mount	
Value: call the bank		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Don Hotop/owner		Stretch: none	
Time: eight months		Other alterations: rear shocks moved	
Chroming by: Brown's, Precision Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: CCI	
Year: 1985		Risers: Gary Bang	
Model: Evo		Fender(s): Ness	
Rebuilder: Don Hotop		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Accel		Taillight: Ness	
Displacement: 90 inches		Speedo: Drags	
Lower end: S&S 4%		Front pegs: Don's Speed & Custom	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: Don's Speed & Custom	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: aluminum		Gas tank: Don Hotop, modified H-D	
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): Sifton 141		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: H-D		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: barely		Sissybar: never	
Pipes: Gary Bang		Height: fender rails	
Muffler(s): ?		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews 1st		Type: Red Wing	
Year: 1985		Extension: 2 inches under	
Shifting: quick		Builder: triple trees, Sieg Weiler	
Engine sprocket: 24-tooth		Special features: handmade goodies	
Trans sprocket: stock belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Shane Stevens		Hub: Mitchell	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Shane Stevens		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: stock H-D
Color: wild cherry		Tire: Avon 3.25	Tire: Conti Blitz
Type: urethane/House of Colors		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Shane Stevens			
Special thanks: welding — Fidd Fasching, Sieg Weiler triple trees, fender rails, Don Hotop — gas tank, etc., too many things to list, Diana Mueller and her two sons for standing by.			



convenience store I'd passed. My bro rode the 400-mile jaunt to the nearest Handy Hammer Hardware Haven, scored a handful of sheet-metal screws, and I was on the road in no time (nowadays the teeth leave the sprocket and you're stranded). Afterwards I discovered a park ranger's arc welder and made that sucker permanent (not recommended). It lasted seven years after my high-

voltage touch and was always a blast to ride to the next breakdown.

Ya don't find that kind of hard-drivin', lunched machinery out there much anymore. Now it's all this long-wearing, replace-it-if-it-creaks, computer-generated alloy shit (can't weld it). Even the owner of this revamped '85 confesses to extreme use of Loctite to keep it together, what with all the stroker horsepower he's

shootin' to the rear wheel. That ain't supposed to be the case with new scooters.

'Course, now the bros go for a ride, come back as clean as they left, and rap about the girls they met and not the breakdowns. What's the world comin' to? By the way, I'm in the market for a head for a tin can with some fins broken and a couple of loose valve guides. —Wilburn Roach

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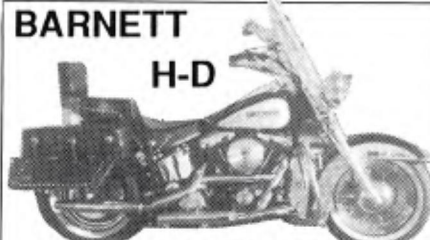
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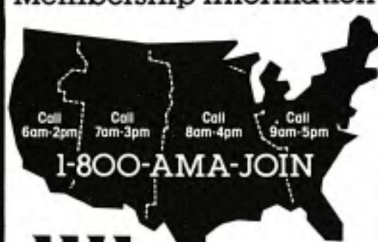
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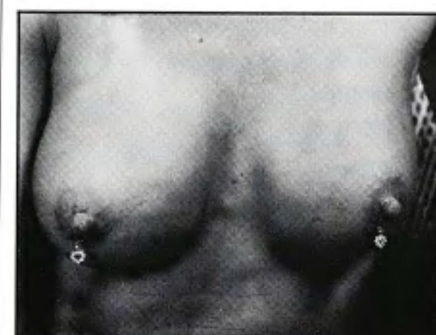
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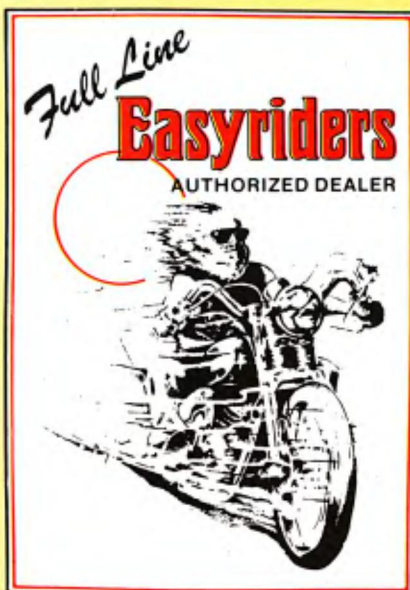
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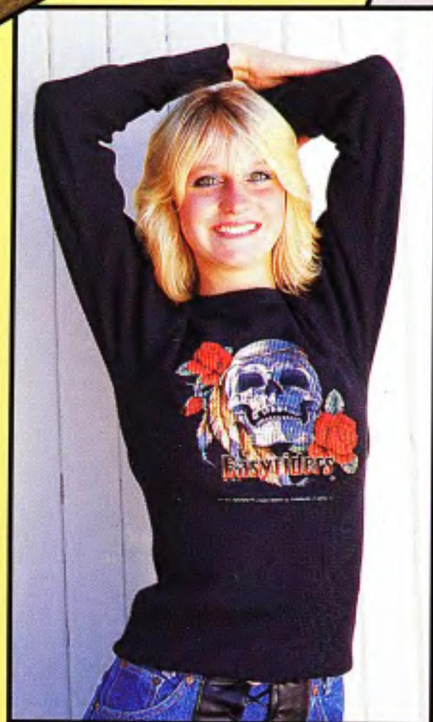


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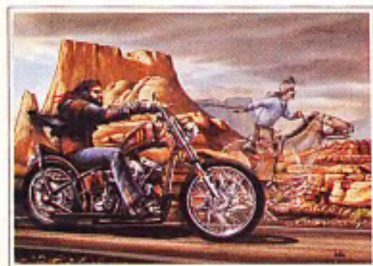
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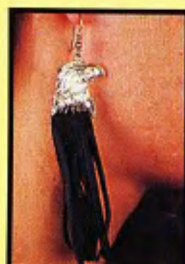
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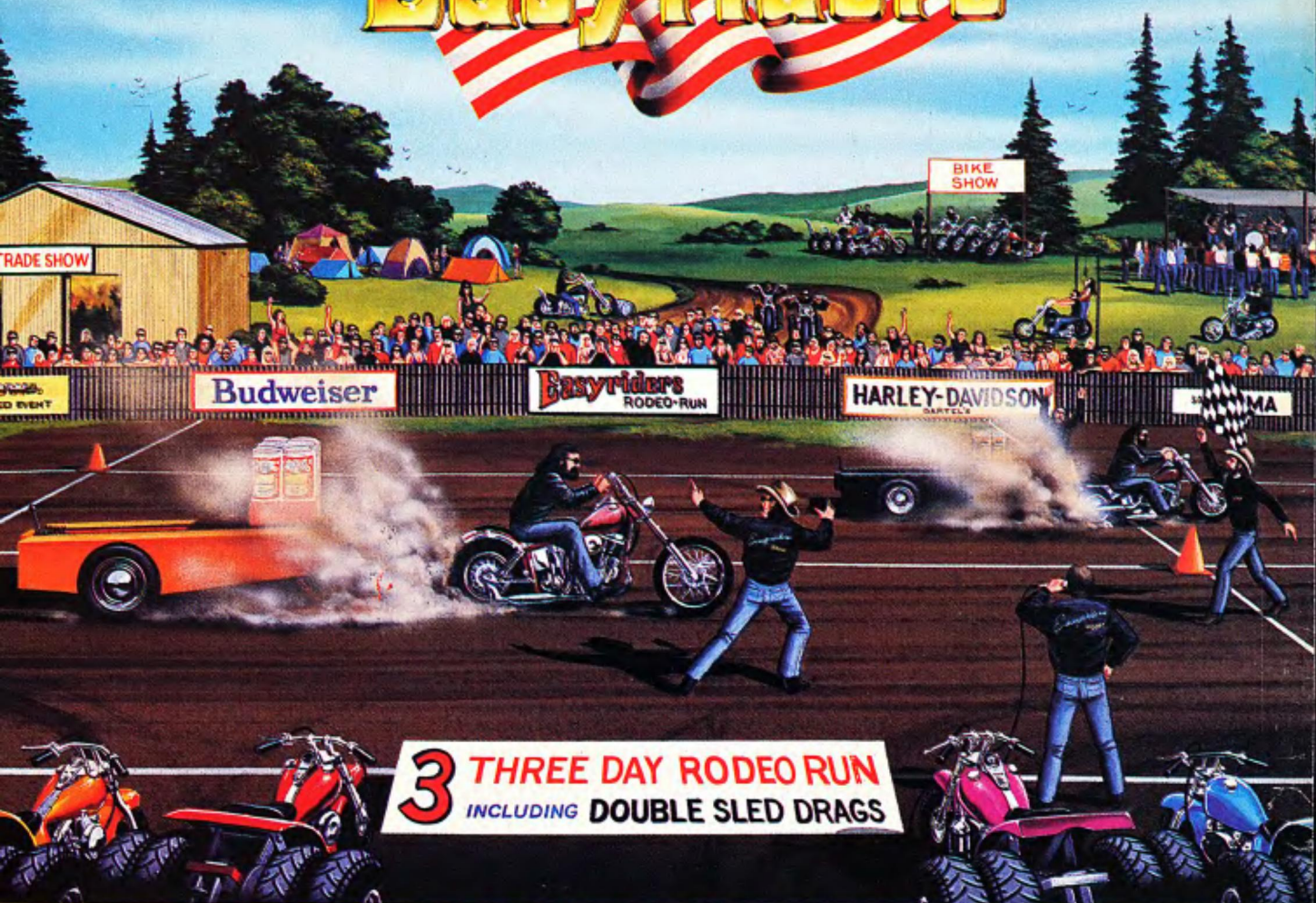
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