

Easyriders

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See page 46 for '89 schedule

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Bike Features

Frank's shovel got off to a burnin' beginning 10

From a Vietnam foxhole, Bill's parts have come together 35

Bandit gets off his rigid Evo long enough to take a look at it ... 69

In tribute to, and celebration for, the twentieth anniversary of the movie, *Easy Rider* 98

Reader's Ride

1962 pan/shovel/
Tom Weyer 16

Foxy Rider

1947 knucklehead/
Sherri A. Conley 44

Event

It's a bang-up time at Bubba's heavy-metal import bash 87

Biker Hall O' Fame

Supportin' an' spotlightin' those who have supported bikin' 30

Fiction

The Back Alley ... Greg Newton
Bare knuckle brawlers go at it in Sturgis 48



Page 10



Page 20



Page 44



Page 87



Page 92

Non-fiction

Escape From Russia ...
Charles F.X.R. Dunn
Surviving the Russian Front's call of death on a BMW 76

Articles

Crazy Keith rides 'em all ways 20
Making your shovelhead last, part IV 40
Fox Hunt Winner Kathleen 62
Aiming at the land speed record—Streamliner update 104

Columns

Spider 5
Rip's Run 92

Departments

Wordmonger 6
Easynews 24
B.R.O. 27
Passin' Gas 32
In The Wind 56
Fox Hunt 63
Parts Box 66
Biker's Bulletin Board 75
Choppershopper 80
General Store 82

What's Happenin'

Special—A Sturgis calendar of events 46
What events are down the road from state to state 81



The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 29.



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Cover, and feature photography of Kathleen, your April Fox Hunt winner, with Bill Johnson's tavern-to-tavern shovelhead was done by Mad Mike. Makeup and hairstyling by Norm Wells.

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I have always told people through the years that this "Takin' It Easy" column was written for guys who can read it while taking a healthy dump. Now wouldn't you know it—newspaper items have been published advising people that reading on the toilet can be hazardous to your health. It seems that if you sit on the toilet a long time, you increase the risk of sprouting hemorrhoids.

The average American flushes more than 18,000 gallons of water a year or about 50 gallons a day. They figure the average toilet flushes five gallons of water each time it's used.

He arrived outside a convenience store at 5:00 in the morning, which was before the official opening time for business. He wanted in but the clerk wouldn't let him in until opening time. He just had to get in, so he whipped out a gun, blew all the glass out of the front door, walked in, bought a can of oil, paid for it, and split.

He didn't feel too good so he thought he'd take a shower which might make him feel better. But he croaked while showering and wasn't discovered by the police (in a crumpled-up heap under the shower while it was still running) until six months later! The police stated that the water-logged body would have eventually completely decomposed and would have washed down the drain. It was discovered by the water department when they noticed an extremely high bill for the house.

I can't explain it but maybe you can. He was getting ready for bed one night and decided to kiss his friend goodnight. But his friend bit him—oh, I might add that his friend was a rattlesnake.

She was apparently dressed provocatively. With her sexy dress she aroused the guy so much that he took a tire iron and knocked her out. He then dragged her into an alley, and as she recovered from the tire iron blow, he started smacking her in the face. But he was aroused so much again that he started raping her frantically—so much so that he had a heart attack. What did the police do? Did they arrest them? Cut his joint off or what? No, it seems that the Singapore police feel that a woman is responsible for provoking a man and getting him into such a state that he dies.

He was brought into court for sentencing and didn't like being found guilty of attacking a female. So, to show his displeasure he hauled out his crank and pissed in front of the judge.

Here's another guy who didn't like having to go to court. To show his displeasure he removed all his clothes and stood bare-assed naked in front of the judge.

This thief was a couple of bricks short of a load. When he saw a bunch of shoes in the back of a car, he broke into the car and ran off with 149 shoes. He found out later that they were all left shoes.

She couldn't open a can of tuna so he grabbed the tuna away from her saying, "Here, let me do it, you dumb bitch." All the time he was trying to open the can, she was ragging on him about being such a dumb clod. She did it so much that he had to shut her up, so he stabbed her with the can opener.

Believe it or not, a Japanese firm has begun to make house deliveries of toilet paper. It seems that the Japanese women are too embarrassed to buy the paper at the market.

The weirdo pleaded guilty for the murder of a taxi driver. He went into a rage after a family quarrel so he decided to call a taxi to his home—so he could kill someone other than a family member.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



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Finder's Service

Just had to fly you a kite to let other bros know about a finder's service. Betty Luback and her crew really busted ass on this one for a week, 72 phone calls to be exact. She chased down some brand-new parts for my 1942 trike. Hard to believe all that work for just another long-haired fuckin' biker—but not at Luback's H-D. I'm fucking impressed.

To those interested, Finder's Service International is at 454-458 West Lincoln Highway, Chicago Heights, IL 60411.

Bogie
Bradley, Ill.

(1942 flathead). It has three screw holes in the cap, not four like a Morris. Please call after 6:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. (502) 363-5466.

Greg Ray
Louisville, Ky.

Tech Tip

Do you know how to remedy the poor starter on my '86 FXRT—short of trading for an '89? I have replaced the starter relay with an automotive type and installed a new solenoid kit, but the starter still acts as though it's not getting enough amperage.

John D. O'Brien
Sterling, Va.

Drag Pipes

There seem to be a lot of people puttin' drag pipes on their Evolution Harleys and then writin' to bike rags askin' what to do about the sputter at low rpm open throttle. The rag's reply is usually to ditch the pipes and put on some \$250 Jap-bike exhaust or the dull sounding split-ons. All ya need is a minimal amount of back pressure to interrupt the sine-wave in the pipes. If a little sputter keeps ya awake all night, Drag Specialties sells baffles (gag!) that stay the same diameter as the I.D. of the pipe. With a screwdriver ya bend all the tabs back and forth until they're gone. Now ya slide the home-made resonators in there and fire it up. No more sputter and a noticeable low end power. And the sound is still all there.

On my '88 Heritage a 1/4 x 20, 1 1/2" long screw bolted in was enough to cure it without using baffles (gag!) at all. If you're fightin' with your carb or ignition, you're at the wrong end of your putt. Exhaust has to be tuned, too.

Otis
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Help!

I need some help in finding a Wico mag cap and button for an old flat-track bike

Drug Free

Now I ain't no missionary and I ain't no preacher. But I have been ridin' Harleys since before you were a gleam in your old man's eye. I got my first in 1945 and have been in the wind since.

I want to congratulate your rag in featuring the Clean and Sober MC in the June issue. I've been riding straight about 15 years now and take my word for it, it's a better way.

Drugs not only fuck up your bod and your head, they're also fucking up the only country I have. To my bros, whoever they are, wherever they are, who ride straight, RIGHT-ON!

Chief
Truckee, Calif.

Wino Joe's article on the Clean and Sober MC in "Biker Hall O' Fame" in the June issue was great. Does anyone know of such a club in the Chicago area? Or are there any Chicagoland riders who would be interested in joining such a club?

Digger
Rolling Meadows, Ill.

Bikers Beware

To all brothers and sisters traveling to eastern Canada, Big Brother just came down

with a new law concerning ol' faithful. Its now illegal to carry a knife in a public place, be it a folding Buck or a huntin' one.

Montreal is the place to avoid as well as all suburbs north or south, east or west. So all of you plannin' a drop in La Belle Province, be forewarned or avoid this commie-like place altogether.

Seems the older I get the shittier things are in this dump. Ride free while you still can.

A Bro
Quebec, Canada

More History

This is in response to Fat Bob in Princeton, Kentucky on the history of Harley beer (June '89 issue, number 192).

You say 1984 cans had no year date on them. We have four 1984 cans of Harley beer with the year date on them.

Debbie and Harry
Dale City, Va.

Fat Bob from Princeton, Kentucky said the black cans from 1984 had no date on them. This isn't true. I have a rack with the date (1984) on all six cans.

Stephen Richardson
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

You sound like you know what you're talking about, but unfortunately you don't. I happen to have a six-pack (full) of Harley-Davidson beer in the black can dated 1984. It's made by Pabst Brewing Co. Sorry, bro, but you'd better check your source of info.

Dave
Seaside, Calif.

'Nam Vet

I'm writing to tell you how much your rag helps me pass some long days. I'm pulling a long stretch at the V.A. Medical Center in Chillicothe, Ohio, trying to put up with these doctors! They tell me they can repair some of my parts that were fucked-up in 'Nam. In the last year your

rag has helped me hold on to the dream of being in the wind again. My ol' lady says she's got our scooter ready and stashed from the repo man. Until we ride again, this rag of yours will get me by. I look forward to each new issue.

I'd like to hear from anyone who was in 'Nam with the 2nd Tank Battalion, #1st Marine Division in the Da Nang area. I was there in 1967 and 1968. Tommy Clary
Chillicothe V.A.
Medical Center
Bldg. #35, Ward B, Room 118
17273 St. Rt. 104
Chillicothe, OH 45601

Warning

☐ To all those bros who still drink and drive and who are heading to Angel Acres this year—a warning: British Columbia has passed a new drunk driving law. First offense is a mandatory one year loss of license, six months minimum jail term and up to a \$2,000 fine.

If you still drink and drive, beware of the boys in blue!

Dean "Bear" Clifton
Snawnigan Lake, B.C.

Help!

☐ I read Tony Johnson's letter in the June '89 issue. I've been trying to get a hold of Fifth Chapter members in California, since I plan to move there sometime in the near future. Any info from Fifth Chapter members anywhere would help.

Sylvia M.
130 Union St.
Clarksville, TN 37040

A Fed

☐ In response to "Poor Taste" in the June '89 issue, listen, Concerned Biker, if you don't like another man's (or woman's) bike, that's your choice. But labeling me and all my brothers and sisters who bust their asses day in and day out (that rain, hail, sleet, and snow stuff is no bullshit) to bring nonappreciative people like you your mail proves that you are the

only pussy that I can see. Hell, when was the last time you took on (with your bare hands) two or three badass dogs that were dead set on ripping your balls off? Who the hell do you think brings you your magazine every month, punk! I take more than enough crap every day from peckerheads like you and I sure don't need to read it in my favorite mag! You're lucky I'm not your mailman 'cause I'd shove your next issue up your . . .

Better yet, why not come out to California and take a look at my pussy '81 customized FLH Sport Glide shovel, as I'm riding it over your cockroach-looking gourd. Just ask for me at the front counter. Until that time, go fuck yourself.

Mailman Mike
Midway City, Calif.

☐ This is in response to Concerned Rider in the June '89 issue. I always thought that individualism was the cornerstone of what being a "biker" is all about. You really must be some kind of jack-ass. You wouldn't know a nice scooter if you owned one—and you probably don't.

Why don't you get concerned with what's really important?

The Bear
Flanders, N.J.

☐ I'm a federal employee, not a pussy, and I ride a Sportster. Each occupation has its dead weight, as does society. You are certain proof of that.

Don't comment on subjects you know nothing about. Keep it simple, like yourself. Remarks like yours, Baltimore, will make you wish you were on a bad acid trip—after a federal employee caves the side of your head in!

General Grant
St. Peters, Mo.

A Snitch?

☐ I doubt if you people will print this, but what the hell. I'll give it a shot.

I'm writing in response to Lee Selwyn's death. Hey, we all feel for Lee's family and bros, but what the hell are you coming to? Your mag says everyone is on the lookout for this mad man and his Bronc, and when he's found, he'll be turned in to "Detective Bishop" at so-and-so number.

Is this mag turning into a rat mag or what? If anyone has info, call the detectives? If calling the detectives and giving them any info isn't being a stool pigeon, what is?

I never thought I'd live to see the day your mag would ask anyone to phone the law and give them info to bust anyone for any reason.

Whatever happened to the one-percent law? Or have you forgotten?

Don't go getting the law that has been screwing most of us bikers around for years involved. Take care of it biker style. Try to remember the biker law and stay loyal to it.

I'm writing this letter on behalf of the one-percenters in Millhaven Penitentiary Max, Ontario, Canada.

Big Dave
Ontario, Canada

Give Us A Break

☐ Enough's enough! Advertising bombards us from the left and from the right. Now you're gonna use the center-spread. Great! Just great!

Stormy
Albuquerque, N.M.

Response To ABATE Bro

☐ To the ABATE bro in June's issue: Check if you have the October 1987, number 172 issue, pages 10 and 13, and try that. I am if I ever lose my legs. I have diabetes but I'll still ride! I had that name "Pegasus" for my two-wheeler in 1968! See if you can get a hold of that issue.

Live to ride, ride to live!
Sonny K.
Camp Hill, Pa.

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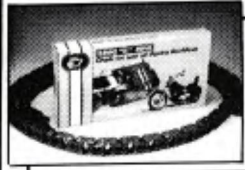
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Crashed Cooler

□ I need help finding a six-pack of Harley wine cooler. I dropped in to visit a local shop (R&R Cycle in Phoenix, Arizona) to pick up the latest edition of *Easyriders* (I hadn't received my subscription yet.) I must have messed up his timing because he was fumbling everything. When I gave him my money, he went over to the register, pushed the buttons, and ding—the drawer hit and knocked over his last surviving bottle of Harley-Davidson wine cooler. Feeling responsible, I'm calling out to anyone who knows the whereabouts of a six-pack of H-D coolers.

Gatordog
Box 39543
Phoenix, AZ 85069-9543

Twinkle-Shit

□ Okay, you've got a good rag. Some character complimented you by saying that *Easyriders* is the *Playboy* of bike magazines. Bullshit! You have more real people in one issue than Hef has had in 25 years.

One complaint though. Why does the foxy lady of the month turn into a mystical, foggy vision when you print her layout? I'm talking about the same old twinkle-shit lens and state-of-the-art backdrops that your photographers use.

If there is one thing that starts to make your rag look like the typical gentleman's porn periodical, it's the bullshit way that your Fox Hunt winners are photographed. Use some outdoor backdrops. Try putting her on two bikes, a three-wheeler, in a garage. Buy Mad Mike a new lens. Anything!

Otherwise, keep up the good work.

Captain Nemo
Chicago, Ill.

Twin-Breasted

□ Re: "Floats His Valves" in the May '89 issue. Right on! This is a quality twin-breasted bed-thrasher!

The age, the look, the tits—she's got it all.

We Canadians don't get to see much flesh during the winter months. The local crotch cannibals are either in snowmobile suits or are too hairy to hump.

The Pervert
Minden, Ontario

□ I finally had to write. "Floats His Valves" got me thinking. Look back at the January '89 issue, page 80, lower right. If that's not a classic set, well then I'm not the "tit" man I thought I was.

I'd go to Georgia right now if that little peach would join me on my Hog.

Alfie Newfarm
Gilbert, Pa.

Blah, Blah, Blah

□ Listen up, you sorry-assed West Coast mutha-fucker (Grizzly)! Why weren't you interested in the article "How To Eat Your Ol' Man"? (Too much for you?) Instead, you waste my time by taking potshots at the East Coast. Have you taken a good look at your end of the map lately?

I'm not "fuckin' pissed because (the West Coast has) the best of everything." What the fuck is so good about your earthquakes, your mud slides, your smog, and your hot, sunny, boring weather, day in and day out? Not to mention queers, AIDS, your fucking highways where people shoot at each other, and a damned actor who gets in a bike accident, and because of all that fuckin' publicity, we'll probably end up with a helmet law. All because of you West Coast faggots who probably all ride riceburners anyway.

With a name like Grizzly, you must be one ugly mutha-fucker and a "designer biker" at best. And by the way, it didn't escape me that you know how to write. Your verb tenses agree, and your colon is even in the right place. You're probably one of *Easyriders'* staff—maybe that sexist Spider for all I know.

Just remember one thing. Griz, we Northeasterners don't have to go to the West Coast to "fuck it all up." IT IS FUCKED UP. Any state that needs a special emissions system shouldn't brag about being "the best." A person needs a gas mask, not to mention rubber gloves, in good ol' California.

Poet of the Northeast
Escoheag, R.I.

East vs. West

□ This letter is in response to Grizzly in the May issue. I could take the comments about the girls and the weed and the beaches. I could take

them because I married the best girl, I can't stand weed, and I don't really care for the beach.

As for our bikes, an East Coast bike is faster, better-looking, and better maintained.

Now about our uglying up the place and causing all your problems—bullshit. I say, "Fuck you, pin-dick!"

The only mistake the Poet made was not pointing the gun to the West. Last, remember that the East was called America before the West and that Jack Daniel's is made in the East.

Rubberhead
Highland, N.Y.

Brotherhood

□ Regarding your coverage of the book *Conspiracy of Brothers* in your January '89 issue, we wish to thank you for your interest and support of our brothers.

As a result of the incredible response we've received, the Canadian government (Justice Department) has shown interest in the case and reopened the investigation.

We applaud all of you whose dedication to the ideals of brotherhood and justice is actually making a difference.

For those of you who are interested in finding out more about this true life story, look for *Conspiracy of Brothers* by Mick Lowe at a book store near you; better yet, ask for it. If you really wish to get the facts and be kept informed regarding the case as well as other pertinent information, write to:

Sauve Comeau Defense
Committee

1000 Warden Avenue
Scarborough, Ontario,
Canada M1R 2P1

Satan's Choice MC
Canada

Wants Home

□ I'm doing time in a federal prison in Pennsylvania. One of my bros just got released and left me with quite a stock of *Easyriders* from 1980 to 1985. All are in really good shape. I also have the special 10th Anniversary's issue. They all need a good home. Will sell, trade, or give them away. Please give them a good home and take care of them.

Steven Kanuk #14860-083
P.O. Box 1000,
Mail Box #153
Loretto, PA 15940

Rip's Run

□ I do not believe *Easyrider*s or Paisano Publications are trying to promote drug and juice abuse. They're simply showing the mellow medium.

As for "Rip's Run," one of my bros on the cellblock put aside my *Easyrider*s the other day and said to me, "Man, I wish I had this dude's job—ridin' that FLH down the highway and keepin' a record of his adventures." Rip, to this down bro, represents freedom in its purest form! Keep up the good work and keep Rip on his eternal run!

A Rider in Prison
Menard, Ill.

□ I guess what I'm trying to say is, "If you can't handle the articles in *Easyrider*s and especially 'Rip's Run,' then you should save your money and donate it to the local Nancy's 'Just Say No' program chapter and leave the lifestyle to us."

Michael Wright
Anthony, N.M./Tex.

□ I met Rip when he came to our town after my first letter to him. He was here for two weeks and stayed with me and my brothers. For you to write your b.s. in "Word-monger" is bullshit. You don't even know the man!

C.C.
Corpus Christi, Tex.

No Mashed Potatoes

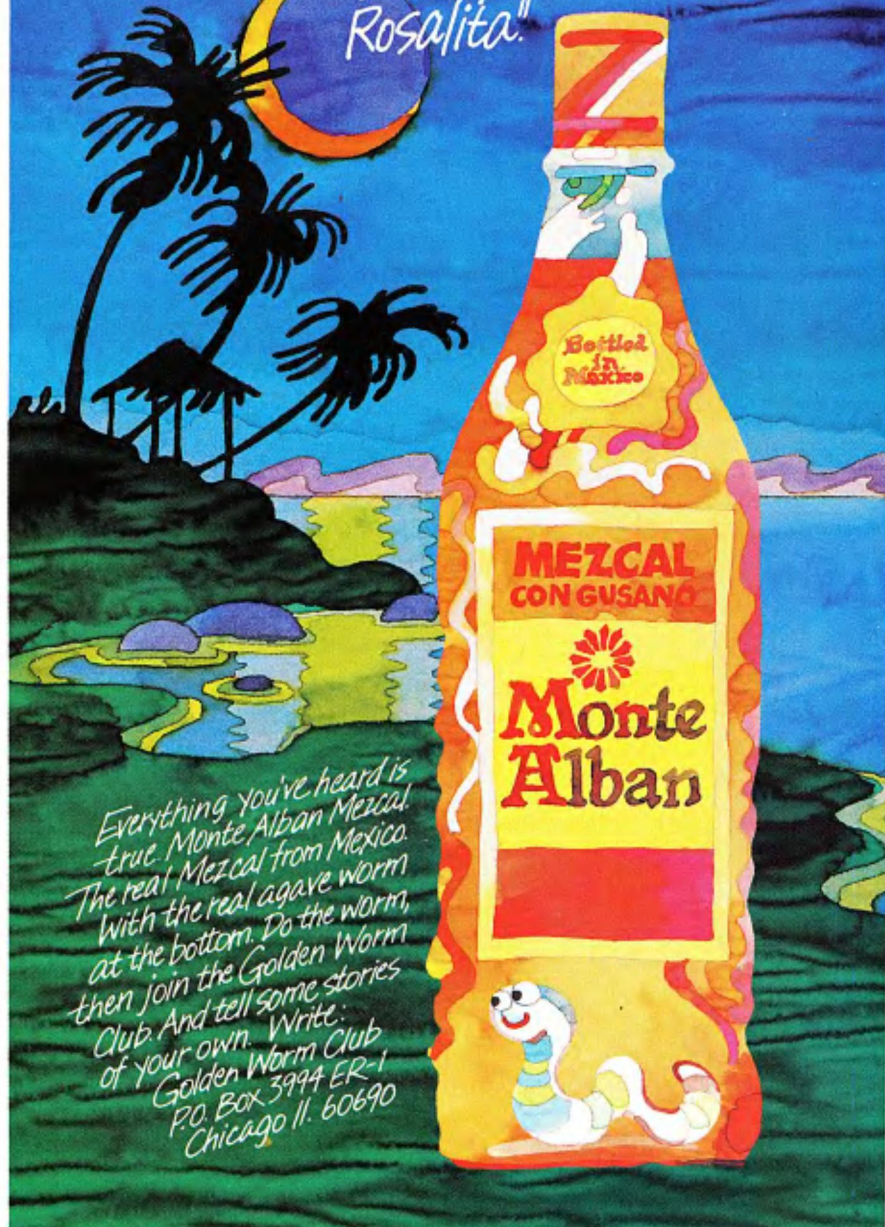
□ This is the second time I've written to you. We're starting a ladies-only club in the Bridgeport, Connecticut area and any ladies interested may write to us.

Our name is Against All Odds MC and our patches will consist of the Queen of Hearts playing card in the background. In front of the Queen of Hearts will be two dice showing three and four circles representing the number seven. The top rocker will be the single word "Against" and the bottom rocker will read "All Odds."

We will hopefully show that women can ride motorcycles and still be ladies and that we actually have brains in our heads, not mashed potatoes.

Against All Odds MC
Box 5426
Bridgeport, CT 06606

"What happened
when he ate the worm,
he won't tell.
But days later,
they say, he was still smiling.
Calling for greater truths,
more Monte Alban Mezcal, and
the fawn-eyed
beauty
Rosalita!"



Everything you've heard is
true. Monte Alban Mezcal.
The real Mezcal from Mexico.
With the real agave worm
at the bottom. Do the worm,
then join the Golden Worm
Club. And tell some stories
of your own. Write:
Golden Worm Club
P.O. Box 3994 ER-1
Chicago Ill. 60690



BURN-OUT

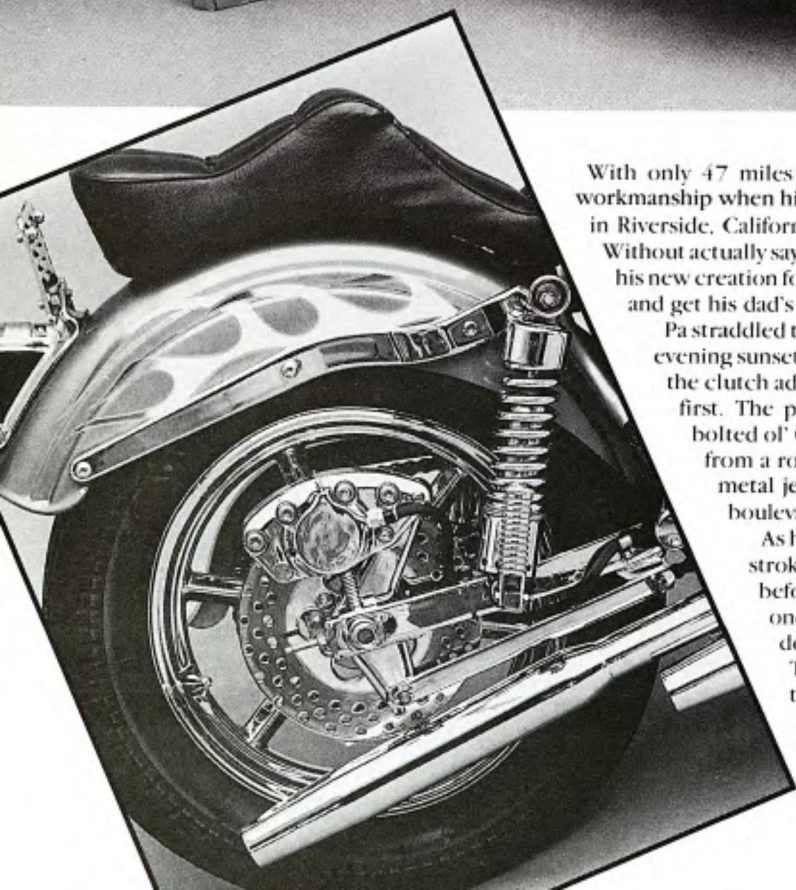
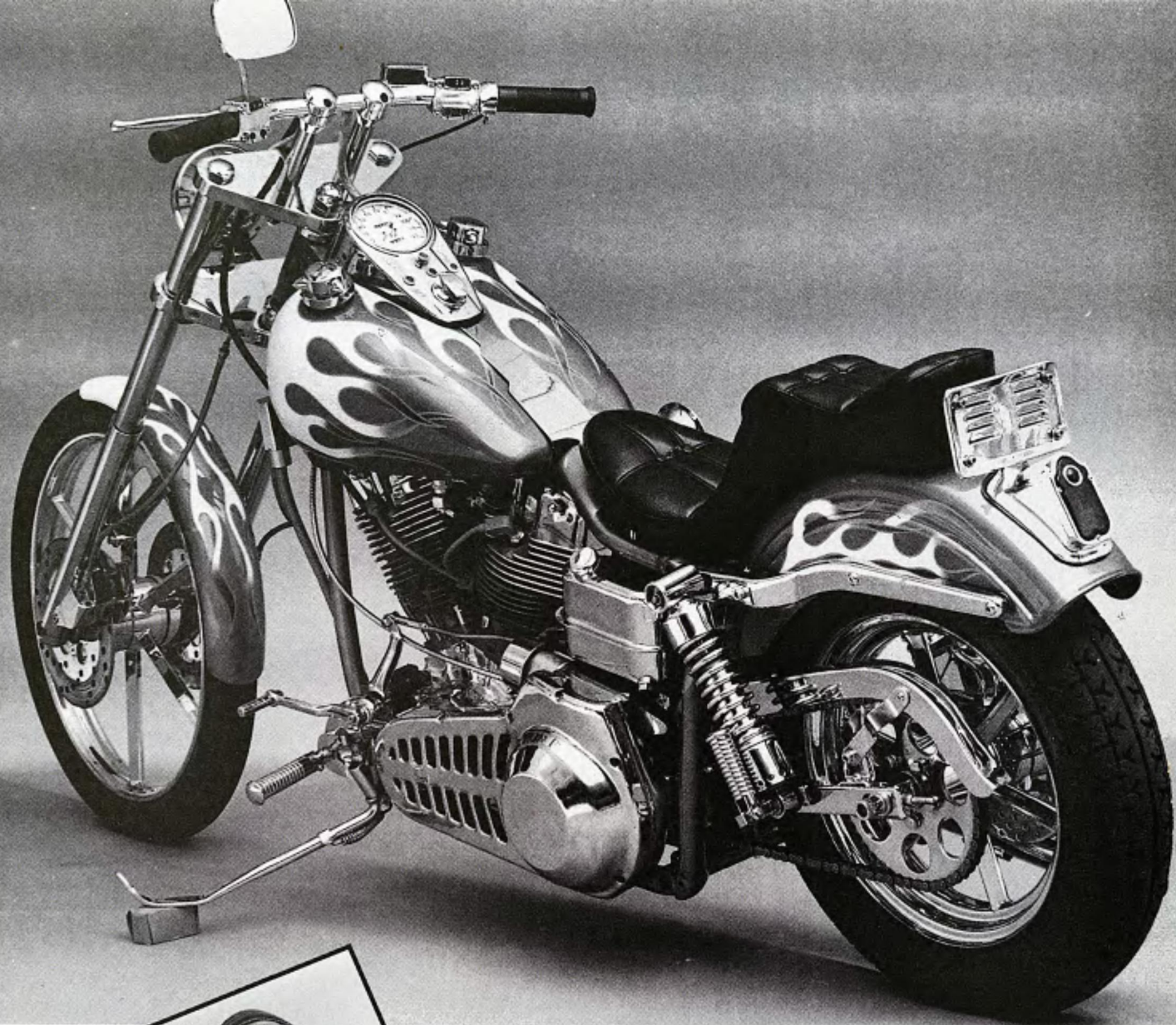
Heartbreaks are part of the game

Frunk Barry kicked off his puttin' career at age 16 on a used Low Rider. At the time he and his dad were drivin' trucks for a livin' across the U.S. Frank scrimped an' saved every dime he could. (His father's shovel, "Bad to the Bone," was featured in our January '84 issue). He maintained that FXS beast for a couple of years, then sold it and started on this bike. It took him over two years to piece together this ride from the cases up.

You can imagine the rush of pride that must have been runnin' through his frame when he initially fired-up the first bike he'd ever built. There's something about the smell of fresh oil circulating through a new mill. And the wrinkle paint settlin' in, parts becoming familiar with parts—like a gatherin' of people who're merging into a family—is somethin' to experience. The event smacks of a religious occurrence, and Frank was relishin' every second of it. He was checkin' the wiring, watchin' that no oil lines were leanin' against the heads or exhaust pipes, and inspectin' for leaks around the top end, gas lines, and intake manifold.







With only 47 miles on it, Frank stood by the ticking engine, admiring his workmanship when his dad came out of their modest home on a suburban street in Riverside, California to share in the pride of accomplishment with his son. Without actually saying a word, Frank motioned for his dad, Crazy Frank, to take his new creation for a trial spin. He wanted to share his now-completed dream and get his dad's experienced, expert input.

Pa straddled the glimmering shovel, mirroring the streaked clouds in the evening sunset, lifted the shifter gently with his booted toe, after checking the clutch adjustment, and the scooter slipped, without resistance, into first. The powerhouse of 96 mean-as-a-leopard-on-the-loose inches bolted ol' Crazy outta the driveway and down the block like a round from a rocket launcher. With beaming pride, Frank watched as his metal jewel made a comfortable right turn toward the two-lane boulevard behind their home.

As his dad hit second he just barely began to feel the power the stroker motor was capable of. He came to a complete stop before entering the main thoroughfare, checking the bike over once more before rolling on. The scooter pulled him confidently into the center lane, but when he hit third it lurched. The barrel studs in the rear cylinder were too short and torquing down the nuts had stripped one and cracked another. The tight cylinder containing a precision high-compression piston and rings, mic'd to their tightest tolerance, pulled the barrel right off its base and slammed the chromed rocker box into the bottom of the right fatbob, splitting it.



Gas immediately spewed over the engine. Crazy Frank jammed on the new brakes, and the bike slid slightly then stopped. He jumped clear as the bike burst into flames. No one was in sight and, momentarily, he had to stand and grimly view his son's creation melting before his eyes.

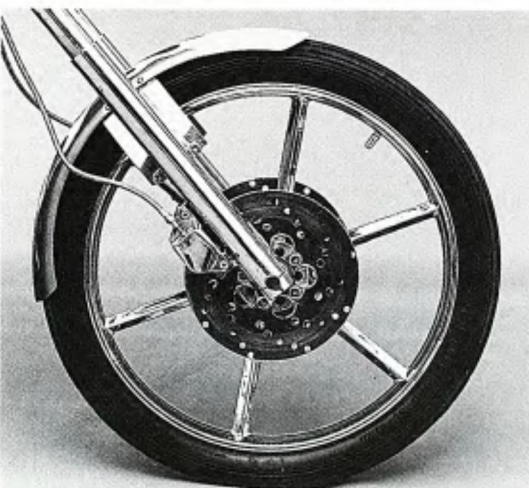
A Trans Am screeched to a stop beside him, he jumped in and they peeled back to the house for help. Frank ran with a blanket the two blocks to where the bike was burning, but it was too late. There wasn't much that could be done, except to extinguish the remaining flames around the melted carburetor. The seat was gone, the paint blistered black, and the tires were cracked and parched. After the fire was out, the Fire Department arrived to at least cool the hot metal down to enable Frank to push his charred monster home.

That night he tore the bike down.

Within six months the bike was completed once again to the stage you see it here. Since it's been up, he's taken it to the East Coast, made it to Daytona in '88 and '89, the Queen Mary show, and he's planning to be in Sturgis this year. You'll probably see a feature on his dad's new 114-inch project sometime next year. We're proud to feature bikes built by brothers with heart such as Frank. Like father, like son—ride on.

—Renegade

Owner: Frank Barry		City: Riverside, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1964	
Year and make: 1966 H-D		Builder: H-D and Terry Dolan	
Model: special construction		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 3 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 inches	
Time: six months		Other alterations: shaved	
Chroming by: Empire Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1966		Risers: 6-inch	
Model: special construction		Fender(s): wide glide	
Rebuilder: Big Bore Engineering		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 96 cubic inches		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Big Bore Engineering		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: battery/magneto	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: 3.5 gallon fatbobs	
Heads: Rivera Engineering		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam: Leineweber		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Phase III	
Carb(s): 2-inch S.U.		Seat: J & S Upholstery	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Python		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): Python		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1978		Extension: 8 inches	
Shifting: reverse		Builder: owner/Big Bore	
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt		Special features: slim legs	
Trans sprocket: 24-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Terry Dolan		Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Painter: Terry Dolan		Rim width: 2¼ inches	Rim width: 5 inches
Color: oriental blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: white pearl flames with purple shading			
Other special modifications:			



Photos by Silvermoon

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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with the addition of factory PHD certified status immediately upon completion of the required course of study and graduation.

The Harley-Davidson program is equipped by the factory with complete motorcycles, engines, transmissions, clutches, suspension and electrical components. Graduate placement is provided through Motorcycle Mechanics Institute's Graduate Placement department with the help of the Harley-Davidson Motor Co.

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.

If you want a factory authorized program that can earn **Factory-Trained and PHD Certification** the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute is the only place to go.

For more information on the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute and the Harley-Davidson **Factory-Trained Certification** programs CALL 1-800-528-7995.

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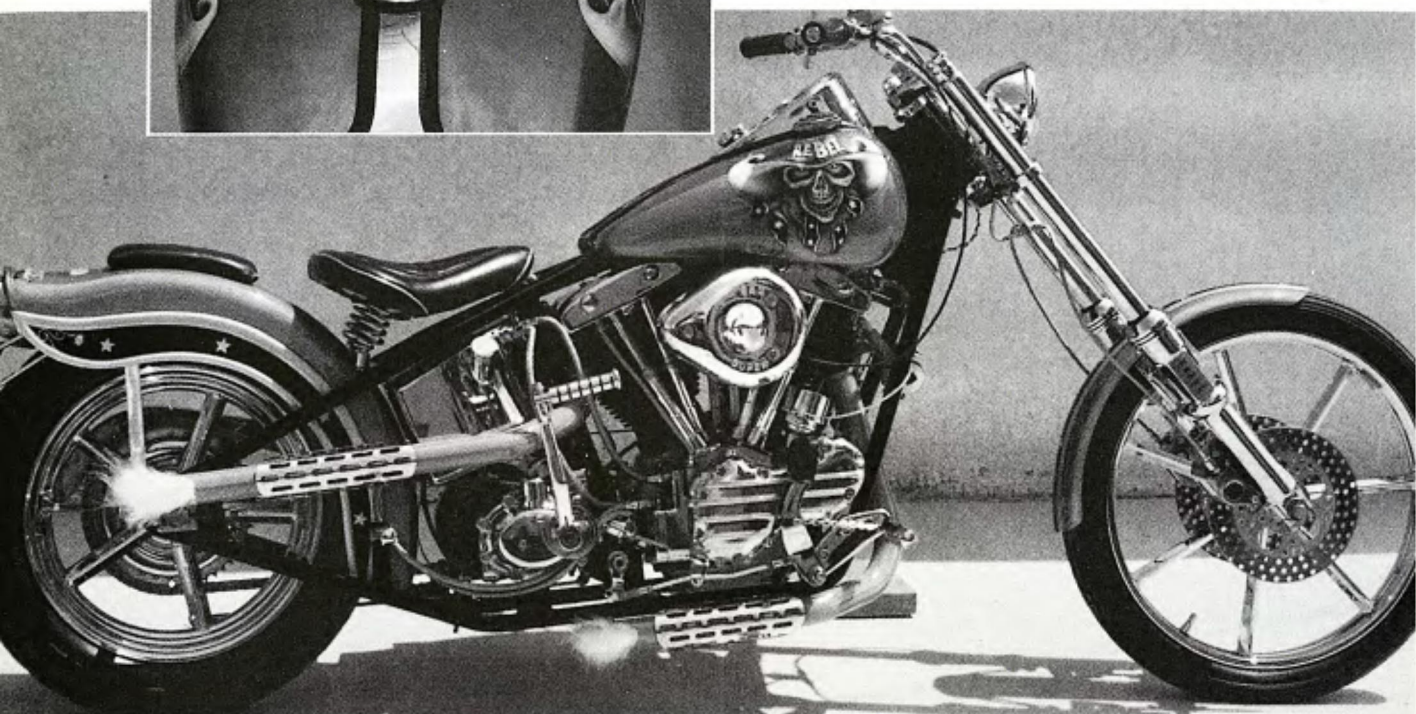
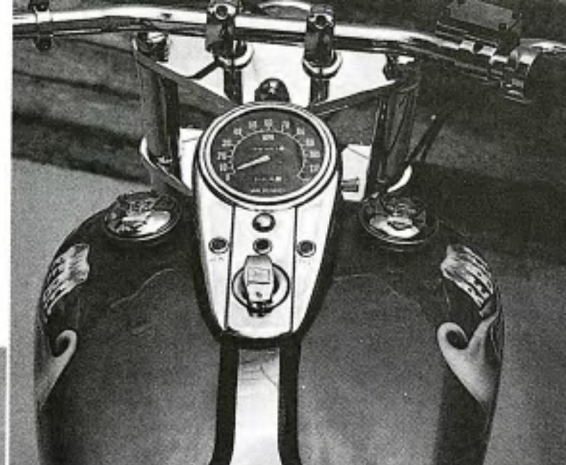
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READER'S RIDE



Tom "Rebel" Weyer, St. Paul, Minnesota 1962 Harley-Davidson, pan/shovel

Rebel/a non-conformist, one who rebels against the norm. Well, ol' Rebel, Tom Weyer, has been there. He's the prez of his club, Los Valientes (the valiant ones) MC, in St. Paul. This industrial painter, working the five-state area surrounding Minnesota, has been riding for 14 years.

As an example of Tom's propensity for brave-but-insurgent behavior, here's a quick tale from his glory days. Seems he was puttin' this bike, with an extended girder and no front brake, through downtown St. Paul. It was a fine afternoon, and he was just mindin' his own business and enjoying the road (except that his license had been revoked for 30 days).

Well, about this time a cruiser went by, and as soon as he saw Tom rumbling up the road on his custom scoot, he whipped a U-turn and hit the flashing lights. When Rebel caught the spinning red in his vibrating rear-view mirror, and heard the unwelcome wail of a siren, he did what any bold, brash, barely-legal biker would have done—he tried to out run him.

It wasn't long before one of the city's finest caught him in an alley, another slid to a stop in front of him at the intersection, and yet another was hot on his tail. Six of 'em in all finally made the stop, beat 'im flat, and took him downtown. That little road race taught this rebel a valuable lesson and seriously stung his insurance bill for years to come.

Oh, and Rebel wanted to dedicate this feature to his brother, Tooter, who died of cancer in his wife's arms on May 21. Tooter was the V.P. of the Los Valientes. Let it be done.

—Renegade

Year: 1962

Forks: 6-over wide glide by owner

Model: pan/shovel

Wheels: Front, 21-inch Super-spoke with dual discs; Rear, 16-inch, Superspokes with mechanical brakes

Engine: 93½-inch, FLH with 485 Magnum cam

Top End: S&S pistons, ported and polished shovelheads

Frame: Lowe hard head, from Butch's Custom M/C, 10 degree over stock rake

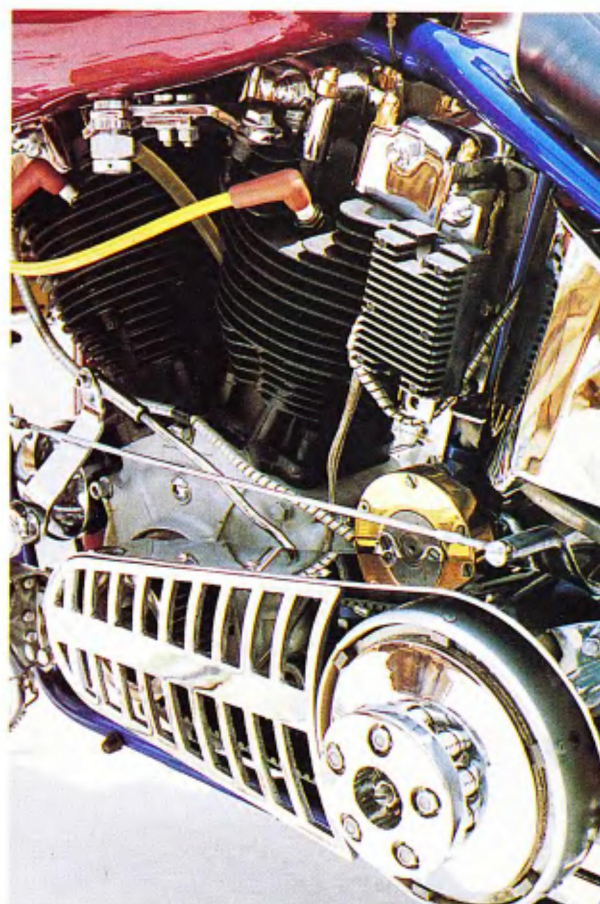
Lower End: Rebuilt and balanced by Total Performance, S&S

Accessories: 5-gallon fatbobs, drag pipes/porcelain coated/open primary, Accel coil

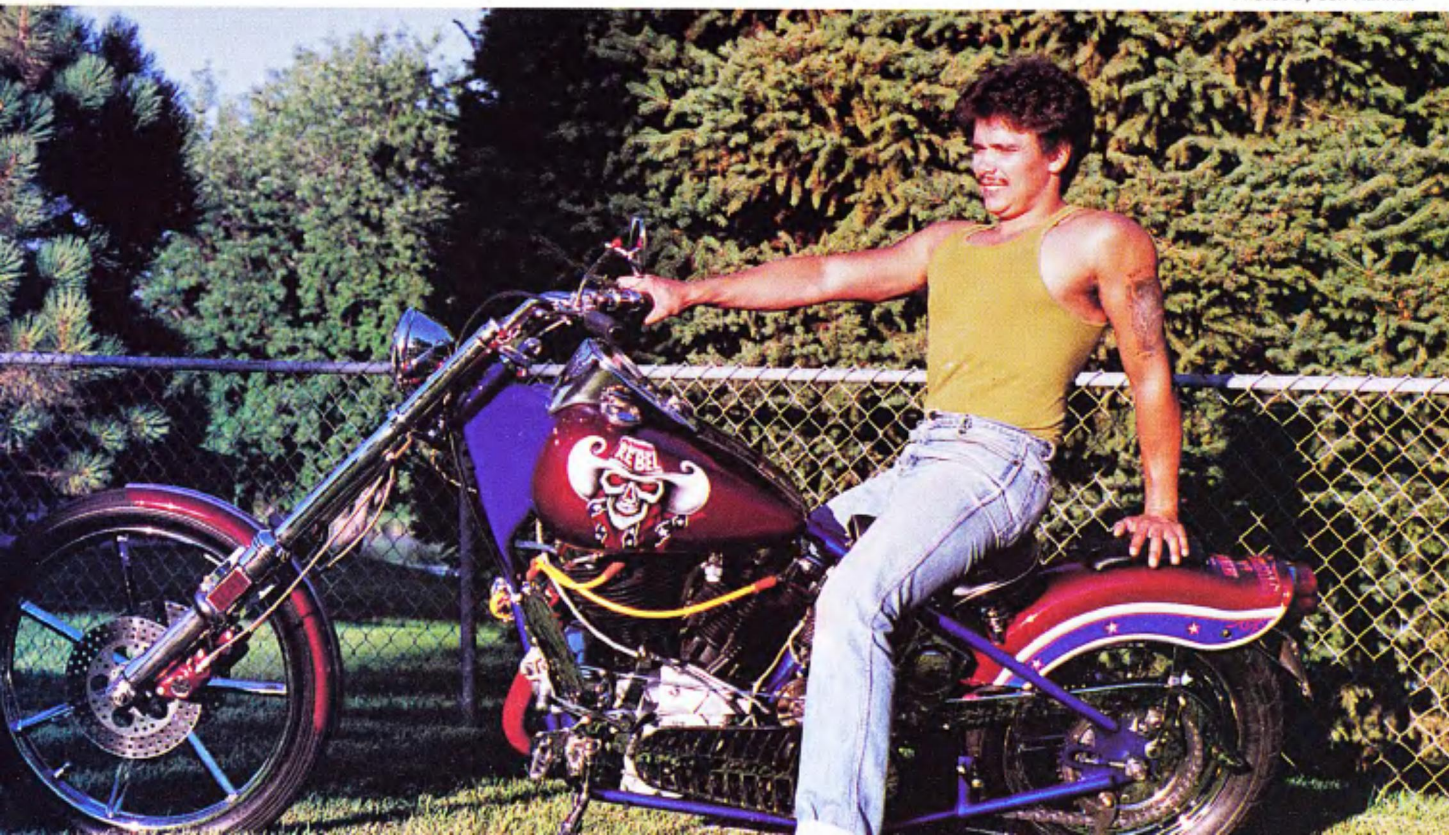
Transmission: Andrews gears and primary belt drive

Finish: Cobalt blue and brandywine lacquer by Gene Weyer with molding by owner.

Credits: To Tooter, Mongo, Stan the Man and John Nitti, and to all my brothers in the Los Valientes MC.



Photos by Jeff Hahnen



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flip-flop F•L•Y•E•R

Crazy Keith Looks Back and Still Gains Ground

"Crazy" Keith Kardell isn't—crazy that is. He just has a ridin' style that most of us are too sane to try. Imagine doing a wheelie while lookin' at where you've been, instead of where you're goin'. Or, how 'bout a 13-second, 100-mph quarter—backwards? Could you do a backflip over the rear of your Hog, an' then slide behind it while holdin' the sissy bar? If we didn't have pictures, would you believe any of this?

Keith Kardell, 35, has been riding two-wheelers wrong-way 'round since he got his first bicycle, back in Midland, Michigan. The habit just sort of grew after that. In his quarter-century or so of lookin' at the road behind, Keith has gotten pretty damned good at handlin' a motorcycle.

His stunts include: ridin' with one foot and one hand on the side of the bike; standin' on the seat, both backwards and upside down; and even gettin' off, slidin' along behind for a while, and then gettin' back on. He doesn't fall off while doin'

any of this stuff, either.

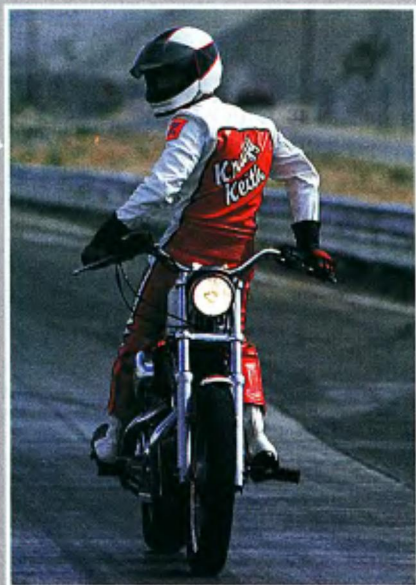
When asked how many miles he has spent ridin' backwards, Keith couldn't even guess at an answer. He did say that he's ridden backwards, "—over 100 miles-per-hour at least two dozen times each year for the past 10 years." He didn't mention that he does this while doin' a standing-start quarter-mile in 13-seconds, with thousands of people watchin'.

Kardell has a regular job; trick riding is just something he enjoys. And even though Keith does get money for doin' his act at drag bike meets, his biggest payment is from the dropped jaws of the enthusiastic

scooter people he entertains.

In fact, he has so much fun ridin', that he likes to share it with his dogs, Quinn and Reina. Quinn is the 10-year-old mother and Reina her six-year-old daughter. Both bitches love to ride. Reina gets downright disappointed if she doesn't get to putt. But then, a lot of bitches have that problem.

Bill Bartels (Bartels' Harley-Davidson in Culver City, California) furnishes the 1200 Sportster Keith does his act with. Sure, Bartels' name and racing colors are on Kardell's bike and leathers while he entertains all those Harley customers, but Bartels supports Keith





Photos by William Matthews



for the good times shared.

Keith's Sportster is nearly stock. The only changes were a wider set of bars, a short sissy bar to hang on to, and a kill switch mounted on the sissy bar. Kardell doesn't think too much of trick riders who load their bikes with lots of gadgets.

Kardell will perform at most National Hot Rod Association drag bike meets this year, and many of the local bike meets in the Southern California area. If you'd like to see him doin' his thing, go to the races. Keith likes to wander around the pits—you can't miss him, he'll be the one with two good-lookin' bitches on his tail. —J.D. Chandler

Wear Our Colors

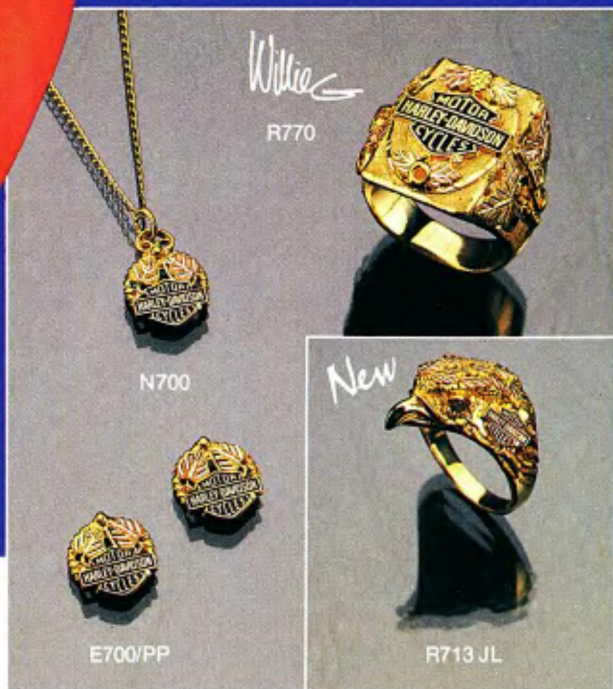
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EASYnews

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

California Motorcycle Accidents Drop 30 Percent

In the wake of the continuing, hotly debated controversy over AB 8 (the mandatory motorcycle helmet use legislation), new and important state accident figures have just been released, refuting the bill's necessity.

According to information recently received from the California Highway Patrol's information management section, motorcycle fatalities and injuries in 1988 fell more than ever experienced before in California history. Education and increased motorcycle rider awareness are seen as being the primary reasons why the state has experienced this unprecedented decrease in motorcycle accidents last year.

* Motorcycle fatalities dropped **19 percent** in 1988, from 741 in 1987 to 600 in 1988. This is the lowest number of motorcycle fatalities since 1975, when there were over 33 percent fewer automobiles competing for motorcyclists' rights-of-way.

* Motorcycle injuries decreased **15 percent** in 1988, from 24,662 in 1987, to 20,982 in 1988. This is the lowest number of motorcycle injuries in 14 years, and the largest total decrease ever.

* Motorcycle fatalities have dropped an unprecedented **30.5 percent**, in just two years, when combined with last year's significant reduction in California motorcycle accidents. Motorcycle injuries have been reduced an amazing **25.5 percent** since 1986.

With each year's revelation of steadily declining motorcycle



deaths and injuries, Assemblyman Floyd's legislation (in the guise of safety) exposes itself more as a continuing attack on the rights and privileges of some 750,000 California motorcyclists. AB 8 has become a piece of legislation desperately looking for a problem to solve. In no other area of societal activity (certainly including automobile use), can one find such a significant decrease in risk and injury, during the last two years. AB 8's supporters will contend that even more lives will be saved with its passage. National statistics clearly do not support this theory, however.

Our analysis (of the

1987 national motorcycle accident statistics published by the highly regarded Motorcycle Safety Foundation) shows conclusively that there is little statistical difference in fatality rates between states with adult helmet laws, and states with modified (but no adult) helmet laws. However, states with $\$22$ no $\$21$ helmet laws for anyone, have 10 percent lower fatality rates than helmet-law states. Motorcycle accident prevention in California, through motorist awareness programs, education, and rider training, remains the top priority of the responsible motorcycle rights organizations. Helmet law legisla-

tion, like AB 8, ignores the accident prevention issue, the key to making motorcycling safer.

These welcome motorcycle fatality and injury reductions contrast dramatically with the accident figures for all California motor vehicles. Since the mandatory seat belt law was enacted, three years ago, total motor vehicular fatalities have increased 8 percent, and injuries have risen 10 percent.

We urge you to write or telephone, to make our legislators aware of this new and relevant information! Urge them to vote *no* on AB 8! AB 8 barely passed the Assembly (by only $\$22$ $\$21$ vote) on April 13, and will be heard next in the Senate Transportation Committee. WRITE 3 LETTERS, TODAY! Write your state senator, the chairman of the Senate Transportation Committee, Senator Q. Kopp, and Governor Deukmejian. Address all correspondence to:

Senator _____,
State Capitol,
Sacramento, CA 95814

Senator Q. Kopp, Chairman
Senate Transportation
Committee,
State Capitol,
Sacramento, CA 95814

Governor G. Deukmejian,
State Capitol,
Sacramento, CA 95814

—Bipartisans Against Discriminatory Legislation. For more timely news, contact your local motorcyclist rights organization.

Fourth Annual Na Motorcyclists

Unity and Greater Understanding - Major Goals

There currently is only one major source of federal motorcyclist legislative rights funding in the United States today. That money which amounts to an annual budget of \$200,000 is controlled by the advisory board of the National Coalition of Motorcyclists (NCOM). The committee is comprised of motorcyclists' rights leaders from all over the country (listed below). And this was to be the first year that the funding was supported by balanced revenues from various Aid to Injured Motorcyclists (AIM) riding attorneys from all over the country. That is, until Senator Chafee introduced the National Highway Fatality And Injury Reduction Act of 1989 which may take over \$100,000 to only begin to defeat, in addition to a tremendous amount of support from you and I, the riders of the land.

Over the last four years the law offices of Richard M. Lester have supplemented that annual budget to the tune of over \$450,000. But the lifestyle has demanded it.

Another major necessity has arisen for bikers to properly defend themselves against adverse



legislation, and that's safety training. The fourth annual convention of NCOM held in Cleveland in May was primarily about training in organization, legislative affairs, fundraising, public relations, stress management; you name it. For that reason alone the annual

convention has become one of the major outlets for seminars designed to spread the updated word, data, and new ideas to the leaders of the movement.

This NCOM annual get-together alone costs the coffers around fifty grand, but every minute is

worth it. The leaders from organizations in almost every state and several foreign countries have the opportunity over a week to learn new information, statistics, and procedures to combat restrictive legislation and they have the opportunity to rap face to face

National Highway Fatality and

Senator John Chafee (R-R.I.) has introduced U.S. Senate Bill 1007 that would return the black-mail tactic of "no mandatory helmet/seat belt law equals reduction in federal highway funds" to that state reluctant to give up its state's rights.

To all of us that ride and cherish our freedom of choice, I must say - this has been an ongoing war, state by state, but now, the federal threat may prove to be the climactic battle of this war against freedom.

At its recent convention, the National Coalition of Motorcyclists declared its complete opposition to this federal legislation and pledged an all-out fight with everything at NCOM's and its 267 member groups' disposal. In a special meeting at this same convention, the MRF and other biker rights groups also put their resources on the line.

Make no mistake about this, it will take every grass roots rights group, every concerned

motorcyclist, every street biker, and all freedom fighters. It will also take somewhere between \$75 and \$150 thousand. We will all have to reach deep into our hearts and pockets.

The Law Offices of Richard M. Lester and Aid to Injured Motorcyclist attorneys from all over the United States have pledged part of the money coming in from legal cases to be contributed to this "freedom fund," through the National Coalition of Motorcyclists.

Our representatives in Congress must be made aware of our strong feelings in this matter. Senator Pete Wilson (R-CA) is a co-sponsor of the bill. This makes the fight that much harder, but also adds to its significance.

On the other hand, our friends must also hear from us. U.S. Senator James Jeffords (R-VT) appearing on a radio program hosted by Rod Clarke (Freedom of the Road-Vermont and NCAM Advisor), said:

QUESTION: "Would you support that (Chafee

bill)? It will be going to your committee."

JEFFORDS: "No, not any more than I supported the one that said we had to change our drinking law. I think first of all, that that's a matter for the states. We shouldn't interfere in those jurisdictions. Secondly, I take the position that I'm very reluctant to have the government tell me what I should do to protect myself when it doesn't effect the lives of others. Thus, I have never been a fan of either the helmet law or the seat belt law."

We are not alone in our fight, but all Americans that care about individual rights must come together for this battle of we are to remain a "free people in a free society."

Richard M. Lester
Founder
Aid to Injured Motorcyclists
National Coalition of Motorcyclists

ational Coalition Of Convention



Richard M. Lester, founder of NCOM

Fourth Annual National Convention of
Motorcyclists' Convention Banquet

and clear the air of any rumors or bad publicity that could be floating around about ...you name it.

The second positive aspect to this particular convention is the planning by the advisory committee—for the first time in their existence the advisory board

unanimously voted to oppose the "Senator Chaffee federal blackmail bill" (see sidebar). And the tremendous amount of dialog that filtered between the 300-plus scooter people representing 42 states, three provinces, three countries and 61 bikers' right or-

ganizations worked to unify and solidify mutual respect, admiration, and the need to reach higher goals. That dialogue I found to be the most helpful aspect of this particularly informative conference.

As bikers we're born skeptical, tough guys with pure hearts and inquiring minds, and the only way to see through the paper bull is to be able to sit eyeball to eyeball and discuss the future of bikerdom. I found that everyone wants to win the war against the political trend to wrap up the entire free world in fiberglass and Styrofoam. The brothers and sisters also wanted to show the nation the spirit and unity that bikers share. I detected a strong move for enhanced unity. Leaders were discussing legislative tactics, events, and solutions without concern for badges of credit, only that the deeds needed to be accomplished.

We need to be able to continue to ride free and live the life we want without undue hassle—who gives a hot drag pipe for who gets the credit. And these brothers exuded that concern. As long as you and I can ride where we

want, when we want, on whatever bike we choose to build, and without having to wear a suit of armor. And as long as we understand that in order to maintain our lifestyle we need to support all of our local biker rights groups in the process, who the hell gives a smokin' clutch hub what the name of the organization is?

A great deal of credit belongs to Richard M. Lester for the guts to pull a bunch of diverse but always proud American bikers together and help them meet their goals through responsible funding. Unfortunately, the bikers rights movement was never going to find the financial backing from the American Motorcyclist Association or any manufacturer of motorcycles, including our own factory, so where could they turn to? Their own fund-raising efforts? Malcolm Forbes? Many of these entities have their hands tied.

Through NCOM, grass roots organizations, and the American motorcycle riders who believe in freedom of the road—and with the assistance of the Motorcycle Riders Foundation in Washington, D.C.—the movement stays alive and keeps growing.

Injury Reduction Act of 1989

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Warren Sheehy (ABATE of Nebraska)
Bill Carlton (Texas Motorcycle Roadriders Association)
*John "Butch" Olson (ABATE of North Dakota)
Wily Freidel (ABATE of South Dakota)
Barry Orcutt (ABATE of Wisconsin)
*Mike Warren (ABATE of Ohio)
Art Poole (Concerned Motorcyclists of Tennessee/ABATE)
Randy Benson (ABATE of Louisiana)
Eddie LaPlante (ABATE of Florida)
Rick Nail (Concerned Bikers Assn/ABATE of North Carolina)
*Debbie Lough (ABATE of Maryland)
Fred Curren (ABATE of Pennsylvania)
*Sherman Packard (New Hampshire Motorcycle Rights Organization)
Rod Clarke (Freedom of the Road for Vermont,

Inc.)

Duane Currie (Bikers Rights Organization - Ontario)
Wayne Dingle (Ontario Road Riders Association)
Gabe Hill (British Columbia Coalition of Motorcyclists)
Ryan Larue (National Helmet Law Repeal Association)
*Dr. Randal Mackenzie (Medical Liaison)
*Fred Harrell (Motorcycle Dealers Liaison)

* also on Legislative Task Force

LEGISLATIVE TASK FORCE

Jesse McDugald (ABATE of South Carolina)
**Debbie Lough (ABATE of Maryland)
George Heissenbuttle (Kentucky Bikers Association)
**Fred Harrell (Modified Motorcycle Association - Nevada)

**Mike Warren (ABATE of Ohio)
**John Olson (ABATE of North Dakota)
Bob MacKay (British Columbia Coalition of Motorcyclists)
**Dr. Randal MacKenzie (New York)
**Sherman Packard (New Hampshire Motorcycle Rights Organization)
Charles Umbenhauer (ABATE of Pennsylvania)
**Ron Roloff (Modified Motorcycle Association - California)

** Also on Board of Advisors

Iowa and Nebraska Labor Day Fund Raiser

As the saying goes, money talks and bullshit walks! So came the idea of forming the Labor Day Blow-Out in Nebraska to get some of that much-needed money to fight this bullshit being bestowed upon us. It would also financially help the districts involved by bringing together two state organizations, ABATE of Iowa and ABATE of Nebraska, which take in seven ABATE districts bordering along the Missouri River—which we called Midwest Bikers' Association. This event was then designed to afford all these smaller groups the opportunity to combine their efforts for one major bash, which will do more for the group as a whole with one grand party.

Well it's now into the fourth year, and we're looking for bigger and better things to come. We have also had help from local clubs, which turned into major assistance. It looks like there will be Harley Drags at Wild Willy's Drag Raceway Strip located between Hooper and Scribner, Nebraska, this year, which is located about seven miles from our camp-

ground. Harley-Davidson has a surprise scheduled for the event, as they will have some of their museum pieces on display there.

Our campground, Spring Lake, is located below a bluff along the Elkhorn River, with a small lake and plenty of shade trees. After you park your bike, you can walk to the band-and-vendor area, as some seem to have a little trouble navigating after liquid refreshment. The field events area is almost within shouting distance from the grandstand.

Our location in the state brings riders from several surrounding states with a few drop-ins from California, Texas, and Arizona, to name a few. Even cagers are welcome with close-by parking. We have one helluva Labor Day Blow-Out and all are welcome; just leave attitudes outside!

Inquiries and information requests taken by: Midwest Bikers' Association, Box 241012, Omaha, NE 68124-5012.

—Warren Sheehy, Coordinator
ABATE of Nebraska, District 6
(402)734-4174

Illinois Legislators Reconsider Helmet Bills

Members of the Illinois Senate Transportation Committee have agreed to amend a mandatory helmet measure to require only those motorcyclists under the age of 18 to wear helmets.

The American Motorcyclist Assn.'s (AMA's) legislative affairs specialist, Jim Bensberg, testified before the committee on April 27 and succeeded in convincing Sen. Howard Brookins (D-Chicago) to modify his helmet bill. The proposed legislation, Senate Bill 7, would have required helmet use for all Illinois motorcyclists, regardless of age. Consistent with its position regarding protective equipment, the AMA does not oppose helmet bills for minors only.

"There are some motorcyclists in Illinois who would have preferred no helmet law whatsoever, but the AMA believes this is a

reasonable compromise which ensures the right of adults to decide for themselves whether and when to wear certain protective gear," says Bensberg.

Representative John Cullerton (D-Chicago) has also proposed a bill that would directly affect all Illinois motorcyclists. House Bill 1387 provides that failure to wear a helmet would reduce damage awards in court for personal injury actions brought by motorcycle accident victims, regardless of fault. The AMA rejects this concept since the majority of motorcycle accident victims are not at fault. Another Cullerton bill, HB-1393, is similar to Sen. Brookins' amended SB-7 and would require helmet use for any rider under age 18.

—AMA
Box 6114
Westerville, OH 43081-6114



From the back streets to HOG Insurance

I've received several letters regarding the ever increasing prices of HOG insurance. Seems preferred coverage in 1987 for a new FLST was \$275.00 for six months. This particular owner was paying \$317.00 for the same coverage, for three months in 1989. And now he's been informed of a coming surcharge for V-Twins. Somewhat outrageous, since that's all Harley makes. This particular reader canceled his insurance through the HOG club and selected his own locally—same coverage at a \$467.00 savings a year. Pays to shop around.

Bill Turkus, Executive Director of ABATE of New Jersey warns riders in his state about the new vapor return nozzles now being installed in Jersey gas stations. Care must be taken when pulling the sleeve back to fill bike gas tanks that excess gas doesn't run out creating a fire hazard. It's a good idea to point the nozzle down and pull the sleeve back before attempting to fill the tank. That should allow any gas trapped in the sleeve to drain away from the bike. For more information, write

Bill at ABATE of New Jersey, P.O. Box 10442, New Brunswick, N.J. 08906-0442.

Tom Blackburn of ABATE of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, recently defeated the mandatory helmet bill and the seatbelt law after a visit with Senator Ben Brown, D-Oklahoma City, the sponsor. "Knowing full well that Sen. Brown will revive the same bill next year, I decided the general public should hear not just his side of the issue but ours as well. On April 16, I was invited to give our side of the story on Radio Station KTOK in Oklahoma City. I was originally scheduled to be on the air from 5:10 until 5:30 P.M., but the interview went so well that they delayed other programming and kept me on the air until 6:00. Many people called in supporting education over mandatory legislation. Toward the end of the show there had been so many calls against the law that the hostess was actually asking for someone to call in and give support to the helmet issue. None came.

EASYRIDERS RODEO

New York Location

Easyriders' events director, Al Sherman, announced that the New York Rodeo will be held at the Orange County Fairgrounds in Middletown, New York, on August 25, 26 and 27, 1989. Sherman said the facility is very conveniently located, only 30 miles from the Connecticut border, and 65

miles from New York City. The spacious site has ample camping conveniences such as showers and larger swap meet buildings. This year a \$1,000 Ride-In Bike Show will be run by the H.O.G. club in addition to the \$5,000 rodeo purse. Don't miss it.

Bikers' Rights Organizations Nationwide

The following groups and individuals are bustin' ass to keep our faces in the wind, an' they need your support to keep the legislative wolves at bay. Write the organization in your state, and they will direct you to the chapter nearest you. Changes, additions, and deletions should be sent to Bikers' Rights, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Since space is at a premium, we are unable to list every chapter, phone number, and contact. For a complete listing, inquire at the above address.

- ALABAMA**
Alabama Riders Association/ABATE
Box 360095
Birmingham 35216
- ALASKA**
ABATE of Alaska
Anchorage Chapter
Box 92213
Anchorage 99517-2213
(907) 248-7828
ABATE of Alaska
Tanana Valley Chapter
Box 74773
Fairbanks 99707
- ARIZONA**
ABATE of Arizona, Inc.
Prescott-Yavapai County District
Box 3377
Prescott 86303
(602) 445-7386 (602) 445-7425
ABATE of Arizona, Inc.
East Valley District
3135 S. 48th St., Suite 3, Box 69
Tempe 85262
(602) 968-8985
Modified Motorcycle Association
MMA of Tucson
Box 22558
Tucson 85734-2558
- ARKANSAS**
ABATE of Central Arkansas, Inc.
Rt. 2, Box 1388
Dardanelle 72834
ABATE of Arkansas, Inc.
8120 Doyle Springs Rd.
Little Rock 72209
- CALIFORNIA**
Brothers of the Third Wheel
1229 S. Monterey St.
Alhambra 91801
National Coalition of Motorcyclists
15910 Ventura Blvd., Suite 1712
Encino 91436
national (800) 521-2425, CA (800) 235-2424
PAC-MAN
Box 212
New Almaden 95042
(408) 268-7351
ABATE of California
Box 8
Oak View 93022
ABATE of California
Northern California, Local 12
Box 1104
Pennygrove 94951
(707) 792-1624
- CANADA**
Road Riders Association
Ontario Road Riders Association
17 Imjin St., Suite 9
Borden, Ontario L0M 1C0
ABATE of Canada
Alberta Chapter
Box 685, Station J
Calgary, Alberta T2A 4X8
Bikers Rights Organization
24A Dupont
Chateauquay, Quebec J6J 1E9
Bikers Rights Organization
30 Circle Rd.
Pointe Claire, Quebec H9R 1X1
- COLORADO**
ABATE of Colorado
Box 269
Arvada 80001-0269
Riders for Justice
Box 1986
Loveland 80539
- CONNECTICUT**
ABATE of Connecticut
84 Venice Dr.
Burlington 06013
Connecticut Motorcycle Riders
Association
Box 56
New Britain 06050
- DELAWARE**
ABATE of Delaware
New Castle County Chapter
Box 10765
Wilmington 19850
(302) 453-0490
- FLORIDA**
ABATE of Florida
Southeast Chapter
Box 4943
Hollywood 33083
(305) 473-2238
Mission Church of Bikers International
Box 1389
Middleburg 32068-1389
(904) 282-0792
ABATE of Florida
Capital City Chapter
Box 1642
Tallahassee 32302
(904) 575-5583
- GEORGIA**
ABATE of Georgia
Box 669
Pine Lake 30072
(404) 294-8982
- HAWAII**
Associated Committee for Bikers
5609-2A Honou Rd.
Kapaa, Kauai 96746
Street Bikers United
Box 1314
Honolulu 96807
- IDAHO**
ABATE of Idaho
Box 331
Blackfoot 83221-0331
(208) 684-5531
Idaho Coalition for Motorcycle Safety
Inc.
Box 2732
Boise 83701
- ILLINOIS**
ABATE of Illinois
Du Kane Chapter
Box 1127
Wheaton 60189
ABATE of Illinois
Chicago Chapter
4034 W. Montrose
Chicago 60641
(312) 286-8079
Brothers of the Third Wheel
Box 345
Coal Valley 61240
ABATE of Illinois
State Office
311 E. Main St.
Bondi Bldg., Suite 418
Galesburg 61401
(800) 87-ABATE
- INDIANA**
ABATE of Indiana
Balls
Box 81
Granger 46530
(219) 674-5694 residence (800) 23-
ABATE
- IOWA**
ABATE of Iowa
Box 811
Council Bluffs 51502
(712) 322-9228
- KANSAS**
ABATE of Kansas
650 Elm
Perry 66073
(913) 597-5140
Central Kansas Road Ryders
Box 855
Great Bend 67530
- KENTUCKY**
ABATE of Kentucky
Box 2071
Lexington 40594
Kentucky Biker Association
Box 16011
Louisville 40216
ABATE of Kentucky
Louisville Chapter
3007 S. 7th St.
Louisville 40216
- LOUISIANA**
ABATE of Louisiana
Capitol Area Chapter
10844 W. Robinhood Dr.
Baton Rouge 70815
(504) 273-3405
ABATE of Louisiana
Box 10186
Jefferson 70181
(504) 833-5066
- MAINE**
United Bikers of Maine
Box 745
Skowhegan 04976
United Bikers of Maine Inc.
Box 729, Ocean Point Rd.
East Boothbay 04544
(207) 633-6138
- MARYLAND**
ABATE of Maryland
3910 14th St.
Chesapeake Beach 20732
ABATE of Maryland
Box 1733
Annapolis 21404
- MASSACHUSETTS**
Modified Motorcycle Association
Box 23
Dorchester 02122
- MICHIGAN**
ABATE of Michigan
Box 1032
Dearborn 48121
(313) 427-3244
Paralyzed Wheels Foundation
4703 S. Division
Wayland, Michigan 49348
(616) 877-4749
- MINNESOTA**
Minnesota Motorcycle Riders
Association
Box 27528
Minneapolis 55427
(612) 541-1704
ABATE of Minnesota
4610 Colfax Ave. N.
Minneapolis 55412
(612) 522-8024
- MISSISSIPPI**
ABATE of Mississippi
Northwest Chapter
Box 708
Hernando 38632
(601) 795-1222
ABATE of Mississippi
Jackson Chapter
Box 97264
Pearl 39208
(601) 957-9163
ABATE of Mississippi
Meridian Chapter
Box 2975
Meridian 38302
- MISSOURI**
Freedom of Road Riders
Box 520211
Independence 64052
(816) 236-3132
ABATE of Missouri
RR 1, Box 65
Princeton 64673
(816) 586-2291
Freedom of Road Riders
6210 Sherman
St. Joseph 64504
(816) 238-3132
- MONTANA**
ABATE of Montana
Billings Chapter
Box 30395
Billings 59107-0395
ABATE of Montana
Helena Chapter
Box 297
Helena 59601
- NEBRASKA**
ABATE of Nebraska
Box 30332
Lincoln 68503
(402) 733-1559
- NEVADA**
ABATE of Northern Nevada
Box 497
Valley 89438
(702) 635-2817
Modified Motorcycle Association of
Nevada
Box 26566
Las Vegas 89126
(702) 870-6121
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
New Hampshire Motorcycle Rights
Organization #18
72A Old Derry Rd.
Londonderry 03053
(603) 527-3528
- NEW JERSEY**
Jersey ABATE
Ocean County Chapter
Rt. 9 South
Forked River 08731
(609) 693-3773
ABATE of South Jersey
Membership Address
Box 762
Hammonton 08037
(609) 587-1113
- NEW MEXICO**
ABATE of New Mexico
1st Mountain Chapter
Box 213
Cedar Crest 87008
(505) 281-9449
- NEW YORK**
ABATE of New York
State Office
Box 125
Westfield 14787
(716) 326-4153
ABATE of New York
Ontario Chapter
Box 546
Canandaigua 14424
ABATE of New York
Box 25
Greenfield Center 12833
Coast to Coast Bikers
Box 547
Ithaca 14850
National Handicapped Motorcyclist
Assoc.
32-04 83rd St.
Jackson Heights 11370
(718) 565-1243
ABATE of New York
Orange County Chapter
Box 362
Monroe 10950
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Harley Drag Racing Association
Box 1429
Elon College 27244
Concerned Bikers Association
S.M.A.R.T. Program
Box 19446
Greensboro 27419
Concerned Bikers Association
Box 2421
Salisbury 28144
- NORTH DAKOTA**
ABATE of North Dakota
Box 383, 4023 State St.
Bismarck 58502
(701) 223-5609 or (800) 247-1213
- OHIO**
ABATE of Ohio
Region 5
3255 Sharon Rd.
Cincinnati 45241
(513) 563-4023
ABATE/Concerned Motorcycle Riders
Assoc.
Region 11
Box 95
Clinton 44216-0095
American Motorcycle Association
Box 141
Westerville, 43081
(614) 891-2425
- OKLAHOMA**
ABATE of Oklahoma
District 3
Box 7352
Lawton 73505
ABATE of Oklahoma
Oklahoma City Chapter
601 S.W. 46th St.
Oklahoma City 73107
(405) 631-3431
ABATE of Oklahoma
Cherokee Strip Chapter
Box 124
Ponca City 74601
- OREGON**
ABATE of Oregon
Box 4504
Portland 97208
Assoc. for Motorcyclists of Oregon
Box 1298
Albany 97312
- PENNSYLVANIA**
ABATE of Pennsylvania
State Office
Box 15326
Harrisburg 17105
(717) 651-6680
ABATE of Pennsylvania
Allegheny County Chapter
1145 Brownsville Rd.
Pittsburgh 15210
(412) 856-8423
- RHODE ISLAND**
ABATE of Rhode Island
Box 7868
Warwick 02887
Rhode Island Motorcycle Association
Box 10446
Cranston 02910
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
ABATE of South Carolina
2062 Edisto Ave.
Charleston 29412
- SOUTH DAKOTA**
ABATE of South Dakota
Sioux Falls Chapter
Box 864
Sioux Falls 57101
(605) 335-8772
ABATE of the Black Hills
Box 742
Sturgis 57785
- TENNESSEE**
Concerned Motorcyclists of Tennessee
Rt. 1, Box 32
Mt. Juliet 37112
CMT/ABATE
Box 140585
Nashville 37214
- TEXAS**
Texas Motorcycle Riders Association
4258 Larson Lane
Fort Worth 76115
ABATE of Texas
Southside Houston Chapter
10502 Telephone Rd. #219
Houston 77075
ABATE of Texas
Arlington Chapter
Box 556
Kendallville 76060
(817) 478-8475
- UTAH**
ABATE of Utah
Box 520204
Salt Lake City 84152
(801) 943-1306
- VERMONT**
Freedom of the Road for Vermont
Box 482
Montpelier 05602
- VIRGINIA**
ABATE of Virginia, Inc.
Mason-Dixon Chapter
P.O. Box 4348
Alexandria 22303-0348
(703) 838-1979
Virginia Motorcycle Association
Box 1191
Richmond 23209
- WASHINGTON**
ABATE of Washington
Cowlitz County Chapter
Box 328
Kelso 98632
ABATE of Washington
910 Sleater-Kinney Rd., Suite 262
Lacey 98503
(106) 357-4170
Washington Motorcycle Safety Assoc.
Box 629
Omak 98841
in WA (800) 527-7012 x232 (509) 826-
5058
BIKE PAC of Washington
12209 21st Ave. S.
Seattle 98168
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Concerned Bikers of West Virginia
Rt. 7, Box 245
Morgantown 26505
ABATE of West Virginia
Box 5266
Princeton 24740
- WISCONSIN**
ABATE of Wisconsin
Box 25581
Milwaukee 53225
ABATE of Wisconsin
Box 25369
Milwaukee 53225
- WYOMING**
ABATE of Wyoming
Northeast Wyoming Chapter
Box 3676
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ABATE of Wyoming
Platte Valley Chapter
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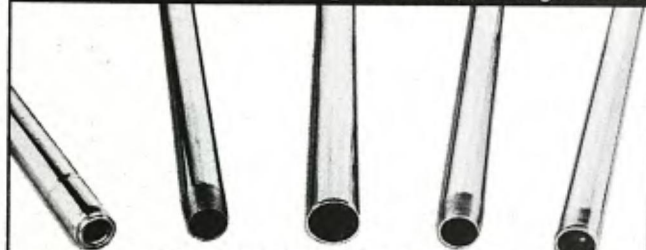
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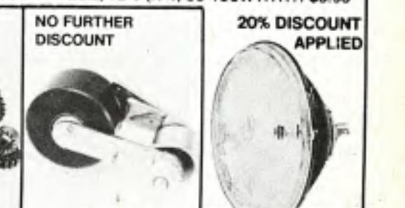
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41400-67 Rr, cast/chr... 62-72 FL/FX \$127.96
41401-52 Rear, chr... 54-78 XL \$95.96
43530-35 Screw, chr(5)... 36-72 FL/FX \$11.96

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BIKER HALL O' FAME



Photo from T.R. Vanhorne III.

T.R. Vanhorne III Chesapeake, Virginia

Serving the Harley hardware and leather apparel needs of area bikers, and the financial needs of area non-profit riders' rights groups, are the twin pursuits of veteran shop-owner T.R. Vanhorne III, proprietor of T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack in Chesapeake, Virginia.

This laconic, leather-clad, aristocratic Hall O' Famer—located in the same shop for 25 years—has generated quite a bit of positive publicity for the local "Tidewater" biker image.

T.R.'s Cycle Shop is the origin point for some very well-attended charitable

runs in the eastern half of the state, drawing from 100 to 800 bikers every two to three weeks for canned-food drives, blood-donation runs, and fund raisers of all types.

"We raised over \$3,000 for the food bank, and collected several tons of canned and fresh food last year," reports the longtime biker and shop lizard. "We're doin' even better this year."

For a schedule of 1989 charitable runs, contact T.R.'s Cycle Shop at Box 13428, Chesapeake, VA 23325.

—P.W.

Dennis Smith ABATE of Wyoming

There can never be enough recognition given to the men and women who expend endless hours and energy defending our right to ride free. One such bro is Dennis Smith, an active member of ABATE of Wyoming. He was his charter's founding member, and was the state coordinator of ABATE from 1978 to 1985. During that tenure, on May 23, 1983, the organization repealed their state's 10-year-old mandatory helmet law for adult motorcyclists. That feat in itself took Dennis seven years of diligent work at the capitol, in addition to contacting every biker in the state for their involvement and support.

The path to legislative success is

strewn with potholes and bureaucratic congestion, but Dennis' motivation is constantly sparked by his 16-year companion, a custom 1960 XLCH. Through the years, he's bounced from job to job and woman to woman, but his commitment and unyielding devotion to ABATE brothers and sisters and bikers' rights has never faltered.

Nonetheless, Dennis doesn't want his brothers to be left along the side of the road. He gives chilled cases of credit to his fellow members of ABATE of Wyoming for their continuing input, particularly past leaders, such as Doug Smith and Duard Dilday, who are also registered lobbyists. "Without them we would be wearing

Mike McCarty Belmont, California



Photo from Mike McCarty

Bringin' Smokey the Bear into the classrooms of hearing-impaired kids, via sign language, is the most recent accomplishment of biker and California Fire Fighter of the Year award-winner, Mike McCarty. When he isn't squelchin' fires in buildings and forests, or savin' accident victims in the San Francisco Bay Area, as one of the California Department of Forestry's finest, this 33-year-old fireman/paramedic can be seen smokin' up to the Oroville area on his 1957 swingarm panhead trike, with his wife, Cat, on her own '60 panhead.

Panheads are what he's always wanted to ride, ever since he climbed on his first scooter at age 15. McCarty does his own wrenchin', with a little help from One-Eye's Hog Shop in Oroville. He and Cat are especially prone to goin' campin' in the Gold Country, with Mike haulin' all their gear on the back of his trike.

—P.W.



Photo from Dennis Smith

helmets [in Wyoming] today." And finally, Dennis, along with Gary Frey and D.C. Stile, alias Santa Claus, were the originators of the Cheyenne Toy Run which will be celebrating its 12th anniversary this year as a boon to the positive image of scooter people throughout Wyoming. Keep it up Dennis. —Snake, the correspondent

Norman Lanquist
Safford, Arizona

Photo by Annette Dunklin



Norman Lanquist is a professor of English at Eastern Arizona College in Thatcher, Arizona, and a Harley rider for plenty of years. He's also a published writer and poet—and this past year, after a month-long, 2,500 mile run throughout the West, he's now a "writer on the road."

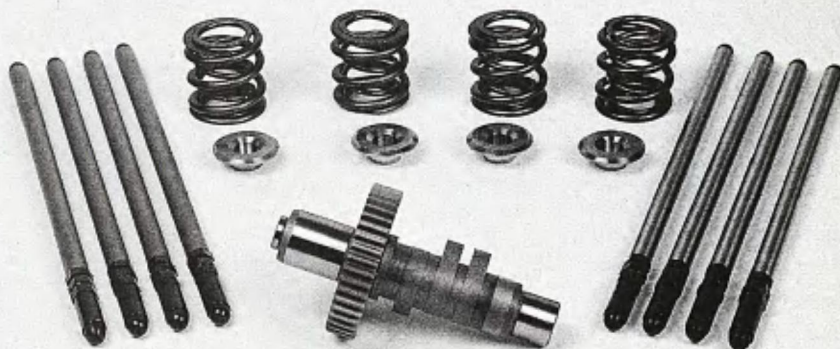
Norm has narrowed the gap between bikers and the straight academic world in many ways over the years. Besides riding his custom restored 45 trike to work daily, in 1982 and in '83 he organized the first custom bike expos on his college campus. He also took time out from his classroom routines to do some major wrenching on his '66 Harley Bobcat which took first place awards in the Altered Restored classes in World of Wheels shows in both Tucson and Flagstaff, Arizona. No question about it—Norman's scoots stand out in the faculty parking lot.

Recently, when he began his tour of the West, he took time off to do some writing and to ride alone on the two-lanes and interstates of the Western states, stopping along the way to do readings from his work at Bentley's Cafe in Tucson, then at Backyard Books of Nevada City, California, as well as at Sierra College near Sacramento, and the famous Cafe Babar in San Francisco. His short stories like "Dogs and Chains" and his poems like "Asphalt Dancing" and "Blessing for Bikers" had ears perked at all his pit stops along the way. He even packed and sold enough of his books to make some much needed gas and beer money. Keep ridin' and writin', Norm.

— Wilburn Roach

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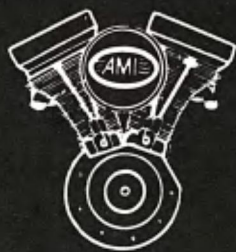
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Face it — everybody can use a good laugh now and then. That ain't to say yer gonna find one on these pages, but whatdafuck, we hadda fill the space somehow, and yer at least bound to run into a gut-grabbin' groaner or two — and they're almost as good. 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.

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AL'S
LAUNDRY



"Perhaps you can explain these teeth marks on my panties."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a rooster?

A rooster clucks defiance.

—Good Monster
Coon Rapids, Minn.

Toker climbed into the sack with his newest conquest, a young little rich bitch, and just when things were getting hot and heavy, the chick suddenly stopped him and asked for a jar of Vaseline. Toker assured her that she wouldn't need it, but she insisted, so he reached into the nightstand and handed it over.

After watching her smear the greasy goop all over and around her snatch, Toker asked her to let him borrow the string of pearls she was wearing around her neck.

"What for?" the bitch asked.

Toker pointed down at her cunt and said, "If you think I'm going through that slick without chains, you're fuckin' crazy."

—W.R. Ghiotto
St. Charles, Ill.

The difference between a slut and a bitch is that a slut will fuck anybody, and a bitch will fuck anybody but you.

—Fat Boy
Durango, Colo.

Easyriders



B2/00

"Yeah, I know—that's why I got it at half-price."

Easyriders



Smoot...

"I knew it would snowball. First he eats an apple . . . and now he's eating Eve."

What can ya do to yer Harley that ya can't do to yer ol' lady?

Turn the key off when ya don't wanna hear it.

—Steven Johnson
St. Cloud, Minn.

An aged couple who met in the old folks' home fell in love and eventually got married. On their wedding night, the old graybeard was in the bathroom, getting ready for bed, and when he stepped into the bedroom, he was amazed to see his bride up against the wall, standing on her head with her legs spread wide apart.

"Whatdafuck is all this shit about, woman?" he asked.

"Well, sweetheart," she replied, "in case you can't get it up, this way you can just drop it in."

—Laura Lee
San Mateo, Calif.

Soon after the Texas Aggie clocked in for work at the factory, the foreman called him over and notified him that he had a phone call in the front office.

When the Aggie returned to his station, he had a mournful expression on his face, his head was hung low, and he looked fuckin' terrible. His foreman noticed his demeanor and asked if it had been bad news.

"Sure was, boss," the Aggie responded. "I just found out my dad died early this morning."

"Gosh, that's awful," sympathized his foreman. "Do you want to take the rest of the day off?" he offered, but the Aggie said no, he'd go ahead and finish the day out.

About an hour later, the foreman returned to inform him that there was another phone call for him up front. This time, when the Aggie returned, he looked twice as glum, and the foreman asked if everything was all right.

"Jeez, boss, this has gotta be the unluckiest day of my life," moaned the Aggie. "That was my brother, and his dad died today, too."

—J.R.
Highland, Wis.

Two coyotes had been chasing a stray dog all through the desert for hour after hour, and man, it was rough going—they were being sand-blasted by fierce windstorms, grit was in their eyes, noses, and down their throats, and the heat had been frying their canine gourds all day long.

"Shit, bro, ain't this a bitch?" panted one coyote to the other.

"It'd better be," said the other.

—Cowboy
Va./Pa.

Two couples were riding together in a car on a canyon road when they hit a bro and his ol' lady on a Hog, and both the car and the bike went sailing over the side of the cliff. The next thing they knew, all of them were standing in front of the Pearly Gates while Saint Peter busily consulted his records.

"Hmm," mumbled Saint Peter as he studied the first guy in line. "Tell me why you think I should admit you," he said.

"Well, I've been a good provider," the man said hopefully, "and I saw to it that all my children got a good education."

"That's true," replied Saint Peter, "but you also drank a lot. In fact, you loved booze so much you even married a woman named Sherry. I think we'll have to send you to Purgatory for a few centuries, then we'll see."

Saint Peter turned to the second man. "How about you?" he asked. "Exactly why do you think you should be allowed to enter?"

The second guy said that he had been a faithful husband and had attended church regularly.

"Yes, I see," said Saint Peter, "but you were also a miser, and you cherished money so much that you even married a woman named Penny. I'm afraid that you, too, must go to Purgatory."

At this point, the biker grabbed his ol' lady by the arm and started dragging her away. Saint Peter called after him, but the biker only replied over his shoulder, "Fuck it, man—there ain't no use in us hangin' around here... c'mon, let's go, Fanny."

—Drifty
Ft. Madison, Iowa



"Don't be ridiculous, Adolf—all babies look like Winston Churchill!"

What has three cherries and flies?

Four hundred airline stewardesses.

—Frogman
America

How was break-dancing invented?

Ghetto kids trying to steal the hubcaps off of moving cars.

—Larry
Rockies

Returning to his pad a day early after the Sturgis run, Scotty locked up his scooter and went inside, where he found his ol' lady sprawled naked on the bed. He excitedly began ripping his clothes off, and that's when he spotted a smoldering cigar in the ashtray beside the bed.

"Awright," he yelled at his ol' lady, "there's gonna be big trouble unless you tell me where the fuck that cigar came from!"

"Havana," croaked a voice from under the bed.

—Wolf
Oshkosh, Wis.

How many captains does it take to run an Exxon tanker ashore?

One and a fifth.

—Hambone
Pullman, Wash.

Stanley was taking his first-ever airplane flight, and he had been so nervous that he'd been plagued with constipation for a full week before the flight. Finally flight day came, and after takeoff he felt so much better that he decided to move to the back of the plane and visit one of the lavatories.

While Stanley was having a hard time relieving himself, he heard the door to the adjacent lavatory open and close. He listened while a gentleman loudly cut loose. Stanley whispered through the thin partition, "I can tell you were constipated, too, but it's great to hear you've been lucky."

The man's voice came back: "Yeah, it's a helluva relief, and it'll be even better when I get my pants down."

—Lobo
Somewhere



"Forget it. I lick the puppies, you lick yourself."

A matronly old spinster was out for her afternoon stroll and happened to notice a little boy squatting in his front yard, contentedly playing with a used rubber. Thinking to herself, *Oh my, this young boy shouldn't have that awful thing in his possession*, she decided she'd try to buy it from him.

"Sonny," she asked the kid kindly, "would you please sell me that Twinkie you're playing with for, say, ten dollars?"

"Sure thing, lady," the curtain-climber readily agreed. Grabbing the cash, he handed it over and ran happily into the house to tell his older brother all about the killer deal he'd just made.

Proudly showing off his newfound wealth, the kid bragged to his brother, "See, this old lady bought a Twinkie offa me for ten bucks—and she didn't even notice I'd already sucked all the filling out of it!"

—Brazell
USA

Definition of *hitchhiker*: yer ol' lady, 30 seconds after she starts to bitch about the size of yer scooter's P-pad.

—Al Troxler
Greensboro, N.C.

How do ya save yer ex-ol' lady from drowning?

Take yer foot off her head.

—Bird
LeRoy, Mich.

What do Jap bikes and disposable diapers have in common?

They're both made of plastic, are loaded with shit, can only be used once, and become an environmental hazard when disposed of.

—Harley
Danville, Calif.

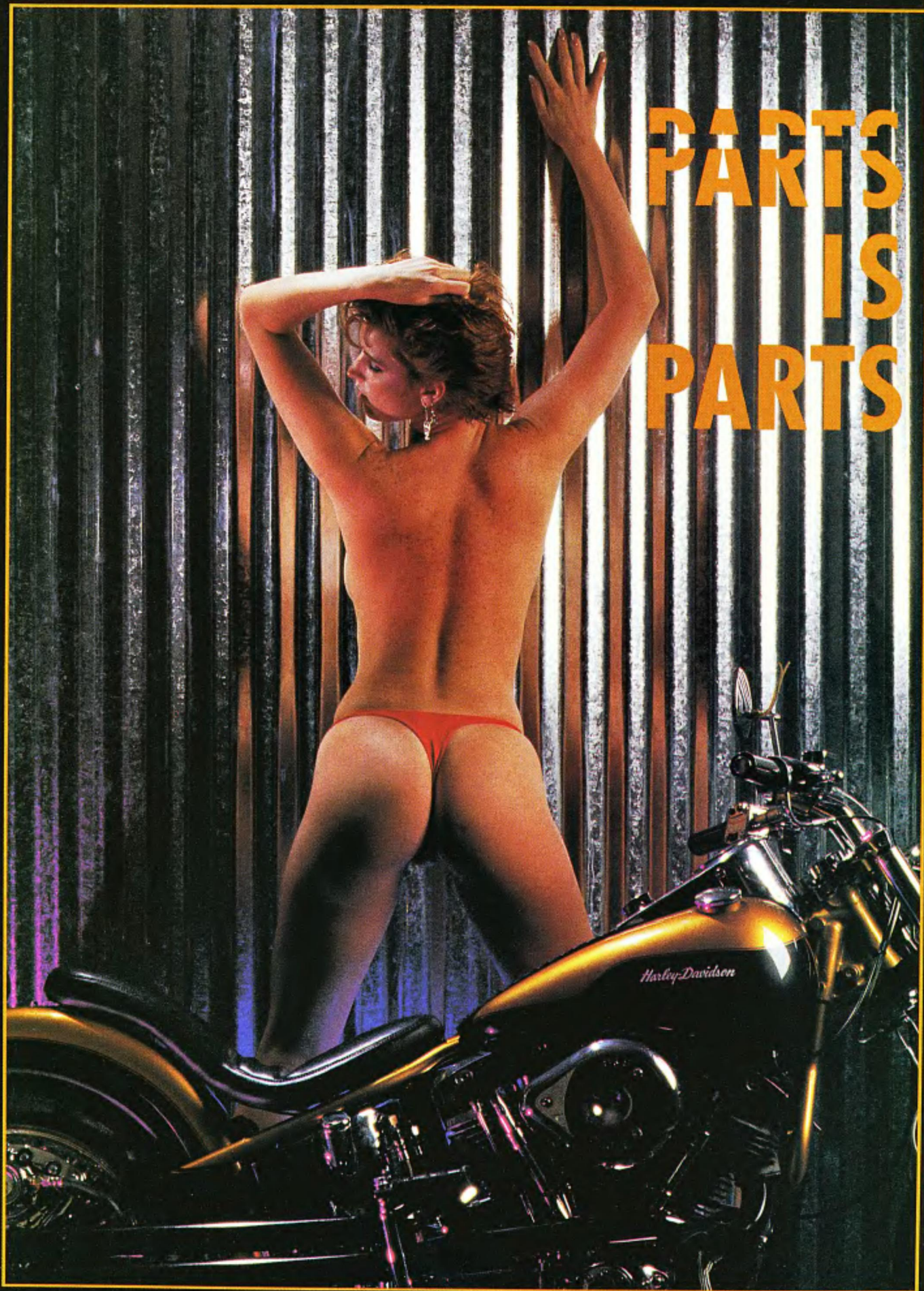
Definition of *condom*: a head gasket for a hot rod.

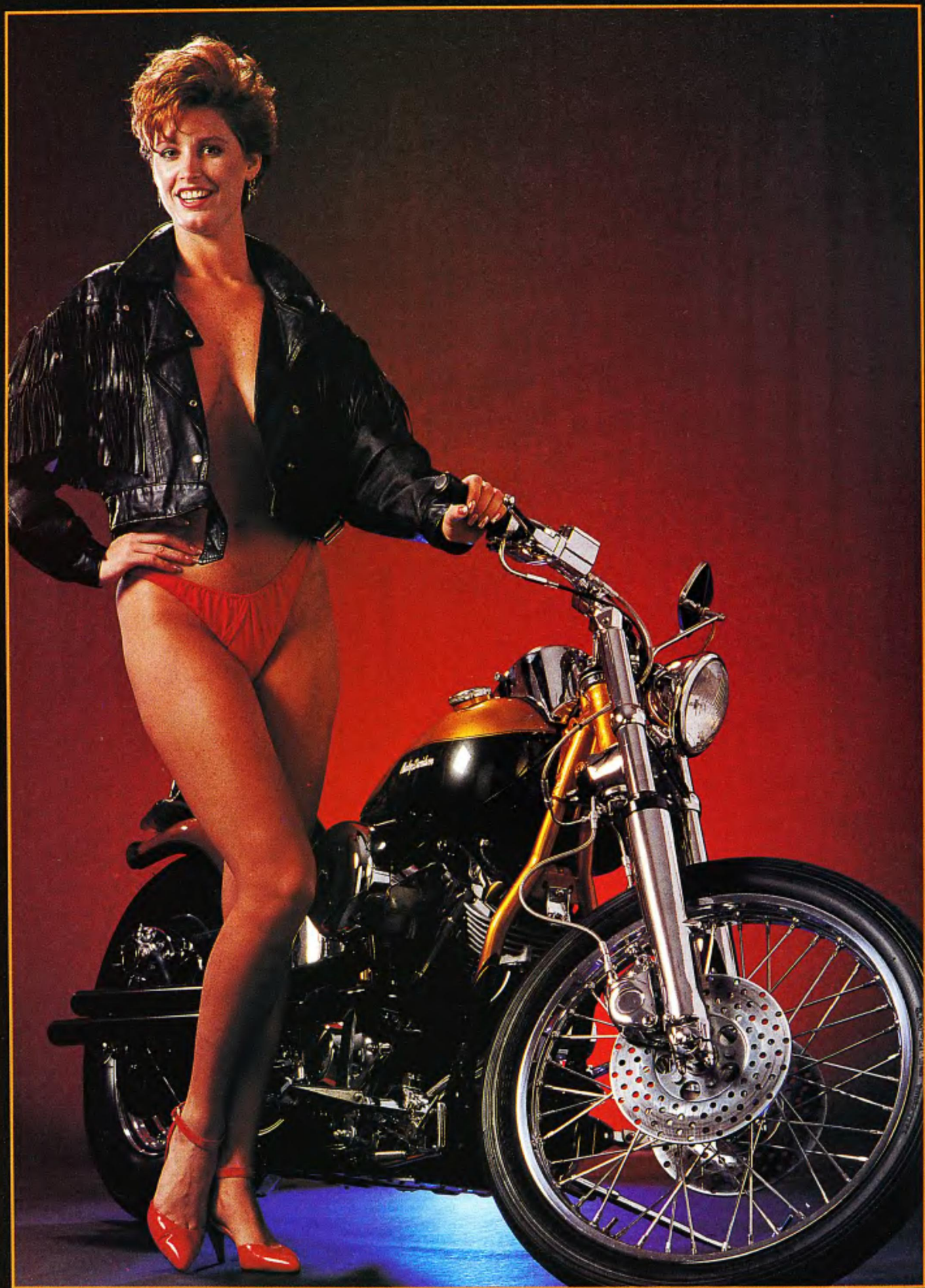
—Joseph Lepore
Malden, Mass.



"The movie's almost over, Emily... maybe you ought to think about swallowing it or spitting it out."

PARTS
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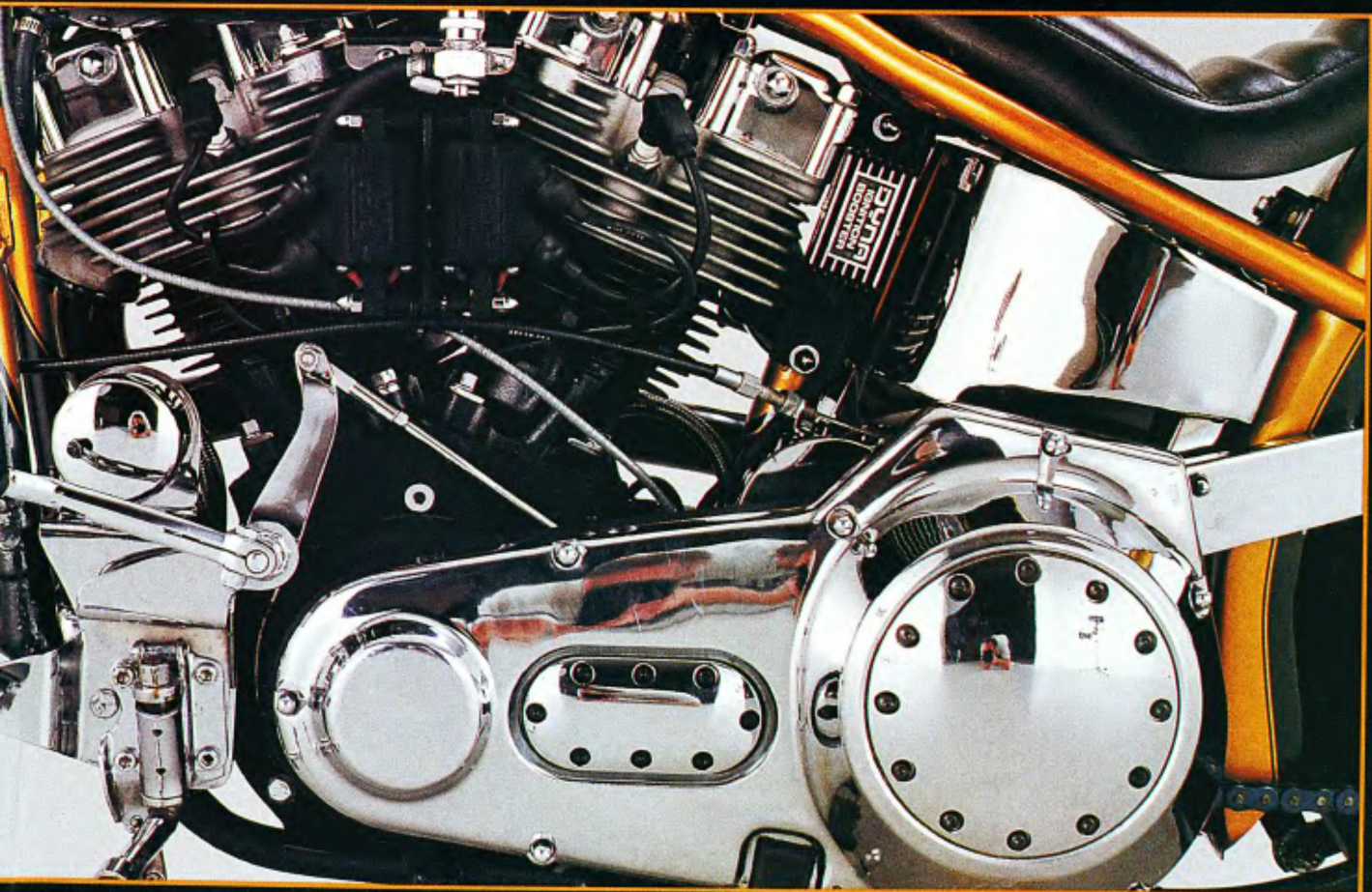
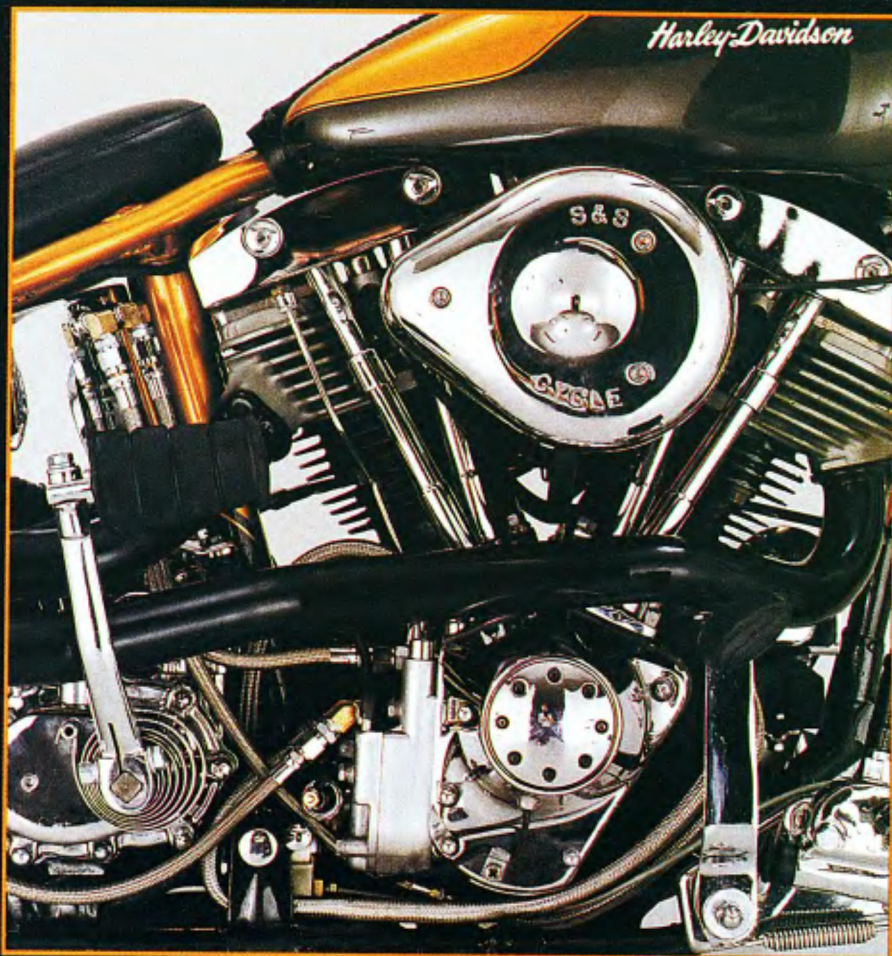




Somewhere back in the echoes of time, with bombs falling, tensions mounting and life ending all around, two G.I.s were pinned down under heavy fire. As the world blew up in their faces, and with little else to do but hang in there and hope for airborne assistance, one grunt, an ex-radio DJ from Fargo, North Dakota, showed his young partner from Hays, Kansas a wallet-sized photo of his custom 1953 panhead. The sight of its beauty never escaped the kid from Kansas, and was the initial inspiration for the bike you see here.

Bill Johnson believes that the war is one reason so many Vietnam-era vets are into riding Harleys. It's tough to give up the high-level of excitement that was an everyday occurrence for the men who served. The exhilaration remains, for those who ride, a sensation unknown to many civilians. It would be impossible to describe unless you have been there. Both riding and war-rig.

When Johnson returned from duty he built himself a knuckle, and became familiar with H-Ds.



The knucklehead led to a '72 Super Glide, that Bill estimates he put 160,000 miles on between the years of 1974 and 1986. There are even some parts from that Glide still in use on this Sunshine gold and pearl-black rigid conglomeration.

The accumulation of parts that went into this one began back at his home in Hays, and collected as Bill migrated west to Longmont, Colorado, where he is the owner of High Country H-D.

Johnson had plans for a totally different scooter, when he bought a basket case (that wasn't quite as bad as it looked) off a guy, especially when he noted that the 1951 H-D frame was in cherry condition. He definitely switched his attention and direction when a friend, Stan Gandy, turned him onto the rear wheel and pipes. The wheel was a 15-inch Chevy Centerline, and the pipes were a nasty set of high-settin' shotguns.

Bill feels that the Harley custom-building life-style is in turmoil right now. Mostly, on account of the great strides the factory has made with the Evolution motors. Johnson's theory is that the custom bike market is currently in a slump, but within a few years, when the Evos get older, and parts get scarcer, people will start employing Evos into their custom projects.

Perhaps the thought of that ol' homemade pan made him want to emulate that first feeling of freedom, maybe it's just because parts is parts, and ya just use what ya got. Whatever, we like the final product.

Kinda like Kathleen, the sunny girl from the Sunshine State posing on it, who came out of the warmth of the South to a blizzard—and still had a good time with Bill's bike. —Raider Rider

Owner: Bill Johnson		City: Longmont, Colorado	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/High Country H-D		Year: 1951	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: T-T racer (tavern-to-tavern)		Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: \$8,500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: five months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: wide drag bars	
Year: different year each part		Risers: 4-inch pullbacks	
Model: nosecone shovel		Fender(s): internal struts	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: H-D Softail	
Ignition: Dyna dual coil w/booster		Taillight: Cheetah with blue dot	
Displacement: 92 cubic inches		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S 4 3/4 stroke		Front pegs: fold-up	
Balancing: Equa Poise, Longmont		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Len/High Country H-D	
Cases: Delkron		Gas tank: 3½-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: ported/polished		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam: Leineweber EV-7		Oil system: remote filter	
Lifters: H-D Evo hydraulics		Primary cover: stock, chromed	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: CCI	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: MAC, high 'n' black		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): EPA disapproved		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chrome cases		Type: FL w/FXST triple trees	
Year: mid-to-late '70s FL		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24-tooth		Special features: FXWG clamps, chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21-inch	Size: 15-inch
Molding: none		Hub: H-D dual flange	Hub: Top & Bottom Cycle
Painter: Rob Zimmerman		Rim width: WM-2	Rim width: 4-inch
Color: Sunshine gold/pearl black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: Deltron		Brake: H-D dual disc	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: all of it			
Other special modifications: hand built dual coil bracket, license/taillight bracket, Chevy Centerline rear wheel, internally strutted rear fender for strength, wiring by Len at High Country H-D			



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Keeping Show

Dirty motors don't run long.

This is the fourth and final in a series of articles devoted to making your shovelhead engine run well and last long. The first three installments were aimed at getting the best available parts inside your shovelhead motor, this one is dedicated to keeping dirt outside that motor.

Any engine can be quickly and thoroughly destroyed if it has dirt between its moving parts. Dirt particles are hard, harder than most engine metal. They are also rough and sharp-edged. However, what "dirt" is to an engine is a little different from what it is to us. Dirt particles so small they can only be seen with a powerful microscope, will grind an engine to junk within minutes of running.

If a piece of dirt gets between two moving pieces of metal, say a piston ring and its cylinder wall, damage will occur if the dirt particle is *bigger* than the space between the parts. If the particle is smaller than the space between two moving parts, they won't even notice its presence.

All the parts of your engine that move or rub against each other have oil between them. The thinnest oil film will still be about 11 microns (millionths of a meter) thick. Any piece of dirt that is smaller than the 11 microns will do no harm to those parts.

So, the trick is to limit the dirt that gets into your engine to particles that are less than 11 microns in diameter. The accepted standard in the filter business is 5 microns. I don't know why, it just is. Either way, the only readily available filter that will take out particles that small is the common paper-element screw-on filter (like those used on all the Evolution motors). The old OEM replaceable in-tank filters are only good for 40 microns; they just keep the rocks out.

For the sake of your shovelhead motor, you should install a screw-on oil filter. Custom Chrome Inc. (CCI) offers three screw-on oil

elheads Alive—Part IV



Custom Chrome, Inc. has three screw-on adaptor filter kits in their 1989 catalog. One of them should do the trick.

filter conversion kits for various chassis configurations. Be sure that the filter you use has a low pressure relief valve. Harleys have low pressure oiling systems. If you use a car filter (high pressure) and it gets clogged, its pressure relief valve (built into every screw-on filter) might not work. Your engine wouldn't get any oil and you wouldn't get much farther down the road. Use only the filters designed for Harley motors. There is an important difference.

Additionally, you need to remember that since these filters only filter oil on its way back to the oil tank, any dirt that gets in the tank will probably find its way into your engine. So, you need to be careful about the oil you first put in the oil bag.

Be very sure that you pour only clean oil into the tank. This means that you keep your funnel really clean and that you wipe the tank filler with a clean cloth before you pour oil. I keep my funnel in a large Ziploc bag and my oil bottles in a sealed trash bag. If this sounds extreme, consider how small a five-micron hunk of dirt is: It would take more than 5,000 of them, side-by-side, to measure an inch!

If you wash your oil tank like H-D says you should, be very careful

about how clean the solvent is. You could do more harm than good if the solvent is contaminated.

The other major source of dirt harmful to your engine is in the air it breathes. We've all seen dust in a shaft of light going through a darkened room. That's only what you can see. Think of how much microscopic dirt is floating around, too small to see but large enough to damage your engine. It takes a long time for a 20-micron particle of dirt to float down to the ground. If your motor's carb sucks it up, that particle could cause a lot of wear before it gets trapped by the oil filter you installed.

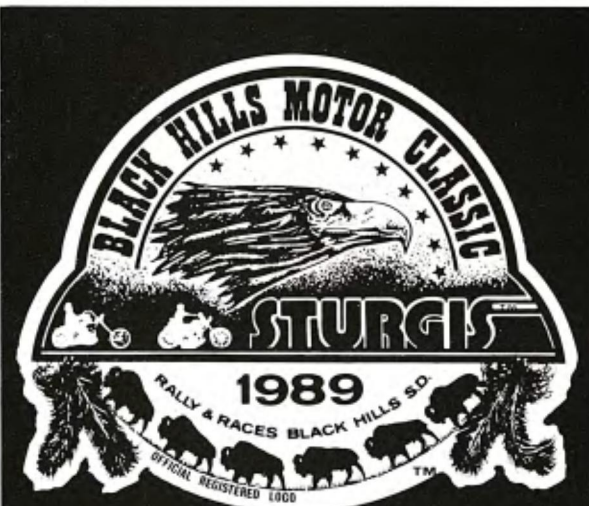
Most dirt particles that come in through a carb get blown out by the exhaust, without ever touching metal. However, if they do touch anything, chances are it will be the film of oil on the cylinder walls, where they'll stick. Large (10 micron or so) dirt particles trapped by the cylinder walls' oil film will cause wear all the way through your engine. The dirt will grind on the rings, cylinders, pistons and, when it works farther down, the bearings. By the time the oil filter traps it, that 20-micron piece of rock may have started a roller-bearing on the road to short life.

Some air cleaners will filter down to

five microns, but not all of them. Also, only a few will both filter well and pass enough air to make real power. The late stock factory filters, with foam and plastic elements, will clean the air—and won't cost more than a couple of horsepower on a stock-port engine. The traditional S&S teardrop-shaped filter has a foam element, cleans adequately and passes more air than a stock air cleaner.

The very best is Harley's Screamin' Eagle series air cleaner kits. These kits use the excellent K&N Engineering cotton-cloth filter elements that have proven themselves so successful in off-road racing. It seems that the K&N material will filter out five-micron particles and allow plenty of air through at the same time. A free-flowing K&N element can be considerably smaller than a foam element that flows the same amount of air. H-D's Screamin' Eagle kits will fit all Keihin Harley carbs, including the new Sportster carb.

Neither the foam nor the cloth filter elements will work properly without being coated with oil. Most fine particle filtering is actually done by the oil. It is okay to let the filter elements get fairly dirty before you wash them. K&N even claims that their filters work a little better when



AUGUST 7-13

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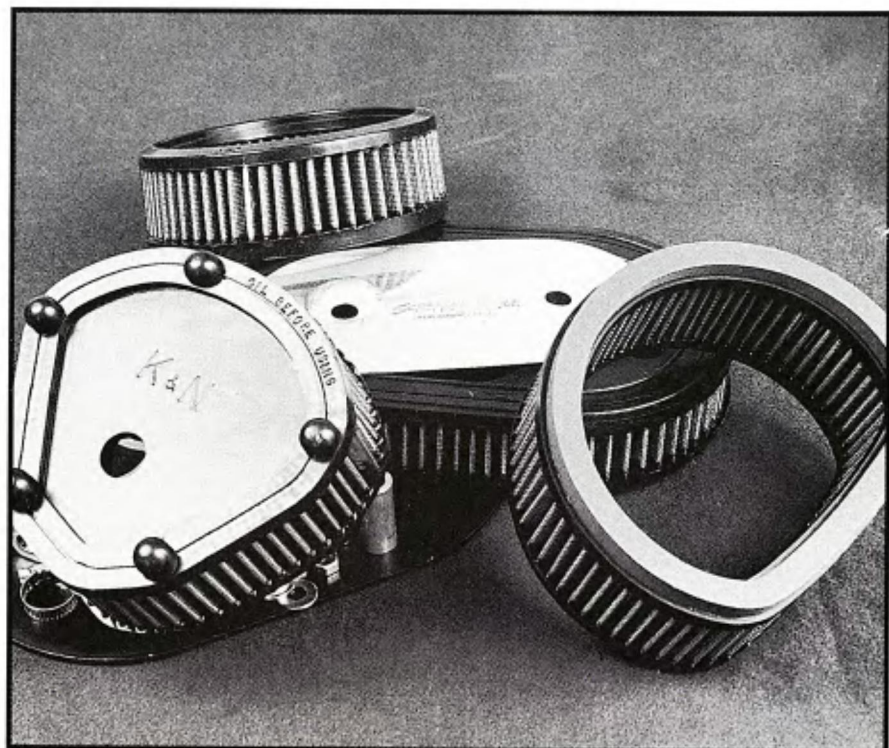
they are coated with a layer of dirt. It seems that the dirt increases the filter area. You'll get best results if you use oil recommended by the filter maker; foam elements like thick, sticky oil, while the cloth ones work better with thin oil.

Small foam filters will generally limit top-end power, because they tend to be overly restrictive. However, I've tested cloth filters that didn't pass enough air because the chromed cover was too close to the filter element. Buy the largest foam or cloth filter you can live with and make sure it has at least 3/4-inch clearance between the element and the cover. If you have doubts, stick with the late factory filters, either stock or Screamin' Eagle versions.

The bottom line on all this is engine life. If you build your shovelhead motor as outlined in the past three articles, and keep it clean inside with high quality filters, it will last longer than any shovelhead you've ever owned. Period.

Next month we'll talk about engine oil—what it does, how it wears out, and how you can take care of it. Maybe we'll be able to help you choose the right oil for the way you ride.

—J.D. Chandler



All these K&N pleated-cloth filters remove extremely fine dirt particles, yet pass all the air your motor needs. The kit is from Harley, the other filters are K&N replacements for stock Harley air boxes.

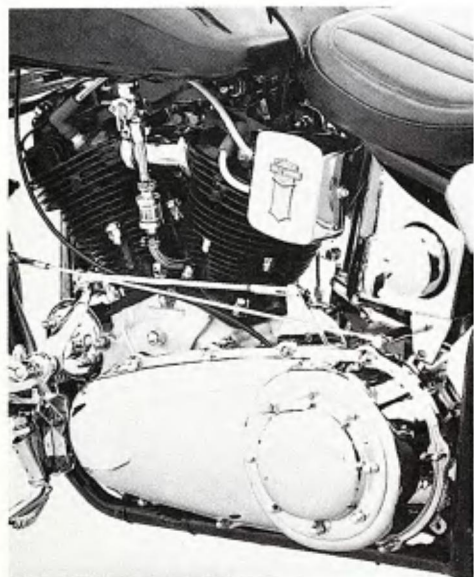
Photos by J.D. Chandler

On the Road to Sturgis...



and see what's available from your Custom Chrome Dealer.

FOXY RIDER



Sherri A. Conley, Edwards AFB, California 1947 EL knucklehead

Sherri's sharp '47 knuckle, though a classic, wasn't built in the traditional way. No custom bike shop for this foxy rider, she just whipped it out herself in the kitchen. Like the best of casseroles, it came from scratch.

The engine an' tranny came as Christmas presents from her husband, Junior, along with instructions to "hurry up and build a bike around it." Apparently he got burned out on Sherri snaggin' his '57 chopped pan, an' toolin' around Boron, Mojave, and Lancaster (small California desert towns that border Edwards Air Force Base). What the hell, he still had an Electra Glide. But she understood the gig.

The vision Sherri held for her ride-to-be wasn't that of a show-stopper, but rather, a bike she could ride—comfortably. So she proceeded to go out on a parts pickin' spree.

The look of knuckleheads had always got her off, and it was only 3½ months of labor till she was on. Understandably, she's proud as a peacock, crowin' that, "it runs sweet, and gets me where I'm going, in style." And the pair of trophies she's taken home from local bike shows are even more reason to rustle her feathers.

Sherri, a staff sergeant, and Junior, a technical sergeant, work proudly at the air force base as construction equipment operators. And the year-round desert riding and perfect proximity to lots of runs, make serving their country even more rewarding.

—Rags

Year: 1947

Model: EL knucklehead

Engine: 74 cubic inches; 7 ½:1 pistons; Linkert carb; Paughco pipes, baffles

Top End: H-D heads rebuilt by J&J's

Lower End: H-D cases rebuilt by J&J's, stock cam

Transmission: bastardized, but like new, Primo belt drive

Finish: molding by owner, acrylic lacquer Candy Wild Cherry paint over gold by owner's husband, airbrush work by Brad Bonebrake

Credits: Thanks to my husband for help on the wiring and paint, J&J's for the engine work, and Terry Niece for help on parts.

Forks: Paughco springer, 3-inch extension

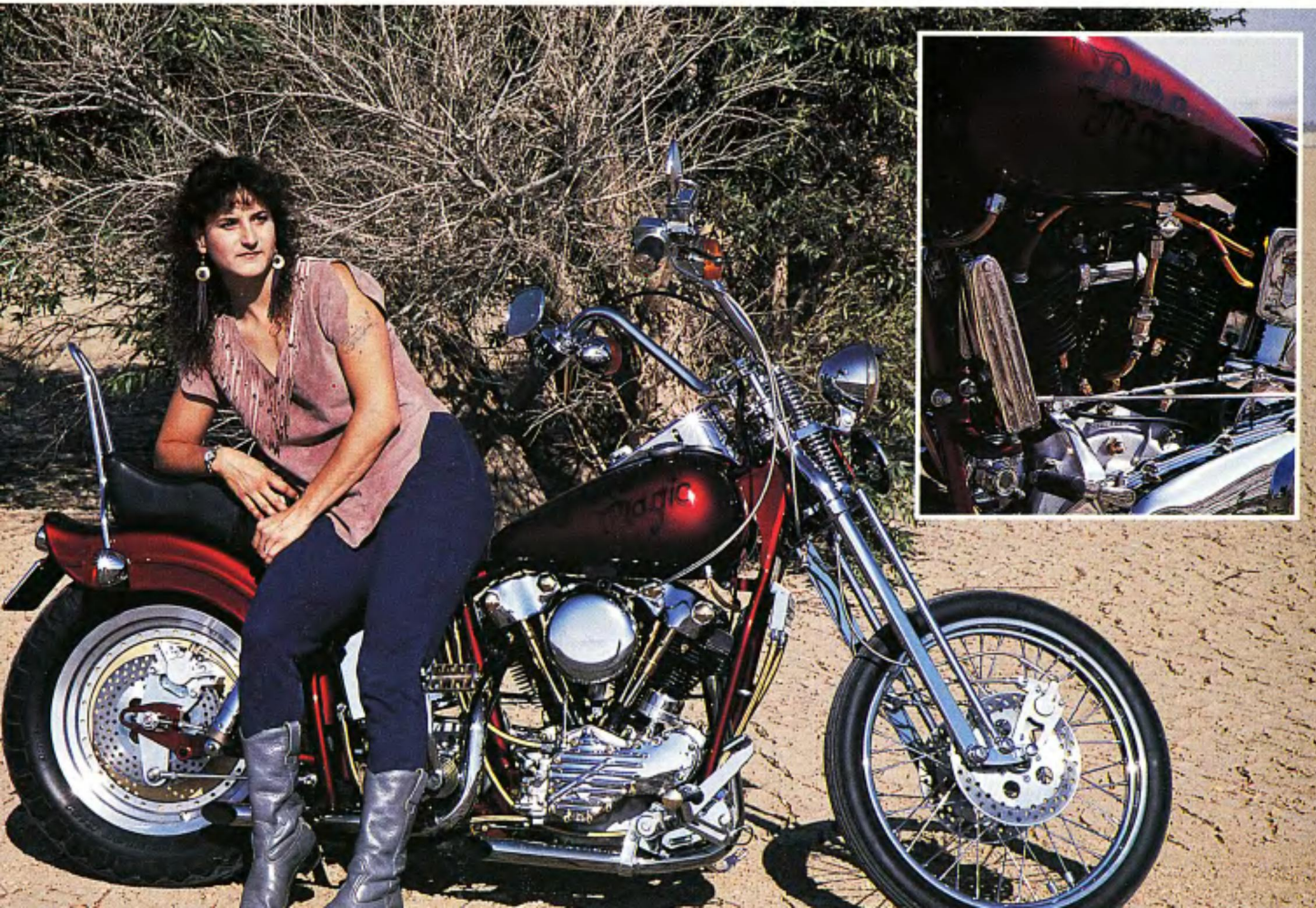
Wheels: Front: 21-inch, dual disc, Dunlop tire, Performance Machine brake Rear: 16-inch, H-D hub, Dunlop tire, Performance Machine brake

Frame: 1987 Paughco swingarm, stock rake, 2 ¼" stretch

Accessories: Fender: strutless by MB, 3-inch risers, 3 ½ gallon fatbob tanks, catseye dash, CCI headlight, 12-volt



Photos by Michael McElrath



49TH ANNUAL STURGIS CLASSIC '89

'8 9 S C H E D U L E

Saturday, August 5th

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

Buffalo Chip Campground Foggy Notion Band, Bill Dawg and the Extraordinaires

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Zodiac Angels MC Ladies Run starting east on I-34 to I-79 North at Buffalo Chip Campground at 9 a.m. Two-day run.

Sunday, August 6th

4th Annual ABATE of the Black Hills Easter Seals Poker Run starting in Sturgis at the Sturgis Armory.

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

Buffalo Chip Campground Foggy Notion Band, Bill Dawg and the Extraordinaires, Push-Zodiac Angels Kegger

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Monday, August 7th

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

Buffalo Chip Campground Foggy Notion Band, Wolf, Bill Dawg & the Extraordinaires

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Registration for the first day of the Sturgis Rally and races in Sturgis.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Tuesday, August 8th

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

AMRA Drag Races east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway at 2 p.m., finals at 6 p.m. Open street class.

Buffalo Chip Campground Foggy Notion Band, Wolf

District 30 Devils Tower, Wyoming, Tour starting in Sturgis on Main St. at 9 a.m.

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Vintage TT Races west off I-90, Exit 30, at the Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club grounds at 1 p.m.

World's Largest Motorcycle Pack Record Attempt U.F.W. Hall on Main Street in Sturgis.

Wednesday, August 9th

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

AMRA 4th Annual "Sturgis Harley National" east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway. Qualifying at 2 p.m., qualifying finals at 6 p.m.

Buffalo Chip Campground *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo sign-up and practice. Wolf, Burnt River Band, Commander Cody

District 30 Mt. Rushmore National Park Tour starting in Sturgis on Main St. at 9 a.m.

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Pro-Am Short-Track Races west off I-90, Exit 30, at the Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club grounds at 8 p.m.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

World's Largest Motorcycle Pack Record Attempt U.F.W. Hall on Main Street in Sturgis.

Thursday, August 10

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

ABATE of Sturgis Whitewood Social Hour west off I-90 at Whitewood City Park from 12 noon to 5 p.m.

AMRA 4th Annual "Sturgis Harley National" east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway. Final qualifying at 2 p.m., national finals at 6 p.m.

Brothers of the Third Wheel Annual Trike-In in Rapid City at Berry Patch Campground.

Buffalo Chip Campground Louie-Louie Day Promotion with *Kingsmen*, *Easyriders* Motorcycle Rodeo sign-up and practice/Wolf, Burnt River Band, *Kingsmen*

Custom Chrome Amateur Hillclimb west off I-90, Exit 30, at Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club grounds at 12 noon.

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 at Sturgis Dragway.

Poker Run starting in Sturgis on Main St. at 9 a.m.

Pro-Am Short Track Race west off I-90, Exit 30, at Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycles Club grounds at 8 p.m.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Friday, August 11th

4th Annual Harley Women Ladies Ride 7 Brunch starting west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground at 11 a.m. Brunch, music, and more.

600cc National Championship, Junior National, and Short-Track Race west off I-90, Exit 30, at Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club grounds at 8 p.m.

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

Buffalo Chip Campground Foggy Notion Band, Wolf, Burnt River Band, Iron Butterfly, *Easyriders* Rodeo & Tattoo Contest.

3rd Annual Rat's Hole Custom Chopper Show at Sturgis City Park on the football field from 8:30 a.m. till dark.

Easyriders Rodeo at Buffalo Chip Campground. Sign-ups, practice from Noon-5 p.m. Eliminations start at 6 p.m. (Tattoo Contest 4 p.m.-5 p.m.).

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Swap-A-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Saturday, August 12th

ABATE of Sturgis Info-Center in Sturgis on Main St. in the NCOM building.

Buffalo Chip Campground Mitch Ryder, Wolf, Burnt River Band, Foggy Notion Band, *Easyriders* Rodeo and Bike Show.

Easyriders Rodeo at Buffalo Chip Campground. Rodeo finals at 6 p.m. (Bike Show Noon-5 p.m.).

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

Pro-Am Half-Mile Race in Sturgis at the City Fairgrounds at 1 p.m.

Pro-Am Short-Track Race west off I-90, Exit 30, at Jackpine Gypsies Motorcycle Club grounds at 8 p.m.

Swap-a-Dakota west off I-90, Exit 30, at Hog Heaven Campground from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Sunday, August 13th

J&P Motorcycle Swap Meet east on I-34 to I-79 North at Sturgis Dragway.

U.S. Western Regional Championship Half-Mile Race in Sturgis at the City Fairgrounds at 1 p.m.

STURGIS '89

BUFFALO CHIP CAMPGROUND

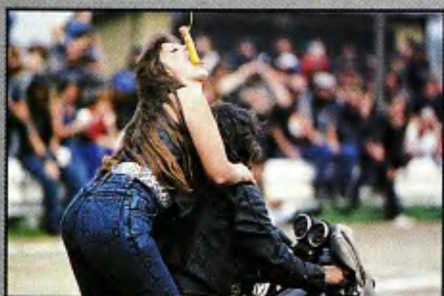
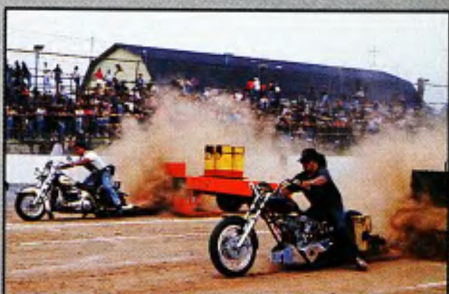


RODEO

August 11th & 12th
6:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m.

\$5,000 Purse*

Sign-ups & Practice: Wednesday,
Thursday, and Friday. Eliminations:
Friday 11th. Finals: Saturday 12th.



TATTOO CONTEST

Friday the 11th
4:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

\$500 Purse*

We'll be lookin'
for Tattoo features



Easyriders BIKE SHOW

Saturday the 12th
Noon-5:00 p.m.

\$1,000* Purse

We'll be lookin'
for feature bikes

Party
til
Dawn!

FRIDAY AUG. 11TH

- ★ Iron Butterfly
- ★ Wolf
- ★ Burnt River Band
- ★ Foggy Notion Band

SATURDAY AUG. 12TH

- ★ Mitch Ryder
- ★ Wolf
- ★ Burnt River Band
- ★ Foggy Notion Band

The Buffalo Chip Campground Goes All Day Every Day Aug. 4th
to Aug. 12th. Great music every day. See page 46 for details.

*GUARANTEED If all events are fully entered—if not, prize money will be adjusted in each event to match the entry fees.



THREE BROS IN A GUT CHECK ON GRAVEL

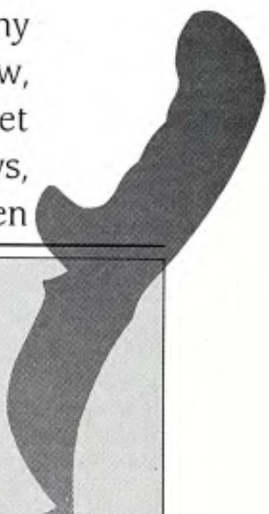
The bar wasn't in the nicest part of town, outside of tiny Sturgis, South Dakota. Nestled between two narrow, weed-overgrown, trash-strewn lots, it sat across the street from the Haven of Rest Refuge. Bars covered the windows, and in one corner, a neon Budweiser sign with broken glass tilted at an oblique angle.

The door was propped open, letting in the flies and the hot, humid air of late afternoon.

Stewart took off his thick coke-bottle glasses, climbed off his custom '57 panhead, and wiped the sweat off his heavy face with a ham-like forearm. "Nice place," he said.

With me in the lead, he, Colin, and I parked our bikes and sauntered through the door. Inside was not much different than outside—a stained and pitted wood floor, battered tables, and a greasy bar. Two stoned road-whores sat in one of the booths swaying to "Freebird" blaring out of the jukebox. An old wino, stooped and bleary-eyed, was busy sweeping the floor. The barkeep behind the long oak bar was a short, chunky man with a beer belly and cantaloupe-size biceps bulging out of a black T-shirt.

Seeing us dismount our mud-splattered Harleys and come through the door, and not recognizing us as locals, the bartender eyed us warily. The regular Friday evening



THE BACK ALLEY

by Greg Newton

THE BACK ALLEY

crowd would be getting off work soon and I'm sure he didn't want any trouble from strangers when the homeboys hit the door.

"You three want something?" he asked.

Stewart strolled over, laid his two meaty forearms across the bar, and looked the bartender in the eye. "Sure," he said.

At five foot eight and two hundred-fifty pounds, with long stringy black hair, a full, black beard, and a concho'd black leather vest covered with dozens of run pins, Stewart was a formidable sight. Heavy and fleshy, his long arms and short legs made him look like a biker bull-gorilla.

The bartender stepped back from the bar, intimidated. However, I also saw that he reached for something under the counter. Stewart saw it too, because he reached over the bar and grasped the bartender's wrist.

The bartender looked like a strong man, but he grimaced in pain as Stewart held his hand up where we could see it.

A sawed-off ball bat clattered to the floor.

Stepping up to the bar, I motioned to Stewart to back off. He released the bartender's wrist, who then began flexing his fingers, trying to get the circulation back.

"Look," I said, "It's not trouble we're after. My name is Bo Deering. We're looking for the Fat Boy."

The bartender reappraised us and shook his head thoughtfully. Like a buyer examining a racehorse, he took in my medium height, broad shoulders, and lean waist and hips.

"So you're Bo Deering," he said after a long spell. "You're not as tall or as heavy as I would have imagined you."

That was a frequent observation. At one-seventy-two, I usually gave twenty to fifty pounds away to my opponents. However, I was much stronger than I looked, and I was fast. Very fast.

"Can you get us a fight?" I asked.

"Sure, I'll call and make the deal," he rasped. "You can go out back and wait. It'll probably take two or three hours to get things going."

We nodded and went out the back door. It would take time. After all, a fight between Bo Deering and the Fat Boy would draw in some money.

The Fat Boy had had a reputation across this backwoods part of the state

for some time. But I had an equal reputation among the biker crowd who would soon be jammin' into town for the Black Hills Classic, and I had just beaten Doug Williams to become the new Rapid City champion.

It had been a brutal and short fight, ending with Williams sustaining six

I was mad. I no
longer felt any pain.
The dull buzzing
in my ears cleared.
A red curtain fell
before my eyes.
It seemed as if
I could distinguish
every yelling voice
in the crowd.

broken ribs and a broken jaw.

Now I was ready for the Fat Boy.

Out in back of the bar was a large gravel-strewn area, with weathered concrete stairsteps all around, leading up to nondescript backdoors of graffiti-stained two- and three-story, old buildings. Rusty fire-escape stairs created spindly balconies. In the half-light, with the noise of the surrounding streets muffled by century-old brick, it looked and sounded like some primeval amphitheatre of worship. Where animal sacrifices were made to primitive gods.

Some overflowing trash cans sat against the wall, around which a swarm of flies buzzed in the still air. About thirty feet across from them was a low mudbank. Crumpled beer cans and broken bottles, the uncollected reminder of years of pick-up fights, littered the corners.

I looked over this timeless sanctum where the gladiators were to fight with a practiced eye. A single lamp hanging above the door would give adequate

lighting, but the gravel might prove tough to fight on. Not only would it make footing precarious, but the Fat Boy had a nasty habit of smearing his downed opponent's face across it.

The crowd would ring us on the stairsteps and hang from the balconies, like crazed Roman sports fans urging the lions to attack the Christians.

The three of us sat on the stairsteps silently. The old wino brought Stewart and Colin cold cans of beer. Me, he brought a coke. Colin checked to see if his gun was loaded. Stewart sat back and smoked a cigarette, then ambled off to check the locks on our bikes.

I thought about the Fat Boy. You didn't call him Fat Boy to his face. Rumor had it that the "Boy" was tacked onto his name because while nature blessed him with a burly size, it failed to endow him adequately in one certain area. The area it takes to please a woman. It was said that because of that, he had a sadistic nature, and that was why he took up bare knuckle fighting.

As I often did, I thought about why I had taken it up. A year ago, I knew a girl who used to ask me that question. She was an English professor's daughter and an intellectual. In one of her slumming sojourns among the working dogs, she picked me up in a bar.

A beautiful girl, she made love with an almost insatiably violent passion. When the lovemaking was over, however, she became cool, aloof, and patronizing. When I expressed emotions and feelings, she would psychoanalyze me. She would then infuriate me further by telling me her preconceived notions of how I really thought and felt.

She was both fascinated and repulsed by bare knuckle fighting. She said that I was a borderline sociopath, and a product of the American subculture of violence.

I am not ignorant, and I am not stupid, but I was raised on the "mill hill." There was no money for an education beyond high school. My fate seemed to be a foregone conclusion. How could I explain to her the burning need and hunger for something more than working six to four in the cotton mill? Not even bikin' with my bros on the weekends could blot out the low-paid monotony of such an existence. How could I explain to her that the only time I felt even partly satisfied was when I was fighting?

I couldn't explain the thrill I felt when fighting in some back alley or decrepit warehouse. With injury and death looming over me, I felt more alive in those desperate minutes than at any other time.

Also, how could I explain those red rages that came over me in those moments? The red haze that sometimes dropped before my eyes, blotting out everything but the enemy before me, giving me a primitive, ferocious lust to destroy. It wasn't a berserk uncontrollable rage, but a level, calculating attempt to beat an opponent into the ground.

I had done so dozens of times over the years, I smirked to myself.

Don't mistake me. I'm not a bully. I don't brawl, and I don't like the kind of folks who pick fights. I don't believe in preying on the weak, and I prefer to walk away from trouble.

But I'm no choirboy, either.

My opponents are specially trained, like myself, and are equally capable of beating my face into raw hamburger.

Real skill was necessary to survive. Skill was necessary to amass enough of a bankroll to buy a brand-new, baby-blue Low Rider. The kind of skill you didn't learn in a classroom. Or in a cotton mill.

Colin broke my reverie. "Hey, Bo," he said, "you better start getting warmed up."

I looked around the primitive amphitheatre. It was already getting dark.

Colin didn't say much. It wasn't his job to say much. Long and tall, it was his job to carry the money and to be on the lookout for any signs of trouble brewing. Sometimes folks were poor losers when a local boy got bested, and sometimes the small crowds would get so excited by the action that they would join in the violence. That's why Colin carried a .357 revolver loaded with hollowpoints under his jean jacket. It was a good intimidator and it had gotten me and Stewart out of tight situations a time or two.

People were starting to congregate in the alley. Stewart was talking to a couple of them, making bets. Three tough-looking dudes were standing around the area where we would fight. They would be the "enforcers" hired by the bartender to keep the crowd semi-orderly while we fought.

Stewart approached the bartender.

He would hold the bet-money during the fight.

Although it is sometimes done differently, the promoter doesn't bet on the outcome. He is paid a flat fee of five hundred dollars or more by both fighters. He also charges money from the spectators. The prize money the fighters put up—in this instance, two thousand apiece—is also held by the organizer.

Teenagers began climbing up on the surrounding balconies, drinking from bottles in small paper bags and checking out the action. Theirs were the bottles which if thrown, I most feared.

I took off my T-shirt and began skipping on my toes, throwing a punch or two into the air and rolling my shoulders. This would get my body loose and ready.

The outfit I would fight in consisted of no more than what I wore—a pair of light running-shoes and a special pair of blue jeans. They looked like an ordinary pair, but they had a few extras. A triple layer of denim was sewn into the crotch, and two light kneepads were stitched into the inside of the knees.

I also wore a groin cup. Low blows weren't uncommon, and often you went down hard on a rough surface such as the gravel we were to fight on tonight.

The only rules were that there weren't any rules. Basically, you were expected to fight with your fists. Blows with the elbows, kicks, biting, and wrestling were allowable within reason. However, you had to fight to the crowd, and when fighting a local in a strange place, there are things that one of them could get away with that the crowd wouldn't stand for from an outsider. If you deviated too much from punches above the waist, and hit or kicked a man after he was down, you might find yourself deluged by a rain of beer bottles, rocks, and trash, to be followed by an angry, drunken crowd snarling for your blood.

Bottles thrown from 20 feet up had split more than a few skulls.

Cigarette smoke, the unmistakable smell of weed, and a low murmur began to drift up into the last setting rays of sunlight jutting into the alley. The restless teenagers seemed like excited baboons in treetops, shrieking

over a fresh kill. This was a somewhat motley crowd. Workboots, T-shirts, and blue jeans predominated, but there were also a few tied-and-suited yuppies from uptown and Rapid City. Upwardly-climbing execs who went in for this kind of thing. There was also one well-dressed girl with a sharp, predatory face.

The growl of a dozen V-Twins approaching told me that some of my biker bros and those from neighboring clubs would also make the scene. At least the three of us wouldn't be alone, outnumbered, if a general brawl broke out.

Things were beginning to cook. My adrenaline began to pump.

The crowd parted and I got my first glimpse of the Fat Boy. About six-foot-one, loose-shouldered with long arms, he was wearing a pair of bright Bermuda shorts, displaying his contempt for the contest he was about to endure. He was preceded by a gang-banger holding aloft a bejeweled Harley kidney belt, like Mike Tyson and his entourage.

The Fat Boy's hips were wide and carried a paunch. He was not an athletic adversary, but looks could be deceptive. His hair was short, curly, and coarse. It topped a fearsome mug of a face—a flat, misshapen nose; a wide, scarred brow; acne-scarred, mud-colored skin; small, pig-like eyes; and fleshy lips that revealed broken teeth.

He looked at me and grinned. I inwardly shuddered. This would be a mean fight.

Spreading his arms wide, the Fat Boy clenched his large, square hands and smacked them together. The crowd howled in delight.

The bartender stepped to the center of the alley, into the middle of 80-odd bloodthirsty fight fans. There was no introduction; none was needed. There was no "ref." Suddenly we were shot back 100,000 years into a clearing amidst the cliffs; cavemen locked in combat. Everyone knew who we were and what we were here to do.

Stepping forward, we met in the center, and the bartender stepped back. The beer-swilling crowd parted. Grinning, the Fat Boy looked down at me as we put up our fists and began circling each other. But the leering was short-lived. A tremendously-fast roundhouse right burst from those

THE BACK ALLEY

loose shoulders. Barely able to block it in time, I also deflected the low left that followed. Then he tried to crush me in a bear hug, but I threw him across my hip.

The Fat Boy fell hard to the gravel, but he got up and grinned again. I put a straight left into that grin and followed with a loaded right cross. I was starting a left hook to the ribs, when another roundhouse right came out of nowhere and crashed me to the gravel. Fat Boy sure could punch.

The crowd ahh'd. Rolling away from the Fat Boy's clutches, I got to my feet. Fat Boy then began to punch in earnest, driving me backwards with tremendous left-right combinations.

No boxer, his punches were roundhouse swings from the hip, but they were extremely fast and powerful.

Trying to break his momentum, I kicked him in the knee, then plowed a front kick to his solar plexus. He bent double. Trying a risky maneuver on the gravel, I pivoted my feet, spun around, and caught his face with a heel-kick. It landed like a meat-ax, but the crowd booed and the Fat Boy tackled me to the ground.

He punched at my face, but I turned my head, and he howled in pain as his knuckles crunched on the gravel. Desperately, I kned at his ribs and jammed my fingers into his eyes. He jerked back and I managed to get out from beneath him.

My back was torn and bloody from the gravel, and my ribs felt like they'd been crushed beneath a semi-trailer. My breath was coming out short and ragged, and to stabilize it I began breathing deeply.

Fat Boy grinned. "Pussy Boy, I'm going to mash you," he growled. The gloating crowd surged forward like some single, hungry beast.

He then charged at me and threw that heavy right. I side-stepped and bored a short hook to the ribs. I then let that punch flow up into an uppercut and it bobbed Fat Boy's head back like an apple. Moving him back, I began plowing in with shots to the body, letting them sink in hard and deep.

Fat Boy rallied, and I saw a left coming and tried to duck my head, but it caught a glancing blow off my skull. The right that followed exploded into my head, and amid stars and

bright flashes of light, I fell face-down to the gravel.

The crowd shrieked. For a moment, it looked like the local boy would prevail.

A heavy knee plunged into my back, and a heavy hand grabbed the back of my hair. Through a dull sea of pain I could hear the sound of the crowd screaming for blood. Opening my eyes, my vision cleared, and I saw the cracked workboot of one of the spectators not two feet from my face.

I remember thinking how he needed to replace his laces, because they were old and frayed.

Then my face, propelled by the Fat Boy's hand, plunged towards the gravel. Not directly resisting, I twisted to the side and bored my elbow into his ribs, leaving a hunk of my hair in his hand. With the same arm I chopped him across the throat.

He gagged and I got to my feet.

A dozen Harley throttles let loose with a burst of V-Twin thunder. My bros hadn't given up on me.

I was mad. I no longer felt any pain. The dull buzzing in my ears cleared. A red curtain fell before my eyes. It seemed as if I could distinguish every

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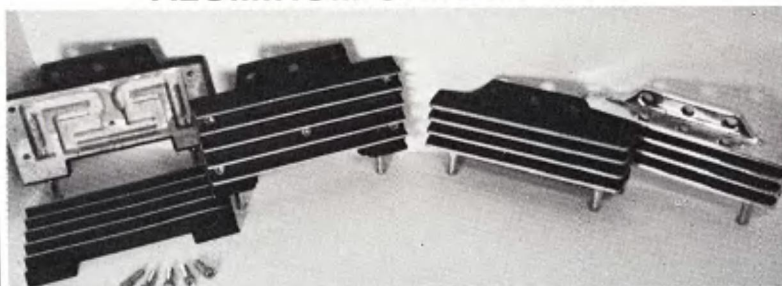
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11.1" Chrome spr.	2211	\$159.00
11.1" Chrome cov.	2222	\$159.00
'79-later Sports & all Big Twin 5-sps		
11.1" Chrome spr.	3311	\$159.00

*includes shipping.

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On the left, the two piece 5 fin cooler, 163" sq. inches of cooling surface expected oil temperature drop 25 50 36 degrees. Size 7-1/2" x 1-1/4 x 4-12". Part #1002 Black with highlighted fins, \$79. Includes shipping. Polished, \$79. Part #8888.



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Sport Bob

Fits '79-'81 Sports Part #5050. Fits '82 & later Sports Part #6060. This is an all steel fender with welded in taillight bracket. Price \$89 plus \$8 shipping. Bike above has short shocks style #3333. price \$175.



The Strutless Sport Fender

For 1952-1978 Sportsters. All steel, mig welded, and as with all our bob fenders, the taillight bracket is welded in place. Part #4040 \$147, shipping \$10. U.S. Pat. #301391020.



The Strutless Big-Twin Fender

For Big Twins with four-speed frames. Fender will carry passenger's weight easily. All steel, mig welded, requires very little molding. Easily bolted on. Part #1010 \$145, shipping \$10. U.S. Pat #301391020.

Biker Videos

This is a very sexually explicit video. You must be over eighteen to order. VHS only. 110 minutes in color. Yeah, there's a story, but more important there's lots of sex, drugs, weapons (all kinds), rock 'n' roll, naked women, comedy, bikes, 5 minute video catalog of our stuff, sex, gunfire, sex, and more sex. The flame throwing dragon bike, the nympho hitchhiker, big tits, bath tub scene, two foot dildo. Made by bikers with bikers for bikers.

You'll laugh so hard your balls will fall off.



yelling voice in the crowd. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion.

I could see and hear my biker bros and several ol' ladies—waving their skull-and-cross-boned colors—urging me on.

I circled the Fat Boy. The smirk on his face faded when he saw my grim look and the fact that I was still on my feet.

He bulled in and swung a right-left combination, but ducking one and blocking the other, I split his ear with an overhand right. He backed up and I moved in, throwing hooks to the body and uppercuts to the chin. The Fat Boy slipped and fell down. I waited for him to get up, but his feet were unsteady and it took him a moment to get his balance.

At the moment he gained his equilibrium, I nailed him with a right cross to the sternum followed by a left hook to the chin, which I brought back across his face in a backfist. The Fat Boy rallied, screamed like an enraged boar, and threw his right hand as hard as he could. I ducked, and started an uppercut that began from my lifted toe and coursed up through my twisting hip, generating every ounce of power that could be put into a punch.

I could feel a sickening crunch, and I knew I had broken his jaw like a longneck bottle of Bud.

His feet left the ground, and he fell face-down to the ground. It was over. He covered his head in his arms and whimpered, "Please don't hurt me anymore."

The crowd was strangely silent. Somewhere in the distance a car horn blew, and I could hear the rumble of a train rolling down the tracks. Thankfully, there were no cops.

I looked wearily but triumphantly around, my face and back raw and bloody, blood streaming from the wound in my scalp, my breath coming in ragged gasps. Then I looked down at the Fat Boy.

Was this to be my fate, I wondered momentarily—to wind up a battered, brutal wreck, sobbing in the dust?

No. I was no Sugar Ray Robinson, but I had class. Real class. Like my bike. The kind of class that would make me a survivor. My confidence returned.

Slowly a murmur began. Throttles let loose with bursts of energy. Gradually the crowd's murmur trebled in volume until it became a loud roar: "Bo! Bo! Bo! Bo!"

I shook my head, then I laughed. I felt alive.

That girl would never understand. ■



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Front Design



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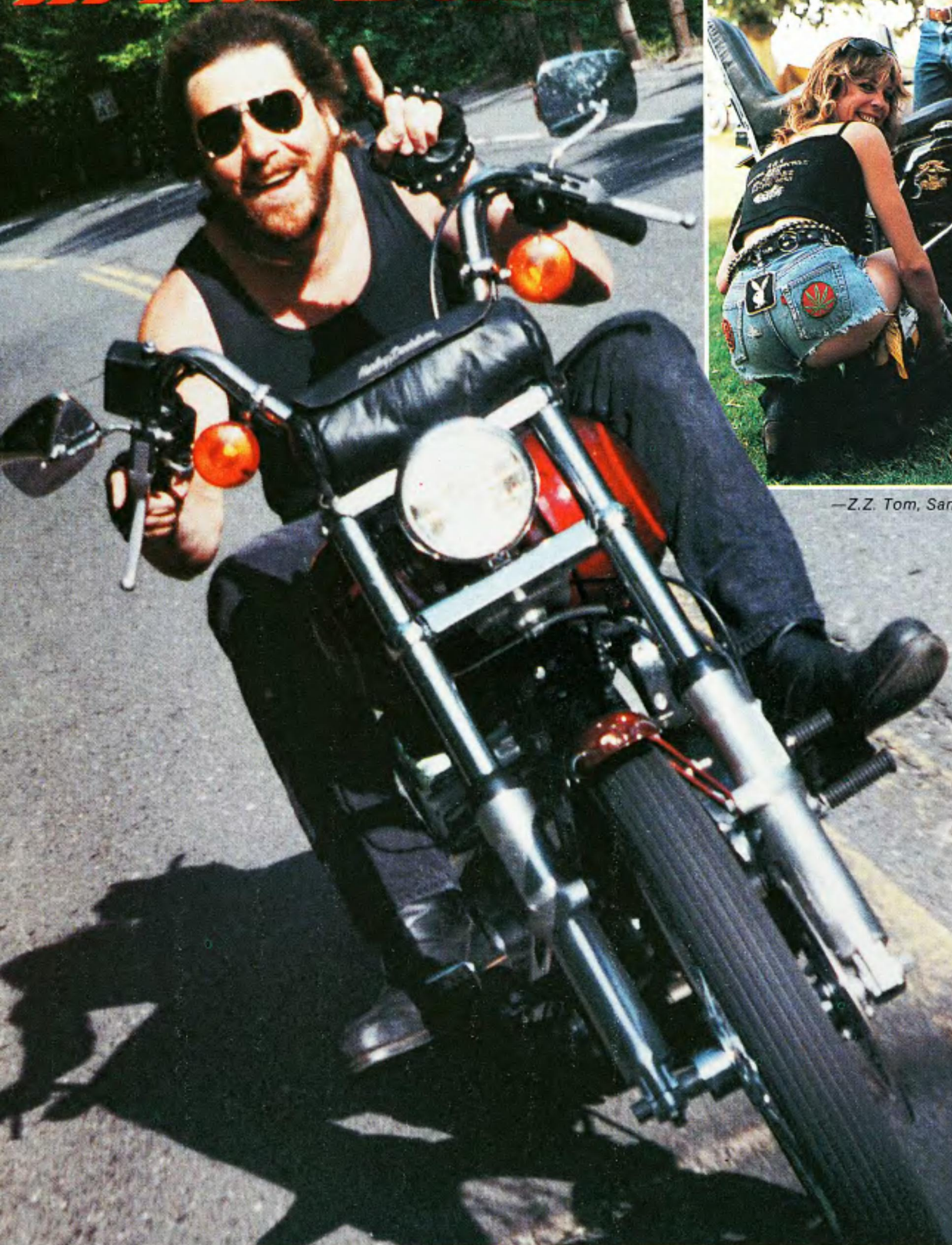
State size and design # when ordering. S-M-L-XL. Add \$2 for XXL and XXXL. Mail check and order to:

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P.O. Box 1050,
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Add \$3 for postage and handling. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.



IN THE WIND



—Z.Z. Tom, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

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



—Gorilla Goebel, Patterson, La.



—Paul Wold, Ottawa, Ill.



—The Amazing Jonzo, Chandler, Ariz.



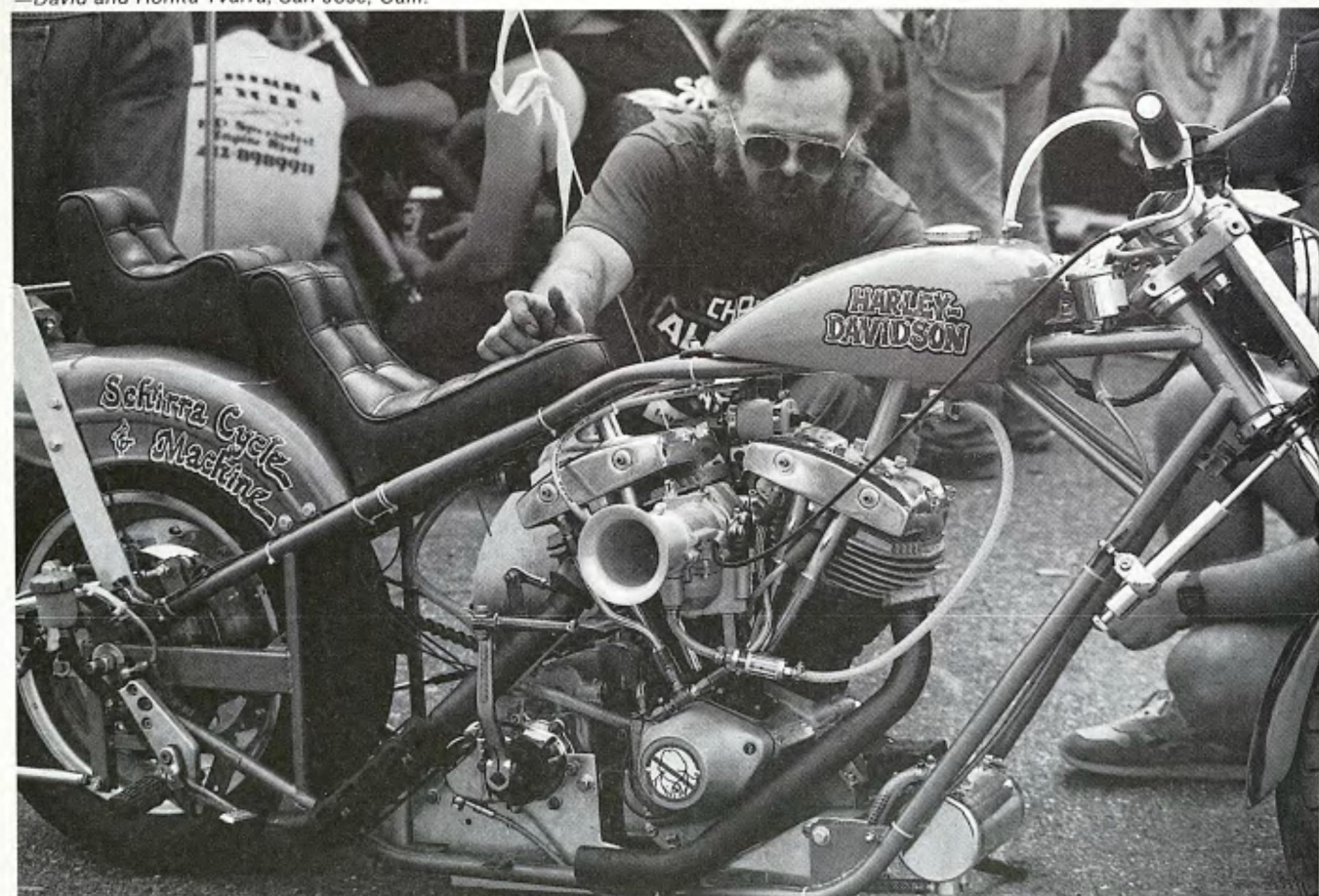
—Rip, New Orleans, La.



—John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



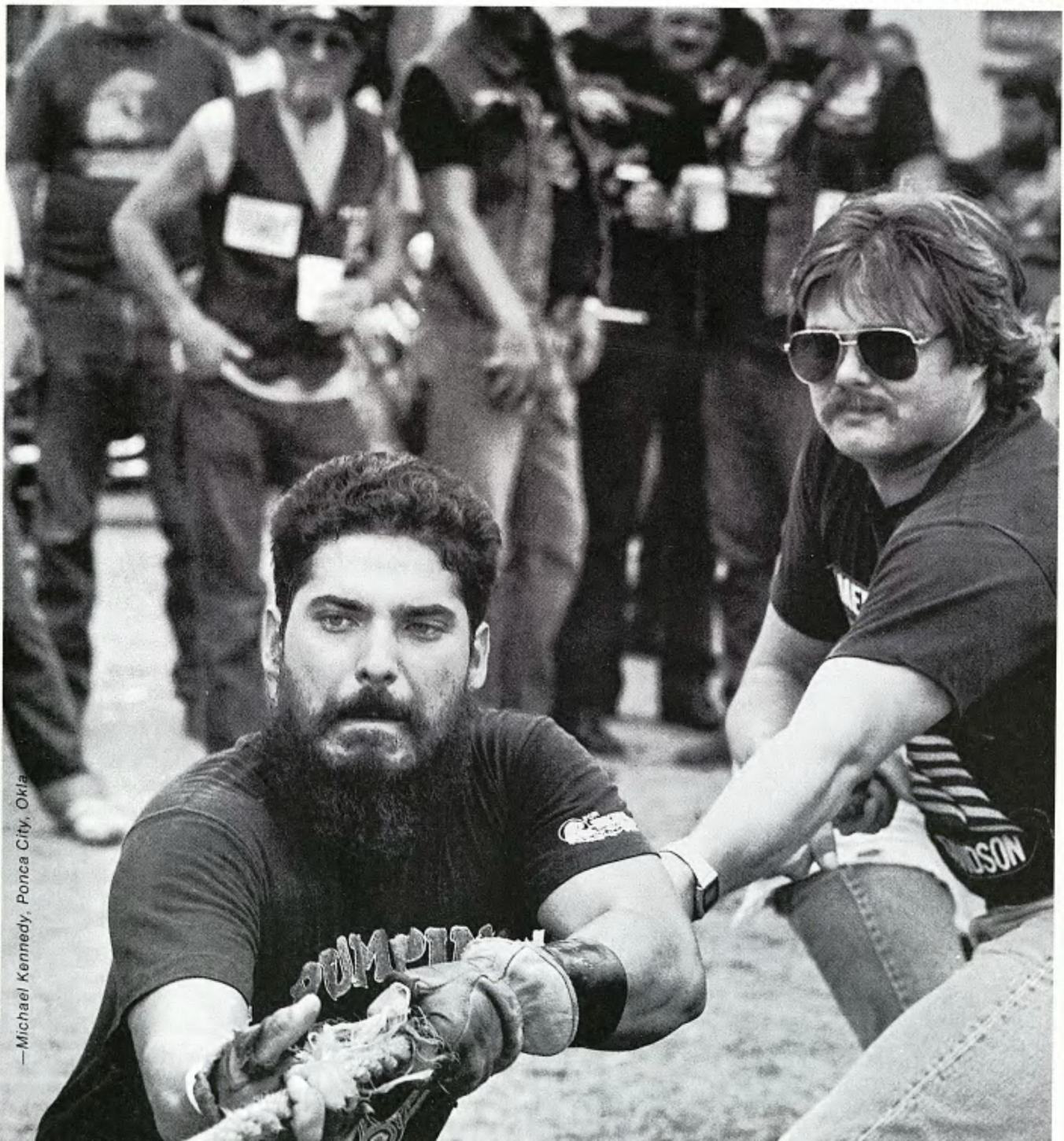
—David and Ronita Yvarra, San Jose, Calif.



—Sue Wrbican, Butler, Pa.



—Eva Bradley, Boise, Idaho, 1949



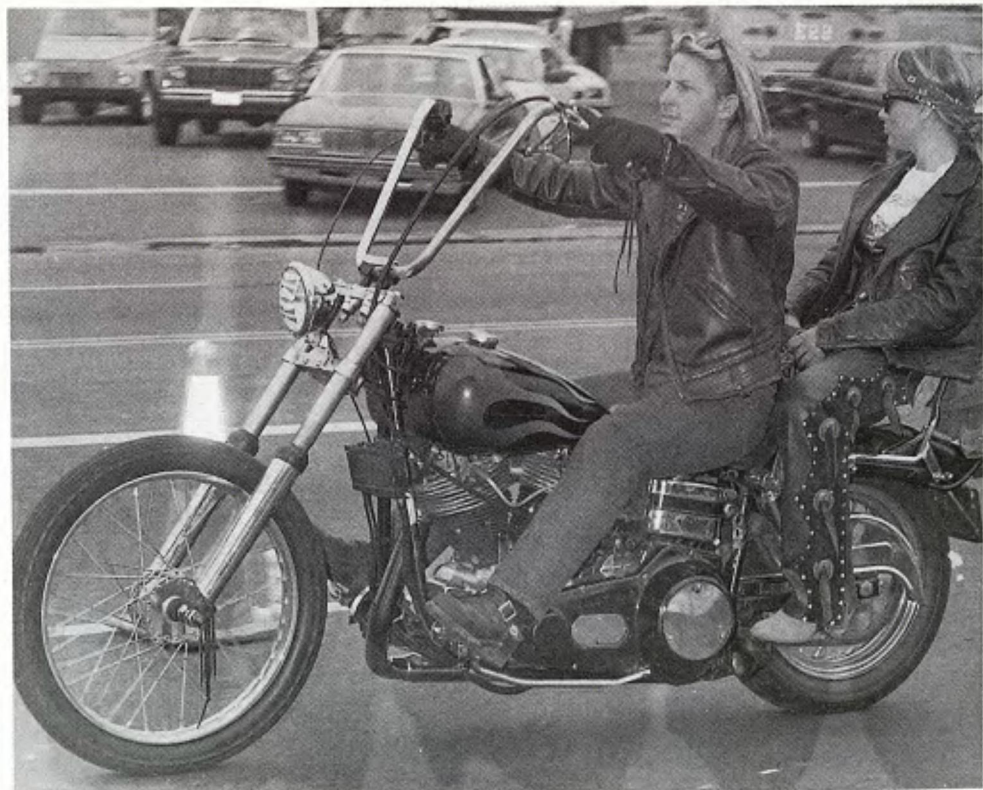
—Michael Kennedy, Ponca City, Okla



—John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—Buck Carson, Oak View, Calif.



—Scott Daloisio, Chino, Calif.



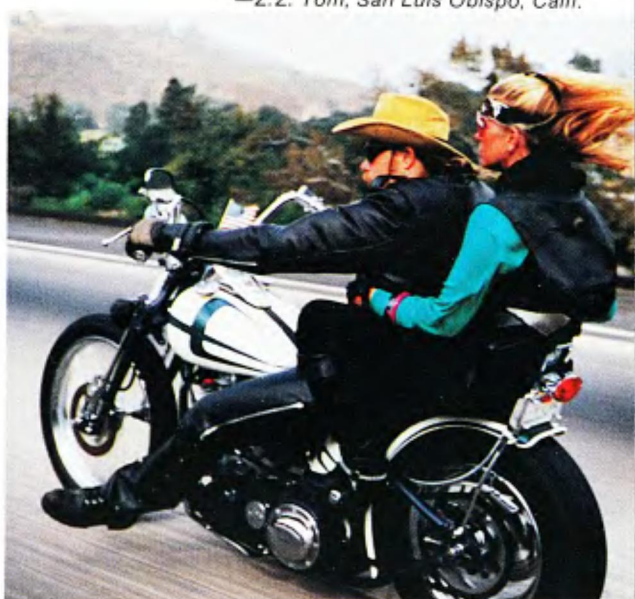
—Bob Crawford, Bellingham, Mass.



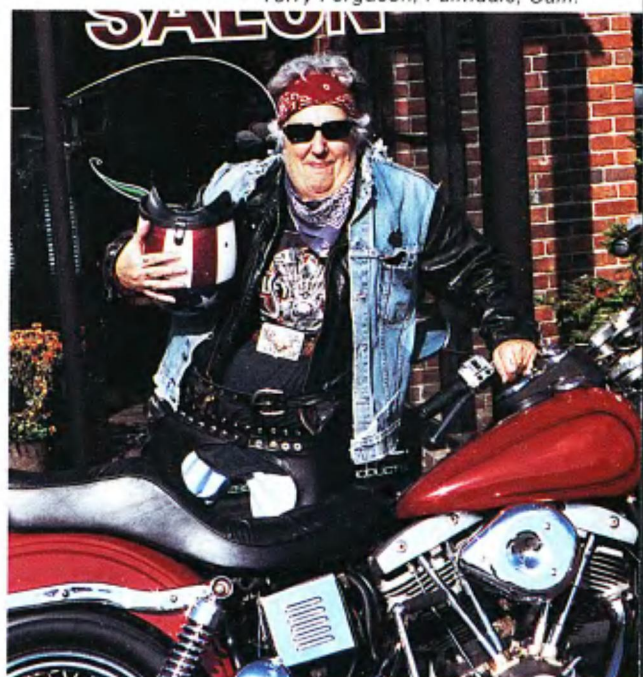
—Z.Z. Tom, San Luis Obispo, Calif.



—Brian L. Kriegsman, Milwaukee, Wis.



—Terry Ferguson, Palmdale, Calif.



—Joe Arnstein, Portsmouth, N.H.

SEPTEMBER *Fox Hunt* WINNER



When Kathleen, 24, gets done shakin' 'em on down as a topless dancer on the Orange Blossom Trail strip of Orlando, Florida, she's into slinkin' into a bubble bath, an' sinkin' into some good readin' material. So what's she doin' in this rag? You benevolent bros gave her the votes to be our April Fox Hunt winner. See Kathleen luxuriatin' around on page 35.

—Loudmouth



There's no better rush than riding a Harley . . . except maybe being in *Easyriders* and having thousands of people looking at my body!

Lisa, Indiana—#402



It would give me a chance to show everyone what I love to do best—show-off my toned body and Harley-Davidsons.

Cathy, Virginia—#406



I think it would be fun. I think I could do a good job.

Rhonda, Arizona—#401



I've been biking since I was five years old—with my dad, or on my own. Thought I'd try my luck.

Lee-Ann, Louisiana—#405



Struttin' my stuff and puttin' my butt on my own Low Rider is what I do best!

Lynn, California—#403



Long rides on vibrating bikes, arms wrapped around, hair tossed by the wind, make me wet—like posing for men.

Lori, California—#404

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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 () _____

Fox Hunt

Make \$500 by being selected as the winner and modeling for an *Easyriders* feature!

**Help pick the winner by calling
1-900-234-BIKE**

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 choice of 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 into) and maybe—just maybe—even a ride on one of our Hogs.

The contestants are selected by our lecherous staff, and the winner is determined by your votes, based on how many votes are received over the phone by calling 1-900-234-BIKE and punching in the Fox's extension number adjacent to her photo (if a brother can't get through on the phone, he can still send his vote by mail).

Final judging will partially be based on the contestants' reasons—in writing and in a taped phone interview—for wanting to pose for *Easyriders*. Potential voters will be able to hear the taped interviews at an 89-cent-per-minute rate.

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. (It's easier than it sounds.)

Ladies, one last favor. In your own sweet, legible handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell us what you like best about motorcycling (bikes, parties, men, etc.). Remember, your message will also be taped over the phone for the voters to listen to when they call to vote—and it 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. You can call in for this issue starting August 1, 1989. It's easy. Look the girls over and note the extension number of the lady who entices you the most, then call 1-900-234-BIKE, and Clean Dean will answer and take you through the motions. You'll get to find out just how far these girls will go to get your vote. If you're not into her comments about our lifestyle, you can vote for another girl. If for some reason, Ma Bell's on the rag and you can't get through, write the name of the girl you like on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope and send it to #195 *Easyriders* Fox Hunt, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

The deadline for voting for this month's issue is August 31, 1989. We'll print the winner in the January issue.

Don't forget to vote. These girls are depending on you.



Here she is, bros, the fifth monthly winner in our Eleventh Annual Fox Hunt—Brenda, #403, from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. See more of her next issue.

FOX HUNT

Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph and/or use any taped interview of myself with or without using my name, and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs, portraits, or interviews 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.

195

Model's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone () _____ Evening Phone () _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

I will pose Topless _____ Full Nude _____

I will give a 30-second taped interview _____

Model's Signature _____

Notary _____

Photographer's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone () _____ Evening Phone () _____

Photographer's Signature _____

Notary Seal

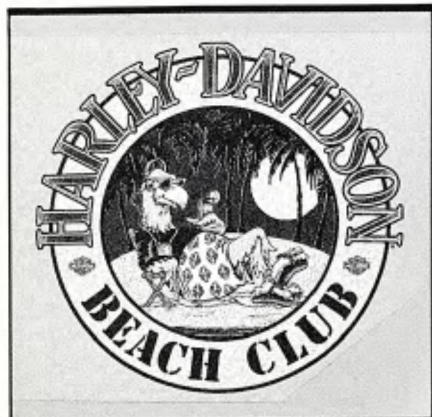
Instead of Notary, you may send a photocopy of your picture I.D. that shows your signature and photo.

In your own handwriting and in 25 words or fewer, tell the staff what you like best about motorcycling.

What I like best about motorcycling: (25 words or fewer)

PARTS BOX

Tell 'em Snake sent ya.



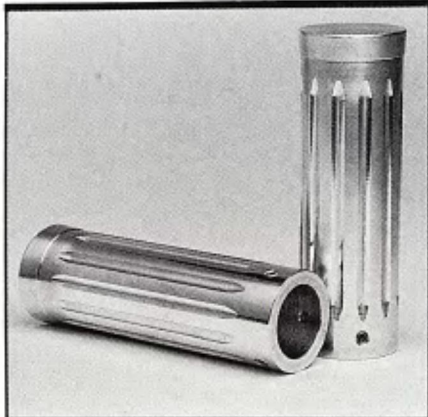
H-D BEACH CLUB

Check this out. The newest and wildest T-shirt to hit the streets. To be unveiled in Sturgis during Classic Week. In white only (tired of black anyway—aren't ya?). They're available in sizes from small to XL, with a price tag of only \$13.95. (Ya have to add \$2.50 for shipping if you order 'em through the mail). Just imagine a lone eagle in bright pink H-D shorts, laz'ing on the beach, drinkin' a cool one and listenin' to good ol' rock 'n' roll. . . Of course, if you want to see the real thing you'll have to go to Sturgis or visit the original 2-Wheeler's M/C Shop at 1433 N. 38th Street, Denver, CO 80211. (303) 433-0564. P.S. Ya gotta check out their high-quality embroidered T-shirts, tanks and sweats, too.



JAZZY COIL COVER

Sumax always produces the wildest anodized and engraved stuff. Well here's another engraved masterpiece to cover your ignition coil, made from 6061T aluminum, polished to a mirror-like finish, then anodized in either black, red or blue. All chrome hardware is included. Or send three bucks for a catalog to Sumax, Dept. ER, Clinton St., Clark Mills, NY 13321.



BILLET GRIPS

Here it is. The ultimate in high-tech grips made from machined 6061-T6 aluminum. These grips feature grooved channels that provide the custom enthusiast with a truly wild feature. These grips are available for one-inch handlebars and are sold in pairs. They're being distributed by Arlen Ness, but for more information contact Billet-Tech, Dept. ER, 855 Jefferson Ave. Box 1044, Redwood City, CA 94064.



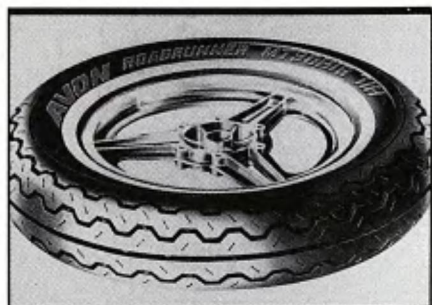
INTERESTING T-SHIRT

Now here's the school-of-hard-knocks shirt. Yeah, one that reaches out to communicate life in the streets. These T's come in red cloth with white and black ink, or in white cloth with black and red ink. They're 100 percent pre-shrunk cotton, with sizes from small to XXL. And these creative heads aren't limited to one university; there's Love U, Miss U and Peon U to choose from. For more information write or call In The Stars, Dept. ER, 968 Emerald St., San Diego, CA 92109, (619) 483-7652.



STRUTLESS SOFTAIL FENDER

These brothers have character. I mean who the hell would send out a product shot with a .45 on his hip—they got class. This strutless fender is available in the fatbob style or dresser style. They fit '84 and '85 Softails with no modifications; '86 and later need minor frame modifications. They come complete except for the tail-light, and they easily carry passengers, and sit lower on the tire for that rigid-frame look your Softail is supposed to have. Call MB Products (800) 852-5545 for the low-down, or their ad is in here somewhere.



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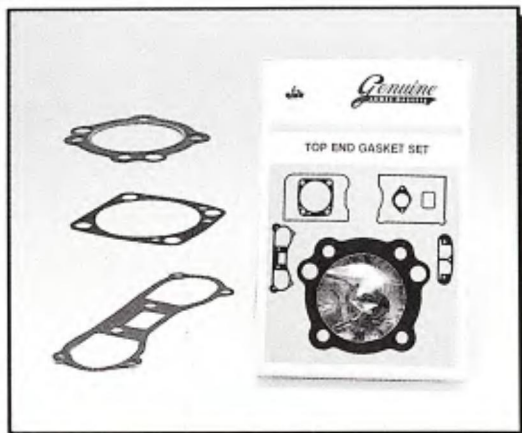
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DINNER

I started ridin' in 1964. Had a ricegrinder; a small one that I took glitter and resin to the tank of—my first metalflake job. Also changed the pipes to something like a single upsweep. That was in high school, and when I first rolled it outta the folks' garage, slipped on my tanker jacket (which was later torn to shreds on the school grounds in a fight over a girl), and cranked it up for a blast through the Long Beach streets. I thought that 30mph was screaming. It only took two weeks before the side-street speed just didn't cut it anymore, and something had to be done to make it go faster.

High school finally ended and Vietnam called. Too soon, I found myself sitting on the deck of a battlewagon preparing to take another seven-month tour (I took three to the war-torn Indonesian community). But this particular day in the sun, surrounded by uniforms and regulations, was to be some sort of awakening for me.

With the hot summer sun glistening off the San Diego brine, I yearned for freer times in my life. I felt deep in my bones, that my life had been one long institutional process—from school to school, and then straight to the service. Only two years into the stint, I was already feeling serious stir crazy emotions. The only freedom in a life of gray warships and whitecaps, was the rock 'n' roll that no one could steal from a generation just waiting to bust loose.

In the nation's streets, people were going crazy—it was party time. It was a time to feel the breeze, get creative, and see the sights.

To the lonely serviceman, the only contact he had with this explosion of awareness came through the songs that blasted through transistor radios. But even the listening times and volume were restricted in the service.

It had been a couple of long, tough, maturing years since I sold the flaked Jap scooter, which at least let me know the feel of the wind in my face between school and the people at home trying

Summer

Coca-Cola

AIR COOL



A photograph of a diner named "CUCCE's CA" with a red and white Coca-Cola sign and a motorcycle parked outside. The diner has a white facade with red lettering. A large red Coca-Cola logo is visible on the left side of the building. A motorcycle is parked in the foreground on the left. The diner's windows have signs for "EGGPLANT", "VEGETABLE SANDWICH", "SANDWICH", "FOOD TO GO", and "HOT PASTRAMI & SOUPS". The text "CUCCE's CA" is written in large red letters across the top of the building. The text "Coca-Cola" is written in white on a red background. The text "EGGPLANT", "VEGETABLE SANDWICH", "SANDWICH", "FOOD TO GO", and "HOT PASTRAMI & SOUPS" are written in white on a red background. The text "CUCCE's CA" is written in large red letters across the top of the building. The text "Coca-Cola" is written in white on a red background. The text "EGGPLANT", "VEGETABLE SANDWICH", "SANDWICH", "FOOD TO GO", and "HOT PASTRAMI & SOUPS" are written in white on a red background.

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A photograph of a diner named "CUCCE'S CAFE". The building has a white facade with large windows. Signs above the windows include "EGGPLANT", "VEGETABLE SANDWICH", "SANDWICHES", "FOOD TO GO", and "HOT PASTRAMI & SOUPS". A red and white Coca-Cola logo is visible on the left side of the building. A red and white motorcycle is parked in front of the diner. The text of the article is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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The background image shows a portion of a building facade, likely a diner or sandwich shop. On the right side, there's a large sign that reads "CUCCE'S CA". Below it, there are several windows with signs. One window has a sign that says "SANDWICHES" in large, stylized letters. Another window has a sign that says "VEGETABLE SANDWICH". At the bottom right, there's a sign that says "HOT PASTRAMI & SOUPS". On the left side, there's a sign that says "IONING". A red and white motorcycle is parked in front of the building on the left. The overall scene is brightly lit, suggesting daytime.

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1952
Evolution



In many respects this bike is much like the pan, which is why I call it the '52 Evolution. It's a tribute to the old, with the technology of the new.

I have to compliment Mil Blair at Jammer Cycle Products for his ability to build a bike with classic styling, yet clean as our Streamliner. It handles like a dream at 465 pounds. He liked it so well he built a twin.

Building bikes is still an art form, and riding still represents pure unleashed freedom to me. And that's the way it is.

—Bandit

Continued next page



Bandit, circa 1972, from *Easyriders* #8, August, 1972.

Photos by Silvermoon



Owner: Bandit		City: Man of the world	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Mil, Paul, Randy		Year: 1988	
Year and make: 1988 Jammer		Builder: Jammer/Santee	
Model: 1988 Bandit		Type: wishbone	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: Mil Blair		Stretch: to fit blockhead	
Time: two months		Other alterations: just right	
Chroming by: Mestas		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Jammer	
Year: 1988		Risers: none	
Model: H-D		Fender(s): Jammer	
Rebuilder: factory		Headlight: Jammer	
Ignition: K.V./Jammer		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 80 cubic inches		Speedo: Jammer	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: Jammer	
Cases: factory		Gas tank: Jammer 3.5	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Jammer/Santee	
Cam: Andrews EV-13		Oil system: Jammer	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): reworked Keihin		Seat: Jammer/LePera	
Air cleaner: Jammer		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Jammer		Height: n/a	
Muffler(s): Jammer		Material: n/a	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock		Type: Jammer	
Year: 1988		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: some chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23-tooth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49-tooth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16-inch	Size: 16-inch
Molding: Dave Horne		Hub: Jammer	Hub: Jammer
Painter: Dave Horne		Rim width: 3.5 inches	Rim width: 3.5 inches
Color: California red/vanilla		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Machine	Brake: Perf. Machine
Special paint: by Damish Dennis Skog			
Other special modifications: none: off the shelf at Jammer			

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MDO Modern Cycle, 15879 Redland Rd., Rockville, MD 20855. (301) 948-1704.
Calles Chopperdelar, 340 36 Moheda, Sweden 0472-771 31.
McNasty Motors, 11411 Cedar Ave., Bloomington, CA 92316. (714) 877-0154.
Earl's Cycle, 220 S. Columbia St., Gastonia, NC 28054. (704) 861-1226.
Harley-Davidson of Dallas, 3914 S. Shiloh Rd., Garland, TX 75041. (214) 864-4647.
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The Russian Front in World War II was a vast expanse of desolation, starvation, and gruesome death. From Moscow to the Ural Mountains, and into Eastern Europe, millions of soldiers and civilians lost their lives in an epic struggle over hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory.

Hardware was a key to the conflict, at least early on. The superior German tanks, aircraft, personnel carriers, motorcycles, etc., penetrated over a thousand miles into Russian territory, but were ultimately stymied by the fierce Russian winter and the ability of the Soviet forces to endlessly retreat, just as Napoleon had been halted decades before. Then more primitive hardware took over. Russian partisans wielding any weapons they could carry—including axes and pitchforks—wreaked a heavy toll on the German army.

German motorcycles were used primarily for communications and reconnaissance. And the workhorse Kraut bike was the BMW, made in the same Bavarian factories that turned out thousands of parts and products for the German war machine.

While on active duty in West Germany in the 1960s, serving at the U.S. Army installation in Fulda, I met an unheralded German war hero, who was employed as an interpreter on base. Karl Hans "Jack" Stecher was a biker with vivid memories of his harrowing experiences as an infantry corporal on the Russian Front, and the BMW bike that saved his life. This is his story.

Trained as a medical corpsman, Jack's first assignment was V.D. control at a German officer's whorehouse in France. Caught one night checking out the girls' equipment for pleasure instead of for signs of disease, he was court-martialed, reduced in rank, and shipped off to the dreaded Eastern Front.

Russia was the Waterloo of the German Army. In 1942 and 1943, facing utter destruction on the East as much from the elements and geography as from Russian resistance, the Germans drained their Western lines of personnel for replacements. Jack was one of the unlucky thousands.

He wound up with a retreating infantry company ordered to form an ambush and perform rear guard while the main regiment moved further west. Jack was assigned to a special, seven-man squad within the company. This squad was sent forward of the intended ambush

Workhorse BMW Bike Saves German Platoon in World War II

FROM

site, to provide early warning of the Russian approach, then retreat and rejoin the company. Things didn't go as planned.

The squad went ahead as ordered, but as the chilly sun rose on their first day out, they found themselves truly left out in the cold. No food had been sent ahead for them, there was no ammunition resupply, and despite repeated attempts, they got no response from the company on their field phone.

After a second day of cold, hunger, and confusion, they sent a runner back to the company. He came back with the news that no one was there. Apparently, shortly after the German regiment fled westward, they were surprised by Russian partisans who, using whatever weapons they could scrounge from the armies or their former farms, wiped the Germans out in savage hand-to-hand combat. Jack's company received word of the attack, and retreated. The seven brothers were alone.

Now the squad's mission was merely to survive. They started walking west, through the endless Russian countryside. The snow-covered plains of the Ukraine stretched to the horizon in every direction, unbroken by mountains, hills, or stands of trees. It was the dead of Russian winter, and the wind-chill factor drove temperatures down to where oil thickens to sludge, engines freeze, and frostbite is inevitable. It actually hurt to draw breath into their lungs, and no part of the skin could be left uncovered without suffering.

The decomposing dead littered the fields and roadways. Humans and animals meshed in a portrait of putrefying bestiality. Even in the dead of the brutal Russian winter, the stench was overpowering.

Day followed weary day. When the

weather warmed up, the snow cover turned to gooey mud. Heavy tanks had become mired in the muck and had to be abandoned; mute testimony to the futility of the Germans' advance. Over 100,000 horses had hauled German men and material, and when they had died from exhaustion in the hip-deep drifts, they had been eaten down to the last morsel by the starving German soldiers. But the German fighting men were now vanished. Jack and his bedraggled brothers were all alone in hostile territory, threatened on every side.

One day, while skirting the remains of a small town, Jack and his tiny squadron happened upon a German courier motorcycle and sidecar, miraculously almost intact. The driver and passenger had been killed where they lay, in a ditch. Jack saw how a bullet had pierced the gas tank and clipped a plug-wire. Another had killed the driver. Jack's cold-and-fatigue-numbed mind thought: I can fix this.

The bike was a BMW German Army workhorse: a two-cylinder, in-line, four-stroke-engine model with a tool kit, an air pump, and a spare tire. That bike represented the same thing to the German armed forces that Harley-Davidsons represented to American troops: simple, sturdy, reliable transportation. To Jack and his buddies, it meant life or death. Where the heavy German armor had become hopelessly stuck in the heavy snow and mud, this relatively lightweight scooter could trek over the frozen roads and possibly lead the small squadron to safety. It was a thousand-to-one shot that they had found it vir-

tually intact. There was even some gas left in the punctured gas tank.

Without wasting a minute, Jack retraced his steps for an hour to an abandoned, heavily-damaged wreck of a German army truck. He stripped the spark plug wires, cannibalized part of the wiring harness, and dug through the snow until he found the lowest point of the gas tank. This he punctured with his bayonet and drained the precious, last-remaining drops of gas into a canteen.

He retraced the snowy path with his invaluable cargo, and rejoined his anxiously-awaiting comrades. With new-found inspiration, Jack twisted the wires into place, plugged the fuel tank with pieces of wood (driven in and sealed with tape from the medical kit), and pumped up the tires.

But the battery was dead. Without an incline to push-start the mechanical mule into gear, the men unsuccessfully pushed, pulled, slipped, and fell for most of the day.

That night, trying to sleep in a snow-bank, Jack cradled the battery in his armpit, and one of his brothers kept the oil from freezing by holding it in a mess pan against his stomach. In the morning, they vowed to either start the iron horse, or set off again on foot against virtually insurmountable odds that they could ever reach their lines.

Daylight came. The men munched scrounged crumbs and drank barley coffee, meagerly preparing for the task ahead. The hardy BMW fired once, then died. Jack cursed. They *had* to get it to work. Their survival depended on it. Gingly, the men pushed their sacred

RUSSIA

By Charles F.X.R. Dunn

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scooter down the road, then jammed it into gear. It fired...and kept running. Precious gas was now spent, warming up the proud Bavarian engine and recharging both the weakened battery and the souls of the beleaguered squadron.

The next challenge was to fit seven men onto a bike and a sidecar while trying to maneuver over ice-ridden plains and maintain some measure of protection in the event that they happened across a Russian patrol. Jack straddled the worn leather seat; another man straddled the gas tank in front of Jack; two climbed behind Jack onto the rear fender; two clambered into the sidecar, sweeping their rifles over the road ahead for protection; the last climbed onto the connecting structure between the bike and the sidecar. The motley crew was ready to ride.

Jack revved the engine and the ragged band plunged awkwardly ahead, like a mobile target in a shooting gallery. They could only advance at about 10 miles per hour, lest they strain the overloaded engine or some of the men would fall off. This journey was one the men would never forget. Time and time again, they slid off the icy roads and careened into snow-filled ditches, only to dig out the machine, repair any damage and move ahead again. It took every ounce of Jack's remaining strength and concentration to keep the battle-weary Beemer rollin' in a semi-straight line.

Death was everywhere. The central plains of Russia were a giant graveyard for men, material, and animals. When Jack and his comrades from Hitler's stronghold finally came across the remains of their retreating company three days later, the carnage was unbelievable. From the signs of it, it looked like the Russian soldiers had caught up with them. The Germans were not merely killed; they were butchered and mutilated. One had his head stuck in the entrails of another. Others had their genitals chopped off. Several had their bare feet tied to stakes beneath the frozen waterline of a ditch, tortured before they were killed.

Without even attempting to bury the dead Germans in the freezing cold, Jack and his starving buddies pilfered the pockets, field kits, and backpacks of the dead, looking for food and supplies.

Some moldy bread and scraps of grain were found on a dead Russian. Quickly a fire was started and a mess pan was produced. Wheat-cakes followed. After all was eaten, one of the men suggested that they broil parts of the dead, but the men, though starving, ultimately resisted.

The bike was their salvation. With all of the greatcoats, canteens, ammo, and other items they had stripped from the dead, draped over or strapped to it, the



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hardy BMW and sidecar looked like an overloaded barge. It had carried them and their supplies many miles in no-man's land, and they had no idea how many miles stretched in front of them before they met the enemy, or safety.

Temporarily sated from their small feast—and narrowly deterred from cannibalism—Jack and the German squadron clambered aboard the smoking twin-cylinder and headed toward the sunset at a 10-mph trot.

It was like rolling through a haunted graveyard in slow motion

The front fuel-tank rider and the German uppermost in the sidecar always rode with their weapons in hand, constantly ready for battle. Alertness was hard to maintain in the depleted, exhausted condition they were in, but it was necessary for their survival. The rag-tag band was so exposed that if a Russian patrol had happened along it probably wouldn't have mattered.

Several times, Jack, exhausted, fell asleep while steering and drove the

heavily-laden bike into a ditch. The heavy clothes that the men hadn't taken off in the last three months padded their falls. Scrapes and bruises, they could live with.

As they continued to head west toward Poland, the desolation was unrelenting. Three days after leaving the decrepit horse behind, they came across little else that could be termed edible. On the fourth day, they spied movement in the distance through the freezing-cold air. Panic ensued—what if it was a Russian Army patrol? Even worse, what if they were partisans? They couldn't turn around in time without skidding off the road and being seen; they couldn't go fast enough to run through a company of enemy troops without being slaughtered. The only real possibility was to cock their guns, move forward, and pray.

With adrenaline pumping through their veins, hearts pounding, and teeth chattering from terror as well as cold, the seven frightened Germans putted toward the column up ahead. The men in the column were wearing what was left of German uniforms, but that was not necessarily reassuring because so did the Russian regulars and partisans. In this Ukrainian deep-freeze hell, you wore whatever you could get your hands on.

The Germans putted onward. No reaction. They reached within yards of the

rear of the column, where they expected at least some warning shots to be fired. Still no reaction. Looking into the faces of the weary soldiers they rolled past, Jack and his partners realized that these were the remnants of the German Army—the living dead, so starved and fatigued that their motor skills were reduced to the automatic act of placing one foot in front of the other, without the ability to respond to outside stimuli. It was like rolling through a haunted graveyard in slow motion.

Days later, still heading west, Jack and his bone-weary but relieved comrades came upon a German military checkpoint. They had crossed through the seemingly endless plain of death, desolation, starvation, and fatigue, and had made it back to their lines. But ironically, they were arrested as deserters and accused of having stolen the bike (because they had no papers for it).

After weeks spent in confinement as military prisoners, Jack and his squad members were released and reassigned to defend against the now-relentless and soon-to-be-victorious Russian assault. It was clearly a hopeless cause. Within a year, the war was over.

Incidentally, after living through the impossible, only Jack and two other squad members survived the final year of conflict. ■

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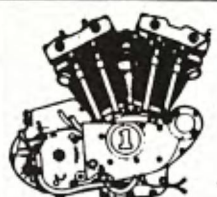
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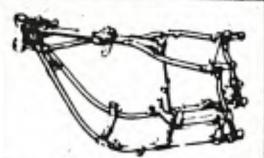
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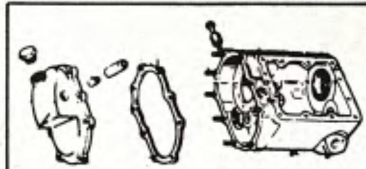


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Natalie: Bring my baby home as soon as possible. I miss him. I can't stop loving him. Mrs. Tea Pot. (195)

Tino L.S. (Beamer): Thanks for the good times at Bike Week and Convention. Hope to see you in Sturgis, Lou. (195)

TONYA BURGESS: I haven't heard from you since '82. Are you still in Las Vegas? Call or write Lionel Thomas, Box 30032, Bakersfield, CA 93385, (805) 326-8150. (196)

FIREWORKS VIDEO! Inside factory, assembly then launch of BIG shells. **HOT!** \$29.95 plus \$2 shipping. VIDEO SAVANT, Box E. 408 Sheridan South, Minneapolis, MN 55405. (195)

DRUG TESTING CONQUERED: PASSING THE URINE DRUG TEST IS EASY GUARANTEED. MANUAL \$5. Wishire Labs, 2521 Hazlett Ave., R.R., Warwood, WV 26003-E. (195)

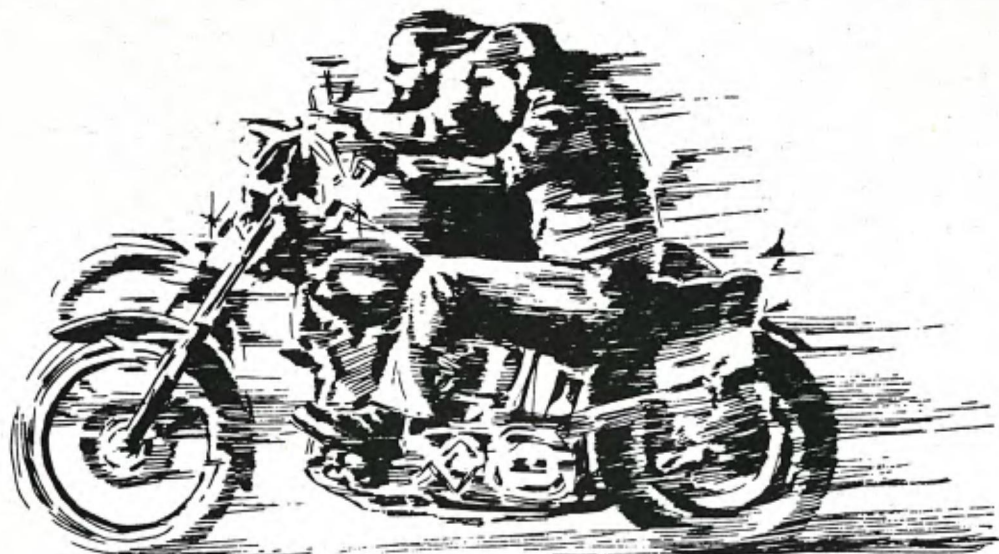
In memory of our brother, Jerry "Panhead" Brooks. You lived the words you spoke. You'll always be with us. "In The Wind." Wind Cruisers MC, Darmstadt, FRG. (195)

Mykel J. in California: Need a light. I'll come get it. Call collect (602) 565-3893, Teri. (195)

TRIUMPH, HSA, NORTON parts catalog \$1. Xanders' Britbikes, 1280 Stringtown, Grove City, OH 43123-9743. (197)

"Bo" Dennis Lee Messer: Beep needs you. Get in touch with him! You can get him out of the joint. Write Izzy, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 3000, Agoura, CA 91301, and she will help.

PRISON REFORM: We're attempting to change the laws in the criminal justice and prison systems. But this costs!! Your support can help. Send \$1 (or what you can). For \$25 per year you will receive a membership and quarterly newsletter. Send donations to: Southwest Legal Research, Box 31927, Phoenix, AZ 85046. (195)



What's Happenin'

Here's your guide to what's happenin' in your area in August and September. To have your events listed, get the information to us at least three months in advance—or call the new "What's Happenin'" Hotline, punch in the "Gripe Line," and for 89 cents a minute you can leave a message that we'll add each Monday to a set of recorded messages consisting of the latest, up-to-the-

minute events listings. To find out what's happenin' in any state, just punch up that state's number code (listed below) and be informed. We are as accurate as possible, but event dates are often changed after publication—so check with the sponsors before you putt across the state. Send your info to "What's Happenin'," Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

ARKANSAS

3RD ANNUAL EUREKA SPRINGS PARTY—September 8-9-10 west of Eureka Springs at Lake Leatherwood Campground. Sponsored by ABATE of Arkansas. For info, write Box 9864, Little Rock, AR 72219, or call (501) 888-1571, (501) 985-2890, or (501) 834-7568.

CALIFORNIA

AMA GRAND NATIONALS—September 30 in Gardena at Ascot Park. For info, call (213) 321-5323.

MOTORCYCLE SWAP MEET—August 4 in Costa Mesa at the Orange County Fairgrounds in Building 10. For info, write Inter-Shows, Box 2910, Mission Viejo, CA 92690, or call (714) 364-0515.

CANADA

HIDDEN CREEK CORN ROAST & BIKE SHOW—September 1-2-3 in Salmo, British Columbia, at the Hidden Creek Ranch. Free camping, games, music, fun, and much more. Admission \$25 in advance, \$30 at gate. For info, write Hidden Creek Ranch, Box 579, Salmo, B.C., Canada V0G 1Z0, or call (604) 357-2266.

COLORADO

1ST ANNUAL ROCKY MOUNTAIN MOTORCYCLE JAMBOREE—August 6 twelve miles south of Durango on Hwy. 550. Sponsored by Rat Bike Willie and Motorcycles R Us. For info, write Willie Hall at 505 Busch, Houston, TX 77060, or call (713) 448-2703.

GEORGIA

3RD ANNUAL FREEDOM OF CHOICE RIDE—August 6 meeting at South Fulton Airport at 11 a.m. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia. For info, write Box 669, Pine Lake, GA 30072, or call (404) 294-8982, (404) 278-1709, or (404) 438-8442.

ILLINOIS

7TH ANNUAL "GREAT ILLINOIS HAWG RALLY"—August 26-27 in Havana at Mid-State Raceway. Sponsored by American Motorcycle Racing Association. For info, write AMRA, Box 50, Itasca, IL 60143, or call (319) 462-4844.

MASSACHUSETTS

7TH ANNUAL FALL ROUNDUP & BIKER BASH—September 8-9-10 in Plainfield at Berkshire Green Acres Campground on Grant St. Sponsored by Modified Motorcycle Assoc. For info, write MMA, 39 Cross St., Somerville, MA 02145, or call (617) 666-4337.

MAINE

STATEWIDE PARTY—August 19-20-21 in Rumford at Horseshoe Valley. Sponsored by United Bikers of Maine. For info, write Box 729, Ocean Pt. Road, E. Boothbay, ME 04544, or call (207) 633-6138.

MICHIGAN

TWO-DAY MOTORCYCLE HOLIDAY—August 12-13 west of Clinton at Place In The Hills. Everyone welcome, BYOB. Sponsored by Huron Valley Night Hawks MC. For info, write Box 187, Ypsilanti, MI 48197, or call (313) 485-7030.

NEW MEXICO

3RD ANNUAL ABATE OF NEW MEXICO PARTY—August 26 in Escabosa. Sponsored by ABATE of New Mexico, 1st Mountain Chapter. For info, write Box 213, Cedar Crest, NM 87008, or call (505) 281-4292, or (505) 296-1368.

NEW YORK

EASYRIDERS RODEO—August 25-26-27 in Middletown at Orange County Fairgrounds. For info, call (800) 247-6246 national, or (800) 231-2669 in California.

OHIO

EASYRIDERS MOTORCYCLE RODEO—September 2-3-4 in Chillicothe at Ross County Fairgrounds. For info, see back cover.

PENNSYLVANIA

2ND ANNUAL STEEL CITY NATIONALS—September 16-17 in Pittsburgh at Keystone Raceway Park. All-Harley drags. Sponsored by Harley Drag Racing Association. For info, write HDRA, Box 1429, Elon College, NC 27244, or call (919) 229-4877.

ALL LADIES RIDE—August 10 starting in Glenshaw at Spirit H-D at 7 a.m. Sponsored by Wild Women On Wheels MC, Pittsburgh Chapter. For info, call (412) 487-3377.

SOUTH DAKOTA

4TH ANNUAL HARLEY WOMEN LADIES RIDE & BRUNCH—August 11 meeting at Hog Heaven Campground in Sturgis at 11 a.m. Brunch and live music till run leaves at 2 p.m. for Rapid City Civic Center where a fashion show will be held. Willie G., Ms. Harley, and Rusty from "Mask" are attending. Sponsored by Harley Women Magazine, supported by Ladies of Harley. For info, write Box 864, Addison, IL 60101, or call (312) 543-7433.

LADIES RUN—August 5-6 in Sturgis starting at Buffalo Chip Campground. Sponsored by Zodiac Angels MC. For info, write C. Bodden at 545 Paha Sapa, Rapid City, SD 57701, or call (605) 342-1697, or Peggy at (605) 451-4257.

EASYRIDERS RODEO—August 11-12 in Sturgis at Buffalo Chip campground. See back cover for info.

TEXAS

1ST ANNUAL TEXAS MOTORCYCLE RENDEZVOUS AND MOTORCYCLE SHOWOFF—September 1-2-3-4 in the Lake Somerville area. Bike show, rodeo, Miss H-D of Texas contest, and much more. For info, write Willie at 505 Busch, Houston, TX 77060, or call (713) 448-2703.

VERMONT

4TH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS-IN-AUGUST TOY RUN—August 19, leaving from the Berlin Mall in Berlin. Sponsored by Freedom of the Road. For info, write FOR-Vermont, Inc., Box 482, Montpelier, VT 05602, or call (802) 479-9184, or (802) 479-3579.

900 Phone Number State Codes—Alphabetically

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ALASKA..... 02	MAINE..... 19	OKLAHOMA..... 36
ARIZONA..... 03	MARYLAND..... 20	OREGON..... 37
ARKANSAS..... 04	MASSACHUSETTS..... 21	PENNSYLVANIA..... 38
CALIFORNIA..... 05	MICHIGAN..... 22	RHODE ISLAND..... 39
COLORADO..... 06	MINNESOTA..... 23	SOUTH CAROLINA..... 40
CONNECTICUT..... 07	MISSISSIPPI..... 24	SOUTH DAKOTA..... 41
DELAWARE..... 08	MISSOURI..... 25	TENNESSEE..... 42
FLORIDA..... 09	MONTANA..... 26	TEXAS..... 43
GEORGIA..... 10	NEBRASKA..... 27	UTAH..... 44
HAWAII..... 11	NEVADA..... 28	VERMONT..... 45
IDAHO..... 12	NEW HAMPSHIRE..... 29	VIRGINIA..... 46
ILLINOIS..... 13	NEW JERSEY..... 30	WASHINGTON..... 47
INDIANA..... 14	NEW MEXICO..... 31	WEST VIRGINIA..... 48
IOWA..... 15	NEW YORK..... 32	WISCONSIN..... 49
KANSAS..... 16	NORTH CAROLINA..... 33	WYOMING..... 50
KENTUCKY..... 17	NORTH DAKOTA..... 34	

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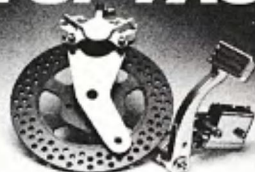
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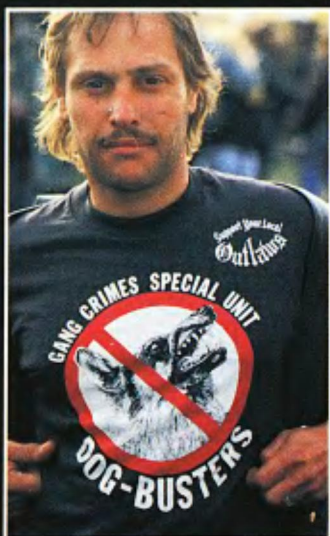
"I can blow dem Hondas into the universe," Fred Sibley, jet pilot.

BUBBA'S MELTDOWN '89

Were you there last year for the mass destruction of hundreds of tons of Oriental hardware? Well, the challenge was again put to the man—Bubba, his awesome self: Top that, sucker.

He not only topped it this year, but blew it into the next county. Bubba took the "Rocket's Red Glare" to heart, and on a sunny weekend in May, over 10,000 riders from 15 states and Canada converged on the Great Lakes Dragway, a square mile of acreage on the outskirts of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

By Saturday at noon, when the

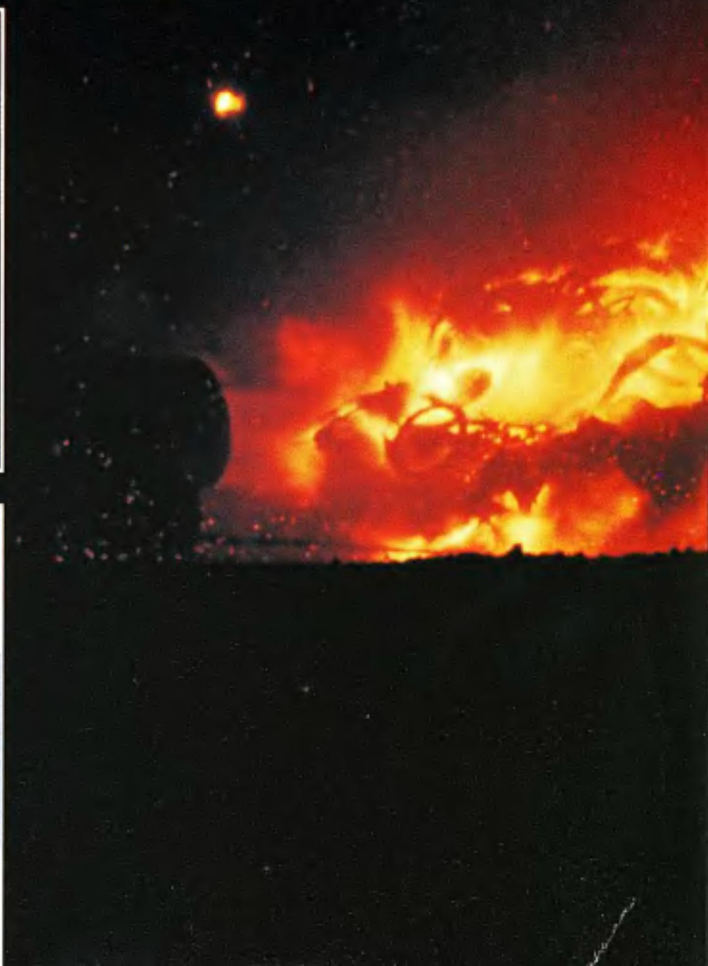


bands began to crank out the rabble-rousin' country tunes, Highway KR was a solid streak of scooter headlights.

The jammin' entertainment started on the first kick with a swap meet, where you could have a vest custom-made for you while ya hung around listenin' to country rock from an assortment of groups, such as Tom "Grizzly" Adams and the Lazy Bones, 48th Street Rockers, and E.W. Porter and Texas Crude. The death-defyin' Wall Of Death was in motion. The suds were flowing, the bratwurst sizzlin', and the metal-bendin' action was gettin' underway.

Two 100-foot high cranes, sportin' massive American flags (one was an H-D flag, same difference), were haulin' foreign makes into the heavens to see if they could fly. The crane operator was given the signal, and exploding ricegrinders were released from the jaws of death and headed, rightly so, to their ultimate burial ground.

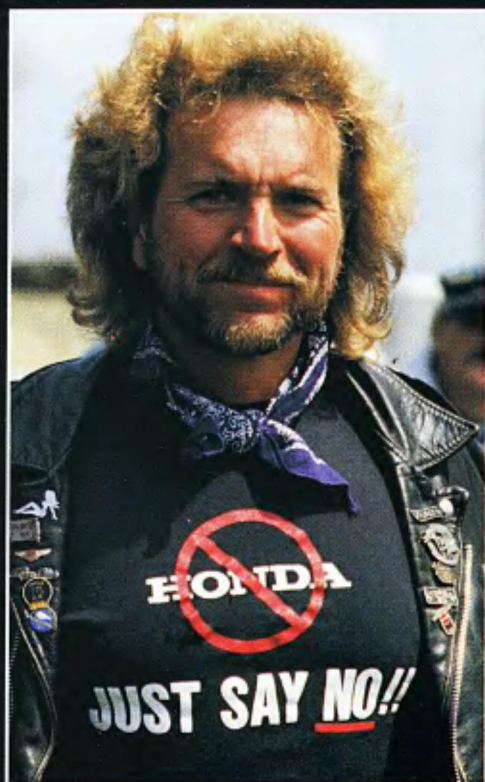
Then the heavy-duty, American-



made artillery rolled onto the stage, led by Uncle Sam himself—with a couple of dazzlin' Samettes at his side. A WW II, 1945 half-track, crushed and mangled cheap, recycled Oriental machines—while showering its oncoming prey with blanks from twin, 50-caliber machineguns.

In the midst of the creaking destruction, someone broke onto the playing field in an old Renault. The car brodied into the arena, spinnin' donuts around the undaunted heavy-metal machinery, and taunting the pilots. Right in front of the stands, the flimsy French vehicle slid to a stop and the driver flipped-off the tank captain. Words were exchanged, and a chase ensued. At first, the little four-wheeler escaped the wrath of American steel, but it wasn't long before the cager was cornered, and the car was crushed like a bug in the rug—the driver eluded the tracks of death in the nick of time and hauled ass for safety.





The afternoon sun dipped low in the sky, and it was now time to break out the 20th century armament and show the true force of the red, white, and blue. Out rolled "The Enforcer" jet car, owned and piloted by big Fred Sibley. Fred's an elderly gentleman, who regularly jams it down the quarter-mile drag strip at about 350 mph, in the mid 5s.

The Enforcer was positioned, then chained down. A VW bus was rolled up to within 30-feet of the main thruster, was topped with a Honda three-wheeler, surrounded with other miscellaneous and unnecessary objects, and lit-up. The crowd stared silently as the engine came to life, then went out of their minds when the engine revved and blew the front right out of the bus. And you can see the rest . . .

But the grand finale burst into the sky at the crack of 9 p.m., when Fred, faced with an awesome stack of 50 overseas scooters and a couple of imported cages, turned up the fuel on that fire-breathin' monster, pulled the trigger on the afterburners, and blew blackened bits of melted aluminum, disintegrating plastic and vinyl, and chunks of molten steel, more'n 300 feet in the air; creatin' one of the most dazzling run bonfires to ever light up the chrome on Hogs.

So what's Bubba gonna smoke next May 12? Yer just gonna hafta wait 'n' see.

—Weed

Photos by Billy Tinney

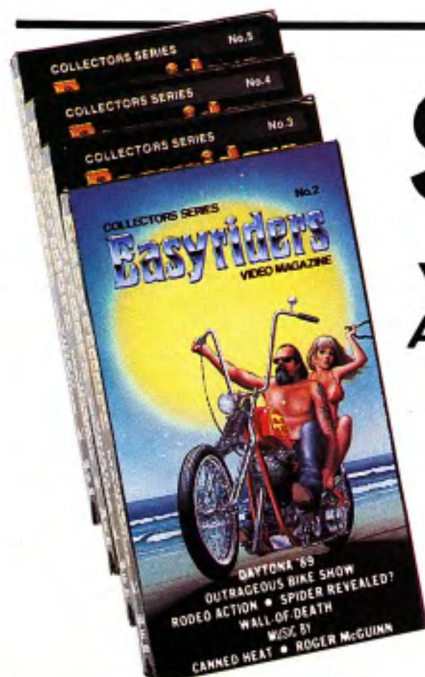


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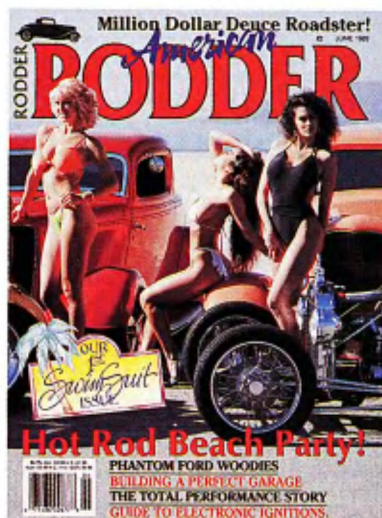
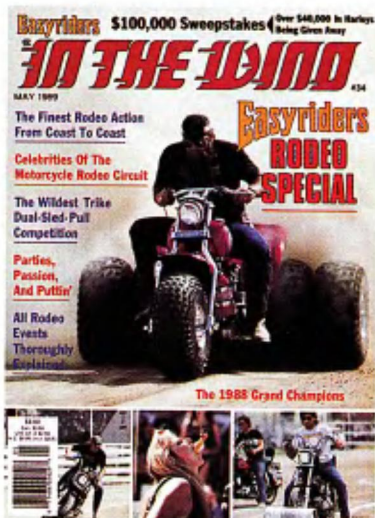
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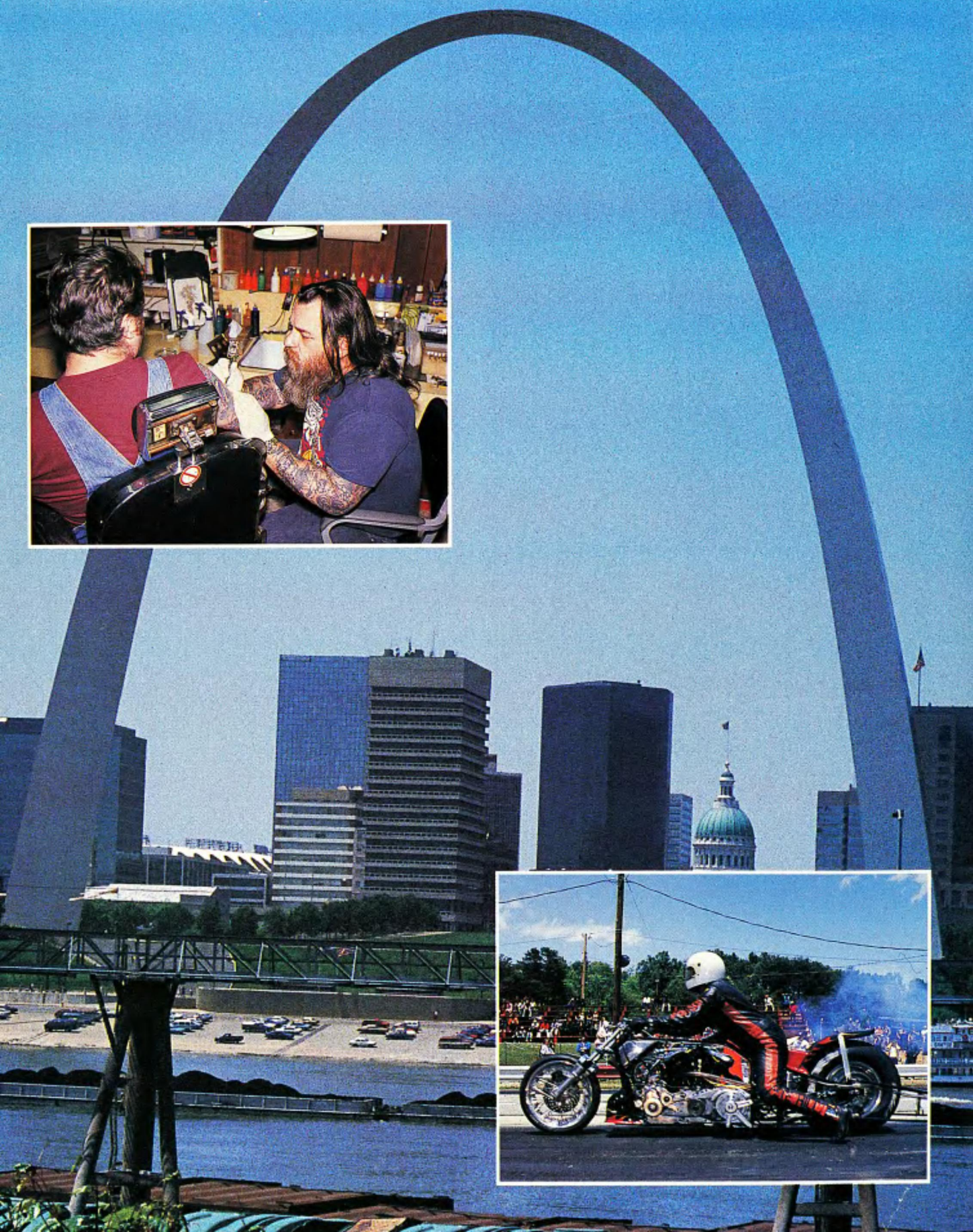
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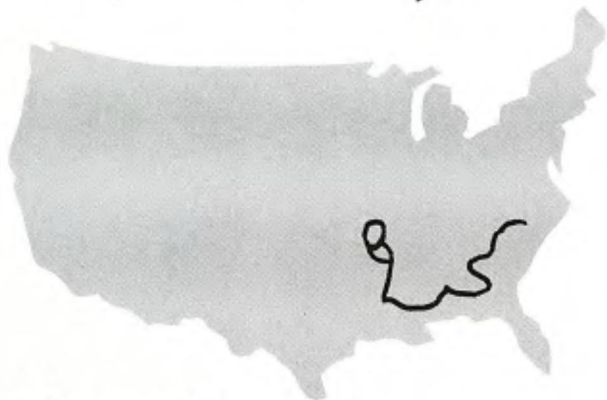
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RIP'S RUN



Martians?

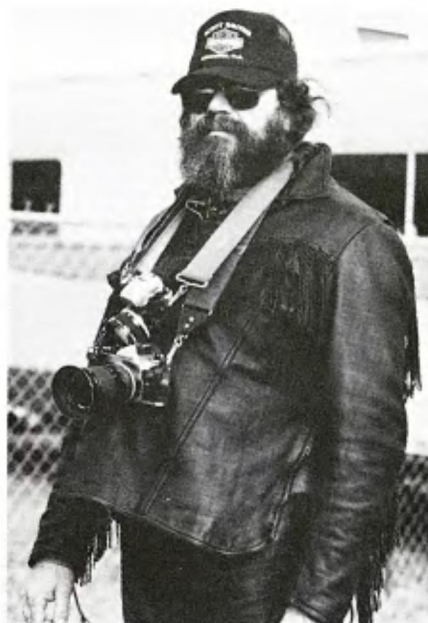


Photo by Smokey



And the winners are . . . at Ray Price H-D, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Hi. In last month's issue I wrote about my fun ride around Florida and the Tarheel Nationals (H.D.R.A.) in North Carolina. In this issue, I will be talking about my trip through the South to the Midwest. Specifically, to the Eighth Annual SEMO Run held in the show-me-state of Missouri.

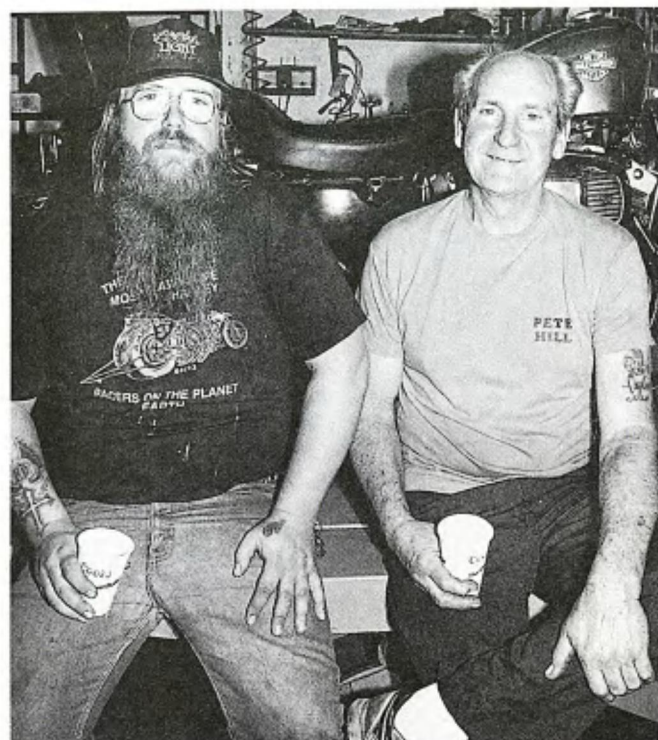
But first, let me back up to Raleigh, North Carolina, and Ray Price's Annual Open House. This year Ray featured the traveling museum, which many of us scoped

out during race week earlier this year in Daytona. It's a tractor pulling a trailer load of old H-Ds, dating back to a 1907 single cylinder. They also have lots of pictures showing the different models as they evolved. In a manner of speaking, a history lesson.

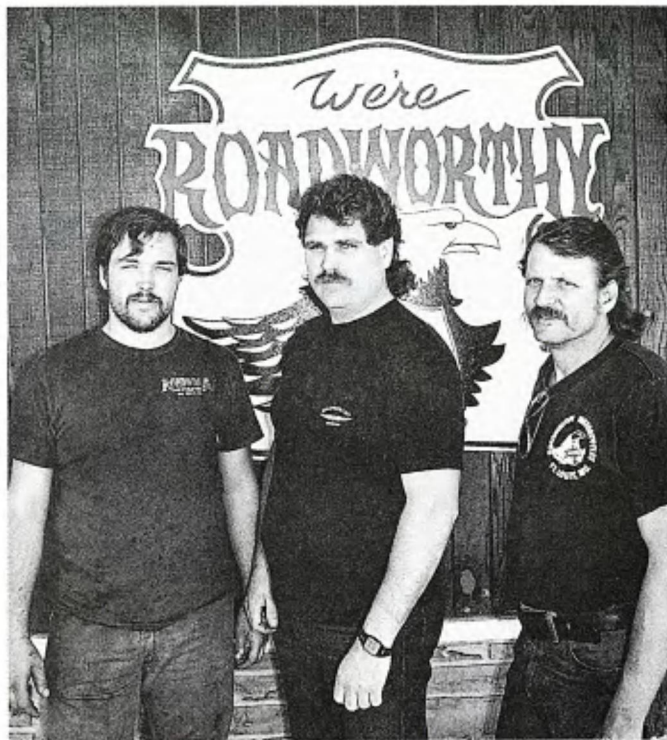
Ray raffled off a Super Bowl Softail Springer along with a Willie G. leather jacket and other door prizes. The store was packed and, although it was raining, they held a bike show outside in the parking lot. I love

it. Bikers, both male and female, are a hardy breed, we don't let a little rain cut into our fun.

While in Raleigh, I hung around a couple of days with the Screaming Eagle drag racing crew, waiting for the weather to clear up. From Raleigh I rode to Elon College, North Carolina, to Ace Paschal's home. He clued me in on a benefit drag race sponsored by a loose group of riders calling themselves The Shop. They ride out of Spartanburg, South Carolina, and have been hold-



Left to right: Tator Gilmore and Pete Hill the day before the big race.



The crew at Roadworthy Motorcycles Inc., St. Louis, Missouri. Left to right: Jim, Mike, Dennis.



Screamin' Eagle crew. Left to right: Billy, Woody, Richard, Gary, Ray.



Women in the Wind, upstate South Carolina chapter. Standing left to right: Hondannie, Half Pint, Sport, Air Head. Seated left to right: Blue Bonnet, Sporty, Evil, Hootin' Annie.

ing functions for six years running. These folks are a fraternal bunch who donate their time and money to helping those less fortunate. They help the elderly with money for Meals on Wheels and they also donate to abused and battered children. Each December they conduct a toy run to the Shriners Hospital in Greenville for crippled and burned children. God bless you guys, keep up the excellent work.

The highlight that weekend was a head-to-head, top-fuel battle between 1987 AMRA Champion, "Tator" Gilmore, and the town's favorite, defending 1988 AMRA Champion Pete Hill. Tator's double engine H-D racer (see ER issue #190) couldn't put the power to the track. I mean, Tator had beau-

coup horsepower but it all went up in smoke. The spectators loved seeing that back tire spinning from the start line to the lights on the other end. Pete's best time that day was a clocking of 4.99 seconds, that's an eighth-mile Greer Dragstrip record. Of course Pete's been in the 4s before, and has a better E.T. at other tracks. Tator changed sprockets but it still didn't help much. As we all know, things like this happen with a new bike. Once Gilmore sorts out the intricacies, look for him to break records. Pete is a good person, for all his talent and experience he isn't a snob. He's even known to share his knowledge with some of the younger racers. That's the kind of person he is, dedicated, sincere, and a credit to the

sport.

From Greenville, I thought that I would ride to Talladega, Alabama, to take pictures of the guys who ride the test bikes at the track. When I got there I was told they were in a meeting. Since I hadn't eaten that day, I went up the street and grabbed a bite. When I came back I was told, "No, I couldn't get a special tour," and "No, I couldn't be shown anything pertaining to that facility." Neither of which I asked for. Then the suit asked me what I had in mind. When I explained to him that I wanted a picture of the riders, again I was told that he couldn't help me.

Okay, fine, I took my card back and jumped on the freeway heading toward Memphis, Tennessee. While



Go.



Honest Mitch flanked by two Hells Angels.

riding west toward Birmingham, Alabama, two clichés kept creeping into my mind: "Loose lips sink ships," and a more contemporary one, "Paranoia will destroy ya." I understand the need for secrecy, but one picture ain't gonna ruin the Motor Company. I ain't buying that scenario. Hell, I would have waited till all the riders got off work, but after being denied entry I was more hurt than pissed.

Oh well, I gave it a shot. Hey, you don't suppose Harley's got Martians or some kind of aliens riding those machines? Naw, it was probably my appearance. Maybe if I wore a double-breasted suit and tie with black socks under wing-tip shoes? And maybe if I was a hip Ivy League yuppie? Naw, that's out, I'll just be

myself. Hell, I've only been riding Harleys for over 30 years. That and 75 cents will get me a glass of iced tea most places.

The ride through northwest Alabama was beautiful. Lots of rolling hills and twisty curves. Crossing into Mississippi it started raining. I stopped in Tupelo, the birthplace of Elvis Presley, and contemplated whether I wanted to continue or find a room. I thought I'd like to visit the house Elvis was born in, and perhaps check out the park which is named after him. It was dark and I was wet, but after a short break, I put on my rainsuit and continued northwest to Colonel Naylor's house on the east side of Memphis. I got there around midnight.

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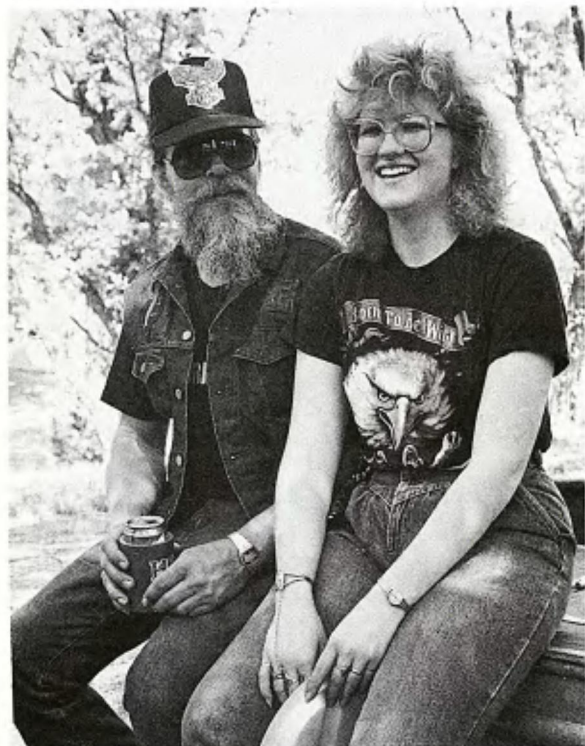




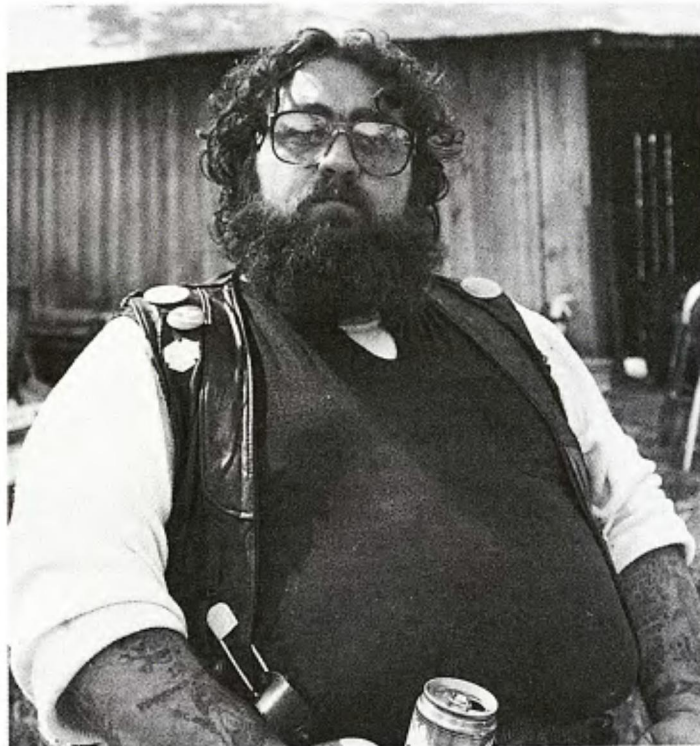
The Gene Edlen band of St. Louis, Missouri, gettin' down.



The start of the slow race.



Good looking couple at SEMO.



Drink that Busch.

The next day I relaxed, did my laundry, and caught up on my notes. Yeah, we checked out the titty bars in town, going to Tiffany's and The Club Playhouse.

The following day I rode up to St. Louis, the Gateway to the West. That's the Gateway Arch on the color page. You can ride up to the top of the arch and view the city, the Mississippi River, and parts of western Illinois. I didn't take the ride 'cause I was too busy taking pictures, but I promised myself to check it out the next time I was in town.

The other two pictures on the color page are of Pete Hill on his top-fuel knucklehead. (Incidentally, Pete's trying out a new frame this year.) The other photo is of Mitch

Mitchell giving an old pal of his, Ron, a tattoo. If you're ever in south St. Louis, Mo., and in need of a tattoo, stop by Trader Bob's, they're located at 2529 South Jefferson. They can fix you up with whatever ya want. Honest Mitch has been a tattoo artist for many moons, and the colors he uses are both brilliant and vibrant.

Also, if you're ever in St. Louis and someone asks you if you would like an alley apple or alley bullet, tell 'em no thanks. An alley apple or bullet is a red brick upside your face.

That weekend I rode 100 miles south of St. Louis, to Ruesler's Gulch, for the 8th Annual SEMO Run. (SEMO stands for Southeast Missouri.)

Security was handled by the El Forastero Motorcycle Club, which has been in existence damn near 30 years. In Spanish, El Forastero means The Stranger or The Foreigner. Proceeds from this event go to supporting The Family Learning Center in Cape Girardeau, the parks department of Cape County, and Meals on Wheels.

The music was provided by the Gene Edlen band of St. Louis, they play killer rock 'n' roll. The wet T-shirt contest was also killer, with 20 ladies getting up on stage and strutting their stuff. The winner received 100 greenbacks. I was up on stage clicking away with my cameras, and let me tell ya, it was tops. Like they say in the Motor City, tits are tops, toots. Yeah, it



The officials conferring at start line.



Who me? I didn't do it.

Photos by Rip

was happenin'. They held a run-what-ya-brung drag race in the dirt, a tire drag, a chug-a-lug contest, and they also had slow races. It was bonaroo. I liked it, and would recommend it to my friends. I saw many patches from around the country and everyone looked like they were enjoying themselves. I didn't see any bad attitudes.

Well, it's time to close again. This is the part of the column where I ask for mail. So if you have a mind to, drop me a line and let me know what's going on in your corner of the world. It doesn't have to be a dissertation either, a few informative lines will do, and include a phone number if you can. Until next month, enjoy life. Write to Rip's Run, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

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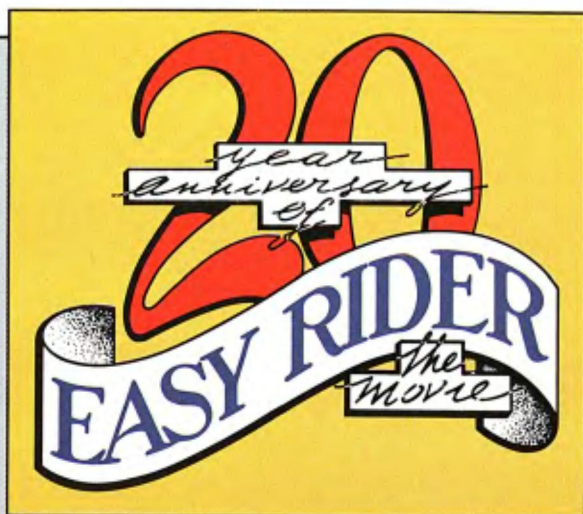


Photo by Pete Chiodo

With apologies to Messrs. Lennon and McCartney . . .

It was 20 years ago today, when we all went to see a movie that played. It was the first of its kind, a realistic portrayal of bein' in the wind, and a true-to-life tale of carefree attitudes. It was believable enough to relate to—evoking shared feelings of the good times on two wheels, and the people who don't understand.

Easy Rider was to bikers what Elvis was to teenagers. They both reflected microcosms of life that initially shocked the straight world; yet through heart-felt honesty and conviction, they shattered stereotypes, altered attitudes, and gained worldwide acceptance and popularity.

How many times have you been harangued in a small town cafe for the way you look? Plenty if ya got more'n pockmark on yer face from catchin' bugs, an' a 'rhoid on yer ass from straddlin' a rigid all night an' day.

Easy Rider, the Peter Fonda-produced, Dennis Hopper-directed, motorsickle epic, featuring Jack Nicholson as a boozin' lawyer fed up with society's crap, has developed into much more than a simple "cult classic." The movie echoes the attitude of a turbulent

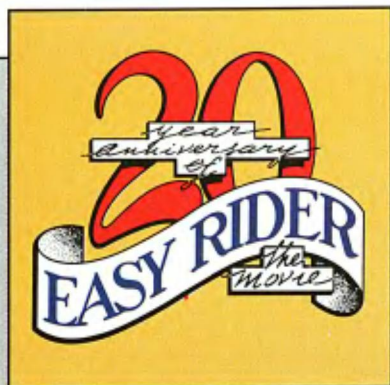


Photo by Ken Bohn

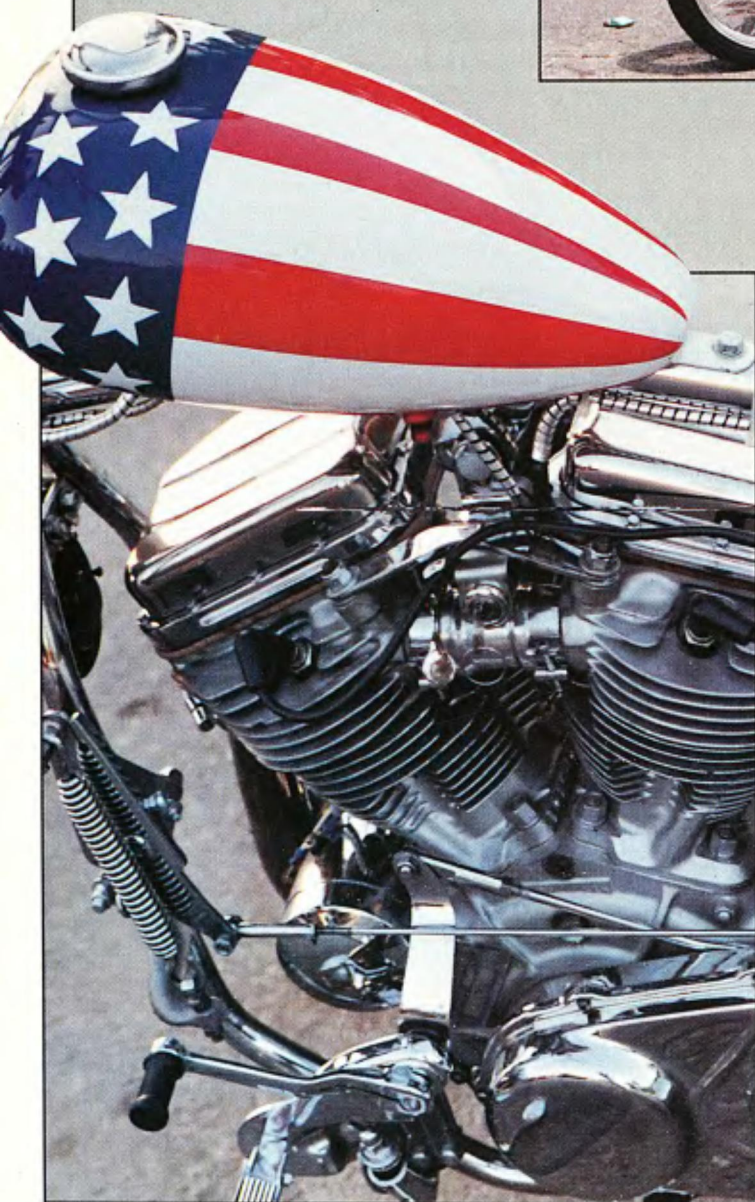


Photo by Jim Leonard



Photo by Ace



Photo by Les Holt

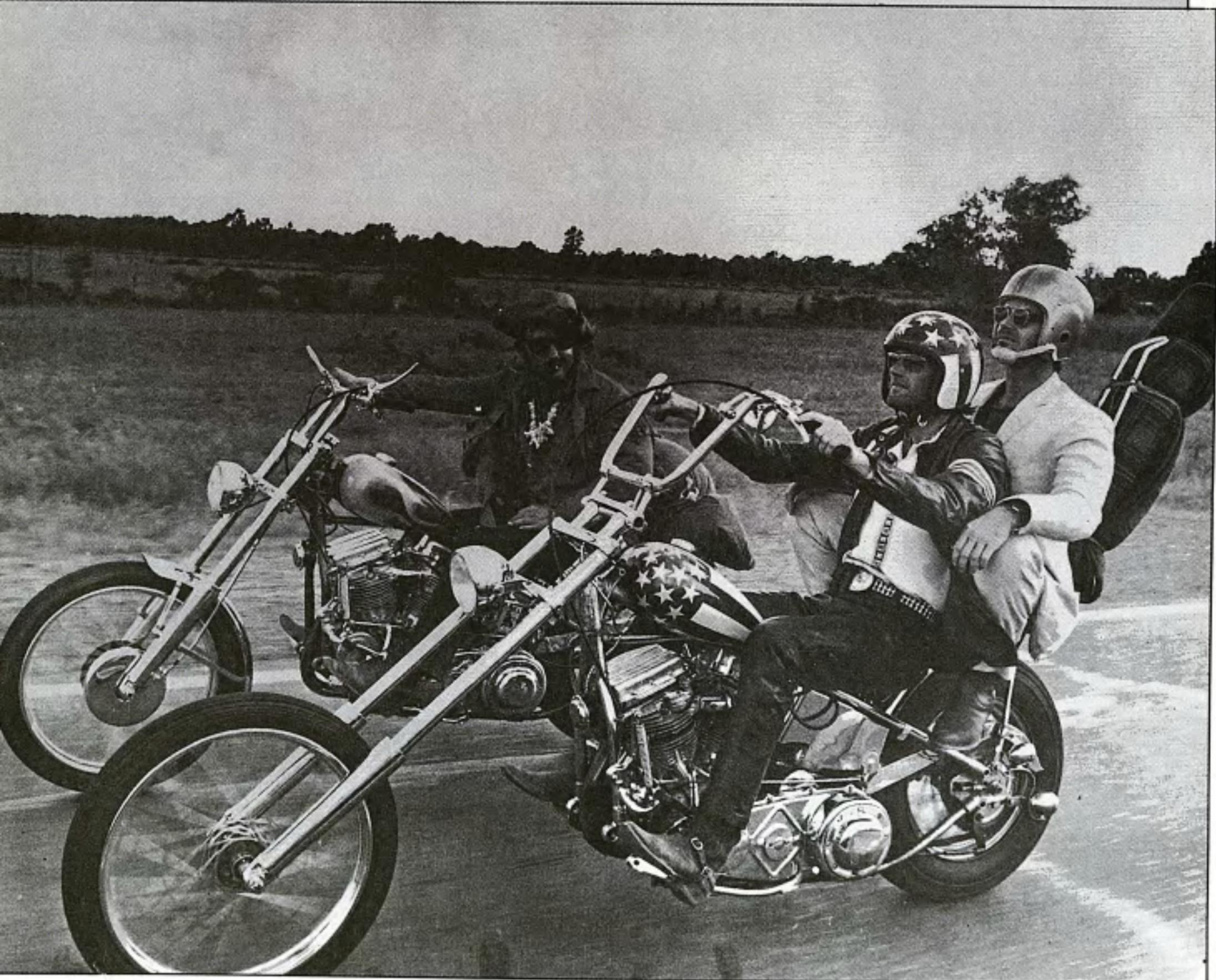
era, through its music, dialogue, and scenery—with Harley-Davidson motorcycles at its core. Twenty years ago, this flick was a voice for a generation bursting for a chance to be seen and heard—

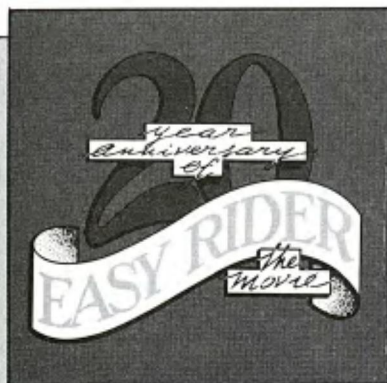
on their own terms. A reality rocker for most parents.

"Yeah, take that, dad. That's what *I'm* about." I clearly remember thinkin' just that as I was ridin' home on my Beezer

as a high school senior in the know-it-all class of '69.

Retreating to my black-light, day-glo postered room, I lit up the incense to mask the herb's scent, and, after listenin'





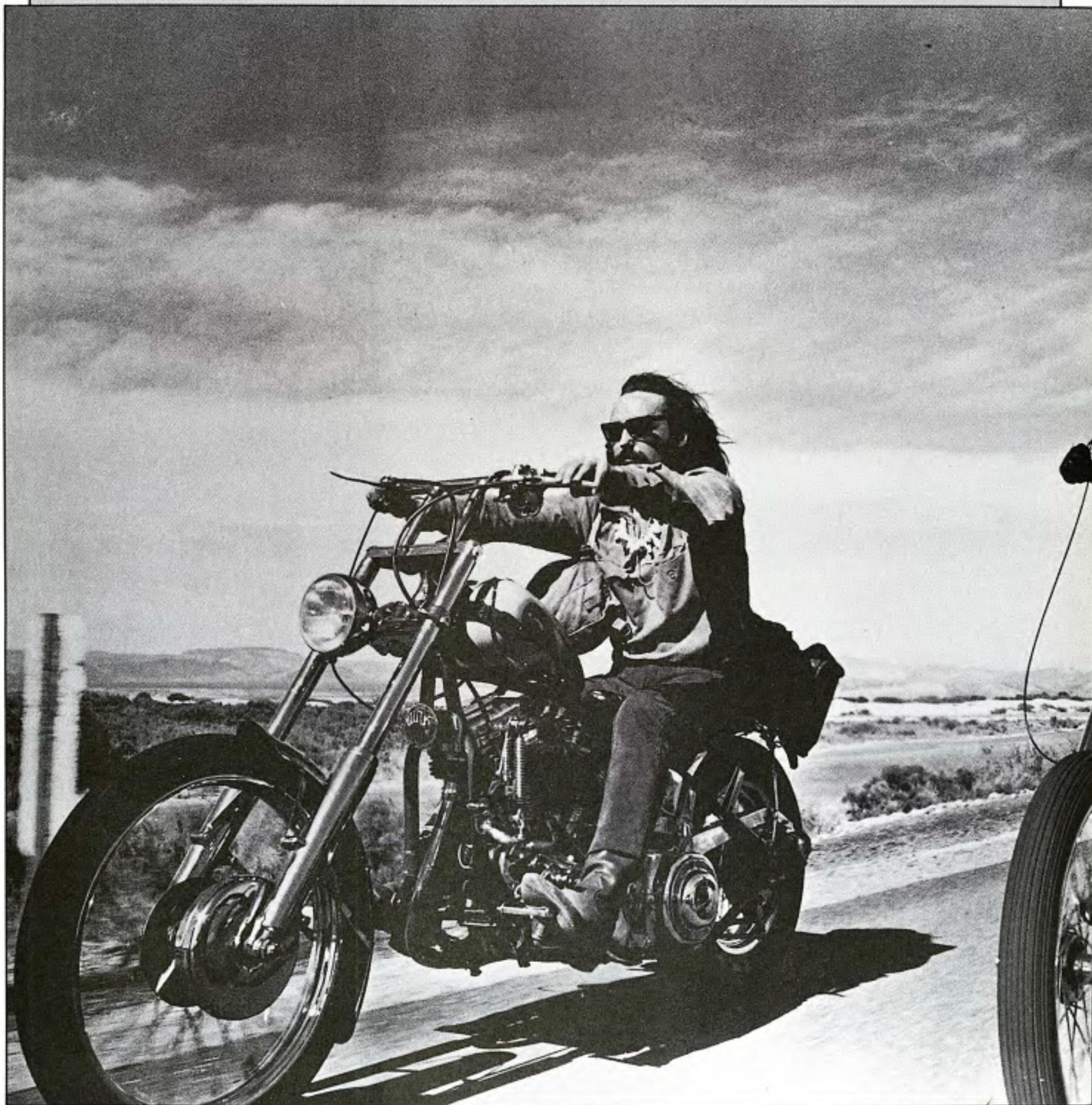
to the Byrds, later crashed to sleep, dreamin' of goin' to Woodstock, knowin' that our different way was okay after all.

The same scene was played out all across the country. The cosmic message was freedom, and we were damn well gonna jam it down Dick's Silent Majority's throat. Steppenwolf's, "Born To Be Wild" and the Roger McGuinn-penned, Bryds-sung, "Ballad Of Easy Rider" said

it all for us.

Over the years **Easy Rider** has had an influence on many things, including bikes built similar to the movie's Captain America and "Billy" panheads, as well as being the inspiration for the name of this rag. And now it can influence our kids, while we watch it at home on the VCR. Who woulda thunk it?

Dig this nugget. In 1970, when Spider



brainstormed the idea of a motorcycle magazine that catered to a more hardened audience, it was his daughter who came up with the name.

But onward. We thought we'd give ya a glimpse of some of the bikes that have passed through our grubby fingers while we were workin' on the celebration of a cinematic anniversary.

Some of the bikes are incredibly true

to the custom pans ridden by "Wyatt" (Fonda) "Billy" (Hopper) and "George" (Nicholson). Like John Greene's, of Ocala, Florida, whose 1949 "Captain America" tribute (seen on pages 98-99), is dedicated to "Little" John Craig, who rebuilt the engine and passed away shortly thereafter. Mil Blair, President of Jammer Cycle Products, built the twin **Easy Rider** bikes we use at our rodeos.

They were featured in June, 1987 (ER number 168). Jim Leonard, from Southern California, is determined to have the last word by building the perfect reproduction of the original Captain America. Others are not direct imitations, but simply carry the spirit through their stars-and-stripes paint jobs, using various Harley power plants and chassis. Either way, enjoy. —Ben Doverdahl



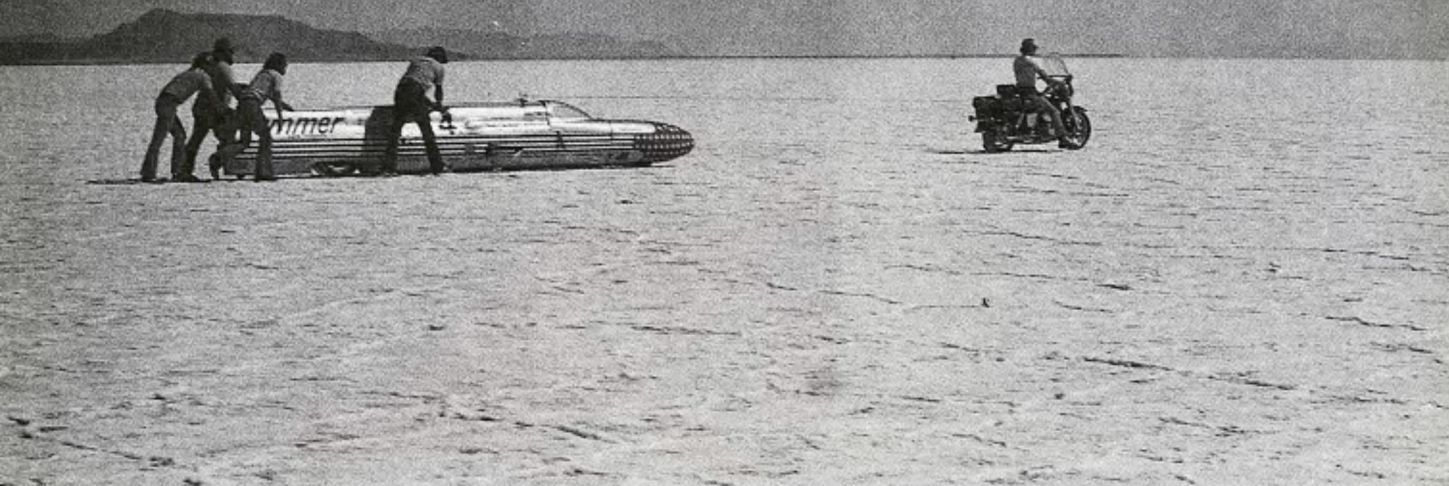
Photo by Kim Peterson

'LINER UPDATE

Kawasaki-Huntin'!

SPEED
LIMIT
1000
MPH

Bonneville, Utah



The date is June 1, 1989. Tomorrow Dave Campos will be in town from Albuquerque, New Mexico to go over details on the project and to get prepared for the fastest ride of his life. While he's here we'll be going by Deist to have him fit for safety equipment and then we're headin' over to Performance Machine to check out the new driveline and brakes.

The engine parts are starting to roll in, and as promised in an earlier update, here's a rundown on some of the "good stuff" going in the new Ruxton-built engines:

- Heads by Dave MacKie
- Manley valves and springs
- Hilborne fuel injection
- Water cooled cylinders jackets from Kenny Lyons (designed by Bob George)
- Crane cams
- S&S flywheels—rods—pistons
- Morris magnetos
- House of Horsepower cases
- H.E.S. oil pumps
- NOS nitrous system

The two carbureted motors that were being used in the 'liner in 1978 to set the S-AF3000 record (276.376 mph avg.—two-way flying mile and 301 mph top speed) were deliver-

ing about 350 hp—the new engines should be pumpin' 450 hp on fuel and 550 hp with nitrous boost—or, in other words, enough to kick some Kawasaki ass! And beat their 318.598 mph overall land speed record!

Remember, the new dates for the first Easyriders Bonneville Blow-out and Land Speed Record attempt is September 21-25, 1989. You can run your Harley for official top speed certificates and trophies (see last month's issue for details or call 900-234-BIKE).

Camping on the salt is available at \$10 per night for sponsor and guest. There will be beer, food, Biker's Bazaar, and music (for sellers' spaces, call Cathy Chaffin at 818-889-8740).

Al Sherman and I took a trip to Bonneville early last month to meet with Greg Morgan of the B.L.M. Greg's a salt-racing fan himself

and wanted to let everyone know that the B.L.M. welcomes the use of the Salt Flats by racers—their concern is the preservation of the salt for future years.

To clarify the camping rules in last month's column:

1. It is okay to have a fire in a barbeque or hibachi—but not on the salt itself.

2. It is okay to drive tent stakes in the salt—but no digging holes.

3. Dumping of any liquids will damage the salt and is not allowed.

The town of Wendover is lookin' good—bigger and better hotels and casinos, but the same friendly folks as always—and the salt is lookin' great this year. Al and I set an unofficial record in the BURC class (Big Ugly Rental Car). Well, we had to check out the course and I couldn't contain the urge—hey, it's a kick in the ass even in a cage!

If you haven't signed on as a sponsor yet, consider this the second going—as in going, going, gone! We need time to get all the sponsors' names painted on the 'liner—so next month will be your last chance to be part of this great American adventure! See ya on the salt.

—J.T.

Weekly 'Liner Update
900-234-BIKE
(900) 234-2453

(call cost 89¢ per min.)



1989 L.S.R. ATTEMPT

Here's what your sponsorship entitles you to:

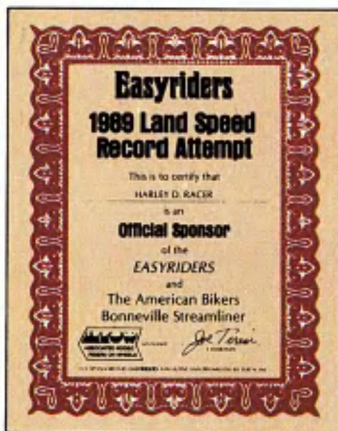
1. YOUR NAME ON THE BIKE



John Smith Harley D. Racer
Joe Peterson Mark Stevens
Jane Anderson Robert Warner

The 'Liner is 24 feet long, with about 120 square feet of surface area. That's a lot of names—but act NOW! Nothing's forever!

3. OFFICIAL SPONSOR'S CERTIFICATE (8½" x 11")



This official sponsor's certificate, with your name imprinted, will be mailed to you. Display it on the wall with pride.

2. FREE ADMISSION



Only sponsors and one guest apiece will be allowed on the salt Sept. 21-25, 1989 to watch the 'Liner run—also good for the victory celebration! If you can't make it out, there will be a video available to all sponsors.

4. OFFICIAL L.S.R. T-SHIRT



Co-sponsored by Easyriders magazine and promoted by Teresi, Inc.

SPONSORSHIP FORM

YES, I WANT TO BE A SPONSOR!

☐ I plan on running my bike ☐ I am a sponsor — camping deposit only.

NAME _____
As you want it to appear on bike and certificate. Limit of twenty letters (including spaces).

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE: DAY (_____) _____ NIGHT (_____) _____

ENCLOSED: Check ☐ M.O. ☐ VISA ☐ M.C. ☐ AMEX ☐

_____ Expiration Date _____

SIGNATURE _____

Qty.	Sponsorship includes name on 'Liner, certificate, admission for two, and T-shirt—specify S-M-L-XL	Size	\$25.00
1	Add'l T-shirts \$15 ea.		
	T-shirt		
	Rules & Regulations — \$3.00		
	Camping Deposit — \$10.00		
Total			

Make checks payable to Easyriders Streamliner and mail to: Easyriders Streamliner, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

Coupon may be photocopied, or information may be submitted on a separate sheet of paper if applying for multiple sponsorship.

Easyriders

VIDEO MAGAZINE

July Release!

Available at video rental stores and
cycle shops nationwide.

The Last American Heroes

Featuring

- Daytona '89
- Bubba's Honda Drop
- Spider Revealed?
- Q.M. Bike Show
- Rodeo Action
- Meet Billy Tinney
- Wall of Death
- Sweater Bumpers
- Bikes • Bikes • Bikes • Girls • Girls • Girls
- And Much More

Music by

- Canned Heat
- Roger McGuinn
- Faultline
- Renegade

Concrete cowboys on steeds of steel—party-
ing from the bars of Daytona to the wide-open
wild motorcycle rodeos of the new West! Join
the rowdy staff of *Easyriders* magazine for the
most fun you'll ever have that's still legal—
almost.

Contains strong language and nudity.
VHS color. Approx. 60 min.
Hi-fi digital stereo.



Most cycle shops that carry *Easyriders* magazine will be stocking the video—also major video stores such as The
Wherehouse, Tower Records, Music Plus, Strawberry Videos, and many local rental outlets. If they don't have it, show 'em
this and tell 'em to call us!

Easyriders Video Dept., 28210 Dorothy Dr., Agoura Hills, CA 91301

1-800- 572-1386

(National)

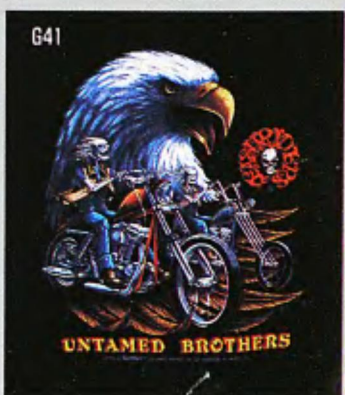
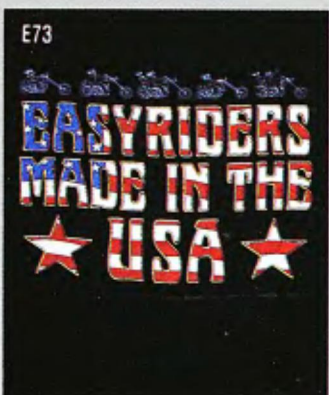
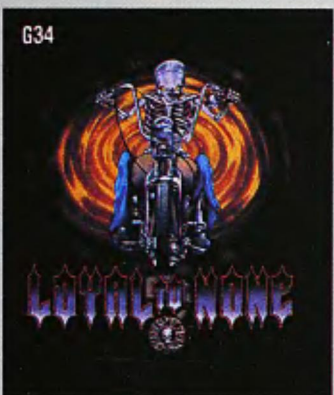
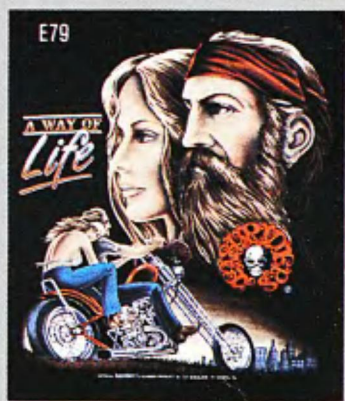
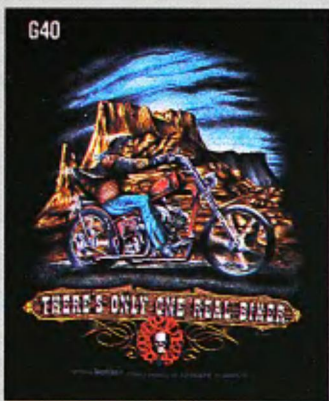
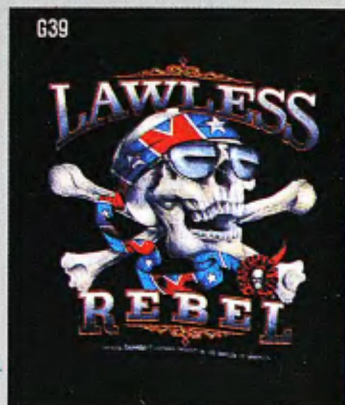
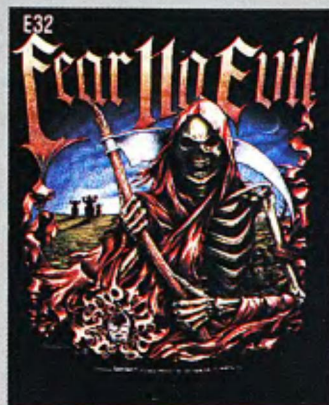
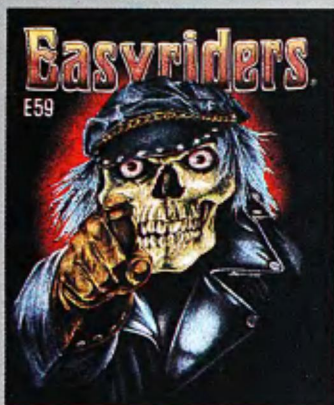
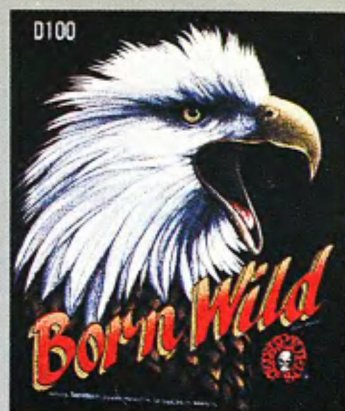
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(California)

EASYRIDERS T-SHIRTS

FLAME SHIRT

100% cotton — 100% cool
Features a pocket, long sleeves with
flame design.



G38



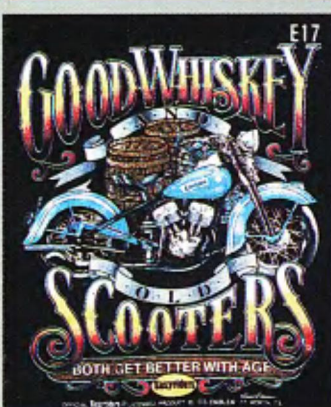
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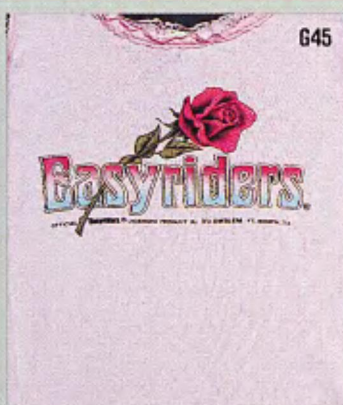


800-247-6246 Nat.
800-231-2669 Calif.
CALL FOR THE LOCATION
OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

E17



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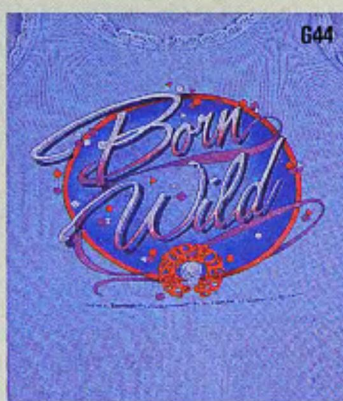
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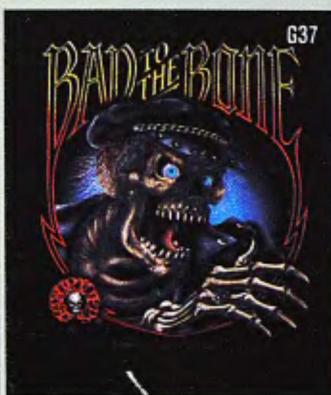
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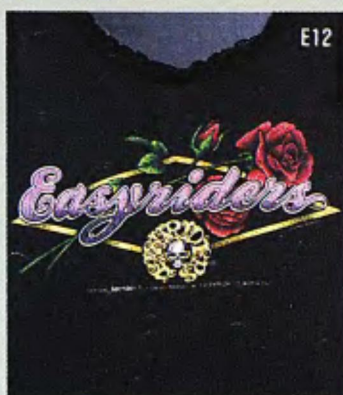
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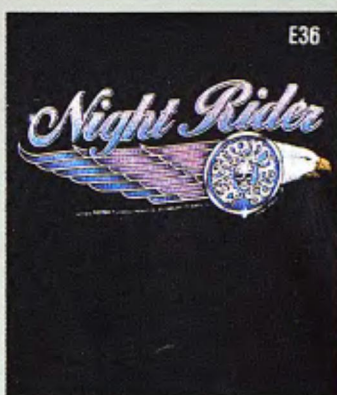
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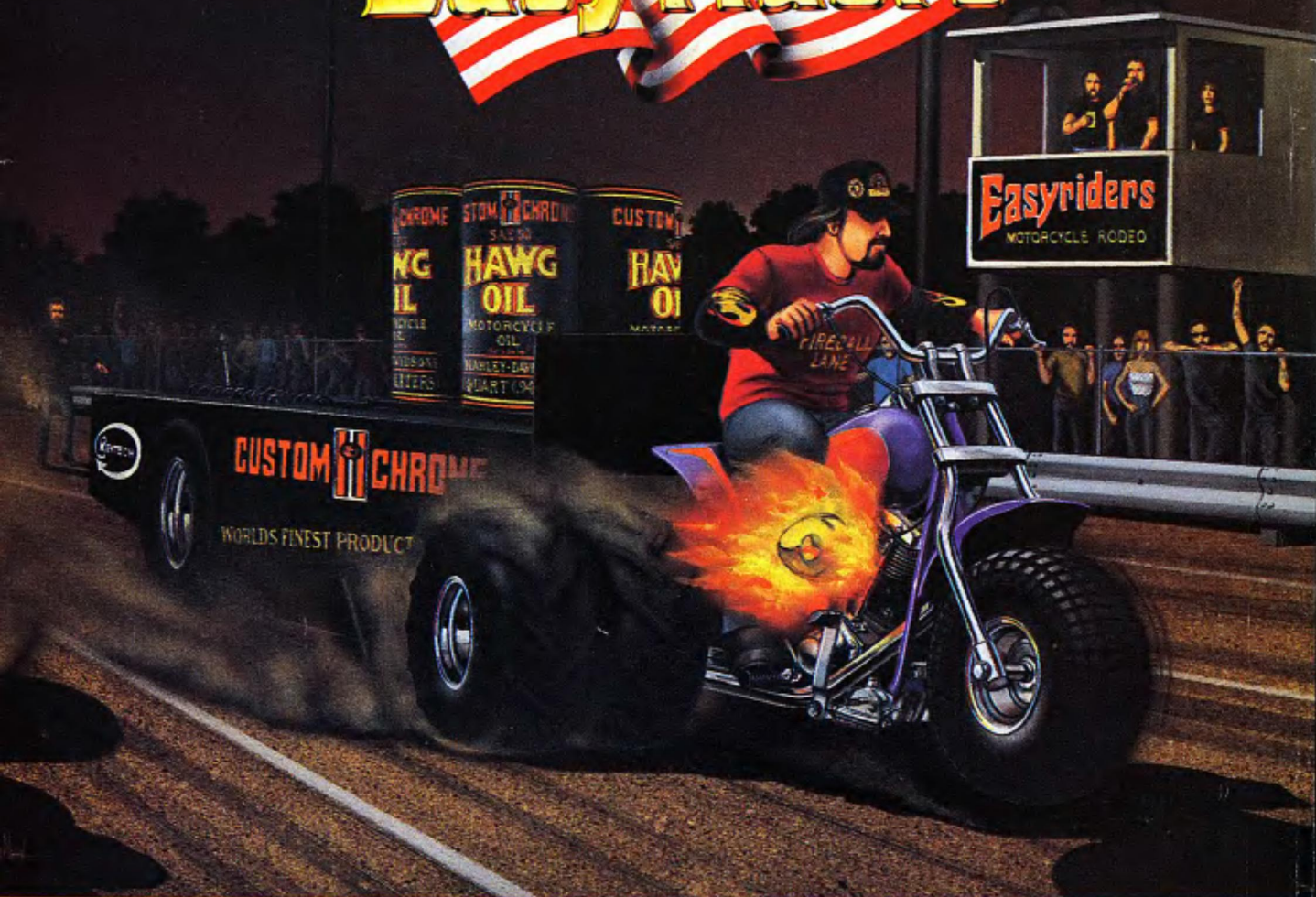


E36



Easyriders

\$60,000
in cash and prizes
up for grabs in '89



★★★★ 1989 RODEO CALENDAR ★★★★★

May 27, 28, 29 Memorial Day Weekend Austin, Texas Texas Exposition and Heritage Center I. 35 south to 290 east to Decker Rd. south	June 30th-July 2 Longmont, Colorado 30 miles north of Denver Boulder County Fairgrounds co-sponsored by Freedom Harley-Davidson/ Denver Chapter H.O.G.	August 11, 12 New Location Sturgis South Dakota Buffalo Chip Campground East on I-34 to I-79 North
August 25, 26, 27 Middletown, New York Orange County Fairgrounds I-84 to Hwy. 17 west, to exit 120	September 2, 3, 4 Labor Day Weekend Chillicothe, Ohio Ross County Fairgrounds (Route 22 to 104; go south on 104 for 13 miles)	October 20, 21, 22 GRAND NATIONALS VENTURA, CALIFORNIA Ventura County Fairgrounds Hwy. 101 to California St. exit

Rodeo • Trade Show • Ride-In Bike Show • Live Music • Food and Beer on Sale • Camping (family area, too) • Trophy Girl Contest

Seller Spaces available, Call: Cathy Chaffin (818) 889-8740 ★ Bike Show ★

For more info, Call: (800) 247-6246 — (800) 231-2669

Purse \$1,000

Easyriders

