

Easyriders 98

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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**Jug Lovers Issue (see page 54)**

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# Easyriders

Number 98

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

## "Biker's TV Crusade"

Totals as we go to press —

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With Our Matching Dollars: \$14,022.52



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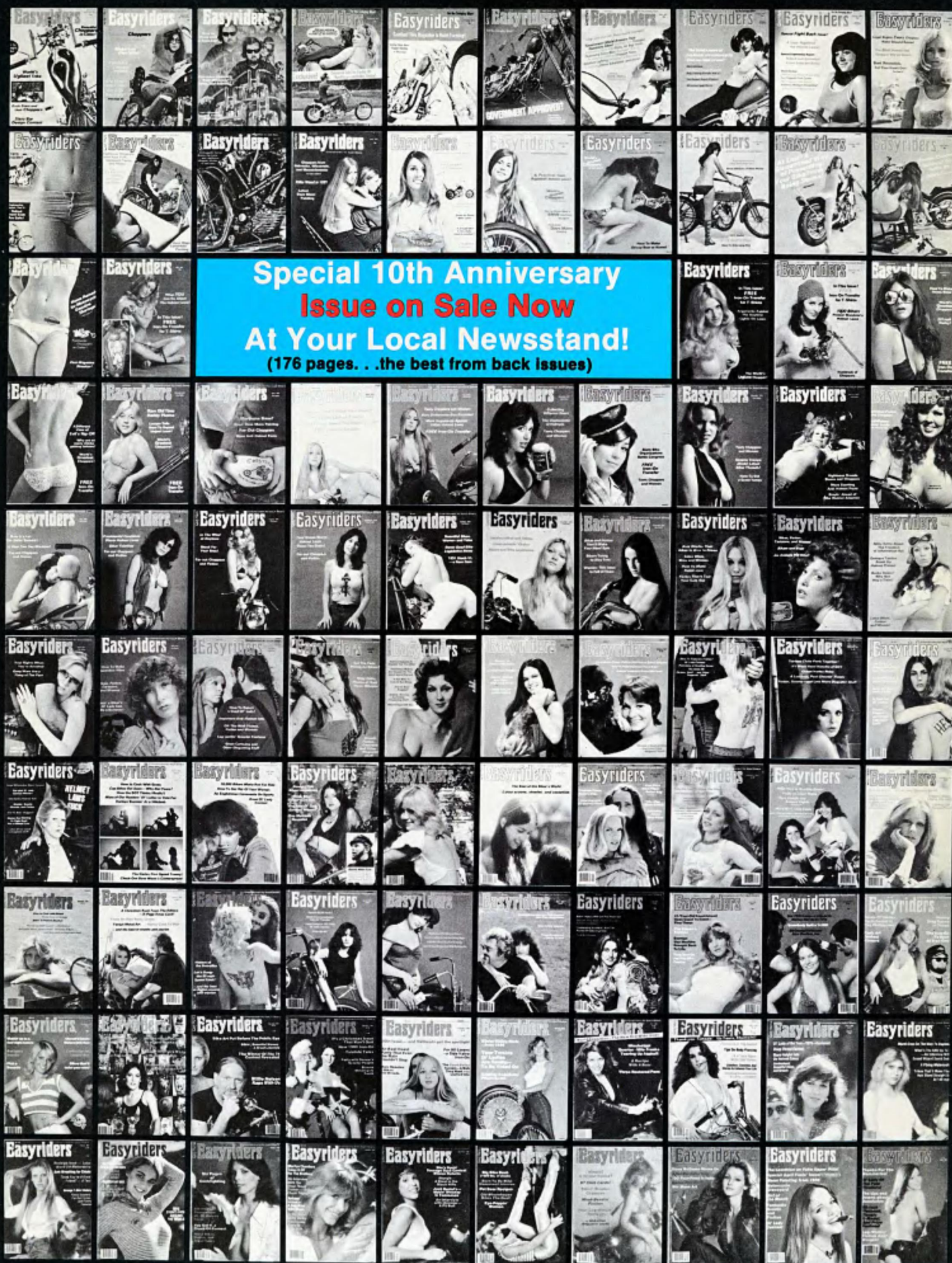
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 28th.

Cover photo of Strawberry by Billy Tinney







You might get a prospect and check this one out but Weird Willy wrote me and told me that the capacity of the average modern human skull cavity is the same as that of an 80-inch engine: 1346cc.

Can you believe this? A dude was goin' down the expressway all kicked back and comfortable with his feet up on the pegs for highway cruisin' when all of a sudden a cop zoomed up and pulled him over, and because he had his feet up on the highway pegs, he was cited for 'unattentive driving.' He fought the ridiculous charge in traffic court and lost, so he appealed it, and the court of appeals agreed with him that his unorthodox posture was not an activity that interfered with his concentration on driving. He won, but it cost him bucks to prove how dumb the cop was about bike riding.

We all know what a hassle one wife or ol' lady is at times. Well, imagine this dude's problem. He was arrested (in Indonesia) for having 128 ol' ladies. He wasn't caught until he got a pounding hardon and added seven more to his collection. But over there you can have only four at a time. So he's been thrown into the slammer to meditate and have some wild fantasies with Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters. (I'd like to get some of that shit he's got to take care of 128 women at a time -- wow!)

First it was cigarettes, then cyclamates in soft drinks. It's always something that's giving you cancer of the scrotum. Well, the latest is snuff or chewing tobacco. That doesn't bother me personally, but if they get down on pussy juice, I'll have problems. Well, I'll just take my chances -- I'll never stop scarfin'.

Musta been an angry Nam vet: Get this: A man in a wheelchair pulled out in front of a car, forcing the car to stop. Another man jumped out from the shadows and pointed a pistol down the car driver's mouth, demanding his money. The dude in the wheelchair wheeled around behind the car to prevent it from backing away and also got ready to crawl into the getaway car. They made a measly \$560 on the caper.

Ever had to wait for an insurance check? Well, so did this dude in Colorado. He got tired of all the delays, so he took his shotgun, went into the local insurance company's office, and fired a shot into the ceiling, telling the manager he wanted his \$115 now. He got it, but was arrested for firing a weapon in the city.

He came out of the bar, havin' a little trouble walkin' straight. The police, noticin' this, stopped him from gettin' in his cage and told him he was too drunk to drive and that he had to walk home or go to the drunk tank. Havin' no choice, he decided to walk. He walked about half a block and -- now get this -- a motorcycle (without a rider) came streakin' through the air at 90mph and landed right on top of the poor slob, squishin' him into the sidewalk and squeezin' guck outta every opening in his bod.

A helmet protester in Wales got a ticket for not wearing a helmet. He was fined, so he sat down and wrote the court clerk a check -- right on his helmet. He turned it in to the clerk, who didn't know whether to shit or go blind.

Helmet mangles woman: A cyclist sees a woman walk out in front of him. He flops the bike, and as he slides along the asphalt for 90 feet, his head, with a helmet on, strikes the woman and sends her to the intensive care unit of a hospital.

Of all the ways to break out of prison, I bet ya never heard of one like this: When a trusty (with only 90 days left on his 3 1/2-year sentence) was mowing the lawn on a sit-down, eight-horsepower lawnmower, he decided to take a putt off the reservation, making a brief stop at a liquor store along the way. He was caught after getting drunk and piling into a telephone pole.

A nationwide survey of women was taken to find out what bothered them the most. Bike tramps? Lack of head? Never turned out? What? The results were that 70% of the women were bothered by being fat or overweight -- stuffin' their faces with food. Didn't anyone ever tell them that semen is lo-cal?■

## TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





# WORDMONGER

## A Question

☐ I just bought my first copy of *Easyriders*. Does anyone ever buy a second copy?

The Insane Unknown  
Albuquerque, N.M.

## Another Question

☐ Would you please tell me if the story in your October '80 issue about the bikers and their ordeal with Mt. St. Helens' blowing was fact or fiction? My ol' man thinks it was just a story some dude posted in to get the money. But I'm convinced it was a true story about their weekend near Mt. St. Helens. Which one of us is right?

Estelle  
Tas., Australia

■ It was real.

## Bad Taste

☐ The cartoon on page 118 in issue #95 is about the sick-est, most fuckin' perverted thing I've ever seen. Who is the guy who wrote it? Is this sickie into incest or what?

Uncle Al  
Belmont, Ohio

☐ Listen up, assholes: That cartoon on page 118 in issue #95 sucks. Tell the artist to sell shit like that to *Hustler*, not to our rag.

J.M.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ It wasn't makin' a statement — it was just sick humor. We print all types of gags 'cause all types read our mag.

## More On Backward Issue

☐ How do you guys manage this shit?

Bob H.  
Cape Cod, Mass.

■ We don't. Can't you tell?

☐ I stapled the left-hand

side of your rag and cut the pages apart on the right-hand side. This way I can read it like normal.

Mad Stork  
Marshfield, Wis.

☐ I know that we are supposed to put the blame on Spider for the April issue of this rag, but everyone had to have a hand in it. There is no way that just one bro, not even Spider, could be fucked up that much, to publish a magazine backwards, especially on purpose.

B.C.  
Hamden, Conn.

■ Believe it or not, he did it with another magazine and was also the first to have a playable recording in a mag.

☐ I am a scooter tramp's ol' lady, and I just brought home your rag for my ol' man. He started thumbing through the rag and all of a sudden punched me in the eye. With the rag printed backwards, he thought I'd fucked up and got a bad issue. So thanks for nothing.

A Tramp's Ol' Lady  
Hartford, Conn.

P.S. Now he thinks it's a great joke.

## Campaign Idea

☐ We have an idea for the Claybrook Crusade commercial. Here goes: Why not have a taste test like Pepsi does, except with helmets? Take ordinary people off the street and have 'em put on a helmet. Then ask 'em the difference in hearing off and on. Then do some peripheral vision tests. Then point out the fact that if we were really interested in safety, we would give the person the chance to see or hear whatever's coming so they could get out of the way, instead of relying on a helmet that may or may not help. After several people have done this, as a closing statement, drop the helmet and show how bad them suck-

ers bounce, saying, "Now would you like to have your head in this while your neck's still connected?"

Ron and Critter  
Henderson, Nev.

☐ Sounds good — how about more people sending us ideas?

## Hold Back Raisin Pie!

☐ Okay, we haven't bitched at you, howled outside the window, whined, sniveled, or withheld your raisin pie. Until now. Whine, bitch, moan, snivel — why the hell don't you guys try to pull your heads out of the wallowing muck of your gutter-bred sex fantasies and put out a mag with all of the tech tips in it? The sidewalk boys couldn't care less, but the riders would really get off on it and it would be useful! Bring up the idea in "Wordmonger's" spot and see what kind of response you get.

Scotsman and Little Bit  
San Antonio, Tex.

■ Robinson is just about finished with one. Instead of photos to show how things are done, Robinson does his number, and the detail is unreal.

## Subliminal Thoughts

☐ Your April issue is all right. In the feature "Mountain Thunder," look at the lady on page 14 and hold it to the light and see what's in her mind. Besides the ol' man.

D.W.I.  
Mainz, Germany

## More J.J.

☐ I was sitting around the homestead, trying to find something to get into. I gave up, sat down, and started looking through some of your old rags that I keep. Anyway, I was looking through your #74 issue and read J.J. Solari's story "Only a 74" for about the tenth time now. It's so funny I almost

wet my fuckin' leg. So how about putting more of J.J. and others in *Easyriders*? I really dig the shit out of them. So bring on more stories — you would be keeping a bro happy and changing his pants.

Daddy-O Deckard  
Grover Hill, Ohio

■ We're always after him.

## Texas Prison Rodeo

☐ This letter is in regard to the article you published on the Texas Prison Rodeo at Huntsville, Texas. I am a 29-year-old resident of the Ellis Unit (one of Texas's many slave labor camps). I've read your magazine for the past four years and never have I known you to promote something that wasn't on the up and up. So why now? Just to set the record straight, I'm asking that you print my letter in your editorial column so people will see another side to what is going on in this rat trap.

Sure, the Texas Prison Rodeo is one of the largest prison rodeos in the United States. It lasts for five weeks. The money from the sale of tickets and other concessions is supposed to go for recreational and educational needs of the inmates here. To participate, you have to be a super "politician" with The Man. I mean kiss his ass and overlook the fact that he is violating your constitutional and civil rights day in and day out, overlook the fact that he forces you to live in conditions judges have ruled inhumane and deplorable, overlook the fact that the chow is lousy and that you are forced to work as a slave laborer in the fields, doing stoop labor such as picking cotton or cutting cane and firewood, so he



# HEAVY WEIGHT!

Thanks! and Ride Safe!

# MAKE YER PLAIN OLD HOG INTO A FAT BOB!!

Get with the times, bro—give yer rat-ass old scooter a face lift! We got all the righteous Fat Bob shit you could ask fer. Call us now! (Who the hell is Fat Bob anyway!)

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Chrome Fender Strut Mounting Screws. \$5.95 Set

FXE Battery Cover Plain. \$11.95  
4" x 24 K Gold-Plated Emblem. \$5.95

New Style Chrome Air Cleaner. A) Fits Tilt, Bendix, Kehin, S & S. B) Fits 38 mm Mikuni. \$29.95

3 1/2 Gal Fat Bob Tanks (shown) Bare Metal \$129.95. 5 Gal Fat Bob Tanks \$139.95  
Petcock, late with outside threads on tanks. \$19.95

Pull Back Drag Bars 4" Shown \$34.95. 6" \$34.95

Chrome Dimmer Switch. \$15.95

Handlebar Grip End Buttons. \$1.00 ea.  
Chrome Low Rider Dash. \$34.95

Star Master Cyl. \$69.95

Chrome Top Stem Nut. \$8.95

Chrome Headlight Cover. \$10.95

Chrome Bearing Cups. \$13.95 ea.

Chrome Fork Cup Covers. 1973-75 or 1976 up. \$17.95 Pr.

Custom Fiberglass Front Fender. Drill own holes. \$29.95

PM 1973 & Later FX, FXE, FXS Custom Rear Brake Kit. \$239.95  
Acorn Nut For Rear Axle. \$4.95

5.10 x 16" Avon Roadrunner Rear Tire. \$79.95

Chrome Disc Anchor Arm. \$17.95

Chrome Drag Pipes. \$44.95

Rear Master Cyl. \$59.95

Point Cover Gold or Silver. \$9.95

Chrome Kick Pedal. \$19.95

Chrome Kick Starter Arm. \$24.95

Chrome Kick Starter Spring. \$7.95

Chrome Front Highway Pegs. \$49.95 Set

Chrome Rider Pegs. \$19.95

3.60 x 19" Avon Road Runner. \$64.95

Front Drilled Disc. Mfg. recommends softer brake pads. \$69.95 ea.

Front Axle Acorn Nut. \$4.95

Chrome Oil Cooler & Filter Combo. \$89.95

Chrome Clutch Lever Assembly. \$19.95

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Mirror with HD Logo. \$11.95

Gas Cap Covers. \$7.95 ea.

Cobra Hump Seat. Blk or Brown. \$89.95

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New Bobbed Fiberglass Rear Fender. \$44.95

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Chrome Rear 51-T Sprocket. '73 & Later. \$54.95

Chrome Tombstone Taillight. \$29.95

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won't freeze his rotten ass off in the winter. Recreational and educational needs? In my wing there are two four-man tables where you are allowed to play dominoes. A room that is probably no larger than 20' x 20' is supposed to meet the recreational needs of 130 to 150 men! There are no outside facilities whatsoever. Educational needs consist of one day of school per week or one or two college courses at night. (If you take more than one course, you have to foot the bill yourself.)

So, brother Spider, now that you have the other part, and I emphasize *part*, of the story, I hope you will let your readers know just what someone who is incarcerated in Texas really thinks about its Prison Rodeo.

Name withheld  
Huntsville, Texas

■ Many letters were kited to us on the same subject about the bad conditions and the money not going to the prisoners.

### Which Is Which?

□ Hey, I gotta hand it to you assholes. You have some righteous stories in your April '81 issue. Charlie Smith's "Stray Meat" really hit home, but what I'm writing to find out is where I can get some of that shit your proofreaders are smokin'. I mean, how old is the bitch anyway? Eighteen, like it says on page 18 or seventeen like it says on page 106? Maybe they're gettin' into mysteries. Just had to fuck with you bros about that.

Cobra  
Elk Grove, Calif.

■ They're too out of it to reply.

□ If you assholes had half a brain, you'd be dangerous. In the May '81 issue, you have a bitchin' story, "Stray Meat." But is Yvonne eighteen or seventeen? Come on, screwballs, she can't be both. Must be smokin' strong shit. Keep up the good work.

Spaci  
Cambodia, Calif.

□ "Stray Meat" by Charlie Smith was just fantastic. You fuckers really hit the spot. My ol' lady loved it and so did I because it was more or less like us. Thanks for a great story.

Miller Man  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

### Mag A Physic

□ I've been buyin', subscribin' to, and swipin' your rag since '73, and issue #95 made me weak in the knees. When I saw Steve Pascone's '47, I pissed my pants. And when I saw Mike Di Santo's '56, I shit my shorts.

I'm hooked.

Back Door Brad  
Middlesex-Essex, Mass.

### Pussy Shit

□ I just want to say I think you all are becoming pussies. I mean it makes me sick to see females on bikes. I'm a female and I personally get sick every time I see a pussy-whipped guy. Females belong behind their ol' men on a bike, not in front. What's going on? Is the staff a bunch of cunts, or what? Men are the rulers, not females; but it looks like your mag is being taken over by cunts. It used to be the best mag around, but shit, pretty soon *Woman's Day* will be beatin' it if you keep the pussy shit up.

Stormy  
Hagerstown, Md.

### Meat Man

□ My latest meat man has an H-D in his dining room. I get a wet bottom every time I walk by it. Are all H-D riders super fuckers?

L. Van Holt  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

### A Coincidence

□ I am sending you our courtesy card for two reasons: One, I hope it's just purely coincidental, but on page 28 of the April issue, your symbol for narcs posing as bikers resembles our organization's symbol, as you can see. Could you please print some sort of retraction and could you assure us that it is merely coincidental. Two, please feel free to print

our card on your page for courtesy cards. Without going into great detail, BRO is the Canadian counterpart of ABATE. I support ABATE because I like to ride in the U.S., and so we should have support from the U.S. We may have different laws, but we're all in it for the same reason, aren't we?

Brian Smith  
Secretary, BRO  
St. Thomas, Ontario

■ It was an actual hobo sign from the 1930s, and someone in the office updated it not knowing about your organization. We're sorry as hell for any hassle it may have caused you and we want everyone to know we made it up as a sample only and that we knew nothing about your club.

### Be More Useful

□ May I congratulate you on having the filthiest, most degrading magazine on the market for young men who might enjoy motorbikes? You and your staff should feel elated over the fact that you have contributed greatly to the general degrading of this day's generation.

Anyone associated with such a publication should get a medal for being the lowest type of human being. Can't you find anything more useful to do for this world?

Unsigned  
Memphis, Tenn.

■ Tried to run a male cat-house once, but everyone ate up the profits.

### Positive Comments

□ I feel the time has come to say something genuinely positive about the police department. Everyone knows that traveling is mostly an enriching experience. People remain docked for so long that they forget how to sail out of the harbor. I have to say that I was one of these people, and I have the police to thank for motivating me to travel. Had it not been for the clicking of the silver bracelets behind my back, I would never have left the state. I would also like to take the



opportunity to thank the judge who could not drop the "C" felony to anything lower than an "E" and could not give me anything less than a year of county time. Also, it would be unfair of me to exclude the legislators from my gratitude because they do not consider the sale of marijuana a victimless crime.

So, thanks to our wonderful government, run by the wonderful people who are usually drug involved themselves in some way, I am off to see America, Canada, and maybe Mexico, I cease to remain.

Gina Vagabondus  
Oakdale, N.Y.

#### Wants Mann

□ I would like to see a story on Dave Mann. He does fantastic artwork and I would like to read about him.

Melissa Faulhaber  
Zanesville, Ohio

□ You owe us a mag we've been waiting for. That's right, "The Best of Dave Mann." I know the fucker would probably be the size of a dictionary, but whatdafuck, you gotta make the guy feel wanted, right? I myself would be happier than a pig in shit. Besides, I think you burnt onions can handle it.

Waiting  
Oakland, Calif.

#### Torturin' Him

□ I'm in love with the breath-takin' blonde on page 63 of the March '81 issue. Why do you always hafta torture me? I'm in Okinawa, and they don't build 'em like that here.

Stroup  
The Rock, Japan

#### What Gives?

□ Thought I'd write to express my opinion on a subject. Have you bros checked your hip pockets for lumps yet? It tears my ass up so bad I can't even think of the name of the fuckin' "bike" that I was gonna mention, but it's (I think I'm gonna barf) a V fuckin' twin! Yamaha! When I first saw it, I thought the thing was a new line of funky-ass AMF shit. Well, it is, in a way. But what's going on?

You know, I've been reading the only rag that deals with it the way it is for a hell of a lot of years. AMF copped a chickenshit beef with you bros and pulled their shitty-ass Jap advertisements from the pages of *Easyriders*. I had one hell of a lot of respect for you bros when you said, so what do you want us to do? Flop around some? But you bros got the AMF shit right back in the rag again. What gives?

Bob  
Austin, Tex.

■ AMF never advertised. The ads you've seen were put in by a 23-dealer network — who know who their customers are.

#### Freedom?

□ The other day I said to my lady, "Let's go for a ride." She said, "Good, let's go!"

It didn't matter that it had been rainin' and had just cleared up a little — no big deal.

So we went up to the mountains; snow just two miles away. It was cold as hell, but she's tough.

The point is, I read where some guys feel they're not

free when they have a steady lady. But find a good one, and she'll feel as much a part of you as your ride or your knife. Turn around and she'll be there, ready to serve. I'm free with her!

Mark III  
Industry, Calif.

#### No Class?

□ I just want to tell any woman who thinks she should come second to any bike that she's got no class at all. If my ol' man ever told me I came second to his bike, I'd tell him to screw it and then screw off. You chicks don't act like ladies, so I guess your dudes think they don't have to treat you like 'em. Wise up and quit sittin' on the back seat.

A Lady  
El Paso, Tex.

□ Right on, Stephanie Feld! It's about time guys started realizing chicks are more than a lay. We love riding and partying as well as any guy, and if we want to have our own scooter, we can learn to handle it just like a dude can. After all, you don't use a dick to drive!

Stephanie said it all: It's not the shell that counts — it's what's underneath that counts: spirit, love and brother/sisterhood.

Pam Underdahl  
Monroe, Mich.

□ All ya scooter tramps' ol' ladies: Your man needs his freedom. So let him fly as high as an eagle and ride hard till he dies, 'cause if ya don't, you're sure as fuck gonna lose him.

If he loves ya, he'll be back, and I'm proud to say my ol' man always comes back.

J.E.S.'s Ol' Lady  
Baltimore, Md.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. \$8.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



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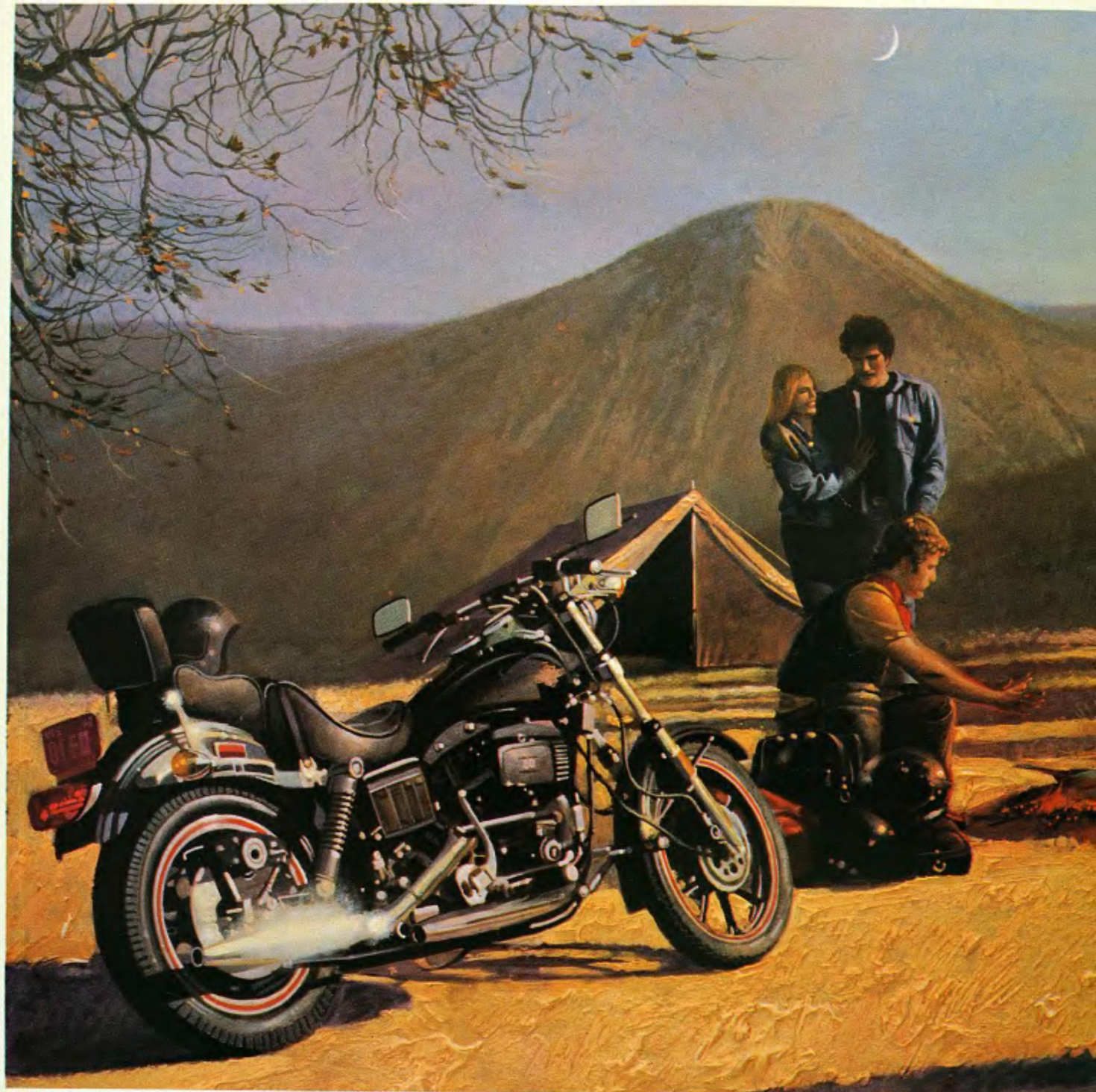
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92284

California residents add 6%  
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"Say, that's some kickstand you have there."





## STURGIS, 1981: BREAKING NEW GROUND.

*The 1981 Harley-Davidson Twin Belt Drive Sturgis. Campgrounds outside Sturgis, South Dakota.*



Twin belts, no chain: a remarkable, ground breaking idea for a stock motorcycle. That's custom engineering at its best. And, the idea behind Sturgis,<sup>™</sup> a motorcycle inspired by this annual rally in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

The Harley-Davidson<sup>®</sup> Sturgis is the first and

only stock bike in the world with twin belt drive.

Compared to shaft drive, Harley's Black Belt<sup>™</sup> system is stronger, lighter, simpler and doesn't waste horsepower. Compared to a chain, the Black Belt system gives you even quieter, smoother shifting. It never needs a lube, rarely needs adjustment. The Black Belt system has a 12 month, unlimited mile warranty.

Sturgis is also the first production bike built with a compensating sprocket on the primary belt drive, to give you remarkably smooth power flow.





Get a free reprint of this painting at participating dealers while supplies last. © 1980, AMF Harley-Davidson

Sturgis is breaking new ground in custom styling—as well as engineering. It's as black as they come, but signed on the tank, wheel rims and belt guard in Harley orange.

Sturgis means extended forks, drag bars on 3½" risers, highway pegs and new staggered shorty duals. You'll be sitting just 27" from the pavement. And a massive 80 cu. inch V-Twin is providing power and sound that is uniquely ours. For 1981 the big V-Twin runs regular leaded gas—without losing

any horses.

The twin belt drive Sturgis. A truly unique custom motorcycle, from the people who know what custom really means. You see, Sturgis is a Harley-Davidson. That's why it's more than a machine.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON  
DEALER NETWORK**

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.





# The INTERSTATE



**New  
Nasty  
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No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrone sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½-12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$85.00. The coupon below says it all.

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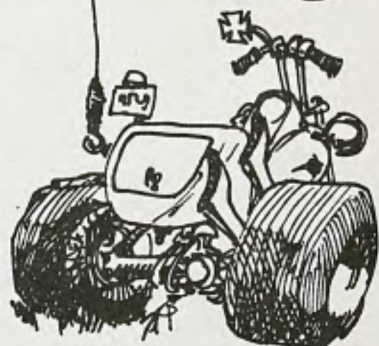
Enclose \$85.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width.  
Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only.  
Add \$7.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.  
International orders accepted—inquire for shipping costs.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.  
California residents add 6%.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

# Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes  
from other biker rags



## Origin Of Abate

The original meaning of ABATE was A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments. This was when Lou Kimzey, publisher and editorial director of *Easyriders* magazine, first came up with the idea.

Mr. Kimzey felt, and rightfully so, that most of the bikers that read his magazine were not being represented legislatively by the major association, the American Motorcyclist Association. . .

—Bob Bitchin  
*Chopper Magazine*

## Daytona Boycott

Road Rider's steamed editor received several phone calls from Florida reporters, prior to the 1981 cyclist activities in Daytona Beach, asking if he'd changed his mind and would be back this year (no way!). Why the interest? Well, what you haven't been told elsewhere is that local merchants, concerned over a possible "biker boycott," came down on the city fathers, and of at least four national publications which editorialized on the situation last year, our report was the one being quoted. At presstime it is too early to tell, but insiders report the police will be more civilized—and civil—toward bikers this year.

—Roger Hull  
*Road Rider*

## Interesting Facts

According to the accident data amassed by Professor Harry Hurt, I've never been alone in my foolishness. One out of every three motorcyclists involved in a crash did nothing to avoid the collision. They made no apparent attempt to slow or turn in

evasive maneuvers. Why? Consider this: Out of the two in three accident victims who did respond and took some evasive course, only about two in five took the proper choice; the other three did the wrong thing. And further, of those who acted correctly, only about a fourth properly executed their evasive maneuver.

When you start calculating probabilities, you'll be shocked. If confronted by an accident situation, your chances of properly executing the correct evasive action are about one in fourteen.

—Buzz Buzzelli  
*Cycle*

## Hard Times At H-D?

Harley-Davidson has withdrawn all financial sponsorship of motorcycle drag-racing efforts. This, of course, was a painful blow to hitherto-Harley-sponsored Trett and H-D colleague Marion Owens, because of the incredible expense of fuel drag racing. Indeed, when you consider that each run down the track costs a Top Fueler maybe \$350 in fuel, tires, oil, parts, and other items, every cent of financial assistance means a lot.

—Custom Bike

## Feminist's Ire

So we were lumbered with government chosen not by merit, but by association. Carter became the creature of the special interests, admittedly not the special interests he campaigned against, and the Carter administration was forced to act not for the U.S. but for political advantage.

We've heard—not at this seminar—that when Joan

Claybrook earned the enmity of bikers everywhere, the administration was ready to give her the sack she richly deserved. But it couldn't be done. Already the White House was short of its quota of women. To can another would result in ire from the feminists.

—Cycle World

## L.A. Is Motor City

Actually, anything on two wheels eventually lands in Motor City. And if there's anything made for motorcycles, no matter where it comes from, you'll find it in Motor City. Maybe smog-induced hallucinations explain it, but you can buy plastic bent into any of a million shapes, and there's gravity-wave shock absorbers, miracle pistons, carburetor encabulators, and tricks of every description. It's hard to separate the hokum from the hardware. So vast is the variety, so rich in diversity is Motor City, that you could wear a different motorcycling-related T-shirt every day for the rest of your life.

Admit it: Los Angeles is nutty over motorcycles. The weather probably has something to do with it. Spending the year up on two wheels is a relatively painless experience in Motor City. When the sun is shining and the urge to escape is upon you, the motorcycle is an obvious choice. It's even a rational one, too, as a gaggle of commuters will tell you. Certainly the bikers of Motor City aren't all as hardcore as those of Indianapolis, but there's certainly a whole lot more of them.

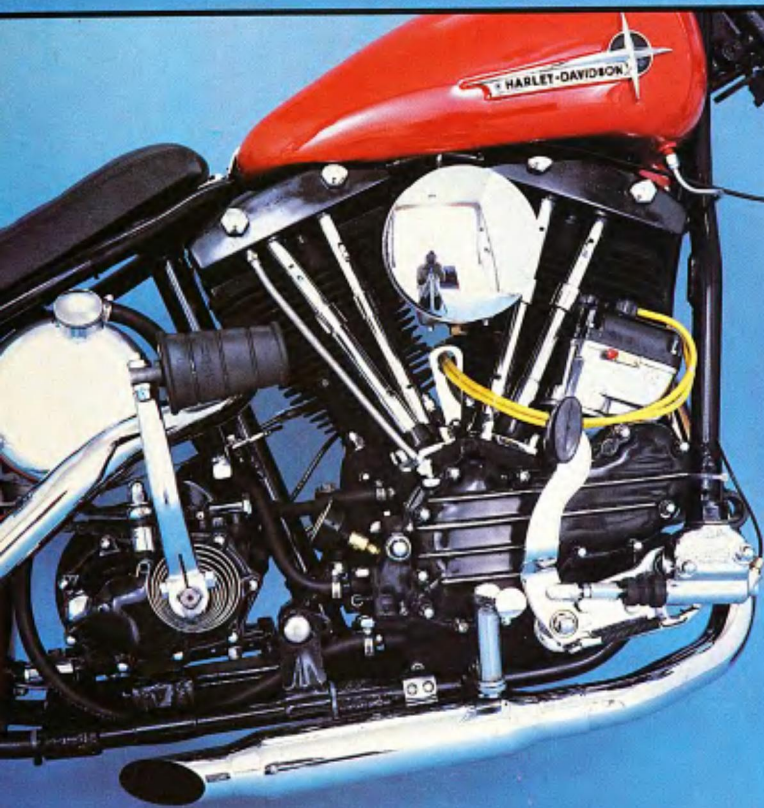
—Michael Jordan  
*Cycle Guide*



# Big Red

**I**t was another Thunderbird morning, and my eyes were as red as the tank on Donnie's Hog as I stumbled through the garage door to watch the lens- and light-meter freaks shoot some pictures of a model the owner calls "lots of Harley."

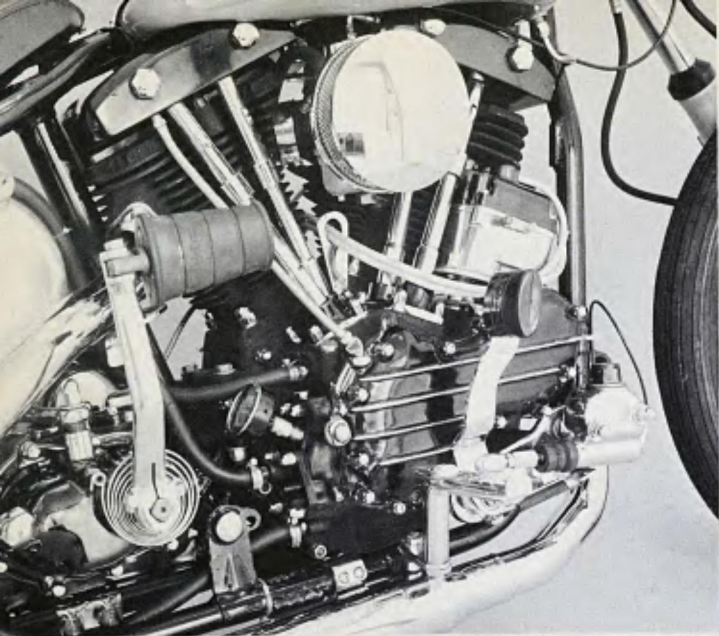
I got this theory about wine that almost nobody agrees with. Like, what's a rolling paper? A rolling paper exists to carry weed. It doesn't do anything for you by itself. I figure wine is exactly like that; it exists to carry alcohol; otherwise it's nothin'. So when my











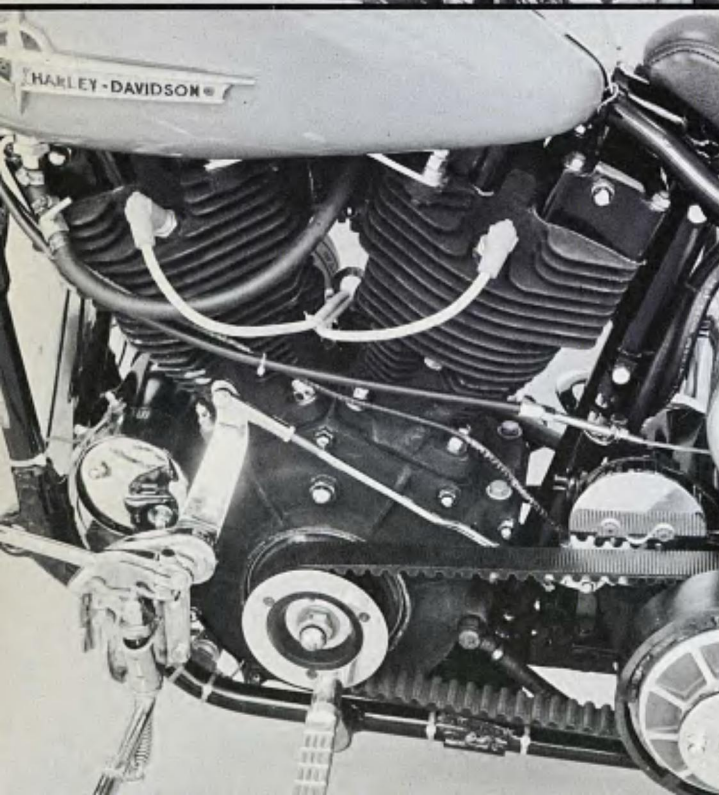
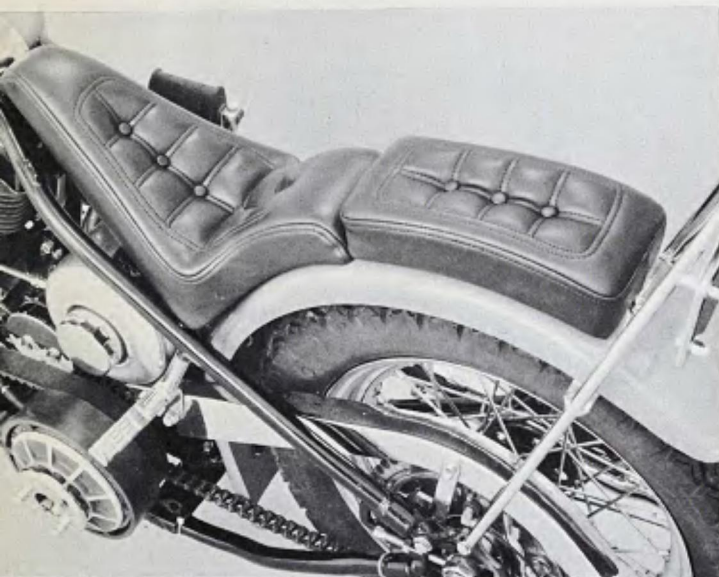
bros start fallin' over the empty Thunderbird bottles that I use for carpeting, and start mutterin' shit like "no class" an' "cheap shit" I always tell 'em up front that the 'bird gives me more alcohol per buck than any fancy Cabinet Savagery or whatever.

But privately I gotta admit it's a bit raw, and drinkin' it does tend to make my eyes more like Burgundy than Chablis, and my mouth taste more like the cat box than like duck à l'orange. Also, when I've had a long night rompin' in bed with a coupla jugs of broad and three or four jugs of 'bird, I'm prone to be kind of sloppy in the morning.

So I really can't tell ya much about Donnie's bike, 'cause I can't really remember a damn thing about what he told me. 'Cept I know the tank was red and I seem to remember it had a fuckin' lot of chrome — either that or somethin' else in the damn garage kept shining in my eyes.

Of course. While I was kinda slumped back holdin' up the wall of the shop, Donnie was circlin' the bike with some rags an' a toothbrush cleanin' up all the little insect remains and mud spots from a weekend run. I 'member he started rappin' about how a lot of bikes had an engine from one year and a frame from another and like that, but that in his Hog the engine was buckled together out of three separate Harley model runs and how this proved that Harleys are the most versatile machines since God invented chicks. Which is a point nobody around here is gonna argue with.

Speakin' of chicks — where the hell did that bird-brained dildo put my wine bottle? — I just had the fucker an' she came swingin' ass by and musta picked it up. Shit, maybe





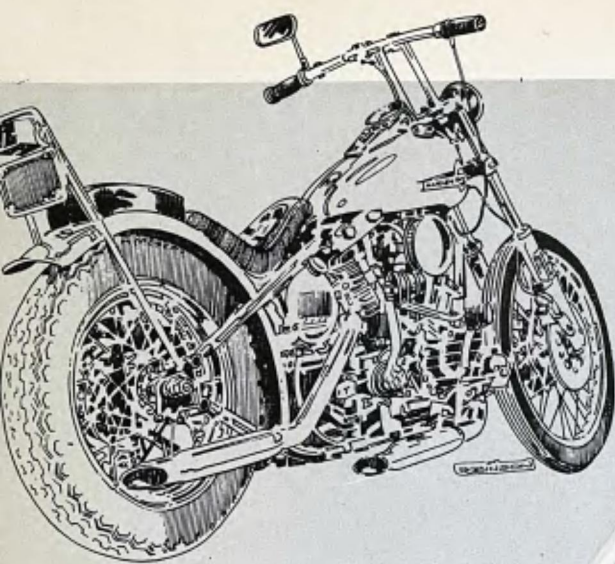
|                                                                    |  |                                          |                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| <b>Owner:</b> Donnie                                               |  | <b>City:</b> Berdoo, Calif.              |                      |
| <b>General</b>                                                     |  | <b>Frame</b>                             |                      |
| Fabrication by: owner                                              |  | Year: 1948                               |                      |
| Year and make: 1949/1958/1972                                      |  | Builder: Harley                          |                      |
| Model: lots of Harley                                              |  | Type: wishbone                           |                      |
| Value: \$5,500                                                     |  | Rake: none                               |                      |
| Assembly by: owner                                                 |  | Stretch: none                            |                      |
| Time: four months                                                  |  | Other alterations: cut off toolbox mount |                      |
| Chroming by: Revelle                                               |  | <b>Accessories</b>                       |                      |
| <b>Engine</b>                                                      |  | Bars: Drag Specialties                   |                      |
| Year: 1949/1958/1972                                               |  | Risers: Carry Clark Creation             |                      |
| Model: pan/shovel                                                  |  | Fender(s): bobbed flat                   |                      |
| Rebuilder: owner                                                   |  | Headlight: Bates w/quartz sealed beam    |                      |
| Ignition: Joe Hunt single-fire mag.                                |  | Taillight: Drag Specialties              |                      |
| Displacement: 74 cu. in.                                           |  | Speedo: stock                            |                      |
| Lower end: stock                                                   |  | Front pegs: Carry Clark Creation         |                      |
| Balancing: owner                                                   |  | Rear pegs: Carry Clark Creation          |                      |
| Pistons: 20 over                                                   |  | Electrics: Hunt magneto                  |                      |
| Cases: many                                                        |  | Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. Star Bobs           |                      |
| Heads: shovel/stock                                                |  | Oil tank: Elite                          |                      |
| Cam(s): Sifton 412                                                 |  | Oil system: stock                        |                      |
| Lifters: stock                                                     |  | Primary cover: none                      |                      |
| Carb(s): Mikuni 38mm                                               |  | Seat: Drag Specialties                   |                      |
| Air cleaner: Mikuni/Drag Specialties                               |  | Sissybar: Carry Clark Creation           |                      |
| Pipes: Drag Specialties                                            |  | Height: 'bout that high                  |                      |
| Muffler(s): Drag Specialties                                       |  | Material: round steel 1/2 in.            |                      |
| <b>Transmission</b>                                                |  | <b>Forks</b>                             |                      |
| Modifications: none                                                |  | Type: glide/narrow                       |                      |
| Year: pre-65                                                       |  | Extension: 2 in.                         |                      |
| Shifting: foot                                                     |  | Builder: Harley/Lowrider                 |                      |
| Engine sprocket: 24                                                |  | Special features: dual disc              |                      |
| Trans sprocket: 25 belt drive                                      |  | <b>Wheels</b>                            |                      |
| Wheel sprocket: stock                                              |  | <b>Front</b>                             | <b>Rear</b>          |
| <b>Painting</b>                                                    |  | Size: 21                                 | Size: 16             |
| Molding: Clyde                                                     |  | Hub: H-D                                 | Hub: H-D             |
| Painter: Clyde                                                     |  | Rim width: 2 1/2 in.                     | Rim width: 5 1/2 in. |
| Color: red 'n' black                                               |  | Tire: Avon                               | Tire: Jap            |
| Type: enamel                                                       |  | Brake: dual disc                         | Brake: juice         |
| Special paint: foo-foo can on frame, black detailing on covers.    |  |                                          |                      |
| Other special modifications: Special leg work by Two Broke Tramps. |  |                                          |                      |



Photos by Pete Chiodo







she set it down on the floor. I'll just look around an' —

Sonuvabitch! There it goes! Shit, I musta put it down between the typewriter and this stack of pictures and forgot it. Goddam, I hope this spilled shit don't spoil all them nice colored slides of Donnie's bike. And the typewriter! It's fuckin' seepin' into Spider's brand new typewriter!

"Bitch, git yer ass in here! Bring some rags! On the double! Andale!"

I gotta wrap this up now. Things are kinda goin' to hell around here. Just one last thing I remember. I know it sounded great when Donnie roared out of the garage on it. I know that for sure 'cause it was still boomin' in my head two days later.

—Grape



# A FAMILY TRADITION

by Charlie Smith

Hey, boy. Come here. I said  
come here. Sit down there.  
Care for a swallow?

Aw, shit, boy. You ain't foolin' me.  
Take you a man's swallow. That's  
more like it. Let me have it.

I been thinkin'. We're gonna have  
to start livin' a little closer, talk to  
each other more often. You know  
what I mean? Just never been much  
for talkin'. Here — have a swallow.

Anyhow, I was thinkin' back to  
when I was a boy. Your granddad  
was a quiet man, and real modest  
for a man that claimed to've  
invented whiskey and women and  
motorcycles. Yeah, fightin' and  
cussin' too, things that today we  
consider essential, can't live without  
'em. He stood I'd say about five-ten,  
but the man was a razor and he was  
harder than steel. You couldn't hurt  
him, as a lot of men found out,  
includin' the five or thereabouts  
he killed.

I told you he was quiet and meek.  
You gotta watch me, boy. I'll say a lot  
of shit. Truth is he bitched with  
every wakin' breath of his life and  
sometimes in his sleep. And I'll bet if  
you ran out to the graveyard tonight  
and put your ear to the ground —  
anyway, nothin' ever suited him.  
Momma let the fire die and his feet  
got cold, or else he bitched that she  
had the damn house so hot his piss  
dried up. There weren't enough bis-  
cuits to sop his gravy with, or else  
there wasn't enough gravy to cover  
his biscuits. The hole in the Old  
Spice bottle was too damn little, like  
shakin' shit out of a gnat's ass. The  
water wasn't hot enough, or else  
Momma was "tryin' to scald" him.  
The law, the government, us kids,  
the animals — everything in the  
world fell under that whipcord  
tongue of his, and that's before the  
sun had even come up.

There were ten kids. You know all  
your aunts and uncles. I was the  
youngest of six boys, and I had an  
older sister and three younger ones.  
I think that's how it went. You know  
'em all. Anyhow, we were a handy  
supply of slave labor, and I mean to  
say that Dad was a bustass kind of  
dude. Like somebody said, he  
busted his ass and he expected you  
to bust your ass, and if you didn't,  
he'd bust your ass, so you did.

Damn scorchin' droughts and that  
poorass, rocky soil did their damnd-  
est to starve us, so it did take some  
hustlin' to get by.

This one mornin' Dad said it was  
time to hit town for supplies. We  
didn't make the trip often, and  
when we did it was for stuff like  
flour and ammunition — you know,  
what we didn't make or grow on the  
farm. Good thing Dad was gettin' a  
deal on his brother-in-law's moon-  
shine, or the flour'da had to go, in  
favor of store-bought whiskey like  
this here.

Well, this time Momma told Dad it  
was time I had a decent pair of  
shoes. I was ten years old, boy, and I  
never had owned a new pair of  
shoes. I was so excited that I didn't  
even mind the prospect of ridin' in  
the car beside my mad, bitchin' ol'  
man. At least I'd have a couple of  
older brothers along to catch most  
of the hell. Here, take a swig.

We were afraid of him. When you  
set your ass in the car, you didn't  
say shit till you got wherever the  
hell you were goin'. If you decided to  
breathe, you didn't take more than  
your share, and you just hoped he  
didn't happen to think about you.  
But we were proud of him. He did  
things that jus' don't happen. Like,  
you know, if the law is chasin' some  
asshole through the mountains  
they get them bloodhounds runnin'  
and they track his ass down in  
short order. Well, they had the  
hounds after him over in North  
Carolina, chasin' him through the  
woods an' shit. He set fire behind  
him and burnt the mountain down.  
Got away, too.

I saw him beat the shit out of  
three big fellers that came in the  
yard one time lookin' for Junior. I  
think Junior owed 'em some money.  
He wasn't around at the time; all  
my brothers had gone down to the  
lake fishin'. Anyhow, they started  
some shit with Dad. I was hidin' by  
the corner of the house and I heard  
Dad say, "My God. Hard as life is  
already." His arm shot out and you  
heard this crack! Sounded like a  
gunshot, but it was the biggest  
fucker's nose breakin', the one doin'  
most of the hasslin'. It put him flat  
on his ass, blood just gushin'.

Dad knew exactly where he was

standin' and what he was doin'. The  
other two rushed him and he  
grabbed up this big rock and  
bashed one dude on the side of the  
head, and that one went down. The  
third one was one-on-one, and he  
was fucked and he knew it. He  
started beggin', man; that big dude  
ran back around that car beggin'  
and cryin'. Jesus. Shit, I came  
outta hidin'. Dad hollered at them to  
clean their asses outta there.  
Here — have a swallow.

About a month later Junior met  
up with 'em in town. He paid 'em  
what he owed and kicked their  
asses anyway, for fuckin' with his  
ol' man.

Dad was a good man in spite of  
his temper. Well, fact, he was a  
preacher. People called him  
Preacher. He wasn't the ordained  
kind or anything. I guess he just  
had the balls to get up in church  
and deliver The Word now 'n' then.  
Hell, though. In the 1940s, who  
wasn't a preacher? Anyways, "The  
Reverend" comes before his name  
on his tombstone.

The old Ford quit a quarter of the  
way to town. Dad reached for his  
only tool, which was a claw hammer,  
and got out.

Wham! "Dammit!" Wham! "You  
sonofabitch!" Wham! "Goddam!"  
Wham! Wham!

The writin' was on the wall.  
Goodbye shoes, hello six miles of  
holy hell back to the house.

He beat that engine to shit. Then  
he stood back gaspin' and sweatin',  
and he laid his eyes on us three  
inside. "Get your asses out." We did,  
knowin' well what was in store. It  
wasn't the first time.

Dad busted out the lights, the  
windshield, and the windows.  
"Start pushin' the sonofabitch." We  
did. He opened the door so he could  
push and steer.

People these days don't want to  
walk downstairs, let alone push a  
heavy car six miles in ninety-degree  
weather. But we believed in that  
shit in them days. My little ten-year-  
old body gave it everything it had  
and asked for more. My brothers  
were older and stronger, but they  
were just as tired. The backs of our  
legs ached, our arms, the pits of our  
stomachs.

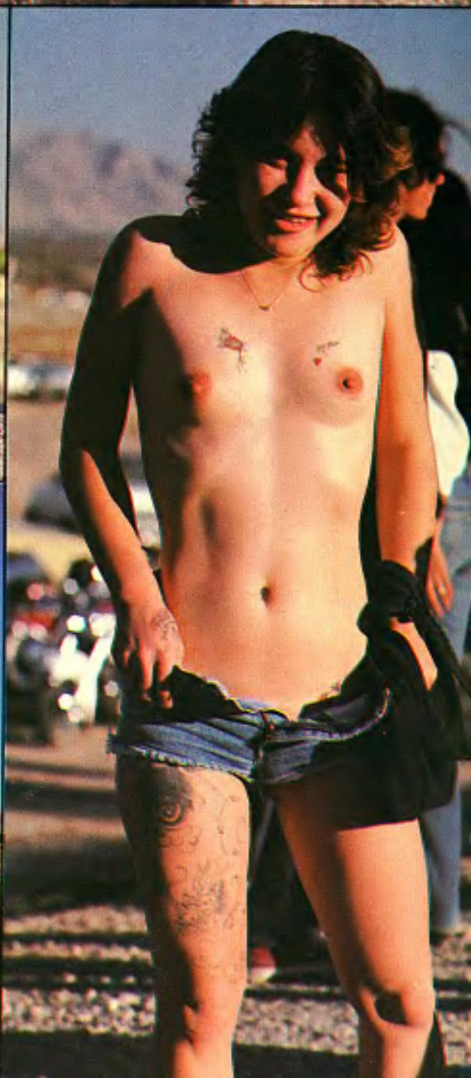
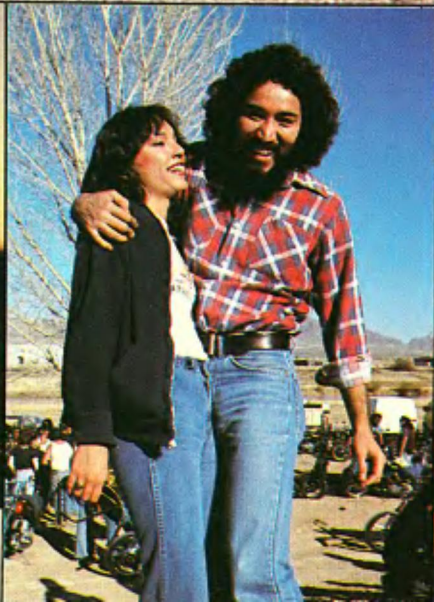
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# RIO GRANDE RUN

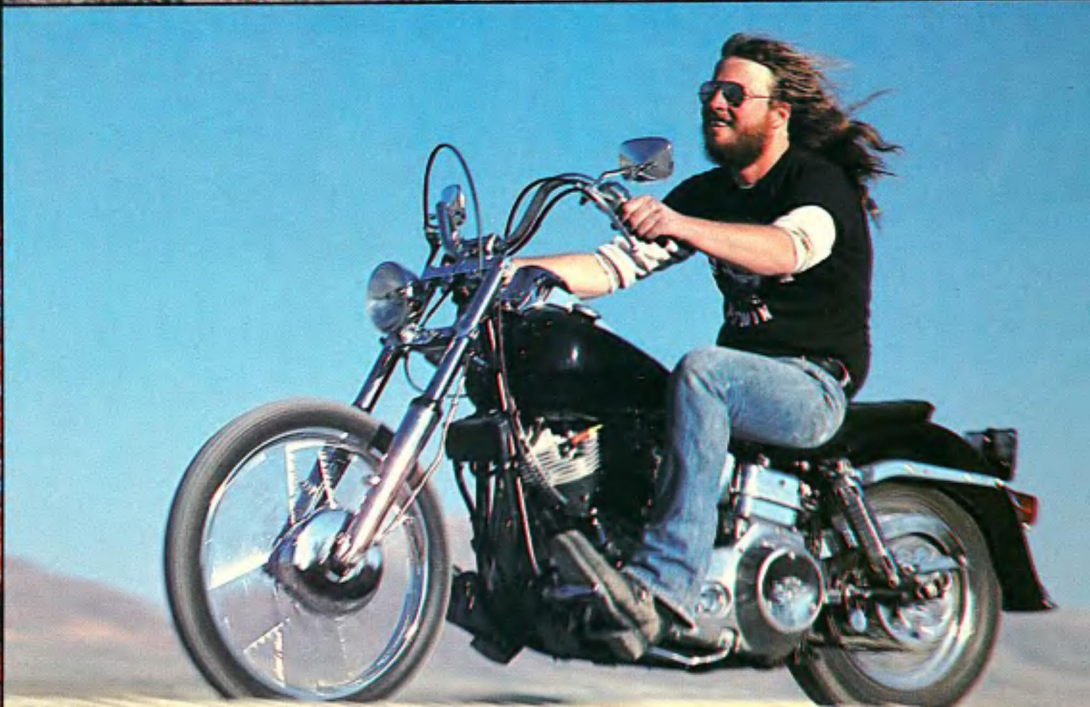
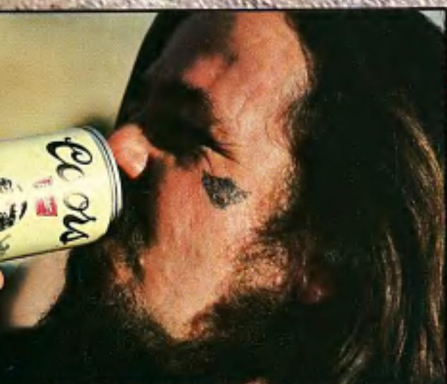
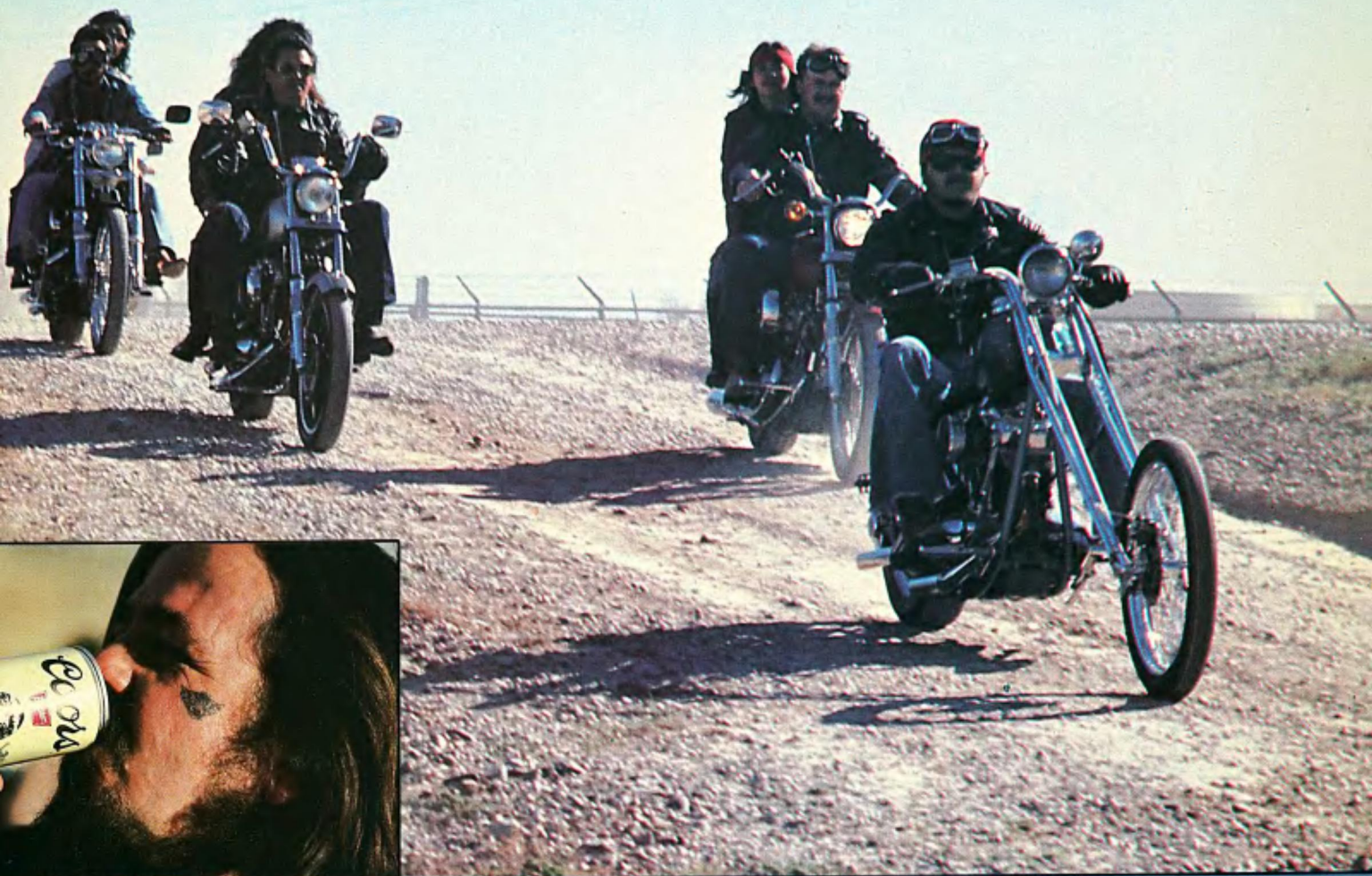




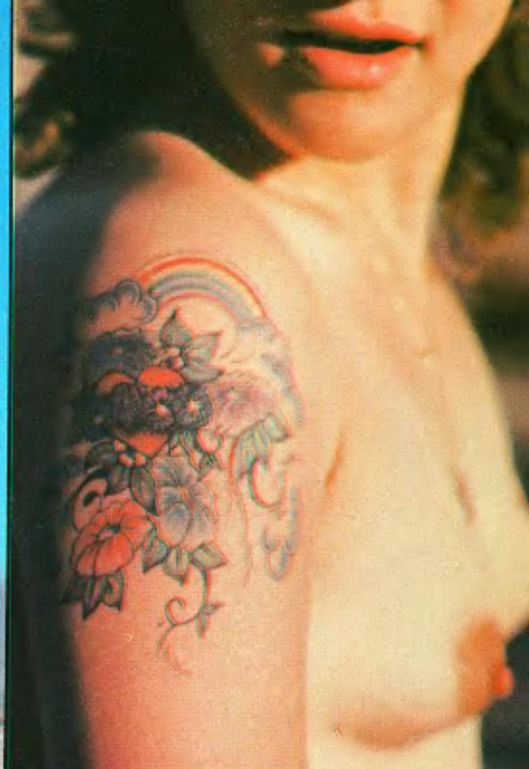


andits used to ride into Texas to plunder and raid. When they were through, they would ride across the Rio Grande and out onto the neutral territory

of the islands that were created when the river changed its course. These islands have been disputed territory for years, and neither we nor the Mexican authorities have inter-











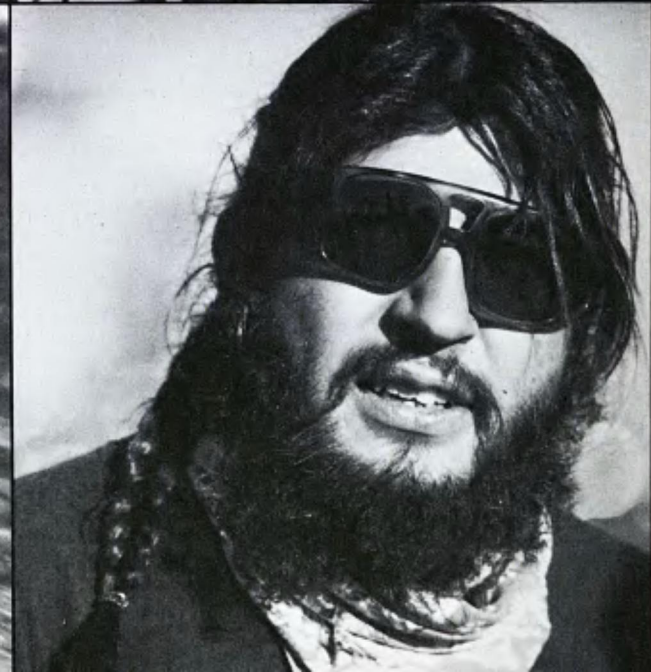
ferred with the free lifestyle practiced by inhabitants of No Man's Land.

Can you imagine a better place for a party than this neutral territory? Ralph and the bros from El Paso and Las Cruces have been using the place for years. When they invited us out for a look, we sent Billy Tinney to capture the scene on camera.

As you can see, he found plenty of beer and steaks, horseshoe pitching and drag racing to fill the afternoon. One of the bros was so exuberant that he rode his Hog off an embankment and right straight into the river. Fucked him up, but his scoot was all right.

Looking back, we couldn't help being aware of the heritage shared by these free-wheelin' Texas bros. PF FP: Party Forever; Forever Party.

—Stash





**"Well, if they're  
really smart, they  
won't ride bikes on  
the street. Statis-  
tics should per-**

**suade them of that,  
just as statistics  
have persuaded so  
many people to stop  
smoking."**





# BEATIN' THE REAPER

**Editor's note:** Reprinted here is an article by Art Chenoweth which appeared in the December 28, 1980, issue of "Northwest Magazine," a Sunday supplement to the Portland *Oregonian*. We are reprinting this article because, under the guise of investigative journalism, it pretends to offer an insight into bikers and their supposed obsession with death, in the process dragging out all the moldy clichés and stereotypes scooter people have been fighting against for years. The footnotes (in italics) scattered here and there in the reprint of this feature are random gut-level comments by Spider. At the end of the reprint is an editorial reply to the article written by our Managing Editor, Tex Campbell.

## Death On Wheels

ONE STEP ahead of The Reaper's blade, that's the condition of the street biker for sure.

Eight of them were killed inside Portland in 1979 and eight in 1978. That will show you how statistics can fool you, because that's zero percent increase, right? Except you can't base a case on small numbers, and when you examine the total accident figures, you find they're going up, up.

Eight motorcyclists killed in Portland in 1979. Oddly, six of those were wiped out, off the roadway proper, when they hit a fixed object other than a parked car. One ran into a railway train, and another collided with a moving auto.

In 1978, it was somewhat different. Five of the motorcycle fatalities involved other moving vehicles, one overturned, and two hit fixed objects. Two pedestrians were mowed down by bikers.

Those statistics, compiled by the

National Safety Council and provided by the Portland Traffic Safety Commission, show a total of 232 motorcycle accidents in 1978 and 255 in 1979, an increase of nine percent. Ninety percent of these occurred within the roadway, seventy percent on city streets and most of the rest on state highways. A few were on the interstate highway system.

So the greatest potential hazard to himself and others is the biker on the city street. He seems to be determined to maim himself, even if he doesn't get killed, with a crash occurring within the city seven days out of every ten.

It would appear that for some motorcycle riders, the imminent danger of death is part of the thrill of being a biker. Reading any of the cult magazines, *In The Wind*, *Easyrider*, *Iron Horse*, *Supercycle*, tends to confirm that suspicion. There are frequent poems, statements, photos, hints that the imminent possibility of extinction, generally personified as The Reaper, is part of the carefree fun of motorcycling, along with getting hassled by policemen, confused by bureaucrats,<sup>1</sup> zonked on drugs, going without bathing,<sup>2</sup> and other activities disdained by the better-scrubbed population.<sup>3</sup>

The magazines don't actually show blood-covered corpses of bikers. They do show a weeping woman sagging over a totally twisted bike<sup>4</sup> — obviously that of her son or lover. Or a collapsed bike squeezed into the shattered windshield opening of a car.<sup>5</sup> They show long

*Continued on page 104*

<sup>1</sup>*It's the bureaucrats who are confused.*

<sup>2</sup>*Too dumb to comment on.*

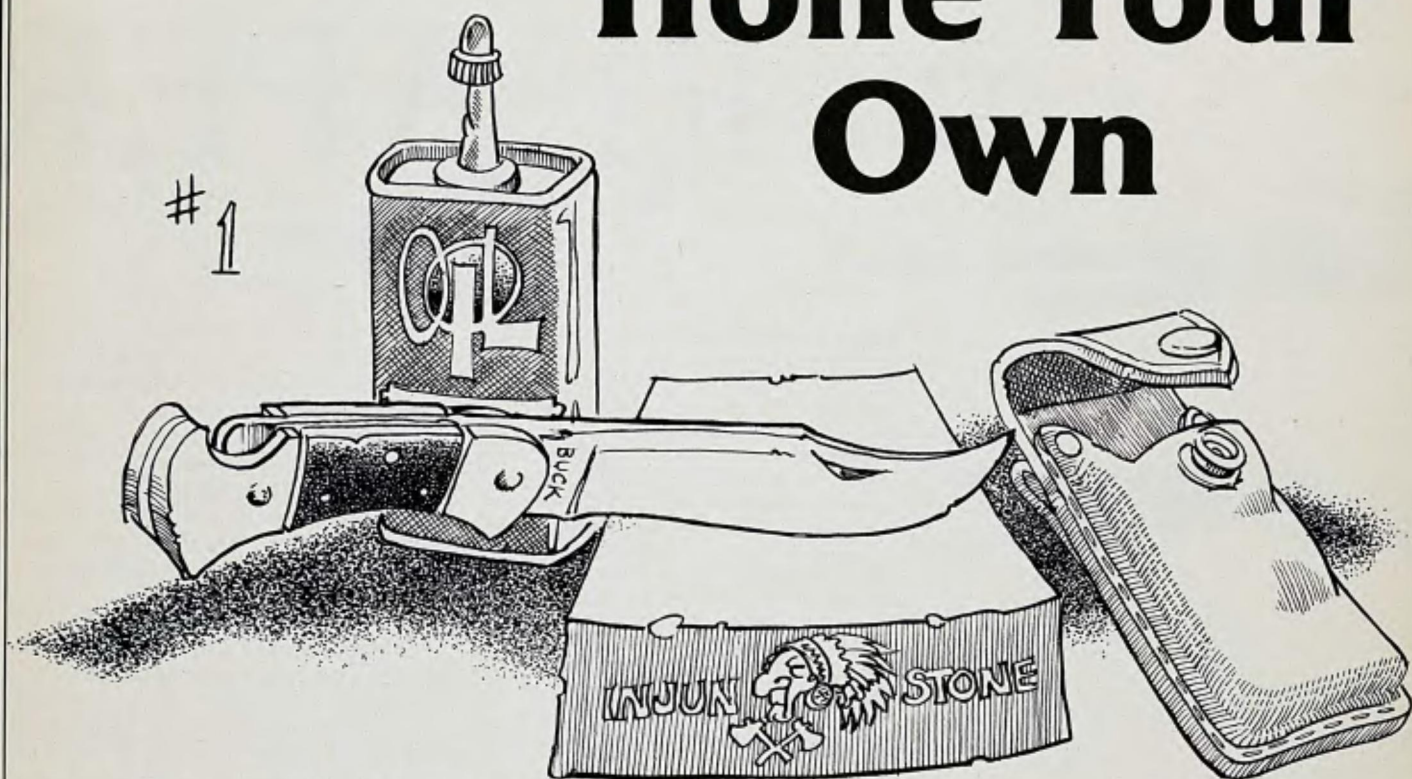
<sup>3</sup>*The what?*

<sup>4</sup>*Never have, never would.*

<sup>5</sup>*Would, perhaps, illustrating an article about cage driver menace.*



# Hone Your Own



**M**an, I'm tired of this shit and I've got to do something about it. Here's a nice juicy steak in front of me and I can't cut it. I can't even saw through it with my knife. It's time to call Dr. Filthy Phil. "Hello, hello, Doc Phil? Yes, it's me, your ol' bro Gnarly. Say, can you make a house call or do I have to come in for an office visit?" I explained that the knife was only three years old and that all I'd ever used it on was a few oil cans and beer cans, and I might have scraped a couple of head gaskets, or I seem to recall maybe I used it as a screwdriver, or was it used by bro Spider to cut some wire and to see if his battery was hot? At any rate, it hadn't been out for a while. Shit, I remember seeing an ad showing someone cutting a bolt with one. I guess they don't make things like they used to. The good doctor said to come over with my instrument and he would see what he could do.

I thought I'd pay real close attention to his procedure this time and ask a lot of questions, 'cause I can't afford the cost of these office calls. I mean, with inflation and everything, ol' Dr. Phil had to raise his fee up to seven grams of Lebanese or half a lid of Jamaican. That means the ol' lady has to work an extra four hours down at the local titty bar and she's been O.T.R. here lately — if you know what I mean.

So I go see Dr. Filthy Phil. At this point I'd better explain that Phil's a butcher, which is to say he makes a living cutting meat at the slaughterhouse, and he's also

one of these clean freaks. You know the kind. Say you're on a short putt, just cruising, looking for some breeding stock. Well, every time we stop to smoke or drink, out comes Phil's magic rag and he goes over his scooter. He's got this clean obsession.

Dr. Phil says to spend a few dollars and buy some good stones. Find a butcher supply house for the best deals. Now, some sharpening stones are more expensive than others; your best bet is probably a combination stone of a medium grit on one side and a finer grit on the other. The stone should measure at least six by two inches. An Indian combination stone, a Norton 188, or their equivalent works well. The Arkansas stone is best for cleanup; however, an Arkansas stone of any size is expensive. But then you can look at it as an investment — tools that don't work aren't worth a shit. In lieu of an Arkansas stone, a good, hard marble stone will work. Find a place that makes headstones.

The two kinds of edges are known as the straight-ground and the hollow-ground. The hollow-ground is the kind on your Buck knife, so I will concentrate on that. The hollow-ground is called that simply because when you look at the edge closely you'll see that it has a small valley or trough. Whatever substance you're cutting with a hollow-ground blade will have a tendency to roll away from the knife.

Okay, if you have your stones, find some light mineral oil. A few drops of oil will coat the stone and make



it slick. It also helps prevent metal buildup in the pores of the stone. The most common error is taking too much off the edge. The larger the edge area, the weaker it is and the more susceptible to chips and nicks. Naturally, if your blade is in really sorry condition you'll have to start with a rougher stone and work up to a finer one for the cleanup or sharper edge.

Starting from the heel of the knife — that's the part closest to the handle — push it across the stone in an arc toward the point. (See figure 1) Remember to keep the angle the same all the way through the arc. About a 10-degree angle to the stone works fine. (See figure 2) Now draw it back toward you in the same way. Turn the blade over and repeat the action on the other side. Whatever amount of metal you take off one side should be taken off the other to keep the edge even; otherwise, you'll round it. Do this a few times and then look at the edge; if you see a bright, shiny spot, more than likely the blade will need a few more licks on both sides.

Here's the tricky part. Test the edge on your thumb, feeling for a slight grab. (See figure 3) Once you're satisfied with the rougher stone, go to the finer grind to get that sharper edge, following the same procedure as before and making sure the bevel is even and that both sides are at the same angle. You should be able to hear the difference between the sounds of the coarser stone and those of the finer one. The blade should just glide over the finer stone and not dig in.

This procedure is pretty basic, and practice is all it takes; the more you do it, the better you'll be at it. Don't be fucking around trying to sharpen a knife when

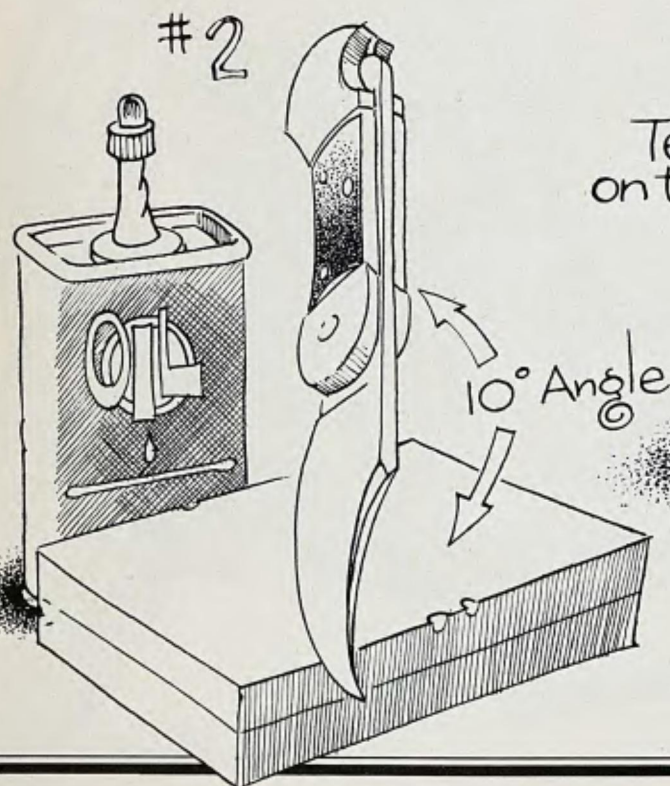
you're drunk or loaded — you won't be able to feel the pain when you cut yourself.

After using the stone a few times, you should wash it with cleanser (Comet, Ajax, or such) and warm water. This cleans out the pores. If the pores aren't kept reasonably clean, the sharpening ability of the stone will decrease.

Once you get used to sharpening your knife in this way, you can deviate from the procedure somewhat. Try two different angles on your blade, a wider outside and a narrower inside edge. But first try the standard method until you've got it mastered.

I think I should mention that if you sharpen the upper edge of your blade you are risking a problem with the law for carrying a dirk or dagger, which is illegal in most states. Also, knives should be carried out where they can be seen. State laws differ on the subject of cutlery, so it's best to find out what's happening in any area if you're planning on taking along this versatile tool.

—Gnarly



#3  
Test thumb  
on the edge



**Tech Tip**



THE WORD IS  
GETTING AROUND...



FOR A NEW RIDING S

# Harley-

This completely new Harley-Davidson gives you  
amazing comfort and unequalled  
rear, gives you a floating ride. The Motor  
take bad bumps and deep runs  
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motorcycle that everyone  
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# K

the smoothest and easiest ride in the world. It provides ease. Scientifically engineered suspension, front and hydraulically controlled, telescopic front fork lets you breeze. The completely new, Harley-Davidson designed front allows the greatest wheel action of any two-wheeler. The swinging arm is close to the center of the rear-chain driving up-and-down wheel travel that far exceeds any other. Yet there is always even tension on the rear chain. The dampened, coil spring shock absorbers assure positive road contact at all times and a perfectly "cushioned" ride.

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**2 BIG BRAKES FOR SMOOTHER STOPS**

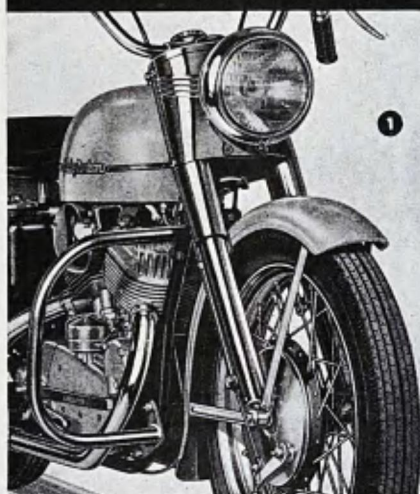
The large, 8-inch brakes, both front and rear, are fully enclosed and have molded, anti-score linings. Front drum is steel; rear, cast iron.

**3 NEW SWINGING-ARM REAR SUSPENSION**

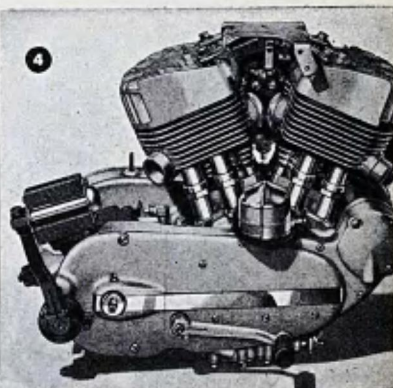
Two sturdy, hydraulically dampened, automotive type, coil spring shock absorbers provide a "miracle" ride and assure positive road contact.

**4 ALL-NEW FOR SMOOTH ACCELERATION, STEADY POWER**

Newly designed 45 cu. in. side-valve motor with 4-speed transmission incorporated as an integral part of the crankcase; decked cylinder fins.



Sparkling K Features  
That Give YOU The  
World's Smoothest Ride



**HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.**  
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

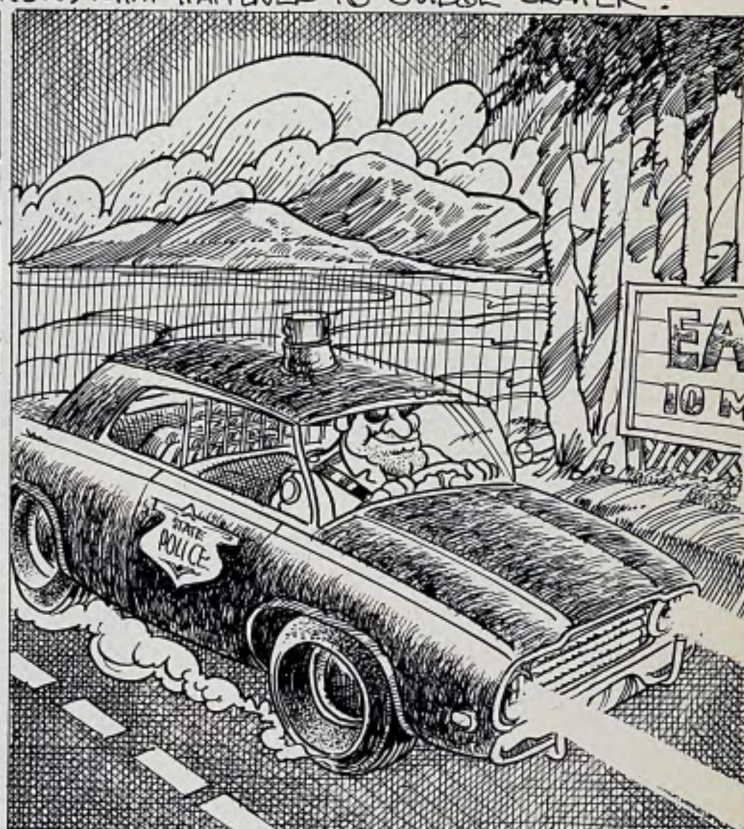




# RED RIDER

Robinson

THE CARTOON STRIP THAT ASKS THE QUESTION, WHAT HAPPENED TO JUDGE CRATER?





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you work if your  
yearly bonus was  
only a sack of Thai  
sticks?



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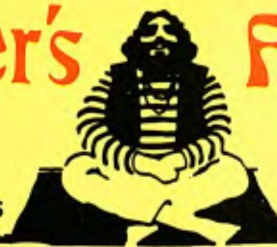
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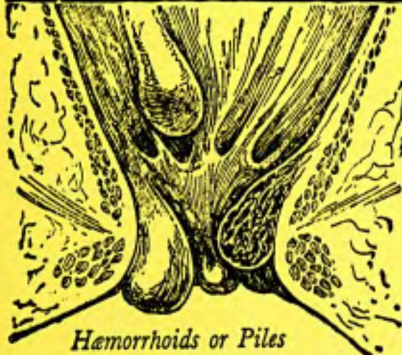


# Spider's Hang-Up



Spider suggests you read these pages

when your head is in righteous shape.



Hemorrhoids or Piles



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Unforgettable as a lover's first kiss! Bewitch, allure and captivate with this rare, stimulating fragrance. Just ONE DROP of this secret aroma will endure for hours... enchantingly encircle lovers like a binding knot... and will add a more thrilling, irresistible element to your love.

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HALF-SIZE.

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describing the White Cross Electric Vibrator. This Vibrator is a rubbing machine which draws the blood to any aching part of the body to do its work. This machine rubs much better and much faster than the hands. While the hands are giving a few dozen rubs, the White Cross Vibrator gives several thousand. Send today for the Free Vibrator Book. It may mean health to you. Lindstrom-Smith Co., 253 La Salle St., CHICAGO.

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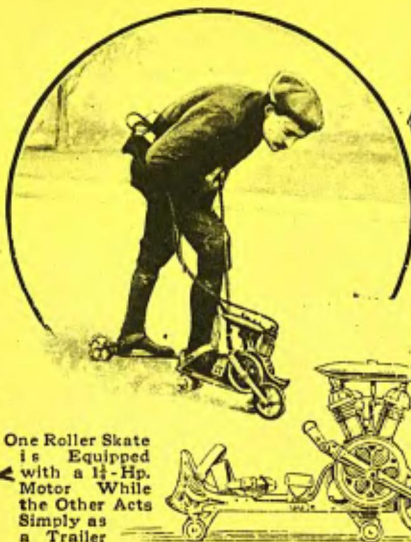
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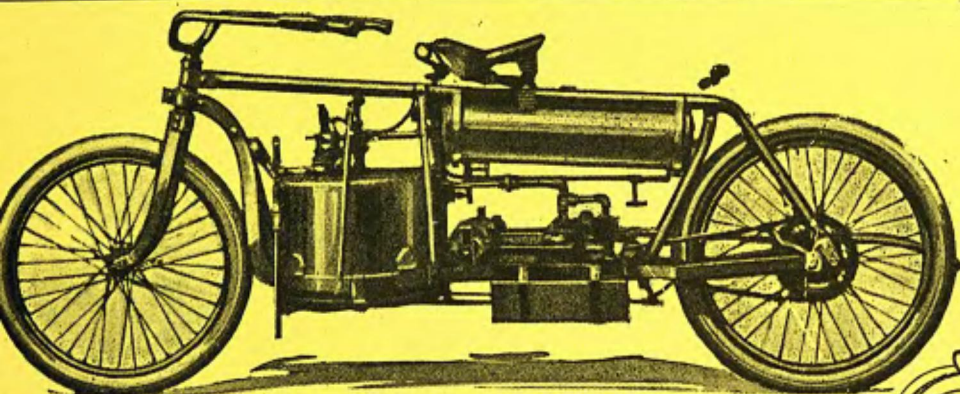
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Motor While  
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Simply as  
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## BUST CREAM

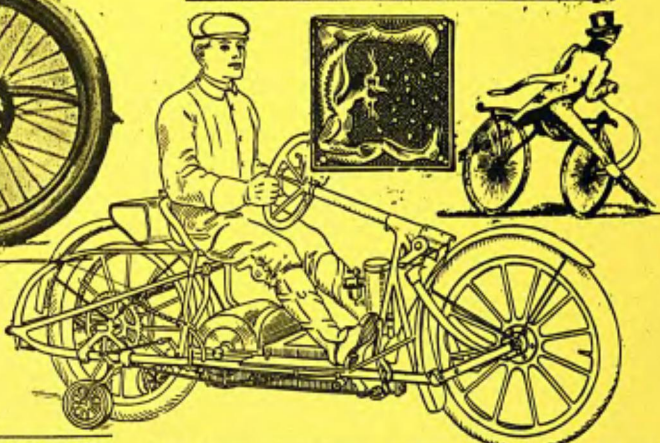
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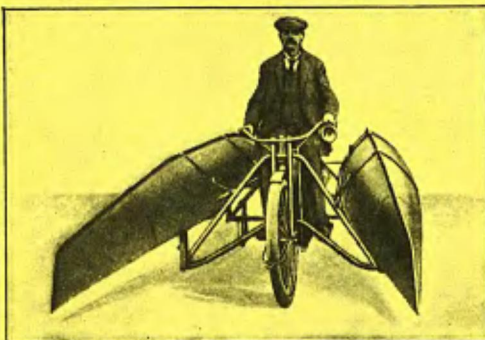
It is simple, light, and is a true economy of life—it will save thousands. It will also double the value and power of the soldier; and every man in an army is entitled to its protection. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 express the sizes of men, and No. 2 fits nearly all.

Price for Privates' Vest, \$5. Officers' Vest, \$7. They will be sent to any address, wholesale or retail.



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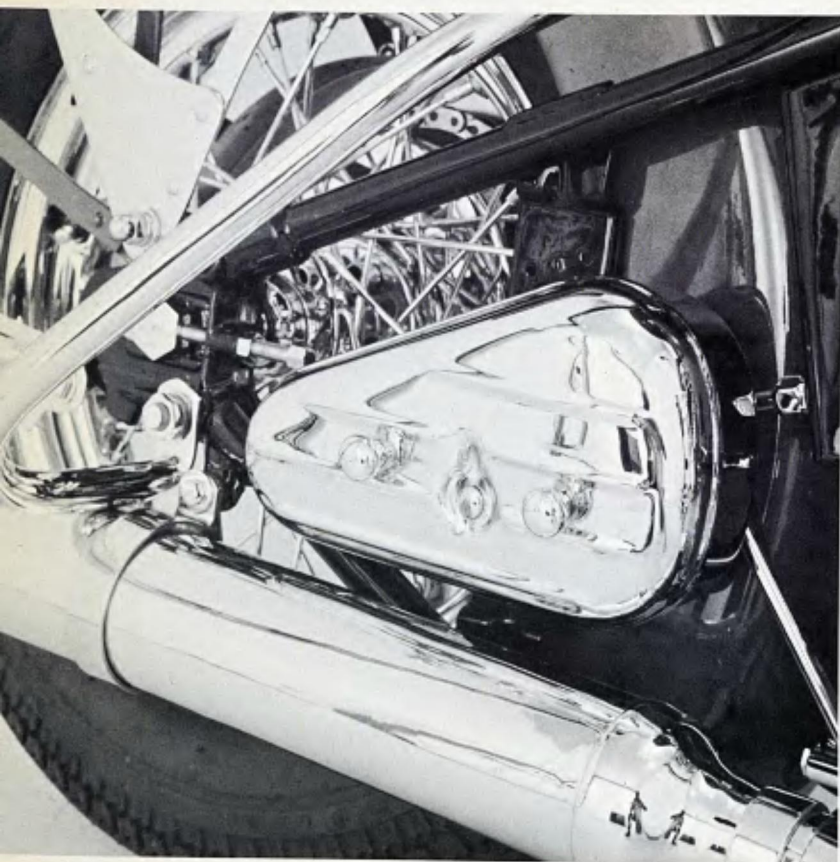
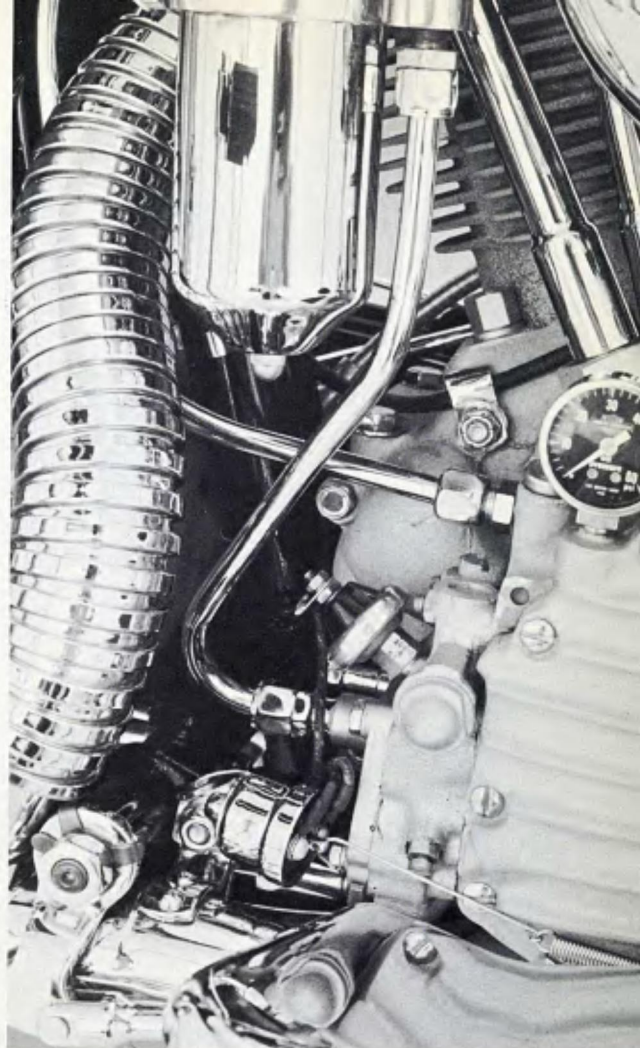


# Primo Pan

## Restoring A Bike Is Worth The Effort — Here's Proof!

**S**hit, jus' spilt some brew on the flicks of this fine scoot. Man, is the editor ever gonna be pissed! Hope you readers can still see the fine detail laid into this totally restored stock '50 panhead. In case ya can't quite get a fix on it, that's azure-blue paint on top of the eye-squint-in' chrome.

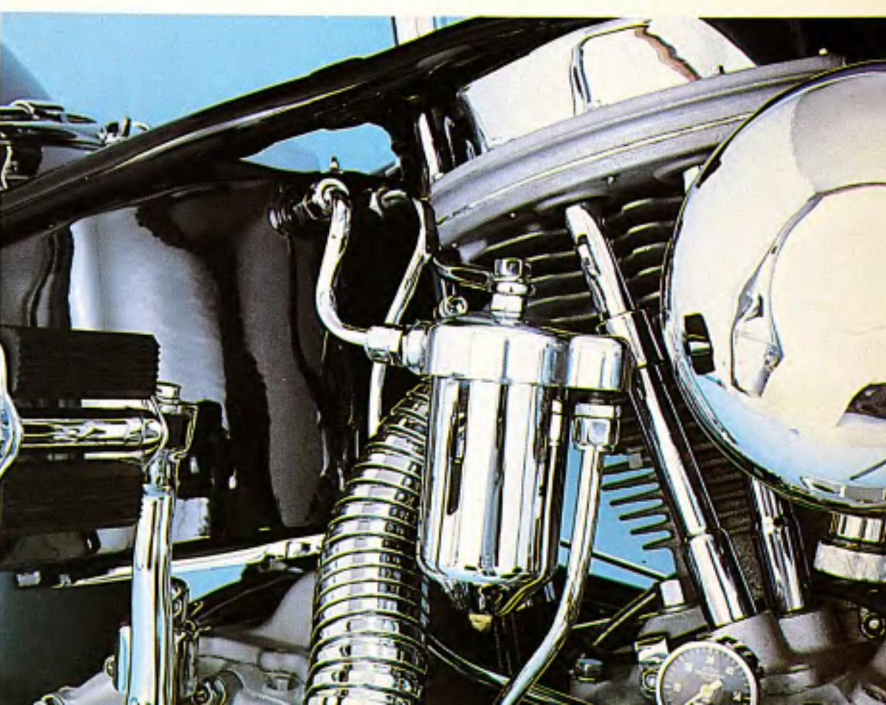
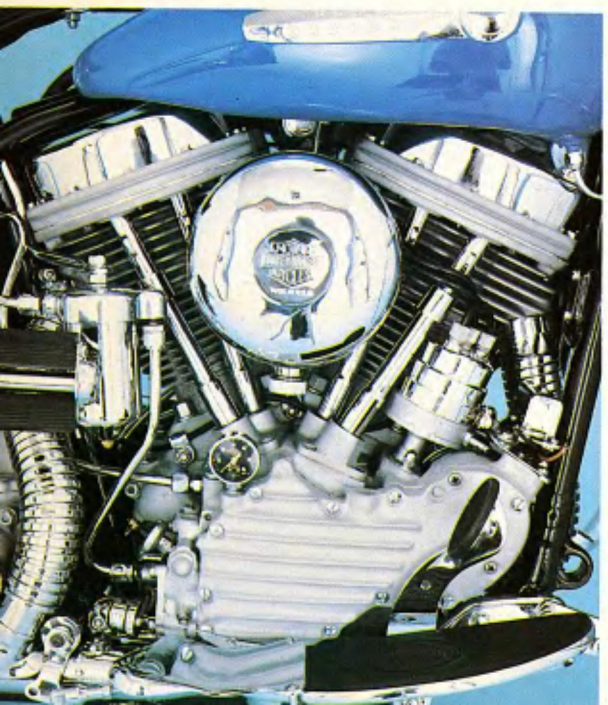
Everything on this jewel is exactly what Joe Blow or anyone woulda got off the showroom floor in 1950. Then ya woulda taken it home, and not havin' shit to hear on the radio, ya woulda gone straight for the accessory stash an' pre-chopped it. On this one the end plate is a post-purchase item. Lotta guys had ideas different from the factory's as far as streamlinin' went, an' generally took to per-















sonalizin' their scoots to their own tastes back then, just as we do now.

What's a lousy thirty years? Harleys run forever, right? Proved again. At least as long as their owners, anyway. Like the 1927 chainbreaker Galen's dad gave him. Now it's in the '50s toolbox, waitin' to get after one of them new-fangled Diamond-chain suckers.

Rebuildin' this to as close to stock as he could, Galen came to understand the whys an' wherefores of a lot of little things Harley did on their product. Like why certain brackets were there, only to be shitcanned durin' our wild choppin'





days. Or why stops that should be on aren't, 'cause someone was into refinin' his Hog. These are some of the small things ya gotta deal with when you're on a restoration project.

The owner/rebuilder offers this bit of advice for ambitious builders, "Ya need a factory at your disposal." Ya can get all amped up, charge out to the garage, spin a coupla bolts on, an' then get stuck an' haveta magically change into a wordhead an' study the parts book for the next two hours.

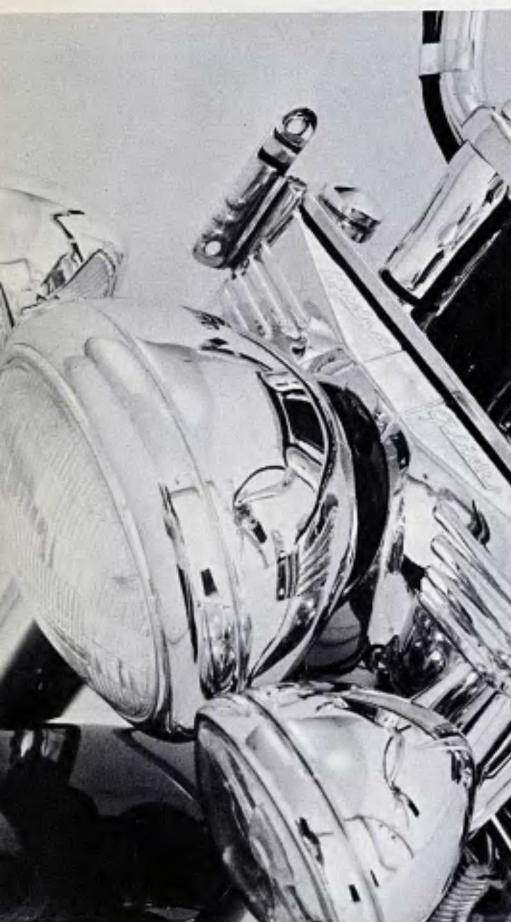
Sure, it's a hassle. But whatdafuck, ya wanna show class or what? It's no good unless it hurts. This baby has hurt the competition. So far, in her only appearance before an inspection committee, she's pulled a number one. Now that wasn't in a cow pasture, but at a national show, dig?

Like the Pretenders say, "It's the talk of the town."

—Loudmouth







Photos by Pete Chiodo



|                                                                                                                                                                |  |                                             |                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| <b>Owner:</b> Galen Olson                                                                                                                                      |  | <b>City:</b> Visalia, Calif.                |                    |
| <b>General</b>                                                                                                                                                 |  | <b>Frame</b>                                |                    |
| Fabrication by: Galen                                                                                                                                          |  | Year: 1950                                  |                    |
| Year and make: 1950 Harley                                                                                                                                     |  | Builder: H-D                                |                    |
| Model: FL                                                                                                                                                      |  | Type: cradle leg                            |                    |
| Value: a lot                                                                                                                                                   |  | Rake: stock                                 |                    |
| Assembly by: Galen Olson M/C parts                                                                                                                             |  | Stretch: none                               |                    |
| Time: four months                                                                                                                                              |  | Other alterations: hand-rubbed Imron black  |                    |
| Chroming by: Low-Max, Dinuba                                                                                                                                   |  | <b>Accessories</b>                          |                    |
| <b>Engine</b>                                                                                                                                                  |  | Bars: H-D buckhorns                         |                    |
| Year: 1950                                                                                                                                                     |  | Risers: 3 in.                               |                    |
| Model: FL                                                                                                                                                      |  | Fender(s): both 1950 stock                  |                    |
| Rebuilder: Galen Olson M/C parts                                                                                                                               |  | Headlight: stock                            |                    |
| Ignition: Pool single-coil dist.                                                                                                                               |  | Taillight: stock tombstone                  |                    |
| Displacement: 74 cu. in.                                                                                                                                       |  | Speedo: 120mph stock                        |                    |
| Lower end: H-D and Galen                                                                                                                                       |  | Front pegs: floorboards                     |                    |
| Balancing: Hanford Performance Center                                                                                                                          |  | Rear pegs: none                             |                    |
| Pistons: 8½:1 Gary Bang                                                                                                                                        |  | Electrics: Pool distributor                 |                    |
| Cases: sand blasted                                                                                                                                            |  | Gas tank: 3½-gal.                           |                    |
| Heads: FLH                                                                                                                                                     |  | Oil tank: stock/black w/patent decal        |                    |
| Cam(s): 412                                                                                                                                                    |  | Oil system: with filter                     |                    |
| Lifters: solid                                                                                                                                                 |  | Primary cover: Diamond/painted black        |                    |
| Carb(s): Linkert M-74                                                                                                                                          |  | Seat: solo                                  |                    |
| Air cleaner: H-D stock                                                                                                                                         |  | Sissybar: luggage carrier                   |                    |
| Pipes: H-D stock                                                                                                                                               |  | Height: w/crash guards                      |                    |
| Muffler(s): H-D stock                                                                                                                                          |  | Material: front and rear                    |                    |
| <b>Transmission</b>                                                                                                                                            |  | <b>Forks</b>                                |                    |
| Modifications: full Andrews                                                                                                                                    |  | Type: Wide Glide                            |                    |
| Year: 1950                                                                                                                                                     |  | Extension: stock                            |                    |
| Shifting: hand shift                                                                                                                                           |  | Builder: H-D                                |                    |
| Engine sprocket: 24 compensator                                                                                                                                |  | Special features: polished, with spotlights |                    |
| Trans sprocket: 23                                                                                                                                             |  | <b>Wheels</b>                               |                    |
| Wheel sprocket: 51                                                                                                                                             |  | <b>Front</b>                                | <b>Rear</b>        |
| <b>Painting</b>                                                                                                                                                |  | Size: 16 in.                                | Size: 16 in.       |
| Molding: none                                                                                                                                                  |  | Hub: Star                                   | Hub: Star          |
| Painter: Galen                                                                                                                                                 |  | Rim width: 3½ in.                           | Rim width: 3½ in.  |
| Color: azure blue                                                                                                                                              |  | Tire: 500x16                                | Tire: 500x16 Gdyl. |
| Type: hand-rubbed enamel                                                                                                                                       |  | Brake: mech.                                | Brake: mech.       |
| Special paint: Imron black                                                                                                                                     |  |                                             |                    |
| Other special modifications: many rare accessories: Pool dist., front running light and windshield, spot lamps, floorboard extensions, fender tip, and chrome. |  |                                             |                    |







Mo



Kathryn



Lucky

Gin

# Ol' Lady Contest

Look over this month's crop of cuties in *Easyriders* Fourth Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours — so you must sign the form in their presence.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on this page must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned — all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is July 26. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #98 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Nancy



Dana





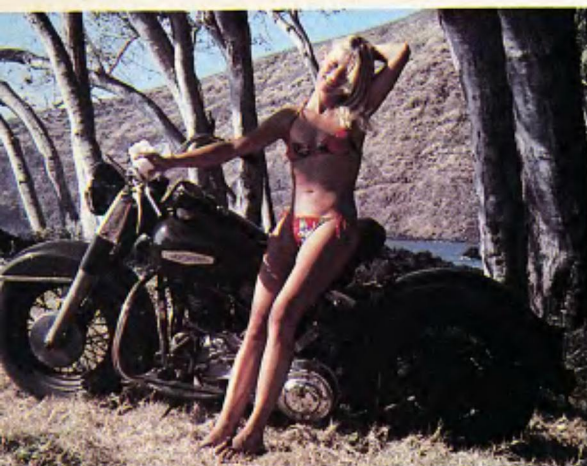


Barb

**W**e were all so shitfaced from the 10th Anniversary party Spider threw that we forgot to include the monthly winner in last issue's batch of beauties. So you're getting a double dose here. That's Barb above, the first monthly winner in our 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up were Rhonda, Tina, and Barbara. And on the right you see Barb (yep, both gals have the same name), the second winner in the Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up were Stormy, Glenda, and Muffin.



Barb



Kathy



Love Bug



Juliana



Butterfly



## Ol' Lady Contest

**Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest**  
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Photographer \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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 photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
I am \_\_\_\_\_ years of age.

Witness to Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.



The tracker was hot on his trail. Sparks ran, panting and sweating, through the thick underbrush. He could hear them all around, firing single shots from their AKs to mark his progress. His chest felt like it was on fire, his legs were cramped, and his upper right arm had a through-and-through bullet wound in it.

These six-man, long-range reconns were really a bitch — a handful of GIs in the middle of Charlie's country. Only taking a peek, you know, just trying to see what this column of black pajamas was up to, when this fuckin' gook in black walks right up on our position to take a piss. No one made a move and we were in the clear until he saw something. I'll never know what, that set off his alarm. Sucker screamed like a stuck pig till I slipped the piano-wire garrote around his neck. Didn't say a word after that; just shit his pants and died.

The rest of them were shocked long enough for us to empty our clips and trip a couple of claymores. Then we were hooking it through the boonies as fast as we could.

I made it, somehow slipping away. Sparks was caught. He was the only one caught; the other five of us made it out. He was alive and listed "missing in action" in June, 1969. Later his status changed to "prisoner of war."

In 1970, a letter from Staff Sergeant Donald Sparks was found in the pocket of a Viet Cong soldier. The letter was to Sparks's family, telling them he was alive and well.

In 1978, President Jimmy Carter issued an executive order for all cases of Americans unaccounted for in war to be individually reviewed as "presumed dead." More than 2,500 were thus declared dead — so that we could have better relations with communist China. Leonard Woodcock, Carter's man in Peking, headed a commission, which concluded that there were no live Americans left in communist hands in Indochina.

Where is Sparks? Is he among the hundreds still held prisoner in Southeast Asia? Is he dead? Pvt. Robert Garwood's sudden appearance two years ago should show those assholes in D.C. that there are indeed "live Americans" still in communist hands.

Two American officials from the Joint Casualty Rescue Center, the U.S. military group in charge of missing-in-action cases, revealed that they had frequent reports of fair-haired, blue-eyed men working in Nam rice paddies.

The Refugee Data Committee of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Those Missing in Southeast Asia has obtained formerly classified documents on "sightings" under the Freedom of Information Act.

They reported:

— An Indonesian was held in a Vietnam prison with 49 Americans in 1978, two of whom died before he was released.

— A Yemeni Muslim priest saw 15 Americans in cells in Chi Hoa jail, Saigon.

— A Pathet Lao Air Force pilot deserter claimed Americans were being forced to build roads in Laos. They were caged in caves near Saravane.

— A refugee reported spending time in Vinh Bihn Province, Vietnam, with an American so defiant he still had "USA" and an eagle sewn on his green fatigues.

— A Laotian refugee told about three Americans held in caves until they were sent to "re-education" camps at Muong, Laos.

— An eyewitness drew a map, indicating the location of 50 American POWs held at Khamphi, Laos, as recently as

March, 1980. Sixteen were seriously ill; the rest were weak and emaciated.

Some of us do care about our brothers in arms. Let's get them out of that hell. They are not dead. Bring them home. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, as a military man, surely can not overlook such a plight. He can help, but will he?

—Doc

## Glad To See Interest

★ I'm encouraged and gratified by the support of *Easyriders*. I've read all of your Vet Voice pages to date. It's good to see someone interested in our problem.

You are probably aware that Stockman's blade is on our throats. We are doing our best and our fingers are crossed. I've been working at the Boise Vet Center for fourteen months now, and I've seen a lot of good come from it.

It's good to see *Easyriders* behind the Vet centers.

Terry Tippery  
Boise, Idaho

## Expresses Disgust

★ I thought I'd write to add weight to the mail bag, and let you know I think you're doing a damn good job with the rag.

I can relate to those stories you tell. I was 11B4S/11C4S in Long Thanh, 3 corp. I left in September, 1971, and returned to the 5th at Bragg. I came home to the fucking world and stayed mad as hell for about two years; and I still get pissed off when the subject is those draft-dodging punks. I'm proud of my old unit and the men of the Special Forces and of the job we did in RVN. Damn, it gives me chills to recall those days. I want you to add this letter to those you're sending to Ronnie. I experience the disgust that you express so well. Keep up the good work.

Kill a commie for mommie!  
Airborne, all the fuckin' way.

Greg Dunn  
Greensboro, N.C.

## Hell No, He Won't Go

★ I remember when I was a kid and my grandfather told me how proud he was to have fought in World War I. My uncle used to tell war stories about being torpedoed three times in World War II. (Silly sonuvabitch never did learn how to swim.) Both of them

had one thing in common: they both were treated well by the civilians and Uncle Sam when they got home.

When I got back from Nam in '67, all I got from the creeps in this country was a lot of crap. I tried going back to school, but all I heard from the instructors and students was that I and a whole lot of good dudes I know were animals and that this country was an imperialistic aggressor. Never mind the fucking mangled kids the Cong left behind. Never mind the torture Charlie was so good at, and never mind the fact that we were Americans doing what our country asked us to do.

Well I took that abuse sometimes, and sometimes I didn't. I'd bust a couple of assholes' heads once in a while, but I guess I still thought Uncle Sam was behind us — and fuck those other assholes.

I'm not saying the war was right or wrong. I'm saying that I was, and am, an American and I want to be treated as such. I did what I thought I owed this country for giving me my freedom. I expected this country to keep its word to me. I put up with the cowards who wouldn't go and the liberals who wanted us to kiss Charlie's ass, but I'm sick, sick deep in my gut because the fuckin' government I was proud to fight for has stabbed us all in the back.

I never thought I'd say it, but, "Hell no, we won't go!"  
Bob Warren  
Torrance, Calif.

## What Kind Of Welcome?

★ It's about time somebody out there is finally helping the forgotten men from the Vietnam war. I only wish more would stand up and be counted. Maybe through your efforts they will. Reading your articles lets my ol' man realize

Continued on page 96



National  
TO DECIDE  
THAT:  
FREEDOM OF THE ROAD

# Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

## Facts About Claybrook's Replacement

President Reagan is expected to nominate Raymond Peck, a coal-industry trade group official, to be the new U.S. auto-safety chief.

Mr. Peck's selection to head the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration would represent a turnabout from the Carter administration's stance under Joan Claybrook. Miss Claybrook, a disciple of consumer advocate Ralph Nader, sought aggressive regulation of the auto industry. Mr. Peck is expected to follow the Reagan policy of reducing government control of industry.

The 41-year-old Peck held several posts in the administrations of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. He variously handled energy, environmental, regulatory, and other matters in the Commerce, Treasury, and Interior Departments. He has been vice president, regulatory affairs, of the Washington-based National

Coal Association since May.

Mr. Peck apparently hasn't been involved in auto safety before, thus meeting what one Reagan transition aide said was a requirement for the job: someone outside the "profession of safety."

It's understood that some auto makers informally told the Reagan administration that they wouldn't object to Mr. Peck's nomination.

Mr. Nader, for his part, contended that Mr. Peck is "antagonistic" to stiff enforcement of auto-safety regulations. He added that Mr. Peck would "basically be the auto industry's representative" in the Transportation Department, which includes the safety agency.

Mr. Peck is a graduate of New York University Law School and has been a practicing attorney in New York and Washington, D.C. — from a friend, Washington, D.C.



"You see, son, those who know everything about motorcycles become bikers; those who know nothing about motorcycles become legislators."

## Helmet Law Defeated Again in California Assembly

A bill to require young or inexperienced motorcycle and moped riders to wear helmets died in an Assembly committee when it failed to draw even a single vote.

Assemblyman Richard Floyd (D-Lawndale) had modified his bill, which originally mandated helmets for all motorcycle riders, but no one on the

He said riders wearing helmets have half as many injuries as those who do not, and government ends up paying for the serious injuries of riders who do not use helmets.

"I agree with them that they have the right to bash their heads against a curb and die, but they don't die — they linger in hospitals, sometimes for years, like vegetables," he said.

Assemblywoman Marian LaFollette (R-Malibu) said she would "just as soon ban" all motorcycles, but immediately asked, "Where do we draw the line as to how protective we should be of everyone?"

Assemblyman Walter Ingalls (D-Riverside) suggested that the state refuse Medi-Cal benefits for anyone injured in a motorcycle accident and not wearing a helmet.

Ron Roloff of the Modified Motorcycle Assn. said helmets that are approved can cost anywhere from \$7 to \$169, and have not been proven to increase safety.

"People who want to wear them should be able to, and people who don't, shouldn't have to," Roloff said.

California is the only state that has never had a mandatory motorcycle helmet law. Twenty-nine states have repealed such laws. — from *The L.A. Times*



Assembly Transportation Committee moved to approve the measure.

The bill, as amended, would have required helmets for motorcycle and moped drivers 18 years old and under, or for those holding a motorcycle license less than one year. Those drivers' passengers would also have had to wear helmets.

Floyd said he amended the bill because he realized he could never get a total mandatory helmet bill out of the committee, and, "For the first year, we feel we're dealing with people who are more prone to accidents."

## Indiana ABATE Opposes Bills

ABATE of Indiana opposes the following bills: Senate Bill SB 231 — mandatory helmet usage; House Bill HB 11992 — mandatory helmet usage; House Bill HB 1321 — no more than four bikes to a group, 300 feet

apart; House Bill HB 1978 — motorcycle license law repeal; and House Bill HB 1793 — requires filing proof of financial responsibility.

ABATE of Indiana supports House Bill HB 1717 — motorcycle license law cleanup.



## Mandatory Helmet Bill Fails

Indiana State Senator Richard Worman said, "More motorcyclists will die on Indiana highways this year because the General Assembly was not permitted to consider my mandatory helmet bill."

Worman reported that Sen. Marlin McDaniel (R-Richmond), chairman of the Senate Public Policy Committee, has killed Worman's motorcycle helmet bill this year by refusing to schedule it for hearing.

Worman's measure would have required motorcyclists and their passengers to wear helmets, thus reconstituting a safety precaution eliminated by the General Assembly several years ago.

The statistical evidence, Worman added, clearly shows that deaths and serious head injuries to motorcyclists have

climbed sharply since the helmet law was repealed.

The decision to wear a helmet is not strictly a private one, he said, because the motorcyclists injured inevitably force huge expenses on the public. "You and I pay the bill with our tax dollars," Worman said.

When a motorcyclist is disabled in a serious accident and the family loses its prime source of income, taxpayers must spend more for welfare and also pay higher insurance premiums. The public, Worman said, won't let children starve just because a motorcyclist parent has been injured. For these reasons, Worman said, he did not regard his bill as an undue restriction on the freedom of motorcyclists. — Kirk Stone.

## In Australia, 98 Victims Out Of 100 Wore Helmets

Twenty-two percent of people killed on Queensland roads so far this year have been on motorcycles.

This is a 7-percent rise from last year when 87 motorcyclists were among the 555 road victims for the year. Police said only two of the victims this year were not wearing crash helmets.

There have been 100 people killed on our roads so far this year — 12 more than for the same period last year. Of the 100, 20 were motorcycle riders and 2 were pillion passengers.

The statistics showed that 16 of the 22 were under the age of 23.

The Assistant Police Commissioner (Traffic), Mr. Jim Purcell, said he was disappointed. "Many young motorcyclists seem to be unaware of the power generated by their machines. They do not seem to have the experience to control their machines safely in an emergency," he said.

Acting head of the Metropolitan Traffic Branch, Insp. Cec Horne, said, "There has been an increase in the number of motorcycles on our roads because of the petrol price rises.

"More people are using motorcycles because they find they are economical transport.

"This means there are more inexperienced motorcycle riders on our roads. Unfortunately,

some of them are learning some bad riding habits.

"Motorcyclists have been seen riding too close to vehicles in front of them and in the 'blind spot,' where a car driver cannot see them in his rear-view mirror.

"Traffic police also have noticed that some inexperienced motorcyclists ride to one side of a lane. They believe that by doing this they can swerve around the vehicle in front of them if it stops suddenly.

"This is a very bad habit. The rider fails to realize that if the vehicle in front turns, swerves or stops suddenly, he will run into it. And, because he is riding to one side of the lane, he gets into the driver's blind spot.

"We have also found that motorcyclists are getting into trouble on wet days by riding too close to vehicles. In wet weather, drivers wind up their windows and cannot hear a motorcycle coming up behind them," Insp. Horne said.

The Transport Minister and Queensland Road Safety Council chairman, Mr. Don Lane, said, "The statistics paint an alarming picture."

Mr. Lane said the Queensland Road Safety Council was conducting a safe-driving course for motorcyclists. He urged riders to attend. — from *The Courier-Mail*, Brisbane, Australia.

## Nobody's An Outcast!

In the eyes of the Lord, nobody is an outcast, not even a motorcycle gang known as the Ghost Riders.

About thirty Ghost Riders wheeled their way on choppers into Soap Lake [Washington] recently to visit their favorite preacher and raise money for his church.

Rev. Mike Arnold of the Gospel Outreach Northwest Church at Lakeview, a suburb of Soap Lake, hosted his friends, who raised \$300 to help Arnold build a school and fellowship hall behind the church.

Despite their sometimes questionable reputation, Arnold said the Ghost Riders conducted themselves well.

"They didn't ride on the sidewalks, and even hired someone to check IDs" at the door of the benefit dinner they conducted in a building next to the Soap Lake bank, Arnold said.

Soap Lake police also confirmed that the Ghost Riders didn't cause trouble during their weekend stay with Arnold.

Even though they may be considered outcasts, Arnold

said, the motorcycle gang members mingled with area residents who attended the benefit dinner Saturday.

Arnold said the Ghost Riders are his friends. Arnold, who rides a 1948 Harley-Davidson chopper, said, "They asked me to ride with them before."

When Arnold spoke with the local newspaper, the *Columbia Basin Daily Herald*, he was preparing to get some sleep after dealing with his free-wheeling friends all weekend.

"Those guys kept me up practically all weekend," Arnold said.

The Ghost Riders' conducted the benefit dinner and came to church on Sunday. "Blew everybody's mind," Arnold said. "They acted better in church than a lot of the kids." After church "they were huggin' each other... you just had to be there," he added.

Arnold accepts the Ghost Riders for what they are. "I don't think anybody is an outcast," he said. Arnold helps people with criminal backgrounds by doing things like conducting Bible study for jail prisoners.

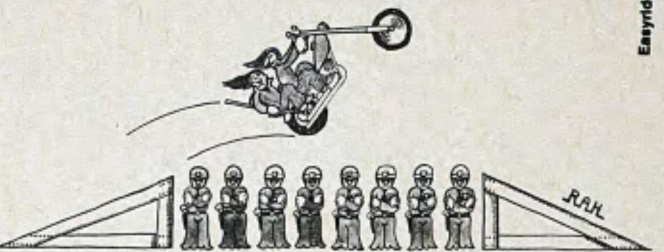
## ABATE of New York's Position

A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments of New York Inc., often written as ABATE of New York Inc., is not any part of nor affiliated with the National Abate that is advertised in *Easyriders*. Many people have joined the National Abate and thought they were part of ABATE of New York Inc. They are not. We are two totally separate organizations that people often confuse as being one and the same or a part of each other because of the similarity between our names.

ABATE of New York Inc. is part of ABATE Region One (14 states in the northeastern part

of the United States), which is one region out of five in the United States. These ABATE Regions are also not part of the National Abate that is advertised in *Easyriders*.

If you like what you've read about ABATE of New York Inc. at one time or another and want to become part of it, you may join through our state office at P.O. Box 44, Marcellus, New York 13108, or through the ABATE of New York Inc. chapter nearest you. The cost is \$10 a year, and you will receive our monthly newsletter. — from Richard E. Tallcot, State Coordinator.



"Don't worry bro, they're wearing helmets."



## Good Cage Driver Advice

The following is from the *Wyoming Drivers Handbook*: "Motorcyclists have the same rights and responsibilities on public roadways as other highway users. As a defensive driver you need to be aware of some special situations and conditions so you can share the road safely with motorcyclists."

"Motorcycles are not easily identified in traffic. Even when [they're] seen it's difficult for



some drivers to judge how far away the cyclists are or how fast they are traveling. Be aware of this problem.

"Drivers turning left in front of an oncoming motorcyclist cause a large percentage of car-cycle accidents. These drivers fail to see the cyclist in traffic or they fail to judge the speed of the cyclist. The cor-

rect procedure is to look and look again. Make sure you identify the motorcycle as a critical object and know its speed before you make a left turn.

"Turn signals do not turn off automatically on most motorcycles. Before pulling into an intersection in front of a motorcycle, be sure the rider is turning and not continuing straight ahead.

"Motorcycles are entitled to the same full lane width as all other vehicles. A skilled motorcycle operator is constantly changing positions within that lane to increase his ability to see and be seen, and because of objects in or near the road. Never move into the same lane alongside a motorcycle even if the lane is wide and the cyclist is riding far to one side. It is not only illegal, it boxes both of you in and does not permit you a way out.

"Bad weather, slippery surfaces, crosswinds, road conditions, railroad grade crossings, metal or grated bridges, and grooved pavement can be hazardous to motorcyclists. Be alert for these conditions so you can prepare yourself for the possible quick change in speed or direction of the motorcycle.

"Be aware of motorcycles on the road. Regardless of who is legally at fault in car/cycle accidents, the motorcyclist usually is the loser."

## Signal Failed; Biker Nailed

Four of five defendants in a lawsuit have offered nearly \$1 million in out-of-court settlements in a case involving a Topeka (Kansas) man injured in a motorcycle accident, according to Shawnee County District Court records.

The man, David Baker, was incapacitated by the accident, which occurred on Sept. 26, 1977. A traffic signal at the intersection where Baker was struck was not cycling normally through the red-yellow-green sequence.

The manufacturer of the signal, Eagle Signal Corp., Austin, Texas, which is a subsidiary of Gulf and Western Co.; the Geddes Sales Co., Wichita, a distributor of the signal; Kansas Power and Light Co.; the city of Topeka; and Colleen M. Chisham, the driver of the car which allegedly struck Baker,

were named as defendants in the lawsuit.

All of the parties, except the city, have settled the matter out of court. The Eagle Signal Corp. settled for \$300,000 and the Geddes Sales Co. settled for \$7,500, last fall. Recently, KPL settled for \$675,000, and Chisham settled for \$15,000. The total settlement, so far, is \$997,500.

Baker's attorney, Gene Schroer, said he couldn't discuss the case until the situation is worked out with the city. Schroer has offered to settle with the city for \$250,000, but City Attorney Dan Turner recommended that the city not settle for that amount, and the city commissioners unanimously voted not to accept. Turner was unavailable for comment on whether the city would settle the case.

## Deadwood Chamber Discusses Bikers and Their Incomes

A panel discussion on motorcyclists and their impact on business did not bring an overflow of compliments from anyone at the Deadwood (South Dakota) Chamber of Commerce, but the opposition was not as vehement as in the past.

"I guess I have mixed feelings about them (bikers)," said Elsie Schlax, Deadwood council representative who sat on the seven-member panel. "But I think we should show them that this is our town and we still control it."

Schlax; Gretchen Cerwin-ske, Deadwood business owner; Reed Richards, Deadwood city attorney; Winnie Shama, Deadwood motel owner; Les Murray and Dave Ruth, Deadwood police officers; and Gary Keehn, Deadwood bar owner, made up the panel that discussed the highly emotional issue.

No decisions were actually made, and organizers want to hold another public meeting to gain community input before making preparations for this coming summer. The most likely result, at least from comments at a recent weekly meeting, will be a diplomatic approach.

Most of the participants favored keeping the motorcyclists from parking on Main Street, but giving them the alternative of parking in the city lot near City Hall.

Several believe the designated motorcycle-only area will be

easier to enforce and more acceptable to the bikers, who, according to Keehn, post guards to watch over the bikes while owners are in the stores or bars.

The spurt of interest from the chamber is not solely focused on the loss of revenue for some businesses, but is an apparent attempt to relieve increasing anxiety over the possibility of violence.

According to Ruth, Murray, and Keehn, the bikers are armed — often heavily — despite efforts by police to have gang leaders require members to come to town unarmed. Keehn says criminal investigators who have followed motorcycle activity say it is only by "blind luck" that there hasn't been more violence in Deadwood.

Problems with last year's Black Hills Motorcycle Classic crowd were "mild," Ruth pointed out. His figures indicated the quiet bikers still accounted for 135 arrests and one stabbing incident. Suspects in the stabbing were not apprehended, but warrants have been issued.

"So far I think we have done quite well, considering the circumstances," Murray said on the subject of keeping violence from boiling over. He pointed out that police officers are extremely outnumbered.

No firm date was set for the next meeting, but indications were that it would be held as soon as possible.

Easyriders



STANA.



## Arkansas Bikers Speak Out Against Mandatory Helmets

A member of the Pharoahs motorcycle club has helped convince a House committee to recommend a bill to repeal a state law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets.

The vote came after testimony from Wayne Woods of Jonesboro, spokesman for a self-described outlaw motorcycle club called the Pharoahs. About a dozen members of the club, clad in denim and leather, attended the meeting.

The bill, by Rep. Bobby Hogue of Jonesboro, would allow people over 18 years of age to decide whether or not to wear a helmet, but would make the helmets mandatory for younger riders.

Woods said he had asked Hogue, his insurance agent, to sponsor the bill.

Woods testified that helmets sometimes cause worse injuries than they prevent. He said he had suffered neck damage from an accident a few years ago because he was wearing a helmet.

Woods said the federal government had at one time threatened to take away states' highway funds if they did not enact a mandatory helmet law. He said all but 18 states have repealed the law. "Most states have repealed it and they still get their highway funds.

It amounts to political blackmail."

But Ed Kramer of the state highway safety program said later that Arkansas had enacted its mandatory helmet law before the federal government required it.

Kramer arrived too late to testify before the Public Health, Welfare and Labor Committee; and the only person to speak against the bill was a representative of the Arkansas Medical Association.



who said that helmets prevent fatalities.

The Pharoahs said, after the vote, that they plan to lobby for the bill.

Asked whether they feared their appearance would hurt the bill's chances, Woods, 37, was quick to point out that he was a disabled Vietnam veteran and a retired firefighter. "They look at me like I'm scum," the bearded biker said. "But I wouldn't trade social or economic backgrounds with any of them."

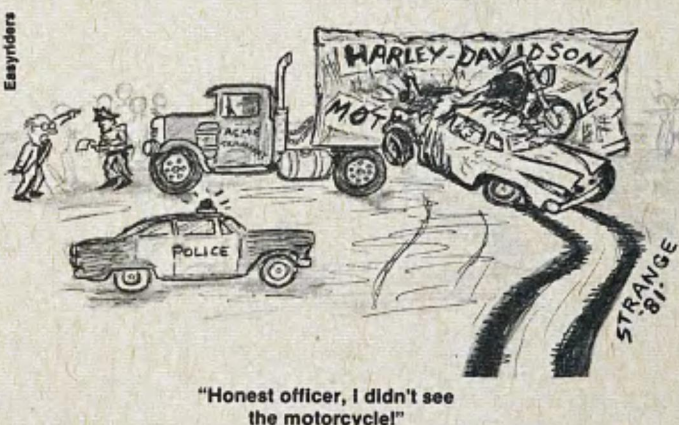
## Pennsylvania Bikers Still Fighting Unjust Helmet Law

Through the work of many of the people in Pennsylvania's biking community, a partial repeal bill has been brought before the legislature. House Bill Number 926 calls for the partial repeal of the current helmet law in this state, by requiring only those under the age of 19 to wear helmets, and those with less than a year's riding experience.

The bill is currently being considered in the House Transportation Committee. If this bill is to be approved, all the concerned bikers of Pennsylvania should write or call their

local officials, now, and urge them to support Bill No. 926. If we stick together on this, the helmet law should no longer be forced upon us. And we will have regained our right to ride freely again in Pennsylvania. We hope that this year's helmet-law protest will not be unnoticed by our legislators in Harrisburg as it seems to have been in the past few years.

Help make the laws of Pennsylvania better for the motorcycle enthusiast of today. Fight for the passage of House Bill No. 926. — from ABATE of Pa., P.O. Box 972, Erie, Pa. 16512.



## Do's and Don'ts of Impressing Legislators

Read these helpful hints carefully before you begin to compose your letters to your legislators. These hints will help you to write effective and persuasive letters.

1. Open with "Dear Senator" or "Dear Representative."
2. Close with "Sincerely."
3. Be brief, businesslike, and specific.
4. Be reasonable.
5. Support your arguments with examples from your riding, personal, or business experience.
6. Be yourself.
7. Tell exactly where you stand on an issue.
8. Be polite. (Be nice to him if you expect him to be nice to you.)
9. Be appreciative of his efforts. ("Thank you for taking time to read my

letter," or something of that nature.)

10. Include your return address.
11. Make sure that you spell all the words correctly. No legislator would be impressed by a sloppy letter.

If you plan on making a phone call, do the following: When he answers, give your name, town, and legislative district. State your opinions just as you would in a letter. You should prepare your comments according to the list above so that you get your point across in a convenient amount of time.

Don't put this off until tomorrow. Tomorrow may be too late, and all the work we have done will be down the drain. — ABATE of North Dakota.

## Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

**National Abate**  
P.O. Box 162062  
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

I understand that National Abate will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National Abate chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00  
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00  
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.  
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address, P.O. Box or G.D. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



### Resurrectin' A Ride

I'm a 19-year-old blonde, blue-eyed beauty with a figure of 36-23-35. Recently my brother Ralph was snuffed while ridin' to California on his '47 panhead. The bike was all but demolished by the '56 Chevy pickup that hit him.

Since then I have fallen in love with my brother's bike. My next-door neighbor, John, and his ol' lady, Sally, have seen me tryin' to restore this dead panhead. John has offered to help, but all he does is fuck the job up and cop feels of my ass. I want to bring my brother's bike back to life even though I can't bring him back. I know he'd want this, because the highway was his home and his bike was his life.

I wouldn't mind fucking John if he wasn't so godawful ugly. If any of your readers would like to help a dead bro raise up his bike, and get a faithful ol' lady, have them write me. My brother was called Little Tramp. Someday Little Tramp and his bike shall ride again!

Bobbie  
Peoria, Ill.

- Ya got the scooter trash spirit — nothin' in the world's gonna keep you or that pan down.

### Supervised Play

I'm sittin' in jail wonderin' which is worse, me jackin' off or some punk watchin' me.

Tomahawk  
Winnabago County Jail

- The punk probably wants to see if your foreskin is as red as the rest of your upholstery.

### Dizzy Problem

Every time I try to roll over on chicks my own age I get stuck with some dizzy bitch that I only grab because I'm wasted. Otherwise, I get nice-lookin' chicks that are three to six years older and have boyfriends or want to keep me in the house.

When that comes up, the bitch gets put in her place and splits. So what the fuck's wrong with the chicks my own age that are nice-lookin' — or is it me?

Cloud  
Bronx, N.Y.

- It's probably you.

### It's The Pital

This is for Dee and Sher of Knoxville. I've been waitin' to hear from you two foxes. I have a tongue just sittin' in idle, waitin' to race through your pussies. Write and let's see what we can arrange. Mutha knows the address.

I still love you too, Mutha. I even have your name tattooed on my arm.

Madman  
Raleigh, N.C.

P.S. If you don't print this, I'm goin' to come out there and molest your armpits and run all them critters out.

- Better not let any of my armpit acid drip on your crank, unless you're ready to dissolve half of it.

### Hearty Harley

I'm twenty-one years old and I own a hearty Harley-Davidson. I love to jump on my Hog and just go, but now I'm down. I've been down for the past two years. What I do is, I lay here every night thinkin' about my ol' lady and wishin' she would send me a nude picture of herself. But she won't, so I just have to lay here and choke my chicken. Will you please help me by sending me a picture of you nude, laying on a big bike with your legs spread as far apart as you can get them?

Earl  
Bellaire, Ohio

- If I spread my legs as far as I could, all you'd see in the picture would be my tonsils.

### Scale Tale

I desperately need your help. I'm cookin' up this brew that'll blow your clit off at forty-five paces. Problem is that the recipe calls for some of your slimy, sweet-tastin' scabs. Please send a few, and if ya wanna really do a righteous scooter tramp a favor, you could throw in a few extra for my personal pleasure.

Jack B.  
President,  
Scab Eaters Club  
Cheshire, Conn.

- Sorry, I can't help. Spent last night rasslin' with Spider an' he picked me clean.

### Filthy Fingers

My problem is this guy at work. Not just a regular co-worker problem — this guy is a real fucking pervert. He's always chasing me around the shop, trying to stick his filthy fingers up my ass (with my pants on, yet). He has an obsession with tits too, the bigger the better.

Since mine are on the smallish side he doesn't seem to be interested in anything except getting his hands up my shit-chute. Mutha, how can we keep this pervert from burning in hell?

Basketball Butt  
Austin, Tex.

- Tie his hands behind his back, unzip his fly, drop your pants, get on your hands and knees in front of him — and he'll probably figure out what really belongs up your ass.

### Always Spider's Fault

Ain't got no problems that are too bad, and I ain't gonna ask you for cunthairs or old rags like some other bros do. Just want to know why the hell the pages are in backwards in the April issue. It makes it harder to enjoy the mag.

Roman  
Toledo, Ohio

- I told Spider to give it to me from the back an' he got confused.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

# Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



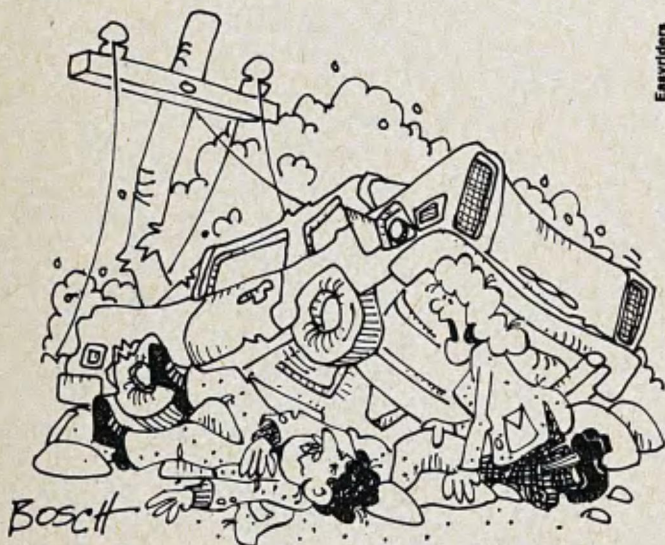


# WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

**W**illie warned us. He said that if the jokes didn't get better he was gonna drown himself. Well, he's in the toilet and goin' down for the third time. Only you can save Witty Willie. No, asshole, ya can't save him by holdin' hands and chantin' "I believe"; ya can save him only by sendin' him your best funnies. You know, the jokes you've been savin' to tell at your landlord's funeral. We'll be so grateful to ya for gettin' Willie out of the can (ever try an' piss with someone clawin' at your balls?) we'll pay ya \$25 for every joke we use. Send 'em to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

**A**ll girls are born good. Experience makes them better.  
—Mike Sullivan  
Boston, Mass.

**T**he Bikers' Dictionary defines *double joint* as tea for two.  
—Spencer Hoierman  
Peoria, Ill.



"Sure, go ahead, you said. What can it hurt, you said. A little head won't hurt my driving, you said."

**T**he man who is old enough to know better is always looking for a girl not quite that old.  
—Pete Pruneda  
Salem, Ore.

**T**here's nothing like a girl with a plunging neckline to keep a man on his toes.  
—Danny Roberts  
Chicago, Ill.



"Thank God our daughter dates only ministers' sons!"

**A**t a party, a beautiful blonde was the center of attraction. She stood in the middle of the room surrounded by almost every male in the place. Finally, one woman turned to her husband and meowed, "I don't see what they see in her."  
"I don't either," replied her husband as he started across the room. "I think I'll take a closer look."

—Billy Holton  
Frankfort, Ky.

**T**he man standing at the bar (in court, unfortunately) appeared alert and obviously intelligent. The judge asked him how he pleaded to the charge of rape and, much to the magistrate's surprise, he replied, "Not guilty by reason of insanity, Your Honor."

"Insanity?" exclaimed the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the defendant. "I'm just crazy about pussy."

—Greg Sterling  
Laramie, Wyo.

**W**hen the subject of reincarnation came up at a party, the guests took turns expressing their ideas on how they would like to come back. One bro said that he'd like to be reincarnated as a whale. "Whale?" asked someone. "Why in hell's name a whale?"

"Just think how much I'd be in demand," he rejoined, "if I could breathe through the top of my head."

—Whitey Brett  
St. Paul, Minn.

**D**umb Dick: "I wonder why my ol' lady's got two holes between her legs."

Wisecrack Jack: "I dunno; probably so you can carry her like a six-pack."

—Ronald Champoux  
Columbus, Ohio

**W**hile making a delivery, the comparatively innocent grocery boy had fallen into the hands of a sexually aggressive woman. After he had undressed, as he was told to do, she said, "Let's do sixty-nine!" And before the lad had a chance to reply, she had done the positioning and begun.

After it was over, she asked, "How was that? Did you like it?"

"Great," the boy sighed, "but if you think I can do it sixty-eight more times, you're crazy!"

—Tommy Yates  
Jackson, Miss.

"I'd like mine with catsup, mustard, pickles, and three or four of your pubic hairs."



**"A**lthough there are two dozen houses of ill fame in our town," said the candidate for mayor to his attentive audience at the political rally, "I have never gone to one of them."

From the back of the crowd a heckler called out, "Which one?"

—G.B. Hollister  
Westport, Conn.



"Is it time for the seven-inch stretch?"



# MISSING PERSONS



"I can't remember what she was wearing, but she smelled like this."

Easyriders

Wife: "You got so drunk at your boss's party that you called him a sonuvabitch, and he fired you."

Husband: "Fuck him!"

Wife: "I did — you got your job back."

—Roger Thomas  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Then there was the guy who advertised for a wife and got two hundred replies, most of them from men, who wrote: "You can have mine."

—Steve Rodinger  
Las Vegas, Nev.



"For five dollars, how'd you like to join them?"

Easyriders

A father came home from work one afternoon to find his eight-year-old son in the front yard, smoking a cigar. Removing it from the boy's mouth, he laughed and said, "I suppose you're going to tell me you've just become a father."

"Hell no, Pop," answered the youngster. "The girl I'm balling hasn't even reached puberty yet!"

—Lance Bergman  
Buffalo, N.Y.

"Doctor, my son has VD, and the worst of it, he says he caught it fucking the maid."

"Fucking the maid? During working hours?"

"Doc, please listen. I've been fucking the maid too! But even worse, I've been so horny lately that I've even been fucking my wife."

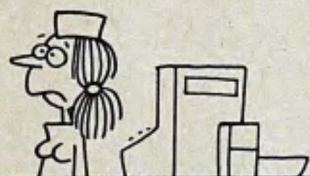
"My God!" cried the doctor. "Now we all have it!"

—Don Lindal  
Winnipeg, Canada

The newlyweds had checked into a motel that featured the latest in king-size water beds. Shortly after they had settled down to some vigorous screwing, the girl made a dash for the bathroom and locked herself in. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the husband. "Are you embarrassed?"

"No," moaned the girl, "I'm seasick."

—John Beardon  
Santa Fe, N.M.



..BURGER PRINCE..  
HAVE IT  
YOUR  
WAY!

Glasbergen

Easyriders

The married couple was having a heated argument. Finally, the wife exclaimed, "I was a fool when I married you!"

"I suppose you were," the husband calmly replied, "but I was so horny at the time that I didn't even notice."

—Roy Crocker  
Des Moines, Iowa



"That is not what I meant when I said you could run your fingers through my hair!"

Easyriders

"And this," said Harry, who was showing a visiting biker around town, "is our local lovers' lane. The kids refer to it as Firestone Drive."

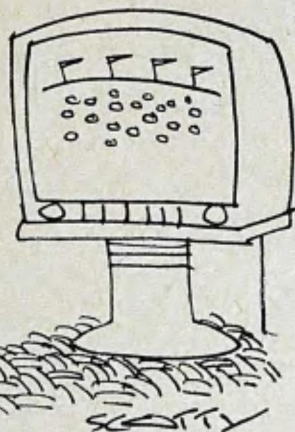
"I suppose the name bears some relationship to hot rocks," said the grinning visitor.

"Not really," Harry said. "It's called that because it's where the rubber meets the road."

—Donald Burkhardt  
Williamsport, Pa.

Then there was the young nymphomaniac who was popularly known as Little Often Annie.

—Ted Burdette  
Lakeland, Fla.



Easyriders

"Do you carry colored rubbers?" asked the biker.

"Yes, sir, we do," answered the druggist. "There's blue, yellow, green, and orange."

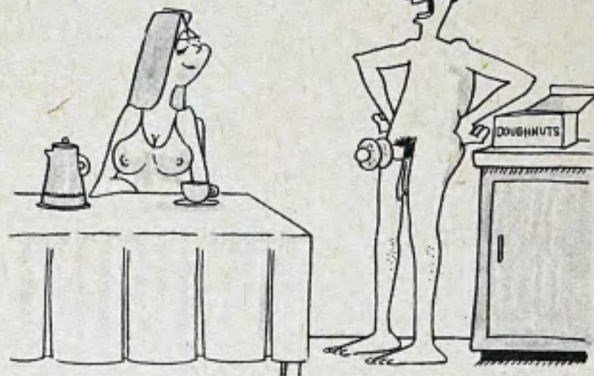
"Any black?" asked the biker. "No, that would be an odd color for a contraceptive."

"Not in this instance. A pal died last week and I'm planning to comfort his widow."

—Ernest Thomas  
Camp Hill, Pa.

The Biker's Dictionary defines *old maid* as a girl of 24 — where she should be about 36.

—Paul Senion  
Darby, Conn.



"How about some breakfast?"

Easyriders



## Astrological Profile for Leo

**T**here's a really big shitload of fantastic things to say about Leos. Just ask one and he'll tell you — over and over. Even if you don't ask (or listen), a Leo will tell you anyway. They are excellent storytellers, who tend to stretch the truth (in their own favor), and they do have large imaginations to go with those large egos.

Leos are generous to a fault and will give you the shirt off their back, or at least their dirty underwear. 'Course, if you don't click your heels together, salute, and thank them profusely, they'll take back the shirt, plus your shorts and socks! Leos thrive on appreciation; in fact, it's as essential as breathing to 'em.

It's easy to recognize Leos. They usually walk around with arrows pointing to their privates and neon lights in their hair. Some famous Leos are: Mick Jagger, Mata Hari, Fidel Castro, Mussolini, Carroll O'Connor, Sally Struthers, Lucille Ball, Lynda Carter, Alfred Hitchcock, Andy Warhol, Mae West, and half of Hollywood.

Even though they require a large amount of asskissing, they don't mind reciprocating, as long as it's in the form of foreplay. They rather enjoy double-headers (who doesn't?) and are very hot fucks. (Mostly because they won't screw without a spotlight.) Leos usually have very sensuous bodies, with pubic hair like a lion's mane, and they roar when they score.

Seriously, Leo is one of the most loyal signs of the zodiac. They have real class and will fight fairly for what they believe in. They hate pettiness or cheapness, and there is nothing small about them. Leos do everything on a grand scale.

Leos generally have super-strong constitutions, but often suffer from poor circulation and are prone to back problems. They are also prone to heart problems caused by stress. Although their good sense of humor helps, it's their strong recuperative powers that overcome most ailments in a short time.

### Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

This is prime time to take inventory of your personal assets. Bone up your brain power and pull some of your hidden (or forgotten) talents outta the shitter. Wipe 'em off and you'll come up with some schemes that are far-out to the point of unbelievability. Mental-



# Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

ly, your originality is orgasmic; just be sure your brain's in the right gear before blowing your financial wad.

### Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

This month, an unexpected sexual confrontation jolts your jollies into action and blows up your ego. Horny honeys are in hot pursuit, leaving you little time to come up for air. (Some people have all the luck!) Your ass is in such demand that you may think you're sitting on a gold mine. Just don't let party time take priority over pending problems, or that gold mine will blow up in your mug!

### Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

The past is creepin' up on ya like a herd of homeless crabs. (Crabs are fickle and will go home with anyone!) You may feel as though a worn rubber has left your nozzle leaking. Right now, your head's screwed on right and your insight into a shady situation will blow away a few bros. Otherwise, rest up — there's still plenty of time for tit-ticklin' or testicle-teasin'. But take care of biz first.

### Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

The emphasis now is on complete honesty. Laying a line on your partners now (unless it's coke) will end up a heavy head trip that's hell to handle. Tell it like it is, even if it hurts. Try to keep your temper in check, even if there's a communication gap. Just say what ya gotta say and walk away. Changes now are in

your favor. Go ahead and flush away the petty shit — it'll clear the air.

### Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Happy birthday! Your birthday bash could not only leave you limp but it could also fry your brains. Don't get too busy partying to keep in touch with reality. Keep alert for important info from articles, the boob tube, or even from partners. It'll give you surprising insight into a ball-bustin' project that's been stuck to your shorts. Keep your ears open and you'll get the ball rollin'. Happy hardons!

### Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

If the idea of getting in the wind is givin' you wet dreams, get off your caboose and go for the gusto. It won't gum up the works if you shine on a few head trips and blow the scene. It'll still be there, and you'll be better equipped to handle things after you've blown the cobwebs outta your brain. Pack up your gear, grab your ol' lady, throw the rugrats in the sidehack, and split. Ride carefully!

### Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Your attitude toward bucks and fucks is all the same this month — over your head and up your ass. In other words, easy come, easy go. It's time to take a good, stiff look at your financial fuckups. Hang onto your money and don't lend or borrow. This is hard for Leos, 'cause they want the best an' screw the rest. You may have to do without for a

while. Don't feel bad — you can still have all the pussy pie you want.

### Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Flapping your gums for the wrong audience can land you more than applause. Some ass-breath is waiting in the wings to wag his (or her) tongue about your biz. If you can't keep your personal shit together, you'd better invest in a muzzle. Avoid any knockdown, drag-out situations if possible. Remember, pay-backs are a sonuvabitch. If need be, a gentle reminder might freshen a few memories.

### Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

You'll find the stakes are high, but it's worth the gamble this month. 'Course, you may have to break a few rules to stay in the game, but nothing illegal. Use your famous sleight-of-hand, big-with-the-mouth tactics. If someone calls your bluff, what the hell — nothing ventured, nothing gained. Just keep smiling, and they'll either smile back or give you a knuckle sandwich.

### Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

It's still hold-your-mud-or-beat-your-pud time. That shitty attitude won't get you a slice of raisin' pie, or a piece of anything else. If you feel like you're gonna blow it, bend over and release some hot air. That way, you'll keep it in the proper place. (Unless you're in the mood to share!) Work off steam by wrenchin' on your scooter, or givin' your partners a hand instead of a hassle. Don't be a shithead.

### Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Before you make any heavy-duty decisions, make sure the door swings both ways. This could be one of those everything-you-touch-turns-to-shit periods. With some extra effort, you can wade through and still come out at the head of the class. Keep that outrageous sense of humor and refuse to be bummed out. After all, everyone has uppers and downers. (Wish I did!) Hang in there.

### Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You're up for a close encounter of the worst kind. This month would cut a eunuch short. It'll be as frustrating as tryin' to circumcise an earthworm — and almost as futile. But with a little help from your friends, a lid of good grass, a case of Jack Daniel's, a dozen nude female dancers, a script for Valium, a box of Ex-Lax, a case of ass-wipe, and a vibrator — ya just might make it!





**M**ud, a rigid-ridin' bro, was meanderin' west from the swamps of southern Florida, aimin' his '48 pan toward Arizona to hook up with his brothers. He'd been away two years, doin' a stretch down south. That was all behind him now, and it wasn't worth truddin' through the murky waters of his past. His scooter had been sheltered at the home of the only Florida person he'd met and become friendly with before bein' busted. Sylvia was tan, thin, an' big-hearted. She had been the one person Mud ever saw or heard from on the outside. While inside, he had put himself between a rock and a hard spot by committing himself to her — the usual promises of rings and a life of smooth roads forever after.

He'd made it up I-95 to I-10 West, grindin' teeth and kickin' his ass for the chick he'd left behind, though he knew that twats are plentiful. After all, ya only got so many bros, and after two years of walls and memories, the urge to reunite couldn't be quelled.

This thought drifted along his sweatin' forehead as he bent to pick up some garbage off the median outside Eunice, Louisiana. This was his gainful employment at the time — trash picker. It wasn't his lifelong dream, but it put bucks in his pockets. A twist-er had just ravaged the area and anyone applying was accepted. A week or two would give him plenty of spending money for the drudgery known as Texas — the long, swelterin' haul between him and his destination.

It was out there in the Louisiana spring sunshine that he made a discovery. During the hell-twistin' winds, more than

a couple of cars had taken their lumps. In a clump of bayou weeds, Mud found a cassette tape, caked with — you got it — mud, but still encased. At lunch he and a couple other rogues got down on a joint and slipped the tape into a tape recorder one of the dudes carried.

Flash and blast came the sound. A sledgehammer of guitars, drums, and screamin' voices. Mud dug it. He thought back. This was the first time he'd been able to sit back and enjoy gettin' his head right and listenin' to his beloved rock music.

At first not much was known about what was bein' heard, other than the name of the group. *Motorhead* was labeled on the homemade tape, a two-hour beauty. It became an obsession with Mud to hear this wild thing constantly at full volume. He even supplied batteries for Walt, the owner of the deck.

For a week and a half, every mornin' at the coffee session, Mud's first line to Walt was "Got yer tape deck, bro?" "You bet," Walt shot back. "All right," came the relieved sigh. The titles of the songs were something of a mystery, 'cause there wasn't any information on the cassette. But Mud got behind the toughness of it. Biker tunes to the crushin' end.

There was a remake of the old Kingsmen hit "Louie, Louie," done in a way-down-low style. A couple other familiar bits were also there: "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers," by Z.Z. Top; "Train Kept A Rollin'," done by everyone; and a new one, that Mud really got behind, "On Parole." Some other lines heard were "White Line Fever," which is what he had;

"Keep Us On The Road," what he wanted; and "Vibrator," his scoot. A lot of the hurricane-paced jams felt as though they were made for him. Like "Bite The Bullet," "The Road Crew," "Stay Clean," and "No Class," fit his job. Others fit his life, like "Iron Horse," "Overkill," "Fast And Loose," "Jailbait," "Live to Win," and "The Chase Is Better Than The Catch." All hardcore, no-lookin'-back, bikin' blasters. Reminded him of the wild times he'd been through, and the hell he was surely gonna cause.

Walt, bein' a nice guy, had his chick make a secret trip to the record store. She came back armed with some poop about this newfound wonder band. Walt laid the rock music papers on Mud the next day. When Mud saw the Nazi pins, swastikas, and general seedy appearance, he got renewed pride in his lucky find.

Payday was comin' the next day and the road was callin'. Walt invited his new friend over for a last supper, so to speak. After chow, a few doobs were rolled and Mud got sentimental. He decided he would turn Walt on to the only material possession he had other than clothes — his revered *Motorhead* tape. But Walt had different ideas, and went out of the room. He returned with his hands behind his back, obviously hiding something. He startled Mud when he whipped out a mini-cassette tape recorder. Mud told him to fuck off, he didn't want no charity. Walt said, "Eat it; there ain't nothin' I'd rather do than get a bro on the road in style, man," drawin' out his Cajun twang to emphasize his feelings. He'd got hold of a deck that would fit in Mud's tool bag on the

forks. They spent the rest of the night setting up a wiring system, 'cause this wasn't just a cheapass cassette player. Walt had gone whole hog and pitched in for some ear-phones that were so small they could be hidden under Mud's ever-present Harley hat.

The next day, after doin' his last stint at the trash bash, Mud hit it to the local bank, cashed the check, went to the car parts store — 'cause there wasn't anything resembling a bike shop — and got oil for the road. He changed the oil in a vacant lot. Walt came out of the bank and walked across the street to say his goodbyes. They gave it a biker hug and shook hands. Walt still wasn't done surprisin'. From his torn Levi's he produced still another gift: a new tape. "I know ya don't like charity, but anyone who stays in culverts for two weeks deserves a break. Here." He laid the new Rolling Stones' tape on Mud. "Suckin' In The Seventies, eh? Well, it sure fits me," Mud said, suppressing the closest thing to a blush he had.

"Yeah man, it's like a greatest hits thing of the last decade. It's got some shit on it that ain't been on records before, like 'Mannish Boy' and 'Everything's Turned To Gold.' Also it was banned in Atlanta, so what the fuck, turn it up and ride long and hard."

"Right on, brother," Mud replied as he kicked over his powerful pan and plugged in his big-inch music machine. He was ready for anything Interstate 10 could possibly pull on him. With the force of the bike and the push of the music, not even the jaws of Tejas could delay the reunion with his bros.

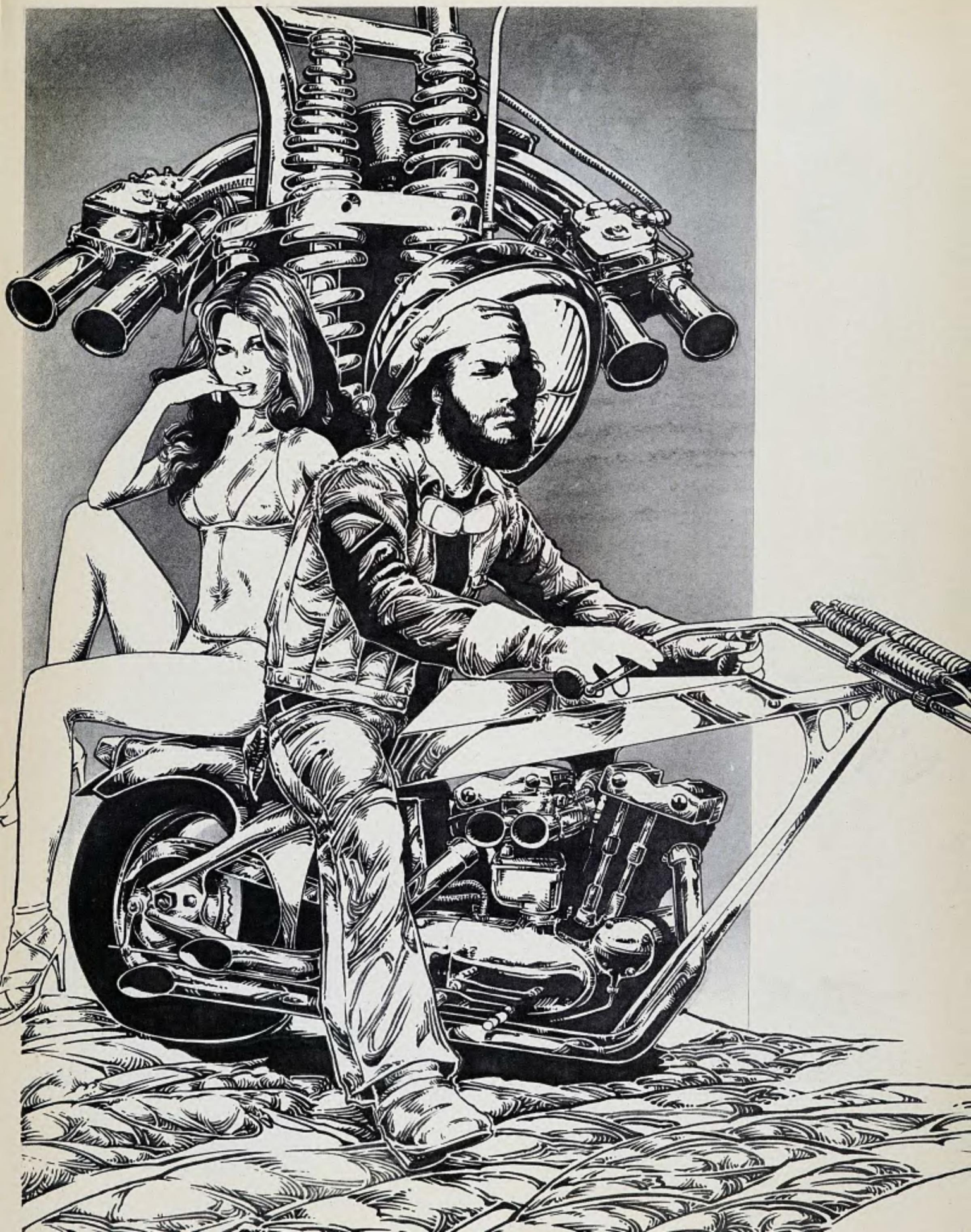
Photo by Kim Peterson



by Bomber

# DOWN







# RETRIEVAL

**G**underson sat on his duffel bag on the north side of the narrow dirt road. There was no breeze to stir the air. Occasionally a car or truck would pass, but they were few. Sometimes one of the vehicles would slow as though to stop, but when the drivers could see Gunderson up close — see the scruffy appearance, the long, unkempt hair, the cutoff — they would invariably accelerate, leaving the biker as he was when they first saw him: stranded.

It was late summer and the California sun rose hot and high, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the temperature had reached a hundred and five. In the twelve hours Gunderson had sat patiently on his duffel bag, perhaps ten cars passed, certainly no more. There was no shade. To the east he could still see the Panamint range of mountains and he knew that on the other side of them was Death Valley. Only the night before he had ridden through that arid and desolate place, and he was glad that it had not been there that his Harley had been stolen.

But having your bike stolen anywhere is unpleasant and unsettling, and those feelings were aggravated

by the lack of traffic on the dusty dirt road. Gunderson was hot and mad and thirsty, and when he saw the faraway car approaching from the east, he placed his duffel bag strategically to barricade one side of the road; he stood on the other side and blocked it with his body. The car was a battered '61 Chevy and it held seven Indians.

"No need for you to block the road thataway," the Indian driving the car said after he had stopped, using the parking brake to lock the rear wheels and make the car slide sideways. It was the only way of stopping the vehicle. "I wouldn't leave nobody sitting out here in this sun, not even a white man." That brought a loud round of whoops and guffaws from inside the car, and when Gunderson peered inside he saw that every one of them was drunk.

They were all young men, none more than twenty. The three in the front seat made room for Gunderson. After everyone was positioned and the car had lurched forward, someone in the back passed a cold beer to Gunderson. He drained it immediately and was given another.

"Where you headin'?" one of the

Indians in the back seat asked after a few minutes.

"Don't know for sure," Gunderson replied. "I pulled over a little after midnight to catch some sleep back there where you guys picked me up, and when I woke up this morning, my bike was gone — stolen. I'm gonna hang around somewhere near here and see if I can find it."

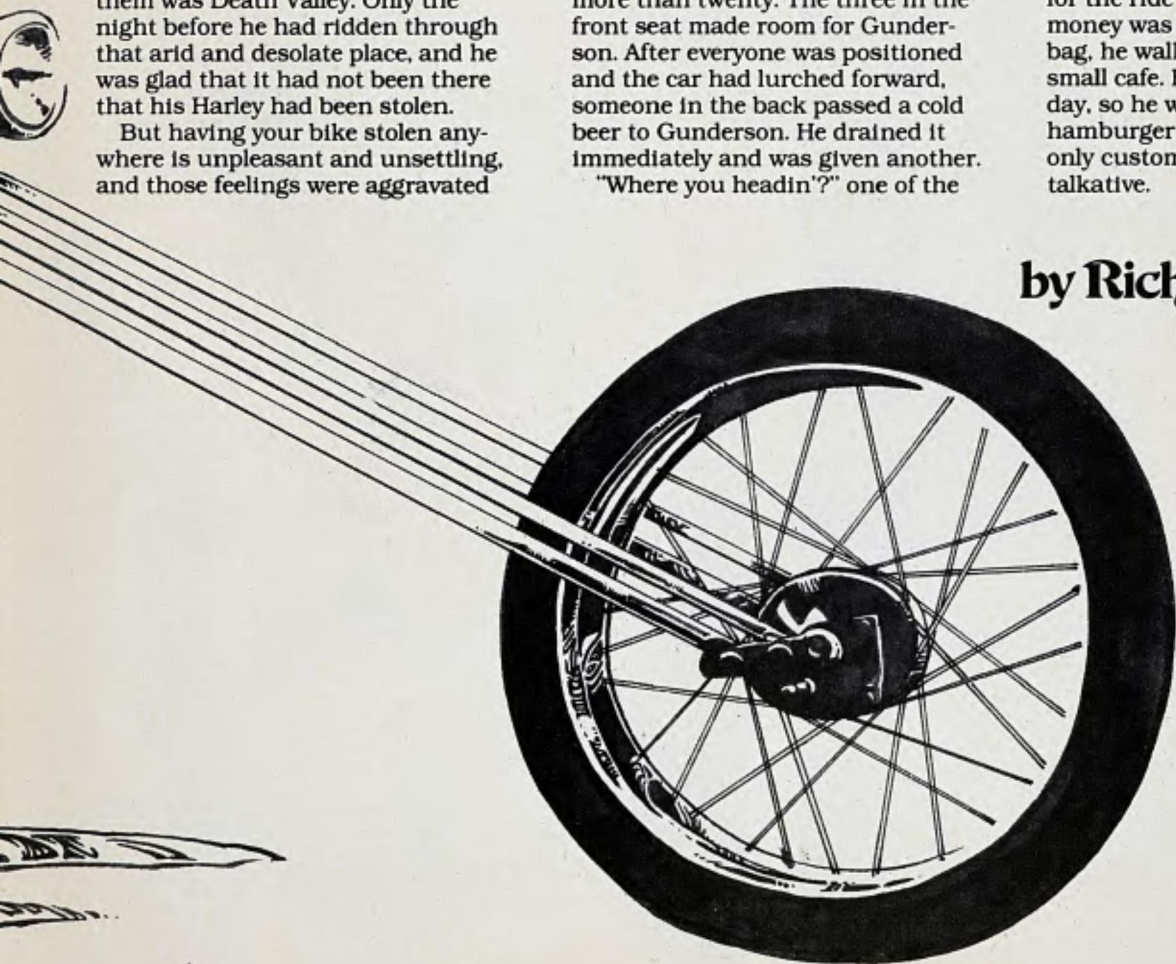
"Stole it while you was sleepin', huh," the driver of the car said. "It takes a cold-blooded bastard to pull some shit like that, 'specially way out here in the desert. How'd they get away with it 'thout you hearin' 'em?"

"Don't know that either," Gunderson replied, "cept I was stoned when I went to sleep. I sleep pretty sound when I'm stoned."

Half an hour of travel brought them to the outskirts of a small town, Lone Pine. Gunderson got out there and tried to pay the Indians for the ride and the beer, but the money was refused. Shouldering his bag, he walked until he came to a small cafe. He had not eaten that day, so he went inside and ordered a hamburger and coffee. He was the only customer and the waitress was talkative.

*Continued on page 81*

by Richard Bennett





# Strawberry

I've seen the bright lights of  
Memphis  
And the Commodore Hotel  
And underneath a street  
lamp  
I met a southern belle.

Oh, she took me to the river  
Where she cast her spell,  
And in that southern  
moonlight  
She sang her song so well.

"If you'll be my Dixie chicken,  
I'll be your Tennessee lamb,  
And we can walk to together  
Down in Dixieland,"\*

\*"Dixie Chicken" by Lowell George.

**"M**en like to put their head between my breasts," sexy Strawberry sighs. "I kind of like it, too. They look at me as an earth mother, I guess. The younger men seem to really get off on them."

Strawberry is a southern belle from Memphis, where she packs behind her man. "In the wintertime he has the warmest ears in Tennessee," she says with a smile. "I just wrap 'em around his head when we're in the wind. His beard really turns me on with all that scratching. By the time we've gotten home I'm horny as hell. Sometimes we don't even make it off the bike."

"The only problem we ever have is when he looks to the right or left; nearly poked his eye out one day when he didn't have his goggles on. He's been wearing them ever since; says it's better than having me sit back on the seat. He'd rather wear the goggles than lose his ear warmers."

In the tradition of the Old South, Strawberry acts like a lady. She never behaves badly in public, is respectful, and entertaining. Her wit is as sharp as those pointers she's packing. She also has a good sense of humor. Packing behind her man is her favorite pastime. Cooking,











Photos by Billy Tinney



sewing, and cleaning are her main occupations. She's a homemaker and feels that the most important thing in life is to take care of her man.

The Southern life sure must be nice. If I had a set of ear warmers like that I'd putt all winter; hell, maybe even move to Alaska so I could ride in the cold all the time.

—Beast







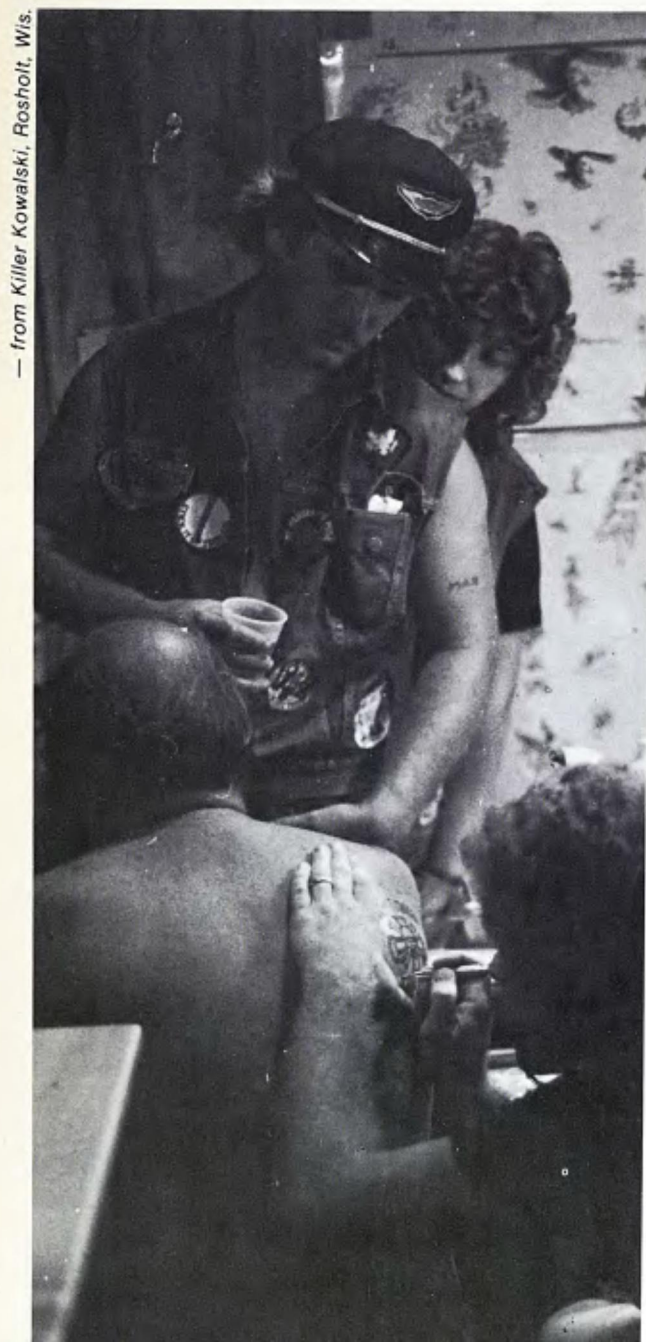


# IN THE WIND

**E**ach month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼) — 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 — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)



— from Joe Rat, Henniker, N.H.



— from Killer Kowalski, Rosholt, Wis.



— from Flash, U.S.A.





— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.

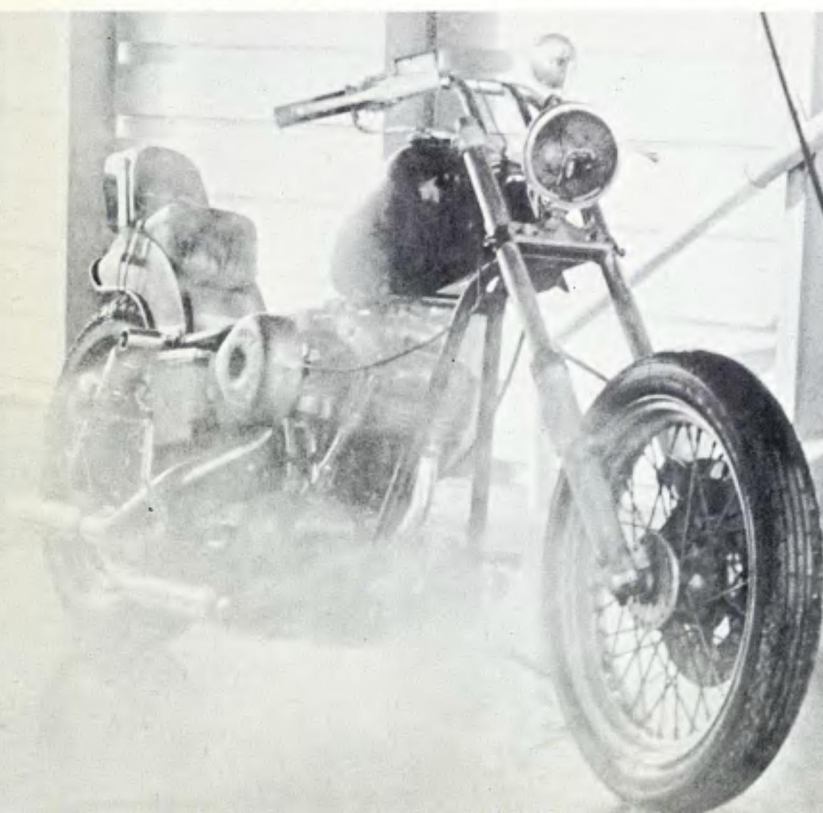


— from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.

— from Joe Rat, Henniker, N.H.



— from Kommandant, Springfield, Mo.







— from Jake, Boston, Mass.



— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





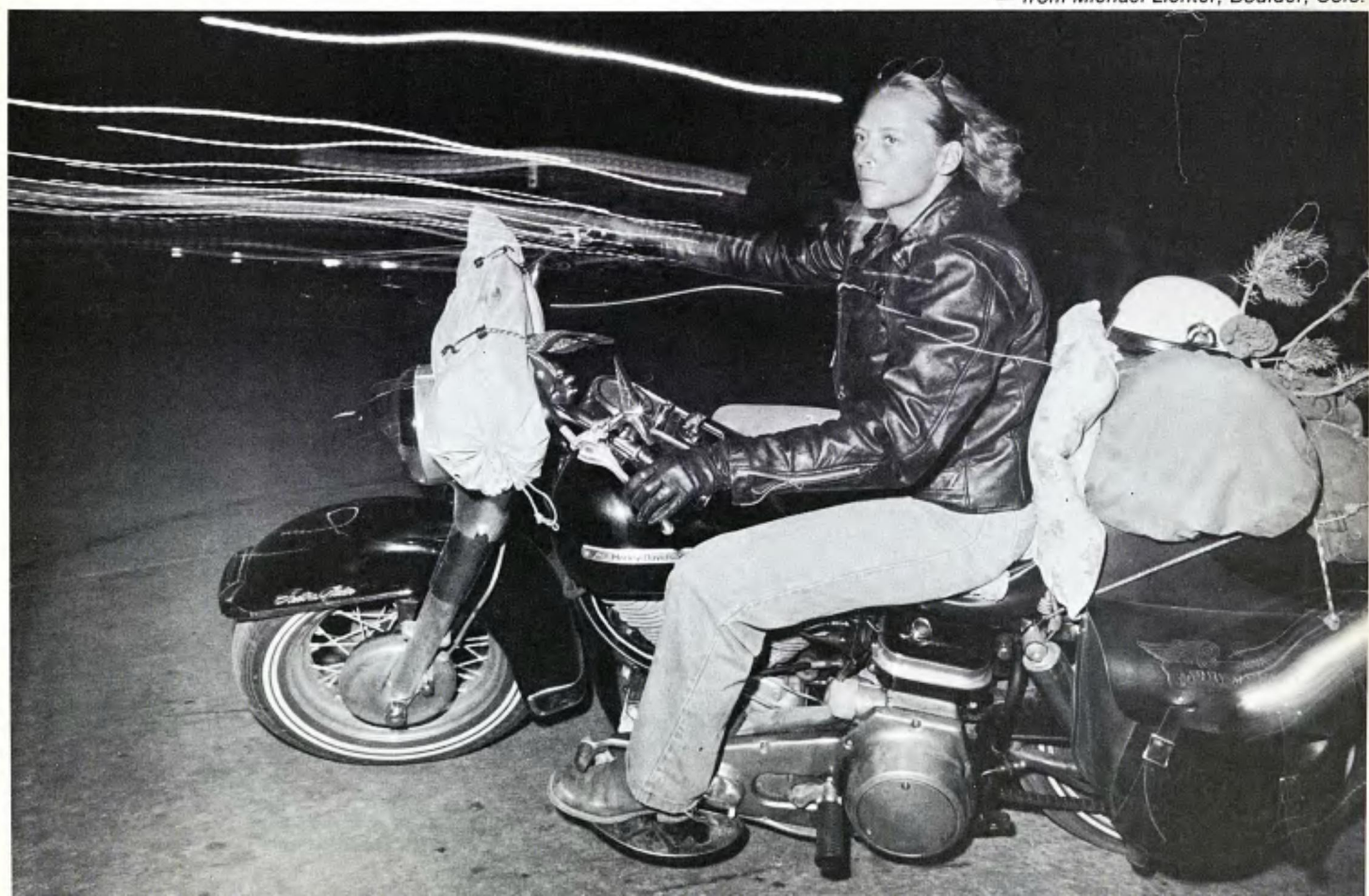


—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



— from K. Way, Lagro, Ind.

— from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.







— from Longjaw, Reno, Nev.



— from Spaceman, Scotia, N.Y.

— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





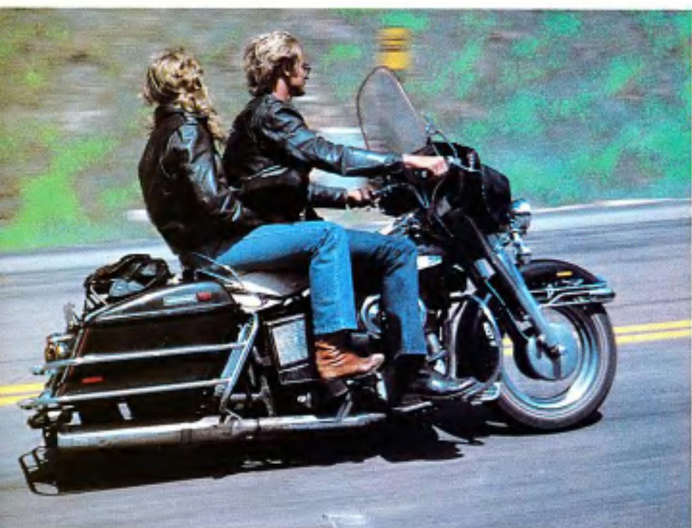


— from Coop, Irving, Tex.

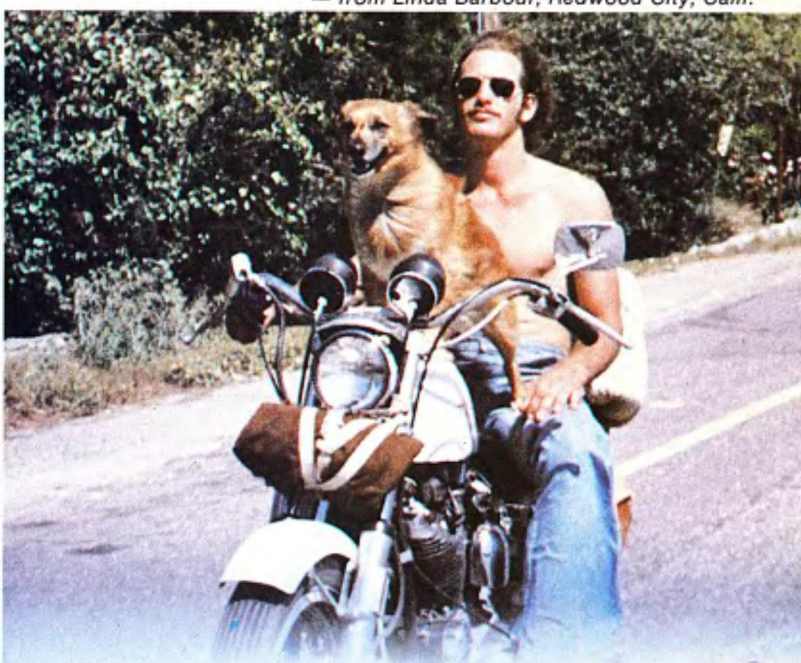
— from Jim Sardo, Hayward, Calif.



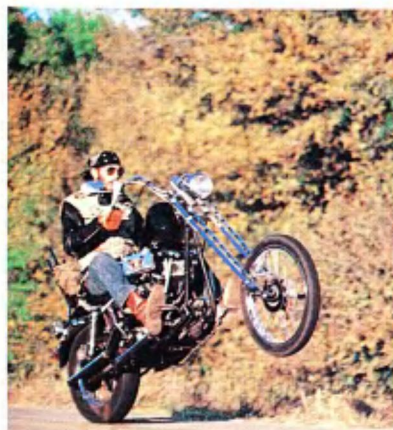
— from Linda Barbour, Redwood City, Calif.



— from Wayne Mayer, Lead, S.D.



— from D.V. Pinto, Preston, England



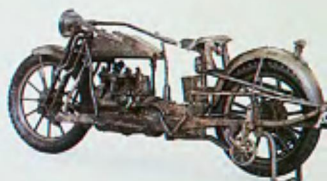
— from L.R. Rylander, Buckholts, Tex.







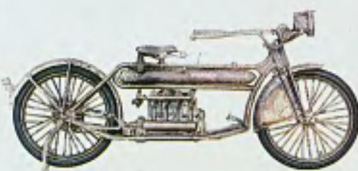




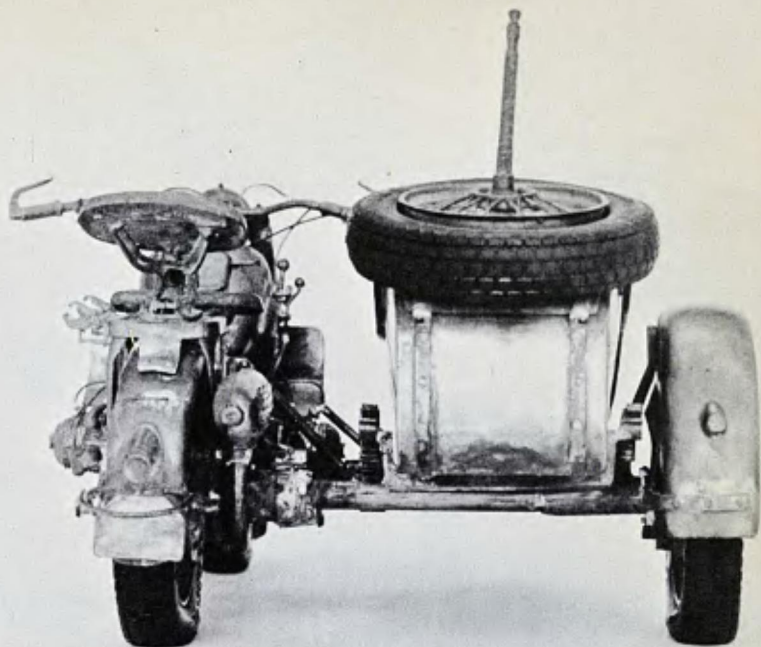
# Bronze Replicas

**J**ust be happy this isn't a joke issue like April's rag. Ya mighta gotten your leg pulled again. See, one of the whip-wieldin' heavies around here got a sly twinkle in his

devious eye when he caught a glimpse of these cast bronze replicas. We would have run these as a no-shit bike feature in that backwards issue, a compliment to David

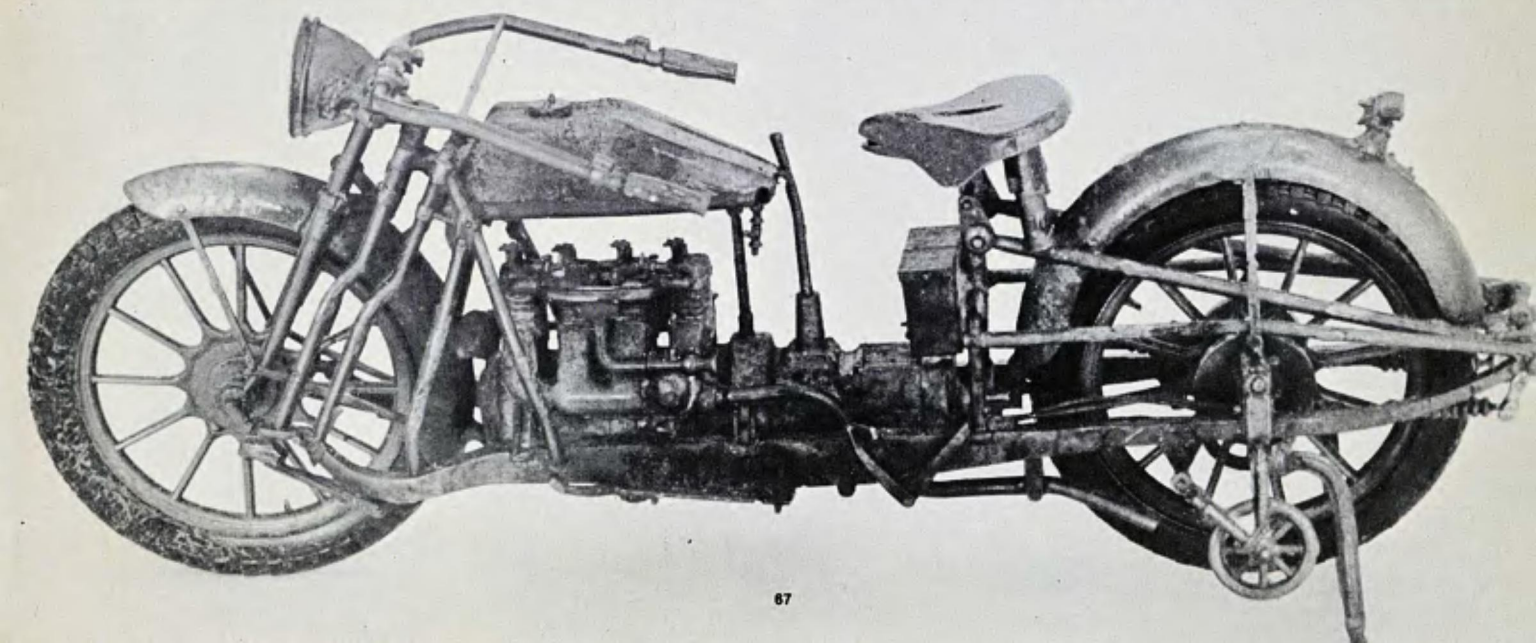
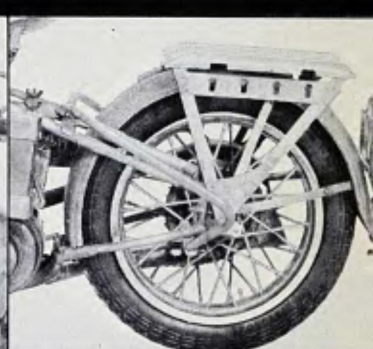
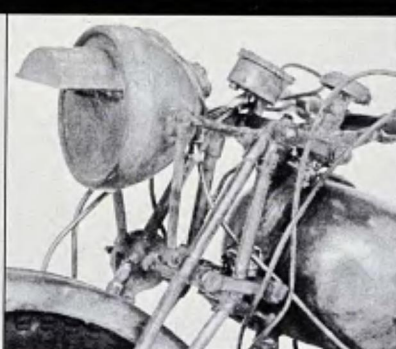
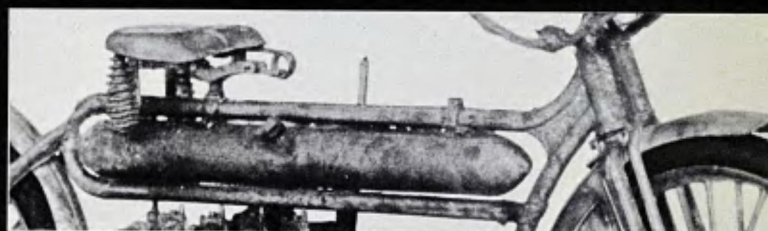




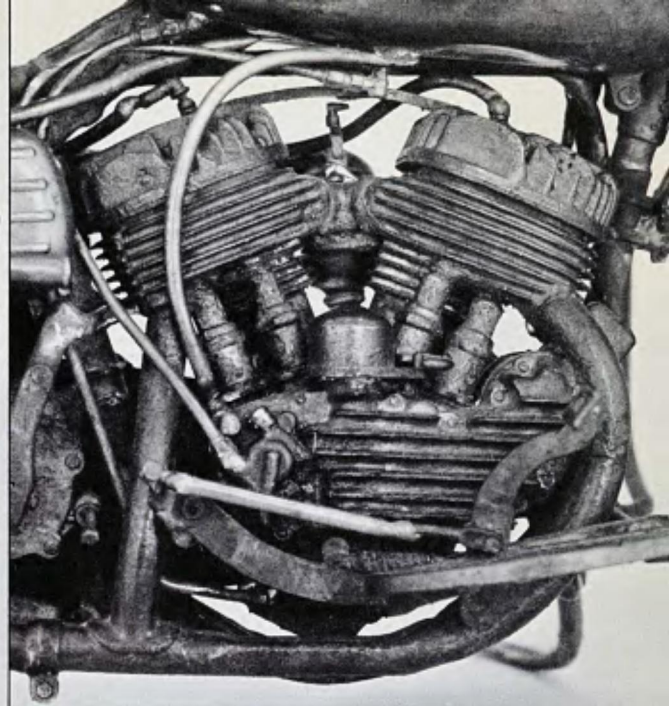
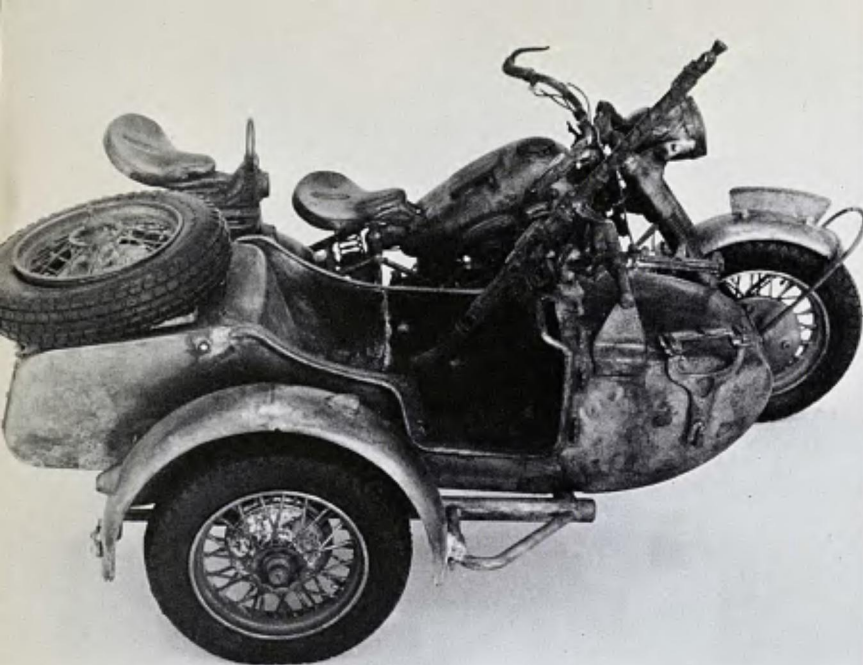


Sciacca, the Fresno artist who sacrifices hours of good ridin' time to formin' these relics.

These bikes are military models from WWII. They are solid cast bronze, done by the lost wax process. They are cast in as many as forty separate pieces and then silver-soldered together. The wiring is done by soldering copper wire from point to point.





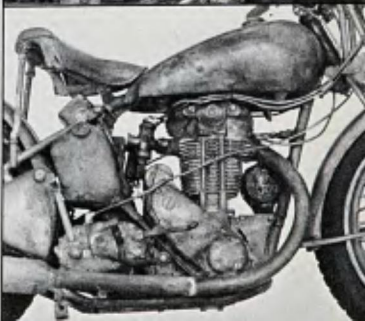
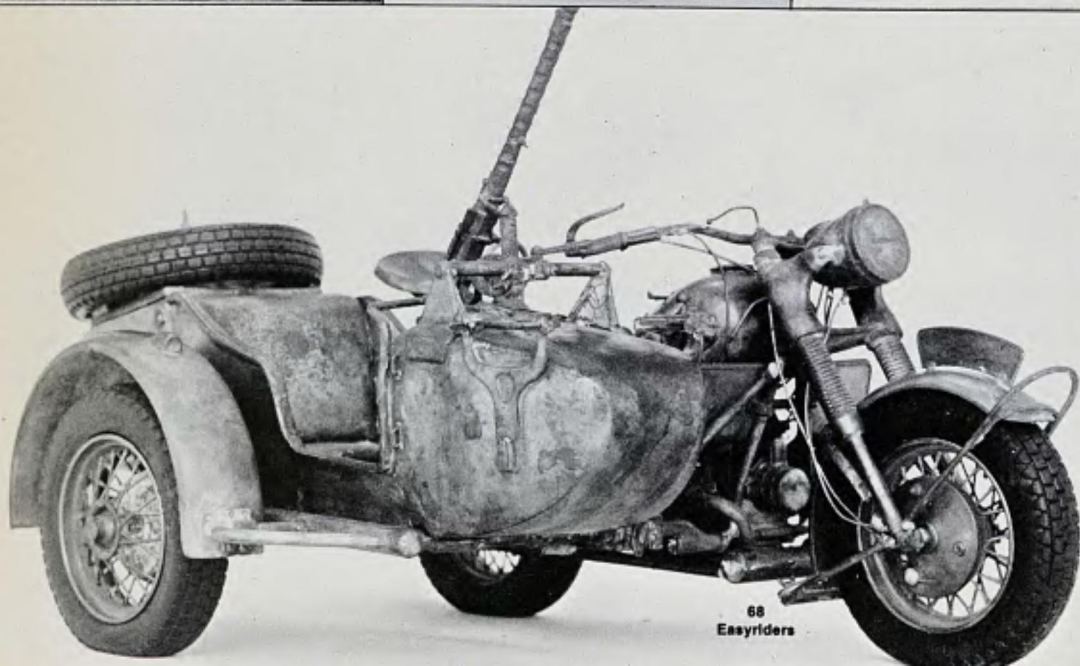
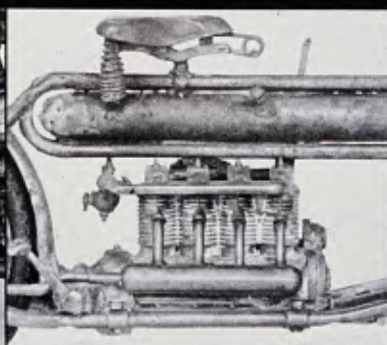
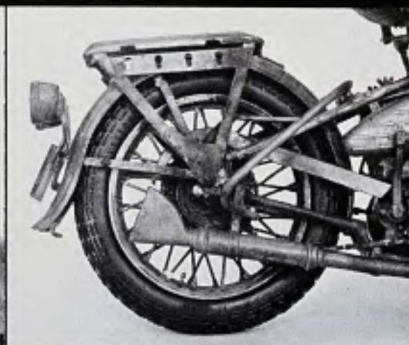


Each is unique, because the molds are destroyed in the process of casting. After the piece is cast, the mold must be destroyed to retrieve the bronze. It is an expensive and time-consuming process, but it is the only

process by which extreme detail can be cast.

The 45 took approximately forty hours to cast and assemble. The BMW with sidecar took about ten days. They usually weigh in at a streamlined two or three pounds. —Rags

Photos by Pete Chiodo





## Original Harley Style Fine Biker Leather

THE FINEST! BUY WITH CONFIDENCE! GUARANTEED!  
POPULAR EAGLE DESIGNS

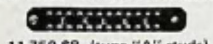
\$24



**HARLEY BLACK**  
11-201 S 11-203 L  
11-202 M 11-204 XL

11-200 Harley Black  
11-210 Plain Black  
11-209 Plain Brown

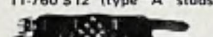
### STUDDED WRISTBANDS



11-750 \$8 (type "A" studs)



11-760 \$12 (type "A" studs)



11-790 \$19 (type "A" studs)

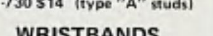
### STUDDED WATCHBANDS



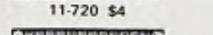
11-740 \$9 (type "A" studs)



11-730 \$14 (type "A" studs)



11-720 \$4



11-710 \$4

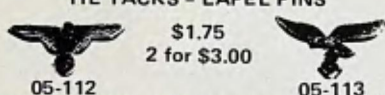


11-700 \$6



06-949 (type "A")

### TIE TACKS - LAPEL PINS



05-112

05-113

\$1.75  
2 for \$3.00

### \$7 CHROME PLATED BUCKLES



06-401

06-400

06-410

### 1 1/2" BLACK STUDDED LEATHER BELTS



(A) \$19

(B) \$21

(C) \$24

|                 | S      | M      | L      | XL     |
|-----------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Buckle          | 28-32  | 32-37  | 36-41  | 40-45  |
| Style A Plain   | 11-431 | 11-432 | 11-433 | 11-434 |
| Style B Plain   | 11-435 | 11-436 | 11-437 | 11-438 |
| Style C Studded | 11-439 | 11-440 | 11-441 | 11-442 |

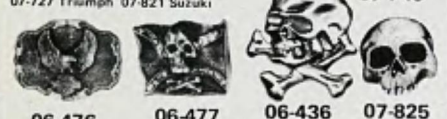
### \$5 SOLID BRONZE BUCKLES



07-725 Harley 07-793 Yamaha  
07-726 Honda 07-822 Kawasaki  
07-727 Triumph 07-821 Suzuki

06-413

07-749



06-476

06-477

06-436

07-825



**CANDY PANTS**  
NEW! TASTY! CANDY PANTS  
DELICIOUS (100% edible) UNDERWEAR  
Men's: 07-920 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95  
Women's: 07-923 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95  
Bra: 07-926 Red, Wild Cherry \$4.95

## ACHTUNG! SUPER PLATING-BRILLIANT COLORS Fine Biker Jewelry

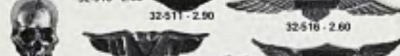
This Row Post Earrings \$3.75 pr.



Following Pin On Except Where Noted



32-501 32-502 32-503 32-504 32-505 32-506 32-507 32-508



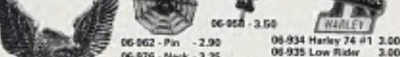
32-509 2.90 32-510 2.90 32-511 2.90 32-512 2.60 32-513 2.60



06-951 Pin 2.90 06-973 3.00 06-974 Neck 3.50 06-975 2.90 06-976 2.75 06-977 2.00



06-954 Pin 3.00 06-975 Neck 3.50 06-955 3.50 06-956 3.50 06-957 3.50 06-958 3.50



06-959 3.50 06-960 3.50 06-961 3.50 06-962 3.50 06-963 3.50 06-964 3.50



06-965 3.50 06-966 3.50 06-967 3.50 06-968 3.50 06-969 3.50 06-970 3.50



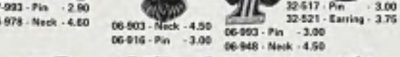
06-971 3.50 06-972 3.50 06-973 3.50 06-974 3.50 06-975 3.50 06-976 3.50



06-977 3.50 06-978 3.50 06-979 3.50 06-980 3.50 06-981 3.50 06-982 3.50



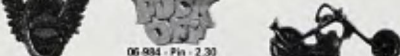
06-983 3.50 06-984 3.50 06-985 3.50 06-986 3.50 06-987 3.50 06-988 3.50



06-989 3.50 06-990 3.50 06-991 3.50 06-992 3.50 06-993 3.50 06-994 3.50



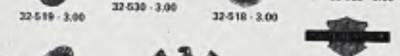
06-995 3.50 06-996 3.50 06-997 3.50 06-998 3.50 06-999 3.50 07-000 3.50



07-001 3.50 07-002 3.50 07-003 3.50 07-004 3.50 07-005 3.50 07-006 3.50



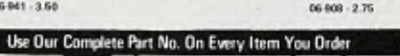
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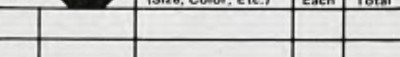
07-013 3.50 07-014 3.50 07-015 3.50 07-016 3.50 07-017 3.50 07-018 3.50



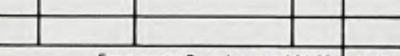
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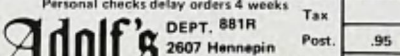
07-025 3.50 07-026 3.50 07-027 3.50 07-028 3.50 07-029 3.50 07-030 3.50



07-031 3.50 07-032 3.50 07-033 3.50 07-034 3.50 07-035 3.50 07-036 3.50



07-037 3.50 07-038 3.50 07-039 3.50 07-040 3.50 07-041 3.50 07-042 3.50



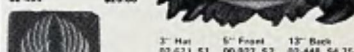
07-043 3.50 07-044 3.50 07-045 3.50 07-046 3.50 07-047 3.50 07-048 3.50



## Super Sew Ons Fine Quality! Brilliant Colors!



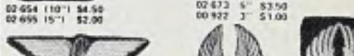
The most magnificent jacket patch ever made! 8 colors: gold, red, brown, white, grey, green, black or black felt. Over 13" in size!  
02-484 \$29.00



02-485 14" \$17.00  
02-486 11" \$9.00  
02-487 5" \$2.00  
02-488 3" \$1.00



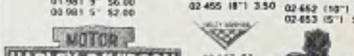
02-489 11" \$14.50  
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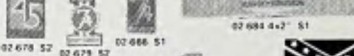
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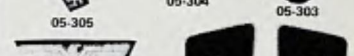
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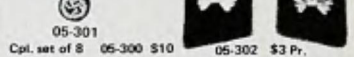
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02-507 11" \$14.50  
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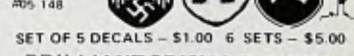
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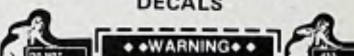
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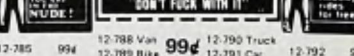
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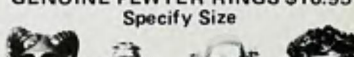
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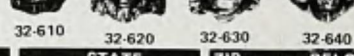
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# WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

I lay there, bleedin' sweat from a jillion pores. Midday at a little rest area in the Arizona desert. The 122-degree air blurrin' the landscape with undulatin' waves of heat risin' from paved and sandy ground. Even with my vest and T-shirt off and my achin' back laid flat against the shaded concrete picnic table, the fur on my chest stayed sweat-soggy. My goddam skull throbbed.

An 18-wheeler rumbled into the place, rolled to a stop long enough for one of the guys to leave its cab and fill a tall container with water, and then they hauled ass, leavin' me alone in my agony again.

My gut started churnin', its spasms keepin' time with the

throbbin' in my head. Shit, I thought, it's gotta be just the regular ol' flu. Maybe a touch of that chronic fuckin' fever Nam gave me. Or a delayed hangover from all those goodies mixed at last night's partyin' in Phoenix. Nothin' to do but lay here until it eases. Then putt for Benson and home. Maybe I'll feel steadier after sundown when the air's cooler.

Raisin' my wrist, I studied the battered Timex. At least a whole afternoon until sundown. "Wonderful!" I moaned, my arm droppin' back to my wet-slick chest.

Weird singin' suddenly filled my ears. It seemed to be comin' from a distance. Abruptly sittin' up on one elbow, I studied the nearby saguaro

cactus loomin' up from the sand, their arms frozen in anguished gestures. I let go a sigh of relief. If those bastards had been movin' their arms, I'da *known* it was acid-relapse on topa everything else.

The crappy, off-key singin' got louder as this little cage — a bright-blue, foreign job with its canvas top down and jam-packed with passengers — came buzzin' noisily into the area. Two dudes and four dolls. All younger'n me. All sportin' strange hairstyles and yucky threads like they didn't know whether they wanted to look arty, hippie, or just plain different. Pillin' out, some sprinted for the shitters while the rest flopped on and around a nearby shaded table.





## by Carl Kohler

I laid back, closin' my eyes, glad I'd parked my shovel right beside my table, originally for the purpose of lettin' it cool along with me. Now I could, maybe, crash off some of the fever that had made me dizzy enough to hafta interrupt the run in the first place.

The laughin', chatterin', gigglin', and shoutin' increased in volume. Rollin' over, unable to drift off, I squinted at the noisy assholes. They were passin' a jug around. Three were diligently twistin' doobies. Ahhhhh, *shit*, I groaned mentally. Party time. Right here, heat and all. Well, there goes the nappy-time plan.

I was stubbornly hopin' to pass out despite their racket, and my eyelids slid shut again. I got good ears even when I'm snorin' up a storm. Let one of that group so much as tiptoe within spittin' distance of my scooter and I'd hear 'im. Didn't have no worries there.

"Oh, my goodness!" said a mocking voice. "Lookit the badass outlaw biker over there!"

Chorus of giggles and laughter. I opened my fuckin' eyes. The whole group was grinnin' in my direction. One of the dudes, a snotty-faced zit with teeth worse than mine and already balder than I am at thirty-one, was smirkin' like a goddam hyena. His beady eyes kept flickerin' around the group, soppin' up their attention while he devised more clever dialog to earn giggles and admiration from his moronic buddy and three of the chicks. The fourth sweet young thing wasn't smilin'. Her somber eyes met mine briefly.

*Continued on page 116*

## Protect your valuables

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

It's black and (in case you're interested) it's washable.

Don't be ripped off—put your valuables in a safe, secure *Stash Pouch*.

To protect your valuables send \$4.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

## Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?



Won't slide when jumping or running.



Won't open until you open it.

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Box 29  
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California residents,  
add 6%  
(U.S. Currency Only,  
Thank you)

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State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

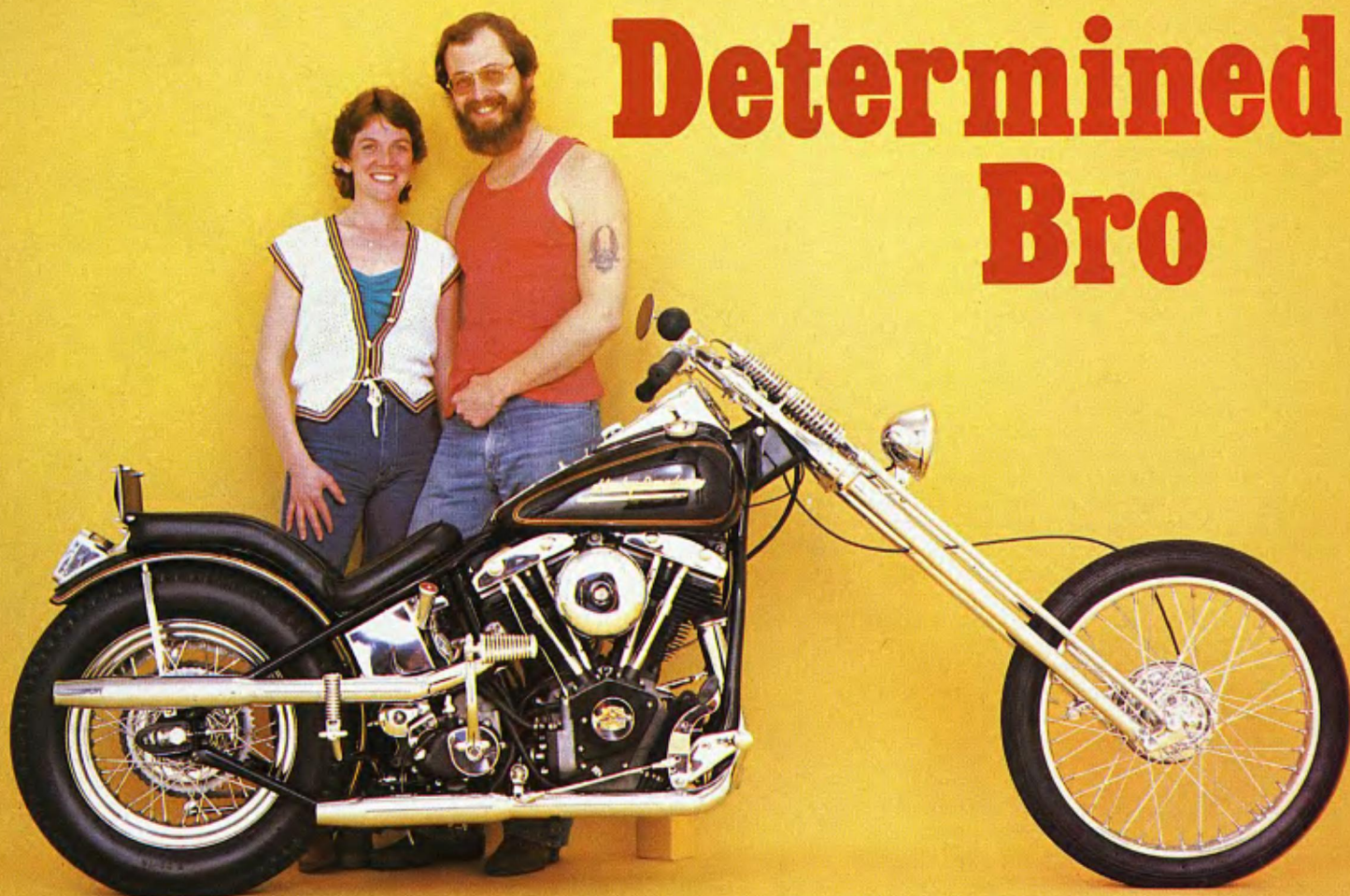
# STASH POUCH







# Determined Bro



**T**here may be other astrological signs that would describe the owner of this bike; however, I believe you'll agree with me that the sign of Taurus best describes the type of guy who would do what Lance did. Not knowing what sign he was actually born under, I feel that he's a Taurus, for the description of a Taurus is a man who is persistent and determined; and tenacity is his strongest point. Lance has given us ample evidence of all these traits.

First off, he decided he was going to build a bike that would make it into **Easyriders**. It was built specifically for that purpose with no one at **Easyriders** knowing anything about it.

When he completed his bike in February of 1980, he sent in a photograph and asked if we'd be interested. We contacted him immediately, advising him that we would be interested but unfortunately didn't have a photographer in his area. If he would have a local, professional photographer follow our photo instructions (which we had enclosed) exactly, there would be no problem. We also asked to have the photographer call us if there were any questions; because no mat-



ter how clear the instructions, we have found in the past that there are people who still don't understand them.

Lance found a photographer and, as happens more times than not, the photographer, being a pro, figured he already knew how to do it. Well, he didn't. In our instructions we state that bikes are not to be shot in weeds because they cover the wheels. His photos were shot in deep grass. We requested that the photographer keep turning the bike so that the shots are always taken with the sun behind the photographer — and to use a flash even though the shooting is done out of doors (we have our reasons). He didn't follow these instructions, so there were dark shadows covering important parts. The bike was shot so far from the camera that there were no detail shots. We always ask photographers to refer to previous issues as to the types of bike photos we want; and, all in all, the photos of Lance's bike were not up to our standards and were returned to him.

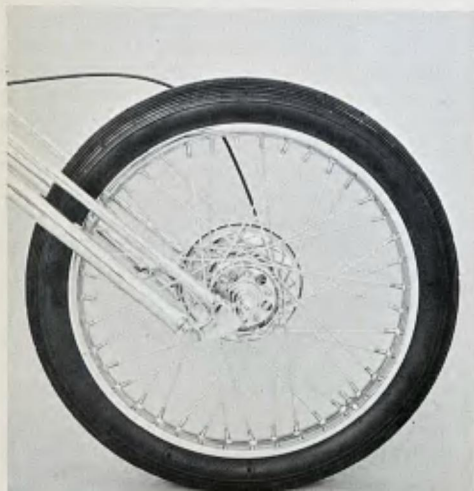
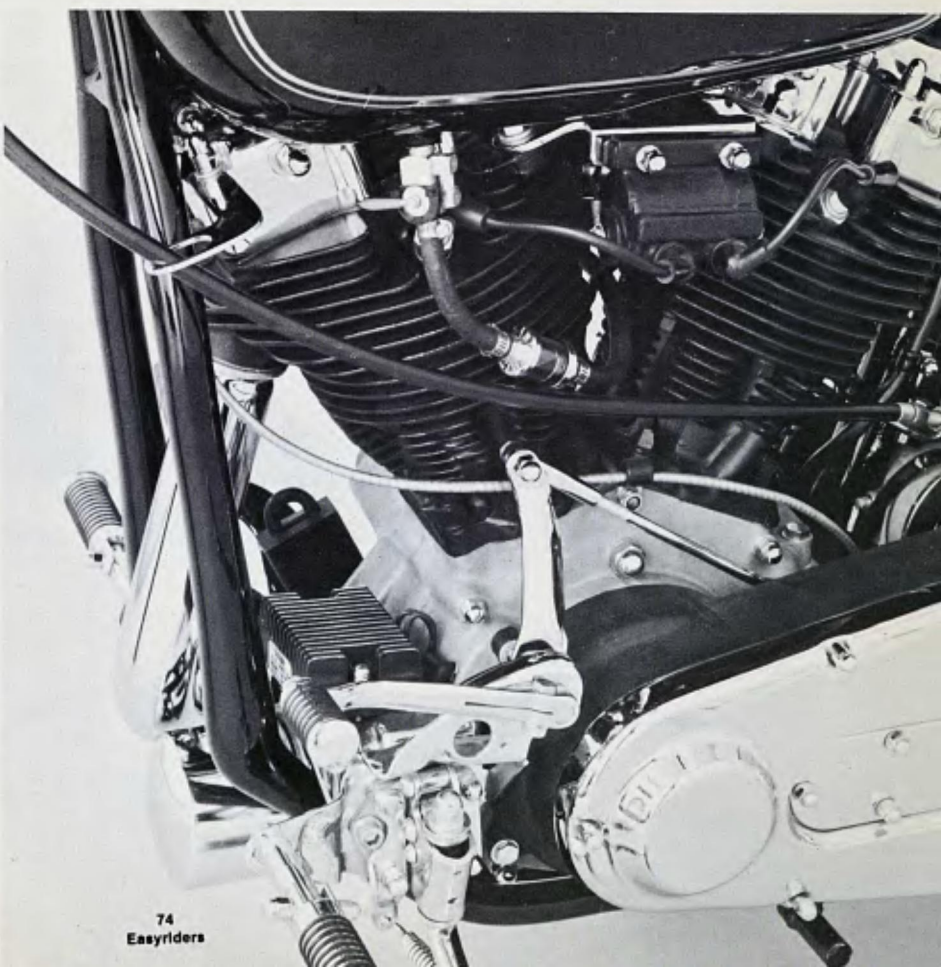
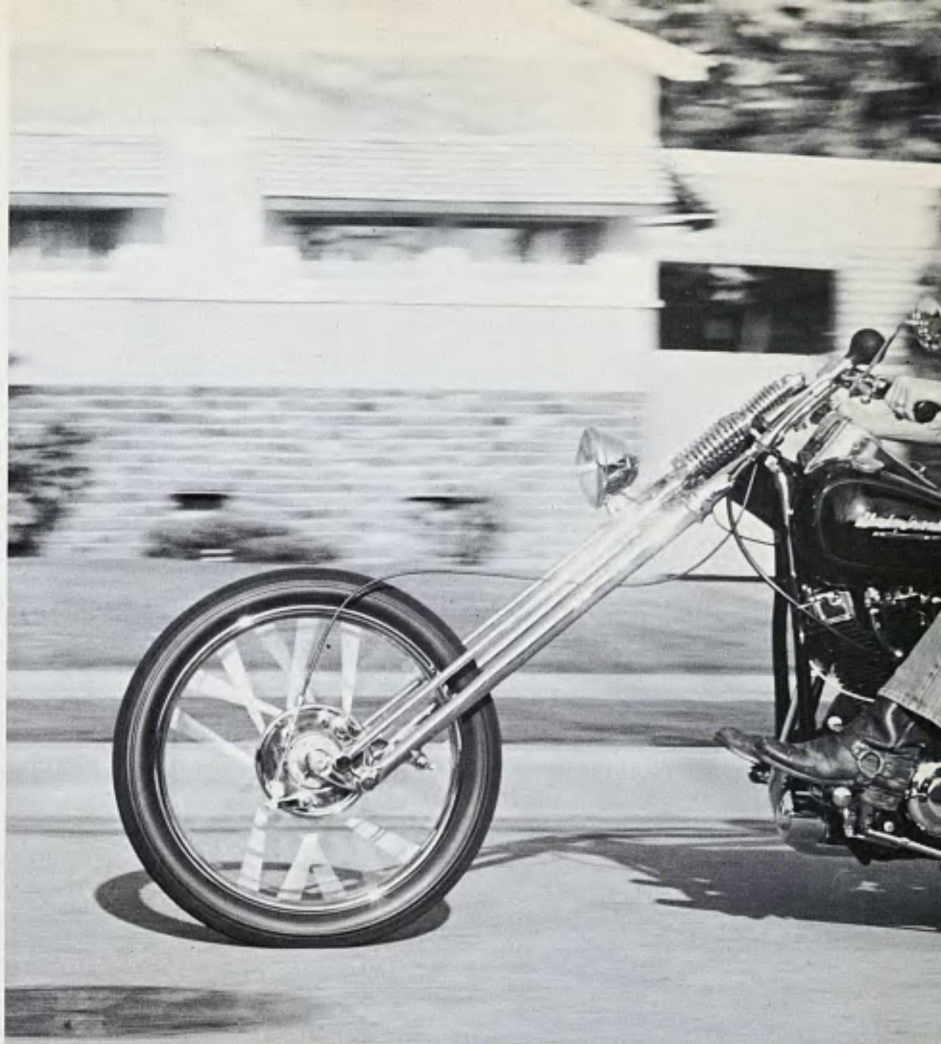
At that point, Lance did additional work on the bike and then sent us color prints. Again, we told him we were interested but we still didn't have a photographer in the area and the prints were returned.

Months later, in April, 1981, he called us and said he was going to bring the bike out here. The guy who took the call just about shit. "No, no, don't do that. We don't know if we can use it." (He hadn't remembered this particular bike out of all the submissions we receive.) "Well," Lance said, "I'm sure you'll use it so I'll take my chances." The editor on the phone shouted, "Hold it, hold it, I've gotta check it out. I'll buzz ya back."

He checked around. No one remembered the bike, so Spider asked Lance to send us a Polaroid shot express and we'd give him a fast answer.

The photo arrived, but it went to the wrong editor's secretary, who was holding it until she saw him. Meanwhile, the editor had left instructions for the photo to be given directly to him as soon as it got there — all we know is that it sat on the secretary's desk. The editor, as usual, disappeared for the weekend. Meanwhile, Lance called to see if it was okay to leave Green Bay. He was told no one had been given a yes or no yet — so Lance said, "Well, I'm coming out. I'll see you next week."

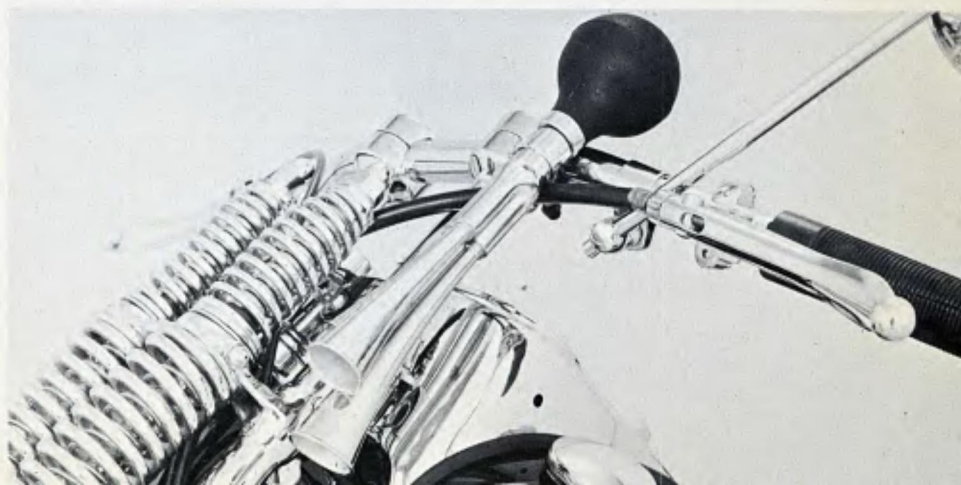
When Spider was advised of this, dumb-







|                                                                                                                                                                                                           |  |                                               |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------------------|------------------|
| <b>Owner:</b> Lance Occhino                                                                                                                                                                               |  | <b>City:</b> Green Bay, Wis.                  |                  |
| <b>General</b>                                                                                                                                                                                            |  | <b>Frame</b>                                  |                  |
| Fabrication by: owner                                                                                                                                                                                     |  | Year: 1948                                    |                  |
| Year and make: 1976 H-D                                                                                                                                                                                   |  | Builder: H-D and Ed Vaness                    |                  |
| Model: Hog                                                                                                                                                                                                |  | Type: rigid                                   |                  |
| Value: \$6000                                                                                                                                                                                             |  | Rake: 46 in.                                  |                  |
| Assembly by: owner                                                                                                                                                                                        |  | Stretch: none                                 |                  |
| Time: nine months                                                                                                                                                                                         |  | Other alterations: added 1/2-in. to seat post |                  |
| Chroming by: Brown's                                                                                                                                                                                      |  | <b>Accessories</b>                            |                  |
| <b>Engine</b>                                                                                                                                                                                             |  | Bars: Jammer drag                             |                  |
| Year: 1976                                                                                                                                                                                                |  | Risers: Ed's Speed Shop - 5 in. steel         |                  |
| Model: H-D                                                                                                                                                                                                |  | Fender(s): 6 in. flat                         |                  |
| Rebuilder: none                                                                                                                                                                                           |  | Headlight: K&D                                |                  |
| Ignition: stock                                                                                                                                                                                           |  | Taillight: tombstone (original)               |                  |
| Displacement: 74 cu. in.                                                                                                                                                                                  |  | Speedo: 1979 H-D                              |                  |
| Lower end: stock                                                                                                                                                                                          |  | Front pegs: Sundance                          |                  |
| Balancing: H-D                                                                                                                                                                                            |  | Rear pegs: Sundance                           |                  |
| Pistons: stock                                                                                                                                                                                            |  | Electrics: 12 volt-electric start             |                  |
| Cases: stock                                                                                                                                                                                              |  | Gas tank: 1949 H-D                            |                  |
| Heads: stock                                                                                                                                                                                              |  | Oil tank: Jammer                              |                  |
| Cam(s): stock                                                                                                                                                                                             |  | Oil system: filter and cooler                 |                  |
| Lifters: hydraulic                                                                                                                                                                                        |  | Primary cover: Drag Specialties               |                  |
| Carb(s): stock                                                                                                                                                                                            |  | Seat: Scott Cycle Products                    |                  |
| Air cleaner: old H-D                                                                                                                                                                                      |  | Sissybar: none                                |                  |
| Pipes: Drag Specialties                                                                                                                                                                                   |  | Height:                                       |                  |
| Muffler(s): Drag Specialties                                                                                                                                                                              |  | Material:                                     |                  |
| <b>Transmission</b>                                                                                                                                                                                       |  | <b>Forks</b>                                  |                  |
| Modifications: none                                                                                                                                                                                       |  | Type: 1948 H-D                                |                  |
| Year: 1976                                                                                                                                                                                                |  | Extension: 13 1/2 in.                         |                  |
| Shifting: ratchet                                                                                                                                                                                         |  | Builder: H-D/Ed's Speed Shop                  |                  |
| Engine sprocket: stock                                                                                                                                                                                    |  | Special features: Timken rollers              |                  |
| Trans sprocket: 23                                                                                                                                                                                        |  | <b>Wheels</b>                                 |                  |
| Wheel sprocket: stock                                                                                                                                                                                     |  | <b>Front</b>                                  | <b>Rear</b>      |
| <b>Painting</b>                                                                                                                                                                                           |  | Size: 21 in.                                  | Size: 16 in.     |
| Molding: Henry Jerovetz                                                                                                                                                                                   |  | Hub: 48 H-D                                   | Hub: 48 H-D      |
| Painter: Henry Jerovetz                                                                                                                                                                                   |  | Rim width: 2 in.                              | Rim width: 5 in. |
| Color: black lacquer                                                                                                                                                                                      |  | Tire: 300x21                                  | Tire: 500x16     |
| Type: Imron                                                                                                                                                                                               |  | Brake: 48 stock                               | Brake: 48 stock  |
| Special paint: gold stripes                                                                                                                                                                               |  |                                               |                  |
| Other special modifications: stainless hardware, clear epoxy over wrinkle black, bullet-proof wiring, and 24K gold emblems. Special thanks to Dave Kurowski, Anthony Reaudeau, and Robert Steven Charles. |  |                                               |                  |







founded, all he could say was "No shit?"

Meanwhile, a problem developed during the production of this issue. One of the bikes that was scheduled was scratched after the pictures were studied closely with a magnifying glass. Before sending the pictures out to have color separations made, a number of flaws in the construction and wiring were noticed and we decided it wasn't up to our standards. This left us short a bike feature after the deadline.

Spider started thinkin' of ways to beat Steve Stillwell out of a tasty Harley he had shot for **Iron Horse** magazine. He was just about to make Steve some kind of an offer Steve couldn't refuse when, while at the printer checking the proofs of the 10th Anniversary issue, he got a call from the office saying that the guy from Wisconsin was here and that the bike was bitchin'. Steve's life was saved (his cherry?) — something, because Spider never said what it was he was gonna offer Steve. Anyway, Steve was saved or lost out on something, 'cause Spider said, "Great! Get it to the studio. I'll see ya there."

When he got to the studio, all it took was one brief look and he knew he had the missing bike feature solved.

Lance and his wife, Maureen, drove in sixteen-hour stretches. They stopped to eat, sleep, and then were off for another sixteen hours.

At first he had a false start. He rented an enclosed U-Haul trailer and got from Green Bay to Chicago, but he used so much gas he figured it'd cost a jillion dollars to get to the Coast, so he turned around and went back home.

While sitting around having a bad case of the glums, he decided to buy a pickup. He tossed his scooter in the rear and booked it for the land of fruits and nuts. Lance works as a service manager at a Pontiac dealer, and they thought he'd lost his marbles to take a chance like that.

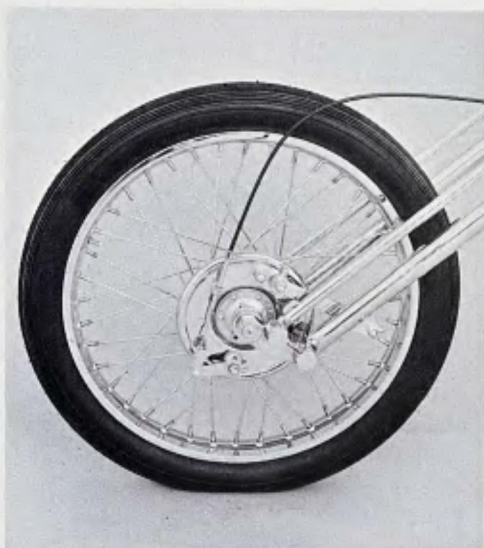
But before that point, his close friends really thought he'd been sniffing glue or had fallen onto his head because he took parts from three different running bikes he owned ('48, '49, and '76 Hogs) to build this one bike. The frame, front end, and brake drums are from the '48, the gas tank and other parts are from the '49, and the engine is from the '76 (5,000 miles on it). The forks have been extended 13½ inches over and it has a 46-degree rake. The rake is reinforced with a one-foot tube at the bottom and quarter-inch steel plates welded to both sides.

The bike you see here has 1,800 miles on it, and it has a rock pit here or there, something we usually try to watch out for. But who's gonna snivel after a guy travels thousands of miles just to get in the magazine?

Spider reimbursed them for the cost of the trip. He offered to put them up in a hotel, but as soon as Pete was finished shooting the bike, they were off — back to Green Bay.

The consensus all around was that the bike was particularly tasty. Usually there's some snivelin' somewhere in this firetrap, one way or another, but on this bike and especially the owner, the comment was "A-w-w-r-i-g-h-t!"

— Dogbreath



Photos by Pete Chiodo





# LOCKDOWN

*The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.*

—Anatole France



by Boomer

**I**t's an undisputed fact of life. If you're a biker the odds are overwhelming that you were, are now, or will be spending some time behind bars. It's also a fact of life that, in many places, conditions behind those bars are getting worse. Inflation has hit prison administrations as hard as anyone else — and there are no automatic cost-of-living increases in the amount of money state legislators pay to house and feed convicts.

We can't make your time any shorter, or fix the stopped-up toilet sittin' in a puddle against your back wall. From the time you slid down your mother's chute till the time you slip beneath those shovels of dirt, you're never as alone as at that moment when that steel door slides down its track behind you. And if you're in, you already know that.

What we can do, what we will do, is provide you with information about court cases that might help you in any legal actions that you've got going. We can also give you a place to debate various aspects of prison conditions — things such as medical care and the stationing of women guards in men's cell-blocks. Write to us, tell us how you feel about these things; we'll spread the word. The other, perhaps most important, thing we can do is use this space to let you know that you aren't forgotten, that there are brothers and sisters out here who care, who cheer when that parole comes through and get pissed when it doesn't.

Meanwhile, there is some hope for bettering conditions in stir. Constitutionally, prison

inmates are supposed to be deprived of their right to freedom and their right to vote. They are not supposed to forfeit their right to sleep on a mattress, or to see a doctor when sick; they are not supposed to be further punished or disciplined without due process of law.

The big surprise is that more and more courts are recognizing that prisoners are still Americans, covered by our Constitution and protected by its Bill of Rights.

The standard was set in Denver, where a federal judge ruled, in effect, that the Constitution does not require any branch of government to establish or operate prisons or jails. If various branches of government do decide to operate such institutions, the judge ruled, they must be run constitutionally or the courts are obligated to close them.

Other decisions have followed. In New York, a federal judge ordered the inmate population in the Nassau County Jail reduced by half within 60 days. In Las Vegas, another federal judge, Roger Foley, ordered Clark County to build a new jail to replace an old, overcrowded facility he considered unfit for habitation. When voters rejected a proposed bond issue to finance the new jail, the judge told the county to build it anyway, or else. The "or else"? Build the new jail, the judge said, or I will release two-thirds of the prisoners to get the old one down to a livable capacity.

The Las Vegas case has an interesting sidelight. A newspaper reporter was sentenced to jail for contempt of court. After

exhausting every normal appeal, up through the Nevada Supreme Court, the reporter's attorneys filed a civil rights action in federal district court. They said that the reporter's sentence should be vacated because to incarcerate him in a place already declared "unfit" by a federal judge would constitute "cruel and unusual punishment" as prohibited by the Constitution. It's been almost two years and the authorities have yet to file an answer to this suit. Looks as if they're afraid of what establishing a precedent in this area might do. They should be.

Other major prisoner rights suits are, or were, taking place in Texas, New Mexico, and California. It's a tough road. Many of the inmates who start such an action will be old and released — or dead — by the time their cases are decided, let alone by the time any court-ordered improvements have been made. Still, the mere fact that such expensive-to-defend actions are taking place has caused many prison administrations to make improvements in order to avoid having suits filed against them.

As we said, this column, in order to work, needs you. Send news of the struggle, clippings, questions, anything you might want to share with the bros to Lockdown, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

## DECISIONS

Recent court rulings  
that might affect you

### Parole Boards Can't Sandbag

A federal prisoner had his parole date canceled by the U.S. Parole Commission on the grounds that

*Continued on page 101*



## A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Diane Reese**, just one step ahead of our times. Ride free in Harley Heaven, sister. We will all miss you and never forget you. Cindy, Lynne, and all of Lake Co.

In memory of **George Stanley Wright**, who died October 11, 1980. Stanley's love for his H-D and his friends will be remembered by us all forever. He got his sled back on the road the same day that the drunk turned in front of him. The hurt of losing him will never go away. May you ride the silver winds of H-D Heaven forever, Stanley. We all love and miss you. Cookeville, Tenn.

In loving memory of a true desperado, **John "Red Dog" Varner**. You let somebody love you before it was too late. Now my prison is walking through this world all alone. Bertha, Lakeside, Calif.

In memory of **Jim Fritz**, a good bro. Now dead, but never forgotten. Our love is always with you, bro. Robin Fiesel and CG, Harvey, N. D.

In memory of **Henry Morello, Jr.**, a brother we all loved who died on his Harley. You'll always ride in our hearts. We'll ride again, bro. Chuck, Dave, Marie, and the rest of us.

In memory of **Frog**. See ya soon. Mack and Brillo.

In memory of **Frank Spikula**, killed 1/81 in Texas. We who knew you will remember. The Butterfly, Kat, and Joe.

In memory of four bros and two sisters who were shot down by three punks in Richmond, Virginia. Gone but not forgotten. Evaristo Ve'oz, Huntsville, Tex.

In memory of **"Chain," "Dutchman,"** and **"Schab,"** brothers loved but lost. Ride free together in Harley Heaven. Frito, Brandy, and all your brothers and sisters in Baltimore, Md.

In memory of **Michael A. "Festes" Fetzner** who rode hard in a short life. We'll never forget you. See ya soon, Mike, Tom, and Joe.

In memory of a bro, **Jeff Bailey**, who went to a fiery grave at Pendleton, Ind., in the hands of the law. I think of you often, Jeff. Now you can ride those never-ending roadways in the sky. From Mark in Smalltown, N.Y.

In memory of **Roger "Pappy" Moody**. We didn't know you long, but we loved ya. Keep partyin'. Your friends in Austin, Tex.

# Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of *Easysiders* to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$12 for twelve issues (\$12 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., *Easysiders* Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

**Note:** Some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in *Male Call*. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Cajun French-Indian biker wants and needs letters and pictures from mature-minded ladies. Willie Leon Avant #254875, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Scooter tramp doing time needs good woman interested in serious and lasting relationship. All letters answered; pix please. C.W. Smith, Box C-04317, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

I'm very lonely and want someone to write to. Jerry Dewayne Taylor #12703, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

This con needs some good-lookin' lady or ladies to write to. Rick Kulackoski #660-136, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98594.

I'm 21 and would like to hear from some foxy ladies. Please write and send photos. Ralph Kunselman #P-4820, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Any chicks (age doesn't matter), please write Freddie Goessler Jr. #310650, Box 100, 11-21, Diagnostic Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I'm 22 years old and have troubles to spare: looking for a girl who's special and cares. Right now, no plans for the outside and no one who cares. Bobby Houghton #79-B-406, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely Southern bro would like to hear from some together ladies. Could use some photos, too. Mark B. Sloan III #10458-OS, Box 1207, Salisbury, N.C. 28144.

W/m requests correspondence from foxes, tramps, all ages. Louis E. Fuller Jr. #049221, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Any ladies interested in corresponding, please write and find out what I'm all about. Thomas A. Simpson #80692, Box 188, La Grange Reformatory, Louisville, Ky. 40031.

25 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. tall. Would like to hear from some ladies. Larry J. Parks #C-20365, Box 686 North, W-B 129, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm lonely and need letters. James L. Beamon, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

Two down bros need letters and flicks from ladies 18-80, blind, crippled, or crazy. Mike Pies #63589 and Ted Dudyjowech #28792, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

I'm 21 years old. Don't want to take a lady to prison, but need one to take me out for a few minutes a week. Will answer all. Mark Wancura #46723, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Two Chicano bros from Dallas, doing time in joint, would like to hear from some foxy ladies out there. Eddie Huerta #288744 and Daniel Robledo #294978, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

Hey, lonely house mouses, ya got a lonely 1%er who really needs some scribes and flicks. Gunnar Thomas #18855, Box 76, Dorm 8, Greencastle, Ind. 46135.

Good-lookin' bro lookin' for mail from sweet ladies. Porter Watkins, 1200 E. High, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

For all the lonely ladies in the world: They stopped my puttin', but I can still write! Jerry Swaim #B-137586, Box E, B-6-2-76, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Ladies from Michigan and Ohio, do something righteous for three downed bros with letters and flicks. Write Jake Oliver #154181, Denny Ferrell #132896 and Runner Witte #116187, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Looking for a good-looking gal from 21 to 30 who would be interested in writing me. Leslie Markham #532065, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Down bro looking for a single girl to start building a future together. Send pictures. James Gardner, La Crosse County Jail, La Crosse, Wis. 54601.

W/m, 27, doing time. Forgotten by free world. Please send letters and pictures. Will answer all, big or small, young or old. Don T. Armour #308912, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

New York biker would like to hear from broads 18 and up. All letters answered. Bobby Gribbins #79-A3972, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Seeking correspondence, photo exchange. Blue eyes, good-looking, busted biker. Tom Makboulouian #80-A-1493, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

A downed bro looking for letters from serious chicks. W/m 35 and a Leo. Charles Lance #160976, K.C.F. Kincheloe A.F.B., Mich. 49788.

I'm a long way from home, down and out and would like to hear from you ladies. I'll answer all. Ron E. Conklin #059465, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Lookin' for letters and photos from all you ladies out there. Robert Bessent #31425, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Would like to have correspondence with ladies who have the ability to understand life and the needs of companionship. No special qualifications. Will write back to all. Larry Boone #364677 and Tony Roberts #258843, Box 900, Cedar Hall, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

I'm a 23-year-old looking for female contact, age not important. Bob Pacheco, Box 100, S. Walpole, Mass. 02071.

Downed bro looking for letters and photos. Mike Staton #071137-154, Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

Biker out of Columbus, Ohio, needs letters and flicks. Barkley Lacey, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

30-year-old Virgo bro needs sincere female to write to. Send a sexy photo. Will answer all. Cliff Pearson #66845, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027.

I need a woman to write to and possibly meet. Please help me out. Larry Lee #67078, Box 500, Bks. 19, Grady, Ark. 71644.

I'm 22 and need some letters and flicks from ladies. Jeff Popma #157620, Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Tramp, 35, looking for a dedicated mama to write and be with when the gate unlocks. Do not write unless serious; I do not play head trips. Peter Balkema #47387, Box 661, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

I'm 19, doing time for a crime that wasn't worth a dime, so you ladies out there, drop me a line (or two). I will answer all. Robin Fiesel, Box 1497, Bismarck, N. D. 58501.

Hot foxy young ladies, 18 to 35: Send letters and pics to a dude who hasn't been in the saddle in three years. All letters with pics will be answered. Rex Gunter, Box B-38656, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I've been sad, I've been blue; send me mail to help me through. Want some mail from some nice female. Willy Kendrick #61368-C, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Would like to correspond with women 24-60 years of age. Gary McCammon #A-060589, Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

6'3", black hair, brown-eyed Southern biker tramp wishes to correspond with pretty ladies and other tramps from the southeast. Charles Ingle #10659-OS, Piedmont Correction Center, Box 977, Salisbury, N.C. 28144.

Lonely bro needs pictures and letters from girls 8 to 80. Looks don't count; it's her heart I'm interested in. Will answer all. Bruce Cossett #280337-A, Ellis Unit H-18-2-6, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Blue-eyed devil lookin' for a lady who knows what compassion is all about. Write and send photo to Steve Hunter #39149, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

25, blond, blue-eyed, 6', 160 lbs. Would love to hear from any lady between 18 and 35. Rob Abbenbroek, Box 3250, Sta. B, Calgary, Alta., Canada T2M-4L9.

Help! I'm 25 and 1,600 miles away from home. A native New Yorker needs a tender lady to write. Terry Sheldon #79590, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Doing time. Need females to drop me a line. Dennis White #037797, D-119, 500 Orange Ave. Cir., Belle Glade, Fla. 33430.

I'm a dreamer, so, ladies, give me something to dream about. James Moore #273638, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

In prison and lonely. Would like to hear from decent females. Ed Panighetti #P-4338, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Girls: downed bro doing heavy time and needs to hear from somebody. Harold D. Jock #36566, 177 Weston St. C-3-40, Hartford, Conn. 06120.



# FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

## ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika  
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston  
Fidelity Motorcycle Co., Inc. Hwy. 31 North, Athens

## ALASKA

House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

## ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson  
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix  
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd. Suite G, Phoenix

## CALIFORNIA

The Purple Hog 842 Plumas St., Yuba City  
Napa Valley Custom Cycles 958 Kaiser Rd., Napa  
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale  
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando  
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente  
Crazy Dave's 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Cotati  
Mick McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park  
H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey  
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceanside  
Biker Bob's Rag Shop 425 El Cajon Blvd., El Cajon  
Hutchins H-D 55409 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley  
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael  
Jammer Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank  
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto  
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1660 Yosemite Park Way, Merced  
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah  
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell  
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn

## COLORADO

Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo  
Custom Cycle Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge  
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction  
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs  
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver  
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora  
Howell's House of Harley 3790 Morrison Rd., Denver  
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton  
Flatiron H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder  
Quality Machine 48901 Garrison St., Arvada

## CONNECTICUT

New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton  
Relay Cycle Parts & Accessories R.F.D. #1 Box 214, Voluntown  
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville  
Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgin Plaza 120 Boston Post Rd., Milford

## DELAWARE

Herbs for Health and Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

## FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami  
H-D South 9600 E. Fern St., Miami  
Harley's Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hialeah  
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park  
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater  
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale  
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona  
H-D of Saint Petersburg 2990 60th Ave. North, St. Petersburg  
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce  
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers

## GEORGIA

Last Chance Cycles E. Main St., Blue Ridge  
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow  
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta  
Big John's Cycles 784 N. Main St., Jonesboro

## HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamalei St., Honolulu

## IDAHO

Custom M.C. Parts 245 Main Ave., West, Twin Falls

## ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 83rd St., Chicago  
Cycle Service & Sales 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa  
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine  
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff  
Roger's Motorcycle Parts 400 N. Caroline St., Bloomington  
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein  
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet  
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago  
R & H Choppers 1108 Hill St., Plainfield  
Chicago H-D Inc. 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston  
Markham Cycle Center 3859 W. 159th Pl., Markham  
Triangle MC Service 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago  
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park  
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 12040 South Doty, Chicago  
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn  
Slick Engineering 1420 14th Ave., Moline

## INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo  
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle  
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash  
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville  
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion  
H&H Chopper Shop 507 N. Buckeye St., Kokomo

## IOWA

Shea's Cycle RR #1 Box 25, Crescent  
Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 300 E. 2nd St., Iowa City

## KANSAS

Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka  
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka  
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George

## KENTUCKY

Application Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle, Lexington

## LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barkdale Blvd., Bossier City  
Wallace H-D Sales 3345 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport  
J's Cycle Shop 458 N. Stantford, Sulphur

## MAINE

The Chopper Factory 476 Forest Ave., Portland  
Cruzin' East Custom MC 395 Bath Rd., Brunswick

## MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore  
Eastern Shore Cycle Linden Ave., Secretary  
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood  
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Frederick Rd., Rockville  
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville  
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 8473 River Plaza, Pasadena  
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater  
The Radical Cycle South River Rd., Tall Timbers

## MASSACHUSETTS

Cycle Parts of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston  
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester  
Johnny's Cycle Shop 143 E. Central, Worcester  
Harley Heaven, Inc. 116 Mainfield Ave. Rt. 140, Norton

## MICHIGAN

GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills  
Cycle Moore, Inc. 1175 U.S. 31 S., P.O. Box 97, Interlochen  
P&P Cycle Products Inc. 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn  
P&P Cycle Products Inc. 2285 W. Maple Rd., Walled Lake  
P&P Cycle Products Inc. 2424 N. Woodward, Royal Oak

## MINNESOTA

D.H. Cycle Shop 435 10th St., N.E., Austin  
D.S. Specialties 2853 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis  
P.J.'s Everything MC 100 E. Center, Rochester  
Smith Bros. & Fellow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis  
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm

## MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs  
Bullfrog Hog 9080 Millbranch, Southaven

## MISSOURI

Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack  
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph  
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood  
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence  
Creative Cycle P.O. Box 145, Knob Noster

## MONTANA

DAG Cycle, Inc. 802 6th St. North, Havre

## NEBRASKA

Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus

## NEVADA

Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas  
A & S Cycle 103 N. Edison #19, Reno

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester

## NEW JERSEY

H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton  
Morrison Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown  
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway  
GT Cycle Specialties 4 New Market St., Salem  
Country Cycle Center, 1594 Rt. #9, Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River  
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover

## NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque  
Big Twin Cycle 9817 Acoma S.E., Albuquerque  
Blitz Jammer Products 120 San Pedro S.E., Albuquerque

## NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead  
KFK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village  
Brooklyn H-D Inc. 1525 Conely Island Ave., Brooklyn  
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome  
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip  
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster  
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island  
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville  
The Sportsbar Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose  
Custom Cycle Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore  
Harley-Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 P.O. Box 2, Staatsburg  
Finger Lakes Jammer 36 Water St., Seneca Falls  
MC Kustom Accessories 109 N. Plain St., Ithaca  
Rolling Thunder Accessories 190 Main St., Nanuet  
B.D.K. Cycles Rd. 1 Rt. 29 Johnstown

## NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Yacklin Rd., Fayetteville  
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville

## NORTH DAKOTA

Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot  
Foxes Fantastic Finishers R.R. 4 Box 12 C, Mandan  
NODAK Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North, Minot

## OHIO

Custom M/C Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights  
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon  
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland  
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus  
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna  
Pegasus Cycles 2556 Elm Rd., Warren

## OKLAHOMA

Brimley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 821 N. Choctaw, El Reno  
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater  
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

## PENNSYLVANIA

Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh  
Cyclodetic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading  
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville  
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville  
E-Z Rider MC Parts 300 S. Front, Steelton  
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. Rt., Cornwell Heights  
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Pottsville

## SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston  
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta  
D.C. Cycle 904 S. Market St., Lancaster  
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 328, Sumter

## TENNESSEE

D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Fl. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville  
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport  
K.D. Enterprises 3808 Chairman Hwy., Knoxville

## TEXAS

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Don's Motorcycle 2420 B. Robinson, Grand Prairie  
The Basket Case 2826 Elm St., Dallas  
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killen  
J & J Choppers 2210 Grant, Wichita Falls  
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth  
Canter's Antique Cycles 1212 E. Marshall, Longview  
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview  
Peak Street Custom Shop 430 Peak St., Grand Prairie  
The Hog Farm 511 A. North Beckham, Tyler

## VIRGINIA

LIV H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Avingdon  
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft  
Master Performance Cycles 8623 Jefferson Ave., Newport News  
The Joker's Wild 1026 Warren Rd., Fredericksburg

## WASHINGTON

Super Scoot Motorcycles 13803 N.E. 4th Plain Blvd., Vancouver

## WASHINGTON D.C.

H-D of Washington, Inc. 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E.

## WEST VIRGINIA

Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton  
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

## WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee



# Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

A big **Easyriders** welcome to Jason Lloyd Kelly, born April 17, 1981—a future staff member.

**Tattooing Supplies:** World's finest tattooing equipment. Over twenty years of reliability—that's why we're number one and king of the tattoo suppliers. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, everything for the tattooist. 76-page color catalog is yours for \$3. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (108)

Another scooter tramp is born. William K. Perry II, March 3, 1981, 10:06 a.m., 8 lbs., 3½ oz. Congratulations, Bill and Debbie, W.J. (98)

Help wanted: 30-year-old bro down like dirt. All alone and looking for that special lady to touch my life. James Corrin #154-696, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (98)

Nothing like it—Hot Rocks motorcycle polish. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$6.95, postage paid. A.M.L., Box 82, Sedalia, Mo. 65301. (98)

Tandy: Xenia, Ohio, mid-'70s, later Arizona. Where now? Contact Custom Cycle, Springfield, Ohio. (98)

Red and Grace, may you ride the Reable together forever. Kebby. (98)

For sale: Complete collection of **Easyriders** with six binders, \$225. (219) 277-0494. (98)

Mike: It's been a long time. Where are you? Doin' all right, I'm sure. Thinkin' about you a lot. Hope to hear from ya. Call collect soon. Love ya always. Kathie. (98)

Australian Harley rider (MMA member) arriving San Francisco late July, heading for Sturgis via Reno and Denver, then on to Yellowstone, Great Falls, Calgary, and Vancouver, B.C. Would very much appreciate accommodations and parties en route. Write to Chris Launder, 7 Rose St., Ashfield, N.S.W., Australia 2131. (98)

**Tattooing equipment:** Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (101)

Blue: Don't make the same mistake I did. Reread my letters from the time you did in Nashville. Can't you see we want the same things? I've made arrangements for Winnie-The-Pooh: I'm waiting for your okay. Your ol' lady riding behind you till we ride in the sky. Allison. (98)

Escape to freedom: Panhead-riding loner, 6 ft., 170 lbs., age 32, securely employed, looking for that very special lady, age 18 to 35, who can share a total commitment to a unique alternate lifestyle. Must be equally possessive, loving, honest, and free from distractions. Together, we will beat the system with its own rules and share the good life. Recent photo appreciated. Telstar, P.O. Box 858, McLean, Va. 22101. (98)

Looking for sincere woman. Must be willing to move in and must have her head together. No drunks. If you are unloved, lonely, and willing to help your man through good and bad times, write to Lonnie Ryals, 6002 Ridgedale, Houston, Tex. 77039. (98)

Flathead Harley owners: Speed parts, 45 or 60 catalog, 50¢ each. KNS Cycle, 157 Slocum Rd., Marathon, N.Y. 13803. (98)

Rastus: Happy 25th, 7-8, and thanks for sharing your life with me. Love ya always, Karin. (98)

Ms.: We're all we ever need; fuck 'em. Happy 32nd, Mojo. (98)

Biker in Hawaii looking for attractive colored or oriental lady biker. Write Bud, Box 50, Pearl City, Hawaii 96782. (98)

Boach King: Happy belated birthday (4-26-60) and happy anniversary. Can't believe it, can ya? Love, Tammy. (98)

Portable tattoo kits: Free info. CMD, Box 9895, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932. (98)

Stretch: You're the greatest at everything you do. Thanks a million for 8-12-78. Love, Susie. (98)

Michael: Wish you'd believe how much I love you. I love being a biker's ol' lady; all I ask for is a little love and time for me and Dani. Don't throw away what could be a beautiful life together as bikers, friends, lovers—as one. Your ol' lady, Cindy. (98)

What's happening? Male, 28, wants letters from anywhere. Len, 1062 Exeter St., Oshawa, Ontario, Canada L1G 7E9. (98)

**Tattooing and removing handbook:** Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Expert instructions, valuable tips. 71 pages \$19.95. Steele, Box 242-L, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (98)

Happy birthday, Li'l Luke. May you always ride hard and live free. Love always, Sunshine. (98)

Ron: I miss you, I love you, and I'm still waiting. Always, Laura. (98)

Diane, happy anniversary 8-16-81. Most of our first year together was spent apart. Your love and letters kept me going. Love you, Weiner. (98)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (98)

Dearest Thomas J. Hoffman: Happy fourth anniversary! (July 17, 1977.) The years still seem like hours. Let's go to the beach and soak in the sun and champagne, etc. I love you more. Forever yours, Sandi XXOO. PS: Don't forget the chicken and potato salad. (98)

Happy 26th birthday August 6, 1981, Kurt R. Schultz. Hope you are happy, healthy, doing well, and keeping out of trouble. Please write or call sometime soon. I'd like to know you're okay; I'm still very much in love with you. Take care and be good, babe. Miss you. My love always, Kathleen (and Mum). (98)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (98)

Moe: Please contact me as soon as possible. Whatever came down does not matter. I understand! Love you always. Please write 2195 Rutland Rd., Kelowna, B.C., or phone 765-1946, Valerie Brewster. Love, Your Little Mamoo. (98)

J.J.: Happy anniversary; two great years. Many more ahead! Love lots, D.J. (98)

Cap'n Jack: Happy belated 24th birthday, babe (6-19-81). This lady will love ya forever. Midnight. (98)

Tattoos: Looking for used tattoo equipment (frames, etc), designs and photos of tattooed people. Call or write Lou's Tattoo, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (100)

Tammy: To one sweet, good-looking lady, happy late birthday (5-27) and congratulations on graduation. Love always, Mike. (98)

Goose or Little Jerry, please call Crazy Charley, 433-3194, evens. (98)

Grace, welcome back to 29 Palms. It's been a long month and I've been dying to ask you out. Hope you say yes. Again, welcome back. Love, Jack. (98)

Coma: I'm a loser and an ungrateful fucker, but I'm not a puke fucker. We live and learn, but you lost, loser. Greenfield. (98)

Spook: Your "Angel" is wishin' you a happy birthday (8-20-81) (98)

Scooter "Mac" Donald: Happy late birthday, lover (6-15). Can hardly wait to see you again! Love and miss you. Cuddles, Alaska '81. (98)

Lee, 41, stable and gentle, seeks compassionate, understanding lady 21-52. (203) 748-9126. (98)

Happy belated birthday, Bunny, 5/25. I love you, Your Bunny, Pam. (98)

Cajun French-Indian biker wants and needs letters and pictures from mature-minded ladies. Willie Leon Avant #254875, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville Tex. 77340. (99)

Cv: Happy anniversary (9/22/79). I was made to ride with you at night. I love you, Mary. (98)

Attention, ladies: If you are mature, sincere, and honest, please share your feminine companionship with a 36-year-old man who is down and wants you. Dan Bellew #153-831, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (98)

Doc, you're our No. 1. Happy 15th anniversary. Love, Judy, Jeff okay. (98)

Divorce without a lawyer for under \$50. Interested? Send \$10 to L.M. Petit, Box 214, Dunkirk, Ind. 47336. (98)

**Tattooing supplies:** See our ad this section. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Fast haba haba service. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (108)

Downed drifter in need of letters and words of warmth. W/m, 27, 6'1", 195 lbs., blond hair, and blue eyes. Looking for slim, trim lady, 18-30. No heavy dopers and lots of heart. Thomas Holland #304850, Wynne, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (98)

Michael: Happy birthday, baby, 7-21-81. I know it will be a happy one—you'll be a free man. Hoping we'll spend it together. Your one and only. Love ya, Debbie. (98)

Lonely inmate, 24-year-old white male, blond hair, blue-green eyes, 155 lbs., seeking correspondence, possible relationship with young ladies. Age makes no difference. Enclose photos, please. Will answer all. Write to Joseph "Jo Jo" Anderson #B-064070, P. O. Box 518, #413, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599. (98)

Big double event, outdoor swap meet and motorcycle dirt drag races. Sunday, July 19, 1981. Harbor Woods Recreation, 3 miles west of New Castle, Pa., off Rt. 422. Free setup for swap meet—100 spaces available. Gates open 9 a.m. Rain date for swap meet will be August 16th drag races. To reserve swap meet setup space and for more information, call (412) 946-8489 or (412) 652-2782, or write Harbor Woods Recreation, P. O. Box 5092, New Castle, Pa. 16105. (98)

Naturally beautiful, 21-year-old woman from Nashville, with plenty of class, seeking that special Harley-riding man of her dreams. He's single, at least 25, and knows how to treat a lady. Picture of you and your scooter guarantees quick reply. Send to Teri, P.O. Box 100142, Nashville, Tenn. 37210. (98)

I'm missing the following copies of **Easyriders**: 1-19 and 25-34. I'll pay a good price. Please give me your telephone number when you answer. Ulf Jensen, Stora Kopinge 19, S-270 22 Kopingebo, Sweden. (98)

Southern California Tattoo Supply. Send for free catalog, 421 South Brookhurst, Anaheim, Calif. 92804. (98)

Charlie Tuna: Congratulations, my man. No more parole 7-28-81, and a happy anniversary 7-29-81. It's been a helluva year with the wind in our faces, and here's to many more, all of them better than the last. Your lady forever, Gypsy. (98)

Check it out, lady. If we're thinking alike, write and we'll give it a go. I'm tired of the rut. I've been on the road for eight years. Burnt out on down time in redneck towns; no more seven-day relationships. McDonald's, sleeping bags, fleabag fucking motels, three-day drunks, bad dope, women who don't know up from down, and no place to call home. I'm 27, w/m, 6'1", brown, blue, and have my shit together. Money no problem; nice sleek black scooter. Just looking for a good ol' lady who wants a good life for her, her ol' man, and babes, who likes to ride, smoke, and forget the hassles of cops, patches, and food stamps. If you've got your head together and want to be needed and loved, write to Steve M., c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (98)

Twitch: Through all the hard times, always remember that I love you. Your buddy and ol' lady, Tanya. (98)

White workers and soldiers, stand up for race and flag. Sample News, \$3. Moltis, Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (99)

Senior: Can't wait till we're ridin' side by side to Sturgis '81. Proof I love you more, Happy 2nd, 7/5/81. Always your bunky biker, Junior. (98)

Continued on page 126



## Retrieval

Continued from page 53

She got herself a cup of coffee and joined him at his table.

"We don't get many hitchhikers around here," she said. "You goin' very far?"

Again Gunderson related how his bike had been stolen while he slept. The waitress was about twenty-five, pretty, but with a long, jagged scar that began at the point of her chin and extended to her left ear. She had high cheekbones and wide-set, very dark eyes. Her skin was olive and her hair long and shiny and coal black. She was Indian. She sat attentively with her elbows on the table and her face in her hands. He told her how the seven Indians had given him a ride into town.

"Were they drunk?" the girl asked.

"Yeah," Gunderson replied.

"Drivin' an ol' beat-up Chevy?"

"Yes."

"That's Bearshield and his cousins. Did they have a girl with 'em, 'bout seventeen?"

"No. Just the seven men. Why?"

"Most of the time when they're out drinking, they take my sister, Maria, along," the girl answered. "Which way did they go after you got out?"

Gunderson pointed west.

"That way."

"Well, they got her by now, the horny bastards," the girl said resignedly. "That girl... I don't know what to do. All she wants to do is ride around and drink and fuck. She won't clean the house, won't work."

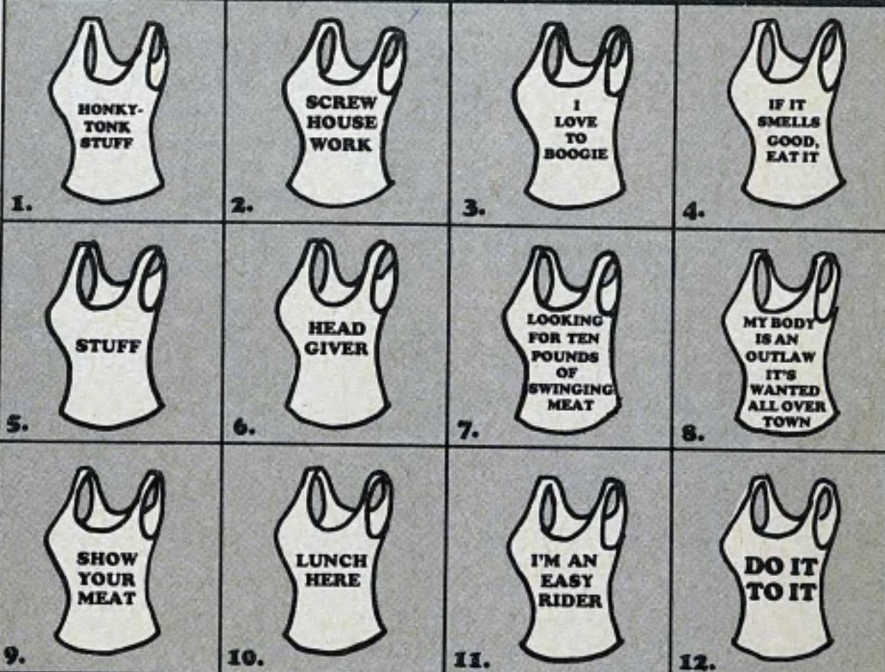
Gunderson did not want to get into the middle of family troubles, so he said nothing.

The girl, seeing that he didn't like the way the conversation was going, changed the subject. "About your motorcycle being stolen, whoever did it must have known that a man left out in the desert that way could die. There's a bunch of trash been hanging around an old mining shack in a canyon outside town. They got two or three old junk bikes, some old pickup trucks and a van. I'll bet they're the ones who stole your bike."

"Why do you think it was them?" Gunderson asked.

"'Cause they're the only ones around here would do something like that," the girl replied. "Bearshield and his cousins are 'bout the orneriest bastards in Lone Pine, but all they ever do is get drunk and fuck my kid sister."

## Ladies' Tank Tops \$7.50



Colors: White, blue, peach, yellow. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 50/50 "stretch." Send size, color, and shirt number along with \$7.50 to: **Grayhound's Tanks**, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. Also available: 100% cotton bikini panties with above printing, \$5.00 pair.

## It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's Trash now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you have to be aware of Robinson's great illustrations. They are meant to be cartoons, but we feel that all his fine work makes them more than just cartoons.

And you also know how outrageous his work is—some of it too outrageous to put in the mag. Well, now you can see the rest!

In one big (144 page, 8½x11) book, you can now see both the **Easyriders** rejects and the best of Robinson from the pages of the magazine. This time, they're printed larger, so you can see all the nitty-gritty details that he's so good at.

We want to warn you—some of the drawings are ranker than rank—gross is a better description.

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Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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"Where's this canyon?" Gunderson asked.

"East of town 'bout ten miles," the girl answered. "You had to pass right by it to get here."

Gunderson rose and put enough money on the table to pay for his meal, and enough extra for a generous tip. He shouldered his bag once more and started for the door, but the girl moved quickly.

"You can't go out there!" she said.

Gunderson's first thought was to push her aside and pursue his stolen bike in his own way, but the girl had been helpful. He did not want to seem unfriendly. "What's your name, honey?" he asked.

"Dawn," the Indian girl replied. She looked Gunderson over carefully, obviously pleased with what she saw: the rugged good looks, the sandy, curly hair, the muscular six-foot, thirty-year-old body, the ease with which he carried himself.

"What's yours?"

"Gunderson."

"Just Gunderson — nothing else?" she asked.

"Just Gunderson — nothing else."

"Well, Gunderson, you can't go out there. Not now, anyway," Dawn said.

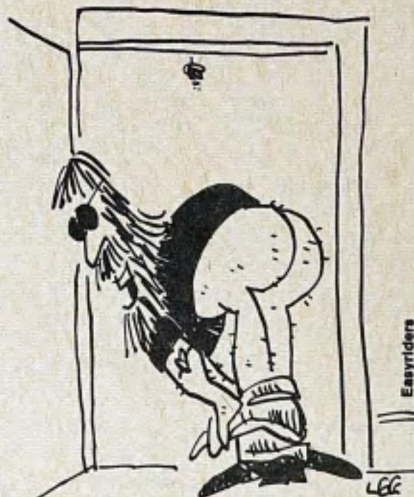
"Why not?" Gunderson asked.

"Cause if you went out there and maybe saw your bike or something — you look to me like the kind of man that would get mad, maybe start something," she said.

"That's a fact," Gunderson said.

"So why don't you move out of my way so I can go out there and take care of business?"

Dawn stood firm. "That would be stupid. In the first place, you don't know where the canyon is, and you don't have any way to get there even if you did."



"Elaine... I'm under the mistletoe."



"I can walk," Gunderson said. Dawn continued as though he had not spoken. "And in the second place, you couldn't possibly get within half a mile of that mining shack without one of them seeing you. There's ten — maybe a dozen — of them, and from the looks of you, you could handle two, maybe three before they got you. Take my word for it: they're a rough bunch."

"It's my *bike* we're talking about, honey. I'm going after it," Gunderson started forward.

Dawn put a hand up. "Wait. Come home with me. I get off in a little while and it's not far to my house. I'm off work tomorrow and I know a way we can get in behind that shack without being seen."

Gunderson looked at her questioning. "Why do you want me to come to your house? You don't even know me."

"I don't want to see you get hurt," Dawn said. "And that's exactly what'll happen if you go out there now."

She made sense. "And tomorrow you'll show me the back way into that canyon?"

"Yes."

The girl's house was not much, just three rooms and a bath. Dawn's part of the house was neat and clean, but the sister's room was a mess. The younger girl was not there.

"You can take a bath if you want to," Dawn said after Gunderson had put his bag down by the door. Now that she had actually brought him home with her, she seemed shy, embarrassed.

"Tub or shower?" Gunderson asked.

"Shower."

Gunderson walked over to her. She wore a white waitress uniform that was fastened up the front with thirteen buttons. "We can both take a shower at the same time, save water." He started with the top button of her dress, and when the garment was unfastened and on the floor, Dawn was breathing hard. Her breasts were small but firm, with very dark nipples that were now hard and erect. She stood with her eyes closed tightly as Gunderson slipped her underpants off, and when he led her to the shower, she was trembling.

Later, in bed, they made love slowly and gently. It was past midnight and Dawn and Gunderson were lying quietly in bed, high from the good weed Gunderson had

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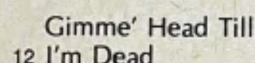
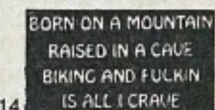
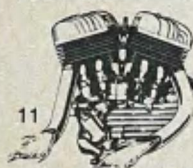
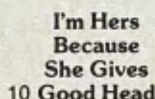
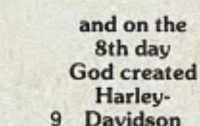
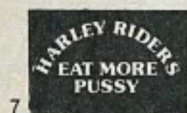
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taken from his duffel bag. He was on his back, his fingers playing with her soft, silky hair. Dawn was on her left side, her head on his chest, her right leg thrown over his groin, and for the fourth time he was becoming aroused.

The unmuffled roar of a car shattered the quiet; doors slammed, and loud, boisterous voices could be heard. The noise stopped when the engine was killed and the door to the house was flung open.

"Shhh. . . Dawn's probably asleep, and you know the kind of hell she'll raise if we wake her up," a girl's voice said. It came clearly through the paper-thin walls.

Gunderson sat up in the bed, almost spilling Dawn to the floor. The Indian girl put her hand on his leg. "It's just my sister," she said. "Nothing to worry about."

They got up, put their clothes on, and went into the living room. The seven Indians were even drunker than when Gunderson had met them earlier. They were all covered with grease. The girl was drunk, too. She wore cutoff jeans, very short, and a T-shirt that had once been white, but was now covered with large, greasy handprints. Cleaned up, she would be pretty.

"Hello, Bearshield," Dawn said to the largest of the seven Indians. "It's a little late to be bringing Maria home, isn't it?"

Bearshield looked first at Gunderson, then at Dawn. "Car broke down," he said. He extended his dirty, grease-covered hands as evidence.

Dawn looked at the big Indian's filthy hands, then at her sister's grease-covered T-shirt, and the conclusion was obvious. "I think it's time you went home," she told the men.

The seven Indians left. The seventeen-year-old girl still stood in the living room. She stared at Gunderson. "Who's he?" she asked finally. She was drunk enough to slur her words.



"What other distinguishing features does she have?"



"Just a friend," Dawn said. "Now you go and take a bath and go to bed."

"He looks like he might be fun," the younger girl said, letting her eyes travel the length of Gunderson's body, hesitating momentarily on the bulge in his pants.

Dawn's eyes blazed. "Get your ass to bed before I get mad enough to do something I've been putting off for a long time."

"Don't be so... so stingy, sis," Maria said. She walked over to Gunderson and reached out and squeezed his crotch.

Dawn slapped the girl hard in the face. "Isn't seven men in one night enough for you?"

"I don't ever get enough," the girl replied. She turned and walked toward the bathroom, her pert ass swinging seductively.

Dawn and Gunderson went back to bed. Through the thin walls, they could hear the shower for a few minutes, hear the bed creak as the girl got into it, and then hear her light snores after she fell asleep.

"God, that girl!" Dawn said. "I

don't know about her. She —"

"Shhh," Gunderson whispered. He began nibbling lightly on her left nipple; his hand found the mound of silky hair between her legs.

"Okay," Dawn said. "That's the shack." She was breathing hard from the climb. They had left her old car at the turnoff to the canyon and made their way on foot to the edge of the cliff where they now were. Almost five hundred feet below them was the mining shack. Four trucks and a van were parked in front of it, and there were three bikes on the porch: two small Japanese bikes and Gunderson's Harley. It was ten o'clock in the morning and already the day was hot.

"How can I get down there?" Gunderson asked. He did not care if there were a hundred men in the shack; he was going to go down and get his bike. Between the cliff they were on and the old shack, there was a small, almost dry stream. Beside the stream, on the same side as the cliff, was a dirt road that was overgrown with weeds and looked as

if it was rarely used. Just before the road reached the spot where the shack was, a narrow wooden bridge crossed for access.

"You don't want to go down there Gunderson," Dawn said. "There's too many of them in that shack. If we can figure out some way to get most of them away from it, you'll have a better chance of getting your bike."

"Look, honey, I don't really give a shit how many of them are in that fuckin' shack. I'm going down there to get my bike. Just tell me how to get off this damn cliff."

"But..."

"I can always go back out to the road and come in that way," Gunderson said.

To argue with him would be useless. If he wanted to get himself killed, that was his business. "Go that way for about a quarter of a mile," Dawn said irritably, pointing toward the rear of the canyon, "and you'll come to a trail that leads down. It's treacherous going down, so be careful."

"I will, and you get on back to



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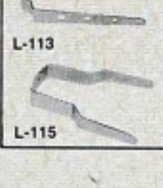
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your car. I'll see you there in a little while." Gunderson slipped through the bushes and in the direction Dawn had pointed. He had no trouble locating the trail. Before noon, taking his time and moving carefully over the loose ground, he reached the road that ran alongside the stream. He was behind the shack now, but still exposed to anyone who happened to look in his direction, so he moved carefully.

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taking care to remain as low as he could. He'd reached the bridge and everything was going well when suddenly, from the direction of the road where Dawn had left her car, came a loud, clattery roar. It was the '61 Chevy with its usual load of drunken Indians. Gunderson ducked under the bridge and waited.

The Indians had Dawn's sister, Maria, with them and they stopped near the bridge, not ten feet from where Gunderson hid, and perhaps a hundred feet from the shack itself. Either the Indians did not know about the men in the shack, or they did not care, but they all erupted from the car, dragging case after case of beer. Maria was still wearing the same cutoff jeans she had been wearing the night before, but nothing more. Bearshield laid her across the hood of the old Chevy,

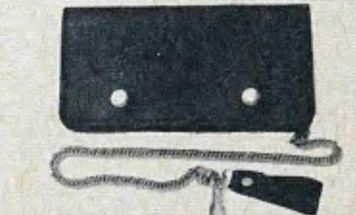


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poured a beer over her tits, and started licking it away.

"Hey, guys, c'mere!" someone from across the stream said loudly. The man was talking to the rest of his friends still in the shack. "Look at that, will ya," one of the men said. "Bunch of drunk Indians out there and they got a honey of a gal with 'em and she's hot to trot."

"Whoopie!" another man yelled. "Let's get us some of that stuff 'fore it gets away."

Gunderson peeked out from under the bridge. The Indians, seeing the commotion on the porch of the shack across the creek, quickly jumped back into the car, turned it around and sped out.

The gang from the shack gave chase. The four trucks and the van pulled out first, followed by the two small bikes. Two more men were on the porch, one of them desperately trying to start the Harley. "Hurry up, dammit," the man waiting for the bike to be started said. "They'll have her fucked half to death if you don't hurry and get this goin'."

The Harley thundered to life. The two men scrambled on and the man who had started the machine jumped it off the porch, almost losing it. Gunderson winced at the mistreatment of his bike. He crouched and waited. When the bike hit the bridge and crossed, Gunderson came out from under the bridge fast and leaped on the two men, knocking them off. The Harley went over on its side, unhurt. Moving fast, Gunderson snatched his chain around the sissy bar. He attacked the two men, beating them brutally and leaving them a bloody, whimpering heap when he rode out.

At the mouth of the canyon he found Dawn waiting in her car. "What did you do?" she asked incredulously. Dawn had seen the circus of vehicles go by.

Gunderson explained what had happened at the bridge. "But what about Maria?" he asked. "What about Bearshield and his cousins? If those guys catch up with them, I'd hate to think what they'll do, especially to your sister."

Dawn smiled. "Don't worry about them. Bearshield knows every backroad and trail around here. Those guys'll end up wrecking every truck and bike they have and still won't catch up with them. Even if they did, which they won't, Maria would probably just love it."

"Then you're not worried about her. . . them?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, I've got my bike back, so I



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guess I better be going now," Gunderson said, a bit sadly.

"Sure you don't want to stay around for a while?" Dawn asked hopefully.

"I want to, but that just ain't my style."

"Then I'll be seeing you?" she asked.

"You can count on that." Gunderson dropped his Harley into gear and rode west.

Three miles down the road, he pulled to the shoulder and waited. He had been there for only a moment when Maria came out of the brush.

"How'd I do?" she asked. She was pulling her T-shirt on.

"You were fine," Gunderson answered. "It was just like we planned last night after Dawn had gone to sleep. I don't know anyone but me that can get this scooter going on the first kick." Gunderson patted the gas tank of his Harley lovingly. "And your timing was perfect. You kind of surprised me, though, coming out of the car without a shirt."

"Well, you wanted me to be sure and get their attention, an' I couldn't think of a better way," Maria said.

"You did that," Gunderson said.

"You jealous?" Maria teased.

"Nope," Gunderson smiled. He slipped his hands under her T-shirt and squeezed her full, firm breasts and felt the nipples rise in instant response.

Maria threw her long leg across the seat behind Gunderson and wrapped her arms around his waist. She unsnapped his jeans and slid her hand inside. She was the horniest girl and the best piece he had ever had. He turned his head toward her. "You on good back there?"

"You betcha," Maria smiled. "I got somethin' great to hang on to."

Gunderson pulled out. He wondered how Maria was going to like the road. She was born to be a scooter tramp.



"He said he'd get off watching me masturbate, so I did it to please him. Now he says he'd get off watching me take out the trash, mow the lawn, and paint the house."



If

you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which,

as you know, is usually the case), or they

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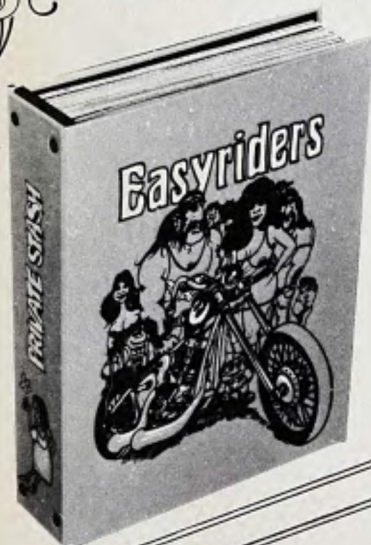
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## Family Tradition

Continued from page 18

Dad's squeezed-up, red, miserable face was the same as always. You couldn't tell he felt a thing. Take this bottle, boy, and have you a swallow.

Along the way, we had a moon pie and a co-cola, and Dad killed a bulldog with his hammer. People passed by, laughin' and pointin', us about to die, Dad cussin'. . . It took forever, but we finally got that thing home. Us boys were boned out, hungry, weak, thirsty — we headed for the porch. Dad hollered out.

"Go in and get you'ns somethin' to eat. Then get your asses back out here." He headed to the barn for his moonshine.

A few minutes later we were strugglin' with that car up this long, steep-ass hill. Now, when you have somethin' like that movin', you know it's better not to stop if you can help it. But goddam, us boys had to rest. We collapsed on the ground and Dad joined us.

"This is it, boys." His eyes were real funny; he gazed at the old car and got kinda calm — for him, at least. "This is the last damn car I ever drive. I'll never own another'n. Ain't nothin' but hell." He wasn't shittin'. The ol' man never shit around.

We got back up to push. Dad leaned in to steer and bore down against the window frame with his left hand. I saw it happen: a long shard of glass ran through his palm and tore clear out the back of his hand. I hollered out. My brothers came runnin' around and stood there with their mouths open. Dad's jaw was set hard. With his right hand he pulled that impaled one off the shard. The sight of the bloody glass sinkin' back through his skin and flesh made me heave.

He hollered at us. "Get your asses back around there and push this goddam thing!" He wrapped his hand up in his shirt and knocked out the jagged glass with the hammer, then he leaned back in. "Push this bastard."

We weren't tired any more. We crested that hill's ass and sent that car flyin' over the cliff. It crashed down in the bottom and joined seven or eight others that were down there. Dad stared at it and cussed. The old blood-soaked shirt was danglin' from his hand, so he wrapped it back up while we stood there pantin' and sweatin'. He stomped his foot.

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**"BIKER"**

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)



"Damn! Damn it all! I left my hammer in that goddam thing." So, like a bird dog, down around the hill I went.

Time I got to the house, Momma had doctored up his hand. That is, she dipped it in coal oil, then in lard, then she wrapped it up. That's the way we done things back then. It's a damn wonder any of us lived. Here, take a swallow.

And that's how the Harley-Davidson tradition got started in the family. See, 'bout a month later Dad wheeled in on a Harley. Momma thought he'd finally tipped his shit-can. Us kids loved it, though. He rode all around the yard, chasin' chickens and cats, and he got after Momma an' ran her back to the porch. He was smilin' when he got off.

"She tears up on me, I'll hammer-whup 'er. She's a helluva lot easier to push, by God."

He never junked her. Fact, before long he had a couple more Harleys standin' around — just went mechanical on us. He found out the hammer was a tool of limited scope when it came to nursin' his favorite ride. He still bitched same as always, but he enjoyed it more.

Dad wouldn't let anybody on his scooter, but he let my brothers ride the others. In no time they were ridin' so much that one by one they



"Hey, lady! Got any idea what that flapping sound is?"

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bought their own. By the time I was ready there were eight or nine Harleys lined up in the ramshackle "garage" we built for them.

Our bikes opened up the roads for us, took us to all kinds of places with all kinds of people. It just turned our family around from a bunch of backwards to people with class and power. Hell, it was an education, too, better than any school ever dished out. Learnin' somethin' about the world, about how to get by and take advantage of things — well hell, boy, you know. You've grown up that way. Prob'ly most important, you respect yourself, which is somethin' a lot of men never will be able to look their Maker in the eye and say. It puts some *purpose* in your pants. Here, dammit. Give me that bottle back. Shiftfire!

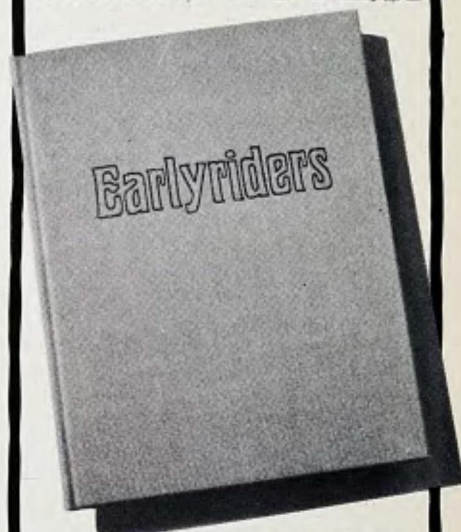
Dad never roamed as free or as far as we did. He just got the ball rollin'. He left a bike-ridin', whiskey-drinkin', woman-lovin' bunch of sons and some fine biker-diggin' daughters. We carried on the tradition with our own families. Now, now don't give me that "innocent" shit. I know you better than that.

Main thing is, we owe it all to those old junker cages down at the bottom of the cliff. If those suckers had a run, there'd most likely never've been any bikes at our house. I'd never've met your momma, and you'd prob'ly be nothing but a dried-



"Well, that's it, Kennedy. We've definitely proven that oral sex causes cancer, but did you notice that this bunch of rats seemed happier than the group that died from the mothball test?"

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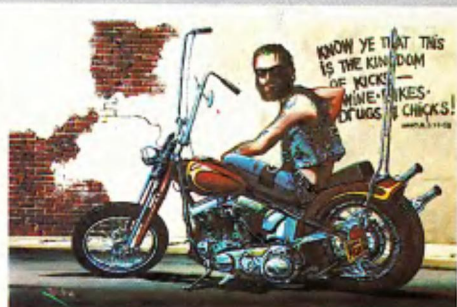
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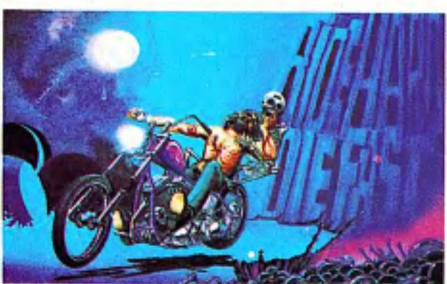
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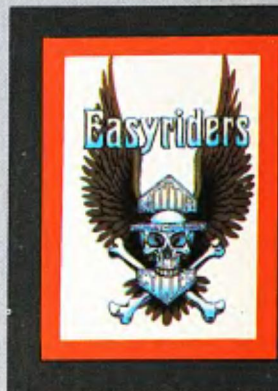
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out sperm stuck to a dirty sock, stuffed in a crack somewhere.

Dad got old and died, and we pitched in and buried him down at Piney Grove for fifty dollars. That was in, lessee, 1960. Hell, if you're gonna die, you shoulda done it back then. He got in on it before inflation hit. You know what it costs nowadays just to put your ass under?

Well, boy, I just wanted to tell you a little somethin' about your people and about this ol' scooter here. Now, listen. Once I turn 'er over to you, she's yours for keeps, you understand? Be no sellin' or tradin' — that's part of the deal. If it gets to where you can't handle 'er, she comes back to me if I'm still around, or somebody else in the family if I ain't, hear?

That's the one he first rode in on, boy. That's the one he chased the chickens on, the one he didn't let nobody ride. Most of the parts have been replaced at one time or another, but that was his bike. The one that started this whole damn empire. I know I don't have to tell you to do your heavy-assin' on somethin' else. That's why she's yours, boy. I know I can count on you to do 'er right.

Hey. Hey. Look here. You listenin'? Don't ever say your ol' man — look here — don't ever say your ol' man never gave you nothin'.



"For God's sake, Alice, turn out the light."

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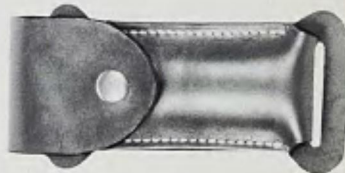
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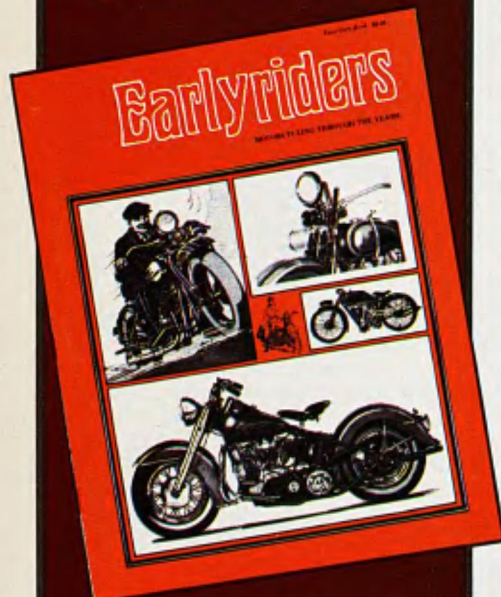


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## Vet Voice

Continued from page 42

he's not the only one out there who feels the same way.

Ya know, they talk about all the disturbed men from the war and they blame it on the drugs and bikers; but if only they would realize that if our men were treated with the same respect and honors that were given to the hostages, maybe our men would not be so self-destructive.

When my ol' man came off the plane, he was spit on by an old woman. She said, "Do you feel proud of yourself?" What kind of welcome was that? But when the hostages came home, they got national coverage, medals, ticker tape parades, etc.

Lee's ol' lady  
Williamsport, Pa.

### Nam Stories

★ I just read your request for war stories in the January issue of *Easyriders*. As has happened before, when I was done reading your piece I felt good, as if I had talked to a friend. Thanks.

Anyway, it occurred to me that there are an incredible number of war stories out there, but no one is recording them. It seems a shame that the lore stored in our veterans' heads will die when they do.

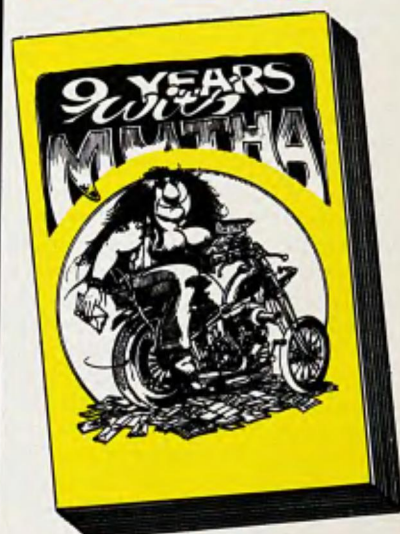
So, my idea is asking for these stories via ads in magazines and newspapers. They don't have to be written beautifully, or even legibly; but I think the stories should be recorded. Perhaps a sympathetic outfit could be persuaded to help publish the thing. (Any rag that would put together a collection of Spider's old stuff just might be loose enough to put the touch on).

John "Bomber" Rosberg  
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

### President Is Tough

★ Our government owes those brave men anything and everything they promised, including help with this Agent Orange shit. Vietnam vets came back from a hellish war that the average citizen can't, or doesn't, want to comprehend, and they came home to people who turned their backs on them, called them murderers, or worse, fools for going in the first place. Now the government is turning its back by cutting off or reducing benefits. This is too much. What's the sense in believing you should fight for your country in times of real trouble

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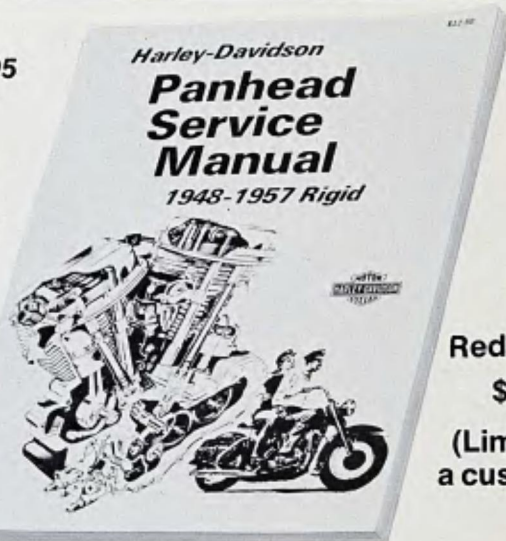
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when your country just wants to forget you when the fighting is over? It makes me wonder.

I hope you do get these letters to President Reagan. He had the guts to come out and say no, we should not be ashamed of Vietnam. Something tells me he had seen that almost hidden look of horror in too many eyes that saw Nam and experienced it. Ya can't miss it, or forget it either, and I for one don't believe you should try to. It's harder to take a stand, but this president is tough, and maybe he'll take that stand.

So use your pens as well as your votes and let him know how you feel. Don't let him or anyone else forget. Nam was like any other war, a heartbreaker, but unlike any other war in that the survivors may as well have been victims.

A sister  
Union Lake, Mich.

#### Veterans Organizations

★ If more vets want their voices to be heard, they should join a local vets organization, i.e., VFW, American Legion.

We have more strength in numbers.

I'm a life member in the VFW, Post 2743, Norwalk, Ohio; and although the older men may have a different lifestyle, we are still vets.

Let's join in a united voice and make D.C. very uncomfortable because of the proposed benefit cuts.

Thanks.

Samuel B. Hay, Jr.  
Toccoa Falls, Ga.

#### WWII Benefits

★ My old man is a vet from WWII. He did most of his time in a Jap POW camp (39 months), so he suffered many permanent physical disabilities. He receives regular vet benefits and I have used some of them for a college education.

I can't rationalize our government's taking benefits from vets who served in Nam. This bullshit of reducing or evaluating a Vietnam vet's benefits if he is serving time now is unjust. He has already served the United States people by putting his ass on the line and has suffered sufficient mental anguish. Those subjected to serve this government should scream in outrage until the people and government now return the service and honor commitments that were made to Vietnam veterans.

I can remember when I was a kid, thinking I had been cheated some-

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how because my old man never could play catch with me because he could not see the ball. (One of his disabilities was 70 percent blindness.) His only compensation is a few dollars every month.

Don't cheat our Vietnam vets of their benefits because it will affect their children's attitudes toward government and service toward that government. I think we are obligated to examine vets' problems and should strive as a people to solve them.

A reader  
Texas

## V.A. Shafts Vet

★ I'm the wife of a disabled vet who's getting screwed. My husband, Dru, has a '50 panhead, built by hand.

Dru spent thirteen months with the Marine Corps in Nam and twelve months with the Army in Nam, plus a six-month extension. He was wounded three times. The first time he applied for disability, they told him he applied too late. Starting when we were married in November, I've been fighting this matter and I won't stop. Dru wants to go to school at A.M.I. in Daytona, Florida. With Chapter 31, it would be paid for and only takes 10 percent. They're still saying 0 percent. I'm ready to make an appeal or file a

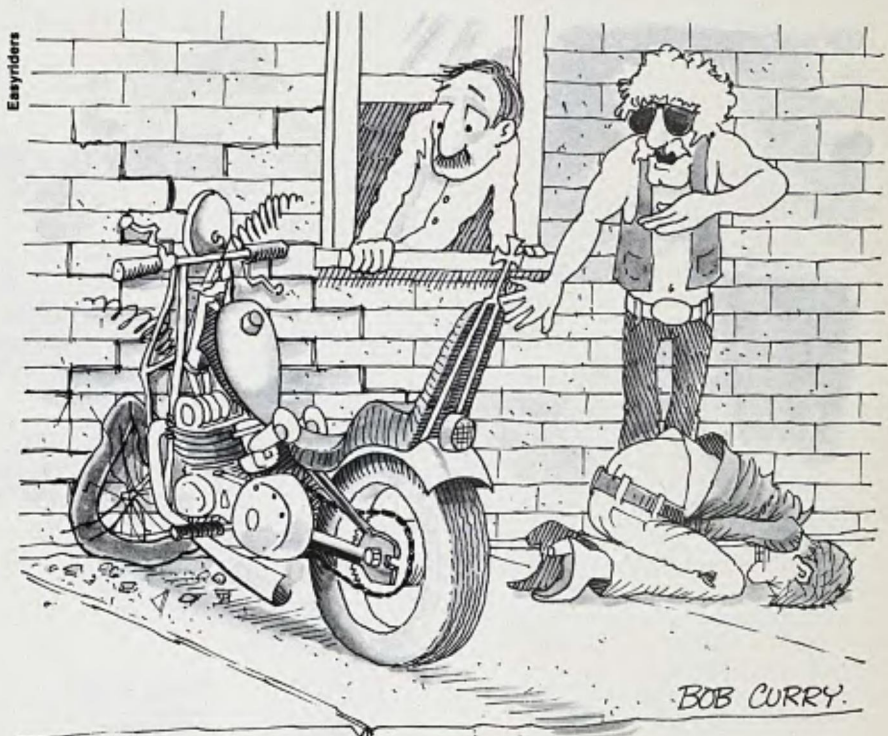
suit on the V.A.

We spent the entire day in Chicago, at V.A. hospital, only to have them say 0 percent. Dru has bilateral tinnitus, which is permanent and progressive. Eventually it might affect his speech. Dru still has shrapnel in his leg, and it is moving. The service officer at the D.A.V. in Indianapolis saw the doctor's report and says he can tell Dru has disabilities. He wrote back to the V.A. to reconsider. Now I think they're fighting us 'cause if they own up to it, they might owe Dru some back pay! I just want a percentage rating so he can go to school.

I live with the man, and can see what this is doing to him mentally. They say, "It's not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." He did for his country, left some of his blood behind, is lucky to be alive, and has many bad memories carved into his mind forever. Now you tell me, why in the hell can't his country do something for him?

I've written my congressman, made many long distance calls, and just sent a letter to President Reagan. Somewhere, someone has got to recognize the problem. Keep on at your end. I'll continue here, or wherever I go.

Wife, Sherri  
Hammond, Ind. ■



"Near as I can tell, he wuz jest shiftin' down fer the curve, doin' about 80, an' it sucked his balls into the carbs."



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## Lockdown

Continued from page 77

they had received "new" information about the prisoner after his parole date had been set. The so-called new information turned out to be letters from a U.S. Attorney and the IRS objecting to his parole because the prisoner, while at another institution, had told other cons how to cheat on their taxes.

The prisoner brought suit, claiming that the commission had known of his tax fraud involvement before they set the parole date. He supported his claim with a letter he had sent the commission detailing the tax info. The commission claimed that the letters from outside sources were still new information under their rules. The court rejected the commission's argument, stating that since the prisoner had brought the matter to the commission's attention, the commission could have attempted to find additional information about the case before setting the parole date. — *Ready v. U.S. Parole Commission*, 26 Cr.L. 2535.

### Rules Are Rules

A convicted cop killer was denied access to a work release program despite his meeting all the official requirements for it. He filed a civil rights suit demanding injunctive relief and damages, claiming that his work release application was denied because the department of correction was afraid to anger the state legislature.

He further claimed that using a special set of standards to judge his application was a violation of his

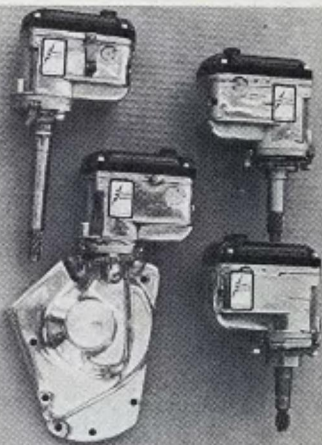


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# Riding Our Way?



Fourteenth Amendment rights to due process. A district court found that the DOC did, in fact, deny the application solely because of fear of legislative reprisals. This court, however, found that despite this the prisoner's rights had not been violated. They said they could find no evidence that due process attached to any part of the work release program.

The Third Circuit Court disagreed and overturned that decision, finding that the prisoner had a right to expect to qualify for the work release program if he met the established standards, and that the state violated due process by denying him the benefits of the program for other reasons. — *Winsett v. McGinnes*, 48 L.W. 2652.

## Forty Years For Pot

The U.S. Supreme Court overturned a lower court's decision that two consecutive 20-year sentences for possession of marijuana constituted cruel and unusual punishment. In letting this 40-year sentence for possession stand, the Supreme Court cited their own decision in *Rummel v. Estelle*, the landmark case in which they let stand a Texas statute calling for a mandatory life sentence for anyone convicted of a third felony — despite the fact that the "lifer" in question had been convicted only of bouncing a \$120 check.

No question, as the bro doing 40 years for pot has found out, that *Rummel v. Estelle* is one of the worst, most backward-looking decisions in memory and opens the door to all sorts of medieval practices. — *Hutto v. Davis*, No. 79-482, Cr.L. 4001.



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### Botherhood Vindicated

A jailhouse lawyer was threatened with segregation for assisting other prisoners with their legal appeals, and was banned from using photocopying equipment for his own legal papers. The jailhouse lawyer filed suit, alleging violation of his First and Fourteenth Amendment rights. A district court threw his suit out, but the Third Circuit Court disagreed. In finding for the prisoner, the circuit court ruled that he had the right to assert the due process rights of fellow prisoners whom he assisted in legal matters, and that the selective denial of photocopying privileges constituted censorship in violation of the First Amendment. — *Rhodes v. Robinson*, 612 F.2d 766.

### Miranda Behind Bars

As everyone who ever watched a cop show on TV knows, the Supreme Court's Miranda decision requires the police to inform a suspect of his constitutional rights before questioning him about a possible crime.

The Maryland Court of Appeals recognized the fact that prisoners also have Fifth Amendment (the one that says you don't have to incriminate yourself in testimony) rights when they ruled that Miranda warnings should have been given to a prisoner before he was questioned by jail officials about a gun supposedly hidden in the slammer.

The state argued that prison security required an exception to Miranda, but the court was unimpressed, ruling that any evidence obtained by the illegal questioning of the prisoner could not be used in subsequent trials. — *Whitfield v. State*, 27 Cr.L. 1006.

### Money Talks

A prisoner sued the chairman of the Florida Parole Board because his request for parole had been denied for failure to comply with a state law that requires prisoners to disclose all their income and assets. The court, in rejecting the suit, said that parole in Florida is not a right but a privilege and, as such, subject to as many strings as the state wants to attach to it.

Incidentally, if any bros out there have had personal experience with this relatively new Florida financial disclosure law, which among other things seeks to determine a prisoner's ability to pay his prison living costs, please write and tell us about it. — *Panzavecchia v. Crockett*, 379 So.2d 1047.



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## Beatin' The Reaper

Continued from page 25

lines of bikers in funeral processions.<sup>6</sup> They show and emphasize that death objects are part of the gang biker's mystique: German Storm Trooper helmets, death's head decorations, and the like.

In one biker funeral depicted in *In The Wind*, the impression is that the departed is only slightly farther down the road than those who mourn him. In point of time, they'll all be there soon.

Of course, the gang biker's philosophy is pretty foreign to most other folk, although it has its appeal. The biker is a cult anti-hero: rotten, raunchy, reveling in his grubbiness. The women, to judge by the photos, revel equally in their sleaziness. The cultists talk over and over of being free, with plenty of booze and drugs, hoping that the unemployment check has come today and there'll be a new woman tonight who is "really stacked." All an illusion, no doubt, but at least something to yearn for in a mechanized, recessionized world where almost everybody these days is farther down than up.

If that kind of existential world is all there is, why not a glorious death on the road and a funeral procession with hundreds of your "bros" tailgating along to your gravesite?

But bikers today are not all Hell's Angels, Outsiders, or Gypsy Jokers. Although many people couldn't work up a lot of sympathy for the gang biker who gets smeared over the Sunset Highway — "The more of 'em get knocked off, the fewer of 'em left" may be the philosophy — truth is, probably hundreds of Portlanders ride motorcycles or would like to — for the freedom, the feeling of speed, the sensation of a fine machine underneath, for the wind in the hair — they have no interest in the dirty leather world of the biker clubs.<sup>7</sup>

Well, if they're really smart, they won't ride bikes on the street.<sup>8</sup> Statistics should persuade them of that, just as statistics have persuaded so many people to stop smoking. But there are all kinds of places to ride motorcycles besides the streets. Many Oregonians —

<sup>6</sup>Showing respect for a loved one is wrong?

<sup>7</sup>Is it road grime he dislikes, or clubs?

<sup>8</sup>No, you'd stay in bed where it's really safe.



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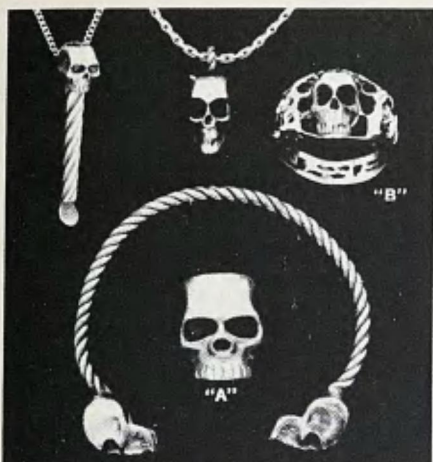
Number  
Two



This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send \$2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 —and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!

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executives even, middle-aged even — ride trail bikes. Come weekends, they pop the bikes into the pickup, head out for one of the trail spots and varoom! varoom! to the threshold of headache all day long, collecting a lot of dust but seldom an injury. Falling in the dirt is not skidding on the pavement.

Or how about motocross? It's a thriving motorcycle sport in which a bunch of riders line up at a start line, then race over a dirt-surfaced obstacle course, frequently for cash prizes. Sprained ankles, bruises, scrapes they get. Killed, they aren't. Portland has a motocross track at Delta Park, and there are numerous others. Problem: The season is primarily summer. Worse problem: You hit your peak in motocross at the ages of 19 to 21, and you're a has-been at 30. You can motocross, but you can't win: The old body won't take that pounding anymore.\*

Slow-running mopeds are no solution — in fact, are seen by some as a greater hazard. Under Oregon law, they must go 30mph on the flat, but how flat is Sylvan Hill? And people do try to ride mopeds up it. The state requires only a regular driver's license for a moped rider. You can even get a special moped license: You are admonished to use the moped only for leisure travel. Whatever that is. Some states have no moped regulations at all, and a problem has arisen with uninsured moped drivers who cause damages they can't pay for.

Motorcycle drivers are required by state law to pass a special test and are supposed to be qualified to operate the vehicle. As time is proving, the ability to operate is not the crucial factor.

Can't driver education, helmets,

\*Ahh, gee.



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good equipment and other pre-  
ventive measures cut down on  
motorcycle accidents? Almost cer-  
tainly not. The gang bikers detest  
helmets.<sup>10</sup> They detract  
from the manufactured macho. But  
aside from that, the authorities  
say all of the above are not the  
primary causes of motorcycle ac-  
cidents, anyway.

The chief cause is *other people*,<sup>11</sup>  
specifically automobiles and the  
people who drive them. Auto drivers  
simply do not look out for the  
motorcycle driver, do not recognize  
his right to the pavement, do not  
drive defensively with respect to the  
motorcycle. Contrarily, some may  
even resent him enough to tailgate  
him or attempt to cut him off from a  
lane change.

Another serious problem is the  
instability of the bike as it is  
designed. By this is meant its ultra-  
sensitivity to the road surface. An  
oil slick can throw a biker over  
instantly. The same can happen if  
he is not careful crossing railroad  
tracks or slick bridge decks. Corner-  
ing on a gravel road can unveil sub-  
surface faults and instabilities that  
will not hold the bike on the turn.  
Wind is another hazard.

Statistics and analyses suggest  
that accidents are seldom caused by  
lack of understanding of motorcycle  
controls. However, some authorities  
insist that the first-time biker is the  
one most likely to crash, just like  
the first-time skier.

Chuck Washburn of Portland,  
president of District 28 of the Amer-  
ican Motorcyclists Association,  
comments:

"Some of the statistics that are  
compiled by the National Safety  
Council, we cannot argue with.  
However, most bike riders ride their  
bikes as a mode of transportation  
and to save gas. They read periodi-  
cals like *Road Rider* and *Rider*  
magazines<sup>12</sup> — they are not think-  
ing about being one step ahead of  
the Reaper's blade or getting  
hassled by the police.

"We feel that the motorcycle sport  
would be greatly helped by motor-  
cycle education, mainly in the use of  
the hand controls (throttle, clutch  
and brake)

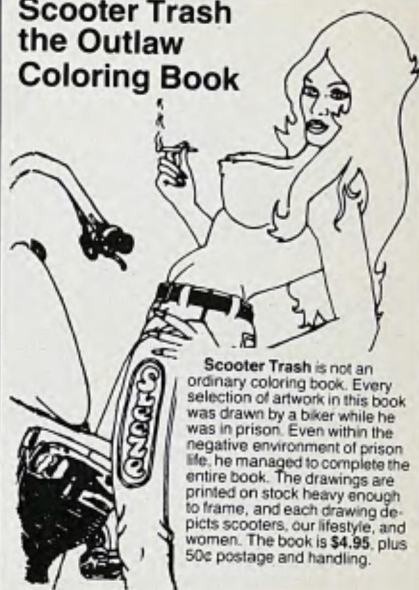
Continued on page 111

<sup>10</sup>They detest being told to wear green  
on Thursdays. They know when to  
wear helmets. Let the bikers decide, not  
the Feds. Note: now "clubs" have turned  
into "gangs."

<sup>11</sup>At last he gets to a truth.

<sup>12</sup>Not very many, especially that ad-  
vertising rag, *Rider*.

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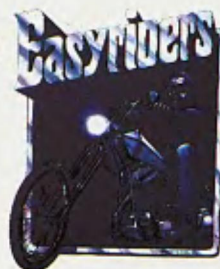
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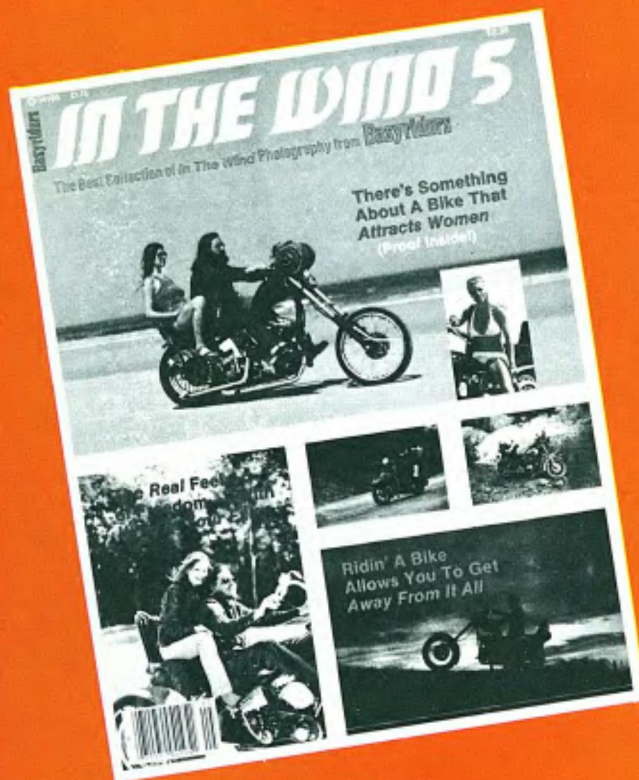
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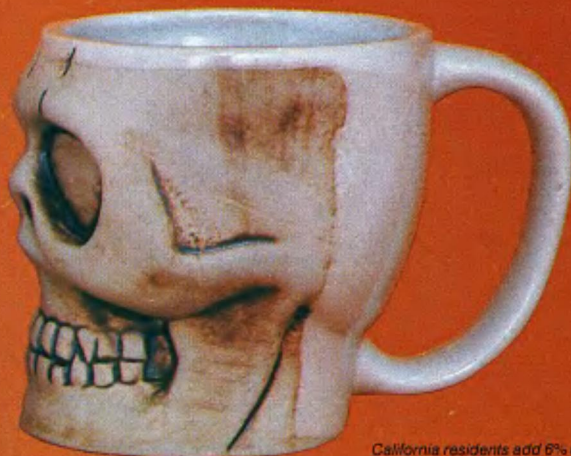
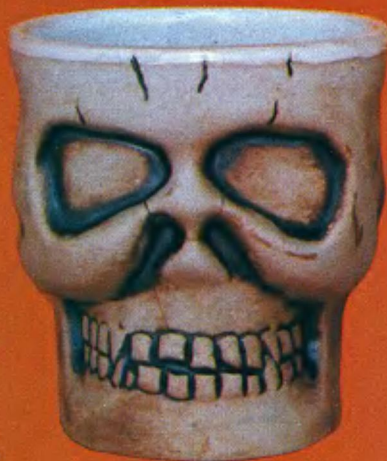
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## Beatin' The Reaper

Continued from page 106

and also by the education of automobile drivers to recognize the motorcyclist's right to his share of the road."

With all the risks to the casual biker and the inherent death wishes of the biker club members, is motorcycling on the way out? Are they all going to kill themselves off eventually? Not on your wheelie.

All indications are that motorcycles and mopeds will become more numerous, not fewer. The reasons are basic to our social milieu.

We live in a society that is getting more and more mobile as it becomes more and more suburbanized. Aside from the current economic depression, ours is essentially an affluent society, especially for the young. And it is a society with increasingly more leisure time, especially for the young.

On the other hand, the cost of cars, their maintenance and their fuel goes higher and higher. Yet it is still possible, according to the literature, to buy a two-wheeled vehicle for \$200 or less that will get 200 miles to the gasoline gallon.

Inevitably the young, their pockets achunk with money they earned working at the fast-food restaurant, will be craving the mobility of their own transportation and the exhilaration of the wind in their hair. Many of these will gravitate to motorcycles, mopeds, or something in between.

The best solution to the accident problem would seem to be for these young bikers to train themselves thoroughly on their machines and on the hazards of the unthinking auto driver. It would help if the rest of us auto drivers would stop crowding them and watch out for them better.

But is there a final solution?<sup>13</sup>  
Said a biker in one publication:  
"We mock Death."

<sup>13</sup>Get rid of phony articles like yours.

## An editorial reply to "Death On Wheels"

"Death On Wheels" is one of the most blatantly ignorant, poorly reasoned, and clumsily written pieces of overt anti-biker

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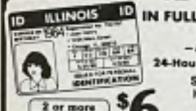
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propaganda that it has ever been my displeasure to read. Its thesis — that motorcycles are insanely dangerous and that bikers are obsessed with death — is patently false to anyone with any experience of riding or any knowledge of bikers. Unfortunately, the average citizen is about as uninformed as Art Chenoweth, the Portland writer who calls upon clichés and hackneyed stereotypes to make his simple-minded case against street motorcycles and their riders.

If it weren't for the fact that most of his readers know little about bikers, I would ignore Chenoweth and "Death On Wheels," treating them both with the contempt they deserve. But this ragged exercise in anti-biker hysteria appeared in "Northwest Magazine," a Sunday supplement to Portland's newspaper, *The Oregonian*. Because it appeared in a respected newspaper, this article will convince many naive readers, who will recirculate the same drivel elsewhere. Unfortunately, the damage has been done — few readers of *The Oregonian* will see this reply to Chenoweth's rubbish, and the biker readership of *Easyriders* knows the truth already. What's really scary is that some dumbass car jockey may really buy this death wish baloney and decide to assist some scooter tramp into the next world — grant his wish by centerpunching him with the family bus. It's too late to undo all the harm of this dangerous, irresponsible essay, but just for the record, let's examine the alleged biker romance with death.

For the most part, Chenoweth plays on his reader's preconceptions and stereotypes about bikers, but even when he attempts to be factual, he winds up with egg on his face. Finding the zero-percent increase in Portland motorcycle fatalities between 1978 and 1979 embarrassing to the clumsy case he attempts to rig against bikers, the writer points to a nine-percent increase in all types of motorcycle accidents during the same period. Presumably (since it's virtually the only actual statistic we're provided in the entire article), this figure justifies his later assertion, "Well, if they're [motorcyclists] really smart, they won't ride bikes on the street. Statistics should persuade them of that, just as statistics have persuaded so many people to stop smoking."

You don't have to be an actuary to spot the writer's statistical trick here, conveniently failing to provide

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the reader the figures for automobile and motorcycle registrations during the period in question. Were there more or fewer bikes on the street in 1979 than in 1978? More or fewer cars? If, in point of fact, there were more bikes on the streets of Portland in 1979 than in 1978, that nine percent jump may, for example, be nothing more than an expected reflection of those other increases. Moreover, if, as Chenoweth suggests, those statistics should convince the motorcycle rider to stay off the street, they should do the same for automobile drivers and pedestrians, since the yearly accident rate for each climbs more often than not. Even casually examined, then, his statistics reveal little about the dangers of riding bikes on the streets, nor do they warrant the alarmist tone of his conclusions.

The questionable "factual" evidence thus disposed of, we can turn our attention to the more philosophical aspects of this article. But first, a word about Art Chenoweth's rhetoric. In case you needed any proof that this essay stacked the deck against bikers, take a look at the language employed. Notice, for example, that while giving us Portland's motorcycle death statistics for 1978, the writer tosses in the incidental, if not irrelevant, fact that two pedestrians had been "mowed down" by bikes. Not "struck," mind you, or "knocked down" or even "flattened." No, "mowed down," an emotionally colored phrase implying that these weren't accidents, a phrase that suggests defenseless victims intentionally slaughtered in cold blood, conjuring up images of the St. Valentine's Day massacre. By contrast, Chenoweth later speaks of the "gang biker who gets smeared over the Sunset Highway" with the same matter-of-fact indifference you'd use to describe a squashed possum on the Interstate, and with the same assumption that it was the victim's own stupidity that brought about his death. The essay is peppered with words like "rotten"

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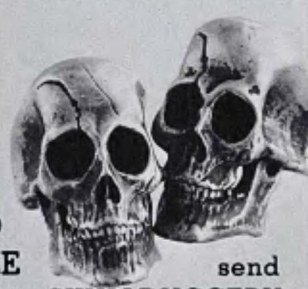




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and "sleaziness" and "raunchy" to describe the "dirty leather world of the biker clubs." But none of this, obviously, has much to do with bikers and death wishes.

Unfortunately, many unsophisticated or uninformed readers won't be aware that their emotions are being manipulated by the writer and their stereotypes being reinforced by his biased presentation. That's why articles like "Death On Wheels" harm the cause of motorcycle safety and serve to deepen the mutual mistrust between bikers and citizen car drivers. The same uninformed reader will fall for Chenoweth's reportorial pose of knowledgeable objectivity. ("The article was in the newspaper, wasn't it? Then it must be true.") Yet this same writer knows so little about the world of bikes and bikers that he refers to the magazine you're reading as *Easyrider*.

Finally, a few words about mortality. "Death On Wheels" attempts to make the case that bikers have a death wish because death appears as a prominent motif of their lifestyle and culture. It's certainly true that death and its symbols (skulls and the like) appear in the life and literature of scooter people. But it is equally untrue that this constitutes a morbid preoccupation with the Grim Reaper. Today's society wants to pretend death doesn't exist, so it herds its old and sick and dying off to "homes" and hospitals, it embalms its corpses so that decomposition can't occur, it calls on a cosmetician to restore the "natural" blush of life to the face of a cadaver, and it hides the reality of death behind euphemisms like "passing away," robbing all of us — the mourners and the mourned — of the simple dignity of dying. So you tell me which attitude is more natural and healthy: the biker's sober recognition of this most basic fact of life, or society's attempt to sanitize death right out of our awareness?

Ultimately, death is what gives life meaning. The knowledge that our life will end gives personal significance to our actions. We make those



"M' dog and m' ol' lady are jus' alike — they both sit on their fuckin' ass and bark!"



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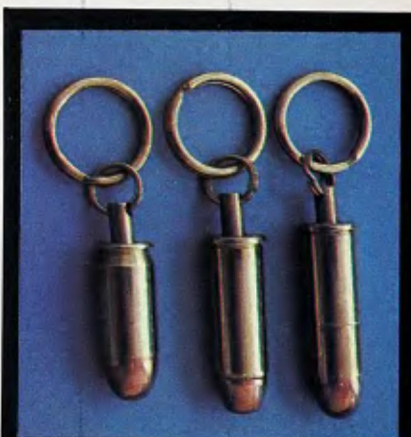
choices that determine how we will spend our lives in the full knowledge that we won't have the chance again. Just as we couldn't appreciate the light of day unless we had experienced the darkness of night, only by an acceptance of death can we fully savor life. If bikers party heartier and run it to the redline more than the average Joe, it's due in part to their having a more mature perception of the ubiquity of death and the brevity of life.

Motorcycles are not, obviously, the safest form of transportation available. When a bike tangles with a car (usually driven by someone who's never ridden a motorcycle even once), the scoot and its rider generally come out on the losing end. And some of these encounters are terminal for the biker. All this is simple fact. But does it then follow that bikers have a death wish? No, on the contrary, they have a life wish. Speaking personally, I've never known a friendlier, more alive, more exuberant bunch than scooter people. They're in love with life, with the endlessly varied experiences it can offer, with the manifold diversity of life's possibilities. Death wish? Bullshit. While millions of miserable straights wither in the nine-to-five confinements of their deadly routines and responsibilities, bikers are out in the wind, packing more life into one day than most citizens will experience in a year.

If none of us risked our safety at least a little, what a dreary world we'd be plodding along in. Only by pushing it toward the edge now and then can we enjoy the security away from that edge. We're all going to croak, that's for sure. But in a very real sense, a lot of people are already dead even though they walk and talk. These neo-zombies are the victims of fear and conventionality and superstition and lies and their own meagre spirits.

I hope and expect to live a long time, but what makes today's experiences special is the knowledge that I might up and die right here at the typewriter before I finish this sentence you're reading. When I die, I hope I'm on my feet and giving it my best shot. Bikers know what I mean, and they won't trade the candyass security of death on the installment plan for the righteous risks of real life.

"When a man dies," wrote Charles Peguy, "he dies not from the disease alone. He dies from his whole life." Bikers die like everybody does. But they live like nobody else.



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## Push To Shove

Continued from page 70

droppin' quickly. They were filled with embarrassment.

"Is it true that you terrible one-percenters actually *thrive* on a diet of piss, turds, and old cuntrags?" asked the comedian pleasantly.

Grittin' my teeth, I forced myself to roll over, turnin' my dank back on the smartass. Don't even think of wastin' strength gettin' physical with the dipshit, I sternly advised me. Yer sick, see? Ya need enough rest to finish the run. Ignore the little bastard. Let some other bro improve his face by rearrangin' it. You rest, goddammit!

"Hey! I'm speaking to you, hairy old man!" The contempt spiked into me.

Shriller giggles.

"Man, I guess they're only mean and dangerous when they got others around them," hooted a slightly deeper voice, which I knew belonged to the dummy-lookin' one. "That guy's pure chickenshit, chopper or not!"

Mingled cries of agreement and raucous laughter.

My ears tightened. Had I heard more than six voices in that gleeful chorus? Rollin' to a sittin' position, I shot a glance over my glistenin' shoulder. Now grinnin' at me were an elderly couple, with a poodle on a leash, and two leerin', imitation outlaws wearin' faked-out patches. My glance included the ratty Honda 250 and Yamaha 350 leanin' on stands beyond the comedian's audience. Sighin' to myself, I noticed one last shaded table farther away from where I sat. Maintain, I demanded of myself, maintain. Ya only need a tad



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more rest. Yer feelin' better already. Another half-hour in the shade and ya kin —

A tiny hunk of gravel plipped off the back of my neck.

Laughter and cheers.

Grabbin' up my fuckin' shirt and vest, I reached for the shovel, ragin' cold inside but grimly determined to have that last dose of rest so necessary to travelin' safe. Maybe they'd pick another target if I wasn't so goddam close to them. With that hope in mind, I started liftin' the sled's weight toward me to ready the stand fer changin'.

Plonk. A bigger hunk of gravel bounced from the tank.

Nobody made a sound as I eased the shovel's weight back onto its stand, tossed my clothes onto the bike, and turned around. Maybe instinct told them they had gone too far. Maybe somethin' in my face warned them of their danger.

Everybody separated, eyes nervously flickerin' from each other to me. They retreated as I slowly started walkin' toward them, not makin' a fuckin' sound.

"H-hey, bro!" one of the riceburner riders called in a shaky, chucklin' tone, "we ain't in this! We did nothin'!"

Stoppin' before the cutsie little blue cage, I fumbled in the special pocket of my britches, fingers closin' around the four-shot derringer — bringin' it up and out.

Blam-Blam-Blam popped the pissant piece.

Steam began hiss'n from the bullet holes in the car's radiator, drippin' onto the ground in puddles that dried as fast as the water gathered on the superhot pavement.

"Oh, my gawd!" screeched the comedian, his face contorted with a satisfying blend of grief and fury. "Look what he did to my car!"

Now the unsmiling chick smiled warmly at me.

"You interested in a long ride, sweetie?" I asked quietly.

"Every mile of it!"

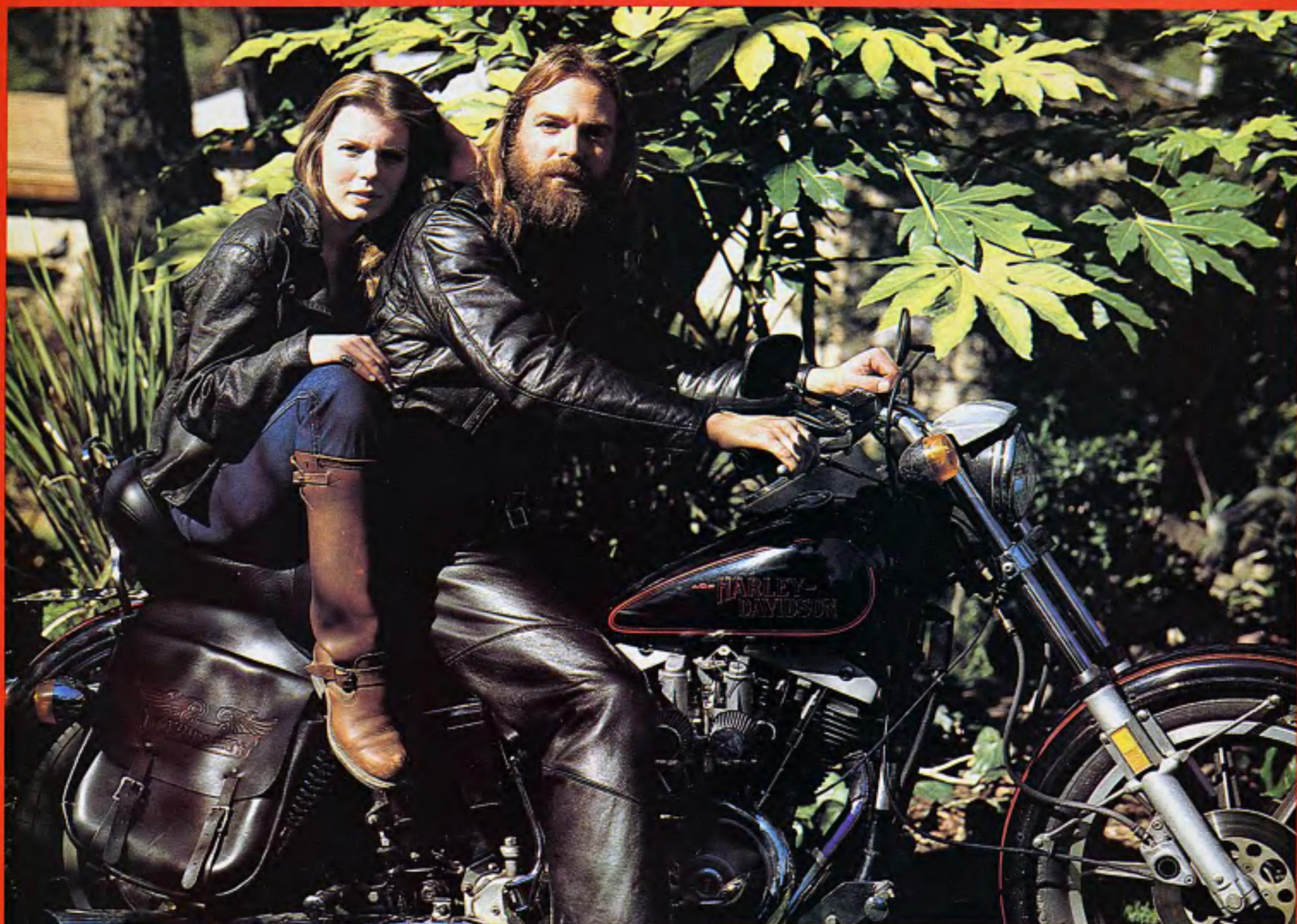
As we moved to my bike, the rest of her group drifted over to the injured cage, their worried voices arguin' over what to do about their only transportation.

"First," I told the chick, "we gotta get off this Interstate and use another route. Then I'll need some cold beer and a coupla hours rest. After that, I'll show ya off to every red-blooded man and boy in Benson — and then we'll get better acquainted."

"You're the boss, Mr. Shitstopper!"  
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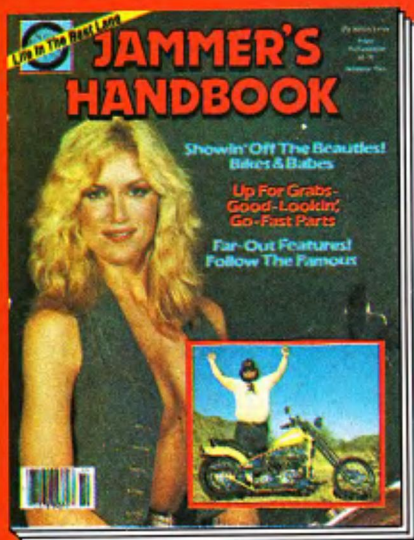
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| 122055 | Left Side Cover Screw Kit — Honda 750  | 26.00 |
| 122056 | Right Side Cover Screw Kit — Honda 750 | 17.00 |
| 122057 | Rocker Box Screw Kit — Honda 750       | 23.00 |
| 122059 | Motor Mount Kit — Honda 750            | 15.00 |

## Kromettes

Bullet-shaped fasteners. Complete with nut and washer. Beautifully chrome plated.  
(1/4 x 20).

10602 ..... 1.50





Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.  
Rake is 38 degrees.

### 74 RIGID FRAME

# JAMMER RIGID FRAMES

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.  
Rake is 38 degrees.

### SPORTSTER RIGID FRAME

#### 74 Jammer Rigid Frame

Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger stroke and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.

2804 ..... 349.95

#### Mechanical Brake Kit

Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.

2805 ..... 19.95

#### 74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame

Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.

2801 ..... 359.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.  
Rake is 30 degrees.

### 74 RIGID FAT BOB FRAME

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.  
Rake is 38 degrees.

### 750 HONDA RIGID FRAME

#### 74 Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob

Added stress bar. Clearance for stroke. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.

2807 ..... 389.95

#### 74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Fat Bob

Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed.

2808 ..... 399.95

#### Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame

You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1977 kick or electric start into our frame. Will also accept 1978-1980 Sportster engines with slight modifications. The holes are reamed and tapped.

2802 ..... 339.95

#### 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame

Accepts any year 750 engine. Has Harley 74 neck and will accept all Harley 74 components to assemble springer to this frame. To accept a Honda front end order our custom Honda fork cups, #61023.

2803 ..... 334.95

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start);  
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80  
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead 74 and 80 Flatheads

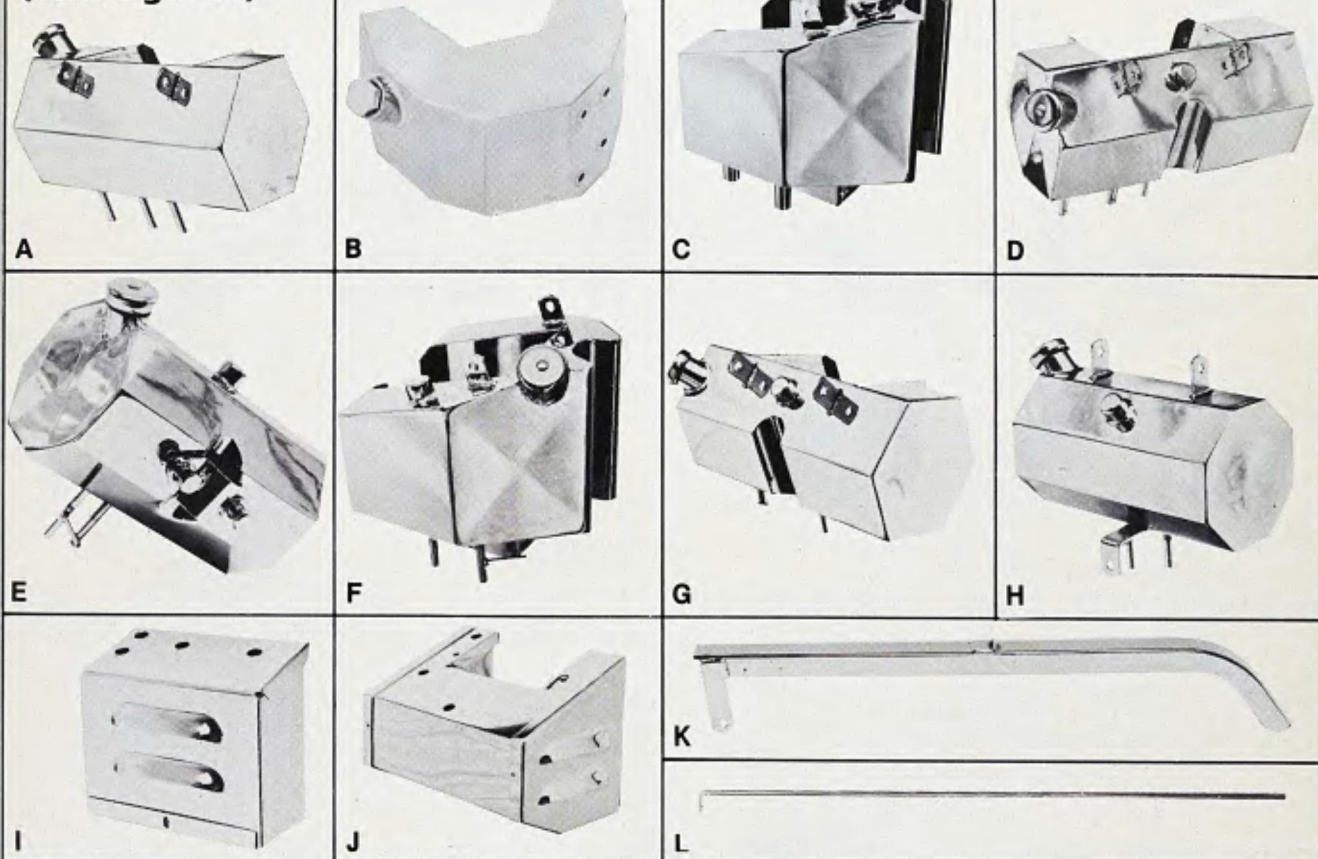
\*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

**How To Get 'Em!  
(See Page 124)**



# HARDTAIL & CUSTOM FRAME ACCESSORIES

## How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)



### A. Harley 74 Hex Oil Tank

This 3 quart hex styled tank mates up to our hardtail as well as swingarm and rigid Harley frames. Features include battery provision, top/side filler spout, star-pressed ends, deep chrome and includes cap. Kick start only.

**37049** ..... 79.95

### B. Sportster Octagonal Oil Tank

A 3 quart wrap around tank for our hardtails and most other Sportster frames. Highly chromed, and side fill for ease, this tank includes filler cap. Our #3805 battery box fits perfectly to accept your battery.

**3804** ..... 89.95

### C. Honda 750 Wrap-Around Oil Tank

Unique styling with a 3 quart capacity, this wrap around accepts a large 750 stock battery and stock oil lines. Includes welded tabs for quick bolt up to our hardtail and can be adapted to other hardtails and rigids. Deep chrome finish, cap included.

**37010** ..... 79.95

### D. Honda 750 Hex Oil Tank

This 3 quart hex tank bolts right up to our hardtail and will adapt to most other custom & stock frames. Accepts large 750 battery and stock oil lines. Star-pressed ends, chain relief makes this show chromed beauty an instant winner. Includes cap.

**3807** ..... 82.95

### E. Triumph/BSA Hex Tank (Post Mount)

Mounting directly to the seat post, this 2½ quart hex tank works with our hardtail and is designed for Triumph/BSA twins and will adapt to many bikes. Uses Triumph filter screen and includes cap. Features star-pressed ends and chromed to a high finish.

**37011** ..... 74.95

### F. Triumph Wrap-Around Oil Tank

This 3 quart wrap around bolts directly to the tabs on our hardtail and fits up against the center down tube on Triumph frames. Battery provision area is 3½" x 5½". Uses stock Triumph filter screen and includes cap. Show chromed finish.

**37012** ..... 79.95

### G. Triumph Hex Oil Tank

A 3 quart hex styled tank that bolts right up to our hardtail and is adaptable to other hardtails and frames. Features battery provision, integral bottom exit breather and accepts stock filter screen. Includes cap. Star-pressed ends. Lustrous chrome.

**37063** ..... 79.95

### H. Triumph/BSA Oil Tank

Here's a 2½ quart, easy bolt up tank for our hardtails. Can be adapted to most bikes. Uses stock Triumph filter screen and includes cap. It's got star-pressed ends and is finished with bright chrome.

**37064** ..... 74.95

### I. Honda 750/Triumph/BSA Electric Box

A show chromed electric box that adapts easily to our hardtails and most other frames.

**99023** ..... 34.95

### J. Honda 450 Electric Box

Easily adaptable to our hardtail, this deep and lustrous chromed electric box will work on most other frames too.

**99024** ..... 59.95

### K. Extended Hardtail Chain Guards

A full selection of mirror chromed chain guards for our hardtail and most other extended frames.

**120015** ... Harley 74 ..... 17.95

**120016** ... Sportster ..... 17.95

**120017** ... Honda ..... 17.95

**120018** ... Triumph, 6" Longer ..... 17.95

**120019** ... Triumph, 4" Longer ..... 17.95

**120020** ... BSA ..... 17.95

### L. Extended Hardtail Brake Rods

These quality brake rods fit the stock adjusting nut and adapt to our hardtails and most other extended frames.

**79066** ... Sportster ..... 7.50

**79067** ... Honda 750, 450 ..... 7.50

**79068** ... Triumph 650, 4", 6" ..... 7.50

Triumph 500/BSA ..... 7.50









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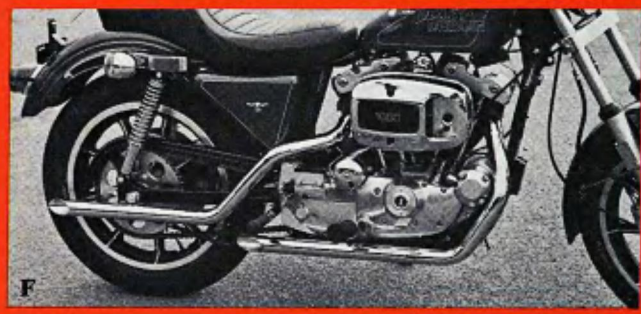
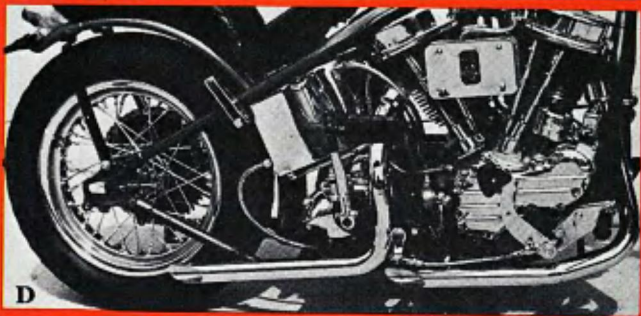
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# Choppershopper

Continued from page 80

**Tattoo artists:** Huck Spaulding says thanks to all you great people out there for supporting Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. this past year. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. If you want junk, you buy from a junk dealer. If you're serious and want the best tattoo equipment available, buy where the pros buy, Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc. (99)

White female, 28, 5'7" tall, 135 lbs., long blond hair, could dig some Harley ridin' and good times. I'm in the N.Y.C. area. Write to L.K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (98)

**Jon the Baptist and Snakehunter:** Thank you for the #1 best run to the river. You're #1. I love you, Virgin Mary. (98)

Wipe out arrest records and bad discharges. 304-page manual; forms and full procedure. Do it yourself. No lawyer required. Legal. Start fresh with clean slate. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$10.45 U.S., no CODs. Howelab (73ER), Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (98)

Few Harleys, others. Also new/used parts. Cheap! Send 2 stamps. Ed Howell, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (98)

**Cass:** Happy late birthday 3/6/81. You'll always be special to me. Thanx, Denise. (98)

**Chris:** I love you now and forever. Keep in touch, Katie. (98)

Get yourself a downright upright portrait made of the old machine, ol' lady, m/c club, bash buddies, faithful hound, your choice. Send for details with sase to Jackpine Savage Co., 518 Washington, Brainerd, Minn. 56401. (98)

**Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals (best deal):** Artist, Box 242-L, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (98)

**Motorcycle mechanic:** Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC61, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (99)

**Needed:** 34B, 116 lbs. or less; send photo. Life student. Write L.G.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (98)

**Transmission rebuilding:** 74s and 45s, 1936 to 1981, and 4 and 5 speeds. Call or write for free catalog. All work guaranteed. Jesus & Jakes, 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. (916) 885-1672. (98)

I'm 21, 6' tall, brown hair, and blue eyes. Open-minded. I've been down 5 years and I'm looking for women 18-35 for correspondence. Will answer all. Please send photos. Only one guarantee: I don't play head games. Write to Greg Sourbeer #K-3979, H Ward, P.O. Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011. (98)

Tool carrier made from heavy-duty genuine canvas. Measures 35" by 14" folded out. Rolls into a cylinder shape approximately 9" by 5". Fifteen individual pockets keep tools separated. Compact size and easy access to the tool you need make them ideal for bike trips. Eliminate dumping tools on the ground to find the right one. \$10 each. Postage paid. Woody, P.O. Box 332, Beloit, Wis. 53511. (98)

**Wanted:** Two uninhibited, dynamic, sexy young ladies who have their heads together and understand an outlaw's life. Must be able to live-in in Houston, Tex., when not partyin', puttin', and gettin' it together. I'm a w/m, Virgo, 5'10", 186 lbs., 36 years old, blue eyes and blond hair. If you're like me and dig all the finer things life has to offer, then you may be the special ones I'm searchin' for. Send recent full-view flicks and ph. no. with first letter. S.S. Stratman, 1701 1/2 Airline Dr., Houston, Tex. 77009. (98)

**Easyriders** for sale, complete set, excellent condition, \$500; partial set missing eight issues, \$350. Binders and extra issues, available. (716) 567-8146. (98)

**Skulls:** Lifesize, hydrostone casts directly from human skull, \$14.95. North Sculpture Company, Box 71, Merrick, N.Y. 11566. Distributors wanted. (98)

**Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies** needing American husbands. Free details and photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (98)

**New! Solid brass eagle** with a 15" wingspan. \$20. P.O. Box 1, San Pablo, Calif. 94806. (98)

**Jefferey:** Happy birthday (Aug. 9) to the most gorgeous fox and best daddy in the whole world. Words can't tell how special you are to us. "Mama," David, Tina, and Paul. (98)

**New and different Harley T-shirt designs.** Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (105)

**Hawg parts:** 1200 eliminator clutch cable \$6.95. Disc pads \$11.95 pr. Chrome pan covers \$19.95 pr. Price list with more parts at comparable prices \$2. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (101)

**Will pay \$5 for old toy motorcycles.** M.J.N., Box 738, Yorba Linda, Calif. 92686. (100)

**The Freedom Riders M/C of S.W. Minn.** invites all clubs with Freedom Riders patch to a national party and get-together at the Seven-Up Bar and Ranch in Lincoln, Montana, August 1 through 4. For more info call (507) 427-3879 or 427-3362. (98)

**The Burnt River Scooter Tramp Band** is booking parties and swap-meets right fuckin' now. N.E. Ohio (216) 476-0642. (101)

**Be a minister, marry, bury, et cetera.** Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate, \$10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (99)

**Sunny Waters (Florida):** What ever happened to you? Steve Gutsch, P.O. Box B-60058, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (99)

**38-year-old convict, good-looking,** seeking close relationship with mature ladies for correspondence and visits. Send photo; will answer all letters with photo. Paul R. Peterson #00771, P.O. Box W, F Unit, Lumpoc, Calif. 93436. (98)

**Notice, Indiana Bikers:** Indiana has two helmet law bills, one mc proof of insurance bill, and one restrictive group riding limit of 4 bill at the State House, and ABATE of Indiana is fighting them. Your help is needed now! To join ABATE of Indiana send \$12 with name and address to ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514. (100)

**Crazy Howard** from Baltimore: Kay's punch made us rowdy. Daytona '82, same time and place. This time we buy. Thanks from table next to men's room. PS: Disco sucks. (98)

**Dirty Harry** at Midas: Happy birthday (late). Happy almost a year. Sleep is the only freedom I know; please come the fuck home. I'm sorry. Love, Freebird. (98)

**Patch wearers:** Cute, shy, independent, intelligent, 5', 110 lbs., brown-eyed, one-man, honest Leo woman who travels a lot, looking for that one-in-a-million biker of my fantasy. He would be very tall, blue-eyed, and at least 200 lbs.; kind, gentle, rugged, and an Aries or Leo one-woman man. No woman beaters, please! Partyin' and ridin' are great, but so is having a place to call home. Must be independent, unattached (kids okay) and in Canada. Pic and address will receive same with first letter. My fantasies are being stagnated waiting for you. Please write to Box 454, Station C, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. (109)

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**Outlaw lifestyle, bikers, violence, tattoos, etc.** Writer is still looking for letters, stories, tapes, photos; small payment possible. Would like to contact those who've lost touch with me. Dave Hurler, Box 3004, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (100)

**Do-your-own-tattoo kit:** Send for free brochure. C&D, Box 9895, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932. (98)

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**I'm down and need women** to write and visit me. Fred J. Flores, P.O. Box C-12933, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (98)

**Tattooing colors—extremely bright** and heat fast; 17 different color samples \$19.95 plus \$1 postage; includes free equipment catalog. Send money order to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (99)

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**Death row prisoner** would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (109)

**White male, 27, recently divorced,** seeks loyal, good ol' lady. I'm looking for a chick who's tired of constantly partying, or possibly straight. Tired of going to jail, not getting ahead, and off-and-on women. Would like someone sincere in helping me start over, keep me out of trouble, and get ahead with a permanent relationship. I've lost a lot lately; still have a chopped Sporty, Great Dane, small business, etc. Interested? Steve C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (109)

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**Notice: ABATE of Indiana** is the original ABATE chapter established in 1975 (the organization that lobbied to repeal Indiana's helmet law) and is a totally different and separate organization from National ABATE of Richmond, Indiana. (100)

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**Fireworks, buy direct.** Price list. Send \$1 to Ace Fireworks, P.O. Box 221, Dept. ER, Conneaut, Ohio 44030. (100)

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