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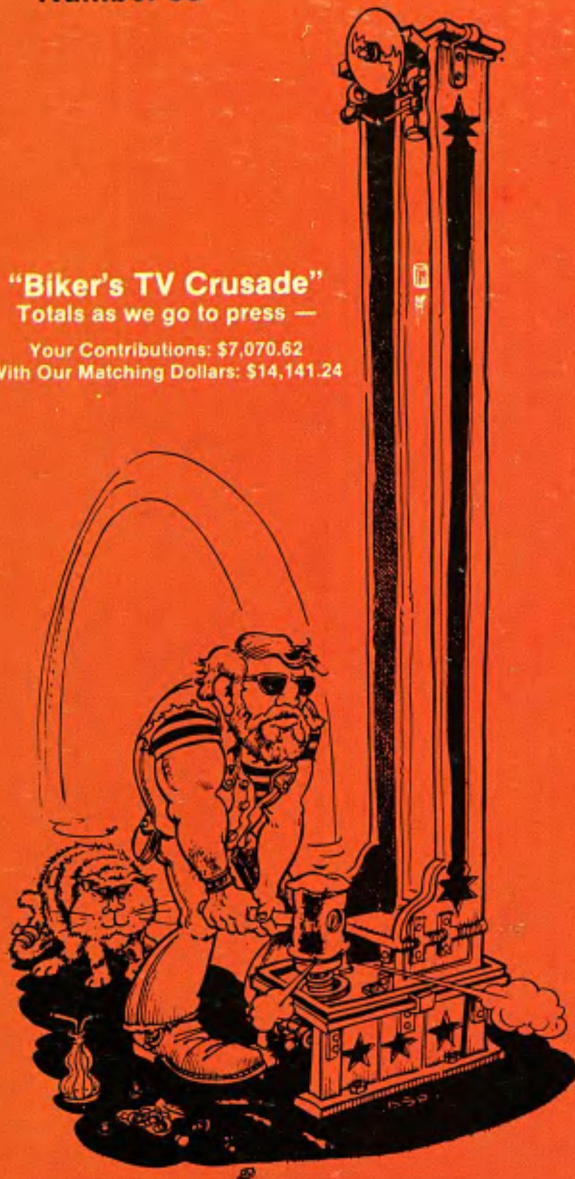
Number 99

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Spider with off-the-wall news items	5
Readers respond to other readers	6
Miscellaneous ramblin's from other rags	11
Refinin' a Sporty with the use of herb	12
Catch that drip with this tip	17
Wino Joe gets himself into a dukin' match	18
Wanna know everything 'bout unicycles?	20
Just a normal rotten day behind bars	24
Animal with a sneak attack on Spider (who)?	27
That damn phone never stops	28
Beaver eater returns to Beaver's delight	30
Luscious Lisa lusts for action	32
Busted my ass an' it still didn't work	36
Don't let this bro die for nothin'	42
Rules for this year's Sturgis run — Easynews	43
Here's a mind-fuckin' headache for ya	47
Sick Witty Willie's fun house, weirdhouse?	48
Ball-bustin' Virgos get profiled by Dusty	50
Dead bro is always at home	52
Havin' a helluva time in the wind	58
It was funny at the time	66
Packrat tech on makin' tools that do the job	68
Not a shaggy dog story this time	70
Homebaked shovel outta Egg Harbor	72
A marketplace for buying and selling	80
Tasty morsels to choose from	88

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It's easy to visualize this one: There was a big jail break in Tennessee. The prisoners had snatched two guards and were on their way to freedom when they smelled snatch, heard a "yoo-hoo" or somethin', 'cause they (all eight of 'em) turned a hard right to the women's section of the jail to suck and fuck before hittin' the streets. One guard said, "I think it's a fair characterization to say it was an orgy." The police tried to get rape warrants, but the women with throbbin' pussies all refused to prosecute -- sayin' "are you kiddin'?"

A cop-hatin' dog leaped from the back of a pickup truck goin' north at a horse-cop goin' south past the truck. The dog didn't even hit the ground. In midair he latched onto the cop's thigh. The cop beat him off with his nightstick, but the dog just dropped down and started munchin' on the horse, and then lunged at the cop again, this time gettin' a hold of the saddle horn, clamping his jaws there until his owner came and restrained him. The dog had all his shots, license, the whole tamale, so they released him -- no citation was issued. The cop and the horse went to a doctor.

To show you how smart dogs are becoming (right, Rufus?), a police dog was unleashed in a field near Chicago to help run down two auto thieves the cops were chasing on foot. But when the dog got loose, he didn't go after the running thieves. Instead, he ran to the other side of the field, jumped a 3½-foot fence, and sank his teeth into the thigh -- tearing out a four-inch chunk of a cop just standin' there, pickin' his nose, watchin' the scene. "The dogs don't know the difference between a policeman, a civilian, and a criminal," a canine unit cop said, "and when people are told to clear the area," he continued, "that means policemen too."

What's it worth to you if you find a soggy rubber (condom) in your pork and beans while scarfin' someday? Well, a dude in Tennessee was awarded only \$2,500 by a jury. The Stokley-Van Camp Corp. had to shell out the bread for the dude's "emotional, traumatic, and embarrassing experience." Only \$2,500 -- he wanted \$25,000 and should have gotten it, or someone's ass!

All hell broke loose recently when the Tennessee Wildlife Resources Agency published the following paragraph in their

weekly report. Heads rolled, there was a lot of sputtering, red faces, shit hittin' the fan, you name it -- but it was published: "Trout fishing in the tailwaters is fair using worms, small Tuffies minnows, corn, and salmon eggs. The lake is clear in lower end to murky in upper end, approximately 58 degrees at surface, and 10 feet below summer pool. Also, alligators are being taken in good numbers (by) trolling colored people on skis." (Just reportin' da news, folks.)

Remember this: Booze will help cool you off during hot weather because it will dilate the blood vessels and allow them to get rid of excess heat. Now all you gotta do is function.

Now you tell me dept.: He was puttin' along, mindin' his business, when all of a sudden a deer pops up in front of him. He hits it, goes flyin' through the air, and lands, hitting a roadside sign that says, "Watch Out For Deer."

The Texas Department of Public Safety, in a scare thing called "Student Handout," says that if you smoke grass continually, it will affect your brain and cause insanity. And to think that some of you snivel about a few mistakes when you should be making offerings for our editorial staff's fried brains. (!pleH)

Talk about weird laws: A woman was busted in St. Louis by two undercover cops on a city transit bus. Reds? Whites? Snortin'? What? Now get this -- eatin' four cashew nuts. That's right. It's against the law to eat on a bus and they're paying two cops to take certain you don't do so. Meanwhile, some weirdo is butt-fuckin' a rickety old lady in the alley the bus just passed. And life goes on... ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A Warning

□ The article on growing plants hydroponically (June issue) suggests cutting the plastic tubing with a soldering iron. When burned, PVC pipe produces acrid fumes which can be harmful to eyes, skin, and lungs. A much better method is to cut the tubing with a hacksaw.

Mike Baker
Chicago, Ill.

Why? Why?

□ Why did you move the little ® from the top of the "S" to the bottom in the title *Easyriders* on the cover?

Bob Tully
Brentwood, N.Y.

■ R's are heavy and it probably fell from the top to the bottom. The R in a circle means the title *Easyriders* has been trademarked internationally, and it is a warning to everyone of this fact.

Sheep-Ballin' Hints

□ 1. Wear knee high boots. This allows you to put the little devils' hind legs into the boots so they can't get away.

2. When you've found your perfect woolly partner, tie a bell around its neck so the next time you go sheep fuckin', you don't have to fuck the whole herd again to find the best one!

Tim Bowen
Howell, Mich.

Unlucky Green?

□ I have a question. Why are green bikes considered bad luck? Why do some bikers say you will die if you ride a green bike?

Seth Roselli
Ocean Beach, Calif.

■ The color green on race cars, drag race machines, race boats — any competitive machine — has traditionally been considered an un-

lucky color. Why? Damned if I know. Maybe one of our wise readers can give us the history of this superstition. I remember when wearing green on Thursday meant you were queer. Damned if I know why that started either.

Phony Uppers

□ In regard to your article "Lowdown On Uppers," (April '81) a friend of mine gave me a card. The pills on the card look like the real thing. Just think how many places in the world this is happening. So many people invest in phony shit like this. It's too bad ripoffs like that can't be stopped. Thank you for exposing them.

Terri Payne
San Antonio, Tex.

Some Swap

□ This dude (says he's a reformed biker) comes into my shop and sees that I do custom pinstriping. He says, "How much to stripe my car?" I say \$75. He says, "I've got every issue of *Easyriders*, and I'll swap for a striping job." This fucking guy must have come in yesterday's mail, 'cause I'd never give up a collection like that. Well, I got the rags and he's got the stripes. I've had a riot readin' how it was ten years ago.

T.M.
Talbatton, Ga.

Good Ol' Days?

□ I'll tell you, man, you're fucking up a bad rag. When are you going to get your heads out of your assholes and start printing the good ol' days again? The bar fights, hell raising, and so on. Man, your rag is slowly going down the fucking gutter. So straighten up and start turning out the good ol' shit.

Jeff Orr
Mocksville, N.C.

Wants A Knuckle

□ Hey, how come you guys do such a good job on antique bikes in the 95h issue and leave out the fuckin' best one, a knucklehead? Haven't seen a good knuckle (except mine) in a while. How about a good layout on one?

H.D.
Blowholes, N.Y.

■ We're ape for knuckles, but good, feature-quality ones are hard to find.

Vomit Beer

□ I've enjoyed the recipes for holiday cheer and plan to try one for beer. What I'd like to know is, is there any way to make the percentage of alcohol high in beer without making it taste like vomit?

Ziggle
Lake Orion, Mich.

■ You should stick to near beer.

Smoked Up

□ To me, your magazine is one to read cover to cover after getting all smoked up. Keep up the terrific work and I will always keep on reading.

Kitty
Perryopolis, Pa.

Weak Threat

□ I just want to say that I think you fuckers should put more stories in this rag of yours, or I'm going to come and take Mutha back with me. Then maybe Spider will talk you fuckheads into putting them in.

Tonto
Posen, Ill.

■ Spider said, "Promises, promises."

Falsely Accused

□ I've noticed something strange lately about your rag. It's on your contents page and has to do with when your

next liver-quiverin' issue goes on sale. For quite some time now I've noticed that it refers to the month past and not to the month ahead. Why the fuck is that? The only reason I can come up with is that you fuckers got your hands on some g-o-o-d reefer again and are makin' it last you a while. Sure wish I had a joint of it.

Tampa Rebel
Jacksonville, Fla.

■ Who, us? We'd like you to share your shit.

Praise For Duggan

□ Just wanted to put in a good word for the drawings by Duffy Duggan in your rag. That cat does some of the best work I've seen.

Savage
Denton, Tex.

■ Best we've seen, too. He's really a talent, a super person — and he gets his assignments in on time. What more could a mag expect in exchange for raisin pie?

□ Duffy Duggan is a fuckin' genius. I've been following his work since the old *Zap* comic book days. Robinson and Mann are fuckin' geniuses, too. Seems like I've been admiring their work since about '71 (no shit). How about running some pictures of these guys (and maybe their scoots) so I can see what geniuses look like.

Bob Mann
Portland, Ore.

Tech Tip No. One

□ Next time your house mouse nags you, just tell her to "go scrape her teeth on a curb." Gets 'em in line every time.

Ragz
Staten Island, N.Y.

**HEAVY
WEIGHT!**

HOT-STUFF

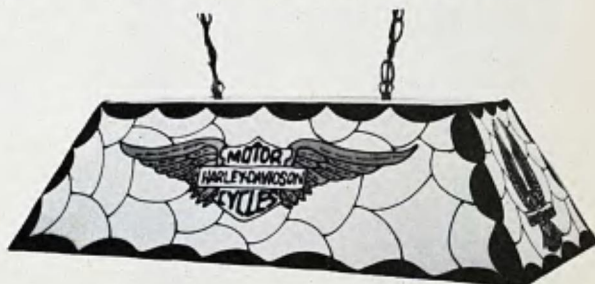
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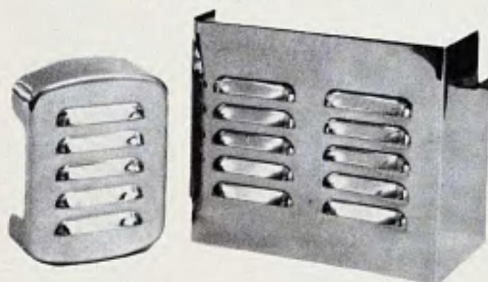


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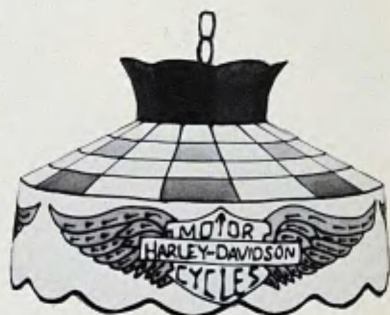
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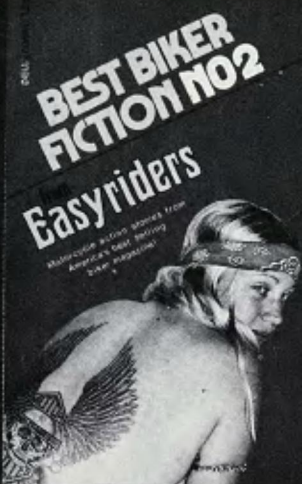


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"Real Men"

□ Does a lady who wants a little lovin' have to go out to California to find it? I think so, from the looks of the men here — it seems the only "real men" are there. I believe I'm hungryin' for just a little more than I'm gettin'!

Country Girl
Bayonne, N.J.

■ They're everywhere. Clean up your act or go to different places for fun and games, as opposed to the same places. There's something about a hardtail that makes a dude search for tail — or should I say relief?

Confused

□ Why does the United States government make such a fuss against chemical warfare and at the same time try to kill us pot smokers with insecticide?

Pvt. Kevin Fricault
Ft. Dragg, N.C.

■ Pot smokers, in the feds' eyes (as far as the hypocrites want the public to know), are subhumans and don't count as human beings. But what percentage of the feds do their smokin' and growin' at home?

New York City

□ Thanks for the article on bikin' in the city. But dig it — if you guys come to New York to ride, ya better learn the difference between "putts" and "putz." Wouldn't want ya to sit on the wrong machine. Just a tip.

Jewboy
Bronx, N.Y.

Devil Sign: 666

□ Concerning the pictures of nude women and the propagation of the anti-Christ number 666, these things stop many from buying your magazine.

I, and many others, are Christians and ride Harleys—not just us, but older people too.

A lot of people want the magazine for the bike ideas, parts, and information, not the pictures of nude women.

The anti-Christ number 666 is a story in itself. If you read Revelations, Chapter 13

(in the Bible), you will see what this is all about. You will learn that anyone who takes and/or propagates this number will lose out with God. God doesn't want you to lose out. He wants you to believe and trust in Him, and He wants to save you.

David Mitchell
Stateline, Nev.

Glad She's A She

□ That John Boy (July letter) must still be wet behind the ears. I'm glad I'm a girl, because I love riding my very own Sporty and having my ol' man give me head.

Blue Fox
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Two Rumors

□ I heard two fantastic rumors at our last chapter meeting, and I'm wondering if you can confirm them:

1. Harley-Davidson has bought out AMF (so maybe the new putts next year won't be All Mutha Fucked with Jap parts on 'em.)
2. Spider's sweet dick is twelve inches long when he folds it in half.

E. Ryan
Forkville, Pa.

■ 1. H-D bought themselves away from AMF. AMF will still make bowling balls. Harley will still have Jap parts — get them cheaper over there.

2. Wrong again. You missed by an inch.

Article Submissions

□ Hey, I've been reading this rag for three or four years now and loving it. I like your stories the best. Just what the hell does a person have to do to get an article published?

Pvt. Bragg
Fayetteville, N.C.

■ Send your articles to the Fiction Editor, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Type them double spaced with 1½" margins. We, unlike other rags, will consider handwritten manuscripts as long as they are legible. Also, please send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. We prefer articles between 1,500 and 3,000

words. If you want an idea okayed first, send it to the Fiction Editor, and we'll get in touch with you to advise you if you're on the right track. We are listed in the annual *Writer's Digest*, which is on sale at most book stores and some large newsstands.

Harley History

□ I've been reading your rag for some time now, and it's really great when you put in those very informative articles such as the one in the June '81 issue called "Sleeping Giants." My old man used to test-ride Harleys for the Milwaukee plant back in the '40s, and he used to tell me all about Harley-Davidson and its history. And if talk gets around now to when chain link and lighting were introduced, I tell 'em. They used to say, How do you know? And I'd say the old man told me. Well, everyone would tell me to take a flying hike, but now I say because he told me and *Easyriders* proved it.

K. Davis
Oregon, Wis.

Everything Illegal

□ In regard to the July issue (#97) on page 43, "N.J. Outlaws Symbols," the state legislature has us so bogged down with anti-bike legislation that we are being spread mighty thin trying to fight it all, and they won't be happy until they get us off the road completely. Some towns have even tried that with attempts to ban us from their city limits. So to all out-of-staters passing through Jersey, keep in mind what we residents know: "Everything is illegal in Jersey."

Daydreamer
North Jersey, N.J.

Figurin'

□ The way I figure it, you dudes are out to fuckin' lunch and ain't expected back. Your April issue was a pain in the ass to read. You fuckers sure can be pricks at times.

Devill Nevill
Vacaville, Calif.

Claybrook Crusade

□ Even though Joan Claybrook is now unemployed,

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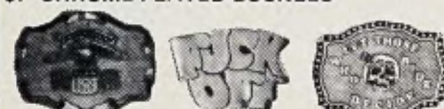
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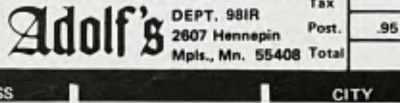
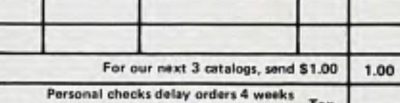
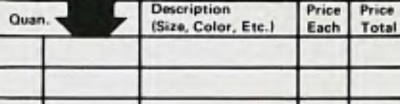
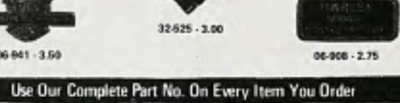
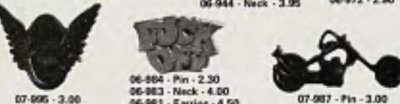
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Fine Biker Jewelry

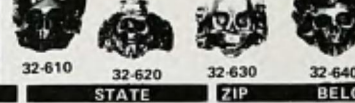
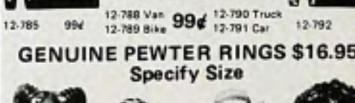
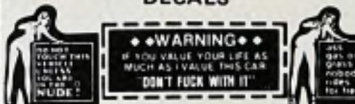
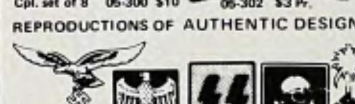
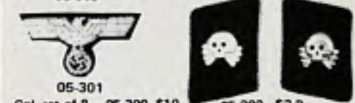
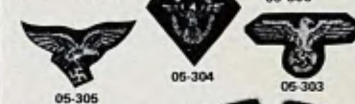
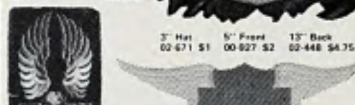
This Row Post Earrings \$3.75 pr.



Following Pin On Except Where Noted



Super Sew Ons
Fine Quality! Brilliant Colors!



The most magnificent
jacket patch ever made! 8
colors: gold, rust, brown,
white, grey, green, black
on black felt. Over 13" in
size!
02-694 \$29.00

02-689 14" \$17.00
02-690 11" \$5.00
02-691 5" \$2.00
02-692 5" \$2.00
02-693 3" \$1.00

02-694 11" \$4.50
02-695 15" \$2.00

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02-7

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

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



Send money order or check for \$8.95 per pair to:

Good
Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

California residents add 6%
Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign
orders add \$1.00

the Crusade should go on as scheduled, using the same title, the reason being that the word Claybrook isn't just a name — it's an attitude, an attitude that has not been done away with just because Ms. Claybrook has been put out to pasture.

The Claybrook attitude is still prevalent in America. The money collected for the national biker commercial should be used as it was intended!

The biker lifestyle is in danger of slowly being phased out of American culture because of smear campaigns by federal, state, and local government propaganda.

The "Crusade Against Claybrook" should be stepped up full force to counteract the negative biker attitude.

G. Dalosio
Peabody, Mass.

■ Good thought. How about more input from the rest of you? We have enough bucks to get started, so let's go.

Equal Justice?

□ Last year I got busted with one-half pound of some homegrown and the judge decided on a two-year vacation for me in the Indiana Department of Corrections. That was bad enough, but I was in jail with a dude who got fourteen days for three garbage bags full of the same homegrown. Maybe I should have shaved and cut my hair?

Steve The Snake
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

■ There's no such thing as equal justice.

Positive Thinking

□ Just a simple little assurance I have: "I love to know that when I'm runnin' on empty, it doesn't really matter — as long as I have my friends, that never-ending love for the road, and a smile..."

Dore
Sterling, Colo.

Not Us!

□ In the movie *Hog Wild*, shown in April of '81 on Home Box Office in Columbus Ga., bikers were betrayed 100%.

The type of people they showed as bikers were trouble-making assholes always looking for fights, unable to talk, and always looking and acting like wild animals. When the clubhouse was shown, it showed David Mann's posters hanging on the walls. I just can't believe that *Easyriders* would have anything to do with a movie that is anti-biker. *Easyriders* should have better control over things like that.

Kentucky Gambler
Columbus, Ga.

■ *Easyriders* didn't have anything to do with the show (first we've heard of it). There is no way we can be everywhere. In the future, we'll print a copyright notice on posters and then they can't be used in that manner.

Pro-Helmet

□ I've been reading *Easyriders* for a couple of years and have read a lot about its position on helmet laws. Now, I agree it's probably wrong to enact laws making them mandatory, but I think any biker who doesn't wear one must not truly love to be "in the wind." The reason is that if you do eat it and lose, say, an arm or a leg, you can, with today's technology, adapt your Harley and still be able to ride. But if you go

down without a helmet and mess up your head — well, it's good-bye cruisin', hello vegetable farm. Above all, you need to protect your noodle from the asphalt. So helmet laws may suck, but not havin' your brains will leave you no good to anyone — to your ol' lady, to your scooter, or to yourself.

BJS
Satellite Beach, Fla.

■ The idea is that a biker knows when he should or should not wear a helmet; he doesn't need laws to remind him. Let those who ride decide!

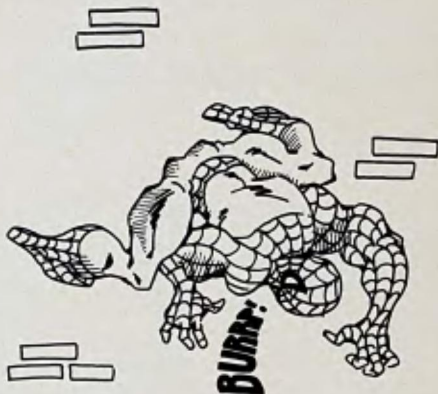
Mail Works

□ Thanks to you people finally placing my ad in your magazine, I corresponded with and met a beautiful lady (Jaylene). I've got you to thank, because we are soon going to be married behind these walls.

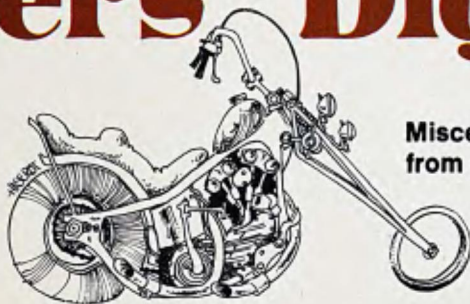
Michael
Represa, Calif.

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.

Easyriders



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Radar Defeated

Another blow for freedom from regulation was struck recently in Utah. The legislature there voted down a bill to ban the sale and use of radar detectors. More than 40 other states have defeated similar laws, and the reason for the defeats could be the findings of a three-year study commissioned by the federal Department of Transportation. This study, which was recently published in the Federal Register, shows that today's police radar is subject to errors and irregularities that can result in undeserved speeding tickets.

—Lex Tharp
Cycle Guide

Biggest Bike?

It's the Amazona, a 1600cc flat four built in Brazil. The motor is actually a Volkswagen unit, but don't get the idea this is just another one-shot custom. No, indeed. It's a production machine. It is eight feet, four inches long and weighs 880 pounds. It is stopped — eventually — by Harley-Davidson brakes. If you want one, all you have to do is write a check for about \$9000 and go to Brazil to pick it up. And, of course, figure out some way to sneak it past the EPA.

—Motorcyclist

Joan Claybrook Again

"Some people are simply amazing. No matter how loud and clear the message is delivered, they never seem to understand," wrote Managing Editor Bryce Patterson in a recent issue of *Heavy Duty Trucking*. "...despite their election setbacks, Ralph Nader and Joan Claybrook and friends are still out there pushing for more government regulation, more bureaucratic control over the public. ... Is such a loud and

public outcry for an end to big government enough to convince the Naders and Claybrooks of this world that they're on the wrong track? Not on your life. These limousine liberals were put on earth to save all us lower forms of life from our own bad judgment and they aren't about to stop just because we don't want to be saved."

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Important Numbers

Ronald Reagan aside, it's hard to utter "Uncle Sam" and "moderation" in the same sentence. Yet we do benefit from government's, well, exuberant spending — sometimes in ways not readily apparent. One offspring of Sam-Spend-It-Up's long romance with our pocket-books is government storehouses bulging with information.

How to tap that source? Just dial your phone. If the people in these offices can't help you, they'll direct you to someone who can. And if you're boiling under the collar from some new federal restriction or some official's over-exuberant pet project, calling these offices might give you an outlet for that steam.

International Trade Adm. (202) 655-4000
Consumer Product Safety Com. (800) 638-8326
US Patent & Trademark Office (703) 557-3428
Environmental Protection Agency (202) 755-0700
Department of Interior (National Parks) (202) 343-3171
Dept. of Transportation (NHTSA) (202) 426-4570
—Cycle

Vee Twin Story

No sooner had Yamaha whipped the wraps off the

new V-Twins than an emotional debate was created. Yamaha officials said they had no intention of copying Harley-Davidson, nor of luring away a chunk of Harley's market. The ads for the Vee, though, shouted that all the classic engine configuration lacked until 1981 was Yamaha engineering. There were people who reacted to that with "Right! And about time, too," and those who said, "Have they no shame?"

The first time such a configuration appears in our history books was the year 1907. The engine was an Indian. Harley's Vee arrived two years later, and ever since, in every country with the industrial capacity to design and produce motorcycles, Vees have come, gone, and endured in bewildering variety.

—Cycle World

Dismal Pic

Now hang on a second, because I'm not through spouting off yet.

This part may be a little unpopular, but whatthefuck, I ain't never been known for being popular.

Did you know that over 50% of the people in the United States are in some way on the dole from the government? That they either are on the government payroll, on welfare, or drawing unemployment?

So what?

Well, just this. You and I (assuming that you aren't on that list) are paying for that, and our taxes now support over half the people in the country.

What's worse, we can't change it, because if it were put to a vote we would be outnumbered. Pretty fuckin' dismal picture, ain't it?

—Bob Blitchin
Chopper

NOW
IN
HARDCOVER

Earlyriders

Check out this unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8 1/2 x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). Together between hard covers for the first time — a collection of all the old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. You name it — the boots, the caps, the clubs, the postcards — they're all together in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition, so you can keep this valuable collector's item in first-rate condition. Here's a book every motorcycle freak and biking enthusiast would be delighted to own. And it's only \$9.95 — plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

If you're into iron horses, here's a book that will bring back memories — a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever. It's got heart and you'll dig it — all 224 pages.

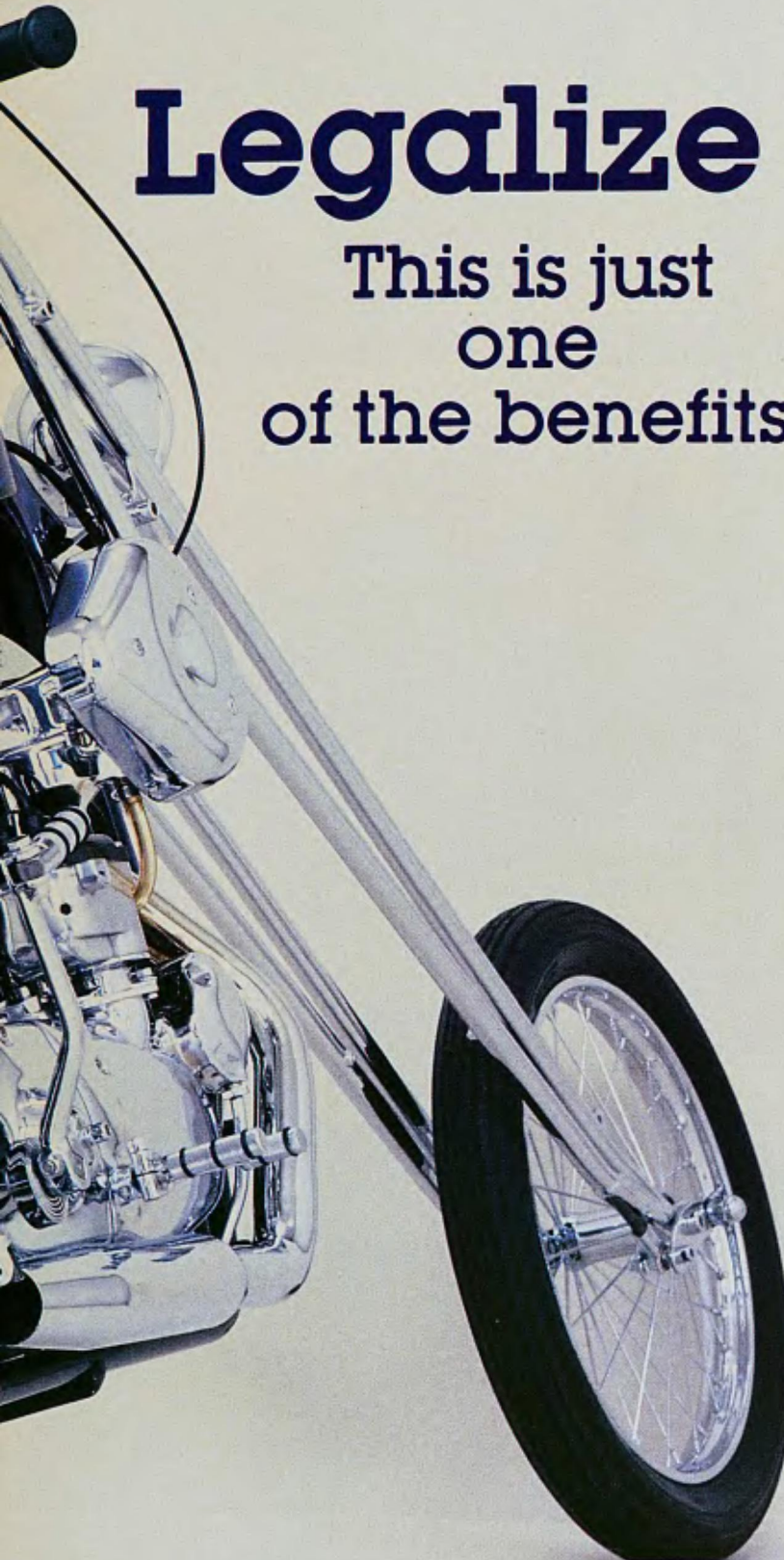
Send \$9.95 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling) to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.)

Be sure to include your zip code.

Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency.

Please print your name and address to avoid errors.





Legalize It

This is just
one
of the benefits

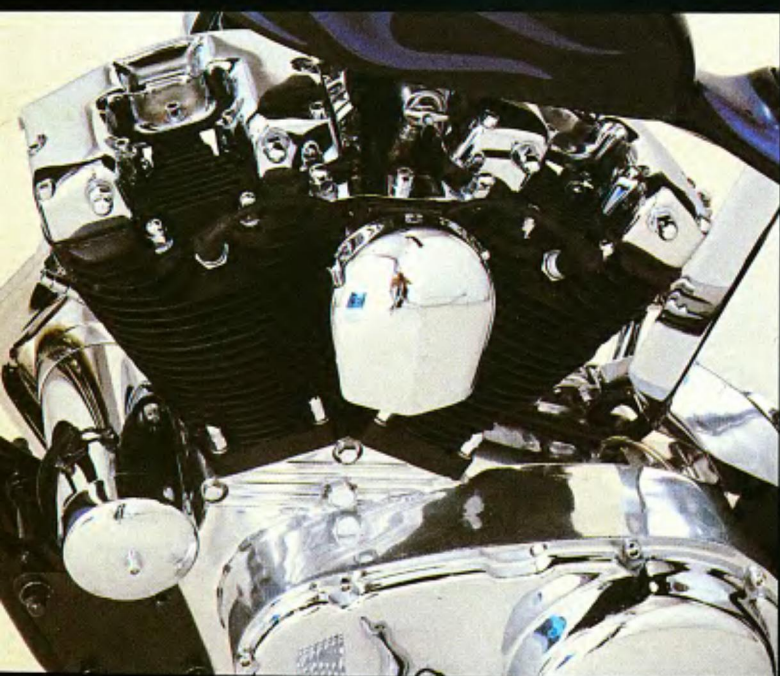
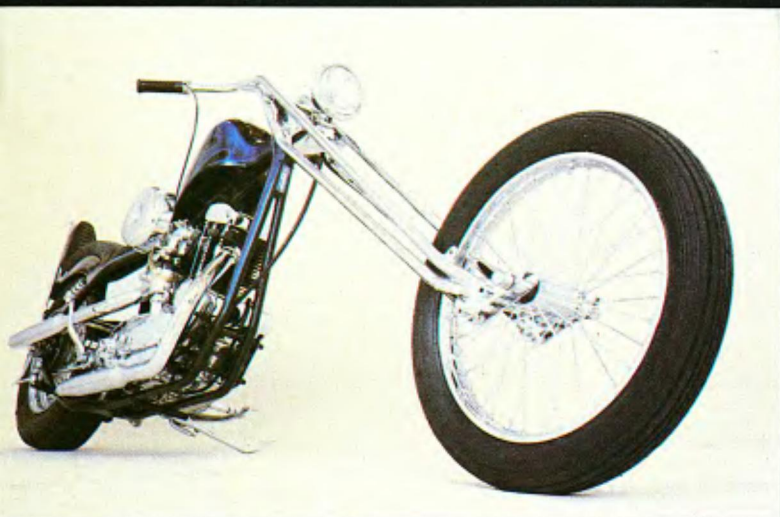
"Sometimes ya don't think of improvements for your bike till it's done."

So says Mike, the owner of this glossy Sportster. He's had it for five years, redoin' it about three or four times. Just about every time he sits down with some herb an' starts givin' it the ol' evil eye, he's sure to find another way to make it look sleeker, thanks to the reefer. It lets the creative juices flow — along with his cash wad, 'cuz everyone knows nothin's free, 'cept home-grown an' hassles.

"A few people would probably call me crazy," Mike reasons. We'd call it normal. The dude has put together one of the classiest Snortsters this side of Jamaica. Or at least this side of the Mexican border, which ain't far from his mountain pad. It's kinda like an oasis out there. Ya got the sizzlin' Imperial Valley on one side an' the hustle an' bustle of 'Dago on the other. It's a great place to get away from the crazies, an' get a little nutzo yerself. It's cool when it seems like the world's on fire.

Geez fleas, musta gotta lotta 'cuz I just spaced what I was thinkin' of. See how ya can open up to new things, uh, and forget about old ones on this wacky tobacky? Well, Mike here figures he's got a nut rep, because





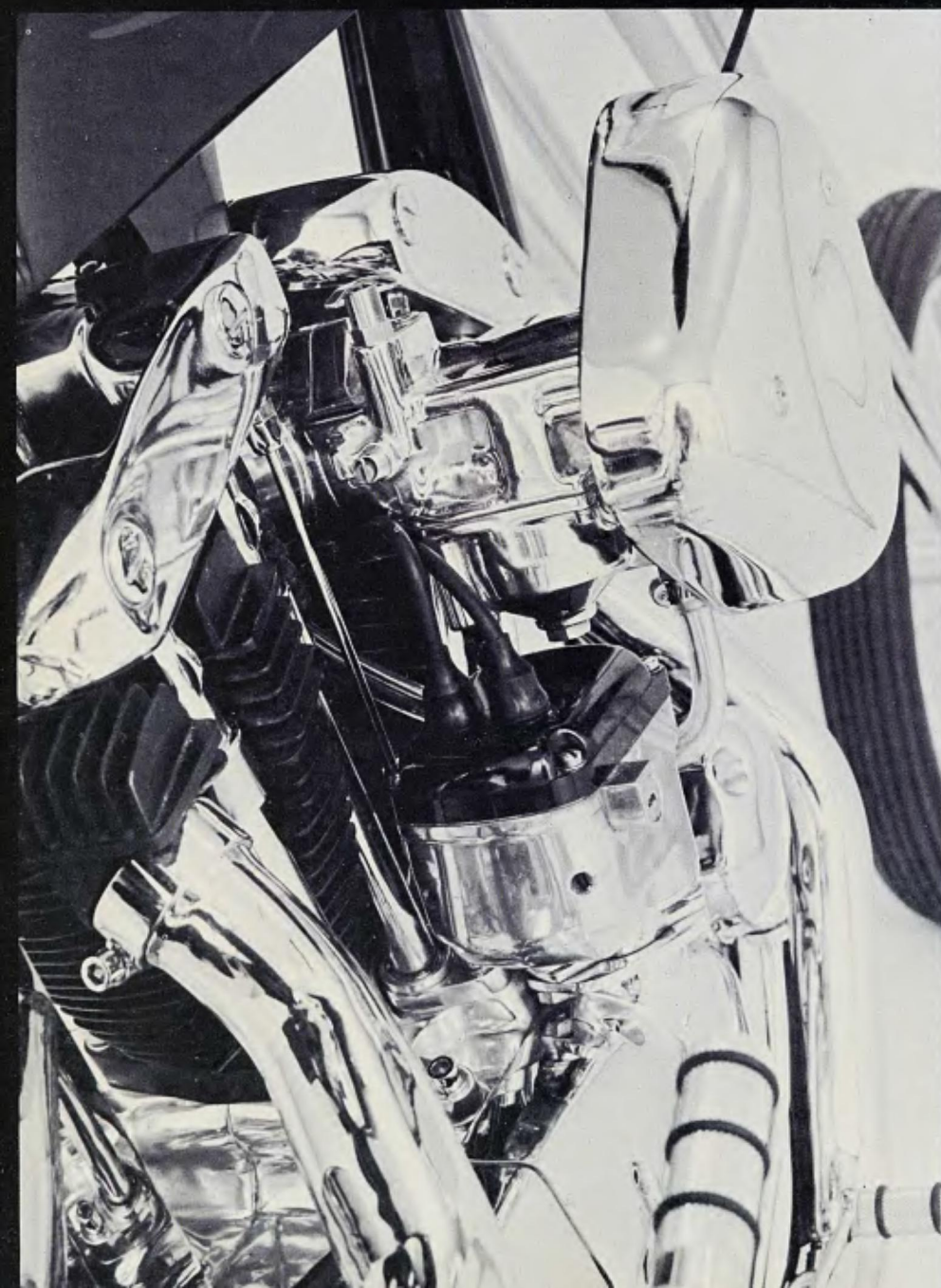


of his flingin' paychecks to chrome shops, parts houses, an' anyone else that'll sell him an allen or two. If that gets him a rumpkin ratin', then let us get in line. He's got his scoot stripped down an' oozin' lusciousness not unlike the sweet pie in front of my eyes.

Some of the flashes he had for betterin' the bike after the fact were redoin' the rear pegs so they'd fit into the frame without hangin' all over. Guess his ol' lady got 'em made custom to her slender legs. He cleaned up the bracket on the back of the sissy bar and had some molding done by Billy Westbrook that's so slick it looks like a river runnin' from that taillight through the creeks an' valleys of the frame and up to the neck. You can bet he had the usual VIN problems of where to mount the tag — not much the THC can do there. Best not to try.

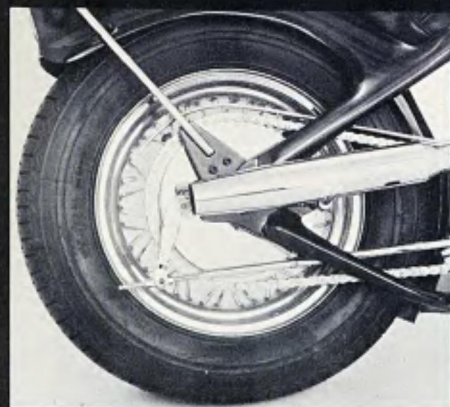
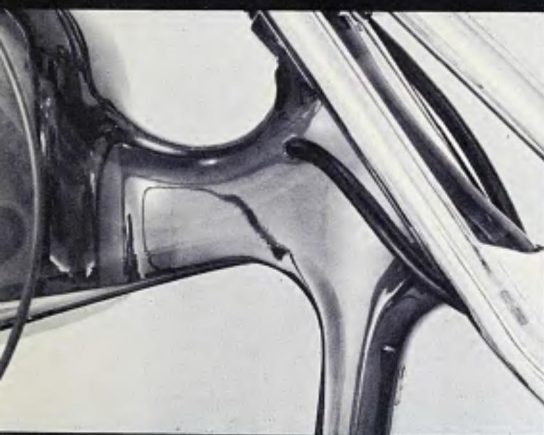
There's a homemade belt-drive setup behind that cover on the primary. A tough conversion, goin' from a '67 to a '72. Lots of costly phone calls gave him priceless help, like makin' the case on the primary side twice as deep as usual to fit the belt-drive clutch. Works fine.

Mike's always liked the early Sportster look. So after the routine weaning from ownin' Hondas and Triumphs, he spotted this Sporty in front of a Chinese restaurant. It was a dinosaur with a chrome frame. Since then every piece has been touched at least two or three times for perfection's sake.



One hot tip he picked up from Earl's Plumbing, of all places, was to stick a magnet around the oil lines leading out of the oil tank to collect fragments of metal shit. It's cheap and it saves in the long run. Didn't take a doobie to figure that one.

—Rags



Owner: Mike Keeran		City: Descanso, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Billy Westbrook		Year: 1980	
Year and make: '64-'72		Builder: Jammer	
Model: XLCH		Type: rigid	
Value: unknown		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: three months		Other alterations: molded fender and tank	
Chroming by: Master Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: built-in, Harman	
Year: '64-'72		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): handmade	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag.		Taillight: custom	
Displacement: stock		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: Forged True		Electrics: Arlen Ness	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported & polished		Oil tank: handmade	
Cam(s): S&S H475		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: 64-67 Paughco	
Carb(s): polished S&S		Seat: handmade, Milo	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: handmade, Westbrook	
Pipes: shotguns, Arlen Ness		Height: 3 in.	
Muffler(s): some		Material: round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews "C" gears		Type: internally sprung girder	
Year: '67-'72		Extension: 18 in.	
Shifting: stock		Builder: Harman	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: built-in handlebars	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: "Billy the Kid" Westbrook		Hub: Halycraft	Hub: stock
Painter: Westbrook		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black, with blue ghost flames		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin XZX
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: stock
Special paint: ghost blue			
Other special modifications: Phase 3 belt drive, '67 Barnett clutch, handmade front motor mounts. Black chrome by Modern Plating.			



Oil Drain Bucket



Remember the last time ya changed the oil in yer pearlescent, metalflake scooter with its fifty coats of hand-rubbed lacquer? Remember how you tried to get the jagged edges of the ol' funnel under your show-chromed oil can without letting them touch the 14-kt.-gold-plated tranny cover? Remember scratching the four-bill, lustrous paint job on the frame when you tried to balance the funnel so the bastard would stay there? Remember the sweat beading your forehead 'cause you couldn't get a wrench on the drain plug — so you tried an old exhaust pipe?

It worked great, except that you had to kneel uncomfortably there and hold it while the oil ran all over your boot and the floor of your dad's garage.



Remember losing all patience and removing the pipe before you set your scoot up straight, allowing

the remainder of that old, dark, burnt, grimy oil to run all over your gold-plated tranny and fifty

coats of pearlescent, metallic, hand-rubbed lacquer, permanently discoloring it while you punched forty holes in the garage walls?

Well, a coupla years back, a bro of mine gave this beaut of an oil bucket to oily ol' me for Santa's Day — or was it a birthday? Whatever. I'm not gonna describe the precision workmanship that was injected into this close-tolerance project. It's obvious from the tuna can brazed at the end of the drain rail. But you too can take a five-gallon bucket, knock a hole in the side, and fashion a rail that can be adjusted under any drain plug to lead the old oil away from the pretty bike and into the storage bucket.

It works.

—K. Ball

Tech Tip

Feelin' Your Age

by Wino Joe

When you party as much as I do, holidays, especially winter holidays when the gettin' down is usually done around home an' indoors, can sometimes seem like any Friday, or Saturday, or Wednesday, or any other fuckin', suckin', smokin', drinkin', snortin' day.

But not last New Year's Eve. Last New Year's Eve was super special, a new year and a new home for the bros all comin' in at once.

We arrive just a little late but more than ready to party down. I scope the scene, an' the first sight to please the eyeballs is wall-to-wall motorcycles. As we start to step through the hole in the fence the fireworks shoot up past our faces into the sky, showin' flashin' bits and pieces of the wild riders gettin' down to serious partyin'. Skyrocket, blow-'em-up, smack-you-upside-the-head, kiss-you-in-the-dark explosions! Fourth of July in the middle of winter.

Freezin'-cold shadows dancin' across the wet concrete wall. No chance to wonder if you've come too late — you're here to party now. We feel our way through the zig-zag path between the bikes, flashin' fireworks showin' the way one second, the next blind-in' your ass — so you don't even see who grabs you, kisses you, and spins you on your way.

Small talk around the clubhouse door, a little more slappin', punchin', kissin'; then it's on inside for the first look at the mother chapter's new Taj Mahal. Whatta dump. It's great! An abandoned warehouse saved from the wrecker's ball by this bunch of biker crazies lookin' for a home. The rats probably moved out the day before the bros got the lease. The main attraction's the bar, and that's what we're slowly pushin' our way toward. The bar's plywood trim juts out like a sore thumb — pieces of separate puzzles put together with more love than skill — but no one's judgin' the workmanship right now. It's a bar in this new home away from home, and it seems to be workin' pretty damn good.

I got my dancin' boots on, so I down a quick double somethin', grab the "fat girl," and kick my way into a California-style country-western rock 'n' roll number I'm sure the band just made up 'cause we're here.

That shit we snorted at the last gas stop is really workin' now and I'm sweatin' and ain't cold and ain't tired. It's time to talk with my bros. Murphy's standin' beside me, askin' if I'll sign some list of names, which I think is a letter or such to a bro in the joint or hospital, but it turns out to be for a boxin' match they have planned for later. I ain't been in one of these since the old days at Kelley's Bar in San Jose. I wasn't good at it then, and I'm twelve years older now, but

whatdafuck, it's New Year's Eve.

A minute later I ain't rememberin' it, 'cause I want to find out about my bike club/family. It's been a long time since I've been in this camp and I have godsons and nieces to hear about from their fathers. This club's got a long history, but now it's got more people — men, women, and kids. There is no talk about battles; it's brothers workin' together to solve our common problems.

When I come up from the basement the band has quit playin' and I remember the boxin' match as soon as I hear the noise of the watchin' bros and see the two young dudes swingin' at each other. I go out to take a piss, so my bladder will be empty. Just then they start to call my name — it's lucky I don't have to shit.

Everybody in the warehouse seems to be yellin' my name as I come through the crowd. What little sense of reality I have left is gettin' foggy at the edges, so all I see is just what's in front of me. I ask a brother if it's okay to keep my

patch on; no answer. I'm just led into the middle of the area marked off as a ring. Apache has the 16-ounce gloves and I ask him if these are the ones with the horseshoes in 'em. I'm grinnin' now; it's my joker spirit. I see the kid as we come to the middle of the ring. There are about ten guys around us, and one takes my knife (I don't know how I could grab it with these gloves on). I say, "Why don't you take his boots?" He's got lumberjack boots on his big feet. He's built like a young bull, but he's not quite as tall as I am, so maybe I've got a reach advantage — if I've got anything. I give him my warmest smile; Tall Bob is tellin' us what we can't do; the kid looks as if he's satisfied that'll leave him enough to take care of me. The mess of people in the middle of the ring clears out and Pache leads me to a

corner chair, all the time tellin' me fight stuff like he's my trainer/manager, and I'm wonderin' if he's bettin' on me.

It sure looks like somebody's bettin' on the kid, 'cause of the way members of his mob are givin' him instructions. I grin over at him, and I think he's smiling back. *Gong!* Is this The Gong Show? No, folks. I feel a real fight comin' on. The 22-year-old kid is comin' out to meet the old man almost twice his age, but the old man don't feel that old yet. I can't dance like a boxer, so I move in flat-footed — but not to slug; I want to stay in control and box this kid. I'm grinnin' (I feel like I am, anyway; that's what I want it to look like), ready to block his punches. But as I get close, I don't know what happens; I go for his head. Suddenly, I want to drive this guy down in two punches. I know that ain't possible, 'cause I haven't got

Continued on page 97

"I feel hot and I'm on him again. My left picks the side of his head up, the right drivin' it down again. And I hear the crowd for the first time. I'm really fightin', and I can't believe it."





A History

By Gordon Schindler

Mine name iss Fritz Kokendorfer und I vant to eggsplane all about ze ein-veel or uni-cycle, dot a relatif off

mine invented, beck in vourteen vifty-nine, vor ze Emperor off Bavaria, vrom ver ve come.

Now in zose days, zey didn't haff no automobiles yet, so ze Emperor hat to do his trafeling by royal coach or on der horse's beck. Horsebeck gafe him a sore beckzide, so dot vas out. Ze Emperor vas also a little vain. He vanted somesing different vrom a royal coach. Efter all, every emperor hat a royal coach, so it vas no big deal.

Mine grate, grate, grate, grate grendfadder — zo many grates I can't remember zem all, zo I'll chust call him Fritz vun — vas called before ze Emperor because he vas ze most famous clockmaker in all off Bavaria, unt somevun hat tolt ze Emperor dot ze only vay to make a carriage go vitout horses vas

to use clockvork! Der dumb schitt.

Fritz vun didn't know kraut about bilding moofing vehicles, but in zose days, ven ze Emperor said do it, you did it — or else! Chust like sometimes today, ya? Anyvay, ze Emperor vanted somezing eggstra special, so Fritz vun mate up zis bik veel, so everyone vud see vot a bik veel ze Emperor vas. Fritz put in ze biggest spring motor he could make but it only moved ze veel a little vey before it schtopped. Unt den ze spring motor had to be vound up again by two men vit long schticks off hard vood.

Oh, how ze Emperor vould yell ven zey vould come to a schtopp. "Dumkopfs! Schnell! Schnell!" he vould shout, unt a lot off odder zings vich I could translate but vich you couldn't print. You get ze picture. People are ze same, all over ze vorlt, effen in zose days.

Zo, anyvay, ze Emperor finally got tired off all zis clock-vinding, unt more clock-vinding, zo finally he

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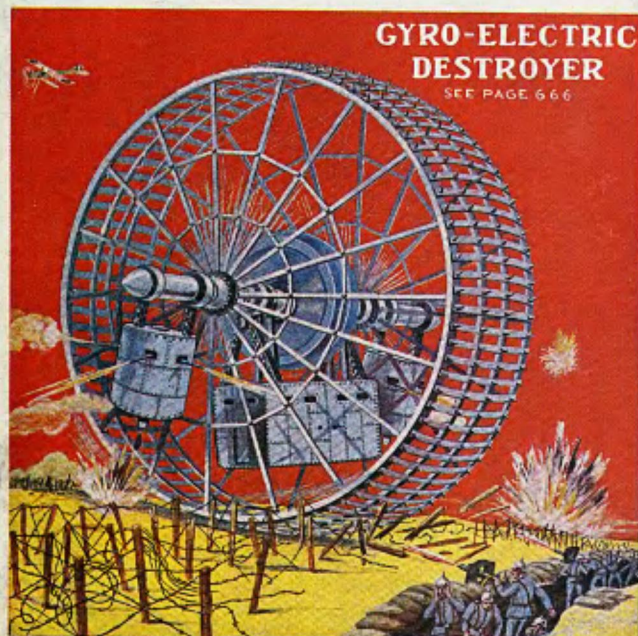


Figure 1

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See Page 37

NEW INVENTIONS • MECHANICS • MONEY MAKING IDEAS
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Figure 2

of the Unicycle

trade in ze whole mess vor ze latest model vourteen zixty royal coach which was chust coming off ze assembly line und dot vas ze lest off ze unicycle — also off Fritz vun!

Now, vot I vant to talk about iss vot happened to Fritz's idea off a uni-veel. It didn't die vit him. Himmell! Ve got it today, effen — bot not zo fast vit mine schtory!

Take, vor instance, ze picture in Figure 1. Mine grendfadder, alzo named Fritz, invented a uni-veel tank for Kaiser Vilhelm, unt before it could be made up at Krupp, vot happens but comes zis American magazine, vit a copy of grendpa's design! In 1916! Talk about schpies! Mata Harl vas a piker! Und ze cover shows grendpa's invention being used against ze Vermacht — adding ze injury to ze insult! Anyvay, it doesn't go into production. Someone on ze Allied high command must haff been related to Emperor Maggsimilian!

Unt vould you belief, dot in 1936, somevun

schteels ze idea again, und it gets shovn on ze cover of *Popooler Science*, seen in Figure 2? Anyvay, vorlt vor one unt two come und go, und schtill no uni-veel tanks. Grendpa's patents run out, und zo does he, chust ze nick off time. Oddervise he gets dravted. He lands in New York, remembering vot happened to Fritz vun!

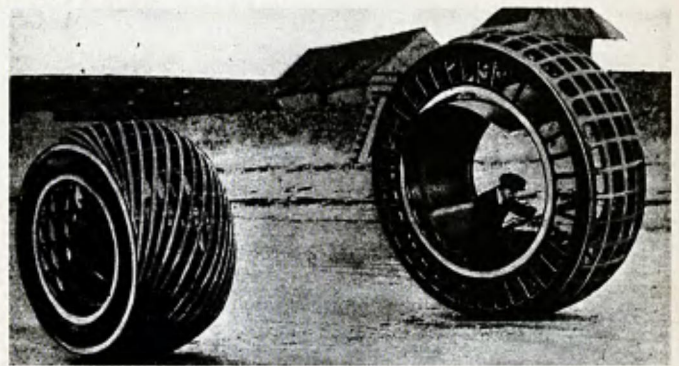


Figure 5



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 8

Zo, vee now leaf all dot behind us und get down to more recent unicycles ya? Nein, zey do not die like Grendpa's tanks und ze odders. It looks like man infented ze veel und now he can't get rid off it! Some vise schnook iss always coming up vit new unis. Let me giff you some eggssamples to show you vot I mean.

In 1914, *Popoolar Mechanics* hat on its April cover ze uni seen in Figure 3. It displayed considerable ingenuity, I vill admit, bot vas impractical, vit all dot vind blowing zo much dust all over ze place — not to mention ze driver — who looks more like a Fokker D-7 pilot, goggles und all!

Und, vot about all zose feets? Like zum kint off giant inzect! Vell, so much vor dot one, vich didn't get fery var, effen on ze race track. It vas reported by *Popoolar Mechanics* dot ze machine made a schpeed off ziggsty-zeffen miles per hour in Zaint Louis.

Ze police zoon put a schtop to his driving on vun veel. He vas arrested for too low flying an aircraft, alzo vor flying unsave an aircraft vitout vings! Also, veriss ze odder veel if it's a motor-bike? Und alzo no pilot's license. I zink ze poor guy is schtill doing hard time!

In 1932, *Popoolar Science* hat on its May cover vot is seen in Figure 4. Dot's anodder clefer use of ze unicycle principle — bik enough to carry a passenger — or is he a co-pilot!

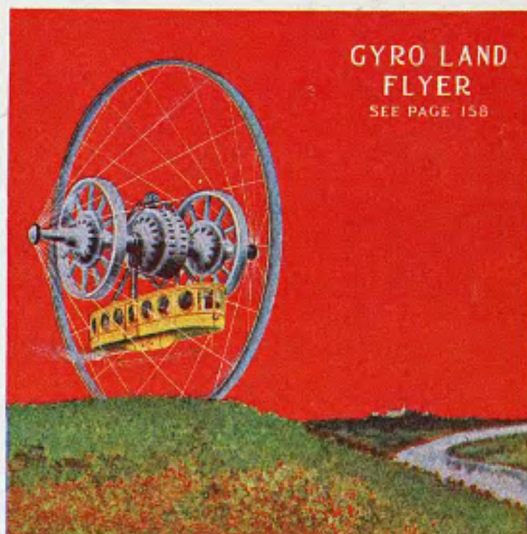
Anyway, it vas ten feets in diameter, vit a two-und-vun-heff-horsepower motor. Ze Englisher

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The Electrical Experimenter

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Figure 9

inventor zed planned to put a completely enclosed cabin into his neggst model, so it could be used in any vedder, und make a practical alternative to ze regoolar motor car. Insted of leaning out to make a turn, like in ze regoolar uni, by mooing ze cabin sidevays, ze pilot or co-pilot could make it turn.

All zose little holes in ze rubber made it possible vor ze drifer to see ver he vas going so he vouldn't bump into some automobile, or effen anodder uni. Ze inventor said ze drifer vould not see ze road mooing up und down, like a TV screen out off adjustment. He said, "Ze latticevork in vront of ze drifer's eyes disappears vhen ze veel is in motion."

Ze Popoolar Science cover is only a drawing bot in Figure 5 vee see dot zis Englisher actually bilt zuch a machine, bot vrom ze looks off zings, he neffer got to bild anodder vit ze cabin. All he got to do vas drife around English streets until he vas nabbed by ze cops for drifing a car that vasn't a car! He hat a license to drife a vour-veeler bot not a vun-veeler! Reminds me off how beck in England you hat to haf someone out in vront off your car, carrying a red flag.

All zis poor guy got vas pains vor his troubles, or troubles vor his pains, vich effer vay you say it here. Ze cops gafe him a lotta no-parking tickets und he pretty zoom hat more tickets than a scalper at ze Rose Bowl, only he couldn't sell his. He couldn't effen gife zem away, vich is about vot happened to his unicycle, alzo!

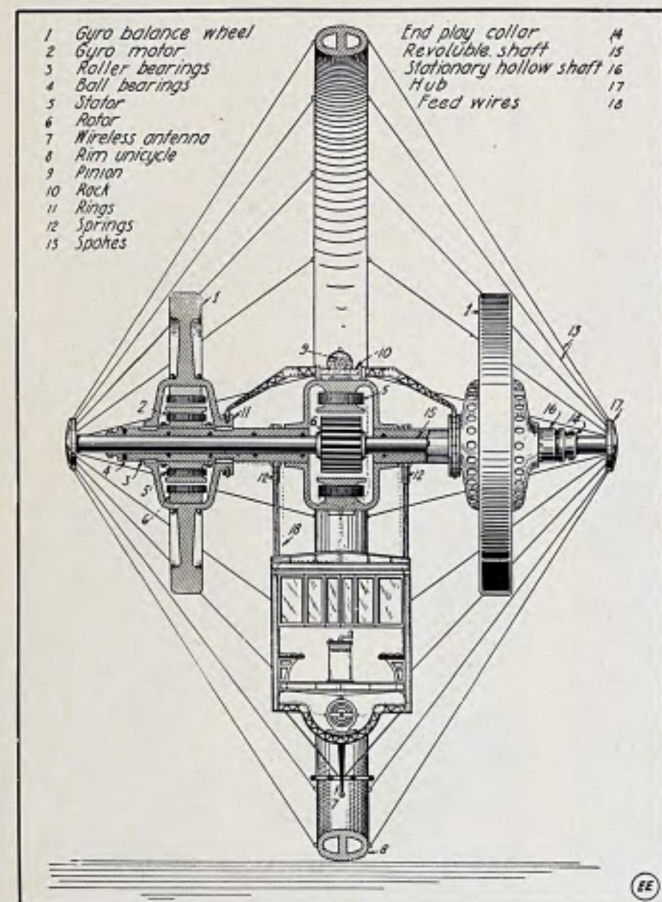


Figure 10

In Figure 6 iss shown a uni mate by an Italian in 1933. It vos supposed to do 100 miles an hour on chust vun-und-three-quarters horsepower. Zis engine vas designed to run on gasoil, ninety percent gasoline und ten percent olife oil. In a pinch it could run on pure olife oil or effen ze sqveezings from pepperoni sausages! Now, vee bote no dot Rudolph Diesel vasn't Italian, don't vee! Effen he didn't claim his engine could do dot!

Ze Italian engine vas shoeposed to half been designed by Mussolini, but I doubt dot, too. He might half been a bik veel in politics, for a vile, but in automobile und engine design, he vas a square. Efter all, during zis period, ze Macchi-Castoldi zeaplanes zet vorlt schpeed records, und Mussolini didn't claim to haff designed ze engines of zees planes. Vee all know it vas Issata-Fraschini dot designed und bilt zees engines.

OK, so Mussolini vas a bik bluffer und talker, bot vot politician isn't? Politicians are much too bussy infenting lies or schemes to milk ze public, to bodder vit inventing engines. Besides, zey don't pay as vell. I might alzo att on ze ent here, dot effen if ze politicians don't know much about designing engines, zey do sound like zey are full off gaz!

In 1935, zum vizeacre thought up ze opchekt seen in Figure 7. I hesitate to call it a unicycle becos, as you can plainly see, it has two veels. It vas called a Gyrauto. Ze magazine report didn't say vere it came from. I can vell underschtaund dot. Efter all, vot true uniphile vod admit to making a double-veel single-veel?

Anodder article in zis opchekt suggested it could be construed as a unicycle vit a schpare veel. Nein! Nein! Ach du lieber! Next zing you know, somevun vill say it's chust a single-veel, only schpread out, like all zose racers haff on zeyr beck veels!

I esk you, how can you make a single-veel vit more den vun veel? Vun times vun iss schtill one, und vun times two iss two! You can't monkey around vit ze laws of mathematics, or sqveeze two qvarts into a vun-qvart gas can!

Und hov vud zey schteer zis opchekt? Dot schteering veel is a fakeeroo! Come to zink off it, maybe ze whole picture is a fake! Somevun making fun of uni-veels. Notice ze lady drifer. Dot calls to mint anodder advantage off unis. No beckseat drifers!

Now, in Figure 8, vee got anodder oddball uni — again vit two veels — only one so schmall it can hardly be called a veel! Zis appeared in 1940 in New York. Ze newspaper article called it a rubber-tired hoop.

Continued on page 90

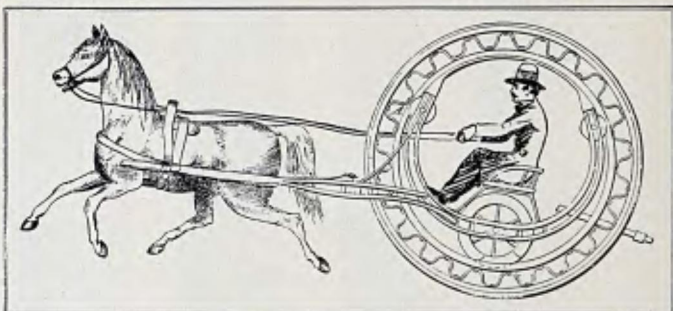


Figure 11

When I got off the "chain bus" at the Department of Corrections Diagnostic Unit in early April 1980, no one handed me a Bible. I was merely strip-searched, had my hair and beard shorn, got sprayed with liquid DDT, was handed a pair of brogans and white coveralls, and given a number. The Bible would come later, I told myself. I was probably now undergoing the first step of my rehabilitation: being made to feel humble.

Humble is a euphemism. I felt *raped*. My dignity had always been in my identity as a biker, a husband and father, a writer, and a mild-mannered dude who would rather write poetry about my ol' lady and my freedom than disco-kill my social frustrations with weekly dosages of Saturday Night Fever.

Nevertheless, I had *sinned*: my sin had been the selling of some mortgaged property when a newborn rugrat's illness had left us broke and desperate. To expiate my vicious sin, I had been sentenced to a nickel in the state penitentiary.

Penitentiary. That's what it's been called for the last two hundred years, ever since the 18th-century Quakers decided that the reconstructive path to law and decency was to imprison criminals and subject them to penitence, and that given time to reflect and become penitent, they would change. Before the Quakers, prison was just plain prison. But in early Biblical times and the early centuries after Christ, the world's prisons served only as temporary restraining quarters for those souls about to be dealt swift justice, which, as we all know, was losing one's hand, head, or eye in a public place.

Photo illustration by Billy Tinney and Denise Bauman



So I figured I was lucky. I'd leave here with all my members intact, slightly older than when I arrived, and — the good Lord willing — rehabilitated. Inwardly smiling at my good fortune in having been born into a civilized society, I picked up my state-issued toothbrush and razor and followed the hack's order to go to my assigned cell, as indicated on the rules and regulations book he had handed me.

It was just like in a B-grade movie: Two tiers of two-man cells, twenty cells to a tier, sterile, monastic. Apropos.

Sixteen cell, two row.

I located the five-by-nine cubicle and stood at the door as metal clanged and the barred door opened. The cell was already fully occupied.

"I must have gotten the wrong cell," I said to the convict occupants. One was seated on the lower bunk, the other on the lidless shitter.

"Sixteen-two?" quizzed the toilet-sitter, looking up from the Bull Durham roll-your-own he was working on.

I checked the numbers on the rules book, and nodded.

"You got the right cell, man," said the other con. "Right cell, wrong penitentiary."

"Where do I sleep?"

"On the floor," he said, passing up the opportunity to play on my dumb rhetoric, and pointed at a folded mattress tucked under his bunk.

"I hope this place doesn't have rats."

He smiled, showing tobacco-stained teeth. "Only two-legged ones."

The door clanged shut. I pulled out the urine-stained mattress and squatted on it. The system was already working: I was feeling the first pangs of penitence. In fact, the smell of the mattress had already convinced me that I was rehabilitated and ready to haul my ass back home.

Prison has taught me a lot. I have learned the difference between Johnson grass and young corn, after hoeing down a row of corn while working in the field and getting my ass chewed out. "The shit looked like Johnson grass to me, boss!" I apologized humbly. I have learned that when you have a sex-killer cell partner, you make damn sure he eats his saltpeter-laced instant potatoes in the chowhall. I have learned that the din and tension of a maximum-security prison allows one little time for reflection and penitence — you're too fuckin' busy worrying about the paranoid sickles creeping up on your ass for an imagined wrong. I have learned that the true test of rehabilitation is in maintaining one's sanity while under the permeating influence of a neurotic-psychotic environment. And I have also learned that the Quaker solution to crime is stagnated bullshit.

Aha! Another bitter asshole down! Not on your religious pimples. In prison, the first thing a wise dude does is get his shit together against the urge to show bitterness. With an estimated sixty-eight percent of this joint being basket cases, I was not about to begin firing imaginary machine guns at imaginary society as one of my cell partners does each evening after being missed at mail call. You know, the funny thing is, I'm the rebel here, not him. He's institutionalized; my mind runs on getting the fuck out of here. He may bitch about the food — which ain't no fuckin' good, but you won't starve — and curse the system and file jailhouse writs, the majority of which are about as useful as the toilet paper they are written on, but he is at home. Much as he fights his case, should he be released tomorrow there would be a weakness, a fear, in his guts, and he would break his ass to commit a \$1.98 crime and return here. Prison has

by James Jennings

become, to him, a social entity that he can make it in. Here, he has rights; he has an identity — a good dude (in his self-image!), a convict (inmate, really). His rage at the social injustices he fights in here is as real to him as your getting pissed at the DOT for cramming idiot laws up your ass. His Joan Claybrook is the warden. He even likes his sex life better here, not being under the pressure of packing his ol' lady the right way. In here, all he needs to do to be macho is to swagger around in dark glasses (bumping into walls and bars), keep a red handkerchief in his back pocket, and jack off twice a day. On the streets he'd never write a letter to the editor, but in here his lobbying takes on the zeal of a freshman congressman. Poor soul. Is he bitter? Hell no, the bastard is crazy!

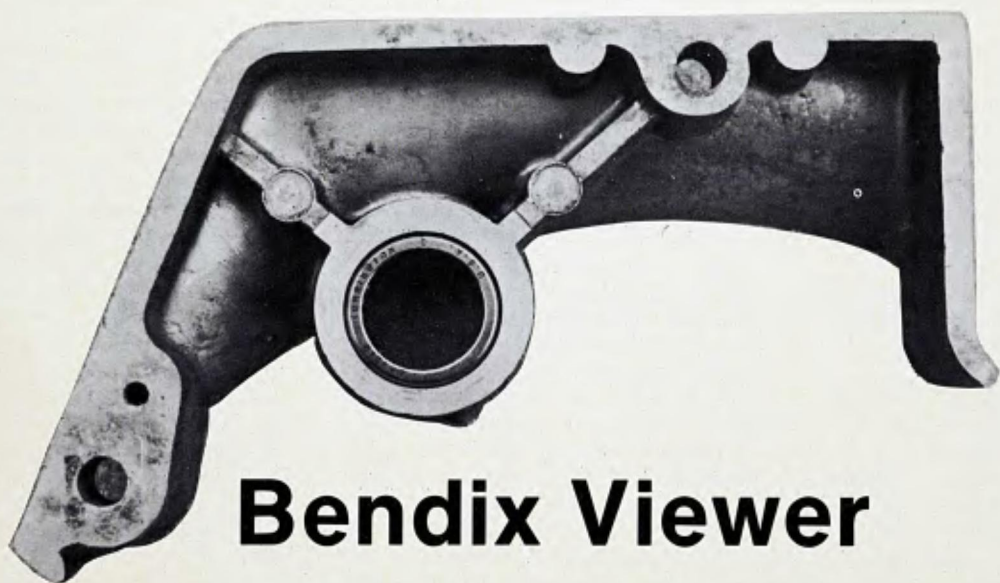
He is also as Quakerized as oatmeal. Our cell is a temple. The light switch is a rosary. Crucifixes and crosses adorn the walls. Jesus is on the wall staring into the pink of Hustler's Honey on the other wall. His library consists of the *The Living Bible*, *Scofield Reference Bible*, a leather-bound King James version that cost some do-gooder on the streets \$75, Bible reference books, concordances, three Bible dictionaries, and a dozen or so religious autobiographies. Tex Watson, Murph the Surf, and Susan Atkins, born-again saints of the underworld, are right up there alongside the \$75 Bible. He reeks of holier-than-thou pioussness — yet, beneath his bunk, he stores an impressive library of jackoff books: *Tender Meat*, *Animal Lovers*, *The Preacher's Daughter Takes On The NFL*, etc.

Being a rebel, and not wanting to get too comfy in this place, I make do with *The Basic Kafka*, *Dream Palaces* (Purdy), and *The Whole Truth* (Ehrlichman), along with some hand-me-down copies of *In The Wind*

Continued on page 111

A HORROR STORY

A Downed Biker Experiences A
Solution to Crime



Bendix Viewer

This tech tip is not for everyone. It's one I felt the bros with the magic button would appreciate. If you've ever suspected that something isn't happening inside the primary of your Sportster or Big Twin according to the manual and that a visual inspection is necessary, then this starter pinion shaft bearing support should come in handy. For short, we'll call it a bearing support. It allows you to watch the operation of the electric starter when the button is pushed. You will be able to check the engagement of your Bendix on the clutch ring

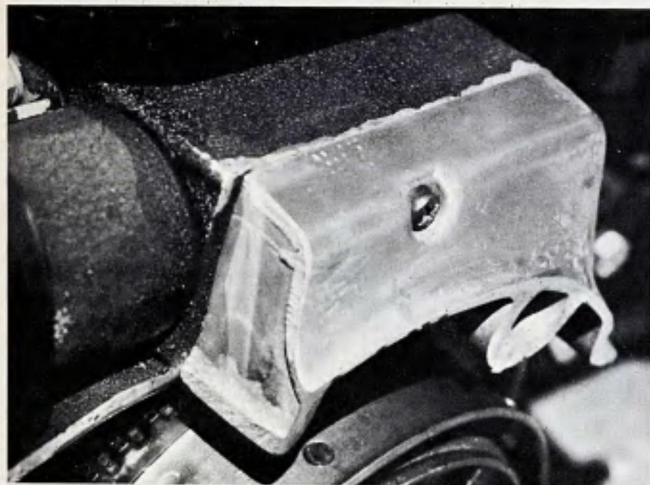
gear, check the stroke of the solenoid plunger to see whether it moves smoothly inside the solenoid, and check to see if the Bendix fork is bent or cracked.

Some people may have a problem in finding a primary cover that is too screwed up to run on a scooter, but is still good enough to cut up and use in making one of these bearing supports. When you get your hands on a cover, make sure it will fit your bike. Then cut away the bearing support, leaving a mounting-screw hole on either side. Now cut a section off the front of the

bearing support, so it looks something like the one in the photos. Be sure to leave the shoulder that the needle bearing rests against. That's it. You're done, unless you want to dress up the edges and put in a new needle bearing. I used one of those carbide saw blades that fit on a hacksaw frame to cut out the bearing support. To put the bearing support on your scooter, you will have to remove the primary cover — but I guess that's kinda obvious. Use the two screws that came out of the top of the primary cover to hold the bearing support to the inner

primary cover. Don't worry about a gasket, but you must have the brass thrust washer on the starter pinion shaft to keep the Bendix gear from banging on the back of the clutch hub. Even if there is nothing wrong with your electric starter, you may want to try this bearing support just to get a better idea of how your starter works. One more thing while I'm thinking about it: Watch your hair while peering into the primary. Don't get it caught in the chain or belt, 'cause it hurts like hell.

—Wrench



Tech Tip

We staffers on the rag have a saying about Spider: "When we do good, he never remembers; when we fuck up, he never forgets." Sometimes he jumps in your shit with both feet and righteously lets you know just how badly you've blown it. But other times he's more subtle — he gets on your case indirectly by leaving certain readers' letters on your desk, making no comment himself. But he doesn't need to, because the message of the letter is clear — you fucked up again.

If you've read this column very long, you know that I've tried for diversity of subject matter. I've written about rhythm and blues, rock and roll, and country and western. Occasionally, I've even wandered away from the topic of music altogether, like the feature I did about watching bad horror movies on the tube when your poop-butt friends crash and leave you desperate for 3 a.m. diversion.

But about a year ago, maybe, I began devoting most of my attention in this feature to country music, a shift that's caused me more hassle than an out of tune Sportster on a cold morning. Now understand I didn't set out to ruffle anybody's feathers by reviewing c&w performers. On the contrary, I thought the response would be favorable. I mean, I know plenty of bikers who dig country music, and it's undeniable that it's become a significant influence in popular music. I write this feature only every other issue, so the column could alternate between one kind of music and the other. At least, that was the drift of my thinking until I began to receive (via Spider) some of those letters I mentioned.

Now Spider's a funny guy. He regards a single letter on a given topic as indicative of a big groundswell of opinion, two letters as a flood of mail, and three as an avalanche. I've been getting about one anti-country music letter a month, so Spider told me to soft-pedal the c&w because obviously the overwhelming reaction to my country columns (three letters) was negative. Unconvinced but trying to be cooperative, I went back to reviewing rock albums. But clearly I'd stirred

up a few narrow-minded rockers, because the letters continued to trickle in.

As Wild Bill Elliot used to say (usually, just before he tore somebody a new asshole), "I'm a peaceable man." But I ran out of patience when Spider walked in last week and pitched another letter on my desk. It read pretty much like the rest. "Animal: You scum-suckin', cow-fuckin' sodbuster, why don't you trade in your turntable for a plow and get it over with? As far as I'm concerned, you can take that



hillbilly hoe-down horseshit and stuff it up your cornpone ass sideways. Give us a break, you ignorant grit — go back to Dogpatch or wherever the hell you came from."

My narrowed eyes fixed Spider with an accusing glare. "I've had it up to here with this shit, man — you're just trying to fuck with me. You know as well as I do that a couple of crank letters from some trendy jerks don't mean a damn thing."

"Don't kid yourself, hayseed," he shot back. "You're livin' in a dream world and you damn well better wake up. Either start writin' about music that people like or I'm gonna ram your stuffed armadillo up your butt. You're the one that's outta step, ham hock, not me. Nobody but redneck nose-pickers likes that cowboy shit."

His insults cut like a knife and I was suddenly filled with uncertainty. What if he's right? Maybe all the bros actually hate this stuff I've been writing about but only a few bother to write. Maybe...

I slumped in my chair, a broken man. "All right," I croaked hoarsely, "I'll clean out my desk and —"

"Cut the shit," he interrupted. "Stop feelin' sorry for yourself and just do the column right. C'mon, let's go hit a bar and I'll buy ya a beer to cry in — that's what all you snivelin' country fans like to do, ain't it?"

Well, I might never have known what a bullshitter Spider is if his scooter hadn't been down with a busted oil pump. We took his old pickup truck, and as we drove off he instinctively popped in the tape cassette protruding from the front of the player. His hand reached to snatch it back, but it was too late — suddenly, the air was filled with the voice of Merle Haggard.

Spider drove on, staring straight ahead, his jaw set grimly. Playing a hunch, I snapped open the glove compartment where he stashes his cassettes. You guessed it — Willie Nelson, George Jones, Waylon Jennings, and so forth. "Well, dammit," he growled between clenched teeth, "I had to find out for myself how bad that stuff really is, didn't I?" I said nothing, simply making a mental note that the cassettes were old and well-played.

Personally, I'm ready to drop the whole controversy, especially since I discovered a closet country music fan right in our own midst. But in case anyone reading this wants to keep on whining about it, I've chosen a couple of albums this month that seem to me to illustrate the futility of worrying about these distinctions.

Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns/Joe Carrasco: If this out-of-control bunch has played your town and you didn't make it, you missed a party — and one of the most energetic, high-spirited groups in the business. Cutting his teeth on '50s and '60s rock, Carrasco also steeped himself in south of the border craziness to produce a blend of everything from rocked-out Mexican *cumbias* to let's-get-blasted-and-stomp Tex-Mex dance music.

Carrasco released his first album, *Tex-Mex Rock-Roll* on his own label in 1978, but in spite of primo material like "Jalapeno Con Big Red," the disc failed to attract a major distributor. But Joe's back with a new album, full of beans and having fun. The

King himself is a bug-eyed loony whose non-stop energy drives him to leap from the stage and fling himself into the audience (or out the door and into the streets, by means of a 60-foot guitar cord) to crank out some of the raunchiest, most rambunctious music you'll ever hear this side of a knife fight in a Nuevo Laredo bar on a hot summer night. Along with the Crowns (organist Kris Cummings, bassist Brad Kizer, and drummer Mike Navarro), Carrasco pumps out a brand of hyper barroom dance music so infectious that even the clumsiest stick-in-the-mud (like me) is likely to leap up and begin to batter the boards with his boots.

Carrasco's new release is on Hannibal Records, which ain't one of the biggies, so you may have to hunt for it. But the effort will pay off big. Don't miss cuts like "Caca de Vaca" (translation: cow shit), "Bad, Bad Girls," and "I Get My Kicks on You." You'll hear tunes whose sound reminds you of the Sir Douglas Quintet, and the Mysticians, the Rolling Stones — the list could go on. But everything here is stamped with the group's distinctive style, their no-frills approach to the business of making fun music.

By the way, a special nod must go to the group's female organ player, Kris Cummings. (Besides, I'm in love with her.) She is one hot musician and has the Farfisa organ style down better than anyone I've heard since Augie Myers — and that's high praise. At times, her impeccable playing and robust *gritos* threaten to steal the show from the King himself.

Musta Notta Gotta Lotta/ Joe Ely: Many people continue to regard Joe Ely as a country performer, though

Continued on page 118





Yesterday

By Garbage

Spewing a prolonged grunt of bliss, Everett (Shim) Smith leaned into the flawlessly rounded cheeks, doggy style, letting his taut eleven inches bury themselves into the gasping Karen's delicious depths.

The phone rang.

"Kin ya reach it?" Shim demanded.

"I gotta answer the goddam phone at a time like this?"

"Answer the fuckin' thing!"

She lurched forward, hand fumbling for the jangling plastic, and Shim lurched with her to maintain his position. Karen put the phone to her head, panting steadily. Shim began timing his powerful thrusts to her panting.

"Yeah. . . he's h-here," squealed Karen. "But he's awful busy right now, n-no shit!"

Shim pumped relentlessly, grasping the satiny hips with splayed fingers that tingled. It was, his pleasure-blurred mind decided, almost as good as riding in the wind.

Karen shoved the phone at him.

"Wants ta rap with you," she hissed between clenched teeth.

"Who does?"

"Yer damned ex!"

"Right now?"

"Tell me about it." Bracing herself against the surging motions behind her, Karen closed her big green eyes in joyous concentration as she crooned softly.

"This you, Norine?" Shim said into the phone.

"I'll just bet you're in bed with some bleached blonde," rasped Norine's nasal voice. "I'll bet her heels are dentin' the fuckin' ceiling this very minute!"

"Wrong as usual, bitch!"

Norine's cynical laugh carried banshee undertones. That particular laugh had galled Shim during the three turbulent years he had heard it daily. Now he felt the tautness easing, losing its intensity.

"We're on the floor, fuckin' doggy style, and she's a real redhead, ya dumb cunt!" Having desperately

spat those facts at the intruder, Shim felt four inches of flaccid numbness ooze from Karen's moist warmth and plop back into a cruel, cold world. Karen shot a disgusted glance over her tanned shoulder and scrabbled away from him with little whimpering sounds that were either despair or fury. Shim watched her go into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

"It should be me, damn ya!" raged Norine.

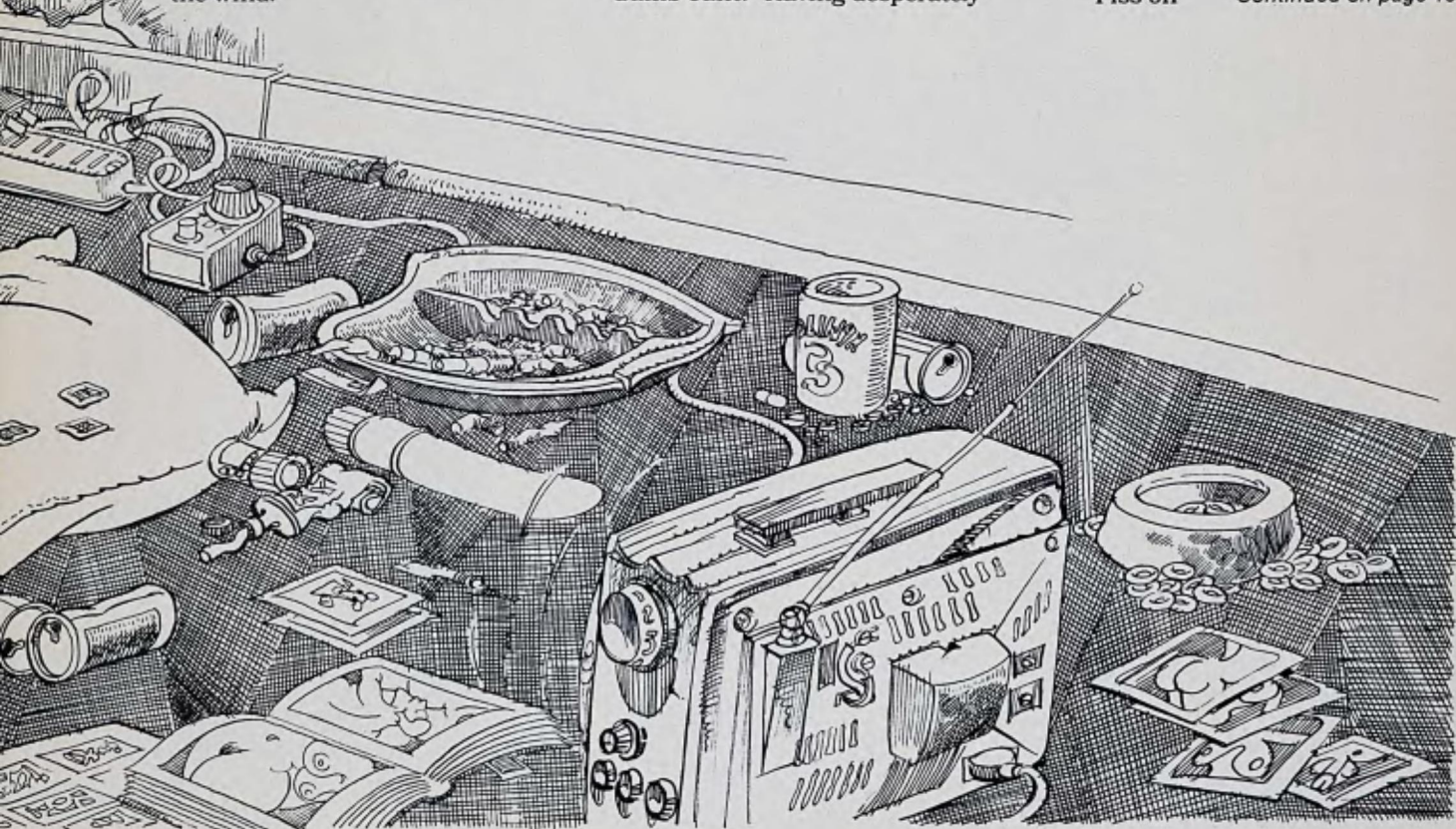
"No way."

"Listen," she whined, her tone switching smoothly an octave higher to wheedling. "I still got it bad fer ya, hon. We could work sumpin' out and —"

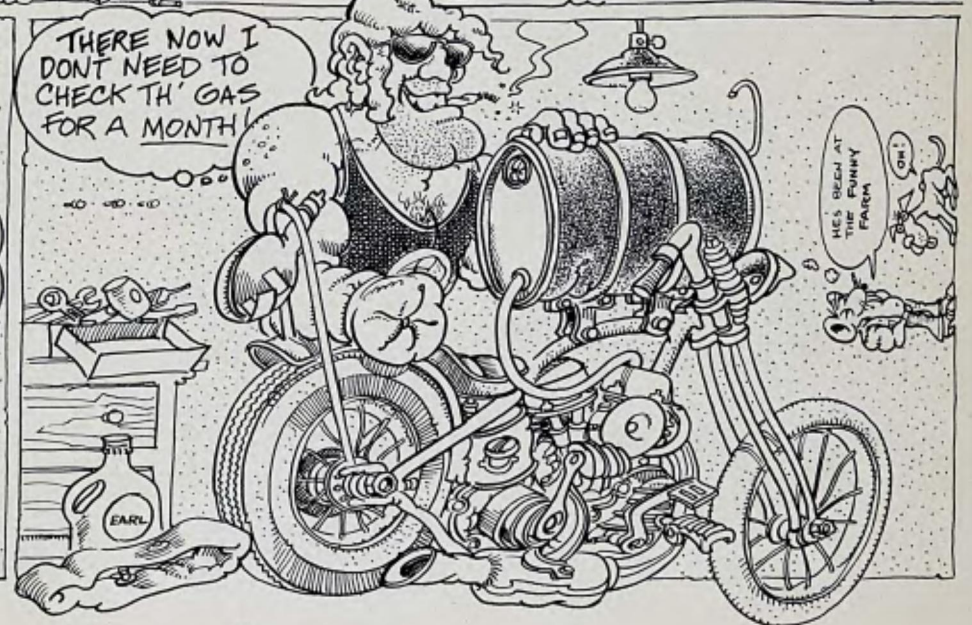
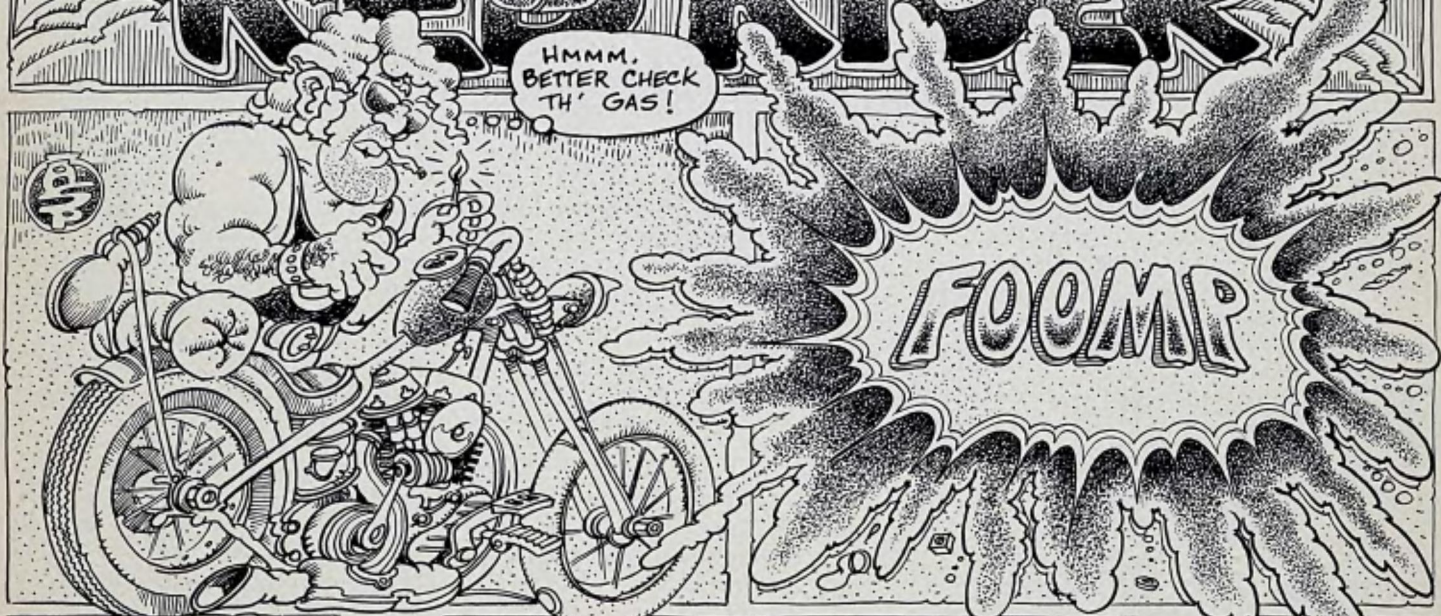
"Absofuckinglutely not! I told'ja up front, don't never nag me or I'm gone. You nagged me. I'm gone. That's it. There ain't no more."

"I'm not gonna cry or plead, y'know." The tone was suddenly calm, edged with ice. "I jist wanted us to have one last chance, see?"

"Piss on *Continued on page 101*"



RED RIDER





Our Subscription Boss Is As Weird As He Looks

Ever since we slipped acid into his stash of bananas, he hasn't been his ol' self. He goes completely apeshit whenever we receive an occasional subscription complaint of any kind, even if it's from someone in Bumfuck, Egypt, sniveling that the local candy store has their copies earlier than he does, not realizing that all the mags are shipped at one time and mags do go south, go down with ships, get caught in fires, get ripped off, and get intercepted by who knows who. But that doesn't matter to Double Ugly — he wants a flawless department. A complaint is a complaint, and you can imagine what he's like when he goes ape — out-of-his-gourd ape at that.

But we'll put up with him. A boss is a necessary evil, we guess — especially around here — but as we said, we'll put up with him if you'll put up with us.

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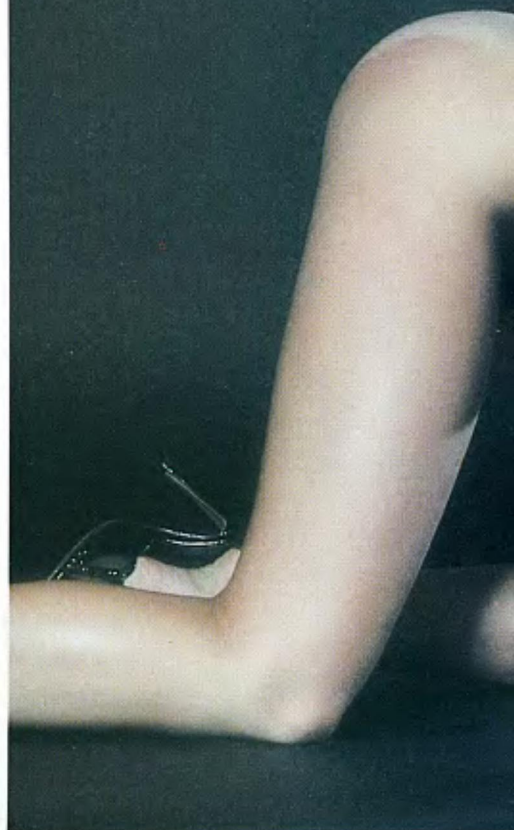
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Wild Thing,
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You make everything groovy.
Wild Thing, I think
I love you!*



Luscious Lisa

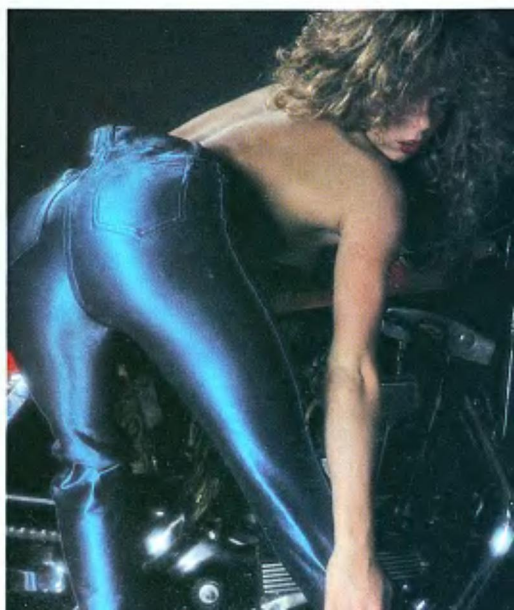
"I pack behind a man for only a week at a time, because I am a wild child and don't like to be tied down. I like to trade men as often as possible, but only bikers. Next to them, the rest are just too wimpy; bikers are real men.

"I love bikers, their macho attitude, leathers, and Harley-Davidsons — it all turns me on. They are the true free spirits of the world, nomads riding across the plains, renegades traveling to see the world. The last of the romantics. Nothing holds them down; their only home is the seat of their choppers. Their true love is their Harley."

Fiery-haired Lisa is a dancer in Memphis, Tennessee. As you can imagine, she starts some fires when she begins to gyrate. She is wild!

Her hobbies are making leather clothes for her friends and traveling,

*"Wild Thing" by the Troggs, written by C. Taylor (Blackwood, BMI).







preferring, of course, the back of a Harley to the seat of a cage.

Well, I'm heading for Wisconsin for a couple of weeks, taking my Harley for a putt around the lake and a visit with the bros in Waupun Prison. Hell, it might be a real trip to take Lisa along. Just to entertain the incarcerated readers, ya unnerstan'.

Hey, Lisa, call if you'd like to putt behind me for a week. Never can tell — you might be able to trade me for a Milwaukee scooter bro.

—Beast

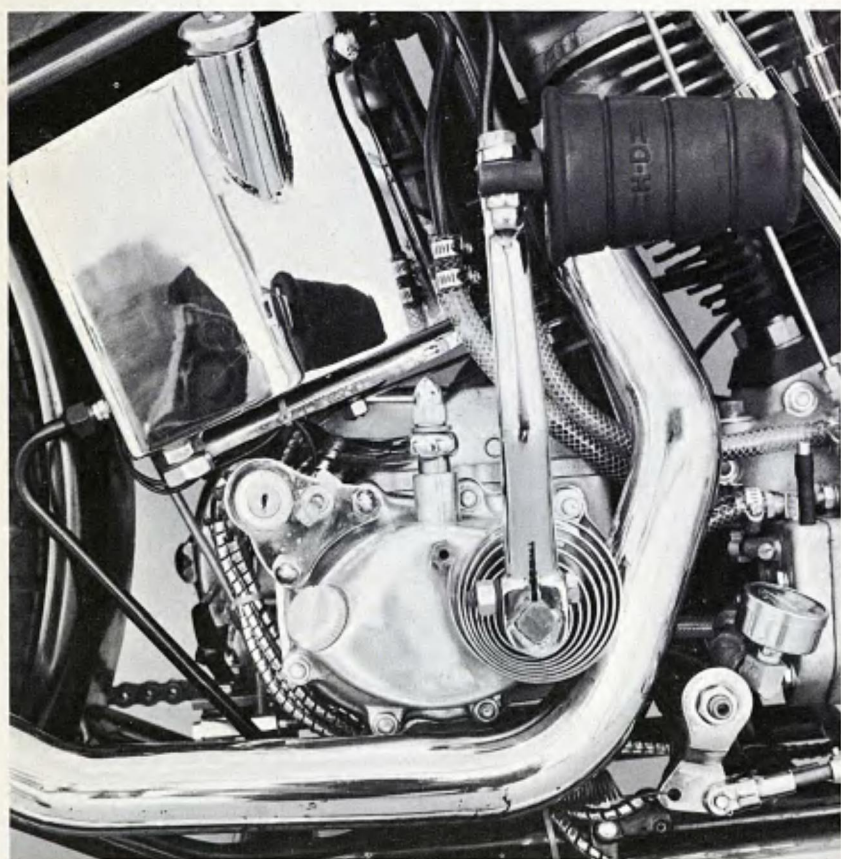
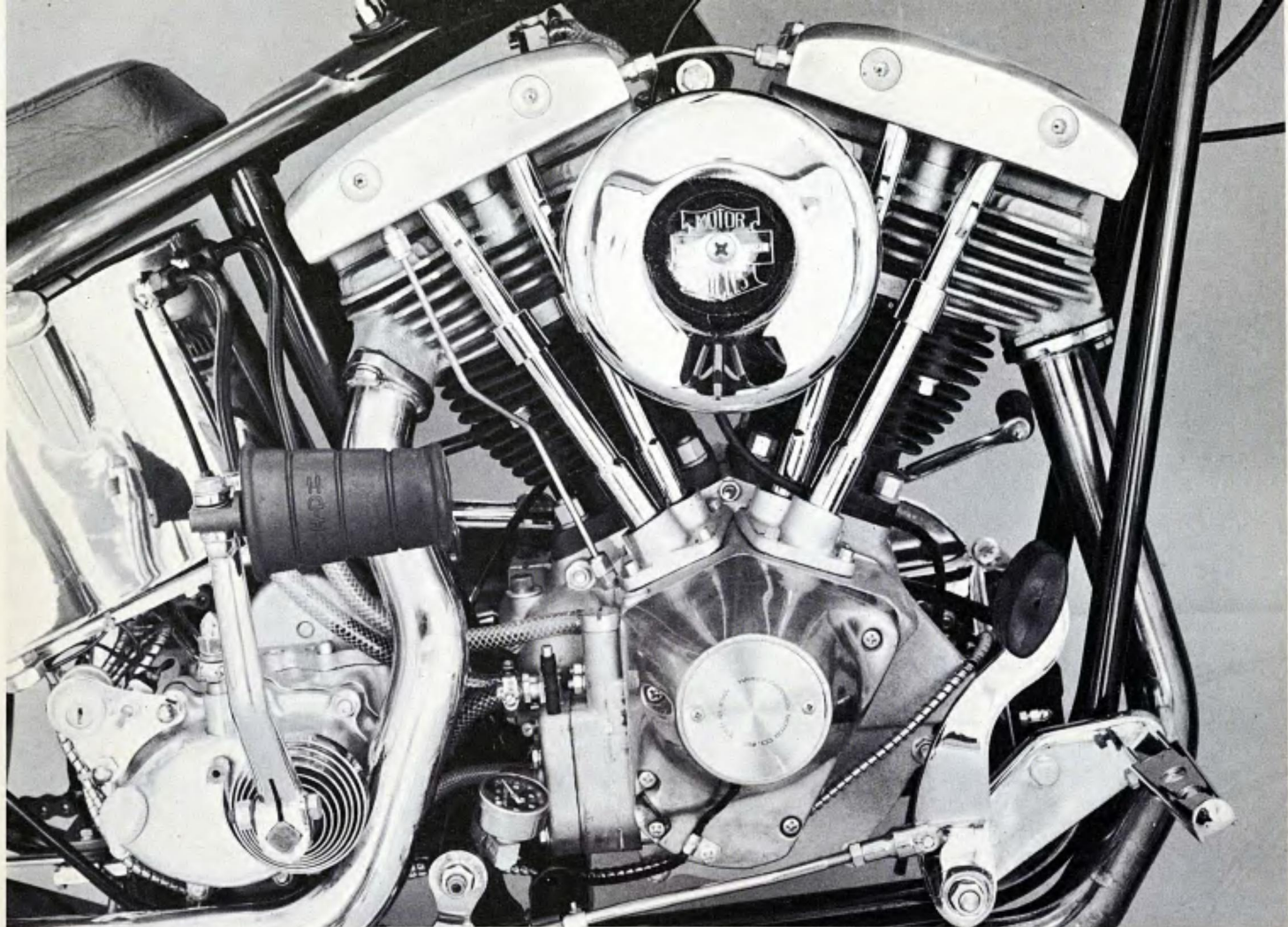




Photos by Billy Tinney







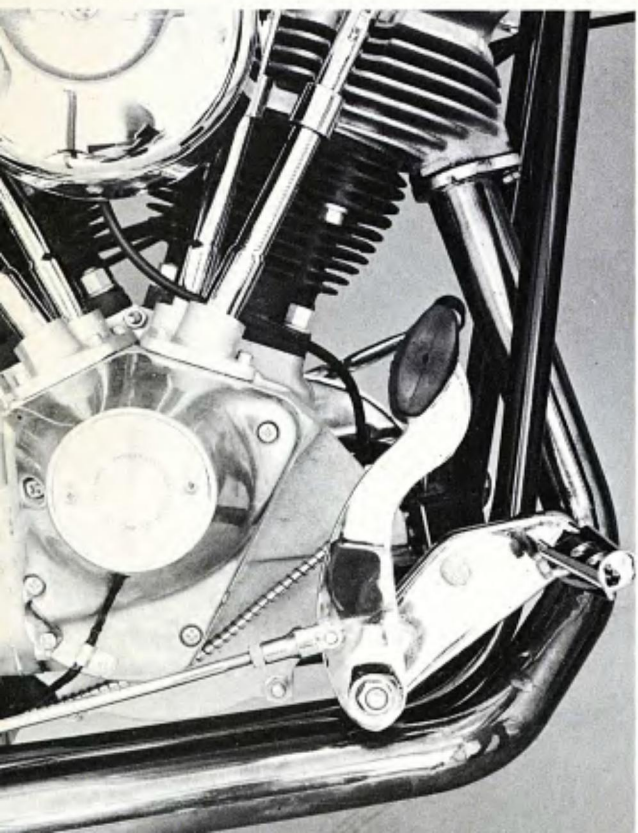
Nothing Works

Expert: Very skillful; having much training and knowledge in some special field — Webster's New World Dictionary

“I busted my ass working two jobs to put together the bread to get the scoot,” Cheyenne Deringer reports. “What with workin’ six days a week, twelve to sixteen hours a day, I didn’t have time to bust my knuckles buildin’ it.”

“Besides, I’m a rider, not an engineer. I like to putt and party, not weld and measure. I knew exactly what I wanted my scoot to be, how it should perform, and what it should look like. I figured I’d just feed my specs to some experts and let them build it for me.”

And so our hero, a cool four grand rolled up in his jeans, headed over to a “custom” bike shop and ordered his ride. Time





marched on. One month, three months, seven and a half months. Suddenly, a year after the money changed hands, Cheyenne had his bike.

"It's beautiful," he said. "Just look at it shinin' in the sun. Check out the laid-back scene painted on the tank."

The shit rain started the first time Cheyenne stomped on the starter. Seems the "experts" hadn't bothered to waste any time tunin' the '76 shovel mill — after all, there's only so much you can do in a year — and the bike ran like a three-legged elephant.

"Man, I hate to admit it," Cheyenne told us, "but I wound up kind of happy that the bike wouldn't really book along when I first got it. Seems the assholes at the shop hadn't assembled the brakes right, and it's a hell of a lot easier to stop sideways at forty than it is at one-twenty." Actually, those speeds are all guesstimates anyway, since the speedo quits at 20.

A few other little flaws began to show up when Cheyenne started working on getting his running gear in order. A minor irritation was that the kickstand almost fell off and dropped the bike on him as he sat on the floor tinkering with the brakes. A bigger problem was that the pipes started to burn after only a couple hundred miles.

"Well, it's still a pretty bitch," Cheyenne's been saying through clenched teeth recently. "An' some day, when I get done redoin' all the wrench work on it, it's gonna run as good as it looks."

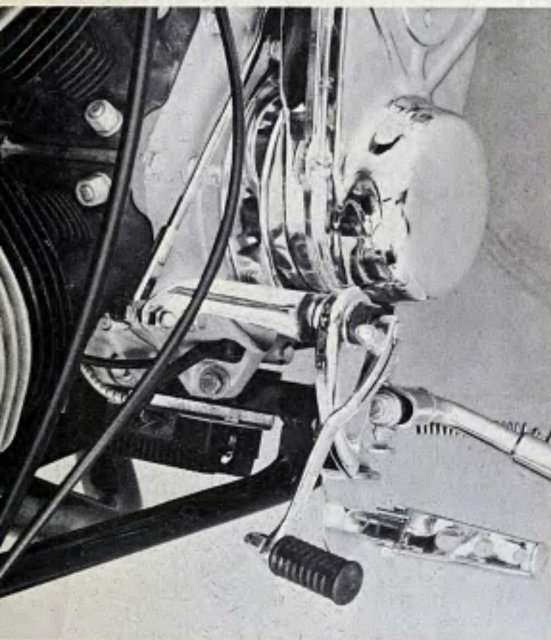


"Do me one favor, though. Tell all the bros in the world that what the old man used to tell us when we were kids is the stone truth: If ya want it done right, do it yourself."

—Swindle



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Cheyenne Deringer		City: Portland, Oregon	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: "Experts"		Year: 1976	
Year and make: 1976		Builder: Jammer	
Model: FX		Type: rigid	
Value: \$4,000		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: "Experts"		Stretch: 2½ in.	
Time: one year		Other alterations: motor mounts and gussets	
Chroming by: "Experts"		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullbacks	
Year: 1976		Risers: none	
Model: H-D 74		Fender(s): 5 in. flared	
Rebuilder: H-D		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: dist.		Taillight: Maltese Cross	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: 9:1		Electrics: alternator/rectifier	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: shovel		Oil tank: Jammer	
Cam(s): FX		Oil system: oily	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): H-D		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: Maltese Cross	
Pipes: upsweeps, Drag Specialties		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: some		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1976		Extension: 13 in.	
Shifting: ratchet		Builder: John Griffiths	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: narrowed trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: John Griffiths		Hub: Star	Hub: H-D
Painter: John Griffiths		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: 300	Tire: Pirelli
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: mech.
Special paint: John Griffiths			
Other special modifications: Hard starting, poor running			





VET VOICE



The theater was outdoors, with plank seats and a screen built out of two-by-fours and a sheet. Blackness had fallen. Most nights I wouldn't have even been there, but an altercation had forced me to watch the movie with the Montagnards. *Dr. Zhivago* was almost through the first reel, and the 'yards kept asking what was the white stuff falling from the sky and why was the ground white. I just spaced out, imagining myself back in round-eye-land, when the mortars started dropping on us.

I was shocked to see my friends fall all around me. Hell, we were in a safe area — this was not supposed to be happening. We had eight men down before the barrage stopped. I looked them over, told my medics which people to work on, and then moved the wounded into the Billy Hall Dispensary, which was next to the theater.

I worked on the most seriously wounded man, a Nung. He was screaming and flopping around, but I couldn't find any puncture wounds. His blood pressure was falling fast, so I stuck an IV in him. I couldn't do anything for him but send him to the American hospital across the base. He died on the way. An autopsy revealed a small mortar fragment imbedded in his brain.

Sometimes there is nothing you can do, but it sure doesn't make you feel any better. I felt as if I hadn't done everything possible.

I feel like that now. James Roger Hopkins died May 16, 1981, from an alleged drug overdose and liquor. He was the vet who had attacked the VA hospital in Los Angeles, protesting their lack of concern over his hearing loss, suffered while a Marine in Nam.

The VA had refused to certify Hopkins's deafness because they could not find records of his injuries, even though he had three Purple Hearts. He had wanted documentation, so he could obtain a printer typewriter from the telephone company. Shortly after the VA's refusal, he attacked the hospital.

He had crashed his surplus Jeep through the doors of the VA hospital and shot up the lobby. He was arrested and jailed. He said later he just wanted help for his hearing problem. Hopkins said, "What I did was not a collective statement for Vietnam veterans and I am not anti-military. I'm just tired of trying to deal with the VA."

He said Agent Orange was causing problems. (At press

time his body is being examined for AO poisoning.)

He also said, "I'd like some psychiatric help. Obviously, there's something wrong."

Obvious, but unheeded, this warning did not attract enough attention to save his life.

The death of James Hopkins should not be forgotten. It should stand as an example of the callousness of the VA and of its attitude toward the people it's supposed to help. We should not let this complacency remain. To the administrators of the Veterans Administration, I say, "Wake up, pull your heads out of your asses, or get the hell out. If you don't want to serve, leave. Collecting money for doing nothing is over; work or quit."

In the case of James Hopkins, I am not sure what could have been done, but I know that *something* should have been done. If your vet friends seem depressed and suicidal, pay attention to them and try to get them help. They don't want to die — they are just so confused and depressed that they think suicide is the only way out.

It is not the answer. Call your nearest Vet Center for help. For information call or write to The Vet Center, 1406 Pacific Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291, (213) 392-4124.

They have information on all Vet Centers in the United States and are very helpful.

—Doc

Helping Vets

★ I was drafted right after high school and was forced into "manhood" at the age of nineteen. Vietnam left both physical and mental scars that to this day still haunt me. The distress I had to put up with turned into almost an excitement trip for me. I was with the Rangers, doing short- and long-range recon, which meant mostly search and destroy missions. My point is that after so many S&Ds, I was looking forward to the killing and the excitement that I found in it. After discharge I found it hard to direct my "killing instinct" in a passive way, so I resorted to stealing for the thrill.

I am currently serving ten years for probation violation. I hope that the government and the general public are aware of "our" special problem. Instead of prison life, they should attempt to help the veteran by other means. I am a disabled veteran who is currently on prescription from the V.A. for Valium and phenobarbital, both for pain and a nervous condition. I honestly think that Vietnam veterans deserve better treatment from the general

public and the courts.

May God bless all Vietnam veterans and their special problems.

Name withheld

Grizzly Adams

★ Thanks to *Easyriders* for the "Vet Voice" column. It will let some of us lost souls find someone in the same boat, and we can comfort each other.

I'm not going to get all mushy and gushy about it, but I've retreated from society to the standards of "Grizzly Adams." When Charlie starts closing in on me and I start shooting back, there is no one out there to get in the way.

I was in the U.S.M.C. so I was in a lot of different outfits, primarily 1st Amtrac Bn. 3rd Marine Division from September, 1964, to January, 1969. I was in a lot of different outfits. I won't mention any of them, but if anyone out there remembers Dana L. Wilcox P.F.C.-Sgt., drop me a line and we'll see if we can get our minds on an even keel.

Dana L. Wilcox, Sr.
Spencer, Mass.

Continued on page 84

National

Easynews

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

1981 Sturgis Park Rules

The Sturgis City Council has requested that the following rules and regulations be published in a national motorcycle magazine in June and July. Your magazine was selected as one most likely to be read. Please publish the following:

1981 Rules & Regulations For Sturgis City Park

1. No firearms, explosives, or fireworks
2. No indecent exposure

3. Motorcycles only
4. Utilize garbage containers and keep your area clean
5. No refunds

Any violation of these rules will result in eviction from this park! If problems continue, as in past years, this park will be closed next year.

—Beverly Patterson
City of Sturgis
Sturgis, S. Dakota

The Highway Safety Budget

The Reagan administration plans to continue funding federal motor vehicle and highway safety research programs, but contemplates sharp cutbacks in federal aid to state and local governments for next year's highway safety programs, an analysis of its budget proposals shows. Here's how the budget requests break down by agency.

NHTSA's budget would be reduced by \$106.2 million in 1982, if proposed cuts are adopted. Total spending next year would be \$170.1 million compared to \$267.3 million proposed by the Carter administration. By far the greatest

portion of the reductions would come from the agency's state and community safety grants programs.

Cutbacks include abolishing the National Driver Register. Hardest hit by cuts would be NHTSA's state and community highway safety grant programs (Sec. 401). If Congress adopts legislative proposals accompanying the budget, funds from this area would be available for only four program areas. Police traffic services total funding would drop from \$82.7 million in fiscal 1981 to \$24.15 million in fiscal 1982. — from *Status Report*.

Drivers Don't See Bikers

Half of the 5,000 motorcyclists killed and the 200,000 injured last year were involved in accidents with cars, according to a new study.

And, says the report by safety expert Dr. Harry Hurt of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, the accidents occurred even when drivers clearly saw the bikers.

The reason, he explains, is that motorists are so used to

responding to other cars and trucks that they don't recognize cyclists right away — even when the bikes are bearing down on them.

More often, though, drivers never see the motorcycles at all, adds the study.

Dr. Hurt advises cyclists to ride to the driver's side of cars so that they can be spotted in the mirror and to use their light and horn.

ABATE Defeats Helmet Bill

A mandatory helmet bill, HB 1135, was narrowly defeated in North Dakota by a vote of 48-52. However, because the vote was so close — within three votes of the necessary majority — the bill was brought up again the next day and was finally put to rest for two more years by a vote of 43-56.

What happened in between is what politics is really about. The first vote was disappointingly close, and the proponents of the helmet bill, seeing what they perceived to be weakness on ABATE's part, pushed for another vote on HB 1135. Under the legislative rules, this motion had to be made within one legislative day of the original vote.

On the night before the final vote, the people pushing the helmet bill were on the telephone to their local supporters, urging them to contact their legislators to change their minds.

Of course, ABATE was doing the same thing. In the 24 hours following the first vote, ABATE's lobbyists contacted over 100 people and talked to nearly all of the 100 legislators who were to decide the helmet issue.

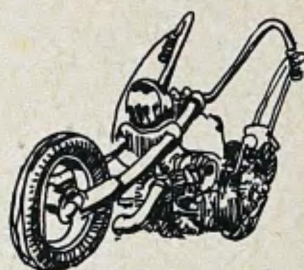
Credit must really go to three legislators who went out of their way to work toward defeating HB 1135. Those three are Rep. Michael Timm, Rep. Royden Rued, and Rep. Roger Koski. Those three helped persuade, cajole, and convince their legislative brethren to vote right. Rep. Timm put the kiss of death on HB 1135 for the next two years with a "clincher motion."

In all, six legislators who voted the wrong way on the first vote subsequently changed their votes, while only

three who voted right the first time voted the other way. Also, one legislator who voted the wrong way on the first vote was absent on the second vote.

Those legislators who changed their votes on HB 1135 are as follows:

Right on second vote (wrong on first vote): L.E. Berger (West Fargo-13), Arvid Hedstrom (Tolna-23), Carolyn Houmann (Westhope-6), Harley Kingsbury (Grafton-16), Clarence Martin (Lefor-38), Dagne Olsen (Manvel-19), Francis Wald (Dickinson-37).



Wrong on second vote (right on first vote): Steve Swiontek (Fargo-45), Roger Hill (Maddock-12), Gayle Reiten (Grand Forks-42).

In all, eleven votes changed from the first vote to the second. This was far more than the three votes needed to pass HB 1135, and so the margin of victory must be measured by the effectiveness of the competing lobbying efforts.

"If anything carried the day on the second vote," said ABATE Executive Director Russell J. Myhre, ABATE's chief lobbyist, "it was the stack of letters the legislators received on Tuesday morning from ABATE's letter-writing campaign the weekend before the vote." — from ABATE of N. Dakota.

Calm Prevails At Bike Meet

About 400 people were, soaking up the sun and beer at Rock Quarry Park, a private park near Sedalia, Kansas. It was the scene of a motorcycle rally long announced and long feared by many local residents.

They were worried that the rally might be a repeat of the Ozark Music Festival — an event held at the state fairgrounds nearly seven years ago, where about 160,000 persons swooped down on Sedalia from across the nation for a three-day festival.

A state senate probe later said the festival "made the degradation of Sodom and Gomorrah appear to be mild." More than 1,000 participants suffered drug overdoses.

In the aftermath of the festival came grand jury investigations, a state law to control such events, and various charges — later dismissed — against some of the show's promoters.

This time, county officials unsuccessfully sought a court order to stop the rally. But this event spawned a smaller-than-expected turnout. There were about 300 paid entrance fees at 5:30 p.m. Saturday. Instead of the predicted 1,000.

In addition, rally sponsors worked hard to make sure there were no serious disturbances at the park — or in Sedalia.

Three area law enforcement

agencies — the Sedalia Police Department, Pettis County Sheriff's Department and Missouri Highway Patrol — all increased their manpower for the rally.

But, according to an informal agreement with the Sedalia area chapter of Freedom of Road Riders (FORR), law officers would enter the private park only if requested.

Dennis Bitner of Lee's Summit agreed problems would be few. He is state vice-chairman of FORR and was wearing a red T-shirt signifying he was also a designated security officer for the rally.

The organization was founded about a year ago in Kansas City for the purpose of lobbying for laws that do not discriminate against motorcyclists, officers of the group said.

And that was the purpose of Saturday's rally: To raise money to lobby in Jefferson City.

Some of the things members would like to see happen for Missouri motorcyclists are: repeal of the helmet law; motorcycle training in high schools, just as there is driver education; a change in the license test requirements for motorcycle operators; and an investigation of insurance costs for motorcyclists — which members contend are too high compared to those for drivers of other vehicles.

Helmet Law Killed In Canada

Jungle Jim Pennington hurled his helmet into the air and other bareheaded bikers let out whoops of joy when they heard provincial Judge Ray Thomas — in a carbon-copy decision — give it to Alberta's mandatory helmet law for the second time.

Thomas told the standing-room-only courtroom crowd that Section 126 of the Highway Traffic Act is discriminatory and contrary to the Alberta Bill of Rights.

He added: "I see no reason why I should change my decision made earlier."

The case was sent back to Thomas after a judge ruled that notice has to be given a prosecutor if the Bill of Rights is to be argued in a case.

Thomas had dismissed a charge against Pennington last summer for not wearing a

helmet, calling the skid-lid law "Big Brother legislation."

The judge told the 60 denim-jacketed bikers in the courtroom his decision had nothing to do "with any decision to see people with or without helmets."

But he said he's had no indication a bareheaded biker, or one with a helmet, affects anyone else on the highway. "The purpose of the Highway Traffic Act is for the 'general protection' and regulation of everyone on the highway, not the personal safety of any one group," he said. He suggested helmet legislation be in line with seat-belt legislation. And he strongly urged bikers to carry helmets.

After the case, Pennington led a celebration tour through the city. — from Valerie Hauch, *Edmonton Sun*.

Falls And Jumps Kill Cagers

Of the 1978 vehicle toll of more than 50,000 people killed in the United States, 345 fell or jumped to their deaths from non-crashing vehicles.

An Insurance Institute for Highway Safety study had classified these falls and jumps according to whether the fatally injured people had been traveling in or on the outside of vehicles, and whether they reportedly jumped or fell. Until now, such non-crash-related highway deaths "have been widely overlooked," said researchers Allan Williams and Sharon Goins.

Classification of the 345 fatalities indicates that 144 persons had been riding inside vehicles, and 201 had

been on vehicle exteriors. Two-thirds of those on exteriors were riding on trucks. Fifty of the 345 involved people jumped from motor vehicles, and 221 fell. It was not known whether the other 74 persons jumped or fell.

"Seventy-seven percent of those who fell from passenger compartments were males," the report said. "Among those who jumped from the inside of vehicles, 62 percent were women, and almost of all these women were passengers in cars driven by men." Males comprised 79 percent of those who had been traveling on vehicle exteriors before they fell or jumped. — from *Status Report*.

Can You Bless A Motorcycle?

Administrators of LaSalette Shrine in Attleboro, Mass., have canceled the annual "Blessing of the Bikes" because the rumbling pilgrimage on wheels for thousands of motorcyclists was getting out of hand.

For a decade cyclists have wheeled their bikes to the shrine on the third Sunday of every May, a long line of riders roaring past priests to receive blessings and religious medals.

This year, the shrine hosted just the usual influx of family station wagons and tour buses.

The Rev. Andre A. Patenaude, shrine director, said the decision was based on increasing complaints of beer drinking, noise, and reckless driving. Police also reported



pot smoking and one incident in which a girl allegedly was riding topless.

"It's not the image we want to portray," Patenaude said recently. The meaning of the blessing had also been misdirected through the years, he added.

"The interest was becoming more on the motorcycle rather than the cyclist. How many times can you bless a motorcycle?" he asked.

He emphasized that the deci-

sion isn't an indictment of all two-wheelers. The annual "Blessing of the Vans" has also been cancelled. "Basically, it's not against motorcyclists in general. It's just that where this was getting to, maybe it was getting out of hand."

The shrine contains a "very humble chapel" and a larger outdoor center of worship. It was established thirty years ago in devotion of our Lady of LaSalette.

The practice of blessing motorcyclists began in the late 1960s at the LaSalette brothers' other shrine, in Enfield, N.H. However, that too was dropped when groups started coming during the night and crowds got unruly.

"There had been a history of a blessing of motorcycles, so about ten years ago people came to ask if we could start it again," Patenaude said. "It started as a yearly thing after that."

After a while, though, Patenaude wondered if the message was really getting across. "The object of the message is to preach the word of Christ," he said. "But with all the noise — and we have two good sound systems — it was impossible to reach the motorcyclists."

Some cycling organizations are upset with the decision. Others shrugged it off.

Paul Guldmond, president of the Rhode Island Motorcycle Club, said the blessing is "kind of dumb." After all, he said, "a motorcycle is nothing but metal; the blessing should be of the motorcyclists."

Ex-Lax Instead Of Helmets State Representative Says

If the Maine Legislature is so concerned about the health of its constituents, it ought to mandate suppositories, not motorcycle helmets.

"There are more deaths from impacted intestines (than motorcycle head injuries), so why not mandate Ex-Lax



and suppositories?" said Rep. Richard E. McKean, D-Limestone.

McKean successfully led the fight against yet another legislative attempt to put a law back on the books, forcing motorcyclists to wear helmets on Maine highways.

The helmet requirement was repealed in 1977, but lawmakers have tried four times since then to reinstate it.

McKean said the helmet bill was this year's "perennial attempt to save someone from themselves...we don't care who it is."

He said that fatalities have not increased since the helmet law was repealed in 1977. And he suggested that it would make far more sense to require automobile drivers to wear helmets, since there are far more fatalities caused by head injuries received in car accidents than in bike accidents.

"The argument is 'Should we try to make someone safe from himself or not?'" he said.

For several representatives, the answer to that question was yes.

They presented statistics showing that fatalities have increased since the helmet law was repealed and suggested that the Legislature did have an obligation to pass laws aimed at safety.

Rep. John L. Tuttle Jr., D-Springdale, sponsor of the bill, said that, nationally, motorcycle fatalities have jumped forty-six percent since the move to repeal helmet laws began in 1975, while motorcycle registrations have climbed only one percent.

He said that a federal transportation study concluded that helmets are effective in preventing head injuries and do not cause neck injuries, as some bikers claim.

"How many people have to die, how many figures do we need to obtain before we pass a bill of this nature?" he asked.

Tuttle — who supported the repeal of the helmet law in 1977 but has changed his mind on the issue since becoming an emergency medical technician — also said that allowing individuals not to wear helmets increases everyone else's insurance rates.

Everyone "pays for the bikers' right of free choice," he said.

Rep. Michael D. Pearson, D-Old Town, read the House a letter he received from a biker, indicating that wearing a helmet had saved his life.

"The only thing that saved my brains from becoming a mass of jelly on the Interstate was my helmet," the letter stated.

But, in the end, the "Let those that ride, decide" philosophy won out, as the House killed the bill on a 97-44 tally.

As Rep. Antionette C. Martin, D-Brunswick, put it: If bikers "haven't got the intelligence to save their own lives, let them take care of themselves." — from Nancy Perry.

Police Planted Evidence— So Biker Is Free Again

Robert Jack Christopher, a 29-year-old motorcycle club member released from prison in Oregon on grounds of police misconduct, has been given permission to move out of state for his own safety.

Multnomah County Circuit Judge Robert E. Jones granted a motion by defense attorney Des Connall, saying Christopher can leave the state as long as he checks in weekly with his attorney, refrains from any criminal conduct, makes all court appearances, and waives extradition from any state.

Christopher was sentenced last year to 20 years in prison after being convicted of manslaughter in the death of Portland Police Bureau officer David Crowther, fatally wounded in December, 1979, during a police raid on the North Portland clubhouse of the Outsiders Motorcycle Club.

Jones granted the motion after Connall read from transcripts of a February deposition taken from Lawrence Mastne, a police informant who said former officer Scott Deppe, who participated in the Outsiders raid, "had a personal hatred about the bikers" and had told Mastne "he would just like to drive down the road and when he sees them, take a gun and shoot them."

Mastne had testified for the state when Deppe was sentenced last month to three years in prison for tampering with drug records. Mastne said he had sold about \$250,000 worth of drugs he had obtained from Deppe, who in turn had obtained at least some of them from arrested drug suspects.

Jones said he had been briefed by the district attorney's office and was told that narcotics officer Neil Gearheart had committed perjury in asking for a search warrant, that he had committed perjury during

pre-trial motions over the sufficiency of the warrant, and that Deppe was carrying drugs with the intention to plant them at the clubhouse. The judge also noted that drugs were carried by Crowther.

Jones said he based his decision to allow Christopher to leave the state on safety reasons, because of the police misconduct, and because of the tenuous question of whether Christopher ever will be retried for killing Crowther.

To support his concerns about Christopher's safety in Portland, Connall read into the court record this exchange from a deposition of Mastne's:

Mastne: Well, there was a lot of bad feelings about the bikers, personal bad feelings, as far as Deppe goes, on the bikers. Gearheart, I don't know what his feelings were about them because I had never been around long enough to discuss it with him. I know Deppe has a personal hatred about bikers.

Question: What has he told you about bikers?

Mastne: That he would like to drive down the road and when he's seen them, take a gun and shoot them.

Question: Is there something about a gun involving the bikers?

Mastne: Well, he had a gun. He bought a couple of guns that couldn't be traced back. Right after the officer (Crowther) had died, they were riding around, trying to catch any bikers they could catch somewhere.

Question: Was that Deppe?

Mastne: Yes.

Question: Who were the others, do you know?

Mastne: Well, Deppe and the other people working SID. (The Police Bureau's Special Investigations Division, which includes narcotics officers). — from *The Oregonian*.

Helmetless Ohio Has Six Percent Decrease In Deaths

The Ohio 1980 traffic death toll registered the biggest one-year decrease in six years, down eleven percent from 1979, according to statistics released recently.

The state highway patrol said 1,969 people died in Ohio traffic accidents last year — down from 2,219 deaths in 1979. That marks the biggest

one-year decrease since 1974, when the 55mph speed limit was imposed and the state's death toll fell by nearly 500.

Highway Safety Director Earl Reich said Ohio's statistics look even better when compared with national figures, which show an overall increase of two to three percent in 1980.

The number of motorcyclists killed was down seven percent — from 211 to 195 — and the number of motorcycle passengers killed was down twenty-three percent — from 37 to 28.

The number of bicyclists killed was up sixteen percent — from 43 to 50.

The most dangerous day to

drive was Saturday, with 412 deaths, followed by Sunday, 326, and Friday, 296.

The most dangerous hour of the day was between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m., with 178 deaths; followed by 10 p.m. to 11 p.m., 159; and 11 p.m. to midnight, 154.

Ohio has no helmet law. —from *Columbus Star*.

State Legislatures Busy With Motorcycling Bills

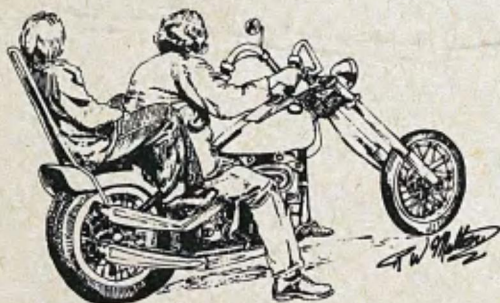
Three months after beginning new sessions, state legislatures are active with bills affecting motorcycling, according to Gary Winn, AMA's legislative analyst.

Connecticut nixed three bills including motorcyclists in the no-fault insurance law. Defeated in late January, these bills would have socked motorcyclists with high premiums

those two states is "four times greater than the use of seat belts by car operators."

Maryland and Colorado defeated helmet reinstatement bills. Four bills were introduced in Maryland, where local motorcyclists worked hard to apply political pressure to defeat them, Winn said.

Helmet law repeals were killed in Mississippi and Ala-



for accident damages. Statistics indicate that nearly 70 percent of motorcycle-automobile mishaps are the fault of the automobile driver.

Indiana voted down a bill requiring a 300-foot following distance for motorcycles on the highway and an initiative to repeal the licensing law passed last year.

New Mexico and Kansas defeated laws requiring unhelmeted riders to pay personal injury protection insurance rates. Winn said that the voluntary helmet use rate in

bama. Three states are considering helmet law repeals, helmet law reinstatements, or age modifications. Florida is considering a bill to allow motorcycles to use the high-occupancy vehicle lanes. This initiative was prompted by a Florida AMA member who convinced his legislator to introduce the bill. Maryland is considering a bill to offer an experimental rider education program. Mississippi is considering a bill to reduce sales tax on motorcycles. — from AMA's Action.

Arkansas Helmet Law Repeal Recommended By Committee

An Arkansas house committee recommended repealing Arkansas's mandatory helmet law for motorcycle riders who are 18 years of age or older.

"You cannot legislate 100-percent protection for everybody," said the bill's sponsor, Rep. Bobby L. Hogue of Jonesboro. An 18-year-old can vote and fight in a war, Hogue said. "He ought to be able to make a decision whether or not he wants to wear a helmet when he's riding a motorcycle."

An opponent of Hogue's bill argued that a U.S. Department of Transportation study showed that fatal motorcycle accidents rose 46 percent in states that repealed the helmet law in the past four years. Ken Lamastus, assistant executive vice president of the Arkansas Medical Society, said motorcycle fatalities increased by 33 percent in Kansas after that state repealed its helmet law.

Hospitalization costs average \$18,000 for injured Kansas motorcyclists who did not wear a helmet, triple the average hospitalization costs for those who did wear a helmet, Lamastus said. Severe head injuries are the biggest risk to those who do not wear a helmet, he said.

About 20 members of the Pharaohs Motorcycle Club attended the committee meeting in support of the bill. A spokesman for the group,

Wayne Woods of Jonesboro claimed that helmets cause more severe injuries than they prevent. Woods said his neck was cracked a few years ago at the point where the helmet ends.

The statistics used by Lamastus are basically from injuries of young motorcyclists who have less than one year's experience, Woods claimed. Under terms of Hogue's bill, people less than 18 years of age would still be required to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle.

Woods, 37, a disabled Vietnam War veteran and retired fire fighter, said Arkansas adopted the current law about fifteen years ago after the federal government had threatened to reduce the state's highway funds if the law was not adopted. Those violating the law are subject to a \$40 fine, he said.

"It's pitiful. They're going to legislate us to death," Woods said, adding later that motorcyclists would begin to sue the state for injuries from helmets unless the law is repealed. Eighteen states still had a helmet law as of 1979, he said.

James Hunt of Jacksonville took another approach on the helmets, saying, "They do cut down on the injuries." But, he said, "This is a free country. We the people should be able to choose." — from *The Commercial Appeal*.

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.

Give Name here: _____
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.-----

August & September Events

August 3-9 Black Hills Rally. Sturgis, South Dakota. (See notice on first page of *Easynews*.)

August 13-16 Vincent Owners Club Nat'l Rally. Nelson Ledges Racetrack, Nelson, Ohio. J. Cape, 1003 Bristol-Champion Townline Rd., Bristolville, Ohio 44402.

August 14 Ventura Indoor Motorcycle Swap Meet. Ventura County Fairgrounds. For more info call R.G. Canning Enterprises at (213) 588-0763.

August 19-22 Harley-Davidson Dresser & Touring Assn. Inter. Rally. Carlisle, Pa. IHDDTA, 36 Randolph St., Great Bend, Pa. 18821. (717) 879-2709.

August 29 2nd Annual Muscular Dystrophy Run and Party. For more info write to ABATE of Pa., Greene County Chapter, Box 266, Waynes-

burg, Pa. 15370. (412) 966-2285.

September 5-7 Three Flags Classic, SCMA, P.O. Box 668, Wilmington, Calif. 92706.

September 5-7 (Labor Day Weekend) ABATE, Kansas national meeting, Lake Perry, Kan.

September 11 San Bernardino Indoor Motorcycle Swap Meet. National Orange Showgrounds, 693 South E Street, San Bernardino, from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. For more info call R.G. Canning Enterprises at (213) 588-0763.

September 11-13 U.S. Norton Owners Assn. Nat'l Rally, Tremont CG, Townsend, Tennessee. R. Ramsbottom, 5611 Century Ct. N., Knoxville, Tenn. 37919. (615) 584-7783.

September 26 3rd Annual Toy Run at Thompson Park, Watertown, N.Y. at 1:30. ■

Crosseyed Crossword

By Bright Eyes

Witty Willie was removed from the toilet long enough to prepare this crosstread crossword for you. One warning, though —

Willie rewrote some of the clues himself, so if they don't make any sense, read the joke page and you'll understand why.

Photocomposition by Alex Lopez



Across

1. The name of this rag.
5. The abbreviation for Pennsylvania.
7. Motor_____.
9. I_____great; verb: to be, first person.
12. What ya do to bitches when they get uppity.
14. Expected at a certain time.
15. Anger.
16. Fired; fucked over by a straight.
20. A shaft on which a wheel revolves.
21. Something plated with an alloy of chromium; shiny stuff.
22. A specific type; girl on the cover.
25. Tire.
26. Hemorrhoid Aid. (abbr.)
27. _____to Billy Joe; ballad; abbreviation for Old Dirty Enema.
28. Sick.
29. It holds yer chain together.
32. What bit and shit have in common.
33. A female deer.
34. Irish Republican Army (abbr.); or "Call him drunken _____Hayes."
37. What ya do to yer woman when ya give her head.
39. What ya get when you're under the bridge and yer bros stop on it to pee.
42. _____shitless.
44. _____hanger; '50s-style handlebars.
46. Like catchin' some _____,man. (pl.)
48. Kind of light that always burns out in front of a cop.
49. _____and outs.
51. _____caps.
53. To put an enemy away.
54. _____brake; rotating_____.
55. St. Nick's helper; antique motorcycle.
57. Shaky City.
58. Abbreviation for Louisiana.

59. _____head; '50s-style valve cover.
61. Where it's_____.
62. Spanish word for yes.
63. Day after Fri.
64. The only motorcycle.
66. If it's not custom made, it's_____.
68. Strategic Air Command (abbr.)
69. A sharp knock upside the head.
70. Abbreviation for Telegraph Office or Twat Open.
71. What cunts say to "Wanna fuck?"
72. Obligation; something we can't seem to get out of.
74. _____, ego, superego; one part of the unconscious.
75. Animal that resembles a weasel.
77. The toughest guy at Camp LeJeune. (abbr.)
78. Dog, cat, snake, gas valve, _____cock (Mutha's best friend).
80. Earned Run Average or Enema Reception Area (abbr.)
81. St. Nick's animals.
82. Southeast or Slow Enema (abbr.)
83. English landowner.
85. The degree of the angle on the neck of a motorcycle; Japanese woman being molested cries, "_____,_____,!"
87. Abbreviation for morning.
89. Brew without alcohol.
90. A piece of white material on yer black T-shirt; stuff in yer bellybutton.
91. To move fast; first sign of the clap.
92. Engine volume; what happens when yer landlord kicks ya out.

Down

1. Tubes for the escape of used gas, Chattanooga Chuggers, shotguns, etc.

2. Firm land, earth; to get or make dirty.
3. Often needs to be fixed.
4. City where the Black Hills Classic is held, or Larry, Curly, and Moe, "The Three_____."
5. Small opening in the skin; having no money, (Texas dialect).
6. Past tense of eat; seven, _____, nine.
7. Material used in boots and jackets.
10. A mixture of dirt and water; "Hold yer _____,prospect."
13. The puckered part of yer asshole.
14. City in Florida; site of large annual motorcycle run. (not Daytona)
16. Slang for motorcycle.
17. Hi_____; first half of dog's name.
18. Limey bike; a victory.
19. A snakelike fish; Tex-Mex for sick, as "That taco made me _____,man."
22. Massachusetts (abbr.); dear old mom.
23. Department of Transportation or Dumb Old Turds (abbr.)
24. Blowjob from yer Cockney girlfriend.
26. The hardest-working organ in your body. (Maybe in *your* body, but Spider's crank is the hardest-working organ in Mutha's body.)
30. Dave Mann's profession; what yer harelipped dog says.
31. Not an electric starter.
32. Cowboys and _____.
35. Egyptian sun god; Doc would say "Regular Army" (abbr.)
36. California (abbr.)
38. A handjob is having her _____yer cock.
40. To change gears or sex position.
41. Working girl in England (see 24 Down).
43. Each, or Enema Area (abbr.)
45. 1/2 quart of Jack Daniel's; Bronx guide: "I'll _____it out to youse guys."
47. 12 months.
50. Slang for motorcycle.
52. Teamsters, for an example.
54. 1,440 minutes.
56. A form of good-bye, adios.
57. To give a smooth finish; varnish, sniffin' liquor; the boys in the South say, "I _____a lot."
58. Old bike song, "_____of the Pack."
59. Ya smoke hash in 'em.
60. Advertisement (abbr.)
61. Old. (By the way if you ain't got it already, we lied to ya in clue 14.)
62. Street (abbr.)
64. Sometimes used as the abbreviation for Hawaii, sometimes not.
65. Large barrel used in producing large quantities of liquor.
67. A small movement of the head; to drowse, as in "on the _____."
68. _____Patrick's Day.
72. To sell dope for money.
73. Abode for animals; song "_____on a mountaintop in Tennessee."
74. Idaho or Identification (abbr.)
75. Oregon or Oral Rectal (abbr.)
76. Authentic, as in, "This is some _____good shit,man."
77. Abbreviation for dipshit.
78. A type of evergreen tree; kneecap tapper is made of _____.
79. A house of cloth; Mutha's dress.
84. A scruffy chopper; or _____now (hillbilly).
86. Where it's_____.
88. Pa and _____Kettle.

(For solution to puzzle, turn to page 117.)

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Willie 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.

The postman steps into the biker's yard to deliver the mail and is viciously attacked by the biker's dog. The biker comes out of the house and pulls the dog away. He looks at the mangled postman and says, "I don't know why this dog is so mean. I even cut his balls out and that didn't help."

The postman looks up from the ground and says, "You should have had his teeth pulled. I could tell by the way he came off that porch that he didn't want to fuck."

—High Pockets
Atlanta, Ga.



"If you want to jerk off in your socks, that's fine, dear, but please don't flush them down the toilet."

Easyriders

There was this biker's little rugrat who desperately wanted \$100. His old man told him to pray to God for it. So he prayed and prayed for weeks and nothing came up. He then decided to write a letter to God requesting the \$100.

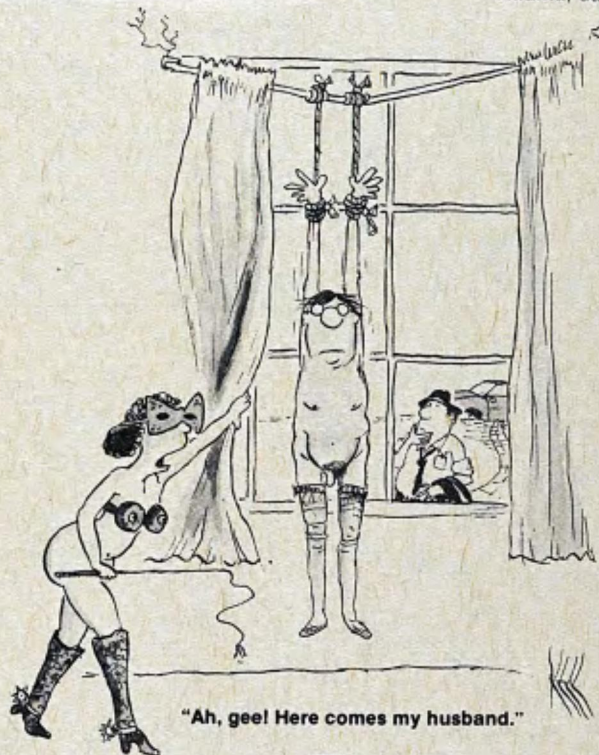
When the postal workers received the letter addressed to "God," they opened it and decided to send it to the President. The President was so impressed, touched, and amused that he instructed his secretary to send the little boy \$5. He thought this would appear to be a lot of money to a little boy.

The boy was so delighted when he received the \$5 that he sat down and wrote a thank you letter to God.

Dear God, Thank you very much for the money. I noticed that you had to send it through Washington, D.C. As usual those bastards deducted \$95.

—Marilyn Stratton
Bellflower, Calif.

Easyriders



"Ah, gee! Here comes my husband."

A salesman goes up and knocks on the door of a house. A little boy answers the door. The salesman says, "Hello, son, can I talk to your mother?" The little boy says, "She's busy right now."

"Will she be busy very long?" "I don't know; she's out in the backyard fucking a goat."

The salesman, very surprised, says, "That's a terrible thing to say about your mother."

"It's true. You want to see?"

The little boy takes the salesman around the house to the back yard, where he sees the little boy's mother indeed fucking a goat.

The salesman says, "Oh, my God, it's true! Little boy, aren't you embarrassed?"

The little boy replies, "Na-a-a-a."

—Earnie Standley
Baltimore, Md.



Did you hear about the Iranian bitch who sucked her first cock? It took her two weeks to get the feathers out of her mouth!

—Rachelbob
Huntington Beach, Calif.

There was a strange funeral procession going down the street. There were two hearses with a man leading a big dog following them and eight men walking single file behind him. Well, this bystander could stand it no longer, and went up to the man leading the dog to ask him what was going on. The man replied, "In those two hearses up there are my wife and my mother-in-law."

The bystander said how sorry he was and how could something like that have happened? The guy said, "My dog killed them."

"This dog?" asked the bystander.

"Yep." "Do you mind if I borrow this dog?" asked the bystander.

"Get in line." —Janet Rhoades
Conewango Valley, N.Y.

Then there was a girl who got her birth control pills mixed up with her saccharin tablets, and now she has the sweetest little baby in town.

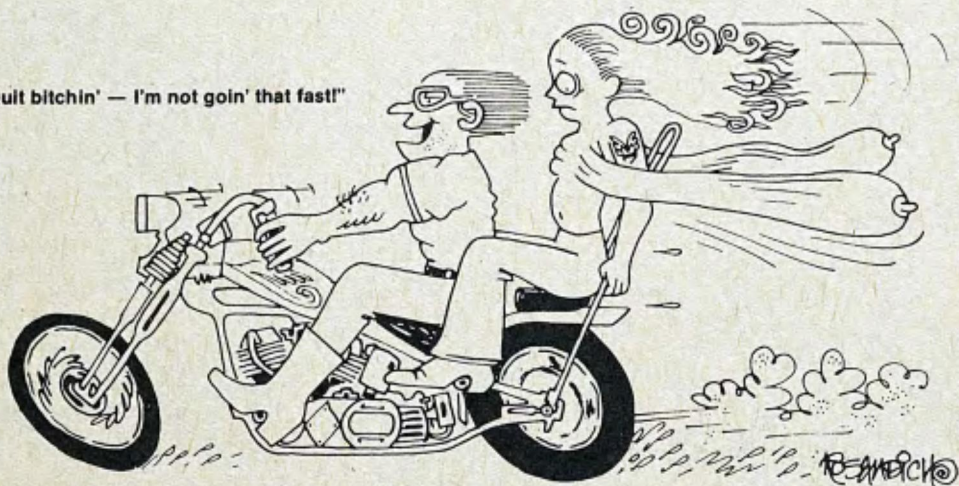
—Brownbrat
Norwalk, Calif.

FIFI



"Quit bitchin' — I'm not goin' that fast!"

Easyriders



When the three couples got to the gates of Heaven, Peter was waiting for them. The first couple stepped up and the man asked, "May we enter?"

Peter replied, "I'm afraid not; all your life you have idolized money. Money, money, money. In fact, you love money so much your wife's name is Penny."

As the first couple were cast into Hell, the second couple stepped up, and the man asked, "May we enter?"

Peter replied, "I'm afraid not. All your life you have loved booze. Booze, booze, booze. In fact, you love booze so much, your wife's name is Sherry."

As the second couple were cast into Hell, the third couple stepped up, and the man asked, "May we enter?"

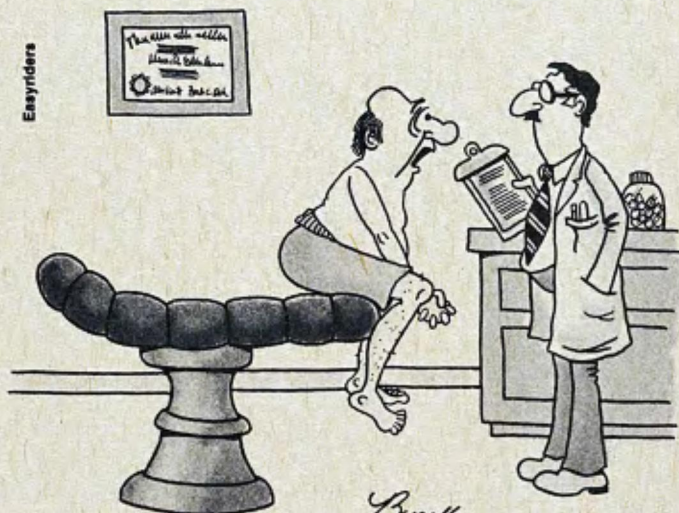
Peter replied, "I'm afraid not. The man then said, 'Never mind. I know, I know.' Then he turned around to his wife and said, 'Come on, let's go, Fanny.'"

—Spiller
Strongsville, Ohio

What do you get when you cross a whore with a peanut butter sandwich? A piece of ass that sticks to the roof of your mouth.

—Jerry Mason
Las Vegas, Nev.

Easyriders



"Couldn't you just give me a laxative instead of kicking the shit out of me?"

There was this prostitute who was so dumb she wound up working in a warehouse.

—Floyd Gresham
Phoenix, Ariz.

Some people complain about having bad luck. My luck is so bad that if it was raining pussies, I'd catch one with a dick stuck in it.

—Gypsy Jack
Nashville, Tenn.

Three girls are standing in line for confession, and the first one goes in and says to the priest, "Father I have sinned; I let a man fondle my breasts."

The priest says, "Child, you must go and wash your breasts in holy water; it is the only way to be forgiven."

Then the second girl confesses, "Father I have sinned; I played with a man's penis."

The priest says, "Child, go and wash your hands in holy water; it's the only way to be forgiven."

Finally the third girl goes in. A few minutes later she comes out and says to the other two girls, "Move over. I've got to gargle!"

—Robert Hildebrand
Mobile, Ala.

While they were parked in lovers lane one dark night, the young thing suddenly exclaimed, "Oh... Oh, please don't do that, or I'll go all to pieces!"

"Go right ahead," panted her date; "I've got hold of the part I want."

—Squaw
Carroll, Iowa

At a weekend swap meet some bikers were standing around bragging.

"I'm so tough that I fell off my Honda at 60mph on a gravel road and didn't even get scratched," said one fella.

"Big shit," replied another. "I centerpunched a cage at 70mph and didn't even fall off my limey."

After a quiet pause they all looked around to see the Harley rider standing alone and smiling to himself, stirring the coals of the fire with his cock.

—Rooster
Nova, Ohio

This biker walks into the barber shop and asks the head barber how many are in front of him. The barber replies ten, and the dude turns around and leaves.

The next day the same thing happens and the barber tells him that there's six ahead of him, and the guy takes off once again.

The third day the biker comes back in and asks the same barber how many are ahead of him and takes off again.

This is pissin' the head barber off, so he asks his assistant to follow the guy. The assistant comes back and the barber says, "Well, where did he go?"

"Your house," replies the assistant.

—Tina Shepard
Casper, Wyo.



Easyriders

While inspecting their motel room, the biker's date discovered a little box attached to the bed. "What's this for?" she asked her boyfriend.

"If you put a quarter in," he answered, reaching into his pocket, "the bed starts vibrating."

"Save your money," she cooed, "a quarter in and I start vibrating too."

—Nails
Oxnard, Calif.



Easyriders



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Virgo

Compared with some of the more impulsive signs of the zodiac, reliable Virgos are the Rock of Gibraltar. Virgos are very modest and overly critical at the same time. Although basically shy, they can browbeat others into an inferiority complex. If there is the slightest error, a Virgo will catch you by the balls and push your panic button by the way he pinpoints your mistake. What's even worse, he's usually right! Virgos are perfectionists par excellence, but others resent their petty nit-picking. Virgos need to learn to let others' faults slide a tad and work out their own kinks. (Fess up, we all know ya got a few!) When confronted with criticism, some folks are like eunuchs: they know what to do but can't do it.

Virgos are often quite interested in health and hygiene, which may come as a surprise to a few of ya. They enjoy experimenting with different medications (who doesn't?) and stool softeners. Since they're not overly active, the only thing that gets 'em running is Ex-Lax. A Virgo's medicine cabinet often resembles a druggist's dream — pills and potions for burpin', belchin', fartin', and premature ejaculation. They're prone to nervous

stomachs, indigestion, and pains in the poopchute.

Most Virgos are mechanically inclined, good with details, and hot on figuring out ways to improve just about everything. I don't know whether Mr. Harley or Mr. Davidson was a Virgo, but I'll bet they had Virgos helpin'.

Henry Ford was a Virgo; so were (or are) H.G. Wells, John Lennon, James Coburn, Sean Connery, Raquel Welch, Sophia Loren, Robert (Baretta) Blake, and Peter Falk.

Virgos are practical and punctual about everything from their work habits to their sex lives. (Jump in bed with a Virgo and you'd be informed of the exact time of shoot-off. That way, you could synchronize your watches.)

Value your Virgo bro or lover, 'cause he's very discriminating when it comes to loyalty and choice of friends or lovers, and not so damn venomous when he digs someone.

Remember, if your ass has too much sass and not enough class, your Virgo would rather wake up sticking to the sheets. He's so picky he'd rather dump his load alone than dirty up his dong. But he can be a very sexy bastard, so hang onto him — just make sure your hands are clean!

heads with your boss and start working on situations that will eventually be resolved in your favor. Time to set the scene straight before you have to sink or swim in some heavy shit.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

Think twice about getting into high gear about any get-rich schemes. There's a lot of lowlife around just waitin' to deliver you a low blow. Watch out — the climax will leave you financially drained. Don't meddle now in a bro's problems, 'cause your motives could be misinterpreted. Let 'im wipe his own ass and you do the same. While you're at it, check for loose change. Anything's possible!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

After last month's tough-titty time, you're milked dry. Relax and refuel, 'cause socially you're in double demand. It's prime time to party hearty, meet new friends, and just generally throw your meat around. Your Grade A may not meet government standards, but it's a goodie in your group. So, go for the gusto and grab yourself some good times. Enjoy a change of scenery.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

You could profit from the advice I gave to Taurus. Seems like you are both in the same boat. In other words, don't make waves. Watch out for loan sharks and for neighbors nosin' around in the wee hours of the morning. (Best put a boot in their buns before it gets out of hand.) The key word now is patience, unless you're wearing blinders. Good luck!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

This month finds you tying up a lot of loose ends. If you're preparing to make a move, double-check for strings attached. Unless it's a question of sex, sleep on it before deciding. Attend to all those mind-bogglin' details you've been shinin' on, especially those IOUs that have yellowed with age. You may have to use the ol' toilet-mouth approach to flush out the bucks that are owed ya.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Happy birthday! This is gonna be a kinky one, so get out your rubber boots an' practice up on hog calls. The icing on the cake is you! If you're not careful, your imagination could get the best of you this month. Go ahead and blow out the candles with your ass, braid the hair under your arms, pierce your kneecaps, but think twice before running away with the circus. Then do it!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

You may feel wiped out from all your summertime shenanigans. As usual, you've partied yourself into a set of limp nut sacks (or lips) and have to prac-

tically crawl between the sheets and the sheets. This month finds you with your tail between your legs and bells ringing between your ears. Give your bod a break before you have a breakdown.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Take inventory of your assets, then take hold of your ass, grab your goodies, and get ready to go. Past efforts are starting to peak and pay off in cherries. Financially, you've got the green light. If you're contemplating job changes, be sure you stick your head in, wiggle your ears, and see how it fits before you close the door on reliable security. On the other hand, if it fits, wear it!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Laying a one-night stand might have you sitting up and taking notice. This month the emphasis is on the mating game. The person you're dropping your drawers with could become habit forming. (In other words, your hardon is fucking with your head.) If you're already involved, you just might decide to tie the knot and make it a permanent fixture. Anyway, two heads (or paychecks) are better than one.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

You're still having communication problems and, as usual, won't consider a compromise. Did you ever stop to think that the problem could be you? Hell, you've got every piss-poor excuse to blame your bros. Cover your ass and start showin' some class; then grab you a big piece of humble pie. (If you've really been a turd, better have seconds.) Give your lady a break.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Partners are poppin' up like pimples in puberty — and they're just about as mature. There's a load of extra-crazy cases on the agenda. Your homestead might start to look like "who's new at the zoo," with you as keeper. Those extra feedbags for the animals drain your patience and dent your paycheck. Unless your ol' lady threatens you with lockjaw or leavin', go ahead and enjoy.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Time to make the scene and really throw your meat or your weight (whichever's bigger) around. You oughta get together with Virgo this month, 'cause you're both in a weirdie. You can tie a can to trouble with recent head trips. You're having too much fun to give a shit. Feel free to flow with some of those fantasies you're famous for. ■

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

Put on your hardhat and grab your hardon for safe keeping. Everyone's after your wad. There will be fewer financial fuckups if you handle details yourself. Butt

1948

REPORT

Boys have always been boys, bikers have always been bikers, and newspapers have always been anti-motorcycle.

Always, even thirty-five years ago when the City of Riverside (California, that is) hosted a three-day Fourth of July celebration for both one-percent bikers and AMA racers. According to newspapers from coast to coast, the unwashed hordes of bikers descended on Riverside and

turned it into a total disaster.

"Bullshit!" said everyone who was there, including (surprise) one of the sponsors of the run — the Riverside County Sheriff's Office. In the following official report, reprinted exactly as it was issued on July 17, 1948, the Riverside sheriff tells what really went down and, in passing, tells the newspapers exactly what we've wanted to tell them so often: Kiss our asses.

COUNTY OF RIVERSIDE

OFFICE OF
G. F. RAYBURN
SHERIFF

ROGER L. ABBOTT
UNDERSHERIFF



W. W. WALRATH
CHIEF
CRIMINAL DEPARTMENT

BASIL MOWREY
CHIEF
CIVIL DEPARTMENT

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA
July 17, 1948

As beautiful and cultured Riverside, painfully emerges torn and bleeding from the wreckage and devastation of a three day 4th of July celebration of several thousand motorcycle enthusiasts attending the Novice, Amateur, and National Championship 100 mile motorcycle races held under the auspices of the Riverside County Sheriff's Training Center, Incorporated., sponsored by the Bombers Motorcycle Club of Riverside and sanctioned by the American Motorcycle Association, one asks, "just what is the extent of damage caused by these hoodlums and tramps, these uncivilized demons, who ride exploding and fire-belching machines of destruction with abandon, hell-bent on destroying the property and persons of Riverside citizens, according to the newspapers?"

Well, an awning got torn on a down-town business house. A city park plunge office was entered and a flashlight stolen. Swimming suits were left lying on the bottom of the plunge. Motorcyclists? Maybe.

An automobile, driven by an impatient citizen was set upon by victims and their friends who resented being knocked down by this car and its driver when it was driven into their midst for failing to yield the right of way. The body of the car was dented and some of its glass was broken.

A bottle fell or was dropped out of a hotel window, a man's wallet was taken from his pocket, and three motorcycles were reported stolen, one of which has been recovered.

A city park official got a bloody nose during an altercation with a motorcyclist who wanted to sleep in the park, and who had inebriated too freely. This motorcyclist submitted peacefully to arrest by an officer and has plead not guilty to charges of assault and battery. The courts must decide on the issues involved.

That is the official total of damage to persons and property in what the newspapers have screamed nationally to be "a week-end of terror, resulting from an invasion of Riverside by hoodlums and their molls on motorcycles rioting in the streets and wrecking the city".

In order to clinch the matter, and to make sure that the wire services would carry the story to the entire nation, the news articles added the spicy bit that, "the invasion left forty-nine arrested and one killed". It was convenient to omit, for the sake of sensationalism, that this one person killed in all of Riverside County on that week-end was nearly a hundred miles from Riverside at the time he ran into a bridge abutment on the highway and was killed and at the time he ran into the abutment, according to authentic reports, was not going to or from the Rally in Riverside. As a matter of police record, there were no traffic accidents in the City of Riverside from Saturday afternoon July 3rd at 4:00 o'clock until Monday afternoon July 5th at 1:15 o'clock. There were no accidents at any time during the entire week-end in the city in which motorcycles were involved. It is doubtful if many cities of fifty thousand inhabitants in the nation can boast of such a record over that week-end.

Forty-nine persons arrested: Well, almost - forty-six to be factual and 8.7% of these were Riverside residents.

These people came to Riverside that week-end on a holiday. Some of them took on a too heavy cargo of beer and other drinks - and having become uninhibited, performed obediently for the hundreds of Riverside citizens who had come out of their homes to enjoy the fun.

When the police decided it was time to put an end to the confusion and noise they simply walked in and ordered the celebrants to disperse. If they could not, they were arrested and lodged in jail - if they did not, they were arrested for failure to disperse. Thirty minutes and the job was accomplished.

A number were arrested throughout the week-end for shooting fireworks, intoxication, drinking in public and disturbing the peace. These were the methods used by the police to control the situation.

The following arrests have been used by news articles to point the finger of shame at Riverside's seduction, violation and disgrace:

Drinking in public	4 persons arrested
Drunk	8 persons arrested
Drunk Driving (motorcycle)	2 persons arrested
Drunk Driving (automobile)	1 person arrested
Shooting fireworks	3 persons arrested
Disturbing the Peace	12 persons arrested
Assault and Battery	1 person arrested
Failure to Disperse	8 persons arrested
Interfering with an Officer	1 person arrested
Total	46 persons arrested

This tabulation indicates that the Riverside Police Department had control of the situation at all times and acted with effective efficiency.

The State Forestry did not enter into the enforcement program but did drive a pick-up truck through town on their way to an assignment.

Contrary to newspaper sensationalism on a national scale - Sheriff Rayburn did not invite the motorcycle fraternity to Riverside. It was the Riverside County Sheriff's Training Center, Inc., the members of which are full time deputy sheriffs and who hold such a fund raising event each year to construct and maintain a training center with training facilities where officers of the Sheriff's Department and other law enforcement agencies of the County of Riverside can receive training for their jobs.

Sheriff Rayburn did not get his "trousers torn off in the riots of motorcycle raiders".

Sheriff Rayburn did not say he "would never invite the motorcycle fraternity back to Riverside again".

To say that the news services have been guilty of gross exaggeration and sensationalism in their presentation of this 4th of July week-end and last Labor Day week-end in Riverside is an understatement. However, they may be given consideration on the basis that such news balloons are often set adrift by young, inexperienced, over-zealous and perhaps frightened newspaper reporters who are correspondents for large metropolitan newspapers and have wire service at their disposal. I am certain it was not, or is not, the intent of the vast majority of news editors throughout the nation to condone such reporting as they well know the practice of it would bring them into the same ill repute, good and bad alike, that the motorcycle sport now is burdened with.

In spite of all this, however, law enforcement cannot condone the unlawful acts of the few which bring discredit to the many through unfavorable publicity, exaggerated or not.

Certainly the American Motorcycle Association recognized motorcycle clubs and the "outlaw" motorcycle clubs should reach an understanding to ensure the future of motorcycle sports without making the host city the victim of ill-will between those clubs.

Certainly stricter concentrated enforcement and education must be undertaken to eliminate the use of devices intended to increase rather than decrease exhaust noise. It was this irritating noise made by a liberal estimate of perhaps one hundred motorcycles which sound caused the din, some of these no doubt, normally would not have done this had it not been the American custom to celebrate Independence Day with all the noise possible.

The use of streets and highways for drag races and other motorcycle games must be abandoned.

Most of the arrests were made in the downtown area while three thousand of the motorcyclists were several miles out of town enjoying clean healthy games and contests sanctioned by the American Motorcycle Association. It cannot be overlooked that not a single arrest was necessary at the track either day of the races or at the night field meet.

In view of the reports received through the mail our sympathy is extended to the thousands of dealers throughout the nation whose life savings are affected and to worthwhile clubs who are suffering and in some cases quite badly from the injustice of the reports.

Definitely, a change in attitude and acts of the one percent of irresponsible, intemperant and sometimes vulgar motorcyclist hiding behind the cloak of decency of the ninety-nine per cent of motorcyclists must be accomplished.

In reviewing the evidence developed in this report one is compelled to acknowledge that the nation-wide sensational publicity given the 4th of July week-end in Riverside, California was neither honest nor factual - but will in all likelihood hasten the day of a clean name for motorcycling and honest press reporting.

(This article may be used for news or publication purposes)

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 17 day of July 1948

Public, Riverside County, California

ROGER L. ABBOTT
Undersheriff
Riverside County, California

His Luck Ran Out

By Gregory B. Roberts

The brothers were gathered, making preparations for a party, when the word came. Lucky, lover of fast things, was dead. Another brother lost in a bike/car collision. The party was sad. Stories about Lucky were retold while plans to pay him a final farewell were made.

Brothers came from Salt Lake, Houston, Boise, and all over the West. Friday, after the services, Lucky's coffin was towed behind a trike to the crematorium. No hearse for Lucky — scooter all the way.

Saturday morning broke grey and drizzly, the sky crying on desert that seldom saw rain. The brothers parted away from the citizens who would never know or understand why.

That afternoon, Lucky's bike was unloaded. It was not badly hurt. It could have been driven from the accident. The super-built, Weber-equipped Sporty sat there. The man's pride was evident in every handcrafted part of that machine, a bike that didn't have to take a back seat to any Harley ever made — a fact that Lucky spent years proving.

His club brothers carefully placed Lucky's ashes in his colors, put them on his bike, then piled wood all around and over it. Many people added courtesy cards or gifts to the pile, things for Lucky to take with him. The whole pile was doused with gas. The silence was so intense that everyone could feel

the strain. Each club brother ignited a torch and, as one, pitched them onto the mound. It burst into flame with a roar, and the silence was shattered by brothers' shouts. Now they could really party with Lucky there. One brother stepped to the flames to fill Lucky's nose and speed him on his way. Many shared drinks or whatever they had with the departed brother, and Lucky smiled back from the flames.

Wasteful to burn a perfectly good bike? The only way to cleanse it once a scooter has tasted blood? Who knows? That was the way Lucky wanted it, so that was how it was done. For a day, a night, and most of another day, the flames burned high — enough wood to start another Hell.

At first the frame, front end, and sissy bar stood defiantly and would not melt. They glowed white-hot, purified — and as each load of wood was added, they bent to Lucky's will.

All night the brothers breathed the smoke and had the ashes fall among them. Late the next afternoon the twisted remnants were pulled from the fire to be compressed and lie as a cornerstone of the clubhouse.

The brothers left as they had come, in small groups, each carrying with him the memory of a friend and brother: Lucky.





¶ For a day, a night,
and most of another day,
the flames burned high —
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another Hell. ¶



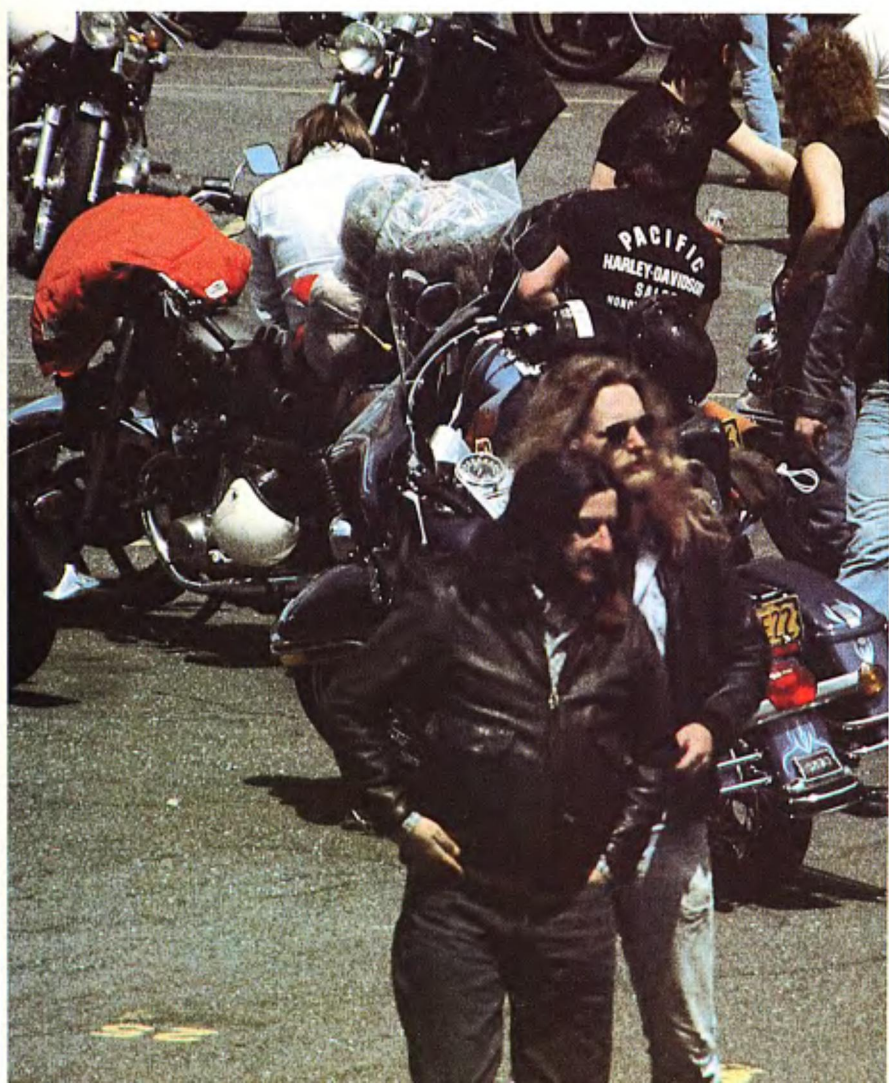


Cradle of Freedom Helmet Protest

Pennsylvania, one of the thirteen original colonies instrumental in establishing the freedom of our country over two hundred years ago, has not seen fit to grant freedom of choice to its own motorcycle

riders. To combat the commonwealth government of the state, ABATE of Pennsylvania sponsors helmet protest rallies along with other legislative tactics to have the unfair mandatory helmet law repealed.







ABATE members recently held a protest run to show the bureaucrats that motorcycle riders of their state want the freedom to choose for themselves. Riders from Lebanon, Middletown, Pittsburgh, Philly, Mt. Joy, and the rest of the state gathered on a farm outside Gettysburg for a long night of partying before the thirty-mile ride to Harrisburg the next morning. Gettysburg was chosen because it was the site of that famous battle of the Civil War.

Saturday broke sunny and bright through bleary eyes, with the mercury already climbing the glass tube. With some grub below their belts, the riders saddled up and headed for Harrisburg and the state capitol building. It took a full half hour for the line of riders to file into the capitol building's parking lot. After a couple hours of quench-

ing thirsts and checking out scooters from around the state, everyone lined up for a helmetless excursion through Harrisburg. It looked like the streets were paved with chrome that shimmered in the afternoon sun. As rigid frames bounced along the asphalt, citizens stopped their daily routines to watch the lines of bikes and helmetless riders move through the city. Back in the capitol's parking lot, the last of the suds were sucked down. Then it was on to Gettysburg to finish off the beer stash there. Having lost a number of brain cells to the hot sun, Willie, my riding partner, and I headed north for the tall and the uncut. We had planned to celebrate Mother's Day in the country. And let me tell you, Pennsylvania has got some of the nicest mothers in the country.

—Spudboy



Photos by Frank



IN THE WIND

Each 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 Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.





— from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



— from Frank, Baltimore, Md.



— from K. Ball, Somewhere on the road

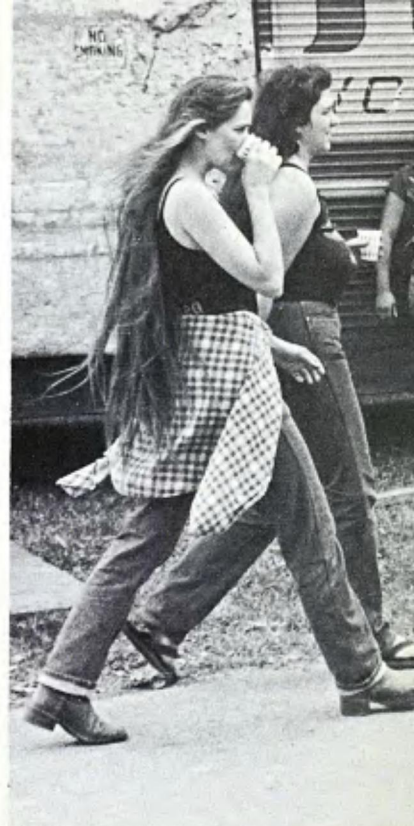


— from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.





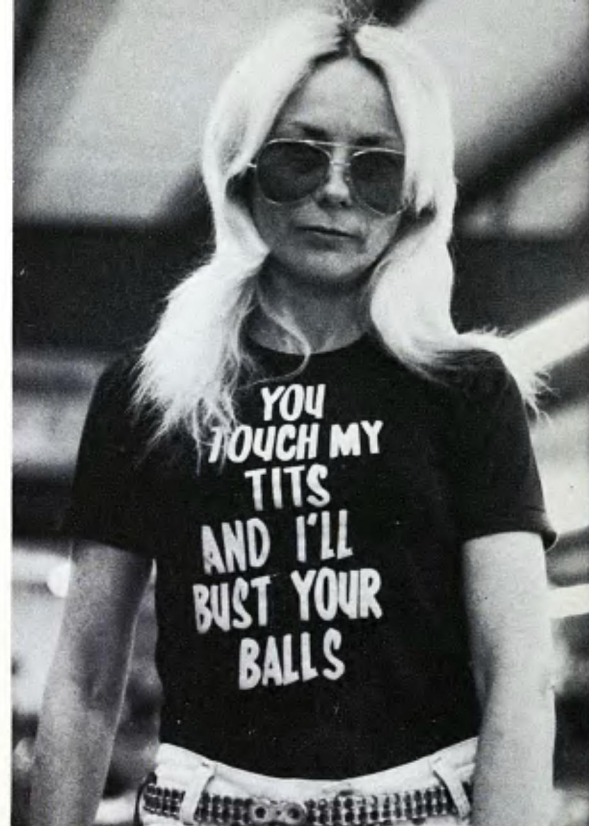
— from Carole Trautwein, Middlesex, N.J.



—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.



— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



— from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



— from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



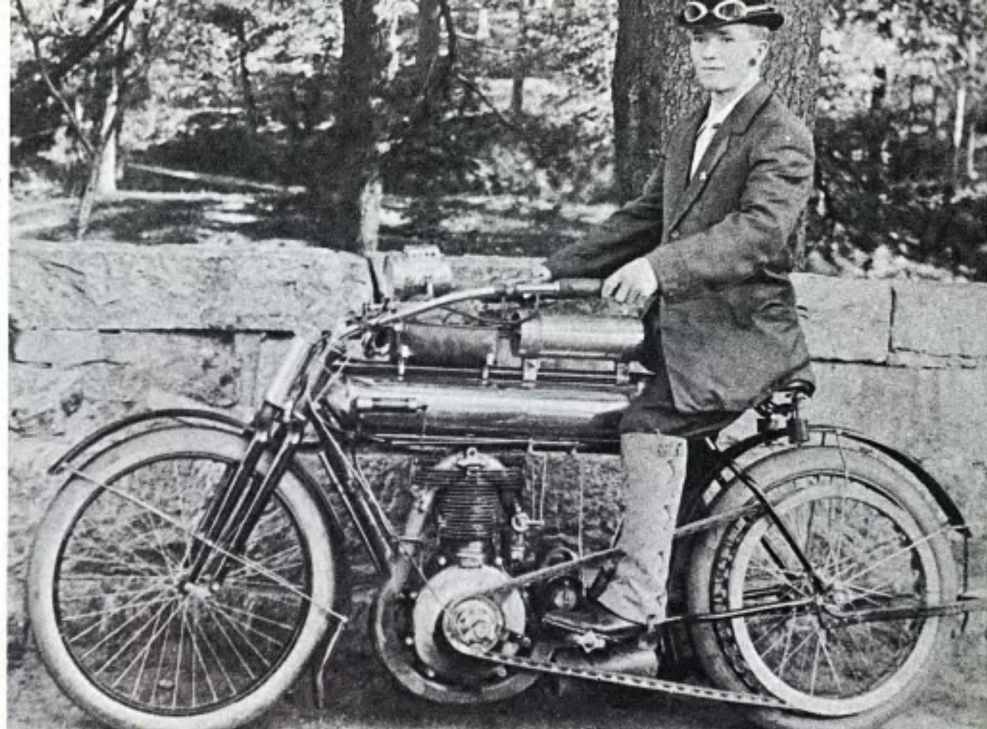
— from Amber Fitzpatrick, Niagara Falls, Ont.



— from Gypsy Bedsole, New Orleans, La.



— from Kat, St. Pete., Fla.



— from Bear Koziol, Ware, Mass.



— from Spider and Widow, Berger, Mo.



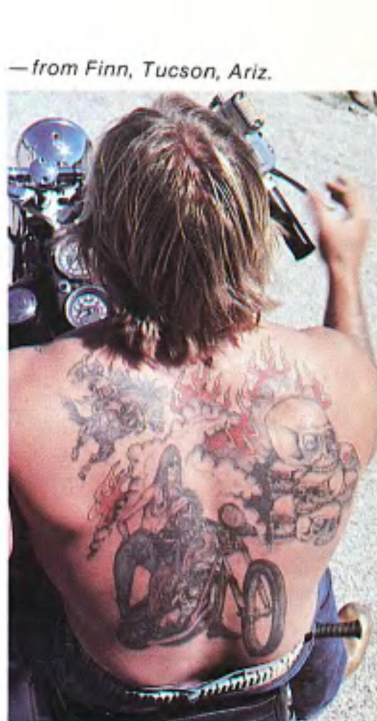
— from Kim Peterson, Daytona, Fla.



— from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



— from Rick Drainville, Woonsocket, R.I.



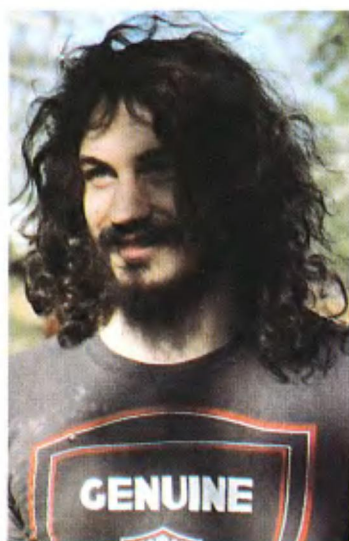
— from Fluid Floyd, Ft. Worth, Tex.



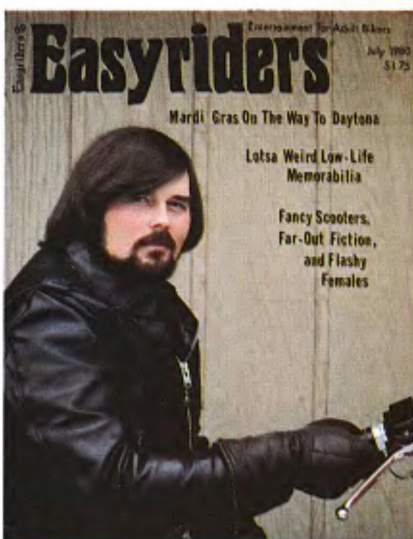
— from B. Jon, Santa Rosa, Calif.



— from Corrigan, Euclid, Ohio



— from Frank, Baltimore, Md.





EXTREME PREJUDICE



What a fucked-up night — hot, humid, raining on and off, flooding the streets and making them slippery as hell. Almost lost my panhead on a corner, so I pulled to a stop at the nearest neon sign blinking "Coors."

Once inside, I peered through the smoke and saw a small family bar, with groups of people here and there shooting pool, drinking at the long bar, and playing shuffleboard. No good-looking women, and no serious-looking characters.

The beer was cold. I sucked the first one down and followed it with another. The third one gave me a pretty good buzz, and the fourth was under way when a guy sat down beside me.

"Shitty night. That your Harley outside?"

"Yeah."

"Have a beer on me."

"Don't mind if I do. Thanks."

He seemed a nice enough guy, not too nosy, good company for a rainy night. We shot the shit for a couple of hours before the question.

"You in Nam?" he asked, a curious expression on his face.

"Yep."

"I was in the Americal Division. Who were you with?"

"I was a rear-echelon clerk at Cam Ranh Bay," I lied, knowing this would shut him up. But it didn't. He just kept bullshitting about "Nam." After putting up with it for a couple of minutes, I left, mumbling, "Fuck the rain; no more of this shit."

My pan started first kick and I was glad my true friend had remained faithful. Putting the twenty-one on the blacktop, I jammed into the rain.

It hit my face like bullets, the blood-warm liquid stinging my eyes and blinding me as I pulled my black Hydra-Glide chopper to a stop beneath an overpass. The rain fell hard and hot; I felt aroused. A warm drop rolled beneath my leather collar and down my sweat-soaked spine, flooding my brain with forbidden thoughts.

The orders had come down: "Terminate with extreme prejudice." The orders would be carried out. The top secret Special Action Group (SAG), aka Special Operations Group (SOG) had decided to terminate Nguyen Vo Giap. It had determined that, without a doubt, he was an agent of the Comintern and a member of the Viet Cong infrastructure, and as such would, under the provisions and sanctions of Operation Phoenix, be eliminated.

Who was I to question the wisdom of the military hierarchy? "Fuck it, the guy's a fuckin' commie. Kill a commie for Christ," goes the old saying. "Just another fuckin' slopeheaded gook."

Visions of red opium poppies blooming on the side of a black, burned-off hillside flashed through my mind as I cleaned and oiled my weapon. The entire barrel was a thick, black silencer. The High Standard .22-caliber automatic was heavy in my hands, its cool, machined metal soon to erupt in the silent death that stared at me from the black, reptilian eye of its bore.

I had phoned to make an appointment the week before, posing as Johann Goebels, an East German sales rep for the Walther Corporation. Giap's German-speaking secretary had granted it in a businesslike manner, setting the time for ten a.m. in French-accented German.

Giap was a supervisor in the South Vietnamese school system, and also had been pinpointed as a Viet Cong Polit leader and propagandist by a paid informer, a snitchin' rat. I wondered if the informer was really a VC and Giap only a pawn in a bigger game.

Giap spoke to me in German for about ten minutes. He was a polite, modest man in an unpretentious office. He had traveled widely and been to Germany twice. We shared experiences of Berlin, drank some tea, then spoke of business machines and typewriters. I showed him several Walther catalogues and told him I would return at a later date with more information.

As I rose to leave, he smiled and shook my hand. "Auf Wiedersehen, mein Herr," he bade me farewell.

"Guten Tag," I said as I emptied the automatic's clip into his forehead. The ten small bullets spurted from the thick barrel and found their home in his brain, making neat, wet spots that glowed red without bleeding.

A look of surprise crossed his face; he groaned once and sank into his chair. The smell of shit filled the air as his bowels evacuated. I wondered what he'd thought when his "East German brother in arms" had pulled the pistol. His middle-class face had looked amused just before the bullets struck.

I put the hot, smoking piece back into my briefcase and checked the Colt Cobra in the belt of my European-cut suit. Locking his office door, I left the building. His Vietnamese secretary never glanced up from her French novel.

The blood was pounding in my ears. I wanted to run, but knew that would only attract attention. I forced myself to settle down. I could handle it. I made my way through the yellow throng that milled in the street. I caught a pedi-

cab to the Pink Dragon, walked through, cut through a couple of narrow alleys, checked to make sure I wasn't followed, and then entered my safe house by an entrance through the basement.

Giap had been my nineteenth sanction. It had been neat and clean.

The Rolling Stones screamed "Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown" over the Armed Forces network and I felt good. A steam and cream and some roundeye poontang was what I needed — but Gina would have to do. I hated her and yet I loved her. The smell of her reminded me of the moist jungle and danger.

She was tall for a Vietnamese, and her eyes had been surgically rounded when she'd had the silicone injected into her breasts. A hundred dollars a night was too expensive for a sergeant, but my case officer paid, saying, "Anything to keep a hot gun happy."

The hot shower stung as it cleansed me; the steam and hot water flashed me back to Phu Cat and my PRU Team.

We were standing in the warm, predawn rain. Our black pajamas and AK-47s costumed us for the play. I went over the plan of the ville in my head. Every VC had been documented and was earmarked for extermination. My Provisional Recon Unit was well trained and rehearsed, and we poised to strike — to begin the black comedy.

The entire ville was asleep when we hit. Each of my men knew his assigned task. The sleeping VC were pulled rudely from their beds by

Continued on page 92

"Behind me, twelve riders appeared out of the rain, black-jacketed, astride black Harley chargers, their faces covered by bandanas, eyes shielded by goggles. As we sat there waiting out the storm, seven more rode in and we all shared the dryness under the bridge. I felt relaxed; a feeling of serenity filled me. They all laughed at some joke. I didn't understand until they lowered their bandanas and raised their goggles."

By Sneaky Pete

Don't Throw It Away!

Hokay, troops, did you know that there are all kinds of tools, belt buckles, and even custom gear that can be made from old, worn-out stuff? It doesn't have to be a bike part to be useful and original.

Just think, there's probably a zillion uses for a single item like a hacksaw blade. Here's a for-instance: Take a broken piece of the blade three inches to six inches in length, strut over to the grinder, and whizz away at the blade until you got something that sorta resembles a stretched guitar pick or a fat fingernail file. Ya got the picture? Take an extra minute and buff off any rough edges. Kinda neat, huh? Oh yeah, what's it do? I almost forgot: It's the niftiest, slickest little O-ring popper-offer you ever laid a digit on. Take your Sportster tappet-guide blocks. You know the little skinny O-rings on the underneath end? Slippery little buggers, ain't they? Use your little hacksaw blade tool and zammo! Them li'l suckers almost jump right offa there! Just another little goodie to hang near the tool rack. Oh yeah, the little hole in the end makes it handy to hang on a nail. Smooth, eh?

If you live in an apartment or rent a house, you probably run through a regular rap with the landlord about keeping your sled in the living room. Compound that if the joint's got carpet. Easy. Just take an old sheet and spread it down on the floor to keep the drips from gettin' real serious. If you got a leak, simply add another layer of sheet or use an old blanket (for

extra absorption). The sheet helps in another way too, because when you're bangin' wrenches tryin' to keep her runnin', the white sheets reflect light, givin' ya a better view of what yer doin'. Besides, ya get to look like one of them spiffy top-drawer, eat-off-the-floor technocrats. Just might impress your landlord enough to make him give ya a job in his Harley-Davidson shop. Right.

And then there was Uncle Woody, who bought a full dresser a bit on the gaudy side. He took all them fancy little chrome rails and made Aunt Sophie the damndest set of jewelry racks to hang all her "good stuff" on. Took all the big ones and made towel racks. Not satisfied with that small junk-wizard's feat, he took the tour pack off and made ol' Soph' a spiffy bread box. Grabbed the mudflaps for his old pickup. Finally, when the dust cleared, everything the family had was graced with a little of that dresser's leftovers, and Uncle Woody had a cleaned-up stocker, just like he wanted.

I guess it's this bone-breakin' semi-Depression that gets everybody to thinkin' of ways to save dough. Cripes, ya gotta try! It's just learnin' to cope with long wants and short cash. I know there's a balance point in there somewhere.

What's that ya say? Batteries? Well, yeah, I suppose I could do a little battery tip for you bros. Example: If your battery keeps gettin' weaker even though you've always tried to keep the blighter healthy and wet, it could be losin' its charge

because of sediment or weak electrolyte in the cells. Assumin' you've got the little fella out of the battery box, turn the battery over on the ground (away from the ol' lady's eggplant harvest) and let it drain completely. Score a plastic jug of distilled water. Fill the battery with the distilled water and empty it again. Flush it again. Allow it to drain thoroughly, and then carefully refill it with fresh electrolyte. Leave the caps off for a spell while you're charging it on a low-amp trickle charger. Use a small battery hydrometer to tell you whether the operation was a success. Every now and then this little trick can save that aging battery for an extra term. Take part of the

dough that ya wuz gonna use for that new battery and buy us some Jack Black; take the rest and buy yer ol' lady that snappy halter top she's been eyein'.

This next handy little tip is a real money-saver. I went lookin' for a quality, aircraft-grade hose clamp for oil and fuel lines. I had busted a zillion of those little pencil hose clamps that don't chew up an inch of hose every time ya torque 'em down. Naturally, I started lookin' at

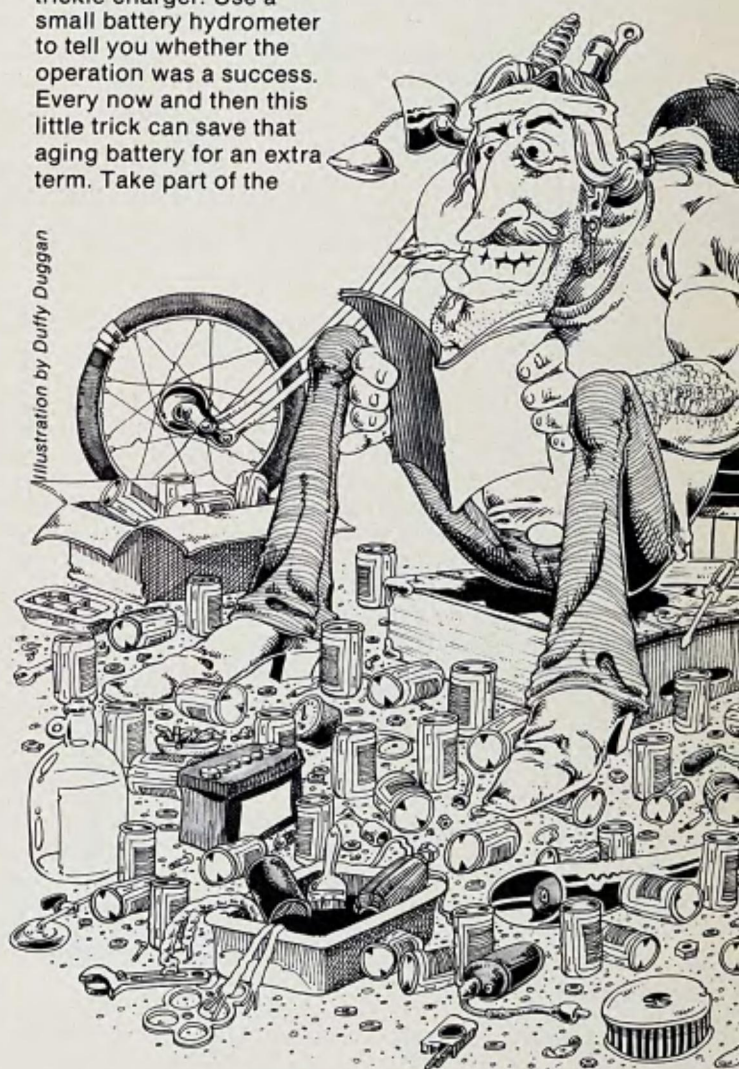


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

the airport. After walkin' all over the freakin' place, I finally rapped with one of the airplane wrenches. "Hose clamps?" he says. "We don't use hose clamps on low-pressure lines. We just put a turn of wire around 'em and let 'em go." So I poked my snoot into the cowl, and this is what he laid out:

Take about a foot of stainless steel wire, stainless steel safety wire, or steel or cast-iron stuff — often referred to as stove-pipe wire or mechanic's wire. It's best to use the stainless if you can get it (it won't rust), but the mechanic's wire does the job nicely. Place your oil line in the middle and very snugly wrap two turns around the hose; it's best to keep constant tension on the wire as you wrap to help the wire coil in neat, tight turns. You can use three turns or more if you

have forearms like Pop-eye; but remember, two will do the job and you don't have to pull so hard

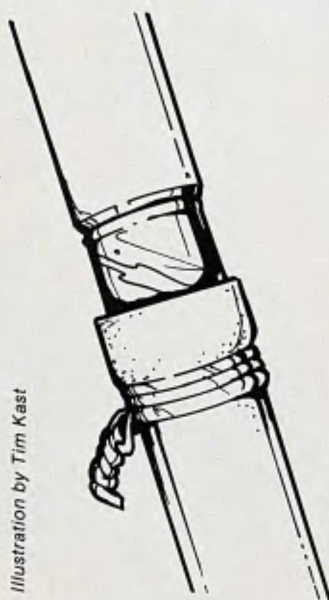


Illustration by Tim Kast

to get the wire to snug down. Use tight, small coils, then twist the wire together for half an inch or more. Give the whole twisted, braided end a slight turn or so with a pair of pliers to cinch everything down, and cut off the excess braid with a pair of dykes. Leave 1/4" to 3/8" of braid to hold it all together, and fold the remaining end down flush with the oil line. Now you have a good, clean, tight joint and, best of all, ya didn't have to shell out another fiver for more of them freakin' little pencil clamps. This idea has been around for a while, and is widely used on race bikes, race cars and, as I said before, airplanes. It's inexpensive, easy to work, and easy to replace if you're out on the road. This works with oil line (black neoprene), so don't be callin' up the rag an' sayin' the trick won't work. If you do have a leaker, don't panic; we can fix that too. A good, tight connec-

tion is sometimes not as easy as it sounds. Simply pull your oil line off the fitting and look at the fitting to make sure it's the right size for the hose. Does it fit tight? Clean about an inch *inside* the oil line with a rag dipped lightly in enamel reducer and wipe the fitting likewise. Then take a good grade of pliable sealant — the absolute best I've ever used is Loctite brand teflon pipe sealant, also sold by Harley — and smear it on the outside of the hose nipple. Slide the hose back onto the fitting, tie off a wire clamp, and just *dare* that sucker to leak!

The list is endless. It's part of the spirit of the biker, and what with these inflationary times, it often tips the scales between stayin' broke and gettin' by. Get this: Radio wanted to hang some freebie fluorescent light fixtures in his workshop for some nocturnal wrenchin'. He didn't have any wire-link chain to suspend the lights on, so what's he do? He wanders over to a pile of junk an' pulls out a bunch of worn-out drive chains. They're adjustable, cheap, available, and even give the barn that rustic, scooter-trash look. Spiffy, huh? It's the American spirit and the biker spirit all rolled up into one; an' who could be more American than we are? Don't it make ya proud?

One more thing, and then I'll quit bendin' your ear. It seems Joe Mama was in the local burger 'n' puke gettin' some chow. He orders up his stuff and carts the tray to a quiet booth near the back. "Rats!" he says. "Forgot the napkins." So he ups and jogs to the counter an' books back to his booth. Well, he gets back to his chow, and some old man

with a shopping bag is sittin' in his place eatin' his grub. Claims it's his! Well, Joe gets all bulled up an' seriously considers thumpin' the old dude, but then he thinks of all the ruckus afterwards. Newspaper headlines: *Biker Assaults Old Invalid!* So he just starts hollerin' at the guy! It turns out the old wino ain't no milktoast, an' he hollers back! So there they are, hollerin' an' caterwaulin'. By this time Joe Mama is really tryin' to keep from zappin' the old fart. The beanery manager runs up, askin' what the commotion is all about. Joe and Methuselah give fifteen different versions at top volume. The bistro manager backs up. Try again. He tells Joe that he don't care who's right; he wants no caterwaulin' in his grease dive. He takes Joe up front and makes out a duplicate order to shut the whole mess up. Fine. Joe beats it back to his former booth, and the crazy old coot has up and gone. Joe sits down. He notices that the old guy has left his shopping bag and bindle. He waits around a few minutes after finishing up. Still, no old dude. Joe tucks the shopping bag up under his jacket and scurries out. Figures he's made out like a masked man.

Well, that about wraps this little seminar up. I hope ya maybe picked up a little sumpin' from it, maybe even a laugh or two. The bag? What was in the shopping bag that Joe Mama lifted? Sorry, it about slipped my mind. You really wanna know? Quit stallin'? I guess you guys *do* wanna know. Well, it was just some more o' that bullshit I been feedin' ya.

Later. Gotta run.

—Tim Kast

Tech Tip

Gypsy

By Spider Lady

Midget couldn't seem to stop crying. Ron just held her close and said hoarsely, "Cry it all out, babe." She kept squeezing out the terrible vision of the two mangled thieves' bodies and Gypsy lying behind her on the blood-soaked ground. Gypsy was her first Doberman; Ron had talked about having a good one for years. They'd gotten her as a pup and had grown to really love her intelligence, courage, and companionship. No one was ever going to hurt either of them or get near that bike while she was alive.

But now she wasn't alive. She lay stretched out on the ground, bleeding from a dozen places. She had lived just long enough to lay her head in Midget's hands, whine softly, and try to lick her hand with love. Then the beautiful brown eyes had closed forever. But no one had touched the bike. Gypsy had done her job, even though she had died doing it. It had taken two of the sonsofbitches to put her away. And she had taken them with her.

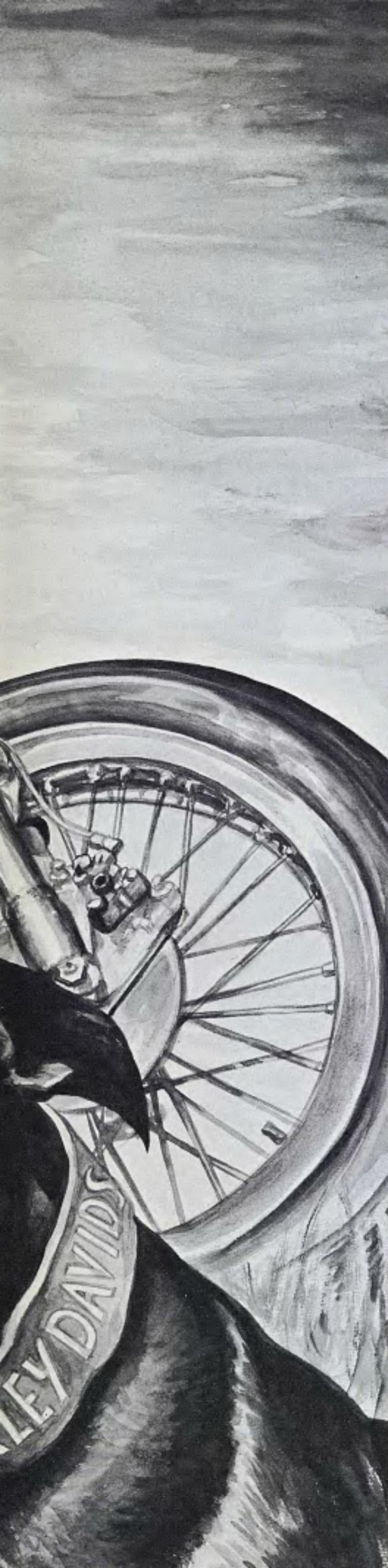
Midget tried to dry her eyes and take a good look at the bodies as the whitecoats turned them over before covering them.

"Recognize them?" asked the cop. Midget gasped when they turned Fish's gory face toward her.

Her mind flashed back to a few months ago, when she had answered the door and found him standing there. She and Ron had met him a few times; didn't take to him too well — everyone was his "bro" in a few minutes, lots of back-slapping, smiles that never reached his eyes. Ron didn't trust him, without really knowing why; just a feeling. Midget knew why she didn't trust him: every time she turned around, she caught him watching her. Nothing to kick up a fuss about, just always watching intently. It made her really uncomfortable after a while and she avoided him when she could. He gave her the creeps, but never stepped out of line.

But that day he had stood on the porch telling her that Ron had sent





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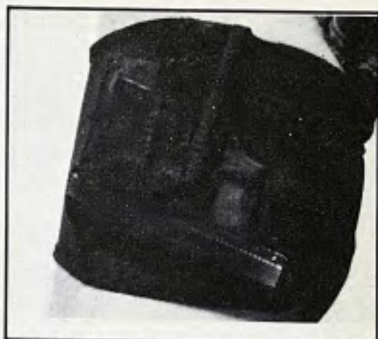
The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

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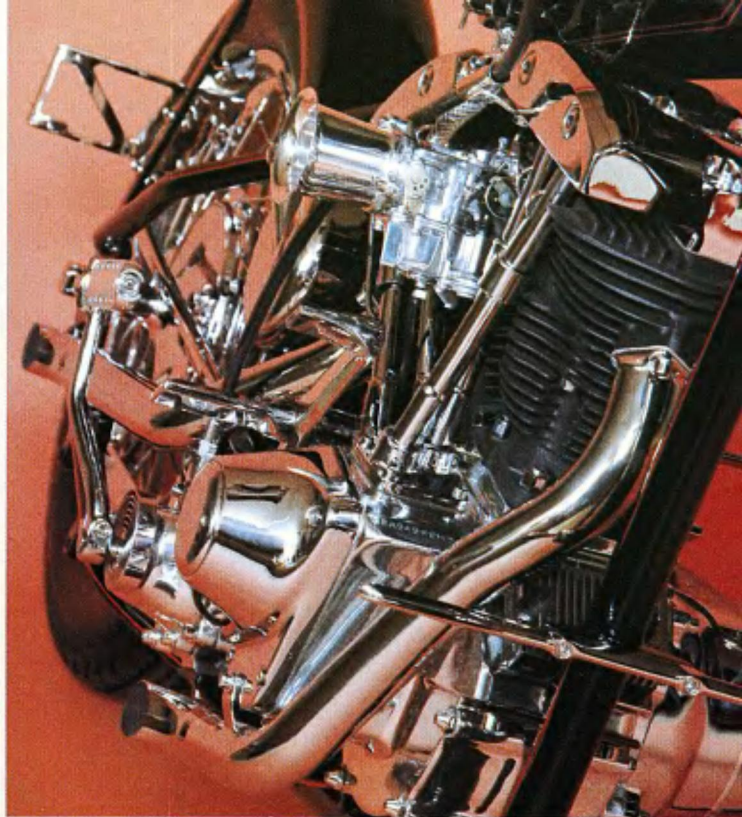
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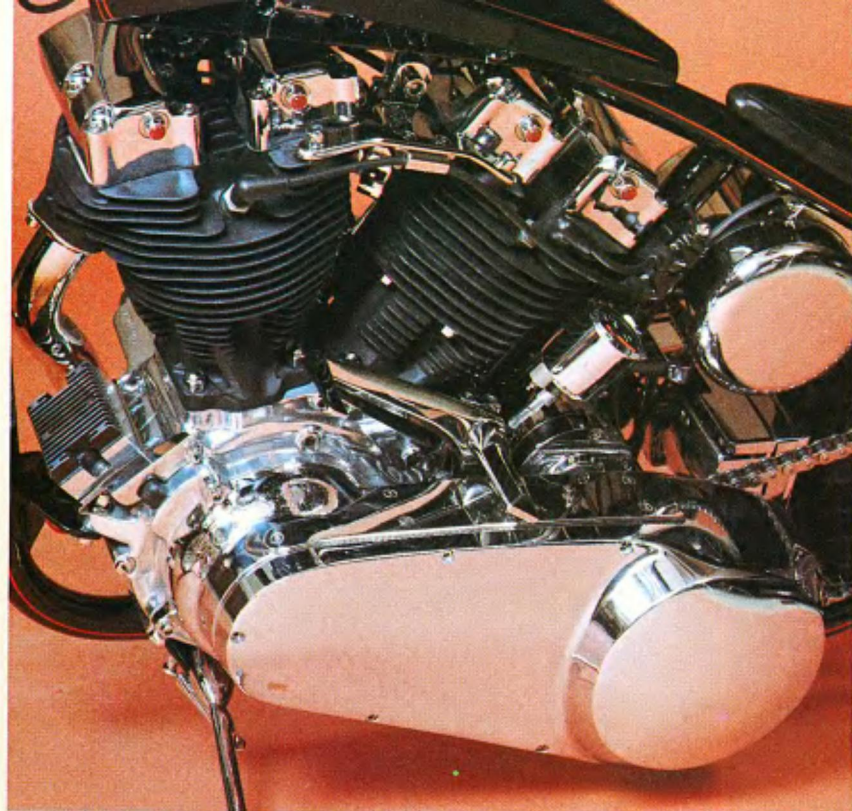
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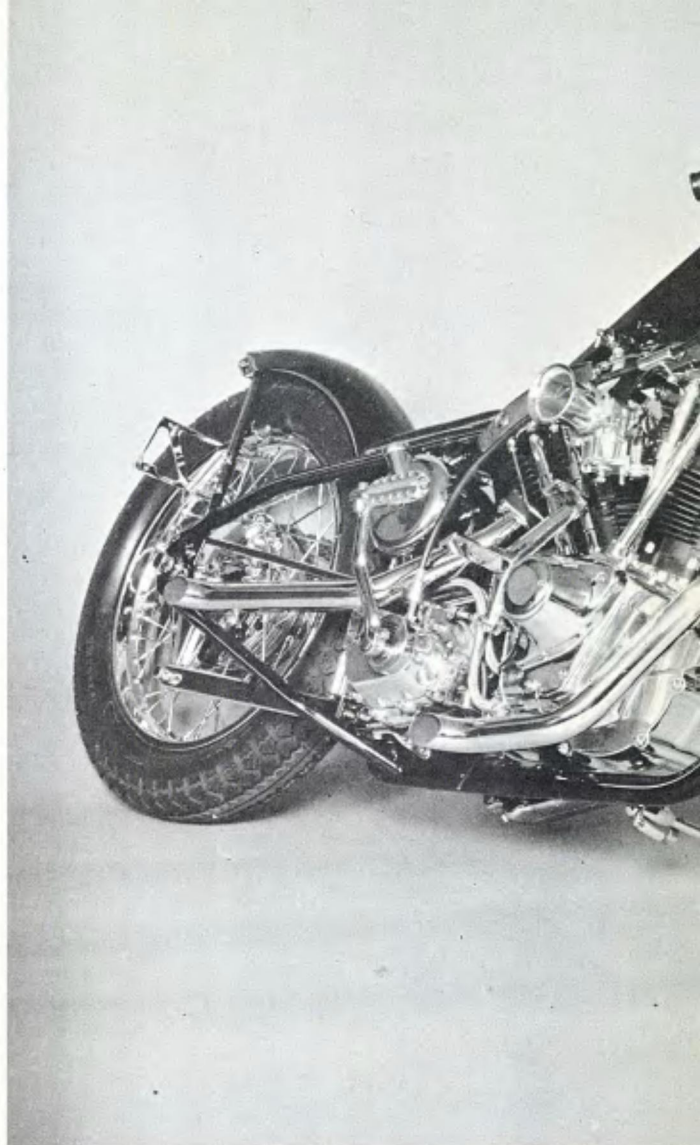
We're Alive In The East!

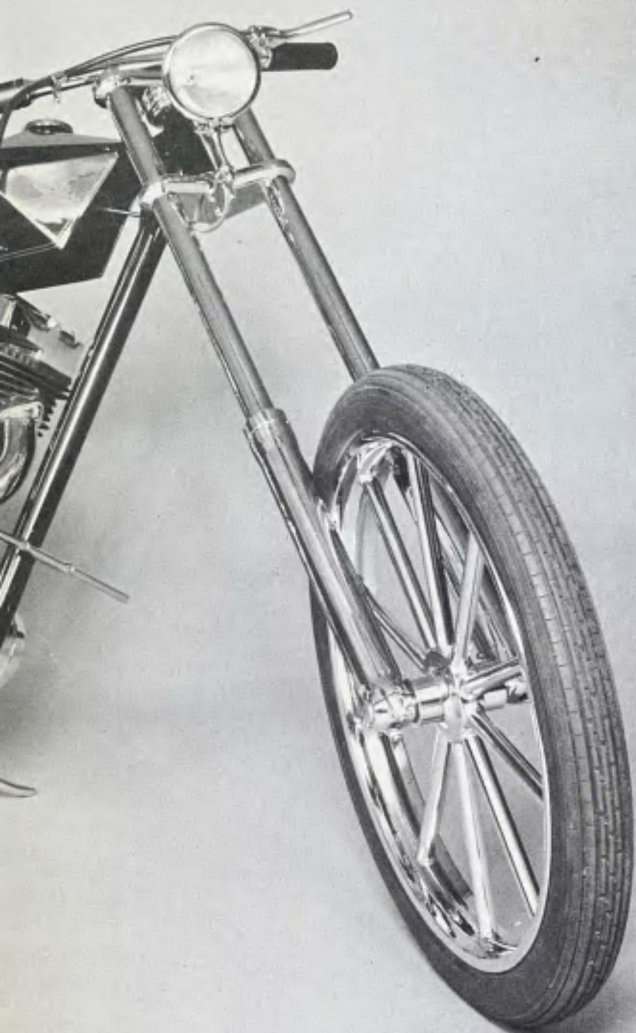
"You may as well skip most of those questions and just write 'owner' in the spaces," Bob Maskos told me as I started to fill in the spaces on the bike chart.

"I love Harley-Davidsons and I love to build. I did it all myself, man, the engine, the exhaust, the linkages, everything — I even made the seat myself, though some of my bros tell me it looks like I was tryin' to counterfeit a stamp instead of build a seat."







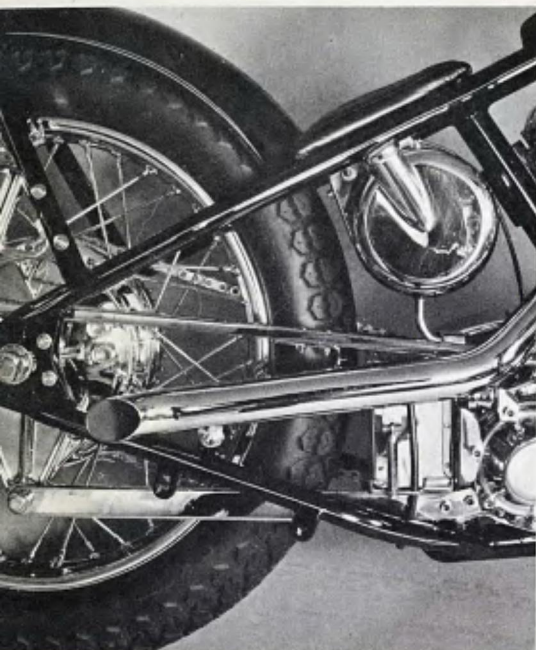


If you were gonna pin a nickname on Maskos, you'd probably call him "Proud Bob." There's lots of dudes in this world who drift through life on a river of bullshit. "Lemme tell ya 'bout the time I . . ." or, "So I took this box of rusty parts and built the fastest. . ." You know those guys — the bullshit braggin' never stops until they're finally asked to produce. Then the next thing you know, they leave to take a piss and wind up crawlin' out the shithouse window and disappearin'.

Then there's the other kind of dude, the small group that does first and brags later. The bros who take credit because they know they deserve it, who'll back up their words with their deeds every time, right down the line.

"Proud Bob" is one of that small group of right-on bike builders. When this fucker says he hand made his exhaust pipes, he doesn't mean he took some commercially-available pipes and modified 'em a bit to fit on his bike. He means he manufactured those muthas himself — four separate pieces of tubing for each one. When he says he redid the oil system, he means more than just relocating a couple of lines to make the bike look a bit cleaner — he





Photos by Bob McDermott and Karen Mendolia

Owner: Bob Maskos		City: Egg Harbor, N.J.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '74	
Year and make: '74 H-D		Builder: Cycleogy	
Model: FLH		Type: single downtube	
Value: can't even count it		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 1 in. front and back	
Time: two years		Other alterations: many	
Chroming by: assorted people		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner-made drag-style	
Year: '77		Risers: H-D	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): owner	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Jammer	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: owner	
Displacement: .060 over stock		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: lightened, polished flywheel		Front pegs: stainless steel custom	
Balancing: J&J		Rear pegs: ripped off	
Pistons: 10 to 1		Electrics: jammed under oil tank	
Cases: solid		Gas tank: owner-modified Santee	
Heads: competition valve grind		Oil tank: owner	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: custom pump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: polished H-D	
Carb(s): H-D Keihin		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: owner		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: polished cases		Type: Super Glide	
Year: '70		Extension: 6 in. over	
Shifting: trick linkage		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: handmade triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 2.75x21	Size: 4.00x19
Molding: owner		Hub: Invader	Hub: Kawasaki
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3 in.
Color: black under clear		Tire: Avon	Tire: Yokohama
Type: Imron		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by owner		Other special modifications: all nuts, bolts, shifting and brake linkage parts stainless steel, custom motor mounts, stainless axles and stops, struts.	

means fabricating a stainless steel oil tank *and* a stainless steel oil pump. When he tells ya he did the molding himself, he's not talkin' about goin' down to the discount store, buying a can of bondo, and throwin' it on the scooter. He's talking about *really* doing the molding, in lead, if ya please.

Speaking of stainless steel, I don't know why, but Bob has a real hardon for it. Just about everything that shines like chrome on his sled is actually hand-polished stainless steel. The axles, the axle stops, the motor mounts, the pegs, the linkage bits and pieces are all stainless — and all built by the owner.

Bob's one regret is that livin' in the over-regulated state

of New Jersey, prevents him from gettin' as wild in his designing as he'd like.

"It's totally unpredictable," he says. "We've got to have all modifications from stock inspected and each of the damn inspectors is different. Some won't say shit about high risers or long extensions and others will look at the same bike and refuse to license it."

Such bureaucratic bullshit notwithstanding, Bob isn't about to give up customizing his choppers.

"I'm gonna build up another shovel this fall," he says. "Just you look out, Arlen Ness, we're still alive back here in the East."

—Two-Ton

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 write about people that I know. When I was in prison in California I met a man who had spent only twelve or thirteen days on the streets since he was eight years old. He had never tasted whiskey, never made love to a woman, never driven a car or seen an airplane. To me, this was the saddest song I'll ever write."

—Jim Ringer

The saddest song? Maybe, maybe not. Like the man blind from birth, who never really knows what he's missing, finding it easier to adjust to a sightless world than a man who suddenly goes blind after a lifetime of vision, the convict of Ringer's song, who has never made love to a woman, is probably a hell of a lot better off than the thousands of normal, sexually aware prisoners forced to endure the torment and taunts of the female guards who stare and snicker at them even in their most private moments — like when taking a shit or a shower.

Since 1972, when the Civil Rights Act was changed to prohibit state and local governments from practicing sexual discrimination in hiring, forty-seven of the fifty states have hired women guards for male institutions. Thirty-eight states still prohibit women from working in housing areas or conducting strip or rectal searches but, unfortunately, that is changing.

The reason that more and more women guards are being assigned to duties where they are allowed to participate in the ultimate denial of a prisoner's right to privacy is the promotional system in effect in virtually all American prison systems. In order to get a promotion, guards must have experience working in housing units. More and more chick guards, passed over for sergeant or some such step up the

screw ladder, have been filing lawsuits charging that their rights are being violated because they are not allowed to do all the duties of male guards.

In an Iowa case, the Supreme Court refused to review a lower court decision that ordered officials at the state reformatory to assign women to contact positions in order to qualify them for promotion. Prison officials had argued that assigning women to men's housing units would violate prisoners' privacy rights, jeopardize security, and put

security FCIs but cannot work as guards in the six maximum-security pens). One finding: "A reluctance in general on the part of women to intervene in fights."

A Delaware prisoner put it in more down-home terms: "I was living in a dormitory with forty other men," he said. "Some of them were doing ten, twenty, thirty years. A 19-year-old chick was the officer in charge. What if someone had jumped on me and tried to stomp me? What would she have done?"

The situation facing our sisters in



both the men and women guards in increased danger. The court told the officials to stuff it — and to get the bimbos in the barracks.

Privacy, of course, is not the only issue. Fights, stabbings, vendettas of all kinds are the way of life in most penal institutions in these days of massive overcrowding. After a part-time female employee was murdered at the federal pen in Atlanta, the feds set up a task force to study the question of women working in men's institutions (in the fed system, chicks can pull all shifts in the twenty-four medium-

prison is, if anything, even worse. For one thing, male guards in women's prisons are much more common than female guards in men's prisons. In Wisconsin, for example, over forty percent of the guards assigned to women's units are men, but only four percent of the guards assigned to the men's units are women. Here, too, the courts are demanding that prisoners' rights be shitcanned to accommodate guards' career goals.

In a New York case, a group of sisters at the Bedford Hills women's facility filed *Continued on page 115*

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 **Rocky**. You got a fucked-up deal, bro. You meant a helluva lot to a lot of people. Keep that ol' knuckle puttin' and we'll talk about it one day. Love you always, Free Spirit MC, SE Alabama, FSFFFS.

In memory of **Kim Tiquinto**. Some drunken fuck hit her so fucking hard her bike got wiped out 87%.

In memory of **Moody**, 1/17/81. He'll be riding with us in our hearts forever. Until later, bro. Don, Linda Blue, and Daph.

In memory of **Author "Archie" Bramley**. You are gone but you will never be forgotten. Ride again. Your friends and bros from Muswellbrook.

In memory of **Mike Fore**, uncle, friend. We know now that you have the wind in your face as you ride down the crystal highways up there. Watch over us as you did when you were here. Rob and Teresa.

In memory of **Grady Ray Couch**. I loved you, brother; I love you still. I remember; always will. Ride free and think of me. Des.

In memory of **Mike and Zeus Fisher**, true and righteous bros. Together again in Harley Heaven forever. From all your people everywhere.

In loving memory of **"Mr. Kiss,"** 7/1/81. He'll be riding with us all in our hearts forever. From all his brothers and sisters.

"Happy Jack," Venice, Calif., 12-15-80, cancer. Hope you can tear up as much pussy, schnapps, and pavement there as you did here. Take care, Jack. From Gino and Chris.

In memory of **Brian "Mouse" Harmer**, 3/22/80. Our brother by birth; our friend by choice. You'll ride forever in our hearts, Mouse. See you soon, Dave and Ken. Sherry sends her love. Griffith, NSW, Aust.

In memory of **Tim Andrews**. You rode hard and went out in style. We know you're with the Big Biker in the Sky. We love ya and miss ya. Your ol' lady, Rose, and all your bros in N. Fla.

In memory of **Larry Allen "Crazy Larry" Keeler**, a beautiful man, in our eyes, with child-like qualities that will be forever missed. Lisa Rae and friends in Sacramento.

In memory of **John Lennon**. All you need is love. He loved to live; lived to love. Stoney and the Free Riders, Ariz.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of *Easyriders* 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., *Easyriders* 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.

Downed white bro, .26, needs to hear from foxy lady. It's a drag doing this time by myself. So, foxy ladies, brighten up my life by sending letters and photos. Anthony C. Mefford, Box C-22481, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Ladies, I sure need you. I'm a 5' 8", 142-lb., brn.-haired, hazel-eyed, lead-guitar-playing, super-lonely, 25-year-old tramp. Willy Jones #260371, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98271.

Ladies: Like crazy people? Good! Drop this 21-year-old tramp a line. Let's trade pix. Henry Mitchell #631924, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98271.

Bring your pretty eyes over here and don't shed a tear; I might be the guy you've been looking for for so many years. Please send photo and I'll do the same. Melvin Gower #C-16060, Box 617, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Two lonely Chicano bros doin' time in Texas could surely dig some mail from some lonely chicks 16-27, so pick up your pens and start writing. Lloyd T. Garza #311032, Wynne Unit A4-3-14, and Enrique M. Valdez #311030, Wynne Unit A4-3-15, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Down bro looking for letters and photos from foxy ladies 18-35 around or in Ohio. Needs visits too. Matt Chappell #150-801, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Two down bros need mail from ladies in the West. We're both from New Orleans and know no one out here. It's been a long time. Jerry Sanders #20730 and Paul Jackson #20856, Benton County Jail, Box 230, Prosser, Wash. 99350.

Long time lonely and lookin' for love. Send photos. All letters answered. Jerry Norris #18257-044, Box 1500, Unit 2, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Wanted: Big-butt women of all sizes and ages. David L. Jones #138288, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Two Texas prisoners would like to hear from some serious-minded ladies 18 to 80. J. W. McCurdy #301771 and J.D. Baxter #245423, Rt. 3, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Lonely, doing time. Need to hear from ladies 18 and up. Send photo if possible. Michael House #303887, CO Unit, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

Downed bro looking forward to hearing from any and all single and lonely women. Scribes, flicks, and visits can put me in the wind again. Will answer all. Ricardo Ramos #80B1316, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

30-year-old, sexy, raven-haired, sensitive female Sagittarius seeks all the male attention possible. Write and send photos. L. Jean Dabney, 659 Harrison-A, Frontera, Calif. 91720.

Drop me a line anytime. Been down over four and need some ladies to help me to do the rest. Rick Williams #32041, Box 539 Rt. 1, CMCC Hall 7, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Down tramp in bad need of correspondence. Will write all women 18-35. Please send pics to Robert J. Bria #C-10989, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

38-year-old down bro needs letters and flicks from foxes any age. Looks don't matter. Just write and send flicks to Richard Roberts #265471, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Two downed bros will welcome letters and photos from fine little mamas anywhere. Will write back. Please send photos. Robert Bo Angel #314555 and Danny T. Walker #293777, C-1-9, Rt. 1, Box 1077, Brazoria, Tex. 77422.

Need letters from all tramps, biker mamas, and anything that will write or visit. Thomas William Cmelo #128163, 777 W. Riverside Dr., Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Would like to hear from some ladies who have their heads together and would be willing to make time a little easier for this old scooter tramp. W/m 6' 2", 180 lbs. W. Magnum Smith #34363, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Lonely 25-year-old bro needs loving lines and pictures from a righteous chick. James C. Tranham #71066, Box 500, Max Cell 18, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Drop me a line and send me your pix. R. Bartley #A-69064, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

27-year-old bro down but not out. Need some letters from ladies to make these days go by. John Taylor #106619, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Lonely prisoner would like to receive mail and photos. Charles Caudell #118384, Box 27264, Richmond, Va. 23261.

Bro down in Florida would like to have correspondence from ladies with heart and a good head on their shoulders. Robert Arnett, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Brother of the wind down and out. Need tender loving from ladies. Jay Pettibone #11861, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

C'mon, mamas from all around, got a 30-year-old Virgo knocked down. Spicy flick for quick reply. Larry E. Alexander #287888, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Lonely biker, 32, needs letters and pictures if possible. Steve Mustain #P5202, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Two bros, 20 and 32, from Ohio, are lookin' for fun-lovin' ladies with nice bodies. Send flicks and licks. Will answer all mail. James Weldin and Curt Mullins, Del Corr. Ctr., Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Calif. 1%er needs some TLC, hot notes, and hotter pix from local chicks with their shit together. Will answer all. Mike Doyle #74114, 12/8 Unit I, Sta. A, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

I'm lonely, a long way from home, and need someone to correspond with who is sincere and seeking a meaningful and lasting relationship based on open-minded respect, sharing, and understanding. Gregory Roberson, Box 137, Tillery, N.C. 27887.

27-year-old Scorpio would like to hear from ladies of all ages. Send photo if possible. T. S. Janczak #289690, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Down bro is willing to rap with all lonely ladies out there. All letters answered. Photos appreciated. Norman Gains #203169, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

23-year-old party dude in a jam; so write, someone who gives a damn. Letters/photos. J. Bell #116865, SCC, Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonely 22-year-old prisoner lookin' for love. I need letters and pictures from sincere ladies with their heads on right. Age and looks not important. Anthony Jason Heitz #306594, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Lookin' for a fine ol' lady with her shit together. 21-year-old w/m, tattooed down, blond hair, blue eyes, good people. Write Mark Boerner, Box C-22422, CTF-C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm looking for one special lady to touch my life and share some of this time with. Gerry De Normandie #43648, Box 600, Centennial Corr. Fac., Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely bro from Hazard, Kentucky, gamed up here in Ohio, would like some of you foxy ladies out there to drop a line to help me do this time. Bob Skiles #112-954, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

It gets pretty lonely in here and I'd like to hear from a few women to keep my spirits up. Steven K. Yurk, ACTP, 10000 S. Wilmot, Rt. 7, Box 777, Tucson, Ariz. 85777.

Down and really need my spirits lifted. Will answer all letters. Don Grindstaff #113745, Southampton Corr. Center, Capron, Va. 23829.

26-year-old male would like to correspond with warm, loving ladies. Clyde W. Haire #44097, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Young scooter tramp looking for sincere, good-hearted ladies to write to. Will answer all. J. D. Black #C-13681, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Very interested in greeting any bright, intelligent female. Check me out, 'cause I've a lot of what you might be seeking to build a serious relationship. Vincent Easley #00126-125, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

I'm 22 and could use some scribes from you ladies. Donald Mastird #8269, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Young bro needs to hear from some females who won't mind trying to share a little of themselves. James Taylor #96131, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

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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 Easysiders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (109)

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Steve "Ernie" Earnhart: Happy late birthday to my Bear (6-16-81). Hope all your wishes come true. Love, Michelle. (99)

Panhead Ed: Happy 12th anniversary. Loving you is easy because you're the greatest. Love ya. Cathie. (99)

Fast Freddy: Happy birthday. Hope you have a good one. I'll be waiting when you come home. Love forever. Knucklehead Fred. (99)

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)

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)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (99)

Griz: Happy birthday (6-19). Sorry it's late. Ron and Gail. (99)

Rick, love forever and Happy 29th. Happy 1st on 10-31-81. It really was the scooter at first; now I love you more each day. Your #2, Jean. (99)

Deral, Happy birthday. Hope you are back out here with me soon, babe. Love always and forever. Cindy. (99)

Harley wings and emblem, hand carved, 1 3/4" wide, 3/16" thick, black leather, \$20. Send exact waist measurement. John Burnham, 279 Riverneck Rd., Chelmsford, Mass. 01824. (99)

Down bro doing time. Needs to hear from foxy ladies. I'm 28, 5'11", and a Virgo. Due out in '83. Mike "Scooter" Barber, P.O. Box 791, Safford, Ariz. 85546. (99)

James, I love you no matter how hard I try not to. I hope and pray that one day you will realize how much. Maybe it won't be too late. But it never will be. Loving you always and forever. Jeannie and Elizabeth. (99)

Peyote: Good memories never reach the point of no return. Love you 4-ever. Hope you find what you're looking for. Sunshine. (99)

Lisa Jane: Hope you had a happy 1-15-81. You are missed. Any message would be appreciated. Love, Jack and Joyce. (99)

Mark Brownie: I'm still around if you're still interested. Please contact me. Same address. Julie in Sacto. (99)

Brother Sun (S.K.): Partners always. Urgent you communicate. Moon. (99)

R. Southwell: Where in hell did you go after Camp Pen? The RPI was fun, but you jumped the gun. Write Bobbie Trospier, 3401 E. Newton, Tulsa, Okla. 74115. (99)

Jerry "Big Al": Happy 1st anniversary (Sept. 6) to the only man I've ever loved. Jean. (99)

Mad Jack: Your Tite is residing in Lodi. Leave a message at this number: (209) 369-3363, or write to 739 S. Central #8, Lodi, Calif. 95240. Jack-Kody/Thumpy. (99)

Pup: If the sun refused to rise, I would still be loving you. Happy 1st anniversary. Love always. Lips. (99)

Mitch: Belated happy birthday, sweetheart (6-6-59). I love you more than ever. Your ol' lady, Lori. (99)

Collector will swap club cards. Also tattoo shop, bike shop, and white power cards, news clips on bikers, party flyers, etc. Small, sweet ladies who have their shit together, write Dirty Ernie, P.O. Box 615, Beatrice, Neb. 68310. (99)

Walter Burgstead, try Ma Bell. Mike Caropreso (209) 826-5380 (99)

Two lonely convicts need to hear from foxy ladies. Paul Peterson #00771 F-Unit, Charles Fasanelia #20093-148 F-Unit, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436. (99)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (101)

In memory of "Choo-Choo," Valley Chosen Few. We feel so helpless; it's like a slap of reality hits us in the face. It's hard to wake up from a bad dream. We love you, bro, and no matter how long, we will all be partyin' together. We're keeping the faith. You're with us always. Love, Ice Cream, Denny, and Valley Chosen Few. (99)

Ladies: 24 w/m 185, doing time on a submarine. Get out Sept. '81. Have new Sporty and no problems. Wish to hear from Southern girls who like to ride. No hardcores. Write Bob Mabry, USS Daniel Webster, 626B, FPO N.Y., N.Y. 09591. (99)

Hey, ladies! Downed bro, 21, brown hair, blue eyes, parole October. Could use some lovin'. Lonely and without a lady. Lasting relationship. Robb Lipp, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501. (99)

Lookin' for slim lady who can pull her own weight and needs to be loved. I'm sincere and got good sense of humor. Here in Chicago or tramping this fall. Vinnie. (312) 342-5010. (99)

Hey, Sam, whatcha up to? Stayin' outta trouble since I've been outta town? Comin' back soon, okay? Took some pictures of some signs ya won't believe, like Intercourse, Pa. and San Diego, Tex. Your lover, Cowpoke Junior. (99)

Mellow bro who's been busted for kicks, looking for fox who can dig new tricks. Like spreading her wings and flying free; trying to live life like one wild spree. Come Feb. '82, I'll be out of this fix; interested ladies, send scribes and pics. Tom Barino #90924, Dorm H, Unit II, P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (99)

To the sidewindin' yardsnake(s) who ripped off my house in Wisconsin: One day you'll get yours, asshole(s)! JJ in Tulsa. (99)

Marty Pope, David Ranges, Colorado Scorch: Contact Steven Nance, down on 25 years. Rt. 14, Box 393, Salisbury, N.C. 28144. (99)

Nathan: All my love in this life and the next. Happy birthday and happy anniversary. Ich liebe dich. Grace. (99)

Honest lady wanted by w/m, 25, easygoing drummer. Into music, health, good weed, sex. She should be attractive, enjoy finer things in life. Photo, Richie Clyne, 2980 NW 43 Ter., Lauderdale Lakes, Fla. 33313. (99)

"Snake" Fortner: You abused my infant daughter; hence, life-long medication needed - result of permanent brain damage. How proud are you? Tell your tough, bad biker stories. Wantabe. Enjoy Glen, Helen. You're right; I'm a bitch, but my word is righteous. Feather. (99)

Tattooing outfit, complete with points, colors, and carry case. Runs on batteries; use it anywhere. Earn extra money or for fun! Send money order for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (97)

Magic: Thanks for sittin' on top of the world with me. Wanna do it again? Homie, doncha know me? I love you forever. Me. (99)

Continued on page 126

\$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

Remember the time you got really loaded before leaving the bar and forgot to put your feet down when you got to the first stop sign? How about the night you met that stone fox who arrived at the club next to some dude in a cage and left behind you on your scooter? Didja ever feel the adrenalin rush that comes from out-runnin' a county mountie?

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the

good, off-the-wall, unusual times. The stoned times, the sexy times, the funny times, the wild times. Write us, in about 250 to 700 words, your favorite biking experience. We'll pay \$100 for every one we publish. There's only two rules — the stories have gotta be true, and about good times; no fuckin' downers please. Send your stories to Ridin', c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

The Great G-String Caper

I chugged to a stop in the Palomino parking lot and the ol' lady slid off. She stood next to the bike, swaying (ever notice how the good go-go girls never stop moving — you see 'em buying dogfood at the market at four a.m. an' their hips are rollin' to the Muzak without 'em even realizing it) and rooting around in the bag strapped to the sissy bar.

"They've hired some bitches that are really into ripoff," she said. "I'll just take what I need tonight and leave the rest of my shit with you."

It was cool with me; my plans were simple enough. A quick stop home, then off to the Hacienda for seven hours of profitable poker. There are two secrets to winning at poker in Vegas, and neither one involves marked cards or holdout clips — unless you want to spend eternity riding close behind a concrete fairing. The most common way is for two or more pros to play partners against the tourists by signaling each other what they're holding — often by changing the height of the stacks of chips in front of them. The other way is to know a dealer who works in one of the little poker rooms that get the same local players day after day. Dealing is boring work; it gives you a lot of time to study the players. You learn everybody's "tells," you learn when they're gonna bluff and when they're not, and it's easy to tip a friend at the table. Fortunately for my dope habit, I had an asshole buddy dealing at the Hacienda.

I swung the bike off I-15 at Tropicana and rumbled into the El Inca parking lot. Shit, no bag! I won't claim that the ol' lady's income depended solely on those costumes; her tits did have a lot to do with it, but still. . .

I hauled ass back to Northtown

and began the slow creep up the freeway shoulder toward the Strip. Wait a minute, what's that on the white line, gleamin' in the headlight in the middle of the road? Can it be a clue? That's it; it's a seven-inch spike heel! I've found the place! Oh, shit — there's nothin' mounted on that heel anymore. Well, whatda-fuck, as Brigham Young said, "This must still be the place."

Well, it was the place. Only "the place" was three miles long and covered the roadway, the ditches, and the weeds. Seems like G-strings and T-backs and gauze tops really fly in the wind. So I putted like a snail up the freeway, swingin' the headlight this way and that, jumpin' off every fifty or sixty yards to run back and forth across the highway to snatch a piece of this or a bit of that. Two observations: The cage drivers who'll cruise happily by while you're down and bleedin' to death love to stop and offer help while you're makin' a fool of yourself. Also, I'm damn glad I lucked out and didn't wind up havin' to tell this one to the judge.

The situation improved considerably when two bros appeared on the scene. From then on the cleanup operation even had its funny moments, like turnin' around to find Brutus wavin' at passin' traffic and wearin' a pair of "trick" panties (two pieces of lace supportin' a see-through triangle with the picture of a hundred-dollar bill printed on it) on his head.

By the time we got the shit all picked up, we were laughin' so hard we decided to book right over to Frankie's and have a few, and a few more. I never did get to play poker that night. In fact, I got so plastered I forgot to pick up the ol' lady after work. —Ace High ■

Riding Our Way?



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Fuckin' Poetry

I want to contact an old friend of mine and I know your column is his favorite part of the magazine — just like it is for real scooter trash everywhere. So, Snake-Eye:

Friends may come and
friends may go,
Friends may peter out, you
know.
But we'll be friends through
thick and thin,
Peter out or peter in.
Carole
Concord, Calif.

- When a prick forgets to
stick,
When a cock neglects to
rock,
When a peter peters out,
You can fix 'em with yer
mouth.

Training Is Everything

I'm in the slammer and my ol'
lady, as I hear it, is givin' head
to all of my bros. What the fuck,
I still love the cocksuckin'
bitch. What should I do?

Behind Bars
and Bummed Out
Little Valley, N.Y.

- Send a kite to yer bros,
thankin' 'em fer keepin' her in
trainin' fer ya.

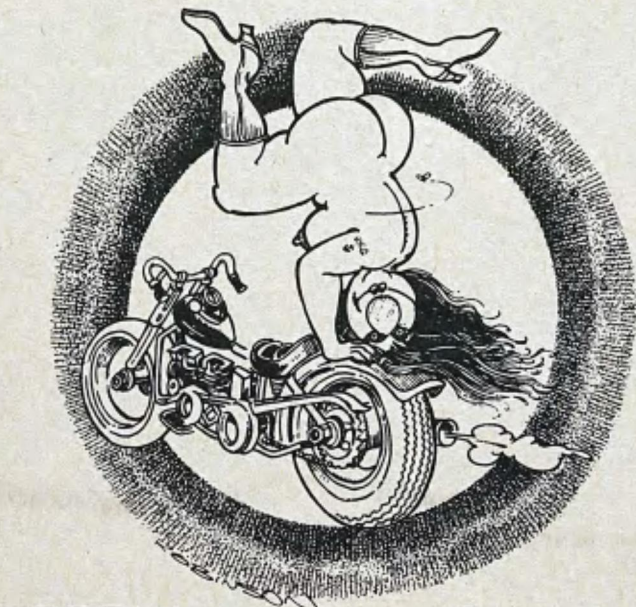
Baby Love, My Baby Love

Remember me? Horrible
Heidi, your daughter? Well,
I've been in the slammer for
eight years now, seventy-two
more to go. Some summer
camp.

People don't mess around
with me here. I threw the guard
out on her ass the other night
when she said I smelled. Well, I
must admit, that I do smell like
a two-hole outhouse after a
rain, but I don't give a shit
'cause I'm mean and have big
tits like yours.

Someday I'm gonna bust
outta this place again. Last
time I got caught after I kicked
the guard in the balls between
the bars. Then I bent them with
my hands and got into the main
room, but there was a steel
door in the way, so I picked up
this chick named Mean Lynn
and I put her under my arm and
rammed her thick skull into the
door until I noticed it was
unlocked.

I finally saw the light of day
again and I took off in a guard's
golf cart, but I broke the steering
wheel off so, like a fuck-
head, I took it in to get it fixed at
the maintenance shop. Then I
remembered that I'd forgotten
my smokes, so I signed in
(rules) and never got out again.



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

Last week they took my glass
eye away from me 'cause I
broke it and made knives outta
the pieces and "accidentally"
stabbed my cellmate.

Well, ma, in five minutes I
gotta go play volleyball with
these lesbos. Talk about les-
bos, here I am with crotchless
panties, thanks to these hungry
roaches. If you had sent my
leather panties, I wouldn't have
this problem. Please send the
leathers. I've got some cocaine
in the gum wrapper stuck in the
crotch. Take the coke, just
send the pants. Tell Spider I'm
savin' my cherry for him.

Love (maybe),
Your long lost
daughter, Heidi
Iowa City, Iowa

- Heidi, my love child. Did I
ever tell ya? Until I met Spider
you were the heaviest (17 lbs.,
14 oz.) thing I ever had in my
snatch.

Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad

I hear that your cunt is as
wide as the Grand Canyon, as
wet as the Atlantic Ocean, and
as tasty as the asshole of a
skunk. Is this true or not?

Ungowa
Burlington, Maine

- I never ate the asshole of a
skunk (sucked one's cock
once, though).

Don't Have To Beg If You're Man Enough To Steal

I got a problem gettin' pussy
in this redneck town. The
women are afraid of my raping
them. I got hair down to my
shoulders and I got Harley
shirts for every day of the week
and an earring. It really sucks.
People fuckin' judge a book by
its cover too damn much.

Harley
Hanover, Pa.

- The bitches aren't afraid of
your raping 'em, they're pissed
'cause yer not. A Harley shirt
and a stud earring on you
sounds like false advertising
to me.

An Ugly Letter

I bet you ain't as bad looking
as you put on. I think, after
traveling as far and wide as I
have since joining the Marine
Corps, I have seen as ugly as
ugly can get.

Dirt
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

- Ya musta been watchin'
some a them old training films I
made.

The Penalty Fits The Crime

Hey, bitch, I am locked up in
Mansfield prison. I just got
done reading your May issue
and it don't say shit. *Easyriders*

is a kiss-ass mag. Well, I tell
you, I got a seven-inch tongue
and would lick the fungus from
your anus. I would snort your
pussy with a straw and fuck the
dog shit out of you. I don't
know if you will print this, but I
would like people to know that
I am a crazy fucker.

Caveman
Mansfield, Ohio

- 'Bout time they started lock-
in' up assholes who can't tell a
good bike rag when they see
one.

When In Doubt, Use Force

I've been reading your sec-
tion ever since I can remember.
These bitches in the Army are
hooked on those rice burners.
How's about a little advice on
changing' their minds?

Coyote
Fort Knox, Ky.

- A two-by-four busted right
over the spot where their cap
insignia goes usually works.

If This Fails, Use More

Been reading your column
since about issue three and
think it's about time someone
set your ass straight as far as
your "tell all" attitude. The one
thing I hate more than an Arab
ridin' a riceburner is a bitch
that can't keep her mouth shut.
Don't let your mouth overload
your ass, bitch.

Rat 45
Grand Rapids, Mich.

- In yer case, it might require
two two-by-fours.

Practice, Practice, Practice

I got a hell of a problem! I dig
the shit outta my ol' man. Don't
get me wrong, he's great in the
sack, but he can't eat pussy
worth a shit. I mean he's really
lousy at it. I know I'm doin' my
part — I've heard from more
than one man that I give great
head. So how do I tell my ol'
man how to do it right without
him gettin' his ego hurt and
knockin' the piss outta me?

Tongue-tied
St. Louis, Mo.

- First, try washin' yer box
every ten or twelve tricks.
Second, get him some big-
titted blondes ta practice on.

Send your problems or
questions home to Mutha, c/o
Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu,
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want a picture of Mutha. ■

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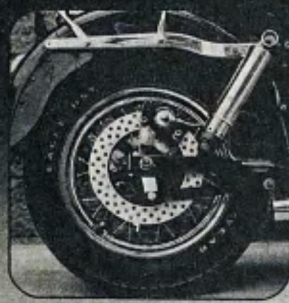
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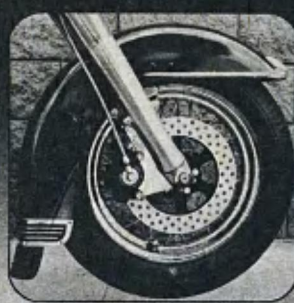
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 42

Vets Appreciate

★ Your column in the May issue made me think of many bad events. For instance, the old fucking red-neck who said, "A kid your age should be fighting," but when you get back, he has something even worse to say, like, "Why did you come back?" You know you're right and he's a un-American fucker who should be deported to the communist country of his choice. This crap has probably happened to most of the Vietnam vets. I guess a lot worse, too.

The real reason for this letter is that individuals like Abbie Hoffman and other anti-Vietnam Insurgents are now well off financially in spite of the fact that they incited demonstrations and swayed public opinion against victory and against Viet vets. Without these clowns, S.E. Asia would be (predominantly) free. I'd like to see a list of these individuals, Weathermen, etc., and the companies that are making them millionaires. Then we can boycott these companies until the insurgent is relieved of his commission. What do you think of this idea, Doc? Boycott these people who are paying these insurgents big money. I can think of only one thing better — a 1969-style demonstration at one of these company's gates. We cannot permit the public to forget us.

Last, don't forget the disabled vets. Encourage the readers to visit, even if they have only five minutes. The vets appreciate your attention more than your own family.

Red Beard
Breese, Ill.

Don't Let It Happen Again

★ The blood is still flowing down my flak jacket from the hole in my shoulder, and there are bullets cracking into the sand all around me. I keep trying to move my legs, but I can't feel them. I try to breathe,



Easyriders

"Heavens, I've never seen a cock like that before — at least, not on an adult."

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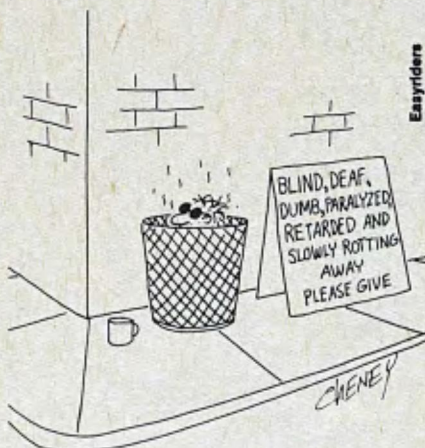
but it is difficult. I have to get out of this place.

The place is Vietnam. A fire fight at Football Island, a meatgrinder, and we, the U.S. Marines, are the meat. Someone shouts from my left, now screams for me to get up. Again and again he screams, but I'm trapped in the sand. I can't move! I scream, "I can't move my legs! Get a corpsman!" I watch him go running back to the tree line. Then, a tall black man with long skinny arms, picks me up and throws me over his shoulder. He runs, all the while screaming, "Motherfuckers! Motherfuckers!" Finally, I am dragged into a hole with the bottom of my body, which can no longer feel, twisted and bent. I will remain that way for the rest of my life. I am now confined to a wheelchair, legless and forgotten, by the country that sent me to Vietnam in 1969.

Don't let the same thing happen to this generation of kids today. Tell them the truth about Vietnam. We fought for what we believed in, and some of us died for that reason. Then there are the cripples. We gave our best shot at stopping communist aggression in Vietnam, and then they treat us combat soldiers as if we hadn't gone in the first place. Everyone says forget about Vietnam, but I say no. If this country forgets us and Vietnam, they will do it again to the kids of today — no matter where the war is fought.

Vet Voice, keep up the good work. Let America know how we Vietnam veterans feel. It's about time for us to speak up for what we believe was an injustice. Remember the words of President Kennedy: "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." Well, let's do something for the kids of today. Let's make our voices be heard.

Clinton E. Wilson
Rockville, Md.



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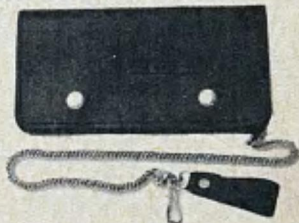
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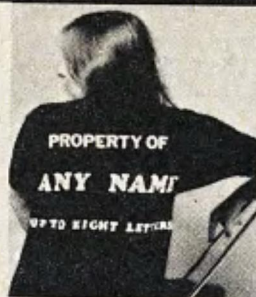
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Send \$8.00 with size (S, M, L, XL); color (green, black, blue, orange) along with shirt number. (We also have men's tank tops available for \$7.00.) Send orders to:

Bein' Thought Of

★ For what it's worth, I thank you bros at *Easyriders*. You may not realize it, but you have shown the bros of Nam that we are thought of. I served ten months in RSVN.

Brave, devoted, God-fearing, commie-hating men and women, mostly lower middle class, went and did what had to be done. Many a brother who had just bought his Harley never returned home alive to ride.

Please, if possible, print this poem. A fine bro wrote it and then killed himself, and his ol' lady found the poem next to him. His name is of no importance, but I think his poem speaks for a lot of us. Brothers and sisters, we Nam vets are out here, and we need you.

Questions Unanswered

Can't anybody hear us talking,
Or is it that they don't even care?
All we did was what you taught us;
Why is it now you won't be fair?

You loved us when we left you;
You kept in touch while we were there;

But for us who came back to you,
All you've given us is despair.

We tried to talk it over;
We even tried to change;
But still you continue to treat us
As if we are the ones to blame.

We realize we're different now;
We know that we have changed.
But dear God, the things we saw
and did,
They are what has made us not
the same.

Most of us are lonely
And feel so out of place;
But it seems that none of you will
help
To put the pieces back in place.

What is it that has you worried?
At least that's the way it seems;
You seem to have forgotten that
We are humans, not machines!

Maybe it would have been better
If all of us had died.
Then you could have cried a
couple of tears
And pushed it all aside.

We gave our youth; we gave our
pride;
We even gave our future and our
dreams,
And those of us who love you so,
Can't understand your "mean"!

Howard R. LaFrancis
Roscommon, Mich. ■

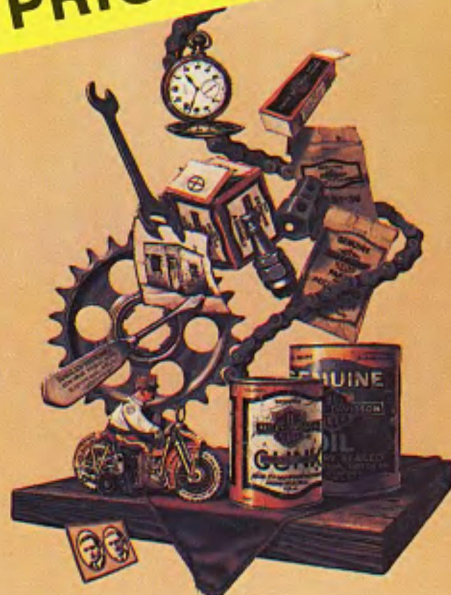
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A.



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Ol' Lady Of The Month

Here she is, folks — Lou Ann, the third monthly winner in the 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Peg, D.D., and Susan.

René



Pat



Mary

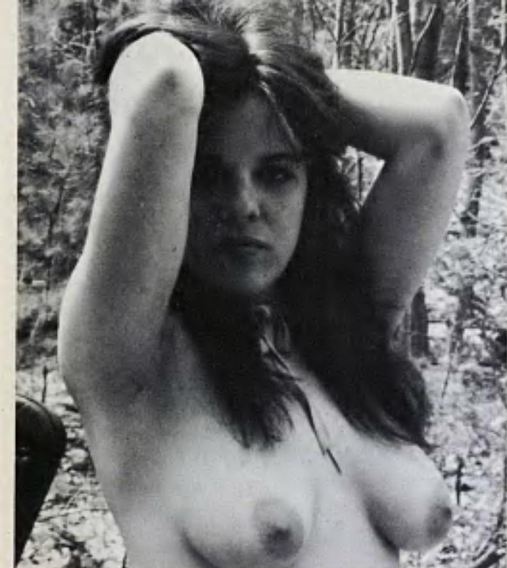


Brenda

Maria

Mickey





Michele



Bambi



Cathy

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, tatoos, 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 August 28. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #99 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

I 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

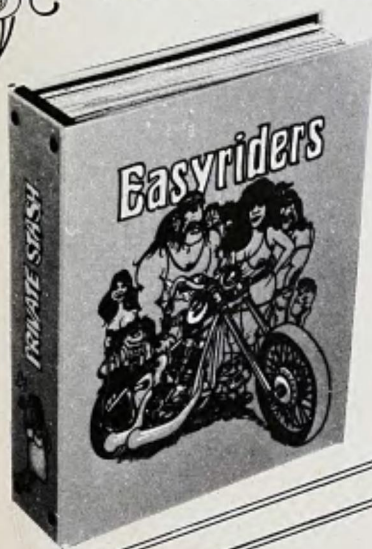
Model's Legal Signature
I am _____ years of age.
Witness to Signature
In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

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 _____

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Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our features scribbled by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

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(Money Order payable in U.S. currency.) Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

Unicycle

Continued from page 23

Now you gotta admit dot zis bozo solved ze steering problem vit hiss "little hoop." Alzo, he used regoalar motorzycle hendlebars. So ze qvestion arises again, is zis or is zis not a unicycle? Maybe ve shud giff him ze benefit of ze doubt. At least A for effort, nein?

Power vas supplied by a vun-zylinder motorzycle engine of undizclozed power, giffing two hundred und vity miles to ze gallon — probably ze Imperial gallon, bot effen dot is hart to schwal-low! Some of zees unicyclists did zound like zey were a little high.

Top schpeed vas giffen es vity miles an hour, vich is more down to earth, und chust vat vee neet today. Unfortunately, ze machine und ze inventor bose disappeared in 1940. Maybe his machine got classified es a secret veapon. If so, it neffer vas declassified; it hasn't been zeen zince. Zum people zaid zey couldn't see it, effen ven zey could see it! Ze inventory likewise disappeared. Bilding unis is certainly a risky business!

Now, in order dot you do not get ze wrong impreschion off mine grendpa Fritz, I show you in Vigure 9 his idea vor a unicycle to be used vor peace-time purposes — in between vors. He called it eingross kupelwagen or, in English, Gyro Land Flyer, to make it zound a little schanppier, like an advertising agency vould call it. Zis vas also in 1916, bevore too many roads, so it vas designed to go ver effen roads there weren't.

Zis model mate ze cover of ze *Electrical Experimenter*, bot like Grendpa's ossers, vas neffer bilt. In Vigure 10 can be zeen a technical



"Ain't ya glad it's that time of the month again?"

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Send \$2.00 for each copy of *Easyriders*. (We pay postage): Canadian orders, please add \$1.50 for each issue ordered. Foreign orders, add \$3.50 per issue. (Except Australia and New Zealand, add \$4.50 per issue ordered.)

Back Issues

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NOT NICE T-SHIRTS AND BUTTONS!

**PARDON ME, BUT...
YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY
MISTAKEN ME FOR
SOMEONE WHO
GIVES A SHIT.**

2. "I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED." 3. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God." 4. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 5. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 6. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 7. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me." 8. "QUESTION AUTHORITY!" 9. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un)Smiling Face 10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "Don't ask me any questions. I just might tell you the truth." 15. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 16. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 17. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS" 18. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 19. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 20. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 21. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 22. "If you have to ask you'll never know." 23. "There are no rules." 24. "MURPHY'S LAW: Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. S,M,L,XL. SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS. \$6.95 each. 6 or more just \$6.50 each. 12 or more just \$6.00 each. BUTTONS: white on black only. 2 1/8" diameter. High Quality. \$1.50 each. 6 or more just \$1.25 each. 12 or more just \$1.00 each. Add just \$1.00 p&h to your entire order. CA residents only add 6% sales tax. U.S. Funds Only. Moneyback Guarantee. Free Catalog. IMAGE DESIGNS, #1141-ER-9 2000 Center Street, Berkeley, CA 94704.

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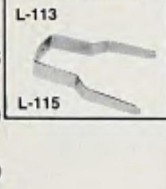
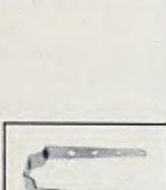


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Dealer inquiries invited.

onesome MFG

Lonesome MFG P.O. Box 20619 Sacramento Calif., 95820



drawing, in case any reader wants to seriously consider making fun. No royalties to pay. As the best off ze Kokendorfers, I gift it to anyvun who wants it, chust to get rit off it, once und fur all! At lest, ve go out of ze unicycle business. I used to tell Grendpa it would neffer take ze place of ze Volkswagen.

Some peoples called Grendpa a loony. You should hear vot his wife called him zometimes! Und not about his gyro, either. Vell, vee all got secrets in der closet, heffen't ve?

He hat good intentions, though. His lant flyer vas to solfe ze auto travic problem effen bevore it got schtartet. You got to hend it to Grendpa. He vas always goot vit der noodle, except dot he could neffer make any money vis his ideas. He vas too var ahead off his time, dot's all. Like all us Kokendorfers.

To proof it, I show you in Vigure 11 his biggest success. His biggest success — his only success! horse-drawn uni. Belief it or not, he sold thousands off dem in undeveloped countries where zey had neffer seen a veel bevore.

In zem days, he vas known ass Mad-Man Manfred (he changed his name in ze ads fur business reasons), who could gif you a better deal on a new or used uni, or he would schwallow a bug! Und all zis effen years bevore Cal Vorzington, who vasn't effen born yet, und neidder vas der bug! Or he vud grease your axles vor vree. Sometimes I think vit der soft soap he used in his ads.

Vell, dot is ze schtory off ze uni. I could tell you off Gottlieb Daimler und how he put together two unis und mate ze beginnings of ze modern motorzycle, und got around Grendpa's patents, but dot's anodder schtory. Maybe in anodder ischue.

Auf Wiedersehen!



Easyriders

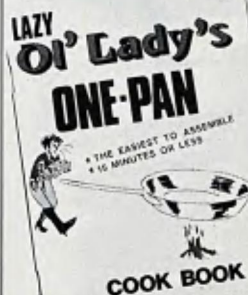
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Extreme Prejudice

Continued from page 67

my black-pajamaed Vietnamese strikers. Their wrists were tied and their eyes were blindfolded; then they were herded to the center of the hamlet.

"This is a really good joke on Charlie," I said to myself with a laugh. A perfect Black Psychological Operation, Psy Op, Psy Warfare, the most effective freakout ever devised by man.

We took each prisoner into the jungle, alone, for interrogation. It was funny how they acted scared in the village, only to turn surly and start giving orders as we entered the forest, thinking my men were their brothers in black, the Viet Cong.

Each of them convinced us he was a long-time Viet Cong, in good standing with the Party. Each said all his taxes were paid and he fully supported the war against the white imperialist pigs and their running-dog lackeys.

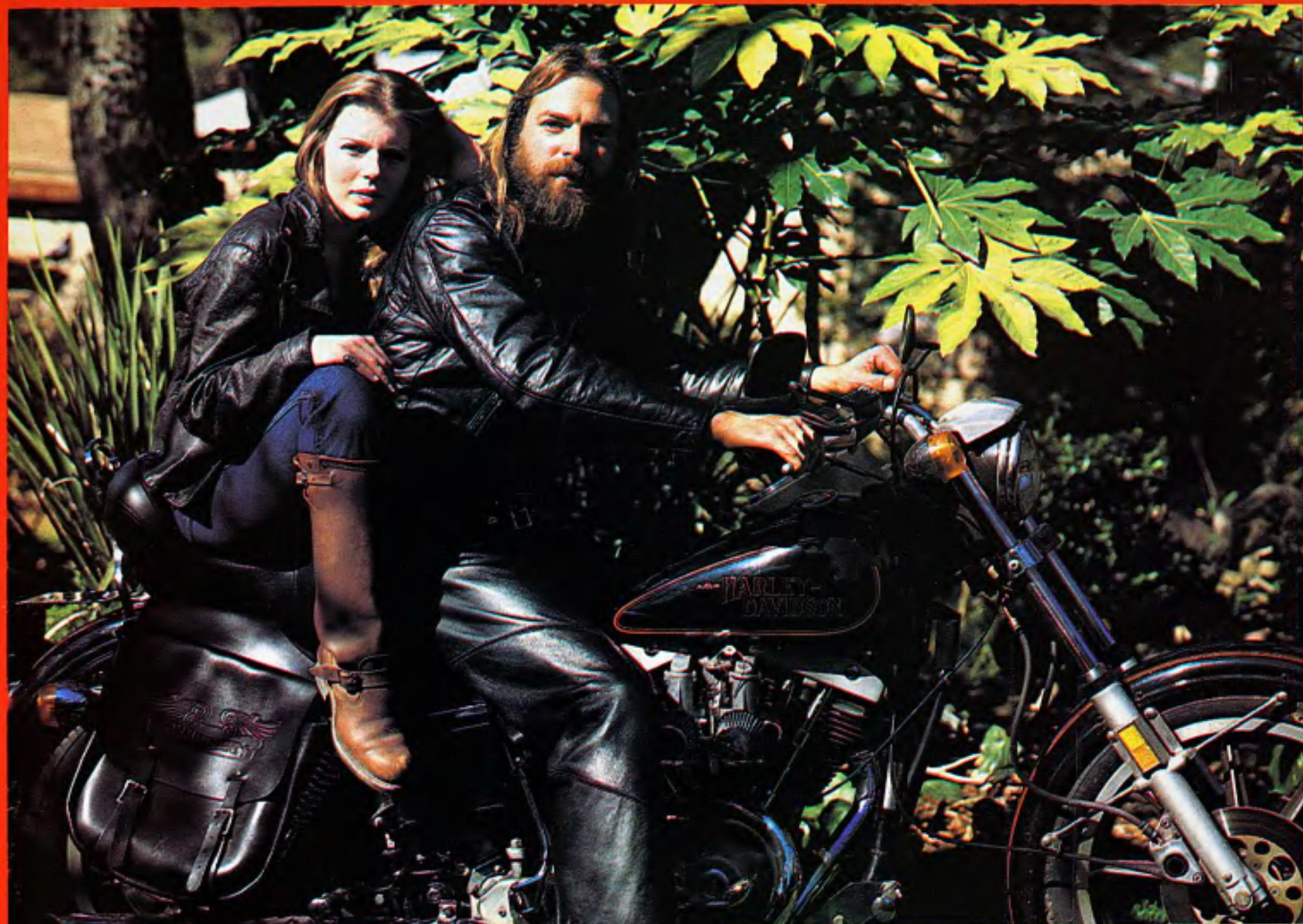
After each had told us everything he could and had implicated all his friends and compadres, I would pull the blindfold off, so he could see my round eyes and realize what a good joke we had pulled on him. I shot each of the twelve through the forehead with my AK, burned the ville, destroyed their livestock, and let the strikers have the village women.

They had all laughed, a dry, startled laugh from some, a giddy, girlish giggle from others — but all had laughed at the end, knowing a lifetime of discipline meant nothing to that practical joker Fate. Each had laughed because he knew he had been tricked, fooled by the clothes and the language of someone he thought he knew.



"Passing out in the middle of a fuck is bad enough, but when you peed in my cunt. . ."

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Each one laughed because he knew he deserved death for betrayal, and each one comprehended his betrayal when his blindfold was removed and he saw my laughing, roundeyed face.

The monsoon beat down on us, washing the blood from the villagers' foreheads, dripping water down my back and onto my Ho Chi Minh sandals.

My dick was hard; the hot shower aroused me. Watch out, I'm hot tonight!

Who's to blame? That girl is drivin' me insane. Oh, who's to blame for my nineteenth nervous breakdown? Here it comes, here it comes. Here comes my nineteenth nervous breakdown.*

The black thunderhead splashed hot, wet drops on my face. My Harley kept me warm with the steam rising from its engine. Behind me, twelve riders appeared out of the rain, black-jacketed, astride black Harley chargers, their faces covered by bandanas, eyes shielded by goggles. As we sat there waiting out the storm, seven more rode in and we all shared the dryness under the bridge. I felt relaxed; a feeling of serenity filled me. They all laughed at some joke.

I didn't understand until they lowered their bandanas and raised their goggles. They were zipper-heads, and their yellow faces and slanted eyes laughed at me as they raised their pistols toward my head.

I laughed. "It was just a joke."

"We know." They all laughed.

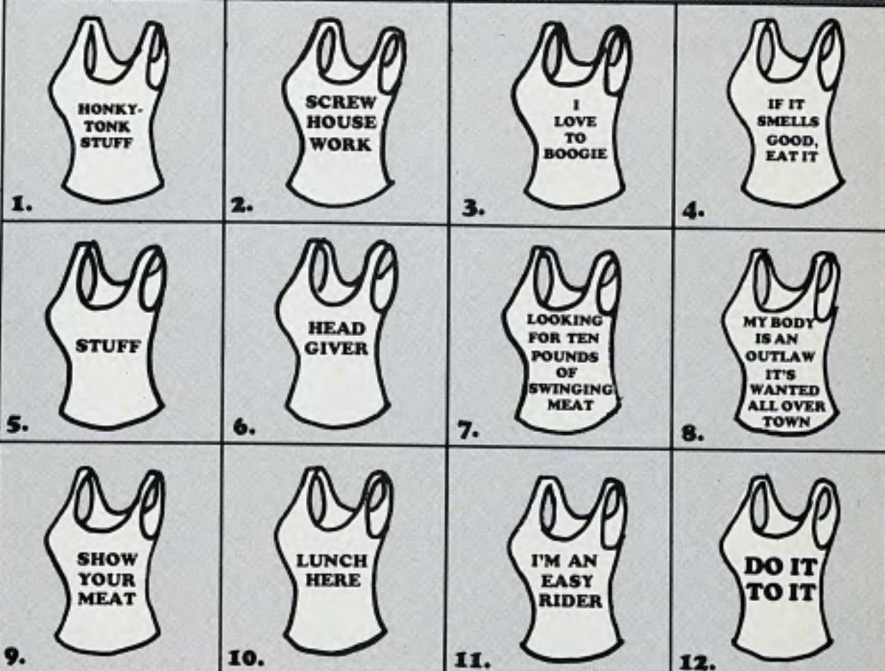
Here it comes, here it comes. . . ■

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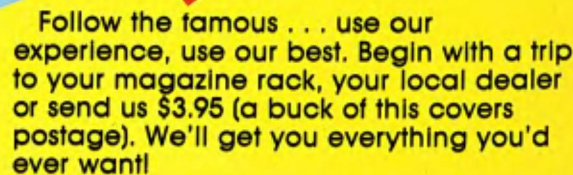
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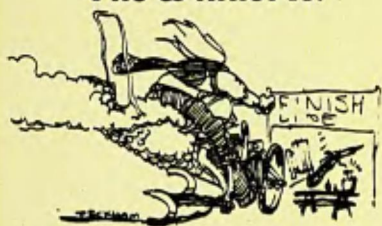
Feelin' Your Age

Continued from page 18

that kinda power. But I feel the rush of adrenaline and I can't feel any of his punches. I step back as he swings, and then I connect with his face. His hands come up and my left arches round to his stomach, and I step to the side to hit him in the ribs. And then another one-two drive to his head. Now he's seen (and I hope felt) everything I can do, so I've got to move in and out fast enough to avoid gettin' smashed by one of his roundhouse rights. I feel hot and I'm on him again. My left picks the side of his head up, the right drivin' it down again. And I hear the crowd for the first time. I'm really fightin', and I can't believe it. Then the first two minutes are over and I walk to my corner elated.

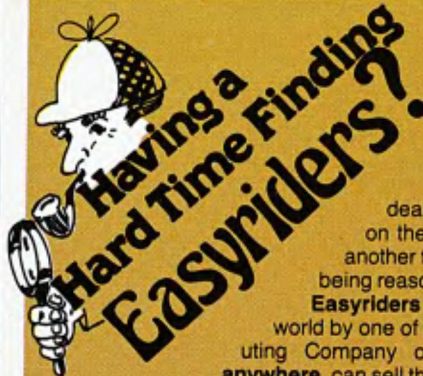
People all around are yellin' my name. They seem to be more jacked up than I am. But before I have time

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to really breathe it's back in there again. I'm happy I didn't get too comfortable, 'cause I might not have felt like doin' this again. I move into my go-get-'em routine real quick 'cause I can feel the ache start in my



If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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lungs (I know, quit smokin'). I don't want the kid to figure out I don't do this every weekend, so I make sure I grin a lot, but I'm movin' away from his chargin' with fewer counter-punches. I start to feel like I'm in over my head, but I get a glimpse of three of my bros yellin', and make one more lung-bustin' drive. I'm not worn down enough to be stupid, so when I do get a good set of punches in, even if they ain't rockin' him, I still feel in control.

I grin as the round ends; it's the last one I've got in me. I almost want to tell Apache that I've had it, but he says I'm doin' great and might win the trophy, so all I got to do is stand back up and fight for another two minutes. Up to this point, I've never felt my age. At the sound of this final round, all the shit I've been puttin' in my body seems to add not ounces but pounds to these giant gloves that I can hardly keep up. I get 'em up, though. And I go lookin' for one last openin'. It doesn't show in the first few seconds, but when it does, I get pumped again, on gettin' another head shot and the scream-in' from the crowd. Then, just as the kid makes his final rush to use the full weight of his body to push me down, the fight's over. They have to pull us apart, but after the sweaty gloves come off, we shake hands and hug each other. I'm not even sure of his name, Frank or Bob, maybe; but after my hand is raised as winner and I break away from the crowd to step outside and cop some breeze, I know he's taught me a lesson. I'm gettin' old. I fought hard, probably better than I ever had, but I can only count myself a winner 'cause I'm not out in the parkin' lot pukin'. As it is, I'm only barely breathin' with lungs burnt out and every muscle in my body goin' through spasms.

Some bro comes out and gives me some ice water; most of it misses my mouth and runs down my neck.

It feels great. ■



Easyriders

WIND

Number Two



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him back for some tools from the bedroom stash. The run was holed up in a bar, waiting for him to return and get the scooter on the road again. She had really hated to miss this one, but Gypsy was going to have the puppies any minute and Midget didn't want anything to go wrong. So she let Fish in after shutting Gypsy up in the other room. He strolled casually into the bedroom after her, shutting the door very quietly. She showed him the tool stash and turned to leave. Fish blocked her way and grabbed her shoulders, throwing her off balance. As she fell toward the bed, he shifted his grip to her lush breasts and landed squirming on top of her. She had time to scream just once before his rough hand closed on her throat. While she struggled desperately to breathe, his other hand explored her body, down her legs, and back up. In the next minute, he had ripped her blouse off her shoulders and was feasting on those perfect melons. Grunting and groaning, he tore her jeans and started panting hoarsely, "I've always known I'd get my chance to fuck you someday! Well, It's my day, little cunt, and you're all mine." When he tried to kiss her as he penetrated her, she got enough breath to scream for Gypsy.

There was a crash that shook the house, and suddenly there was a snarling, demon dervish on Fish's back. Staggering under Gypsy's weight, Fish ran screaming across the room, smashed into the door, stumbled blindly around it, and reeled across the living room. Screaming Gypsy's name from her tortured throat, Midget fell to the floor and passed out. She awoke hours later, hurting everywhere. Gypsy was right by her side, licking her face; the blood was everywhere.

Days later, Ron found the bastard and finished what Gypsy had started. Between the two of them, they put Fish in the hospital for several months. No one heard from him for a long time after that. Threats floated back; bad things were going to happen to certain people, their scooter, their dog; but time passed and nothing happened, so everyone forgot about Fish and his revenge. Life settled down to a happy pattern again.

Gypsy had a beautiful litter of pups, and all of them were gone now but the biggest male. They'd decided

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to keep him, and called him Cherokee. Just as smart as his mother, he was already growling at anyone who came around. His best trick, though, was chewing up everything in sight.

Everyone forgot about Fish, but Fish didn't forget them. His twisted mind always came back to revenge. So, one drunken night, he and a drinking buddy decided to rip off Ron's scooter. No one remembered anymore, no one except Gypsy when he stumbled over her as she slept guard next to the bike. She remembered well enough to kill him and his buddy and struggle back to the bike, where she lay bleeding to death.

Cherokee was all they had left now. "If he's half the dog his mother was, we got ourselves a champ," Ron said quietly. He led Midget back to the house, away from the ambulances and cop cars. She couldn't stop shaking for a while, but he held her till she was calm. Then they talked about how it was all over — Fish was finally out of their lives and the nightmare had ended. Finally, she drifted off into a troubled sleep.

First thing she missed next morning was Gypsy's cold nose. God, the house seemed so empty without her. She told herself that she better get used to it, but her aching heart told her it would be a long, long time before she accepted the dog's death. Suddenly she realized that Cherokee wasn't in the kitchen where he usually slept. Frantically, she rushed through the house calling his name; she couldn't lose him, too. She looked in every room, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then she heard a faint bark, a puppy bark. Joyfully, she rushed to the windows facing the garage. For a long moment she was perfectly still, then she turned and went to wake up Ron. With arms around each other and tears in their eyes, they stood in the back yard and proudly watched Gypsy's puppy. Cherokee lay next to the scooter, neck arched, defiance and watchfulness in every line of his body. His mother was gone and he had a job to do.



"This is the tour group from Chicago!"

Yesterdazed

Continued from page 29

that plan," growled Shim.

"All right, ya sonuvabitch." Savage now. "If I can't have ya, nobody kin have ya!"

"Meanin' what, droopy tits?"

Karen came out of the bathroom and reached for her clothes. Dropping a slender foot into her blue jeans, slightly crouching, pointy melons hanging heavily, temptingly, she gave him a look of sheer contempt and then resumed dressing, with increased deftness and speed.

"I'm gonna have ya killed," Norine howled over the phone.

Grinning and shaking with silent laughter, Shim said: "Now, listen, Norine. Ya know ya can't hold yer likker. Better get straight. Cheap-shottin' me ain't gonna make yer world a better place. Besides, I know you — remember? Alligator mouth, hummingbird ass. Yer jist not the type to put a contract out on me, stupid."

"Watch'n see, ya rotten bastard!"

The line clicked. The dial tone hummed.

"How about that!" Shim chortled, gazing up into Karen's frosty features.

"Yeah, how about that," Karen echoed flatly.

"Says she's gonna have me dusted!"

"Hurray for her," snapped Karen, flouncing out of the place.

• • •

During the month that followed, Shim worked harder than usual, was granted a bonus and overtime plus a whole week off, enjoyed two separate runs with his bros to a dozen new areas where he indulged in various pleasures until he was too pooped to pucker, too dazzled to drink, and came booking home with a butt mildly sore from all the miles it had sat while the panhead rambled.

He saw the battered old Chevy pull out of the side street but thought nothing of it until it caught up with him and veered into his rear wheel. Shock erased his fatigue. He got a brief look at the intently worried expression on the beefy-faced old fart inside the cage before the Chevy had a second try at him. Skillfully and unhesitatingly steering the scoot from the pavement and down a slight incline of rough ground, Shim simply allowed fourteen years of riding experience to bring the machine safely through a

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series of ruts, bumps, and gullies until he had reached fairly level ground that was mowed regularly by the state. Here, he made a long, careful turn, doughnutting twice while he watched the ancient Chevy, fish-tailing out of control, careen down a steeper section of embankment and roll over twice before crunching onto solid concrete beneath an overpass. Unhurriedly, Shim rode over to the wrecked car. Parking his bike, he strolled up to the twisted mass of steaming metal. The lardy old cluck was trapped, pinned under what had been a dashboard. Blood oozed from a hundred small slashes around his greying head. The tiny, furtive eyes on each side of the nose peered almost hopefully at Shim, who was now hunkered down beside the semi-crushed vehicle.

"Why me, old man?" Shim asked softly.

"Y-you're Shim Smith, ain'tcha?" groaned the victim.

Shim nodded.

"Broad p-paid me five yards to try for it. Nothin' personal to it, ya understand. I needed the money." The small eyes blinked rapidly, glazing. A spasm of pain crossed the mottled face.

Smelling gas fumes, Shim stood and backed away from the car.

Seconds later, billowing flames engulfed the wreck with its pathetic passenger. They crackled busily while the explosion was still echoing faintly. Shim stared at the fiery sight, finding himself wishing that the old fool had conked before the burning started.

Later, Norine's phone just rang and rang no matter how many times he tried reaching her. "Shit," he finally said aloud, putting down the instrument. "The way that whore throws money around, she won't see another five bills in a year, and by that time she'll be over wantin' me dead."

Yawning, he stumbled toward the bedroom.

Working late on the balky pan-head, alone in the brightly lit shop, Shim labored, rejoicing at the week's accumulated overtime. *Thweeek!* Tools clanged noisily on the workbench above his head and a piece of the wall spattered into dust. Flattening himself instantly behind the torn-down bike, Shim remembered leaving the shop door to the street wide open, and cursed his own carelessness. *Thweeek!* Another shot thudded into the

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trashcan nearby, spinning it completely around.

"Fucker's gonna get lucky and hit me if I just wait long enough," Shim grumbled, frenziedly worming his way across the shop floor until he reached cover. No more shots came. Finally, he cautiously rose to a crouch, realizing his hand still clutched a heavy wrench. The sudden clatter of running footsteps assured him that the sniping dipshit was heading into the alley instead of making for the open streets.

And a dead-end alley at that.

Shim sprinted for the shop's alley door, hurtling against its cold steel and forcing it open just in time to stick out a booted foot, tripping the little bastard as he rounded the corner and sending him sprawling, the piece skittering from his hand into the alley's darkness.

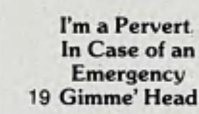
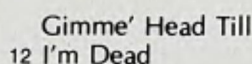
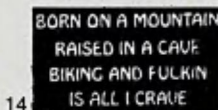
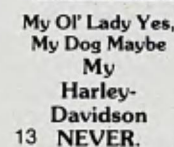
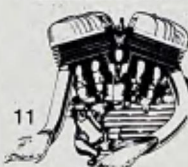
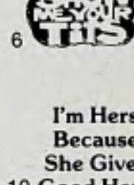
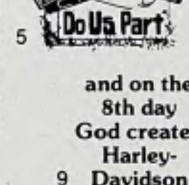
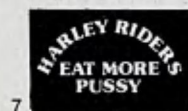
Shim overtook the fallen body, grabbing it and yanking it to its feet. The guy only weighed maybe a hundred and fifty pounds. He cringed, face averted, expecting the first blow.

"Who paid ya, asshole?" Shim snarled.

"I — I musta g-got the wrong fuckin' address, man!" sniveled the character, jerking weakly in various directions to ward off that first dreaded blow.

"Bullshit!" Shim snapped, hoisting the little fucker from the ground, a fist closed around the shirtfront from which his struggling skinniness dangled. "Ya know I'm gonna hafta change yer goddam face around. I jist might leave ya lookin' halfway human if ya start namin' names, dinglebrain!" Shim

Black T-shirts With White Designs



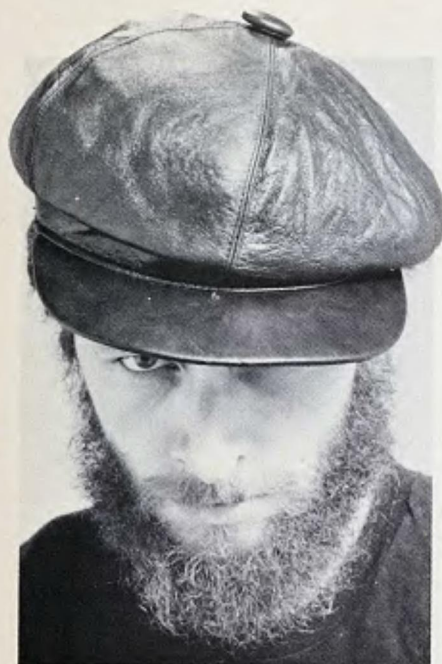
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tapped the terror-twisted face lightly with the wrench.

"Some twat named Norine!" the dude screeched.

Nodding grimly, Shim dragged the incoherently babbling, begging runt over to where the piece — a chromed .22 revolver — glinted in the light from the shop window. Scooping it up, he hauled the gurgling hit man into the shop. There he studied the little creep's wallet for a couple of minutes while the mouthy guy trilled for mercy.

It didn't take too long, using a ballpeen with judicious care. Shim disliked working over a dude who fainted after the second whack, but he knew he had to send the clumsy punk, who had amateur written all over his scrawny gopher's face, back in a condition messy enough to impress the livin' shit outta Norine. The crazy broad valued her face. She'd think twice before risking it, he knew.

Yanking the sagging, semi-conscious nitwit to his feet, Shim walked him to the nearby sink and shoved the bruised, gashed, and bleeding head under a stream of cold water from the faucet, reviving him a bit.

"Can you hear me, understand me?" Shim demanded.

Gopher-face nodded quickly, eyes still unfocused and swaying weakly as Shim steadied his gaunt little carcass.

"You go back to that dumbass Norine, show her what you look like, and tell her that's only a sample of what I'll do to her. Got all that, asshole?"

More frantic nodding.

"As fer you, I gotcher driver's license, shithead. I know what you look like. You ever even think of tryin' this number again, and you'll be dead raw meat the slow, hard way! Count on that like believers count on goin' to heaven. In fact, if I kin even find ya, I'll stuff that pretty little popgun up yer ass — poppin' caps every fuckin' inch of the way! Do you look forward to a fate like that, shorty?"

"Sh-shit, no!" the guy said thickly through what had been a mouth but was now only a toothless, bloody maw.

"Then clue the bitch and vanish!" Shim roared, sending the wimp staggering off into the night.

Calling Norine's number, two days later, Shim was pleased to learn it had been disconnected. A further check indicated that she had moved.

Norine was no longer a problem.

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Uttering indistinct sounds of contentment and moving vigorously, doggy-style, behind the writhing, sobbing brunette whose ample bottom he both held and shoved, Shim was getting there beautifully. Undulating backward, her wild sobs melting into greedy cries for completion, Rachel slid herself the length of the throbbing tautness with enthusiasm, and things were nearly climactic when the phone rang.

Rachel froze, talking dirty.

"Ignore the goddam phone and keep on wigglin'!" ordered Shim, panting heavily.

"I can't!" Rachel complained, trembling. "It's like havin' a buncha fuckin' straights watchin' and gobblin' popcorn at the same time!" She grabbed the jangling phone from its cradle.

"Huh? Sure, he's home," Rachel said tensely.

"Now who?" Shim whispered.

"Somebody named Milly."

Shim's mind swiftly computed the name. Milly. The ex just before he'd met Norine. The plump blonde with the sly habit of being up to a dozen lousy little schemes while he was still trying to get her wired. What was happening here? First, Norine. Now Milly. Next would be Laura. Then probably Kathy. Aware that the urgent tautness had gone dismally flabby and was fanning empty air, Shim grunted to his feet, disregarding the phone being held out to him.

"She insists it's important," Rachel said sadly.

Bleakly, Shim recalled how he'd once bragged of having married all those women, choosing them alphabetically. Now, one by one,



"Unwinding is fine when you get home, but you've got the wrong house."

HERE SHE IS—



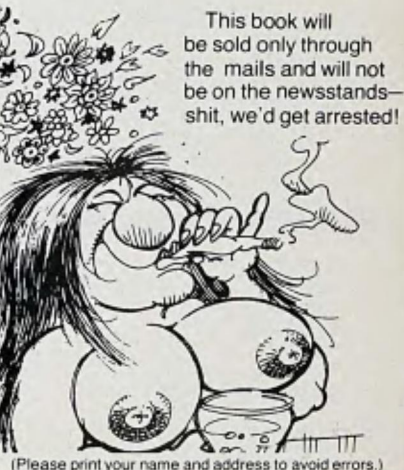
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they were returning to bug him, menace him, disrupt his life, threaten his existence.

Then his mind raced onward, shaping a plan, figuring finances, methods, eventualities. The bank account bulged. He had no responsibilities except himself. No reason to put up with this weird shit. Choppers can be shipped.

I'll visit Norway for a while, he decided silently.

Taking the phone, he said: "Hi, sweetie! Jist sittin' here, tokin' a few and thinkin' of you!"

Wearing a hurt expression, Rachel was crawling toward the bathroom on her hands and knees.

Only half listening to the oily voice in his ear making reconciliation talk, Shim continued mentally revising and improving his plan. *Go to Sweden first, and then to Norway. Maybe buy one of their scoots but keep the old Harley at hand. Take all five Harleys along. A Harley in the garage is money in the bank. Hell, yes! Every biker worth shit wants one.*

Rachel emerged from the bathroom, reaching for her clothing with a martyr's gloom. Slowly she began covering all her curves and velvety goodies with denim this and that.

"Well, tell ya what, Mill," Shim yawned brightly. "Gimme a coupla days to wrap my scene here and another one to get up there, and we'll try it on for size again, baby!"

Rachel sighed tragically.

Shim grinned at her, not really seeing her at all but knowing he was going to love jammin' all those Nordic roads. *Fuck you, Anna. Fuck you, Betty. Fuck you, Christi. Fuck you, Donna. Fuck you, Earlene. Fuck you, Fran. Fuck you, Gloria. Fuck you, Hannah. Fuck you, Ida. Fuck you, Jane. Fuck you...*



"Omigod! It wasn't a nightmare!"

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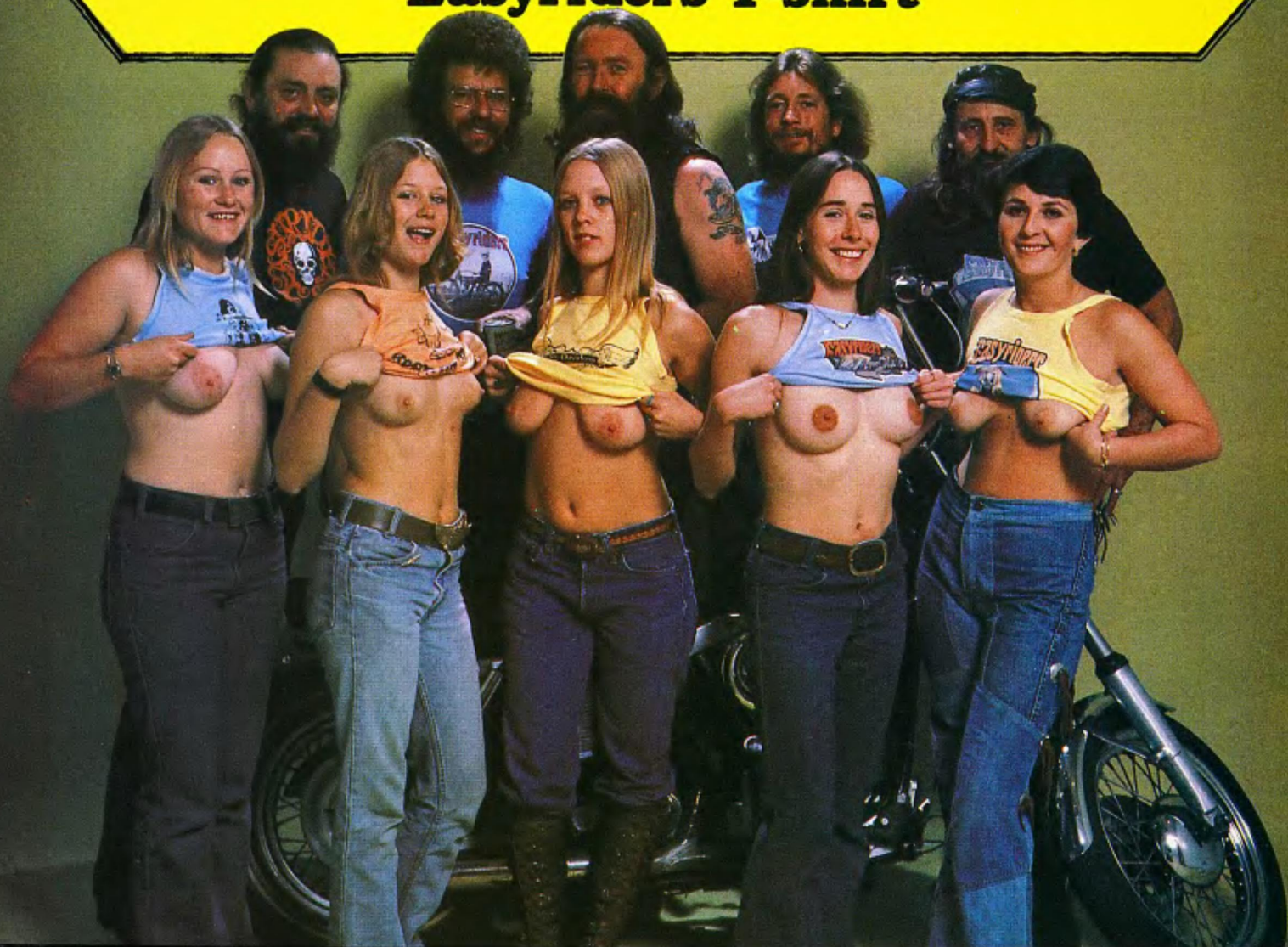
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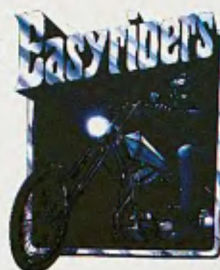
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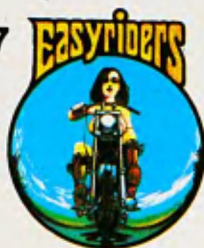
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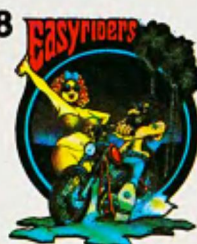
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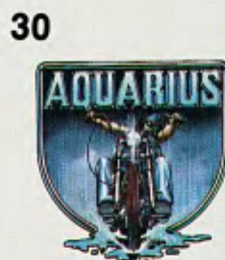


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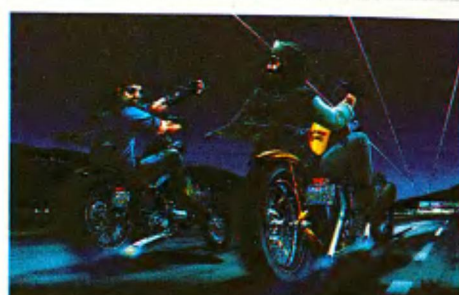
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Horror Story

Continued from page 25

and Easyriders. At 43, I'm not a twice-a-day macho man; as a writer, I rely on imagination and biologically timed emission to stay off sexual pains; as a biker, I prefer wet dreams of my ol' lady to some punk's turnip greens.

My cellmate says grace before meals, then curses the food he has just asked God to bless. He prays before going to bed, then lies awake until I am asleep — or he thinks I'm asleep — and makes mad, passionate love to "Baby, I'm coming!" (This is the unilateral conversation I pick up coming from the direction of the toilet.) Perhaps his imagination surpasses my own — I've searched the cell, looking for "Baby," but have not found her. Daytime, glowing in piety, he prones himself on his bunk to read his \$75 Bible, his favorite possession.

Perhaps I'm just jealous. He could be onto this evasive penitent rehabilitation, and I'm just fuckin' off my time worrying about my ol' lady and the five rugrats getting enough food stamps to make it on.

He runs a good snow job — it was only the other day that I learned he cannot read or write. Yeah. That's right. The weird sonofabitch fakes reading the Bible. He rents the jack-off books to other dudes. I got to hand it to him — he had me fooled. I'd have never gotten onto the ruse had it not been for his "ghost-writer" going to solitary for a few weeks. With no one to do his letters to the editors for him, he'd asked me to write for him. I had refused, telling him that I did not involve myself in prison politics. He now wants me to do his life story. I said I'd think about it.



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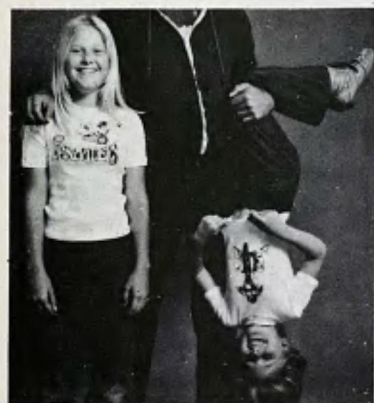


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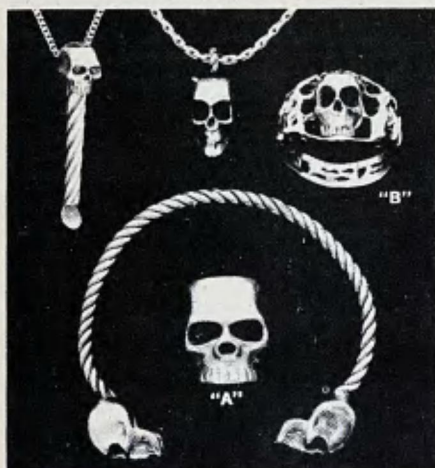
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blade. The bad things about the field are the hot sun and the twice-a-day body searches, which are usually conducted outside. I've spread my cheeks so often since coming here that my hemorrhoids are now suntanned.

For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. . . or something like that. I'd look it up, but I don't have a Bible, remember? Well, so far I've reaped cotton, corn, potatoes, beans — didn't that biblical aphorism have something to do with the pitfalls of one's sins?

When I get my Bible, I'll have to look that one up. After all, ignorance should not be allowed to come between me and my rehabilitation — er, penitence.

Frugality must indeed have been a Quaker virtue. Space is not wasted here. With three men housed in a five-by-nine cell, I figure my living area to be slightly less than that of a corpse in a mausoleum vault. Stretched out on my slab last night, I compared the high cost of dying versus penitence. It costs the taxpayers a small fortune to keep me here, and the only difference between a corpse and me is that I require food. But, on the other hand, you save money on flowers and Eternal Care. . .

A Sears trash compactor might be the answer to overcrowded prisons.

A newspaper recently quoted a redneck who said that I — in the collective sense of being a convict — was human garbage. Fearing my rugrats might have read the rag's column and be moved to consider disposing of dear ol' Dad in the kitchen sink's garbage disposal, I violated my rule of not involving



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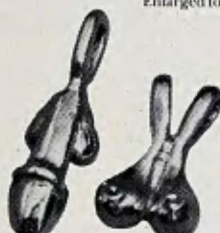
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myself in prison politics and wrote to the rag's editor, asking him to print a retraction, paraphrasing the redneck's quote with a word that I thought might be above my rugrat's vocabularies. I suggested the use of a replacement word: *anathema*. He wrote back asking, "What the hell is *anathema*?" Figures. I'll bet his ass would have really puckered had he known that heavy shit came from a dumbass biker. He never did print a retraction, though.

My oldest daughter, Janice, visited me yesterday. She was upset about the glass partition that separated us.

"Why can't I touch you, Daddy?"
"They're afraid you'll give me some dope."

"But you don't use dope!"
"Never thought of that. Maybe they think you'll give me a gun to blast my way out of here."

"Daddy! Don't be funny! You wouldn't harm a fly."

"No, but as human garbage I probably attract a lot of them."

"I pray for you every day, Daddy."
"Thank you. So does my cell partner."

"You've been in here a year now — why don't they let you come home? You aren't a criminal."

She began to cry.
No, I don't feel like a criminal. I love the Lord the same as Spider and Billy Graham do. I'm not fond of crime, either. Fact is, on the day of my arrest, while my ol' lady was moving our things to a cheaper apartment, we got ripped off for our color TV. But as to "penitentiaries" accomplishing what the Quakers invented them to do, after one year's empirical testing, I'm not so sure the Quakers' premise is a sound one.

Drying her tears, my daughter said: "It's about time for me to go — is there anything you need?"

"Yes. A Bible."

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Lockdown

Continued from page 77

a suit charging that male guards working in the housing unit could see them on the can, in the shower, and while they were sleeping. They charged that they were subject to constant harassment from guards making fun of their nudity and ordering them to strike sexually suggestive positions while in bed.

A federal district court judge, concluding that "equal job opportunity must in some measure give way to the right of privacy," ordered the department of corrections to come up with a solution to the problem. The department suggested that prisoners be allowed to cover their windows for 15-minute intervals when performing toilet functions, and that they be obliged to wear a set of one-piece pajamas, like the ones worn by babies, that would cover their bodies from neck to ankle while they slept. The judge, noting that temperatures in the cell block often hit ninety to ninety-five degrees, rejected the plan, saying: "I do not think it appropriate to say to a woman, 'In order to protect your privacy, you have got to be ensconced in a two-legged bag'... In order that a man may have the privilege of walking up and down the corridor looking in on her."

The guards' union appealed, and the court of appeals bought their argument that the male officers were victims of "gender-based employment discrimination." In giving the department of corrections the okay to begin their program of making the women wear flannel sleepers, the appeals court made no secret of its feeling that prisoners are a sub-human species devoid of all rights. "We seriously doubt," the court ruled, "that the inmates' interests... are of sufficient gravity to justify denial of equal employment opportunities."

DECISIONS

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Spelling Out The Rules

An Arkansas man was given ten years probation after pleading guilty to theft by deception. One condition of probation was that he pay back \$16,200 to the victim. He had some difficulty in getting all the money together at once and, six months after he had made partial restitution, his probation was revoked.

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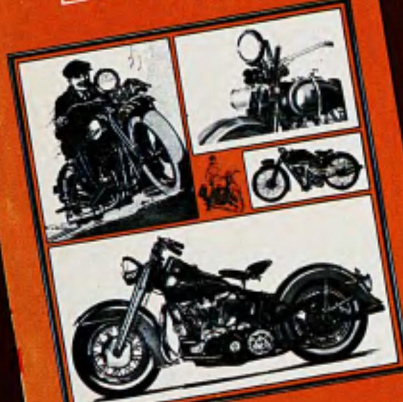
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On appeal, the prisoner claimed that the sentencing court had failed to provide him with a written statement of the terms and conditions of his probation, as required by state law.

The Arkansas Supreme Court agreed, holding that the circuit court had no power to revoke probation in the absence of the defendant's being given an explicit, written statement of the conditions he was expected to meet. — *Burt v. State*, 608 SW. 2d 15 (Ark. Sup. Ct. 1980).

Due Process And Discipline

Two prisoners were accused of trying to smuggle contraband into Michigan's Marquette Prison. At a security classification hearing they were not allowed to introduce any evidence supporting their innocence. They were placed in solitary confinement to await a disciplinary hearing on the charges. The wait was eight months.

Finally, the two were found guilty of the smuggling charge and were punished by being given a seven-day term in solitary. The prisoners filed suit, charging that their civil rights had been violated when they had been reclassified to a more restrictive status without being allowed to defend themselves against the charges.

The state claimed that since the initial hearing was not a disciplinary hearing and the prisoners had not been not punished but merely "reclassified," due process guarantees did not apply. The Michigan Court of Appeals disagreed. That court held that regardless of what officials called the first hearing, it had clearly been held with the intent of disciplining and punishing the prisoners. Particularly, the court noted, the solitary confinement period lasted eight months, significantly longer than the seven days' solitary imposed on a finding of guilt in the subsequent "disciplinary" hearing. — *Dickerson v. Warden, Marquette Prison*, 298 NW. 2d 841 (Mich. Ct. App. 1980).

Conditions No Extradition Defense

In 1979 a prisoner who had escaped from an Arkansas institution was busted in California. The governor of California agreed to extradite him back to Arkansas, but this move was blocked by the California Supreme Court, which ruled that the prisoner could not be extradited until after a trial court ascertained whether the penitentiary in which Arkansas seeks to confine the petitioner is presently

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The U.S. Supreme Court reversed the California decision, ruling that an "asylum" or sending state has no authority to inquire into the prison conditions of the "demanding" state.

A prisoner must challenge unconstitutional conditions of treatment in the courts of the state where the conditions exist, the court ruled.

— *Pacileo v. Walker*, 101 S. Ct. 308.

Protect Your Back; No One Else Will

If you don't know, or don't understand, your rights, ask what they are. Do it in open court, before you enter a plea. That way you at least get it on record that no one has told you what they are. Be damn careful. This could happen to you — or me.

A dude in Texas, who was doing five years' probation for rustling one cow, had his probation revoked and received a ten-year sentence from the circuit court. He appealed, claiming, among other things, that the trial judge who had put him on probation never informed him that he could, if probation was ever revoked, get a prison term longer than the probationary period. The trial judge also failed to inform him that he could have asked for final sentencing to take place at the same time probation was imposed. In other words, he could have demanded that the judge tell him how much time he would have to do in the event he fucked up.

The Texas Court of Criminal Appeals upheld the ten-year sentence, saying that the defendant's original plea of guilty was entered "freely and voluntarily" and that the court was not required to inform him of the rights noted above. Before considering pleading guilty to something you didn't do or to a charge you could maybe beat, find out all the strings attached to the plea bargain. — *McNew v. State*, 608 S.W.2d 166 (Tex. Cr. App. 1978, rehearing denied Dec. 1980).

(Solution to puzzle appearing on page 47.)



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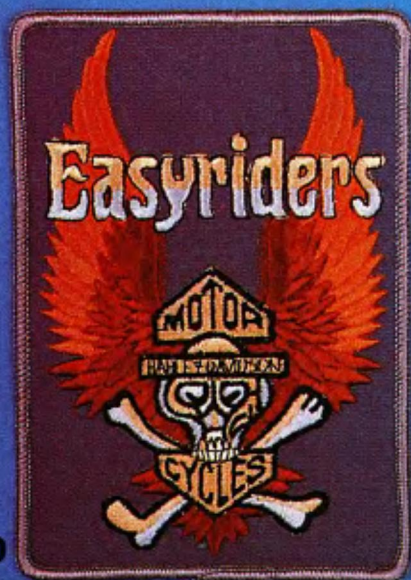


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Downtime

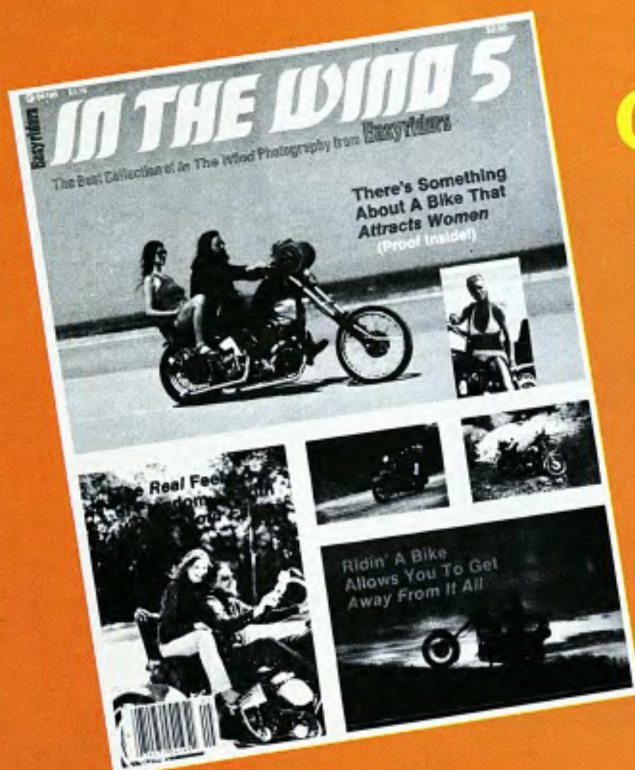
Continued from page 27

one listen to this album will make you wonder why. It's true the album's cover picture makes Ely look like a down-and-out sideman for a wino band — slicked-back hair, ill-fitting jacket with the collar turned up, western string tie, a sleepy look of hopeless resignation, and photographed in front of a corrugated tin shed. But inside you'll find plenty of no-shit rock and roll, from the title cut (*Please understand me, everything's all right/I just musta notta gotta lotta sleep last night*) to the late Roy Brown's classic "Good Rockin' Tonight" to Butch Hancock's driving (literally and figuratively) "Road Hawg" to David Halley's fine tune about life in the fast lane, "Hard Livin'" (*Gimme a shot of that octane juice/There ain't no cure for the honky-tonk blues/And if they come up with something, I'll develop an immunity/And I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy to me*).

Backed by a tight band highlighted by some great honking, blurred reed sax work by Smokey Joe Miller and some absolutely blistering guitar breaks by Jesse "Jake" Taylor, Ely works out on what's surely his best record to date. Joe hasn't exactly hit stardom yet, in spite of five albums (including a live double set released only in Europe) and widespread critical praise. But any musician this hot is bound to erupt big sooner or later. Hold on, it's coming.



"Now that's the way to set up a head pin."



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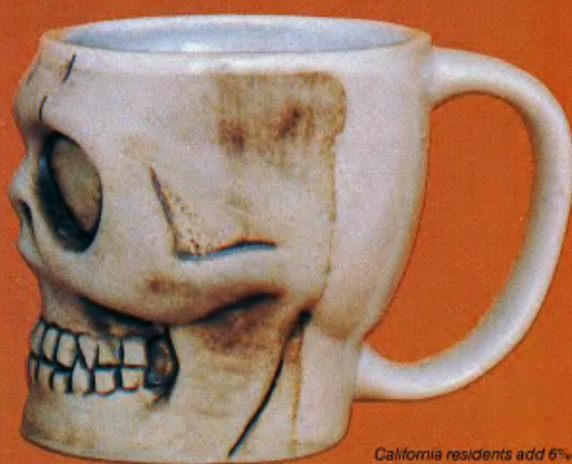
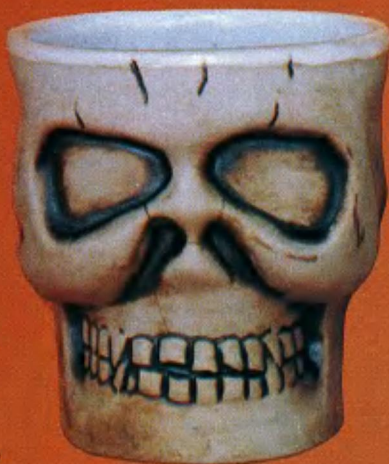
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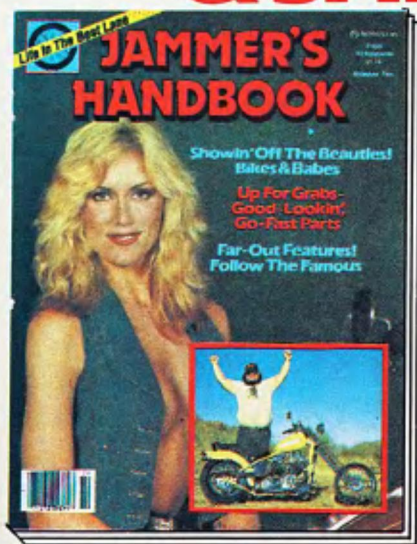
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Harley 74 Brake Assembly

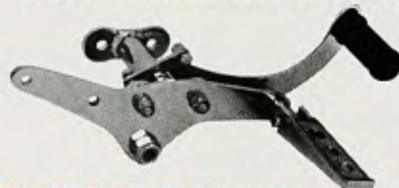
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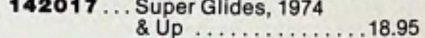


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141021 ... Long Clevis 3.95

141022 ... Short Clevis 3.85

141023 ... Swivel Bolt 2.85

141024 ... Mono Ball End 5.50

141025 ... 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key50

141026 ... 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key45

141027 ... Oil Lite 5/8" Bushings (pr.) 1.70

141028 ... 5/8" Shoulder Bolt & Lock Nut 4.30

141029 ... Brass Tee 3.10

141030 ... Sending Light Unit 3.45

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 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

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

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.

JAMMER RIGID FRAMES

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

SPORTSTER RIGID FRAME

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

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

750 HONDA RIGID FRAME

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

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 108)

phase 3 BELT DRIVES phase 3

Our Phase 3 belt drive units and accessories for stock and stroker motors offer the finest combination of motorcycle and rubber technology available. Begin with pulleys fully machined from 356-T6 prime aluminum alloy with a special additive that increases hardness to aircraft specs. Add engine shaft inserts precision machined from strong & lightweight 4130 chromeoly, along with high performance belts 60% stronger than previous timing belts and you're into the proven winner... an 8 mm or an all new 11 mm unit 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live for longer!

Some of the great features common to all our units

- Needs no lubrication • Reduces noise • Eliminates drive chain vibration by 75% • Increases top speed • Provides a quicker horsepower transfer to the rear wheel
- Does not stretch due to wear • Needs no break-in • Provides increased all around performance

Remember these units are Bonneville and dragstrip proven!

Harley 74, 80 & Big Stokers — 8 mm & New 11 mm (Use Roller Bearings)

1 1/2" Belt Drive Electric Start — 11 mm

The overall winner for electric start 74 or 80 cu. in. motors as well as big stokers up to 106 cu. in. Designed for open or closed primary use, this unit will bring out the best of your bike.

- | | | |
|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| 143065 | Electric Start, 1965-1969 | 225.00 |
| 143066 | Electric Start, 1970-1981 | 225.00 |

1 1/2" Belt Drive Closed Primary — 11 mm

Designed for closed primary installation, this unit gives you all the great benefits of running a belt plus the opportunity to enclose your system within all 74 or 80 cu. in. primary covers, aluminum or steel. Safe and strong, this baby will handle all 74, 80 and up to 106 cu. in. motors.

- | | | |
|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| 143062 | Closed Primary, 1937-1954 | 204.75 |
| 143063 | Closed Primary, 1955-1964 | 204.75 |
| 143064 | Closed Primary, 1965-1981 | 204.75 |

1 1/2" Belt Drive Open Primary — 11 mm

The very popular kickstart and open primary unit for any 74 or 80 cu. in. motor. Reduce the common drive train hassles with added overall performance.

- | | | |
|--------|-------------------------|--------|
| 143060 | Open Primary, 1937-1954 | 204.75 |
| 143061 | Open Primary, 1955-1981 | 204.75 |

2" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8 mm

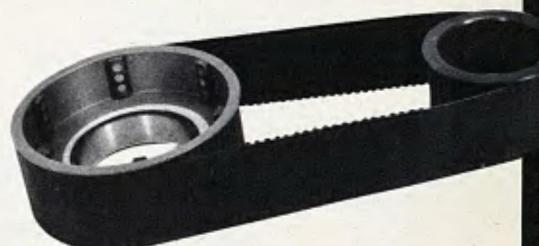
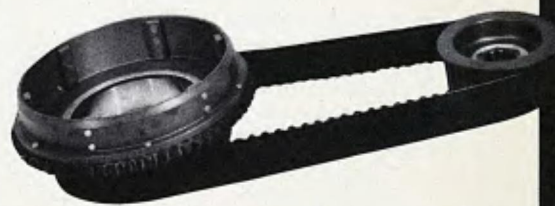
Here's the popular competition unit made for the heavy handed. Run this on your 74 or 80, and all the way up to 106 cu. in. motors. It's designed for kickstart and open primary use only.

- | | | |
|--------|-------------------------|--------|
| 143058 | Open Primary, 1937-1954 | 246.75 |
| 143059 | Open Primary, 1955-1981 | 246.75 |

3" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8 mm

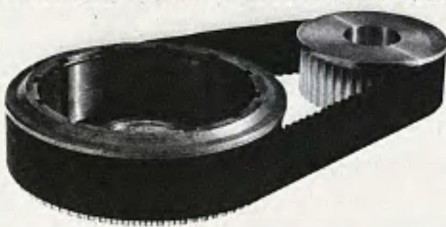
The big one! Put this on your 74, 80 or big stoker up to 106 cu. in. Built-in safety to handle the power, plus proven performance make this unit a great booster. Intended for kickstart and open primary use only.

- | | | |
|--------|-------------------------|--------|
| 143024 | Open Primary, 1937-1954 | 330.00 |
| 143025 | Open Primary, 1955-1981 | 330.00 |



Harley Sportster — New 11 mm

Fitting easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel, these 11 mm units are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. The kickstart models differ only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Available too, are electric start units.



- | | | |
|--------|---------------------------------------|--------|
| 143067 | Kickstart, 1957-1968 | 199.95 |
| 143068 | Kickstart, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 | 199.95 |
| 143069 | Kickstart, 1970-1976, Footnote 2 | 199.95 |
| 143070 | Kickstart, 1977-1978 | 199.95 |
| 143090 | Kickstart, 1979-1981 | 199.95 |
| 143071 | Electric Start, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 | 215.25 |

- | | | |
|--------|---------------------------------------|--------|
| 143072 | Electric Start, 1970-1976, Footnote 2 | 215.25 |
| 143073 | Electric Start, 1977-1978 | 215.25 |
| 143091 | Electric Start, 1979-1981 | 215.25 |

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.
Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large ball bearing in rear hub.

Harley 45 & Triumph — 8 mm

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Harley 45 Open or Closed Primary | |
| 143095 | All Years... 204.75 |
| Triumph, All Unit Construction | |
| 143096 | 204.75 |



Replacement Belts

Fiberglass cord reinforced replacement belts for our units. Weighing only nine ounces your belt will outlast the old primary chain by five times. Available in 8 mm or the new 11 mm.

- | | |
|------------|--|
| 8 mm Belts | |
| 143081 | 74, 1 1/2" Closed Primary & Elec. Start... 35.70 |
| 143082 | 74, 1 1/2" Open Primary... 35.70 |
| 143085 | 74, 2" Open Primary... 43.25 |
| 143092 | 74, 3" Open Primary... 71.25 |

- | | | |
|-------------|--|-------|
| 143083 | Sportster, 1 1/2" | 35.70 |
| 143089 | Sportster, 1 3/4" | 35.70 |
| 143093 | Harley 45 | 35.70 |
| 143094 | Triumph | 35.70 |
| 11 mm Belts | | |
| 143029 | 74, 1 1/2" Closed & Open Primary & Elec. Start | 42.95 |
| 143030 | Sportster | 39.95 |

BELT DRIVE ACCESSORIES

Belt Shrouds

Highly recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74s, 80s and big inchers. Constructed from heavy steel and show chromed, these are available for our 1½", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143074 ... 1½" & 2", 1937-1969	39.95
143075 ... 1½" & 2", 1970-1981	39.95
143026 ... 3", 1937-1969	42.95
143027 ... 3", 1970-1981	42.95



Aluminum Side Guard

Designed to fit all Phase 3 shrouds, this touch of class gives an open primary both added safety and a polished aluminum finish in keeping with popular trends. Use this guard with our 1½", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143077	24.00
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Chrome Steel Sideguard

Add a bonus to your open units with this grilled beauty that mates up to our shrouds ... added protection with custom-crafted looks for each 1½", 2" and 3" belt drive unit.

143028	43.21
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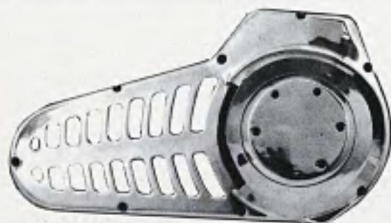


Sportster Primary Spacer

Recommended for all Sportsters, 1957-1969, using a steel primary cover.

143086	28.00
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phase 3
OF AMERICA, INC.



Polished Aluminum Primary Covers

Here are the primary covers you've been waiting for. They're designed to allow you to replace your aluminum outer primary while still using your stock inner. These beauties come with starter bearing and will work for both kick and electric start models. Three covers are available: Early, 1965-1969; Late, 1970-1981; Late, for FX with Center shift only.

105018 ... 1965-1969	99.95
105019 ... 1970-1981	99.95
105020 ... FX, Center Shift	99.95



Bearing Support

Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. Here's your remedy for this problem.

10404 ... Bearing Support	21.95
10405 ... Bearing	11.75



Engine Nuts

Put this big chromed beauty where it belongs. These acorn engine nuts will keep the front pulley snug and catch eyes on your Harley 74, 80 and Sportster units.

143078 ... 74 & 80, 1937-1954	9.40
143079 ... 74 & 80, 1955-1981	9.40
143080 ... Sportster, All Years	9.40



Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.



Phase 3 Competitor Clutch

The final answer to a complete high performance clutch for all Harley 74, 80 and big inch motors up to 106 cu. in. This competition package eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull. A great mate with our belt drives.

143088	218.50
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Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.

143021	29.95
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Clutch Dome

Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs and leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.

143084	36.95
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Alternator Cover

Recommended for Harley 74 & 80 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.

143076 ... 1970-1981	36.95
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How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

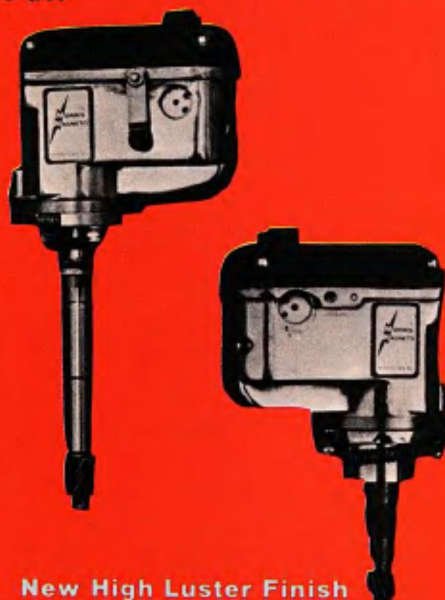
MORRIS MAGNETOS

At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

At last! The Morris Magneto is **manually retardable** (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.

Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.



New High Luster Finish

Big Twins 1970-1980

13605 ... 1970-1980 343.25

Big Twins 1969 & Earlier

13606 ... 1969 & Earlier 246.60

Sportster

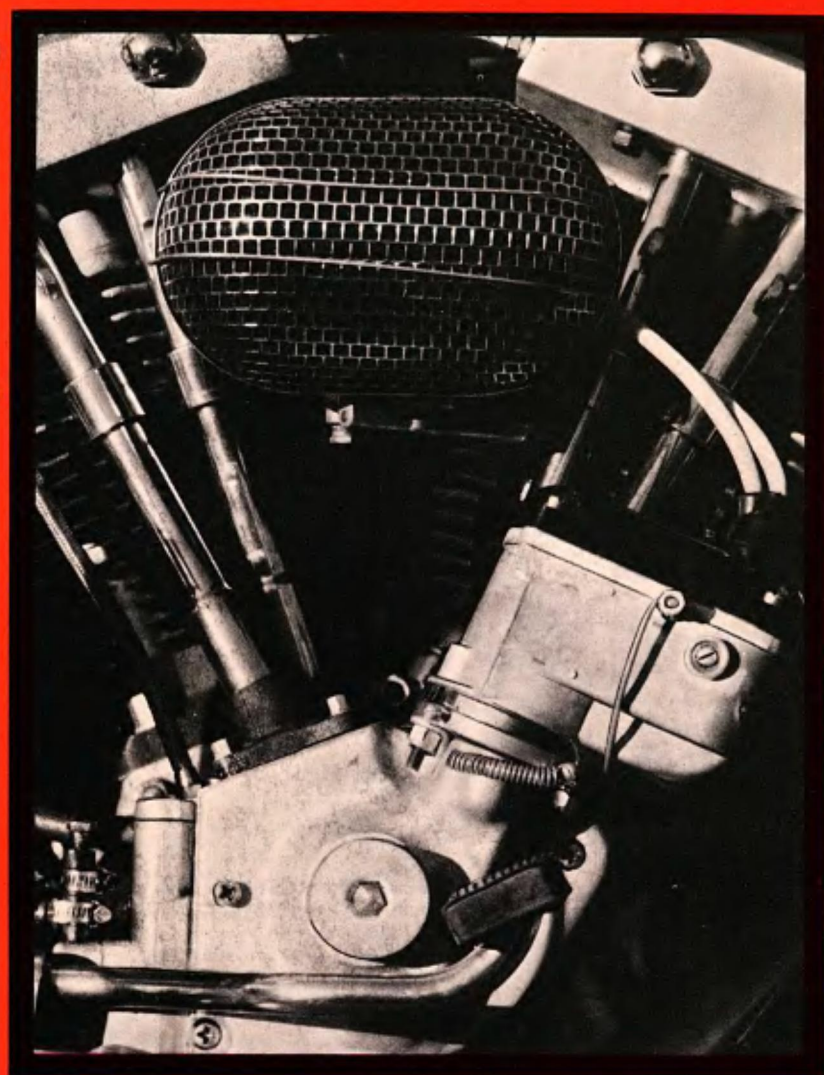
13607 ... 1971-1980 257.75

13608 ... 1957-1970 239.95

13609 ... Early Conversion Kit .. 129.25

136010 ... Tach Drive Kit 26.95

136011 ... Kill Switch Lever 2.50



Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start!	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	**	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

(The magneto itself requires no battery)

* Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models

** Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin

Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto

Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

**MORRIS
MAGNETO**

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 108)

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)

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)

Wendy Lynn Wilson: Happy belated 19th 7-26-81. Your love will always burn in my heart. Your ex-daddy, Big Jim. (99)

Bernie: Well, ol' man, if we were together 7-21, I know it was great. If not, I love you anyway. Have a happy. Kid. (99)

Mark: What a great year. You're the best honey ever, and I want to share many more interesting and happy years with you. I love you. BMW. 8-29-81. (99)

Tiny: happy 28th. Love you with all my heart and soul. Lee. (99)

"Gas" honey, I'm a Barrett again. Miss you a lot. Love ya even more and I'm very lonely. Please call me at (602) 758-3628. The Dee, Bullhead, Ariz. (99)

"Peanuts" Gina: Happy birthday 8-30-81. Hope you need me as much as I need you. Enjoy, and I'll see you on the rebound. Love always. Bandit (Joey Trip). (99)

Reb: These blue eyes are wantin' you bad. Love, Your mama in Mass. (99)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangle, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (102)

Anyone having recurring VD virus called herpes, I found something that worked for me. Send \$5 for information to Terry L.B., 5020 W. Jeffery Rd., Tucson, Ariz. 85706. (99)

D.E.Y.: Hey, ol' man. We made it to #10. Happy anniversary from the one who loves ya more than anyone else ever could. Your #1 ol' lady, A.S.Y. Let's get really crazy and try for another 10. (99)

Lizzard is in prison. Wants to hear from old friends and righteous chicks. Charles Sonntag #64939, Trenton State Prison, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625. (99)

Karl Gregory: Happy 3rd anniversary. If the sun refused to shine, I would still be loving you. Love. 'Shroom Lady. (99)

White male, 26, seeks house mouse 20-28 for some no-bullshit times and good loving. Rugrat? Possible, let's see. Shane Newhall, 1258 Flora St., San Jose, Calif. 95117. (99)

Incarcerated Sicilian stallion seeks interaction with filly, lonesome and unattached. Tony Scife, Box 431, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (99)

I'm a tall, good-looking, 35 year-old Italian easyrider. If you are an adventurous blue angel, write to me and send me your picture. We can arrange a lovely stay at my apartment in Rome and nice holidays together in the hot Italian sun. Claudio Iacomussi, Via Aldo Manuzio 42, 00153, Roma, Italy. (99)

Little Fawn: I'll be home soon and we'll be in the wind together forever. We're nooky bound. Brown Eagle. (99)

Aesthetic, mellow, unpretentious Libra, 25, blond, blue-eyed, slim. First offender, unjustly incarcerated. Seeks friendship and support on every level from ladies 18-45. Lifestyle, background unimportant; openness, honesty, and sincerity count. Pix appreciated. Ed, P.O. Box B-41907, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (99)

I'm tired of the foxes with no righteousness in their hearts. If you believe in the righteous life and partyin' to the limit, I want to hear from you. Bobby (Irish) Seller #80A-3197, Box 445, Fishkill, N.Y. 12524. (99)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (100)

Sincere con, w/m, 5'10", from Texas, in need of female correspondence. Send letters and pictures. All will be answered. Jerry Strohle #92341, P.O. Box 788, Dorm E, Jackson, La. 70748. (99)

Say, ladies, if y'all got the time, we do. My lil' bro is pulling four and I'm popping five. How about some flicks and notes? Here's loving all you beautiful babes. Getting shorter every day. We love ya. Russell Hennigan #87337 and Kevin Cazes #93370, P.O. Box 788, Dorm E, DCI, Jackson, La. 70748. (99)

Hawk: Spit fuckin', get in touch, would ya? Midget. (99)

Tom: Happy birthday 8-11-81. You're definitely my ol' man. I'm still your young honey. Love. Sally. (99)

Crazy from Grimsby: Hey, you road rat, achin' to touch you up, lick your flick, and get my leg over. Live to ride, ride to live (may we ride each other and Zazen forever). Long live Britannia (and hot gossip). Your ever-lovin' wench, May. (99)

Hi, Smack: Just a trial run to see how closely you read these in case I can't find you in the future. K. (99)

Sunny Waters (Florida): What ever happened to you? Steve Gutsch, P.O. Box B-60058, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (99)

45-year-old white jazz musician prisoner wants female pen pal. Thank you. Richard Smith #23948 (B-1), Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (99)

Vinny Domicello: Happy late birthday wishes (7/15). Louisiana Lady. (99)

Lois: Come home and let's start living again. Panhead. Anadarko. (99)

J.W.: O Lord, take us and bind us, tie our hands behind us, and put us somewhere where the fucking cops can't find us. Happy birthday (8-6). May you always be free with the wind in your face, friends, lovers, and confidants. Love. Tyger. (99)

In search of: Biker-machinist from small town near Lincoln, Neb., traveling westbound late November, 1980, by way of Silver Eagle Service. Snow Bunny enjoyed your company and would appreciate correspondence. Jill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu Calif. 90265. (99)

Tattooing colors—extremely bright and heal 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)

Tool carrier made from heavy-duty genuine canvas. Measures 35" x 14" folded out. Rolls into a cylinder shape approximately 9" x 4". Fifteen individual pockets keep tools separated. Compact size and easy access to the tool you need makes this carrier ideal for bike trips. Eliminates dumping tools on the ground to find the right one. \$12 each. Postage paid. Woody, P.O. Box 332, Beloit, Wis. 53511. (99)

Scoter tramp downed again. Need to hear from those who care. Freedom will come; until then, memories will carry me through. PTW. Renegade Mike Stedman #113156, P.O. Box 868, Halifax, Va. 24558. (99)

Animal, Spyder, Crazy Horse, JT, Sentinel. Happy birthdays. Love. Critter 5/81. (99)

Jammer: I love and miss you very much. I've got a winner in you. Love. Your ol' lady, Sherri F. (99)

Announcement! L. Gypsy Cobb, Jr., and Donna K. (Sugar Thighs) Stevens announce that they are going to ride together forever. The wedding is going to be in Sept. in New York after the honeymoon in Sturgis '81. Happy birthday, Sugar Thighs. 8-26. I intend to spend many more with you in the wind. L. Gypsy Cobb, Jr. (99)

Melissa, just to let you know the best part about riding without you is coming home. T. W. Burrows, Olathe, Kan. (99)

Bruce: Happy 28th birthday, babe. I love you always and forever. You're the best. Your ol' lady, Gale. (99)

Are you sick of Big Brother's interfering in your life with everything from helmet laws to open housing and gunrol? Unite and fight! For info, write The United White Americans Party, P.O. Box 14108, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33733. (99)

Angell: Our year is finally up. Thanks for being there when I needed you, for being patient, and trying hard to understand my ways. Thanks for everything. I know this time it's for real and forever. J.B. (99)

Axeman (L.W.C.): Happy birthday. You're my man. Love you more than life. Till death. Nancy. (99)

Hey, Cookie (Norman D.W. Cook): It's been a long time. I'd like to hear from you. Write Kelly Childs, 111 Hector St., Lafayette, La. 70506. (99)

Debbie, the blue bitch misses you. Call me, Tony D. (99)

Original 1956 KHK, less than 10,000 miles, factory paint, needs re-chroming. \$2,900. P.O. Box 2160, Oretech, Br., Klamath Falls, Ore. 97601. (99)

Jesse James, Jr. (Larry Wayne, Jesse Bondie): Where are you? Need you badly. Beverly Wright, Box 173, Frenchburg, Ky. 40322. (606) 768-2460. (99)

Marriage certificate \$10; birth certificates \$5. Rev. Ferguson, Box 52, Rutledge, Pa. 19070. (99)

Squinty: I know you'll probably read this while you're taking a shit, but happy birthday 11-31. Yours (most of the time, anyway), Sportster Sal. (99)

Tattooing, removing handbook— illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, expert instructions, valuable tips. 72 pages, \$19.95. Steele, Box 242-M, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (99)

John: Happy anniversary. Love you always. Yours truly, Julie Ellen. (99)

Topless and exotic dancers wanted. Send name, address, phone number, and photos to J. Stone Ents., 475 Hay, Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (99)

Are you a caged fox, depressed at mail call? Do you have charm, talent, beauty, and brains? Do you need to fall in love again? The Lyon seeks a lady from the system; photo please. Write Lyon, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (99)

Trying to contact Douglas D. Hobbs of Texas (Dallas?). We served in the Navy ten years ago. Not urgent. James A. Torrey, 15232 Leiland, Roseville, Mich. 48066. (99)

Help Wanted. \$180 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages: experience unnecessary. Call 1 (716) 845-5670, Ext. 3081. (99)

Mehi: Happy belated birthday 7-23-81. Together. I love you, Pat. (99)

Dawn (Honeydew): You've been on my mind for quite some time. I got myself over that obstacle last summer and have been trying to find you. I would really love to hear from you. Don't shut me out. Zig Zag. (99)

Buck-A-Roo: Hope you had a happy 29th 7-28-81. Thanks for the beautiful life; 2½ years, world! Linda. (99)

Tattoo artists, tattoo fans: Tattoos by Johnny Inkslinger, the most righteous book of tattoo cartoons ever published. Soft cover in color, 102 pages black and white that will bust your chain. Shipped from stock. Price \$5.95 plus \$1.94 shipping. Money order only. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. Inc., Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (108)

Hi, sweet ladies: I'm six months short (Nov. 81), white, and 23. Looking for something sweet to eat. Like to hear from all you babes interested. Letters and photos. Larry "Fuzz" Harlow #92916, P.O. Box 788, DCI, D-E, Jackson, La. 70748. (99)

Need new ID? Credit? Change name. Disappear. Start life over with new identity, better jobs, new credit. Details \$1. Eden Press, Box 8410-ER, Fountain Valley, Calif. 92708. (99)

Do you know "Cajun" Bob Hogan? We have motorcycle tools, clothing, and important papers he needs. Please call (615) 928-6650 collect. There are no strings attached. (100)

Skulls. Direct human skull casts. Lifesize hydrostone. \$14.95. Nest Sculpture Co., Box 71-ER, Merrick, N.Y. 11566. Distributors wanted. (99)

Bob, I'll love you forever and will always be by your side when you need me. Nancy. (99)

Lady, 30, seeks bikers in No. Calif. for partying. Debbie, P.O. Box 1252, Ukiah, Calif. 95482. (99)

Steen: Happy 30th Mississippi 4-Bs wherever you may be. (8-31) Mpls. Joe. (99)

Black biker, down for six. Need letters and flicks from sincere chicks. Roy Campbell #C-10308, 5124, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401. (99)

Loner lookin' for a loyal ol' lady (16-7). Should be into good music, sex, ridin', sex, campin', sex, animals, and of course, sex. Please include a flick, but if ya ain't got one, don't sweat it. I will answer all. Bad Hand, 1719 S. Oakes, Tacoma, Wash. 98405. (99)

Wanted: Coin-operated machines: jukebox, scales, and slot machines. Call (219) 980-0880. (99)



Sometimes It Takes More Than Arms To Keep Ya Warm

Like the chick in the picture, this cap has something extra — it has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors — black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap — not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

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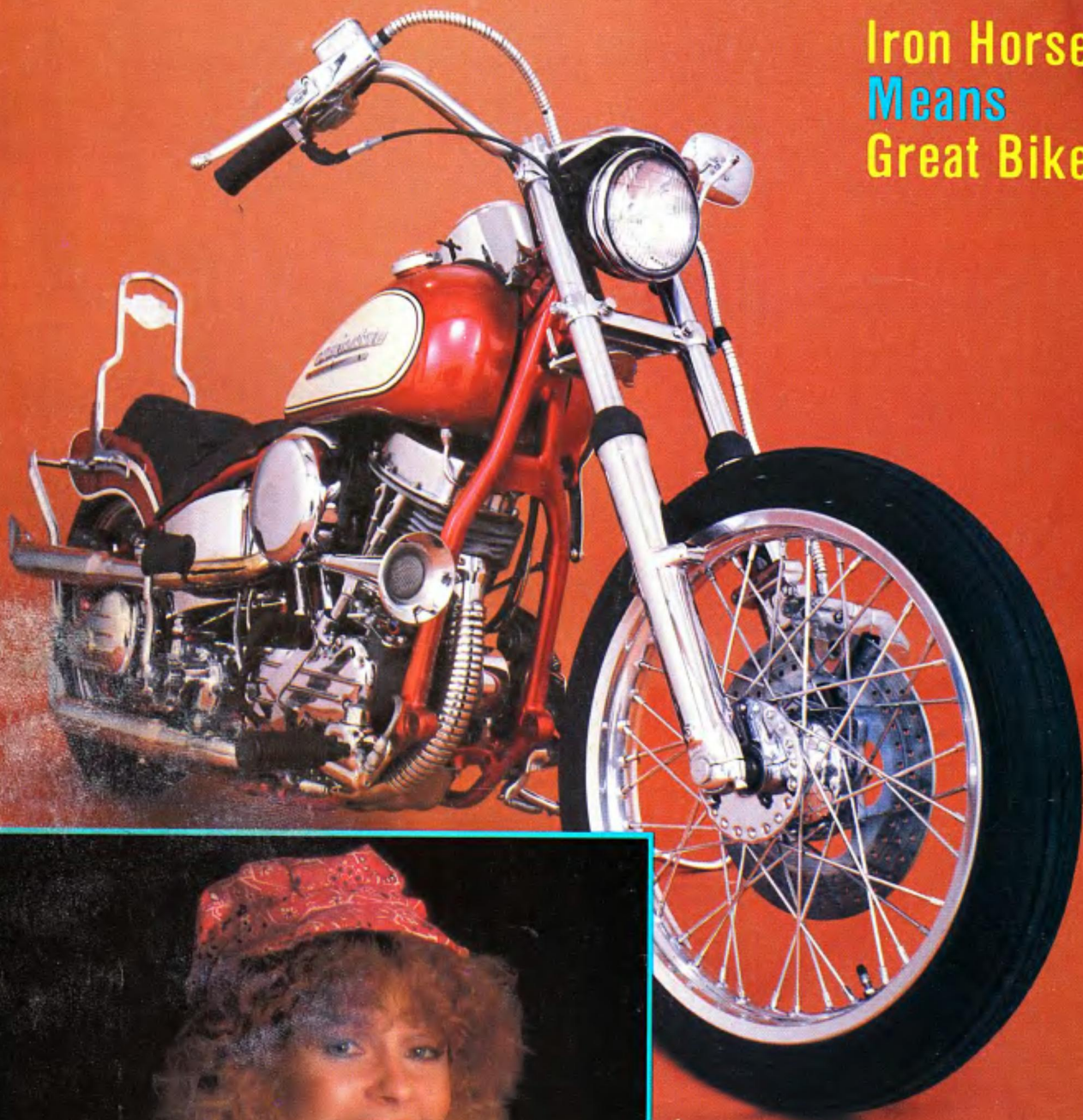
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