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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 102, December 1981. Vol. 10. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 676 South Glenwood Pl., Burbank, California 91506. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 889-8701. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91505 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1981 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$23, two years \$46 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$4.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91503. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Audited Paid
Circulation

National Advertising Representatives: The Lifestyle Group, Box 88469, Atlanta Georgia 30338. (404) 394-6767. Dale Naef, Frank Fittanto. Los Angeles: (213) 244-7044 Toll free: (800) 835-2246 (ext. 129).

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 24th.

Cover photo of Barbara by Pete Chiodo

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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Remember a while back when I reported on the guy who had driven eight two-inch nails into his gourd with a nail gun? He got well (apparently as well as he'll ever be), but he recently said fuck it to life again. This time he shot three nails into his temple with a nail gun. At last report he was still alive -- a little loosely wrapped, but still kickin'.

Did ya read about the female three-month rookie cop (who had never drawn her gun before) out on cruiser duty with an eight-year veteran male officer? Seems they got a call to go to a market robbery in progress. Bein' nearby, they got there immediately. The chick cop ran to a spot just outside the front door and crouched behind newsracks while her male partner was calling for assistance. Inside, when the shotgun-wielding bandit wasn't looking, the store manager ran out of the place with his hands over his head. Without a word, he was instantly shot point-blank by the chick cop, who thought he was one of the robbers. Then two customers, one at a time, fled through the same door and were shot the same way. The manager died, the customers were wounded, the chick cop got fired, the male cop was demoted (blamed for the incident) and transferred to tow yard duty, and the crook is being charged with the murder of the victim. (The chick cop shoulda gone to the nuthouse.)

A doctor cut off a 67-year-old man's nuts and tried to shine it on by sayin' a man his age didn't need 'em anyway. The new eunuch told the doc to eat shit and that he didn't know about him, but he (the eunuch) was gettin' ass regularly before the theft of his jewels. The jury awarded him \$85,000 (he wanted 200 grand).

Speakin' of gonads, did ya hear about the dude who got such a bad case of guilts over likin' to pound his meat so much that he got out some household (probably dull) scissors and cut his nutsack off?

Talk about an embarrassin' situation:

Consider the two robbers who went into this heavy bar and shouted "Hit the floor." Nothing. They fired a blast from their shotguns into the ceiling and again yelled "Hit the floor." Still nobody did anything except look over at the hoods and then get back to drinking. The two bandits looked at each other through their ski masks, shrugged, and left empty-handed. Ya wins some and ya loses some.

Brace yourself, men, 'cause you can contract toxic shock syndrome without wearin' tampons! You can get it from your ol' lady or any woman who's got it. You suffer typical flu-like symptoms: run-

nin' shits, barfin', and gutaches, and may get a rash on your legs and arms. You gotta get immediate medical attention for more reasons than I have space to tell ya, and you can get it from her in more places than the twat. (That's my good deed for the month, folks.)

Every biker's friend, Chief Ted Grau of Ponce Inlet's police department, was reported as having been arrested for allegedly arranging to sell a half oh-zee from the department's "evidence" stash. As many of you know, there is a night-and-day difference between Ponce Inlet's professional, yet friendly, police and its neighboring city's (Daytona's) goon squad. Ponce Inlet was first to allow run-what-ya-brung sand drag races on the beach during Daytona Bike Week. Starting with a small number of participants a few years ago, it has now developed into a major annual event. The Inlet police are good people, and I wish their chief well.

There was this 36-car pile-up -- one humongous accident caused by one driver having to panic-stop unexpectedly and losing control, with the next car doing the same, and so on until 36 cars piled into each other. Are ya ready? The first dude got all crossed up when he suddenly came over a blind rise in the road to find a car stopped dead in front of him. Why? Well, a woman was busy wipin' her windshield right in the fuckin' road! After the first car got all outta shape, skiddin' and shittin', and was followed by all the other cars, the woman just got into her car and chugged away oblivious to what she had caused.

Maybe this is why so many limp-wrist-lookin' types frequent discos. Some collegians did an experiment and subjected rats to disco music, which affected 'em by makin' 'em all turn homosexual! ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Sleazy Weirdo

□ What we want to know is do you print real letters from bikers, or does some sleazy weirdo in New York make them up in a dirty bookstore on Times Square?

Also, we want to see some pics of real biker women — the kind you get in a bar and not some phony-ass Hollywood cunt!

If you don't shape up, your rag will be a joke book, not a biker mag for us.

Sprocket Face
Cutler, Ohio

■ How's business goin' in the porno bookstore, Sprocket Face?

More On Green

□ This question/superstition of green and death is simple as I understand it. The death house at San Quentin is green and has been from day one. So are most of the other death houses across this country. Makes sense to me.

Dragon
Lennox, Calif.

□ The story about the color green as told to me a few years ago is as follows:

Around 1938 the Morris Garages (MG) factory racing team, painted the classic "British Racing Green," suffered a humiliating setback that year. Such gremlins as blown head gaskets, cracked blocks, and other strange maladies happened on the Continental road racing circuit. My source did not reveal whether or not the color scheme was employed after that disastrous season. But all that is beside the point. (The mechanics were probably shooting smack in the pits.) The point is that people are gullible and believe just about anything, absurd or not, don't they? By the way, both of my Trumpets are black.)

Chris Schilling
Redondo Beach, Calif.

What About Davidson?

□ I was wondering why

everyone calls a Harley-Davidson just a Harley when actually Arthur and Walter Davidson were the main ones who built them. Even to this day the Davidsons are the main force behind that company.

Skinny Vinee
Charlotte, N.C.

■ Even stoned you can figure that one out — it's their first name.

Drag Bikes

□ There is one thing I would like to say: I realize you are not a competition-oriented magazine, but please could we have more pictures/articles about Harley drag bikes?

Phil F. Gelato
Chicago, Ill.

■ Yes, we plan to do more. A Harley is a Harley.

J.J.'s Story

□ Just thought I'd let ya know that I just proofread your anniversary issue, front to back, twice, and you only fucked up on one story, "No Class Chick." Just what kind of smoke do you guys roll up to create a story like that?

Cactus
Pensacola, Fla.

■ Thai sticks were the cause of errors. J.J., the author, is on a natural high all the time.

Normal Girls

□ I caught you! In your March '81 rag you ran a story about a chick named Barbi. In the story you said she was working at a hot dog stand when she met her ol' man. I saw her in the Dec. '80 issue of *Penthouse* posing for a fuckin' video tape ad. Whatdafuck? I thought you were righteous bros who used normal women for photos, not plastic-faced models. Come on, restore my faith in you. Give me a decent answer if you've got the balls to.

A Skeptical Bro
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

■ Sometimes photogs fuck us over (once). Sometimes a model tells tales, and there are times when erstwhile writers run off at the mouth. We gotta work hard to keep our shit together, but we don't seem to be able to maintain all the time. And on the other hand, who's to say her ol' man didn't make her get a higher-payin' job — heli, I only work here.

A Question

□ A righteous bro has turned criminal. He goes out and steals shit like car radios. Do you know what I can do for him or what causes it?

Rebel
Oaklawn, Ill.

■ Mutha is the only one who gives advice on this rag, and all she said was, "Well, shit, they cut your hand off in Iran — he could start with whackin' off a finger or two."

For Rufus

□ Are you going to print this letter or are you gonna put it under Rufus with my other two letters?

Tim Frost
East Northport, N.Y.

Turn Into Lawmakers

□ One of *Easyriders'* recent cartoons said, "Those who know nothing about motorcycles become legislators." That's due to the fact that many have thrown in the towel to life and have given in to laziness.

Walt Karwicki
York, Pa.

■ Legislators aren't the only ones.

Close Lines

□ All right, who put the fuckin' lines on the subscription form so close together? Don't you guys realize that your faithful readers do drug and alcohol quality control testing as a public service? It's fucking impossible to write 1/8" tall letters when your hand's shaking.

Also, how 'bout showing a chick riding a nice scooter

once in a while. We don't all putt stock bowling balls. (I'm not normally bitchy — just hung over today.)

Half-pint
Brisbane, Calif.

■ We've been there.

Rude Awakening

□ Out ridin' one weekend, stoned and tired, lookin' for a place to flop my bod. I drove up this dirt road off the highway and crashed. When I woke up, I found myself in the middle of a fuckin' graveyard. What a trip, but get this. I rolled over and this grave-stone in front of me said, "Remember me as you pass by. As you are now, so once was I. As I am now, soon you must be. Prepare to die and follow me."

Kozak
Bronx, N.Y.

East Coast Lovin'

□ Here's a comment to Country Girl (issue #99): You really think California is the place to go for a little lovin'? Obviously, you haven't tried the East Coast. There're millions of jammin' guys for the pickin'. All ya gotta do is "go for it" instead of whimperin' the blues. The guys just don't come to you; you gotta give too! As for "real men," there's a shitload of 'em. Or maybe you don't know the dif.

Linnie
Guilford, N.Y.

Lady Riders

□ Your mag's pretty good. If and when you broaden your horizons enough to realize that women (and I mean ladies) love to ride Harleys just as much as men, then you'll be a great mag.

Blue Hillion Lady
Blue Hill, Me.

■ Don't get on our case. We figure to each his own and try not to tell anyone anything — just report what's happenin'.

Shift Blame?

□ I don't know if Bright Eyes fucked up or if Spider's trying

to shift the blame on someone. I'm talking about the crosseyed crossword puzzle (issue #99). After smokin' a couple of bowls and settling down to a nice shit, the last thing you expect is for someone to fuck with your mind. If you really want to fuck with someone, fuck with Mutha or one of the chicks from the secretarial pool.

Wade the Barbarian
Fulda, Germany

■ It wasn't Bright Eyes. It was the art department first, and then it got past our heavy-duty, alert, always-at-the-ready proofreaders.

Road Rash

□ I just thought I would tell you that reading back issues is better than picking at scabs until my Sporty and I get back on the road.

Jim Brown
Westville, Ill.

Grape In The Sahara

□ Got to Benghazi, Libya, four months ago to work on a cold-storage building out in the middle of the Sahara Desert. Was able to get a half pound of smoke through customs, but the bastards copped my February and March *Easysiders*. Thanks to you guys and that honey wine recipe, I've made it through these hard times. I've made 30 gallons of the shit. Just adding about a quarter pound of sugar to each gallon really makes it righteous.

Horny Orny
Libya

Kicked Out

□ I don't know whether you've heard what kind of bullshit the Illinois lawmakers are trying to pull, but get this: They're trying to keep all bikes out of Cook County forest preserves! There is no logical reason why they should do this.

Rebel
Oaklawn, Ill.

At Last

□ Watching TV one day, I saw a commercial for Coca-Cola in which they had an old pickup truck with kids in the back, waiting for a train. This guy on a Sportster rides up with no helmet and open duals on the Sporty (from the sound of it). The kids hand him a Coke, and he smiles and thanks them, not robbing, raping, or killing anyone — simply showing that

he's a human like everyone else.

What I was wondering was whether ABATE or you had anything to do with it. I know AMA couldn't have, or the biker would have been on a Honda CBX with a face-shield helmet on. If not, I think it's farout that somebody's not trying to degrade us on TV.

Thanks, Coke, and whoever had a hand in it.

Mike Sola
Kansas City, Mo.

■ Sorry to say we didn't — directly. ABATE, MMA, or AMA could have. AMA's position now is to let the rider decide — as far as mandatory federal or state laws are concerned. But if given a choice, they would wear 'em.

Spots Son

□ Issue #98 warmed the cockles of this old (1/2 century) heart and a few other things. I'm thumbing through, re-reading the community copy and suddenly spot something I've missed four times! My ex-husband's 1950s leather jacket! No shit. My handsome son is wearing it in the pictures of El Paso bros.

Actually, I was afraid the biker's resemblance — and the Harley's — were just signs of galloping senility until I spotted that detail. By the way, my son carries a note from me, giving him permission to ride that Harley. It's mine, so screw yourself, Stormy ("Wordmonger," #98). Women were riding Harleys and being the best of ol' ladies long before she popped her mom's water.

Susie Mills
Denton, Tex.

Wrong Turn Again

□ Well, I'm lyin' here lookin' at a worthless right leg that an 80-year-old fart gave me two weeks ago. Same old story. "Oh no, officer, he ran into me," or "I didn't see him." My scooter's bent, but you should see the dent in the Ford. Listen, bros, ride hard, but keep your eyes open. I'll ride again, leg or not. (Good excuse to get that electric starter when I rebuild.)

Sundance
Bedford, Ohio

Someone Foots Bill

□ I read the letter in the Aug. '81 issue regarding the Texas

Prison Rodeo, and I really got worked up. The guy who wrote it talks of his rights and prison conditions. Let me ask him why the hell he thinks he's there. He's not on vacation! He is the one who broke the law. Does he realize that two years ago it was costing around \$40,000 a year to keep one person in prison? That's one person. Who pays for this? Well, bro, it's you and me and everyone who pays taxes. And if this poor guy in Texas has to do a little work, BFD! Why should he sit on his ass all day while I work mine off to pay for his room and board?

We all know what the laws are. And if we break 'em and get caught, well, it's the chance ya take. I'm not saying the law is right; that's not the issue here. Nor am I justifying the "country club" prisons that our "fine" government officials get put in when they break the law. What I'm saying is that there are a lot of dudes who have broken the law and deserve to be punished. Why should punishment consist of being locked into a room?

Someone somewhere foots the bill for your fuckup. And I, for one, am tired of doing it. Why should I pay for your crime too?

Bobbi
Buena Park, Calif.

Comin' Home

□ In regard to a recent letter I wrote: When I wrote the damned thing, I was feelin' a bit blue. My ol' man had just left for California that day and all I was left with was a bunch of memories and his collection of *Easysiders* to thumb through and to guard with my life (so he said).

Well, I just about wet my pants when I saw that you printed my letter! Turns out my ol' man saw it too and that was the clincher for him to realize just how much I meant to him and vice versa. Now he's coming back home.

Country Girl
Bayonne, N.J.

Readers React

□ I have never been so angry in my life. In your August issue, the article "Beatin' The Reaper" is the most insulting article I have ever read. Who is this Art Chenoweth, anyway? And where does he get off calling us ol' ladies sleazes? I'd like to go up to Oregon and show him that

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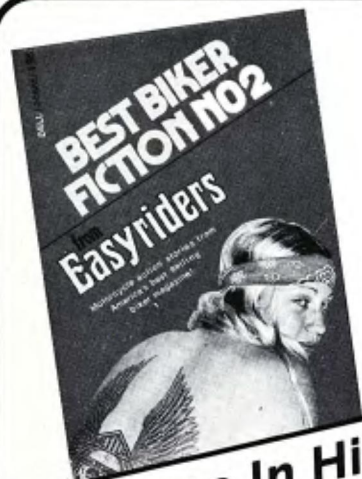
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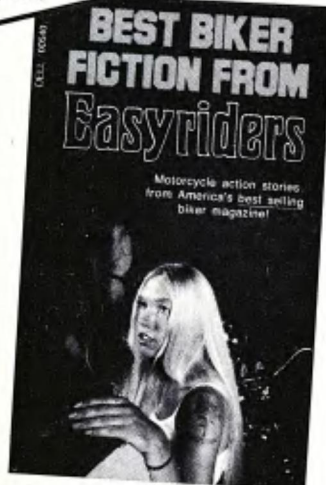
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we are not sleazy, but now I'm afraid we'd get killed by some asshole thinking we want to die!

Nancy Baker
Sylmar, Calif.

☐ Bikers must fight back the same way that gun owners do: boycott. The bikers of Portland should inform the businesses that advertise in *The Oregonian* that they will not do any business with them as long as they do business with a "yellow" newspaper that feeds lies and myths about a segment of the population to the rest of the people. True, it does take some time and effort to contact the advertisers and politely (keep cool) inform them that you are sorry, but you, your family, members of your club, etc., can no longer do business with them as long as they support yellow journalism. Not as satisfying as beating the tar out of Chenoweth, but it'll save on bail money.

Rev. Carl Gibson
Reno, Nev.

☐ Is he sane? The boy's definitely missing something upstairs.

Slick
Tucson, Ariz.

☐ I think that the dude who wrote that shit has fucked up a lot of heads in the Northwest. But the editorial written by Tex Campbell really set the asshole straight. I hope he read it.

Scott Ogden
Ft. Benning, Ga.

☐ All I can do is to applaud and praise Tex Campbell for his reply, because he said it all.

Still Fumin'
Madison, Wis.

☐ If it weren't so serious, I would think J.J. Solari had snuck in a bizarre humor story.

Rick Nunnally
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Ask Them?

☐ If Harley-Davidson wants to do better, why don't they sell a 750cc twin to the public? There are a lot of people out there who would like a smaller engine for weight and a lower price. You guys, as a part of the media, should try to influence H-D to work on one or at least serious-

ly consider the help a 750 would do for their sales.

T. Eannetta
U.S. Navy

☐ They're gettin' it together (we think).

Spider's Old Man

☐ In checkin' out the Anniversary Issue, I came across Spider's article "A Man From the Past." Personally, I think he must have one hell of a father, and I just hope I'm that strong when I'm 85. Actually, I hope I make it to 85. I really envy the way he feels about his father.

Smoke
Pacific, Mo.

An Idea

☐ I have a good idea on how to keep members of your staff from screwing up: If they screw up or are late handing in their work, they must shack up with Miraculous Mutha and eat her cooking.

John Drofich
Weissport, Pa.

☐ Eating her would be worse.

Wake Cagers Up

☐ Five of my friends have gone down in the past two months, and two of them have died. None of them were at fault. It was the jerkoffs who drive their cages with their heads up their asses — and now two good people are dead.

The assholes seem to have no consideration for a guy on a bike. We must do something to let 'em know we are on the highway too. I'm tired of going to funerals.

Fat Rat
Fairfield, N.J.

☐ Give your support to all organizations that are trying to make automobile drivers aware.

Digs Wind 5

☐ Well, I gotta hand it to ya — ya finally got all yer shit in one sack. In *The Wind #5* was out-fuckin'-standin'!

R.J.
Kaiserslautern, Germany

Out Of Touch

☐ I have a question. Some bros have heard lots of rumors but would like to know for sure if Harley-Davidson bought out AMF, or is it all a bunch of shit that we've been hearin'? Let me

know — it's buggin' the fuck outta me.

New Kirk
Honolulu, Hawaii

☐ The top officers of the Harley-Davidson Division bought Harley away from AMF

Raisin Pie

☐ Not to sound dumb or something, since I'm somewhat new at having the Harley bug, but what the hell is raisin pie?

Ellen Evans
Yucca Valley, Calif.

☐ Raisin pie is just pie made with raisins instead of apples or peaches or cherries or pecans or whatever a particular pie is made of — nothin' to do with a Harley, just cheap pay around here.

Which State?

☐ I'm planning to do a little puttin' this fall out of state, but I'm not yet sure where.

Can you fuckers send me a list or something about which states have helmet laws and which ones don't?

J.C.
Forest Park, Ga.

☐ Check state-by-state helmet-law chart in this issue.

Respectable

☐ Your rag is a respectable piece of trash that ya can take to the shitter, knowin' its contents are righteous.

Pogo Heihn
Monroe, Wash.

Travelin' Trash

☐ If any cage driver would take a nice long putt on a Harley, he'd realize just how much road dirt gets stuck on him from dirty, smoky cars and the trash that gets thrown out windows. It seems the more I ride, the more it becomes a pain to have to watch out for *them* to save my own ass!

Pretty Feet
Flagstaff, Ariz.

A No-No

☐ After a disagreement with Big Brother, I found myself in one of Utah's county homes for fuckups. After telling a brother of the cloth (who came to visit once a week) about *Easyriders* being at the top of the list of no-nos, he got with my good ol' lady and smuggled in four issues of your rag. Talk about heaven sent! And thanks for the 50-

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Sorry no C.O.D.'s. All foreign
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percent discount now that I'm at the Big House.

Kels
Ogden, Utah

Brain Thoughts

☐ In response to your article "Beatin' The Reaper" in the August issue, these thoughts went through my brain. . .

The way of a biker is: to smell the trees, to see the sunsets, and to feel the breeze.

We are more than one with these things in our lives.

We know we must be . . . for tomorrow they may be gone.

Thanks for the reprint of "Death on Wheels." It helped to remind me that the media has such an impact on the folks who don't really know what our lives are really all about — the love of freedom, the wind, our brothers, sisters, and families. Thanks be to God for them all.

Shalone
Denver, Colo.

Righteous People

☐ I've been saving during the past three years for my first H-D. Maybe I'll be one of the first-time bikers to be "smeared" over the highway, but at least I'll have gone down with the most righteous people on this earth: the free, the bikers.

The Ok
Tampa, Fla.

Doesn't Care

☐ If you don't print this, shit, I couldn't give a flyin' fuck. Just lettin' ya know you're doin' a fuckin' good job.

Crazy Red Rider
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Cincinnati T-Shirt

☐ In the August '81 issue, that Strawberry sure is a fox. Just one thing, though: if she hails from Memphis with her ol' man, why is he wearing a Cincinnati chapter Iron Horseman T-shirt? Just thought I'd ask.

Rufus
Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ A benefit of being with this rag is that we get around, and we are given or we buy goodies to remember the events. The shirt was probably given to her by the photographer, who gets around a lot in his work.

Not The Same

☐ Some guys beat their ol' ladies; some would rather hit

the wall instead. Some like to have a steady ol' lady with them; others like to use one for the night and throw her away; and others are priests. Some would like to kick a chick off her bike rather than see her ride, and others will buy her a brew for pulling in to the bar on her own bike. Some women would rather sit on the back and go fetch when ordered; some sit on the back but won't fetch; and some would rather kiss a frog than a biker. Some ride their own bikes for the same reasons the guys do. I'm one of those. It preserves my sanity.

An AWB Member
North Jersey, N.J.

Smells Turn-On?

☐ I was cleaning the weapons yesterday, and for some reason the smell of the solvent made me horny like I never was before, and my honey pie took a thrashing like she never had before. She doesn't know it yet, but I just dumped the Chanel No. 9 and replaced it with Hoppe's No. 9.

Just thought that maybe someone else would like to give it a shot.

Waugh-hoo
Cupertino, Calif.

Sell There?

☐ Just wanted to say that my ol' man and I are in Spain right now. In four months we'll be going to Alaska, and I was wondering if they sell Easyriders there.

Alfie
Torrejon, Spain

☐ Happy to say we do.

Educate People

☐ In my opinion you should make a commercial that stands for our rights as people and begins eliminating the fear and aggression that

assholes like newspaper columnists create to turn the already paranoid population against those they do not understand.

Jim Siegel
Kansas City, Mo.

One Of The Best

☐ I have to tell you that your story "A Horror Story" in the September issue was one of the best you've had in a long time. I've never read anything that better described that sick, rotten feeling in your gut of doing time in the slammer. Maybe someday our "Great Society" will open its eyes and make some changes in our dehumanizing, outdated penal system.

Chuck Lawsen
Dixfield, Me.

You're Kiddin'

☐ In the past you've had some mighty fine looking women as monthly contest winners, but you jerkoffs gotta be kidding me with your choice of righteous ol' ladies this year. I don't know who picked the sweeties of the year, but I think your taste sucks. I can't believe my fellow readers voted for either of the two.

Marc Dae
Long Island, N.Y.

☐ Our readers select the winners — we have nothing to do with it.

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



"Sidecar, shit! It's an EPA-approved muffler!"

Motorcycle Types

The other day a TV show's gofer contacted the magazine. He wanted some "motorcycle types" for their show. When asked what a "motorcycle type" was, the gofer replied, "You know, black-leather-jacket types." In an instant he was advised that smart motorcyclists wear leather so they don't leave their hides on the highway if they should go down — and that they also wear *brown* leather jackets. He was asked what the hell color should they wear, lavender? Needless to say, the call didn't last long.

But the point is that many people have this stereotype image of a bad biker embedded in their minds. Black leather, unkempt, disheveled appearance. Buck knife, yatata, yatata. Whatever it is, it is a picture of an individual (we all look alike to them) they don't understand, so they are instinctively against it. Bike people are very up-front, no false pretenses, tell-it-like-it-is types, and because they are outspoken (especially when pushed), the silent majority sits back and judges the displays of honesty without knowing or caring about the real people they are judging. All they know is what they read or what they hear on the TV news programs. Newspapers need more circulation, and TV shows want a large audience, so they sensationalize and exploit those relatively few incidents that would happen at any major and sudden gathering of 50,000 people; they make it appear that all, or the majority, of the 50,000 resemble the stereotype they exploit for a fast buck.

Bike people are interesting, make interesting copy, say whatever comes to their minds. They're good copy and they're good photographically, the biker women make the polyester crowd wish they could switch roles; but they can't, so they wrinkle up their noses (in print) and talk down what they can't have.

There are millions of nosepickers in this world — people who sit back and watch the world go by (many with nothing else to do), who sit in judgment of bikers this week and teenagers next. These types are swayed by word-of-mouth gossip, newspapers, TV commentators, and the local cops.

When a lot of bike people congregate for a major event, the local cops either freak out (as at Daytona) and are repressive to everyone on a bike — they too judge from the stereotype they have in their minds — or go on the theory that by being extra tough-talkin' and actin', you keep your adversaries off balance and thus disorganized. At times, bright cops merely attempt to keep things down to a dull roar (as at Sturgis) and don't start out with the attitude that everyone on a bike is a bad type or whatever type they don't like. They don't take advantage of the fact that bikers come to a brief event from many different states with many different laws, and they don't attempt to make all bikers conform strictly to their laws in an orgy of traffic-ticket issuing to fatten the city's coffers. If cops have an attitude, they telegraph it. This is still free America, and an unjustified attitude brings on a counterattitude.

Then you have the entrepreneurs of an area, the people who have balls enough to break away from their eight-hour job to go into business on their own, open a bar, liquor store, cafe, laundromat, parts store — you name it — the businessmen of the area. I'm talkin' about the people who kick a lot of dollars into local taxes. The more taxes, the less the local nosepickers have to pay for their city services.

So in almost every area where motorcyclists gather, the merchants welcome the huge influx of business while the organized tennis-shoe groups (you always have them in every city — they don't represent the majority, but they are loud and vocal) are in there pissin' and moanin'.

The loud ones make the weak-kneed politicians stand up and be counted. The businessmen do the same, but they are usually outnumbered.

So there are scary articles in the local papers by wanna-be Hemingways before an event, thus getting the residents' juices flowing. In anticipation, the adrenaline in the cops increases as they map out a plan for crowd (spell that bad bikers) control, hire rent-a-cops, and generally prepare for the siege. They get so uptight over what might

happen that they are wound up *before* the bikes arrive and are chewing carpenter nails by the time the first scooter rolls into town.

But who fairly presents the bike riders' side in such circumstances? N-o o-n-e at all. All the straight people in the area get is slanted exploitation, dime-novel reporting by gawkin', droolin' writers who dig the scene, especially the women, who work for papers that have bosses who have their hungry readership who want all the lurid details — real or imagined.

Let me tell you about 1981's Laconia meet in New Hampshire this last June.

Imagine a small area in a comparatively small state making six million bucks from motorcyclists in one weekend, while the same area at the very same time was doing everything possible to make the spenders of their hard-earned money not only leave, but not want to come back.

As usual, the business interests in the towns want the spenders (who spend more in one weekend than any other crowd during the entire summer holiday season).

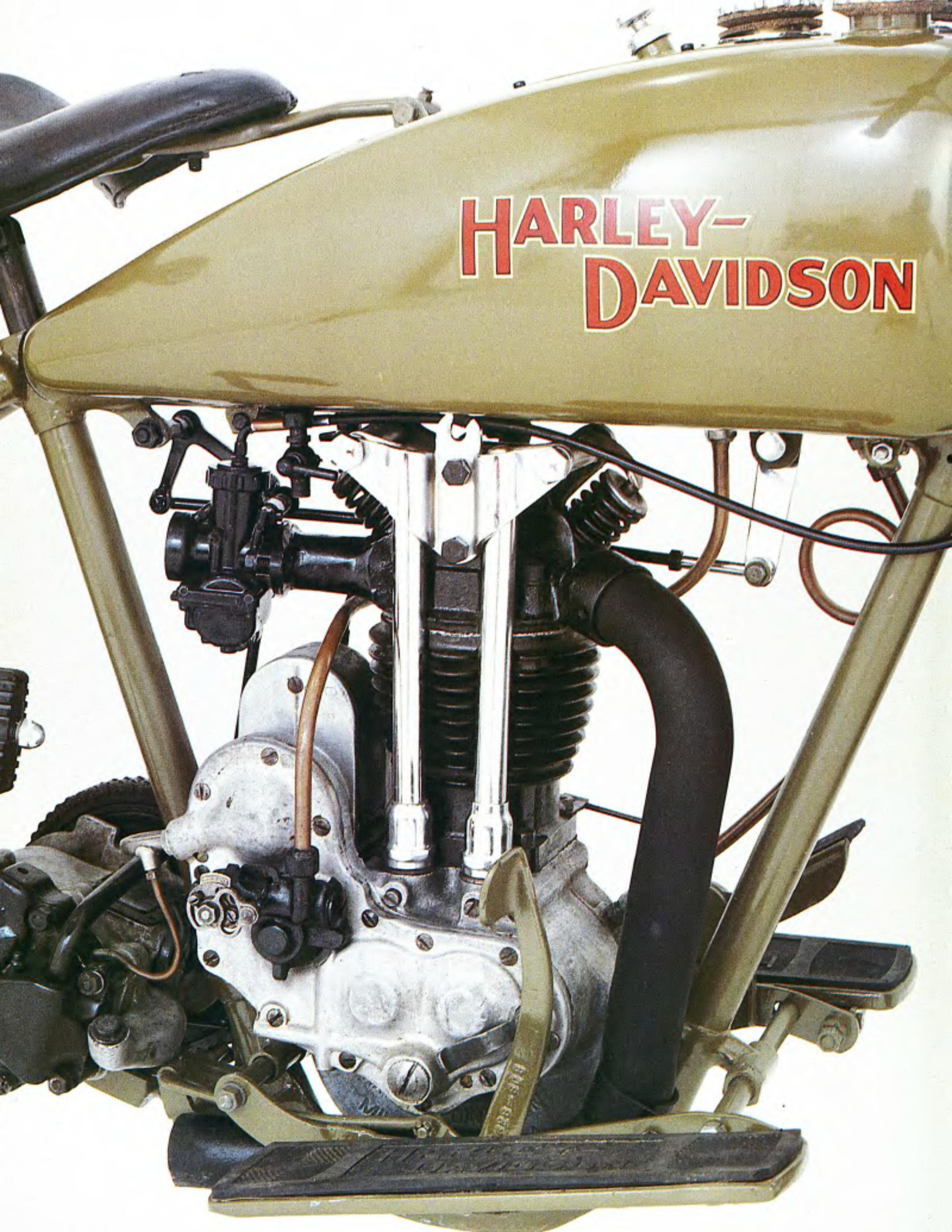
But many retired people, who have their bucks already, property owners who feel they gain nothing from tourism or special event crowds, who influence the police chief or vice versa — these people do everything possible to hassle the spenders; they blow up the slightest incidents as just cause for elimination of the event. They think nothing of all the money pouring into their local economy and the estimated \$350,000 in taxes going into state coffers.

Six million dollars! Visitors paid \$28,000 to see the race. About 10,500 bikers shelled out \$25 each for weekend races and camping passes. The rest paid \$10 each for the Saturday race and \$12 for Sunday's program. In addition, 20,000 to 30,000 came to spend the weekend, not to attend the races. With 60,000 beer-drinkin' people, you have an idea of how much brew was consumed, to say nothing of money spent on food, gasoline, and so forth.

In the December 1975 issue was said the following: "As you all know

Continued on page 111

**HARLEY-
DAVIDSON**

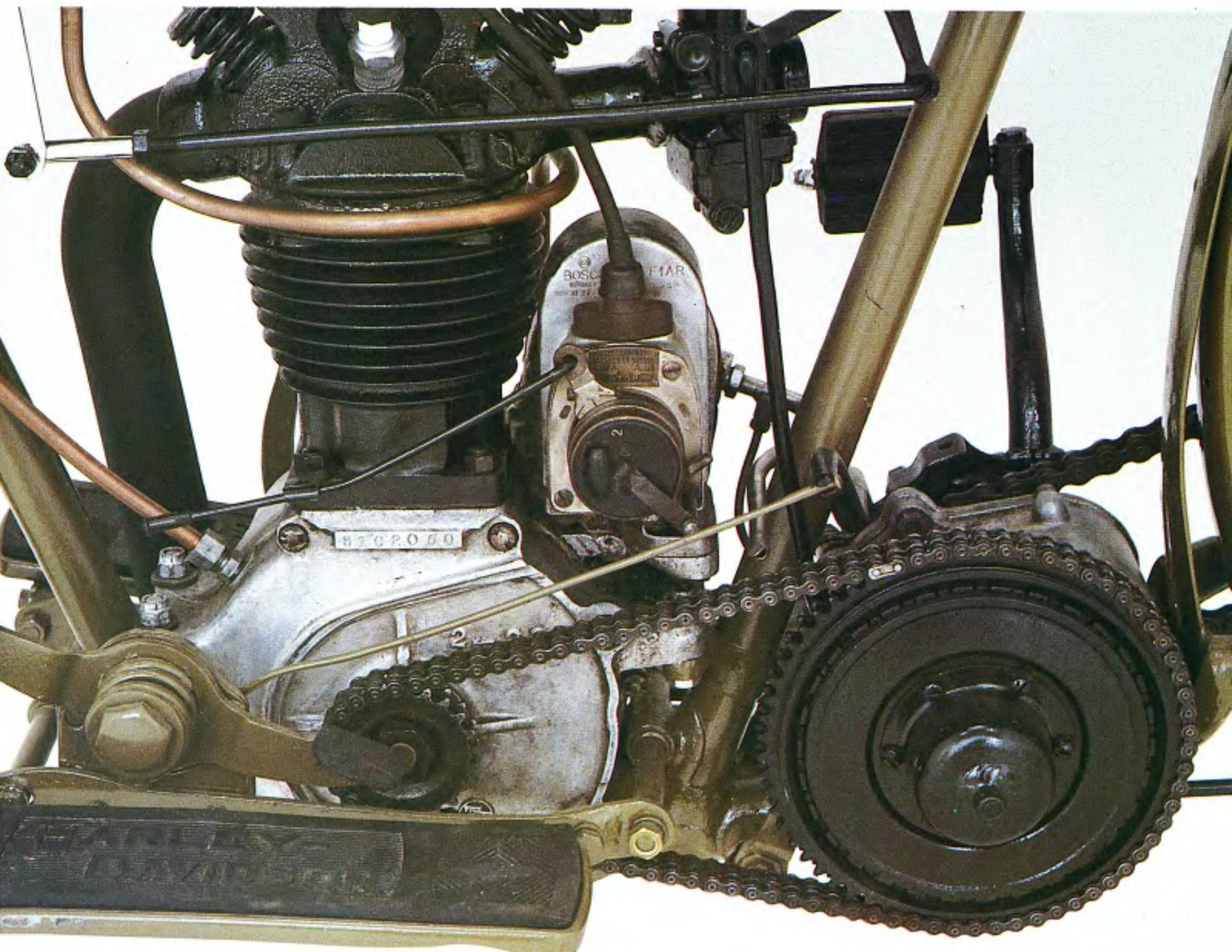
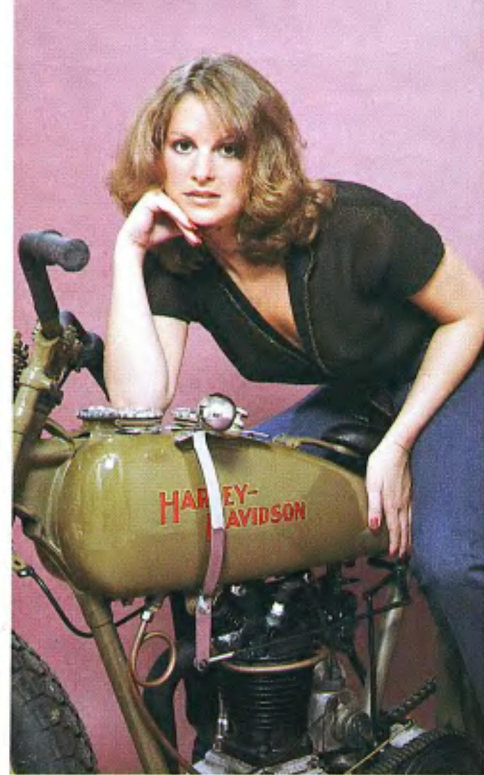


Tough Tracker

Back in 1926 Harley-Davidson came out with their 21-cu.-in. OHV single. They wanted their new single to be to motorcycling what Ford's Model T was to the automotive field: inexpensive, reliable, simple, and not subject to yearly model changes. Thus, during the first two years the Harley engine numbers do not denote the year of the bike as do the numbers on other Harley engines. The singles were produced from 1926 through 1934. In

1928 they made a change in design, adding a front brake, and at that point the engine numbers were changed to start with 28B (year of manufacture and "B" series).

In 1930 they enlarged the engine size to 30.5 cubic inches and added a throttle-controlled oil pump, larger chain, double-row front chains, 4-tube mufflers, and a bullet-type headlight. The engine number changed to a "C" series (30C, 31C, etc.) at that



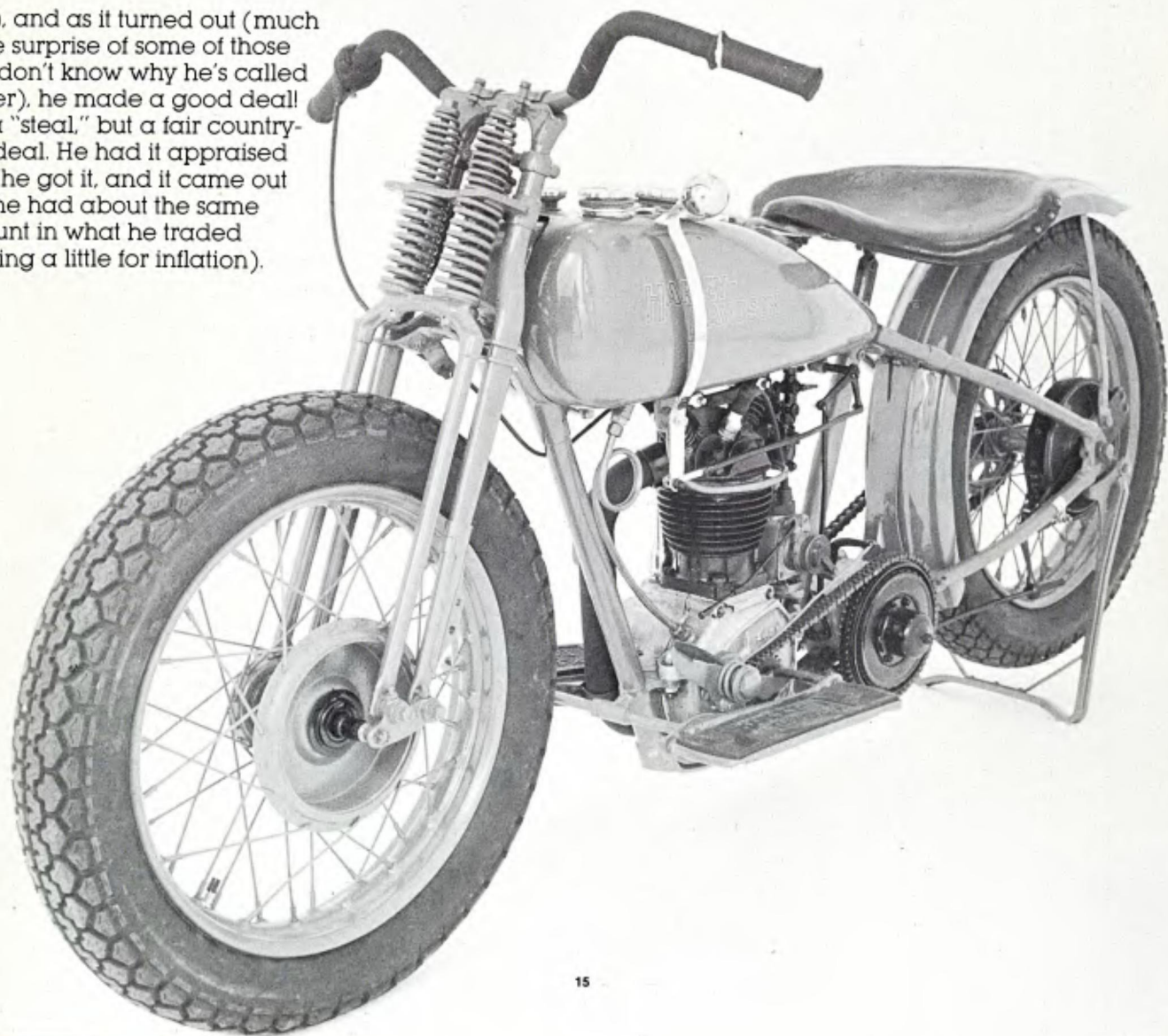


point. (The 21-cu.-in. was still available but was in the "C" series from 1930.)

The bike featured on these pages is a 1931C, Spider's latest score. He traded a non-running Indian Chief and an Excelsior flat-tracker for it. It sounded like a bad trade, but he digs Harleys (uses his "stray stuff" to trade



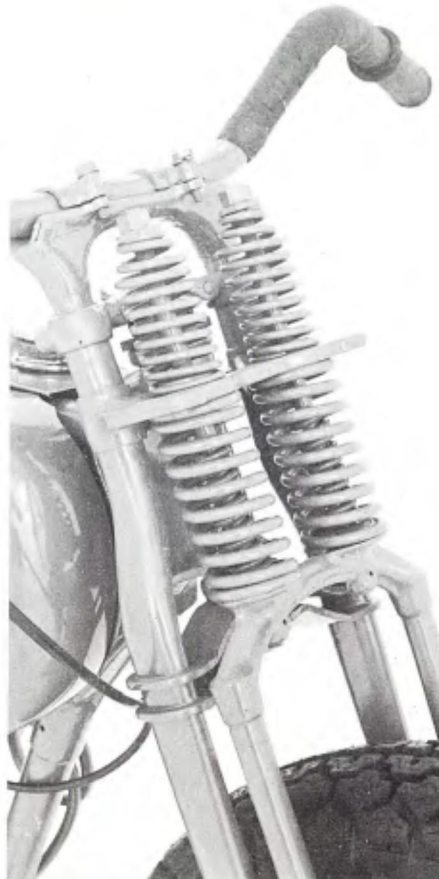
with), and as it turned out (much to the surprise of some of those who don't know why he's called Spider), he made a good deal! Not a "steal," but a fair country-boy deal. He had it appraised after he got it, and it came out that he had about the same amount in what he traded (adding a little for inflation).



Anyway, the single is just one more beauty from Harley's past that has contributed to the overall Harley mystique. This is no pussy bike. Look at its rugged construction, its big wheels, its perfect design: if it doesn't look as if it could pull a truck, I'll eat Mutha's shorts.

Because the singles didn't have oil pressure to rockers, they were mostly used for flat-track racing; however, you could hand-pump oil as you rode if you used the scoot on the street, where it was popular because of its low price (\$260 new). Its big wheels and tires made it easy to ride in snow and mud.

Spider got it with a spare carb that actually goes with the bike. That carb was for racing. The carb shown in the pics was used so we could have fun and games while profiling a little in front of the beautiful girl (Barbara) who is posing on the cover with it. She's a receptionist for a major



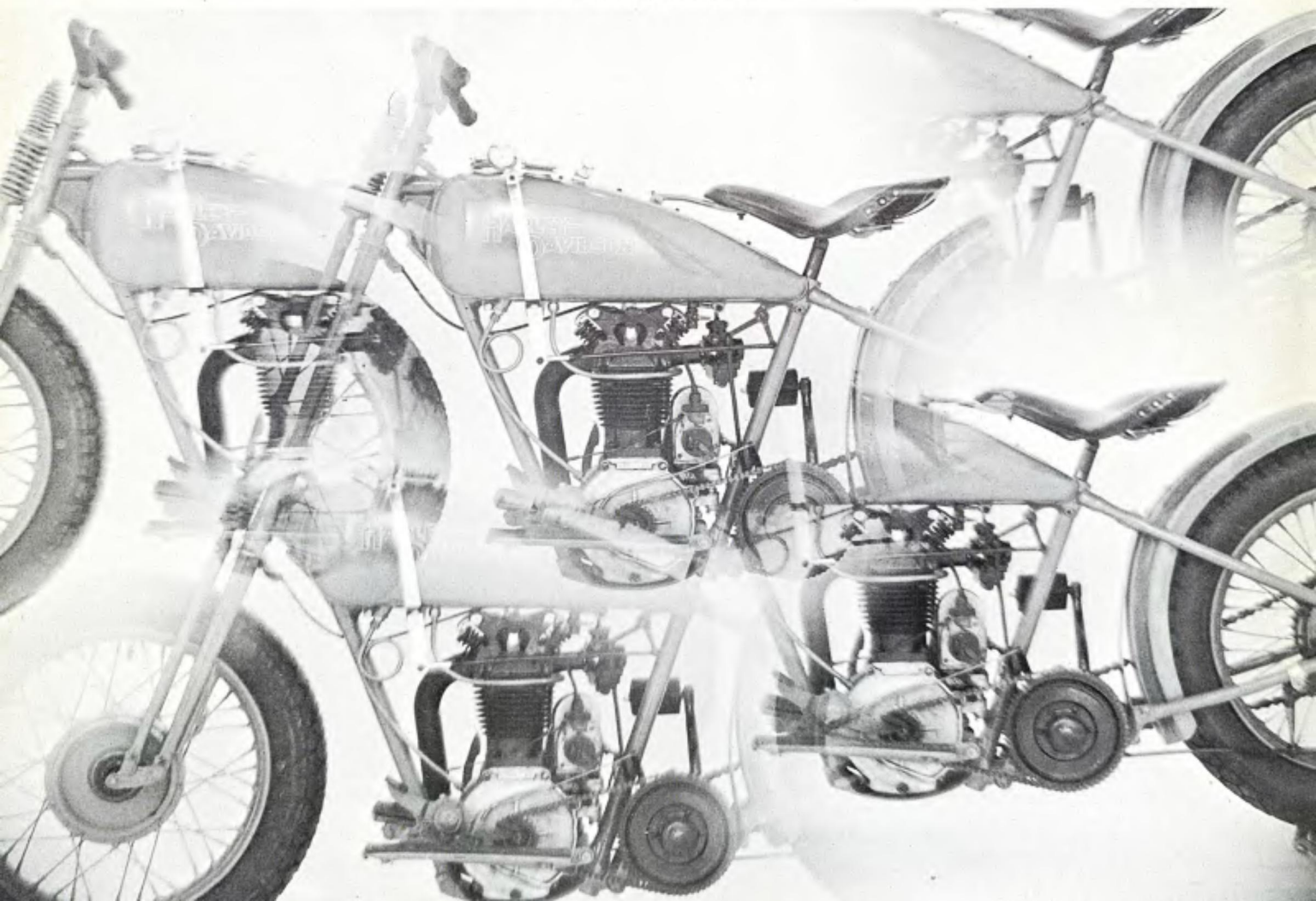
Photos by Pete Chiado

motorcycle parts dealer.

In case anyone gets chesty about Spider's tradin' an Indian Chief — well, don't, because he has one that runs, but as he says, it's no put-down of any bike. He's just trying to specialize in one make of bike, one he likes best. He grew up with 'em.

This bike is not entirely stock. For instance, the front brake has been removed, a smaller front wheel has been added (17" instead of 19"), the replacement seat is from Paughco, and what could be chromed has been. Risers have been added, etc., etc. At this moment we do not have a manual to go by in order to restore the bike to stock condition, so if you see something that's not stock, bear with us — or better yet, send us info so we can make the necessary changes. The engine has been rebuilt and the bike has been repainted. Looks pretty good, wouldn't you say?

—Numbnuts



Over The Top

It wasn't easy, but we've done it: the Biker TV Crusade (which started out as the Claybrook Crusade) has gone over the top. You dug deep and came up with \$7,500; we've matched it; and we now have \$15,000 with which to produce a pro-biker TV commercial that will show America what the people who ride motorcycles are thinking about. It will try to reduce the negative feelings so many of the non-ridin' people have about bike riders.

We thank those bros who have written in with ideas on what to say in the TV spot. We're going ahead with the commercial right now. We have made an arrangement with a professional TV film company, some of whose people are bikers themselves. They've offered to help us, so we'll be able to film, for our 15 grand, a commercial that would cost the average tall-dollar ad agency around \$30,000.

We haven't decided on a specific script for the commercial, but some of the major themes being considered are "bikers are people, too," "awareness of motorcyclists by car drivers," and "let those who ride decide about helmets — personal freedom." After the commercial is completed we will make copies of the film available, at cost (about \$10 each, plus postage) to anyone who wants one.

The way to go is to get a copy of the print and take it to your local TV stations and ask them to show it as a public interest spot. The Federal Communications Commission requires stations to run free public interest spots and there is usually a shortage of professionally produced material to select from. Explain



to the station's program director that you represent a large segment of the local community, that you know that a lot of citizens are not aware of the rights of motorcyclists — sharing the road with 'em, looking out for them, the stereotyped image, etc. — and that you hope that the showing of the film will act to lessen tensions between car drivers and bikers, and make car drivers more aware of motorcycles, thus lowering the car/motorcycle accident rates.

Treat those you want to show the commercial with respect and maybe they'll pay you back in kind. One station may not, but the next could be entirely different.

Speaking of commercials — and remembering Joan Claybrook, whose apparent dislike of motorcycles, of all motor vehicles, in fact, originally motivated us to undertake the crusade — it seems that Joan just couldn't stand to leave her post as

head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) without launching one last attack on the transportation industry.

Last December, with all four U.S. automakers losing money and tens of thousands of American auto workers laid off, Claybrook released her own series of public service TV spots, all designed to turn the public off cars.

In one of her ads a hospital patient completely covered with bandages laments: "I loved that car. . . it was maroon, and I was only going 35." In another commercial a worried-looking housewife tells TV-land that: "It's costing me more to keep my car on the road than I paid for it the first time." In the background a mechanic looks on with a leer.

The ads were designed to get people to write to Washington for a free copy of the "Car Book," a 68-page pamphlet covering

car safety, fuel economy, recalls, etc.

Recent reports indicate that even Claybrook's bosses in the Department of Transportation allegedly considered the "Car Book" a biased and strident volume that harps on the gory details of government-sponsored crash test results.

The book was so rabid in its attacks that then-Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt allegedly ordered Claybrook to meet with auto industry executives and hear their complaints and suggestions for revising the book.

Instead of attending this meeting Claybrook, the same day, went on a popular TV talk show and, posing beside a wrecked car, made a pitch for the book — hundreds of thousands of copies of which were rammed through the government printing office before anyone could officially suspend publication.

Within weeks of her TV appearance, 500,000 copies were ordered from the government's distribution center in Pueblo Colo. Over 1,500,000 copies have already been distributed. Incoming Reagan administration officials are trying to recall all of Claybrook's commercials and plan to de-emphasize distribution.

So long, Joan. Don't give up hope. Maybe you can get your job back with Nader — he likes books like that. So do insurance companies that produce self-serving propaganda to keep rates down, but who never lower them, simply pocketing the bucks while promoting airbags, helmets, etc., worrying about us for our sake. Yeah they are.

We'll keep you all posted as to the TV commercial's progress. ■

The Freedom Fighters

By William "Crazy Horse" Coppola

National Chairman, Committee To Safeguard Prisoners' Rights

Who are the jailhouse lawyers? How did they learn their trade? What have they done to better prison conditions and what are they trying to do? I am a jailhouse lawyer who has struggled through the California and now the Texas prison system for all of the '70s and into the '80s — except for a brief visit back home to San Berdo — and I'm going to try to answer those questions here.

I'm a biker and have been for sixteen years. Many of the jailhouse lawyers who have led the struggle for improved prisoners' rights, legislative reform, and more equitable prison grievance mechanisms have been either bikers or loners who will not accept the injustice that put them behind bars, and who are conditioned to express freedom in all aspects of their lives.

The beginning of the jailhouse lawyer movement had its roots in the "hands-off" doctrine adopted by the courts approximately 100 years ago. Basically, this doctrine stated that the courts would not interfere with day-to-day life in prisons no matter how oppressive the conditions. Two key legal decisions illustrate what the hands-off doctrine means.

In 1871, a post-Civil War judge in Virginia ruled that a convict was a temporary "slave of the state" who forfeits his liberty and "all personal rights except those which the law in its humanity accords to him."¹ Thirty-nine years later, an Illinois court held that a convict became "an alien in his own country, and worse, for he can be restored only as a matter of grace, while an alien may acquire citizenship as a matter of right."²

The first real breakthrough in interpretation of the law came in 1941 when what were to be called jailhouse lawyers were just beginning to learn how to use litigation to break the bonds of enslavement. In this case, *People v. Riley*, the court held that accused persons "were clothed with a presumption of innocence" and were "tenderly regarded by the law."³

There were two main reasons why courts were beginning to accept the premise that prisoners had certain inalienable rights even though they were incarcerated. The first was that early inmate jailhouse lawyers

were experimenting with their trade, studying the law, and filing motions forcing the courts to deal with the most obvious cases of inhuman treatment. Secondly, most of the cases decided in favor of prisoners resulted from either media exposure of corrupt and unjustified practices, both in the courts and in prison, or from the riots and violence that rocked many institutions during this period. By the '60s and '70s, many breakthroughs in securing prisoners' rights had been made, but the cost of this progress had been high, with many people dead on all sides.

Before describing some of the landmark jailhouse lawyer victories, I will explain briefly why some people go to jail and others don't. During this century there was one outstanding criminal defense attorney who tried to bring justice to an unjust system. Speaking to a group of prisoners in 1902 this man, Clarence Darrow, gave the best explanation I have ever heard of the difference between those on the outside and us on the inside. Darrow said: *There is no doubt there are quite a number of people in this jail who would pick my pockets. And still, I know this, that when I get outside pretty nearly everybody picks my pocket. They charge one dollar for something that is worth twenty-five cents, and still these are the good people. The people who go to jail are almost always poor people, people who have no other place to live. When times are hard, then you find large numbers of people who go to jail who would not otherwise be in jail.*

The poor go to jail because they are oppressed by the rich. The illiterate go to jail because the well-educated hold the strings of power. The radical go to jail because they dare to dream of change. The biker goes to jail because he is outwardly showing his contempt for the plastic society trying to enslave him. Money is power, and if you do not have big bucks to spend on tactics, it's easy to wind up on the shitty end of the stick.

In 1969 the U.S. Supreme Court, for the first time, officially sanctioned jailhouse lawyer practice, thus opening the door to the real progress that came in the '70s. In its decision the court said, in part: "Laymen in and out of prison should be allowed to act as 'next-of-kin' to any person in the prepara-

tion of any paper or document or claim. . .

"It is not unusual, then, in a subculture created by criminal law, that they should use the law to try to reclaim their previous status previously enjoyed in society. The upheavals occurring in the American social structure are reflected within the prison environment. Prisoners having real or imagined grievances cannot demonstrate in protest against them. The right to peaceably assemble is denied to them. The only avenue open to prisoners is taking their case to court."⁴

This decision made it much easier for jailhouse lawyers to ply their trade, and many outstanding cases were won by the freedom fighters of the pen. Hundreds of cases filed resulted in the opening up of communication between prisoners and the free world and the courts, political and educational rights were obtained, the right to medical assistance was assured, an easing — in some cases elimination — of mail censorship, ensued and landmark decisions against overcrowding were rendered. Dues were paid for all of this. Many jailhouse lawyers were placed in solitary, lost good time and privileges, were beaten; a few even died. But writ-writers continued to flourish. The spirit of freedom lived on in the old-timers and was passed on to others. The movement began to grow. Several texts — showing how to petition the courts and bring legal actions — written by jailhouse lawyers and/or sympathetic outside counsel were published. The first, a 1974 booklet by Brian Glick of the National Lawyers' Guild Prison Law Collective, was called *The Jailhouse Lawyer's Manual*. In the late '70s, fellow jailhouse lawyer Jimmy Potts wrote a book entitled *The Prisoner's Self-Help Litigation Manual*.⁵

Many of the jailhouse lawyers involved in the major cases of the '70s were bikers. One biker jailhouse lawyer I know was the editor of a major prisoners' rights legal journal, another wrote several self-help texts (My own text, *The Practice Handbook for Jailhouse Lawyers*, will soon be in print), and still another is now out on the streets working as a paralegal assistant to a licensed attorney. I know there are

many, many bikers acting as jailhouse lawyers in prisons today.

In 1974, while I was doing time in San Quentin, a group of us jailhouse lawyers decided to form an organization both to cover our asses and to help us get our acts together. Today this organization, The Committee to Safeguard Prisoners' Rights, has close to 40 chapters across the country. The CSPR, of which I am national chairman, provides a voice for prisoners on political issues (we are a registered national lobby) and gives educational and legal assistance to prisoners. We now have eleven legal aid projects being operated by our representatives in various prisons, and we are creating more.

There is a need for jailhouse lawyers because lawyers who represent indigent defendants and the poor often lack the initiative that it takes to win a case. A leading study of this issue, "The Practice of Law as a Con Game" (published in *Justice and Corrections*, by John Wiley and Sons), revealed this: "In varying degrees. . . all law practice involves a manipulation of the client and a stage management of the lawyer-client relationship, so that at least an appearance of help and service will be forthcoming. . ."

The same study found that most attorneys assigned to defend the poor are former prosecuting attorneys or their associates and are overloaded with cases. When a person without enough bread to hire his own lawyer gets busted, the first thing that happens is that the court appoints a lawyer for him. Next thing that person knows, he is being pressured into copping a plea — entering into a plea bargain. A leading study on plea bargaining says that, nationally, as many as 98 percent of the people who are charged with a felony cop to a plea bargain. Many times these are the bases for writs that jailhouse lawyers file. I find so many errors in plea bargains that it is pathetic. The establishment is so bent on running the courts like an assembly line that it overlooks obvious protected rights.

Jailhouse lawyers can be, and often are, damn successful. Take Richard Lee "Rick" Owen II, a friend and fellow CSPR member. The *National Law Journal* has described Rick as "one of the premier jailhouse lawyers in the country. In addition to doing legal work. . . he is a moving force in the legal studies program at the prison, teaching legal research, evidence, criminal law, and criminal procedure. . ."

Yes, Rick is good. In one case he

was even let out of prison to argue a case for another prisoner. Think on the beauty of this for a while.

Lifer Wins Freedom in Case Argued by Jailhouse Lawyer

A Gary man serving a life sentence in the Indiana State Prison won his freedom Friday while represented by a jailhouse lawyer who appeared for the court hearing in handcuffs. . . Yzaguirre owes his freedom to Richard Owen, a fellow inmate who has developed a reputation for competently handling the appeals of prisoners. — Gary Post Tribune, June 10, 1978.

Or take Jerome Rosenberg, who started practicing back in 1963 while he was sitting in the death house at Sing Sing. A grateful con once paid Jerome ten grand for squaring his case.

Successful jailhouse lawyers are not all men. Many women have excelled at jailhouse law, and more, many of them bikers' ol' ladies or women who ride their own bikes, are getting into it — women like Mary Glover.

Mary, a good friend and CSPR national officer, recently won a federal lawsuit challenging the entire structure of the treatment of women prisoners in Michigan. Mary's suit successfully acquired for women the same kind of treatment and programs, including a paralegal training program, that were available to men in that state.

In 1979, here in Texas, while I was in a county jail awaiting trial on several bogus charges, an attempt was made to set me up. I was tipped off and evaded the trap. Unfortunately, a deputy and a trusty fell into the setup intended for me and got hurt. I was charged with attempted capital murder and attempted murder. I put in a motion for a speedy trial which, under Texas law, meant they had to give me one within 120 days. I also had several other cases going at the same time. I fired the lawyer I had, took over my own defense and, on Feb. 22, 1979, I succeeded in getting the cases dismissed. The *Sherman Democrat* newspaper headlined the story like this: "Quick Trial Law Kills Felony Charges." They said, in part: "Attempted capital murder and attempted murder charges were dropped Thursday against William Coppola because the Thursday hearing on the charges occurred more than 120 days after they were filed. Coppola, acting as his own attorney, moved that the charges be dropped due to the speedy trial act violation. The motion was granted by Judge Tom Ryan."

This was the first time in the history of Texas that anyone, jailhouse lawyer or licensed attorney, had

ever succeeded in getting a first-degree felony dismissed for failure to provide a trial within the 120-day period.

Recently I was given permission by the court to represent the entire convict population of Texas in a class action suit against the TDC. I have court authority to take oral depositions of witnesses, and to be in attendance when witnesses are deposed by the defendants. (Depositions are the taking of sworn testimony before trial to use as impeachment evidence in case anyone changes his story.) I will be cross-examining witnesses and objecting for our own. This is the first time ever in which a case of this size is being litigated entirely by jailhouse lawyers.

Bros, when I first went to San Quentin, I had a seventh-grade education. Today, I am considered an expert in my field. "Defendant Coppola," a court has ruled, in regard to a motion to allow me to conduct my own case, "has had extensive experience in legal matters and criminal procedures for many years, and. . . he has, in fact, represented himself here, and on prior occasions, with considerable expertise."⁵

I had a 99-year sentence, two life sentences, and a 25-year sentence. I have gotten most of them off me and am now working on the last of them. If I stay at it, I expect to be free within the next two years.

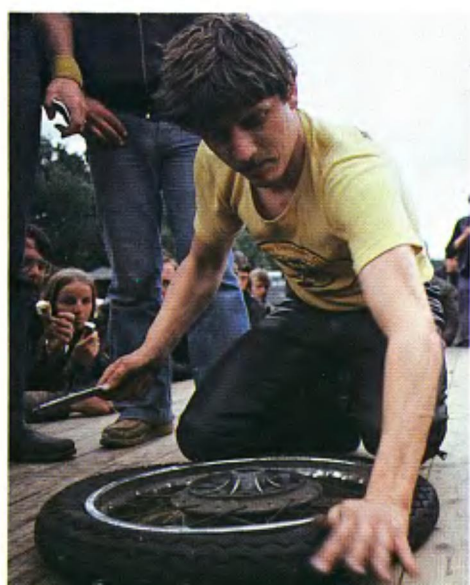
Sure, I studied harder than most, and I devoted all my time to the law. It takes a lot of will power and work, but this is the price I have to pay for winning freedom back. The thing is that if a biker like myself can learn to play the same game the courts play in their own ball park and win at it, so can others.

One of those "others" could be you.

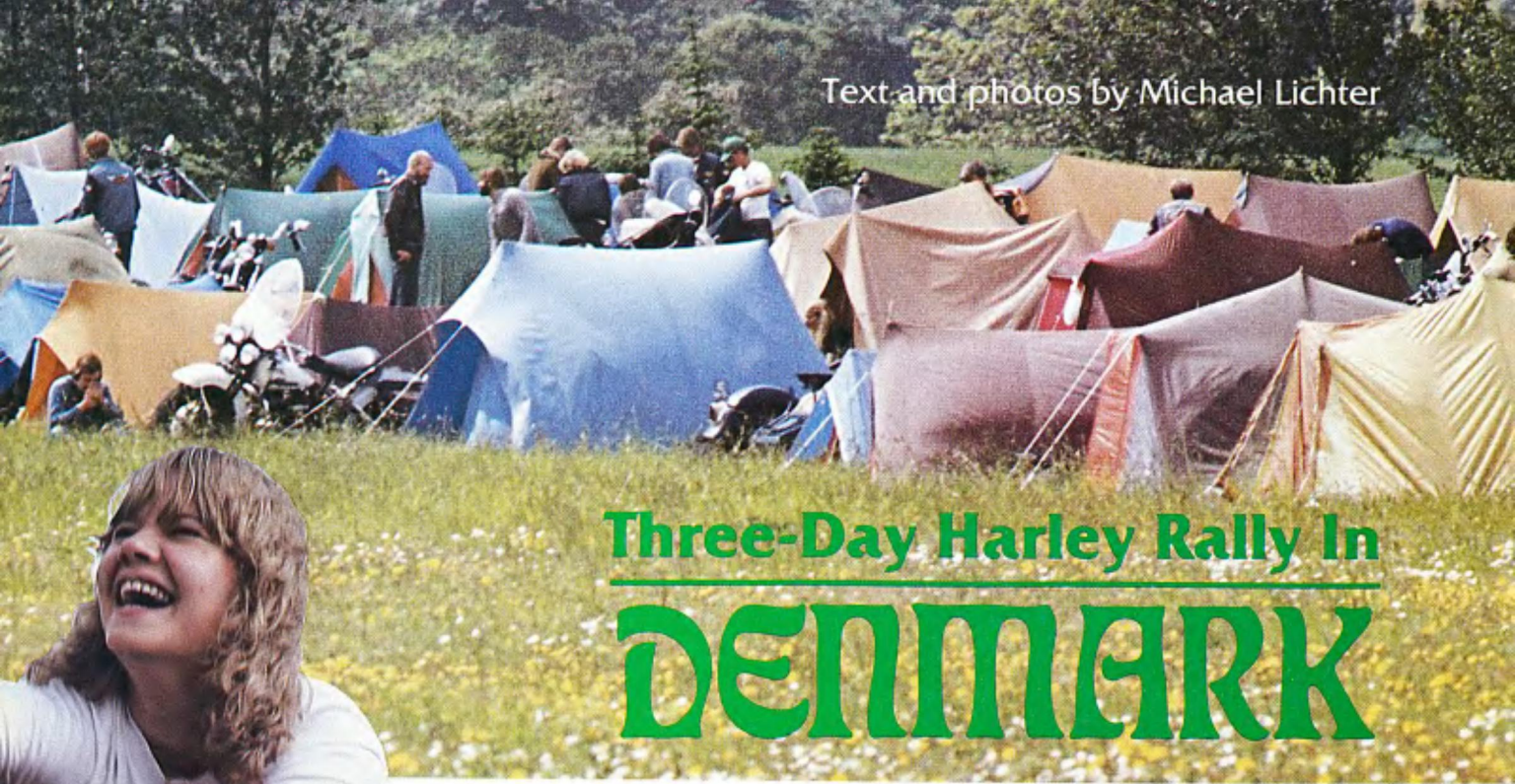
If you are interested in establishing a branch of the CSPR in your institution, you can get a copy of our bylaws from the Prison Law Monitor, Box 3104, Washington, D.C. 20009. Also write me, William C.H. Coppola, CSPR National Chairman, #283650 Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340. Title your letter "Application for CSPR Charter," and tell me your name, age, sex, place of incarceration, and number of years as a jailhouse lawyer, or paralegal. Describe, briefly, what types of assistance you have given to prisoners.

1. Ruffin v. Commonwealth, 62 Va. (21 Gratt.) 780, (1871).
2. People v. Russell, 245 Ill. at 268; 91 N.E. 1075 (1910).
3. People v. Riley, 376 Ill. 364; 33 N.E. 2d 872.
4. Johnson v. Avery, 393 U.S. 497, 498.
5. Texas v. Coppola, No. 30554-A, 59th District Ct. (1980).

*A revised and updated edition of this volume is available from the Prison Law Monitor, Box 3104, Washington, D.C. 20009.



Text and photos by Michael Lichter



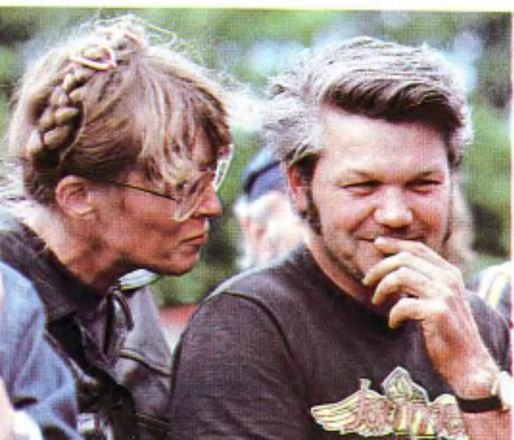
Three-Day Harley Rally In DENMARK



Imagine you don't know where you are or what the fuck you're doin' (shouldn't be that hard), but ya do know the water between you and this here three-million-plus square miles of land we call home is too deep to putt across. Now there you are, not knowin' anybody, not knowin' what anyone's sayin' — hell, you can't even read the fuckin' road signs — when a good-lookin' pack of Harleys putt on by. It's enough to warm your bones and make you feel right at home. Next thing you know, you've got a whole bunch of new bros to take you in and show you around. Then there are runs to make and heavy partyin' to do. Communicatin' ain't a problem, since most of these dudes somehow manage to get through an ol' H-D manual and the occasional tattered copy of Easyriders.

Now I guess there's a bit of truth in what some folks say about all things being connected, 'cause somehow one thing led to the next till I found myself at this three-day Harley-Davidson "Super Rally" in Denmark. There were over four hundred scooters, everything from 45-inch "Liberators" (the bikes we left behind that helped free Europe) to some outrageously detailed Swedish choppers. The brothers and sisters were just as varied. Over six hundred of 'em checked in, flyin' flags from all over Europe. One couple came from as far away as Spain,







and you can bet I wasn't the only American. Don't forget there are plenty of good people doin' time in the service over there. You could always hear different languages; but when a Dutchman spoke to a Dane, or a Frenchman to a German, it was usually English that you'd hear.

The Harley-Davidson Club of Denmark organized this year's annual bash, and organize they sure did — they had it timed better than most scoots you see out on the road. An old, abandoned racetrack with an enclosed spectators' hall was rented for most of the late-night partyin'. Dancin' to different bands went on till the wee hours of the mornin', and beer guzzlin' and other forms of mind-bendin' entertainment never seemed to stop. A lot of folks used the days to get ready for the nights, though there was a decent turnout for the tug-o-wars and tire-changin' contests.

As for meeting our basic needs, the Danes were prepared there, too. An eighteen-wheeler full of cold brew was standin' at the ready, along with another for the grub. Across the way, they had a big field roped off for the tents and all the sleds. You could roll on through down "Harley Way." Walkin' there late at night was quite a trip. The sky was kind of light and eerie

without a moon to be seen. They're so far north it never gets too dark in the summer. Heard that up a little farther they were plannin' a solstice party to celebrate the 24-hour sun. Sounded great at first, but to tell you the truth I doubt I could handle that much sunshine (not talkin' about the drug now). It's only when the sun starts settin' that I seem to really come alive.

Although the daytime can get a bit sluggish for me, there was no way I woulda come this far and missed the opportunity to check the foreign scoots under good light. Sure, there were some great bikes from all over, but as a group those Swedish choppers took the cake. From what I heard about their country, it's all neat and spotless (could there be such a place?), and that's just how their scooters looked. But then, when you consider how long and cold their winters are, these tight, hot-lookin' numbers make sense. On the other side, there are the Belgians and Danes on stock bikes, dreamin' of the day the laws'll get changed so they can run choppers in their own countries. While we're bitchin' about decibel laws, these guys'll lose their sleds for altered handlebars or for being two inches over on their front ends. Except for Spain, you can't go anywhere without your

skid lid. Sure, we still got too many states tellin' us what to do, but this is one person who's grateful there's no border control every time I want to blast over the state line to Cheyenne for a cold one with some friends. You'll stay pretty high over here just tryin' to empty your stash pouch each time you come to another rinky-dink border. When Hill, Rose, and I were crossin' back into Germany from Denmark, we could've flown over that check point if they hadn't grabbed us first. The Gestapo, or whatever the hell they call The Man over here, escorted us to a closed garage and let one of his trained sniffin' dogs loose on our stuff. Knowin' you can always find some crumbs in desperation, I got a little nervous until I saw what Hill's foxy little bitch was capable of. "Dog," as she's called, teased that misguided fool with her tail till he was barkin' in circles. He fucked up on two counts: never did find any crumbs, nor did he cop much of a feel or get his pig nose very far up between her legs.

These guys don't get quite the same breaks we do (hell, I didn't even mention the shitty weather), but they'll cut loose, party hearty, and get down just as we do over here. Many thanks to all the folks who taught me what hospitality is all about. ■

JAIL BAIT

The young girl was sprawled on the bed, panting. Her slacks were bunched around her ankles and her blouse was pushed up under her armpits, exposing cherry-tipped teenytitties that rose and fell rapidly while she watched me shed my clothes. My boots clunked when they hit the floor. I didn't bother peeling off my socks. I figured we probably wouldn't get around to toe-fucking on the first date anyway. She kicked free of her slacks and let her legs splay apart, showing a spot of moisture on her panties crotch. I tore my T-shirt off over my head and yanked my jeans down. As I stepped out of them, the doorknob rattled behind me. Glancing around, I saw the door begin to swing open.

"Daddy!" gulped the teenyfox in alarm. She scrambled frantically for the bedspread to cover herself.

"Time to go! Goodbye!" I said, scooping up my clothes.

Daddy was a grizzled, tusk-hog-looking coot with burr-cut grey hair, an ample beer belly, and big hands. One of those meaty paws got between me and the window for a second when he made a grab at me as I ran for it, but I ducked and dived through the screen unscathed, except for minor lacerations.

I hit the ground at high cruising speed, boots tucked under one arm and my duds clutched in my other hand, and stampeded pell-mell through a family cookout in the yard next door. The shrieks I left behind me were still growing in volume when I rounded the corner of a neighboring garage and scared the bejeezus out of a naked broad sunbathing on her patio. Her squawking woke a pushfaced mutt that was sleeping under a bush, and it came yapping after me as I sprinted by. I tore around the house and hauled ass down the tree-lined street as fast as I could go.

Halfway down the block, a weirdo wearing a soiled raincoat with a pair of trouser legs tied around his

knees stepped out from behind a tree and flashed me. I kept high-stepping, not fazed a bit. A postman had the bad luck to reach the street corner at the same time I did, and got knocked ass over mailbag for not getting out of the way of the hurry I was in. Two old biddies tottering toward a bus stop tried to swat me with their purses, and I no sooner eluded them than a hero — there's always one of those around, you know — rushed me from out of nowhere, windmilling with both arms. I decked that sucker with an uppercut and never even broke stride. When I crossed the street, a taxi coming one way and a bakery truck going the other tried to make a sandwich out of me between their bumpers.

I bounded straight up in the air, flapping my arms for altitude, an instant before they crashed into each other with hood-buckling impact right under my ass. Using the taxi's trunk lid as a springboard when I came back down, I landed on my feet and ran for a nearby alley. It was a boarded-up dead end, but there was a hole in the fence big enough to wriggle through. On the other side of the fence was a playground filled with giggling brats.

A few blocks on I stopped to rest. I got dressed while I was at it. I was tuckered. My chest heaved like a fish out of water and my legs felt as if they'd been shot with fire arrows, except for where they were numb. Suddenly a police car screeched into view and headed toward me. I thought sure I'd had it then, but the cop drove by without a glance in my direction. His steely gaze was fixed straight ahead. Both hands were firmly on the wheel. His cap visor gleamed with spit and polish. He certainly was a lawful-looking officer. I wiped the sweat from my brow as he accelerated out of sight. Finally, I was safe.

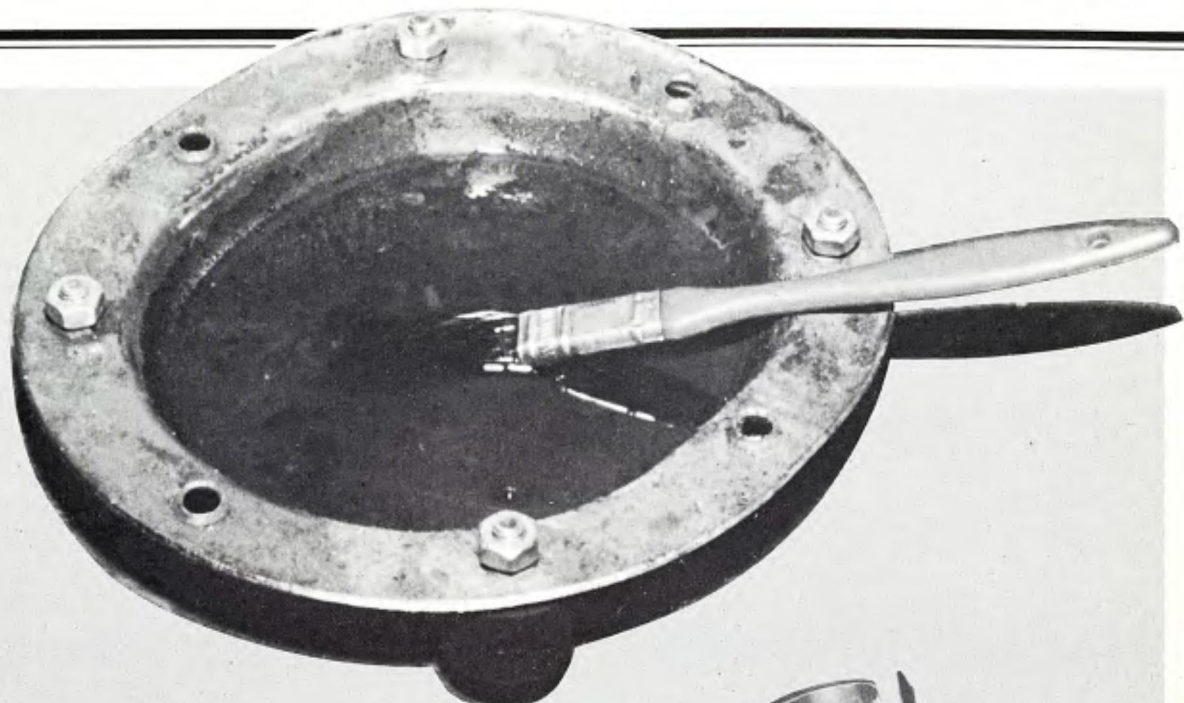
When I got my breath, I started back to get my bike. At each corner I stopped and peered cautiously

Continued on page 113

by Jody Via



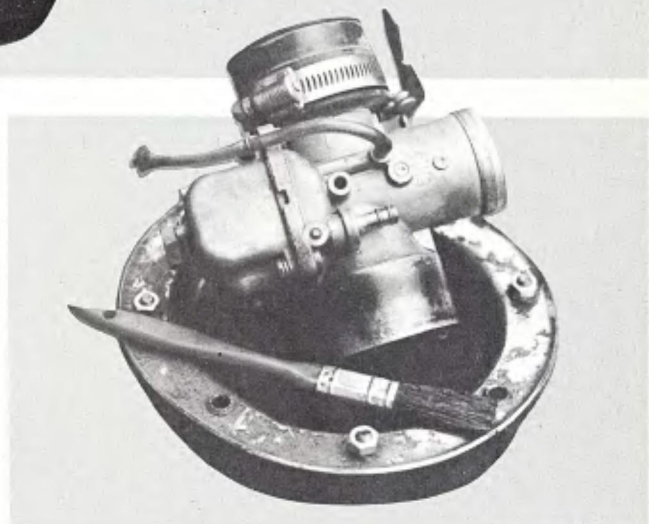




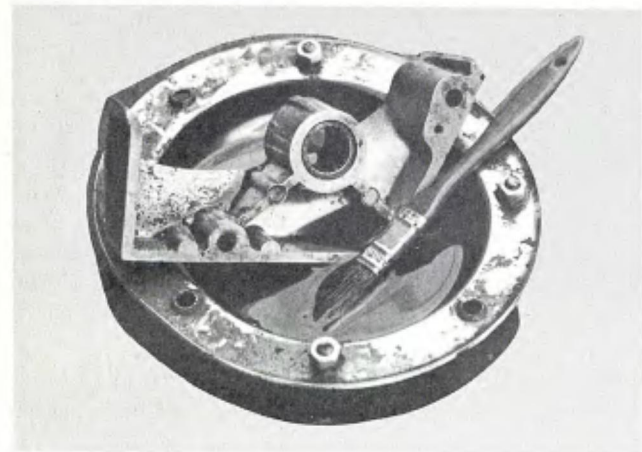
Derby Cover Cleaning Tray

This small-parts cleaner was found on one of my partner's benches. It took a total of five minutes to whip up, with three of those minutes spent looking for the hardware to hold it all together. The derby cover is left over from a three-day binge on a wet country lane, and the four rubber mounts

came from different projects in past years. Earlier versions of this cleaner sported just a derby cover balanced on the bench. It lasted about ten minutes, or just long enough to have a carb body tip it over, soaking a fresh pack of smokes. The rubber mounts, which the factory uses to mount oil tanks,



Photos by Frank



battery boxes, and regulators, are used here as stabilizers.

Now, I can imagine that some people out there may question the sense behind this bench-top fingerbowl; but if you want to clean a carb or an oil pump, this is just the right size. There's no worry about dropping your only main jet or the last oil-pump keyway into the solvent tank and having to grope around in solvent up to your armpit, only to find the missing part sunk into a couple inches of metal filings, used gaskets, and gritty silt. Besides, the solvent in this belly-up derby cover can

be kept cleaner for the final cleaning of an oil-pump body, shafts, and gears before final assembly.

Okay, for those bros among us who cannot bear to be without one of these little gems and have an abundance of cash, these parts can be purchased directly from your local H-D dealer. You will need one derby cover, part number 60555-36, and four rubber mounts, part number 62563-65. Remember, most solvents are flammable, even in small quantities, so watch your smokes. No one needs to burn his nose out *this way*. —Wrench

Tech Tip



"Sappers in the wire! Sappers in the wire!" The cry rang through the humid night air. The claymores started pounding the blackness. Flares popping, floating slowly to earth, creating an A-bomb-bright, shadowless world. The M-60 machine guns opened up, fingers of fire, the tracers like a fireworks show.

I could see my friends running for their places in the trenches. I tried to rise, to run to my place beside my teammates. My legs wouldn't work; I could see my people falling and dying, but I couldn't help them. They were depending on me, and I left. They may have died because I had left them behind. I cried out and tried to rise from my bed.

Puff the Magic Dragon was circling around, shooting its laser-like mini-gunfire outside our perimeter. The NVA were coming in through a gap in the wire; my team was being cut to pieces; a hole was blown in our defenses; I had to rise and fill it. They depended on me; they cried out in agony for me. They died in front of me as the napalm lit up the sky, sucking the air from their lungs. They died looking me in the eyes, questioning me. "Why, why did you leave us here to die?" More M-60 fire, running in the hall; the NVA are in the hall; they're going to kill me in my bed if I don't get up, up, up! They're pounding on the door; oh shit, they're kicking in the door; wake up! They're in my room. I'm going to die! One of them grabs me; I grab back, seeking a hold that will kill him and save me.

Her scream wakes me. Her scream? It's my ol' lady and she's shaking and crying, scared to death. I've been having a nightmare, and when she tried to wake me I nearly crushed her throat. Why don't the dreams end? How can she stay with me?

If something similar has happened to you and you want to save your relationship, you can, with a little help from your friends — friends you may not even know existed until now. The Vet Center concept has been granted a three-year extension and is helping all vets with problems. The Center is designed to provide the Vietnam veteran with an opportunity to receive professional services and referrals through non-traditional approaches.

Your problem may or may not be what doctors have labeled post-traumatic stress disorder, which is characterized by these emotional responses:

1. Psychic or emotional numbing, or anesthesia.
2. Depression: feelings of helplessness, apathy, dejection, and withdrawal.
3. Anger, rage, hostility (feeling like a "walking time bomb").
4. Anxiety and specific fears associated with combat experiences.
5. Emotional constriction and unresponsiveness.
6. Tendency to react under stress with "survival tactics" (inappropriate coping responses).
7. Sleep disturbances and recurring nightmares of combat.
8. Loss of interest in work and activities; fatigue, lethargy.

9. Hyper-alertness, easily startled, irritability.
10. Avoidance of activities that arouse memories of traumas in war zone, intensification of "normal developmental growth crises."
11. Suicidal feelings and thoughts and self-destructive behavioral tendencies.
12. Survivor guilt.
13. Flashbacks to traumatic events experienced in war.

The VA is giving limited disability compensation for post-traumatic stress disorder and is giving free exams to all vets showing signs of the syndrome.

If you don't want to hack the VA hospital, the 80 Vet Centers are run by vets, and they are not a bullshit bunch either. They know what's really happening and are very helpful.

A team of doctors who recently investigated Vietnam veterans' complaints about government care said in July that the VA lacks the info to diagnose delayed stress syndrome and that VA employees should be taught what to look for. Four doctors said that because symptoms of delayed stress often take longer to manifest themselves than the one-year cutoff period for service-connected problems, the cutoff period should be extended.

After the two-month investigation of the Los Angeles area VA hospitals, it was concluded that more effort is needed on the VA's part to communicate to veterans the state of research and to make their access to health care easier.

All that could be just words for the media, and perhaps nothing will be done until the next protest. But a way of making the odds better and to be certain that they will give us more than mere lip service is to support all Nam veteran organizations. Write anyone and everyone you think might help, or someone you believe should know the truth. We'll get things changed and be shown the respect that is our due if we stick together and if we all do something more than just talk to each other.

—Doc

If you need help, the following is a list of major Vet Centers. This is not all of them, but if you will write or call they will give you the address of your local center, or write Vet Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Alabama

2145 Highland Ave.
Birmingham, Ala. 35205
(205) 933-0500

California

251 West 85th Pl.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90003
(213) 753-1391

Colorado

Silver State Building
1500 Grant St., Room 303
Denver, Colo. 80203
(303) 399-8020, Ext. #205

Georgia

#43 14th St. N.E.
Atlanta, Ga. 30309
(404) 872-4614

Idaho

103 West State St.
Boise, Ida. 83702
(208) 342-3612

Maryland

1400 East Federal St.
Room 215
Baltimore, Md. 21213
(301) 752-1847

Massachusetts

480 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass. 02116
(617) 451-0171

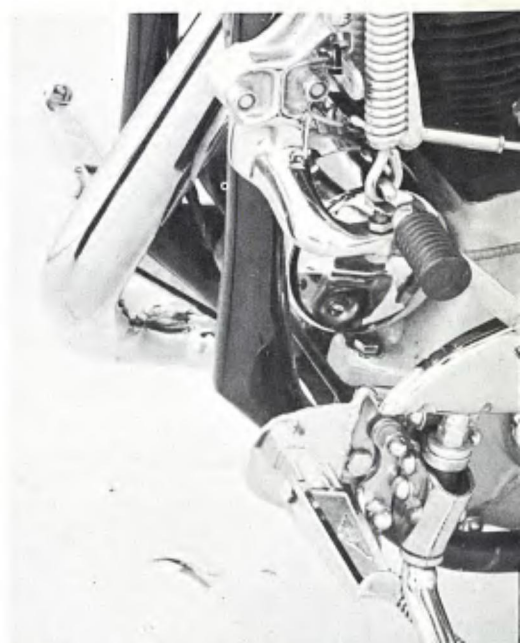
Montana

2708 Montana Ave.
Billings, Mont. 59101
(406) 657-6071

Washington

1322 East Pike St.
Seattle, Wash. 98122
(206) 442-2706 ■

18~Wheeler's



2~Wheeler

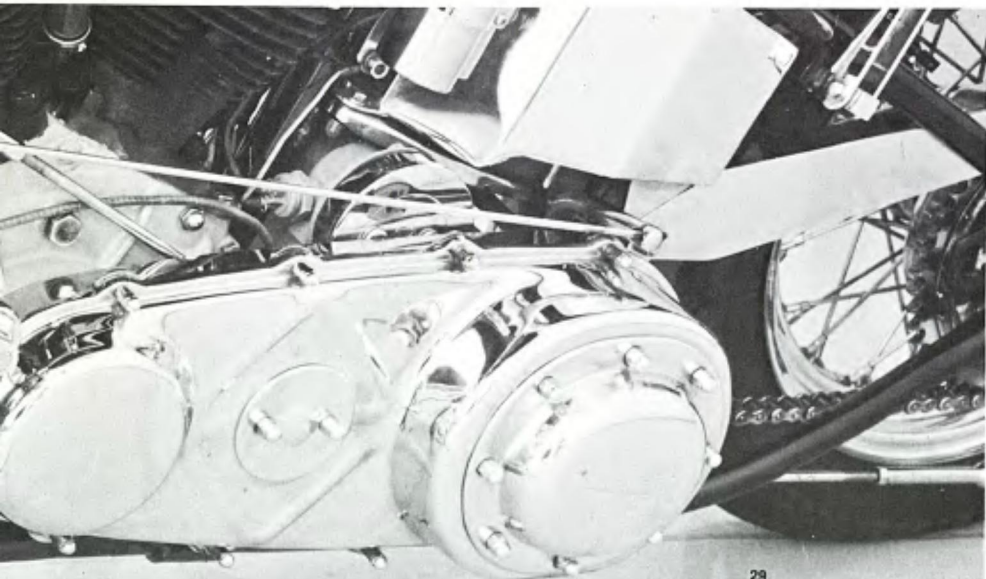


or The Ups and Downs of Owning a Used Bike

The pan you see here has an interesting history of one misfortune after another. From a poor owner's limited maintenance to just bad luck, Murphy's law has held fast. It's taken a whole lotta love, work, and bucks to make this the respectable-lookin', dependable putt it has become — somethin' anyone would be proud to own.

Bob, the present owner, picked it up for almost nothing a couple of years ago. At that time it was a borderline rat with what you might call major health problems. The previous owner had kept it stored, collectin' dirt and grime, in his garage. Takin' it out on the streets rarely, the dude apparently got off on the idea of ridin' but never had or took time to enjoy it. So the poor scooter took it in the shorts. There was even the time his ol' lady backed into it in the driveway an' creamed it. (There was some question as to whether it was intentional or not.)

Well, that owner finally offed it





Owner: Bob Earl		City: San Fernando Valley	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1953	
Year and make: 1953 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: can't even count it		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 1½ years		Other alterations: nope	
Chroming by: assorted people		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: McCloskey's	
Year: '53		Risers: standard	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): fatbob rear	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Flanders	
Ignition: in dash		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: inaccurate	
Lower end: iron		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: perfect		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: great (finally)		Electrics: 6v	
Cases: two		Gas tank: fatbob	
Heads: breatheable		Oil tank: chrome	
Cam(s): shaftable		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: yeah	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Chatsworth Upholstery	
Air cleaner: old		Sissybar: McCloskey's	
Pipes: owner		Height: short	
Muffler(s): McCloskey's		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: mousetrap		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: '53		Extension: just right	
Shifting: positive		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: steers straight	
Trans sprocket: original		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Bob Bruett		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Bob Bruett		Rim width: 4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black with blue pearl		Tire: Cheng Shin	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: hydraulic
Special paint: urethane top coat			
Other special modifications: front fender bulldog; Phase 3 belt drive. Thanks to Russell.			

after years of abuse an' neglect, and after his woman had nagged him into it. At that time the panhead's fortunes made a turn for the better, but not without some of its misfortunes also being transferred to plague the unsuspecting new owner.

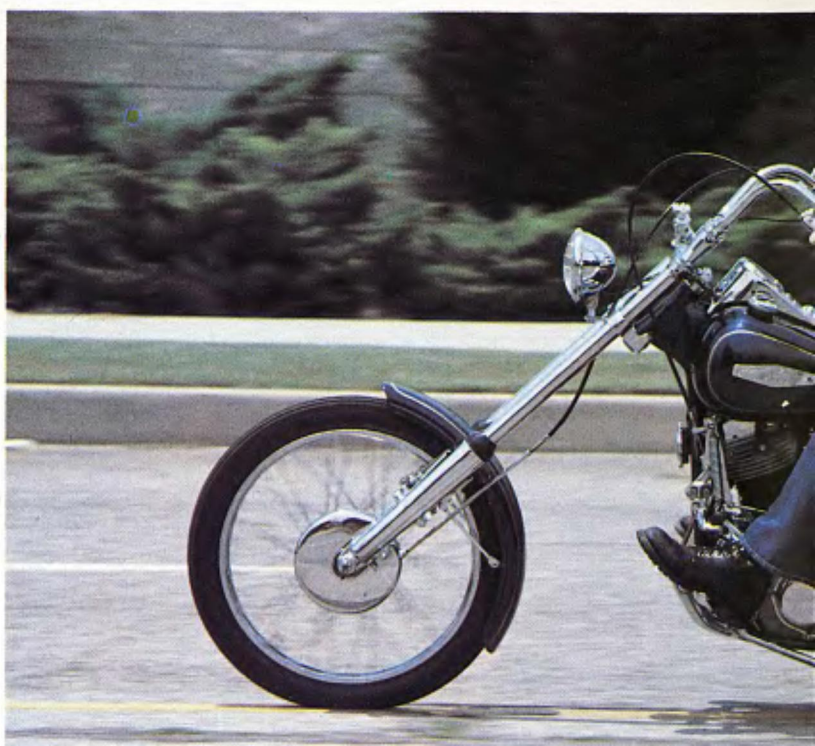
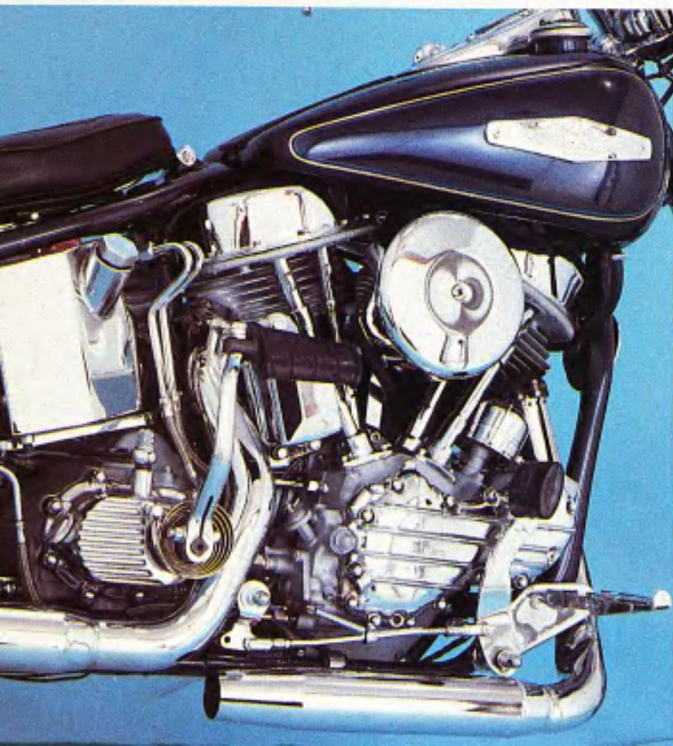
Bob drives eighteen-wheelers for a livin'. When he's through haulin' for the day, he digs glidin' on two wheels. After he had bought the bike an' ridden it a few times, but before he'd had time to really check it out thoroughly, he got a load that had to get to Texas immediately. The bike remained at home. But the thoughts of future puttin' stayed with him. He wanted the wind in his face not in his truck's grille. As soon as the truck was unloaded he jammed back to his waitin' scooter. He parked the big rig, fired up the bike, an' promptly sheared off his rear sprocket. Then, a short time later, his clutch cable broke in an intersection. After that, the gas tanks got ripped off. That



did it. Bob decided to go the whole tamale on a rebuild. Complete renovation. Fuck that broken cable routine.

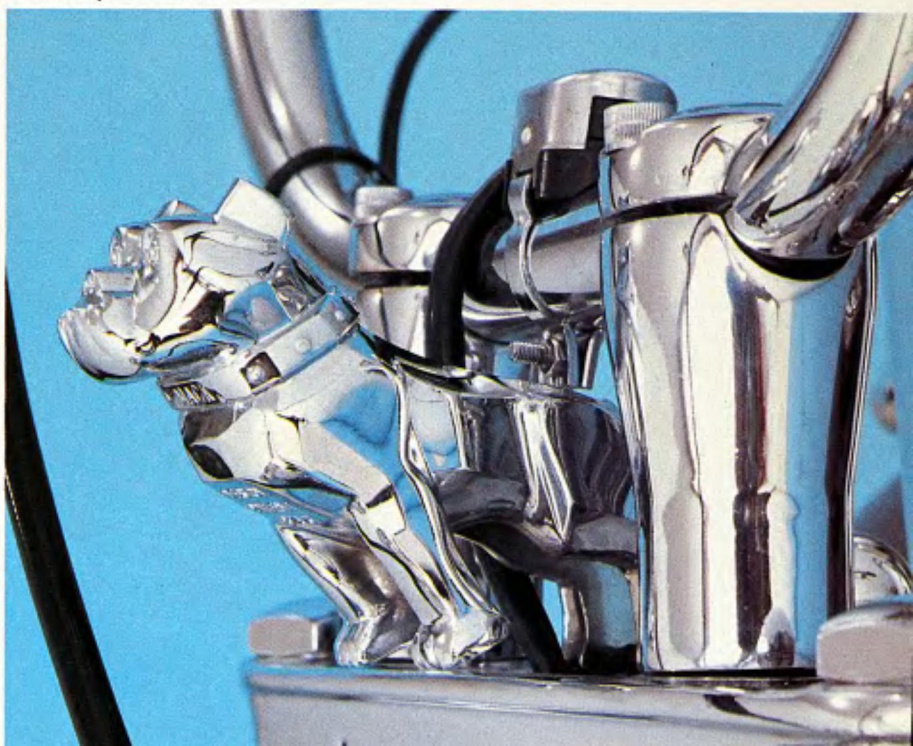
So you see here the final product of a true highwayman's dreams. He just can't get enough blacktop behind him. Bein' on the road as much as he is, he picks up on motorists' attitudes. He believes there is an increasin' awareness of scooters on the road by truck drivers an' cage handlers. He cites the time recently when he had a flat (yep, the scoot again) an' before he could make it to a call box, two guys had pulled over (one with a family) to offer help. But he agrees that it is very important to watch out for the left-turn dolts an' pull-out-in-front-of idiots and generally ride as if you're invisible. Still, when he sees a cager do somethin' real dumb he gets in his face. He's like the bulldog that's affixed to his bars — ya gotta be road tough to survive.

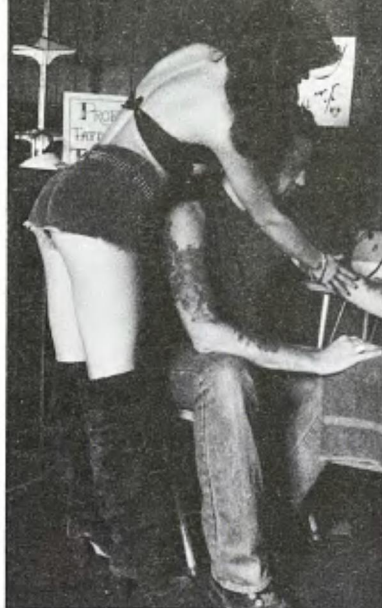
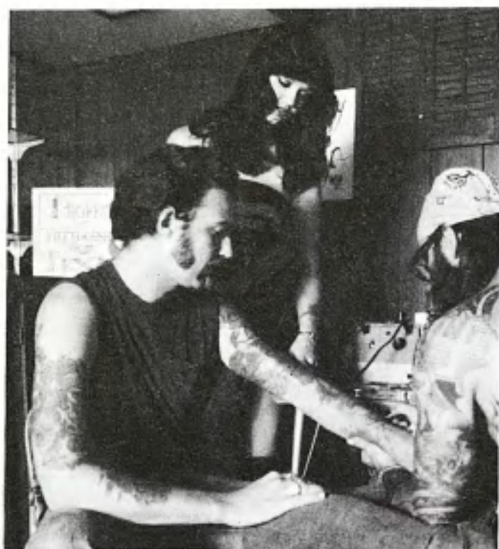
— Rags





Photos by Pete Chiodo





No Slack

or, screwed, blewed, and tattooed — almost

My ol' lady's a stand-up broad but sometimes she acts like she ain't wrapped too tight. Don't get me wrong — I ain't bad-rappin' her, exactly. Like I say, most of the time, she's cool. She works in a tittie bar and brings me lotsa hard cash every night, so's I can maintain the lifestyle to which I've grown accustomed — sleepin' till noon, guzzlin' brew all day, and generally pumpin' her pay into chrome and gas for my scooter. She keeps her mouth shut, whips up decent chow, makes her own clothes, and performs like a champ in the sack.

But every once in a while she gets a burr under her saddle and starts raggin' me about some bullshit or other. Like last week on the scoot while we were puttin' around Sturgis she starts tellin' me how far-out it'd be if she had another tattoo.

"Ya already got one on yer arm an'

one on yer ass," I yelled over my shoulder, figurin' that would end it. But she just grabbed my waist tighter and nuzzled them pouty red lips next to my ear.

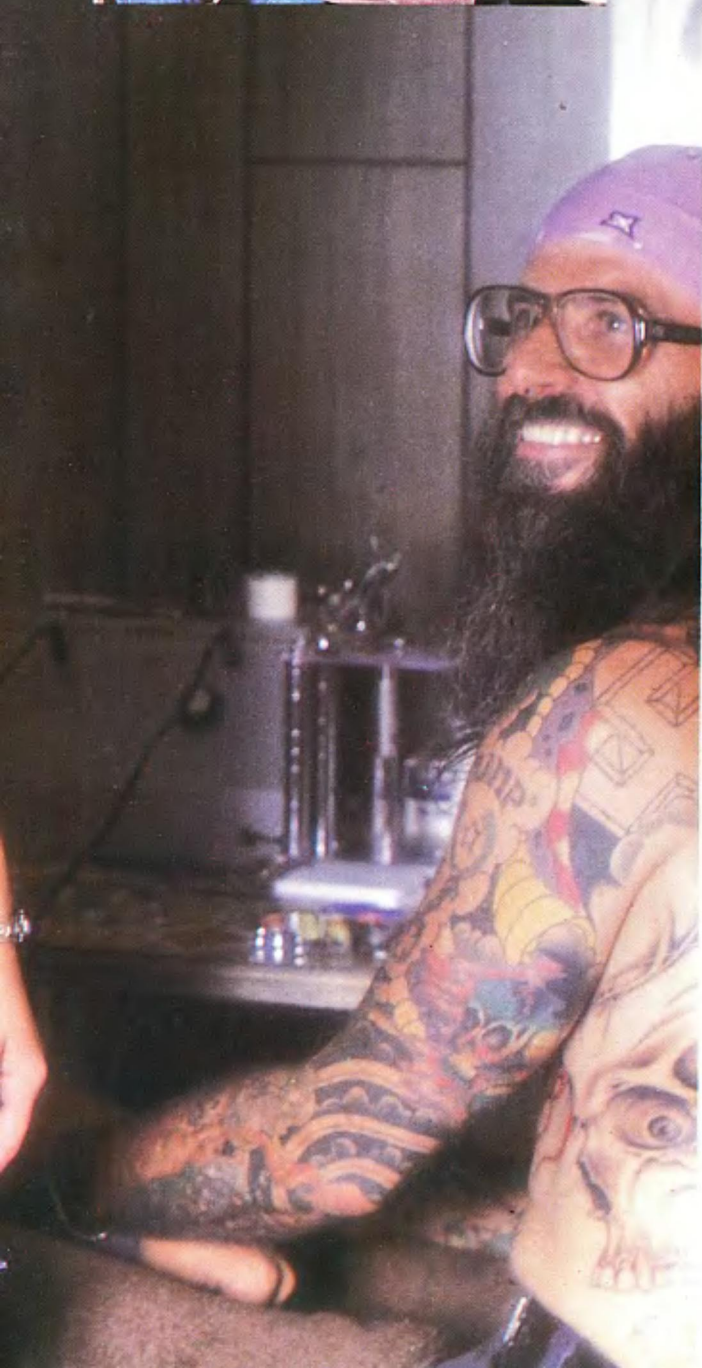
"But honey," she whispered, rubbin' my dork and damn near makin' me rear-end a cage, "you'd love it — I'll get it done just above my pussy."

"Nawww," I shot back. "Too much hassle. Besides, it ain't in the budget — when we get back to Texas I gotta pick up a new tranny from Big Al."

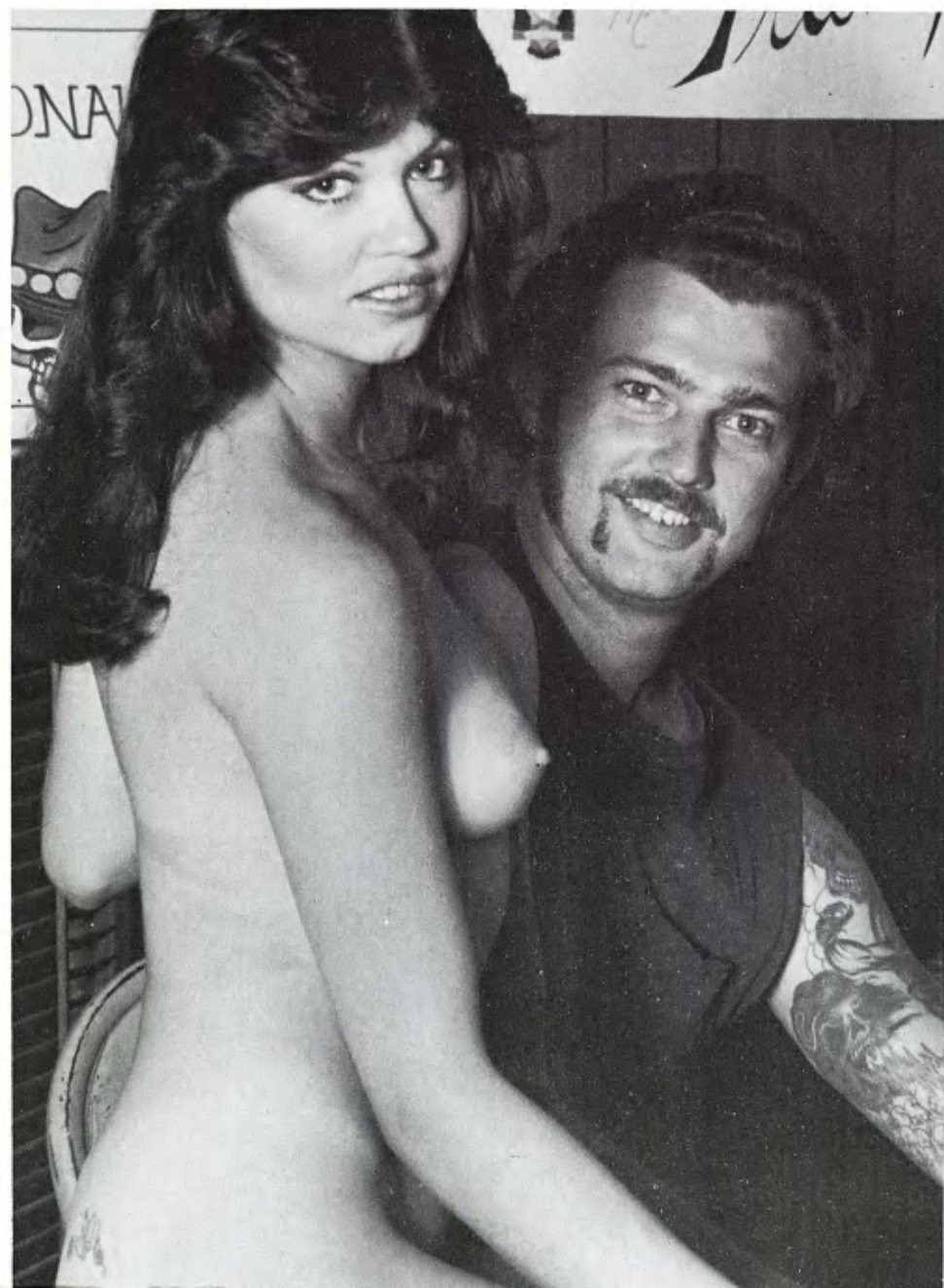
"But sweetie," she said, "I'll make more bread with another tattoo like that — I'll rake in double the tips."

Well, when she's right, she's right, so I whipped a U-turn and headed for a spot where Tramp had set up a tattoo place to make a couple of bucks during Sturgis week. Tramp's a dynamite tattoo artist (from Texas too) and a partyer.









My ol' lady picked out a design and doffed her duds while Tramp did a touch-up on one of my old tattoos. Tramp couldn't ignore her so he began roughing in the artwork on her belly just a cunthair above her bush. Everything was goin' fine until she asked me to make sure I had enough cash to pay Tramp.

"Me?" I yelled. "Who the hell said I was gonna pay? Didn't I tell ya I gotta buy a new tranny?"

Well, that flat pissed her off, but she wanted that tattoo bad, so she hit Tramp up for credit.

"No way," Tramp said, drop-pin' his pen back in the box. "This ain't no charity." That Tramp's a businessman, all right. My ol' lady looked over at me.

"Forget it," I barked. I could tell she was gonna try to float a loan with me, so with that she didn't open her mouth.

So she finally had to drag her drawers back on and leave without her tattoo. I laughed my ass off.

I guess she didn't think it was so funny, though, 'cause she split for Texas the next day. I couldn't believe it. How could she do that to a swell guy like me?

—Birddog

PAPPY'S RUN

by Carolyn de Raismes

Every year for the past six years, hundreds of bikers from all over the Northeast have descended on half a dozen small, quiet seashore communities in southeastern Connecticut for one day. Then, as quickly as they swept into town, they were gone again, until next year.

"Everyone thinks we're going to raise hell and rip everything up. But it's not true and doesn't happen," said Troy Clauson, one of more than 2,000 bikers who showed up this year.

In fact the bikers come for quite a different purpose. They come to honor a dead friend — a champion of bikers' rights — with a memorial ride, a simple graveside ceremony, and, later, an all-night party that "Pappy" would have enjoyed.

The man the bikers return to pay tribute to year after year was named Donald Pittsley. To his friends, and to scores of bikers who never knew him, but know of him, he is known as "Pappy."

"We honor him every year to let



him know we remember him," said "Fats," a New London, Connecticut, biker and one of the organizers of this year's memorial events. "We're just out for a good time, to show our respect for Pappy, and to show we're against the helmet law."

It was Pappy's hard-fought crusade against Connecticut's helmet law in the early seventies that won him the undying respect of bikers and made him well known in bikers' circles in and outside the state. Pappy died of a heart attack at the age of 51 in 1975, a year before the federal blackmail law was officially wiped from the books. But he is still



credited by fellow bikers with being one of the leading forces in convincing lawmakers to repeal the unpopular legislation.

For bikers who cherish their freedom, Pappy's contributions have not been easy to forget. As proof of that, this year's salute to the one-time Huns Motorcycle Club member and founder of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association was the biggest in the history of "Pappy's Day." The numbers that turned out — 2,000 to 2,500 according to police estimates — dwarfed attendance of all earlier years. Some local residents got a little nervous knowing that a lot of "leather-jacketed, drug-abusin', motorsickle types" were racing through their neighborhoods. But others were truly impressed that so many people would still turn out to honor a man six years after his death.

This year's traditional memorial ride began as it has every year, with bikers rallying at the Waterford Speedbowl racetrack. There bikers lined up for the 25-mile ride. Then it





began. Bikers roared out of the parking lot in a cloud of dust. Two by two, in a line stretching for more than a mile, they snaked at high speed down the main streets of six towns. Crowds waited along the entire route — in lawn chairs, on sidewalks, on car tops — to watch the convoy whiz past. Some bikers were particular favorites, like the ones who wore "Love That Pappy" T-shirts and the biker who draped his machine with yellow ribbons and small American flags in remembrance of the Navy veteran.

The roar of the engines stopped and the dust settled when the bikers reached Pappy's grave. It lies in a small, shadeless cemetery in his home town of Montville. There, under a hot afternoon sun, surrounded by a huge half-circle of gleaming bikes, each biker took a few silent minutes to remember Pappy. Some drank a beer to his memory. Three wreaths — red, white, and blue — were placed against his headstone. Many stepped up close enough to read the

inscription etched in the gray marble: "Founder of CMA [Connecticut Motorcycle Association]. Member Huns MC. Fought to free bikers against unjust laws."

"Pappy was a great guy, a beautiful human being," Clauson said. "If he felt something was against bikers' rights, he fought against it, no matter what. He's well-loved." Said another biker: "Pappy was like a father to us."

For "Tiff," a biker who had been a good friend of Pappy's, the only memory that put a damper on the tribute was remembering that the man had died before he saw his fight against the helmet law bear results. "He fought for the rights of bikers all the time — it's just too bad he didn't live to see the helmet law canned," said the New London biker.

After the more formal ceremonies, the bikers headed for an all-night "till the beer runs out" party in nearby New London. Two rock bands and plenty of beer and hamburgers kept the blast going late

into the night. Despite the worst fears of locals, police reported no trouble. The biggest problems anyone could find were long lines at the nearest MacDonald's and some traffic jams along the memorial ride route.

For the most part, local police played it cool. Some actually seemed to enjoy the day as much as the bikers. Wearing a white cowboy hat, a red windbreaker with the word PIG spelled out in big letters across the front, and blue jeans, Waterford Police Chief James A. Perkins showed up for "Pappy's Day" to direct traffic through his town.

And while there were some gripes from residents, they were outnumbered by people who found the whole idea of the tribute fantastic. One frail-looking, white-haired woman called the sight of the leather-jacketed, beer-drinking invaders passing through her neighborhood "spectacular." She said she only hoped someone would pay her some kind of tribute when she died.



Photos by Debbie Beckwith

Love Me He Do

I haven't been reading *Easyriders* all that long, but I was looking through it today and some of the letters you receive really disturb me. I have respect for women and I don't like what some guys say about you. I dig all kinds of women, even you.

I like eating pussy, also. You must have a big one, huh? I'm a tit lover, too. I would like to suck your tits until I pass out. I get a big head every time I think of you.

Marshall B.
Woodstock, Vt.

• It's not suckin' my tits that usually makes Spider pass out; it's sniffin' my twat.

In The Army Now

Mutha, I got a tramp who has an ol' lady but is still fucking me every chance he gets. His ol' lady hates bikes, especially Harleys, and wants him to get rid of his Lowrider.

In two months he's going into the Army (sob! sob!). All the bros always have something righteous to say about you, so maybe you could send a picture of your ugly body. It

would be a nice going away present along with the coke I'm giving him.

Badass Bitch
Boston, Mass.

• Coke from you, crabs from me. We'll have the prick dishonorably discharged in no time.

Sticky Fingers

The other day a bro showed me a picture of a foxy, sexy-looking squeeze and said it was you.

I got so upset that I forgot what I was doing and spilled a whole fuckin' bottle of Super Glue on the fuckin' table. My bitch got mad and walked outside and kicked over my scooter and moved into the doghouse.

I ain't seen her for three days. Every time I look out the window, all I see is my Great Dane's back half sticking out of the doghouse door, his tail wagging about 90 miles a second.

But that ain't what's botherin' me. That picture that my bro said was you gave me a bone that would've rammed a hole in a brick wall. After I cleaned up

the glue and took half the finish off the brand-new table (maybe that's what made my bitch so mad), I had to piss. I forgot to wash the glue off my fingers and, after a good, solid Jack Daniel's piss and a fairly good shake, I couldn't get my fingers off my cock. It cost me \$90 to have my Siamese hand and dork surgically separated, all thanks to you and your picture.

Whaddaya gonna do about it?

Gladiator
Augusta, Ga.

• A Great Dane that would fuck some bimbo who goes around kickin' over bikes ain't much of a dog.

Oops, He Caught Me

All right, you stupid bitch, I know what the scam is now. I was lookin' through the December '71 issue and I got to your column — you were wearing a fucking dress! I used to dream about you all the time, until I found out you wear clothes.

The Scout
Tyler, Tex.

• Cut me some slack. It was Halloween and Spider was takin' me to a costume party at the clubhouse.

Like Mother, Like Daughter

Mom, I need your help. Remember when I wrote you a while back from stir and asked you to send my smelly, leather panties with the coke sewn in 'em? Shit, ma, I finally managed to bust out. I tol' one of the screws I'd go into the kitchen and fuck him while the mess hall was closed, and the asshole took me up on it.

I cold-cocked him by hitting him upside the head with my right tit and stuffed him in the freezer. Then I jumped into the garbage dumpster, figuring that if I really looked as much like you as everyone always tells me, nobody would even notice me in there.

About two hours later this forklift emptied the dumpster into the back of a big truck and I was hauled out to the dump. Ma, I've been here two weeks now, livin' next to big piles of maggoty shit, with seagulls crappin' on my head, and the whole place smellin' like Spider's bedroom. I'm scared 'cause I'm beginnin' to like it and don't wanna leave. What should I do?

Horrible Heidi
Somewhere in Slime

• Sounds just like the *Easy-*

riders lounge to me. Dig around till you find some left-over raisin pie and kick back with it.

Married, Not Dead

I have a problem. It's this biker who lives across the street. I'm 24, 38D-26-36, black-haired, green-eyed, and well-balled by other brothers.

This bro across the street just sits on his bike, waves, and drives off. Maybe it's my ol' man or rugrat. But that never stopped a bro before. Shit, I'm married — not dead! I'm always hot for bikers and not happy till I get them right where I want them: eatin' and fuckin' me, me, me. Maybe he'll read this: Listen, shithead, just look out your fuckin' front door!

Twitchin' Twat
N. Ridgeville, Ohio

• You're learnin' what straight cunts have known all along: Better dead than wed.

Backflin' Betsy

I got a noisy problem for ya. Seems that when the ol' man gets done fuckin' me, my pussy sounds like the kid-next-door's rice rocket detonating — worst case of pussy farts you've ever heard.

I wrote Heloise about this, but the closest thing she came to a remedy was how to keep noisy oven doors from squeaking. I tried that, but the W-D 40 melted my diaphragm and now the oven's just as noisy and has a new "roast" growing in it, if you know what I mean. Help!

Mousie
Greeley, Colo.

• Teach your pussy to sing "Born To Be Wild."

Wants A Buzz

Judging by the cartoon in issue 100, it takes a Harley vibrator to get you off. It looks as if you'd prefer to have that whole machine parked in your cunt on a full-time basis.

I should be so lucky as to find a full-time vibrator for my cock. Any suggestions?

Gasman
Dodge City, Kan.

• Tape your cock to your woofer and put on some loud organ music.

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Not Obvious Details

Occasionally, while thumbing through one of the many motorcycle magazines published each month, especially the ones catering to custom enthusiasts, I am stopped cold by a customizing technique. No, I'm not referring just to, say, a bike's paint or its plating. Sure, these things can make a machine a real standout. But it's the subtler things that I am discussing — things like color-matched spark plug wires and fuel lines. These are not obvious candidates for customization, but they are valid, nonetheless, and their modification exerts a significant visual effect.

—Jim Harris
Custom Bike

Tell 'Em Like It Is

What I'm suggesting is that launching someone off on the rites of passage into motorcycling is a task that carries with it a certain responsibility. It involves a gate-keeping function as well. Both for the good of the people who just aren't going to make it as riders and for you as well. And me. Okay, it would be wrong to paint an unrealistically grim picture of motorcycling for anyone. But for the sake of those would-be riders who are clearly unsuited to the task, it would be far kinder to let them know the problems that they're going to face. And maybe go so far as to offer an opinion that they'd be better off staying away from bikes.

When you're asked to give the "motorcycle spiel" to someone considering signing up for two wheels, don't just launch off on the wonders of it all. Think, before you wax rhapsodic on the freedom, the wind in your face and all that. Think how that rhapsody is going to

play in a year or so when some driver takes out on you the aggression that your rapt student built up in him by some foolish move in traffic. That's serious counsel you're offering, so take it seriously. Take a good, hard look at your audience and ask yourself if you'd want that person as a riding companion. If the answer is no, or even if you have serious doubts, maybe you don't want him representing you, either.

—Larry Works
Cycle Guide

Check Out Dealers

If you turn to *Motorcyclist* or any motorcycle magazine for advice on buying a motorcycle, you may come away with the impression that the most important thing to consider is the motorcycle. However, choosing a good motorcycle should be a secondary consideration; choosing a good dealer is much more important.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

More Loose "Facts"

Is anybody surprised that the federal National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, after reporting that motorcycle fatalities for 1980 were up about 12 percent over 1979, once again is putting all the blame on repeal of helmet laws? NHTSA says 5,500 motorcyclists were killed nationwide last year but totally ignores the fact that approximately 40 percent of the states nationwide still have a helmet law. Are they sure Joan Claybrook has gone? Our regard for the Canada Safety Council slipped again recently when their publication, *Safety Canada*, published an editorial on helmet laws in the United States and strongly implied that opposition to such laws in this

country had been organized by — and should be attributed to — the Hells Angels and "one percenters" — which must leave the AM(motorcyclist)A a bit confused.

—Road Rider

Bike Weeks

As a motorcyclist, you're probably used to thinking of the government as the "bad guys." However, there's some recent evidence that suggests that the "bad guys" may not be so "bad" after all. Some examples:

Oregon Governor Vic Atiyeh declared May 4 through 11, 1981, as Motorcycle Safety Awareness Week in Oregon, at the time stating that motorcycling has recently "taken a more prominent place as an inexpensive, fuel-efficient form of everyday transportation."

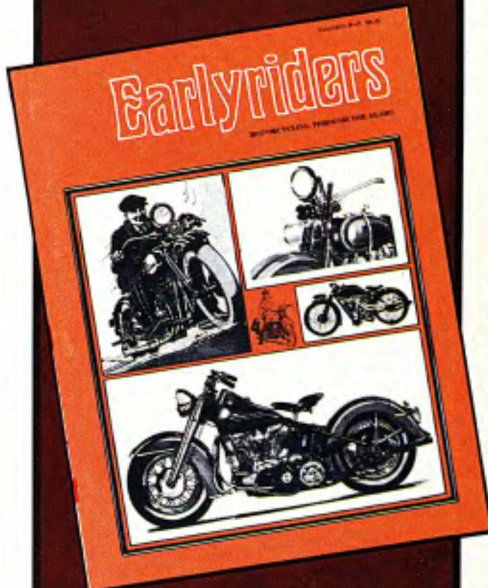
Illinois Governor James R. Thompson declares May 4 through 8 as Motorcycle Awareness Week, at the time urging Illinois citizens to "become more aware of the value, rights, and safety of motorcyclists."

In Ohio, Governor James Rhodes similarly declared the first week in June Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week, and indicated that this ritual may become an annual event.

Isolated incidents? Not really, says Gary Winn, of the American Motorcyclist Association. According to Winn, in 1981 "there were more governors signing proclamations for motorcycle safety than in all previous years combined." Continued Winn: "I'm glad to see it. It's a positive image of motorcycling that needs to be seen. Associating the sport with government gives us validity; it gives us credibility."

—Kelly Weinert
Dealer News

**SAVE
MONEY
ON THIS
CLASSIC**



As you know, we sell Spider's **Earlyriders** — a 224-page collection of motorcycle memorabilia in a hardcover edition. (The ad is elsewhere in this mag.) We just discovered a stash of the exact same book, only with a "soft cover" on it — still a heavy, 100-pound cover, but it can be bent over, whereas a hardcover edition cannot. That's the only difference — inside you'll find the very same quality throughout. Because it's a softcover edition, we can let 'em go for 2 dollars less. That's right — only \$8.95 each (with us payin' postage and handlin').

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Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.
Please print name and address to avoid errors.

A Warning

***"It should be the concern of every citizen. . .
to resist such creeping governmental secrecy."***

Almost fifteen years ago, Congress passed the Freedom of Information Act. In the wake of the Watergate scandals and the political repression of individual rights under the Nixon administration, the law was amended in 1974 to expand its effectiveness and broaden its application.

In recent months, the Freedom of Information Act, as well as other post-Watergate reforms such as the Ethics in Government Act and the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act have come under attack by the Reagan administration. Basically, it's Ronald Reagan's position that Congress went too far in trying to prevent a recurrence of the abuses of power perpetrated by high-office holders during the Nixon years.

"We strongly support the basic philosophy of this act," said Assistant Attorney General Jonathan C. Rose. "The act has, however, been widely used by various private interests in ways which tend to harm rather than promote the public's interest in good and open government."

As the Reagan administration sees it, the law was originally intended to open government records to citizens' groups, journalists, and scholars. Instead, Reagan aides claim, far more requests come from prisoners trying to find out which informant might have fingered them for prosecution. Moreover, it is asserted, the FOIA legalizes certain forms of industrial espionage. Companies can file requests for trade information through intermediaries, making it impossible for business rivals to find out who's checking on them. In 1974, Congress estimated it would cost about \$100,000 annually to enforce the act; today, that cost has ballooned to almost \$50 million.

The government is not above using scare tactics to gain public support for its case against the act. For example, it cited an instance in which a convicted murderer obtained records that enabled him to identify someone who had informed against him — a person he then vowed to kill. Another inmate obtained an FBI report telling how weapons can be improvised from common materials. By focusing on such isolated cases while ignoring the fact that the law has protected the individual rights of thousands of citizens

against covert attack by the federal bureaucracy, the Reagan administration hopes to return to pre-Watergate secrecy in carrying out government business.

"The administration wants to conduct government in secret," said Katherine Meyer of the Washington-based Freedom of Information Clearinghouse. This view was reflected in the Justice Department's order last May that agencies tighten up on public disclosure under the law and the announcement that it will follow up the order with proposed statutory changes.

In case anyone doubts that Reagan's denouncing of the Freedom of Information Act is only the opening shot in a larger attack on individual freedoms and the right to privacy, an executive order has been drafted to "clarify" (meaning increase) the authority of the FBI and CIA to collect national security intelligence. Many observers fear that the order will dilute the limits on searches and surveillance that were imposed by Presidents Ford and Carter.

In short, there seems to be a move under way by the Reagan administration to systematically chip away and deny more of our hard-won freedoms. It should be the concern of every citizen — biker and straight alike — to resist such creeping governmental secrecy with all resources available. If you care about your personal freedoms and privacy and if you believe you have the right to know what the govern-

ment has in its files about you, be warned — Big Brother's at it again.

It's too soon to predict the outcome of these actions by the Reagan administration, but the implications are sinister, to say the least. One thing is certain, though — the attack has begun.

As we go to press, there are at least three bills that have been introduced to amend the Freedom of Information Act — Senate Bills 587, 1235, and 1247. Undoubtedly, more will follow in the months ahead. You should be concerned and should waste no time in writing your Congressmen to tell them about your objection to the passage of these bills and any others like them. Hell, while you're at it, drop a line to Attorney General William French Smith and Ronnie himself — it couldn't hurt, and you never know, it just might help.

—The Editors

**"The government is
not above using
scare tactics to gain
public support"**

National

 Abate
EASYnews

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

Your tax dollars at work

Latest fed propaganda on safety: down on tattoos, up with helmets

It must be the silly season in Washington again. The bureaucrats at the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration have released their latest "motorcycle safety report" and it's a 900-page, \$501,814 bombshell.

"Get a tattoo and crash; don't wear a helmet and die!" Do they really say that? Well, no, but they come damn close.

According to Dr. Harry Hurt and his team of researchers at the University of Southern California there is a direct link between being tattooed and having motorcycle accidents. Not only that, the study says, "the more tattoos you have, the more likely you are to crash."

Helmets are termed "the only life-saving injury protection the rider can wear," by the report, which also contends that lids do not decrease the ability to hear and do not interfere with proper peripheral vision.

The report was compiled by investigating 900 motorcycle accidents in Los Angeles over a two-year period, by reviewing police reports of 3,600 accidents, and by interviewing 1,400 riders.

Among the other findings:

- Sixty-five percent of all bike-car crashes investigated were the fault of the car driver. (They could have asked any bike rider that.)
- Most car drivers "simply cannot see them [motorcycles] on the road." (Nor do they try.)
- Young, inexperienced riders were involved in more than their share of mishaps — more than half the accident-involved cyclists had less than five months in the saddle of the bike

they crashed. (Same statistics with cars.)

Excuse us, doc, but maybe you should check this item out

A helmetless motorcycle rider was only scratched when the bike he was riding was struck from behind by a car in El Paso, Texas.

The driver of the car was killed.

According to El Paso police, a car driven by Mark Wegleitner struck the bike, which was stopped in an intersection waiting to turn, about 3 a.m. The rider of the bike, Lee Henderson, was thrown from his ride and later treated for scratches and minor lacerations.

Wegleitner, however, veered to the right, hit a tree, smashed into the rear of a parked van, hit another tree, bashed a two-foot-high rock wall, bounced off a parked car and, finally, rolled his car, coming to a stop on the roof, police said.

He was pronounced dead at the scene.

- Bikes equipped with fairings were involved in fewer accidents than bikes without them. (Fewer of 'em on the road.)

- Most accidents happened during daylight in good weather — usually within twelve minutes of starting a ride and within five miles of home.
- Eighty-eight percent of the crashes resulted in injuries to the bike rider or passenger; forty-five percent of those were serious.
- The typical accident gives the riders less than two seconds to take evasive action. Most riders overbrake, lock their rear wheels, and don't use enough front brake.
- Seventy-three percent of the riders involved in accidents were not wearing any eye protection; only sixty percent were not wearing helmets.
- Most injuries were to the rider's legs. (Maybe a boot law and get off the helmet trip.)
- Average speed of the bikes before crashing was 29.8 mph, dropping to 21.5 mph at impact — very high speeds were involved in only one accident in a thousand. (Centerpunching a left-turning car doesn't take speed.)
- Forty-one percent of the bike drivers killed had alcohol, drugs, or both in their system.

Just in case you believe the government never brings good news, check this out. According to the Hurt report, Harley-Davidsons — even chopped Harley-Davidsons — were "underrepresented" in crashes; proportionally fewer Harleys were wrecked than should be expected from their share of the entire motorcycle market. (Because they have their shit together, and first-timers don't usually start learning on one.)

Lane dividers go underground

State says grooves no hazard to bikes

Bumps in the highway may be a thing of the past, for California has begun experimenting with recessed pavement markers as an alternative to the traditional raised reflectors often used to separate freeway lanes.

Though it would seem that the new markers, set into a four-inch wide by 24-inch-long by 9/16-inch-deep groove hacked out of the roadbed, would offer a severe hazard to bikers, the California Department of Transportation says that controlled tests show that the "recessed markers are more desirable than raised pavement markers."

In tests conducted at the California Highway Patrol Academy, experienced riders — mostly motorcycle cops and instructors — rode a variety of sizes and weights over a series of six recessed markers at speeds of five to seventy miles per hour. Weaving passes over the markers were tried, as was driving over them with underinflated tires.

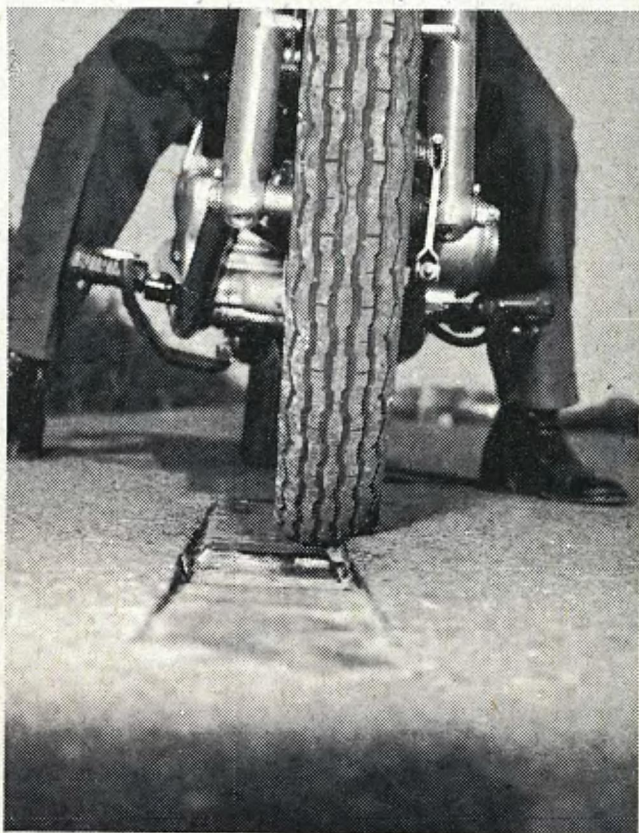
According to the Caltrans report on the tests, "The riders tried to find any situation

where noticeable negative handling would occur, such as riding down the centerline to place the tires fully into the groove, riding on the groove edges, riding in circles so that one reflector was repeatedly encountered at low leaning angles, and panic stops that included rear-wheel lockup."

After completion of the tests on dry pavement, the whole drill was repeated with the test section watered down sufficiently to fill the grooves and leave the road surface wet.

"Regardless of motorcycle size, tire size, general tread pattern, angle of encounter, lean angle, or speed, the recessed markers produced only a slight bump," Caltrans concluded. Even when the pavement was wet, there was no squirming or any kind of directional instability. "The motorcyclists involved all believed that the recessed markers are less dangerous than raised markers."

Caltrans officials believe the recessed markers will last substantially longer and require less maintenance than the current raised markers.



La. lid law lamented

"From moped to chopper, we're organizing," say Louisiana brothers and sisters attempting to push through a last-minute repeal of the state's new mandatory helmet law, scheduled to go into effect Jan. 1, 1982.

"The law not only requires helmets to be worn," says repeal organizer spokesman Perry Thigpen, "it sets a \$500 fine and up to a six-month jail sentence for not wearing a helmet. Hell, driving under the influence is only a \$250 fine."

A new organization, as yet unnamed, is being set up to work for repeal. Twenty-five board members scattered throughout Louisiana will work with local riders to organize protest rallies and meetings with state politicians.

One problem, Thigpen says, is the Louisiana media's anti-biker stance. "We're out to change our public image," Thigpen says. "We're going to be organizing Toy Runs and motorcycle awareness programs. One thing we've got to get across to the public and

the legislature is that the statistics they were given before they passed the helmet law weren't any good — they were based mostly on accidents involving drunk or stoned driving."

Anyone interested in fighting Louisiana's mandatory helmet law can write to Perry Thigpen, 2415 Lee St., Alexandria, La. 71301.

Coming Events

November 20, 21, 22: Cycle-Rama '81 (bike show) NYS Fairgrounds. Also, Cyclo-Rama '82, Feb. 5, 6, and 7 at Rochester War Memorial. SDF Productions. For information write Bob Stonecipher, 111 Herbert St., North Syracuse, N.Y. 13212 or call (315) 458-2489 or Dale Denslow (315) 668-7063. December 6: Toy Run. Leaving from the park-n-ride at Magnolia and the 91 Fwy in Fullerton, Calif., at 10:00 a.m. For further information call (714) 771-2290 or (714) 538-5305.

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ¹⁰	Yes	No
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes ³	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ^{2,5}	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹Under 19. ²Under 18. ³Required even if bike has windshield. ⁴Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵Helmet for both rider and passenger. ⁶Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁷Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁸Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁹If over 21. ¹⁰If over 16. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



About 1,000 bikers took part in this year's annual helmet protest run in Albany, New York. State Sen. Owen Johnson, who has worked since '75 for repeal of the lid law, told the bikers that the Reagan administration is their "best hope yet" of overturning the law. . . The *British Minister of Transport* wants to pass a law requiring motorcyclists to undergo training before being allowed to drive on the open road. . . The city council of *Quenemo*, Kansas, has banned the sale of beer on all Friday the 13ths — traditionally a day for motorcycle rallies in Quenemo.

The *Florida Senate* Transportation Committee voted 5-2 to change the helmet law to require only people under 21 to wear one. . . a bill to require helmets in *California* died in committee without getting a single vote. . . *Virginia* denied motorcyclists the right to ride in high-occupancy (carpool) lanes on the highway. . . the *Kansas* legislature is considering a bill that would require lidless riders to have personal injury insurance. . . Five anti-motorcycle bills — including two mandatory helmet measures — have died in committee in *Indiana*.

A national rally of *BMW* riders drew 5,000 guests to the 100-acre ranch of country singer Loretta Lynn in Tennessee. Lynn's husband, Mooney, a rider himself, hosted the event. . . The *Motorcycle Industry Council* is circulating public service TV spots urging cyclists to "Ride Aware." The spots feature celebrities such as *Bobby and Al Unser*, *Charles Bronson*, and *Ken Stabler* — all of whom volunteered their services without pay.

Two bills calling for repeal of *Michigan's* helmet law are before the Public Safety Committee. . . A bill lifting the helmet requirement for riders over 18 is working its way through the *Pennsylvania* legislature. . . Send news of your area to Easynews, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Miss. Legislature to act on helmets

Now's the time for Mississippi bikers to start organizing to liberalize the state's helmet law.

According to Lee Jordan, information coordinator of the Mississippi Motorcycle Riders Assn., the state legislature is scheduled to vote in January on a bill that would change the current law from requiring helmets for everyone to requiring helmets only for riders under 21.

"Last session the bill passed the Senate," Jordan notes, "but was killed by the House Transportation Subcommittee."

This time around, according to Jordan, the chairman of the Transportation Committee has promised to see that the proposal gets a fair shake.

"We need the riders of Mississippi to write a lot of letters to their representatives and senators," Jordan says.

Turban run protests buckets

About 2,000 British bikers, many with towels wrapped around their heads as makeshift turbans, took to the streets of East London recently in a 30-mile helmet protest run.

In England, everyone must wear a skid lid except members of the Sikh religion, who are exempt from the law because their religious beliefs require them to wear a turban at all times.

According to a spokesman for the protest-run organizers, the Motorcycle Action Group, "Sikhs are immune from prosecution. We want everyone to be immune, and this run was to point out just how grossly unfair the law is to the majority of riders."

Seventy-two-year-old Fred Hill, who has in the past gone to jail for riding with his hair covered only by God and the sun, led the run which, appropriately enough, began and ended at a pub.

No arrests of the helmetless protesters were made.



Flippin' off Deadwood



The city fathers of Deadwood, South Dakota, formerly a favorite gathering place for bikers on their way home from Sturgis, decided to pull in the welcome mat this year and passed an ordinance banning bikes from parking on downtown streets. A group of put-upon bros reacted to the ban by profiling through town, turning around and riding out again — without spending dime one.

Rider "wins" \$150,000 after suing Rhode Island

After seven years, a Providence, Rhode Island, man has been awarded \$150,000 for injuries he suffered when his bike went out of control on a newly oiled stretch of highway in 1974.

In rendering judgment, Judge Arthur A. Carrellas said the state breached its obligation "to maintain its highways in a reasonably safe condition" and to warn "of any hazardous conditions."

The accident occurred when Robert Rowe, riding his bike about five miles under the 40mph speed limit, hit an oiled and heavily sanded area — concealed from advance view by a knoll and a

curve in the road — of State Route 116.

The bike skidded 51 feet before striking and going over a two-foot-high stone wall. Rowe, who was hospitalized five months, suffered phlebitis in both legs, a broken leg, and two broken arms.

In denying liability for the accident the state contended that motorcycle riding is an "inherently dangerous" activity, but Judge Carrellas was unimpressed.

In fact, the judge said, if the state legislature had not limited the amount of damages he could award, he would have given Rowe "far in excess" of the \$150,000.

Wisconsin wants bikers' kidneys

Several doctors in Wisconsin have started a drive to force bikers who ride without helmets to agree to donate their vital organs for transplants if they are killed.

"For every guy who gets wiped out, there are two people who could use those kidneys," Green Bay pathologist Raymond McCormick told the *Milwaukee Journal*. "In 24 hours, that kidney can be back

in business."

McCormick, who recently wrote a newspaper editorial urging restoration of Wisconsin's mandatory helmet law, said he hoped publicity for his plan would at least persuade some bikers to sign the organ donor pledge printed on the back of the Wisconsin driver's license.

Two other Wisconsin doctors have endorsed the plan.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

Although Sagittarians have reputations for being honest and straightforward, they will fib if it makes 'em look better. Basically, they're so damn blunt in expressing themselves that it gives some people the shits.

Short on tact, they're even shorter on patience, which is why Sagittarius is always jumping to conclusions. Although his impulsive ways keep him in hot water most of the time, his unbeatable intuition usually bails him out.

Sagittarians love anything fast and racy, especially bikes, cars, or a fast fuck. They are into competition and can be very reckless opponents. Due to their highly loved intuition, they can easily acquire the gambling bug. They also win fart contests.

Sagittarians cannot stand

boredom of any sort, including sex. (Their sex life may border on being spaced out and kinky and has a lot in common with the starship Enterprise — they both circle Ur-anus looking for clings.) They're great contortionists in the sack, and they'll keep on doing it till they get it right (or raw). Sagittarians are much-sought-after sex partners.

Some famous Sagittarians are Billy the Kid (who did it with a gun), Walt Disney (used a duck), Suzy Chaffey (used her lips), Patty Duke, Frank Sinatra, Joe DiMaggio, Harpo Marx, George Segal, Jane Fonda, Kirk Douglas, J. Paul Getty, John Mayall, and Donny Osmond (so what?).

Sagittarians are susceptible to injuries of the hips, ribs, arms, and peters. They are also prone to ailments of the liver and respi-

ratory problems. Being super high-strung, Sagittarians should try to relax once in a while and not overindulge in uppers. Otherwise, they may get nervous exhaustion and limp pricks.

Sagittarians have an exceptional sense of humor (Woody Allen and Dick Van Dyke). In fact, it's next to impossible to stay pissed in the presence of Sagittarians. Their wacky wit will whittle the worst warpaint with one word. (Now say that three times while holding your tongue.) They have the ability to make life one long party.

So value your Sagittarius buddy. You can poke fun at him and he'll poke you back — in all the right places. Just don't ever try to tie him down or he'll put his tallywhacker between his legs and take off!

coins can be the boot to the butt you needed. Save some of that piss and vinegar to party. Remember, all work and no play makes ya a jackoff.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You've got another case of the wanderlust, especially the lust. This month you have more ups and downs than a pharmacist. Grab your favorite incredible edible and get a faceful (of wind, that is). Take your horny honks out onto the highway and hitch yourself up to some good times. Get your nose offa the grindstone and into some nookie. You need to unwind and cut loose.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Happy birthday to you! Grab your gonads and go for the gusto. You can expect enough gate crashers to break the bank at your birthday bash. You're at the head of the popularity poll. What's more, you have backing from partners who offer to help out with some bread. Grab it before it gets stale. And don't ask to be buttered up first. This month couldn't be better if it had hair around it!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Mixing business with pleasure can turn small happenings into big events, but not without a good attitude. So grab yourself by the nuts and crack a smile. You can be rewarded for past efforts if you follow through now. Keeping your cool while the crap is flying will give you the edge you've been waiting for. You don't have to be an ass-kisser, although a peck on the cheek never hurt anyone!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

It's time to spread your cheeks and blow your boss some sweet kisses. It might just be the second wind he needs. Seriously, focus your attention on your job status. Unless you're a "chicken plucker," you'll be able to dig a little deeper into your work. Strong possibilities for advancement or a raise can be had with a little extra effort. Don't scatter your energy.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — March 20)

You're still banging the boards of the bedstead at breakneck speed. Sexually, you may bite off more than you can chew. (Get a doggie bag and save some for later.) Use some of that energy to put things in shape around ye olde pad (rent a bulldozer and dig in), and you'll be amazed by what you find in a pile of parts. Feel free to fondle 'em.

Aries (March 21 — April 19)

It's time to take a long look to find out which end is up. If you don't like the view, you better change positions fast. Otherwise, farting your time away will soon leave you shitfaced. If you're not flexible, you better at least be double-jointed. Don't let anyone sneak up behind and pop your cherry. Review your approach and be ready for confrontation when you win.

Taurus (April 20 — May 20)

There's a heavy chance of some lightweight legal hassles this month. Avoid them by being more alert on the road. Don't let a bum rap fuck up an otherwise goodie. Be sure you're not holdin' more than you can down in one gulp. Spend more time working on your machine. Home base has some rare surprises in store for you. Hang around and see!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

You've got those wintertime blues again. You're itchin' to feel the warmth of your machine be-

tween your legs. If the situation is slippery out your way, you'll have to settle for the next best thing. Grab a handful of *Easyriders* and hole up for a while. A taste of vicarious (look it up) putting might ease your winter withdrawals. Those of you who are lucky weatherwise, get out and blow your blues away.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Stop laying your hard-earned cash into every open hand or on bogus stash. You could easily get burned for a bundle, and busted to boot. Some shady shit surrounds you this month. So screen your source or shun it altogether. Even partners could be sucked into the deal, so tread lightly and carry a big stick. Save your shopping for next month—bargains are better.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

For once you're in the mood for solitude, or maybe you've got a hot number you want to hibernate with. Your usual gregarious self (boasting and bragging your

balls off) needs to recoup from the limelight most Leos live in. It's prime time to rest up and set your head straight. Besides, projects begun now need some secret sauce to get 'em cooking. Wear sneakers over your boots!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

If those between-the-sheets promises are as weak as the stains on the sheets, and your love life is nothing to write home about, then getting a face full of wind should be top priority now. You're either petered out or just plain bored and need a change of pace and partners. Get a road map and a dart and pick your pleasure or visit a home for destitute prostitutes.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

This month you can make a clean wipe of some past obligations. The relief'll be better than taking a big dump. It could be bucks or a favor owed to a buddy. Either way, you'll have the means to take care of it now. Excess energy and some extra

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.



"Why don't you get down to the good part?"

Why does Miss Piggy douche with vinegar? 'Cause Kermit likes sweet and sour pork.

—Bob Bauer
Clarkston, Wash.

What's the difference between dark and hard? It stays dark all night.

—J. De Smet
New York, N.Y.



"Gee, Johnny, you said I could wear the duck mask this time!"

Can you say, Richard and Robert raped the rabbit, without using any r's? Sure. Dick and Bob banged the bunny.

—Larry Davis
Mansfield, Ohio

Do you know what a sonuva-bitch is? It's a guy with a ten-inch tongue and a two-inch peter and all he wants to do is fuck.

—Jack Smith
Las Vegas, Nev.

Easyriders

These three old men were sitting round the old folks' home talking about their problems and one said, "I've got one hell of a problem. At 7:30 in the mornin' I got to shit like a race horse."

One of the others said, "Well, at 8:30 I got to pee like crazy."

The third old man said, "I don't have any problem like that, 'cause at 7:30 I take a shit and at 8:30 I take a pee. My only problem is that I wish to hell someone would wake me up before 10:00."

—Crazy Ron
Tacoma, Wash.

Conversation at the club had turned to sex and the techniques thereof. "But should I talk to my wife while making love?" asked newlywed Fred.

"Certainly," counseled an older member, "if you happen to be near a phone."

—M.J. Holz
Drayton, N.D.

Easyriders

A 90-year-old woman and a 93-year-old man had just got married. When the husband came out of the bathroom, ready for bed, his wife was standing on her head up against the bedroom wall.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"Well, I figured if you couldn't get it up you could just drop it in," she explained.

—R. Black
San Jose, Calif.

A biker came out of a gas station restroom and saw one of his riding buddies doing complicated acrobatic flips and twists.

Turning to another bro, the biker remarked, "I didn't know Jack was an acrobat."

The bro replied, "I didn't either, till his bike chain broke and slapped him in the balls."

—Robert Key
Reidsville, Ga.

The animal keeper at a local zoo was giving his wife a tour after hours one night. When they came to the gorilla cage, he said, "Let's have some fun. Take off your blouse and bra and show him your tits." When she did, the gorilla started hollering and swinging on the ropes. So the guy said, "Take off the rest of your clothes." She did and the gorilla went nuts. About that time the guy grabbed his wife, threw her into the cage, and said, "Now tell that sonofabitch you've got a headache tonight!"

—Dave Penn
Kansas City, Kan.

Some of the best bedtime stories can be found in motel registers.

—Virgil Williams
Xavier, Ohio



What has the shortest sex life? An egg. It gets laid once and eaten once.

—R. Koring
New York, N.Y.



A girl who's heels over head in love is certainly in position to get the shaft.

—Jim Brown
Chino, Calif.



"Golly, Uncle Joe, are you going to let me play with the puppet again?"

Easyriders

What's red and has seven little dents in it? Snow White's cherry.

—Dean Dickson
Orlando, Fla.



"The lamp was crushed for scrap metal, so I needed a new warm place to live. Look at the bright side: every time you rub, you get a wish!"

—Jackson

Why is an envelope flap like a pussy? After ya lick 'em they're all wet and sticky.

—B.R.
Gardnerville, Nev.



Easyriders

"I don't mind, Herb — tobacco-chewing bikers are just one of the prices you pay for driving a Maserati."

Then there was the biker who loved his neighbor — but couldn't stand her husband.

—Venny
Simi Valley, Calif.

After watching a maternity ward patient earnestly thumb through a telephone directory for several minutes, a hospital orderly finally asked if he could be of some help.

"No, thanks," said the young mother. "I'm just looking for a name for my baby."

"But the hospital supplies a special booklet that lists every first name and its meaning," said the orderly.

"That won't help," said the girl. "My baby already has a first name."

—Oscar Brown
Tehachapi, Calif.

A wife looked up from her morning paper and asked, "Dear, did you read about this abortionist who made \$100,000 a year?"

Her husband answered, "Yeah, and I figure he must've been taking in about 500 bucks a crack."

—Brown Brat
Norwalk, Calif.



"He's been like that ever since he saw 'The Helmet That Ate Daytona,' on TV last night!"

A man propositioned a strange woman at a cocktail party. She said, "All right, but you'll have to let me put it in. I promised my husband I'd never let another man put one in me."

—Nellie
Carroll, Iowa



Easyriders

"Your breath is terrible, Winston, and for heaven's sake trim your fingernails!"

After riding for days the trucker pulled his rig into his favorite whorehouse, entered, and didn't come out for three and a half days. Then he noticed that someone had changed the name on his truck. Now it read: Built Peter.

—Joe Jackson
Chicago, Ill.

Betty and Fred were camping in the mountains one moonless night. Since they had no fire, they decided to make love and keep warm. Fred started like a bull in heat, but stopped just as fast.

Fred: "Betty, you got no tits and a stinky hole."

Betty: "Get off my back!"

—S. Terrell
Brazoria, Tex.

As the bridal couple left the church, she whispered, "You are the most wonderful person in the whole wide world!"

He answered modestly, "I'm really not half the man you think I am."

She sighed, "Oh, well, four inches is better than nothing."

—Chucklin' Cal
Tehachapi, Calif.

Do you know the difference between a married woman and a single one? A married woman has two assholes, and one of them gets up in the morning and goes to work.

—Jerry Vaughn
Rosharon, Tex.

We read in a medical book about a boy who was born with a penis in the middle of his back. That'll be a hard one to beat.

—Brown Brat
Norwalk, Calif.



Easyriders

"As long as you're up, how about running out for some beer?"

"Gee," mused the pretty young high school girl as she stared wide-eyed at her older sister's new engagement ring, "it must be wonderful when you're married."

"As far as I'm concerned," her sister replied, "it's wonderful whether you're married or not."

—Billy Craven
Dover, Del.

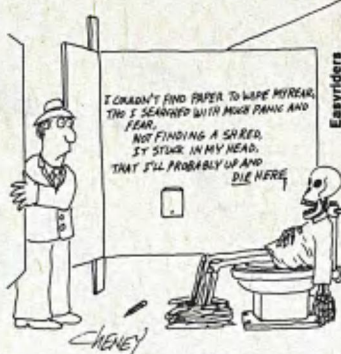
Word Quiz

by Bright Eyes

Something to do if you're bored. See how many four-letter words you can find in the key word given below. No plurals, slang, or proper names allowed. One of our staff found (at last count) forty-five, a few of which are not commonly used these days — and some of which are variant spellings. You may not use a letter more often in a word than that letter appears in the key word. You ready? Here's the key word, spaced out (you should excuse the expression) for easy reference:

EASYRIDERS

Solution on page 83



Easyriders

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

The unbelievable has finally happened — a top government official has taken a look at prison conditions and decided that something has to be done to improve them.

In a speech to the American Bar Association convention, White House Counselor Edwin Meese termed prison overcrowding "the most pressing problem" in the criminal justice system.

After admitting the problem, Meese unveiled a two-pronged administration plan to deal with it. The first part of the program calls for the feds to make abandoned military bases available for use as prisons or jails by local governments.

"The Secretary of Defense is now inventorying all the unused military installations about the country, to see what facilities there might be made available to state and local governments," Meese said. "We have already found fully developed prison facilities — fully developed military jails which are unused at the present time, which we hope to make available to state and local governments to relieve some of the overcrowding in state prisons and local jails."

Part two of the administration's program, recognizing that use of ex-military installations (many of which are old and would require extensive modifications) to relieve overcrowding is only a stopgap measure and would not provide improvement in the overall living conditions of prisoners, calls for an aggressive program of building new institutions and phasing out old, substandard ones.

In order to get over one of the biggest money hurdles — the high cost of land acquisition — facing states and counties that are considering building new institutions, the administration is proposing to make unused federal land available for use as prison sites at little or no cost.

Of course, as with anything involving the government, there are hundreds of miles of red tape to cut through. Seems like even the President can't scratch his ass without goin' through the same mass of tape.

The biggest roadblock to the Reagan prison plan right now is a law called "The Federal Property and Administrative Services Act of 1949." Under this act, the General Services Administration, which is the only agency empowered to dispose of surplus federal property, can give states and local governments federal property for free under its Public Benefits Program. The Catch 22 is that the act limits the things the "free" land can be used for to historic monuments, parks, recreation areas, airports, wildlife refuges, and health and educational facilities. Use of such land for correctional facilities is not allowed — and two days of latrine cleaning to the first guy who says "Why not call the pens wildlife refuges?"

As things stand now, states or cities would have to pay the government "fair market value" for any property they plan to use as a prison or prison site — not something many cash-poor localities can do.

If Washington is really serious about bailing out states and cities suffering from overcrowded prison systems, then Congress should amend the 1949 act to allow free transfer of property for correctional use.

Guess we'll just have to wait and see.

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS Conjugal Visits

I'm about to go down for a couple of years fed time and I want to know how come the state has conjugal visits and the feds don't. This doesn't seem right somehow.

A couple of years without-the-ol'-lady time is a bummer, and it seems that if the state can afford it, then

the feds sure as shit can. Any information on this would be of great help. Maybe other people should know about this little problem too. What do you think?

R.A.

Lakeport, Calif.

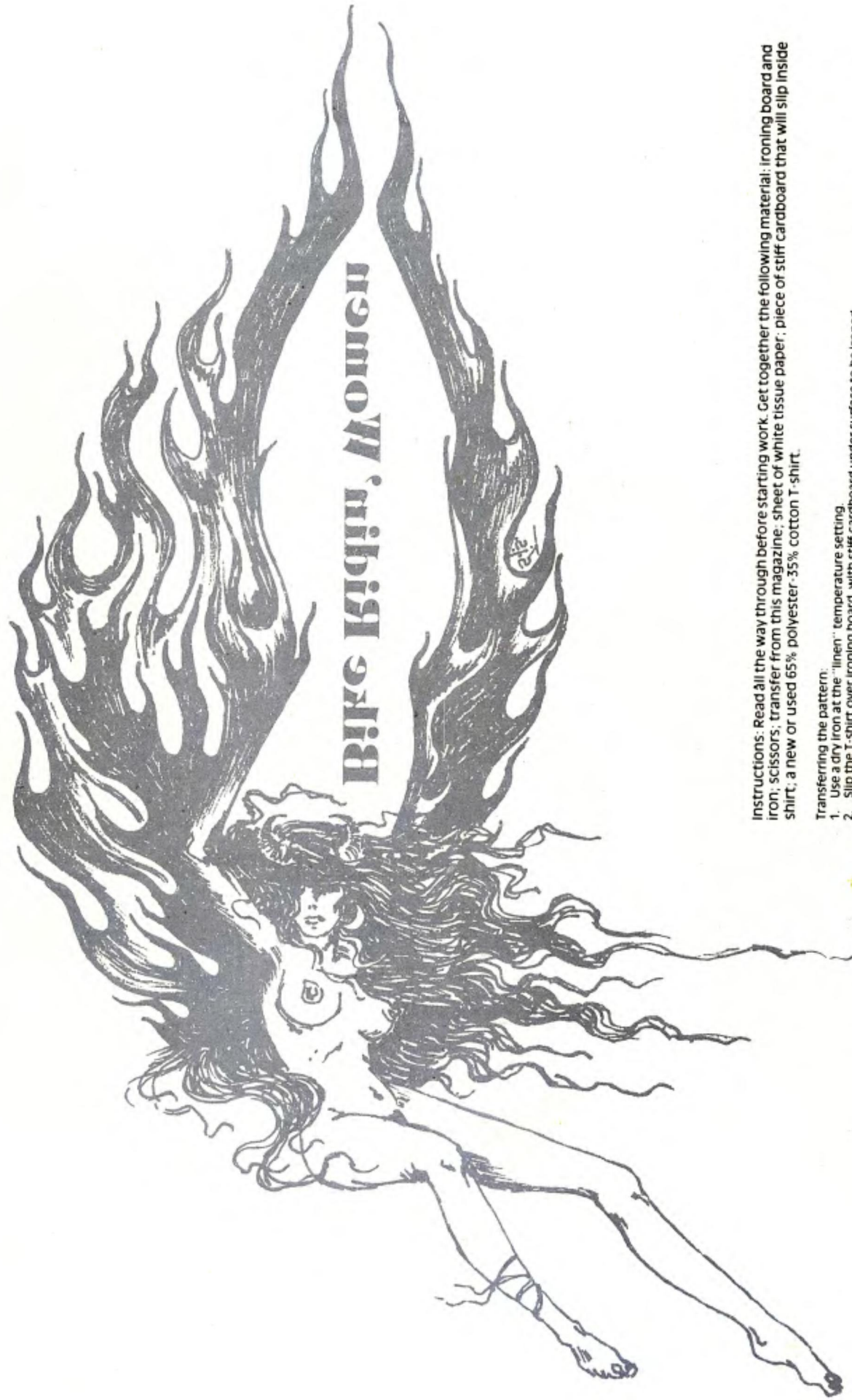
Shortly before leaving office, Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti (President Carter's AG) issued a list of proposed standards for the federal government's 43 penal institutions. One of these standards — which took a panel of "experts" three years to draw up — calls for the implementation of conjugal visits in federal prisons. Under Civiletti's plan, such visits would at first be limited to wives, with the program eventually being expanded to allow prisoners to have "sex" visits with girlfriends. At the present time it is not known when, or whether, the Reagan administration will act on the Civiletti proposals.

Bound In 'Bama

The state of Alabama, which is under court order to release 277 inmates to help ease overcrowding, may have been shocked by the order into doing something about its historically jam-packed prisons.

According to the state legislature's Prison Oversight Committee, the state has "no choice" but to keep expanding its controversial work-release program "since we cannot afford to build and run high-security institutions for all inmates unless we are willing to exhaust the entire general fund of the state of Alabama and add new taxes as well."

A previous program of reducing Alabama's prison population was recently shut down when the state Attorney General's Office copped to a scam in which certain state officials, including some high up in the state Finance Department and in the state Board of Prisons and Parole, were allegedly "selling" early paroles for \$1500 to \$2000. ■



Bike Riding Women

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design. Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's all there is to it.

TRICKS OF

Question: What's the difference between a lady in church and a whore in the bathtub?

Answer: The lady's got her soul full of hope.

Question: What's the difference between a young whore and an old one?

Answer: One uses Vaseline and the other uses Denturecreme.

If you're like most people, you think these jokes are funny. And that just shows what you know. I've got this friend who's a hooker, and people are all the time saying to me — to her — "Well, why not get paid for something you do anyway?" Maybe this lets 'em sleep better at night — flashing on some flat-backer splittin' the cymbals 'cause

she's got nothing better to do while the nail polish dries. Take note, sexual apologists: No one gives ten to fifteen blow jobs a day "anyway." I don't care what you learned from *Klute*, *Taxi Driver*, or made-for-TV movies.

It used to be said: If you think sex is a pain in the ass, you're doing it all wrong. I'd like to add a corollary:



Twitchy

Twitchy's the one shifting gears in an automatic trans — stripped from the waist down. The instant PTA meeting. Thanks to Twitchy's dependable steer 'n' stroke, dads have an instant lead-in to the you-should-know-about-homosexuals talk, moms their never-take-candy routine, and little old ladies on the bus get to look down and remember how big and purple it is.

To a hooker, Twitchy's like the free space on the bingo board: He has taken to heart the old "if I'm not there, start without me." It's a one-minute, where-do-you-want-it trick — not unlike a shot. He beats it so much that "it" is nothing but a dollop and he doesn't mind if where-you-want-it is on a paper towel.

So why complain about Twitchy? Because his lack of fine motor control and furtive manner also describes *cops* and *psychos*, especially when he's dressed from the waist

down. And you don't know for sure till you've written yourself a one-way ticket to the slammer — or the morgue. Twitchies come in all ages, shapes, and car models. That's the problem.

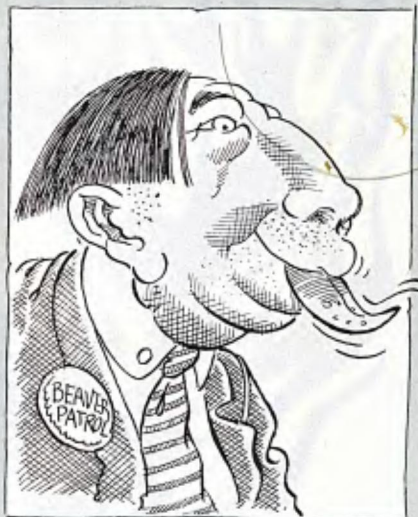


Fat Man

The fat man tends to be a referral from a hooking competitor who decided against the Valentine candy box with fish heads in it. He ain't had it up since the doc put him on high-blood-pressure pills, but he thinks you can raise the dead — even though he's been kneading away at that parakeet's beak beneath his belly rolls to no avail for years.

Thunder Thighs likes to poise his carcass directly on top of you, so he can rain sweat drops and you're eye-to-eye with a hair-sprouting mole. He always claims he was "just getting somewhere" when you tell him his time's up, even though you swear his light switch of a cock got

smaller during the session. And he says, "See you next week," when you tell him you hear his car being towed to get rid of him. Fat men carry beepers. No one wants 'em in the office — especially during lunch — so they put 'em on route sales.



Clit-licker

This guy's got a healthy endowment, but he thinks he's all tongue. He wants to do the muff-dive until Starkist offers him a job. This Beaver Barnacle doesn't even seem to come up for air! Someone's told him this is what women want and you gotta play like you enjoy it. You gotta make with the fako rigor mortis ten or twelve times to satisfy this clitoral converttee. You've got to collapse in a heap of cunnilinguized I-can't-take-anymore grease and bones before Mr. Sit On My Face will desist.

This one makes you wish it was true that hookers are all really lesbians. He makes you long for the old

By Martha R.

THE TRADE

If you think sex is a pain in the neck, you're a hooker. (And if you think plaque is a bitch to remove, you should have zinc deposits on your teeth.)

Now, this is not to say that all hooking lore is wrong. Alum, for example, is a splendid astringent — for gargling. And foot baths. Hookers do seldom get knocked up and

seldom come. Both events are difficult without some "hamburger helper." Even the refrigerator jokes (empty but for a petrified egg roll in a grease-stained bag) have a basis in fact. Would you have an appetite after six hours of bobbing for bulb juice, doing the scuba two-step till you catch it in the gullet — the big tonsil wash?

Hey! I know, I know. If I'm looking for sympathy it's between shit and syphilis in the dictionary. And the guy looking for a blow job finds it between beat it and blue balls in the marriage manual — which is where hookers come in. Most of these guys have real generous. . .uh. . .personalities. But here are a few johns I could do without.

'fifties pumpers who didn't know from "female sexuality" and didn't need to know because you were enjoying yourself just fine, thank you.

The clit-licker has a moustache and beard — the better to treasure the memory of his olfactory excavations. He has been apprenticed by a I-bleed-therefore-I-am-style feminist and looks like novelist Tom Robbins, and for the same reasons.



Drunk

The drunk can't feel a thing — and it's *your* fault. You could crack a tooth on him — he's still with the "put it in your mouth, bitch." He's Novocain City from the neck down, but Brewery Breath thinks he's your drill instructor.

"Deep throat it, cunt. . .Is it in? . . .Did I come? . . .What's taking so long? . . .Put some life in it! . . .I want my money back! . . .How come you're not sucking it? . . .Where's Biff? . . .Where's your tits?"

Manners aren't the drunk's forte,

but then, neither is memory. Lift my wallet is the only command Simon *doesn't* give — but he ain't gonna remember. This is just what happens to a guy who goes to a hooker with a total of twelve bucks — as it always turns out. Drunks wear 36x33 — "but it's all muscle" (but it *ain't*) — blue jeans with a "Boogie Till You Puke" T-shirt. They're stuck with some glued-knees sweetheart plotting for her diamond and are forever looking for a chick who will "put out."



Uncut Palmer

Palmer — those dudes who regard your head as a basketball to palm — are never a picnic, but this uncut delight introduces a *synergistic* dimension to it all: he's never heard of the peel 'n' clean Q-Tip cure, and it's smegma city! Eau de under-the-toenail — hold

the air vents! This blue-cheese honey can't take a hint. Try to cop a thumb-and-index-finger breath stroke and he cuffs your wrists. If your nose is stuffed, you could be starring in a snuff film. If your sniffer's working, the fumes could do you in. Uncut palmers tend to be wheezing 45-year-old good ol' boys with multiple fingers missing, turkey necks, and short-sleeved, simulated-cuff, yellowed white shirts. Or else they're grooms.

Grooms are 21-year-old fathers-to-be who wear mesh bikini briefs with no fly and harbor a morbid fear of giving Buffalo Belly a disease. They display an unnatural interest in watching you do their stag party buddies.



Foreplay Freak

This guy's a regular turtle dove if you've got the stomach for it, which most working girls don't. Even first-trippers should know

Continued on page 119

THE JACKPOT

by M. Chakoian

Las Vegas spread her highway thighs across the desert below, waving to them with her gaudy neon jewelry and murmuring to be taken. Even just at sunset, their long shadows stretching across the dry ground ahead, Becker swore he could smell the city's all-night perfume of spilled drinks and tears.

"Got a smoke?" Sanders asked. Becker gave him one, lit one for himself, and sat for a moment watching the distant lights. It was a rare pleasure. In the daytime you could not sit idling under the rabbit-punching sun. You had to be moving, always moving, if only to keep the thin, dry air flowing across your face and across your engine. But at dusk it was different. Then you could stop and think about where you were going — where you had been — where you might like to be. Becker rubbed the stubble on his chin and closed his eyes and imagined hot food and a clean bed.

Five yards ahead of him, Sanders finished his cigarette and fired up his engine. Becker's dreams ended with the growl of weary pistons. "Come on," Sanders called, not bothering to look back. And so they rolled on down into the city of dreams.

In Fairhaven, Minnesota, where Becker grew up, there is a toy store, a very old toy store on Barkley Street, that has in its front window an electric elephant sitting eternally on its pachyderm posterior, eyes lighted, mouth hanging open, head turning back and forth, left to right, right to left, forever. That is what Becker's head did as he followed Sanders past the rows and rows of slot machines, the roulette wheels, the girls dealing blackjack, the craps tables, the games of seven-card stud and five-card lowball there in the casino of the Sacramento Hotel, downtown Las Vegas, a long, long way from Fairhaven. Every so often the background rumbling was punctuated by the clatter of coins dropping into a metal trough as a slot machine made good its promises. Sanders never paused, but led Becker, seemingly without direction, through the swirling tides of tourists from Los Angeles and Omaha, Miami and Fort Worth. Nobody gave any notice to the bikers with their packs and leather jackets. They might as well have been invisible, like visitors from another world.

"Didn't I tell you?" Sanders asked as they squeezed behind a fleshy woman in a too-small sundress. She was playing blackjack. Becker quickly estimated that the stacks of ten-dollar chips the woman was betting totaled more than he would make in the machine shop in two good weeks of work. The dealer turned over a card for the woman. It was the nine of diamonds. The woman was out with

twenty-three. She said nothing, did not flinch, placed another bet.

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Becker confided to his riding partner.

Sanders laughed. "You got to get 'climatized,' that's all. It's like divers, you know, coming up too fast. They get something in their blood and die. Same thing here. Money don't mean nothin' here. It's just a part of the game. A way of keeping score, that's all. Come on."

They made their way to the men's room, where they washed the highway grime from their hands and faces and then shaved. Becker selected one of the bottles of after-shave from the narrow counter above the sinks and slapped some on his cheeks. "They really think of everything," he said.

"Yeah, everything money can buy," Sanders told him. "You seen that woman playin' blackjack there. She's the one payin' for cologne in the johns and the crystal

chandeliers and food and booze they practically give away. Anything to keep the suckers comin' back. She's payin' for it all, every time she puts down another bet. Just another sucker. You and me, we know better. Right?" Becker wondered why Sanders sounded so bitter. He wondered which Sanders feared more: losing, or someone else's winning.

They found the bar and for a while sat there, sipping fifty-cent bourbon-and waters and smoking Becker's Camels, watching the endless stream of action through the casino. It was like looking at an anthill: continuous movement, each action appearing to be highly purposeful and definite, but the whole thing together making no sense at all. There was a stage with a piano behind the bar, and during their third drink a man with curly brown

hair came out and began to sing. He got through "Red Roses for a Blue Lady," and "I Did It My Way," and "Me and Bobby McGee," before Sanders slammed his glass down on the table and suggested that they go upstairs to eat. "I reckon we're 'climatized' now."

Upstairs they paid their two dollars and ninety-five cents each and went through the buffet line twice before they'd had their fill of cole slaw, mashed potatoes, roast beef and ham, boiled carrots, baked beans, and little meat balls in sticky brown gravy. After a piece of chocolate cake the size of Utah, topped by a bowl of banana pudding, they settled back to sip their coffee. "How's everything here, fellas?" the pancake-faced waitress asked as she filled their cups again.

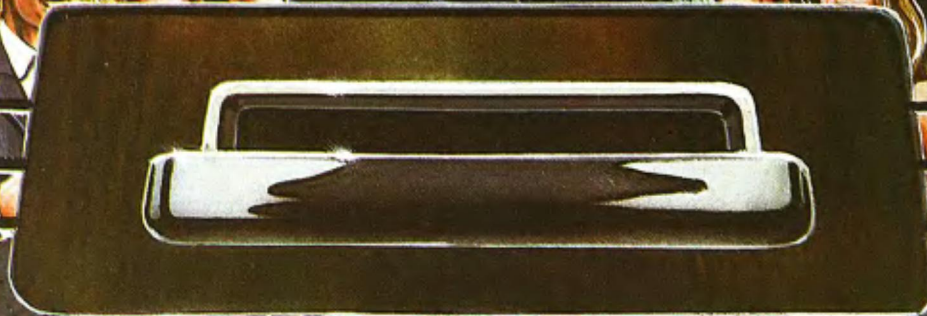
"Superior," Sanders assured her, dumping two teaspoons of sugar into

Continued on page 82

"He looked at the machine to ask it what had happened, and it stared back at him six bars in a row."

Flamenco

CASINOS
PARADISE



STAR
HOTEL

LA
RO

STAR
IN



cuts on it; two are on the new effort.

Though her cohorts are English to the core, bassist Pete Farndon bein' a hardcore Triumph lover, Chrissie Hynde is as American as Ronald Reagan.

The girl's got guts. It would take a girl with grit to pull off the stunts she does. What would alarm citizens is just natural to bikers. I mean, we all know what an ol' lady sounds like when she gets her dander up. Well, Hynde is for all those broads who get knocked up an' down, an' still come back. She's been there. So what's a freakout for straights is somewhat normal for many of us, because we know some women who seldom hold anything back, sometimes despite the consequences.

She's an independent cuss, as evidenced by "The Adulteress." It's the lead song an' sets the tone for the rest of the animal. Cocky broads may not be your cup of tea, but every rough edge can be smoothed. Can't it?

Just about every song is from the woman's view. Like "Bad Boys Get Spanked"; "Pack It Up," one woman's side of gettin' out of a shot relationship; "Jealous Dog"; and "The English Roses." "Message Of Love," an' the best tune they've done. "Talk Of The Town," are included here. They were both issued as import 45s, then again on the **Extended Play** thing, and now once more. Too busy to write new ones, I guess.

They've got a great drivin' sound, but the first album seems slightly fuller than **Pretenders II**. Take a chance. The little lady might give ya another knob job for carin'. Not that she wouldn't anyway. ■

They came blastin' in from all over on the freeways that led the bros to the openin'-day party for a new scooter shop. Along with the news of a new place openin' up for us tramps to locate parts an' accessories had come the word of plenty of food and drink. There would be a pig roast and multiple kegs to wash everything down, along with whatever bottle of bad booze you mighta brought. All that an' a headful of mind-twistin' herbs an' music; you couldn't beat the opening with a stick.

The social event of the week went down without a hitch. Hours later, as we zoomed down an Interstate in F-14 fashion, I was still hearin' tunes from the party. I like to keep my head rockin', an' music we'd heard that afternoon came reelin' back as our group moved through the traffic. Three songs in particular kept rattlin' around in my gourd. Two days later I hit the local disc shop to find out what it was we'd been hearin'.

One of 'em was "Limelight," by Rush, a seven-year trio from Canada. Another one was "In The Dark," by a dude named Billy Squier. And a third memorable rocker was "Talk Of The Town," from The Pretenders. The songs impressed my roomie an' me enough that we went halves on the records.

Rush is the kinda group I wish I'd been into a long time ago. They've made eight albums of new material an' another that combines their first three albums, called **Archives**. I didn't know diddly shit about the first seven, but I guarantee ya the latest is a joy. **Moving Pictures** is current with a look toward the future. It seems to have a Devo outlook, minus the ridiculous computer bump that the spudboys are into. From the opening cut, "Tom Sawyer," it is talkin' truthfully about today's man. Like this: "No his mind is not for rent/To any god or government/Always hopeful, yet discontent/He knows changes aren't permanent/But change is."

The music tends to be a bit highbrow, but it's listenable to the max. It's a deep album with lotsa influences. Traces

of groups like Yes, on "Camera Eye," The Who on "Red Barchetta," and a King Crimson-Billy Cobham mixture on "YYZ," a brilliant instrumental track on side one. YYZ is the identity code used by Toronto International Airport. Different people lend to the shape, but only Neil Peart, Geddy Lee, an' Alex Lifeson are formin' the wax.

The tunes fit our lifestyle, but I wouldn't have known it if the lyrics weren't supplied on the record jacket. When we started readin' 'em it began to blow our minds. The song "Red Barchetta" is about a rapidly approachin' time when The Eye is everywhere. It is an excellent summation of the thrill of ridin' even if it is forbidden by the law.

At the base of these symphonies is a gut feeling of reality an' truth. Talkin' through a "Camera Eye," Neil Peart, who writes all the words in addition to drummin' his ass off, gives a shutter view of a Big Apple street. The "hard realities" that create the line "The focus is sharp in the city." Ya gotta stay alert.

The band is a nose-to-the-grindstone type of outfit, and they are constantly tourin' the world. Behind a battery of synthesizers an' playin' the bass, to say nothin' of the singin', is Geddy Lee. He in turn is flanked by the guitar man, Alex Lifeson, an' Peart handlin' all manner of percussion. Think I'd like to see these guys live.

Like I was sayin', I don't have any of their earlier stuff, but it's never too late. Unless of course the witch hunters burn all rock records in a move to save us from ourselves.

One of the musical sur-



prises of the summer was findin' out about Billy Squier.

Here's a dude who's been kickin' around the rock circuit for ten years. Payin' dues ain't fun, but this record is. Total, straight-ahead rock an' roll. No compromises. That's just not his style. He's gone through the period of tryin' to be a band member, but his ego wouldn't let him settle down an' go with the flow. He had to be the flow. The captain. The man in charge, makin' the decisions. A Bostonian, Squier had two groups there: the Sidewinders, one album's worth, an' another, Piper, that put out two. But none of them got it for him. He was watchin' out for the big No. 1, himself. Well, with this new album, **Don't Say No**, he should be one happy fucker. The tune we'd heard at the party was a blowmind effort called "In The Dark." It's still my favorite on the record, and many bros who have heard it agree, but actually every tune is a possible FM hit. Ya won't be gettin' no Squier on the AM. Too tough. He plays a mean guitar, sings great, an' gets good backup from an unnamed band. Told ya he wanted the whole guacamole.

Hot tunes include "The Stroke," with a Queen-like pulverizing beat, a true power stroke; "My Kinda Lover;" "You Know What I Like;" "Too Daze Gone;" an' one more powder keg of electronic rage called "Lonely Is The Night."

With this album Squier is easily the best and most promising newcomer to head-ringin' music this year.

Now, if you had said that last year ya probably woulda been talkin' about The Pretenders. They were the new hot tip then an, with their latest release, **Pretenders II**, should remain sparkworthy. With a one, two, thud, thud, they are identified easily behind the singin', talkin', an' phrasin' of Chrissie Hynde. The chick is a shot in the arm for rock an' roll.

After the debut of their first LP, **Pretenders**, they've been hard at work on the world concert circuit, takin' just enough time to put out a follow-up album called **Extended Play** (that's British for a short album). It had five

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

We don't really know a helluva lot more than we did when we announced "The Mystery" in issue #100.

If you recall, in that issue we brought to your attention clippings of a newspaper article quoting Chief Thomas Gallagher's alleged statements that cycle gangs join ranks of terrorists and that a modern motorcycle club owns stock in *Easyriders*.

As we indicated in that article, our lawyers wrote Chief Gallagher and United Press International (who released his statements to newspapers who in turn printed them.)

Since that time we have received the following letters from the Citizens Crime Commission, who said that

Attorney Edmond C. Barton
c/o Pacht, Ross, Warne, Bernhard & Sears, Inc.
Attorneys at Law
1800 Avenue of the Stars — Suite 500
Los Angeles, California 90067

Dear Mr. Barton:

We have checked out the story from UPI quoting Chief Thomas Gallagher, including his remarks about the magazine *Easyriders*. A copy of a letter from the vice president of United Press International is enclosed.

In view of this, we feel that we have observed the proper canons of journalistic ethics, and we fully believe that the story we carried is an accurate version of what was said at the hearing.

If Chief Gallagher or the UPI issues a further story or correction, we will be pleased to publish it.

We would appreciate your keeping us informed of further developments in the matter.

Carter H. White
President and Publisher
THE MERIDEN RECORD CO.

Mr. Carter H. White
President & Publisher
The Morning Record & Journal

Dear Carter:

Our attorneys advised today of their findings about our report of the Philadelphia Crime Commission hearing at which Mr. Gallagher made some remarks about motorbiking.

Our staff reporter who covered the meeting said that Mr. Gallagher made a full-scale presentation to the meeting which was taped and for the record. The reporter said that her notes are extremely clear and that the

Chief Gallagher was not an employee of theirs and merely spoke at one of their meetings. They state that he made *no* reference to *Easyriders*.

United Press International said Gallagher's presentation was taped for the record. The reporter affirmed that hers was an accurate report of the meeting and that her notes clearly list *Easyriders* as one of the magazines named in his presentation.

We have received no response from Chief Gallagher to our communication advising him of the letters contained in this article and answering his letter that was printed in our previous article, but we'll keep you advised. Meanwhile, time marches on.

UPI story used in The Morning Record and Journal was an accurate version of the story which she had written which in turn was an accurate report of the meeting.

She said her notes clearly list Easy Rider [sic] as one of the magazines Mr. Gallagher named in his presentation.

UPI stands by its story and we would like to assure you of our belief that the report transmitted to you was accurate.

If we may be of further service to you in this regard, please do not hesitate to call.

Cordially,

Kenneth J. Braddick
Vice President & General Manager
United Press International
Boston, Mass. 02108

Dear Mr. Barton:

We are in receipt of a copy of your letter to Chief Thomas Gallagher dated June 26, objecting to certain comments he made at the annual meeting of the Citizens Crime Commission on May 28, 1981. Please be advised that Chief Gallagher is not an employee of the Crime Commission, nor did we preview his remarks prior to the time they were delivered. Also, the Commission in reporting what he said did not include any reference to *Easyriders* magazine.

In view of these facts, we believe the Citizens Crime Commission has no responsibility in this matter.

Sincerely,

Ian H. Lennox
Executive Vice President
CITIZENS CRIME COMMISSION
OF PHILADELPHIA

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 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)



—from Bert, Springfield, Mo.

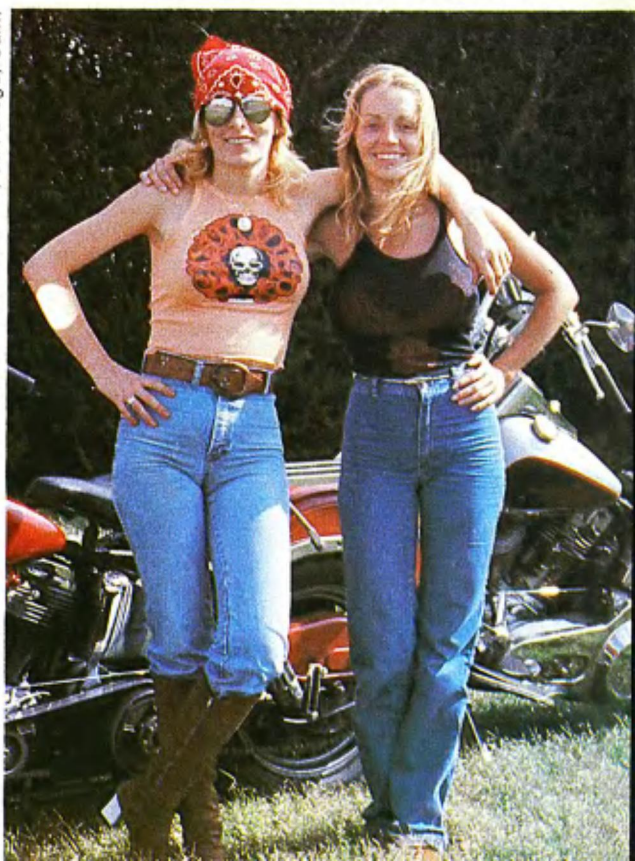


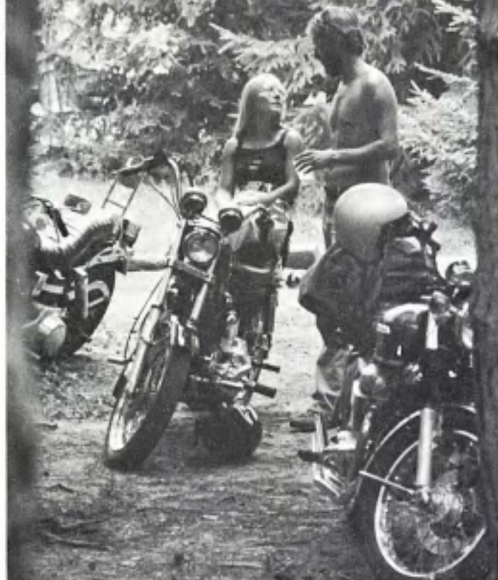
—from Steve Schoening, Nederland, Colo.

—from Walter Watkins, Nashville, Tenn.



—from Jessi and Marcie, San Diego, Calif.





—from Bill Mock, Bangor, Maine



—from Dave, Westwood, N.J.

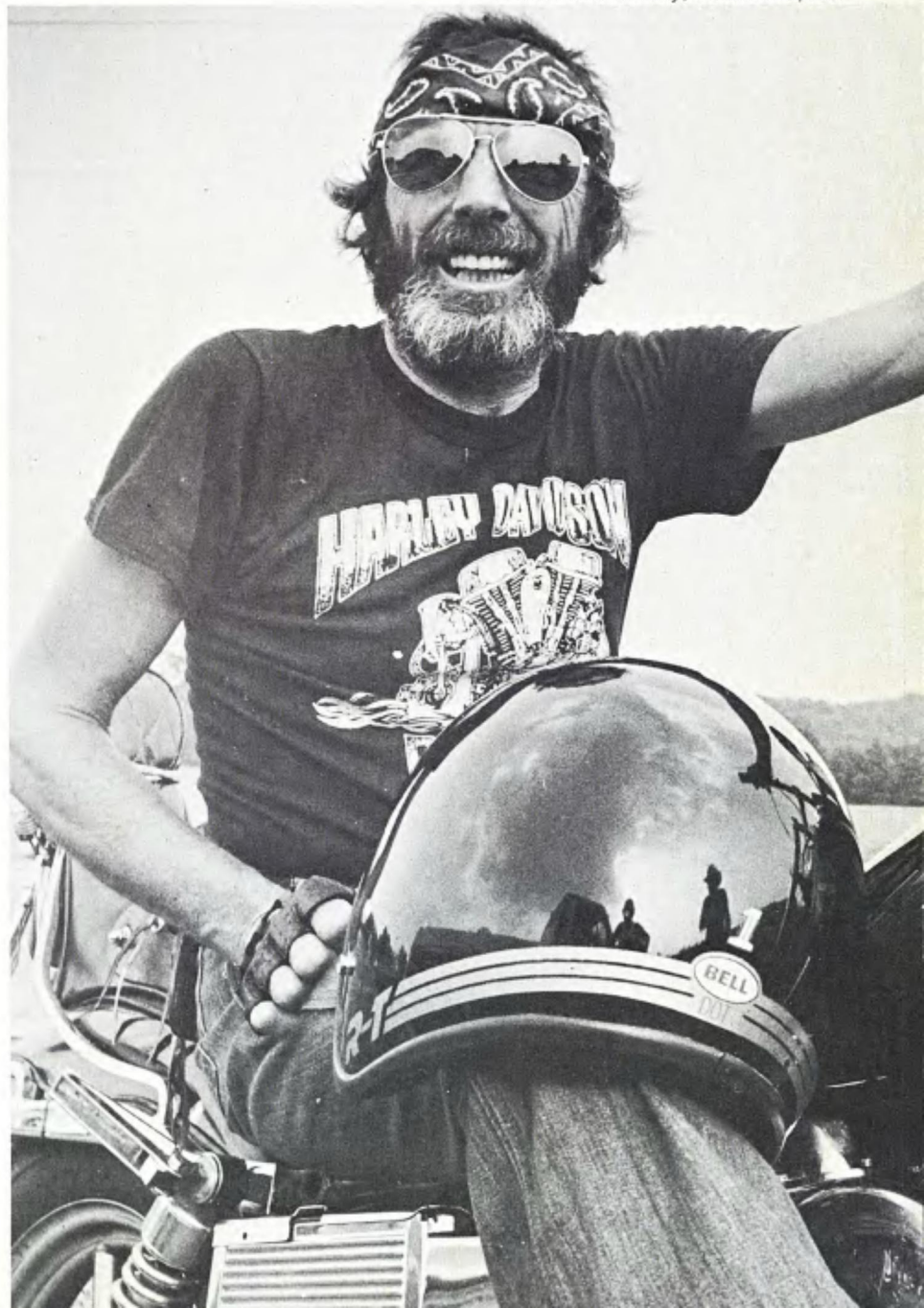
—from Mike Rubley, Tuscumbia, Ala.



—from Dolores, Greeley, Colo.



—from Johan Neeke, Hilversum, Nederland





—from Tootie Bird, Wytheville, Va.



—from Rick Fette, Waltham, Mass.



—from Bob Touchette, Watertown, N.Y.

—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.







—from Bob Touchette, Brattleboro, Vt.

—from Mike Rubley, Tusculumbia, Ala.



—from Woody, Coos Bay, Ore.



—from Tootie Bird, Wytheville, Va.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Too Tall, Indianapolis, Ind.





—from Headhunter, Tucson, Ariz.

—from Buddy Fair, Staten Island, N.Y.



—from Steve Scott, Claremont, N.H.



—from T-Bird, Big Bear, Calif.



—from Wizard, On The Road



—from Diana Bryce, Shawnee, Okla.





**MOTORCYCLE
EXPO IV**
MAKE H-D
YEAR 1953
ENGINE 74 CU IN
OWNER DAVE ANN
CLASS S
VOTE 17

Easyriders



Naomi



Marsha



Cheryl



Debra



Carol



Sue



Amy



Linda



Kathy



Renee



Bambi



Tammy

OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fourth Annual Ol' Lady Contest, showing their stuff tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100; and first two runners up, \$25; with the contributor gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders*' Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on this page must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarized documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (as little as 25 or less) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

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*. Judges' decision is final.

Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is Oct. 26. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #102 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. □

OL' LADY CONTEST

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

Model's Name _____ Phone _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copy-right and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such

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

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or less, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photo sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Ol' Lady of the Month
Here she is, folks — Bambi, the fifth monthly winner in the 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Mickey, Brenda, and Michele.

OMOTT'S Easyriders

The Bro and the Sportster

There once was a biker who owned a Sportster. One summer he found the generator would not recharge the battery. The bro wailed and wailed for lack of money with which to buy a new generator. However, upon closer inspection, he found that it was merely a wire shorted out. Much to his delight, the generator was intact. *Moral:* A man should never be either too ready to complain or too self-satisfied. Life is a mixture of sorrows and delights.

The Groaning Starter

A man was trying to start his bike. The electric starter groaned and groaned and emitted the most painful sounds ever heard. And yet again and again the battery turned the starter faithfully, never making a sound itself until it was quite dead. *Moral:* Those who cry the loudest are often the least hurt.

The Moped and the Driveway

A moped once settled itself on a driveway after buzzing around for an extended length of time. Said the moped to the driveway, "If my weight is too heavy for you to bear, I can leave and park upon the grass."

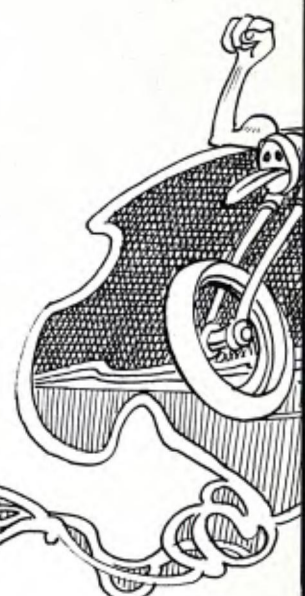
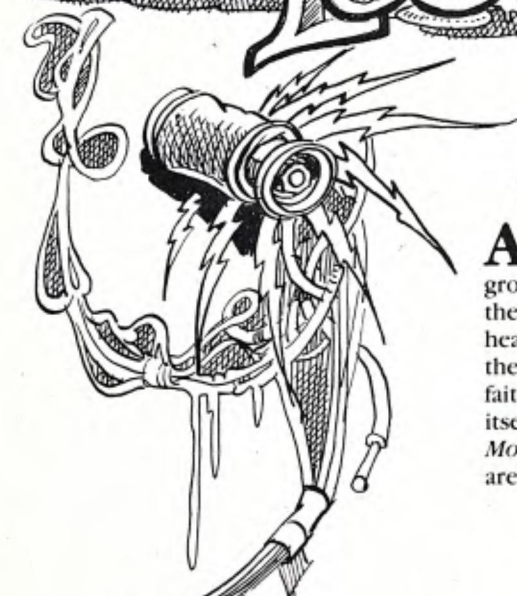
"I don't care whether you leave or stay," answered the driveway. "I was not even aware of your presence."

Moral: The smaller the mind the greater the conceit.

The Ol' Lady and the Snake

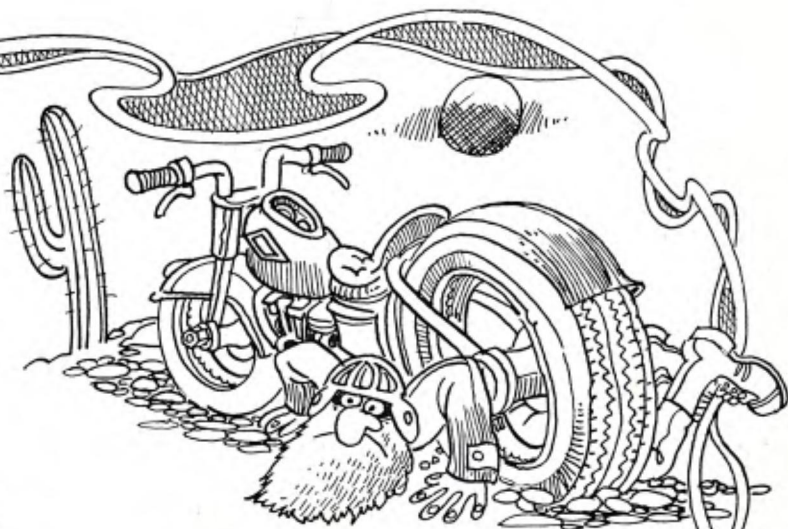
An ol' lady found a viper while stopping for a rest with her ol' man. The snake was dying from cold and the ol' lady put it inside her leathers to warm it. When the creature was revived, she started to stroke it; the viper bit her and, while escaping from her jacket, it bit the ol' man too. Both of them died, leaving a good Harley to rust in the wilderness.

Moral: Do not think kindness will soften an evil disposition. Evil always returns evil for good.



The Old Biker and Death

An old biker had biked many, many miles, and finally was very, very tired. After crashing down a ravine in the middle of the night, he found himself under his motorcycle on top of a prickly cactus. He tried with all his strength to lift the bike, but found he could not manage the weight. After many hours of pain and exhaustion, he sighed and called for Death to appear. Death finally came and hovered over the old biker in the cold of the desert night and



asked, "Why did you call me?"

The biker replied, "To get this fuckin' bike off me!"

Moral: Men cling to life even in the face of misfortune and Death.

The Moped and the Harley

A moped once challenged a Harley to a show of strength. On the day of the show, hundreds of people came to watch. When the moped saw the Harley, it said, "I am satisfied that you have turned up to fight. It proves you hold me in high regard, even though I do not think much of myself." And with that remark, the moped escaped through a hole in the fence. The Harley, too large to give chase, was left in his fury with the disappointed people. Now if the Harley had remembered his strength and ignored such an insignificant foe, the moped's bullshit would have been in vain.

Moral: Do not sacrifice your dignity by placing yourself on a level with your inferiors.

The Senators and the Bikers

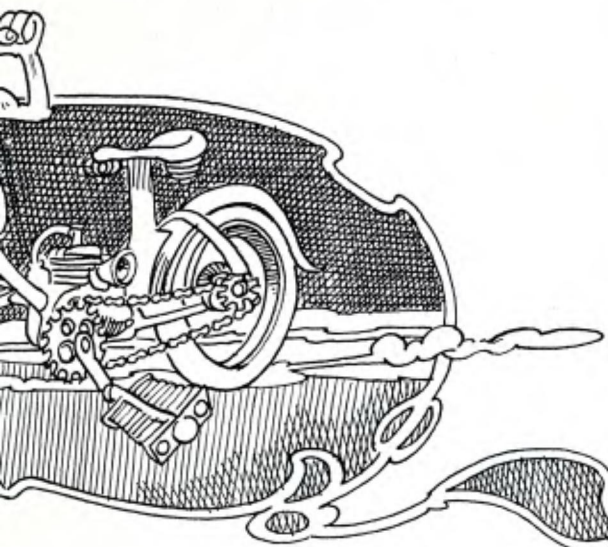
Some senators sat fighting in Washington, butting their heads together over helmet laws. Far away, some bikers sat in a bar and bemoaned the outcome of the fight. The bartender asked why they worried over the outcome when the fight was many miles away and the fighters were not personally known to them. One of the bikers remarked, "Very few senators will ever wear helmets during their lives, but those of us who ride may very well end up wearing helmets throughout our lives."

Moral: When the mighty are quarrelsome, the lowly are the sufferers.

The Thief and the Brothers

There were once three bros. To improve their standard of living, they joined forces and lived in a splendid house. A thief sought to steal their bikes, but found the act impossible so long as the bikers shared the same house. So the thief spread rumors and discontent among the brothers and thus caused their division. Naturally, then, their bikes became easy pickin's.

Moral: When friends quarrel, foes seize the opportunity. ■



THE HOOK and the HUMP

By R. David Holdaway

It was a bright, sunny day, the birds were chattering like crazy, and everyone was in a good mood. Everyone, that is, except the Hook. He lay on his bunk and scowled. He scowled at the butterscotch-colored sunshine that fell down through the bars onto his bunk. He frowned at the rotten damned birds singing, when nothing and no one should be happy in prison. His ill temper consumed him.

Still wrapped in the twisted sheets of his bed, drifting warmly in and out of sleep, the Hook dreamed.

It was another sunshiny Sunday on 101. The wind was whistling in his ears, pressing his beard flat against his throat and throwing his hair straight out behind him. He cranked the shovelhead to 60. . . then 70. . . then 80. . . He could feel the rich, gut-satisfying rumble of the engine vibrating life into him from head to toe. Holly's arms were clasped around his waist, the firm points of her full tits snuggled into his shoulder blades. Shifting her weight slightly, she leaned close to his right ear and tried to say something, but her voice was sucked away by the windscream. Then he felt her fingers slipping inside his waistband and he knew what it was she had been asking. All around them was farm land, the lush green fields stretching far into the distance. He searched for an exit ahead, a side road, and. . .

With a groan, the Hook rolled awake. Shit, it just wasn't right that he was locked up in this pukehole while Holly patiently waited — and waited and waited.



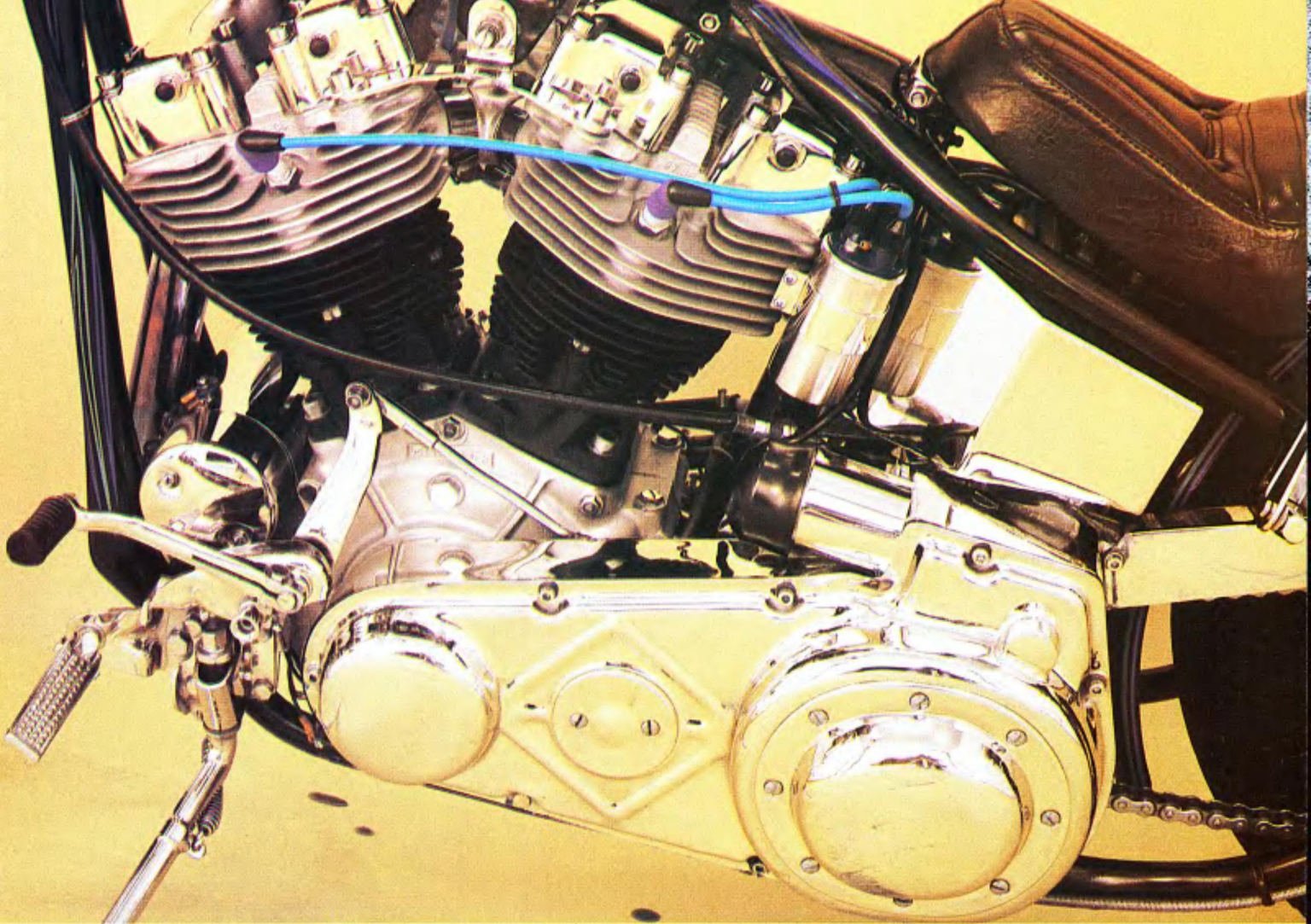
Sold Out Of Sight



Man, I don't mind tellin' ya that I just about shit when Mike announced he was sellin' his Hog to some dude 400 miles away. We've been ridin' together all the years that Mike's had this scoot; and folks up our way know this beauty as well as they know us. Ya see, Mike's bike has copped first prize for five consecutive years at a local Auto Expo. I guess that's to be expected, though, 'cause the bike has a classic '57 straight-leg frame and the most bodacious orange and yellow flame job you ever saw. Not only that, but it also sports thirty coats of hand-rubbed clear lacquer. That's the kind of finish that makes ya fill your own gas tank.

Don't get me wrong, man: Mike wouldn't be caught dead on just an angel-haired show bike. This one's a mover. He saw to that







when he bolted on that shovel top end. The mill might be older, but it's also quicker. With 70-over pistons and an S&S Super carb, this bike's well known as a fast-movin' street machine that's kicked ass on many a local jockey.

Me 'n' Mike have covered a lot of territory together. We're suckers for a run, say to Mt. Shasta, or Whiskeytown Lake, or Grants Pass, Oregon — anywhere.

But recently, before I could say a word, Mike and his beauty were on their last run — down to *Easyriders* to have these flicks shot, then off to the new owner's place. "Why sell it so far from home?" I asked him.

"So I don't have to see it riding around," Mike explained, "like if I sold it here in town."



Yeah, I could tell it was hurtin' him to part with this scoot, but such are the current economic facts of life. Ya see, Mike's a carpenter and a damn good one. But bread's tight these days and people aren't buildin' many houses, so he's gonna take the bread from his putt and start buildin' a house of his own. I sure am gonna miss runnin' with my bro, but I suspect he'll be buildin' a good-sized garage with the house. Ya see, he and Harleys go back a long way to when his dad had a Sporty. Even a bad crash, which cost him his front teeth and fucked up his leg, didn't stop Mike. His older brother, Rocky, who also has a couple of sleds, plans to let Mike ride one of them during his downtime. Mike also plans to do some work on a bro's pan. And some-thin' tells me that Mike's new garage will shelter some outrageous Hog before the house is completely finished.

—Road Bro



Owner: Mike and Bobby Marsiano		City: Redding, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '57 straight leg	
Year and make: '64 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: FLH		Type: H-D	
Value: \$5,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: one year		Other alterations: hole in neck	
Chroming by: Central Valley Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: '64		Risers: Gary Bang — 3 in. steel	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 5 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: lightened		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: B&B Perf. Specialist		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: 70 over		Electrics: 12v electric start	
Cases: H-D '64		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: H-D '72		Oil tank: A&J	
Cam(s): Andrews B-grind		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Andrews solid		Primary cover: stock inner, tin outer	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Corbin Gentry	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Gary Bang	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 2 ft.	
Muffler(s): Paughco shotguns		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews 1st and 3rd		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: '75		Extension: 5 in.	
Shifting: ratchet		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Little Richard		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Cowboy		Rim width: 2.5 inches	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black, orange, and yellow		Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D mech. drum	Brake: H-D juice
Special paint: orange and yellow flames. Pinstriping by Zellar.			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to bro Rocky Marsiano and Jim Hinshaw. Heads by Ben Ostarello.			

Photos by Pete Chiodo



FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

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Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston
Felding Motorcycle Co., Inc. Hwy. 31 North, Athens

ALASKA

House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1828 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 4631 N. 75th Dr., Phoenix

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The Purple Hog 642 Pumas St., Yuba City
Napa Valley Custom Cycles 956 Kaiser Rd., Napa
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Crazy Dave's 7800 Old Redwood Hwy., Colton
Mick McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park

H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceanside
Biker Bob's Bag Shop 425 El Cajon Blvd., El Cajon
Hutchins H-D 5505 29 Palms Hwy., Yuca Valley
H-D of San Rafael 728 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Janner Cycle Products 601 S. Main St., Burbank
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1650 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
Auburn Harley-Davidson 580 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn

COLORADO

Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom Cycle Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Aranda, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 3790 Morrison Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatiron H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 4890% Garrison St., Arvada
Dave's Auto Body 2201 State Ave., Alamosa

CONNECTICUT

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

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

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H-D South 9650 E. Fern St., Miami
Harleys Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hallandale
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4957 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
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C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
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Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
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Markham Cycle Center 3958 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 12040 South Doty, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Stick Engineering 1420 14th Ave., Moline
L&S Cycle Supplies 300 N. Central St., Gilman

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The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
H&H Chopper Shop 307 N. Buckeye St., Vincennes
K&D Chopper Shop 415 College Ave., Vincennes

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Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City

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Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shop Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Middle Earth Cycle Accessories Fifth & Elizabeth St., Scott City

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Aspholton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle, Lexington
Bullwink's Cycle Center #9 O'Brien Ave., Frankfort

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Motorcycle Products Co. 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr's Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Cycle Brothers Inc. 4895 North St., Baton Rouge

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Eastern Shore Cycle Linden Ave., Secretary
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Salman's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15609 Frederick Rd., Rockville
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 8473 Riviera Plaza, Pasadena
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater
The Radical Cycle South River Rd., Tall Timbers

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Cycle Parts of Boston 136 Brighton Ave., Allston
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Harley Heaven, Inc. 118 Mansfield Ave. Rt. 140, Norton

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P&P Cycle Products Inc. 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn
P&P Cycle Products Inc. 2265 W. Maple Rd., Walled Lake
P&P Cycle Products Inc. 2424 N. Woodward, Royal Oak

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York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm
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St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th St., Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville

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NEBRASKA

Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus

NEVADA

Nevada Cycle Parts 2560 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas

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Cavanaugh Bros. H-D, Inc. 101 Upton, Manchester

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H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Country Cycle Inc. 1594 Rt. 49, Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River
Compellion Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Dynamic Cycle 700 Broadway, Bayonne

NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
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H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
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Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
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H-D of Washington, Inc. 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E.

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Ride's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
H-D of West Virginia 4824 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee

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.

"Tattoo Gary" Sautle 11/7/80. You took a piece of all our hearts when you died so needlessly. But now you will ride forever free in the minds of all your brothers and sisters. Denver and Long Island.

In memory of **John Haynes**. A hard ridin' and partyin' dude that we all dug and miss a lot. You're up there now with those Hog riders in the sky. Ride forever in the wind. Clyde and Vickie.

In memory of **Neil Anderson**, 3-14-81. Rest in peace. Ride forever in Harley Heaven. We miss and love you very much. You will never be forgotten. Love. Ranae, Shawn, Sissy.

In memory of **Eugene "Geno" Russ**, who was taken from us by his father. Geno, you rode hard and died fast. You will always be loved and missed. But we'll all ride together again. We'll be riding against the wind. Your ol' lady, Krickett, and your little sister, Boots.

In memory of **Bruce A. King**, a true brother and good friend, who lost his life on 9/2/79 in a freak accident. Ride with us forever. Brothers and friends from Boston, N.Y.

In memory of **Greg Banks**. At peace finally. They can't fuck with you now. Love you forever. Joni. Songbird, family, and friends from Kentucky.

In memory of **Don "Dog" Squires**. You lived hard, partied hard, died hard. All your bros will always remember you in Harley Heaven. B.J.J.S.

In memory of **Danny Jones**, one righteous brother, who died by the mind of a wicked woman. Party in peace, bro. Tom Francis. Whittier, Calif.

In memory of **Andy Melick**. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't ever have been in the wind. I'll meet you again someday in Harley Heaven. I love you, babe, Nancy.

In memory of **Uncle Sal**. You taught us well and we'll always remember you. With love and sadness. Your loving family.

In loving memory of **Richard "Farmer" Tutin**. The rootin' tootin' fucker that ever lived—and died. Maryland will never be the same without you. Bro, we'll all love you forever. You are in my heart. Judi. Baltimore, Md.

In memory of brother **Joe Manny**. Why do the best always have to leave us first? We will miss you and remember you always. The Punksy Panhead People. Rita and Ernie Mohney.

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.

Two down bros need to hear from some ladies. All letters answered. Photos help a bunch. Les Nolen #B-71773, and Sam Mohren #B-49210, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

24-yr.-old bro, down and blue, needs some fine ladies to write to. Howard Charles Gilbert #315878 Eastham, Box 16, Loveland, Tex. 75851.

Doing time is a waste of the mind, heart, and other vital organs. Help save the mind! Write, Dave Winchip #072912, Box 747-20-3217, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Downed w/m, 5'7", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, and looking for that one special woman. Please write, Wayne Horton, Box C-07101, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

White 33-yr.-old outlaw looking for an ol' lady with heart and staying power. Would be interested in future relationship. I'll send picture if you do. Harry Robinson #C-20548, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

24 yrs. old, doing time. Would like letters to help me do it. Maurice Lockett #N-11062, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Lonely guy needs a chick to write to. I can't handle the emptiness anymore. Ronald W. Russell II #365167, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Two lonely bros (partners) looking for fine ol' ladies with shit together. Looks not important. What's in your heart is, Maryland area preferred. Robert B. Wilhelm #150-600 and Lewis J. Gance #141-951, Route #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Man 46 years, medium build, widely traveled, of natural interest. Needs female correspondence from 30 years and over. Wayne Deatherage, Box C-22423, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I'd like to talk to any ladies out there who give a shit about a downed bro. I'd appreciate it, people. Vince Tomczak, Cape May County Jail, Cape May Court House, N.J. 08210.

Does anyone really care? Gentle, easygoing biker in great need of correspondence with ladies for possible future together. Write J. R. Garner #33340, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

32 yrs. old, and need a friend out there in the free world. Will reply to all letters. Billy Byrd #A-01118, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

A downed bro would like some mail from chicks, any age, any place. Write Roger Jackson #268883, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

22 years old and in need of lovely lady to write. Send photos. Jimmy Clar #C-01244, Box C-123, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, a brother wishes to correspond with anyone who can write, will send photo. Arthur Thomas #80A1575 A2237, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Lonely guy, 23, Need letters from some nice babes, send pictures. Wayne Brown, 99 Water Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702.

I need some women who would want to rap with me while I'm doing this time. Quick like, Glenn R. Cornett #6678, Box 28, G-10-2D, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Down and out, I'm 24, Write me, anyone. Open the door, I can give love, friendship and more. Jonathan Goff #81-D-1, Box 335, Napanoch, N.Y. 12458.

Doing time with no lady in my stable. Will you be the one? Write, Warren Goiding #01262-018, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Lunatic needs to hear from some crazy ladies. 28 years old and down. Write, Bob Hines #144-895, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

White convict, 37, could use a few lines from sincere and caring woman. Photos optional. Will answer all. John A. Johnson #110635, Box 55, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

24 yrs. old and would like to hear from all you lovely ladies. To make my time fly by. Ron Rutledge #C-19486, E-242, Box 686, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Biker from California down in Texas. Needs mail and pictures from mature-minded ladies 30 years old and over. Darryl Kemp #313787, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

22-yr.-old, blue-eyed bro could use letters and pix from sincere ladies 18-35. Bob Perry #17500, A-Block, Box 14, Boise, Id. 83707.

Would like ladies to write to a lonely con. David M. Davis #10156-73, Box 448, Halifax, N.C. 27839.

I am a gypsy. Have no one to visit me, no letters, no one to call. Any letters answered. Quick. Send photo. Jo R. Yarosh #65677, Box F-1, D-Unit, Leesburg, N.J. 08327.

23-yr.-old, tall, blond hair, blue eyes, 198 lbs. Looking for special, fun-loving chick to do time with after I've done this time. Characteristics unimportant. Just fun-loving and single, like me. Grab a pen! I need ya! Jerry D. Shelton #74826, Box 500, Bks. 8, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Texas bro been down six years. Artist/leather craftsman looking for a solid lady with heart. All letters answered promptly. Riley G. Craig #273744, Ellis Unit D-12, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Sweet, foxy ladies! Good-looking, 26 yrs. old, 6'7", 240 lbs. The wizard needs some letters to help this time pass. So let me bring a magic ride into your life. Mark S. Haney #C-22589, Puerta La Cruz, Star Route 2, Warner Springs, Calif. 92086.

Downed bro. Nice to get mail and flicks from any and all chicks. James Smith #31777, Camp 4-L-5, Angola, La. 70712.

Lonely, desperate to hear from all women any age up to 30. Please send photos and don't be shy. All letters with photos answered first. Eric Ford #34630, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

I'm 30, good-looking and boss bad. Someone zip me a line. Any lady 18-60 will be just fine. Herbert L. Pryor #108413, M.C.C. Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

Downed bro doing time in Texas. Would like to hear from lovely ladies. Send photos. Tommy Hightower #314164, Eastham, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Lonely; would like ladies to write me. Ron Putman #35973, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Downed bro doing hard time. Would like to hear from some ladies. Will answer all. I am white, 34, 5'10", 185 bs. Send photo. James H. Davis #53109-065, Box W, Unit F, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

26-yr.-old male would like to correspond with warm, loving ladies. Write, Clyde W. Haire #44057, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

W/m, 6', 165 lbs., good-looking. Would like to receive letters and flicks from all, any age. Am open and straightforward. Would love to hear from all the hot and sexy mamas. The older the better. Dennis Weatherford, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Downed bro, in need of sincere and caring ladies. 25 yrs. old. Will answer all letters. Send pic if you can. Jim McKinney #528201, D.C.C., Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Still a young man, with the blues for you. 25 yrs. old, Robert Portillo #B-94783, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Downed California bro lost in Oklahoma prison. Need righteous old lady, mail and flicks. Answer all and will stop and see when puttin' free! John Ross, Jr. #108416, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

White bro, 26, looking for a meaningful relationship with women who are into life, love and realism. All letters answered. Women who answer don't have to be bikers. Appreciate exchange of pictures. Write, Douglas Whitley, Box 770-160271, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Loneliness is a terrible thing. If you are lonely, then write. Let's get acquainted. Kirk Gregory #82049, Box 518, #156, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

Lonely white bro. 24, looking for a lady to take home and ride with on release. Send pic; will answer all. Ron Flynn, 10 Administration Rd., Cadre Unit, Bridgewater, Mass. 02324.

Need correspondence from young ladies. Will answer all. Attila Harkay #160-540, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

W/m, would like correspondence with interesting people. Will answer all. Terry Denning #79D249, Box G, Walkkill, N.Y. 12589.

Ladies, would you like to meet sincere dude? Then write me. 6', brown hair, green eyes. Bob Tatum #89495, Box 1000, Marion Ill. 62959.

Young biker, 20, lonely as can be, would like to write and exchange ideas with open-minded women of all ages and exchange pictures. Michael Cseh #80-B-1210, Mid Orange Corr. Fac. 900 Kings Highway, Warwick, N.Y. 10990.

Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

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

Prud Aryan outlay seeks letters from fine, intelligent, and sweet ladies. Only Arizona ladies take the time. Michael Tulacz, Box 840121, Florence, Ariz. 85252. (102)

Mellow dude, 30, 6 ft., 200 lbs., has knuckle and par, and good job. Would like to meet one good lady who likes camping, touring, cooking, and is not heavy into religion, drugs, or booze. From So. Calif., or any place. Rug rats ok. Send photos to Fast Mike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (102)

Farrol (Butch): Call Melanie, Jeannie (collect), or Zero. We miss you, Much love. (102)

Louisiana Lady: Save birthday wishes for your own man, Vinny Domicello's of lady. (102)

Irma: We're closer than you think. That was the beginning of a wild, crazy trip. Sera. (102)

New style "White Power" patch \$2.50; catalog \$1.25. M.C. Arts. 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (102)

From the home of the Harleys. T-shirts. Heavy-duty super colored front eagle design. Imprinted back. Send \$9 to Harley-Davidson of Milwaukee, Inc., 6312 W. Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53218. (103)

Deacon: Happy 25th 12-5-81. Your lady loves you still, and always will, Sharon. (102)

Harley parts: New, used, custom, speed, obsolete. Motor and tranny work. 10% discount on mail orders. Buy & sell. S&S Cycle Repair, Bath, N.Y. 14810. Ph. (607) 776-3480. (102)

Ride in style. High quality, 14" black leather riding gloves. Removable knit lining. Zippered cuffs. \$39.95 check or money order. Sport Gloves of New York, P.O. Box 37, Sherrill, N.Y. 13461. (102)

Harley stationery—classic eagle design. A righteous gift for your ol' lady or man. Each order includes 20 printed sheets, 20 blank sheets, and 20 envelopes. No long waits: orders mailed day received. \$4.95. Cee Bee, Box 12632, San Diego, Calif. 92112. (102)

Wanted. one good ol' lady. I have one rug rat, so you must be a mother and a lover. Must have no more than one kid, and be willing to work as long as I do and put with your ol' man. Send picture, phone no., and some info about yourself to Richard. 11203 Laurel Ave., South Whittier, Calif. 90605. (102)

Ladies: 25-year-old bro down for a dime. Looking for sexy letters and pictures. Will reply to all. Steve McDonald #279305, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (102)

Midz Kidz Inc.: Downed but not out in Berlin. Contact me. The Lord, Box 365 USAFS-B, APO N.Y. 09742. (102)

Needed: H-D-ridin' ol' man, 23-30, white and nice to look at. I am 20, 120, 5'6", white, long brown, hazel. Am hard-workin', love to smoke, ride and good life. Not into signing papers or head games. Partial to blonds, blue, moustaches, and beards. If looking for a good lady, write and enclose photo to K.B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (102)

Outrageous designs on black T-shirts for the motorcyclist. Send for free info. Nightrider, P.O. Box 902, Siml Valley, Calif. 93062. (107)

Achtung! Give a Kraut a break. Two downed bros 25 and 27 yrs. old. Both have blond hair and lovely blue eyes. Looking for hot frauleins. All letters will be answered and pictures will be fondled with loving care while serving the last of this five-year stretch. No fannies, uglies, or lampshades please. Write to Kenneth Speiser #88464 and Mike Baresia #88522, Box 7, Annandale, N.Y. 08801. (102)

Pretty orientals need boyfriends. Photos. Golden Heart, Box 2423, Yakima, Wash. 98901. (103)

Ice Man in Houston: I am free now, so call me at (817) 774-9913, or write 1501 South 43rd, Temple, Tex. 76501. Rabbit. (102)

I'm not doing time, but ya don't have to be locked up to be lonely. Looking for a good lady or ladies who share a mutual desire for friendship. Louie Markee, P.O. Box 3351, Flint, Mich. 48502. (102)

Single biker, w/m, 25, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for a lady 20-30 to love and putt with. No fats or heavy drug users, please. Must be honest, loyal, and financially secure. Send photo and phone to J.W.R., R.R. 3, Box 102 Tate Rd., Rockford, Ill. 61103. (102)

In memory of James "Scrub" Sullivan. On his way home from his scooter shop he was taken down by a drunk bitch 8-4-81. We will always remember you, my friend. May you ride in the wind forever. Mike and Kim. Chamblee Custom. (102)

Skull: You make my life; I'll always love ya. Happy 22nd 12-29-59. Cindy. (102)

Chemicals and chemical glassware. Call or write for catalog. Georgia Laboratory Supply, 3405 Covington Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30032. Telephone (404) 288-8772. (104)

El cheapo bike cover, guaranteed to melt on contact with hot pipes. Profits go to fight helmet laws on national and local levels. Send \$7.50 money order to Rumbleseat, Rt. 2, Box 107, Springfield, La. 70462. (102)

George Simmons: Where the hell are you? New York hasn't moved. Surprise us! KT and Erin. (102)

Downed bro needs ladies to write. Loves kids, looks and age make no difference. Please send photos. Garry Drennen #159-868, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (102)

X ol' man Rick, "Freebird": Even though you said good-bye July 4th. I think of you and your boys often and will every 4th of July. I miss riding in the wind with you and Newport and the rain on that black beauty, or Betsy, as you call her, but the woods mostly and walks through them and on Newport Beach. I lost you, but you'll always be in a part of my heart and a friend, so feel free to call and talk, or stop in for coffee or a high while you're on the road. Ride free with your helmet hanging free on your neck. Hope you think of me once in a while. I bet you'll laugh next 4th of July. Miss you and still love you, as you said. "I don't know why!" Linda "Stroke," N. B. Mass. (102)

Sweet Sue, a beautiful lady; I need to hear from you. Don Stepp, Box 281, Falls Church, Va. 22046. (102)

Lonely lady, 20, looking for Harley-riding man of her dreams. Non-smoker, not into heavy partying. San Fernando Valley area. Send picture of you and your bike with reply to Karen, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (102)

T.J., from Flagstaff, and all your crazy fuckin' friends: Sturgis was super. I found out the date on the swap meet in Kansas City. It's November 8th, at the Kansas City Trade Mart. Carry your tired ass on up. See you then, M.J. (102)

\$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 (716) 842-6000. Ext. 5275. (102)

Harley Hummer Club: Exchange parts, information on 125s, 165s, or early 175s. Send \$1 to Box 224, Olney, Md. 20832. (103)

30-year-old w/m seeks cook in the kitchen, lady in the parlor, whore in the bedroom type of woman. Send picture and letter to Richard T., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (102)

Rocco: Happy 1st. Through tears and laughter we'll pass through this world hand in hand, for as long as time will allow. I love you, Your ol' lady, Thunder. (102)

Stubz. I love you, and always will. We belong together. J.Z. (102)

Marv Dunson: Happy belated birthday 6-6. How could you think I'd forget? Love, Deb. (102)

White workers and soldiers stand up for race and flag. Sample News \$3, Mollis, Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (104)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (102)

Downed bro, 28, out soon. Need woman; will answer all letters. Charley Phillips #309151, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (102)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (102)

Two bros down; would like letters and pictures from ladies who love to ride. Very lonely; need letters from sisters who care. Jack Stark #18393, Chris Pate #12252, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (102)

Desperado: Happy 1st (Oct. 17). You no longer have to walk through this world all alone. Thanx for loving me and letting me love you. Your best bet. The Queen of Hearts. (102)

Wicked Wanda: Happy third. September 16th. Can't wait for next years. Nothing like it anywhere. Eric. (102)

Extremely attractive white male with mustache, age 40, 5'9", 160 lbs. and financially secure. The girl I am looking for must be extremely young, serious-minded, and want a serious relationship. Marriage at a later date. If you are young and like the love and kindness of older men, write. Also, I am a straight person, but bisexual women are welcome. If you are in prison, soon to get out, and you want a good new life, please write. Attractive, young ladies only need apply. Photo and phone number please. Serious ladies only. J.F.P., P.O. Box 642, Troy, Ala. 36081. (102)

Surprise your nose legally with Dean Swift imported snuffs. Ask at any tobacco store or send US \$5 for intro assortment to DStld, Box 2009, San Francisco, Calif. 94126. (102)

Dean: Happy birthday 10-25-81, and thanks for all your loving. Love ya a bunch. Barb. (102)

Not just another buckle: I make my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's hand-made—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is fifteen bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (113)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (103)

Amphetamines: Do you know the real thing? Send \$2 for complete list of pharmaceutical and look-alikes. Bobby Jones, Rt. 1, Box 90, Jacksonville, Tex. 75766. (102)

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

Contest: Lou's Tattoos of Fayetteville, North Carolina, is having a contest for tattoos. 1st prize \$100 for best tattoo drawings (send drawings); 2nd prize \$50 for female with best tattooing and designs (send photos); 3rd prize \$25 for male with best tattooing and designs (send photos). Send drawings and photos with name and addresses to Lou's Tattoos, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. Closing date will be Dec. 31, 1981. (103)

Continued on next page

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (116)

To the whole Easyriders staff. Have a merry fuckin' Christmas. Love, Theresa and David. (102)

Humbag! Rufus. (102)

White biker, 24, owns 78 Lowrider. Down till Aug. '82. Need letters and/or visits from women 18 and up. In Sonoma, Calif. area; will answer all. Gordon (Clone) Williams #C13544, Black Mountain CC#29, 23131 Ft. Ross Rd., Cazadero, Calif. 95421. (102)

Attention: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Louann Kroeze or Barbara Murphy, last known residence West Palm Beach, Fla. Have them contact me. Robert "Bear" Waltz #73216-011, Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837. (102)

Ron Mulligan, please contact me. I moved from Cheyenne. Were you bullshitting me about us? Dee. P.O. Box 3546, Casper, Wyo. 82602. (102)

Dreamer: Happy anniversary (11/8). Who needs the rest? I've got the best! Schemer and the rug rats. (102)

Wanted: Easyriders August 1973 and December 1973 issues. Also need Supercycle June 1977. Will pay 7 bucks per mag. Jake. Box 623, Saratoga, Tex. 77585. (102)

Ladies: 29-year-old convict, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, handsome, intelligent, good sense of humor, many varied interests, and a little crazy (at times), needs correspondence from women 18-35 for friendship or, possibly, deeper relationship. Good looks, figure desirable. Sincere only. No game players. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #60064, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (102)

Rich: Your "weekend girl" still loves you and misses you a lot. Will wait forever for you to change your mind. Love ya always. Kim. (102)

"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 artist 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. (107)

Zeek: I'm in Louisiana by now. Contact me. Tom Higgins. (102)

Marijuana wine—asskicking. \$3.95 for recipe. Box 659, Stevens Point, Wis. 54481. (102)

Gypsy Rider: Happy birthday. honey. 11-20. Always your baby. Bright Eyes. (102)

Ladies: The Little Greek is lonely. Send pics and letters to Steve Apostolides #153567, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (102)

Ex-hardcore biker, white male, 29, 6 ft., 174 lbs., dark hair, dark eyes, owns home and rental apartments. Popular with the ladies, but can't find that special one—long black hair, dark eyes, oriental features, intelligent, witty, and attractive figure, no drugs. Send picture and letter to P.R. c/o Easyriders. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (102)

Jennifer's ear-otic sex line. Hot girls who are ready to please and tease you with pictures, scented panties, and much more to a shattering climax. Visa/MC. (213) 879-1900. (107)

I'm 5'7", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Good lookin' with functioning mind. Lookin' for down-to-earth ol' lady 20-30 yrs. of age. Must be fine, energetic, and know the ways of an ex-outlaw. Hittin' the streets 12-25-81. Need warm woman and place to re-establish. No witches with games need apply. Photos exchanged. Steve Faulk. P.M.B. #91703, Camp D Falcon #1, Angola, La. 70712. (102)

New and different Harley T-shirt designs. Free brochure. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (105)

White, 19-year-old biker, in for four. Want long lines and nice flicks from foxy chicks. Broad-minded and open-hearted gals, please write. All letters will be answered; pix get answered asap. Send to Kelly Robinson #317682. Clemens Unit D-2-3, Rt. 1, Box 1077, Brazoria, Tex. 77422. (102)

Decorate your clubhouse walls with authentic Nazi pictures. For brochure reply Warpics, P.O. Box 236, Riverside, N.J. 08075. (102)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (102)

Lonely and blue, lady I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. John Lacey, D.C.I., Rt. 1, Box 323, Enoree, S.C. 29335. (103)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle). For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents add 6%. Righteous Products. Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (120)

Vern: Happy birthday 12-29. You know you're #1. Dubby, Jan, and Karenza. (102)

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

Continued on page 126

**NOW!
ALL NEW!**

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I.R.S. CATALOG

We could print only a few of these catalogs, so get one while they last. Only 2 bucks plus 50¢ postage and handling.

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Skull and Devil's head pendants \$20.00, Harley-Davidson \$15.00, 20-inch rope chain \$18.00 and 24-inch chain \$22.00. We pay postage.

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Our most popular wallet, small, convenient and made to last forever. Put together with brass rivets and safety chain attached for security for only \$15.95, plus \$1.00 postage and handling. Can be branded with "Harley-Davidson," "Live to Ride" or ordered plain.

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With either a plain flap or one branded "Harley-Davidson" or "Live to Ride" the flap on this wrist band acts as protection for your valuable watch. It's heavy leather for \$12.95, plus 85¢ postage and handling.

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California residents add 6% for the man. I.R.S. t-shirt \$10.00 (indicate size)

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BLACK FRENCH CUT TOPS FOR OL' LADY'S

I'M EQUIPPED WITH GENUINE HARLEY — TITS & ASS
MADE OF PROPER MATERIALS
MADE TO SHAKE PERFECTLY
GUARANTEED SATISFACTION



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BECAUSE
HE GIVES
GOOD FACE

MUSTANG
RANCH
TRAINEE

I LOVE
TO PUTT
SUCK &
FUCK

LIQUOR
UP FRONT
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Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get

these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from — because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed — thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. this insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

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Add \$1.00 for postage & handling



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The most revolutionary cane ever! Made of top-quality mahogany with scroll work carved on the shaft. The handle unscrews and becomes a self-lighting pipe with replaceable bic lighter. It features a built-in spoon, stash cap, and joint adaptor. The cane also converts into an 18- to 22-oz. pool cue and short stick. So now you can Toke, Stroke and Smoke in style.

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PIPE

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MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL**

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Cane pipe/Pool Stick ☐ 49.95 Separate Items & Prices: Pipe ☐ 19.95
Pipe Glove ☐ 19.95 Umbrella Pipe ☐ 29.95 Cane Pipe ☐ 24.95

Add \$2.50 shipping. Calif. residents include 6% sales tax. Allow four weeks for delivery.



Old Style All Leather BIKER CAP

Here's an all-leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.

Enclosed is \$21.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Be sure to indicate size and color:
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Sm ☐ Med
☐ Lrg. ☐ Ex. Lrg.

Note: Canadian and overseas orders, \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.

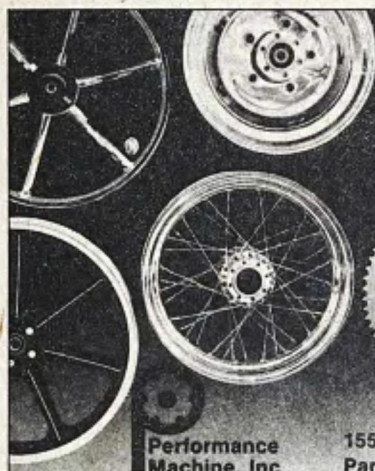


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Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. currency. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)



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Catalog \$2.00
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Gear Lube Hash, Boiler Maker, Red Hot Kick Starter. Only a few of the cheap stews, munchies, and more you'll find in my One-Pan Cookbook. Quick and easy to fix. Carry the stuff with you. No fridge needed. Special offer only \$2.95 per book. Limited time. Print name or names, addresses and zips for Christmas delivery. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Personal checks take 4 weeks to clear. Foreign orders add \$3 per book.

Charley Company Dept. 102
 Box 335, Agoura, CA 91301

Jackpot

Continued from page 54

the steaming black brew. "My compliments to the chef, the maitre d', and most of all, to the suckers downstairs who make all this possible." He toasted the waitress with his cup of coffee.

The waitress nodded her acknowledgment. She looked like a recent graduate of a Catholic girls' school. She believed in people the way medieval clerics believed in providence and divine will. But her belief was not founded upon cloistered innocence; her faith in the human spirit, its capacity for hope and for pain, was strengthened by encounters with strangers in the performance of her nightly chores. She had heard it all: boasting, agonizing, crying, and outright lying. In fact, she had heard so much that she was able to sort it out, to understand that none of it was quite the same. Each person she met for a minute of chatter while she poured the coffee or cleared the plates was different. She could find the key to each one if she tried, like picking out the six differences between the puzzle pictures in the Saturday morning paper. Sometimes she did not have to try very hard. "So you don't hold with gambling, huh? You're not even going to try just once?"

Sanders just grunted, his cup to his lips. But Becker, taking a cigarette for himself, then passing his last one across the table to his friend, told the woman, "I might give it a try."

The waitress had a little game that she played with herself. She looked at the gamblers who came in and went out, and tried to guess who would be the winners and who would lose. She was confident by this time that she was pretty accurate in her predictions, and the ones who came back usually confirmed her guess. Most, of course, were losers. But with Becker she could not tell for sure. She thought that Becker might have a chance. "Good luck, then," she said.

Sanders fiddled with his cigarette and then stubbed it out in the crumbs on his dessert plate. "Come on," he said. Becker rose.

The sidewalk in front of the hotel was lit up like breakfast hour on Judgment Day. Down both sides of the street, each casino was dressed in the crass, incandescent plumage of a male bird on the make, each trying to outshine, outdance, outdo the others at capturing the eye and the

fancy of gamblers in heat.

Out in the eternal-daylight nighttime street, Becker and Sanders flowed with the crowd past opaque windows and open doors. They crossed the street with the tide, and were washed up to the cavernous mouth of the Lady Luck Casino, featuring the World's Biggest Slot Machine. The device looked like an industrial washing machine, eight feet high and as long as a full-sized car, with seven, count them, seven spinning drums. Becker was impressed. Top payoff for a bar on every drum was a quarter of a million dollars. Six out of seven was good for twenty grand. Five in a row, a thousand. It cost five bucks to play, and Becker saw people lined up to use it as if it were a department store Santa or a free telephone.

"We better start thinkin' about findin' us a place to stay," Sanders was saying. "The Treasure Chest out on Camino Drive is about the cheapest, if they got room. Of course, we could go back to the Sacramento, stay there for a night. We'll want a good night's sleep before the ride to Phoenix. Just a question of how much we need to spend. Here, gimme a smoke and I'll think on it for a minute. Hey, you listenin' to me at all?"

"I want to try that," Becker announced, his eyes still fixed on the giant machine as he handed Sanders a cigarette. "Let me find a girl to make change."

"What?" Sanders asked, cupping the match with his hand. "You lost your mind, or what?" But Becker was already gone.

He stood patiently in line until the six people ahead of him had lost their money to the World's Biggest. Then he pumped his five silver dollars into it, closed his eyes, and yanked the lever. Faintly, he heard Sanders's voice: "What a fuckin' waste of money."

Then he emerged to the clanging of the bells, opened his eyes to the flashing lights, heard people

Solution to puzzle on page 49

Words Found

Aide	Dies	Eyer	Rede	Sear
Aids	Dire	Idea	Reed	Seed
Airy	Dray	Ired	Ride	Seer
Arid	Dyer	Ires	Rids	Sees
Arse	Eary	Raid	Rise	Sere
Dais	Ease	Rare	Said	Side
Dare	Easy	Rase	Sard	Sire
Dear	Eery	Read	Sari	Yard
Deer	Eyed	Rear	Says	Year

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screaming and cheering, felt them slapping him on the back. He saw Sanders with his face white and his mouth hanging open. In Becker's tangled mind, all these images shouted to him that he had won. But he reminded himself that he could not have won, because there had been no crash of coins, no thundering Niagara Falls of silver into the trough. He looked at the machine to ask it what had happened, and it stared back at him six bars in a row. That was something, he realized. Someone in the crowd was saying "Twenty thousand!" over and over again, like a chant.

"Where's my money?" Becker asked softly, suddenly terrified that an enormous cruel joke was being played on him, that the crowd would break out laughing and he would start to cry. "Where's my money?"

Because the night floor manager was on his break, the assistant floor manager pushed her way through the crowd to congratulate Becker and to ask him his name and address, writing it down as he spelled it for her. An IRS agent followed close behind. He handed Becker a form to fill out, sign, and date. Checking it against the driver's license that Becker proffered, the agent grunted and moved away without giving the biker a second glance. All in a day's work. The assistant manager dramatically handed Becker an envelope stuffed with bills and had his picture taken as he held the money proudly in front of the generous machine. Becker stumbled through it all feeling like a diver deep under water, and the crowds of people who slowed to watch were no more to him than drifting schools of colorful fish. Time itself seemed to have thickened to the sluggish pace of the ocean floor. He felt himself fold the bills in his hand as he might have folded change from a ten, stuffing the familiar paper into the tight pocket of his faded jeans. He wandered outside for a breath of air.

Sanders was leaping along beside. "Shit!" he was saying, his arm around Becker's shoulder, guiding him through the shoals and reefs of the sidewalk. "You hit it, Pete. I can't believe it. You got more fuckin' money in your pants right now than either one of us makes in a year. Can you believe that, man?"

"Yeah," Becker said. He laughed. "No, maybe not. Not yet, anyhow." He took a cigarette, his hand shaking, and passed the pack to Sanders. "Here. Keep it."

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"Huh? Oh, thanks, Pete. So where shall we go? You can afford the best now. No point in hangin' around this part of town with all that stuff in your pocket. Jesus, some guys have all the luck."

Becker found himself leading them back to the lot where their motorcycles were parked. "Where should we go? Where's the best place to stay?"

"Yeah, the best place. Let's see. Let me think. The Scirocco's nice, out on the Strip. Let's head out there and see what they can do for us. Sure. Great idea. You'll love the Strip." Sanders almost tripped over his own enthusiasm. They fastened their packs to the backs of the bikes. "Damn, Pete, you could buy a brand new scooter tomorrow. Cash on the counter. A new Super Glide or anything, anything you wanted."

Becker's face was suddenly cold and blank, like the impersonal face of a clock counting off seconds on death row. Like the pockmarked face of a full moon on a winter night. Like the dulled face on a coin that's been handled until it's worn. "Why? What's wrong with my bike?"

"Nothing!" Sanders assured him. "Nothing. It's a first-class piece of iron, everybody knows that. I was only sayin' —"

"Let's go," Becker said, and he led the way down Las Vegas Boulevard South, toward the Strip. They had been in town for two hours and eighteen minutes.

"We want your best room," Sanders told the tidy desk clerk at the Scirocco Hotel. "Right?" he asked Becker.

Becker was eyeballing the huge walnut-paneled cavern filled with proper, serious gamblers under bronze wagon-wheel chandeliers. It was oddly formal and quiet there, the quiet of serious money changing hands.

"Right," Becker affirmed to the man behind the counter.

The first thing the desk clerk had learned upon coming to the city that Howard Hughes built was that wealth sometimes appears in strange trappings. And the greater the wealth, the shabbier, sometimes, its package. So he did not raise one thin black eyebrow even slightly, or allow the smallest note of sarcasm into his voice, when he told the leather-clad bikers, "I'm sorry, gentlemen. We're rather full tonight. I can give you, let me see, yes, a suite on the nineteenth floor."

"That's fine," Becker said.

"How many nights?"

Continued on page 90

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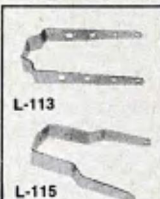
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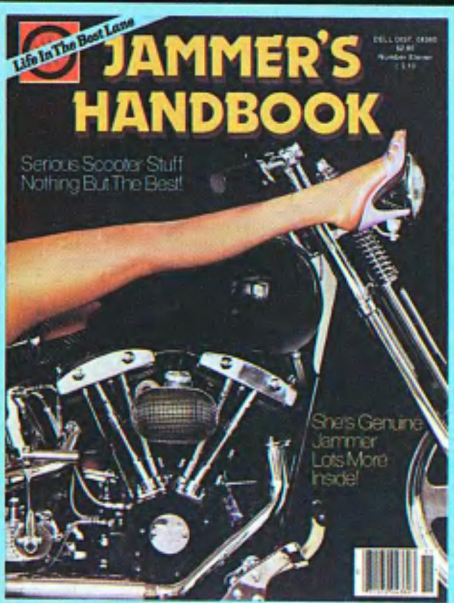
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Jackpot

Continued from page 86

"One."

"For the two of you?"

"Yeah."

"That will be one hundred and seventy-seven dollars."

Becker made a careful effort to show no expression but boredom as he handed the man two crisp new hundred-dollar bills, took his change, and filled out the registration forms. A bellhop took their packs and showed them to their suite. It had a sitting room with a couch, coffee table, and plush armchair, and a bedroom with two double beds. "Sure beats hell outta that cabin in the desert, don't it?" Sanders asked.

Becker did not feel obliged to answer. "I could use a cigarette," he said. Sanders handed him one and politely lit it.

"In this town, if you got the money, man, you can have any damn thing you want. Even one of your own smokes," Sanders said. Becker inhaled deeply, pleased with himself. He sank into the couch, propped his booted feet on the coffee table, flicked ashes onto the thickly carpeted floor, and smiled.

An hour later and they had showered and dressed and were sipping Jack Daniel's in the lounge of the Scirocco, waiting for the midnight show in the hotel's cabaret room. "This is the life, huh?" Sanders philosophized. "This is what we were cut out to be."

"Yeah," Becker said.

"So what are you going to do with all that dough? It's a weighty decision, ain't it?"

"Yeah, weighty."

"Well, you got lots of time to think about it. No need to hurry, that's for sure. Want a smoke? One thing, though," Sanders warned him. "You gotta watch out for the parasites now. The old gang in Phoenix, Reb and Dago and those boys, if they find out you're loaded all of a sudden, shit, they'll be all over you like fleas." He grinned to think of it.

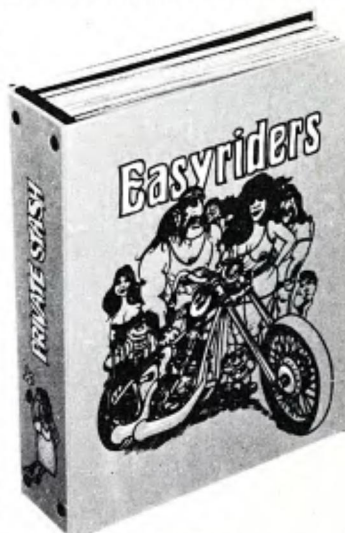
"I'll try to be careful," Becker promised.

"Hey, you know? We could head down to Mexico for a while, rent a place on the fuckin' beach, Puerto Vallarta or Malaga or someplace."

"Malaga's in Spain."

"All right, Baja, then. Baja's part of Mexico, ain't it?"

"I thought we were going to Phoenix, I thought the whole thing was to see those guys," Becker said, a



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trace of annoyance in his voice.

"Well, sure, we were, but don't you see? The point is, we don't have to any more. Everything's changed now. We — I mean you — can decide to go anywhere you want. It's all up to you."

Becker grunted and sipped his drink.

"I'll tell you, Pete, you don't seem too happy about your new wealth. I should think you'd be — hell, I don't know, happier or somethin'."

"I'm tickled pink," Becker replied.

"Good. Listen, it's almost time to go in for the show. Now don't forget to slip the usher a little something or they'll put us so far back we won't even be able to see if the girls are wearin' pasties."

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." Becker's tone was acid.

Sanders drew back from the table as if he'd been slapped. "Okay, okay. You're the boss." Becker glared at the ice cubes slowly diluting the potency of his drink.

With the aid of a fifty-dollar bill, they were graciously seated at a table just an eyelash from the stage. Becker thought he could feel a spray of sweat as the line of tall, slender chorus girls shook and strutted past them; he thought he could almost smell the professional odor of their shaking, synchronous bodies. Even the three complimentary cocktails did not relax him enough to let him appreciate the spectacle: the elephants marching across the stage, the jugglers and magicians, the rockets whooshing overhead, the feathers and sequins and endless display of high kicks and full, round, pink-nipped breasts. The polished pageantry catered to a softness of spirit that Becker preferred not to acknowledge within himself, softness of those who drove Lincoln Continentals instead of bored-out, butt-blistering bikes. He found himself particularly annoyed by the enthusiasm of the middle-aged, middle-class, middle-of-the-highway audience. And he realized, in a burst of alcohol-induced wisdom, that his annoyance stemmed mostly from his

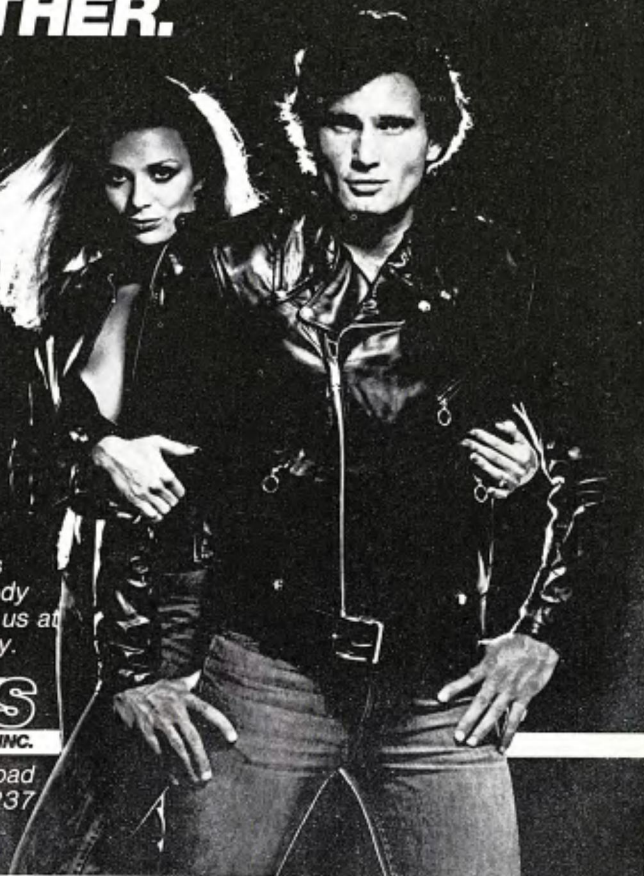
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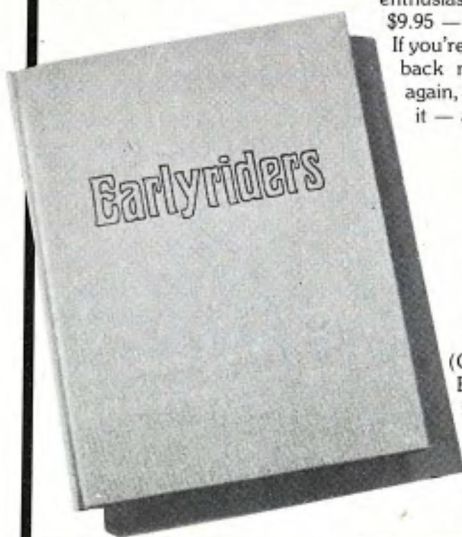
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Low Rider Dash Junk that stock one fer this chrome beauty. \$34.95.
H-D Air Cleaner Super high performance, fits all Bendix & Keihin. Gold screen w/gold wing \$34.95, plain \$29.95.
H-D Wing Gas Cap Give yer tank the finishin touch. Show chromed, die cast with raised H-D wing logo. Specify left side fer Fat Bob's or standard cap. \$11.95.
H-D Upper Handle Bar Clamp This class ass fucker replaces the stocker on XL and FX, 1973-81. Die cast show chrome fer looks ya want. Available plain fer \$13.95; or with 24K gold H-D wing emblem (shown) fer \$16.95.
Tombstone Taillight Give yer Hog that nostalgic look with this all chromed replica of Harley's early style taillight. Just \$29.95.

H-D Air Cleaner Fits all Tillotson, Bendix & Keihin carbs. Gold wing \$34.95, plain \$29.95.
H-D Coil Cover Put a cover on it with this sparklin beauty. W/wing \$12.95, plain \$8.95.
Stash Cases Tired of bent joints and cigs. These high quality metal cases will keep yer stuff straight. Covered with genuine leather on both sides. A) 2-sided case w/ silver trim, 2 1/2" X 3 1/2". Holds 16 filter cigs. Only \$15.95 ea. B) One sided super slim case w/gold trim 3" X 3 1/2". Holds 10 filter cigs. Only \$19.95 ea. C) 2-sided case w/gold trim 4" X 2 1/2". Holds 19 100 mm cigs. Only \$19.95 ea.
Ridin Scarf Bitchin fer flyin, ridin & slidin & keepin the frost off yer ol' lady's jugs. H-D Orange & Gold \$12.95 (5' long, 8" wide).





CLASSIC H-D CAPS: Genuine ass kickin leather. The old style cap that shows tradition. Specify size S,M,L,XL, Plain \$24.95 or w/H-D Patch \$26.95.
HEIN GERICKE HIGHWAY JACKET: The most popular style of jacket with the tradition. It features an action back for a comfortable riding position. Snaps to enable you to ride with the collar open & prevent wind flap. Well padded with fully lined pockets & extra strong zippers. Tradition speaks for itself. Sizes 32-48 \$179.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00.

Cast Iron H-D Toys Watch yer Rug Rats' eyes pop out when ya give him his own scooter. A) Side Car \$16.95. B) Crash Car \$16.95. C) Patrol Bike \$19.95. Made to outlast a whole shit load of Christmases.
Black Leather Flyer's Caps Ride with pride in one of these high quality nylon lined high flyin lids. Specify A or B & size S-M-L-XL \$29.95.

Wax The Great American Motorcycle Wax for the great American motorcycle. Formulated from the best American waxes. Silicone polymers & ingredients available. Ya won't want anything else on yer bike. 6 oz. can \$5.95.

Mirror If yer lookin fer some class 'n' better curves ahead, ya found it. Fits all Harleys & is right, only \$11.95.

Waller Wallets Give yer dough a real show, in the finest genuine cow's ass leather. B,C) 7 1/2" X 3 3/4", only \$22.95.

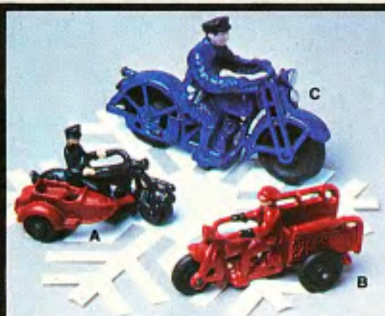
Embossed compact 3 1/2" X 6", only \$6.95. E,F) Finally one fer yer favorite rugrats 2 1/2" X 4 1/2", just \$9.95.

BUN WARMER ROBE: None of Santa's helper's should be without one of these on a cold ass X-mas night. Specify S-M-L. \$24.95.

Baseball Caps These beauties adjust to fit yer head, even if it's empty. Scrambled Eggs \$6.95. Specify A,B,C,D. Plain, \$5.95 Specify A,B,C,D,E,F.

Night Gowns Let her strut her stuff around the house in one of these tight ass night shirts, if ya can keep yer fuckin paws off. Specify A or B. Size S-M-L-XL. \$11.95.

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Santa Chopper Pin Give yer kids a thrill & toss one of these in their stockings. \$3.95.



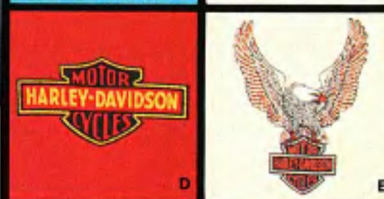
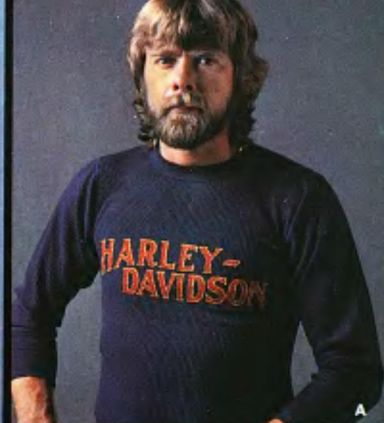


Biker Bandanas No bad ass biker would be without one. We actually seen some degenerate blow his nose on one. No fuckin' upbring' in. A,B,C,D,E,F) \$3.95, G,H) \$4.95.

IF YA DON'T SEE IT HERE...MAYBE YA NEED OUR FUCKIN' CATALOG.



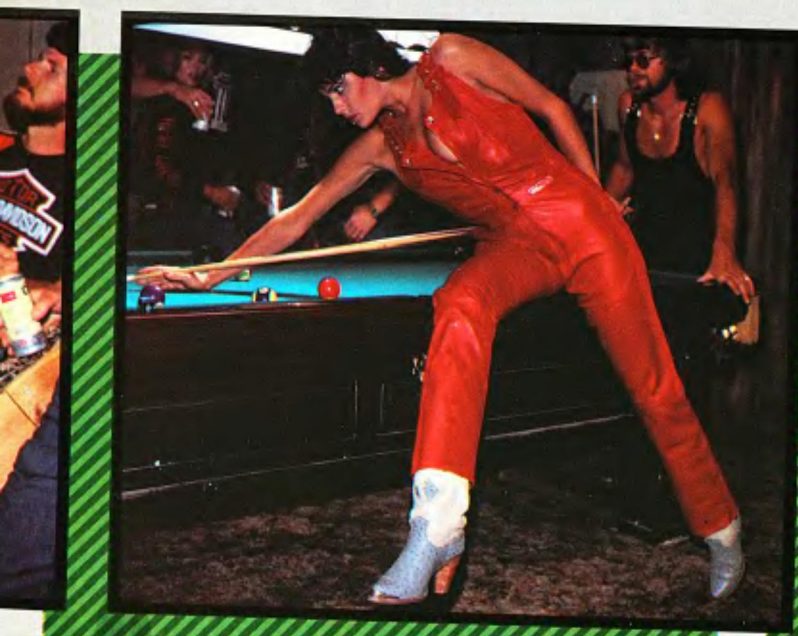
Se on Patches Pick a few fer yer favorite rags and bro's. 1) \$19.95. 2) \$12.95. 3) \$9.95. 4,5,6) \$4.95. 7,8) \$2.95. 9) \$3.95. 10) \$2.95. 11) \$1.95. 12) \$4.95. 13 thru 33) \$1.95.
H-D Beer Mugs Perfect for sippin yer favorite suds...git one fer all the bros. A) \$7.95, B,C,D) \$12.95.



Thermal Shirts Be cool when the weather's uncool. Keep your ass warm, great fer ridin, workin or fuckin off. Specify A,B,C,D,E & size S-M-L-XL. \$10.95.
H-D Bikini Sets Give the gift that's got some class; and holds a lot of bitchin tits 'n ass. Show her shes more than a "10", fer under \$10. Specify H-D wing or H-D genuine tits & ass. Assorted colors & free installation. \$7.95.



Leather Patches The newest thing in silk screened leather patches. The color alone speaks fer itself. Do yer rags a faver. A,B) \$10.95 D,E,F) \$15.95.

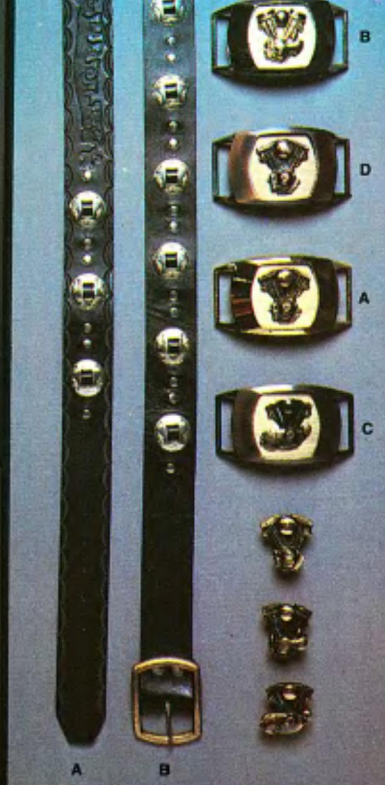


HEIN GERICKE LONG LIFE LEATHER BIBS: These high quality bibs are fer stylin on the bike as well as off. Full length leather covered spandex side panels allow full freedom of movement in all standing, sitting & squatting positions & also prevent sagging. They feature adjustable shoulder straps & lined unfinished legs that can be trimmed for a custom fit. With full front & rear chest panels, they offer great rough weather protection. Basic black fer men in waist sizes 28-36 & both black & sexy red for chicks in dress sizes 6-20. \$189.95.

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Stripped Sweat Shirts Yea Bro, stayin' in no sweat in one of these fuckers. Specify A or B. Size S-M-L-XL. \$19.95.
Heat Shirt This new designed baby has stripes down the sleeves to give it its own ss. Specify size S-M-L-XL \$15.95.



Leather Concho Belts Genuine strips of Cow's Ass. Detailed tooled design with chrome conchos and decorative rivets. The best belt this side of the bar. Specify A or B and length. Only \$14.95 to keep yer pants up.

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H-D Engine Pins Ya won't wanna be without one of these new pins fer yer favorite rags. Specify Sportster, Pan Head or Shovel Head. Brass or Copper. \$4.95 ea.

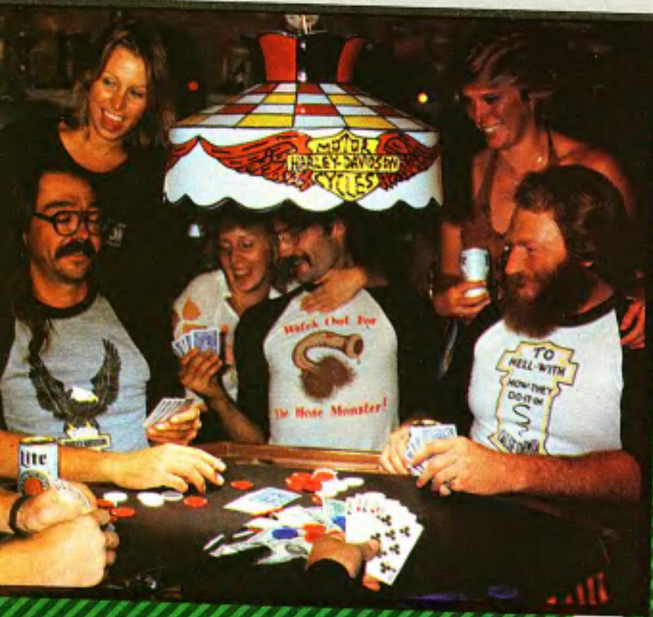
H-D Floor Rug The best lay around. Put somethin soft and sensuous between yer toes. 27" X 36". Assorted colors. \$19.95.

Earrings Stick somethin in yer ol' lady's ear besides a line of bull shit. Specify letter \$4.95 pr.

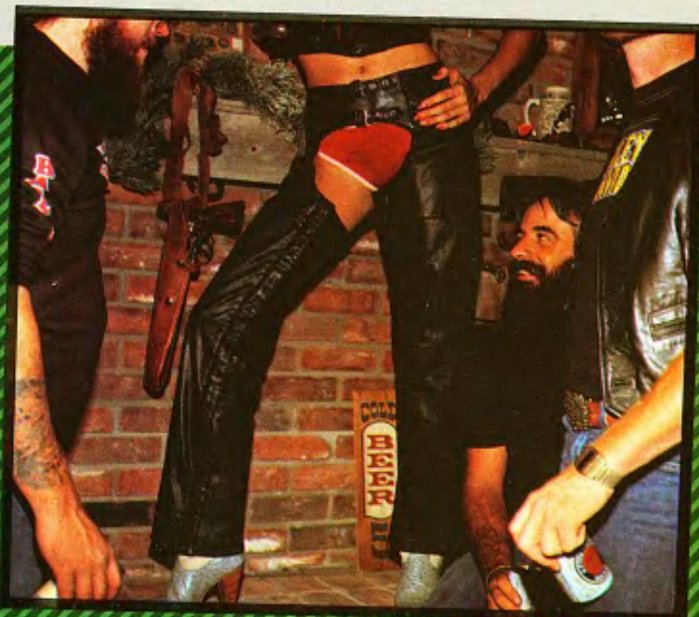


Funtawear Bikini Bottoms So ya want in her shorts huh? Here's yer chance, Big Boy. Show some class 'n put one on her ass. Specify A,B,C,D,E. Guaranteed to raise yer main vain fer only \$3.95.

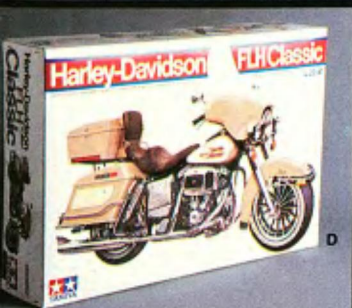
HOT FER X-MAS.



HANGING SWAG LAMP: Ya don't have to gamble on this fer being a balls out, -hung X-mas gift. Great for any room. Only \$39.95.
SEBALL SHIRTS: These designs stand tall fer ridin' or just flat ass fuckin yin. Specify style and S-M-L-XL. \$12.95.



HEIN GERICKE BIKER CHAPS: These class ass fuckers were designed by bikers. Fully adjustable front with Spandex back section, allows for a snug fit. The lining is ventilated fer breathing. The leg zippers have a Velcro flap over them, to keep rain & cold out. Sizes 26-40 \$139.95, sizes 42-44-46-48 add \$15.00.



Harley Motorcycle Models These should keep yer Rug Rats outa yer hair fer hours. Great fer kids, Dads and Granddads. Strickly fer Harley lovers. Ya might even grab one fer yer favorite H-D Dealer. A) H-D Police Special 1/15 scale \$14.95. B) Chain Gang 1/2 scale \$6.95. C) H-D FLH 80 Classic 1/12 scale \$34.95. D) H-D FLH Classic 1/6 scale \$4.95. E) H-D FLH Classic 1/6 scale with side car \$99.95. F) H-D 1200 FXE Superlide 1/6 scale \$49.95. G) H-D FLH 1200 Police Bike 1/6 scale \$69.95.

Aviator Goggles Keep the shit out of yer eye balls with these ass kickin goggles. All feature laminated glass lenses, soft leather lined with adjustable straps. A) \$42.95; B) \$41.95; C) \$38.95; D) \$48.95 and E) fits over glasses fer \$48.95. Replacement lenses available.
Sexy Tops If yer fuckin proud of her, get her one of these tops & let her show her stuff. Specify Blue or Red. Size S-M-L-XL \$9.95.



Piece Pipes Nuthin close to Grandpa's, but these baby's got their own class. Brass only \$14.95. Silver \$19.95. The gift that keeps ya puffin.

H-D Table Lighter. The King of the Road fer torchin up yer favorite smoke. Front end even turns, but fuck no, ya can't ride it cuz it's only 5 1/2" long. Light somebody's fire for only \$24.95.

Desk style Lamp Light up yer favorite rags like Easy Rider, H-D Manuals and even our fuckin catalog. Great gift even if ya can't read. 18" tall, only \$34.95 ea.

X-mas Cards Ya probly wouldn't send one to Ma 'n Pa, but then ya might if yer a real sicko like some we know. Specify A,B,C. Git someone excited fer only \$1.95.



HAPPY HOLIDAYS: To our valued customers and friends, from the folks who are glad to serve your needs all year long. (L to R) Arlin, Jim, Novia, Felix, Al. (L to R) Dress sweater \$15.95, jersey \$12.95, hooded sweat shirt \$19.95, grey stripe shirt \$10.95, orange stripe shirt \$10.95. Specify size S-M-L-XL.

So Git on the Stick Bro 'n Order Now!
No Fuckin' Checks! (We've already papered the pissar.)

All orders sent UPS/COD.

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You assholes who are too lazy to write, can order by phone: (303) 433-7025 or (303) 433-0564.

And don't fergit to order our mean ass fuckin' catalog with all our good shit and chopper accessories. It's only \$4.95 and its refundable.



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HERE IS A LITTLE
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Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — strictly.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

**\$5.00 per set. Two sets \$8.00.
All three \$12.00.**

CHRISTMAS CARDS,
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Sets (A&B): Same set of filthy cards as last year.

Set C: Entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me _____ sets.

PLEASE CIRCLE SET DESIRED: A B C

Matching envelopes with each order.

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (You must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.)

U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add \$1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add \$3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
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fear that he might be somehow just like them.

"Know what I'd do if that money was mine?" Sanders asked, leaning back in his chair and puffing lightly on the cigar the waiter had brought. "Can you guess?"

"Probably just what you're doin' right now," Becker offered. "Only maybe you'd be a little slower with it if it was your own."

"Guess again," Sanders said, rolling the cigar gently between his fingers as if he were massaging a woman's foot.

"Guess yourself," Becker snapped. "Look, I'm sick of talking about the damned money — where to go with it, what to do with it, how to spend it, how to save it, what you'd do with it if it was yours. I'm just fucking sick and tired of hearing about it, talking about it, thinking about it. Can't you change the subject for just a little while?"

"No," Sanders told him, clunking the legs of his chair down hard on the floor and leaning across the table. "No, I can't change the subject, because that is the subject. Dammit, Pete, this is a once-in-a-lifetime thing you done, the kind of thing people spend lonely nights just dreamin' about. You can't just pretend that it's nothin' unusual, nothin' worth talkin' about. I was there with you, remember? I got to think about it out loud, try to figure out what it all means. Shit, don't go actin' like it doesn't change things. Because it does. Sure, maybe it's some trouble for you, havin' to think about what to do with all that dough. But that's the kind of trouble I'd give my left nut to have."

"You'd really want that much money dumped in your lap like that?" Becker asked.

"Bet your fuckin' ass."

"Okay, here," Becker said, drawing the wad of bills from his pocket and dumping it all in the middle of the white linen tablecloth that separated them. "It's yours; take it."

Sanders recoiled as if Becker had just tried to hand him a live rattlesnake. "What the hell — fuck you, man!" He shoved the pile back across the table. "No way! No way. Look, you can buy a lot in this town, but you can't buy me. And don't ever try that shit again. Now," calming down a little, "put that money back in your pocket before Pierre here gets the idea you're the world's biggest tipper."

Becker stood up and took the money back, leaving enough to cover the dinner show and the

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Jackpot

cigars and the waiter's next tank of gas. "You see? It's not so god-damned easy, is it?"

"I don't know what you mean," Sanders replied, stubbing out his cigar in the tiny ceramic ash tray. "Has all that money — is it going to your head, or what?"

"Come on," Becker said. "Let's get out of here."

"Anything you say, boss man." Sanders held the door open and they went out into the coolness of the sidewalk. Even in the youngest hours of a new day, the street was busy with cars and vans and pickup trucks with out-of-state plates. "So where to now?" Sanders asked. "You ready to head back to the hotel?"

Through his dull, aching, road-weary tiredness, Becker was restless and did not want to go back. He looked at his watch. It was five minutes to three. "Not yet," he said. "You know any place we could score some coke?"

Sanders nodded approvingly. "I know the place to start. The Byzantium. It's only a couple of blocks, if you feel like walking. Or we could grab us a cab."

"Naw," Becker waved his hand with irritation. "I don't want to ride in no cage. I wish we hadn't left our bikes at the hotel."

They started walking toward the Byzantium and had gone about twenty feet when they were approached by two girls coming the other way. "You guys want to party?" the blonde girl asked softly as they passed on the sidewalk. The other girl, darker, with Asian blood in her, seemed impatient to be moving along.

Sanders and Becker exchanged a quick glance. "Maybe," said Becker. The girls stopped. "What did you have in mind?" He agreed to pay five hundred dollars for both to come with them to their hotel and stay as long as he and Sanders wanted them.

Afterward he fell hard into an exhausted slumber. But he dozed fitfully, briefly, troubled by dreams, and he awoke just before dawn with a heart-pounding certainty that someone was stealing his soul. The girl lying beside him sighed and rolled over as Becker tumbled out of bed and found his clothes, piled where he had left them, in a heap on a chair. His fingers touched the wad of bills that still bulged a pocket of his jeans. He shook his head, as if



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Send \$17.00 (includes postage and handling). Overseas air mail, add \$4.00. Silver or bronze buckle, send only \$9.00. Give accurate waist size, belt color, (brown or black) and buckle finish (bronze or silver). California residents add 6%.

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

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THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

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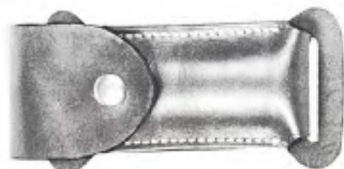
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Just as you'd expect from heavyweights, nothin's been spared on this combo except our take. Belts in sizes 28-33, 34-37, 38-41 belong to you at \$19.95 each. Quick-draw sheaths, black or brown, are worn at \$12.95 each.

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to clear dust from it. Then he got dressed.

It surprised him that there was no one else in the hallway, no one in the elevator with him as he rode down nineteen floors to the lobby. He had expected Las Vegas to be always bustling, everywhere, at any hour. He looked at his watch, but it had stopped. No matter. In his throbbing head and wheezing chest and red, aching eyes, he could feel what time it was: it was too early, it was bedtime, it was the hour of the wolf. It was the daily scheduled shuttle across the border separating night from day, the proverbial darkness-just-before-dawn when birth and death are most likely to occur; when nightmares race unbridled and vampires rush flapping back to the native soil of their coffins; when long-haul truckers fall asleep at the wheel and plow head-on into half-full buses making time between coffee stops; when earthquakes and sermonettes are statistically most probable; when people wake up to urinate and can't get back to sleep; when babies are conceived and murders are committed and alcohol highs begin their rocky descent into the trough of tomorrow's hangover.

When, sometimes, fortunes are made. Or lost.

The elevator doors parted nineteen floors and one temporal transition later to the plush, darkly paneled quarter-acre casino on the ground level of the Sirocco Hotel. The place seemed not so much holding its breath upon Becker's entrance as simply, sleepily, forgetting to breathe. Yet it lived, even at this unholy hour. Casinos and cathedrals are the last unclosing sanctuaries for the truly devoted, those zealots whose expressions of faith must be exercised without restraint, regardless of the clock. The entranced gamblers noticed Becker without looking at him as he somnambulated among their zombie flock. He was aware of their awareness that he did not belong. He felt like a gunslinger walking down a dusty yellow street in a ghost town, waiting for the movement from a doorway or deserted window that would signal the beginning of something dangerous.

Nobody moved, though, except to execute the minimum mechanical effort required to pull the lever, turn the card, roll the dice, place another bet.

Becker found an empty blackjack table. "I want to bet this," he said.

RIGHTeous

Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

"You've come to the right place," the dealer told him cheerfully. She was about to remind him of the five-dollar minimum, but stopped when she saw the stack of bills he placed on the table. "You want to bet all this at one time?" she asked.

Becker said yes.

"I'll have to get it approved," the dealer said. She pressed a button under the table; the supervisor, a tall, thin man with sparse hair and sharply pointed sideburns, appeared. He counted the money, examining each bill quickly and automatically with a practiced eye as he snapped it down on the green felt. "Fine," he said. "Good luck, sir."

Becker felt queasy and his own pulse pounded in his ears as he watched the cards being shuffled. He picked a cigarette from the glass bowl on the table, flicked off the filter, and allowed the dealer to light the ragged end for him. Glowing flakes of tobacco fell to the gambling surface. The smoke stung his throat. A hand rested on his arm. "Hey, Pete, I heard you leavin' and I thought maybe you'd want some — what the fuck are you doin'?"

"Shut up," Becker said. The dealer slid a card to him, face down, and left the next card unseen in front of herself.

"All your money?" Sanders asked. "All of it? Are you crazy, or what?"

"Or what," Becker acknowledged as the dealer slid his second card to him. "It's make or break time now, up or out. If I can double this, then maybe double it again, I'm set. If I lose it — well, like you said, the money don't mean nothin', it's just their way of scoring the game. And it's a load. It's like bad dope, it makes you nervous and hungry and paranoid, all at once. I can live with more of it or I can live with less, but this — I ain't ashamed to ride out of town the same way I rode in. Are you?"

Sanders massaged the bridge of his nose with thumb and forefinger.



"That does it! Tomorrow you're seeing a urologist!"

All oil-tanned leather uppers

ask for Mark
(517) 278-8252

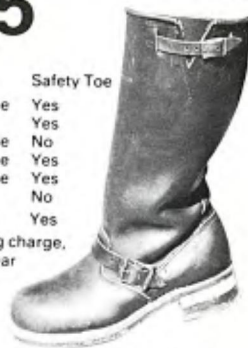
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117	6-13, Med.	Brown	15"	Neoprene	Yes
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"Ya got balls, I'll say that." The dealer's second card, face up in front of her, was an eight.

Behind Becker, a half dozen gamblers peered over his shoulder, stopping to watch the big-money game. There was silence as Becker looked at his cards: a ten of clubs and a king of hearts. "I'll stay," he said.

The dealer exposed her hidden card, a king of diamonds. "Eighteen," she said.

Becker grinned and flipped his cards over on the table. "Twenty."

Sanders exhaled with a sharp whistling sound and slapped Becker on the back. "All right! All right, ya did it!"

The dealer counted out a stack of chips and matched the stack in front of Becker.

"Let it ride one more hand," Becker said.

The dealer looked over Becker's shoulder to the supervisor, who nodded gravely. She dealt Becker a card.

It was a four.

Becker winced when he saw it, curled his lower lip into his mouth, and reached out for his second card. He tapped his fingers against the felt until it came. It was a queen, a black queen. "Shit," he said. He was in deep; what to do now? His mind raced in burning circles, like an engine redlined in neutral. The dealer's card showing was a queen also.

Becker put the cards face down on the table, inches from a stack of chips worth almost thirty-nine thousand dollars. "Give me another one," he said.

The dealer dealt him one. Becker could hear the edge of the card scrape the table as the woman slid



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it to him. "A seven'll be just fine," he told her. Her lips were tight and she did not answer. He noticed that she wore no jewelry on her hand, but her nails were long and smooth and buffed a deep, lustrous oxblood. Her hand paused and then turned the card. The crowd groaned like the chorus of a Nevada vaudeville tragedy; anything Becker uttered under his breath was lost. A one-eyed jack stared up at him from the table.

"I'm sorry," the dealer said with a sincerity that surprised them all.

Becker turned and walked away. Sanders was beside him. "I'll run upstairs and get our stuff," Sanders said softly. "You wait here, okay?" He handed Becker an open pack of Camels and left him slumping in the creaky brown forgiveness of a chair.

Less than twelve hours after their arrival in Las Vegas, Sanders and Becker strode across the Scirocco Hotel parking lot to their bikes. The sun oozed above the jagged horizon like an egg yolk spilling over a split shell. Although the morning was cool, the day promised cruel heat. And it was a long ride to Phoenix.

"That's good," Sanders said as they finished fastening their packs to the bikes. "Well, we're getting a good early start anyhow. Hey, you got a smoke?"

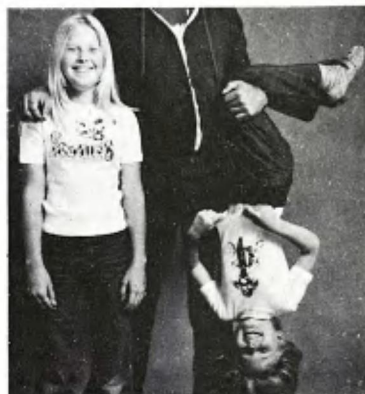
Becker reached into his jacket instinctively, then stopped. "Buy your own fuckin' cigarettes," he replied.

Sanders stared, frowning, as if Becker had just spoken to him in a foreign language. Finally he said, "Ha!" Then he fired up his engine, yelled "Come on!" and, not bothering to look back, led the way south. ■

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Hook And Hump

Continued from page 71

bunk and started out of the cell.
"Hey, Hump," called the Hook,
"ah din't mean nothin' agin you, it's
jest that —"

The Hump cut him off, never
losing a step on the way back to his
own cell. "I know that, David. I'll be
right back." And he was gone.

The Hook got up and splashed
water on his face. He noticed that
his sink was beginning to slow-
drain again. Which only served to
increase his irritation. He was dry-
ing his hands when he was startled
out of his hostile reverie by the
Hump, who came scurrying back
into his cell humming the first few
bars of "Born To Be Wild."

Aloud, he growled, "Cut that shit
out, Hump!"

Acting startled himself, the Hump
cried, "Say, is that a smile I see, or is
your crotchrot beginning to feel
sexy when you scratch it?"

"If it was a smile, I didn't mean it!"

"Well, anyway, I brought a couple
of things here that I thought might
interest you. First of all, in order to
get you out of that shitty mood. . ."
He opened his hand to reveal a
skinny joint.

"Praise be to Harley!" the Hook
exclaimed. "Truly, yuh've saved muh
life, Hump! Here." He dug into his
pocket and tossed a box of matches
to the older man.

"You go ahead, David. I want to
show you this other thing."

"Yeah, sure, man. Whatcha got?"

With one smooth motion, the Hook
struck a match and sucked in a
lungful of rich, sweet smoke.

"Yeah, I was down in the dumps a
few days ago, too, when I ran across
this and it really cheered me up."

The Hook opened a folder that the
Hump had thrust into his free
hand. Inside was a *Hustler* maga-
zine and three or four very candid
girlie pictures.

"Yeah, ah can see how these 'ud
cheer yuh right up, Hump, but ah
ain't really in the mood tuh read any
smut right now, so. . ." He offered
back the folder.



"Frankly, dear, you were much better during
your anti-pornography campaign."

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"What, what?" The Hump's face was all questions. "Oh, crap," he said with a grin when he saw what he'd brought. "I must have grabbed the wrong folder. These are 'research materials.' Let me get the right folder. Don't go away." He hurried out of the cell.

"Not tuh worry, Hump. Ah ain't goin' nowhere for four or five more years anyway." But even in his wretched mood, the Hook was forced to grin at the Hump's goodnatured fumbblings. Some squares — a few anyway — had good hearts. . . sometimes.

Returning more swiftly this time, the Hump seated himself again and held out another folder. Taking it, the Hook found a newspaper clipping from one of the larger dailies. He read:

The Secret of Life

"The secret of life is enjoying the passage of time." That's what songwriter James Taylor says. And for the patients at Midwestern University's Terminal Disease Center, enjoying the passage of time may be *all* they have left, so they make the most of it. Take Herman Boberg, for instance, who is dying of bone cancer. He's taking college classes. When asked why he was pursuing an education in the face of impending death, the 45-year-old man replied: "I always wanted to learn some psychology, but my work kept interfering. Now I've got nothing but time on my hands, so I'm filling it up with what I've missed. They always told me no one could take your education away from you. Not even dying can, either. I know that now."

Boberg's attitude is reflected by his fellow patients. Patty Simon, who is afflicted with a form of Parkinson's disease, remarks that "Death isn't so bad if you can see beyond the dying part. That's what the Terminal Disease Center is helping us to do: see beyond our dying, to realize that we don't have to crawl off into a corner somewhere and wait for the end."

The Hook passed the last of the joint to the Hump, who breathed it in carefully, then pitched the tiny remnant toward the toilet. Frowning, the Hook looked up from the article and said, "An' this cheered yuh up?" At a nod from the Hump, he continued, "Well, ah think it's purty sad muhself, but ah'm damned if ah kin see what it has



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tuh do with me." But he was no longer scowling.

By the way the Hook tugged at his beard, the Hump could tell that he was interested. He pressed on. "Don't you see, David? These people are in a prison, too. In fact, every one of them is under a sentence of death. Yet they find something to do with the time they have left in order to keep from dwelling on their approaching death. Can we do any less? Can we sit and gripe about two, three, or four more years in this place when any one of these people" — he tapped the article in the Hook's hand — "would give everything they own for even four more days of life? Look at the first sentence again, David, and you'll see what unlocked it for me."

The Hook's eyes flipped back to the beginning of the story: "The secret of life is enjoying the passage of time."

"That's it!" the Hump fairly shouted. "How you enjoy the passage of time is the key to what you make of the years you're down. You can frown them away. You can bitch and moan and piss and groan them away. Or" — he smiled — "you can enjoy them away."

"But, Hump," wailed the Hook. "How kin ah enjoy this? No freedom. Bullshit food. Wackos all around me. Man, this is madness!"

"Don't think I have all the answers, David. I don't. Just think of those people in that article. They didn't let the loss of freedom or the confinement of death stop them. Listen," he said finally, "I gotta run. No, keep the clipping. I'll get it later. See ya." The Hump strolled away humming to himself, this time the refrain to a McDonald's commercial.

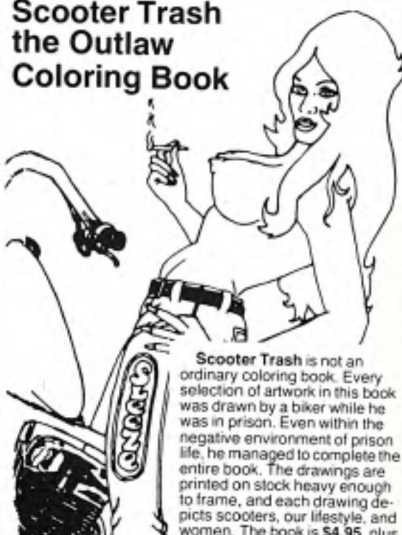
The Hook sat for a long time thinking. Then he got up and began to make his bed. The sunshine was warm on his back as he folded and tucked the sheets under his mattress. Glancing at a picture on his wall of a petite girl with long, ash-blond hair standing next to an ocean-blue, fully chromed '68 shovelhead, he thought, Guess I'll write to Holly. She's been a good broad to me. Still looking at the picture, he read again the line she had scrawled across the bottom: "Nobody sits on this seat till you're home again, honey. All my love, Holly."

The Hook reached out and twisted open his locker door. Stretching inside to grab a tablet and pen, he heard again the robin's song.

"Sing for me, pretty bird," he breathed.

And, for the first time that day, he smiled.

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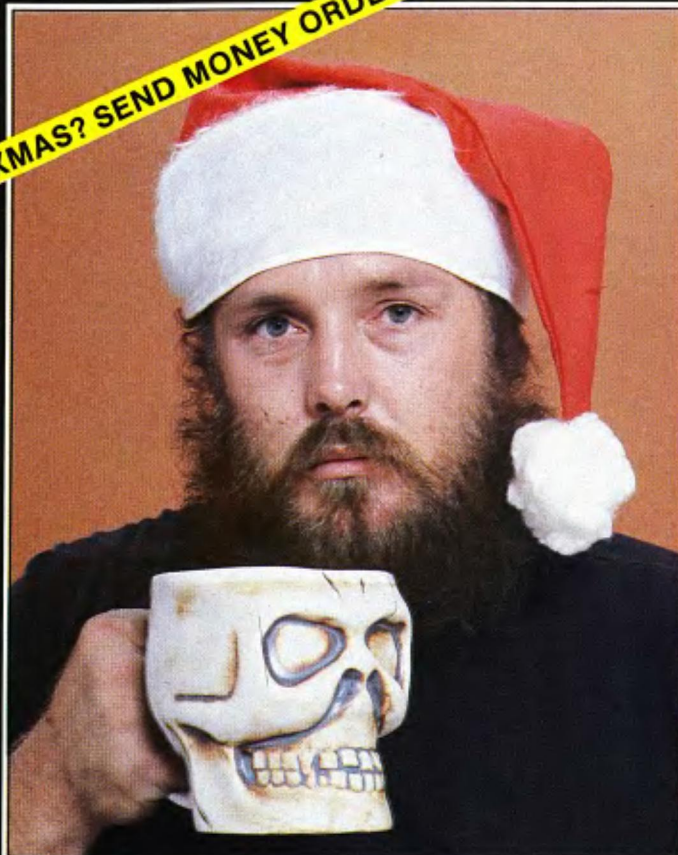
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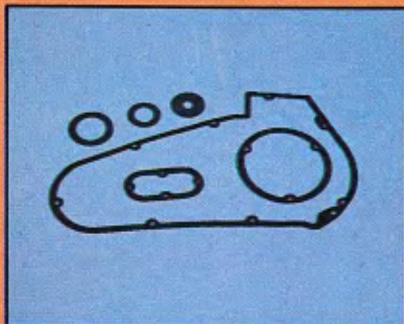
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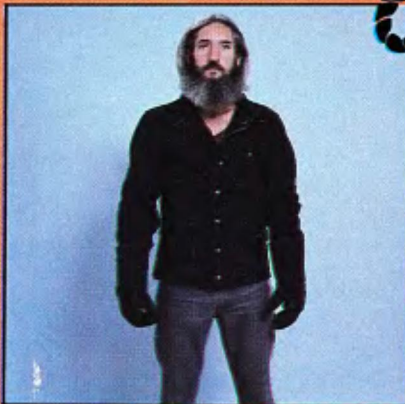
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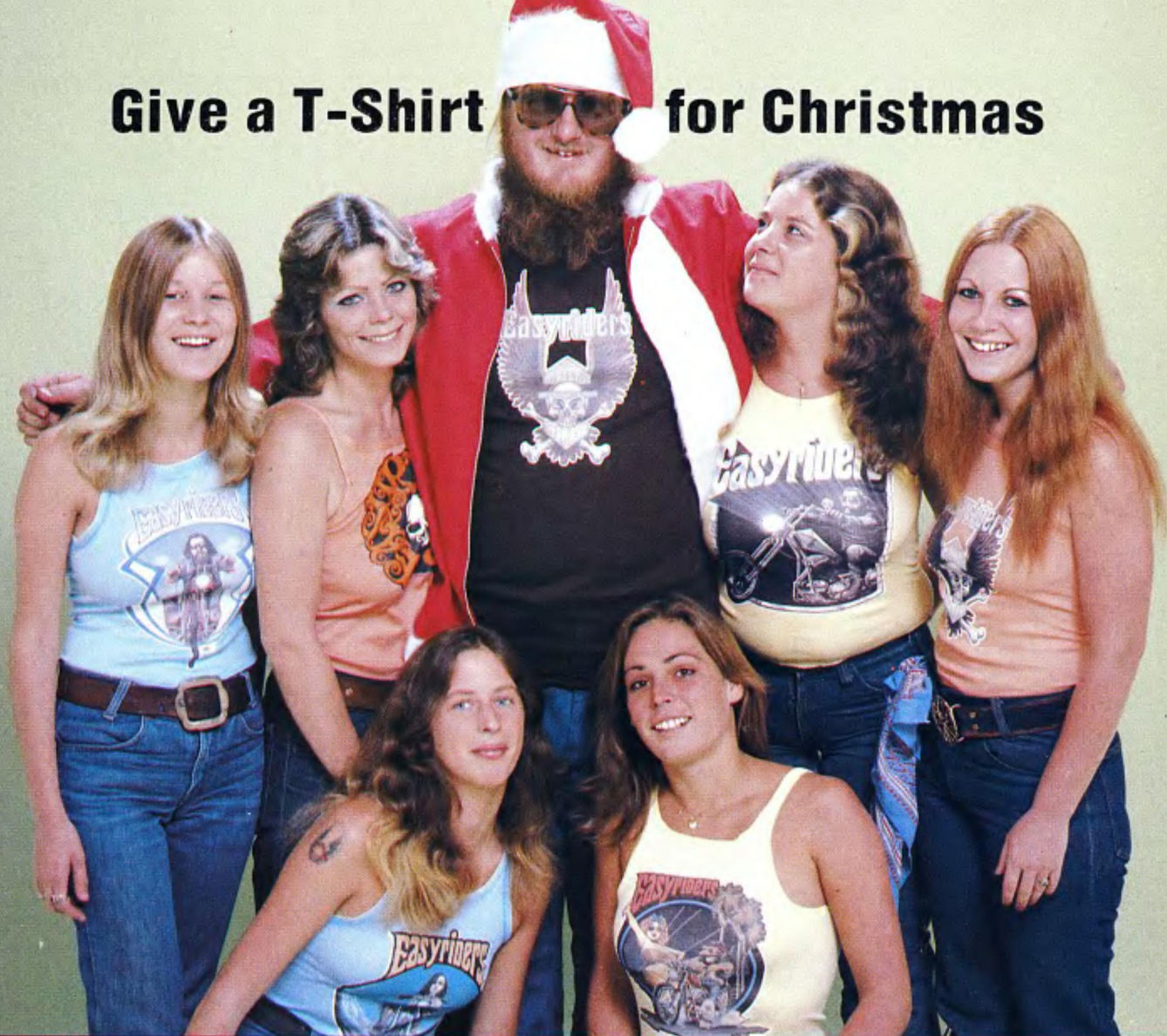
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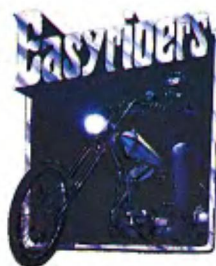
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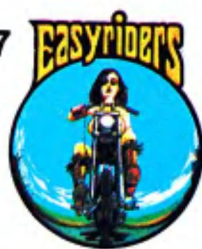
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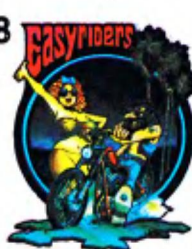
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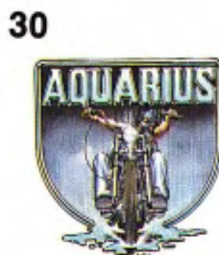
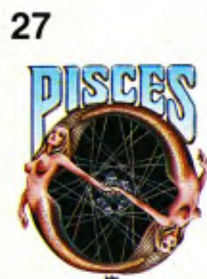
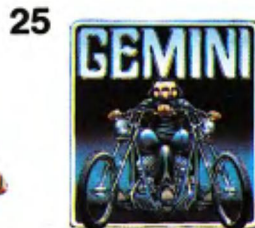
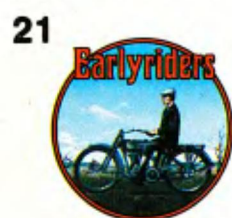
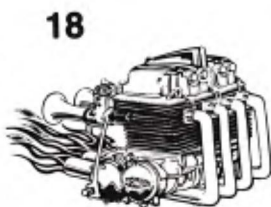
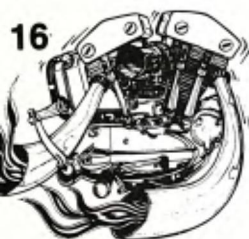


9



10





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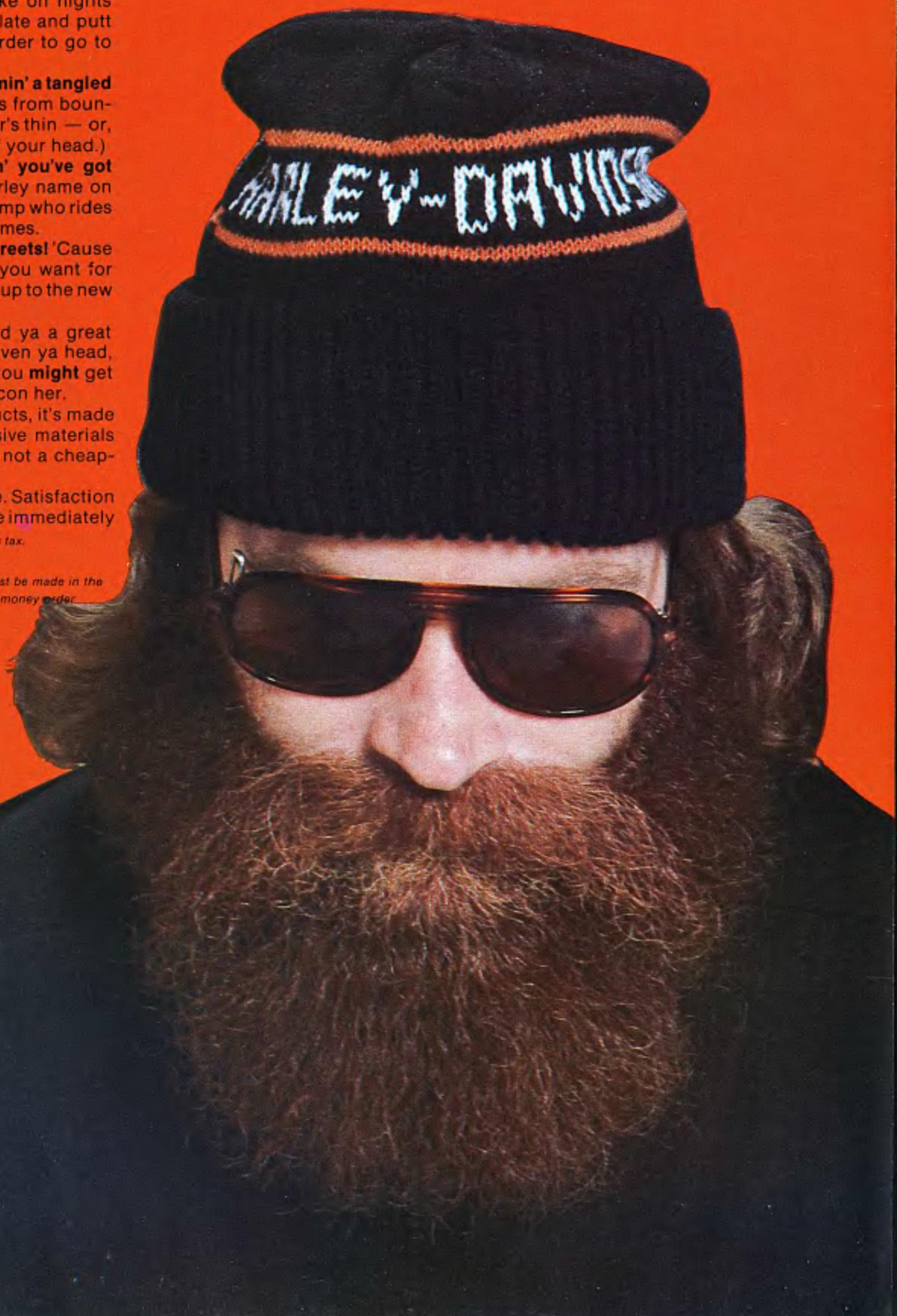
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Motorcycle Types

Continued from page 11

by now, Laconia, the first big biker happening of the eastern riding season, died — or we should say, was snuffed.

"The old fogeys, the hand-wringers, old ladies with dusty twats, and professional downers (the police) have all conspired to put an end to the annual event, primarily by outlawing camping along the highways leading into town.

"They have their familiar spoken and unspoken reasons: The cop, while diggin' the overtime pay and the opportunity to ogle and/or manhandle the chicks, must by habit complain about his rotten duty and the scum he has to come in contact with to earn his weed. The old fogey has blown his own chance at life and now can't stand seeing youth having a good time. Other people recoil in moral horror and physical fear at the unfamiliar smell drifting from the campsites along the highway, while they hit their bottle of grape and resolve to do something about that terrible situation.

"What it really boils down to is that there is a vast number of people who simply can't stand anyone living a lifestyle different from their own. The various causes of this attitude could fill a book. The point is, our lifestyle is different and *they* ain't part of it, and *they* feel that it is their duty to legislate morality. Through laws *they* try to reinforce what *they* consider right and good, and to restrain or suppress what *they* consider wrong and bad.

"So they did it.

"According to their standards, bikers having a good time, dressing the way they did, camping along major highways, profiling through their town, crowding streets and welcoming in the new riding season — all that was wrong.

"They passed laws against it — they snuffed it. So what should we do, roll over and play dead?

"Hell no! Hit 'em where it hurts — right in the bank account! We must boycott the area. All bikers who are sick of being shoved around should — should hell, *must* — stop buying anything in and around the Laconia area. They may not like bikers, but they sure as hell dig all the money we leave there. So shut it off — *completely*.

"Avoid the area all through the year. Gas up before you go through town. Stay and eat in other cities. Don't even buy a pack of gum. Avoid the motorcycle races held there.

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Let's start showing them the power of the biker's buck. If we stick together, maybe they'll start being more tolerant toward lifestyles different from their own and recognize that it's not necessary that all lifestyles conform to those in power who pass the laws."

The business people should get the rest of the citizens to cool it, get the police to refrain from aggressiveness when not necessary, and recognize that there are all types of people riding bikes. Treat the bike people as people — not as bad people. Almost every, and I mean every, biker I've met is a mellow, laid-back person — a freedom-loving individual, upbeat, happy, and ready for a laugh. If the Shriners were in town, would they be arrested for some of their well-known antics? Of course not; but they are not exposed to road grime and are not bundled up against the weather (or just dressed safely, though the leathers may be black). Shit, I was pulled over and roused in Florida as a possible member of the Outlaws. Why? Because the helmet (which I was forced to wear while in Florida) was painted black! Police always have their reasons and their stereotyped idea of a biker. They ought to wake up to the different types.

Either the people in the area want the \$6 million in hard-earned money or they don't. How much longer will this huge spending power be treated as if it weren't there? It's as if someone calls you an asshole and you give him five bucks for doin' it.

Surely some enlightened areas in the U.S. recognize that laughing, that cruising and profiling the streets and getting loaded aren't wrong. Riding a bike loaded isn't bright or legal, but being loaded, dancing — and yes, even raising hell around a campfire — shouldn't be anyone's business. It is not a matter of breaking laws to have fun. At times, some laws are created just for the event and are aimed directly at bike people. Such laws are obviously not fair, and should not be tolerated.

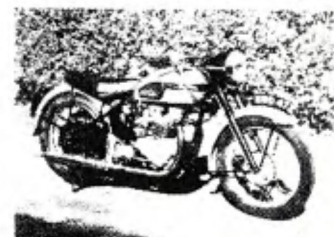
Bike people should be regarded simply as people on motorcycles — regular, everyday, garden-variety people, and not as the stereotype so many people have on instant replay in their brains. —Spider

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Jailbait

Continued from page 24

around before proceeding. It was several blocks before I realized the worst — I didn't know where I was going. I had lost track of which way I'd come when I was beatin' feet, and didn't have any idea in hell of where my bike was. I sat down on the curb and cursed. The longer I sat there the more dejected I got. There's nothing north of nowhere as useless as a biker without his sled, and I felt more fucked than wings on submarines by the time I got through feeling sorry for myself and set to pondering on how to go about getting my motorcycle back.

First I had to find it, natch, but that was only the first step. And maybe by now the simplest. By this time the neighborhood I had fled from was sure to be up in arms. Citizens always get uptight when a scooter tramp is about. Not only was I going to have to make my way into hostile territory to locate my bike, but after I rescued it I would have to run the gantlet, so to speak, in order to get back to safety again. No easy task, but one I had to accomplish. My life and my most-cherished possession depended upon my success. So, firm in my resolve, I squared my shoulders and took off down a likely-looking street.

There are those, I suppose, who would've just hopped a bus and left the whole hasslin' scene behind. But while that may be some dudes' style, it damn sure isn't mine. I'm a biker, born to ride, and will be till I'm dead. And that's exactly what I'd have to be to leave without my scooter. I'd get my bike back, or else I'd go down trying.

So down one street and up the next I made my searching way, on the scout for any place that looked even vaguely familiar: I'd parked my sled behind a hedge, underneath a weepy willow tree beside a garden wall; that much I remembered. But my mind came up blank when I tried to recall the overall surroundings of the parking spot. I had been too occupied eyeballing the teeny-wench's ass as she led me inside even to notice what color her house was, let alone where it was.

I'd met the chickie at a bus stop, on her way home from school. When I rode by she smiled invitingly, so I stopped and picked her up. Maybe I should've asked her first to show me some ID, but the truth is that it simply didn't occur to me. There's an old saying that goes if they're big enough, they're old enough. She was big enough, all right. Anyhow, the



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way I figure it, somebody's gotta teach 'em, and it oughta be done right. So every chance I get, I teach the little darlin's with all my might.

But it didn't take long for me to snap to the fact that this one had already had a lesson or two along the way, because as soon as we were out of sight of where I picked her up she started rubbing her tittles on my back. I lost track of the traffic lights shortly after that, because I can't count when my earlobes are being sucked. When she reached around my waist and began groping me I stopped reading the street signs. I can't read and get stroked at the same time. She indicated directions by shifting my crank and I took her where she wanted to go, simple as that. I just wished I knew where that had been, geographically speaking.

Suddenly another cruiser passed, its red light flashing. In the distance sirens wailed. Then a cycle cop sped by, followed by a SWAT truck. A police helicopter whirled across the sky. All of them were going in the same direction, so on a hunch I fell into line and tailed the fuzz.

A sporting goods store along the way was running a firearms sale. Outside the store, a waiting line of customers stretched for half a block. They didn't look like woodsy types to me. Besides, it wasn't hunting season. From bits of conversation I overheard as I strolled by, I gathered that they were arming to protect their loved ones from some fiendish pervert who was terrorizing the neighborhood. Whistling innocently, I ambled right along, leaving the scene behind before somebody started wondering what I was doing around there.

Then I turned a corner and there it was at last, a familiar sight. It was the very same street I had hightailed down after my timely exit from sweet thing's bedroom. It looked considerably different now, with cops scattered amongst the shrubbery, knocking on doors, and surrounding everything in sight, including a manhole in the street. But it was the same wooded lane, all right. Two old hags waiting at the bus stop were squawking about atrocities being committed on innocent citizens. They sounded as if Attila the Hun had laid siege to their pottyroom. Some hero was telling a gaping crowd of idlers how he had almost caught the fiend, only the evil dastard struck him down with a foul blow and escaped. His listeners oohed and aahed, and then somebody screamed. The sound

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If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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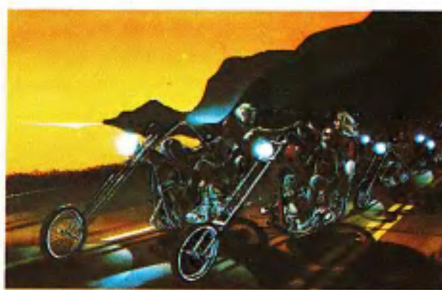
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"Starburst"



M-11
"Easyriders
Forever"



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The INTERSTATE



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

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

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Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

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

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

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

raised the hackles on the back of my neck.

"Look! It's him!" a voice shouted.

"Let's get him!" another piped up.

"Grab him! Don't let him get away!" someone else yelled, and they started toward me.

Reckoning that I knew a lynch mob when I saw one coming, I turned to run—but there was nowhere to run to. The SWAT truck that had passed me earlier was parked at the other end of the block, and camouflage-fatigued storm-troopers were deployed in surveillance positions on garages and housetops all along the street. Suddenly I saw my only chance, an open garden gate. Like a flash I made a dash through it, and tripped over a watering hose coiled on the ground. The mob rushed past only a few feet away while I tried to burrow down a gopher hole. I knew I was a goner. Their feet pounded by on the sidewalk, the sound diminishing as they got farther away. I pulled my nose out of the dirt and sat up, wondering what the hell the deal was now. Cautiously, I peeked over the garden wall for a looksee.

I guffawed at what I saw. With his raincoat flying out behind and skinny knees pumping hard, the flasher fled down the tree-lined street, leaping tall hedges in a single bound. Behind him thundered cops, vigilantes, assorted dogs, kids on bicycles, and two old witches brandishing handbags over their heads. The cop whirlybird swooped down to chimney level and directed the chase with a bullhorn.

"We're in pursuit! Suspect is turning left at a barbecue pit behind the brick split-level house! Head him off!" the law-in-the-sky commanded.

I watched until the copter vanished over the trees and the posse disappeared toward the horizon. Then I flopped down on the ground to rest and regroup. My feet hurt. My legs ached, and both calves had cramps in them. I was flatass tired of hoofing it. I wasn't made for walking, and that was all of that. Walking was what pedestrians did, for



MUTHA PATCH



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



(U.S. Currency Only. Thank you!)

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Biker Pipe
Stick your doobie inside
... fire it up ...

Chain Smoker
No smoke lost. Pocket
rocket. . just load and light.

Chain Smoker

Biker Pipe

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YOU RIDE
ON THE
WEEKEND
OR LIVE IN
THE SADDLE,
YOU CAN
RIDE HIGH
WITH THESE**

ORIGINAL PATCHES

FULL COLOR ON GENUINE LEATHER

WILL STAND UP TO ANYTHING
EXCEPT ROAD RASH

Sew them on your jacket, vest, saddle bags, or ol' lady.



Approx.
8 1/2 x 8 1/2

#2 \$15



#3 \$10 Approx. 11x5

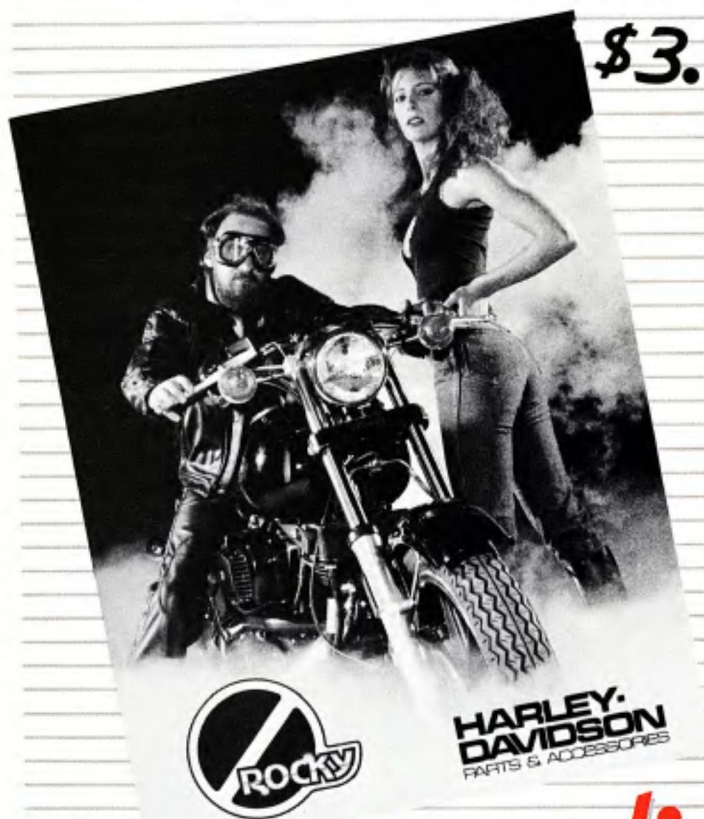
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#4 \$10

Approx. 11x5

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chrisssake. I wasn't a frigging pedestrian; I was a biker. I was supposed to be on two wheels. That was where I belonged. Now all I had to do to get there was find my bike.

I looked around, still listening to the sounds of distant chase, and spied my sled behind a hedge only a few yards away. I leaped to my feet with joy — then swiftly ducked back down to keep from being seen.

I recognized the house next door, complete to the curtain flapping through a torn window screen; and I also recognized the porky old dude who was coming out the front door. But my mind boggled at the change in his appearance since I'd last laid eyes on him.

His badge reflected sunlight as he stepped down from the porch. An ivory-handled handcannon swung in a quick-draw rig on his hip. He set his hat squarely on his head, then turned back to speak to a figure standing in the doorway. "Stay inside until I get home tonight!" he ordered.

"Yes, Daddy," replied a meek voice from the house.

He got into his car and slammed the door so hard it was a wonder the gold star affixed to it didn't fall off. I stayed hunkered down behind the garden wall and listened until he drove away. When I was satisfied that he was really gone, I got up and dusted myself off. Then I checked my bike out to make certain it hadn't been tampered with. After that I stood scratching my beard thoughtfully for several moments, pondering the yins of chance and the yangs of fate. Finally I decided why the hell not, and went for it.

I ambled up the walk and climbed the porch steps, ratchet-necking all around to make sure the coast was clear. It was. Then I went inside and spent the rest of the afternoon in lust with the sheriff's daughter. ■



Easyriders

"I don't fuckin' believe this is happening!"

Tricks Of The Trade

Continued from page 53

enough to ask a hooker "do you kiss?" before making with the pucker face. Not this gem. He starts with the saliva spreader before he's in the door, and you've got a game of "keep away from the purple eel" on your hands.

Flutter Fingers is big on one liners like "Isn't this nice — just holding each other," and "Look how well we fit together," not to mention "I could lie like this for hours," which if you don't watch out, he will. This guy isn't a trick — he's a Hallmark card come to life. The only thing he wants blown is kisses. He's always angling for a tandem bubblebath or pulling bedcovers over you when it's 90 degrees out. If you don't close the bathroom door, he'll try to piss between your legs, such a togetherness nut is he.

Foreplay freaks are welterweights, in their thirties, and favor heather-tone pullover sweaters year round. They won't let you smoke while you "play statue" either.

Foreigner

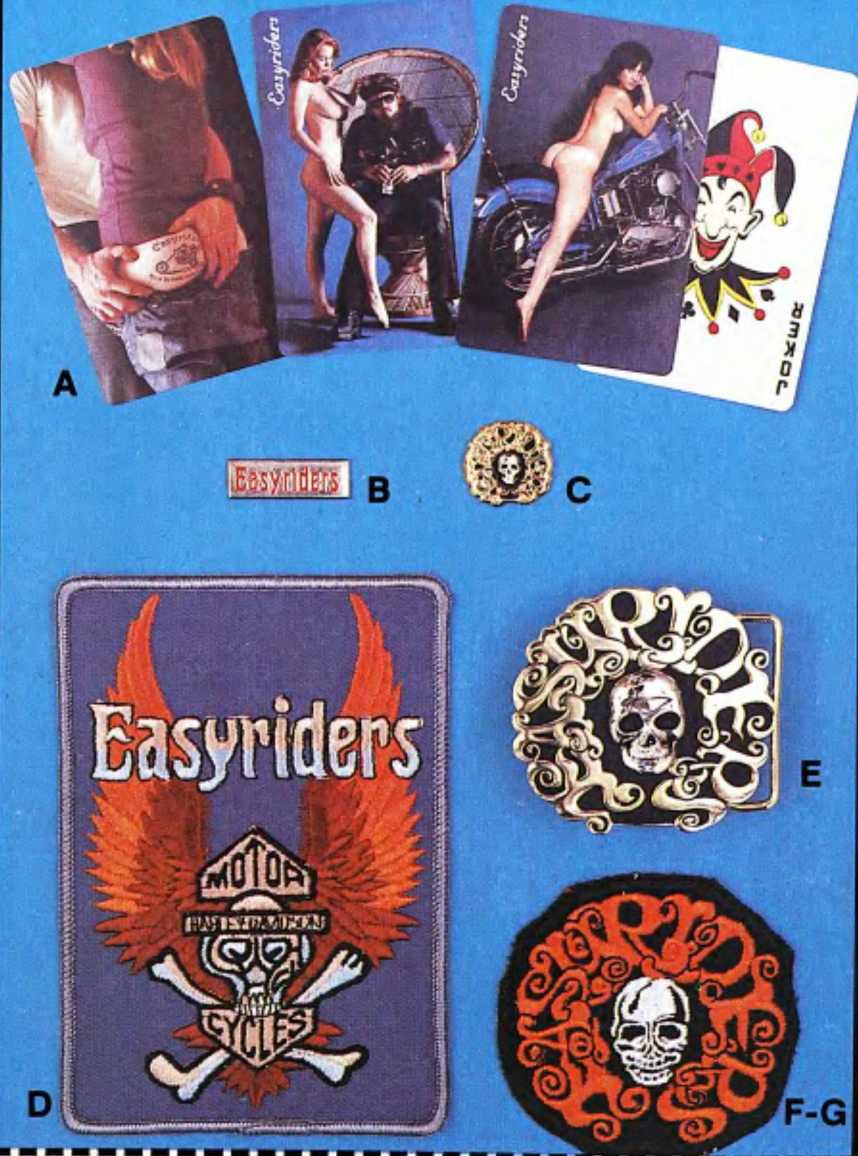
You know how foreigners always ask if you want to fuck their seeester? With hookers — they want you to fuck their bruuuuddder. And you just know how many bruuuuddders they have. That's before you get to cousins. Foreigners come from places where there's nothing to do all day but swat flies and barter over the price of a dung arrowhead. Bartering is the only trick they know.

So if you say fifty bucks, they go, "Feeefteen? Ees fair price!"

When you go, "No — five-oh, fifty —" they throw their fat foreigner hands up in the air. "Feeeftee? What ees pushee? Golt? Seelver?" Before you can tell 'em, "No, buster, pushee is American," they're saying: "I get bruuuuddder; we pay feeeftee."

It's like the hooker who returns from a gangbang with \$27.25. Someone asks her who gave her the quarter. All of them, she answers. That's what you'll get if you wait around for the brothers. Foreigners go for the no-belt, no-pocket, no-outseam Continental pants that make their asses look like melons, and acetate shirts with boys'-gift-wrap themes like darts or calculators. They're real hairy.

Easyriders' Stuff!



Send Your Order To:
Easyriders, P.O. Box 711, Burbank, Ca 91503

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty	Cost	Total Amount
A	2 decks-cards	\$ 5.50	\$ 7.00	\$11.50		\$	\$
B	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
D	D. Mann patch	\$ 5.50	\$ 6.50	\$ 9.00		\$	\$
E	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 2.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 7.00		\$	\$
G	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries shipped by air mail. (Send U.S. funds only).

Subtotal	\$
Calif. Tax	\$
Total Due	\$

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Street _____
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Sissy Bar Pack

Sissy Bar Pack

Tank Panel

Tool Pouch

Tool Pouch

Stash Bag

Biker Hats		
85080	Black Harley, Med	24.18
85081	Black Harley, Lg	24.18
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85091	Black Plain, Sm	28.05
85092	Black Plain, Med	28.05
85093	Black Plain, Lg	28.05
85096	Black Harley, Med	28.05
85097	Black Harley, Lg	28.05
Harley Hats		
86015	Black Plain, Sm	24.74
86016	Black Plain, Med	24.74
86017	Black Plain, Lg	24.74
86024	Brown Ruff, Med	18.68
86025	Brown Ruff, Lg	18.68
Laced Style Vest — Embroidered		
86039	Black Harley, Sm	115.45
86041	Black Harley, Lg	115.45
Chaps — One Size Fits All		
86091	Black	131.95
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86097	Harley 28"-33", Sm	12.64
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87058	Brown Live To Ride	18.15
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87075	Brown Harley	11.55
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88051	Harley	5.98
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Fat Bob Tank Panels		
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88064	Brown Harley	8.24
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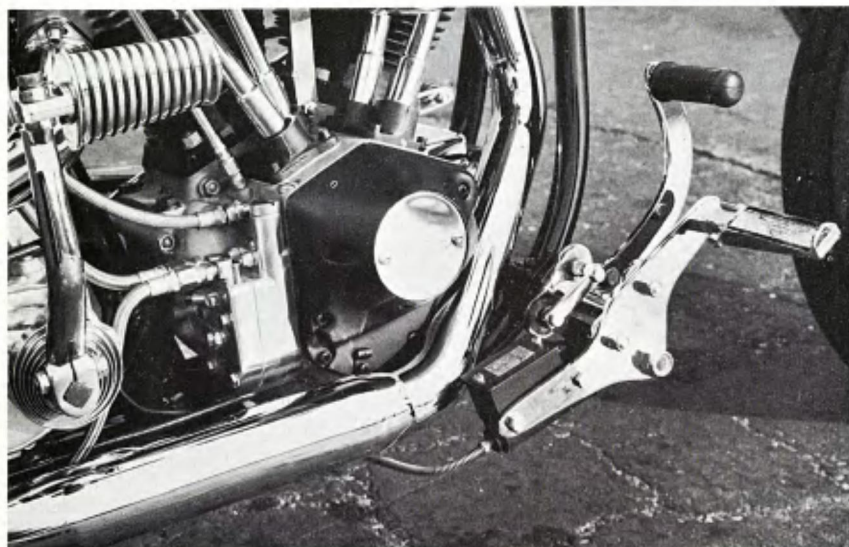


How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)



HARLEY BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

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Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



Harley 74 Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1980. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141014 ... 1936-1973 76.95
- 141015 ... 1974 & Up (No '80 Wide Glide) 76.95
- 141040 ... 1980 Wide Glide Only . 76.95



Sportster Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141016 ... Sportsters, 1954-1974 . 81.50
- 141034 ... Sportsters, 1975-1976 . 91.50
- 141036 ... Sportsters, 1977-1978 . 81.50
- 141038 ... Sportsters, 1978 1/2-Up . 81.50



Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder.

- 141020 49.95



Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

- 142016 ... 74s w/foot shift, Spst. '52-'75 14.95
- 142017 ... Super Glides, 1974 & Up 18.95

Replacement Parts

- 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
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Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with Lockheed master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

- 14101 81.50

Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for 74s, 1978 1/2 & up with stock Harley (Kelsey Hayes) master cylinder.

- 141039 81.50



Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

- 14104 81.50



Sportster Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14105 81.50



Sportster Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up with stock brakes. All linkage included.

- 14107 ... Sportsters, K'54-'66, '67-'74 86.50
- 141035 ... Sportsters, 1975-1978 Excpt. Cafe 86.50
- 141037 ... Sportsters, 1979-Up .. 85.50



Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 & up Super Glides only.

- 141032 4.80



Harley 74 Brake Assembly

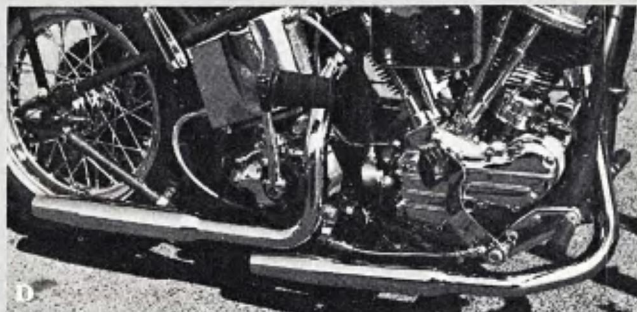
Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14102 81.50

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

HARLEY TAPERED MUFFLER PIPES

These Cycle Shack beauties are the "original" tapered 1 3/4" muffler pipes for Harley Panheads, Shovelheads and Sportsters. Among the outstanding features you'll head out with are a show chrome finish, an all steel muffler core and concealed mounts and brackets. Set yourself up with a system that both looks and works great!



A. FX, FXE & FXS (Low Rider) Pipes

Fits all 1971-1980 FX, FXE as well as the Low Rider model with both kick and electric start. Features include an inside the frame front pipe and over the transmission rear pipe with improved ground clearance.

15001399.95

B. Late FLH Pipes

Fits all 1970-1980 kick or electric start models. Features an inside the frame front pipe and under the transmission rear pipe designed to clear the larger electric start battery. To retain floorboards, order bracket #149025 below.

15001299.95

Late FLH Floorboard Bracket

Allows you to retain floorboards with the above #150012 pipes.

1490257.15

Late FLH & Police Special Pipes

Fits all 1970-1980 electric start models only. Features an inside the frame front pipe that clears factory floorboards and forward-mounted master cylinder brake pedal combination. Rear pipe runs under the transmission to clear the extra large batteries on these models.

150014 (Not Shown)99.95

C. Early Shovelhead, FL, FLH & Police Special Pipes

Fits all 1966-1969 models. Features an outside the frame front pipe and under the transmission rear pipe. Oil lines may need to be re-routed if these pipes are used on a motor with a late model oil pump.

15001592.95



CYCLE SHACK, INC.
South San Francisco, CA

D. Panhead Pipes

Fits all Panheads 1948-1965 in a rigid or swingarm frame with mechanical or hydraulic brakes. They are not for use with a belt drive. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe.

15001692.95

E. Sportster Pipes

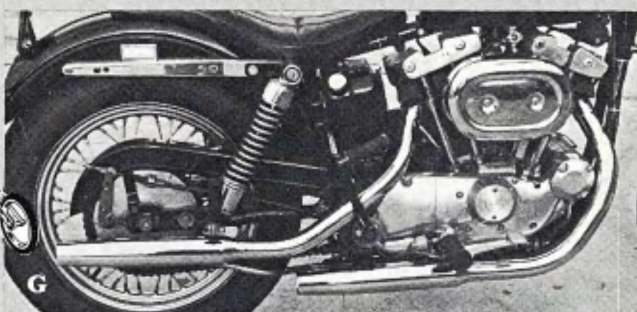
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980 & up. On 1980 & up use our #150039 brake pedal stop listed below. Pipes incorporate the original Sportster look.

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F. 1979 Sportster Pipes

Fits 1979 Sportster and XLS. Features that styled look made popular by the early models.

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G. Sportster XLR Style Pipes

Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980-up. On 1980 & up use our #150039 brake pedal stop listed below.

15001999.95

Brake Pedal Stop

Allows you to run the above #150017, 150019 on 1980 & up Sportsters. Replaces stock pedal stop and permits mounting without welding to new pipes.

150039 (not shown)3.50

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

GIRDERS

Check out perfection . . . it's all here

- Constructed of 1026 solid steel, 3/4" round or 5/8" square
- Lengths from stock to 16" over stock
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Round & Square Girders

Round Girders (Includes Axle)

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5902	... Round, 4" O/S	325.00
5903	... Round, 7" O/S	325.00
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5905	... Round, 13" O/S	325.00
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Square Girders (Includes Axle)

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Girder Neck Kits

59033	... Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	... Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	... Honda — All	9.95
59036	... Kawasaki, 900 & 1000	9.95
59037	... Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038	... Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95

**Requires
Girder Neck Kit**



Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversion Girders

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59013	... Round, Stock Length	345.00
59014	... Round, 4" O/S	345.00
59015	... Round, 7" O/S	345.00
59016	... Round, 10" O/S	345.00
59017	... Round, 13" O/S	345.00
59018	... Round, 16" O/S	345.00

Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59019	... Square, Stock Length	380.00
59020	... Square, 4" O/S	380.00
59021	... Square, 7" O/S	380.00
59022	... Square, 10" O/S	380.00
59023	... Square, 13" O/S	380.00
59024	... Square, 16" O/S	380.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59030	... Harley 74 & Sportster	29.95
59031	... Honda 750, 1969-1976	29.95
59032	... Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78	29.95

Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59025	... Round, Stock Length	395.00
59026	... Round, 4" O/S	395.00
59027	... Round, 7" O/S	395.00
59028	... Round, 10" O/S	395.00
59029	... Round, 13" O/S	395.00

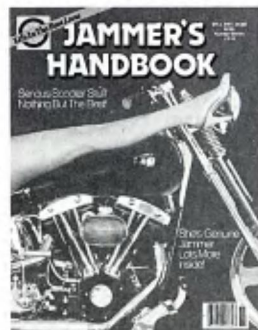
Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59039	... Harley, 1977 & Later	29.95
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Girder Neck Kits

59033	... Harley 74 & 80	9.95
59034	... Sportster & 45	9.95
59035	... Honda — All	9.95
59036	... Kawasaki, 900 & 1000	9.95
59037	... Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up	9.95
59038	... Triumph, '71 & Earlier	9.95



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**How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)**

Requires Girder Neck Kit

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

Bring Out The Beauty With Jammer's!

ADVERTISEMENT



SHOW BIKE KITS

Part #	Chrome	Price
124031	Sportster XLCH 1957-64	145.00
124032	Sportster 1965-70	150.00
124033	Sportster 1971-73	150.00
124034	Sportster 1974-76	150.00
124035	Sportster 1977-Up	150.00
124036	Knucklehead 1936-39	175.00
124037	Knucklehead 1940-47	175.00
124038	Panhead 1948-57	175.00
124039	Panhead 1958-65	175.00
124040	Shovelhead 1966-69	170.00
124041	Shovelhead 1970-75	165.00
124042	Shovelhead 1976-77	165.00
124043	Shovelhead 1978-Up "74" & "80"	172.00
124044	Honda 750	95.00
124045	Gold Wing 1000	65.00
124046	Kawasaki 900-Z1	75.00

CHROME & 24 KT. GOLD

Part #	24 Kt. Gold	Price
124047	Sportster XLCH 1957-64	195.00
124048	Sportster 1965-70	200.00
124049	Sportster 1971-73	200.00
124050	Sportster 1974-76	200.00
124051	Sportster 1977-Up	200.00
124052	Knucklehead 1936-39	235.00
124053	Knucklehead 1940-47	235.00
124054	Panhead 1948-57	235.00
124055	Panhead 1958-65	235.00
124056	Shovelhead 1966-69	226.00
124057	Shovelhead 1970-75	218.00
124058	Shovelhead 1976-77	225.00
124059	Shovelhead 1978-Up "74" & "80"	230.00
124060	Honda 750	125.00
124061	Gold Wing 1000	90.00
124062	Kawasaki 900-Z1	105.00

Choppershopper

Continued from page 81

De Kid: I'll love you forever and always. Happy 25th. 12-5-56. Your ol' lady, Ann. (102)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World. Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (103)

Tattooing handbook: Illustrations, trade secrets, expert instructions, plus tattooed women's photos. \$19.95. Tattooer (49 years). Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (102)

Harley parts, new and used. Genuine Harley and custom parts available by mail. Also T-shirts, leathers, and more. Send for free catalog or state your needs. 10% off any Harley part mail-ordered. Harley-Davidson of Youngstown, Inc., 1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, Ohio 44509. (216) 792-2002. (102)

Up-to-date service features, explosive investigative journalism, and the original "Girl Next Door"—that's Gallery magazine. Every month on every newsstand. (103)

Lost and lonely without my man. Left me when sent to the can. Without you I have no hope. Drop me a line so I can cope. Needing your love, Mike. Your wife, Barbie J. Kane #226112. P.O. Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663. (102)

Biker, 36, would like to meet together lady 21 to 40; would move for right lady. Moon, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (102)

Steve, 32, sweet and gentle, seeking understanding mama 18-38. (702) 882-7725. (102)

K.T.: Happy birthday. It's been over a year and you're still steak. 1981 has been the best year of my life. Thanks for the new FLH. All my love, Smokey the Bear. (102)

Walt Liss, you guard-rail-eating sonuvabitch, get well quick. Sturgis in '82. Smokey and K.T. (102)

Hank: I am your Kajira/companion. Come and take me, Rema. (102)

B/m, 22, 5'9", 160, looking for serious-minded ladies black or white. Only 4 1/2 years to go. Allen Washington #A-74078. Box 99. Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (102)

Halfway-decent-looking biker chick in Germany for one and a half years. Any German or American bikers who want to keep brotherhood alive, please contact Shannon Arakaki, USMCA-Ansbach PAO, APO NYC, N.Y. 09177. If writing in Germany, APO (in country) 09177. (102)

Trike owners: I would like to hear from you H-D trike customizers, to get some good ideas for my stock servi-car. Good chance to brag about your trike. Will trade a dollar for a photo of your trike. Mike N., P.O. Box 32215, San Jose, Calif. 95132. (102)

Moby: Happy birthday (10-28). I love ya, Judy. (102)

Weasel: Happy belated 27th, 10-27. Love, Moose. (102)

Bullet: We want to hear from you and Wine, Squeaky and Wonder Woman. (102)

Needed desperately: KR parts, two Tillotson HD-3s and rear frame section. Jed Greer, Box 328, Kirksville, Mo. 63501. (816) 665-2277, collect. (102)

Gypsy: Happy birthday 10-8-81. May we share more good times together, babe. Love ya. "Toto." (102)

Blob: Happy 29th birthday 12-1-81. With many smooches. Love, Shirley. (102)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (113)

Lonely Texan, 28, down, and needs mail. Letters with pix answered first. Jeff "Mouse" Schleicher #81-C-10, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021. (102)

How to start and run your own motorcycle gang. New book tells all. \$10 postpaid. Loompanics, Box 264-E, Mason, Mich. 48854. (104)

VW I, VW II military souvenirs, all countries. Including collectors one of a kind. Complete catalog \$3. World Militaria Store, Box 29412, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820. (104)

Harley 43? Send \$5 money order for booklet to hot-rod your motor, plus parts catalog. KNS Cycle, Rd. 1, Box 157, Marathon, N.Y. 13803. (102)

Dude, white, 6', 175 lbs., job, house, long hair, Aquarian. I want to meet attractive, shapely young girls 18 yrs. old or younger, white. Latin, Oriental, in So. Calif. area. Bill Livingstone, 1043 Raymond, Long Beach, Calif. (213) 433-7040. (102)

Be a minister. Marry, bury, etc. Legal all states. Pocket card, certificate \$10. Brotherhood, Box 10672, Gladstone, Mo. 64118. (102)

Tattooing outfit (complete). Machine, inks, designs. Everything \$106. Steele, Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (102)

I'm looking to meet good people on a winter run south and west. Leaving Dec. 1st. Got a spare bed? I'll bring the steaks and beer. Joe, Box 201, Athol, Mass. 01331. (102)

Down but not out! Brother inmate, very affectionate male, wishes to correspond with a mature and serious-minded lady who is interested in an everlasting relationship. I will send a photo and immediately answer your letter. Anthony "T-Bay" Benoit #262617, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (102)

Death row prisoner would like to correspond with ladies. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (109)

White male, 27, recently divorced, seeks loyal, good ol' lady. I'm looking for a chick who's tired of constantly partying, or possibly straight. Tired of going to jail, not getting ahead, and off-and-on women. Would like someone sincere in helping me start over, keep me out of trouble, and get ahead with a permanent relationship. I've lost a lot lately; still have a chopped Sporty, Great Dane, small business, etc. Interested? Steve C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (109)

Wanted: Panhead Duo-Glide, Indian in-line 4, cash. (907) 724-1246. Loose Bruce, Box 1434, APO Seattle, 98715. (102)

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white—exactly like the original.

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A-4 Harley Eagle 25x19



A-1 Harley Crest 29x22



A-9 Regal Thunder 20x26½



A-10 Snake Shield 28½x19¼



A-2 Death Tripper 29x14



A-3 Pig Iron 29x19½



A-5 Number One 28½x19¼



A-6 Outlaw 74 28½x19¼

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☐ A9 ☐ A10

—\$4.00 ea. — 6 for \$16.50
—2 for \$ 7.00 — 7 for \$18.00
—3 for \$10.00 — 8 for \$19.50
—4 for \$13.00 — 9 for \$21.00
—5 for \$15.00 —10 for \$22.50

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Rooster also gives you music to move by with an optional Rooster Sound radio kit. At \$59, it's only a little scratch for you and your old lady to take an earful of fantasy with you the next time you roll into the real world.* If you don't want music — you got storage — for whatever.



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