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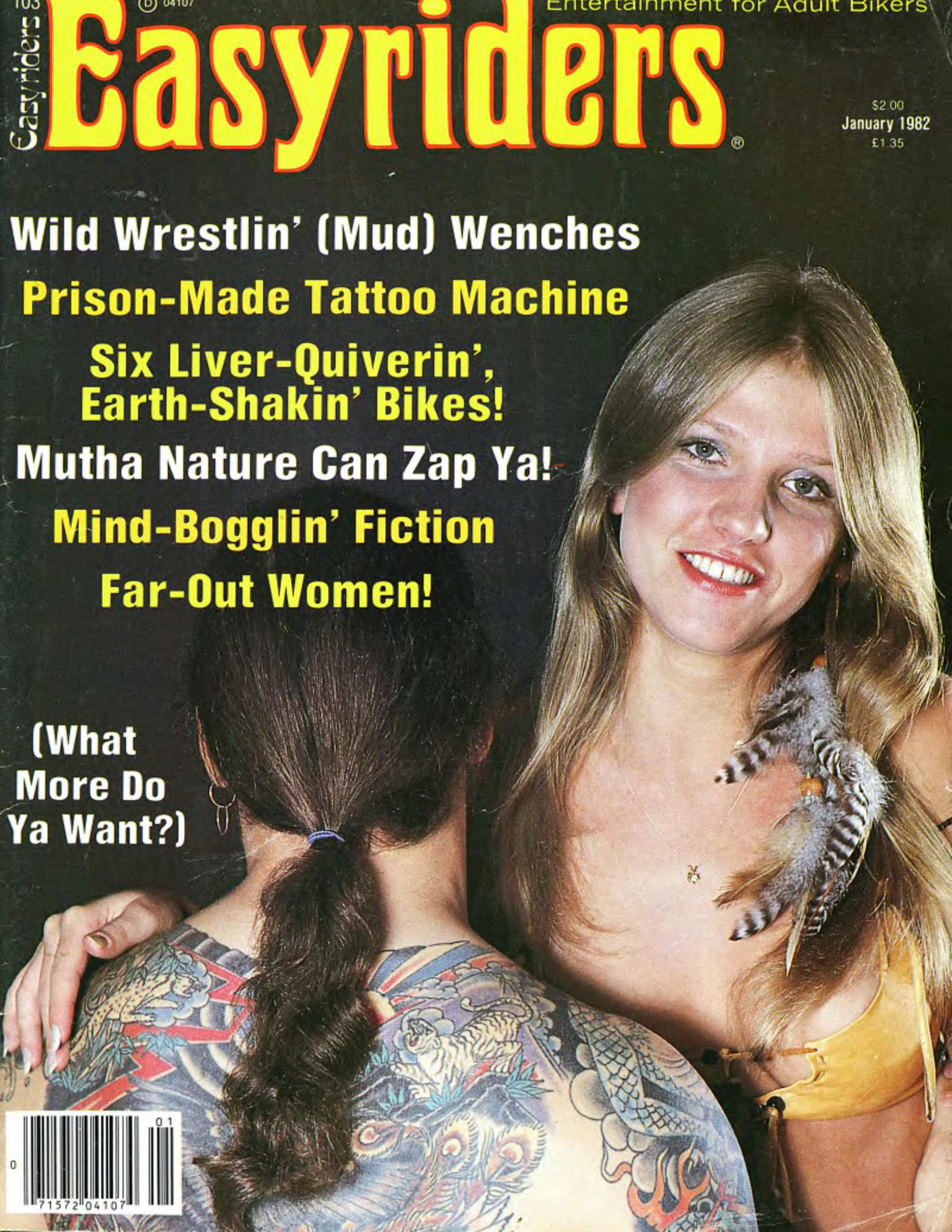
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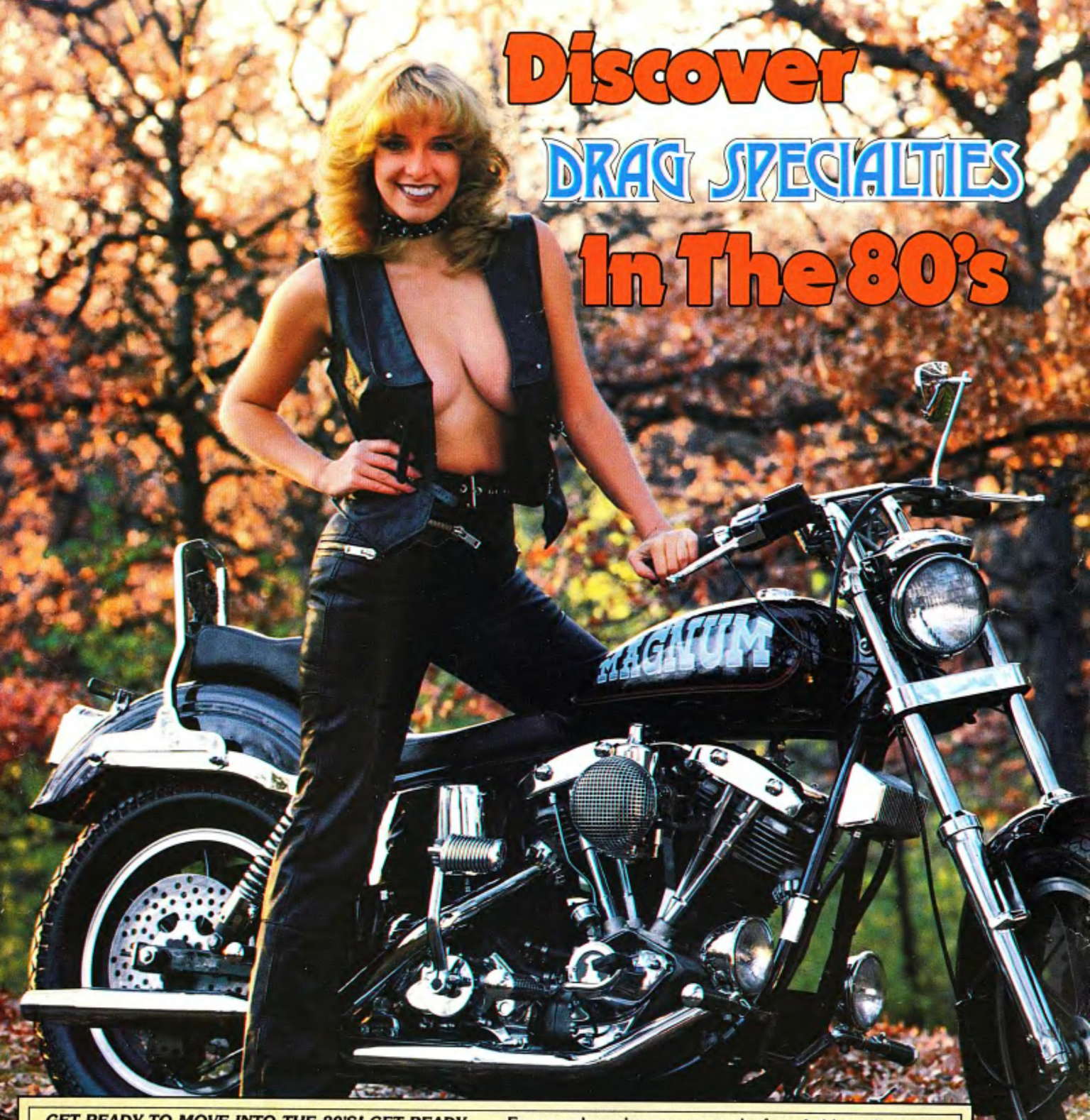
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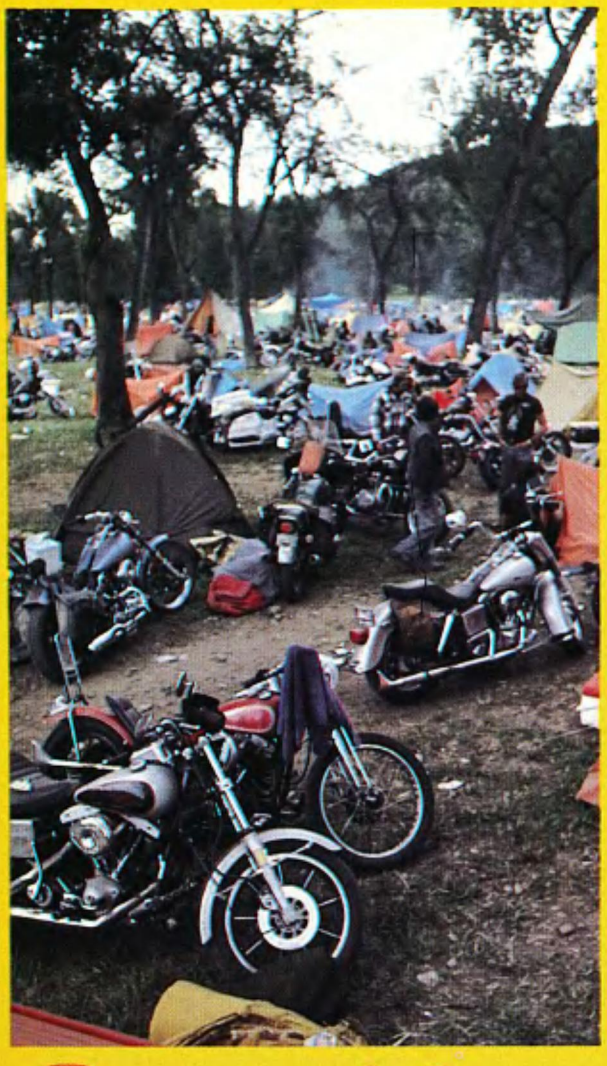
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Easyriders

Number 103

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

Cover photo of Cathy Blue and Randy by Billy Tinney

See more of this girl next month.

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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Women are gettin' strange, man, strange. Consider the chick teacher who balled two teenage boys in a schoolroom closet, in her car, and at her home. Her mouthpiece claimed the statutory rape law she has been charged with was created for the protection of young women, not men. She is supposed to be the first woman (age 31) to be so charged. Teachers must be different now --the ones I had would have made a freight train take a side track. Anyway, all this supports the growing trend of women goin' for young meat --but a 13-year-old? Thinkin' about it, why not? I draw the line at 8 and 80 --how about you?

Then there's this guy's wife who joined the police force. In her eighth week of training she blew the whistle on her ol' man's pot patch he had growing in their back yard. The police went out and busted him for felony counts of cultivation and possession of pot for sale (he had 300 ten- to twelve-foot high plants). So was the wannabeacop chick rewarded? Get a gold star on her diploma? What? Well, cops bein' cops, they booted her ass outta the police school for not having snitched to them sooner! Nothing was said about what kinda bootin' she got from her ol' man.

One more, then I'll get off women (in writing). You just read about the goody-two-shoes chick above who thought it her duty to do the right thing while still in training school. That's when everything is like a storybook. But after she's been in awhile, maybe she'd see life as it really is. Or maybe she was tryin' to shitcan her ol' man, or maybe she thought pot was a lightweight beef or actually believed her superiors when they told her ''they'd take it easy'' on him. No matter -- the harsh real world is more like the 28 policewomen who were arrested on charges of collecting welfare checks in addition to their police department checks. Some had collected over $11,000. Can you believe that shit? And they weren't even bikers! What's this world comin' to?

Did you pay your taxes? The Dept. of Agriculture spent $5,000 in an experiment to exercise pregnant pigs on a treadmill to reduce their psychological stress. (Probably worryin' about dumping the brat in the mud or some such shit -- maybe worryin' whether the kid'll go to college before he gets cut up for breakfast food.)

We have an article about lightning in this issue -- what bike riders should do if trapped in a storm. There were some who thought the subject was weird -- especially people here in the land of fruits and nuts where there is very little lightning, if any. Two days after receiving the article I got a news clipping about a biker in Arizona who was zapped right off his scoot by lightning. His crisp body was all that was left. Ya gotta respect the Big Mutha in the sky.

Dipshit of the month file: He called the store and told them he was gonna come by and honk his horn and to have someone at the curb with 800 dollars or he'd be back to kill the clerk. The clerk called the police. The dip came by, 800 was placed in his front seat, and one block later he was invited to the station.

Well, they ran another test folks, this time with pigeons. They stuffed 'em with Librium and sure as shit, they fucked up after they got wasted -- couldn't touch the end of their beaks, walk straight lines, an' all that good shit (or whatever tests they'd give a pigeon). The main thing they did was get lost -- 25% of 'em couldn't find their ass with both wings. Now they're tryin' to figure out what that signifies for humans. Science marches on.

Another dipshit: This one went into a donut shop with a pillowcase over his head. But he forgot to cut holes out for his eyes, so after grabbin' the money, he had to lift the case to see how to get out. When he raised the cloth he was recognized, and now he sits on the inside, muttering over and over, ''plan ahead, plan ahead.'' ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





Sympathy For Imprisoned

☐ On the day they locked him up, did the asshole Harley thief doing six months (pg. 43, October '81) become a "brother in prison" and qualify for a half-price subscription rate, plus your sympathy?

J.L.
Lynn, Mass.

What He Meant To Say

☐ Just read my question and your reply in issue 101 (November '81) and I must admit that I worded it wrong. What I shoulda said was that although that motorcycle does in fact have a late-model dual-disc setup, it is missing the master cylinder, which makes the front brakes worthless. Please inform the owner that an operational front brake system can save his ass when a cage pulls a left turn in front of him.

Broke Dick
Mercer, Pa.

A Two-Bagger

☐ One of your recent ol' ladies was definitely a "two-bagger". One bag for her head, the other for yours —in case hers breaks.

Pigface
Prescott, Ariz.

How Could We?

☐ How the hell can you print an article (July '81) from the German mag *Motorrad?* Didn't you know that it was supporting the helmet law in Germany?

Harley-Specky
West Germany

■ All we can do with a German magazine is look at the pictures — don't know doodly-shit about their language.

A Warning

☐ I'm in the Marine Corps, presently stationed on Okinawa. In one of your issues I read about a place in the Philippines called Easyriders Inn, and since I'm a Harley rider the story turned me on.

I made it a point to go there and check the place out. Sure enough, bikes, booze, and broads. Real righteous place. Had a good time there. Even spent the weekend with one of the sweet ladies that work there. But anybody else that desires to go there should take some advice from me. Go there, drink, raise hell, party, but don't fuck the women! That sweet lady gave me a case of herpes.

Jarhead
Okinawa, Japan

Helmet Use

☐ Yesterday I was running about 60 on the Interstate when a bird slammed into the side of my helmet. I saw stars, but kept the shovel upright. Even with the lid on, my head was bruised — I hate to think what the damage would have been without it.

Well, now I know at least one thing helmets are good for (but how often do you take a bird in the head?)

Chris Gregory
Roanoke, Va.

An Opinion

☐ It seems to me that you could do away with the bitches you have on your cover every month. Hell, why don't you show a clean-looking scoot instead?

Shitheel
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ When we started doin' a motorcycle magazine differently, everyone (except our readers) said no, no, it was a no-no. Now other rags are changing their formats and we're not gonna regress to theirs.

Heartbreaking Task

☐ Yesterday I had the heartbreaking task of cleaning out my son's belongings from his rented quarters. (He is in jail — a big Harley rider, boozer, and a death late one night on that big Harley.) An issue of your *Easyriders* was among his belongings. How pitiful it must be to be so insecure as to need and read such lustful, foul-mouthed literature. You contribute to an already messed-up people, but then there's money in it, I'm sure, so what value is a wrecked life?

A mother who cares
LaCrosse, Wis.

■ Sorry to hear of anyone's having to go to jail. It seems to those left behind that theirs is the most unhappy lot. But the actual going to jail is worse. The individual not only loses contact with those left behind, but goes to a miserable institution as well. Your checkin' your adult son's reading material and judging him is not fair. You are making a judgment comparing his likes and dislikes with yours. If you saw a copy of *Playboy* in his apartment, would you assume that he's a sex nut, a lecher who preys on old ladies in tennis shoes? Get off his back; cut him some slack. It sounds as if he might have been responsible for a death while drunk — he has to feel worse than you do.

Snivel, Snivel

☐ I'd like to express my disappointment and disgust at some of the people who lay their hands on your mag. I was trying to find the father of my child, so I printed my phone number in an ad in "Choppershopper." What it did was to give the scuzzes a number to call and a name to whisper while they beat their fucking meat.

I talked to the first two, who turned out to be some pretty decent guys; then I wised up and the whole thing made me sick. No wonder they had no ol' lady. Now my son's father will never see his son.

Such horny sonsabitches aren't the kind of people I care to know.

Name, city, and
state withheld

■ Your ad was read by millions of readers — all types of readers. Harley riders, people interested in Harley riders, voyeurs, wanna-bes, some women, police departments, FBI, Interpol — you name it. A lot of people have a lot of reasons to eyeball *Easyriders.* We do know from surveys that the vast majority is a great audience in every way.

Be adult enough to overlook the few off-the-wall calls and consider the good ones, but also consider the lesson you learned: think twice about putting your telephone number out in front of God and everybody. Get a P.O. box and list only it in an ad.

A Crab?

☐ Your Governor Brown will be on your asses now. Just opened the November issue but there was a damn medfly in it. At least it looked like one.

The Crow
Willoughby, Ohio

■ That was one of Mutha's crabs.

Tech Tip No. 1

☐ If you're out puttin' and partyin' and the ol' lady slobbers all over the joint she's rolling, just put it between the cooling fins on the engine — the heat will dry it out in about 15 seconds.

Blue
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

Urine Test Is Real

☐ In response to a letter in your October '81 issue from R.R. at the Niantic (Connecticut) Prison for Women regarding urine tests for THC content, I am enclosing the particulars of the test.

An article in *High Times* explains the process in great

detail. Notice should be given to the final paragraph of their article, which especially refers to America's Constitution and how this particular test may be in violation of it.

This should be of great interest to bikers and other freedom-seekers since it is yet another example of technological advancement for the purpose of regulating the lives of private citizens. Next time you're pulled over by The Man, instead of making you subject to his breathalyzer tests, he may very well be reaching for your pants to have you piss in a Dixie cup.

By the way, the *High Times* address is *High Times*, 17 West 60th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

Tim Hick
Belle River, Ontario

■ The following are excerpts from *High Times'* answer to a reader's (theirs) question about urine tests. (It appeared in their July 1981 issue.) The test is known as the "EMIT Cannabinoid Assay," and it will show if you've smoked pot for up to a week prior to the test. But it's fucked, because, for example, you can inhale enough from someone *else's* smokin' in your car with windows up — we used to call it gettin' someone "contact" high. The person inhales your smoke, but is not aware of it. When they got the munchies or giggles, you knew you had "contacted" 'em — and usually they'd deny it. It worked on Rufus when he was younger, but like many of us, he moved on to Owsley.

☐ C.R.C. in California has the dreaded urine tests for weed. The test was first introduced in early '80 as a test to see if it was feasible on a large scale. The state of California allegedly claims a 95-percent accuracy.

Jim LaFleur
Tracy, Calif.

☐ About 4 years ago I missed my monthly bleed and, being a broke teenager, I had to go to the local Public Health Office for a free PG test. The nurse in charge informed me that if I'd been smoking weed within the last 72 hours the THC content in my urine would give a false positive result. Perhaps the numbnuts in charge of Niantic Prison for Women are going on the assumption that these ladies aren't getting any cock and therefore a positive PG test means they've been getting high. At least that's my theory.

Spark
Craig, Colo.

☐ The test is manufactured by Syva Company of Palo Alto, California. They say that the results are supposed to be accurate until 10 days after smoking. The place I was in gave a 21-day "grace" period between tests.

Another guy and I cheated on a test by getting some piss from a third guy. We both got it from the same guy at the same time. He came back "dirty" and I didn't! So much for accuracy!

The results of the tests are not good enough for court evidence, so people on the street don't have to worry, but anyone in jail or on paper best watch out!

If any of you in the joint are asked to give a urine sample, and if it makes you feel a lot better, you can piss on the sides of the bottle. Maybe the cop will think twice about askin' for it the next time!

Scott Robinson
Stillwater, Minn.

☐ I'm in the Navy and they do the same tests to us.

Crazy Dave
San Francisco, Calif.

Claybrook Crusade

☐ Let's use our bucks to let the people know we are there, and always will be, and to look for us, and give us our right of way.

Ed "Flathead" Auhn
Eugene, Ore.

Tech Tip No. 2

☐ Buck teeth make great emergency wire strippers.

Shaft
Hartford, Mich.

Prejudiced?

☐ I'm pissed! I read your rag faithfully and I've seen it over and over again — this bullshit about half-a-Harley, Snortsters, and miscellaneous other names for Sportsters I could put up with, but you really fucked up this time. On your reader survey the last question asks what type of Harley you like best — and some shit-for-brains idiot, out of prejudice or sheer lack of brain cells, failed to include Sportsters!

Sportster Freak
Stockton, Calif.

■ Most of our kiddin' is at Tex, who has a Sportster. Just friendly kiddin', that's all. Sorry about the survey; that was a goof, so I pissed on his engine to teach him a lesson.

☐ I recently returned your survey. You asked for suggestions, and so I suggested more info on bike laws from state to state. To my surprise, you started to feature an excellent chart in "Easynews." You outdid yourselves. You deserve a pat on the back.

Todd
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Lennon's No Biker

☐ Please inform your astrologer, Dusty Sage, that John Lennon is not a Virgo, but a Libra — he was born on October 9, 1940.

I also thought it interesting that you printed a dedication to Lennon in your "Brothers Lost" column, when it specifically states "bikers only." As an avid Beatles fan, I've never known John Lennon to be a biker.

Kathy H.
Broomfield, Colo.

■ His ability and where his head was at made us dig him so much that we overlooked his having missed out on the pleasures of ridin'.

Now She Knows

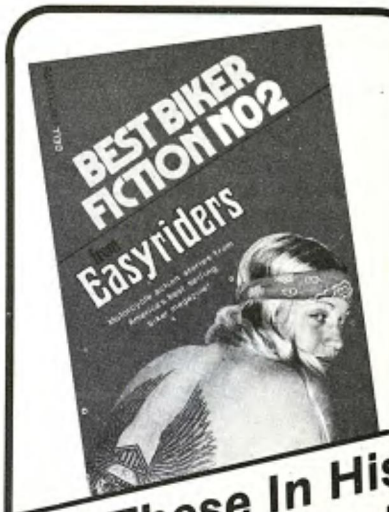
☐ I wanna say thanks to all bikers for showin' me where it's really at. Up until a year ago I felt about the same way those "Oregoons" ("Beatin' the Reaper") felt. I thought that all bikers were mindless asshole terrorists. Then I met a few and discovered what righteousness and brotherhood really meant. Bike people are the most honest and unphony people I ever had the pleasure of meeting. They know how to live life to the fullest. They tell it like it is, with no bullshit or candy-assin' around. I just wanted to say I'm glad I found them, and *Easyriders*.

Party Girl
Staten Island, N.Y.

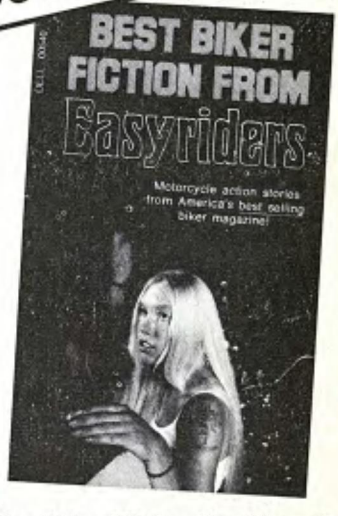
Got Results

☐ Over a year ago I sent an ad in to your rag, lookin' for a broad-minded ol' lady. I got an answer from Rochester, Minn., and I wanna tell ya, she turned out to be the best ol' lady this bro ever laid eyes on.

I wanna thank you for mak-



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ing it possible, and I recommend "Choppershopper" to anybody who wants results.

Saddle Tramp
Central, Wis.

Rag Down Under

☐ Just moved to Bumfuck, Lighting Ridge, N.S.W. What a way to go, only two Harleys in this town (which is better than nothing), but all hope is not gone — the local news agency sells *Easyriders* — which is fucking great for a population of 4,000 people. Now all I have to do is find some dope.

Norton
N.S.W., Australia

Likes Poem

☐ "Devil's Run" by Jody Via in your November '81 rag was the best damn poem I've read. Wish I'd written it. Here's a toast to Jody for a piece well written.

Barb
Reisterstown, Md.

What's Next

☐ In my life I've been hustled, skimmed, scammed, conned, and hoaxed; and I have done it to others. I've been stoned and stoned on. Been smashed, drunk, wasted, shitfaced, smoked dope, skipped rope, and howled at the moon. I've been knocked on, kicked on, picked on, sicked on, pissed on, and have done it to others. I've gambled, rambled, been well, been sick. Had money, lost it, earned it, stole it, gave it away, and had it given to me. I've been lied to, tried to, and cried to.

I've been worked on, worked over, worked hard. Been to jail, went to hell. Been saved, and saved others. I've been held up, hung up, robbed, and damn near ruined. I've been squeezed, mocked, and busted. I've balled, sucked, fucked, loved, and hated. I've been rational, irrational, calm, mad, glad, sad, and happy. I've been outta school, in school, and made a fool of, played by the rules and not. Shit! The only reason I'm sticking around is to see what's gonna happen next.

A.J.
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Tomorrow's Harley

☐ The article "Tomorrow's Harley" really upset me. Let's hope that it will never be "tomorrow"! If Harley's moving into the stage where they have to compete with rice-rockets, that'll be the end of Harley-Davidson's image. Here's hoping that Harley will open its eyes wider and realize who the fuck actually buys their bikes. You don't even have to own a Harley to appreciate one; I'm a Triumph rider.

Darwin B. Foster
Regina, Saskatchewan

☐ What kind of asswipe do you guys use? The October '81 issue had the ultimate nonsense article titled "Tomorrow's Harley." I guess the author must've been sniffing kangaroo shit (or worse). You guys on the staff could've undoubtedly come up with a better version of tea-leaf readin' while snortin' graphite. Is that guy Chivers for real? Sounds like a checkout clerk at 7-11.

Les
Bloomington, Ind.

■ The title was asking a question — you missed the question mark. It was merely food for thought, not a prediction. The author was in Australia.

☐ If Harley ever goes the way this guy Chivers is talking, I hope AMF buys Harley back!

Mike C.
Charlton, Mass.

Cage Drivers

☐ The only time cage drivers meet bikers is after they make a left in front of us, fail to yield right of way to us, or try to shoot us with their oversized missiles.

Beemer Carl
Germany

An "Early" Riceburner?

☐ I have heard and read all about those old Harleys still runnin'. I don't think that's fair to the riceburners. I have a '71 Honda 750 that's still runnin' damn good, and a few of you should remember your beginnings on a riceburner.

Speed
Clearwater, Fla.

■ But does it have soul?

Naggin' Ol' Lady

☐ Just thought I'd let you all know how to handle them bitchin' and naggin' ol' ladies. Lately my house mouse has been out of hand, givin' me a lot of shit about equal rights and her job's not what I tell her to do, and stuff like that. Couldn't take it no more one day, so I took off my big old Harley belt and used it on her bare ass. Then I turned her over for one of the (no shit!) best fucks of my life.

Big Daddy
Elwood, Ill.

Wind 6

☐ Your recent issue of *In The Wind* is a fuckin' knockout.

There is some of the best and most farout photography I've seen in one place, and I just wish you could have given the locations of the shots.

Dirty Harry
Schenectady, N.Y.

Nothing's Like It Used To Be

☐ This letter is in response to Bob, Austin, Tex. (issue 98), and to all who cop his kind of attitude.

Sure, AMF doesn't make Harleys "like they used to." Nobody makes 'em "like they used to." It would cost a fortune. So they farm out some parts to some other firm.

I'm not sayin' my Lowrider is any better than your knuckle, pan, or whatever. And I'm not sayin' I agree with *all* of AMF's "progress." But Harley made progress, too. Glides work better than springers; swingarms work better than rigid. OHV works better than side-valves, but damn, I still love those flatties! So AMF had some problems. AMF Harleys are better than no Harleys, dammit.

So Harley owns Harley again. Great! But AMF was gettin' it together. Look at the Lowrider and the Wide Glide.

Young Rick
FPO New York

Try This

☐ Try this one. Here's to it, ain't nothing to it, but do it. If you can't do it, let me do it, 'cause I'm used to it! Don't ya know — imagine so! Anyway, how about let's get naked and get in a pile?

Pooch
Wake Forest, N.C.

666 Again?

☐ In the September '81 issue, on page 8, David Mitchell says, "anyone who takes and/or propagates" the number of the anti-Christ (666) "will lose out with God." Wrong.

Revelations, chapter 14, verses 9 and 10, says only if the man receives the mark on his hand or his forehead shall

Begone overpriced competitors!

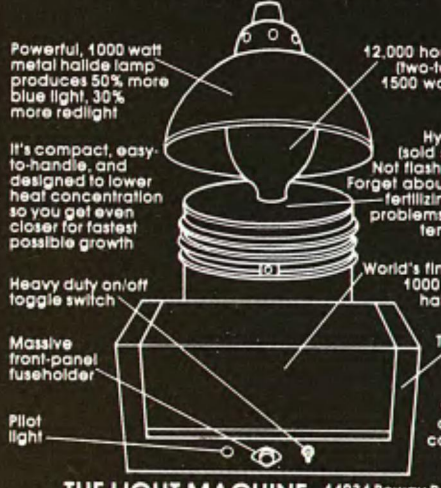
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he drink of the wine of the wrath of God.

Bud Keeton
Edmundson, Mo.

Shined On?

☐ Pup (Mike Miner) of Lakewood, Colo., J.M.C. prez: Remember Sturgis '81 at the Night Owl bar? Your bro Kenny's birthday was the same day as mine. I went to Colo. The address you gave me doesn't exist. Please get in touch.

Chrissy Romano
Cape Canaveral, Fla.

A Problem

☐ You have a problem. I have spent the past two years bustin' my ass savin' bucks for a putt and then you fools feature a spread about some dumb jerk's "Superglide" and the guy I live with goes out and buys one *after* I spend the two frigging years working and put up a non-refundable deposit on a bike so he'll have it by his birthday — and he buys one exactly like the one in your rag! But that isn't bad enough: Since he got the damned thing, he hasn't come near me in two months, and it's driving me crazy. I'm going to start a Harley bonfire, using your *Sleazyriders* as fuel!

Now that I've bitched and hollered at you, would you please say something and get him back over to my side of the bed?

Little Bit

■ Finish makin' the down payment, learn to putt, and join him, and if your side of the bed is as good as your mouth, he'll be back — can't make it with a bike alone, ya know.

Oil Spots

☐ In rating the oil system of a motorcycle, several factors contribute to the overall operating level: 1. Does it work? 2. What's the oil pressure? 3. Does the engine burn oil? 4. Does it leak? The most important factor is, of course, how much it leaks. Now to accurately calculate the leakage value, simply divide the diameter of the oil spot (in inches) by the time the bike has been parked (in hours).

After a three-hour tavern stop, for example, you find a three-inch spot under your tranny. Divide three by three. It leaks one iph. A constant dripper like mine leaks about two and a half iph. Any leaks over five or six iph should be investigated.

Red
Phoenix, Ariz.

A Question

☐ Did you guys know that the shitwater in a shitter swirls clockwise south of the equator?

Plumber
Silver Spring, Md.

Another Spider Offer

☐ I already went and hung around a tattoo shop and decided I was better off somewhere else. Now I'm sitting around partyin' and so on, waiting and lookin' for a nice, mean, good-lookin', medium-size scooter man who's with it and has got it.

Either ya got it or ya don't. I know I got it.

All right, all I'm asking for is Spider, or some of his scooter people to ride down my street. It needs it. I need it.

Kid
Burbank, Calif.

■ Depends on how "kid" is "Kid", and whether "Kid" is a she or a he. A she that close, and not an orangutan (Burbank's near the zoo, you know) or Quentin Quail, has come to the right spot.

Bikers Hassled

☐ We who ride motorcycles are doing our best to support the fight against Muscular Dystrophy.

Many people who attended a biker-supported MDA event and donated time and money became upset when, for no reason, the Virginia state police took advantage of the MDA event to check motorcycle operators' permits and spot-check state inspection violations.

There was no need for their presence. The event at the time was being policed by off-duty officers and it was orderly throughout the day.

Many feel that the unnecessary police presence did not hurt motorcycling, but it did hurt MDA. We who were given traffic summonses can pay them, but is this how the State of Virginia supports MDA and helps those who suffer from Muscular Dystrophy to get out of wheelchairs?

Daniel Timperio
Prince George, Va.

■ A biker is a biker is a biker.

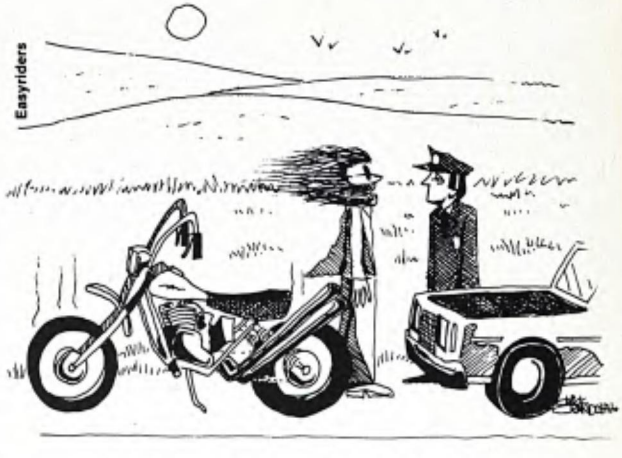
Scared 'Em

☐ You guys scared hell out of me! I thought it was the 'lude I'd taken earlier; then I realized the entire magazine, issue 100, was cut crooked. Gotta tell me what you've been doing so I can get some.

Ris
Colony, Tex.

■ The printer says that's not supposed to happen (the cutter is controlled electronically), but I've seen a copy trimmed wrong — and when I wasn't loaded, too!

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.* ■



"One hundred and thirty miles an hour? Are you sure it was one hundred and thirty miles an hour?"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Teddy Bears And Vespas

Did you ever love a warm puppy? Sized for one hand, but so squirmy it took two hands to restrain? Soft, cuddly and ornery? Did you ever love a teddy bear? The kind with roll-around eyes and rip-proof stitching? The one that landed with a soft *blump* after you pitched it out the second-story bedroom window? The one that, years later, finally yielded to the rotary-blade lawnmower; and after the dastardly deed had been committed, you explained that the stuffing was probably carcinogenic anyway? And you felt bad, because everyone is supposed to like warm puppies and teddy bears.

And Vespas.

Vespa, you understand, is universally recognized. The name. The profile. The vehicle. Before Honda, Vespa was the most widely known name in two-wheeling.

—*Cycle*

A Different Daytona?

Cycle Week in Daytona Beach in 1980 was not a success. There was the usual good racing, but downtown the attention paid to bikers by the various law enforcement groups, plus the rumors and alarms in the local newspapers, amounted to harassment. Some of us felt unwelcome and said so. There was talk — backed up later with action — of a boycott.

But because Daytona is our sport's premier motorcycle event, along with an excuse to get out of the cold in most parts of the country, and because a lot of other people from all the forms of motorcycling did some useful work, Cycle Week 1981 was an improvement as well as a success. . .

The real progress was downtown, on the infamous Main Street. Police were everywhere.

But they were polite. No tickets were given for drops of oil or to out-of-state riders who'd forgotten to turn on their headlights during the day. . .equally, there were fewer burn-outs, sidewalk excursions, and straight pipes. And there was less craziness from the bikers. The stores had "Welcome Motorcyclists" signs in their windows and the riders behaved like guests. There was improvement and courtesy from both sides. The hassles last year created a problem, and the problem appears to be solved. What's good for bike nuts, it turns out, is good for Daytona Beach.

—*Cycle World*

Tryin' To Kill Laconia

The piece of legislation that placed the Laconia Classic in jeopardy was House Bill 635, introduced by Representative Marshall French of Belknap, New Hampshire. The bill was publicly acknowledged by state officials as an attempt to discourage promoters from scheduling any future Nationals at Loudon, New Hampshire's Bryar Motorsport Park.

If enacted, the bill would have required that an "event of special significance" — defined as an activity likely to attract 5,000 or more people — would need a permit from all municipalities within a 15-mile radius of the site. A second provision would have required the promoter or sponsor of the event to bear the costs of all extra police requirements within the same 15-mile radius. . .

Before the state Senate took any action on the bill, the AMA launched an intensive lobbying effort aimed at preventing the adoption of the legislation. A hearing on the bill held before the Senate Transportation Committee drew 43 witnesses — 37 opposing the legislation and six in favor of the French bill. One of those who testified was AMA member Harold Homes, who predicted a sizable loss of tourist revenue if the state adopted the legislation.

When the vote finally came in the Senate, the bill was defeated 22-1. The outcome of the Senate's action also means that the bill cannot be introduced again for two years.

The rise and fall of HB 635, while demonstrating the effectiveness of a coordinated response by the AMA to a particular issue, also reinforces the need for all motorcyclists to remain vigilant and aware of legislative activity that may threaten their sport.

—*American Motorcyclist*

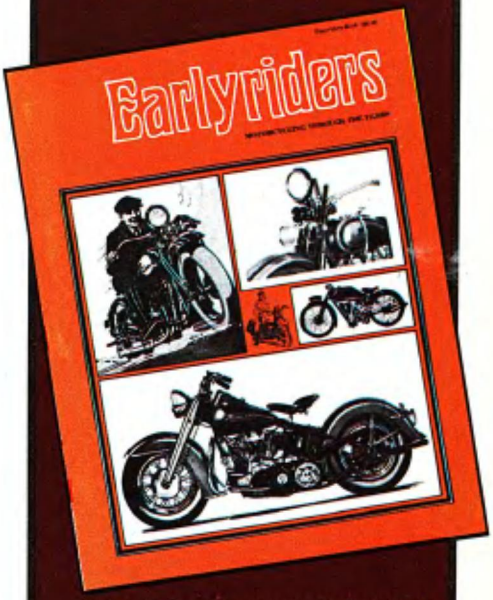
Testing Brakes

. . .if you have a strong distaste for pain, you should explore the safe limits of acceleration, braking, cornering, and loading *before* some sudden hazard happens along.

Except for small-bike owners, most of us can accelerate plenty fast. But not enough of us can *stop* fast enough — which is why so many riders manage to customize the sides of automobiles and deer and whatnot. When you consider that sudden stops are the usual method for avoiding an upcoming basho, you can understand why serious riders practice "panic braking" once a year. The goal of panic braking is to grab enough front brake and just enough rear brake to smoke to a straight-line stop without skidding either tire.

—*Road Rider*

SAVE MONEY ON THIS CLASSIC

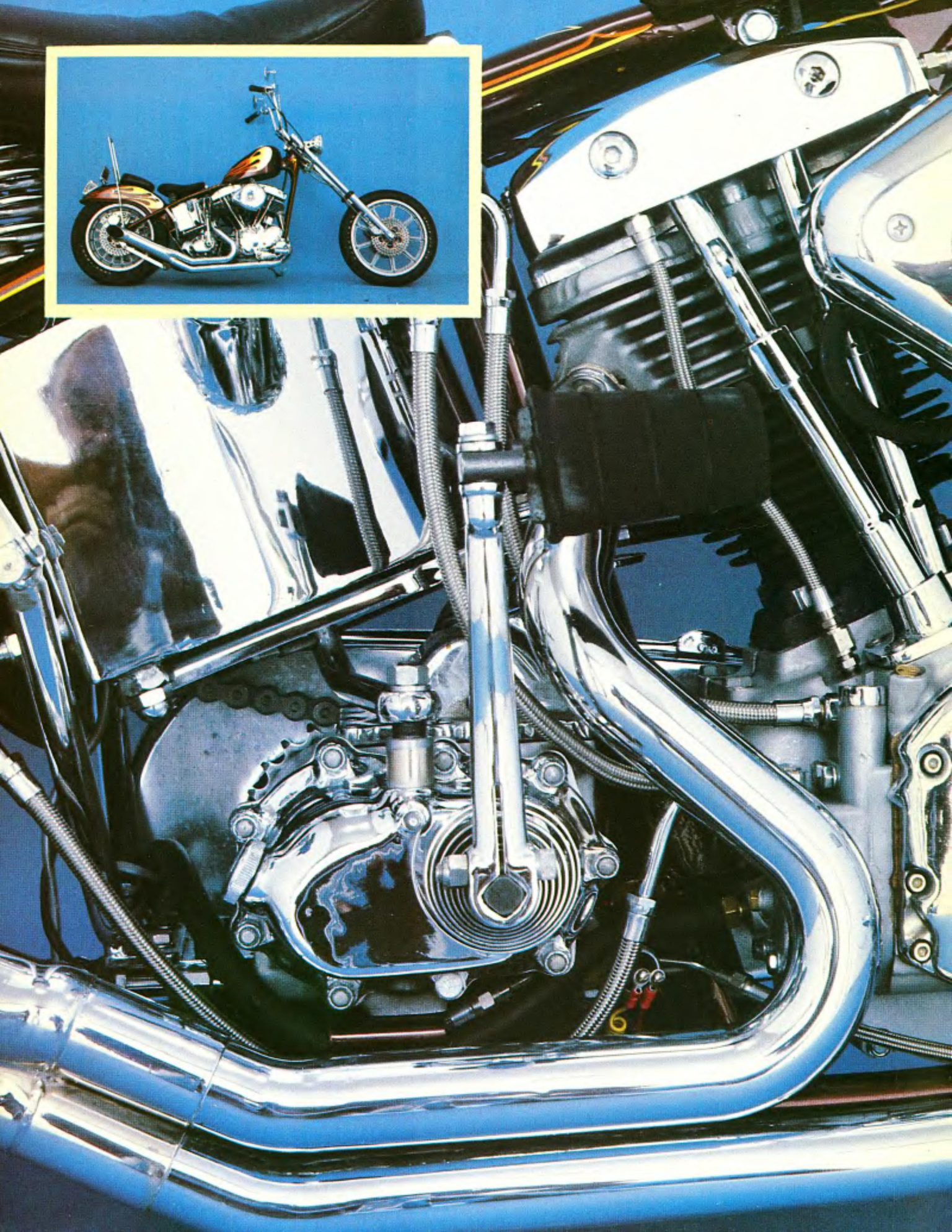


As you know, we sell Spider's **Earlyriders** — a 224-page collection of motorcycle memorabilia in a hardcover edition. (The ad is elsewhere in this mag.) We just discovered a stash of the exact same book, only with a "soft cover" on it — still a heavy, 100-pound cover, but it can be bent over, whereas 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').

Send your check or money order to:

Earlyriders,
Box 52,
Malibu, Calif. 90265

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



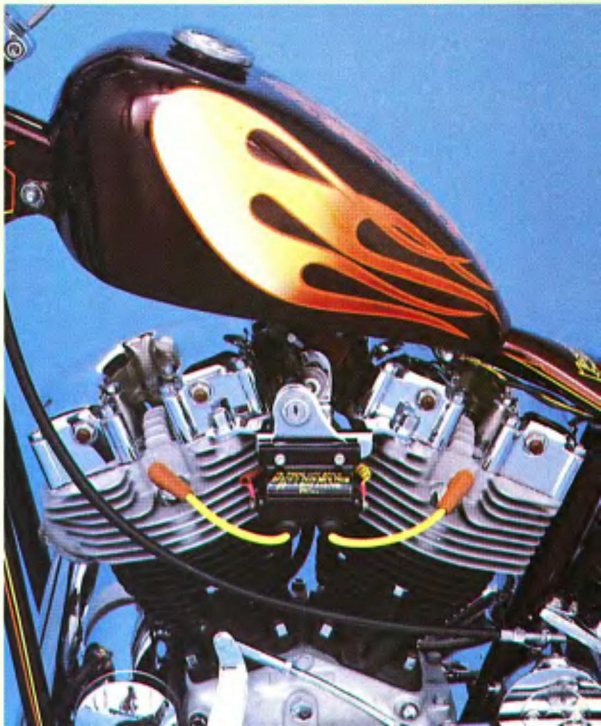
FAIR TRADE

Seems like deals on two wheels are a snap when you've got pavement-burnin' connections. Just about anything can be pulled off without a hitch when you've got tight bros in the area. Even gettin' a new sled together can be done without sweat an' a barrel of bucks.

Bob Brouett, a puttin' painter and the owner of the sled featured here, had been at a long brain-burner of a party at his partner Beggar's pad in Washington, a true Beggar's Banquet. While out in the middle of the Cascade wilderness, just ramblin' around, he discovered a rusting '63 GMC pickup truck that was actin' as the largest ashtray in the woods.

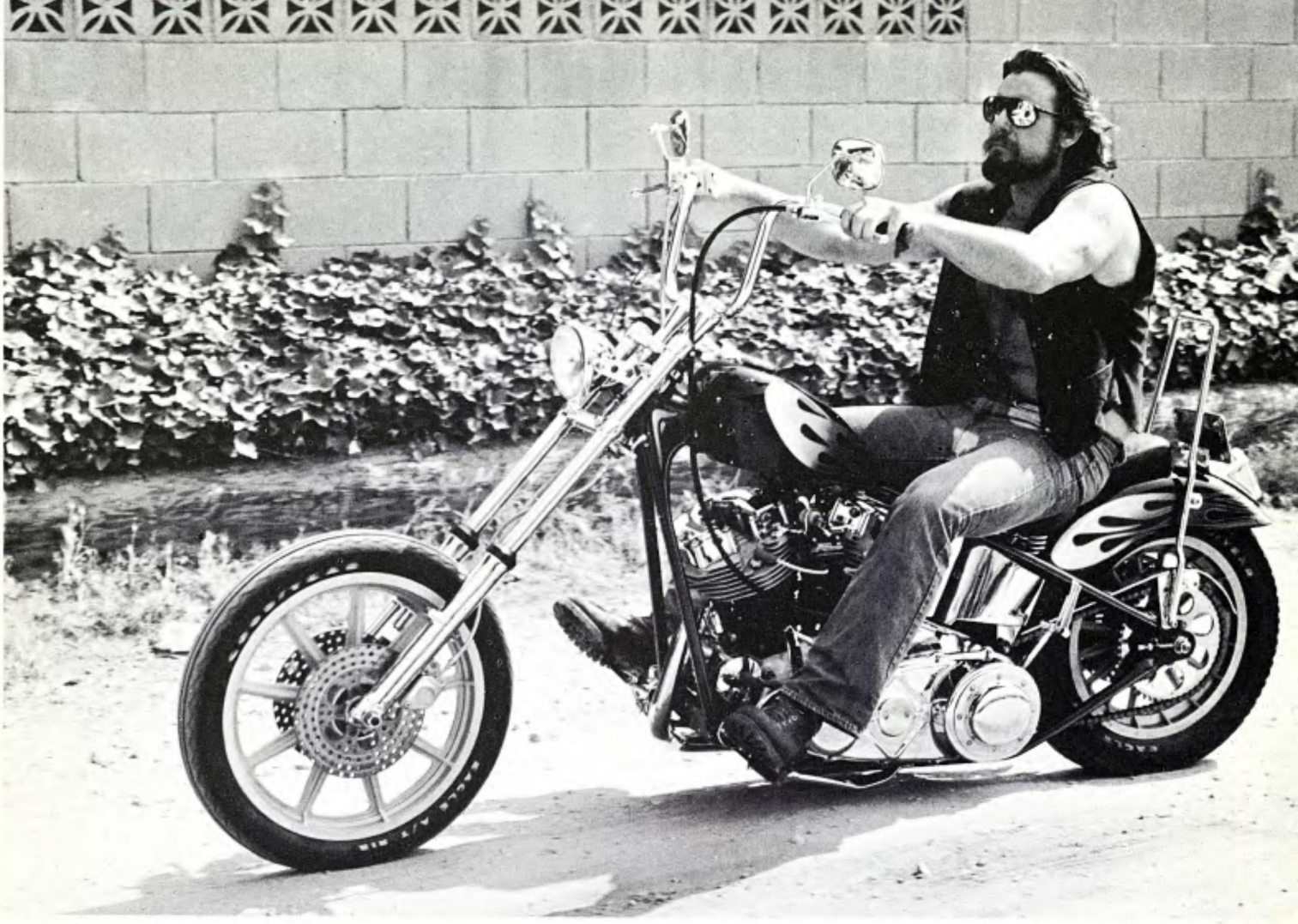
Bob swung a deal for the truck with a couple of C-notes. Later he towed it home and proceeded to get it ready for refurbishin'. Before the primer was dry, though, a shop-ownin' bro of Bob's, who had a need for a new parts truck, spotted Bob's truck salvage project and decided he wanted that one in particular.

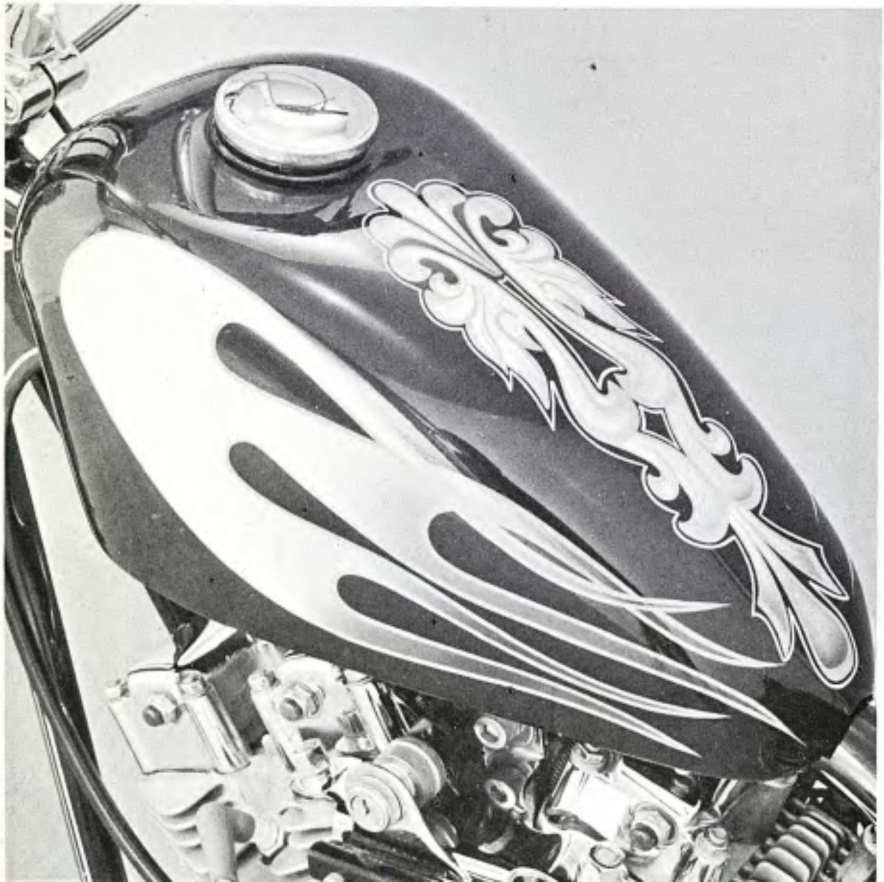
Negotiations went on for a few




EAGLE HS
GOODYEAR


EAGLE A/T RIB
EAGLE HST





joints, then it was decided. Bob would trade the truck in exchange for a shoppin' spree through Micah's parts stash. A shoppin' cart was employed as Brouett made like a kid in a candy store. With Micah offerin' suggestions, followin' him around with a cigar hangin' out his mouth, Bob loaded up on all the accessories he needed. Bars, tires, wheels, pipes, pedals, seats, battery, an' brackets overflowed the cart. Micah even tossed in a new engine, so all that was left for Bob to do was to put it all together and paint it — and that's right up his alley.

So what ya see is a bike that can't be found on just any showroom floor. Bob put it all together the way he wanted, with what he wanted, sayin' it's the best he's had in his fifteen years of ownin' 'em. An' Micah ain't bitchin' about his end of the stick, either. That's what ya call a fair deal. —Swindler

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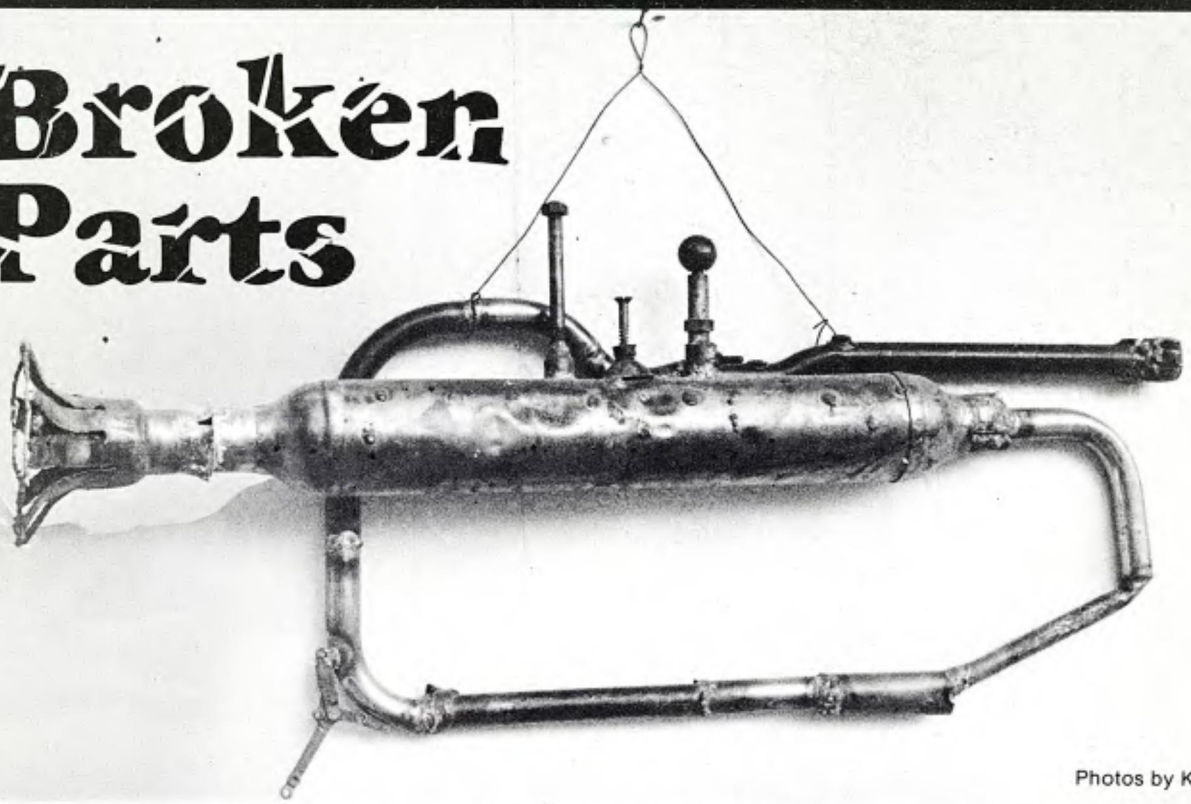
Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Bob Brouett	**City:** Canoga Park, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1980	
Year and make: '81 Low Rider	Builder: Paughco	
Model: custom	Type: rigid	
Value: it all depends	Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 2¼ in.	
Time: long enough	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Flanders	
Year: new	Risers: Flanders	
Model: FX	Fender(s): Electra Glide rear	
Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey	Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: key	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 84 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: yes	Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: owner	
Cases: House of Horse Power	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported and polished	Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): B-grind Andrews	Oil system: late model	
Lifters: S&S	Primary cover: early diamond	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: early knuckle	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Alphabet's	Height: 30 in.	
Muffler(s): Alphabet's	Material: 5/8 round	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews close ratio	Type: '80 Low Rider	
Year: early shovel	Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: fast	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: narrow	
Trans sprocket: Phase 3	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black and cherry red	Tire: Gdyr.	Tire: Gdyr.
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: flames and tank art by owner		
Other special modifications: check them out		

Broken Parts

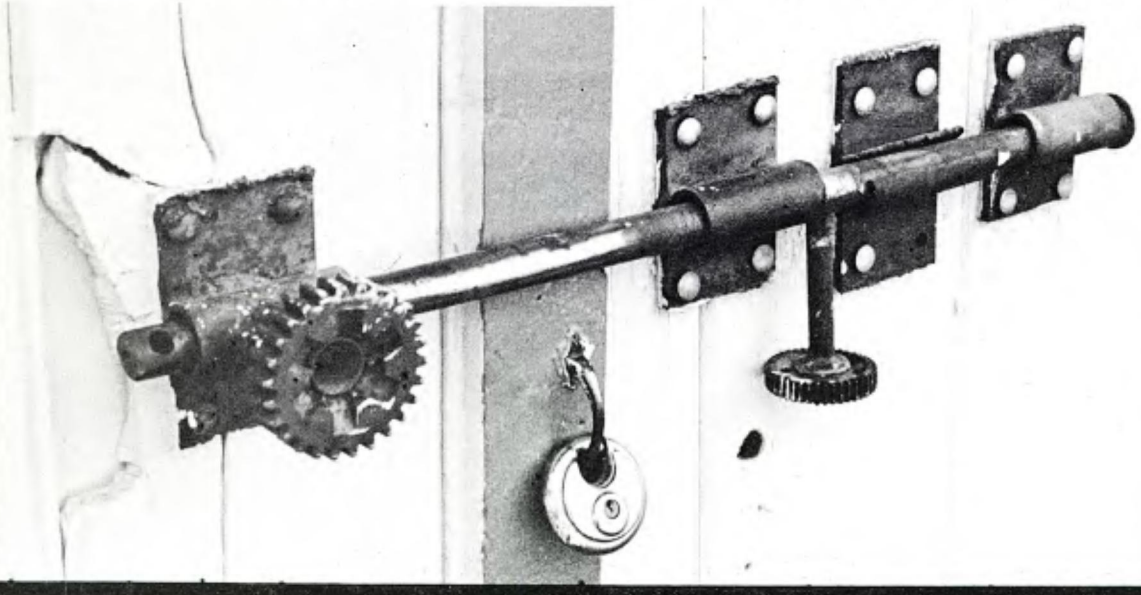


Photos by K. Ball

What did you do with all the parts that you shit-canned the last time you did a rebuild, or replaced after you got loaded that time and rode home on your side? Did you sell 'em for junk? Did you weld a chunk of your bent handlebar to the ol' lady's fryin' pan to save buying a new one? Did you use all the little rods and pins and connectors to make goodies to decorate your pad?

We think bikers are the most creative people in the whole stoned universe, and we're ready to put our money where our mouth is — we're gonna have a contest and give bucks to contest winners. It'll work like this: You take a good photo of some brilliant, useful, or just plain funky item you've made from broken motorcycle parts and send it to us. We'll print the best ones received and, to add some sugar, pay the owner of the most mind-blastin' creation $100 and the runners-up $25 each.

So get off your ass. Score a roll of film (black and white or color slide) and take a shot of that engine-case footstool, that crankshaft towel rack, that handlebar divining rod, or whatever. Send prints to Broken Parts, c/o *Easyriders,* Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We can use only in-focus, properly exposed flicks (no negative color or color prints), so get half straight and make an effort if you wanta win. ■



Here's Mud In Your Eye!



We had a helluva party — "we" being the lucky few who weren't tied down at the sweatshop, finishing an issue of this rag. They were on deadline as we were passin' through Deadwood (with its anti-bike signs) on our way to Sturgis, South Dakota.

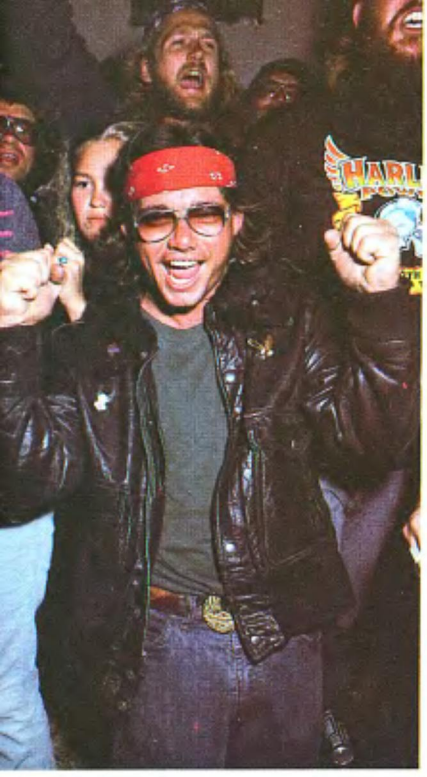
I shoulda started this by saying we had a helluva party most of the time. The rest of the time we had to work to earn our keep. Most of us thought that a trip to Sturgis would be our usual kicked-back scene of bikes, booze, and broads. We shoulda known better. All the real heavy juicers were back at the office, slavin' away on the magazine; thus only four or five of





















us made the scene and we had to keep our shit together because there were so many things that had to be done.

It dawned on us that this wasn't goofin' off as usual when we found ourselves bein' asked to do some manual labor ("asked" is a nice way of putting it). It wasn't long until our stay-awake stuff evaporated and we had to put the arm on some bros, who came through for us. This, plus our talkin' the honcho into hiring some local help — "they're used to working — shit, you're gonna kill us," we whined in unison. It worked. Locals were hired and the job got done — sorta.

Ya see, someone flashed on an idea prior to Sturgis Week —why don't we put on a show or somethin'? The somethin' turned out to be a mud wrestlin' contest between beautiful women. Great! Great! Now do it.

That idea part was easy — the rest was work. A theatre — make that a former theatre — was found. It had to be cleaned out, so







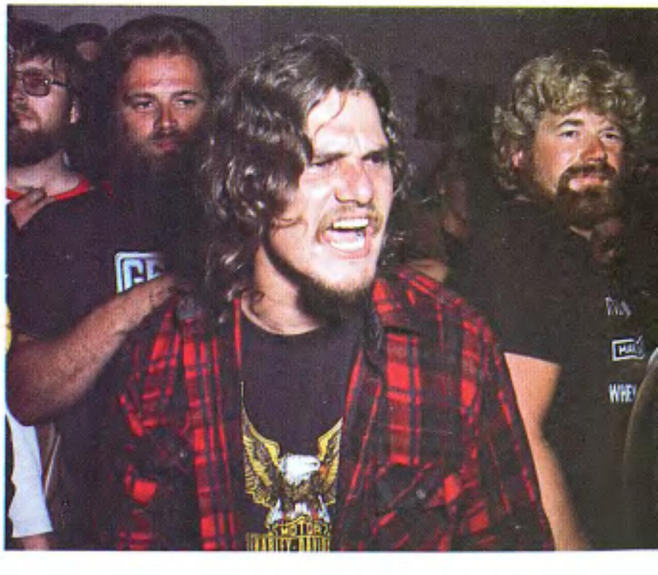


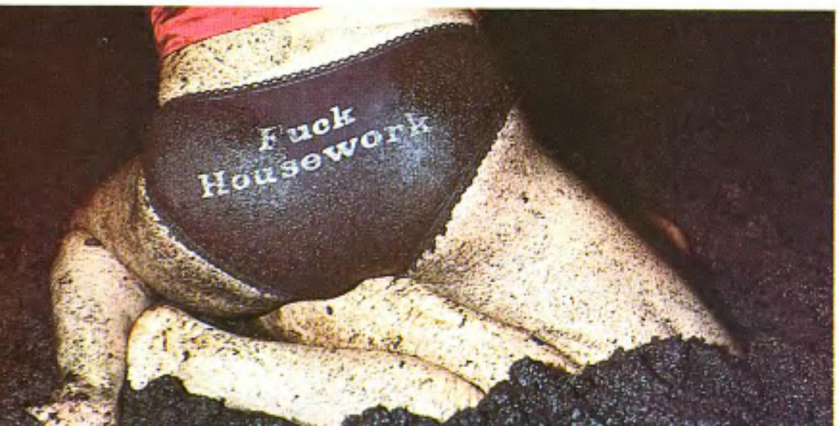











Fuck
Housework





Photos by Michael Lichter, Billy Tinney





naturally that was the first day everyone disappeared.

Someone had to turn on lights, arrange for permits, etc. This was an executive-type job, so there were a lot of volunteers. The police and district attorney had to be contacted and of course no one wanted that job. Signs were painted — sorta. Someone must have felt charitable and had gone to the local mental institution for those. A ring for mud wrestling was slapped together, a poor-boy stage was constructed, and finally we had a place for some shit-kickin' music and mud wrestlin' contests.

As you can see from the photos, some of the best-lookin' women who came to Sturgis joined in the fun and wrestled. They started out in swimsuits, the kind that women with good figures wear (very little), but those were soon pulled off during the wrestling contest.

If you've never been to a mud wrestling contest, you'll never really know how many views of the female body you get to legally see. Our art director, Michele, selected a batch of shots for this issue — as if she were a person attending the show. When many of the photos were killed for being too explicit, she said, "I thought that was why you guys went to them — to see girls in those positions." She was told that the people attending do, but if we showed them in the magazine we'd be kicked off the stands and out of many countries where censorship is stricter than in the U.S. She had brown-outs — you name it. Nice photos of beautiful women. There's nothing more beautiful than a beautiful female in the biker's world.

We had the contests nightly for the entire week. Between eyeballin' the women and cleanin' up the place afterwards (it looked like a ball park after a game), we didn't get in any puttin' until the afternoons. But we did get our ridin' in; we saw that everyone had another great week in the Black Hills.

—Burnout

Ruby

by Li'l Egypt

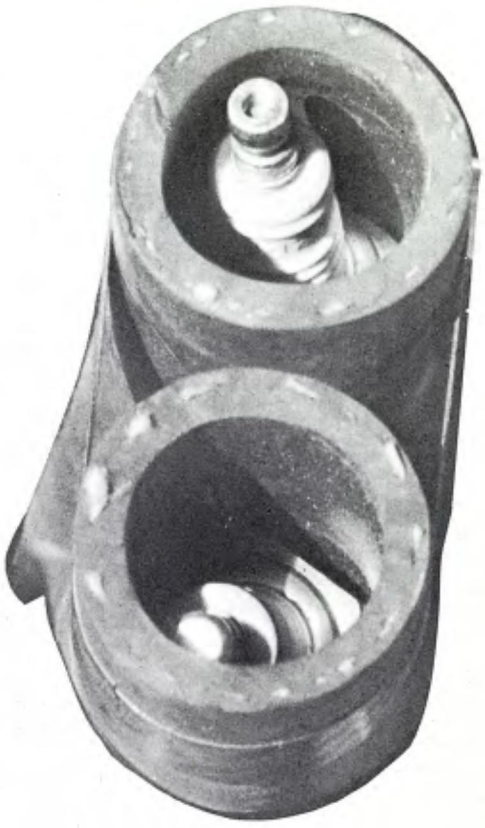
I guess it was around three a.m. when Oakie and Cowboy came roaring into the apartment through the front door, right across the bright-yellow shag carpet and onto my freshly waxed kitchen floor. Same ol' shit — it's impossible to keep a clean floor when your ol' man's a biker. Well, I drug my tired ass out of bed, ran a brush through my tangled black hair, and put on my best shit-eatin' grin. Like I really don't mind all the noise 'cause I gotta get up at five anyway, so I go into the front room to see what's happening. Great gawd all fuckin' mighty, they've snatched someone's mother!

Well, I mean she's gotta be *someone's* mother. She's fifty if she's a day, and I couldn't help but notice all those varicose veins that were bulging and that dyed red hair — *gag!* But then again, it did seem to distract from all the wrinkles on her face. I figured for sure she must not know what the hell she was doing if she was with these two badassed, leather-clad, loud-mouthed fuckers. My head began to clear, so I gave my ol' man and his bro a beer and then started digging through all the drawers for some uppers. About that time, Cowboy's ol' lady, Jinks, came stumbling into the front room, her long blond hair still messed up from sleeping, trying hopelessly to button up her blouse over those big tits of hers. With a look on her face that would've melted steel, "Creepin' Jesus," she hissed, "what the hell you trying to do? We've been kicked out of five apartments this year an' it's only March!" *Continued on page 111*




SON
Easyriders
VOID
SHEP





"Spare Plugs"

I always keep a set of extra spark plugs on my bike, although I don't need them for my sled. I carry them for my riding partner's stroker.

Leaving the bars at night, my partner Mike develops a nervous twitch that ends up fouling one or both of the plugs in his bike. It's to the point now where he doesn't have to ask if I'm holding an extra set of plugs; all he has to do is look over at me and I know that he can't clean it out with the throttle. By then I'm already digging in my tool bag for the spares already gapped for his stroker.

Usually I carry the spares in one of those 79-cent K-Mart special plug wrenches. But the other day, when I was going to lock up the sled in front of the tavern of my choice, I pulled the lock and chain from its resting spot in the tool bag and the top half of a spark plug came out stuck between two links in the chain.

Well, I guess it's better to find out now than for Mike to need a plug later and not have one. Dumping the lock and chain into the tool bag must have upset the plugs to the point of coming apart, but then you'll have that sometimes. Besides, Mike likes to remind me when I screw up.

So, after countless hours of counting bees in the loft of an old barn, the idea for this tech tip passed in front of me in a red blur, like a real religious experience. In fact it was simple: what I needed was something, like an old piece of heater hose, to protect the whole spark plug. Back at the shed I went head first into the parts department, only to find out that the biggest heater hose was 3/4 inch, which didn't come close to what I needed. So I jumped back on my scooter and shot down to the local auto parts place. I even remembered to bring a plug to check the fit.

True to form, they had what I needed, eight inches of 1-inch heater hose. The dude behind the counter laid it on me for a cold brew. It sounded like a deal to me.

Back at the shed again, I cut the hose halfway through in the middle to make it fold up and take less room in my tool bag. I fixed up two fresh plugs for Mike's stroker, put them in the hose, and wrapped some black electrical tape around the hose to hold it together. The whole thing is just a tad bigger than a pack of smokes. It should fit any tool bag, toolbox, your back pocket, or even the luggage the ol' lady carries around.

Well, I've run off at the mouth long enough about this spare plug holder; now I've got to go talk Spider into giving me the rest of the week off so I can put my mind in shape for next month's tech tip.

Later. . . —Wrench

Photos by Frank


SCRUB
THE LUCKY BIKE BUM
BY: FELIX
mmmm! good POT!
PSSSSsuck!
mmm! good WINE
POOT!
mmm! good BUTT!
ZZZZZZ!
CRASH!
NOW FOR A NICE LITTLE NAP!
THAT NITE
SPLAT!
POOT!
THE END!
Easyriders

SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION

If you're not used to it, lightning is awesome!

An off-the-wall subject for a rag? Maybe. But someone who was born and bred in southern California — well, it makes you pucker when, on trips to different sections of the country, you get caught in a thunderstorm where the entire humongous sky sounds like it's gonna fall on you and lightning bolts look as big as searchlights at a circus. There you are, and the only shelter around you is barrel cactus — it sorta makes you wonder if you should shit or go blind. (You understand that we in southern California don't have Mother Nature pulling a Claybrook on us like that — an earthquake, a fire or two, yes, but never a storm from nowhere, as if someone had pulled the plug in the sky, with blasts of lightning everywhere, giving your hair the frizzles and your ass the drizzles.) So be prepared — read on.

If you're one of the many who think of lightning as something not very dangerous, the following is for you.

Consider the sudden end of Milton Martin, for instance. Martin, an employee at the Harley factory, was riding his Hog through the plains some years ago when he heard a few thunderclaps. Since it wasn't even raining, he thought little of it and rode on. Five minutes later, Milton Martin, sitting tall in the saddle and dominating the flat, featureless terrain around him, was struck and killed by lightning. Lots of ways to die on the road, you say? True, but how many of them are so sudden and powerful that they *melt* your sunglasses and fuse them to your face?

As this is being written, another rider, Gordon Shepard, is in critical condition in a Saginaw, Michigan, hospital with burns covering more than 25 percent of his body, burns received when lightning struck his *helmet* while he was riding down Interstate 75 during a brief thunderstorm. (You'd think if God was going to smite someone over the helmet issue it would be the perpetrators of the law, not the victims — but that's another story.)

What is lightning? Think of it as a massive charge of static electricity, the same kind of static electricity that causes you to get a shock when touching a doorknob after scuffing your feet on a carpet — only magnified a couple of million times. During a thunderstorm various electric charges are built up between the surface of the earth and the base of the clouds. The polarities of the charges are exactly opposite; that is, one is composed of negative ions and the other of positive ions. When the pressure of attraction between the positive and negative charges becomes great enough at any given point, it will be relieved by the discharge of what is commonly called a lightning bolt — a discharge so powerful that it instantly heats the air surrounding it to such a high temperature that the air expands with the force of an explosion, producing what we call thunder.

Though lightning bolts hit somewhere on earth about 100 times every *second,* you have relatively little to fear if you follow a few simple precautions, most of which are simply good common sense.

First, get off your bike. Metal is a great conductor and, in flat country, your bike could act like a lightning rod to attract the electricity. For the same reason, the best place to hang out in a lightning storm (especially a thunderstorm) is a metal or metal-frame building (but *don't* let yourself come in contact with any of the metal parts). The lightning will strike the building and be conducted by its metal parts right to ground, where it dissipates harmlessly. Any other buildings that offer shelter are also better places to be than out in the open, but stay away from open windows, doors, and electrical equipment, such as radios or TVs.

If you're stuck outdoors, remember the hard lesson of "Tall-in-the-Saddle" Martin and *get the fuck down.* Lightning normally heads for the tallest item in the area it strikes. Lie down in a ditch, find a cave or dig a foxhole, but whatever you do, don't stand up shakin' your fist at the heavens and railing against the loss of a good riding day.

If you're near tall trees, get far enough away so that one of them won't fall on you if it is struck. If you're in the forest, stand under a protective bunch of small trees surrounded by bigger ones.

Once settled into a safe place, you might as well amuse yourself brushing up on your math. To determine whether the lightning storm is getting closer or moving out, count the seconds between when you see the lightning and when you hear the thunder and divide by five. The number you get will tell you approximately how many miles away the lightning is. If you can't hear the thunder, it usually means the lightning is more than 15 miles away.

Well, bros, that's the end of today's lecture in nature studies. If any of you want to tie a key to a metallic kite string and go out and play Ben Franklin, go right ahead, but remember, before you go, to tell the ol' lady to send us a picture of what's left of you to illustrate our next article on the subject. Myself, I'm not much into playin' Zeus; I'll stick to getting my jollies from that lightnin' known as white. Might be just as deadly in the long run, but it sure tastes better goin' down. —Mr. Whizzer

Photo from The Bettmann Archive



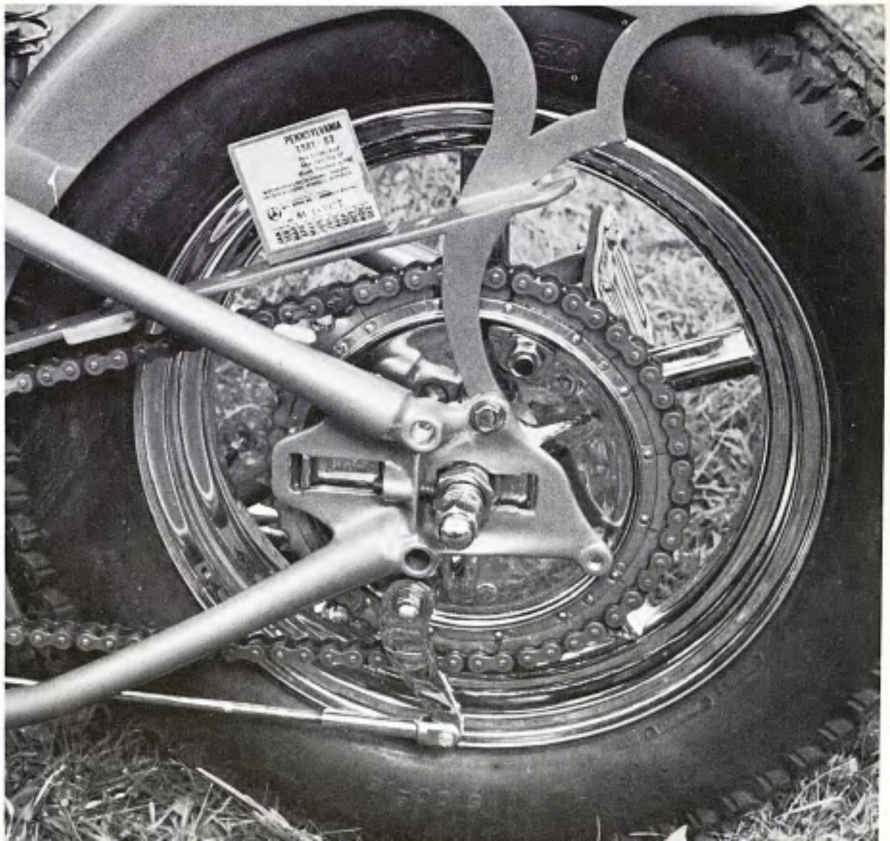
READERS' RIDES



Unless you were actually one of the drug-saturated basket cases who work for this rag and could see the volume of mail we receive every day, you wouldn't believe how many proposed feature bikes come our way. The pile looks like Bunker Hill with stamps.

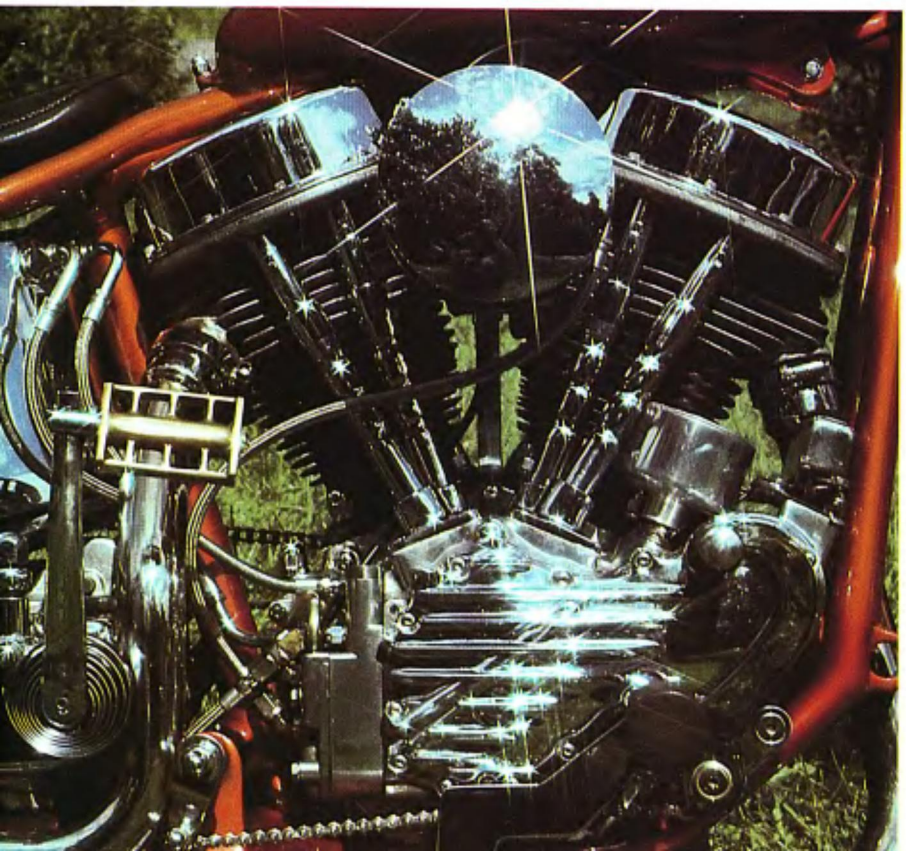
We generally feature only three bikes per issue, so we have to give the ax to most of the bikes sent in, usually because the sled just doesn't come up to our state-of-the-art standards. But sometimes the problem is the flicks — just not enough of them or enough top-quality shots to please Spider's demanding eye (though he makes no such demands when it comes to women). So once in a while we work up a multi-bike feature with what we've got, while still not compromising our primo-level standards, like in the bikes you see here. Enjoy.





Photos by Wizard





This '49 pan is the result of a tight bond between bros.

For ten years the panhead sat basically idle, almost as if it were waitin' to get out of its '60s custom chopper suit an' into today's ridin' game. When it was bought from a seventeen-year-old in Levelgreen, Pennsylvania, it had the '60s chopper look — long front end, wild rake, pullbacks, banana seat, flat rear fender, an' a three-foot sissy bar with a sharp point on the end.

Life moved on, bringin' with it a divorce that set the owner, Tom Drakulic, free to hit the road. Bike styles changed, as did the tastes of bikers, and Tom was no exception — he wanted a with-it scoot.

That's where his tight bro, Mel, comes in. Tom dropped it off at Mel's shop with the directions to "do somethin' with it." Soon Mel had drawn up a set of plans in tune with the style of the day while bein' unique at the same time. Tom approved.

Tom now has his freedom to putt anywhere, as often an' for as long as he wants, as well as havin' a beautiful bike an' the urge to make up for lost time.

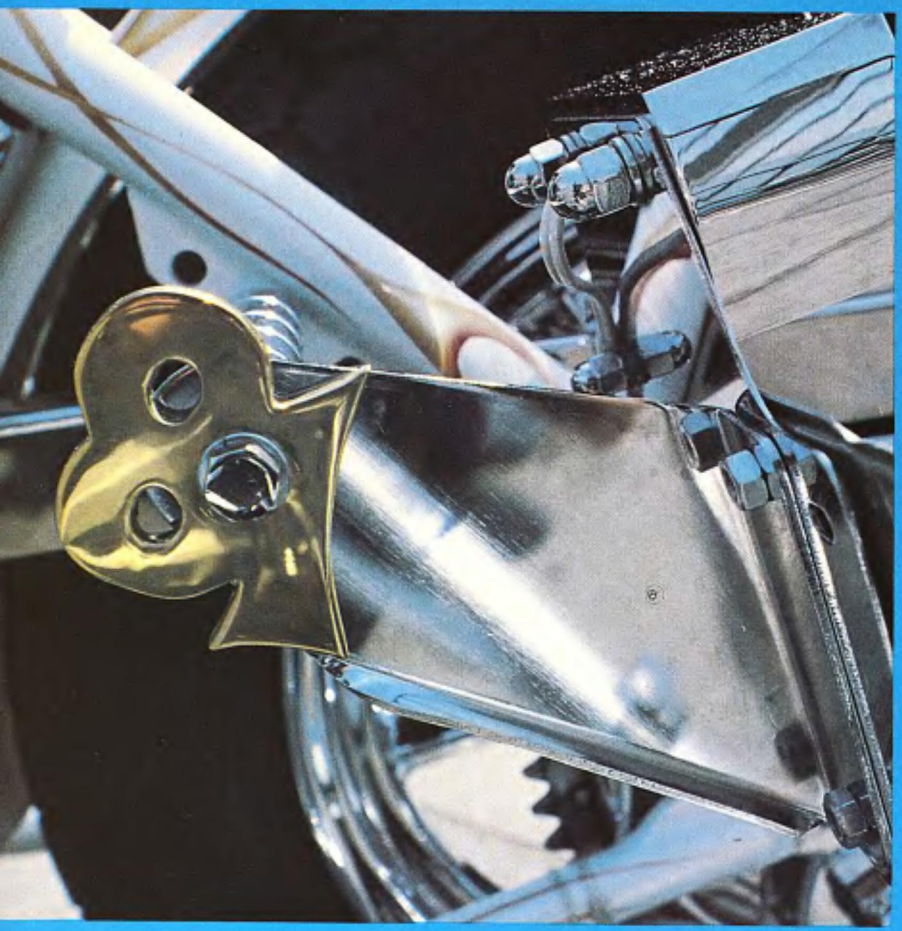


Photos by Louie Lombi



READERS' RIDES





From the heart of New York City comes this prime fuckin' example of livin', thumpin' motorcycle art. Here's mechanical flawlessness and detail so fine you'd expect to see it on display in a fine arts museum. But no way. This sled gets hell ridden into it every day of the year — and everyone knows the calendar doesn't grace the Big Apple with the most desirable ridin' climate on the globe. But hard ridin' New Yorkers learn to live with it.

Chuck Zito, the owner, fabricated this FLH featurin' a '63 pan bottom and a '73 shovel top end, with the help of his bros from around the East. It took two years to get the bike to this degree of perfection. The engine was built by Bobby Harley from the Bronx, the machine work is by Louie Lombi from Jersey, the chroming is by Jimmy Thiese at Express Plating, an' the tank art is by Richie Fuggetta, of Yonkers.

All other work was by Chuck. Handmade items include the remolded gas tank, the upswept pipes, air cleaner, foot pegs, seats, motor mounts, an' paint. The extension is 18 inches over. He's runnin' H-D hubs, a juice brake, and a belt drive with Andrews gears.

The scoot is dedicated to the Beast From The East. Gone but not forgotten.



READERS' RIDES



Photos by Frank Gery and Rick Baker

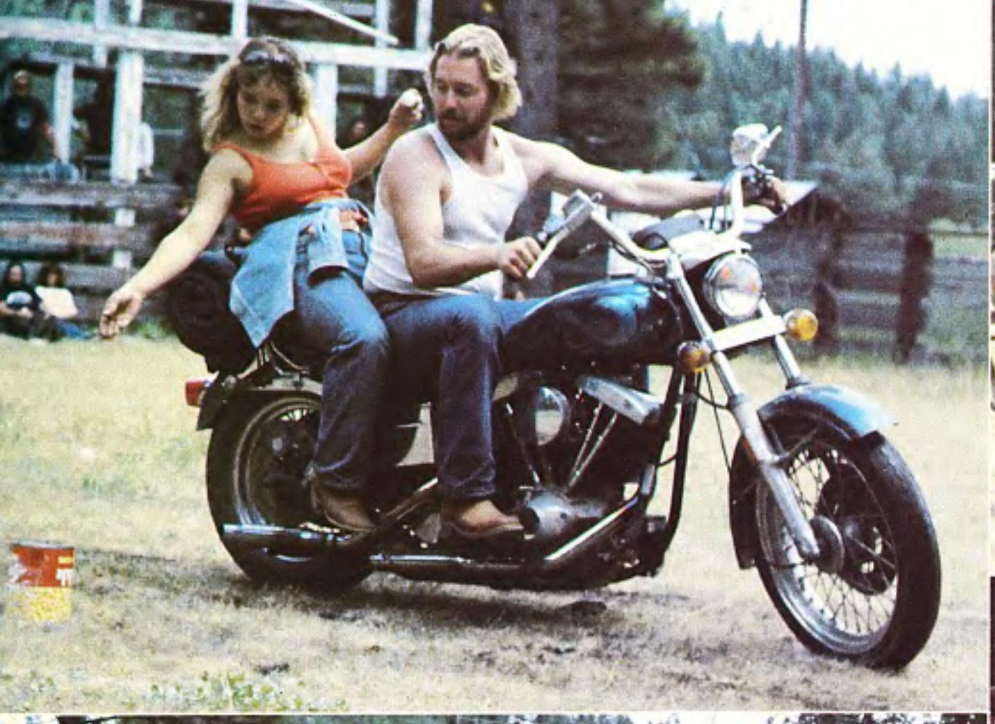
This snappy Sportster is a perfect example of the delays incurred when a Hog is submitted to us through the mails and something is lacking, like good detail shots in black and white. Due to the volume of photos we receive, the scoot gets put on the back burner, doin' a slow boil till the owner gets his patience cooked, but good, and demands everything be returned — ASAP.

Hey, but not Curt Pope, the builder and original owner of this fine '66 Sportster, who rides outta Durham, North Carolina, and makes his bucks by paintin' custom scoots in his area. Anyway, Curt sent his first batch of shots to us over a year ago. Since then the mail between us has grown to the point that a red-tape-wieldin' bureaucrat would be proud. Lotsa logjams.

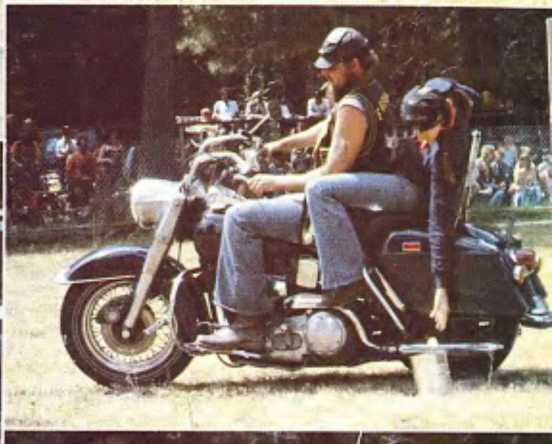
The Devil's Tool, as Curt calls it, saw some changes through the years. Now the bike has been sold to one of Curt's bros, Mike Stone. Devil's Tool ain't a beauty queen no more. We're told Mike works the poor Devil like a Clydesdale pullin' a beer wagon. But so what. The scoots bein' used, an' as a result of bein' featured, will be honored with a blowout, courtesy of Curt. Party hearty, bros.

—Rags















Games Bikers Play

We all know there ain't nothin' better than goin' on a run. Gettin' in the wind, leavin' all hassles behind — just you, the scoot, an' yeah, maybe the ol' lady.

Once ya arrive at the run site it's time to hit the beer (and other things), eye the women and bikes, an' generally cut loose. It's party time.

Usually at planned runs, the sponsoring clubs arrange motorcycle games an' contests to keep the scooter people amused.

Just about anything goes, as you're well aware. Could be a tug-of-war, with a sloppy mudhole in the middle awaitin' the losers. A chow-down contest to see who can wolf down the most flapjacks, or who can chugalug the most brew the fastest. Who can ride his bike the slowest between two points. Prizes for the rider who rode the farthest to make it to the run. Who's the youngest rider, or the oldest, an' which club has the most members in attendance. There's always the inevitable wet T-shirt contest, that usually evolves into a tossin' of the cloth for closer scrutiny by those wantin' a better look before makin' a decision.

Some other fun and games are droppin' an egg in a can from a bike puttin' past without breakin' the egg. A chick giving directions while packin' to a blindfolded dude to get them through an obstacle course. Bros an' their women workin' together. Then there's the contest where the gal tries to put a lip lock on a weenie suspended in midair from a movin' motorcycle (see photos). A funny scene — interesting — if you never saw how big a woman's mouth can get.

No matter what the activity, it's always a trip. Which once again just goes to prove it's fun to get out there an' get involved in the best lifestyle there is. Two wheels forever.

—Loudmouth





Photos by Linda Barbour

DOWNTIME

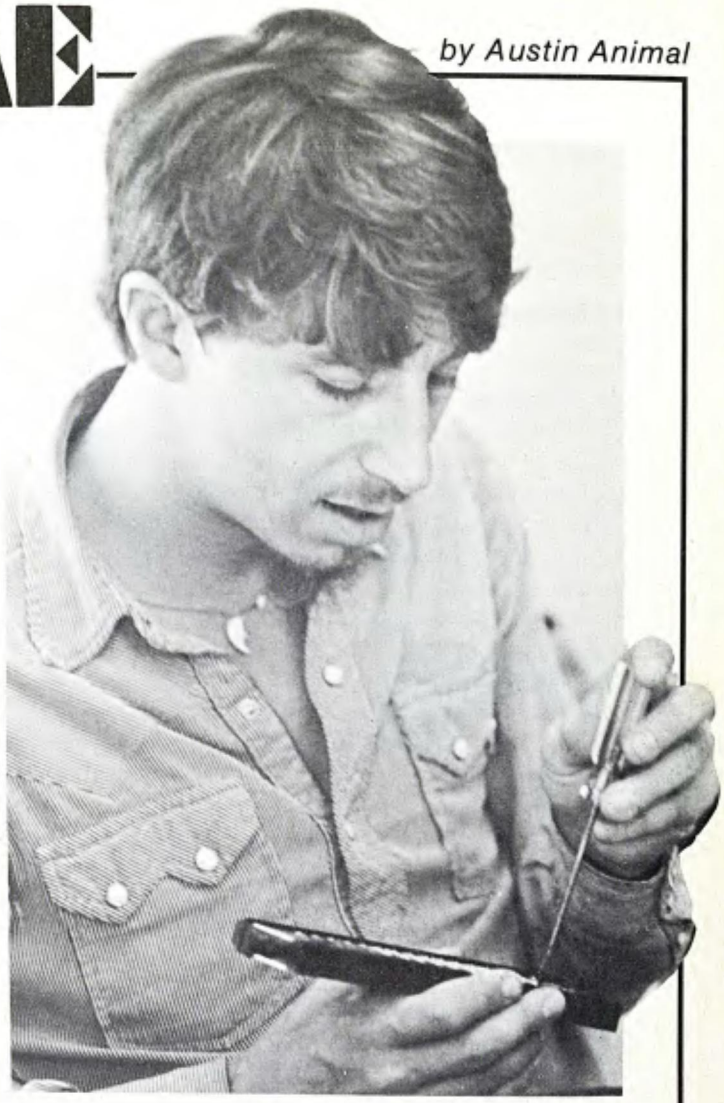
by Austin Animal

For my money, Norton Buffalo is the best damn harmonica player on the music scene today. Now, the name Norton Buffalo isn't exactly a household word, in spite of the fact that he's performed widely as a session musician with a great variety of artists — America, Commander Cody, Steve Miller, the Doobie Brothers, and the Marshall Tucker Band to name only a few. In addition, he's had supporting roles in a few movies, most notably as Bette Midler's manager in "The Rose." But, primarily because of poor promotion by his previous record label, Capitol, and his own preference to confining his touring to the West Coast and the Northwest, relatively few rock fans are familiar with his solo work. But believe me, this guy's too good to remain on the bench — he's a first-stringer in anybody's league.

I, too, would probably still be in the dark about Buffalo if my wild and woolly drinking buddy, Sport, hadn't talked me into going to see a magician about two years ago — that's right, a magician. It was a Saturday night and since we'd been guzzling tequila all day, we'd reached such new heights (or depths) of obnoxious behavior by the evening that our dates had split together, leaving us to sop up our suds alone, mumbling incoherent invectives about women and their notorious lack of a sense of humor. Then, out of the blue, Sport came up with the bright idea of riding into town and catching Ricky Jay at a local club.

Ordinarily, I'd have refused, since a guy pulling rabbits out of his ass isn't my idea of entertainment. But Sport managed to convince me that this was something special, telling me Jay could, among other feats, fling an ordinary playing card with such force that it would stick in a watermelon. I was just drunk enough to find the idea intriguing, figuring maybe I could learn to do the same thing and someday surprise a poker shark by zinging a card into his face when he tried to hustle me. So we jumped on our scoots and cruised over to the club.

The opening act was announced — Norton Buffalo — and I steeled myself with more alcohol in anticipation of what I expected would be another loud and amateurish set by some local (I assumed) aggregation of post-adolescent punksters. My fears were reinforced when I saw the band and its lead singer. (I had made the assumption that Norton Buffalo was the name of the entire group, not the actual name of its leader, as was the case.) You can imagine my apprehension and depression when I saw a skinny dude with short hair take the stage decked in an outfit that looked like he'd stolen it from a creature from another planet — sort of a brocade zoot suit with a cummerbund that made it look *Continued on page 76*











Photos by Kim Peterson

P · E · S · T · S

The parasite who imposes on the good fellowship of the other riders on the road — He never carries a tool, pump or tire repair outfit —



The hot stove artist who is always boasting about the fast miles he rides when he is out alone - when no one can check up on him —



And, of course, the throttle-snapping fiend who either pries open or saws off the muffler pipe - No justice tempered with mercy here - let the punishment fit the crime -



The "former" motorcycle rider who, once, 20 years ago, had a ride on the back of his brother-in-law's machine and knows all about 'em —



Reprinted from *The Enthusiast*, 1931.

PASSIN' THROUGH

by Jody Via

I hit the town looking for some bikers to party with.

I had just ridden out of the part of the Deep South where the good ol' boys still wear bedsheets to midnight socials, and where I'd done a sixty-day stretch in the worst redneck slammer since Cool Hand Luke got his. All I wanted after I put a hundred miles, two rivers, and a state line between me and the Boondox County Jail was plenty of brew and someplace to get high in. What I was hunting for as I rode down the main drag of the first middlin'-sized burg I hit was a drinking spot where I could put my thirst-quenching plan in motion. A bona fide biker bar, if my luck ran good — or a less-exclusive common pub if need be.

I passed up two discos and a sock hop at the "Y" without giving them a second glance. A few sedate cocktail lounges and piano bars on the more shadowy side streets also failed to appeal to me; likewise the country and western dives. Me and street-corner cowboys aren't very compatible. The last redneck saloon brawl I almost won was what cost me the two months downtime I had just finished doing, and I wasn't on the prod for another scuffle so soon after getting out. I was simply lonely for my own kind of people, and on the scout for a partyin' place where I could mellow out with folks who spoke my language.

I putted around town for an hour, giving several taverns single-beer onceovers, before I found a joint that looked like my kind of place. Blaring jukebox music alerted me to the night-spot while I was still a block away. When I got closer, lo and behold, I saw two Beezers and a Sportster curbed with the cages out front. If I was a religious type I'da broke down then and there and given thanks. The sight of those scoots was that welcome, and I was that happy to be parking beside them.

The bar itself had one of those cross-country names, The Red Lion. I once got some pussy out behind a Red Lion bar in Perry, Georgia. There's a Red Lion in Lexington, another in Cincinnati, and one that I know of somewhere in upstate Michigan. Not to mention those I haven't run across yet. Inside, the first thing that caught my attention was a go-go girl on a painted plywood stage laid across two booths in the front corner. She was staggerin' around the "stage" like a puppet on strings. Somebody must be passin' around reds, I thought. I strolled the length of the bar and took a stool at the end, where I could look the place over, trying to spot the bros who belonged to the bikes outside. It was a jumping joint. Not hectic, but with plenty of action.

The booths along the wall were full, as were the tables back by the dance floor. Drinkers were shoulder-to-shoulder along the bar, with others grouped behind them in clusters of laughter and conversation. Barmaids with loaded trays scurried through the crowd. I saw several dudes wearing scooter pins and patches on their vests, most with a chick tucked under one arm or perched on their lap. One guy who caught my eye pretty quick was a bushy-bearded big'un with two Daytona pins on his Brando cap. Another gent, standing nearby, was wearing a muscle shirt with Snake River Canyon printed across the chest. A dude beside me at the bar had a scar tattooed on his forearm.

This was taking place in one of those unfortunate parts of the country that still has a helmet law, so my bucket was sitting on the bar by my elbow. The guy next to me spotted it while he was sipping foam from his beer.

"Hello, bro! How's it goin'?" he greeted me.

"Fine so far," I said.

"I'm Stud." He stuck out his mitt and we shook. "You're new around here, ain't you? Well, you found your way to the hot spot, for sure. This is the boogyin'est joint in town. Here, lemme buy you a welcomin' round. Say, I see you've got your lid with you. What are you ridin'?"

"That pan out front. Thanks for the beer. Okay if I ask you a question?"

"Sure," he said. "What do you wanna know?"

"Well, I saw three bikes on the street when I pulled in, but there looks to be more scooter people than that in here. Where does everybody park? Is there a lot out back or what?"

"'Scuse me a minute, bro. Don't mean to cut you off, but I see somebody I need to talk to. Hey, Killer! Over here!" Stud called to a passing acquaintance. After introductions all around, Killer having a chick in tow, the two dudes drifted off through the crowd with their heads together, confabing about kilo quality and somebody's ass they were going to kick. They left the broad behind to keep me company.

"My ex-ol' man had a motorcycle," she cooed, linking her arm through mine on the bar.

"Oh yeah? What kind?" I asked, for something to say.

"A chopper. That was my ex-ol' man; I don't know if I mentioned it. I don't have a steady guy now." She batted her lashes at me.

"You mentioned it. See you around." I strolled up the bar and ordered another beer.

"Hey, is that your sled outside?" the dude on my left asked when I sat down.

"One of them is, yeah."

"Chopped, ain't it?"

"That's the one."

"Chop it yourself, did you?"

"Uh-huh. With some help from a couple bros. What are you riding?" I asked him.

"Aw, my putter is down right now," he said mournfully.

"That's a bummer," I sympathized. "What's wrong with it?"

"Carb trouble. The float's sticking real bad. How's about another beer, bro?"

"No, thanks. This one's still fresh."

"You guys talkin' about bikes?" the fellow on my right asked, leaning forward and introducing himself. "The name's Ace. I'm putting up a custom machine myself. I don't believe in shop-built sleds, know what I mean? I do all my own work."

"Is that right? Tell me about it," I invited with genuine interest.

Ace took a long swallow of beer to prime his throat for talking, then

Continued on page 98

Illustration by Duffy Duggan





—Photo from Milwaukee Public Library

When Does A Biker Go Wrong?

It depends on who you ask. A biker's mother will always blame the bad crowd he hung around with. His father will blame the fact that he didn't take up the same profession (see photo above). His sister will say it all commenced when he started smoking a nice-smelling tobacco in his room. His high school principal will claim it had to be caused by ideas he got from reading a foul magazine called *Easyriders*. But no one from the outside will ever really understand what a person who rides a motorcycle sees in it. They have to feel it — and unfortunately, many will never get the opportunity. The closest thing to the feeling of freedom and the good times of riding is reading *Easyriders*.

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National
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Easynews

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

Puttin' home together

"It seemed only right," bro recalls

Fred Geobert's bros remembered.

"He said last year that he hoped when he died he'd hit something so hard nobody could separate him from his bike," one recalled. So, when Fred was killed by a dump truck making an illegal turn in front of him, it seemed only right that his bike be buried with him.

"He liked to get high and ride," a bro recalled. "He enjoyed himself till it was time to go."

Services for the 27-year-old Columbus, Ohio, biker were subdued, marred only by the presence of two undercover cops from the Columbus Police Organized Crime Unit. As Fred's ol' lady, Terri, wept quietly, the Harley was started and allowed to idle as it was pushed into the grave. It was covered with gravel and the coffin placed on top of it.

Perhaps the mood of the service was best summed up by one of the fallen bro's closest friends, "Big Tony" Russ. Standing over the grave, Big Tony said his last goodbye to a righteous brother whose life was a definition of the phrase "hardcore biker."

"That's the best way we know how to do it, Fred," Big Tony said, as he turned and headed for home.



Photo by Amy Sancetta, Columbus Dispatch

Indian museum rally a success

A recent rally attracted more than 3,000 fans of the "Crimson Steed of Steel" to the Indian Motorcycle Museum at Springfield, Mass. — the same town where George Hendee and Oscar Hedstrom started the Indian Motocycle Co. (the "r" came later) in 1902.

The museum, started as a private collection by Charles Manthos ten years ago, was opened to the public about two years back.

"I just wanted people to be able to come in and enjoy these marvelous machines," Manthos said.

Certainly the 3,000 visitors at the rally — ranging from club bikers wearing colors to engineers in three-piece suits — were living proof of Manthos's vision.

Many of the aficionados rode or towed their own restored Indians to the festival. Paul Pierce hauled three bikes all the way from Michigan. "I've got ten or eleven more Indians at home in the garage," he told the press.

Lionel Huel had a passenger in the sidecar of the '47 Chief he has ridden since 1950. The passenger? His six-year-old grandson. "I've ridden motorcycles since I was a kid," Huel said. "But don't you write down how old I am."

And then there was Louise Scherbyn, paying a visit to the white 1940 Scout she donated to the museum in 1960 when her arthritis got too bad for her to keep riding.

Mrs. Scherbyn, almost 80 years old, founded the Women's Motorcycle Association about twenty years ago and is still its president — a president with 225,000 miles of accident-free riding under her belt.

"I didn't think much of the idea originally," she recalled. "But, you know, I loved it from the very first."

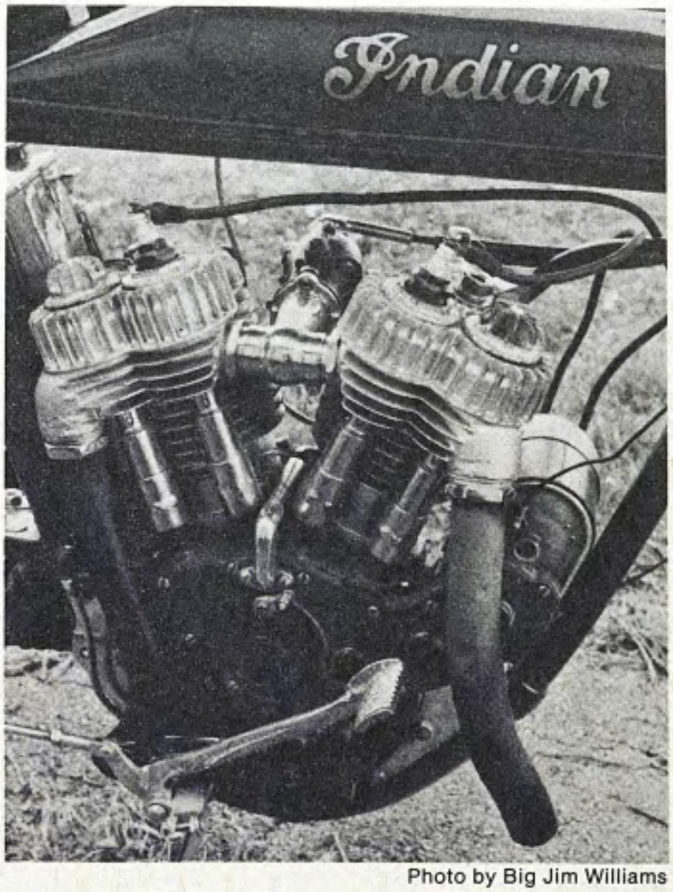


Photo by Big Jim Williams

N.Y. begins training test

Five New York counties have begun a $2,000,000 program designed to test the effect of mandatory rider training on the motorcycle accident rate.

For the next two years, everyone applying for a motorcycle license in any of the five counties will be, in one way or another, involved in the test.

One quarter of all the applicants will be given a new, more difficult written test and a 20-hour training course. Another quarter will be given the new test and three hours of training, a third will take the test and no training, and the last quarter — the control group — will be issued their licenses under the current procedures: a simple written test and a limited road test.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, which is kicking in $1.5 mil of the program's cost (the rest comes from the state), will study the driving records of all four groups for the next five years. If the group with the training shows up with a better accident record, NHTSA is expected to set up a model program for other states.

The course being used was developed for the program by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and will be taught by 22 instructors, many of them motorcycle policemen.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.
It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.
National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.
National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.
Give Name here _____
I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

No room at the inn? Sic the police on 'em

There are times when motorcycle riders are turned down at motels because the innkeeper does not like bikers.

Section 365 of the California penal code states the following:

"Every person, and every agent or officer of any corporation carrying on business as an innkeeper, or as a common carrier of passengers, who refuses, without just cause or excuse, to receive and entertain any guest, or to receive and carry any passenger, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

So the next time you are refused service at a motel in California because you are a biker, you can have the innkeeper arrested. —from MMA Newsletter.

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

[1]Under 19, [2]Under 18, [3]Required even if bike has windscreen, [4]Helmet must be reflectorized, [5]Helmet for both rider and passenger, [6]Lights on if bike is made after 1977, [7]Required for speeds above 35 mph, [8]Bikes of 1970 or newer, [9]If over 21, [10]If 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.



The government of British Columbia has decided to appeal a provincial court ruling invalidating the province's lid law. According to Transportation Minister Alex Fraser, riders can expect to be able to keep their hair in the wind for at least six months before the B. C. Supreme Court rules on the case.

NHTSA has dropped a plan to make it a federal offense to drive with your headlight or taillight off during daylight. . .Connecticut has recorded a 29-percent reduction in fatal motorcycle accidents this year. Experts credit a stepped-up campaign to make cage drivers more aware of bikes for a big part of the drop. . .We have good news and bad news: the good news is that the revised California Motorcycle Operators Manual is now available in English and Spanish with condensations in Vietnamese, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese. The bad news is that the Portuguese and Filipino editions have been discontinued. Aw, shoot.

New Hampshire motorcycle fatalities were down 32 percent for the first six months of this year. . .According to a new law in Arizona, one dollar of the state's nine-buck motorcycle registration fee will be put in a special "motorcycle education fund" to "implement a motorcycle education and testing program."

In 1979, the average bike was ridden 4,000 miles and got more than three times the gas mileage of the average cage, which was driven 9,485 miles during the year. . .NHTSA reports 2.5 million brain buckets are sold each year for a total of about $80 million. . .The Sons of Thunder M/C of Hartsville, South Carolina, were given the Red Cross Big Drop Award for their contributions to the blood drive in Hartsville.

Someone once said, "No man's life or property is safe while the Texas Legislature is in session." He could be right. Latest looney news from the Lone Star State is Senate Bill 39, a bill that would require everyone registering a motorcycle to sign a statement acknowledging the danger of riding a motorcycle without wearing a helmet.

Here's a switch for ya — a teenage garage worker in Britain was fired because he patriotically bought a British-built Triumph Tiger. The kid's employer, garage owner Fred Warr, is an exclusive dealer for Harley-Davidson. "I don't want him riding on a British machine, I want some loyalty," Warr explained.

ABATE of Washington has a new mailing address: Box 45018, Tacoma, Wash. 98444.

Indiana recently became the latest in a long list of states requiring bike riders to pass a riding test before getting a motorcycle endorsement on their driver's license.

And finally, AMA lobbyist Gary Winn said it: "It's not the 250 feet between a car and a motorcycle that count as much as the three inches between the driver's eyes and his brain."

Send news of your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Bikers used in war games

Freedom raped in Canada

Camouflaged snipers lay waiting in the bushes, attack dogs patroled the roadsides sniffing nervously, overhead a helicopter hovered, and two fixed-wing aircraft repeatedly criss-crossed the area like angry bees.

A scene out of the latest Hollywood re-enactment of Vietnam? Not hardly. This particular battleground was located right on the main drag of Coronation, Canada, a 1,400-population town near Edmonton. The opposing armies in this war? The Royal Canadian Mounted Police and a group of about 350 bikers out to spend last Labor Day weekend, as they have every Labor Day weekend since the early '70s, at a campground outside Coronation.

"The bikers never caused any problems in the past," Coronation Mayor Muriel Heidecker, told the press. "The town council didn't ask for the police crackdown."

Defending what he described as "the largest such police action in Canada," RCMP public relations officer Cpl. Brant Murdoch said, "We don't have to justify check stops. This operation wasn't aimed at the bikers, but at developing the police capability to move large numbers of men and equipment anywhere in the province at short notice. Having the outlaw bike gangs here just added to the rationale for having this operation now."

Originally the police, whose ranks included over 200 officers, a mobile command center, a telecommunications truck, a helicopter, two airplanes, the heavily-armed Red Deer tactical team (SWAT), a special "biker squad" from Vancouver, two chartered buses, police dogs, plainclothes detectives, photographers and an evidence van, planned to search all the bikers on the dirt road leading to the campground. This plan failed when a few of the bros evaded the trap and got word to the bikers following them.

The cops then took over Coronation (they really took over, in the military sense, appropriating a school gym for a barracks and a hotel banquet room as a mess hall), sealed off the downtown, and established a check stop. Bikers were not allowed to buy gas or leave town until they passed through the check stop and had their picture taken, their ID checked, and their bike, car, or trailer also checked and photographed.

About 150 citations for traffic offenses and other minor violations (drunkeness, possession, etc.,) were issued. Ten people were busted for outstanding warrants.

Though there was no physical resistance from the bikers, one of the sisters, a 30-year-old nurse, had to be admitted to the hospital for injuries sustained when three female Mounties shoved her to the floor of a van while conducting a strip search.

Mass. riders fighting impound law

A group called "Innocent Victims of Motorcycle Impoundment" (IMVI) has been formed to fight a Massachusetts law that allows police to impound any motorcycle that has a "suspect" serial number on any of its parts.

"The police have been quoted as saying, 'We're not going to stop until we wipe Harleys off the face of the road,'" said Gino D'Aloisio, one of the founders of IMVI and himself a victim of the impoundment law.

In theory the impoundment law is intended to make it harder for ripoff artists to disassemble hot bikes and sell them as parts — sometimes taking in more money than they could get for the bike as a running scooter. In practice, however, the law has been used to confiscate bikes from honest bikers who bought the motorcycles in good faith, assuming that the legitimate numbers on the frame and engine guaranteed that the bike was legal.

Take D'Aloisio's case for example. Four years ago he bought a 20-year-old basket case Harley for $500. Over the next year or so he spent almost $4,500 (verified by receipts) restoring the ride. Shortly after he got back in the wind, he rode to a local beach and parked in what seemed to be a pretty safe place, next to a police car. Returning about an hour later, he found two state troopers loading his bike onto a truck. According to the troopers, the decades-old crankcase had a "hot" serial number.

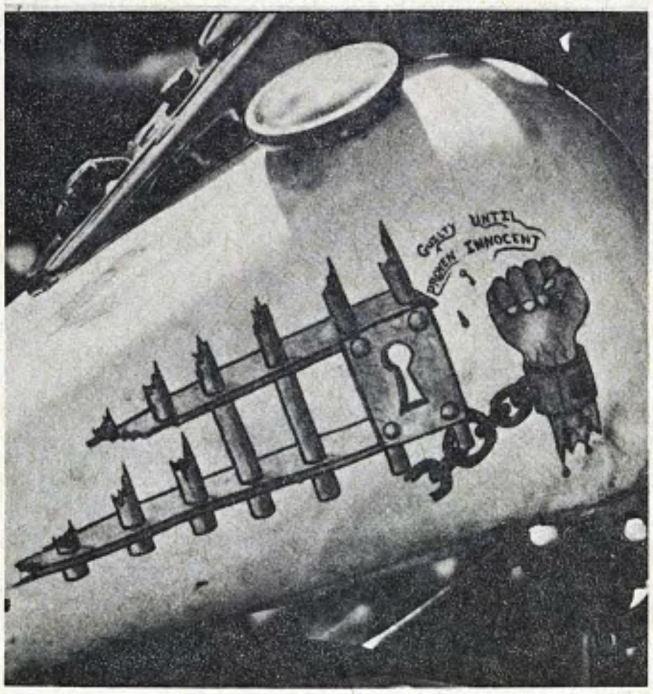


Photo by Kim Peterson

According to D'Aloisio, the two officers ordered him not to complain about the impoundment or they would press charges against him. Though he was not cited at the time, D'Aloisio was later charged with possession of a motor vehicle with an altered VIN. The charge was dropped; but now, over a year later, the police still haven't returned D'Aloisio's Harley.

The arrogance displayed by the police in refusing to return a person's property, even though a court has found him innocent of stealing it, is not reserved for bikers.

"I tried to work out a deal," District Court Judge James Tiffany Jr. said, "so that if a guy bought a vehicle in good faith, and a part was found with a bad number, they'd take the crummy part, and let him keep the rest of it.

"But the police say they can't do that," the judge added.

D'Aloisio's charge that at least some officers are using this law as an excuse to get Harleys off the road gains credence in light of police plans for the disposition of bikes impounded under the law — no, they won't be auctioned off like other abandoned or recovered property that can't be traced to its original owner — yep, unless the courts intervene, they will be destroyed.

"The cops tell you that they're going to make it cost more than the bike is worth, so shut up," D'Aloisio said. "Some cops love it. One laughed and laughed when I complained and moaned."



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

Because Capricorn is the most security-conscious (except for Taurus) sign of the zodiac, even laid-back Capricorns are real worrywarts. (Worrywarts are kinda like dingleberries — even if you rub them the wrong way, they hang in there!)

Capricorns tend to be over-ambitious, but they are sneaky about it (Richard Nixon). They are vain (Muhammad Ali) to the point of enjoying the aroma of their own farts. Some even have musical asses and tap dance to their own raunchy rhythm. They can be tough (Humphrey Bogart and Al Capone), and many have an unusual sense of humor (Steve Allen, Oliver Hardy, Danny Kaye, George Burns, and Dusty Sage). Capricorns can be good at hoarding their bucks (Howard Hughes and Aristotle Onassis) and seldom show their age (Cary Grant and Marlene Dietrich). Some are musical (John Denver), loud-mouthed (Ethel Merman), highly imaginative (Federico Fellini and Rod Serling), but most of all unforgettable (Elvis Presley).

Getting a Capricorn pissed off can be a big mistake and a real bummer. It takes plenty of push to pop their patience, but when you do, you've got a mean mess to deal with. Even worse, a Cappy won't forget — so you'd best consider yourself written off for good.

Sexually, Capricorns go right to the meat of the matter. Most prefer endurance to foreplay. (Fool around on your own time — they wanna fuck!) They're also a tad kinky in bed, but will seldom cop to it. They aren't shy between the sheets and love it if you talk dirty while the mattress is in motion.

Capricorns have close family ties and often consider their friends on the same level. They usually choose mates who can get along with (or at least put up with) their families. Even if a Cappy knows his relatives suck, you'd best keep quiet about it.

Capricorns really get pissed at folks who borrow bucks and don't pay 'em back. That's number one on their shitlist, 'cause they're stingy.

Capricorns are vulnerable to knee injuries, arthritis, dental problems, and stiff dicks. They are also prone to bitch, gripe, and be shitheads when they don't get their way. They should be more pleasant instead of being such a pain in the ass!

Aries (March 21 — Apr. 19)

Right now, mentally and physically you're a hard act to follow. It would take a pack of whites to keep up with you. If you use that ball-bustin' energy in other areas besides party time, you'll soon have important people backing you up or helping you out buckswise. Just don't blow it by arrogantly turning your back on partners who've stuck by you like glue when the world was flipping you off!

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

Opportunity is knocking on your door, so keep your ears and eyes working, 'cause Lady Luck will soon be sitting on your face! 'Course, it could entail bustin' your balls more than usual and honking your own horn. But who knows better what you're worth than you do? Go out and hustle up some occupational status or beat your drums (or meat) for a raise — your efforts will bring a rare reward.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Some rewards from the past (a bangup blow job) can grab you by the gonads and load you up with goodies. If someone owes you bucks, it's prime time to collect. Look for investment opportunities, but avoid major undertakings like the plague. Beware of temper tantrums this month. They could backfire and leave you with a dotted eye, or worse yet, a night in the can.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Run for cover! The shit is flying again at home base. It could take more than a road map to ride this one out. Financial fuckups appear to have bottomed out on you. It'll take more than medication (medication?) to make ends meet. You might have to cut corners on items like rent, food, asswipe and bucks owed in-laws in order to have necessities like booze, smokes, or spare parts.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Although modesty is not one of your better virtues, it's best to let partners hog the spotlight now. Keep upcoming ideas to yourself and don't brag about 'em; otherwise someone else will grab the glory. When that happens you might as well grab your ankles and blow your ass a kiss goodbye. Next month gives ya the green light on putting current projects into practice. Until then keep a liplock on plans.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

If you have the urge to splurge, best wait until next month to blow your wad. Right now important contacts are fanning your flame to a brighter future. Best grab it before the bread that comes with it gets stale. If you butter up the situation a taste, it could be even better. Keep your act together, 'cause toward the month's end you'll meet someone who'll ring your chimes and make your dong ding!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Keep both feet on the ground, aim high, and shoot your best shot. If it doesn't hit the target the first time, try again. At least get off your lazy duff and set the wheels in motion. New beginnings now will have mind-boggling results of lasting quality later. Just don't let a few setbacks slow you down. Learn to mix business with pleasure and clear some of the cobwebs off the old Libra charm.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

This month finds you in a nostalgic mood. (It's something like nausea, but older). You miss all those old mindfucks from the good old days. Before those memories collect mold, maybe you should boogie back to the old homestead and freeload off the folks for a change. If that's not possible, at least get together with some partners from the past and compare notes.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This month you've got a big hardon pulling on your heartstrings. You're in rare form and strutting your stuff. You're in a class of your own now. If you're still trying to con your way out of a shoddy deal from a while back, polish up your silver-tongue tactics and lay it on 'em. The odds are in your favor, so long as you take the time to feel things out, on an otherwise rough ride.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Happy birthday! An unbeatable combination of bucks and fucks is heading your way. You can ram and cram till your balls bust, but don't put all your eggs in one basket. You have enough to spread yourself thin this month. Luck like this won't drop on your head too often, so go for the gusto. This is the time to catch up on your social activities. The only dent in the deal is death-defying hangovers!

Aquarius Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

If a bro tries to get you to take sides against your tight partner, think twice or you'll end up between a rock and a hard spot. Taking sides now (unless you're positive) can turn into a crisis. This month you could be tempted to shitcan a few friends, but don't act hastily. It's best to ignore the situation, if possible, and avoid getting your back up. Next month you can speak your piece and have it too!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Mix-ups through the mail add confusion to your already boggled mind. Patience puts you in the right perspective. Getting pissed off now will just put your ass in the shitter. Kick back with a brew or two and recharge your batteries. Don't let delays put your dick in the dirt. Things that have to be redone will be to your advantage in the long run. Remember, haste makes waste. ■

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.

Sign on the outhouse wall: "Why look up here? The joke's in your hand."

—Tough Rider
Jackson, Mich.

Why do rabbits have so many babies? The size of their ears prevents them from giving head.

—Linny Beavermuff
Canoga Park, Calif.

Biker to scooter trash: "Speakin' of dirty cracks, how's yours?"

—Space Cookie
Eudora, Kan.

A biker from the Southwest went to a New York whorehouse and chose the youngest and best-looking broad in the house for the night. After a great lay he gave the girl $200 and told her he'd be back the following night. The next night he was back and after another raunchy night of putting it to her, he gave her another $200. Impressed, the girl asked the bro if he was a rich oil tycoon from Texas.

"Not Texas," he replied. "Oklahoma."

The girl was delighted and told the bro that she was from Purewater, Oklahoma.

"I know," said the bro. "I know your parents. They're the ones who gave me the $400 to bring you back."

—Long John
Austin, Tex.

Easyriders



"I backed into a row of motorcycles and. . .huh? What do you mean I'm not covered?"

A dude with a bionic hand walked in and sat down at a bar. He commanded his hand, which was voice-activated, to pick up his glass. Then he told it to bring the glass to his mouth. After a few hours of this, he went to piss. He told the hand, "Hand, unzip my pants." The hand did. Then he told the hand, "Hand, take out my cock." The hand obliged, and the guy took a piss.

When he was through, he said, "Okay hand, now give it a shake." The hand did and the dude thought it felt good. He told the hand to shake it again. It felt really good, so he said, "Hand, jerk it off." The hand did.

—Andi Parrish
Des Plaines, Ill.

Easyriders



"The weeds in the garden could stand some pulling too."

An optimist is a man who, after coming home unexpectedly and finding cigar butts in the ashtrays, decides his wife must have given up cigarettes.

—Adrian Bonhoffer
Cliffwood, N.J.

If you had a donkey and I had a rooster and your donkey ate my rooster's feet, what would have? Two feet of my cock in your ass.

—Animal
Folsom, Calif.

Easyriders



"You've been flashing on the subway again!"

Easyriders



"We have so much in common — I love blow jobs and you have such huge lips."

What do you get when you fuck a chick that hops like a toad from bed to bed? Warts on your dick.

—Eric Garcia
Rialto, Calif.

The Biker's Dictionary defines a really clean broad as one who brushes her teeth before she blows you.

—Tex
Elmira, N.Y.



Easyriders

You know why chickens ain't got tits? 'Cause roosters ain't got hands.

—Mike Cabaj
Miami, Fla.



There was this biker who had been around for quite a few years. He'd screwed everything that could be screwed. But he heard about an old lady who had an unusual way of screwing, so he went up and beat on her door. An old lady of about 90 answered the door. "You got some way of screwin' that's different?" the biker asked.

She said, "Yes, come on in." When he got into the house the old lady popped her glass eye out and said, "Put it in here."

Afterward, the biker said, "Not bad, I'll probably be back for more someday."

The old lady said, "I'll keep my eye out for you."

—J.P. Guier
Troy, Mont.

One biker I know was such an ugly child that his parents had to tie a pork chop around his neck to get the dog to play with him.

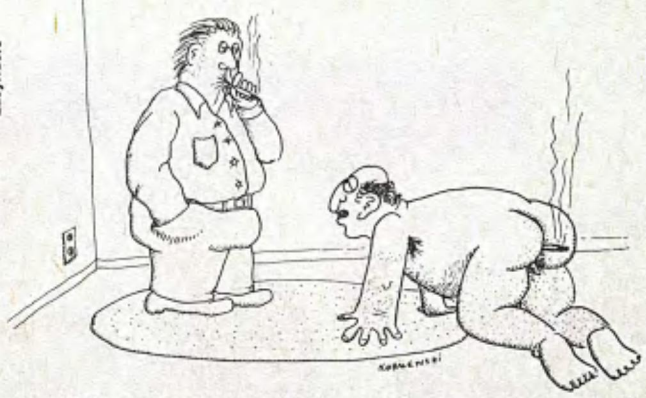
—Brad Lange
Ludington, Mich.

A man walked up to a politician and said, "You should not treat us like hookers."

The politician replied, "I don't know what you mean!"

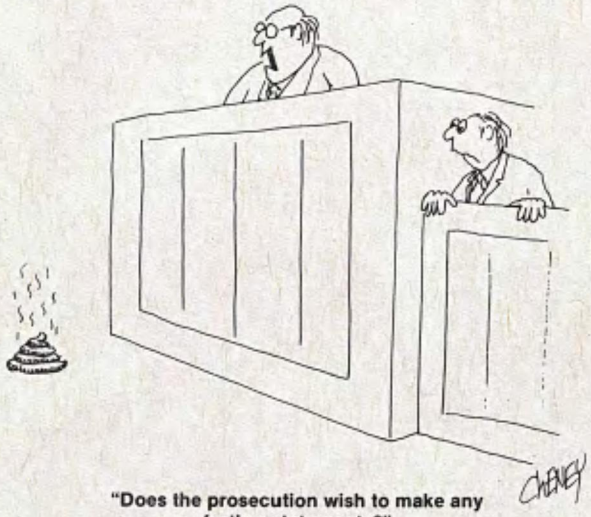
The man explained: "You smooth-talk us with smiles, and we believe you. Then you promise to lower our taxes, just as if they were lace panties. You get us excited and give us promises and hope. Then you fuck hell out of us."

—Dinky
Reseda, Calif.



Easyriders

"It's a little harder to inhale this way, but the effect of the nicotine is dramatically intensified."



Easyriders

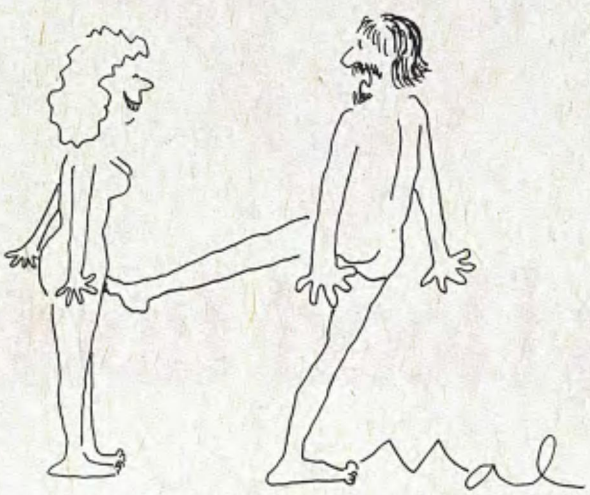
"Does the prosecution wish to make any further statements?"

What's a true Cinderalla? She fucks and sucks all evening and at midnight she turns into a pizza and a six-pack.

—Dingus
Webster, N.Y.

You know what is gross? When a woman pulls her panties off and throws them up against the wall and they stick.

—Arthur Evans
Cove, Ark.



Easyriders

"Aw, come on, Doris, I've got to go now, so please let go of my big toe!"

What do Visine and Kotex have in common? They both get the red out.

—Stuart Poneio
Norwalk, Calif.

What do you get when you cross a whore with a computer? A fucking know-it-all.

—Susan Simpson
LaPorte, Ind.

The groom-to-be spent the evening before the wedding painting little daisies all over his beloved's love nest. When he finished, he told her, "Please don't wash them off until after the ceremony."

The girl asked, "Why not?"

He laughed. "Because, knowing your reputation in this town, I want to see the looks on people's faces when I tell them I deflowered you on our wedding night."

—J.J.
Simi Valley, Calif.

Why wouldn't you want your ol' man to be an egg? Because it would take him three minutes to get hard.

—Free Bird
Laporte, Ind.



Easyriders

"Someone else bring in another defective bike chain?"

A recently incarcerated bro had this strange problem. Each night as he lay in his bunk thinking about his girl, he would cut loose with a loud, smelly fart that sounded like the word "Honda." After several nights of this, his cellmate persuaded him to see the staff doctor.

In the physician's office he explained his problem, to which the doctor replied, "Don't worry, my boy, don't you know, absence makes the fart go Honda."

—Big Babs
Flushing, N.Y.

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

"You sit on your cold, steel, mattressless bunk and watch a cockroach crawl out from under the filthy commode, and you don't kill it. You envy the roach as you watch it crawl out under the cell door. Down the cell block you hear a steel door open, then close. Like every other man that hears it, your first unconscious thought reaction is that it's someone coming to let you out, but you know it isn't. . ."
—Johnny Cash

It's that time of year again. From Huntsville to Folsom to Attica, thousands of caged men will sit in day rooms loudly jeering or softly cursing or totally ignoring a plastic face beneath a $50 haircut as it attempts, over the TV, to tell them how great things are going in their world.

"Thanksgiving Day came to county prison Thursday," intones the voice, "with the traditional turkey and all the trimmings. For a report let's go to. . ."

And sure enough, the picture dissolves into a view of a shiny-faced newsman, maybe even a newschick, standing in the yard — the yard of your "home" — and smiling. The rest is as predictable as the first: a few lines on the order of "even behind these cold, gray walls," an interview with the screw in charge of the kitchen — "yes, we pride ourselves that each man gets a half-pound of genuine turkey meat every Thanksgiving" — and a thirty-second film strip of a bunch of cons shufflin' through the chow line.

It's Thanksgiving in the tank, and still you envy that roach.

Thanksgiving, as good a time as any to take stock. Anything to be thankful for? Well, if you're readin' this scribe, you've survived another year behind bars, a year without the end of a sharpened spoon finding its way to your heart. Be thankful. Many who ate The Man's turkey last Thanksgiving are maggot treats today.

The courts finally stopped some redneck sheriff in Louisiana from taking prisoners out of his jail and chaining them to the outside fence of the state prison — like dogs waiting for their masters to come out of some beanery — when he got tired of housing them. Be thankful, for men are not dogs.

Be thankful that a judge in Alabama cut some prisoners loose when he discovered they had no place to sleep except under toilets used all night by other men. Be thankful that it became illegal for Louisiana to continue serving to prisoners the remains of skunks and dogs run over on the state highways.

Be thankful, you wretched brown bug, as you crawl under that door to your freedom. As loathesome as you are, there are many you leave behind who would gladly change places with you.

I remember, as if it was yesterday, one Thanksgiving I spent in a little border-town jail in Calexico, California. Ninety percent of the residents were tourists who staggered back across the border from Mexicali too drunk to stand. They shouted and slept and snored and were gone ten hours later. The rest of us were stuck for the long holiday weekend, then off to El Centro for arraignment and transfer to the county jail.

Because no one ever stayed in the Calexico slam more than 72 hours, there were no such things as holidays or special meals. There wasn't a dining hall or even a real kitchen. An ancient Mexican janitor did the cooking on a big old stove set in a room halfway between the two holding tanks and the processing desk.

And what the old fucker whipped up was fine shit. Real south-of-the-border stuff guaranteed to make you think of dark senoritas, with low-cut puffy-sleeved white blouses stretched tight over incredibly soft young tits, carrying pitchers of cold dark Mexican beer from table to table in places named Rose's Cantina. *Continued on page 95*



Illustration by Mark Meidahl

FREE IRON-ON



Bikers Need Lovin' Too!

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.

Apology

by Carl Kohler

Hearing the truck engine that had pulled me out of the shallow unconsciousness that passes for sleep with me, I slithered up from the rumpled bed, shoving naked legs and feet into boots and pants, sliding the piece out from under the sweat-soaked pillow. Then I looked out the shack's only front window, carefully standing to one side of it to minimize being a target.

A dirty white van was parked in front of my porch. Clouds of dust were still settling along the quarter-mile of unpaved driveway leading from my two-room shanty to the river road. That told me the arrival had just happened. It also assured me that it wasn't one of my shitty neighbors, who feared and despised the big gringo who had come to live in their area two years earlier.

Wondering who the hell wanted to visit me in the goddam middle of the Mexican night, I tromped outside and stood on the porch. By now, my seven pit bull yard dogs had finally awakened, realized an intruder was on the property, and gotten off their overfed bellies to mill around the van, raucously threatening it and anything in it.

The window closest to me suddenly filled with a young dude's head. Long, blondish hair tangled around a thin, fully bearded face. He grinned at me.

"You Hanley Jinxer Dunn?" he asked pleasantly.

Whoever he was, the bastard knew my club nickname, which I hadn't heard on anybody's tongue for a long, long time. Still, it might be a setup. I let the Colt's chrome glint in the moonlight, gesturing at him.

"Who the fuck wants ta know?" I counter-demanded, deliberately sounding like it wouldn't take much -- a belch, a fart, a delayed answer or a funny move — to coax me into popping caps in his direction.

"Hell, I'm only Whizzer Barnes — from L.A. Relax, bro. The club sent me."

"Which fuckin' club?" I cocked the piece. In the country silence that *click* could have been heard fifty feet away now that my goddam dogs were merely snarling hopefully as they continued circling the van.

Whizzer slowly held up his colors, tautly exhibiting the familiar design I once had worn with immense pride and ruthless enthusiasm. Even in the dim light I could see that the patch was genuine. Slowly, I uncocked the pistol and shoved it into my hip pocket. "Stay put while I pen the pooches," I told him. "Then we'll talk, Whizzer."

He smiled down from the van window at Killit, Useless, and Dummy, who stood glaring up at the stranger and making that chilling, begging sound pit bulls emit when they desperately want to tear something living apart.

"Not your everyday fuckin' lapdogs, are they?" he said, grinning up at me.

"Depends upon who's lap is available."

"I'll just bet it does!"

Penning the disgruntled dogs, I returned to the van.

"Okay, kid," I said, "come on in and tell me all about it over a few cold beers."

Unwinding himself from the van, Whizzer followed me into the house. He was, I noted with some satisfaction, a very tall guy, but his nose only came as high as my shoulder. I think he noticed that, too. I'm probably the biggest mean-faced old sonuvabitch he's seen yet, I decided silently. The expression in his eyes confirmed it.

* * *

Lolling comfortably on the kitchen chair balanced on two of its legs, Whizzer sipped at his third tumbler of suds and hungrily smoked the doobie he'd built from the assortment of weed and papers strewn over the table between us. Road fatigue was still etched on his young features. So was a tinge of uncertainty.

I yawned at him. "Well, since ya won't lemme feed ya any of my good cabrito — goat meat to you dumb gringos — and since you aren't

Continued on page 85



Illustration by Mac Haserot



How Do Ya Think?

I'm writing you because I've got a question. I would like to know how you got the name "Miraculous" Mutha.

The Hunter
Mansfield, Ohio

● A week after I met Spider the sawbones looked up from his chart and told him, "You're clean." Spider replied: "That's fuckin' miraculous!"

Trade Secret

Would you tell me if it's true that the only way to fuck a fat woman like you is to roll you in flour and look for a wet spot?

The Mad King Greek
San Diego, Calif.

● Spider prefers dippin' me in the old abandoned water tank and watchin' where the air bubbles come out.

Practice, Practice, Practice

I read where you once said that to give good head, practice makes perfect. Right or wrong?

Anyway, I went down on a few dudes at a party (all unattached bikers) and the chicks got all bent out of shape about it and said that it was really trashy. Now I ask you, what is so trashy about giving a few lonely men a ray of sunshine or a good head job, whichever comes first? I left the party really bummed out because I'd thought these people were fun-loving and free of hang-ups. What gives? Are all biker people like that?

Still Suckin'
Houston, Tex.

● Spider says to tell ya that your invitation to the rag's Christmas party is in the mail.

Throwin' Blows

If you can throw some blows as good as you can write, you might be able to stomp my ass. I know what you're gonna say: "Whadda ya mean might?" But what the hell, a girl's gotta try.

Stephanie
San Jose, Calif.

● When it comes to blows, dog drool, half my mouth is worth twice your fists.

Open, Sez Me

I've got a problem. I'm not allowed to have a woman here in prison and I was wondering if, when the gates open in '87, you would allow me the pleasure of suckin' your pussy. I'm comin' your way, Sugarpants.

Dale
Down in virginia

● Why the hell do ya wanna go right from one dark, smelly hole to another?

Snivelin' Sailor

You are lying when you say you get screwed more than anyone else on earth. I'm in today's Navy (Indian Ocean Yacht Club division) and we get fucked many times each day.

Because it's been over fifty days since we've seen land, the President authorized everyone to have two cans of beer each. The only way we've found to get off on two cans is to inject it. Do you know where we can get a 12-oz. hypo?

The reason this letter is written on toilet paper is that I can't afford any stationery.

Jamie
Charleston, S.C.

● What's the snivelin'? Ya volunteered, didn't ya?

Ditched By A Dog

So you think you're behind
lock and key,
But your hemorrhoids I clearly
see;
Up your ass your enema goes,
And out flies the shit from your
head to your toes.
Now it don't surprise me a sin-
gle bit
That you sit and fart and
scratch your tit;
You finger your asshole; you
eat a used rag;
Then wash it down with your
dirty douche bag.
There go your lips on your jizz-
stained treat;
Ol' Rufus is whinin' as you
suck his red meat.
And here I am hidin' in the hall,
My camera whirlin', recordin' it
all.

Panhead John
St. Pete, Fla.

● Last time I tried to get next to Rufus, he made like a cat, scaled a tree, and wouldn't come down.

Kite From An Empty Hole

My problem is too overwhelming to get into right now. My ol' man has been overseas for four months. Although I've had offers, I've seen no one who has sparked my loins enough to make me wanna fuck.

Rema
Santa Ana, Calif.

● Don't worry, most bros won't mind your not spreadin' your legs if you keep your mouth open and your head movin' up an' down, up an' down.

Latest Thrill

I was wondering just what turns you on these days. We all know you've been fucked in every pore of your wonderful body. By now you must be tired of being fucked with baseball bats, unopened bottles of Coke, elephants' trunks, and who-knows-what-else — maybe even a disco album. What gets you off these days? Please answer; it's driving my balls nuts.

One Witter
Fremont, Wis.

● Spider's building a compost pile in one of the back-forty parcels in my twat. As soon as the potato peels, coffee grounds, rotten tomatoes, and other goodies decompose enough, he's gonna use it to fertilize the home-grown. I find that kinda excitin'.

Such A Problem

I gotta problem. I've been seeing this 31-year-old dude who won't let me suck his cock all the way.

I'm 17 and love to give head. I have loved it ever since I got a cock shoved down my throat for my 12th birthday. But this crazy bastard stops me just before he shoots off. He's weird! Lately he won't even go that far. All he wants to do now is fuck. He's great at that, but I still love to give head more. Should I try again to suck him dry, or just keep on fucking his brains out?

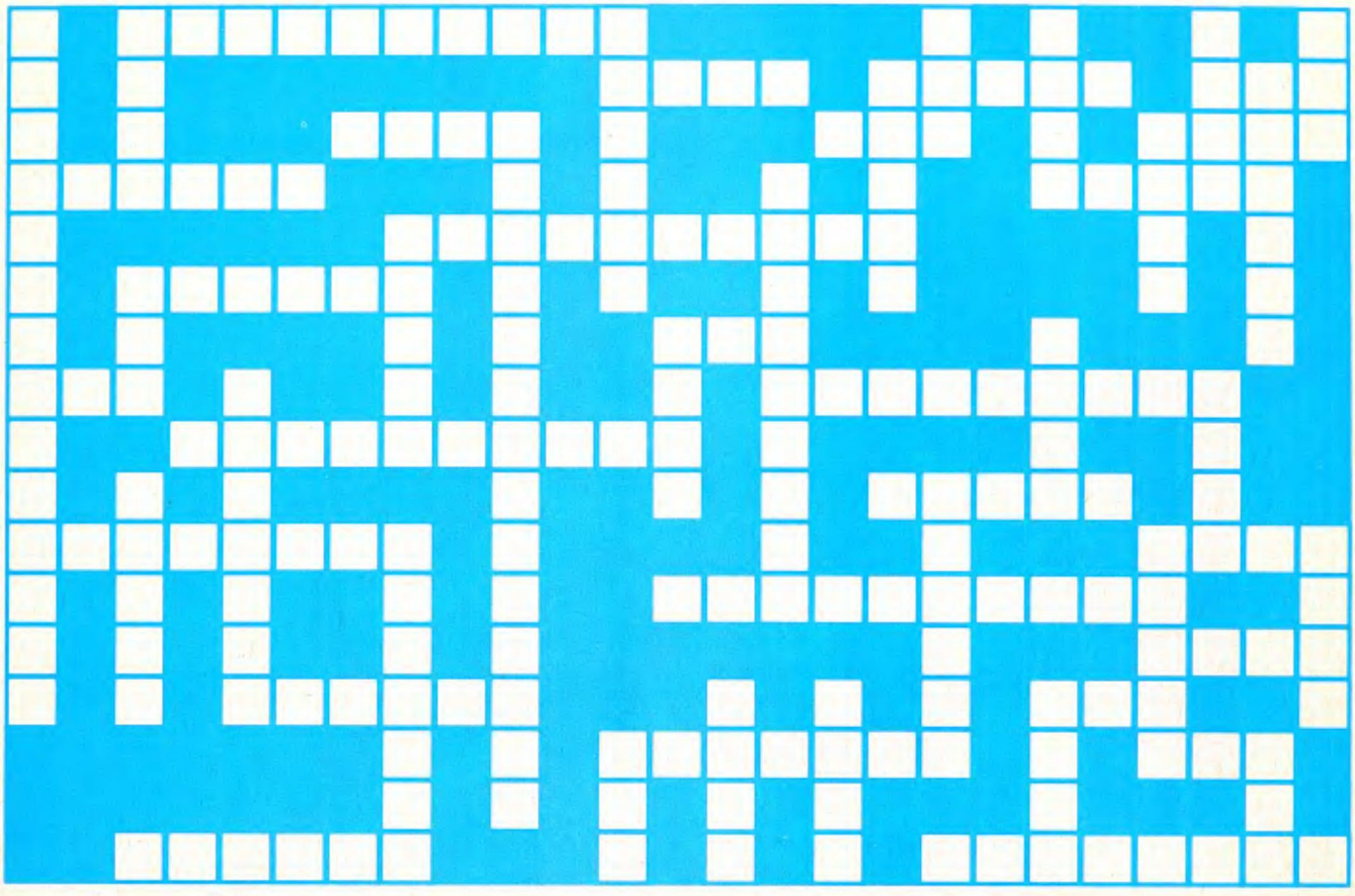
Gypsy
Savannah, Ga.

● Let him get you pregnant. Once ya put on about forty-five pounds he'll forget all about fuckin' and insist that you give him head six or eight times a day.

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. ■

Miraculous Mutha Tells All





Kriss Kross

All you have to do is fill in the squares from the word list. If you do everything right, you won't have any empty squares or any words left over.

Solution to puzzle on page 126

3 Letter Words
Ape Bar Coe Egg Lay Pan Pep Rag Gag Gin Sag

4 Letter Words
Bush Grip Cage Cash Caps Chap Coil Hard Kite Leak Pump Stud Dare Gnat Tube Vest

5 Letter Words
Fryer Glide Lever Lines Pairs Pivot Stock

6 Letter Words
Clutch Lifter Piston Risers Saddle Speedo Spider

7 Letter Words
Lacquer Leather Stretch

8 Letter Words
Antiques Bushings

9 Letter Words
Kickstart Spark Plug

10 Letter Words
Easyriders Handlebars Rigid Frame Fork Damper

14 Letter Words
Harley-Davidson Pressure Plates

Spider's Stumpers For A Snowy Day

By Bright Eyes

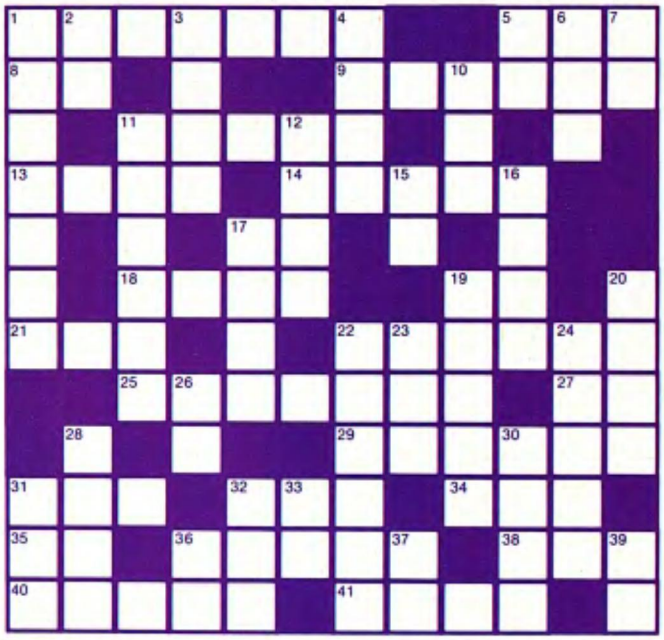
Coconut Cracker

The answers are there for ya, but ya got to unscramble them. For example: TON; the answer is NOT. There could be plurals, proper names, even abbreviations for magazines or states.

ACROSS
1. Notpiss
5. Cea
8. Su
9. Filter
11. Kiter
13. Eihr
14. Slide
17. Nd
18. Ovid
19. Le
21. Ide
22. Morche
25. Quarlec
27. Tu
29. Thosom
31. Acm
32. Tip
34. Har
35. Rh
36. Troom
38. Art
40. Ateab
41. Sems

DOWN
1. Pshroud
2. Si
3. Rite
4. Dels
5. Ta
6. Ece
7. Re
10. Efe
11. Levart
12. Dink
15. Al
16. Oslo
17. Scid
19. Reorr
20. Theb
22. Smocut
23. Ehm
24. Athum
26. Za
28. Brac
30. Soar
31. Ach
32. Ope
33. Ti
36. Tm
37. Er
39. Nt

Solution to puzzle on page 80



Janitorial Department
Easyriders Magazine

October, 1981
Rancho Menudo

Hey, Spider!

Check out the enclosed photos.

The needle for the tattoo gun is a guitar ''E'' string and the barrel is cut from a Harley fuel line. The rest is a tape-deck motor and a slot-car transformer. A friend of mine built this rig; he learned his craft in the joint about six years ago. The way he ran it down to me was that this gun was invented in the early '60s by some unknown convict.

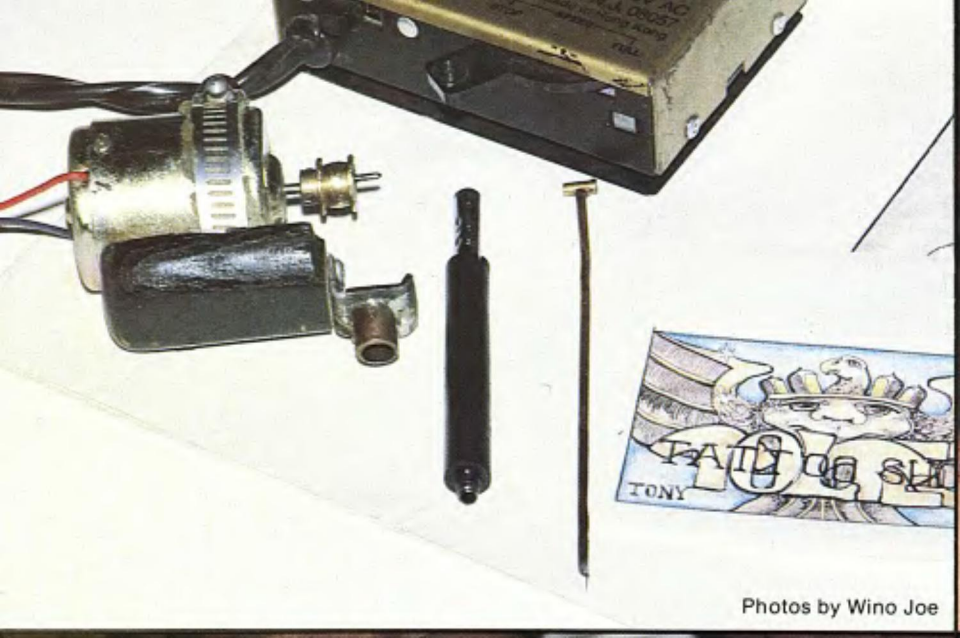
Up to then, jailhouse tattoos were done with a straight needle, thread, and India ink—one dot at a time. I've got a bro who put a peace symbol on the head of his dick that way. I also saw a nice piece of artwork on a dude's chest that another bro of mine did with the single-needle method. This was a slow process, and his tat wasn't quite finished, so the dumb fucker was sayin' that if he got sent back a downed bro we both know could finish the job. I hope the fool waited, 'cause my brother's back on the streets.

After the single-needle gun came out, an artist could do fine-line dermagraphics a lot faster, which means less chance of gettin' caught, 'cause for some reason tattooin' is against the rules—but the gun is harder equipment to hide.

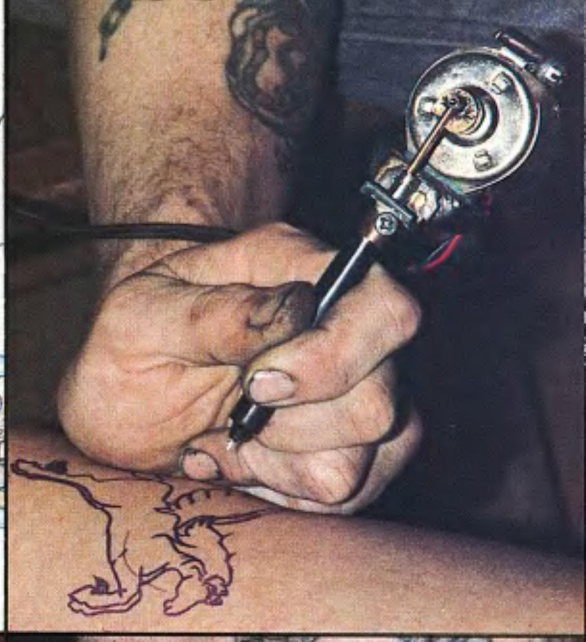
A new era of tattooing began. As guys got out of the joint some of 'em used their talent in this art form to pick up some side money, while others went into it full-time. For years, commercial tattooists have used multiple needles, from two to nine. But the single-needle device made it possible to get fine detail, which had a lot to do with the acceptance of tattoos by the general public. Instead of a rough, thick-lined drawing inked on the skin of some tough guy, tiny detailed hearts and flowers started showing up on chicks. That symbol representing something special in your life could be put on your skin so that you could take pride not only in what it meant to you, but in its quality as skin art.

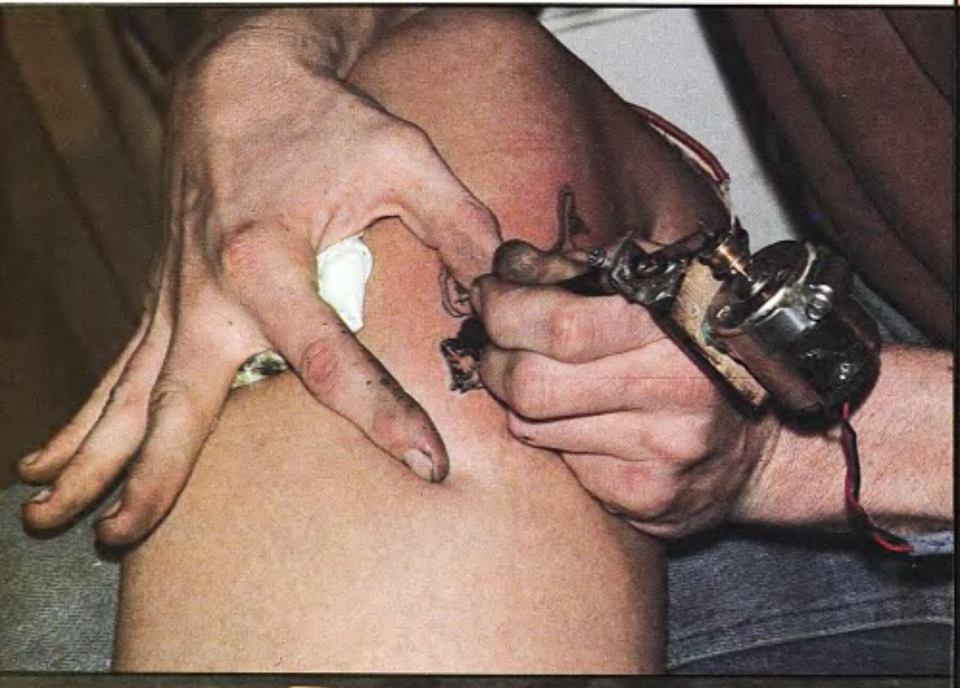
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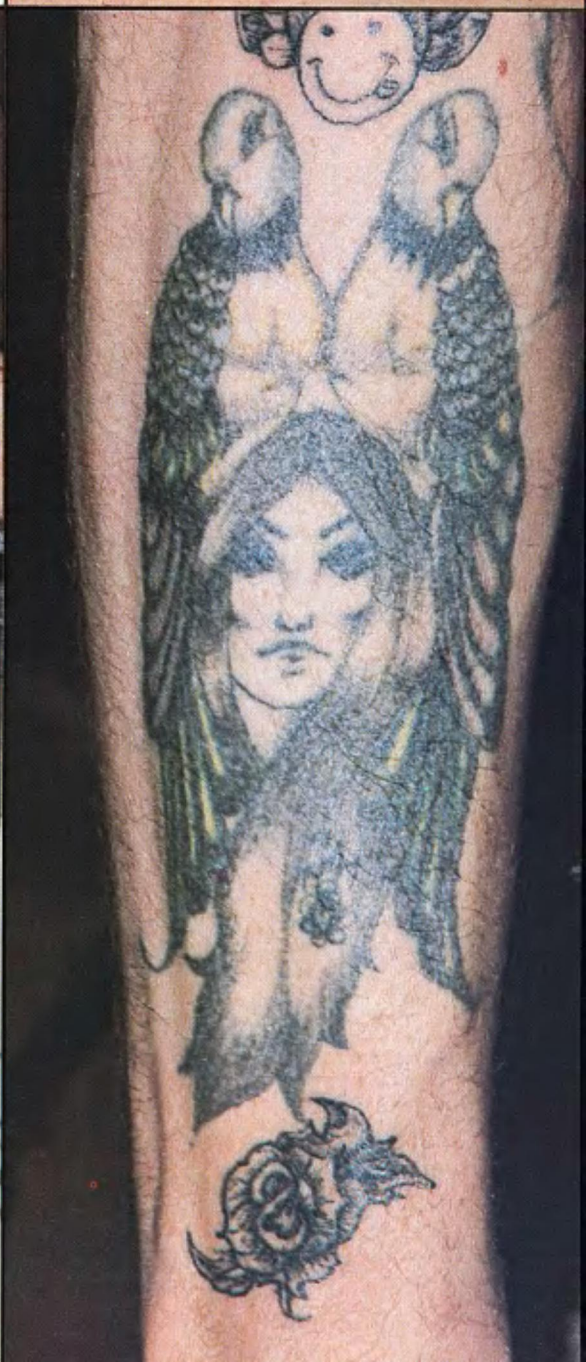




Photos by Wino Joe





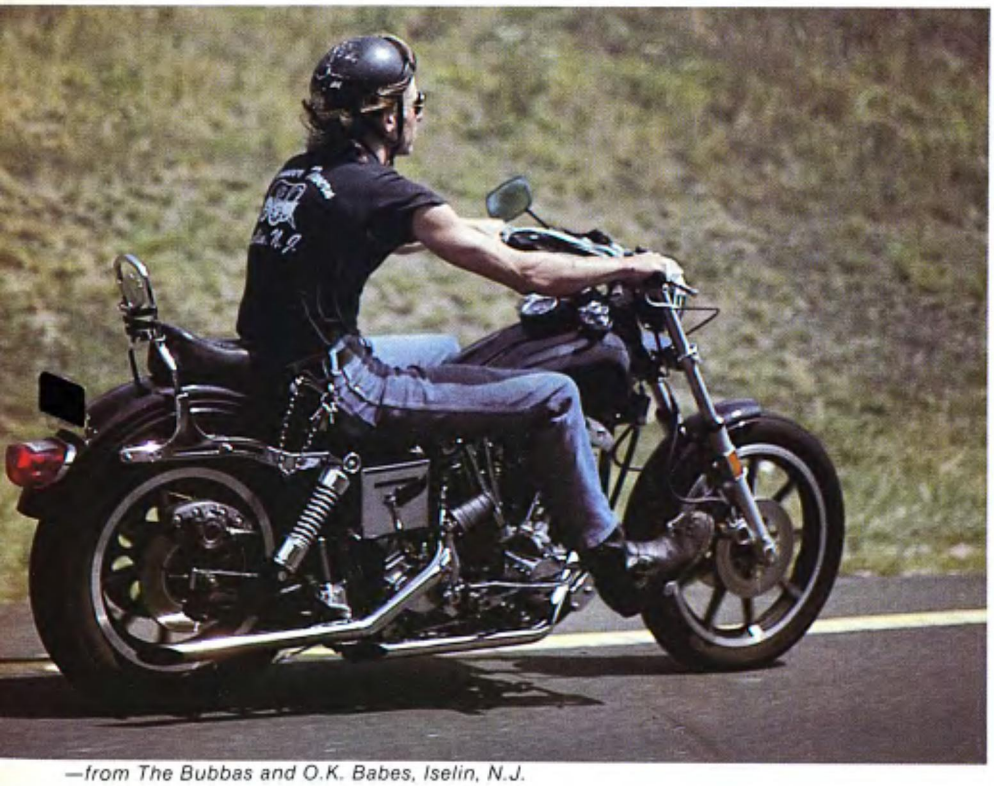




IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from The Bubbas and O.K. Babes, Iselin, N.J.



—from David Anderson, Nashville, Tenn.



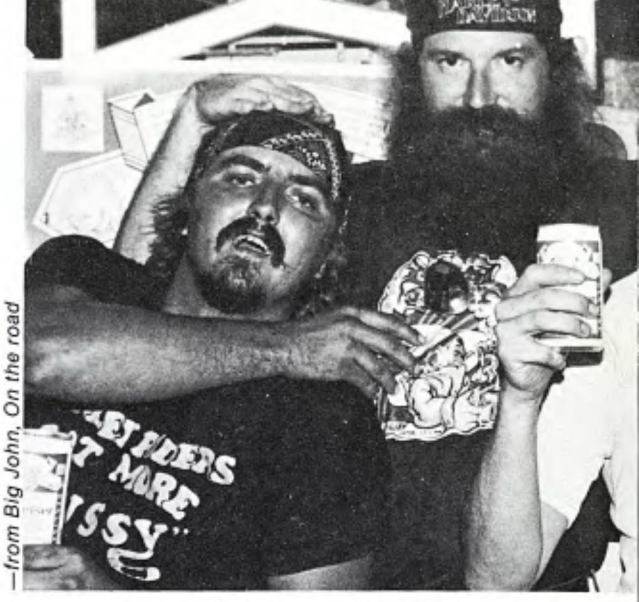
—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.

—from Bob Touchette, On the road, N.H.





—from K. Black, Fremont, Ohio



—from Big John, On the road

—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.

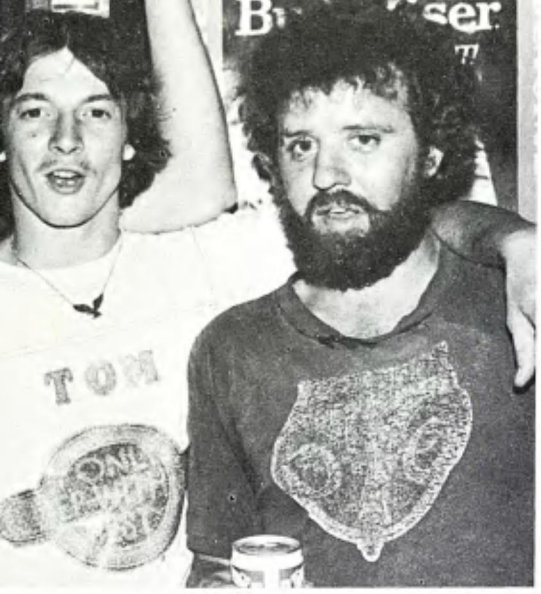


—from Rick Floding, Detroit Lakes, Minn.



—from Sheri Bullock, San Jose, Calif.





—from Tony Stiles, Dallas, Tex.



—from Jake Chichilitti, San Mateo, Calif.



—from Raymond Borgsveden, Borlange, Sweden

—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.



—from Mary Joy, Orange Park, Fla.





—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Diana and Scott, Oquawka, Ill.





—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.



—from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



—from Wild Bill, Houston, Tex.

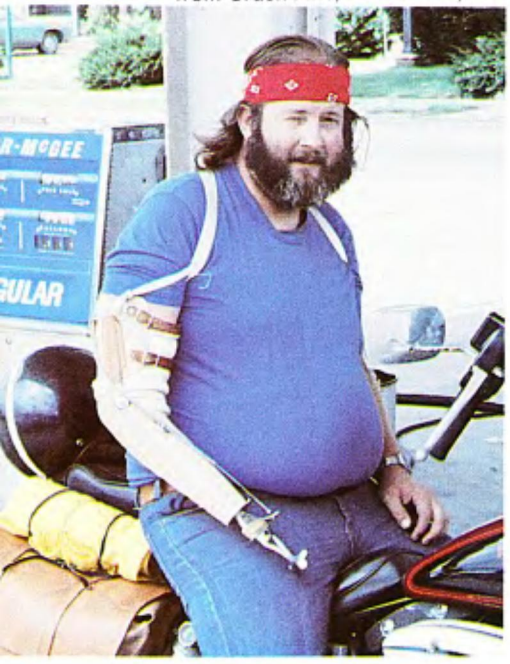


—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Gregg Henigman, Urbana, Ill.

—from Crack Fine, New Castle, Ind.



—from Dagger, Amersfoort, Holland



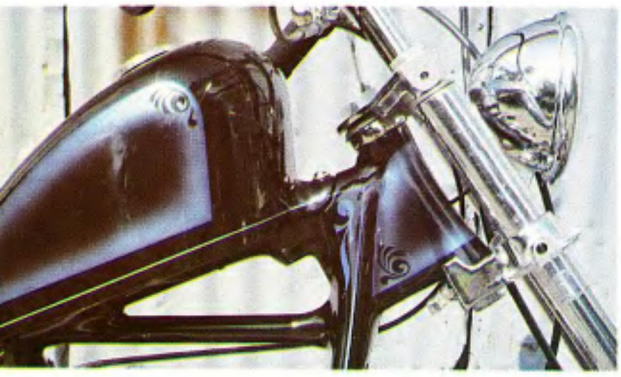
—from Chris Merritt, Garrettsville, Ohio



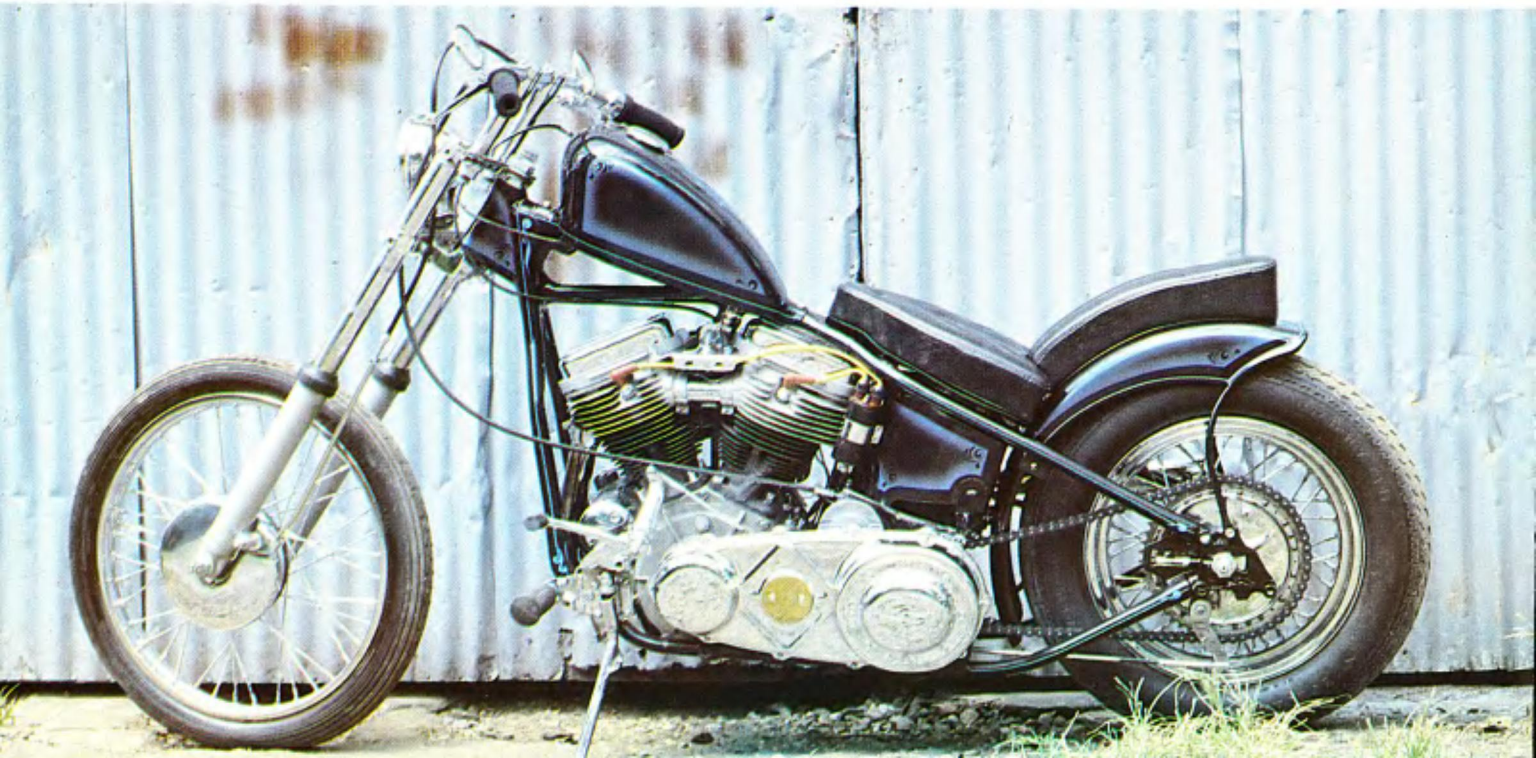


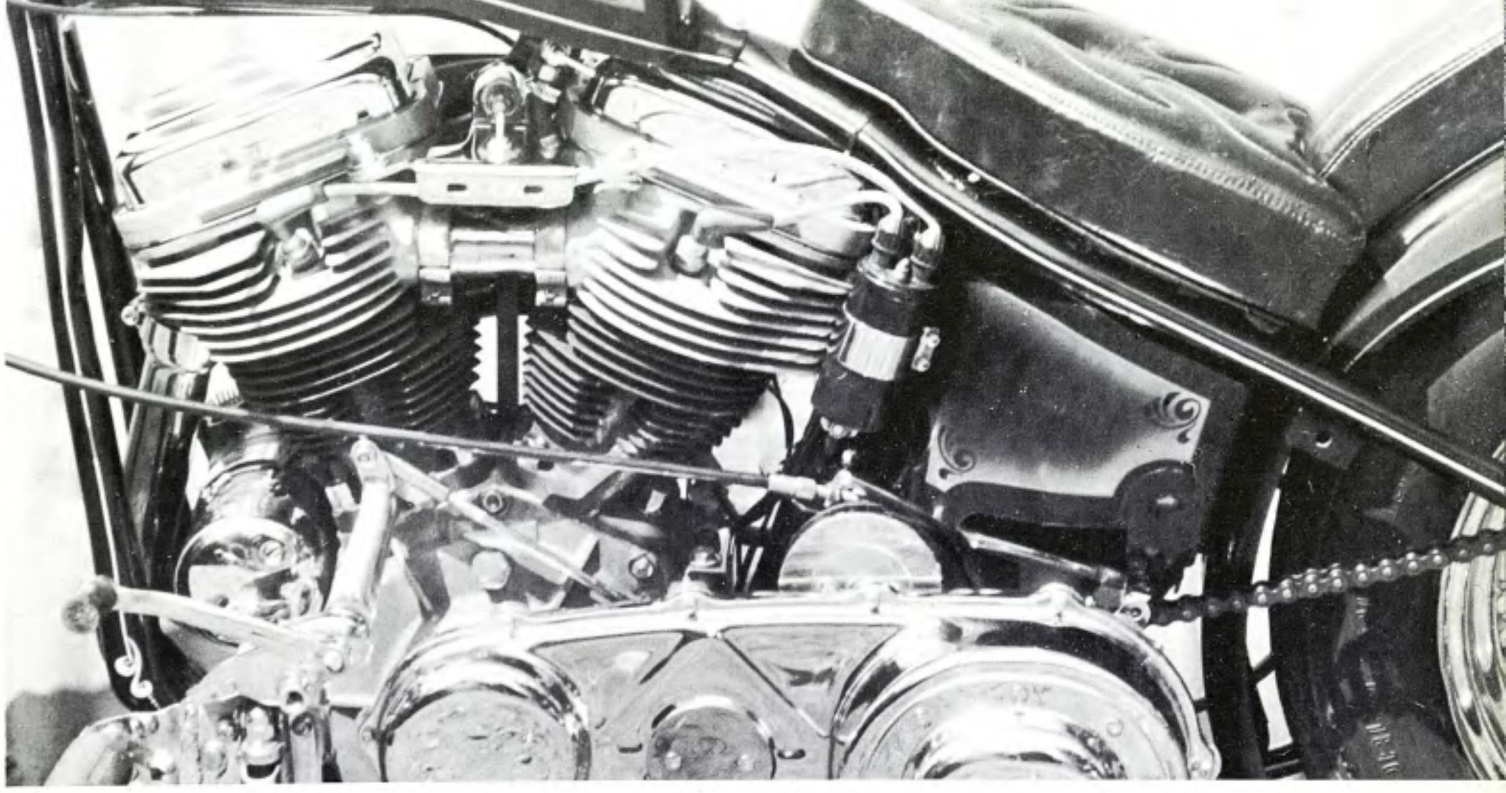
Easyriders Magazine





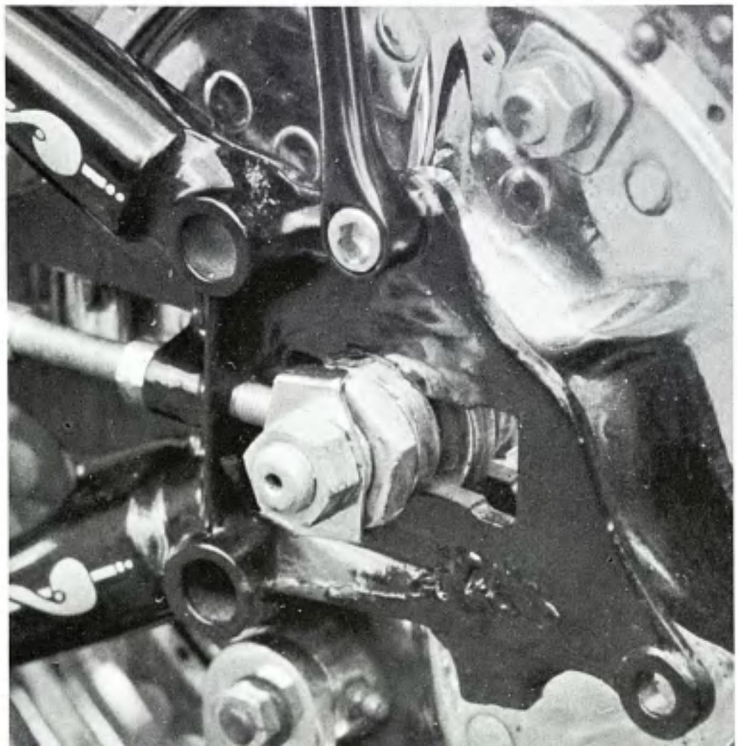






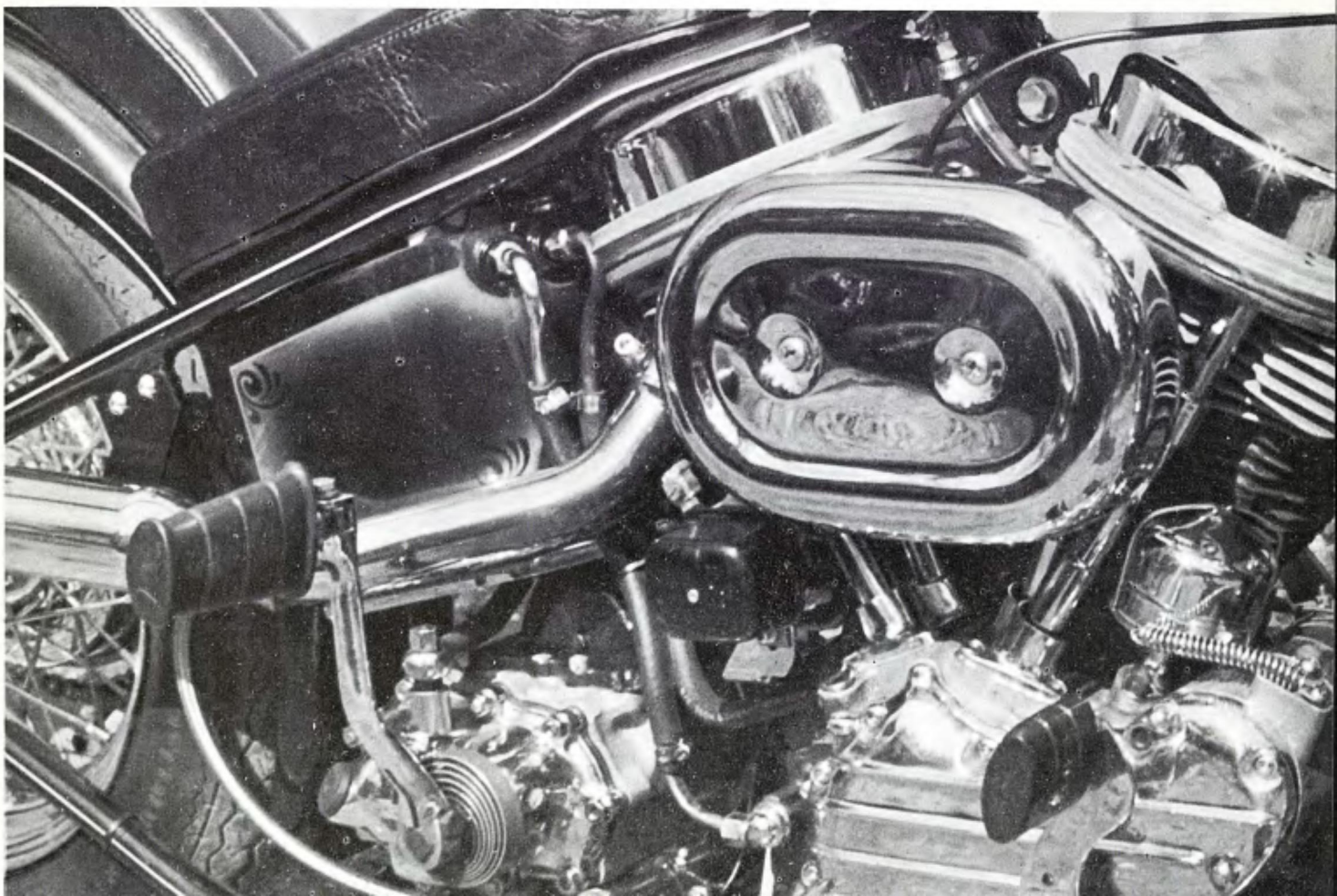
My Brother's Bike

When I got the tech sheet for this bike feature, the first thing I glanced at was who put the scooter together. The line said "owner/older brother." I flashed on my "little" brother, who had just finished putting up a 74 — and let me tell you, he was a pain in the ass. Every time I turned around he was scratching his head as if there was something in it.











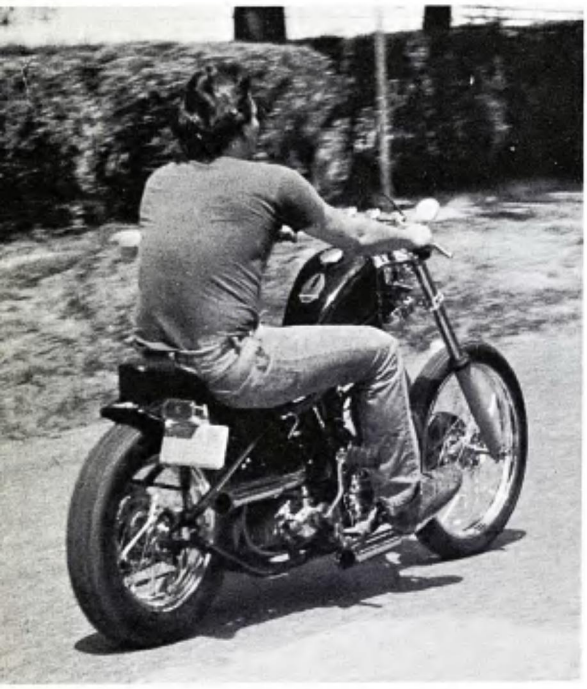
And all the time he was asking stupid questions like "Does the fat tire go on the rear or on the front end? And to think he has a motorcycle operator's permit! So I thought why not get in touch with this guy's brother and find out what he had to go through to help his kid brother put a scoot together?

Getting in touch with the brother was like talking the pump jockey into filling your fatbobs for free, but finally I got the dude on the horn and found out that he had gone through the worst. I mean, everything from bailing the paint job out of hock to using gas out of his own sled to fire his brother's bike for the first time. Then I found out that Mike, the owner, had built his bike in his brother's garage, with tools ending up everywhere but the right place. Then there were the early morning phone calls to have the garage opened up so little bro could work on his bike after getting off the night shift, and the chore of going to different shops so Mike would get a better deal on parts. When I asked the older brother what he did to get even, he said, "Nothing. That's what brothers are for; and besides that, I'm still better-looking." Also, he said, "You teach them right the first time and you won't have to go through the same crap later."

After hanging up the phone, I got to thinking about my kid brother









Photos by Frank

and whether or not he paid attention to what he was doing when I showed him how to work on his new bike. Even if he didn't, I would do it all over again — except now I would leave the phone unplugged. I guess what it all boils down to is brotherly love.

—Wrench



Owner: Michael Kaisler	**City:** Baltimore, Md.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: '53	
Year and make: '53 H-D	Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: FLH	Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: nothing you have	Rake: factory set	
Assembly by: owner/older brother	Stretch: none	
Time: 3 years	Other alterations: cherried	
Chroming by: Standard/Bill Whippo	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: '53	Risers: 4 in.	
Model: FLH panhead	Fender(s): owner/Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Mike Nobile	Headlight: Routts Cycle	
Ignition: points and condenser	Taillight: Knight Lite	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: brand new	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .060	Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: clean and legal	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: Frank Pandolfini	Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): Harley "H"	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: adjusted	Primary cover: Bill's Custom Cycles	
Carb(s): Keihin	Seat: Elmer English	
Air cleaner: late model H-D	Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Fu-Bar	Height: welded fender struts	
Muffler(s): in pipes	Material: 5/8 cold roll	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: late model gears	Type: Wide Glide	
Year: '53	Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/Routts	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive	Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Quick Carl	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Flip	Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black with blue Flipflop	Tire: Avon	Tire: Jap
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: striping and crest by Flip		
Other special modifications: special thanks to Mike Nobile, Flip, Ga-Ga, and my older brother		



Easyriders





The INTERSTATE



New Nasty Feet

Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa

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 nitrine sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

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

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, CA 91503

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

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

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

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.



Diane

Margie

Robin





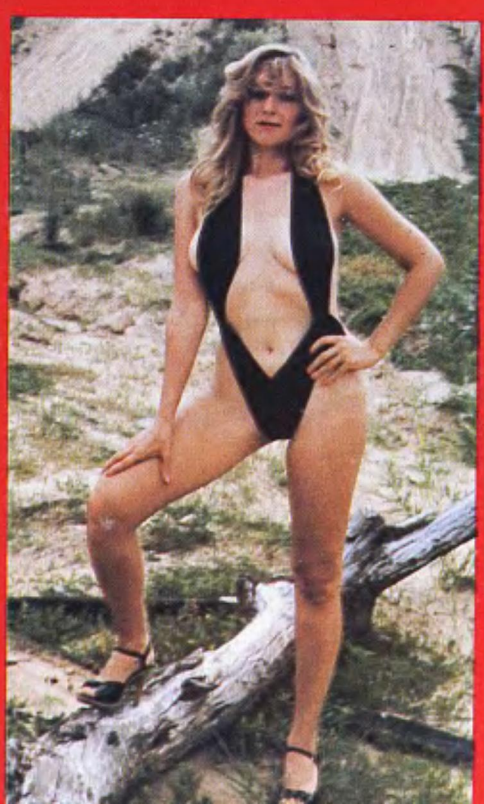


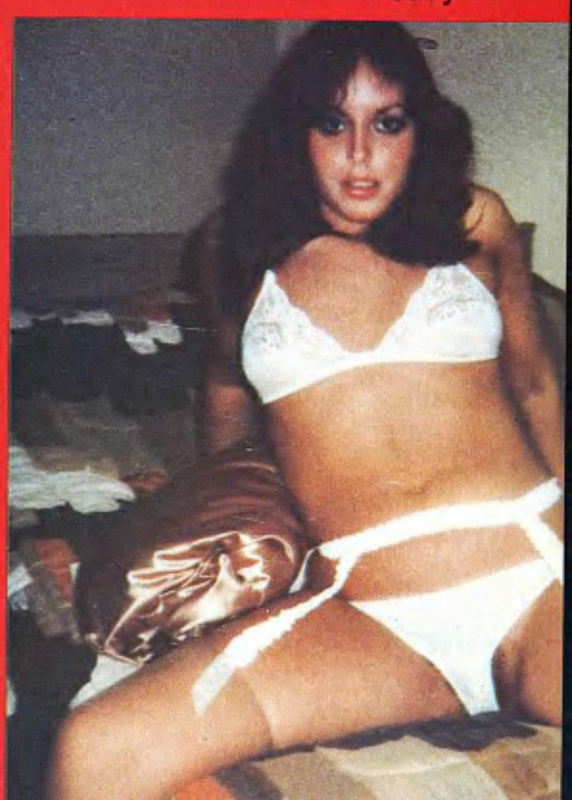
Donna

Judy

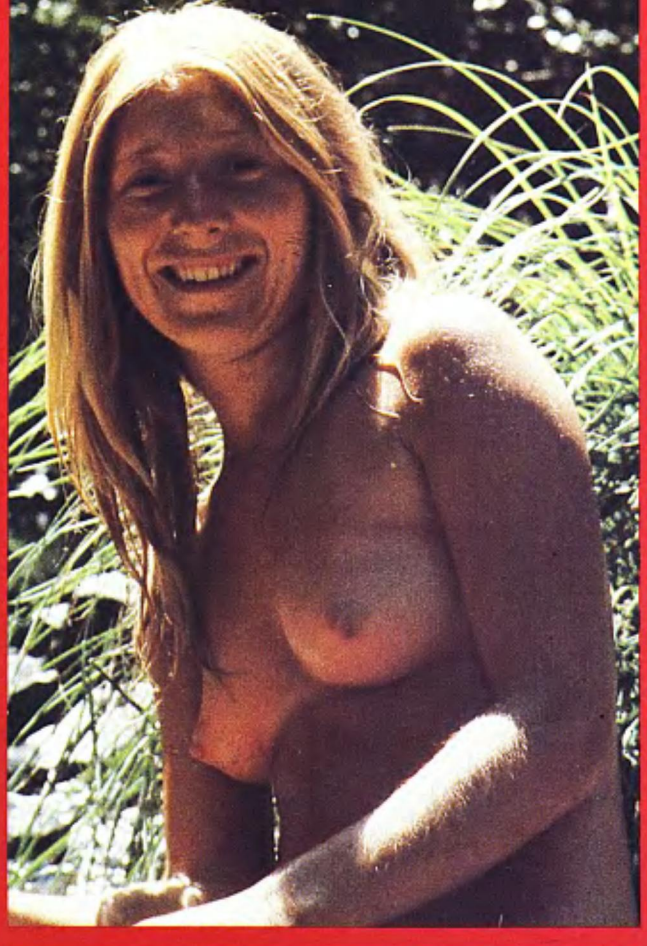


Sherrie









Here she is, folks — Laura, the sixth winner in the 4th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: ½ Breed, Leslie, and Maria.

Q' 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 Nov. 24. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #103 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders,* Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. ■

Pam



Nancy



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

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am ____ *years of age, 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

First Putt

by Property

The long-awaited springtime sun blinded me for a moment as it reflected off the chrome. At first my breath was gone, then I felt sick. I knew this was coming, but I didn't expect it so soon.

There it sat, five hundred pounds of cold, heartless steel, just waiting to prove me a fool. It was beautiful, but I could feel it was just daring me to try.

God! Can I do it?

"Come on, I want to see it on the street," Gypsy yelled. Street? Sure you do. You just want to see me make an ass of myself. "How about just down this alley here, instead?" I could hear him laughing, but he nodded in agreement.

I turned toward the giant iron monster. It seemed to be laughing at me right along with everyone else. How could something that means so much suddenly seem so horrifying?

I finally gathered up every ounce of courage, straddled the machine with surprising ease, and started kicking. No luck. "Turn on the key," Gypsy yelled, smiling. Shit! I felt so stupid.

With the key on this time, I began kicking again. It started! I just sat there for a minute with my hand shaking on the throttle. The deafening roar was familiar, only this time I was in control.

My eyes dropped to the tank. For a moment I relaxed. What a beautiful tank. I guess all the sanding and painting had finally paid off. Following the distinct lines to the bars, I suddenly realized that the world really does look different through apehangers. It looks good.

Raising the kickstand, I realized the actual weight of the machine. My knees started to shake. Lifting my leg, I kicked the bike into gear. Oh, God! Can I remember everything? Reluctantly, I eased out on the clutch, thinking about all the endless hours of work. I just couldn't go down.

Rolling slowly forward, I felt myself swaying as the machine moved recklessly from left to right. Trying desperately to hold it straight, I shifted into second. Looking down, I noticed the leg of my pants had caught on the shifter. A chill ran through my body. I looked up just in time to see the jagged edges of a rusted barbed wire fence heading right for me. I pulled away. The rear tire slipped in the gravel and my stomach fell. With all my strength, I pulled. Thoughts of road rash went through my mind. Help!

I came to a sliding stop and just sat there, motionless. I did it. I didn't go down. I really did it! Now, for some strange reason, the once horrifying steel monster looked calm and friendly. Evidently I had passed the test. We were friends.

Kicking it into gear and easing out on the clutch once more, I headed for the street. This is freedom.

I don't remember much else, except the proud look on my ol' man's face as he told his brothers, "That's my ol' lady." ■

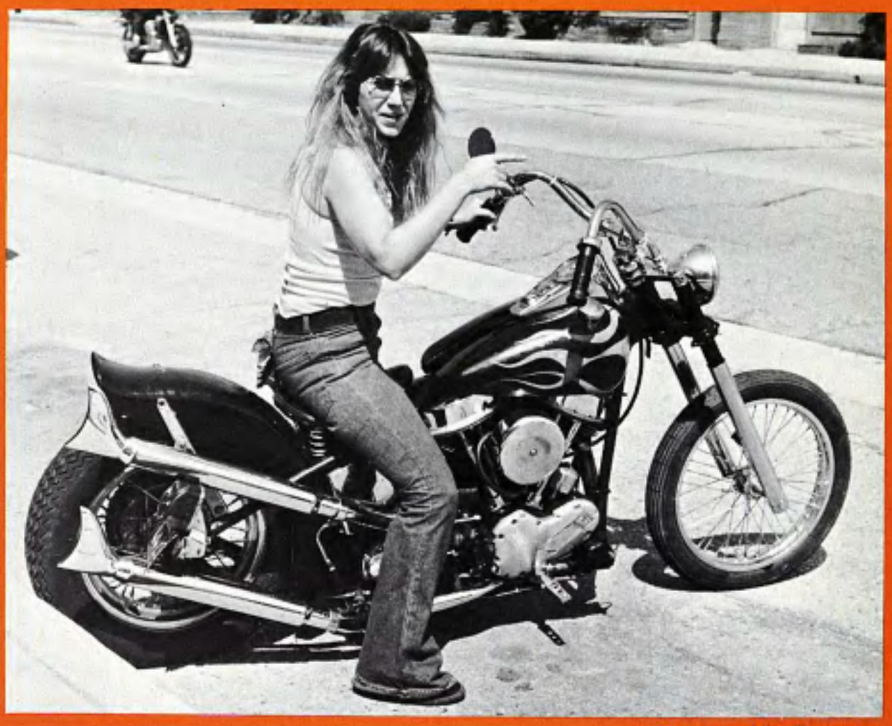


Photo by Kim Peterson

$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

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

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

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11-202 M 11-204 XL

PLAIN BLACK
11-211 S 11-213 L
11-212 M 11-214 XL

$12



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

STUDDED WRISTBANDS



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



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



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

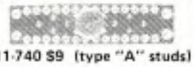
$22



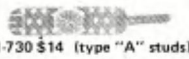
HARLEY BLACK
11-241 S 11-243 L
11-242 M 11-244 XL

PLAIN BACK
11-251 S 11-253 L
11-252 M 11-254 XL

STUDDED WATCHBANDS



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



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

TYPE "A" STUD



ORDER STUDS ONLY 50¢ EACH AND STUD YOUR OWN

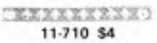


06-949 (type "A")

WRISTBANDS



11-720 $4



11-710 $4



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TIE TACKS - LAPEL PINS

$1.75
2 for $3.00



05-112



05-113

$7 CHROME PLATED BUCKLES



06-401



06-400



06-410

1½" BLACK STUDDED LEATHER BELTS

Ⓐ $19



Ⓑ $21



Ⓒ $24



	S 28-32	M 32-37	L 36-41	XL 40-45	BUCKLES NOT INCLUDED
Style A	11-431	11-432	11-433	11-434	
Style B	11-435	11-436	11-437	11-438	
Style C	11-439	11-440	11-441	11-442	

$5 SOLID BRONZE BUCKLES



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



06-413



07-749



06-476



06-477



06-436



07-825



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NEW! TASTY! CANDY PANTS
DELICIOUS (100% edible) UNDERWEAR

Men's: 07-920 Red, Wild Cherry $4.95
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This Row Post Earrings $3.75 pr.



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			Post.	.95
			Total	

For our next 3 catalogs, send $1.00

Adolf's DEPT. 182R 2607 Hennepin Mpls., Min. 55408

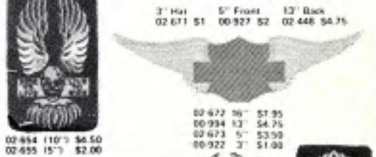
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$1.50 Each—Collar Tabs $3 Pair



Cpl. set of 8 05-300 $10



05-302 $3 Pr.

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#05 148

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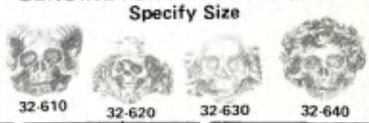
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Specify Size



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FLICKET alone, only $4.95

Cash, m.o. or certified check. Add 5¢ if cash.

Specify right- or left-handed

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Not For Sale In Stores! Buy Direct!

Charley Company Dept. 103
Box 335, Agoura, CA 91301

Downtime

Continued from page 38

like a costume for a forties-vintage harem movie set in Hollywood's idea of Baghdad. This outfit was set off by a black skullcap bearing a large cloth representation of a harmonica that flopped wildly during the first number, after which it was discarded. I was certain this goombah would drive me right up the wall.

Was I ever wrong. Norton Buffalo proceeded to blow my shit into next week with some of the hottest harmonica playing I've heard before or since. Without exaggeration, I can say I couldn't believe the sounds coming out of the skinny weirdo hopping around on the stage in front of me. Warbling in a pure tenor voice that slipped easily in and out of falsetto blues breaks, running through a mixed bag of dynamite rhythm and blues, rocking pop tunes, and tasteful ballads, Buffalo readily demonstrated that, if he wanted, he could make it strictly as a singer. But his harp playing is just this side of unbelievable. Thrusting three or four harmonicas into his belt, Buffalo whipped them out singly or in groups to blow some of the meanest virtuoso blues harmonica you'll ever hear, sometimes switching to a chromatic instrument for beautiful, complex runs that left the audience dumbfounded and screaming for more. Needless to say, I became an instant fan.



Perhaps the most-overlooked and frequently-disregarded instrument in pop music is the harmonica. Guitar players, whether lead, rhythm, or bass, tend to dominate discussions about who's the best on their instruments, the candidates seeming endless — George Thorogood, Pete Townsend, Eric Clapton, Jerry Garcia, Johnny Winter, Jimi Hendrix, Alvin Lee, Albert Lee, Bill



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91302

Wyman, Carlos Santana, John McLaughlin, Joe Walsh, Ry Cooder, etc. But turn to the harp and only a few players come to mind. Of course, only a few rock, blues, or country bands employ full-time harp players. There are exceptions, naturally, like Kim Wilson of The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Magic Dick of the J. Geils Band, and Mickey Raphael, who plays with Willie Nelson.

Joel Tepp, who's played harp for Ian Matthews, Bonnie Raitt, and Maria Muldaur, calls the instrument's secondary role a time-honored prejudice; "The harp is a color instrument, and most artists don't like to color an entire set with it. As a result, you've pretty much got to double on another instrument in order to work. In the beginning I didn't double, and whenever it came time to go on tour I'd lose my job.

"I know it's a cliche, but the harmonica is really a very underestimated instrument. But I guess that's to be expected with any ax that you can pick up and make noises on immediately."

Harmonica players don't always labor in obscurity, though, and some, like Little Walter, Bob Dylan, and the previously-mentioned Mickey Raphael, have created styles so distinctive as to be instantly identifiable. But I'll stick by my guns and say the ab-so-fuckin'-lutely *best* harp player around today is Norton Buffalo.

I asked Buffalo about those assumed limitations of the instrument the last time he played in this area. As we sat in his hotel room he tinkered with a chromatic harp he had disassembled as we talked. "I just don't think the public understands the capacity of the little harmonica," he stated. "Like everybody thinks, 'Aww, it's just a little fucker.' But they don't really know what it can do. It's a chameleon, 'cause I can make that thing scream just like a sax. You can play those real beautiful melodies, and you can play that real screaming shit. The harp, because of its size, is unregarded. Everybody thinks it's real limited, but it's not."

While nothing will give you the full impact of Norton Buffalo's remarkable talent except hearing him in person, his two fine albums on Capitol, **Desert Horizon** and **Lovin' In The Valley Of The Moon,** serve as excellent showcases for this exceptional performer.

Desert Horizon, Buffalo's 1978 effort, is the quieter of the two discs, containing the brief, moody, tone-poem-like instrumental "Echoes of the Last Stampede" and generally

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Sets (A&B): Same set of filthy cards as last year.
Set C: Entirely new and even more gross.

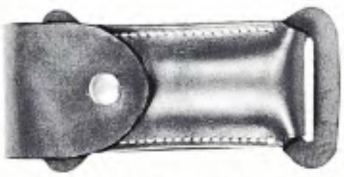
Please send me ___ sets.
PLEASE CIRCLE SET DESIRED: A B C
Matching envelopes with each order.
I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is ___ *(You must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.)*
U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add $1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add $3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

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Choppershopper

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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)

Tom: Merry Christmas and Happy New year, sweetie. You are still the greatest and always will be. Thanks for making me so happy. Your loving #1, Lynda. (103)

Lady Jo: Good luck wherever you are. Stay in the wind; it's the only place that's free. Always, Hooker and Shadow. (8/21/81). (103)

Professional tattoo artist in Kentucky will be traveling to Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida in months of December, January, and February. Would like to book tattoo parties for you and your friends. Get 10 or more friends together for tattoos. Write us a post card and enclose phone number. Send to Jessie, P.O. Box 121, Oak Grove, Ky. 42262. (103)

Wild man would like to hear from some crazy ladies. Bob Hines #144-895, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (103)

Merry Chrismas to the bros who live or hang at the Airport, and to the Gappa family. From Sly. (103)

Rebel Wolf (R.E.H.). Coleman Barracks, Mannheim, Germany: Lookin' forward to comin' back home! Happy anniversary (10-30-81). Hasn't been a rose garden, but wouldn't trade for no one else. I luv u! Your wife till death, Yankee Fawn. (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)

Gentle, easygoing white dude, 32, with time, bread, and his own pad seeks understanding mama 18-38. One child okay. Write Steve, P.O. Box 5478, Reno, Nev. 89513. (103)

Outrageous designs on black T-shirts for the motorcyclist. Send for free info. Nightrider, P.O. Box 902, Simi Valley, Calif. 93062. (104)

Need a change? Special lady sought for friend and lover. Should be into blue jeans, not bar scenes, honest, slender, attractive, enjoy sun and fun. I'm 30, sincere, easygoing, animal lover, employed, and not hard to look at. Photo. Roy Haynes, 5800 N.E. 2 Ter., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33334. (103)

Bones: All I ever really wanted and needed from you was to feel I had gained your friendship and to be able to keep company with you. We have half. Friends. Couch. (103)

White male, 33, seeks aggressive, fun-loving female, 18-25, for good times in the sack and good times on the road. Into brotherhood, yoga, martial arts, weed, wine—and H-D's #1. Has land for right, sweet lady. Send pics. Coyote, 7110 S. Peoria, Tulsa, Okla. 74136. (103)

Lee Martinez: Happy 20th birthday, babe. Dec. 10. Love is U. You will always be my No. 1 lady 4-ever. Your man 4-ever, Tiny. (103)

Ladies: Downed Harley rider, age 30, auburn hair, blue-eyed, handsome devil, needs love. Tired of game players, tramps, liars; permanent relationship desired. Photo appreciated. Allen (Shotgun) Schrum, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043. (103)

Big Al, in Texas: Are you still puttin' or what? I'll be out of the green machine 4 July '82. I got a scoot and want to ride to wherever. Write me or meet me in Wazoo. Still a friend, Dean. (103)

Female, 28, recently divorced, seeks loyal, good ol' man. Tired of constant parties and one-night stands. Have one small child. Looking for permanent relationship. Children welcome. No hardcores. Jan D., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu Calif. 90265. (103)

Ladies: 26-year-old, blue-eyed bro doing lonely time, would like some sincere ladies to correspond with. Appreciate photos. Write Paul D. McLewee, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (103)

Michael: Happy 5th anniversary, October 19th. I'll love you forever. Linda. (103)

D.R.: Happy anniversary. You're the best ol' man anyone could ask for. May you never change. M.B. (103)

To Joe, my Low Rider: I'll ride with you forever. Happy anniversary (11/15) Love you. Sheryl. (103)

Collecting motorcycle license plates. Will swap Michigan for any year, any state, any country. Falcon Fred, 32611 Utica, Fraser, Mich. 48026. (103)

Announcing the birth of a future tattoo artist. "Tattoo Trevor" Charles was born to Fred and Jane Sibary of Falcon Fred Tattooing in Michigan on June 23, 1981. (103)

28-year-old downed but not dead tramp. Looking for a real lady who is serious about a relationship that is not full of bullshit. Only those serious need reply. Alex Benson, P.O. Box 661, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (103)

Grow your favorite herb indoors for pennies. Hydroponics, metal halide lights, indoor growing goods. Catalog 50¢. HSW, Box 55175-F, Omaha, Neb. 68155. (103)

Doing time and need letters from females. Larry Coultas #10597, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (103)

Crazy Larry: Happy late 26th (10-5-81). You'll always be my #1. I love you, babe! Forever yours, Dirty Mary. (103)

E.O.B.F.: Sturgis was a blast! Brothers and Outriders forever. Happy fucking New Year, bros. Bandit B.F.F.B. (103)

Dave and Jerry Iben: Sure would like to hear from you soon. Send me a few lines sometime. Jon Williams from Old Bridge, DC/E Division USS Ajax (AR-6), FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96642. (103)

Ever have a pig club you in the nuts? I'm collecting information on police brutality and prison abuses. Voodoo, Box 143, Sedalia, Mo. 65301. (104)

April Colette Lebellois must make contact with her husband for problems, very important. Lebellois Didier, 14 Bis R. Robert Ferrer, 94700, Maisons-Alfort, France. (103)

One-pan Low-budget Cookin', stews, munchies, and more. Free booze recipes with each book ordered. Send only $2.95 (we throw in the postage and handling). Limited time only. Charley Co., Box 335, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (103)

Another future Harley rider is born: John Michael Ryan Griffey. 8 lbs. 7½ oz., Aug. 2, 1981. (103)

Daddy: Happy 30th 11/29. Ride hard and die free; just don't go before you teach me. Your rugrat. Harley. (103)

Rob: It's all I could afford! Love ya, Laura. (103)

Angel Tamara: Where the hell are you? Write me at Box 1164, Port Aransas, Tex. 78373. You are number one, Joe. (103)

W/m wants to correspond with sincere ladies with good heads. Send picture. Tony Morrow #88081, Camp H-B/5, Angola, La. 70712. (103)

Swingers accept singles. Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (105)

Tattooing Handbook, plus tattoed women's photos $19.95. 345 popular designs $19.95. Non-spraying liner tube $9. Best needles 500 $9.95. DC power supply kit $60. Steele, Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901. (103)

KT: My sunrise. Happy birthday. Talk of mountains, talk of love. It has to work. Love, Rd. Frog. (103)

I do love you, David Dutton. (103)

Together, hardcore male has 6 months left in joint. Needs hot, hardcore momma to scribe. Share it all. Willie Claflin #36451-115, Unit D, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101. (103)

Lonely prisoner in solitary confinement, for the crime of speaking out against the prison, seeks letters from all sincere ladies. I'm 28, w/m, 5'8", blue eyes, and brown hair. Will answer all letters. Please send photo if you have one. Write Michael Geoghegan #01590-190, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048. (103)

Bush: I'm glad I found ya. I'm yours forever. Please remember, PJ and I will love ya as long as ya can put up with us. Love forever and a day, Terri. Be thinkin' of ya on 12-2-81, and waitin' for 7/82. Love ya. (103)

Jim's Tattoo, 1124 Washington St., Corinth, Miss. 38834. Appointment only. (601) 287-1297. (103)

Kelly Christopher or Misty Noland from Calif. Someone tell them to write to Rick Harris, Box 35, Ryan, Okla. 73565. (103)

Dear Kurt R. Schultz: Think of you every day and lie in bed each night wondering if you'll ever be back. Hope you're happy and healthy, doing well, and staying out of trouble. I've missed you more than I can say. Take care and be good. Warmest wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! I'll love you always. Sincerely, Kathleen (and Mum). (103)

Gary: Thanks for the ultimate high on 9-3-81. Riding beside you filled me with pride. Keep on trikin'. Love, your ol' lady, Barb. (103)

Sinner: Happy B-day 9-6-63. You're finally legal. How do you like it? Ha-ha. Your "Cuz" Rebel. (103)

Jimmy: Happy B-day 10-11-55. I hope this one's better than last year. I'll be partyin' with ya babes. I still love and miss ya. Rebel. (103)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (105)

Critter: Happy birthday, 12-14-43. I love you more today than yesterday, but only half as much as tomorrow. "Big Mama." (103)

Lake Tahoe, gentle but strong white dude, 34, likes to tie his women up while loving them. Will exchange notes, pics with chicks anywhere. Dave, Box 372, Kings Beach, Calif. 95719. (103)

Need information and parts for 1-cylinder Teleglide Harley-Davidson, 1960-1962. David Bowman, Rt. 2, Box 80, Rock Springs, Ga. 30739. (103)

To all the good men who wrote me after I had my ad to Mike: Sorry, bros, but I just can't answer all these letters; please let up. I want an answer from only one man, and that person knows who he is. I wish I could help you all, but it's gotten out of hand. My thanks to everyone who cared. Kathy. (103)

Mud: Where the fuck are you? Get in touch. Box 73444, Fairbanks, Alaska 99707. George. (103)

David: Happy birthday 10-19-81, and happy first anniversary 11-30-81. I will love you forever. May you always ride hard and live free. Rosanne. (103)

Continued on next page

"Cajun" Bob Hogan thanks the brothers who responded to the ad that helped him get some of his valuables back. Specially "Spider." (103)

To the babes: Blondes, brunettes, or redheads. Doesn't really matter —I love ya anyway. Looking for a fun-loving, sincere sweetie to cure some of this loneliness for me. Write to Manuel Weber #91565, Box 788, D/E—D.C.I., Jackson, La. 70748. (103)

Wanted: Complete, late-model, H-D sidecar frame. Must be undamaged and include mounting brackets, brake, mag wheel. Body not important. Bill Boyle, Box 2712, Farmington, N.M. 87401. (103)

David: Happy 23rd birthday (November 1). I love you, baby! You are the best thing that ever happened to me. Sandy. (103)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (103)

To some good people in Montrose, Minn.: You made the extra miles worth it. Jerry 1, Jerry 2, and Dan. See you in Sturgis '82. Gunner. (103)

Jimbo: Merry Christmas. Hope we're still together. If not, I'm still waiting. Love you always. Bert. (103)

Swap Meet: Indoors. January 10. Kansas City trade mart, K.C., Mo. (103)

Wanted: Ladies who will write a 24-yr.-old white scooter pilot doing time. Keven Carsey, ACTF, 10000 S. Wilmot, Tucson, Ariz. 85777. (103)

Old Harley parts for sale: J & JD (1915-29), single-cyl., and early (1929-36) 45" parts, and a large number of new old parts. Will divide into separate lots. Must sell. Best offers, first come. (314) 832-0345. (103)

$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. (103)

Wanted: Lovely ladies 19-25 for escort and modeling agency. Will provide nice apartment in the Des Moines, Iowa, area. Send pix, address, and phone to P.O. Box P, New Sharon, Iowa 50207. (103)

Henri: Merry Christmas. You're in my heart always. I love you. Patti. (103)

Hi: George Bowen and Dean McCracken. From To Tall, Conway, Ark. (103)

Widow must sell 2 garages of motorcycle parts. Mostly Harley, Indian 1913-1980. Many in storage since 1957. Send $2 for inventory list. Widow, Box 2774, Alameda, Calif. 94501. (103)

Micah and Donna: I love you two too much for words to describe. Happy fifth birthday, son. I'm sorry we couldn't spend this or your previous four together. Maybe someday we can do things together and get to know each other. Donna, I love you and always will. There is a very special place in my heart for you. You're a great mother. I love you both. Happy birthday, son. Dad. (103)

Crunch: Happy birthday. You're the best, you deserve the best, but instead you got me. The boys and I love you so much. Mama, Huey, Dewey, and Louie. (103)

For sale: One 1958 man, low mileage, custom exterior, slightly used. Very experienced, and very much in prison. Need some scribes and flicks from women who care. Write James David #80C495, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (103)

Looking for sincere Harley-riding man, tall, age 25-35, who needs a good ol' lady; no women beaters or heavy dopers or drinkers. Partying fine, but so is a place to call home. I'm 25, w/f, tall, red hair, blue eyes, fair build. Write Star, 4908 N. Able, Spencer, Okla. 73084. (103)

Ralph, I love and miss you more each day. Can't wait till we're together once again. Love ya forever. Tammy. (103)

Leo, Clarkville, Tennessee: Please call Barb (607) 564-9088. Ithaca. (103)

Doc: Happy birthday (1-20) and happy anniversary (2-10). You mean everything to me and I'll love you always. Shell. (103)

Sharon S.: I never wanted to lose you. It was for you I learned to ride, so I'm pulling myself together. No more Bud and buddies. I'll love you forever. Please come home. Michael Snider. (103)

Wake up your nose legally with Dean Swift Imported Snuffs. Ask at any tobacco store or send U.S. $5 for intro assortment to DSLtd, Box 2009, San Francisco, Calif. 94126. (103)

Buck: Happy late birthday. Still 4-ever yours. J.B. (103)

Young black man in search of friendship with sensitive souls. I'm very serious about my moments in existence, and I ask the people who decide to write to be also. I desire to merge with real people who really want to experience life with a smile and critical mind. Time is running out; hurry and write. Let us begin to search one another's souls for that beautiful connection. Hurry! Send a picture also; I will do the same as soon as I receive yours. Yours in the struggle to become, Duvalle Johnson #71449-012. Also seeking correspondence. Clarence Jones #36218-133, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438. (103)

Improve sex life: Send $5 to Sex Diet, 515 Reed St., Cary, N.C. 27511. (103)

Red: Happy birthday to my #1 (11-9-81). You're my best friend and my lover. I'll love you always. Bunky. (103)

Rusty: Happy birthday, babe, 10-25-81. I love you. Debi. (103)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (103)

Mike: I want those jeans. Bird. (103)

Randy: Happy 25th. 12-25-81. Ditto from Kilo and Sheba. Fuck the weather, let's putt. Loving you always. Janie. P.S. Do unicorns tolerate armadillos? (103)

Jim: Happy birthday, Dec. 9, '52. I love you, babe. Your lady, Sparrow. (103)

Mad Dog: Was that call about T. Larson? Sorry I couldn't accept. See my letter in Wordmonger? Anyone else know Larson? (Thomas Michael) Tamar, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (103)

Hey, Goat Roper, Merry Christmas. Evahbuddy luvs ya! Little Grandma. (103)

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)

Chuck: Happy birthday 1-15-82. My love for you will never end. Your loving woman and lifelong friend. Jody. (103)

Swamp: Hope you have a happy #27 on 1-28. Congratulations on our #2. In the wind and by your side always. Love, Twatney. (103)

W/f, 25, 5'3", 115, brown hair and eyes. Tired of the fast lane and running against the wind. Looking for biker for friendship and good times. Will reply to all with photo. Missouri or Illinois area. Write Kat, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (103)

Mangy Tom: Where have ya been hiding? Miss ya mucho. It's time for ya to break your 6-month record. Hope you're happy, healthy, horny, and ridin' free and easy. Please keep in touch (714) 267-0121. Love, Your 'shroom-eatin' mangy mamas. (103)

Make them think you really left town. I'll pay postage and mail your letter from Korea for 5 bucks. Send by airmail to 160-01 S. Bailey, P.O. Box 333, Nam-Inchon Post Office, Republic of Korea. (103)

If you lost a set of saddlebags in Kansas, write Dainum, P.O. Box 1052, Castroville, Calif. 95012. (103)

T.C.: Heal soon! Slow Ride, Fairfield, Calif. (103)

Trucks, Scorpions MC: Good times ahead! Promise to call me, please. (206) 474-9229. Scorpio Ruthie, Sturgis 1981. (103)

Up-to-date service features, explosive investigative journalism, and the original "Girl Next Door" —that's Gallery magazine. Every month on every newsstand. (103)

A Swedish bro wants contact with Hells Angels in San Francisco area. "Chopper." Mr. Leif Nilsson, Montorvagen 12, 16146 Bromma, Sweden. (103)

Ash: Been a year since that photographer charged us $2.50 per photo on the steps of the Kensington office at 11:05 a.m. Happy anniversary, my love (5-11-80). May my future years as your ol' lady be as beautiful as you are. Harleys forever. Love, MJH. (103)

Wanted: Engineer boots, new, used, clean, or dirty. Any condition. Turn used boots into cash. Will pay postage and fair price. Send to Box 9709, Denver, Colo. 80209. (103)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8½ x 11 wall ministerial credential, send $10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

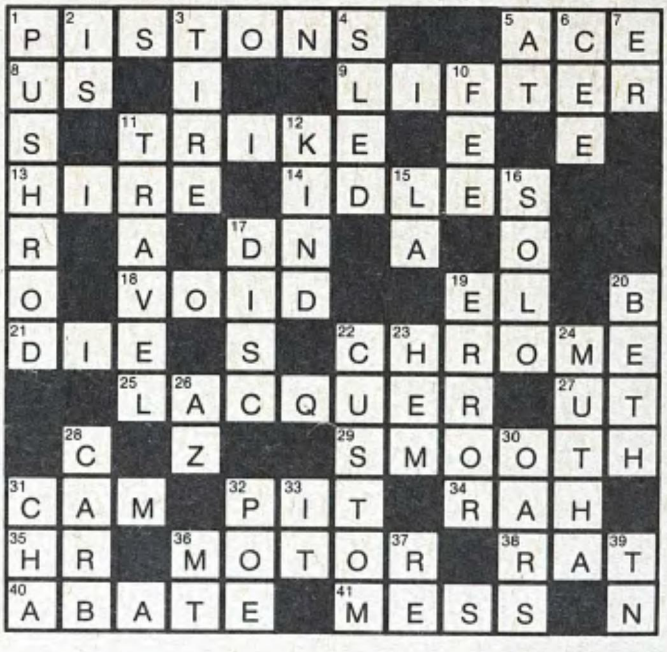
Fred: I love ya, no strings attached. Big Red too! Selma. (103)

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

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

Continued on page 126

Solution to puzzle found on page 55



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

ALASKA
House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
Arizona Custom Cycles 2901 W. Thomas Rd. Suite G, Phoenix
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 4631 N. 75th Dr., Phoenix

CALIFORNIA
The Purple Hog 642 Plumas 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. Maclay St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
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H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano
Hutchins H-D 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Jammer Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Cycle Specialties 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
Cycle Parts Unlimited 1660 Yosemite Park Way, Merced
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville

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Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 3790 Morrison Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
Dave's Auto Body: 2201 State Ave., Alamosa

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

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

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Harleys Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hallandale
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers

GEORGIA
Last Chance Cycles E. Main St., Blue Ridge
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd., Chamblee

HAWAII
Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamaile St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Cycle Service & Sales 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
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Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
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Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
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Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City

KANSAS
Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Middle Earth Cycle Accessories Fifth & Elizabeth St., Scott City

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

LOUISIANA
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. 4695 North St., Baton Rouge

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

MASSACHUSETTS
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Harley Heaven, Inc. 116 Mansfield Ave. Rt. 140, Norton

MICHIGAN
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Famington Hills

MINNESOTA
D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Petrow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato
Reigert's H-D Cycle 435 10th St. N.E., Austin

MISSISSIPPI
Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs

MISSOURI
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack
St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville

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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Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester
Cavanaugh Bros. H-D, Inc. 101 Upton, Manchester

NEW JERSEY
H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Country Cycle Center, 1594 Rt. #9, Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Dynamic Cycle 700 Broadway, Bayonne

NEW MEXICO
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Big Twin Cycle 9817 Acoma S.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
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
Custom Cycle Inc. 1895 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Harley-Davidson of Ramapo Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Sloatsburg
MC Custom Accessories 109 N. Plain St., Ithaca
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Nanuet
Sal's Early Cycle Parts 1056 Little E. Neck Rd., W. Babylon
Street Cycles Limited 339 Hempstead Turnpike, Elmont
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville

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

OHIO
Custom MC Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna
Pegasus Cycles 2556 Elm Rd., Warren
Warren Custom Cycles 1914 W. Market St., Warren

OKLAHOMA
Brinkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Choctaw, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville

SOUTH CAROLINA
Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 106 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
D.C. Cycle 904 S. Market St., Lancaster
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter

TENNESSEE
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
K.D. Enterprises 3909 Chatman Hwy., Knoxville

TEXAS
Larry's M/C Service 217 S. B, Harlingen
Doc's Motorcycle 2420 B. Robinson, Grand Prairie
The Basket Case 2826 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
Canter's Antique Cycles 1212 E. Marshall, Longview
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood
Livingston Custom Cycles 622 S. Washington, Livingston

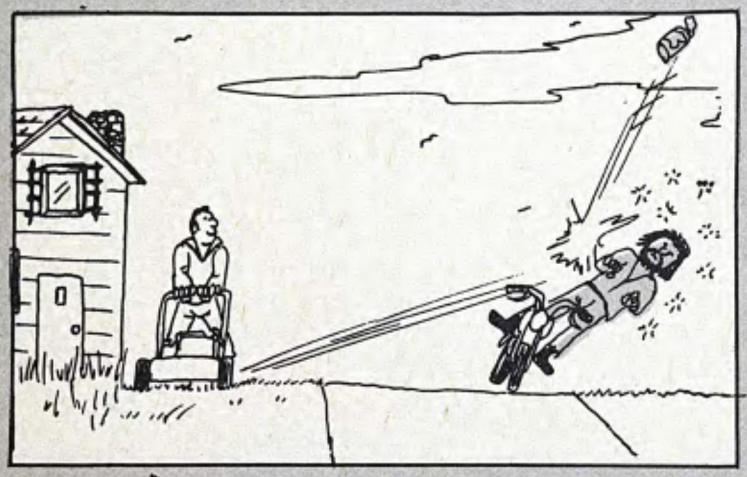
VIRGINIA
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Apingdon
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Rt. 17 & 195, Fredericksburg

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

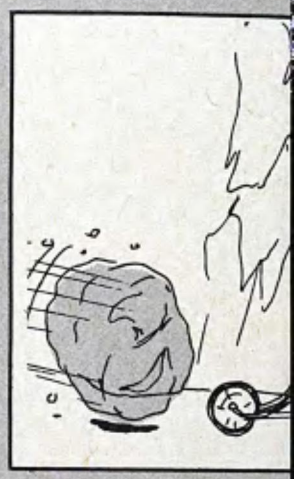
WEST VIRGINIA
Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

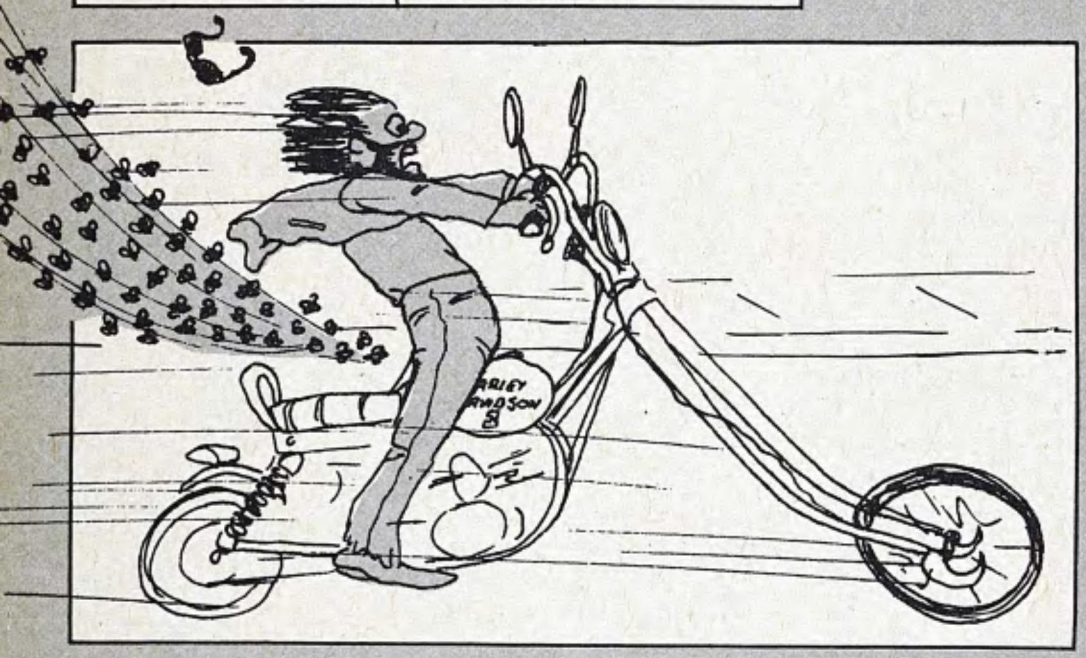
WISCONSIN
Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee

The Joys of

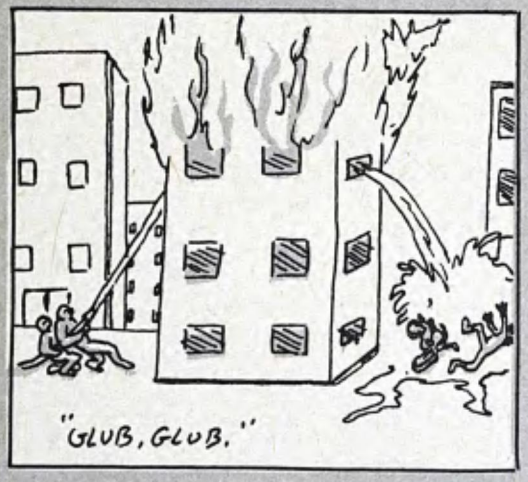




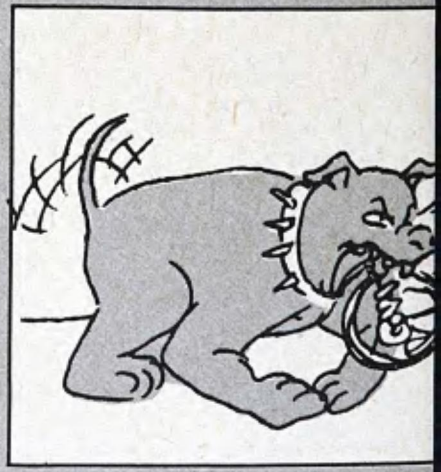








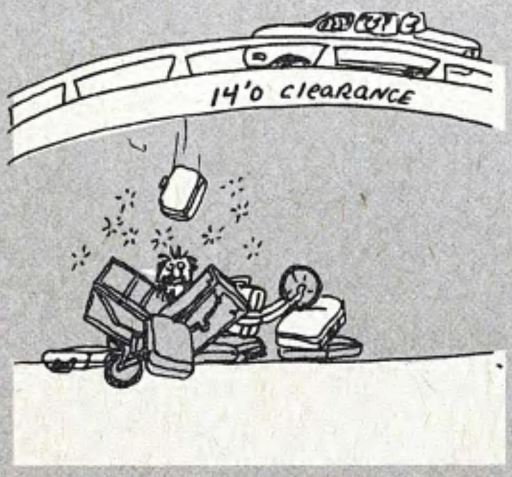


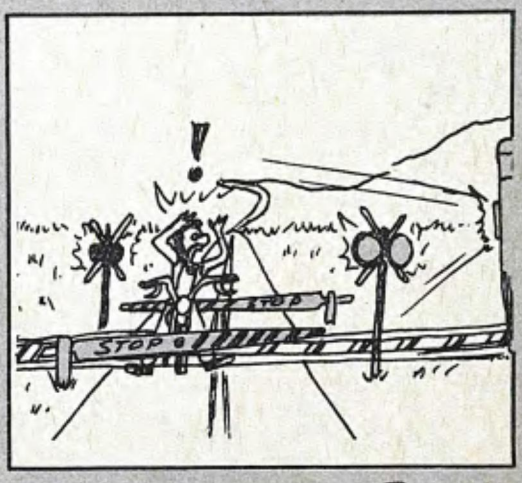


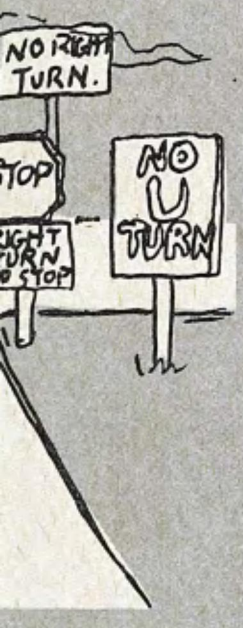
Bike Ridin'

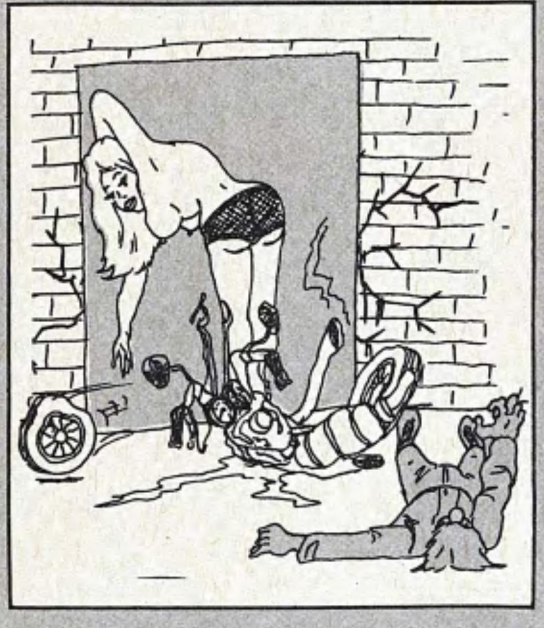
by Stanley Arrowood



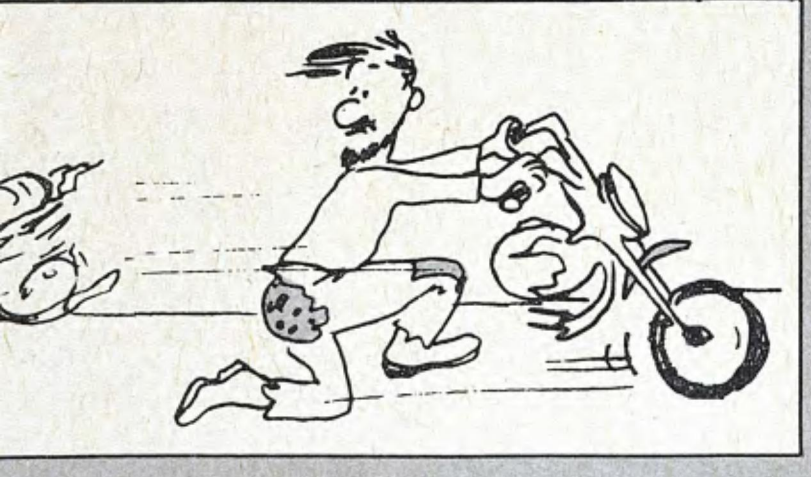


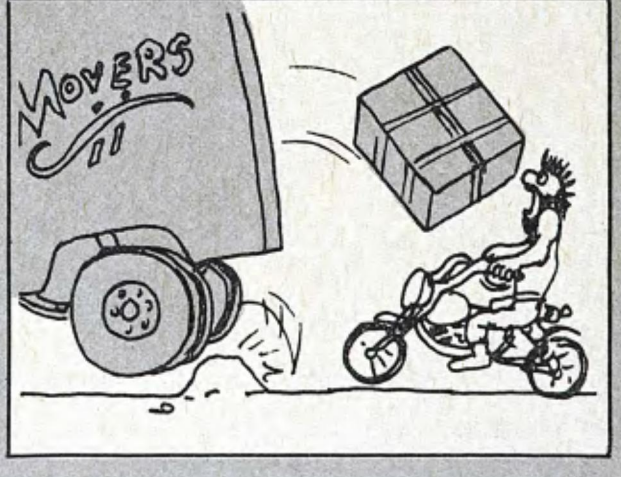






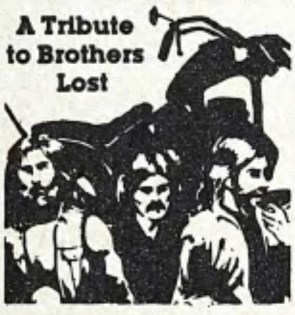






Male Call

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In loving memory of **George Beck**, who will always remain in my thoughts as well as my heart. May you find peace. I'll miss you always. Marmon Queen.

In memory of **Billy "Skull" Rowan.** You lived free and died too young. You'll always be in our hearts. All your bros and sisters from Uncle Charlie's Bar.

In memory of **Rip, Iron Dog, Kip, Geno, Wildman,** and all our lost brothers. Gone but not forgotten. Custom Riders MC.

In memory of **Dave Wallace.** Dad, we love you. You are in our hearts forever. Little D and your kids.

In memory of **Puzzle,** my ol' man, who was killed in June 1980. You took a piece of my heart with you. You will be missed but never forgotten. Your panhead will always be on the road for you. Love, Maria.

In memory of **Harry "Nick" Killian,** who lived a hard and fast life. A beloved and righteous bro to the end. You'll be in our hearts and minds forever. Bros from Honeybrook, Pa., Reds, Charlie, Tommy, Butch, and Jody.

In memory of **Tommy "T-Ray" Cozart,** who was killed 1/27/81. May you ride high in the wind forever. I will keep on making our dreams come true for you. Until we are together again, I love you. Your new lady, Mary.

In memory of **Ricky Lee Scott,** May you ride forever in Harley Heaven. Love, Hobbit and the rest of your brothers from Spring Valley.

In memory of **Bill "Skinner" Isnor,** 12/80, who rode hard and died hard. Your memory will be with us forever. You touched many lives with your spirit of life. Your friends in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

In memory of **Mike Evans,** I never got the chance to tell you that all was forgiven. Ride easy, bro—I'll always have loving memories of you. Star.

In memory of **"Small Paul" Harris.** A big man with an even bigger heart. You are riding in the wind now, but your memory lives in our hearts forever. We love you always. Bennie, Rhonda, and all your brothers and sisters in North Sacto.

In memory of **Crazy Steve** and **Dave,** brothers we loved and always will love. Gone but not forgotten. Your brothers, The Invaders MC of Virginia. IFFI.

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.

Doing 7 years and lonely as hell. Could use some letters from you ladies in the free world. 18-35. Tony Evans #39946, CMCC, Hall 3, Box 539, Route 1, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Lonely Virgo looking for letters from all fine ladies to help make my time a little smoother. Robert Mitchell #A93442, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Need a real biker lady, but only if she can love and putt forever. Lost and lonely. Jim Caccamo #W5857, R.D. #2, Box 10, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

Captured and would like to get letters from special ladies. Randy Dichard #18027, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

27-year-old Scorpio would like to hear from caring ladies. T.S. Janczak #289690, A-1-13, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Would like to hear from all fine and foxy ladies. Down and out. Will answer all. Frank Burkey #A98069 Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Lonely prisoner would like to hear from young ladies. Please write. Mike Pawlowski #W5864, R.D. #2, Box 10, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

Downed Calif. bro lost in Okla. prison. Need righteous ol' lady and mail. Answer all. John Ross, Jr. #108416, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Need letters from ladies. All answered. Pictures would be nice. Tim Schroeder #103486, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

Down and lonely; need letters and pictures from foxes. Will answer all letters. Lenni Di Cristofaro #351166, LNCI, Room 224, 1199 W. Lantana Rd., Lantana, Fla. 33462.

Inmate needs letters and photos from ladies 18-25, W/m, 5'8", 21 years old. Thomas Kenney #79827, Box 200, West Coxsackie, N.Y. 12192.

Calif. bro knocked down in Mich. Need scribes from ladies to bring back the sun and wind. Terry Graves #138239, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely man doing time needs mail from a good woman. Please send picture with letters. Write, Kenneth D. Shipp #274773-A, #H-18, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Two bros been down for a while and need to hear from some evil, wicked, mean, and nasty tramps. Johnny Halsey #298278, and Vince Smith #285098, Retrieve Unit, Route 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Older dude, 37, needs to hear from a lady with her head together and wanting to take care of the right kind of ol' man. Serious ladies, write. Donald R. Hale #A-88892, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

25-yr.-old w/m wishes to correspond with all sincere, foxy ladies. Help ease the pain of doing time. Will answer all. Photos appreciated. Roy Stewart #068914, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Chicks of all nationalities: 30-yr.-old white male, Scorpio, 5'8", 165 lbs, is looking for some chicks for correspondence and visits. Send letters and photos. Darrell Bowers #77725, Box 7711, Centralia, Ill. 62801.

Lonesome w/m needs someone to write. Would like to hear from anyone; and please send picture. Donny Sirbaugh #161487, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Lookin' for a lady, but haven't found one yet. Send a flick. Mark Reaves #72849-011, Box H, Safford, Ariz. 85546.

Sure am lonely. Please write. Joseph Coleman #280010, Route 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Would love to hear from some fine mamas. Send pictures. Edward Hueston #17748, Indiana State Farm, Box 76, Dorm A, S Unit, Greencastle, Ind. 46135.

I'm down, doing time. Why don't you ol' ladies and righteous bros drop me a line? Tommy Hubbard, MCI Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I'm 25 yrs. old, 5'10", 155 lbs., green eyes, with a college education; interested in mature and sociable woman to correspond with. Please write. Gerardo Mendive #274824, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861.

Lonely 20-yr.-old dude would like to correspond with sincere ladies. Barry Galch #N-10288, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

Lost and lonely, brown hair, green eyes. Need letters with photos from ladies. Love to write all. Harold R. Hurst #C-24459, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Dude with 7 yrs. down already needs sexy lady to help keep the days from getting longer. Pics, please. Ron Hogan #B-73721, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

I'm 31 and want to get to know a good woman. Write to me. Steve Higueret, Box C-11535, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Lonely white convict in need of letters from understanding females. Write now, party later. J. B. Troulman #C-22991, G-225, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Looking for some slick correspondence from ladies. Will answer all letters; letters with flicks get answered fast. L. J. Pearce, Box B-42170, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Understanding man, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs. Would like to correspond with women for possibly developing serious relationship. Cecil Lee, Box C-09638, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I am a very open-minded and understanding man, and would like to correspond with open-minded women. I'm 31, 195 lbs., 5'11" tall. Donald Roberts, Box C-11694, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Lonely white boy wishes to hear from ladies with lots of heart. In deep need of female correspondence. Picture would be nice. William R. McDonald C-28446, 5515, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

All you sweet young ladies who want to, please write and visit this down bro, Jimmy Coates, Box B-83553, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Lonely Tennesseean on Florida death row needs letters from those who give a damn. Will answer all. Robert Teffeteller #075785, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

22-year-old biker is looking for beautiful women to send pics and write. Will answer all. Joe Pizzuli #114-662, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely bro needs letters and pics from ladies. Robert King #C-02181, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Down and stuck in the Texas slammer. Need letters and photos from sincere ladies. Will answer all. David L. Vasquez #281121, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Been down a long time, and lonesome as hell. Haven't had the right luck. So how about helping this brother out? W/m, age 23. Will answer all letters. N. Hewes #101424, Star Rt. B, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

38-year-old biker tramp, looking for a sweet, young, loving fox; got to be an animal, but housebroken. No games; will answer all. Send photos. Walter Sims #87972, Box 68, Taft, Okla. 74463.

Ladies: All phases of loneliness are pure hell, but they don't have to be. All you need to do is write, I'll answer all. Tony Coplen #112540, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Would like to hear from you lonely ladies. I know the feeling. Jim Howe #B-88461, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

White to the heart, heart to the bone, lookin' for love before we go home. David Allen #C-26433, and Les Bartley #C-00232, Folsom State Prison, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I'm a Taurus. Would like to hear from some chicks, and will answer all letters. Steven J. Gillespie #20927, Indiana State Reformatory, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Downed bro, 26, 6', 175 lbs., brown eyes and hair. Will answer all ladies. Flicks appreciated. Jerry Brown #306351, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

It's lonely doing time. So ladies from 18 to 40, please write; will respond. Lee Brown #163029, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Two bros dying from loneliness. Need scribes and pix from ladies with their shit together. Write, Micky Bain #92412, H-1-A, and John Manning #93152, H-2-A, Box 351, Haynesville, La. 71038.

Free-lance photographer would enjoy hearing from you females. Send photos. Steve St. Jacques C-22768, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.



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ALL NEW CATALOG $2.00

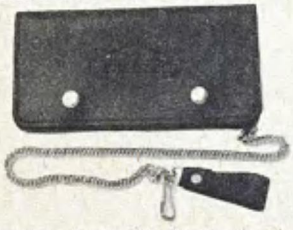
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Our most popular wallet, small, convenient and made to last forever. Put together with brass rivets and safety chain attached for security for only $15.95, plus $1.00 postage and handling.

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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Catalog and I.R.S. T-shirt $10.00 (indicate size)
Dealer inquiries invited.

APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, and overseas add $4.00 for additional postage and handling.

Apology

Continued from page 52

interested in catching a few zees, let's get into the questions and answers routine, kid." I poured myself another cup of the lousy coffee I make. "How the hell did ya find my place?"

"That's a long story, man. Too long for right now. My orders were to find you, collect you, and get my ass back to L.A." He belched beer fumes softly. "Supposin' ya get yer shit together, whatever ya'll need — and we can rap all the way back."

I'll never know whether it was the arrogant assumption on his part that I was going to jump through a club hoop, whether it was my own tension at having been taking a lot of shit from sneaky fuckin' neighbors, or whether I was just pissed at having been yanked out of bed in the middle of the night. But suddenly, I knew this snotty kid had to be taught some manners.

I kicked his chair out from under him. He collapsed clumsily onto the kitchen floor, startled and outraged. "Hey! What the fuck ya think —!" he began loudly.

"I *think* your manners need revisin', asshole," I said conversationally. "I *think* you got the dumbfuck notion you're dealin' with some old fart who's gonna be so damned grateful for the club's attention that he'll do anything you lay down in plain English. And I *think* it's time we got that bullshit outta your punk head!"

Swinging my foot again, I sent the damaged chair into the wall as instant kindling. Whizzer rolled aside, catlike, eyes widening, mouth working silently.

"How the hell do I know you're who you say ya are?" I rasped. "How do I know ya earned that patch? Maybe ya wasted one of my younger bros, one I never met, for it. For that matter, you could be anybody from a fuckin' fed to a sacka slime hired by one or all of my shitass Mex neighbors, who'd love to see me leave their neighborhood."

"I — I got ID," he stammered, rising cautiously, his hand digging frantically for his wallet. "No shit, man! I can p-prove who — here, look!"

I sat down again, stirred sugar into my coffee, ignoring him as he began swiftly dumping cards onto the table. My own explosion surprised me. Well, something had been building inside me for months. Losing Mindy had been rougher than I'd expected, even though it

Harley-Davidson SERVICE MANUALS



A



B



C



D



E

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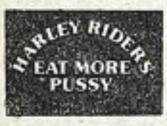
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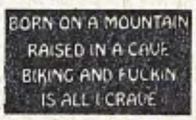
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and on the 8th day God created Harley-Davidson
9

I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head
10


11

My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe My Harley-Davidson NEVER.
13



14



15

Gimme' Head Till I'm Dead
12


16



17



18



22

I'm a Pervert. In Case of an Emergency Gimme' Head
19



20



21

23. "Pussy Builds Strong Bones," 24. "I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa," 25. "D.O.T. Will Get My Motorcycle When They Pry The Handlebars From My Cold Dead Gripping Hands," 26. "Men Don't Grow Up They Just Get Better Toys — Bikes-Booze-Broads," 27. "Warning! Society In General Has Determined That Motorcycle Riding Is Dangerous To Their Health," 28. "Helmet Laws Suck," 29. "Fuck Helmet Laws," 30. "Girls! Avoid The Draft Let Me Get You Pregnant," 31. "Boogie Till You Puke," 32. "Piss On Disco," 33. "Harley Riders Make Better Lovers," 34. "Support Your Local Harley Rider," 35. "Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke," 36. "Do It Till You're Dry," 37. "The Customer Always Comes First," 38. "Ass, Gas, or Grass — No Free Rides," 39. "Harley's Best Fuck The Rest," 40. "Harley Riders Have Longer Front Ends," 41. "I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider," 42. "Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None," 43. "No Butt — No Putt," 44. "Harley Riders Do It Any Way They Damn Please," 45. "Ride Hard — Die Free," 46. "If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco," 47. "Mustang Ranch Quality Control Supervisor," 48. "Scooter Trash," 49. "Harley Riders Don't Get Mad, They Get Even," 50. "I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About," 51. "Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse — Than Your Brother On A Honda," 52. "Eat Shit And Die," 53. "Harleys-Sex-Rock & Roll," 54. "Harley Riders Have Longer Rods," 55. "Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health," 56. "Moustache Rides 25¢," 57. "Support Social Intercourse," 58. "Get Off My Ass," 59. "Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch. What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch."

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was no real surprise. Having those hostile native-born neighbors constantly hassle me and my small herd of goats hadn't improved my attitude. Worst of all, not knowing what I wanted or where I wanted it was making my self-image a blurry, nothing picture. You're getting to be a sour old poop, Dunn, I accused myself. Cut yourself and this poor damn kid some slack, fer crissakes. He's probably just trying to live up to orders handed him by the dipshit element running the club. Vaguely I recalled several faces who hadn't been my favorite brothers, and I wondered which ambition-maddened nitwit had succeeded in getting himself voted into the position of prez. God knows, some of the rumors I'd heard, after hanging up my own colors, had seemed fucking uncool for a group that had once been a widely known model for all outlaw scooter clubs. Abruptly I waved a hand at another chair. "Sit your ass down, kid. Fuck the ID. Tell me exactly what the hell you want from me — and why."

Warily, he eased himself into another chair.

"We got some heavy problems," he said flatly, twisting another doobie with awkward fingers. "Because you are still considered as bein' the best fuckin' warlord they ever had, they need you bad, man. They only want to get your opinions on some things. Nothin' that'll take more'n a week of your time. That's it."

I nodded. "Who's prez now?"

"Fistface Unger."

I winced. Fistface had been a prospect I had voted against years earlier, figuring that he didn't have the survival instincts of a fucking gnat.

The shack's interior was a steamy hotbox from the windless summery heat the river section of Mexico gets without warning in the winter months. Wiping sweat from my face with my forearm, I stood, motioning to the kid. "Bring your beer and smoke with ya. I wanna show ya something, and we might as well run this rap session where it's a little cooler."

I led him into the back yard. The moon was going down and its light was less bright. In silence we walked past the shabby pens my unskilled hands had built, hearing the goats bleat nervously. Distantly, hearing us moving, my dogs yelped for release. When we reached the grave, I halted, staring at the fancy headstone and feeling the old pain and loneliness washing over me.

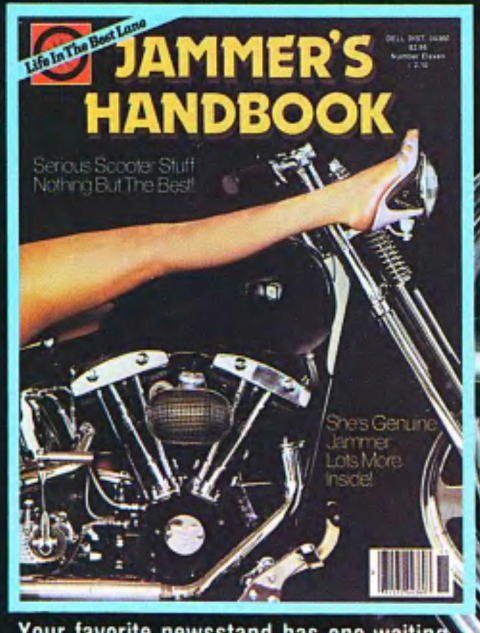
"See that?" I asked.

"Looks like a goddam grave!"

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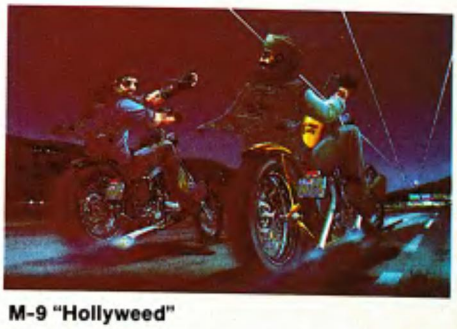
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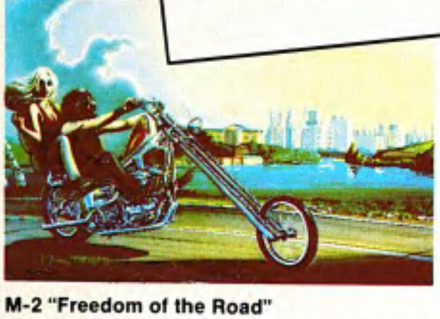
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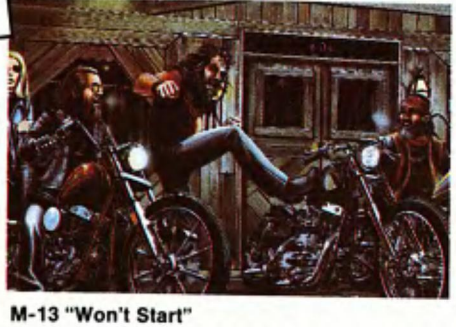
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"Geez, man," Whizzer muttered quietly, respectfully.

"Mindy had no pain toward the end because I kept her too spacey to suffer, thanks to good drugs and the medic over at Ojinaga. Finally died in my fuckin' arms, beggin' to be buried here. So I buried her. Along with her, I put a goddam piece of myself in that grave, kid."

"Gawd," he mumbled.

"The fuckin' chili-belly neighbors musta liked her, because we had no trouble from the bastards while she was alive — and the silly shitheads have my gratitude for that. But I can't afford to leave here right now, lettin' one or two smartasses think they ran me off. Can you dig that, kid?"

"Well, yeah, but — "

"I'd never be allowed to set foot on this place again if they thought I'd retreated. That's the way they think down here. And I gotta be able to visit this grave, now and again, as long as I live." I began walking him away from Mindy's resting place toward the house. Passing the shed, I halted again.

"Man, if you only knew how much the club needs ya — " he began, like a broken record.

"Too fuckin' bad," I interrupted. "I won't go anywhere until I've shown them I can't be shoved around, and until I'm ready to try restartin' my own life again. But I might be willin' to help the club however I can — later on. Buy it, Whizzer, because that's the deal. Tonight. Tomorrow. The week after next Sunday."

His face went bleak, the eyes dark with worry.

"I'm in big trouble unless I bring ya back, Jinxer. Better I get lost than show up without ya. They made that crystal clear." He swallowed hard, visibly. "Ain't there some way ya can go now? I'll come back with ya. Help educate your crappy neighbors or sumpin' — but I need to bring ya back, man."

For a reply I snapped on the low-watt bulb in the shed, revealing the two completely burned bikes — the

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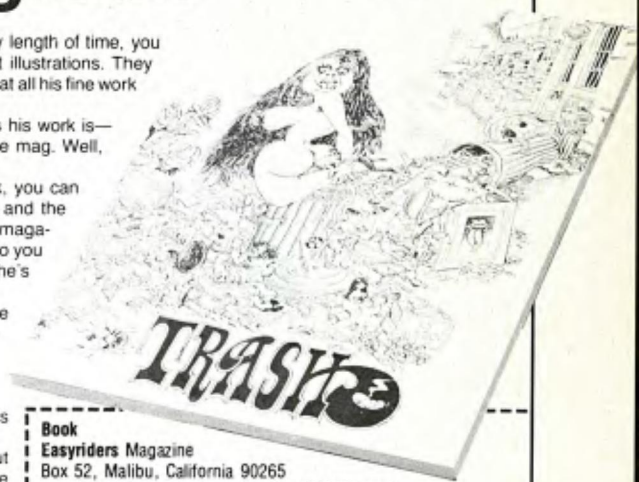
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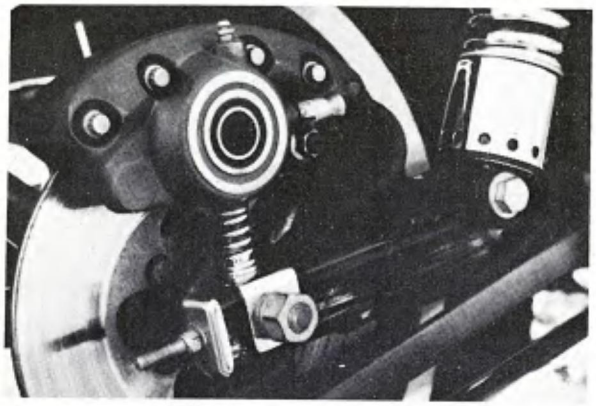
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little Jap-made trail bike Mindy and I had herded our goats with over the rough, treacherous ground between the shack and the nearby river, and the Harley shovelhead that had brought us to this godforsaken place. Both parked side by side; both burnt to crisps; their shapes deformed by the intense heat of the fires that had been deliberately started by my stupid fucking neighbors.

"What a fuckin' waste!" moaned Whizzer.

"If I leave now, they'll hit that headstone next or torch the whole place," I exclaimed calmly. "That ain't gonna happen. Not while I'm here and breathin', see? I've contacted their mickey mouse authorities. It cost some, but those bureaucratic fuckers are in my back pocket, right behind my wallet. And a boom is due to be lowered legally that'll make the whole area think twice every day and every night of every week before they ever set foot on this property again."

"How long will all that take?"

I shrugged, snapping off the light. "Maybe a month. Maybe longer. Shit, this is tomorrowland, bro! They're experts at takin' their fuckin' time — and mine, too — even after bein' bought!"

"Goddammit, I can't wait that long! I was handed a two-week deadline on you!"

"I'll write a note. It'll cover ya."

"They won't buy it. You don't know Fistface!"

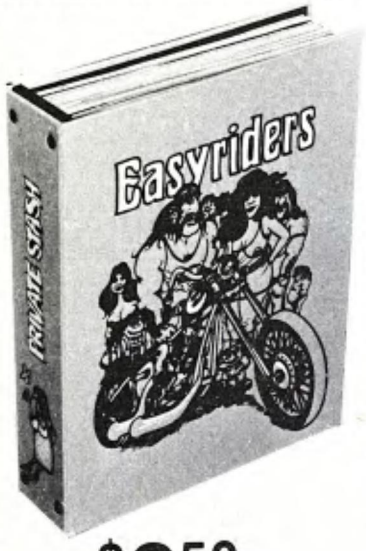
"I know the chickenshit runt!" I chuckled. "More important, he knows me. By sendin' you, the turd-brain put ya right in the fuckin' middle when he shoulda come here himself. He never was too bright but he knows that much. I'll write him a note that'll remind him of a few times. He may start wishin' he'd never sent ya, had never intruded on my grief and other troubles!"

Whizzer studied my face after we were back inside the shack again. "Then, ya really aren't gonna go — no matter what? It's piss on your bros, huh?"

I stepped closer to him, staring right into his eyeballs.

"Kid," I said in almost a whisper. "Don't ever say a thing like that to a fuckin' charter member, even if his patch has been hung up. There was a time when loose talk like that could stop your breathin'. I never did nothin' but good for my bros."

He stepped backward, eyes faltering. "Shit, I'm sorry. I guess I'm jist tired and I was so goddam sure I



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could bring ya back with me."

"Forget it, kid." I smiled faintly at him. "Let's call it a night. You'll need sleep to make that return trip tomorrow. And I'll need some rest in order to keep my place safe from harm."

"Ya never told me how ya got so rich that ya could live down here, own this place and all. Or what ya been usin' for transportation."

"The goats are a necessary front in the law's eyes here. The grass growing in several fertile little patches hereabouts has never been sprayed with paraquat. Past crops have financed some of the club's legal moves and defenses, not to mention the panhead parked in the living room that you obviously failed to see when I let ya in, or that fuckin' beautiful old flatty you'll find on its stand beside the bed you're gonna use!"

"Th-they never told me about any of — "

"Because it was none of your goddam business. Now hit the rack and shut up. See you in the morning."

He stumbled toward the bedroom.

Finding a pencil stub and some lined paper, I began writing a kite to Fistface that was calculated to show even a high-grade moron like him how wrong he and the others had been to invade my privacy at the worst possible fucking time they could have picked.

When I finished, it was a fucking masterpiece for a dude who hates letter writing like I do.

* * *

The tantalizing odor of freshly brewed coffee woke me where I was sprawled across the living room couch. Bacon and eggs frying finished the waking-up process. After getting to my feet, splashing cold water in my face, and bleeding the one-eyed dragon, I found Whizzer



"I don't understand. For 'last employer' you put 'John Doe.'"



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already wolfing down his share of the breakfast in the kitchen.

"Mornin'," he said indistinctly through a mouthful of food, keeping his gaze averted.

A brimming cup of coffee had already been poured for me. I studied it with interest. It was a nice touch. Handing him the kite for the club, I started for the back door. "Gotta feed the troops before they start chewin' on each other, the voracious bastards."

His face fell. "Ain'tcha gonna drink yer coffee?"

Stepping to the table, I tasted the hot liquid with the tip of my tongue. His eyes never left my face. I shoved the cup toward the kid, grinning at him.

"You go ahead and drink it for me," I said. "Then I'll know it ain't been loaded with enough chloral hydrate to drop five guys my size in their tracks!"

"Shit!" he grunted.

"Look, dummy, I'm fifty-seven years old this year. I was givin' mickies to deservin' assholes before your folks probably ever met! I'm gonna give ya an invisible gold-fuckin'-star for effort and fergit that ya even tried, while I feed my dogs some goat meat insteada throwin' a dumbass kid to them for a change of diet. Be fuckin' long gone when I get back to the house."

The place was empty and the van was gone when I returned.

* * *

A month later, the local politicos had kept their end of our deal and I owned all the neighboring land. Being a practical-type mutha, I treated my previous neighbors to a heart-to-heart chat in which I offered them the chance to escape hitting the dusty roads and hunting new homes by simply getting off my case, tending the crops of grass to be planted on my new land, and making more pesos than they had ever seen. They were a bit sullen about the plan, but they bought it. Human nature is basically predictable. What it doesn't understand, it fears and hates. But I have yet to meet a living human being who refused to understand that money spends. When I was younger and less compassionate, I lacked judgment. Now I assigned the looty chore of keeping Mindy's grave neatly tended to the entire family of the clown who had burned my bikes. And I was just enjoying the gossip about his family running him off — when the goddam white van pulled up to my shack again.

This time the dogs beat me to it, some of them snapping at the tires.

Sighing and swearing, I herded them away from the van and back into their pen, where they looked at me as though it was their shitty luck to belong to a nut who believed in letting them have good food but no action.

Turning back to the van, I froze.

She was honey-colored — all over— and as naked as the day she was born. Young enough to be my goddam grandkid, too. Easing that unbelievably cuddly bod from the van, she stood smiling warmly at me.

"Who," I croaked, "the living hell are *you*?"

"I'm from L.A.!" she chirped. "My name is Apology!" ■

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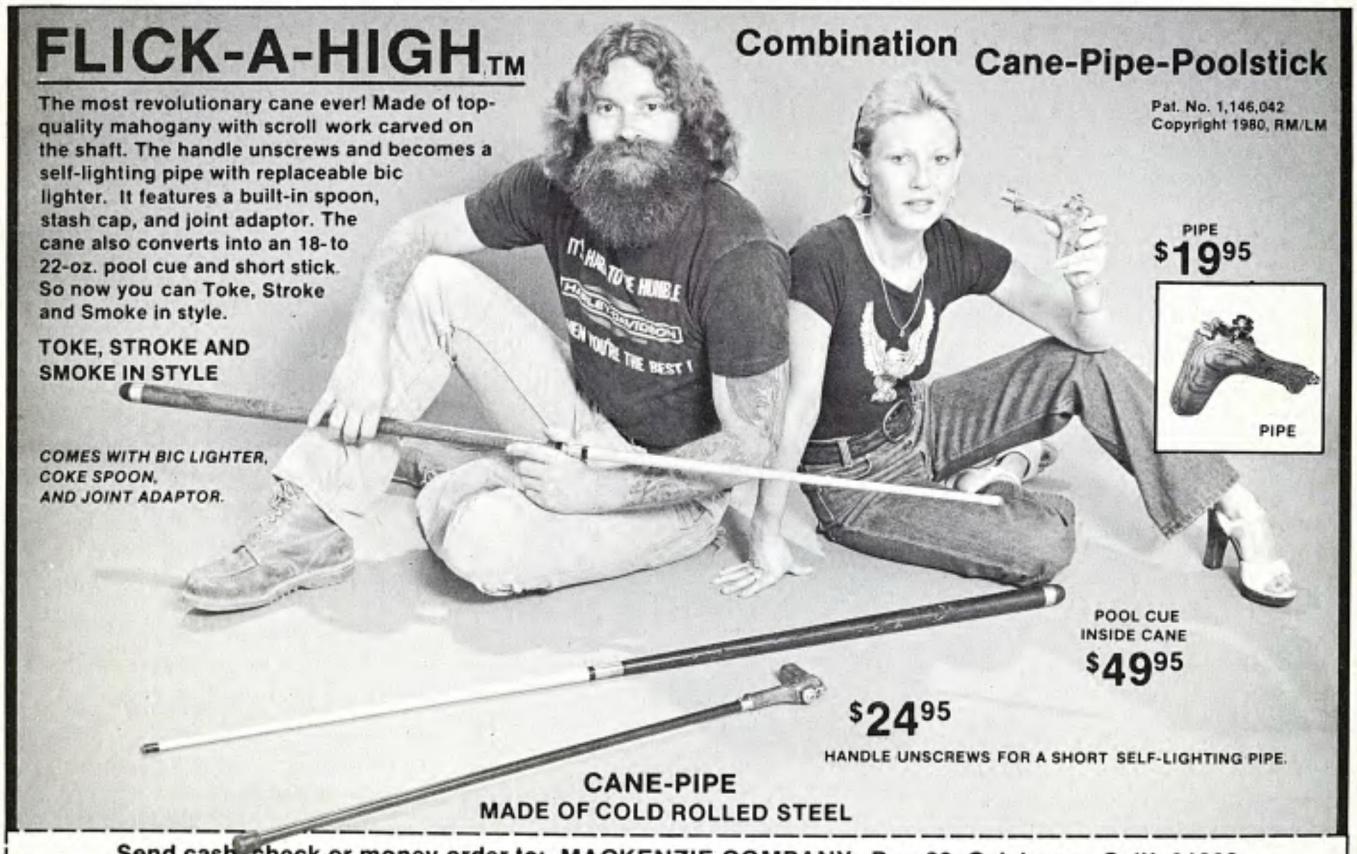
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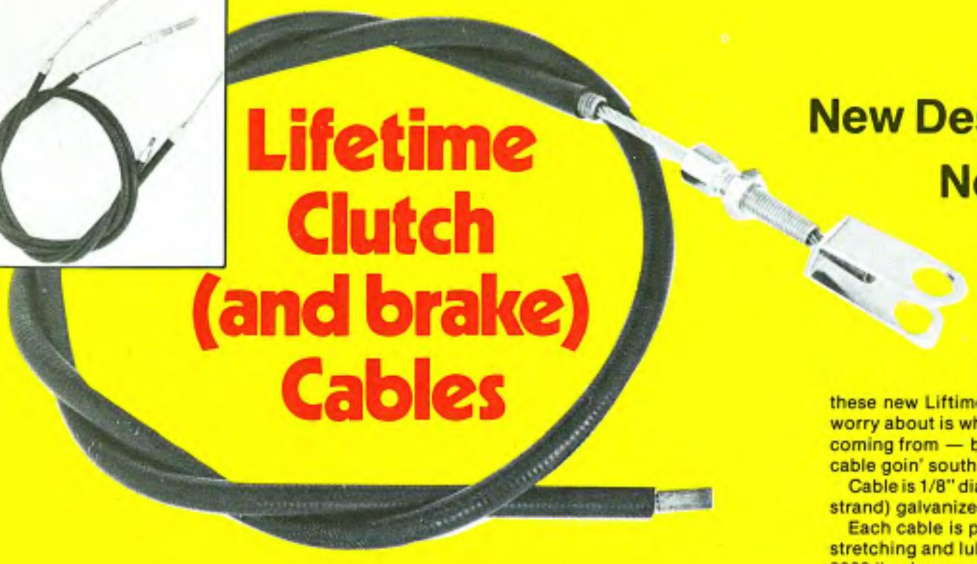
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Wind 6



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I gotta get In The Wind. Send me:

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ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW

In The Wind #6 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #6 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind. Issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

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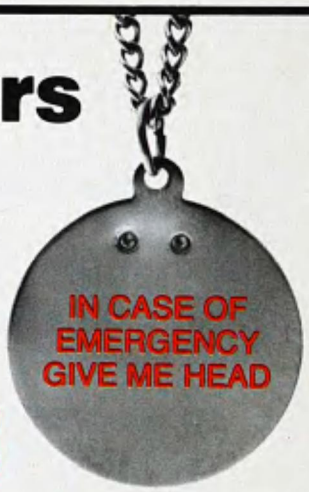
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Lockdown

Continued from page 50

Dig it. This food wasn't expensive. It was composed of the same cheap shit every penal institution buys. But somehow this guy had got hold of some spices. For some reason, this old guy — who couldn't speak a word of English — cared what he was doin' and, somehow, from the moment you took the metal tray being pushed through the slot in the door, his south-of-the-border way of whipping up corned-beef hash made you understand what "soul food" really is.

I don't guess Mexicans celebrate Thanksgiving, but they do know how to get into it on a weekend, so all night long Friday and Saturday, the sounds of happy laughin', strummin' guitars, and explodin' fireworks drifted through the bars from Mexicali. I've never been much of a fan of mariachi music, but heard faintly, through the bars of an old, funky border-town lockup, it fits the mood.

With a belly full of good food, lulled into peace by the music, secure in the knowledge that my bullshit bust for carryin' a "concealed weapon," a fuckin' switchblade for chrissakes, across the border would result in nothin' heavier than 15 days in county, I guess I was as content as anyone who doesn't really know the meaning of the word will ever be.

And still, above all else, I envied that mother roach.

DECISIONS, KITES AND NEWS

Ten Years After

A federal judge hearing testimony in the decade-long suit against substandard conditions in the Arkansas prison system has ordered officials to stop allowing inmates to guard other prisoners.

Judge G. Thomas Eisele, while reserving final decision on most issues raised by the suit, ruled that inmates in Arkansas prison units cannot be given authority to maintain order and discipline in prison barracks.

Commenting that he was pleased by the state's having spent over seven million dollars to improve the prison system since the beginning of this year, Judge Eisele warned the Department of Corrections that he was still considering putting the entire system under the court's control in an attempt to insure that the system is brought up to constitutional standards within one year.

Easyriders' Stuff!



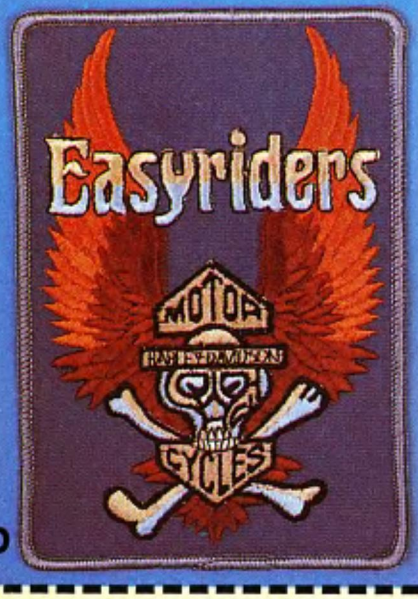
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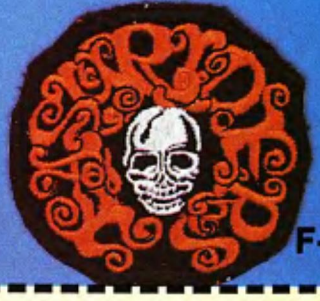
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F-G

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Subtotal	$
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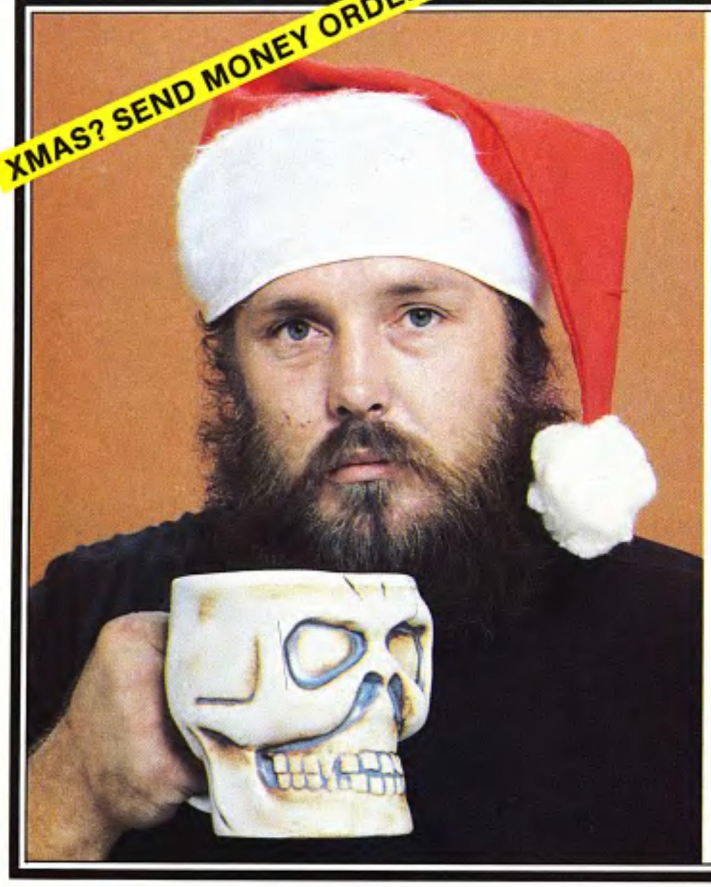
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Distinctive Biker Accessories.

You Can Help

The Committee to Safeguard Prisoners' Rights, which is active throughout the country in filing unconstitutional-condition suits and in training jailhouse lawyers, needs donations of office supplies — things like large and small envelopes, pens, pencils, onionskin typing paper, and other shit like that. The amount of paperwork involved in filing just one case is tremendous and the CSPR receives no government or foundation grants. It gets its money from cons and their bros and sisters on the outside. If you can help, send your donation to Crazy-Horse Coppola, National Chairman, Committee To Safeguard Prisoners' Rights, #283650 Ellis Unit, Wing J-21, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Hell Of A Place For Our New Office

The chairman of the California Assembly Criminal Justice Committee wants to sell San Quentin. Rep. Terry Goggin says the 434-acre Marin County site could be sold for enough bucks to finance an entirely new state prison system and still produce a surplus big enough to allow the state to pump a half-billion dollars into "innovative" programs to beef up law enforcement agencies.

According to Goggin, property near the "Big Q" is currently worth about $1 million an acre, but would be worth twice that if the prison weren't bringing down the character of the neighborhood. He says sale of Quentin could net the state up to $850 million.

Florida Funds

I read your piece in the August issue and decided to see what you people are all about. To answer a question you had about the financial disclosure in Florida, I can tell you that if you refused to sign the disclosure form, the Department of Corrections refused to submit your name to the parole board — in other words, no parole.

D.C.
Starke, Florida

Some Freebies

A set of handbooks on federal law, constitutional law, legislative law, and assorted procedures is available free to prisoners from the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on the Judiciary, Washington, D.C. 20515. Ask for the five-handbook package. ■

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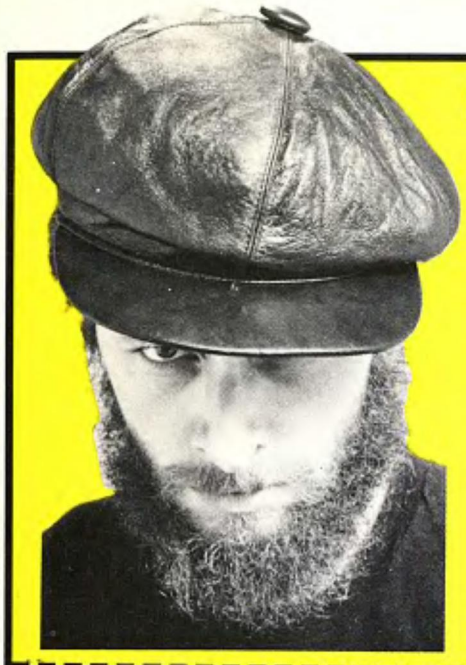
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Enclosed is $21.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Be sure to indicate size and color:
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☐ 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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The
Incredible Edible Biker Bikini

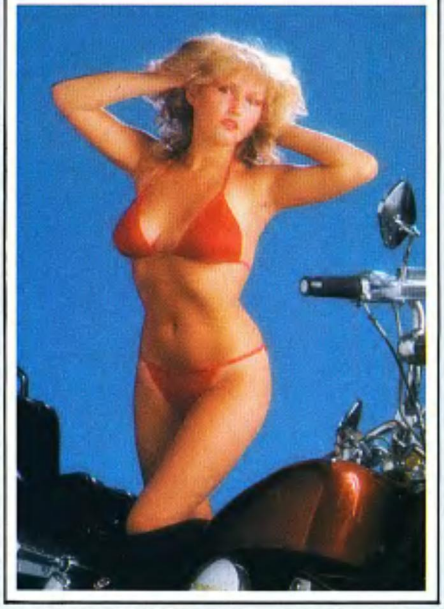
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For maximum enjoyment, go slow. Let her moisture and body heat soak the bikini, making it even softer and tastier to eat. The more you lick, the better it tastes!

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Exp. Date_____ Signature_____
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Passin' Through

Continued from page 40

said, "Well, so far I've got a twenty-over tube front end and a mag wheel, plus a belt drive, most of the tranny parts I'll need, and a piece of heavy sheet stock that my brother-in-law is gonna make a helluva bitch bar out of. I'm gonna run a skyscraper, about thirty-six inches with a peace symbol on top. High-performance cam, racing carb, special-built heads. All that good shit, you know?"

"Uh-huh." I trailed the bartender back down the bar, where I got locked into another gab session around the pinball machine. The dude in the Brando cap was there, with a frowzy blonde hanging on his arm.

"That parking lot you guys have must be pretty secure," I observed a few minutes later. My comment was prompted by the noisy arrival of a trio in leather riding suits with zippers up the ass, all carrying helmets. They hadn't parked on the street. The front door was open, had been all along, and I hadn't heard anything but cars pull up out there. Therefore, there figured to be a back way by which the bikes arrived.

"Huh? What parking lot is that?" Brando cap asked in a gravelly voice.

"Where all the sleds are. I noticed there were only three bikes on the curb when I got here, and I haven't heard any more roll in since, so you must have a parking lot out back. Right?"

"Naw, there ain't nothing back there but an alley," he rumbled.

"Oh." I digested that bit of information, then asked, "Well, what do you ride, man? I heard you talking



"You've been charged with speeding. How do you plead?"

about puttin' — 'doing some together jamming,' I believe your exact words were — when I walked over here. Where are you parked, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Uh, you must've misheard me there, bro. What I said was I'm jammed up right at present, doing my damndest to *get* my next scoot together. I've got my ol' lady here" — he gave the blonde's ass a slap — "hustling a couple nights a week on top of her regular job, and I'm doing a little dealing on the side myself, trying to stack up enough bucks so's I can go down to the dealership and order up my dream machine, you know what I mean?"

"I know where you're coming from, but that isn't necessarily the same thing," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "Listen, I usually hate to drink and run, but this is turning out to be an exception to that rule. There's bound to be somebody in here I want to rap with, so you're going to have to excuse me while I go look for them."

"Sure thing, bro. So long, and you keep it in the wind now, you hear?" he rasped, giving me a thumbs-up sign. Turning away, I bumped into a pimply chick wearing a T-shirt that said TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT, and judging by the way guys had been disappearing into the back room with her ever since I came in, she meant it. There was a railroad crossing sign above the doorway her traffic went through. Her tits flattened against my chest when we collided, and she smiled invitingly at me. But even with two long months of enforced celibacy tightening my nuts, I managed to resist temptation. It might have been the way her lipstick was smeared that turned me off. Then again, it could have been the "ten bucks, big boy?" that she murmured in my ear.

Out of the next bunch of geezers I was surrounded by, one's bike was in the shop, another was waiting for a bank loan to come through so



"Now on the lighter side of the news, I'd like you all to hear this fart I've been saving up since 6:30 this morning."

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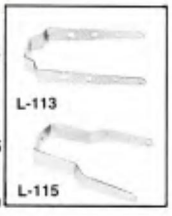
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he could buy Ace's sled, and a third dude's scoot was in some baskets in Stud's garage, except for the front end. That was in the basement over at somebody else's place, but the dude was going over to pick it up as soon as the guy who owned the basement got out of the workhouse. Someone else was down waiting for a new derby cover to come in. The guy at the parts store was going to give him a call as soon as it arrived, and then nothing under the sun could keep him off the road.

"If you're still in these parts you can putt with me then, bro. I'll be glad to guide you around and show you the sights," the I-dunno-what-to-call-him generously volunteered, slapping me on the back companionably. "Say, I'm about ready for another beer. How about you?"

"I'll pass," I said. "I want to step outside and take a look at my bike."

"Hell, you don't need to worry about a ripoff around here!" he snorted. "This is our turf. Nobody's gonna mess with your putt, believe me!"

"I believe you, all right," I muttered to myself as I headed for the door. "I'd be surprised if many of you dingleberries could start it."

Half the bar followed me outside. Cigarette butts and dried hockers that I hadn't paid any attention to on my way in littered the sidewalk in front of the door. A broken bottle in the gutter caught the streetlight and reflected it like a prism. The chrome on my scoot gleamed dazzlingly. Whoever belonged to those other three sleds were smarter than I was, I realized when I looked around. They were gone.



"How d'ya like this shit! We've been traded to the Elm Street Swingers for a guy with a four-inch prick and a nanny goat!"

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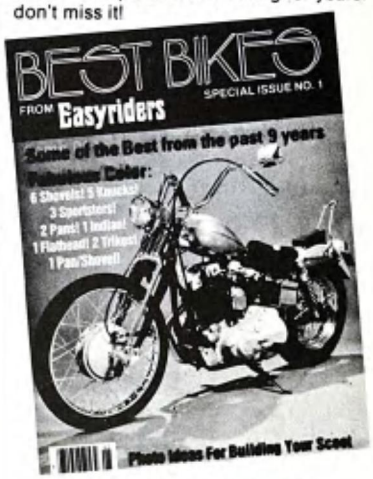
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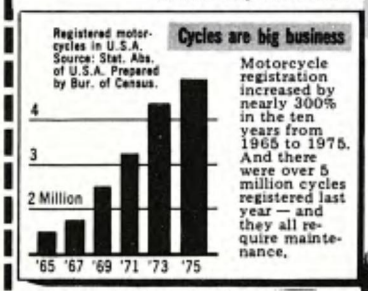
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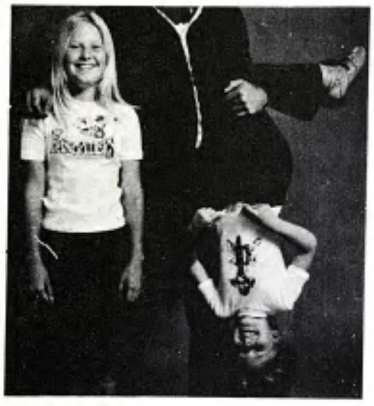
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One dude went back inside and brought his ol' lady out to show her what his machine was going to look like when he got it up. The judging committee stood around like I was a bike show. One guy wouldn't have his handlebars quite that high. Another didn't believe it would handle well in curves. Somebody liked my road coat. The guy in the Brando cap wanted to drive home and get his camera so we could snap a few flicks of all of us standing by my bike. I vetoed that when he wondered if he could sit on it while I clicked the shutter. I now noticed that both of his Daytona pins were for the same year.

"Say, that's your shifter, ain't it?" one of the stand-arounds asked, pointing.

"Yeah." What else could I say? It was.

"There's the connecting rod to your transmission!" he exclaimed as if I'd been trying to hide something from him.

"It sure looks boss, all chromed like that," one of his partners contributed, looking at the oil bag.

"Yeah, that's a girder front end, all right!" the first one said, as if in answer to a test question.

"That's right," I said, verifying it, when everybody turned expectantly toward me.

"Ol' Dud sure knows his shit," another geek said, shaking his head admiringly.

"He's a hundred percent so far," I admitted dryly. Ol' Dud heard me and beamed like he'd maxed the exam.

"I used to ride with some hundred percenters," he said.

I left town looking for some bikers to party with. ■



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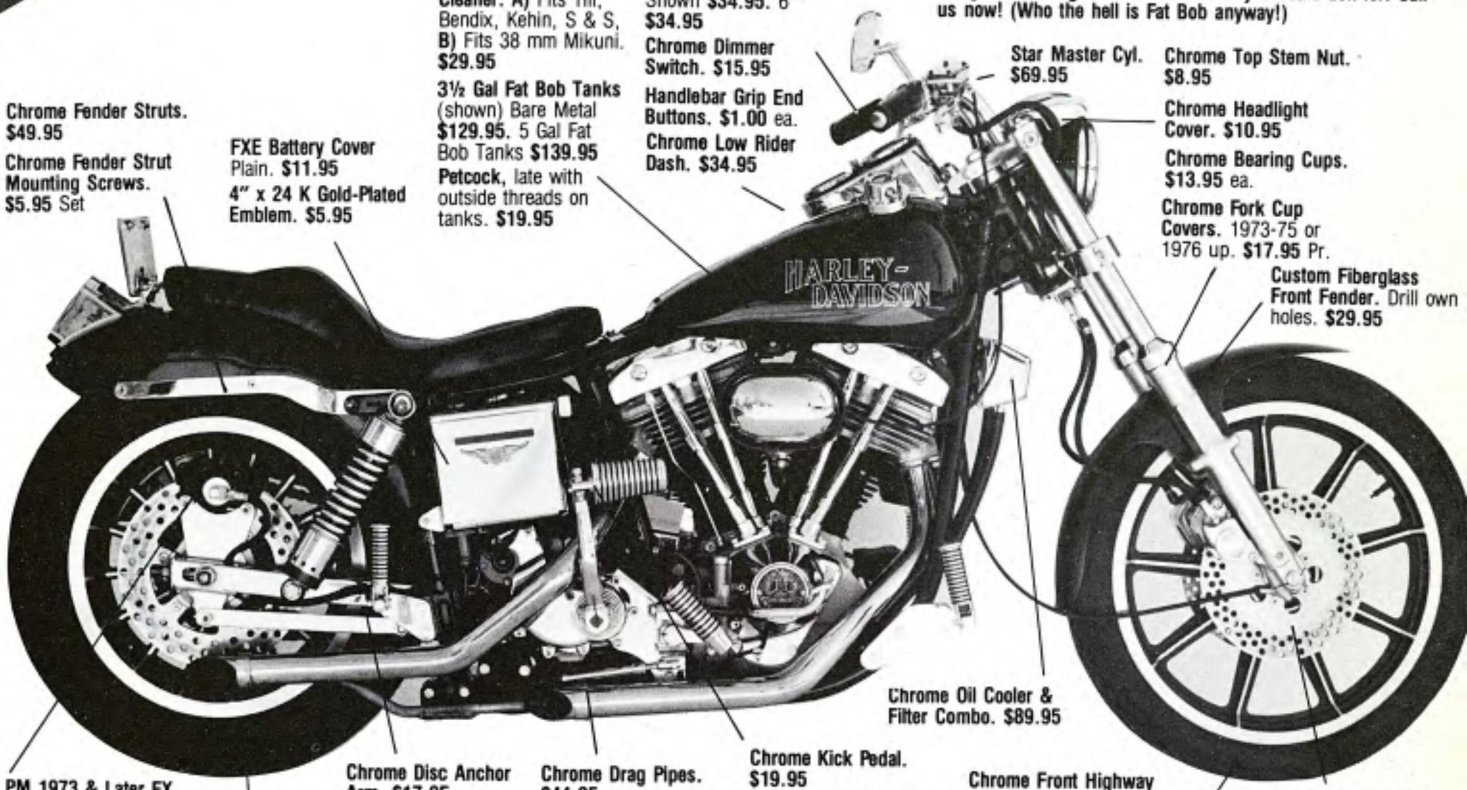
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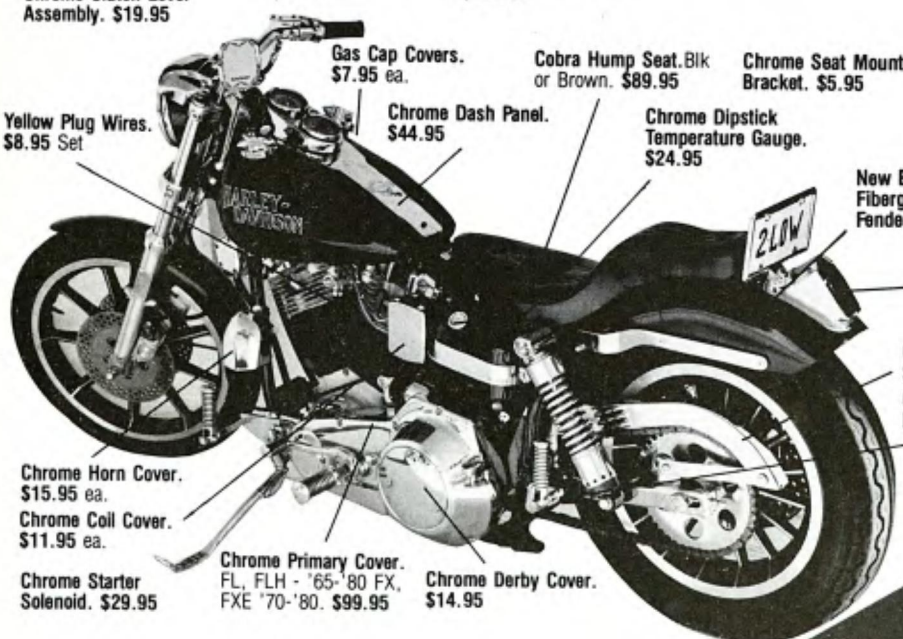
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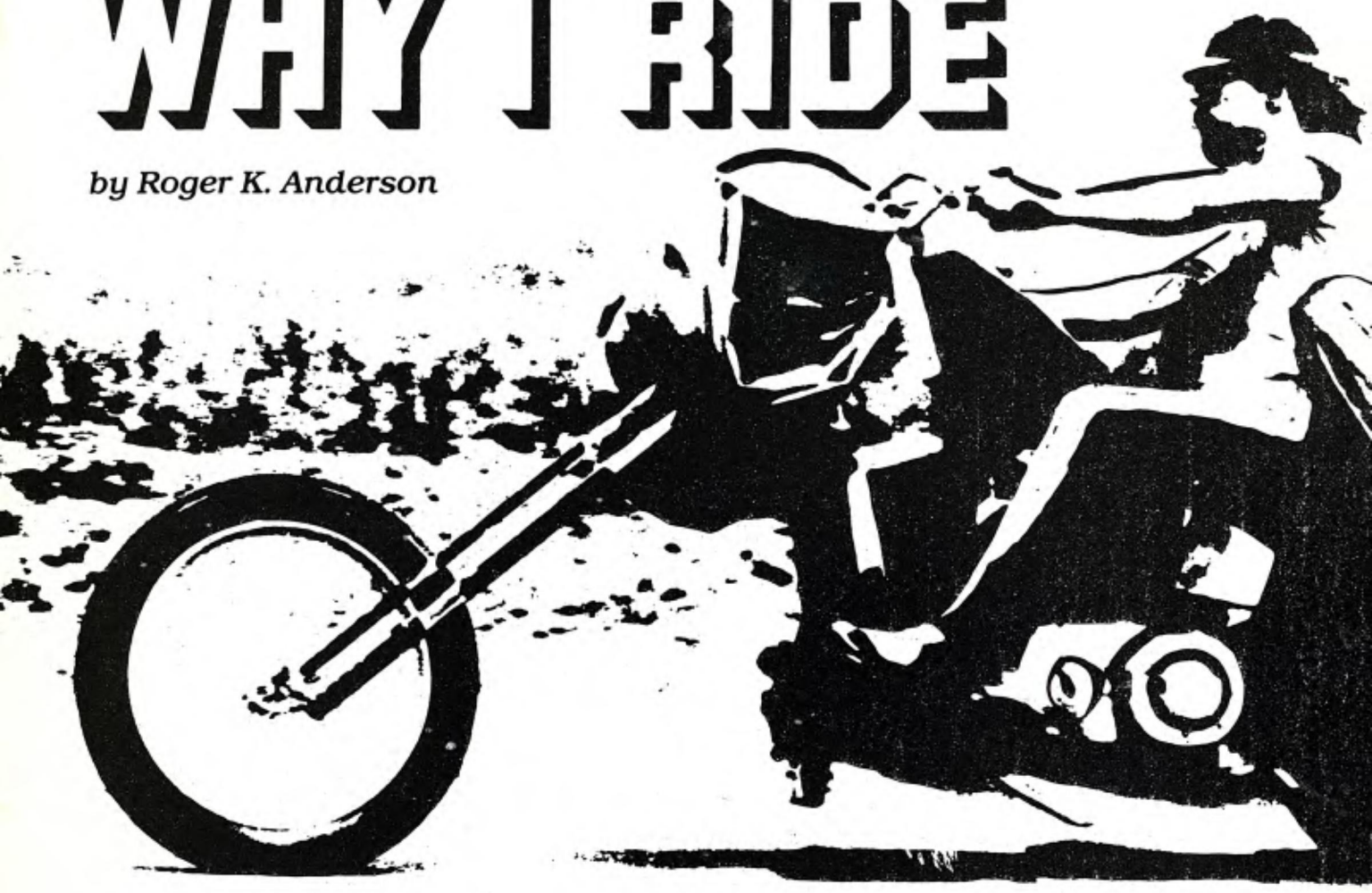
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WHY I RIDE

by Roger K. Anderson



About the middle of last April I noticed that oil was dripping from the circuit-breaker housing on my Super Glide, so I brought my tools down to the parking lot of the apartment where I was living at the time and started inside the housing for a look. In the process of divorcing my wife and dating a woman in San Antonio, over 200 miles away, I had developed a thin billfold and I was hoping that I could replace an oil seal and be done with it for under $20.

Eight-hour weekdays and 48-hour weekends had me running low on both time and money, so when I got the housing open and saw what I did, I knew I was facing the wall. The cam gears inside were missing teeth like an 80-year-old Australian bush native and the housing itself looked like those buildings in Dresden of 1945. I have no idea of how it had continued to run at all. The oil filter resembled a magnet dragged across the floor of a machine shop, so I knew that the main and connecting rod bearings looked like they'd been making love to a file.

Four years old with 40,000 miles, this engine would require $1,500 to go through — maybe more. A new one costs two grand. It was at this economically beleaguered point that I began to face the option of living without a motorcycle at all.

I've met a lot of guys who do. In bars and Dairy Queens from Texas to California I hear regularly one of the saddest lines I know: "Yeah, I used to own an ol' Hog once. Had to sell it, but I'm planning on buyin' another just as soon as I can." Their reasons run from money to marriage, and here I was facing a decline of both with an engine worth less than my boots.

Then I remembered an insurance policy I'd been paying on for years. Not expecting to die, I had set it up for the money when I get old. Actually, these policies are death insurance that agents won't call by the real name, and back in April I began to think that maybe I was facing a death that was almost real and the time had come to raise the cash to prevent it.

It was then that I began to ask myself the question "Why do I ride?" Almost instantly I recalled a scene at a railroad crossing two years earlier. I was looking over my handlebars at the head of a line of cars waiting for a slow freight to pass when a bum riding the train passed in front of me and waved. He wasn't waving at anyone in the cars — only at me. I had just bought the bike and it was one of the first times anyone had waved at me. No one waves at me in a car, but almost invariably people do when I'm riding and I've often asked myself why. Now I think I know.

They wave because, of the thousands of people they see every day, I'm about the only one doing what they would do if given the choice. Most people live their lives (if you can call them that) doing what they have to do, what they think they should do, or what other people tell them to do. So when they see some-

Photo illustration by Ed Armstrong



one doing what he loves, they like to imagine that it's themselves they're seeing — and they wave.

When I see a man stop his mower in the middle of his yard to watch me go by, I feel good. Mechanics straighten up from under the hoods of cars, and young kids pumping gas turn their heads to see. The more awful the job a man is doing, the more likely he is to stop.

Pass a kid-filled station wagon on the highway and you'll see two reactions. The kids in the back smile and wave; their parents in front look straight ahead and pretend to see nothing. There is a reason for this. Most adults, some time in their lives, make a decision to first suppress and then deny the child in themselves, and they call this awful decision "maturing," or "acting like an adult" — or even "growing up." But the fact of the matter is that it's simply supporting a swindle. And furthermore, in almost all cases, it's bad for you.

For years psychologists and writers have *Continued on page 114*

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Tattoo Gun

Continued from page 56

J.R., who did his first tattoo at the age of 15 (his first fall), told me that since his last release three years ago he has worked as a tattoo artist — at times his sole means of support. Furthermore, he believes if it hadn't been for that, he probably would've had to resort to crime to survive, and would have found himself back in the joint. He apprenticed for two and a half years in prison and he believes that the learning process was better because of less availability of materials and being taught by a self-educated tattooist who had learned by trial and error. Apprentices on the street have the opportunity to practice on synthetic surfaces, so there's no sweat about a mistake. But if the dude you're working on is doin' time for his anti-social behavior, there ain't no room for fuckups.

Some of the finest artists and examples of dermagraphics have been, and are, incarcerated in the penal system. Another brother of mine who's making it in this business after graduating from the art school of hard knocks is Smokey Joe, up in Oregon. The prison tattoo gun and the skill Joe and J.R. possess is why I've got ink from both of them — and I hate gettin' a tattoo.

Tattoos are permanent and can be painful, so it makes sense that a person should have an important reason for getting one. It will probably represent a special point in your life, one you will always be looking back on. There are some full-torso designs I consider pure art, but whichever way you go, big ones or little, you want to have something that's a personal statement, so think about it carefully and talk it over with the person doing the inking. Check out the flash sheets he's done, or come up with an original piece on paper first; the tattooist has to know exactly what you want. I've seen two free-hand back pieces J.R.'s done, but even he says that doesn't happen too often and it's better to work it out beforehand. If you're not positive about what you want, a righteous tattooist will turn the job down, because he knows once the design is selected, it's his skill that will make it skin art, but it's still your skin and you'll have to live with the design.

Ride on,
Wino Joe

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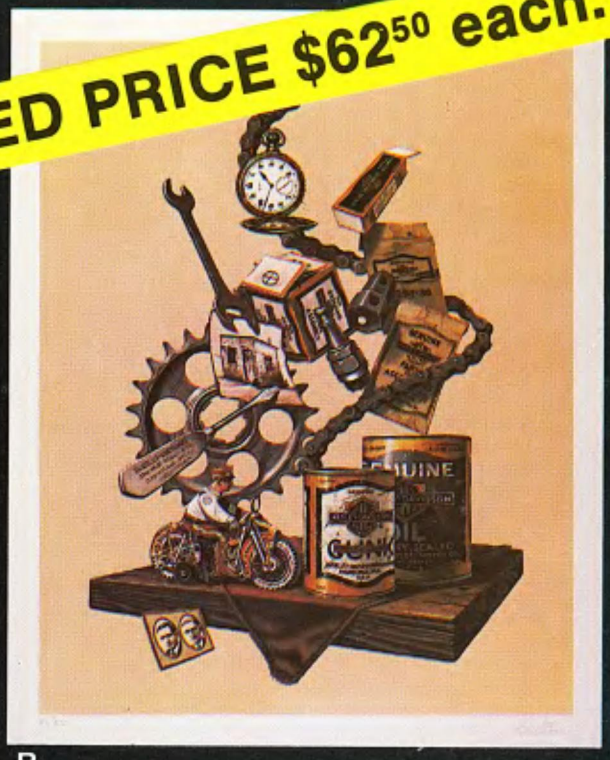
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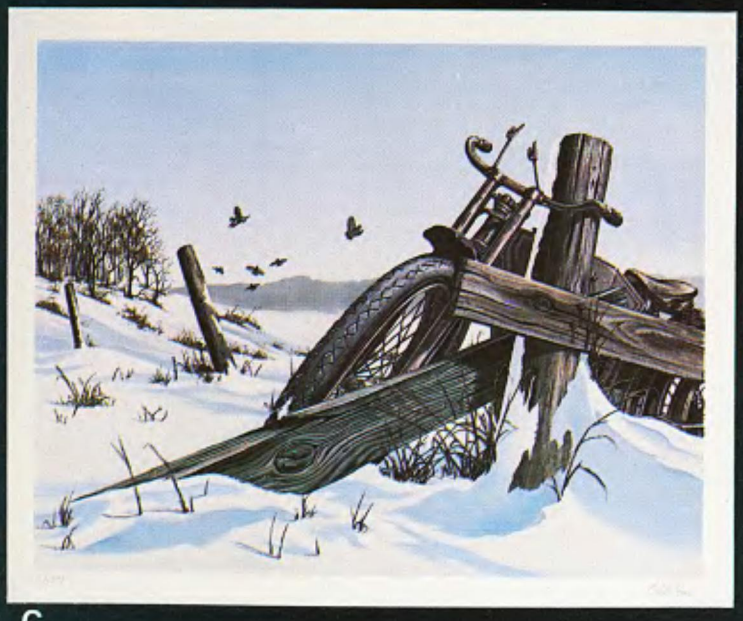
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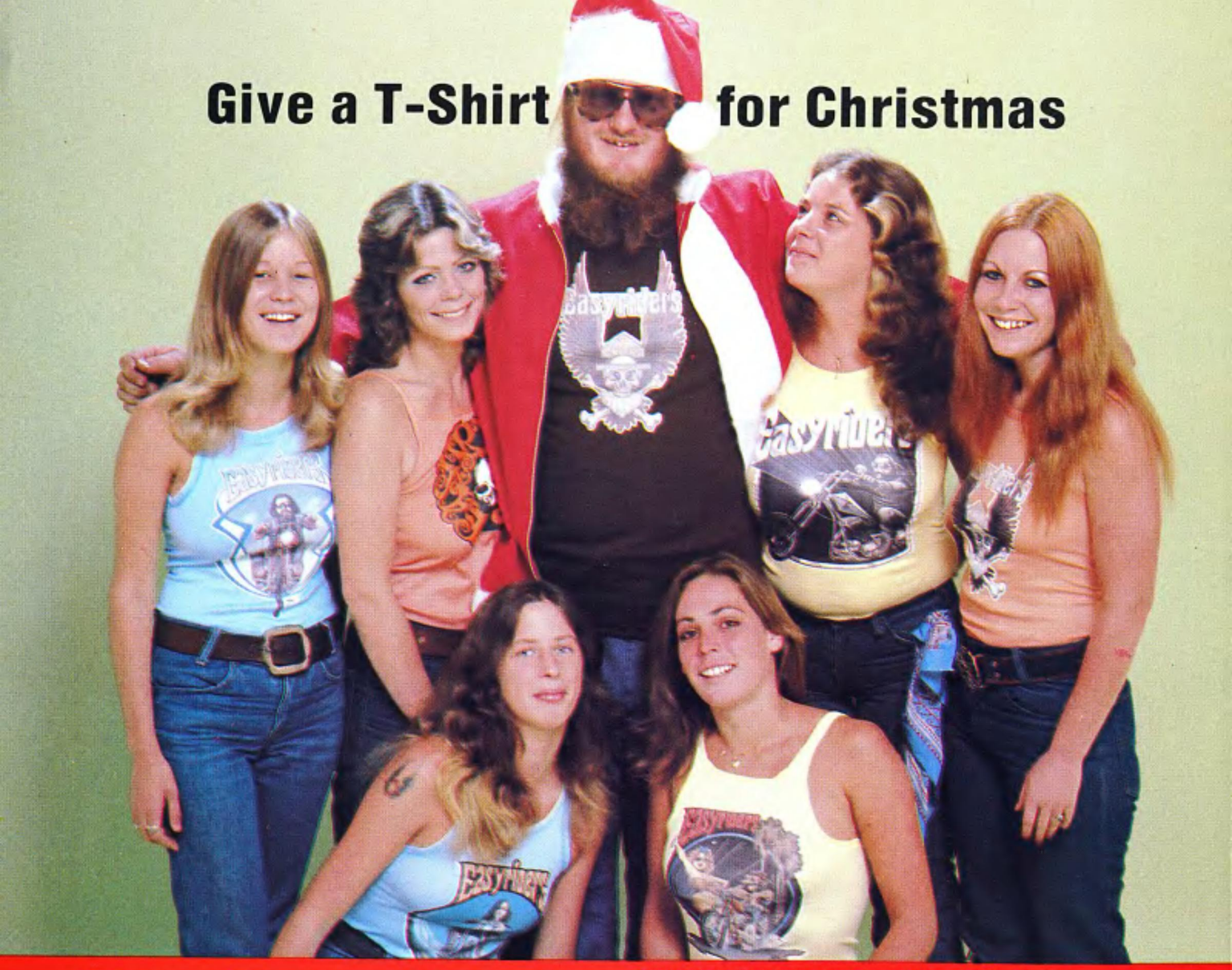
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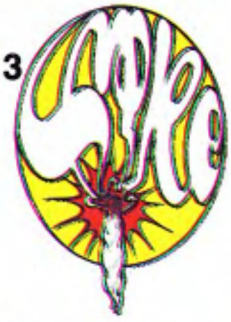
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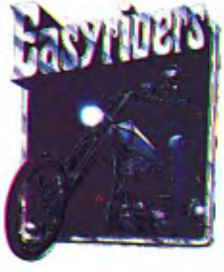
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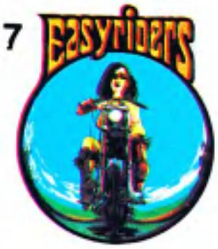
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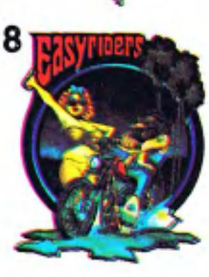
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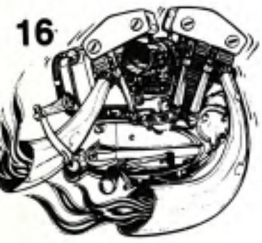
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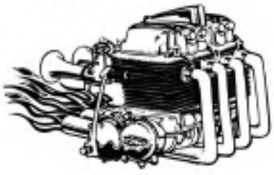
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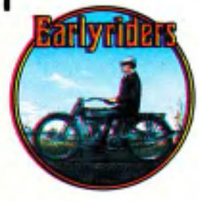
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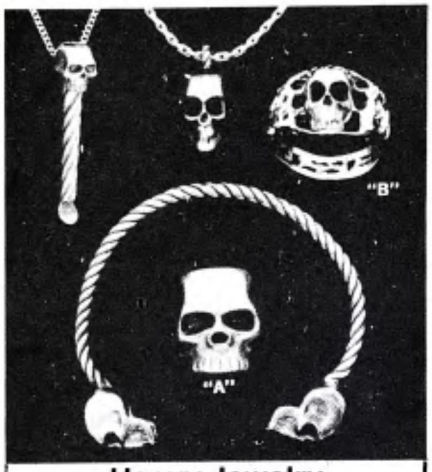
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Ruby

Continued from page 24

Well, for sure that was the wrong thing to say to Cowboy. He'd been horning crank for three days, and after two bottles of Daniel's, he didn't want to hear no shit. Standing up to his full height of five foot, nine inches and shaking his lion-like head, he growled, "Suck my cock, you scum-suckin' sweathog, and shut your fuckin' yap — we got club business tonight."

Before the conversation got too violent, the old woman staggered over to the sofa. And while I stood there, trying to decide if I should offer the old bag some beer, she began to pull out my ol' man's cock. So like the good ol' lady that I am, I play it cool and don't pull out the sawed-off twenty-gauge and blow her away. "Ohhh, babe," my ol' man slurs, "I forgot to introduce you to Ruby. Li'l Egypt, babe, this is Ruby." "Oh, hi," I manage to hiss between clenched teeth.

Jinks and Cowboy had sorted out their differences and were busy rolling up a few numbers by this time. Jinks is a strange bitch. When she's pissed at her ol' man, she takes it out on whoever's handy. However, being the polite person she really is, she went into the kitchen and pulled out the finest bottle of Ripple she could find and offered the old broad a drink. Jinks is pretty forgetful sometimes, and this time she forgot to get the glass. By error, of course, she poured the whole bottle of grape on Ruby. Well, like anybody can make a mistake, so I suggested that Ruby take off her clothes and I would wash and dry them for her. I also forgot to mention that I didn't have a washer and dryer. Well, lick my clit if the old broad didn't strip right down to her bra and girdle and hand me her thrift-store dress and thank me for being so thoughtful. Enough is enough, someone's ma or not! I threw the old douchebag's things in the trash and asked her just how she happened to end up half-naked, with her hand on my ol' man's crank, layin' on my sofa. My ol' man gives me one of those shut-your-fuckin'-mouth stares, and I change the subject, figuring that if I put poison in his beer he won't be able to bust my nose.

Oakie passed a number and after Jinks fed Cowboy a few Valium he was in a pretty good mood. He suggested that while Ruby's clothes were drying she should show him her false teeth. Because he didn't believe that such a young, sexy lady

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like herself could possibly have any false teeth. Ruby didn't want to be cooperative, so my ol' man pulled his crank out of her mouth, shoved in his hand to remove her uppers and lowers, and then plunged his crank back in to the hilt. Well, let me tell you, I'm no lightweight, but it almost made me puke. Here is this grey-haired old broad actin' like a sex maniac.

It's real hard to talk over the rumble of an H-D, let alone three of them, especially when they're ridin' through your front door at three forty-five in the morning. Well, shit-piss-fuck! Now I love bikes as well as the next bitch, but gawd all fuckin' mighty — someone in this dump's gotta go to work. Before I could lose myself in any more sniveling, Preacher, Frog, and some lightweight named Needle Dick rode in. They quieted down their scoots and lovingly parked them alongside my kitchen table. "Egypt, sweetass, you got any beer?" Preacher asked. Does a bear shit in the woods? I mean, my refrigerator looks like a Budweiser warehouse. Before I could let out so much as a fart, they were all back in the living room, brew in hand, checkin' out Ruby, who was still stretched out on the sofa, smiling toothlessly at all the new tail that was just settling down on the available furniture. "Well, hello mamma," Frog said, leaning forward like a birddog lookin' at a fat old duck. "What do we have here?" Oakie, with the most serious voice he could manage, said, "Oh, Ruby baby, this here's some of my bros. Bros, this is Ruby. She says she likes bikers!"

This is becoming a bore, so I ask Jinks if she would like to come to the head with me, 'cause we both know what's comin' down, and do a little crank. It looks like we're gonna be up anyway. Linin' up the crank on the mirror ain't too hard, but I figured it was too much bother, so I stuck my little finger in the baggy and pulled up some white powder and sniffed it, and then I handed the bag to Jinks. Well, she's pissed off from the gate anyway — she never was one to take a joke. So she sticks in her index finger, and in a minute we're flying. Now, when you're speedin', the last thing you want to hear is some old douchebag screaming. Jinks and me look at each other for a second or two and like we read each other's minds, then head back to the front room. Well, praise be to sweet ol' baghood — she's suckin' off Needle Dick. Now we all know where he got that name.

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I never have been one to butt in when my ol' man's entertaining guests, so I watch the party from the hallway. I guess that's where I'd have stayed till time to go to work if toilet-face Ruby hadn't started discussin' politics and religion. That's bad conversation even if you ain't been turned out — and even if you have, I was brought up to believe that it's impolite to talk with your mouth full. Ruby glanced up just in time to see my foot before she landed under the coffee table. I didn't figure I'd get into too much trouble 'cause it was just a prospect she was gummin' and I am an ol' lady. (That's gotta mean something.) Well, the old beast didn't like what I did too much, although I was only tryin' to help her. I mean, I would have done as much for one of my own. She starts tellin' me that I'm a communist traitor to the American way, and it's women like me who're screwing it up for all the decent ladies, and I must be a traitor to sweet womanhood to have kicked her in the mug the way I did.

I guess it must have been the speed I ate or something, because I usually don't get mad, or maybe it was that everyone was laughing at me. Or was it Ruby, or maybe Jinks? But you gotta learn to draw the line somewhere. I guess I would have if I hadn't seen her fat belly hanging over her wrinkled girdle, oozing together with her flabby tits with all those blue veins. Poor old cunt, I thought, you probably are someone's ma for real. I'll bet you don't even know you're part of some prospect's initiation into a biker club. I look over at my ol' man and he's smiling that I-got-your-number smile of his, and I look at all his bros and they are looking at me with that special smile that only a biker's ol' lady can recognize. And I feel like a fuckhead first class. Maybe one of these days I'll wise up and get out, or maybe I'll just learn to accept him for what he is. But until I decide, it's six in the morning and time to go to work — after all, someone in this place has got to keep a job. ■



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Why I Ride

Continued from page 105

realized that each of us is many people. We play many parts. And the more of these we deny, the more we die. Of all the people I am, probably my favorite is the guy who came to life in junior high school at night in the garage with an old car and a drop light. For him it was easy to forget assignments from school, and often my folks had to get up more than once each night to drive him inside to bed. This guy's still alive in me, and somehow he's successfully avoided the best efforts of the adult world to bring him into line.

But sometimes I forget him. I hate to say it, but he's particularly ignored during the hours before 5 p.m. during the week, but when (on weekends) I can get him out, one of the things he likes to do most is ride. This kid exists in everyone, and when people wave at me I think I've brought him back to life in them.

Even the police are glad to see me. Have you ever noticed, when your dog growls at a cat passing through the yard, that his tail is always wagging? He's awake and excited and it beats being asleep on the rug.

A friend of mine says that life is an admixture of two modes: horizontal and vertical. The horizontal mode was taught to us by the Puritans. It emphasizes hard work, abstinence, deferring pleasure, and curbing desire. It's the mode of most men at work; it's putting money in savings. The emphasis in American life is heavily horizontal and, as a result, people die of ulcers, heart attacks, boredom, and dreariness.

It makes a man spend fifty weeks out of the year doing what he hates so that he can vacation for two. Then often he goes places he's told to like, probably with people he doesn't. And what's worse, a pattern like this makes people gradually unable to know what they like doing at all — if they were ever allowed to do it. They have been unable for so long to do what they want that they no longer even know what it is.

In the vertical mode a man is doing what he once learned to do as a child: to be free to explore himself, to learn who he is by seeing what he likes. And for this process it's hands off for adults. The vertical mode is life; the horizontal one is death.

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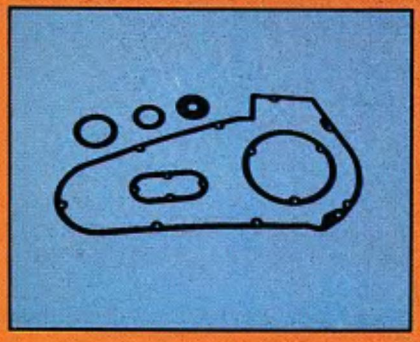


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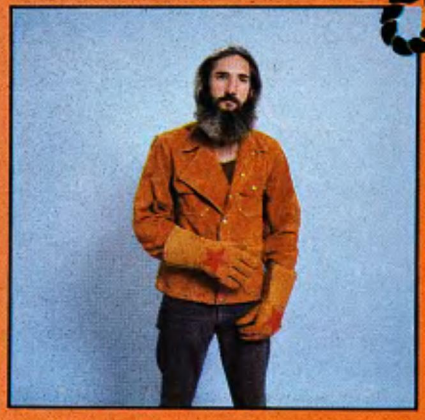


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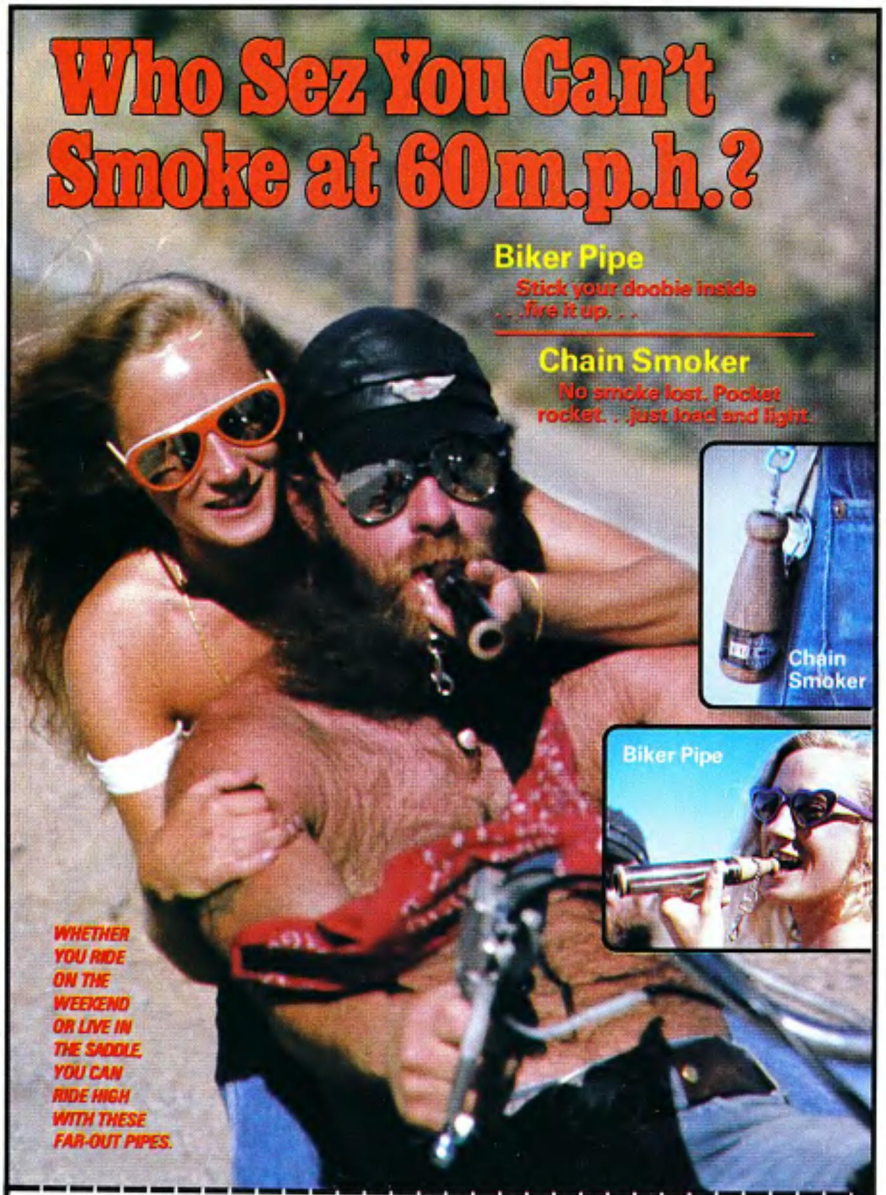
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Two days ago, passing pin oaks and cows on a country road, I looked down to watch the odometer turn over to 42,633. It made me realize that although this little meter was counting, I was not riding for the purpose of logging more miles or clocking more hours. My purpose was to be doing — right then — exactly what I was doing. This is probably rare. Unless a man spends nights at the Salvation Army and days on the dole, his life is normally a rugged terrain of measurements: jobs, hours, miles, or sales. We have little that we can do about that, but we have something.

Sitting over a cup of coffee in a small-town cafe last weekend, I watched two guys walk in. They were covered with dirt and fatigue. Having noticed my duffel bag, one of them headed to my table to ask about my trip. His battered truck had a Harley-Davidson sticker on the rear window. As he approached I knew that he was hungry for time on the open road but that instead he'd spent his day on a closed job — probably under the nose of some straw boss in double-knit slacks.

Although I was no more than 65 miles away from home, I told him I'd been out for a day and a half, that I had one more to go. I could see he needed it. I knew that when I told him that, he'd no more been lied to than if he had bought a four-dollar movie ticket to see Steve McQueen.

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knuckleheads, and gas. I know that if I'd said I was less than 60 miles from work the following morning, his day (if only in a small way) would have been diminished. I could see that in many ways it already had been. I didn't want to make it smaller. Maybe he even knew I was lying, but the joy of the imagined is not so harmful as a lot of folks would have you believe.

Not long ago scientists discovered the existence of two kinds of brain waves. Persons under stress, strain, anxiety, or duress produce strong patterns of beta waves. Conversely, persons who are calm, relaxed, in a state of well-being, produce alpha waves. This discovery raises the question of how to avoid the first and foster the second.

Life as most of us are made to take it is ragged enough with beta waves. It is filled with hurry and waste, often for someone else. You know this if you've ever held a full-time job that required more than sipping cold beer with your friends. What this means, then, is that when a man finds something that makes him feel both calm and free, then he owes it to himself to keep it — regardless of the price. Henry David Thoreau once asserted that the majority of men lead lives of quiet desperation. Countless other writers have agreed. It doesn't take much looking around to see men in the chains of work, marriage, money, or suits. Most of these chains (with their frustration and despair) are not the result of a single decision. Instead, for many men, life is a slow and gradual process of etherization, and it is only in fleeting glimpses that people see that they are either asleep or dead, that they've been had.

Fads and fantasies serve many men in their search for life, but the trouble here is that fads are not authentic and fantasies are not real. How much joy, I ask, is to be had in wearing a hat, driving a truck, or having a girl that looks like all the rest? There may be comfort in numbers, but there is no life.

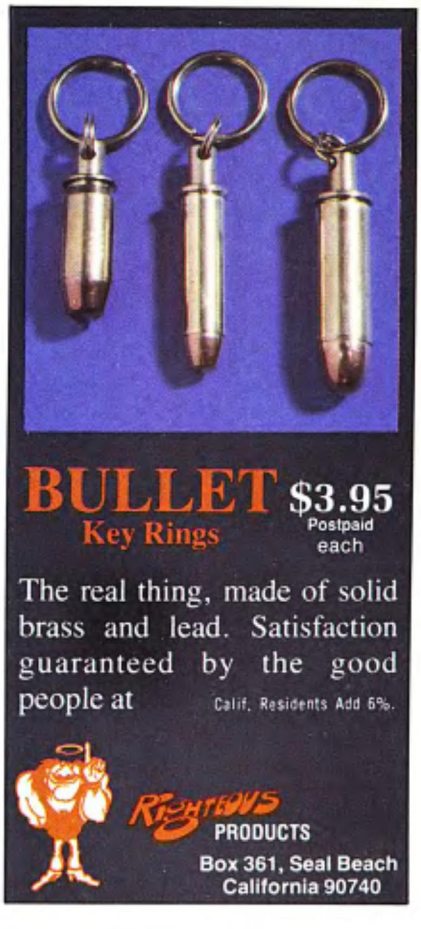
Riding alone on a back road with a bike that neither looks nor sounds quite like any other makes me feel fine, and the way folks stop and wave makes me think they like it too. The other day I passed a white Cadillac containing a pretty girl and her mother. With their car I could buy four bikes, but when I passed I noticed that the girl was watching me even as her mom kept talking. I had to smile and so did she.

Sometimes on these roads I pass a cemetery. It always makes me think. In a way those places stand at the end of every street; there's no way out. Knowing that has nothing to do with a death wish. Rather it makes me ask myself if I am alive. And the more I think about it, the more I know I did the right thing by cashing in the policy. My beneficiaries may not agree, but my first debt is to myself. From it I got both money and life. And the more I ride, the more I live. ■



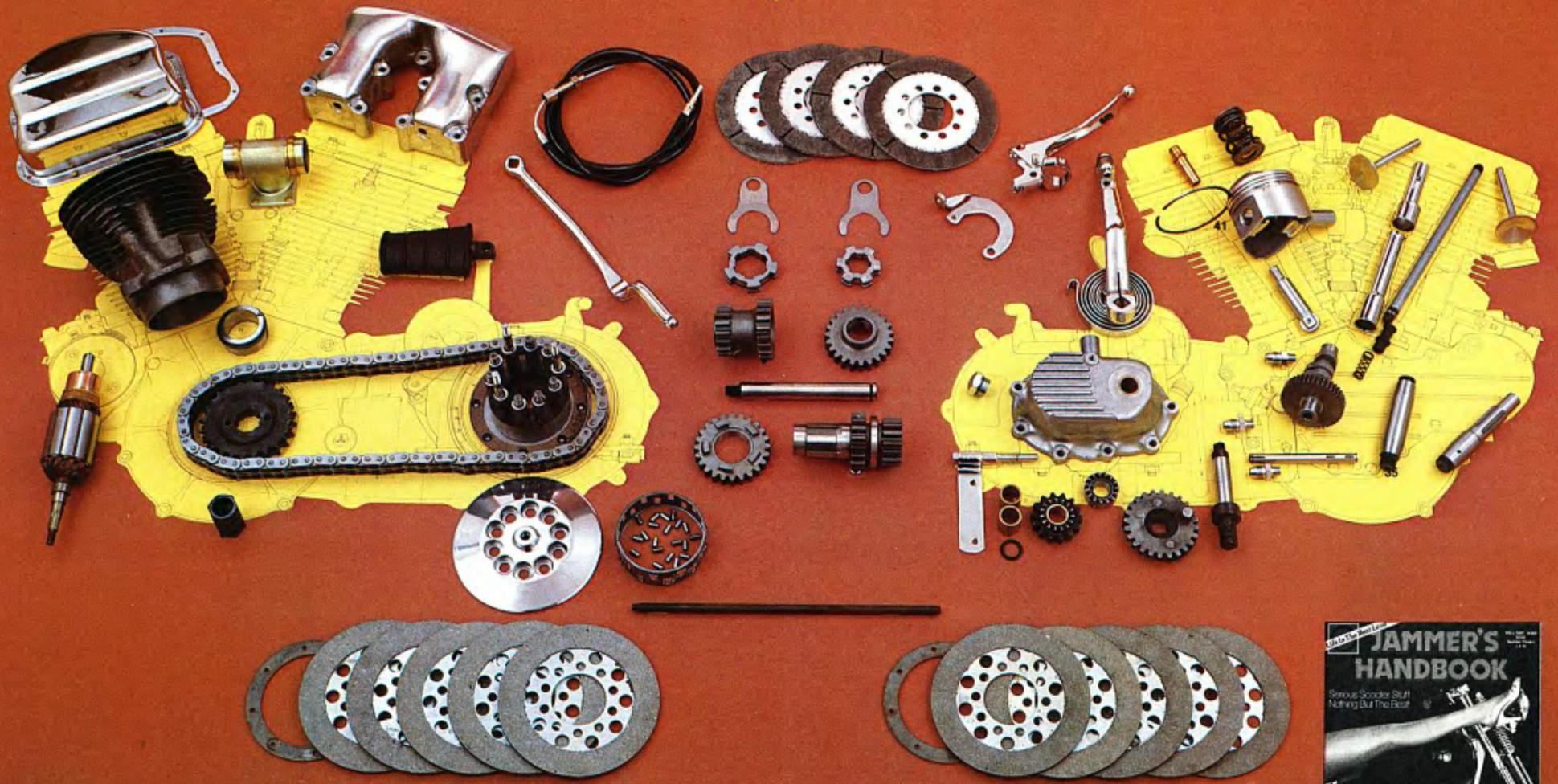
"Hold it! Are you sure this is a dog food commercial?"

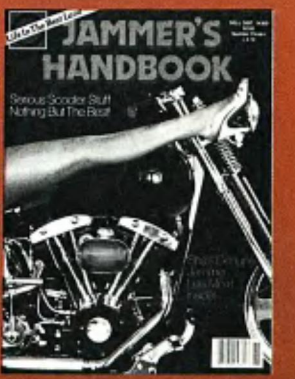




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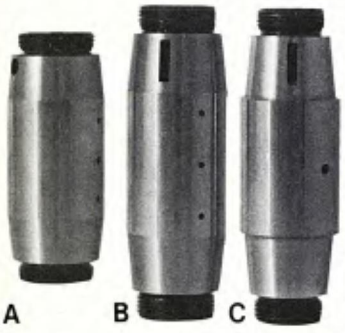


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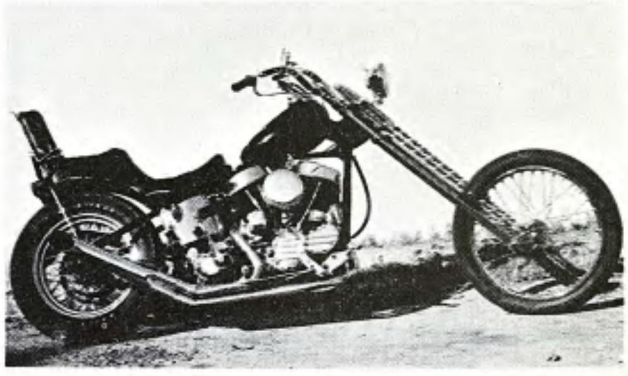
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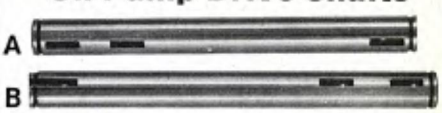
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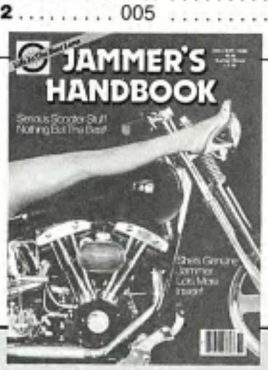
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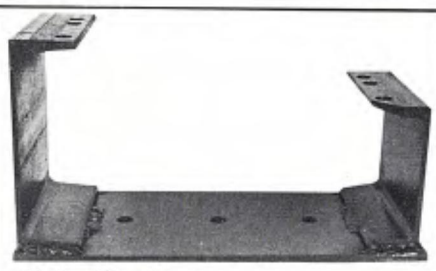
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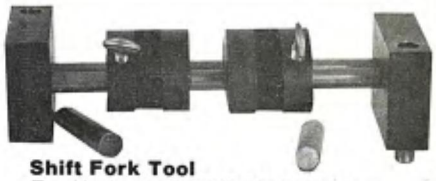


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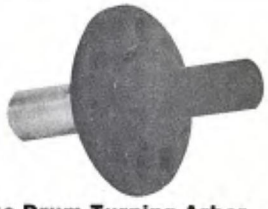


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AL'S CYCLE PARTS, 311 E. Dominick St., **Rome**/(315) 336-8900
CUSTOM CYCLE, 1610 Pine Ave., **Niagara Falls**/(716) 284-2615
JOHNCOX M/C SALES & SERVICE, RD #1 Loeppert Rd., **Penn Yan**/(315) 536-3565
MOTORCYCLES UNLIMITED, 229 Lyell Ave., **Rochester**/(716) 254-2355

NORTH DAKOTA

DENNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE, 3701 S. Broadway Hwy. 83 S., **Minot**/(701) 852-0874

OHIO

BEAR'S BIKE & WELDING, 415 W. Main St., **Ravenna**/(216) 297-7279
HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC., 1707 Mahoning Ave., **Youngstown**/(216) 792-2002
JAMES SMITH PARTS CO., 4117 Main Ave., **Ashtabula**/(216) 992-2137
RISING SUN CYCLE, Route 1 Box 6A, **Montpelier**/(419) 485-3429

OKLAHOMA

GILL'S INC., 1115 8th St., **Woodward**/(405) 256-5822

OREGON

MAKE IT RUN, 2164 W. 7th, **Eugene**/(503) 687-9762
M & J CUSTOM BIKES, 3650 S.W. 3rd, **Corvallis**/(503) 752-7402
SUNSHINE CYCLE, 930 Summit, **Medford**/(503) 779-3818

PENNSYLVANIA

CHOPPER SHAK, INC., 2842 Saw Mill Run Blvd., **Pittsburgh**/(412) 881-0433
CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP, Route 22, **Delmont**/(412) 468-8135
EAST AMERICAN MOTORSPORT, R.D. #1, **Punxsutawney**/(814) 938-5710
KOSMIC KOLORS, Fritzer St., **Easton**/(215) 253-5333
SAM'S CHOPPER HOUSE, 520 Upland Ave., **Reading**/(215) 372-6485

TENNESSEE

SUPER CYCLE, 620 S. Bellevue, **Memphis**/(901) 725-5991

TEXAS

BIG COUNTRY JAMMER, 4103 North 1st, **Abilene**/(915) 676-8921
BIKER'S CUSTOM, 7278 Alameda Ave., **El Paso**/(915) 772-4827
CHARLIE'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 1802 So. Armstrong, **Denison**/(214) 463-4681
CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 16 N. Main St., **San Angelo**/(915) 658-3049
H&H CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 1710 Belle Plain, **Brownwood**/(915) 646-6625
NORTHTOWN CUSTOM CYCLES, 1318 Basse Rd., **San Antonio**/(512) 736-1914
PODLE CYCLE PARTS, 4801 Peach Tree Rd., **Balch Springs (Dallas)**/(214) 286-5351
S&S CYCLE & SUPPLY, INC., 816 Amarillo Blvd., **Amarillo**/(806) 374-8760
VICTORIA HD, 1410 N. Main St., **Victoria**/(512) 575-7881

UTAH

QUALITY M/C PARTS, 2945 S. State St., **Salt Lake City**/(801) 467-4834

VIRGINIA

CUSTOM CYCLES OF VIRGINIA, 3564 Western Branch Blvd., **Portsmouth**/(804) 399-3616
LYNCHBURG HD/BANDITS, 3235 Old Fellows Rd., **Lynchburg**/(804) 845-5921

WASHINGTON

EVERETT M/C GOODIES, 8320 Evergreen Way, **Everett**/(206) 347-2177
FRONT RUNNER'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 1999 #B Iowa St., **Bellingham**/(206) 671-9697
HD OF OLYMPIA, 310C So. Bay Rd., **Olympia**/(206) 357-5703
SKAGIT HD, 1253 A. Christianson Rd., **Anacortes**/(206) 293-2217
STEPS CHOP SHOP, 1025 Pitt Ave., **Bremerton**/(206) 373-9944
TUMBLEWEED CUSTOMS, 6517 Central Park Dr., **Aberdeen**/(206) 532-4742

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY HD, 100 Cohen St., **Beckley**/(304) 253-1110

WISCONSIN

HD OF APPLETON, INC., 2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., **Appleton**/(414) 733-2258

WYOMING

MAVERICK CYCLES, 1115 S. Greeley Hwy., **Cheyenne**/(307) 638-8307

CANADA

H.D. M/C OF EDMONTON, 12510 82nd St., **Edmonton, Alberta**/(403) 474-9841
K.J.'S ENGINE SERVICE LTD., #5 4404 12 St. N.E., **Calgary, Alta.**/(403) 276-8008
PERFORMANCE PLUS ENG., 7076 Mershon St., **Mission City, B.C.**/(604) 826-4178
VALLEY MOTORCYCLE CTR., 1540 Moehlin Rd., **Kelowna, B.C.**/(604) 860-6138

DENMARK

P.H. CHOPPERS, 51 Graekenlandsvej, **Copenhagen**/01 971202

ENGLAND

SOUTHERN CYCLES, Commerce Estate, 69 Kingston Rd., **Leatherhead, Surrey**/(Leatherhead 78000)

NORWAY

CUSTOM CYCLE OF NORWAY, Strandgaten 65, **Hamar**/065-27974

SOUTH AFRICA

RUSTY'S CUSTOM CYCLES, Hendrik Verwoerd Dr., **Randburg**/48-4909

SWEDEN

CUSTOM CYCLE, Kungsgatan 78, **Uppsala**/018-14-1370

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Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

801 South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506

Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.

ORDER FORM

We will ship UPS ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet UPS requirements or is out of UPS area we will ship via next best way.

We cannot ship C.O.D. to foreign countries, nor to Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Canal Zone, APO or FPO addresses. Customers in these areas must remit payment in full including shipping and handling charges.

Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

To avoid having to pay C.O.D. fees we suggest that you remit full payment with your order, including shipping and handling charges. (Orders too large to be shipped UPS or post will be shipped via truck *freight collect!*)

TO PREPAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING
U.S. AND POSSESSIONS

If your order is:	Include additional:
0 - 15 Dollars	$3.00
15.01 - 25 Dollars	20% of parts total
25.01 - 50 Dollars	15% of parts total
50.01 - 100 Dollars	10% of parts total
101.00 - 750 Dollars	5% of parts total
over 750 Dollars	we pay freight

Foreign

Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments. Please include correct postage.

Canada	All Other Countries (minimum order $100)
Surface Post . . . . Double U.S. Rate	Surface Post . . . 3 Times U.S. Rate
Air Post . . . Not Available	Air Post . . . 60% of Order

Substantial overcharges to foreign countries will be refunded. Thanks to current events, freight costs subject to change. Parts shipped via most economical way.

Send Money Order or Cashiers Check in U.S. Funds Only. Your personal check will be accepted but will delay shipment for 6 weeks while it clears your bank. Bankamericard, Visa, and Mastercharge cards are accepted for prepayment of orders over $5.00 and shipping and handling costs.

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Please allow 6 weeks for complete delivery of your order. A service charge will be made on backorder cancellations which have not allowed 6 weeks for shipment. Prices subject to change without notice.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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(GIVE AREA CODE)

QTY	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	TOTAL

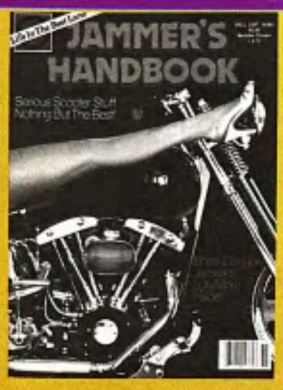
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CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

O/S 11/24/81 ■ CV JAN ■ #103 ■ BX

PARTS TOTAL	
(CALIF. RESIDENTS ONLY) 6% TAX	
PREPAID SHIPPING & HANDLING	
ORDER TOTAL	
(MINIMUM 25%) DEPOSIT	
(PLUS SHIPPING & HANDLING UNLESS PREPAID ABOVE) BALANCE DUE C.O.D.	

1974 Sportster



Your favorite newsstand has one waiting. If they've sold 'em all by the time you get there, mail $3.95 (a buck covers postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506



Not too shabby for a quick face-lift! Using some of our best, this Sporty takes on an entirely new appearance. It even runs better after a dose of our power parts. Be your own miracle-maker with the listing below. It'll get yours lookin' like ours . . . genuine Jammer!

QTY.	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	2014	16" W MIDNITER JAMMER WHL	100.00
1	2034	19" M MIDNITER JAMMER WHL	100.00
1	2104	HUB 74-77 FRONT, FX/SPST	100.00
1	2106	HUB 55-78 REAR SPST	100.00
1	3604	HD TYPE GAS CAP	3.95
2	3606	5/16" FUEL LINE	1.50
4	3608	5/16" to 7/8" HOSE CLAMP	2.56
1	36013	3/8" GAS TANK PLUG	.45
1	36014	1/4" X 1/4" SHUT OFF, P/P	7.50
1	36016	1/4" GAS TANK PLUG	.45
1	36031	LONGRIDER HIGH GAS TANK	69.95
1	36052	MINI VIEW ALL G/FLTR 5/16	8.95
1	5405	SPST CLUTCH LEVER 71-UP	15.00
1	72054	300X19 FRONT AVON TIRE	46.06
1	73011	500X16 ARCO TIRE	64.95
1	73014	500/525X16 INNER TUBE	10.95
1	73017	250/300X19 INNER TUBE	10.95
1	73020	16" RIM RUBBER	.95
1	73022	19" RIM RUBBER	.95
1	7407	3½" STEEL FRONT FENDER	9.95
1	74015	SPST UNIVERSAL FENDER	42.95

QTY.	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
2	9103	RUNNING LIGHT	13.95
1	9209	HD REPLICA CUSTOM T/LILGHT	29.95
1	9503	12V SINGLE HORN	10.95
1	9507	HD CHROME LIGHT SWITCH	14.95
1	98011	12V BATTERY, H-12	58.23
1	9905	KEY SWITCH	5.50
1	103037	SP CENT POINT COVER	4.95
1	103054	SPST K/E START SPRKT CVR	39.95
1	106030	HD S/B AIR CLEANER	19.95
1	11703	3" SOLO SEAT SPRINGS, PAIR	5.95
1	11706	SEAT BRACKET	3.95
1	117019	PLAIN DELUXE SOLO SEAT	44.95
1	117020	PLAIN DELUXE PILLION PAD	24.95
1	135015	MIKUNI S/B KIT SH/SPST	285.00
1	143035	SPST CLUTCH 71-UP	44.00
1	143072	SPST BELT DR E/ST 70-76	215.25
1	150017	1¾" SPST/T PIPES 57-78	99.95
1	152017	74 HEADER CLAMP '48-65	9.95
1	154010	HD REPLACE PEGS (PAIR)	19.95
1	155015	KICKSTAND SPRING	4.50
1	155018	SPST STANDARD KICK STAND	22.95

Choppershopper

Continued from page 80

Not just another buckle: I make my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—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)

How to start and run your own motorcycle gang. New book tells all. $10 postpaid. Loompanics, Box 264-E, Mason, Mich. 48854. (104)

WW I, WW II military souvenirs, all countries, including collectors one of a kind. Complete catalog $3. World Militaria Store, Box 29412, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820. (104)

Butch: By the time you read this, your rugrat will have been born. I love you and I'm waitin' for you and the Red Sled to come home. Your ol' lady, Bunky. (103)

Dear Gus from Greenville:. If you're out there somewhere, just let us know you're okay. Your concerned brothers in California. (103)

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 wih 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)

"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)

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

Blueprints. Mechanical-drawn, detailed, poster-sized blueprints of your scoot. Send one buck for information. Blueprints, 4031 Sunnyside Blvd., Marysville, Wash. 98270. (103)

Attention all Houston Harley riders: Where are you? Attractive, white female, 5'6", blond hair, blue eyes, is looking for you. If you're at least 25 and looking for a new ol' lady, you might have one if you can light my fire. Send letter and pics (if possible) to Box 75044, Houston, Tex. 77234. (103)

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)

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)

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

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)

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)

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

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

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (103)

Starface: Downed you may be, but patience, my love, you'll always have me. Your ol' lady, M. Bear. (103)

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)

Gallup—Rick B.: Hey, blue eyes! Missed Sturgis with you. Miss you, the Schnapps, the putt, and the shop (Holbrook?). Think about you every day. High to Shane, the bros and sisters. Love and thoughts always. L.A. The Desert Lady. (103)

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

Sturgis '81 T-shirts and ladies' lace tops. If you didn't get yours, send $8 and size to Ziggy, P.O. Box 55731, Houston, Tex. 77055. (103)

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

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

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

White workers and soldiers stand up for race and flag. Sample News $3. Moltis, Box 227, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (104)

Down and lonely; would like to hear from ladies of all ages. Send pics and etters to Bobby Cline #152453, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (101)

Walt Liss, you guard-rail-eating sonuvabitch, get well quick. Sturgis in '82. Smokey and K.T.

Hank: I am your Kajira/Companion. Come and take me. Rema.

B/m, 22, 5'9", 160, looking for serious-minded ladies black or white. Only 4½ years to go. Allen Washington #A-74078, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

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.

Mellowed-out biker, temporarily in wheelchair, is looking for permanent relationship with good-looking, hard-working Taurus lady. One-man woman to help me back up and stay around after the work is done. No bullshitin' lazy, sloppy lushes. Write and send pictures to Mel, 18 Whitman, San Antonio, Tex. 78211. Will answer all with pictures.

Good-looking, 26-year-old white bro down with '82 date. So. Calif. Females drop me a line. Richard Falkenthal #27755, P.O. Box 500-D-381, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Stroker: We'll all be free soon. F.T.W. Li'l Bro and little Jesus. Cinn, Ohio.

Jimmy: Happy belated birthday. I miss you, I love you, and I'm still waiting. Your peckerwood princess, Janice.

Tanyangelo: Alaska is so close, you are nearly there. Don't let us down. Love you, Moon.

Looking for healer chick to straighten out my tortured leg since mc mishap. Photos please. Write Tom Higgins, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

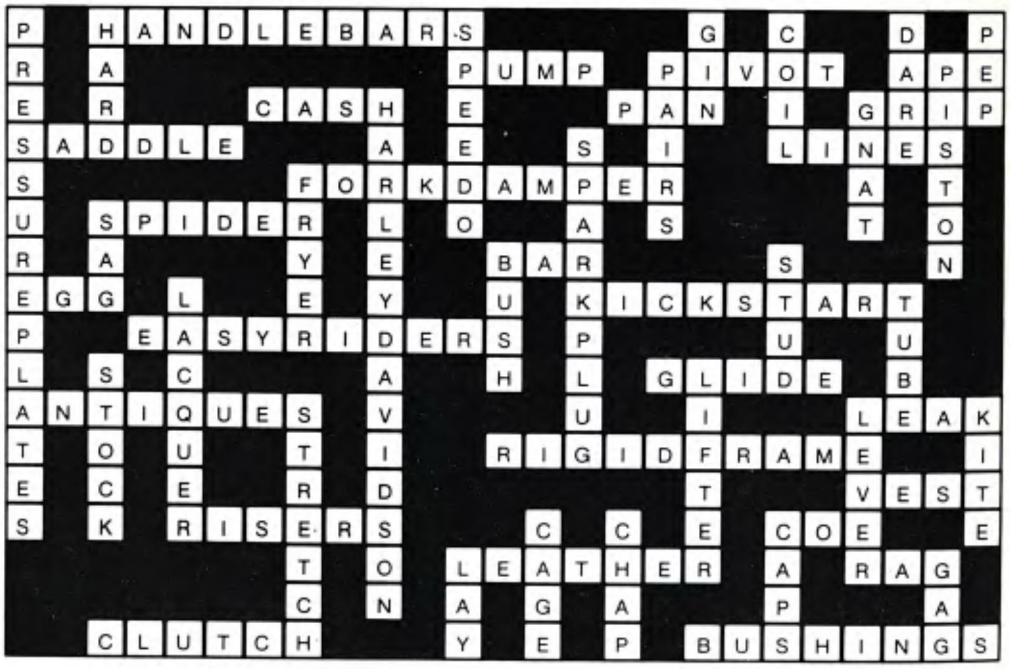
Bill: Happy birthday. You're not getting older, you're getting better! We love you and your Hog. Love always, Patti and Daniel.

Lonely and blue; lady, I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. John M. Apostoledes #157677, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

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

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of a Sabrina Hall, last seen in Hawaii, '76, with her friend Rose: Last known address Boise, Idaho—her sister's. Please call collect Paul Szalay 784-9732.

Solution to puzzle found on page 55



There Are Many Reasons Why We're The Second-Largest-Selling Bike Mag On The Newsstands! (*Easyriders* Is First)

iron horse

FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST



Check Out One Copy And You'll See Why!

Until now, Harley riders figured fairings were for sissies on riceburners.

That was before Vetter made the Rooster.™ Now you can give up eating bug splat at 60 miles per hour. You'll still know you're on a Harley but Rooster's wind cheating will make Sportsters, Wide Glides, and Fat Bobs, slide down the highway.

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.



*Whether you move with Willie Nelson, Pink Floyd or the Talking Heads, Rooster Sound will turn you into a one man traveling band.

Only $139. Be smart, tough and cocky. Next time you're working on your Harley, take 10 minutes, mount a Rooster on your Hog and live a little.

Rooster

by VETTER Rantoul, Illinois
217/893-9300

EAT BUG SPLAT OR GET COCKY

