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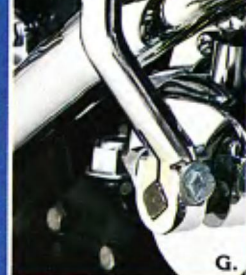
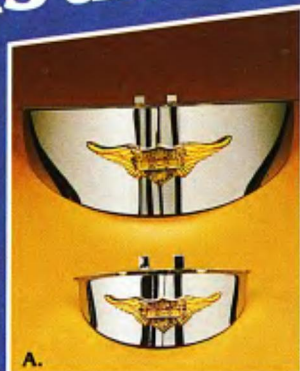
Batteries Do Take Care

**This month's Cover Girl
is Mama Mia! (Wow)**

**— also Far-Out
Fiction and
Lotsa Girls**



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Easyriders



Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Off-the-wall news items from Spider	5
Rantin' an' ravin' from our readers	6
Check out this rat for all seasons	12
An old gaffer kicks some ass	18
Lotsa shots from a big Midwest biker bash	20
What you need to know about batteries	26
A payback yarn with a moral	28
Good times and bikin' in Sweden	30
A pretty panhead for yer peepers	34
Still teachin' after all these years	40
Motorcycle news and reviews — Easynews	43
Dusty delves into the stars	47
Jokes to make ya barf and fart	48
This guy's one mind-blowin' rocker	52
A beautiful bod for ya to drool over	54
In the wind with our great readers	58
Here's one righteous red shovel	66
A batch of ladies to cast ballots for	72
How not to help a bro in trouble	74
Interestin' stuff from other bike rags	78
Mutha's advice to those who don't know shit	80

Number 105

Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Kathy Gibson. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Mouse: Sharon Bleichner. Southern Mouse: Shirley Yarber. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Chick with the Figure(s): Paulette. Outside Rover Back: Rip. Print Man: Bob Wilcox. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, Woody, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Skip Spear. Composer: Alex Lopez. Products Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hotlinger. Advertising Graphics: Eileen Draeger. Roving Editor: Woody. Vet Rep.: Doc. Tech Editor: Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Fred's Sweetie: Brenda Trolinger. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michele Hicks Hellman. Art Assistants: Louis Ujueta, Billy Thornbury. Artists: David Mann, Duffy Duggan, Shep, Tom Kuntze, Jody Roberts. Associate Editors: Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. Editorial Secretary: Theresa Lapinski. Man About Town: Steve Lynch. Porno Dept.: Siuol Yezmik. Wordhead: Frank Harding. Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Managing Editor: Tex Campbell. Editor at Large: Mil Blair. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.



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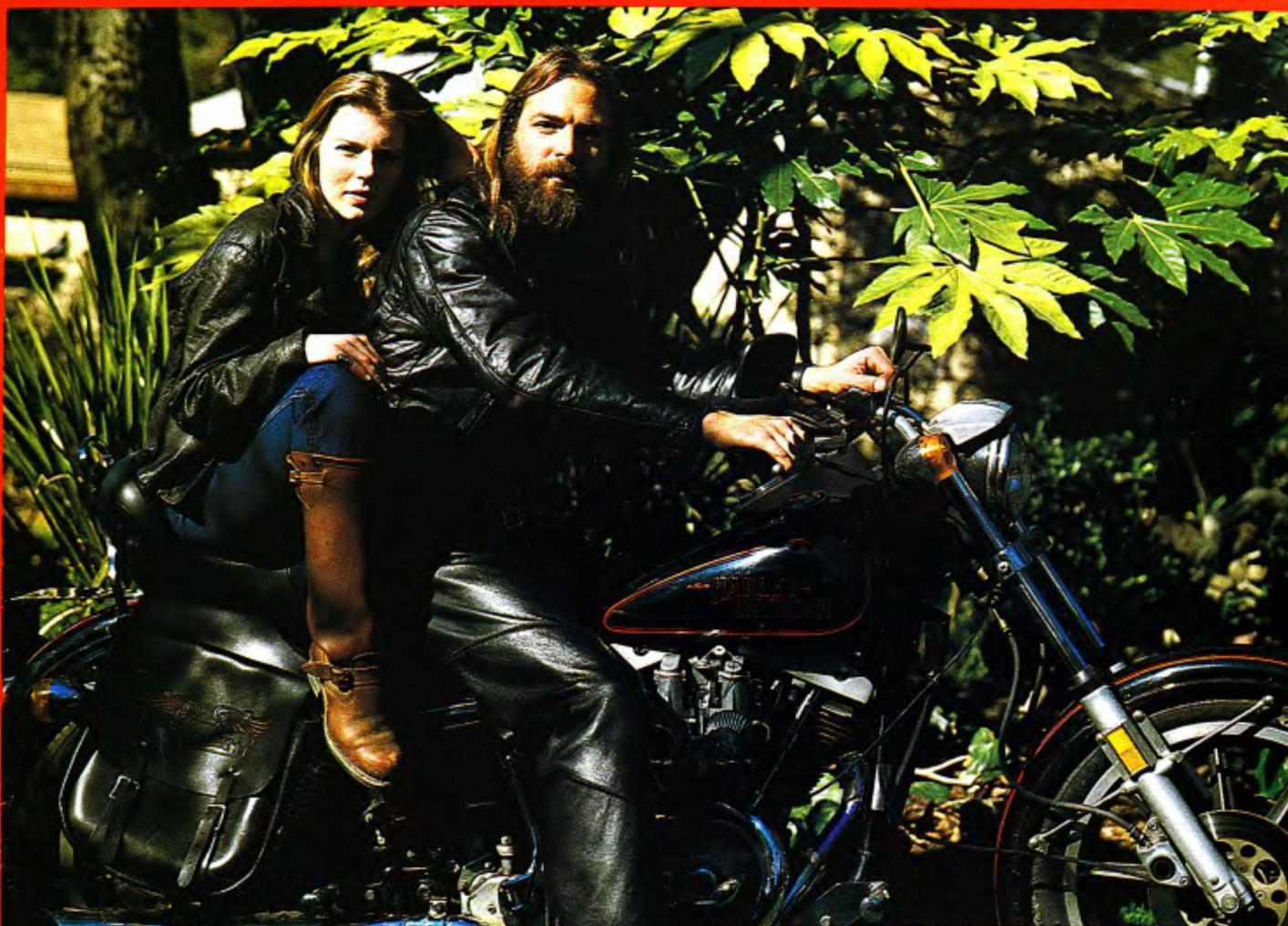
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 26th.

Cover photo of Candi by Billy Tinney

Content page photo by Kim Peterson

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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Helmet freakout or what? He went to the next-door apartment, beat the guy living there with a baseball bat, then stole his helmet, went back to his own apartment, put the helmet on the stove, turned it on, burned the shit out of the helmet, thereby smoking up the entire apartment complex—but he was happy as the police led him away. (Don't ask—I just report the news.)

Okay, so Rufus has influenced me, but I like dogs—especially since Rufus reminded me what dog spelled backwards was. So here are a few dog happenings in recent newspapers: Narc dog does it again. Arriving a little late on the scene (having been sidetracked by some bitch's nice smells), he finds two men struggling on the ground. Being a brave, well-trained cop dog, he leaps into the middle of things and pulls the plain-clothes cop off the burglar, along with a mouthful of cop meat. (He was exiled to a junkyard.)

Another cop dog had at his handler after mistaking him for a thief with a gun and was in the process of chewing and biting when the cop accidentally shot himself in the leg as he tried to keep his dog off him. But there was no reasoning with the dog—he knew a crook when he saw one—and the mutt stopped only after the cop sailed a few .357s through him to teach him a lesson—or to get even.

It was a nice day to clean and cultivate his pot patch that he had growing in his backyard. Across town someone ripped off a small plane for a joy ride, but crashed in the process right in the first dude's backyard, burning down all his pot plants, attracting firemen, policemen, nose-pickers, and do-gooders. The erstwhile pilot went to the hospital and the "farmer" went to jail. There are days like that—I think it's called karma.

Mind games file: The medics were called to an emergency. When they arrived, they found a man in bed, shaking out of control and sweatin' his ass off. His wife said he had just smoked his very first marijuana cigarette and immediately freaked out. If it was homegrown shit, he's got it made.

Can't tell you how or this page may get torn out of the mag before you get to read it, but a dude was sentenced to hang recently so he decided to kill himself instead, which he did—with a deck of playing cards.

It was on a weekend when he was arrested for pimping. The police booked him and ran the usual computer check and discovered he was wanted in another state for two murders. But before the murder info came back, someone had released him on bail. Was he free? Is he still running? No. After gettin' out on bail, he discovered he'd lost some money in jail and went back to see if they had found it. They had—and him too. Lesson: don't push your luck.

All this time I've been blamin' the fact that I'm weird on my excesses with acid, 'ludes, uppers, 'shrooms, and mind-bendin' weed, but at last I've found out it was all caused by playin' "house" or "doctor" with the girl next door. According to Dr. Henry Lyons, the associate director of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Gainesville, pre-martial sex leads to suicide, drug and alcohol abuse, promiscuity, anxiety, or depression. I don't know what happens when you marry whatever you wake up with, but according to Lyons, a ring on the finger causes all that suckin' and fuckin' to make a fast turnaround from the downward path you were on. If you believe that, you believe dogs use toilet paper.

She musta gone by his place before, but this morning he was waiting as she came jogging toward him in her sexy jogging shorts. He reached out and grabbed a handful of her snatch. Turns out he may have done the same thing to three other women, one in a market, one in a crowded cafe, and one just walking. So they're looking for the snatcher of snatches. No tit tweaking, ass patting, nothing—just a handful of snatch, hair, juice, or whatever else he encounters. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Pissed About Somethin'

□ Your mag creates stereotypes. You are bigoted, and your pretense of freedom casts all motor-riders into a mold of double-negative ignorance. Who says it's so great to be half competent in the English language? What's so swell about "dees" and "doze" and "dis" and "dat"? You may want to think you are free, but you are imprisoned by a dimwitted belief system. Language is a tool of man, and you fuckers are still in the stone age. Kindly shove my subscription up your reamed-out, collective ass. You make me sick. And that ain't no fuckin' shit either.

Jam Tongue
Ramona, Calif.

■ All we're doin' is ridin' down the road and havin' a good time. Come on—loosen up. There are serious things to get uptight about, but we leave those to the uptight bunch. We're just loose as a goose.

Grand Plan

□ When Ford or Chevy completes production of a vehicle, they sell the molds, dies, and presses to Brazilian car manufacturers. Did H-D sell the dies and stuff to Yamaha to build their V-twin, or did they put stuff into storage? If they put it in storage, how do we get them to put out a commemorative knuckle or pan? They'd sell like hot cakes, don't you think?

Wonk
Prince George, B.C.

■ They sure as hell would.

A Fuckup

□ I've got a question for you airheads. In your Dec. rag (#102) on page 73, the scooter entitled "Sold Out of Sight" has yellow plug wires

and black and red boots. And on page 74 it has blue plug wires and black and purple boots. Can you explain that?

Steve
Miami, Fla.

■ Someone, somewhere along the line, got the negatives fucked up.

Congrats To A Winner

□ Hey, Terysa, glad you won! You were my favorite ol' lady. But as you once said, time and people change, but roads go on forever. You're a lovely lady.

Joe Bazz
Bronx, N.Y.

□ From all us guys on 204th Street in the Bronx: We want the Bronx beauty to know that we love ya and we're happier than pigs in shit that you made it. You deserve it. 204th Street Beer Drinkers Bronx, N.Y.

□ Hey, Bronx beauty, glad you made it. **Easyriders** was right. You sure as hell have a lot of class.

St. Petersburg, Fla.
Tony The Tiger

No Other Way

□ Here we sit in the middle of Arizona. Been down two months, but we're gonna be up tomorrow. I'm watching my ol' man paint the frame right now. God, to be on the road again.

We left Tacoma sometime in September—took 101. Somewhere in Monterey the scooter started to fuck up. In Fort Ord, Calif., we pulled in to a gas station and tore the lower end apart. Shit, nothing wrong there. Well, we crippled it to Mesa. Home!

We overheated the cylinders; \$120 to get the bitch back and running. That's not counting elbow grease.

I'd never have it any other way.

Just thought I'd let ya know that my ol' man and I are gonna have the best damned time tonight.

Beth
Mesa, Ariz.

■ Go for it, Beth.

Texas Rose

□ I got home from another fun day at work and was lookin' for some cheap entertainment. Grabbed a joint, a jug of whisky, your rag, and started readin' "My Sweet Texas Rose" (Oct. '81). About shit my pants. That fuckin' story was the funniest thing I ever read.

Wheelie
Richfield, Minn.

David Allan Coe

□ **Easyriders** has been advertising David Allan Coe's music for some time. His music is sure appreciated here in Atkins, Iowa (pop. 627). Anyone who's missed his album "Invictus" has missed some of his best work.

Patti Cole
Atkins, Iowa

■ That man has a way with words.

Tighten Up

□ Why are ya fuckin' with my head? Ya take a fuckin' story and a fuckup like myself starts readin' it. As soon as I start cruisin' along, I run slam-bam into this "Continued on page 103," and then I've got to pick through twenty fuckin' pages to find page 103. By the time I finish doin' that, I've forgotten what the fuck the sentence was talkin' about when I left page 18 and so there I go searching for page 18. And so I thought they must do it for advertis-

ing reasons, but I said no 'cause I'm always lookin' for a good deal, and even if I'm not, I like to look at them and laugh at T-shirt offers like "Bikers are a crazy bunch; what most call pussy they call lunch."

And then I said those fuckers must not even read the rag. If they did, they'd be mad as hell, having to tear through all those pages before forgetting the last sentence they were reading.

So, ya assholes, don't you think we get enough bullshit from the world that's constantly fuckin' with our heads, puttin' us through all kinds of changes?

Tighten up.

Shattered
State Farm, Va.

■ First, have a toké and calm down. Then remember your left thumb is still stuck in the mag where the story says "Continued on page 103." Now put your right thumb in the place where the story starts up again on page 103 (once you've found it). Flip back and forth slowly and the continuation (if the art dept. hasn't fucked up) should slowly soak in.

Sniff, Snort, Sniff-Sniff

□ While taking a putt down to Cape Cod this summer, feelin' good and righteous on a Massachusetts Interstate, I was slowly passed by a truck hauling livestock. Curious to find out what kind of stock it was, I got up on the rear of the truck and strained to see inside, when all of a sudden I was hit with a drenching liquid that smelled and tasted so bad it would make Mutha's box smell like a floral shop. Doing everything I could to maintain my scooter while I was dry heaving, I managed to get into the slow lane.

I spent a portion of my

vacation money on a sauna, gunk, and laundromats.

So, all you bros, when you see a truckload of animals, I suggest you squeeze every inch of fuckin' pounding energy from your twin and do a vanishing act—they were hogs!

Tibbs
Fitchburg, Mass.

New Scam

□ I know that not all the readers who read (?) this rag are pure assholes. (But then, who can say!) So let me tell you about the latest scam going on down in Daytona.

I was down there with my used-to-be ol' lady, who wasn't absolutely a pure dipshit, but close. The scam the natives have come up with is coco-snuff. It's a rip-off; cocaine is the game. Yeah, just taste it or toot it. It acts and looks the same. For \$90 your ol' lady will swear it's cocaine till you put it in a spoon with a little water and watch it float like a bar of Ivory soap.

Bones
Chesapeake, Va.

Dimmed Bright Eyes

□ Hey, you blew it! In your Dec. issue (#102) on page 49, there was a word quiz. Rules read "no plurals, slang, or proper names allowed."

But your solution on page 83 gives the following plural words: Rids, aids, dies, ires, sees, says. And here are the slang words I found: Arse, sard, rede, rase. How about it, Bright Eyes?

Annie K.
Germany

■ Better call your English teacher, Annie.

Jim Morrison Lives?

□ I'm sure you guys are familiar with the controversy surrounding the "death" of Jim Morrison. Did he die or didn't he? I kinda like to think that he was fed up with all the bullshit of rock stardom and the court hassles and therefore staged his own death. With the help of a few close friends and maybe a wee bit of plastic surgery, he could have done it! Well, for those of you who say muthashit and don't believe it for a minute, just take a look at page 66 of the

October '81 issue (bottom row, center). Then check out some of the pics in the book "No One Here Gets Out Alive," especially pages 315 and 245. Remember the lizard king. He can do anything.

Neal
Big Lake, Minn.

Female MC Club

□ Some friends and I are very interested in starting a motorcycle club for women. This is the first time, and we are very serious.

I am writing in the hope that there is some information you can give us to help us get started.

I am also inquiring about the Alliance of Women Bikers who ride.

C. Davis
Sacramento, Calif.

■ Contact the Alliance of Women Bikers, P.O. Box 484, Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701.

Harley-Davidson Club?

□ I would like to know if there is a U.K. branch of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club and I'd be grateful if you would let me know.

J. P. Woollett
St. Leonards On Sea
East Sussex, England

■ I passed your letter on to Harley-Davidson. You'll be hearing from them.

He's Figurin'

□ Can't figure how the stories in **Easyriders** keep getting better. Each new issue gets better and better. Fanfuckintastic!

Wild Bill
Dumont, N.J.

■ Keep it down, Bill; we're gettin' low on raisin pie.

A Word From Canada

□ Just figured I'd drop you southerners a line from all us ol' ladies up here in Canada. Tried your chocolate chip buzz cookies on Halloween. Fuckin' A—were they good! With no telltale taste, we could have fed them to my grandmother.

Mitch
Toronto, Canada

Givin' Us Shit

□ I'm sittin' here reading an old issue, and in "Word-monger" there are a few

letters bitchin' about how an article even got in the rag. Your answer was that the first editor passed on it so no one else shitcanned it. If you pay them fuckers anything, I want a job because I can do at least that good, i.e., yes sir; you bet... yes sir; right boss; yer sir, you bet; yep; right, sir; yes, boss; righto; anything you say, boss; please don't beat me no more.

Smitty
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Great letter. It's not exactly like that, Smitty. Each editor figured the previous editor had seen it, and everyone, thinking everyone else had seen it, figured they were just fucked up that day and passed it along. No one spoke up and said, "Hey, this is a piece of shit," as everyone usually does. Just one of those monumental goofs—or good shit.

Dear ■

□ I don't read too good and 3 pages of letters is boring and a fucking waste of time. Fuck the letters and you to, "Monger."

Big Dady Dirt
El Cerrito, Calif.

■ You'd just toss filled-in boxes like me into a pile along with your old spelling books, eh, Dady? What's this world coming to?

Trudeau Comes Through!

□ I was just kickin' back, doing some reading the other day, when I came across something that nearly made me fall off my chair. Now get this. It was recorded that the present prime minister of Canada (Pierre Trudeau) took a world tour in 1948 on his Harley-Davidson. Yep, that's what I said, his Harley-Davidson. Right on, Pierre! At last you show us Canadians you have some class!

Sue Schroeder
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Why Not?

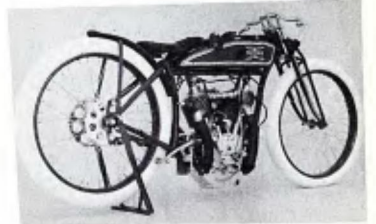
□ One suggestion: Why not more great stories?

Hell Raiser
Lufkin, Tex.

First One

□ As of July 1, I had my first real encounter with a cage driver. As a result I now

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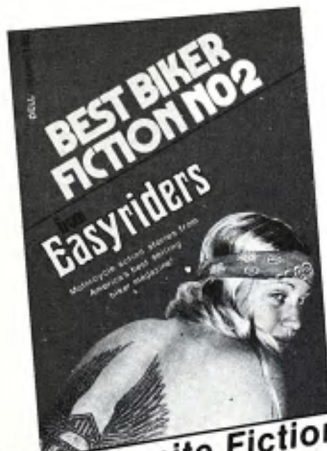
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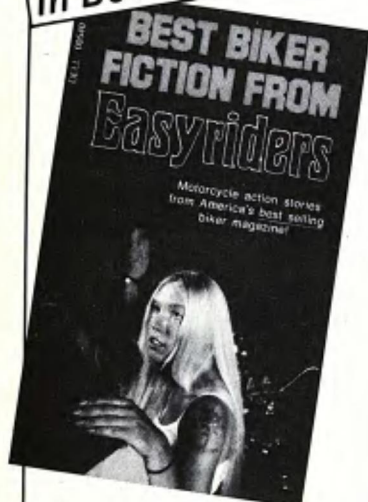
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have a plaster arm, no job, and a fucked-up bike. I want to say one thing to all cage drivers. Wake the fuck up!

Pissed Off
Colts Neck, N.J.

High Club

□ Is there a club with a chapter above 10,152 feet? We're layin' claim to being the highest club in the world.

The Fugarwe Tribe
Leadville, Colo.

Ass Shots

□ I must say I was in sheer delight to see all those fine ass shots of foxes' tails. Thanks a lot, because it keeps me in touch with sanity.

Red Bud
Fox Lake, Wis.

Carried Away

□ Your mag is better than having no speed limits!

Rac
Roslyn, N.Y.

There's Hope

□ I love everything there is to do with bikers and especially anything about Harleys. No one can ever make me think different about them. Since I'm only seventeen years old, all my elders say I'll grow out of it.

Strawberry
Dwight, Ill.

■ Drag in a moldy scooter tramp—that'll shake up the troops.

Color Green Again

□ Bein' a long-time reader, I can trace the question of the color green and its relating to death back to the Apocalypse, chapter six of the Bible. It says, "And when he opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, 'Come!' And I saw, and behold, a pale green horse, and he who was sitting on it—his name is death, and hell was following him. And there was given him power over the four parts of the earth, to kill with sword, with famine, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

Fearless
Houston, Tex.

Boycott Individuals

□ Let's see. We should boycott Laconia. We should

boycott Daytona. Bowling Green is a thing of the past. We boycotted Deadwood, which wasn't hard to do, since we were having too good a time in Sturgis to leave. I expect soon we will be talking about boycotting Sturgis because either the cops or some locals are giving us a hard time. Our new "power" will be to boycott any place or event where the locals give us a hard time.

Well, shit, it looks like a real dull time from here on out. Most of us will end up staying home because no matter where we go, there are people who would rather see us dead than give us a fair shake. The reasons are many as any of us who have been riding around this land know, and once word gets out that we will boycott places that are down on us, the shit is going to get even worse. Those assholes want us to stay out of "their" towns, and we will be playing right into their hands.

Please be advised that even in Laconia there are retired people, property owners, and even local police who look forward to Motorcycle Weekend. I am sure that it's the same way everywhere. We would be in bad shape if it weren't.

Don't give in to the assholes. If there is a biker happening, go for it. If there is an event, I want to be there with my kind of people, and when we go to these events, spend our money where we are welcome. It's really not that hard to recognize the assholes in a crowd and boycott them as individuals. See you at the next run.

Schultz
Laconia, N.H.

Thanks But No Thanks

□ Just read Spider's article "Motorcycle Types" in the December mag. Fucking A, bro. I'm with you! It's like the man who feeds the hungry dog. After the dog has eaten, the man reaches down to pet him and the dog bites his hand. The moral is thank you, but fuck you.

Boyd Rice
Gillette, Wyo.

Serious Letter

□ This may be one of the most serious letters that you

people at **Easyriders** ever received, because I am damned serious. My problem is that I've got a new garage behind my house that is 24x30 and I've got welders, torches, grinders, drills, and all kinds of tools in it, but I can't figure out what to do with the stuff.

Tommy English
Savannah, Tenn.

Live And Learn

□ I find I have a few 18¢ stamps left and no one to write outside of Santa, Dear Abby, or the parole board, all of whom have failed to send me a reply, so I'll write you and say, "If I knew old **Easyriders** would be worth money, I would never have thrown 'em away," but I always fuck up like that.

Richard Creighton
Jessup, Md.

Feelin' Wanted

□ Your rag is great for rolling joints on.

Jasper
London, England

Working Bikers

□ I've been reading **Easyriders** for about six years now and there is one thing that really burns my ass up. I am referring to numerous stories and statements about the brothers who work a nine-to-five job as not being bikers. In the opinion of the story writers, a biker can only be the type who works odd jobs to survive and spends the remainder of his time either getting fucked up or riding day and night 365 days a year. Bullshit! No wonder the public thinks all bikers sell dope and rip off bikes for a living.

I have been a biker for 25 years now. I've been working (nine to five) for close to thirty years. I have owned numerous motorcycles, the last four being new machines. Each to his own life-style. But I resent (and I'm sure other bros do too) the fact that we are not considered true bikers because we prefer to work for the better things in life.

R. Gypsy Gibbs
Roseville, Mich.

■ Hey, Gypsy, nine to five is just a symbolic term; it doesn't mean the nine to five that we put in, but the

Continued on page 115

OK, JAPAN.
YOUR NEXT CUSTOM BIKE PROTOTYPE IS READY.





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

The flowing styling is turned into a velvet smooth ride by a unique trimount chassis system that isolates the engine and dampens road shock and vibration.

エンジンとフレームを一体化させ、路面からのショックや振動を吸収するユニークなトライマウント式のシャーシシステムによって、はじめて可能となるベルベットのようになめらかな走り——これが流れるようななめらかなスタイリングと絶妙な調和を醸し出します。

A new exclusive soft wrinkle split seat with sissy bar and padded backrest lets you cruise in long range comfort.

ソフトで皺かいたリソナル面が特徴のソフトリット型シートには、同乗者用の握りバーとパッド付きのバックレストを装備。これで長距離クルージングも快適なもの。

We don't just chrome our fenders. Rich two-tone paint over a fat 16" tire is the only way to go.

ねかせ気味に角度をもたせたショックアブソーバー。これで豪華格好のツーリングカラーのフエントーが、つちり太い16インチタイヤの間には、みにくいギャップがなくなり

Chromed staggered shorty duals are an exclusive Harley-Davidson trademark.

段違いセッティングのクロムめっきショートデュアル排気管。これぞ本家ハーレー・デビッドソンのトレードマーク。

INTRODUCING THE MAYBE THIS TIME NOTHING WILL

クトリーカスタム車を発表した当時、このハーレー・デビッドソンは、日本やヨーロッパのモーターサイクルメーカーにとつては、まったく目新しいものでした。それ以来、これらの海外メーカー達は懸命にハーレーのアイデアをとり入れ、いまやこれらも低い位置からうしろに体をかたむける走行スタイルとか、フルバック型のハンドルバーとか、あるいはV型ツインエンジンなど、ハーレー車によって初めて具現化されたメリットを、あたかもそれらのものであるかのように論じ、強調し、そして売り込んできたのです。しかし、当然のことながら、本家本元とそれに追随するものとの間には、何かひと味ちがうものがあるのは止むを得ぬ事実でしょう。

いまやこれらにとつてまたまた頭痛のたねが増えました。というのは、ハーレーは今年さらに新モデルを登場させ、長いハーレー伝統の系譜にもうひとつの革命をもたらしたところからです。すなわちFXRS（フルスーパードライドII）の発表がおこなわれるからです。

今回、われわれは、世界中の人々がひと目で納得できるよう、FXRSモデルのユニークな特徴を明確に打ち出すべく特に努力いたしました。オールラウンドに新設計のデザインで、われわれハーレー製作陣が今までに創り出した車種のうちで、このFXRSをいちばん扱いやすいモデルに仕上げました。ハーレーの「クロウライダー」や「ワイドグライド」スタージス、その他のハーレーカスタム車種のすべてのものと同様、この新FXRSは、単なるマシン以上のものなのです。

FXRSはクリーンでシンブル、あとから思いいついてつけくわえたようなスタイルのゴテゴテしさを全面的に排除し、過剰技術による不必要な複雑さを捨て去りました。海外からの輸入車とは見たところからして、もうはつきりと違えます。なぜなら、この新モデルの生まれ出るまでのプロセスが海外のメーカーのやり方と根本から違うからです。これはまさにカスタム車の基本理念。

人民により、人民のために、創り出されたモーターサイクルの真髄のあらわれです。



バックホーン型ハンドルバーとクローム処理のハイウエイペグは、あの偉大なハーレーの伝統を今も残している。低い位置で後方にゆつたりと体をかたむけた王者の風格に、欠かせぬデザインです。

The buckhorn bars and chromed highway pegs are essential to that low, laid back Harley ride.

燃料ゲージその他の新設計コンビンソールは、細心の技術で仕上げたビルストライフデザイン。この「ふくれ型」ガソリンタンクの頂上に設置。このコンソールこそハーレー車の伝統をカスタムメードで具現化するものです。

The carefully pinstriped fat bob tank with a new console including a gas gauge telegraph the Harley-Davidson custom heritage.

重厚感と迫力ある80立方インチのV-Twinエンジンは、特製カスタムファイニッシュで、その美しさをグッと引き立てます。あたらしいスビードトランスミッションを搭載。

Special custom finishes bring out the beauty of the massive 80 cu. in. V-Twin engine. A new 5-speed transmission brings out the beast.

革命的なハイブリッドとダレンロップタイヤとの組み合わせが生み出す路面捕獲のハイパフォーマンス。同時に、影の白いレタリングは、見る人々の目を惹きつけます。フォードマンズでとらえます。

The revolutionary tubular frame along with Dunlop tires mean road grabbing performance. Raised white letters grab the attention.

REVOLUTIONARY FXRS. GET LOST IN THE TRANSLATION.

When Harley-Davidson introduced the first factory custom bike in 1977, the whole idea was completely foreign to foreign motorcycle manufacturers. Since then they've been able to do little more than pick up on some of the language. Today they're talking about their laid back riding positions, pullback handlebars, tear-drop tanks, even their V-Twins. But it is obvious, something keeps getting lost in the translation.

Now their problems are only going to get worse. Because this year we're introducing one more in a long line of

revolutionary motorcycles. The FXRS Super Glide II™.

This time, we've made a special effort to spell out the FXRS's unique features for all the world to see. All-around innovative design makes the FXRS the best handling motorcycle we've ever built. But like our Low Rider™, Wide Glide™ and Sturgis™, like all our custom bikes, the new FXRS is more than a machine.

The FXRS is clean and simple. It is uncluttered with styling afterthoughts. It's not burdened with over-tech complexity. It doesn't look like a foreign bike

because it came about in an entirely different way. It was built by people, for people—the way a custom bike should be.

MOTORCYCLES. BY THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE.

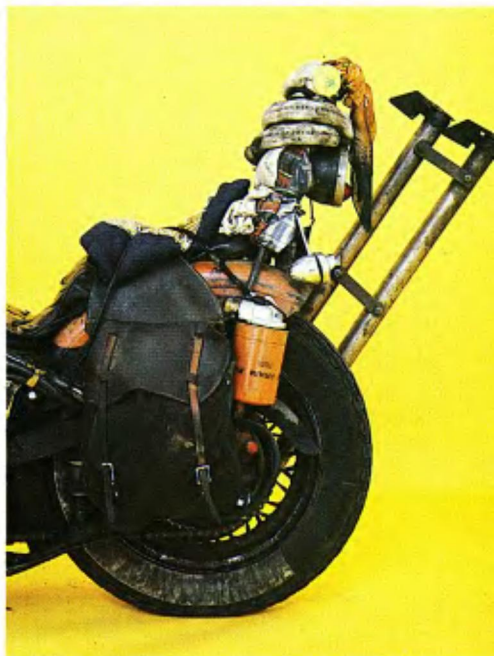


Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.,
P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

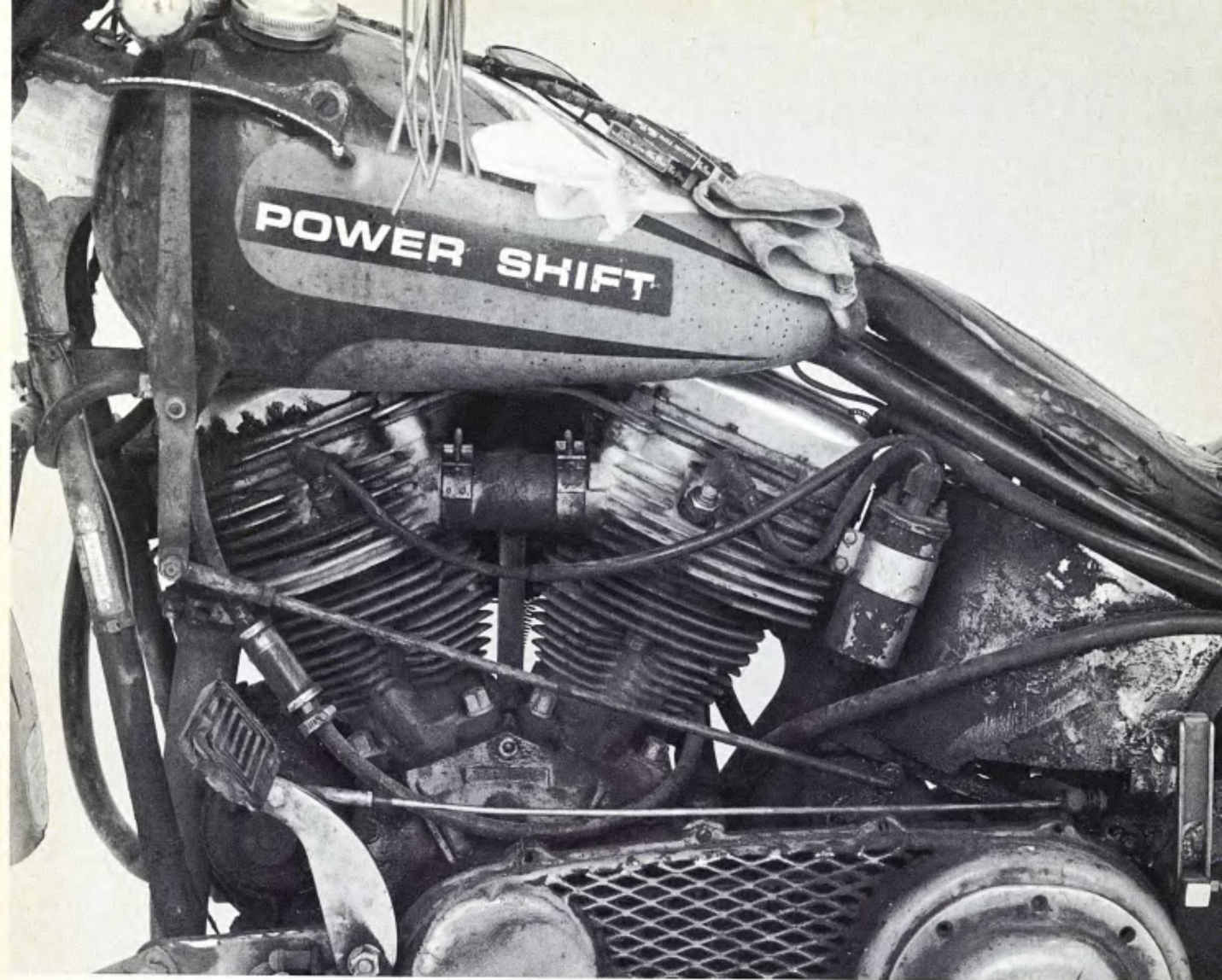


RF/FR

There are only two ways to go with rat bikes: love 'em or hate 'em. For the most part, riders hate 'em. The most common question is how anyone could let a bike get that dirty and still have guts enough to ride it right out on the road in front of God and everybody. But while these same complainers spend countless hours slaving over candy pearl paint and triple chrome plating, rat riders are out enjoying the fresh air and road-side views. Me? I love rat bikes. Each layer of grime is like a chapter in a good book. Each little part of a rat bike has a story to tell, either funny or sad, but still a story. It would take hours to tell the tales behind Russell's rat, so what can







I do, except relay a couple of these tales to you?

Russell's bike started as a '58 swing-arm pan. Then the original frame took a shit three or fours years ago. When it did, along with it went years of beautiful dirt. The road grime and tales lost forever—it was heartbreaking.

The rear fender and gas tanks have a special story behind them. They came off a scooter that was used in the movie *The Wild One*. No shit, the movie made about the alleged takeover of a small California town back in the forties. It starred Lee Marvin and Marlon Brando. Russell discovered an old flatty, or knuckle, or something with the rear fender and tanks still on the bike. Since the tanks and fender were a part of history, Russell used them on his scooter. There was no front fender



Owner: Russell C. Magsig		City: Van Nuys, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1979	
Year and make: 1958 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FL		Type: fatbob rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Paul Wheeler/owner		Stretch: none	
Time: still in progress		Other alterations: dirt	
Chroming by: no one admits it		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: wide	
Year: 1958		Risers: 3 in. H-D	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): used in <i>The Wild One</i>	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: IH brush guard and light	
Ignition: points/con.		Taillight: stop	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Williams Motors		Front pegs: yes	
Balancing: no		Rear pegs: yes	
Pistons: .040		Electrics: 12v.	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: used in <i>The Wild One</i>	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: H-D bent horseshoe	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: leaks a little	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: air-cooled/owner	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: used by a good friend	
Air cleaner: shell		Sissybar: handmade	
Pipes: two		Height: middle of back	
Muffler(s): at the end		Material: backyard steal	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: 90-wt.		Type: H-D	
Year: 1948		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: it works	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 16
Molding: lead		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: unknown		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: Harley colors		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Porta walls
Type: old		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: front fender by Robby			
Other special modifications: 1928 Packard hood ornament from Dwayne, digital clock, rain caps, cigar lighter			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



on his old sled, so Russell had one of his friends try to match the sun-faded paint job on an old fender that had been hanging in the rafters for ages.

I could go on forever describing this rat, but there isn't enough room for photos and words, so I'll let the photos tell the rest of the story.

Rats Forever, Forever Rats.

—Zeke Tirebiter

BAD MAN IN TOWN

I ain't no fancy mixologist, but then again, you don't have to know much about bartendin' to land a job serving up shots and beer in a dump like Moroni's. I was down on my luck. I had a totaled-out Sporty and a cast on my left leg clean up to my bag, both courtesy of a half-blind little sonofabitch in a Renault. The only bright spot in the whole deal was remembering what all my good Milwaukee iron did to that goofy-lookin' little car.

But till the asshole's insurance company paid off, I was resigned to spending my nights slingin' sauce and my mornings cleanin' up. There were a few ladies to break the monotony, but when you got a cast as close to your hooter as mine went, a chick either has to be very athletic or real dedicated.

Every night the local boys would roll in to knock back a few and blow off the workday's load of steam by pinchin' each other's women and punchin' each other out. The biker crowd in this little burg was small beside some I've seen. There was no local club, but what they lacked in number they made up in heart. Mostly they were good people.

Except for Numbers. Numbers was a prick.

Numbers was like a big full-dress Hog: tough and built to go the distance, but with a lot of bullshit on the side. He always had the good dope and a good way to spend somebody else's money. He rode a big shiny knuckle that somebody else kept runnin' for him. He rode it mostly alone and to be seen, and the rest of the locals liked it that way. When he walked into the dump, he let you know he owned it or at least he thought he did. When you were as big and mean-lookin' as that dude was I don't guess you got prodded too often. He wasn't shy about lettin' you know that if need be he had a Charter Arms .44 Bulldog under his leathers for a hole card. In fact, I only remember one time I ever saw anybody call Numbers out.

Things were slow that night. It was early and a Sunday. There was a cold bitch of a drizzle keepin' the roads wet, and a lot of the troops were recoverin' from a little trip south of the border. Numbers came through the front door with one of his sweeties in tow. He planted his ass at "his" table and sent the little chickie up to the bar for brews. I put 'em on his tab like Moroni had instructed me. Rumor was that as long as nobody ever came collectin' on Numbers's tab, he wouldn't take the owner's hot little daughter for the motorcycle ride she'd

been after him ever since she'd turned thirteen.

Numbers and the little blonde child started shootin' eight ball and the joint settled into its usual routine. Two or three young dudes were watchin' Numbers play pool: his fan club, I guess. The rest of the house was into their own gigs and so was I. I was readin' a day-old classified section lookin' for a high-payin' job I could handle standin' on one foot.

That's when Pops walked in. Naturally most of the room looked around to see if the newcomer was friend or foe, foxy or fat. What we saw was a wet dude about sixty or sixty-five dressed in a soaked leather flight jacket that might have been new when he was younger. The rest of his clothes were about what you'd expect in this small mill town: a faded dark-blue T-shirt over worn khaki pants and a pair of heavy brown work boots. He wore a full beard that was the color his pants had been before the rain. Just an old wet dude lookin' for a dry place to have a drink.

We all went back to what we were doing and ignored the old guy. I went back to my paper, hopin' to find my dream job. But drinkin' was the last thing on the old dude's mind. He walked right past me and my classifieds, over to where Numbers was sittin' watching the little blonde set up a shot.

"Michael," the old man said, "I want to talk to you."

Numbers looked up at the bearded man, a slow smile forming under his mean eyes. "Pops! Well, I'll be damned."

"There's a few things we need to talk about, son."

The blonde looked at Numbers over her pool stick. "This your daddy, honey?"

"This old fuck?" Numbers took a long drink of brew. "This old fuck is my daddy-in-law." The girl and the three hero-worshipping punks seemed to think this was hilarious. Me? I was kinda hopin' the old guy would leave before Numbers got past the laughin' stage.

The old dude stood his ground. "We're gonna talk about Maggie."

"Fuck off, Pops." The younger man's voice took on an edge. "We ain't got nothin' to talk about, and you're beginning to bug me." He started to turn back to the grinning little bitch at the pool table, but the old man's voice stopped him.

"Boy, I come to collect me some dues!"

Numbers turned back toward Pops halfway into a roundhouse right. But when

Continued on page 91

**"He laid the big gun
up on the bar in
front of me and
turned to Numbers.
'Now it's just you
and me, boy!'"**

By Cool Bob

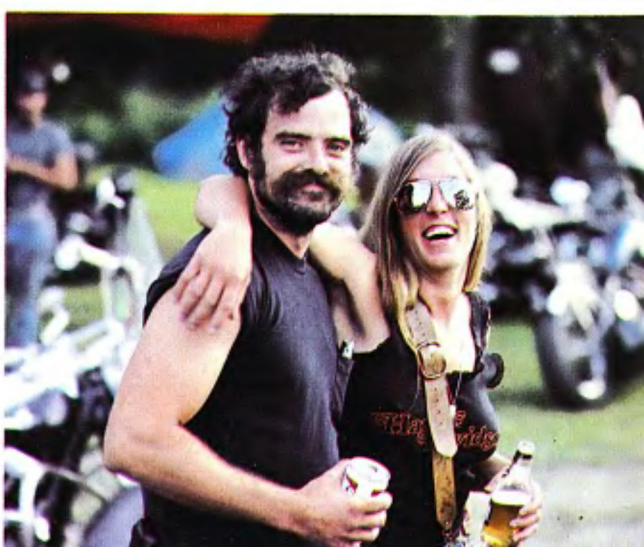
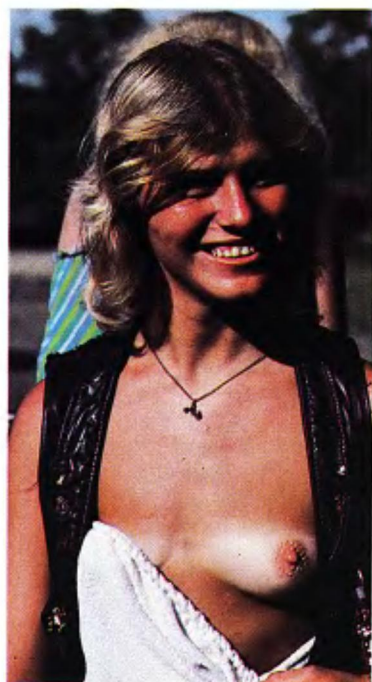


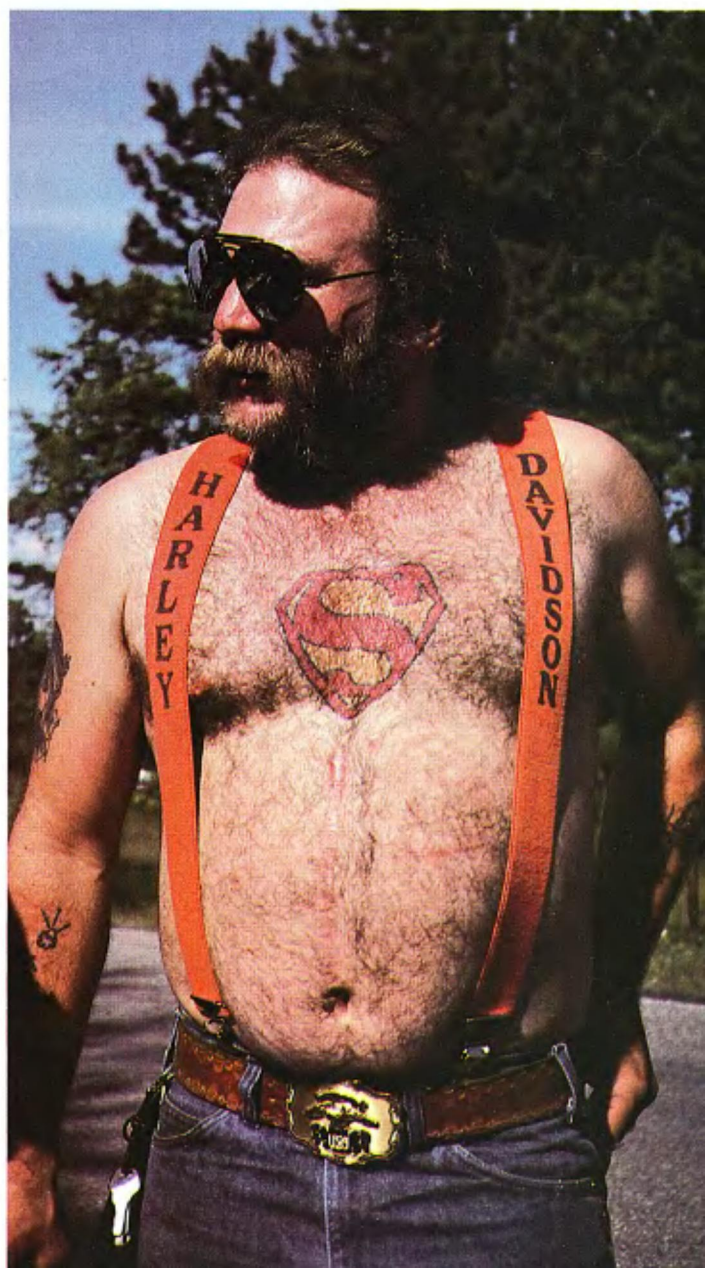
Two Warmups!

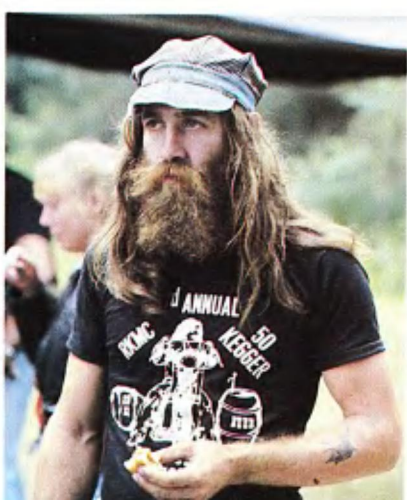
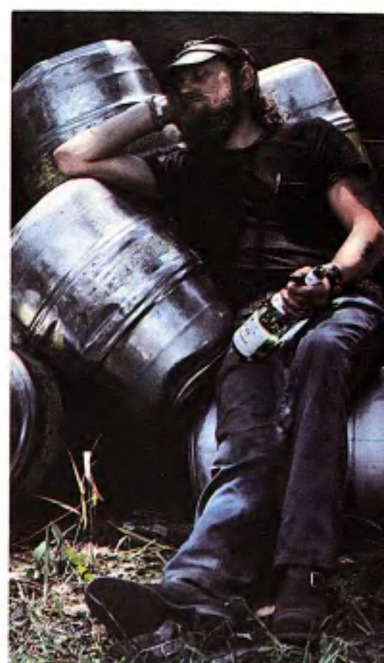
The great clubhouse stood in the moonlight surrounded by acres of trees. Harleys of all ages, configurations, and degrees of polish — from show quality to rat runner — stood posted like faithful sentries throughout the area. Tents and other shelters dotted the landscape and a

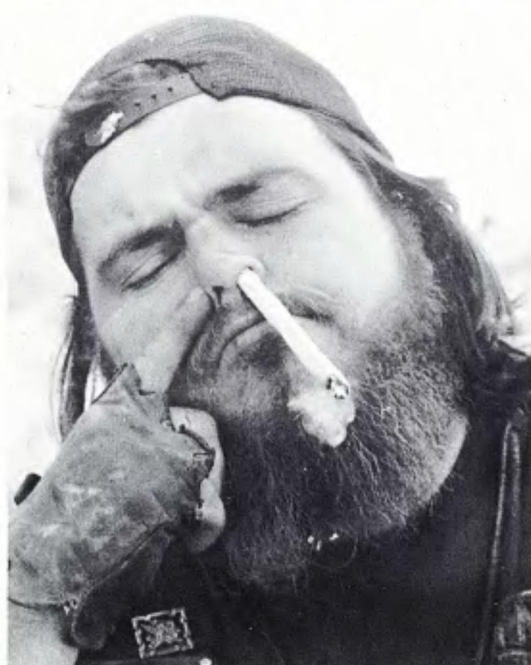
welcoming bonfire warmed the revelers for 72 solid hours.

It was — well, from a distance it made as pretty a picture as you could ever hope to see. Norman Rockwell, no, better Dave Mann, should have been there to paint it, so generations as yet unborn could see







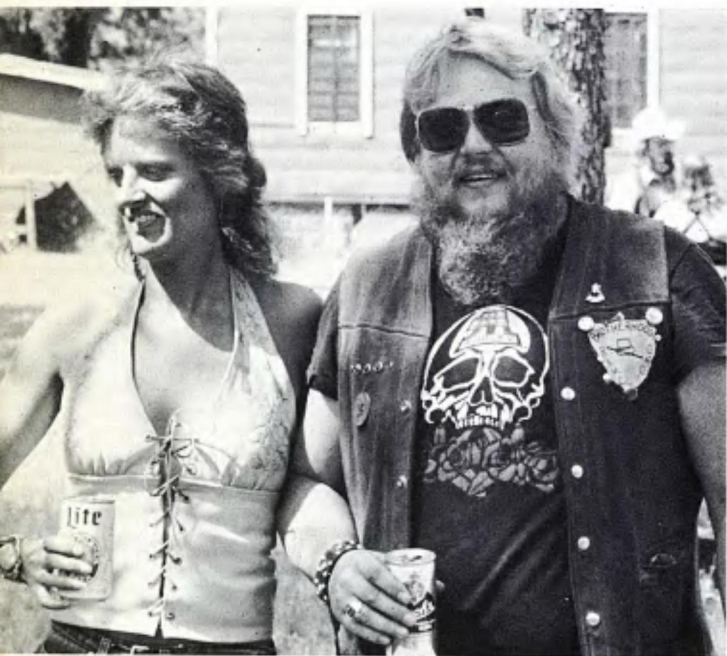


a righteous biker party of the 1980s.

Three years ago, the bros of the Road Knights M.C. of Michigan had invited *Easyriders* to their first annual mid-summer party. Someone said yes, but deadlines and broken chains and our generally fucked-up condition eventually spelled out the sad story — *oh, shit we missed it*. Next year, same thing. But, finally, this year, we got it together and the verdict was unanimous, “Whydafuck did we hafta miss the first two?”

Really, those Michigan bros know how to party. Fifty, count 'em, fifty kegs of Milwaukee's finest brew rolled into the party ridin' the tail of a refrigerated 18-wheeler — and that was just the beer supply. The tequila and bourbon freaks weren't forgotten either.

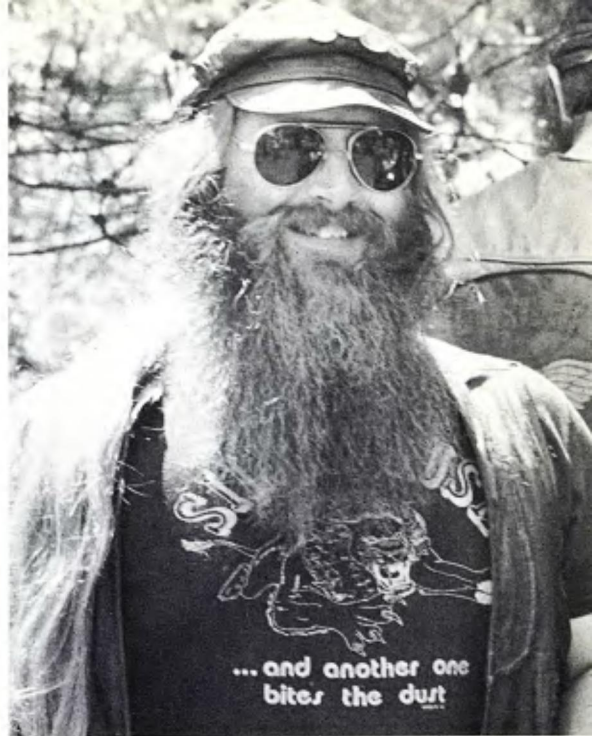
Everywhere, bros were drinkin', tokin', toyin' with the hordes of hardbellies, scopin' each other's scoots, and retellin' all the old stories about rumbles and runs gone by.



The party was great — three days of decadence and debauchery in the Michigan woods. A giant of a party, a classic, super women, humongous Harleys, a beaut of a buzz. Still, it shouldn't have surprised anyone. These Great Lake State bros prepare for a serious party the way a boxer prepares for a big fight, with tune-up bouts — in this case two warmup parties were held before the main event. Talk about dedication to a good cause!

—Burnout





Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody

BATTERIES

by E.K.B. and Gnarly

It's probably been some time since you gave thanks to the dead frog responsible for the spark of life so necessary to your scooter's continued operation.

You would, in fact, almost certainly be willing to bet that no such reptile has anything to do with your lovingly built and polished Hog.

Well, bro, you'd be wrong.

About two hundred years ago, these two Italians got into a little barroom disagreement. Seems one of them, Luigi Galvani, while experimenting with a machine that created electricity by applying friction to glass, discovered he could get a dead frog to hop around by applying electricity to its legs. Galvani determined to see if lightning would have the same effect but, while trying to pin the frog to his iron balcony with a copper skewer he saw the legs start to twitch the moment the copper touched the iron. Impressed, Galvani declared that the electricity existed in the tissues of the frog.

The other dude, Alessandro Volta, was less impressed. Volta claimed the electricity was actually produced by the contact of the two different metals. To prove his point, he placed a piece of copper

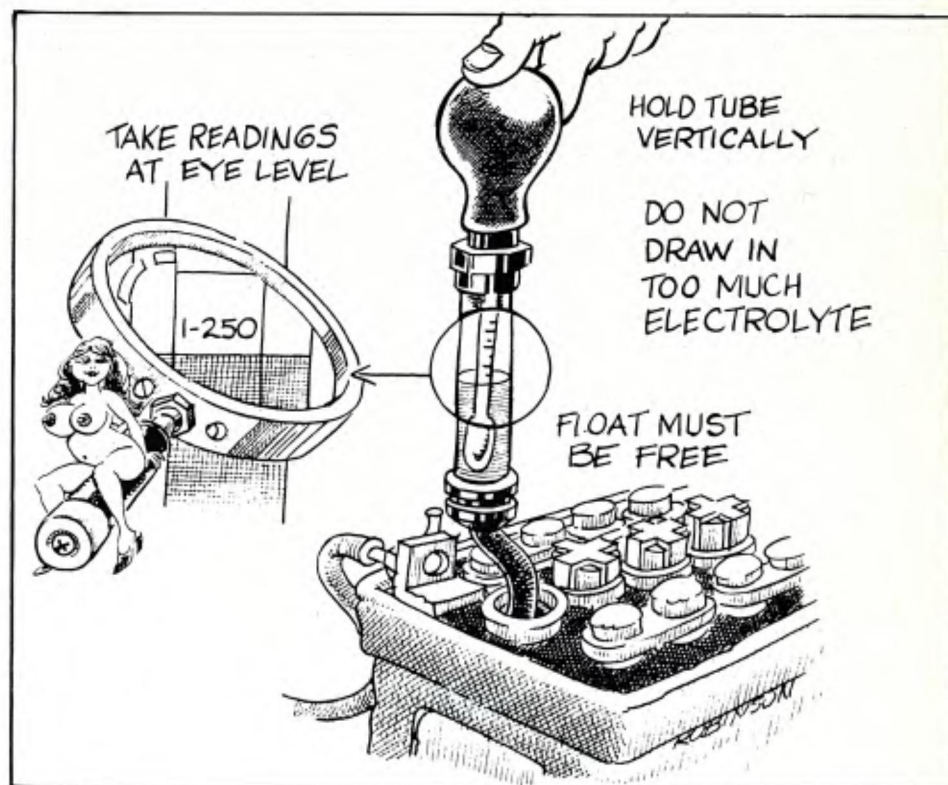
on his table, laid a piece of cloth soaked in sulphuric acid and water on top of it, and covered that with a zinc disk. Next he added copper, cloth, and zinc again until he had built a pile of pairs of zinc and copper disks, each pair having a moist cloth between them. Then he fastened a wire to the zinc disk at the top, and a second wire to the copper disk at the bottom. Presto! History's first battery.

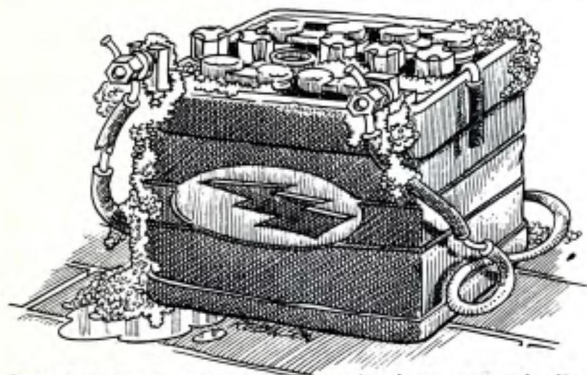
Surprisingly, that plastic-resin-encased

rectangle stuffed inside the frame of your Hog isn't that much different from the pile of power Volta concocted all those years ago. Two types of lead plates—a lead-peroxide positive plate and a spongy-lead negative plate—have replaced the copper and zinc disks, but the electrolyte—a substance that conducts ions between the battery plates—is still diluted sulphuric acid. More important, the principle by which batteries generate electricity is also unchanged

since Volta's time. The electrolyte combines with the plates to form sulphate and water, and during this process the positive plates acquire extra free electrons, while the negative plates lose electrons. This unbalanced condition results in electricity—measured in volts (see, I told ya Volta was important).

All wet-cell batteries used in bikes and cars produce two volts per cell (a cell is one set of positive and negative plates filled with electrolyte), which is why





six-volt batteries all have three holes for you to add water, and twelve-volt batteries all have six holes.

Technically speaking, for those of you interested in trivia, it is impossible to have a single-cell battery. The word **battery** itself means a combination of simple instruments used to produce a compound instrument. Remember Volta's stack of disks? Each set was one cell of a battery, just like each 16-incher on the deck of a battleship is one of a battery of guns. Those 1.5-volt jobs that power the ol' lady's vibrator? Actually, they're just cells.

Okay, you ask, if the battery is such a great idea that it has survived intact for 200 years, why do I have so much damn trouble with mine?

Lots of reasons, most of them due to the fact that many riders don't realize that a battery needs regular maintenance and inspection just like any other part of a motorcycle. One of the things that needs to be checked regularly is the acid level. Letting your battery dry out causes the plates to drop hunks of their active material to the bottom of the battery. Excess lead peroxide and spongy lead collects in a puddle on the bottom, and when this puddle

gets deep enough, it shorts out the cell plates and your battery is ready to become the last four letters in the phrase "New Harley batteries \$59.95 exch."

Riding with your battery only half dry poses its own problems. Your scooter's generator or magneto produces more electricity than necessary to operate the ignition and accessories (lights, etc.). The excess juice is what keeps your battery charged and happy. A properly filled battery of the right size is designed to absorb all these extra volts and store them (that's why you sometimes hear it referred to as a storage battery). A half-filled or otherwise defective battery won't suck up all those voltage surges and they'll go elsewhere—like straight to the light-bulb filaments, which will be immediately fried by the excessive current.

Fortunately, we don't usually have to fool around with sulphuric acid which, in addition to changing your fingerprints in a pinch, can easily burn your eyes out if improperly handled. You see, plain, ordinary distilled water (never tap water, which contains impurities that could shaft your cells), when added to a battery, undergoes an electrochemical reaction that

draws sulphuric content from the plates and becomes a perfect electrolyte. Incidentally, this process causes the water to break down into hydrogen and oxygen, gases that escape from the battery's vent hose. (Without some kind of vent, these gases would build up until the battery exploded; even so-called sealed, maintenance-free batteries have pin-sized vent holes to allow the gases to escape).

All this brings us to another problem caused by improper battery maintenance: over-dilution of the electrolyte. The fluid in a fully charged battery has a specific gravity of 1.275 to 1.30. (Specific gravity is density of the battery fluid compared with water; in other words, a fully charged battery's electrolyte is about 1¼ times the weight of water.) A half-charged battery shows a specific gravity of about 1.21 to 1.275, and a totally discharged battery will give a specific gravity reading of below 1.15. Usually, run-down batteries with a specific gravity above 1.15 when checked with a hydrometer will hold a recharge, while batteries in worse shape than that won't. (But they may, so give the recharger a shot.)

Going back to over dilution: Remember that the level of fluid in a battery should just cover the top of the plates. Trying to lengthen filling intervals by adding distilled water to the top will result in only two things—dilution of the electrolyte level with a resultant loss of power, or the leaking of acid, possibly right onto your

Continued on page 86



Two-Cent Funnel

Technically speaking, a funnel is defined as an instrument consisting of an inverted cone with a hole at the small end for pouring liquids and powders into containers that have small openings.

Funnels are necessary at times, but who carries one on a scooter? Recently I had trouble filling the battery in my wraparound oil bag. After spilling water all over, then using aluminum foil and finally trying rolled-up newspaper, I devised a simple, efficient funnel. It's collapsible, disposable, and cost less than two cents. Yep, that's it, a baggie—preferably a Ziploc—with the corner cut slightly smaller than the size of the hole you intend to pour the liquid into. Works for oil, gas, and even wine. A tiny hole lets you use the bag as a bota, and pressure on the bag will shoot the liquid wherever you need it. Only your imagination limits this tool's uses.

—Woody

WRAPPIN'

Returning from hunting a campsite, I stepped out of the trees just in time to see the logging truck murder my broad. It stopped me in my tracks.

Shirl was standing beside my old rat shovel, parked at the edge of the narrow logging road, when the cumbersome truck passed her. Stacked high with huge logs — except for the one jutting out from the load — the whole thing went by,

that butt-end of the protruding log hitting Shirl's head with a thud I could hear from forty feet away.

I unfroze, sprinting toward the fallen doll.

Air brakes hissing, the truck began slowing. When the driver spotted me exploding into sight from the brush, the rig continued rolling, picking up speed again. I reached Shirl and my bike. She lay twisted on the ground with a

mashed bloodiness that had been a pretty face just seconds earlier. The moment I glanced at her caved-in skull I knew she was dead.

"You prick!" I screamed at the departing truck.

Dropping beside Shirl, I checked for heartbeat. Nothing. Blood was gouting from that mangled, faceless skull, flooding her tawny hair and forming little pools beneath her shoulders. My eyes went to the shovel. It was still completely packed. She hadn't touched a bungee cord.

The logging truck vanished around a curve.

Picking her up gently, I carried her from the road into the shelter of a boulder. For a few seconds I stared



IT UP

by Carl Kohler

down at the grotesque remains that had been the softest-hearted, most loving woman I'd ever known. Now she was just battered meat, cooling fast.

I ran for the bike.

• • •

It was getting dark now.

While he had finished doing the six or seven miles of logging road, I'd hung way back — barely keeping the ass-end of that murderous load in view — so the fucker couldn't spot me and realize he was being tailed.

But once he turned the rig onto the Interstate, where the scooter and I could stay reasonably hidden among the bunches of traffic follow-

ing the same direction the logger was taking, I slowly inched up until I was only a few car-lengths distant.

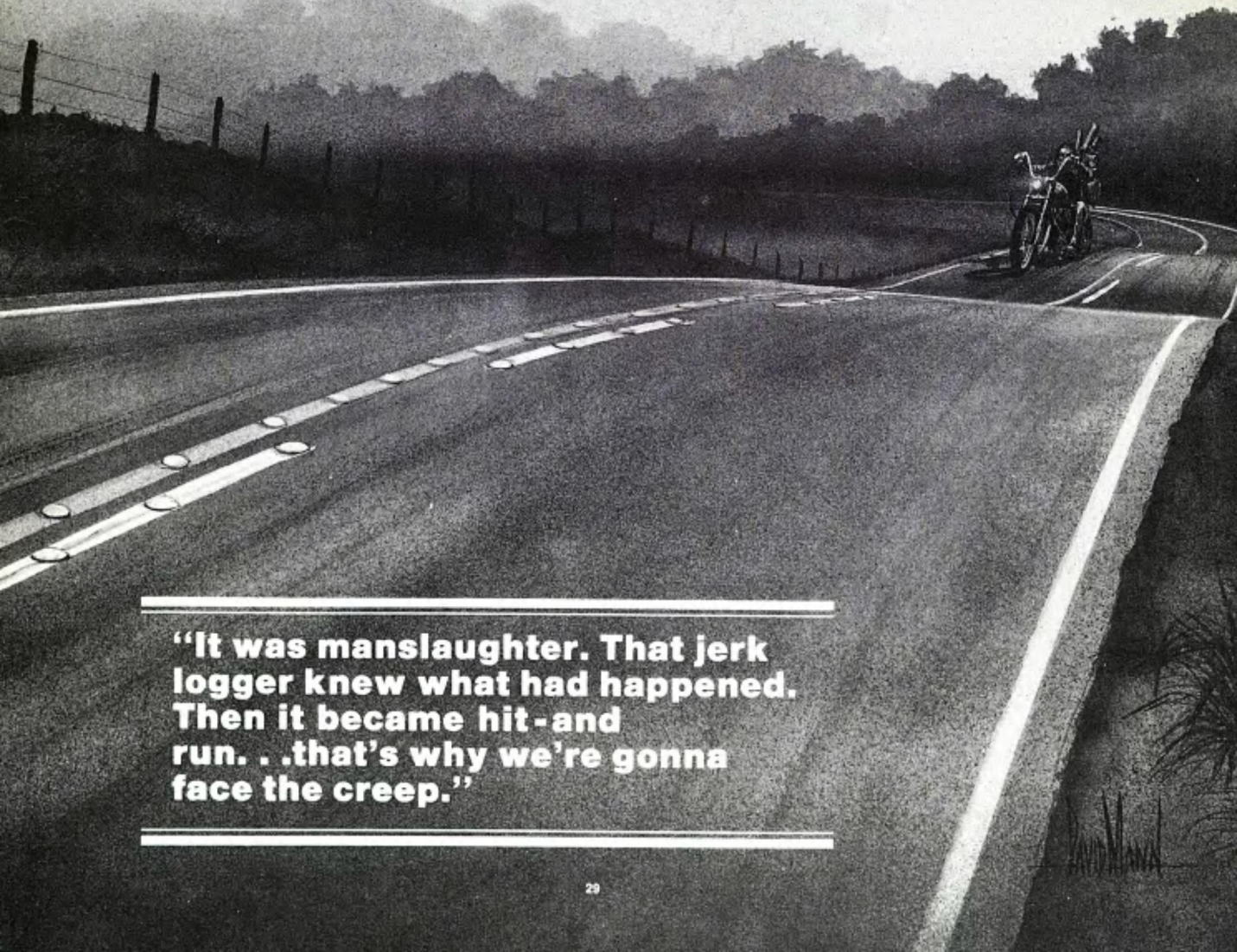
By then, the full meaning of Shirl's death began hitting me. Bits and pieces, blurred scenes from our three-year relationship started rerunning through my head. We'd had our fights. I wasn't completely what she had wanted. She wasn't exactly what I had hoped for, either. But, somehow, it had worked better — as far as I was concerned — than anything I'd known with anybody else, and there had been more than a few before Shirl.

It was a weird feeling, knowing I was alone again. A terrible, lonely feeling that I had all but forgotten. Now it was back, filling me from top

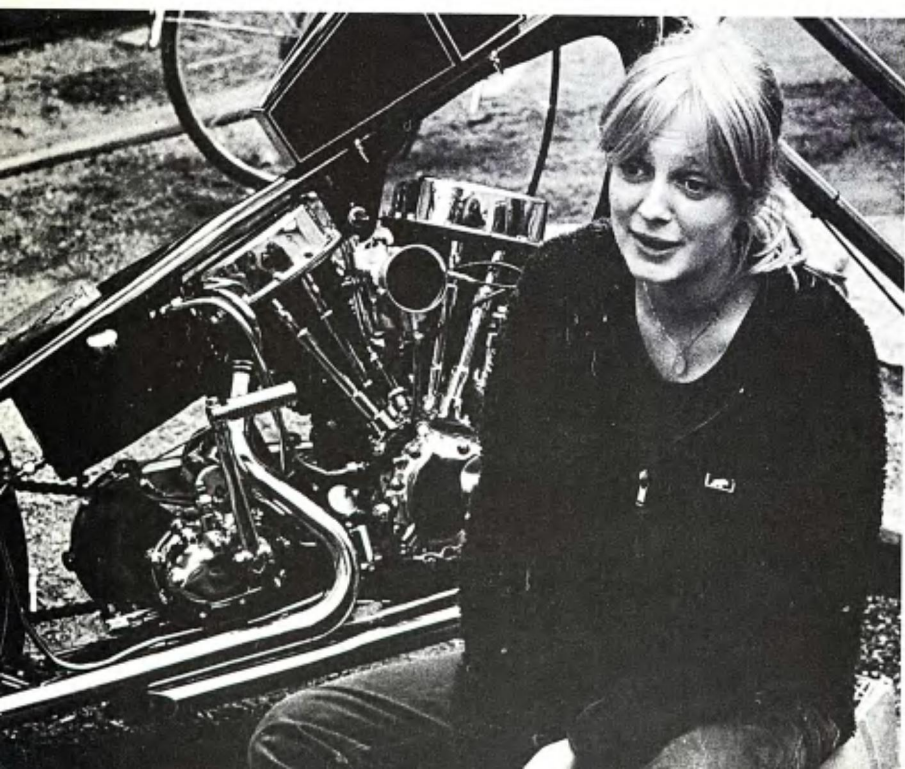
to bottom. It made the cold wind in my face colder, the darkness around me darker. Sadistically, my mind started building a picture of Shirl, warm and laughing in bed with that fabulous body naked, willing, and ready. I forced the images from my mind. Instantly, visions of her smashed, faceless skull and the way she had looked lying where I'd left her, oozed into my mind.

God, I thought, the bugs are probably into all that blood and mangled flesh and shattered bone by now. I shuddered, fists tightening around the grips. Shirl's gone, dammit! What's still out there, on the ground beside that rock, ain't the doll I lived with. That's just a useless suit of

Continued on page 96



"It was manslaughter. That jerk logger knew what had happened. Then it became hit-and-run. . .that's why we're gonna face the creep."



SHOVEL'S SWEDEN



Some bros never give up.

We first heard from Shovel Tom when a thick manila envelope, covered with all kinds of foreign-looking stamps, arrived in the mail one day. Turned out the stamps looked foreign because the kite came from Sweden and was filled with righteous photos of Swedish bros doin' their thing on and off their scoots.

The dude that sent us the shots enclosed a little note telling us he was a darkroom technician for a local newspaper. As an amateur photographer, Shovel Tom's made it his specialty to keep a historical record of those good and high times known only to those who go through life on two wheels.

Just about everybody on the staff was blown away by his work but, as often happens, there just weren't enough shots included to make a feature. Between hits, Spider summoned one of the house mouses and instructed her to write Shovel Tom and ask for some more flicks. But you know how mice are — they're lucky if they



Photos by Shovel Thomas Wiman

can remember what cheese smells like.

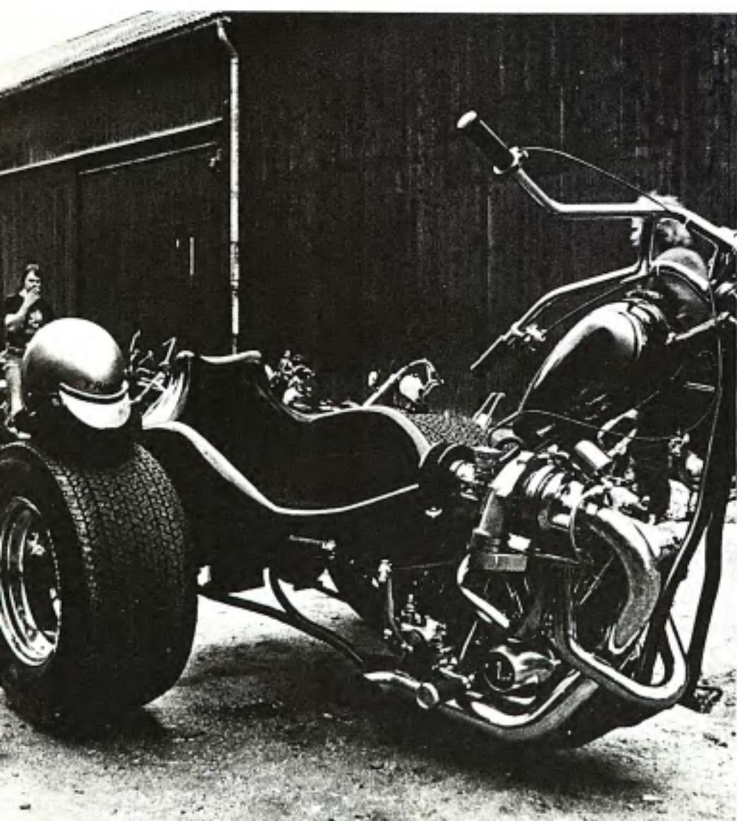
Anyway, the original shots were filed and forgotten until a month or two later, when in comes another well-traveled-looking package accompanied by a letter: "Here's a small bunch of pictures from Sweden's best bike photographer, me."

There's that hangup again — "a small bunch." Again the orders went out: This guy's great; drop him a kite and let's get some more shots. Well, you can guess what happened next: nothing. But Shovel Tom hung tough. A couple of days ago came yet another Swedish Mailball. More pictures ("It's been some time since I sent ya some of my scooter pictures, so I figured it was about time to send some more," Tom wrote) and a short note suggesting, among other things, that Spider wake up his numbnuts editors and devote some space to the goings-on in Sweden.

Well, that's pretty much what he did. After a couple of strategically placed boots in the ass, Spider had the whole package and Shovel Thomas Wiman is now getting the exposure his work deserves.

—Nurse







Most of you know that building your own ride isn't always an easy project. From collecting the necessary hardware for the project to dealing with unrelated hassles along the way,

there are bound to be times when you pull out hair, gnash teeth, and rely on antacid pills to calm the frustration of not being on the road.

Richard, the owner of this gleaming

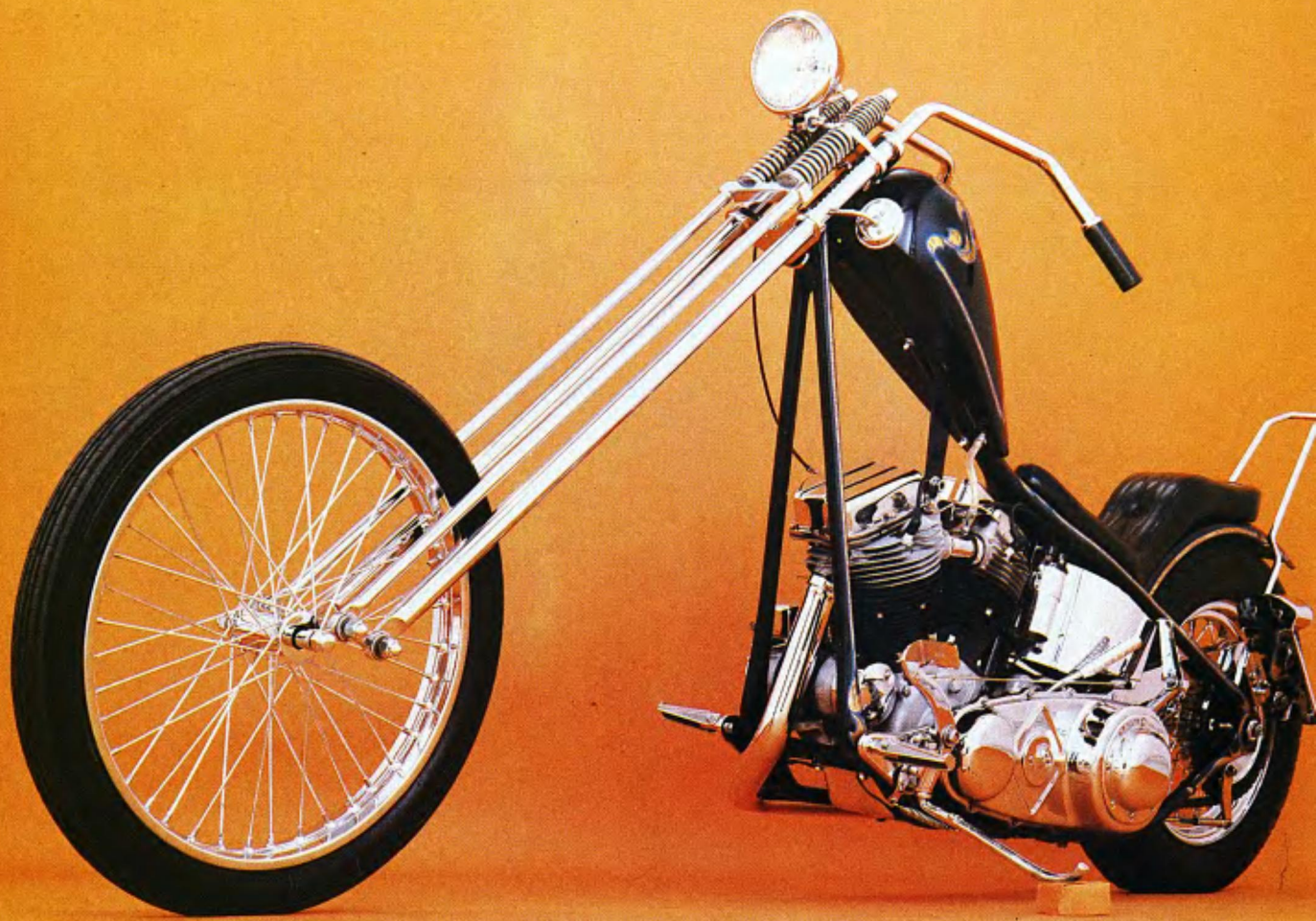
LONG TIME COMING

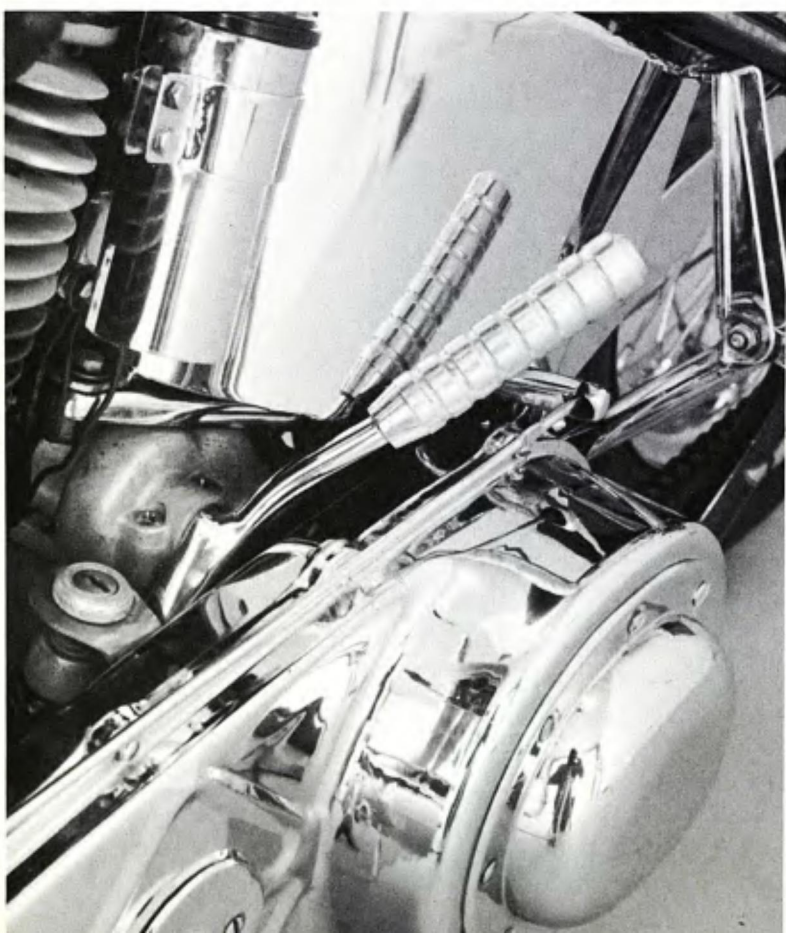
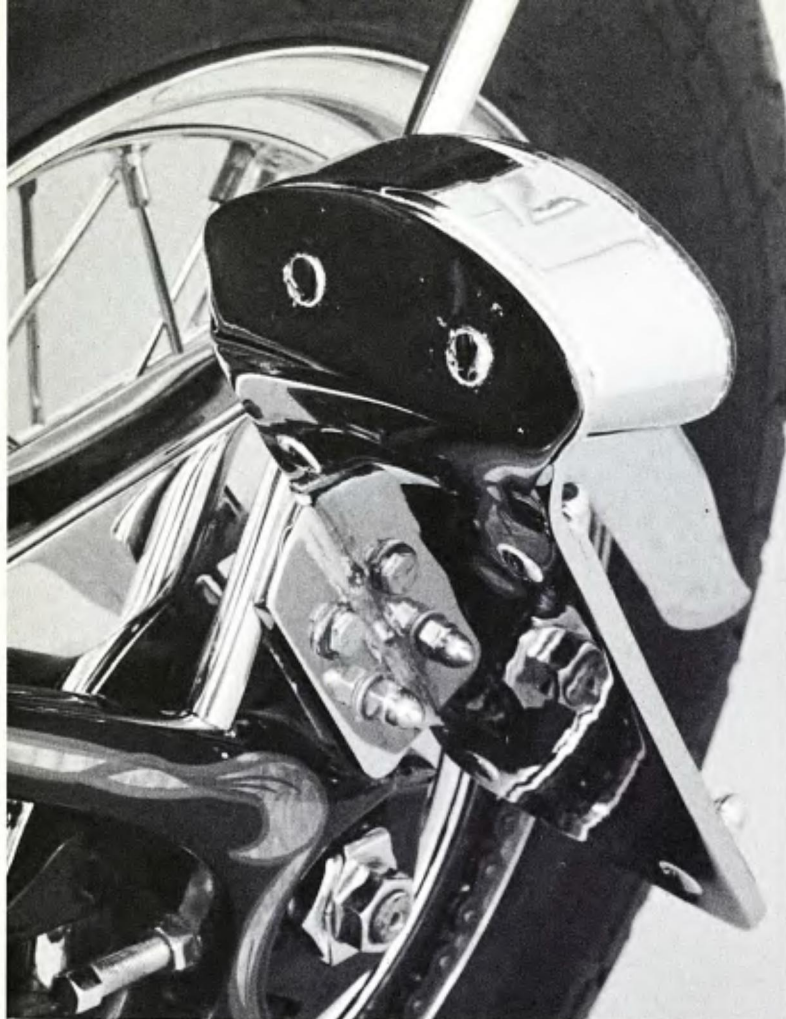


panhead, can tell ya all about setbacks. He's seen eight years of problems during the pan's re-alteration.

He discovered the bike as a basket case through a classified ad section

back in 1973. He got it running, adding a wide glide front end and fat-bob tanks, but retaining its jockey shift. Two years of asphalt gliding later, he found himself in a puddle of



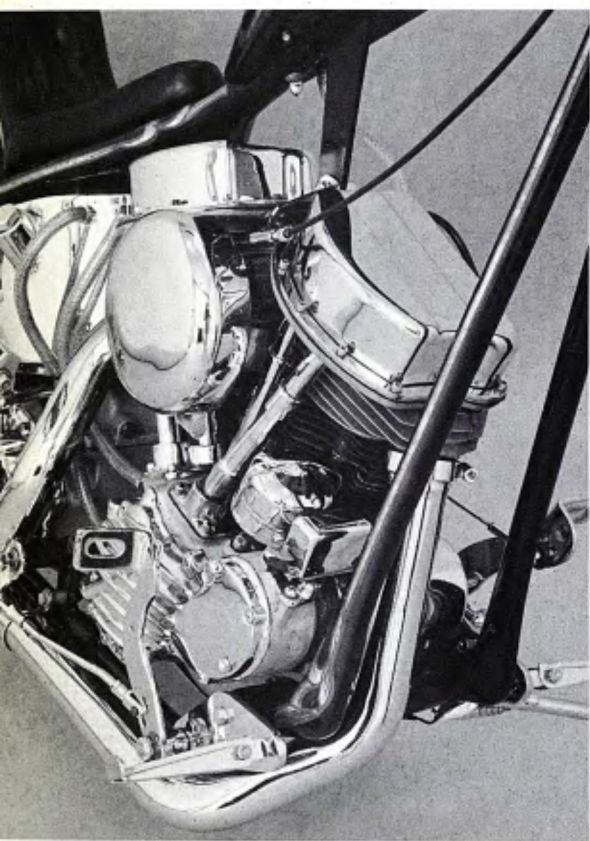


oil in Death Valley. The bike managed to limp home, where it was torn down. While it was up on blocks, the incentive for a complete renovation overwhelmed Rich. He became mired in a state of confusion over what to do cosmetically with the pan, what style would represent him best. He liked the low-slung look that Denver's popularized, but where he lives, in Porterville, California, the bros were into the Frisco-Ness style then: short front ends, diamond tanks, drag bars, and strutted tails.

At first the local input had him leaning toward the Nor-Cal scene; then, a couple of jugs later, he'd swing to the Southern, or Rebel, style. All his hemming and hawing resulted in his taking two and a half long years



Photos by Pete Chiodo



to finally go with the sleek look; and besides, he experienced delay and downtime because of events beyond his control.

Shortly after finishing the rebuild he entered it in a show, on a lark. His bike took first place for best customized old bike.

It was a long time coming, but it's right—the way Richard wanted it. And he ain't lookin' back.

—Loudmouth

Owner: Richard Cruz		City: Porterville, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rod Peyron		Year: 1951	
Year and make: FL 1951		Builder: Rod	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: best offer		Rake: ? out there	
Assembly by: Richard and Rod		Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 8 months		Other alterations: reinforced	
Chroming by: Turners, Fresno		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: modified Denver's	
Year: 1951		Risers: none	
Model: FL		Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: Rod		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: Rod		Rear pegs: CCI	
Pistons: original		Electrics: H-D 6v.	
Cases: original		Gas tank: Rod	
Heads: new 1951		Oil tank: Rod	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: full-return dry sump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: Tim	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: Rod	
Pipes: 2 in. drag		Height: 11 1/4 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 9/16 in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications:		Type: springer	
Year: 1951		Extension: 20 over	
Shifting: jockey shift		Builder: Denver	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: long	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Rod		Hub: Hallicraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Rod		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy blue over black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: none	Brake: stock H-D
Special paint: gold leaf striping		Other special modifications: custom taillight and plate mounting, gas tank bracket	



He Calls This The Burn!

He's the numbnuts who keeps an eye on us to make certain we're doin' our job properly. The old sayings, "You can't shit an old shitter" or "You can't con an old con man" best describe this broken-down scooter tramp. He's done it all, had it all done to him, heard about it, or knows someone who's done it. Ya can't get *anything* past him.

Because of this, you can be assured of fast, efficient handling of your subscription. As far as he's concerned, it's that way or else. He will accept no excuses — even when you're telling the truth — all he does is put "the burn" on ya (the look you see above) and that settles it.

The editorial trash in the next building can fuck off, come in loaded, hung over, half-dead, dead, broken-up, anything, and get away with it, but we must punch a time clock (on time, or else), dress properly, pass a fingernail inspection, and get to work immediately — no chit-chatting or ass-grabbin' — nothing.

So subscribe today and keep alive the myth that old bikers never die. Besides, if he didn't have this job, he'd go back to putting the burn on women that pass him in the park, and he might get the shit kicked outta him by a 200-pound bull dyke.

Save Spider's ol' man from the dykes! Subscribe today and get a free, full-color decal (below). Do it now — for Spider's ol' man.



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JUSTICE FOR A NOMAD

A sound like rolling thunder enveloped the area as he rode out of Maine more than 65 years ago. Sitting astride his brand-new 1916 Harley-Davidson JD and with the rising sun at his back, the 17-year-old outcast felt free and relaxed, secure in his quest for personal liberty. The world was his and his alone, free in the wind.

To this day, the 84-year-old nomad the bros respectfully call Professor refuses to ride on anything except a scooter. He means it — no trains, no planes, no boats.

"And no fuckin' cages, either," the Professor declares.

The Professor has no use for cages. "Every fuckin' last one of 'em ought to be outlawed! They're dirty, bumpy, uncomfortable, and damn dangerous! Ford created a gas-guzzlin' killer. But Harley-Davidson... well now, Harley-Davidson gave birth to the Eighth Wonder of the World!"

It was a Thursday night, earlier this year. A few of the bros had gathered at the Professor's two-bedroom A-frame on the outskirts of Highlands, south of Cahe Creek, to down some brews, smoke some dope, and listen to the old man's tales of the past. And what a past it was — riots, gambling, Prohibition, the Depression, puttin' broads...

"Seems like I've always been showin' people how to keep a Harley runnin'," the Professor began. Alan T. "Professor" Wilson has been a motorcycle repair instructor at Highlands Tech High School for more than 40 years. "It pays the rent," he explains, "and keeps me supplied with beer and Colombian."

The Highlands Tech school board wasn't much interested in personal histories during their hiring drive in 1940, and just about anyone who could teach something was hired. A 41-year-old biker was stretching things, but the school's curriculum promised a motorcycle repair course and somebody had to teach it. Besides, Alan T. Wilson knew more about motorcycles than the school superintendent knew about his whole school. Hell, the Professor had already been puttin' for more than 24 years when he got the job and...

"And nobody else wanted the fuckin' job," the Professor explains. "They hired me and ain't been able to get rid of me since." The old man downed a mouthful of beer, took a look around the room, and continued.

"I was supposed to be teachin' scooter repair to a bunch of kids. Didn't know nuthin' 'bout teachin', but I learned quick. So did the kids." He paused to pet his

14-year-old Dobie, then continued. "They learned to build, repair, and maintain Harleys, but some of 'em claim they learned somethin' else."

* * *

Professor Wilson was waiting for the morning students to file in for their Wednesday session. Through the open door he watched the kids stroll out of the attendance hall across the compound. "Attendance hall," he muttered, "what a fuckin' waste. If a kid wants to learn, he'll show up. If he don't, he won't!"

As the kids approached the cycle shop their carefree chatter subsided. The Professor knew they were afraid of him. He knew they didn't know what to make of him — long hair, a beard, an earring, and riding a chopper to school every day. One by one they stepped quietly into the shop-like classroom.

John Gordon, a 17-year-old with a rare kind of fire in his eyes, flipped the finger at another student, a smile lurking at the corner of his mouth. The Professor stared at Gordon. John paled. A glaze of innocence swept over him. His smile disappeared.

The Professor kept staring at Gordon, but he wasn't seeing him. Instead, he was seeing Gordon's brother, Lee, who had sat at the same desk three years earlier, with the same flaming eyes. And then he envisioned Lee with a makeshift crutch, limping his way through the desert. The Professor didn't see Lee as the papers described him — skin and bones, suffering from exposure, a broken ankle, three broken ribs, a fractured collarbone, and damn near dead. No,

the Lee that the Professor envisioned looked just like John Gordon. And he was alone in the scorching sands of an uninhabited desert.

The Professor had been teaching motorcycle repair for more than 30 years then. The school hadn't changed much. Neither had human nature. Neither had the Professor.

Every ten months some 25 students graduated from the motorcycle repair course. They went on to a wider world of pain, pleasure, daring, and sometimes death. In the course of time they forgot much. But not a single one of them forgot Professor Alan T. Wilson, an instructor who didn't believe in nerves

Continued on page 111

**"The Professor knew
they were afraid of him.
He knew they didn't
know what to make of
him — long hair, a
beard, an earring, and
riding a chopper to
school every day."**

by Preacher



Sew Fine

"Denims, colors, and Harleys just seem to go together," says Jean Barnett of Anderson, Indiana, whose custom embroidery you see here. With her nimble needle she puts original designs, and duplicates of familiar designs, in colorful thread and beads on jeans, jackets, lampshades — you name

it. Jean's interpretation of biker art is just another of the fascinating ways in which scooter people get into the lifestyle. And it's as durable as it is beautiful, besides giving that extra individual touch to the clothes of some already unique people. And that says it all.

—All Thumbs



Photos by Janice Johnson



National

 Abate
Easynews

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

Colorado ups penalties

New dope law a pisser

Planning to smoke through Colorado? Best be careful. A new law makes possession of more than one ounce of pot a felony and, in certain cases, could result in mandatory prison sentences of 12 to 24 years.

Until the new law was signed into effect by Governor Richard Lamm, most people arrested for simple possession of

more than an ounce of weed were charged with a misdemeanor and were subject, on conviction, to no more than a six-month jail term, which was rarely imposed.

The new law imposes terms of up to one year for first offenders and, under a "special offender" clause, forces judges to sentence certain violators to

12-to-24-year terms.

Among the "aggravating circumstances" used to identify special offenders are prior convictions, selling of drugs to make a living, bringing drugs into Colorado, owning property paid for by money earned through illegal drug sales, and conspiring with another person to distribute drugs — in

other words if you and another bro mistakenly give, not even sell, but give, a narc some weed, you could be looking at 20 years of downtime.

The new law does not affect anyone caught with less than one ounce in his possession. That remains a petty offense with a maximum \$100 fine and no jail time.

Agency admits lids not answer

A major state agency has finally officially admitted what bikers have known all along: the solution to the problem of motorcycle safety is not a mandatory helmet law.

In a report to the governor, the Wisconsin State Transportation Department concluded that reinstating a mandatory helmet law would not only be politically unpopular but would not solve the injury problem.

"Even if every cyclist in Wisconsin wore a helmet we would still suffer far too many accidents, injuries, and deaths," the report said.

Though claiming that the number of head injuries per 100 riders injured has risen since Wisconsin repealed its helmet law (for riders over 18) in 1978, the study notes that one out of four helmeted riders also suffers head injuries.

"This clearly indicates that efforts should concentrate on preventing the accident from happening in the first place and not rely solely on the helmet issue, which is just one element in the motorcycling universe," the report states.

Latest lid laughter



Photo by Kim Peterson

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation, not an organization normally known for originating projects while in a psychedelic haze, has decided that bikers don't wear helmets because the helmets are de-personalizing and dumb looking. The solution: decorating the buckets with decals and stencils and papier mache from the art store. Can't wait to learn more? Write the MSF, 780 Elkridge Landing Road, Linthicum, Md. 21090 and ask for — we are not making this up, I swear on Mutha's jug of Summer's Eve — the pamphlet entitled "Wear 'Em and Wow 'Em."

Montana kills 55mph limit (almost)

Court delays action till October '83



Photo by Kelly Jessee

Montana's Supreme Court has taken a giant step forward: it ruled that the state's 55mph speed limit was imposed unconstitutionally—and a huge step back: it delayed putting its ruling into effect until Oct. 1, 1983.

In reaching its unanimous decision the court made it clear that, in its opinion, issues of constitutionality must take second place to continued feeding at the federal pork barrel.

In its decision, the court ruled that the 1974 law was

unconstitutional because it gave permanent authority to the state attorney general to set the speed limit at whatever point necessary to keep federal funds flowing into Montana. That, the court said, was an impermissible delegation of legislative authority to an executive officer.

Noting, however, that the feds are still threatening to blackmail any state raising the speed limit (by cutting off highway funds, the same method by which 49 states were once blackmailed into passing helmet laws), the court ruled: "It is imperative for the

best interests of the state that the maximum speed limit be continued until the legislature has had a chance to act."

By delaying the effect of the ruling till '83, the court has given Montana lawmakers a chance to either find the balls to stand up to the Washington bullies or pass a 55mph speed limit bill that is constitutional.

Montana, which did not have a daytime speed limit on most rural roads prior to the 1974 enactment of the current law, requires a \$5 fine, payable on the spot, for anyone driving over 55, and no record of a moving violation is kept.

Man bites dog

In Nebraska, a helmetless Omaha man died from head injuries received in a motorcycle accident recently and, strangely enough, neither the police nor the media issued the usual self-serving statements about how he would have lived if only he had been wearing a brain bucket.

The victim, you see, was the driver of the cage.

According to Omaha police, a Volkswagen sedan driven by Randal S. Robbins, 23, crossed a highway median and collided with a bike.

Robbins, police believed, was thrown to the passenger side of the cage by the force of the collision. He died from head injuries.

you don't say

"A mysterious childhood illness, first noticed in Japan, seems to be on the increase in this country. Though it is still rare, parents should know its symptoms because the condition can be quite serious. Most common in boys, Kawasaki disease (really!) tends to follow a viral infection. . . first symptom is a persistent fever. . . other signs include inflammation of the eye, reddening of the mouth and tongue, a red rash, swelling of the hands and feet, swollen lymph glands, and peeling skin around fingernails and toenails."

—Woman's Day

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 _____

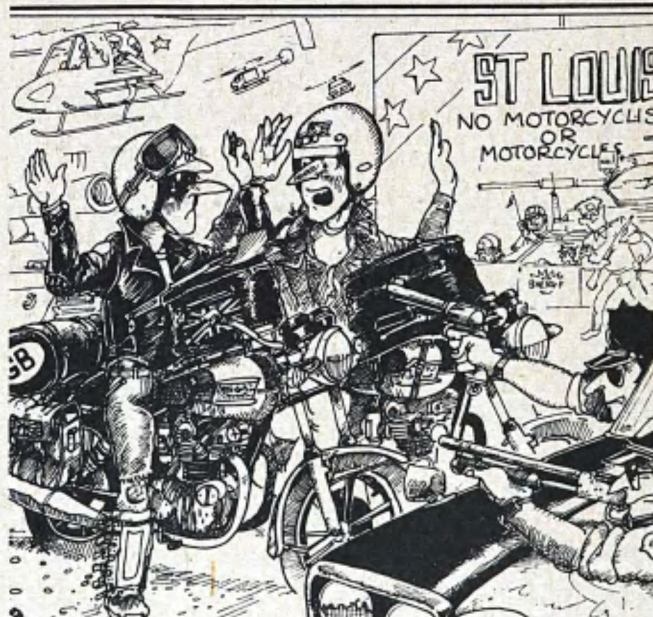
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



"And I thought anti-bike legislation was bad in Britain!"

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	No	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 windscreens. 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. 90265-0052.



National ABATE has opened a chapter in Denmark. Address is: National ABATE of Denmark, Heliosvaenget 46 st.tv., 5250 Odense SV, Denmark.

Fatal motorcycle accidents in Connecticut were down 29 percent during the first six months of '81; credit a campaign to educate cage drivers to biker rights. . . Police in Naples, Florida, responded to three separate calls from drivers who passed what they thought was a wrecked bike with its driver dead or unconscious next to it. Actually, the biker was taking a nap while waiting for a bro to come back with parts for his stranded Hog.

Total number of scoots registered in the U.S. continues to creep up on the 5,000,000 mark. Current total of 4,984,000 is headed by California's 662,000 and Illinois's 257,000. . . Grand Rapids, Michigan, has made it legal to back bikes into parking spaces on Main Street. . . A bill to repeal the Pennsylvania helmet law, H.B. 926, has made it past the House Transportation Committee and will be considered by the full house. . . Edward G. Hodgson, of Blandford, England, was given 30 days in the slam for refusing to pay a fine for riding without a helmet. He called the law an infringement of human rights and has asked the European Court of Human Rights to formally censure Great Britain for enforcing it.

City fathers in Bremerton, Washington, are painting funnel-shaped markings — designed to lead motorcycle riders to the concealed loops that activate the city's traffic lights — at intersections throughout the town. Many cities have started using the metal-sensing loops, but this is the first time, to our knowledge, that any thought has been given to the aggravation suffered by bikers facing a perpetual red light because their scoot is not centered over the loop.

Reliable sources in Louisiana tell us that average-quality helmets that sold for \$32 the day before the mandatory helmet bill was signed, sold for \$75 the day after.

City may ban cycles on residential streets

The city fathers of Lachine, Quebec, are considering a law that would ban all motorcycles bigger than a moped from most city streets.

Under the proposed ordinance, a Lachine resident would be allowed to ride his bike to and from his home as long as he took the shortest possible route to one of the permitted streets.

With that single exception, motorcycles would be allowed only on a few main business arteries and on streets in the city's industrial area.

The only bikes exempt from the law would be police and security service machines. No provision is made for providing access to residential areas for bikers attempting to visit friends or relatives.

Supporters of the measure claim it is no different from laws prohibiting trucks from many streets in other cities, but it is a fact that not nearly so many people use semis for personal and social transportation as they do motorcycles.

Supporters say the measure is needed to control noise.

Powered by Yamaha

Porsche putt has ejection seat

Ugly? Well, yes, but what do you expect from a guy whose father designed a car that can most kindly be described as a pregnant roller skate?

Ferdinand Porsche, whose father designed the Volkswagen Beetle as Hitler's "people's car," sees a bright future for two-wheeled transportation as gasoline prices continue to rise. And he wants to get in on the action.

The shaft-driven, Yamaha SR500-powered prototype pictured here is Porsche's first attempt at motorcycle design and, if it runs the way it looks, Willie G. Davidson and his partners have little to worry about.

Among the bike's unique — some might say kinky — features are vertically and horizontally adjustable handlebars that are heated in cold weather, an electrically adjustable seat, and, most incredibly, an ejection system that throws the rider over any cage he may collide with. (Porsche claims this will keep bike riders from being thrown through the windshields of cars, but frankly, the alternatives sound equally grim.)



The bike has an automatic transmission, and the brakes on both ends are activated by one foot pedal.

"You don't even have to call this a motorcycle," Porsche said at a press pre-

view. "It's a two-wheeled roadster, a two-wheeled utility vehicle."

Okay, Ferdy, you've gotta deal. We promise never, ever, to call that *thing* a motorcycle.

Say, whaaat?

“When was the last time you saw a beatnik? Or better yet, a hippie? Where are the people who screamed “Freedom” in the '60s and '70s? Outlaw bikers were an important part of the culture of the '60s and '70s. And now, in the '80s, out of all the craziness of the last 20 years, only the [motorcycle] brotherhood has survived.”

—Peter Boyles, *Denver magazine*

Mugger stopped by H-D workers

In the old movie westerns, the good guys always wore white hats. Out Milwaukee way, the good guys often wear Harley caps.

Seems some lowlife tried to rip off an old lady walking near the main Harley plant on W. Juneau Avenue a while back. Before he could so much as grab her purse and run, he found himself surrounded by about fifteen angry bros from Harley's service school.

The would-be mugger, or whatever was left of him, was turned over to Milwaukee police. Remember, when you read about how nobody cares for neighbors any more, or how the public always turns away and ignores someone being robbed or beaten, it ain't always so; there are still those unafraid to do what's right.

Bikin' grandma snuffed by unseeing cage driver

Zita Zimmerman never sat on a motorcycle until she was 64 years old, but that didn't stop her from becoming, within a few short years, a true biker — living in the wind, riding her scooter everywhere.

It was nothing for Zita, a five-foot, four-inch grandmother, to hop on her scooter at home in Philadelphia and

book on down to visit friends and relatives hundreds of miles from home.

It was on just such a trip to Roan Mountain, Tennessee, that Zita, 67, was wiped out in an accident near McLean, Virginia.

The story, as pieced together by the cops, was sickeningly familiar: Zita Zimmerman was killed by a cage driv-

er, now facing the minor charge of reckless driving, who claimed he didn't see her and her bike.

Born in Germany, Mrs. Zimmerman came to the United States to find freedom and, having found it, she lived it to the max, allowing neither age nor whispered comments from her so-called peers to stifle her wandering spirit.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Pisces

What would the world be without Pisces to kick around? They are the most misunderstood sign of the zodiac. Just when you think you've got one pegged, he'll turn around and reboggle your brain. Pisces might not always make sense to the rest of the world (that's the way they like it), but there is a motive to their madness. If you think Pisces doesn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain, look again; he's probably out there doing a raindance. (I never said they were practical.)

Pisces are usually sensitive and avoid arguments. When they do get their back against the wall, it's for the underdog. Pisces tend to see something worthwhile in everyone and

might even give Jack the Ripper a second stab, if he promised not to be such a cutup. Pisces tend to get bogged down with other people's problems. In fact, they are far too easily influenced by their friends. On the other hand, if you mistake Pisces' kindness for stupidity, they'll not only get even, but they can be very sneaky in the process.

Some famous Pisces: Michelangelo, who shows the creative side; Alexander Graham Bell, inventive; Peter Fonda and Elizabeth Taylor, talented; Jackie Gleason, funny; John Steinbeck, literary; George Harrison and Johnny Cash, musical; and Patty Hearst, strange.

Pisces are highly suscepti-

ble to overindulgence in (even addiction to) drugs and alcohol. So take it easy. They are susceptible to foot problems and warts between their toes. They often get bunions of the scrotum, from scratching their nuts with their big toe. Later on in life they should watch for liver problems and blood poisoning. They also like to eat Twinkies while taking a piss. Otherwise Pisces are very healthy.

Pisces make loyal friends and are very sympathetic bed partners. They especially enjoy eating tuna sandwiches during mutual masturbation. (With potato chips.)

Seriously, if you've got a Pisces friend, hang on to him. They're slippery when wet!

so don't pull any punches. If the stakes are high enough you might have to go for broke to get the upper hand. Express yourself even if it means offending someone close to you. Just be double sure you're right. Don't let the tension get you too rattled. Settle down with a brew, some good smokes, and kick back with a horny honey.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

You may have to nail your shorts down now, to keep your ass out of a slippery situation. Don't expect others to bail you out of something you bungled. It will take plain old guts, experience, and a lot of bullshit to wheedle your way out. Before you throw your hands up in despair, polish up your charm and toss some righteous indignation. If that won't work, at least you tried.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Blowing your financial wad now will make scroungin' up future bucks a "Mission Impossible." Beware of strangers trying to dump so-called bargains on ya. Be the realist who sees the crack of shit at the end of the rainbow. Watch out for those bumfuck, hard-luck stories. Hang onto your cash as well as your stash, and don't buy anything that is guaranteed but can't be exchanged. Be careful.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Now is the time to cooperate or at least compromise. Having a backup man is insurance against being rearended by a rival. Keep on the good side of partners now; you'll need 'em this month. It's best to take a serious attitude if some jackoff pokes fun at you now. Nip shit in the bud before it piles up on ya. Otherwise, you're number one with those horny little peckercheckers.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Happy birthday! Partners are in the mood to pitch in some petty cash and party hearty with ya! There's a lot of action at home base (which is loaded) right now. If you've got the balls for first, second, and third, remember: three strikes and you're out. 'Course it's not winning that counts, it's how you play the game. On the other hand, you're good at playing games. Enjoy! ■

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

Unless you're into snails' orgies, this month is a real ho-hummer. You've got a case of the lazies now and need a stick of dynamite to blow you outta bed. You're even snorin' in your hair pie (kinda kinky!), blowin' bubbles in your beer, and too wasted to wipe. Face it, you need a rest from your usual pace, before you end up in the old bikers' home. They're even too fast for you now.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

It's time now to make some heavy changes at home base. A long-needed rap session is better than a knockdown confrontation (saves a lotta mess too!) and easier on the knuckles. Put an end to minor mind-fucks, before they multiply. If you're knee-deep in sniveling, it's a time to sink or swim. Decisions made now could be permanent, so make sure you won't be sorry later.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

You're looking good now and no one has to stroke your ego. A boost to your confidence is a well-needed fix. In fact, you can shoot your best shot with

one eye closed and still be on target. Just don't run down any games on your partners now. Otherwise you'll lose a few points when it really counts. Plan ahead; this is the time to put your best foot forward, not in your mouth!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

This month is a real rush of activity. This is positively not the time to be caught empty-handed and with your pants down. Be prepared for anything, but be realistic. Remember, black eyes come in pairs, so keep your cool. Neighbors may create a stink, because of noisier-than-usual party partners. (So what's new?) But what the fuck, ya can't please everybody, so enjoy.

Leo (July 23 — August 22)

This month you could be mentally constipated. There's a shitload of confusion to contend with over misplaced items and forgotten fuckups. It will take more than a road map to ride this one out. On the other hand, don't force what you can't fix; things will iron out if you're patient. Playing the wait-

ing game deals you a winning hand and unboggles your mind.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

It's prime time to shake loose that lazy streak and get down to some serious wrenchin'. Otherwise you'll be boogin' down the road draggin' a bucket of bolts behind your ass. It's a time to take inventory in ye olde garage before it becomes ye olde garbage. Get your favorite honey to pitch in and help. Whip up a batch of crank cream while you're at it, and have a second helping.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

It's time to cut your ego some slack and realize you can't always be right. It pays to heed the advice of experts in important decisions. Otherwise no amount of excuse can fix a fuckup. Besides, excuses are like assholes: everybody's got one and they all stink! Lend an ear to a tight partner who has the edge on the situation. You may have to add some humble pie to your menu.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

This cycle is an asskicker. The competition is heavy-duty.

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.

Do you know what a prostitute and butter have in common? They both spread for bread.

—C.I.H.
Jackson, Mich.



Easyriders

Do you know why God invented the orgasm? So Harley riders would know when to quit fucking.

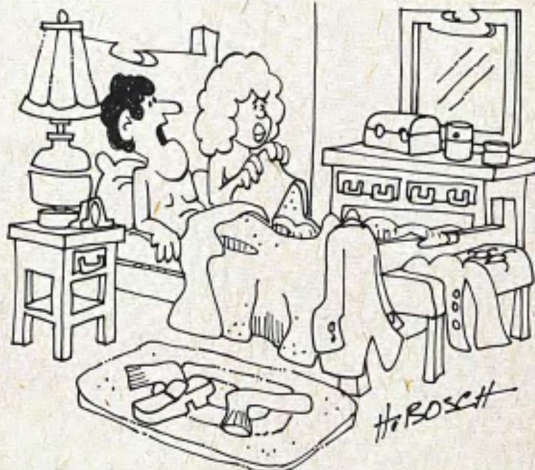
—Oly
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ahandsome young actor developed extreme hoarseness and became alarmed because he had to perform that night. He went to a doctor's house a few doors away. The MD's lovely young wife answered the door.

The actor asked, in a barely audible voice, "Is the doctor in?"

"No," she whispered back, "come on in."

—Duncan Kote
Kalamazoo, Mich.



Easyriders

"Why worry about in the morning? I don't respect you now."

Did you hear about the cabbie who caught VD and referred to it as keeping his peter running?

—James DuVall
Silence, Tenn.

Iwish I were a ring, upon my true love's hand. Then every time she wiped her ass, I'd see the promised land.

—David
Calabasas, Calif.



Easyriders

"I didn't say yer ol' lady was ugly, Dutch. All I said was, she only gits one more visit from the tooth fairy."

Why do hunters make better lovers? Because they go deep into the bush, they always shoot twice, and they eat what they shoot.

—Tom Brink
Plymouth, Wis.

Mr. Smith got himself a new secretary. She was young, sweet, and very polite. One day while taking dictation, she noticed his fly was open. When leaving the room she said, "Mr. Smith, your barracks door is open." He didn't understand her remark, but later on he happened to look down and see that his zipper was open. He decided to have some fun with his secretary. Calling her in, he asked, "By the way, Miss Jones, when you saw my barracks door open this morning, did you also notice a soldier standing at attention?" The secretary who was quite witty replied, "Why no, Mr. Smith. All I saw was a little disabled veteran sitting on two duffel bags."

—Sandy Beach
Plymouth, Mass.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were surrounded by a war party of hostile Apaches. "It looks like we're in trouble, Tonto," said the Lone Ranger.

Tonto said, "What you mean 'we', paleface? You got a mouse in your pocket?"

—Crazy Vet
Ohio

Easyriders



"Man, we musta really been wasted!"

Did you hear about the biker who had such a big cock he had a fiveskin?

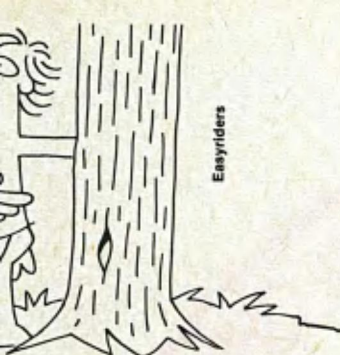
—Bunnie
Craggsport, Me.



"Jane, Tarzan want you."

Mol' lady can't wrestle, but you ought to see her box.

—David
Reno, Nev.



Meet Tarzan's first wife!"

Over beers, two bikers were having a discussion about the charms of a certain movie actress.

"I say she's overrated," said one. "Take away her eyes, her hair, her lips, and her figure, and what have you got?"

"My wife," said the other with a heavy sigh.

—Grant Hastings
Idaho Falls, Ida.

—Cory J.
Clarksville, Ida.



"Can he use food stamps if he eats me?"

During a session with a marriage counselor, the wife snapped at her husband: "That's not true — I do enjoy sex!" Then, turning to the counselor, she added: "But this sex fiend expects it three or four times a year!"

—Eddie Florio
Gallup, N.M.



How about the biker who had such a big ego that he had his penis monogrammed?

—Curly
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A little farm boy is coming home from school after a bad day. He sees a pig outside the pen and gives him a real mean kick to his head. As he gets close to the house, the cow comes over and he punches it in the nose. As he is about to go up the porch he kicks one of the chickens. His mother sees all this and tells him he gets no more breakfast. The pig gives him, so he gets no ham. The cow gives him, so he gets no milk. The chicken gives him, so he gets no eggs. A short time later, the kid sees his father coming up the porch after a bad day at the office. The old man kicks the family cat off the porch. The kid looks up at his mother and says, "You want to tell him or should I?"



Two small boys of grammar-school age were to take part in the school play. Each of them had only small lines to recite. One was, "Oh, fair maiden, I have come to snatch a kiss and fill your soul with hope." The second was to say, immediately afterwards, "Hark, pistol shot!" The night of the play came to find the two little boys very nervous, knowing their parents were in the front row of the audience. When it came time for their lines, the first boy, quite nervous, said, "Oh, fair maiden, I have come to kiss your snatch and to fill your hole with soap." Hearing this, the other boy got even more nervous and upset. He said, "Hark, a shistol pot — a shit pot — a pit shit — a cow shit. . . Bullshit! I didn't want to be in this damned play in the first place!"

—"Bones"
Boot Hill, Okla.

What do a lady and an airplane have in common? They both have cockpits.

—Sneaky
Soledad, Calif.



"I'm wearing my 'Burger-King' pants tonight! The Home of the Whopper!"

QUIPS

Politics is a funny business. One week you're on the cover of *Time* — and the next week you're doin' it!

A biker begins cutting his wisdom teeth the first time he bites off more than he can chew.

An apology is the only way for a biker's ol' lady to have the last word.

Smut letters are the campaign promises of a prick.

A rugrat is only a theory: an old scooter tramp is fact.

—The Kid
Madras, Ore.

BIKER'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep. I parked my Harley in the street.

If it should roll before I wake, I pray the Lord will lock the brake!

—The Craze
Fairfax, Va.



"No, it wasn't a mastectomy — part of a divorce settlement."

What does an elephant use for a vibrator? An epileptic.

—Joe Sales
Electra, S.C.

Do you know what the backwoods country boy did with his first 50-cent piece? He married it.

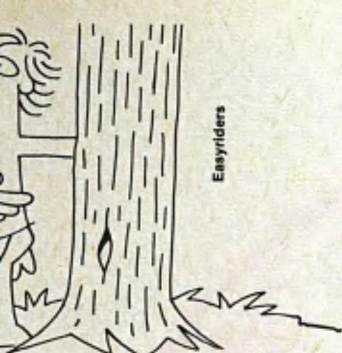
—Share
Mead, Okla.

There was this chick out shopping one day when she came upon a sign in a store window that said "Magic Mirrors \$5.00." So she went in and asked about them. The salesman said if you make two wishes, they will come true. So she bought it, brought it home, hung it on the bathroom door, and said, "Magic Mirror on the door, make my tits 44s." Poof, and they were there. Her boyfriend came home and, seeing her greatly improved bust, asked where she got them.

"From the Magic Mirror on the bathroom door," she replied.

So, he went in to check it out. Looking himself up and down, he said, "Magic mirror on the door, make my dick hit the floor." And his legs fell off.

—Jeff G.
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—Jeff G.
Soledad, Calif.

LOCKED UP

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

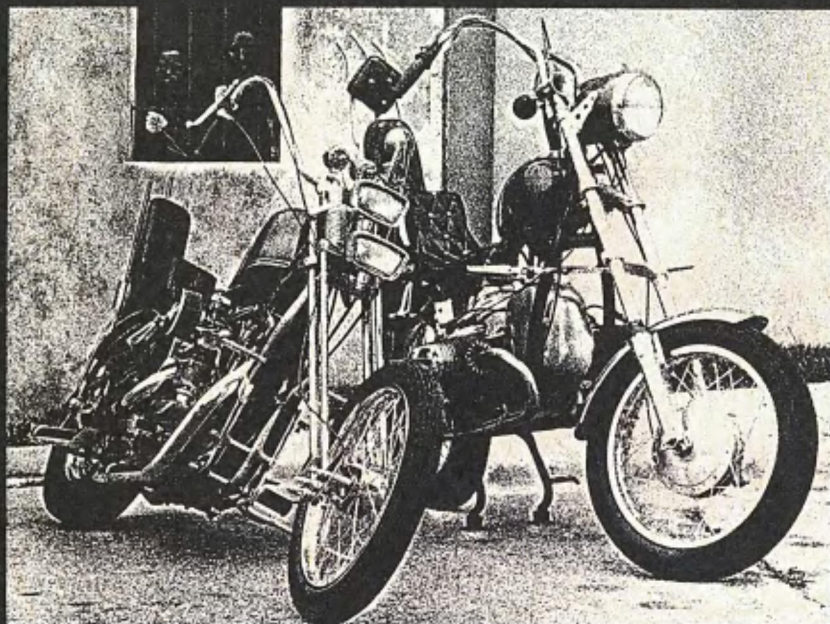


Photo art by David Justa

"From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. . . They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish. . . a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. . .

"They are man's," said the Spirit. . . "This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware of them both. . . but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom. . ."

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit. . .

—Charles Dickens
A Christmas Carol

Penology has come a long way since Dickens's time. In those days, in England, beggars and murderers, thieves and tramps, and hundreds who had committed no crimes at all — the poor, the homeless — were penned up behind the walls of such institutions as the infamous Dartmoor Prison, massive camps without cells or sanitary facilities, stone-walled purgatories where men, women, and children fought for a place to sleep on the unfloored, rat- and vermin-infested ground.

Yes, penology has progressed since then — perhaps.

Somewhere, someone — maybe you — is reading this while sitting on the ground in a tent, with submachinegun-toting guards and hungry dogs patrolling outside.

Yeah, tents.

Somewhere else, someone is reading this lying flat on a bunk, one of forty-two stacked three high in rows, in a large room with two toilets and one shower. This reader would like to sit up to scan the magazine, but he can't; his head

would scrape the bottom of the bunk above him. This prisoner will spend every minute of his sentence, except for mealtimes, court appearances, and visits, in this room. Work programs, day rooms, exercise yards? Unheard of in this city jail where, until two years ago, the only residents were unbailable short-timers awaiting trial.

As an increasingly confused society lashes about blindly, due to politicians whose ambition far outdistances their brains, the words of the old Bob Dylan song are coming home to the middle-class, straight-arrow, white-collar worker with a vengeance — something is happening and you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones? Unfortunately, too many Mister Joneses think they do know what to do about it: cast everyone they disapprove of behind bars.

No one that I know of is in favor of crime, no one says that criminals don't deserve to be punished. But, as the first statistics for the '80s start to come in, it is becoming clear that the number of people

being incarcerated is increasing at a far greater rate than the number of crimes being committed.

Consider North Dakota, for example. During the past two years the overall crime rate in North Dakota has remained basically unchanged. Yet, during one 18-month period, including the first six months of 1981, the prison population in the state increased by more than 25 percent. Also increasing their prison loads by more than one-quarter in this same period were Hawaii, Alabama, Arizona, and Alaska. Indiana abolished parole and saw its prison population soar by 34 percent — creating what officials themselves describe as a "crisis" in the state's institutions, with admissions running 100 a month over releases and most of the state's facilities housing twice their intended populations.

Nationally, the first six months of 1981 saw more prisoners admitted to state and federal institutions than in all of 1980, the Justice Department reports. Most of the

Continued on page 83



FREE IRON-ON

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.

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

In the welter of horseshit that passes for rock and roll these days, one searches in desperation for something new worth putting on the turntable. I mean, you've got post-disco slop at one end of the spectrum, glossily-produced music utterly devoid of imagination, style, or content — cotton candy for the ears. And at the other end of the spectrum you're faced with the drivel of punk/new wave — music so pretentious, derivative, and phony that totally ignoring it seems the only appropriate response. But, inexplicably, some misguided wretches take the so-called new wave seriously, leaving the rest of us to wonder muddle-headedly why this bogus bullshit is discussed with a straight face rather than being booted off the stage immediately. My own explanation: the new generation of rock fans, raised on Mickey Mouse bands like AC/DC, Foreigner, Journey, and the like, has suffered permanent brain damage and can no longer tell pigshit from dog farts. The consequences are immediately predictable — dung raised to the level of art. I'm always hearing people lament that many of

the new wave groups can't get mainstream airplay, as if a conspiracy of straights was at work against these bands. A more reasonable explanation, it seems to me, is that most of these groups can neither sing nor play their instruments.

But, just when a reviewer despairs of hearing decent new stuff ever again, he stumbles across some music so exceptional, so on the money, so one-of-a-kind, that it (temporarily, at least) restores his faith in the power and vitality of rock and roll. That's what happened to me recently when I found out about Terry Allen. In the midst of all the meretricious crap being ground out today under the guise of rock and roll, Terry Allen's country rock leaps out of the speakers with an immediacy that clearly stamps it as an original contribution to the art by a truly unique performer. You'll find no strutting costume-party rock here, no tiresome high-energy vacuum, none of the stale posturings of trendy punk alienation. Instead, you'll find shit-scattering barroom/kicker rock of so high a caliber that comparisons don't come easily to mind. In a nutshell, by compari-

son, much of the low-cal bleached piss that calls itself rock looks like just what it is — dried dogshit for cretin sensibilities.

What I'm tryin' to run down to you, bros, is that this guy is recording some of the best stuff I've heard in ages, stuff that makes you remember how new and powerful rock and roll used to be. **The Rock Year Book 1981** said, "Terry Allen writes of women, losers and booze, small Texas and Mexican towns and bars, highways and factories, wolfmen, Lubbock broads, farmers and sailors and deserters. Terry Allen is a compassionate observer of other's foibles, a wit and the best unknown songwriter in America (or elsewhere) today. If you don't like country, Mr. Allen will probably change your mind. If you think you know what country is, he will open up wide new horizons."

Terry Allen has been around a while, but it's not surprising if you've never heard of him. He records for a small label (Fate) with minimum distribution and performs publicly only occasionally. Apparently uninterested in pursuing an all-out musical career, Allen nonetheless stands in the

forefront of the quality country-rock being written today. A couple of his tunes have been recorded by other artists — "Amarillo Highway" by Bobby Bare and "New Dehli Freight Train" by Little Feat — that's just the tip of the iceberg.

It's hard to describe this country rocker to someone who's unfamiliar with him. As one reviewer put it, "If you crossed Dylan, Willie Nelson, and John Prine, you'd sort of come up with Terry Allen, except that, all by himself, he's an original." Allen pounds out a dynamite barroom piano and sings in a gruff drawl with an intensity that's captivating even for people who wouldn't ordinarily like country rock. His narrative tunes are as straight and direct as the Texas plains: *Runnin' wired and runnin' fast/Runnin' out of gas/Diamond REO knows what empty means/And Jesus Christ on the dash/Won't keep it from the crash/If every curve is just your nerves closin' in.*

Allen's most recent album, **Smokin' The Dummy**, is a fine blend of kickass rock and hard-edge country. Backed by the talented Maines brothers — Lloyd,

Continued on page 78



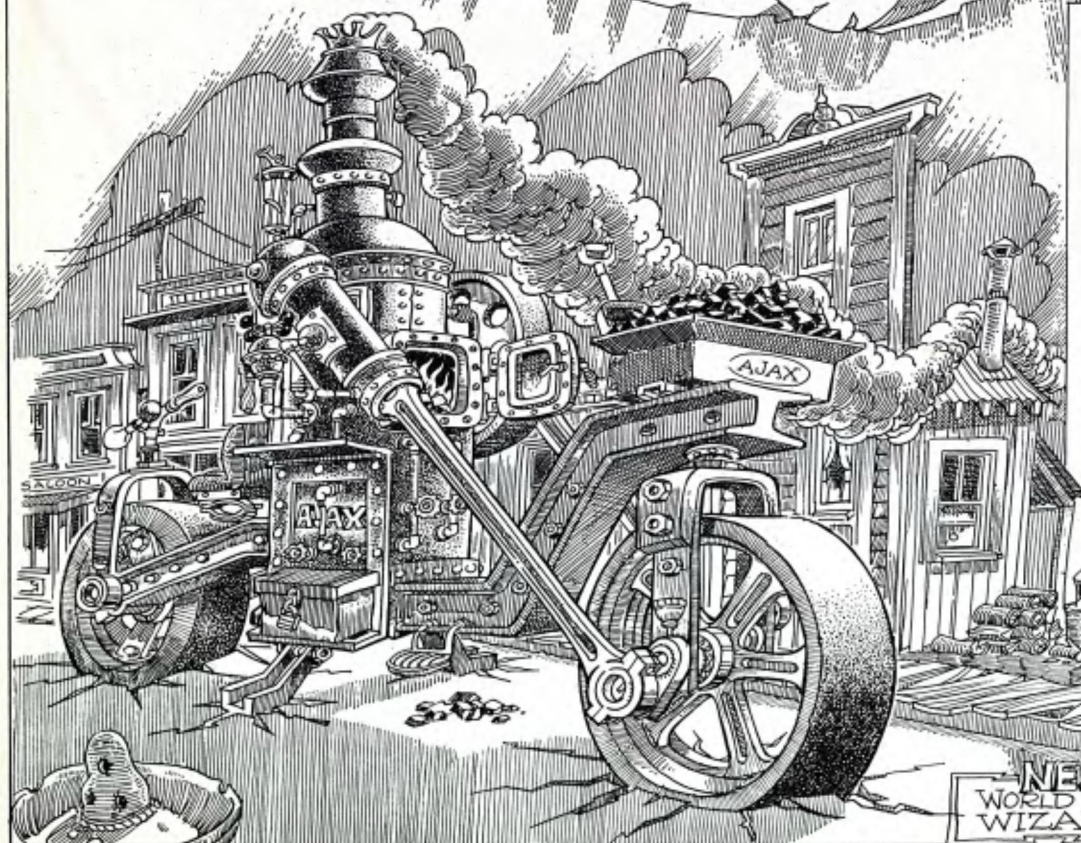
MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES

By HAROLD R. ROBINSON, JR.

SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE WHEEL MAN HAS BEEN BUSTING HIS ASS TRYING TO COME UP WITH A PRACTICAL TWO-WHEEL VEHICLE, PROBABLY BECAUSE HE COULDN'T COUNT ANY HIGHER. THIS ILLUSTRATION OF A CAVE DRAWING SHOWS HOW FAR OFF BASE THESE EARLY BROS COULD GET.....



THIS RARE STEAM-POWERED RIG CAUSED QUITE A STIR WHEN IT HIT THE STREET, APTLY DUBBED "KING OF THE ROAD" BY OLD-TIME BIKERS WHO STILL CHUCKLE WHEN THEY RECALL THE NAKED FEAR ON THE FACES OF THE CITIZENS WHEN A BUNCH OF THESE BIG BASTARDS LUMBERED INTO TOWN....



NEXT
WORLD WAR I
WIZARDRY

Candi



I'm a tit man and that's all there is to it. A chick can have legs that go from the ground clean up to her high, tight ass, and she can have a hard little belly, too, but if her jugs look like prematurely-picked tangerines, forget it. I can't relate. It's those lush, velvety casabas that I go wild for. When I get with a sweetie who sports an eye-poppin' top end, all I want to do is grab that double handful and fondle and cuddle and nuzzle and lick and. . .

Obviously, I was in hog heaven when I met up with Candi. The rest of her is righteous, I guess — but oh, those tits. Settin' up to catch these flicks of her was a trip I won't soon forget. After all, it took







Photos by Billy Tinney

lots of serious effort to bounce the lights off those babies and take a zillion light meter readings from them. Shit, I studied those twin peaks from so many different angles that I could write an engineering report on her tan line.

Just as I was about to suggest we slip off to some private

place for a box lunch, the photog decided he'd got what he needed (how come they never give a shit about *my* needs?) and started to pack up his gear. Before I could say "My dear, I'd like to wrap my caressing lips around your fantastic set of —" Candi had slipped into a tight pair of

jeans and a well-stretched sweater and was on her way out the door.

I turned to the photographer. "How do ya stand lookin' at stuff like that all day, every day?"

He shrugged. "It's not easy, man. In fact, you might say it's *always* hard." —Wombat



—from Dale Blount, Belle, W. Va.



—from Frank Interrante, New Paltz, N.Y.



—from Sherian Erickson, Jackson, Wyo.

IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin'

down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Peterka, Michigan City, Ind.



—from Dick Warsocki, Elkhorn, Neb.

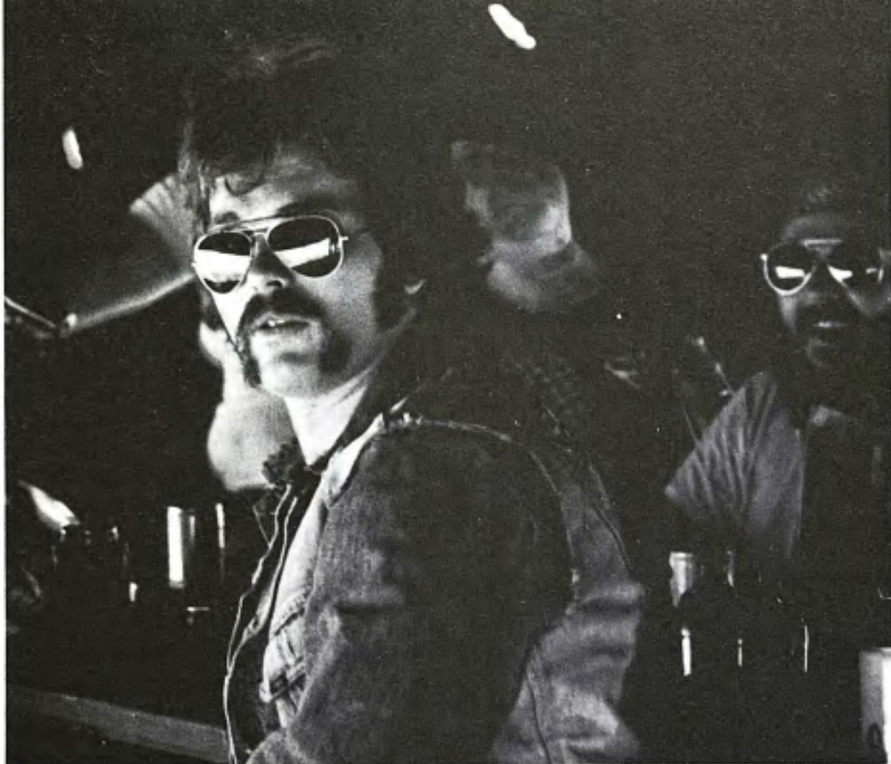




—from Peterka, Michigan City, Ind.

—from Robert Parker, Bell, Calif.

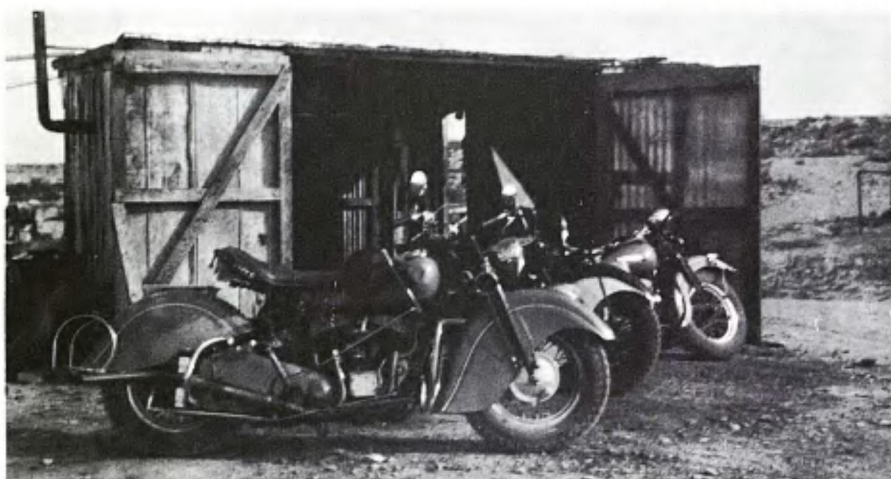




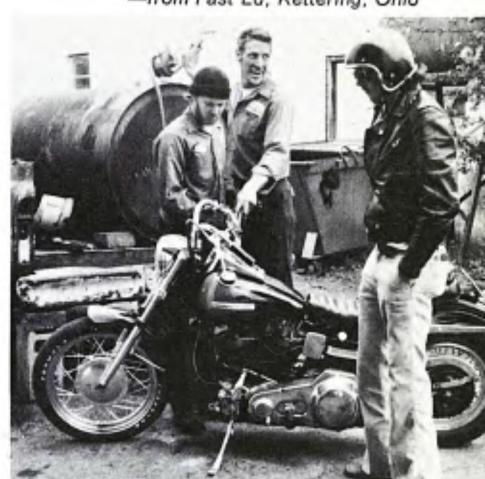
—from Dick Warsocki, Elkhorn, Neb.



—from Juana DeWitt, St. Paul, Minn.



—from West, Alvin, Tex.

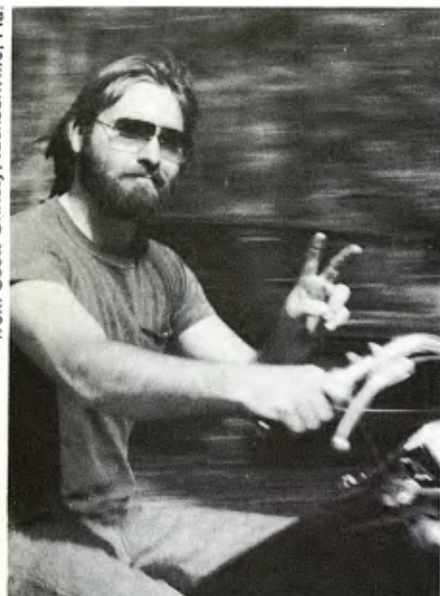


—from Fast Ed, Kettering, Ohio



—from Judy Drews, Uniontown, Pa.

—from Scott Christy, Jacksonville, Fla.



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from James Gunderson, Oshkosh, Wis.

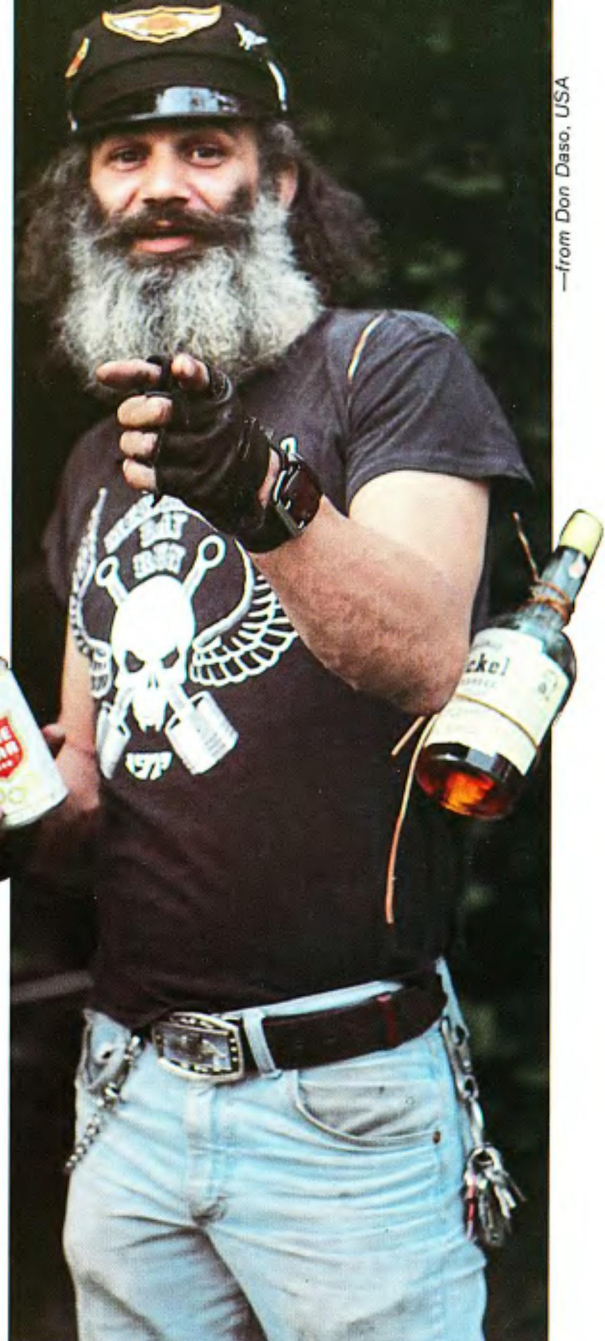


—from Big Ed, Portland, Me.





—from Don Daso, USA



—from Don Daso, USA

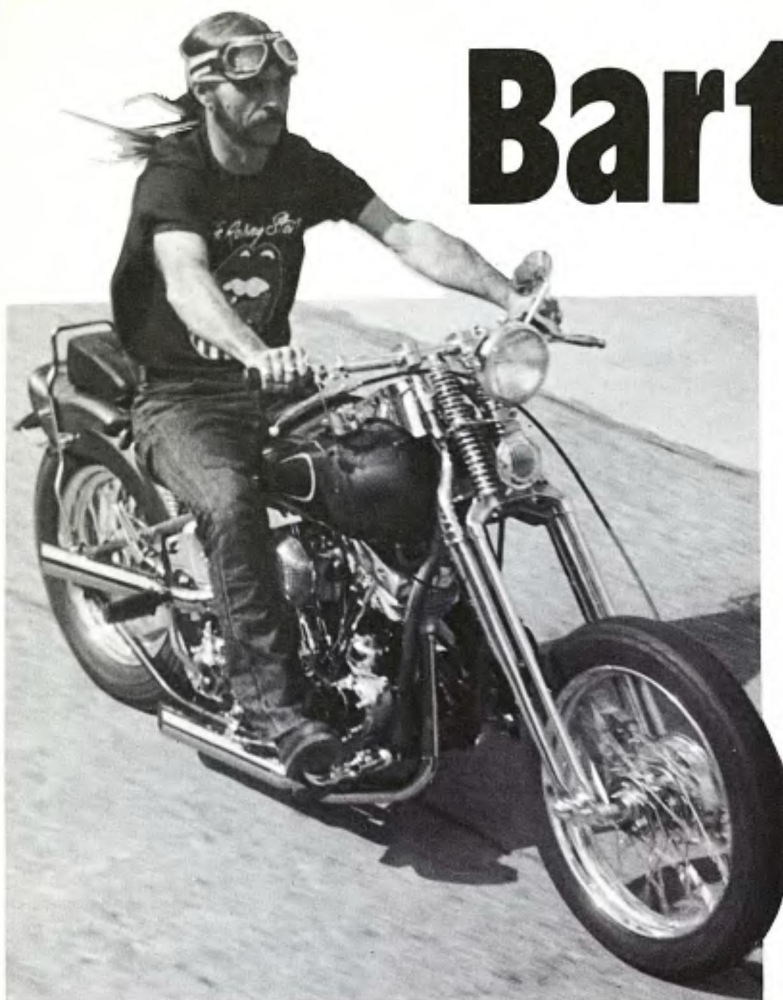
—from Sundbachens MC, Hagfors, Sweden







Barter Bike



Big bucks don't necessarily mean a sharp scoot, and a small investment doesn't necessarily mean a rat bike. Some bros have special talents that are sought out by other riders—which brings to mind the barter system, if you know what I mean. Parts for labor or labor for parts. Chuck, the owner of this fine shovel, is an ace with a torch and welder, a fact that's obvious in all the hand-made parts on his bike. So what Chuck did was trade his smoke-wrench talents for services that someone else could do better—like trading metal work for the paint job with Ron Finch when Chuck spent time working in Ron's shop in Michigan.

All the time Chuck spent trad-

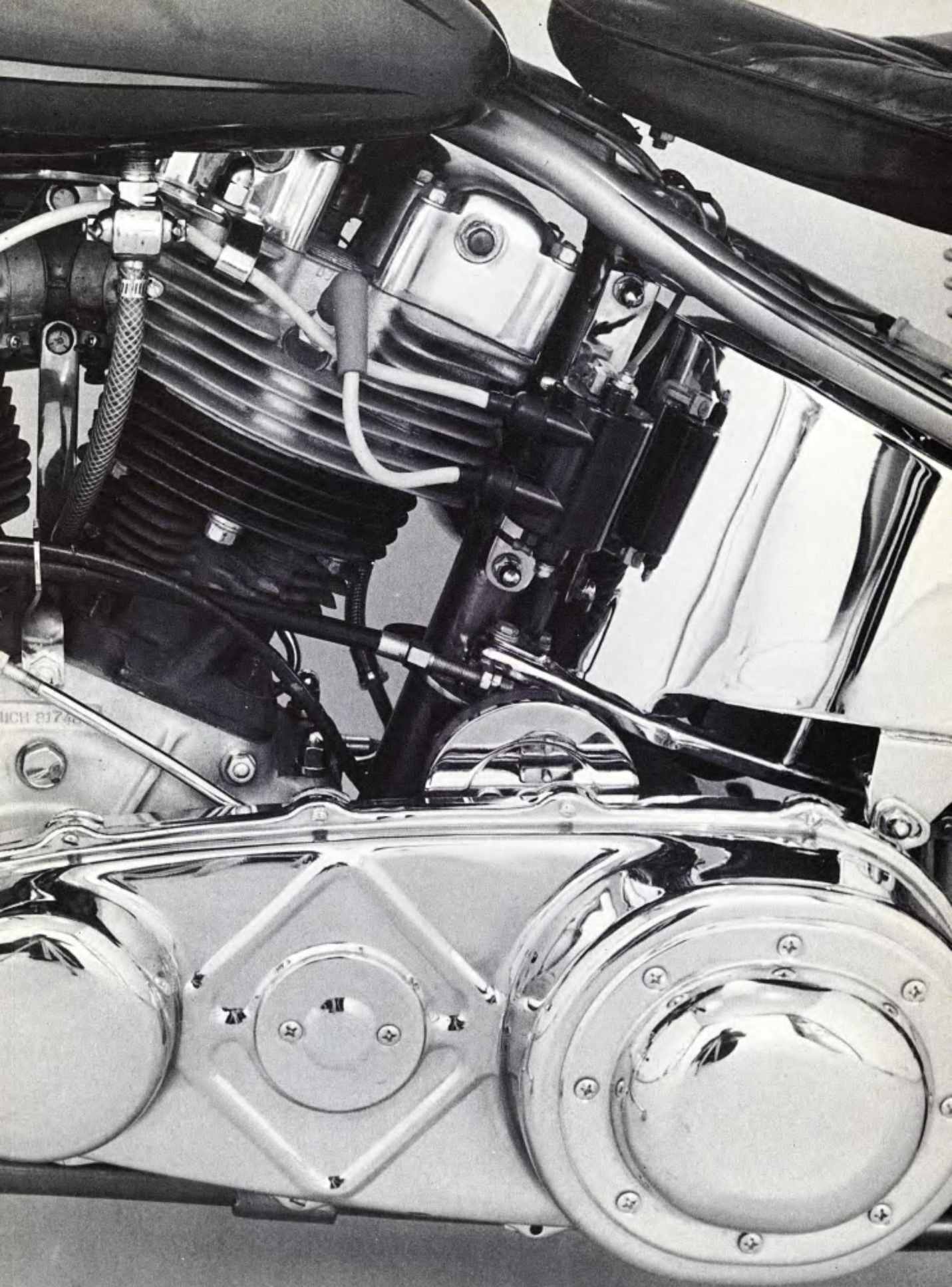




ing his talents for other bike work gave him plenty of ideas for his own scooter, for example the solid rod foot pegs and chain guard, sissy bar, tag mount, and headlight mount. Not to mention completely going over every weld on his frame and extending the front end. Everything was cherried out with hand files so that minimum bondo work would be needed.

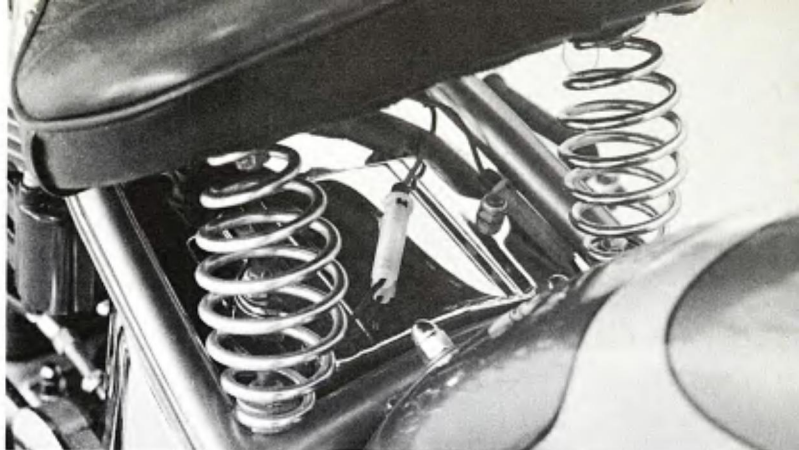
There isn't one part on Chuck's scooter that hasn't been modified in some way—he had to be sure it was perfect. Throughout the building of this bike, the main goal—besides a low investment—was reliability with little or no maintenance. Chuck told me that he went over in his head every bike that he has owned and remembered the good points and tried to forget the screw-ups. Almost everyone dreams of a bike that he would like to build someday, but most guys can't quite make it happen. Chuck visualized this scooter for a while till he was sure what went where, and then jumped in with both feet, working late nights to pull the whole deal



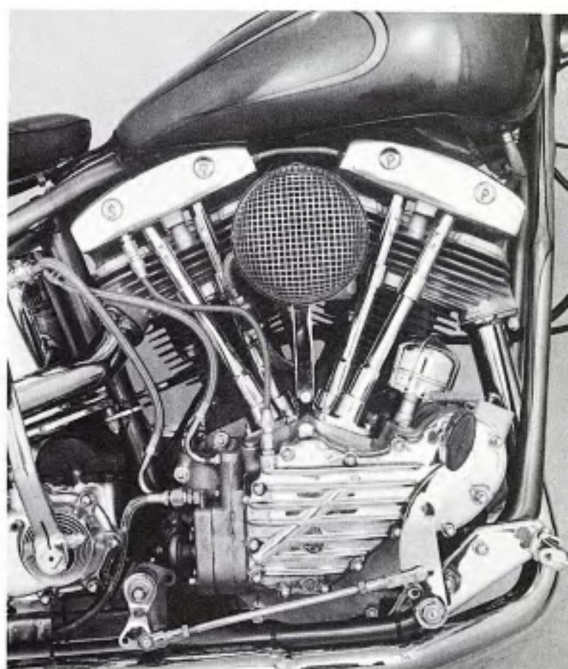


off. I admire a bro who can do things his way, like trading work for parts to keep the cost down and still giving the other guy a good deal.

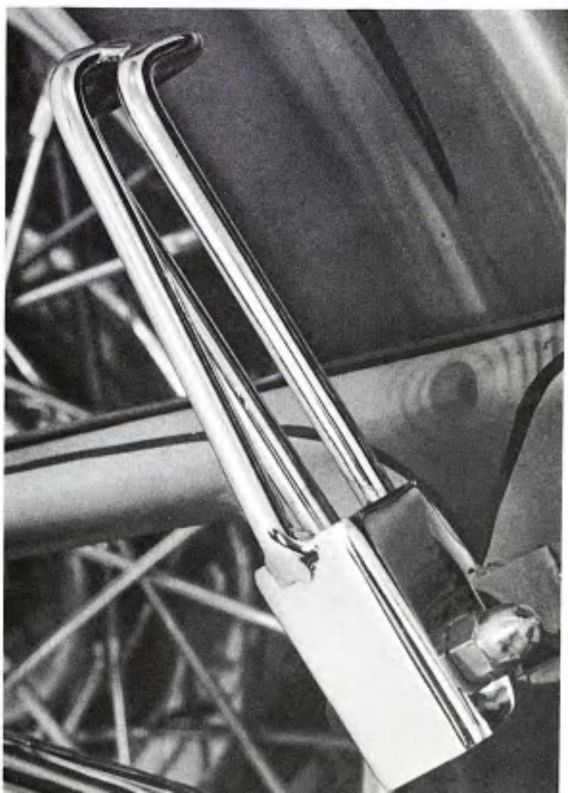
Of course, not all of us are blessed with talent. I'm sure not, so I'll just keep scouring the alleys for empty Coke bottles—I need a new set of plugs. —Toad

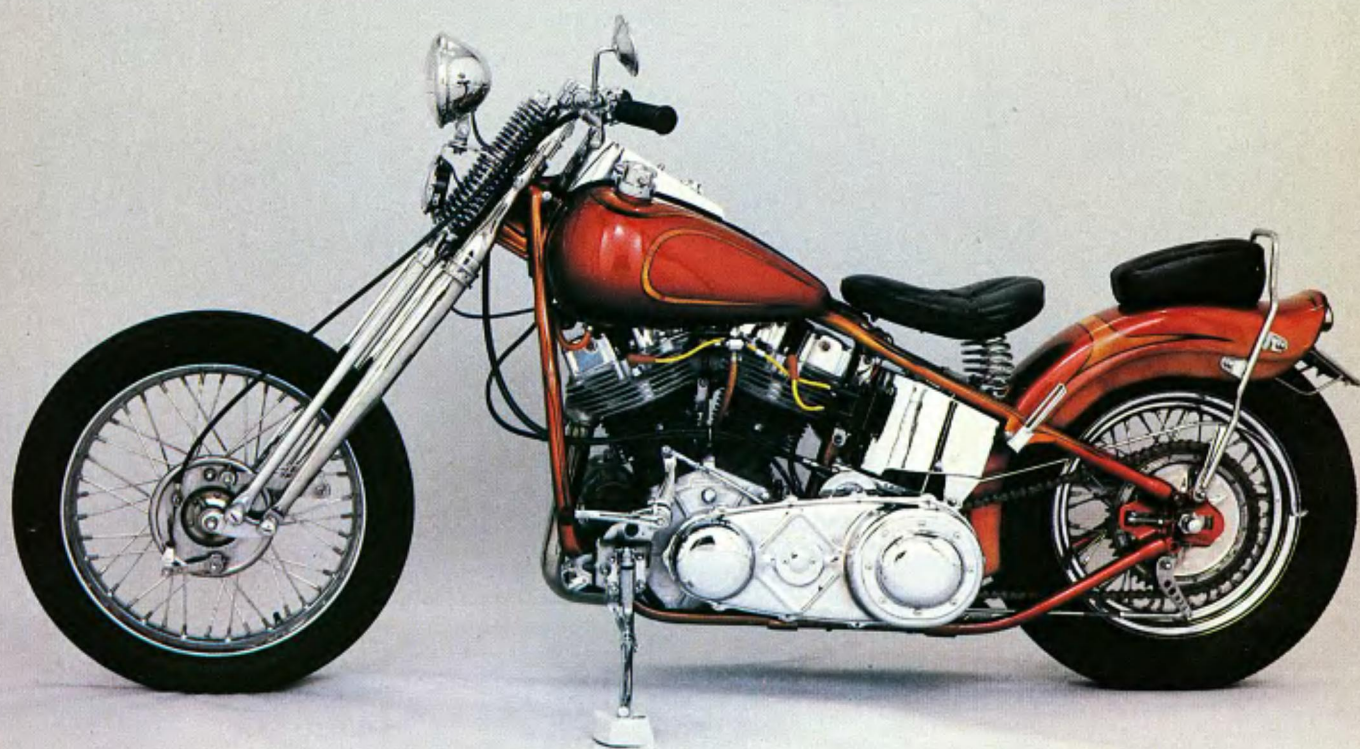


Owner: Chuck Kellison		City: Ventura, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1949-79		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: pan/shovel		Type: rigid	
Value: a whole lot		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 1 in. downtubes	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: beefed mtr. mounts	
Chroming by: Cecil		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1958/79		Risers: Drag Specialties	
Model: 74		Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Gene		Headlight: Drag Specialties	
Ignition: distributor		Taillight: catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Finch/owner	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: Finch/owner	
Pistons: .020		Electrics: 12v.	
Cases: blasted		Gas tank: 1972 shovel	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Sifton 440		Oil system: shovel pump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: owner		Height: 5 in.	
Muffler(s): Pipe Shop		Material: 1/2 in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications:		Type: H-D springer	
Year: 1964		Extension: 6 over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner/Buchanan	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: welded headlight bracket	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Budda/Bruce/owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ron Finch		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: blend		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: mech H-D
Special paint: pearl			
Other special modifications: titanium horn bracket, all frame welds re-welded, rear chain oiler, chain guard, license bracket.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo





OL' LADY CONTEST

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

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

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on this page must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize 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 Feb. 28. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #105 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — Carol, the eighth monthly winner in the 4th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Cheryl, Sue, and Debra.

Little Jo



Judy



Barbara



Marie



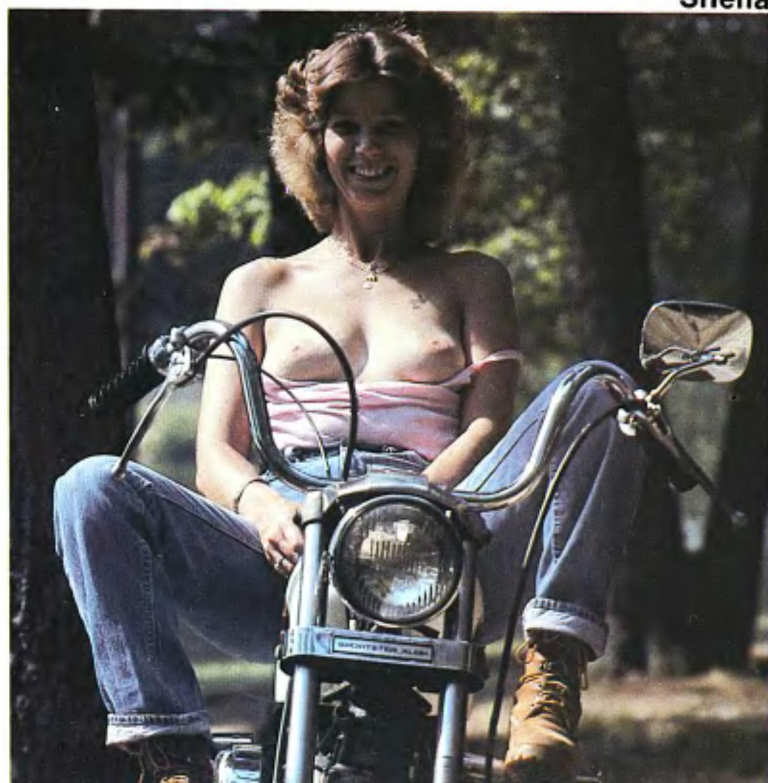


Evette

Serena



Sheila



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 copy-right and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such

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

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Witness to Signature _____

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

HOW DIGS GOT DEAD



Nothing much was going on. Bunk and I were sitting at the bar sucking on brews the way we always do. Bunk was trying to feed me some shit about the time he was gang-raped by the escapees from the women's prison. The gang gets bigger every time he tells me this lie.

"There was thirty of 'em, Burrsman, with tits like this. Nipples big as thimbles, legs for days. They were dying for it, man. They told me to get it up or they'd shoot it off. They was —"

A bike slid to a gravel-spraying halt in the parking lot. Digs busted in the front door looking scared. He looked around the room quick and was about to split when he saw us.

"Bunk, Burrsman, you gotta help me."

"What's bitin' your ass, Digs?"

"Nutcracker's gonna kill me. He's

lookin' for me. You gotta hide me."

Bunk and I exchanged glances. If what Digs said was true, then our little friend was as good as stiff and stinking.

"Why would Nutcracker wanna grease ya, man?"

"He's comin' for me. He'll kill me."

"If you're lucky."

Digs jabbered hysterically. "He's comin' for me. You gotta help me. You gotta!"

Bunk gave him a shot across the yap. "Cool it, will ya! You'll get us cut off."

Digger's eyes went wild. "I hosed his ol' lady last night. He'll kill me."

"You — you fucked Wanda Wormmeat?"

Digs looked at his shoe. "I was shitfaced."

Bunk couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You fucked Wanda

Wormmeat? What was it like? No — I'm really interested."

Digs turned red. I've never seen him turn red before. "It was like throwing a banana into a barn."

"So how did —"

"I thought he was still in the joint. He walked right in, caught me bare-assed. He'da killed me there and then but I jumped out the second-story window."

"You want a beer, man?"

"You guys gonna help me, or are ya gonna sit there suckin' up suds while Nutcracker uses my balls for bookends?"

"What do you want us to do? No one's gonna stand up to Nutcracker."

"Hide me, for fuck's sake."

I took charge, because no one else did.

"Bunk, go park Dig's chopper by

By William Burrill

the back alley; then go park your ass out front. If Nutcracker shows up, stall him. Tell him your gang-rape story; tell him any ol' shit, but stall him."

Bunk drained his beer and went out belching.

"What'm I gonna do? Think." Digs looked set to shit his pants.

I thought.

"Digs," I said after a time, "normally, I wouldn't cross the street to piss in your ear if your brain was on fire. But this time I'm gonna help ya."

"Do it fast, man."

Bunk stuck his head back in the front door. He made several slashing gestures across his throat with leather-gloved fingers. Then he jerked a thumb past his ear.

"Nutcracker's comin', I think," said Bunk.

An engine's banshee howl grew louder, closer. Gravel sprayed against the bar's front window.

"Yeah, it's him."

Digger's face went white.

"Stall him, Bunk. Hand him any ol' shit."

You couldn't blame Digs for being scared. Nutcracker wasn't your everyday homicidal maniac. He was mean. Why, he once cracked a guy's nuts with — what else? — a nutcracker. Then he fed the poor bastard his own dick.

He got seven years for that stunt.

But now he's out — out in the parking lot with Bunk. Out looking for Digs.

"Where do I hide? Hurry, for fuck's sake."

It was the only plan I could think of on short notice. I said, "Hop on that bucket of bolts you call a bike and take off up to my cabin at Williams Lake. No one ever goes to Williams Lake. You'll be safe there. If that scooter goes half as fast as you say, you'll be there ten minutes ago. Now get the fuck outta here. I don't wanna see your ass for dust."

"Thanks, Burrs. I owe ya."

Digger did a two-step out the back way as if he had a load in his pants. He probably did.

He wheeled his bike down the alley and hauled ass — but fast.

I crossed the floor to the front window and stuck my nose flat against the pane. I could see Bunk and Nutcracker. Nutcracker — what an evil-looking bastard! Fat? He looked like a beach ball that needed a shave. His big, square head was slashed up and scarred. His nose was plastered flat against his face

Continued on next page

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Bikers' Buck Knife



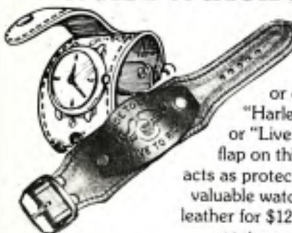
Traditional biker's knife. Four inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle for (with sheath), \$29.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

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California residents add 6% for the man.
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Dealer inquiries invited.

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How Digs Got Dead

Continued from page 75

like a blob of abused play-dough.

Nutcracker was mean with a capital M. Mean. Bunk was bullshitting the ugly bastard like only Bunk could. He was bullshitting and pointing and waving his arms around. Nutcracker was looking at Bunk like he might just kill him for practice. Finally, I saw his lips move. He said something and poked Bunk hard in the chest, sent him staggering back and flat on his ass.

He moved his mouth again. Nutcracker's thoughts dropped out of his brain like rubbers out of one of those machines in the washroom. He said something and walked back to his Hog. He kicked the thing to life and took off.

Bunk got up and dusted off his ass. When he was sure Nutcracker was really gone, he came back inside.

"I'd like to cripple that fucker and use him for second base."

"What'd ya tell him?"

"It's okay. Digs is safe for now. Nutcracker'll be gone for hours. Maybe days."

"What'd ya tell him?"

"I fed him some shit about Digs hidin' out at your cabin up at Williams Lake. He ate it with a spoon."

Bunk went to get a couple more brews.

"Here's to a long life for brother Digs," he said, raising his bottle in a toast. "What's the matter, man? You're not drinkin'."



"Don't worry, Mr. Burns. You'll come out smelling like a rose. That is, if you don't shit in your pants!"

Harley-Davidson SERVICE MANUALS



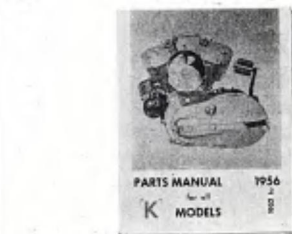
A

B



C

D



E

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Name _____

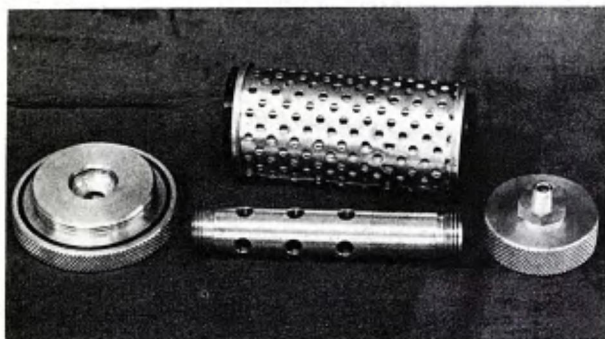
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.
Dealer inquiries invited.

Tech Tip

Hidin' Your Oil Filter



I don't think many riders will question the need for an oil filter. The Harley factory has been equipping their bikes with the things for a number of years. The first H-D filters used to hang from the frame with all kinds of curved oil lines connecting them to the engine and tank. Now the factory has the filter built right into the oil tank itself, hidden from view by the seat. The problem faced by many riders who are after a custom machine is what to do about an oil filter. There are only a couple of companies making custom oil tanks with filters, so even though there is some help for custom builders, this help may not be suitable for the type of scooter you're building.

There is, fortunately, another way to go besides buying a remote oil-filter setup for a door slammer, mounting it somewhere on your scooter, and trying to make it look good. Now

there is an alternative, an oil filter that will work on almost any oil tank on the market. Doherty Machine Products in Torrance, California, have developed the bolt-in oil filter system seen here.

The best feature about

the oil return line from the engine. At the bottom of the filter assembly is a pressure-relief valve to relieve engine oil pressure should the filter get clogged up, which is a lot better than replacing engine oil seals. Each



this oil filter, besides its adaptability, is that it uses a stock H-D oil filter, and all the mounting flanges are O-ringed to prevent leakage; even the flange-mounting bolts are O-ringed. The top of the screw-in filter assembly is drilled and tapped for

oil filter comes from Doherty with a 1/8-inch pipe plug to block off the old oil line fitting, a fitting for the new oil return line from the engine, and a #19 bit to drill the right-size holes for the flange-mounting bolts. (There is also a complete set of

mounting instructions packed with every filter.) You will need only one special tool for the mounting operation, a 1 7/8-inch hole saw.

When I went to install the filter in a custom horseshoe oil tank, the job took about thirty minutes. The hardest part was holding the tank steady while drilling the 1 7/8-inch hole. The tank wanted to move around quite a bit. My suggestion is to leave the tank in the bike for this operation or to mount the tank in the frame before drilling if you're putting up a new sled. This way you will know for sure where the filter will be located, and then you can remove the tank to clean it out.

If you're impressed by this oil filter system, as I was, get in touch with Doherty Machine Products, 3205 Fujita Street, Torrance, California 90505. The oil filter unit goes out the door for around \$50.

—Wrench

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Downtime

Continued from page 52

Kenny, and Donnie — and helped out here and there by such diverse artists as Jesse Taylor and Joe Ely. Allen reaffirms himself as one of the best musical storytellers today. His music is lean and tough and the stories he spins are real. This disc contains something for everybody: highway drama ("The Heart of California"), drug humor ("Cocaine Cowboy"), disaster ("The Lubbock Tornado"), and much, much more. **Smokin' The Dummy** is an especially engaging album because it's shot through with Allen's often absurdist humor: *I got the tattoos/A pierced ear/A bottle of that rot-gut booze/Yeah, I ain't Pat Boone/But I sure just as soon/Have me a pair of his white buck dancin' shoes/We go dancin' into the darkness/With the headlights on the trees/You don't have to be up-town/To get low-down with me.*

While **Smokin' The Dummy** is Allen's most recent effort, I would be remiss if I didn't mention his 1979 release **Lubbock (on everything)**. This is that rarest of rarities, a great double album. Unlike most two-disc offerings, which spread the material thin to fill out four sides, **Lubbock (on everything)** is solid throughout, crammed with terrific tunes, full of Allen's characteristic wit and displaying his extraordinary narrative power: *She was a honky-tonker/And he was a family man/And she showed him her gold teeth/When he'd hold her little hand/And they met out on the highway/At the Paradise Motel Lounge/On Saturday nights/When things weren't right/Between him and his wife in town.*

Terry Allen is one hell of a songwriter. His work is loaded with wit, irony, intelligence, and a marvelous feeling for the telling detail. There's a great feeling for and of America in his music — irreverence, deflating stuffed shirts, the endless possibilities in the lives of real people in real towns. I can't imagine music more truly in the American grain and I've never reviewed any other artist whose lyrics I'd like to quote in their entirety, but that's how strongly I feel about Allen's work.

As I mentioned earlier, Terry Allen records for a relatively small label and the chances are you won't find his stuff at your local record store. But they can probably order it for you. If for some reason you can't get hold of Allen's albums that way, drop a card to Fate Records, 215 W. Superior St., Chicago, Illinois 60610. Believe me, it's worth the trouble and the wait. ■

Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

Overhaul 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.

Young biker chicks, short on cash, will send revealing photos. Send \$2 for each one wanted (cash please, guys) to Box Holder, P.O. Box 2071, Costa Mesa, Calif. (115)

Buy / sell new / used jackets, pants, boots, gloves, etc. Write Larsen Leathers, Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. Give sizes. Call (703) 382-4668. (106)

Ladies: 29-year-old convict 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, handsome, intelligent, good sense of humor, many varied interests, and a little crazy at times, needs correspondence from women 18-35 for friendship or possibly deeper relationship. Good looks and figure desirable. Sincere only. No game players. Will answer all and exchange photos. Mike Easton #40069, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (105)

"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 *Easysiders*. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (107)

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

White workers and soldiers stand up for race and flag. Sample News \$3. Mottis, Box 227, Hooksett, N.H. 03106.

Gentle mountain dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow chicks anywhere (18-38). Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (105)

45 rider-collector club forming: 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 960, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

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

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. (414) 261-8811. (107)

Stef: Surprise! Happy birthday 1-26. Sorry it's late; guess I fucked up. Hope it was really righteous. Ride free and in the wind forever. Love, Jamie. (105)

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

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

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

Lonesome biker, looking for sincere lady. No game players, Age and looks unimportant. James Taylor #15908, Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (105)

Gary: Thank you for the righteous night we came. Ride your own wind. Scooter Trash left on Midway. (105)

Rhonda Kirk (Fox): Write or call Star, 1706 Franks Ave., Denver City, Tex. 79323, (505) 592-2061. It is important. (105)

Gorilla: Happy 2nd anniversary. We will ride forever. Lovin' ya lots. Evil Animal. (105)

I'm going to Europe with my Harley. If you're a girl who can put me up on the road between Seattle and New York, or live in Europe, write Ron Cook, P.O. Box 31364, Seattle, Wash. 98103. (105)

Easysiders collection, first issue through Nov. 1979. All like new. \$175. 1338 W. Maumee St. #148, Adrian, Mich. 49221. (107)

Stephen Brown: Happy belated birthday (1-15); also Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Valentine's Day. My heart is yours forever. Sharon. (105)

Male, white, 27, 6'2", 200 lbs., lives alone, looking for sweet lady. Must be able to relocate, between 21 and 30. No drug user, has shit together, enjoys riding Harley, little drinking. Send photo. All letters will be answered. C. E. Freed, 1005 N. Madison, Robinson, Ill. 62454. (105)

Wild Bill's Tattooing. Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (106)

Markus: Happy belated birthday (11-3-82), and happy anniversary (11-1-80). Hope we're in the wind soon. Keep your head high and a smile on always. Your best friend and ol' lady. Love, Sweet Texas Rose. (105)

Dirt: Happy birthday (3-23-82) to the best of ol' man, friend, lover, pool coach, and Norton mechanic (turned Harley) that an ol' lady could ever have. Someday we'll have it all, babe. Love, Weege. (105)

Easysiders—all back issues. \$3 each. Iron Horse, other bike magazines since 1948. List for stamp. Al Lomas, Box 940, Trona, Calif. 93362. (105)

Down for four, one to go. Age 35. Need letters and flicks to help with my rehabilitation. Bob Hawkesworth #C-16643, Box A-B 6114, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (105)

Shink: Happy birthday March 19. All my love, always. Dip. (105)

Carole: If you're the bitch my ol' man had twice, you won't get any more storms your way. I know he rides hard, and he rides hardest with me. Rick's ol' lady. (105)

Jenny Weaver: Want to hear from you. Miss you a lot and would like to get in touch. Have relocated. Please write or call collect. Randy Hull, 24781 Lagrima, Mission Viejo, Calif. 92692, (714) 586-8009. (105)

Free on 3-4-82. Done six. Starting from scratch. I'm honest, gentle, fun loving, with multi interests. Seek honest, caring, no-bullshit lady for friendship or whatever. 27, 5'10", blond-green, and Sagittarius. G.T. Johns #B-77558, Box 500-296, Chino, Calif. 91710. (105)

Steve Prindle: Where the hell are you? Give me a call. F.R. Busch, (312) 587-8463. (105)

Biker looking for the impossible, an honest, loving biker lady with no age hangups. Race, creed, and color make no difference. Bob, Box 50, Pearl City, Hawaii 96782. (105)

To Wildman in Staunton, Va.: Happy 10th anniversary 3/31. I'll love you forever. Squirrel. (105)

Tattooing The Right Way. Fifteen-part illustrated professional course reveals everything on the state of the art including crucial trade secrets. Send \$30 check or money order to Wings of Man Inc., Bldg. 9, 11 Monroe St., Garfield, N.J. 07026. (105)

Lost my biker brother John, near Hwy. 13 and 34 in New York. Has brothers Jay and Digger. Please write or phone collect to Ronnie Cosgrove, 915 Rail Court, McLean, Va. 22102 (703) 827-0820. (105)

Welcome to the world. Dylan Charles Larson (10-26-81). Congratulations. Wally and Chris of Forest City, Iowa. Moby, Judy, and Nik. (105)

Night Rider: We'll find that place of no worry and live in peace. Love. Your Noon Time. (105)

Guard-train your dog with easy-to-understand manual. Send \$5 to Manual, P.O. Box 23, Latrobe, Pa. 15650. (105)

Need a transmission, '64 or older, in working order. Mark, 1130 26th Ave. S., Moorhead, Minn. 56560. (218) 233-9245. (105)

Jimbo: Happy 30th birthday to a gypsy (29 December '81)! Colorado has a warm place for ya. Don't let Ruby Joe keep you occupied for so long. Dr. Bo is missed at the Pueblo. A rolling shrimp catches no Moss or Kathy, and can't find water at the Oasis. Love, MYB. (105)

Donna: I love you now and will love you forever. I'm doing time but not forever. Loving and waiting. It can be good again, babe. Tell me what I want to hear. Happy 22nd birthday 1-11-82, and happy anniversary 1-19-82, John. (105)

Happy birthday, Danny Barrett, Kingsport, Tenn. Love, Your A#1 running buddy, Susie. (105)

Honeytalk: Love you now and forever. Deldre W. 11/1/81. (105)

Needed: Biker for mate. W/f. 32, 5'8", 125 lbs., brown hair, loyal, truthful, righteous, clean, and lonesome. Norine, 1501 NE North Mountain Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719. (105)

Tami: It's been a long time, babe. I think that you and I and Jason could start again and we could make it work. I know we still love each other. Get in touch with Gene in Balto, through your mom. (105)

24-year-old, doin' time, would like to hear from some righteous ladies to share correspondence with. I will answer all. Randy Rotta, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (105)

Merry Xmas, Sundance (Q-T-Pie): You can eat my snatch anytime. Love ya always. L.H. (Sweetie Puss.) (105)

Continued on page 85

Long Enough

Some people say you can't get high on home-grown, but us burnouts figured out a way to do it. We smoked a joint 23 inches long. It musta weighed about a pound, and anyone who thinks we didn't get stoned is fuckin' crazy. Took an hour and ten minutes to smoke it. Wow, what a buzz!

The Master Roller Club
Portland, Maine

- I get a buzz from Spider's 23-inch joint but it weighs a hell of a lot more than a pound.

Well, Call Me Pruneface

In your great honor I have named my brand of Pruno after you. I call it "Bloody Mutha." I can't tell you my secret ingredients, but I'm sure it tastes and smells as bad as your ever-so-sought-after snatch; hence its name. It sure makes this cell time a little easier.

Emm
Soledad

- Wish I could send you a used rag to stir it with.

Use It Or Lose

I've been without pussy for a while 'cause I'm settin' in jail. I'd like to tell the bros to quit bitchin' 'cause the ol' lady is raggin' or 'cause her cunt stinks. Hell, even if she's raggin' you should go on eatin' that hole, 'cause blood is cheaper than strawberry douche. Bros, you should really be tearin' that cunt up, 'cause you never know when yer gonna take a fall and lose it all.

Yogi

- You sound like my ma. She always used to tell me never to put off till tomorrow what I could ram in today.

A Cellmate For Yogi

I'm tryin' to get a lousy reputation. How about sending me a picture of you to put on my car instead of a license plate?

Gambler
Midway, Pa.

- Show my face on the outside of your cage and you'll end up makin' license plates.

Help, I'm Down Here!

Could you please help me? I'm 20 years old and only 5' 5" tall and I want to be a biker very badly. The only problem I have is my height. The other bikers I see are all 6 feet or over. You might not think height has anything to do with bein' a biker, but this is such a problem for me that I'm about ready to check into a mental hospital. Could you please help me?

T.C.
St Louis

- It ain't how tall you are, it's how tall you stand.

Move Over, Dismal

Reality contact is a closed-door case. Strangeness is inherent within the constant classical situation. I must remember to ask about it. So, Mutha, what do you think?

Illiterate
Davis, Calif

- I think you're about ready to cell up with that Dismal Dan that writes for *Iron Horse*.

Drink One For Me

You beautiful, maggot-infested crotch of a woman, you! Boy, am I gonna have a problem in a few years. I was born and raised in San Diego and I had a hell of a time there till construction went to shit, an' gas followed, an' the ol' lady started thinkin' about it. All I could think of was killin' something, so I joined the Army. I saw the eagle on the "join now" sign and I suddenly imagined myself riding a Harley through the Russian war zone, givin' a Roosky an M-16 enema.

Now I'm stationed in Germany, drinkin' my brains out on German beer. I'm spoiled on this "puts your dick in the dirt brew" and wonderin' what I'm gonna do when I get home and somebody offers me one of those piss-water cans. Any ideas?

G's Bowel Movement
APO N.Y.

- I took your problem to Spider, and he just poured five hairy fingers of Cuervo Gold into his glass of Lone Star, threw in a red chili pepper, and laughed.

Unlock That Back Door

I read *Easyriders* every month, especially your page. Sometimes I get so wet between the legs I can't wait till my ol' man finishes work so I can slide on his pole. He loves that—and your mag, naturally.

I have a question you may be able to help me with. I need an expert opinion. I'm too scared to let my 26-year-old, 6-foot (tall, not long), 2-foot (long, not tall—slurp) biker fuck me in the ass. I've been told it's unreal, but it hurts. He says it'll be mind-blowing when I get it in. What's it really like, Mutha, when you've got that huge, throbbin' cock in your ass?

My ol' man makes me happy in every way and when we putt through the outback on his Hog (long, open roads, doin' about 180-190 kilometers per hour) it makes me so fuckin' horny I want to give him what he wants—my ass!

Dixie
Darwin, Australia

- Like the song says, it only hurts for a little while, but it's fuckin' unreal forever.

Vampires Suck

Boy, did I fuck up! My ol' man and I went to this Halloween party. All his bros were there and the house was crankin'.

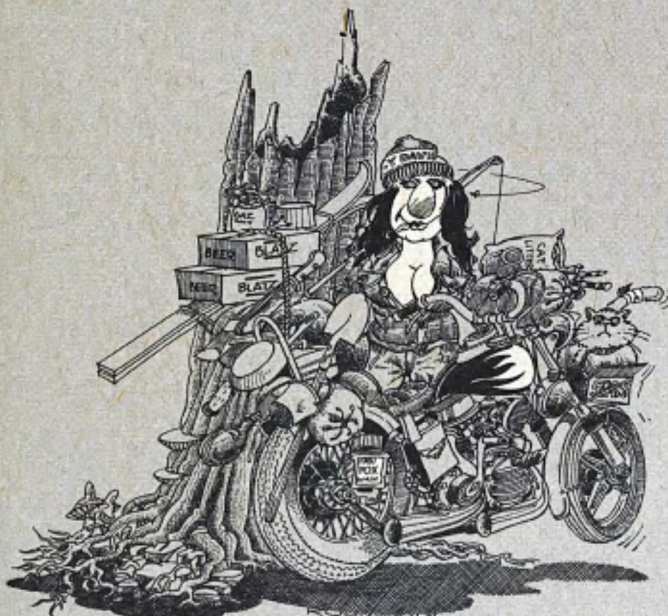
We both swallowed a couple of ludes when we got there. See, the ludes we've been getting here have been pretty shitty, so we ate two each of the fresh ones. Well, within 15 minutes I passed out. The ol' man had to carry me out and he missed the party. Ever since, he's been down and pissed at me. Any advice on how to change his mood?

Dracula's Ol' Lady
Brentwood, N.J.

- Can't blame ol' Drac for bein' a little spooked. Try puttin' out a real heavy flow next period, a few quarts of fresh blood should get the smiles curlin' around his fangs again.

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



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VIRGINIA

Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Apringdon
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Rt. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
P.O. Box 13428, Chesapeake
Repairs Unlimited 1626 A Jamestown Rd., Williamsburg

WASHINGTON D.C.

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

WEST VIRGINIA

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **George Murphy** and his lady, **Lana**. A pickup crashed into them and forced them to take a shorter route to Sturgis. They went the way they wanted, on his bike. Missed forever. Freedom Seekers MC and other friends.

In memory of **Charles "Red" Ownes**, who is missed greatly. Paul

In memory of **"Bobby Bass" Hinz**, 5-27-81. We loved you, bro, and always will keep you in our hearts. You and your "street cleaner" live on in Heaven. Love from all your brothers and sisters.

In loving memory of **Claudette Norman**, a true and most beautiful sister who was killed by an asshole. We never got to tell ya how much we really loved ya. Things won't be the same, but you won't be forgotten. We love and miss ya, gal. Bro Mountain and Sis Brenda, N.C.

In memory of **Tommy "Rat" Jordan**, downed on his sled July 23. Loved and missed by his bros and friends in Walbridge, Ohio. May he ride in Harley Heaven forever. All his bros and friends.

In memory of **Jim "Cosmo" Beggs**, a good friend and a fun person. We will take care of Debbie and Miller. We'll all meet again at the Hilltop in the Sky. We love and miss ya, Jean and everyone.

In memory of **Jim "Pickles" Michels**, Aug. 14, 1981. You'll ride with us in our hearts forever. You were a friend to so many, it must be true that only the good die young. With love, Nick, Cindy, Dylan, Debbie, and all your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **Bill "Chewbacca" Robinson**, the bro of all and only 18 years old. We have the picture of you and your scooter and the memories of your love. There won't be another like you. See you in Harley Heaven. Your bro and sis, Bob "Slob" and "Short Shit" Tammy.

"Mon-Back" **Anstead**, snuffed in cold blood by some punk in a truck. He rode fast, died even faster, but he wouldn't have wanted it any other way. We'll see ya in the next world. Fry and Boldy's MC, Midwest.

In memory of my fiancée, **Randy Wickline**, who was killed along with two other bros. You are loved and missed, and you will always be the biggest part of me. May God bless and keep you riding free. I miss you, Lizard. All my love, "Babycakes."

In memory of **Huey S.S. and Lance W.S.**, Heils Henchmen, Illinois. HFFH.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$12 to Prison Subs, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Righteous dude from Houston needs to hear from fun-loving ladies. Been down 6 years and it's almost time to ride. Buddy Gould #264125, W-T-10, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Been down a long time; about got it done. 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.

All you ladies don't need special qualifications or anything like that. Anyone who wants to write is okay with me. (Anyone female is!) Bob Swanson #261-208, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

19 years old, dark brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet tall. Would like to hear from decent ladies 19-20 and would like photos. Brian Krebs #B-4497, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

White 25-year-old doing 5 years and getting out in a year. Going to do a lot of riding when I'm out. So if you have your head together and have a pair of chestnuts that I can nibble on, shoot me a kite and let's see how it works. Lee Shockley #89542, Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

A down and lonely 20-year-old guy wishes to hear from some nice ladies of all ages. Flicks would be great. Clifton Bode #B-89704, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

27. down for 4. They can lock up my body, but my soul shall forever run free. Ladies, write to Ricky Hedberg #C-10917, 5161, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Ladies, I've got 30 years of hard time. How about some friendly letters from some of you pretty young ladies out there? Pictures if possible. Rick Fleming #92318, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

I'm doing a lonely 7 years and would love to hear from you lovely ladies out there. All letters will be answered. Lonnie Dibler #101660, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

I'm down for 10 years and desperate for mail from nice ladies. Please, please write me soon! Tom Picou #39294, Box 7-2D-560, Moberly, Mo. 63270.

Brawlin' Tom has taken a dive. Need some good-timin' ladies to help me through this time. Write and send photos. Tom McWilliams #98364, Connor Correctional Center, Star Rt. B, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

There's 2 crazy and lonely dudes needin' to hear from some of that stuff you gals put in them letters. We both got plenty of time to answer all. Gary D. Burks #317103, and James T. Frame #305827, Box 128, Beto Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

I'm incarcerated and want to hear from ladies all over the world. I'm 6'6", 179 lbs., lonely, and want mail from females all over. Arthur E. Warren #90150-132, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

26-yr.-old Pigeon would like to hear from all the ladies. Can bet your butt I will respond. Brad Holmes, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Looking for sincere-minded woman to begin serious relationship with. Only sincere need reply. John I. Fuller II, Box 137, Tillery, N.C. 27887.

If you're afraid to ride, don't write. If you're not going to write, don't read this ad! All ladies, all ages, all correspondence welcome. Write to Frank Williams #33047, Dan Beaudin #33515, Doug Stanley #33509, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502. "We're all free in '83!"

Young bro. 20. doin' 3 years on drug charge, needs to hear from young girls and other bros. Girls please send pictures. All letters will be answered. Robert Fleming #33573 A-B, YTSPO, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

I'm 17 and doing 48 months. Would like to hear from anyone who would like to help my time go easier. Also looking for that one lady who would like to help me start my life without hassles. I will answer all. Stephen Morris, Northern Reception Center, 3001 Ramona Ave., Sacramento, Calif. 95826.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed, down bro would like to write a nice lady. But no head trips. That's Jaycee Pike #C-32443, CIM East, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Hetero-homo-bi-sexual? Male? Female? Black? White? Other? We welcome letters from all sympathetic bros and sisses. One problem: FSP pays for only two letters a week, so send stamp for prompt reply to Howard Banks, #040123, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely 21-yr.-old needs some loving lines and pictures from a righteous chick. Mike Tull #C-27339, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Two downed bros will welcome letters and photos from anywhere. How about it? Will answer all. Thomas Barber #81-A-1419, and Joseph Ciulla #75-A-1379, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Downed New Yorker doing time. Any woman, any age, write and send photos for quick answer. Barry Weisbrot #80-A-2621, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12829.

Looking at 3 more years and the need for loving correspondence from any ladies with the heart to write. Photo appreciated. Robert Laskowski #A-92098, Box 500, Hillsboro, Ill. 62049.

Ladies, I am a 30-year-old Scorpio, 6'2", brown hair, brown eyes. Would like to hear from sexy ladies 18-35. Send photo if possible. Richard Emery, King Co. Jail, 516 3rd and James, Seattle, Wash. 98104.

Need an ol' lady for one lonely scooter tramp. C.J. Schuett #267641, Box 514, Unit A-2G, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Downed righteous biker needs letters and photos from sexy ladies. Will answer all. Johnny Wager #79C225 Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Lonely prisoner would like to correspond with anyone. Thank you, Willie McZorn #20550-83, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Downed bro needs mail from all you hot chicks out there. Been down and got a while to go. Will answer anyone. Gemini, 6'1", 185 lbs., blue eyes, and brownish-red hair. I like bikes, booze, and chicks (who've got their shit together). Robert M. Combs #A-040224, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083, S-W-U-64-205.

Bro doing time needs to hear from ladies of any age. Will answer all. I'm 25, blond hair, blue eyes, Milton Franklin, Box 473, Westville, Ind. 46391.

22 years old, 6'1", 195 lbs., down 18 months. Would like to hear from sexy ladies who love sex-drugs-rock-n-roll. Will answer all. Billy Joe Payne, Box 1000, Camp Lewisberg, Pa. 17837.

Green-eyed Aquarian w/lonely loving heart, free by '83, seeks a petite, big-busted fox who is well-educated and financially stable. Fitness a must. Non-smoker but light partier. If you're looking for that special man, then drop a letter w/pix to Richard Kemerer #156832, MHC Annex 1, Bldg. B-132, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Down for 8-30 years! I'm from So. Cal. and slammed in Ohio. Need letters from some for-real and caring ladies. Being alone is a drag. Hurry and write to Vic Henning #159-903, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

I was wild and free, but now I'm caged up like an animal and in need of letters from righteous ladies to see me through. Philip Rackley, Box 155, Bunn, N.C. 27506.

Two downed bros (34 and 21) need letters and pictures. Age no concern. David Pedrosa #C-28408, and Steve Donnelly #C-24976, Box 686, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

All you tender, loving ladies (any age) please write to us lonely young (23 and 24) bikers. Looks make no difference. Will answer all. Write to Mike Qualls #309736, and Melvin Banta #313751, Box 38, D-6, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

21-yr.-old bro been down since 1977. Need women of all ages to write to me. Blind, crippled, or crazy. Dennis Carter #21163-101, Unit 6-Upper, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

19-yr.-old needs ol' lady. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., Scorpio, Italian, brown hair and eyes. I'll send photos. I love to write. I have a letter for all of you. Would also like photos if possible. Ladies 18-25. Jeff S. Salerno #16412, Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

Lonely, good-lookin' 23-yr.-old white bro, long brown hair, blue eyes, 6'2" in need of kites, photos, and visits from ladies 25-40. All answered with photo. Dave Stiles #B-97794, Box A-E 1296, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001.

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

increase — about 19,000 inmates — occurred in state institutions, which tells you why some prisoners are being housed in tents and many more in substandard local jails. If the current trend continues, the prison population of the United States will, by the time you read this, be ten percent higher than it was twelve months earlier.

There are currently almost 350,000 of you — men and women — in custody. And there'll be more soon if the President's 60-point anti-crime proposal is passed into law. Among the points: elimination of the exclusionary rule preventing the use of illegally-seized evidence in court; legalization of warrantless searches of homes and businesses; elimination of bail for many defendants.

Now is the time to press forward with attempts to get court-ordered relief from overcrowding and substandard conditions. Unless the public — specifically, various state legislatures — are convinced that prisoners cannot be stacked layer upon layer like skeletons in an ancient Roman cemetery, we may see yet again that spectre of the Victorian age, those stone-walled purgatories where men, women, and children fight for a place to sleep.

DECISIONS, KITES AND NEWS

Self-Help Blues

The *Prison Law Monitor*, publisher of the "Prisoner's Self-Help Litigation Manual," has been forced to shut down its operation because of pressure from creditors.

Ed Korin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Prison Law Project, worked closely with the *Monitor* staff and says work on the second edition of the self-help manual is continuing.

"We're hoping to get a finished manuscript and take it around to various donors to raise money to print and distribute it," Korin told *Easyriders*. "We recognize our obligation to people who sent in money for the manual and to others who subscribed to the *Monitor*, and we're putting our time and energy into meeting these obligations by completing that manual."

Meanwhile, the *Monitor's* Washington, D.C. post office box has been closed and letters sent to them

Black T-shirts With White Designs



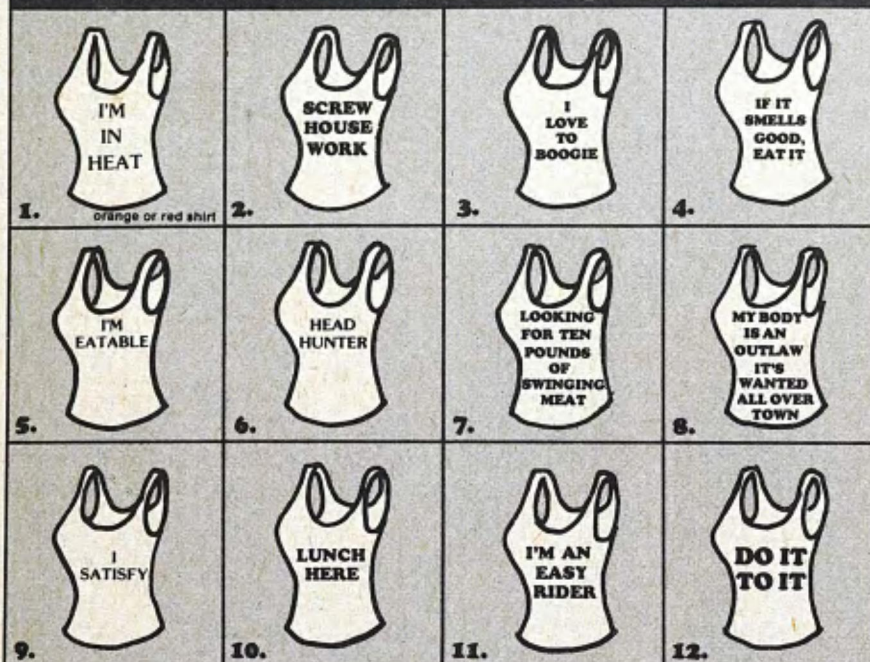
23. "Pussy Builds Strong Bones," 24. "I Sratck Kisses And Vice Versa," 25. "D.O.T. Will Get My Motorcycle When They Pry The Handlebars From My Cold Dead Gripping Hands," 26. "Men Don't Grow Up They Just Get Better Toys — Bikes-Booze-Broads," 27. "Warning!! Society In General Has Determined That Motorcycle 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."

Any of the above designs on any one of seven colors (yellow, light blue, navy, green, white, tan, or black). Send \$8.00 for each shirt ordered (be sure to state size, color, and wording wanted) to: COCO, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for \$10.00 per shirt ordered.

Under New Ownership

Ladies' Tank Tops \$7.50



Colors: White, blue, peach, yellow. Sizes: 12, 14, 16; 50/50 "stretch." Send size, color, and shirt number along with \$7.50 to: BIKERS' CANDY STORE, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Also available: 100% cotton bikini panties with above printing, \$6.00 each.

BLACK FRENCH CUT TOPS FOR OL' LADY'S

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



I'M HIS BECAUSE HE GIVES GOOD FACE

MUSTANG RANCH TRAINEE

I LOVE TO PUTT SUCK & FUCK

LIQUOR UP FRONT POKER IN THE REAR

MOTORCYCLE MAMA

SHOW ME YOUR DICK

HARLEY RIDERS WANTED INQUIRE WITHIN

HARLEY RIDERS OL' LADIES DO EVERYTHING BETTER AND LOOK BETTER DOIN' IT

Hot and Juicy

NO PUTT NO BUTT

Enclosed \$9.00 for each top ordered. Be sure to state size. COCO P.O. Box 451 Calabasas, Calif. 91302

are being returned by the post office.

Parole Help

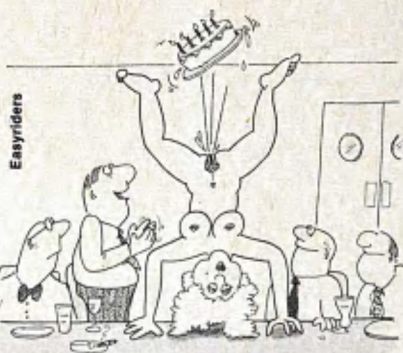
I just finished reading the November "Lockdown" column and I saw the letter from the dude in Lewisburg who needs parole help. He might be able to get aid from the CONTACT Center, Box 81826, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501. I've made use of CONTACT in my current parole plan and they seem to be very good at trying to help you out. —A Downed Bro

Just Rewards

Senator Robert Dole is pushing federal legislation that would set up a national Corporation for Prison Industries to encourage private companies to establish manufacturing facilities in prisons across the country. Inmates working in these facilities would be paid rates comparable to wages paid workers doing the same job on the outside. Pilot programs in Kansas, Arizona, and Minnesota have been described as very successful. Before Dole's planned corporation, a non-profit organization that would loan federal money to businesses operating in prisons, can be implemented, a 1935 law banning goods made by state prisoners from interstate commerce would have to be repealed.

Stamped Out

The American Civil Liberties Union and other prisoner rights groups are protesting the decision of Federal Bureau of Prisons head Norm Carlson to stop providing federal inmates with free postage stamps for their mail home. Since 1979, each inmate has been allowed five stamps a month for his correspondence. Prior to that, federal prisoners were allowed unlimited free stamps.



Choppershopper

Continued from page 79

Daigo: Get Josephine ready, 'cause I'm looking forward to being in the wind with you in '82. Love ya. Big Eyes. (105)

Easyriders collection: #1-#102; #1-#10 in original binder. All in excellent condition. \$300 or best offer. Darrell Zackman, 1301 Fauteux. Ellis. Kan. 67637. (105)

Mellow English biker, early 30s, blond hair, blue eyes, 6' tall, 160 pounds, fit and healthy, is looking for a really together lady with an open mind. Also any other genuine person(s). Stateside/Canada. Interested in forming a firm friendship. My main interests are hunting, martial arts, dogs, good music, and having a good time. Write to Rod Tiffany, "Minden." Rock Lane, Caergwrie, Clwyd. North Wales. United Kingdom. (106)

Sweetcheeks: You're on my visiting list. So come and see me or spend 20¢ for a fuckin' stamp Love. Your little bald one. J.C. (105G)

Mary: You're one hell of a righteous ol' lady. More than anything in the world, I would like to be on my scooter, smoking my dope, and fucking the hell out of you, 24 months to go. James. Sallers. Conn. (105G)

Coming to America soon: need to know some people before I come over, so let's start writing to each other. Dennis Williams. 14 Geraldine St., Valley View 5093, South Australia, Australia. (105G)

Lost bro. 31, from Fontana, Calif. been out of touch since '73. Getting out soon and need to establish a relationship with a together ol' lady. Write to Freddie Koonce #73795. East Bldg. Box 500. Grady, Ark. 71644. (105G)

Ladies: Young bro from Houston, Tex., good-lookin', out soon. Need good ol' lady for life in the wind; only sincere write. Darrell Elmore #73302. East Bldg. Box 500. Grady, Ark. 71644. (105G)

Attention: Russell T. Palmer. please write Vibeke Peterson. Vollsmore Alle 102 4 tv., 5240 Odense No., Denmark. (105G)

Brothers and sisters, please write this bro, Raymond E. Thornton. c/o D.C.C., Smyrna, Delaware 19977. (105G)

Pat Justice or Linda Lilly: Where da hell you two at? Downtiming in Wyo. and need to get hold of ya. Friends or dummies? Jeff Co #12479, Box 400. Rawlins, Wyo. 82301. (105G)

Getting out soon, and I'm in need of friends or whatever. Fred Bowman #156435. Box E. Jackson. Mich. 49204. (105G)

Jan, you nappy-headed bitch, you said till the wheels fall off. You're on one wheel. So write Mo, I go up for paper Feb. or March. Randy Mesher #40867, Box 539, CMCC. R. 1. 4 Hall. Jefferson City, Mo. 65102. (105G)

For two hard-riding S.F.V. brothers, John and Pat, They rode hard and died fast. May the clouds be their private freeway to the heavens. K. Ball and the riders from Country MC. (105)

\$100 will buy you an Easyriders issue number one in perfect condition. There's not a fuckin' thing wrong with it. Phil. c/o Easyriders. Box 52. Malibu, Calif. 90265. (105)

To all the ladies and girls who can write, print, or even use crayons to scribble to this downed bro. 29. 6'1". 225 lbs., out in '83: Maybe we could be just friends or a permanent thing. Need one who will listen and be listened to. All old friends, too. Tony West. Box C. Waupun, Wis. 53963. (105)

Hey. Spot: Happy birthday to you Love. T. (105)

When I rode with the Pagans my name was Abe. While in prison I met Jesus. Write me and I'll tell you about it. Michael Diamen. Box 651235, Miami, Fla. 33165. (106)

Jesspie. Big Jo. Tiny: Get hold of me (your ol' lady); very important. You're a fuckup. But I still love you. Your downed ol' lady. Tina. Ohio. (105G)

Skeeter: Help! Being held hostage against my will. Contact your sister Pat; they'll tell you where I am. Love, J.C. (105G)

So Calif. biker and prisoner rights activist, doing time in Texas, seeks women to write and lust over. All letters answered, photos welcome; will send photos of myself and scooter. Any other people who are sincere and willing to help the injustice all bikers and non-bikers face in prison and want to find out how you can do something to free downed bros and downed sisters are also welcome and will be answered. William Coppola #283650. Ellis Unit. Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (105G)

Important: Sharon Balbo. Fredon. N.J., or Lady Rocket. Shawnee, Okla., get in touch with Lee Routh. Box 97-90869. McAlester, Okla. 74501. (105G)

Sarge, up in Folsom: Lonely and blue 'cause I can't be with you. But always remember that I do love you. Ramona. (105G)

Eric Mager, write your brother at the following address: Keith R. Mager. Fighter Squadron 74 VF-74. CV-59 U.S.S. Forrestal. FPO New York. N.Y. 09501. (105G)

Dave: I'll travel to hell and back for you. Please send for me and our two rugrats. With all my body and soul. Sunshine. Carthage. N.C. (105G)

Melley Fo: I'm dying to hear from you. I know St. Pete is a big town, but how about Dallas? Write me. Emory P. North #865630. Box 37 RJCL. Chattanooga, Fla. 32324. (105G)

Eric Von, what's happening? I'm doing 4 in Santa Fe. Drop me a kite asap. John Pointer #29729. 4-18. Box 1059. Santa Fe. N.M. 87501. (105G)

Roger Tulich: Write W.A. Fuzi #126839. Box 779. Marquette Branch Prison. Marquette, Mich. 49855. (105G)

Amber: They've finally found me. I need you too. David E. Roberts. Box C-19434. Represa. Calif. 95671. (105G)

Rabbit: Run Rabbit run: don't come back. We'll all be out soon to recollect old times. The Gallo. Fast Frank, and Hop. (105G)

Continued on page 126

FLICK-A-HIGH™

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

TOKE, STROKE AND SMOKE IN STYLE

COMES WITH BIC LIGHTER, COKE SPOON, AND JOINT ADAPTOR.

Combination Cane-Pipe-Poolstick

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PIPE
\$19.95



PIPE

POOL CUE
INSIDE CANE
\$49.95

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HANDLE UNSCREWS FOR A SHORT SELF-LIGHTING PIPE.

CANE-PIPE
MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL

Send cash, check or money order to: **MACKENZIE COMPANY** Box 29, Calabasas, Calif. 91302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
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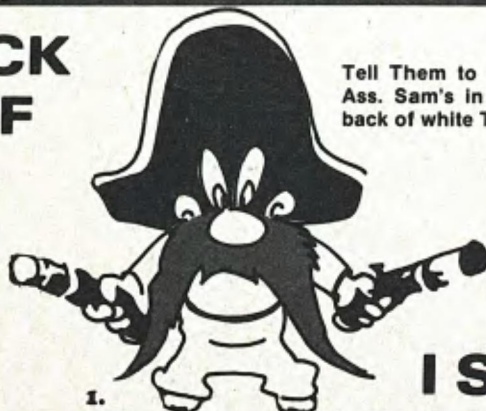
Cane pipe/Pool Stick ☐ 49.95 Separate Items & Prices: Pipe ☐ 19.95

Pipe Glove ☐ 19.95 Umbrella Pipe ☐ 29.95 Cane Pipe ☐ 24.95

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

Under New Ownership Sam's Dirty Shirts

BACK OFF



Tell Them to Get Off Your Ass. Sam's in full color on back of white T-shirt.

I SAY



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



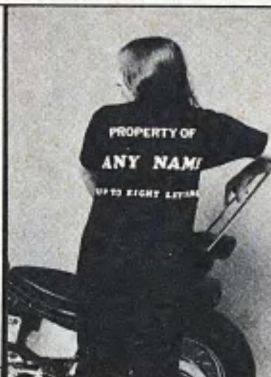
7.



8.



9.



10.



11.

Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted. We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for \$12.00 each plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

*Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling.

Send orders to:

Biker's Candy Store
P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks,
Calif. 91360

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Battery Tech Tip

Continued from page 27

chrome transmission, from your battery vent tube.

One important caution when working on your battery: Never short it out on purpose. If it's got any kind of charge in it at all, shorting it out could cause the top to blow right off it, giving your face a blinding, skin-stripping acid rinse.

One smart thing to do about four times a year is to remove the battery from the bike and give the outside of its case a good cleaning. That way, any cracks in the case will become apparent. Scrub the corrosion off the posts and clean the ends of all the wires connecting to the battery. Before reinstalling it, squirt some silicone lubricant (available at auto supply stores) around the posts, being careful not to cover the areas where the wires hook up to the battery, and around the overflow tube (leave the tube connected to the battery while doing this to avoid blocking off the overflow hole).

Some of the larger batteries, such as the ones Harley uses, have a thin piece of plastic tape with writing on it stuck on them. Remove the tape and squirt some silicone over this area, which has a tendency to dry out and leak acid when it gets hot. Store your tube of silicone in the refrigerator; it won't dry out that way.

Also, always add water with the battery in the riding position, to keep the acid level at the proper point. And remember, use just enough distilled water to cover the plates.

After the battery is back on the bike and reconnected to the electrical system, coat the posts and wires with grease or some of the vinyl-type paint made specially for that purpose.

Some bikes with generators need to be repolarized after the battery has been disconnected. Never touch the field post on the generator when you are doing this — touch a wire from the positive side of the battery to the generator post marked "Arm" or "Reg."

Also, older Harleys had a three-brush generator system, which sent juice to the battery without a regulator to shut it off when the battery was fully charged. If you have one of these systems, one thing you can do to prolong your battery's life by keeping it from overcharging is to wire the bike so that two of the

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brushes are working when the motor is running and hook up the third brush to operate when the lights are on.

(You can rig an inline switch to control the charging system manually.) If you do a lot of riding, leave the lights on all the time.

So you've checked your electrolyte level, you've washed your case, and you've greased your wires. You push your bike out of the barn after six long winter months and it's dead. How come? Simple — unused batteries discharge. Slowly, yes, but surely nevertheless. The lead sulfates cover the plates with white crystals and the crystals block any chemical activity of the battery. But don't despair. Hooking the battery up to a charger with a slight overvoltage — say, fourteen volts on a twelve-volt battery — should restore your battery to primo shape unless it's hopelessly gummed up.

Even then there's one old-timer's trick left you can try, before giving up and accepting the fact that it's \$59.95 exch. time. Put some baking soda inside each of the cells and let the battery stand for about half an hour. Then wash it all out with plenty of clean water (be careful not to let any of the shit coming out of the battery splash on you, because it still has some acid in it), refill the battery with new acid, and charge very slowly (like on a trickle charger). As noted earlier, batteries are killed by the crap that builds up and shorts out the plates. As long as the plates aren't worn out themselves, this method should remove that sludge and add much useful life to your battery.

If you've read this far, you're probably wondering why you can't get one of those new "miracle" maintenance-free batteries for your bike and be done with it. The reason is something we haven't mentioned yet: amperage.

Amperage is simply the strength



"Come on out, Louie, we know you're in there."

MUTHA PATCH



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha

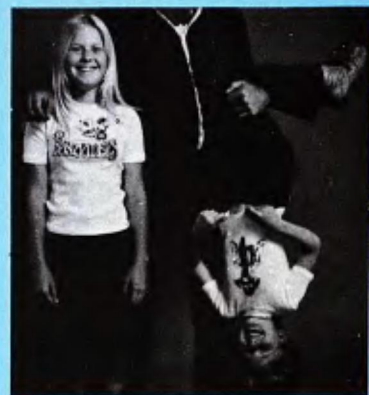


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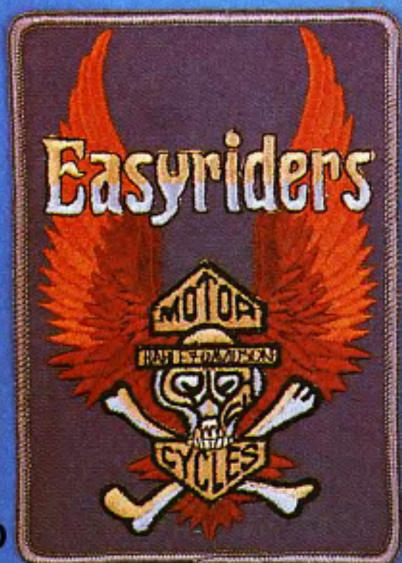
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of an electric current. Think of the relationship between amperage and voltage like this: a twelve-ounce beer is a twelve-ounce beer, but twelve ounces of nine-percent-alcohol European brew is more powerful than twelve ounces of Joe Coors' three-two-percent-alcohol piss. In other words, twelve volts at one amp will give a hell of a lot less jolt than twelve volts at twenty amps.

Batteries are rated in ampere hours. That means, for example, that a twenty-ampere battery will produce a one-amp current for twenty hours. The higher the rating, the stronger the battery. The amperage of a battery is determined by the size of the plates — the larger the plates, the higher the ampere-hour rating.

As you can see, this poses a problem for the builders of bike batteries; they have to cram the biggest possible plates in the small case they have to work with. As we've already noted, maintenance-free batteries aren't really sealed; they have tiny ventilation holes to let out certain gases and, through these holes, just as on a regular battery, battery fluid evaporates. Manufacturers of maintenance-free batteries for cars just calculate how much evaporation will take place over the expected life of the battery and design it to hold that much extra electrolyte. With motorcycle batteries, some of which hold as little as half a pint of fluid to start with, the designers have no such luxury.

Anyway, battery maintenance isn't anywhere near as much a pain in the ass as it may sound. The important things are remembering to check the fluid level regularly, more frequently in hot weather, and keeping the cells filled to the proper level.

Things could be worse. Where would we be if Volta hadn't decided to show up that dummy Galvani and his crazy theories about bodies having electricity in them? Galvani, what a fool.

Not really. Actually, the progress of science has treated Luigi Galvani, who died in 1798, rather kindly. For instance, those blood-shot baby blues you're reading this page with; they're sending messages, hundreds of thousands a second, to your brain, and those messages are being transmitted along your optic nerve by — you guessed it — electric impulses.

Yep, it's a fact. You, me, and every frog in the pond are chock-full of electricity. Just like Galvani said. ■

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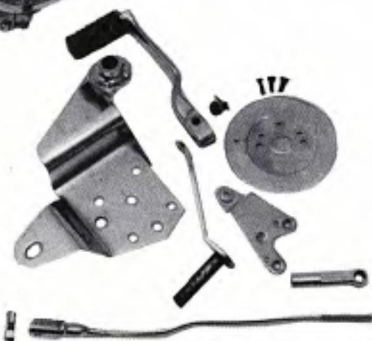
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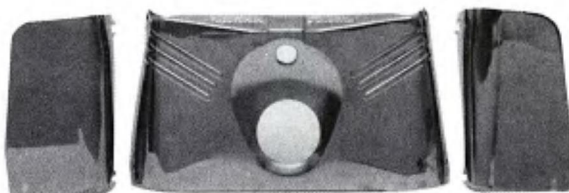


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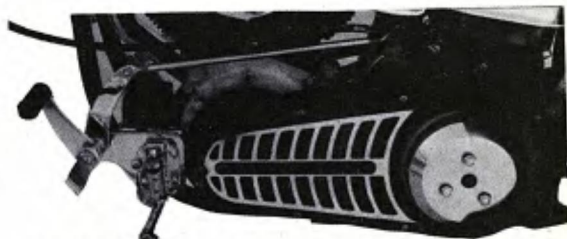


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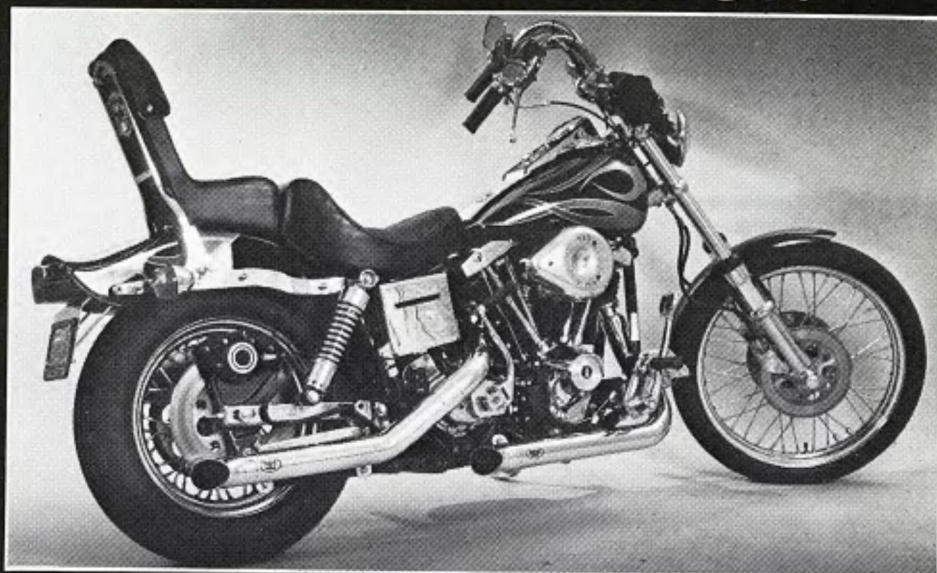
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Bad Man In Town

Continued from page 18

he saw the army .45 auto the old man had leveled at him, he froze. On another night with a different crowd he probably couldn't have pulled it off. But like I said, this was a cold, wet Sunday, and suddenly Numbers was in the mood to listen. We were all in the mood to listen.

Pressing the muzzle of the .45 against the young biker's nose, Pops reached under Numbers's leather vest and relieved him of the five-shot .44 special and a big Buck foldin' knife.

"Now," the old man said wearily. "Now we'll chat a while." His eyes never left Numbers, but he was talking to us.

"This here Numbers, as you all call him, he married my little girl a few years ago. I told her he was trash. Ain't that right, boy? But she wouldn't listen. So they got married and run off on his motorcycle. Then I start hearin' bad things about my little girl. Like he's runnin' around on her and maybe he likes to kick her ass once in a while. Well, I figure if she pissed her bed, she can sleep in it wet. But then her ma comes to visit me and says her little girl has come home pregnant and beat damn near half to death after findin' this cocksucker laid up in her own home bed with some little teenage cunt. That about the size of it, son?"

Numbers just stared back at Pops over the pistol barrel pressed against his nose. He didn't move. Pops jabbed the gun into Numbers's nose, pushing him back a few steps. Blood began to trickle down his upper lip.

"Old man, you better kill my ass right now!" he growled. I believed the dude. I'da shot him right then and there.

"Don't be in such a hurry, boy." Pops smiled. He placed Numbers's revolver on the bar and told me to unload it. I did what the old coot said real quick. Shit, by now we all thought he was crazy. I tossed the five cartridges on the floor just as he instructed. None of us who were there will ever forget what that skinny old man did next. Still covering Numbers, he dropped the magazine into his free hand and thumbed seven stubby .45 ACP rounds out into one loose trouser pocket, then he worked the slide on the automatic, ejecting the eighth round from the chamber. He laid the big gun up on the bar in front of me and turned to Numbers. "Now it's just you and me, boy!"

Numbers uttered a short laugh and went at the old man. They

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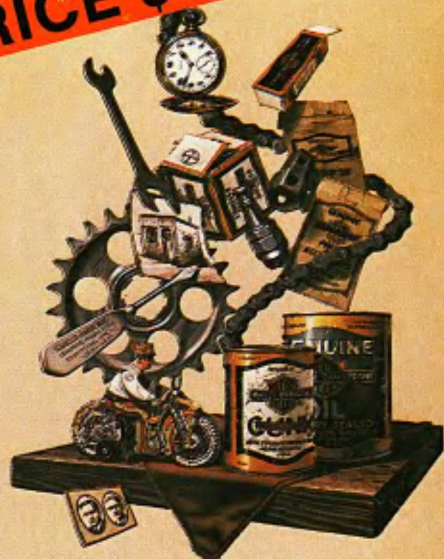
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.45 was still lyin' on the bar. I scooped it up and hobbled stiff-legged out after the old man.

I found him leaning up against an old stock panhead. Even wet and in the dark, that old Duo-Glide was right. The old man was watching me out of his good eye and holding his arms across his ribs like somethin' might fall out if he wasn't real careful. He spoke through broken teeth.

"Son, if you're a friend of his, you sure waited one long time to pitch in."

I held out the gun and he took it, nodding. "Forgot it, did I? Well, that's a sign I'm gettin' old." He turned and, stuffing the pistol back into his jacket, prepared to fire up his old Harley. The big V-twin thumped to life with one kick. I was glad, 'cause I don't think he had too many more in him that night. After the Harley settled into its steady, sweet idle, I asked the old man what happens when Numbers comes after him.

"You tell him not to," he said, settling into that thick padded seat. "You tell him I'll be with the girl and her ma at the house. Tell him if he sends friends around to see me I'll mail him their heads. If he comes himself, I'll kill him and drive a stake through his heart. You tell him." Pops kicked the gearshift down into first and his faithful pan carried him away into the soft rain. I never saw that tough old sonofabitch again.

And neither, as far as I know, did Numbers. Things were never quite the same for him after that night. Oh, he still tried to be the big fish in that little pond, but his badass swagger was gone, replaced by a permanent limp. None of the local folks really took him seriously anymore; started callin' him Michael and shit. But ol' Numbers hadn't lost all his clout. Three days after the fight, old man Moroni canned my ass and hired himself a new crippled-up bartender. ■



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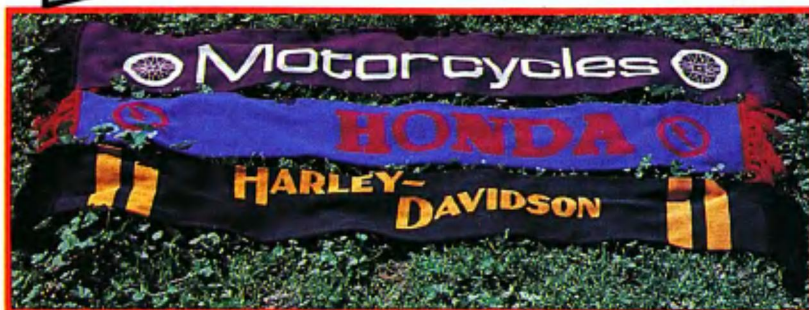


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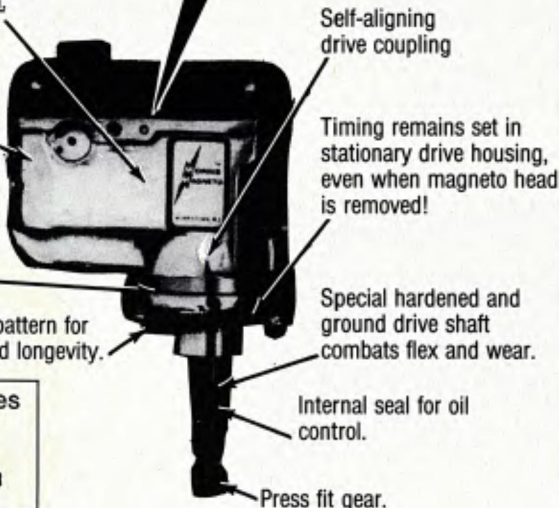
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Wrappin' It Up

Continued from page 29

skin, muscle, nerves, and bone that she wore — and no longer needs. She's safe from all fear and pain and harm now. Nobody can scare her or disappoint her or hurt her anymore. Not even me — and I did my stupid share of all that while she was here.

Regret slithered through my belly like a crawling snake.

So now what, Koby? I asked myself. Where do we go from here? Sure, the week of bow-hunting is scratched. And why are we tailing that trucker? It was just a damned accident. The bastard didn't deliberately leave that log sticking out so it could waste somebody. I nodded grimly, just as a cage with a guy and a chick passed me. They both stared, catching me nodding to myself. Their delighted grins vanished abruptly as I gave them the finger.

Because, I firmly told myself, it was manslaughter. That jerk logger knew what had happened. The dipshit was even slowing down, probably figuring on stopping, getting out and running back to have a look. Maybe drag her bod into the brush. Until he spotted me. Then it became hit and run, all the way. And hit and run shifts on Shirl's beautiful memory. That's why we're gonna face the creep. Maybe even play righteous citizen and get him busted for hitting and running.

My mind and body relaxed. At least, I knew what I was gonna try doing. It felt right. Nobody was gonna crap on Shirl's memory. Christ knows, her life had been lousy enough before we met. And I damn well knew she had little enough after becoming my woman. So nobody was gonna make her death a meaningless event. Not that shithead in the truck or any-fucking-body else.

Abruptly, the logging truck's right-hand turnlight began blinking steadily. Slowly it moved two lanes to the right. I eased over, staying behind it. Then we were heading onto an off-ramp, descending away from the busy Interstate. Fortunately there was still one cage between the truck and my bike, so I doubted that he had any notion he was being followed.

When he pulled into the mill yard, I parked in some shadows near the gate. He was in there almost an hour. When he came out, he was

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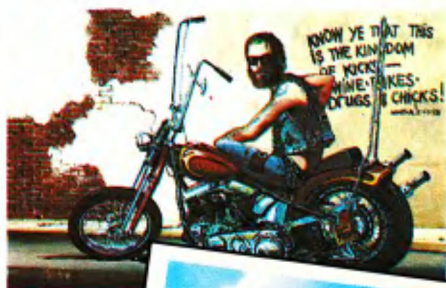
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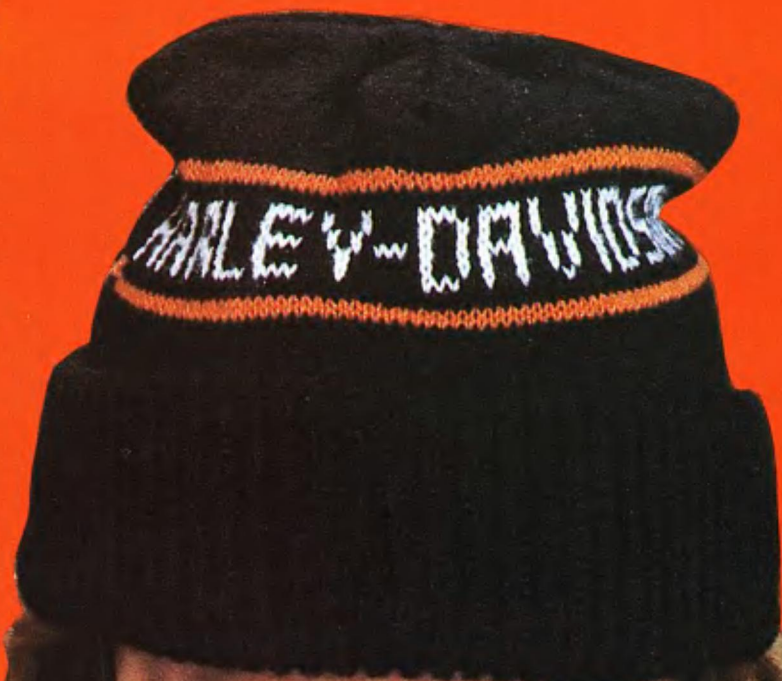
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behind the wheel of a badly dented '77 Buick. Again I tailed him, letting cages fill the distance between him and me, but always keeping him in sight.

Twenty miles or so north of town, the Buick made a left-hand turn from the secondary highway onto an unpaved road vanishing into a large stand of fir trees. I duplicated the turnoff but slowed, letting him get far enough ahead so I could safely follow without being seen. The sandy road's ruts, in my headlight, twisted and curved for a coupla miles, then climbed a hill; and as I crested it, I saw a pair of headlights pulling up alongside a building some five hundred feet beyond me. Instantly I killed the shovel's beam and engine, coasting down the gradual slope, letting the road's right-hand rut guide the front wheel in the dim light of a moon just clearing the trees. At the bottom of the hill, I got off and motorhiked the scooter into the trees, propping it on its stand.

Pulling off my boots, I groped around in the tank bag until I felt the moccasin-type shoes stashed there. I never go hunting without them. If I left them behind when stalking quarry, I might as well forget to bring my bow or arrows, too. With the sneakers on my feet, I made my way quietly to the building. The Buick was the only cage in sight. As I came up to it, I turned into living, breathing caution. The cage was empty, quiet, and its doors had been locked.

I padded past it to the house, glancing over my shoulder to check that sandy road for incoming or outgoing traffic every few seconds. The road stayed empty. Moving up to a lighted window with its shade still up, I carefully peered into the room. It was a dining room and it was empty. Moving further along — making no sound as my shoes went across the concrete surface of the porch — I reached another window. It was unshaded, too. A kitchen. Two figures stood in there. A thin, shapeless broad of, maybe, forty. And the trucker. I'd only gotten glimpses of his face and build since he'd hit Shirl with that log, but enough of them to recognize the bastard now. A big, beefy-faced clown with thinning black hair, a few days' worth of stubble, and wearing logger clothing. He towered over the unhappy-looking woman and I knew he'd tower above me, too, because even she was taller than I am. Sighing, I hesitated. I'm a sawed-off runt, barely five-five in boots with thick heels. It's a fucking wonder I've been into biking for eleven years without some asshole

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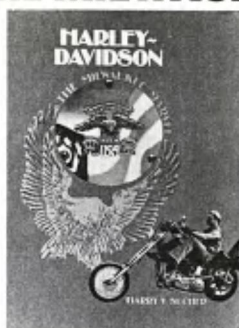
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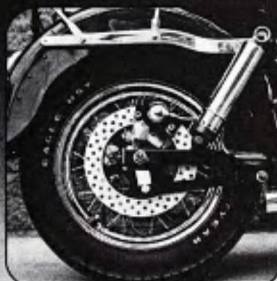


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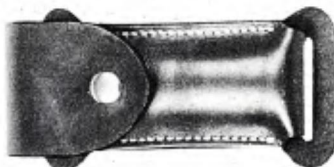
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pinning the miserable name of Pee-wee on me.

He's a straight-type redneck. I assured myself. The shock and guilt will paralyze the fucker. Play it strong and he'll give you no trouble.

I walked up to the back door and knocked.

He opened the door, grimly staring down at me.

"I wanna rap with ya, man," I said harshly. "Right now!"

"Oh, yeah?"

Yanking the screen door out of my way, I shoved past him and whirled around in the middle of the kitchen. He stood at the doorway, gawking at me in surprise.

"What's this guy's name, lady?" I demanded.

"Wil-wilbur Crenshaw," she blurted, startled by my manner and abruptness.

"What the hell is this?" growled Wilbur.

"You killed my woman," I said flatly, stepping toward him. "It was only a shitty accident until you decided to run for it, Wilbur. Then it turned into manslaughter."

"Oh, dear Jesus!" whimpered the woman.

Wilbur's face went pale under his suntan and stubble.

"Now we can do this nice or we can do it the hard way. But either way, man, you're gonna face all the fuckin' consequences. You shoulda stopped that truck. You knew you had hit her. I'm a witness to that fact — that you tried gettin' away — and that's bullshit! So you better get on the phone. Call the heat out here. And take what you got comin', dig?"

"Oh, Wilbur!" wailed the woman.

"What have you done?"

"It w-was an accident," he mumbled, eyes darting from me to her and back. "No shit, Gert. I didn't even know a log was loose until —"

"Until you heard it hit something, looked back and saw my woman downed," I finished for him.

"Where's the phone, lady? I'm callin' the cops."

"Hold it!" babbled Wilbur, his face desperate. "Let's talk this over. I admit it. I panicked. Th-that wasn't right. Okay, I admit it. But I got a few bucks that —"

"Fuck you and your money!"

"You're not bein' reasonable!"

"My broad's dead, ya dumb fuck! Dead!"

"I can let ya have nearly a grand if you'll —"

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"You sure y-you won't take any money and let this whole th-thing



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just... Wilbur's voice trailed into silence, his bulgy eyes pleading.
"Ten grand wouldn't take ya off the fuckin' hook," I told him coldly.
"Ya can't buy yer way out of it. Now, for the last fuckin' time, where's the —"

"All right," said Wilbur brokenly.
"But let me call 'em."

"Why you?" I demanded.

"Jesus, man, gimme a break. It'll go a little better for me if I call 'em." He moved toward the dining room.
"I'll probably do time as it is."

I watched him leave the room.
"H-he's not really a bad man!" the woman slobbered, her face all scrunched up. "He's — he's had so much bad luck! And now th-this!"

Instinct flared in my gut, urging me to clear the place. I never ignore that fucking feeling. Never!

Taking three quick steps toward the back door, I dove through it — just as the double explosions behind me went off. The twin load sang its deadly song a couple of feet above my head. I scrambled for the nearest cover in the dark, reaching some boulders.

"N-no, honey!" begged the woman's voice. "Don't do it! Please don't do it, Wilbur!"

"Get the hell outta my way!" his voice snarled.

The fucker tried to snuff me! I realized with shock seeping into my stunned mind. That rotten cock-sucker is gonna do his best to murder me!

Wilbur burst out of the lighted doorway, still busily shoving shells into the opened shotgun, pausing on the porch as he closed the breach.

I left the boulder, sprinting across a few open feet of moonlit ground toward some trees. It wasn't the direction in which my bike was parked but, then, I sure as shit didn't intend leading the vicious bastard directly to my sled. I needed a few minutes to get my hands on that bow and quiver.

The shotgun belched thunderously again, and lethal sounds ripped through the leaves and branches a few feet to my right.



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That told me me two important things: Wilbur wasn't the best fuckin' shot in the world, and I could reload faster than he could. Stumbling into a patch of space between the trees that was moonlit enough to show me a few stones on the ground, I grabbed one up, darting into the shadows again and halting. Behind me, I could hear Wilbur cussing and thrashing his way through the same stand of willows.

Heaving the stone as hard as I could — in a direction opposite from the one leading to my bike — I waited, controlling my panting so I could listen to that hefty rock crashing noisily through the leaves. There was a gunflash and another boom thirty feet away toward where that rock had landed. Now Wilbur had to reload again.

I trotted silently toward my bike, avoiding the moonlit patches and brittle groundclutter as I went.

With the one-piece, 2-wheeled compound bow in my hand and the full quiver of arrows securely against my back, I felt more like the real me. I felt safe, in fact. Being in the woods with something dangerous ain't nothing brand new for me. I been earning a living by ridding ranchers of unwanted cougars and damn dangerous wild bulls for the past thirteen years. All I lacked now were the woodsy camouflage threads I usually wear while sitting or stalking. But they weren't needed for a night hunt like this. Testing the bowstring, I made fucking certain it was ready for business. The draw weight of 70 pounds would send an aluminum shaft at 200 feet per second. Since a clumsy man, stumbling over everything his feet encountered in the dark, wasn't going to be as alert or agile as, say, an elk or a deer — or one of the big cats — I knew the bowstring's sound, which travels at 600 feet per second, would do no more than confuse Wilbur.



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I could hit him with a razor-sharp hunting blade, and it would be like blasting away at shiners in a barrel with a greener.

So I suffered some dumbass second thoughts, every one of them dripping with gooey reluctance about killing another human being. Never having actually done it, I gave it some serious thought. True, the worthless fucker was right there — I watched him heading down to the river's edge in the moonlight, tilting his stupid head and trying to find me by sound so I could be flushed and dusted — still determined to quiet me forever. Even so, I didn't want murder on my hands or mind.

I've known dudes who've done it. They tell me that sleeping is a real problem sometimes.

Finally, I took the hunting head from its shaft, replacing it into a special pocket on the leather quiver and withdrawing a capsule dart with a 2-inch needle head from another special compartment. Flitting the dart onto the metal shaft, I checked it for true flight.

You get a gold star, Koby, I told myself derisively. Many bikers would have blown that treacherous slime away by now — and felt justified in doing it. But not you, you fucking boy scout! You're just gonna drop him with a heavy dose of tranquilizer and lug him back to town in his own cage for the Law to meet.

Briefly, I eyed the dart. Upon impact that capsule would pump enough sleepytime shit into Wilbur to keep him snoring for three or four hours. After all, it was loaded to put animals of three or four times his weight safely out for a minimal hour. There was no way I could lessen the dosage now. Not perched fifteen feet above the ground in a fucking tree.

Suddenly, I heard movement in the woods behind me. Easing around the limb crotch in which I huddled, I saw a figure coming quietly across the patches of moon-



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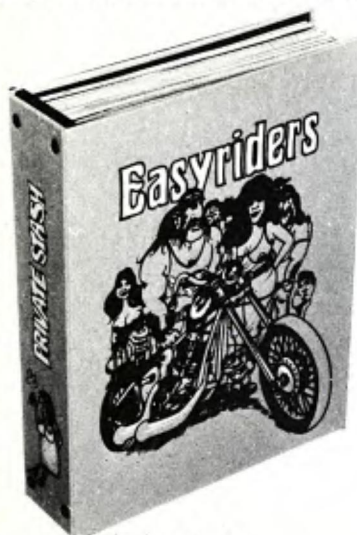
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light. It was *Gert!* And the sweet thing was toting a big, shiny .30-30. A chill scampered up my spine. She stopped beneath my tree. I held my breath.

"Wilbur, where are you, honey?" she called softly. "I ain't gonna let you go to prison again, honey. I'm gonna help you get ridda that man! Wilbur? Where are you, Wilbur?"

I glanced toward the murmuring river. Wilbur had turned around and was heading back in our direction. I clung there, realizing the odds had changed. Shit, now they were both hunting the stupid boy scout who hadn't wanted to off anybody!

Gert moved forward again, still calling softly in that hushy tone that was turning my blood to ice-water. Just as she cleared the trees, Wilbur stiffened visibly, spotting a moving figure.

He lifted the shotgun, firing both barrels.

Gert shrieked, spun around, and collapsed, crying shrilly, her legs kicking convulsively as she died. The .30-30 was flung into the underbrush.

I raised the bow, sighting and estimating windage, despite just a riffing breeze, and loosed the shaft, sending it across the twenty to thirty feet separating me from the oncoming Wilbur. When the dart punched his chest, he faltered. Three more wobbly steps and he dropped the shotgun, a hand clawing at the shaft dangling from the imbedded dart in his chest.

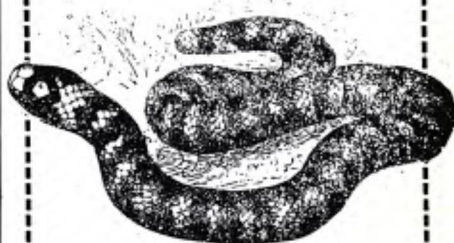
Two more weakening steps and he went down on his side. I could hear him breathing with effort now. I began clambering down from the tree. Carefully. Hunters get crippled for life, falling from trees. By the time I strolled over to Gert, her eyes were already glazing.

Then I sauntered past her to where Wilbur was half-crouched.



"Quit your bellyaching! You wanted a foreign car didn't you?"

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half-sprawled on his side. He had managed to pull the dart out. I picked it up, squatting and looking directly into his face.

"Can you still hear me, Wilbur?" I asked.

Dulled eyes tried focusing upon me. He was about two-thirds sedated, as they say. I knew I had only ten or fifteen seconds left to get my little message into his brain before the heavy dose of trunk zonked him into a lasting unconsciousness.

"Wilbur!" I said sharply.
"Wh-whaa?" His voice was thickened. Drool ran from a corner of his sagging mouth.

"You butchered your own wife, dummy."

The dulling eyes tried to widen. I grinned warmly. "Yeah, that's right. It was Gert comin' outta the trees, you poor asshole. She's stone cold dead, thanks to you!"

He blinked with great effort, making gurgling noises.

"Shit, two women in one day," I said, getting to my feet. "The sheriff probably wouldn't believe that, so I'll just make an anonymous phone call as I pass through town. Now don't you go worrying, Wilbur. By the time you've had a nice refreshing sleep there'll be all kinds of people out here to find you!"

His head dropped. His body slumped to the ground.

* * *

Four hours, ten brews, a hundred and sixteen miles south of the whole experience, I sat huddled in the booth of the steamy little puke joint, working on the eleventh beer and smiling wearily back at the little blonde whore who had been eyeing me hungrily while she raced around taking orders for food and serving the mob of truckers in the place.

I thought about Shirl, alone out there. I felt guilty. I knew I should go back and cover her up but, shit, anything crawling with ants turns me off. Besides, that really wasn't the loudmouthed, feisty doll I'd known. It was just something as dead as a turd in a milk bucket. I'd carry Shirl in my heart, but I'd be damned if I'd pack grief all the way back to Portland.

The busty, wet-lipped little blonde winked and licked her pouty lips. I winked back. She might give me the clap and herpes but I'd give her the chance to show me all the diverting things she knew.

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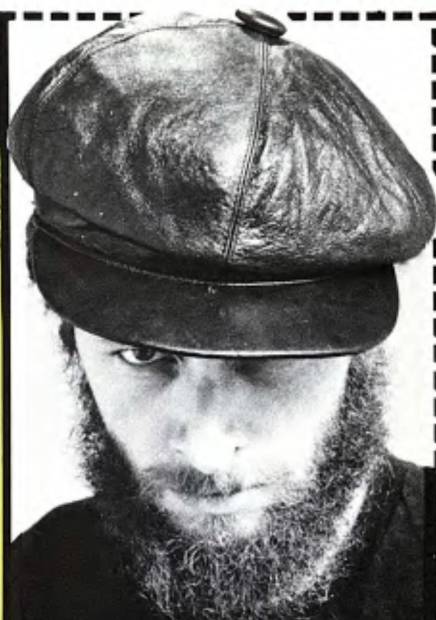
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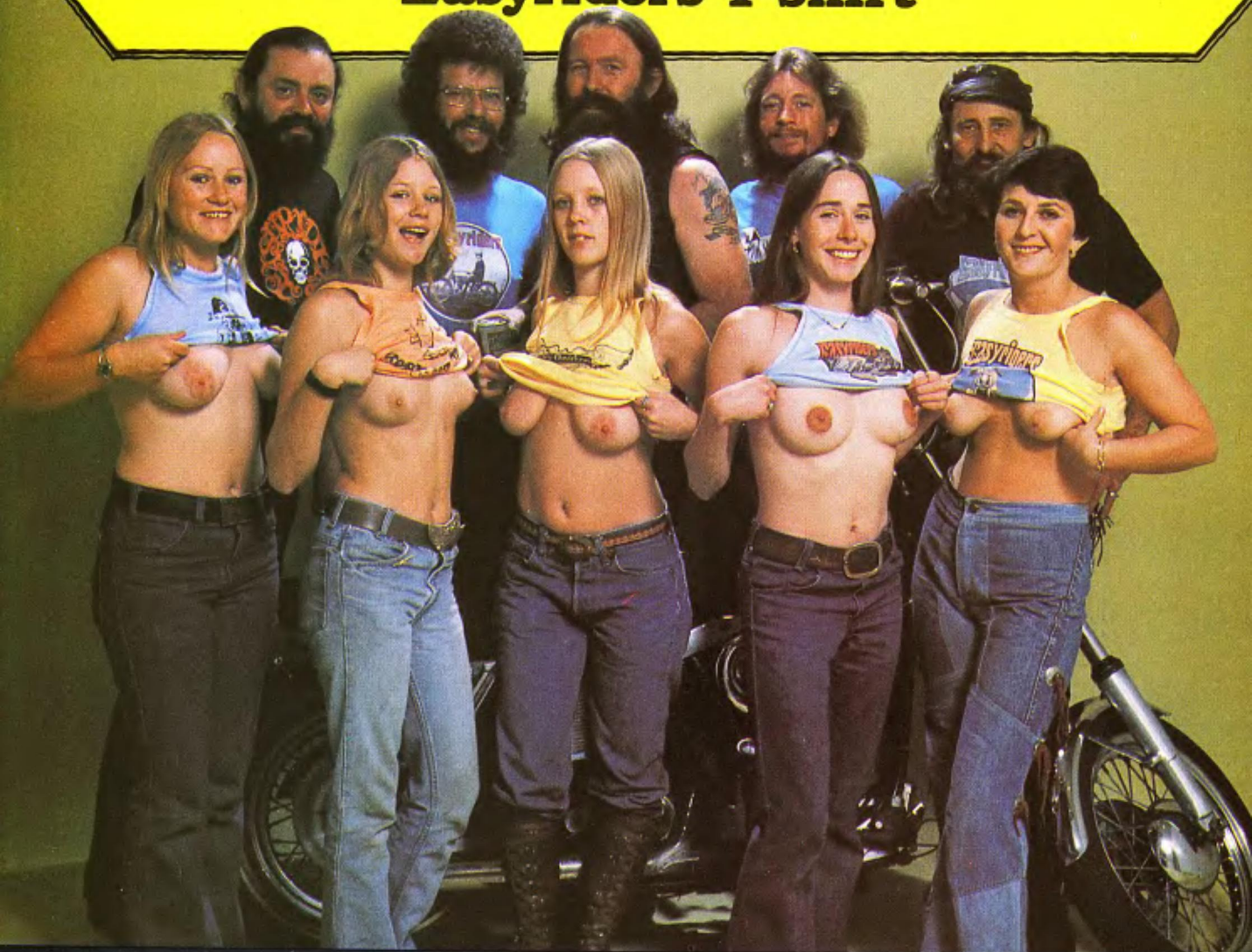
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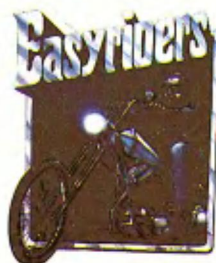
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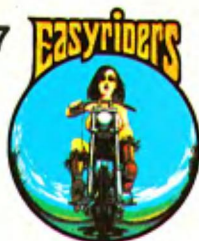
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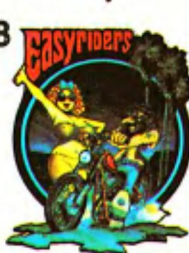
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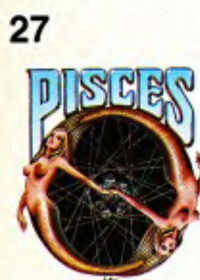
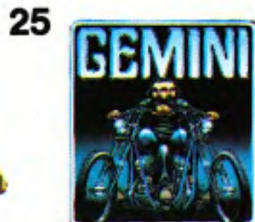
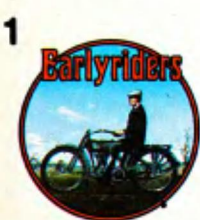
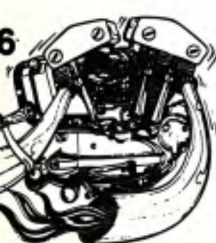


9



10





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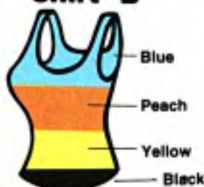
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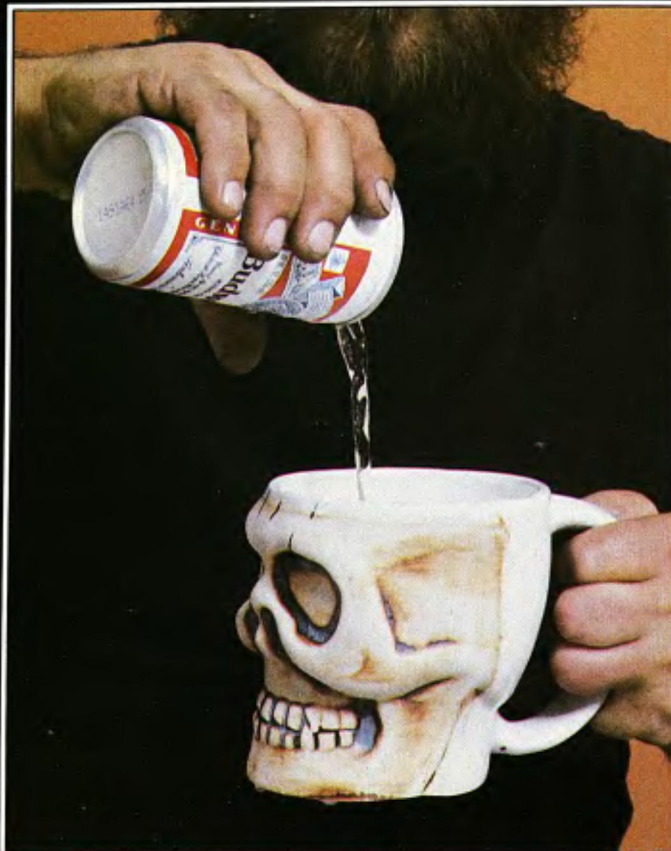
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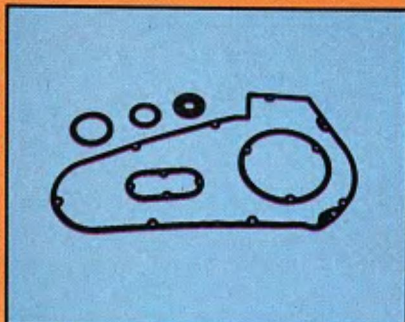
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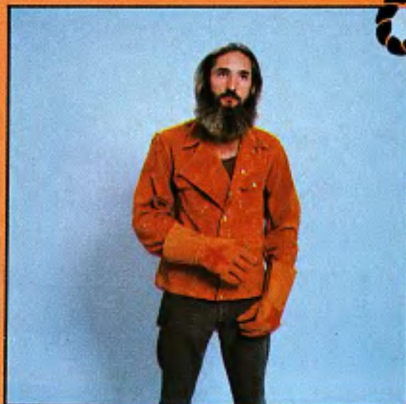


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Justice For Nomad

Continued from page 40

and who couldn't stomach people who didn't have some self-control. Years after graduation, the mention of a stock panhead, engine sprockets, pistons, pipes, or mufflers would put them right back in the Professor's class. *And all of them would suddenly feel thirsty.*

"Remember Professor Wilson?" They would smile.

But this remembrance should not deceive anybody about the Professor. He was no ordinary instructor. He was a nomad, and he was a holy terror.

"You people are here to learn about scooters," the Professor would say. "The first thing ya have ta learn is that there is only one motorcycle, and it's made by Harley-Davidson." He would pause for a moment, and then continue, "All other two-wheelers are a cheap, lousy imitation!"

The students came to the class three hours a day, five days a week, for ten months. He saw them as a challenge. Their ignorance evoked no compassion from him. "When you finish this course," he'd say, "you'll be able to disassemble a Harley in ninety minutes." "And," he'd continue, "you'll be able to reassemble it with your fuckin' eyes shut!"

Some instructors had trouble maintaining order, but not the Professor. Other instructors tried to make a game of their work; they awarded gold stars and shit like that. They threatened and promised, screamed and begged. The Professor never raised his voice. He never smiled. He laid before the students the list of his unalterable laws. And the laws were obeyed. There was work to be done. There was to be no whispering, no moving around, no noise at all. Coughing, if absolutely necessary, was to be done soundlessly. If one of these laws was broken, the Professor just stared at the student. That was all. If a student felt obliged to disturb the class by leaving the shop for a drink of water, he did so to the accompaniment of dead silence. The whole class would sit, idle and motionless, until he had returned. It was easier, even in 120-degree heat, to just sit and suffer.

Occasionally, there would be an independent student who didn't yield easily to group discipline. But the Professor knew how to handle a loner. Shit, he was a nomad himself.

Once, he heard two students talk-



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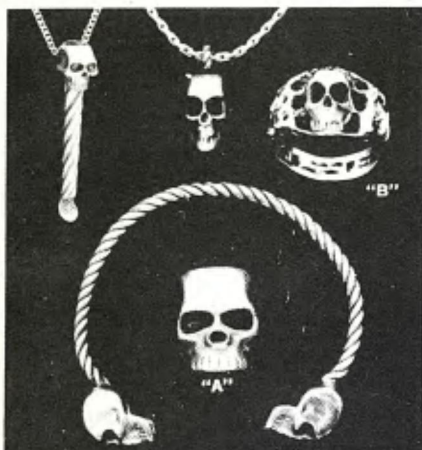
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ing about him at a drinking fountain. "I'd bet that damn Professor Wilson could whip the lightning outta a fuckin' thunderstorm!" one of the students said.

"Who? That ol' dipshit?" the other jeered. "Hell, he's too old to whip his own dick! I could handle 'im easy." He glanced around to see the Professor looking straight at him. The old man stared for a long time, his gray eyes expressionless. Finally, he said something.

"Gordon," he said to Lee, "you talk too fuckin' much, don't you?"

Lee Gordon nodded his head.

"S-sorry, Professor," he stammered, and stood motionless until the Professor left. Years later he sweated when he thought about it. Lee didn't know whether Professor Wilson remembered, but he himself did.

Life scattered the students after they graduated. Billy Cassidy was running a Harley-Davidson dealership in San Diego; Don Collins was a mechanic for Harley in Daytona Beach; Danny Davis was tearing up drag strips throughout the United States, riding a rebuilt panhead. Others were in Portland, San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles — repairing, painting, or selling Harleys. Their images came back to the Professor, but he saw them as they had looked during the ten-month course. Then the images faded and were gone.

The image that appeared most was that of Lee Gordon. The northern California papers had been filled with stories about Lee. He had been puttin' through Death Valley on a 1969 FLH when he was side-swiped by a hit-and-run, blue-and-gray Ford. His scooter was demolished — busted gas tank, broken frame, shattered hardtail, and blown tires — and Lee was in worse shape. He had a broken ankle.

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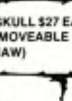
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busted ribs, fractured collarbone, concussion — all but dead.

For days he had limped, stumbled, and crawled through that desert with no food and only the water he had in a beer can. When he was found his tongue was protruding from his mouth, black and swollen from thirst. That's what struck the Professor — Lee had run outta water. The images never dared to interrupt his classroom. Or they never had until this morning.

A student in the back row cleared his throat. Another followed suit. And another. Soon, the whole damn room was dotted with the sound, a rough *h-hrmph* — like frogs in a swamp.

Slowly, John Gordon raised his hand. The sounds stopped. Silence swept the room. The Professor could see sweat on Gordon's forehead.

"We were gonna discuss transmissions," the Professor said, "but if you've got somethin' more important, Gordon, get it off your chest."

"I got a kite from Lee yesterday."

The Professor just stared at Gordon.

"He sent a message to the class," John said.

"Read the damn thing so we can get back to discussin' scooters!"

John Gordon began to read: "The thing about scooters is that they're just like the Professor said. But life is harder, more dangerous than pistons and shovelheads. And I had to get myself knocked shitless in the desert before I realized that *that's* what ol' man Wilson was tellin' us." John paused to wipe the sweat off his forehead, then continued. "You want to know if I was scared when that fuckin' cage knocked me off my sled? You'd better fuckin' believe it! But I wasn't as scared as I was the

Easyriders



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

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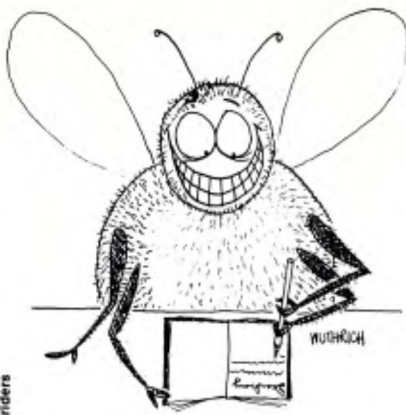
day the Professor heard me talkin' 'bout how I could probably whip 'im. I didn't roll over and die that time. I told myself, so I wasn't 'bout to roll over and die now!"

The students laughed nervously. "And later," John read on, "when I was draggin' my ass through Death Valley, ya know what I thought about? Well, it wasn't some babe on a centerfold. It was Professor Wilson. I thought about that fuckin' glare of his when we wanted a drink of water. So, to make my water last I just made like I was back in that damn class of his. Even after my water was gone, I kept thinkin' I was sittin' in front of the Professor. I'd think, This damn class is bound to end in a few minutes. I can make it till then. It took the same kinda guts to make it in Death Valley as it did in Wilson's classroom. Tell that to them dipshit students!"

"Is that it?" the Professor asked. "No, sir," John answered. "There's a little more. He says" — Gordon swallowed — "he says: Give that ol' sonuvabitch a kiss for me. That beautiful ol' fart saved my life." Gordon put the letter back into his pocket.

For the first and only time in his life the Professor didn't know what to say. He wanted to say something about what life really meant to a nomad; about the overwhelming generosity of the true brother. No, not generosity. It was something better than that, something harder to find. *It was justice.* It was a recollection of success — of bein' a hero among your own people!

The Professor teaches only once or twice a month now. But he thinks he has an outstanding replacement — a fiery-eyed brother named Lee Gordon.



Easyriders

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Wordmonger

Continued from page 8

nine to five they put in, they being the type of people being described at the time. Like Dylan's "Mr. Jones." Mr. Jones is a type, nothing more. It's the ol' story: If the shoe fits, wear it. If not...

□ I've got to ask one question. I was called a "citizen" by some biker chick. So what the hell is a fucking "citizen"? Is it a disease or something?

Lee
Ft. Inn, S.C.

■ Lee, meet "Mr. Jones," above.

Doggin' Around

□ You've been doggin' us around long enough. What we want to know is where are all the good parties?

Rat Man and Headley Winger, Minn.

■ Partyin' so much that we never get around to doggin' it.

Worth It

□ Today I got around to cleaning my shack, and while restacking my collection of *Easyriders*, I came to the realization of how much beer money I'd spent on them fuckers over the years. So what the fuck, was it worth it? Yeah, I guess so.

Dave Crockett
San Diego, Calif.

Harley Commercials

□ I want to ask a simple question. Why aren't there ever any commercials on the boob tube for Harley-Davidson? Ya see ads for them fuckin' riceburners. Why not the number-one bike on the roads of the world? Give me a good answer, not some smartass answer. I would really like to know.

Steve Powell
Shamrock, Tex.

■ Some of the Harley people feel they already have you—the loyal ones—so they're off looking for new, fresh, squeaky-clean markets to conquer, markets their polyester set feel are more acceptable. They call 'em Gentlemen Bikers—whatever that is.

No Sense

□ I was just sitting here listening to some James Gang and reading your latest rag. I'm askin' myself why the fuck you guys don't print in your "Downtime" section some of the good music like the James Gang, Steppenwolf, C.C.R.—you know, from late '60s, early '70s, or '74 even. It's still the greatest rock 'n' roll I've ever heard, not like any of the new shit that's around now. Doesn't make any fuckin' sense.

Rich
Ft. Bragg, N.C.

Slippin' Clutch

□ I was reading right along in *Easyriders*, issue #102, when something hit me right in the face. Like something wasn't right. So I flipped back to page 11 and there it wasn't! "Biker's Digest" wasn't there. It was on page 41 instead! I thought it was always on page 11. So I checked out all the issues for the past two years and found four "Digests" misplaced. All the rest were on page 11. Now I ask you, can you explain this? Are you playing games? Or is your clutch slipping?

Top Hat
Zephyrhills, Fla.

■ Nothin's forever.

"Motorcycle Types"

□ Hey, Spider, just want to compliment you on "Motorcycle Types" (Dec. '81). You did a good job on that article and said it all. You speak for many, many bros and it's appreciated. Live and let live. Hope you consider submitting your article to other rags so more people can read it. Keep up the good work, bro.

John Kinney
Birmingham, Ala.

□ I just want to say to Spider that he did a great job in #102 on the article "Motorcycle Types."

We gotta let the townspeople cry when they start missing the money we spend in their towns.

I'm just glad to say that I live in a small town near Angels Camp where they welcome the bikers and don't mind the hell-raisin' and good partyin' during the

Frog Jumps or when folks are passin' through, havin' good times.

Again, Spider, good fuckin' job!

Pee Wee Barnes
Murphys, Calif.

□ Nothing like the peaceful Iowa countryside for a laid-back ride on a scooter.

Could really relate to your article on "Motorcycle Types." Ain't it the truth? Guess there's no escape from unjust stereotypes till those few degenerates quit giving us all a bad name.

It makes no difference, black or brown leather jacket, Harley or Honda or the little monsters on mopeds—negative vibes get to us.

KSSR
Denison, Iowa

Kickass Story

□ I'd just like to say that I was checkin' out the November issue of *Easyriders* and came across that story "Fast Fred."

I think it was a kickass story. I never really wondered what it would be like to be a cockroach.

D.C.
Holland, Mich.

Best One

□ The "Ol' Lady Contest" pix in issue #101 were the best ever. For the first time I had serious trouble choos-

ing my favorite ol' lady.

I can only think of about 800 guys who'd give their left nuts for a night with Julie. Rhonda and Clara were also super, and there's obviously enough of Linda for three men to love.

I finally had to ask myself if there was a woman on the page who'd tempt me to put a rumble seat on my FXS. Frances was my choice. A smile like that is enough to make a guy start thinking about a steady job and a down payment on a ring.

Cutler
Cheyenne, Wyo.

No Way

□ I just wanted to drop ya a line or two to thank all you righteous brothers who have been bustin' your balls to make a rag like yours. I have been readin' the rag since the day it hit the street, and it's better than a big slice of raisin pie with hemorrhoids.

Tramp
Newberg, Ore.

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

Easyriders



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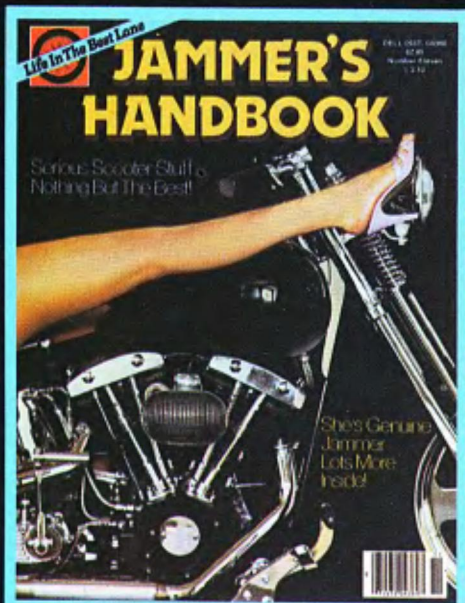
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Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Sweet Biker Women

Willie Nelson isn't doing his picnic scene for the Fourth of July anymore. But you can bet your ass the bikers are still showing up in force at Paleface Park, outside of Austin, Texas.

The scene is the same every year as thousands of folks converge on Paleface Park, with several scooter tramp camps spread all over. All of them have one thing in mind, to have a damn good time, and that they do.

It is always interesting to watch the straights who shy away from the biker camps on ground. But, just let some of those sweet biker women do a little skinny-dipping in Lake Travis and lo and behold, look at all the "normals" that are suddenly swimming around.

—The Ort
FTW

You Don't See It

There's something you won't see. It's not as noticeable as the all-new frame or the rubber-mounted engine or the five-speed transmission or the extra oil drain lines. It doesn't even stand out as much as the raised white letter Dunlop K181 tires or the new controls. What makes this motorcycle significant beyond its features is the name on the gas tank. It says Harley-Davidson. There are no initials before Harley and, of course, there is no expletive before the Davidson.

This does not mean that in the few weeks after Harley-Davidson separated from AMF that the engineers feverishly came up with a new model. Instead, over the past few years Harley-Davidson's engineering staff (you'd be surprised) has been working on a number of new projects, some of which were introduced before the separation, some are being introduced now, and others are still to

come. That notion may get lost before the history books are written, though. As these things sometimes happen, Harley-Davidson Motor Company may very well be judged on the success of the new models to bear that name.

—Cycle World

Such Problems

The highway was about as empty as my stupid wallet, and I was trying desperately to figure out a way to make a master link. The parts from my old one being scattered amongst the dirt and debris along the highway.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker

Claybrook's Demise

During the past decade, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) has become a household word among motorcyclists. And more times than not, the agency has been discussed among motorcyclists in a negative vein. At the center of controversy have been mandatory helmet laws — which NHTSA vigorously supported to the point of threatening to withhold federal funds from states which would not play ball — and former NHTSA Administrator Joan Claybrook.

After a long legislative battle, the motorcycling lobby succeeded in largely removing the helmet law question from the federal arena by removing NHTSA's power to withhold funds over that issue. Joan Claybrook became an unhappy slice of NHTSA history upon the inauguration of President Reagan. And, of course, Reagan didn't come to town alone.

One member of Reagan's administrative team is Ray Peck, a 41-year-old lawyer who served on the transition team and subsequently accepted an appointment as NHTSA administrator. Clay-

brook's departure from NHTSA was to motorcyclists what the end of the Great Depression was to bankers.

—American Motorcyclist

Hope Ahead

It's something that at one time or another affects virtually every motorcyclist on the road. And those of us who get to ride all the nice, shiny, powerful new motorcycles are particularly concerned because it indirectly interferes with our ability to ride.

If you haven't guessed, it's the national 55mph speed limit, usually referred to in the non-enthusiast press as "the life-saving 55mph speed limit," or the "fuel-saving 55mph speed limit." Bullfeathers, all of that. It was enacted by a bunch of out-of-touch politicians who were desperate to show voters that they were Doing Something about a shortage of gasoline.

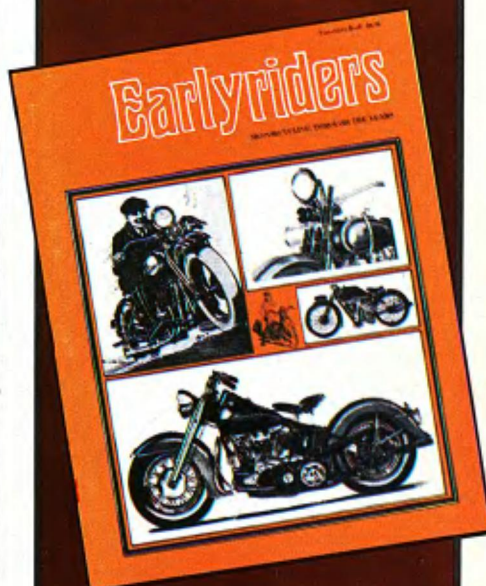
Good news is on the way for all of us opponents of the system. This was explained by a state highway safety official who shall remain nameless, as will the editor/violator and the highway patrolman who were discussing the matter at a safety conference.

It seems that the federal government has changed the compliance rules for speeders. Originally a state only had to show that something like 25 percent of the vehicles on the highway were running within the speed limit. That percentage increased each year, until some states couldn't show that they were within the compliance levels.

Now a new law is in effect and it requires 50 percent compliance. Or it will when it goes into effect. California isn't going to get 50 percent compliance. No number of policemen and airplanes and special programs will ever be able to get half of California's motorists to go 55mph.

—Cycle World

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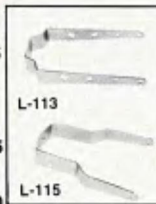
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Enclose \$90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add \$9.00 per pair—APO/FFPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add \$30.00 per pair.

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

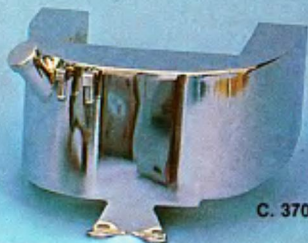
Dealers inquire on your letterhead.



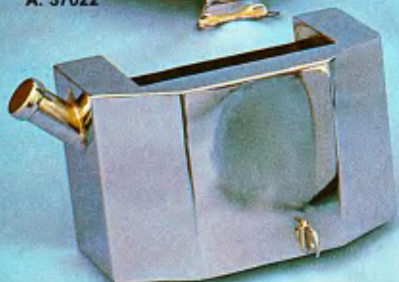
A. 37022



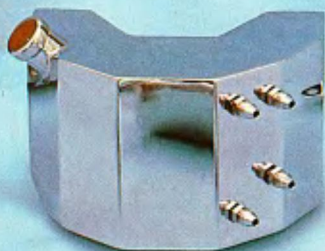
B. 37051



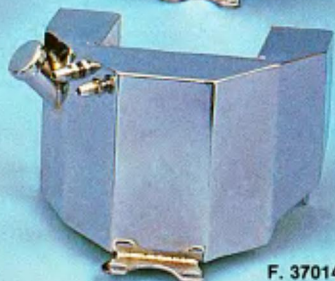
C. 37065



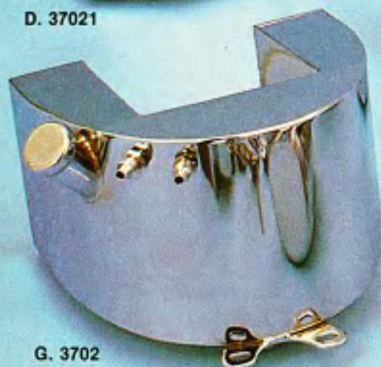
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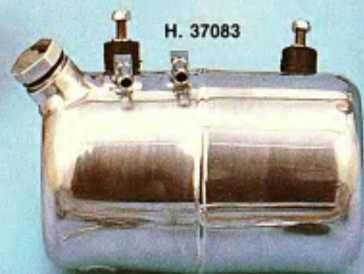
E. 3804



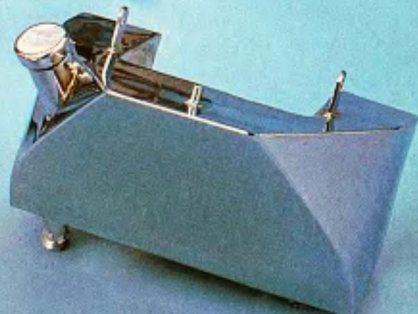
F. 37014



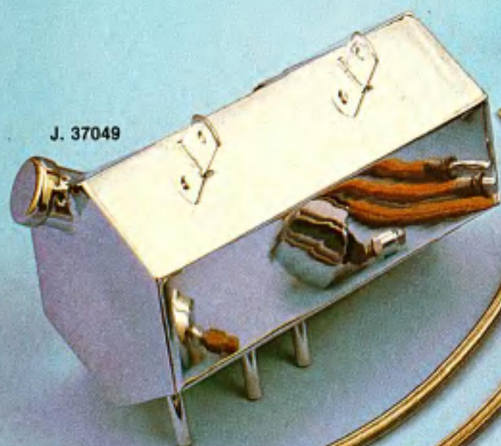
G. 3702



H. 37083



I. 37024



J. 37049



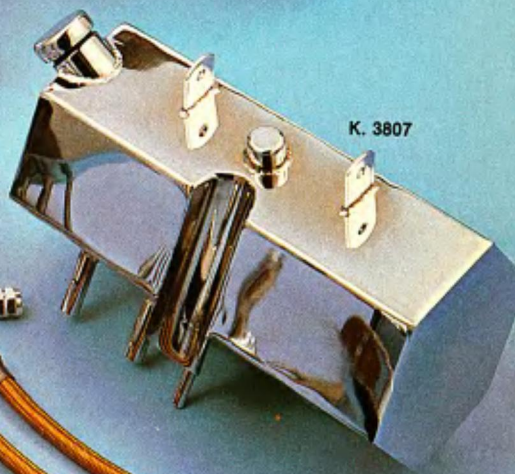
L. 37045



M. 37048



N. 3709



K. 3807



O. 37069



P. 37018



Q. 37015



T. 37042

S. 37054



Oil Tanks & Accessories

From 3 quart to 5 quart, Harley or Honda, our full line of oil tanks will get yours just what's needed . . . super styling backed by the finest manufacturing methods. Along with our other accessories for your system, you're assured that you can be runnin' with the finest . . . anytime and anywhere!

A. Hex Action 74 Oil Tank
Holds 3 3/4 quarts and will accept the Jammer Pack 12 volt or stock Harley battery. Fits all Harley 74s; swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. Includes cap.

37022 99.95

B. Harley 74 Side Fill Oil Tank — Electric
A wrap around 4 quart Harley tank for 1966-1980 electric start swingarm models. Accepts power pack battery or FX & FXS electric start battery.

37051 92.95

C. Harley 74 5 Quart Side Fill Oil Tank — Electric
A wrap around 5 quart beauty for all Harley electric start swingarm models, including fat bobs. This tank incorporates the same great features as the 4 quart listed above.

37065 94.95

D. Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank
Designed for 12 volt Jammer Pack or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick or electric start.

37021 99.95

E. Sportster Octagonal Oil Tank
A 3 quart wrap around tank for our hardtails and most other Sportster frames. Highly chromed, and side fill for ease, this tank includes filler cap. Our #3805 battery box fits perfectly to accept your battery. Kick start only.

3804 89.95

F. Octagonal Side Fill Oil Tank
For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick start only.

37014 89.95

G. Harley 74 Side Fill Oil Tank — Kick
Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick start only.

3702 89.95

H. Harley Aluminum Oil Tanks
High performance, light weight spun aluminum tanks. 4 and 5 quart will fit 74s. Sportsters with late style frames use 4 quart. Choose from two finishes, aluminum oxide trim blasted or polished. In addition, the 5 quart tanks are also available with a built-in replaceable oil filter (our #37067). Tanks come complete with brackets, fittings and cap. 5 qt. measures 6 3/4" x 9 1/4", 4 qt. measures 5 3/4" x 9 1/4".

3705 4 Qt., Blasted w/Filter 144.95

3706 5 Qt., Blasted 104.95

3707 4 Qt., Blasted 104.95

3701 5 Qt., Polished w/Filter 159.95

37082 5 Qt., Polished 109.95

37083 4 Qt., Polished 109.95

I. Honda Wedge Oil Tank
For Jammer 750 rigid frame. Kick or electric start. Includes cap.

37024 99.95

J. Harley 74 Hex Oil Tank
This 3 quart hex styled tank mates up to our hardtail as well as swingarm and rigid Harley frames. Features include battery provision, top/side filler spout, star-pressed ends, deep chrome and includes cap. Kick start only.

37049 79.95

K. Honda 750 Hex Oil Tank
This 3 quart hex tank bolts right up to our hardtail and will adapt to most other custom & stock frames. Accepts large 750 battery and stock oil lines. Star-pressed ends, chain relief makes this show chromed beauty an instant winner. Includes cap.

3807 82.95

L. Oil Tank Dipsticks
Custom chrome plated cap in Knuckle nut configuration fitted with a dipstick and "O" ring.

37045 Harley Tanks '36-'54 & Accessory Tanks 8.00

37046 Tanks with 1-5/16 Thread 8.00

M. Oil Temperature Gauges
Oil tank caps for custom and stock oil tanks with built-in readable oil temperature gauges. Push-pull rubber for that secure fit. A real safety item.

37048 Harley & Honda w/Jammer Oil Tanks 24.95

37071 Harley 74 & Sportster, All Years, Stock Oil Tank 24.95

37072 Honda 750, 1977 & 1978, Stock Oil Tank 24.95

N. Push-Pull Oil Tank Cap
A show chromed cap. Push-pull rubber for that secure fit.

3709 3.50

O. Oil Pressure Gauge Kits

Custom chromed oil gauges that work! Gauges feature quality diaphragm construction, red pointer, overload capacity, glass crystal and a standard 1/4" N.P.T. thread. Kits come complete with all necessary fittings.

37069 Harley 74, '70 & Up 22.95

37070 Harley 74, 38-69 22.95

37073 Sportster, '57 & Up 22.95

37074 Honda GL 1000, 1100, '78 & Earlier, '80 & '81 22.95

(Not for '79) 22.95

37075 Honda 750, '78 & Earlier 22.95

37081 Kawasaki 900, 1000, '78 & Earlier 22.95

P. Mini Oil Gauges
Custom chromed oil gauges measuring only 1 1/2" in diameter. Comes complete with fittings.

37018 Harley 74 16.95

37019 Sportster 16.95

37023 Honda 750 18.95

Q.R. High Performance Oil Line Sets

These braided stainless steel and bronze racing type oil lines are the latest "must" in detailing street and custom Harleys. Available for Harley 74s with custom and stock oil tanks.

1936-1967 Harley 74, for early oil pump, (straight lines, no bends) oil line kit using a wrap around oil tank.

37015 Steel 42.95

37078 Bronze 45.95

1936-1967 Harley 74, for early oil pump, (Bends at oil tank) oil line kit using a wrap around oil tank.

37030 Steel 54.95

37079 Bronze 57.95

1968 and later Harley 74 engine (or late pump on early model) using a steel inner primary with wrap around oil tank.

37016 Steel 54.95

37080 Bronze 57.95

1968 and later Harley 74 engine using a stock aluminum primary (vent style) with a wrap around oil tank.

37029 Steel 54.95

1968 and later using stock aluminum primary (Vent style) with a stock oil tank.

37031 Steel 54.95

1936-1967 Harley 74, for early oil pump, using Jammer's spun aluminum high performance oil tank.

37076 Steel 54.95

1968 and later Harley 74 engine (or late pump on early model) using Jammer's spun aluminum high performance oil tank.

37077 Steel 54.95

S. Oil Filter

Spin off oil filter with bracket. Gives added life to your bike's engine and looks great too. Oil is filtered as it returns to the oil tank. Chrome bracket, oil filter hoses and clamps.

37054 Harley 74 34.95

37050 Sportster, thru 1977 34.95

Replacement Filters Spin-On

37066 Harley 74 6.50

37067 Sportster 6.50

T. Chrome Oil Coolers — Hayden Mark 3TC

A Hayden oil cooler will reduce your hot oil temperatures 20 to 80 degrees. Each 20° drop in oil temperature doubles, yes doubles, engine and clutch life. That's reason enough to buy a Hayden.

A Hayden cools fast. Every Hayden cooler features our patented inner-swirl core design. The inner-swirl core design swirls and turbulates hot engine oil as it passes thru the cooler. External fins force the outside air against the cooling surface. The combination of inner and outer swirling gives twice the cooling power.

A Hayden is for cold weather too! Each Honda and Kawasaki Hayden cooler kit comes with a custom designed adapter to fit your bike. The adapter has a built-in control valve that regulates oil temperatures in cold weather. So if you ride in the summer or winter, a Hayden oil cooler will protect your engine from overheating year-round.

37042 Harley 74 & Sportster & All Dry Sump Bikes 94.10

37040 Honda Fours 750, 550, 500, 350, GL 1000 116.15

Also 750 F w/Minor Modifications 106.15

37041 Kawasaki 900, K1000 106.15

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 123)



Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 RIGID FRAME

74 Jammer Rigid Frame

Made of mild steel. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.

2804 349.95

Mechanical Brake Kit

Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.

2805 19.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame

Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.

2801 359.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.

74 RIGID FAT BOB FRAME

74 Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame

Added stress bar. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.

2807 389.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame

Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed.

2808 399.95

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead 74 and 80 Flatheads

All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rat than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

Our Rigid Frames

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

SPORTSTER RIGID FRAME

Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame

You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1981 kick or electric start into our frame. The holes are reamed and tapped.

2802 339.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

750 HONDA RIGID FRAME

750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame

Accepts any year 750 engine. Has Harley 74 neck and will accept all Harley 74 components to assemble springer to this frame. To accept a Honda front end order our custom Honda fork cups, #61023.

2803 334.95

Jammer Frame/Oil Tank Chart

Frame #	Custom Fit Tab Type Tank	Bolt In Type Tank
2801	3706, 3707, 37049, 37082, 37083	3702, 37014, 37022, 37051, 37065
2802		37021, 3804, with 3805 Box, 3808 Bracket
2803	37024	
2804	3706, 3707, 37049, 37082, 37083	3702, 37014, 37022, 37051, 37065
2807	3706, 3707, 37049, 37082, 37083	3702, 37014, 37022, 37051, 37065
2808	3706, 3707, 37049, 37082, 37083	3702, 37014, 37022, 37051, 37065

No Matter Who You Are Or Where You Are, You're Covered!

Part of living in the best of the best means making sure there's always a taste of everything waitin' for you. To help assure you, we suggest that you begin your jammin' with a trip to one of our stocking authorized dealers listed here. You'll find him to be your kind of people. Have him familiarize you with his rollin' stock of good-lookin', go-fast jammer products.

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PRESCOTT M.C., 212 N. Center, Prescott (602) 778-8181

TUTTLES, 1881 N. Acacia Blvd., Lake Havasu City (928) 855-8106

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THOMPSON'S, INC., 820 E. 82nd St., St. Louis (314) 326-3844

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87099 Black Plain 134.95
8800 Black Harley 134.95

B. Jammer Scooter Seat. Just right for working on bikes. Rolls in any direction instantly. Made of steel with wooden top. The metal tray under the seat holds a bunch of tools. It's so good that you'll find most professional motorcycle mechanics using it.

12807 21.95

C. Leather Chaps. If you're serious about ridin', these are the hot ticket! They're designed for both comfort and long wear. Throw in the good looks and you're on the way! One size fits all.

86091 133.95

D. Ride-To-Live Cap. Here's our own expression of what it's all about. Your basic adjustable black cap with our own added custom flavor ... a big, bold black suede & silver patch sittin' above a pair of silver scrambled eggs. You'll get some mileage outta this one! One size fits all.

128024 5.95

E. Leather Saddlebags. Rich, deep brown leather crafted by experts and detailed with a bitchin' winged wheel. They measure 9" x 12" x 4 1/2".

51014 99.95

F. Black Jammer T-Shirts. What else could you want for you and the ol' lady — quality shirts with our great logo in bold color.

128061 Small 6.95

128062 Medium 6.95

128063 Large 6.95

128064 X-Large 6.95

G. Jammer Tank Tops. A great all-American favorite. White tanks with our logo. Run it on you or your lady — either way you come out ahead. Break down and buy a few.

128010 Small 4.95

128011 Medium 4.95

128012 Large 4.95

128022 X-Large 4.95

H. Harley Oil Can Mug. Authentic reproduction of the original Harley oil can. Just add beer!

13001 7.95

I. Harley Hat. Here's some heavy treatment in a hat. All leather with a brim to match. Available in a variety of colors and styles.

86015 Black Plain, Small 24.95

86016 Black Plain, Medium 24.95

86017 Black Plain, Large 24.95

86024 Brown Ruff, Medium 18.95

86025 Brown Ruff, Large 18.95

J. Barbarian Belt. Leather with a touch of the macho. Everyone looks good in this one!

137029 30-34, Small 16.00

137030 34-38, Medium 16.00

137031 38-42, Large 16.00

137032 42-46, X-Large 16.00

K. Chrome Chain Belts. These are fashioned after the "real deal." Available in three different styles for any waist (almost any)! Add a superbly crafted buckle and you're halfway to paradise!

13301 28-30, Ol' Lady 29.95

13302 32-34, Ol' Lady 29.95

13303 36-38, Ol' Lady 29.95

13304 38-40, Ol' Lady 31.00

13305 28-30, Sportster 38.95

13306 32-34, Sportster 38.95

13307 36-38, Sportster 38.95

13308 40-42, Sportster 39.95

13309 42-44, Sportster 41.00

133010 28-30, Harley 74 38.95

133011 32-34, Harley 74 38.95

133012 36-38, Harley 74 38.95

133013 40-42, Harley 74 39.95

133014 42-44, Harley 74 41.00

L. Silver Cross Goggles. Made to last. Features soft leather backing, laminated glass. Can be used with helmets.

130022 42.95

M. Climax Goggles. Everyone's favorite. Laminated curved lenses with adjustable straps surrounded by soft leather.

130016 48.95

N. Trucker Wallet. A four pocket beauty made from beefy leather. Heavy duty snaps and chain. Black.

137045 15.00

O. Trucker Wallet. A six pocket set-up with a distinctive Harley patch for some added class.

137053 22.00

P. Harley Decal. A multi-colored expression of your machine ... Made in U.S.A. logo.

130057 3.35

Q. Large Harley Eagle Patch. Brown, white, gold and silver.

130089 12.95

R. Black Beauty Bungee Cords. Made to work, made to last.

51031 18" Two Hook 1.70

51032 24" Two Hook 2.00

51033 24" Four Hook 2.20

S. Short Finger Leather Gloves. An all leather riding glove with a scoop back and velcro wrist strap. They're the ultimate answer to cool, blister free riding with maximum feel. These gloves are also a must for nail biters!

130025 Small 16.95

130026 Medium 16.95

130032 Large 16.95

130049 X-Large 16.95

T. Futura Knife. Ultra-flat and sleek. Hand-crafted rust-proof blade that holds a super edge. Does not require a sheath.

134011 3 1/4" Blade, 4 1/4" Handle 8.95

134012 3" Blade, 4" Handle 8.50

134013 2-5/8" Blade, 3 1/2" Handle 7.40

U. Biker Pins. Fine metallic detail and color. Use 'em on jackets, caps or anywhere. Clasp included.

129067 Chopper 3.50

130052 Large Harley Wings, Gold 3.40

V. All-In-One Tool Knife. Take care of business with this one. Here's a high quality steel adjustable crescent wrench (5-5/8" long) housed in a leather grained type grip. Hidden away is a 2 1/2" blade, a phillips & flat screwdriver, file, awl and bottle opener.

134031 21.95

W. Boot 'n Belt Quick Draw Knife. Double edge 440C steel solid brass bolsters and rivets. Features a virtually indestructible handle. Includes sheath.

13404 4" Blade, 4-5/8" Handle 28.95



Get your taste of eyeball heaven now! Send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, California 91506.

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 123)

A. 8800



B. 12807



A. 87099



C. 86091



E. 51014



F. 128061



G. 128010



H. 13001

D. 128024



I. 86016



029

K. 133010

K. 13301

M. 13001



L. 130022



O. 137053



Q. 130089



P. 130057

N. 137045



T. 134011



U. 129067

U. 129052

V. 134031

W. 13404

R. 51031

S. 130025



Choppershopper

Continued from page 85

Bill: Being your ol' lady and ridin' on your scot has shown me where I belong in life—with you! All my love on our first anniversary Feb. 12. Maryann. (105)

Tom: Happy birthday, babe. 2-19. Hope all your years are filled with as much happiness as this last one of mine has been with you. You are the greatest! Love always. #1 Lynda. (105)

Professed pagans sharing cell and future with woman. One rides the other, maybe. Anti-Prejudice. Renaissance men. Send "decent" flick to Roberta "Lucky" Paolo, P.O. Box 42398, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (105)

Harley: How's that '51 pan and that '51 pickup? Ty. HHC 2/64 AR. APO New York. N.Y. 09702. (105)

"Desperado": What we have is what we've searched for all our lives! Let's get our shit together and live on. '89 isn't too far away and I'll love you every step of the way, always and forever! See you real soon. "Bandit." (Joey Trip). (105)

Stony: Thanks for showing me how life should be lived. Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Speed, W. Germany. (105)

Lost my brother biker John in N.Y. Has brothers Jay and Digger. Please write or phone Ronnie Cosgrove, 915 Rail Court, McLean, Va. 22102. (703) 827-0820. (105)

Ron: What's it like in the world? Give me an address. 8 months left here. Bud. (105)

Fuzzy Face: Happy birthday (Dec. 4). I respect you enough to let you fly free; loved you enough to let you go. Hope you find the dreams you seek, and peace within your soul. You'll always live within our hearts, and that will never change. It's a cold and lonely winter without you home to stay. Honey and your Baby Blue. (105)

Spider and Cathy from Minnesota: Thank for all your help at Sturgis. Forgot to exchange addresses. Get in touch! "Gypsy" Maria Wojcowski. RR #1, Box 550-A, Highland Lakes, N.J. 07422. (105)

Mike Lancaster: Happy anniversary 2-82. Especially Valentine's Day, when I took your virginity away from you. I love you more than anything, as I know you love me, babe. We'll be together forever. Your fiancée, Cuddle Critter. (105)

Mike La Master, write P.O. Box 641, Lake Isabella, Calif. 93240, or 8925 Los Altos Dr., Buena Park, Calif. 90620. (105)

30-year-old w/m Scorpio would like to get letters from sincere ladies who could put sunshine back into my life. Death row is hell and you could help me ease the pain. Send pix and letter. Roger Dale Stafford #103767, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501. (105)

Peach: You show me a love I wasn't sure existed, but always hoped for. Happy 21st, Steve. (105)

Lizard, Outcasts Nomad: Get in touch with Crash at P.O. Box 336, Eaton, Ind. 47338. (105)

1952 Cadillac hearse, xint condition, 51,000 original miles, \$1,800. obo. If you have the cash or something good to trade, write me. Send \$2 and sase for photos, Roger, 628 N. Centineia, Inglewood, Calif. 90302. (105)

Larry, may you always ride hard and live free. You know you will always be my main man. Love you. Kelly. (105)

Kelly: Welcome home, babe. Even though we've been apart for the past 15½ months our love survived and grew stronger. You're a very special person and I love you deeply. Hurry home! Shari. (105)

J.C.: You're still on my mind. I wish things could have been different. I miss you. Happy birthday. Sugar, R.R. (105)

Looking for a gorgeous slut. If you don't qualify, just shut up. If you do, send a picture proving it. Robert "Gypsy" Zelenka, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (105)

Satan (Stan): Happy 33rd (10/4/81), and happy 1st anniversary (11/7). Here's to many, many more, 'cause you know that I love you and that we'll ride together forever. I know it's late, but better late than never. Satan's trouble (Trish). (105)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Exciting, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (105)

Petite, 25-year-old Harley-lovin' ex-mc biker lady turned Christian seeks Harley-lovin' biker sincerely turned Christian. Include recent photo. Age pref. 30-35. Write Sherry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (105)

Two good-looking females, 24, would like to meet two easygoing bikers who need a good ol' lady, 25-30, in Ohio area. No hard parties. Send picture. C and B, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (105)

White male, 30, 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, would like to meet single chick with head together, good times, and a meaningful relationship; also to share cycle seat. Send letters, pictures, and phone number to Harley, P.O. Box 4532, Casper, Wyo. 82604. (105)

Howy: Happy 30th birthday, 1-14-82. Kisses to my killer. Love, Fuzzies. (105)

Lonely outlaw, 26 years old, down until 1984. Needs letters and photos from together ladies. Write to Trinity Lane #45708, Box 600, Canon City, Colo. 81212. (105)

Krasy: Nobody better at loving and living than you, Thanx for sharing the wind and wisdom with me. Happy Patch Annie, Forever ride free and safe. Love ya, babe. Pepper. (105)

Mark and Linda: Contact Chino and Mary (from Paradise), 414 N. Main, Manteca, Calif. 95336. (105)

Daryl: Happy third anniversary 2-82. Hope all our wishes come true. Love ya, Dagmar. (105)

Tampa Riders: Searching for Jeff. blond, Tampa '80, had a Sporty, daughter Chasity; he hung out in Biggie's Pub. Info appreciated. Fuckups, save your dime. Call (201) 933-1349, Sugar. (105)

Peter Rabbit: Happy birthday 3-82. Here's hoping that in twenty years you'll still love Cotton Tail. HFFH. Love, Cotton. (105)

Pretty orientals seek gentlemen. "Golden Hearts." Box 2423-E, Yakima, Wash. 98907. (105)

To Midget, the best fucking, sucking, big tits and ass ol' lady in all of H-D land. Here's hoping ya'll always have the best of everything (besides me), and ya'll always pack behind me. (Eat yer heart out, Mutha.) Jole Blon, Baytown, Tex. (105)

Tim (Smack) McCormack from machine gun, where you at? My bro looked for you in Ft. Collins last year, but you'd moved on. Good people like you are scarce; let's get together and party. Mark Phillips, USS Connoie (FF1056), FPO N.Y. 09566. (105)

Swapmeet, March 14, Kansas City Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. (105)

White couple, 29, desires helpful correspondence and friendship from anyone, anywhere, to help start a new lifestyle in biking. Enjoy outdoors, etc. Robert and Sue Hodge, 1398 W. 7th, Corsicana, Tex. 75110. (105)

Chris B: Still thinking of you, Love, Red. (105)

Cavemen MC, Germany: Stateside reunion planned. Inactives and old friends write. Thom Ratliff, 508 Linda Dr., Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240. (106)

Professional Tattooing Handbook (illustrated). Trade secrets, expert instruction. Making tattooing machines, removing tattoos (\$72 pages), \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (105)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (105)

Zap: By the time you read this, you'll be riding. I'm proud of you, honey. First run, Grouse Mountain, then Kitimat. With you, it's where I wanna be. I love you, don't ever let me forget that. Lovey C. (105)

Moldie. Outcasts Nomad: Get in touch with Crash, P.O. Box 336, Eaton, Ind. 47338. (105)

Looking for big man with growth on the face. No heavy drugs or booze. Financially secure, no free loaders. I am a w/f, 35, 5'5", 115 lbs., with brown hair and eyes. Love knuckles and pans. Send photo to C.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (105)

Need leathers? Expensive? Put ol' lady to work on any sewing machine. Graded patterns/instructions: Bikers vest \$7, chick's vest \$7, and halter \$5. Brochure: Pattern/kits/hides (\$30). Windy Mountain, Box 96E, Pollock Pines, Calif. 95726. (105)

Tom Mayne: Please contact your cousin Mary as soon as possible. I want to visit you! (17404). (105)

Thanks to the Ghost Riders MC for some great fuckin' party. Royal Knights MC Bluefield, W. Va. (105)

For sale: Indian Chief frames, gliders, cheap basket engines, trans, etc.; sase with needs. Also 1945 Military Chief complete; needs work. Pics and info \$1 and sase. Roman, 325 Randall, Waterloo, Iowa 50701. (105)

Wanted: Invader, 10-spoke square mags, 21 front, 16 rear. Contact Gary Sundby, RR1, Box 246, Lennox S.D. 57039. (105)

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. (105)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Kevin Avery, last known address Winfield, Kan., contact Ricky Hasenfratz, 1303 Money Ave., Lot 30, Augusta, Kan. 67010. (105)

Young biker seeks nice Korean lady for friendship. A reformed prison bro, R.B. 70 Dayton St., Danvers, Mass. 01923. (105)

Harley-Davidson speed secret Bonneville-tested 74" and 80" flatheads. Also 45s. Send \$3.95 Flatheads Forever, Box 1188, Medford, Ore. 97501-0089. (105)

\$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. (105)

Harley stationery—Classic eagle design. A righteous gift for you ol' lady or man. Each order includes 20 printed sheets, 20 plain sheets, 20 envelopes. No local waits; most orders mailed day received. \$4.95. Cee Bee, Box 12632, San Diego, Calif. 92112. (105)

Afskaf hjeelmloven, legalceer choperen. Stot Nat. ABATE of Denmark, Skriv til: Nat ABATE of Denmark, Hjelmsvaenget 46 st. tv. 5250 Odense SV, DK. (106)

Confidential address—mail forwarding, remailing. We're one of the best, and one of the cheapest. Free info. R&J Enterprises, 42 Pier Ave., Suite 138-L, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254. (105)

Daytona Swapmeet: The 4th annual Daytona Swapmeet at the Volusia County Fairgrounds, Rt. 1 and Rt. 44, Daytona, Florida, don't miss this great meet. Plan now to attend. For information write Jan. On Productions, 4120 40th St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (105)

Biker minister been marryin' and buryin' bros for 12 years; bikers' prizes, baptize your rugrat. Righteous ceremony. Fr. Jeff, 2303 1st Ball Rd., #229, Anaheim, Calif. 92806. (105)

Lisa Jane: Two years is too long. Phone number is still 823-6508 or 9379, collect. Love, Jack and Joyce. (105)

Need a lady partner who knows how to assist a con. Must be for real. Robert "Gypsy" Zelenka, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (105)

Onward through the fog. Another victim of "justice by the dollar" needs to hear from those who care. Richard A. Miles #307822, Ellis Unit CA-2, Huntsville, Tex. 77344. (106)

Jack and Mom: Flo Char is dead. Call Bud collect. (105)

Attention, Warlocks MC in Pennsylvania: Urgent that you contact me, Gary (Scruff) Utley, Box 133803, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (105)

Lonely renegade, doing time, needs a woman that's fine. Karl McCament, Box C-18142, CTF-C, Solana, Calif. 93960. (105)

Ronnie: Thanks for the beautiful love and friendship we share. We do it great! Babe. (105)

T.L.: You're somebody special. You have become the most important thing in my life. What respect have for you and your life and want to be a part of your life and ride in the wind with you. I love you as I have never loved anyone else before. Remember that special moment at Nantucket on your Harley? I will always remember that! I don't believe any woman could love a man as I do you. Lonely 1-4-3. (105)

Hey, my brother Bandidos: Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. This is the last year here for me next year I'll see ya all in person. Love, respect, and loyalty. Patrick LeDoux, #291813, Ellis Unit J-24, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (105G)

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