

Easyriders®

**Gettin' Around The
Unleaded Gas Blues**

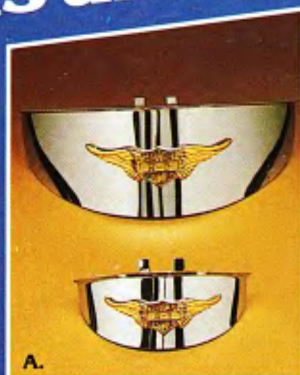
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**Here's A Meet
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Ya Brung!**

**—and all that
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leg-wettin'
humor, and a few
serious things
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good luck!**



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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Number 106

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

Cover photo of Shirley and Rick by Pete Chiodo

NASTY FEET

From
EASYRIDERS

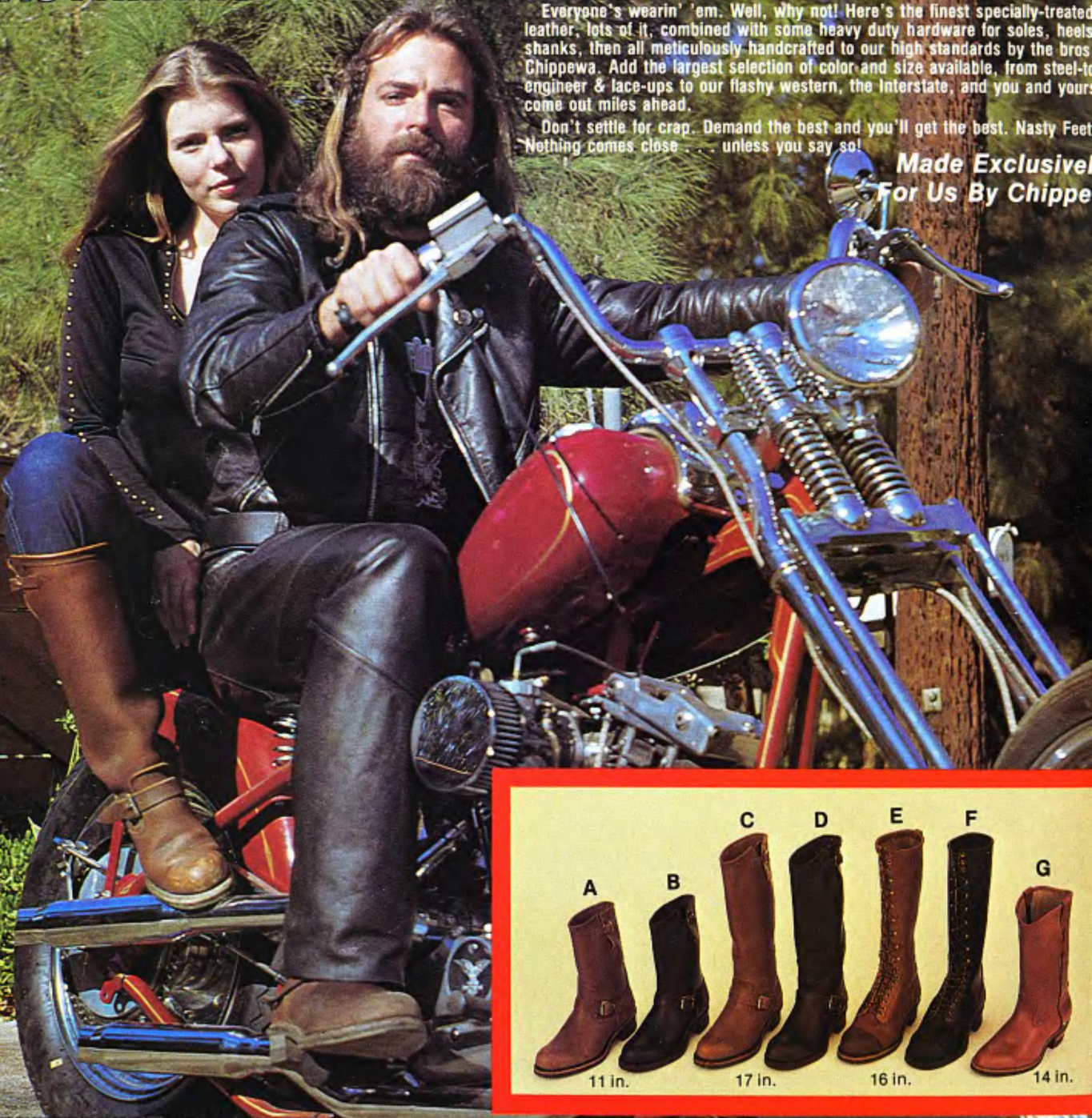
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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Shit, there goes my beer money. The police (at least in San Francisco) are askin' the rent-a-scratch women to snatch on their pimps to the pavement pounders, the theory bein' that instead of fillin' up the jails with loose women (in many ways), why not get the dirty low-lives who force the broads to hit the streets, tellin' 'em not to come back until they've earned enough to get the tranny fixed, or somethin' like that.

Paid your taxes? Well, the feds have made an exhaustive test and the results are of interest to no one except the immediate families of the researchers who want to eat until the government handout is used up. The research? To find out if sea birds use their noses (sense of smell) to fish with. (Smell a minnow fart from 20 feet in the air? Now really!). Who cares how they catch fish anyway?

At last we found a use for a full-sized helmet. You know the type—they look like watermelons with a slot for your eyes and a crawl hole to get inside. Well, after months of searchin', a use has been found. A dude in Arizona scooped up a hornet in his helmet and the hornet freaked, finally settling down on something that appeared real—the rider's ear. But shit, the day was hot, the helmet was sixteen zillion degrees inside with no air, and the hornet wondered if he had freaked out, so he started sticking his stinger into the other ear—something had to stop this bubble gum machine, which it finally did when the bike got to the next ringding shop.

A cop was on patrol, cruising around, trying to find a biker to get his daily workout on, when he spotted a guy trying to close the door of a fish shop. The owner had been scarfed on by a mess of piranha fish and was trying to lock the door with his one good hand. The cop got out to help, since obviously the dude's other arm was lunch meat. In the process, he accidentally let the shop's guard dog loose and it ran right to the patrol car and immediately pissed on the driver's seat and dumped a load in the cop's hat. So much for helpin' someone.

A dozing dude was awakened and hauled off to the local jail to sleep it off. No beef—he just had to sleep it off before bein' released. When he woke up, he found himself in a cell right next to another cell full of marijuana being stored for someone else's trial. He reached through the bars, filled up the Coke can he had with buds and was released, simple as that. Once outside the jail, he found he didn't have a can opener to get the shit out, so he wandered over to a couple in a car to see if they had an opener. He explained his problem to them and they got out of their car to help. But they immediately put the cuffs on him—they were undercover cops in an unmarked car.

How about those bureaucrats? You know, those silver-tongued devils who don't want to work—they'd rather get their pals to pass laws to keep each other pushin' pencils. Shit, it beats a shovel. So they dream up stuff to keep busy. It doesn't cost them—just us. According to North Carolina law, the owner of a motorized wheelchair is required to get a special driver's license for the chair. Makes no difference if he only goes from the bedroom to the kitchen to fetch a glass of milk, he needs an official North Carolina driver's license to do it. If it goes a top speed of 4mph from one end of the large testing room to the other, he executes a three-point turn. Then they tell him about the license plate. Yes, friends, a wheelchair user must not only have a driver's license to go get his glass of milk, but he also must have a license plate affixed to the back of the wheelchair. This is weird, weird, weird. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Happy, Happy, Happy

☐ I'm so happy that your art department has a fail-safe, sure-fire, bullet-proof system to prevent pickin' up used copy from a previous issue that I could just shit!

R.C.
Xenia, Ill.

■ You mean the one that didn't work recently?

Profane Christmas?

☐ Damn! Is there no end to this prejudice against bikers? While listening to Paul Harvey on the radio this morning, I heard something that blew my whole day. He talked about a recent toy campaign in San Jose where some two hundred motorcyclists and their "molls" (wearing leather, tattoos, tight blouses, and spiked heels) had the audacity to help the Salvation Army distribute toys to needy children, thereby profaning the Christmas holiday — as if those kids cared who the bikers were or how they were dressed. All they knew was that someone cared and showed it.

Tony Wheeler
Athens, Tex.

What's A Monger?

☐ What the fuck is a Word-monger? Who the hell are ya, anyway?

Lovin' It
Simi Valley, Calif.

■ Someone who is a dealer of words. I do this column and clean the shitters.

Show Some Taste

☐ The truth is that some of you other readers who have been pickin' the winning ol' ladies of the month need some eyeball adjusting, or you should stop pickin' and let some righteous ol' ladies step in and take a bow for a change. I mean, we can do better than what has been selected.

The staff could put a picture of Miraculous Mutha in with Spider's asshole for her face and Rufus' balls for her tits and you assholes would

probably do dick-stands all the way to the mailbox and vote for that one. So stop pickin' your brains through the hole in the middle of your face and let's pick real winners each issue.

S.L.
Livingston, Tex.

Wants More Triumphs

☐ I'm sick and tired of all this Harley shit. I mean, the scoots are righteous and all, but give some credit to old Triumphs. In my town there are a few outrageous Triumphs running around doin' a lot of justice to the wind. Those '69 Triumphs were ass-kickin' machines, and still are to this day.

John Intrieri
Ossining, N.Y.

■ Nothin' wrong with a Triumph.

You'll Be Rewarded

☐ Just a few words to all ol' ladies, who should be proud to have a biker for an ol' man: I get to shine my man's bike, fix him breakfast and dinner, rub his back, give him head. I just don't understand why some broads treat their ol' men like shit and expect to ride with them. I'll go out of my way to please him, and I always get love and respect back. Ol' ladies, take my word: Go out of your way for him, give him lots of head, stay in your place, and you will be rewarded.

Scooter Scum's Ol' Lady
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Deserve It

☐ I have to say you all did a great job at the prison bike show. My compliments. You all deserve a good fuck for being so great to the brothers in jail.

Nymph
Van Nuys, Calif.

■ Any offers?

666 Again

☐ In your January '82 issue, Bud Keeton of Edmundson, Missouri, commented on the number 666, saying that only

if you had it would you drink of the wine of the wrath of God. But if ol' Bud had finished reading his Bible, if he can read, he would have found out it also says, "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." Don't believe ol' Bud — he was wrong.

Rick
Tucson, Ariz.

High Times

☐ After reading Blue's letter in the January '82 issue, I rolled three reefers and put them in between my head fins to dry.

Surprise! Two joints blew out in the wind and the third lit and smoked itself while I was riding!

Even though my shovel did run better after getting a top end high, I think Blue's Tech Tip #1 sucked.

Roat
Seattle, Wash.

■ You'd better read it again, Roat.

A Lesson Learned

☐ Y'all had a few damned good articles in your February issue, especially "Paid In Full." I got in a bad wreck back in April of '81 and was in a coma for a month, but still didn't learn my lesson — now I've got a '49 panhead. Well, maybe I did learn a lesson — not to drink and putt!

Ziska
Norfolk, Va.

■ You learn that when you turn your first key — it's remembering it that gets shoved aside at times.

Digs Centerspread

☐ I just got my new February issue and really dig your centerspread. I'm a real nostalgia freak, and when I was younger, I owned "T" roadster pick-

ups, coupes, sedans, all of it up to '48. I still own a '27 "T" roadster (all metal — Chev powered) that I've had for twenty-one years.

Al Kapone
Seattle, Wash.

Bird Droppings

☐ In this joint here, Maine State Prison, the administration tries to run everything as usual, but our warden tries harder, as you can see by this flyer I had to send ya. He reads *Easyriders*, rides a bowlin' ball, and generally has his head stuck up his ass. Hope ya can use it.

"While many of us obtain a great deal of enjoyment from sea gulls and feeding the sea gulls, it's becoming more and more a health problem due to the little presents they leave behind. Therefore, for sanitation purposes, I am directing that no one feed the birds nor encourage them to hang around because what is one person's pleasure becomes an institutional health problem."

MSF
Thomaston, Maine

■ Birds do dump a lot — especially gulls.

Watchin' For Bikers

☐ I just wanna say let's get the fuckin' bureaucrats to do somethin' about dumb drivers. I'm sittin' in a fuckin' wheelchair as I'm writin' this, and I think it's time they did somethin' about educating idiots who drive cages.

T. Hart
Long Island, N.Y.

Virginia Bros

☐ Virginia riders: We still have time to fight the lid law before they vote this spring. We can win if we stick together and write to the delegates. If we stick together, we can ride free like most of the rest of the country. Ride free and safe.

Dennis D.
Richmond, Va.

Collects Colors

☐ I just wanted to tell you brothers and sisters ridin' through Riverside, California, on 60 to beware! There is a rookie cop there just lookin' to bust bikers. He also likes collectin' colors. So you bros that fly your rags, be careful.

Dusty Rodes
Niland, Calif.

John Lennon, R.I.P.

☐ You did a whining, sobbing tribute to John Lennon in a recent issue. Lennon made a helluva lot of money writing those corny peace and love songs when it was damned profitable to do so. I think the guy was a hippie who wouldn't have been man enough to serve in the armed forces.

Bill Jennings
Dayton, Ohio

☐ Some people will find something to complain about. It makes 'em feel better, I guess.

☐ I really dig that you overlooked the idea of John Lennon's not being a biker. I, too, dug the cat and feel that you did Lennon a great honor by mentioning him under "Brothers Lost." His beliefs were similar to those of a true biker anyway, because he fought for love, peace, and freedom.

Little Tarzan
Willowick, Ohio

A Bet

☐ I am writing this 'cause my ol' lady bet me a piece of ass that you wouldn't print it — so I bet her you would.

D. Barnett
Sweet Home, Ore.

☐ We'll always help a man win a bet like that.

Two Zip Codes

☐ I would like to know why in the hell you have two different zip codes on your change of address label.

The one you have on the front cover and the one inside are different. Which one is it?

Bandit
Poneto, Ind.

☐ We've always kept the people who had to keep their shit together away from the influence of the crazies who work on the magazine. But we'll soon be in one big zoo and the mix should prove interesting.

Think About It

☐ They hate us because they don't know us. They won't know us because they hate us. I could take a shit on that one.

Jerry Floyd
Toronto, Canada

Road To Ruin

☐ Don't know if you'll print

this letter. Don't really care. I was just noticing how different people tell you about Jesus and bikers. If you were to print *Easyriders* according to Christian (not TV but honest-to-God Bible) standards, you would have to exclude these things from the rag: Astrology, Mutha's column, promoting or condoning nudity, erotic sex, oral/anal or premarital sex, drugs, cursing, some T-shirts, belt buckles, patches, pins, earrings, and some club cards. Also, all dirty jokes.

Not downing ya or anything — far from it — just pointing out something no one really needs to know. If I keep doing that, I might end up in politics, so I'd better stop!

J.J.K.
Westminster, Md.

Glad It's On Sale

☐ I can't tell you how glad I was to see *Easyriders* on sale in Germany. It brings a little bit of home over here. My Harley is on its way over, so I can show these dudes just how fuckin' crazy Americans are. I'll blow 'em off the road.

Mozzeratti
Germany

Down On Women

☐ Open letter to bitches: Well, I figger you broads ain't heard yer praises sung in a while, so here it is.

Every time I open a rag, I'm always readin' some story about how great one of you dead-weight, pussy-blessed, fuckers is. Ain't necessarily so. We dudes have to stop and get reality squared away once in a while. And it just came to me that all my sorrows have always been due to some mommy-lovin', female asshole.

As I putt down the long road of life, it occurs to me that if God had made Harley-Davidsons for cunts too, he would have given 'em V-4 engines. This not bein' the case, any slut anywhere close to any motor scooter ever made is pushin' her luck. I've been degraded before, but never more than when some mung-drippin' bitch tried to close in on my lifestyle.

Half my years have been spent jerkin' and cryin' over some skinny-assed, cross-eyed three-holer.

H-D, JD, and I have come to the truth once more that

there ain't no way in hell that any one of you is worth the fuckin' misery you cause. Here is a free club patch, no strings, to any medical man who can come up with a way to keep you twats a-drippin' and crampin' and poppin' Midol thirty-one days a month for the rest of your lives.

For several years now, many bros have labored under the illusion that the brown residue left on the tip of their tongues from kissin' girl-type assholes has a flavor akin to raisin pie. No way. That crap has been pushed off on me and I don't fall the second time. Just remember, pigs and sheep have pussies too. Seems like no matter how many times you porcupines take it, you're trying to feed me some shit about the eternal cherry. Shit! Every hole I ever had the pleasure to poke was at least sixty over and showin' jug metal through the liners — even the 12-year-old sucky who comes by when yer gone to the store.

Someday come will acquire an IQ of its own and all that stuff pumped into the empty spaces through yer left ear will have a use.

Fuckin' is a lot of work and crankin' it on gives me better jollies. Feel free to call when you learn to moan like a dual Weber and fart like a straight pipe.

Road Dog
Gasquet, Calif.

Slow Freight

☐ I'm stationed in Germany. When I'm not working, whore-loppin', or doing other important stuff, I read and re-read your mag. But how about bitchin' at your distributors? It is a month behind gettin' here.

R.P.
Permesens, Germany

☐ They row 'em over there in a boat. They crank the oarsmen up, but they'll only work so many hours outta 24.

Open Letter To ABC-TV

☐ I must reiterate my argument of November 25, as it applies to the episode of "The Fall Guy" aired this evening. Television is the most influential informational medium in the world, more powerful even than radio, which has its own sinister history of misapplication. Dr. Joseph Goeb-

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Do you own a bike?

bels turned a war-weary nation into a war-eager nation by manipulating news reporting. Orson Welles panicked the eastern seaboard by his semi-factual recounting of "War of the Worlds." It is significant that the Soviet Union will permit VOA to broadcast radio to its citizens, but not television!

Within the past week you have aired two programs in which motorcyclists were portrayed as cretins, vermin, thugs, social menaces, drug dealers, and armed desperados. Are you unconcerned about the damage you are doing to the public's perception of all motorcycle riders? Are you unconcerned about the actual damage to life and property that may result from TV-inspired hostility?

The idea that your programs might inspire the citizenry to maim and kill for God and Country would be ludicrous, if it were not for my personal experiences as a motorcyclist and the experience of thousands of cyclists nationwide. Yesterday, while riding my bike to work, I narrowly avoided disaster when a pickup truck veered into my lane of traffic. This was a deliberate action by the driver, who was grinning and staring at me as he turned his wheel. Accidental near-collisions with unattentive drivers are an almost daily occurrence, but a conscious attempt upon my life is quite rare and memorable. This is the second such incident this year!

The national motorcycle publications estimate that there are some four million cyclists riding American roadways. If my experience is common — my local acquaintances have all observed similar incidents — then there is a serious traffic safety problem in this country. It can be blamed not on usage or non-usage of safety helmets, nor on motorcycle design, nor on automotive design, but on public prejudice against motorcyclists. This prejudice is a direct result of the scandalous treatment that motorcycle riders have received from the public media over the past 34 years — and twice in the past week from your network.

What possible reparation can you make to the hundreds of cyclists who are killed each year by the negligent or deliberate actions of

automobile drivers? To the thousands who are maimed and permanently crippled? To the millions of American citizens whom you have deceived?

You could begin by conducting an in-depth investigation into the myth of motorcyclist mayhem, and you could continue by carefully considering the effect that such biased portrayals may have in the future.

Greg Higginbotham
Springfield, Mo.

☐ What the hell is happening to America? The pigs hassle us, the feds regulate us, the citizens despise (spell that e-n-v-y) us and now, to top it off, national TV is bringing the old stereotype "biker" back to life. In just the past few months "those damn outlaw biker scum" have terrorized the beaches of Knots Landing, assaulted the Hulk, kidnapped the American Hero's ol' lady, and just generally raised hell until they were single-handedly caught by the Fall Guy. I wonder how many rugrats watch those shows, just waiting for the day when they can drive a cage and run over a few bikers.

Steve
Sacramento, Calif.

Loved It

☐ I'm sittin' here, sippin' some JD after readin' "Why I Ride" by Roger K. Anderson (January issue). I'm in about the same shape as the author, and I'm telling ya, he really knows how to put words together.

B.C.
Edinburg, Pa.

☐ I'm writing you about your January '82 issue in which I

read a story by Roger K. Anderson called "Why I Ride." I started reading it and couldn't put it down for a second.

I was especially attracted to the paragraph where the author recalls a friend who explains two modes for life. It couldn't have been written any better. Anyone who missed this article missed a damned good one.

Dave
Baltimore, Md.

A Request

☐ Tell Spider to go fuck himself.

The Wizard
Tenafly, N.J.

☐ Do all the time — after he leaves the room.

A Comment

☐ A one-word comment on your January cover: Fancin'-tastic! (Randy's tattoos ain't half shabby, either.)

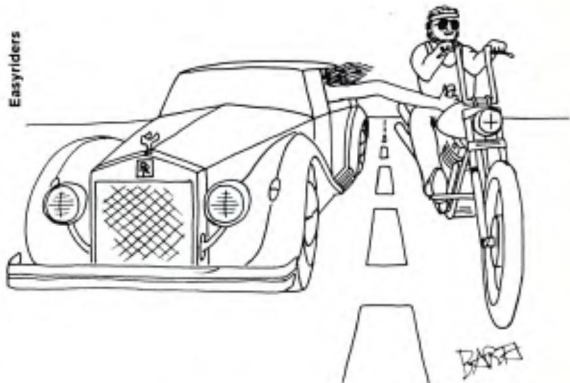
Slo' Hand
Danbury, Conn.

Thompson Machine Gun

☐ I'd like to tell Chet that the 1921, 1927, and 1928 Thompson S.M.G. do have hammers and fire from an open bolt. The M1 and M1A1 do not have hammers, but they too fire from an open bolt.

Rhoda
Yuma, Ariz.

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 90265-0052. ■



"Something tells me, dear, that you still prefer bikers."

ON THE SURFACE,
THIS NEW SPORTSTER
LOOKS LIKE
AN OLD SPORTSTER.





ON THIS SURFACE, ANY SIMILARITY

INTRODUCING THE ALL NEW SPORTSTER.

With all that has gone into this new Sportster®, it's amazing that it still *looks* like a Sportster.

We started with a totally new tubular frame that is lighter and stiffer. We ended up with the best handling Sportster we've ever built.

We added a new rear brake, a new rear sprocket, a new generator, changed the shock angle, lowered the

seat, put in a maintenance-free battery, redesigned the oil tank, designed new hand controls, enlarged the gas tank and this year, you can fill it up with regular gas. Our complete list of changes is as long as your arm. But we didn't change our philosophy.

The Sportster is still 1000cc's of the best all around performance motorcycle you can buy. Unlike some foreign street rockets, we haven't engineered the Sportster into complexity. Instead, simplicity of design continues to be our

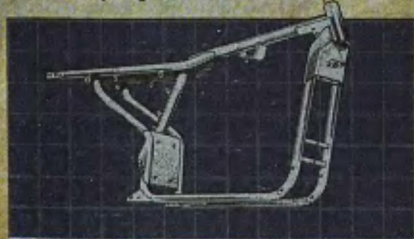
guiding principle. That clear, uncompromising direction has paid off in





SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS.

endurable, dependable performance, awesome power with amazing fuel economy, riding comfort and distinctive, uncluttered styling. The ultimate payoff is Sportster's historically high resale value.



This unique overall balance comes from a heritage of building motorcycles for the real world.

So as the foreign motorcycle companies start scrambling to bring their street rockets down to earth and back to reality, you'll probably hear them touting their pullback handlebars, low and laid-back riding positions and "fat" rear tires. Some will even come with their own V-Twin engines.

We know where they're headed. Because that's where we've been all

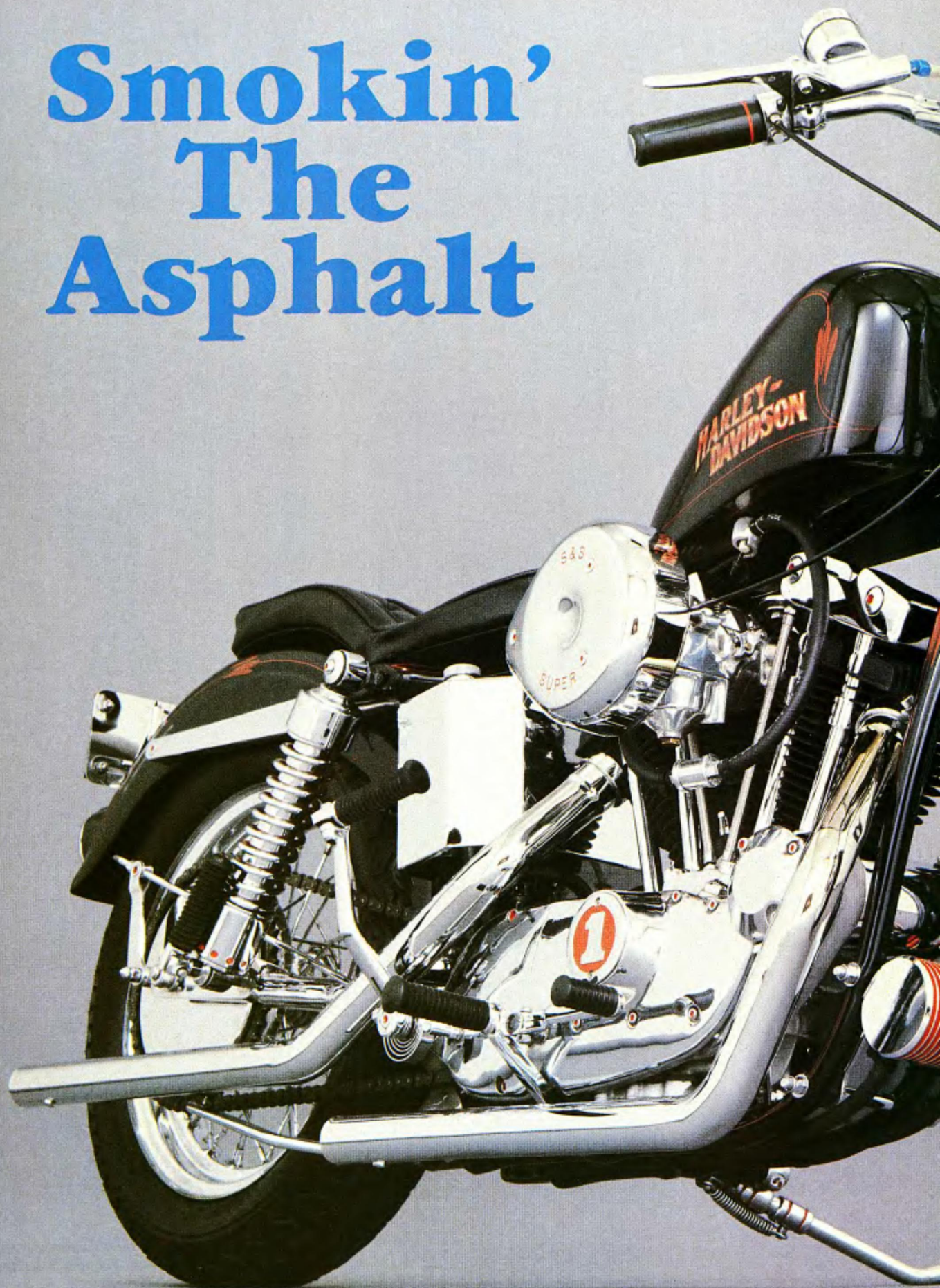
along. We also know they've got a long, long way to go before they reach the real world of the Harley-Davidson Sportster.

**MOTORCYCLES.
BY THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE.**



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

Smokin' The Asphalt



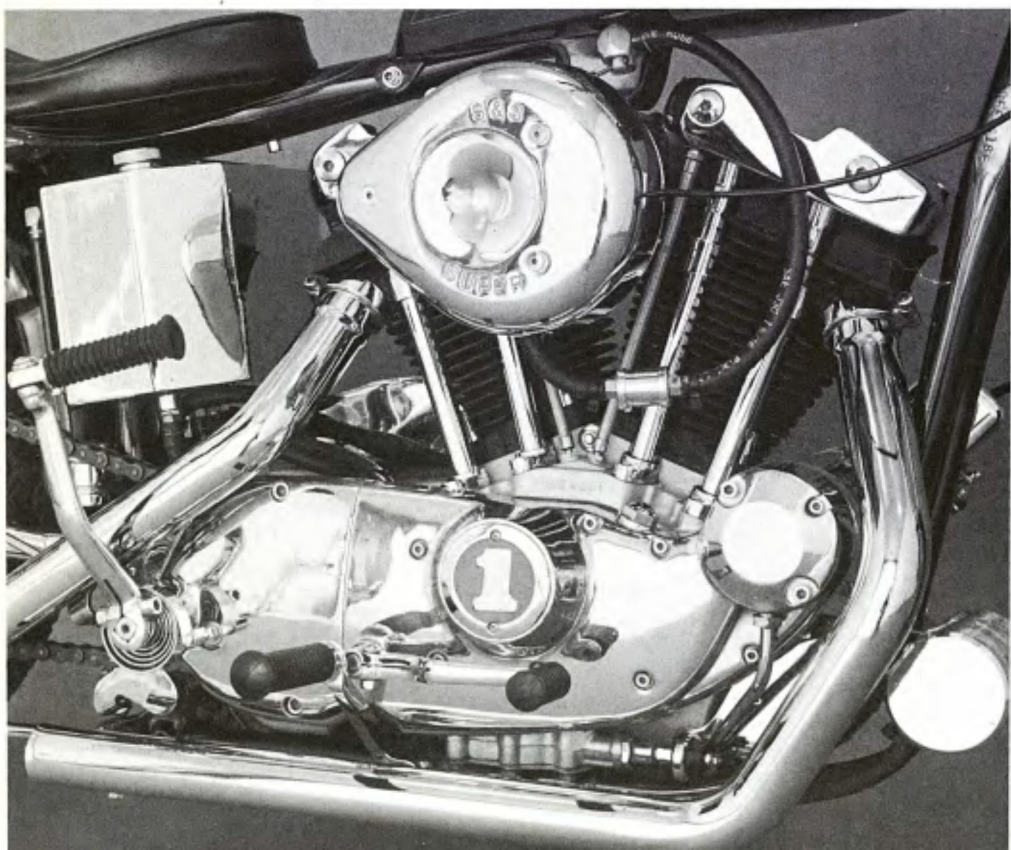
When a bro decides to sell his sled, it's usually to move on to something different — like trading a 74 for a Sporty or vice-versa. Rarely does a bro sell a scooter to a bro — he'd rather trade. But there are exceptions, of course, just as with all rules.

The Sporty on these pages used to belong to one of our late fellow serfs. But after the owner's death it lay idle for years in another bro's garage — and Harleys were never meant to just sit in garages. They were built to roll the roads and highways and everyone





knows the first owner would have agreed. Rick, the present owner, got the Sporty from the mutual friend's garage with the pledge never to let go of it. From the moment it entered Rick's spot, the Sporty was treated with tender loving care. First a massive teardown was in order to insure perfect, trouble-free operation. The engine was rebuilt to better than factory specs, with the help of Jim from Sportsters of



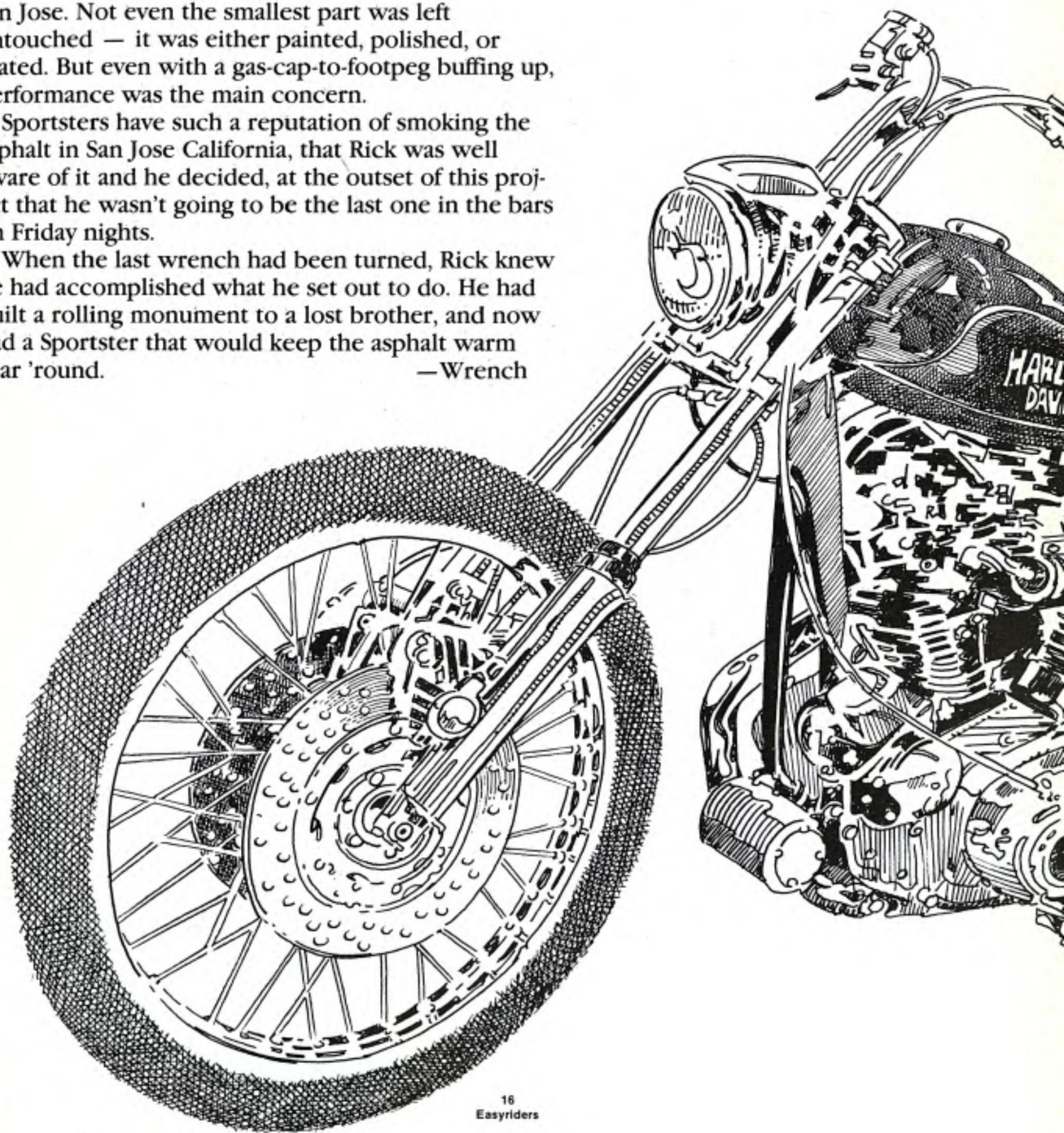


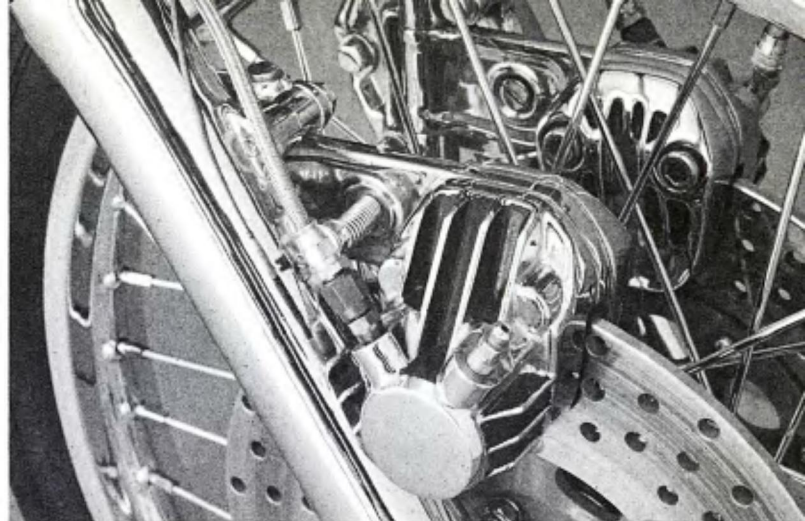
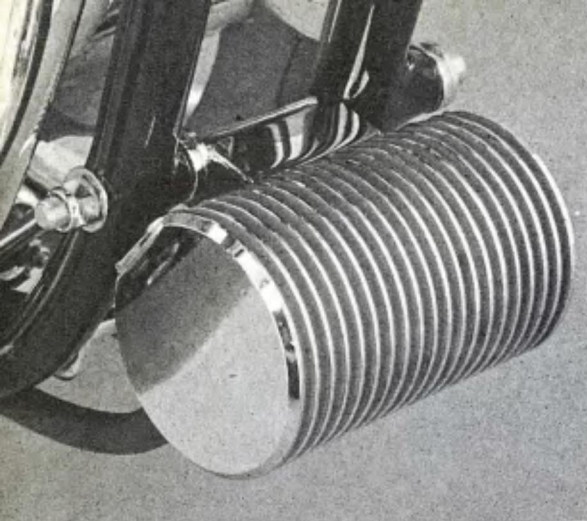
San Jose. Not even the smallest part was left untouched — it was either painted, polished, or plated. But even with a gas-cap-to-footpeg buffing up, performance was the main concern.

Sportsters have such a reputation of smoking the asphalt in San Jose California, that Rick was well aware of it and he decided, at the outset of this project that he wasn't going to be the last one in the bars on Friday nights.

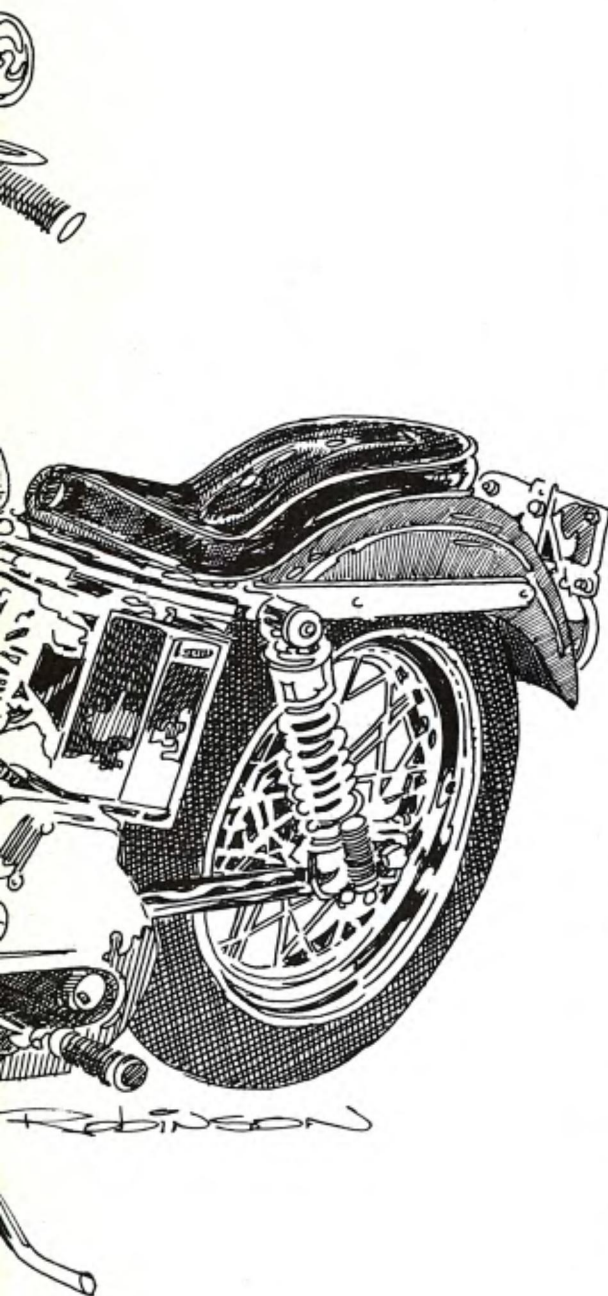
When the last wrench had been turned, Rick knew he had accomplished what he set out to do. He had built a rolling monument to a lost brother, and now had a Sportster that would keep the asphalt warm year 'round.

—Wrench





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Rick Ramirez		City: San Jose, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Puccio Welding		Year: 1972 XLCH	
Year and make: 1972 Sportster		Builder: H-D	
Model: XLCH		Type: swingarm	
Value: priceless to me		Rake: 1/8 in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: trimmed and molded	
Chroming by: Faith Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Custom Chrome, Inc.	
Year: 1972		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): one-piece fiberglass	
Rebuilder: Sportsters of San Jose		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: H-D glass lens	
Displacement: 1000cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: polished and lightened		Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: Sportsters of San Jose		Rear pegs: stock	
Pistons: 9/16 to 1		Electrics: 12-volt idiot start	
Cases: '72 XLCH		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: '72 XLCH		Oil tank: Prince/SSJ	
Cam(s): Sifton Minus-Minus		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: handmade	
Air cleaner: S&S Super		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Dean Mero/Pipe Lyne		Height: enough	
Muffler(s): none		Material: the best	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews C-ratio		Type: glide	
Year: 1972		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Puccio Welding	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: drilled and chromed discs	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: stock	Hub: H-D
Painter: Sportsters of San Jose		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black, red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: Imron		Brake: disc	Brake: H-D mech.
Special paint: gold leaf			
Other special modifications: Sportsters of San Jose — parts and accessories; Roger Reed — machine work and engine assembly.			

Honey

by M. Chakoian

He met her at his sister's wedding, a fancy affair at the Holiday Inn. There was crab cocktail and pink prime rib and a bar set up at the end of the dining room. The groom's parents had sprung for the whole thing; the brother of the bride knew no one but his sister, her proud new husband, and the collection of cousins he hadn't made any effort to see in five or ten years. So he sat in his rented suit at a small round Formica table near the bar and drank bourbon, which was free tonight, trying to ignore the three-piece orchestra and looking over the women who drifted by. She was the first one he looked over a second time. And then a third.

She was short and slender, a classy looking lady in a tight blue dress. Bright yellow hair curled stylishly to her shoulders. Her skin was a soft, even tan. Her eyes were peanut butter brown, flecked with gold. She was not his type; he could see that right away. Still, if he closed his eyes, he could picture her in jeans and a halter on the back of a Harley, her hair flying back in the wind. When he opened his eyes for the third good look, he saw her catch him looking. She headed his way, strolling languidly.

"Don't get up," she said with a voice as thick and sweet as molasses, and he didn't. "You're Ellen's brother, aren't you? Jerome, right?" She held out her hand. He took it in his and squinted at her, wondering what was up.

"They call me Fly," he told her. "I hate Jerome."

"Fly," she acknowledged, pulling her hand finally out of his grip. "May I sit down, Mr. Fly? Let me see, they call you Fly because you're like a fly on the wall, right? Very quiet, but you see and hear everything." She made it sound evil and exciting.

When she smiled, the gold flecks in her eyes seemed to sparkle, and dance with life, from a deep inward glow.

"Not exactly. Uh, can I get you a drink?"

"Thanks, I have one." She took a sip to prove it, leaving a pink lipstick smear on the rim of her glass. "No, I want to know about your name. Your nickname."

"Well, uh..." He stretched his grin a little wider than he might have if he had been sober. "I went down to testify one time at the capital. Against the helmet law, you know. And, uh, well, I thought it was a pretty good speech. So when I was done talkin' up there at the front of this room, and I walked back to sit down, all my ridin' bros who were sittin' there stopped clapping and started laughing. Just sittin' there, laughin' their damn heads off. I asked 'em what was so damned funny and nobody would tell me, until this one guy, Lepper, he says, 'Hey, man, feel a draft?' I looked down, and sure enough, the hangar was open. What a way to make a big impression on all those legislators, right? So after that, they took to callin' me Fly. As a helpful reminder, they say. I guess it stuck."

She leaned back in her chair and put her hands on the table and laughed. Her teeth were as big and white as tombstones. "That's wonderful," she said. "That's a wonderful story."

"It's true," he assured her. "So what's your name?"

"Honey." She put a hand over his as he cupped his sweating glass of bourbon, and she looked at him sincerely. "That's my real, honest-to-God name. On my birth certificate and everything."

"I believe you."

"Good. Now tell me something else."

"What?"

"Are you really a biker?" Her eyes sparkled with gold.

"I have a bike, yeah. Why do you ask?" he said.

"Do you have it here?"

"Yeah. Outside."

"Well, I didn't figure you parked it in the john. Will you take me for a ride on it?"

"Right now?"

"Why not? Unless you're busy or something."

He squinted at her and gulped down the last watery ounce of his drink.

* * *

When he moved in, he was afraid of what she would ask in return, but she asked nothing. She never expected him to clean or shop or do helpful little chores while she was at work. He had his response ready on his tongue, but he never had to use it. She always greeted him with a kiss when she got home. If he was out, she waited patiently for him to return, and told him she understood his need to spend time with his friends. She never complained about his absences.

One Saturday afternoon as he sat in a big vinyl chair watching an old black-and-white western on the small color TV, she stood behind him and began tugging at his hair. At first he thought she was playing.

"Hey, what're you doing?"

"Hold still. I'm just giving you a little trim. I'm pretty good, actually. You didn't know about all my secret talents, did you? Wait till you see yourself."

"A trim? Who ever said I wanted a trim? Ouch!"

"That's just the comb. Hold still, you big baby."

"Honey, cut it out. I don't want my fuckin' hair cut." *Continued on page 86*

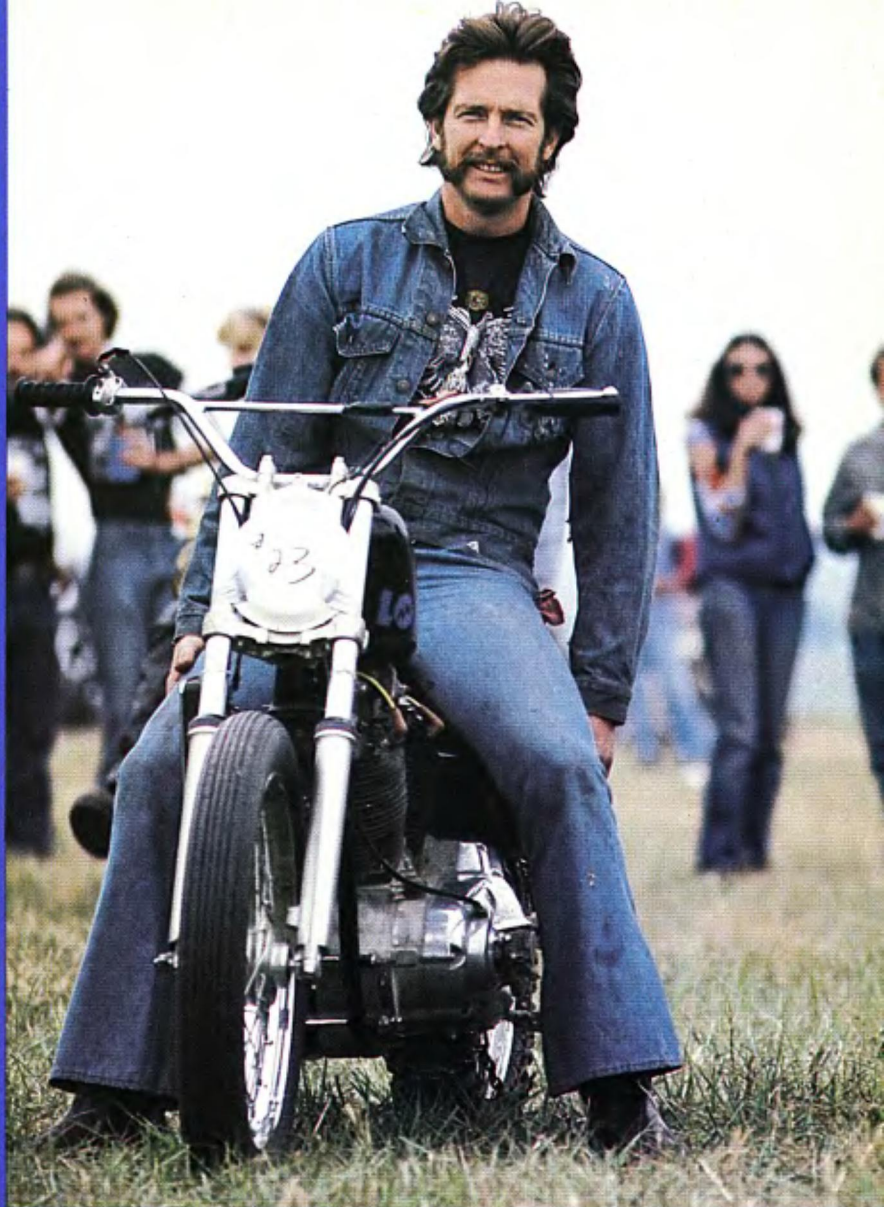


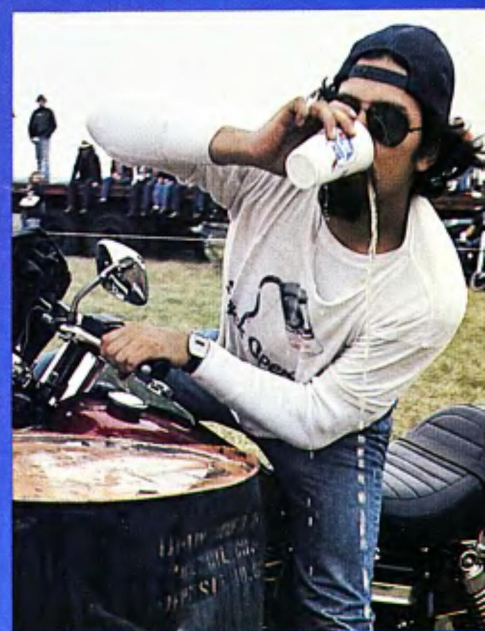
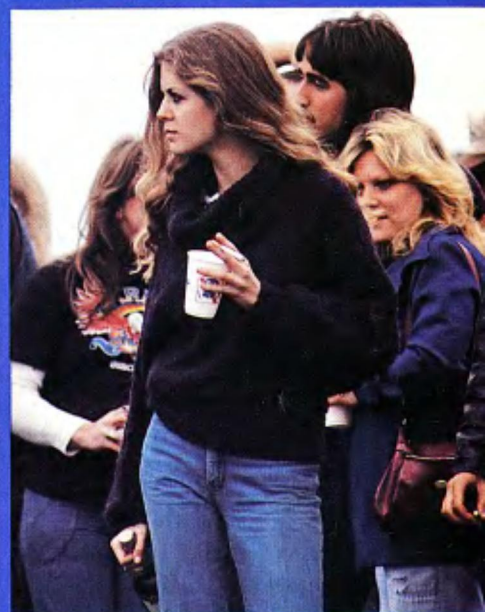
Walt Pullen

Run What Ya Brung

"My ol' man used to tell me the field days they had 20 or 30 years ago," one of the bros said. "He said the best part was gettin' to see all the other bikers and their ol' ladies in one place, at one time, all havin' a good time, regardless of whether they were in a club, or loners, or just weekend riders."

The rest of the bros sitting around the shop drank their beers and considered. The verdict was unanimous. "Sounds good, let's fuckin' do it." Well, that was a few years









back and they're still doin' it every fall — only they're doin' it bigger and better. The "Run What Ya Brung" annual field day has become a major event for Kansas City, Missouri, area bikers, and this year it attracted a record crowd of over 500, who managed to consume over 500 pounds of butchered meat, 32 kegs of beer, and two whole, well-padded porkers.

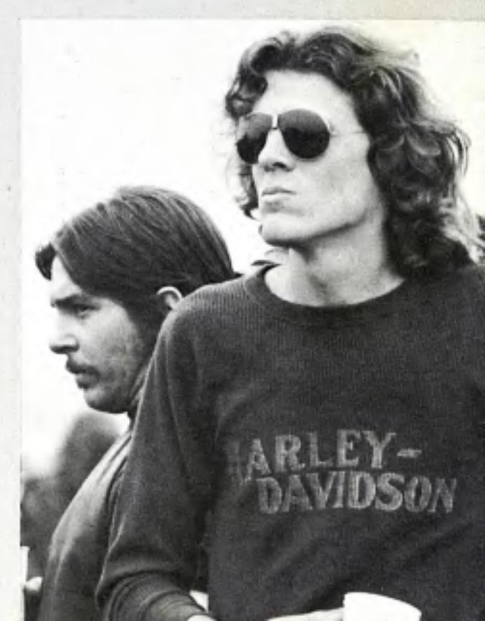
"Lemme tell ya about them pigs," photographer Michael Lichter was telling everybody he met after the party. "I've been on a shitload of party runs and sampled my share of hog haunch, but these pigs were really somethin' else."

"You know how they usually cook a pig overnight in a big pit? Well, these dudes had this huge steam-type thing where the pigs cooked over a container of boiling water that sat on the fire. They told me they could roast a 300-pound porker in five or six hours."

"The thing was, it was the best pig I ever ate. I mean, it was so moist and soft — that fuckin' pig was like the best pussy you've ever eaten — no shit!"

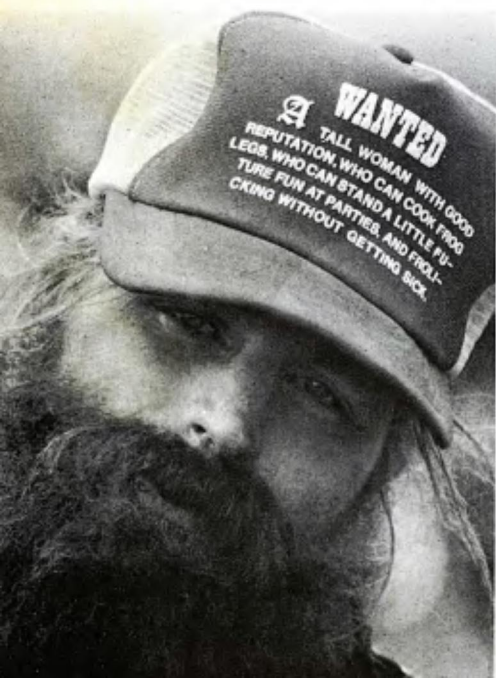
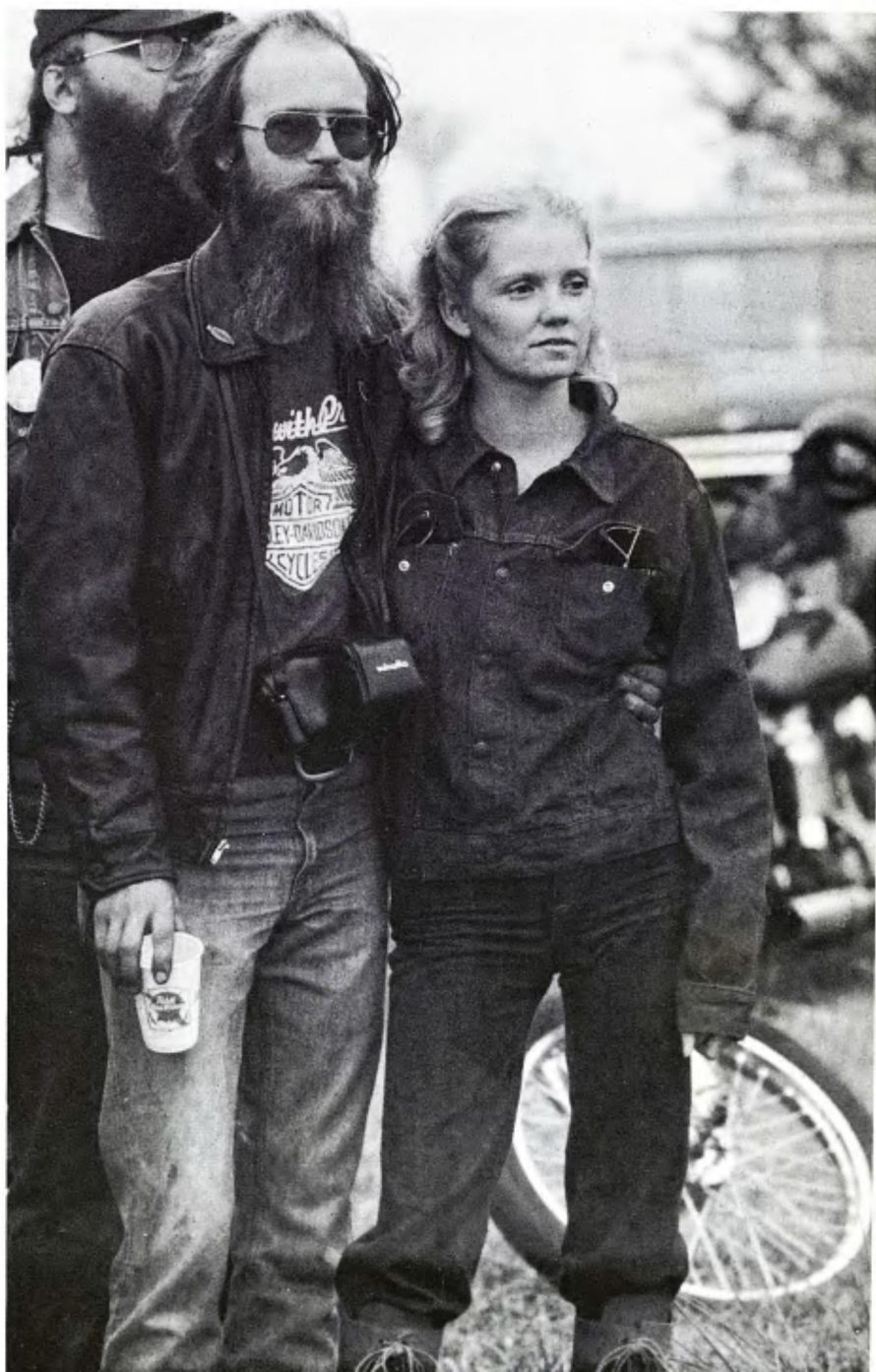
Bros more interested in fun than food had plenty to interest them, too. The organizers, a group of local clubs and scooter shops, provided more than a biker's dozen of before- and after-dark events for both participants and spectators to get off on all day long.

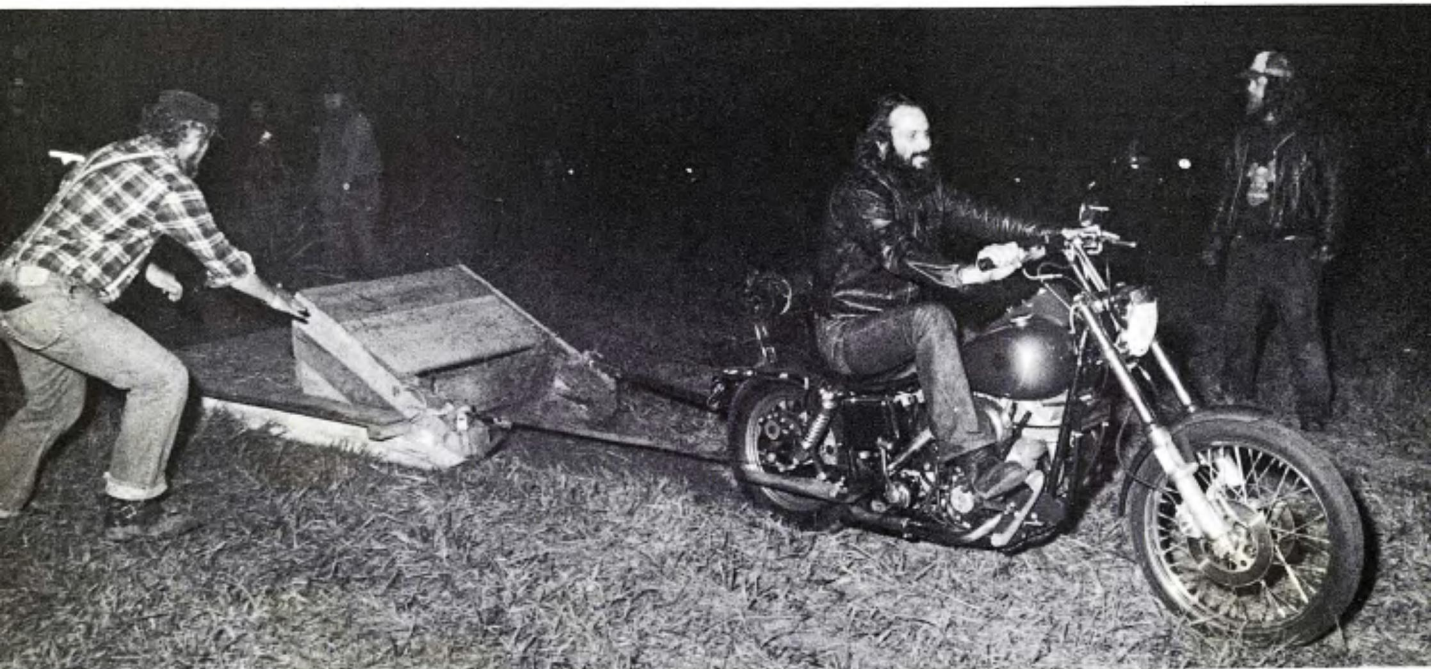
One of the competitions getting the most attention was



the barrel race, though it was hard to tell whether the cheering spectators were more interested in scopin' the racing or in watchin' Jack Barnes take his annual drink. Jack Barnes, you see, is a legend throughout the Ozarks. Now in his 60s, Jack's long gray hair and beard and his orange '46 knucklehead are familiar sights at parties and runs throughout the area. The only thing is, Jack doesn't drink except once a year — when he rounds that barrel, grabs a scoop of suds, and chugs it. It's gotten to be a real ritual and, though Jack was beaten out in the barrel race finals this year, he got the loudest cheers of the participating bikers.

Other events included a slow race, a "most on a bike" squeeze, street and knobby drag races, a sled pull, and, as the sun went down, a topless tournament. Sponsoring bike shops provided cash or merchandise prizes for all the winners, and Ma Nature — who had been acting like a rainy bitch all month — held back her tears until almost everybody had left the borrowed farm that night and headed for home. "A fantastic day," one of the bros who had worked the gate said as the last stragglers were bookin' out. "Now, if only we could get this many people out for a helmet protest, we could shitcan that law." —Burnout





Photos by Michael Lichter



CAMEL-PISS BLUES

by Jake

They say most things get better with age — like steak, wine, and horny divorcees. But forget it as far as motor fuels go. In the last few years, it seems like they've headed south quicker than a homesick flamingo.

At least, the Super-Jet-Plus that my sled used to guzzle like Coors in July sure ain't got the ol' zest I remember. And more and more bros are having their ears assaulted by the sour music of engines pinging, knocking, and dieseling. What the hell's going on here?

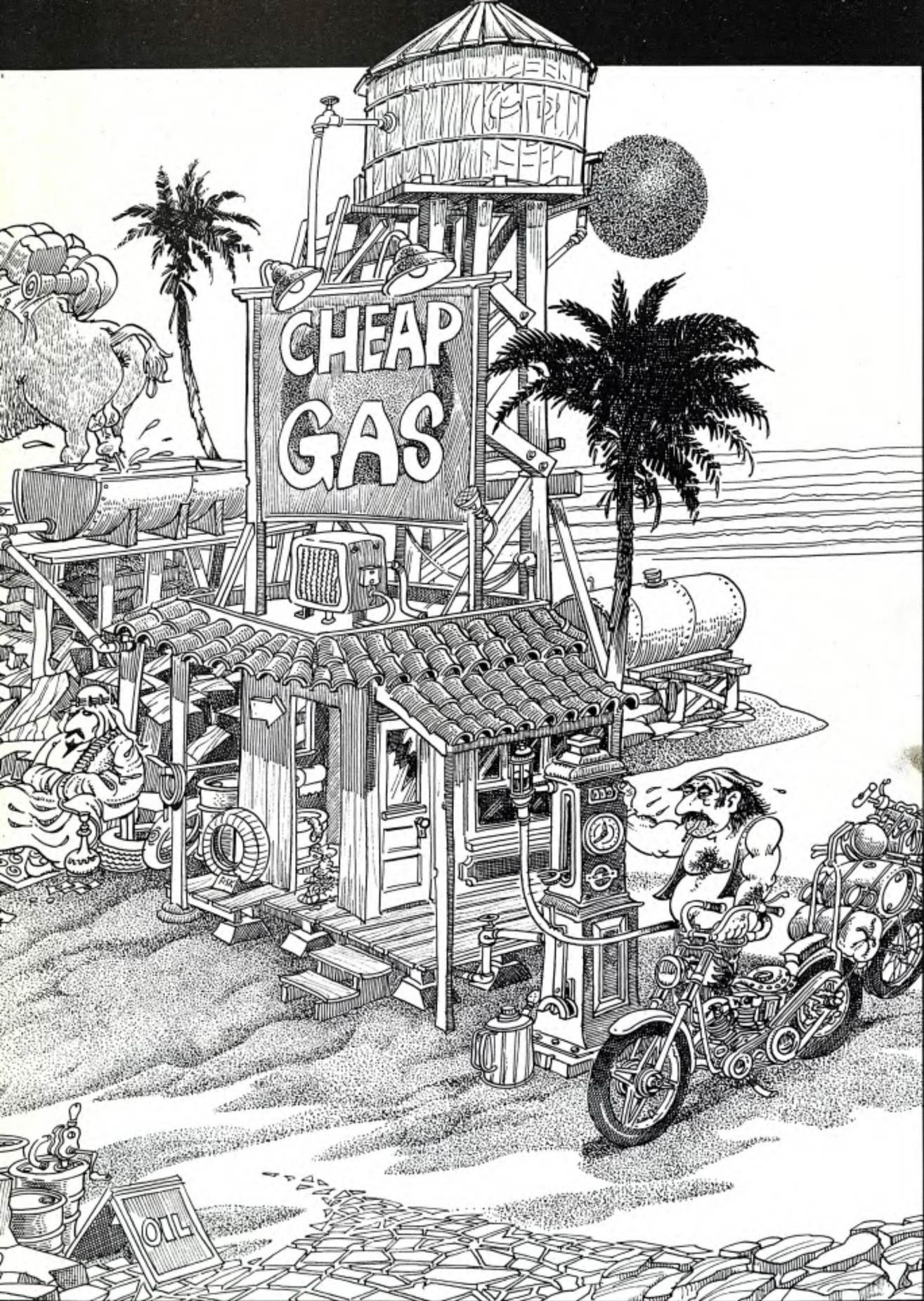
Well, the sorry facts have to do with octane. Gasoline's ability to burn smoothly is rated by octane numbers. A fuel with high octane figures can be safely burned in a high-compression engine without detonation, pre-ignition, or other harmful explosive effects.

The standard of excellence for pump gasoline used to be "super premium" at around 94 to 96 octane. (That 101 to 105 octane "super-dynabomb" stuff you used to pump in high school was based on an old method of computing octane that was discarded in the early '70s—gas rated 94 to 96 by the current method is the same shit.)

But, all through this past decade of the so-called energy crisis, things have been changin'. Blame it on Big Brother's desire to get catalytic-converter-cloggin' lead out of gasoline, or the fact that high octane gas takes more energy (spelled m-o-n-e-y) to refine in the first place. The result is that octane ratings have been sagging faster than a fifty-inch, fifty-

Continued on page 83







A Low Swing

Swingarm frames have a tendency to look as if the rear end of the frame is higher than the front, unless you, your ol' lady, and most of the dogs on the street are all aboard. So here's a quick tip on how to drop that rear end slightly and clean up the appearance of those late-model swingarms.

First off, the block: the shock mount must be carefully removed with a hacksaw and file or a torch, then a steady hand and a file or grinder to clean the remaining surface of the arm. Then, 7-3/8 inches from the rear of the swingarm, drill squarely a 7/8-inch hole. Cut a piece of round 1018 mild steel stock, 7/8 inch in diameter and 1-3/4 inches long. Drill it out with a 1/2-inch drill.

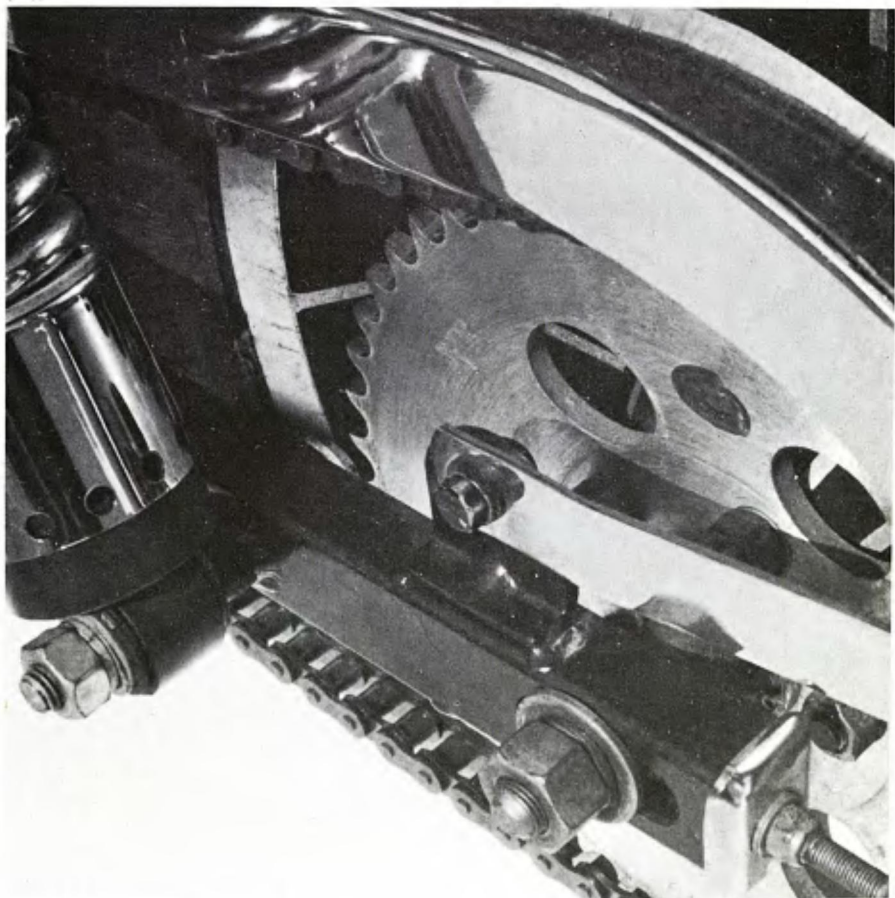
Tap it into the swingarm leg so that it's flush with the inside edge and weld it on both sides. Shit, that's all there is to it. Do it to both shock mounts on the swingarm, and your putt will be 1-1/2 to 2 inches lower and the swingarm will look cleaner.

It's a breeze once you've taken off your swingarm.

—K. Ball



Photos by K. Ball





It's true, some folks just can't handle **Easyriders**. They're just too straight and uptight to cope with the biker lifestyle, so when they see a copy of the mag they turn to shit. What's worse, sometimes they get so bent outta shape they try to keep others from bein' corrupted and want to ban the rag from the newsstands. That's why the safe bet is to subscribe. That way, you won't miss a single issue, because a uniformed federal employee will bring it right to your door each month and you won't be hassled by all the Dudley Do-Rights. What's more, we'll throw in a free decal with each sub — whatta deal!



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ANGELS FROM HELL



OUTLAW LEADER DETHRONED: Tom Stern, a returned Vietnam war hero, bends over his victim, an outlaw motorcycle gang leader, preparatory to assuming full command.

The director was a former car racer, the "star" shot arrows at Rex Harrison while playing a bit part in *Cleopatra*, and the story was so dumb that the producers cautioned theater owners from using it as a selling point.

Yes, folks, you guessed it. What we have here is another preposterous biker exploitation movie — this one a 1968 turkey called *Angels From Hell*.

About the only thing as shabby as the flick itself is the promotional kit furnished to those theater operators who were masochistic enough to show it. Beginning with a synopsis of the story (which the theater owners are ordered not to have published — presumably to keep potential customers from staying away in droves), the package contains brief biographies of the actors ("Arlene Martel Shines As Gentle Nun Or Love Goddess") the director, ads to be inserted in newspapers (a sample is reproduced on the opposite page), and instructions to the theater owner on how best to "exploit" the film. One of the best is "Write on your restroom mirrors, 'What they want... they take'."

But now, in a historic first, for those of you who ducked and missed this turd as it came sailing by your local theater, here is a brief synopsis of *Angels From Hell* (You may want to pour a bit of Jack D in your brew before reading on).

It seems there's this biker named Mike who, bein' a patriot, enlists and goes to Vietnam, only to return with "the wild fever of frontline battle still racing through his veins." Within a few brief moments of screen time he's ditched his ol' lady, taken up with his ol' bros Smiley, Speed, and Nutty Norman (no, they're *not* the Pep Boys), and landed in his first barroom brawl.

These guys move on to another town and decide to start a bike club, but run into trouble with a club already established there. But, the producers assure us, "Life can be beautiful as Mike becomes fascinated by the shapely, exotic Ginger, who is the owner of the local Go-Go girl bar and answers to no one."

Continued on page 116

HE'S A **CyclePSYCHO**

When he wanted a town...
HE STOLE ONE!
When he wanted a girl...
HE GRABBED ONE!
When he wanted a cop...
HE BOUGHT ONE!

ANGELS FROM HELL

THE STORY THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT IS!

COLOR BY
PERFECT



STARRING
Tom STERN • Arlene MARTEL

Suggested For Mature Audiences

TED MARKLAND • STEPHEN OLIVER • PAUL BERTOYA • JIMMY MURPHY • JACK STARRETT • A FANFARE FILM PRODUCTION
PRODUCED BY KURT NEUMANN DIRECTED BY BRUCE KESSLER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JOE SOLOMON SCREENPLAY BY JEROME WISH
AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

© 1968 American International Pictures



Oh, Mama

(Can This Really Be The End?)

The Dunlops sang a meaty dirge against the wet asphalt as the Harley trike followed the secondary highway's twisting course into the rain-soddened, wooded hills of east Texas. Dallas was behind us now, to the northwest, by several hours.

Glancing into the rearview, I could see Poker Jones — another club prospect like myself — and poor Mama Muff huddled in the weather-beaten leather couch that served as a rear seat between the trike's back

wheels. Swathed to her neck in a blanket, her coarse features peaceful in a lude-induced stupor, Mama sprawled beside Poker, whose arm around her shoulders kept the ripped broad from tumbling off the faded couch and splattering onto the pavement that rushed wetly beneath the wheels. Satisfied that they were okay, I began watching for the side road to the deserted lake.

This was a rotten thing we had to do. But after nearly a year of pros-



by Garbage

pecting for the club, I knew they'd boot our assholes up to our tonsils unless we did the assignment as ordered.

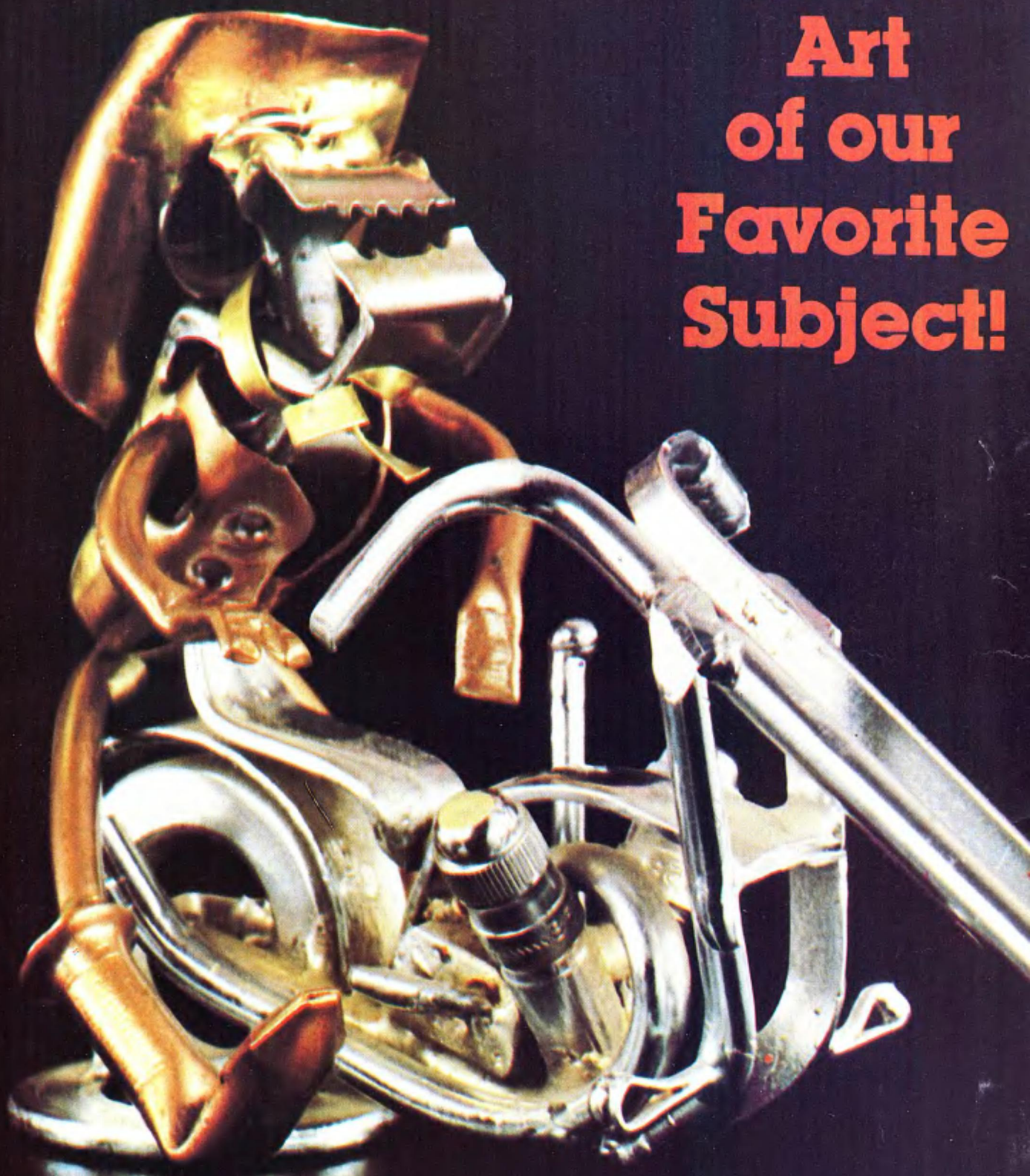
Club prez Poppa Zack's words kept running through my head: "She's heard too much. She's seen too much. She knows too much. Lately she's turned into a fuckin' lush who shoots off her fuckin' mouth in all the wrong places at all the wrong times. She's been warned any number of times. Her

answer was to threaten us. She's gotta go. Permanently. Do it any way that seems safe — but get ridda the mouthy cunt. We can't afford her as a risk to the whole group any longer."

Logical, but still a fuckin' bummer of an assignment. Remembering the club's recent expansion and the two younger, shapeller club mamas that had joined us, I knew that had something to do with this number. Well, fuck it. Do

Continued on page 96

**Metal
Art
of our
Favorite
Subject!**



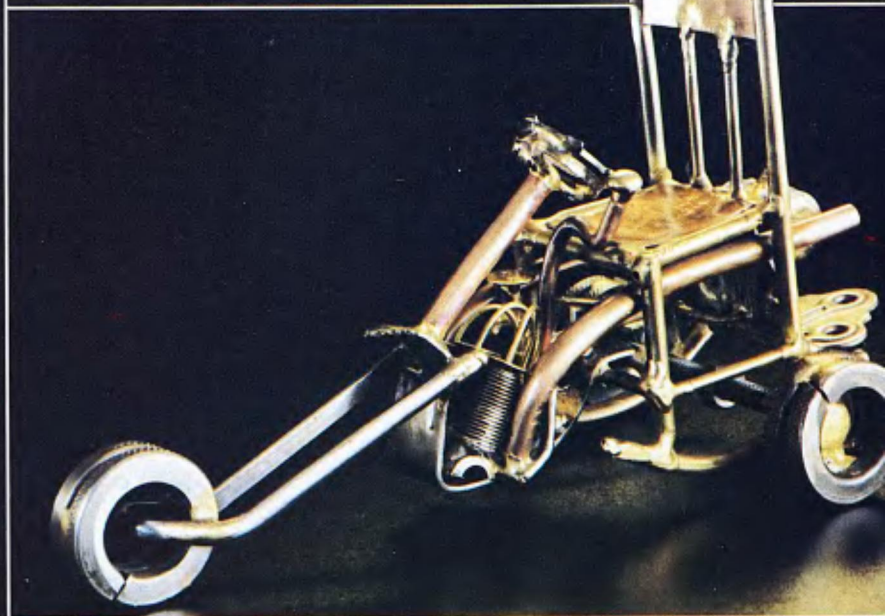
It's amazin' what the image of a roarin', fire-breathin', motorsickle can conjure up in a person's head. While reflecting on bikes, the brain's creative juices flow like an opened petcock of thoughts. With the mind running wild with ideas, anything is possible.

Like for example, a dude takin' a stroll through a bike parts store, goin' from aisle to aisle, flashin' on the various nuts, bolts, cotter pins, lock and regular washers, alligator clips, nails, hinges, valve stems and caps, then maybe a can opener, some copper tubing, a screw or two, and a spoon — all sittin' in their cardboard-box homes, doin' nuthin' 'cept gettin' a little tarnished and rusted as they wait to be bought to fix or build something.

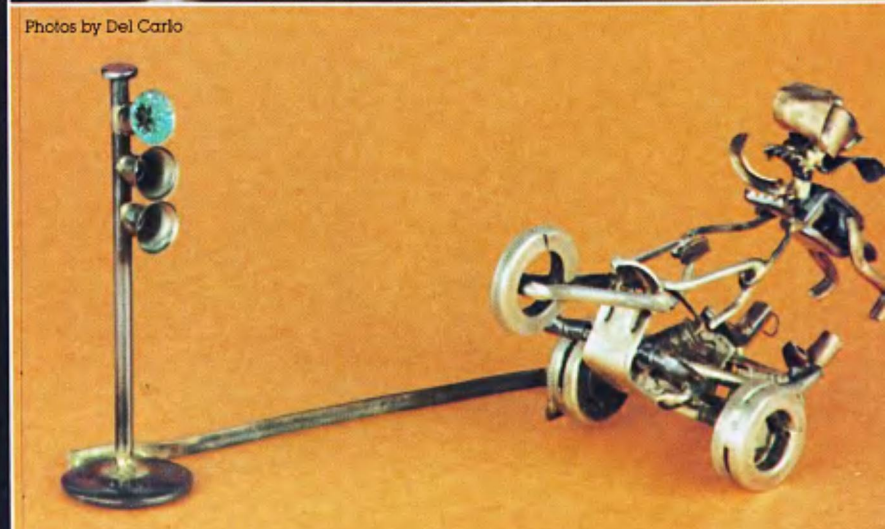
On occasion, a wide variety of unrelated objects may be picked up by a bro who is able to visualize the inanimate pieces as something more than just fasteners and cold, inert parts — in short, seein' these "things" not as stuff to attach to motorcycles, but as vital components of sculptured bikes.

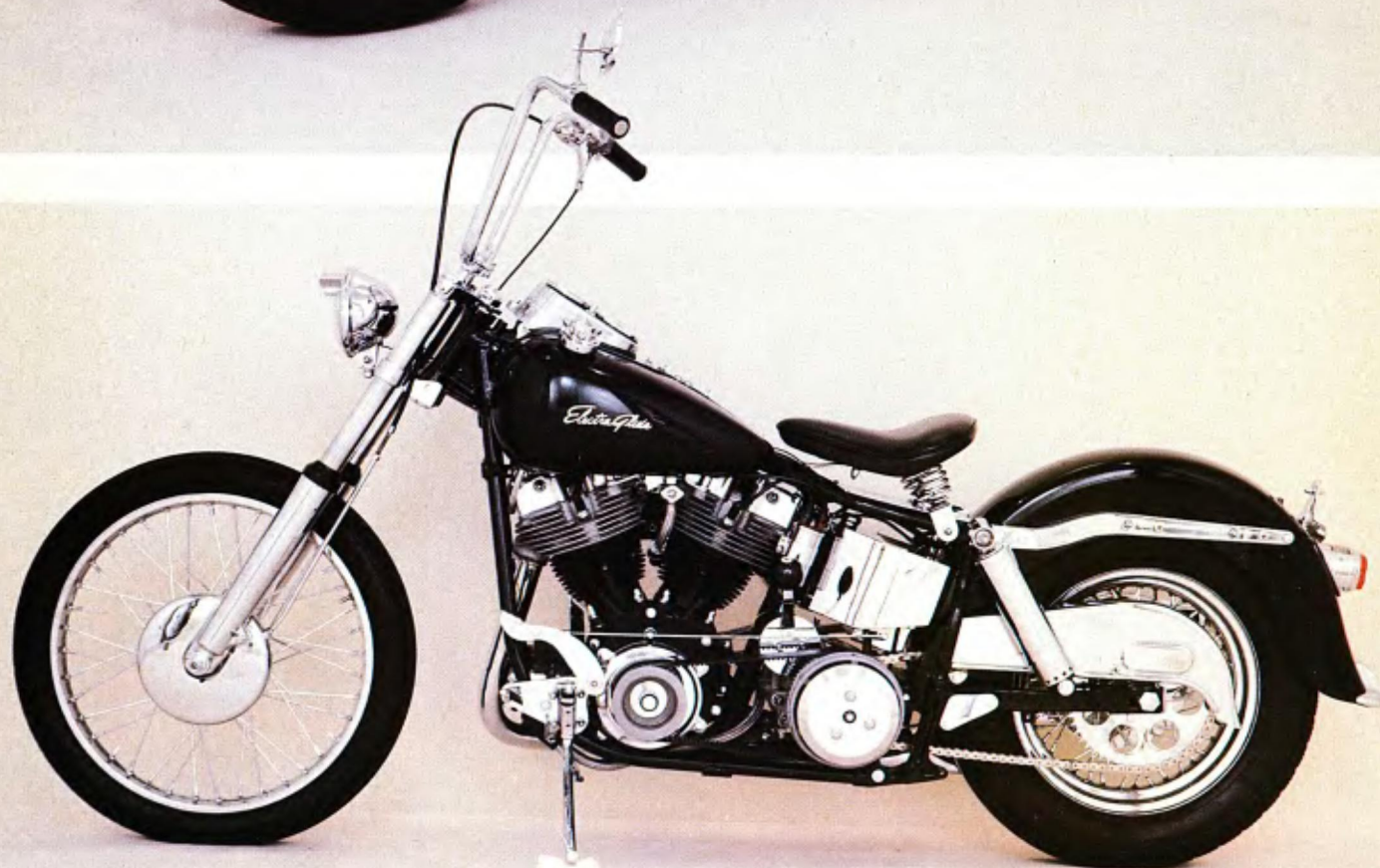
One such bro is Cliff Campbell, a mechanic and welder by trade and choice, from San Jose, California. He likes his job; in fact, on many nights and weekends he gladly takes it home with him — for relaxation. Out there in his home shop with his drill press, cutting torch, and vises, he slides into a placid state of mind and begins transforming metal into art. His love of things made of metal drives him on. Each of his metal marvels takes anywhere from six to twelve scattered hours, depending on the design's complexity.

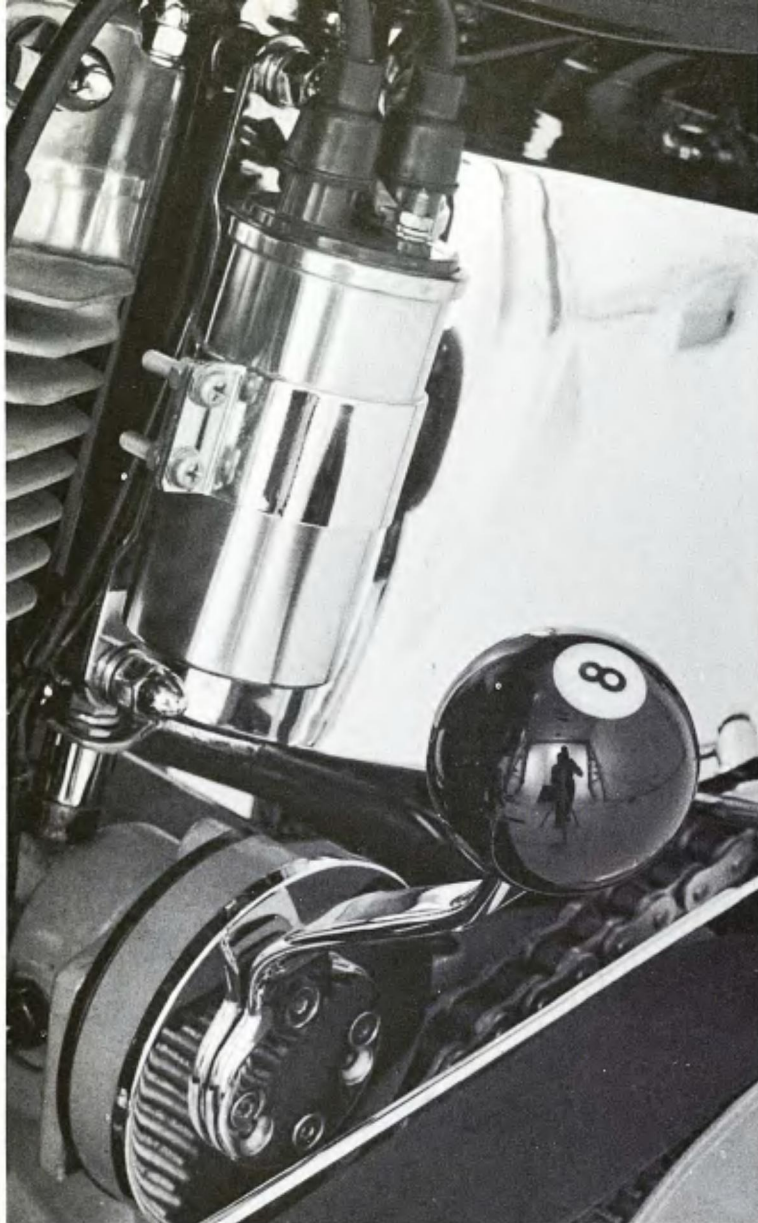
Cliff is influenced by Harley (aren't we all), and wants to start making replicas to be used in some sort of safety or bike awareness program. Meanwhile, everyone will continue to get turned on to his righteous little creations. How about you? Ride on. —Gootus



Photos by Del Carlo



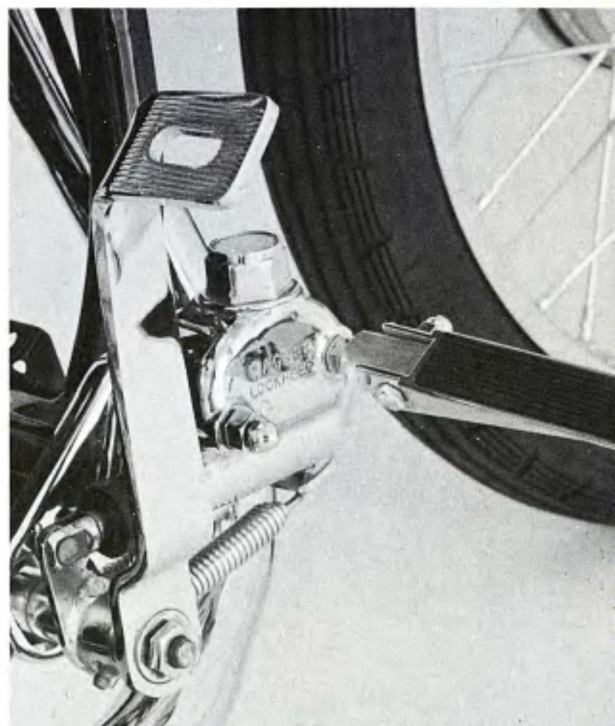
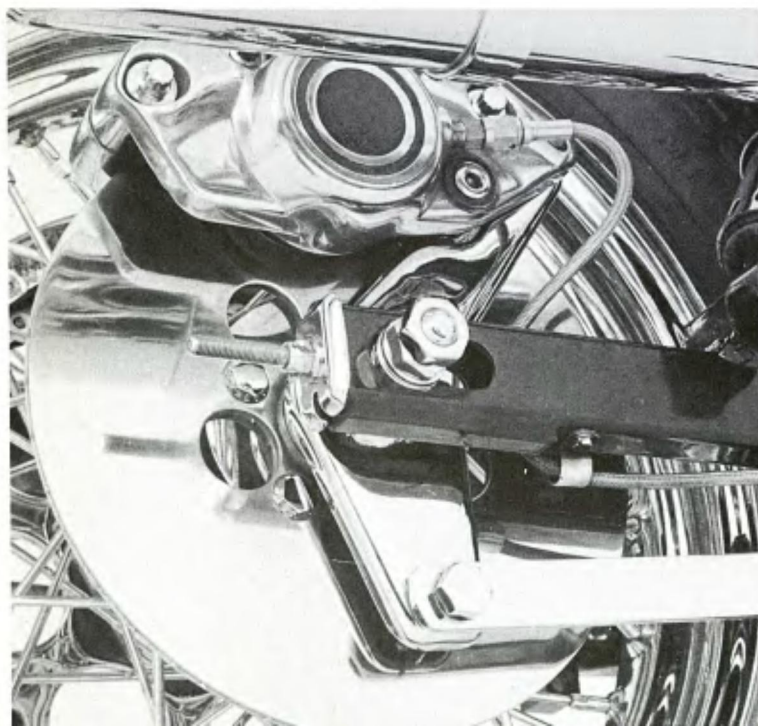




Comfortable and Clean

Four years is a long time to be puttin' up a scooter. I can't imagine anyone taking that much time to build a bike. But, like the chart says, four years on and off. Making a few changes every year is a sensible way to put up a scoot, especially if bucks don't float down from the sky. When Dino, the owner, put his name on the pink slip in '78, he started building what you see on these pages. A lot of trial and error took place over that four-year period, along with a lot of parts-chasing and late-night light-burning.

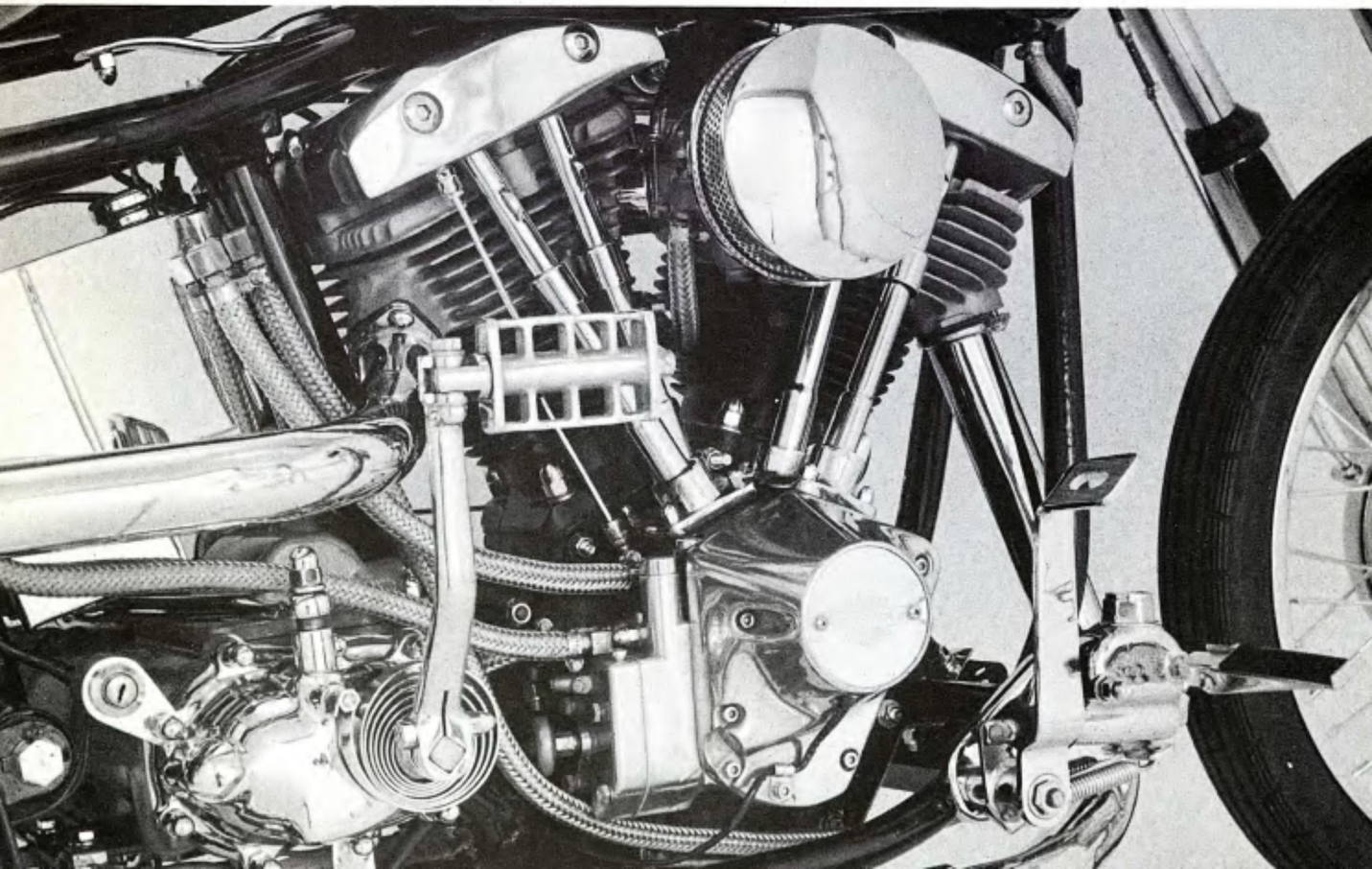
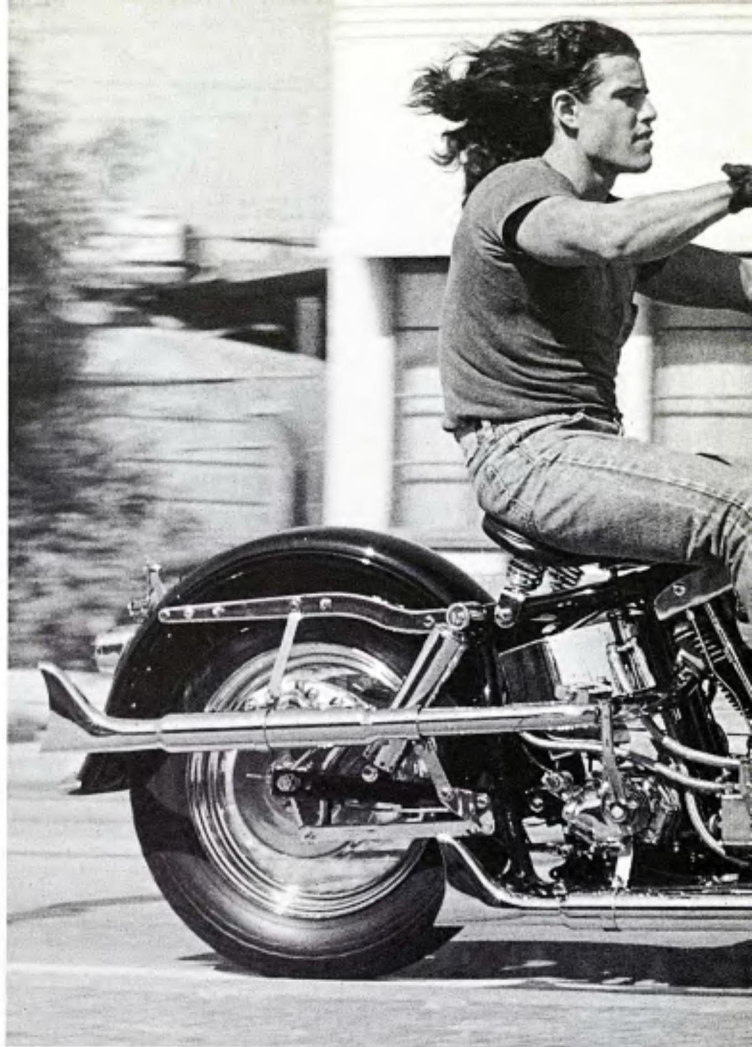
And then there are the bros — you know, the ones who have a saddlebag full of advice on how the new sled

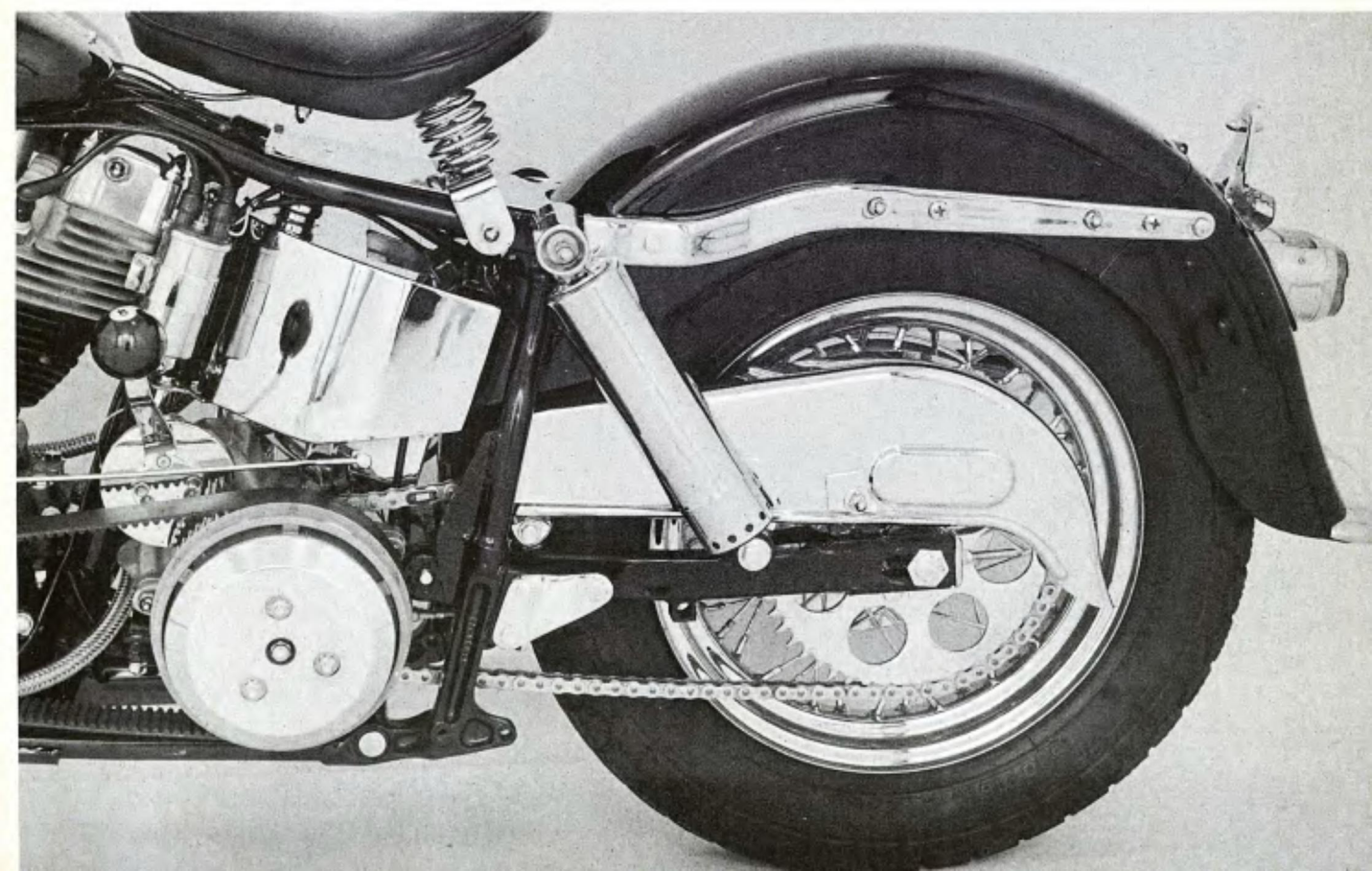
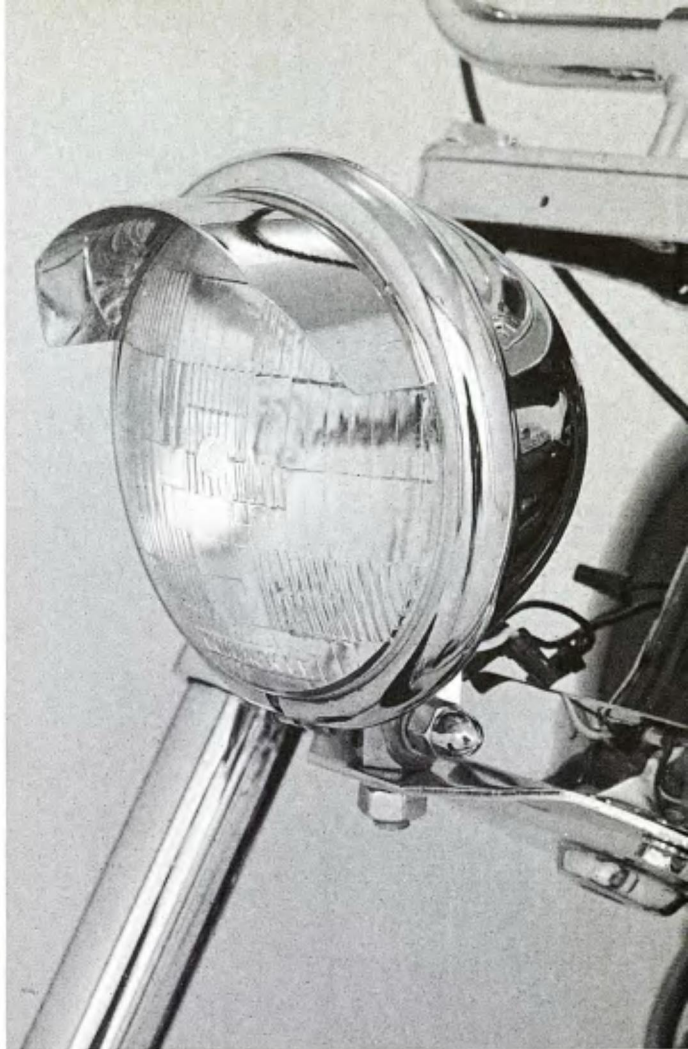


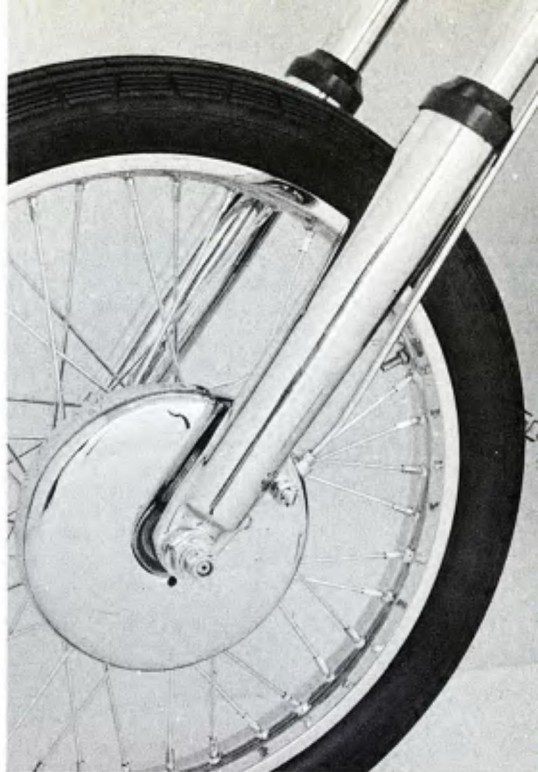
should look, run, and handle. I'm sure Dino was distracted more than once by tales of third-gear wheelies at 85mph and paint jobs you could lose your arm in up to the elbow. Taking into account the suggestions of his bros, Dino went on his way, cleaning up all the little details on his scoot, like having the frame powder-coated to provide an indestructible, shiny finish for years to come. The motor and transmission were completely reworked for dependability. Fresh paint, chrome, and glass beading were applied to the outside of the motor for a clean appearance. In fact, there isn't much of the original bike left, except for the motor, transmission, and frame. The Superglide front was replaced with a two-inch-over Wide Glide, the fenders were sent to the shelf in favor of a long dresser rear fender and the stock pipes were set aside in favor of some shotgun fishtips. Even though Dino's scooter went through a lot of changes, the final product could be the ultimate factory prototype — comfortable and clean.

—Freak

Continued on next page



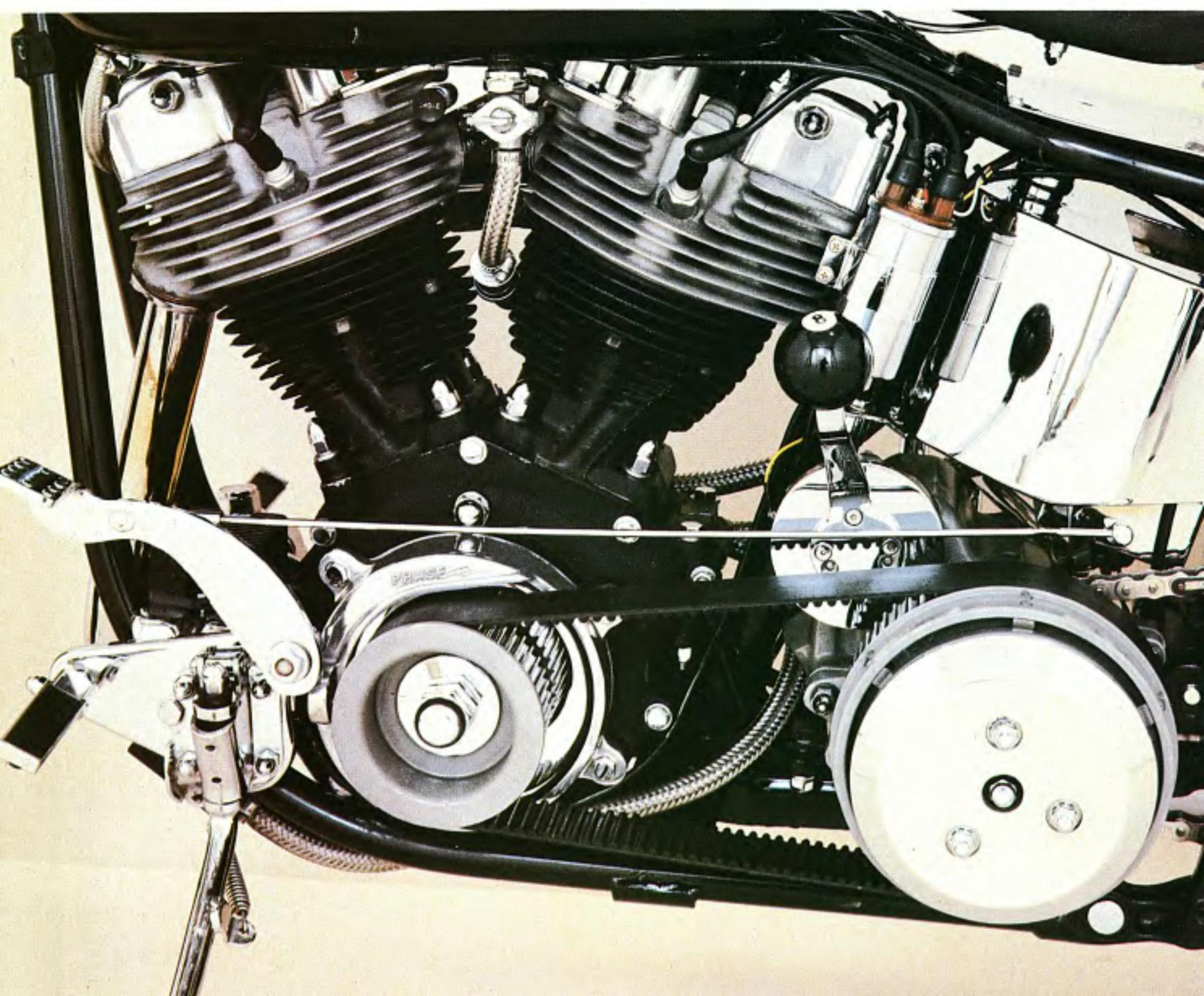
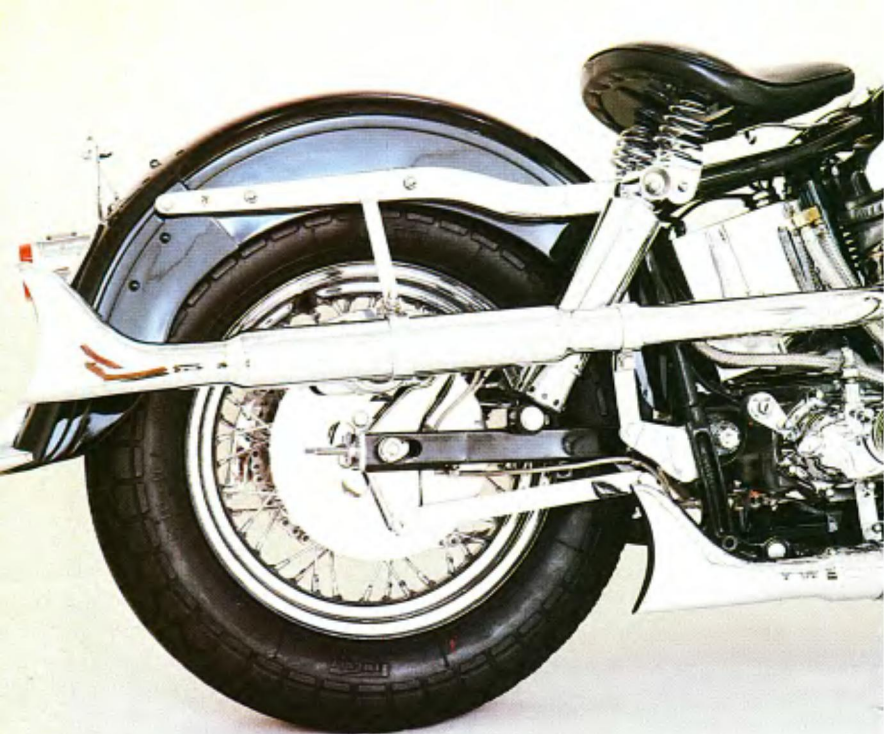




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Dino		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1978	
Year and make: 1978 H-D		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: shovel		Type: swingarm	
Value: mucho dinero		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 years, off and on		Other alterations: powder-coat paint	
Chroming by: Equality Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N apes	
Year: 1978		Risers: stock dresser	
Model: FX		Fender(s): 1967 stock dresser	
Rebuilder: Sport & Custom S.D.		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: stock	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: two	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: owner	
Cases: wrinkle black		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbob	
Heads: bead blasted		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): stock FX		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Andrews (Bendix)		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: shotguns		Height: here to there	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: U.S. Steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1978		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: jockey/foot clutch		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 2 in. Phase III		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: stock	Hub: disc hub
Painter: Mike and Garth		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: IRS	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: disc
Special paint: deep			
Other special modifications: frame is powder-coated, aircraft/braided oil and brake lines.			





Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

Brew Breath

I'm stuck in the fuckin' Navy and it really sucks.

The worst thing is that I'm restricted to the ship for the next 45 days — that means no pussy, beer, or anything. When I get off this fucked-up boat I'm going to be very horny. I just wanted to know if you would want to fuck a very horny and sober sailor?

Impacted Seaman
FPO San Francisco

- Don't know that I ever balled anyone sober. What's it like?

Stoppin' Those Odors

Lyin' around this raggedy-ass cell with nothin' to do but count bedbugs, I thought of you. Yeah, of all the damn things in this fucked-up world I got to think about, I had to pick you. That's the kinda brain power that landed me here in the first place.

Maybe I could have picked worse things to think about, but I can't imagine any. What the hell — is it true you use Drano for a mouthwash?

Big Tee
Blanch, N.C.

- I use Spider as a mouthwash.

Join The Crowd

Well, I've been locked up for two years now and the prettiest thing I've seen was a cockroach with leather boots and a whip, and that's a little strong for me.

Anyway, I'm so horny I could fuck a cow — or even you. Would I have to wait in line?

J.P.
Ionia, Mich.

- Only if ya got somethin' against sharin' the ride with a bunch of other critters.

Unchain My Heart

I am engaged to a biker and he wants to buy a new Harley before we get our wedding rings. I want to get the rings first. We decided to write to you and see what you would say.

Worried Lady
Kankakee, Ill.

- Come off it, bitch. What-cha really wanna get that bro is a chain. Don't try to con Mutha.

Dream A Little Dream

Hey, you dumb whore, I wish you would leave me alone. I almost died the other night. I woke up at 4 a.m., all sweaty and shaking, and I

don't think it was the stash. As far as I remember it, you were tryin' to crawl into my sleeping bag with those sickly brown tits saggin' against me, and your slimy, cold, wart-covered hands groping inside my pants. How low can you be?

Animal Lover
Colorado

- Wet dreams like yours started the Johnstown Flood.

Diego Bound

How's it smellin'? I haven't seen the road or tasted no pussy in three months now, bein' down in jail like I am.

I've heard a lot of the bros sayin' that the chicks in Southern California are fine, plentiful, and love to suck 'n' fuck. Since you live there, tell me, is it true? Or are they all just a bunch of sleazy bitches like you, who try to fuck the hell out of us guys and steal our hearts away? Please let me know, because I'm planning on moving to San Diego when I get out.

Mouse
Ft. Worth, Tex.

- The seagulls keep circlin' it, so it must be smellin' pretty good.

Free Bubble Up

Sorry, Mutha honey, but your jugs ain't the biggest in the world. There's this bro I know that has bigger tits than you. No shit! He's so fat that they just droop down, making him top-heavy. He says it's the shit he's been smokin' that made his tits grow. I think that's bullshit. Have you ever heard of such a thing?

Dreamer
Northeast Philly

- Sounds to me like he's been drinkin' that free Bubble Up and eatin' that silicone stew.

Diggin' That Tunnel

My bro says that you are a gross, disgusting, dick-crazy nympho with a hole as big as the Lincoln Tunnel and twice as busy. I say he is completely wrong about you. I figure that deep crevice must be at least four times as busy as the damn Lincoln Tunnel. Whattaya say, Mutha?

Night Stalker
Camp Hill, Pa.

- Why shouldn't I be busier than the fuckin' tunnel? I don't charge the bros a toll.

Spell It Right

I have this argument with one of my bros. I say your tits are only 36Bs and he says I'm fulla shit and that they're at least 54Es. Please tell us the true facts.

Joey
Holland, Mich.

- Warts, you asshole, warts, not tits. My warts are 36B. Whatta fuckin' dummy.

Virgin Reader

I just finished reading my first *Easyriders*, and I found your sick, senseless, and totally insane raunchy remarks in your "tell all" article the most absolutely perverted humor I have ever read.

Are you off your rocker? Shit, Mutha, what's up your ass? Spider? You have to be gentle and compassionate instead of horny and demented. Have you ever heard of Ann Landers? You could use a page from her book!

You know, Mutha, if you went to Weight Watchers they'd turn you away. One look at that body (if you dare call it that) would be enough to make all the world's leaders surrender — or declare war. Who knows for sure? Please keep it out of sight. I want to live.

Another question I would like to ask: Do you have something against clothes? That twat is a disgrace to the other women of this world. You have really let yourself go down the ol' tubes there. How can Spider stand you? You should try Richard Simmons in the a.m. on TV.

I don't know where you get off, but I will admit that I find your article vastly amusing though offensive to the higher sensibilities. I, of course, have no taste; otherwise, why would I waste my time writing to you?

Ditty
Northwalk, Conn.

- What do Ann Landers or Richard Simmons know about takin' it up the ass while their snatch is stuffed with pool balls? Spider says my bod is like a road map of Harley heaven — an' he doesn't smile when he says it.

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.

National

 Abate
Easynews

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

H-D boss says company was doomed under AMF ownership

Vaughn Beals, top dog at Harley-Davidson both during and after the AMF regime, has finally admitted why he and twelve other investors bought the company from AMF last year — H-D would have gone out of business otherwise.

"If we hadn't gone ahead with the purchase of this company, we would have sealed its doom," Beals, chairman and chief executive officer of Harley, told the *Milwaukee Journal*. "Nothing would have stopped the Japanese from knocking us out of the market."

Beals cites some impressive figures in making his case: Harley, which a decade ago had a virtual monopoly of the big bike (over 1000cc) market in the U.S., currently sells only 31 percent of the bikes in this class. And Honda, with a 26-percent share, Kawasaki, with 16 percent, and the other Japanese manufacturers are coming on like Yamamoto at Pearl Harbor.

"Aggression is the key word in this industry," Beals said. "Without it, you lose your market. And AMF had lost the will to fight for Harley-Davidson's share of the market."

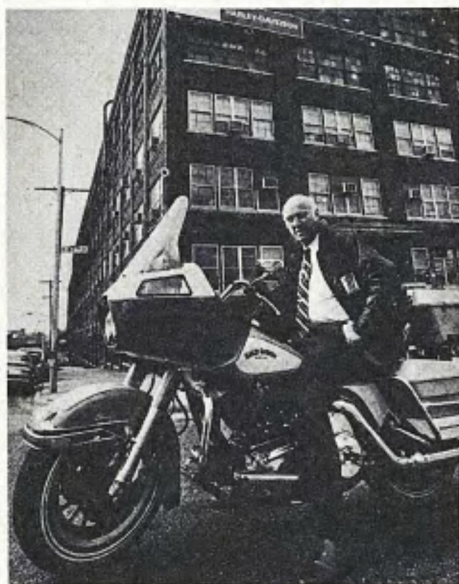


Photo from Milwaukee Journal

"AMF had lost the will to fight" — Beals

According to Beals, AMF, which had spent vast sums on plant building and modernization after buying Harley, had decided it wasn't going to pump any more money into the firm.

"It had to justify Harley's expenses against those of its 30 or 40 other businesses," he recalled. "But those of us who were running AMF's Motorcycle Products Group had to justify what was right for Harley, against what was right for AMF. It was a stand-off."

In the fall of 1980, AMF's top executives decided to get out of the motorcycle business and ordered Beals, at that time head of the motorcycle division, to find a buyer for Harley.

After negotiations with several other conglomerates fell through, Beals put together a group of twelve Harley executives and one Milwaukee attorney who, with \$100 million in borrowed money, as well as some capital of their own, made an offer to buy the company.

"AMF considered our offer as a sort of last resort," Beals said. "Anyway, Gary Ward, the vice president for planning and corporate development, decided it was time to let us fish or cut bait."

Oregon kills mandatory helmet bill

Oregon bikers can keep their hair in the air for at least another year. Despite passing the state senate, a bill requiring mandatory helmets for all riders and passengers died in the state house of representatives, and a companion piece of discriminatory legislation, a bill to require personal injury protection insurance for riders who don't wear helmets, never made it past the house judiciary committee.

More positively, the Oregon

legislature passed a bill authorizing state funding for rider education courses in local

schools and setting up a system for issuing motorcycle riding learner's permits, similar

to those long used by kids learning to drive the family cage.

Winter ridin' can be a pain

Ever get a humongous toothache about two hours after a brisk winter ride?

According to dental researchers, a combination of cold weather — made even more frigid by wind chill — and wind pressure causes pain

to develop in the trigeminal nerve of the face.

The pain usually starts about two hours after a ride and is normally a constant, rather than an intermittent, ache located in the tooth area of the face. Many bikers, con-

vinced that the pain is actually a suddenly exposed nerve in a tooth, have gone to the dentist and demanded the "rotten" tooth be extracted. In most cases the pain will disappear after several hours, according to the study.

Daytona '82 do's and don'ts

As thousands of bikers are busy gettin' winter cobwebs off their rides in preparation for this year's run to the sun, secretaries in the city of Daytona are equally busy getting the cobwebs off their mimeograph machines in preparation for cranking out thousands of copies of the various rules and regulations in effect for the run.

To help you make sure neither you nor your machine will be subject to unnecessary hassles, here is the official word on Daytona (and Florida) do's and don'ts.

Motorcycle Rules:

- Approved helmets must be worn by drivers and passengers anywhere in the area, except on the Atlantic Ocean beach within the city limits.
- Headlights must be in operation at all times.
- Motorcycles must be equipped with stock mufflers in good working order.
- Unusual smoke or noise is an offense, and no cut-outs or bypasses are allowed.
- Headlights must be mounted no higher than 54 inches or lower than 24 inches from the ground. Taillights must be no higher than 72 inches or lower than 20 inches.
- Handlebars must not be more than 15 inches above the portion of the seat occupied by the driver.
- Footpegs for both the driver and passenger are required.
- Bike riders must obey all general traffic rules and regulations.

Miscellaneous Ordinances

- Carrying or consuming an open container of any alcoholic beverage, including beer, is prohibited on the beach and city streets.
- Hitchhiking is prohibited within the city limits of Daytona.
- Littering is prohibited.
- Speed limit on the beach is 10mph at all times.
- When driving on the beach, you must not drive in water or soft sand.
- Dogs are not permitted on the beach at any time.
- Sleeping on the streets or parks at any time, or on the beach at night, is prohibited.
- Camping on the beach is prohibited.
- It is illegal to stop, stand, or park any vehicle on the beach between 3 and 5:30 a.m.
- Trespassing on motel property where you are not registered as a guest may result in arrest.

- Swimming within 100 yards of an ocean pier is prohibited.
- Advertising of any type or soliciting without a license is prohibited.
- It is illegal for anyone under 19 to possess alcoholic beverages or to misrepresent his age in order to buy them.
- You can make a right turn on a red light after coming to a full stop, except where posted "No turn on red."
- Pedestrians always have the right-of-way on the beach.
- "No parking" areas are indicated by a yellow painted curb or "No Parking" sign.
- Balls or Frisbees should not be thrown across traffic lanes.
- Sunbathers should not sit or recline so as to interfere with traffic.

In case you fuck up and inadvertently run afoul of one or more of these regulations, you'll want to know the following: Florida law provides that an individual arrested may be released on a reasonable bond after he is booked. Anyone incarcerated will be afforded a first appearance hearing in front of a judge within 24 hours after arrest.

Have a ball on the beach, bros. And good luck.

Excerpts from Florida Motor Vehicle Code

License Required — Operators of motorcycles must have in their possession a valid operator's or chauffeur's driver's license.

Tag Required — Motorcycles must have a current and valid license tag securely affixed to the rear of the motorcycle in such a manner as to be readily visible for 100 feet. Tag must be properly positioned, not upside down or vertical.

Improper Tag — Any person who knowingly attaches to any motor vehicle any tag or revalidation sticker to plate, not issued and assigned to such vehicle, is guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree. This section provides for arrest.

Handlebars — Motorcycle handlebars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator.

Crash Helmets — All motorcycle operators and passengers must wear approved crash helmets securely fastened upon the head at all times

when operating a motorcycle on the city streets. (Exception: Helmet is optional when the motorcycle is being operated on the Atlantic Ocean beach, within the city limits.)

Mufflers — Every motorcycle must at all times be equipped with a muffler in good working order and in constant operation to prevent excessive or unusual noise or smoke, and no person shall use a muffler cut-out or bypass, and the muffler shall be free from defects or alterations.

Headlights — The headlights on motorcycles must be turned on at all times when the motorcycle is in motion (24 hours per day).

Headlight Position — Headlight must be positioned at a height of not more than 54 inches nor less than 24 inches from the ground.

Taillamps — Every motorcycle shall be equipped with at least one taillamp, and it shall be positioned at a height of not more than 72 inches nor less than 20 inches from the ground. Every motorcycle must be equipped with at least

one stoplight. Every motorcycle must be equipped with a white license plate light that renders it (the plate) clearly legible for 50 feet.

Horns — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a horn or some other type of warning device.

Mirrors — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a rear-view mirror.

Footrests — Every motorcycle carrying passengers other than in a sidecar must be equipped with footrests for the passenger. Muffler, tailpipe, and axle shafts are not footrests.

Brakes — Every motorcycle (over five brake horsepower) is required to be equipped with both front and rear brakes in operable condition.

Method Of Riding Motorcycles — A person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator.

Operators and passengers must sit astride the seat facing forward with one leg on each side of the motorcycle.

Operation Of Motorcycles On Roadways — Motorcycles shall not be operated more than two abreast in a single lane. The operator of a motorcycle shall not overtake or pass in the same lane occupied by the vehicle being overtaken. No person shall operate a motorcycle between lines of traffic or between adjacent lines or rows of vehicles.

Motorcycles — Any person operating a motorcycle shall be granted all of the rights and shall be subject to all the duties applicable to the driver of another vehicle under this act, except as to special regulations in this act and except as to those provisions of this act which by their nature can have no application.

Speed Limits — Speed limits within the city limits are 30 miles per hour unless otherwise posted. Within the city limits, speed on the Atlantic Ocean beach is posted at 10mph at all times.

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 ⁴
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 ¹¹
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 ¹	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ¹¹	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 ⁴
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵ Helmet for both rider and passenger. ⁶ Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁷ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁸ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁹ If over 21. ¹⁰ If over 16. ¹¹ Certain cities may require lights.

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.



Studies in Great Britain have shown that helmets made of ABS plastic should be scrapped if they were made prior to 1977. The material they are made of is susceptible to deterioration from sunlight and weather and is liable to become brittle and shatter if hit hard. Current ABS has been improved, its makers claim. . . The Department of Transportation has issued a paper urging state and local officials to work to ban radar speed detectors in their areas. The feds say they'd like to outlaw the detectors themselves, but the Supreme Court won't let them get away with it.

ABATE of Indiana raised \$8,400 for the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation by holding a run and a raffle. . . The New Jersey Treasury Department has ruled that helmets are exempt from sales tax in New Jersey because they are mandatory "safety" equipment, not sporting goods. . . Sometimes even having God on your side don't help: Rev. David E. Baker, 46, an evangelist with the Assembly of God Church, and his wife Arlene, 41, were hospitalized when a cage turned left in front of their bike near Martinsburg, New York. Rev. Baker, who was thrown 80 feet from the bike, was treated and released. His wife, who landed 120 feet from the point of collision, suffered a broken leg. Come to think of it, maybe having God on your side *does* help.

Nevada riders who travel between 55mph and 70mph will no longer pay a fine for speeding; they'll pay a \$5 "energy wasting" fee. Colorado will continue to assess fines to those traveling between 55 and 70 but will no longer award penalty points to violators. . . The state government of West Australia has dropped a proposal to require car drivers and passengers to wear crash helmets.

Hollywood stunt man Alan Gibbs gets from \$2,500 to \$15,000 to recreate motorcycle wrecks for use as evidence in damage suits. . . Rumor has it that Harley-Davidson has been secretly testing a V-4 at the Alabama International Speedway in Talladega.

Cycle airbag to bounce you down the asphalt

A Maryland inventor has been awarded a patent for developing a system to install airbags on motorcycles.

According to inventor Julien J. Bouvier, his system, which features an inflatable "wall" that looks like an air mattress, will be installed in a tube mounted below the bike's frame.

If a rider sees an unavoidable crash coming, he pushes a panic button, which releases compressed air that inflates the mattress into an enclosure surrounding the rider. In case the rider does not have time to react, the air bag has a built-in sensor, which causes it to inflate automatically during a collision.

The inside of the bag has a restraining system that holds the rider in without keeping him or the bag attached to the bike. Thus, Bouvier says, the rider and airbag can be thrown off the bike and bounce to a safe stop on the asphalt.

Good thing Claybrook's gone, or we might all be installing the things by this time next year.

N.Y. doctors want crash bars on bikes

Not content with lobbying unceasingly against repeal of New York's mandatory helmet law, the Medical Society of the State of New York has urged the state to make so-called "crash bars" required equipment on all bikes.

"Not enough attention is being given to the role that proper safety equipment on motorcycles can perform to avert or reduce the severity of injuries to the legs from the knee down," said Dr. John D. States, chairman of the society's committee on accident and injury protection.

According to the state department of motor vehicles, more than one-third of the 8,481 injuries sustained by

N.Y. motorcycle riders in 1980 involved the knee, lower leg, or foot.

Meeting at Lake Success, New York, the society also renewed its opposition to freedom of choice for riders who prefer not to use a helmet.

"The repeals of motorcycle helmet laws by some states have constituted one of the most tragic decisions made recently in this country," Dr. Edward Siegel, executive vice president of the society, told members at Lake Success. "I hope that our own state legislature will stand steadfast against any change, in the best interests not only of the state's motorcyclists but of the public at large."

Photo by Kim Peterson



Motorcycles have been given the okay to use bypass lanes on hundreds of metered freeway on-ramps throughout California. The bypass or, as they're sometimes called, car pool lanes, allow vehicles to drive directly onto the freeway without stopping and waiting at the traffic light regulating traffic on the regular entrance lane. Bypass lanes had previously been restricted to cages carrying two or more passengers. In opening them to bikes, officials cited the fact that the average bike is more fuel-efficient than a cage carrying four people. Officials stressed, however, that the car pool and bus-only lanes — diamond lanes — actually on the freeways, were still closed to cycles.

Motorcycle Safety Foundation survey shows bikers come from everywhere

A recent survey by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation reveals that the average bike rider covers 7,180 miles on his scooter every year. According to the study, the highest mileage state is Arizona, with an average of 9,270 miles per rider. Runners-up are California

(9,120 miles), Louisiana (8,950 miles), Nevada (8,510 miles), and Texas (8,300 miles). Lowest mileage area is Washington, D.C., where the average scooter pilot racks up 4,210 miles per year.

Of the 16,000 respondents to the survey, 101 were over 70,

with the oldest being 83. Average age of the respondents was 35, but the most miles-per-year was logged by the 40- to 70-year-olds, who averaged 8,000 miles of riding last year. Sixteen- to twenty-year-olds, by comparison, averaged only 6,000 miles per year.

Fifteen percent of the riders surveyed had taken a rider education course and 99.2 percent

reported that they owned a helmet. One-third of the riders claimed to ride all year, and the average number of riding months reported nationwide was 9.14.

As could be expected, big displacement bikes (over 1,000cc) averaged three times the mileage per year (9,000) as the lightweight (100 to 300cc) contenders (300 miles).

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter
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Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

58-year-old lady biker really racks up the miles

"People think at my age you're supposed to take a nap, or sit down and knit in your spare time," says 58-year-old Dot Fisette. "But, to me, riding my motorcycle is utter relaxation."

Fisette, who began riding her own scooter 33 years ago after several years of packing behind her ol' man, recently won the activities trophy of TriStates Travelettes, a ladies' cycle club, for the fifth time in the last six years. To win the trophy, she had to accumulate points by going to club meetings, riding to other states, and traveling a hefty distance on her bike. Fisette's total for 1980? One thousand, six

hundred and eighteen points and 21,700 miles ridden. Not bad for a working mother of three — especially one who lives in the frequently frozen wilds of New Market, Minnesota.

"Some people take up golf — I took up riding," says Fisette, a bus driver in Lakeville, Minn. "I just love my riding."

Apparently the love is catching. Fisette's husband Dick is a long-time rider and two of their three daughters ride their own bikes. "I've traveled a lot and my family and I have just about seen the whole country," Dot Fisette says. "There's something to look at no matter where you go."



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Aries

Faster than a flying fart and fickle enough to fuck a flyspeck — the most powerful month in motion — with the speed of light and a stiff prick (or tight twat). Is it a turd caught in the drain? No, it's just Aries doing his thing!

There's nothing slow about an Aries; he's always in perpetual motion. They do things in a hurry and lose interest just as fast. So to catch an Aries you'd best either wear roller skates to bed or be the most versatile person you know. (Hot pants help, too.)

What Aries lacks in patience, he makes up for in originality (*Easyriders's* Spider). Knows what the public wants (Hugh Hefner), quick to wiggle out of

tight situations (Houdini), overly independent (Marlon Brando), sexy (Warren Beatty, Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, and Ali McGraw), heavy-duty (Rod Steiger, Spencer Tracy, and Bette Davis), laughable (Charlie Chaplin), lovable (Marsha Mason), enduring (Gloria Swanson), motor-mouthed (Walter Winchell), unforgettable (Steve McQueen), erratic and opinionated (Anita Bryant and Howard Cosell). Plus Bobby Vinton and Wayne Newton. (So what?)

Aries is at the head of his class when it comes to quick decisions, and does best in positions of authority (not bad in the missionary position, either). Because Aries people bore easily, they are best at

starting projects, but usually leave the time-consuming details to others and come back in time to pick up the finishing pieces — plus the glory.

Aries is susceptible to headaches, eye problems, and fevers — and can become accident-prone due to a lack of patience. So Aries should learn to slow down a tad. An Aries has good resistance and strong recuperative powers, but makes the world's worst patient — and refuses to stay in bed alone.

Aries is always hot to trot and leads with his foreskin. He likes to brag about who he bags in bed. But what the hell, a little publicity never hurt anyone.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19)

Happy birthday, baby! Grab a bib, 'cause this month you can have your piece and eat it too! If you work it right, you can even mix business with pleasure. (Unless you overdo on the sauce.) Don't be afraid to take the initiative in a financial venture. Partners respect your opinions now, and are apt to draw straws for your attention. Just don't let all this popularity pop your buttons.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20)

Look out for some big-mouths flapping their jaws to fool the public. They're feeding you a line of bullshit and dishing out deception. Worse yet, the deals they dangle look good, 'cause they're handing out rose-colored glasses, too. Grab your blindness and keep on trucking fast. Don't learn the hard way that talk is cheap! Stop, look, and listen with both ears — then run home and take a cold shower.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

If you and a tight partner don't see eye to eye, it could be you're not using your ears. Before getting your balls in an uproar, let the dude run it by

you again. Could be you're shooting your wad without really feeling things out. (Foresight can be like foreplay — it takes using your head.) Could be your ol' lady's on the rag and it's rubbing off on you. Time for a change.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Right now you know what you want and you go after it. The only fly in your pie could be that you're pushing a hair too hard. Keep your sights set on your chosen goal, but don't let over-ambition fog your outlook with bros. Those of you opting for a final decision will find a fairer shake if you postpone matters till next month. Or you could learn the hard way that haste makes waste.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

You can not only go for the gusto, but you can also give your gonads the royal treatment. Don't sell yourself short (unless you're a jockey), or settle for second best. On the other hand, don't expect credit you haven't earned. Best pull your own weight this month, 'cause the rewards are worth it. Recharging your sexual batteries could consume most of

your spare time, and keep your balls bouncing back and forth.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

If you're planning a trip, the best way to take yourself seriously. To keep your shit together (or at least stuck to your shorts) and to keep from spilling your guts, be alert. This month you're an accident waiting to happen. Gear down and stay outta the fast lane. Don't let sudden temper tantrums tempt you to take chances. Keep cool and slowly count up to ten, then take off your shoes and start over!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

There are a few minor problems coming to a head. Time to nail your nuts down long enough to pinpoint them. Get to the meat of the matter before one of them blows in your face. Don't let your temper erupt and blow everything out of proportion. Hang in there and take one day at a time. Some hassles could eventually turn into a blessing — you hope!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Right now you could do well to equip yourself with a muzzle. If you don't, when you put

in your two cents' worth, you'll get change. If you want to make a point, pull down your drawers — otherwise, you're just wasting your breath and smelling up the place. Could be your balls are placing a strain on your brain and need to be drained. Save your mind blowing for next month, when your brain's unbogged.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

It's time to tie up loose ends and leftover projects. Shovel the unneeded shit outta the corners and make room to breathe in. Your problem now isn't lack of energy, it's lack of direction. What you need is motivation. Don't bite off more than you can chew, though. Take 'em a taste at a time. (If your ol' lady's a real hefty bag, fill her up in between.) Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Side-step bullshit gossip and partners' petty head trips. Then steer clear of on-the-job riffs. Keep your evaluations for solving your own hassles. This month you could be up to your ears in pains in the ass. So gather all the patience you can pull together and put it to good use on your own problems. There shouldn't be any snags in the sack, as long as you keep a stiff upper lip.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Temper tantrums (rare for Aquarius) could balloon out of proportion. Worse yet, your ragged ass could be wrong. This month finds you looking at life through the rearview mirror — or up your ass. Put yourself in the proper perspective, before someone else does. There should be a taste of humble pie on your menu. You might even try a second helping. Serve yourself and save.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Poor Pisces, everybody's picking on you. (What's new?) Take it with a grain of salt, or some good smokes, and shine 'em on. It's mostly minor shit that passes and fizzles out like a fart in the wind. Sorry, but your throat is susceptible to strains and strange viruses. (Wear a dirty sock around your neck.) And, you could be run-down in general and need to give yourself some tender, loving care (or at least have someone suck the poison out). ■

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.

This is the tale of Dead-Eye Dick. He was the man with a corkscrew prick. He searched the world over on a frantic hunt To find a girl with a corkscrew cunt. But when he did, he dropped dead, 'Cause she had a left-hand thread!

—Dave
Sunrise, Fla.

A pair of identical twins, dressed alike, ordered drinks at a bar. A drunk biker sitting nearby took a long look at them, shuddered, and ordered another drink. "Take it easy, man," said one twin. "You ain't seeing things; we're identical twins!"

The biker looked again, squinted, and said, "All four of you?"

—Jerry Vail
No. Hollywood, Calif.

A biker went to the race track and noticed a priest making the sign of the cross over a horse's head. The horse went on to win the race. So the biker watched the priest, and every time he made the sign, the biker would bet on the horse and the horse would win. By the time the last race came up, the biker was ahead by \$18,000. He bet the whole bundle on the horse he saw the priest approach. The starting gates opened, the horses were off, and the one he'd bet on took three steps and dropped dead. finding the priest, the biker demanded, "Man, what the fuck happened?"

The priest looked him over and replied, "You bikers just don't know the difference between a blessing and the last rites!"

—The Kid
Madras, Ore.

After an operation, a girl asked her doctor how long it would be before she and her ol' man could have sex.

"I don't know," replied the doctor. "No one has ever before asked me that question after a tonsillectomy."

—Rouser
Brocton, Mass.

A biker walked into the clubhouse one day with his head shrunken to the size of an apple.

"What happened to you?" a bro asked.

"Well, man," he said, "I found this little lamp and when I rubbed it, a foxy genie popped out and granted me one wish. First I asked her to spread her legs for me, but she said no. Then I asked her to sit on my face, but again she said no. Then I asked her for the only thing left. I asked her if she would give me a little head."

—Mark Kroll
Danbury, Conn.

When I am dead and in my grave, No more pussy will I crave. But upon my gravestone will be seen, "Here lie the bones of a fuck-in' machine."

—Chuck Grisham
Huntsville, Tex.

Easyriders



"How well do you

The hungover couple dawdled over a midafternoon breakfast, after a particularly wild all-night party held in their apartment.

"Dearest, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the library last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively and then asked, "About what time?"

—Shelley B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Easyriders



"Well, shit any

GREETING CARDS



"I'm sorry, sir. We don't seem to have anything for a bum fuck."

One day a little boy walked into the barn and caught his grandpa masturbating.

"What are you doing, Grandpa?"

"I'm playing pinochle, sonny."

The little boy thinks for a minute and says, "Where is your partner, Grandpa?"

The grandfather looks down at himself and replies, "With a hand like this, I don't need one."

—Knote
Woodfords, Calif.

This little frog was sittin' on a pond leaf when an eagle swooped down and gulped him up. The eagle started flying higher and higher. Meanwhile, the frog worked his way through the eagle and eventually came to his asshole. He looked out and said, "Christ, how high are we, eagle?"

"About a thousand feet."

To which the frog replied, "You wouldn't be shittin' me, would ya?"

—Joe O.
Nova Scotia

Easyriders

Q: What does a hooker do in her spare time?

A: Spends her fuckin' money?

Q: How do you make a hormone?

A: Don't pay her!

—Sally Brown
Reno, Nev.



work under pressure?"

A visiting British biker, staying at a bro's home in upstate New York, was startled out of a deep sleep by a loud and eerie hoot sounding just outside his bedroom window.

"Don't let that spook ya, man," said his American bro. "It's only an owl."

"I know," replied the Britisher rather uneasily, "But 'oo's 'owlin'?"

—Jimmy Carter
Las Vegas, Nev.



good or not?"

What's grosser than gross? Seeing two vampires fighting over a bloody tampon.

What's grosser than gross? Finding a hair in your Bloody Mary.

What do rocks and drugs have in common? They can both get you stoned!

—Rick
Boring, Ore.

Twas the night of the party and all through the town,

No cops were astirrin', no pigs were around.

The joints were all rolled, piled high into stacks,

In hopes that by midnight we'd be blown to the max!

We drank Seagrams Seven and smoked Panama Reds,

While visions of munchies danced in our heads.

When all of a sudden, came a knock at the door,

We all yelled "Pigs" and hit the floor.

Then what to my red-glazed eyes should appear, but a pound of Colombian and two kegs of beer.

The man at the door gave us all a smile,

So we invited him in to party awhile.

He sat in the corner and started to roll,

So we filled his glass and lit up a bowl.

We hear him exclaim as he flew into the sky,

"Marijuana to all and to all a Great High!"

—Rory Miller
Green Bay, Wis.

Anot-so-young housewife was bragging to her husband about her slim figure. "I can still get into the same skirts that I had before we were married," she said.

Without glancing up from his newspaper, her spouse replied, "I wish the hell I could."

—Karl Landorf
Macon, Ga.

On impulse the young man stopped at a florist and purchased a dozen roses for his girlfriend. When he presented them to her, she immediately tore off all her clothes and leaped onto the couch. "This will be for the flowers," she announced, spreading her legs.

"Oh, come, now," he replied. "Surely you have a vase somewhere in this apartment."

—Gary Holland
Imperial, Pa.



"If you really want to get rid of those brown spots on your hands, start using toilet paper."

There once was a girl from New Zealand
Who got a wonderful feelin'
When she lay on her back,
Spread open her crack,
And pissed all over the ceilin'.

—Farmer
Carson, Nev.



Arguing with yer ol' lady is as much a waste of breath as whistling at a whore.

—Ernie S.
Sonoma, Calif.

This old biker called in his ex-ol' lady, lawyer, and one of his old-time bros to his deathbed. "They say you can't take it with you, but I'm going to. I busted my knuckles on bikes and I've got three envelopes with \$10,000 in each one. I want you each to take one, and just when they lower me into the ground with my scooter, you throw in the envelopes."

After the funeral, the old biker's bro confessed he needed some money for a new motor and a paint job so he took out \$3,000 and threw in the other \$7,000. The lawyer too confessed that he took out \$5,000 for a down payment on a new house, and threw in only \$5,000. The biker's ex-ol' lady said, "You knuckleheads should be ashamed of yourselves. I threw in a check for the full amount!"

—Crazy Ray
Brazoria, Tex.



"Nonsense, Mother, that's just Harold's way of waving goodbye!"

LOOKDOWN

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

What do you think of when you hear the phrase, "Mexican prisons"? If you're free and on the outside, chances are the phrase will just send a momentary shudder through you, a fleeting thought of "No way I could take that shit." If you're locked up somewhere, hearing "Mexican prisons" will probably bring a different but similar feeling: "This place is the pits, but at least it's not one of those holes south of the border."

Well, while it's still true that many Mexican prisons are filthy, vermin-ridden holes serving an unvarying diet of refried bean gruel, many of the newer institutions, particularly the *reclusorios*, which house prisoners awaiting trial, are improving and, in some ways, are considerably advanced over most penal institutions in the U.S.

Most of the major differences between being incarcerated in the U.S. and facing the same fate in Mexico are reflections of a profound difference in basic philosophy: The Mexican system of penology doesn't have a damn thing to do with what stateside authorities like to call "corrections." In Mexico, if you did the crime, if you fucked it up bad enough so you got caught, you get locked up, period. That's it — you get locked up. It's a punishment and a way of keeping the *gente correcta* on the outside safe from you. The Mexican penal authorities in no way delude themselves into thinking you can somehow be cloned or corrected into becoming a different person while in their care.

This philosophical difference means, among other things, that the Mexican prison system makes no attempt to enforce a phony, straight-world moral code on inmates. In Mexico, where conjugal visits have a long history, unmarried cons have the same right to *visitas intimas* with a girlfriend or, if they can afford it, a whore, as married prisoners have with their wives. Also, Mexican prison regulations allow prisoners to wear their

own clothes, keep almost anything they want in their cells, and choose their own cellmates.

It's no secret that in prison, as anywhere else, it's better to be rich than to be poor. But to those accustomed to the U.S. system of tight control of inmates' money, the Mexican system is really a mind-blower. Ol' lady find a \$100 bill stuck in her G-string one night in the topless? Gonna negotiate to trade a few packs of smokes bought through your now-bulging inmate account for some Js and a pint of pruno? In Mexico, you could buy anything from extra food to books to a radio — and do it in the open, legitimately, dealing with other prisoners spending their downtime running little businesses behind the walls, as allowed by the regulations. Feeling really flush? Some Mexican prisons have private cottages you can rent when you're tired of the ol' steel and concrete 6x6 cell.

The actual facilities housing many Mexican prisoners are also being improved through the construction of new facilities, the modernization of others, and the gradual closing of Mexico City's notorious Lecumberri Prison.

A recent study of the magazine *Corrections Today* showed that much of the emphasis in upgrading Mexican prisons is being placed on the *reclusorios*, a fact which may seem odd here in the States where most convicts spend a brief time in a local jail prior to trial and serve their longest period of confinement in a penitentiary. In Mexico, however, the situation is usually reversed. The country has no such thing as a speedy trial law and a prisoner can be held in a *reclusorio* for up to two years before his case is heard in court. Sentences after trial, however, are usually brief, with most prisoners being released from the penitentiary within a year after being sentenced. Hence the need, in Mexico City, for three *reclusorios* and only one penitentiary.

As part of its study, *Corrections*

Today sent a reporter to visit one of the Mexican City *reclusorios*. The facility, he reported, was made up of small, scattered buildings — dormitories, dining hall, study halls, workshops, etc. — with windows (presumably hi-tech unbreakable windows) instead of bars. The buildings are separated by well-maintained landscaping on which prisoners can congregate for conversation, game playing, or music making. Neither prisoners nor guards wear uniforms. The prison is surrounded by a high wall patrolled by armed guards, and checkpoints control movement inside.

Visits, especially family visits, are encouraged, and prisoners can have visitors several times a week if they desire. After being searched for contraband, visitors are allowed inside the prison, where special parts of the landscaped areas are reserved for the use of prisoners and guests. A special building houses rooms — which can be reserved for eight hours at a time — for conjugal visits, and a supervised playground is provided for the children of parents taking advantage of the *visitas intimas*. Also, many prison social activities, such as concerts by visiting performers, are open to family members as well as prisoners.

Though there are many things wrong with the criminal justice system in Mexico (How would you like to spend two years locked up, only to go to court and have the district attorney drop the charges for lack of evidence?), there are other elements, such as the real effort made to preserve family ties, that could, if applied here, lead to a lessening of tension and violence in our institutions. It's sure worth a try.

DECISIONS, KITES AND NEWS A Lot Like Mexico

According to the New York City Department of Corrections, the Big Apple's jails are housing many prisoners who have, to put it mildly, not received a "speedy" trial.

Over 1,500

Continued on page 80



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.

Revvin' Up With Robert

Turn on your personal time machine and roll back the years to the 1950s — those wacky, post-war, babies-on-every-block times of the Eisenhower administration. Before Nixon got a hunchback. Not reviewing the era through rose-colored glasses, but with black wraparounds, a la Jake and Elwood Blues, ya might flash back on some of your best days — maybe when you and the local cats were workin' on hot rods. Or maybe you had a Harley or a Bonnie, Ariel, Beezer, Square Four, Indian Scout, or a Chief. Maybe, if you were lucky, you might have had a Vincent Black Shadow. You might have been providing your own maintenance an' gettin' oil and grease caked on your state-of-the-art T-shirt (which was white). Tucking that shirt into the Levi's or chinos, minus belt, with straight legs and heavy rivets. Cuffs double-rolled over white socks, ya understand — and loafers.

Those boss machines were readied during the day for the tough action at night. Later, while cleaning up, you'd comb your hair into a ducks-ass (d.a.) hairstyle. Fuckin'-A. The kid brother would be sprawled out on the sofa, staring at Kookie from the 77 *Sunset Strip* television show as you passed through the den on your way to your bike in the garage, then over to your ace partner's pad to go get the gals. Different attitudes then. It was the birth of a new age. A guy named Elvis stood the world on its ear, which has been echoing shock waves ever since.

There wasn't the hype you get in today's automated life. By comparison it seems like it was an innocent time. Seems it was the tip of the iceberg as far as knowledge goes, knowledge that we've used to fuck ourselves over with. I guess it was the end also. Remember how everything was made heavy-duty then? No cheap-ass plastic or simulated wood grains. Things were built to last, no planned obsolescence then.

Even the music today, for the most part, is just for today. Disposable tomorrow.

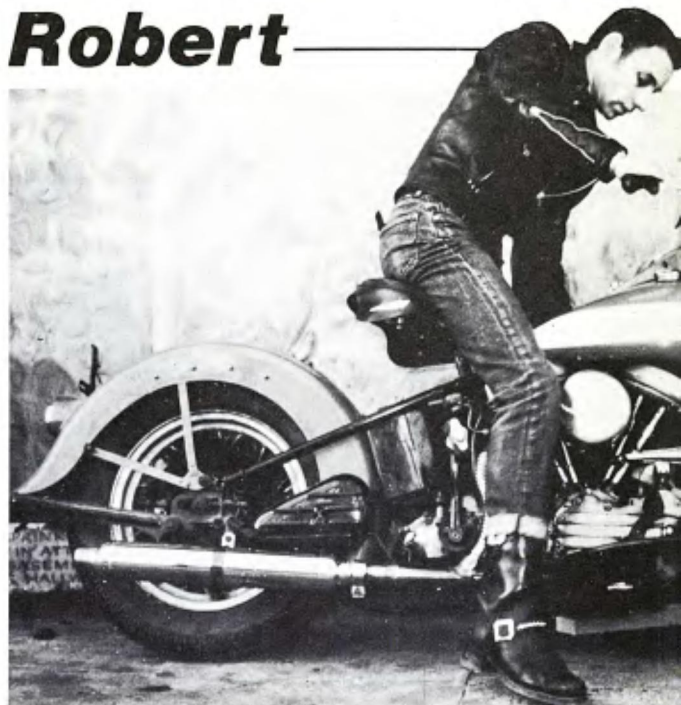
In twenty years it'll be lost and forgotten in the dulled-by-balderdash memory banks with all the other expendable garbage we are force-fed. Who will sing the songs of today in thirty years? Who'd want to hear 'em?

We do have someone in the 1980s who is reaching back for the good times of the fifties — while also stayin' current. He has tripped forward from and with Alan Freed, The Big Bopper, Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly, and the rest of the golden era of rock and roll. He lives like he always has, on the move. His name is Robert Gordon. And whether anyone knows it or not, he's a shot in the arm from the east for the quivering music industry.

Robert Gordon is the twine that binds three decades in a rock and roll knot. Raised on the likes of Elvis, Gene Vincent, and Carl Perkins, his act is one that assimilates the music of the aforementioned musicians, without being a Dennis Colt-type "King of the Elvis Impersonators." Gordon is, in reality, the living, breathing, riding, personification of past times brought up to date.

Music, his music, isn't a game or a joke. This deadly serious man is definitely not "playing around" with his work. He lives his life on the road and in the night — in clubs and bars, steaming college gyms, and anywhere he can get booked. Uptown and downtown. He woos 'em and he rocks 'em with a lip-curling snarl, and patterned stances on stage. Commanding his territory like a teeth-baring junkyard dog pacing a fence, he is in control of his situation.

A scribe sat watching a sound check in L.A.'s Roxy Theatre before a Gordon appearance. The skilled technicians couldn't get it right for Robert, though to the untrained ear, it sounded okay. For two hours Gordon coerced different levels of modulation till it was just like he wanted. Picky. His casual demeanor and quiet, restrained voice put people at ease. His well-worn leather jacket, with the

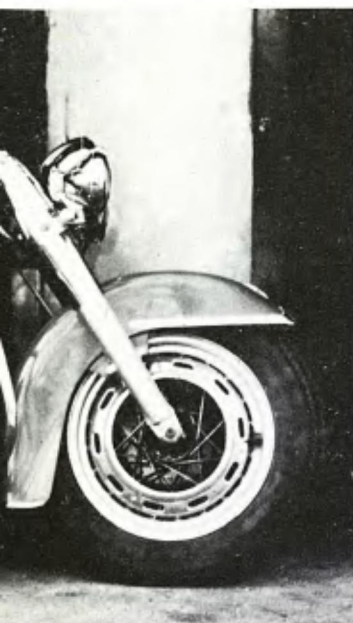


Harley patch, and his shoulder and arm tattoos, were quite a contrast to his album covers and stage persona, where he is shown as the well-heeled entertainer and ladies' man. I'm sure he's both.

His most recent album, **Are You Gonna Be The One**, is a dandy if you are the slightest bit into rockabilly or rock. Take it from an

AC/DC fan, it's easy to be into both heavy metal and good-time rock. The bummer is, you rarely hear Gordon's stuff on the radio. It is a first-class recording in all aspects, so technology can't be the reason. Maybe he's too rock for country and too country for rock stations. Hard tellin' what programmers think — they're deaf leopards. The guy fits.





You may remember his initial hit — "Red Hot" in 1977, with Link Wray. "My gal is reddd hot, your gal ain't doodely squat!" It got him his start, dollar-wise, giving him a chance to hit the road with his music, tryin' to work up a following. He did. His is a grassroots movement, feverish in its following. Robert got turned on to a tune by Bruce



Springsteen, "Fire," that was on his second album, **Fresh Fish Special**. His label shortly thereafter folded, just when the tune was picking up valuable airplay. The Pointer Sisters did it and sent it to number two on the hit parade in 1979.

Robert shopped around for a label and was picked up by RCA, a biggie. He put out **Rock Billy Boogie** in '78.

That featured "Black Slacks" and a tribute to his idol, Gene Vincent, "The Catman." He had one other album, **Bad Boy**, which was more of a pop production than anything he'd done up to that point. That's when he turned over a new leaf in his life by challenging himself with the responsibility — and freedom — of producing himself. On the new record

he uses respected musicians he has had his eye on for the past five years. Out of the quintet all but one, Tony Garnier, are new. Garnier plays both stand-up and electric bass on the rockers. He rides a swin-garm '59 panhead, used to play with Asleep At The Wheel, and is a genuine good bro. The other people involved are Lance Quinn, whom Gordon pulled out of New York's studios, where he was a veteran session man. Quinn plays rhythm to Danny Gatton's lean lead guitar. The combination is a good one — they'll start with a riff that you've heard countless times, then Gatton will toss in austere, economic lead bits that make it more than just standard Ricky Nelson-type sock-hop music. Like "Look Who's Blue," on side one. This tune opens with Quinn's low scratchin' start, followed by Gordon's frog-like "Look, look, look" vocal, which is strong and resonant throughout. But the song just goes along amiably till it comes to Gatton's inspired, crisp, contribution that picks up the slack.

The record is refreshing, like the first putt of spring. When you put on side two, you'll be hearing Gordon's '55 pan revving and warming up "Too Fast To Live, Too Young To Die" with the lyrics, *When I do no one will cry/Man, that don't hurt me,* and a great strung-out, "Every muscle in my body's achin' with dee-si-(gasp)-iiire." The vocal is Elvis-ish, but the music is far harder than any from the actual period. *Continued on page 111*



Photos by Kim Peterson



BOOTS

Different gals turn guys on in different ways. I mean, some dudes like the tubsters — chicks with gobs of meat shakin' on their bones, droopy tits hangin' to their knees, and enough flab for three men to get lost in. On the other hand, some guys get a big boner over little gals — sweeties with titties the size of golf balls, a tiny ass about the size of your fist, and more ribs showing than at a Ft. Worth barbeque. Then there's hair. Some guys like it long and straight — you know, like Crystal Gayle, with raven-black threads hangin' to the chick's ass. Others like it curly — a tangled, fragrant maze to bury your moustache in. And then some guys flip for blondes, while others cream their jeans for brunettes. Straight, curly, short, long, blonde, brown, black, gray — there's one color scheme that's right for any dude. Or take height, while we're on the subject. Some guys like the big broads — amazons who look you straight in the eye and hug you like a 250-lb. linebacker squeezes the opposing





quarterback. You know what I mean — you're slippin' the pork to one of these maxi-mamas and she throws a pair of Dick Butkus-size legs around your back and you wonder if the old rib cage can take it. But then again, some guys like short gals — little mammas who don't even have to drop to their knees to be at blowjob level.

Well, I could go on, but what I'm drivin' at is that when the flicks you're seein' here arrived at the office, Spider knew just who to give 'em to — the resident boot freak, me. Now I know that different guys get off on different articles of clothing. Some guys are lingerie freaks, turning to shit over filmy unmentionables. Other dudes go wild for trim calves tapering into high heels, or sleek butts stuffed into tight, cut-off jeans.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, boots are my weakness. Show me a gal in boots and I feel like howling at the moon and gnawing the corner off my desk. I don't know what it is, but the sight of a shapely female leg in a boot makes me want to grab a double handful and commit unspeakable acts.

For all you fellow boot fans out there, here's a special treat — go for it.

—Blasted





Photos by Billy Tinney

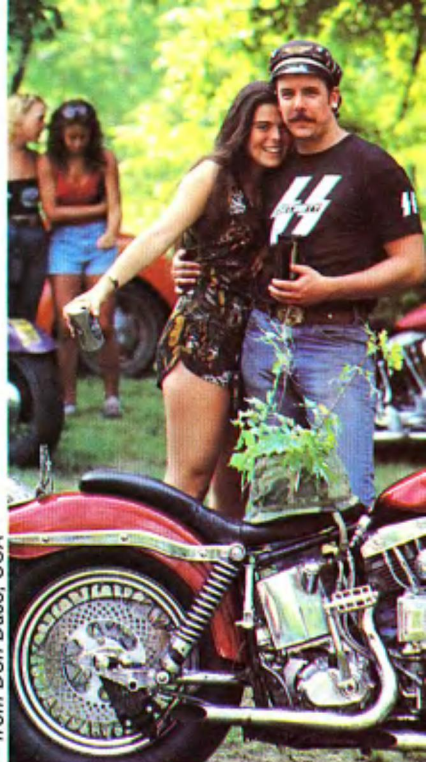
—from L. Theriault, Aptos, Calif.



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from Don Daso, USA



—from Don Daso, USA



—from Kathi Kurelich, Oak Creek, Colo.





—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.

—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



—from Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—from Kim Peterson, Los Angeles, Calif.



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 Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—from Mark Aronoff, Santa Rosa, Calif.

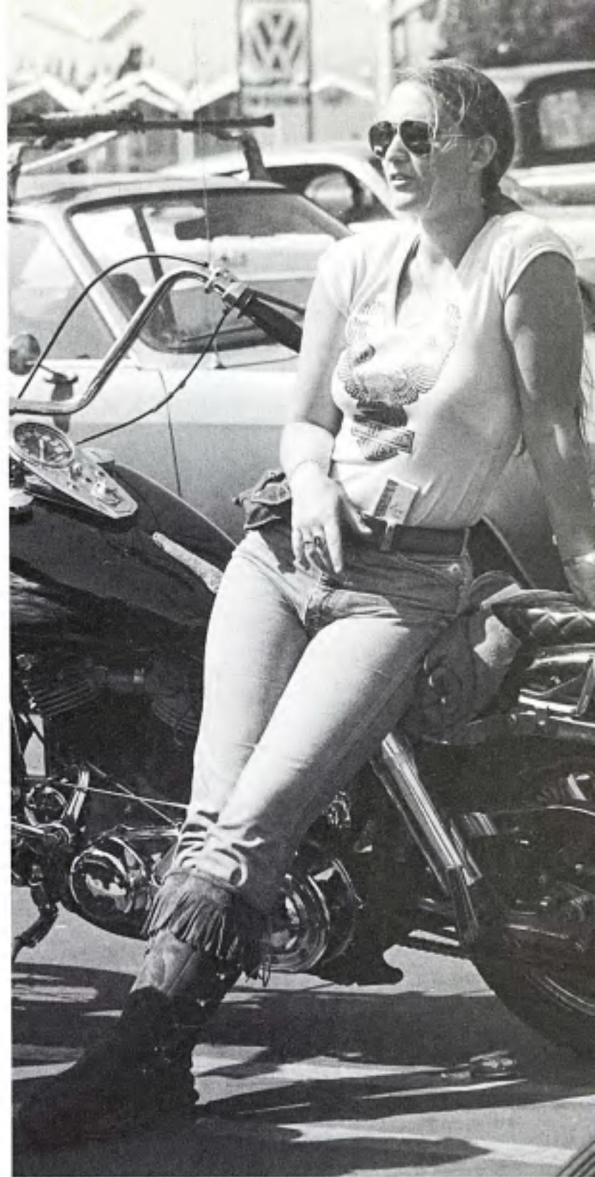
—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.





—from Bob Touchette, Laconia, N.H.

—from Jeanie Davis, Norman, Ark.



—from Kim Peterson, Simi Valley, Calif.



—from Midnight, Scholfield, Wis.



—from Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

—from Ken Miller, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



—from John Dressler, Antioch, Ill.

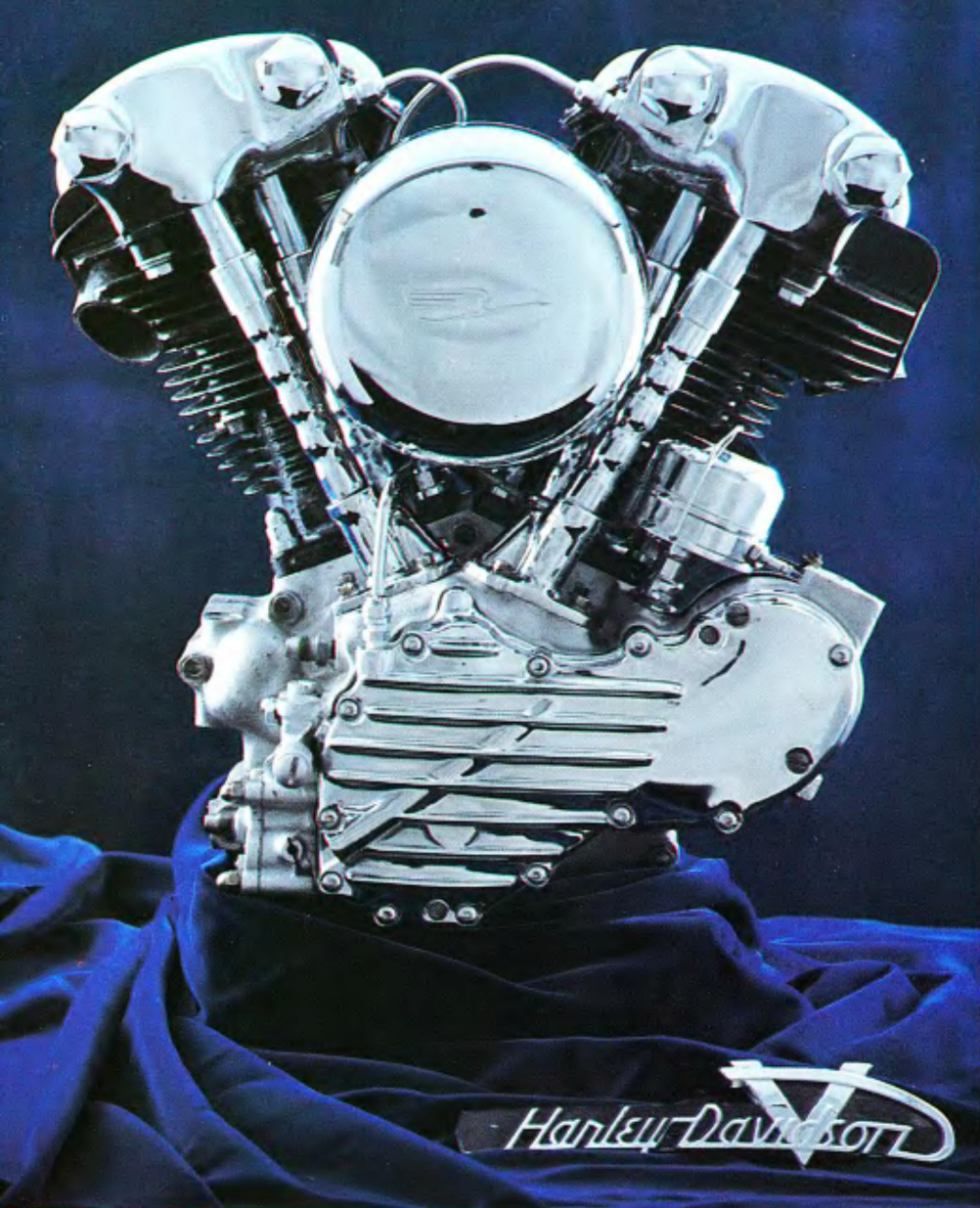


—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



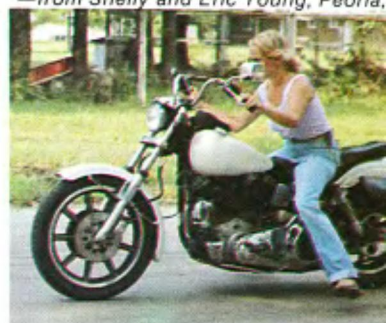
—from Al Goldberg, Philadelphia, Pa.



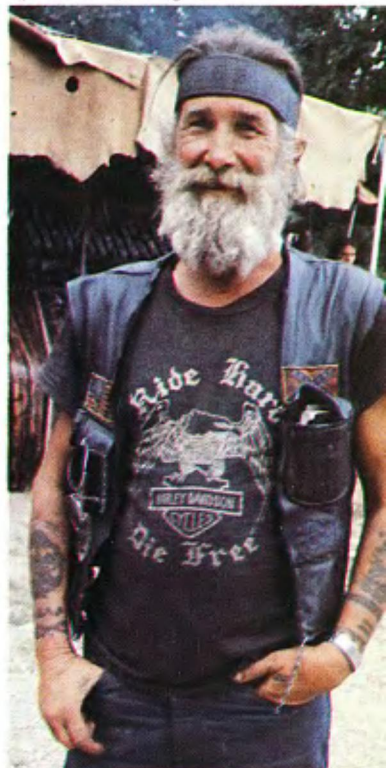


—from David Sanford, Dayton, Ohio

—from Shelly and Eric Young, Peoria,



—from J.R., Sturgis, S.D.



—from Jane Lysebo, Somerville, N.J.



—from Randall Mowrey, Chicago, Ill.



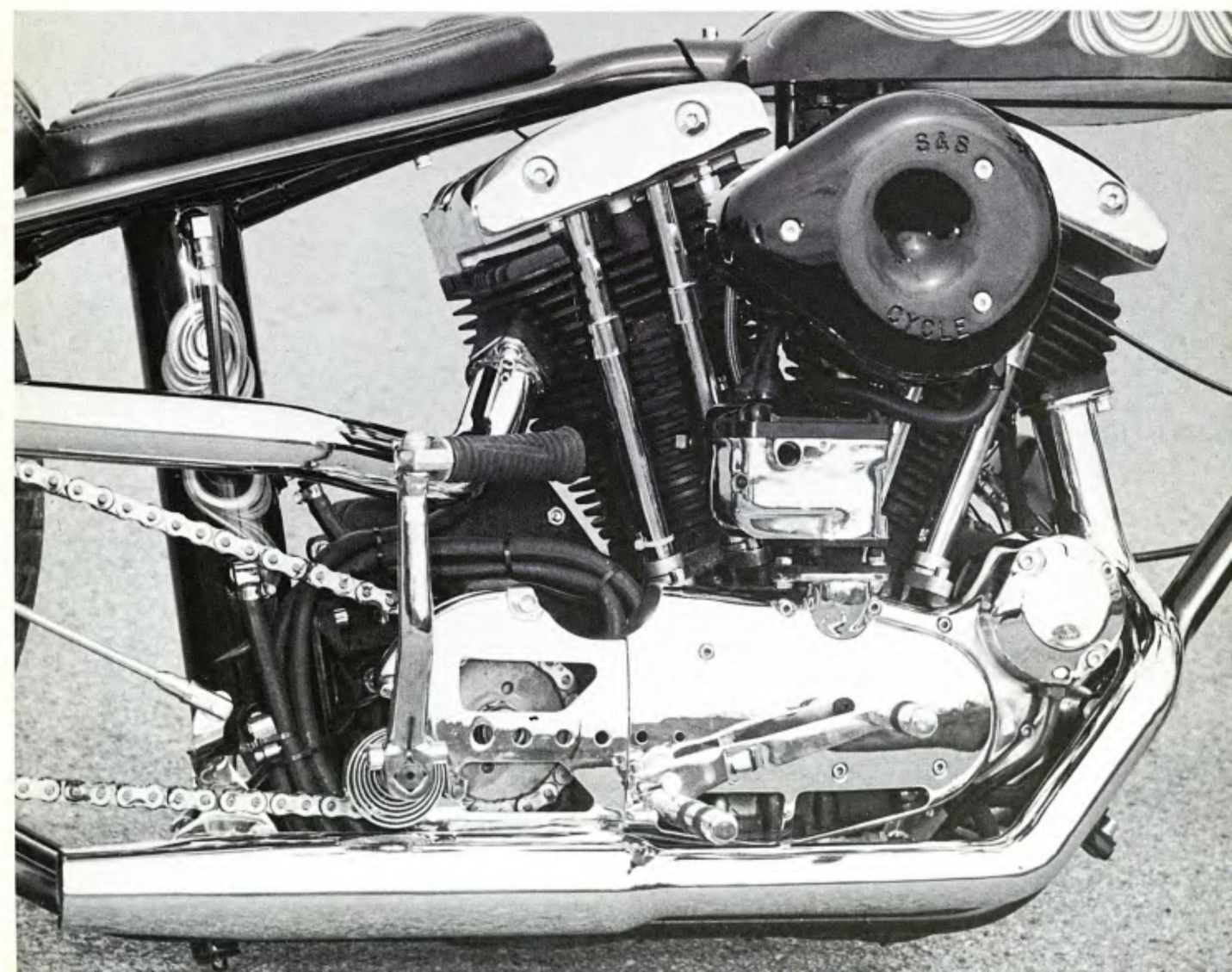
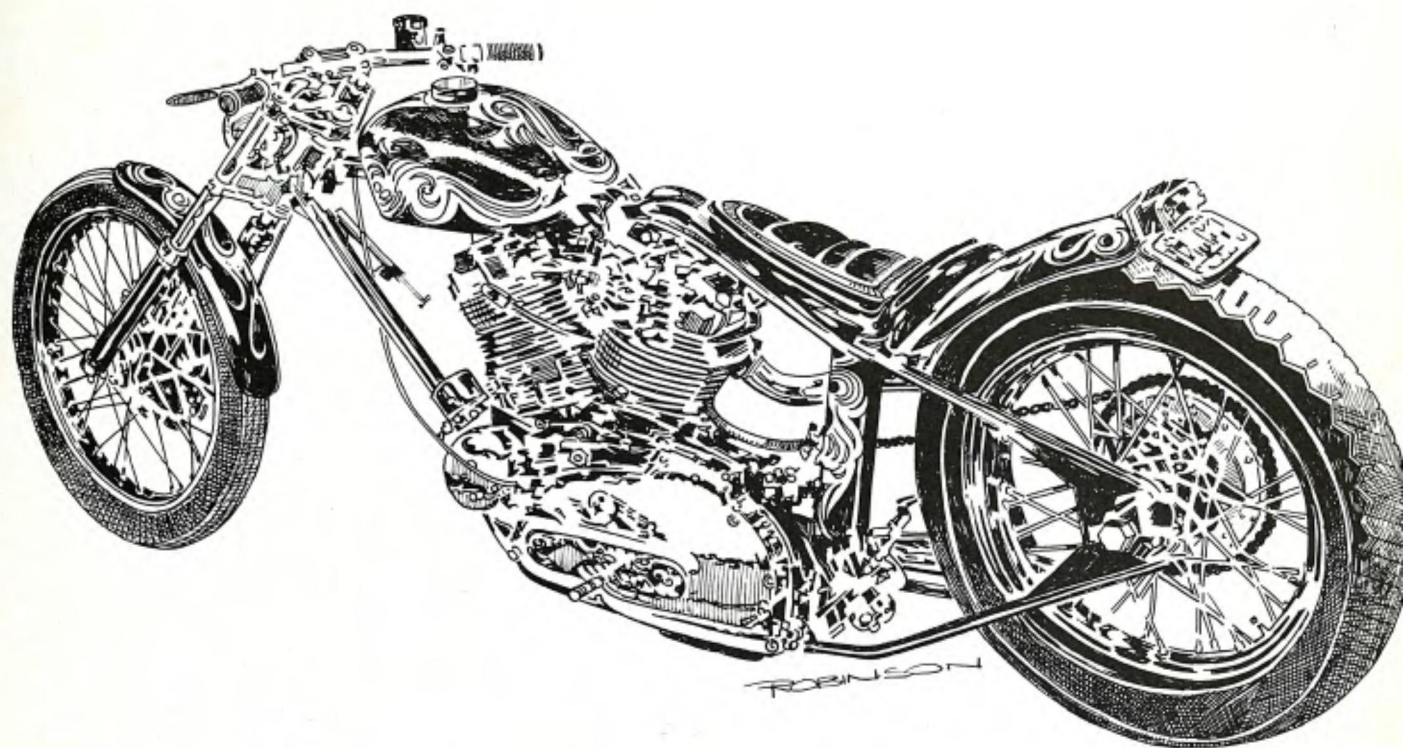


What sounds like a knuck, starts like a truck, and goes like...



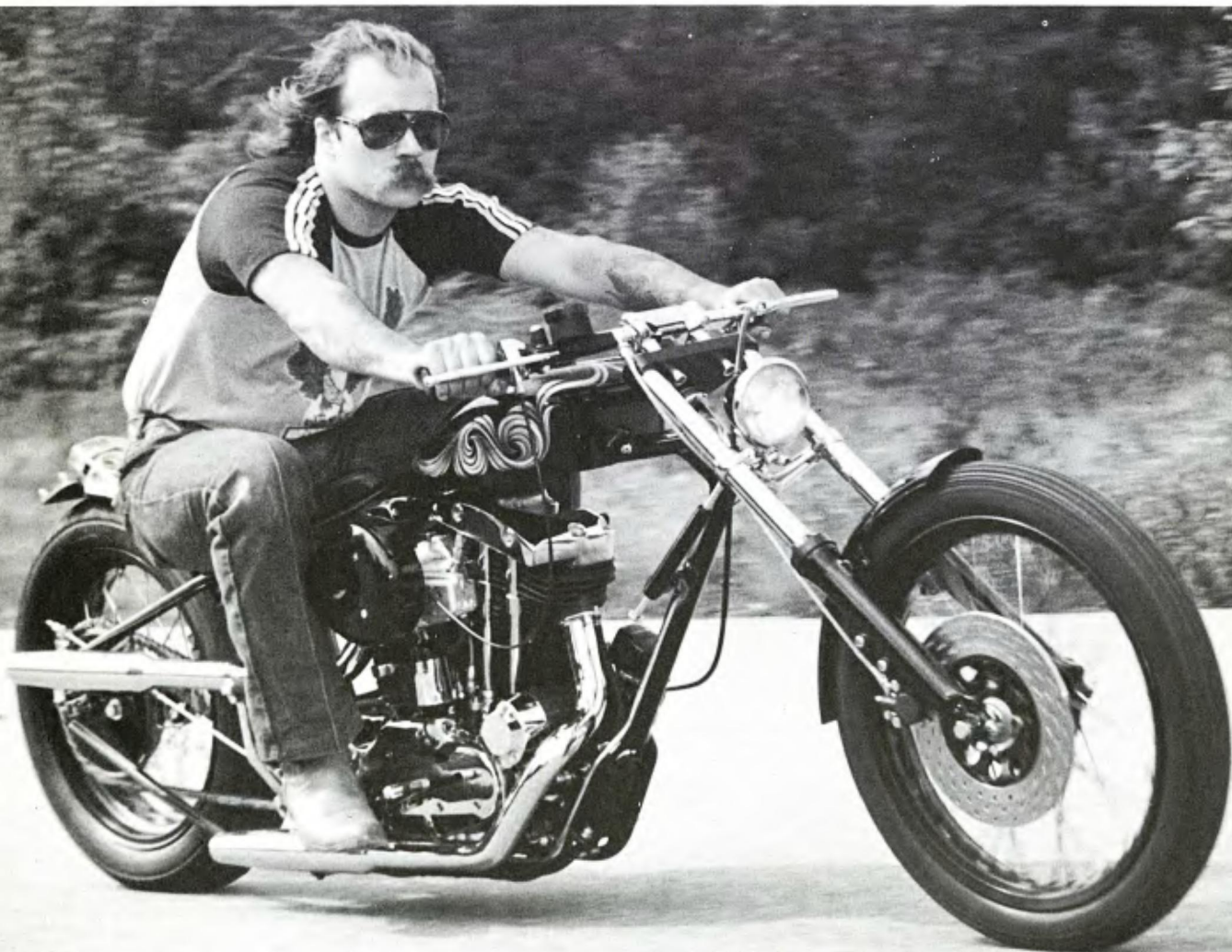
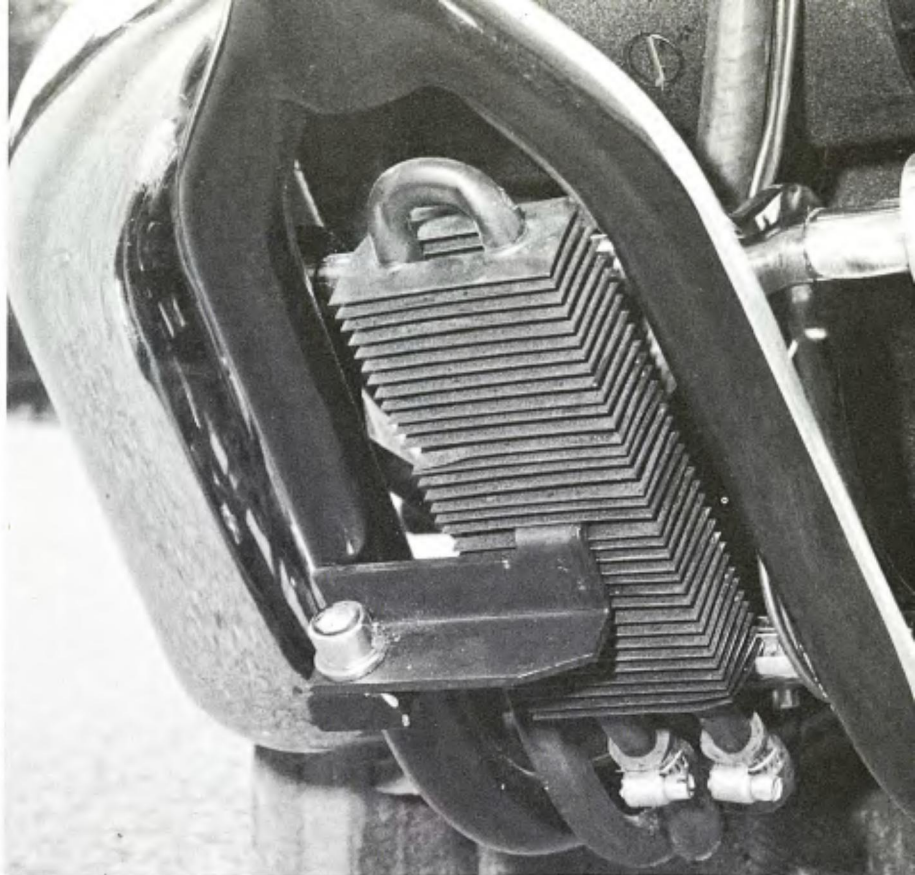
It's a Shovster! No, you're not seeing things. That week-old chili you ate ain't turnin' your brains into pickled pork. And this motorcycle ain't a Sportster with a pituitary gland workin' overtime. What your eyeballs are gazin' at is a prime example of a sled called a Shovster, which is simply a scooter with a pair of shovel heads mated to a Sportster lower end.

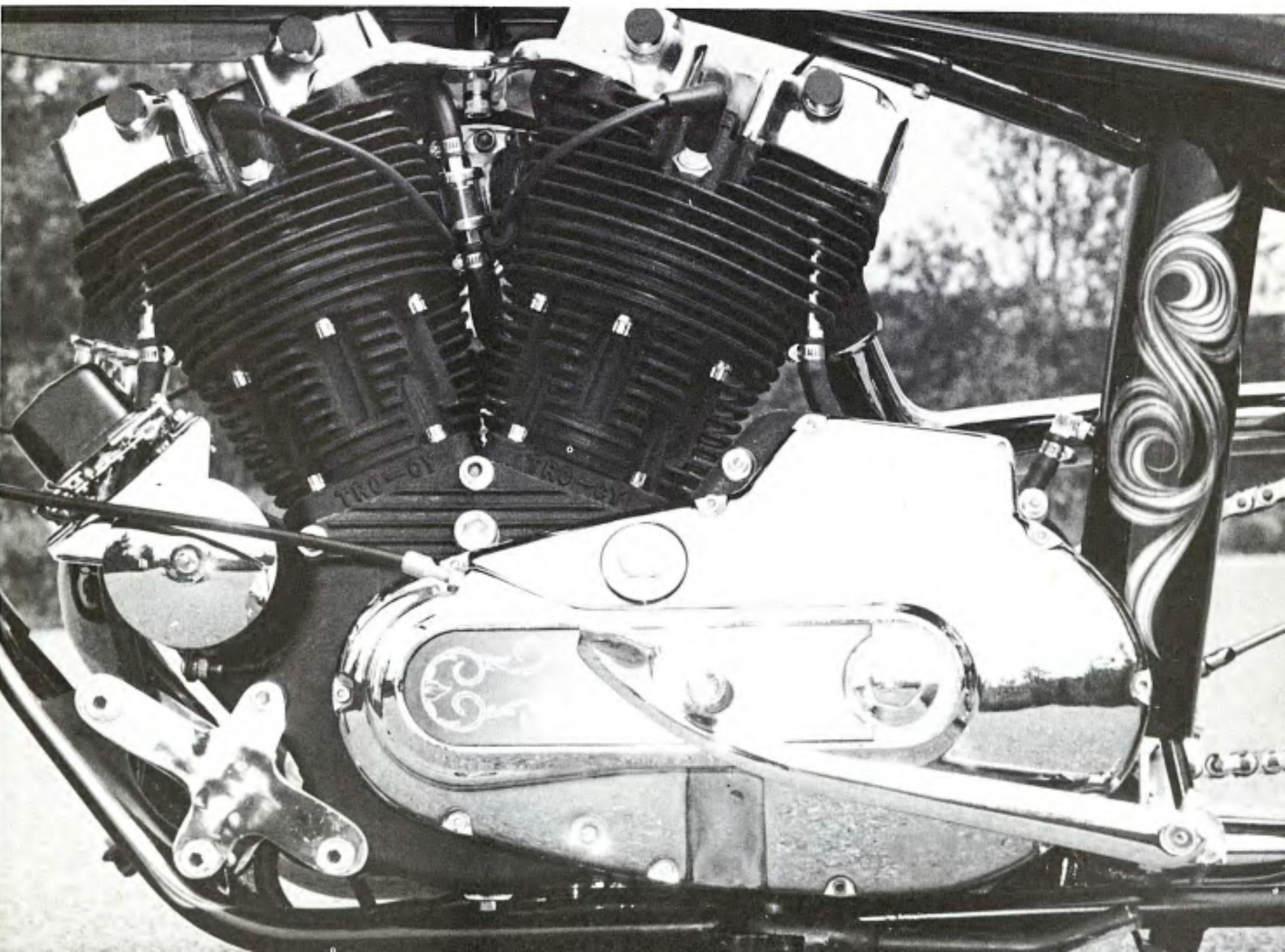
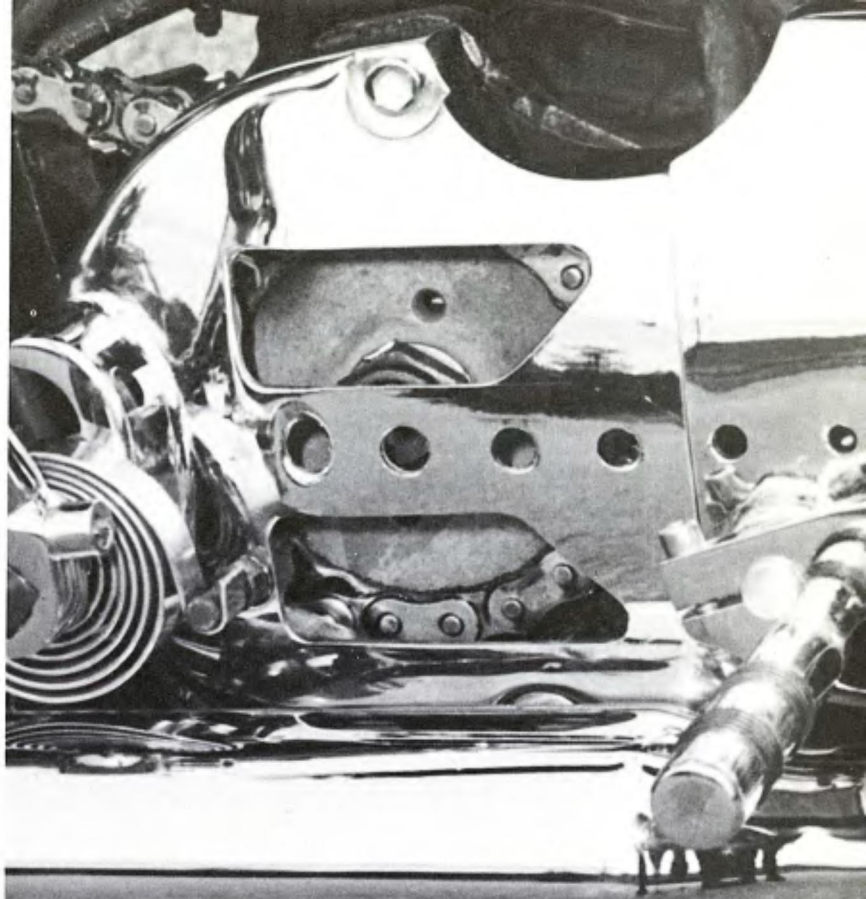
For years, Shovsters have been popular at drag strips, gearhead gatherings, and other hangouts where horsepower speaks louder than words. The combination of the deep-breathin', cool-runnin'



shovel heads on the tried-and-true four-cam XL lower end has been enough to give pause to many a multi-cylinder import. But unfortunately, the cost of machine-shop time to build such a setup was also enough to make the fattest wallet skinny-waisted in short order. In recent times, though, a Shovster kit from at least one outfit (Trock Cycle) has made the conversion a lot easier, with special big-bore barrels that simultaneously fit the XL crank-cases at the bottom and the shovel heads at the top.

So, for a bro like Dave, who's been building Sportsters seven ways to Sunday anyway, the time was right to try squeezing a Shovster into a street setup. And it turns out that this hybrid H-D not only looks a taste different, it acts that way as well. For instance, the Shovster

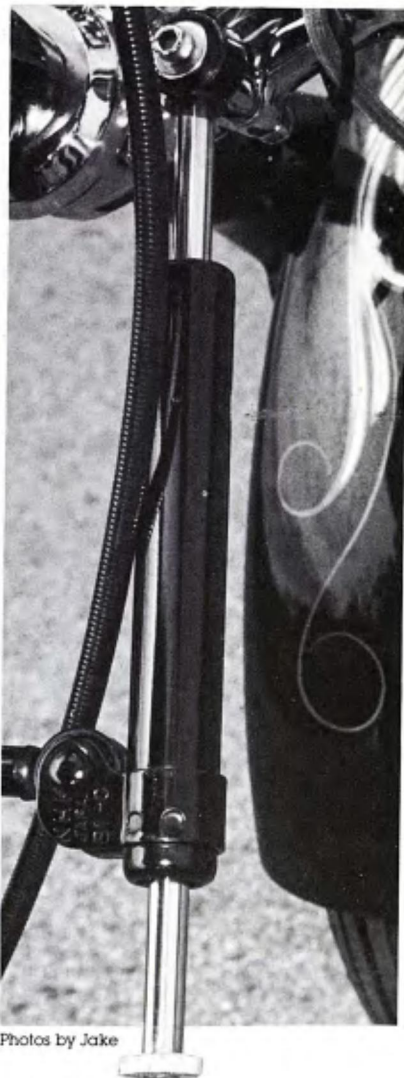




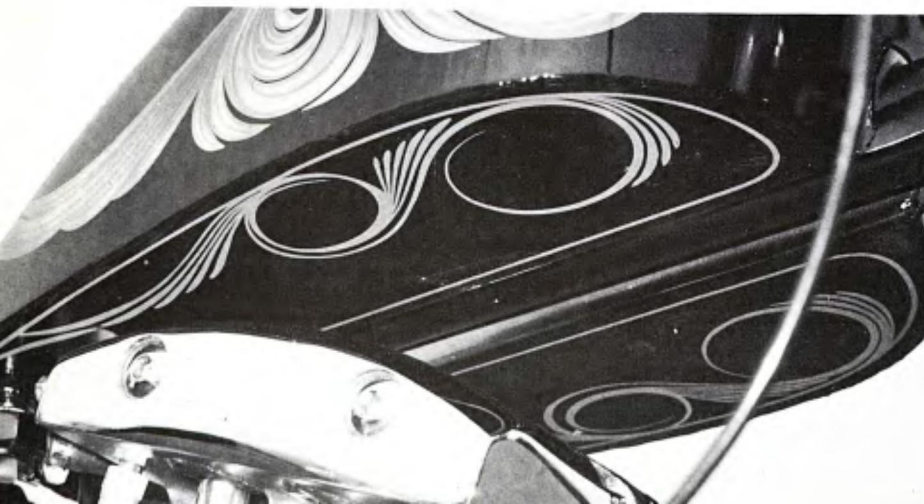
Owner: Dave Perewitz/Butch Kerr		City: Brockton, Mass./Manch., Conn.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Cycle Fabrications		Year: new construction	
Year and make: new construction		Builder: Dave Perewitz	
Model: Shovster		Type: single down tube	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 45 degrees	
Assembly by: Cycle Fab.		Stretch: 8 in.	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: steering damper	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Cycle Fab.	
Year: 1972		Risers: Thumbs	
Model: Sportster bottom, shovel top		Fender(s): Cycle Fab.	
Rebuilder: J. Thompson/G. Corey		Headlight: 4-in. Cycle Fab.	
Ignition: Hunt magneto		Taillight: Bates	
Displacement: 72 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: J. Thompson		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: E.E. Lindskog		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW low-compression		Electrics: 12-volt Cycle Fab.	
Cases: Trock cylinders		Gas tank: Arlen Ness	
Heads: Jim Thompson		Oil tank: in frame (seat post)	
Cam(s): PB's		Oil system: oil cooler, level gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: engraved insert	
Carb(s): S&S Cycle		Seat: C&H Auto Top	
Air cleaner: S&S Cycle		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Ramrod Lovely, Cycle Fab.		Height: 1/2 round	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shack		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: cutaway spr. cov.		Type: Kawasaki glide	
Year: 1972		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Cycle Fab.	
Engine sprocket: std.		Special features: trees by John Henley	
Trans sprocket: 21		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Ramrod Lovely, Cycle Fab.		Hub: Kaw 400	Hub: stock XL
Painter: Dave Perewitz, Cycle Fab.		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM6
Color: black, purple		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle 5.10
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: silver leaf — Roy Mason			
Other special modifications: anodizing by Metal Tone, Boston; Motorsport petcock; top motor mount and all accessories by Cycle Fab.			

engine sounds like no other V-twin I've ever heard. Because of those big-finned alloy heads, the valve train's clatter seems to carry farther. And the exhaust has a flatter rap to it. Startin' one of these monsters takes some gettin' used to. With those big-bore buckets, either a low compression ratio (this one is around 7.5 to 1) or long overlap cams are recommended to reduce cylinder pressure at kickover speeds.

But ya know what? I think once the word gets around about how these overgrown XLs go down the road (like a sumbitch even in mild tune), you'll probably see a lotta bros only too happy to tape up their ankles, plug their ears, and put 'em into street clothes. —Jake



Photos by Jake





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.

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 March 28. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #106 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■

MICHELLE



LISA



SHEILA



COLLETTE





DEBORAH



DEBBIE

OL' LADY CONTEST

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

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

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

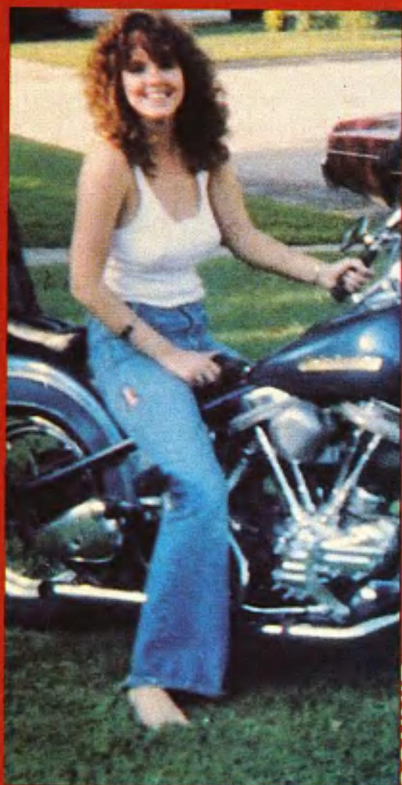
photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Witness to Signature _____

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



CONNIE



LIN



LINDA

Too close to call

We got no monthly winners for ya this issue because three of the cuties are runnin' nipple-to-nipple and we'll have to wait for the slow mail from Australia before we know who won. Keep pantin' till next month.

"Toke" Stonecloud sat in the front room, polishing the chrome on his Sportster, as he had been doing all morning.

This was just one of those fucked-up days — too wet for puttin' and too cold to bother with much of anything else. He couldn't even get loaded, things being a little dry around town lately.

So, he polished chrome, idly wishing that Rounder's special shit would hurry and arrive. Rounder had phoned him a couple of weeks ago — something about a new kind of cross-breed that he was working on. Toke had been promoting heavily around the city.

He'd even collected some money up front, most of which he had poured into parts for the Sporty, getting it ready for the big annual bike and car show next month.

It was a risk, spending the money before he had any goods to deliver, but Rounder would never let him down. And if that pot was half as good as Rounder predicted, he'd make more than enough bread to cover that.

A knock came at the front door. Before Toke could get up, the door opened, and Joanie walked in.

"Hi, Toke," she cooed in that soft, sexy voice of hers. "I brought your mail in." The willowy young blonde deposited the stack of envelopes and a small package on a nearby table and wiggled toward the kitchen. "I thought I'd clean up a little bit while I was here. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure," Stonecloud answered.

Joanie was the landlady's daughter. She was always coming by to clean up, or cook, or something. Toke figured she just liked hanging around bikers.

She was cool, but real straight. Despite that sensuous "come on" manner, the attractive teenager was very shy and prudish when it came to getting it on. "No-go Joanie," the bro called her. She refused even a feel.

Toke stood up, stretched, and sauntered over to the table where Joanie had placed the mail. He glanced at the pile of bills and junk

mail before snatching the package from the rest of the pile. It was from Rounder! This had to be it!

Stonecloud chuckled, tossing the T-shirt that he been polishing chrome with onto the floor. His shaking, grease-stained fingers fumbled greedily at the edges of the small, oblong package, ripping the paper off, and digging into the cardboard box inside.

Wrapped within a single sheet of paper that contained a hand-scribbled message, were about two dozen flakes of a dark, sticky, greenish-black substance.

Stonecloud stared in disbelief. "What the fuck is this?"

Carefully, he pulled the sheet of paper from beneath the tiny flakes to read its nearly illegible inscription: *Toke — Hope you like this sample of my special blend. It's a cross between Jamaican and Colombian. I call it Jam-bo. Have fun — Rounder.*

"Are you shittin' me?" Toke shouted aloud, as if Rounder could hear him. "Jam-bo my ass, what

The Jam-Bo Connection

by Joe Umbarger



kind of sample is this? Why this ain't enough shit to even get ya busted!"

Joanie peeked around the corner of the kitchen doorway. "Is something the matter, Toke?"

"Look at this," he continued to rave to himself, scarcely aware of Joanie's being there. "Just look at this!"

Dutifully, the landlady's daughter came over to the table and peered into the small box, then at him. "Look at what, Toke?" she inquired.

"Yeah! Right! That's exactly my point," he fumed, seeming to notice her beside him for the first time. "I ask the bastard for a sample — I don't expect much, a couple of el-bee's, or so — and he sends me crumbs! What's wrong with that sonofabitch, anyway?"

Joanie shrugged, and touched her finger to one of the dark flakes. It stuck. She put it to the tip of her tongue, where it dissolved instantly. "Doesn't taste bad," she commented. "It's got sort of a strange, sweet

Continued on next page



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Thank you)

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taste to it. She picked up another flake, and held it up to Stonecloud's mouth. "Here, try it."

Toke glared at Joanie. What the fuck was this broad doing, anyway, trying to humor the crazy biker? However, he begrudgingly allowed the sweet young thing to place a couple of flakes on his tongue. "Yeah," he grumbled in agreement, "sort of like hash and honey."

They both dabbed their fingers into the box again for another taste, and then for a third.

"Not bad, I guess," he growled, calming down, somewhat, "but why would he do this to me?"

Joanie shrugged again and began wiggling, a bit unsteadily, toward the broom closet. "He's your friend," she said over her shoulder, "ask him."

"I would if he wasn't buried in the Montana wilderness a hundred miles from civilization." He paced into the bedroom, staring at the few tiny flakes left in the box, still trying to figure Rounder out. There had to be a reason for his doing this. Shit, maybe he was just fucked up on acid, or something.

A mellowness seemed to engulf Stonecloud, as he stood pondering the few tiny flakes left in the box. Speaking of being fucked up, he was starting to feel pretty good, himself. From the kitchen he could hear Joanie rummaging around, and his nuts started itching. What an ass that girl had! It was damn sure a shame no one could get into those cheek-hugging pants of hers.

Toke grinned. His brain felt funny as thoughts of Joanie lying naked beneath him invaded his mind, out of control. Just imagining his little butt bouncing while he plugged it to her made him want her bad. If it wasn't for being kicked out of this place he'd have taken her a long time ago, he told himself, and thrown the bitch out on her face when he had finished.

"I'm gonna do it," he firmly decided, though he realized that he'd probably have to chase her down; but then, that shouldn't be too hard.

Toke became aware of someone entering the room behind him, breathing heavily. He turned, surprised to see Joanie stalking him in a kind of slow-motion dance, peeling off her clothes as she approached.

"Huh?" Toke stared in disbelief. As eager to jump her as he was, Toke was hesitant, a little suspicious. Was this some kind of a weird setup, he wondered.

Joanie continued the comic strip-tease, moving faster now, grinning wildly as she advanced. Her eyes were bright, sparkling, almost crazed-looking.

"You won't believe what I want, Toke," she teased him softly. The sexy-looking blonde was down to nothing but panties when she reached him. She unzipped his pants and reached inside, grabbing a handful.

"So what if it is a setup," Stonecloud told himself, as Joanie dropped to her knees, smiling up at him with those large, crystal blue eyes. "I'm going for it!"

Stonecloud was not really sure how much time had passed. All he knew for certain was that he had gotten screwed like never before. Joanie slept beside him. He gazed over at her, admiring the sleek lines of her body, the soft, creamy flesh, the firm, young tits. They had gone through more positions than Toke thought existed — some of them several times.

He wondered: Could a few tiny crumbs of pot have caused that? It sounded crazy. He couldn't wait to talk to Rounder. The last remaining shred of the dream-like state that Stonecloud enjoyed faded as the phone began ringing. It continued relentlessly, waking Joanie at last. The teenager sat up, looked at her surroundings, at both her and Toke's nakedness, then gasped. She started to speak, but choked on the words as tears of embarrassment streamed down her cheeks.

She avoided Toke's gaze as she jumped to her feet and ran toward the front room, bending every few feet to grab articles of her clothing strewn along the way.

The phone continued ringing. "Shit." Regretfully, Toke got up.



"Take a left on I-46, then go four miles north until you come to..."

stumbled to the device, and let out a big sigh as he picked up the receiver. "Yeah," he growled into the mouthpiece. "What the fuck is it?"

"Where the hell have you been, Toke? I've been trying to call you for hours!" It was Rounder. For a moment Stonecloud forgot Joanie.

"Hey, Rounder, I —"

"It was terrible, Toke, every —"

"No, it was great!" Toke interrupted. "Great stuff!"

"Yeah," Rounder wailed, "the pot, it —"

"Right," Stonecloud shouted.

"Hey, send all you got, man. That stuff's terrific!"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," Rounder sobbed on the other end of the line. "A heavy snowstorm hit us last weekend! My cabin, the greenhouse, everything — it's all gone!"

"Gone?" Stonecloud growled. "Gone? What the hell do you mean, gone?"

"Avalanche!" Rounder continued. "Luckily, I wasn't there! Down the mountainside! It's all there, somewhere, but damned if I know where. I've been trying to search, but so far, nothing! It might take months! Hell, I might never find it!"

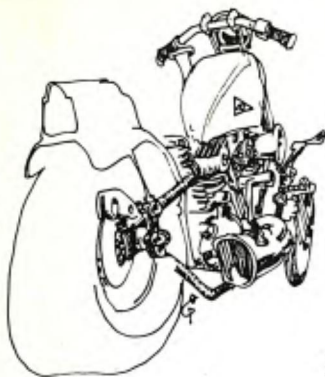
Stonecloud was numb as he listened to Rounder continue. Gone? Lost in a snowstorm? He felt sick. He thought suddenly of all the money he had been fronted for the "special shit" he'd told everyone about. He'd have to find some way to get it back to them now. And without money, where was he gonna get the finishing touches he needed for his Sportster?

He let the receiver drop from his hand as he stared into empty space, stunned. All gone! The plans he'd made... big bucks he'd counted on... all gone, just like the dope was gone. All except for a few measly fuckin' crumbs of it.

Through the doorway leading into the front room he heard Joanie sobbing to herself as she got dressed. He remembered the few hours that they had just spent tangled together, of those thighs and tits and that ass. He thought of her grinding under him, of those little moans she'd let out every now and then, driving him insane with lust. Despite Rounder's heartbreaking news, Toke grinned. Maybe it wasn't such a total loss after all.

Carefully, he picked up the box with the few remaining precious flakes of Rounder's Jam-bo and headed for the front room.

"Hey, Joanie..." ■



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

The Look

It's easy to appreciate why devotees of Harley-Davidsonism could find the new FXRS so appealing: a relatively smooth freeway ride, unabashedly good shifting, a comfortable seat, torque to spare and, lest you forget, the Look that no amount of copying has ever been able to duplicate.

—Larry Works
Cycle World

A Philosophy

They were a diverse lot — in origin, in social status, occupation, educational background, affluence, and lifestyle. But they had a common bond: each was a long-time, practicing, experienced, dedicated — and most important — surviving motorcyclist.

Representative of that special breed, they were older than today's average cyclist. Their average age was 48 years and they averaged 23 years of riding experience (one had 58 years behind handlebars) over some 275,000 miles of road.

As a result, I came away convinced that, yes, there really are born motorcyclists. It turns out that those old clichés about bikers being freedom-loving and independent and non-conformist and self-reliant are valid. What the survivors all share is a basic philosophy — more than just an attitude — toward motorcycling. That, I think, may be the key to their survival. They had that philosophy before they came to cycling and they've never lost it.

—Road Rider

Daytime Lights

We'll soon know how the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) responded to a request by Harley-Davidson for rule-making which would allow

the American motorcycle manufacturer to equip its machines with modulating headlights (for daylight use). If NHTSA responds favorably to H-D's petition, now in the midst of a proposal/comment period, it could mean a giant step toward allowing "safety lights" in states which currently are on the fence about whether the pulsating headlights are legal. While the AMA doesn't specifically endorse headlight modulators, the Association does believe they are a safety option that riders should be permitted to use.

—American Motorcyclist

Rocket-Powered Bike

Drag-racer John Dixon recently set a new AMA-Drag-bike world top-speed record for eighth-mile acceleration on a rocket-powered motorcycle called the "Miller Marauder." The bike, using a hydrogen peroxide-fueled rocket engine for a powerplant, covered the standing-start eighth-mile strip in just 5.2 seconds at 145.76 miles per hour while running on one-quart of full power. Rumor has it that Dixon is being offered a full factory ride sponsored by NASA.

—Ken Lee
Cycle

Need Identity

We have now entered into a new era of name-calling, made glossier by creative labels affixed to new models. Katana, Sabre, Magna, and other such stout, punch words invoke the spirit of brewing coffee, steaming lava, shrewish females, and similar instruments of destruction and apocalypse, now and then.

You should know that motorcycle manufacturers, especially the Japanese makers, have moved from digit recitation to name-calling after a fair amount of

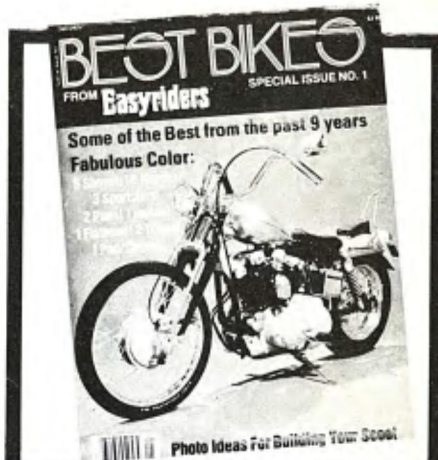
soul-searching and market research, but mostly market research. Perhaps the Japanese felt a little hesitant about jumping into the name game pencil-first, thinking that glorification by proper name was a bit presumptuous on the part of those who were building motorcycles with the seamless perfection of staples, and in about the same numbers. Heaven help them, the Japanese have needed the name game for a long time, since the sheer volume and homogeneity of their motorcycles make individual identity important in a look-alike, sound-alike, be-alike world.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Professional Hand-wringers

Led by a few pedagoguish guerrillas, professional hand-wringers appear to be encouraged by their success in reinstating a helmet law in Louisiana and are gearing up in other states. The theory seems to be that one or two self-proclaimed lobbyists, preferably with a medical or political title, can convince a state legislature to acquiesce to their wishes. A few examples... Last month we reported on Michigan Secretary of State Richard Austin's efforts on behalf of a mandatory seat belt legislation. Austin got busy when a helmet law repeal measure came up, wrote letters to lawmakers claiming repeal would cause up to 60 more traffic deaths each year which, in turn, would cost Michigan taxpayers more than \$1 million because of hospital charges and welfare, unemployment and disability payments. The repeal effort went down to defeat; no one seemed to question how a fatality could collect unemployment.

—Roger Hull



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Spike slammed the door shut and pulled up a cinderblock on the opposite side of my sled close to the cooler. Zipping the cap off the bottle of Jack, he declared, "I feel like getting fucked up." The way he was chugging it down, it looked to me like no one had ever told him that Jack Daniel's was sippin' whiskey. He acted like he thought it was the last bottle to be had in the state. After a while, Spike seemed content just to balance himself on the cinderblock with the help of my scooter's rear wheel. He looked like he'd lost his best friend. Ten minutes later he mumbled something about his knucklehead's dying.

"What happened? Did you have a flat or something?" I asked.

"No, man, it went all the way south. The rear motor mount on the cases cracked."

"Well, I asked, 'didn't you shim the motor when you put your scooter together?'"

Spike jumped up and screamed, "What do you take me for, a dummy or something? Sure, I shimmed the motor — everything was set to factory specs."

Seeing a physical situation starting to develop, I thought a quick explanation might just save me some teeth. "Hey, Spike, what I mean is, did you shim the motor so it wouldn't rock back and forth in the frame?" The only response from Spike was a blank stare, so I told him to sit down, roll a bomber, and let me explain how to shim a 74 motor.

First, you should set the motor in the frame and install all the lower mounting bolts. The bolts should be in place,

to locate exactly where the engine will sit in the frame. Then set the frame on some 2x4s and check out the engine and frame. Then tighten the rear mounting bolts. If there is a large gap under the front engine mount, you may have to use a flat washer; but nine out of ten times, all you will need is a beer can for shim stock. Cut five or six shims out of the can and slide as many shims under each motor mount as needed

to take up the space between the engine mount and frame. A little patience here will go a long way. Take your time and don't over-shim. The whole idea is to have the engine sit flat on the frame. Once the engine is shimmed, tighten the front motor mounts down. Don't overdo it the first time. Once all four mounting bolts are about even, go back and go over all four lower mounting bolts and make them super-tight.

Okay, the lower motor mounts are squared away and the only one left is the top mount. The top motor mount is a little tougher, in that it requires finding some large flat washers. Set the top motor mount on the heads and slip on all the proper hardware to hold the mount on the heads. Then snug the bolts down to hold the mount in place. Check to make sure that the bolt holes in the frame and the top motor mount will line up. Next, measure the distance between the motor mount and the frame. Make up this distance with flat washers so that they just slide in between the mount and frame, like a feeler gauge through points. You may have to cut a shim or two from the trusty brew can to make up the distance, but that's about it. Install the top motor mount bolt with the proper hardware, but just snug it down. Go back now and tighten the bolts on the heads evenly, then tighten the top motor mount bolt.

My personal preference whenever I reinstall an engine is always to use new lock washers, aircraft safety locknuts, and red Loctite. Just mounting the engine solid in the frame will reduce vibration and help keep the rest of your scooter tighter, reducing everyday maintenance and rider fatigue. Furthermore, it reduces the chances of cracking the frame or engine mounts.

This last thought struck while I was writing this bullshit. Everything I just explained can be applied to 45 engines as well. Now, don't you 45 riders think I'm trying to slight you — it's just that 45s don't fly like 74s.

—Wrench

Shimming 74 Motors





"Bacsi! Bacsi!"

The strident cry for a medic brought me on the run. Chiarello was down and the Montagnards were frantic. I made my way between the bullets and around the rocks to reach him behind a small mound. Y Mip Boun Ya, a great 'yard medic was applying a pressure bandage. A round from an AK-47 had penetrated Chooch's hip and bounced around inside of him. Mip was waiting on me to arrive. When I did, he moved to our other wounded. We were being chopped up by VC hidden far back in the caves of Grand Summit.

Six clicks from Nha Trang, Grand Summit dominated the skyline and provided excellent cover to the VC rifle company that mortared us nightly. I radioed for a medivac and started up the mountain toward an opening in the trees. Then we arrived and we blasted trees to stumps with C-4 to enlarge the space. Chiarello bitched the whole way. I was frantic and scared; Chooch was hurt badly. The whack-whack-whack of the medivac chopper drew a sigh of relief from my sweat-soaked lips. They hovered above the treetops like a green angel. The jungle penetrator dropped to the ground and then drew Chiarello and two wounded 'yards upward through the canopy.

A month later, Chooch hobbled back into my team house room. He had escaped from a hospital on Okie, and caught the CIA Blackbird back to Nha Trang. The only thing bothering him was a right foot that flopped around like a fish. He had me wrap it every morning so he could go back up the mountain. I helped him, he helped me, we continued.

What I'm trying to say is that some of us were hurt by Vietnam. Some of us were not. I personally feel proud of the job I did and no one can take away that pride. I did a good job, won battles, and fought to the best of my ability. Washington might have lost, but I won my part of the war.

A lot of talk these days is about the poor Vietnam vets and how they've been neglected and scorned. That's fine and is deserved in a lot of cases, but I think that not all Vietnam vets became disoriented or mental cases upon returning home. We are reaching our thirties or forties, and should be running this country; but propaganda by some groups is convincing many vets that they are screwed up beyond help.

I think this condescending attitude is totally negative and should be replaced by a positive approach to the veterans' situation. We should help each other with encouragement and affirmation and not contribute to the overwhelming pool of anti-Vietnam vet propaganda. We are not all unemployed, nuts, or searching for something to hang onto. Many of us are taking the reins and showing that we are leaders, that we can be trusted, and have the desire and knowledge to assume our rightful place in today's world.

Next time you hear someone saying what poor victims we are, straighten that person out. Tell him that you aren't a mental cripple and to stop treating you like one. The time has come when we must stop feeling

sorry for ourselves because people tell us that's the way we are supposed to feel. Let's show them we have significant contributions to make to this society.

Awake, become aware, and take over this system we all know is run by the *real* fuck-ups. Help your fellow vet, co-operate, set an example of your own. We survived that other bullshit and the dead are dead — let's get on with living. If you know of a vet feeling sorry for himself because everything he reads says he should, give him a kick in the ass and tell him Doc says it's time to go to work. To the people who find it more convenient for us to be nutcases, I say, "Move over, it's our world and we'll run it now!"

News clippings and other positive input are desired. Send yours to Doc, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

We have accomplished many positive things in the past year. Veterans helping veterans have forced the government to reevaluate its stand on many important issues.

Status Report.

Nov. 12, 1981: The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that a California widow of a Marine major, Mrs. Alice Broudy, may sue the U.S. government for negligence in the death of her husband in 1977. Judges ruled that Alice Broudy can take to trial her allegations that the government failed to warn Major Charles Broudy after he retired that he might suffer health problems as a result of his participation in the Hood atomic tests held in Nevada in 1957 and in another smaller test that year. Broudy died of cancer of the lymph nodes at age 58.

This trial is very important because the government has never been forced to deal with the effects on the veteran as a result of atomic testing. Over three-hundred-thousand vets have been exposed to radiation as a result of 183 above-ground nuclear tests. They may now become eligible to sue for damages incurred if the verdict favors Mrs. Broudy.

—Doc

If you need help, the following is a list of major Vet Centers. This is not all of them, but if you will write or call, they will give you the address of your local center, or write Vet Voice, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Alabama

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

California

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

Colorado

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

Georgia

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

Idaho

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

Maryland

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

Massachusetts

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

Montana

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

Washington

1322 East Pike St.
Seattle, Wash. 98122
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Black T-shirts With White Designs

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

Inmates have been in jail awaiting trial for over six months — and 339 of these have been waiting for more than a year. Twenty-six inmates have been waiting for their day in court since 1979, and one prisoner was locked up in 1978 and hasn't been brought to trial yet.

Directory Assistance

A new edition of the *Prisoner's Assistance Directory* is now available from the American Civil Liberties Union National Prison Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

The directory lists state, national, and local organizations offering aid and services to prisoners, and describes the type of service (such as job placement for parolees, filing of legal documents, etc.) provided by each group. Other sources of aid, such as books and educational programs, are also listed. Cost of the volume is \$15.

Five Thoughts

1. To a scooter tramp behind these gray walls, today's not the same as all my yesterdays. Tomorrow? That will be the same. I'll get up, exist another day, then go to sleep again.
2. I know they say I have no feelings. That I can't hurt, or laugh, or cry. But you could flood a mighty river with the tears that have fallen from these eyes.
3. I've seen a man take his life, another just lie down and die. I think they simply couldn't stand the loneliness for that scooter waiting on the other side.
4. I thank my scooter for the strength to carry on, for the babe who waits faithfully all these lonely nights at home.
5. I thank my scooter for my son, who will carry on for me. A kid who sits aweeppin' with a picture in his hand, a picture of Daddy on his scooter, a lonesome prison man.

—J.J., Raleigh Prison, N.C.

House Of The Rising Sun

Threatened with charges of criminal contempt by a federal judge, the sheriff of Orleans Parish has transferred more than 500 prisoners out of New Orleans to comply with a court-ordered reduction in overcrowding at New Orleans jails. ■



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

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Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

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San Fernando MC Service 547 N. MacArthur St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Anay Rd., Lodi, Calif.
Mich. McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2459 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano
Hutchins H-D 55405 28 Palms Hwy., Yuca Valley
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Janner Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Cycle Specialties 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 South Gate St., Ukiah
Cobra MC Accessories & Parts 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
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Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Road, San Jose

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Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
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D & C Enterprises 725 Plitnick Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
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Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Warsaw
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IOWA

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KANSAS

Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shed Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Horizons Harley-Davidson 1811 West 6th St., Lawrence

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

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee

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 Patterson**, who was killed 11/16/81. May you ride forever in Harley heaven. You are missed by all of us. Lost Race MC. Superior, Wis.

In memory of "Jimbo," of the Hells Henchmen MC. Some die fast, some of us die slower. We will all be together at the end. Big Rich.

In loving memory of **Robert Kulp**. A beautiful brother who left his friends with just a memory. Loved forever. Satans Sisters. Downingtown, Pa. We'll remember you at the Crossroads Bar.

In memory of **Bob "Ogre" Cabana**. The short time we spent living, loving, and riding together was the happiest time of my life. I won't ever forget you and I'll love you always. Your ol' lady. Trish. Torrington, Conn.

In loving memory of **Louis J. Cleland**, 10/16/81. Honey, you took with you our hearts. We will love you forever. You can now ride free and hard. You're in my heart. Love, your ol' lady Coleen, and your girls. Miki and Missy.

In memory of **Brad "Fingers" Baxter**. You lived a rough life but had a lot of good times. Your family and friends miss you. In time we'll meet again. Your sis. Schavel La Rue.

In memory of **J.B.** who rode hard but died too fuckin' fast. Ride on, brother, wherever you're at. Love, all your bros in K.C.

In memory of **Alan "Wizard" Jackson**, a brother of freedom, who died on a long and lonely road—not on his dream bike, but back-packing a heavy load. Love never dies. The Wanderer.

In memory of **Dominick "Angel" DeAngelis**. If it weren't for the fact I know you're watching me daily, I wouldn't be able to maintain control. I miss you and your ways. My life is so barren and cold. Nothing seems important anymore without you. Ride free in Harley heaven, baby. Peace. Your woman, Maureen.

In memory of **Leonard "Wolfie" Dombrowsky**, 11/14/81. You had so many more issues of Easyriders to read and so many good years to ride. Your daughter, Tina, will never forget you and neither will we. Smitty, Cindy, Ryan, T.D., Kirk, Al. English, Grub, Miki, Rose, Jerry R., Leonard, Tony, Buzz, Kathy, Colleen, and the rest of your friends and bros.

In memory of **Kurt Hochworth**. You were blown away by an unknown gun in an unknown hand. Someday we'll all ride together again. Your ol' lady, Little Ric.

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.

22-year-old W/M lonely and heart-broken, wants to hear from foxy ladies 18-28. Looking for friendship and possible future commitment. Write soon. Jim DuDash 67088, P.O. Box F-1, Leesburg, N.J. 08327.

Downed bros with long time left need you. Looks and age don't matter, so drop us some letters and flicks to fondle. All will be answered. Tony Nieto C35888, Gary Miller C16134, Bruce Clary, Jr. B99708, Robert Pettit C36051, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Help! A single Southern Cal bro down in redneck country would like a foxy lady to write, with a possible relationship in mind. I'm 6'10" with brownish-blond hair and green eyes. Please include recent photo and I'll do the same. Dave Stephens 106436, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Two 23-year-old crazy chicks imprisoned down here in the sticks. This cell is hell, so drop us a line to help pass the time. Delane Adkins 94598, Susan Fox 98878, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I'm a lonely Calif. boy doing lonely time. Need correspondence with ladies (age and looks don't matter). Please send photo. I know you ladies have a heart, so please write. David Willkomm 16357-NSP, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

23 years young Italian Virgo searching for a seriously sincere woman to help with these last months. Send pictures and stamps for quickest results. Gypsy Dan Capello 88644, Dorm 4 West, 1453 15th St., Pineville, La. 71360.

W/M, 33, has date for Dec. '82. Would like to hear from any young ladies who would like to get something going with this lonely tramp. D.K. Beldon 14798, 250 N. Main St., County Jail, Richfield, Utah 84701.

I'm a lonely bro who's been down 6 years with 2 1/2 more to go. I'd love to correspond with the fat mamas out there. Will answer all letters. Rudy Lewis, Box 149-77A3076, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Downed bro. 22. In need of scribes from all ladies. Will answer all. Send flicks. Greg S. Anderson 15817, P.O. Box 607 N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89702.

W/M, 27, looking for letters and pics from any female wanting to ease this lonely pain. Please write. David B. Reynolds, Box EF-122182, Unit B, H-1, Ga. State Prison, Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

Please help this lonely 30-year-old. Mac Claffey 14713, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607.

Two lonely, attractive bikers locked up in a cage from our bikes and foxy ladies. Send pictures. Looks don't count. Will answer all. Michael A. Wilson 104-227 and Gregory A. Porter 113-109, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I'm here in Soledad without the needed correspondence to help make my next six years of existence more fun and enjoyable. Please help. Steve Donnelly, P.O. Box C-24976, CTF-C-B-302, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

W/M, 21, looking for special lady with unusual fantasies, age 18-30. Must live in Ohio or be willing to travel. No pics with first correspondence. Will answer all. Mitchell Boden, R-115-614, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

27-year-old W/M doin' five and would like kites from some ladies to help this time. Joseph W. Paris 12824, Ind. Reformatory, P.O. Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Downed 23-year-old bro lookin' for a righteous chick (17-35) to write and get to know. Send photo and stamp with first letter for quickest reply. John P. Campbell 157-897, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740-9540.

Down, but comin' around. Sincere W/M, 23, needs a fine ol' lady to ride the wind for me. I'll answer all letters with pics as such. Neal "Breeze" Roland 162671, P.O. Box E. Jackson, Mich. 49204.

6'5", 31-year-old blond Virgo with blue eyes and average build looking for tall, gentle lady. 18-28, age-range build, intelligent, quiet natured, with head together, who loves farm life. Let's swap flicks and see what happens. John "Swede" Burton, Box 711-10352, Menard, Ill. 62259.

22-year-old W/M in need of some foxy ladies 18-30. Please write and send photo. Will answer all. James A. Meadows 108123, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Two downed English biker bums, wanting to hear from daughters or mums. Trampus done two out of six and would love to get your letters and flicks. Pete's doin' seven, just two to go. Let your wits 'n' tits to me flow. Terry "Trampus" Day 8974 and Pete Ansell 1854, H.M. Prison, Albany, Newport, Isle of Wight, England.

Up for Adoption: One slightly dirty, 40-year-old vintage scooter tramp who's presently busted, disgusted, locked down and collecting dust, and lookin' for some correspondence, pictures, and things from any and all redheaded young ladies in Canada and the USA. Jeff "Li'l Lurch" Skinner 73985-012, P.O. Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62955.

I'm 26, white, and very lonely with 3 1/2 years left to do and no one to look forward to. Please write. A.J. Rodriguez, P.O. Box C-36451, CTF North RB-348, Soledad, Calif. 93960-0705.

W/M, 24, tired of head games and beating my head against the wall. Got one year left. Looking for the right woman to start over fresh and new. Dennis Hexamer 16871 T.C.H. 7-3C, P.O. Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I've been screwed by justice so much, I'm starting to feel like a whore. Could dig hearing from some foxy ladies. Bob Bartlett 53312, Unit F, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

24-year-old W/M in a really lonely place. Please write. Danny Ray Price 93783, Camp A, Trusty, Angola, La. 70712.

30-year-old bro from Canada has less than one year left to do in the federal pen. Would like to hear from righteous ladies from anywhere in Canada for sincere relationship. Will answer all letters. Send photo. Michael Harris 10437-086, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Serious-minded scooter tramp, 33, tired of doing time. Need a good ol' lady to help me keep my shit together. David Widmar 02477-079 TX2, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

My name is Tiny. I've got a lot of time in the county slammer. I'm ugly. If you're fugly fuckin' ugly, write. Tiny Polk, 207 Donald St., Pensacola, Fla. 32507.

Blue-eyed, blond-haired, well-built bro would like to hear from some nice fine ladies. Send pic and write to James Pike C-32443, CTF Central, P.O. Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Good bro down till 2/83. Will answer all who write. I'm a W/M, 37, blond, blue eyes, and not bad to look at. I live a good easy life and love the outdoors. Jerry D. Skains, C-33853-4268, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001.

Two downed bro need vibes. Bill Reinecke M1423 and Larry Brinton F9496, P.O. Box 244, Gratorford, Pa. 19426.

I have no one to write to at all and would like for some girl from 18-40 to write to me so I won't be so lonely. Daniel J. Lyles A-033279, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Bike tramp down but getting up soon. Need some fox to tell me what's happening on the streets. Richard "Cracker" Turner A026105, P.O. Box 299, L.W.C.I., Lawley, Fla. 32068.

Ladies, Ricky and I need some letters to help pass the lonely time. Ricky cannot read or write so I'll answer all letters for him. Leslie Achter W-24045 and Richard Schrier W-39074, Box 9000, Old Death Row, Mo. State Penn., Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

White tramp from Calif. down in Arkansas for that little wild weed. I got one year left. Would like to hear from all ladies who are looking for a good man to ride with. I'm 30 with brown hair and blue eyes, weigh 185 lbs. Will answer all letters. Ivan Newcom 76259, P.O. Box 500 Max, Grady, Ark. 71644.

52-year-old W/M looking for a damn good woman to settle down with and letters to help pass the time. John Gilmore 075561, P.O. Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32626.

Need correspondence and support. Help me give this time back to the man. Richard (Bushwacker Butch) Hathon 130595, Box 911, 3201 Bemis Rd., Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

A downed bro lookin' for some sexy scribes. J.A. Driscoll 112-693, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Camel Piss Blues

Continued from page 27

year-old set of knockers. What's more, with the appearance of diesel-powered door slammers in droves, even ordinary premium (91 to 94 octane) has been booted out of many stations in favor of the smelly range oil that these citizen-carriers fumigate the countryside with. So, most bros are left with a meager choice of low-lead regular, unleaded camel piss, and a blend that's wishfully called "unleaded premium." In short, nothing above 92 octane.

Most scoots that have been factory-built over the last five years will run acceptably on this baloney-grade stuff — due to compression ratios as low as your lawnmower, and tricky cylinder-head design details, like specially hardened valves and seats. But most earlier offerings — and anything with high compression pistons (usually above 8-to-1) — are likely to sound like a gravel crusher on today's fuels. And, while you listen to that bad noise, equally unseemly things are happenin' inside the engine — like overheated plugs or pistons, excessive bearing loads, and even melt-down in extreme cases.

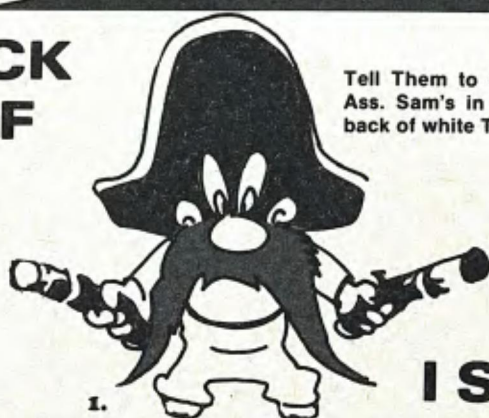
The slight amount of ping that seems to be tolerated and even promoted by Detroit as a sign of efficiency is definitely to be avoided in a fast-turning, air-cooled motorcycle engine. Or to put it another way, what's good for a heavy, water-cooled iron block can be the kiss of death for a high-performance aluminum mill. But don't despair. The most maniac motorcycle minds in the country (you guessed it, the smoke and juice staff of *Easyriders*) have been workin' on this problem for years and have come up with a mess of solutions. So here goes.



"Go tell Big Millie to drop her pants so this fly'll get the hell outta here."

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.



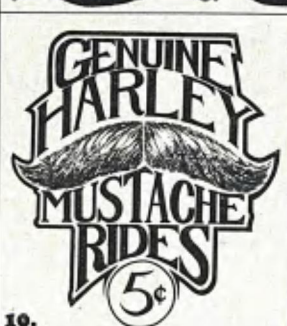
7.



8.



9.



10.



11.

Ladies:

Show your ol' man and the world who you're with. We'll print any name with up to eight letters at no extra charge. If your name is longer, it's okay. Just add \$1.00 extra for every letter over eight and we'll print it for you.

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

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**Ride A Bike
Go To Prison**

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Send check or money order to:

Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615

Fontana, Calif. 92335

(Allow four to six weeks for delivery.)

Calif. residents
add 6% sales tax.

First, there are a number of ways to convert scoots to run on the petrochemical equivalent of camel piss. The expensive but sure-fire trip is to tear down the engine, turn those 10-to-1 pistons into ashtrays, and slap in a pair of 7-to-1s. You may also want to have all valve faces hardfaced or Stellite if you're intent on runnin' pure unleaded. (The lead in gasoline aids in valve lubrication.)

But there are less costly alternatives. Extra-thick cylinder head gaskets or stroker plates will lower an engine's compression ratio somewhat. This route is not recommended with overhead cam motors since it alters valve timing, but it works like a bandit with Harleys and pushrod British iron. Retarding the ignition slightly may help, at the cost of reducing performance — try it one degree at a time. And, if the engine has a lotta miles, just removing the carbon build-up from combustion chambers and pistons can improve the situation.

And there's more good news. If you don't want to modify your mill, routes are available to improve the fuel itself. Thanks to good ol' American enterprise, local speed shops carry not one but several types of additives such as Moroso or 104 Plus that actually boost octane. They aren't cheap and the mixing can be a nuisance, but they do work. When you're boosting purely unleaded gas, favor the ones with tetraethyl lead which gives valve seats and stems an easier time of it. Keep in mind that TEL is highly toxic to catalytic converters, rugrats, yappy mutts, and other lowly forms of life. If you're souping a blend that already has lead in it, then go ahead and use the non-leaded additives.

In a roadside situation, you can also improve the octane rating of an

Easyriders



"I'm sorry, sir, but if you want to take the Pepsi challenge, it'll have to be an oral comparison!"



HERE SHE IS—

in all her rotten glory!

The all Miraculous Mutha book (with Robinson cartoons). Nine years of her sick advice and comments — all packed into a 5½" x 8½", 96-page book!

We'll send it in a plain brown wrapper and we'll even pay the postage and handling for only two and a half bucks.

Warning! you must be 18 years of age or over to buy — and be sure not to leave it around where granny may see it, because she'll at least wet her long johns.

Mail your check or money order to:
Paisano Book Division, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. California residents add 6% for dear old Governor Brown.

This book will be sold only through the mails and will not be on the newsstands — shit, we'd get arrested!

Canadian orders add \$2.00 for postage and handling. Foreign orders add \$5.50.

Thank you.

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

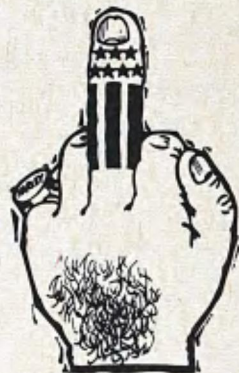
The Elegance of Wood



Give a gift that's sure to be cherished — or treat yourself to one of these beautiful Harley plaques. The wood is thick, beveled, top quality western red cedar with the Harley emblem silk-screened in rich black, all protected by a hard clear sealer. Included are two brass finished hooks to be mounted where you choose. Each style is approximately 12" x 20" and 3/4" thick. These beauties have been sold in stores for \$22.95 — now they can be yours for \$19.95 each. Send your order today. COD's accepted with \$10.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.

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

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- L-101 Oil tank super plug—\$5.75
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- L-104 Designed for use with the S&S Super carburetor. Recommended jet size to use with this adjustable jet is 100-120. Starting adjustment is 1 1/4 turns out.

—\$25.50

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- L-105 Regulator bracket (Bosch)—\$10.95

Motor Mounts

- L-106 Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50

- L-106K Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75

- L-107 74 top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-107K 74 top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-108 Knucklehead top motor mount & coil bracket—\$20.85

Fender Braces

- L-110 Fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

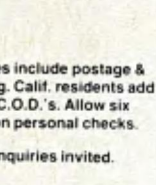
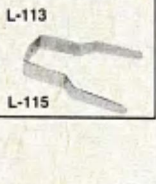
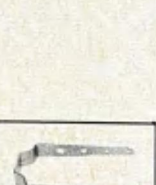
- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-112 Custom fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

- L-113 Custom fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-114 Fatbob fender brace, unchromed—\$25.50

- L-115 Fatbob fender brace, chromed—\$29.75



inferior fuel by cross-mixing pump grades the right way. For example, adding one part of unleaded premium gas to three parts of leaded premium will give you a blend with an octane number about one higher than either single gasoline. Another mix: one part of leaded regular with three parts of unleaded premium. Again, this mixture will give you about one more octane than the straight premium, thanks to the lead from the regular. These ain't huge increases, but they may do the trick on an engine that pings only when it's hot, or has other transient problems.

We ain't done yet, either. If you live near a friendly local airport, try tanking up there. Around here, some will sell to bros — and some won't. Aviation gasoline is still around 100 or 110 octane for the likes of Lycoming, Continental, and other high-compression reciprocating engines. It is excellent as an additive or straight up.

Finally, from the low-buck specialist, Sniveler, here are some homebrew methods that he swears by. They sound kinda shaky, but so does that rat knuckle he puts on, and it's been on the road for thirty-six years straight. Pre-ignition potion: acetone (use 1 ounce per gallon of gasoline); Anti-knock elixir: toluene (use 1 ounce per 25 gallons of gasoline); Camel piss cure: Marvel Mystery Oil (1 ounce per 10 gallons of gasoline).

Sniveler says that acetone and toluene (also called toluol) are common industrial solvents that can be bought at any good paint supply store. The Mystery Oil, according to him, is a penetrating oil and top end lubricant available at auto supply houses. Myself, I think he brews 'em up in his basement along with the moonlight gin and Spanish fly. ■

Easyriders



"How was I supposed to know the lousy frog had herpes?"

Easyriders

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An unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8 1/2 x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). The old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. They're all together in one gigantic book called *Easyriders*. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition. And it's only \$9.95 — plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Here's a book that will bring back memories — a book that you'll read, read again, and save forever.

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Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

(California residents add 6% so that Governor Brown can keep the wheels turning up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.

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

TUBE TOPS!

These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight there's no hassle with size.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the **Easyriders** logo on this baby to make sure every dude gets a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sightseeing in **bandit black** and **rogue red**. At \$6.95 each or \$10.95 per pair you won't regret it.

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Burbank, Calif.

91503

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

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



All prices include postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6%. No C.O.D.'s. Allow six weeks on personal checks.

Dealer inquiries invited.

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

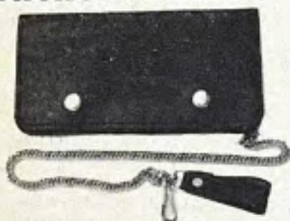
I.R.S. Ltd.

ALL NEW CATALOG \$29⁹⁵ Scooter Wallet

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

Can be branded with "Harley-Davidson," "Live to Ride" or ordered plain.

Trucker Wallet



Branded with either "Harley-Davidson" or "Live to Ride" the Trucker's wallet is made of genuine leather and made to last. Comes with double link safety chain. \$25.75, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

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.

Silver Pendants



Heavy silver pendants and 2mm sterling silver, rope chain. Skull and Devil's head pendants \$20.00, Harley-Davidson \$15.00, 20-inch rope chain \$18.00 and 24-inch chain \$22.00.

Wrist Watch Band



With either a plain flap or one branded "Harley-Davidson" or "Live to Ride" the flap on this wrist band acts as protection for your valuable watch. It's heavy leather for \$12.95, plus \$5 postage and handling.

I.R.S. Limited, P.O. Box 109, San Fernando, California 91341
California residents add 6% for the man.
Catalog and I.R.S. T-shirt \$10.00 (indicate size)
Dealer inquiries invited.

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

Honey

Continued from page 18

"Just watch the movie. There. Stop moving! I can't quit when one side's cut and the other isn't. It'll look ridiculous. Who's the guy with the rifle?"

"He was the town drunk until they — damn! Is all that mine?"

"Don't worry about it. I'll vacuum the rug when I'm done."

* * *

"No," she said when he tried to help her with the armload of packages she brought home. "First you have to promise you won't be mad at me."

"Why should I be mad at you for shopping?"

She lowered her eyes and pouted.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Then he saw the pout dissolve into her evil little-girl grin. "These are all for you. Now wait a minute; you promised, remember? I'm sorry. I saw them and I just couldn't help it. I thought they'd look so good on you. If you don't like them, that's all right, my feelings won't be hurt. I'll just go into the bathroom and quietly cut my wrists, okay? Come on, Fly, won't you at least try them on?"

"All right, I'll try them on." He stomped into the bedroom and rummaged through the stuff in the boxes until he settled on a pair of gray slacks and a soft, cream-colored shirt. On the way back to the living room, he caught his reflection in the hall mirror. The new clothes fit well. There was no denying that. And they were comfortable, in a formal sort of way. The figure in the mirror didn't really look too bad, he had to admit. But it was not the Fly he was used to seeing. He decided to put his jeans back on as soon as he had shown Honey. After all, she had meant well. He didn't want to make her feel bad.

"I knew it," she assured him. "You look like Robert Redford. You better not wear those out on the street or you'll have every girl in the neighborhood after you. What do you think? Do they feel okay?"

"Yeah, fine. Listen, I really appreciate this, but —"

She put two fingers over his lips. "Don't say a word. Now you don't have to dress like that for me if you don't want to. It doesn't make a bit of difference. Maybe just once in a while, when we go out. I just can't

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get over how nice you look in those clothes!"

"Thanks. Well, I guess I'll change back now."

"Okay. Sure. Oh, sweetheart, dinner's almost ready. Why don't you wait to change until after we eat?"

• • •

The sun was behind the hills when he caught the side road to the riverbank. But it was still light out, and warm enough. And they were alone there. When he shut off the engine, all they could hear was the flowing water and a few unseen birds.

"Isn't this pretty?" she asked. "Let's sit down on the grass."

He took a cigarette and lit it. He sat next to her, quietly, watching the movement of the river until the cigarette was gone. With a flick of his finger he shot the still glowing butt out into the water, where it disappeared with a quick hiss. "Something's on your mind. What is it?"

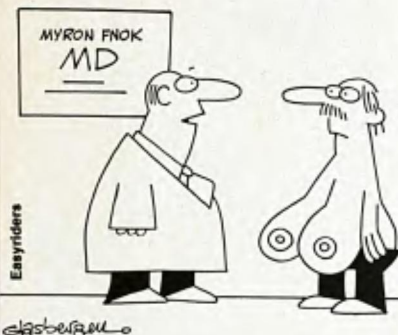
She wound her arm inside his and leaned against him. "What makes you so sure I have something on my mind?"

"When you're scheming, your nose gets pointy and the gold in your eyes starts to shine."

She laughed. "I guess I can't keep anything from you, babe." Her tone became serious. "I'm worried about my cousin Todd. He owns Thornton Automotive, remember? Well, his parts man quit, and he just can't get anybody decent to replace him. I guess they sell a lot of stuff, and it's hard to find somebody who knows all about belts and bearings and hoses and stuff like that. It's all so complicated."

Fly nodded.

"I sure wish there was some way I could help him, only I don't know



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the first thing about engines."

Fly watched a bird swoop low over the river, looking for fish.

"Hey! You do, don't you?"

"Do what?" he asked.

"Know about engines. You could help Todd out. Until he finds somebody permanent, I mean. Do you think you could?"

"You want me to get a job, is that it?"

"No! It's just temporary. As a favor to me. If you don't want to, you don't have to. I just thought you'd be good at it. I thought we tried to do things to help each other out. I do things for you, don't I?"

The bird swooped again, this time making a tiny rip in the surface of the river before flying off with something silver and shiny in its talons.

"All right. I'll give cousin Todd a hand. But only till he finds somebody else."

"You're a sweetheart!"

"Hmph. Ain't nobody here but us fish."

* * *

"I can handle it," Fly insisted, leaning across the table to bank the five ball into the corner. He cut the angle a little too hard and the ball bounced off the side, off the end, and rolled to a stop.

"Sure you can," said Lepper. He handed Fly his beer. "Hold this." He laid his cane against the pool table and supported himself with his elbows as he lined up his shot. "How long you been livin' with that woman, anyhow?"

"About six months," Fly replied, feeling defensive and not knowing why.

"Sa long time." The stick slid smoothly through Lepper's fingers and the ball fell into the hole. He hopped around the table to take his follow-up shot. "We don't see too much of you anymore."

"Maybe I got better things to do."

"Maybe." Lepper missed a tough combination. "Toss me my damn cane, will you?"

The cane flew over the table and Lepper grabbed it out of the air with one hand. "Now the beer, if you don't mind. Hand it, don't throw it."

"You want another?" Fly asked him.

"You buyin'?"

"Sure."

"Yeah, that's right, you got money now. Steady work, huh? Sandy, bring us a couple more, will you? Your shot, man."

Fly looked at the table. Nothing

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and she was into pain
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5. N.P.* blues

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but garbage. It was depressing. He waited for the beer to come and pulled a bill from his pocket. "The job's only temporary," he told Lepper. "And I don't come here to get sermonized." He made a half-hearted attempt at an impossible shot, then sat down to drink. "If you don't like the way I am, you can find somebody else to play with."

Lepper stared thoughtfully at the table. "Fly, Fly, have we come to this after all these years? Look, man, don't ever worry about me likin' you. What I'm wonderin' is, do you like you? Do you like who you are now?"

Fly didn't answer.

"It's like frogs, sort of," Lepper continued. "You sure didn't leave me much, did you?"

"You're breakin' my heart," Fly told him. "What about frogs?"

"Oh, yeah, frogs," Lepper banked the twelve ball off the railing to put it down.

"Nice shot."

"Thanks." He scanned the lay of the table. "See, if you go out to the pond and catch yourself a nice fat bullfrog and take him home, then you heat up a pan of water on the stove so's it's good and hot, and you drop that old bullfrog into the pan, you know what he'll do? He'll jump right out. Same as you or me, right? Sure."

"You're real edifyin', Lepper."

"Shut up and listen. So now what you want to do is, you want to put that frog in a pan of cold water, see? Same pan of water, right there on the stove, only cold. The frog, he'll just sit there and grin, thinkin' he's back in the swamp."

"When do we get to de part about de briar patch?"

Lepper grinned around his cigarette and put the ten ball away. "Only he ain't in the swamp. And so you turn on the heat under the water. And gradually it starts to get warm. So slow that the frog don't notice. And pretty soon it's hot, and the frog, he's gettin' edgy; he knows somethin's wrong, but he can't figure out what. Before long, he don't even care. The water's startin' to boil, and you got yourself frog soup, and all along the old boy coulda jumped right out of that pan, but he didn't. Get the point?" Lepper quickly sank the last three balls with three swift, sure strokes of the cue, like a hunter pumping shot at slow-moving birds. "Want to play again?"

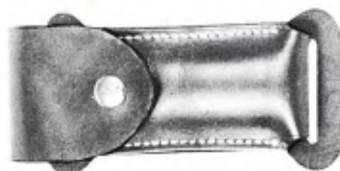
"No, thanks. I think I'll be moving along."

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the palm-studded lobby, as arranged. The man was large, about fifty. Fly guessed, with hair that seemed to be bleached from days on sailboats. He wore white shoes, the woman was plump and tanned and, Fly suspected, not at all fond of Honey. Honey introduced them as Bill and Marsha DeStefanis; she introduced Fly as Jerome.

"Call me Fly," he snapped. "Nice to meet you."

The headwaiter led them to the table they had reserved, and the cocktail waitress took their drink orders. After Bill asked for scotch and soda, the two women debated endlessly over which rum and fruit concoctions they would take. "Bring me a Jack Daniel's on the rocks," said Fly. "Make it a double, okay?" When she brought the drinks, he touched his glass to each of theirs, said, "Cheers!" before downing it in one continuous sip. "Ah," he said, smiling, suddenly cheerful.

Bill and Marsha exchanged glances and looked at the menu. "My, everything sounds so lovely. I hate making these hard decisions," Marsha said.

"I know," Honey agreed. Then, innocently, "It all sounds so good, it just has to be fattening." Marsha looked across her menu at Honey's small figure and glowered.

"Well, we won't be fattening up at these prices," Fly said. "Look at this. A damn hamburger costs more than I make in a week."

Bill raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Why, you're our guests here, of course. I thought that was understood."

"Not by me, it wasn't," Fly responded. "In that case," he said to the waitress, "bring me the biggest steak you got. Rare. Blood rare. When I slide the knife into it, I want to hear it moo. Got it?"

The waitress said she got it.

"I'll have the frog legs," Honey said. Fly suddenly felt cold, and the cheerfulness drained from him like the bourbon that had flowed from his glass.

"I understand you're in the automotive supply business," Bill said to Fly as the waitress distributed another round of drinks.

"It's only temporary," Fly sipped stiffly. "So. You run the ad agency Honey works for, huh?"

Bill puffed with pride. "I've built New Media into the biggest agency in town," he boasted. "I've put my heart and soul into that business, and it's really paid off. You might say it represents my whole life."

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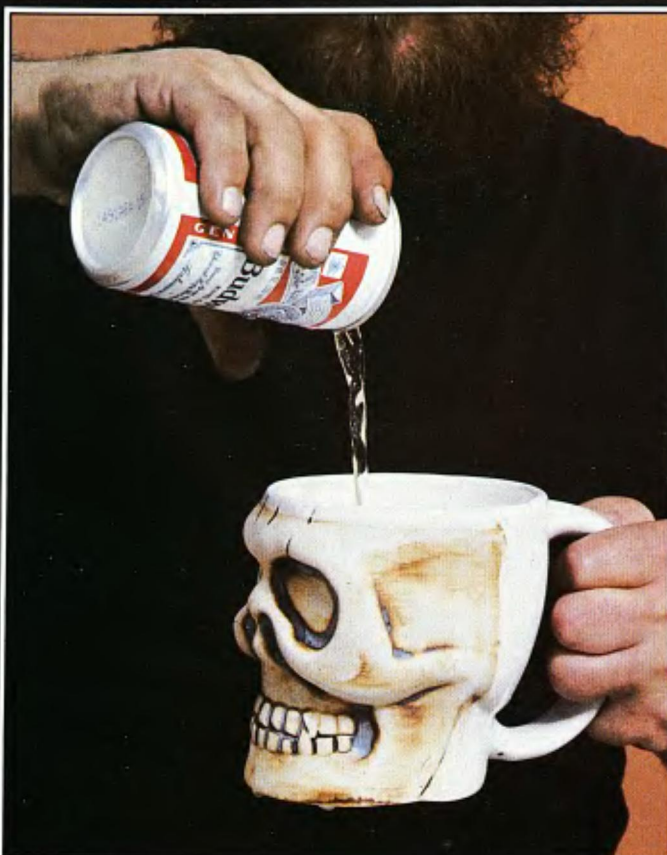


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"We'll have to have you on our boat sometime," Marsha told Fly. "What did you say your job was?" "Assistant parts manager." He started in on his salad.

"Oh. And what, exactly, do you do?"

Fly put down his fork. "To tell you the truth, I seem to spend most of my time trying to convince some poor bozo with a '62 Merc that the Volkswagen mufflers we carry will fit his cage."

"Cage?" Marsha broke a dinner roll in half and smeared it with butter.

"Car," Honey hastened to explain.

"Oh." Marsha crammed the roll into her mouth. Not caring what it meant, she continued. "Honey tells us you like riding motorcycles."

Fly rolled his sweating glass between the palms of his hands. "Yeah. When I can. I don't seem to ride much these days."

"Did you really ride with a gang and do all those terrible things?"

Fly nodded. "But don't worry. I'm reformed now. I swear it. I haven't beaten up a blind man or raped a nun in over a month. I think Honey puts something in my food."

"Fly," Honey said in a voice that would have touched the heart of a prison guard. "You're drinking those awfully fast. Why don't you switch to beer?"

"Good idea! Hey, waitress, bring me a couple of Buds, will you? And make sure they're cold."

Honey closed her eyes and sucked on her lower lip. But Marsha, who had polished off her second mai-tai and was feeling quite conversational, reached for another roll and asked, "How did you get the name Fly?"

"He was testifying before a legislative committee," Honey said quickly, "and, uh, with all those politicians, it was like the spiders and the fly."

"Let me tell you something," Bill spoke earnestly and emphatically.

"This testifying business is by and large a bunch of crap. Take my word for it. I've found that if you just make the right campaign contributions to the right people, when the time comes, they're only too glad to meet with you privately. That way you avoid any unfortunate public exposure. Remember that."

"Yes, sir, I will," Fly assured him. "I sure don't want any more exposure like that time. But listen, I have a confession to make. What Honey told you just now, that's not really how I got my name. No. The real reason is —" He stuffed a wad of

salad into his mouth, then leaned across the table toward Bill and Marsha. "It was about five years ago. I was ridin' solo through the desert in northern Utah. It's an empty part of the world, nothin' but sagebrush and dust. I don't recall who told me about the short-cut, but if I ever run across him again, I'm gonna rearrange his internal organs. I think the last person to drive that cattle patch before me was in a covered wagon." Fly paused to take a long swig from one of the bottles of beer on the table.

"Anyhow, sure enough, I hit a rut at eighty-five, the bike shot out from under me, and I was lyin' fifty miles from Bone Gulch with a damned busted leg. Luckily I had a canteen with me, but not a scrap of food. Well, after sittin' there sweatin' in the sun for two days, the flies started landing on me. I'd brush 'em away, and they'd come right back. Finally I was so overcome with hunger that I just grabbed one off my leg and ate it. Just like that."

Marsha turned pale and set her butter knife down on her plate.

"After the first one, it was easy," Fly continued. "The little buggers kept me alive for four days, till a couple of ranchers came by and loaded me and the bike in the back of their pickup. Funny thing was, by that time I had acquired a real taste for flies."

Marsha put her roll down.

"Yep. You might not believe it, but they're just as addicting as booze or sex. I still eat 'em whenever I get the chance — pop 'em like raisins, or put 'em on crackers, on sandwiches, in salads. Especially in salads." He chewed a mouthful of crisp lettuce. "Really adds crunch."

Marsha put her finger to her mouth. "Bill, I think I'm not feeling well. Perhaps we should go."

"What's the matter?" Fly asked.

"Don't go. I want to tell you about



"He's a good dog, but there are times when I wish he wasn't so well housebroken."

this buddy of mine. We call him Dogpuke. It's a hell of a story how he got tagged with that. Come on, Marsha, don't you want to hear it? It's genuine biker lore. You see, we were in Tijuana, Mexico, and — I know you'll like this part, Bill — we picked up these two whores, see, and —"

Bill folded his napkin on the table and stood up. "We're leaving, Yvette," he told the waitress, who had just arrived with the dinner plates. "Please put this on my tab."

"Hey, I hope I haven't said anything to offend you nice people," Fly called after them. But Bill and Marsha were gone.

Honey sat and slowly rocked back and forward in her chair, her face red, her mouth tight, her body shaking as if she were trying to hold back tears. Fly felt suddenly sorry for her.

"Honey, are you okay?"

Honey didn't answer.

"Look, I probably lost you your job, and maybe I shouldn't have done that. But damn it, I can't take this shit anymore. I like ridin' a bike, not bein' a businessman. I like the two-wheel life, not four. Bein' in blue jeans and boots, not a three-piece suit. And I'd rather drink beer than wine. Maybe that's not what you like. Well, tough shit, that's what I am. So if it means I have to sleep on a floor instead of in a king-size bed, and eat burgers and beans instead of little stuffed chickens, and spend my time with scooter trash instead of so-called high class ladies, well, so be it. That's a price I'm willing to pay."

Honey was suddenly indignant, her eyes flaming with anger. "Well, that's great," she spit. "I knock myself out to give you some class and you... you..." She was incoherent with rage. "That does it," she declared, standing up and grabbing her purse. "We're finished — once a piece of scooter trash, always a piece of scooter trash!" She turned and began to stalk away.

"Honey, wait," he called after her.

She stopped and turned, her face softening, confident that Fly would do anything rather than lose her.

"Aren't you gonna eat these frog legs?" he asked, bursting into a hearty laugh.

Blushing with outrage, without a word Honey spun on her heel and all but ran from the restaurant.

Grinning and feeling better than he had in months, Fly sliced off a big hunk of his steak and popped it in his mouth. He never knew steak could taste so good. ■

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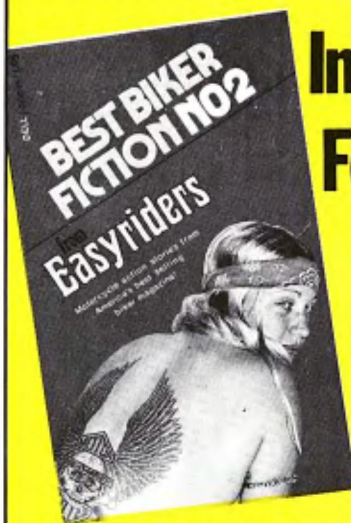
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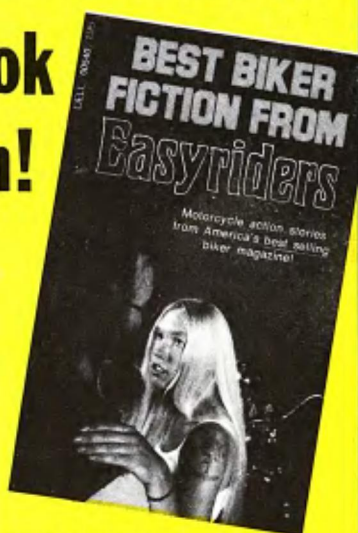
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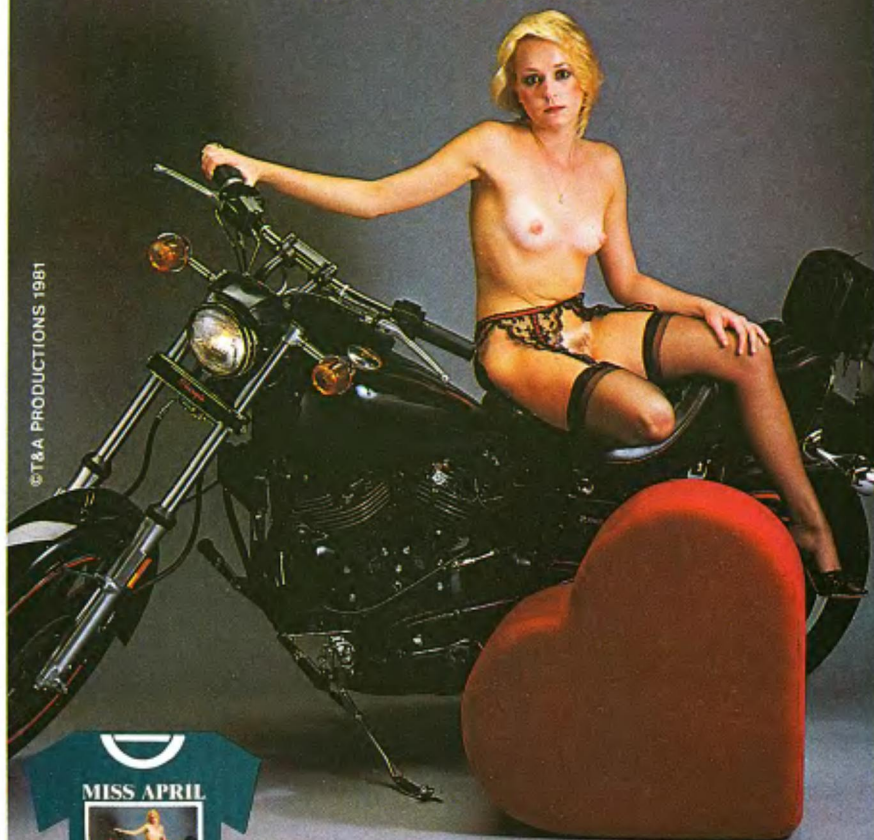
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Oh, Mama

Continued from page 33

as you're told, I advised myself for the hundredth time since the shitty plan had been handed to Poker and myself. You're only a fuckin' month away from that patch and full brotherhood — after the hardest damn year you ever lived. Don't get maudlin and mess it up now.

Abruptly, something jabbed my back. I twisted around, finding Poker's boot extended at me. Throttling down so I could hear him, I brought the 74 to a crawl. It had started raining again, a slow, gentle drizzle. Exactly what every fuckin' funeral needs.

"What's wrong?" I demanded.

"Ya missed the damned turnoff, man," Poker said grimly.

"How far back?"

He looked over his shoulder, peering down the empty road. "About a mile. Right back there, where that big boulder damn near hides the road from this fuckin' highway."

"Shit, I never noticed it."

"Fuckin' sign used to be there. It's gone. Maybe fell over when this rain turned the sand to mud." He pulled away from Mama who snored softly. "Stop the bike and lemme drive her a while. I'm tired of hangin' onto the old bitch."

Braking to a halt, we traded places. What the old hell. It made sense. Poker had been raised in these hills and probably knew every square inch of this country. He turned the trike around and a few minutes later we had left the paved road and were bumping and skidding over the soggy, washboard-type trail, which wasn't more than a sandy rut snaking through thick stands of blackjacks.

Mama stirred under her blanket. Her eyes glinted about a quarter-inch open. "Poppa?" she whispered.

"Nah," I said, reaching down behind the seat and finding the jug of Seagram's jammed in there. "Poppa's waitin' fer us at the clubhouse, Mama." Which was and wasn't a fucking lie. Holding the jug up, I found it was still half full. I uncapped it.

"Who're you?" she mumbled spacially.

"Cajun. Cajun Mireau, remember?"

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"That's right, Mama. Here, time fer another drink," I said, putting the bottle to her mouth. Instinct-

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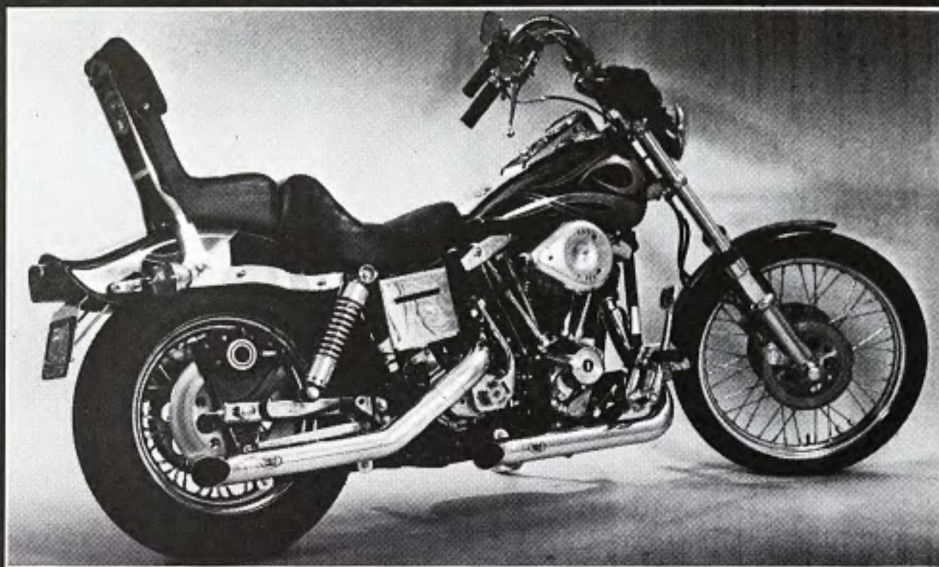
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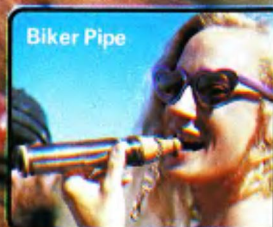
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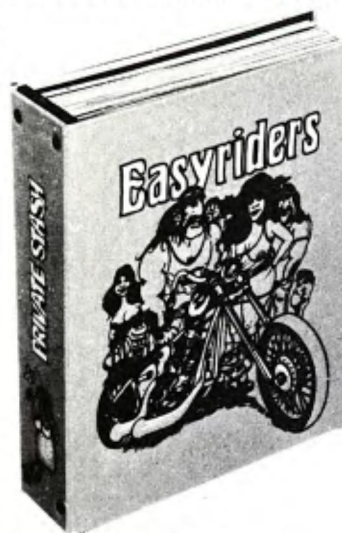


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tively she gulped a mouthful down, the rest of a second gulp spilling all over her. Her head wobbling with every lurch of the straining trike, she peered groggily around.

"Wh-Where the hell are we?" she said thickly.

"Just takin' a little ride," I told her. I knew this whole thing was going to be a lot easier as long as she was half out of it. I hoped the booze and pills would keep her stoned — she had a reputation for being able to straighten up when least expected.

Topping a crest, we suddenly came into view of the entire lake and surrounding hills. At the water's edge stood a small store and dock with a pickup truck parked in front of it. There were a couple of gas pumps, too. Scanning the shoreline, I went cold inside at the sight of a few cabins scattered widely apart.

I nudged Poker's back with the recapped bottle, leaning toward him. Throwing a glance at me over his shoulder, he throttled down and braked to a stop.

"Thought this was supposed to be a deserted place," I said tartly. "Dig that convenience store and all them shacks along the lake, man."

He nodded. "Fuckin' place has developed since I was here last. Good chance them shacks are empty this time of year. Lotsa folks just put summer cabins at lakes."

"We've probably been heard and spotted by now, if there's anybody in that store. No point in acting suspicious. Let's buy some gas — check the place out."

"I'm hungry," he complained. "Dunno about you, Cajun, but I could use a coupla burgers and a few beers."

"Sounds about right," I agreed. The trike lurched forward, descending toward the lake.

"Shit, we're just beautiful," Poker said past a mouthful of food.

"Gonna do a lousy thing like this, and here we sit, havin' a fuckin' picnic!" Dourly he stared at Mama Muff, buried under her blanket on the trike's couch a few feet away, snoring up a storm.

"I can't hold a second one," I said, handing him my remaining burger and stepping up onto a flat-topped boulder which enabled me to see a little farther in all directions, except for where the rocky cliffs jutted beyond us at the water's edge.

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"Don't see any shacks on this side of the lake."

"It ain't grown that much, I guess," Poker said, clambering up on the boulder, draining his can of beer, and hurling the empty into nearby bushes. "Hell, it must be damn near two miles across all that water to the other side."

I studied the store and dock, small with distance.

"Fuckin' shame we didn't think to bring a silencer." I shot a glance at him. He was grinning faintly without looking at me. "Reckon a gunshot could be heard over there?"

"Depends on the gunshot."

I took my .38 from the holster sewn inside my jacket. Hefting it thoughtfully, I studied the distance between us and the other side of that lake, wishing it were double or triple that far.

"I got a .22 rifle clipped under the couch," Poker informed me, his expression somber. "It'll kill her just as dead with a head shot — and we kin explain the noise as huntin'. In case anybody comes around actin' snoop. What do ya think, bro?"

"That sounds good," I admitted, putting my piece away.

"Listen, have you ever wasted anybody?"

I paused, thinking. "Ya mean on purpose?"

He nodded, squinting hard at me.

"Not lately, I ain't. Why?"

"Well, I've never offed anybody, see?" He jumped down from the boulder, sitting on a smaller rock and taking out a baggie and papers. "Ya think maybe we might do this another way, bro?"

I joined him, hunkered on another rock, accepting the well-stuffed baggie and twisting together a fat toke. "What other way?" I asked, cupping my hands around the doobie and leaning toward his lighter's wildly stabbing flame.

"I've still got another handful of 'ludes and some other shit. That, plus what's left of the whiskey and a coupla beer chasers could do the job, y'know." His tone matched his hopeful expression. I scrutinized his face. Under his long hair and beard, he looked younger than me. I'm twenty-seven. I figured Poker for about twenty. And I could see this assignment was bothering him as much as it had been me.

"She's a tough old cunt. I've seen her take aboard enough goodies to flatten any dude and come out of it in less time than it takes to describe. We'd hafta sit around, waitin' fer her heart to stop. God knows

how long that might take." I shook my head sadly. "I know what you're sayin', Poker. I like ya fer even thinkin' it, but it ain't realistic in this case. A bullet would be faster and safer — and probably more merciful."

Wind gusted, passing coldly over us. More rain began spattering down. Somewhere, thunder rumbled its threat in the clouds churning overhead.

"You've prospected with them longer than me," Poker said, his face working with repressed emotion. "Ain't there any way of them changin' their fuckin' minds?"

Sucking a last hit, I shook my head and ground the roach's ember out under my boot. "They don't want her anymore. They can't afford to trust her. She threatened the whole club, man."

"Why'd she do that?"

I shrugged. "Pissed off. Jealous of them younger mamas, I suppose. Who the hell knows why?"

"Maybe she didn't really mean it."

I sighed. His damned bleeding-heart attitude was starting to bother me. I think I knew right then that Poker stood a fuckin' good chance of never making membership. Some are club material and some ain't. "You wanna ride all the way back to town, wake up the prez and ask him if maybe they made a mistake?"

He pondered that in silence. We both knew how dipshits who questioned club policy and decisions were regarded by the heavier brothers.

"It stinks, yeah," I said softly. "But it's gotta be done, and we gotta do it."

Returning to the trike, we stood staring at it numbly. *Mama Muff was gone.* A chill went through me that made the icy wind seem like a summer breeze by comparison. If she got away and reached the people in that store, or if she found any-

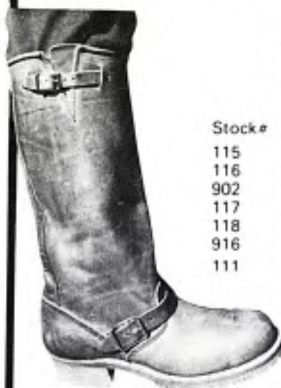


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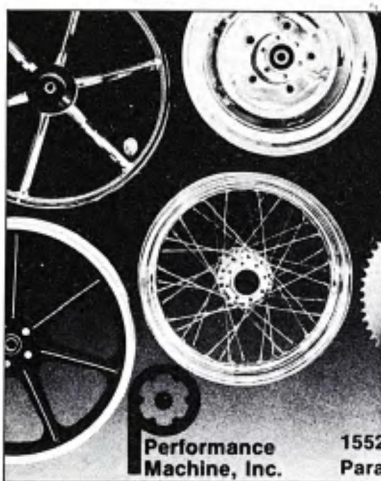


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body in a cabin on this side of the fuckin' lake, we were in big trouble. My patch would be gone. We might even be hospitalized — or worse — for fuckin' up the assignment. The chills rippling up my backbone froze my mind, and I was a few seconds getting my thinking thawed.

"Patrol the fuckin' road on the trike," I told Poker tersely, plunging into the brush.

"Where you goin'?"

"Gonna comb those stone ledges and all them rocky places atop that cliff at the water's edge," I retorted without stopping. "She may jist still be spacey enough to have wandered away instead a huntin' help. Getcher ass in gear on that fuckin' trike!"

Moments later, I heard the machine being fired up and ridden in the direction of the road.

Stumbling and cussing, I loped toward the higher ground.

Mama Muff stared at me bleakly, the .22 rifle following every move I made as I finished piling what dry weeds and deadwood I could find along the cliff's edge. She was still half-ripped but clear-headed enough to have taken my piece away from me. I felt naked without it.

"Now light a fuckin' fire, asshole," she ordered. "I mean, we're gonna have us a big fuckin' blaze that'll make somebody think this area's goin' up in flames that will endanger all the fuckin' buildings fer miles around!"

"That dog won't hunt," I grunted, finally getting a tiny flame going. "It's been rainin' like hell fer more'n a week."

"Ain't they got fires started by lightnin' where you come from, you coonass shithead?" Her laughter was slurred but contemptuous. "When they get here, I'm gonna tell 'm how you bastards wuz gonna dust me. After that, I got a whole buncha stuff to talk about. I know where the fuckin' bodies are buried, man! There won't be no dumbass club left after I finish talkin'!"

I looked up at her hate-contorted face. She was only about thirty-seven but she might as well been a hundred from where I lived. A vindictive hag who was going to destroy everything and everybody. And I knew she'd do it, too. No doubt about that.

"Shit, we wuz jist follerin' orders, Mama," I mumbled, hoping to keep her attention diverted from the muted sound of the returning trike. "You gotta know how that works."

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"Shuddup!" she rasped, her wild eyes narrowing. "I ain't listenin' to no snivelin', pissface! You pile a lot more wood on that fire or I'll put a fuckin' bullet through yer dork and balls! Then ya won't even be able to enjoy blowjobs or butt-fuckin' in the slam!"

Her head snapped up at the sound of brush crackling a few yards away as Poker came into sight, looking for us. He stopped, seeing her with the rifle. Then, to my amazement the asshole calmly continued walking straight toward us instead of diving for cover and staying out of her range, where he might have been of some fucking use in a shitty situation like this.

"Ya remembered where my rifle was stashed, huh?" He grinned at her, then at me. "Cajun, that fuckin' rifle ain't loaded!"

Quickly, she dropped the .22 to the ground and brought my piece out of her jacket pocket.

"That's loaded," I assured him disgustingly.

"Aw, shit!" he groaned, his face souring.

Mama Muff laughed giddily, teetering on the rock where she sat, aiming my .38 at us with both hands, her back to the cliff's edge. Vaguely I wondered what my chances were of getting hit if I rushed her. She must have read it in my face.

"You try sumpin' cute and yer dead fuckin' meat," she hissed, pushing her bleached hair from her glittering eyes with a shaky hand. "In fact, it might be simpler and safer if I jist blew you sonsabitches away — and then went lookin' fer help!"

"Murder is murder," I told her evenly, looking eyeball to eyeball with the old witch. "No matter what you claim — attempted rape,



"My husband is a judge and he says that the way I make love is a crime."

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attempted murder, whatever — you'll do time fer killin' us. And you'll be an old, ugly bat before they turn ya loose."

While I conned her, I watched the thick-bodied, greenish timber rattlesnake oozing from the crevice beside the rock she squatted upon. Apparently awakened by the fire's warmth and our noise, it was coming out to have a look.

Then Poker spotted it, his eyes flickering at me.

"I'll bet ya got a headache right now, comin' down from last night's partyin'." Poker smoothly brought out a baggie bulging with an assortment of tabs of every color and size. "How about a little sum-pin' to ease yer pain, anyway — while we're waitin'?"

She licked her dry lips, hungrily shooting a yearning glance at the bulging baggie.

"Get me goofy again, huh?" she spat. "Nice try, ya slimy bastard. Maybe even rush me while I'm reachin' fer them goodies. No way, asshole."

"Hell, we'll back off," I offered. "We may not be real bright but we ain't crazy," Poker chuckled nervously. "You're holdin' the piece, y'know."

She threw another craving look at the pills bouncing invitingly in the palm of his outstretched hand. "All right, toss'm over here at my feet. Real careful-like, unless ya wanna git gut-shot right where ya sit."

By now that rattler was right under her legs, its triangular head weaving sluggishly, tongue forking rapidly as it tested the air. It was a huge mutha. Four feet of dully gleaming diamondback fatness and still oozing from the crevice.

Poker lightly tossed the baggie. It plopped to the ground right in front of the snake's startled head. Drawing back swiftly and hissing loudly, the freaked rattler struck again and again at the baggie.

"Ohmigod!" screamed Mama, looking down and seeing what was happening at her feet. With surprising speed she lifted both feet, rolled



"That's Professor Steinmetz of the Bonn Planetarium — he's studying black holes."



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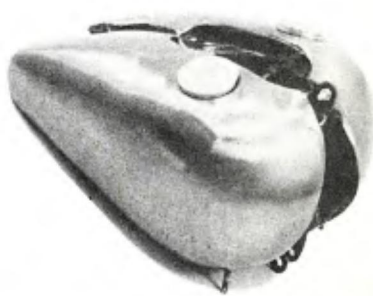
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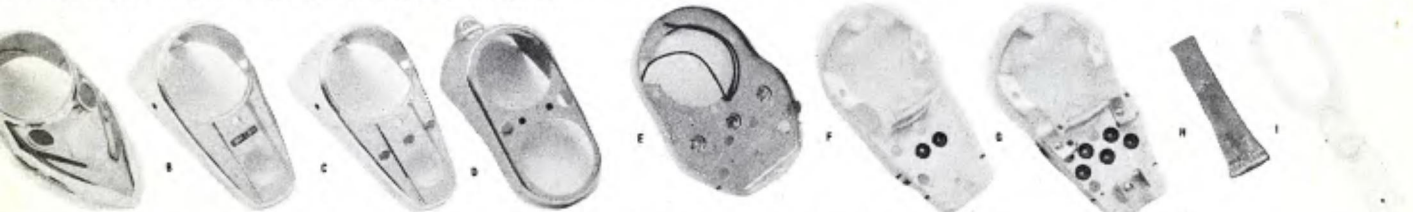
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sideways, and was scrabbling frantically to her feet when one of them slipped on a muddy section of rock. She went clumsily skidding backwards.

We were still only halfway to her as she went over the cliff's lip, an astonished expression on her face. We watched as her body dropped almost lazily — thudding into the first outcropping of layered stone, then hitting a second ledge where she rolled slowly off, and finally hurtling down to the water and vanishing in a foaming splash.

We stared silently at the circles widening from where she had plunged into the lake. A moment later, her body rose to the surface where it floated motionless face-down. Only then did I realize that both her hands were empty and I'd lost a damned fine piece.

"Ya-Ya think she's dead?" Poker muttered.

"We'll check her out. Make fuckin' sure. I ain't leavin' until I know." Turning, I watched the big snake wiggle back into another fissure. "I may never kill another snake as long as I live, man!"

After we fished Mama's limp and lifeless carcass from the water, getting awful damned wet in the process, and finding her deader'n last year's loves — with a crushed skull and what looked like a busted spine — we got the hell out of there, leaving Mama Muff floating peacefully facedown in the shallows. With no bullets or any sign of foul play, they'd probably figure her for a shit-faced hiker when they found her. But we erased the trike's tracks, just to be that much safer, before splitting.

Hours later, with the bright lights of Dallas around us as we came through downtown, Poker twisted his face around, shouting back at me where I sprawled on the couch.

"I'm glad we didn't hafta do it after all!" he yelled.

I just nodded. I felt the same way but I'd never admit it to him or anybody else in so many words because that kinda talk wouldn't go with my patch. ■



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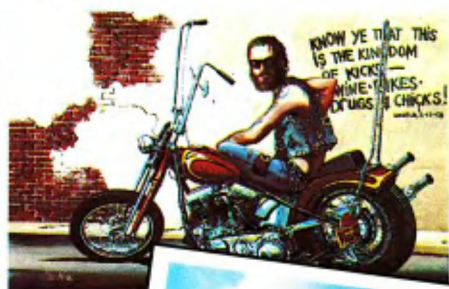


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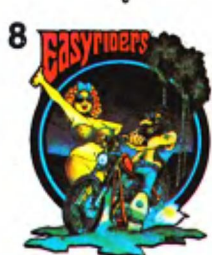
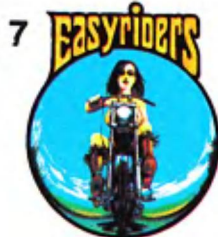
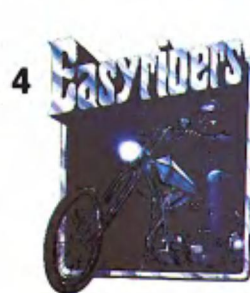
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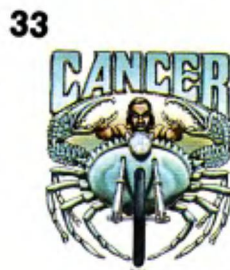
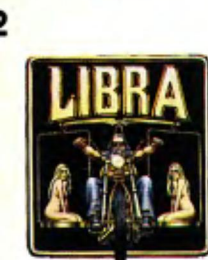
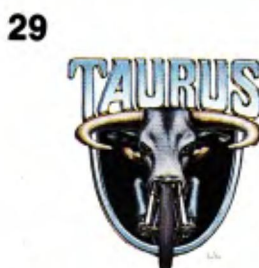
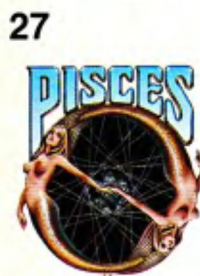
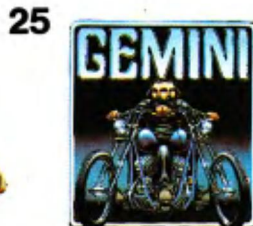
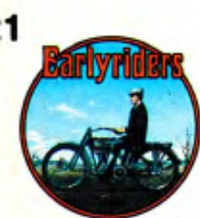
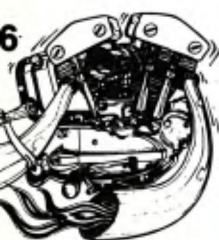


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Downtime

Continued from page 53

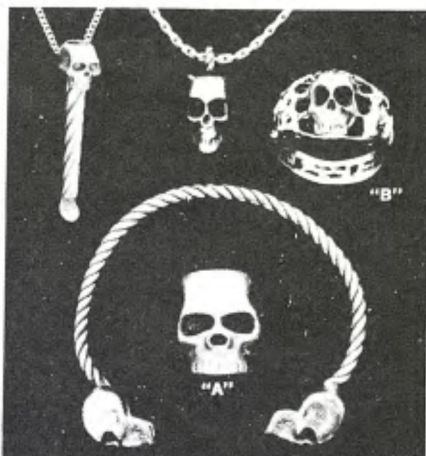
That holds true throughout, especially on the next tune, "Lover Boy." It opens with a Clapton-esque gui-



tar swirl before calming down — slightly. The songs are new, except one, and most are contemporary with a couple of country-tinged efforts: "Take Me Back" with a get-down and dirty sax bit, complemented by a lingering organ, and "Standing On The Outside Of Her Door" with a clean bit of steel guitar from Lloyd Green. Ya gotta wonder why in the hell this stuff isn't played on country stations. It's a natural.



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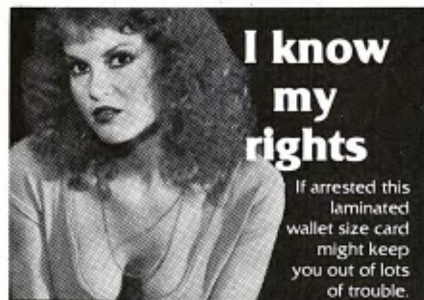


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For my tastes, I'll take the up-tempo offerings, such as "Driving Wheel," by T-Bone Burnett and Billy Swan. This features Garnier playing a mean slap bass, backed by Shannon Ford's great trashcan drum, done while standing. It's one for the rockabilly purists in the audience. It combines, as do most of the songs, two timeless fancies — chicks and wheels. Another hot one is "But, But," maybe the best tune in the package. It's the last song on the album and provides a fitting end about a dude who's a taste shy and is working up the courage to talk to a dame. It starts off sounding (if you can believe it) like Deep Purple's "Highway Star," but quickly departs with Robert taking full authority in front of a storm of horns, keyboards, guitars, and drums. This is playful music. No worldly messages, no philosophy, just a lot of fun. And what's wrong with a little fun?

Seein' this guy live is a riot. With Buddy Holly music being played before the show, your head's in the right perspective. Gordon came out and ran through about twenty songs, including "Good Rockin' Tonight," "(Sure As Hell Is) A Pity," "Driving Wheel," "Fire," "Rock a Billie Boogie," "Mystery Train," "Black Slacks," "All For The Love Of A Girl," and a final wrap of "Red Hot." The show left us worn out and ready for a ride. Tryin' to get one of the screamin' sweeties who were creamin' their pedal pushers yellin' "Robert, Robert" proved a tough trick, but worth the hassle.

So, with all this fifties background in the brain, we went expecting to see a reincarnation of an era. But what we got can't be labeled as a period piece. It was, instead, a great rock and roll exhibit. Things that were important then (chicks and scoots, for example) still are. Robert Gordon celebrates this. He's makin' the sounds of the '50s zap the '80s. ■



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Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

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

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2 x 11 wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start your business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (113)

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

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

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)

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 207L, 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)

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

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

"The Tattoosists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color, and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection," Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price," Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artist in an intriguing manner," Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (107)

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. Moltis, Box 227, Hooksett, N.H. 03106.

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

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, Caergwile, Clwyd, North Wales, United Kingdom. (106)

Cavemen MC, Germany: Stateside reunion planned. Inactives and old friends write. Thom Ratliff, 508 Linda Dr., Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240. (106)

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. 77340. (106)

Harley stationery—Classic eagle design. A righteous gift for your ol' lady or man. Each order includes 20 printed sheets, 20 plain sheets, 20 envelopes. No long waits; most orders mailed day received. \$4.95. Cee Bee, Box 12632, San Diego, Calif. 92112. (108)

Afskaf hielmloven, legalicer chopper. Stot Nat. ABATE of Denmark. Skriv til: Nat ABATE of Denmark, Heliosvaenget 46 st. tv., 5250 Odense SV. DK. (106)

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 631235, Miami, Fla. 33165. (106)

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

Young man, 20, looking for bikers for man-to-man fun and good times. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. (106)

Wanted: Woman for man, older, non-rider, steady, and gentle. If you like C&W music, tattoos, blue jeans, living and loving as partners, are ready to settle, we have lots in common. Bob, P.O. Box 352, Independence, Ore. 97331. (106)

Stimulating young models posing nude. \$7.50. Stuart, P.O. Box 1975, Grants Pass, Ore. 97526. (106)

Stoney Mary, would like to hear from you. Write to The Youngblood, 1006 S. Barnes, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73108. (106)

Marriage certificate \$10; birth certificate \$5. Rev. Ferguson, Box 52, Rutledge, Pa. 19070. (106)

American Harley rider touring Europe, solo, summer of '82. Appreciate vibes from guys and gals all over Europe, so I can plan one hell of a ride. Pictures appreciated. Will answer all with same. Jim Morton, U.S.A. Eng. Div. Europe, APO N.Y. 09757, Frankfurt, Germany. (106)

Satans Savages, Statesboro: One day we will all ride together again. I miss all of you. Ride free, Snake. (106)

34-year-old, half-breed, Virgo, down, but not out. Looking for lady to write and care. Must fit back of H-D nicely. be ready to travel West. Michael (Mau-Mau) Corbin #164-178, 15802 St. Rt. 104, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601. (106)

D.L.B.: Happy 30th! I'll hang around as long as you will let me. Jennifer. (106)

Paul: Together and forever in the wind. 3-20-82. Always by your side, Jackie. (106)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide! Melinda (312) 274-9600 or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (108)

Needed quick! Mailing address of the pig farm commune in Tennessee. T. Nielsen, Box 25, McBride, Mich. 48852. (106)

Happy birthday, 'ole man! (T.P.W.—3-18-82) Until later, dad. Love you, Scooter. (106)

Wanted: Secondary belt-drive components from H-D Sturgis—belt and cover, pulleys, inner primary, etc. Write Bill Boyle, Box 2712, Farmington, N.M. 87401. (106)

In prison? Want out? Read Brown's Law suit Cookbook, \$12.95 postpaid. Sent certified to prisoners. MCC, Box 296, Livingston, Ky. 40445. Phone (606) 453-4111. Visa/Mastercard. (106)

Rick: We're not a dream, we're reality, and I'm sticking with you forever. All my love, Tight-fittin' jeans from Jersey. (106)

Bandit (Joey Trip): Your family loves and needs you. We will always be here for you, till the end of time. One day soon we will all be home together. I love you, Desperado. Dove, and Joseph Michael Jr. (106)

Downed, 34-year-old lonely biker, seeks to hear from slim and trim chicks, 18 to 30 years old. I have one year left to go, so send pics, phone number, and lovin' letters to Ron "Jammer" Duvall #119293, P.O. Box 2060, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106. (106)

Lost my brother, Biker John, near Hwy. 13 and 34 in N.Y. Has bro's Jay and Digger. Please write or phone collect, Ronnie Cosgrove, 915 Rail Court, McLean, Va. 22102 (703) 827-0820. (106)

Attention, Alamogordo, N.M.: In the joint again and need letters from old and new friends. Stan McCann #32707, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502. (106)

Cynthia: Happy 21st birthday, babe. 3-24-81. You're in my heart each and every day. Love always, Jim. (106)

Good-looking lady seeks sensitive, mature, honest male to bike with. Pictures necessary. Torri, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (106)

Needed: Good-lookin' ol' lady to travel West, spring and summer of '82. I'm 23, 6'2", 220 lbs., w/brown hair and beard. I've got time, bike, and money. Send photo for fast reply to Gary Tipton, The Reservation, Ottawa, Ill. 61350. (106)

Smitty: Happy #2 (Ground Hog Day). May we always see each other's shadow. Love always, your "chief" ol' lady. (106)

Down and out bro wants pictures and letters from open-minded ladies. I'm 21, 5'10", 175, brown hair and eyes. Send a smile to this downed Freebird. Write Bill Blust, PMP 91711, Angola, La. 70712. (106)

Righteous Latin-American brother doing time. I have two years in and one to go, be out end of '82. Seek correspondence from females to help me pull through this last year. Please send photos. Jose Torres #80-B-490, Box 388, Napanoch, N.Y. 12458. (106)

Rox (Scuz Bum) Thomas: I'll love ya forever; we belong together in the wind. Come back to me soon. Your ol' lady Theresa (and rug-rat). (106)

Stosh, Defiance MC: What's going on? Send a kite to Box 133, Quantico, Va. 22134. Write soon. Col. Crazy. (106)

South Jersey bro looking for a fellow bro to share mechanical know-how. Have the manual, but can't fucking read. Looking to do some custom and tear-down work before spring. Maybe share rent on garage. Scooter Trash Dave. (609) 881-5852. (106)

Dubby: Happy birthday 3-12. You're the best, the bravest, and the biggest. You're our hero, Jan and Karenza. (106)

Fast Freddy: Scoot your ass up this way soon. Stay in touch. Country Class and J.A. in Pa. (106)

Lee: Happy birthday 1-21-82. Miss ya! Call me in St. Pete. Love, Scott. (106)

Continued on next page

Choppershopper

Continued from page 113

I am a photograph collector of people from all over. Send pics to Evaristo Veloz #287550, Darrington Unit B-1-23, Rt. #3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (106)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (106)

Complete mint collection of Easyriders mags. \$250, Larry Esco, 2055 Harmon St., Montgomery, Ala. 36107. (205) 834-6849. (106)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (106)

Wanted: House mouse. Seeking a good, housebroken w/f. No children, hardcore, lazy bitches, fannies, or bullshitters, please. Only honest and sincere ladies need reply. Send revealing photo and up-front letter. Harlie, P.O. Box 290, Clarendon Hills, Ill. 60514. (106)

Ol' lady wanted: Attractiveness and dependability a must. I'm 42, easy to get along with, like bikes and long-distance trucking. No hang-ups, Robert C. Berry #286761, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (106)

Ike: I'll love you forever and a day. Please stay. Your ol' lady. (106)

To my loving man, Cliff: You are real in a world of fake. baby. Ours is a love that money can't buy. Only the best is barely good enough for you. I love you. Your baby girl—Lori. (106)

W/m, 26, brown hair, blue eyes. 145 lbs., 5'11". Looking for sincere, young, fun-loving, positive-thinking woman. Will answer all. Photo, Mike Leed, c/o R. Harmon, 2 Tyron Place, Portsmouth, Va. 23702. (106)

57 back issues. #18-#96. \$100. Iron Horse #2-#12, \$25. M. Freligh, 31-H Rhine Rd., Ft. Bragg, N.C. 28307. (106)

Collector's item: Mint, unopened cans of Billy Carter beer, \$25 each. J. Pinney, Box 91B, R.D. #1, Laurens, N.Y. 13796. (106)

White male, 24-year-old biker, incarcerated in the Lone Star state with one year left to go, seeks sincere correspondence with members of the female species, with a possibility of a meeting in the near future. 6 ft., 170 lbs. brown hair and eyes, not hard to look at. Would appreciate any and all letters. James K. French #291386, Wynne Unit B-4-3-15, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (106)

Bert: We couldn't believe it. Send yer address, we love ya too. 2425 A Belmont, N. Las Vegas, Nev. 89030. Jammer Jim and Rooster. 26-11-81. "Short." (106)

Good ol' lady needed by quiet, gentle, easygoing biker. Need someone who is tired of partying and games. If you're sentimental, romantic, like C&W music, mountains, deserts, motorcycles, sleeping bags, and campfires—and aren't fat—write quick. I need you. Send picture to Earl Quinn, P.O. Box 253, Pittman, Nev. 89044. (106)

Happy birthday, Patty Jo. Love, Daddy. (106)

Two scooter tramps in solitary confinement, in need of mail. Chapter president, Mountain Men MC, Steve Heckert #313850, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583, and Charles Goins #292245, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (106)

Mudman: You're my outlaw! Luv, Brandy. (106)

Caroline: Your leaving like you did hurt me a lot. I guess you did what you had to do. Love you forever and always will. You know where I'm at if you ever need someone to turn to. Luther. (107)

Crazy Willie: Hey, Desparado, live free all-ways! Write me a letter. Forever free, Little Rose. (106)

Pussy-lovin', older MWM, seeks chick who loves to be eaten. No strings, just good lovemaking. Write Russell, Box 11776, Coddington, Calif. 95406 or phone (707) 526-9974. (106)

Getting out soon, and I'm in need of friends or whatever. Fred Bowman #156435, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (106)

Brothers and sisters, please write this bro. Raymond E. Thornton, c/o D.C.C., Smyrna, Delaware 19977. (106)

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. (106)

Convicts need love, too, Elliott Belland, Maryland Correctional Institution, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (106)

Dirty Dave (Salem): Had to say "sorry," you are better off. Still love ya. Brown Eyes. (106)

Beast: Biker and tough, you may be inside and out. But I love you and your lovin' has made my life the best ever. The feelings that you gave me are yearning for you forever. Don't let me go, babe, and please don't go. I need you to keep me warm. Can't wait to make our vows and become your loving wife forever. Never knew I could love a man as I do you. Love always, your ol' lady Boogie, Loose Lee, Crank, and last but not least, Dump Dog. (106)

Continued on page 126

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Wind 7 is now on sale everywhere.

Back issues of the other *Wind* mags are still available. Just fill out the coupon.

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In The Wind #7 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. *Wind* #7 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of *In The Wind*. Issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

Name _____

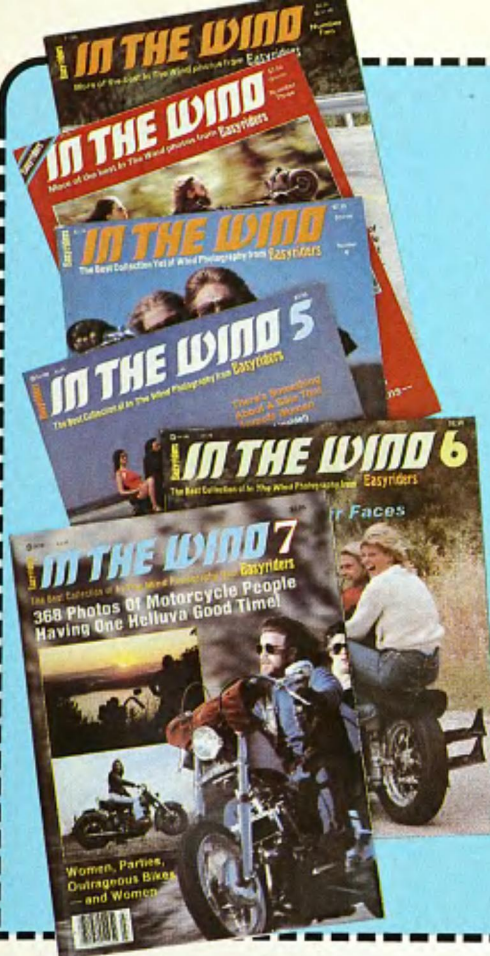
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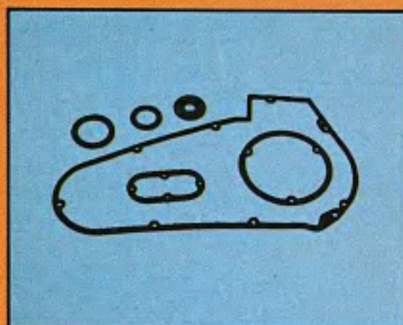
Heavy rough-out leather riding gloves with built-in liners. Upon request we will sew on red stars, any of our patches, or ship them plain. Sizes: Sm. Med. Lrg. Black or Brown. \$26.00 plus \$2.00 postage & handling. Total: \$28.00

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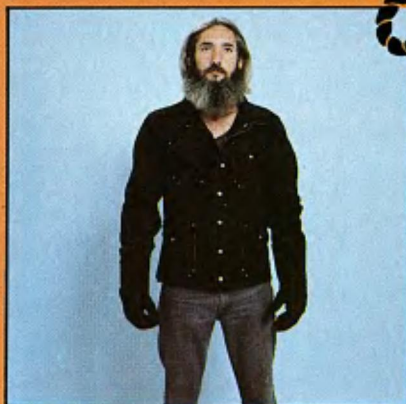


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JACKETS:

There are four pockets on the front and two larger ones on the inside of these heavy protective leather jackets. Also featured are a flap down the front and straps on the sleeves. Black or brown, sizes 38 to 48. \$79.00 plus \$3.00 postage and handling. Total: \$82.00.

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The INTERSTATE



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

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If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$90.00. The coupon below says it all.

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Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, CA 91503

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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/FPO, 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.

Angels From Hell

Continued from page 30

Well, to cut the crap as close to the bone as possible, Mike and his mob beat the shit out of the homegrown bike club. In doing this, however, as so often happens, the police have come to the shocking realization that something is going on. They start to crack down on the club but "Mike is now drunk with power and has grandiose visions of forming an affiliation of all the outlaw motorcycle gangs in the state."

Mike's idea is an instantaneous hit. The other clubs recognize his wisdom immediately, the organiza-



GINGER ADDS SPICE: Exotic Arlene Martel stars as Ginger.

tion grows like wildfire and, we are assured, "Their hideout swarms with girls and rocks with pot parties."

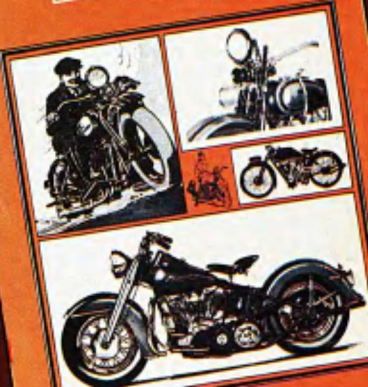
Things go downhill fast, however, when the cops shoot Nutty Norman (No! Omigod, not Norman!) and Mike vows revenge. The hideout is surrounded and Mike, in what he considers a reprise of James Cagney's grand finale in *White Heat*, refuses to give himself up. Bullets cut him to ribbons and, in the immortal prose of the American International flack department, "He dies in frustrated disillusionment in a rebellious fight against the very establishment for which he so bravely fought in Vietnam."

Recognize yourself or your bro's yet? No? Well, maybe if we can't really recognize anything about biking reality in the movie's plot, we can find some real cycle people behind the scenes. Let's look.

There's the star, for example, Tom Stern — described by the studio as

SAVE MONEY ON THIS CLASSIC

Earlyriders



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

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Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Please print name and address to avoid errors.

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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



Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white — exactly like the original.

Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silk screened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.25 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



**NOW!
NEW CATALOG
SEND ONLY \$2.00!**

I.R.S. Ltd.



FIVE FOOT SCARFS

Keep warm in style, only \$12.95 + \$1.50 postage and handling.

BIG HARLEY BANNER

All nylon, nearly three by four feet, brightens up any pad or shop, \$24.95 plus \$1.00, postage and handling.



RIDERS' CUPS

Kiln fired with antique bike art. Three styles: Harley-Davidson, One for the Road and 400 mph coffee (or whiskey). Only \$6.00 apiece, plus \$2.00 postage and handling, or any combination of three for \$16.50, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.



Dealer inquiries invited.

Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 109, San Fernando, California 91341. California residents add 6% for the State. APO, FPO and overseas orders add \$4.00 for additional postage. T-shirt \$8.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. (indicate size).

Distinctive Biker Accessories.

Easyriders' Stuff!

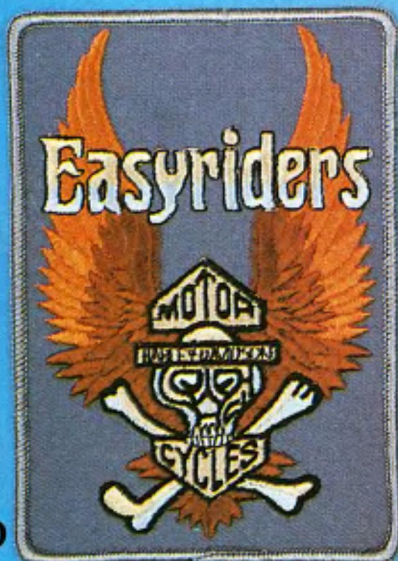


Easyriders

B



C



D



E



F-G

Send Your Order To:
Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty	Cost	Total Amount
A	2 decks-cards	\$ 5.50	\$ 7.00	\$11.50		\$	\$
B	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
D	Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00		\$	\$
E	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
G	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries shipped by air mail. (Send U.S. funds only).

Subtotal	\$
Calif. Tax	\$
Total Due	\$

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited

"young and virile." Hey, pretty promising, right? Many bikers are young and virile. Stern's on his third career, it says. Good, probably was a Harley wrench in one of the first two. . .but what's this, Oh, shit. . .a baseball player and a . . .ugh. . .an insurance agent. *Pass the bucket, Mutha!*

Well there's that sexy co-star Arlene Martel — you know, we already told you about her. She's the chickie the studio hacks find equally shiny as "gentle nun or love goddess." Certainly she must be good scooter trash material. According to her official biography, she was born April 14, in New York City. So far, so good. She played the Vulcan wife of Mr. Spock on Star Trek — okay, I'm weird enough to handle that. Oh no, here comes the shit-rain again. She graduated from the Cherry Lawn private boarding school in Darien, Connecticut. She's worked as a secretary

Selling Slants

Base much of your campaign on the ad lines. . . "He's a Cycle Psycho". . . "What they want. . . they take," etc. Couple these lines with the sock title treatment for sidewalk and wall stencils, or letter them on your restroom mirrors.

Stage your local motorcycle "rally" with costumed riders carrying "Angels" signs with theater play-date copy, etc. They parade in advance of your date and attend in a body on opening night.

and a governess — playing Mary Poppins to some Missus Richbitch's spoiled rugrats. Forget it. Chick's got no pride. Sorry prospect.

Fuck it, anyone can act. It's the director who puts it all together — he must have all the inside biker dope. Bruce Kessler, front and center. Stand straight, dude, the bros want to examine your credentials. The hype sheet says you have "many claims to fame, all of them associated with speed." Awroot, we knew we were on the right track with you — we all dig crankin' up. What else can you tell us? You used to race sports cars? That kind of speed? Down the road, chump. . . over behind the shitter with the rest of the Tinsel Town Turkeys.

It seems indisputable, bros. *Angels From Hell* was a total ripoff, having nothing to do with biking or bike people. In short, it's stupid, puerile, and offensive to anyone who has ever straddled a Harley. In other words, it's a perfect excuse for a smoke and juice party every time it turns up on the tube. ■

Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered Dave Mann Prints

(only 300 of each print—no more will be printed)

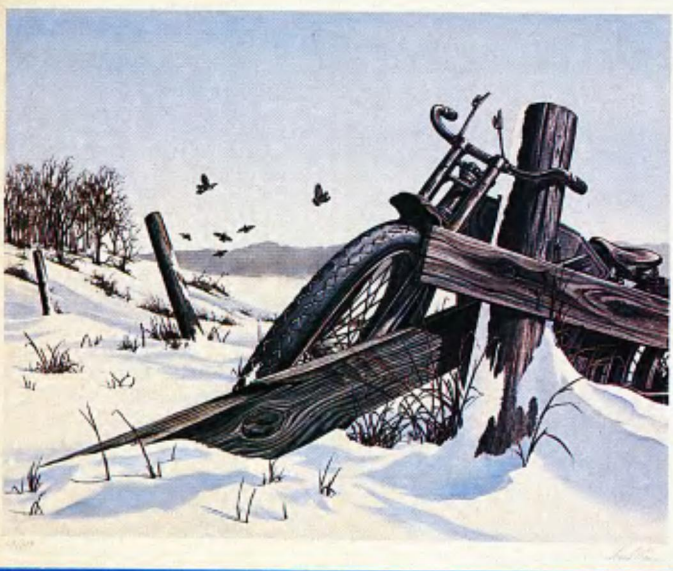
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE \$62⁵⁰ each.



A.



B.



C.

Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed lithographs on high quality, heavy paper—all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only

one of three hundred and to be personally signed—Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer. \$125.00 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served—order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs.

Mail orders to: ***Mackenzie Company***
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

(c.o.d.s accepted with \$50.00 down, balance upon delivery—you pay c.o.d. charges. We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.)

How To Make Yours Look Like Ours!

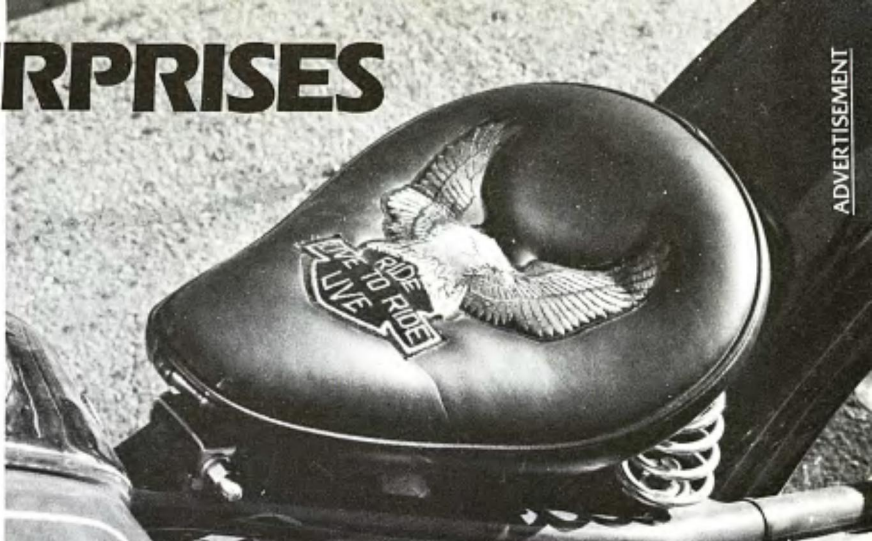
ADVERTISEMENT



Do-It-Yourself With Genuine Jammer Parts!

BAR ENTERPRISES SOLO & PILLION SEATS

What a selection of cushions! Ride in style with these hand-crafted matched pairs from Bar Enterprises. Now you can combine that classic look with an unbelievable selection of styles, stitch and fabric. Each and every Bar seat is custom constructed from only top of the line materials . . . the best leathers, choice all-weather naugahydes, high density foam, all steel base plates and triple braided nylon thread. Don't sell your seat short . . . sit on somethin' worth somethin'!



Solo Seat Mounting Bracket

Here's the hot set-up for solo seat and spring mounting on Harley and custom frames. These chromed steel bolt-on brackets eliminate the usual chore of having to weld your own mounts.

- 117033**... 74 Rigid Frames 21.95
117034... 74/80 Swingarm
 Frames 21.95
117035... Sportster
 Swingarm Frames 21.95

Deluxe Solos are 13" wide by 14" Long
Deluxe Pillions are 6" wide by 12½" long

Plain Solos are 9" wide by 12½" long
Plain Pillions are 5" wide by 10½" long

All Pillions taper down from 4" high in back to 2" high in front.



RTL Deluxe Solo & Pillion —

- Naugahyde**
117023... Solo 59.95
117024... Pillion 39.95
RTL Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
117021... Solo 39.95
117022... Pillion 32.95



Spear Deluxe Solo & Pillion —

- Naugahyde**
11709... Solo 52.95
117010... Pillion 32.95
Spear Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
117017... Solo 32.95
117018... Pillion 26.95



Hump-Type Pillion

- Naugahyde**
11705..... 29.95



Seat Bracket

This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.

- 11706**..... 4.95



Tilt-Up Seat Bracket

A universal, forward tilt, chromed beauty that adapts to most seats and frames. Fits all frame backbones up to 1¼" O.D.

- 117036**..... 6.95



Chromed Solo Seat Springs

- 11703**..... 5.95 pr.



Wasp Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

- 117015**... Solo 75.95
117016... Pillion 47.95
Wasp Leather Solo & Pillion
117013... Solo 52.95
117014... Pillion 42.95



Plain Deluxe Leather Solo & Pillion

- 117011**... Solo 71.95
117012... Pillion 39.95

Plain Leather Solo & Pillion

- 11707**... Solo 47.95
11708... Pillion 34.95

Plain Deluxe Solo & Pillion —

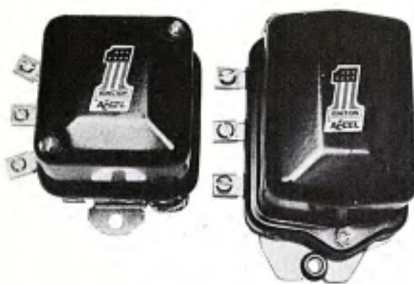
- Naugahyde**
117019... Solo 47.95
117020... Pillion 26.95
Plain Solo & Pillion — Naugahyde
11701... Solo 26.95
11702... Pillion 21.95

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

REGULATORS & GENERATORS

Delco & Bosch Type Voltage Regulators

Manufactured to the highest standards, these Delco and Bosch type Harley voltage regulators were designed to handle heavy service. Exact voltage and cut-out relay ranges are factory adjusted for each application. All units feature beefed up shock mounted steel bases, vibration resistant internal wire connections, hard finish gloss black stock style covers, fiber & mylar insulating pads and large diameter contact surfaces. Full instructions included.



Delco-Type for Harley Twins

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4601 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-64	1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	15.05
		1967-71	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1972-77	XLH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1967-73	Servi Car Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #64 and later 12 volt generators.						
4602 6 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74510-47A	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV	1200cc/74cu."	15.05
		1957-64	XL, XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
		1952-54	All "K" Model Twins	SV	750cc/45cu."	
		1954-57	All "K" Model Twins	SV	900cc/55cu."	
		1963-66	All single cylinder models	Two cycle	125cc/165cc/175cc	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #52, 58 and 61 6 volt generators.						

Bosch-Type for Harley Sportsters

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Type	Engine Displacement	Price Each
4603 12 Volt Voltage Regulator	Replaces OEM No. 74511-65	1965-71	XLCH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	25.52
		1972-78	XLCH Twins	OHV	1000cc/61cu."	
		1965-66	XLH Twins	OHV	900cc/55cu."	
Note: This regulator is designed to be used with model #65 and later generator versions. Ideal for use with magnetos in 12 volt applications.						

Generator Parts

Armatures

Do it right, do it once with these premium quality armature assemblies. Each 6 and 12 volt replacement unit features heavy gauge copper wire windings, precision machined and finished shafts, exact bearing race diameters, long life solid copper commutators and extra duty lamination segments.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Type	Price Each
4604 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-61	6 Volt	#61 Two Brush	1961-64	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twins	41.02
				1961-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."		
4605 Armature	Replaces OEM #30851-65A	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twins	41.02
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu."		
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."		
*Note: This armature is designed only for late style needle bearing type generators; not compatible with bushing style models.								

Field Coil Sets

Rely on these 6 and 12 volt coils, along with our armatures and brushes or OEM parts, to make generator overhaul both reliable and long lasting. Strict supervision in production and testing assure you of the best — high strength, warp free iron laminates, matched paired for exact amperage values, heat resistant, heavy gauge, copper core wiring and soldered field and ground terminals. Insulation is wrapped woven cloth, not paper!

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Voltage	Generator Model	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Engine Configuration	Price Set
4606 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-58A	6 Volt	#58, 61 Two Brush	1958	XLH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	14.18
				1959-64	XLH, XLCH	900cc/55cu."	OHV Twin	
				1958-64	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	
4607 Field Coil Set	Replaces OEM #30201-65	12 Volt	#65 Two Brush	1965-71	XL, XLH, XLCH	900cc/44cu."	OHV Twin	16.86
				1972-81	XLH, XLCH, XLT, XLS	1000cc/61cu."	OHV Twin	
				1965-69	FL, FLH	1200cc/74cu."	OHV Twin	

Brush Sets

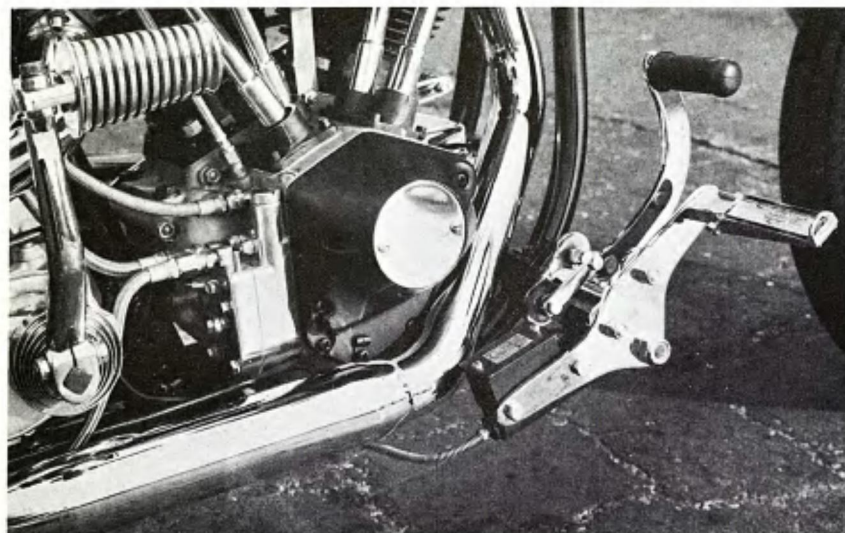
Get a perfect fit from our long life carbon brush sets. Contour ground to exact specifications, they maximize commutator contact. Made from high grade carbon-graphite, all sets feature copper alloy cable leads, brass or copper-tin brass terminals and brush springs made from top grade tin music wire.

Jammer Part No.	Harley Part No.	Model Year	Model Application	Engine Displacement	Generator Type-Voltage	Price Set
4608 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30426-58	1958-64	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#58/61-6V	2.44
		1958-64	XL, XLH, XLCH Twins	OHV 55 cu. in.		
		1965-69	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#64-12V	
		1965-81	XLH, XLCH, XLS Twins	OHV 55/61 cu. in.		
4609 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #3025-51	1952-57	FL, FLH Twins	OHV 74 cu. in.	#52-6V	3.33
		1952-54	All "K" Series Twins	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1954-56	All "K" Series Twins	SV 55 cu. in.	#32-6V	
		1948-52	FL, FLH Twins (Pan Head)	OHV 74 cu. in.		
46010 Brush Set	Replaces OEM #30425-32	1941-47	E, F, FL Twins (Knuckle Head)	OHV 61/74 cu. in.	#32-6V	3.33
		1932-52	G, W, WL, WLA Twins (Flat Head)	SV 45 cu. in.		
		1937-47	U, UL (Flat Head) Twins	SV 74 cu. in.		
		1937-48	UH, ULH (Flat Head) Twins	SV 80 cu. in.		
NOTE: Brush Set No. 4608 consists of two (2) brushes; Nos. 4609 and 46010 have three brushes.						

How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)



BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES FOR HARLEYS



Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1980. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141014** ... 1936-1973 76.95
141015 ... 1974 & Up (No '80 Wide Glide) 76.95
141040 ... 1980 Wide Glide Only .76.95

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)



Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with Lockheed master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

- 14101** 81.50

Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for 74s, 1978½ & up with stock Harley (Kelsey Hayes) master cylinder.

- 141039** 81.50



Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

- 14104** 81.50



Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14105** 81.50



Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up with stock brakes. All linkage included.

- 14107** ... Sportsters, K'54-'66, '67-'74 86.50
141035 ... Sportsters, 1975-1978 Excpt. Cafe 86.50
141037 ... Sportsters, 1979-Up 85.50



Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 & up Super Glides only.

- 141032** 4.80



Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s. Order our 141020 master cylinder.

- 14102** 81.50



Shift Assemblies

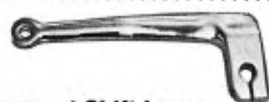
Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954 & Up. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

- 141016** ... Sportsters, 1954-1974 .81.50
141034 ... Sportsters, 1975-1976 .91.50
141036 ... Sportsters, 1977-1978 .81.50
141038 ... Sportsters, 1978½-Up .81.50



Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder
 Large rear master cylinder.

- 141020** 49.95



Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

- 142016** ... 74s w/foot shift, Spst. '52-'75 14.95
142017 ... Super Glides, 1974 & Up 19.95

Replacement Parts

- 141021** ... Long Clevis 3.95
141022 ... Short Clevis 3.85
141023 ... Swivel Bolt 2.85
141024 ... Mono Ball End 5.50
141025 ... 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key50
141026 ... 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key45
141027 ... Oil Lite 5/8" Bushings (pr.) 1.70
141028 ... 5/8" Shoulder Bolt & Lock Nut 4.30
141029 ... Brass Tee 3.10
141030 ... Sending Light Unit 3.45

Bring Out The Beauty With Jammer's!

ADVERTISEMENT



SHOW BIKE KITS

Part #	Chrome	Price
24031	Sportster XLCH 1957-64	145.00
24032	Sportster 1965-70	150.00
24033	Sportster 1971-73	150.00
24034	Sportster 1974-76	150.00
24035	Sportster 1977-Up	150.00
24036	Knucklehead 1936-39	175.00
24037	Knucklehead 1940-47	175.00
24038	Panhead 1948-57	175.00
24039	Panhead 1958-65	175.00
24040	Shovelhead 1966-69	170.00
24041	Shovelhead 1970-75	165.00
24042	Shovelhead 1976-77	165.00
24043	Shovelhead 1978-Up "74" & "80"	172.00
24044	Honda 750	95.00
24045	Gold Wing 1000	85.00
24046	Kawasaki 900-Z1	75.00

CHROME & 24 KT. GOLD

Part #	24 Kt. Gold	Price
124047	Sportster XLCH 1957-64	195.00
124048	Sportster 1965-70	200.00
124049	Sportster 1971-73	200.00
124050	Sportster 1974-76	200.00
124051	Sportster 1977-Up	200.00
124052	Knucklehead 1936-39	235.00
124053	Knucklehead 1940-47	235.00
124054	Panhead 1948-57	235.00
124055	Panhead 1958-65	235.00
124056	Shovelhead 1966-69	226.00
124057	Shovelhead 1970-75	218.00
124058	Shovelhead 1976-77	225.00
124059	Shovelhead 1978-Up "74" & "80"	230.00
124060	Honda 750	125.00
124061	Gold Wing 1000	90.00
124062	Kawasaki 900-Z1	105.00

Choppershopper

Continued from page 114

Have Harley, need lady between 20 and 30 years old, who is beautiful both physically and mentally, to enjoy and experience life. If you are interested and can handle a 39-year-old with two older kids, contact Sam at (303) 453-0897 or Box 1299, Breckenridge, Colo. 80424. (106)

Bitch needed for loving and riding, must be able to move in with me. If you can help me get a good Sportster, then you are the one I want. Send picture with letter. Lonnie Ryals, 6002 Ridgedale, Houston, Tex. 77039. (106)

Wanted: Woman under 35 who has it and flaunts it, Leos, Geminis, or Sagittarians need not reply. I'm 5'8", 155 lbs., drink and smoke. Financially independent, semi-retired at 37. Crazyman, 1732 NW 37th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118. (106)

Patches: Today, tomorrow, forever, I'll always remember and love you. Bones. (106)

Downed, well-built, blue-eyed, brown-haired, Virgo man, 29, needs letters and pictures from serious ladies who want to get it together. Dick Haugen Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (106)

Buffy: What goes around comes around, you lyin' bastard. You know who. (106)

Gary K.: Happy birthday (3-12-57). Maybe we can work things out and be together again in '85. I do love you. Laura K. (106)

Young w/m from Florida is doing time in Louisiana for cocaine. Seeks correspondence from open-minded women, all ages. Will answer promptly. Roy Dorman, PMB #90067, Camp C/Wolf-3, Angola, La. 70712. (106)

Ladies who love outlaws: I'm a white male, 32, 5'8" tall, 180 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, I step from Pismo in Oct. '82. Would like to hear from Northern Calif. ladies, interested in good relationship. White only! Richard Winters C-08938, Represa, Calif. 95671. (106)

Big Daddy: I know you'd like to be in the wind with a joint, instead of in the joint with no wind in your face. On your birthday, as every day we're apart, you're in my heart. Flathead and Popcorn Patty send good karma. I love you and will forever. Happy birthday. Forever your Butterfly, your Butterfly forever. (106)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, 37, intelligent, educated, very independent, an all-around nice guy, good job, beautiful home in the country, would like to meet an attractive, tall, slim, large-breasted young lady without children, who is honest, sincere, a hard worker, non-smoker, ready to settle down and willing to help start a small business and a new life. Write Joe, 2307 Seminary Rd., Milan, Ohio 44846. (106)

Biker, 33, wants free and easy ol' lady from anywhere to put from Denver to Texas to the Daytona run. Box 18429, Denver, Colo. 80218. (106)

Doing 99 and need to hear from old friends and any ladies young or old. Write James I. (Dresser Jim) Durham #315509, Wynne Unit B2-3-11, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (107)

Kent Paul Whybrew: Happy 21st birthday, son (4-15-82). We love you. Mom and Pops. (106)

Baby: I'll always be yours. In case you try to forget me, each rest area will haunt you, I pour, Love from the one who licks you best. (106)

Easyriders back issues #2-#94, except nos. 14, 75 and 81. Also, Iron Horse #1. Best offer. Also available, numerous other mags back issues. Reply to Whitefield, Box 805, Columbia, Md. 21044. (106)

Sweetcakes: Have a happy 15th anniversary 2/10/82. I love you very much. Carol. Imporia, Ind. (106)

Gary David: You crazy mother-fucker, just when your pan was starting to look right, your ol' lady pops and you have a son. I can just see it now, your son on your pan, riding off into the sunset. Good luck. The old man. (106)

To "Flasher" in Lemoore: Tuesday night is forever, friend, I love and miss you. From "Lip-lock" in Oklahoma City. (106)

Bud: Get off your dead ass and onto your dying feet, and get back in the wind. Your punk kid. (106)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos, World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (106)

Gary: To the best ol' man anyone could have. Happy birthday (4-14-82). We will ride together forever. Love always and forever. Sue. (106)

CJB: Still love you and always will. Got message, Debbie? Ohio? Address please, Nubbin. (106)

Flash: You have been a brother to me in every way possible. Don't know if I could have survived Phoenix without you. All my love, your shishy fister, Jamie. (106)

Sherry Heaps, the sunshine of my life, please don't disappoint me. Come join me in Florida. Without you there is no sunshine. Love forever. Eagle. (106)

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. (106)

22-year-old w/m/Louisiana biker. I need letters from sweet, sincere ladies to help these days go by smoothly. I hope one of you sweet things needs the same. Write Shawn Lee #90501, Camp D/Falcon 1, Angola, La. 70712. (106)

Romantic, old-fashioned dude, 32, likes to kiss, cuddle, smooch, court, and woo young ladies. Steve, Box 2372, Carson City, Nev. 89702. (106)

Wayward kid serving in Uncle Sam's Coast Guard and feeling kinda spaced. Would like to relate with some young babe. I'm a Capricorn, w/m, and the sled and I ride free in '83. Write Wade, Tracen Bldg, 333 ELF-1, Governor's Island, New York, N.Y. 10004. (106)

Lost my righteous woman to cancer. Her last words were to find another. Had the best. Won't settle for anything less. Must be slim, sweet, sexy, no kids, digs music, ridin', good times. No airheads, dopers, libbers. One-on-one relationship, honesty, communication, understanding. Relocate to Florida. I'm 37, loner, responsible, caring, headstrong. Write, let's see what happens. Dan P., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (106)

Rear belt drives, 74 and Sporty. Super-Max, Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (107)

Vince Card: I love you, Your ol' lady, Heather. (106)

Dazzling Dew: May God guide you every highway and byway, back my way. Happy birthday, love, 4-26, Shifting Sand. (106)

Lynn B.: You damn fox, whatever possessed you to love me? Through thick and thin you've proved to be the most bitchin' ol' lady a biker could ever ask for. Thanks for the ten best years. Love ya forever, Stubs. (106)

W/m, 27, 6' 1", 200 lbs., looking for good woman, 18-25. Must like being in the wind and ranch life. Please, no games or hags. Send picture. Wild Bill, P.O. Box 3123, Whittier, Calif. 90605. (106)

Gentle country dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow mountain mamas 18-38, Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (107)

Gypsy: Happy 23rd, 3-2-59. I love you. Lori Lou. (106)

Hey, Horndog: Ready and willing when you are. Love you much, babe. Your Pup. (106)

Hog parts: Send \$3 money order for listings. Charley's Hog Parts, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (106)

Looking for letters from some chicks. Looks not important. Be liberal and 18-45. I have only a fraction of time to do. Been down 10 years. I will answer all mail sent to my grad pas - address only. The guards here are too nosy, ladies. Private. I'm crazy Billy. 6'2", 178 lbs., fair complexion, and trim body. I want sincere letters and only those who want to help me get back to normal. B. H. B-31917-A, c/o Paul Ware, 1313 Isabel Rd., Bakersfield, Calif. 93306. (106)

In loving memory of Richard Trumble, 6/3/58 to 10/24/81. You lost your life on your bike, and we all know you would've wanted it that way. You will be greatly missed by all of us who loved you so much. We will learn from you and remember you always. Love, Jeanne, Lorie, family, and friends in Minnesota. California. and Utah. (106)

Lou and Lane, Chico, Calif.: Had a great time riding back from Sturgis, S.D., with you all. Hope you didn't get too wet crossing those mountains. Hope to see you next year. Gary Paul and Sherrie. (106G)

To the FFMC in Minnesota: I know you got the money and I would like my patch and certificate. Your downed brother, Mike (Magnum) Ruggles #00055-041, P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952. (106G)

California girls, Frisco area. Splitting Texas soon, end of obligation '82, sincere ladies, please. Write Lee R. Wells #306244, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (106G)

Need to hear from some ladies. all letters appreciated and answered. Photos. If possible, Michael (Mississippi) Hayes Z-0914, R.D. #6, Box 6747, Mercer, Pa. 16137. (106G)

I am 23. It gets lonely down here in Georgia without no mail. Would like some lovely ol' lady to write. Will answer anything. Roy Clark EF 136823, H227, Coastal C.I., Box 7150, Garden City, Ga. 31408. (106G)

Male in prison without family or friends who care, would be very grateful to hear from anyone. Tom Storey, P.O. Box 7000, N.N.C.C., Carson City, Nev. 89702-7000. (106G)

\$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) 824-6000, Ext. 5275. (106)

Practical, modern, tattooing outfits for sale (best fuckin' deal). Artist, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (106)

Rita: After four long years, you finally got the rock. I want the whole world to know how much I love you. Can't wait for Sept. 1983. Love always, Bill. (106)

Dusty Rhodes: How's life? Haven't heard from you since El Paso. Call collect (415) 864-2891. John Gilmore, 401 1/2 Clayton St., San Francisco 94117. (106)

Prison roach clips, straight from prison, \$2 each, 5 or more \$1 each. C. Kelly, 4829 Penrose, St. Louis, Mo. 63115. (106)

Attention, ladies 18-24, love to putt, smoke, but not cigs. Do you want a good ol' man? White biker, 25, 5'10", brown hair, 145 lbs., with good-running Harley (blue chopper), is looking for a good ol' lady. I prefer blondes, no heavy drinkers, and must be willing to relocate to Northern Calif. Send photo with letter to J.C., 1030 Riverside Dr., Rio Dell, Calif. 95562. (106)

Columbia, Maryland, bros hitting the bricks early February, Wanna party? Buzz Rob Ehrhardt 977-8748. (106)

Attention, ladies: Handsome Italian, age 33, brown hair, blue eyes, 6' tall, at 200 lbs. Will be returning to the streets after 10 years in the joint. I'm looking for a good ol' lady, one that's loving, affectionate, knows how to treat her man, and will help me build a new life in the free world. Age is unimportant, just so you have a lot of heart, the kind of heart it takes to make a good ol' lady. If you think you qualify, then let's get it together. Send a flick to Big Bob, P.O. Box 556, Riverside, Mich. 49084. (106)

1961 Harley panhead custom chrome and gold-plated new engine \$3,995. Good selection of Harley parts—1930 and up. Cavanaugh Bros. Harley, Manchester, N.H. 03103, 622-2461. (106)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, trade secrets, expert instructions, plus tattooed women's photos. 71 pages \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-T, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (106)

Downed bros would like ladies from 18 on up to write. Manuel Sanchez #94250 Dorm E. Earl Eric Lodge #89691 Dorm E. P.O. Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (106)

Survival Knives: 40-page catalogue, \$2/airmailed. Selectline, (established 1977), Box 391ER, P.C., Hawaii 96782. (106)

Terry: Happy birthday, babe. We'll be in the wind soon. I love ya. Robby. (106)

Tommy: Happy birthday, bro. Hope the parts are in. See ya in a month. Better be ready, Robby. (106)

W/m, 28, excellent personality, attractive, and clean-cut. Looking for a pretty woman with good figure. Must be sincere, like work, animals, Harleys, and waterskiing. Write with picture to Jess, 301 S. Main, Mayville, Wis. 53050. (106)

Swap meets: March 14, indoors, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. April 25th outdoors, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. (106)

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