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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Really? 183 Inches?
(see page 66)

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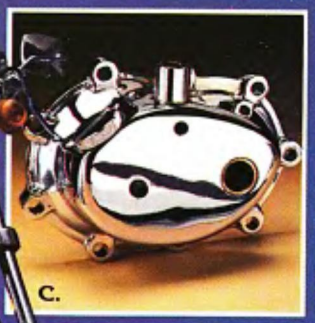
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Easyriders

Number 108

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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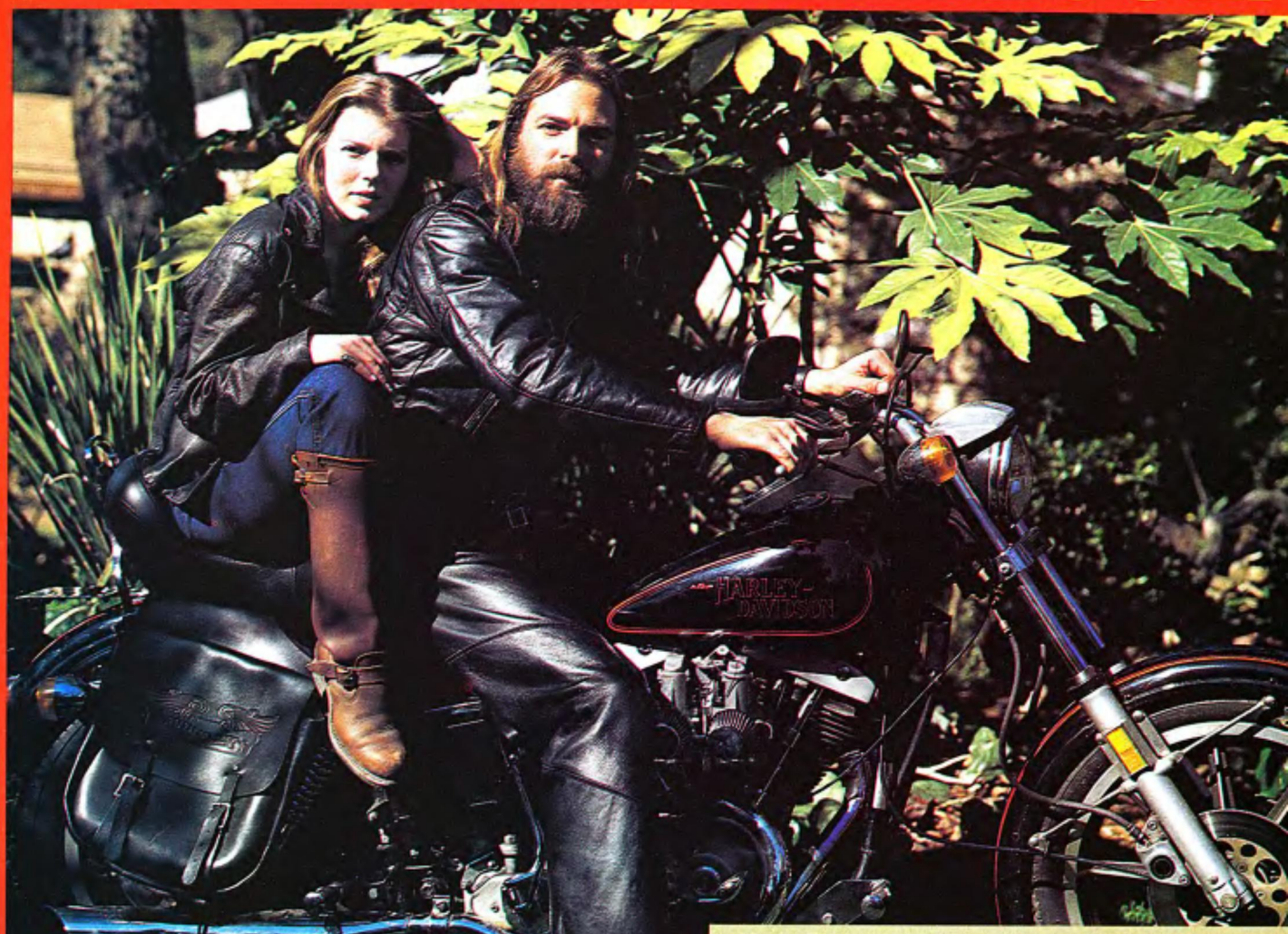
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale May 28th.

Cover photo of Mary by Mike Henderson

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C*	$94.00	$104.00
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G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12 $90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

An air freight company was missing fifty pounds of sausage. The company guard, Chief Red Arrow, was identified as the thief. (He's a German shepherd and he ate the sausages.) The evidence? He had a helluva gut ache.

With his reputation he was certain no one would believe him. No one would believe this fuckin' sheep just pounced on him and his motorcycle right out of the fuckin' sky--from nowhere. Even he couldn't believe what happened. First, nothing, then the mutha pounced on him. Hallucinating? Covering up that he's actually a sidewalk commando? What? Upon investigation, it turned out he had run into a rare breed of sheep that easily jumps six feet or more into the air. The incredible woolly jumper is now something else to watch out for on the highway. Don't tell the D.O.T. or we'll be forced to wear a sheep helmet.

Moe sent me this. It really says it all so I'm reprinting it exactly as he found it in the National Enquirer. ''The creatures that want to live a life of their own, we call wild. If wild, then no matter how harmless, we treat them as outlaws, and those of us who are specially well brought up shoot them for fun.''

A school student made a speech in his communications class. He chose, for whatever reason, to expound on how to make money as a drug dealer--a subject he musta been familiar with, 'cause someone snitched. The fuzz swooped down on him and he is presently in deep shit.

Paid your taxes? The feds are gonna spend a lotta bucks trying to convince teenagers that hair will grow on their palms and their rugrats will be retarded if they enjoy the greatest pleasure of all time. They're gonna start promoting teenage chastity. You know: how to say no gracefully, how to tell a guy to put that thing back into his pants, and how to slip saltpeter in his beer--the feds always have ways to spend our tax money.

He had just robbed the bank of seven grand, ran out the door and around the corner, and was spotted gettin' on the bus. At the very next corner, the bus driver stops to pick up a coffee, and while the robber and passengers wait, the police rush up and blast over their car's p.a. system for everyone to get off with their hands up, which they did. So much for robbin' a bank by bus.

Remember, your mother might be out there somewhere, drinking that shit. A dude was taught the error of his ways and his body was tossed into the city's water supply. Why not an abandoned well, shoved down a sewer, or dropped in a shredding machine? No, it was tossed into the city's water supply, and was found after floating around for days, adding his mung to the water. Will someone cool it--bottled water costs bucks, ya know.

They never give up dept.: The feds have come up with skunkweed--some shit they can spray on your favorite grass and make it smell so rank that when it is ignited or baked, it'll make people leave their houses for days. The feds plan on using it to warn users that their pot may have been poisoned (by the same feds) with the herbicide paraquat. But they haven't figured a way of just fucking up pot plants. When they spray, the stinkweed shit could screw up the soil for other things, like the neighboring farmer's carrot patch.

The policemen decided to practice fast draws. The sergeant checked the three younger officers' guns to make certain they were unloaded. They backed off, or whatever they do, and then drew their guns fast. The sergeant was the fastest, and surprise, he shot one of the deputies--it seems he had checked their guns to make sure they were empty, but he hadn't checked his own.

Count those days, men, count those days. A woman got off scot-free after stabbing her ol' man to death, claiming ''premenstrual tension.'' We all know women usually get bitchy just before their period, don't we? ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





A Request

☐ Could you get in touch with the piece of ass on page 61 of the September '81 issue, lower left (the pic from Ron Stowe, Robinson, Illinois), and tell him I want to tie him down and lick him from sun-up to sundown? I have wet dreams about him. He's juicy.

Dixie Dancer
New York, N.Y

■ Always willin' to help a girl with her dreams — maybe he'll see this.

Someone Dumber?

☐ I was wonderin' if there was anyone out there dumb enough to trade a Harley straight across for a cage. I know I was shitheaded enough to buy the cage. Just hope there's someone dumber than me.

Kel
Commerce City, Colo.

Be Damned!

☐ Well, I'll be damned! In response to "Via Heard From" ("Wordmonger," February '82), I had really thought that all your writers were Harvard English Lit grads with advanced degrees and were all dressed in striped three-piece suits. What a relief it is to learn that one of your best, Jody Via, really is a con; the disappointing thing, though, is that she is a he. Write on, bro!

Big Haus
Portland, Ore.

■ Us? Harvard? Pinstriped suits? Where in hell did you get all those ideas?

Money-Saving Tips

☐ Just finished readin' your article on batteries in the March '82 issue and had to enlighten you.

First off, those $59.95 Harley batteries are bullshit ripoffs like most of their "genuine" parts are. If you check out the local yellow pages under "Batteries," you'll find a slew of dealers or distributors who have the exact same batteries Harley-Davidson has, but they're at least twenty bucks cheaper. That's right, at least twenty bucks cheaper! Also, Sears sells Die-Hard batteries for about $48, and they're guaranteed for the life of your bike. Sears will replace one if it decides to go south on you.

Those little rubber tits that hold the oil tank and battery case on your Hog can be gotten at a mechanical supply joint for $1.45, as opposed to Harley's $5 ripoff shit. The $1.45 vibration eliminators are used on wall fans and shit like that.

Next, wheel bearings, genuine Harley-Davidson ones, go for about $12 each. An auto parts joint has the same Timken bearings at half that price. Mine cost $5 last year, which left me $7 for beer and gas. I'm talking about a $25 saving on these three items alone, and the harder you look, the more you'll find — and that's no shit.

Bob Maher
Yonkers, N.Y.

A Bet

☐ My ol' lady says you guys won't print this. So I bet her a baggie that you would (I might send you a few doobies.)

Griz
Ada, Okla.

■ You know how to clinch a bet.

A Switch

☐ You've got one helluva rag. I just did a little time in the county pigpen on a bullshit simple assault charge, and when my ol' man sent my *Easyriders* to me, the time went by a lot faster. Thanks.

Star Baby
Charleston, S.C.

Fag Mag

☐ I read your mag regularly and really get off on it. So how's about helpin' the mamas get their rocks off, too? By the way, I'm an ass woman.

Star
Salina, Kan.

■ We'll help 'em get 'em off anywhere, anytime — but not by printin' faggy, nude photos of men. (Besides, the broads on the staff steal the photos of the ones who are really hung.)

Why? Why?

☐ Here I sit getting fucked up, listening to Bob Seger. Fifteen fuckin' below outside. Two more months and the Hog will be back on the road. Oh, yeah, the reason I'm writing is that I'm wondering why you didn't do a photo story on the Harley Rendezvous in New York this year.

Charlie
Buffalo, N.Y.

■ We try to cover different events every month, and especially events that are seldom covered by a zillion mags already doing a story on them. Daytona and Sturgis are the only exceptions, and even with them, we try to do it differently and better than the others.

Left-Turn Help

☐ I'm writing to you concerning attorney Alan Bird, whom I found through your rag. I was hit head-on in November of '81 on my Sporty. My case was settled in February of '82, thanks to Mr. Bird. If any bros are ever run down by a blind left-turn driver, I would highly recommend him for help.

Richard M. Codding, Jr.
Long Beach, Calif.

Equalizer

☐ God didn't make all men equal. Colt firearms did!

Boats
Huntingburg, Ind.

Pinned Again

☐ Even though I'm only sixteen and don't own a Harley (yet), I would like to point out the fact that you guys are weird and have been smoking too much of that mind-bending grass again.

Boppin' Billy
New Hampton, N.H.

■ Just because Spider and some of the other slobs go around with their pants open, trollin' for women, that doesn't mean we're all weird.

We'll Do Okay

☐ My bros and I have been sitting back, eating those 714s and checking out your new *In The Wind #7*. We think it's dynamite.

If you can get your shit together and start making *Easyriders* like that, you'll do okay.

Animal
Yadkinville, N.C.

How Come?

☐ How come you fuckin' fools never put any of those H-D 250cc roadburners from Italy in those fire starters of yours? They're Harleys, right? You're probably scared Spider might hurt himself. Well, give me a reason, or I'm buyin' *Sports Afield*.

Joe Bug
Falls Village, Conn.

■ Spider falls outta his chair if he's had the right stuff or has been awake a couple of days.

Louisiana Downer

☐ I'd like to drop a line, though I'd like to drop something else about the re-enactment of the helmet law in Louisiana. It sucks! Yes, I know it's my fault, like so many others who thought that nobody could stop it. Well, the do-gooders got it through. But just wait till next time! I bet we won't sit on our asses then.

Buck
Baton Rouge, La.

Homegrown

☐ What the hell gives, anyway? I sent some jokes to *Easyriders* and they wound up in *Iron Horse*. Are you two working together, or is this homegrown shit fucking me up so bad I don't even know where I'm sending my jokes?

Wish you would let me know so I can sell some of this homegrown, and maybe next time I'll get the address right.

Tommy Treetop
Watertown, N.Y.

■ Sell us some of that shit.

Stash Fund

☐ I recently broke down and worked for a day to buy a subscription — even gave a lousy penny for the office stash fund. What the hell do you shitheads do with all that extra loot?

C. Hanken
West Union, Iowa

■ We have a helluva time — more than we can say in print, this bein' a family rag and all.

Likes Gayla

☐ How about that Gayla Higgins, the joint winner in your Ol' Lady Contest! She's about the best thing to come out of the States since Harley-Davidson and Cheech and Chong. I wish she had spent her $1,000 on a trip to good ol' Aussie.

Peter C.
Melbourne, Australia

Betcha Can't

☐ You assholes almost made me shit my pants! I looked at the bottom of "How Digs Got Dead" in #105 (March '82) and it said "continued on next page," but the story was only two pages long.

Betcha can't do that again.

Ozone
Hutchinson, Kan.

■ Betcha our fucked-up staff could — however, the feature *did* continue on the next page. You must shit your pants pretty easy.

Football Fans

☐ Don't usually write to mags, but your "Panheads And Pigskins" article by Tex Campbell (February '82 issue) really hit the nail on the head.

Being from Pittsburgh, I've seen four Superbowls won by the Steelers. In celebrating, the righteous football fans literally tore the town apart. But let three or four hundred bikers stage a Pennsylvania helmet protest and the press gets red hot.

Keep up the good work.

Dennis McCartney
Pittsburgh, Pa.

☐ The article on football and pans brought it out right. Those fuckers are crazy. Good job, Tex.

Mr. T.
Baltimore, Md.

Ken Stambaugh

☐ Gotta hand it to the late Ken Stambaugh (R.I.P.). "Let Me In" (April '80) split my side open. I know Ken's in good hands in Harley Heaven when he can make us guys laugh so hard down here in this caged-up world.

The Moose Head
Quebec, Canada

Where Is It?

☐ I've waited long enough. Now cut the shit!

I read a long time ago in one of your past issues that you assholes were coming out with a book full of tech tips. Now where the fuck is it?

M.J.
Stoneham, Mass.

■ We're in the process of movin' our offices. As soon as we get our shit together, we'll have it out. It's all ready to go — artwork, *all* the tips we've ever published. Now we just have to put it together for the printer.

Wind 7

☐ Right on! I just got your *In The Wind #7* and it was outrageous. The broads and the fantastic Harleys were mind-boggling. It showed what biking is about. You really have your shit together!

Crazy Dane
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now That's An Offer!

☐ I really got off on the *Easyriders* Sturgis raffle article. That's a nice bike, but what got me off more was Dave Hurff, the hunk of a man with the killer smile, sitting on it. He made me wish that I had a Harley man like him in my life again. My life's been lacking that someone special for the past year and I miss putting. I never knew how much I missed it until I laid my eyes on him. I wonder if he'd be willing to let me hold a private raffle with me being the only ticket holder and him the prize. Dave, if you're ever over my way and you want some companionship, just look me up and I'm sure we can have a good time!

Becky
Sacramento, Calif.

Nice Letter

☐ Nothing can piss you off more than an ignorant bitch turning left in front of you, especially when she tells the cops she saw you coming and still went into her act of ignorance.

After spending six months on it, taking all the paint down to bare metal, and after spending all that time sanding and painting, sanding and painting, etc., etc., etc., I mean to tell you my '47 Indian looked as if I'd just rolled it off the showroom floor.

Taking into consideration all the pain I felt lying in the hospital with my body all busted and battered to shit, you should have seen the smile on my face when my bro came in with my *Easyriders*.

Goob
Detroit, Mich.

Bad Press

☐ Just thumbing through a couple of back issues and read an article that's so totally stupid, I don't see how I missed it.

I'm referring to "Death Wish" in the August '81 issue. It just hits me in the gut when a dipshit newspaper writer can say what he thinks about people he knows nothing about and it gets published. But when a biker says something, he gets shit on and thrown in the garbage. Now I know where the legislators get their fucked-up ideas. My thoughts about the *Oregonian* are that they have bad taste in reporters, the editors are just as bad (wonder who picked them), and that all future publications should be censored by *Easyriders*.

Regarding the term "pedestrians mowed down by biker," in our fair city of Reno, a woman driver in a cage purposely mowed down twenty-seven pedestrians, killing seven. She is on trial at present.

D.L. McKinnon
Reno, Nev.

■ As you know, we read that reporter off. Don't know that it did any good, though. That type is so opinionated, he won't listen to anyone else.

Tired Of It

☐ I just recently (as of November '81) started getting your rag on a regular basis, and I read a lot about all the biker "get-togethers" in the November '81 issue, the Waupun Prison show in Wisconsin in the December '81 issue, Pappy's Run in southeast Connecticut in the January '81 issue, Harley Rallies at Sturgis, South Dakota, even bike rallies in Denmark, and Dutch rides.

Well, I'm tired of hearing about this shit after the fact!

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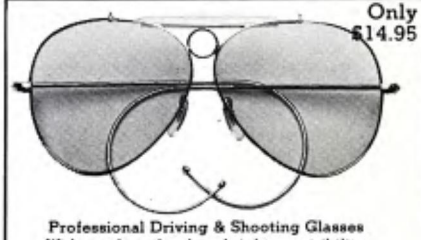
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2. PANHEADS FOREVER
3. N.P.*
4. COFFEE
5. ONE MONKEY

SIDE TWO

1. I'D JUST LIKE TO N.P.* YOU ONE MORE TIME
2. LITTLE SUSSIE SHALLOW THROAT
3. PICK 'EM, LICK 'EM, STICK 'EM
4. N.P.*
5. N.P.*

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NOTHING SACRED

SIDE ONE

1. JIMMY BUFFET DOESN'T LIVE IN KEY WEST ANYMORE
2. 3 BIGGEST LIES IN THE WORLD
3. I WAS INTO WHIPS & THINGS AND SHE WAS INTO PAIN
4. LAY ME DOWN SOME RAILS
5. N.P.* BLUES

DAC0002 WHITE COVER RECORDED IN 1979 THIS COLLECTOR'S ALBUM IS $12.00

SIDE TWO

1. NOTHING SACRED
2. N.P.* 3. N.P.*
4. I MADE LINDA LOVELACE GAG
5. N.P.* ANETA BRIANT

How about publishing the dates of upcoming events? Maybe more bros like me might like to travel for the chance to experience some big runs, rather than reading about them months later. How about it?

Wolf
Clarksville, Tenn.

■ We'll try — if everyone will send us notices far *in advance*. A national mag has to have info months ahead of time and also wants to give readers time to plan. So let's go. Send 'em to Party Time Dates, *Easyriders* Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Evel What's-His-Face?

☐ Hey, what's happening with Evil Knievel?

Tom Childs
York, Pa.

■ Very little.

Gets His Ass?

☐ I've been reading and saving your mag for 5½ years now. I think it's a great mag because most of the scoots are 74 or more inches. But the thing that gets my ass is that all Dave Mann's centerspreads are the same.

Like Gypsy was saying in the March '82 issue about the nine-to-five worker (biker) — there are some out there.

Dave's got this thing about a Harley rider having long hair, a beard, and a shitload of tattoos up and down his arms. There are some Harley riders without tattoos, beards, and long hair — or doesn't Dave know this class of people?

Twink
Greencastle, Pa.

■ It's a well-known fact that a man with a beard is a rebel or has a non-conformist streak in him. This mag isn't your run-of-the-mill rag either, so we portray a slice of life that everyone doesn't agree with. Dave, Spider, and I — as well as a lot of others on the staff — are hell raisers, so we tend to portray, write about, photograph, etc., that type more than others. No put-down of anyone. Just doing our thing — as usual.

An Opinion

☐ To all who gripe and bitch about helmet laws, they're there only because you let them be. If no one wore helmets, and after getting a ticket requested a court trial, it would backlog the court something unreal. Since they have to try priority cases (murder, armed robbery, etc.) first, they would have to drop the law as unenforceable. Passive resistance works! The helmet law is there only because you let it be. Say fuck 'em, and it won't be there.

Runt
Arlington, Va.

Anti-Boycott

☐ All right, you guys, what the fuck's up? You talk about boycotting certain anti-biker towns. You might be snow-blind, but I know, sure as shit stinks, that you can see that's what these assholes want. Do you think that after they miss our money for a few years, they'll send us written invitations to come back? Fuck no! If you were smart, you'd urge every biker and every club to attend these runs. We should show them that we're not the immoral minority and, in fact, not a minority of any kind.

I feel that we should all pull in our fangs and enjoy the company of our own kind. Bikers, show the local Joe Citizens that we're not there to tear down their town or rape their daughters. Show them that we're there to party peacefully and that bikers enjoy a harmless good time just as much as they do. Instead of Fuck Daytona and Fuck Deadwood, go there and party. Don't let Big Brother scare you away. All your boycotts are just doing what they want, not what we want. We're citizens of this free country. We're free to ride where we want to. 1984 is growing near. Don't show this country that Big Brotherism can work, or you won't have any runs anywhere. So attend Daytona, go to Deadwood — don't run away with your tails between your legs.

The Breeze
Mansfield, Ohio

■ But they won't miss us until we're gone. Meanwhile, they have their way, hassle us, outlaw the event, and on and on.

Pro-Helmet Now

☐ I was just reading about helmet laws and how people protest against them. I feel that the helmet law is for the benefit of the biker. I mean, sometimes the helmet can be a pain in the head, if you know what I mean. But I have a brother who was in a wreck last year. As he was on his way to work on his scoot, a careless driver backed out of his driveway and rammed into him. He was thrown off his scoot, and as he hit the concrete, his helmet flew off. If it hadn't been for that helmet, it would have been his head splattered on the road. And instead of writing to you, I'd be writing to a "A Tribute To Brothers Lost," which I'm sure none of us like to do.

Yours truly
Elizabeth, Pa.

■ And if he had stopped for a piss, he would have missed the accident, or if. . .

Time To Go

☐ Talking about a long, hard ride, this bro of ours came down to Texas with us. After a week he wanted to split, said it's "fucked." So he worked his fuckin' ass off just to make enough to get back to The Bronx!

Well, it was the coldest week ever and he wanted to go. We told him he was crazy to leave now. But he put on a couple of layers of clothes, put on his helmet and gloves, kicked over his bike, and headed north.

The worst part of it was that the bike wasn't registered, he wasn't licensed to ride, and the plates were bogus. Haven't heard from him since.

Mo-Lush
Houston, Tex.

Likes *Easyriders*

☐ Can't believe how many people write and put you down. Been bikin' for some years now and love the freedom of it. Whenever I can't let my hair fly with the wind, I pick up my trusty *Easyriders* and feel closer to my kind.

Breeze
Rockingham, N.C.

Ridin' On Back

☐ This is for all the sisters who ride their own bikes: I didn't feel good ridin' at all until I met a good ol' man. Now, ridin' on the back makes everything super.

Nappy's Ol' Lady
Fair Haven, Mich.

Who Is She?

☐ I was reading December's *Easyriders*, and for the second year in a row, I saw this beauty on page 107, advertising T-shirts. Who's the knockout on the bottom row,

right side? I love her. If she wants to come east, tell her I'll show her the east coast — any coast.

Jim Babchak
New York, N.Y.

■ Send us some of what you're smokin' — there is no broad on page 107.

Horny Women

☐ We are confused and frustrated. We are sick and tired of seeing titties and pussies. We would like to see some nice cocks — some good ol' men. We deserve it. We love your mag, but we need somethin' more in life.

Suzy Q.
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Buy a woman's mag that shows cock. Then you can fantasize all you want.

Can't Figure It Out

☐ I think you must be fuckin' barmy to put out this righteous mag when you could be riding in the California sunshine.

"Gut Feelings" by Sherwood was far-fucking-out, and the Harley V-4 was hot, hot, hot. Please tell me when and where they're gonna make the record run. I wanna be there (if I'm out on time).

Beanstalk
Holland

A Few Words

☐ Just a few words to say to "Miss Peggy" of St. Hubert, Quebec (February '82): Eat my used rags. Anyone who gives away her paycheck out of obedience and submission has got road rash of the brain. Respect, honey, has to go both ways. If he can't give you the same respect you give him, the man isn't worth it. There are plenty of real men who'll give you that respect. No one is their master but the wind, and no one is mine but the breeze. By the way, wipe the dried blood off your lips, Peggy Slave.

Harley Saint
Westville, Ind.

A Thank You

☐ About four years ago (if your memory goes back that far), my ol' man, Tramp, sent a letter to *Easyriders* and asked for help from you readers. I was in the hospital with just about my whole body burned. We sure needed some friends. Well, the docs gave me up for lost, but I made it after five months of shit. Now I want to tell you all thanks for the letters, pictures, club cards, patches, and pins. I can't tell you how much your letters meant to us. I wasn't able to answer them all, because there were hundreds of letters. Thanks from the bottom of my heart for your love and support. If you're ever out our way, stop in. Love you all.

Gail Aubert
Grand Island, Neb.

Female Backlash

☐ Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies need American husbands? Japanese girls make wonderful wives? Big fuckin' deal. So do white American women. Hope all the bros out there aren't falling for that bullshit. All those women want from you is to be married, so that they can come to the U.S. and then sponsor their families for immigration. Oh, and of course they advertise loyalty, obedience, and unspoiledness. It's just a ploy.

They've studied American culture while eating their fish heads and rice. Sure, they want to come to the States. Who wouldn't? I resent the fact that they're trying to use our good men to do it, not to mention the drawback of our meat market being so limited for the women here.

Neice
Vallejo, Calif.

What's Up

☐ So what's with you fuckups this time? I'm sittin' back, blowin' a doobie and lookin' at my stack of *Easyriders* rags, when I notice that the February '82 is narrower than the rest. I fixed you dipshits. I bought a pair of scissors and took a quarter inch off all the rest of 'em.

Peter Pan
Invemere, B.C.

■ Paper, believe it or not, is half the cost of printing a mag. So, to keep up with rising costs, we shaved it a little and saved a little. But the paper companies immediately raised their prices, so all we did was stay even — which is better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. It's a fuckin' treadmill, keepin' up with cost increases. All mags are bein' forced to either raise their prices or trim the size of the mag (run fewer pages or use cheaper paper). We were sneaky. We trimmed the size until the paper companies caught on and raised prices — again. Ya can't win. But we try.

Today's Job Situation

☐ He works. He worked. He will work. He has worked. He had worked. He will have worked. He is going to *ride!*

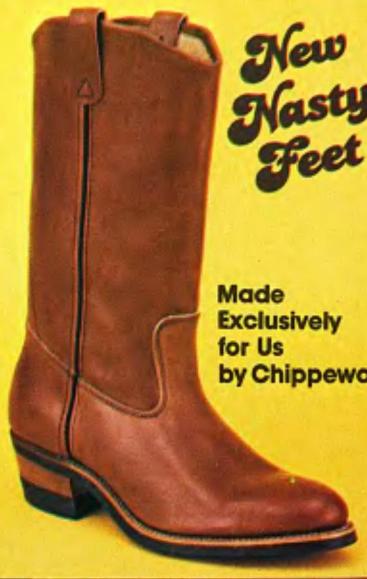
D.C.
Jefferson City, Mo.

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.* ■



"I don't know about you, but my ass is killin' me."

The INTERSTATE



New Nasty Feet

Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa

No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe . . . 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Calistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrine sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½-12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for $90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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.



HOG?

To some, the term "Hog" is as clear as mud. But to the thousands of Harley-Davidson owners who affectionately refer to their motorcycles as Hogs, there is no confusion.

A Harley-Davidson is not fat. It doesn't eat you out of house and home. And it's definitely not a gas hog. With its incredible resale value, it's like money in the bank.

Let's take it point by point. First, a Harley-Davidson is not fat. Throw your leg over one and see. Harley's are longer, lower and leaner than any other big bike on the road.

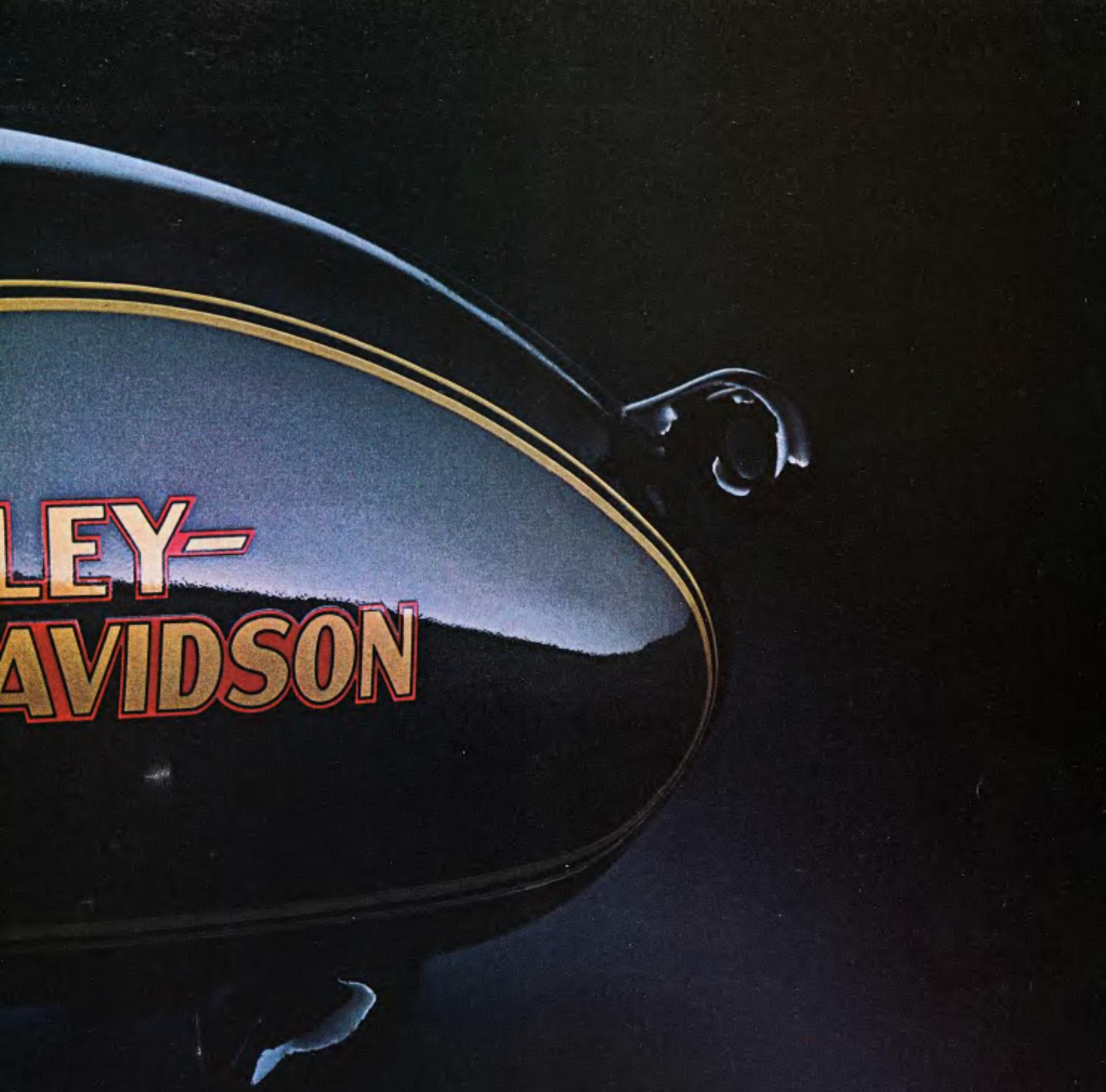
A Harley-Davidson is not overweight either. Don't compare a Harley with some little lightweight bike; there is a world of difference and we'd like to keep it that way. The key is balance. A Harley has the power to match the weight. When you're off the scales and on the highway, that weight translates into stability. And that's exactly what you need in this age of 18 wheelers and gusty Interstate highways.

A Harley-Davidson is not a gas hog.

To begin with, all Harleys burn less expensive regular gas. And they burn less of it than you'd imagine. On average, our motorcycles get between 47 and 54 MPG on the highway*. Compared with engines of similar displacement, our 1000cc and 1340cc V-Twins, by design, are a couple of the most efficient internal combustion engines made.

A Harley-Davidson won't eat you out of house and home after you buy it. Simplicity of design is the best way to insure durability, dependability and

*Based on our own test results. Your mileage may vary depending on your personal driving habits, weather conditions and trip length.



serviceability. So Harley's aren't loaded down with high-tech complexity. For instance, we use only one carburetor. You don't pay for four and the hassles later. In fact, many of the routine maintenance tasks can be performed by the rider.

Harley-Davidson is the best grade of motorcycle you can buy. Actually as the quality of many products is going down, the quality of Harley-Davidson motorcycles is going up. Because we don't turn out motorcycles like popcorn. There's a lot of careful hand work. A lot of meticulous assembly and constant quality control. The result. This year, our motorcycles are the best handling, the best all around performance motorcycles we've ever built.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are not cheap. We don't build them that way, so it stands to reason we can't sell them that way. We put more into a Harley. So you get more out of your Harley. You get more every time you ride down the street. And you get more down the road, when it comes time to sell. Just check the want ads in your paper. You'll see. A Harley may be called a Hog. But don't be confused. There's no better place to put your money.

MOTORCYCLES.™ BY THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE.

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY

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



Plant Growin' Problems

Jerry Barlow eased the '67 Sportster to the edge of the sand road and shut off the motor. He listened closely to the silence of the woods. Aside from the voices of a few mockingbirds and blue jays crouched in the leaves of blackjack oak and scrub pine, nothing could be heard except the ticking of his hot motor. He got off and unstrapped the short-handled hoe and the gallon jug of liquid plant food from the chrome sissy bar.

He knew Bacon County, Georgia, was a dangerous place to be doing what he was doing, but he was sure he wouldn't get caught. He lit a cigarette and listened carefully for a few more minutes. Hearing nothing, no approaching vehicle, he picked up the hoe and the jug and stepped off the road. He had fifteen healthy female plants not four hundred yards off the road, and it was time to water them and hoe the weeds from between the stalks.

There was a fairly worn trail leading from the road beside his bike to his small patch of grass, and he didn't look down and see the tracks made by somebody's heavily booted feet. He slung the hoe over his shoulder and walked through the warm August woods, carefully watching ahead for snakes. There were rattlesnakes in these woods, and some of them were as thick as a man's wrist.

Ahead of him by a few hundred yards, Sheriff Cecil Taylor lay on his enormous gut and wiped away the streams of sweat running down under his sunglasses. His cruiser was backed up and carefully hidden down the road a piece, as it had been for the last three days in a row. He could have sent some of his deputies to do this job, but he wanted to catch Jerry Barlow with the grass himself. He liked to get these drug addicts under his thumb, especially when they were bikers like Barlow.

Sheriff Taylor had carefully estimated the yield on these fifteen plants, and by the time fall got here and they were fully matured, he was pretty sure he could make a really big bundle by selling the stuff to his brother-in-law, who also happened to own the finest whiskey still in this part of the state. But that wasn't the whole story, not at all. Sheriff Taylor knew this particular patch of weed would probably be good enough to save back a couple of pounds for his own personal stash. He loved a good buzz as much as the next man.

He watched Jerry crest the last ridge, coming into the small clearing where the dirt was dark and sandy. He had to hand it to Barlow; he'd picked a very good spot for his weed. The soil here was just right, just loose enough for a good root system and rich enough to furnish the plants with the nutrients they needed. And there damned sure wouldn't be anybody wandering around Rattler's Roost in the summertime, not unless he wanted a fast, fatal case of snakebite. But Barlow had parked his bike in the same spot once too often, and Taylor had found his patch.

He hoped the Barlow boy wouldn't do anything stupid like trying to run or fight. He'd hate to have to shoot the shit out of him, because then he wouldn't be able to keep the grass for himself. There'd be an investigation and some of those damned DEA boys would be in here and they'd confiscate the grass and keep it for themselves like they always did. Even so, he reached back and unholstered the heavy .357 Mark III Trooper and assumed the prone firing position.

From his hiding *Continued on page 84*

by Larry Brown



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Marine's

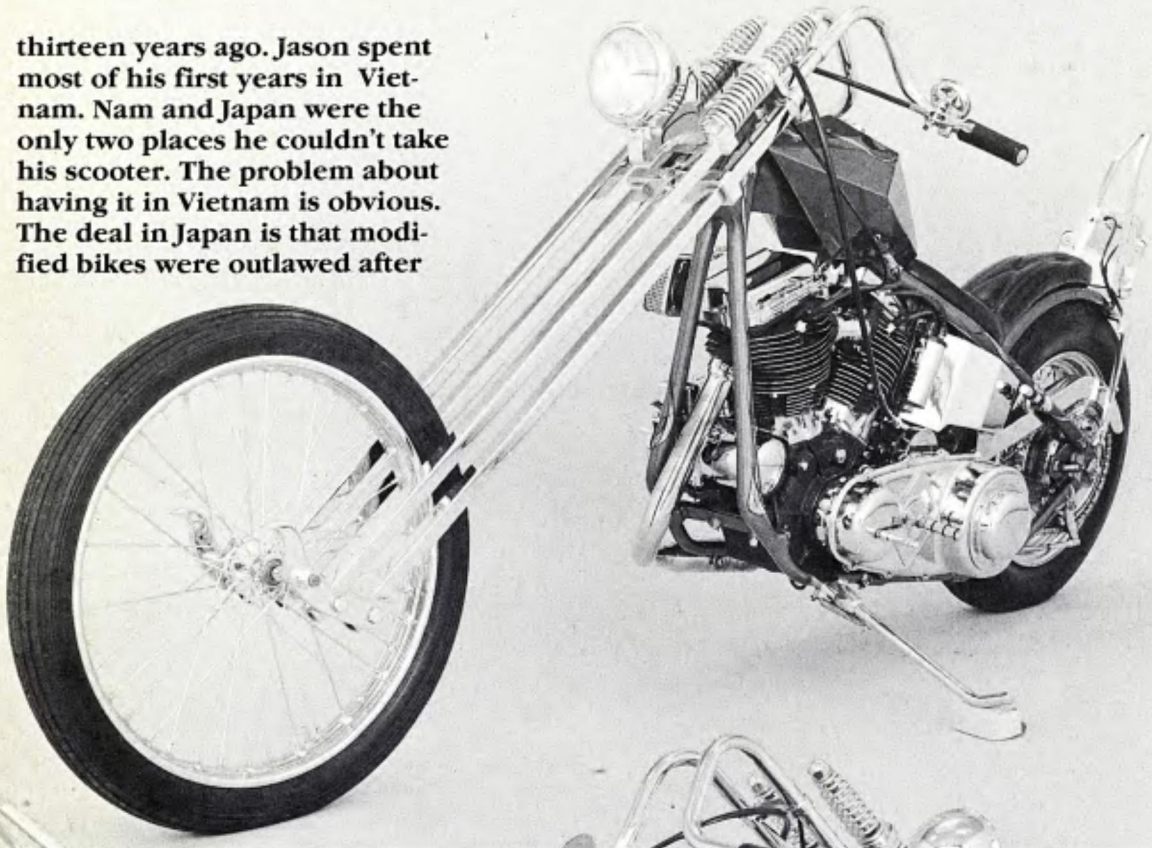


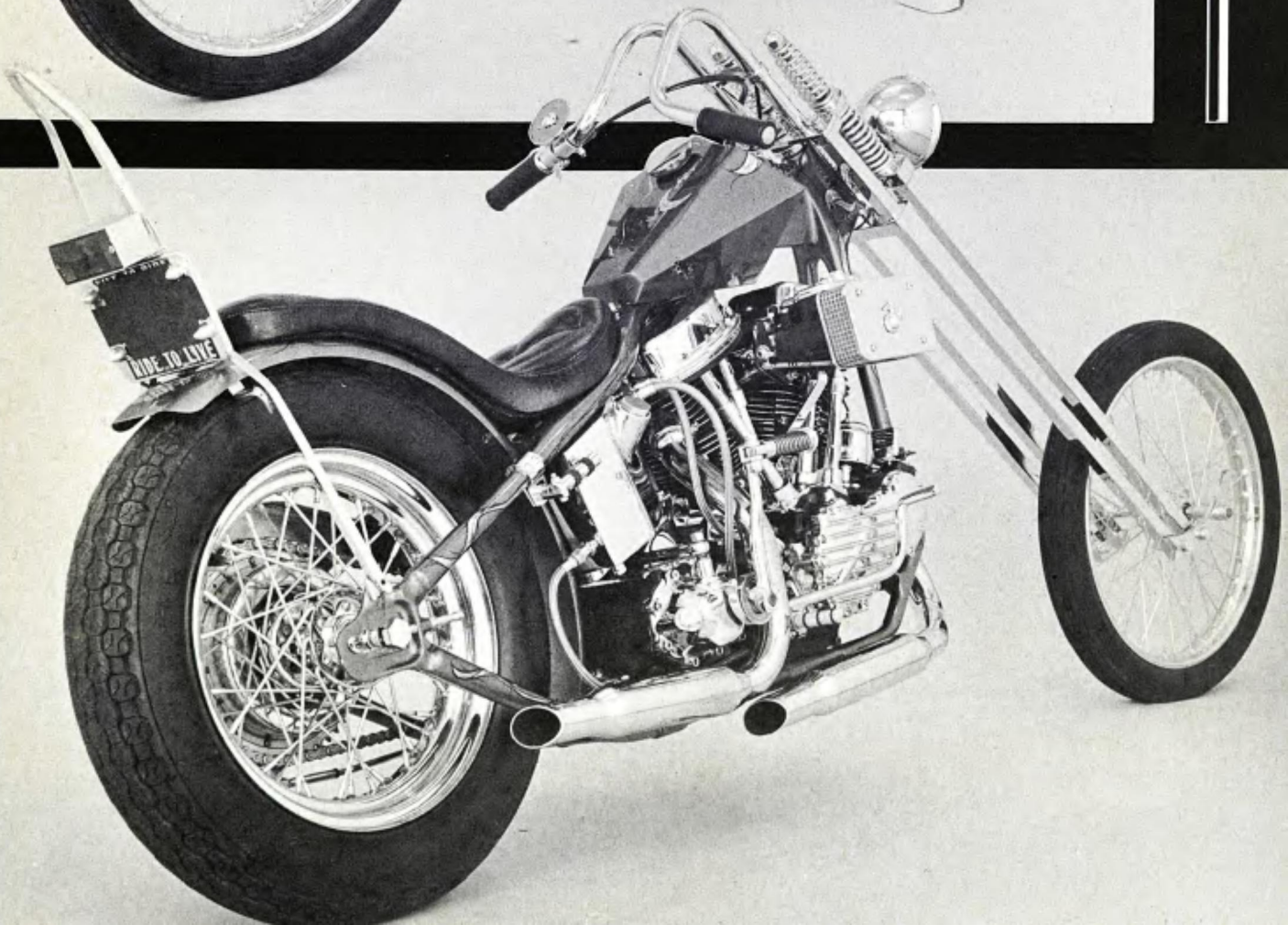
Owning a scooter while you're in the service takes dedication — almost as much dedication as to stay in the service for thirteen years. First Sergeant Audiss, the owner of this fine panhead, bought it the same year he signed into the Marines

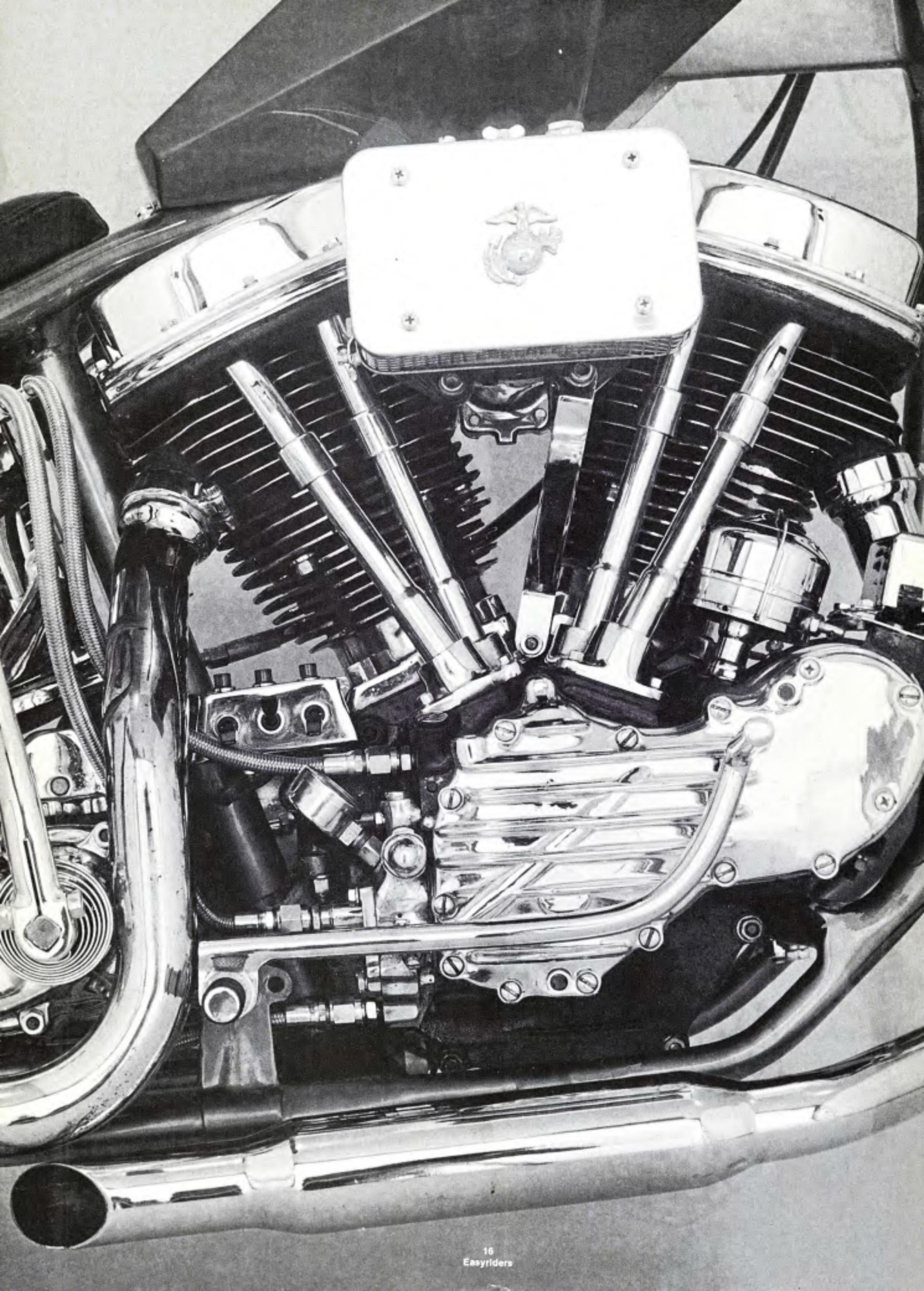


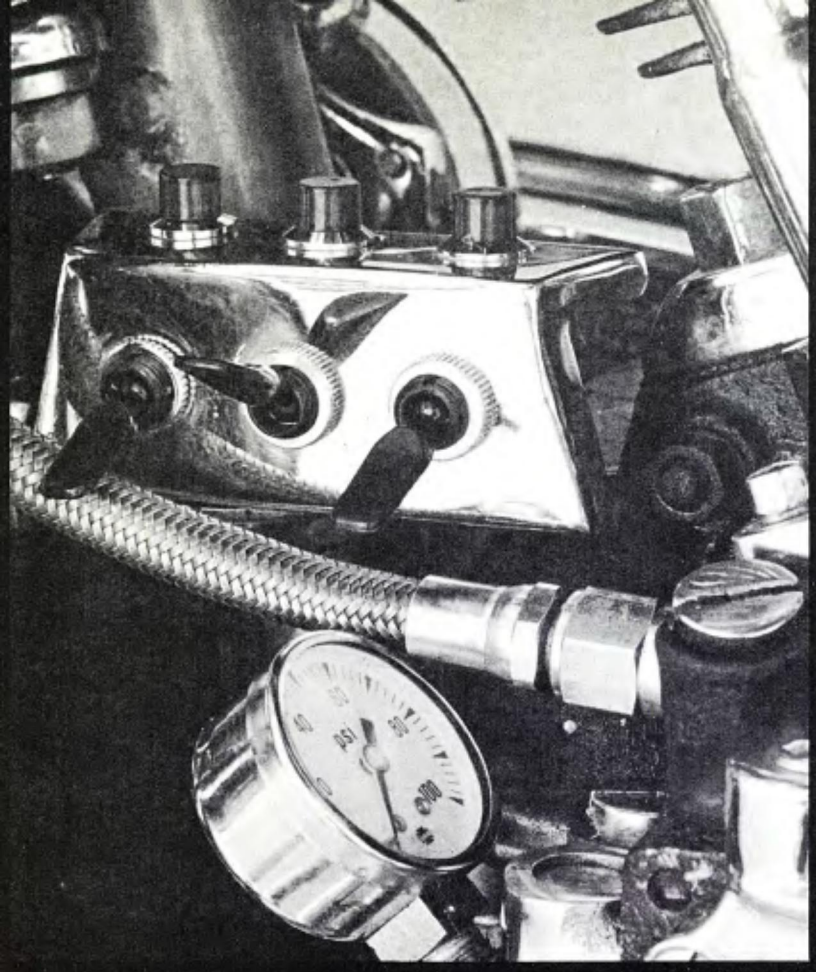
Panhead

thirteen years ago. Jason spent most of his first years in Vietnam. Nam and Japan were the only two places he couldn't take his scooter. The problem about having it in Vietnam is obvious. The deal in Japan is that modified bikes were outlawed after



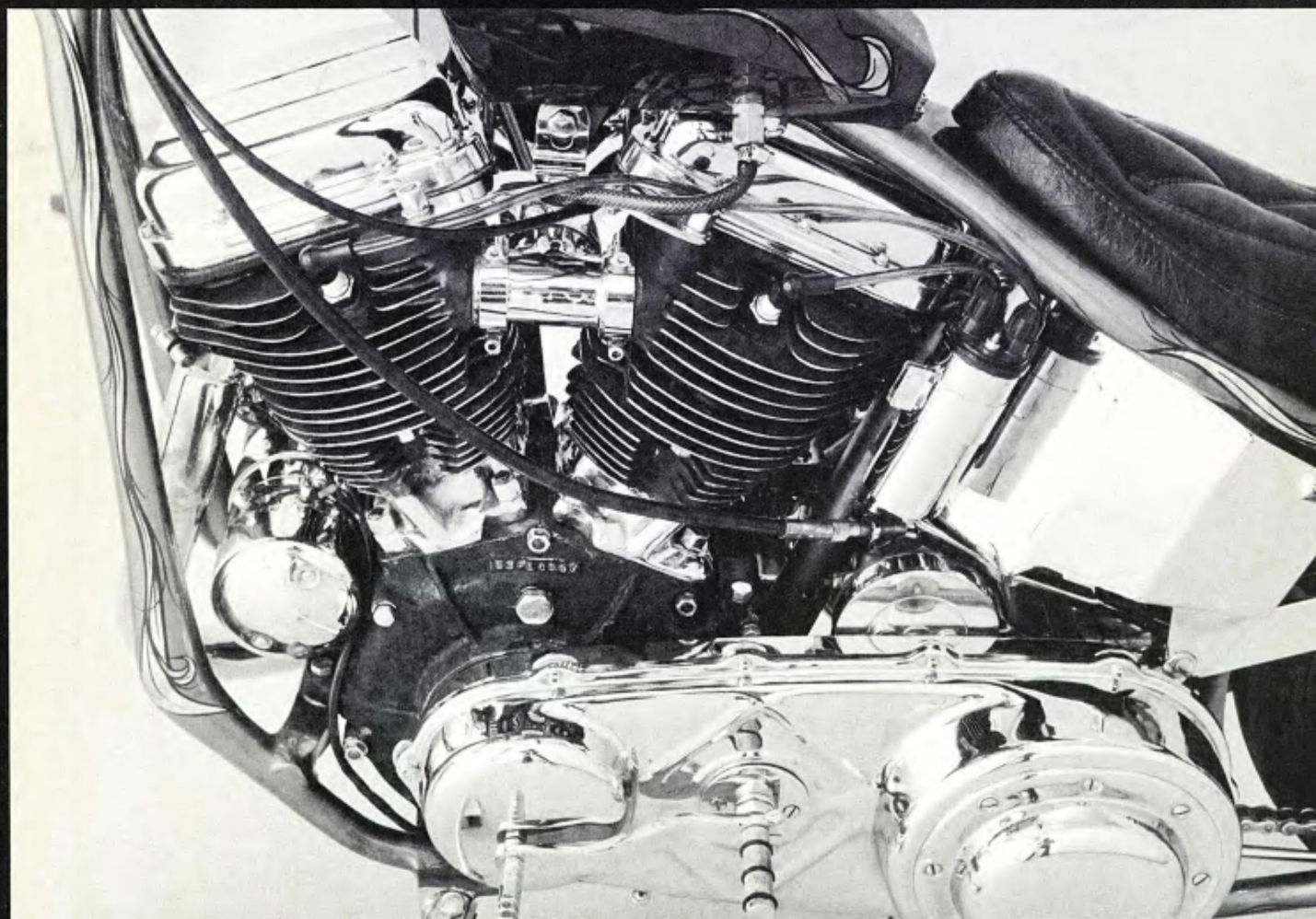


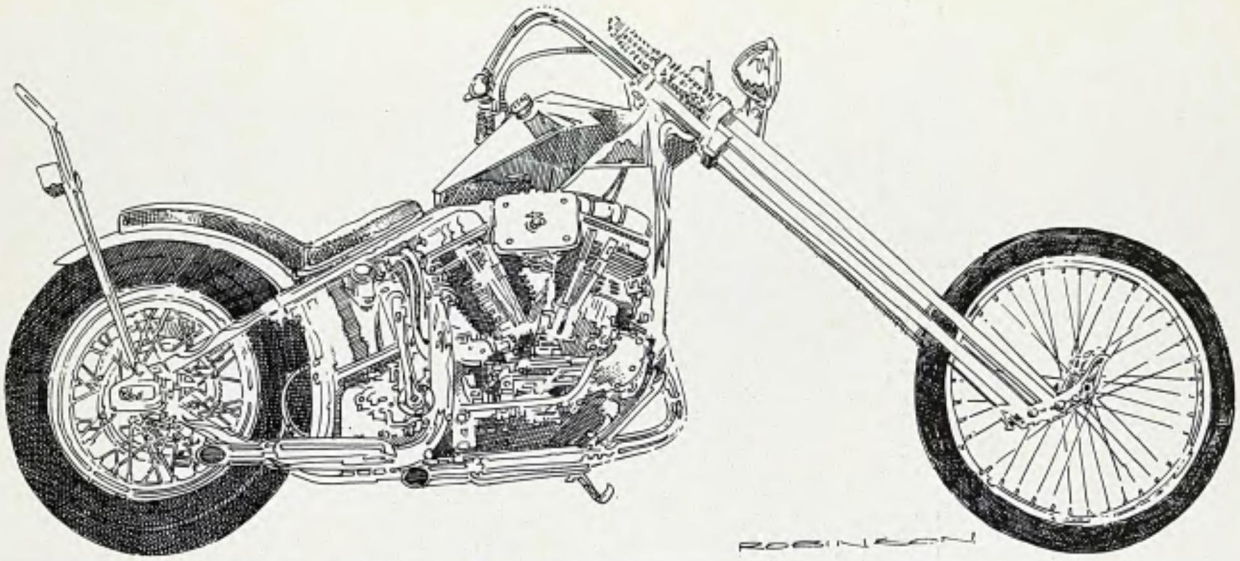


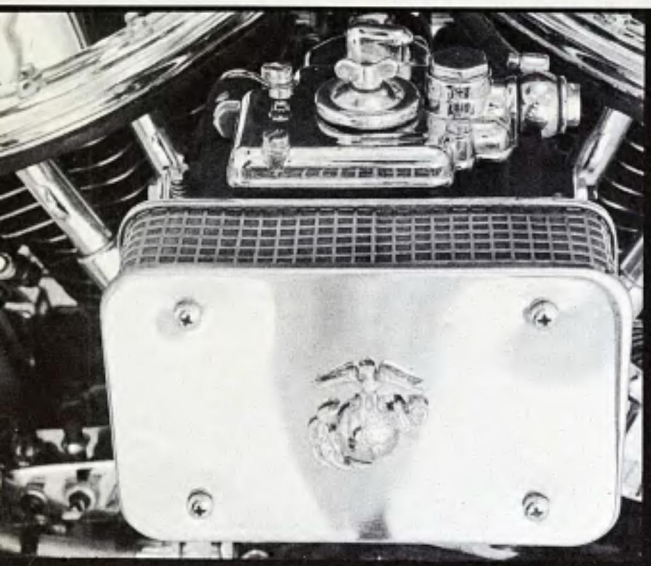


1972. In the States, Jason's scooter was his only means of transportation — the government is not known for its high pay scale, which would allow him the luxury of a cage.

Building a custom panhead on a Marine paycheck is not the easiest thing in the world to do, but doing most of the work yourself and having a couple of close bros who were also into scoots helped a lot. Another thing Jason said he needed was patience. To do something right takes time, and Jason's time was every off-duty hour. Not all his off-duty hours were devoted to his panhead — he also helped out his bros in a sort of communal garage atmosphere. The quality of the handmade parts on this bike exceeds most production aftermarket products. The front end was handmade, using solid square stock; the gas tank started as a cardboard mock-up and then converted to 16-guage sheet metal.







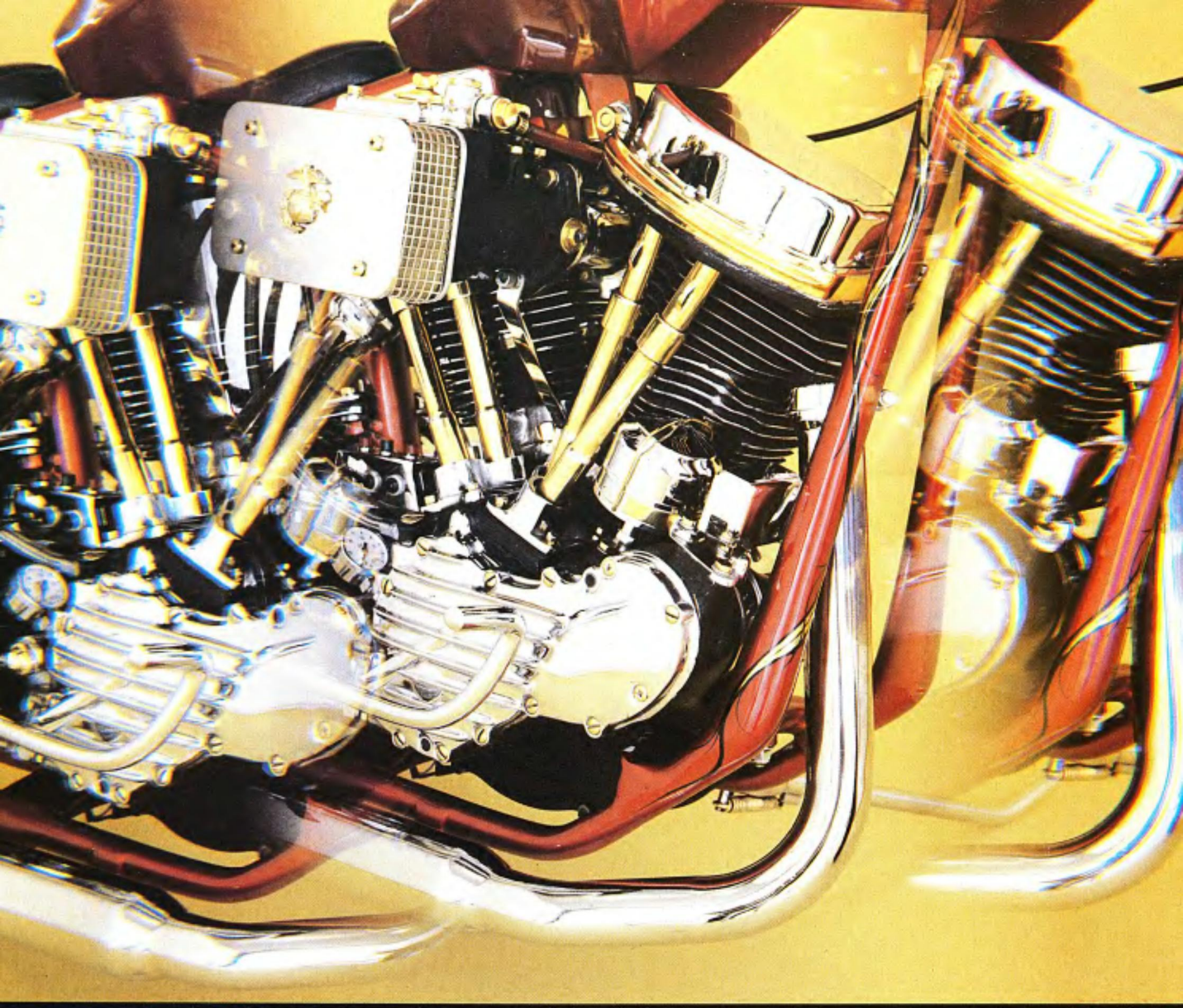
Photos by Pete Chiodo

The handmade parts are what set this scooter apart from the others. The Marine emblems on the air cleaner and mirror remove any doubt as to the owner's branch of service. Jason told me that for a while Harleys weren't allowed on his base in Stockton because the base commander had it out for all H-Ds. Every other make of bike was allowed, except Harley-Davidsons — the Harleys had to be parked outside the gates. Now if that wouldn't drive a man crazy, I don't know what would. This commander must have been something else to make all Harley owners leave their scooters outside the base, exposed to people who don't work for a living.

But ya gotta admit, thirteen years of owning a scooter in the Marines and putting up with the top-brass bullcrap could teach anyone patience and dedication.

—Toad

Owner: Jason Audiss	**City:** Stockton, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Strmiska/owner	Year: 1949	
Year and make: 1949 FL	Builder: H-D	
Model: FL	Type: rigid	
Value: Leo's bar	Rake: 32 degrees plus	
Assembly by: Strmiska/owner	Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 6-yr. enlistment	Other alterations: clean	
Chroming by: Valley Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: owner	
Year: 1953	Risers: none	
Model: FL	Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: Doc's Custom Cycle	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock	Taillight: Doc's Custom Cycle	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: none	
Balancing: Jerry's	Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: borrowed	Electrics: where	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: owner/Strmiska	
Heads: stock	Oil tank: Magnum	
Cam(s): Sifton	Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Carter	Seat: Carmen's	
Air cleaner: K&N	Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Strmiska	Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: square stock solid	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: broken in	Type: springer	
Year: 1949	Extension: 16 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: Strmiska/owner	
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: it works	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Strmiska	Hub: spool	Hub: 49
Painter: Strmiska	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: scarlet/gold USMC	Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer	Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: gold leafing		
Other special modifications: wherever appropriate.		









Lies are cheap when you're out on the street —
Tall tales go for ten cents a pound.
There's the con man's rap, the hipster's crap,
And every bullshit story in town.

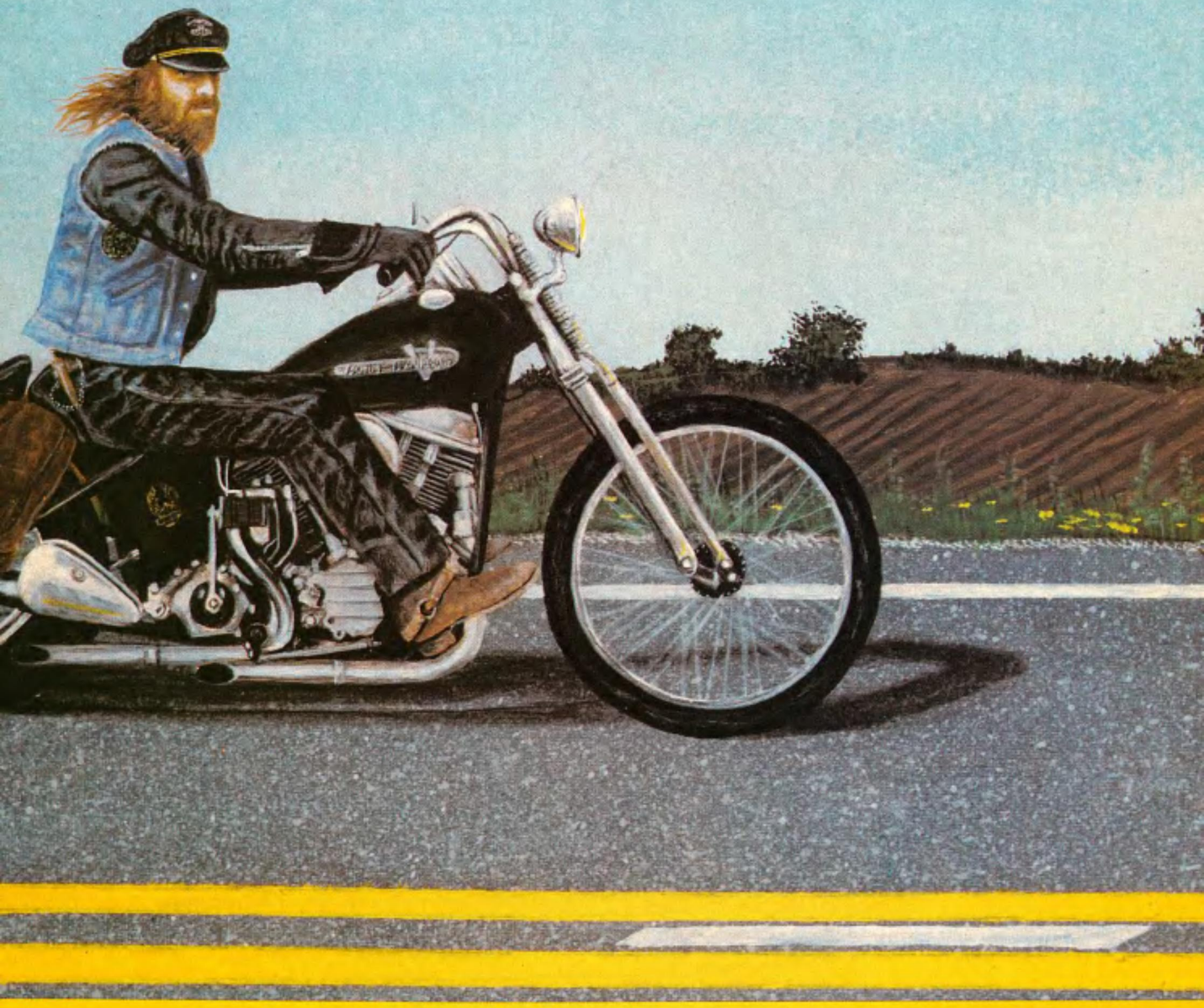
I've heard the yarn of the deserted farm,
Where old Harleys lie under the hay,
And the spicy tale of a chick named Gail,
Who fucked fifty guys in one day.

I've heard about Rick, with his foot-long dick,
And Gina, his big-titted whore,
And how they were shocked when their crotches got locked,
And the cops had to bust down the door.

There's many a story that's bloody and gory,
About the dying and the dead.
But I'll give you my word, the damnedest I've heard,
Is the tale of Billy the Reb.

Wrong-Way Rebel

A Poem by Beauregard P. Texican



Billy hailed from the South and he had a big mouth
That he never knew when to shut.
He'd look right in your eyes and tell you lies,
Like you were a dumbass, ignorant slut.

He spun tall tales about riding the rails,
And badass brawls he'd been in —
He'd punched out dudes' lights in hundreds of fights,
And wallowed in nights full of sin.

The South was the best and fuck all the rest;
He said, when the booze went around.
And when one Yankee turd doubted his word,
Bill scattered his teeth on the ground.

He talked real tough when Yankee Dan called his bluff
In a bar, and Bill couldn't back down.
With a contemptuous leer, Dan guzzled his beer,
And delivered his speech with a frown.

Illustration by James Gross Jr.

"Man, you give me the shits with your cornpone and grits,
An' yer dumbass Dixie dream.
Ya gimme this flak about the South comin' back
An' how rebels like you swim upstream.

"Well, that's all real fine, but it's showdown time —
Time to put up or shut up, I'd say.
So if you're not a fairy and you're *really* contrary,
You can prove that you're bad right away.

"I'll wager my scoot and four grams of toot
That you ain't got the guts of a pup.
Hell, you can get head from my girlfriend in bed,
If you win this bet I've thought up.

"It ain't that far to the Stateline Bar —
Fifty miles down Route Twenty-Two.
And for whatever it's worth, you're on Yankee turf,
And the locals hate rednecks like you.

"Have you got the nerve to not slow down or swerve,
But ride the wrong side of the road?
Will you straddle your pan and ride fast as you can,
Till all of us Yankees are showed?

"Or will you chicken out like a gutless lout,
With no balls to back up your line?
Man, If you go ahead, you'll soon be dead,
In no more than one hour's time."

Billy stared at the spud like you'd look at a bug,
Then spoke in a voice low and flat.
"You're shit outta luck, you dumb Yankee fuck,
And I'll go ya one better than that.

"I got a big rebel flag in my scoot's saddlebag —
That's right, the ol' Stars 'n' Bars.
I'll fly it behind and blow everyone's mind,
Ridin' head-on into the cars."

No, the Stateline Bar ain't all that far,
But it's a hellacious, twistin' trip.
It's hard to steer and somethin' to fear,
And death is the price of a slip.

"There's only one giant and that's Bear Bryant,"
Bill said, with his hand on his heart.
"And I vow by the Bear, up that road I'll tear,
Or Robert E. Lee's a fart."

Billy moved real quick and found a long stick,
And tied the flag to it fast.
Then without any word, he shot Dan the bird,
And gunned down the road in a flash.

The bros rode behind (on the right side of the line),
To make sure that Bill kept the bet.
And they bugged out their eyes in open surprise,
To see the pace that he set.

Bill poured on the gas and really hauled ass,
But he damn near sideswiped a van.
The cage drivers shit, and one had a fit,
When passed by that blur on a pan.

Bill near lost his nerve on one tight blind curve,
'Cause he heard a diesel's whine.
But he dropped down a gear and laughed with a sneer
As the truck swerved out of his line.

It looked like the end when Bill came to a bend,
Headin' dead-on into a bus.
But he got even bolder and veered onto the shoulder,
Then returned to the road with a cuss.

"By a whore's pubic hair, I'm halfway there!"
He yelled and twisted a wick.
"You can bet your boot that dumb Yank's scoot
Will belong to me pretty quick!"

With a rebel yell, like a bat outta hell,
Bill took every curve with a grin.
The border was near and he had no fear,
That the bet he'd very soon win.

One obstacle lay in his path that day:
A tunnel, a mile outta town.
Still keepin' control, Bill plunged into the hole,
While vowin' he'd never go down.

But from 'way deep within there came a great din,
Like the smashin' of metal and glass.
And the bros just behind expected to find
One busted and dead rebel ass.

But their eyes opened wide when from the other side
Popped a trashed-out bike and a man.
The scoot looked like fuck after hittin' a truck —
But one cage won't stop a pan.

The bike looked cruddy and Bill's clothes were bloody,
But the Stateline Bar was close by.
So he goosed it once more and roared on full-bore,
And the flag continued to fly.

Well, the bros all stressed they were really impressed,
When Bill rolled on up to the bar.
And the guys all stood mute as Bill shut off his scoot,
'Cause he looked like he'd been through a war.

Even Yankee Dan reached out his hand
To congratulate Billy the Reb.
But it was real sad — Bill was busted up bad,
And fell on his face, stone dead.

So you can choose — did Bill win or lose,
And do Yankees or Rebels excel?
Ya got me, bro, but one thing I know —
They'll settle that bet down in hell. ■



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.

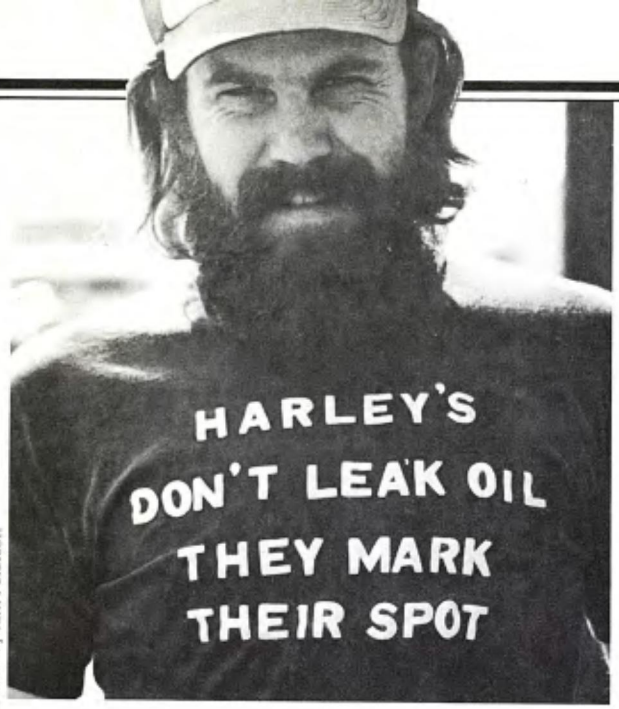


Photo by Kim Peterson

The Oil-Drip Blues

I got them blues,
I got the oil-drip blues,
On the bottom of my shoes.
Blew my head gasket, too!

Yeah, I got them blues,
Got nothin' to lose,
I done paid my dues.
Still got the oil-drip blues!

Yes, I've got them blues,
From my Hog, oil does ooze.
Ninety-weight I did use —
Still smokes when I cruise.

Got them oil-drip blues,
Ain't got no good news.
Can't get no cooze
With the O.D. blues.

Been to the Brea pit
Checking petroleum shit
For the year 2002.
Yeah, I got the oil-drip blues.

Traditional biker blues by Juicehead Jones





Photos by Jake

Can You Believe It? An Oil-Pump Tech Tip!

With all the years that H-D has been pumping out big twins, and with all the great bikin' brains figuring out how to customize, cut down, or clean up that raw material, it seems likely that no single part has escaped the shifty-eyed gaze of some scoot crafter. I mean, you can buy or build everything from close-ratio gears to allen cylinder-head bolts to single-loop frames.

But what about the lowly ol' shovelhead oil pump? Sure, you can polish the sucker, maybe slap on an oil pressure gauge, or adapt it up to a panhead if you're really serious. But to a detail freak like me that was no answer. There had to be a trip that would improve the fucker and bend bros' brains. Well, recently I found it. This is an oil pump mod that not only looks good, but also is good for your scoot.

The routine goes like this. Sittin' on top of the shovelhead pump are two large slot-headed screws. Normally they do the job just fine, but, after umpteen rebuilds, the slot heads tend to get chewed up because it is unusual to have a screwdriver on hand that's big enough to fit the slots precisely. And the worse the slots get, the harder it is to torque the screws down, making oil seepage a possibility, particularly when the engine is cold and pressures are higher.

It turns out that an east coast bro (Dave Perewitz of Cycle Fab in Brockton, Mass.) made a setup that converts these oil-pump screws to socket heads, and a matching item for the nearby crankcase screw ('70 and up engines) to boot. It consists of the three screws (counter-bored to accept the internal spring), plus the necessary O-rings and washer.

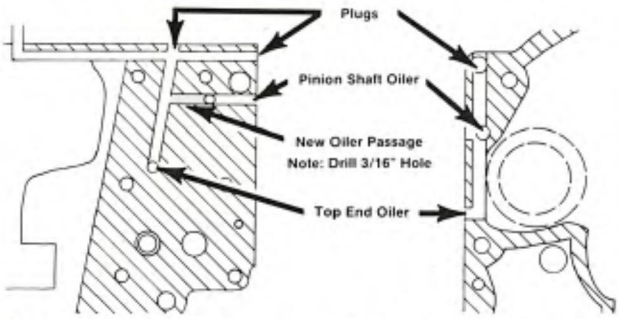
The longest fastener replaces the topmost oil-pump screw; it is assembled with the original brass washer beneath the thick retaining disc. The two remaining screws are fitted with the O-ring supplied. One has a slightly lower head, making it easier to fit underneath the crankcase oil-line fitting. Dave suggested wrenching it in with a Bondhus ball driver, which allows you to tighten it down on an angle. The other two fasteners can be put in with a regular socket driver. For added insurance against loosening or leaking, thread-sealing or locking compound, like Loctite pipe sealant or Vibratite, is suggested, but it isn't mandatory.

The result is an oil pump that even a detail freak won't snivel about, and three screws that can be accurately torqued from now until kingdom come. And the good news is that the bro who made these fuckers has a few extras kicking around, if you'd like to do the same.

—Mystery Man

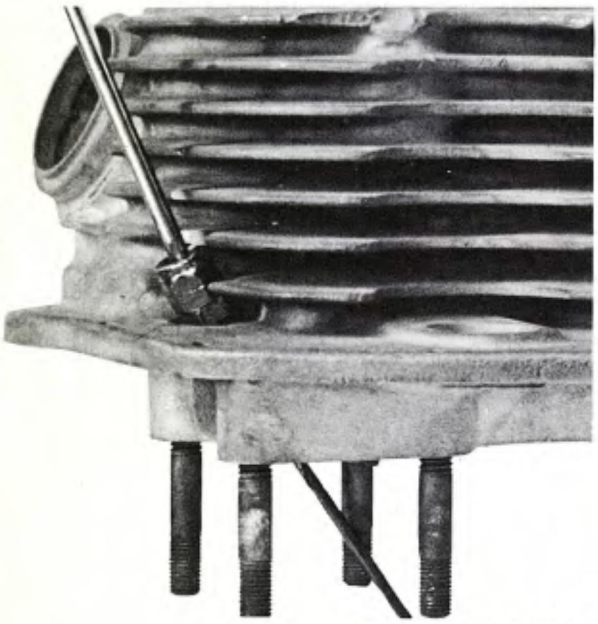
Shovel Pumps For Pans

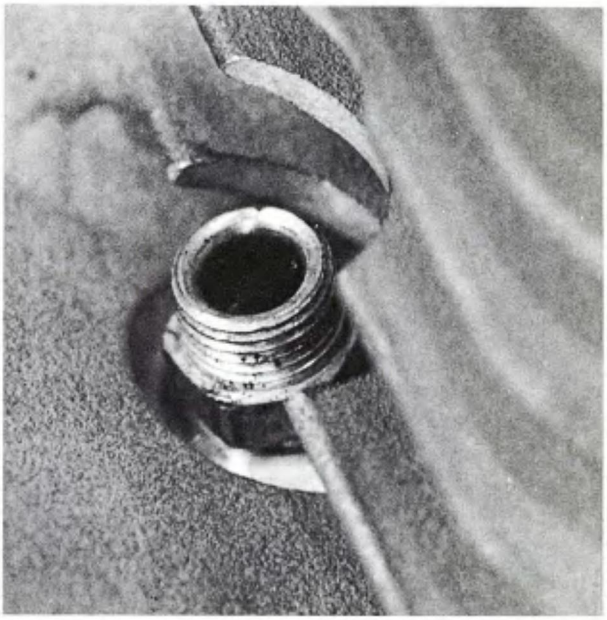
Panhead owners who want to update their engines by installing later-model oil pumps have run into some problems in getting oil to the top end, mainly on the big-twin engines from 1948-1954. The problem is the lack of an oil passageway from the pump body to the oil passageway drilled into the engine case for the top end. The engine cases have two oil holes, one for the top end, one for the pinion shaft. The later-model pumps have only one oil passageway that matches the engine case oil passage. The one passageway that lines up on both the pump and engine is for the pinion shaft. The easy solution to this problem is to connect the two oil passageways in the engine case so that the one oil hole coming from the oil pump will feed both the top end and the pinion shaft.



The process for connecting these two oil passageways is easy. All you have to do is drill through the engine case from the timing cover-gasket area, using the existing hole as a guide to the oil passageway to the top end (see drawing). This could take ten minutes tops, and could be done with a hand drill. But the whole trick to this operation is that you have to disassemble the entire engine to clean the metal shavings from the oil passageways. When cleaning the engine case, be sure to use plenty of cleaning fluid and *air*. There is nothing an engine hates worse than a stray metal chip. I'd like to thank Andy Hanson from H.E.S. for this tech tip.

—Wrench





Photos by Frank

Fresh Oil For Panheads

This tech tip should be of some interest to you big-twin owners who own panheads from 1948-1965. Andy Hanson called and told us that he had a cure for getting oil to panhead top ends. I didn't know there was a problem with this, so I swung by his shop. He was building a big-inch engine for one of his customers and the heads had to be cut out to fit on the larger cylinders. After he cut out the heads, the oil-feed hole was too close to the compression lip, so Andy closed off the oil-feed hole in the head gasket surface and re-drilled it from the rocker arm mounting surface to make it exit between the barrels and behind the carb (see drawing).

Andy then put the head in a mill on a specially-designed jig and faced off the head where the oil hole had come out. After the head had clearance for a fitting, the new oil hole was drilled and tapped for 1/8 pipe. Any type of oil-line fitting can be used. When the engine is assembled, both heads are fed from a fitting on the timing cover, like on a knucklehead. The advantages are obvious if you are installing a set of big-bore cylinders; but if you're interested in better oil flow to the head at a cooler temperature, this is the way to go. Oil can get pretty hot as it flows through a cast iron cylinder. Andy said this operation can be done at home on a drill press — or Andy will do both heads for thirty bucks, if you send him the bare heads. You can contact Andy at H.E.S., Box 66294, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.

—Wrench

DOWNTIME

By Bomber

The Austin Animal is wallowing deep in a cave of self-pity these days, licking his wounds like a beat tom cat. The backlash from his March "Downtime" column is coming back to haunt him, like the '49ers haunt the Cowboys. He's found out that he isn't dealing with a deaf, blind, and unresponsive audience.

I too, apparently, am one of the "misguided wretches," that has been "raised on Mickey Mouse bands like AC/DC, Foreigner, and Journey." You're fulla shit, Animal. We just like to rock. Something you Texans musta missed while waving Confederate flags. We like energy that is not faked — full-on power. You got too broad in your hatred. Anyway, here's to bands that like to turn it up. Sorry if it seems like I'm kickin' a bro while he's down — but what the hell, he's an easy mark and so close to my feet. Plus, maybe a little boot dance will wake him up. He ain't a bad guy, just stubborn. That's native to his homeland.

Shine that, let's get on with it. Given a couple days off a while back, I hit it to Oregon to visit a 45-ridin' bro. Trapped in a cage, due to snow, I had enough tapes to rock the nation, while tryin' not to think about the righteous puttin' that would be here in a couple of months. Sound that was ten years old was bangin' off the cage's walls. Stuff I hadn't heard or thought about since its original purchase rattled through my brain. Hard-drivin' music like **Master Of Reality** and **Paranoid** from Black Sabbath, **Force It** from UFO, and a late seventies debut album from (you'll love this, Animal) Foreigner, got us through the rain.

The music came on like a rush of deja vu, mixed in with a little sinsemilla. It got us thinkin' and wonderin' what these groups were about now. Seems like you can miss a lot of what's happening due to the avalanche of product. The sheer quality of available music gets lost in the quantity. It gets to be a financial burden to keep up with the rock times. Especially these days, much less five or eight years ago when records were "cheap."

After gettin' back from Oregon, I made it my duty to check into the whereabouts of Sabbath, UFO, and Foreigner. I might just as well have turned my paycheck over to the dude at the record store. The groups in question have been at it hot an' heavy over the past five years.

Startin' off with Black Sabbath, they are still a working group, but with a slightly different lineup. That heavy metal band has splintered. They're rockin' hard as ever, but with a different singer. The old one is off on his own trip now, and boy is it a bizarre one. Remember Ozzy Osbourne, famous for running around the stage at Sabbath concerts, arms waving, fingers in a Nixon-like peace sign, egging on the audience? Today his enthusiasm is no less, his methods more shuddering.

The former John Osbourne from England's northeast sector is on a publicity roll that may end with his pissing on the White House steps. At least that's what he says his goal is. That after he has pissed in a record executive's carafe of wine, bitten off the heads of bats and doves, gotten rabies, and, even pissed on the walls of The Alamo. That really fired up the Animal, by the way. He vowed, "If that little asshole comes around me, he'll be gummin' the necks off bats."

Well, like they say, all's fair in love and war and rock and roll promotion. But this time I think he's gonna realize some people, us Americans for example, don't take kindly to foreigners acting disrespectful to our country, even if it's only Texas.

Ozzy's thing these days is his new album, **Diary Of A Madman.** He's tryin' like hell to promote the sucker with off-the-wall stunts, when he oughtta cut out the crap and let the music sell itself. I bought it without knowin' he was a bat eater. He claims he's deranged. Just plain nuts. He eats tranquilizers all the time, by his own account, and lives the "bizarre life of a lunatic." I'll tell ya, if ya wanna talk about nuts how 'bout Aleister Crowley. Just your basic devil-worshiping fella, who was told by his ma early on in life that if ya screwed up you'd go to hell. So he figured, what the heck, I've already screwed up plenty, what's there to lose? He was into sharpening up his canines and biting into chicks' necks, killing at least one that way, and having a remarkable record of dead ex-wives and mistresses who committed suicide. He was into orgies, hiking, his own religion, the occult, drugs, and had the handle of being, "the Wickedest Man In The World." Ozzy's got a long way to go.

But his music's here now, and if you're into loud crushing rock, this is it. Coming on the heels of his first solo album, **Blizzard Of Oz** — a thriller that included one of the best songs of '81, "Crazy Train" — the new one is full of Osbourne's dramatic flare for the dark side of life, the occult. He seems to think we should be captivated by his so-called schizophrenia. In these days ya gotta work.

I think the only thing he's nuts about is makin' bucks. That's a tough shot, but probably not too far off the mark.

"Over The Mountain," about starting his own project, and "Flyin' High Again" are movers on the record, with "Tonight," and "S.A.T.O." bein' the backbone of side two. They are songs about a genuine looney walking the streets. But when I think that it's a drunk Ozzy, it kinda blows the bit.

UFO has always had a tendency to swarm up on ya like a herd of killer bees. Before you can feel the sting, the blood's infected. Their own brand of rock venom comes from "Let It Roll," "Shoot Shoot," and "This Kid's" from 1975s **Force It** offering, their first on a major label after nearly getting sunk with a Japanese one. When first heard six years ago, it was a sound that showed potential but never made it with the all-important DJs till 1977 when **Lights Out** knocked their ears off.

In '82 UFO is still coming in from the outer limits with the just released **Mechanix** lp. It is brash, hard-edged music that begs to be played loud! Especially the leader of the pack, "The Writer," with the, "if you trust me you know you're gonna lose" line about self-serving journalists.

Guess they musta been burned by the media once. The open-end wrench-guitar of the cover suggests work, and that's what they do. "Somethin' Else" gets down behind longtime member Phil Mogg's dynamic vocals, with originator Pete Way on bass, Andy Parker on drums, and Paul Chapman on guitar. Chapman has taken over for Michael Schenker, a German, who was with the group up to 1979. There's no time to stop as only one song slows down the pace, and it ain't a bad one, "Back Into My Life." Glad this band's back into mine.

Foreigner seems to pick up a sidecar worth of crap from critics, Animal not withstanding. Who knows why? They sell like bottled water in the Sahara.

Foreigner 4 is much like their previous three albums, some red-hot singles, a couple slow love songs, and a sleeper. This one's highlights are "Night Life," "Juke Box Hero," "Urgent," Woman In Black," and "Don't Look Back." "Hero" is the one with the most feeling for their own situation of having to keep cranking out the hits, after just being satisfied with having a band that was working.

Alley from *Iron Horse* saw 'em and was impressed. He's a southern boy raised on rock, and he says, after checkin' 'em live, that it was "one of the best bands and concerts (he's ever seen) since .38 Special." He called it love-song rock 'n' roll. Whatever it is, it makes ya move. ■



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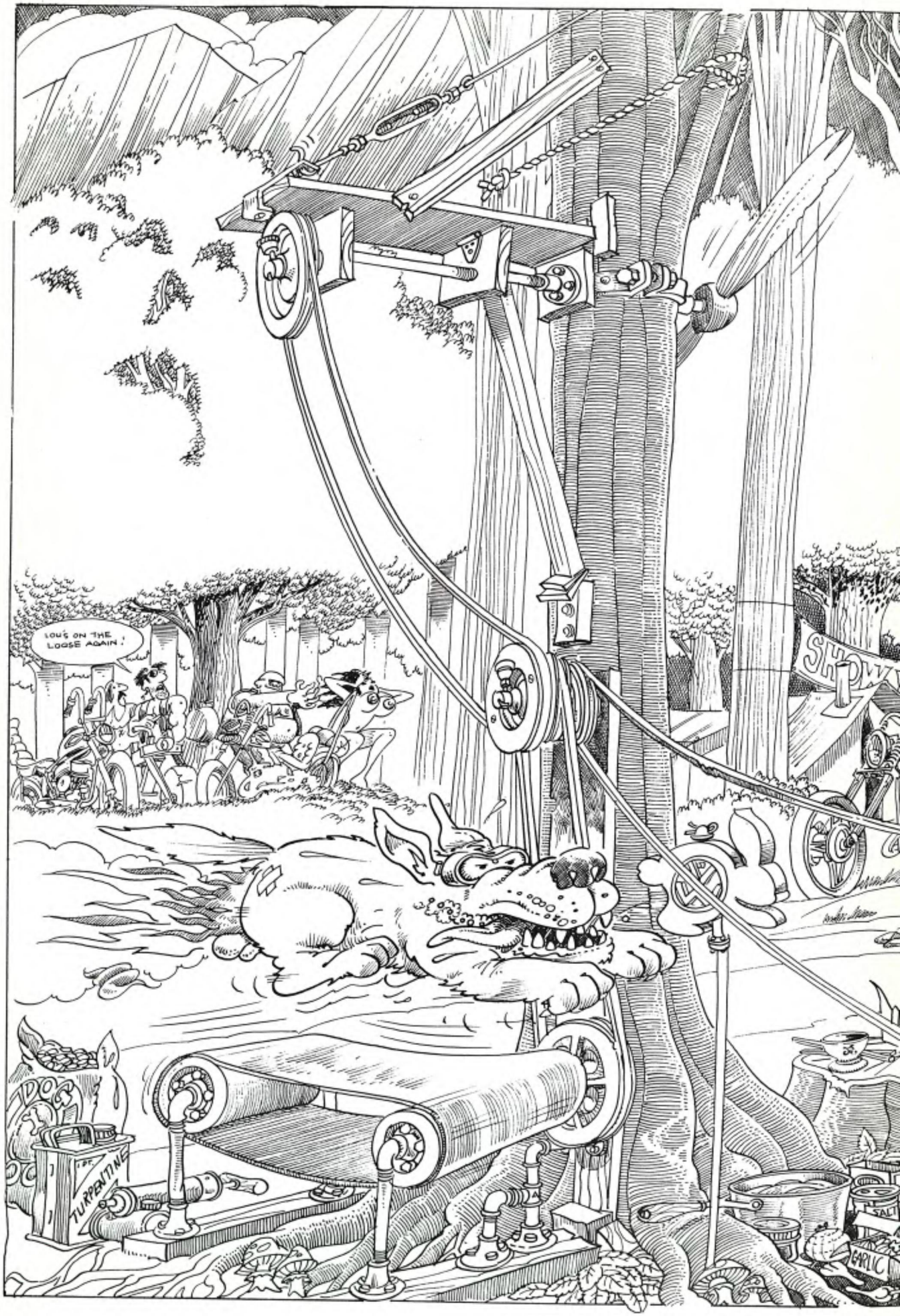
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LOU'S ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!
TURPENTINE
GARLIC

PIG OUT!

Put your dog to work! (The animal one)

Summer is fast approaching, and with it thoughts of beer busts, hard-bellied girls, fish fries, yummies, pork roasts, sweeties, and all that other good clean outdoor fun and games. The other day, Spider and I were rapping about all the good times starting up, all the runs we were planning to attend, all the good food we were going to consume, all the hard bellies we were going to poke — or was that all the hard bellies we were going to eat, and all the porkers we are going to poke? Anyway, he said, " Why don't we ride out to Hesperia, visit Jerry, and get some tips on how to cook that porker that he's fattening up for us?"

The town of Hesperia is in the high southern California desert, and its main claim to fame, besides all the played-out gold mines, is the Roy Rogers Museum, which houses (believe it or not) the celluloid cowboy's stuffed horse, Trigger. No shit, ol' Roy had him stuffed. There's a story in there somewhere, but for now we will concentrate on how to cook pork.

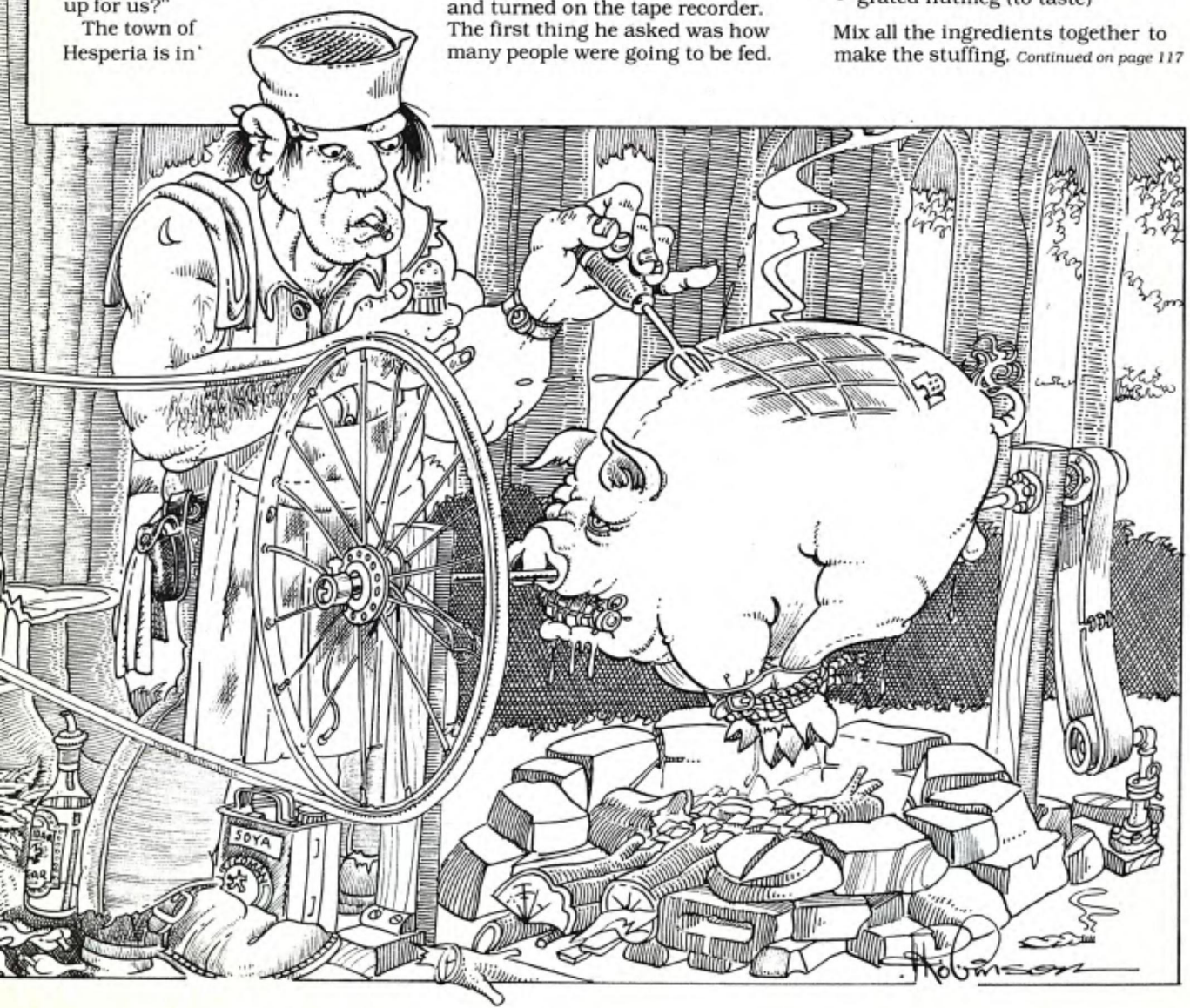
Jerry's a part-time rancher, part-time prospector, and part-time cook. We haven't figured out which he enjoys the most, but we do know that he is an excellent cook. We sat down at his kitchen table, popped the tops on a couple of brews, lit up some Hi-Y that was going around, and turned on the tape recorder. The first thing he asked was how many people were going to be fed.

"Let's start with an even dozen and then work up to fifty or sixty people," Spider said.

To serve 8 to 12 people get these ingredients:

- A 12-to-15-pound young porker
- 1/2 gallon olive oil
- 7 tablespoons of finely chopped, blanched fresh sage leaves (substitute pot for sage as desired)
- 5 large onions (2 lbs.)
- 1 lb. finely chopped beef suet
- 3 eggs beaten
- 4 cups of white bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup flour
- salt and ground pepper (to taste)
- mixed spice (to taste)
- grated nutmeg (to taste)

Mix all the ingredients together to make the stuffing. *Continued on page 117*





Baby Lives Again

We've all heard the story about the army 45s still in the crates and being sold for fifty dollars, and probably the one about the old "square tanker" that's been in someone's barn for twenty years. If you're like me, you've chased down all the leads, only to find dead ends.

When Joe Landers came to work and told me about an old H-D rotting in a barn near Paso Robles, California, I knew that come Saturday, I'd be on the road again. Old Mervile Tucker had passed away and his widow intended to sell the bike that he'd bought back in the twenties.

It was the afternoon of November 5 when we rolled into that little town in California, Shandon II. As we turned down Second Street, the old house and barn came into view. My expectations soared. There in the barn, under twenty-two years of dust, was the remains of an old square tanker, thoroughly thrashed and broken, worn out and forgotten. This was fine old iron in my head, but she left doubtful looks on the faces of everyone else. Without a second thought, I bought her and hauled her home.

After cleaning the carburetor, magneto, oil, and plugs, and removing ten peach pits from the air cleaner, I gave her fresh oil and gas and she was ready. On the third hitch, those straight pipes started breathing fire and spitting thunder. The garage windows were rattling and oil was pumping from the cracked cases, but to me it was the best fuckin' sound in the world.

My hopes for an old original weren't exactly realized. The old natural-rubber clincher tires were rotted right off the rims. The tanks were beyond repair. But by pulling my own resources together, and with the help of some friends, I could put my baby on the road again. I've repaired many a frame myself, and Gypsy could weld the aluminum engine cases. I could do the sand blasting, Jim Gunter said he'd do a black Imron paint job, and Jim Pearson would do the gold leaf. As for the rest, well that's what swap meets are for.

It's been five months getting to this first stage of reconstruction, but after many years of neglect, Baby lives again!

—Fast Jack



Photo by Jean Klycum



Photos by Wino Joe



IT'S TIME YOU VIEWED THE SPORTSTER

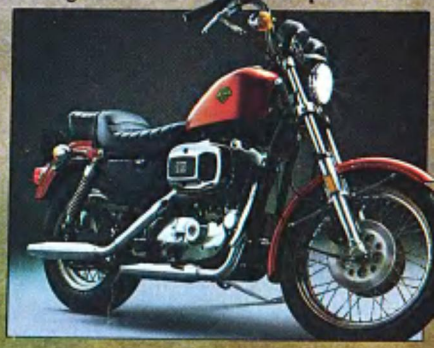
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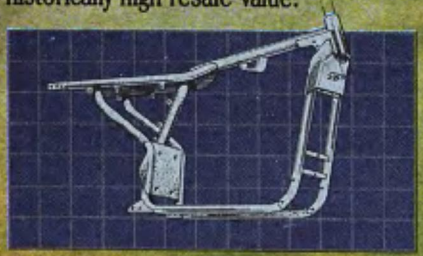


We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. and recommend you wear a helmet while riding.
Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.



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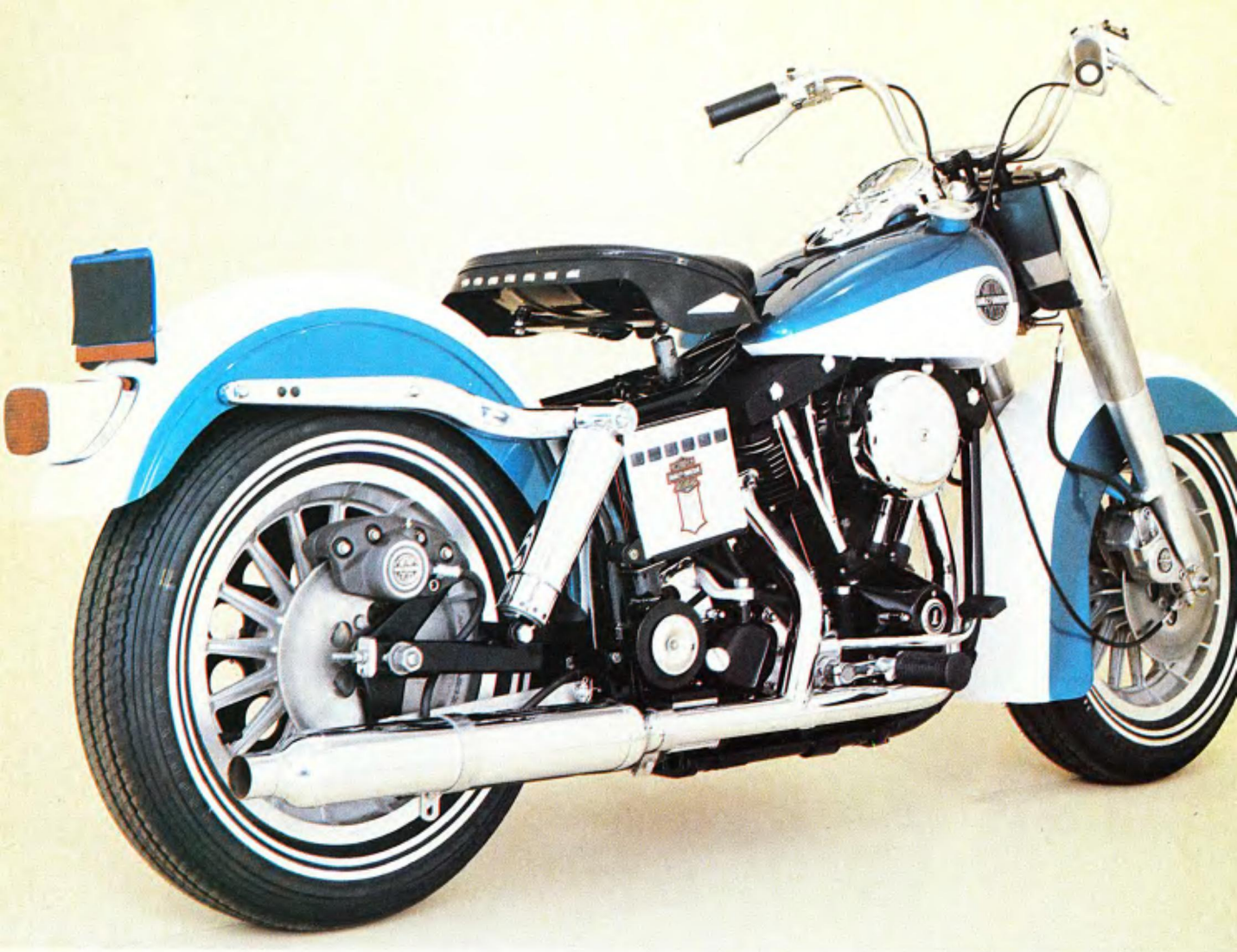
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No, It's Not A '58 Pan!



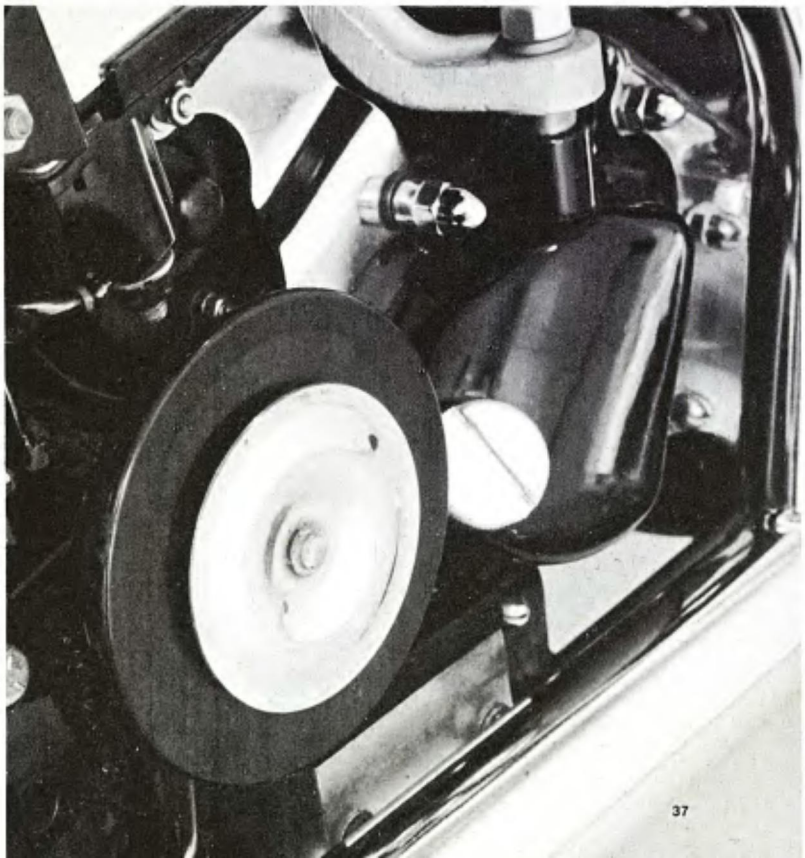


While puttin' in to work today on my mid-fifties rigid pan, wincing at my achin' left foot that had been taking a beating from the unique, twisted, hunk-a-shit rod gear shift, I caught myself in a day-dream of comfort. What would it be like to be smoothly jammin' instead of bouncin' an' grindin'?









Ya mighta figured me for a rat rider, an' proudly, I am. See, I just can't get too worked up about the new plastic bein' palmed off as American motorcycles. Sure, they are better than rice, but when you've lived and ridden the best, it's hard to update into today's so-called state-of-the-art machinary. It don't do it for me.

Shortly after I shut her down an' dismounted, bro Wrench strolled up. Puffin' on a stogie, he handed me the assignment envelope containing flicks and information for a feature bike. He explained the situation briefly. Mel Ortner, the owner and builder, designed his own version of the belt-driven Sturgis — with a wrinkle. It was to be based on a 1958 panhead.

Zap! The coincidence baffled me. This is precisely what I'd hallucinated earlier.

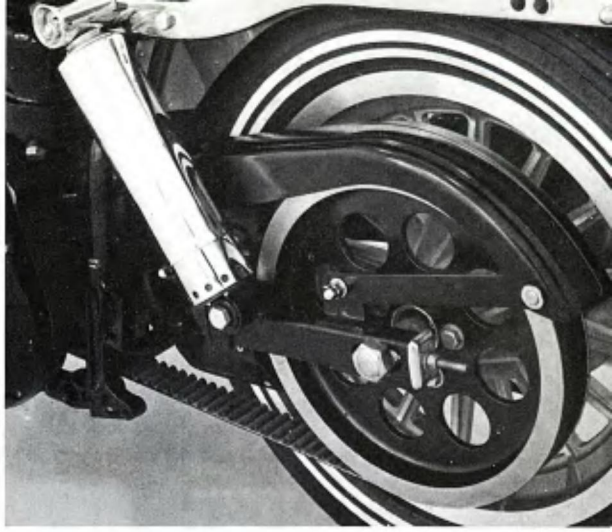
Mel had taken the best points of the Sturgis model and one-upped it. He started last year with a 1980 FXB motor. Then made the rounds





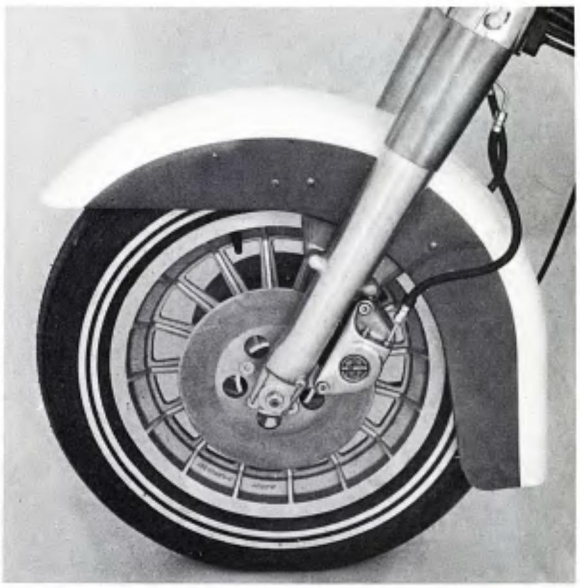

MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES





Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Mel Ortner	**City:** Ojai, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1979	
Year and make: 1981 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: Sturgis	Type: FLH	
Value: $9,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Steve Allstaedt	Stretch: stock	
Time: 60 hours	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: H-D	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: FXS	
Year: 1980	Risers: early FLH	
Model: FXB	Fender(s): FLH and FXB	
Rebuilder: original	Headlight: Motorcycle Goodies	
Ignition: stock	Taillight: FXB painted white	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.	Speedo: Paramount speedometer	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: FXB	
Balancing: stock	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: cast aluminum	Electrics: custom-made harness	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: FXB	
Heads: alloy	Oil tank: FLH	
Cam(s): FXB	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: FXB	
Carb(s): Keihin	Seat: Harley solo	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang	Sissybar: stock fender rails	
Pipes: H-D police model	Height: long	
Muffler(s): H-D police model	Material: Harley steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: 1981 FLT	
Year: 1980	Extension: none	
Shifting: FXB	Builder: H-D, Ventura	
Engine sprocket: belt	Special features: original 1958 Hydra-glide	
Trans sprocket: belt	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: belt	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: G&S Auto Body, Santa Clara	Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: 1958 H-D; hi-fi turquoise	Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer	Brake: FLT dual disc	Brake: FXB
Special paint: 1963 Chevrolet ermine white		
Other special modifications: custom tank decals.		



scrounging up the required parts to complete his dream. That's a helluva parts order. All pieces were purchased separately, then fixed up, painted, an' kept in one room, waiting until everything needed was acquired. Then in that same room, in one glorious, wrench-wielding, sixty-hour period, Mel created, crafted, an' constructed his sled.

Obviously this guy didn't just stumble in from left field. Mel was involved with Harley's original Sturgis test program. That gave him familiarity with the subject. In fact, that's where he got his brainstorm of an idea for his own bike.

The scoot represents Mel's vision of what the Heritage Edition could an' should look like. Equipped with an FLT front end, FXB an' FLH fenders, belt drives, an' white walls, it is a custom blend of the latest H-D technology with gobs of tradition to boot. A fine example of comfort and class.

—Rags

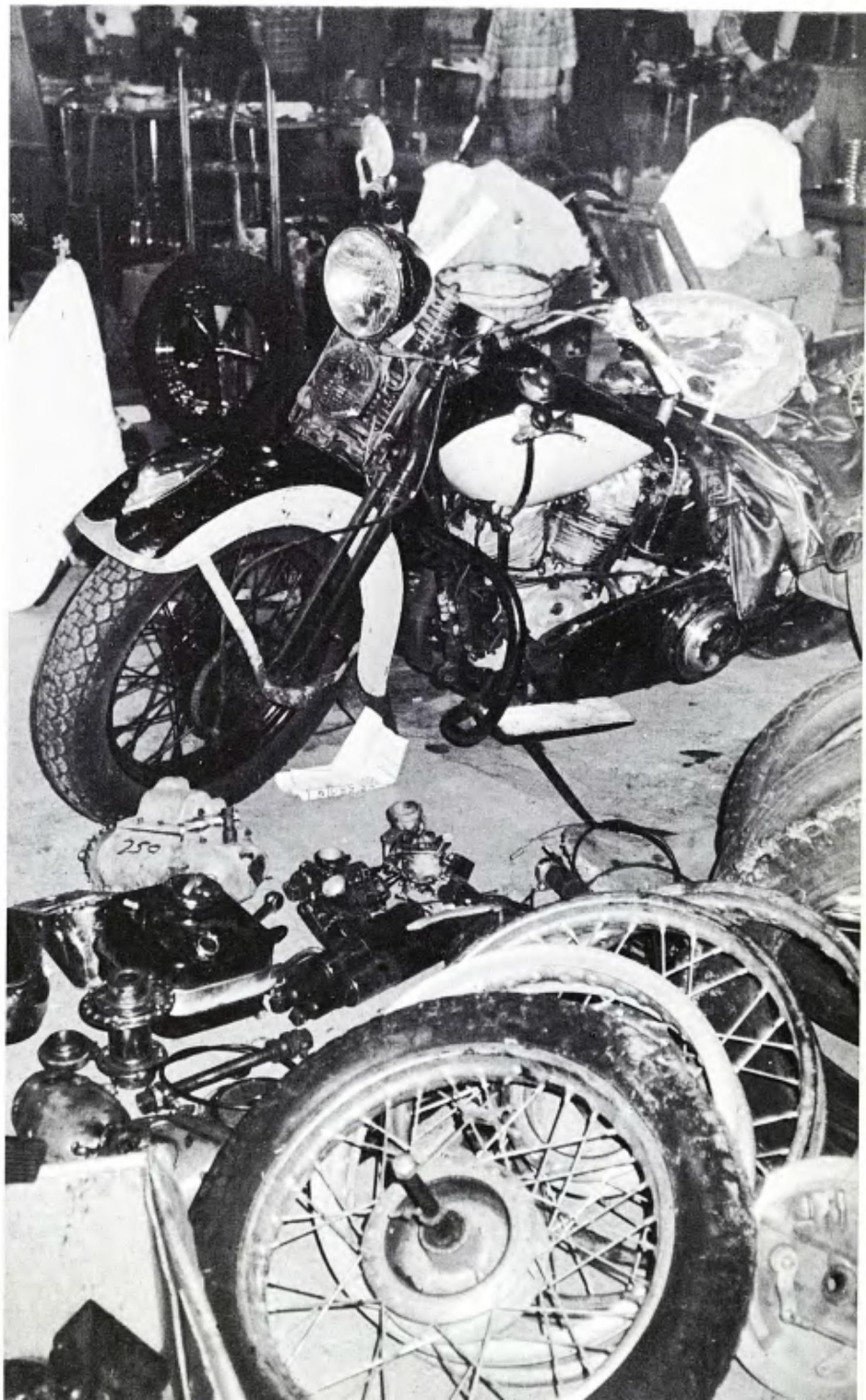






Photos by Kim Peterson



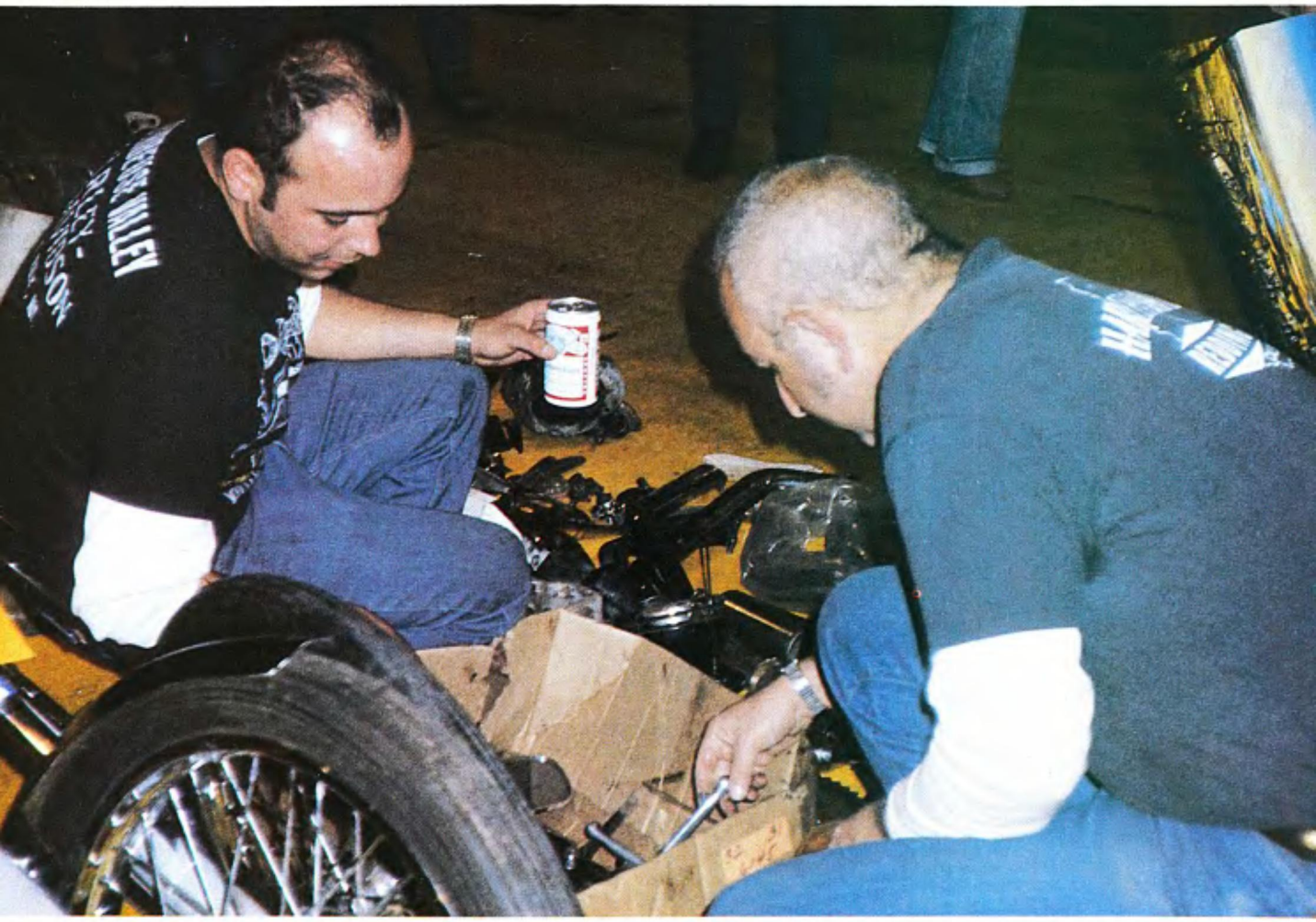


Granddaddy
Of Biker Swap Meets

It was in 1977 when **Easyriders** held the first *motorcycle* swap meet ever. The first meet was held at the Ventura, California, fairgrounds, located right next to the cool shoreline — a welcome relief from the summer heat elsewhere.

It was the first swap meet to be held strictly for scooter people. In addition to all the rare, hard-to-find parts on display for swappin' or sellin' by fellow bikers, we featured a shit-kickin' band, beer, a dance area, tattoo artists, ear-piercing booths, and a nude boobs contest.

At the ticket booth we had a large sign saying, "Leave Your Attitude Outside." We were able to convince the local police that we had our own crowd control and could handle anything that might come down. We also agreed to have a few rent-a-cops, but felt that regular uniformed policemen *Continued on page 114*







GETTING THE MESSAGE TO EVERYONE

Two-hundred-million American are waiting for the word and we're ready to give it to 'em. The Claybrook/Biker TV crusade is over and your contributions, supplemented by our matching funds, have paid for the creation of two thirty-second, professionally-produced public service TV commercials suitable for broadcast anywhere.

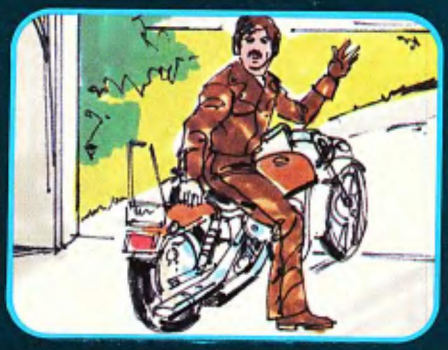
The first spot is called "Let Those Who Ride Decide About Helmets," and features a biker explaining why mandatory helmet laws are unjust and ineffective in preventing bike injuries. The second spot is called "Look Out For Bikers," and is designed to increase cage drivers' awareness of bikers and their rights. Both are, as we promised, available to you on two-inch video tape (used by TV stations everywhere) at cost — $16 apiece including postage and a special protective carton (and can be purchased individually).

Tired of hearing anti-biker propaganda day after day? Now you can do something to counteract it. Order copies of either one or both at one time, and get your local television stations to show 'em **free** as a public service. They must show so many free public service messages to keep their licenses — so talk them into offsetting the bad publicity given to bikers — have them save lives by promoting public awareness of motorcyclists.

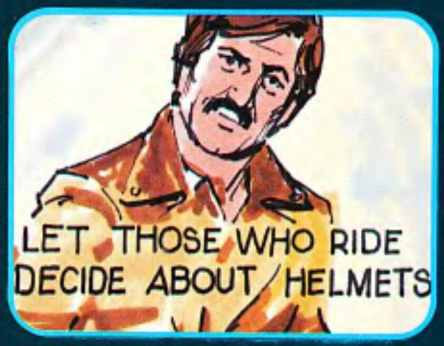
LET THOSE WHO RIDE DECIDE ABOUT HELMETS



BIKER (Voice Over)
You didn't buckle up. Were you against seat belt laws?
WOMAN
You bet. I know when to wear seat belts. I don't need to be told.

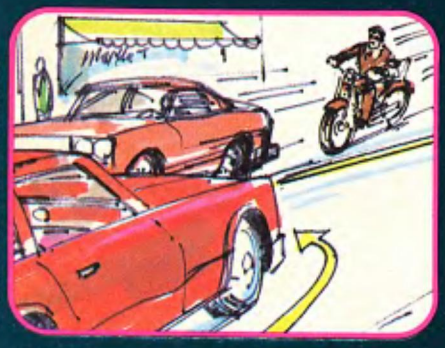


BIKER
That's why I'm against a mandatory helmet law. I have a helmet. I just don't want to be told when to wear it.
Instead of states pushing for ineffective helmet laws, we should support stricter licensing and public awareness programs. . .

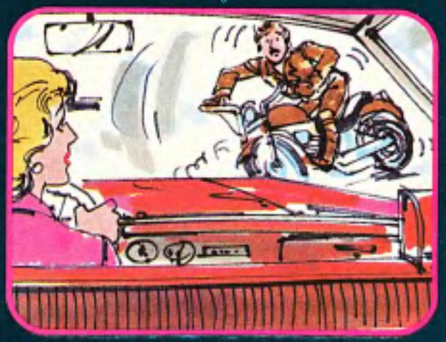


BIKER
And let those who ride decide. . .about helmets.

LOOK OUT FOR BIKERS



BIKER (V.O.)
To most drivers bikes are "Unfamiliar Objects."



BIKER (V.O.)
They may look right at the biker and still do this.
Sixty-five percent of all motorcycle/car accidents are caused by the so-called "innocent" driver. . .



MOTHER
But, officer, I didn't see him.
Safety is everyone's responsibility. So, drivers, wake up and look out for bikers.

Storyboards by Ardel Reed Productions

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

☐ Anti-helmet law spot
30-second commercial

☐ Look out for bikers spot
30-second awareness commercial

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make check or money order for $16 for **each** 30-second commercial payable to *Easyriders* Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

Lidless biker walks away

Cagers killed in collision with bike

A high-speed collision between two cars and a motorcycle in Falcon, Colorado, resulted in the death of both cage drivers, one from massive head injuries. The helmetless biker involved in the wreck walked away from the accident with minor facial cuts and a broken wrist.

According to police, a car driven by Ragnar Barhaugh skidded into the wrong lane on U.S. 24 and ploughed into a pickup driven by Roy Dickson. Motorcyclist L.M. Turner, running right behind Dickson, was unable to avoid the wrecked cages and ran straight-on into them.

"There was a hell of an impact," state trooper Jim Clementi reported. "The car was going between 60 and 65 and the motorcycle and pickup were both doing between 50 and 55 when they hit."

Witnesses noted that the entire right side of Barhaugh's Datsun was caved in. Barhaugh was found completely turned around, facing the back of the vehicle. Officials said he died instantly of massive head injuries. The front of the pickup was reportedly crushed like a compacted beer can. Dickson was found inside, dead of chest injuries. A passenger in Dickson's pickup, Mabel Reeves, was taken to a local hospital in critical condition.

National
THE RIGHT TO DECIDE
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
Abate
Easyriews

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

Colorado may ease new drug law

Legislator changes mind

The legislator responsible for those tough new Colorado drug laws we warned you about several months ago has announced plans to introduce a bill slightly de-escalating her war on pot.

According to Rep. Kathy Spelts, R-Littleton, she is willing to back a proposal to make possession of between an ounce and a half-pound of weed a misdemeanor because police officials aren't paying any attention to the law she pushed through raising the offense to a felony.

"I would just as soon have left the law the way it was," Spelts said. "But to have something in the law that is going to be disrespected is nonsense. Law enforcement officials haven't taken the new provisions seriously. The police say they won't arrest, and prosecutors say they won't file charges."

Under the law passed last year, possession of more than an ounce of weed changed from a misdemeanor carrying a maximum penalty of a year in jail and a $500 fine, to a felony punishable by a prison term of one to two years. Possession of under an ounce of smoke in Colorado is a petty offense punishable only by a fine.

Spelts said her new bill would change possession of one to eight ounces of dope back to a misdemeanor. Possession of more than eight ounces will remain a felony under the proposal.

"We might as well have a law that's practical," Spelts said.

Giving the shirt off his back



Photo by S. Kakol

It was to be a simple charity run to help kidney patients at a hospital in Cambridge, England. Participants in the run were to find sponsors who would donate a certain amount of money for each mile their rider traveled. Enter Stephen Kakol, a biker and former patient at the hospital — where his life had been saved by a kidney transplant. Telling his story to sympathetic bobbies (that's cops, folks), Stephen had little difficulty in getting a few of Britain's finest to sponsor him in the run. Imagine their surprise when the day of the run arrived and they got their first look at their man's riding suit. After everything had calmed down, Stephen received a two-year suspended sentence for "insulting behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace," and the hospital received about $3,000 in donations.

The Pentagon gets the idea (sort of)

The Pentagon is finally getting the word about the advantages of two-wheel over four-wheel transportation but, unfortunately, the major financial beneficiaries seem to be foreign manufacturers.

The Marine Corps, for example, recently placed an order for 204 Bombardier 250cc Enduro military model motorcycles for use by couriers in combat zones.

Ready-to-go, with full oil and gas tanks, the on-and-off-road bikes — which come equipped with special camouflage and blackout equipment — weigh less than 300 lbs. and amble along at up to 65mph. Maximum range on a tank of gas is reported to be 125 miles.

Meanwhile, the Army, under a "test bed" program designed to study the feasibility of putting easily available consumer equipment to military use, is testing a fleet of Honda two- and three-wheelers for use by the Signal Corps.

The cycles, currently being tested by the 9th Signal Battalion of the 9th Infantry Division at Fort Lewis, Washington, are off-the-shelf Honda off-road models. The bikes are 250cc motocross models, and the trikes are the popular 200cc Honda wide-tired ATCs (all-terrain cycles). One of the ATCs has been modified by the Army for use as a wire-stringing vehicle.

"The bikes are lightweight, they can be easily transported by air, and they are cheaper to operate and buy than a Jeep," Major Jim Mellon, battalion operations officer, told the press.

Airborne rangers at Fort Hood, Texas, were also reported testing some Hondas for use by reconnaissance patrols.

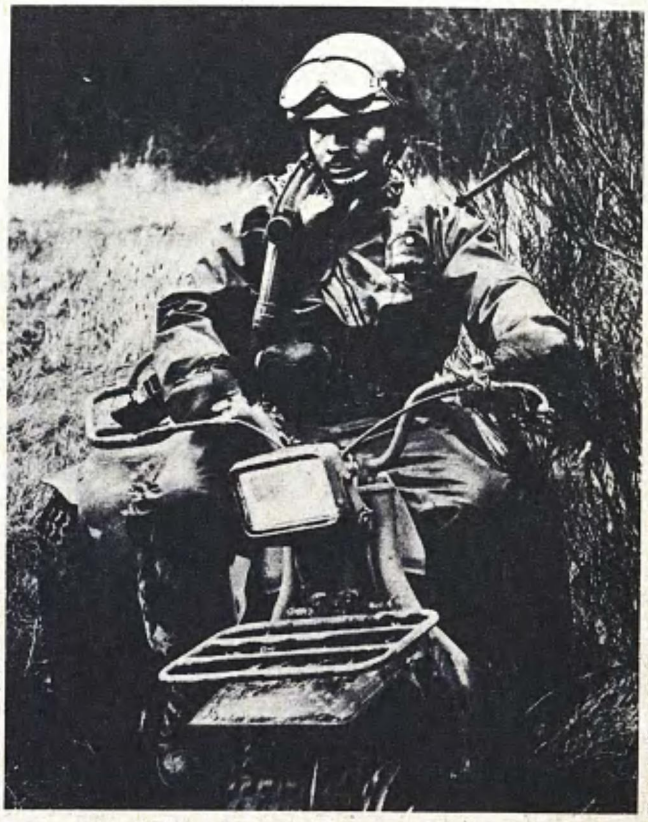


Photo by Daniel P. Brennan/AMF Pokeno

More small Harley news

Last month we reported that Harley-Davidson has been secretly testing a new prototype Hog at Alabama's Talledaga Speedway. Since then, more news — rumor, actually — has been trickling out about the mystery machine.

According to sources close to the Speedway, the new Harley features a V-4, 1,000cc engine built, not in the Harley engine plant at York, Pa., but by Porsche at their auto plant in Stuttgart, Germany.

Though the engine on the bike tested in Alabama was covered with oversize shrouds to protect it from prying eyes, insiders report that the Porsche mill features fuel injection and can easily be bored out to a larger configuration.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Lightning can't kill this bro

"I was unbelievably lucky," said rider Gordon Shepard after surviving a freeway shootout with a lightning bolt. "There were three ways I could have died — from the lightning, from the fall, or from other cars running over me. The lightning was so hot it melted a stainless steel chain I was wearing and the keys in my pants pocket."

According to witnesses Shepard was booking down Interstate 75 near his hometown of Linwood, Michigan, when the lightning struck him and sent his body soaring off his bike and up in the air.

"There was a doctor who saw it and stopped to help," said Shepard, who was so 'shocked' by the accident he couldn't remember anything about it until after he had been in the hospital several days. "The lightning knocked my shoes off, and my socks were still smoldering when they came over to help me. People who saw what happened told my wife that I looked like a rag doll blown into the air," he added. "The bike continued down the highway for half a mile. The more I heard about it, the luckier I knew I had been."

Anti-biker bias in Britain denied

The British Department of Transportation has denied charges that it is systematically discriminating against and persecuting motorcycle riders.

"No one here wants to persecute them and no one here believes we have been unfair in our treatment," Kevin Clarke, undersecretary of state for transport, told the press. Clarke vociferously denied that the government has any plans to force riders to wear high-visibility clothes, require lights-on riding during daylight and restrict the engine size of high-performance bikes.

Protests about the government's alleged hostility to bikers surfaced after the passage of a measure making it illegal for learners to ride bikes any bigger than 125cc.

U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

[1] Under 19, [2] Under 18, [3] Required even if bike has windscreen, [4] Helmet must be reflectorized, [5] Helmet for both rider and passenger, [6] Lights on if bike is made after 1977, [7] Required for speeds above 35 mph, [8] Bikes of 1970 or newer, [9] If over 21, [10] If over 16, [11] Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold.

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.



A bill being considered by the Arizona Senate Transportation Committee would extend the state's 55-mile-per-hour speed limit until July 1, 1984, or until the feds remove their sanctions against non-compliance... a Canadian study shows that a greater percentage of bike riders have university degrees and earn more than $30,000 a year than their non-riding counterparts.

ABATE of Pennsylvania will hold its Second Annual Swap Meet on May 8 and 9 at the Crawford County Fairgrounds in Meadville. For info write: Swap Meet, Box 5, Saegertown, Pa. 16433. . .Well-organized opposition from bikers has been credited with killing an attempt to reinstate a mandatory helmet law in Indiana. The measure died for lack of a second in the Senate Road and Transportation Committee. . . ABATE of New York will sponsor a freedom rally and swap meet May 15, 16, and 17 in Albany. Riders are urged to bring an American flag. Want to get it on? Contact ABATE, Box 815, Albany, N.Y. 12201, or call (518) 463-7384.

Motorcycle fatalities in Iowa fell from 76 to 74 in 1980. Fifty-nine percent of the victims were under 24, and 33 of the fatal accidents involved riders under the influence of booze. . .the Three Flags Classic run from Mexico to Canada has been scheduled to begin September 3. For more info write SCMA/3 Flags Classic, Box 668, Wilmington, Calif. 90748.

ABATE of Green County, Maryland, will stage its Third Annual Muscular Dystrophy Run and Party August 20, 21, and 22 in Morgantown, West Virginia. A 100-mile charity run, live entertainment, and a poker run are among the events planned. Find out more from ABATE of Greene County, Box 266, Waynesburg, Pa. 15370, or call Doug at (412) 966-2747.

The Georgia General Assembly is considering two pieces of legislation affecting bikers. The first would establish a rider-education program in the state and the second would require all cyclists to carry liability insurance. . .And then there was the good-natured gray-haired nurse at the Red Cross Blood Bank in Farmington, Conn. Approaching 18 leathered bros who had just completed getting leeched during a blood run she drew a laugh. "I've got a Honda," she said. "I wonder if anyone would like to ride it?"

Arizona legislators study two bike bills

Arizona legislators are considering a classic good-news/bad-news bill for motorcyclists.

The good news is that the measure, Senate Bill 1097, would prohibit cage drivers from trying to pass bikes in the same lane and would give motorcycles the same right to use a full driving lane that cars have.

The bad news is that the bill would also outlaw whitelining — riding between adjacent lanes of traffic — and would make it illegal for a bike to pass a car in the same lane.

According to Arizona authorities, the bill, if passed, would not apply to two motorcycles next to each other in one lane.

Bogus biker admits role in sting

"They thought we were the meanest people on earth," said "Dirty Charley" about the reaction of other bikers to his club, the Mad Hatters.

Strangely enough, they probably weren't far wrong.

As some of you probably remember, the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (currently being run out of business by President Reagan's budget-cutters) ran their own northern California bike club from 1973 to 1975. In a recent interview with the Associated Press, one of the agents provocateurs assigned to the unit agreed to detail, for the first time, some of the twisted thinking behind the sordid sting — one of the most bizarre covert operations since the CIA tried to assassinate Fidel Castro by putting sneezing powder in his cuffs.

Since he refused, like all good secret agents, to give either his real name or the real name of the phony bike club, the AP called him "Dirty Charley," and his club the "Mad Hatters."

Though the purpose of the gang, part of the Bureau's nationwide Omega program, was to suck up to bikers and find out who was smokin' and snortin' what, and where they got it from, the agents apparently had plenty of time to play.

We made ourselves the dirtest bunch you ever saw in your life," Dirty Charley said. "When we changed our oil, we painted our jackets with oil and let them dry in the sun. We even had to wear long underwear to keep the gas and oil on our clothing from blistering our skin.

"We had a pharmacist friend make placebos (fake drugs). They tasted bitter like Seconal but were just bicarbonate of soda. When we got offered drugs we'd say no and that we had our own. We'd dump a sockful of these placebos into a jug of wine. It would fizzle and dribble down our beards — it looked so bad nobody wanted to touch the stuff."

Generous bros bearing chemical gifts weren't the only sinful temptation facing these modern-day Untouchables (in the sense that the word is used in India, not Hollywood). There was a lot of loose pussy around, it seems. Why, at one point, Dirty Charley revealed in the AP interview, he had to recruit a policewoman to pack behind him and protect him from horny biker women. When the policewoman split (probably got tired of hangin' around someone in long underwear who rode around in public with dried Bromo-Seltzer caked in his beard), Dirty Charley had to resort to tellin' the hardbellies he had syphilis.

According to Dirty Charley, two hangers-on with other clubs became so infatuated with the Mad Hatters that they begged to join. And join they did, complete with an initiation ceremony highlighted by twenty plainclothes cops playing members from out of state.

"We carried guns and were arrested several times," Dirty Charley claimed. "Our cover people bailed us out. The more times you're arrested, the better you're liked."

Cop who killed biker may be prosecuted

An accident that killed a bike rider and left his scoot mounted like an ornament on the hood of a police car may have been the result of criminal misconduct by a California Highway Patrol officer.

According to the CHP's Multi-disciplinary Accident Investigation Team, a patrol car driven by Patrolman Charles E. Hughes, 28, was traveling, without flashing lights or siren, at 97 miles per hour when it ran into the back of a motorcycle ridden by Robert Fike, 36.

The Accident Investigation Team charged that Hughes was in violation of four traffic laws at the time his prowl car rammed Fike's cycle. They are: exceeding the speed limit; driving at a speed unsafe for weather conditions (fog at the scene kept visibility below 170 feet, the report said); reckless driving; and reckless driving that caused bodily injury.

Evidence in the case was turned over to the Los Angeles District Attorney's office with a recommendation that Hughes be prosecuted — possibly for vehicular manslaughter.

According to the investigators, skid marks showed that Hughes applied the brakes on his patrol car 77.8 feet before he struck the bike. The patrol car continued to steam down the highway for over 300 feet before striking a barrier and coming to a stop.

"The motorcycle was embedded approximately two and one-half feet into the hood of the patrol car, with both vehicles remaining connected until the patrol car came to rest after careening off the freeway's center divider," the report said.

Fike, whose body was found near the stalled patrol car, reportedly died instantly from a broken neck and severed spinal column.

Hughes and his partner, 22-year-old rookie Diana Worrall, told investigators they were going 55-60mph with 1,000 feet visibility when the collision occurred.

"The guy was there in front of us, out of nowhere," Worrall told the investigators. "There was no time to do nothing (sic) before he was coming into the windshield at me."

Hughes's and Worrall's testimony was contradicted by the skid marks and other physical evidence and also by the eyewitness reports of other motorists at the scene, the CHP probers said. Mechanical investigations and the eyewitnesses indicated that Fike's headlight and taillight were both operating perfectly at the time of the wreck.

The accident occurred about 4:30 a.m. on the northbound San Gabriel Freeway in Cerritos, a small community south of Los Angeles. The shattered pieces of the victim's "safety" helmet were found strewn over the accident site.

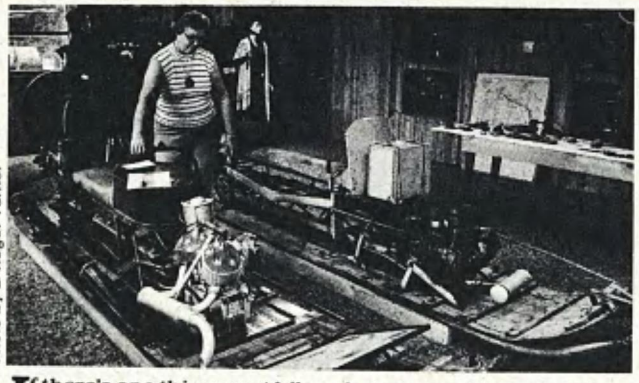


Photo by L. Roger Turner

If there's one thing most bikers hate to see, it's snow. Bikes, however, are more adaptable than their owners; with a little imagination, bike parts can be used to transport you over the white stuff as well as they do over the asphalt. Don't believe it? Check out the early-model snowmobiles above. Invented by a Wisconsin trapper, Carl Eliason, in 1924, the sleds — called motorized toboggans in those days — were especially popular with forest rangers. In case you haven't noticed yet, the two examples, shown displayed at a small museum in Sayner, Wisconsin, are both powered by bike power plants — an Indian Scout 45-inch V-twin on the left unit, and a 1913 Excelsior 61-inch V-twin on the right.

Write to us

We welcome newspaper clippings, non-motorcycle-magazine articles, or any other kind of information on biking news and events that you can send us. Mail your news items to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. When sending clippings, please include the name of the publication, the city and state it is published in, and the date the clipping appeared.

Miraculous Mutha Tells All



Mean Mutha

You and my ol' lady have a lot in common — neither one of you will send me a cunt hair to remember you by. What gives?

Maggot
Huntsville, Tex.

● I'd send you one if Spider would get off 'em long enough for me to pluck it.

Callin' All Bikers

Just sittin' here with this horrendous hankerin' for some hard-fuckin', down-gettin', pussy-munchin' Harley men, but I'll be damned if I can find even one in this shitty-assed town. They all got jealous ol' ladies, or else they got their noses stuck up their own asses so far they got piles comin' out of their ears.

Mutha, you helped me out before, so I'm comin' to you for advice on this sticky problem. And, besides that, I can't afford no more batteries for my vibrator.

Mousie
Greeley, Colo.

● Seems to me the problem is really the lack of "sticky."

Maybe

Is it all right for a bro of 19 to go out with a chick who's 32?

Freak
Castalia, Ohio

● Depends which part of her is the 32.

What A Sucker

I was just reading about your ol' companion Loose Louise. She said that she had to suck half a mile of cock just to get home from a club party. I went downtown and broke into an office to use the calculator. Here's what I found out.

A half mile of cock, at an average of ten inches per cock, equals 3168 blowjobs. If you use the standard figure of 10cc per average load of come, that's 31.68 liters of the stuff — almost seven gallons!

This means that it was either a mighty big club you two were down there with, or everyone went around fifty times.

I bet it took her a while.

Tophat
North Jersey

● Your mistake was in figgerin' the size of the clit ticklers soft, instead of hard.

Lippy Solution

I have a problem. My boyfriend tells me we can't have any kind of relationship if I don't give him head, but I don't like to. What do I do? He's always telling me that if I don't give him head, he'll look elsewhere for it. I don't want to lose him; I love him.

Love Sick
Marble Falls, Tex.

● Offer your mouth instead.

Be Useful

Me and my best friend get turned on by bikers. So we pitched in and bought ourselves a righteous Harley. We began to meet a lot of bikers, but we love to share the same ol' man. It's not bad when he's eating one of us and the other is giving him a head job (they really love it), but when it comes to screwing, one gets left out. What should the loser do? We have been sharing since we were thirteen.

Horny for Bikers
Baltimore, Md.

● Take pictures for her album.

Spider's Wings

I saw your picture the other day. When I had my period this month it reminded me of your face. With all of the blood clots and the excess blood it really looked like you. Does Spider have his red wings? I'll be looking for your answer.

Beat
Brewer, Maine

● Up to his ears.

Love's Sounds

I'm standin' here on my trusty milk stool, pokin' ol' Betsy for all I'm worth, and guess what. I thought of you. I've fucked every animal on this ranch and was wonderin' what kind of noise an animal like you makes while gettin' hosed. If you're ever in Oshkosh, stop in and we'll see if I can make you oink, you barnyard beauty queen.

The Tongue
Oshkosh, Wis.

● It's usually described as the sound of a moose with a head cold and his leg caught in a bear trap.

Name That Tune

How you doin'? I'm Tom; I'll be on the keys. Rick here will be doin' vocals. We're just here "Watching the Wheels" go round and round. We're in "Our House," a very, very big house, with two guards in the yard. Life used to be so hard, but now we just "Take It Easy," thanks to the state.

Rick is a "Super Freak" and me, I'm just the "New Kid in Town." "Together" we thought we'd sit down and write you a "Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter." You know we're talkin' "Square Biz" when we say "Tonight's the Night" there's gonna be a "Jail Break," and you know we ain't "Jive Talkin'." We're just "Waiting for a Girl Like You" to come see us one of these "Long, Lonely Nights." Someone tells us that you're "The Sweetest Thing" and "Sooner or Later" we'd like your "Long and Winding Road" to lead you to our door.

"With a Little Luck" we'll be back "On the Road Again" "Dancin' the Night Away."

Right now we're hopin' you'll come to our "Emotional Rescue" and "Let the Good Times Roll." Until then, remember, "Babe," we were all "Born to be Wild."

Tom and Rick
Billerica, Mass.

● "Hey, Jude," "Nobody Likes Sad Songs" so you'd better "Stir It Up" with some "Jailhouse Rock" if you want any "Respect" before you say "I'm Sorry" and ask them to "Sing Me Back Home."

Time For Deflation

I read your column faithfully. I've never run into a problem like mine. I can't get a guy. I'm not fat or ugly. I've been told I'm pretty. Plenty of guys seem interested in me, but I can't seem to "reach out and establish a meaningful relationship" — as they say on TV — with anyone.

What can I do?

Jean
San Francisco

● 1. Do somethin' about the smell. 2. Lower your prices.

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. ■

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.



"Long-ass ride, huh, bro?"

Bikers define a diaphragm as a midnight trampoline.

—Jerry Thomas
Philadelphia, Pa.

Man's troubles are due to three things: Women, money, and both.

—G.B.S.
Dublin, Ill.

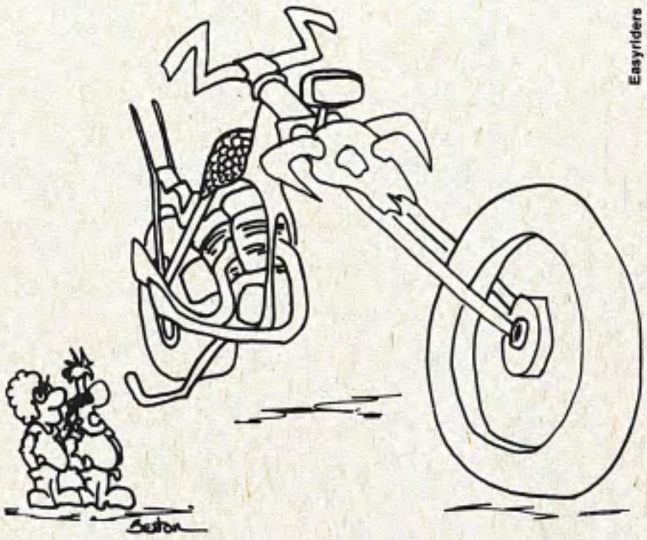
When he came home very late from a poker game, the biker's ol' lady screamed, "Where the hell have you been till this hour?"

"It's a long story," said the biker, "and you'd better start packin' quick, 'cause I lost you in a poker game."

"How the hell could you do such a stupid thing?" she yelled.

"It wasn't easy. I had to fold with four aces!"

—Charlie Davis
Sacramento, Calif.



"Definitely Texan."

Three bros got jobs selling toothbrushes, and after their first day on the job they were reporting to their boss on how many they'd sold. The first said he'd sold 25, the second had sold 50, and the third said he'd sold 4,000.

So the boss asked him how he'd sold so many.

He replied that he'd gone to the airport and set up a table with a bowl of chips, a bowl of dip, and his toothbrushes. He asked each person going by to have some chips and dip, and when they told him the dip tasted like shit, he said, "It is shit — and would you like to buy a toothbrush?"

—J. Chandler
Auburn, Ind.

Definition of *surprise:* A fart with a lump in it.

—Doc Smith
Davenport, Iowa



"Jane doesn't have to know."

The biker dictionary defines *sex* as a misdemeanor. De more ya miss it, de meaner ya get!

—G. Jackson
Oswego, N.Y.

Johnny brought a squirrel to school for "Show And Tell," but as he took it out of the box, it escaped and ran up the teacher's skirt. "Johnny, get it out — get it out!" she shrieked.

"Oh, don't worry," said the rugrat. "When he finds that there ain't no nuts up there, he'll be right out!"

—Krazy
Circle Pines, Minn.

Q: What's the difference between a genealogist and a gynecologist?
A: A genealogist looks up your family tree. A gynecologist looks up your family bush!

—Inhaler
Manchester, N.H.

What do you call twenty-four naked women hanging upside down on a clothesline? A case of Schlitz!

—Tom
So. Lake Tahoe, Calif.



A traveling representative for a brush company covered all the eastern states, and each day he would send the home office an itemized column of expenses for reimbursement. He would list food, transportation, lodging and "$20.00" for miscellaneous, stating, "A man isn't made of wood."

After the home office had received seven consecutive similar notations, they cabled the salesman: "It is true that man isn't made of wood, but he isn't made of steel either!"

—Sam Todd
Union City, N.J.

"What a fucked-up life I have," said one crab to another.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" asked the other.

"Well, I'll tell ya, pal. Last night I went to sleep in a beautiful bush, and this morning I woke up in a biker's mustache!"

—Krazy
Circle Pines, Minn.

Sex is odd. Everyone has it, but at the same time, everyone wants it.

—R.D.
Frankfort, Ky.



"Is your name Aladdin, or have I made a wrong turn somewhere?"

This little dude goes into a bar, sits next to a big fat biker, and orders a beer. All of a sudden the biker hauls off, knocks the little dude across the bar, and says, "That's Karate from Japan." The little dude sits down and ignores him. The big dude hits him again and says, "Judo from China." The little guy ignores him again and sits down. The biker belts him again and says, "Ju jitsu from Taiwan." This time, the little dude gets up and leaves the bar. He comes back about an hour later and, seeing the big dude still sitting at the bar, he goes over and taps him on the shoulder. As the big guy turns around, the little one hits him, knocking him out, then tells the bartender, "When he wakes up, tell him it's Crowbar from Sears."

—M. Stierheim
Santa Cruz, Calif.



"Why do I always get stuck with these dogs?"

A young lawyer and a very drunk biker entered the whorehouse at the same time. They both chose the same chick, and soon an argument developed.

Not wanting any bloodshed, the broad said they should have a contest. Just drop their drawers, and whoever came to attention first would go first.

Well, the young lawyer knew he wouldn't have much trouble, so he dropped his drawers and sneered over at the biker. Much to his surprise, the biker's drawers were already down and he was jacking away at his limp meat.

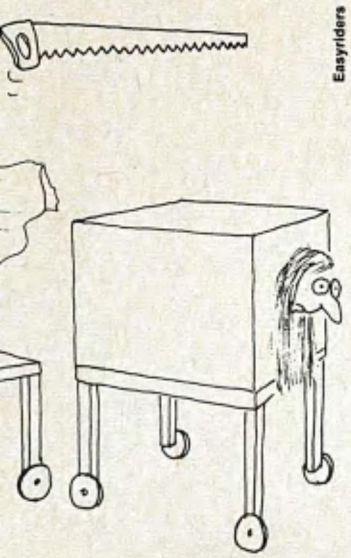
"Not fair," the lawyer shouted. "He's intimidating the witness."

"Intimidating, hell," the biker replied, "I'm just refreshin' his memory."

—R.J.
Wadsworth, Ohio

Q: Did you hear about the new designer rubbers?
A: Yeah, they're made by Sergio Prevente!

—Mike Weber
Burbank, Ill.



Pussy's good,
Pussy's sweet,
If it wasn't for pussy,
You'd have to beat your meat.

—Hotshot
Carson City, Nev.

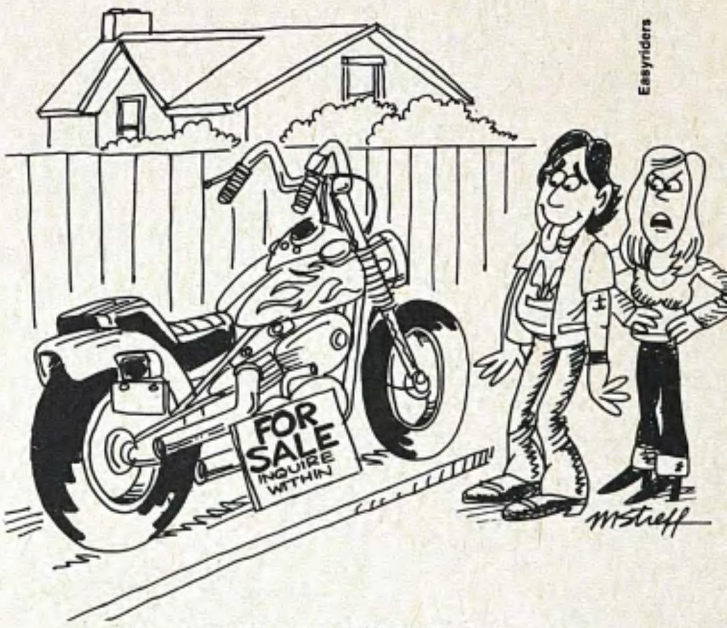
Two bikers were sittin' at a bar takin' bets on who had the longest pecker. The first man said he had the longest pecker, because his wife said it was, and she should know. The second biker said his was, because all the women screamed in agony when he put it to them.

Just then a biker across the room shouted, "Bullshit! The oil sheiks have the longest peckers in the world."

"How do you figure that?" asked the first biker.

"They're fuckin' us from halfway around the world, ain't they?"

—The Joker
Redding, Calif.



"You never look at me like that anymore!"



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
This month should be mellow compared to the last one. You could find those goodies you hid while you were looser than an elephant's twat. The fog should have cleared between your ears long enough to see problems more clearly. Go ahead and do your usual reamin' and creamin', but take time out for biz. Pool your resources with partners for ball-busting results. In fact, it could blow your mind.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
You're accident-prone and should slow down before you end up in the emergency room looking like a road map. Starting out like you're after your first piece of hair pie will leave you with a lot more than pucker prints on your seat. On the other hand, could be you're too burned out to take your crank outta the crate. What you need now is some tender loving care. In other words, get fucked!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Happy birthday! Stash away some of that birthday cash to repair your ride before you get down and blow it all. Or use one of those cheap *Easyriders* recipes to get your head bent cheap and use the extra cash for medicinal purposes. Don't let one ass-breath blow your trip this month. After all, there's always one in the bunch. Don't let anyone pee on your parade.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Any luck now is totally unexpected but soon turns to shit. Watch what and who you eat or you'll end up checking for more than cracks in your crap. There's enough strange goings-on at home base to keep you pissed off for days. Maybe you'll catch someone pinching (or worse yet, picking his nose in) your stash. Time to relax, go out and find a warm spot to bury your bone in, or tie some pussy's tail in a knot.

Astrological Profile For Gemini

Gemini is the chameleon of the zodiac — constantly on the move. His mind goes 90 miles per hour, while his mouth runs a close second. Geminis have an overabundance of energy and are easily motivated. They can change instantly and get bored just as quickly. That's when the trouble begins; it's on with the new and off with the old, even before giving things a chance to work. Gemini is always ready to experiment and not opposed to handing out a good con now and then. (They also make the best forgers and hustlers.) They excel in sales-related fields, and have language-learning abilities.

What Gemini lacks in patience, he (or she) makes up for in versatility. Geminis have a strong desire to travel, and wherever they sling their shorts is home. They can adjust to just about any element, except confinement. Geminis seldom get pissed off to the point of anger. Instead, they become permanently indifferent or righteously indignant.

Gemini is into acrobatic foul play and kinky sex. (Some even tie their meat in knots when they climax.) They are fickle, seldom let their meat loaf in the same dish for long, and are voyeurs who like lookin' as well as lickin'. Still, they are hot fucks if you like being in the middle.

Gemini is prone to weak lungs and accidents involving the shoulders, arms, and hands. (Be careful around machinery.) They are susceptible to nervous exhaustion, and they fart every hour, on the hour, with asses like alarm clocks.

Some famous Geminis and Gemini qualities are: Bob Hope and Paul Lynde, quick wit; Stan Laurel, original; Errol Flynn, good to the last drop; Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan, universally in-sync; Clint Eastwood and Karen Valentine, sexy; Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price, sometimes sinister; John Dillinger, make their own rules; Ian Fleming, imaginative; Judy Garland, John Wayne, and John F. Kennedy, unforgettable.

Too often, Geminis are scatterbrained, knowing a little about a lot and faking it. But when Gemini gets his brain in the proper perspective, his communication level is unbeatable, and he could charm the pants off a Martian (and also find the hole).

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Been alone too long? Tired of dirty socks and sticky shorts? Need someone to polish your machine, lick your boots, take care of your meat, or whatever perverted shit you're into? If so, it pays to advertise now. "House mouse with outside job (or jobs); one size fits all; instant replay, satisfaction guaranteed; willing to work long hours, looks optional, but experience preferred.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 23)
Hassles from the neighborhood prunes are enough to keep your bowels moving full time. Partners are dropping on ya like flies on a turd, making yer old pad their main stomping grounds. If it gets too hectic, park your pork on your putt and boogie off to parts unknown. If that don't get 'er, plug yourself into some pussy and lighten your load. Otherwise, make a fence outta an off limits sign and hide.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Cut down on some of your midnight (or around the clock) tokin' long enough to check (and double check) your machine before making any runs. Bucks should come in now to handle any added expenses in the repair area. Remember, it's better to be safe than sorry. Besides, how far can you get on a bucket of bolts? After that, stay away from shit stirrers or you could end up on the stick yourself.

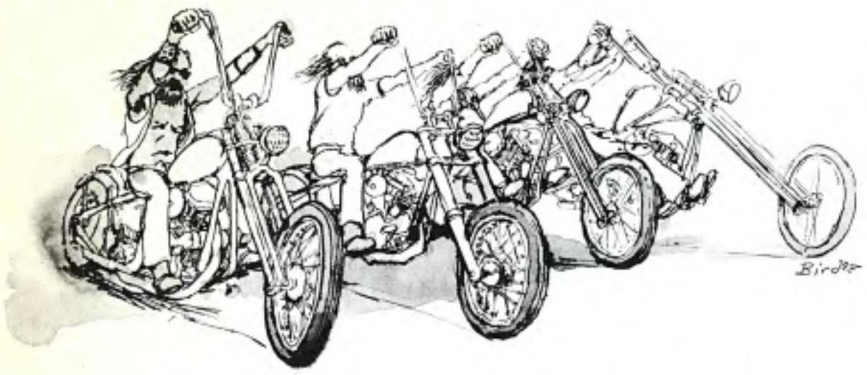
Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
As usual, you over-do. Not only will you eat, drop, and booze it up too much, but you could even spring a leak in your spout. It's one thing to party your nuts off and eat everything in sight (all bikers do that), but to bang a broad all night and then ask for a crotch bag to go may be carryin' things too far. This month finds you with a set of flat gonads and no one to blow them again.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
When you're hot, you're hot — but this month you're not. In fact, your nutsack's dragging the boards. Cheer up, there's a lot of people leaving three trails nowadays. You're always bent outta shape this time of the year. You just can't relax, even if you jerk off three times a day. There's no need working yourself into a case of jock-itch over something you can't change. Let things work themselves out naturally.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
First the good news: You should have some extra bucks this month. Now the bad news: You could spend it getting rid of a new strain of gonorrhea that thrives on penicillin, or slam your dong on the door. You could find yourself with your finger up your ass most of the month, wondering where to point out the problem. It'll be hard to tell which end is up.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Mindfucks should have fizzled out by now, but home base may still be a pain in the poopchute. (Kinda makes you want to throw your better half in a tub of Preparation H.) Watch your health or you could end up snorting Vicks (which is cheap, but won't get you off), and packing your nose with asswipe. Best double up on the vitamin C and wrap up with warm pussy pie.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
You might possibly be faced with a big decision these next few months. 'Course, if it's choosing between a new front end for your ride or getting the ol' lady a washer for your threads, that's simple. After you get your front end, show her what a sweetheart you are and buy her a washboard. That way, you'll still have clean rags and it'll keep her ass in shape too. Remember, you can't win 'em all. ■



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Crash Bar Law Urged

The Medical Society of the State of New York has urged legislation to require installation of "crash bars" on motorcycles.

Dr. John D. States, chairman of the group's committee on accident and injury prevention, said, "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."

He cited statistics which showed that more than one third of motorcycle injuries in New York involved the knee, lower leg, or foot.

—*Product News*

Quality Program At H-D

The last time this magazine ran a story about quality, the editor was flogged with less than pleasing mail.

Unannounced publicly, last February, Charlie Thompson, president of Harley-Davidson, started a concerned effort to increase the quality of every motorcycle produced. At the same time, he and others were in the process of purchasing Harley-Davidson from AMF. Charlie spoke to every company employee and outlined the "I Make the Eagle Fly" campaign. In short, over $3.75 million was allocated above the past year's expenditures to improve the quality of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

People's jobs were altered. Additional auditors were trained to inspect all parts before being put on the assembly line. New machinery was purchased to replace outdated manufacturing methods. Employees volunteered for "quality circles" to better communicate manufacturing problems. The end-of-line inspection of all motorcycles was increased with tougher standards imposed on all vehicles.

Nearly one year later, the beauty of the program is shining through.

—Scott Brown
Harley's
Enthusiast magazine

Economy Run

Not too many types of motorcycle competition can be won by going slowly. A slow race requires it, a poker run doesn't depend on it, but a fuel economy contest makes the most of it.

Several economy runs have been held this past year with some interesting trends appearing in the different contests. Harley-Davidson Sportsters have been doing consistently well, running something over 100 mpg in most of the contests. Before the Aspencade contest Harley's west coast test fleet manager, Jack Malone, decided to enter a simpler project bike than the factory efforts. He began with a Sturgis because it is the highest geared of the stock Harleys and he didn't want to change gearing. His idea was to come up with the simple modifications that an owner could do to his Harley just before an economy run that would provide over 100 mpg economy. His solution was to disconnect the rear cylinder of the Sturgis by pulling the pushrods out. It's a simple matter on a 80 cu. in. Harley, and Jack reports his one-cylinder Sturgis was running pretty well when he bent a knee loading a bike and wasn't able to run in the event.

That run was won by a 400cc Suzuki that turned in 168mpg.

—Roundup
Cycle World

Lotsa Women

Mention Florida and the first reaction of most bikers will be that Bike Week is held there in Daytona Beach each year. If you give any biker a few moments to think about it, though, his second reaction will be that Florida is populated by a large number of some of the finest looking women in the country. You really didn't think all those bikers showed up at Daytona just to check out the other bikes, bikers, and races, did you?

Since it's surrounded on just about all sides by ocean, Florida has more than its fair share of beaches. And where there are beaches there are always plenty of firm, well-oiled young bodies trying their damnedest to slip out of the latest peekaboo beachwear creations.

But the beaches aren't the only places you'll find foxy young sweeties. They're at the bars, at parties, at runs, and just about everywhere you look.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

Exhaust Sounds

Why do the two [motorcycle exhaust] types sound so different? There are two reasons. The first is that at equal rpm, a two-stroke's exhaust pulses come twice as frequently, and this gives its sound a fundamental frequency twice that of the four-stroke. The second reason concerns the sound frequencies contained in each exhaust pulse. The two-stroke's exhaust port is uncovered by the piston while it is moving at its highest speed, which can be close to 100 feet per second. The port is very wide, so a lot of port area opens in a great rush. This produces a very steep fronted exhaust pressure pulse that is rich in high frequencies. The four-stroke's exhaust port is covered by a stationary valve, so when exhaust begins, it begins gradually as the valve is lifted from its seat. This yields a pulse with a gradual pressure front that is rich in lower frequencies. As a result the four-stroke has a mellow baritone, the two-stroke a strident contralto.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Awww, Shucks

The current moped market situation is a disappointment, but no more so than the general economy.

That is the opinion of a variety of moped manufacturers recently interviewed by *Cycle Industry News*.

Serge Seguin, president of Motobecane and chairman of the Moped Association, believes the moped is a victim of the same bad economic picture that is affecting a variety of industries.

He also said that one of the key effects of that economic blight — tight money — was especially crucial to the health of the moped market because financing is involved in some 50 percent of moped purchases.

"What happened when financing difficulties increased was that while sales of the moped died, demand for them did not." Seguin said.

—*Product News*

HASSLE

Seventy-three-year-old Abner Groontz huddled in his rocking chair, enjoying the sunshine's warmth as it streamed down on him, the chair, and his porch. Infrequently he glanced at the empty, two-story house next door, remembering the widow Jennnings with something akin to sadness. She had been a splendid piece of ass and a remarkable cook. He sighed, recalling the good meals that always followed those satisfying romps in her bed.

Without warning, the morning's peace was disrupted by the sounds of a van, two U-Haul trucks, and three motorcycles noisily arriving and parking on the lawn of the Jennings place. Frowning, Groontz closed the Bible in his lap. He watched the people pouring out of the vehicles, counting them. Four young women. Nine children of both sexes. Six young men, long-haired and bearded. Three large dogs on leashes. "Sweet Jesus," whispered Groontz. "Not *there*. Not right next door to my own house."

He began rocking faster, his eyes glued to the newcomers. Now they were carrying pieces of furniture and cartons from the trucks into the house. Milly's house, where that feisty little widow and he had so often — The thought was interrupted by three little girls who were edging up to his porch steps, their expressions cheerfully mischievous.

"Hi, old man!" said the tallest.

Groontz struggled to his feet, towering over them and deliberately looking as fierce as possible. The three little girls backed away a few feet, looking uncertain.

"God," thundered Groontz, "helps those who help themselves! You little sinners, remember that!"

He retreated into his dwelling.

* * *

"Now what the hell's wrong?" grunted Zink, looking up from his cards as Karen marched up to the table where he and Belch, Andy, Wimpy, and Crapola were playing poker.

"It's that old bastard from next door!" Karen's sunburned face seethed. "He's oglin' us, fer crissakes!"

Hearty laughter barked its way around the table.

"Belch," said Zink, dealing himself a nice pair of tens to go with his three jacks, "wouldn't you ogle ladies if they moved next door to ya, and then laid out there in their back yard stark-assed naked most of each day?"

"I hope to shit I would!" Belch grinned, combing his tawny beard with a grimy finger. "I never wanna git too fuckin' old fer oglin' big-titted sexy young snatch!"

"Well, maybe you fuckers think it's funny," Judy shouted, from the kitchen, "but we don't think so!"

"Woman, lower yer voice," Wimpy warned without taking his eyes from the cards he held in his grubby hands.

"So scratch the nudist shit," Zink suggested mildly. "Ya can't blame the poor old sonuvabitch fer wantin' to eyeball a fine-lookin' buncha two-bit whores like you broads. Hell, it's probably been twenty-five horny years since he last saw a seta naked tits. Where's yer compassion?"

"Jeez, you're all heart, ain'tcha?" snapped Karen, grabbing at the towel wrapped around her ample curves as Crapola gently tugged at it. "Stop that, dipshit! Zink, this dumbfuck bro of yours is gittin' cute once again!"

"Jist don't ogle her, man," Zink mockingly warned the sheepish Crapola. "Cop feels, grab ass, talk her into it, or rape her behind my back — but you're a dead asshole if I ever catch ya oglin' my bundle of twitchin' bitchin'."

"You've got nothin' to worry about, either of ya," mumbled Crapola wearily, grimacing at his cards. "It's against my religion to do that shit with my eyes open."

"Fuck you atheists," Crapola said pleasantly, gesturing to the dealer for three more cards.

"You gonna do sumpin' about that dirty old man or not?" Karen demanded. "He's gittin' worse alla time. At first, he jist watched us from his kitchen window. Now he stands on a goddam box or sumpin', right there at the fence, and stares at us. Christ, we can almost hear the pervert lickin' his lips!"

"It makes us nervous," Twitty said from the kitchen doorway, where she leaned against the framing, draped in a multicolored beach towel. "It's ruinin' the concept of health and naturalism we been tryin' to teach all the kids. It's gonna make them start thinkin' we're doin' sumpin' real wrong."

Zink shrugged, mildly irritated. "So tell the old geezer to fuck off."

"We already did, several times," Mona told him, bringing in some freshly opened brews and putting them down on the table. "He loved it. Gave him reason to badmouth us."

Zink peered up at Mona. She was the most self-possessed of the broads in their family. The one with the most cool, most common sense. Studying her calm, pretty face framed in all that thick, black hair, he caught himself wishing he had chosen her instead of Karen when he had the choice. "Badmouth?" Zink said. "Like how, baby?"

"Called me the whore of Babylon!" Karen said furiously, slapping Crapola's hand from her towel and stepping away from him. "Can ya beat that? Whore of Babylon!"

"You from Babylon, Karen?" Belch asked innocently. "I always thought ya wuz from somewhere around Dallas."

"Fun-nee," she said scathingly, leaving the room.

"You think he's that much

Continued on page 99

"He watched the people pouring out of the vehicles, counting them... 'Sweet Jesus,' whispered Groontz. 'Not *there*. Not right next door to my own house.'"

by John Mott



MARY



The other day I was sittin' around the A-frame with Spider, Gnarly, and Tiny, watchin' Wrench put new wrist pins in his pistons. A few days earlier, a valve guide had gone south on him and — bein' the over-reactin' perfectionist he is — he'd decided to do a complete top-end job. Anyhow, we were smokin' a little of Brickson's Best while passin' around a quart of Wild Turkey and discussin' everybody's second-favorite subject — pussy.

Gnarly's a leg man and claimed that a shapely set of gams was a chick's biggest asset. "Fuck them squat-low bitches with them stubby legs," he said, slugging down a mouthful of the bird and making a firewater grimace. "Gimme a long-stemmed sweetie every time."

Tiny tilted the whiskey to his lips and his adam's apple bobbed up and down as big swallow-bubbles gurgled in the bottle. Wiping his lips with a grimy paw, he said, "Bullshit. Tits are where it's at. There's nothin' like a set of stand-up, lush melons with pink nipples the size of silver dollars and just a little jiggle — not floppy, ya unnerstan', but with just a little —"

"Ah, shut the fuck up, man," Spider interrupted. "It's butts. Gimme a chick with a fine ass and I don't care if she's got legs like Larry Csonka and tits the size of radishes. Just think of a pair of see-through panties bein' stretched to the max by a tasty, rounded rump. Why, I tell ya. . ."

Spider's voice trailed off and he sat there with a fixed, wide-eyed gaze and little flecks of spit on his lips. It was my turn to say what









Photos by Mike Henderson



I dig in a woman, but Spider was holdin' a twelve-inch crescent wrench and his knuckles were white, so I didn't much feel like contradictin' him. In fact, what I said was, "That goes double for me."

But to tell you the truth, what really turns me on is hair. And Mary, the knockout dish you see on these pages, has got some dick-stiffenin' tresses for sure. Now, don't think I didn't notice those fine tits of hers with the pale pink nipples, or those firm, invitin' thighs, or those full, pouty lips just made for. . .well, anyway, I wouldn't want you to think I overlooked the rest of Mary's attributes. But what really tweaks my brain is that blond-ripple hair — looks like she just climaxed so heavy it shot come-waves right through her. Reminds me of Elsa Lanchester in *Bride of Frankenstein* — but Mary's got better tits.

Well, this sex talk's got me all in a lather, so I'm gonna stop now and go see if Mutha came to work today. She ain't much, but she's always willin'. And it beats poundin' your pud. Sorta.

—Sidewinder

IN THE WIND

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

—from Keith Black, Rock River, Wyo.



—from Andy, Colleyville, Tex.

—from Hokan Jonasson, Farsta, Sweden





—from John Ballenger, Greenville, S.C.



—from C.E. Niemeier, Denver, Colo.

—from Helen Ford, Renton, Wash.



—from Gerry Lyons, APO, N.Y.



—from Big Ed, Portland, Maine



—from A.D. Padgett, Tustin, Calif.



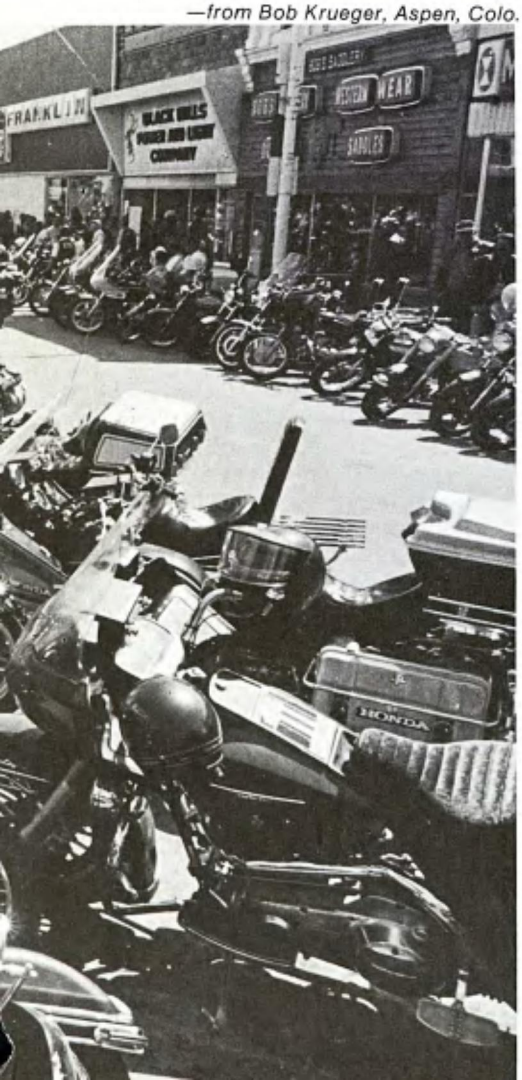


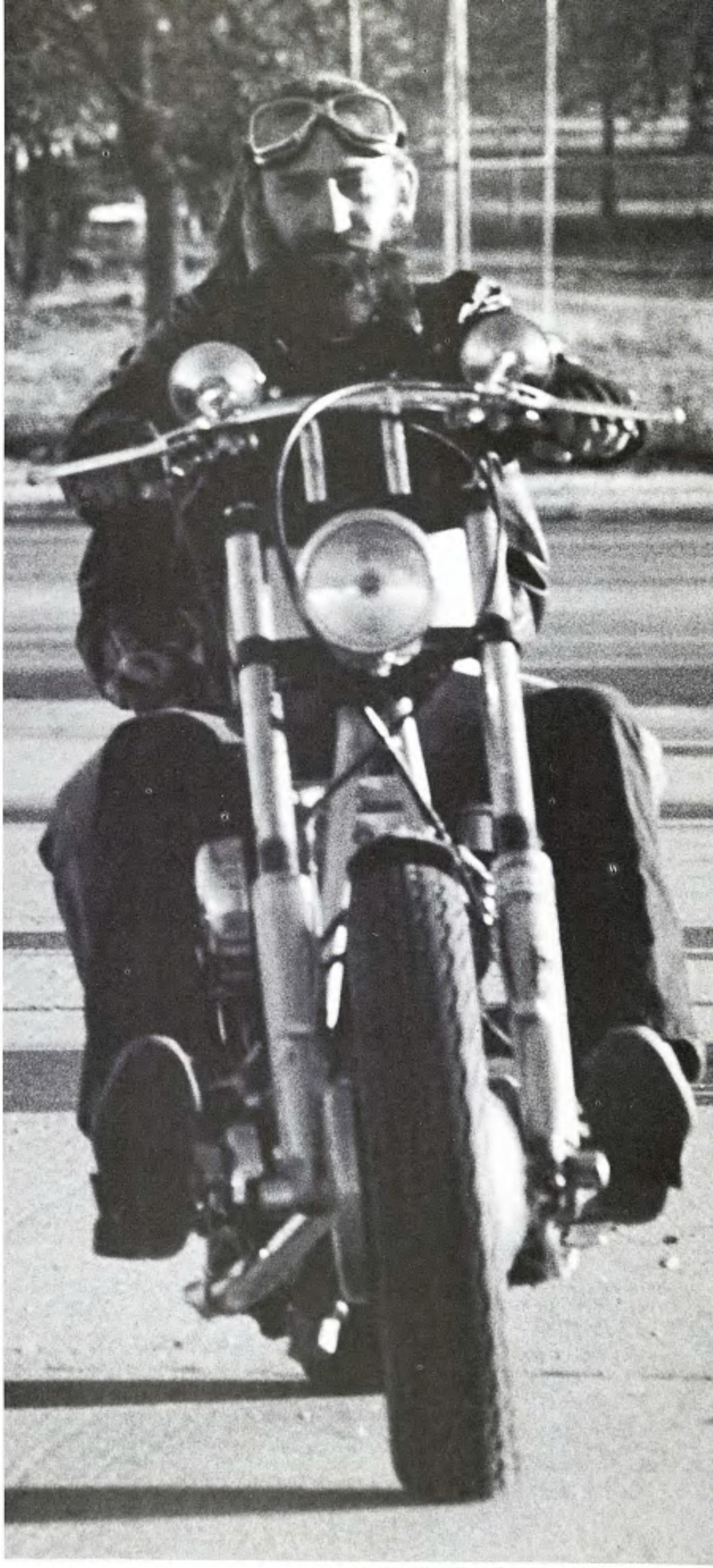
—from Kate Kowalski, Rosholt, Wis.





—from Bob Krueger, Aspen, Colo.





—from Charlie Allen, Oklahoma City, Okla.



—from Michael G. Rubley, Tuscumbia, Ala.



—from Herrick, Fennville, Mich.



—from Woody, Wantagh, N.Y.



—from Michael G. Rubley, Tuscumbia, Ala.



—from Herrick, Fennville, Mich.



—from Woody, Wantagh, N.Y.



—from Russell Navas, Pittsburgh, Pa.

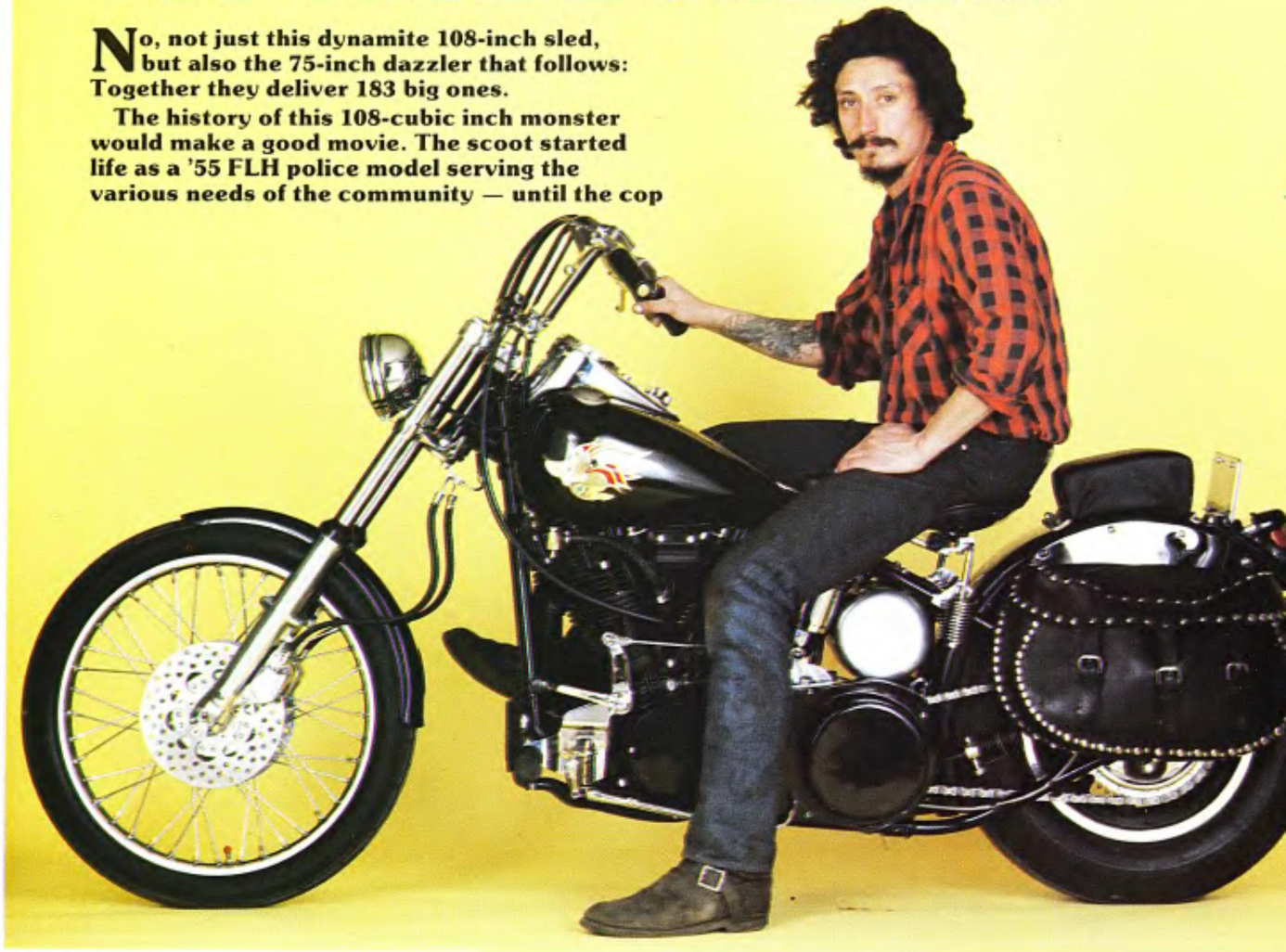
—from Ah-Ha Bob, Cimarron, Kans.


Easyriders Magazine

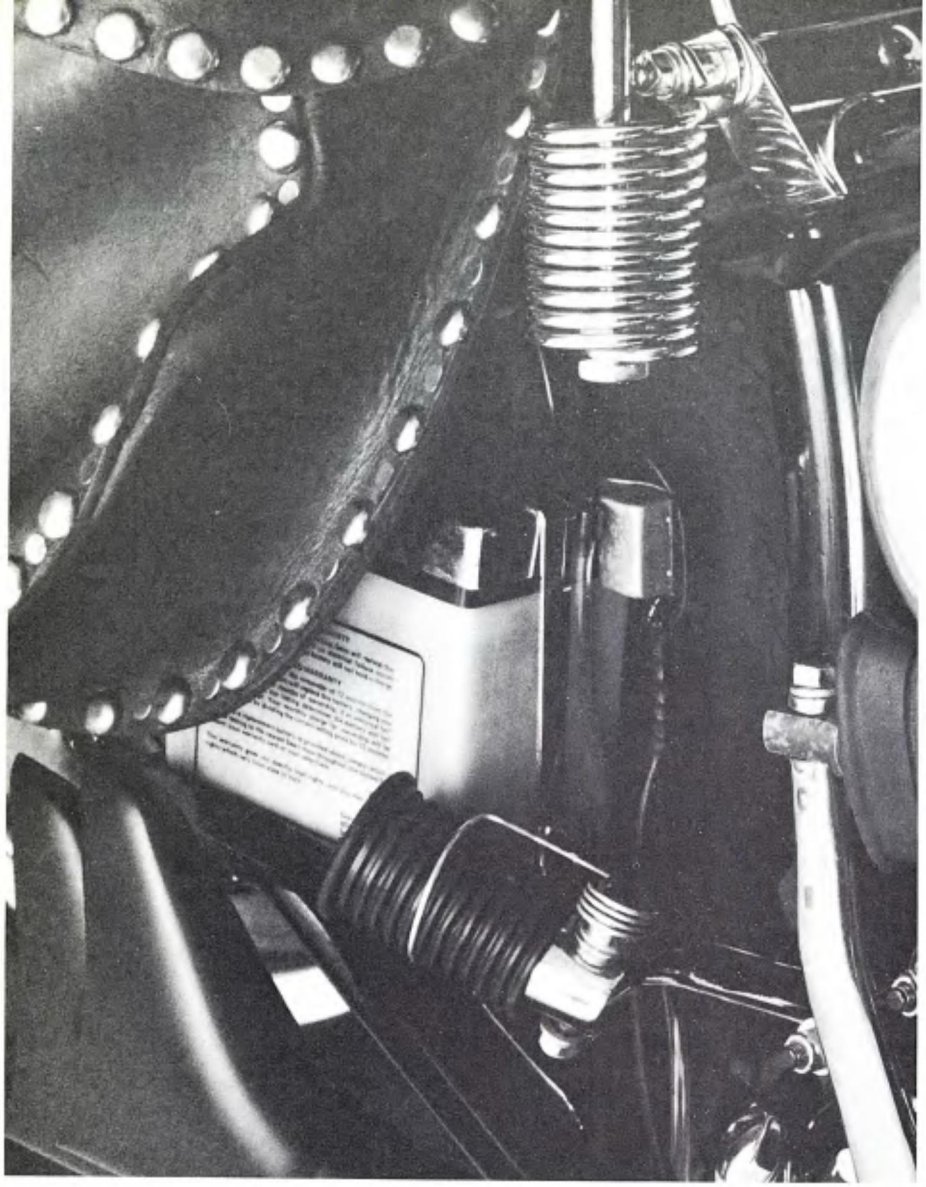
183-Inch Bonanza!

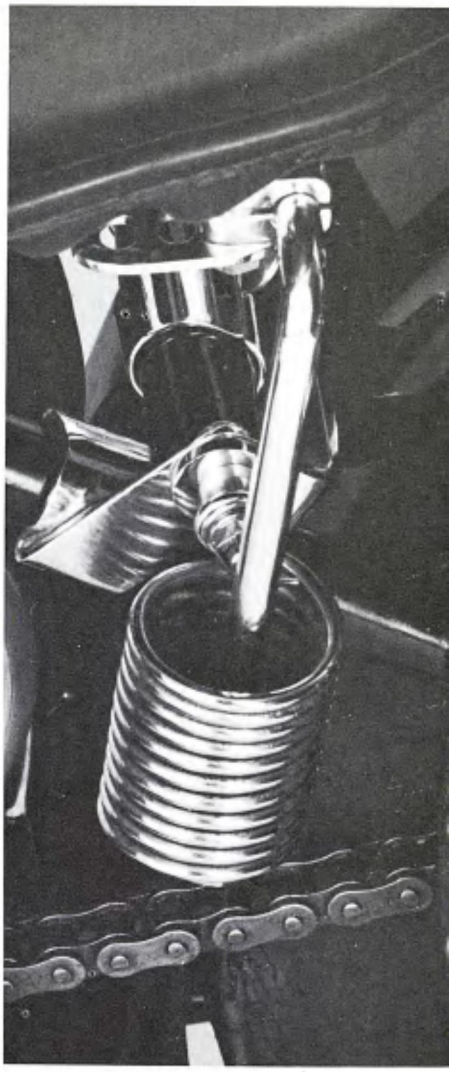
No, not just this dynamite 108-inch sled, but also the 75-inch dazzler that follows: Together they deliver 183 big ones.

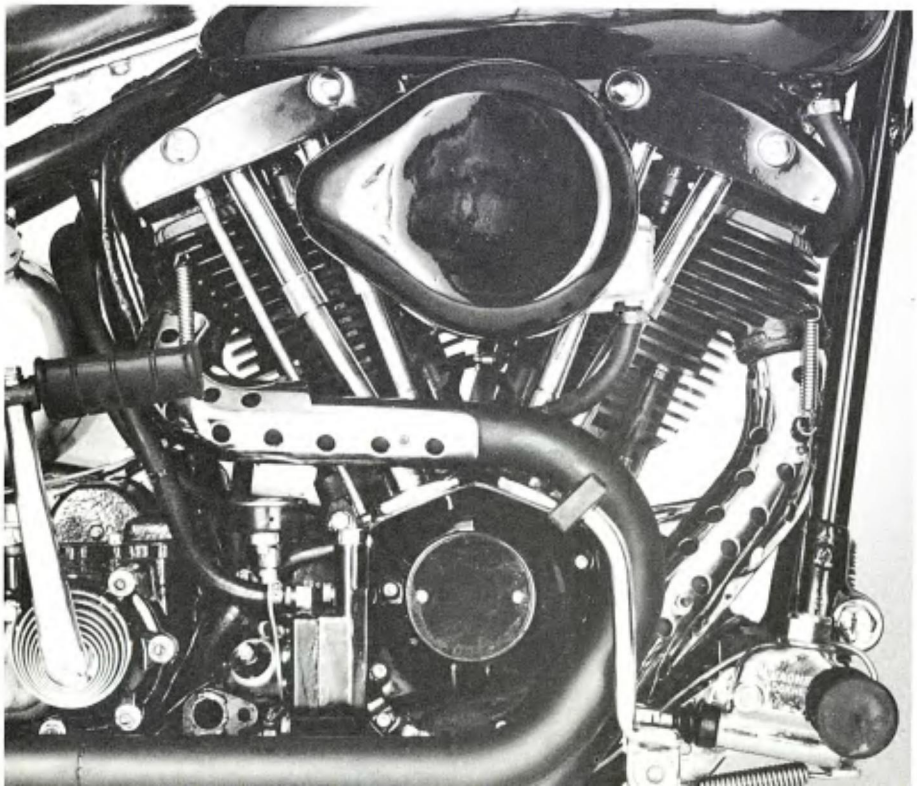
The history of this 108-cubic inch monster would make a good movie. The scoot started life as a '55 FLH police model serving the various needs of the community — until the cop









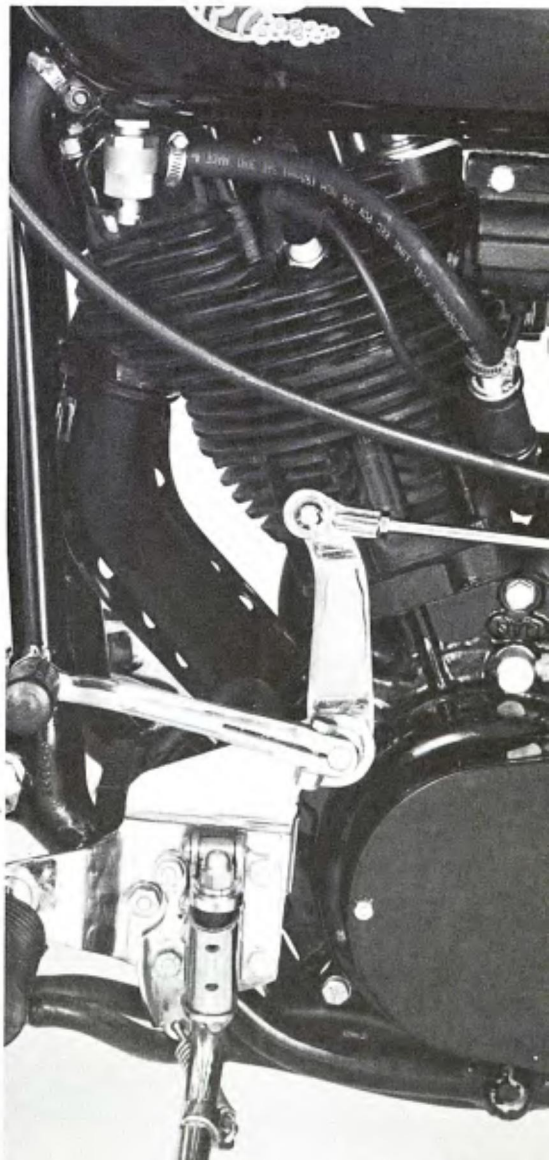




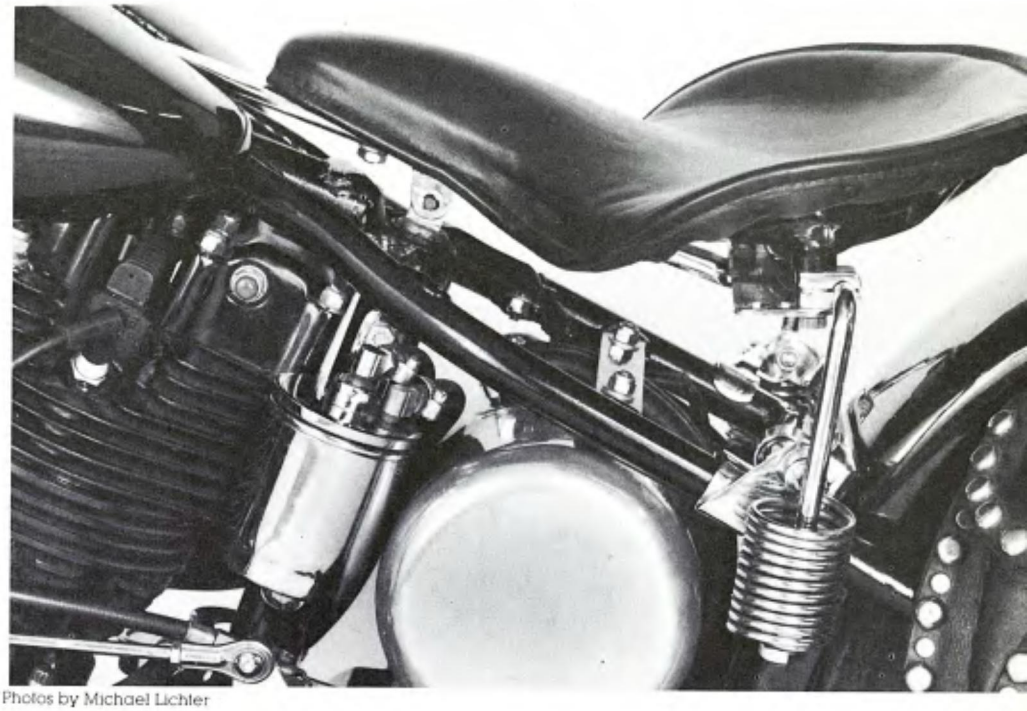




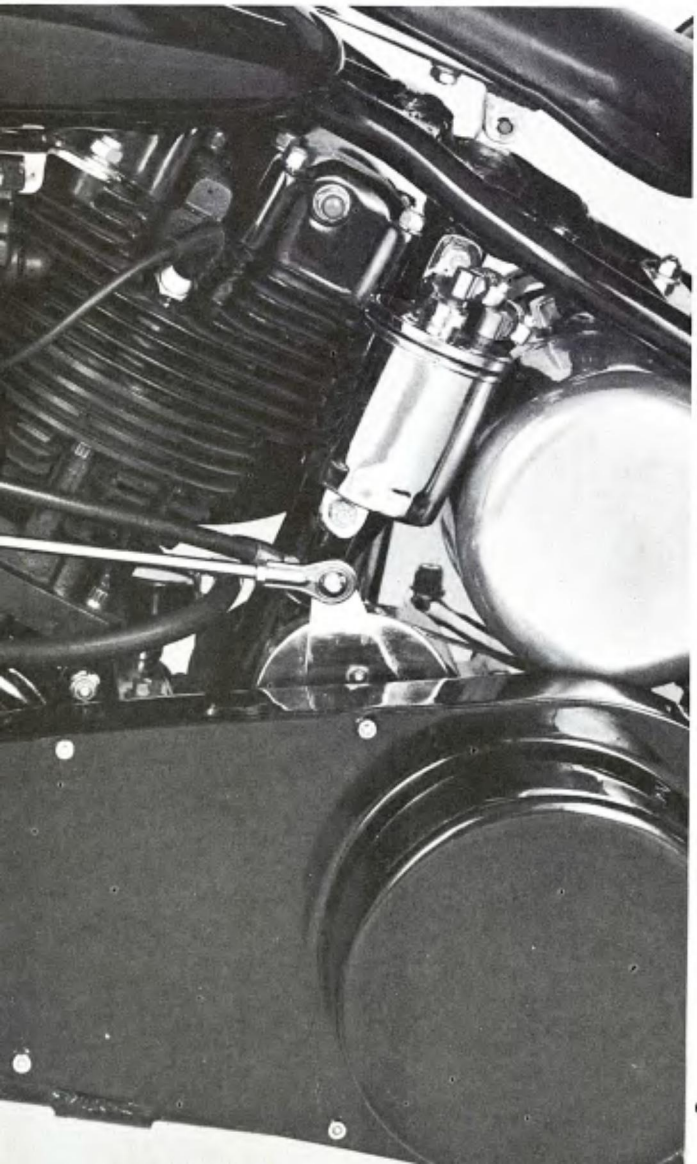
Owner: Rick LaBriola	**City:** North Denver	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1957 straight leg	
Year and make: 1982 generic	Builder: H-D	
Model: fast	Type: straight leg	
Value: plenty	Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: forever	Other alterations: battery holder	
Chroming by: Ralph and Rusty	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Flander's/owner	
Year: 1982	Risers: owner	
Model: big twin	Fender(s): 6 in. flat; 3 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner/Louie	Headlight: Sportster and owner	
Ignition: points/coil	Taillight: knuck	
Displacement: 108 cu. in.	Speedo: police special off rear wheel	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: Sportster	
Balancing: Doug's	Rear pegs: shortened Sportster	
Pistons: Aris and Trock	Electrics: circuit breakers	
Cases: STD	Gas tank: pan bobs	
Heads: gutted	Oil tank: spun out	
Cam(s): Andrews	Oil system: slipped out	
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: owner/Scott	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: knuck/owner	
Air cleaner: owner	Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: H-D fishtails	Height: to the fender	
Muffler(s): barely	Material: Denver steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: overdrive	Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1982	Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: filled trees	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 52	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: tanks only	Hub: H-D	Hub: American Mag
Painter: James Dee	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WMG
Color: black	Tire: Goodyear	Tire: radial
Type: Imron	Brake: dual disc	Brake: juice drum
Special paint: under emblems, motor, transmission, primary.		
Other special modifications: tank emblems by Phil; 5-gear overdrive by owner and Russ; stretched out and lowered seat bracket; oil filter by owner; shaved lower legs.		







Photos by Michael Lichter



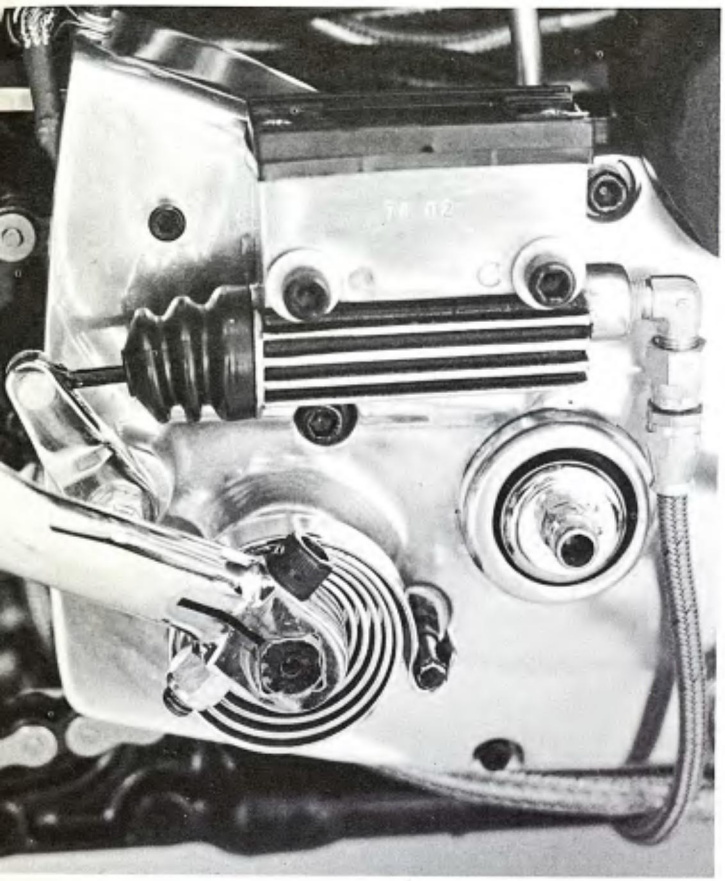
riding it got run over by a bus. For the next two years the bike sat in the local impound lot waiting for a kindhearted bro to come to its rescue.

The next owner, however, was in it for the money, and the one after him didn't make out so hot, either. Rick, the present owner, bought the barely-running '55 seven years ago. Since then, it's grown to 108 inches and the tranny has swelled up to a five-speed. The engine went from a stock 74 to a 92-incher, and last year, to the 108 tire-smoker. Rick, being from Colorado, has had plenty of winter downtime to make anything he wants for his scooter, which explains the five-speed tranny. I guess it could also explain why this engine has been in five — count 'em, five — different frames since Rick put his name on the pink.

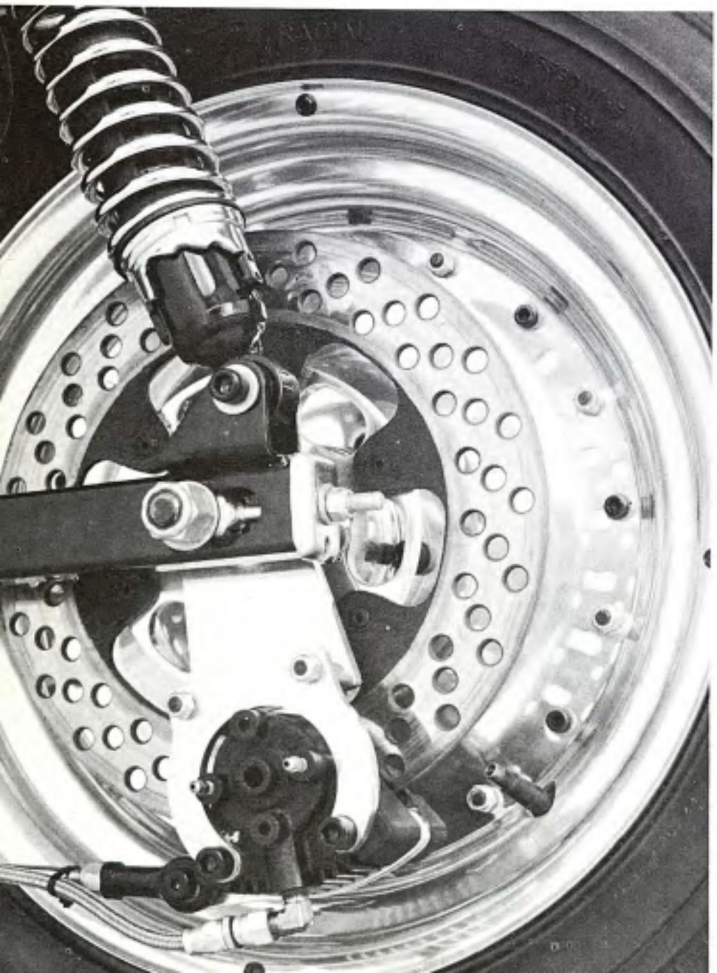
Who knows what the next few years hold for Rick — maybe a sixth frame and a bigger engine. But one thing you can count on is the woodpecker on the gas tank. Rick adopted the cigar-chewing woodpecker as a ridin' partner years ago and it has been with him in decals, hand paintings, and now in polished brass. The brass woodpeckers were made by a bro in exchange for some scooter parts. Once the peckers were bolted to the tanks, Rick painted the insets for extra detail. Speaking of detail (which is everywhere), check out the trick crankcase vent, which starts at the timing plug hole, goes through some oil line, past a Sportster one-way breather valve, and back into the oil tank — not wasting one precious drop of oil.

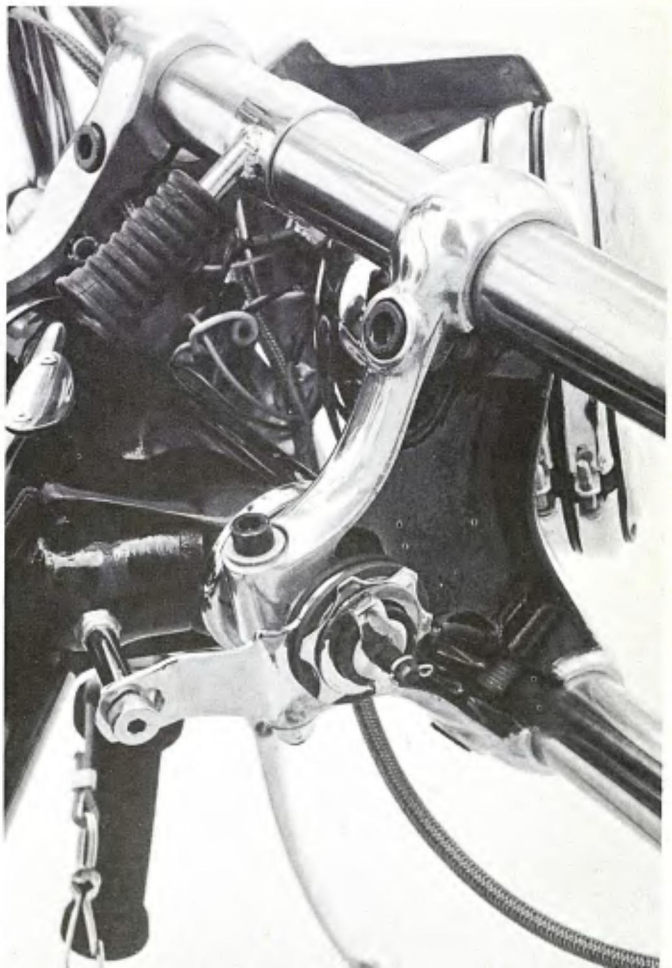
Seven years of change have made this FLH anything but lonely. With all the sweat and time put into this scooter, it's probably begging for the spring thaw and the open road. I know the woodpecker's ready — he called and told me so.

—Toad




NITROUS
OXIDE
UN 1070
NON
FLAMMABLE

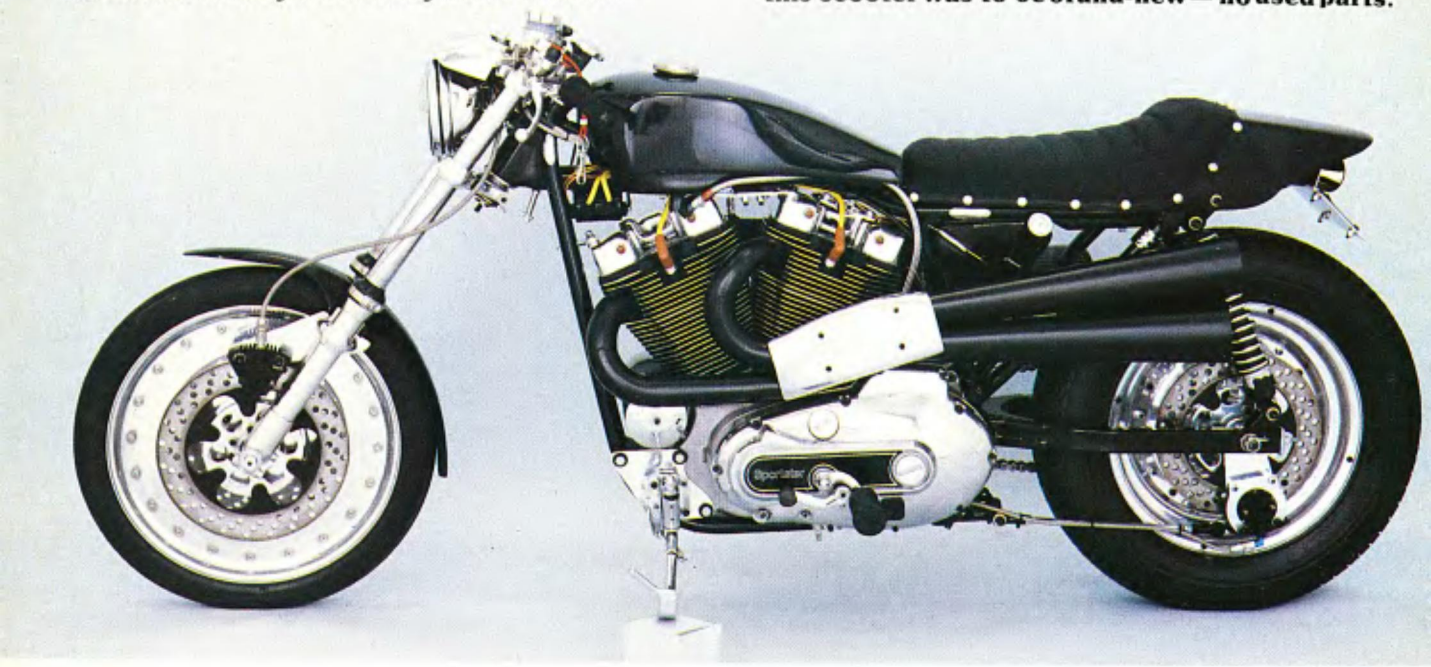


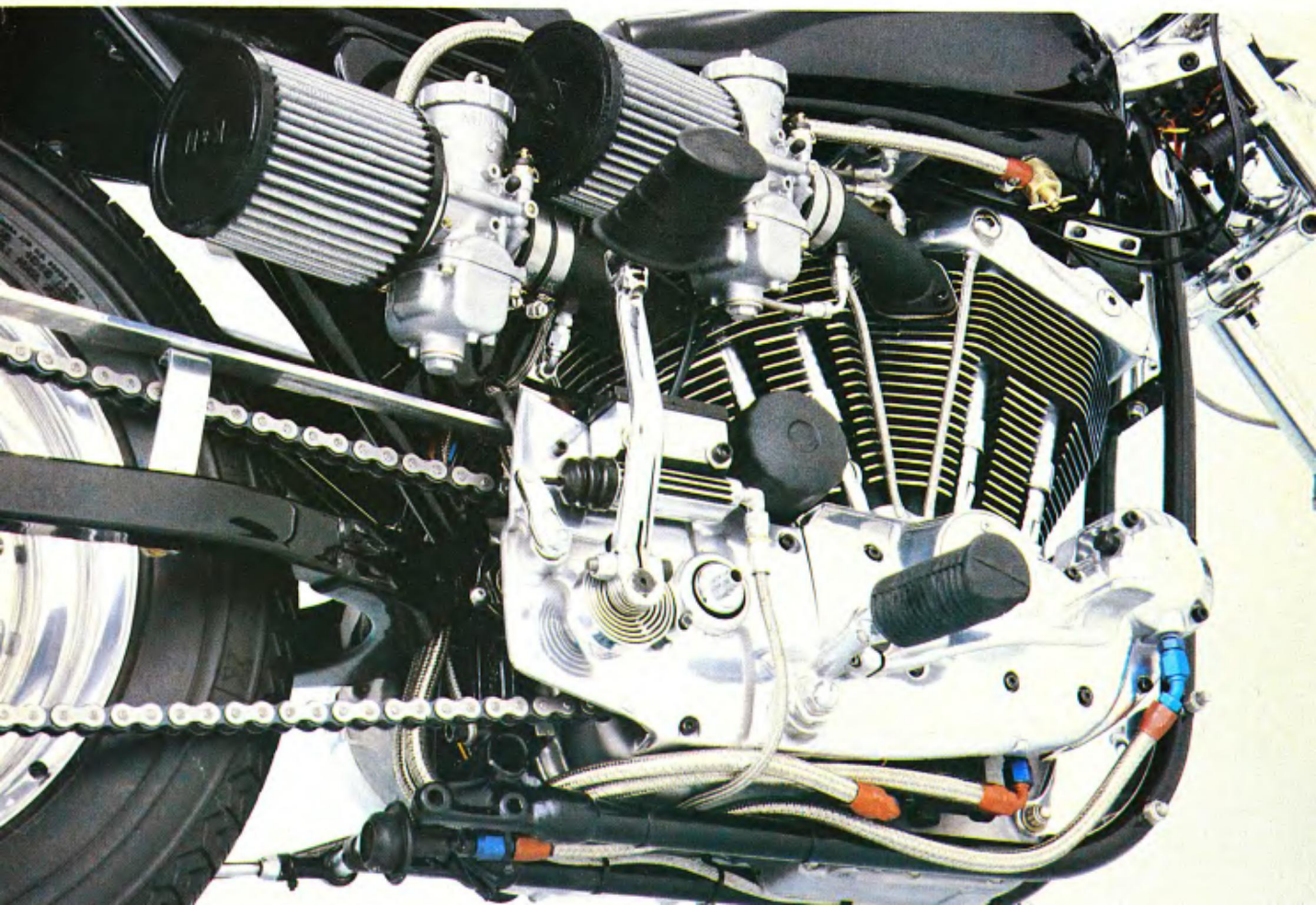


183-Inch Bonanza!

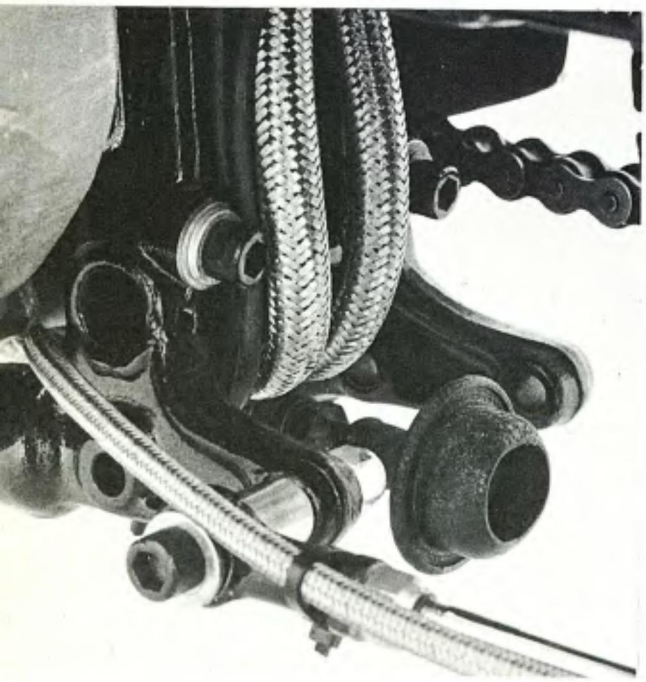
No, not just this 75-inch dazzler — in case you missed it, flip back to the dynamite 108 inches on the preceding pages.

Not very often, but every once in a while something goes the way we want. This Sportster went the way builder Wymond Walkem wanted. Wymond, noted for building hot-rod bikes in Canada, at one time built and owned the fastest fuel Sportster there. Gord, the owner, called Wymond and wanted the fastest street Sportster in the province. Every part on this scooter was to be brand-new — no used parts.

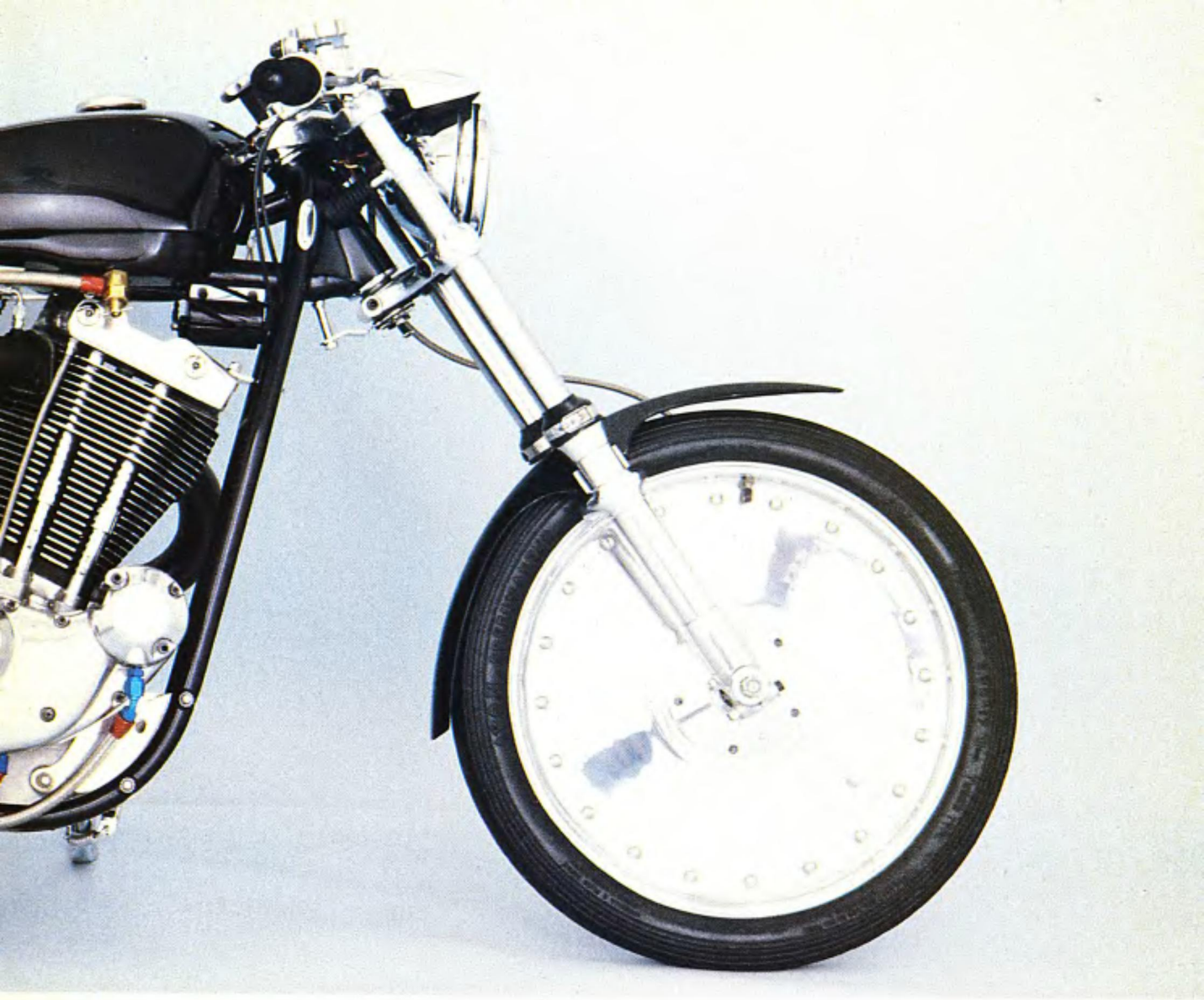




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Gord Downey	**City:** Toronto, Ontario, Canada
General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: Wymond Walkem	Year: 1972
Year and make: 1977 Sportster	Builder: Harley-Davidson
Model: XLCH	Type: XR Harley-Davidson
Value: $18,000	Rake: 11 degrees over stock
Assembly by: Wymond Walkem	Stretch: none
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: late model swingarm
Chroming by: Oakville Prec. Plates	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: Kosman Spec.
Year: 1977	Risers: no
Model: H-D Sportster	Fender(s): handmade fiberglass
Rebuilder: Wymond Walkem	Headlight: Harley-Davidson
Ignition: Maxi-Dwell	Taillight: Jammer
Displacement: 75 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: stock wheels/Carrillo rods	Front pegs: XR H-D aluminum
Balancing: Wymond Walkem	Rear pegs: none
Pistons: J&E 3⅛ in.	Electrics: Maxi-Dwell battery
Cases: modified Sportster	Gas tank: XR
Heads: Sputhe, also cylinders	Oil tank: XR
Cam(s): 555 +, XR pattern (Sifton)	Oil system: mini-sump



Engine	Accessories	
Lifters: hard chromed; lightened	Primary cover: modified stock	
Carb(s): 40mm Mikuni	Seat: Maple Crest Auto	
Air cleaner: K&N	Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: Sputhe/Walkem	Height: stock length	
Muffler(s): none	Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Trock /Routt main	Type: Cerrani	
Year: 1977/Andrews	Extension: road race 36mm	
Shifting: foot	Builder: Italy	
Engine sprocket: modified stock	Special features: chrome/fender brackets	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 49	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 17 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: steel	Hub: Kosman	Hub: Kosman
Painter: Bob Scott	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer	Brake: Hurst Airhart Kosman	Brake: Hurst Airhart Kosman

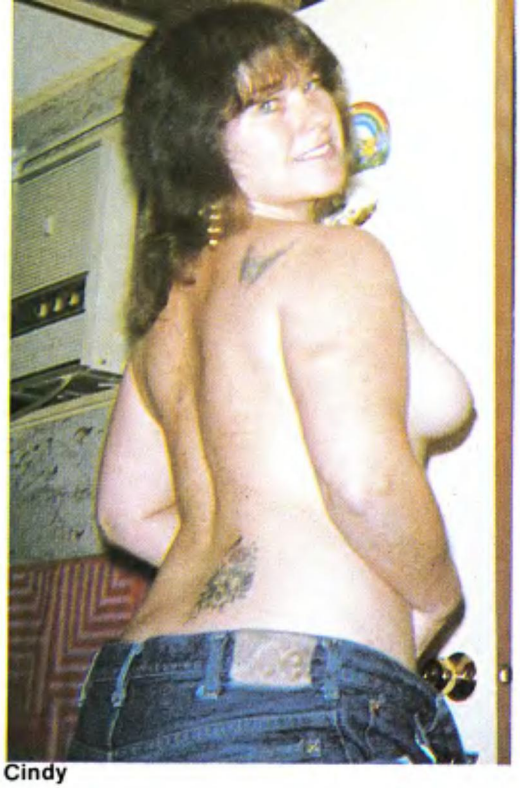
Other special modifications: Marvin Miller nitrous oxide; Sputhe top end early-style clutch release; handmade rear chain guard; braided steel oil lines; aluminum brackets and polishing by Walkem.

A brand-new, in-the-crate Sportster engine was immediately dismantled. Most of this new engine was shelved with zero miles on it. What wasn't shelved was modified for high performance. The stock heads and cylinders were replaced with top-of-the-line Sputhe aluminum cylinders and dual carb heads. For the extra edge, a nitrous-oxide system was hidden under the seat — the braided steel lines to the intake manifolds are the only thing that gives it away. The transmission received just as much attention. It's full of Andrews gears, with a Trock tranny door that resembles a bank vault, not to mention a legendary Routt main shaft.

The frame, front end, wheels, and brakes are all racing items. The frame is an XR from the factory in Milwaukee and has been proven on every oval race track in the country. The Cerrani road-race front is used on the more serious racers in the world, and the wheels and brakes from Kosman are standard equipment on bikes that need to stop high-horsepower engines.

I'll admit that the price tag is enough for building a small house, but when you want the absolute fastest, you have to give up the big bucks.

—Wrench



Cindy



Gin



Stone



Gina



T.J.

Q' Lady Contest

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

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

I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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

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



Here she is, folks — Michelle, the tenth monthly winner in the 4th Annual **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Jewelie, Angie, and Maid Marion.



Tesha

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth 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 runners-up each get $25, with the contributor gettin' $10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders'* Ol' Lady of the Year.

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

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

Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is May 28. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #108 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■

Marti





Donetta

Another Morning

Numb! Yeah, that's the feeling I was experiencing. Frozen hands, feet, legs, face. Hell, it was damn cold.

For the hundredth time I cussed out that worthless four-wheel monstrosity of a truck I had to leave sitting in its usual place, the driveway. Now don't get me wrong, bros, puttin' is my way of life. Me and that old panhead go back in time to when Moby Dick was a minnow, but shit, it's two degrees below zero, the middle of January, and I've gotta go fifteen miles to get to that sweatshop of a place where I work.

As I think back to the time before I jumped on this mobile refrigeration unit every morning, five times a week, it's the same old thing. Wake-up time: six o'clock in the fuckin' morning, mouth tasting as if the entire Russian infantry had just force-marched through it. Well, at least this time I had awakened in my own bed.

Priorities first: grab a handful of tit, play with a nice, warm ass, kick the worthless mutt off the bed for the thousandth time, toss the alarm clock against the bedroom door. With all that accomplished, it's time for the hard part — getting my old, beat body moving.

Damn, you'd think after all these years I'd have learned not to party so hard every night. Bones are getting pretty creaky, and let me tell you, that's a hell of a sound to listen to on a head that's as hungover as mine usually is.

Let's see, fall over the ol' lady. Hell, I'm awake, why shouldn't she suffer the same as me!

Shit! Floors are damn cold this early in the morning. . .

Ahh. That's better, put on the old reliable boots. As long as the ol' lady don't look my way, I'll be all right. Stark-nekkid scooter tramp wearin' engineer boots has gotta be a weird sight first thing in the morning. Anyway, let's see — where's that damn overhead light? Aargh! Fuckin' bright bastard.

Quick look in the mirror — shit, a long look just might crack the thing. Yep, still as ugly as I ever was. Damn, gonna have to wear my shades again today to cover up the old road-map eyeballs. *Chuckle.* Come to think of it, I've never gone to work without them.

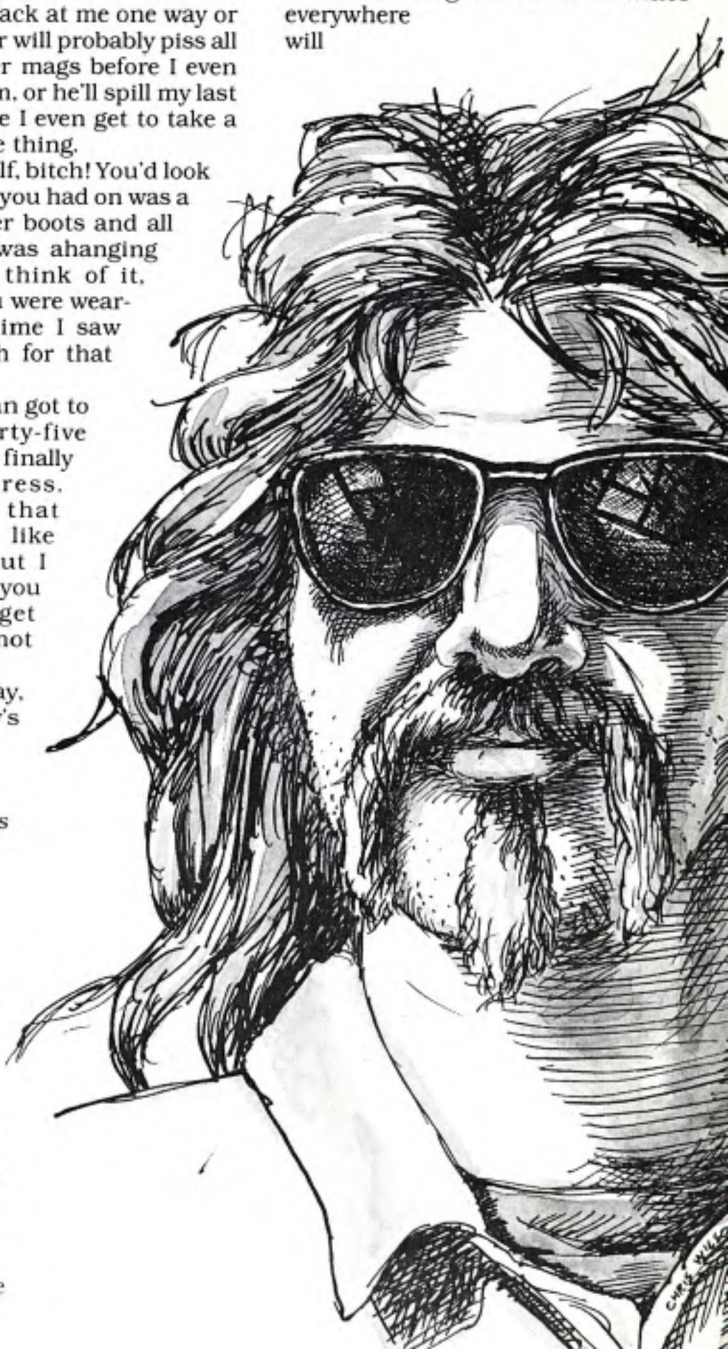
The porcelain temple, ahh. First blessed relief of the day — man, does that ever feel better — thought I was gonna have to beat the one-eyed trouser snake down, just so I could enjoy myself. Gotta remember not to shake it more than twice, or the ol' lady will never get me out of the house.

Shit, I think I'll teach that mutt of mine a lesson he won't soon forget. I won't flush his drinking fountain — nah, that wouldn't work, the sonofabitch will get back at me one way or another. Fucker will probably piss all over my scooter mags before I even get to read them, or he'll spill my last cold beer before I even get to take a drink out of the thing.

Ha-ha yourself, bitch! You'd look funny too, if all you had on was a pair of engineer boots and all your privates was ahanging out. Come to think of it, that's what you were wearing the first time I saw you — so much for that excuse.

Damn! Woman got to me again! Forty-five minutes later I finally manage to dress. Now, I know that doesn't sound like such a feat, but I ask you, have you ever tried to get dressed with not only your own hands in the way, but your ol' lady's as well? It's a monumental feat; ought to be put on *That's Impossible*, or whatever the program is.

Time for the daily cabinet safari, breakfast style. Let's see, half-finished bottle of tequila, one clean bowl, (miracles never cease), half-finished jar of peanut butter, an empty cracker wrapper — ah, a full box of Rice Krinkles. Knew that sucker was in there somewhere. Now to find the milk. Ought to be in the fridge. Not there. Hey, bitch! Where's the damn milk? I drank it out of your *what* last night? Shit, I knew I was drunk, but after all, you'd think I'd remember something like that. No wonder my beard's got this smelly dandruff all through it. Oh well, I'll be resourceful and just use that bottle of tequila I found. Imagine, a drunk talking Rice Krinkles. Winos everywhere
will

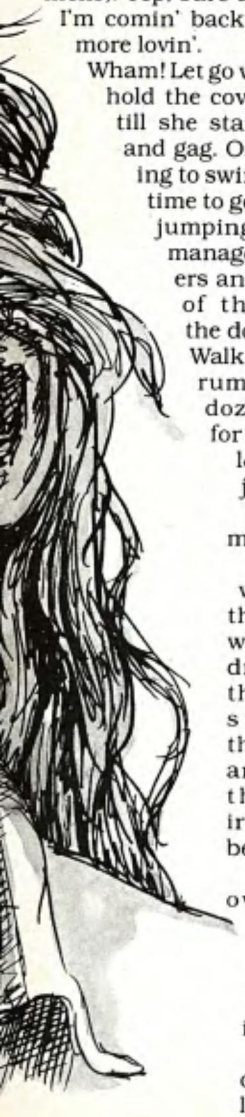


by SpaceTurtle

put me in their hall of fame for this little waker-upper.

With breakfast over, it's time to move out into the cold and face another frigid putt to work. I realize deep down that there is no hope of starting my truck — hell, it only starts when the sun's out and the temp's eighty. Naturally, I never need it when it's that warm, because that's the time I want to putt, with my face in the wind.

Uh-oh! I feel a good one coming on. Gotta turn the ol' lady on to this one. Let's see, sneak back into the bedroom; yeah, ol' lady went back to sleep; slip under the old covers (feel like James Bond in one of those spy flicks). Yep, sure as shit, she thinks I'm comin' back to give her some more lovin'.



Wham! Let go with a juicy sucker, hold the covers over her head till she starts to turn green and gag. Oh shit, she's starting to swing! Now I know it's time to go to work. Between jumping and laughing, I manage to grab my leathers and get to the safety of the other side of the door.

Walking to the garage, I rummage through a dozen keys looking for the one that unlocks my pride and joy. Finally finding the right one, I manage to open the old reinforced wooden doors; and there my pride sits, waiting like a dream come true, the early morning sun glinting through the doors and flashing over the chrome and iron of my resting beauty.

I casually stroll over to her and begin releasing the binding locks and chains that hold her securely in the garage. Finishing that, I sit down on the black leather of the seat.

Continued on page 106

The theory that any good oil is good enough for your Harley just doesn't hold water.

Because that Harley-Davidson V-Twin needs an oil made specifically for air cooling.

So make sure of the oil you're using. In fact, don't take any chances at all. Put in genuine Harley-Davidson motorcycle oils.

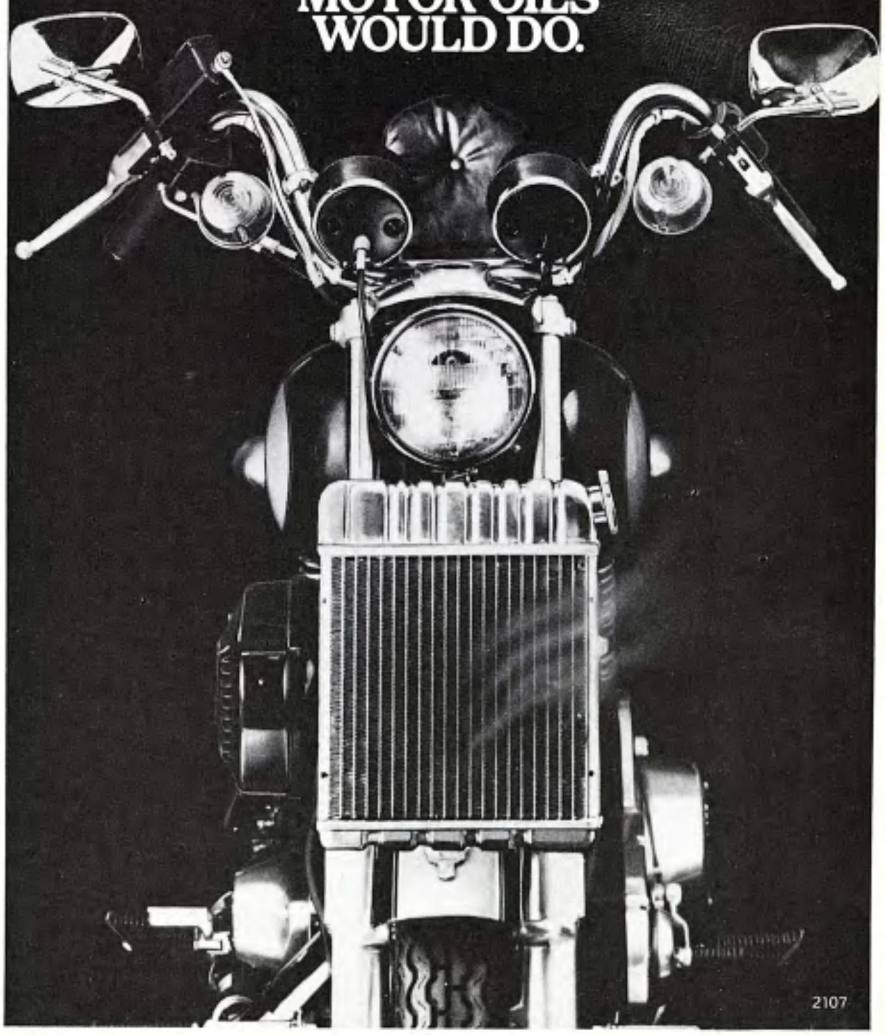
These thoroughly road-tested oils exceed the tough new SF quality standards of the A.P.I. And they include a special low ash-forming magnesium additive package specially formulated for air-cooled engines. Which means cooler performance in hot weather. Less chance for engine knock and plug fouling. Easier starts. Harley oils can boost the performance of both new and old bikes, too.

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2107

LOCKDOWN



The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —*Anatole France*

by Boomer

The federal government wants to spend two billion dollars to build and expand prisons. Taxpayers in many states, including our home turf of California, are constantly being badgered to approve new bond issues — sometimes reaching into the hundreds of millions — to create more cells.

Why? If the money was being spent to replace old, outmoded facilities with new, roach-free prisons offering more humane and enlightened conditions, it would be one thing. But the sad face is, the bulk of this money is intended for the building of *more* prisons. The 80- or 100-year-old purgatories now in use in some states would remain in use, uniting in unwilling matrimony convict and rodent until either death or the parole board does them part.

Why? The usual answers are simple. More prisons are needed because the crime rate is up, because more defendants are being sentenced to jail, because the public is demanding that longer sentences be issued by judges, etc., etc. Valid reasons, perhaps, but there is another side to the prison overcrowding issue that is rarely ever considered: It is cheaper to reduce overcrowding by cutting old prisoners loose than by building new facilities to house incoming inmates. Also, an early-release program eases overcrowding immediately, not five years down the road after a bond issue has passed, a site has been selected, construction contracts have been let, and a new institution has been built.

Law-and-order types, of course, fight early-release programs tooth and nail. "We can't have these criminals back on the streets," they say. "It's too dangerous." Well, number one, no early-release program I ever heard of puts life-without-parole types back on the streets. The Aunt Tillies out there may not like to hear it, but the fact is that the dudes cut loose in the average early-release program were going to be back out on the street in a few months anyway — Aunt Tillie's paranoia notwithstanding. What it might interest Aunt Tillie to know, however, is that by supporting an early-release program she could be helping to make her city's streets safer, not more dangerous.

That's correct, you read it right. Letting prisoners out of the slammer before their sentences expires or before they would ordinarily be eligible for parole can lead to a *decrease* in crime.

For evidence, consider Michigan. Michigan, like many states, faces a severe prison overcrowding problem, with various units of the state system frequently housing substantially more inmates than they are designed to handle. Unlike other states, however, which are either digging in and resisting legal efforts to improve overcrowded conditions or building new prisons, Michigan operates on an Emergency Powers Act that requires, under certain circumstances, that prisoners be discharged early to relieve congestion in the system.

It works like this: Any time the population of the state prison system exceeds its official capacity of 13,291, the state Department of Corrections must begin what is called a 30-day countdown. If, within that 30 days, the prison population has not fallen below 13,921, the DOC must ask the governor to declare a prison crowding state of emergency. Once the governor has done this, the DOC must subtract 90 days from the minimum sentences of all prisoners in the system, thus making them eligible for earlier parole consideration. The newly eligible-for-parole inmates go before the parole board, where a decision on whether or not to release them is made, using the same criteria that would have applied had they served their original minimum sentence before coming before the board.

During the one emergency period declared during 1981, for instance, about nine-hundred prisoners were granted early release by the parole board, thus bringing the population of the system back below its legal maximum.

The startling fact, however, and the point of this whole long screed is that, so far, those 900 parolees have gotten in far less trouble with the law and have a far higher rate of gainful employment than similar groups of ex-prisoners who are paroled after their minimum sentences have been served, or released outright after their term is up. Interesting, isn't it? And, more than that, the Michigan experience is something that other states, bewildered by what to do with the excess bodies in their double- and triple-celled systems, should really look into.

DECISIONS, KITES AND NEWS

"Empty-Chair" Case To Be Heard

The Illinois State Supreme Court has agreed to rule on a case that could have serious repercussions in the prison rights field.

In Illinois, as in many other states, defendants without money are not provided with attorneys to represent them in civil matters. Since Illinois does not allow prisoners to represent themselves in court, civil cases filed by indigent inmates against the Pontiac Correctional Center have gone to "trial" before a judge, a prosecutor, and two empty chairs — one for the plaintiff and one for his attorney. Many judges solve this problem by simply dismissing such cases out of hand.

In the case going to the Illinois Supreme Court, an inmate appealed a lower court decision to the Fourth Appellate Court, charging that his rights were violated because he was allowed no representation at his trial. That court ruled that people without money who file civil cases in trial courts don't have the constitutional right to be represented by counsel. ■

Only snipers and vipers lived in the slime. The sun drewn the moisture and clouds of steam rose from the warm, hip-deep ooze. Swarms of mosquitos droned around our heads, seeking a chink in our mud-caked armor. Stinging sweat flowed into my eyes, blurring my vision. I was tempted to sit down in the mire, to give up and sink into the mud like some prehistoric beast caught in a swamp. A movement on my right caught my eye. It was a giant, thick-bodied viper sliding across the surface of the mud toward me. I wasn't afraid of the VC, but this evil-looking reptile filled my body with such a jolt of adrenalin that I plowed my way through the next mile of mud toward an island in a sea of slime.

Tall, thin palm trees beckoned like friends, calling me to the safety of the cliffs. The island was high, dry, and safe from snakes. We set up camp, blew a mortar pit, dug trenches, and built gun emplacements and safe, warm bunkers. We just made ourselves comfortable and decided to stay for a spell. That was fine for a while, but then Charlie found our hotel and began ambushing us every time we left camp. He mortared us every time we went to sleep and probed our perimeter every morning. We took lots of casualties from snipers and assorted homemade booby traps.

Only when we abandoned the comfort of the highlands to pursue the VC through the swamp did we show any progress.

Here we are in 1982, in the swamp, and accomplishing something. Congress has unanimously voted into law and President Reagan has signed the Veterans' Health Care, Training, and Small Business Loan Act of 1981. This act contains major provisions concerning Vietnam-era Vets.

- The bill extends for three years the readjustment counseling program for vets. The Vet Centers have been a successful tool in helping vets with their problems. There are 91 Vet Centers operating currently, with 42 more scheduled for opening. The new law extends the program to September 30, 1984.
- Public law 97-92 also provides health care for veterans who may be affected by exposure to dioxin (contained in Agent Orange) or any other "toxic substance found in a defoliant or herbicide" used in the Republic of Vietnam. This is the first time Congress has acknowledged the adverse effects to toxic chemicals suffered by many veterans. The VA has sent its guidelines to its medical centers telling them what disorders they *will not* treat.
- The new law also authorizes the VA to run a loan program for vets, funded with $25 million. The loans are available to Vietnam vets or any vet with 30% or more disability. Up to $200,000 will be available for small business loans or loan guarantees for vets.
- The bill provides an extension of eligibility for on-the-job-training and vocational education. Date of discharge does not matter. Any veteran is eligible for the program, if he pursues an apprenticeship, on-the-job-training, or finishes his secondary education.

We have come out of our warm bunkers and splashed into the swamp of life. In 1981, we accomplished many things. The most important progress was in the education of the general public. This year, that educational process must continue. We must march forward in the fight for the return of the MIA's and the Vietnam Veterans Monument must be made into a memorial honoring both our dead and our living veterans. Voter registration is very important — we must be able to vote our people in and vote our oppressors out.

We have had a successful battle in 1981, but the war will never end. The tenacity of each veteran will be tested severely and only by sticking together can we win this one. —Doc



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Male Call

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In honor of **A.L. "Lucky" Kyle** 1% HAMC, 1934-1982. Fly on, sweet angel. One day we will ride side by side again. Go in peace, bro. Shamus. Li'l Sis, Roach, Rev. Spider, Mexican Al, Baby Huey, Ray Lee, Aunt Mary, Spider II, Bugs, Dakota Drifter, Toots, Snowball, Taste, and all your bros and sisters.

The sun is setting and a brother from Long Beach is laid to rest. In loving memory of **"Little Stevie" Taylor.** Gone, but not forgotten. Love from Bonnie and all your brothers.

In honor and memory of **Bob Neighbor.** You won our hearts from Ohio to Florida, Alaska, and California. Though you're gone, your legend will always live on. A true bro and "North Roader." George and Sharon, Kenai, Alaska.

U.R.L., CBMC, 1956 to 1976. We haven't forgotten your fiery entrance to your new life. Times have changed; we haven't. We still love and miss you deeply. Ma, Amber, Danny, and the Admiral. Niagara Falls, Canada.

In eternal memory of **Richard Wayne Knowles** 7/6/55 to 4/22/80. Ride with no laws to bind you on this, your second anniversary with the Reaper. Gone forever; forgotten never. In our hearts and always in our thoughts. Still loving you, Linda and the rugrats.

In memory of **Bradford Dillman.** We still love and miss you deeply. Only the good die young. You rode hard and died free. Teresa Dillman and your friends and bros, Jackals MC.

In memory of **Dakota,** who rode hard and died fast. You'll be loved and missed forever. Your friends and bros. Jackals MC.

In memory of **Bernard "Bernie" Elliott.** Some day we'll ride together side by side forever. Your brother, Mark Elliott.

In memory of **Gerald W. "Hutch" Hutchings.** 8/18/81. Rest in peace and ride free in Harley Heaven. You'll always be missed at the best of parties, for there will probably be no one there who will smile and party as much as you did. Someday we'll all ride together. Love always. Bud and Lori.

In memory of **Ronnie.** We were wiser for knowing you and poorer for losing you. Ride free, bro. We'll never forget you. Till we meet again. Skull and Tin Can, 1% Loners.

In memory of **Steven "Cob" Walker.** No one believes you're gone. You still live in our hearts. We all miss you very much. Take care. R.I.P. Filthy Phill Senna, family, and friends.

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.

Outlaw needs outlaw-minded lady to get together with on the street. I step from Folsom in October. If you're interested in a good relationship, let's get to it! If possible, send photo. W/m, 33, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'8", 180 lbs. Richard Winters, Box C08938, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I've been down for a few with nothing to do, so figured I'd write Easyriders and hope to catch a lady scriber. I'm white, 31, dark brown hair, green eyes, 5'9", 175 lbs., and lonely as hell. I'll be free in '83. David Thomas, Box B99204, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Down bros doing time, just for some bullshit crime. Longing to be in the wind again, feeling free at 110. Need your letters, and the sooner, the better. So, why don't you ladies write? White males, 25. Terry Dalton #117761 and E. Edwards #117133, Rt. 1, Box 17, Capron, Va. 23829.

Louisiana bro, 19, needs your letters to help pass the time. Phillip Schane #91217, Cellblock C, Box 351, Wade Correctional Center, Haynesville, La. 71038.

White bro, 26, blond, blue eyes, 6'2", 190. Trying to find one righteous woman. Tired of bullshit game playing. Been down 6¼ but will rise 9/82. Will locate in the Southwest. If you think you're qualified, write. Pics accepted, but not necessary. Sonny Harrin #41615, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

W/m, 21, 6'2", 180. Temporarily down for parts in Alaska jail. Would like correspondence from some outgoing, open-minded females 18-22. Letters and/or pics would be appreciated. Bill Jackson, Box 2100, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

No family, friends, or lady. W/m, 29, blond, blue eyes, 6'1", 200, educated. Eight mos. to do and no place to go. Answer all. Doug Gordon #48234, 1140G, 1025 Lane, Delta, Colo, 81416.

Why don't you white sweeties get off your backs long enough to send some scribes my way? Getting short and I'm wanting to leave California. Don Farnan, Box B-81830, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Pagan wants to hear from honeys. Mike Cichowicz #K-1481, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

White convict would like to hear from all you fine ladies out there. I'm 26, brown hair, blue-green eyes, 215 lbs., into lifting iron, tattoos, and hearing from you. Let's get together with kites, visits, and whatnot. J. Putt Robinett, Box C-08451, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Scooter bum, 27, in need of scribes and flicks from righteous babes. If ya got any class, then get off your ass and scribe. Patrick Gilham #18792, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll; love them all. I'm 25 and been down too long. So, ladies, any age, brighten up my day with a letter and a flick. All answered. Bill Burnett #43321, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

W/m, 27, 5'5", good-looking, out in '83. Trying to find a good-looking lady for a meaningful relationship (rugrats okay). Send pic. Paul Gavlin #14181, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Hey, ladies, I'm a lonely bro in Elmira C.F., looking for a righteous lady to share my thoughts and future with. Will answer one and all. What do you say? Hector Andino #80-B-579, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14802.

Downed bro, white, 28, would like to have some cheerful letters and pics from down-to-earth ladies (mamas included). All ages. Must love to scoot. Lookin' for house mouse. Be out soon. Galen Fabion Ethridge #C-63155, Box 711, Menard, Ill, 62259.

Bro, 24, in Nevada joint, needs loving, too. All bright, white ladies, please write Frank Berry, Box 100 (SNCC), Jean, Nev. 89019.

Downed bro, doing two, out 1/83, would like to hear from some nice ladies who want to see the good life on the back of my lowrider. Hometown, Salinas, Calif. Send pictures to Michael Zilkosky #C-39418, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

W/m, 25, looking for old and new friends. Locked down for 6 and will answer all I get. Send pics and mail to Timothy E. Thomson #471-72-8842, Unit LL, APO N.Y. 09028.

Calif. bro doing time in Oregon. Need to hear from sweet and sincere ladies. Steve Ethridge, Box 43082, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97130.

A lot in, 13 months left. Coming out around Sioux Falls, 2/83. So how about you tramps nearby dropping this soon-to-be-free Sporty rider a line? Not a boy, 31 years old, real trash, and proud of it. D. Moses Moeller #11918, W.S.P. Box 400 (Max), Rawlins, Wyo, 82301.

A downed bro doing time needs some chicks to write. I'm lonely. I'm 6'4", 250, white, and need a good woman. Send photo and I'll answer all. No bullshit! I need a puttin' woman. Jim Buresh #118-774, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

White, 24, down male needs ladies to write. I'm lonely as hell. Mark Briggs #21963, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Scooter tramps in need of house mouses. Getting out on the bricks in 18 months. Steven Hamel, Donnie Cormier, and Buddy Hollis, Box 34550, Memphis Tenn. 38134.

Ladies, Arizona bro down but not out. Will be in August. Looking for Arizona lady to share the good times with. Write and send flicks to Jim Goodwin #15710, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Two Italian bros being held against their will. Would like mail from the free world. All letters answered asap. Tony Passarelli and Cam Tomarchio, Box 607 NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

W/m, 29, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'10", 160, in deep need of letters from foxy ladies, sluts, cheerleaders, and girls next door. John Swanson, Box C-07033, San Quentin, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

Aries, 32, doing 3, 5'11", 170, needs letters and pics from ladies with lots of heart. Will answer all. Ron McWilliams #135689A, Box 4000, Sta. A, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8X 3Y8.

I'm 24 with red hair and blue eyes. 145 lbs., 5'9", USA boy in need of letters from USA ladies. Rodney Pierce McConnell III, Hospitalstabe 18, 6230 Frankfurt Hochst, West Germany.

W/m looking for a good woman. Got one year left till I'm free. Will answer all and send photos. Joey Richardson #38509, Box 7, 2-B-418, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

A real, live honky needs to correspond with open-minded ladies who care and respect a down bro doing time in the joint. Little Rock Butcher #116386, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

W/m, 35, would like to correspond with any woman. Will answer all. James Johnson #94881, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Downed white male from So. Calif. wants to hear from sincere ladies, especially from Ariz. Will answer all. Richard Sauter #32610, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Wanted: good-looking, righteous women with lots of love to give to a downed bro and interested in a lasting relationship. Send pics. W/m, 28, 5'10", blond hair, brown eyes, Vietnam vet. Have lots of love to give in return. John Schroeder #48240, Box 1010 D.V. 3-2-R, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely white boy who likes to party hearty needs women to write to. Scott Pennington #9927C, 3405 Deer Park Dr, S.E., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely, 200 lbs., 6', brown eyes, brown curly hair. Looking for female companionship to help me make it through this place. William Reid Kerchner #328327, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Down in redneck country. Can't be much worse except for being without an ol' lady and around my bros. What about all you young fine ladies out there? Shoot me a scribe; I'll answer all. I'm 23, 5'9½", 185 lbs., with long brown hair, brown eyes and 10½ inches. George Schwindling #43467, MSU, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Florida boy who's stuck in Georgia would love to hear from Florida girls. I'm white, 6', 160, brown hair, blue eyes, intelligent, witty, good-looking, and all that other good shit. Bart Harper #EF-127355, Box 194, Alto, Ga. 30510.

Wanted! Bay area ladies. W/m, 27, stone outlaw. Answer all letters with photo. Bobby R. Maddox #C5693, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Down dude, blond hair, green eyes, 22, wishes to correspond with sincere ladies. Photos would be cool. All kites answered. David Reed, Box C-32628, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Choppershopper

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

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

Note: closing date for adverisements 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®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros, and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog U.S.A. $3; foreign $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186 (119)

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 8½ 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 you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (113)

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

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

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.

45 rider-collector club now in its 2nd year. 2-and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Send $15 for one-year membership; club newsletter and T-shirt sent to all members. Send to 45 Riders Club, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (117)

Happy birthday to Debbie Jo in Tucson. Your daddy loves ya always. (108)

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

Extremely disabled vet needs your immediate help. Have four children and no wife. The VA won't help, and I desperately need help. Please write to Cliff Conn, P.O. Box 50579, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303. Critical. (109)

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)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide! Melinda (312) 274-9600 or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (108)

28-year-old Gemini, young, single, and determined to get it together with that #1 foxy lady. I'm 5'5", 145 lbs, brown eyes and hair. You serious-minded ladies (19-38) who will send me your full-length, up-to-date pics will definitely get a fast reply. Doin' time,but will soon be out! Mr. Eduardo ("Eddie") Barrera #91124-#A, P.O. Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (108)

White male, 55, planning early retirement. Seeks lady, 35 or older, to bike-tour the country. No heavy booze, drugs, or tricksters. Require some income or honest trade to supplement expenses. Objective: sightseeing, companionship. Photo, please. Frank, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (108)

Joni: Happy birthday, babe, 6/30. Thanks for the best year I've ever had. But the best is yet to come, 6/26. I hope it will be a long and strong life together. Love you forever. Pig Pen. (108)

Notice to all Midwest riders: Novicky's Hideout Memorial Day Run, Rt. 2, Box 166, Eldon, Mo. 65026. (314) 365-2890. (108)

White male, Aries, 32, out in '82. Looking for together chicks for mail and possible visits. Age and looks unimportant. Larry Reynolds #133695, Box 2000, Rt. #3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (108)

Club colors done on 3- 4-oz leather. For info and up-to-date price sheet, write to Rob (Evil) DeGuire #101742, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301. Also looking for lady to help with mail-order leather business. (109)

Ladies: I need letters to help me through this year I have left. I'm 26, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", and 175 lbs. Wayne Belt #33803, Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502. (108)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (108)

Gypsy: Happy birthday 3-18-49. I love you more than you'll ever know. You're the best thing that ever happened to me. I'll sit on your face any time! Sugar Thighs. (108)

Dad: Happy b'day, 3-18-49. You're the best dad ever. We love you! Chopper, Little Harley, and Dammion. (108)

Hubba-Hubba Rocky, you're one of a kind. Too bad we're not together. Happy 21st on 4-8-82. Love ya, Shorty. (108)

Chris Conklin: Happy birthday! Sue. (108)

Lonnie P.: Happy 24th (3-11-82). You're free; I hope you enjoy! Love, Your ex-Dooky. (108)

Kool: Happy birthday, 3/31/82. I will always love you. Bob. (108)

Rolling papers Job 1.5, Eazywider, Harley-Davidson—$11 per box of 24. 80 brands available. Send $1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (108)

Loner, 31, icebound up in Canada. Have lots of spare time to wear out pens. Mort, 11418 103rd, Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada T5K 0S4. (108)

Robert Steven Harris, or any old friends of mine, write to me. I'd like to hear from any chicks out there, too. Rick Harris, Box 35, Ryan, Okla, 73565. (108)

Scott Sargent, 4-3-82: Ha! Maybe we'll be kickin' up dust in a trailer by the time your next birthday rolls around. Happy birthday. I love you. See ya soon. Love, Ranona. (108)

"Redhead," my handsome Sportster man. I love you. Monica. (108)

East coast bikers: Tired of paying west coast prices and shipping charges? Call (317) 247-6450 for super prices and information. (108)

Scorpio, 26, honest, sincere, and a one-woman man. I'm tired of going to jail and not getting ahead. I've lost a lot in life, and it's time for a change. I need a lovely lady, 18-28, marriage-minded and able to relocate, to help me start over, and to be as true and honest as I am. Photos, please. Answer all. Bruce Gibbs #304209, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (108)

Hardworking, easygoing Harley rider, 24 and lonely, seeks long-haired, slim, small-breasted lady, age unimportant; children welcome. Dopers and game-players, don't bother me. I don't have the world by the tail, but I've got a lot of time to share with the right woman. Send letter and pic to Rod, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (108)

To my sleazy babe: As I'm writin' this, you're on your way to that fuckin' oil patch, and I'm countin' dope money and listenin' to rock archives. Missed ya before ya even left. Happy b'day, 5/29/54. Doesn't seem like two years since that first putt. I'm lovin' it, and you. Your snivelin' Haggie. (108)

Sarah Stewart: Happy 4-26-54. You're the best woman I could ask for. Glad you're my wife. (Jim's friend) Rich. (108)

If you're white and proud, if you're slim and trim, then sit on down for a minute, and loan me your pen. I'm an active, life-loving, Aryan male with broad interests, 30, 6'2", 180 pounds, tattooed, muscular, blond-red hair, shaved head, low rider, but also keep a 74 Harley. Been to prison three times for robbery. If I return it's for life, so lookin' to settle down some, with a sincere, rock 'n' roll, country-type woman 20-35. You women from southern Canada write, too. Kids okay. From Riverside. Being released July 3, '82. William "Buzzard" Jones, P.O. Box B-#58617-SHU II, Folsom State Prison, Represa, Calif. 95671. (108)

Happy birthday, Mack Truck, June 30. I love you now and forever. Marti. (108)

Rick and Doris: Been a long time since Neckarsulm and Huntsville. Miss you both very much. Need your friendship; please write. David, Star Route 15, Box 609-39, Lathrop Wells, Nev. 89020. (108)

Swap Meets—April 25, May 23, June 27, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. Box 543, Blue Springs, Mo. 64015 for info. (108)

John Kelly: Thinkin' about ya. Good people. Don't know where you are, but hope you're doin' great. Love ya, and may the wind be always in your face. Deb. (108)

To whom it may concern: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment® is the registered trademark of Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. Any other individual or tattoo supply firm using this trademark is in direct violation of the law and will be prosecuted n a court of law. If you don't believe it, try it. You won't like it. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

White and black Harley or Indian riders interested in starting an outlaw bike club in East Bay area. Only righteous bros; no punks. Scruffy, 422 Hacienda Ave., San Lorenzo, Calif. 94580. (108)

Mark "Outlaw" Bell: We were friends; what happened? I didn't know you were paroled. I wish you all the best—and maybe you will ride my way one day. With thoughts of you always. Love, Linda. (108)

Sonny Eugene Brooks: Please contact Jungle Joe's sister, Nancy. Forever and always, George. Forgot your friends? (108)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction. Illustrated, 72 pages, $22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-V, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (108)

Attention: Why don't some people out there drop me a line? Mark Carnathan, Box C-15029, Tamal, Calif. 94974. (108)

Teresa: Happy 21st, babe, 4-29-61. Have a great one, and I hope we spend many more together. You're the sunshine of my life. All my love, all my life, Jon. (108)

Righteous dude, age 22, just moved to Texas, needs righteous chick 18-28 of average looks or better, to share apt. and bike. Rugrats possible. Send photo; I will answer all letters. Jim (Wildman) Caldwell, 110 S. Statium Dr., Apt. N7, Alice, Tex. 78332. (108)

Free Florida beach living. Keep my apartment clean, cook for me, and answer the phone. Riding and sailing. Send photo and letter to Tom, 404 1st St. North, Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (108)

Shirky: I want to play games with you, but not head games. I think you're a hell of a guy. Carla. (108)

Rich H.: Happy birthday, 5-15-55. Let's spend it suckin', fuckin', and ridin'. Love ya always. Tere. (108)

Greg Spinnenweber: Happy birthday, 6-12. All my love forever. Sandy. (108)

S-Low Rider: Surprise! Happy birthday, darling (6-24). May all my dreams for us come true. I'll always be here. All my love, forever. Shortround. (108)

Steve: Your Hog is heaven! With respect. Wild Child. (108)

Attention, downed bros: You wanted mail! I wrote! I got fucked! Spent bucks on letters, visits. Took care of Mark "Grizzly" Smith (Menard) for three years. Also helped some others. Makes me wonder if there are any for-real dudes around, instead of conning, whining game players. Little Fox. (108)

Rare '68, 650 Kaw, pre-unit engine. Make offer. 1 (916) 695-2418. Live Oak, Calif. (108)

Biker, w/m, 32, in Orlando, Fla., looking for biker lady for party times. Send photo and phone to Peter B, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (108)

Roger: Happy birthday, 6-29-82! I love you "all the way live" and always will. Your little Helchkin, Helena. (108)

Happy birthday to my sweet meat, Smedly, 4/11/82. You hold my heart. Cindy. (108)

Happy birthday, Bonnie BMH51154. I love you, 62082365-Yawanase, not just a nut, a nut 4u. It feels good! After you, all is trite. Christopher, Andrew, and Russell. We love you and need you. (108)

"The Tattooists" hardcover book! Color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. Featured in Easyriders. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. $36 plus tax. Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (119)

Dreamer: When the days are warm, let's ride in the sun, make love in the mountains, leave nothing undone. Here's to a long, hot summer! Lovin' you. Fantasy. (108)

David Reynolds: Where the hell are you? Let's ride again. Melvin Shedd, Box 2595, Globe, Ariz. 85501. (108)

Don Hargrove: Please write/call Elaine Stephens (713) 477-0419 collect. Or write 905 Seymour, Pasadena, Tex. 77506. I love you regardless. (108)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. $20,000 to $50,000-plus per year. Call 1 (716) 842-6000, Ext. 218. (108)

Congratulations, Paisano Rats, on one helluva season! Keep on kickin' ass. The Mgr. (108)

Happy birthday, Sharon, 5/7/82. Ride forever. The Snivelin' Zombies. (108)

Ladies: Doing time, 6'2", 190 pounds, brown eyes and hair, W/m seeking that special lady who's open-minded and sincere. Will answer all letters. Fred Shepherd #C-24805, Box A #6196, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (108)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (108)

"Reb": Happy (3-15), happy (3-21). Looking forward to many more happy years of serving you. Love always. Your ol' lady. "Ms. Reb." (108)

Dark Star: Happy belated birthday. I love you. If only you knew what it meant. Black Foot. (108)

1st Annual Knucklehead Riders' Rendezvous at Sturgis 1982. For more information, contact Knucklehead Company Ltd MC, Box 1402, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. 54494. P.S. Scratch, where are you? (108)

W/m, 29, Scorpio, will be in the wind in October, 5'10", 170, brown hair, blue eyes. All interested ladies write for reply. Carey Norton #86483, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (108)

Happy fuckin' belated b'day, Dano, Grogy, and Bob. See you sometime this summer. Love ya. Lurch. (108)

Prisoner in need of sweet words and flicks from foxy ladies. (Al) Alfred Branum #286354, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (108)

Steve: My one and only, it's been the best four years of my life. 5-13-78. I luv ya madly. Debbie. (108)

Tom T.: I'm back in The Germ, Mannheim area, HHC 3d Bde, APO 09028. New scoot, Lucille II, Lucifer. (108)

Want a get-together, with fun-loving, swinging ladies in Chicago area, for adult fun and games? Send $1/trade revealing photo. Ray Miller, 6818 N. Wayne #311, Chicago, Ill. 60626. (312) 338-7352. (108)

Burrhead: Happy 25th birthday (6-25). We love you more and more each day. Stay happy. Monica and Logan. (108)

Wanted: "In the Wind" #1 mag. Must be in very good cond. Will pay $10. Send to K.M.K., 107½ N. Crawford, Apt. 5, Fort Scott, Kan. 66701. (108)

Last Call: May 4. For this anniversary I'll lay you down in the woods again. Love always. Dirty Feet. (108)

Ladies: Would love to hear from you. I am 35 years old, 5'6", 158 lbs. Will answer all. SP5 Hugo Orlando Arias Casas, 138A-3G Fort Hamilton Manor Complex, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209 (212) 630-4467. (108)

Snake Eyes: I just want you to know that I love you! When all this shit blows over, I'll be here. Your ol' lady, Goose. (108)

Death in family; must sell basement and outbuilding full of old Harley-Davidson and Indian parts, and three complete motorcycles. Send $2 for inventory sheet (refunded on purchase). P.O. Box 11523, Portland, Ore. 97211. (108)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (108)

Couple wants to find friendly biker people in Hawaii. Plan to visit in the future. Write T. Scare, Box 232, Willshire, Ohio 45898. (108)

Starrider, my love and freedom, the worst is over. Let's go for broke. Yours always, Mouse, 4-22-81. (108)

Down bro in prison soon to be released. Looking for good ol' lady. Must send flick. Dennis "Sundance" Robinson #84035, Camp C-Wolf 1, Angola, La. 70712. (108)

Dominick "Angel" DeAngelis: We only wish you were here to see how much you are loved and missed. Wiped out by a fuckin' drunk, you died the way you wanted—free and in the wind. Watch over us in Harley Heaven, bro. We love you forever. Your lady, Maureen, your number-one mom Jennie, Stef, Sue, Bill, Tom, Phil, and everyone from South Orange Avenue, Newark. (108)

Crash, NMMC: You're the best ol' man that any ol' lady could ever ask for and have. Happy 28th birthday, 5-30. Love forever. Tiny Tits. (108)

Happy birthday to the one I love (May 2nd). Yours forever. Little Bit. (108)

Tim: Happy 3/20/58 and 7/6/79. I'll love you forever. Rocks. (108)

Van: Happy 30th, May 17th. You made it. We love you more than words could ever say. Your ol' lady, Peggy, and Baby Emily. (108)

Eddie and Pattie: Congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy, fulfilled life riding together. 4-17-82. May you teach your future rugrats to bounce quarters and handle Two Fingers better than you. Love, The Bitch Doris. Mike, Toke, Red, Joyce, Ray, Jimbo, and Mary. (108)

Stranded up in the mountains. Looking for correspondence from ladies of all ages. Wayne Helms #154211, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (108)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Pete in Louisiana: This is the year of your freedom, and our wedding. I love you more than words could ever describe. Till death do us part. Your ol' lady, Cathy, in Michigan. (108)

Superglide Swann: Happy birthday, babe, 5-24-52. I'm wishing you one of the happiest birthdays ever. Loving you is the greatest. Mrs. Superglide. P.S. Don't forget! One beer for every year. Can you do it? (108)

Jodie Adkins: I just want you to know I'll never forget what you've done. Wayne. (108)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of David Mabee or Carl Wainscott, please write to Maureen, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. This is urgent. (108)

Sinner: Happy birthday, 6/7. Thanks for coming into my life. Love ya forever. Sweetcakes. (108)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals for sale (best fuckin' deal). Artist, Box 242-V, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (108)

Free knife catalog. Boot and belt knives, throwers, stilettos, etc. Duffy Enterprises, Box 102, Dept. ER, Bayville, N.J. 08721. (109)

Erotic panties for ol' lady. No. 12 ("Paramour"). Cover her tender joy spot with sheer red satin pouch with black lace trim. It's the briefest bikini made and comes off in a jiffy when the tie on the side is pulled. $12. No. 21 ("Risque"). This brief garment has a reputation for putting new life into limp romances. It's a romance romper with an open crotch and comes with a matching beaded bra. $12. No. 11 ("Play Panties"). A wispy nothing with a split crotch for special evenings. Her fun spot is ready for any action you may have in mind. $10. No. 14 ("Be Mine"). Delightfully indecent, this extremely brief, open-crotch bikini pantie lets everything show. The opening at the crotch is carefully contrived to arouse and captivate. $10. No. 15 ("Sweet Nothing"). This little-nothing number is one of our most popular. Guys go ape over it because it looks great on any pubic mound. Heart-shaped, it's an all-lace G-string. $12. The above are all available in black or red with black trim. One size fits all. Any of the above is sent to you C.O.D. with a 50-percent cash deposit. Send all orders to Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (125)

Lorton Werewolves: If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be riding a Harley. Always a special place in my heart for you. Tommy, Kelly, and Dennis. Thanks for your encouragement, patience, understanding, laughter, and friendship. Sue. (108)

Three downed bros in need of letters and flicks from solid women who care. Bob Flynn #16717, Wade Chapman #14122, and Jack Riner #2558, Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (108)

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Pirate: This is where it all started, and now we number three. How I long for the time when we can feel the wind in our faces. When that Silver Shadow and red carnations cut you free. Relax your mind; it's me, your sons, and thee. To enjoy forever, life's Utopia will be ours. Always loving you. Your ol' lady, Bobbi, and little Pirates. (108)

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Lishie Rice: Happy 4-7-82. Wish I could be there to celebrate. Love from the North Slope. William. (108)

Chuck: Please get in touch. I'll never forget the things we said to each other, and how we helped each other through bad times. Our love will last forever and a day. Susan. (108)

Jim: Happy 4th anniversary, 4/1/82. I love you. Deb. (108)

Continued on page 126

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Plant Growin'

Continued from page 13

place under the low foliage of a small patch of honeysuckle vines, he was sure Barlow wouldn't see him until he was ready for him to. He lay back and watched the young man as he eased carefully up to the clearing and looked all around. Sheriff Taylor chuckled to himself as Jerry laid the hoe down and began pouring the blue liquid plant food around each plant. Abruptly, the fat man hollered, "Heeeeeeeere's Cecil!" and laughed out loud when Jerry spun to face him, his expression one of shocked surprise. Sheriff Taylor was a pretty sorry old sonofabitch, but he had a great sense of humor.

Jerry was in a low crouch, looking almost as if he meant to try and run for it, but he stopped when he heard the hammer come back on the big pistol. A drop of sweat ran down his nose and hung on the end, suspended in the hot dusty silence between them.

"I wouldn't try that shit, boy," Taylor said. "Not 'less you want the undertaker packin' your asshole fulla cotton 'bout dark."

Jerry relaxed and eased his lanky six-foot frame to the ground. He sat cross-legged, watching the red-faced sheriff get up off the ground, still holding the cannon in front of him.

"You can put the gun away, man. I ain't goin' nowhere."

"Oh yeah, boy, you goin' somewhere." The pot-bellied officer dusted off the front of his pants and shirt but didn't put the gun away. His tone was almost jovial, and the speech was well rehearsed.

"Definitely goin' somewhere. Prob'ly up to Reidsville for a goodly portion of your life. Either that or out to the farm for a while."

Jerry knew what he was talking about. The county ran a small correction unit for the lesser criminals, a condition forced onto many county law enforcement agencies by the overcrowding of the prisons and the ever-increasing numbers of felons. He'd heard some bad things about that place. He'd talked to a boy who had spent fifteen months out there for passing one bad check, and the boy had told Jerry he'd leave the country before he'd let them put him back in that rathole. The inmates were forced to work twelve-hour days in the truck patches raising vegetables, and he told Jerry that most of the money from the sale of the produce went right into

Cecil Taylor's back pocket. The boy also hinted that there were some people who went inside and never came back out. At least, not alive. He thought about all this as Taylor crossed the small patch of ground between them and stopped in front of him.

"Stand up!" The words came up from his pot gut in a wheeze. He wore a small, thin smile on his cruel lips.

Jerry stood up slowly and waited while Taylor walked in a small circle around him. His mind raced as he tried to figure a way out of this. The only chance he had was to get away right now — hit the sheriff with his fist or get the gun away from him. If the cop ever got him to the jail it would be all over. He didn't even want to think about spending the next few years in Reidsville.

"You fuckin' bikers think you can just do like you please, don't you?"

Jerry didn't answer.

"Dirty, greasy scum." The words made the blood rush up Jerry's neck and turn his face red. It was now or never. He whirled and threw his fist, but the fat man had already anticipated it. He stepped aside with a practiced motion and let the punch go over his shoulder, bringing the barrel of the gun down on top of Jerry's skull. A light flashed inside his head and his brain shorted out. He didn't even feel it when he hit the ground.

* * *

He couldn't tell how much time had passed when he woke up, but the sun hung low in the blue Georgia sky. He was alone. Mosquitoes had bitten him all over his arms and face and they buzzed around his head in a maddening swarm. He couldn't bat them away because his wrists were firmly held by a pair of bright chrome handcuffs. Jerry

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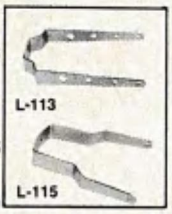
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jerked them apart but the cold steel only cut into the flesh of his wrists. There was no way to break them or get them off. But maybe he could make it back to the road. He didn't know why the sheriff had left him alone like this, but he wasn't about to wait around for him to come back.

He got up on one knee and almost passed out again from the pain throbbing through his head. It felt as if somebody had his head between two ball peen hammers, batting it back and forth. He had to let several minutes pass by before he could get to his feet. The pounding in his temples sent jolts of agony racing through him with every step he took, but he didn't take very many. He stopped when he saw Sheriff Taylor blocking the trail. The fat man had been watching him all the time. And in his hands he was holding a very large diamondback rattler. It was on the end of a stick with a wire loop drawn tightly around its neck. The bulk of its thick body moved and swayed in the air below the head. the forked tongue flickered and tested the air. Jerry froze where he stood. He was about to be murdered; there was no doubt in his mind.

"Interestin' thing about these snakes," the sheriff said. "Catch 'em any time you want to. All you got to have's a little piecea garden hose and a teaspoon of gas. Just stick the hose down his hole and pour in the gas. It runs 'em out every time. They'll probably find your body sometime this winter, after deer season opens. Won't be nobody around till then. I 'preciate you leavin' me the dope, though." Then he came after Jerry.

Jerry tried to run, but the pain was bad. The fat man was laughing and wheezing as he closed in on him. Jerry turned and tried to get closer to the road, but he knew he'd never make it, not while he was still hurt like this. If the situation hadn't been so deadly it would have been ridiculous. Jerry was running and

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stumbling and trying to jump the clumps of palmetto and sawbriar, and the sheriff was whooping and chasing him like a fun-loving schoolboy after a little girl with pigtails, only there was no teacher for Jerry to run to. Taylor was about to catch him.

Jerry risked one glance behind him just as he got up close to a huge pin oak, and he saw an amazing thing happen. Sheriff Taylor was so intent on catching Jerry that he forgot about watching the handle of the stick, and it got tangled between his fat thighs. He tripped and landed face-down on his flabby belly. His jowls hung slack with horror as he sat up and Jerry ducked behind the tree. The sheriff squealed at the top of his lungs like a stuck pig when he saw the snake hanging from his arm, the fangs sunk to the roof of its mouth. The jaws were stretched wide, chewing and working, injecting the venom deep into his bloodstream.

He screamed while he clawed at the holster with his free hand, blubbering like a baby until he got the pistol out. There was mad panic in his eyes as he looked from Jerry to the snake and started begging him for help.

"Oh, Jesus God, help me! He bit me! He bit me! Oh, God, the sonofabitch is in my arm!"

Then he cocked the pistol, stuck the muzzle against the smooth white scales of the snake's belly, and blew it apart with one thunderous blast. Little pieces of pink meat and snake guts splattered against his face, some of it landing on his lips. He laid the gun down, and Jerry watched in fascination from behind the tree as the sheriff grabbed the pulpy, writhing body and pulled the head and fangs out of his arm with an awful groan. Clear liquid oozed from the twin punctures on his forearm. The holes were red and puffy and he could feel a tingle starting in his fingertips. He screamed for help again.

"You gotta help me, you gotta help me! Please, you gotta cut me! Oh, lord, you gotta cut me!" Then his voice trailed off to a weak whimper as his head sagged down on his chest.

"You throw me the gun, man," Jerry called. He didn't intend to step out and help, and then get a hole blown through him for his trouble. "I got a knife. I'll cut it, but you got to throw me the gun."

Sheriff Taylor was shaking and a rigor went through his body. His heart was pounding and he knew

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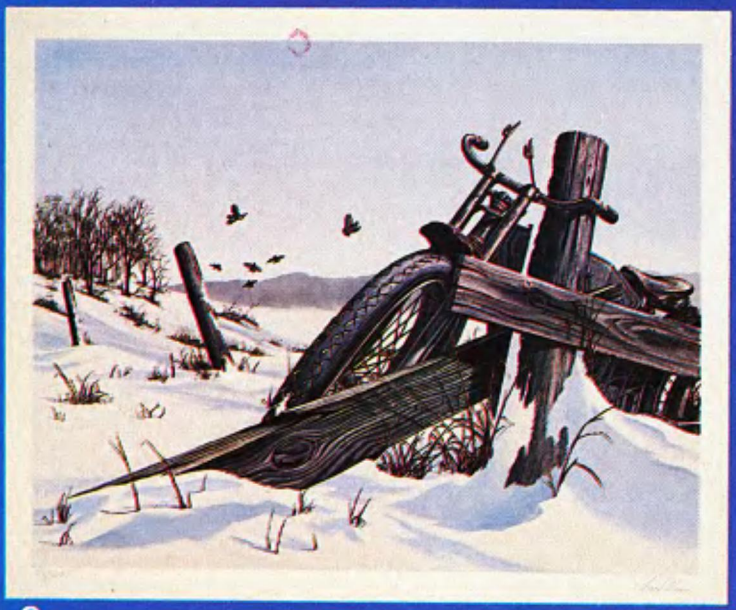
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each second that passed and each beat of his heart would send the venom closer and closer to the big muscle. But instead of throwing the gun, he snatched it up and screamed, "You sonofabitch!"

Jerry ducked back behind the tree as four deafening blasts rocked the woods around him. The soft-nosed slugs tore into the trunk of the tree and he pressed his face flat to the ground and trembled as shock after shock ran through the wood. Then he heard the dull click of the hammer striking on spent cartridges and looked up. The sheriff's face was a pasty white color, drained of blood; the man realized that he was about to die a slow and horrible death here in these woods where the maggots and buzzards would strip his rotting carcass. He was crying now. The pistol fell from his stiff fingers and dropped to the dusty ground. Jerry got up immediately and walked toward the fallen man, holding the cuffs in front of him.

"Open 'em quick if you want me to help you."

He knelt in front of Taylor and the fat man fumbled for the key on his belt. His hands were shaking but he found the tiny hole in the cuffs and they clicked open.

"Cut it — you gotta cut it quick!"

Jerry dug in his pocket and found his knife, a three-bladed Case that would shave the hair on his leg. He didn't waste any time telling Taylor how bad it was going to hurt; he just grabbed the sweaty arm and made two deep, slashing cuts across the fang marks. The skin and meat peeled apart like overripe fruit as the blade bit deep. Blood jumped out in two gushing streams but Taylor didn't seem to feel the fiery bite of the knife. A look of relief washed across his face.

"Okay, Jerry said, "that oughta hold you till you can get to the hospital if you hurry. I don't think he hit a vein or you'd be having a heart attack by now."

Taylor got to his feet and swayed dizzily. He clutched at Jerry with his bloody hands and begged him for help.

"You got to walk me to my car. It's parked right up here about two, three hundred yards away."

Jerry pushed his hands away and backed up.

"No way, man. I did all I'm gonna do for you. I'm gettin' the hell outta here."

"You can't leave me! I can't make it out! Help me to my car!"

Jerry had started to walk away, but he turned back because the fat man was crying in the most pitiful voice he had ever heard. It was stupid even to consider helping him. As soon as he got to his car, he'd get on the radio and call for help, and more than likely for some deputies to come after Jerry. One part of him said leave him, but he didn't think he'd be able to live with himself if he did that. He didn't want to be responsible for the man's death, even after what had just happened. All he wanted was to get away.

Against his better judgment, against the nagging little voice of his conscience, he slipped the sheriff's arm around his neck and said, "Come on."

The bitten arm was swelling rapidly now. Already the fingers were puffed up so bad he could barely move them.

"Which way's your car, man?"

Jerry was having a hard time holding up the fat man. Sweat poured off both of them.

"Straight up the hill. . .over to. . .the left. . .buncha. . .pine trees."

Jerry staggered under the dying man's weight and the pounding pain still racing through his head. After five munutes of all-out effort, he came out on the road below the

Easyriders



"Yeah, I'm Doctor Livingstone. Whaddaya want?"



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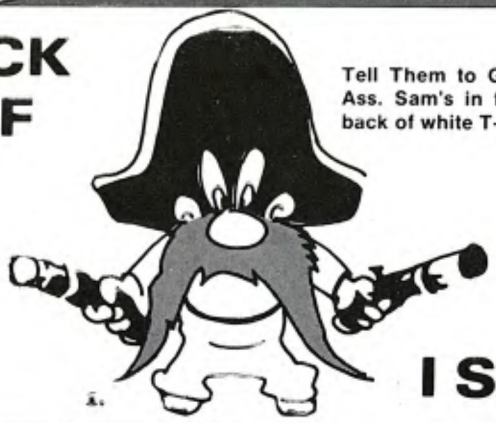
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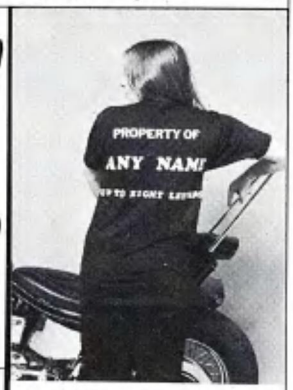
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car. He was so tired he could hardly stand. Taylor sank down slowly to his knees. His arm was turning purple and every vein stood outlined against the skin. His flesh looked as if it was about to burst.

"Can't go. . .no further," he panted. "You got to. . .drive the car. . .down. . .here. Get me to. . . a. . .hospital. Keys. . .under the seat."

Jerry sagged against a tree and looked down at him. The sheriff had lost his hat somewhere back in the bushes and his graying hair hung in his eyes. The man appeared near death. Jerry closed his eyes briefly against the sweat stinging them, then turned and ran in a shuffling, head-jarring trot.

He almost ran past the tan cruiser, hidden in a thicket of pine trees. The keys were right where the sheriff had said they would be. Jerry cranked it quickly, then pulled out and backed down the road until he saw Taylor. The sheriff was sinking fast. Jerry couldn't tell that the fat man was watching him carefully from under slitted eyes. He allowed Jerry to pull him to his feet and help him under the wheel. Then, with a practiced fluid movement, he reached and pulled a double-barreled shotgun from under the seat. The barrels were sawed off six inches ahead of the chambers. The spit dried in Jerry's mouth when he found himself staring into the twin black holes.

He wondered what it was going to feel like to be shot in the face. When he heard the hammers come back, he knew there would be nothing but a roar and then blackness forever. He couldn't hold his words back.

"Is this how you pay me back, you fat sonofabitch? You'da died if it hadn't been for me. I shoulda left your fat ass back there."

Taylor's lips and face were swollen and he couldn't speak plainly. He drooled a little. It was hard for him to hold his head up straight. Jerry had trouble understanding his words.

"You damn bikers. . .ain't got . .nobody fooled. . .not me. . .I. . .know. . .I. . .know."

A great pain seized the sheriff's chest, causing him to sag back



Easyriders

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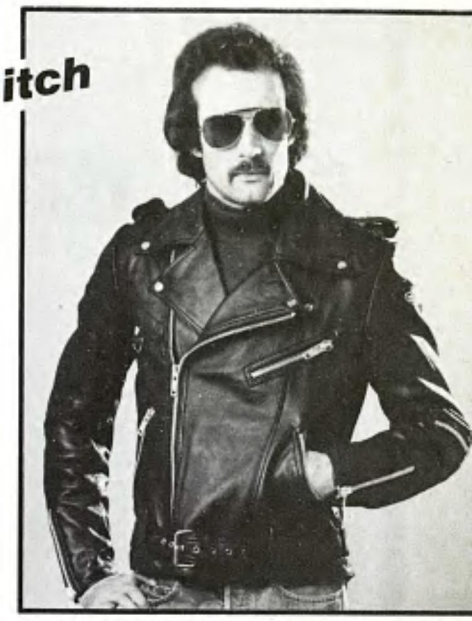
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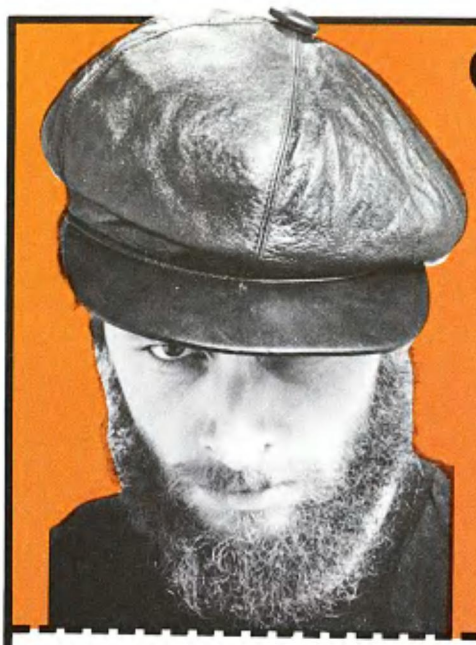
against the seat. It felt like a huge fist holding his heart and squeezing the blood out of it. His tongue went up into the roof of his mouth. The barrel swung away from Jerry as he fell back, holding his flabby tit with the hideous black hand, three times its normal size. Jerry moved fast without thinking. His foot lashed out and struck the shotgun, pushing it up into the air. It went off, both barrels going at the same time, blowing a shower of pine cones and needles down through the tree limbs. Jerry didn't wait to see anything else. He took off running, hearing the car behind him, and didn't stop until he got to his bike. The cruiser came roaring out of the dirt road, sliding sideways with a madman behind the wheel.

The tires were churning and bucking across the dusty ground, throwing a curtain of dirt and sand into the hot air. Taylor had the transmitter of the radio in his puffy hand, howling and screeching orders and instructions that were never heard because his fingers were too thick to depress the transmit button. The Harley coughed once and roared to thundering life as Jerry put all his weight into the kickstarter. Even over the rumble of his own motor, he could hear the carburetor of the Plymouth engine sucking in a great gust of air as Taylor laid his dying foot into it.

Jerry kicked the bike into first and goosed it, popped the clutch and laid it over, spinning in a tight circle in the sand, the swingarm bouncing and jarring until he pulled it back up and flew down the road behind the tan cruiser, eating dust but determined to see the end of it. The car pulled out of sight quickly, then he was riding blind in a cloud of dust. He rode through a hundred yards of it until suddenly the cloud stopped in a sharp curve.

Jerry's foot came down hard on the rear brake and he stoped with the sound of his motor beating loud in his ear. The big pine tree was still shaking from the impact of 6,000 pounds of airborne car hitting it at sixty plus. Sheriff Taylor was lying partway out on the hood in a pool of shattered safety glass and spewing blood.

As Jerry spun out of the sand and hit second gear, he laid the bike low into the next curve and started picking up some speed. He glanced over his shoulder, and it seemed to him that the dead man was waving goodbye with his puffy black hand. ■



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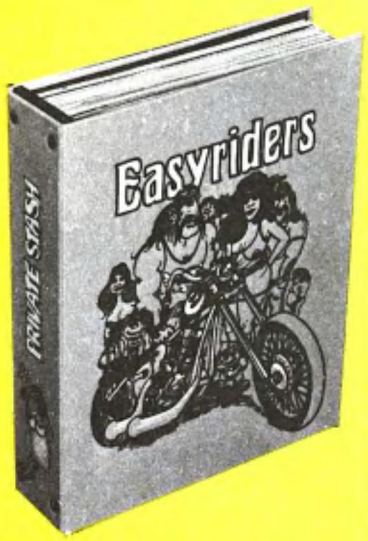


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Two-Wheel Tales

BEES

Morning, and clear sunshine. After five days of solid rain, the weather was a welcome sight. Today was my day off and my bike was waiting in the garage. A good day to ride.

The old flathead started on the second kick. Straddling the solo seat and feeling the throb of the big-twin felt great. My soul filled with the promise of today's ride. Flicking the lever into first and releasing the clutch, I was on my way.

I soon found myself rolling down country roads used mostly by farm machinery and trucks. Sweet smells of corn and grain filled my nostrils. My brain felt soothed and the miles flew by. Rounding a corner between two fields, I noticed a farmer waving something near some hives. I passed slowly, but soon the farmer faded from sight.

Something hit my chest and I figured it was a bug. I was hit again and soon felt the impact of what seemed to be a thousand bugs. I looked at my chest, and to my horror saw that I was covered with bees. I braked and pulled to the side of the road, set the bike on its stand, and stepped away. I was terrified and stood as still as a statue. Bees swarmed around me and I was covered. My mind raced as I tried to think of a plan. My first thoughts were to look for water — a creek, a pond, or anything wet. I couldn't see a thing. Here I was on my first ride after a week of rain and I was looking for water.

Slapping at the bees was out of the question. I was outnumbered about ten thousand to one. I thought I could shake off the bees by jumping up and down. I saw that trick on television; but to tell the





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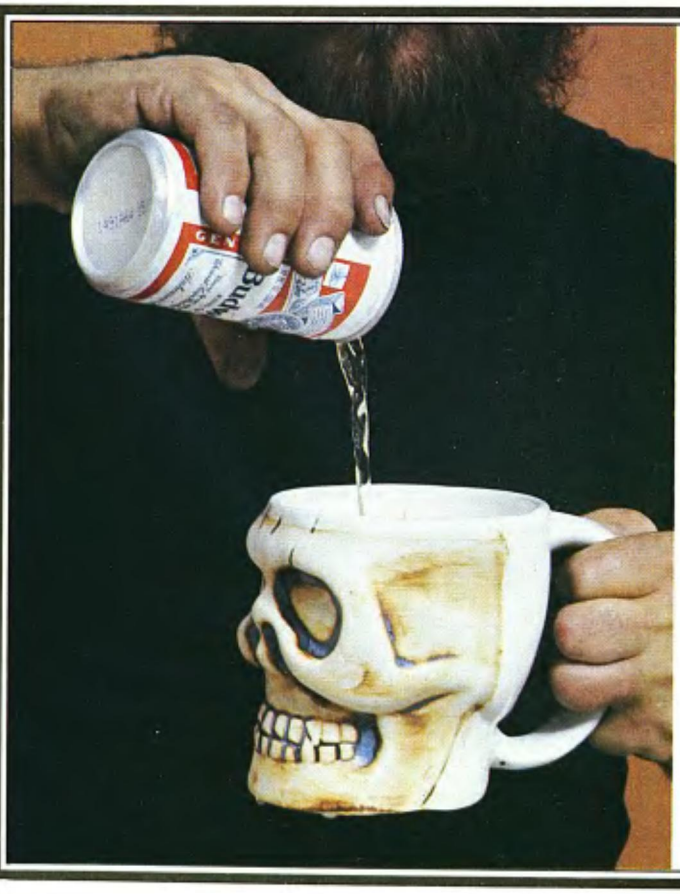
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truth, I was too damned scared to try that. I didn't want to do anything to anger those muthas. I hadn't been stung, but my mind was filled with the thought of killer bees. My mind filled with newspaper headlines: *Biker attacks bees and is stung to death. . .Bees defend hive from molesting biker. . .Biker dies. . .*My life passed in front of my eyes and a bee crawled into my nose.

Just at the point when I was sure that I was on my way to Harley Heaven, the old farmer that I passed ran up.

"You okay?" he asked.

"So far." I answered.

The farmer looked at me for a minute while he walked around me. "Those bees sure got you covered," he said. "I'll bet you're gettin' nervous," he added.

By this time I was gettin' mad. "I'll tell you something, old man," I said, trying to keep my self-control. "I got better things to do than stand around like a human beehive."

The farmer turned his attention to my bike. "I just about had those bees in my hive until you rode by on that old Harley. The sound of that old engine lured those bees away from me as slick as you please," he said.

What was this old geezer talking about, I wondered. He started to talk again and I knew I was going to find out.

"You see," the farmer said," I was back at my hive banging on this skillet with this hammer." He held the hammer and skillet up for me to see. "The sound sometimes brings in bees and I just about had this bunch when you rode by. These bees must have liked the sound of your bike better than my skillet, 'cause they all flew after you." He walked up close to me and looked directly into my eyes. "I reckon these



"Don't give me that innocent look. Either turn off the X-ray vision or get out."

Easyriders' Stuff!



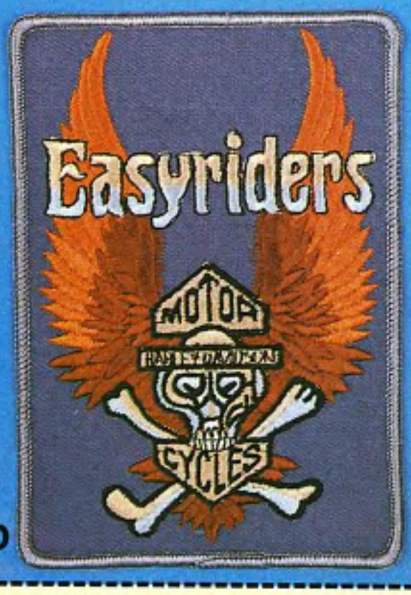
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bees are yours now." With that, he started to walk away.

"Wait," I yelled. "You can take these bees with you if you want them."

The farmer studied me for a minute before answering. "You sure you don't want 'em?" he asked.

I wanted to strangle this guy. "No, you can have them for nothing," I pleaded.

The farmer laughed. I had had just about all I could take of this. He walked away a few steps, long enough to make me sweat, and then began to bang on the pan. The bees slowly flew away from me and hovered around the old farmer, a modern Pied Piper luring his prey to its destiny.

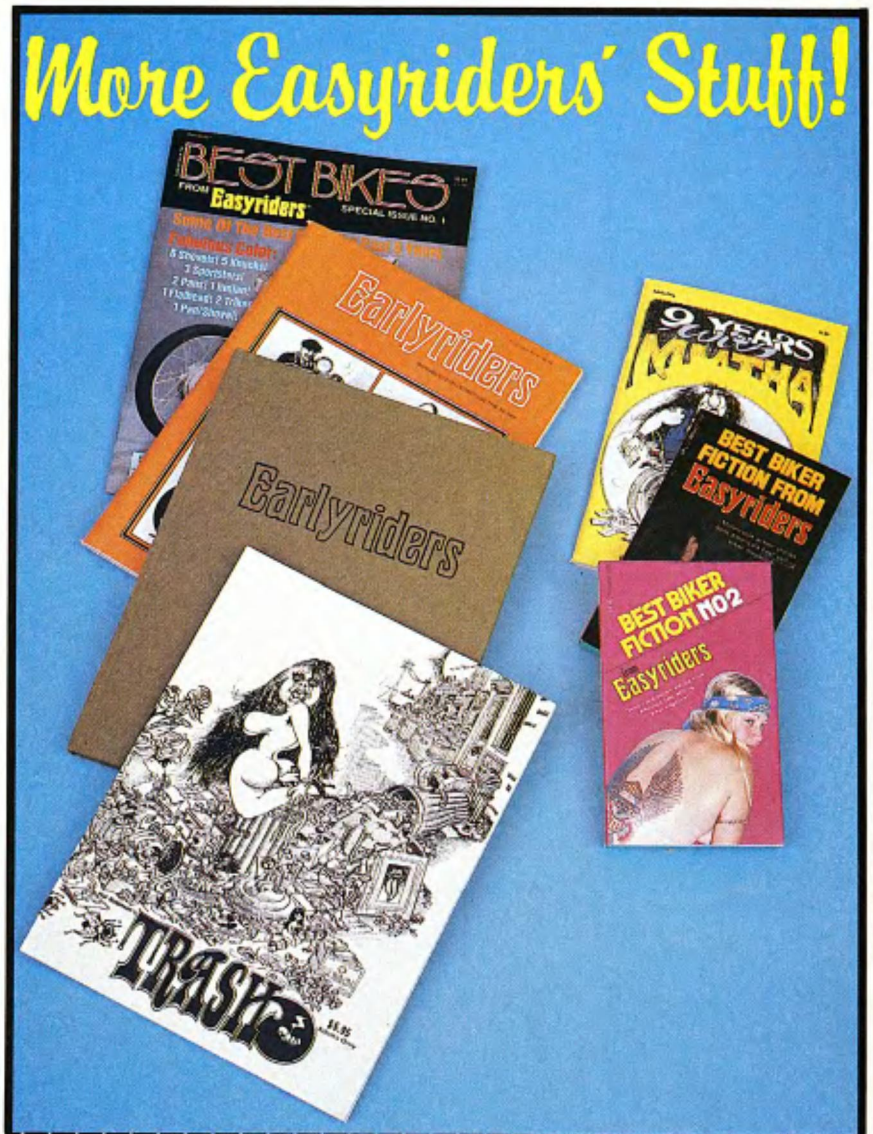
The bees were soon gone and I needed a smoke. I had one rolled and, after a few minutes of nervous attempts, I had a fire burning. I laid back and watched the farmer walking across the field. I looked at the old Harley leaning on its stand. I suppose I should muffle the damn thing, but with my luck, the muffled sound would attract bears. Some people just can't win. ■

$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

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

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the good, off-the-wall, unusual times. The stoned times, the sexy times, the funny times, the wild times. Write us, in about 250 to 700 words, your favorite biking experience. We'll pay $100 for every one we publish. There's only two rules — the stories have gotta be true, and about good times; no fuckin' downers please. Send your stories to Ridin', c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Sorry, but entries can neither be acknowledged nor returned.

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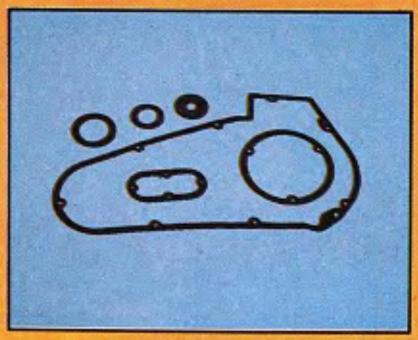
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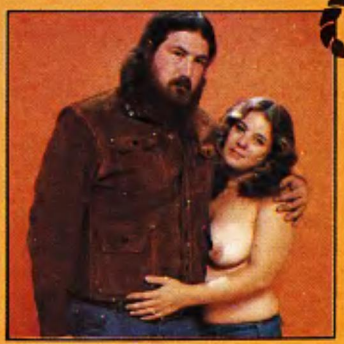
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Hassle

Continued from page 52

of a pain in the ass?" Zink asked Mona. "An old dude like that? Probably ain't all there in his head."

He's constantly hasslin' us," Mona admitted quietly.

"And scarin' the nosepickers," Twitty added, her blue eyes widening with feeling. "You should hear the damned questions this traumatic experience is beginnin' to dredge up from their little egos and all like that!"

Sighing heavily, Zink got up from his chair, took a can of beer, and went out the front door. Crossing the dying lawn, he stood in the old man's driveway, watching the skinny old fart hurriedly ease himself down from the small box he had been standing on beside the fence. Zink walked slowly toward him.

"Sinners!" Groontz cried in a cackly voice, eyes darting around wildly. "Sinful whores and whoremongers! Teaching your evil ways to those innocent little children!"

Zink strolled up to the old man, who was now panting audibly with fear and excitement, his lined face blanched.

"D-don't you hurt me!" Groontz warned. "I've — I've got a bad heart condition. You hit me and my d-death will be on your hands! I'm re-related to the sheriff of this county. Th-they'll lock you up. Th-throw away the key!"

"Mister Groontz," Zink said reasonably in a steady tone, "please stop givin' us such a hard time. It ain't doin' yer blood pressure no good. It's keepin' our people spooked. The whole thing is jist stupid."

"I've — I've lived here for fifty-five years. Lived here like a decent man. I was here first, you hear?"

Zink nodded patiently. "Sure. I dig what you're sayin'. Well, times change. Now we live here, too. We've kept the kids outta your yard like you asked."

"I don't want your kind for neighbors! "

Disgust flickered in Zink. He gulped at his beer, hoping to squelch the reaction. "Man, you've stood at that fence so often, our dogs no longer bark at ya! Shit, they know you like they know their own tails. That's how much you've overworked this fence-hasslin' bullshit."

"Don't curse at me, you trashy. . ." Groontz began, the words fading as he saw the expression shifting on



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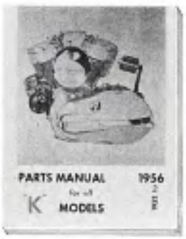
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Zink's broad face. "I've got to go in now."

"Well, I've asked ya man to man. This is the only time I'm gonna do that, Mister Groontz. No shit." Zink heard his tone getting harder than he wanted it to be, so he consciously softened it. "If you were thirty years younger, I'd probably jist rip a board outta that fence and shove it up your ass. But you're old. And I guess you are sick. And we don't want any trouble, see?"

Groontz continued backing away, muttering indistinctly.

"You don't give us no shit and we won't give you no shit," Zink promised, crushing the beer can in his hand. "But hasslin' our women and kids has gotta stop."

Groontz turned, stumbling into his house.

Returning to the game that had waited for him, Zink slid into his chair and picked up his cards.

"Well?" Karen demanded from the staircase.

"He got the message," Zink told her.

"Yes, but will it do any good?" asked Twitty nervously from the kitchen doorway. "Will he leave us alone?"

"Sure," Zink assured her, winking at Belch. "But if he don't, maybe ya could draw straws to see which lucky cunt gits to fuck the old lech to death. That'd solve the whole damn problem!"

Subdued laughter circled the table.

* * *

Two days later, Twitty answered the door to find a well-dressed woman of fifty-ish years standing on the sagging porch. She promptly invited the formal-looking visitor inside, insisted upon getting her a tall glass of iced tea because the weather was so hot, and sat down beside the woman, who thanked her for the hospitality and identified herself as Joanna Gaines from the County Welfare Department. Instantly, Twitty was glad that Mona, Judy, Karen, and all the kids were gone for the day.

"We've. . .uh, well. . .we've had a complaint, it's rather flagrant nudity and involves minor children." to believe there is nudity being practiced here. According to the complaint, it's rather flagrant nudity and involves minor children."

"Guy next door, huh?" Twitty commented.

"We're not allowed to reveal information sources," Joanna replied primly. "But I assure you, dear, I wouldn't be here if the matter were not considered serious."

"The poor man," Twitty said, shaking her head. Having had seven

years of training as an actress, she was able to put a lot of mercy, compassion, and bewilderment into her facial expression. "Gee, last week he accused us of keepin' a green monster in that old shed out back. Week before that, he raised hell about the ants we were supposedly sendin' over to git in his sugar bowl. I mean, like he's really weird, y'know?"

"Mmmmmm," Joanna said wordlessly, intently scribbling in her notebook. "The old fellow does sound a bit senile. But are you certain, dear, there's been no — well, I must ask you very directly — actual nudity practiced in public?"

"Only when my twins, Debbie and Zeena, get away from me once in a while and run bare-assed into the backyard." Twitty smiled maternally. "You know how four-year-olds can be at times! Just little terrors."

"How many persons reside here?" Joanna inquired without lifting her pencil from the notebook or her eyes from the pencil. "It's merely a routine question, dear."

"Well, my sisters and their husbands and kids are here from Connecticut." Twitty squinted thoughtfully at the stained ceiling. "I dunno. I guess there must be, at least, sixteen of us here, countin' the nose-pickers, right now. But it's only a visit, see?"

Shortly thereafter, Joanna Gaines departed and Twitty went back to reading. Once, she paused to wonder if she might not be wise to find a book on witchcraft and do something about that rotten old fucker before he made the others so mad that they quit maintainin'. She had once seen exactly how the whole bunch could be when anyone really pissed them off. Especially Belch, her ol' man. She sure as hell didn't want to see Belch do more time, not even for kicking that mean old crud to death.

So she said nothing about the visit to the others.

* * *

Groontz stood at the kitchen window.

Next door, Milly's house was painfully bright and loud with the festiv-



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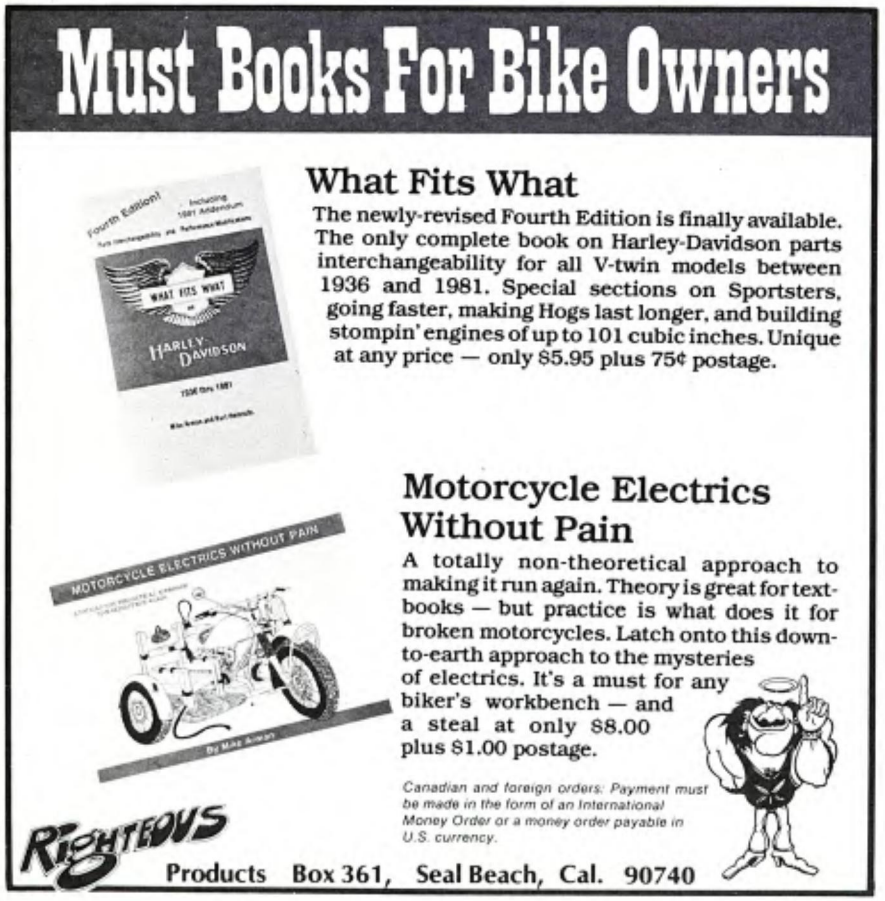


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ities going on within its ancient clapboard exterior. Every window glared with light. Wild music poured forth on the night air, deafening in its cacophonic blaring. Earlier, Groontz had dourly watched the lawn filling up with arriving motorcycles, trucks, and vans until the machines covered almost every square inch of parched and brittle turf. Now there were close to sixty men and women over there, voices strident, obscenities, laughter, and shouting mingling with the steady beat of that frighteningly pagan music.

Groontz's eyes dropped to the shallow pan of meat he had prepared, cutting the lean chunks carefully into small pieces, lacing each raw piece with strychnine.

Picking up the pan, he went outdoors.

Three hours later, the party was more violent and noisier than it had been. Three burly men were first-fighting among the machines in the front yard. Standing on his wooden box, Groontz peered over the fence, smiling with satisfaction at the sight of the dying animals, each of them convulsing in the agonizing death throes produced by the lethal alkaloid in the tempting meat.

Abruptly, a shapely young woman burst from the back doorway, spewing vomit as she tripped over the whining, gasping dogs and sprawling clumsily on her belly, where she lay retching and gagging wetly.

After the first dog slowly stiffened into final silence, its legs no longer scrabbling or quivering, Groontz grunted his satisfaction and clambered down from the box. Ignoring the insane sounds issuing from the Jennings house, he reentered his own, pleased and gloating at his own cleverness. "The Lord giveth," he murmured repeatedly, "and the Lord taketh away! Guess that'll show them some respect for a Christian man who's the wrathful Lord's instrument!"

* * *

Suffering mightily, Zink sprawled in his favorite chair, blinking with



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effort at the sleeping guests from last night's party who remained, all of them crumpled pathetically around the large living room in a variety of unconscious positions: some atop couches, others on the uncarpeted floor.

Mona emerged from the kitchen, her face tense with a strained expression, carrying a huge glass of red-orange liquid, which she handed to Zink. Gratefully, he gulped down several mouthfuls of the Bloody Mary, savoring the strong flavor of gin as it went down bitingly.

Mona waited until she had twisted a toke for him and he had smoked it for a moment. Then she said calmly: "All the dogs are dead."

"Wh-whaat?" Zink's voice trembled with shock.

"They were poisoned. I found a few hunks of meat that they didn't eat. I'll bet it was you-know-who."

"Ohhhhh, shit!" Zink drained the big tumbler, handing it back and urgently nodding at it for a refill. "Why won't that die-hard prick cut us some slack?"

"The kids were in and out of that yard while the party was going on. None of us kept much of an eye on them once we were ripped. Supposing a kid, like little Zeena or Debbie, or two-year-old Charlie, had found those meat hunks. Little kids could've eaten that stuff. Then we'd have dead kids this morning."

A chill shuddered through Zink's already tortured body.

"Damn it all," he said hoarsely, "you're right."

"He's gettin' dangerous."

Zink nodded, drawing another pain-killing hit from the roach, staring at his feet while Mona went to get him the refill. Violence to the old jerk would be chickenshit.

Without warning, the sickening sounds of collision — metal brutally impacting metal — thundered into the room, bringing Zink unsteadily to his feet and the nearest window. Stunned, he stood there watching Groontz's old battered sedan swerve across the front yard, toppling the few bikes still leaning on their stands. The sedan veered erratically onto the unpaved road and went out of sight, leaving three bent and dented scoots down on their sides.

Mona ran up beside him, holding the refill.

"What the livin' hell was that?" she demanded.

"The last fuckin' straw." Zink took the refill from her hand, his tone icy. "That was the goddam cherry on

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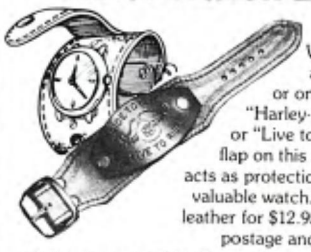
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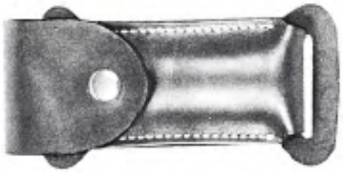
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top, babes. We gotta git ridda that old fucker now."

Later, when hangovers had been eased and tempers had abated to a point where a degree of sane discussion was possible, the biker family sat together for hours, considering a number of actions and finally settling on the one suggested by the practical Mona, who could be a most ruthless planner if necessary.

And it was obviously necessary now.

* * *

Toward evening the same day, Twitty was sent over to Groontz's place. She carried two brimming glasses of iced tea. The one in her right hand contained a liberal dose of LSD, a particular blending of that hallucinogen known to take effect with startling rapidity.

They selected Twitty because, as her ol' man put it: "That broad's line of bullshit could convince Reagan he shoulda voted Democratic." And it was fairly true. Twitty had an appealing warmth. Twitty excuded a deceptively innocent quality. Twitty was nimble-minded and glib of tongue. The natural choice to con Groontz into letting her enter his house and drink iced tea with him. Exactly what she said to him was never figured out later because, lost in the moments of excitement, facing the suspicious oldster, she couldn't remember her exact words beyond the fact that she had babbled, "I'm awful sorry we weren't better neighbors, Mister Groontz, but I wanted to share a bye-bye drink with you before leaving."

"Bye-bye? Leaving?" he echoed, eyes glittering, a surge of triumphant victory flooding his mind at those words. By The Living God, he thought happily, I've succeeded in running these filthy sinners off Milly's property!

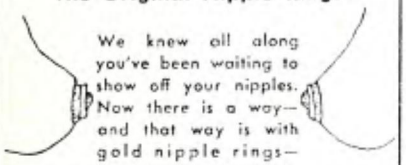
It was the last lucid thought he had before the heavy load of acid began doing eerie things to his consciousness.



"Thanks, dad, but I don't think I'm ready to see a dirty movie on pay TV yet. I still lose my wad during pantyhose commercials!"

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For the first time in his life, Groontz held an eyeball-to-eyeball conversation with God, once he discovered the deific face peering at him from the wallpaper design.

Twitty quietly left the living room, going into the kitchen, where Mona waited with five totally nude little girls, ranging in age from two to seven.

"He's trippin' out," Twitty said, laughing. "He's arguin' with God about property rights!"

"Beautiful. You stay here and make sure none of these kids get roughed up. I'll go back and phone the heat. Split through the back door when you see them arriving."

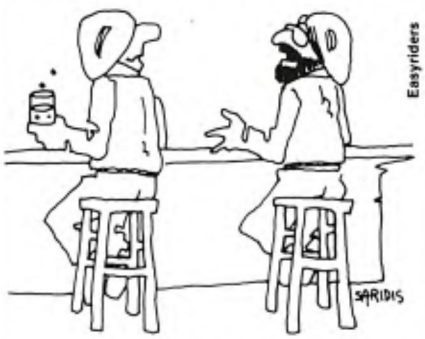
"Got'cha," agreed Twitty amiably.

Mona left.

Seventeen minutes later the sheriff's deputies pulled into Groontz's driveway, went to the porch, knocked, and finally just entered the house. What they found was a naked, elderly man down on his hands and knees — with his erect penis dragging the nap of the carpet — and two equally naked little girls delightedly riding his hairy back horsey-style while the other unclad darlings shrieked with excitement for their turns. The cops were appalled.

Groontz fought them all the way to the squad car and was amazingly strong for a man his age.

Not long afterward, Groontz's house was rented by another group of bikers on a yearly lease basis, and when word of the transaction reached Groontz at the Sunset Years Nursing Home, where he had been ordered to spend the rest of his life by a merciful judge (who happened to be one of his great-nephews), the old fellow took this news in stride. Mainly, he was far too busy, piously luring the hornier, elderly women residents into the nursing home's dim, unused basement for quickies, to have much energy left for holding grudges. ■

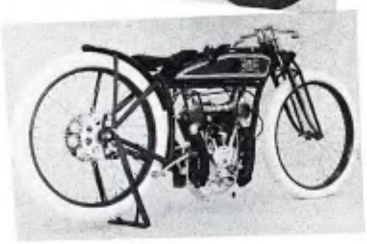


"I knew a girl who was so ugly she was gang-dumped."

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Another Morning

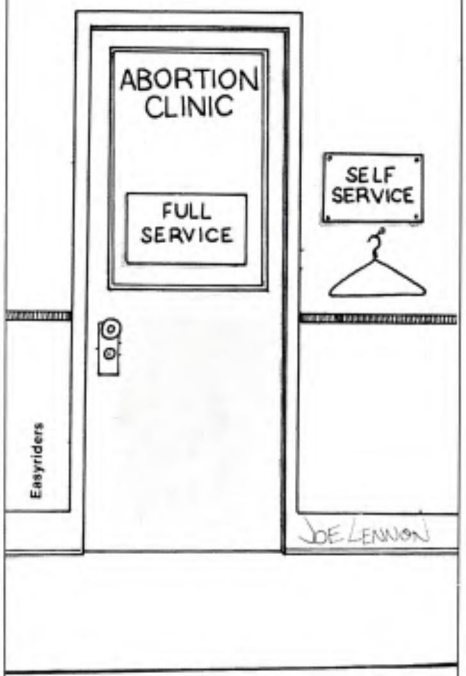
Continued from page 77

feeling the pride swell up to encompass my whole body, mind, and soul. Two kicks to prime, key turned on, one more kick. Damn, there's that feeling again, pride. My beauty fires to life on the first kick even in this godforsaken cold. I think to myself just how beautiful my baby really is. Numb as I am right now, there's no better place to be than right here. Face in the wind, straddling her shining chrome, leather, and iron body; it's like no other feeling in the world.

Early morning dream ride's over, bros. I gotta fuckin' leave her in the parking lot alongside all the citizens' cages. Damn, could have sworn she just shuddered — must be the hangover.

Hell's bells! Five o'clock ain't that far away. Then I'll just reverse the process and do it all over again. Thinking on the way into the building, which is usually a pretty dangerous thing to do, that I ought to move to a better climate, where the sun always shines and the weather's always warm. Hell, that wouldn't work — I wouldn't have as much to bitch about, all the adventure of the morning would be gone, and then I'd really be a prick to work with.

Oh well, on to the time clock once again. ■



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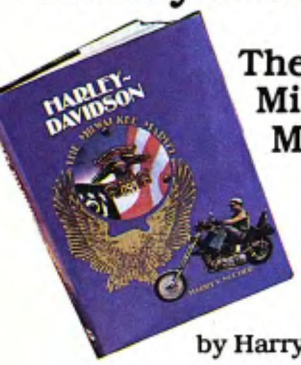
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Book Review

Harley-Davidson



The Milwaukee Marvel

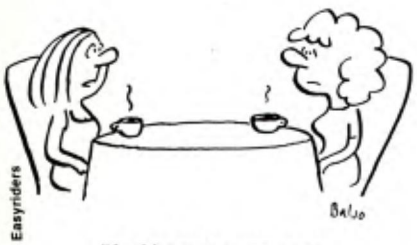
by Harry V. Sucher

I've seen a number of books and magazines claiming to report the history of America's only surviving motorcycle manufacturer. A lot of these publications fall 'way short of the whole story. My first impression of this book was different, because it looked meaty — thick, with a lot of factory photos. Maybe this one was the real thing, I thought. Maybe someone had finally gotten past the barriers at the factory, into the cellars and attics, to bring out into the light of day the complete story of Harley-Davidson.

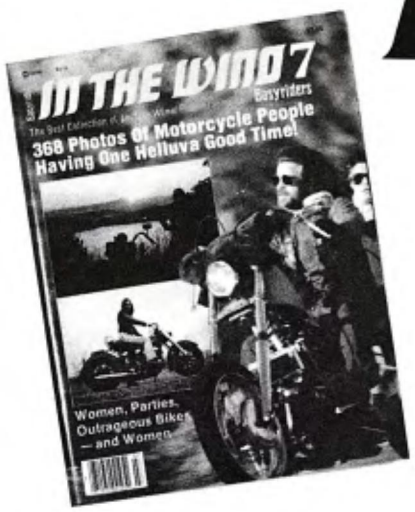
And indeed the book is jammed with all kinds of info on the early years of the company. Mr. Sucher, the author, seems to be well informed about the early history of motorcycle racing, an era which is also discussed in depth as it relates to the Harley factory.

But in his interviews with noted racers and various H-D employees, the author writes in an erratic style, jumping from details of factory production of different models to milestone motorcycle races and back again. As an example, he discusses the first offering of the V-twin models, which appeared for the first time in 1909. The problems that were encountered were cylinder angle, which meant an unequal firing sequence, limited cylinder bore, and extreme piston speeds,

Continued on page 111



"And he makes me go to a gay gynecologist."



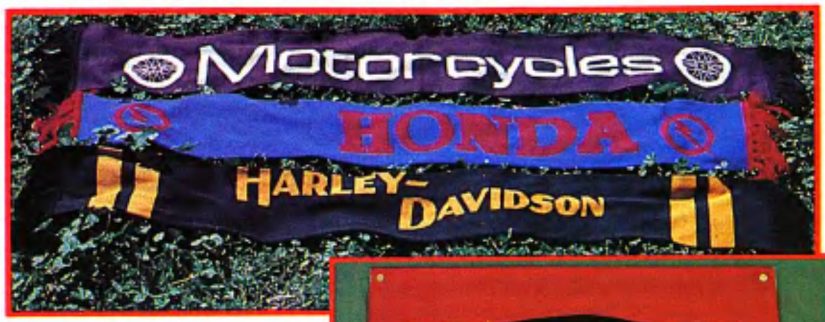
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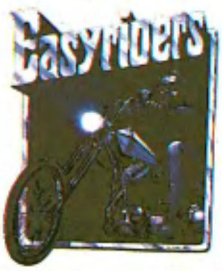
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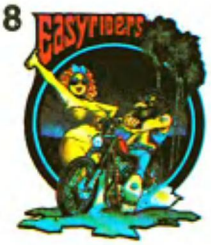
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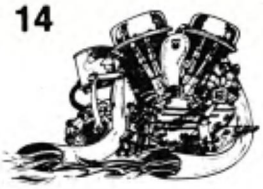
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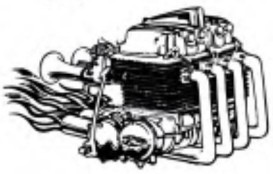
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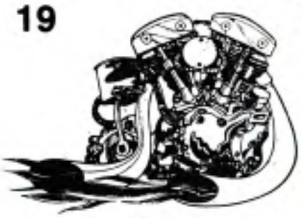
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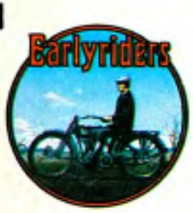
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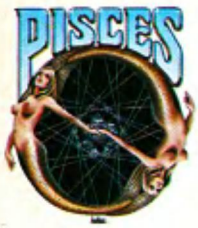
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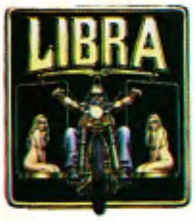
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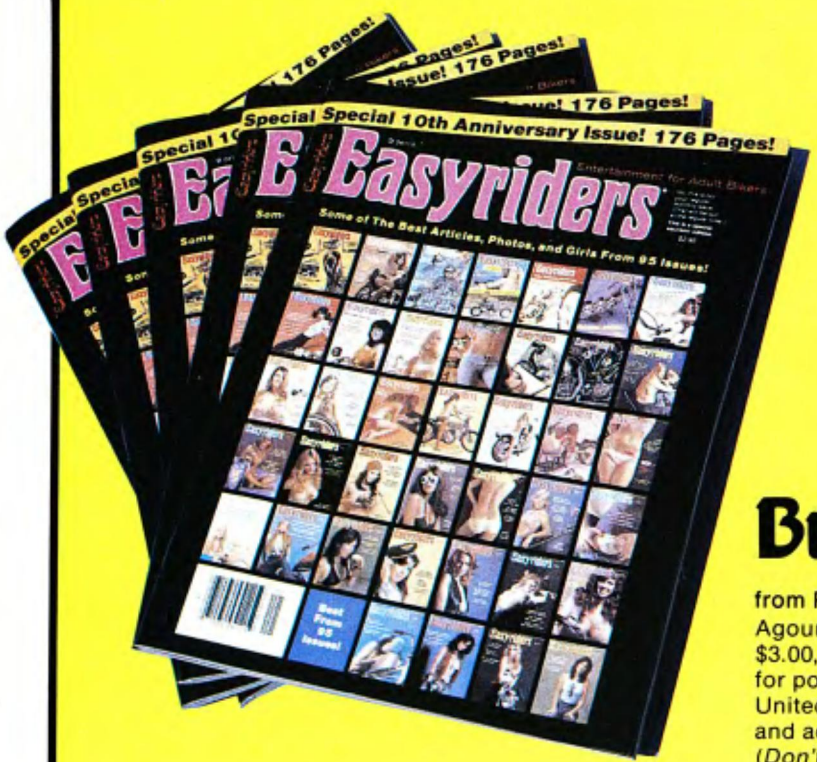
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Book Review

Continued from page 107

not to mention the built-in vibration of this design. The next paragraph deals with the company's competition activities in an endurance run from Cleveland to Indianapolis. From there, the author jumps to 1/4- or 1/3-mile "motordromes" and their construction. The next paragraph deals with naming numerous trade publications. Without expanding on the publications, the author jumps to a change in the valve design of the 1912 single-cylinder models. I think the book would be easier reading if the model production were laid out on a year-to-year basis, with factory growth interwoven, and the history of racing discussed as a separate item, rather than all together.

Harley-Davidson company policy, which for the most part struck me as good business practice, comes under heavy fire from the author, who seems to take pleasure in dwelling on unpopular decisions the factory management made to keep the company alive.

For instance, Walter Davidson, the president of the company, insisted that the retail dealers handle only Harley-Davidson motorcycles. At the time, many motorcycle dealers handled several different brands, thus providing potential customers with a choice. Walter Davidson wanted this choice eliminated to push the sales of the company's new models. Later on, when law-enforcement sales were a big part of overall sales of new machines, the Harley-Davidson factory urged local dealers to use their political influence in their own areas to have specifications written into municipal contracts that would guarantee



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sales of Harley-Davidson instead of the competition's models. The main difference was the left-hand shift and right-hand throttle control of the Harley-Davidson, as opposed to the opposite control locations of the Indians. For a few years when sales were low, the Harley-Davidson company offered a bounty on other brands of motorcycles that were traded in on Harleys. The trade-ins would then be scrapped in an effort to reduce the number of used motorcycles available to the public. One other point the author does not agree with is the practice of price fixing between Harley-Davidson and Indian during the lean years. The energy he expends attacking company policy would have been better applied to covering the recent past of model production. Though the first printing of this book was in 1981, there is hardly any mention of late-model H-Ds. Yet a history of H-D should be just that — a history.

The H-D comany is almost eighty years old, but this book deals in depth with only about sixty of those years. The remaining twenty or so are touched on only lightly, leaving me with a lot of unanswered questions. After the detail and insights he provided for the first sixty years, it seemed that the author more or less ignored the most stylish era, the recent past. Yet obviously, most of the bikes ridden today come from precisely that period.

If you're a hardcore antique motorcycle nut, you will probably want this book, regardless of its shortcomings. Although it covers the early and mid years of the company well, the complete history is still to be written.

—Wrench



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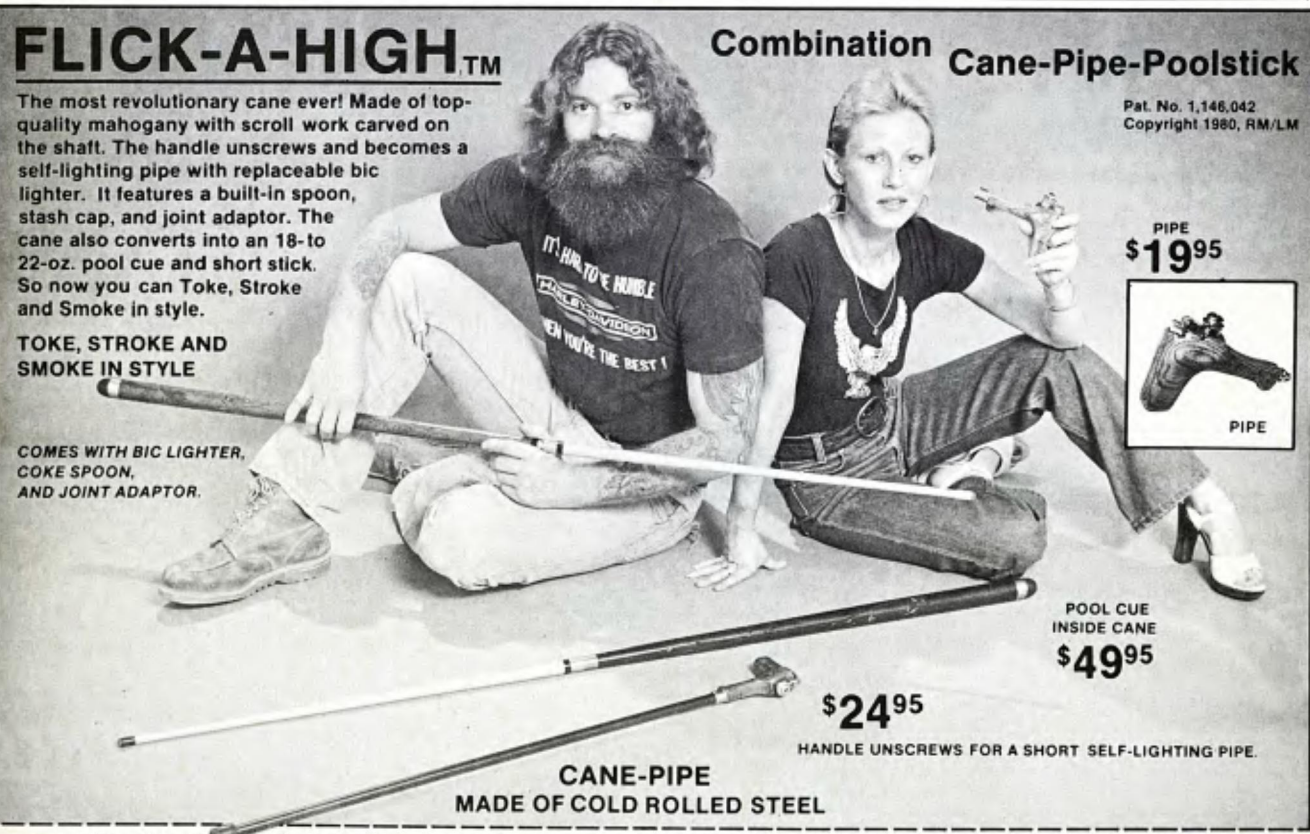
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Swap Meet

Continued from page 41

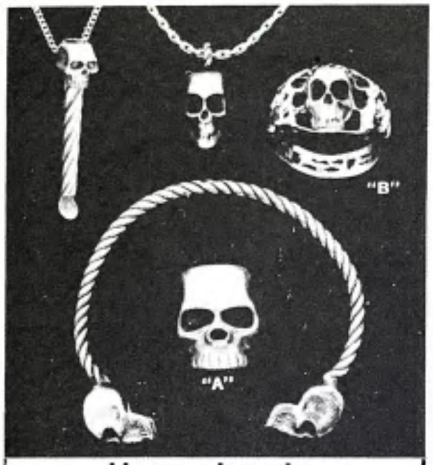
would only be — or could lead to — unnecessary hassles. In general, they took a wait-and-see attitude. There were a lot of policemen parked outside the gate and a few inside. But when they saw the mellow atmosphere, and the size of the low-profile gorillas we had, also how we had our shit together, and that the people attending really wanted such a bike event to work, the police left before the event was half over — leaving "crowd control" to our people and a few rent-a-cops. The Ventura police are still, to this day, one of the most cooperative police departments we've ever been in touch with. At our second meet there they came in, walked around a little, and left in a few minutes, saying we knew what we were doing, had the cooperation of the bikers, and, frankly, after seeing our security force, they figured only assholes would rather be subdued by the police than those guys we had doin' security.

"Those guys" were members of the MMA and were lead by their head man, Ron Roloff. They were all business and were organized, following people who (to their hip eyes) looked like potential trouble. If anyone got chesty with anyone, four MMA members including Ron, pounced on the troublemaker, instantly took him to the floor, got a hammer-lock on him, and whispered in his ear that he was to get up from the floor laughing. His arm was pushed up hard for emphasis. They'd all get up laughing and would laugh all the way to the gate, where the troublemaker was told to split. *No one* knew what had just happened.

When **Easyriders** got out of the swap meet business (due to their popularity and requiring too much time away from the office), Ron asked (he didn't have to — it's just the straight way he does things) if he could continue having them. We were happy that he was interested and that the idea wouldn't be copied by a suede-shoe, fast-buck operation. So now Ron handles it in his area and he's been doing a great job with it.

The latest one held at Ventura early this year was as mellow and laid-back as ever.

Our format also spread to ABATE chapters around the country. We had hoped that meets and good get togethers would be a part of the bike people's world everywhere. They are. —Double Ugly



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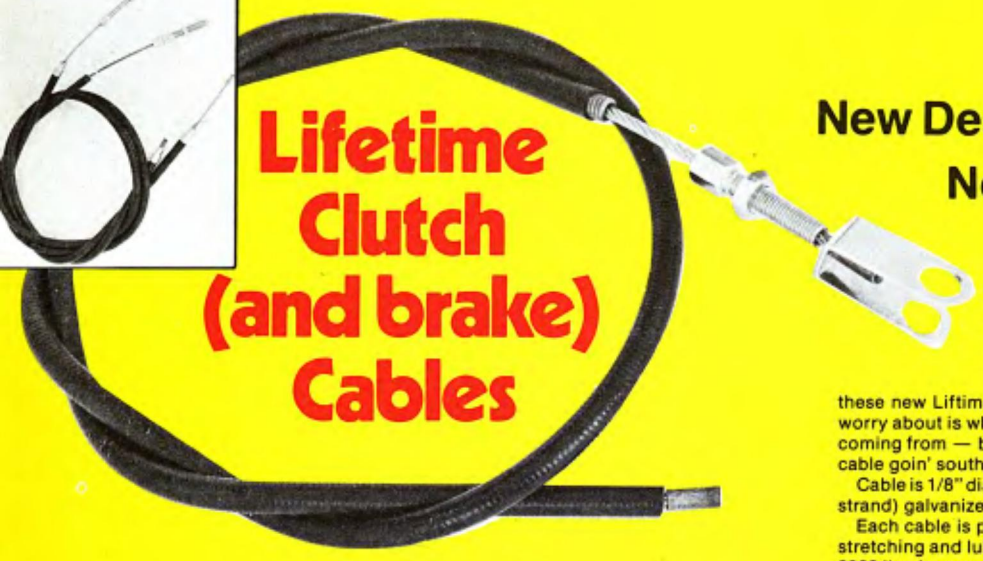
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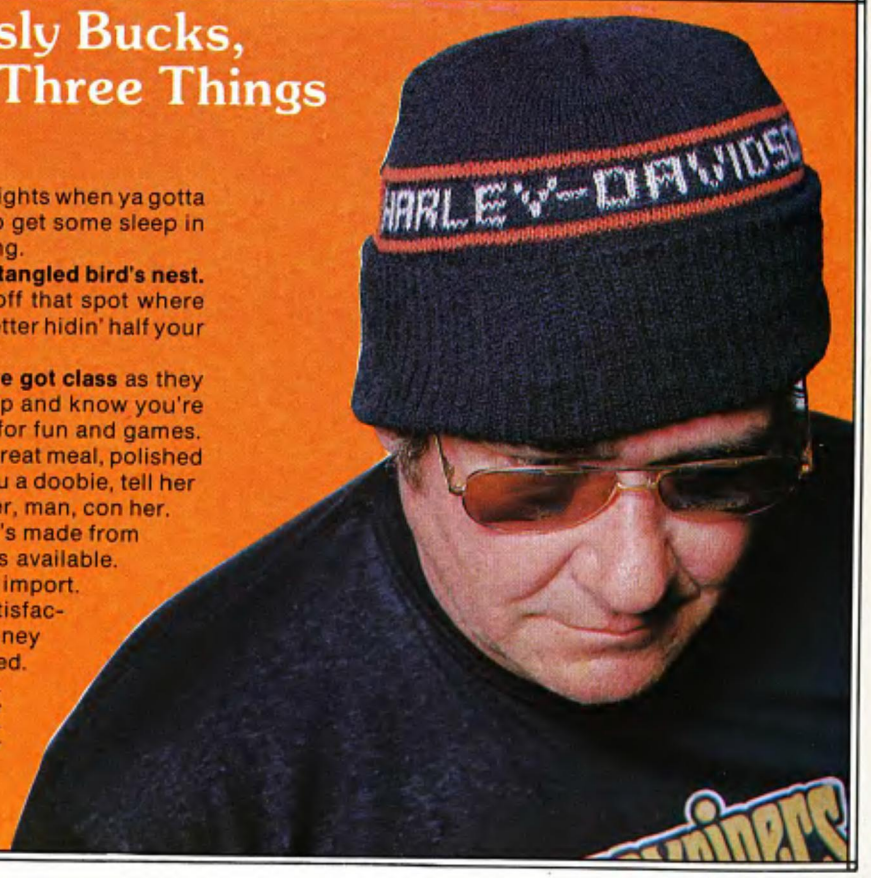
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Pig Out!

Continued from page 29

Spit Roasting A Suckling Pig

Soak the pig overnight in salt water. Stuff with the dressing described above. Sew up the cavity with skewers and cotton kitchen string, using a figure-8 pattern. I realize that not everyone has skewers but sharp Harley spokes can be substituted. Burn off the anodizing, galvanizing, or chrome first, so you don't get poisoned. If you have cast-aluminum wheels, you're shit out of luck. Put the spokes in a hot fire for a while, then take them out and let them cool. Using a stiff wire brush, scrape the bubbled-up chrome or galvanizing off, sharpen the end that would normally go into the wheel nipple and *voila*, skewers. Fasten the pig's rear legs forward with skewers. Fasten the forelegs forward by passing skewers through the legs into the throat of the little critter. Score the back of the pig from head to tail about 1/4" deep — through the skin, but not into the meat. A utility knife, the kind box boys use in food markets, works well, or use your Buck knife if you're adept with it. Smear olive oil and salt into the cuts. Place the pig on a spit, over a low to moderately hot fire and baste with olive oil every half hour. Rotate slowly, adjust the spit up or down for moderate temperature and to prevent burning.

Cook 15 minutes per pound or till the skin turns to a crisp brown crackling. Check the color of the meat to make sure there isn't any pink showing in the center — undercooked pork can give ya trichinosis. If you're going to try this indoors, roast in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for about 2 hours; baste frequently with olive oil.

Old-fashioned turnspits operated in various ways. Some were worked mechanically by clockworks, others by a dog shut in a cage that turned the spit as he walked. Still others were turned by a young wanna-be chef who often burned his face in front of the immense brazier. Later spits were operated by heat rising from the fire turning a winged wheel. If you're into making a spit, remember that the pig is held over the fire by sharp skewers from both ends and not by a rod running through the length of the animal. One reason for this is to keep the animal that's being cooked from picking up a metal taste that would ruin the flavor. Also, roasting a pig properly and evenly requires a way of raising or lowering the pig or the fire.

Continued on next page

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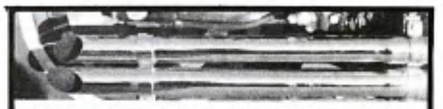
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Carnitas

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While the meat is cooking, squeeze a dozen or so oranges and put the juice in a container with 3 cups of water and 2 tablespoons of salt. Turn the pork over inside the pot. Here comes the tricky part, but not so tricky if you're careful. Take the container with the o.j. and stuff and pour it into the pot with the pork. It will spit and hiss, so be careful you don't splatter some hot grease on yourself. Put the lid back on. Let it cook for another half hour or longer. Check the meat periodically by stabbing it with a large fork, turning it over when necessary. Take out cooked pork and put in more according to the number of people eating.

Tacos are made by combining meat, sliced tomatoes, shredded lettuce, shredded cheddar cheese, and maybe some hot sauce in a taco shell. Buy some corn tortillas and heat them in hot lard for less than a minute. Drain each tortilla on a paper towel, fold it over one time in the center, and you've got a taco shell. Stuff in some meat, lay on some shredded lettuce, then some tomato wedges, and finally the shredded cheddar cheese. Sprinkle hot sauce on to taste. Or, better yet, leave the hot sauce out, so whoever is eating the taco can put it on for himself.

Burritos are a little tougher to make. Buy some flour tortillas and heat each one directly over your fire, turning it around quickly so it won't burn. Flip it over and do the opposite side. Put in some meat, beans, and chile verde (green chile) — a great favorite. Fold the ends in and roll the whole thing up so it looks like a letter going into an envelope. It should be showing only one flap. Oh yeah, if you like cheese, you can sprinkle some on top and put it in an oven, letting the cheese melt over the burrito. Delicious, ain't it? Incidentally, chicken or beef can be substituted for the pork. ■

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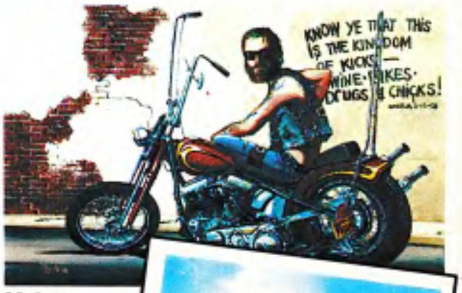
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143025 ..... Open Primary, 1955-1981 ..... 330.00

For Harley Sportster — 11mm

Fitting easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel, these 11mm units are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. The kickstart models differ only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Available too, are electric start units.

143067 .... Kickstart, 1957-1968 ..... 199.95
143068 .... Kickstart, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 ..... 199.95
143069 .... Kickstart 1970-1976, Footnote 2 ..... 199.95
143070 .... Kickstart, 1977-1978 ..... 199.95
143090 .... Kickstart, 1979-1981 ..... 199.95
143071 .... Electric Start, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 .... 215.25
143072 .... Electric Start, 1970-1976, Footnote 2 .... 215.25
143073 .... Electric Start, 1977-1978 ..... 215.25
143091 .... Electric Start, 1979-1981 ..... 215.25

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.
Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large ball bearing in rear hub.

For Harley 45 & Triumph — 8mm

45 Open or Closed Primary
143095 ..... All Years 204.75

Triumph, All Unit Construction
143096 ..... 204.75

Replacement Belts

11mm Belts

Important: Please check the stampings on your 74/80 pulleys before ordering your replacement belt. Units with Goodyear belts have a "G" stampings whereas units with Uniroyal belts have a "U" stamping.

143047 .... 74/80, 1½" Open & Closed Primary & Electric Start (U-type pulley) 46.95
143030 .... Sportster 39.95

8mm Belts

143081 ... 74/80, 1½" Closed Primary & Elec. Start 35.70
143082 ... 74/80, 1½" Open Primary (For Former #'s 143060, 143061) 35.70
143085 ... 74/80, 2" Open Primary 43.25
143092 ... 74/80, 3" Open Primary 71.25
143083 ... Sportster, 1½" 35.70
143089 ... Sportster, 1¾" 35.70
143093 ... Harley 45 ..... 35.70
143094 ... Triumph 35.70

Accessories

For Open Primaries We Recommend Using Belt Shrouds & Side Guards

A. Belt Shrouds
Highly recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74s, 80s and big inchers. Constructed from heavy steel and show chromed, these are available for our 1½", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143074 ..... 1½" & 2", 1937-1969 ..... 39.95
143075 ..... 1½" & 2", 1970-1981 ..... 39.95
143026 ..... 3", 1937-1969 ..... 42.95
143027 ..... 3", 1970-1981 ..... 42.95

B. Chrome Steel Sideguard
Add a bonus to your open units with this grilled beauty that mates up to our shrouds . . . added protection with custom-crafted looks for each 1½", 2" and 3" belt drive unit.

143028 ..... 43.21

C. Aluminum Side Guard
Designed to fit all Phase 3 shrouds, this touch of class gives an open primary both added safety and a polished aluminum finish in keeping with popular trends. Use this guard with our 1½", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143077 ..... 24.00

D. Polished Aluminum Primary Covers
Here are the primary covers you've been waiting for. They're designed to allow you to replace your aluminum outer primary while still using your stock inner. These beauties come with starter bearing and will work for both kick and electric start models. Three covers are available: Early, 1965-1969; Late, 1970-1981; Late, for FX with *Center shift only.*

105018 ..... 1965-1969 ..... 99.95
105019 ..... 1970-1981 ..... 99.95
105020 ..... FX, Center Shift 99.95

E. Bearing Support
Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. Here's your remedy.

10404 ..... Bearing Support 21.95
10405 ..... Bearing 11.75

F. Clutch Dome
Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs and leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.

143084 ..... 36.95

G. Alternator Cover
Recommended for Harley 74 & 80 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.

143076 ..... 1970-1981 ..... 36.95

H. Pressure Plate
A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.

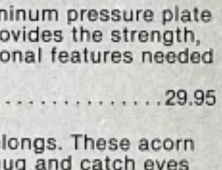
143021 ..... 29.95

I. Engine Nuts
Put this big chromed beauty where it belongs. These acorn engine nuts will keep the front pulley snug and catch eyes on your Harley 74, 80 and Sportster units.

143078 ..... 74 & 80, 1937-1954 ..... 9.40
143079 ..... 74 & 80, 1955-1981 ..... 9.40
143080 ..... Sportster, All Years 9.40

J. Primary Spacer For Sportsters
Recommended for all Sportsters, 1957-1969, using a steel primary cover.

143086 ..... 28.00



K. Phase 3 Competitor Clutch
The final answer to a complete high performance clutch for all Harley 74, 80 and big inch motors up to 106 cu. in. This competition package eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull. A great mate with our belt drives.

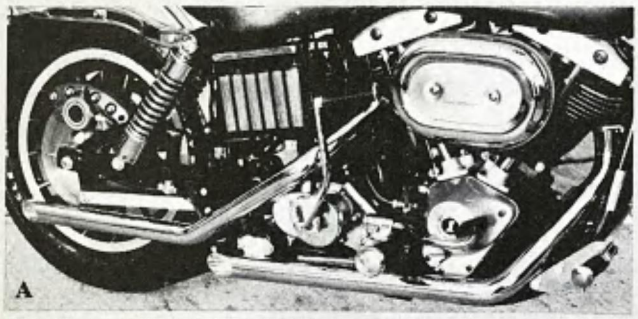
143088 ..... 218.50

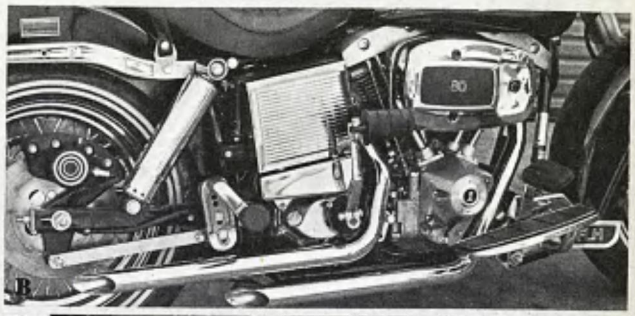


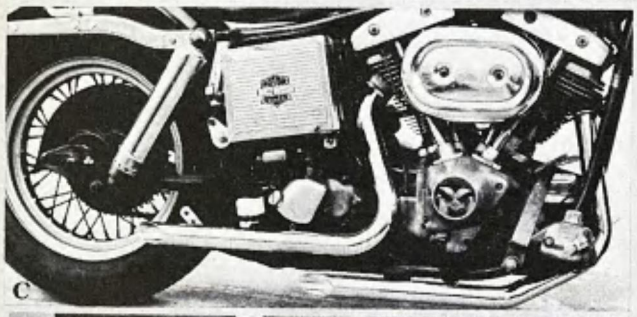
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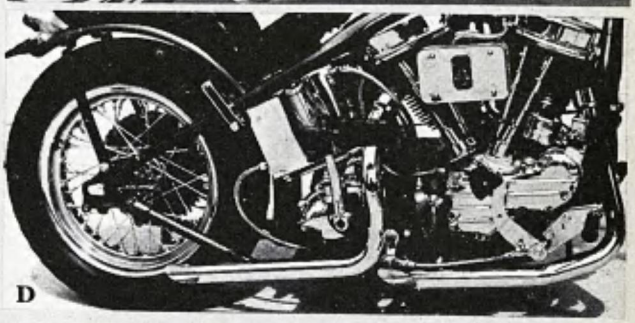
DRAG PIPES FOR HARLEYS

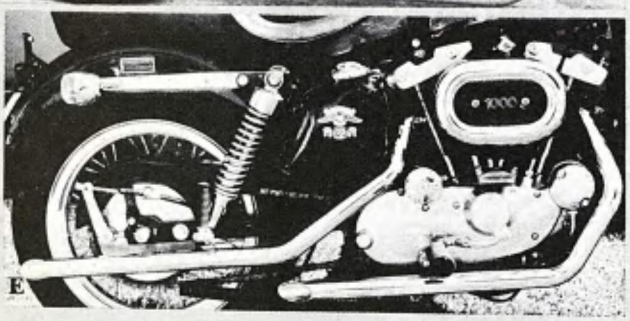
Cycle Shack, Inc. drag pipes have always been a widespread winner when it comes to customizing. Since they seem to blend so well with all Harleys, there's always a need for upgrading and updating current systems so that your bike is assured the best. All the 1¾" drag pipes on this page reflect that concern for quality.

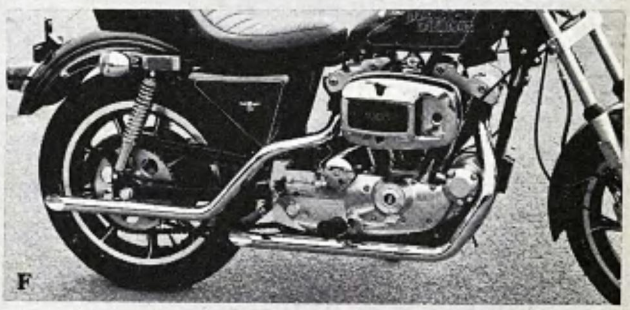

A

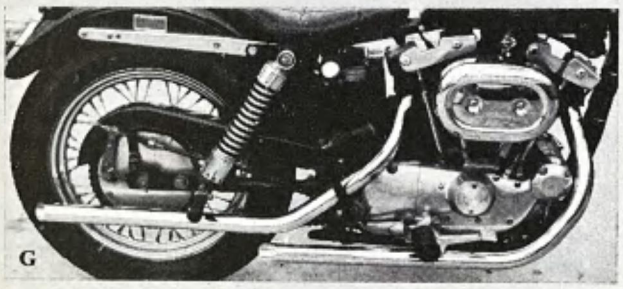

B


C


D


E


F


G



CYCLE SHACK, INC.
South San Francisco, CA

A. FX, FXE & Low Rider Drag Pipes
Fits all 1971-1980 FX, FXE and Low Rider Models. Features include an inside the frame front pipe and over the transmission rear pipe allowing clearance for the larger electric start battery.
150025 ..... 48.50

B. Late FLH Drag Pipes
Fits all 1970-1980 kick or electric start models. Features an inside the frame front pipe and a rear pipe designed to clear the larger electric start battery. To retain floorboards, order bracket #149025 below.
150034 ..... 48.50

Late FLH Floorboard Bracket
Allow you to retain floorboards with the above #150034 pipes.
149025 ..... 8.50

C. Early Shovelhead & FLH Drag Pipes
Fits all 1966-1969 Shovelheads, FL, FLH and Police Specials. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe. May require re-routing of oil lines on some late model oil pumps.
15005 ..... 48.50

D. Panhead Drag Pipes
Fits all Panheads, 1948-1965, except when using a belt drive. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe.
15003 ..... 48.50

E. Drag Pipes For Sportsters
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980-up. On 1980 & up models use our #150039 brake pedal stop/mounting bracket combination listed below.
15002 ..... 48.50

F. Drag Pipes For 1979 Sportsters
Fits all 1979 Sportsters.
150037 ..... 48.50

G. XLR Style Drag Pipes
Fits Sportster models 1957-1978 & 1980-up. On 1980 & up models use our #150039 brake pedal stop/mounting bracket combination listed below.
15004 ..... 48.50

Brake Pedal Stop
Allows you to run the above #15002, 15004 pipes on 1980 & up Sportsters. Replaces the stock pedal stop and permits mounting without welding to new pipes.
150039 ..... (not shown) 3.50

H. 45 Drag Pipes
Customized 1½" drag pipes for solo or servi-car mounting. Work well with shorty mufflers.
15106 ..... 44.00


H

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CRAZY FRANK ENTERPRISES

REAR CONNECTIONS

SWINGARMS, RIGIDS & HARDTAILS

If you're lookin' for an added touch of custom class that makes good sense, these Rear Connections are it!

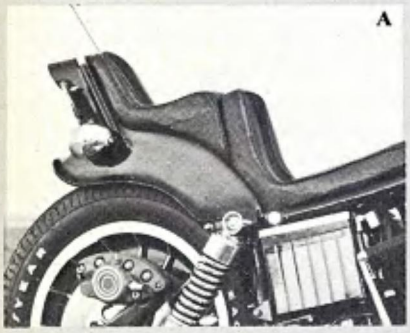
Each unit construction rear section will set any swingarm, rigid or hardtail apart from the rest. Classy and complete, each unit features:

- One or two piece seat exclusively designed to fit the fender contour perfectly with true style & comfort
- Steel spoon seat construction, top quality black naugahyde with custom nylon stitching & pre-threading mounting holes
- Heavy gauge steel fender that is simply strong
- Built-in taillight assembly with concealed steel wiring tubes for a clean & protected connection
- Steel sissy bar pockets welded in position for a quick, simple slide-in connection of a custom chromed round or square bar available under separate part number
- Hidden fender compartment for your valuables

Do your thing with distinction . . . find your connection!

FOR HARLEY SWINGARM FRAMES

A



B



C



D



A. Radial Style

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802	Harley 74	1-Piece	289.95
7804	Harley 74	2-Piece	289.95
7806	Sportster	1-Piece	289.95
7808	Sportster	2-Piece	289.95

Spst units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	35.95
78022	12" Round	35.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7801	Harley 74	1-Piece	289.95
7803	Harley 74	2-Piece	289.95
7805	Sportster	1-Piece	289.95
7807	Sportster	2-Piece	289.95

Spst units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	35.95
78024	12" Square	35.95

B. Prismic Style

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78010	Harley 74	1-Piece	289.95
78014	Sportster	1-Piece	289.95

Spst units fit 1978 & earlier models only

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78025	9" Square	44.95
78026	12" Square	44.95

See Page 22 For Prismic Gas Tanks To Match Your Rear Connection



All Rear Connections Require Molding & Painting

RIGID FRAMES & HARDTAILS

C. Universal Rigid Radial

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7809	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	289.95
78011	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	289.95

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78021	9" Round	35.95
78022	12" Round	35.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78013	Rigid Radial	1-Piece	289.95
78015	Rigid Radial	2-Piece	289.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	35.95
78024	12" Square	35.95

D. Universal Rigid

Units That Accept Round Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78018	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	209.95
78020	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	209.95

Round Sissy Bars For The Above Units

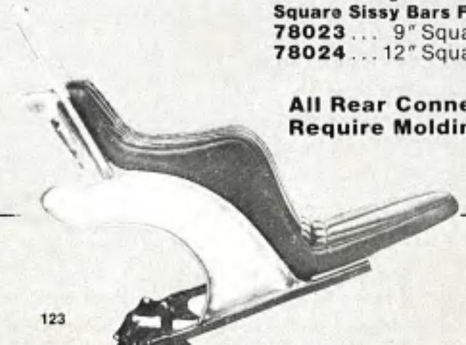
78021	9" Round	35.95
78022	12" Round	35.95

Units That Accept Square Sissy Bars

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78017	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	209.95
78019	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	209.95

Square Sissy Bars For The Above Units

78023	9" Square	35.95
78024	12" Square	35.95



All Rear Connections Require Molding & Painting

No Matter Who You Are Or Where You Are, You're Covered!

Part of living in the best lane means making sure there's always a taste of everything waitin' for you. To help assure you, we suggest that you begin your jammin' with a trip to one of our stocking authorized dealers listed here. You'll find him to be your kind of people. Have him familiarize you with his rollin' stock of good-lookin', go-fast Jammer products.

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Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

801 South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506

Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.

ORDER FORM

We will ship UPS ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet UPS requirements or is out of UPS area we will ship via next best way.

We cannot ship C.O.D. to foreign countries, nor to Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Canal Zone, APO or FPO addresses. Customers in these areas must remit payment in full including shipping and handling charges.

Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

To avoid having to pay C.O.D. fees we suggest that you remit full payment with your order, including shipping and handling charges. (Orders too large to be shipped UPS or post will be shipped via truck *freight collect!*)

TO PREPAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING
U.S. AND POSSESSIONS

If your order is:	Include additional:
0 - 15 Dollars	$3.00
15.01 - 25 Dollars	20% of parts total
25.01 - 50 Dollars	15% of parts total
50.01 - 100 Dollars	10% of parts total
101.00 - 750 Dollars	5% of parts total
over 750 Dollars	we pay freight

Foreign

Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments. Please include correct postage.

Canada
Surface Post . . . Double U.S. Rate
Air Post . . . Not Available

All Other Countries
(minimum order $100)
Surface Post . . . 3 Times U.S. Rate
Air Post . . . 60% of Order

Substantial overcharges to foreign countries will be refunded. Thanks to current events, freight costs subject to change. Parts shipped via most economical way.

Send Money Order or Cashiers Check in U.S. Funds Only. Your personal check will be accepted but will delay shipment for 6 weeks while it clears your bank. Bankamericard, Visa, and Mastercharge cards are accepted for prepayment of orders over $5.00 and shipping and handling costs.

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Please allow 6 weeks for complete delivery of your order. A service charge will be made on backorder cancellations which have not allowed 6 weeks for shipment. Prices subject to change without notice.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Telephone ( ) _____ (GIVE AREA CODE)

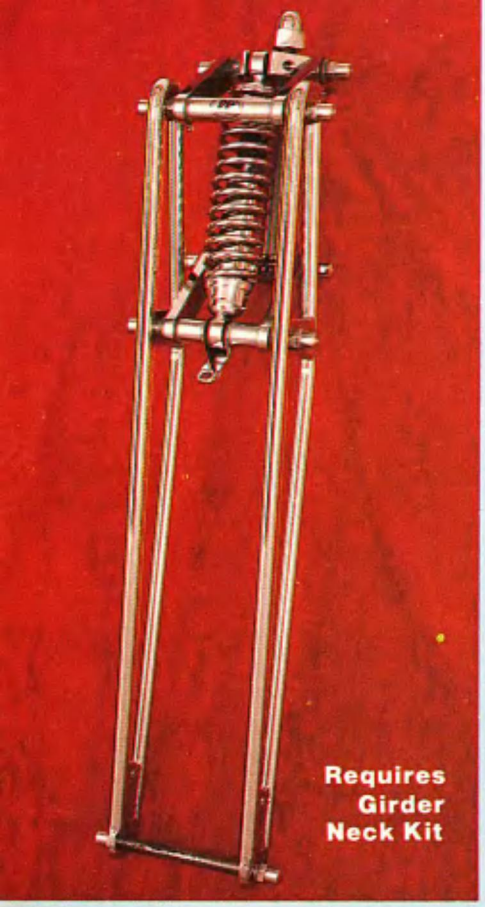
QTY	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	TOTAL

SHIP VIA
- ☐ UPS GROUND
- ☐ PARCEL POST
- ☐ BEST WAY

CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

PARTS TOTAL	
(CALIF. RESIDENTS ONLY) 6% TAX	
PREPAID SHIPPING & HANDLING	
ORDER TOTAL	
(MINIMUM 25%) DEPOSIT	
(PLUS SHIPPING & HANDLING UNLESS PREPAID ABOVE) BALANCE DUE C.O.D.	

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Check out perfection . . . it's all here
- Constructed of 1026 solid steel, 3/4" round or 5/8" square
- Lengths from stock to 16" over stock
- Heavy chrome plating to make certain you glow anytime
- Single headlight bracket
- Built-in interchangeable rake (0° or 10°)
- Heliarc welded frame assembly
- Lifetime oilite bushings & grease fittings at all pivot points
- Heavy duty chrome spring & shock absorber with 5 adjustments
- Full two year guarantee on parts, materials & workmanship

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5902 . . . Round, 4" O/S 325.00
5903 . . . Round, 7" O/S 325.00
5904 . . . Round, 10" O/S 325.00
5905 . . . Round, 13" O/S 325.00
5906 . . . Round, 16" O/S 325.00

Square Girders (Includes Axle)

5907 . . . Square, Stock Length . . 360.00
5908 . . . Square, 4" O/S 360.00
5909 . . . Square, 7" O/S 360.00
59010 . . . Square, 10" O/S 360.00
59011 . . . Square, 13" O/S 360.00
59012 . . . Square, 16" O/S 360.00

Girder Neck Kits

59033 . . . Harley 74 & 80 . . . . . 10.95
59034 . . . Sportster & 45 . . . . . 10.95
59035 . . . Honda — All 10.95
59036 . . . Kawasaki, 900 & 1000 . . . 10.95
59037 . . . Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up . 10.95
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Round & Square Dual Shock Girders

Round Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59053 . . . Round, Stock Length . . 414.00
59054 . . . Round, 4" O/S 414.00
59055 . . . Round, 7" O/S 414.00
59056 . . . Round, 10" O/S 414.00
59057 . . . Round, 13" O/S 414.00
59058 . . . Round, 16" O/S 414.00

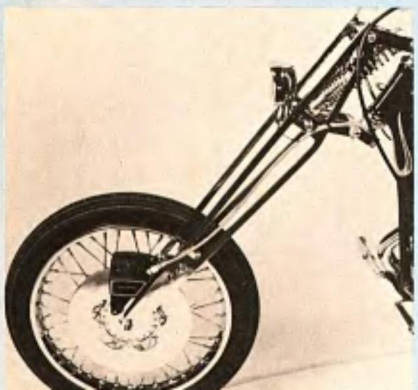
Square Single Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59059 . . . Square, Stock Length . . 449.00
59060 . . . Square, 4" O/S 449.00
59061 . . . Square, 7" O/S 449.00
59062 . . . Square, 10" O/S 449.00
59063 . . . Square, 13" O/S 449.00
59064 . . . Square, 16" O/S 449.00

Single Disc Caliper Kits (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59030 . . . Harley 74 & Sportster . . . 33.95
59031 . . . Honda 750, 1969-1976 . . . 33.95
59032 . . . Honda 450, 500, 550, Late 750 '77-'78 . . . . . 33.95



For Single & Dual Disc Brake Conversions

Wow! Run your stock wheel and disc brake set-up with these super new, design-engineered beauties. These conversion girders are now available to accept a Harley or Honda stock front wheel and disc brake assembly. In addition, a dual disc conversion for 1977 and later Harleys is here for the taking.

Round Dual Disc Conversion Girder (Requires Caliper Kit Below)

59065 . . . Round, Stock Length . . 459.00
59066 . . . Round, 4" O/S 459.00
59067 . . . Round, 7" O/S 459.00
59068 . . . Round, 10" O/S 459.00
59069 . . . Round, 13" O/S 459.00

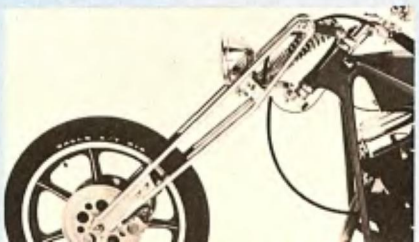
Dual Disc Caliper Kit (Includes Axle)

For the above conversion girders using the following stock wheels.

59039 . . . Harley, 1977 & Later . . . 35.95

Girder Neck Kits

59033 . . . Harley 74 & 80 . . . . . 10.95
59034 . . . Sportster & 45 . . . . . 10.95
59035 . . . Honda — All 10.95
59036 . . . Kawasaki 900 & 1000 . . . 10.95
59037 . . . Triumph & BSA, '72 & Up . 10.95
59038 . . . Triumph, '71 & Earlier . . . 10.95





Choppershopper

Continued from page 83

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Lonely loser, 30, 6', 180 lbs., down for four more. Looking for a loving lady with time to share. Send letters and pics to Dario Zorman #79-A-2693, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (108)

Ladies: I am in N.Y. state prison. I need letters and photos from short ladies 18-37. I am w/m, 27, green eyes, brown hair, 5'3½", 135 lbs. Will write back to all. George R. Cox #81-D-0046, Box B, H-2-40, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (108)

Wanted: Two rattlesnake skins, complete. Willing to trade? Box 127, Warsaw, N.Y. 14567. (108)

Lonely, good-lookin' 28-year-old tattoo artist is searchin' for a lady a little on the heavy side, who can be a best friend as well as a lover. Greg Hiscox #C-30203, CTF-C, B-330, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (108)

"Big Al" Millette: Remember Christmas 1979 at the Time Motel in La Mesa, Calif? I made you dinner. Some union papers came in the mail for you. Please get in touch. Love, Jan "The Rose," 1221 Greenfield Dr., El Cajon, Calif. 92021. (108)

Hi, gal: Let's write, anything. I'll answer. James Freeman #312882, B2-2-12, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (108)

Jimmy, you asshole, shoot me a kite. Mark, Box A, Thomaston, Maine 04861. (108)

Australian girl, 23 yrs. old, would like to make contact with American Indians, particularly those in jail. Age and sex unimportant; all letters guaranteed an answer. Mandy Jones, 9 Simpson St., Somerset 7322, Tasmania, Australia. (108)

Susan: I haven't forgotten you, babe. I'm down in the hometown and only you can pick me up. You're my #1 lady forever, and I'm waiting for you. Happy belated b'day (2-14) I love you. Wayne G. (108)

Lonely Kentucky biker, 26, doin' time. Looking for a sweet, sexy lady who cares. Also, must sell '73 chopped Sportster, good cond. Barry Cutlip #75416, Box 188, LaGrange, Ky. 40031. (108)

U.S.S. Joseph Strauss: 74-77 Pearl Harbor, Fretti, Hop, Ahoe, Cowboy, Fite, Flora, Cookie Man, Timbo, Walshy, Blanch, Vincent, Flenn, Ratt, Larry, Monroe, Ron, Randy, Fargh, Bruno, Chuy, Woody, John, Coop, Kenny, Riley, Woodcock, Jamoke, Royce.: Now, you fkrs, Call or write Steve Vernon, (303) 773-8687, 9959 E. Peakview #K-201, Englewood, Colo. 80111. Urgent! (108)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (108)

Good people of Illinois, B.R. MC, S MC, Lake County W MC, Chicago, W MC, No, Ill., J.J. from H.H. MC W.S. chapter Illinois S.E. MC, Streator, SCR MC S.E. Wis.: Thanx for the hospitality. God love you all. I do. Smoke dope, eat pussy, and trip like big fucking dogs, been a righteous two years, aloha over and out, T-Bone Kelly, Devils Breed MC, Nomad. (108)

Andy: I'll love you forever, and I hope when you read this we'll be together in Turkey. Your forever lady, Ann H., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (108)

Girls 18-24: Bored? Come ride the Calif. hwys with me this summer or longer; also with a side trip to Sturgis '82. Send a picture and letter to Rich Rutter, 6331 Weatherford Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95823. (108)

Halverson: By the time this comes out, I'll be planning a trip to Ill. Hope to see you soon, or call collect. Much love. Other half of broken heart. (108)

Brits and Harleys are best. Just ask me about my ol' man and his Sanctus. Happy 28th (6-2-82). Be high, free, and forever in the wind. Love, Bugalugs. (108)

Doc (Hurley): Get hold of me through my mom. I need to see you. Love, Critter. Soon as possible. (108)

I'm a 28-year-old, lonely biker doing time. Would like to hear from all fine ladies in California. Send pictures. Henry T. Cortez #C-09207, B-193L, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710. (108)

Taxi: I'm in Martinsburg, W. Va., soon to be in Spring, in Feb, or March. So call, if you want. (304) 263-1747. Love Whore. (108)

Suzi: Sis, I don't know what I'd do without you! Thanks for everything. Love ya, Li'l bro, A.J. (108)

Lisa Bordon: Call or write Maxie Herron (915) 677-9817 nights. 4210 Kirkwood, Abilene, Tex. 79603. Still have your stuff. (108)

White solo biker, 26, looking to fill open playmate/house mouse position. Must be sincere, honest, affectionate, financially/emotionally secure, easy-going, nympho, 24-42, no drugs or booze, red hair, stocking/garter fetish, oral sex all a plus. Send several pictures and letter to "Animal," Box 31231, Independence, Ohio 44131. Trial period required. (108)

Toys for the adult biker and hi ol' lady. X-rated playing cards fo those hot poker games, $6.50 Handcuffs to get kinky with th ol' lady, $12. Pussy soap on a rop (need we say more?), $7. Tast Pants, eat them right off the ol lady, $6. Ben Wah Balls to kee her going when you're not around $8. Tit clamps for ya to tease her $12. Cock soap on a rope for th ol' lady to keep mound fresh, $10 Swedish Erotica magazine, hottes rag around, $11. 8mm X-rated film our best, $15. Free gift with every $20 order, two free gifts wit every $35 order. We have no catalogs, we sell only items listed above. Any of the above is sent to you C.O.D. with a 50-percent cash deposit. Send all orders to Biker's Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. You must state you are over 18 yrs. or older to order any of the above. (125)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for White Rights and against government tyranny! Write for free information and a copy of our newspaper, the White Patriot. We also have available Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items. 1214 Old Lee Highway, Tuscumbia, Ala. 35674, Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)

Hardtail: Happy birthday, 4-26-82. Thanks for being my friend. I'll love ya forever. Chick. (108)

Tattoo artists: Huck Spaulding and his staff want to thank all you great people out there in the tattoo world for your support during 1981. We have lots of new equipment and products for 1982, made possible through you, our #1 customers. Don't miss our new 100-page color catalog. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (113)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tool and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC52, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (110)



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