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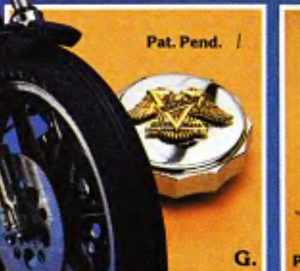
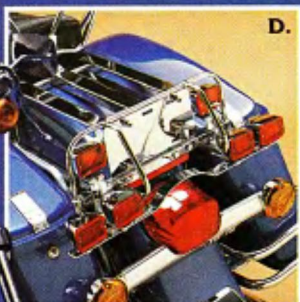
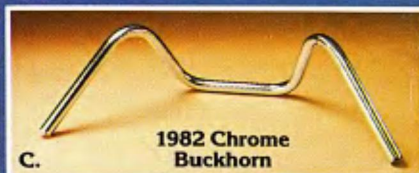
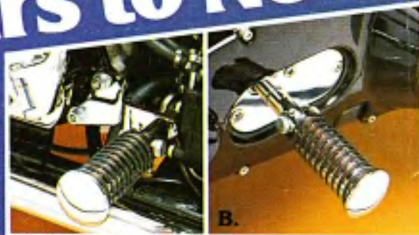
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Easyriders

Number 111



Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 30th.

Cover photo of Brooks Garten by Kim Peterson

Now On Sale



At Your Favorite Newsstand

Dipshit file: Two dudes waiting for trial decided to split for freedom when the officer wasn't lookin'. They take off, handcuffed together, and make it outta the court, down a main street, and around a corner onto a side street, where they musta forgotten they were cuffed. One man ran around one side of a pole and the other ran around the other side. They're both in the jail hospital with fractured wrists. Surprise, surprise!

They went by the hospital to get the clothes of a deceased daughter. When they got home and opened the sack of clothes the hospital had given them, they found a man's foot in a shoe. Needless to say, this fucked up their heads, to say nothin' of what it did to the guy lookin' for his foot and shoe.

Speaking of trains, did ya hear about the train that was stolen by some joy riders? Yep, they stole a whole fucking train and went for an all-night joy ride, but didn't know how to stop it, so they slowed it down to a walk and got off. It was found goin' down the track, driverless, at 10mph.

Two teenage girls decided to snuff their teacher, so they put sleeping pills in his drink, beat him with a wine bottle, sprayed him with Mace, stabbed him in the back, and tried to inject air into his veins. Nothing worked—but it musta hurt. The price one pays for an alleged bit of stink finger with two under-aged wacko girls.

We've all been pissed, right? Right. Then you'll understand this dude who got caught in six inches of snow and couldn't get his car out, so he came unglued. Frustrated, the dude took a tire iron out of his trunk and smashed every fuckin' window in his car. Still not satisfied, he hauled out a 9mm pistol and shot all four tires fulla holes. Even that wasn't enough. He put in another clip and fired away, then took the tire iron again and was pounding on the hood and top of the car when the cops came. Talk about pissed!

He was walking backwards to avoid the strong wind on his way home. A snow plow comes along the right way, doesn't see him and hits him, breaking some ribs. The cops come and give the dude a ticket for failure to walk facing the traffic, then take him to the hospital. No slack.

How weird can you be? This guy broke into a police station. To get some dope, release a friend, or what? When they caught him, he turned out to be a bicycle thief. He had \$800 worth of bicycle parts in his home, a few police uniforms, and a street sign. Weird, man, weird.

This is a hard one to buy, but it was in a newspaper column that Nancy Reagan granted an interview with a foreign motorcycle magazine, *Leather and Chrome*. It quotes Mrs. Reagan as saying, "The President likes to ride his horse, but I like to mount up on my Harley." Asked if she had ever been a member of any sort of motorcycle club, Mrs. Reagan answered, "Let's have another Coors and talk about that."

Yeah, he did. The police said the man musta gone berserk and beat himself to death by battering his head against a bench and a water fountain. The other injuries to his body, like his ankles and knees, were made in an escape effort when arrested. All he was busted for was breaking and entering. If you believe cows fly, you believe he deliberately killed himself. I believe it. I believe it.

He didn't have anything better to do, so he took shots at a cactus in the Arizona desert. The high-powered shells exploded the trunk and the 27-foot-high saguaro cactus fell over—only it fell on top of him, nailing him to the ground and snuffin' him. There must be a lesson there somewhere.

Living proof that people, once they get into cars, go blind: This 70-year-old dude said he didn't see the flashing lights, didn't hear the whistle, and didn't see the train that hit him. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Pete Says It All

☐ This afternoon I sat on the side of the road, waiting for a friend to bring me some tools so I could fix my FLH. I counted the "bros" go by and came up with the following excuses for not helping. Here they are:

1. Fuck him, he ain't got no patch.
2. Fuck him, he's wearing a patch.
3. Fuck him, he's got short hair.
4. Fuck him, he's got long hair.
5. He ain't got a black T-shirt on.
6. He's got a black T-shirt on.
7. It's an AMF, fuck him.
8. A red Harley.
9. I ain't got time.
10. Fuck him, he's on a Harley.

Well, I could go on and on. I don't know of a time when I didn't stop and at least ask if the biker (any biker) needed help. And Christ, these are just excuses for the people who went by on a bike. Who knows what the cagers were thinking.

"Bros" (I use the term loosely), keep on going by and making up your excuses, because none of us are in it for the "brotherhood" of riding anyway. Right?

Pete
Orlando, Fla.

Likes It

☐ Oh yeah, the "Traditional Knuckle" in the May '82 mag was fuckin' great! Good work. Could catch a nut just lookin' at a bike like that.

Bill Hildreth
Boise, Idaho

Droolin' In Michigan

☐ Just got my July '82 issue, and on the outside back cover — there he is again! Who is that man? I know the bike looks good, but he's simply gorgeous. My compliments to the chef.

Lady O.
Munith, Mich.

Mann Fan

☐ I'm writing this in response to the ass-wipe who was complaining about David Mann's centerspreads all looking the same. The punk calls himself "Twink" (June '82 issue).

If he had any taste at all, he wouldn't be complaining. David Mann is the number one of all time — a hero, a legend in his own time. He deserves praise, not piss.

Skimpy
Ferndale, Mich.

Likes Wind

☐ I got *In The Wind* #7 today and have to say that it's got some of the most righteous fucking photos I've ever seen. "He is a biker, nothin' less. No need to change when 'you're the best'."

That's how it is I've heard him say.

He'll jam until his dyin' day."
— Jody Via
Munch
Melbourne, Australia

More On Gaggin'

☐ This is for Debbie and Denise in San Diego. Having tonsils or not having tonsils has nothing to do with gagging when you give head. I had my tonsils out when I was nineteen, and believe me, it didn't help the gagging at all. If you ever find anything that helps, pass it on. I'm crazy about giving head, too, much to my ol' man's delight. I'd be grateful if anyone could shed some light on the art of not gagging (it would make my man happy, too).

Babs
Canton, Ohio

Would it ever.

Head Job

☐ In the May '82 "Word-monger," Debbie and Denise wanted to know if having their tonsils removed would make them stop gagging when their mouths are full. I don't know about that, since

I've had my tonsils for thirty years and have never had a problem. Maybe they just need a better technique.

Giving head is one thing, but doing it right is another. I don't know if it's good for your skin, but it sure is good for a man! Keep practicing, ladies, there's plenty of guys ready to help you.

We've also had a problem out here with the 7-11 stores selling *Easyriders*. They classify your mag with *Hustler* and other lower forms of reading. Being the person I am, I'll always ask them for it when the store's busy; and a lot of people agree with me that there's nothing wrong with it. Ride free, guys.

Lady Blue
Utica, Mich.

☐ Nothin' wrong with givin' head either.

Claybrook Commercial

☐ After reading your choices on the TV commercials, I think "Let Those Who Ride Decide About Helmets" is the best for two reasons: 1. It delivers the message on helmet laws and we all know there's nothing stronger than a law to make people aware of riders. The other one is good, but people tend to forget and you can't forget a law. 2. You're killing two birds with one stone by mentioning stricter licensing and awareness techniques in the same commercial with helmet laws.

The only thing I disagree with is the word biker. It's all right, but biker is a powerful word to the straight citizen because of the fucked-up way the media has with stereotyping.

My vote is for "Let Those Who Ride Decide."

Mike Sola
Kansas City, Mo.

☐ We are selling the commercials at their exact cost — no profit at all. \$16.00

is all it costs to spread the word. See page 42 in this issue.

Print This

☐ The Civil Rights Act, 42 U.S.C., §1983 can have Uncle Sam himself stop state laws or punish state officials for denying your civil rights.

How about a street lawyer out there who can put together a civil rights complaint (with instructions) and let *Easyriders* reprint it and get 800,000 copies, so the people who really want the helmet laws off can fill out the complaints and so something about it.

And there is a way around the \$60 filing fee. It's called *Forma Pauperis Affidavit*, made for broke tramps. Just file it against the governor of each state in the federal courts.

At a cost of \$60 per, how long will it take Uncle Sam to get the message?

You said you'd print anything to help bikers. Print this!

George
Starke, Fla.

We printed it.

Enough Is Enough

☐ In reference to the July '82 issue ("Working Out" feature), just what the fuck is Victim's problem? He states, "Dolls are twitchin' for the thunder of a big twin. Shit, they're so desperate they'll even ride a Sporty." Well, asshole, no one is desperate out here. I have a '74 Sporty that any damned sweetie would love to plop down on just as much as any pan, knuck, or shovel. In fact, my ol' lady is so pissed off that she's decided to cut off Victim's nuts and feed them to my Doberman. Incidentally, my dog loves Sporties, too, and he'll kill anyone who doesn't.

Tom Ricker
N. Royalton, Ohio

☐ Everyone loves a halfa-bike — ya gotta start somewhere.

Magazine Stopped

☐ The assholes stopped *Easyriders* from comin' to this joint any more. No explanation, nothin', man, just "no more *Easyriders*." I can dig people not understanding bikers, but that was a class-A asshole of a thing to do. And people wonder why

acts of violence and bad attitudes happen all the time. Fuck the people of this world who can't even quit fuckin' with folks, even when they're no problem any more. I'm just cut off from my life, my people, and the happiness that goes with scooter people. It's not just a magazine, it's survival for the brothers locked down.

I can finally kiss sanity goodbye. Without my rag I'm a lonely ol' cat.

Goat
Nashville, Tenn.

■ A magazine cannot be legally stopped from going into a prison without just cause. But in the Bible Belt anything is possible, and we simply do not understand them. Nothing against anyone — but if someone doesn't like something, don't read it, and don't stop those that do like it. Why must everyone agree with a vocal majority?

Digs Coe

□ I would like to thank you good people for making me aware of David Allan Coe. He played here (Uniontown, Pa.) on May 7, and it was the fuckin' best concert I've ever heard or seen.

Haystack
Chestnut Ridge, Pa.

■ He does sing a song.

A Bet

□ I want to let you know that your story, "Honey," by M. Chakorian, was great. It shed some light on my ol' man and me. And the mag is a joy for us over here, away from the world. I also bet a good fuck you only help bros.

Red's Ol' Lady
Germany

■ We never keep anyone from a good fuck.

Read Again

□ You know, you guys can really be assholes sometimes. You got a letter from a kid in Hollywood that said he was a wannabe (May '82 issue) and you fuckers really screwed up.

First off, I was the same way when I was seventeen, and it took me two years to scrape up enough money to buy my first Hog. Now I've got ten years of highway behind me. Second, he didn't say a fuckin' thing about

wearin' leathers, only about wearin' a H-D headband. I usually don't give a shit about someone else's problems, but I can relate to the pure hell he's going through because I was there once. Come on, give the kid a break. After all, if some bitch did that to me, I would blow her fuckin' head off. And, no, I'm not related to the little shit.

B. O'Brien
St. Louis, Mo.

■ You'd better read it again. We were on his side, but some of these bull dykes like sixteen-year-olds' fuzzy nuts, ya know.

Got Off

□ I just got out of court a few minutes ago on a "Failure To Possess A Valid Motorcycle License" beef. I took my April '82 edition as my defense. I took a strong stand and threw the book at the judge. I showed him the motorcycle laws of the states and Canada on page 45. After looking at them, he started looking at the rest of the book. I think it was "Boots" on page 54 that did it. He dismissed the case. So I want to give you all a pat on the back.

Bono
Hickam AFB, Ill.

Makes Him Sick

□ You guys make me barf, but what else is new?

Stud
Racine, Wis.

■ Your face — it would make a freight train take a side street.

An Opinion

□ About the broad on June's cover: Her shirt said, "Evil, Wicked, Mean & Nasty." Well, they forgot "Ugly."

Dee
Allentown, Pa.

Didn't Like It

□ The broad on the cover of the June '82 issue should have been on the cover of "Low Rider." Give us a fuckin' break.

Roger
Inglewood, Calif.

Different City

□ The May '82 issue had an article by Jay Drott entitled "Chin Cactus: A Short History," concerning Joseph Palmer.

I just wanted to set things straight for ol' man Palmer by

letting you know that while Jay got his story right, the city is wrong. It's Leominster, not Fitchburg.

Leominster ain't so famous that it can afford to lose out on anything it claims. If they want to claim credit for persecuting someone, I say they deserve to. I know how Palmer felt. I tried living there, too.

No one ever set a trend without sacrifices. Nobody knows it better than a biker, or someone like Palmer, who preferred jail time to conforming. And if they had Harleys in those days, he would've been on one.

He was labeled an outlaw because he didn't fit in. But, as a majority of one, he gained some recognition in principle. Well, a lot of us rebels went down facing the odds; always will.

Gunner
Ventura, Calif.

She Noticed

□ All right, so how come there's about one-quarter inch missing from the edge of the mag lately?

Deb McClure
Montebello, Calif.

■ Believe it or not, paper is the major cost of printing a magazine. A quarter of an inch off the pages saved enough that we didn't have to raise the price of the mag.

Name Caller

□ My establishment friends call yer rag "Sleazyriders."

Number Cruncher
Stamford, Conn.

■ We've been called worse.

Another Opinion

□ The sole reason for third world nations, such as Japan and Iran, coming to power is simple. Their women still walk behind the men.

Voice of Wisdom
Valparaiso, Ind.

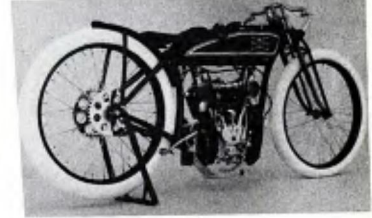
Spelled Wrong

□ In your July '82 issue (page 38) in the word search puzzle, the word Red Rider was spelled wrong. Really had to search that one out — one word out of thirty ain't bad.

Try it again soon. See if you can get thirty out of thirty right. Bet you can.

Big Bob's Ol' Lady
Louisville, Ky.

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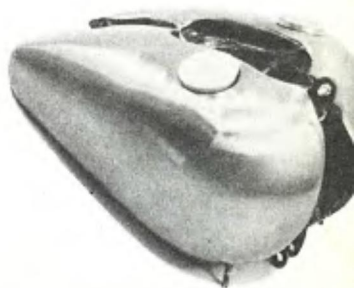
Do you own a bike? _____

Continued on page 110

HEAVY WEIGHT!

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NEW!



Quick Bob Tank: This bitch will fit right on yer Superglide. Gives ya the Fat Bob look. Accepts all stock mounting hardware & holds 4.5 gallons. **\$99.95.** **Gas Caps:** H-D wing logo cap. **\$11.95.** Plain Gas Cap. **\$4.95.** Specify left or right side. **Chrome Petcock:** New style with reserve for late model tanks. **\$19.95.** **Fat Bob Tanks:** Add some fuckin' paint & yer ready to roll. (3½ gal. **\$119.95.** 5 gal., **\$129.95.**



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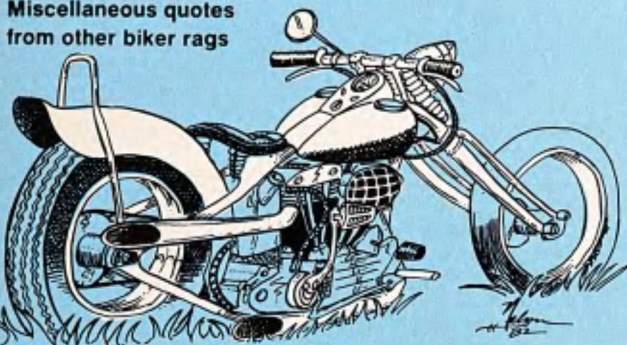
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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



Ridin' Safe

Practically all motorcyclists and motorists are familiar with the safety concept of maintaining a two-second following distance in the traffic pattern. This two-second distance is a *minimum* safe following distance, and making such a cushion a regular part of your defensive riding routine is simple.

As you are riding along, pick out a fixed point ahead of you. When the rear of the vehicle you are following passes that fixed point, start counting off two seconds — one thousand one, one thousand two — and when you finish counting, the front of your bike should not have gone beyond the reference point.

The reference point you select can be a shadow, pavement marking, road sign or any other fixed object close to the roadway. The key point to remember is that two seconds is the bare minimum following distance you should maintain. MSF, and others involved in motorcycle safety, have until recently believed that two seconds was an adequate cushion, regardless of speed. But new research indicates that stopping distance may have to be increased in proportion to speed. We now recommend that you maintain at least a two-second following distance at speeds up to 40 mph, and a full four-second gap at higher speeds. That will provide time for you to stop safely and quickly, if necessary.

—American Motorcyclist

Missing Vote

There are 182,000 registered motorcycles in Indiana and only 1,000 bikers who are members of ABATE of Indiana. That's less than 1% of the state's motorcycle population. If bikers don't support those who support them, then who do they expect to support them? You can get hold of ABATE of Indiana at 52740-2 Ash Rd., Granger, Indiana 46530.

—Biker

The System

Hope that under the new administration the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) would become, if not pro-motorcyclist, at least less anti-motorcyclist, is fading. Completely ignoring overwhelming input from hundreds of cyclists, NHTSA sidestepped the issue of support for rider licensing and education in its second request for public comment. Final date was March 11; RR received notice of this on March 3, and now you know how the system works.

—Road Rider

Black's Illegal

File this under Black Is Beautiful But It Might Be Illegal. If you were an Australian rider, an all-black helmet might land you in court. Under a relatively obscure Australian law, motorcycle helmets may not legally be more than 50 percent black. And you thought you had it tough.

—Cycle Guide

Executives Ride

The ride had taken 78 hours, two less than had been planned. (Originally the company wanted to claim 80 hours on an 80.) The welded-on tabs on the oil tanks were unbroken. The ride was completed without having oil added, or having the chain adjusted, or having any other maintenance done. Only the gas tank was filled and the riders changed.

When the last two riders pulled off their helmets, they turned out to be Charlie Thompson and Vaughn Beals, the president and chairman of the board of Harley-Davidson. They had ridden the last 120 miles of the trip and were ready to tell about it.

Thompson explained the ride was a result of the company's efforts to improve quality. It was a way of showing that the efforts have been successful. Beals was happy to report the newly organized company was doing well, selling more bikes, starting new projects. Later, after his speech was over, he was chatting about the trip, obviously pleased with the effort.

"We couldn't have done that a couple of years ago," he said.

—Cycle World

Bein' A Biker

There is a big difference between a biker and someone who just rides a bike. If you're a biker, you know that. If you ain't, well, you ought to read this and see what the fuck you're missing.

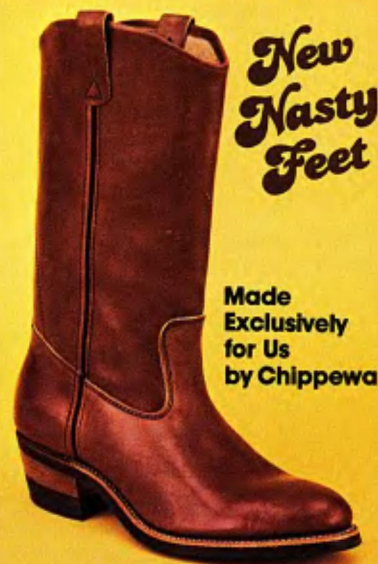
Now there are a whole bunch of ways to "get into" being a biker, and all that shit you see and read about what kind of bike you ride has nothing to do with it. I know some bikers who are down and don't even have a bike, yet they are more bikers than a whole lot of folks puttin' round town on new Wide Glides with fancy leather pants. It's what's in a man, not what he's on.

Okay. One thing is valid whenever you talk about being a biker. Bikers are loners. Almost every biker I have ever known likes the freedom of being alone with his machine (or with his ol' lady behind him), and getting out on the open road. That's what draws most folks into the lifestyle.

—Biker

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 nitrile 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.

**LEARN AT
HOME IN
SPARE TIME WITH
NO PREVIOUS
EXPERIENCE**



NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR,
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. EU092 Newport Beach, CA 92660

The door to the big, new building out in the foothills north of Los Angeles opened quietly and I stepped into the air-conditioned coolness of the new offices of *Easyriders*. But even though it was cool inside, my hands were sweating. After all, it had been over ten years since I had been involved with it. After many years of working on *Big Bike* I had been part of the startup of *Easyriders*, but shortly after had dropped out of the whole magazine — and Southern California — biker scene to retire up into the Sierras. Now I was back, and nervous about what I was likely to find.

The door closed behind me with a slight burp, as if it had had too much oil for lunch, and I stepped into the *Easyriders* lobby, holding my battered combination briefcase/cameracase defensively in front of me. Before me was the receptionist's desk, half-hidden behind a large vase of flowers, assorted H-D engine parts, and stacks of pictures of naked women. When the lady behind the desk spoke, I tore my eyes away from the chest filled with bulges bigger than the coast mountains behind the building, barely restrained by a tank-top with "I'm an Easy Rider" lettered on the front.

"Uh... what?"
"I said, who did you wish to see?" she asked again.

"Oh, uh, whoever's in charge of, uh, *Easyriders*."

"For you," she said, looking me up and down. "I suppose that would be Spider. Is he expecting you?"

"I, uh, called him and told him I'd be in town today, and he said, uh..." Her tank top heaved as she turned to a phone terminal that looked like something out of Mission Control, and I moved forward slightly to look behind the desk. She was wearing skin-tight Levi's with a zipper that ran all the way under the crotch.

"Who may I say is calling?"
"Pfeil. Don Pfeil. I'm a writer."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pfeil," she said brightly, flashing me a smile a toothpaste company would pay a fortune for. "I've read some of the things you wrote back in the old days. They were very interesting." She made it sound like those old days were a couple of hundred years ago, and the articles were as interesting as something she might have had to read in a Medieval English class in school. Her smoky eyes stroked my body and I sat down quickly, even before she

offered me a seat, pulling my briefcase into my lap. It was a heavy briefcase, filled with thousands of words and a couple of cameras, but it was hardly enough to subdue the bulge that was growing in my pants. The briefcase bobbed erratically as I watched the receptionist do things with her phone. She looked up and smiled; then the smile deepened just a trifle as her eyes passed across the unstable briefcase in my lap.

"Spider is away from his desk at the moment. It's his time of day for affection therapy. He'll be with you in a few minutes."

I picked up a copy of that other good biker magazine, *Iron Horse*, but only to use as cover for my real interest, which was directed elsewhere. I looked over the top of the first color spread at the receptionist, and once again my briefcase began bobbing around. I wondered if there were steel fibers woven into that tank top. I didn't see how it could take the structural strain without something like that.

The door leading back into the inner offices opened and two women came out into the reception area chatting happily. They wore

WHAT GOES AROUND, COMES AROUND

micro mini-skirts, which I thought had gone out of fashion quite a while ago (much against my will), and their bras had been burned so long ago there was not even a trace of ash left. As they passed me, I caught a whiff of some perfume that was so erotic it should have been banned as a dangerous drug. Both women laid a set of eyetracks across my bod; then they reran the look, with the right-of-way going across my lap. Their talk stopped for a moment as they both grinned and

then resumed their conversation. It was meaningless to me, though.

"So Spider was doing this travel article and it took him three full weeks to fuck his way out of Los Angeles County. I don't know how he's going to get all the way to New Orleans."

"Did you see the article the assistant editor is writing?" the other girl asked. "All about sodomy, bestiality, and stuff? If I hear that sheep in his office bleat once more, I'm going to go crazy! Why doesn't he keep it in a motel, like he did with that sword-swallower when he was doing the article on the best way for a chick to give head?"

"I guess he could," the first girl answered, "but he's having trouble with the article. He and the photographer want to put the sheep in Levi's and a cutoff, but the art director thinks it's too corny..."

The door at the other end of the room closed behind them and shut off both their words and the perfume, which was driving me nuts. I looked around at the wall displays in an attempt to forget the perfume and the receptionist's tank top, knowing I was going to have to get up soon and not wanting to embarrass myself. That was a mistake. The art that covered the walls was all erotic, highly erotic, modern photographic versions of Indian temple statuary right out of the *Kama Sutra*, but using real people on motorcycles instead of statues — in graphic detail. I wondered how the receptionist stood it. Then I wondered if that was perhaps the reason she had a zipper in the crotch of her jeans.

"Spider will see you now," the receptionist said in a husky voice, smiling and watching closely as I tried to get to my feet and cover the bulge in the front of my pants at the same time.

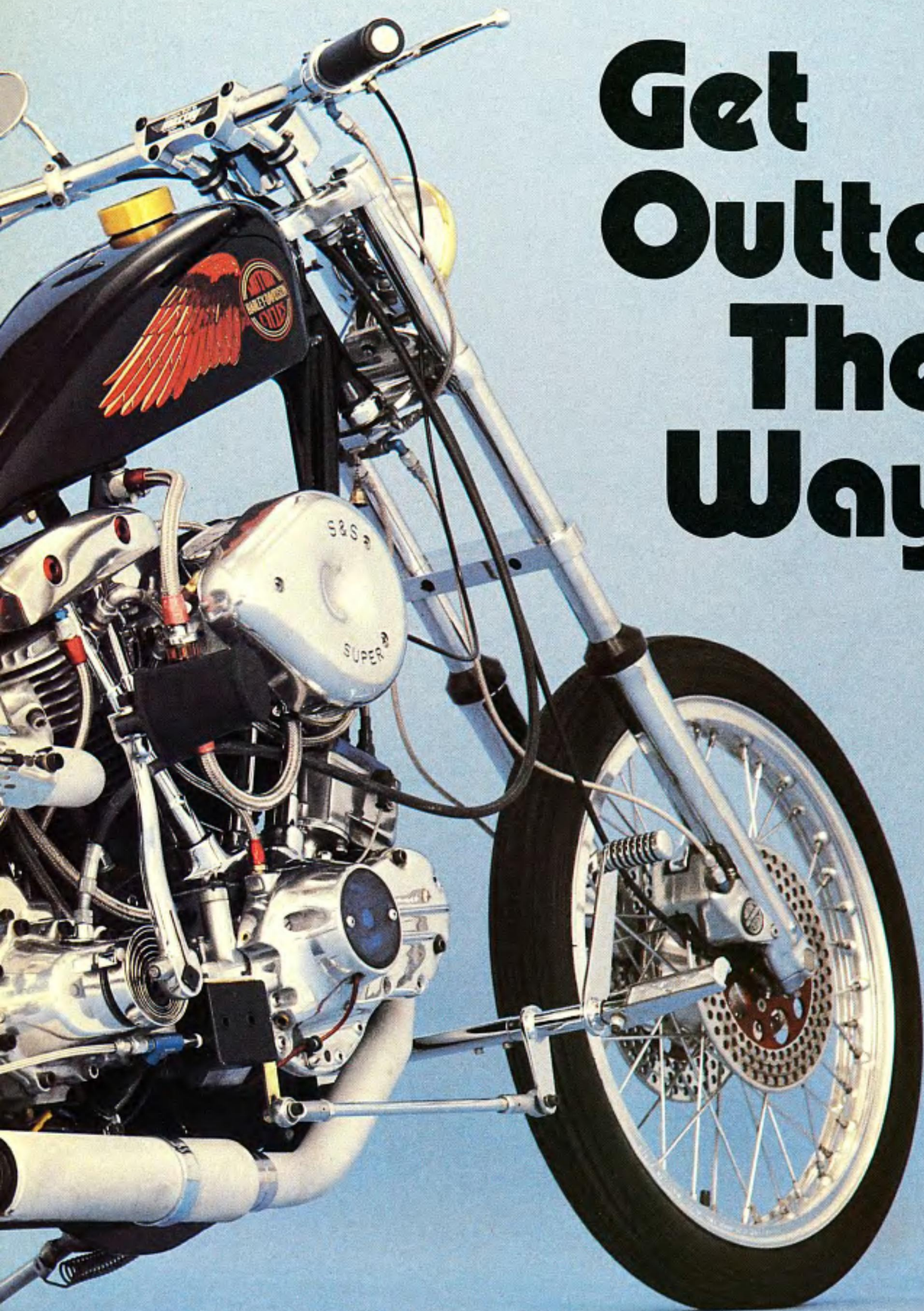
I went through the door next to her desk under her watchful — and I think appreciative — eyes. This door led into the editorial department. I peeked through a partially open door and saw a man sprawled on a couch reading galley proofs. There was a bottle of wine and a baggie on a small table near him and as I passed he called out to someone in the next office: "It's red with articles and white with fiction, isn't it? And a nice rosé with editorials?"

A woman in the next office yelled back, "Don't bother me now!" As I passed her door I saw several dozen

Continued on page 92

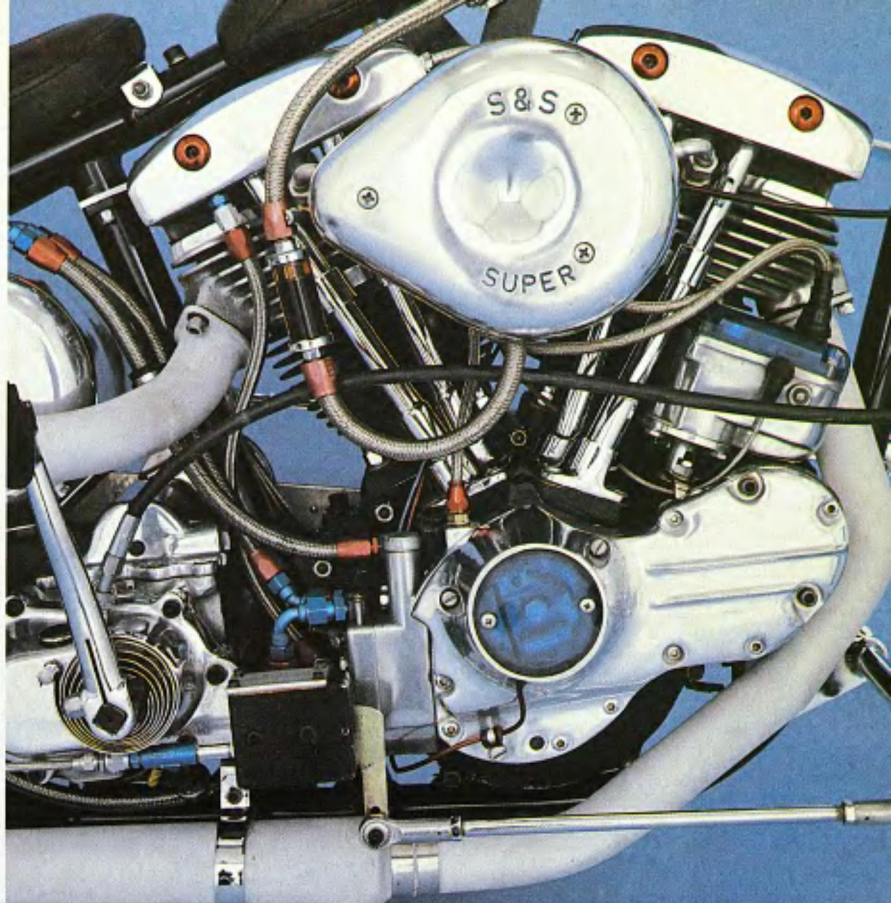


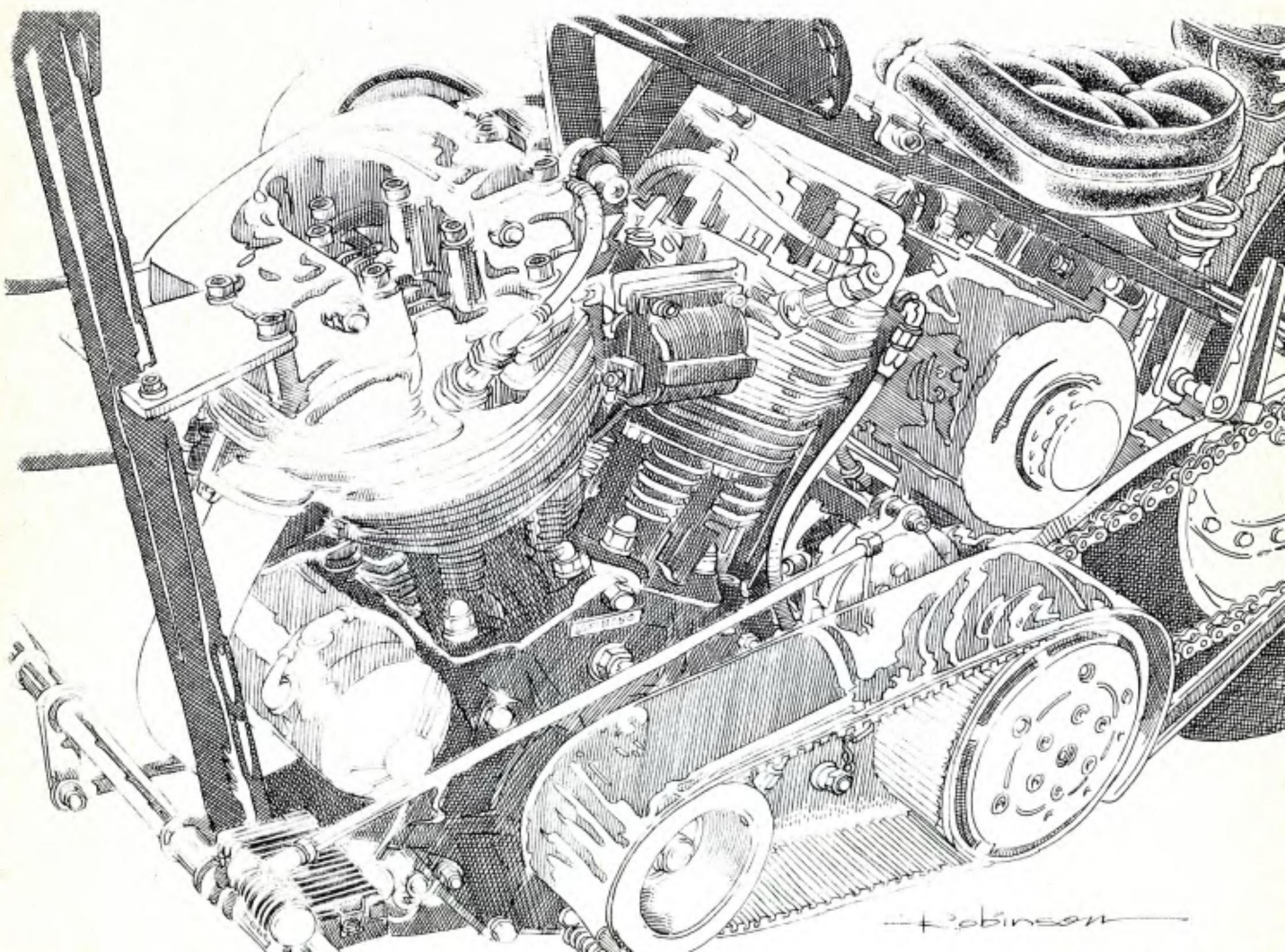
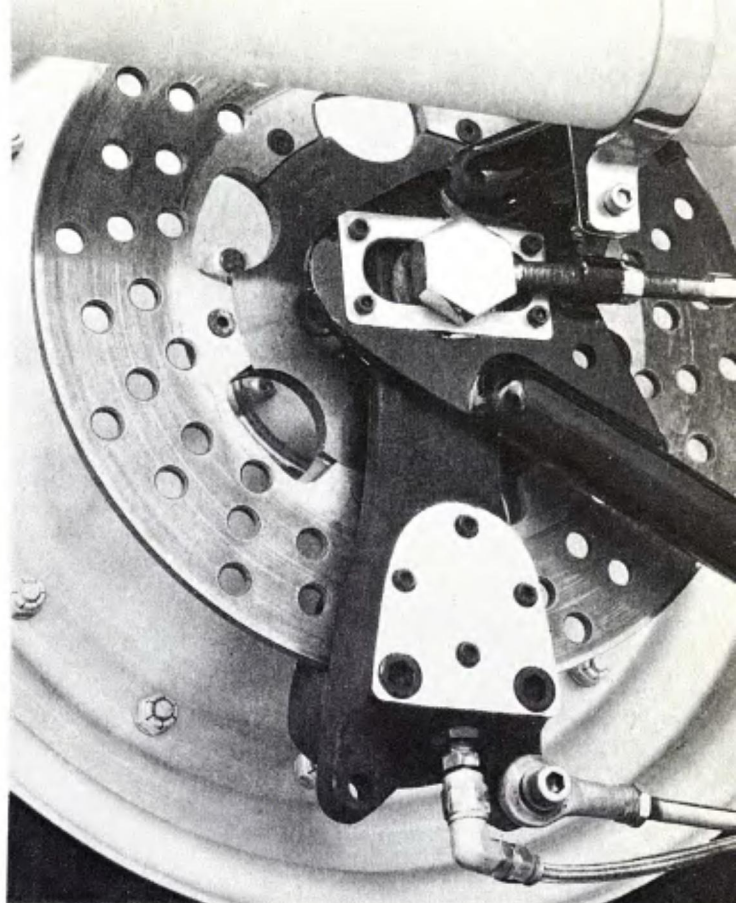
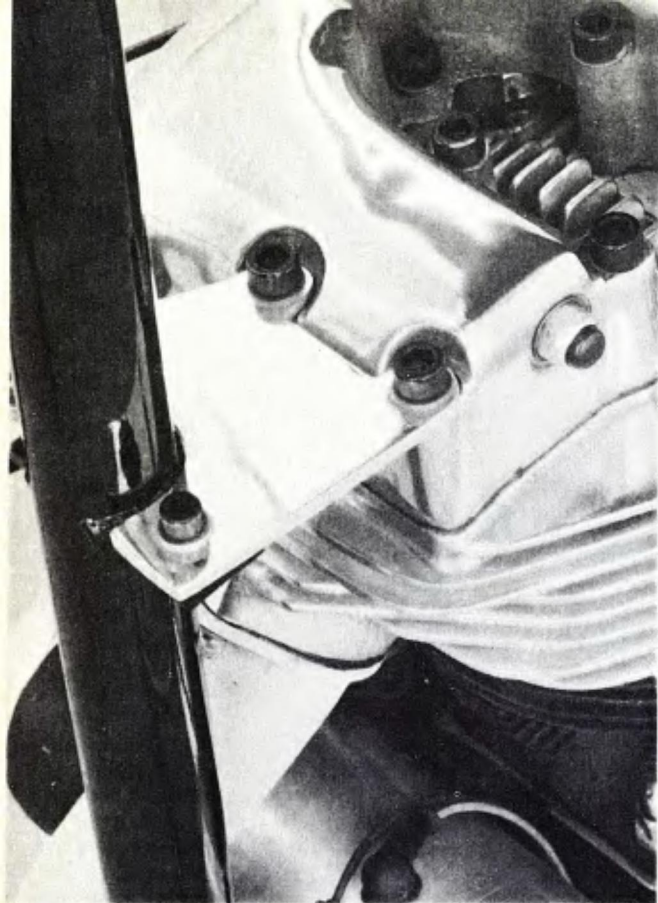
**Get
Outta
The
Way**



When you're building a fine scoot, there are two things that have to be out front: how it looks and how it rides. For most bros, that's the story of building a fine bike. Of course there are a lot of other funny things that can be done with two wheels and a motor, but they ain't the kind of things that *Easyriders* readers do.

Lillard Hill, though, wanted a fine Harley-type scoot, one that not only looked good goin' down the road with a honey on the back, but one that wasn't gonna be put down by some wimp on a Super Whizzer 1000. And, using all the good stuff from a

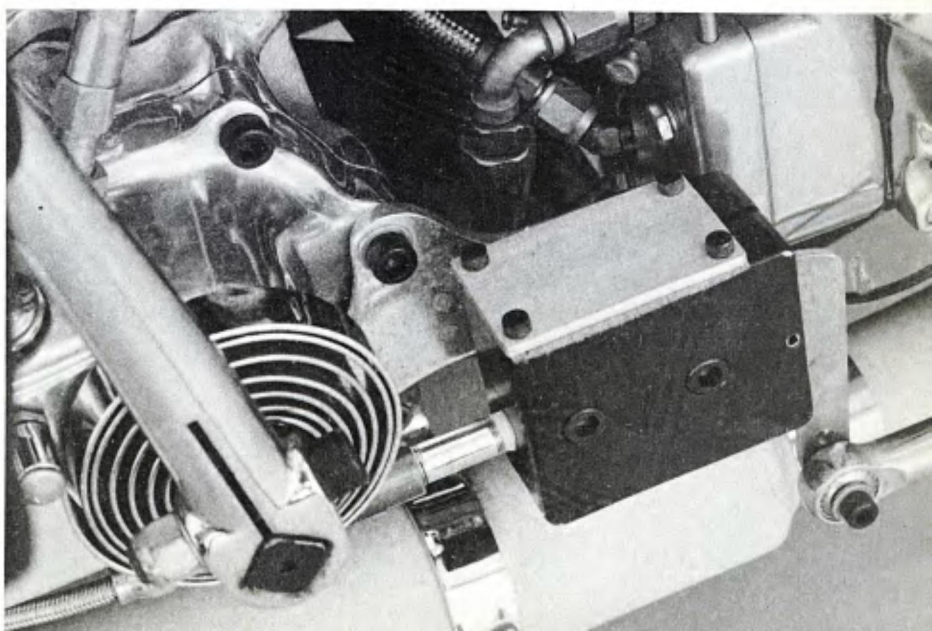
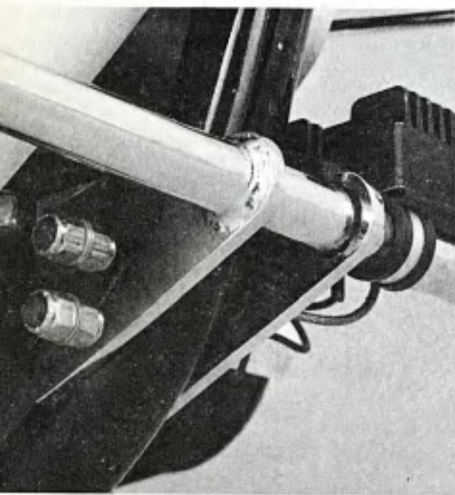
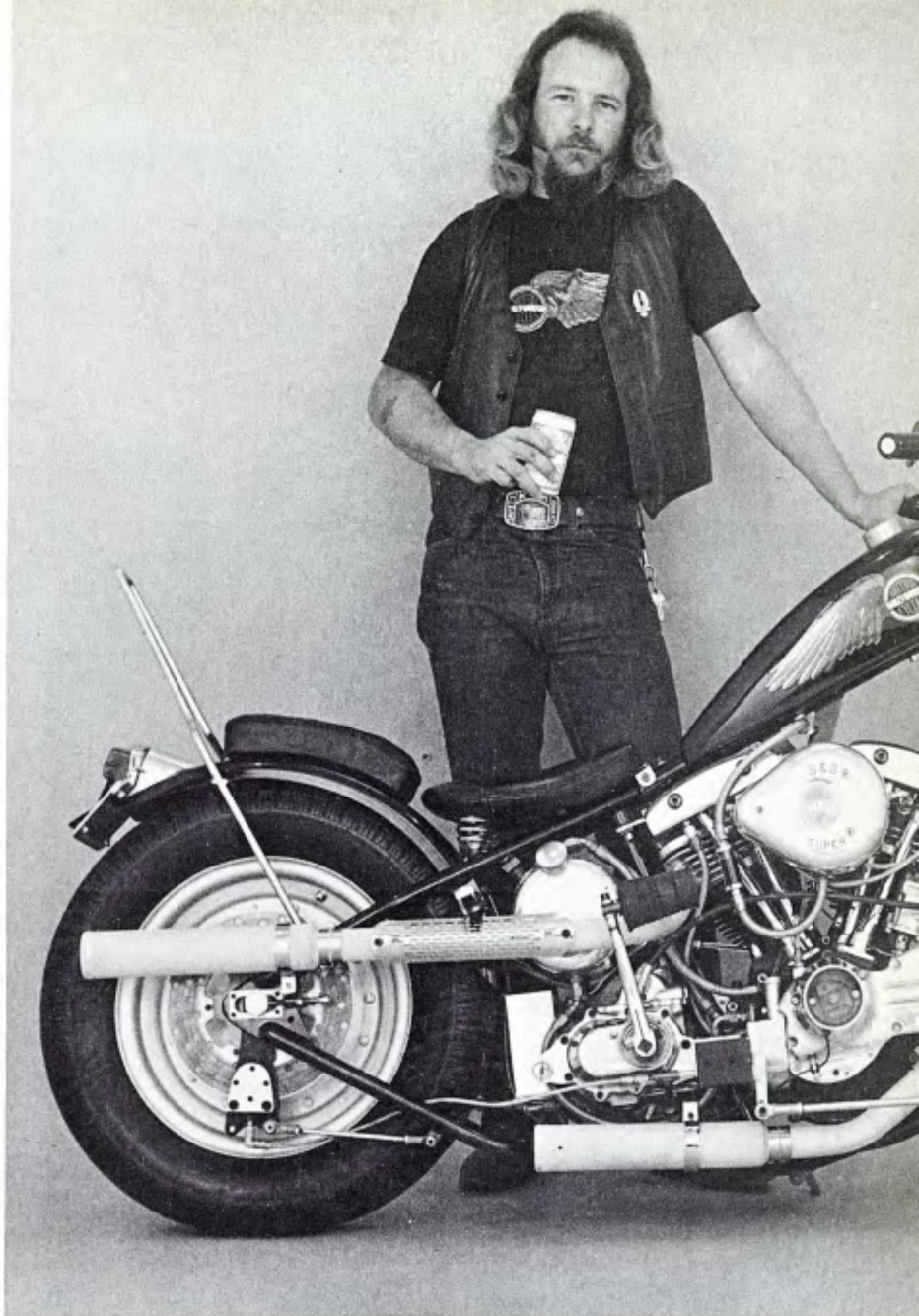


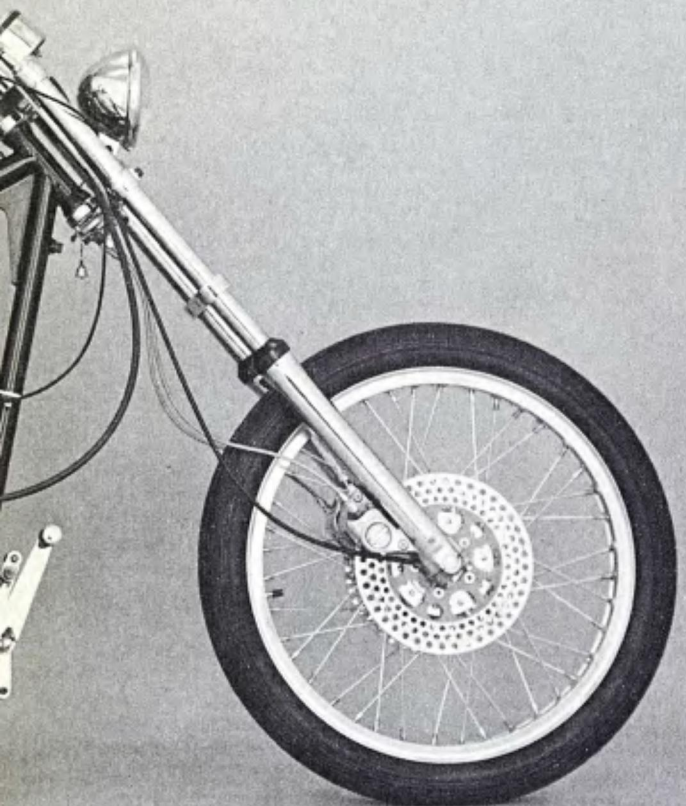


'60 FLH, along with a lot of other bits and pieces of go-fast stuff like two-plug heads and a 27-pound single-loop frame, he came up with a 380-pound bike that's a fine cruiser. It's also a machine that will flat put most others off in the weeds.

Hill took a year and used a bunch of hard-saved bucks to build his shovel, blending super-performance and drag race looks. When he was finished, he had a smooth, show-quality scoot that booms a quarter in 12.8 at 104.

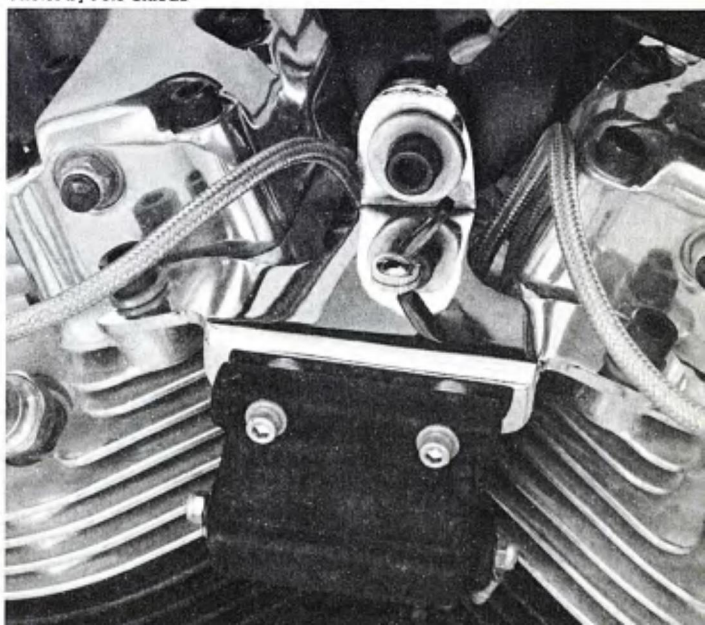
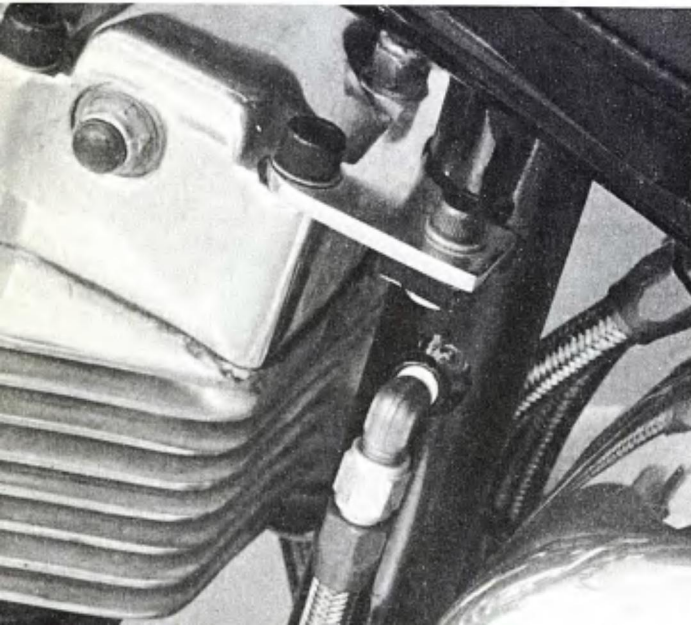
If you're puttin' through California's central valley and you see this choice cranker comin' up behind you, more over. Hill may be lookin' for someone to putt with, and this is one bike no bro would mind havin' alongside him on the road. But, on the other hand, he might be in a hurry to get somewhere, and if you don't get out of the way, you just might get sucked right into that big S&S Super carb when he goes blazin' by.





Owner: Lillard Hill		City: McFarland, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1970	
Year and make: 1960 H-D		Builder: Wayne Engineering	
Model: FLHX		Type: single loop	
Value: \$8,000		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: one year		Other alterations: weighs 27 lbs.	
Chroming by: A&A Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1960		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: FLHX		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 4 plugs, Joe Hunt/6-v. coil		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 84 cu. in.		Speedo: Low Rider	
Lower end: S&S/Stan Tosh		Front pegs: wide	
Balancing: Stan Tosh		Rear pegs: narrow	
Pistons: S&S 8 1/4:1		Electrics: 6-volt Sprint battery	
Cases: original		Gas tank: fiberglass by owner	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: Elite 5-quart	
Cam(s): Andrews #6		Oil system: late-model pump	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: aluminum by owner	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: owner		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): Bassani		Material: 1/2-in. round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: some		Type: glide	
Year: 1952		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 19		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 38		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 15
Molding: Jim Harmon		Hub: H-D	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Jim Harmon		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: 165-15 Perlmr.
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: dual disc	Brake: Sifton Star
Special paint: Poly-Gloss clear			
Other special modifications: total weight 380 lbs. Thanks to Bakersfield Cycle, Massey Aviation, and Thorp's.			

Photos by Pete Chiodo



Gettin' It Together

"I'm gittin' tired of makin' this stupid run every month!" Sowbug's babydoll face scrunched into a childish grimace. "It's no damned fun, sittin' in the heat and keepin' an eye on your scoot, while you spend hours visitin' that old fart! What a waste of time."

"He's sick now. They won't lemme stay as long." I studied her sullen features as she stared balefully down at the rat-knucklehead. "Take the sled — go git herself a few beers. But bitchin' ain't gonna change a fuckin' thing. I owe that old guy a lot, see? An' I intend to be here."

"Spare me the sad songs," she groaned mockingly. "Yer fuckin' right," I snapped, walking toward the massive steel gates of the prison, glad to leave her behind.

Twenty or so feet from the main gate, I paused, grimly watching her. She had gotten off the bike and was sitting cross-legged in the meager shadow it cast, hunched over and smoking a cigarette. Whoever originated that dumb-fuck advice about finding a really young broad and trainin' her had to be a sadist. Sowbug was very young and tender of flesh. Nimble and voracious in bed. A slim, real-blond juttie-titted, swivel-hipped perky little ginch whose glittering eyes and feisty mannerisms made other women freeze with instant dislike while their men drooled as I had once drooled over that little honey.

The poor bastards should try livin' with a woman/child who was into constant dissatisfaction, who was more restless than a caged lioness and who, of late, was beginning to make me yearn for laid-back older women in their twenties who had some finesse.

A young guy eased out of a Z-28 parked near the scoot, ambling over to where Sowbug sulked. I knew the little prick-teaser would have him at nine on a lust-scale of

one to ten within fifteen quick minutes. Piss on 'em both. I entered the prison gate, grimly waving ID and passes.

* * *

Hubbard "Hub" Gann looked terrible. Looked worse than he had during my last visit. With the waxy, translucent quality of his skin, the dulled eyes, and his shallow, rapid breathing — well, it was obvious he wasn't improv- ing. Guys who are getting better aren't moved from open wards into Intensive Care and a solo bed with a protective screen and those endlessly beeping, flashing monitors.

"Yer unreal," he said in a semi-whisper, slowly shaking his gray head. "Fuckin' unreal. Every month, up here from L.A. Wot the hell ya provin', kid, how good ya kin ride?"

"Waitin' to see if ya got guts enough to break outta this joint," I said, grinning. "After hearin' all yer bullshit stories about how easy ya could escape from any slam, I been waitin' fer proof of how motherin' great you are."

"Fuck ya, smartass," he grimaced, hiding his pain. "Broughtcha some stuff," I said, putting the paperbag-ful of magazines, books, and candy on the bedside table.

"Don't worry, I got clearance before I bought any of it."

"Yeh —" A sudden fit of coughing shook his wasted old bod violently. After a few seconds, he recovered, dabbing at his mouth and eyes with a Kleenex. "Jist let an old bro start dyin' of leukemia and, right away, he's special."

"If dyin' is the only chickenshit plan ya kin dream up to git outta here, then I'm gonna badmouth ya fer a —"

His weak but abrupt gesture silenced me. My eyes joined his in a careful scrutiny of the open doorway and the empty hallway beyond it. I saw no one, heard no one.

"Take this," he said softly, holding out something.

I hesitated, looking at the ring he had always worn on his right hand. A sturdy stainless steel ring with a carved black onyx skull as a setting. He'd worn that hefty ornament ever since I'd met him.

"Dammit, take it!" he ordered sharply, still fully in command.

I accepted it, surprised at its weight. Shoving it into a front pocket of my jeans, I glanced guiltily at the empty hallway again, foolishly feeling like Hub had just slipped a bomb to me. "Wot's with the hush-hush, fer crissakes, Hub?" I whispered breathlessly.

"Step closer to this bed," he said, motioning me to move forward.

I stepped closer, leaning down.

"Now shuddup and listen," he panted. "In 1940, a dude and me did a deed that scored big. We stashed the results. We made an

agreement. Wouldn't touch the fuckin' cache fer a long, long time. Like give it forty years to cool, to git forgotten, see? We wuz playin' it real safe, keepin' it real cool."

I nodded, waiting for him to continue his story.

"Okay, we took turns checkin' the location to be sure it wuzn't disturbed by progress, y'know? Considerin' where it wuz, that turned out to be a safe thing. Then, as ya know, seven years ago, I wuz busted and put here. So my partner, Krauthead Krafft, went right on makin' our annual look-see jist like always. Until last year. I got word the poor, loyal bastard wuz wiped quick by some lush in a cage. An' I was stuck here an' couldn't even bury him."

"I remember," I said somberly. "It shook ya up some, but I didn't know the two of ya went that far back."

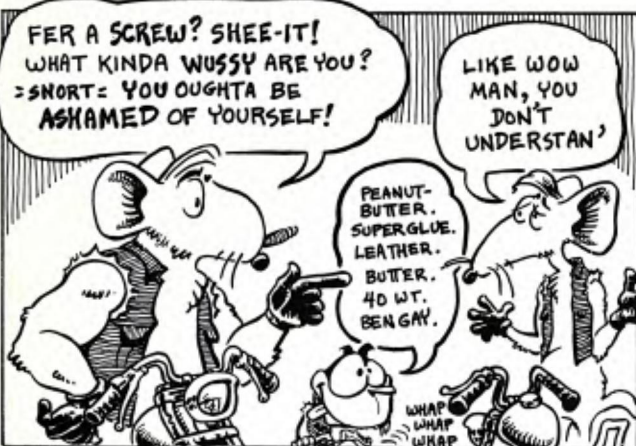
"I been lyin' to ya. Ego, I guess. Continued on page 102

**"Well," I said, startled
by the insane laughter
that had begun igniting
somewhere deep
within me as the
absurdity of the whole
fucking thing hit. Shit,
I wasn't broke. Soon,
I might be richer than
I'd dreamed."**

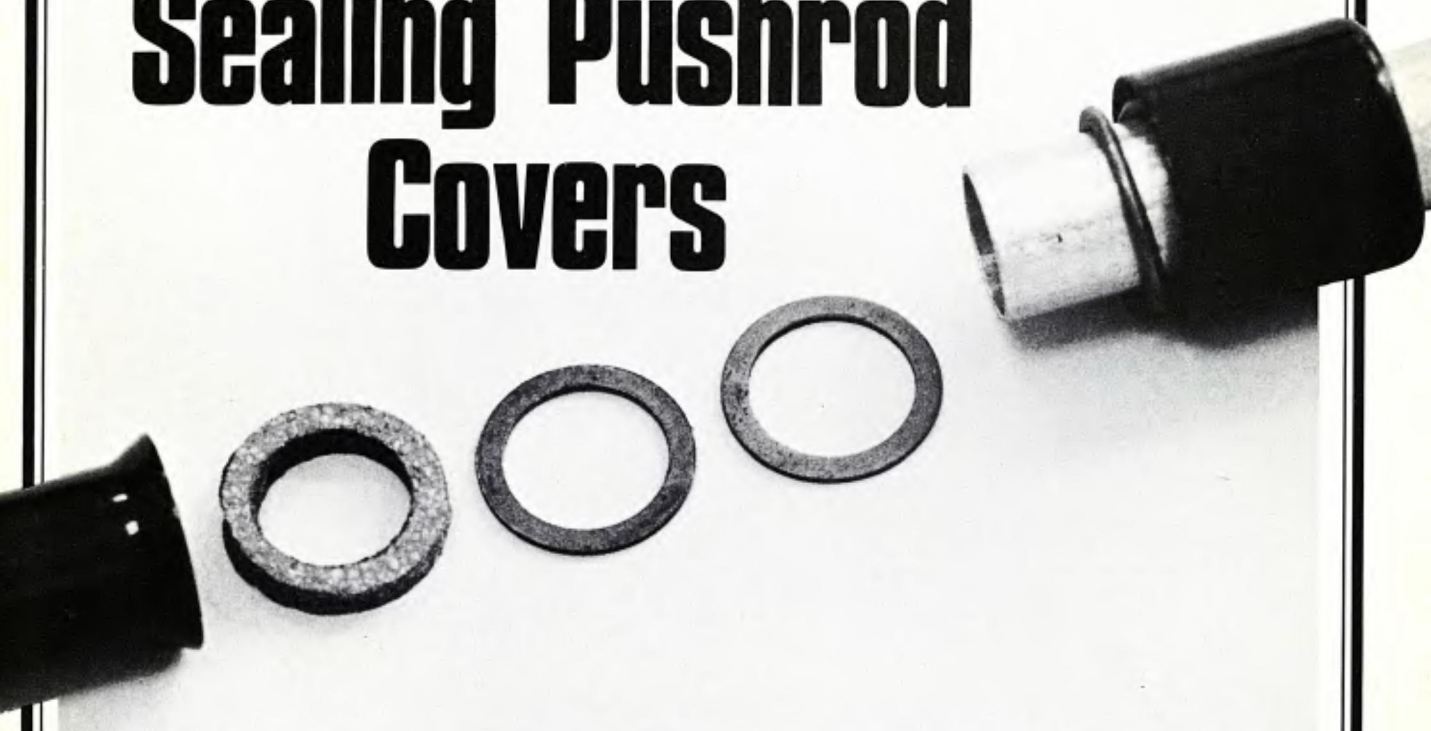
by John Mott



STREET RATS



Sealing Pushrod Covers



Monday morning, my day off. Actually, I was off Sunday too, but I had been suffering from an overdose of tech tips and decided to cut back the pressure in my shovel's big-bore cylinders. I wasn't real eager to do it, but that mixture of water, yeast, and stale beer the gas stations sell nowadays caused my engine to ping so bad that the only way I could escape was to flee. So what the hell, I figured — I could collar Frank for some help and we could throw a couple extra head gaskets on the stroker in three or four hours.

I knew I was in trouble when Frank showed up with a joint stuck in his mouth and one behind his ear — both of them lit. Actually, he was in pretty good shape — for him. We pulled the front head, installed two new gaskets, and buttoned it back up in no time. The

rear head, however, was a little more involved. There was a clearance problem between the rocker box and frame caused by the .20-in. longer cylinders, a problem that Frank wouldn't let me cure with my flame wrench.

Seven joints, two cases of beer, and nine hours later, we had the engine back in the frame and running. It was worth the hassle, though. A hard night of bar-hopping with a couple of buddies didn't produce even the slightest ping. I even made a mental note to stop by the Harley shop Monday and pick up a new set of thick head gaskets (.03-in. thicker — part #16769-82) for my ol' lady's '73 Sportster. (Sorry, but they fit only 1000cc Sportys produced after May 1, 1973. 1972 and early 1973 Sportsters have a different head bolt pattern.)

Anyway, back to Mon-

day morning. Still burnt out from the night before, I stumbled out to the garage for my scooter, hoping that a ride through the country would clear the cobwebs from my brain and keep my breath away from my nose. My vision blurred even more when I noticed that the pushrod tubes had started to leak oil. Hell, I never had that trouble before I added an extra gasket to each cylinder.

Then it hit me like a 60mph June bug in the teeth — the cylinders are longer, but the stroker kit also included longer pushrod-tube retaining clips to keep the same spring pressure on the cork seals. All I needed was an extra cork in each tube and a gorilla to put the retaining clips back in. Since I knew Frank was out of town that week, the next best thing was something about as thick as the extra head

gaskets to retain the stock spring pressure.

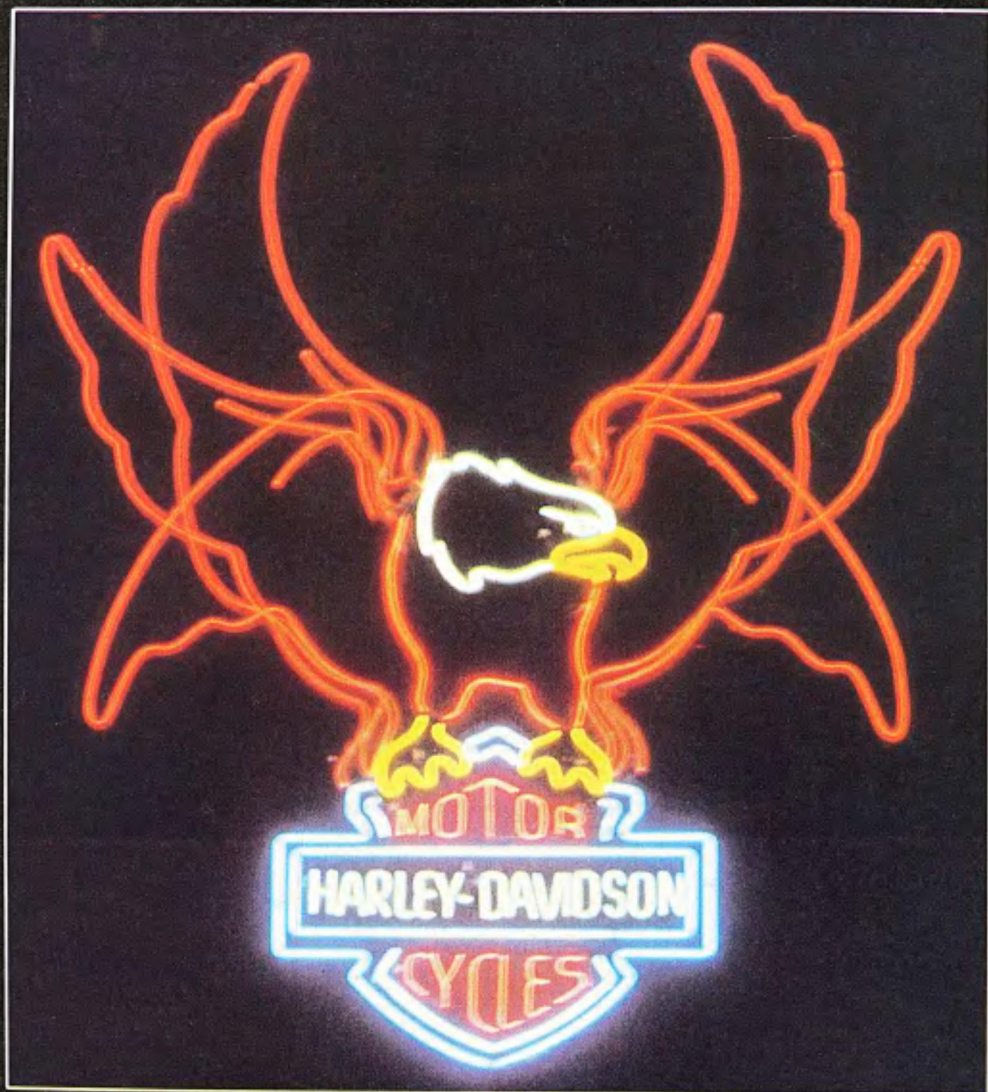
After a quick search among my spare junk, I found one of the four parts I needed — a steel washer, H-D part #6762B, that fits between the spring and middle cork of each pushrod cover. They measure about .037 in. and add a little more spring pressure to the corks.

Sure enough, after a three-hour test ride at speeds considered illegal, there wasn't a sign of oil leakage around the pushrod tubes. I even remembered to buy three more washers to replace the ones I boosted from the ol' lady's bike. There isn't anything that makes me happier than having the oil stay inside the bike, where it belongs.

Well, I'm headed out for another three-hour test ride and a couple of test brews.

—Hatchethead

Tech Tip



We've heard that Harley-Davidson has some big new plans for the racing division. What classes will you be competing in?

We'll be concentrating all our efforts this year on the Winston Pro Series, which encompasses 26 races throughout the nation.

We've also heard that you've tied in with Pabst beer in some way.

Yes, Pabst Brewing Company is another Milwaukee firm, and they'll be sponsoring our race team to a limited extent. In turn, they'll be able to pick up identification with our race team. For example, we'll be producing a racing calendar showing all the race events throughout the year, and Pabst will be part of the promotion. The calendar will be a full-color poster showing the Harley-Davidson racing team in action—a very exciting shot—with all the dates of the various racing events.

One obvious thing we noticed as soon as we got to the track was that the racing track has a new paint job. Want to talk about it?

Sure. We've developed a new Harley-Davidson racing logo with an eagle, the Harley-Davidson bar and shield and checkered flags behind the eagle. It's going to be our identification for the Harley-Davidson Racing Team in the future. It's been on display for the first time here at Ascot Speedway, and we think a lot of people have gotten pretty excited about the new look.

Who are the team members this year?

Well, as of right now, Jay Springsteen, of course. He's been with us for about five or six years, and was Grand National Champion for three years. We also have Randy Goss as the second member of our team. He was Grand National Champion in 1980.

Have you made any changes in the bikes this year?

Yes. We looked at the problems we had last year—some of the engines and some mechanical failures—and we're going through what we call a Phase Three development of the XR750. Phase One was the cast-iron cylinders we had many years ago when the XR750 was first developed. Phase Two was the aluminum cylinders, and this year we're doing something internally that will give the engine a lot more rpm and, we hope, more horsepower. We think we'll be very strong in the mile and half-mile races.

We're not really into TT's, but we've always enjoyed them from afar. The last time we attended a TT we were in the pits, and it seemed that the Japanese bikes had a high rev advantage over the XR's.

Clyde Fessler is the director of marketing services for Harley-Davidson, and as such he is responsible for sales promotion, public relations, the H-D racing program, and the company's trademark licensing program. He rides a Wide Glide 80 and has been with Harley-Davidson for five years, having started with the company as manager of advertising and promotions after spending six years with Arctic Enterprises working on their Arctic Cat program.

Fessler attends all the major racing events where Harley is entered, and it was at one such event that Easyriders caught up with him.

AN UP-FRONT INTERVIEW WITH CLYDE FESSLER

Well, at a TT race we're at a big disadvantage simply because we're about 80 pounds heavier than any of the Japanese motorcycles. Because of this it takes a lot of skill and strength to push a Harley-Davidson through a TT course. We have a lot more horsepower, but on a short TT course that's not an advantage. In fact, we have to dial back the horsepower on our XR750's as well as lighten them up quite a bit in order to be competitive.

Do you use your race program for testing products and designs for your street bikes, such as the Super Glide or Sportster?

Of course. You're going to start to see some of the developments on the XR750 going into our product line. First, the design of the heads and engine — some of the characteristics of the engines themselves. I think you'll be seeing in future

Harley-Davidsons quite a few of the mechanical and suspension system refinements we're developing on the track, as well as a lot of the smaller details that aren't readily apparent.

Is the racing program fully supported by everyone at Harley?

Oh, yes. Especially the dealer network. They're strongly behind our racing efforts. The last nine years, Harley-Davidson riders have won the Grand National Championship. The Japanese have been trying to beat Harley-Davidson for all these years, and they haven't been able to do it. They can come with all the horsepower, all the special motors, and everything else they have, put it all behind whatever rider they can hire, and they still haven't managed to beat Harley-Davidson for the Grand National Championship of the Winston Pro Series.

Does Harley plan on entering any of the other racing fields in the future?

We're looking very closely at road racing. We think there would be some advantages to our getting into that. Four or five of the races for the Grand National Championship are on road courses, and I think you'll see us getting into it. Not this year, but next year, or the following year for sure.

How about the land speed record? Do you have anybody you're interested in backing, or do you have a company-sponsored entry? Or are you thinking of such an entry?

We've been examining a couple of ideas by independents who are after the world land speed record, and we've been talking to some people about getting involved in a supporting role, but I don't think we'll see an attempt on the record as a strictly factory effort.

What about drag racing?

Drag racing is another effort that has been going on at the grass roots level for several years. You see quite a few Harleys out there. We supported two fellows to some extent—with parts—last year; but this year we've pulled back, so that we could concentrate all our efforts in the Winston Pro Series for the Grand National Championship.

How do you people feel about the hillclimbers?

Hillclimbs are very exciting. Louis Gerencer, who is our dealer in Elkhart, Indiana, runs an XR750-based climber and he was the hillclimb Grand National Champion in 1981. Louis has worn the Harley-Davidson colors for many years in hillclimbing and we expect he'll continue to do a good job for us.

What have you been doing to your personal Wide Glide?

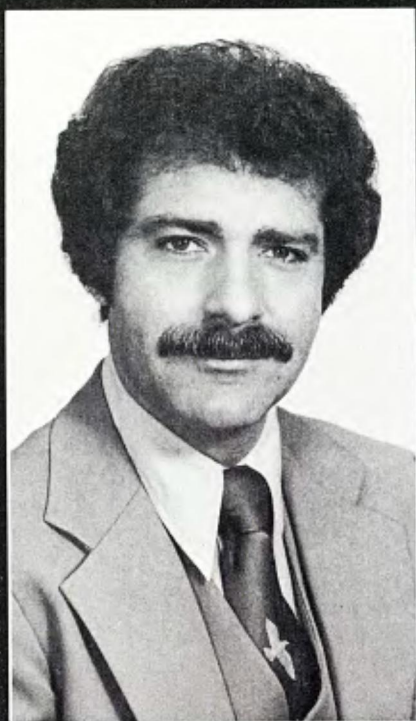
My '80 Wide Glide was one of the first ones introduced, and I ran it for two years as a factory demo bike. Then I wanted to change things on it, so I bought it. Last year I went over it from stem to stem and really made it sanitary. There are certain things you can't do to a bike owned by the factory, and that's why I bought it. I did my own work on it, and it turned out to be about a four-month project. For example, the directionals came off and all the wiring went inside the bars. The stock exhausts came off and I added a special burgundy paint over a silver pearl with gold pinstripping. All of the oil lines were replaced with raided lines, and, of course, the clutch, brake, and throttle cables were all replaced with braided chrome. I just went through it and cleaned it up and did a special black crinkle finish on the engine. I had a lot of help from the people at the factory and from some of our vendors. I think we came out with something very clean.

As long as you represented the Harley-Davidson company it was policy for you not to make any alterations to the bike they gave you to ride?

That's right. We believe that if we're going to run a company-owned motorcycle, then it should remain standard.

I think I remember your mentioning that you also had a solo seat. Do you run a solo seat?

I have a king-queen seat, but I'm thinking of putting a solo on it. It seems that solo seats are coming back, and you can probably look for some to appear on Harley-Davidson motorcycles in the future.



Do you have any rear-belt drives in mind for models other than the Classic and Sturgis? Are you going to make the belt-drive option available to Sportster owners or riders of other models?

To answer the first part of the question, we're extending the use of belts to some of the rest of the product line. We've had reports of some customers with as much as 42,000 miles on a belt without any sign of wear. There has been talk about using the belt on Sportsters, but I don't think that's in the near future. I think that's way down the line, but we're very, very pleased with the performance of belt drives on Harley-Davidsons. I think they have a lot of disadvantages over both shaft and chain drives.

What about new model development? Do you have a smaller model of the Sportster, or something else to compete with the Japanese lightweight or Mid-dleweight lines?

Our plans for product extension in the Sportster line will probably be something similar to what we did with the Super Glide line. That is, more adaptations of the basic motorcycle. A custom version of the Sportster, and maybe a basic

motorcycle—bare bones. No, I don't want to call it that. Just say a motorcycle that would just have only the basics on it. I think you're going to see a lot happen to the Sportster in the future, but I don't think you'll see us dropping below 1000cc.

Do you have a new Sportster model ready for release now or in the near future?

Yes, there is one coming out in the very near future. In fact, by the time this it printed I think the public will be seeing the new XLX, which we're very proud of.

Could you give us quick once-over of the new features of the XLX Sportster?

Well, to start with, it's a new bike and we haven't developed a name for it. We think it's so different in styling from a Sportster that we're probably going to give it a different name. For the time being we're going to call it the XLX. In styling it's very similar to the XR750 flat-tracker. It has a small tank, only two gallons, a solo seat, very little chrome on it. The handlebars, exhaust pipes, and several other items are flat black. It's really a strong, macho-looking motorcycle—very similar to the way the Sportster and Norton and a lot of the English bikes looked in the 1950's.

But is it faster?

Yes, in fact, it has about a ten percent increase in horsepower. Recently the federal government set a standard on noise levels, and as a result of the standardization we've been able to increase the performance of our motorcycles through new engineering developments.

Has there been any indication of change for the big twins? What about the legendary four you guys are supposed to have?

Ah, that's a subject that's... very controversial. Harley-Davidson is continuing to develop a number of different engines in the V-series. We'll always have a V-twin because we think there's a big future for the V-twin, but that's not stopping us from looking at different designs of engines for Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Do you have any new designs you're testing now, such as a four-cylinder?

We are testing a number of different designs at Harley right now, at a

number of different facilities, and they include the V-four, as well as some other options that won't be available in the foreseeable future because we haven't finalized anything yet. But, yes, we're exploring a number of different designs.

Are you going to anything exotic, like overhead cams?

That's difficult to answer without giving away some surprises we have in our future product line. Let me say that the V-twin has evolved over the years, and we are continuing to refine it. I think you're going to find some new developments in the twin sometime in the foreseeable future.

Drastic changes or just small cosmetic changes?

I think you'll be seeing an evolution of the engine that will have some new features improving performance and also giving it a new look.

There's one thing happening now that our readers seem pretty cynical about. I don't know where this came from, but it seems to be universal with our readers, and it certainly is with our staff. We've heard a lot of rumors — and gotten a lot of mail — about aftermarket people who have received cease and desist orders from a legal firm representing Harley-Davidson, legal orders telling them to stop producing certain products. The major rumble is that you are out to shut off the aftermarket entirely. Is there any truth to this?

No. Not at all, I can understand how somebody could think that way, but first let me give you a little background that I think will probably shed some light on what's going on.

Fine.

In 1969 Harley-Davidson was purchased by AMF and we became one of their subsidiaries. At that time the responsibility for protecting the Harley-Davidson name and trademark was given to, or was absorbed by AMF. Over the years their staff in White Plains did make some effort, in some areas, to protect the name and make sure nobody misused it. Then Harley-Davidson became independent in June or July of last year, and some new policies and priorities came into effect. The first one — with the highest priority — was the quality program. Improving the quality of the products we are producing. One of the other priorities was to protect the Harley-Davidson trademark and name, because it's one of our biggest assets. It's world known and the name Harley-Davidson is something we're very

proud of. And we found it was being misused in the marketplace. Because of that we've been aggressively writing people who have been misusing it or misrepresenting their product with our logo and name on it and are asking them to stop. It's really a cease and desist letter requesting them to correspond with us and see whether we can avoid taking tougher action by working out some sort of agreement in which there won't be unauthorized products on the market that have Harley-Davidson labels on them.

That may have been your intent, but the letters were just plain cease and desist orders with no explanation.

Well, it's really not an "order" in the strict legal sense because it doesn't have official sanction, but for the most part that's true and it's unfortunate that some people don't understand our program. What we are trying to do is get the attention of the manufacturer and have them contact us. Many of them have, and those who have contacted us are working with us right now on different options and different agreements that will satisfy both of us. We are definitely not trying to run anybody out of business. That's not our goal. If somebody comes up with an idea for an accessory that goes on our Harley-Davidson motorcycles, more power to them. All we're asking is that these people don't put our trademark on it or represent it as being an accessory manufactured by Harley-Davidson. Let me give you an example of the latter: if somebody says he has for sale Harley-Davidson exhausts that are good for off-road use, or have a different tone to them, we would object. But if he says he has exhausts for a Harley-Davidson and describes it that way, we have no objection to it at all. Our program's been very successful. Of course, we're willing to be reasonable as long as there's total cooperation on the other side. It's a two-way street.

So if he clearly establishes the fact that these are not Harley parts — that these are products for the motorcycle and not products produced by Harley-Davidson — then that's all right?

That's it, as long as our trademark's not on the product. There are several reasons behind this thinking and maybe I can explain them, although I don't pretend to be a lawyer. One, of course, is safety. All the items that go on a Harley-Davidson that we sell, as far as accessories go, have to undergo their own independent safety tests and endurance tests, and that's

very expensive. We want to make sure that our products have our name on them, are safe, and also that they will have the same endurance and safety levels as our motorcycles. Well, if somebody goes out and just puts our logo or our name on accessories that fit our motorcycles, and they don't have that same quality and might not be safe, we could be liable for a potential lawsuit and could be involved in a very expensive litigation process. There are some items out there, some front ends and some other items, that we would never think of manufacturing and don't recommend people to put on Harley-Davidson motorcycles, because we feel they're unsafe.

Let's get back to something you said earlier — something that may produce another viewpoint on this. You mentioned the popularity of the Harley-Davidson name, and the value of that name to the company. The aftermarket people — no, all the people out there who are Harley people — are people who really feel their love for the product. Their enthusiasm for the product was not necessarily sold to them by the factory. It's something that they themselves have promoted, either by clubs or just liking the product and wearing the T-shirts and tattoos and rings. Wearing the pins, wearing all these things. It's nothing that's been sold to them. It's something that's there, and they're proud to wear it. They haven't been sold on anything other than the bike originally.

I understand that, and there's some truth to what you're saying. I won't deny that at all, but let's take it one step further. If we don't protect our name — the Harley-Davidson trademark — it will just become generic and people could use it any way they wanted. If they can put the name on accessories we didn't make, what's to stop them from putting Harley-Davidson on motorcycles we didn't make? That's another reason why we have to protect our name. Now, there are a number of people out there we're already negotiating with. If they want to use the Harley-Davidson logo on an appropriate product, we consider granting them the right to do it on certain terms and as long as we can still exercise quality control. Those items we're negotiating on include jewelry and mugs and things like that, and all we ask of those people is that they sit down and talk to us and work out an agreement with us — a license agreement — where we would be entitled to some small royalty on the sales or proceeds. If the item meets our quality and image standards, we are willing to sit down and talk.



DAYTONA: DAYS 0

Daytona Beach's anti-topless dancing ordinance went into effect midnight after a circuit judge refused to postpone its implementation. Circuit Judge Michael Hutcheson handed down the decision denying a request from seven topless bar owners to delay enforcement of the ordinance. . . he said the bar owners will suffer no irreparable harm under the new measure.

—Daytona Beach News-Journal,
December, 1981

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that Daytona isn't still a ball, an all-out bikers' heaven where the broads often seem to outnumber the bikes every Speed Week. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't skip Daytona for half a ki of buds — despite an ever-growing list of rules, regulations, and official threats that this year took a whole page of the rag to publish and over an hour to read. No, I am not, I repeat, am not, snivelin' about

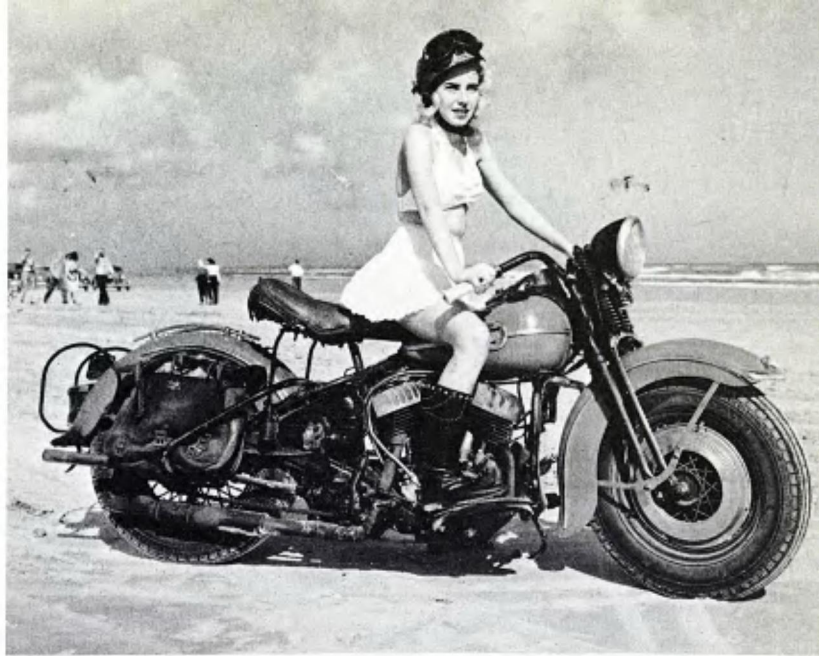


F SPEED & SAND

Daytona being a drag. Still . . . the old Daytona, the days-before-the-speedway Daytona, the hardcore-only, rider and racer Daytona, must have been the King Hell party event of all time.

Much as I hate to admit it, good ol' boy bikers were not the ones who originally discovered how well-suited Daytona's 500-foot wide stretch of hard-packed sand is for both profiling and racing, for setting speed records, and for impressing girls with the gleam of your chrome.

The first dudes to actually engage in wheel-to-wheel combat over the sand were cagers — rich cagers at that — way back in 1902. As they say in Italy, that's right, 1902 — 80 years ago. In 1902 some guests at Henry Flagler's Ormond Beach Hotel (Flagler built resorts throughout Florida to drum up business for his Seaboard Coast Rail Road) started joy riding their early jalopies on the sand. One thing led to another, and soon informal races were being



run and hundred-dollar bills — big bucks in those days — were changing hands.

By 1903, a racing association had been established and speed freaks (it meant "guys who liked to drive fast" in those days) from throughout the world were traveling to the beach to "run what they brung."

By the '20s and early '30s bikes were being run on the sand, particularly in straight-line speed record tries, but the spotlight was still on the car racers — particularly Sir Malcolm Campbell and his famed Bluebird, who set a land speed record of 276mph on the beach in 1936.

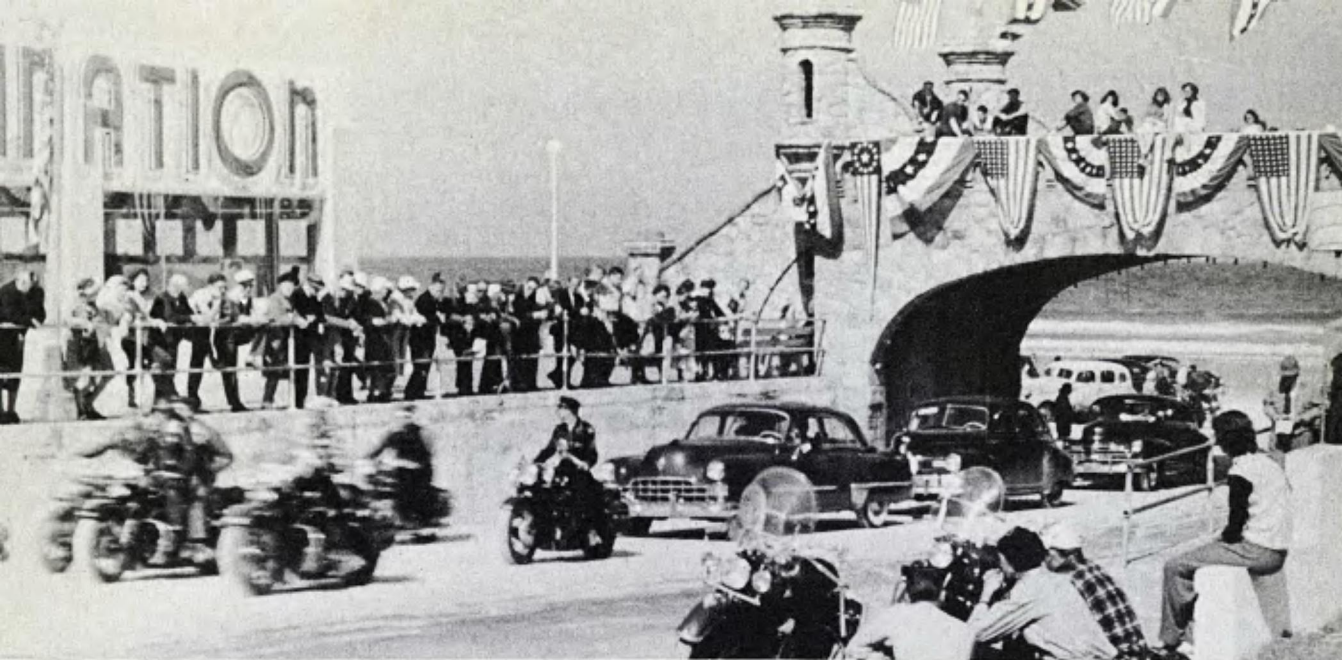
It turns out that '36 was a big year for Daytona in another, more lastingly important, way — it was the year Bill France, Sr., then a struggling young racer, began organizing and promoting fixed-course racing on the beach.

Just about everyone in racing, car or bike or boat or airplane, has heard of Bill France. Stories abound of how he almost single-handedly created big-time stock car racing, of how he controls NASCAR with an iron fist, of

how he enabled race cars to finally break the 200mph lap barrier by building huge banked ovals at places like Talladega. Few remember, though, that France started about as small as you can get, running races on the sand in front of temporary grandstands.

In 1937, France decided to cancel a 200-mile motorcycle race that had previously been held in Savannah, Georgia, and hold one in Daytona instead. A slightly longer than two-mile course was laid out on the beach in what is now the Ponce Inlet section of Daytona. The course consisted of two straightaways — one on the sand and another over a buckling black-top road that ran over the sand dunes down the length of the beach — and two curves.

Ed Kretz, Sr., who won that first race on an Indian 45, remembers that course. "The corners were really hard packed and smooth," Kretz, whose 37.34-mph average bettered the old 200-mile Savannah record by over 10mph, recalls. "The asphalt was full of holes and the straight over the sand was soft and uneven. That's where I won the race, I didn't slow down



Photos from Greg Waynick



for that part." A non-finisher in that first race. . . Bill France, "not much of a racer," Kretz says.

By the middle '50s, commercial growth around the original race site had forced the track farther up the beach. The new track was 4.2 miles long. Each straight — as before, one was on sand and one on asphalt — was one mile, with each turn eating up 1/10th.

Despite this change, the law of supply and demand was catching up with the beach races at Daytona. Public interest in the annual 200-miler had always been high, crowds of 25,000 were not uncommon in the early years — sensational attendance for bike races in those days. By the late '50s, interest in both car and bike racing at Daytona had grown so much that the number of fans trekking south for the major events couldn't be accommodated on the beach, so, in 1959, Bill France built the Daytona Speedway.

The year 1960 marked the last Daytona 200 held on the beach. Brad Andres won the race with a 98.06-mph average on his Harley.

Dropping out with a burned out clutch was Ed Kretz, Sr. on a Triumph. "I wanted to win the first one and the last one," he says, "but they (the bike builders) told me the bike wasn't built to go flatout all the way around the track. They said to drive it fast on the smooth parts and slow down over the rough ones. I said, 'I came here to race.'"

In 1961, the race moved to the Speedway where it's been held ever since. Roger Reiman copped the '61 trophy on a Hog and New Zealander Graeme Crosby became this year's winner when he pushed his bike over the course at a record-breaking 109.103mph.

No doubt about it, the Daytona races have been through some changes over the years. But, as the accompanying pictures prove, one theme remains constant — a theme composed of men and machines and the women who love 'em, of seagulls and surf and the sun, of all the sounds of brotherhood, of voices and glasses raised high to toast the approach of another summer's riding on the wind.

—Trampo

Dreamer

By Gary A. Chovan

Since selling my Triumph three years ago I've been getting the same feeling every spring. I've got to have a bike. Being low on bucks, though, I always manage to spend my summers sittin' on my porch watching everybody cruise on by. Not a good feeling at all!

But this year would be different! All winter I saved and scrounged every cent I could get my grubby hands on. I quit smoking, I quit drinking, I cut down on using the john, to save money on toilet paper. But it was all worth it, even the stomach cramps. By spring I had amassed \$572.54, a 1964 Buick, and a bowling ball.

With this vast fortune I could've bought any number of fine machines, but I didn't want just any bike. I wanted a Hog. That's right, a full-fledged king of the road, Harley-Davidson. This would be the year, come hell or high water, that I'd get one!

Checking all the local bike shops proved useless — nobody wanted an old Buick trade-in — so my only recourse was a private owner. If you ever attempt to buy anything this way you should know two things. First, they want way too much. Second, they're trying desperately to rip you off. With this in mind I prepared myself. The best way to buy a bike without getting screwed is to be a biker — or at least look like a biker. That's no problem. Image is my game. I saw *The Wild One* twice, and *Easy Rider* four times.

The army surplus store provided me with a completely worn-out, sucked-off, black leather jacket, like Marlon wore. I hit the only bike shop in the area and mooched an emblem they had, then sewed it on a brand-spankin'-new denim jacket. After cuttin' the arms off and soaking it in bleach, I put it under my neighbor's parked Triumph to give it that lived-in look. I also managed to con him out of a pair of old engineer boots by promising to cut his grass all summer. Even though they were two sizes too small, they were perfect — after I nailed taps to the bottoms and hung dog chains around them.

An old pair of greasy, torn Levi's, mirrored sunglasses, and a Clint

"The best way to buy a bike without getting screwed is to be a biker — or at least look like a biker.

That was no problem. Image is my game. I saw *The Wild One* twice and *Easy Rider* four times."

Eastwood-type cigar completed it.

Flipping through the paper, I found three possibilities. After calling and getting the necessary info I started dressing.

Slipping into the boots was no easy matter — eights into nines don't easily make it. After a short fight, me winning, they were on. Tight, uncomfortable, but on. The leather jacket was zipped up over my antique T-shirt, followed by my cutoff. I put on the sunglasses, slipped the cigar into my mouth, checked myself in the mirror, and took off.

Walking out the door, I saw my neighbor smiling at me. Figuring I'd show him some class, I flipped him the bird. His smile turned wider, becoming a smirk.

"What's the matter, Bud," I shouted in my nasty voice, "never seen a hardass biker before, shithead?"

"Sure I have." He laughed "But most of them wear pants on a run!"

Looking down, I saw my boxers waving in the wind. I felt like throwing up. I ran for the front door, only to find it locked. My keys were in my pants pocket in the bedroom. Running around the back of the house, I spotted an open upstairs window. As calmly as I could, I walked across the street and borrowed a ladder from my neighbor, Mrs. Shatz. Bud's guffaws still rang in my ears as I placed the ladder against the side of the house and climbed into the open window.

Finding my pants, I tried to put them on, which brings me to another piece of fatherly advice. Never — I repeat, never — attempt

to put on a pair of tight jeans without first removing your boots. After a short fight, the boots winning, I decided to remove them.

Pants on, boots back on, I was ready to face the world.

Stopping in front of the house, I reread the ad. *Harley 74, fully chopped. Best offer.* Figuring I had the best offer, I knocked on the door.

"You the dude with the Hog?" I asked in my nasty voice.

"Yeah," he mumbled.

We stood there staring at each other for a few long moments. "Well, can I see it?"

"Sure," he said, walking out to the garage.

Shaking his head, he opened the door. Standing there, not more than six feet away, was the most beautiful chop I'd ever seen! Even better than Fonda's! I wanted that bike in the worst way.

Trying to act unimpressed, I said, "Is that it?"

Looking around, as if maybe he would find another bike in there, he gave me a hard look and said, "Yep."

I was starting to get annoyed with the dude's limited vocabulary. I walked around the machine and gave it the once-over. Poking my finger here and there, I came up with a small bit of road dirt and oil.

"Leak or burn much oil?" I asked, holding up my dirty fingers.

"Nope," he replied in his usual chatty manner.

His attitude was really getting me pissed. I hopped on the bike to get the feel. Feet up on the highway bars, leaning back low and clean, I pictured myself cruisin' the strip, checking out

Continued on page 77







If It's Harley — It's WORTH SAVING

One thing you gotta say about Harley-Davidson motorcycles, even though they sometimes leak, won't start, and break down: Year in and year out, they do have stayin' power. At an age when most other makes are either ready for the scrap heap or gatherin' dust in a museum, there are still thousands of old panheads, knuckleheads, and four-fives gettin' their riders down the road without so much as a snivel.

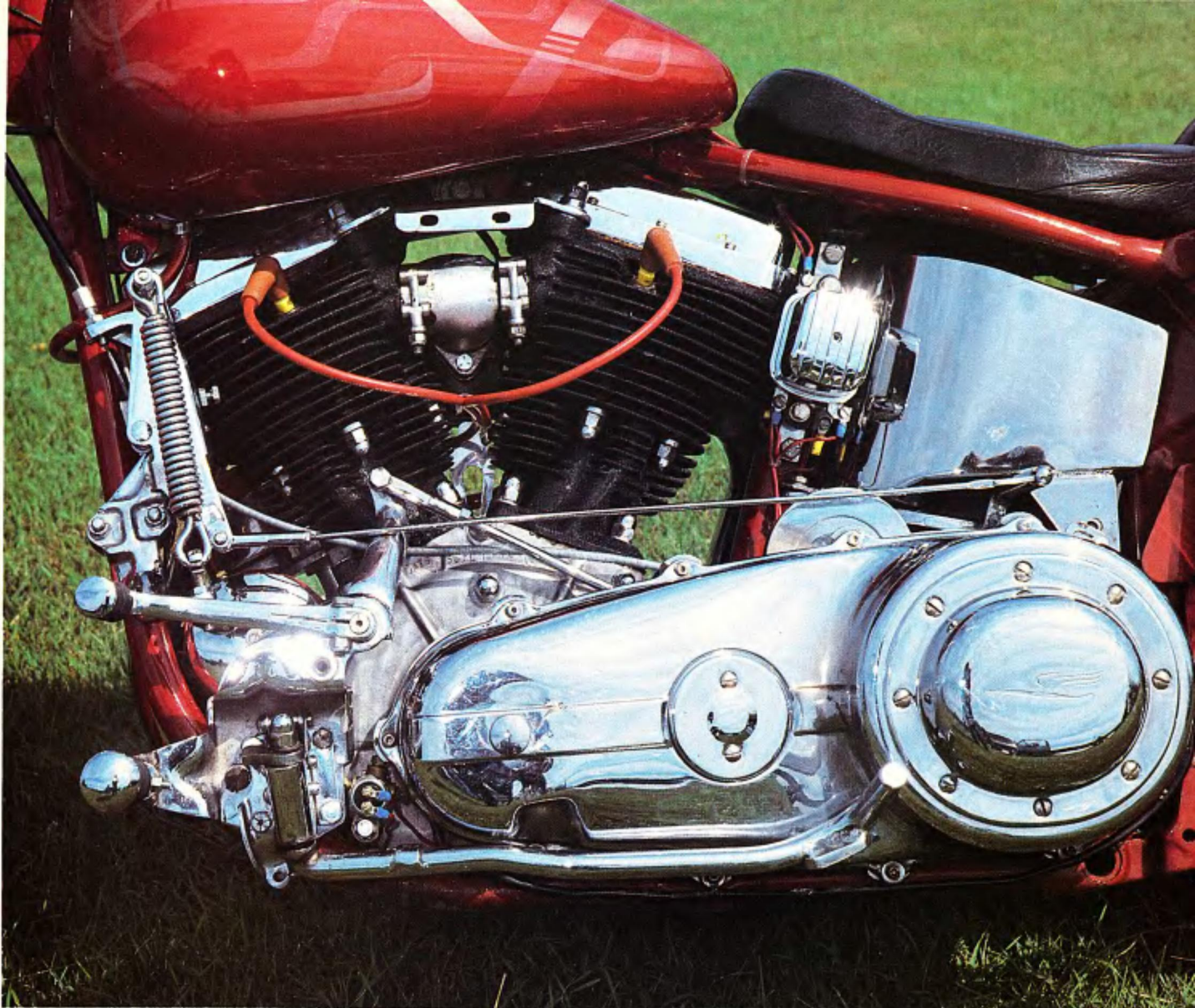
Or to put it another way, how many 1958 — or even 1968 — imports do you see still bein' used and abused daily?

The big red machine that's crowdin' these pages is a case in point. It got rescued from a slow, rusty death by Oats, who brought it back to its present cherry condition without having to rob a bank to pay for it, learn a foreign language to find parts, or take an extra vacation for the time to rebuild it.

Getting all the necessary stuff for a twenty-plus-year-old scoot wasn't a total piece of cake, but between sources of NOS (new old stock), accurate reproduction stuff, and a few subtle modernizations (magneto, 12-volt electrics, smaller air cleaner, side-fill oil tank, low-profile seat, and modern fork slider seals), it was easier than revitalizin' a Marusho 500 or a Horex twin. H-D's famed parts interchange also made rebuilding the internals a snap. For example, the transmission, a 1955,

Continued after two pages of photos

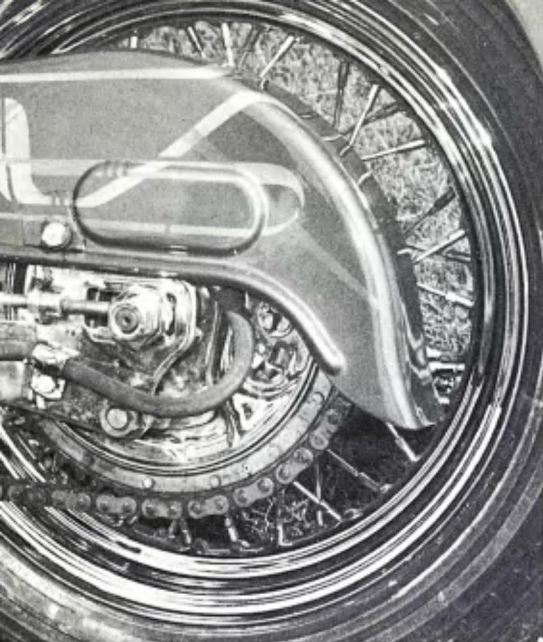






Photos by Jake





Owner: Paul Oteri		City: Boston, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1958	
Year and make: 1958 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL (Duo Glide)		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$,\$\$\$		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: all of it		Other alterations: molded neck	
Chroming by: South Shore Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Sportster	
Year: 1955		Risers: H-D	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): original	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: big	
Ignition: Bomar magneto		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: balanced		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Lindskog		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: 10:1		Electrics: 12-volt conversion	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: 5-gal. bobs w/cover	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: Drag Spec. side-fill	
Cam(s): 412 Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: early (smooth)	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissybar: stock fender struts	
Pipes: original stock		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): very quiet		Material: Milwaukee steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chromed case		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1955		Extension: stock	
Shifting: very smooth		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: st. damper, seals	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16	Size: 16
Molding: Erik of Dek Eng.		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Erik of Dek Eng.		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 3 in.
Color: red over gold		Tire: 5.10 G'yr.	Tire: 5.10 G'yr.
Type: Imron		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by Erik			
Other special modifications: Colony p-rod covers, original toolbox, fender trim, knuckle-head brake pedal, wire loom.			

dropped right into the 1958 frame.

The results of all this? Well, as you can see from the photos, this twenty-year-old motorcycle shows just as much class today as it did the first day it hit the road.

— Mystery Man

MOTORCYCLE CLEMILES TONES #6

The Aqua-Cycle

Little known in aquatic circles is Ferdinand Fishbeck III, inventor of the amazing Aqua-Cycle. Unfortunately, in his haste to begin experimenting with this bizarre craft, the nautical nitwit failed to heed one of the cardinal rules of underwater safety: Wear an approved underwater breathing device.

Another of his unique inventions, the steel swim fin, also proved impractical, thus abruptly ending his dreams of swamp explorations. (See Fig. 2)

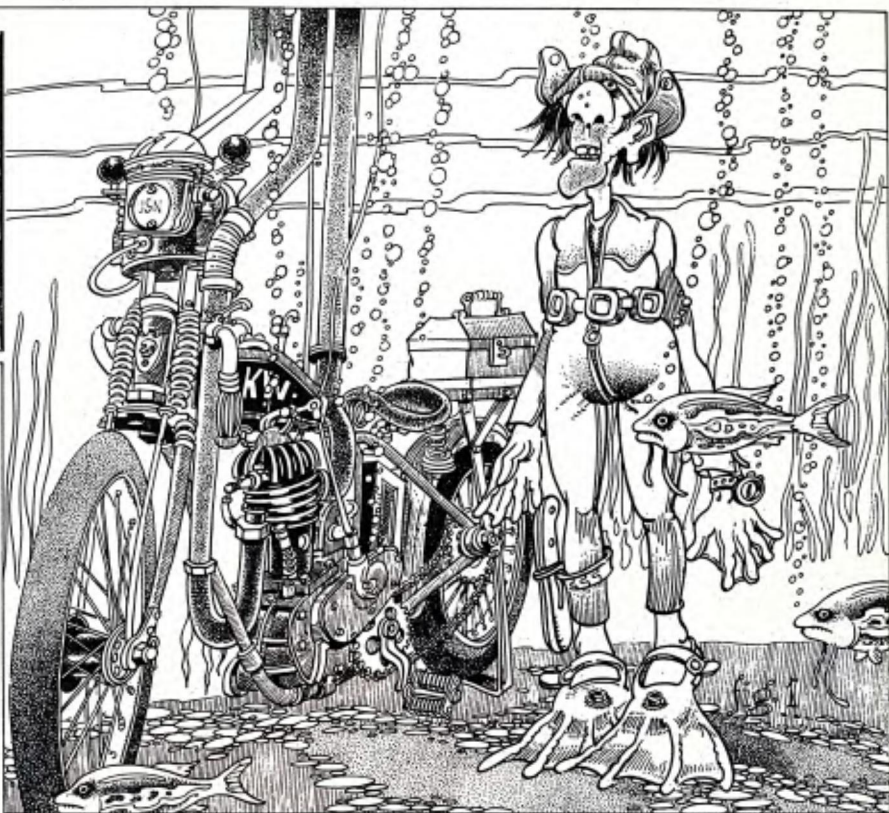


fig. 2

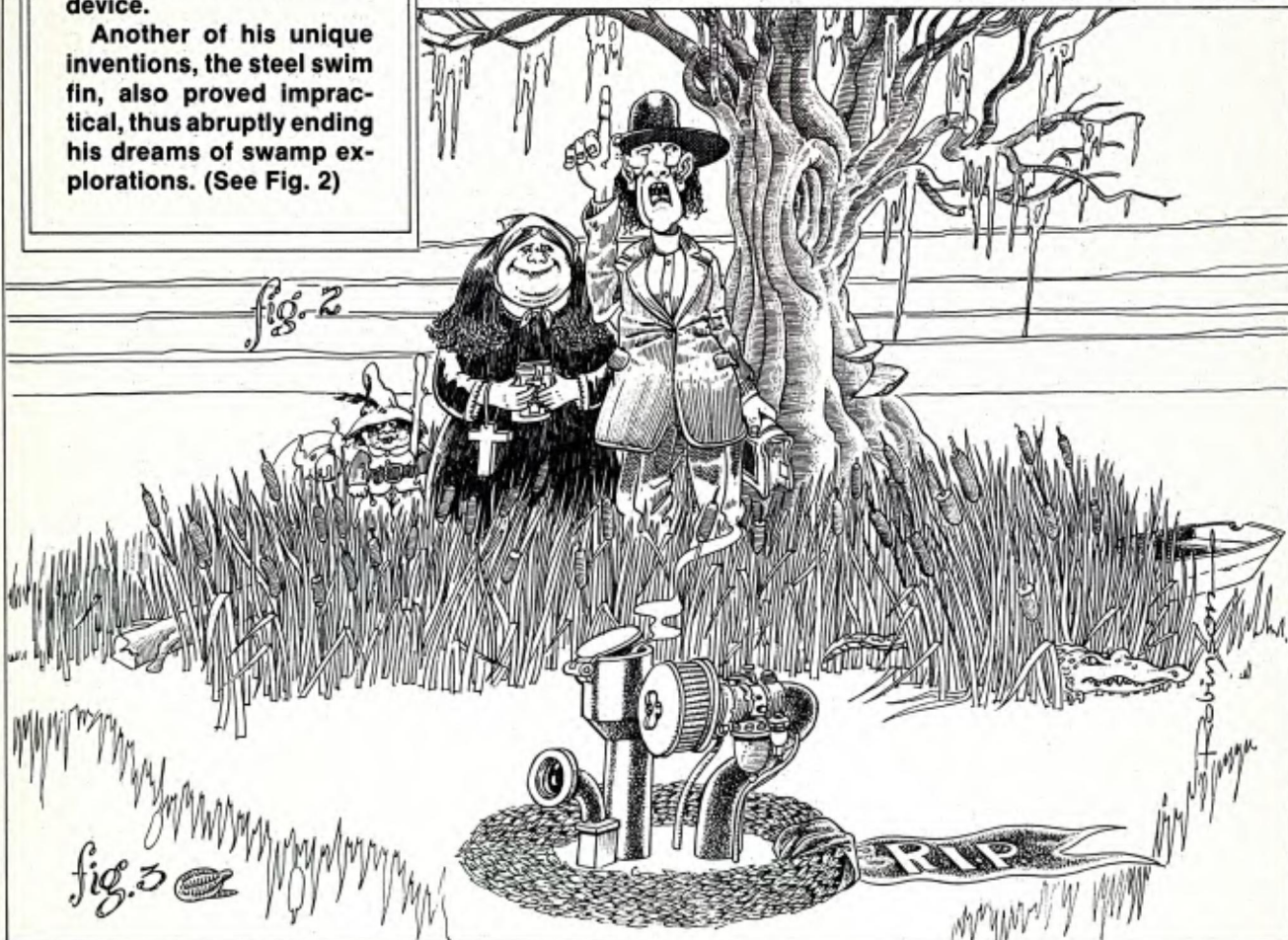


fig. 3



INSTANT TEETH

If someone has knocked out one of your pearly whites, you can make a quick replacement with a small piece of white tape. You just paste the tape

against the tip of your tongue, and then push the tip of your tongue into the space in your teeth every time you smile. No one will ever

know that it's really a piece of tape in there — except when you talk. Then it will look like there's an epileptic flea flyin' around inside your

mouth. So, big deal! If anyone says anything about it, paste 'im. Then give 'im some tape. See how he likes it.

—Solari

Tech Tip

MANN ART ON SKIN

Dave's art leaves
a lasting impression

When you're doin' something that's going to last a lifetime you want it to be right. And unique. This bro, Charlie Jones, a panhead rider, has got himself something that is definitely special. It's the David Mann centerfold from our number 69 issue. Remember the issue where we went all out for cunninglingus?

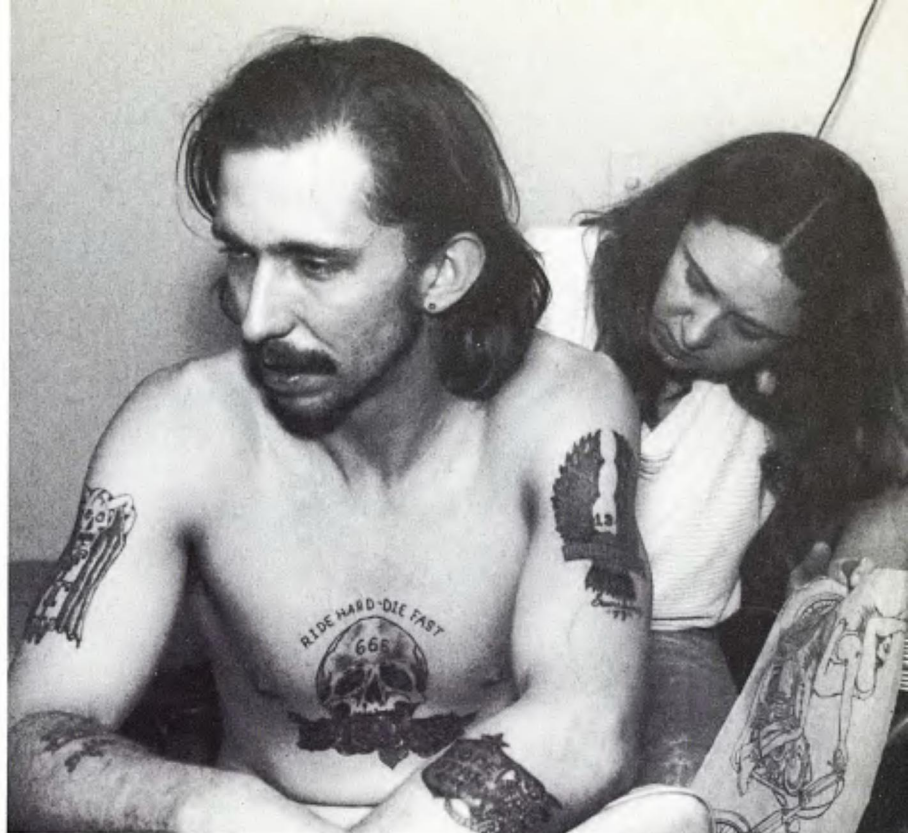
Well, Charlie here had had the centerspread art on his living room wall for a few years. Recently he was introduced to Whiskey, a tattooist. Charlie invited him over to his pad to do some touchup work on an old tat. Whiskey is the bro's nickname for obvious reasons. To wit, he really puts the juice away. Anyway, Charlie was mentioning that he wanted something truly different while gettin' his touchup. Whiskey asked him what he had in mind. Charlie blew out some smoke from a joint, took a slug off the bottle, leaned back, and pointed at the wall. "That there," came his reply, as he eyed David's 69 illustration on the wall.

Whiskey had his artistic ol' lady, Jodi, do the drawing on Charlie's back. They then took twenty-eight hours in three separate sessions, eleven hours first, then nine, and finally eight to complete the job. It wasn't all work, though. They'd ink a while, then break for some partyin' refreshments with the bros, then get back to the inking again. His back being a virtual pin-cushion, Charlie nevertheless took the pain without bitching an' moanin'. He did bite a bullet, as well as do some serious suckin' on a Cuervo Gold quart. Whatever gets ya through the night. . .

Charlie liked the work so well he went ahead and had Whiskey do three others, on his arms and chest. When you're on a roll, go for it. When asked why he wanted the tattoos he just shrugged, and in his Texas drawl said, "For the hell of it." The sweeties around the shop here were impressed when Charlie, his brother Jim, Whiskey, and Jodi came to show the finished product to us. They were struttin' around without shirts, apparently givin' the chicks a rush with their artful bodies. Geez, ya'd think they'd never had none. We know better.

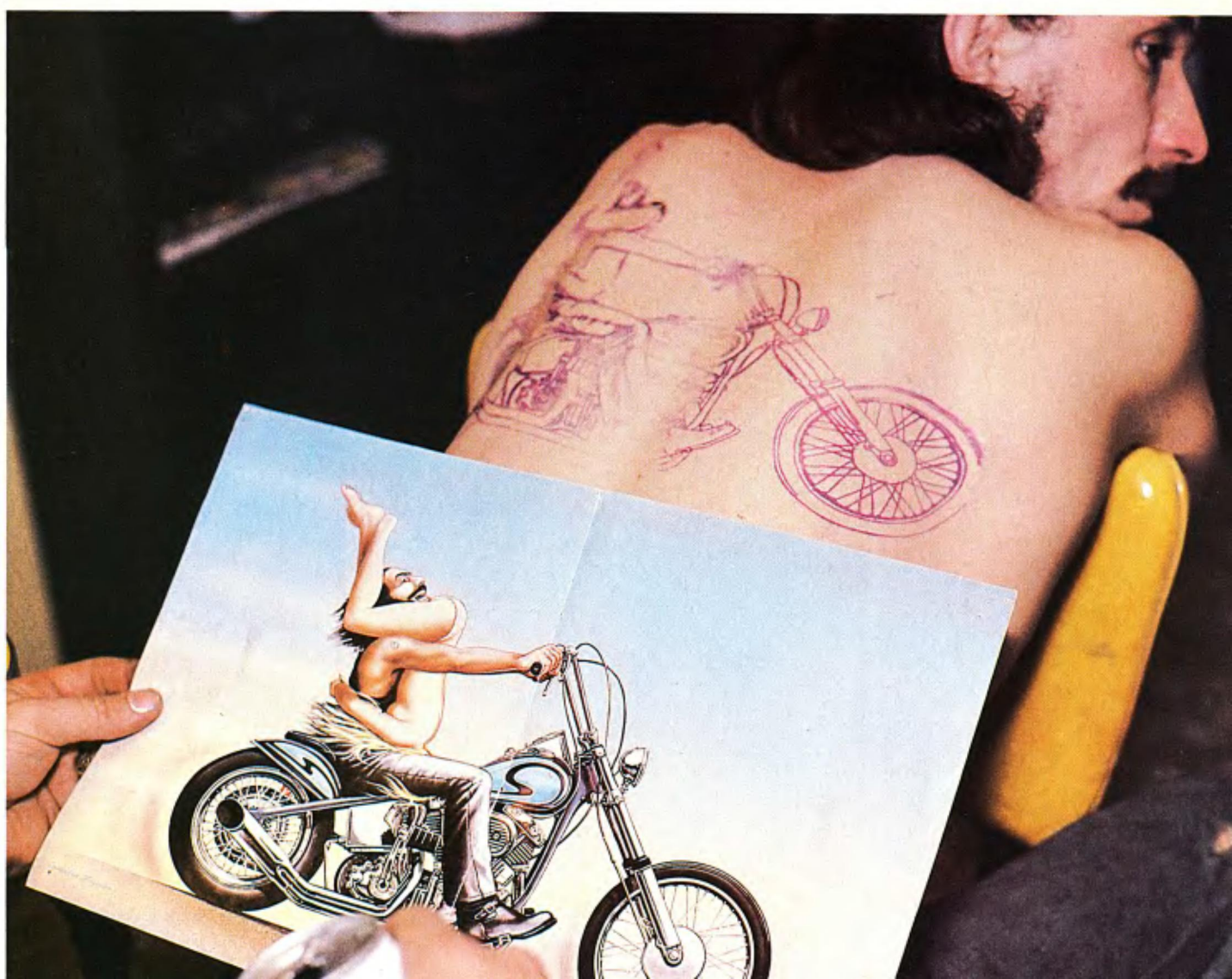
In case yer wonderin', David Mann has seen it and was impressed with the conversion from canvas to epidermis. He was blown away and honored that people liked his work so much that they make it a part of themselves.

—Scar



Photos by Kim Peterson





Your brother's life

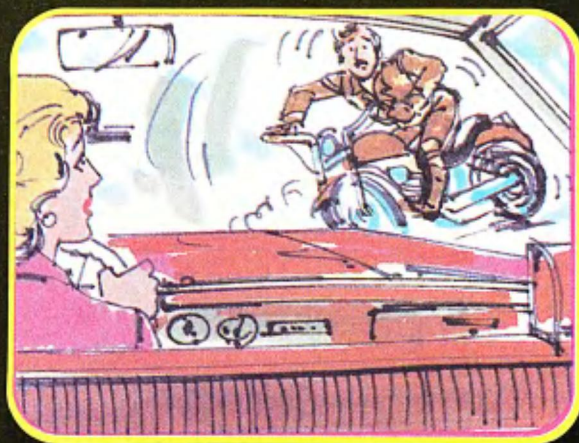
...and yours

Cold statistics show that most bros killed or maimed are done in by cage drivers who claim they didn't see the biker. Brutal experience indicates that not many people care — except other bikers.

Even the rich and famous get no slack if they ride a bike. Recently, rock star Billy Joel, winner of five Grammys, had to be hospitalized after a chick plowed into his Hog. The chick admitted running a red light to do it. Her excuse? "But, officer, I didn't see the biker." The result? No arrest, no citation, case closed.

A few weeks earlier, Olympic Gold Medal winner Eric Heiden, a bona fide American hero, was run down from behind by a van while book-in' through the desert. He sustained minor injuries, but the passenger he was packing, singer-actor Kris Kristofferson's daughter, was seriously racked up. Said the oldster driving the van, "But, officer, I didn't see the motorcycle." The result? A speeding ticket for Heiden, a "have a nice day and drive carefully" release for the van driver.

When will it end? When we, ourselves, educate the cagers to the fact that we exist and that we have the same right to use the roads that they do. To help accomplish this, we set up what was originally called the Claybrook Crusade. We asked you to contribute money to produce a TV commercial that would present bikers' viewpoints in a



Watch Out For Bikers:
an eye-opening lesson in how cycle/cage accidents happen. . .and why.



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes, in reasonable, factual terms, the fallacies of mandatory helmet laws.

forceful, attention-getting way. We matched your donations dollar for dollar and, in the end, came up with two

commercials. The first, "Look Out For Bikers," is a powerful reminder to cage drivers that we're out there too.

Life itself, of course, ain't worth much without freedom. In 37 states a biker's freedom is still drastically curtailed by some form of mandatory helmet law. Getting rid of this oppression is another exercise in molding public opinion.

Public opinion on lids, however, is far too easily manipulated by so-called experts like Dr. Jonathan Bork, director of emergency services at a major hospital. Dr. Bork's opinion on the helmet issue is simple and chilling: "Anyone who does not use a helmet deserves what he gets." The second biker commercial, "Let Those Who Ride Decide," is an answer to the Dr. Borks of this world and a reminder to many Americans that we have as much right to ride without lids as they do without seat belts.

As we have promised, we are making these professionally produced, full-color commercials available to you at cost: \$16 apiece including postage and a special protective carton. The 25-second spots will be supplied on two-inch video tape, as used by every TV station in the country. The FCC requires TV stations to show a certain number of free public service messages each month, so why not talk your local station into running these and offsetting the bad publicity given bikers? To order one or both spots, see the coupon on this page. Act today; it could mean a freer, longer life for your brother. . .and for you.

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.

Biker busted after cage kills wife

A Florida bike rider has been charged with manslaughter because his wife was killed when a cage ran down their cycle while attempting to pass another cage in an adjacent lane.

The cage driver who drove into the back of the bike was cited for improper passing.

Carl Bailey and his wife, Deborah, 24, were putting down Cortez Road in Bradenton, Florida, when they were struck by a car that had pulled into their lane to pass

a slower automobile. The driver of the car, Pat Reagan, told officers at the scene, "I went to pass and didn't see him."

As a result of Reagan's lack of vision, Deborah Bailey wound up at Blake Memorial Hospital, where she was pronounced dead on arrival. Carl Bailey, 28, was admitted to Manatee Memorial Hospital with a broken leg. A blood sample taken at that hospital showed Bailey had a higher-than-legal amount of alcohol in his blood-

stream and he was arrested on the DWI-manslaughter charge.

According to Assistant State Attorney Marc Gilner, it is irrelevant that Bailey did nothing to injure or kill his wife; that he, in fact, had nothing to do with causing the accident. The fact that he was allegedly drunk and involved in an accident that resulted in a fatality makes him guilty of the killing, Gilner claimed. As we go to press, Bailey is free on \$2003 bail.

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

EASYnews

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

MSF makes annual safety awards

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation has announced the winners of its 1981 awards for advances in motorcycle safety.

Topping the award winners was the state of Wisconsin, whose safety program — spearheaded by Dave Bohman — included an official Motorcycle Safety Awareness Month, a new licensing program, a new safety-stressing handbook for license applicants, major research into bike accidents, adoption of new regulations for funding safety programs, and distribution of millions of brochures,

leaflets, and bumper stickers stressing equal rights for motorcycles.

Northern Illinois University in DeKalb took home two awards: one for its Motorcycle Safety Project and one for the project's director, Neil Tolhurst.

Tolhurst's award, the John E. Harley Memorial Award, was one of six honors he has received since the inception of the awards program in 1978. It was granted in recognition of his work writing articles on motorcycle safety, serving on the Illinois State Motorcycle

Advisory Committee, acting as chairman for the United Motorcyclists of Illinois, and helping produce a film on bike safety.

NIU received an award of appreciation for training 1,600 riders and adding 11 instructors to its program in 1981.

Also receiving awards were

the Motorcycle Operators Instructional Center in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the Northeastern Illinois University Motorcycle Safety Program in Chicago, the South Dakota Safety Council of Sioux Falls, and the Air Force Inspection Center at Norton Air Force Base.

Photo by Wizard



Florida legislators ponder bucket full of cycle bills

Florida legislators are currently considering seven bills — including two that would remove the existing mandatory helmet law — concerning bikes but, according to the American Motorcycle Association, debates over the state budget are likely to keep the lawmakers from having the time to consider any of them this session.

In addition to the helmet law repeal measures, two of the proposed bills would roll back the effective date of a law requiring that all new bikes sold in Florida emit exhaust noises of less than 75 decibels. Three other bills would require separate driver's licenses for bike riders and set up various methods and requirements for obtaining such licenses.

Rev. Jerry Williams, a Carmelite priest from St. Leo's Church in Pittsburgh, Pa., officiates over the steel city's first-ever blessing of the bikes. Said Father Jerry, who also visited the beer party celebrating the ABATE-sponsored event, "There is a place in this world for everyone to be in a relationship with God."

Ten-time title holder

A pioneer female cyclist moves on

Hanni Skal died the other day. She passed away quietly up in the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska, where she and her husband, Ottokar, had homesteaded for the past twenty years.

It wasn't a biker funeral; no long lines of grieving riders clogged the graveyard. No scooter was pushed into the grave. It is doubtful that very many of the assembled Alaskan friends and neighbors of Hanni's even knew they were burying perhaps the greatest female motorcycle rider who ever lived, but they were.

During the 1920s, in Europe, Hanni Skal — then Hanni Kohler — won ten world titles in long-distance bike racing. Some wins, presumably, came easy. But most she won the hard way — like one race from Leipzig to Frankfurt, for instance. She drove five hours over a storm-flooded course to win first place. Had

she wanted to, she could have also copped the second- and third-place trophies. No one else, male or female, finished the course. No one else, male or female, even got to the halfway point before giving up.

Hanni excelled in more than over-the-road racing. In 1927 she set three world speed records sanctioned by the International Motorcycle Federation. She was also an internationally known tourer, blazing a path to places where bikes had never before been. One such tour took her — just her and her bike, solo — from Berlin to India and back; nine months of putting through mountain passes without roads, and across deserts that had yet to be mapped.

After moving to Alaska, Hanni and her husband built and kept improving the log cabin they lived in, and they did the work right. The cabin is a registered historical

landmark now. Ottokar became a hunting guide for visiting Europeans, and Hanni learned a new trade: skinning and preserving big-game trophies.

Hanni Skal was 74 when she died. According to her daughter Stephanie, "She always pushed herself to finish whatever she tried; she was working up to the very last day."

Next time you're stuck in your pad because of a little

rain or snow or cold, feeling sorry for yourself because life is so dull, think of Hanni Skal riding through the wilds of Turkey, frightening peasants who had never seen shoes, let alone motorcycles. Adventure, as they say, doesn't come knocking at the door; it floats out there along the road somewhere, waiting for the right person — someone like Hanni Skal — to come along and grab it by the tail.

Insurance company issues safety booklet

A safety brochure for bike riders has been issued by the Criterion Insurance Company. The MSF-approved pamphlet is entitled "5 Checklists for Smart Motorcycle Riders" and offers suggestions on protecting your scooter from ripoff

artists, defensive riding techniques, and dressing to avoid injuries.

For a free copy write to Inquiry Service Division, Criterion Insurance Company, 1020 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20047.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

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



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

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

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

☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00

☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00

☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.

☐ 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.

How loaded are you?

Want to eliminate the feeling of surprise you get when the beefy fellow in the blue suit tells you the result of your breathalyzer test? Here's a handy-dandy chart that will help you estimate your blood alcohol content.

Body Weight (Lbs.)	Ounces of 80 Proof Liquor Consumed in One Hour	Maximum Blood alcohol Concentration % By Wt.
240	16	
230	15	
220	14	
210	13	
200	12	
190	11	
180	10	
170	9	
160	8	
150	7	
140	6	
130	5	
120	4	
110	3	
100	2	
		0.20
		0.19
		0.18
		0.17
		0.16
		0.15
		0.14
		0.13
		0.12
		0.11
		0.10
		0.09
		0.08
		0.07
		0.06
		0.05

For example:
175 lb. biker
+ 6 drinks =
trouble

To use the chart, find your weight in the left-hand column. Draw a straight line to the ounces of alcohol consumed (second column) and extend it straight to the third column, which will tell you the approximate percentage of alcohol in your bloodstream (actual percentage will be somewhat less if you've been eating). Although state laws vary, you'll be in trouble with The Man in most places if you score 0.10 or more.

Also, the amount of alcohol in beer varies by brand and state law, but figure an ounce for each 12-ounce can and you'll be close. The alcohol content of the booze will pass (or is that piss?) out of your system at a rate of .015 percent per hour, so if your drinks were spread out over a long time, or if you stopped drinking a few hours before you use the chart, make sure you subtract that from the figure in column three.

Many thanks to ABATE of Wisconsin for the chart.

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}	No	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	Yes	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	Yes ⁶
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 ^{2,8}	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	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
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 Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ If over 16. ¹⁰ 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.



South Dakota has joined a growing number of states in providing publicly funded rider-education programs. One dollar and fifty cents of each motorcycle registration fee will be used to pay for the program. . . Montana, Florida, Colorado, and Ohio, have passed resolutions establishing "motorcycle safety weeks". Wisconsin has passed a tough new drunk-driving law. Licenses are suspended for a first conviction. Jail time is mandatory for every subsequent conviction. Penalties are tougher for convictions of drivers who refuse a chemical blood test at the scene. . . Also in Wisconsin, the state sent out a special memo about the new drunk-driving law to bike riders — it pointed out that more than half of all cyclists killed in Wisconsin last year had been drinking more than the law allows.

Sometimes cagers really do care. A dude ran down a bike on a freeway near Modesto, California, killing the driver and injuring the strap holder. The cage driver fled, only to be chased and finally driven off the road seven miles from the scene by other cage drivers who had witnessed the crash. The driver has been charged with vehicular manslaughter and hit-and-run driving. . . More often cagers don't care. An Oregon biker went down on Interstate 5 in central California. According to the highway patrol, the victim, Dale Lee Hastings, was run over several times both before and after he died. Not one of the cars stopped. . . ABATE of Greene County, Pennsylvania, will have their Third Annual Muscular Dystrophy Run Aug. 20, 21, and 22 in Morgantown, West Virginia. Write them at Box 266, Waynesburg, PA 15370, for details. . . Tracy Kristofferson, 20-year-old daughter of singer-actor Kris, is recovering from head and internal injuries caused when a bike she was a passenger on was run into by a car. She'd been in intensive care for twenty days before being moved into the general-care area of the hospital. . . Footnote to Kristofferson: The driver of the bike, Olympic speed skating gold medalist Eric Heiden, was cited for speeding. If Heiden had been burning up the asphalt the way he does the ice, there's no way that van could have rear-ended him. The driver of the van wasn't cited.

Over 75 ABATE representatives and their ol' ladies attended a recent ABATE of Indiana organizing seminar. . . Speaking of attending things, the Great River Days Motorcycle Show, Run, and Reunion is scheduled for Aug. 21 and 22 in Muscatine, Iowa, and the Woodchuck Memorial Blood Run is planned for Oct. 16 in Hicksville, N.Y. For details on the blood run, contact ABATE of Long Island, Box 113, Brentwood, N.Y. 11717.

The Rhode Island General Assembly is considering a mandatory helmet law so strict it would even stuff moped jockeys into buckets, but don't let that make you think the solons of the smallest state don't have a kinky sense of humor: they're also considering banning any "sign, poster, sticker, painting, picture, or other graphic representation of human nudity" from motor vehicles. Seems those luscious blondes portrayed on some tank art are considered traffic hazards.



Photo by William Kodzba

Red-light-running chick hits rock star on Harley

Soft rocker Billy Joel, who once told an interviewer he'd get violent if somebody tried to take his bike away from him, had one of his four scoots — a '78 Hog — knocked out from under him by a red-light-running chick in Huntington Station, New York. Joel, winner of five Grammy awards, suffered a fractured right wrist and a broken left thumb in the crash.

According to his physician, Dr. David Andrews, the singer-songwriter-piano player will be as good as new following his recovery.

Police reported that Joel was struck by a car driven by Cornelia Bynum, 27, of Huntington Station. According to Sergeant Wayne Muller, Bynum admitted running a red light and turning left into Joel's bike. Despite this, no charges were filed against her, Muller said, because "it was a very typical motorcycle accident [in which] people make left turns in front of motorcycles. They apparently don't see them, and the motorcyclist ends up on the short end of it."

Joel, who has been active in organizing charity runs on the East Coast, has no illusions about cagers' feelings toward bikers. "Everybody on the road is out to get you," he says. "A truck goes by and it can blow you right off the road. Cars are constantly pulling in front of you like you're not a real vehicle."

British subjects were fighting more than the Argentinians this past spring. As this photo of a London helmet protest shows, many Englishmen and Englishchicks were also busy fighting Parliament for the right to ride and live in freedom.

Say Whaaat??

"(A biker) is supposed to be a burly, beefy person with a beard. He has a big leather wallet in his back pocket, attached to his belt by a chain. And he goes by a nickname. How accurate is the picture? Fortunately for color's sake, it's right at least a little bit of the time. Just think how gray it would be around here if everybody was a banker." —John Kelso in the *Austin American-Statesman*

An about-face on helmets

A Michigan legislator who previously sponsored an unsuccessful attempt

to repeal the state helmet law has told anti-helmet activists that he will personally see that future helmet repeal bills die in committee if more helmet protests are made.

According to ABATE of Michigan, Rep. Steve Andrews made the threat after withdrawing his helmet law repeal bill prior to its being voted on by the full legislature.

Andrews told ABATE he was withdrawing the bill because it was one or two votes short of passage and he didn't want to risk defeat. The ABATE legislative committee, however, charges that about 25 legislators were still undecided on the issue and that enough of those undecideds would have voted for the bill to get it passed.

"It was open and shut," an ABATE spokesman said. "We had it and everyone knew we had it." ABATE theorizes that Andrews withdrew the bill in order to avoid "embarrassing" the governor — who had recently come out in favor of mandatory seat belt use by cagers — by making him either sign it or veto it.

According to ABATE, at least two more freedom runs protesting the current helmet law will be held.

Biker spirit

To The Editor: Last weekend, while we were on I-75 coming back from Fort Myers Beach to our home in St. Petersburg, our car broke down. For more than a half hour we watched traffic whiz by; then a group of Harley-Davidson motorcyclists stopped. They had a car along with a spare cycle, and they tried to give us a battery boost, but that was not the trouble.

This fine group stayed with us until a squad car arrived and they knew we would have assistance.

When so many judge by appearance, and so misjudge many fine people, we say thank you to the group in Tampa who came to our aid. Long may they travel the Florida highways in this spirit.

—from a letter to the editor of the *St. Petersburg Times*

Bike use on the upswing

A survey conducted by the Wisconsin Department of Transportation says there are currently 16 times as many motorcycles (191,725, including mopeds) in the state than there were twenty years ago.

According to the survey, the average rider is 31, has an income slightly below \$20,000 per year, and has 13 years of education.

Five percent of the 5,000 riders surveyed belonged to a club, and most have never had a cycle accident. Of those who have had an accident, the majority cracked up either during the first five months they were riding a scooter, or after they had been riding twenty months.

Biker art contest now under way

A Biker Art Calendar Contest is being sponsored by ABATE of Douglas County, Oregon.

The subject matter can be anything having to do with the biker lifestyle. Submissions must be drawn in pen and ink, pencil, or charcoal, and be 10 by 12 inches. Entries must be mailed flat or rolled in a mailing tube. Any folded entries will be disqualified. Enclose return postage if you want your artwork back.

You can enter as many times as you wish, but be sure to put your name on the back of each entry.

Those whose entries are selected for the ABATE calendar will win a year's membership in ABATE, a free copy of the Biker Art Calendar, and statewide exposure for their artistic talent. The contest is open to anyone, and even those who are not members of ABATE are invited to participate.

Deadline for entries is September 1.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Keep your mind off the ovary overture long enough to take care of biz. It's time to clear the cobwebs outta the old skull. Get rid of outdated ideas and methods that no longer work. Unbutton your flap and get a new perspective on the competition. If blowing your bucks is making you a basket case, let partners dig in their rugrats' piggie banks for a change.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

If you're one step ahead of the bill collectors and one behind a paycheck, don't worry; you've still got one foot in the door and the other in the mouth. As long as you have a toothhold, hang in there! Keeping abreast in the sexual arena, you should have a peculiarly weird sexual encounter around the tenth of this month. Either the circus is in town or your Aunt Bertha is in heat again.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

If you're overworked and underpaid like most of us, this is not the time to throw in the towel. Keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers outta the stray hair pie, and don't let your ego stand in the way of important joint decisions that could put you in the missionary position. Furthermore, don't get curious over a new cunt in your group. She could turn out to be a snitch.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

You're in an edgy mood now, and there's something slick up your sleeve. Keep calm and resist the urge to blab about it to anyone. This includes the object of your erection. Financially the output exceeds your intake and you may have to juggle your books a while. You should get another shot at someone you once had a hard-on over, and you might find you've limbered up since the last interlude.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

This is a month where piss-offs pull your patience. You could feel the urge to spurge on some cheap thrills that turn out to be expensive. It's a case of play and pay. Stop, look and listen to the facts before you write off partners' pleas. Remember, what goes around, comes around. This is not the time to lean over and wave the world a wet kiss or two.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Happy birthday! Relax, let yourself go, get a little dirty, be lazy, let your bills slide, throw up on a friend. Have fun (be human) for a change. Be daring; don't use deodorant or change your shorts; go ahead and pick your nose in public. You could create a new image and receive the attention you deserve. You don't have to earn your red wings, but you can loosen up.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

You might have to axe a few projects to make way for a more important production. If you can, hang loose on major decisions until the second half of the month; then rack up your balls and shoot your best shot. Use your own judgment rather than a partner's way-out, drug-induced solutions. Friends and finances can be a bad combination now.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

It's a toss-up between the barf and squat squirts. (No, this is not a new dance.) Either you're filling your feedbag too full or you have the flu. Until the flying dung dwindles to a few farts, best give yourself ye old repair job. Drink plenty of liquids and have your ol' lady douche with chicken soup (nix on the noddles, they'll clog up the hose), then sit on your face. Hang onto the john and keep smiling.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This month is about as exciting as a used rubber and just about as helpful. By the end of the month you'll be ready to twist your dog's nuts off just to break the monotony. Instead, clean out all that shit you've been stashing away for years; have a yard sale or grab a spot at the swap meet. Don't just sit there pumping your pud while the world passes you by. Get up and raise hell!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

It seems everyone around is in high gear, while you're dragging ass in low. Are you anxious 'cause your crank got a leak? Upset 'cause the old lady's into jazzercise and she's too pooped to do mattress calisthenics? Feel let down, depressed, and singled out to eat shit? Well, join the group called Americans.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This month is filled with temper tantrums and frayed nerves. You need to get away for a while. What the hell, your problems will still be waiting (unless you're stupid enough to take 'em with you) when you get back. As I've said before, all work and no play makes your nuts ache. Putt your way outta the rut you're in. Just don't lighten your load all over the road. Proceed with caution.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

This is be-good-to-yourself time. Show your wet and wild side. Try bathing — or be innovative; buy yourself a crotchless muddiving suit and take up diving. Be daring. Make a pass at the neighbor's wife or dog (same thing?), or moon the minister. Go on a three-day bender and shit your pants. Shave your nuts and rape a cantaloupe. In general, have a good time. ■



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Virgo

Virgo is the sign of perfection and Virgos are turned off by anyone who doesn't agree. They are organized, analytical, excel in detailed work requiring technical ability, and in general are shit-heads who are always right. Worse yet, Virgos are always picking on us imperfect signs (they should stick some of their constructive criticism in their perfect assholes!), causing us to blow our cool, making ol' Virgo look even better. If you want to get a Virgo "where he lives," start talking about your aches and pains. Before the conversation is finished, Virgo will have developed the symptoms. Most Virgos are obsessed with their health. (A peek into a Virgo's medicine cabinet is like taking inventory at your local pharmacy.) If you really want to freak out a Virgo, take away his stool softeners and sneeze in his face. Then discuss your grandma's pinworms and your bleeding hemorrhoids, and watch him drag ass fast. Poor Virgos are prone to nervous stomachs and hard bowel movements (which is why their teeth always look clenched).

Some famous Virgos are Henry Ford, who did it with four wheels; Jesse James, who did it with four legs; Peter Falk, who did it with one eye; and Peter Sellers, who did it with a panther. Then we have James Coburn, Sean Connery, Elliot Gould, H.G. Wells, Raquel Welch, Sophia Loren, and Twiggy, who did it with less.

Hint: Keeping in mind that your Virgo friend is not only clean, but practical, the perfect gift for the gentleman is a motorcycle manual and a can of gunk, and for the lady, a case of sanitary napkins. (Preferably the kind with the blue line; they are easier to center.)

Although Virgos may wear a bib to bed and fondle you with surgical gloves, they are really hot fucks (if you're into belching and farting) who aim to please.

Above all, Virgos are reliable buddies, who hang in there when the going gets rough. They'll help you with your mechanical problems, feed you pills, take your temperature (bend over), and tell you when you're wrong. Oh well, nobody's perfect!

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Ever since we put Witty "No-Relation-To-The-Red-Headed-Stranger" Willie in charge of the yuks page, it's been one snivel after another. Seems the sorry-assed little prospect can't take a joke (pardon the pun) and gets all het up at seein' the same stale gags pop up in the mail every full moon. Now he's gone and mined what we laughingly call our evidence room (you know what the cops keep in evidence rooms) and he's threatening to blow it sky high if you don't shape up. Have a heart, bros — we can't get out a decent rag while our dope's fallin' down with the acid rain. Brainstorm up some real hot zingers and kite 'em off to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We'll even send ya \$25 bucks for every one Willie prints.

Three dudes happened to reach the gates of Hell at the same time. The Devil said, "I can't take care of all of you right now, so if you can name something I can't do, I'll send you up to Heaven."

The first guy was a pizza-maker on Earth, so he said, "Make 100 pizzas and eat them all in one minute."

Satan did, and completed the task with seconds to spare.

The second dude was a brew-master on Earth, so he said, "Make 100 kegs of beer and drink them all in one minute."

Satan did it all, again with seconds to spare.

The third guy just stood there waiting. The devil approached him and said, "Okay, biker, your turn."

The biker laughed, stepped forward, farted, and said, "Catch that!"

—Dirty Harry
Minneapolis, Minn.

When she was a small, small girl, no bigger than a minute, she had to shove with all her might to get her finger in it. Now that she is twenty-one, full of grace and charm, her boyfriend slides five fingers in and half his fuckin' arm.

—Padre
St. Joe, Mo.

A biker was walking around the plant, handing out cigars, when one of his bros asked, "Did your ol' lady have a baby today?"

The biker answered, "Better than that. She's gonna let me start one tonight!"

—Erin Kelly
Columbus, Ohio



Easyriders

"Then to top it off, the computer dating service matched me with a banana and a 12-inch vibrator."

What's the smallest hotel in the world? The cunt. You have to leave your bag outside.

—S. Doty
Boise, Ida.

Sex is like a Chinese dinner. It's not over till you get your cookies.

—Glen Cooper
Dublin, Ireland

The Bikers' Dictionary defines *quickie* as no sooner spread than done.

—Bill Pasquarelli
Somers, Conn.

I knew one biker's ol' lady who could pull her panties down to her knees and her pussy would still be in 'em.

—Tracy Lowell
St. Cloud, Minn.

Scientists have confirmed what we've known all along. Males are more intelligent than females. During the study of some dogs, it was noted that when pissing on a tree the males always held up a leg to keep the tree from falling on them. None of the females were that intelligent.

—Donald Evans
Florence, Ariz.

R. CHUCK GORMLEY
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR



"No kidding? Horseradish in her *douche bag*!"



Easyriders



THOMPSON

A biker's dream: I want an ol' lady that's nice and sound, with a 12-volt pussy and a positive ground; a good carburetor that can swallow the gas, with an oversized bearing and a free-wheeling ass; with a big generator that can throw out juice, and a chromium piston that can never get loose; with a vacuum drive from her hips to her knees, and horn-button tits you can really squeeze; a good manifold to muffle her farts, and a big bellybutton to hold her spare parts. A woman like that, I'll marry, by God; and be glad to supply the connecting rod.

—Tony Spencer
Makanda, Ill.

Did ya hear about the girl who went fishing with seven fishermen? She came back with a big red snapper.

—Rat
Lynchburg, Va.

The Bikers' Dictionary defines *nudist colony* as a place where men and women air their differences.

—Floyd Gresham
Honolulu, Hawaii

Did ya hear that they're trying to pass a new law banning women from going into the ocean? They're trying to get the smell off the fish.

—J.T.
Walla Walla, Wash.

What's better than being deep in the heart of Texas? Being six inches in Virginia.

—Jake Horton
McAlester, Okla.

This biker was standing on a downtown street corner, completely naked, when a cop came by.

The cop said, "You can't stand around here like that. And I'm gonna run you in if you don't have a terrific excuse."

"Well," the biker replied, "it's like this. I went to see my girl and we sat around drinking a little wine. All of a sudden she said, 'Let's get naked and go to town.' And I guess I just got here first."

—Bush Dog
Denver, Colo.

While waiting for their ol' men to be brought into the prison waiting room, Mrs. Mugsy remarked to Mrs. Spike, "I heard about a new way to make babies. The husband fondles his cock, shakes hands with his wife, then she sticks her thumb in the hole. It works just like the regular way, only the kid arrives four months sooner."

Mrs. Spike gulped. "You don't really believe that, do you?"

"No," Mrs. Mugsy whispered, "but I'm hoping Mugsy will!"

—Wayne Brock
Troy, Mich.

Linda Lovelace is gonna host a new TV show similar to "That's Incredible," but they're gonna call it "That's Hard to Swallow."

—Even Steven
St. Louis, Mo.



"I don't think I've ever showed you my tattoo, have I, darling?"

The Bikers' dictionary defines *pimp* as a snatch purser.

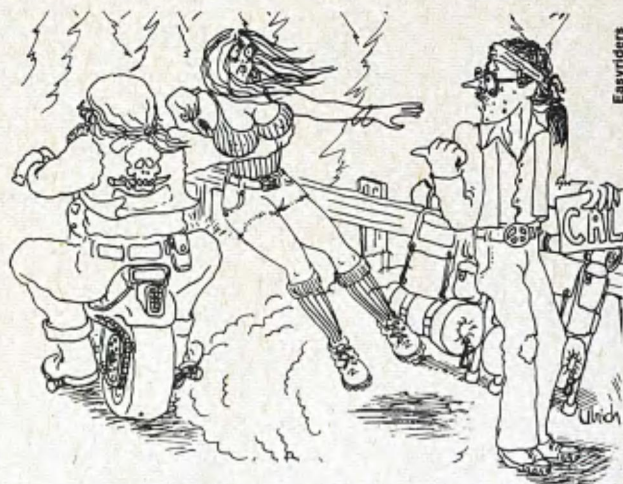
—George Herbert
Indianapolis, Ind.

If a beanery is where you go to eat beans, then what is a country?

—J.T.R.
Long Island, N.Y.



EDWINGS



Easyriders

LOCKDOWN

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

—Anatole France



by Boomer

Remember the Inmates' Rights Act that Congress passed in 1980? Well, the Justice Department has finally announced how it intends to go about enforcing it.

In a speech at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds said that Justice will attempt to bring prison conditions up to the standards specified in the Act, with "a minimum of federal intrusiveness [and] with maximum emphasis on conciliation." Reynolds added that the government will "certainly not ignore its enforcement responsibilities under the law."

Under the Act, the Justice Department is required to make penal administrators improve conditions in correctional facilities whenever there is evidence that such conditions are substandard to the extent that they cause "grievous harm" to inmates. According to Reynolds, such harm can be physical, such as injuries suffered in riots or other disturbances; or they can be psychological, such as mental injury caused by overcrowding, lack of recreational facilities, etc.

Once such conditions are discovered, Reynolds said, the Justice Department will investigate to determine whether the situation is an isolated incident or part of a pattern of practice. Once such a pattern of depriving inmates of constitutional rights is established, the Act sets down a detailed series of steps that must be taken before the Justice Department can file suit against the prison system and administrators involved.

The governor, state attorney general, and other officials must be advised of federal programs (if any) that might be implemented to alleviate conditions; and the Justice Department must consult with prison administrators and attempt to persuade them to make needed reforms without being forced to by court order.

The most important step Justice must take prior to instituting litigation, Reynolds said, is to provide appropriate state officials with a 49-day written notice of the conditions requiring correction, the facts proving the existence of those conditions, and the measures necessary to correct the conditions. Only after this 49-day period has expired can a civil suit be instituted.

According to Reynolds, these requirements reflect "Congressional sensitivity to the fact that a high degree of care must be taken when one level of sovereign government sues another in our federal system."

"The standard... is thus higher for the government than [for] private plaintiffs, who can bring similar suits on the merest allegation of unconstitutional conditions."

The Inmates' Rights Act, officially the Civil Rights of Institutionalized Persons Act, requires the Justice Department to monitor and police living conditions not only in federal and state prisons, but also in jails, pretrial holding facilities, work farms, schools, and any other institutions that serve as correctional facilities.

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

Ranks Swelling

It's official. The nation's prison population rose by a record-breaking 12.1 percent last year. Although most observers expected a substantial increase in the number of men and women incarcerated during 1981, few expected a jump that big — the biggest since Uncle Sam started keeping these records in 1925.

According to the Justice Department, the number of state and federal prisoners incarcerated at the end of 1981 was 369,009. In case you're wondering, that's 154 prisoners for every 100,000 Americans. In other words, about one out of every 650 people in this country — men, women, and children — is behind bars.

"We believe the sharp increase can be attributed to recent changes in sentencing laws and sentencing practices," said Benjamin Renshaw, acting director of the Bureau of Justice Statistics. Among the changes Renshaw cited were mandatory imprisonment for certain offenses and increased use of determinate sentencing with no provision for parole.

Leading the list of states with huge increases in prison population were California, New York, Florida, Georgia, Texas, and Maryland. The number of federal prisoners jumped 16 percent to about 6,000.

Unprepared Attorneys

Stating, "We reiterate the well-established principle that the physical presence in the courtroom of unprepared counsel is tantamount to no counsel at all," the California Court of Appeals has reversed the conviction of a suspect forced to go to trial with a public defender who was admittedly unfamiliar with the case and unprepared to try it.

Assistant Public Defender David P. Ammons, assigned to represent defendant Michael Huddleson when Huddleson's regular defender got involved in another trial, explained the situation to Judge Robert Willard and asked for a continuance so he could study the facts of the case. The judge ordered the trial to proceed and Ammons refused to cross-examine witnesses, put on a defense, or make a summation. After a one-day trial put on solely by the prosecution, Huddleson was convicted and sentenced.

Tenting Tonight

About 2,800 inmates in the Texas system have been moved out of tents and into three metal buildings recently constructed for the sum of \$35,000,000. According to a spokesman for the TDC, the three buildings, each housing 960 inmates, will comply with court orders prohibit

Continued on page 126

Two Of A Kind

I've got an ol' lady that sounds just like you. She's also a sleazy bitch who doesn't know her head from her ass. She'd like to know if you two could pass for sisters.

T.T.
New Orleans, La.

- Does she have meat-massagin' moles on her tonsils like I do?

Talk About Leg-wettn'!

We have a problem. My boyfriend is always sayin' how tight I am. The problem is that he has no sense of direction. He can't find his way in without a helpin' hand.

One day, while he was trying to pound a new hole in my leg, I thought of saying something, but I didn't; I figured maybe he was enjoying himself. When he was all done, he nearly floored me with his comment: "You're even tighter today than usual."

What can I do?

Missing
La Habra, Calif.

- Whenever Rufus decides to start humpin' Spider's leg, Spider uses a rolled-up newspaper on him. Try that.

Odor Eater

I can't understand why the health department hasn't condemned that gaping hole of yours by now. Speaking of holes, recently my ol' lady's been emitting a slight odor (whew!). I politely told her about it a couple of times, but she insists it's my imagination.

Shit, I'd have to be a sick man to imagine a stench like that. If she don't clean up her act soon, I'm gonna puke. What should I do?

Pukeworthy Pie
Houston, Tex.

- Suggest she pull her plugs and wash 'em two or three times a year.

A Big Help

I have a kinky solution for "Love Sick Chick." She wrote in your June '82 column that she didn't like giving head to her ol' man, but was afraid of losing him.

Here's what she can do: She can spread jam or ice cream or whatever her favorite dessert thing is all over his shaft and get down to it. I bet she'll have a real good time then, and she won't have to

worry about losing her man for quite a while.

Hill Crazy
Jackson, Mich.

- What if her favorite dessert is cherries flambé?

Potty Poetry

I ain't well hung, or good in bed.
But sit in a chair, let me give you head,
And you'll dance on the ceiling, fly like a kite.
As I lick away a long sticky night.

Johnny Reb
Greenswood, S.C.

- What makes you think you could stand the stink? How can you lick where champions get sick? You think my scabbed slit's just another muff dive, But most who've thought so have failed to survive.

What's Right Is Right

I can understand staying with a tramp who puts me

behind his bike. But comin' in third to a dog? Never! Why do you let Spider treat you like that? What's Rufus got that you don't?

Debby
North Platte, Neb.

- A good complexion.

Pest Control

We know how to get rid of crabs, but how do you control the maggots in your slimy pussy?

Wayne and Dave
Cooperstown, N.Y.

- Beatin' 'em to death with a blunt instrument works best.

Dinner Guest

I was lookin' through issue #104 and I saw a picture of you barbecuing a fish for a bunch of cats. What's so funny? Here in Louisiana we barbecue everything, including fish. My ol' lady once tried to feed me barbecued possum that she'd run over with her cage. If you are ever in our neighborhood, you

best watch your ass. My ol' lady would love to barbecue some pork as plump and juicy as yourself.

Donna's Man
New Iberia, La.

- I ain't worried. She ain't the first bitch who's wanted to cook and carve me, and she won't be the last.

Lonely Buggers

I'm sittin' in my cell in Trenton State Prison, eatin' Sunday dinner — cheese sandwich and boiled eggs left over from breakfast. Whenever the food comes around so do the flies, but I found a cure better than Raid — I just open an *Easyriders* to your page and the flies drop dead.

The Count
Trenton, N.J.

- Very few people know that flies can die of homesickness like that.

Why A Sporty?

I would appreciate it if you would print an obituary for "Schmedly," my beloved Pekingese and one fine Harley mascot. If there ever was a one percenter, it was him. He was so loyal, I often thought of giving him my Sportster.

Golden Fox
Randolph, Vt.

- Spider wants to know what the poor mutt ever did to make you want to humiliate him by making him ride a Skirtster.

Ordinary Mail

You think you get weird letters? I'm a young biker, and my father, my uncle, my cousin, and my nephew are all cops. I really hear weird shit. My relatives all keep tellin' me I'm a degenerate, and my buddies are always lookin' at me like I'm from another planet.

Wrongway
Valleyford, Wash.

- I can't remember ever gettin' any weird letters. You sure you didn't intend this kite for Ann Landers or somebody like that?

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



DOWNTIME

By Bomber

What started innocently enough as a primary chain adjustment on the pan turned into a full blown fix-it, tighten-it, cleanse-it afternoon with bros and sisters droppin' by to offer support. They didn't need to waste a perfectly good puttin' day hangin' around my place, but they're good biker people, just wantin' to see their brother get it in the wind again.

Some of their support came in the form of records — most of which I hadn't heard before. So what follows is a compendium of what was heard, and how I reacted to different tunes during that wrenchin' afternoon. All the discs would be suitable for keepin' a party lively. Read and rock on!

I'm A Nomad/William Van Dyke: Scooter music for scooter people from a talented scooter tramp. Nine songs built around our lifestyle. Backed by a rhythm and blues, rock and roll jazz band called the Midnight Creepers, Van Dyke is experienced in the ways of the road. He sings and talks in a scat of free-form expression about partyin', travelin', bein' with good bros, and even the bummers of crashes in "I Didn't See The Motorcycle."

There are influences and references to popular country tunes including a humorous "Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Bikers." But overall William Van Dyke is his own man, as are all self-respecting bike people. Some of his best stuff here includes "Swap Meet Special," "In The Wind," "The Nomads," and "Biker Shuffle." He is great live too!

Still Feels Good/Tom Johnston: The sound that propelled the Doobie Brothers in their peak years is back in the form of Harley-riding Tom Johnston's distinct voice. The album is highlighted by the opening cut, "Madman," and the

soothing (yeah, sometimes it's nice) "Baby Take Me In," with its superb viola treatment from Novi Novog and tingling harmonics out of Johnston's acoustic. Overall, we felt the record was slightly overproduced — nine instruments keep runnin' head on, with nothin' in particular steppin' out, especially on "Up On The Stage." The best tunes are the simplest, like "Wishing," even though "One Way Ticket" will get ya out on the dance floor.

Post Modern Living/Helen Wheels Band: Something different and difficult to find turned up from one of the bros' ol' ladies. A throwback to the expression of individualism of the sixties, mixed with the horrors of today's might-die-at-any-minute reality. It's what they call an EP, for extended play, meaning it's got fewer songs, six. From the cover art to the lyrics inside, it's like someone's homemade project record. Made with a deep conviction to change without compromises.

Hidden under the not-so-subtle politics of the punk, new-wave movement are some dynamite songs that don't make ya retch. Labels can be shitty, and punk definitely has a bad connotation for us, but while this band looks the part, the music is miles ahead of the frying-pan clang of the majority of punk groups. They've got a statement to make about life. "Survival," "Loud Crowd," "Brotherhood Of Outlaws," from side one, and "Tumblin' Down," "Double Tongue," and "Break The Chains," on side two show a commitment — through some very catchy, listenable tracks — to awareness of the limits of freedom we are facing.

This group believes in Harley-Davidsons, America, apple pie, and good times. These days if you want to hear non-conventional, truly rad music ya hafta send \$7.25 to Real American

Records, P.O. Box 670 R, Canal St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10013. The tunes are worth it, no shit.

Extraterrestrial Live/Blue Oyster Cult: Here we've got twelve live killers from Long Island's kings of outer space, mystic music. From when Eric Bloom wheels his Harley out to the front of the stage for the introduction of "Dominance And Submission," to the plodding giant's synthesizer steps that announce the coming of "Godzilla," it's a power play. The four-sided set is recorded from around the country, getting the best takes of each song. We ended up pleased, but I for one wished they had included "Going Through The Motions," and the clear, clean, an' mean "We Gotta Get Outta This Place." Oh well, that vinyl is expensive. Whadda-fuck, they do supply the lyrics to all the tunes except, "Roadhouse Blues," which features guitar work from ex-Doors-member Robby Krieger.

The album's material spans the Cult's work for the past decade, from 1972's "Cities On Flame" and '73's "Hot Rails To Hell," through the hits of the late seventies and up to date with "Veteran Of The Psychic Wars." It covers a lot of Blue Oyster's past, as well as the present condition of the Cult.

Green Light/Bonnie Raitt: This is a knockout record from a helluva power-voiced gal. Every song is a potential hit that might be heard on rock stations as well as country radio. It's high-flyin' music that doesn't have time to stop for red lights. It's too bad she's pictured in a cage, but at least she's on the road. From there it'd be no problem snaggin' her for a ride on the p-pad, right? She could sing in my ear anytime. Especially if it was "Me And The Boys," or "I Can't Help Myself," from side two. There isn't a disappointment in the batch as

she mixes a tight backing band with Ian McLagen (from Small Faces, Faces, and recently, the Rolling Stones' tour) on piano. Johnny Lee Schell, Ray Ohara, and Ricky Fataar pick up the slack, as do some special-session peple like Rick Vito on guitar and Jackson Browne on backup vocals to "Keep This Heart In Mind."

Anytime/Henry Paul Band: This is the ex-Outlaw's third solo record and it's a dandy. Paul has dropped a lot of the cloppity-clop twang from his Outlaw days for a beefier, rock guitar edge. Sometimes it works really well when he doesn't get too cute with the massive amounts of overproduction that tend to bring down side one, with the exception of the fiery "Hollywood Paradise." Too many Hollywood types got Henry out of his rockin' boots and into his bedroom slippers. But fortunately for us he musta got into some of what he's talkin' about on "Paradise," and he comes out smokin' on side two. It's a better idea of where he's at when performing live — strictly kickass. It opens with "Crazy Eyes," led by lead guitarist Dave Fiester's improvisational work. Then the partyin' "766-2623 (Romance)" cut with its "Got the wrong number, but the right man on the line" wording to go along with a bass, conga showdown. There's a whistlin' start of a stomper that is "Brown-Eyed Girl," and a fine tribute to Van Morrison's classic. The disc ends with a double bash of "Rising Star (In The Southern Sky)" and the solid "Distant Riders" with a fine harmonic beginning from Wally Dantz, who's also the regular bass player.

Just wish they had put the Sportster on the cover in front of the heavy Chevy, and maybe draped the broad across it. Just a thought for us perverts in the audience. ■





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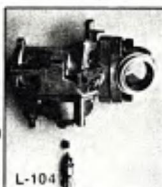
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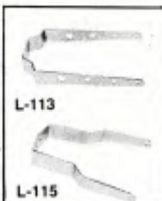
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onesome MFG

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

Fessler Interview

Continued from page 25

royalty on the sales or proceeds. If the item meets our quality standards, we'll sit down and talk to anybody.

How would they advertise it? Say they had your shield and they were selling it. How could they sell it without implying that they're Harley-Davidson?

If the product is out there and has our logo on it, people might assume it's a Harley-Davidson product. I can understand that, and if the item is of the quality we want and we think that the people producing it won't tarnish our image, we'll have no objection to sitting down and talking to them and working out something mutually beneficial.

Besides the safety aspects, which are understandable, what other things might you not be able to go along with?

Unfortunately, over the years, people have often misused our name. And we're very conscious about the Harley-Davidson image and what it stands for to the general public. And especially to our customers. I'm sure everyone has seen some misuses of our name. It really bothers some people to see buttons saying "Harley Fucking Davidson." It is something that we don't appreciate. It's the misuse of the name that we're trying to stop. And if you don't protect your name, then you have no control over it. Then you lose the value of the name and the image of Harley-Davidson. When an undesirable manufacturer comes up with a product that tarnishes our image or the Harley-Davidson name, we don't think it's fair either to us or to the public.

How do you see the Harley-Davidson image?

I see the Harley-Davidson image as something that people are very proud of. Especially in the mainstream of America. There's a lot of heritage to it and a lot of tradition. I've seen that tradition handed down from father to son. Families riding together. The people who ride Harley-Davidsons are many colors of the rainbow, and the name Harley-Davidson means a lot of different things to different people. They identify with it in different ways and that's part of the Harley-Davidson mystique. Therefore, the answer to your question — how do I see the Harley-Davidson image —

well, it means many different things to different people, and that, too, is part of Harley-Davidson. That diversity.

Let's get back to the cease and desist order. Several of the large manufacturers, and a lot of the small mail-order companies, have been trying to form some basis for a response to you. All have their various reasons for reacting to the order, but most seem to be thinking that you are up to something that could have been better solved by having a letter to go along with the cease and desist order. A letter that would have let them know what the hell was going on, because,



obviously, since you own the trademark you have the right to issue the order.

It's unfortunate that there was some confusion about what we're after, and that's something we're somewhat at fault in. I apologize to all who are thinking that way. The purpose of the cease and desist order was to start up communications with the manufacturers. The letter was very strong, but we're trying to be flexible. For instance, we're talking to some manufacturers right now who have a large stock of items in their warehouses bearing the Harley-Davidson trademark. That is a direct infringement of our rights and we're working with those people on a gentleman-to-gentleman basis, trying to work out something that will be beneficial to both of us and allow them to work off that inventory. We definitely don't want to run anybody out of business. There are a lot of people out there who manufacture parts for Harley-Davidson that we can't manufacture economically. We take great pride in the number of old panheads and flatheads and even old shovelheads out there still running. Bikes we can't supply parts for. We want people to build parts for those motorcycles to keep them going.

Don't forget the knuckles.

Yeah, that's probably the most beautiful Harley of them all.

It is.

So, please understand our position. We're not trying to run others out of business. If they have a legitimate product that they want to manufacture for our motorcycles, we may not like it, but we won't object, so long as they don't infringe on our trademark and name. In fact, they're supplying a service and that's one of the things that makes Harley-Davidson motorcycles different from the Japanese bikes. The fact that you see our motorcycles after they are 10, 20, 30, and 40 years old, still running just as well as the day they came out of the factory.

Well, that's certainly true. When you park your Harley you worry more about it getting stolen than when you're riding something else.

I went out for a short ride yesterday, and at three different stop signs people rolled down their windows and said, "Boy, that's a beautiful bike," or something like that. I think all Harley riders feel that way. They're proud of their scoots and they take good care of them. And I don't think there are any two Harley-Davidsons out there right now that are alike.

Just as there are no two people alike.

That's right.

Each person is different, and each puts his different personality into his motorcycle. There's one other comment we've heard a number of times about the use of the logo, a somewhat humorous comment. Everyone wants to know what you're going to do about the tattoo of the Harley-Davidson logo on a chick's ass?

(Laughter) Well, as long as it's been inspected, I'm sure it will be okay. I know some people who would like to do the inspecting. They're not all at the factory level, either.

Well, it looks as though you've given our readers the information they'll need if they have any thoughts about doing anything that uses your name. It should help prevent problems and give them an indication of what they can do if they have a good idea. They can always go to you people and talk about it.

Thanks for the opportunity to clear the air. See you at the next race. ■

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OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady Contest, showin' 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 contributors 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 these pages 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 (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

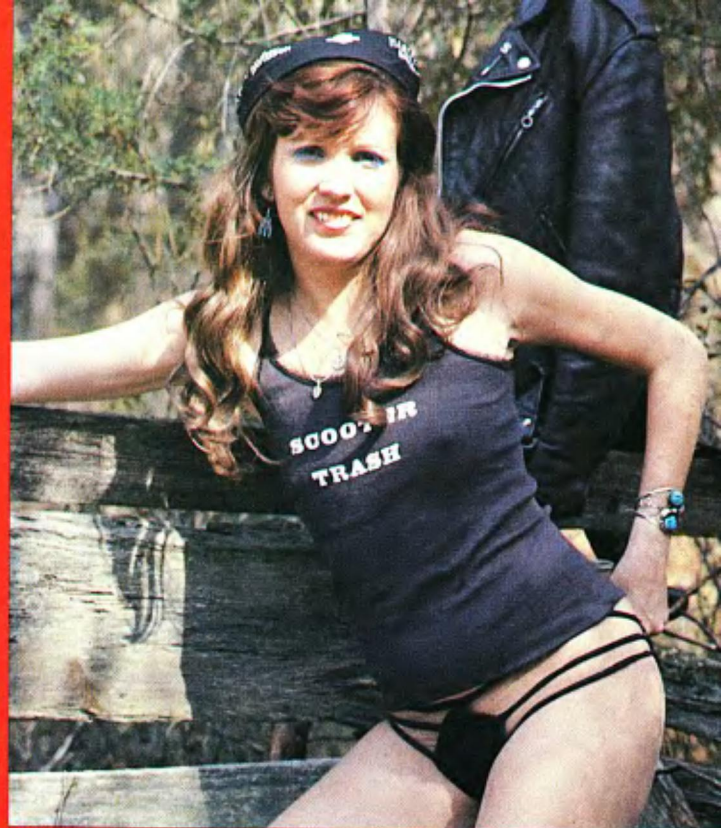
Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is August 28. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #111 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.





Here she is, folks — Risë, the first monthly winner in the 5th Annual Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Maria, Kathy, and Eva.

LISA



SUZIE



LORRAINE

OL' LADY CONTEST

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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I am _____ years of age, born _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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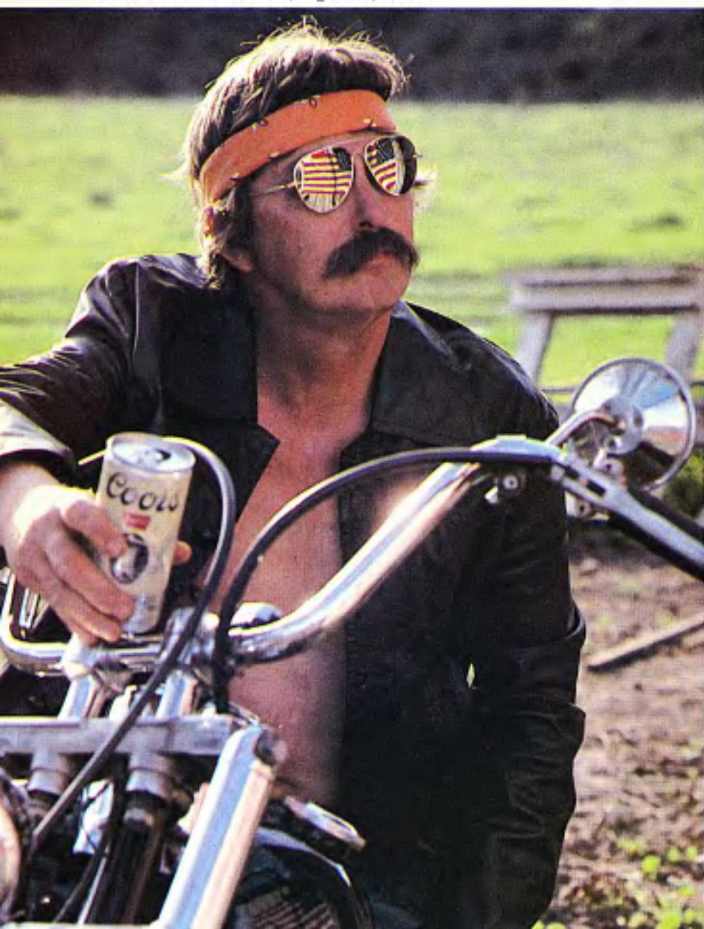
In 25 words or fewer, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

IN THE WIND



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Buster Hanson, Agoura, Calif.



—from Jake, On the road



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—from Ron Macneil, Brattleboro, Vt.



—from Tom and Denise Berry, Carmichael, Calif.





—from Big Al, Philadelphia, Pa.

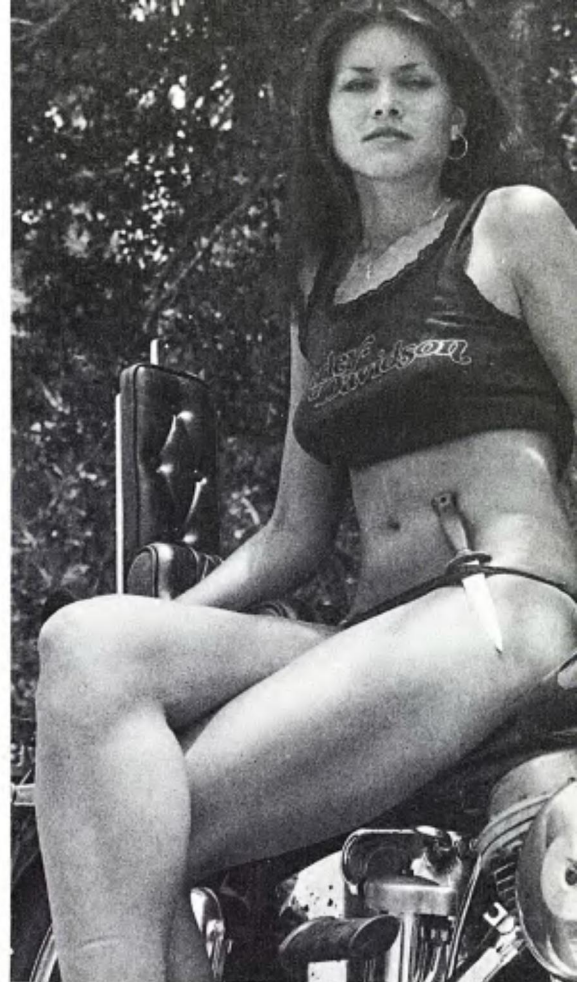
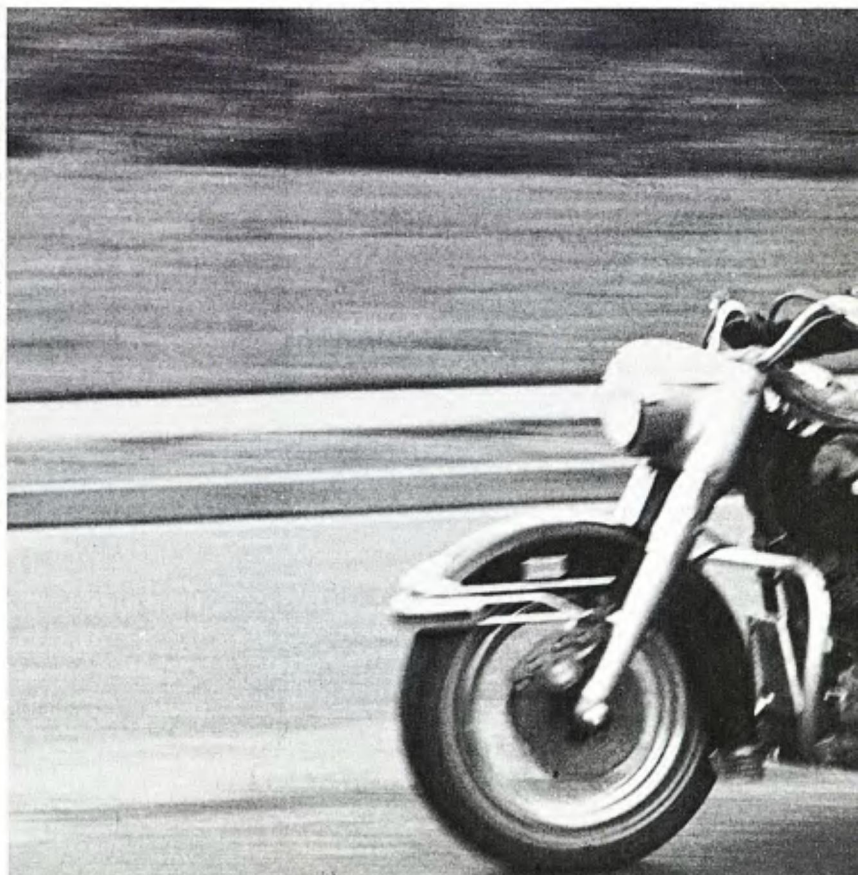


—from Big Al, Philadelphia, Pa.



—from A-1, Fla.

—from Lloyd Thomas, Coquitlam, B.C.



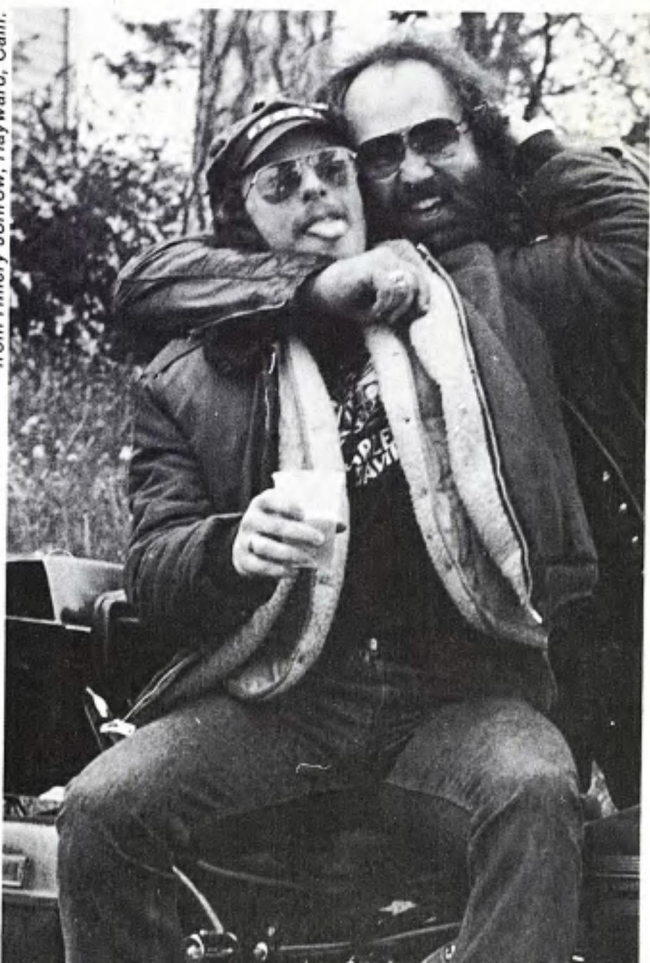
—from Lee Love, Palm Bay, Fla.



—from Christi, Seaside, Ore.



—from Hillary Jonrow, Hayward, Calif.





—from Perry Young, Oxnard, Calif.



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—from Bill and Juli, Stoney Creek, Tenn.



—from Zonker, Yuma, Colo.







SUMMER FUN

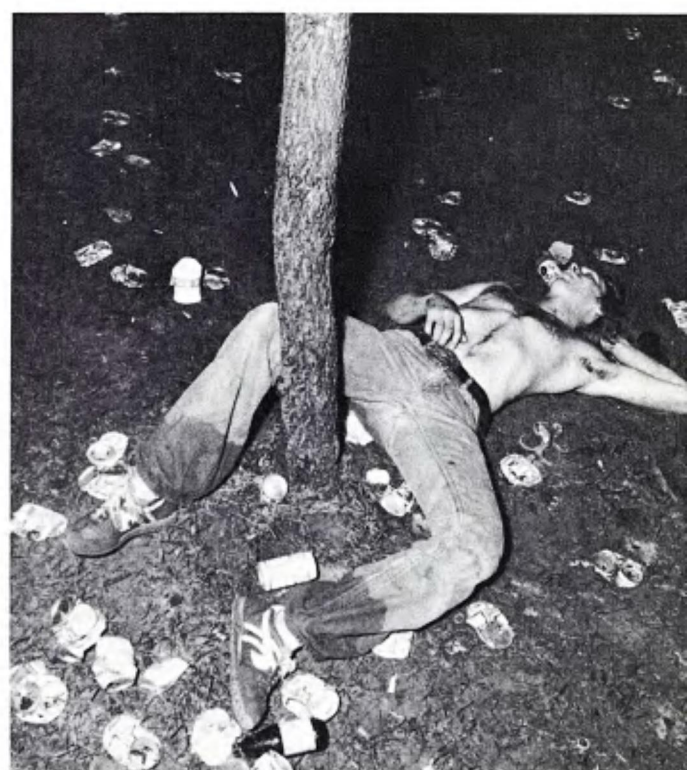
No matter what kinda hard-assed biker you might be, you've got to admit that ridin' in the summer beats the shit outta ridin' in the snow. Scoots were made for summer fun, so let's take a look at one of the biggest and best bike parties in the midwest — one that gives you all the summer bikin' you can handle.

Out in the middle of Kansas, where you probably expect nothin' but ten thousand miles of wheat and corn fields and nine million bugs to get in your teeth, there's a wooded, hilly camping area called Lake Perry, where the ABATE people started a Labor Day run back in '76.

Now the run's turned into the big summer happening for midwest bikers — party time in the corn fields.

At Lake Perry there's action to suit just about anyone, from free-for-all parties with hundreds of righteous bros (and women) to







small groups gettin' together just to do their thing. There's titty contests and a weddin' or two, just about every kind of party, bikes puttin' around all over the place, and enough scoots around to eyeball to keep you lookin' and thinkin' about how something you saw would look on your scoot all winter.

If you're anywhere near the middle of the country, or figurin' on heading that direction this summer, you'll find bikers, probably over 2,000 of them, havin' a summer party in the sun there at Lake Perry this Labor Day. Dig on the photos of what it was like last year, and you'll see why this party has become a must summer putt for all the plains dudes. How about you?

—Whiskey



Photos by Mike Lichter and Dirty Ernie



BODY MOVES







Photos by Ralph Hampton



At times it seems like I musta started ridin' a scooter sometime back when the dinosaurs were still munchin' on cavemen. You see somethin' that reminds you of somethin' that happened, and then all of a sudden you realize that the somethin' happened twenty years ago. The straights have a word for it: Deja vu. Whatever the fuck that means.

Whatever. That feelin' hit me just the other day. I started thinkin' about old flicks I'd seen. Movies with Humphrey Bogart and Charles Boyer and dudes like that. Movies that were about

Arabs and North Africa and the Casbah and Casablanca. Films that always had a scene in them with the hero watchin' this belly dancer, and I always wondered what the Arabs' hangup was with chicks that humped their bellies in and out, rather than doin' a good ol' U.S. bump and grind.

The other day I found out, while shootin' this farout squeeze for the magazine. Man, that desert wiggle is enough to make a ballsless harem guard horny.

Watchin' that firm body movin' back and forth in those slow, smooth moves was like gettin' hypnotized by a cobra about to







strike. She didn't make any moves that The Man might call porno, but the overall effect was as excitin' as anything I've ever seen. She moved muscles in places I didn't even know women had muscles, and every little move seemed to be sayin', "If you're man enough, I'm woman enough to take you to heaven."

Her body was full — lush is the best word, I guess — but as she moved in time to that blood-pumpin' music there wasn't nothin' floppin' around or even jigglin' — not unless she wanted it to jiggle. Everythin' moved with a purpose, and that purpose was plain. It was something designed for just one end. To turn a man on. And it turned me, and the cameraman, on so much that for a while everyone forgot about

takin' pictures. Forgot about everything except a show that was so sensuous it'd make you want to forget all about topless and bottomless bars, kick yer ol' lady out in the street, and move to Morocco.

Them ol' Arabs might have spent their days ridin' camels and munchin' on dates, but I know now what they did on them hot desert nights. They watched some of the sexiest dancin' on earth. Watched a belly dancer make promises with her body, and then called for delivery on them promises. Can you imagine a squeeze who can give you a massage with all her muscles, not just her hands? That's what them Arabs had goin' for 'em. Anybody know if there's a Harley dealer in Casablanca?

—Pervert

BIKER "ONE LINERS"

We'll put up your favorite biker "one liner" (lower "wings up" is illustrated) onto a cap or t-shirt (in breast pocket size) . . . For the old lady, how about her favorite one liner on a French cut or cap?



- A Black cap w/white front - black lettering (also available, red, green, blue, yellow with contrasting lettering) . . . \$5.99
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 Heat transfer designs sold separately, \$1.25 each/6 for \$5/13 for \$10 (Specify black or white lettering)

Choose your favorite one liner from the following. All are done up with popular "wings up" design and available on cap or shirt.

- 1-111 If little girls are made of sugar and spice, why do they taste like shit?
 1-101 When you get 'em by the balls, their hearts & minds will follow.
 1-117 You obviously mistake me for someone who gives a shit.
 1-102 Better a sister in a whorehouse than a baw on a Honda.
 1-115 Bikers are so horny, even the crack of dawn isn't safe.
 1-148 More I learn about women, more I love my Harley.
 1-145 Are you willing to lower your standards tonight?
 1-147 I am the person your mother warned you about.
 1-113 I would rather push my Harley than ride a nice bus.
 1-104 Older Harleys, younger women, more money.
 1-108 Harley riders do it the way they damn please.
 1-110 Options are like ash, everybody has one.
 1-149 If you don't have a Harley, you ain't shit.
 1-160 Put something exciting between your legs.
 1-158 Stop your grinnin' and drop your lovin'.
 1-211 Put something exciting between my legs.
 1-100 Bikers have more fun than people.
 1-106 Support your local Harley rider.
 1-107 Fuck ya if you can't take a joke.
 1-109 What most call pussy, I call lunch.
 1-112 I'm here because she gives good head.
 1-110 I don't care 'cause I don't have a job.
 1-120 Sex is dirty only when you do it right.
 1-126 As, gas, grass - nobody rides free.
 1-131 Happiness comes in small batches.
 1-137 In case of emergency, give me head.
 1-140 I scratch knee (and nice ass).
 1-151 A woman's place is on my face.
 1-152 Teach my sis, I'll beat your balls.
 1-163 Liqueur up front, pecker in the rear.
 1-105 Dig surprises come in little boxes.
 1-163 Harley riders have longer rods.
 1-164 Fuck imports - buy American.
 1-105 Harley Davidson - a way of life.
 1-204 I'm not 'cause he gives good face.
 1-210 Make it with an older woman.
 1-105 Pussy builds strong bones.
 1-121 Sounds like a lot of bullshit.
 1-122 Nobody rides for free.
 1-123 Muttsache rides big.
 1-126 Give me head 'til I'm dead.
 1-129 If you can't fix it, fuck it.
 1-130 Harley Fuckin' Davidson.
 1-138 Harley riders get more head.
 1-140 Harley riders not more pussy.
 If we left out your one liner, let us know what it is and we'll make it!



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The Dreamer

Continued from page 30

the chicks. Just as I was going to shift into third I came back to reality. Staring at the pull-backs, I shouted, "Where's the clutch? How the fuck can I shift this mother with no clutch?"

"Suicide," he said.

"Damned right it's suicide, riding around town with no clutch!"

"No," he cut in as I started waving my arms around. "The bike has a suicide shift. You clutch with your foot and shift with your hand back there."

"Right!" I said. "Of course. I didn't see it, that's all. Kinda forgot. How much you want for it?"

"A guy offered me twenty-five hundred for it yesterday."

"You mean it's sold, then?"

"Nope, I'm holding out for twenty-eight."

When he said that, he must have been watching my eyes and saw the pain, because he smiled for the first time.

"Do you bowl?" I mumbled.

"Do I what?"

"Nothin', never mind, forget it." My dream bike was way out of reach. I slowly got off, patted the tank, and walked outside.

"Don't want it, huh?" he asked, following me out.

"Not at that price!" I said firmly, turning and pointing at him. "Let me give you some advice. I've been around bikes a long time and that bike isn't worth it."

"How the hell do you know?"

"How do I know? How do I know? Look at me! What do I look like? A jerk? A moron that runs around dressed like a biker when he's not? Just think what you want me to buy! A bike that's over thirty years old, and doesn't even have a stars-and-stripes tank! And that hara-kiri clutch bullshit!"

I stood there rocking on my heels Brando style, shaking my head, feeling really proud. As I removed the cigar from my mouth he looked at me, smiled wider, said, "fuck off," and turned and walked into his house.

"Sonofabitch!" I mumbled, walking to my car. "Didn't want that piece of crap anyway!"

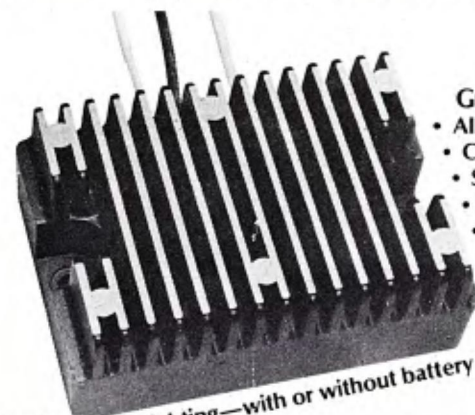
Looking at my list I found the next bike and read the ad aloud: 74 Harley. Good condition. Asking \$500.

"Now there's a man that knows the true value of a Hog!" I said, parking in front of the house.

I walked up to the door and gave

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it a couple of hard raps. It opened, revealing a skinny kid in a bathing suit. He stared up at me for a long while, apparently dazed at being this close to a badass dude like me. Finally, he said, "What can I do for you, mister?"

"Is this the house with the motorcycle for sale?" I asked as harshly as I could.

He nodded.

"Well can I see your father or whoever owns the bike?"

"I own the bike."

"Huh?" My jaw bounced off my knee.

"I own the bike," he repeated.

"How old are you?"

"Almost twelve."

"Almost twelve and you own a 74 Harley! Where in hell do you ride it?"

"Over there in the field," he said pointing a jelly-covered finger across the street.

"In the field? What kind of asshole would take a beautiful machine like that and ride it in the dirt?" Then I started to calm down. "Why do you want to sell it?"

"I'm getting a bigger bike," he said, looking at me rather strangely.

"You're what?" I screamed, my voice getting high. "Wait a minute. You're standing there, all fifteen pounds of you, telling me you ride a 1200cc Hog on trails and you're getting rid of it because it's not big enough? My God, kid, you're sick, really sick."

"Twelve hundred cc's? Where'd you get an idea like that?"

"In your ad, dumbfuck, in your ad!" I hollered, pushing the paper in his face. "Right here, 74 Harley!"

"That's right," he said, reading the ad. "1974 Harley."

"Wha-a-at? The way you had it printed it looks like a Hog!" My face getting red, I asked, "What size is your bike, dipshit?"

"Enduro 125."

"Figures. Now, what in hell would a bad dude such as myself do with an Enduro 125?" I chuckled.

"Learn to ride?" the little twerp said, laughing.

"Let me tell you something, rabbit turd," I said, bending over and grabbing him. "If you say one more word I'll kick the shit out of you so fast it'll make your —" I stopped in mid sentence as I saw what first appeared to be a gorilla, but turned out to be the nosepicker's father, come to the door.

"What's the matter, son, having trouble?" the monster growled, giving me a hard look.

"No, no," I said quickly, letting go of the kid. "Your son and I were dis-

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

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cussing the possibility of me purchasing his fine motorbike. Well," I said, smiling and patting the little asshole on the head, "I'd like to look around a little first, before making up my mind. Haste makes waste, you know!"

Looking at the last bike on my list, I hoped this would be it. My dreams of jammin' were dissolving with each stop.

Finding the address, I stopped the car and looked around. The house must have been built at least four hundred years ago, and it didn't look like they'd painted it or cut the grass since.

Knocking on the mold-green door produced a little gray old man.

"What can I do for you, Mr.

Fonda?" he snickered.

"You got the Harley for sale?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

"Yep, sure do, right out in back, by the barn. You go ahead and take a look for yourself. I'll be right with you."

Walking around the back of the ancient house, I started poking through the waist-high jungle. After stumbling around for a few minutes — tripping over things that were better off forgotten — I thought I'd spotted it. At least it appeared to be a motorcycle. The relic was lying on its side, leaking prehistoric oil. Piled on top were years of hay, a half roll of barbed wire, and pieces of a chicken coop. After clearing off the debris, I managed to force the bike into an upright position. Looking at it I could see that the color was a combination of Harley factory red, road grime, whitewash, and chickenshit. After wiping off the seat I straddled the beast, stretching my arms to

Continued on page 83



"It was awful, there he was watching the game, and all of a sudden he farted, coughed, sneezed, and belched at the same time."

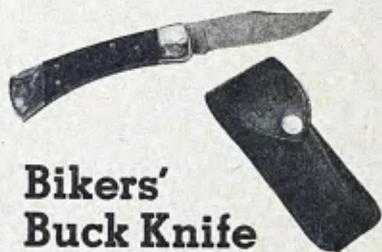


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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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 that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of David "Crazyman" Rapatee. To a great bro who lived his life to the fullest, loved to raise hell, and rode across country only to be killed two blocks from home. David, ride hard and raise hell in Harley Heaven till we get there. All your bros at Gush's Thirsty Bears.

In eternal memory of Tony "Animat" Mills, 4-17-82, fast-riding, hard-living, good-loving man! You told me to be strong when the high side came. One day I'll pack behind you on the three-wheeler forever. No on can believe you've gone to Harley Heaven. Till we are together again! Loving Sparky and all your bros and sisters in Tulare.

In memory of Buzzy Smith, killed 3-15-82. Be free and ride like the wind. Until you meet again. Love from the one you left behind. Cherri.

In special loving memory of Trevor Gunn, 13-9-79. You took a piece of my heart long before you were killed in that freak accident. Hope you're watching over me, 'cause I miss you a hell of a lot. Love you always. Your White Bird, Hawkesbury, Ontario, Canada.

In loving memory of Krissie, Kathy, and Jackie (The Rowdy Bunch), who got killed in a cage on their run to Daytona. You will always be in Huber Heights' partyin' hearts. Gone but not forgotten. Cap'n Quaalude.

In memory of Adrian M. Bouche, a bro who rode hard. We miss you deeply. Only the good die young. From all the bros at The Nine Mile Inn. The Fonz, Danny, and Salamon, El Paso, Texas.

Another bro downed by a cage. In memory of "Tank," who rides with us in our hearts and still lives in our minds. Never forgotten. We love you. Your bros and sisters in Sumter, Manning, and Santee, S. C.

In memory of Albert Charles A'Court, who died April 1, '82. Albie, to know you was to love you. Like all good leaders, you just went ahead to check the lay of the land. Ride free forever, bro. We'll see you soon. From Bob and Mitch and all your bros in Canada.

In memory of Neil Anerson, who was so quickly taken from us one year ago (3-14-81). Time may slip away, but the memories you gave me never will. Love always. Gayle.

In memory of Larry "Rabbit" Rankin. We hope you found your freedom. Sure will never forget S.Q. now that you're gone. You're always in our hearts. Love, Mac and Deborah.

Male Call

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

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

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

Las Vegas man, w/m, 22, 5'9", 175 lbs., auburn hair. Doing some time. Would like to exchange sweet words with ladies. Will exchange photos. Kelly Frost, Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

Ordained minister, 19, 6'1". I am looking for a Christian lady for a long-lasting relationship. Send pictures; will answer all. Rev. Richard Skinner #158006, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Lonely w/m would like to hear from anyone! Please write and send flicks to Robert F. Dawson #A011769, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

W/m, 34, needs chicks! Good, righteous bro, 5'11", 175 lbs. Send scribe and pictures (nude) and give me a home. We'll party in '83 or '84. Write me, babe. K. G. Wolfe #9855, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I'm 20, pretty good-looking, from Vancouver B.C., and will walk in 10 months. Sure would dig having one of you lovely women, 25-35, waiting to show me what I've missed. Kids okay. Serious only, write and send pics. Tommy Smith #0912, P.O. Box 2290, Edmonton T5J 3H7, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

I need mail from any ladies with good tall. W/m, 205 lbs., 6'1½", green eyes. This good wood from the S.F. bay area will answer all who write. Tim Bell, Box C03365, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Lonely white bro been down a few. You fine ladies out there, drop me a kite to make my time go easier. Answer all letters 16-25. Dan Murphy #C30032, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

W/m, 32 yrs. old, 6'4", 195 lbs., with blond hair and blue eyes, looking for some young lady to shed some light during my moments of darkness. Please send photo; will answer all. James Stout, Drawer N61486, Trenton, N. J. 08625.

Sincere lady wanted for correspondence and ??? Over 10 yrs. down, parole possible soon, maybe! Will answer all letters, trade photos, and share friendship. James McGuire, Box 7000, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89702-7000.

I am a lonely biker out of Lincoln, Neb., and would like to find someone to write. I'll answer all letters. 29, blond hair, green eyes, with 5 mos. to go before I'm free. Help me out. Richard Dale Martin #31359-120, Box 800, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Detroit bro, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair. Been down 3 yrs; be out in '82. Looking for a good ol' lady to enjoy Harley's freedom and life. Lee Ramey #04471-040, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Downed white biker, 30, would really dig getting some good letters and pics from some foxy ladies. Will answer all. Anthony Ramirez C45426Z, Box 2000-V408, Vacaville, Calif. 95496-2000.

I'm a lonely blond, green-eyed, 5'11", 165-lb. inmate, 19 yrs. old and a Virgo. Looking for letters and pics from any and all ladies. Age not important! Marty Harrell #17557, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

W/m, 29, 5'7", long blond hair, beard, Sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll—in any order. Down and out and need to hear from any and all those fine ladies out there, so we can get it together. Mike Brewer #35403, ACTC-P-MW, 1723 No. 179th Ave., Buckeye, Ariz. 85326.

Sharp w/m, 28, down for a short trip, looking for some letters from ladies who are willing to start a serious relationship. Age 25 to 40. Only sincere letters answered. Roger George #314959, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

W/m, 6'5", 200 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 22 yrs. old. Please write. Send pics. Will answer all. David Yarbrough, Box C-12992, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I'm in the joint in Nevada. Have lost all contacts and ol' lady, Vicki. Bros and chicks who remember and care, write to Carl L. Shipton, Jr., Box 208-SDCC, Indian Springs, Nev. 89018.

Downed bro would like to hear from sincere big heavy mamas. Thomas Rogers #80A1672, Attica State Prison, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

21-yr.-old downed bro needs letters and flicks from all foxes 18-7, who can share some TLC and help me make it through the next 2 years. W/m, 6'5", 175 lbs. Will answer all. Michael Lemberger #N-10028, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62269-0087.

I would like to hear from a lady and to share my thoughts and future with her. I'll be getting out in '85 and need a woman to do this time with. Please write. Carl Tate #C81094, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Scooter tramp. I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs., and have blond hair. Looking for a nice lady, to send mail and sexy flicks. Michael Neville #12328, Box 1000, Stellacoom, Wash. 98388.

W/m, 27, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for new and old friends. Down for 6 yrs. Will answer all I get. Send pics. Michael T. Chesley #36477, Camp Flambeau, Hawkins, Wis. 54530.

26-yr.-old w/m would like to correspond with warm, loving ladies 18-35. All sase answered. Joal Smith #18326, Indiana Reformatory, 50-3J, Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ladies: This white male of 26 wants to be your man in six months when he's free and in the wind again. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs. love babes, bikes, and getting it on or off. Any females in the Charlotte or Salisbury area welcome to visit once contact is established. Send picture, if possible. Write soon; will answer all. Tony Lee Joines, Piedmont Correctional Center, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, N.C. 28144.

White, 6'1", 180-lb., blue-eyed, brown-haired, 24-yr.-old scooter tramp. I need a righteous ol' lady to parole to; 14 months to do. No wannabes, no bitches, no whores. John Fay #48478, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

California biker, locked down in Texas slammer for 11 years, due to raise soon, would like to hear from ladies with their shit together! Dingbats, save your stamps. Del Plessinger #243777, Walls Unit, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

W/m, 5'10", blond hair, blue eyes, 18-yr.-old Leo. Got 2 more years. Originally from Colorado. Would like to hear from all! Those with flicks answered first with one of me. Write to me and tell me what you want to hear. Robert W. Harding #N-16343, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Will answer all letters I receive and treasure photos. Need mostly babes to write to, but will write to you blokes as well. So any poney babes who want to write to a lonely old Aussie prisoner are welcome. Greg Chandler, Prison No. 618 Long Bay, Box 13, Matraville, N.S.W., Australia 2036.

Florida outlaw locked down in Virginia prison, seeks visits and mail from together ladies in the Roanoke area. Will answer all. Photos accepted. Free real soon. Rebel, c/o Elrod Harley-Davidson, Inc., P.O. Box 18039, Orlando, Fla. 32860.

White convict would like to hear from all you fine ladies out there. I'm 21, brown hair, brown eyes, 200 lbs. I'm into lifting iron and hearing from you. Let's get together with kites, visits, and whatnot. Thomas Witcher #36052, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

W/m, 33, would like to correspond with ladies from Kansas or Oklahoma. Photo would be a nice touch. Will answer all. Danny Lamb #25659, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Lonely 20-yr.-old bro down and out in Arkansas. Would like to get some kites and pics from bros and sisters out there. C. Haggerman #76467, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72163.

Downed bro, 31, would like to receive kites from you foxes. Help ease these last 18 months. Harold Kelly #159957, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

26-yr.-old, blue-eyed, brown-haired So. Cal. peckerwood, being held hostage in Cajun country. Want to hear from cutie pies 16 to 60. Soon to be back in the wind. Jimmy Cox #83747, Camp J. C. Cudma, Angola, La. 70712.

36-yr.-old w/m doing 25 big ones needs some loving lady to help him pull through. Write soon; will answer all. Claude M. Rinehart, #261464, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Need some scribes from some sweet ol' ladies. This time is a bitch to one who has been free a good part of his life. So get off your ass and help a bro out. Mike Kosek #071820, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

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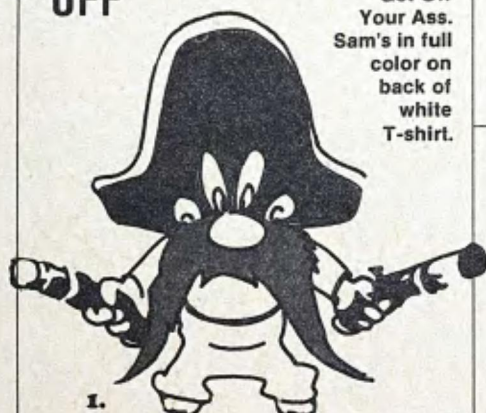
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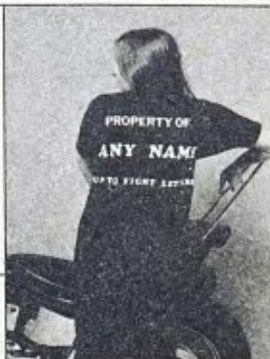
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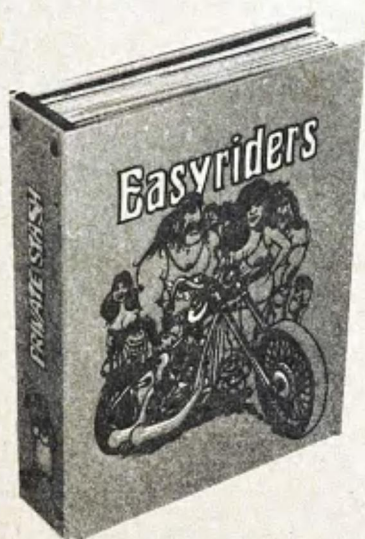
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The Dreamer

Continued from page 79

reach the grips on the wide long-horn bars. Finding the rusty kicker I put some force on it. *Kachumph.* The corroded engine belched. Standing up and putting all my force into my right leg, I came down on it hard. *Katchumphh.*

"Having some trouble, Mr. Fonda?" the old man crowed, coming around the corner. "She's been sittin' there a long time, since my wife died over ten years ago."

He stood back, took a good look at the machine, and rubbed his whiskers. "Not really in bad shape, though! I used to be a terror, I was. Martha, my wife, God bless her, and myself used to hop on that sickle and ride all over the state! But since she passed away, God bless her, I made a solemn vow never to ride that bike again, or re-marry. And it just wouldn't feel right riding alone."

Being unconcerned about Gramp's history, I asked, "How much do you want for it?"

"Well," he said, "that's a right hard question, that is! How can you put a price on years of memories? I can still remember the look on Martha's face, God bless her, when I first bought the bike brand new, back in thirty-six. Her eyes sparkled every time I mentioned going for a ride!"

He stood there looking up at the sky with his arms outstretched.

"Now stop that, Martha! you know I have to sell it! What with the back taxes due, and the house needin' repairs, I gotta have some money!"

Shaking his head and smiling he said, "That's better. I knew you'd understand."

"Well, how much do you two want for it?" I said, grinning widely.

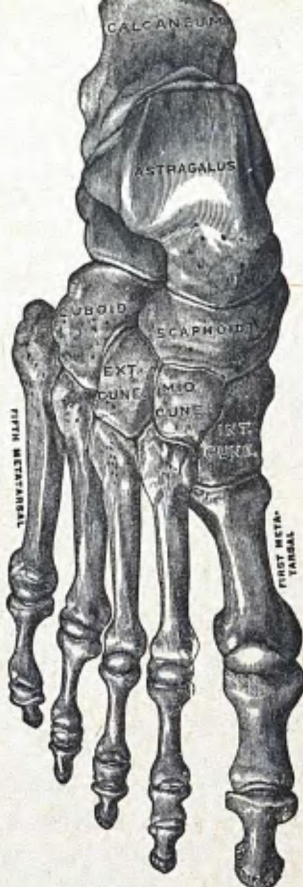
Looking at the ground and shuffling his feet, he wrinkled his brow and said firmly, "Five hundred, and not a penny less! Too many memories to just give it away! I shouldn't sell it at any price, but with the taxes due, and the —"

"I'll give you four hundred, cash, right now."

"Sold!" he shouted, running to the house and returning seconds later with the papers.

After exchanging money for title, he helped me wheel the old horse out to my car and lift the front wheel into my open trunk, where I secured it.

"Think it will be all right?" He asked, patting the tank. "I'd sure



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2. YOU ONE MORE TIME
3. LITTLE SUSIE SHALLOW THROAT
3. PICK EM LICK EM
- STICK EM
4. N.P.*
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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

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SIDE TWO

1. NOTHING SACRED
2. N.P.*
3. N.P.*
4. I made Linda Lovelace gag
5. N.P.* ANITA BRIANT

hate to see anything happen to this old girl! Do me a favor. When you get her runnin' come back and show me. It would do this ol' heart good to hear that engine purr again."

Promising the old geezer, I got into the car and slowly drove away. As I rounded the corner, I could almost swear I saw that old buzzard, with the help of some ancient lady, wheel another bike out of the barn and lay it in his yard.

Pulling into my driveway, I beeped the horn for Bud. As he walked toward me I just stood there grinning. After all he only had a 650. I had a Hog!

Coming closer, he laughed and said, "I see you found your dream machine!"

"Sure did! And guess how much I paid for it, nurd."

Walking around the machine, he looked at me, smiled, and said, "The junkman gave you twenty bucks to haul it away, right?"

"Fuck you!" I said. "Just help me get it down so's I can get to choppin' it."

After rolling it into the garage he shook his head and asked, "Does it run?"

"Does it run?" I said, smiling. "Does it run? Think I'd buy a bike without hearing it first?"

"Yep," he replied, "sure you would."

"Okay, so what! I'll have her purrin' in no time! You gonna stand there, or do you want to help?"

"I'll just sit here and watch. If you don't mind," he said helping himself to a beer. "I'll just watch the



"I'm a ventriloquist. Don't press any alarms and put all of your money in this bag, or I'll make your snatch sing 'I Can't Get No Satisfaction.'"

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

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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Slider

the paperless joint

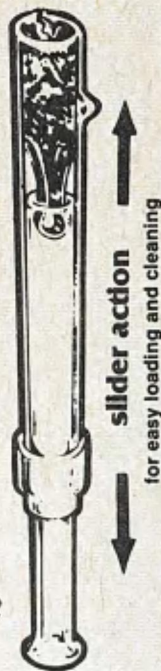
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old master at work and learn."

He sat watching me as I slowly swept the floor, laid out my tools, and spread out a blanket.

As he started to laugh, I turned and said, "Okay, wiseass, go ahead. You know as well as I do I don't know what I'm doing!"

Smiling triumphantly, he went over to the bike and began to work.

After a few short hours he had the bike back together and ready for a test.

"Looks better since I cleaned it!" I said, wiping the fatbob with a greasy rag. "Gonna have to save up some bread and get me a Sporty tank, and a twenty-seven-over springer with some pullbacks, and a low-profile king and prince seat with a —"

"King and queen," he said, grabbing another beer.

"Yeah, right. And maybe some drag pipes or bird shooters with a ninety-four-color metallflake chrome-moly pearlescent paint job!"

"First let's see if it starts," he said, kicking it over.

Katchumpvrom! The beast roared.

"Sounds pretty good!" He kicked it again.

On the next kick she came to life. Bud goosed her a couple of times, then let her settle down to an idle.

"Okay, that's enough! Get off! Come on, you got a bike! Hurry up!" I yelled impatiently.

Shaking his head, he got off and I jumped on. I revved the engine a couple of times and shouted, "I'm going for a ride, see how she feels!"

"You know how to shift a sulicide?"

"Of course!" I said as the engine died.

"More gas!" he hollered above the engine.

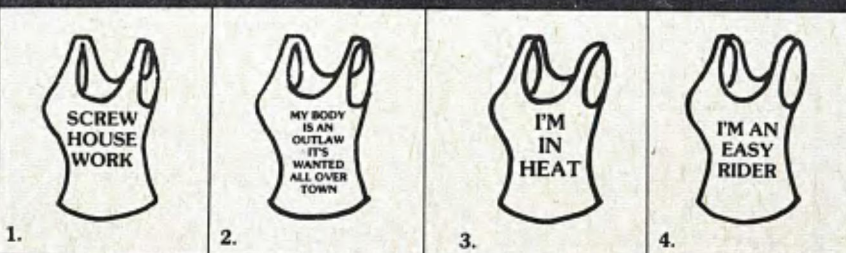
As I turned the throttle wide open, my foot slipped off the clutch. The bike roared out of the garage, front wheel high in the air and me screaming my lungs out.

That was the last thing I remember. Bud tells me I rode her like a pro, maintaining a wheelie for over fifty yards. I was still going strong after I went through Mrs. Shatz's garage. He says I would have made it, except for that bus.

The doctor says I'm getting out of here soon and I'll be able to ride once they take the cast off.

But I'm thinking about selling it. I read an ad in a magazine for a kit you can build. If everything works out okay, next summer I'll be floatin' over your head in my homemade helicopter. ■

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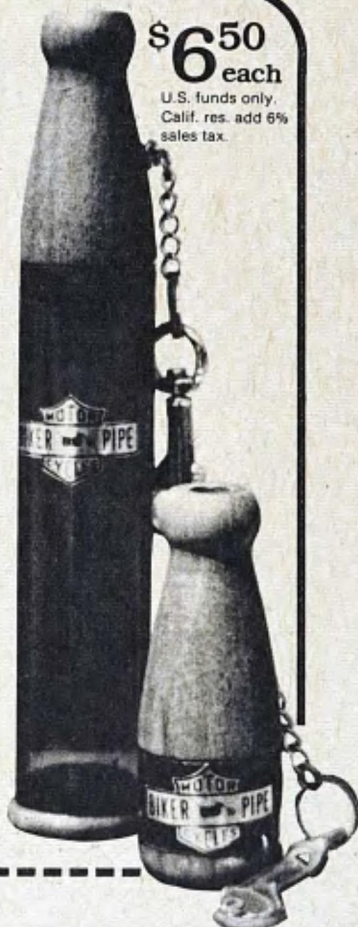
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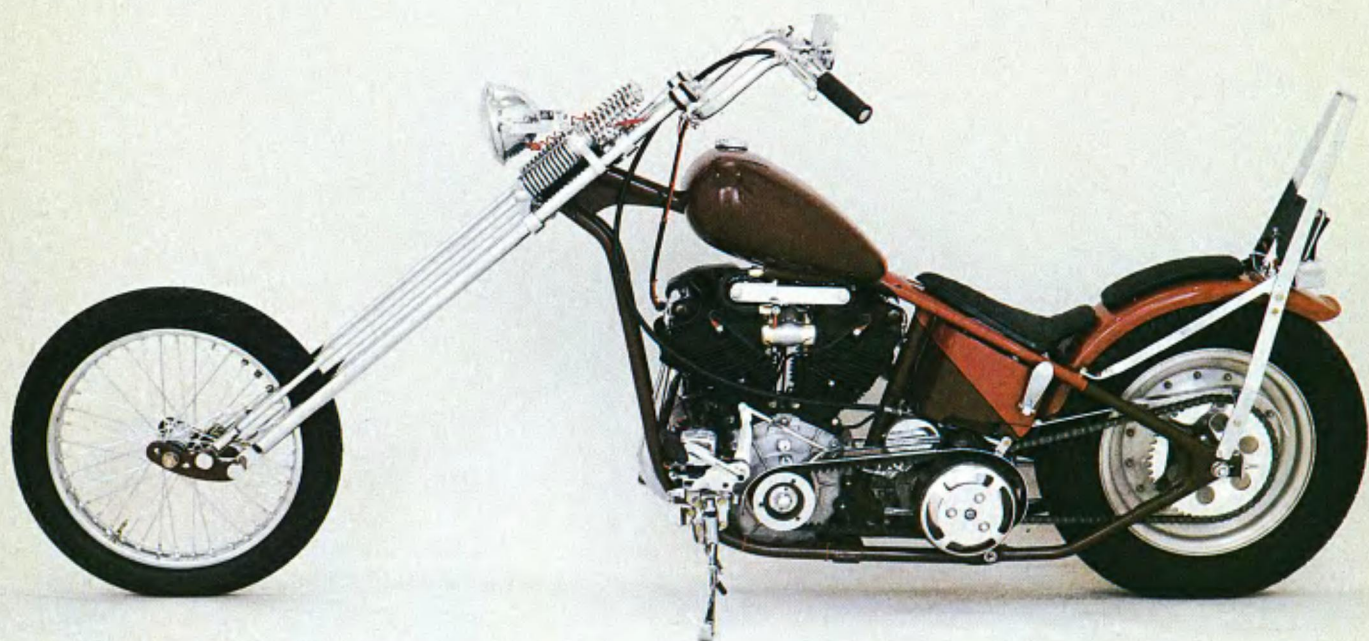
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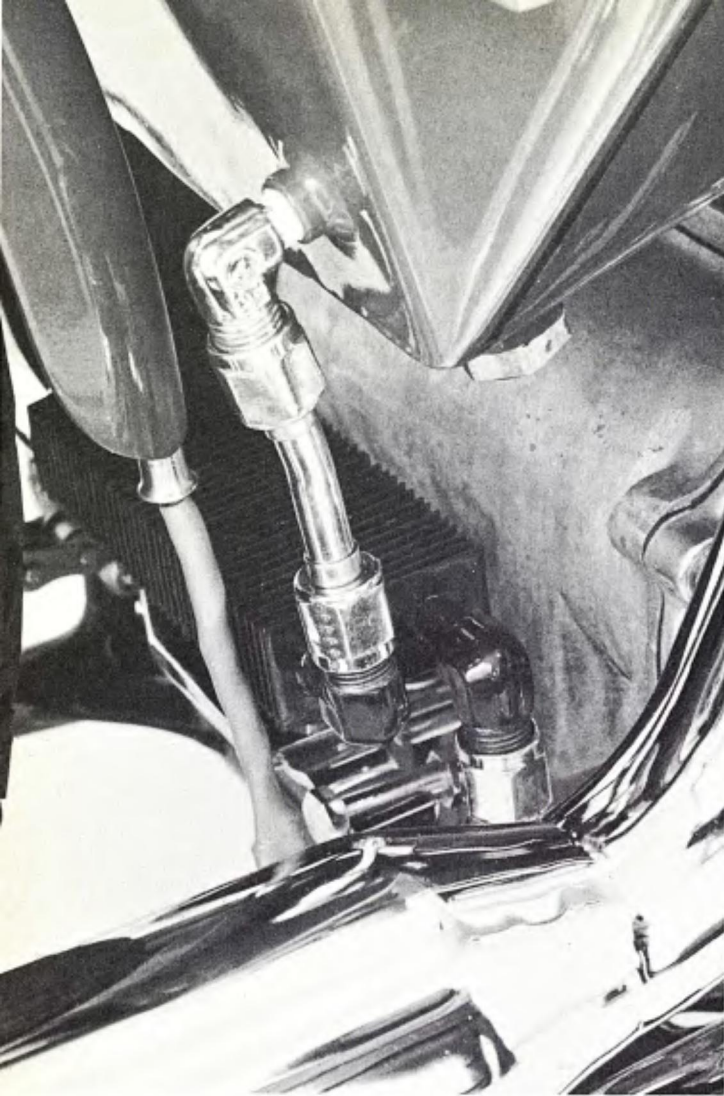
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Well Done!

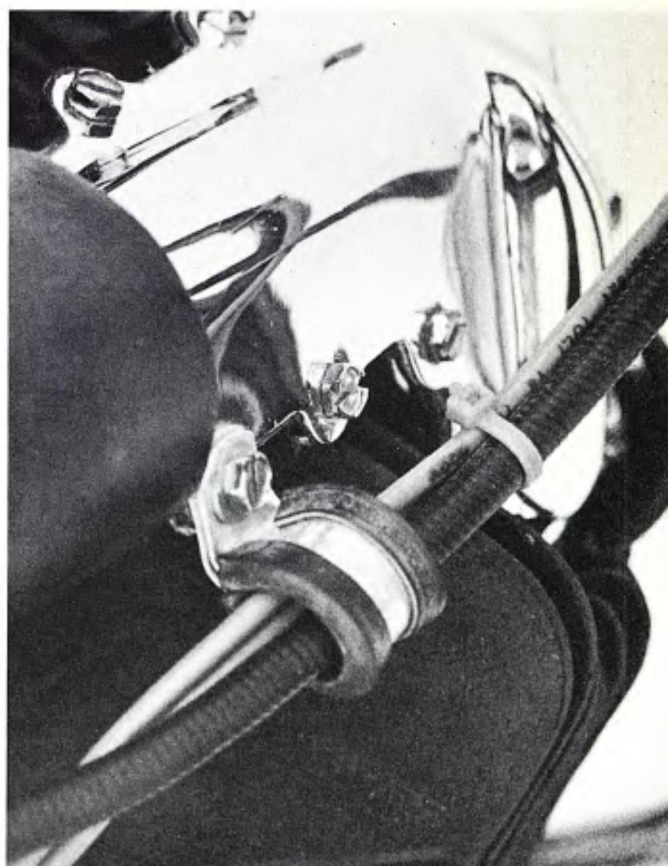
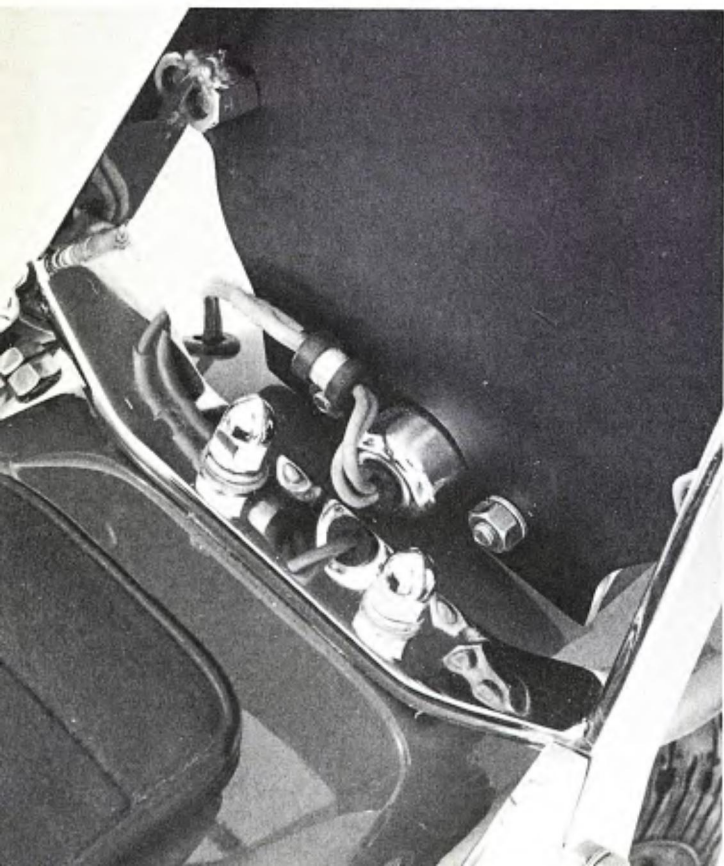








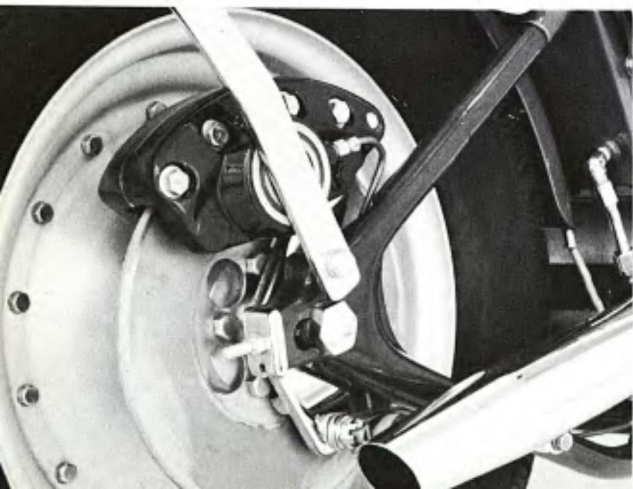
The hot lick when putting up a new scooter is to assemble the whole bike, sans chrome and paint, and ride it for a while to make sure everything fits and works right. This way, there won't be any second-guessing about whether a part will fit, or any grinding off of expensive chrome or bondo to correct an error in judgment. This knuckle got the supreme test. First off, it was meant to be a beater — a scooter to just get around on. Once work was started over at Rock&Roll, Lee, the owner, got into the knuck heavy, completely forgetting about his Sporty. The best of everything went into the knuck while Lee's Sportster stood idle. After the fabrication was done, the next three years were devoted to making minor changes here and there and working the bugs out. During the three years of testing and refining, the knuckle made a couple of trips to Chicago and a putt to Sturgis. After the extensive road testing, the bike came apart for a complete recheck — welds, brackets, the whole shot. The engine was turned over to Dick Allen for a thorough rebuild while Lee prettied up the chassis. The buffing took a whole year. Doing something right takes time. The photos are the proof of how a scooter can turn out when you take your time putting it up. Detailing is



everywhere you look, from the clean frame joints to the thick-wall stainless steel oil lines and aircraft-quality wiring. There's not one piece that wasn't thought of in relation to the overall look of the finished product.

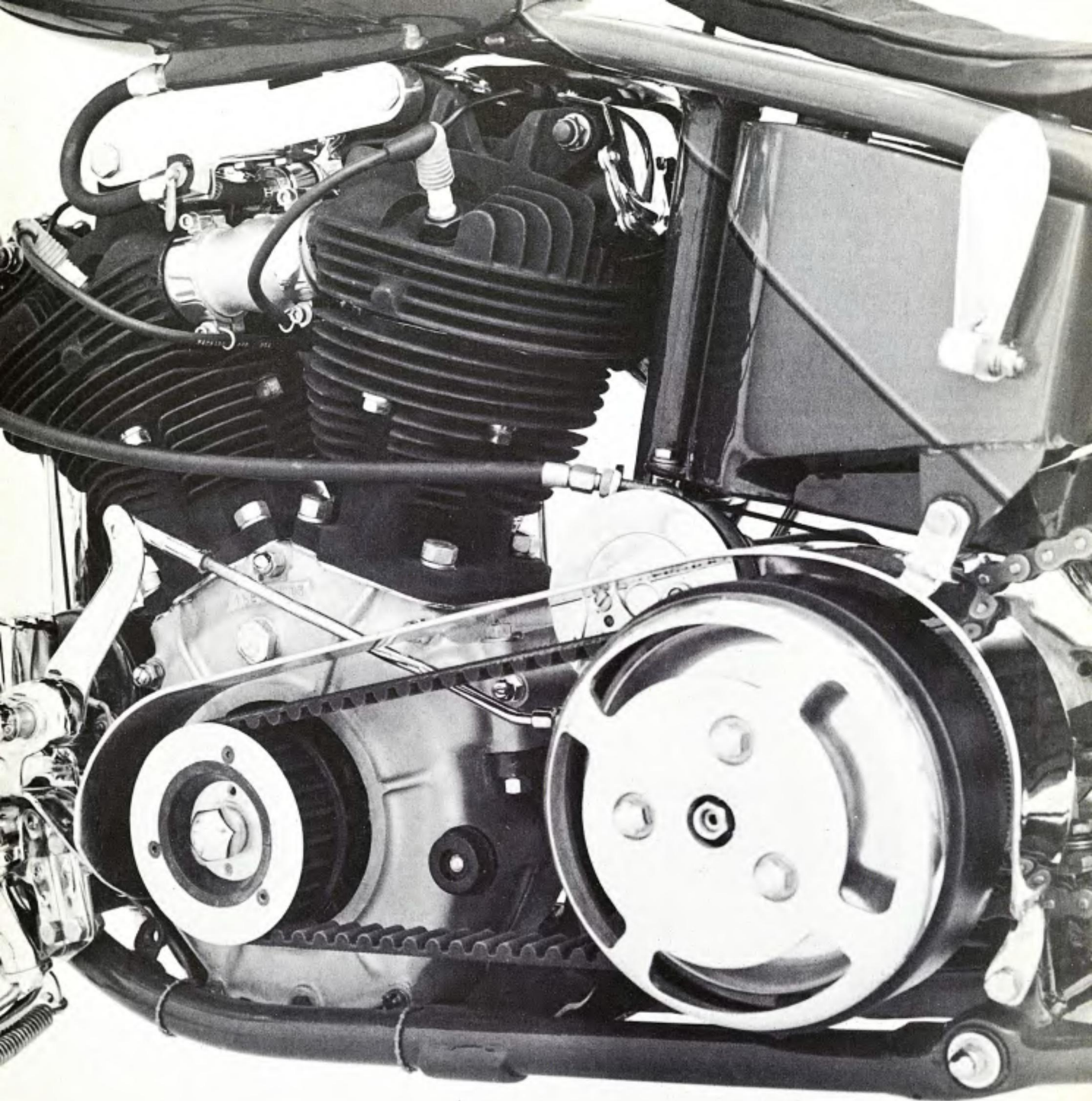
So here you have it: a fresh knuckle, brand new, with only five minutes' running on the engine when we shot these photos, but with three years of testing behind it. You can be sure this knuckle was done right.

—Wrench



Owner: Lee Schneberger		City: Gardena, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rock&Roll Ent.		Year: don't know	
Year and make: 1942 H-D		Builder: Rock&Roll/H-D	
Model: EL		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 48 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: too long		Other alterations: narrowed seat area	
Chroming by: S&S Paramount		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Kevin Dealey	
Year: 1942		Risers: Dick Allen	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): 6-in., Rock&Roll Ent.	
Rebuilder: Dick Allen/Chuckie Too		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: spoon	
Balancing: Dick Allen		Rear pegs: spoon	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: Harley		Gas tank: Paughco/Rock&Roll Ent.	
Heads: iron		Oil tank: Paughco/Rock&Roll Ent.	
Cam(s): 1936 Lightning		Oil system: Kevin Dealey	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: too small	
Air cleaner: Alphabets		Sissy bar: Rock&Roll Ent.	
Pipes: Kevin Dealey		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): Rock&Roll Ent.		Material: tapered, cold roll	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: early		Extension: 13 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Dick Allen	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: enameled rockers	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 15
Molding: owner		Hub: Buchanan	Hub: Dick Allen
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: red/maroon		Tire: Michelin	Tire: 165-15
Type: Imron		Brake: none	Brake: disc
Special paint: striping by Bruce			
Other special modifications: Alum. top motor mount, stainless steel oil lines and cooler, mirror mount, late-model axle adjusters, regulator bracket.			





Photos by Pete Chiodo



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What Goes Around

Continued from page 11

motorcycle handgrip-shaped dildoes on her desk and heard a buzzing sound. She didn't seem to be doing much, just sitting there, looking at the ceiling with her hands below the level of her desk. Meditation. I thought. How advanced of them.

The next office door was closed and a hasty note was scotch-taped to the wood: *Seminar in Progress*. I could hear heavy breathing and several thumps followed by grunty groans, or maybe groaning grunts. I have never been much good at describing activities that I didn't participate in.

I knocked on the door labeled Boss and heard the quick squeak of a returning cork and the sudden closing of a file drawer. There was a rustle; then the door opened and a breathless young girl with a slightly misaligned tank top (I wondered if they might be company issue) emerged, glanced at me with a smile, her eyes bright and her chest heaving delightfully. I couldn't help noticing the carbon smudges on the inside of the tank top.

"Excuse me," she whispered. "Spider will see you now."

"Come on in," the man behind the desk said jovially. I moved so that my position corresponded roughly to where he was looking. I had learned never to embarrass the powerful.

"You're Piffle, right?" he asked. "The guy who sent us the article on using old primary chains for emergency toilet paper? Good, good. Sit down. Just take that stack of Polaroids off the chair. Okay, what did you bring me?"

I nervously opened my briefcase and extracted a few manuscripts. "Uh, I haven't done anything for *Easysiders* in a long time, so I'm not exactly sure just what you're looking for now. I know every magazine has its own viewpoint —"

"Yeah, yeah," he said, reaching out for the stack. "What's this one about?" he asked, holding a manuscript at arm's length and squinting at it.

"It's about a chick who has a female chimpanzee and she meets a Harley rider who has a male chimp and they swap monkeys. Only she finds out she'd rather fuck the guy's chimp than the guy."

"Not hot enough. What's this one?"

"It's, uh, a scholarly treatise on early biker orgies, with passages taken from the Attorney General's report on outlaw bike gangs —"

"Old stuff," he said, shaking his

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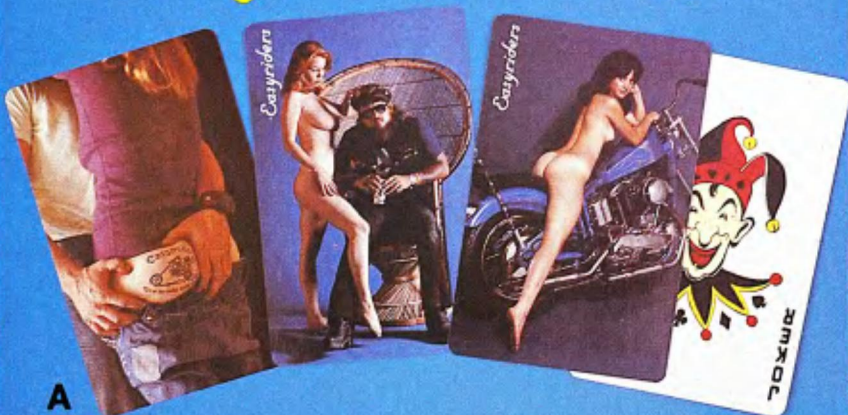
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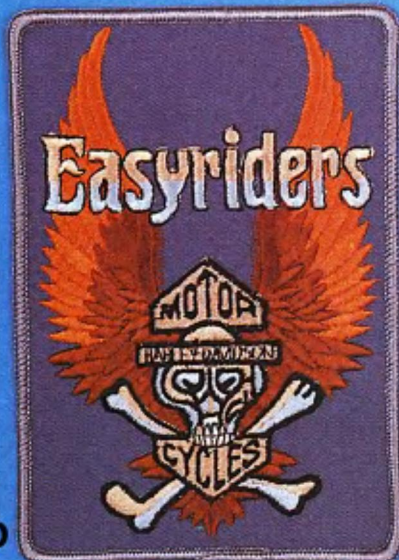


Easyriders

B



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D



E



F-G

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head and tossing it aside. "Haven't you got anything new?"

Before I could answer, a man and a woman came into the office. "Show him," the man said and the tall girl took off her clothes. She smiled at me over a monumental pair of tits that had *Miraculous Mutha Ain't Nothin'* tattooed across them. Spider crooked a finger and she leaned forward, smiling brightly, so that he could test the resiliency of her breasts.

"Are you thinking of her for the cover?" he asked the man, his hands still groping the nude girl. I was about at the level of her ass and I was wondering if I could get my briefcase back into my lap from where it was lying on the edge of his desk. The man nodded and Spider leaned around the girl to stare at me for a moment. "Uh, listen, uh. . ."

"Pfeil."

"Yeah, Pfeil. Would you mind stepping out for a moment? Miss Hot Hog here and I must have a conference."

"Why, Spider!" the girl said huskily.

"Come on with me," the other man said. "I'll let you get fingerprints on my Polaroids."

I pulled the door shut behind me, but they were already deep into their conference. I hoped they wouldn't get sweat marks on my manuscripts, which covered the desk top where they had been dropped.

I followed the guy down the hall, past a door that had a scrawled *New Product Test Department* sign on the door. There were spiderwebs connecting the door to the wall. Just beyond was an open door, and I couldn't keep from looking in, since it said *Laboratory — No Admittance Without Authorization*. It didn't seem to have anything in it except a rumpled bed, a rusty Harley bowleg frame, a trapeze, and some chains and whips. The next room, which seemed to be attached to the laboratory, was a bit more rewarding. It contained a waterbed, a small trampoline, and a big tub full of black, used motor oil.

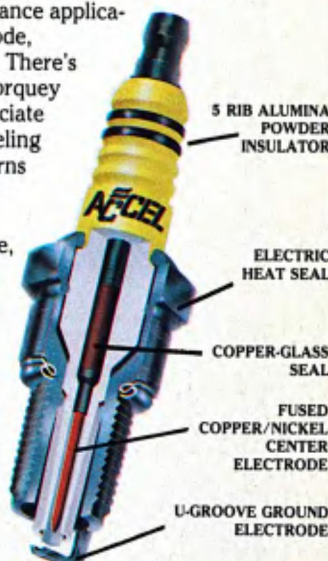
I spent forty-five instructive minutes looking at a collection of Polaroids that couldn't be published, except maybe by someone suicidal. The receptionist was in about twenty percent of them. And I had to admire her athletic ability. Then I was summoned back to Spider's office.

Miss Hot Hog was on the floor, curled up asleep under the lightbox. Spider's shirt was unbuttoned and

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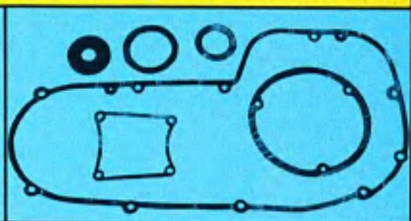
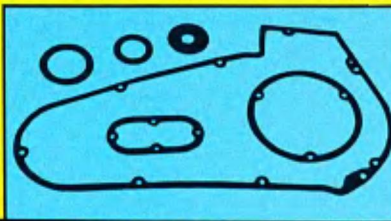
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there were sweat marks on my manuscripts.

"Look, Fiffle," he said, tossing me back some of the sweaty manuscripts. "You've got to get hipper. Do us something on tit stretching so they can be used as earmuffs on cold putts. Or the newest shapes in shaped cunt hair. Or the rising incidence of gonorrhea of the big toe. How peanut butter can ruin your sex drive. Or how it can give you orgasms." He sighed dramatically. "Don't give us this same old boy-meets-girl crap. Keep up with the times. Listen, drop in on the girls in Research. They'll give you some ideas. They've got a thing going with new positions for sex on a Sportster they're working on now, but I'm sure they'll be able to find time for you." His phone rang and he snatched it up. "Yeah?" he hollered.

I could hear the receptionist's sexy voice coming out of the phone clear across the room. "There's someone here from the Decency In Literature Association. They want to horsewhip you."

"Do they have an appointment? No? Then tell them I am *never* horsewhipped without an appointment." He slapped down the phone. "Okay, Perfle, that's all."

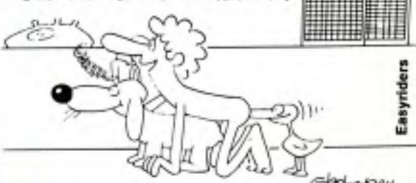
"The name's Pfeil."

"Whatever." He snatched up the phone again and punched a button. "Will you get someone up here from the stockroom and cart Miss Hot Hog away? I can't get close to the lightbox." He slammed down the phone and looked up at me. "Yes? Oh, you're still here? Why aren't you in Research?" He ignored my start of an answer and picked up the phone again. "Listen, you call yourself a proofreader? That kind of come is spelled. . . how should I know? Look it up!"

I slipped out and found the door marked Research. I knocked and heard a faint, muffled "Come in." Before I could turn the knob I heard someone else say, "Where else would you come?"

I opened the door to laughter from a pile of entangled nude bodies on the wall-to-wall mattress. A hand

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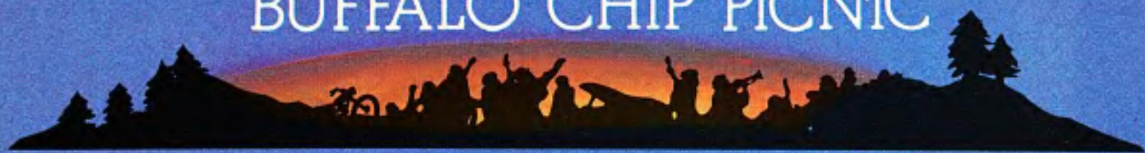


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emerged from the writhing pile and pointed at me.

"Fresh meat."

"Uh, I'm Don Pfeil, and... and..."

Someone grabbed my ankle and I went down and was sucked in. "It's research," I heard a voice whisper in my ear. "So how can it be immoral?" I would have nodded in agreement, except I was suddenly fucking something. Trouble was, I wasn't sure just what it was I was fucking.

I've been lying about all of this, of course.

The *Easyriders* offices aren't at all like that.

I had to use the full weight of my body to push the partially unhinged front door open. I struggled through it, and the crone behind the scuffed desk and the chipped and decal-covered PBX snapped, "Yeah?"

"I'm Don Pfeil. I have an appointment with Spider."

"Jesus, does he still work here? He must be coming in by the back stairs. Lemme see if he's alive." She plugged in and searched around the PBX board while I stared at the sticky pages of a copy of *Crawly Crotch Magazine* that was lying on a three-legged table. The other corner was held up by a badly bent springer.

"Listen, Spider," she said into the phone, "there's a Pfeil here to see you. How do I know what he wants? He wants what they all want. Says he has an appointment. Yeah, today is Wednesday. You've got to stop drinking that Mexican cough syrup, amigo." She looked at me and hooked a thumb over her shoulder. "He'll see you." She reached under the desk and handed me an old Coors case filled with trash. "Mind emptying this on your way back?"

"Uh, sure. Where?"

"Anywhere. Except out here."

I went on down the hall. I could hear cackling from behind one closed door and slithering thumps from behind another. Spider's name was crayoned on the third door. I dumped the trash behind a stack of unreturned manuscripts and knocked on the door.

"Yeah? Oh, come in. You Fleel?"

"It's Pfeil, Spider."

He glowered at me from beneath shaggy brows. "I suppose you're another of those writer assholes who want to get paid when we publish some of your shit?"

"Uh, well, I've brought you a few articles. One is about using the smog stuff off a cage to reroute



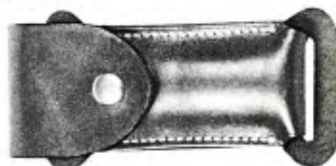
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some of your bike's exhaust up to the seat to keep your balls warm on a cold night. Then there's an interview with Linda Lovelace in which I never mention cocksucking, and one is about utilizing used cunt rags to age homemade wine. Then I have —"

"Sure, sure, you bet. Listen, leave them here. There, by the ham sandwich. I'm going to reject that sandwich any week now. It wasn't melodramatic enough. Too *hammy*, get it?" He chortled to himself and slapped his desk top, causing a pile of manuscripts from 1973 to thunder to the floor in a cloud of dust.

"Annie!" he roared. "Get in here with the scoop shovel. I just rejected some more deathless prose." He leered at me. "Did the old broad at the front desk grope you?"

"No. . ."

His expression changed. He scooped up my articles and something scurried away and hid behind an old Harley piston he was using as a coffee cup. He tossed the manuscripts back to me. "If you don't turn her on, you can't be much of a writer." He picked up the phone and punched an intercom line. "Where's the layout on the cover girl? I haven't had a voyeur fix in two hours." He glowered at me. "You can't write, and your photos are so bad I can't tell if this one is a closeup of a cunt or fungus growing on a Tillotson carb. But maybe you can be saved yet. We need someone to work on the staff here. I had a report that there's a biker bar in East Armpit, Nebraska, where the barmaids bring the beer bottles held in their snatches. Get out there and get some interviews. You're on the payroll."

I grabbed the slip of paper with the address of the bar on it and lurched out of the office, stumbling over the subscription department and finding them doing something to a dog.

Only, I'm lying about that, too.

But not much. Actually, it was a sheep.

Very chic, too, in black leather.

* * *

Editor's note: If he ever returns from Nebraska, and gets over his aversion to sheep, Don Pfeil, who for many years edited, wrote, and shot photos for biker mags and was involved in the startup of Easyriders, will be joining the staff. We don't know what he will be doing, but we'll probably figure out something. ■

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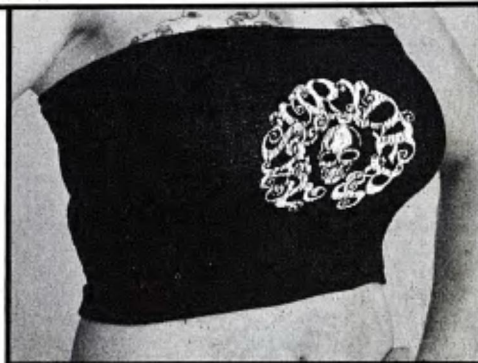
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Gettin' It Together

Continued from page 18

I'm not jist sixty-one. I'm damn near seventy-three, kid." Hub's haggard face crinkled into his old shit-grin. "Always been kinda sensitive on the fuckin' age thing, y'know. Guess I figured ya might not trust my judgment if ya thought I wuz over the hill."

"Hell, I'da trusted you if ya'd been a fuckin' hundred. Hub. Ya practically raised me. Taught me how to ride. Showed me how to learn yer trade." I swallowed hard as the weird lump suddenly tightened my throat. This old fucker had never let me down. Now he was dying. What the hell would living be like without a Hub in it?

"Stop yer damn bawlin'!" Hub rasped, wincing with pain as he shifted the position of his skeletal carcass under the thin sheet. "Get this now. The skull slides off the ring. Folded map under that skull. Shows the whereabouts of the stash. In detail. Understand?"

"Got it," I assured him.

He seemed to relax then, sinking into the bed as though he had spent his last ounce of strength. "Should be something like two hunnert and forty thou there. Unless somebody got Krauthead's ring away from him. It wuz our old-age money, see? We figured we could take hard times while we wuz young, but we wanted a little security fer the..." His words dissolved into silence, his gaze riveted on the opposite wall.

"Hub?" I said uneasily. "Ya all right, Hub?"

The moist, faded blue eyes swung back to where I crouched over him. "Ya spend every fuckin' cent of it while yer young! That's a fuckin' order, shithead! Use it while yer young enough to enjoy it! Promise me, asshole. I wanna hear ya —"

"I promise," I said thickly.

He exhaled wearily and his breath was foul with death's perfume. I had to step back away from it. After that, he just seemed to drift gradually into a mumbling, incoherent half-awareness of my presence. Worried, I went and found one of the medical aides parked on his ass with a girly magazine at the station down the hall. Together we started back toward Hub's room, but he stopped me at the door. "Ya might as well split, man," the medic told me. "Visitin' time's over. The old dude ain't likely to be clearheaded again until tomorrow. He comes and goes, see? Been like that fer the past week."

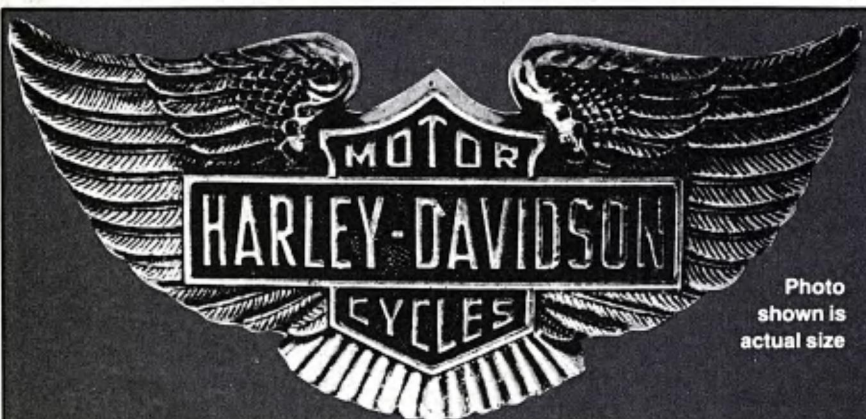


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I stared past him to the bed where Hub lay sprawled, his pale face aimed motionlessly at the ceiling.

"I'll be back tomorrow," I told the bored medic.

Emerging from the main gate, I wasn't particularly jolted to find Sowbug gone. That fuckin' young dude was gone, too, and so was his gleaming cage.

"Serves me right fer turnin' thirty," I told myself aloud, lifting the stand with my booted toe. "And, maybe, growin' up a little."

Puttin' back into town, I was only momentarily tempted to seek biker company at one of the bars. Then I decided against socializing now. Instead, I rented a motel unit, stashed the knuckle in there without the manager's knowledge, and found a little store nearby where I bought some makin's for sandwiches and a couple six-packs.

I invested the evening in opening the ring, taking out the map that had been carefully sketched on yellowed, age-stiff onionskin paper, and studying the map's details like I was gonna take a fucking test on it. I knew approximately where Hub's cache was — even though I'd never actually set foot on the exact spot. No wonder they had figured it as unusually safe. Those shrewd son-sabitches had buried their plunder just inside an Indian reservation! Just inside the edge of it, a few yards from the Colorado River.

Refolding the memorized map and putting it back into the ring, I slipped the grooved skull onto its snug track and shoved it into place. Then I experimented until I found the ring fitted the little finger of my left hand almost perfectly. Hoisting a chilled beer, I toasted myself: "Skink Hanley, here's to ya, ya rich mutha!"

Then I went to bed, chuckling like a maniac as I recalled how bad Sowbug had always wanted wealth and comfort.

Next day, I returned to the prison. They told me Hub had died during



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the night. I claimed his body, made arrangements to have it cremated, told them I'd pick up the ashes later, and turned the scooter's Avon toward L.A.

They had cleaned out all the salable items from my apartment. Things like the big color set, the small black and white set, the stereos, the shortwave set — even the cheapo AM/FM radio in the kitchen — were gone.

I churned into the bedroom through the littered clothing and oddments scattered across the carpeting. A fast check of the closets showed the loss of rifles, shotgun, and the wooden crate of collector's handpieces. Ditto for my embryonic collection of exotic knives.

My gut began aching with a savage feeling of outrage. God only knows how many long hours I'd worked, earning those possessions — how many balky motorcycles I'd repaired or rebuilt to have the bucks for such luxuries. Now they'd been sold somewhere for peanuts. I staggered back into the living room, collapsed onto the couch, and was staring wildly around the messy, cluttered room that silently shrieked *They were in a big hurry! They only had a two-hour head start!*

A noise drew my stunned attention. It was the ugly, skinny old hag of a manager, who hadn't liked me from the day I'd declined all her avid invitations to have at her. Now she stood there, glaring at me and frowning anxiously around that screwed-up apartment. She held out an envelope to me.

"You're a real winner, Mr. Hanley," she said unsmilingly. "Before she left with her brother, your wife asked me to give you this."

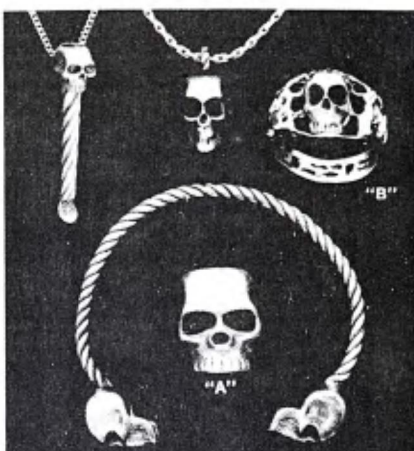
I accepted the envelope numbly.

"Naturally, you'll straighten up all this mess, I hope."

"Well," I said, startled by the insane laughter that had begun igniting somewhere deep within me as the absurdity of the whole fucking thing hit. *Shit, I wasn't broke.* Soon, I might be richer than I'd ever dreamed. What were a few goodies that could be replaced? I felt the smeary grin oozing onto my face. I studied the clothing — my best duds — that Sowbug had viciously slashed and gouged and sliced into ragged ribbons. "I dunno, Missus Hungerass. I might not. I might just walk outta here — glad it's behind me!"

Beady eyes got beadier. "Wh-what did you call me?"

I shrugged, leering idiotically. I



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PAGE 98**



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knew, like a punchy hyena surrounded by rotten meat. "Tell ya what, I gotta coupla bros who might like this place — seein' the rent's already been paid for three months in advance. They might clean it up some. Can't guarantee it, though. But they'll be gentlemen enough to fuck you blue in the rompers if you just offer'm a little skull first. That way, everybody wins. Right?"

Her tiny eyes had vanished into her scowl. Her lipless mouth was working silently. I stood up. "Don't go renting this place to anybody else. I'd feel silly costing a raunchy old cunt like you her needed job."

Strolling out of the pad, I went straight to my bike and rode it to my shop, a half-mile distant. Everything there was A-okay. Untouched. Satisfied, I opened the kite. It was short and to the point. A scrawly scribbling said:

You made me wanna puke, ya old scumbag!

"That's cute little Sowbug," I said pleasantly aloud to myself. "Always the whore with the last fuckin' word!" Using the shop shower, I changed into fresh, clean clothes that I'd kept there from solo days. Got a good meal. Had some suds with friends. Crashed on the creaky cot in the shop and, early the next afternoon, arranged a small cash loan, using some of my power tools for collateral.

Lashing a crowbar onto the knucklehead, I topped the tank at the corner station and headed east. It was time to get rich overnight.

Needles was hotter'n a cheap oven left running all week, and I stopped for cold beer. Turning south, I worked the knucklehead along the narrower paved road for a few miles in the searing heat until I reached the entrance to the Chemehuevi Indian Reservation. There, in a headquarters building with a sick



"Good acid, huh?"

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air-conditioner, I lied a little to some Indian types who bought my bull-shit. Probably because I kept carelessly dropping ten-dollar bills on the floor and the desk — and kept forgetting to pick them up again.

Twenty minutes later, I was booking deeper into the area and watching for a sandy road leading to my left and the nearby Colorado River. Sadly, I thought about Hub. This was the very same fuckin' day he and Krauthead had been scheduled to meet here and unearth their long-awaited old-age pensions. Well, shit. It never worked out like that for either of them.

Spotting a sandy road, I veered onto it, riding in the harder-packed ruts, descending toward the glittering river in the distance as the road serpentine every which way. Then I saw the two slender rocky formations thrusting their grotesque heads — looking just the way Hub's map described them, more like dinosaurs than rock — into the air.

What wasn't in the day's plan was the battered green van parked at the base of the stony pinnacle closest to the water. Killing the engine, I coasted a few feet, thinking hard and fast. Putting the bike onto its stand, with a flat stone wedged under the stand to keep the bike from toppling, I groped in the road-bag for the bare-bones .32 I'd brought from the shop, slipping its flatness into a hip pocket. If those were tourists, I'd wait. If the van belonged to somebody with Krauthead's ring, I'd play it cool and a word at a time.

Moving silently, I counted the steps I was taking from the base of the inland spire across to the one closer to the water. Turning 45 degrees, I stepped off another seven paces — my eyes flickering in all directions but seeing nobody — and stopped directly before the bird-shaped flat rock on the ground. It looked as if it must weigh a fuckin' ton. I stood there, blinking down at it, wiping sweat from my eyes.

"Looking for sumpin'?" asked a soft voice.

My head jerked up. Perched on an angled place around the rear of the first spire sat a chick. I got the hurried impression of chiseled features surrounded by long auburn hair, a voluptuously rounded body, and graceful movements as she eased herself to her feet. A short, compact little woman with everything in all the right places, and then some.

And laughter in her green eyes.

Continued on page 117

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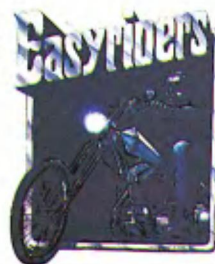
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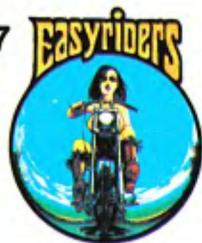
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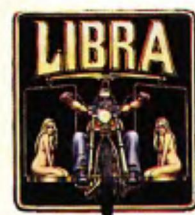
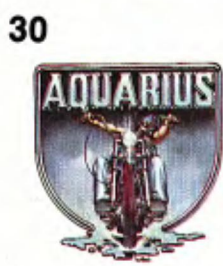
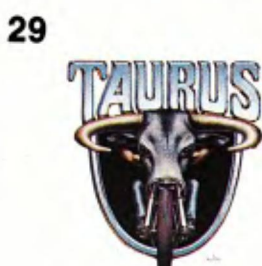
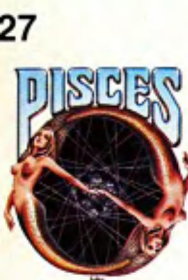
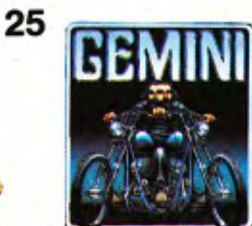
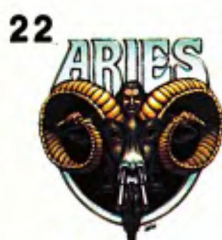


9



10





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Wordmonger

Continued from page 7

Caught Again

Just sittin' here enjoyin' a sixer of Bud and some Willie Nelson, lookin' at this month's issue. I realized I've been reading this rag for over a ten spot's worth of years and never once dropped y'all a line. So to digress for a moment, I appreciate the many times you've brought me up when I was down.

Now down to business. I don't exactly remember when it was that I first noticed it, but I know it's been more than a year, if my memory (what's left of it) serves me correctly. Just why the fuck does your fearless leader, Mr. Lou Kimzey, spell his name backwards as head of the porno department? Very fuckin' strange.

Lonzo Bonzo
Kissimmee, Fla.

■ He's very fuckin' strange.

Look, assholes, I know most bikers have only a third grade education, but hell, give some of us a break. While looking over the index page the other day, I noticed that the porno department and the editorial director are the same person. One is spelled backwards. What gives? Who is who?

Mr. Clean
San Diego, Calif.

■ Damned if we know.

So Long, Babe

The ol' lady sent me to the liquor store with the last two dollars in the house to get milk for the kid. I bought the new *Easyriders* instead.

You fuckers should be ashamed of yourselves for publishing such a righteous rag. The kid is going hungry, and the ol' lady is just going.

Thanks for setting me straight.

Waugh-Hoo
Cupertino, Calif.

Another Morning

I was sittin' out at the bike shop and was paging through your June '82 issue and came upon a story called "Another Morning." Now, I've been readin' your rag for quite some time, and I think it's about the best fuckin' story I've ever read.

Crazy Horse
Hartford, Wis.

More "Equal" Justice

I've been down for three years on a ten-year bit for sales of crank. My bond was ten grand. I've seen baby rapers and baby killers in and out of here with not even half that time.

I sold to people who wanted this stuff — people who came to my house asking for it. I wasn't pushing it off on little kids for their movie or school lunch money.

Here's this bitch I just read about in the paper (from L.A.), busted for kiddie porn and animal and deviate pornography and released on five grand bail. This fuckin' bitch collected welfare and drove a Rolls and a Mercedes, amongst other luxury cars, and was makin' \$500,000 a year from stickin' dog dicks and shit in little kids. The justice system can actually release people for that kind of shit (and she will probably end up buying her way out of it).

It's really getting sick out there, ain't it?

Eldon Leitch
Westville, Ind.

Be American

I don't write letters much, but I feel it's time I write my mind.

I read some bullshit in your rag about how it doesn't matter what you ride as long as you ride in the wind. I agree about ridin' in the wind; but if you want to ride Jap aluminum shit, ride the wind in Japan!

There's a lot of true American bros out of work because of Japanese shit (sleds, cages, television sets,

stereos, etc.). I'm an American. I ride American iron. If you're a true American and you want to keep America the best country in the world, then buy American, ride American, and be American.

John C. Waddell
San Francisco, Calif.

Worth It

How's it going, space-heads? I'm writin' you to raise a little hell for lack of anything better to do. Here's the bitch: Keep the fuckin' "In The Wind" off the back of the Dave Mann centerspread. You know how much a collection of your mags is worth nowadays — at least a pair of late-model fatbobs.

The Kidd
York, Pa.

Wants To Know

I've been riding from Jacksonville, Florida, to Austin, Texas, and in between for the past ten years. I've got over 70,000 miles on my present scooter. I don't even own a cage and haven't for over five years.

What I want to know is, what the fuck is a 1%er? Aardvark Rat
Baton Rouge, La.

■ And you've been ridin' ten years?

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. ■



"Good evening. Before we start the news, I'd like to compliment my co-anchor on the great job he's doing."

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Two-Wheel Tales

Two years ago I walked out. Didn't think much about it, just wanted to be free for a while. So I played that game. Traveled coast to coast. Worked a little, bummed it a little, spent a little time in jail. It wasn't a bad two years. But it's not enough anymore.

I'm driving down the highway to Melbourne, Florida. Not a lot of town. Route 192 is four-lane now. A few new buildings. When I stopped for gas, I noticed the local law gave me the once-over — my out-of-state plates and the Super Glide strapped into the pickup bed — some things never change.

I drove past the house. It hasn't changed, either. Still needs paint. I didn't stop. For a second I thought my hands would turn the wheel on their own, but they didn't. I guess I just didn't want to face her yet. What do you say after two years?

I took it down US 1 to the Melody Lounge. I used to spend a lot of time there. This morning the place was almost empty. I sipped a beer.

I wrote her two, or was it three, letters in two years. Never gave her an address to write back to. Did I have any right to intrude into her life now?

A few more customers came in. Some people I knew casually. We made small talk. I drank another beer. What ever happened to old so-and-so? That kind of thing. Nobody mentioned Sandy. I thought, maybe she doesn't even live here anymore.

I talked to Jerry, the owner. He remembered me. We drank more beer. The bar was dark and cool. I felt good. A lot of highway on too little sleep. What the hell, I was here now. I'd stay on the Coast for a while, no matter what happened.

Four o'clock. The after-work crowd was coming in. A few old faces, but not many.

I didn't notice her come through the door. A small, thin hand rested on my arm. I looked up into the face I'd been remembering for two years. It hadn't changed at all.

She didn't say a word, and I just sat there, trying to remember all the words I thought I wanted to say. But nothing came out.

Then she said, "In a bar, half shot. I guess I knew that if you ever came back, this is where I'd find you."

"I never said I'd change, but —"

She cut me off. "I never wanted you to change. Are you finished here? Then let's go home."

So we went home.

Two years? What two years?

—Mad Russian

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Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. 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 pros, 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 8 1/2 x 11 wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start 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)

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 6044, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (120)

Jennifer's ear-otie 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. (120)

Doing time; another 4 1/2 years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and \$10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31954 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000 N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

"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)

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)

Chicago, single, white male, considerate, 39, 6'2", 185, wishes caring relationship with considerate, not overweight, not mercenary. Chicago-area woman, Write Box 2544, Chicago, Ill. 60604. (111)

Front and rear belt drives for 74-Sporty rear only. One-year warranty. Super Max. Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (213) 516-0500. (111)

Cash paid fast for old boots—engineer, western, Frye, etc. Any size, condition, even if not wearable. Chuck, Box 511, Altadena, Calif. 91001. (213) 797-0195. (112)

Music for bikers, by bikers. The Burnt River Band live swap meet album. Send \$9 to Wild Turkey Productions, 13840 Sacramento, Cleveland, Ohio 44111. (111)

Nice girls like bikers, too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (111)

Kerrie: The world has used you in ways I never could, I understand your need to work things out—let me help. You have a place in my heart and in my home. Call collect (618) 985-4005 or write Rt. 1, Box 365-1, 62901, Boomer, the longer you're gone, the more I miss you. I need you forever. Michael. (111)

Meet sexy women nationwide! Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (111)

H.B.: Happy 33rd for you and 31st for us. The best only gets better. Remember 4-4-4-4-4. B. D. (111)

Wild man caged. Went all the way. Age 38, by the way. Need some letters real bad, so write today. Would like to hear from some wild women, Arizona way. All letters welcomed! No race or color barrier. Write to Ron Bishop, Box B-35804, Death Row 6-3-B-11, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (111)

Young Indian doing white man's time. Age 21. Need to hear from all loving females from Ariz. to the Canada line. Write to Darick Gerlaugh, Box B-42707, Death Row 6-3-A-12, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (111)

Tattooing outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun, \$99.00 plus \$3.00 postage. Send money order only for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (115)

Wanted: One head for '66 JAWA 500cc. Contact Pat Therrien, P.O. Box 156, Val Therie, Ontario, Canada P0M 3B0. (111)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnellian Bay, Calif. 95711. (111)

Danny: Just a little message to let you know that I love you. Hope we are 1 (one) forever. Wishing you a happy birthday (9-1-82). Love. Teri. (111)

Male 6'3", 210 lbs., would like to correspond with all women 25-65 years of age. Darrell Rodell #71437-012, B-Unit, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438. (111)

White male, 26, looking for love and a lady. Mark Kramer #33426, P.O. Box 2500, Lincoln, Neb. 68502. (111)

First Annual Arapahos MC reunion and general get-together, July 3rd and 4th, R.R. 1, Sparland, Ill. Call Deuce (309) 469-4411 or Speedy (309) 676-8839. (111)

Ging Ashbaugh: Where are you? Still miss ya after all these years. I think about ya every time I ride the Sportster. Call collect and let me know how the hell you're doin'. Brasser, Sioux City, Iowa. (111)

Frank: We all have our dreams; only you can fill mine, which is to be always in the wind with you. I've fallen more than very fond of you; I love you. My heart, body, and soul are yours forever. "U Baby." (111)

Wanted: Outlaw biker who needs a classy, beautiful, and intelligent ol' lady. Perfer American Indian 28-33. Send photo. M.C.M., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (111)

Gary K.: Happy 5th and 7th anniversary, 7/16. All my love forever. Laura K. (111)

Hey, foxes: Downed outlaw needs mail and pictures from serious-minded chicks, any age. 6'1", 180 lbs., age 45. Sam Guillery #88829, Camp H Cellblock, Angola, La. 70712. (111)

Irish: You are the lady of my life. Our love is stronger than the whole world. "Willie" says it best for me in "Always On My Mind." Happy anniversary 6-3-82. Papa Joe, Omaha. (111)

Irish: Happy birthday 6-21-82, I'll always love you. Papa Joe, Omaha. (111)

Phil: Happy birthday 9-5-82. Born to be wild. Remember the good times. Love always. Blondie. (111)

Wanted: Original-condition Harley 74, 1966-1969. Reasonable. Morgan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (111)

35-year-old body builder, businessman, being released from prison the middle of 1983. Owns beach property, needs a woman to help him start over. Must be special and caring. We have a year. Walter Hyde #79-A-1414, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (111)

Young bro been down six years, gets out in September. I need a good ol' lady to give some good lovin' to. I'm 25, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes. All pictures welcome and appreciated. Daniel Morehouse, P.O. Box 1167, Gainesville, Fla. 32601. (111)

Italian biker, tattoo artist slammed down and looking for sexy ladies to share this lonely time with. Let's get together through the mail. Tony Sposetta #159-510, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601. (111)

Deano: Happy birthday (11-19) and one-year anniversary. You have given me so much this past year. Our love can only grow stronger. Yours forever. Lovey. (111)

John A.: Happy birthday 8/25. Your co-pilot till the wheels fall off, babe. Love ya. Little Shit. (111)

Barney of Ford City: Ditch the ol' lady and four brats, or me! The "other woman." Terry. (111)

Swampfox: Forget not the good and bad memories of the Unicorn and Scales puttin' together on the black bitch. Friends always. Love. Strawberry. (111)

Australian soldier/biker would like to hear from any biker or lady. Address all mail to Cpl 316074 M.J. Waixel, District Support Unit, Singleton Army Barracks, Singleton, New South Wales, Australia 2331. (112)

Confidential address; mail forwarded anywhere. More info: Box 724234, Atlanta, Ga. 30339. (111)

John Ward, I love you. Sue. (111)

Dear John: Happiest 24th birthday, hon (November 15, 1958)! We love you too much. Your dolls, Monica and Anna. (111)

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)

Wanted: First issue of Easyriders in good shape (no junk) or better; will pay \$20. If you would like to sell, please contact Mike Richardson, Box 390, Rockhill, N.Y. 12775, and we'll talk. (111)

W/m. 29, 6'8", 235 lbs., bearded. Cancer. I'm college educated, have no police record, and live in Florida. Live hard and ride free, but am mellowing with age. Would like to meet scooter lady 20-30, tall, cute, intelligent, and mildly ambitious. Have much to offer a one-man woman: house, cage, dog; but need the heart of a woman as well as my Harley FLH. Mike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (111)

Searching for one of you special ladies with heart who knows what being a righteous ol' lady is about. Been in jail three years, got one to three left. Make a start, send some sweet words and flicks to this 6'4", 220-lb. 24-year-old. Alvin Chambers, Delaware Correctional Center, Smyrna, Delaware 19977. (111)

Rawhide, Bandidos MC: Good luck on your parole. Ride hard, die free. Lucky, Henchmen MC. (111)

Announcing the birth of a brand-new outlaw: James Dean Millholland, 4-10-82. Yer mom loves ya, son. Stay free! Neice. (111)

Quality antique H-D saddlebags, seat re-covering. Custom chaps \$85. Free brochure. Leathershop, Box 65, Florence, Mass. 01060. (413) 586-6334. (112)

TLR AT CIM HELLO LED. (111)

Waldo: Ohh, baby, I love you! Happy 1st anniversary, April 26, 1982. Yours forever. Sweetmeat. (111)

Preacher, Rusty: Checked "Fred R." Your ol' lady loves you. Not making it in Oz. Dorothy. (111)

Sara: Happy anniversary, June 29. Love. Curtis. (111)

Little Fox: I saw your ad. I'd like to say something to you. No bullshit, no strings. Paul Fontani #C-92996, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432. (111)

Panhead rider needs rich ol' lady or employer. 6'2", 200 lbs., expert in explosives and small weapons. Need home for scooter and two Dobermans. Make excellent bodyguard. Lancelot, P.O. Box 1385, Fillmore, Utah 84631. (111)

Houston riders get tattooed at Dermagraphics, 7008 Long Dr. Most designs, best colors, lowest prices, free touch-ups. Open 7 days. (111)

Blue-eyed Scorpio, 37 years old, down until 1983, looking for a good ol' lady for when I get out. If you think you're the one, drop a letter and let's see. No blacks and no games, please. Ernie Bonser, P.O. Box 8-41730, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (111)

Terry Prentice: The world's greatest husband and daddy. We love you very much. Love, Susie and Robbie. (111)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, so 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)

Karen: "Bullshit walks." I love you and want you and Kyle in the wind with me forever. (112)

For sale: 1936 basket-case Indian Chief, \$850. Photos \$1, with sase; '48 Indian basket engine, \$125. Indian tanks and other parts. List needs with sase. Roman, 325 Randall, Waterloo, Iowa 50701. (111)

For sale: Oldest established tattoo shop in Portland, Ore., 117 NW 6th, 97209. Low overhead, downtown, live-in potential. Yellow page advertising for ten years. (503) 248-0345. (111)

Weasel: I love you and I know that Wilbur and I are going to get along just fine. You'll have no more problems with him once I get my hands on him. Once you get back to the States, we'll have to go talk to our mutual uncle about cutting me loose so that we are never this far apart again. Love ya, Babe. M.J. (111)

Male, 32, 137 lbs., long brown hair, honest, loving, gentle, stubborn Scorpio. 48 mountain acres, springs, ponds, trees, cabin. MC injury, government check, Harley trike. Need good woman, lover, companion, partner: good-looking, slim, intelligent, loyal and big-hearted. A back-rubber, not a back-stabber. No games, pills, deadbeats, or bullshit. Ron Erwin, Coopersville, Ky. 42611. (111)

W/m, 25, gentle, honest, and sincere; ready to settle down. U.S. Marine presently on Okinawa. Looking for slim, trim, attractive, loving, and affectionate lady, 17-25, a sensible and together one-man woman. If you fit the description, write fast. You're the one I want to spend my life with. Please send a picture or five! M.A.H., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (111)

Bob: Happy eleven years together. Always remember our fun times on the '62 Hog. Canada, Florida, New York, California, and all the roads in between. My provider, my lover, my dreams, my life, and my husband. You're everything I could want. Love. Linda. (111)

James Ray Carpenter: Happy birthday, my lil' mate. Daddy loves ya and always thinks of ya. Your old man, Dooby. (111)

Billy: I love you more than anything in the whole world, and hope we will never be apart. Love you forever. Mary. (111)

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 in a court of law. If you don't believe it, try it. You won't like it. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Preacher: Miss you, my love. We had so much. Things can be worked out. Call. I'll always love you. Dotty. (111)

Rod: My only best, I'll always love you. Your lady. (111)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Marilyn (Marc) Landen. Ask her to write to Chuck, P.O. Box 20189, Portland, Ore. 97230. (111)

Swingers accept singles! Wild, swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9700, or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (111)

Continued on next page

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

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

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

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

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

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

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

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$23.00
Mousetrap cable	\$22.00
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CSSP	\$22.00
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Add \$1.00 for postage & handling

Box 361, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

California residents add 6% sales tax.



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)

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 public 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)

Looking for that special lady: must be warm, loving, and white. I'm 21, white, and very lonely. I get out Nov. '82. Send letters and pictures to Ron Kistler #A-90156, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (111)

Lico: Happy birthday (6-17-54)! We do still have some love for you and always will, whether you believe it or not. Sandy and Samantha. (111)

Mike Upton, ex-USN: Will be in the state very soon; please respond fast. Studerbacker Hook, 53 Grandplace, East Northport, Long Island 11731 (516) 368-0293. (111)

Kelly: Get hold of Rip. I lost my phone book. C/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)

W/m. 39, looking for female to live in motorhome and pack on H-D. No hangups. Park Art. Box 742, Boise, Idaho 83701. (111)

Dillinger: There's no one like you. Happy birthday 7-10-82. I'll love you always. Rose. (111)

Carrington, H.M.B.: Happy 26th, 8-11-82. May you and Sue be forever happy (8-11-82) with many rugrats. Asshole! Arnold. (111)

Looking for a down-to-earth, good ol' lady. Need someone to help me get my life together. I'm 28 and not had on looks. Looking for someone between 18 and 30. Please send photo and letter telling me something about yourself. Jimi-Friend, Box 62, Craigsville, W. Va. 26205. (111)

Martha, from Meadowview, Va.: I hope you find what we once had, and you are as happy as we once were. Love. Sparky. (111)

Dale: Life has no reason or meaning without you. I can't handle it anymore. I love you. Karen. (111)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (111)

"Pretty Dennis" is sad, lonely and unhappy, and needs a friend. I'm lost in the Arizona Prison, so please write and help me smile. I am 27 years old, long blond hair, big blue eyes, 5'11", white, 180 lbs. I'll write all. Please write. I'll be out in nine more months. Dennis Ray Roberts, Box 842733, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (111)

David: Miss ya, lover! Germany is too far away. Love you always. Debbie. (111)

Papa Joe: "I love you for my life, you are a friend of mine." Happy 1st. Love. Irish, Omaha. (111)

Wanted: Tit shots of ol' ladies. Will pay \$2 per photo. Address mail to J. Duncan, P.O. Box 4152, Palm Springs, Calif. 92263. (111)

Midwest area only: White male, age 40, divorced, 6 ft. tall, 195 lbs., self-employed, gentleman biker, doesn't use drugs, social drinker only. Looking for a straight lady. Come ride my Super Glide. J.H.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

Tattoos: Lou's Tattoo in Fayetteville, N.C., featuring the finest in pattern and custom work available. Two shops to serve you, bright colors, sterile equipment. 2833 Bragg Blvd., (919) 484-9230; or 475 Hay St., (919) 483-1222. (114)

Confidential remail / forwarding service. Write for details. R&J Enterprises, 420 Pier Ave., Suite 138-1, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254. (112)

Blond, blue-eyed, 34-year-old biker being released in 1983, looking for righteous ol' lady to share future with. Letters with photos answered first. Dan Cutchens, C.T.F. North SB-125, P.O. Box B-71986, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (111)

Corporal Lance B. (USMC): Play it smart—only 7½ months to go until we're together again. My heart and love are with you always. Chick (Gail). (111)

I'm 22 years old and white; looking to meet beautiful chick I saw on page 121 in the special 10th anniversary issue of Easyriders magazine. She is a blonde, wearing a blue and white striped shirt and black panties. I want to meet her. Any information on how we could get together, please write me. Clyde Leo Plissken, 1330½ 4th St., Rapid City, S.D. 57701. (111)

Daddy: Please come home; we miss you and need you so much. Mommy cries all the time. We love you, Daddy. Grumpus and Sarah. (111)

Colorado: Wanted: One serious, hardcore, outlaw biker, 29-40, who can appreciate the class and value of ex-MC/13s ol' lady. Blue-eyed, East Coast redhead—mind-blowing sensuality, loyal, upfront. No burnouts or game players, please. Flick appreciated. Trish, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (111)

Two Texas gunslingers doing time in the sticks. Need sweet, sexy letters from all you loving ladies. James Tanner #314636, Kenneth Killingsworth #305371, Box 128, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861. (111)

Faithellen: I love you forever, and one more chance will prove it. Love. Billy the Kid. (111)

Lonely and blue: Lady, I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. Gary Reed #161027, Rt. #3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (111)

Brock: Happy 22nd. 8-3-82. Love you more each year. Lynne. (111)

\$180 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, ext. 5275. (111)

Two Southern tramps down in Alabama. Going free in '83 and want to hook up with free-spirited ladies. If you have a heart and like to party, then send letters and flicks to J.L. Wood #115581, or Rickey Parrish #112650, Rt. #2, Box 37, Holman Station, Alabama 36503. (111)

W/m. 33, blk. hair, green eyes, ex-Marine and outlaw looking for foxy ladies with sincere outlaw heart to write, send pics, and visit if living close enough. William Joseph Fountain, Jr. #74482, Box 500, Bks. 13, Grady, Ark. 71644. (111)

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, Tusculuma, Ala. 35674, Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)

Toys for the adult biker and his ol' lady. X-rated playing cards for those hot poker games. \$6.50. Handcuffs to get kinky with the ol' lady. \$12. Pussy soap on a rope (need we say more?). \$7. Tasty Pants, eat them right off the ol' lady. \$6. Ben Wah Balls to keep her going when you're not around. \$8. Tit clamps for ya to tease her. \$12. Cock soap on a rope for the ol' lady to keep mound fresh. \$10. Swedish Erotica magazine, hottest rag around. \$11. 8mm X-rated film, our best. \$15. Free gift with every \$20 order, two free gifts with 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 Bikers' 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)

STURGIS 1982

AUGUST 11,12,13

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FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE PAGE 98

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Gettin' It Together

Continued from page 106

"If yer here for wot I think, it's all yers, on accounta I tried, but the fuckin' stone is too heavy fer a little broad like me to raise!" She grinned impishly. Then I noticed the ring on her right thumb. Identical to the ring I was wearing.

"Hub Gann's adopted son, Skink," I said, holding up my hand and displaying the ring.

She giggled. "Krauthead Krafft's bastard daughter, Heidi!"

"You don't look old enough," I said. "He was a real old-timer!"

"My round-heeled mama was a sucker for older dudes."

Reaching down, I picked up the crowbar she had brought and had been trying to use. "Let's see," I murmured, staring around for a leverage rock the right thickness and size, "wot a sore-assed scooter tramp kin do."

"Scooter tramps put it here," she reminded me brightly.

Nodding, I found the leverage rock and went to work. It took longer than I'd figured. Two hours later, we had the flat cover stone off what turned out to be a cistern-shaped, stone-lined hole some three feet deep. At the bottom sat a heavily rusted iron box — surrounded by nervous, hostile scorpions.

Another careful hour's work and we had that metal mass of rust out of its hole, opened, and were taking handfuls of cash from the three oil-skin sacks. Counting it twice, there was exactly two hundred and forty-one thousand dollars, all of it in the slightly larger than modern bills that were still in circulation back in the forties.

"Do we split it even?" she asked, twinkling at me, "or jist start gettin' it together? Myself, I'd feel a lot safer with a man in charge of this much wealth."

I gleamed back at her. "It'll be safer spendin' it in Mexico, or some other foreign country."

"I adore travel!"

"Ya gotta deal, partner," I told her. "Now let's haul our affluent asses outta here before a real old, patient cop from the past stumbles onto us!"

"There's a winch in Daddy's old van. A plank, too!"

"Old farts thought of everything, didn't they?"

"Not really," she said with soft wistfulness, a saddened expression erasing her merriness. "Life handed

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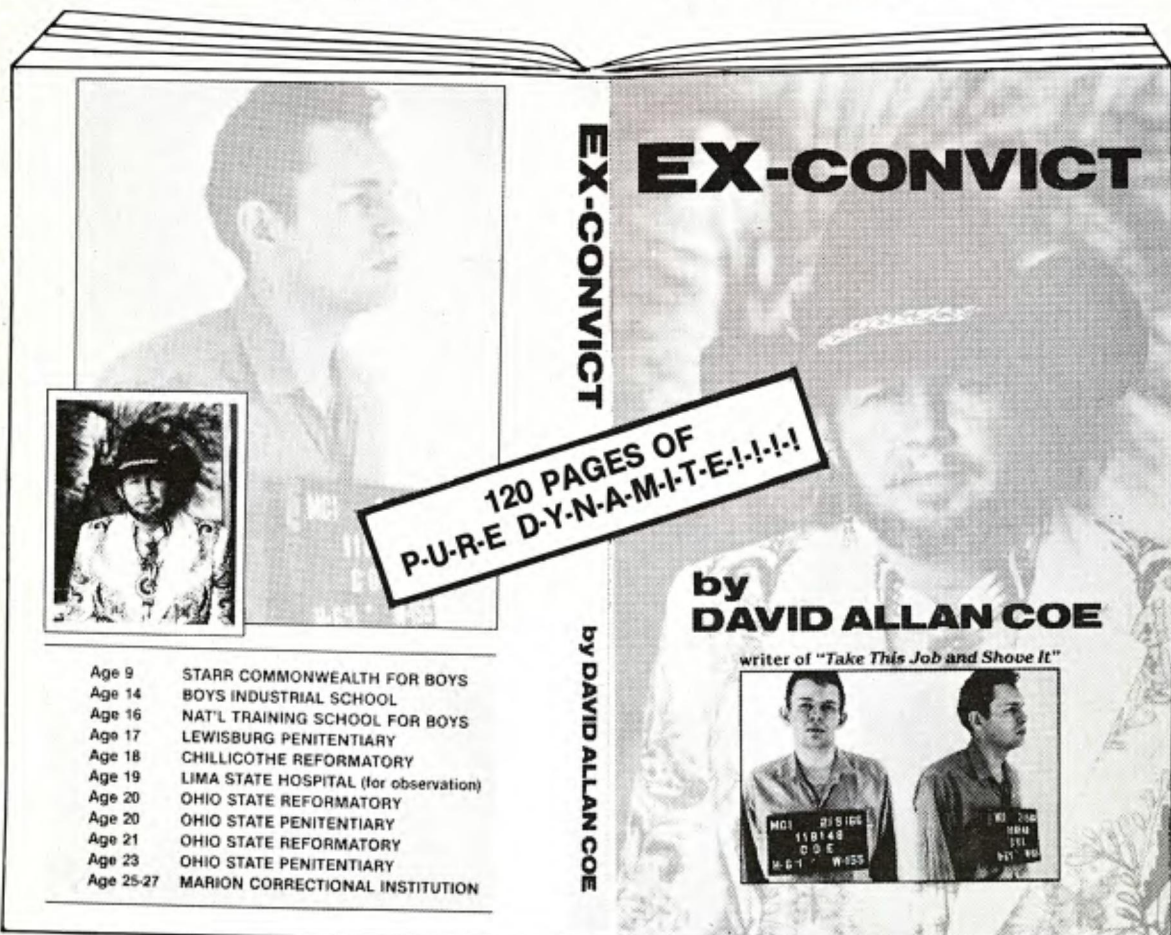
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them a few detours that totaled their plans."

"That's a fact," I agreed gravely. "But one thing did come through as planned."

"Oh?" She looked bewildered.

"The take was recovered on the right day!"

We began lugging moneybags toward the waiting van.

A week later, forty-seven miles north of Nogales, the unlikely became reality right out there in the fuckin' middle of the barren landscape. I started roaring with laughter the second I saw them.

Little Sowbug, the young dude, and a Z-28 with what looked like a busted rear-axle — all three of them waiting forlornly beside the otherwise empty highway.

"Quick!" I said, swinging the van around them so they were on my side of the vehicle, "gimme a big handful of that money!"

"Yer gonna give our loot away?"

Heidi sounded dismayed.

"In a lizard's ass!"

I slowed, stopped, grinning at the pair of terrified faces with the scary little eyes, watching them cringe behind the crippled cage.

"Hi, there!" I shouted. "Been lookin' all over fer ya!"

Sowbug's little face crumpled.

"Wot's yer name, man?" I

demanding, still grinning.

"H-Harold," he whimpered.

"Jist wanted ta warn ya, Harold!" I took the bills from Heidi's hand, fanning them into a mammoth display of greenery and holding them clearly in view. "No offense meant, but that cute little slut has lousy timin'!"

Harold's expression was wary, but Sowbug looked real sick and threw a tantrum, kicking the shit out of the tire nearest to her infuriated little foot.

The van rolled forward and I handed the cash back to a real woman. After that, I only looked over my shoulder once — to be sure the knucklehead was still secured and riding snug in the rear of the cage.

With a blanket thrown over it and the moneybags. ■



"Seventy-three people in a phone booth oughta be some sort of record."



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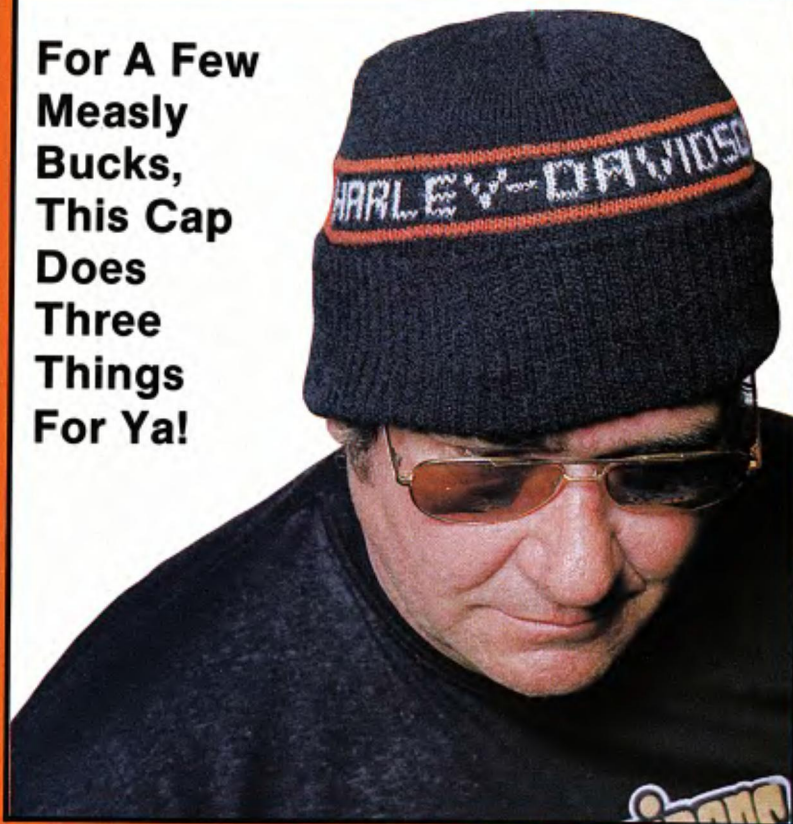
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Our 1982 Jammer project bike is one of the most talked-about scoots we've ever built. Everyone seems to relate to the good-lookin, go-fast image that our parts have given this beauty.

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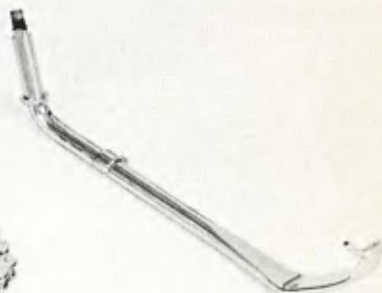
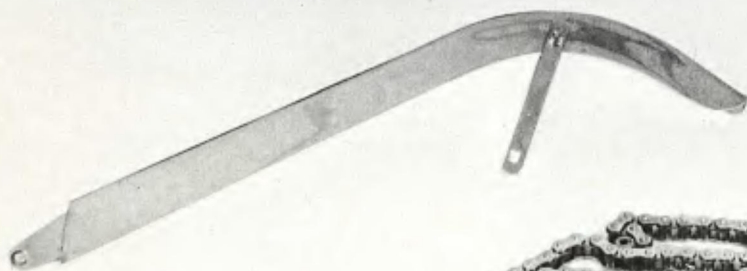
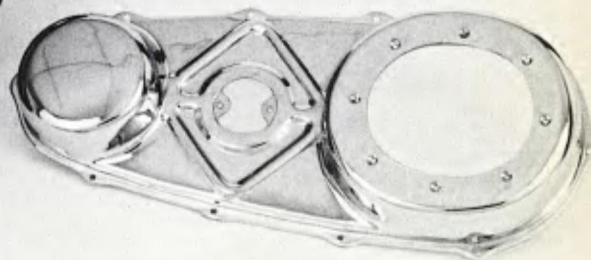
**How To Get 'Em
(See Page 123)**

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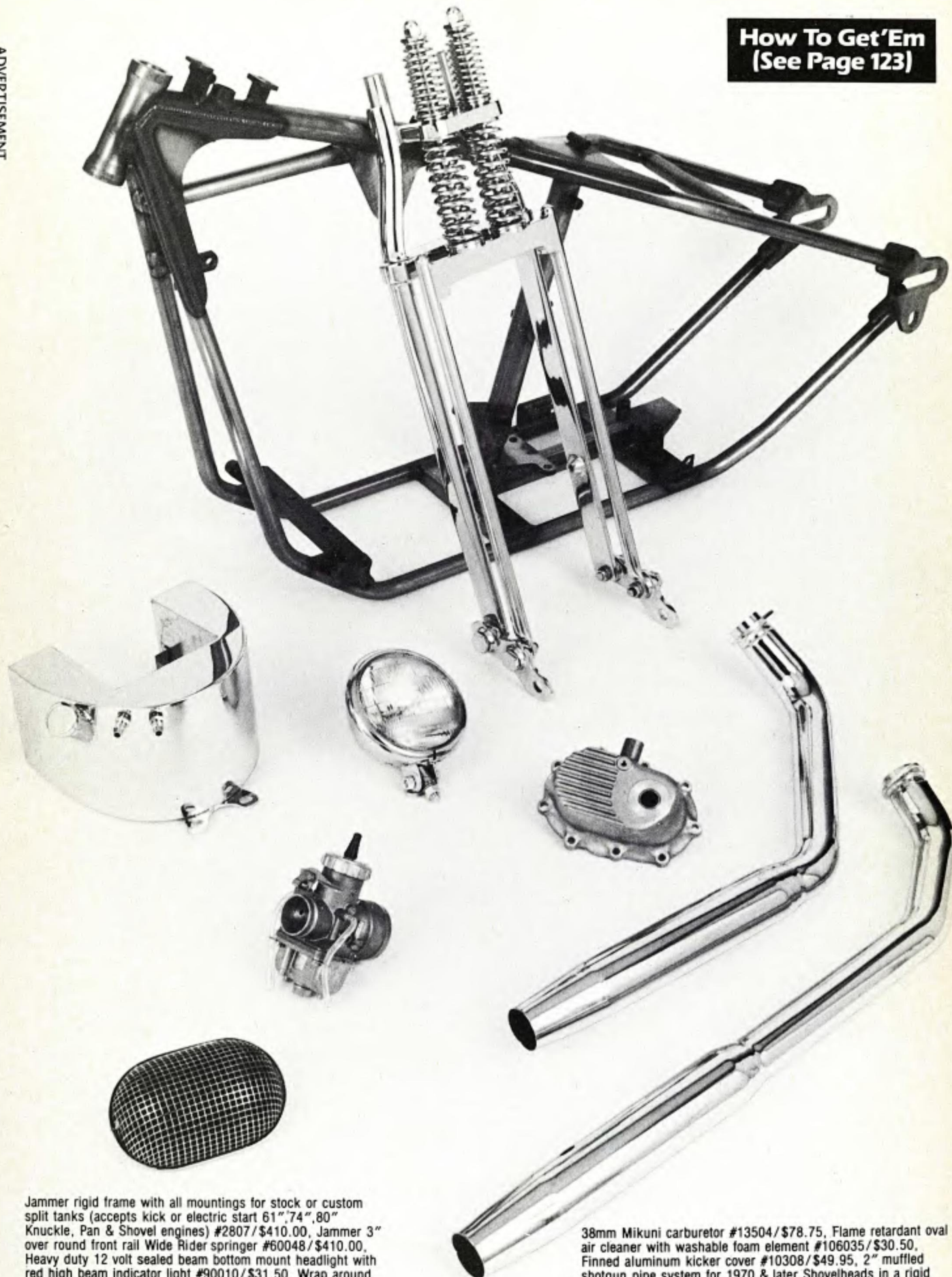


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How To Get 'Em (See Page 123)



How To Get 'Em
(See Page 123)



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Lockdown

Continued from page 50

ing triple-celling in Texas. The new buildings are located in the Beto, Pack 1, and Jester Units.

DOJ Acts

Adding credibility to its claim that the Reagan administration does not intend to "ignore its enforcement responsibilities under the law" (see first item in this column), the Justice Department has filed a motion seeking to intervene in a prisoners' rights suit in Kentucky.

The suit, *Canterino v. Wilson*, contends that the Kentucky system does not offer women inmates the kind of vocational training or job opportunities offered to men.

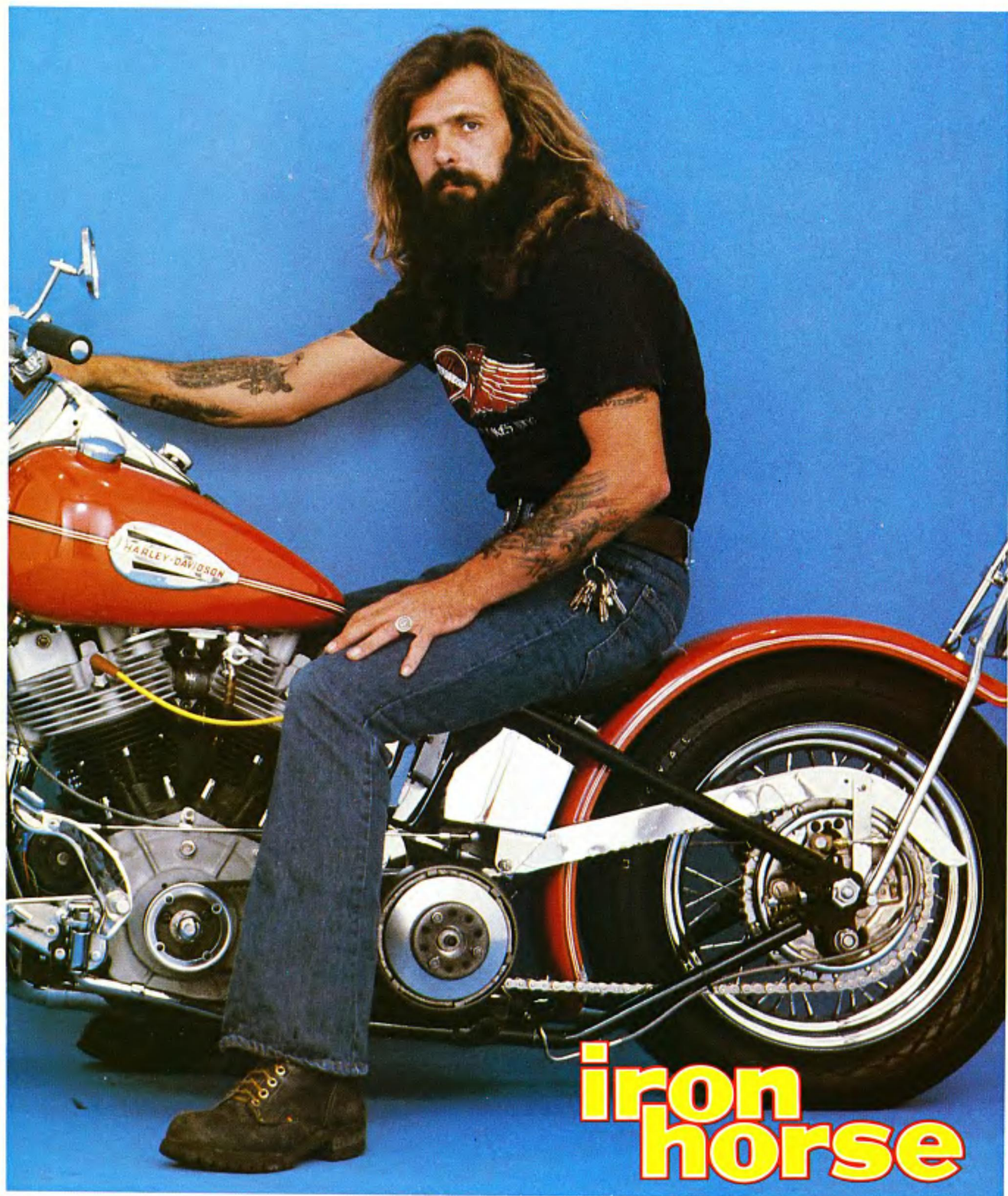
In its motion, the Justice Department says Kentucky officials are violating the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment of the Constitution and Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendment. The Department has asked the court to stop prison officials from practicing further discrimination against women, and to order suitable relief from current discriminatory policies. ■

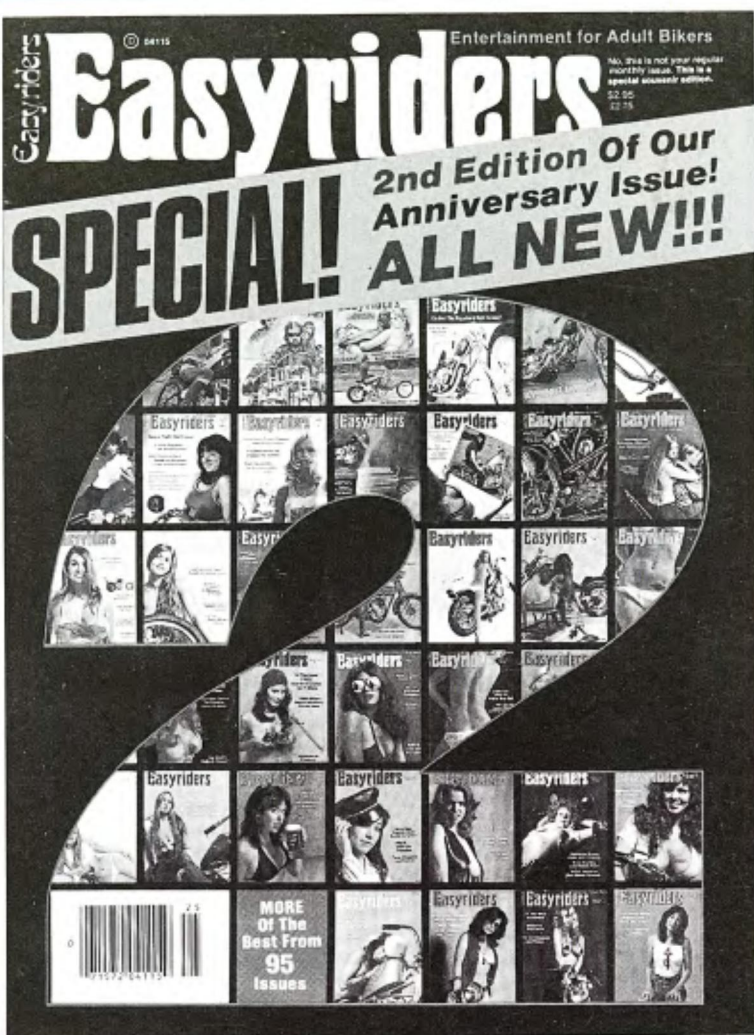
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