

Easyriders®

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November 1982

Whiskey
The Bikers' Booze

Gettin' Out
And Gettin' It
Together!

Bike
Fiction

Mind-Bendin'
Motorcycles

Sexy
Ol' Lady
of the
Year!



**THE TERROR
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HOURS...**



**...WHEN IT WAS OVER,
THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE
WERE DEAD.**

February 2, 1980... New Mexico State Penitentiary
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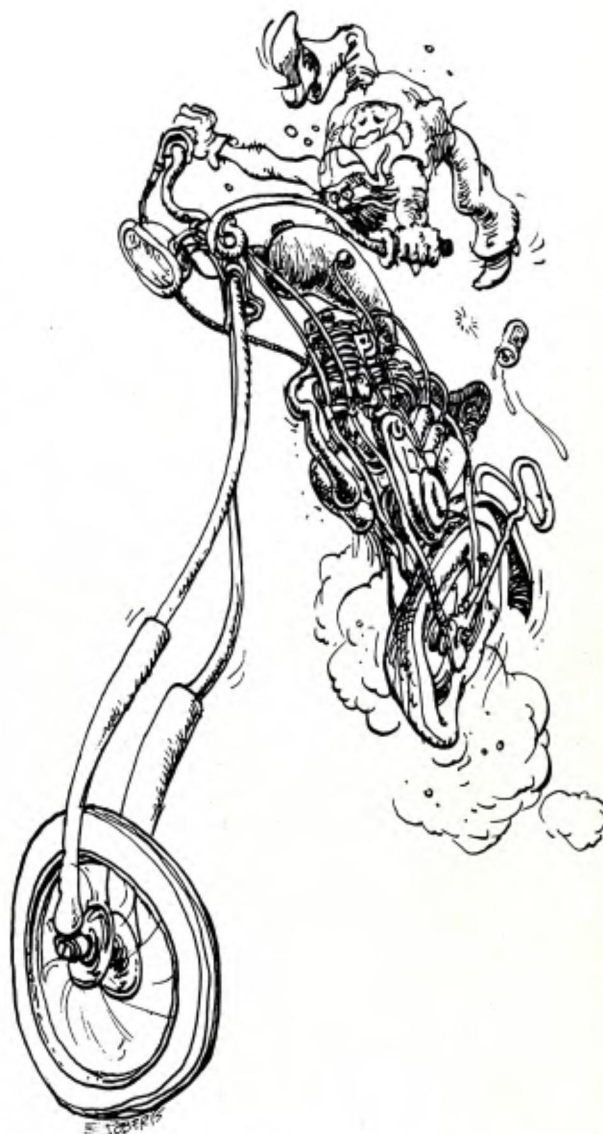
W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

ON SALE SOON

A DELL PAISANO BOOK

Easyriders

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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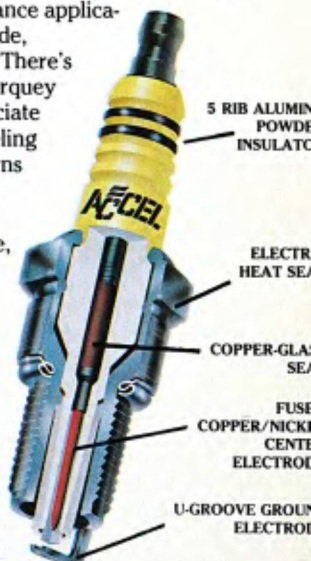
Cover photo of Janna Peters by Steve Gulycz

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

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Some scooter people teased a dude in a bar, so he went outside, got into his car, and drove it over one of the motorcycles. The bikers came out of the bar to see what had happened. They freaked out and one of them took off after the car that was attempting to speed away. But get this—the biker caught up with the car, and the driver, seeing this crazed dude running beside him, freaked and jumped out while the biker beat the shit outta the car with his chain. After breaking windows, he whipped out his Buck knife and slashed the tires. You won't believe this one, but the judge let him off, figuring what's fair is fair and the damage was equal.

He was puttin' along, mindin' his own business, pickin' his nose, when a truck from a meat packing company spilled a jillion pounds of assorted waste animal innards (you know, assholes, navels, warts, etc., etc.) right onto the street in front of him, and before he knew it, he piled right into the mess. He wasn't hurt, but it did ruin his dinner.

And to think Miraculous Mutha would have done it for a six-pack and a good piece of ass. Woman A paid Woman B in Chicago \$120,000 for ridding her of all her miseries. All Woman A had to do was fork over the bucks, collect the dust from her house, and spit three times into a Mason jar.

The dipshit of the month file: He heard someone prowling around in his greenhouse of pot. Thinking he was being ripped off, he called the police, who made a search. But the guy's plants were seven feet tall, and the police said the hell with the prowler; they arrested the dude and his wife for cultivating the good weed for sale.

An 83-year-old grandma grew pot with her tomatoes (because the leaves looked similar). She rolled the leaves in a ball and boiled 'em (that's boiled, not broiled). Then she rubbed 'em on her aching joints which, according to her, made her feel real good. She didn't smoke it, just rubbed it on (I'll have to try it). The judge let her off—said she could grow the weed but not sell it. But, baby, my joints ache too. One throbs all the time.

Honesty pays off dept.: A man called the police department and said he'd heard footsteps outside his window. So the police department rushed right over, but didn't notice anything wrong or any footprints in the dirt and wondered if the guy had heard anything at all. During questioning, he remarked that, well, he had had a couple of snorts of coke. The police, not believing their ears, went inside and checked his apartment; but they didn't find anything, so they didn't bother arrest the man. They must have thought he was some kinda nut.

Well, we're not as weird as my ex thought we were. A bro just sent me a menu from New Zealand, and sure as hell, they featured raisin pie. Remember that, you snivelers around here, on pay day.

Did you ever notice that your eyesight on the same side as your pierced ear is better? Pirates believed this, and it was recently proven they were right. The ear is pierced in the same spot where acupuncture is done, and the right spot will even get your dick outta the dirt (just be sure you're pierced in the right spot).

A fringe benefit: Seeing a shirt she liked, she took it off the rack and bought it. When she got it home, she found three joints in a pocket. Someone must have stashed them there in a panic or whatever. Anyway, she had a shirt and three joints. But she chickened out and called the fuzz. Now she has the shirt, and the cops had a good time. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

More on Belushi

□ What you wrote about John B. was, for the most part, right on. Actually, Johnny was once the proud owner of a BMW R-65 and he also enjoyed taking a putt once in a while on my old FLH.

A partyin' fool and a real funbag he was, but he had a quiet, home-loving, book-reading side, too.

Regarding his premature demise: His ol' lady and I knew him better than anybody, and we know he didn't like spikes. It is our belief that, although he may have willingly submitted to it by someone else's hand, he was incapable of performing the intricate maneuver of self-injection.

We're convinced that the individual or individuals who were with him at the end miscalculated the mixture, banged him, and when respiratory problems resulted, this individual or individuals split in a panic and left him to succumb.

In any case, the man packed sixty-six years of living into his thirty-three, and remembering him gives me a solid laugh every day.

Dan Aykroyd
Universal City Studios
Universal City, Calif.

■ Us too.

Kickstart Leg

□ I just got home from my second visit to the podiatrist (that's a foot doctor to you illiterate slobs).

I thought I ought to warn you that there is a medically recognized ailment known as Kick-Start Syndrome. I've enclosed a copy of a cartoon from a recent *Easyriders* illustrating the condition. You turkeys must've already known about it.

Seriously, it cost me \$245 for x-rays and a plaster cast of my feet, and I'm gonna have to wear "orthotics" from now on. "Orthotics" are foot supports, for those of you

who don't have a medical dictionary handy.

Seems that kick starting my 61-in. panhead as a tender youth got my right hip and ankle out of line, and now, twenty years later, it shows up as a bunch of screwed-up bones in my right foot. Hurts like hell when I walk a lot.

If I had it to do over, I'd still ride the panhead, but I'd see a foot doctor sooner. He said that fifteen years ago he could have corrected the condition; now it's calcified and I'll be a semi-cripple for life. What the hell, I'll just ride more and walk less!

I still ride a kick-start bike; wouldn't buy a scooter with an electric start!

Jake
Rocky Ford, Colo.

Rough Road

□ In your July '82 issue, on page 45, you have a column, "U.S. and Canadian Motorcycle Laws."

For the Yukon: Lights must be on twenty-four hours, even though we are in the land of the midnight sun and one can read a newspaper outside after midnight with no lights. We have this hazardous menace called the Alaska Highway dust. And for anyone traveling the Alaska Highway on a bike, it is suicide without eye guards. For one thing, it is very hard to stay on the road with your eyes shut tight every time you pass a semi-truck.

The Alaska Highway dust is something else. It's fine powder like flour and it will stick to anything and everything. Don't be too surprised if you see mosquitoes with air tanks cutting through it.

The pavement ends eighty miles north of Fort Saint Johns, B.C., and you won't see any more, except when you pass through some towns, until you near Whitehorse, Yukon, and then there are only seventy miles of it until you reach the Alaska border.

I am writing this letter from "B" dorm in Whitehorse Correctional Centre, and the pros might say you don't have to have eye guards, but they are only thinking of paved streets and roads. But the cons suggest you use a face or dust mask, especially on the Alaska Highway — it's made of gravel.

Incidentally, I have eighty-three days left out of seven hundred before I get out and have to work again.

Wayne Millspaugh
Whitehorse, Y.T.

Fart Sender

□ I suppose I don't know any better but I'm sending some of my farts anyway.

Guitar Player
Midland, Mich.

A Fox

□ You tramps sure outdid yourselves with that cover photo of Kelly Parnell (August '82 issue). Why don't you do a photo spread of the leg-wettin' lady? She sure is some kinda fox.

Frank Kuntz
Polk City, Pa.

Lose Again

□ In regard to the article that Flash did in the July '82 issue, pages 32-37, the brass hand is holding the front brake cable, not the fucking clutch cable. No raisin pie this month, you fuckups!

R.L. Herbert
Kelowna, B.C.

□ Okay, people, I caught you with your pants down. In the July '82 issue was an article entitled Lady Luck. On page 36, you have printed that the one-of-a-kind brass hand holds the clutch cable. Wrong! It holds the front brake cable. Just thought I'd let you know. Keep up the good work (oops, I said a nasty word) and keep the good bike features coming.

"Dingo" Drainer
Wood River, Ill.

Sammy Remembered

□ Was breezin' through the August '82 issue and spied something that prompted me to write. The item was about Steve McQueen. You had an answer about Sammy Pierce also dying of cancer.

Sammy Pierce was a legend. I'm thirty now, but when I was a punk (14-15), my friend and I would truck down to Sammy's shop when it was in Rosemead or San Gabriel (good weed does fuck up the ol' memory). I couldn't believe all the engine cases he had up on the shelves.

My buddy, who was about two years older than me, was always close to Sammy. The thing that cracks me up is remembering Sammy's bragging about Indians and cutting Hogs. His line was, "The only people who ride Hogs are cops and other undesirables." Definitely an Indian man. Maybe some kind of follow-up story on him would be something to think about.

Gary Muench
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Makin' It

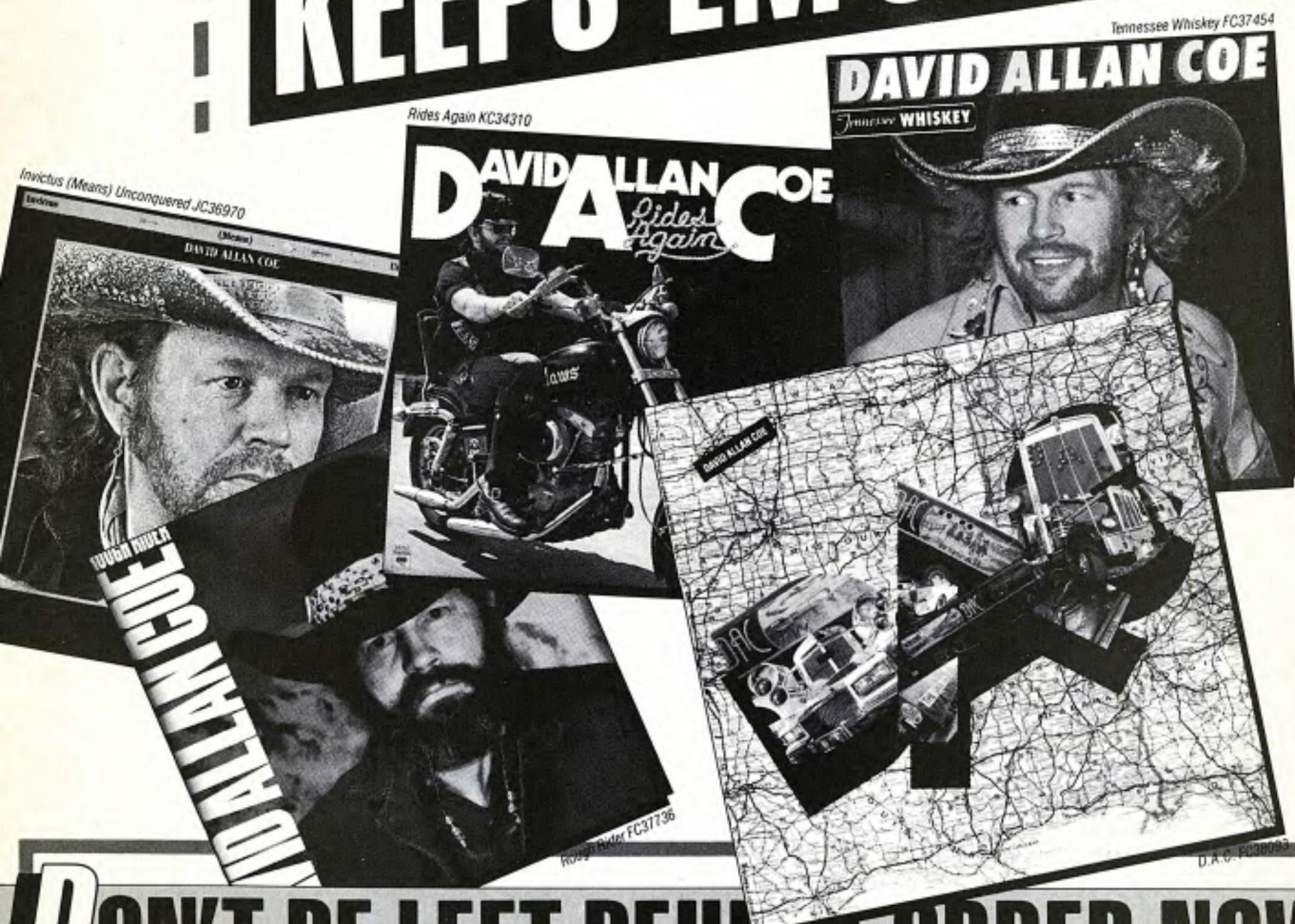
□ A comment on an article I read in the August '82 issue "Taking It Easy" section: You may think it absurd, ironic, or distasteful for the Iranians to demand payment from the family of an executed prisoner for the cost of the killing bullet. It doesn't surprise me at all. If you take a close look at some of the prison systems in the United States, you'll find nearly the same bullshit goes on right here.

I am presently incarcerated in the Nevada State Prison (max). In Nevada the lousy system has more ways to screw the inmates out of money than there are pennies in a dollar.

If an inmate escapes from here and is caught somewhere down the line, naturally charges are brought against him. He's usually given an additional sentence

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of one to five years; however, his troubles have just begun. The escapee's books are frozen, which means he is not entitled to any money that's in his account until the state determines how much it's going to cost the escapee for restitution, such as the hourly wage of the guards who had to track him, transportation fees for his return, court costs, property damage in the escape, if any, including clothes that are ruined during the ordeal, and yep, you guessed it, the bullets fired at him, plus any other little chickenshit thing they think of to hang on him.

If the inmate doesn't have the money to make restitution, all money that is sent to him is confiscated until the bill is paid off.

Last week a con was blown away here in an escape attempt. It comes to mind as to whether or not he's better off where he is now. I wonder if his family will be sent the bill for the bullets. I wouldn't be surprised in the least.

You've got a good rag. Everyone's entitled to a mistake once in a while, so a note to the nitpickers — fuck off!

Bro
Carson City, Nev.

■ Bro, it's a case of if you wanna dance, you gotta pay the fiddler. If the state's bucks down, why should they pay for your headin' for the hills? It's a case of holdin' your mud. If you're caught doin' the crime, then you must do the time.

She's Got The Hots

□ Could you do me a big favor and help me get in touch with a dude from the Road Knights MC? He's on page 24 of the March '82 issue, and has long, wavy hair. He looks like the dude I've been looking for all my life. I'd do anything to meet him. Hey, baby, if you're reading this, I've got to meet you somewhere!

Cindy
Parkville, Md.

■ Maybe he'll see this.

She's Had

□ Because of your "Male Call" I found true love for the first time in my life. We have everything in common, and I can't wait to be his ol' lady. We're gettin' married by proxy, and when he gets out, we'll do it again — together!

So, a special thanks to each and every one of you.

Star Child
Temple, Pa.

Tattoos

□ Regarding the letter on tattooing in the August '82 issue, it would be helpful to both writers if you would send them my address. Having been in the profession for ten years, I feel I could help.

Doc Holliday
Jacksonville, N.C.

■ We will forward your address.

Wants To Meet Her

□ In your July '82 issue, on page 58 ("In The Wind"), the picture from Dan Maust of Flagstaff, Arizona, shows a chick with a pink halter top and brownish blond hair. I hope she'll read this and get in touch. Babe, if you're reading this, drop me a line and I'll explain.

B.J. Betterton
Parchman, Miss.

Is It Shirley?

□ Was Shirley, on the April '82 cover, in an issue a year or so ago wearing a blue top that stuck out so far you couldn't see her belly? I don't know which issue, 'cause I cut out the picture and stuck it on the wall with a few other select *Easyriders* honeys. I know that I and a few thousand other bros would sure like to see a feature on her.

Wiz
Hayden Lake, Ida.

■ That sounds like a description of her.

Bros Of The Road

□ I've been picking up your magazine for four years now and really enjoyed "Bros of the Road" by Jalil Damon in the July '82 issue. It was a great story!

Wish more people could relate to the brotherhood. The love is unique, and it'll be with us long after we're gone.

The Seed
Saskatchewan, Canada

□ "Bros of the Road" by Jalil Damon: You've done it again. Another story that got to my heart. Damned good.

H.R. Buyak
Germany

□ "Bros of the Road" was an excellent story and emotionally moving. I have been meaning to write, and the

vibes are similar to this story. It's a real rush to see and hear of bikers helping bikers, and others, too, for that matter. Life is too short on this long road to squander away in hate, war, ill will, bad vibes, etc. Fuck our image. We've all been born with a heart, so "right on" to those biker bros who ride and live like it.

Counselor
Sacramento, Calif.

Saying What?

□ I am sitting here all fucked up reading the July '82 issue of your rag. While reading "Miraculous Mutha," I noticed she had a Coast Guard tattoo on her right arm. Well, I'm in the Coast Guard and was wondering if you were trying to say all the women in the Coast Guard are hose monsters. If you are, you are right. They are mostly Hose Gobblus Monstrosities (that is the technical name).

Just remember, into every man's life some Hose Monsters must fall.

Hose Man
Alexandria, Va.

■ No, Mutha was in the USCG once.

Commercial's A Success

□ Hey, gotta tell ya! Today I picked up your rag and saw that the commercial went through. We made it! All right!

But, better yet, tonight I was sittin' arguin' with a 64-year-old airhead cousin of mine (you know the type — they drive 40mph on the freeway and think they own the road). She was arguin' the point about not seeing bikers just about the time the commercial came on the tube.

With that commercial, the point got across in our family, and my cousin hopes it reaches others as fast.

Mudd and Baby
Portland, Ore.

□ We just saw the "Look Out For Bikers" commercial here in Columbus, and it's one helluva commercial. We want to congratulate those of you who created it. You did damned well with the donations everyone sent.

Dirtball and Kitty
Columbus, Ohio

□ This is the first time I've written, but I hope it gets printed because it concerns us all. I think the public is finally getting informed with the commercials you put to-

gether to protect riders. Here in Germany they are doing the same. We're showing more and more films to the public on how to watch for riders. So maybe, with some luck, we can survive all the cage drivers. Keep it in the wind and remember that your foreign bros are working at making it safer, too.

Shannon
APO

A Question

□ I've got a question for Billy Tinney. Are you a free-lancer or what? I caught your name in a skin rag just a while back, and I don't think there are two of you.

Mac
George AFB, Calif.

■ He's a good Texas bro, a bike-ridin' fool, a womanizer, a fox, a Southern gentleman, a free-lancer, and a member of our motley crew. He makes a buck where and how he can, and a piece of raisin pie when he can.

Help Wanted

□ There are about twenty of us scooter tramps doing time at the Washington State Reformatory at Monroe. Up to a few months ago we were known as WSRMA, and our goals were to get a shop going. But a few dumbshit wannabes fucked everything up for us; we're still trying to get our shop, though. We need support from true-blue scooter people out there.

The administration here is really down on bikers. Dignified letters to Amos Reed in Olympia would help — also letters to our warden. We feel that if a lot of people are concerned enough to write and ask these people why we don't have our shop and when we're going to get one, it might help. We really need support. Letters should go to: Superintendent, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272; and Amos Reed, 700 Capitol Center Building, 410 West 5th FN-71, Olympia, Wash. 98504.

Wild Ace Gibbs
Monroe, Wash.

Bullshit

□ I hope that the disgusting article in the August '82 issue, by J.J. Solari has nothing whatsoever in common with the staff of *Easyriders*. That pure bullshit about Nazis starting the Falklands war is exactly that: pure bullshit.

The National Socialist German Government got larger pieces of territory through peaceful negotiations than that scrap of land (rocks) in the South Atlantic.

National Socialist Germany was a very intelligent and far-thinking government. Without U.S. intervention they, and not the Russian communists, would rule Europe. And rightly so.

The Falklands war was thought up, started, and lost by a bunch of no-good, military-minded beaners, and to say (and print) anything else is purely an insult to any remaining Nazis in Argentina.

Bad-Ass Bob
Tucson, Ariz.

■ Read it again, Bob.

Showed Class

□ Just read "Downtime" in the August '82 issue. Thank Doverdahl for me. He showed real class. He missed a couple of good bands, but what the hell, you can't have it all at once. Gotta save a little.

Redbeard
Chillicothe, Ohio

First Ride

□ Just wanted to express my thanks to you and the mag for opening my eyes to bikes. Harleys are great! I rode on my first Harley last week, and feeling that bike glide down the road was a fantasy come true. It's the ultimate in bikes. I am a twenty-year-old lady (38-32-34), blond hair, blue eyes, and hot for bikes and bikers. Would like to travel (again), but tired of diesel trucks.

Just hanging out.

Crystal
St. Louis, Mo.

■ You sound nice enough to hang out around my pad and bike any ol' time, Crystal.

Booze Fighters

□ This letter is in response to Wayne, from Rotherham, England, who wrote to you in the July '82 issue. What I want to know is, if this is serious and if he is genuinely sick of seeing antique Harleys and rat bikes, why doesn't he buy a mag that features other bikes? I mean everyone knows that *Easyriders* features only Harleys.

Also spotted a fuckup on your word search puzzle; was it a misprint? "Red Rider" was put down as "Red Irder." It's no good. We got ya well

and truly sussed. So what do I win?

One last thing: fuck AC-DC. I'm fuckin' crazy about rockabilly; that wild beat is magic. Also, I've got an album called "Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll" with a picture on the cover of a couple of members of the Booze Fighters MC. So tell me — Did the Booze Fighters MC come from Hollywood, or what?

Pop
Hoddesdon, England

■ The Booze Fighters were real, and they came from southern California.

Lady Star Dust

□ In response to your letter to John Boy in the October '81 issue, I'm not a women's libber, either, and my cock goes all ways — between your tits (if they're big enough), up your ass, and up your cunt. So get over here, stick your pussy behind my putt, and let's ride.

Midnight Mover
Milton Keynes, England

Wants To Know

□ I've been reading your rag since day one, and since I'm straight today, I thought I'd ask you a question that's been on my mind for some time. I've seen quite a few bits by Jody Via in the rag. (Last one I saw was "Devil's Run," in the November '81 issue.) Is Jody male or female?

Chuck Via
Bisbee, Ariz.

■ He's a he.

Drug Test

□ I'm in the USAF, and they've got us taking that fuckin' piss test, too. No matter what they tell you, it can only detect THC up to seven days. They may be coming out with one that can detect up to thirty days, but I doubt it. Just lay off one week out of the month and you should check out fine.

Partying Bob
Elmendorf, Alaska

■ Be wary and remember: Science marches on.

Answer For Head Jobs

□ In your May '82 issue I read the article from Debbie and Denise from San Diego. They asked if having their tonsils removed would help stop their gagging when giving head.

Well, I know from experi-

ence that it does not help. My ol' man says that I give very good head, but when it comes time to swallow, I gag every time.

The only thing I've tried that helps is to put whipped cream on the head of his cock and then slurp it off with his come.

Tell Debbie and Denise that if they try it and it works for them, write and let everyone know.

Fat Dog's Ol' Lady
Munich, Germany

■ It's all in your head, babe.

A Tight One

□ In your July '82 issue, on page 61, is a picture of a bro trying to jump over eleven or twelve bikes. Man, I just want to know if he made it.

Rich
Baltimore, Md.

■ He'd better be goin' fast — from that angle it looks as if some tight asses musta been around. Maybe Valerie knows the answer. It's a moldy oldie.

Liked Howlin'

□ Thought I'd send a few words. Just finished reading "Howlin' Success" (July '82 issue). It's the best story I've read in your mag yet. Keep up the great job. (This is in response to your remark to "Mountain View Gang" (July '82.)

Red Fox
Florence, S.C.

■ Thanks. I needed that response — those lips looked yummy.

Digs Centerspread

□ I'm a downed bro doing twenty down here in Georgia, and I just got done reading the August '82 issue. I want to thank Dave Mann for his work of art. It has to be one of the best he has ever done. Thanks, Dave, from an appreciative bro.

Marijuana Mike
Alto, Ga.

■ It was a popular one.

□ Of all the years *Easyriders* has been on the newsstands, there haven't been any centerspread pictures by Dave Mann that had more feeling or appreciation in it than the one in the August '82 issue.

I would like to commend Dave on a job well done. I know that all the other broth-

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.

THE LIFE WE LIVE THE LIFE WE LOVE



KS 01



KS 02*



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KS 04

These are Quality Shirts (Black only)
Specify Quantity and Size (M, L, XL)
\$8.95 each . . . Includes Postage &
Handling — CA residents add 58¢
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Allow 4-6 weeks delivery

* Multicolor

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P.O. BOX 1175, El Granada, CA. 94018

ers who are locked up in prison and dream of getting out feel the same way I do.

Darrell
Ashland, Ky.

☐ I've never had an urge to write any rag, but after seeing Dave Mann's masterpiece in your August '82 issue, I just had to write you and tell you what an inspiring piece of artwork that is.

I'm sure that my release won't be as spectacular, but I know that not long after, I'll be tooling down the highway of life on a new scooter and packing a new ol' lady.

Thanks for helping me realize once again that there is still something for me to look forward to.

Big K
Chattahoochee, Fla.

☐ I'm in the joint (for forty years), and that centerspread has a lot to say for us downed bros. It shows the three main things a bro wants to have waiting for him when he walks outta these gates of hell: his Harley, his ol' lady, and his Jack Daniel's!

Sonny Zickefoose
Pendleton, Ind.

☐ Dave Mann has definitely outdone himself. He really earned his raisin pie for the August '82 issue.

John V.
Long Island, N.Y.

Another Fuckup

☐ Have you guys been suckin' the leather off your p-pads, or are you printing a rag? As I was reading your September '82 issue, I noticed that there wasn't a continuation of the interview with Clyde Fessler of Harley-Davidson after page 25. It

wasn't until I got all the way back to page 54 that I noticed there was a continuation, but the sentences didn't even match. What's the deal?

Dirty Dave
McAlester, Okla.

Rocky III

☐ Let's hear three cheers for Rocky, an American idol aboard his FLHS in Rocky III. Fast Eddie
N. Syracuse, N.Y.

Lynyrd Skynyrd

☐ I was really pleased to read in "Downtime" (August '82 issue) about Lynyrd Skynyrd, .38 Special, and Molly Hatchet. It was great!

It's the first time I've found a mag that wrote an article about Ronnie Van Zant and how the band has survived. He was a great man and they were a great band.

Nita McKay
Conewango Valley, N.Y.

Relates To Road Dog

☐ I just wanted to write and say I can really relate to Road Dog about women, in the sense that a lot of 'em are fucked up. But not all of 'em. I've been fucked over a lot, but that's my own fault — I never thought I was good enough, so I always went for the bad ones. I've always been a wannabe.

It's tough to go without. I haven't been laid for two fuckin' years! So if you're gonna go without, good luck.
Bird
Santa Barbara, Calif.

He Got Help

☐ Just wanted to pass along a thanks to the two righteous ol' ladies who picked me up out of this land of pasta,

mopeds, and Moto Guzzis and for two unbelievable weeks kept me satisfied, spaced out, and out of jail.

Swann
Vicenza, Italy

He Made It!

☐ We just wanted to thank you for printin' a letter. We wrote you a few months ago about our bro Mo-Lush ridin' his bike from Texas to the Bronx during the coldest recorded temperatures in a century. He made it in five days, stopping only to gas up and thaw out.

And aside from a frozen throttle cable and frostbitten fingertips, he said, "It was a piece of cake."

Barbara
Dallas, Tex.

New Club

☐ There are a few bros putting together a club in the joint here. We'd like to know if anyone is going by the handle of Drifters MC. If any of the staff or readers have heard of such, let us know through Easyriders.

C.N.
Elmira, N.Y.

An Invite

☐ Tell Dave Mann and Jody Via they can party with us any time they are down under.

F.
Melbourne, Australia

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. ■

Easyriders



"Look, Pop, me and the boys agree — we don't want you and Mom riding with us no more!"

HIGH in HOG HEAVEN

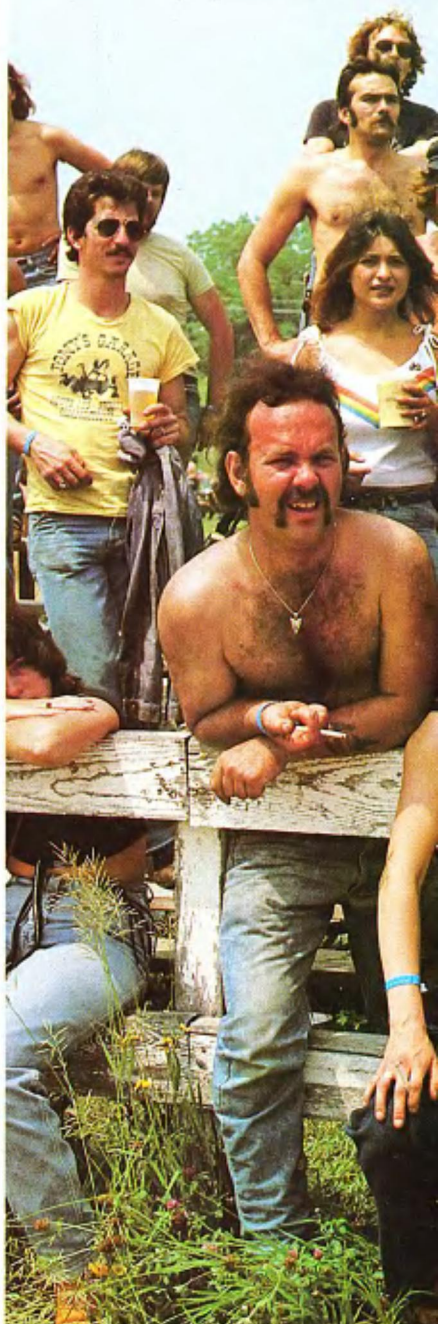
Summer's here, and it's party time for Harley owners in New England.

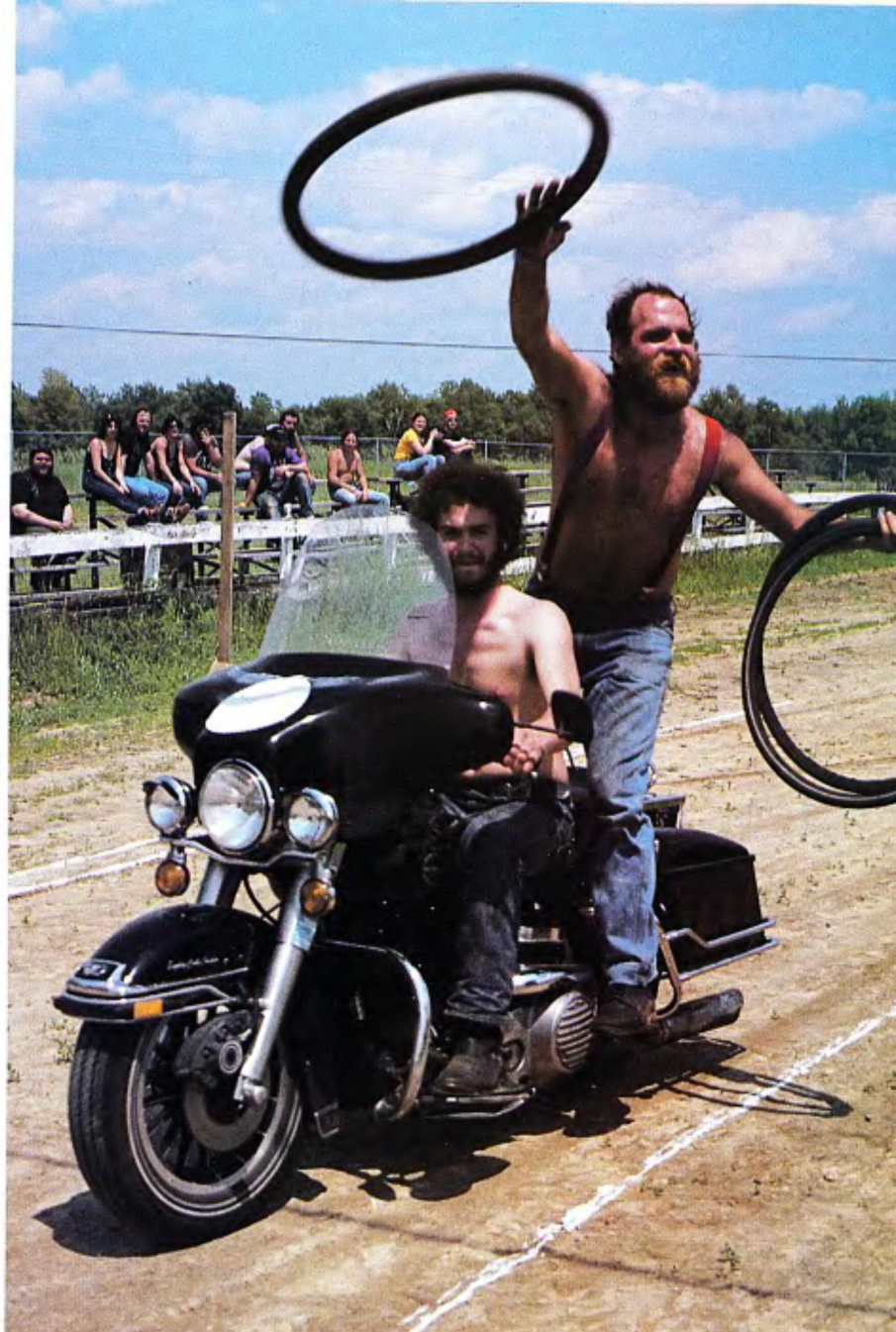


Upstate New York? What the hell happens in upstate New York, other than trees turnin' green in the spring and gold in the fall? Oh, yeah. There's them newlywed straights who go watch the world's biggest shower in Niagara, and there's some kinda baseball team across the river in Canada. Let's see, what else? I seem to remember somethin' about a Harley Rendezvous. A big biker meet, three days long, that they've been holdin' for the past three years. Let's see — it says here it's a Harley get-together with live bands, plenty of beer, a swap meet, exhibits, and all kinds of happenings. Tickets are by mail order only, though, so I guess I'd best get a check in the mail.

The Washington Fairgrounds in Greenwich, New York. This must be the place. At least there's what seem to be thousands of scoots roamin' around, all of them carrying righteous-lookin' bros and ol' ladies, and I can see enough beer from where I'm standin' to fill our own Niagara Falls. At the gate a dude wraps a blue armband on me and tells me that anyone caught inside without an armband will be assumed to be hostile (he got in without a ticket) and will be escorted out at once — or sooner. Another dude gives me the word that even though there are a lot of patches at the Rendezvous, this is neutral ground, and that anyone who starts a hassle will find it being stopped by the organizers. And it ain't gonna be stopped with a "pretty please" or any kind of shit like that.

Inside the gate at last, and it looks like Hog Heaven. There's gotta be more than 6,000 people wanderin' around, and there's good-lookin' scoots, average scoots, stock scoots, and even a good selection of rats. Over in a barn there's a display of fan-fuckin'-tastic restored bikes, some of 'em lookin' like they just rolled off the assembly line, even though they're forty and fifty years old. What's







Photos by Wizard





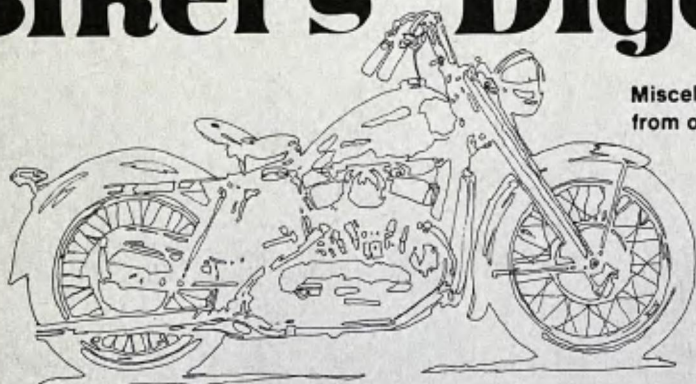
that shit goin' on over there? Hey, lookie them great batches of skin art. It's a tattoo competition, and some of them pictures look like they took weeks to put on. There's a lot of engine noise comin' from over by the parade ground. Must be all the motorcycle events they were talkin' about havin'. Later for that.

Hey, it's just like Dodge City. The ol' Waterin' Hole bar. What a trip! If you can get close, which takes a bit of doin', there's all the beer you can guzzle, and once you get inside you need those suds to cool you down. Man, it's hot! There's wall to wall bodies, and they're in here for two reasons. The beer, and those fine sounds comin' from up on the stage. There's a group called Classy Trash and there's QT Hush and William Van Dyke, all wailin' away one after the other. There ain't no dancin', though. Shit, there ain't room to wiggle, much less dance. Of course, there's some sweet young things dancin' up there with the groups — and just watchin' them is enough to get my feet to movin'.

The feet moved, and havin' moved, stopped for another brew. This time over where all that noise was comin' from. There's bikes all over the place, and some of 'em are even goin' straight. Mostly on the slalom course, where they're supposed to be goin' around corners. Oh, well. Bikers always have been an inventive bunch. Those that ain't goin' straight when they're supposed to be turnin' are turnin' when they're supposed to be goin' straight, like in the beer-can pickup, hoop toss, barrel push, and all that kinda shit. Ain't a whole lot of classy ridin' goin' on, but they're havin' fun.

Three days, they say. I don't know if I'm gonna be able to make it. I know one thing for sure, though. I've met some good bros here, and it's time to party down. And when it comes time to party, I ain't got no time to be writin' about what's goin' on. If you were here while I was writin' these notes, you know what happened for the rest of the weekend. If you weren't, you missed one hell of a party, bro. You might want to think about gettin' your shit together for next year. What's that you say? Where's upstate New York? Well, you just follow all those beer trucks and Harleys, and you'll find yourself in Hog Heaven. — Easy

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

A Few Honest People Left

Delaware state senator comes down with Claybrook Condition (symptoms: great wringing of hands and bleeding of heart) and comes up with a helmet law reinstatement bill there. Speaking of Claybrook (as much as we'd rather not), the Dragon Lady is back in the news. Seems a new book, "Abuse of Trust," blows a number of whistles on Ralph Nader for doing the things surreptitiously which he publicly decries. As president of one of 19 enterprises in the Nader empire, Claybrook screamed foul and lent her rhetoric to defense of her boss — all of which lends more credibility to those reports that the much publicized Claybrook/Nader "falling out" during her tenure as NHTSA head indeed was a staged performance. It's enough to give consumerism a bad name.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Practicing...

Another feat you can tackle is braking to a stop using only your braking hand on the handlebar. This doesn't mean you should use only one hand on the handlebar when stopping in the street. It's just a parking-lot exercise, to make you feel more comfortable on your motorcycle.

From a speed of about 10 mph, shift into neutral. Release the left handgrip, keeping your left hand poised near it in case you feel the need to grasp it as you stop. After several tries, you'll be able to stop comfortably using only your right hand to operate the front brake, left hand resting on your hip.

If you have a buddy, slow-

racing is a neat game. Agree on a straight-line distance. The person who takes the longest time to travel the distance without putting a foot down wins.

—Ray Hill
Motorcyclist

All Types Get Tickets

What could be more fun than partying in the saddle with my right wrist cranked back to a 90-degree angle while the speedo needle twists around the gauge finally to rest two inches beyond 55? What a marvelous time I was having!

What an awful red light in the rearview!

So I got this speeding ticket and my decadent and dangerous fun earned me a guilty verdict. The judge threw the book — school book — at me. "Pay the fine or go to school," he said.

School? I thought it was called jail.

I was lucky. In California, traffic offenders can avoid both a fine and a permanent impression on their driving record by attending an all-day session of traffic safety school. Californians may take advantage of this once a year or once a lifetime, depending on local county ordinances and the severity of the offense.

—Buzz Buzzelli
Cycle

In The Shorts

Seldom does the Anti-Destination League lose a battle, but this time the League has taken it in the shorts. In our last episode, you will recall, the ADL had encouraged the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to make lots of stupid rules about speedometers. Speedometers

couldn't read higher than 85 mph, NHTSA ruled, and a highlighted 55 had to be marked to encourage slow driving. Also, more numbers had to be added so drivers would know if they were going 100 kph or 60 mph.

In a stunning blow against absurdity, the NHTSA has abandoned its speedometer rules. As of March 25 the limits on maximum speed, the requirement for the big 55, and the double unit requirements were dropped. Also, a requirement for tamper-proof designs that would have gone into effect this September was thrown out. In this reversal of policy, the new leaders at NHTSA said that there were no indications the speedometer rules had done anything to increase safety or slow drivers. It also said the rules added to the cost of vehicles. Most of the major auto companies have pledged to continue producing vehicles with only 85mph speedometers, but the smaller manufacturers, will now be able to revert to more normal speedometers. At least when the supplies of 85mph speedometers are depleted, there may be a change.

—Cycle World

Gettin' Road Ready

Before setting off on your summer tour, or even for a weekend, give your motorcycle this easy run down.

Check and/or change your engine's oil and filter. Use Harley's 20W50 oil and top it off with a 6-oz. bottle of motorcycle oil treatment for added engine protection.

Check the transmission lubricant. It should be changed every 5,000 miles.

Make sure your battery is fully charged. If it is defec-

tive, replace with Harley's new low-maintenance battery. This new battery should never need to have water added.

Be sure your chain is properly tightened, and carry along Harley-Davidson chain spray or high-performance chain lube. If the chain is worn, save yourself trouble on the road by replacing it with a Harley-Davidson Power chain or Self-lube chain. (Don't forget to check your sprockets for wear.) Clean and properly gap your spark plugs. For older models, tune-up kits are available which include spark plugs, points, and condenser.

—The Enthusiast

Hooray For Canada!

The great V-twin shrink: Honda will offer a 250cc water-cooled V-twin to be called the VT250. The mini-vee was shown to a group of dealers recently in Tokyo. It employs a 90-degree cylinder configuration similar to Ducati's, and four valves per cylinder. The chassis features pro-link suspension and racing-style 16-inch wheels. There is also the possibility that a similar VT350 may be introduced soon. Now for the bad news. Honda has not announced any plans to import the VT bikes to North America. This may turn out to be another case where Canadians are denied exciting new models because some marketing whiz-kid tells the manufacturer that what Canadians really want to buy is an 1800cc chopper-bike.

—Canadian Motorcycle
Business

About The Same Price

Frankly, it's puzzling to me why the FLH — either the Classic version or the chain-drive Electra Glide — is still alive and kicking. Don't get me wrong; I honestly appreciate Harley's unique approach to over-the-road motorcycling, but another H-D, the FLT Tour Glide, does it so much better. The FLT is manifestly smoother, handles better, has much better tires, brakes, suspension, steering and instrumentation, offers over 50 pounds more load capacity, and has a slicker-shifting five-speed gearbox — all for about the same price. . .

—Paul Dean
Cycle Guide



The Whiskey That We Made Famous

by Preacher

As a relatively young scooter tramp, I never was much on history; like most bikers, I sort of made my own as I went along. Now, as America approaches the 21st century, we may discover that some of the shit we've taken for gospel in the past is merely legend. Today, would-be scholars determined to set the record straight are tellin' us that some of the legends we learned by rote are, in fact, bullshit. We've been told, for instance, that history provides no real evidence to support the claim that Betsy Ross made the first American flag. And, worse, that Elijah Craig may not have been the sole creator of the whiskey we call bourbon.

In some southern states them's fightin' words. Hell, we're speakin' of a spirit as frontier as Harley-Davidson, as smooth as a Sportster, and as rugged and robust as the American biker. It's legend. It's folklore. It's fuckin' history. But what the hell is American whiskey anyway? Is it Jack Daniel's? Bourbon Supreme? Walker's Deluxe? Ezra Brooks? In truth, it's all of these — and more.

Definitions, Legends and Lore

American whiskey is an alcoholic distillate from a fermented mash of corn, rye, wheat, or malted barley. Straight whiskey has to contain at least 51 percent of one of these

grains to be so designated, and it's got to be distilled at — get this — not less than 160 proof and stored in new charred oak barrels for two or more years. Blended whiskey has to contain at least 20 percent straight whiskey, plus grain spirits (for the most part spirits distilled from fermented grain and stored in oak cooperage). And that's just the beginning! However, since I'm more interested in what the whiskey's all about and how the hell it got that way, I'll move on to a little of the lore.

Legend has it that in the year that George Washington moved Martha and his wooden teeth to the first White House, a Baptist preacher in Georgetown, Kentucky, was makin' his own memorable contribution to the newborn republic, to say nothin' of its future economy. The aforementioned Elijah Craig (who'd done some jug time of his own for grand theft) made a mash of corn and certain other grains, fermented and distilled it, and the result of his labors became known, in due time, by the name of the county in which the lightnin'-drinkin' reverend rode circuit: Bourbon. The trouble is that in 1789, Kentucky was part of Virginia, and Georgetown was then situated in what later became Scott County, Kentucky. Who knows what might have resulted from all this geographic bullshit if bourbon had been called "Scotts" for its native

habitat. So much for the legend!

The Reverend Craig's spirit (liquid variety) was a far cry from the bourbon of today, and Craig was by no means the only distiller in the region. He was but one of scores of Virginians who set up stills along the rivers and creeks that flowed over limestone outcroppings containin' minerals that added a distinctive quality to the water, and therefore to the distilled spirit.

As originally made in those primitive pot stills, it was some rough, potent shit. There were no purity standards, of course, but the alcohol was strong enough to murder any strange bodies in the clear liquid — or at least to totally fuckin' incapacitate them. Ready to drink it was a raw, fiery, colorless liquid. It had no age to speak of and certainly none of the characteristics we associate with bourbon today, but did have a kick stronger than Mutha's pungent pussy, and more real value than currency. It was traded for goods and services of every kind, and a dude with a stock of "Fire Copper" whiskey had blue chips.

The Birth Of The Caramel Flavor

It wasn't too long before the large-scale commercial possibilities of the bourbon business became evident to a few bright businessmen, and the resultin' wave of professional distillers

Continued on page 114

The Avalon Avengers in the SILENT HOTEL

It started out as a joke. Gowain and I were sitting on the living room floor as the morning sun made its first feeble attempt to penetrate the window grime. His Harley, still hot from the ride home, filled the room with odors of gasoline and smoke and made small ticking sounds as it cooled. Now and then a drop of oil fell from it and disappeared into the black circle in the old green rug. I popped open another can of beer, leaned back against the wall, and asked, "So how are things nowadays at the Silent Hotel?"

The Silent Hotel was what we called the mortuary where Gowain worked the graveyard shift. Some of us had to work, after all, to keep the landlord off our backs and the kitchen stocked with beer and chips. When Gowain found a gig night-nursing a bunch of stiffies, the rest of us thought he was crazy. But he claimed it was the perfect job. Like clerking in a hotel, he said, where nobody ever checks out, and no one ever calls room service.

"Same as always," he replied. The Silent Hotel was always the same as always, it never changed.

"You mean you canceled the prom? What's the matter, can't any of you bozos get your act together for it?"

"The prom?" Gowain sprayed. "Jester, you fuckin' kill me." He finished a can of Buckhorn and lobbed the empty behind the couch. "The prom. Shit. These seniors never graduate, man. They just deteriorate." He ripped open another tin of suds. "We did get this one chick, though," he said. He took a swallow. "I wish I'd have knowed her when she was still warm. I'd have took her to the prom." When Gowain grinned, his lips seemed to disappear.

"A real looker, huh?"

"Yeah. Fuckin' gorgeous — for a piece of dead meat." He pulled out a pack of Marlboros and lit one. "Funny thing about this stiff was — hey, you want one?"

"What? A corpse?"

"No, a smoke. A corpse. Shit. You fuckin' kill me, you know that, Jester?"

"So I hear. Well, what about her?"

"Who?"

"The good-lookin' stiff."

"Oh, yeah. She had a scar."

"A scar?"

"Yeah. A big scar. Down her right hip." He pointed

Continued on page 80



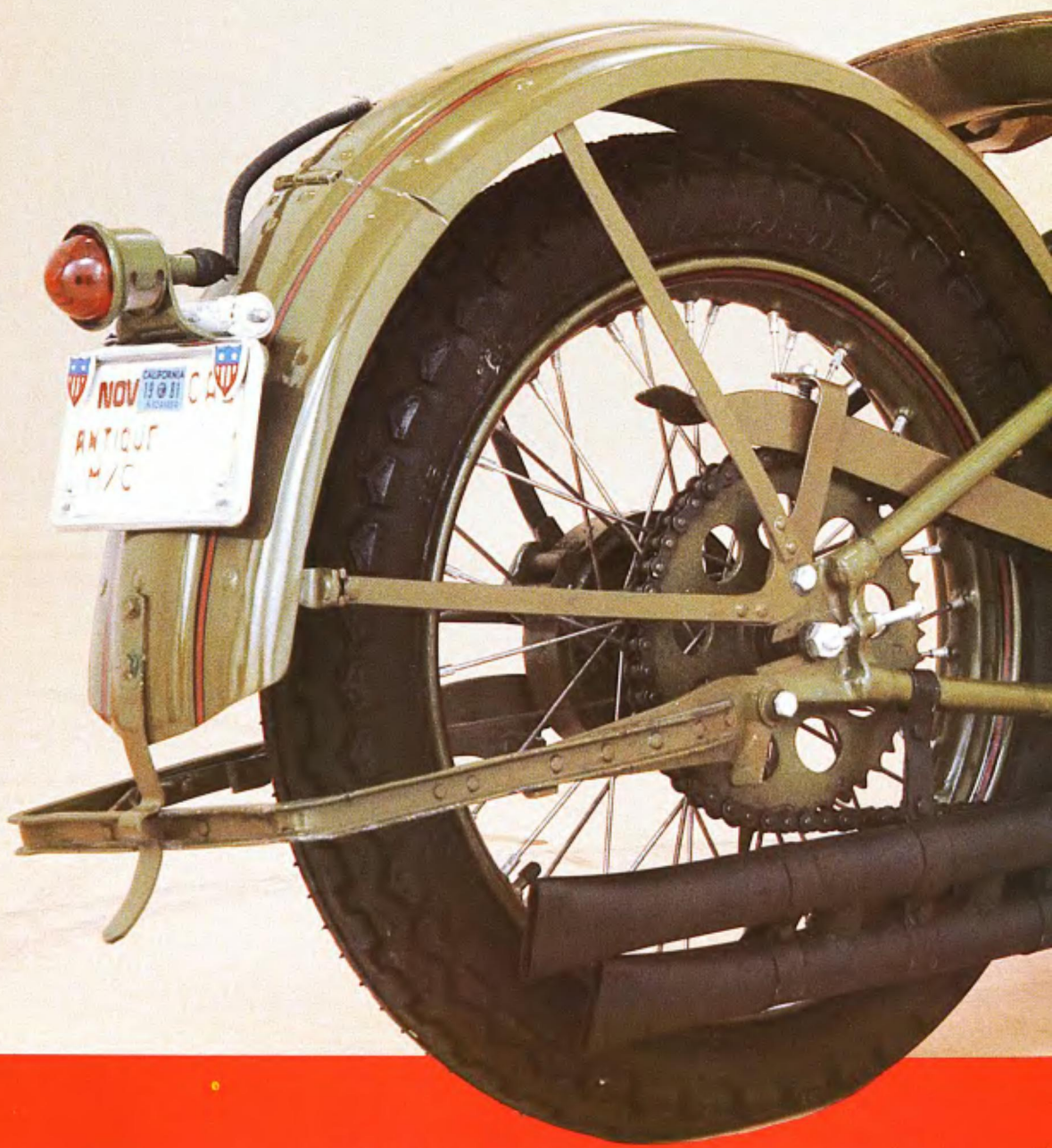
ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

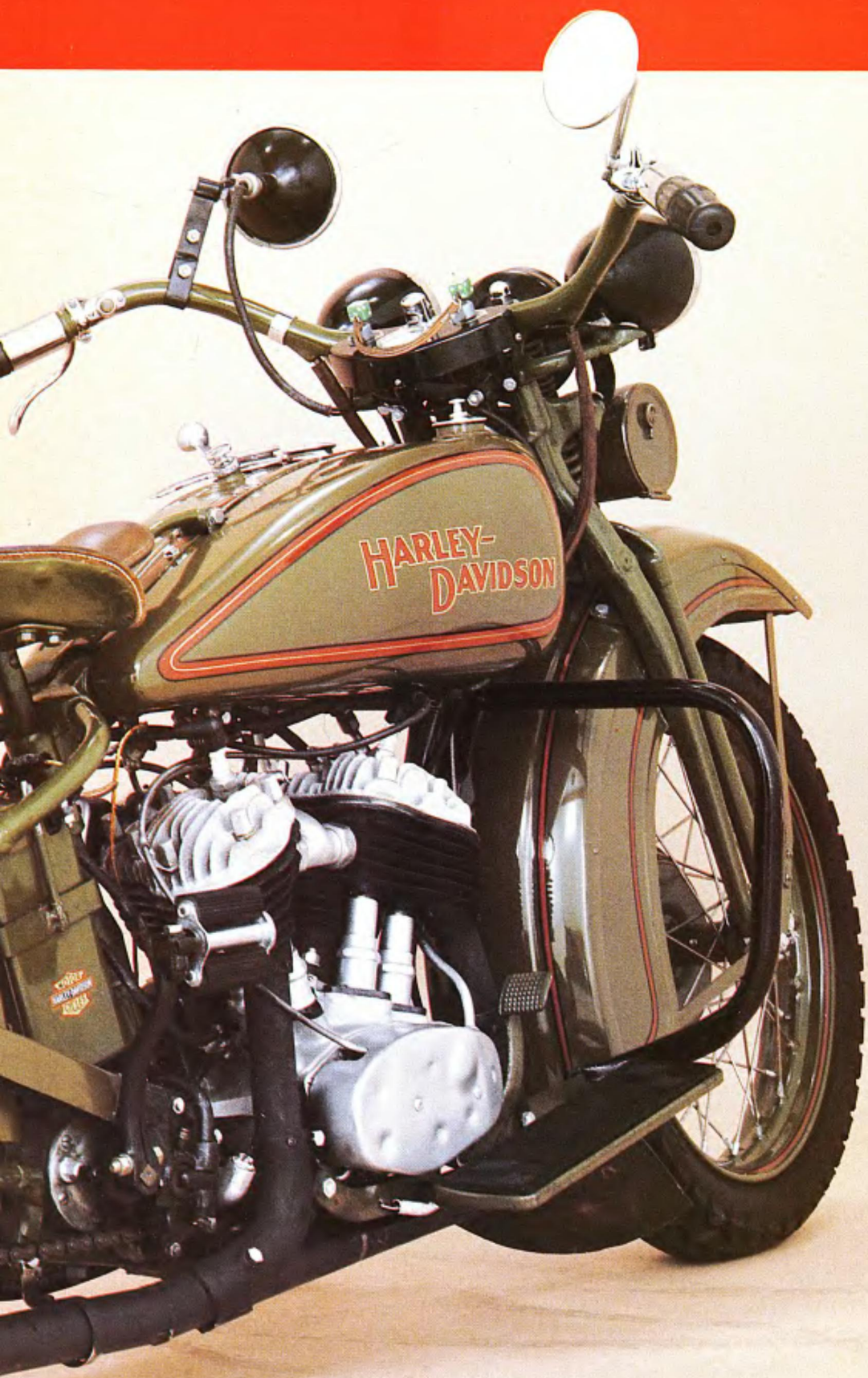
It stands to reason that Mel wanted to do something special for 1983. He first threw a leg over a tank in 1938, you see, so '83 will mark his 45th year in the saddle — a significant milestone and, if you're as into classics as Mel is, worth celebrating in only one way — by restoring a cherry 45-inch Harley.

First thing you got to understand about Mel is that he takes his restoration work very seriously. To get this 1930 H-D DL perfect, he knew he'd need four-to-five years, what with hunting for parts and all. So he started back in the late 70s, figuring to finish the 45 on his 45th riding anniversary. He got it done a few months

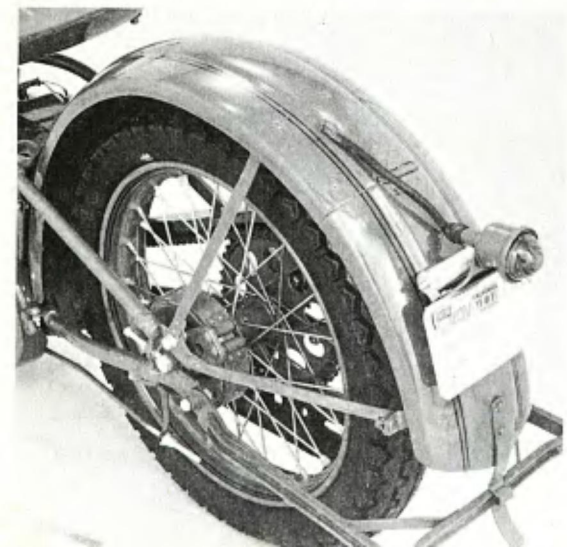
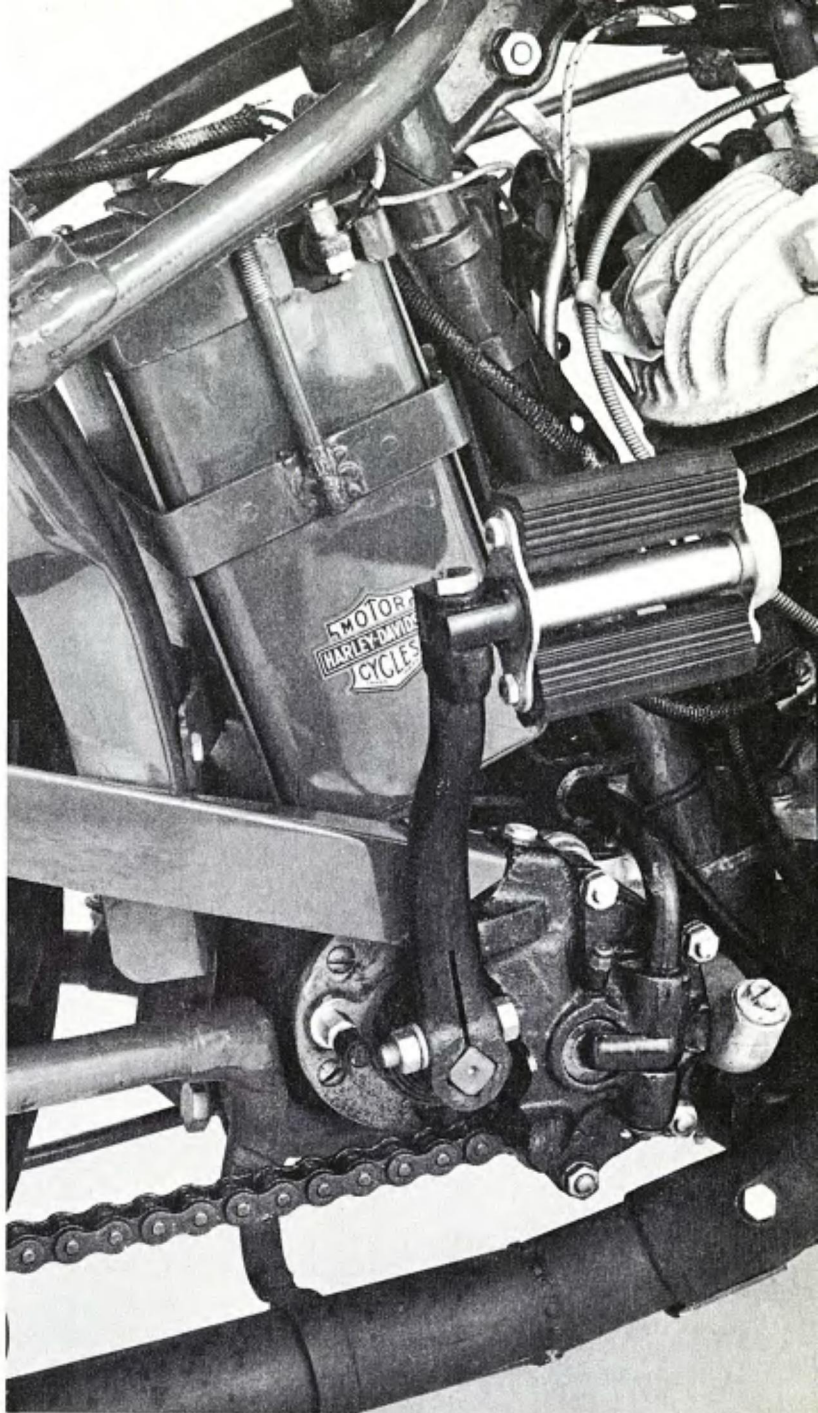
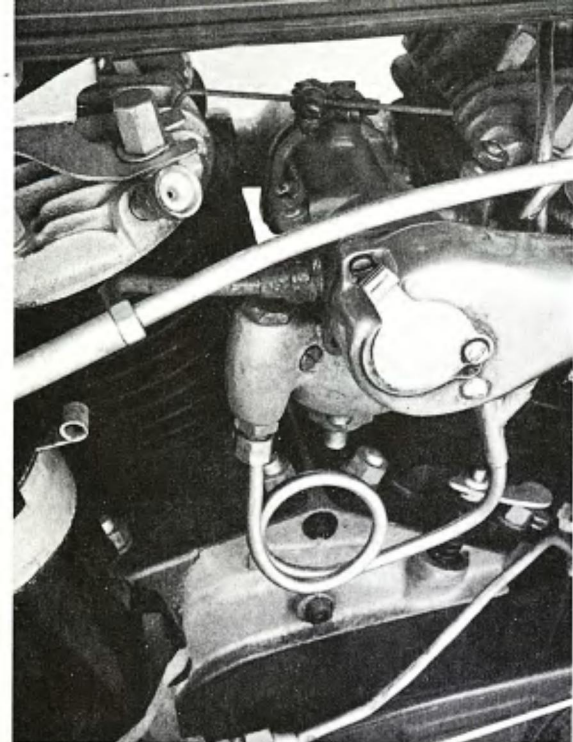
ahead of schedule, but no one's complainin'.

Getting the word that Mel's baby was ready to shoot, I booked down to his North San Diego pad, expecting to find the bike occupying the center of a tool- and trash-filled garage. Not a chance. Built onto one side of the house was an addition filled with tasty bikes,







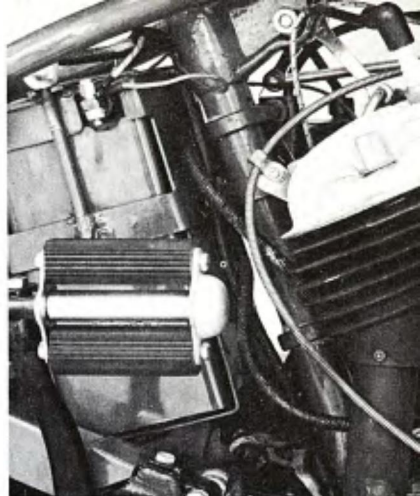


including the '30 Bobtail featured in the January, 1980 issue of *Easyriders*, a '46 Harley dresser, a '46 Rainbow Indian Chief, a Harley Hummer and a 1914 Dayton that Mel is currently restoring.

Aside from the bikes themselves, the thing that almost made me drop my teeth was the way the bikes were displayed — not covered with greasy tarps and surrounded by empty oil cans and moldy crates of rusty parts. Not a bit. The addition Mel built on his

house is set up as a small motorcycle museum, with the bikes shined up and artfully displayed with the respect they deserve. Well, we told you the man was serious.

Before getting down to the 45 we cracked open a few longnecks and traded some war stories. After all, it isn't every day you get to bullshit with a bro who remembers raising hell in Tijuana back in the days when a gringo on a chopper was about as common a sight as a biker on "The



Dating Game." Mel was one of those early hell raisers.

Maybe you've heard of Sea World? The action around there now is limited to having a couple of incarcerated killer whales put on a show for a bunch of Bermuda shorts and their rugrats. But 'way back when, there was a racetrack on that site. And Mel used to race 45s on it.

Speaking of 45s, Mel pointed out that his anniversary special is basically stock, though the stoplight is an aftermarket item often used on early scooters. The dual headlights come from friends down in New Zealand, and the old, vertical-style generator, which was only made in '29 and '30, has a small external handle that adjusts the unit's third brush. (The proper adjustment on these old bikes, by the way, is one amp over what is necessary to run the bike. Any more and you'll fry the battery.)

Mel handmade and formed the cam cover, the rear chain guard, the shifting gate, the exhaust system, the front tool box, the battery box, the air cleaner canister, the valance on the front fender, the oil and gas lines, and all the fender braces — which explains, better than anything else, why it took a few years to get the job done just right.

The thing is, it doesn't matter to Mel whether it takes days or years. He only knows one way to do a job — the right way. Like we said, this dude is one serious wheelman.

—Gordo





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Mel Thornton		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1930	
Year and make: 1930 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: DL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,500		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: four years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: San Diego Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1930		Risers: part of bars	
Model: 45 DL		Fender(s): stock	
Rebuilder: The Shop in Ventura		Headlight: factory, dual	
Ignition: battery		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 45 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: rebuilt		Front pegs: runningboards	
Balancing: yes		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: standard		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: H-D	
Heads: high-compression cast iron		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): 4		Oil system: total loss	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Don's Leather	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: stock		Height: fender straps	
Muffler(s): yes		Material: factory steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1930		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: I-beam	
Trans sprocket: stock		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 18
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Pacific Bead Auto Paint		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 2 in.
Color: olive drab		Tire: 3.50	Tire: 3.75
Type: enamel		Brake: drum	Brake: external band
Special paint: striping by Fisk			
Other special modifications: too numerous to mention			

PRETTY PLEASE WITH PENICILLIN ON IT

By Marcus Wobbly, M.D.

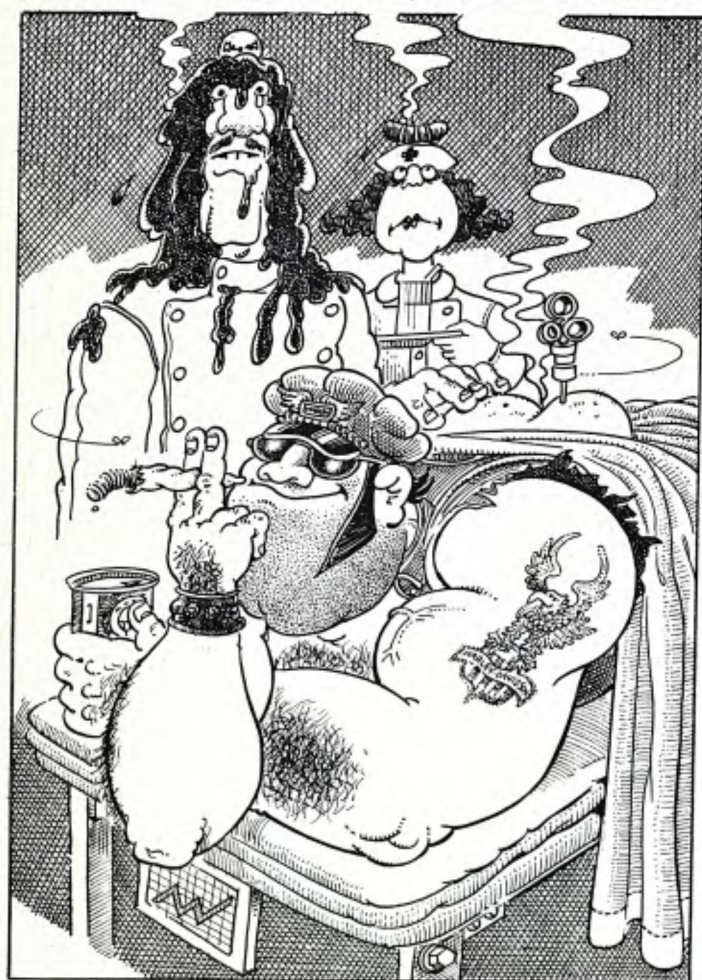
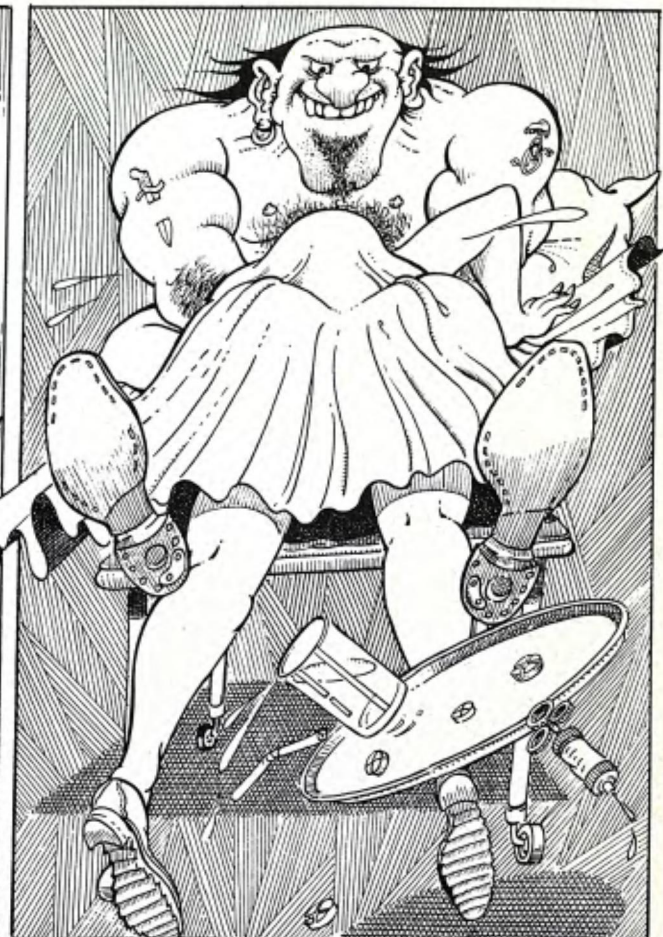
I have healed countless thousands of broken and bleeding bikers during my long career at the world-famous Cedars of Lithuania Hospital, and undoubtedly it will be necessary for me to heal thousands more in the years to come, simply because the chopper lifestyle seems to invite catastrophic injury. All that jamming, doping, drinking, whoring, and fighting almost guarantee that your flesh will become heir to hordes of hostile slings and arrows — not to mention the occasional magnum-size hole.

But not to worry. Day or night, my assistants and I are ready to bind your wounds and set your bones.

Despite our wholehearted dedication to your well-being, however, I must sadly report that there have been altogether too many hot and heavy confrontations between you biker people and members of my hospital staff. You seem to think that everyone in a white uniform is prejudiced against bikers, that we shit on you at every opportunity, and that our rules and regulations are just petty little ego trips.

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THOUGHTS BEFORE RELEASE FROM A SOUTHERN PRISON

*"...for 30 months I saw my rights
in the joint increase while my rights
on the streets have gone to hell."*

by JAMES JENNINGS



A year ago I had gone through the initial shock of penitence in a southern prison — though it could have been any prison in America and achieved the same end result — and came to the piqued conclusion that the Quaker solution to crime sucks. As we all know, prisons are nothing more than human warehouses with too little floor space. The food is bland. Education and medical services are on a scale barely sufficient to substantiate their existence. The "preparing you for future employment" on-the-job training in joints is something out of a comic book. Who employs farm hands these days? Yes, I know what prisons are. You know what they are. The courts know what they are. Unfortunately, the average citizen doesn't know. Anyway, nearing the end of my five-year sentence, with time off for good behavior, I'm ready to hit the streets again, slightly older, somewhat wiser, but even more disillusioned.

I shouldn't bitch, really; I'm luckier than most of my downed brothers. Through my writing of two books and a number of stories and articles for magazines, I've managed to keep my ol' lady and the rugrats a shade above poverty, and I've saved some loot to make the transition to the streets somewhat easier. What I have saved would barely make the down payment on the scooter I want, an FXR Super Glide II, but it'll rent us an apartment, keeping me out of the halfway house that is located in the fag section of Big D. As I said, I'm better off than most. I got a good job, a home, and a family waiting for me. Beats hell out of having to face the free world with \$200 discharge money, prison-made pants and shirt, and nobody. So why am I scared?

What really started the fear beating in my chest like an out-of-tune Honda was something I read in the newspapers back the first of the year. It was about the bust of a six-year-old kid in Florida, charged with assaulting her seven-year-old playmate. They tried to put it in adult court. *Get tough on criminals!* God, to what lengths those square johns will go to avoid rearing their kids right! It made me begin to worry about my four-year-old punching some sissy in the eye at the day care center. I could just see us sharing side-by-side cells — him for assault; me for murdering the sick sonofabitch who tried him as an adult. It makes you want to pack up the ol' lady and the rugrats and ride off into the Mojave and not stop until you think civilization has disappeared. But, hell, you'd only find yourself arrested for trespassing on a nuclear test site. It's getting to where you can't win for losing. Freedom — Constitutional

rights — you can't find meaning in them anymore.

Yeah, that's what scares me — 1984 — a police state.

Hell, leaving prison the "bear" has never scared me. I've always been able to score a job and put a roof over our heads. That kind of crap is for the dude who just doesn't want to make it. And as a biker I had halfway gotten used to losing a portion of my rights. But I'd always felt that the greasy spoon that refused my colors entrance was hurting

just sent a case back to Texas, stating that a "sniffer" (shiteater) could not sniff a school kid; however, the justices allowed that the mutt could sniff the school lockers, purses, lunch pails, cars, and clothing! So what else is left?

I checked the law — it's a misdemeanor to barbecue a dog in Texas. And that's exactly what's going to happen to any "sniffer" that turns vicious and bites one of my kids! But give them time. They'll come up with more constitutional rights for that mutt

it "toning the action." So, given the figure 68,444 alone, it looks monstrous — until you consider how many Americans are under age 18. Aha! You never realized so many of those little crumb-snatchers were underfoot, did you? But let's still say that even though 68,444 under-eighteens is a lot of peach fuzz any way you look at it, it's still declining. So why all the fuss?

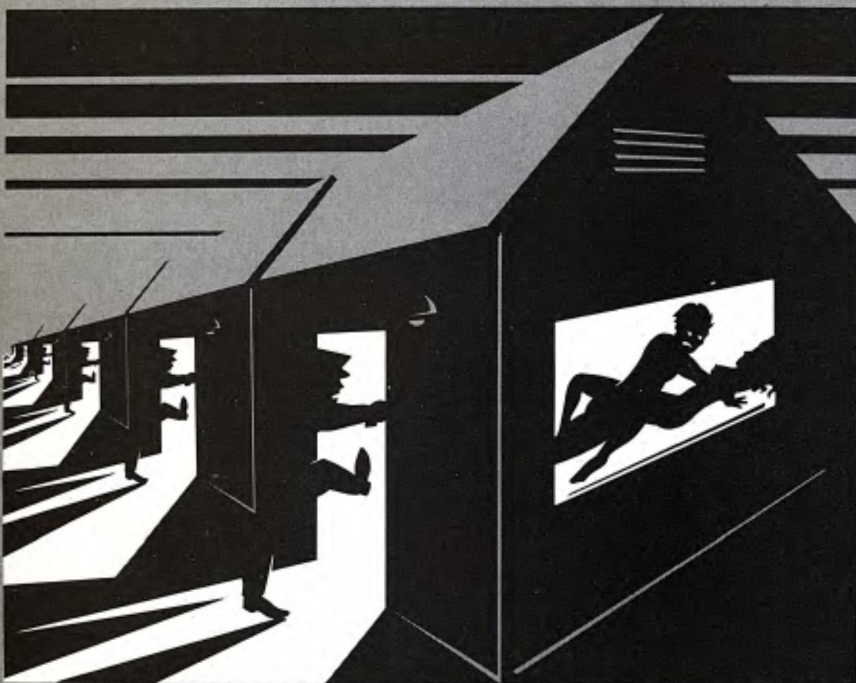
A lot of reasons, mostly political. When a rich politician can't deliver promised results on unemployment, foreign relations, improved Social Security, lower taxes, etc., he jumps on the "Get tough on crime!" bandwagon. "Dope funds prostitution, gambling, etc.," he spouts. Bullshit. Selling pussy on the street and in clubs doesn't require financial backing. Gambling? Shit. You can pick up any newspaper from time to time and learn that a helluva lot of politicians and their backers own the joints. "Dope causes people to steal to support their habits." Bullshit, again. There's damn few dopers with oil-burners for the expensive stuff these days, and most of these sell dope to buy dope. People steal for a lot of reasons, dope probably being among the least of these reasons. I've found that most dudes steal because they are not making enough money or have no jobs at all. They need something they don't have: a meal, a part for the cage or scooter, a new set of clothes, a color TV like the Joneses have. There's never been any big mystery about why people steal — it's simply a risky way of getting what you ain't got. But if one sociologist came up and said that people steal because of economic necessity, because of peer pressure in the form of "I got a new scooter and you ain't," then they'd all be out of jobs and the politicians would be mad as hell that some cluck let the kitty out of the bag.

Well, so much for the message from Madison Avenue, Wall Street, and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW.

I love America. Texas. I love Texas. It's my home. I've lived in Longview, Houston, Texas City, and Big D. The state has a healthy climate, expanding opportunities, and good people. But it has crisis politics. Politicians in Texas will go so far as to shoot themselves in order to attract votes. Don't laugh — a state representative from Longview did just that last year.

Texas scares me. As part of a recent "crime package" put to the legislative floor in Texas, it was proposed to legalize wiretapping (in certain incidences) and no-knock entrance (without a warrant) when the officer feels probable cause is present. That should scare any red-blooded Texan.

I really try to be Continued on page 126



its own business worse than it was hurting me. Illegal search of my bike was something I'd come to accept as a fact of my lifestyle, not so much a violation of my rights as it was just plain harassment on the part of the individual cop. At least I was safe in my cage and in my home, since I was one of those Americans who account for a majority of the 1% — a working stiff who loved to ride a scooter in his spare time, sometimes even to work. I had even used my \$500-limit Visa card to pay the unjust fines levied against me and my lifestyle. Now I won't be safe in my cage or my home, any more than on my scooter. It scares hell out of me. It should.

In a 6-3 opinion the Supreme Court decided in May that cages and their contents, sealed or otherwise, are subject to search if, in the officer's opinion, there is probable cause.

Goodbye, Fourth Amendment. Notice, too, that nothing was written about bikes. Bikes were never protected by the Fourth, anyway.

And my kids won't be safe in school, either. The 5th Circuit Court of Appeals

than my kids have, and will probably make it a federal capital crime to waste a canine narc.

You know something that beats hell out of me? I have before me right now — no shit — some reports from the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. I quote: Total arrest trends — drug abuse violations, number of persons under 18 years of age who were arrested in 1971: 74,737. In 1980: 68,444. Down 8.4 per cent! And that's a misleading statistic. The population increase would create a larger decrease, per capita, in these figures. That beats the hell out of me — who came up with the so-called increase that we keep hearing about, and why?

Ever since Nancy Reagan was told she needed a "social cause" to pursue — and she picked teenage drug abuse — every nitpicker in America has begun to crusade, by pen and mouth, against drug abuse. Those nitpickers crusaded so violently against drugs that Valium sales have increased five-fold to soothe the little fuckers' overworked nerves.

The numbers game. In writing we call

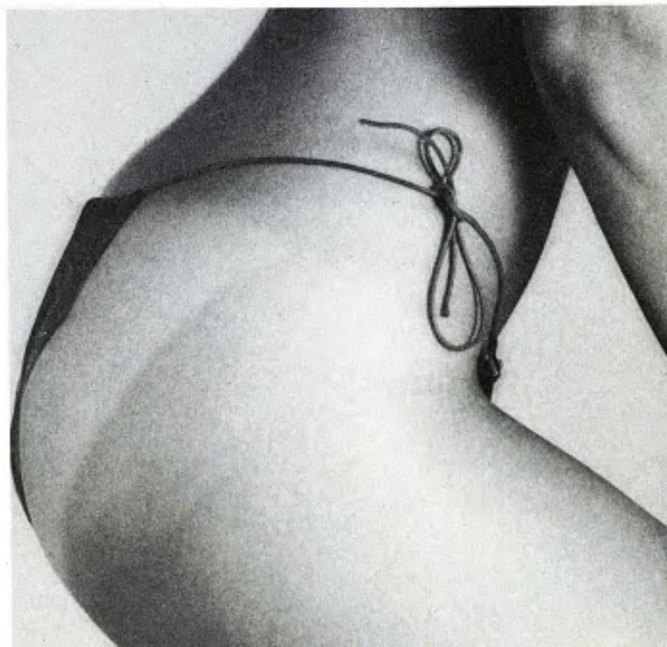
BUTT COVERS

There's a halfway point on every trip, usually someplace you stop for a smoke, or just to relax and get the kinks out. So why shouldn't the same be true

when we're discussin' whatever — ah — relations you might be havin' with some sweet young thing. There's that halfway point between the way she was

dressed when she was packin' on the back of your scooter, and the way she's gonna be undressed as soon as you get those kinks out.

When you stop at the



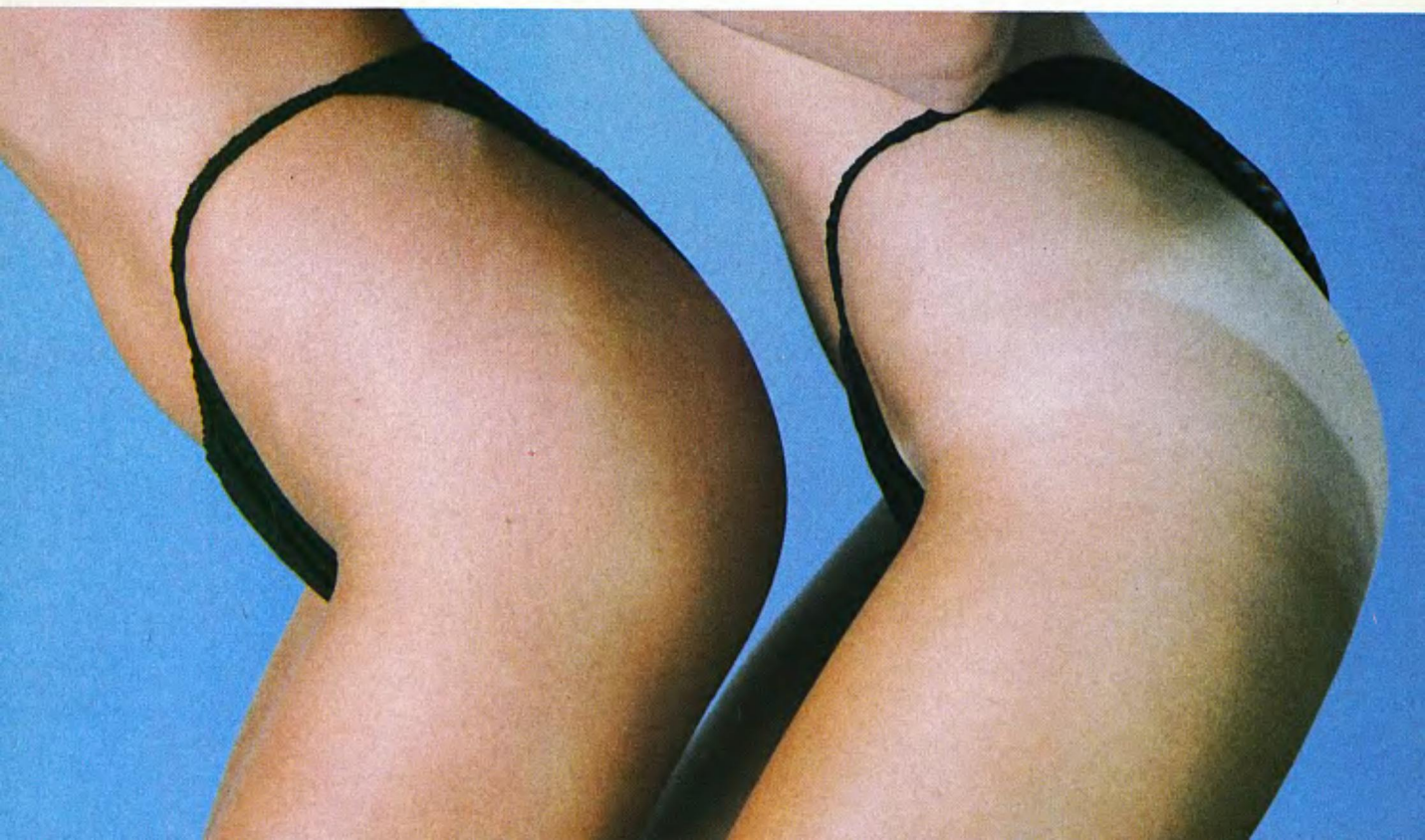


halfway spot on a trip for a smoke, stretch, and whatever, it's nice if you've got a good view to look at. And the same's true for this trip we're on here. You know she's gonna be wearin' some panties, so why have her wearin' the same old shit that every broad in town buys down at the local department store?

Instead, give your eyes somethin' to dig on — like a skimpy set of butt-covers bearing some fine words to remind you about the other love in your life.

And, of course, for those of you with a taste for a taste, there's always those edible panties. If you're gonna stop at the halfway point on your trip for a smoke, you might as well have a little snack, too.

—Crabs

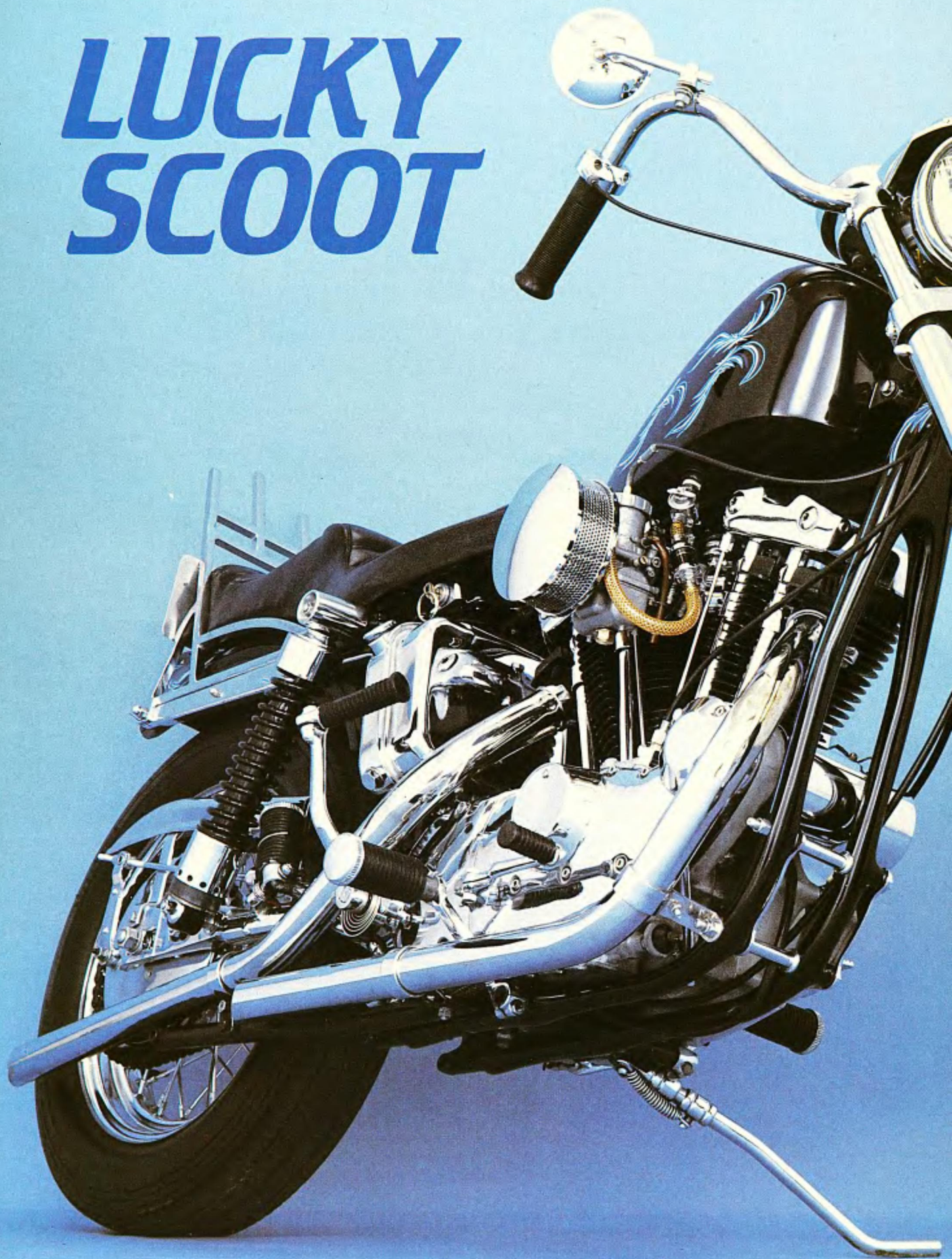




Photos by Pete Chioldo



LUCKY SCOOT

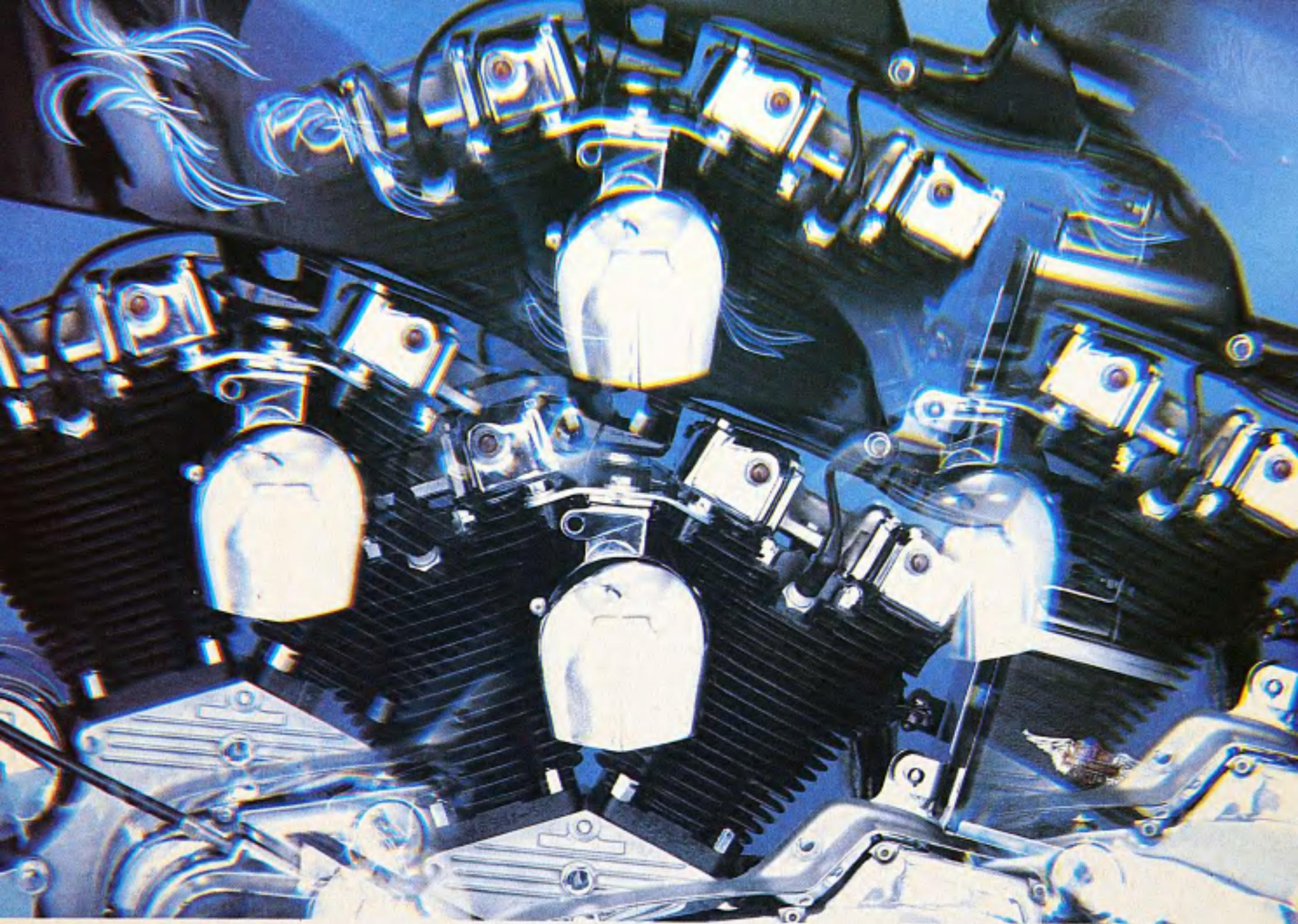


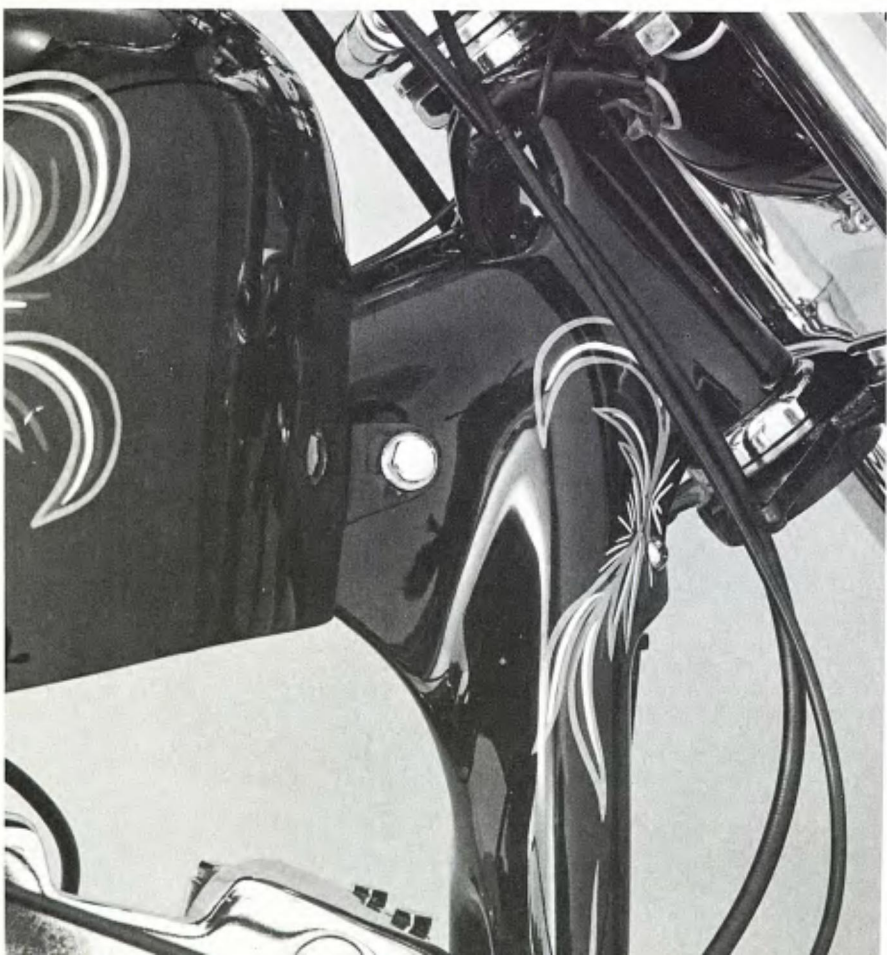


Some guys have all the luck; most have just enough to get by on. Take the owner of this Sportster, for example. Beaver works in construction, and it's a matter of common knowledge that the construction industry has been up and down for the past few years. His most recent job lasted long enough for him to completely overhaul his stock Sporty — well, it was really more than an overhaul, but I'll get back to that in a minute. Anyhow, Beaver goes through his bike and then gets laid off. Not too bad — his bike's done and he has plenty of time to ride. But he gets laid off at the beginning of winter. Bummer.

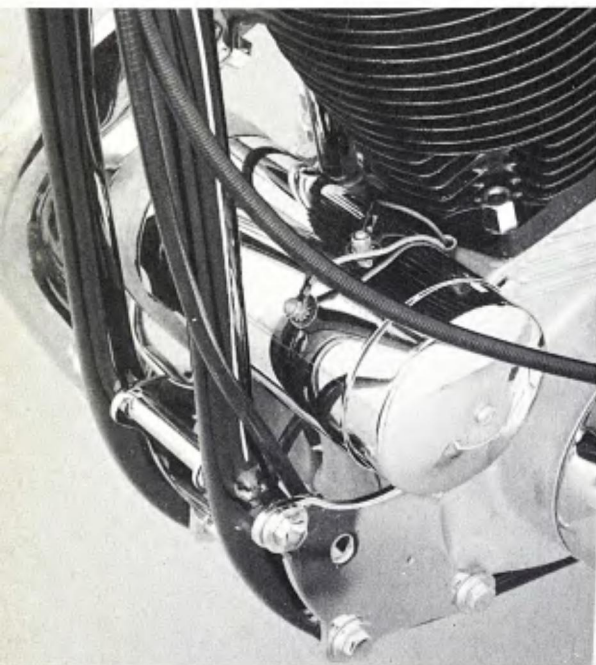
Here's where the luck picks up. His brother Don runs a moving van cross-country all year; so, instead of hanging around the East Coast, which is a bitch to ride in the winter, Beaver rolled his scooter into the back of the semi and made the trip to the West Coast and warmer weather. After they were through unloading the truck they swung by our offices so we could check out Beaver's bike. At first a couple of the staff members passed it off as a stock Sportster, but closer inspection proved them wrong. The frame had been completely molded, the wiring hidden, and everything else plated.

The more they eyeballed the sled, the more detail they found, like the pinstriping on the head-





light bucket. Finally, after a couple of hours of looking, drinking, smoking, snorting, and some more drinking, Pete was given the go-ahead to take the photos you see here. A few hours after the photos were taken, Beaver and his brother were headed north, and then back east with another load on the truck.



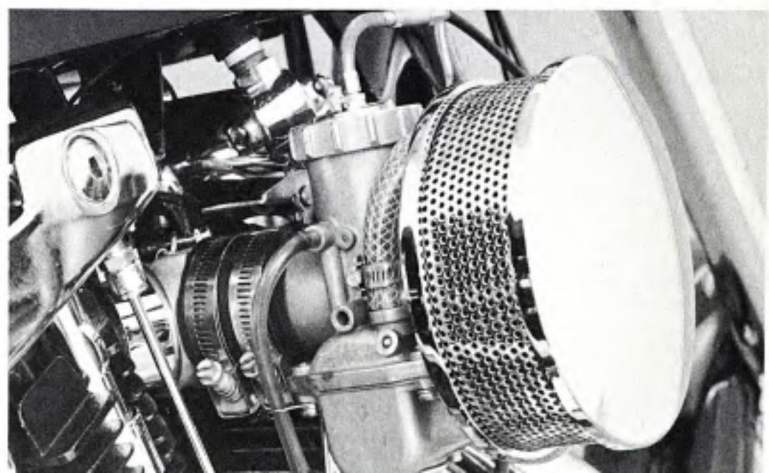
Photos by Pete Chiodo



After they were gone, I realized how lucky Beaver was. Here he gets to see almost the whole country, he has his bike whenever they stop, and he makes some bucks the whole way. Now to me, that's luck. The only country I've seen in the past six months is the ten freeway exits I pass on the way to this saltmine.

— Toad

Owner: Beaver		City: Baltimore, Md.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1971	
Year and make: 1971 Harley		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: swingarm	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: four years on and off		Other alterations: cherried	
Chroming by: Standard		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: buckhorn	
Year: 1971		Risers: rubber mounted	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): cut	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Sportster	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: molded in	
Displacement: 900cc		Speedo: works	
Lower end: owner		Front pegs: rubber	
Balancing: House of Balance		Rear pegs: rubber	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: Mike Nobile		Oil tank: 3-qt.	
Cam(s): H-D P.B. s		Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: plated	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Corbin Gentry	
Air cleaner: Roger Blinko		Sissybar: swap meet special	
Pipes: straights		Height: 10 in.	
Muffler(s): at idle		Material: 1/2-in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt right		Type: glide	
Year: 1971		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: fork leg covers	
Trans sprocket: 19		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: Flip/owner		Hub: Halcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Flip's Custom Colors		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: blue		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Gdylr.
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: drum
Special paint: Flip's Custom Colors		Other special modifications: hidden ignition switch	





Across America there is a natural food supply that is currently going to waste: namely, the tiny roadside creatures that have paid the ultimate price of the Machine Age. Daily, any sharp-eyed rider can find roadside delicacies to supplement his dinner table. Cross-country trucker Harvey Wayman, from Port Arthur, Texas, provides the following recipe, which makes the best use of our former

FURRY CURRY

forest friends. Take whatever-it-is and strip off whatever is left of the outer cover. Caution: If whatever-it-is rattles at your approach, look elsewhere. If it still has its innards, gut it. Soak the remains in salt water for two days to loosen impurities;

change water and soak an additional day, if your appetite can wait. Whatever isn't already hamburger should be cut into half-inch cubes and sauteed until medium well done. (Freeze what is hamburger.) In a separate pan, in half a stick of

butter, brown half a cup of chopped onions and six crushed garlic cloves. Stir in four tablespoons (T) lemon juice, five T curry powder, and six T brown sugar until you've got one big runny mess. Dump in two pints of sour

cream and continue to stir until the sauce is an even pale yellow in color, with maybe a hint of green. Carefully select a couple of pounds of the best-looking pieces from the sauteed whatever-it-is and add them to the curry sauce.

Serve on a bed of rice. Cook the rice first, however.

Feeds ten squeamish whimps or one righteous biker. ■

FOREVER A BIKER A BIKER FOREVER

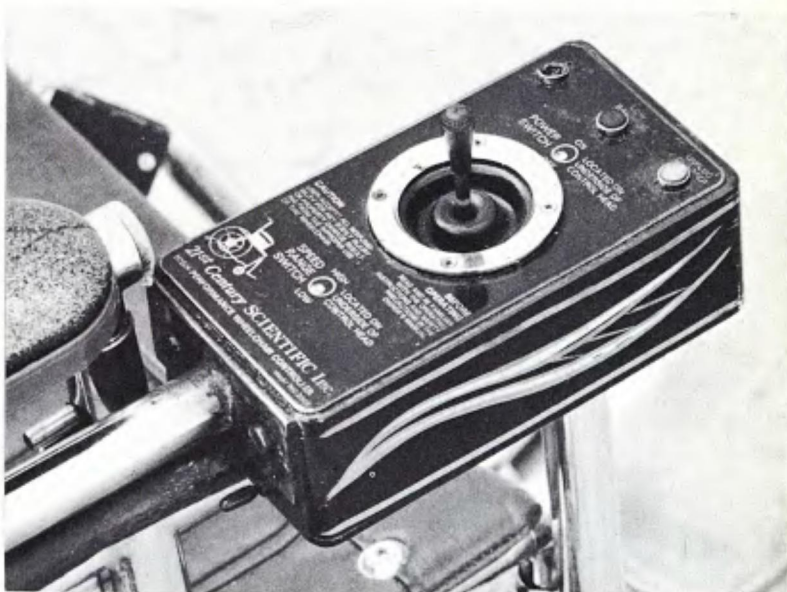
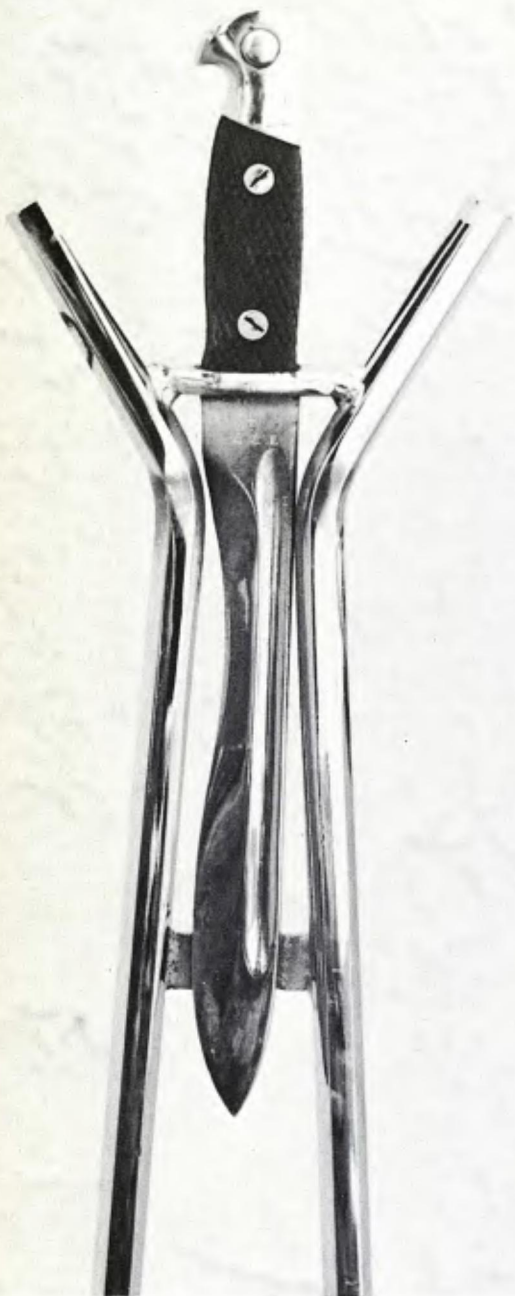
In The Wind is more than a three-word phrase signifying the act of throwing your leg over a scooter and heading down the road. In the wind is a state of mind, an expression of freedom, a point of view; mostly, it's a way of life — a way of dealing with life, really — that can't ever be taken away from a true brother or sister by anyone or anything.

Take the righteous bro pictured here, for example: Wheelchair Mike. Being handicapped hasn't ripped off his right to live his life as a biker. He's the regional representative for Division 5 of the MMA, he's the founder of a bike club for handicapped bros, and he can party down till dawn with the best of the best.

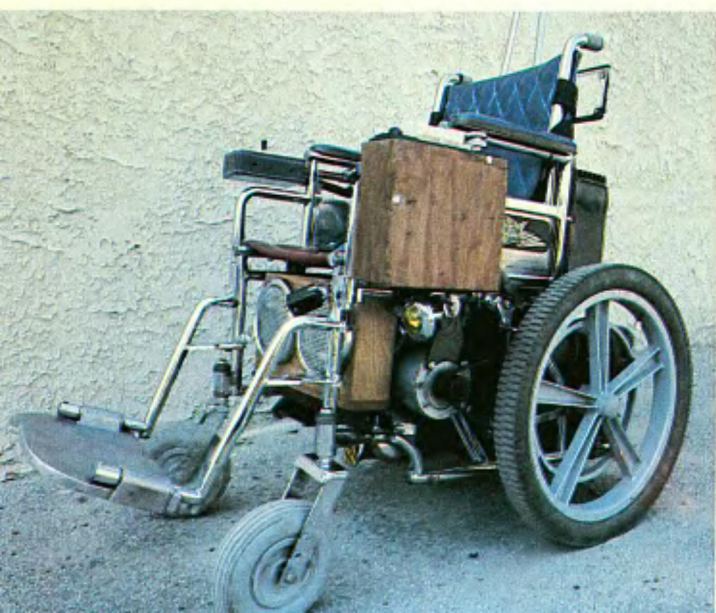
As Mike could tell you, having a scooter key jinglin' in your pocket doesn't make you a biker — we've all met enough two-wheeled punks to know that — and not being able to ride doesn't make you a loser.

What it comes down to is heart. If you got enough heart to dare to stand apart from the herd, to struggle to be free, to sacrifice for your brothers and sisters, you'll find a welcome home in the community of bikers — even if the concrete walls of a prison or the chrome rails of a wheelchair stand forever between you and the open road.

— Another Bro



Photos by Mike Lichter



FIRST NIGHT OUT

by Scooter

"Hey, man you sure you're not too fucked up to ride?"

"Fuck off! If I can kick the bitch, I can ride it." Miles was never too cheerful after he'd tied on a three-day drunk in a matter of hours.

"Sonofabitch! The fuckin' whore won't kick," he slurred as he tried his drunken best to start the shovel. He gave it all his weight, and still nothin'. "Must be froze up or somethin'. The bitch won't budge an inch. She's never done this before."

"Why don't you try standin' on the right side, bro?" I couldn't believe it. Shit no, he wasn't fucked up. All he was tryin' to do was stand on the passenger's foot peg, on the left side of his sled, jumpin' up and down on it tryin' to kick his engine to life.

"Aw, fuck!" he said, steppin' back from the bike and lookin' at it in disgust.

"What a shit, Miles! What a shit," I said, laughin' so hard I couldn't stand straight. Here we were, the first night out on our annual two-week summer run, and we'd partied so hard we couldn't even get out of town. Our own fuckin' town. Hell, we were so fucked up we couldn't move. We had to sleep right there on the side of the road in our own fuckin' town.

My head was achin', feelin' like someone had been beatin' on it with a nine-pound sledge all night. My mouth tasted as if a dog, a big dog, had come by and took a shit in it while I was passed out, and my back was killin' me from sleepin' on top of a bottle of Jack Daniel's all night. Aside from that, I was bright-eyed and ready to putt.

"Hey, Miles. Get up, man. It's time

Continued on page 105



Photo by Kim Petersen

St. Louis: Let's do it in the parks!

The 82-decibel-or-lower melody of the motorcycle is singing through the parks of St. Louis again.

After three years, the ban ordering all bikes from roads in the Missouri city's parks was lifted when Mayor Vincent Schoemehl, the sponsor of the original bike ban, signed Board Bill 6, which had

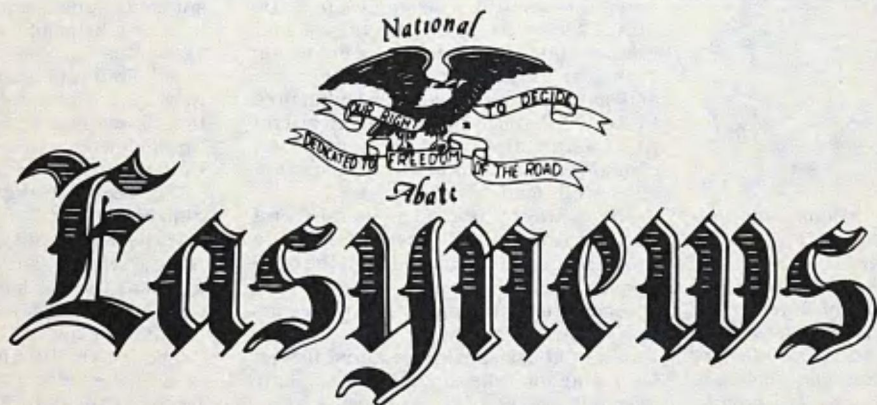
been overwhelmingly approved by the city's Board of Aldermen.

Board Bill 6, which lifted the bike ban, was complemented by Board Bill 256, a noise law patterned after those in California and Illinois.

Under Bill 256, all motor vehicles, not just bikes, have to meet an 82-decibel

noise standard in areas with a speed limit of less than 35mph and an 86-decibel limit in areas where the limit is higher.

Schoemehl delayed signing Bill 6 until the last day of the 20-day "consideration period" allowed by law. Had he not signed it by the next day, the law would have gone into effect automatically.



"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Lights-on laws may cause accidents

New study says headlights may mislead cagers

According to a study produced by the Citizens Council on Motorcycles, bikers riding with their headlights on during the daylight hours, as required in many states, significantly increase the chance they will have a serious, often fatal, run in with a cage.

"The California legislature passed a law in 1973 that required 1975- or later-model motorcycles to have a lights-on feature," the CCM, a group based in Pleasant Hill, California, reports. "We predicted that this law would increase the annual figures for both the total number of fatal motorcycle accidents and the number of fatal motorcycle accidents per 10,000 [motorcycle registrations] by at least 50 percent by the end of 1979. [Both figures] rose even higher than we predicted."

The CCM's study found that accident rates for motorcycles with lights on during daylight were higher than those for bikes without lights on, despite the fact that the headlights sometimes did make the bike more visible.

"The distance at which the machine can be detected is sometimes greater if the headlight is on under certain lighting conditions and under certain background conditions," the study points out. "But the glare of the headlight often increases the other driver's resentment

and seriously upsets the other driver's estimates of speed and distance. The faster the motorcycle is traveling, the worse the misjudgment of the motorcycle speed

and distance tends to become.

"It is a situation quite similar to what occurs when drivers fail to dim their lights at night."

You don't say?

"You've pulled up to a stop light, maybe in Los Angeles, and found yourself next to a chopped Harley, a mean, sleek bike with a suicide stick, throbbing and pounding because it has an overbore and too much cam. . . if you like it, even secretly, then you understand Spectre. A gunship is the ultimate. . . motorcycle." —Soldier of Fortune

200 vintage Harleys found buried near WWII training site

"It's better than finding a gold mine, or stumbling across King Tut's tomb," says Britisher Christian Mattner about the discovery of about 200 Harley-Davidson dispatch rider motorcycles buried near Devon, England.

The bikes were part of a consignment of military supplies hidden in three trenches by American combat engineers hurriedly transferred from British bases into the 1944 Normandy landing.

The exact site of the buried treasure was kept secret, but Mattner, a military vehicle conservation expert, located the loot by using a map and a metal detector.

Among the gear hidden in the 100-yard-long, 15-foot-wide trenches were spare parts for tanks and armored cars. Mattner has applied to the Devon County Council for a permit to salvage the equipment, reportedly in virtually new condition, and hopes to restore and exhibit it somewhere.



A groundbreaking ceremony for the World Motorcycle Hall of Fame and Museum, at Eight-Four, Pennsylvania (25 miles south of Pittsburgh), took place recently. The brainchild of biker-artist William "Butche" George, the three-day event suffered from poor attendance caused by inadequate publicity. George, however, remained undaunted, reporting that "a lot of interested parties" nationwide were supporting the project.

3,200 bikers attend rally for freedom in New York

It's become as much a springtime tradition as the groundhog slipping out of the sack and casting a weary red eye at the big world outside.

It's become as much a symbol to bikers everywhere as the Harley eagle. It's become, arguably, the biggest, best-organized helmet protest rally in the known universe.

For the seventh time in seven years, ABATE of New York sent out the call and Empire State bikers responded en masse. This year an estimated 3,200 brothers and sisters, helmetless-heads smiling free in the wind, rolled into Albany to attend the traditional Capitol Park rally and campout at an impromptu campground off Everett Road.

The weather was good — no rain for a change — and even the cops assigned to protect the capitol building from the bros' psychic energy were in a mellow mood, wisecracking with some of the protesters in a good-natured way.

Among those speaking against helmet laws and for bikers' rights were State Assemblyman Gary Proud, who has introduced a bill eliminating helmet requirements for everyone except minors, and

John Northrup, a university professor and the Libertarian Party candidate for governor of New York.

"Helmets can kill you," Dick "Patches" Tallcot, ABATE newsletter editor, told the crowd, noting that lids can, in some circumstances, prevent the skull from fracturing. "A fractured skull is nature's way of relieving pressure on a brain that has suffered a concussion. There is big money in selling helmets. . . we've got big money against us."

Jed Tranquill, state moderator of the New York Motorcycle Rights Organization, noted that he may have gotten the first helmet-law ticket ever written in the United States — in Georgia in 1963.

"I've been fighting it ever since," Tranquill commented.

Perhaps the most eloquent protest of the day was registered by Garry Cottle, who took the speaker's stand while handcuffed to a helmet to denounce restrictive totalitarian laws.

The 3,000-plus turnout was far in excess of the 2,000 riders ABATE had expected at the rally. Proceeds from the \$7 admission fee will be used to lobby for repeal of the helmet law.

Full-moon follies on a dry night in Georgia

The moonlight gleamed off the bits and pieces of the red, heavily-chromed dresser hidden in the weeds beside the rural Georgia two-lane.

An old pickup came to a halt and three rough-looking men got out. Looking around silently, they wrestled the almost-700-pound machine out of the brush and onto the shoulder of the road. A cloud passed over the moon. Squinting

through his venetian blind, the old farmer barely saw two of the men as they began fooling with the bike. It was too dark for him to make out exactly what they were doing. Suddenly the bike started with a roar and took off down the road. The truck followed.

Stopping to pat his still-sleeping hound, the farmer called the Georgia Patrol.

The action was over in a few

hours, but the folks in Fayetteville still chuckle when they think about that recent night. You see, that helpful farmer's report so mobilized the authorities that they launched all possible forces into pursuit of the "bike thieves." The result? One sheriff's car stuck in a cornfield, another off the road in a ditch, and a third rammed into the back of a Fayetteville city police car.

The bike thieves? A tourist from Ohio and two local bros who happened by — before the old farmer assumed his post at the window — after the Ohio bro had run out of gas and stashed his bike off the road in the weeds.

You can figure out the rest; but the kicker is that, as far as the local bros know, that Ohio biker still has no idea what was going on behind him.

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.

Marines to buy 213 enduros from Canadian bike maker

Several months ago we reported that the United States Marine Corps was testing several enduro-type motorcycles manufactured by Bombardier Corp. in Canada. Apparently the machines passed the tests with flying colors, because the Corps is now asking Congress for \$1 million with which to buy 213 of the 250cc on- and off-road runners for its troops.

According to a Marine spokesman, each of the bikes, which are very similar to the Bombardiers used by the British in the Falklands (see related story in this section), will run about \$3,000.

"It's just about as simple as going down to a Bombardier showroom and buying an enduro," the official said. "We

can just buy 'em off the shelf."

The Marine test of the Bombardiers covered 1,800 miles of trails and secondary and primary roads. Though no bids were solicited from United States manufacturers (there are none that make a comparable product), several Japanese enduros were considered but rejected.

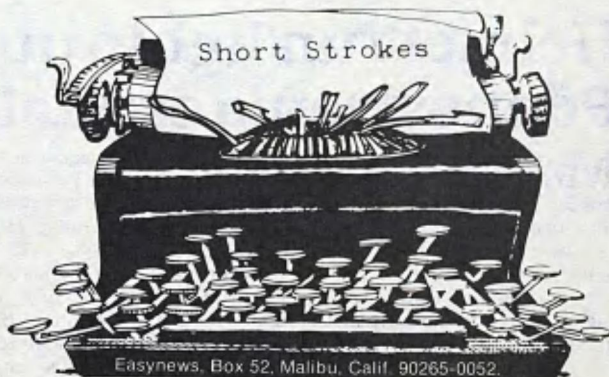
"Japanese bikes built in Japan are about twice the price," the Marine spokesman said, adding that several U.S.-assembled versions of Japanese bikes were contemplated at one time.

"To be perfectly frank and candid, and I'm speaking unofficially," the spokesman said, "Congress would leap through its ass if we bought a Japanese motorcycle."

U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ^{3,11}	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	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 If over 16, ¹¹ Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



The State of Ohio has issued a new motorcycle operator's manual that gives some credit where it is due. Among the comments on bikes: "Besides the special sense of freedom and the extra maneuverability they provide, motorcycles also save a great deal of gasoline. . ."

ABATE of Syracuse, New York, will hold a **toy run** for the Marine Corps Toys For Tots program on October 2. For info contact 'em at Box 278, Syracuse, N.Y. 13208 or call (315) 475-8808. . . **About 300 top East Coast cops** traveled to King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, recently for a four-day **confab on bikers**. The meeting was sponsored by the Delaware County district attorney's office.

Indiana University is offering a 20-hour course in riding that covers not only the usual "beware of cagers" and defensive driving stuff, but also such frequently overlooked topics as motorcycle insurance and maintenance. . . Last month we ran an item about some **laid-off Harley workers protesting** at the state capital. Everyone else in Wisconsin should join them, because the state highway patrol and several cities, including Green Bay, have just **bought Kawasakis** in apparent violation of a law requiring the state to give preference to Wisconsin-made products.

According to a **Motorcycle Industry Council** survey, the average rider is 26.9 years old, has a household income of \$21,700, and has been riding regularly for six years. . . **A House of Representatives committee** has gone on record as favoring the passage of laws allowing bikes to use high-occupancy vehicle lanes on freeways. . . **Rock star Billy Joel**, recently recovered from a bike crash, is trying to put together a **massive charity run** in Nassau County, New York. He hopes to raise \$200,000 to \$300,000 for his non-profit organization, **Charity Begins At Home**.

Bikers use rules to win the game

Sometimes honesty is the best policy after all. A group of bikers chafing under an Elyria, Ohio, ordinance requiring scooters to be parked like cages — parallel and one to a space — along the city's main drag decided that the best way to point out the stupidity of the law was to obey it.

Picking a warm Saturday night when a hard-driving biker band was scheduled to appear at a downtown bar, the bikers began arriving during the slack dinner hour. By 8 p.m. about sixteen spots were filled with neat, legally parked bikes, and more were pulling up. By 8:15 local police, and merchants running entertainment businesses aimed at the non-biker trade, were wondering where the cagers looking for a night on the town were going to park. By 8:30, the police had given the bikers permission to park the way they had before the new ordinance went into effect. And, by closing time, 37 bikes were packed into seven spaces outside the bar.

Will the victory be a permanent one? "I see no problem with diagonal parking after six p.m.," said Elyria Police Lt. Michael Atkins, noting that the metered parking law is not enforced at night anyway.

Helmet run lights up Pennsylvania capital

More than 200 bikers rode to the Pennsylvania capitol recently in an attempt to convince legislators to pass a measure repealing the state's helmet law.

The bill, which at this writing is before the House Health and Welfare Committee, would require riders to carry helmets, but they would not have to wear them.

Representatives of ABATE of Pennsylvania, organizers of the rally, attempted to convince the lawmakers that the Keystone State, second to California in the number of motorcycle registrations, would do well to adopt the California

approach to safety legislation: eliminate helmet requirements in favor of a tough driver-awareness and cycle-safety campaign.

"If you want to get to the root of the problem," said ABATE spokesman Harper Shoap III, "look at what causes accidents. It is imperative that we have better driver awareness, stricter licensing, and voluntary use of safety equipment."

"In Pennsylvania, almost nothing is said in driver education about motorcycles. There's no awareness at all. We're considered a nuisance, and not transportation."

Photo from UPI



Motorcycle hit squads help rout invaders

It's not generally known, but specially trained motorcycle "hit" squads played a big role in Britain's successful battle to regain the Falkland Islands from Argentine invaders.

The elite unit, composed of about 100 men, called itself the San Carlos Chapter and spe-

cialized in hit-and-run attacks on ammo dumps, storage facilities, and enemy outposts.

Organized in squads of four or five men, the San Carlos Chapter operated by night, riding their blacked-out 250cc Bombardier bikes to pre-selected targets, planting

explosives, and making a quick escape through the boonies. During the day, members of the unit were used as high-speed scouts.

According to British authorities, the swamplike, rugged terrain of the Falklands was no deterrent to the men of the

San Carlos Chapter, who, even in virtually total darkness, managed to maintain 40 to 50 miles per hour on many of their raids.

"In rough terrain," said one British official, "the only thing you can rely on is a tank or a cross-country motorbike."

N.Y. gives bikers a break on bridge tolls

New York officials have broken a long-standing tradition by raising some bridge and tunnel tolls for cars, but not for bikes.

"The board, for the first time since the establishment of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, recognized a distinction between motorcycles and passenger cars in favor of the motorcycle," says John F. McAlevey, a member of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority board.

The new tolls on the Triborough Bridge, Throgs Neck Bridge, Queens Midtown Tunnel, Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, and Verrazano Narrows Bridge will be \$1.25 each way for cars, trucks, and bikes with sidehacks, and \$1 for two-wheeled vehicles.

According to McAlevey, who has been riding a bike for more than 35 years, apathy on the part of the biking public is responsible for the fact that more recognition isn't given to

the energy conservation and ecological benefits of scooters.

"As a member of the board I have been quietly agitating for this distinction," he noted. "I also feel very strongly that the motorcycling public has done

little to lobby for this."

McAlevey urged riders to remain alert for meetings of public bodies responsible for setting toll rates and suggested that bikers attend and speak at such future hearings.

Bikers sentenced to school for breaking traffic laws

In what may be the first program of its kind in the nation, traffic court judges in Norfolk, Virginia, have begun ordering motorcycle riders to attend a special "safety" course as part of their sentence for traffic violations.

The program, which operates in the same way as mandatory driving schools or drunken driving classes offered to cagers in many states, gives bikers a chance to have

the other penalties for their infractions suspended or reduced by successfully completing the 22-hour cycle course.

"The idea is to reach the higher-risk riders," said instructor Roy Rohrbacher, a paramedic and biker.

In the first few months of its operation, Norfolk judges have ordered bikers convicted of reckless driving, speeding, and causing an accident to attend the two-weekend, \$100 course.

Mounties harass bros on way home from funeral

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have come under fire for harassing mourners leaving the funeral of a downed bro in Fort McMurray, Alberta.

The 60-bike, 40-car procession accompanying the ashes of Jack Wouterse, 23, to MacDonald Island, where the ashes were scattered to the winds, was unmolested on its way to the island; but immediately after the service, the RCMP set up roadblocks around the site and began running safety inspections and license and registration checks on all bikes and riders leaving the scene.

According to RCMP Sergeant Wally Nicklin, who

ordered the roadblocks and inspections, the police were acting to prevent a traffic jam caused by the mourners and a group of picnickers also leaving the island.

"We wanted to facilitate their movement in a more orderly fashion," Nicklin said. Asked whether the use of ten uniformed officers to stop and interrogate riders could be considered a move to "facilitate movement," Nicklin replied: "I'm not going to say it was a routine procedure. It's just that we had them stopped there — and we did it."

Members of Wouterse's family have filed a formal complaint against Nicklin with province officials.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

This month not only boggles your brain, but also tries your patience. It seems like every asshole has your number tattooed on it. Even partners plague you with their problems or break your bank with bail. Best sit tight on the situation until you can tell which end is up. On the other hand, what goes around, comes back around. Think about it.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Opportunity raps you upside the head and sits on your face. If you sniff things out thoroughly, you should know instinctively how to handle it. It should leave you wearing a smile, and with the smell of success to go with the ring around your collar. If the timing isn't up to par, put off final decisions till next month and be sure.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

As long as you don't make waves or rock the boat, you should sail through this one. The undercurrents at work are picking up momentum, and situations should soon surface for the better. There are still several small adjustments on your "Mae West" before you can stay afloat on your own. Save some of that steam to warm up your favorite nook (or knockwurst).

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

This month takes the brakes off some mind-boggling hang-ups. Grab onto your handle, set your gears in motion, and get going. You've coasted long enough on internal combustion. Now's the time to lay it on the line and blow a few minds, too. Even if it means no more Mr. Good Guy, you can stop wearing footprints!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

You're disgustingly healthy and horny this month. Too bad you have a bad case of blabbermouth, making your breath smell like old boots and leaving you open for a set of dotted eyes. Best pull yourself up by the bootstraps and lace up your lips. Better yet, hook your horn in some honey and hide in the hay awhile. Go for the gusto, instead of the gossip.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Sorry, but this is one of them ho-hummers (without the hummer). You're bored as hell and



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Scorpio

Scorpio is not only the sign of sex, but also of extremes: he does everything in double doses. Scorpio can be the generous Daddy Warbucks, or you can drop the bucks and have what's left. Worse yet, he doesn't know the meaning of fear. If you don't believe it, just screw over one and see how the world looks through black eyes. Don't expect 'em to always fight fair, either.

Scorpios have enormous willpower and can out-stubborn bullheaded Taurus if they get their balls in an uproar. Scorpio also has a phenomenal memory, especially when he thinks he's been shit on. He not only gets mad, he gets even.

Scorpio is always looking for a place to plant his stinger, and stalking sexual prey is his favorite pastime. He would rather leave the kinky stuff to others, preferring a hot session of hard and fast straight up and down sex (with or

without sexual foreplay).

Scorpios have great strength (even the skinnies) and even greater endurance (especially in the sack!). They are both secretive and snoop, which is a dangerous combination for some of us blabbermouths.

Scorpios are susceptible to sore throats, swelling of the gonads, and sour balls. Worst of all, they are prone to hernia and venereal warts of the rectum. (Yuk!)

Some famous Scorpios are Katharine Hepburn, Dick Cavett, Art Carney, Richard Burton, Art Garfunkel, Grace Slick, Sally Fields, Mackenzie Phillips, Tatum O'Neil, Jaclyn Smith, Henry Winkler, Count Dracula, and King Kong.

For all Scorpio's faults, he makes one of the most protective friends. When the rest of the world wipes its ass on you, Scorpio will be there to brush you off and pick up the pieces. So hang onto your Scorpio buddy. He's not so bad after all!

looking for something exciting in all the wrong places. Someone even erases your number off the bathroom walls. No, you haven't lost your charm; it's just that you've run outta juice (or money), and maybe your old bod needs a rest any-

way. How 'bout a good book?

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

It's prime time to blow the cobwebs outta your hat rack. Get busy and dust off some of those ideas that are taking up the space between your ears.

Get the lead out and put it down on paper for later use. (This doesn't mean asswipe!) Good things come in small packages, and that includes your pea-brain or dipstick.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Happy birthday, you sex machine! After a couple of sleazy months, it's high-on-the-hog time again. So pig out, pump your pork till it squeals, and loosen up in general. If you can, flee the scene and set your sights on some strange stuff. Don't neglect important jobs or work yourself into a lather over lightweight fuckups.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Take time out for a short (even overnight) trip to ease your short fuse before you really blow up. It'll take the pressure off long enough for you to see situations clearly. Don't let temper tantrums and confusion turn you into a basket case, or put a damper on your otherwise pleasing personality. Give yourself some kickback time.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

A badly needed shot of confidence fixes your deflated ego and recharges your battery. This one is better than a big dump and won't ruffle the hairs on your ass, either. Keep your ears open for some behind-the-scenes goodies that'll set your gonads aglow. This month you can even mix business with pleasure and come out on top.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Partners keep you busy with their head trips and, as usual, you're generous with advice. There are some freebies floating at you from unexpected sources that keep your head in the clouds. Be sure to come down to earth long enough to check for leaks in your favorite crack and pick up your paycheck. In other words, this is your average one.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

There are some goodies left over from last month and you're itching to feel your machine between your legs again. Partners are surprised by a rare change in attitude lately, and on-the-job strategy is a plus. You're in an up mood and won't peter out until long after bros are laid out limp. A combination of practicality and energy gets things done the right way for you! ■

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

Shit, ya gotta be able to do better than this! Ol' Witty Willie, who's been a prospect so long he's forgotten what he's prospectin' for, is snivelin' again about not gettin' any really righteous jokes to put in the rag. We already told ya about how he's mined the evidence room (you know what cops keep in evidence rooms), and has been threatenin' to blow it sky high if we don't get him some good jokes. Well, now he's gone and locked himself inside, and is threatenin' to blow himself up as well. And even though we can replace what's in the evidence room, we'd hate to have to take on doin' the shit we've been assignin' to Willie. So give us a break and kite some of them zingers off to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We'll even send ya 25 bucks for every one Willie prints.

Happiness is when your ex-ol' lady's new boyfriend finds out he's got the clap.
—Little Ed
No. Hollywood, Calif.

The biker came staggering into the motel lobby with a young blonde on his arm. He picked up the pen and signed the motel register with a large O.

Smiling, the motel clerk said, "I've seen a lot of people sign the register with an X, but I never saw anyone use an O before."

"What's so fuckin' strange about it?" the biker asked. "When I'm out runnin' around without my ol' lady, I never sign my right name."

—Little Tim
Norwalk, Calif.



"Miss Burrows! I said bring in the floppy disks!"

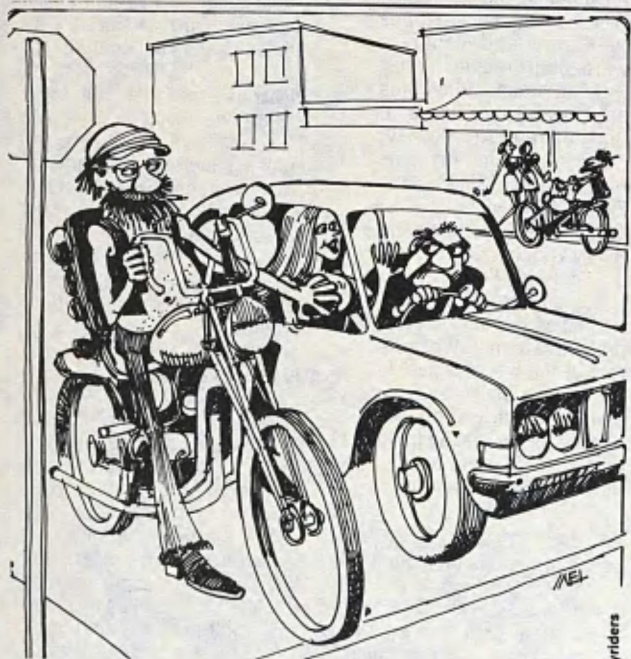
This old biker had long been shipwrecked on a deserted island and had just about given up all hope of ever being rescued when he spied a beautiful young woman drifting to shore on a large wooden crate.

He jumped into the water and helped her ashore, where he just stared at her, but finally pulled himself together long enough to answer her question. "Well, I guess it's just about five years now that I've been here."

She smiled sweetly and said, "I bet I can give you the one thing you've missed most over all these years."

Grinning excitedly from ear to ear he said, "You mean, you've got a Harley-Davidson in that box you drifted up on?"

—Mountain Man
Lake Tahoe, Nev.



"Don't jump to conclusions, Fred. He's probably just signaling for a left turn."

On their tenth anniversary, the biker couple decided to relive their wedding night. They made reservations at the same restaurant, reserved the same room at the same hotel, and even rode the same old panhead.

While they were making all the arrangements, the biker turned to his ol' lady and said, "Yeah, baby, everything will be just as it was, except for one thing."

"What could that possibly be?" she asked. "We've covered everything!"

Smiling, he said, "This time I'll be the one sitting on the side of the bed saying, 'My, God, that thing's too big!'"

—Gentle Ben
Houston, Tex.

Do you know why women get up in the morning and rub their eyes?

'Cause they ain't got no balls to scratch.

—Paul Wilkinson
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Did you hear about the biker's ol' lady who got fired from her job at the sperm bank for drinking on the job?

—Don Hatch
Bonita Springs, Fla.



Easyriders

Easyriders

There were two bikers sitting in a bar and one asked the other, "Who is that beautiful chick at the end of the bar?"

The other said, "Oh, that chick used to be a dude!"

The first biker didn't believe his buddy, so he had to go over to the she-male and ask, "Didn't it hurt when they cut off your dick and balls to give you a cunt?"

"Not as much as it did when they drilled the hole in the back of my head to remove half of my brains!"

—Tim Goodwin
Stuart, Fla.



"Sure I still respect you — but I think you're a pig just the same!"

Definition of a loser: A dude who is granted three wishes but is told to allow 3 to 6 weeks for delivery and that the offer is void where prohibited by law.

—Bill Bausch
Radcliff, Ky.

Charlie the Biker picked up this fantastic chick while he was out puttin', and later that night he went to her apartment with her. They spent five straight hours lickin' and fuckin' and suckin', and then Charlie had to get up to go to work.

"Ya know what, baby," he said as he was pulling his clothes on, "Yer the best fuck I've had in a long time. Yer absolutely perfect."

"No, I'm not perfect, Charlie," she said. "I forgot something."

"What?" Charlie asked.

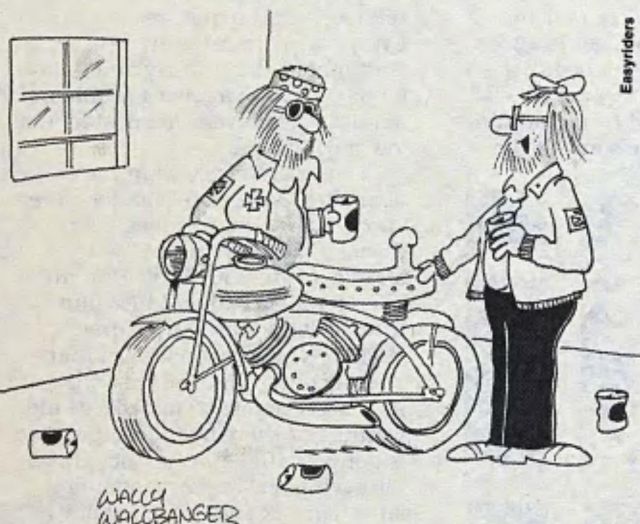
"I forgot to take my birth control pills this week. And you balled me so many times tonight I'm sure I'm pregnant. I guess we'll have to get married."

"Oh?" Charlie said as he buttoned his Levi's. "And what will you do if I don't marry you?"

"I'll... I'll just have to shoot myself, I guess."

"There, ya see what I mean?" Charlie said as he opened the door. "You're absolutely perfect."

—Sprocket Nose
Los Angeles, Calif.



"My ol' lady loves it when I take her for a ride."

Why are biker women like football players? 'Cause they always shower after the fourth period.

—Roger Gamey
New York, N.Y.

Charlie the Biker came out of the local beer bar and started to get on his scooter, but just then his friend Rat Head rode up. Rat Head, normally a partyin' dude, seemed to be on a real downer.

"Hey, Rat Head. What's wrong?" Charlie yelled.

"Somethin's botherin' me bad, man," Rat Head said.

"What?"

"Man, it's not easy to talk about. Especially to you."

"Why not? Man, we're bros. We can talk to each other about anythin'."

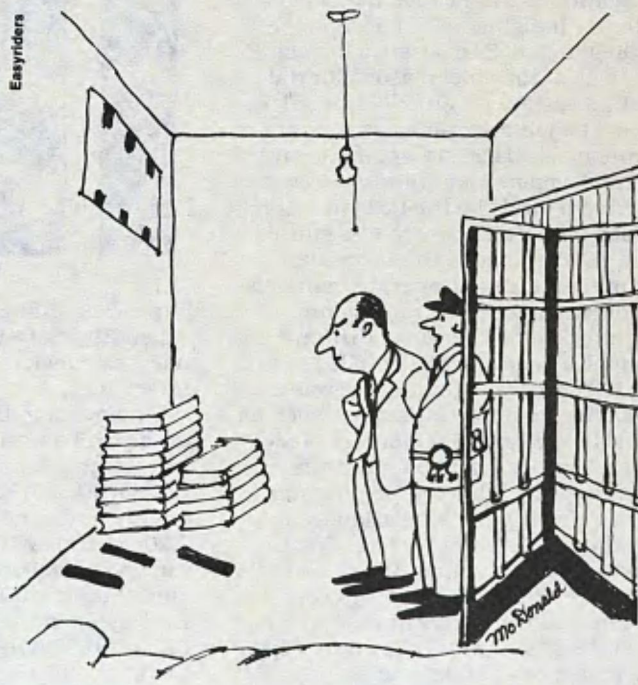
"Well," Rat Head said, "it's about your ol' lady. I stopped at that whorehouse down by the tracks last night, and I saw your ol' lady there."

"So?" Charlie asked.

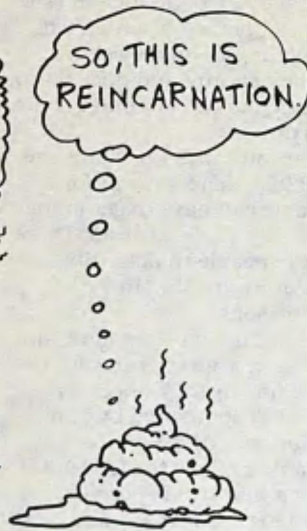
"Man, I'm tellin' ya your ol' lady's a whore!"

"No she ain't," Charlie said, smiling. She's only fillin' in for a friend of hers who came down with the clap."

—Sprocket Nose
Los Angeles, Calif.



"He kept saying he needed more books to elevate himself."



LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

From hard time to hard times has always been the experience of most inmates upon their release. Unfortunately, those hard times are getting harder.

Under the twin guns of massive unemployment throughout much of the country and the elimination or drastic cutback in government programs designed to help the unemployed in general and ex-convicts in particular, ex-offender job training and placement services are rapidly falling by the wayside.

New York City, for example, once had more than fifty job programs for former prisoners. Now there are fewer than ten. A San Diego, California, program, considered one of the best in the nation, has been forced to close four of its seven offices. The community Alliance Program for Ex-Offenders (CAPE), a landmark venture launched by the U.S. Probation Service and the National Alliance of Business, has abandoned its plans to open an office in Vermont, has suspended operations in Philadelphia, and is barely hanging on in Portland, Oregon, and San Jose, California.

One of the chief reasons for the elimination or curtailment of ex-convict job programs has been the drastic cutback in Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) funds by the Reagan administration. CETA, which was started in 1975, provided funds for local governments to operate remedial education and job-training programs for otherwise difficult-to-employ people. While enrolled in a CETA program, the trainee was also eligible for other assistance, such as medical care and temporary housing. Trainees were paid the minimum wage while in the program.

In the original legislation establishing CETA, ex-convicts, along with groups such as American Indians, veterans, and migrant workers, were made a "target group." In other words, programs designed to help prepare ex-offenders for gainful employment had priority over programs for non-target groups.

The Reagan administration, however, has trimmed CETA spending on all fronts. In 1978, for example, CETA spent a total of \$5.8 billion (only a fraction of that went to ex-inmate programs, of course); in 1982 CETA's total budget is \$2.2 billion. Perhaps worse, the legislation creating CETA expires this fall. Legislation proposed by the administration to continue some of the



current programs, at a reduced expenditure of \$1.8 billion, eliminates ex-convicts as one of the target groups.

Employ-Ex in Denver is a good example of a worthwhile program going through hard times. In 1978, Employ-Ex had six offices throughout Colorado and served about 1,200 clients. Within three years the number of ex-convicts helped almost doubled. Then, in 1982, Employ-Ex lost a CETA grant of \$250,000. The result? Half the staff fired, two offices closed, and an innovative counseling and workshop program — a program so

effective that 72 percent of the ex-cons who completed it found jobs — cancelled altogether.

Another thing darkening the picture for convicts scheduled for release is the current recession. Unemployment rates are up throughout the country and many employers have a record number of applicants for even the most menial, low-paying jobs.

"Employers rarely want ex-offenders," says Bob Diaz, job developer for the New York Legal Aid Society. "Employers say, 'Why should I hire your kid? He's an ex-offender. Why should I hire him when college kids are waiting?'"

There's no easy answer to that one, of course, but the best one is simple economics. That college kid waiting out there by the factory gate is going to find another job, probably a white-collar job, sooner or later. That ex-convict, if nobody is willing to take a chance on hiring him, is either going to wind up on welfare or be forced back into a life of crime. In either case, instead of becoming a taxpayer and contributing to society, he will be forced to remain an outcast at society's expense and risk.

"A person coming out of prison has four choices," points out Claire Haaga, associate director of the Vera Institute of Justice in New York. "He can get a job, which will be difficult; he can go on welfare, which is demeaning and difficult for a single man; he can commit crimes; or he can die."

"Of these four options, if jobs are not accessible, more will opt for crime. People will have to get money to eat and for a place to sleep. There will be more people in detention, and more overcrowding in jails and prisons."

The situation regarding job training and placement programs for ex-convicts is not entirely hopeless, however. A bill sponsored by Sen. Edward Kennedy and Sen. Dan Quayle would replace the CETA program with a new fund specially earmarked for

Continued on page 110



I Used To Be Normal Until I Missed An Issue!

That's right, the bro above used to read this rag every month, gettin' his fill of them fine scoots, balls-out fiction, and mind-bendin' articles. But then he got to the store late one day, and they was sold out.

So, if ya don't wanna miss out on a single issue of this leg-wettin' rag, and don't wanna end up lookin' like the bro in the picture, get yer **Easyriders** subscription in today. If ya do, we'll even send ya a free decal like the one below to remind everybody that ya read **Easyriders**.



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113

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DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Levon Helm/Levon Helm: Every time I hear Levon Helm sing, it serves to underscore just how much he was The Band. That observation isn't meant as a put-down of the considerable talents of Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko, Garth Hudson, and Richard Manuel. No, the music performed by The Band during the years between their great debut album, **Music From Big Pink**, and the release of their classic farewell offering, **The Last Waltz**, will always remain among the treasured tracks of rock and roll. Nonetheless, and especially in retrospect, nothing added more to the group's distinctive, unmistakable sound than the nasal, understated, gut-level American vocals of Levon Helm.

After leaving The Band, Helm cut two worthwhile solo albums on ABC. Especially noteworthy was the first, **Levon Helm and the RCO All-Stars**, which saw him working with a group of sidemen who truly lived up to the album's title — blues harmonica player Paul Butterfield, keyboard player/guitarist Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack, guitar legend Steve Cropper (writer of immortals like "In the Midnight Hour" and later part of the Blues Brothers backup band), and the equally legendary bass player Donald "Duck" Dunn (also an alumnus of the Blues Brothers aggregation).

All these past credentials notwithstanding, Helm's current release on Capital (not to be confused, by the way, with his identically titled second album for ABC in 1978) is his best solo effort to date. **Levon Helm** is a thoroughly delightful album, one that I found myself just leaving on the turntable for a daily play or two, which is, of course, the essential test of whether a record has staying power or is merely a brief infatuation. This one holds up well to repeated playings, and I've got it blasting from the speakers

behind me even as I write these words. Good stuff.

Levon Helm is a tasty mixture of old favorites and less familiar material. Among the latter are excellent tunes like "You Can't Win 'Em All" (a fine saying-goodbye song), "Lucrecia" (a Band-sounding account of a rendezvous with a floozy), and "Get Out Your Big Roll Daddy" (how many guys have heard broads deliver that line?). And any oldies fan will get a kick out of hearing a couple of great rockers — "Money" and "Willie and the Hand Jive" — done with infectious vigor.

The bottom line is that there isn't a bad cut on this album — and that's a rarity. Also, I'd say that **Levon Helm** contains the best lyrics of any release I've heard this year. Moreover, it's the best-humored record I've heard in ages. How refreshing to hear some authentic, dyed-in-the-wool American-spirited music without all the tight-asshole bullshit

and spacy jive that so often passes for rock these days. Check out tunes like the slow, bluesy shuffle, "The Got Song." The lyrics read like a surrealistic capsule of living in the '80s: *Got the ads, got the cons, got the TV, got the blondes/Got the four-letter words and the pens and the papers/Got the Knicks and the Lakers and the automotive papers/The news and the blues and we're all needin' shoes/And everybody's talkin' 'bout, talkin' 'bout what they might lose.*

And in case you think those ironic, wry lyrics that characterized the best of The Band's work went by the boards when they broke up in 1976, listen to "Give A Little Bit": *I ran into ol' Johnny, he was lockin' up the store/He walked down to the river and swam it shore to shore/Showed me that shot of Billy — boy, she sure likes to pose/But how does she get her legs up there and what happened to her clothes? If that's not*



worthy of vintage Band, I'll never again put Spike Jones on the box.

I haven't even mentioned the other musicians on this record, but they are uniformly excellent. There are some great sax breaks scattered throughout and everybody plays with gusto, as if they were having fun, including Levon himself, who plays drums and mandolin.

These days, when for the price of an album you could treat yourself to a couple of drinks and a T-bone, it's not casually that I recommend the purchase of a new record. But **Levon Helm** is one that I do recommend. Go for it — you won't be sorry.

Talk To You By Hand/ Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets: When I got this album I couldn't help thinking of the old "Saturday Night Live" parody of the Smucker's Jams slogan, "With a name like Smucker's, you've got to be good." Rival jam companies, wanting to prove they too had to be good because of a bad name even worse than Smucker's, presented jars with labels like "Painful Rectal Itch." Yep, with a name like Anson Funderburgh, you not only have to be good, you have to be damned good. Well, brothers, I'm here to tell you he is damned good, and so is his band, The Rockets.

This bunch is a fine example of a band that makes what I call all-night-long music, the kind you hear in sweaty, smoky clubs when



Photo by Kim Peterson

It ain't easy to sound better than a righteous Harley, but here are some groups who come close.



it's after closing time but the music keeps getting better and better and nobody wants to go home. In short, Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets is the quintessential house band (and I certainly mean that as a compliment), with a feel for rhythm and blues and a flair for picking great material to perform. Perhaps the best example is the tune from which the album takes its title, a fine, wry blues that sounds like old Jimmy Reed stuff, though it's a Lazy Lester tune, in point of fact. When your reasonable attitude fails you, there's always another way to talk to a woman: *Well, you told me that was your brother I saw you with last night/I've never seen a brother huggin' and squeezin' sis so tight/I'm gonna stop foolin' myself, baby, and gonna start foolin' you/I'm gonna talk to you by hand if you don't stop doin' the things you do.*

These guys have been tearin' 'em up in the Dallas area for a couple-three years now. For that regional reason as well as other obvious ones, comparisons to The Fabulous Thunderbirds are inevitable, but Anson and the Rockets is nobody's pale imitation. This is a gritty, hard-edged blues band with no excuses or explanations due anybody. The group is anchored by guitarist Funderburgh, but the real power is supplied by Darrell Nulisch's on-the-money

vocals and tasteful harp work. Nulisch has a feel for the blues that's obvious from the first note — he's the real item and sometimes sounds more like B.B. King than B.B. himself (for example, give a listen to the old Little Milton tune, "That Will Never Do," and King's own "Walking Dr. Bill").

The rest of the band consists of Doug Rynack, who does some really outstanding work, capturing the real beer-joint piano sound, particularly on the title cut; Jack Newhouse on bass; and Freddie Walden on drums. **Talk To You By Hand** is further enhanced by some excellent saxophone work by guest musicians Johnny Reno and Jerry Smith — check out their licks on the Chuck Willis-sounding "This Should Go On Forever."

Another thing I like about this group is their economy. The album consists of an even dozen cuts, the longest of which is just over three and a half minutes. You won't find any of those dreadful, self-indulgent, twelve-minute jams that too many blues bands seem to regard as their birthright. Nope, just one tight blues track after another, making for a total package of exceptional merit.

If you're into the blues and would like to hear something fresh and real, slug down a few brews, drop this record on the turntable, and tell your ol' lady to get ready for anything — you

might want to dance, but if you get any shit from her, you might have to talk to her by hand. This record is available on Black Top Records (I love their slogan: "Paving the way for the blues") and if your local connection can't provide one for you, you can send seven bucks to Black Top Records, 1703 Second St., Suite 3, New Orleans, La. 70113.

Plain From The Heart/ Delbert McClinton: One reviewer recently called Delbert McClinton a singer "whose career has hovered around the fringes of success for more than a decade." Actually, it's more like two decades, and it's a shame, too, because McClinton has the stuff to be really big — a shouting, gutsy voice, a unique feel for rhythm and blues, and a background of genuine, dues-paying honky-tonk experience.

But for whatever reason, McClinton has never quite made it across those "fringes" to the success he

deserves. Dig it — this guy's already recorded five knockout albums that you can't even buy. Three excellent releases on ABC — **Victim of Life's Circumstances** (1975), **Genuine Cowhide** (1976), and **Love Rustler** (1977) — were never sufficiently promoted by the label and, while they got plenty of favorable reviews from the critics, they went pretty much unnoticed by the general public. In 1978, McClinton signed with Capricorn Records and released **Second Wind**, followed by **Keeper of the Flame** a year later. But it was the ABC story all over again — critical praise and negligible sales — except, to make matters worse, Capricorn went belly-up, leaving McClinton (among others) high and dry. Even an appearance on "Saturday Night Live" and having one of his tunes, "B Movie Boxcar Blues," recorded by the Blues Brothers gained McClinton only a marginally wider audience.

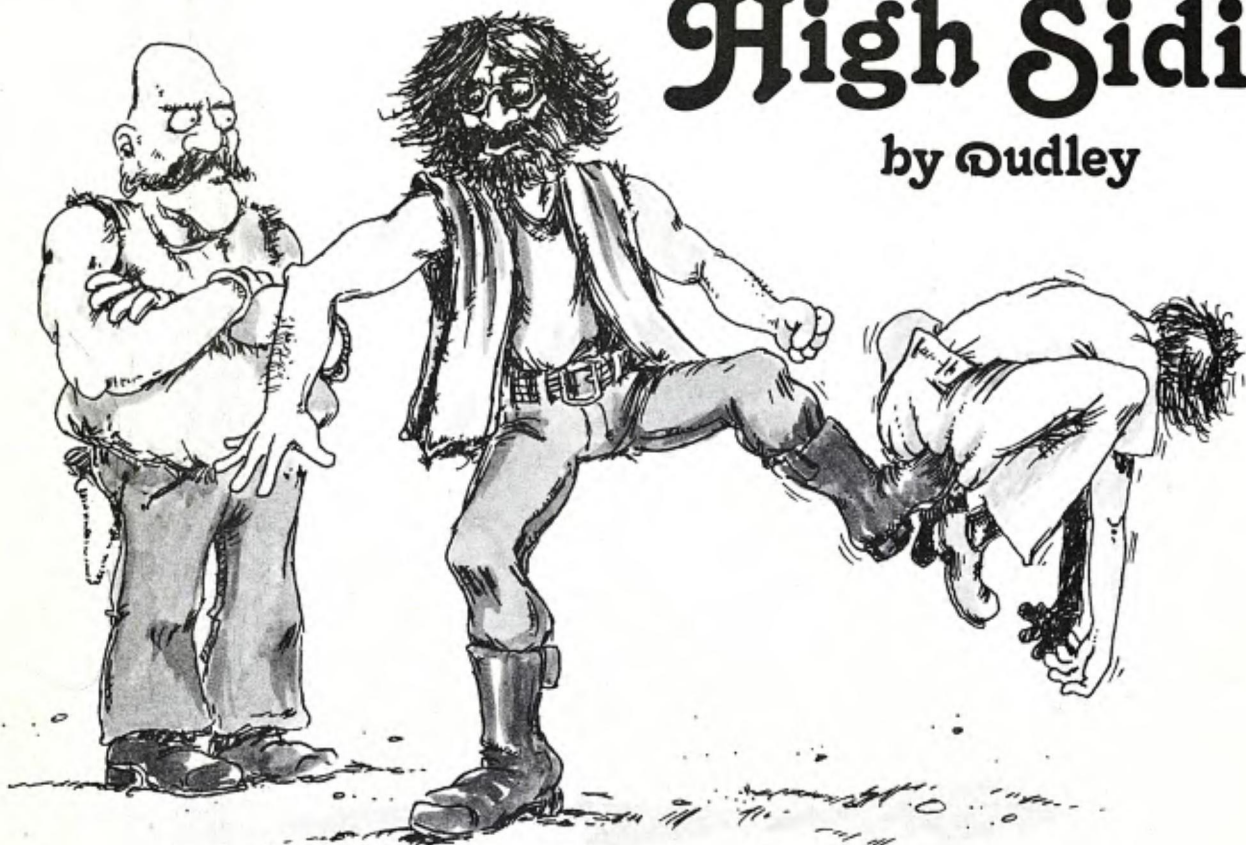
But with last year's Top Ten hit, "Giving It Up For Your Love," from his first Capitol album, **The Jealous Kind**, McClinton seemed to be on the verge of the kind of breakthrough he deserves.

Unfortunately, although **Plain From The Heart** is a listenable, energetic album, it does little to solidify the gains McClinton achieved with his previous Capitol release. Delbert does spirited and engaging versions of several classic soul numbers, but none really has the impact of the originals by Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, and others. As usual, McClinton provides some fine harmonica accompaniment, and the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section lends backup support, but nothing serves to lift the album out of the ordinary. Granted, what's ordinary for a talent like Delbert McClinton makes for some pretty fine listening, but even so, this release clearly isn't his best work. ■



High Sidin'

by Dudley



"The only problem I have with kickin' ass is shakin' them off when I'm through."



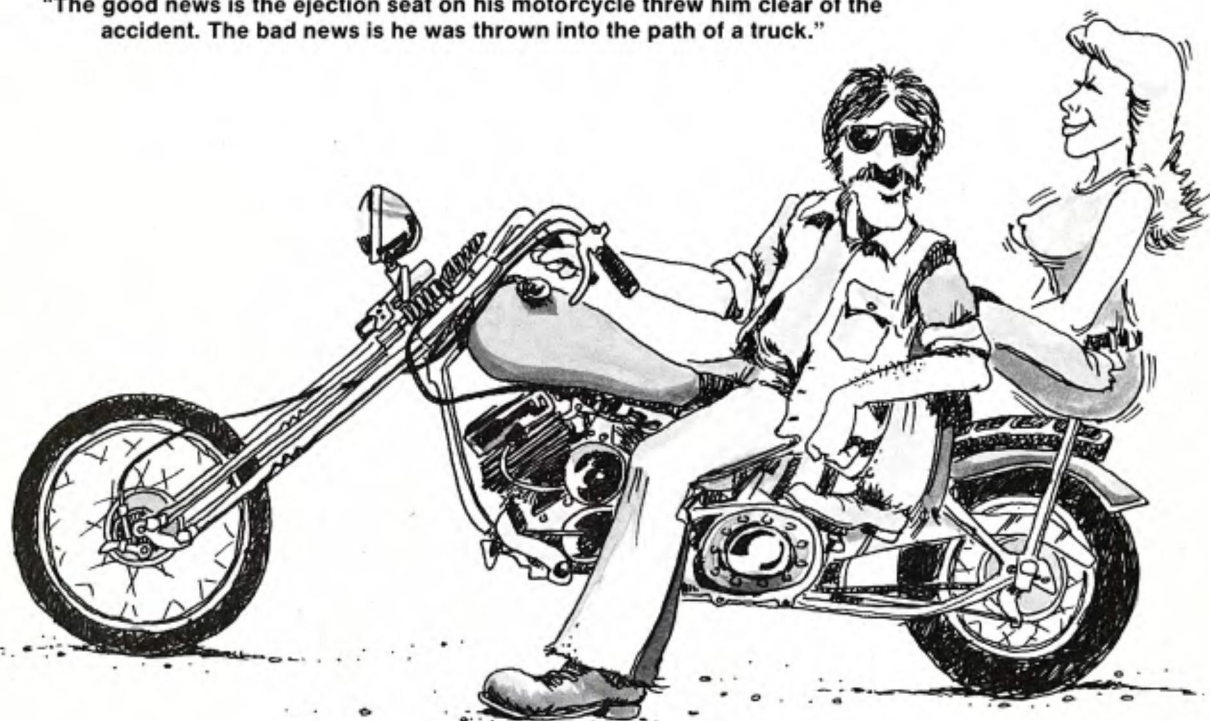
"No, Mr. Swanee, I feel we lost the case when you burnt a hole in the judge's robe with your joint."



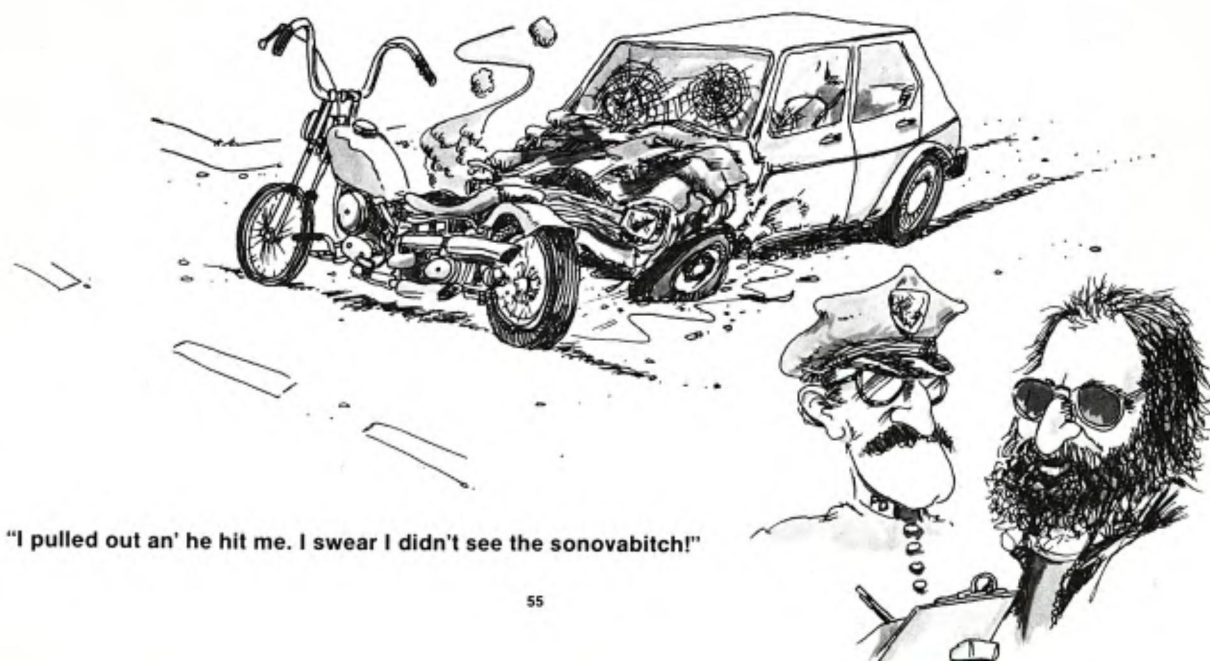
"Now who's pussy-whipped? Not me!"



"The good news is the ejection seat on his motorcycle threw him clear of the accident. The bad news is he was thrown into the path of a truck."



"What are you grinnin' about and where the hell's my sissy bar?"



"I pulled out an' he hit me. I swear I didn't see the sonovabitch!"

OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year 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



Here she is, folks —
Linda, the third monthly winner
in the 5th Annual
Ol' Lady Contest.
The runners-up:
Lisa, Angel, and Amanda.

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.

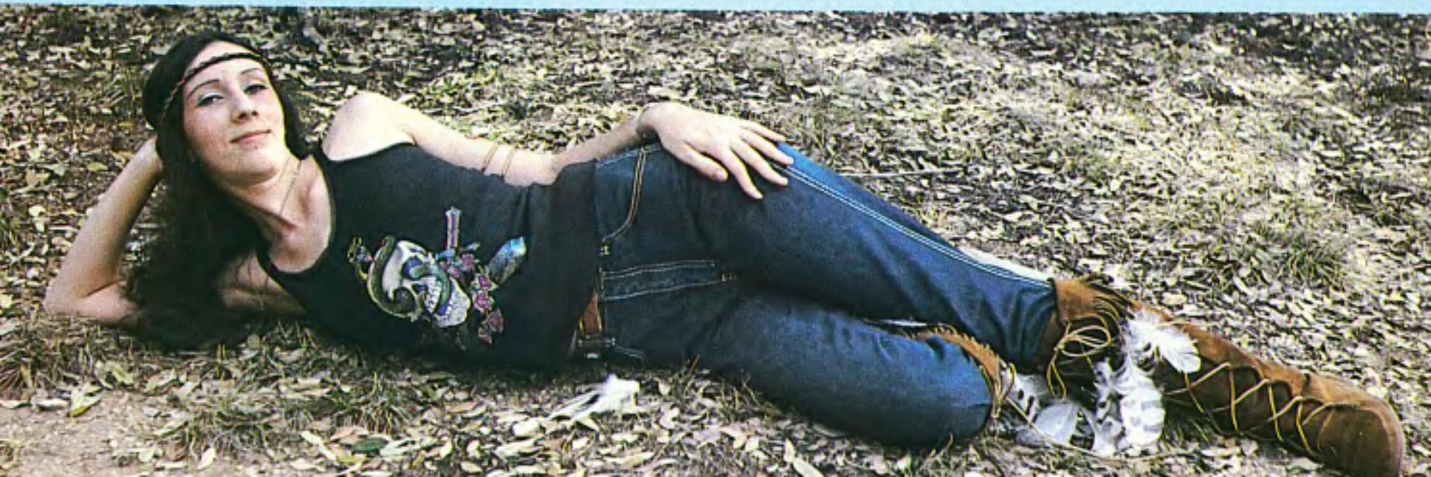
One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

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 October 26. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #113 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■



Cocaine

Vicki Lynn





Lynette



Yvonne



Lisa

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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Model's Name _____ Phone _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

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 Jake, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

—from Woody, Coos Bay, Ore.





—from Shovel Tom, Run To The Fun, Sweden

—from Big Ed, Portland, Me.



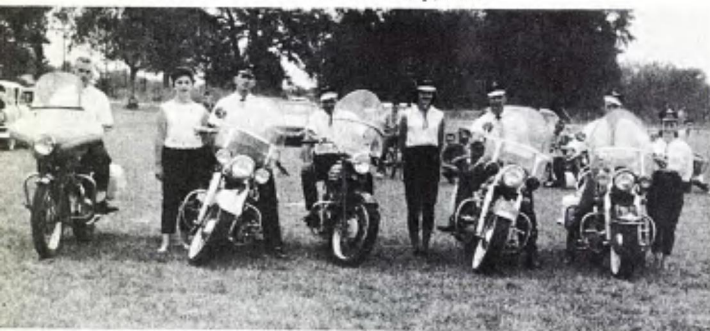
YESTERDAZE

Every generation thinks it's discovered something new, but as these old flicks show, gettin' in the wind isn't somethin' that just started happenin' recently. People have been gettin' out there and doin' their thing for as long as bikes have been in existence, and the brotherhood that makes bikin' such a trip is as much a part of our past as our present.

—from Allan Martin, Kansas City, Mo.



—from Wayne McDaniel, University, Ala.



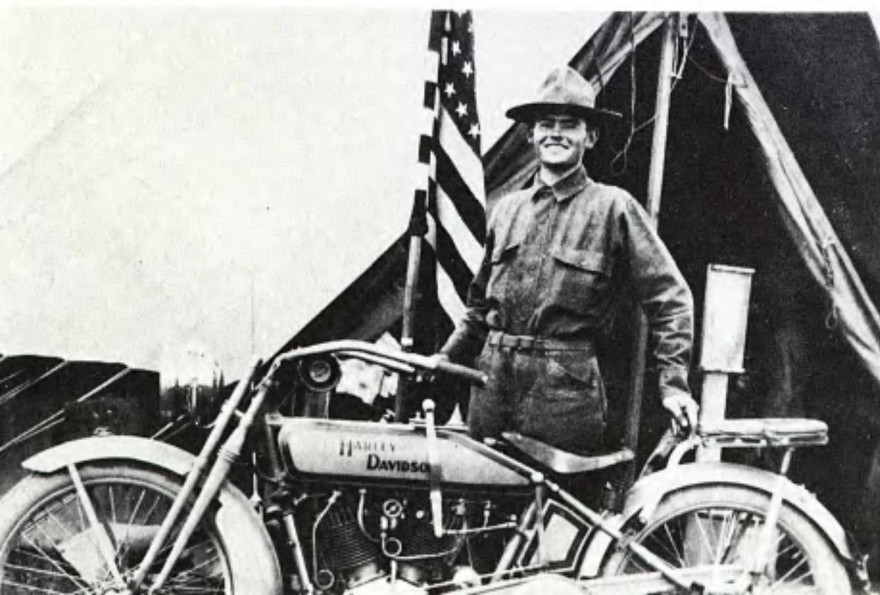
—from H-D Club of Netherlands

—from Beagle, Colorado Springs, Colo.





—from Junk, Victoria, B.C.



—from Sam Napier, Vista, Calif.





—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.



—from Big Ed, Colebrook, N.H.



—from MER, Vernon, Conn.

—from Dino, Van Nuys, Calif.



—from Wolf, Staten Island, N.Y.

—from Jude Hine, Tucson, Ariz.





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 loving memory of my husband, **Rick Slevert**, who died on his bike because of a careless driver, 4/24/82. He was loved by all and will never be forgotten by me, Roxanne.

In memory of **Greg "Eggs" Manley**, 3/25/53-9/15/81. To you, Eggs, our brother above all the rest; we miss you the most and we love you the best. In the wind, Hoppen, Old Man, Road Agents, Iron Knights.

In memory of **Mitch "Ted Nugent" Foster**. We loved you then and always will. We miss you, but we'll join you in the wind again some day. You will always live in our hearts. Your ol' lady, Heidi, and all your bros and sisters.

In memory of **Brian Root**, April 15, 1982, whose life was taken by a young, reckless driver. You were so young and had so much more of life to live. May you ride in Harley Heaven forever, free and at peace. We were glad to be touched by your friendship. Tim, Judy, B.J., Judy, and ol' lady, Nancy.



In memory of **Robin "Wobin" L. Koentz**, 26, a true Harley rider. His pan will keep going, knowing Robin is riding it in spirit. Keep on puttin', Robin. Sadly missed by Lisa, Kenny, family, friends. See you again.

In memory of "Scuzzy Charlie," 5/11/82. We don't know how the fuck it happened, but you went down the way you wanted—riding. May you always be in the wind and free. You're in our hearts to stay. Love you forever. Your ol' lady, the crumb snatchers, and everyone else who loved you.

We love and miss you both, "Big Bob" and "Pigeon." Now you'll always be in the wind. Until we meet again in Harley Heaven, keep the thunder rolling and those V-twins humming. From all the bros and their ol' ladies, Lobster, Henry the IV, Shitkid, Peton, and the rest of the family.

In memory of **Murray "Turk" Boettger**, 1955-1982. Your spirit rides free now. Your friends and bros, Blackfalds, Alberta, Canada.

In honor and memory of **William D. Stroble**, 8/25/59-9/20/81. A rider's dreams are past you now. The Reaper came and stole you away to a place far off in a rider's mind. The memory of you will be with us as a ghost rider, especially when we are on the road. Chuck and Deb.

T.W.: I got your message and that's what is important. I grieve for you out of my own selfishness. The rest goes without saying. Amy Lou.

Michael, 11/27/53: "I was here, but now I've gone; I've left my name to carry on. Those who like it, like it well; those who don't can go to hell." Loving you with all my heart and soul. Your Precious.

In memory of **Doug "Worm" Stillian**, 5/4/82, who died on his knuckle with the sun in his face and the wind in his hair. I know you lived for every minute on your sled, so ride free and I'll see you soon. I love you, babe! Night-crawler.

In loving memory of **Barry Little**, 5/6/82, the most beautiful person and loyal friend we have ever known. You'll never be forgotten. We love and miss you so very much. Have fun on that golden Harley till we meet again. Hope and The Gang.

In memory of **Larry Dean Scott**, 1954-6/12/82. Rode hard and died fast. We will all miss you. Good luck in Harley Heaven. Your friends and bros, the Doctor Ross.

In memory of **James Honeyman-Scott**. Too young and too hot to leave us so cold, so fast. Ride safe in guitar heaven, Kim.

In memory of **Harley D. Melton**, born in 1947 to ride and raise some hell. Died 9/5/81, from the pressure of leading the life of a biker, some of us know, and the power of a .22 long-range. Good-bye, Harley; we understood you. Linda, Rick, and Kay.

To a bro in Harley Heaven, formerly from Berea, Ohio. Didn't get to know you well, mainly 'cause you were a loner. But I'll respect the one thing you asked. That '59 pan will never get chopped. So, **Mike Harnett**, ride that pan in Harley Heaven. Ride hard, die free. Buckeye Kilroy and stock pan.

In loving memory of **Robert L. "Bobby" Edwards** and **Michelle Fike**, 6/16/82, who went down on his Sporty that night. You will never be forgotten. Ride on in Harley Heaven, Love, from all the bros who knew and loved you.

In memory of **Mike Frazier**, 6/12/82. You lived to wrench and ride. Your bros and sisters of Greensboro and High Point will love and remember you always.

In memory of **Darrelle Crisp**, R.I.P. Never came out of dreamland, 6/14/82. You left us far too soon, but you'll live forever in our hearts and souls. The memories will never die. Ride free and easy in Harley Heaven. Your brothers, Farley and John.

In memory of **William M. Rice**, 6/13/82. Rest in peace and ride free in Harley Heaven. You'll always be missed at the best of parties, for there will be no one there who will smile and party as much as you did. Some day we'll all ride together. Love always. Rico and Peaches.

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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.

Four downed 1%ers in need of some female words. Loosen up, girls, and send us some words and flicks. Jim Collins #18705, Billy Lowe #3125, Barry St. John #19523, Mike Staggs #23194, Box 30, K-6 Dorm, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

W/m down, doing four with 19 months left. 6'5", 210 lbs., brown and brown. Need some letters from righteous ladies. Dave Fors #36094, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Lonely w/m prisoner in Folsom would like very much to correspond with all single, foxy ladies. Please be sincere in having a new friendship. I will answer all who write. A picture gets one in return. Tim Bell, Box C-03365, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Two lonely white boys, 26 and 20, need to hear from you sweet ladies out there. Alan Jackson #C-43530-4710, and C.J. Burgess #C-40561-4705, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

White bro down time on the west coast. Am lookin' for strong lady with an open mind and a country heart who likes living free and easy. Drop a line and a flick. Age doesn't matter. All letters answered. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs., with long brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, 21. No games. Tom Dunn, Box B-90545, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Captured: White German Scorpion outlaw, 23. Wants to make contact with righteous scooter babes in Conn. area. Possible visits. Any age. Satisfaction guaranteed! Greg Erhardt #77226, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

W/m, 31, scooter tramp looking for woman in San Berdo/Riverside area to write and visit. Dan Testerman #N22, 3102 E. Highland Ave., Patton, Calif. 92369.

West Texas outlaw, down with the blues, needs a sure-nuff lady to choose. Send a shot and write a lot. W.W. Worley III #320695A, Ellis Unit, T.D.C., Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Crazy downed bro looking for help from all you ladies out there. Age 20, 5'11", 165 lbs., with blue eyes and blond hair; would like photos if at all possible. K.D. Hepe #118-229, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Attention, fine ladies: 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., 100% wood-white, right, fine. Send flicks and letters to Jason Sheehan, Box B54978-A, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Downed outlaw, 21, lookin' to meet ladies in the No. Calif. area. So shoot me a kite and a flick and let's see how things work out. David E. Riemer, Box C-14624, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Solid white dude, 28, looking for ol' lady who will stand with her ol' man all the way. Looks like I'll be out in 1985. Will write all who send photo, but only one of you ladies will be lucky enough to get me. Melvin Ford #91137, Camp C, W-3, Angola, La. 70712.

Been down since '79, waitin' on '83. W/m, 22, 5'8", 153 lbs., into iron. All you foxes out there with somethin' on your mind, drop me a line. Send flicks for fast reply. Will answer all. Tee R. Elswick #110-797, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Busted bro doing it the hard way. No putt or butt, just time. Could use a few kites from some together bros and babes. Dennis McCarthy #037672, Box 1500, Mail #80, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Wanted: one fine lady to write this lonely white bro. I got three more years to get serious with you. Frank Zangrilli, Box 8274, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Six feet, four inches, two hundred thirty pounds of blue-eyed, brown-haired trash. For further details, write: James D. Smith #N-04307, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Ladies who love outlaws: I'm down, but I'm far from out, and I'm looking for you. I'm 6' tall, 165 lbs., with brown eyes and dark-brown hair. Write and share your fun-loving, free spirit with me. Michael Jon Martin #17002, Unit 7, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

Down, white, right, Bro. 6'2", 200 lbs., needs good-hearted woman to correspond with. Ron Winter B-33, EF-133350, GD&CC, Box 3877, Jackson, Ga. 30233.

W/m, 25, brown hair, brown eyes, 6'1", 220 lbs., seeking correspondence with sincere, foxy ladies to help pass these long lonely nights. Dale Hine #C-90195, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Two downed white scooter tramps from Indiana need chicks to help this time go by. Will answer all. K.G. Wolfe #9855, and Joe Thompson #17607, Indiana State Prison, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Busted in Alaska. Tall, white, blond with blue at 25. Looking for healthy, bright woman who can appreciate a sincere man and good friend with open mind. T.R. Lyons, Box 309, Juneau, Alaska 99802.

W/m, born 9/24/59, 6'1", 165 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, just looking for a few women to help me pass away the time. I want that someone special to drop me a line. Robert Morrison #47442, U-29-L Bldg., Parchman, Miss. 38738.

W/m, 22, down with six. I need you ladies to write, visit, or anything else. Jonathan Sousa #72172, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Aussie bro, 25, white, down, would like to hear from chicks in the States. Out late '83 and need mail. Take a chance and write Ron Wilson, Canning Vale Prison, Canning Vale, Perth, West Australia.

Lonely righteous bro seeking lady who cares. I need someone to share my feelings with. Blue, brown, 6', 175 lbs., biker, 24, Darrell Brinkley #78249, Box 500, #1 Bks., Grady, Ark. 71644.

Prison has left me lonely and blue; now my time is almost through. W/m, 24, 6', 180 lbs., is looking for a caring woman to share a lasting relationship with. Will answer all. George Pelham, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Irish-Italian man, 32, in prison, wishes to correspond with any sincere and real white lady out there. David Barnes #14404, U6-V263, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Down scooter tramp doing six needs righteous babes to write to. Let's get together, let's mix; please try to send some flicks. Ed Rogers #K5330, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

W/m, 31, downed scooter tramp doing time. Would like to hear from all you foxy ladies out there. Will answer all. Clifford C. Smith #83603-D6, La Grange, Ky. 40032.

A downed tramp without a vamp; send me a letter and don't forget the stamp. I'm doin' time in Dannemora 'cause of a bitch named Laura. I really need to hear from ya, girls. Fred Golsner #81A4225, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

I'm serving time in a honky-tonk prison where a man is never forgiven. I need to know that someone still loves me and I need a shoulder to cry on. W/m, 29, 6'2", 210 lbs., with brown eyes and wavy brown hair. Seeking correspondence with sincere ladies. Answer all. Michael W. Williams #807744, Mail 289, Box 1500 CCC I, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

I'm white, 23, into bikin', broads, and booze. What more could ya ask for? Send kites and flicks. I'll do the same. Al Mann, Box C-33093, San Quentin, Calif. 94974-0001.

W/m, 26, blond and blue, looking for ladies with warmth in their hearts and beauty in their souls to write and share dreams with. M.A. Clark #C-08052, Box 600, China, Calif. 91710.

Two righteous white brothers in a hellhole need scribes and flicks to set us free. Young or old, wild or crazy, lady or tramp—we don't care, but show us you care. Bill Blust #91711, and Warren Gautreaux #95786, Fox 6-C, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

W/m, 33, 6'1", 185 lbs., good letter writer, needs scribes and flicks from all you fine ladies. Trying to find the right lady for a lasting relationship. All answered. Send photo. Donald Hannum #A046619, Box 488-A, D-25, Polk City, Fla. 33668.

Righteous down and out bro, 6', 190 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, 28, needs letters from sincere ladies to help pass remaining 1½ years. All answered. Gilbert Albert Gomez #255080, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I really feel like shit. All the bros and sisters I know—and I can't get a fuckin' letter from any of 'em. What ever happened to the sayin' never let a bro down? I hope it's not just a sayin'. Please write. David Grimes #N-13554, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259-0087.

Hey, ladies: You can be anywhere from 8 to 80, blind, crippled, and crazy, or fine, sweet, and sassy—just drop me a few lines. I need to hear from you all. This w/m, 22, from St. Louis needs you. Chuck Hurt #41069, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Downed bro from Ohio, white, 28, would like to hear from sincere, down-to-earth ladies. Send pics if possible. Ken Malusky #077872, Box 1500, #495, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

White and proud, down for six. Sure could use some letters and pix. J.W. Bishop #C29132, F-306, CTF, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

White biker, 31, 5'6", 160 lbs., out in '87, needs some letters and flicks from righteous ladies any age. Will answer all. Ernie Franklin, Box B-41969, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I am 24 years old, 5'8", 155 lbs., I have brown hair and blue eyes, and I don't have a friend in the world. Please write; I'll answer. Thank you. Charlie Miller #58458, CN-861, Trenton State Prison, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

Hey, ladies and bros. Write a downed tramp and give me a lift. I'm a few miles from home with no family. I need a lifeline to reality to get me through my time. So send me a note, and a photo would be nice. Gary Wendler #15580, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

Two bros locked down; would like to hear from anyone who cares. All kites with pics will be answered. Any state, any country; good people are few. Daniel Willis #K-5600 and Harvey Piperata #M-5667, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Would like to hear from any Houston ladies who'd like to help a guy with a relationship in mind. Would like an ol' lady waitin'. Am 27, 6'2". Write Wes Radabaugh #334258, Ramsey #1 Unit, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Ladies: 6'5" w/m. 200 lbs. of tall, good-lookin', lean, tender, and juicy meat. Send photos for one in return. Jeff Saal #N-20431, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Scooter tramp, 23, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, lookin' for ol' lady to putt with after release. Joseph Homin #297587, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Downed and lonely bro in need of correspondence with single ladies from all over. All letters answered. Joe Leighton #C39274, Box 608-5-15, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Ladies: Tired of the head games? Looking for a real dude? I'm looking for a real lady offering no head games, everything straight and aboveboard. Down Canadian bro looking for letters and pics. Age, rug rats, no problem. James Penny, c/o Whitby Jail, 200 Victoria St. W., Whitby, Ontario L1N 5G3, Canada.

Convict wants letters from women of all ages. Doing all day and need someone adult and sincere enough to understand what I'm all about. I'm 32, white, and single. Write Danny Bangs, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

20-year-old downed biker doing time, needs letters and flicks from chicks to make the time go easier. I'm 6'4", 13 stone, black hair. Will answer all. Mike Cole, c/o H.M. Gool, Box 71, East Maitland, NSW, Australia 2323.

MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES

No. 5



MOTORCYCLES AT WAR

The eminent motorcycle historian and critic Burtrum (Burt) Crotchcriket III reveals in a recently unpublished, top-secret document that early attempts to establish an army motorcycle corps failed when, after a few moments of front-line combat, the few volunteers stupid enough to be forced into this haphazard unit lost the stomach for these foolhardy tactics and deserted en masse. Despite the arguments of experts, Burt stubbornly insists that this branch of the service existed only in the minds of a few liars and malcontents too shell-shocked to face reality. ■

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
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On Any Sunday, Inc. 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
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The Winner

Every year about this time the staff here at *Easyriders* gets sort of strange. People start mumblin', stumblin', and in general forgettin' all about the work they're supposed to be doin', — puttin' out another issue of this rag. For a long time outside observers thought that we were gettin' a once-a-year supply of some strange kinda dope. What they didn't know was that the real reason that half the staff was stumblin' and the other half just sittin' with blank looks on their faces, droolin' all over the floor, was that it was *Ol' Lady Of The Year* time again.

Yep, it was time to count the votes. And when we finished countin' we had ourselves another winner — Serena.

An ol' lady is somethin' more than just another fine chick. She's not just the winner of a







beauty contest, or any bullshit like that. She's our kind of people — a chick who's into bikes and bikers and all the takin' care of business that every righteous ol' lady knows all about. It's what makes an ol' lady different from ordinary chicks.

There is one slight problem with Serena, though. Her name. If you look up Serena in one of those name books, it means somethin' like "the serene." And that ain't our ol' lady of 1982. Not by a long shot. This ol' lady's a partyin' super-chick who, to celebrate her arrival, boogied all night, slugged down the Yukon Jack right along with the *Easyriders* guzzle experts, and still looked so good the next mornin', when the photographer showed up, that she had all of us wipin' footprints off our tongues.

After spendin' a day with the *Easyriders* photographer (which had a lot of people here





Photos by Pete Chiodo and Kim Peterson

wantin' to change their jobs — you never saw such a bunch of sudden camera nuts), our Ol' Lady Of The Year was taken out to a restrained *Easyriders* party. That meant almost everyone stayed above the tables for a change, and we didn't have to pay for damages. We presented Serena with her check for a thousand bucks, everyone got to snuggle a little — just so they could say they got next to the Ol' Lady Of The Year — and then she was gone. We didn't want it that way. The next day at the office it looked like everyone had just come back from a funeral. But, whaddafuck. All you people get to look at is the pictures we're printin'. We've got the originals, and a lot of great memories. Yeah, Serena's a righteous ol' lady. Which is what our contest is all about.

— Whiskey

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Pretty Please

Continued from page 26

Not true, no way, and definitely by no means!

Cedars of Lithuania is firmly committed to the principle of total equality. We shit on all our patients — regardless of race, creed, religion, or state of bikertude.

Nor is it true that we are prejudiced against your somewhat unusual way of life. I once spent almost a full hour reading the moped ads in the Sears catalog, in order to learn about being a biker. I have even become fluent in your lingo: "Fuck an A, bras. Let's ride to the liver. Carly rules!"

And yet you guys still don't like me. Why do you always give me a hard time and turn my nice, orderly hospital into a shambles?

I am firmly convinced that you don't do these terrible things maliciously, or even intentionally. The real problem is that special brand of thoughtlessness and inappropriate behavior that comes from being thrust into new and unfamiliar surroundings.

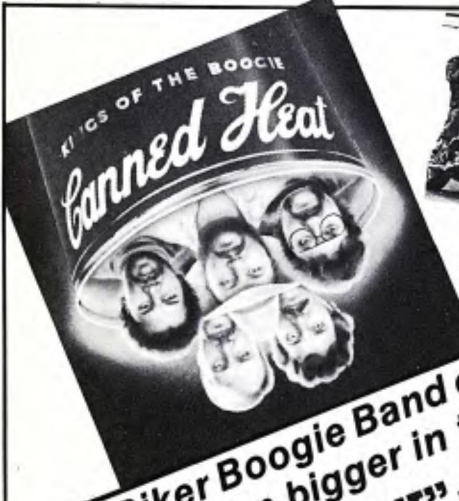
So, what we have is a simple failure to communicate. Nobody has ever bothered to explain the fine points of hospital conduct and etiquette. Doing just that is my project for today. Accordingly, my colleagues and I have compiled the following list of little dos and don'ts. If rules turn you off, try to remember that compliance with our requests will benefit you as much as it does us. You will be making your own hospitalization much more pleasant. The next time I cut a gaping hole in your belly and jerk out a couple yards of your bullet-riddled gut, you will enjoy the experience to the utmost.

1. If you have eaten huge quantities of chili, tacos, and burritos prior to entering the hospital, please warn the doctor *before* you bend over and spread 'em.
2. Please don't tell our nurses that your dick has stopped breath-



"Stan, you're neat, efficient, you don't chase the secretaries, you're always on time for work, and you're always cheerful. Just what kind of pussy are you?"

Easyriders




The Biker Boogie Band of the '60s-'70s, is back even bigger in the '80s with "KINGS OF THE BOOGIE" BY CANNED HEAT

The cost of this biker gem is \$7.98, plus \$1.50 for shipping. If you send cash or money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Dealer inquiries invited

Checks take 4-6 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to Record Offer, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. Be sure to specify record, 8-track, or cassette.

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write to us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one out at no charge.

ing and needs emergency mouth-to-cock resuscitation.

3. Please don't tell female patients that screwing you is part of the therapy ordered by their doctor.

4. When your friends come to visit, please ask them not to ride their scooters through our corridors before 8 a.m. or later than 10 p.m.

5. Please don't rip off our morgue and sell the stiffs to a dogfood company. (The departed's next of kin will become upset if Gramps can't attend his own funeral.)

6. Please don't tell a heart patient that his daughter and sister both give better head than his wife.

7. When you rip off our narcotics supply, please break the locker door with a sledge hammer — not with plastic explosive.

8. When the lab technician draws a sample of your blood, please don't retaliate with your biker's Buck.

9. Please don't offer a token to anyone in an oxygen tent. (We're aware that you're just trying to be generous to the have-nots, but a combination of O₂ gas and open flame will *really* blow the poor slob's mind.)

10. If you screw your nurse, please be prepared to pay her from your own pocket. Your medical insurance isn't likely to pay for this particular service.

11. Please don't piss in the sink, shit in the wastebasket, or puke in the water fountain.

12. Please don't use our lab equipment to distill moonshine.

13. If your doctor wants a sample of your stools for lab analysis, please use the container he provides. Don't drop a 12-pound turd into his little black bag or lab coat pocket.

14. Please don't tell your roommate that you're waiting for a heart transplant — and that he's going to be the donor.

15. When the chaplain offers you a free Bible, please don't ask him to underline the dirty parts.

16. If your room is too chilly, just ask for more heat. Don't set your nurse's snatch on fire.

17. Please don't take our security guard's gun away from him. He's a very insecure little wimp, and he may cry if you deprive him of his phallic symbol.

18. Please don't disconnect anyone's oxygen supply just because he refuses to sign your anti-helmet-law petition.

19. If you get pissed off at your doctor, feel free to call him a quack — but don't make him duck-waddle through the lobby.

20. Please don't drink your room-

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"Sport" model without the 6" back at **\$39.95** and our 2" webbed "All Weather" model at **\$15.95**. If your bike shop doesn't have the Sure Grip line yet, order direct. To order, send check (allow 4-6 weeks), money order or MasterCard/VISA number, exp. date and signature plus \$2.50 per belt shipping and handling to:



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48. Please don't shoot your load onto the ceiling in an effort to patch our cracked plaster.

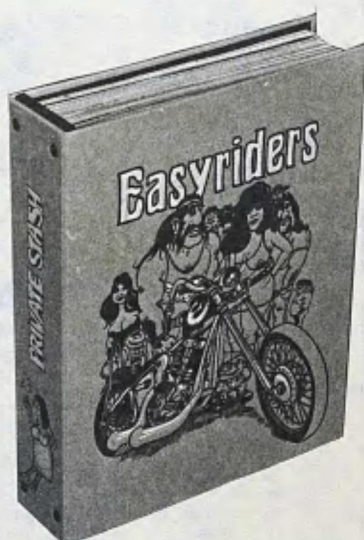
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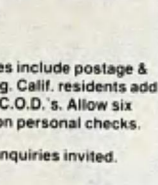
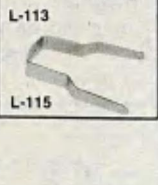
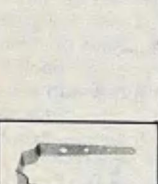
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Silent Hotel

Continued from page 18

with his cigarette to his belt, then down along the outside seam of his jeans about halfway to his knee.

"So maybe she was scooter trash, and left her mark on the road."

"Yeah, maybe," Gowain agreed. "Ain't what killed her, though." He took a long drink.

I let him wait for a minute before I asked, "So how do you know?"

"It was old, all healed and sealed, like an old zipper rusted shut."

"What did kill her, then?" I asked.

"I dunno. I'm the night watchman, not the county coroner. Anyway, what difference does it make?"

The timid light of dawn was still working up its courage to come in, like a Girl Scout making her first cookie rounds. I sat and drank with Gowain and thought about how right he was. One day, sooner or later, the bellboy from the Silent Hotel would come for our bags, too. The limo from the Silent Hotel.

"Well?" he said, an expectant look on his face.

I shrugged.

"Come on, Jester. I babysit stiffs all night. Don't you clam up on me, too. Tell me somethin' funny."

"Listen," I said, "Have you ever gone and stolen a body?"

"A dead body?"

"A dead body."

"Shit, no. Unless..." Gowain drew the last life from his cigarette and pitched it into the fireplace. "Unless you count the time I took the Princess to Klamath Falls. But that wasn't exactly stealin'. She agreed to go on the trip."

"Charity on my part." The Princess marched in from the hallway, wearing moccasins and an Indian Motorcycles T-shirt. "I was being kind to the facially handicapped, shithead." She sat down on the floor between us, yawned, stretched, rubbed her eyes, scratched her muff, and reached for Gowain's beer.

"Dead body, my ass. Let me have a swallow of that to wake up, huh?"

The Princess claimed to be the last descendant of an obscure Northwest Indian tribe known primarily for clammimg, weaving, and cataloguing psychotropic fungi. None of which she could do. But her long black hair and smooth dark skin did nothing to hurt her story. Merle once told me he knew for a fact that the Princess's father was Japanese, and her mother Italian. The Princess's ancestry was her



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business, and as far as I was concerned it wasn't as important as her personality, which was always lousy, her desire for sex, which was almost insatiable, and her ability to cuss, which she had picked up during an ill-fated year at Princeton. That's a college back east.

"So what are you asspickers up to?" she asked.

"Talkin' about liftin' stiffs,"

Gowain replied.

"That must be your idea," the Princess said to me.

I nodded. I was eager to fill her in on the joke I had in mind. I knew she would appreciate it.

"Want to fuck?" she asked.

"No, not now." All this talk of death had put me out of the mood. Besides, my mind was busy working out the details of my little gag.

"How about you, ugly?"

"Sure," Gowain replied. He kicked off his heavy brown boots and wriggled out of his jeans. "That beer all gone?"

"Uh-huh," the Princess said. She pulled the leather headband from around her hair and lay back, guiding Gowain on top of her. He used one hand to push her T-shirt up over her small, hard breasts, and with his other hand lifted her ass.

"Now," the Princess said as they went about their business, "what's this — ooh, easy! — joke you've got cookin', Jester?"

"You really want to hear?"

"Yeah," she moaned. "Yeah."

"I mean, right now?"

"Ooh! Go ahead."

Gowain just grunted.

"Okay, it's like this." I hate talking to an audience that's got other things on its mind. Especially when all you got to talk to is a browneye and a pair of knees. "You got this good-lookin' stiff back at the hotel, right, Gowain?"

Gowain grunted again.

"Well, what if we told old Lance Charming that we met this chick, see, who was a real knockout. He'd want to meet her right away, no? And what if we told him she was kind of a cold fish. He'd see it as a



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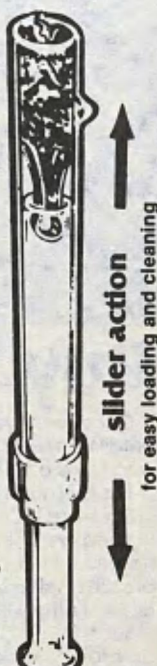
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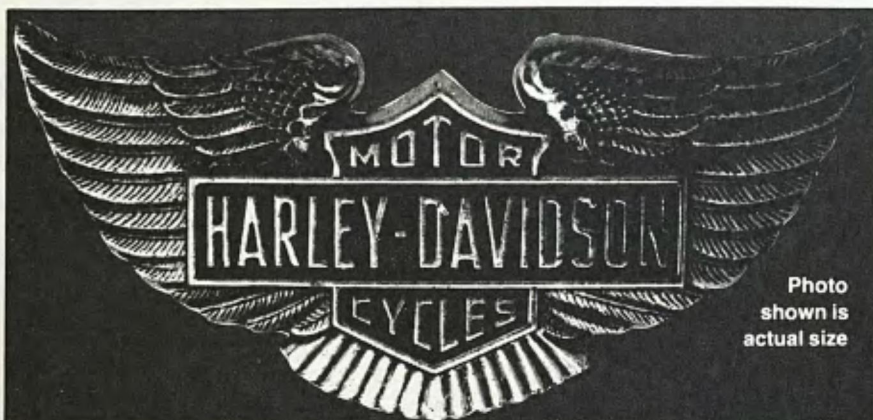


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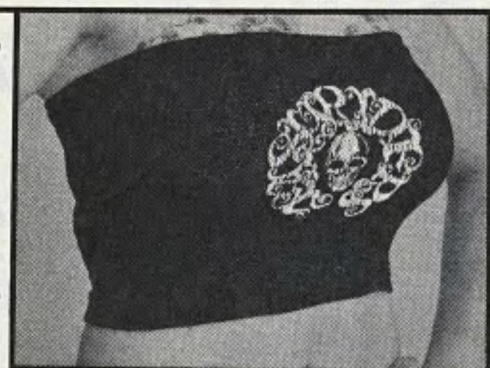
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challenge. He'd tell us he could make her warm up to him right away. You follow me so far?"

"Slow down a little, will ya?" the Princess suggested.

"Well, shit, if you'd pay closer attention to what I'm saying —"

"Not you," she told me. "Him." Gowain grunted.

"So anyway, we feed this story to Lance," I continued, "and then we check the soft-spoken sweetie out of the Silent Hotel, and we..."

"We what?" Gowain stopped and, careful not to lose his place, rolled over onto his back. Then he sat up, the Princess locked onto his lap, and stared at me over the top of her head. I decided I liked looking at his ass better. "Run that by me again."

The Princess, who had heard it the first time, began to squirm and grind on the post, as if she were trying to crush out a cigar clenched tight in her twat.

"We bring the lady here and introduce her to Lance. You know Lance — he'll turn on the charm and damn near bust his nuts before he figures out that this one ain't gonna thrill to his tender touch."

Lance was the ladies' man of the club. He had little-boy looks and a line of shit that could make a statue smile. Lance Charming, we called him. It wasn't just the chicks who responded to him, either. Everybody liked him. He was that kind of guy. When we got into jams with the law, Lance always got us out. Even judges liked him, especially lady judges. Even I liked him. He was just a likable sort of a bro.

"It'd serve that stinkin' sonofabitch right," hissed the Princess. She hated Lance's guts.

"What do you think?" I asked Gowain. But Gowain was busy again. I popped open another beer and let it roll on down.

When the action finally subsided, the Princess climbed off her ride and smoothed her T-shirt over her flat belly. "Fan-fuckin'-tastic!"

"You're not too bad yourself, for a half-breed," Gowain said as he lit up.

"I didn't mean you, fuckhead," she told him. "I meant Jester's idea. The only question I have is," and her eyes narrowed, "who has to fetch the stiff?"

"This way," Gowain said as he led us down the hallway of the morgue. The corridor was dimly lit, like a deserted cocktail lounge, but it was quieter than any bar or club. It was the ultimate private rendezvous. All secrets were safe there. The walls

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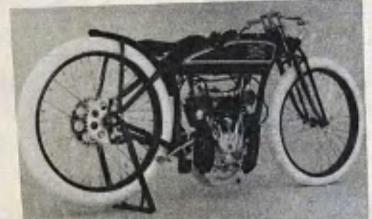


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had no ears. Merle and the Princess and I tiptoed behind our guide. Not a single radio or television sounded from the guest rooms.

"Nice carpeting," I said as we moved noiselessly along. "Bet it really helps to muffle the midnight runs on the icebox."

"You wouldn't want what we got in the icebox here," Gowain said. "Not at midnight, or at no other time."

"What are you whispering for?" Merle asked. "Afraid of waking somebody?" Merle was the club mechanic. No, calling him a mechanic was like calling the Sahara Desert a beach. Merle was our machinery marvel. We all knew how to change oil and tune an engine, but Merle could perform miracles. He could squeeze gasoline out of a cactus, forge a final-drive chain from a snake, patch a tire with sunlight and spit. There was something unreal about him at times — and he could roll a joint with one hand.

"Reverence for the dead," I told him. "They're a polite bunch, mostly. Let's treat them with some respect."

"My people believe that when we die, the Great Spirit comes for us in a brightly painted war canoe," the Princess said. "We cross a wide river filled with fish that leap joyfully from the water. On the far shore, our ancestors greet us and provide us with a great feast. The celebration of our reunion lasts for six days and six nights. Then we merge with the sacred earth and emerge as cabbages in a small truck farm in South Dakota."

"No wonder your tribe is extinct," I told her.

"It's a beautiful concept," Merle said. "Circular, like the perfectly balanced front tire."

"It's a load of crap," replied the Princess, "but no worse than anything else people believe."

Gowain stopped in front of a white wooden door. "Here's our girl," he announced. It wasn't exactly the honeymoon suite. The room was white and cold, with a double-tubed fluorescent light taking nothing from the chill. Under the light was a narrow table, and on the table, beneath a starched white sheet, was the object of our visit.

Even dead, she looked good.

"What's her name?" I asked.

Gowain shrugged. "They never introduce us," he explained. "They just leave 'em in my care." He lit a cigarette and dropped the match on the white tile floor. "Mind if I smoke?"

Continued on page 92

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Send size (S, M, L, XL for \$1.00 more) and wording wanted, along with payment (halter tops \$7.50/tank tops \$8.50/French-cut tops 9.50) to:

Coco, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside USA please send money order (US funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 per shirt for shipping and handling.

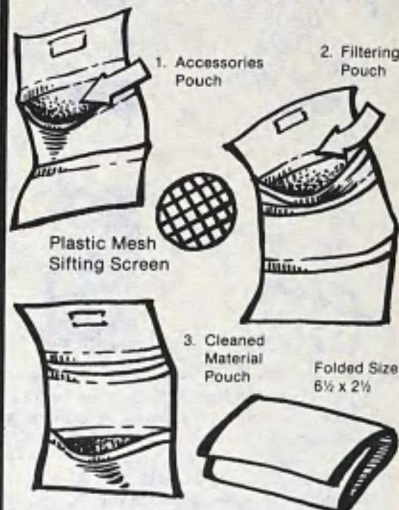
MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER INTRODUCING

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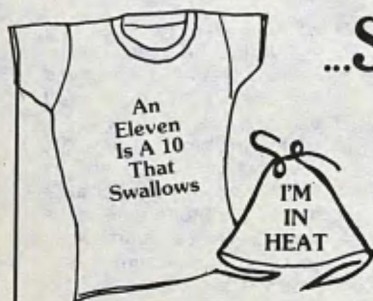
Sifting Pouch

3 MAIN AREAS

VELCRO LATCHES



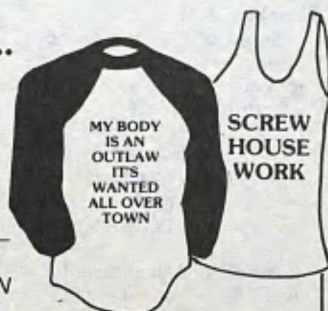
Send \$8.95 to: **Buns & Co.**, 2505 Thousand Oaks Blvd., Box 114, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91362.



...Shirts for Every... Body...

**T-Shirts — French-Cut Tops
Halters — Tank Tops — Baseball**

THESE ARE NOT CHEAPO, LIGHT-
WEIGHT CRAP. THESE ARE
QUALITY USA SHIRTS.



— SPECIAL —

ORDER 3 SHIRTS & WE'LL PUT OUR SHOP LOGO ON
BACK OF SHIRTS FREE.

1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 12. Do It To It; 13. I Love To Putt, Suck & Fuck; 14. Liquor Up Front Poker In The Rear; 15. Harley Riders Wanted Inquire Within; 16. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face; 17. Motorcycle Mama; 18. Show Me Your Dick; 19. Hot & Juicy; 20. No Putt No Butt; 21. Harley Riders Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better & Look Better Doin' It; 22. I'm Equipped With Genuine Harley Tits & Ass-Made Of Proper Materials Made To Shake Perfectly-Guaranteed Satisfaction; 23. You Touch My Tits I'll Bust Your Balls; 24. A Man's Place Is On My Face; 25. Don't Ask Me I'm Just A Dumb Cunt; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 5¢; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart. 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

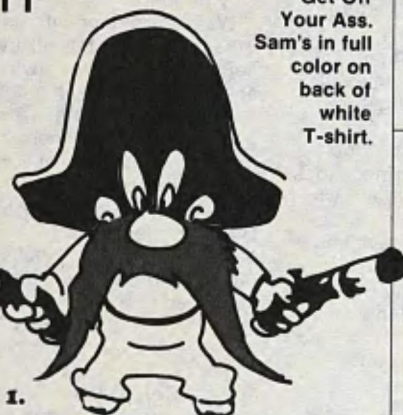
Colors: Black, Yellow, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Tan, and White. Sizes: S, M, L, XL (and XXL in Black or White Only-add \$1.50). Send \$8.00 for T-Shirt, Tank Top or Halter; \$9.50 for French-Cut Top (XL add \$1.00); and \$12.00 for Baseball shirt (white body with black sleeves and neck). Please add 50¢ shipping and handling for each shirt ordered. Send size, color, and wording wanted to: Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

*Outside U.S.A. please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price, plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling per shirt ordered. Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Under New Ownership Genuine Harley Dirty Shirts

**BACK
OFF**

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



I SAY

Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted.

We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for \$12.00 each plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

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



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



Ladies:

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

Send orders to:

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

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Backward Buck

Some of us bros just got done reading your "Mutha tells all" column and we think you're a disgrace to all the other cunts who screw for a living. We decided to write and see what you say.

Redmen
Winchester, Va.

- Who the hell screws for a livin'? I live for a screwin'!

It's In There Somewhere

In the 13th and 14th centuries in England there was a rather eloquent surgical procedure employed to "cure" women who liked sex. A pair of blacksmith's tongs (unheated) were fitted firmly around the clit and then withdrawn sharply. Result? No more clit. The heretic female no longer orgasmed and was, obviously, spiritually purified.

So, Mutha, do you accept sexual reform and purification, or should we send Spider looking for his biggest pair of pliers?"

J.S.
Michigan City, Ind.

- How could they be sure they were getting the clit and not a stray wart or sore?

Living Hairs

The bros and I are really in a tight bind. We're all locked up in a rathole county jail and ain't had a good laugh in a long time. Send us a picture and some of your pubic hairs.

Burglar
Eugene, Ore.

- Glad ya find my hairs so funny — hope ya also like scratchin' a lot.

What, Me Bathe?

We have a question for you and Spider. Is it true that you fart in the bathtub an' Spider snaps at them?

Bandit and B.K.
Pendleton, Ind.

- At the bathtub. Not *in* the bathtub, *at* the bathtub.

Dog Bite

I was drinking some brew the other night and decided to check out the new *Easyriders*. I opened it up and started to leaf through it and my fuckin' dog bit my hand.

After beatin' the hound nearly half to death, I went for the mag again. Damned if he didn't bite me again — taking a nice-sized chunk. Now I've

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



got five stitches in my hand and no explanation. Can you think of a reason why he would do such a thing?

Boozar
Bensalem, Pa.

- He wanted to read it first.

Slime Rhyme Time

When Mutha was a little girl, she had a little quim.

One day from curiosity she stuck her finger in.

Now Mutha's all grown up today, her finger's lost its charm.

She uses her whole hand to play, and half her fuckin' arm!

Rod J.
Salmon Arm, B.C.

- Little boy Rod whipped out his prod to work on his first chickie's bod. He aimed right at the clit, but missed by a bit; his reward was a stick full of shit!

Liquid Problem

We got a problem with a friend of ours. We just found

out the poor bastard has never gotten his dick wet. What a ballbuster! We figure it's time for the cherry little bastard to poke some real meat. After putting our heads together and thinking it over, we thought of you.

So, if you can get Spider's pigsticker out of your box for a few seconds (that's all it will take), we'd like you to break this numnuts in. How 'bout it?

Dirty Ernie
Orlando, Fla.

- I thought you wanted to get it wet, not drown it.

Not What It Seems

My ol' man says he's really into me; but as soon as there are other chicks around, he can't seem to keep his eyes or hands off them. All he wants to talk about is how he wants to suck off these chicks he sees on TV and in magazines.

What pisses me off the most is that I bet if his parole officer, the blonde, big-titted whore, was his ol' lady he

wouldn't want to be fucking everything he sees. Really, he can't seem to get his mind off that bleach-headed badge-carrier.

The problem is my tits aren't as big as hers and he won't pay for silicone shots. I don't have blond hair or the world's greatest figure. But it isn't that bad and my pussy doesn't even smell.

What should I do?

Hurtin' for advice
Somewhere

- Tell him his parole officer is a female impersonator.

True Love

I ain't got no problems other than being madly in love with you. So, if you're ever down here, look me up so I can shove my tongue up your asshole so far you could pick your nose with it. If you don't print this I'll come out there and piss in your eye.

Flash
South Boston, Va.

- If you really loved me, you would have ripped out that 10-foot clit licker and sent it to me.

Oldie But Goodie

Never thought I'd have to turn to ol' Mutha for advice, but the time has come. I met this hardbilly in Seattle. We slopped a few brewskies and some Black Jack and hit the sack for the rest of my short stay up there.

We lost contact with each other. I hunted her all over southern California (where she said she was headed), but no luck. The other day I got a letter from her that makes me feel like I'm some kind of fuckin' Artesian, or at least the greatest thing this side of Harley Heaven.

Now I ask you, what's a moldy old scooter tramp supposed to think?

Roamer
Reno, Nev.

- Moldy old scooter tramps are the greatest thing this side of Harley Heaven. You've made it to the head of the class, bro, and the little chick knows it.

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. ■



Blue Skies

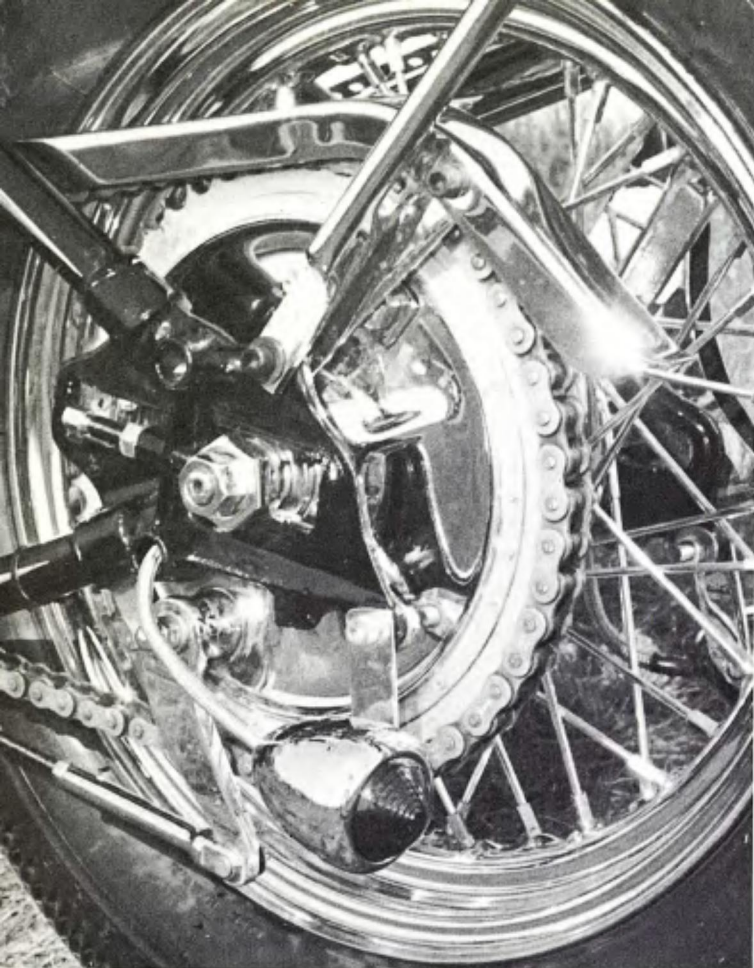
If you happen to live on the East Coast, or up north, you got a problem. Whadaya do in the winter, when it's rainin', sleetin', and even snowin' out there and ridin' is such a misery that you begin to wonder what kinda dope them bears do to let 'em hibernate all winter? Of course,

there's always that ol' standby — ballin' the ol' lady. And then there's drinkin' and dopin' and generally fuckin' off. And fortunately, if you happen to be a biker, there's always workin' on the scoot.

With a long winter of downtime to spend in gettin' the scoot just right, it's

only natural that, come summer, you're gonna be sittin' across the seat of a really righteous machine — like the one we're showin' here, a shovel in a '57 straight-bar frame. It took some big fuckin' bucks to build, as well as a lot of time, sweat, and hard thinkin' to get everything right. It's a



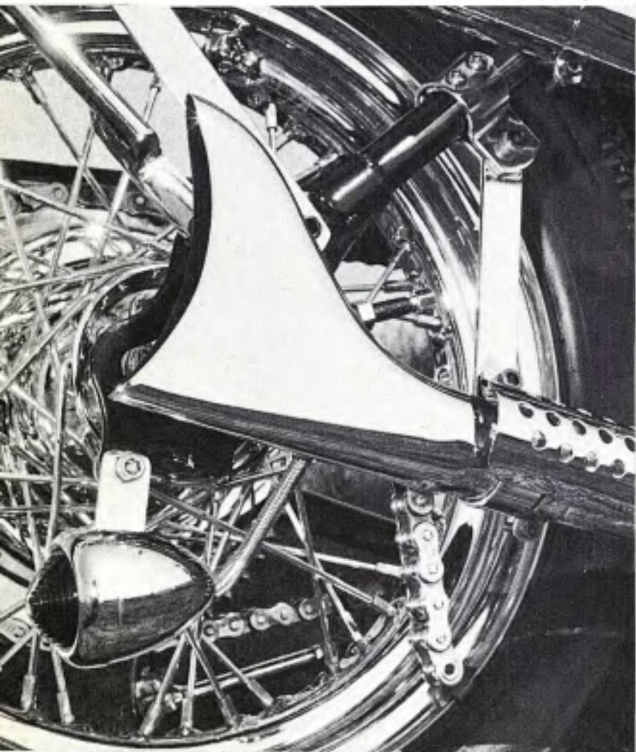


scoot built the old-fashioned way: in a garage, over the winter, by the dude who was gonna be puttin' on it when the sun began to shine again.

We've all heard that old line of shit (true, but still old shit) about a scoot bein' a reflection of the individuality of the person who built it. Well, in this case, the dude buildin' the scoot wasn't into any philosophy crap like that; he just wanted to build himself a sled that was a perfect combination of new technology and the kind of scoot that had been his dream of a perfect chop. And what he got was a combination of traditional bike and hard-



Photos by Jake

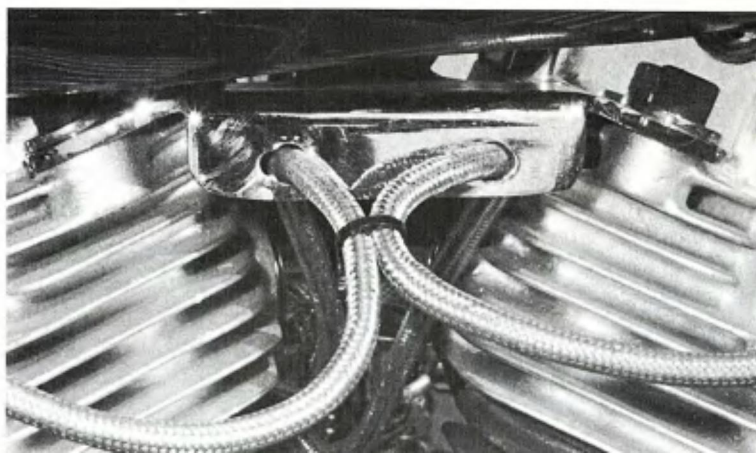


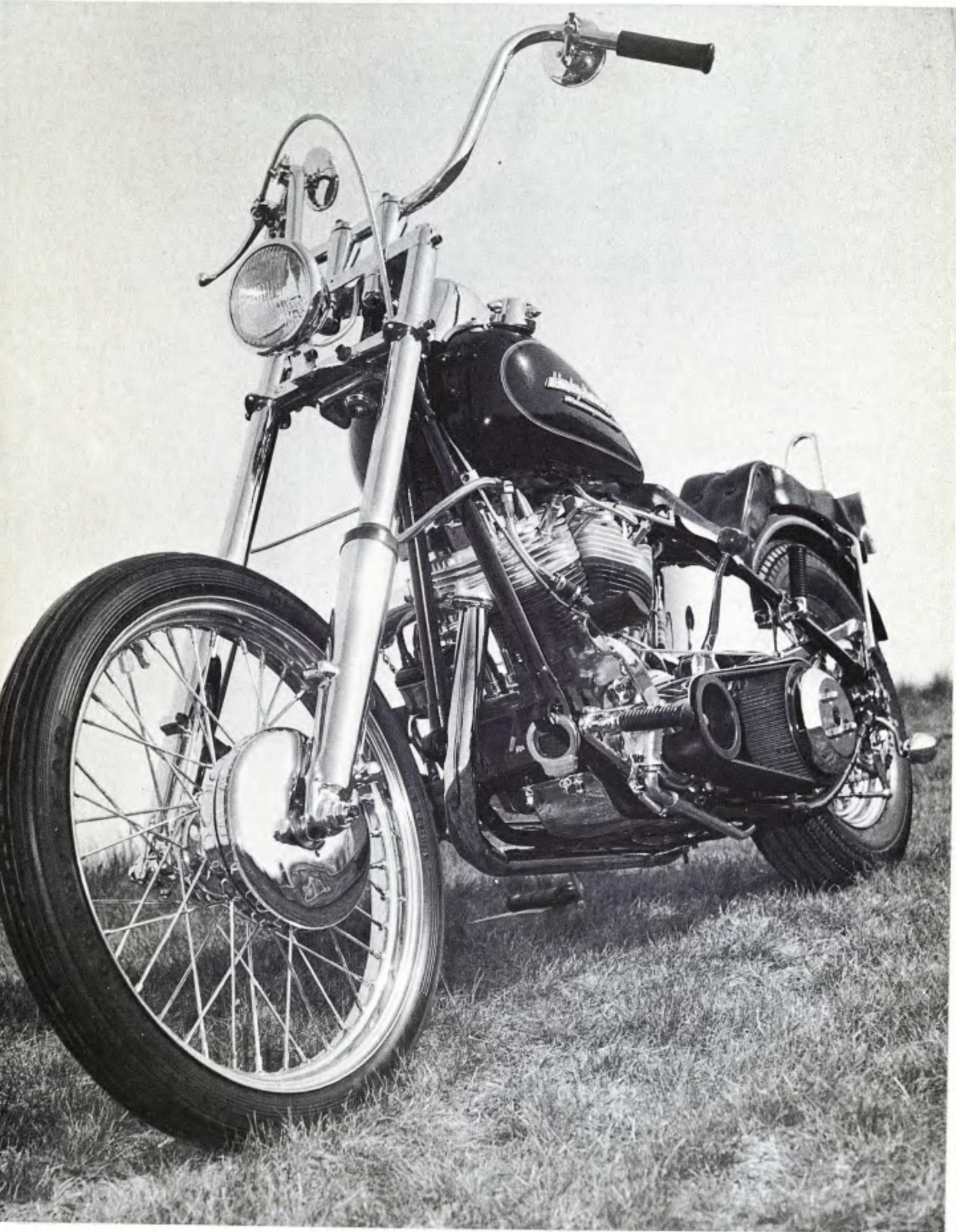
runnin' modern mechanicals that goes as good as it looks.

Maybe all you can do on long winter nights is fuck, sleep, get loaded, and work on the scooter — but it just might be worth it. Think of all the long summer days, just right for puttin'. Then think of all the fine eastern chicks who haven't felt a big hunk of Milwaukee iron between their legs all winter long. Makes you wonder why so many people think of ridin' a righteous sled as only a California trip, doesn't it?

— Snooze

Owner: Cupcake		City: Rhode Island	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1977/57 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: straight bar	
Value: big fuckin' bucks		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: four months		Other alterations: all original tabs	
Chroming by: Professional Platers		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: ape hangers	
Year: 1977		Risers: Paughco 6-in.	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): 5-in. flat	
Rebuilder: not yet		Headlight: 4-in. Bates	
Ignition: R&M magneto		Taillight: early knuckle	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: skid plate below		Front pegs: Low Rider	
Balancing: stock from factory		Rear pegs: Low Rider	
Pistons: for camel piss gas		Electrics: owner	
Cases: cone style		Gas tank: 1951 H-D panhead	
Heads: aircraft plugs		Oil tank: Paughco 4-qt.	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: Earl's Supply	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: in the wind	
Carb(s): big S.U.		Seat: Corbin Gentry	
Air cleaner: stack		Sissybar: Mahoney	
Pipes: upsweeps with tails		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): nearby		Material: ½-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews Gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1977		Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: jockey ratchet top		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: EMO		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: Gdylr.	Tire: Gdylr.
Type: straight lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by Hook			
Other special modifications: Thanks to American Performance, Hawg Shop, Hook, 3-in. belt drive, late-model safety rims.			





SWAP MEETS 82-83

KANSAS CITY MEETS INDOORS

Nov. 28 (1982), Jan. 9 - Mar. 13 - Nov. 13 (1983)
Indoor Kansas City Meets are held at the Kansas City Trade Mart located at the old Kansas City Downtown Airport. The Trade Mart is heated, air-conditioned, has restrooms, snack bars, and beer sales. It is conveniently located in downtown Kansas City, Missouri within two blocks of Interstate 70.

Dealers set-up:
6 a.m. to 11 a.m. day of meet.
Open to the public:
11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

KANSAS CITY MEETS OUTDOORS

April 24, May 22, June 26, July 24,
Aug. 28, Sept. 25

Outdoor Kansas City meets are held at the I-70 Drive-In Theatre located at 8701 E. 40 Highway in Kansas City, Mo. The I-70 features a snack bar, restrooms, and parking for 1500 cars. Sellers get unlimited display space at no extra charge. The meets are held RAIN OR SHINE. Hours are 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. for buyers & sellers.

OKLAHOMA CITY MEETS INDOORS

October 24 (1982), February 20 (1983)

Indoor Oklahoma City meets are to be held at the Oklahoma State Fairgrounds in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The Fairgrounds is located on Interstate 240 in Oklahoma City. The October 24 meet will be held at the International Building at the Fairgrounds, and the February 20 meet will be held next to the International Building in the Modern Living Building. Both buildings are heated, air-conditioned, have restrooms, snack bars, and beer sales.

Dealers set-up:
7 a.m. to 11 a.m. day of meet.
Open to the public:
11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

PRICES AND INFORMATION

General admission to all meets is \$2.50 per person. Everyone pays the general admission charge. At the outdoor meets the general admission is the only charge, but at the indoor meets there is an additional charge of \$7.00 to sellers for each table space they use. (Spaces are roughly 10 by 10). One table is furnished with each space at the indoor meets. There is no other fee or commission charged at any of the meets.

Our 9th Season

For further information contact:
JEFF WILLIAMS PRODUCTIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 543
BLUE SPRINGS, MISSOURI 64015
or call (816) 228-5811

Silent Hotel

Continued from page 84

Sugar didn't seem to mind. Sugar had long brown hair and clear skin and a wide mouth with thin lips frozen in an eternal smile. And a long scar along her right hip, just where Gowain had said it would be. Merle touched it thoughtfully. I half expected the ugly slash to disappear under his healing hand.

"You know, our skin is all that separates us from the rest of the universe," he said. "This chick's separation was interrupted." He fingered the jagged line carefully. "Some of her got into the universe, and some of it got into her."

"I can work the same trick with my cunt," the Princess told him. "And it's a lot more fun."

The coolness of the room was making my skin tingle. "Come on," I said. "Let's get her dressed and out of here." I lifted Sugar to a sitting position. "Put your clothes on, slut, before you catch your death of cold."

"Death of cold," Gowain sputtered. "That's good. You fuckin' kill me."

"Shut up and help us, dipshit," the Princess ordered, "before somebody does fuckin' kill you."

With Gowain and me holding the body upright, Merle and the Princess put a shirt and pants on her. Then we strapped sandals on her feet and wrapped a bandanna over her hair. I stepped back and looked at her. "I dunno," I said. "She good enough to be seen with?"

"You been out with worse," the Princess answered.

"Yeah. You."

"Just make sure you bring her back in one piece, huh?" Gowain said. "I'm kind of responsible for her, you know."

"You're a good father," Merle and I walked Sugar out to the parking lot. It was a lot like walking a drunk, and it took both of us to hoist her onto the back of my bike — dead weight and all that. I climbed aboard and we fastened her hands around my waist, hooked the back of her pants to the sissy bar, and strapped her feet to the pegs. I knew it would make driving tough, having that much lifeless cargo bobbing back and forth behind me. I considered tying her across the handlebars like a dead deer, but was afraid of attracting attention. At this time of night, she would look like any other strung-out, overmedicated biker lady — from a distance. Besides, most of the other drivers

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FOR YOUR SOCK!



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We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — strictly. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

You get six different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$4.95

CHRISTMAS CARDS,
P.O. BOX 1025
AGOURA, CA 91301

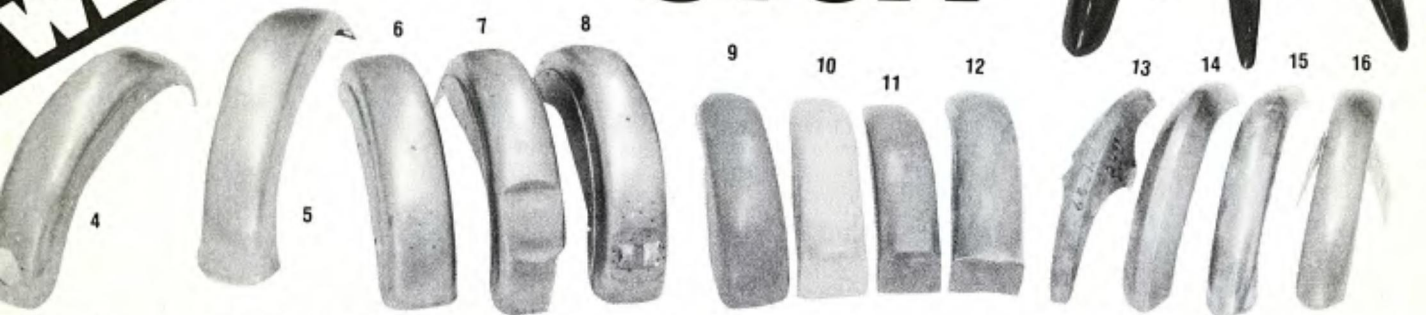
Sets A-B-C are the same filthy cards as before.

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

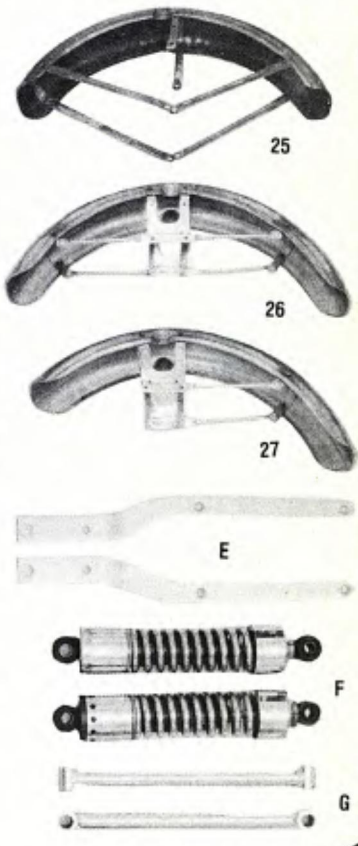
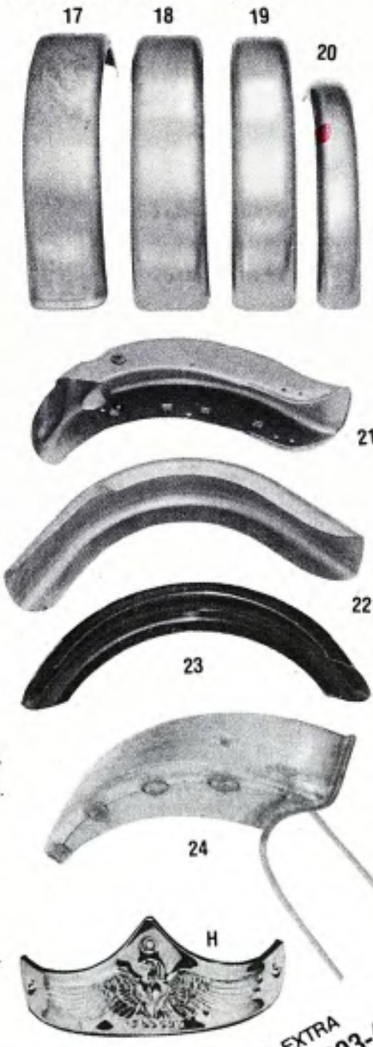
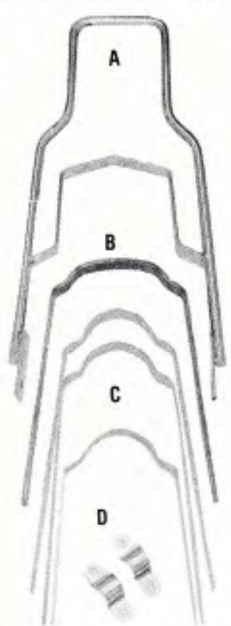
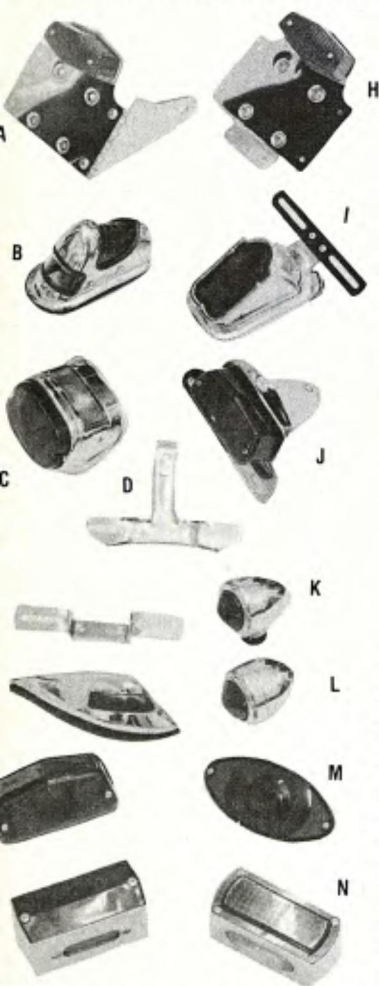
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Rails & Trim: A) Chrome fatbob sissy bar, square or round. \$54.95. B) Rigid rear flat fender support. Plain. \$14.95. Chrome. \$19.95. C) 3 piece univ. ft. fender mounts. Chrome. \$19.95. D) Univ. chrome fender clamps. \$2.50 ea. E) Arlen Ness fender rails fits Sportster's or FX. \$49.95. F) FX replacement shocks. \$129.95. FLH with chrome covers (not shown). \$139.95. G) Struts fits Sportsters & FX specify 12" or 13". \$34.95. H) Ft. fender trim for FX & Sporty type. Brass. \$17.95. Chrome. \$18.95. I) Rear fender trim for fatbobs. Brass. \$17.95. Chrome. \$18.95.

Ask about our catalog.
\$4.95 with coupon
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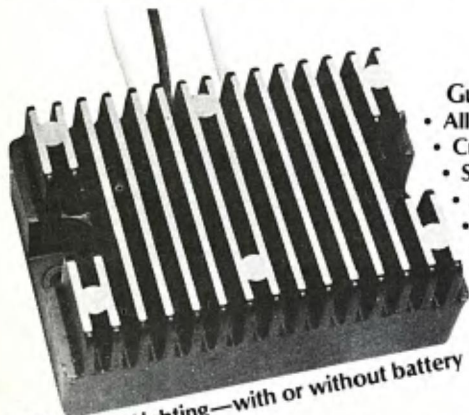
Lites: Lite up yer hogs ass. A) Side mt. \$19.95. B) Bee Hive. \$44.95. C) Early Sportster. \$24.95. D) License bracket. \$14.95. E) Ft. fender lite. \$19.95. F) Lucas style lite. \$5.95. G) Box lite. \$11.95. H) fender mt. \$19.95. I) Tombstone \$29.95. J) Univ. fender mt. \$21.95. K) Red running te. \$6.95. L) Red running lite w/wings. \$7.95. M) Cateye tallight. \$20.95. N) Knight te. \$11.95.

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Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

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Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add \$1.25 per mug. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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on the road were dead drunk by this hour, and wouldn't know a stiff from a stop sign.

The Princess pulled a pair of dark glasses from her jacket and put them over Sugar's eyes. "There. Now she looks like a fuckin' movie star."

"Yeah. From the era of silent films," I said. The Princess swung on behind Merle.

"We'll be behind you all the way," Merle assured me.

"Not too close," I replied. "If she falls off, don't hit her." We cranked up our scooters, three of the four of us waved good-bye to Gowain, and we headed off into the night.

I admit I was a little jumpy. It was my first (and, I hoped, last) time jockeying a two-wheeled hearse. The fingers digging into my belly were cold, and I kept imagining an icy breath on my right ear. So when the light at Third and Western turned yellow, I grabbed the brakes a little too hard, causing my passenger to lean forward and surprise me with a clammy kiss on the neck. Not expecting this sudden display of affection, I yanked the throttle full around and shot through the intersection, red light or no, front tire eight inches off the ground.

Fortunately, there was no traffic.

Unfortunately, there was a cop parked next to the donut shop, and the squeal of my maneuver must have awakened him from his nap.

"You stupid bitch, look what you've got us into now," I chastised my companion as the red lights danced in my mirror. Trying to outrun him with sweetie sliding around back there would be like trying to perform brain surgery on a roller coaster. I eased over to the side of the street, put it in neutral, and waited.

The cop took his own sweet time getting out of the car. He left the motor running, his headlamps spotlighting my baggage and me like we were the star attractions in the center ring. Although the night was coolish, sweat was rolling down my back. It tickled, but I didn't laugh. I decided to intercept the cop halfway, to keep him from meeting my introverted friend. Too late I realized that her hands were still tied around me.

I hate a woman who won't let go.

"In a hurry tonight, boy?" the beer-bellied badge asked. I knew that somewhere behind the flashing lights of the patrol car, Merle and the Princess were watching all this, probably laughing their asses off.

"I'm sorry, sir," I replied. "I thought I could make it through the intersection while the light was still

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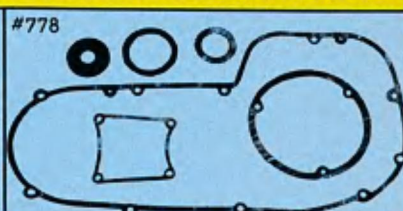
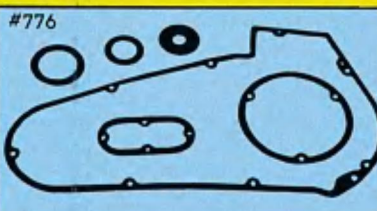
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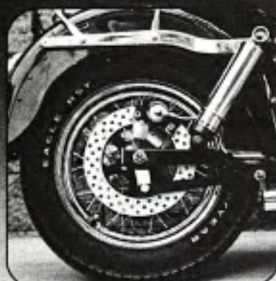
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yellow. I guess I erred." I tried to smile humbly. It didn't seem to come out right.

"More like you screwed up, boy," the constable explained, drawing upon his sophisticated knowledge of the law. "Who's this here you got with you? Is she eighteen? I'll need to see some ID."

"Oh, yes," I assured him. "Uh, this is my wife."

"Your wife?" He looked at her critically. "Confidentially," he whispered to me, "she don't look too good. No offense meant, boy."

"No, you're absolutely right, Officer. In fact, I was just taking her to the hospital. That's why I was in such haste."

His heavy lower jaw hung down as he looked at her again and nodded. Suddenly he reached with a flabby hand and touched her forehead. "Damn! She's stone cold!"

"Just the night air," I insisted. "Shouldn't we get going?"

He lifted her sunglasses and raised an eyelid. "Look at how her pupil's dilated," he said, shining his flashlight into her unblinking eye.

"Must be the medication the doctor gave her," I responded. "He said it might cause drowsiness. Listen, we really are in kind of a hurry."

He lowered his hand to her neck and fumbled around with his fingertips. "She ain't got no pulse!"

"Oh, my precious Sugar!" I exclaimed. "Please, Officer, don't let me lose her. She's all I hold dear."

Spurred to action by my agony, he grabbed her jaw in both hands and, straining against rigor mortis, pried it open. "I'll give her mouth-to-mouth," he vowed. "That should bring her around." He shoved his face against hers and began to pump air down her throat. "Whew!" he said, pausing in mid-rescue. "What's she been drinking?"

"Formaldehyde and tonic." I curled my fingers around one of her stiff, icy wrists and shouted, "A pulse! I feel a pulse! It's a miracle, Officer. She's saved."

He spat four times on the pavement, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, smiled proudly, and said, "You follow me to the hospital now. Stay close behind and I'll clear the way." Then he pulled the car around in front and waited for me to follow.

I started along behind him, but slow enough to let Merle and the Princess catch up. Merle had thoughtfully cut his headlight. The road was blacker than a speed-freak's teeth and there was no way our guide and escort up ahead could know he was leading two motorcycles instead of one.

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IN THE WIND 9

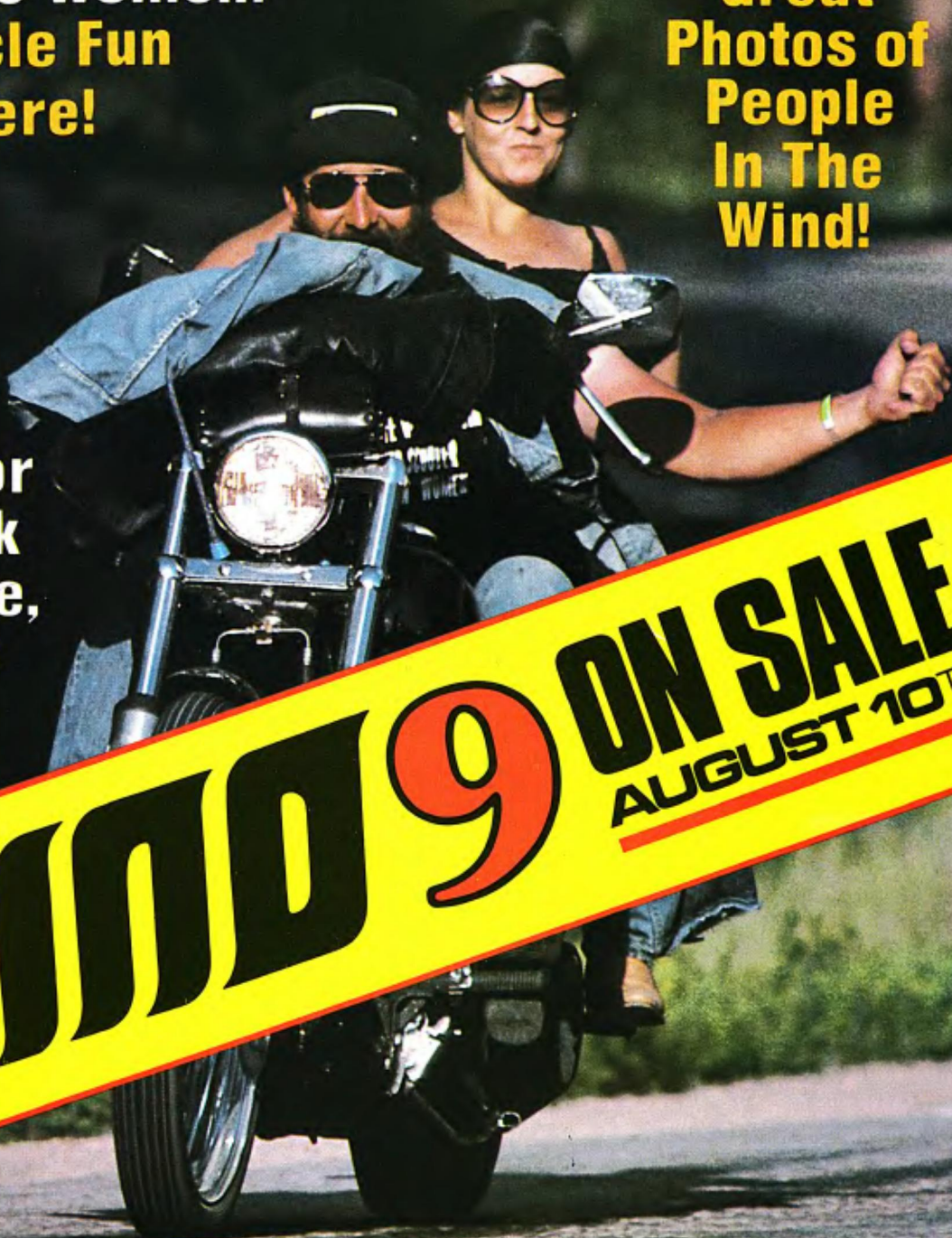
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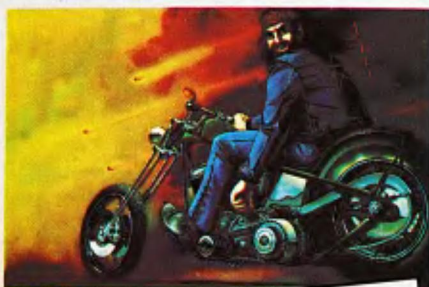
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-10
"Starburst"



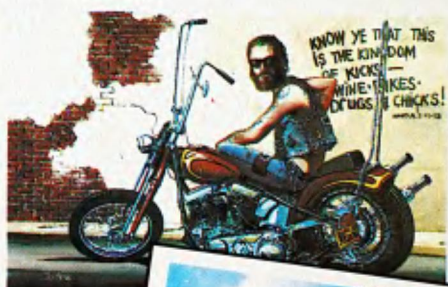
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☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11
☐ M-12 ☐ M-13



M-12 "Country Style"

I looked over at Merle, who was laughing like a rabid dog, and hol-
 lered. "We're gonna switch!" He
 raised his hand and gave me the
 okay sign. I nodded to him and
 killed my light as Merle clicked his
 on. If the cop had been watching in
 his rearview mirror, it would have
 looked like my bike had simply
 jumped five feet to the left. And cops
 expect that kind of thing to happen.

"Have a nice time!" I yelled after
 them. The Princess stuck one hand
 behind her back. Even in the fading
 red glow of their taillight, I could
 recognize her single-stick salute.

"Come on, Sugar," I muttered to
 my rider. "I'm takin' you to my place.
 What do you mean, your mother
 warned you about guys like me?
 What harm could happen to you?
 You're already dead. Okay, I'll turn
 on the headlight. There. Don't want
 you to be nervous. Is that better,
 sweetheart? Hey, can you imagine
 the look on that cop's face when
 they pull up at the entrance of
 County General? I bet the Princess'll
 jump off Merle's scooter and give the
 sucker a big hug for saving her life.
 Shit, he'll probably get some kind of
 medal. Pretty funny, huh?"

Sugar didn't seem to think so. At
 least, she wasn't laughing.

Artist was waiting on the porch
 when I pulled up. "That her?" he
 asked. "What took you so long?"

"We stopped on the way to make
 out. I tell you, I just can't keep the
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"You know, you'd be great for
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"You know, you'd be great for
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 1-117 You obviously mistook me for someone who gives a shit.
 1-102 Better a sister in a whorehouse than a bro in a Honda.
 1-116 Bikers are so horny, even the cock of dawn isn't safe.
 1-148 'More I learn about women, more I love my Harley.
 1-146 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 rice burner.
 1-104 Older Harleys, younger women, more money.
 1-028 Harley riders do it the way they damn please.
 1-028 Harley riders are like assholes, everybody has one.
 1-148 If you don't have a Harley, you ain't shit.
 1-050 Put something exciting between your legs.
 1-058 Stop your grinnin' and drop your jeans.
 1-111 Put something exciting between your legs.
 1-002 Bikers have more fun than people.
 1-106 Support your local Harley rider.
 1-027 Fuck ya if you can't take a joke.
 1-028 When meat sell pussy, I call lunch.
 1-112 I'm here because she gives good head.
 1-119 I don't care 'cause I don't have to.
 1-120 Sex is dirty only when you do it right.
 1-126 Ass, gas, grass - nobody rides free.
 1-131 Happiness comes in small snatches.
 1-137 In case of emergency, give me head.
 1-149 I watch alone (and vice versa).
 1-151 A woman's place is on my face.
 1-152 Touch my tits, I'll bust your balls.
 1-153 Liquor up front, pussy in the rear.
 1-156 Big surprise come in little boxes.
 1-163 Harley riders have longer rods.
 1-164 Fuck imports - buy American!
 1-166 Harley Davidson - a way of life.
 1-204 I'm his 'cause he gives good face.
 1-210 Make it with an older woman.
 1-106 Pussy balls strong bones.
 1-121 Sounds like a lot of bullshit.
 1-122 Nobody rides for free.
 1-123 Motorcycle ride 10¢.
 1-125 Give me head 'til I'm dead.
 1-129 If you can't fix it, fuck it.
 1-130 Harley Peckin' Davidson.
 1-136 Harley riders get more head.
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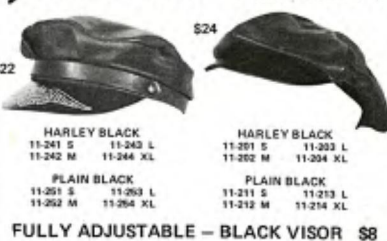


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them so I could get off the bike.

"Christ," said Little Queenie as we dragged the body into the house, "she looks better in those clothes than the Princess does."

"She looks better in them than out of them, I'll tell you that," I said. With Artist's help, I jockeyed Sugar toward the old green couch, banging her shin only once on the edge of the coffee table. She never even complained. "Let's put her down right here," I panted.

We positioned her leaning back comfortably in the corner of the couch, with her feet propped casually on the coffee table so she wouldn't topple over. We put a half-finished beer on the table in front of her, and wedged a burning cigarette between the fingers of her right hand. We adjusted her sunglasses to hide the blank stare of her wide brown eyes. We crossed her legs. We combed her hair. Little Queenie dabbed perfume on Sugar's neck and touched up her lipstick. Our little debutante was ready.

I had to admit that she looked pretty good. In fact, for someone who had been dead a couple of days, she looked damn good. I had to stop and remind myself that she was only a loaner from the Silent Hotel; that external appearances aside, she was no different from the half dozen rib steaks we had stacked in the refrigerator.

It seemed like hours before we heard the rumble of Merle's big 80



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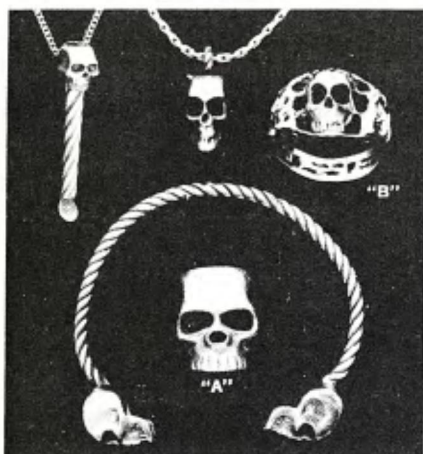
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pulling up out front. "Home from the prom so soon?" I asked. They had obviously stopped somewhere, because as they staggered up the steps they were giggling.

"Hey!" slurred Merle, pointing to the couch. "Good-lookin' piece."

I decided to change Sugar's cigarette, before her fingers started to smolder. "Watch your language, asshole. I'd like to introduce you to my sister."

"We've met the bitch," replied the Princess. "Strong family resemblance, especially the smell."

"Careful, Princess. That's Queenie's perfume." Stolen from your dresser, I could have added.

Artist pushed open the swinging door and straddled a kitchen chair.

"What'd you tell him?" Merle asked.

"Jus' like we planned it." Artist laughed. Little Queenie popped open a fresh beer and handed it to him.

"Thanks, babe. I told him he had a visitor downstairs, and could he maybe pry himself away from the all-night Jerry Lewis film festival long enough to come down and meet her. He asked what she's like, and I told him she's kind of quiet, but a nice piece of meat." He laughed again and suds spilled down to mix with the curly black bib of his beard. "He's in there right now, prob'ly makin' his move."

Merle opened the door a crack.

"What do you see?" Little Queenie asked.

"Nothing. It's too dark in there."

"Fuckin' pervert's turned the lights off," the Princess said.

Merle rolled a number the size of a burrito and lit up. "Hey, Princess, where do you get off calling somebody a pervert?" He passed her the joint. "I've seen you doin' it with a rolled-up magazine, for crissakes."

"Zat so?" the Princess, having just



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inhaled to the full capacity of her
allegedly native American lungs, re-
plied through her nose. "Then
you're a fuckin' pervert for watch-
ing. Besides, that puts me closer to
culture than you'll ever get."

"A year at some clap-infested col-
lege and she thinks she's Eleanor
Roosevelt," Merle grumbled. "If she'd
do as much fuckin' with her mind
as she does with her cunt, she'd
learn that the heaviest elements of
sexual stimulation are mental, not
physical. It's all in our minds." The
rope had worked its way around the
room back to Merle, and he paused
from his discourse to suck on more
inspiration.

"That's very profound," I said.

"Very deep."

Little Queenie screwed the top off
a bottle of Tokay and began to
nurse. "Yeah, I wish he could do it
as deep as he can sling it."

"No, he's right," the Princess said.
"He's real educated. He watches a lot
of PBS. Likes to jack off to *National
Geographic* specials."

"Children, children," Artist
rebuked. "We're all bros here. Let's
have a little respect for one another,
shall we? If we can't settle our dis-
agreements peacefully, like mature,
responsible bikers, then I'm gonna
hafta punch somebody's face in.
Now who's hoggin' the doobie?"

About the time we were lighting
up the third or fourth herb-roll, the
kitchen door swung open and Lance
strolled in.

Nobody said a word.

Lance coolly lit up a Camel. The
guy was pure class — even held his
cigarette between his thumb and
fingertips. His toothy smile warmed
us. He could have been a billboard.
"So what's happening here?" he
finally asked. "Big powwow?"

No one answered. We had
expected him to come in screaming,
or laughing, or mad, or puking his
guts out in the kitchen sink. We had
not expected this. After about a
week of counting the oil spots on
the top of my left boot, I cleared my
throat and asked him, "How's the
lady in the parlor?"

"Yeah," the Princess chimed in.
"You gettin' any?"

Lance smiled confidently. "She's a
nice girl. A little shy, but nice. Once
she gets warmed up, she's really
quite affectionate."

"You don't say," Artist muttered.

"In fact," Lance continued, open-
ing a beer with a casual flick, "she
may be the quiet type, but she's bet-
ter company than some other
women I know." He offered the Prin-
cess a drink from his brew.

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She refused it. "The two of you probably have a lot in common," she replied.

Lance chuckled. "You may be right, Princess. You know, so many chicks respond only to my physical attractions or surface charms. Who can blame them? But this girl is — different."

"She's different, all right," said the Princess.

"Yes, she is. I really feel that, with her, things could develop on a much higher plane. That we could get to know each other emotionally as well as physically. That we could really share. For the first time in my life, I believe I've met a woman with whom I could truly have a meaningful relationship."

"Lance," Little Queenie asserted, "the fuckin' whore is dead."

"I think you're being a bit harsh on the child," Lance replied calmly. He spoke in small puffs of smoke that seeped out between his lips.

"She's thrown the rod," Merle explained with his usual mechanical metaphors. "Her pipes are cold, man. Her chain is broke. Her gasket's blown. Her battery's gone dry. Her tires are flat. She's stuck in neutral. Won't kick over. Gas tank's empty for ever and ever."

"Okay," Lance responded, "have it your way. If you want to miss the party when she gets back from the hotel with her girlfriends, it's no skin off my teeth."

Girlfriends? Party? My head was foggy from smoke, and Lance's words were as thick as the refried beans congealing there on the stove-top. Then I remembered one of the best things about old Lance. He could dish it out as well as take it.

"Did she happen to say what hotel that was?" I asked.

"Why, yes," Lance grinned. "The Silent Hotel."

"To her health, then," I proposed, hoisting my beer.

Lance lifted his bottle high. "To her health, and the health of us all." We drank. ■



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First Night Out

Continued from page 42

to roll out and roll on."

"Fuck you, asshole! Fuck them lousy birds for singin' so loud, and fuck me 'cause I don't give a shit."

"Come on, bro," I said, stumblin' around tryin' to get a knot out of my boot lace. "We got some puttin' to do and we ain't gettin' anywhere by sittin' here. You seen my knife?" I asked him, still tryin' to get the knot out.

Miles sat up and stared me right in the eyes. Hell, he couldn't miss. I don't believe I'd ever seen eyes so big before — or so red.

"What big eyes you have, grandma," I told him, still lookin' for my knife or a small saw. Or even an axe. Just about anything I could find that would get the knot out of my lace.

"Throw me the damn bottle and fuck off, asshole," he said, still not feelin' too chipper.

"Here, catch." He missed. The bottle got him right in the balls, and I thought he was gonna wake up the whole county. I never heard anyone yell so loud, or for so long. It sure helped me get that knot out, though. I even got my boot on before he quit hollerin'.

While he flopped on the ground, holdin' his balls, I thought it would be a good time to get my gear secured to my pan. You don't want to get too close to a man the size of Miles when his balls are swollen up like that. It just ain't healthy.

"Hey, Miles," I said, standin' back about six feet from where he was finally sittin' up, holdin' his balls in one hand and takin' a slug of J.D. with the other. I really wanted to get a picture of that, but I knew my internal organs wouldn't be up to digestin' a thirty-five millimeter camera, with flash, so early in the mornin'. "You gonna be all right?"

Ever see a St. Bernard turn into a grizzly bear right in front of your very eyes? It ain't exactly a pretty thing to see, 'specially when it starts droolin' and makin' weird noses at you.

"You gonna be okay?" I asked again.

He looked at me with the saddest eyes I'd ever seen. "Yeah. Shit, yeah."

Well, at least he said somethin'.

"You got a smoke?" he asked as he finished the last of the J.D.

"Here. Need a light?"

"Now, I'll just touch it to my balls. They're hot enough to start a fuckin' forest fire," he said and he almost, kinda, well, sorta, smiled.

"Shit, man. I thought you saw me toss the bottle," I said.

"Fuck it, man. Don't worry about

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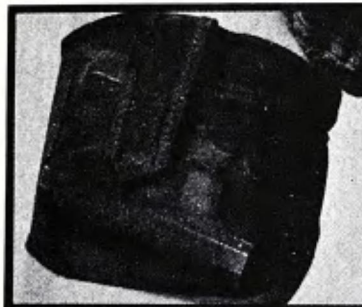
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it," he said, lettin' the loudest, smelliest fart I'd ever heard come outta a human bein'.

It took some time to get Miles up and walkin', but he finally made it to his feet. We got all of his gear tied down without further injury to man or machine. He was still tryin' to figure out where we were, and I didn't have the heart to tell him that we were still on home turf. To keep from havin' to talk to him more than was necessary, I went to my sled and checked one more time to make sure everything was in place.

While he was tyin' his hair back I peeked over to make sure his key was on. It was. He twisted the throttle a couple of times and gave the shovel a good, solid kick. She fired right up, and sounded real good, too. I hated to have to walk over and turn the key off — but I had to.

Miles just looked at me, scratched his head, and sighed. He was starin' me right in the face, with his haven't-eaten-in-three-weeks, tiger-eatin' eyes. Then he began to talk, his voice a low growl.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, bro? I know you're not crazy. Maybe it's all them ludes you been doin'. Just tell me what your problem is, 'cause I don't want to hurt you real bad till I'm sure you're gonna feel every one of your fuckin' bones break! What the fuck is it?" By the time he finished talkin' the growl had become a yell, and I knew he was definitely not in one of his better moods.

I was standin' just outside of swingin' range; then, for safety's sake, I stepped back a couple more feet. Now, Miles hasn't ever been pissed enough to actually swing at me, but I did see him choke a pig to death once, and right then I didn't see any pigs around for him to grab onto if he wanted another one.

"What is it, man?" he asked. I think he might have been lookin' around for that pig.

I swallowed real hard and pointed to his rear tire. "You got a flat, bro."

Now, I do believe that this time not only did he wake up our county, but I'd bet money that the folks in the bordering counties didn't sleep too late, either.

What a shit, Miles! What a shit! ■



Easyriders

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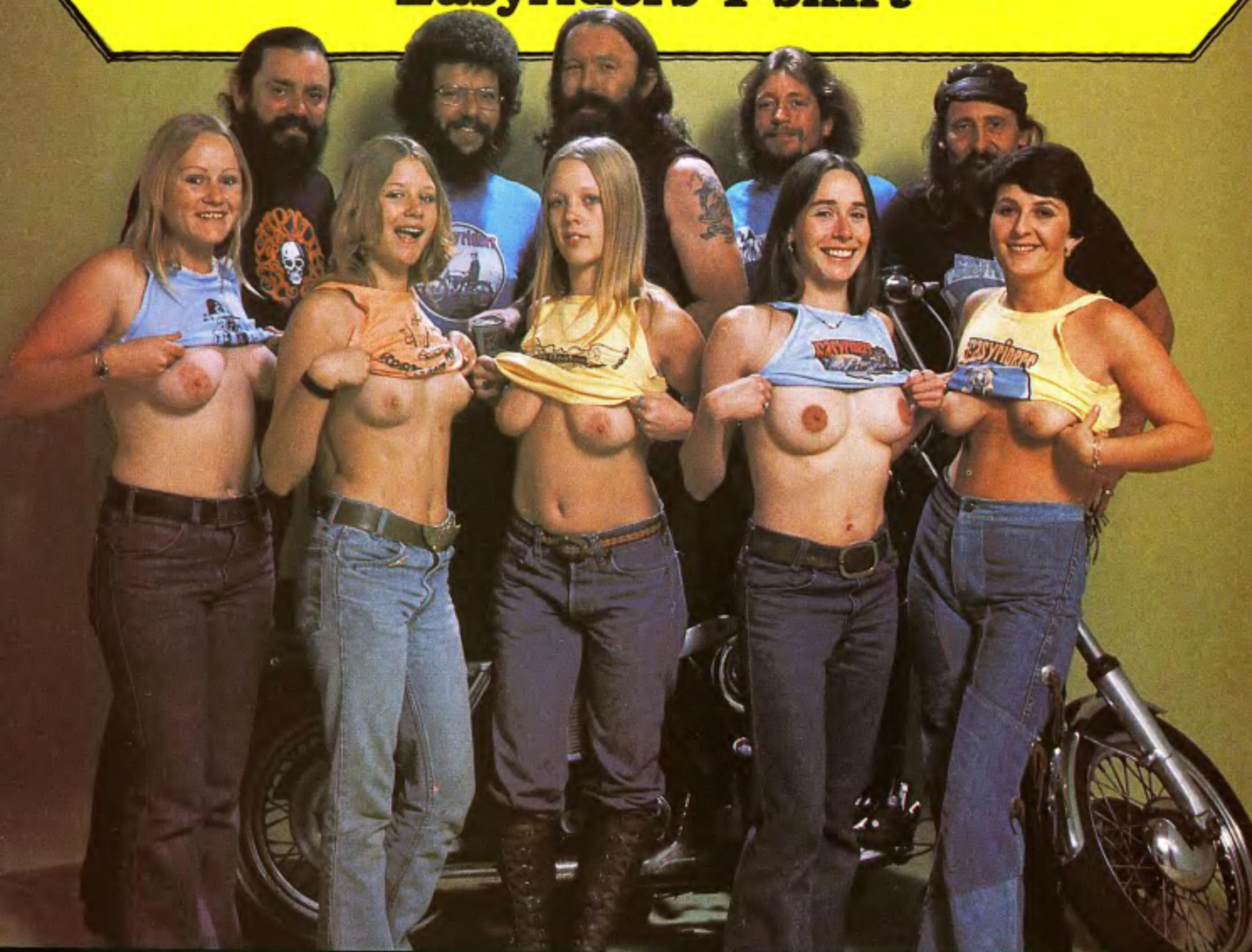
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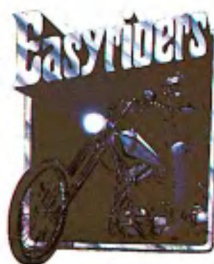
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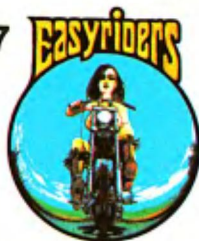
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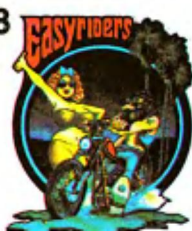
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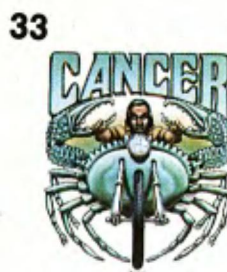
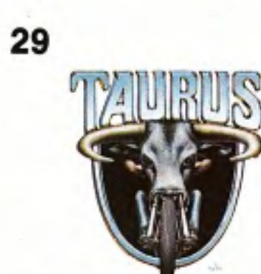
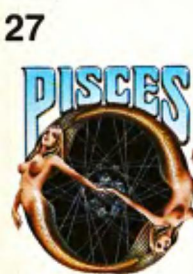
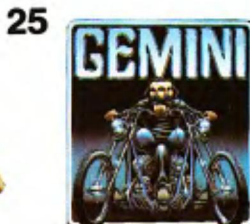
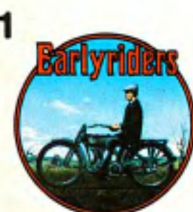
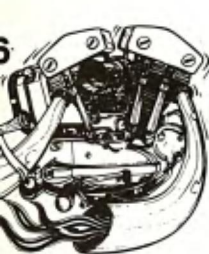


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10





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dipshit — not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for \$7.95.

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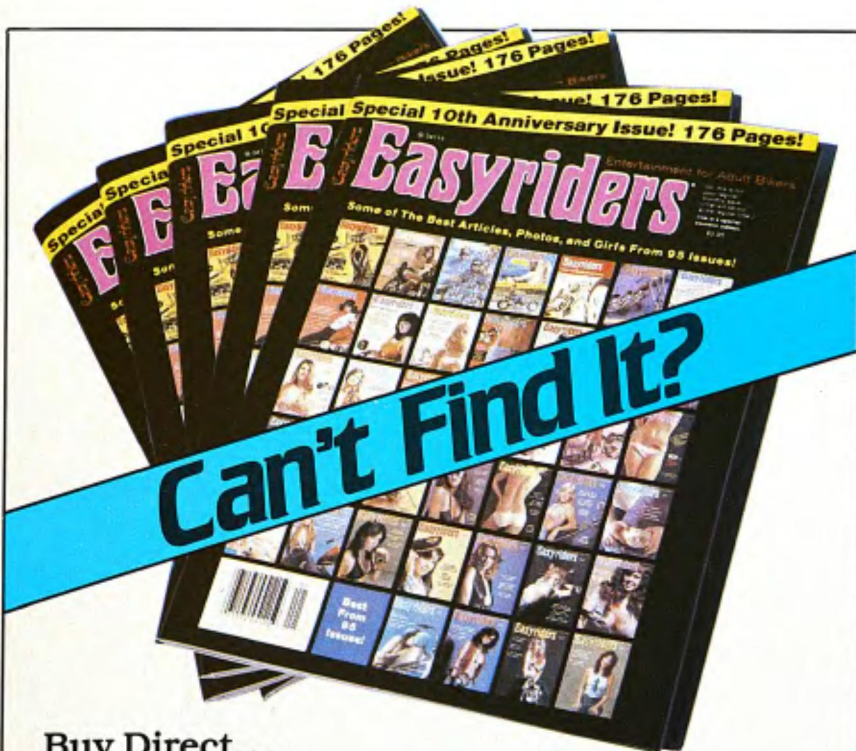
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H.R.E. P.O. Box 1000, Westminster, CA 92683

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

job-training programs in fiscal 1983. Of interest to inmates is a provision of the Kennedy-Quayle bill requiring that ten percent of the funds paid into this program be reserved for "special circumstance" persons, among whom are included ex-convicts.

In sending letters to Congressmen, and urging your people on the outside to do likewise, it is important to stress that money spent on re-educating and helping ex-offenders is one of the best investments society can make. For example, a study by the National Institute of Justice discovered that one typical program, the Comprehensive Offender Employment Resource System in Massachusetts, returned \$6.46 to society for every \$1 that it spent. In case you're wondering, they reached that conclusion by adding up the amount of state and federal taxes that graduates of the program are now paying and then subtracting the amount of court, police, welfare, probation, and parole costs society would incur, if the same people were unemployed and forced to turn to welfare or crime.

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

Terminal Turmoil

The FBI is investigating charges that some officials at the Terminal Island Federal Correctional Institution have been selling "good time" to well-heeled inmates convicted of white-collar crimes.

According to FBI officials, several prisoners at the facility have complained that they were unfairly given reprimands resulting in loss of good time and then allowed to "buy" that good time back by making payments to a dummy Caribbean island corporation controlled by prison officials. The FBI estimates that the amount of the payoffs exceeded \$300,000.

As of this writing, one correctional official has been indicted and several others have resigned. According to the FBI, additional indictments are expected as the investigation continues.

Michigan Cutback

The sharp knife of the recession cuts on both sides of the wall. In Michigan, for example, 150 Department of Corrections employees have been laid off indefinitely and 1,079 have been laid off temporarily. ■

Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

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, 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. 11751. (113)

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)

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 *Easysiders*. "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)

Meet sexy women nationwide: Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60659 (114)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (114)

My Harley is in heaven, but I'm still around. Very good-looking, 6'3", 47, lean machine searching for lazy, hard-fucking slut, 25-40, who needs fuck pad, romance, financial, highs and lots of action with her ol' man. I've got bread enough for the good life in the sun and prefer ex-con or inmate with good slut record. If you're the worst, you're the best, and this is your big chance to get what you want! Henry, Box 548, Deerfield Beach, Fla. 33441. (114)

Surplus H-D parts. Buy direct. Guaranteed. No bullshit. \$3 cash or money order for information. Ron Elrod, Box 18039, Orlando, Fla. 32860. (113)

Houston riders get tattooed at Dermagraphics. 7008 Long Dr. Most designs, best colors, lowest prices, free touch-ups. Open 7 days. (113)

Entrepreneur biker, rugged, protective, caring, seeks working ladies with experience in the ways of giving pleasure and fun. Send photo and phone. Magnus Wolfe, 3924D Providence Rd., Charlotte, N.C. 28211. (113)

W/m doing five years, 21 years old. 5'11" tall, brown hair and eyes, 165 lbs., is looking for horny, marriage-minded women. Don't mind kids. Serious-minded only. Send revealing photo if possible, or just photo. Doug Effland, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305. (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)

Leather: Saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (123)

Kathleen Louise Aldridge of St. Louis, Mo.: Where have you gone? I would like to get in touch with you. If anyone knows her, or how or where I could contact her, please write Arville Duncan #331896, Box 16 (T-14), Eastham Unit, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (112G)

Rolling papers: Job 1.5, Eazy-widers, Harley-Davidson, \$11 per box of 24. 80 brands available. Send \$1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (113)

"Everyone Loves A Little Head" bumper sticker, \$1.50 plus \$0.50 postage to A Little Head Of Its Time, Box 26, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (113)

Give the one you love a little head. Send \$1 for catalog. A Little Head Of Its Time, Box 26, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (113)

Still lookin' for that perfect woman. She's over 18 and under 45, under 5'10 and 160, has eyes and hair, two kids at most. She likes outdoors, pool shootin', into tattoos, dancein', animals; dislikes violence, hard drugs, bras, dirt, and disorder. She's ready to settle, live, and love with mellow workin' guy. Bob, Box 352, Independence, Ore. 97351. (113)

Leo: Happy anniversary, 8-8-82. It's been a hard first year. I'll be your moanin' till death do us part. The Flame. (113)

Please help me replace my stolen Harley. For your help, I'll send you a bumper sticker—"Bikers Support America: Do You? Buy American." Send \$2 to Mark Elliott, 2244 Dallas, Billings, Mont. 59102. (113)

Lonely, college-educated male prisoner, 38, wants permanent relationship with serious-minded, affectionate, attractive, intelligent, sincere female, age 25 to 40. Release date 1984. Alan Sanders #77A4486, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011-0149. (113)

Happy birthday, Connie, 11-17-55. Love you, Billy. (113)

Dumo: I respect all you believe in, and will always be there when you want me. The crazy love I hold inside can only be tamed by your touch. You'll be in my heart always. "Freedom." (113)

"The Tattooists," oversized hardcover book featuring interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. "A must for every fan." *Tattoo News*. "A bargain." *Fetish Times*. "In-depth exploration of tattoo art." *Los Angeles Times*. Send \$35, plus \$1 postage, to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. Calif. residents add 6% tax. Photographs featured in *Easysiders*. (118)

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-otic sex line. Hot girls who are ready to please and tease you with pictures, scented panties, and much more to a shattering climax. Visa/MC. (414) 261-8811. (120)

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)

Lonely prisoner wants to hear from females who care. Tom, Box 6151, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406. (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)

Sale! H-D leather pants (black), \$89; H-D bomber jackets (black/brown), \$105; Vanson chaps (brown suede), \$55. Larsen Leathers, Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. (703) 382-4668. Free shipping. (113)

For sale: 1946 Indian Chief, 74, 85-90% stock. Rebuilt engine. Serious, reasonable offers only. You ship or ride it home. 5307 C St., Biloxi, Miss. 39530. Send \$2 for photo. (113)

Ladies: Lonely w/m would appreciate any letters, from any females. Will answer all. William T. Bunn #153763, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (113)

W/m, doin' time, needs correspondence from lonely ladies. Barry Fisher, MCI #157988, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (113)

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)

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 Easysiders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (119)

Diane: Happy birthday October 8. To the best ol' lady a man could ever have. Love you, Bill. (113)

Oriental ladies want to write you. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727. (115)

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)

Want to hear from, meet, and interview Nazis, white bikers, and racists for book. Will pay for personal interview. Write: Paul Hayes, 186 1/2 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. Photo appreciated. (113)

Girl from Jena, La.: We met in Grayson: you were in green pickup; you have my card. Urgent! Please get in touch. Krazy. (113)

Judy Hart: I love you! Happy birthday. Love always. Red Honor Matthews. (113)

Three white bros downed in Indiana with a bad case of the blues. Need letters and pictures from for-real ladies to ease this bummed-out feeling and make the sun shine over these cold gray walls. The closer to Indiana, the better for us, but we'll answer all. Rocky Wagner #11253, Sonny V. #16916, Bubba Perkins #10367, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (113)

Nubbins: He's mine now. You had your chance and kept what you had. Leave mine alone—not that you could take him anyway. CJB's lady. (113)

Brian S. Baldwin: Remember the run you owe me. I'm not going to let you forget. Your Baton Rouge lover. (113)

Harley riders: We will cast a scale replica of your motor in sterling silver, mounted on a ring or pendant. Send pictures and \$125 check or money order for ring; \$90 for pendant. The Works, Box 34, Grafton, Ohio 44044. Please include ring size. (113)

Joey: I miss you! I wish you were here. Kay. (113)

Wanted: Good ol' man, W/f, 21, blonde, brown eyes, looking for 25-35-yr.-old w/m, w/running bike; no junkies or drunks. Send pic of you and bike. Missouri and Kansas residents only. K.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

Buckles Unlimited. Free estimates. P.O. Box 6687, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934. (113)

Stinkfoot: My only love, my only love. Happy 26th on 10-7-82. Will love you always and forever. CT. (113)

Flying close to the ground as the mushroom explodes in the desert, as you said it would. Your force is special and always on my mind. See you later. Roadrunner. (113)

Calif. convict biker, blond, buffed, tattooed down, prison artist, burned out on just fantasizing about females and times long past. I have two years in and a little to go; but at times, this insanity is more than I can bear. I need a woman. Please write and ease my pain. I will trade flicks and answer anyone who is kind enough to write. Jim Carroll #C-11402, CTF-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (113)

Want to buy in good condition Easyriders Nos. 5, 26, 27, or will trade Nos. 13, 21, 35 for them. Write to Roy Adams, Box 1031, Alvin, Tex. 77511. (113)

Rose Bud: I'm set up in Spencer; the only thing missing is you and Jer. My heart is empty without you. Contact me. 8916 NE 25th, Spencer, Okla. 73084. Call me collect (405) 769-5334. John B. (113)

Del: Happy birthday, 8/9/82. I love you. We'll ride forever. Your ol' lady, Gypsy. (113)

Gut: We'll always be bros. Keep your head high and think of the close future when we will be riding side by side. Rich. (113)

Dena: I would rather die young than grow old without you in my life! I love you with all my heart, mind, body, and soul for now and forever. Happy 22nd birthday, 2/10/82, and happy fourth anniversary, 4-10-82. Love. Steve (113)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$22.95. Tattooer. Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (113)

\$100 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. 7146. (113)

Easyriders back issues number 21, 23, 26, 28-34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41. Very good condition. Best offer. Vincent, 1143 Long Hill Rd., Stirling, N.J. 07980. (113)

Aryans, awake! Smash poisonous communism. Write S.S. Action Group, Box 503, Westland, Mich. 48185. (113)

Swap Meet: Oct. 24, Oklahoma State Fairgrounds. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Indoors; heated; beer sales. 7-11 setup; 11-5 meet. (113)

Sonny Buck: Happy B-day 8-12 or 11. Love ya like crazy. Thanks for keepin' me. Weenie. (113)

Herb: You're getting on in years. I'll be wise and make it clear. Sweet fucker, stop reading here. I know better things to do, and since you have me, you will too. Figure out who's gonna pay ti. Good clues make it pretty easy. I won't sign this what you call me. (113)

St. Jude: Thanks for favors granted; you brought them back to me, my freedom and my machine. Ride free. Mouse. (113)

Redheaded, w/m, Taurus, 6', 170 lbs., tired of one-nighters, seeks sincere lady in S. Cal. to ride, party, maybe more. Must be H-D oriented. Pic and phone answered first. Steve the Sneeze, c/o 569 W. Manor Dr., #193, El Cajon, Calif. 92020. (113)

Thank to all the great bros and sisters of Cross Village, Mich., for the great 4th of July party. Esp. Bridget, The Indian, Jackie B., Ann the Grandma, Ronney, Chuck, and Bob. Autumn Riders, Ill. (113)

Ass, Cash, or Grass. You can get it all with my low-cost tattooing outfit. Check it out. Artist, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (113)

Tattoo gun, under \$5. Build it yourself. Complete, detailed, illustrated instructions, plus patterns. \$4. Rick Hedberg, 115 Maureen Circle, Pittsburg, Calif. 94565. (113)

Li'l One: Happy 22nd, 10-5-82. I love licking your clit and hope to 4-ever. I hope to go to Bikers' Heaven with you sitting on my face. Your loving ol' man, Mike. (113)

Ladies: Two marriage-minded, easygoing gentlemen seek that special lady for intimate relationship. Ronnie's 30, slender, brown hair and brown eyes. John's 35, husky, black-graying hair, brown eyes. Both 6 ft. You must be caring, loving, faithful, and honest. (No dopers or heavy drinkers.) Please enclose photo. Ronnie Rie and John Garner, Bilton Rd., Somers, Conn. 06071. (113)

Kara: Hey, babe, the boat really sucks. It's lonely out here without you. Lookin' forward to getting back to you and a new scooter. Love ya lots. Nick. (113)

Doing some time in Texas prison and enjoy oil painting. If you would like a portrait done for under \$50, please write me a letter and tell me. For details write to Jody Worton #219636, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (113)

Attention all scooter people of Fayetteville: Let it be known and celebrated that this day, the 20th of March, 1982, the Sherrie Vandyndt association of little scooter people of America brought forth their 1982 little scooter people model. This year's model's statistics are as follows: blue eyes, brown hair, five lbs., seven ounces, and eighteen and three-fourths inches. This year's model will be formally christened "James," but shall be lovingly referred to as "Little Scooter T," or "Scoots" for short. (113)

Jeannie Wimberly, Mt. Vernon, Ill.: Need to see Tommy. Contact Eddie Jarvis #38311, Box 539 MSU, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102. (113)

W/m, 26 years old, brown hair, hazel eyes, 200 lbs., is seeking penship and friendship from women from eighteen to eighty. No game players, please. William Fisher #821517, Rt. 1, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (113)

Spaghettios last forever, and so do my feelings for you. I love you, Joe. All ways. EB. (113)

Raven (Dover Del): Happy birthday, 8-3-55. You bring sunshine into my life. Maddog Phield. (113)

Peyote: We sure had some good times. Let's have a few beers and raise hell sometime. Sunshine. (113)

Lynn: If I can't have you, how about those used panties? You are great, baby. I do love and miss you much. There will be a time again for us. Sick Rich. (113)

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)

James (Weener) Faust: Where the fuck are ya? Write Tom Holmes, c/o Lynn Groner, Rt. 3, LaCrosse, Wis. 54601. (113)

Bear: Lover, father, friend; you're the best ever. Happy yesterdays, shining tomorrows, together forever. Let's fly at her. Waiting, misty eyed... 143 Heart on my sleeve. (113)

Determined white workers and soldiers: Stand up for race and flag. \$5 for six months news. NDP, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (114)

Mono: Happy birthday, sweetness. 9-5. You've sparked up a glow in me by turnin' me on with your lovin'. Take me, I'm yours forever! The freedom in the wind is ours. You know I love you. Queen, P.S. Now, let's get down to some serious sex! (113)

To the California biker: Keep your constitutional rights to defend your life, liberty, and property. This November, vote down the proposed handgun control (confiscation) amendment to the California state constitution. For more info, write P.O. Box 4235, San Diego, Calif. 92104. Never forget that the essential difference between a handgun and a long gun is a hack-saw. (113)

Crazy, kinky, can't spell, but try like hell. Write and send pictures. Doing five years and need a friend, so drop me a line. Raymond Gaines #C39354, CTF-C-El36, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (113)

Attention, friends past and present of Bernie "The Frog" Guindon, National President Satan's Choice MC, Canada: Would appreciate your stories, photos, newspaper clippings, etc. (all returned). Re: Authorized biography on "The Frog." Write Mari, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

Need a loose screw? Whoops, I mean a screw loose? Heavy-duty impact driver wrench, metal boxed, complete with accessories, \$19.95, plus \$2.50 for shipping. Orders of four or more, we'll pay shipping charges. Mr. Tool, Box 185, Hubbard, Ohio 44425. Specify 1/2" or 3/8" drive. (113)

Happy birthday, Marty, 8-18. Sheryl, Rt. 2, Box 283C, Jones, Okla. 73049. (113)

White male, 25, 5'7", 140 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to hear from sincere and righteous ladies from Wisconsin age 18 and up. So get it together and bring some sunshine into my life by dropping me a line. Respectfully yours, Randy L. Schoerner, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305. (113)

Pat and Kevin: Where the hell are you? Give us a call (404) 471-6676, collect. Darrel, Wendy, and baby. (113)

Daddy Rabbit: May this be the year you fulfill all your dreams. They can't keep us down forever. I love you now, I'll love you then. Your horny mama, Joanna. (113)

Long Beach "Blonde" Jon: Lost you! Write Les, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

Happy 29th birthday, Steve Huddleston. Sorry I'm late. Love, Lori. (113)

Two righteous white brothers doing time in a hellhole need scribes and flicks to set them free. Young or old, wild or crazy, ladies or tramps, we don't care. Warren Gautreaux #95786, and Bill Blust #91711, Fox 6-C, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (113)

W/m, 26, 5'10", 210, full beard, seeks lady 18 to 25 with head together. Will relocate for right lady. Send photo. No bullshit. R. Elrod, Box 18039, Orlando, Fla. 32860. (113)

Wanted: One truthful lady, 21-35, with long, straight, dark hair, no kids or heavy drug users, to live with white male, 33 years old. Have own house, good job, good-looking shovelhead chopper. Will answer all with picture. Bill M., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (113)

Hey, Danny: Congratulations on the new kid. Love and miss you. Still in Wyoming. Cindy. (113)

Attention: Would like to meet a sincere lady who really cares and would visit me in prison. I am 37, 6 ft., 200 lbs. Bob Tatum, Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62959. (113)

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)

Righteous news event that's getting to ya a little late. On 2-21-81 another little lady was put in the wind. Nicole (Niki) Sassone. To righteous parents, Bobby and Lynda: Good luck from The Irishman. (113)

Tattooing outfit (complete). electric machine, voltage reducer, ink, designs, \$103. If you require more information, send \$5, 360 popular designs, \$21.95. Steele, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (113)

Easygoing chick, 18 years old, looking for a man who wants a serious relationship and is tired of head games. I'm 5'8", have light brown hair and blue eyes. Please send pics. Write to Susan Harsch, AIMD/ADMIN, NAS NORIS, San Diego, Calif. 92135. (113)

Attention, Doug Curtis: I love you; I need you; you make my life worth living! Love, Laura. (113)

Swap Meet: Nov. 28, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. Indoors; heated; beer sales, 6-11 setup; 11-5 meet. (113)

29-year-old Scorpio will be in the wind in eight months. Need female correspondence. Rick Looser #94749, PSB, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (113)

Our Blood MC: Contact Kempf #43692, 48300 Wilson River Highway, Tillamook, Ore. 97141. (113)

Free information on low-cost tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (113)

"Panhead Dave" Ellison: Please contact me. Very important. Sunny, 116 Azalea, Lake Jackson, Tex. 77566. (113)

J.B.: Happy 4th, 10-29-82. Our love for you will never end. Always behind you. Squeaki, Ricki, and Brittney. (113)

"Legs": Sara and I both love and miss you. Though we're thousands of miles apart, we await your homecoming with open arms. Love you with all our hearts and then some. Kathryn. (113)

Cow: Happy 25th birthday, Nov. 15th. Whenever I'm astride you, or your beautiful Hog, I'm as happy as a big dog. Love, Junebug. (113)

Dan: To the one person who has given me one beautiful year of love. To you I hope this world gives you all you want from it, and keep that B.C. sun in your face. Happy belated birthday Aug. 19/82, Love. (Carmel Corn) Teri. (113)

German biker, 20 years old, wants to marry an American (maybe business basis) girl, to get an immigration permit. Are you interested? Please contact Reinold Gartner, Pk. Nr. 062062 A, 6200, Wiesbaden, W. Germany. (113)

Quiet, 27-year-old Pisces, 5'11", 148 lbs., brown hair and eyes, enjoying the country living, would like to hear from open-minded and sincere ladies. Ray Julin, RR 1, Box 194, Becida, Minn. 56625. (113)

Adult books, magazines, and movies. Purchase in the privacy of your home. Catalog \$1, EroDistributing Co., 2111-M 30th St., Suite 1100E, Boulder, Colo. 80301. (113)

Dreamer: Happy birthday, 11-29. Here's to your spirit being peaceful, free, and forever in the wind. Fantasy. (113)

Need credit? Get MasterCard, other, w/no credit check. Guaranteed! Simple, legal. Plus other credit secrets. Free details! Inflation Reports, ERA, Box 60148, Los Angeles, Calif. 90060. (115)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (113)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (113)

Sheldon: You're the best of everything. I'm counting the days till we're together again. I love you forever and always. Kim. (113)

6-ft., 24-year-old w/m, considered good-looking, interested in corresponding with mature gal, 18-40. Must be sincere. Send pic if possible. Will answer all. Write to Terry L. Bail #C-24857, Box A-E/B-3372, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (113)

Ladies of Missouri, show me. Would like letters, flicks, and visits. Will be out in April '83. Brad Horton #35293, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102. (113)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, 37, intelligent, educated, very active, independent, all-round nice guy, good job, nice home in the country. Would like to meet an attractive, tall, slim, large-breasted young lady without children, who is honest, sincere, a hard worker, non-smoker, ready to settle down and start a new life. Write and send photo to Joe, 2307 Seminary Rd., Milan, Ohio 44846. (113)

Free Florida beach living. Keep my apartment clean, cook, and answer my phone. White female, 18-28, non-smoker, non-doper, non-drinker, no heavy women. Send photo and letter to Tom, 404 1st St. N., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (113)

Into kinky sex? Get fuckin' horny with our readers' ads and letters. Three issues \$6. Biker owned. KS Monthly, Dept. B, Box 92305, Rochester, N.Y. 14692. (115)

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Wild Will: You fuckin' animal. "your short dog." Hope to see ya back in the wind soon. Your bro, "The Tank." (113)

Little Bit: I still love you! Contact me. Dirty John. (113)

Grump: Happy birthday, darling. Oct. 13th. Hope this year brings you the special happiness you've shown me. Together we can do anything. Loving, needing, and wanting you always. Partners forever. Your Grumpess. (113)

Blond, with baby-blue eyes, and decent build, 34-year-old loner being released in 1983, looking for righteous lady to share future with, putting, etc. Letters with photos answered first. Danny Cutchens, CTF North SB-125, Box B-71986, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (113)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Brian Miles, please tell him his daughter has been looking for him for ten years. I believe he was born May 11th, approx. 1958. A. Miles, General Delivery, Mission, B.C., Canada. (113)

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Dan Lovelace, in Klamath Falls, Oregon, would you please ask him to contact Oggle in New Zealand. (113)

So you are my bro? Tim (Dog) Sevey, there is nowhere you can hide. I'll find you wherever you go, and then I'll be the one to say sorry, bro, and I'll be smiling. Bigfoot, Green Bay, Wis. (113)

Confined female: I'm 29 years old, 5'9", 36-30-36, brown hair and eyes. I'm from Finland! I cannot receive or write any other inmates! Photos exchanged. Nike-lyne Flowers, H-4 150704, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024. I'm very lonely; please write. (113)

Bodacious Bodine: Coming to Phoenix for Christmas. Call about a meeting place. Coyote. (507) 365-8178. (113)

Tom S. (Milford): Happy 26th birthday, Nov. 2. Baby, you're the best. I still love you. Carol. (113)

Wild Bill's Tattooing. Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (113)

Young fox wants serious biker tramps. All answered. Patches, c/o Bailey, 2338 W. Granville, Chicago, Ill. 60659. (113)

House mouse wanted for 28-year-old fun-loving male. Kids okay. Send photo and phone. Ray, Box 6001, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406. (114)

Jerry, if you read this, write me a letter, so I can find out where you are. Jon R. Clay, Nottingham Woods, Apt. 13, Oxford, Ala. 36203. (112G)

HARRY GROSS

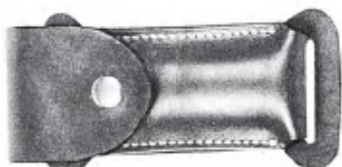


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Whiskey

Continued from page 17

almost put an end to backyard and barnyard production, give or take a few enclaves. The competition was fierce throughout the region, but somethin' happened to give the Kentucky distillers the edge. Lapsing into legend once again, the story goes that a distiller, tryin' to save a few bucks, figured to store his whiskey in barrels that had contained salt fish shipped from Up East. To kill the pungent odor, he charred the inside of the barrels and found to his subsequent delight that the flavor of his stored whiskey had improved dramatically. (A new, effective douche for Mutha?) A much more likely theory, however, is that Kentucky coopers, in order to bend the oak to make their barrel staves, heated 'em over an open flame and singed the wood. The distillers discovered that whiskey stored in the charred wood took on a distinctive caramel flavor, the same flavor we associate with bourbon today.

Speakin' of barrels, few of us realize that before the Civil War, bourbon was sold by the barrel. Shit, in most cases, it wasn't even called bourbon, but had such handles as Kentucky, Sour Mash, Fire Copper and — yeah — White Lightnin'. To purchase it for home sippin', ya just strolled on down to the general store or the whiskey merchant with your own jug or flask and filled it. As the expertise of certain distillers increased, they identified their product by burnin' their marks into the barrel wood with a hot iron (you got it — the brand name), a practice that later gave way to printed labels cover in' both ends of the barrels, so that the customer could see whose booze was bein' dispensed.

Commemorative Bottles

Sellin' straight from the barrel posed some obvious problems. Any back-stabbin' dealer or vendor could easily water down the contents, or even sell piss and backwater bilge from a respectable barrel. In 1870, a dude named George Garvin Brown (no shit), a drug salesman who also traded in liquor (originally for medical purposes — right, tell me anything), realized that by sealin' his spirits in bottles, he could put a stop to all the bullshit. The bourbon he dispensed was called Old Forester, and the sucker knew what he was doin', 'cause it's still with us. Then, a few years later, a liquor

salesman for the Bernheim distillery in Louisville went Brown one better. He was shrewd enough to see the potential of the fancy bottle, or decanter, with his own name on it. That name? I.W. Harper. And from these beginnings came the rash of commemorative bottles and flasks now highly prized by collectors. Seagram's, for instance, marked the bicentennial with a blended whiskey called 1776, and bottled it in a decanter that was designed by — get this — Tiffany & Company.

Enter The Government

Another 25 years were to pass before bottling at the distillery under government supervision (that is, in bond) became mandatory; and what's in those bottles today is infinitely superior to the bottled lightnin' of yesterday. There are the straight bourbons, distinguished by their light-brown color and sweetish, velvety caramel flavor and penetrating tang of charcoal. The mashes must contain a minimum of 51 percent corn (exact grain formulas are a secret guarded more closely than Fort Knox), fermented either with fresh yeast or by addin' part of the previously fermented mash to the new fermentation. The latter process is known as "sour mash" and it's a method preferred by most distillers and whiskey drinkers. The booze has to be stored in charred oak for at least two years, but additional aging adds that velvety smoothness craved by the straight bourbon dudes.

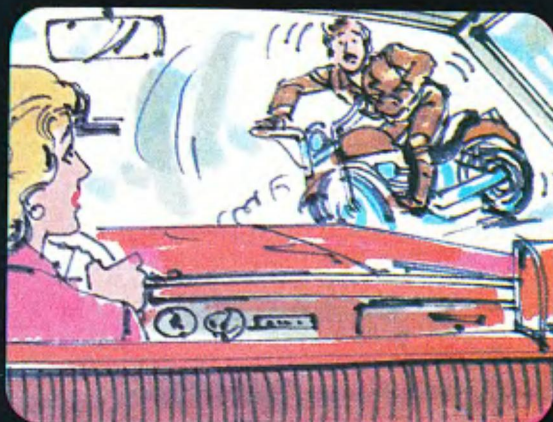
Blended whiskeys go back to the days when some of the straights were so rough and raw that the vendor would "rectify" them for the consumer market. What at first was a necessity, refined itself over the years into an art, so much so that almost half the domestic whiskey



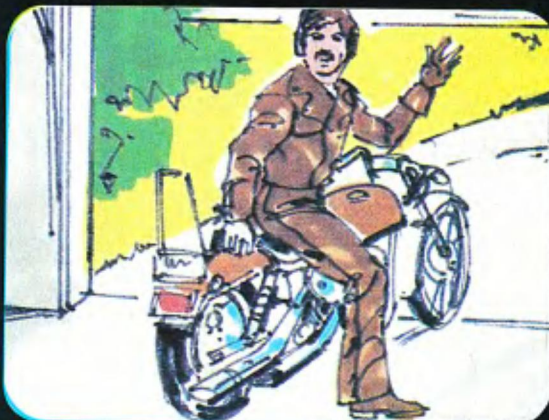
"I think one of my arteries has started to harden already!"

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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.

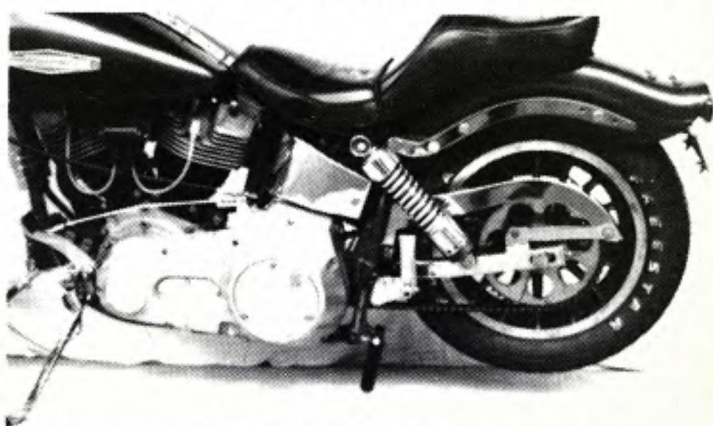
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Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

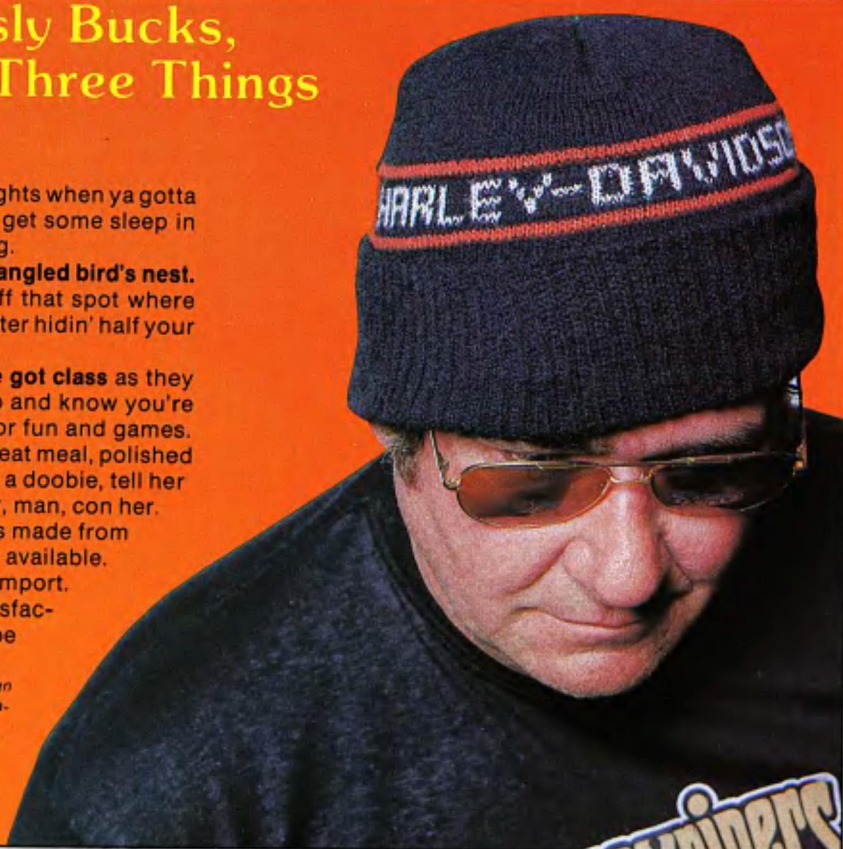
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swallowed today is blended, and a blended whiskey. Seagram's Seven Crown, is the nation's biggest seller. Yet if you were to ask the average drinker what a blended whiskey is, he'd probably say "rye." (Or, "Who gives a fuck?") Blended whiskey is not rye. It contains straight whiskey (bourbon, corn, wheat, rye, etc.) plus grain spirits. If it contains no less than 51 percent by volume of rye, bourbon, or other straights, it's designated by the name of the dominant whiskey type. Straight whiskeys can be blended, too, and they're classified in the same manner. Confused? The clues to what you're drinking are listed on the label, and spell out the whiskey type (blend or straight), the age (if no age is mentioned, the booze is four years old or more), and the place of distillation and bottling, along with the producer's name.

Straights Versus Blends

A lot of bullshit hovers around the respective merits of straights and blends. It shouldn't. Both are fine whiskeys, and one is by no means inferior to the other. As with everything that concerns the values of individuality, the choice is purely a question of personal taste and preference. The straights reflect all the characteristics of the distiller's formula: the grains and yeasts he uses, the qualities of the local water, the method of distilling, and the barrel age — all of which make for a unique spirit. The blender's art is in selectin' his straights and balancing them in his blend to produce a lighter whiskey, one that will be exactly the same year after year.

Both are excellent in mixed drinks. Straight bourbons, because of their heavier, rounder flavor, provide the base for countless drinks in which the whiskey taste is a fundamental quality. And while straight ryes, rye malts, barley malts, etc., are still available, more than 97 percent of all straight American whiskey swallowed here is bourbon.

We have, however, come a long way from those days when a thirsty cowboy would step up to the bar for his "two fingers" of white lightnin' and shoot a few holes in the roof by the time it got to his belly. Yet somehow the image persists. Today's dudes are buyin' the notion that bourbon is a macho drink — a sentiment that the makers themselves seem to espouse, what with such brand names as Cabin Still, Ten High, Rebel Yell, and Wild

I.R.S. Ltd.



FIVE-FOOT SCARVES

Keep warm in style, only \$12.95 + \$1.50 postage and handling.



BANNER BIG HARLEY

All nylon, nearly three by four feet, brightens up any pad or shop, \$24.95 plus \$1.00, postage and handling.



Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91359. California residents add 6% for the State. APO, FPO and overseas orders add \$4.00 for additional postage. T-shirt \$8.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. (indicate size).

Distinctive Biker Accessories.

Finest Quality

Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug

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Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality — a functional conversation piece if ever there was one. They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos — these are individually made outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed. Order yours today from **Mackenzie Company, Skull Mug**, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

Heavy! It's Big!
(Weighs two pounds!)
(Holds 1 quart.)



Please print your name and address to avoid errors. Check or money order payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Armed forces, please add \$1.50 for additional postage. Mugs are sent insured.

Easyriders' Stuff!



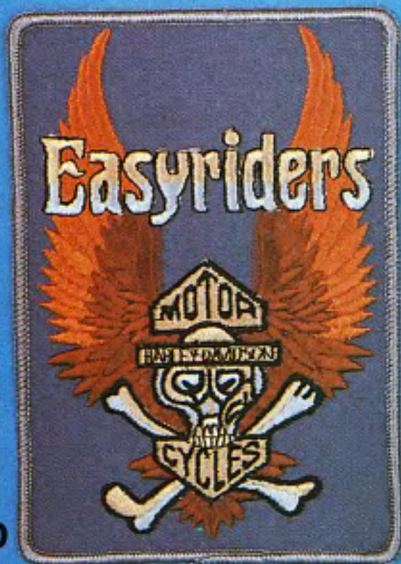
A

Easyriders

B



C



D



E



F-G

Send Your Order To: **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	2 decks-cards	\$ 5.50	\$ 7.00	\$11.50		\$	\$
B	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
D	D. Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00		\$	\$
E	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
G	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Sub
Total \$
Calif.
Tax 6% \$
Total \$

Turkey — while grass-roots names like Kentucky Tavern, Kentucky Gentleman, Old Grand-Dad and Jack Daniel's roll off the tongue like sweet-smellin' pussy.

The remarkable thing about bourbon is its flexibility. It's easy to tailor to your individual taste, and whatever you add to the glass will serve to enhance, rather than drown out, the richness of the flavor that makes bourbon unique.

The people who tend to that flavor do so with a diligence that comes of long association with the product. Even though many of the old private distilleries have been bought out, the makin' of the booze has wisely been left to the people who know it best. The Beams, for instance, have been makin' whiskey since 1788, and the Jim Beam formula has been handed down over the years from father to son. The Bowman Family, makers of Virginia Gentleman, even grow their own oak, make their own barrels, and raise the corn they use in the mash.

And there are other dudes, like Ernest Ripy, who runs the Wild Turkey distillery in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, and whose family, naturally, has been makin' whiskey there for five generations. Ernie, of course, never for a moment considered doin' anything else. "What else is there?" he says, standin' in his office, surrounded by portraits of his forebears. "I'm a whiskey man. It's all I know. A man is lucky to love what he does, to do it well, and to reap the rewards of his labors."

Settin' astride my chromed-back panhead, sippin' a fine 101-proof eight-year-old whiskey, and lookin' out at the soft Kentucky countryside, I understand just what Ernie meant. ■



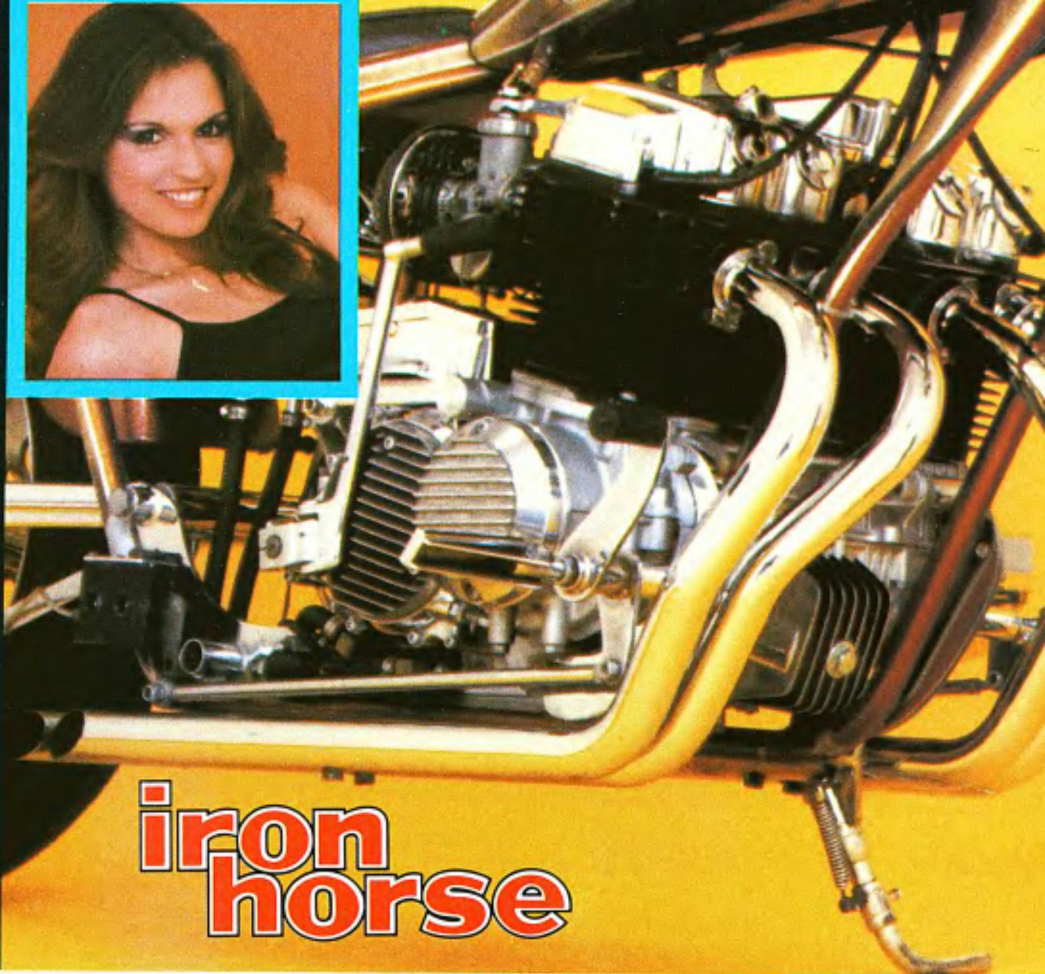
"Did you leave a bar of soap on the bathroom floor?"

A Bike Mag That's Different

Different in one important respect — we're all an equal part of the biker brotherhood, regardless of what we straddle and ride. Going along with that belief, *Iron Horse* features hip bikes of all makes and ages — like after WWII when owners of Harleys, Indians, Triumphs, BSAs, and Nortons, to name a few, were tight bros — all you had to do was not break down all the time and thereby screw up runs, be a regular bro, and do your amount 'hell raisin'. What you rode didn't mean doody-twat. If you were a good dude, took care of yourself (could hold your mud), and were willing to help other bike people in trouble, you were welcome. Even the A.M.A.s and the Motor Maids were more regular people then.

So *Iron Horse* devotes itself to motorcycles. Because you ride a Triumph or any make other than "the tractor" doesn't mean to us that you're not a bro. You're a biker and that's all that counts. Check out an issue and we bet you'll be a regular reader.

—The Editors



WIND 8 IS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE



Back issues of the other *Wind* mags are still available. Just fill out the coupon.

In The Wind #8 from the pages of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse*. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #8 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind. Issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

Send Your Order To:
In The Wind c/o Easyriders,
P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$10.75			

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Jammer's

Special Fall Issue

Handbook

DELL D. 0436

\$2.95

Number Thirteen



On Your Newsstand October 5th

Jammer's

Dell 'Orto Carburetor Kits For Harleys

Here's bolt-on high performance for your scooter. Lots of time has been spent in research and development to adapt this carb for motorcycle use. What you're getting is a dual barreled sidedraft carburetor with dimensions identical to a Weber or Solex. The Dell 'Orto is actually two carbs in one, siamesed by a common float bowl. It utilizes dual throats containing individual venturies and separate jetting. This 40mm beauty is available with either a straight-out or new plenum manifold which angles 25° to the front of the bike, eliminating the common leg clearance problem. All our kits include the carburetor, manifold, velocity stacks, breather type air cleaner and all necessary hardware for easy installation on yours. Complete tuning



instructions are also included. Each Dell 'Orto kit is priced at \$229.95. #135041 comes with angled manifold and fits Shovelheads & Sportsters. #135042 is delivered with straight manifold. If you've got a Panhead, order #135043.



Morris Magneto For Harley Big Twins

If you own a 1970 and later Big Twin Harley here's magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting. This unit is "manually retardable," making starting much easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically. Another big bonus is that this magneto mounts upright eliminating a common fear of potential damage. Supplied complete with a new cam cover, all necessary hardware and installation instructions are delivered with this unit. Order yours by #13605 for \$349.95. You'll love it!

Electric Start Belt Drive For Harleys

Get behind a real winner! Any Harley 74, 80 or big stroker up to 106 cu. in. will come alive with this unit. Featuring a tough 1 1/2", 11mm Uniroyal belt that's 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live longer, this kit will improve the overall performance of your bike. With pulleys machined from a prime aluminum alloy and hardened to aircraft specs along with engine shaft inserts machined from 4130 chromeoly, this unit can handle all you give it. Besides being Bonneville and dragstrip proven, thousands of everyday riders



How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

continue to make the switch. Believe us . . . runnin' with the belt is a must! Get yours today for any 1965 and later Big Twin by ordering #143066, priced at \$225.00.

Jammer's

Chrome Oil Cooler For Harleys

You know the damage hot oil temperatures can do. Well, here's your cure! This oil cooler will reduce hot oil temperatures 20 to 80 degrees. Since each 20 degree drop in oil temperature doubles, yes doubles, engine and clutch life that's reason enough to run this chromed medicine. Besides looking good, cooling takes place rapidly. Featuring a patented inner swirl core design hot engine oil is swirled and turbulented as it passes through the cooler. At the same time, external fins force the outside air against the cooling surface. This combination of inner and outer swirling



provides twice the cooling power, making this unit the overall choice in its field. Get yours now by ordering #37042 for Harley Big Twins and Sportsters, priced at \$109.90.



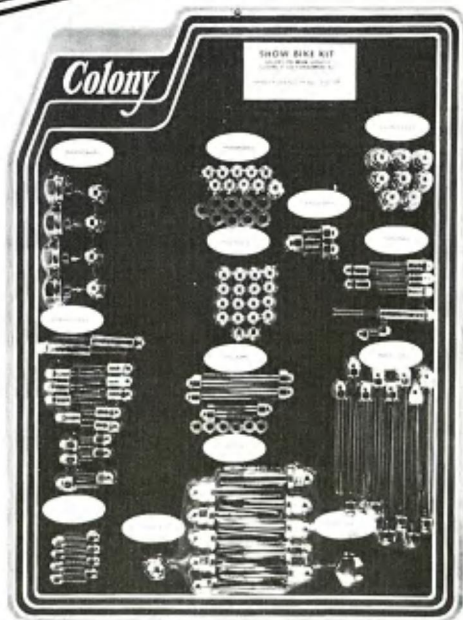
Mulholland Shocks For Late Model Harleys

If you're looking for a heavy duty replacement shock set for your tired old ones, we've got 'em. Our complete kits will do the chores without complaint. Any 1973 and later FL or FX model (except FLT) will ride better after this quick and easy installation. Featuring mirror chrome springs & cans, this set is delivered completely assembled and ready to ride on. They are design engineered to work and look right for your model . . . this makes the difference! Selling for \$159.95 a set, order #78031.

Chrome & Gold Show Bike Kits For Shovelheads

Take a long look at the hardware on your engine and transmission. It probably doesn't do much towards bringing out the real beauty of your pride and joy. Our chrome and gold show bike kits are designed specifically for enhancing the other work that's gone into your bike. What we've got for you is all the necessary replacement hardware for the rocker shafts, primary cover, lifter base, cylinder base & head, oil pump, motor case, rocker box, cam cover, air cleaner, transmission and plug. Once installed, we know you'll wonder why you waited so long. Any 1978 and later Shovelhead should have one. Our chrome plated kit is \$172.00 (#124043), 24 carat gold is \$230.00 (#124059).

COLONY



How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

Jammer's

Pushrod & Lifter Conversion Kits For Harleys

If you're tired of hydraulic lifters collapsing, yet you don't want solids because they have to be adjusted too often, we've got the cure . . . our pushrod and lifter conversion kits. This item is also a must when you're running a hot cam, but it's also a great improvement even with a stock cam. You're not going to gain gobs of horsepower without using a cam with them, but you won't be losing any because of a hydraulic lifter being half collapsed either. Installation is very simple and we supply everything necessary, including four aluminum alloy adjustable tubular pushrods. Each kit is yours for \$39.95. #140015 works on 1953-1965 Big Twins, #140016 on 1966 and later Shovelheads.



How To Get 'Em!
[See Page 124]



Joe Hunt Magneto For 1937-1969 Harleys

Designed for 61", 74" and stroked OHV Big Twins, this magneto is a living legend. Ask anyone who's been around . . . they work, they look good and they'll do wonders towards increasing the performance of your bike. You can run this beauty without a battery for hassle-free ignition as well as pull the r's assured you'll get the spark you need. So, why not replace the ol' distributor and do what so many have for years . . . switch to mag power. Delivered complete with points and condensor for \$229.26 (#13602). Remember to order the hold-down clamp for installation at \$3.95 (#136021).

High Performance Pistons For Harleys

These are our choice for overall performance, dependability and quality. Manley's pistons are forged from special high silicone aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in giving you a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands without sacrificing seal and power. Add to this the original dome shape for maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug, and you've got everything worth wanting! Each piston is shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings.



Forged Aluminum Pistons				
Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
12605	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
12607	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
12608	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
12609	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126011	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126012	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126013	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126014	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75

Forged Aluminum Pistons				
Part #	Application	Size	Comp. Ratio	Price Each
12605	80 Stock Stroke	.010	10.5	58.75
126010	80 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	58.75
126015	80 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	58.75
126020	80 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	58.75
126017	Sportster 1000	.010	10.5	58.75
126018	Sportster 1000	.020	10.6	58.75
126019	Sportster 1000	.030	10.7	58.75
126016	Sportster 1000	.040	10.8	58.75

Part of living in the best lane means making sure there's always a taste of everything waitin' for you. To help assure you we suggest that you begin your jammin' with a trip to one of our stocking authorized dealers listed here. You'll find him to be your kind of people. Have him familiarize you with his rollin' stock of good-lookin', go-fast jammer products.

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WEST GERMANY

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STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS ■ STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS



Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

801 South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506

Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.

ORDER FORM

We will ship UPS ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet UPS requirements or is out of UPS area we will ship via next best way.

We cannot ship C.O.D. to foreign countries, nor to Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Canal Zone, APO or FPO addresses. Customers in these areas must remit payment in full including shipping and handling charges.

Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

To avoid having to pay C.O.D. fees we suggest that you remit full payment with your order, including shipping and handling charges. (Orders too large to be shipped UPS or post will be shipped via truck freight collect.)

TO PREPAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING U.S. AND POSSESSIONS

If your order is:	Include additional:
0 - 15 Dollars	\$3.00
15.01 - 25 Dollars	20% of parts total
25.01 - 50 Dollars	15% of parts total
50.01 - 100 Dollars	10% of parts total
101.00 - 750 Dollars	5% of parts total
over 750 Dollars	we pay freight

Foreign

Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments. Please include correct postage.

Canada

All Other Countries

Surface Post . . . Double U.S. Rate

Surface Post . . . 3 Times U.S. Rate

Air Post . . . Not Available

Air Post . . . 60% of Order

Substantial overcharges to foreign countries will be refunded.

Thanks to current events, freight costs subject to change.

Parts shipped via most economical way.

Send Money Order or Cashiers Check in U.S. Funds Only. Your personal check will be accepted but will delay shipment for 6 weeks while it clears your bank. BankAmericard, Visa, and MasterCard cards are accepted for prepayment of orders over \$5.00 and shipping and handling costs.

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Please allow 6 weeks for complete delivery of your order. A service charge will be made on backorder cancellations which have not allowed 6 weeks for shipment. Prices subject to change without notice.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Telephone () _____ (GIVE AREA CODE)

(GIVE AREA CODE)				
QTY	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	TOTAL
	</			

LEATHER BAGS



A



B



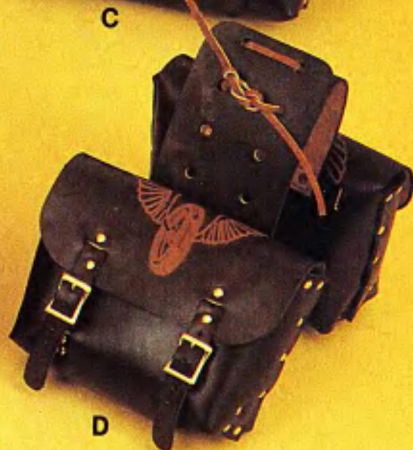
C



F



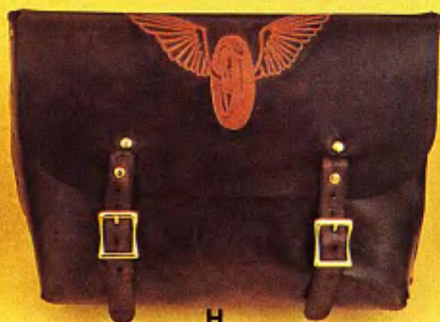
E



D



G



H



I

A./B. Cross Country Saddlebags

Lightweight saddlebags made with tough cowhide and water repellent woven nylon cordura. Features built-in map pockets in the bag. Measures 13" l x 12" h x 5 1/2" w.

51011..... Brown106.95

51010..... Black106.95

C./D. Winged Wheel Saddlebags

We've been sellin' these for years. Tough and durable they're a favorite on any bike. Large measures 12" w x 9" h x 4 1/2" d. Small measures 9" l x 7 1/2" x 2 3/4" w.

51014..... Large96.95

51013..... Small66.95

E. Oval Saddlebag

A big favorite, handcrafted in beautiful leather. Measures 12" l x 9" h x 5" w.

51017..... 99.95

F./G. Utility Bags

These upright leather tool bags hold a bunch. Come complete with straps.

Large measures 8 1/2" w x 11" h x 5" d.

Small measures 5 1/2" l x 10" h x 3 1/2" w.

51030..... Large48.95

51019..... Small32.95

H./I. Winged Wheel Bike Bags

Use these bags most anywhere. They'll fit tightly over your sissy bar alone, or they'll expand to fit over both your bar and seat. Everyone uses them! Choose from the regular size 9" w x 7 1/2" h x 2 3/4" d or the extra large which measures 12" l x 9" h x 4 1/2" w.

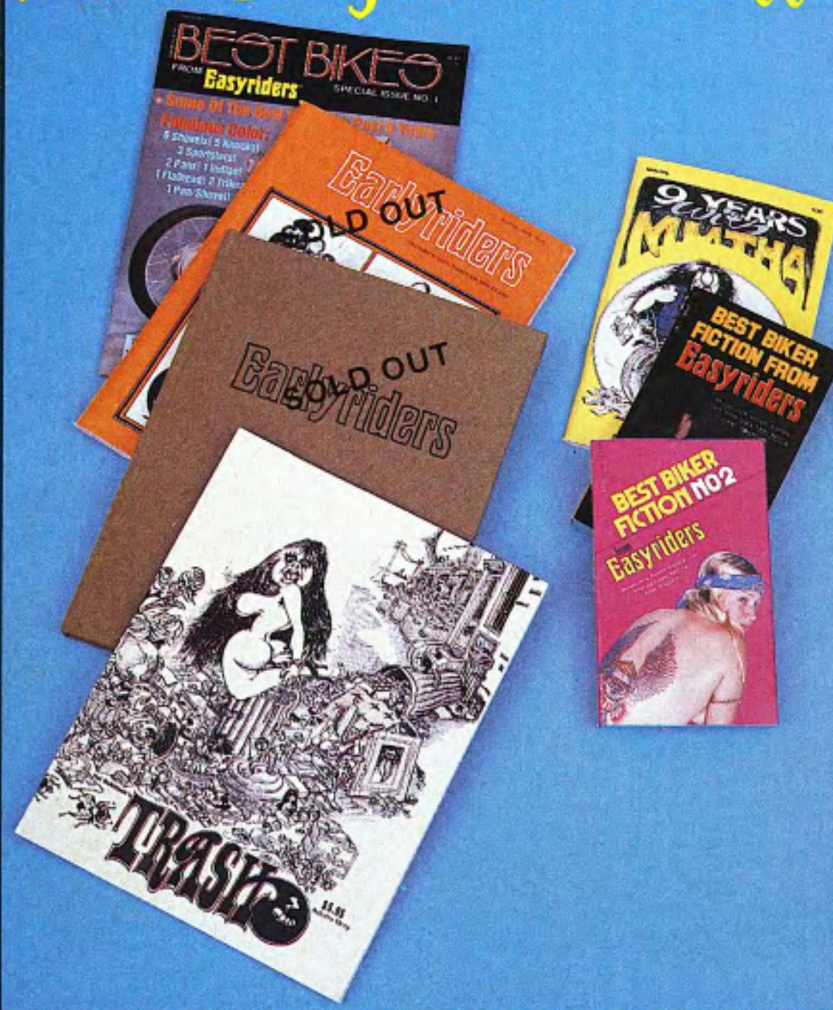
5109..... Regular30.95

51012..... X-Large48.95



How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

More Easyriders' Stuff!



Send Your Order To:
Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Best Bikes	\$3.95	\$5.00	\$11.00			
	SOLD OUT						
	SOLD OUT						
D	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
E	9 Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
F	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
G	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail. (Send U.S. funds only). Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Name _____ Sub Total \$ _____
 Address _____ City _____ Calif. Tax. 6% \$ _____
 State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____ Total \$ _____

Thoughts

Continued from page 29

objective. I was sane when they tried me. I knew I had committed a crime, knew I had done wrong. Sure, I wanted to escape punishment, but I'm not so dumb that I don't know right from wrong. Neither am I so dumb I can't understand the workings of a political mind when it comes to alleviating the crime problem. The politician is law-minded; he thinks in terms of laws and prisons as the answer to crime; he isn't a sociologist, a psychologist, a doctor or an educator. The politician thinks in the terms of his acquired professionalism: *rule!*

America is beginning to scare me. As part of a "Get tough on crime" package, Congress recently proposed "no parole" and "no bail." And that should scare any American.

"No parole" would lead to a higher crime rate, since it is well established that parole is the best (only?) method of rehabilitation. "No bail" would touch on chopping away at four amendments, and would shit-can the Sixth Amendment of the Constitution.

I am down to days and counting now. Odd, as I look back on these thirty months, I find it ludicrously ironic that this stint saw my rights in the joint increase while my rights on the streets have gone to hell. Things might get so bad on the streets in years to come that the police, the courts, the government, and the Supreme Court will take refuge in our prisons, booting all our asses out on the streets where things are tough. Mom keeps writing and telling me: "Things aren't the same out here, James; it's a lot tougher making a living and believing in the people you vote for." I'm beginning to believe her.

But maybe in the next elections Mom and I, and Pat, Janice, Fred, Howard, Donna, Bob, Cherie, Jim, Junior, Doris, Harris, John, Carolyn, Bubba, and some forty more members of my family, along with a host of our friends, will vote for people who'll protect our Constitution. And we'll also write and tell those folks *why* we voted for them and *what* we expect of them.

The beautiful thing about it is, I'm only one biker.

So are you.
Thinking about it, I'm not quite so scared. ■



NASTY FEET

From
EASYRIDERS

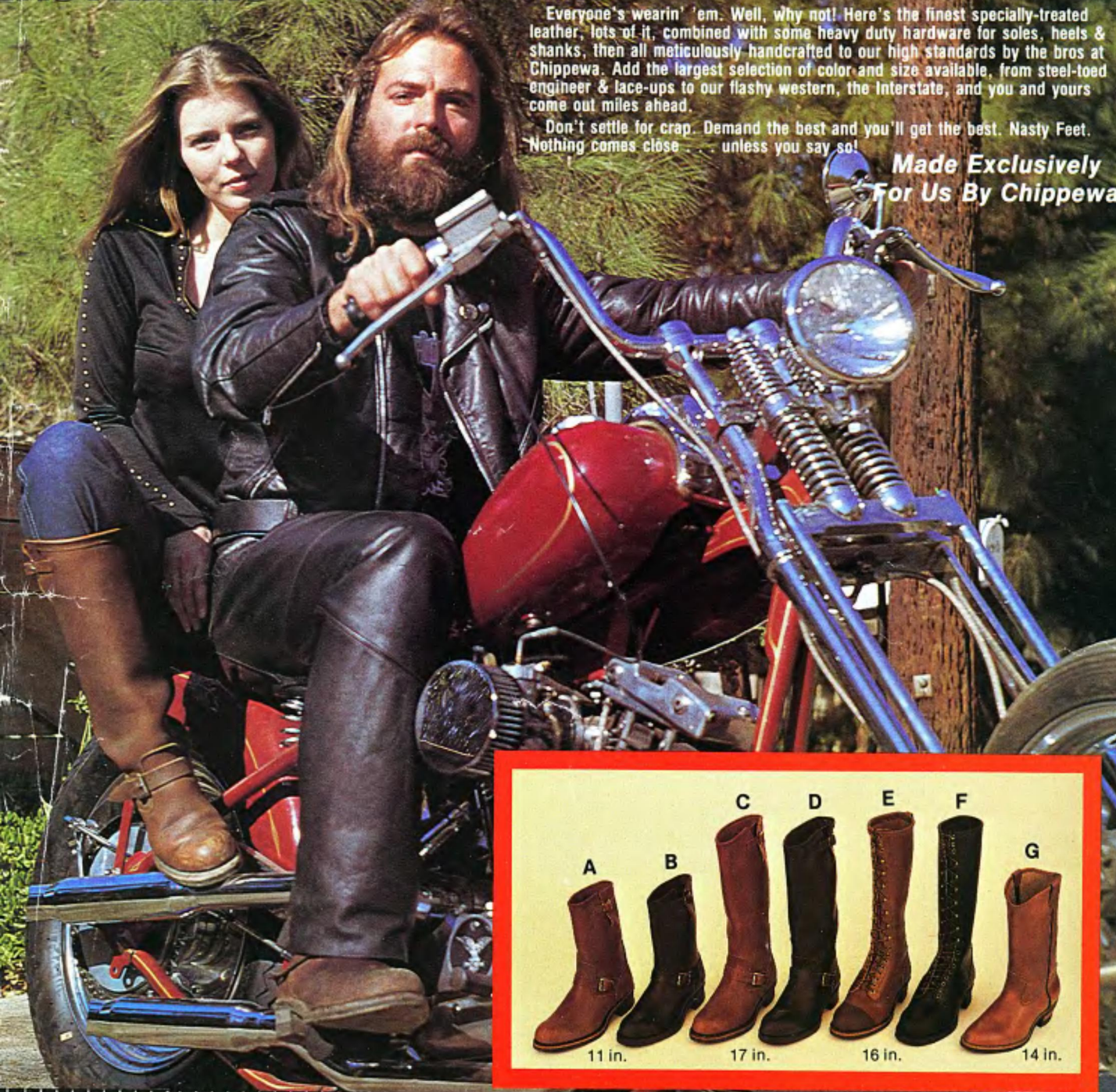
NOTHING COMES CLOSE!

You've picked your pleasures . . . the scooter, the ol' lady. Now it's time to follow the famous. Get yourselves into a pair of Nasty Feet, the undisputed King of the road!

Everyone's wearin' 'em. Well, why not! Here's the finest specially-treated leather, lots of it, combined with some heavy duty hardware for soles, heels & shanks, then all meticulously handcrafted to our high standards by the bros at Chippewa. Add the largest selection of color and size available, from steel-toed engineer & lace-ups to our flashy western, the Interstate, and you and yours come out miles ahead.

Don't settle for crap. Demand the best and you'll get the best. Nasty Feet. Nothing comes close . . . unless you say so!

**Made Exclusively
For Us By Chippewa**



Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Style	Size	Width	Easyriders Logo* Yes ☐ No ☐
Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only.			
Add \$9.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.			
International orders shipped Air Mail Insured—add \$30.00 per pair.			
Name _____			
Address _____			
City _____		State _____	Zip _____

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

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A*	\$84.00	\$94.00
B*	\$84.00	\$94.00
C*	\$94.00	\$104.00
D*	\$94.00	\$104.00
E	\$104.00	\$114.00
F	\$104.00	\$114.00
G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12 \$90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Easyriders Entertainment for Adult Bikers
No. 100 is not your regular monthly issue. This is a special anniversary edition.
 \$2.95
 \$2.75

SPECIAL! 2nd Edition Of Our Anniversary Issue!
ALL NEW!!!

MORE OF THE BEST FROM 95 ISSUES

When we finished the 10th anniversary issue of **Easyriders**, we found that we had too much righteous material left over — after all, it was ten years of the best shit we had published.

So we put all the great stuff that remained into a *second* issue — another best of ten years.

Not to confuse the two, we call it the **Easyriders Special**. We promise you it's as good as the first.

EASYRIDERS SPECIAL
ON SALE NOW OR BUY DIRECT

from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. Just send \$3.00, check or money order, plus \$1.00 for postage, if mailed within the continental United States. Add \$2.00 if mailed to Canada, and \$7.00 for (air mail) foreign postage.

(Blame the post office for that!)

(California residents add 6% sales tax.)