

Easyriders®

\$2.25
December 1982

Bite Me!

**Rotten Road
Hazards**

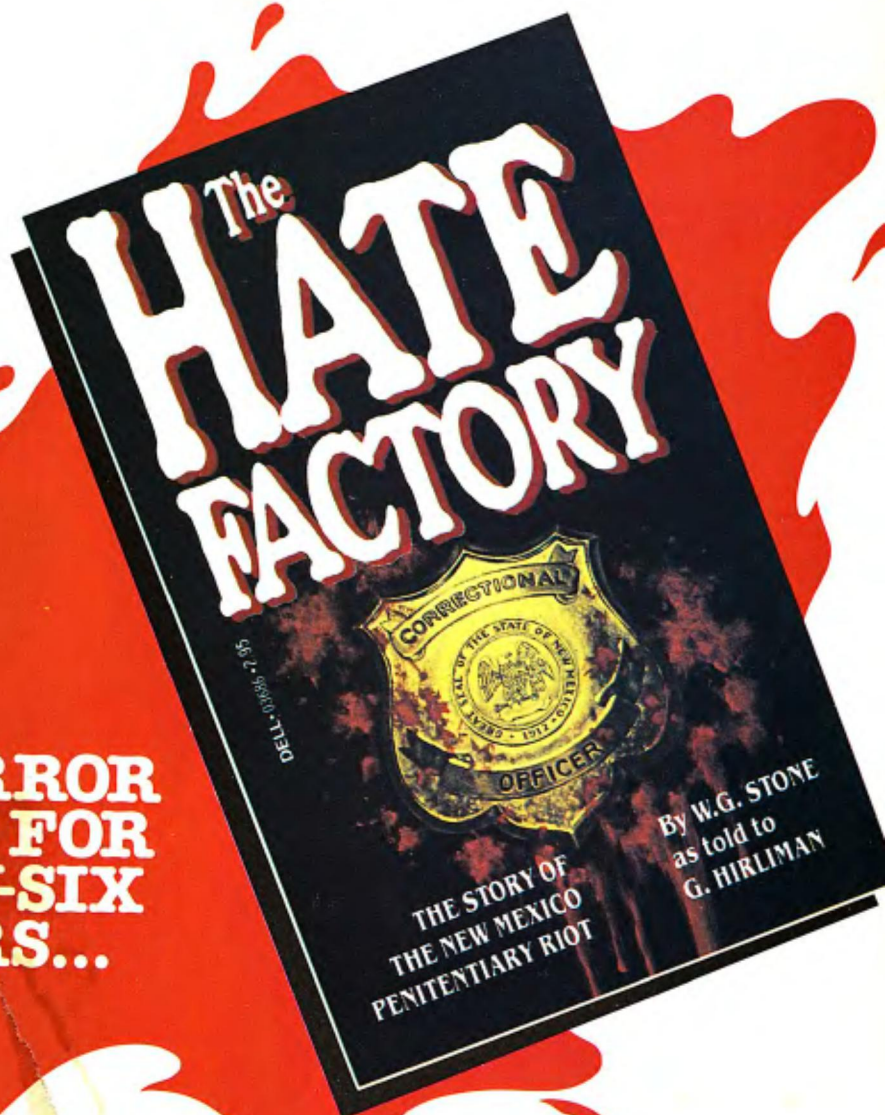
***Runnin'
The Redwoods***

**Old Bikers
With Badges**

**Scoots,
Stories, 'n'
Sweeties**



**THE TERROR
LASTED FOR
THIRTY-SIX
HOURS...**



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

February 2, 1980... New Mexico State Penitentiary
erupted with sudden, mind-searing violence.

Fortified with liquor and homemade knives,
sixty-two inmates overpowered the officers on duty.

W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

ON SALE SOON

A DELL PAISANO BOOK

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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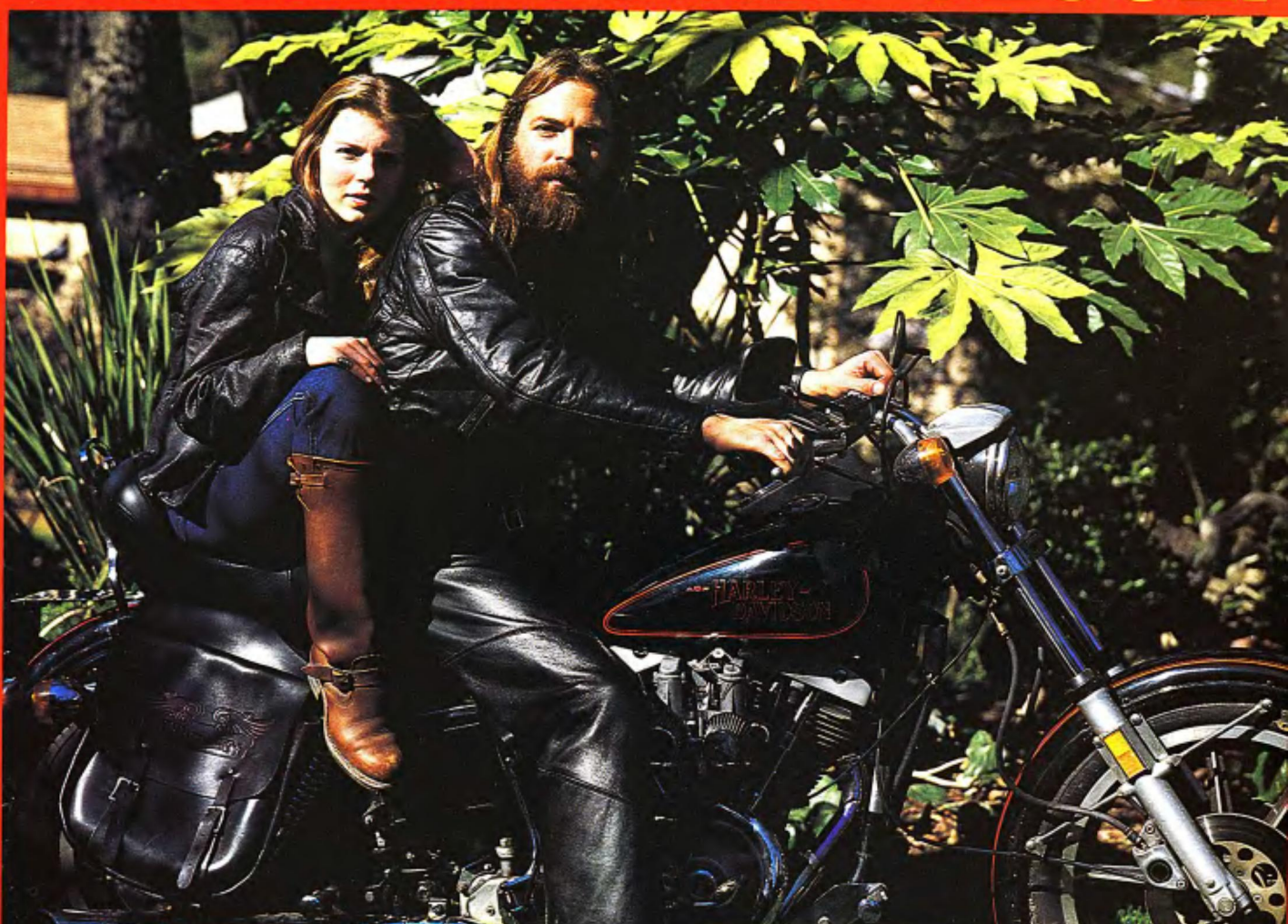


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D*	\$94.00	\$104.00
E	\$104.00	\$114.00
F	\$104.00	\$114.00
G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12 \$90.00 D Width Only	

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

He was kicked back watchin' TV when his ol' lady ran up and cut his crank off with a butcher knife. She was given a 7-to-10 stretch and he was left wondering why she did it and where he was going to get a new one—crank, that is.

Good old medical science has come up with another affliction to make havin' a good time a little less fun. They have discovered that the contours of a seat on a motorcycle will give you 'biker's bladder.' The symptoms include frequent pissin', discomfort, and occasional bed wettin'—so if your ol' lady gets on your ass about pissin' in bed, you can tell her why.

Did ya know the fuckin' feds spent \$27,000 on a study about why prisoners want to escape, \$46,000 on how long it takes to cook breakfast, and \$84,000 on why people fall in love? But not a cent was spent on why they dream up dumb ways to spend our tax money.

Did ya see where a deputy sheriff wrote the 'Dear Abby' column and said he was well adjusted but liked suckin' his thumb because it was very comforting to him. It helped him relax. Well, I guess it's better suckin' a thumb than breakin' heads for kicks.

If you ever find that you can't bear to make a left-hand turn either on foot or on your putt, you have levophobia. It's an affliction that prevents the sufferer from making a left turn—so much so that people who plan to go somewhere plot their route so that there are no left turns involved. If such a person is forced into a left-turn situation, his heart begins to pound just as it would before a heart attack. I guess that's what happens to people who can't turn right, too.

He shot the dude behind the ear gangland-style, but the guy didn't die. When he turned around to see who shot him, he was shot in the head again. The guy still didn't drop. At this point the dude that did the shooting took off, running. The guy with bullet holes in his head tackled him and pounded his head into the pavement as he grabbed his thorax and strangled him. You don't shoot this dude—at least not with a two-shot derringer.

We mentioned a while back that the IRS sent out a bulletin saying that you must declare what you make from dope, so this dude was arrested. Figuring as long as he was arrested he might as well take tax deductions, he listed the following: '...a wholesale cost for drugs of \$105,300, travel 29,000 miles in his car (two-thirds for business), 'a business trip' by air for \$250, \$200 for food and entertainment, \$50 for a scale, \$200 for packaging, \$316 in telephone charges, and two-thirds of his \$2360 apartment rent.' Believe it or not, the IRS allowed the deductions.

Then there is the skier who came down the hill so fast he crashed into a tree with such force that the snow on the tree fell off onto him, suffocating him while he was unconscious.

Did you know that President Reagan has named Wayne Newton (Wayne Newton?) to his Council on Physical Fitness? ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Hold The Raisin Pie

□ Don't you bozos go rationing out the raisin pie for July's issue yet.

Now I ain't sayin' I haven't been known to fuck up once in a while, but the two best shots of the bitchin'est knuckle in three years of your rag are on the back of a Dave Mann centerspread.

L.S.
Garden City, Kan.

Warning

□ Here is a little info on how Ohio is putting out new titles.

I went down to have a new title made for my scooter, in which I had put a new engine, and I wanted a title with my engine number on it.

Ohio is not putting engine numbers on new titles. They are only concerned that you have a title. It doesn't matter whether the numbers match up or not, just as long as you have a title.

If you have a title, it sounds like it could be used on any bike of the same year, make, and model. There is nothing to protect a biker from having his bike ripped off or to prove it's his.

J.H.
Sandusky, Ohio

Needs Advice

□ I'm planning a surprise for my ol' man's birthday next year. I would sure appreciate it if you would help me out. I need to know how to grow the finest weed possible. I'm a beginner, so any info would be great. Thank you.

Amy
Ft. Myers, Fla.

■ They have books on the subject in head shops.

Needs Pointers

□ Your bit on head jobs in the September '82 issue about tonsils and gaggin' got me to write this letter. I still have my tonsils at age twenty-two, and I'm a beginner. I don't know much, but, gals, I

do know this: You don't think how big it is or how far in it is; you just think what pleasure it's giving your man. I believe at one time or another we have all gagged, whether we are pros, or not. (I, for one, could use pointers, too.)

Babe
Campbell, Mo.

■ We'd sacrifice. Send us your address.

□ Here's some more on gagging. A tech tip for Debbie and Denise in San Diego: I think gagging happens sometimes no matter what you do, especially if your ol' man has a really big crank like mine does. But generally speaking, I'd say practice makes perfect, and if you try all kinds of different angles and positions, you'll probably find one that pretty much keeps you from gagging. I don't think tonsils have much to do with it. I still have mine and I rarely gag — 'cause I've practiced a lot.

Sweet Pea
San Diego, Calif.

Who Did What?

□ The interview with Clyde Fessler got me wondering who actually interviewed him and wrote the article.

Peggy Kilburn
Long Beach, Calif.

■ Members of the staff.

□ Your interview with Clyde Fessler wasn't too bad, but you didn't tell me what page it was continued on. Twenty pages later I forgot what I was readin' before I finally found the rest of it.

J.G. Bollinger
Great Lakes, Ill.

Piss Response

□ If you only smoke once a week, it doesn't show, and if you smoke more than that, just eat lots of salads with vinegar and oil. Ya see, vinegar cuts down the amount of

THC content in your fat tissues because that is where THC is stored in your body, and the vinegar cuts most of it to where it doesn't show on piss tests.

C.W.
Deutschland

□ Take two 100mg tablets of niacin every morning with a glass of water. It's a vitamin B complex, water soluble, and a co-enzyme that flushes many vital functions of the body (even THC). Pop two a day and keep puttin'.

Shack
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

□ Just want to comment on the bro serving time in Uncle Sam's Canoe Club. Well, first of all, I'm quite aware of the man's monthly piss test by first-hand experience.

You need a way to get negative test results. Most of the time they take you in by alphabetical order, and if you can't piss, they make you drink water until you can. Just arrange it with one of the straight bros who's willing to take a risk. Have him take a piss in your bottle and then piss all over the side of the bottle, making it nice and sticky for the pecker checkers. Anyway, it's a random check. It's too costly to run a THC test on every swinging dick in the fleet.

Skidrow Joe
Houston, Tex.

□ I have the answer for ya, asshole! Take a hike to your command personnel department. When you go in, take some pictures of you cock-suckin' a shipmate. Offer The Man a hit, drop a nickel bag on his desk, take a pull off your bottle of JD, inquire about his health (the case of crabs you heard he had), and explain to him that you just ain't handlin' the high-pressure load. Then flash 'em your Klan membership card, give 'em a note from your

mother, and your problem is solved! Guaranteed you'll be scootin' down the road with a piece of "bad paper" up your ass in no time.

Besides, I don't want a dope-dealin', nose-pickin', dirt-baggin' wimp like you in the same canoe with my ol' man when it gets underway.

Fine Piece
Groton, Conn.

□ Before you piss in the cup all you do is lick your index finger, stick it in one of those restaurant sugar sacks, and piss on your finger while pissing in the cup. With positive sugar you go straight to sick bay. Ha! Ha!

Francis
St. Louis, Mo.

□ This is an answer to all military personnel who don't wanna be caught on one of those piss tests. If you can stand the taste, drink vinegar the night before or take about 100mg of vitamin C every day.

Sunny
Adak, Alaska

□ To Mad Dog in regard to the Navy dope test in the August '82 issue: I was on the road in '75 after release from the brig. We didn't know when we would have to pass the can, although it came around every seven to ten days in the discipline stage we were in. It's my belief that water in generous amounts, orange or other citrus juice, cleared my test. Since you know it's once a month, I would line an ear to a connection in that division, or else, as a last resort, would stop using one to three days prior. Remember, handlebars are easier to live with than prison bars.

Rube
Richey, Mont.

Sign of Freedom

□ Just wanted to let you people know that your logo decal adorns the mirror on the barber shop wall at North Carolina's infamous Caledonia Prison Farm.

A sign of freedom!
Injun
Tillery, N.C.

What Gives?

□ I don't get it. I go cruisin' to buy the July '82 issue of your mag and I had to go all over town! Finally I struck pay dirt, but along the way I saw gun mags, tit mags, and Jap scrap mags in every

store — but no *Easyriders*! What's with these people? This is unforgivable!

P.C.

Port Matilda, Pa.

■ You don't get it? We don't either, P.C.

Woman Biker

□ After riding on the back of Harleys for the past couple of years I decided to get my own. Most of the dudes have a pretty good attitude about it. They think it's cool to be seen puttin' down the street on their scooters with a chick ridin' a Sportster next to them. I bought the bike with the idea that I'd be driving it, but I'm getting hassled by dudes who won't consider the thought of riding behind a chick. Also, I'm hearing that they'd be glad to pack me behind them. I'll be damned if any man is gonna ride me on the back of my own scooter. Come on, guys, lighten up!

Donna

Kensington, Md.

Sure Cure

□ I would like to tell my brothers and sisters out there of a wonderful cure for impotency, arthritis, migraine headaches, breast cancer, and hemorrhoids. This is not a burn or a ripoff of any kind. I stand behind my cures 100%. They will never — can never — fail. In fact, anyone who follows my simple instructions completely will be cured. If you are not totally and instantly cured, I will guarantee you triple. That's right, triple. That's how sure I am. No matter who you are, how old, or anything else, my cures will work for you. Just send me twenty-five dollars and I will send you the cure you want.

Little Jesus

Walla Walla, Wash.

■ Do you happen to have a cure for a short dick?

Helps Out

□ Just a word of thanks to all you lazy, no-good raisin'-pie-eatin' people: Without our *Easyriders* we'd go nuts here at Folsom. We love ya. Ride free and easy.

Ron and Dennis
Folsom, Calif.

Thanks

□ In your August '82 issue (page 43) you printed a picture of some bikers mourning a lost brother. You showed

what kinda of righteous people you are by printing that picture.

I just wanted to tell you something about the lost brother. His name was Small Paul. He was the kindest, most giving person you'd ever want to meet. He was one of the best wrenches in town and had finished putting together a custom scooter a few months before a drunken bitch pulled out in front of him. It helps to know that there are non-bikers out there who know we're not animals without feelings. When you lose a member of your family, it hurts. And the hurt doesn't go away.

K.T.O.L.

Bradenton, Fla.

What's Up?

□ I just sent in my check for *Best Biker Fiction* #1 and #2. But the thing I still can't figure out is why you have two different ads for them. One says they cost two bucks, the other says three.

Hell, I may be dumb, but I'm not stupid.

Cootch

Austin, Minn.

■ You're not, but there are times when we are.

A Wannabe

□ Just thought you'd like to hear. I'm fifteen and have been reading your mag for five months. Most of my friends are bikers, and they told me if I really wanted to be a biker, I had to rip off my first issue of *Easyriders*. So I did.

Kristy

Wichita, Kan.

Help!

□ San Quentin's on a major all-out lockdown followin' the riot we had kick off here a few weeks ago. So all the bros 'n' sis's out there who have people in here, write 'em. And send 'em flicks, 'cause, man, it's hell in these cells twenty-four hours a day!

Trouble

Tamal, Calif.

A Truth

□ Great rag and all that, but Spider's page is best read while having a shit.

Tony Sharp

Lancashire, England

Misogyny?

□ Never before have I been inspired or outraged enough to write my opinion, and God help the "Voice of Wisdom" if

I ever get this mad again, 'cause Valparaiso from Indiana ain't that fuckin' big.

Listen, shithead: Look up the meaning of misogyny. Those countries you mentioned would have been in power long ago had they had the women alongside instead of forcing them to look at a man's asshole all their lives.

You have my sympathy for your ignorance.

Christy

Gardena, Calif.

Fucked With Head

□ You fucked with my head before but this is it! I'm talkin' about the '58 panhead on page 33 of your September '82 rag.

I looked and looked until my fuckin' eyes hurt! Where the hell is the stand? Or do they have a bolt-on that allows yer bike to defy gravity? 'Course then, it could be a well-balanced sled.

Mac

Adelanto, Calif.

■ We're a sneaky bunch.

Doin' Something Right

□ I see you dipshits are keeping the Norton belt buckle right side up nowadays. Keep up the good work.

Mouse

Dayton, Ky.

■ We fuck up every now and then, but eventually we get things right.

V-Twin Fan

□ I thought I would write and tell all those fuckers who ride shaft-drive, water-cooled 1300s and other bullshit that Harleys are made for cruising and not speed. They always get you there with time to spare. Also, if a V-twin is not best, why did the fuckers start makin' V-twins?

Free Bird

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Strong Dope

□ Ya keep puttin' down bros who ride bitchin' Harleys. To me, all people who ride Harleys deserve some respect. Smarten up, assholes. Why not knock the imports down to size instead?

Spot

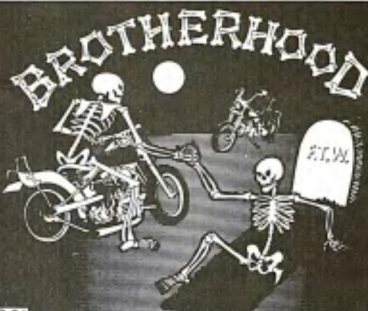
New Smyrna, Fla.

■ That must be pretty strong weed you have, Spot.

Nasty Feet

□ Just thought I'd drop a line on Nasty Feet. I got my

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THE LIFE WE
LOVE



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lineman's boots the other day and they are great!

The time it took for them to come in and the little delay because I'm a Squid was well worth it.

Nicole Grant was great when I called and asked where my boots were. She had an answer, not excuses. Quasi
Jacksonville, Fla.

We're Pissed!

Hey, bros, what's the deal? We were just looking through the September '82 issue when we read "Enough is Enough" (page 6) and then read your answer. What the hell do you mean by saying, "Everyone loves halfa bike — ya gotta start somewhere."? We were under the impression that a Harley is a Harley, and the only bike worth owning. We're the proud owners of a '76 Sporty, but according to you, we ain't in your fuckin' class. Well, to hell with you! A Sporty is a Harley, or don't you know the fuckin' difference?

B and Buck
Olympia, Wash.

It was a joke. Just kiddin' my Sporty friends.

Real Winner

What have you people out there been smoking? I was sitting here going through my back issues of *Easyriders* and got stuck on the Ol' Lady Contest in the October '80 issue. You all picked Janie as the winner. She's a fine-looking babe, but Amanda, in my opinion, had it all the way!

Animal
Grove City, Pa.

We don't pick anyone — you readers do. We just report the facts, man.

A Woman's Revenge

Talk about a sleazy cunt! This bitch (my wife) got mad 'cause I slapped her. She called the cops and told them about an 8-in. pipe bomb I had. The first night I was in jail she sold my Harley (74, cone shovel, rigid, wide glide, fatbob) that I had been building up for two years. The slut sold it for \$500 along with my TV, stereo, tools, leather jacket, and anything else of value. Then the whore split to San Diego. Gone are my *Easyriders* from '78 and *In The Wind* (#1 through #8). I'm facing 0 to 5 for possession of an explosive device

and a \$2,500 lawyer's bill. I'm glad I threw my sawed-off in the river a few months ago.

Fuck you, Linda, wherever you are. Damn your rotten fuckin' soul.

Steve
Minneapolis, Minn.

Bikes Banned

I'm in the United States Army. Have been for two years now, and never, never have I heard anything as stupid as this: I'm stationed in Germany, and recently some soldier was injured in a motorcycle accident. So now the head honcho says no more motorcycles! This guy is probably just anti-cyclist. I don't understand it. It really chaps my ass. And this guy is supposed to lead us in war-time (oh, shit).

L. Gomey
Regensburg, Germany

There are all types.

Contract On Willie

Hey, *Easyriders* is the only mag I buy, but the jokes gotta go, man. They really get me pissed off. Hell, I love the cartoons, but one more bad joke and I'm gonna put out a contract on your Witty Willie.

Little Wolf
Gaithersburg, Md.

A Turn-On

I recently read my first issue of *Easyriders*, and for sure I'm going to send for a subscription.

I'm not a biker, but I'm a woman who appreciates good-looking men, and your magazine sure has 'em! They are all a big turn-on, and I find them better looking in your magazine than in some women's magazine. Of course, I enjoyed the cartoons and articles too; but the men are something else!

Joyce Butler
Falls Church, Va.

A Mystery

Hey, man, what sorta fuckin' bike is that in the top right corner of page 62 in issue #108 (June '82)? It's got us all fucked up.

All Fucked Up
Sydney, Australia

You're right.

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck

What I'm saying is that I like the word fuck. It's a good, potent word with a variety of meanings and uses in the language. But J.J. Solari has

managed to strip all meaning from the word in his article about the Falkland Islands in the August '82 issue by using it twenty-two times in three short paragraphs. He must have set some kind of record. What a fucking fucked-up fuckhead!

Beau
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Insurance

Dairyland Insurance insures H-Ds at a very reasonable rate. I got my insurance from them for \$130 a year, and I'm a woman! Their number is 1-602-860-7800. Try it.

Billie
Hawthorne, Calif.

An Update

An update on Tech Tip No. 1 in issue #92 (February '81, page 8): A Harley is the third best thing a girl can sit on! And good luck to all of you who couldn't even figure out the first thing.

Jane Horn
Red Lion, Pa.

Yeah, how about a crank and a tongue?

A No Vote

Just wanna say "right on" to Rabbit from Danbury, Connecticut (Wordmonger, July '82). I've been into guns and scooters for quite a while now, and it's pretty fuckin' plain that if we sit silent for much longer, we ain't gonna have any freedom left on either count.

Here in California we've got a fucked-up bill that'll be on our November ballot; it's called Proposition 15. In case you haven't heard, it damn near cuts handgun owners off at the balls, so I suggest if ya give a shit at all about your freedom to own firearms, you get it in gear and join the National Rifle Association, like I did.

And remember, "no" on Proposition 15 for you Californians.

Mike
Tracy, Calif.

A Reply

I've got to reply to Pete from Orlando, Florida, in the September '82 "Wordmonger." Right on, Pete! You've got it! Maybe many, many moons ago there was a "brotherhood." Nowadays it's almost every man for himself. It really sucks. The Trapper and I have been on and around Harleys and with

Harley people for over fifteen years. It ain't like it used to be. It used to be that when you'd be cruisin' down the highway and came across a "bro," you'd give each other the "clenched fist" greeting. No more. Stupid fuckers have either totally ignored us and acted real "badass" or flipped us off. Now that sucks. I don't know about anywhere else these days, but here in Colorado it's clubbers and cliques, and if ya ain't "in" with 'em, you ain't their "bro" and you ain't shit. Fuck 'em all! They won't stop and give you the time of day, let alone help with a downed scooter. The real bros are few and far between. Unfortunately there ain't no "brotherhood" any more.

The Trapper and Lady B.
Greeley, Colo.

A Question

□ I would like to know what happened to the Misfits. I don't hear about them anymore. Are they still going?

Art
Norwalk, Ohio

■ Maybe a Misfit will fill us in, in the near future.

Easy Rider

□ The other day I was checking a word in my dictionary — looking for the definition of *ebullition*, as a matter of fact. Well, that's neither here nor there, but on the very same page (417 of the Random House College Dictionary) was a definition for easy rider: *Slang. A man supported by a prostitute.*

Would *Easyriders* be the plural of that? My ol' man's a biker and I'd damn straight help him out if he was hitting on hard times, but I'm not a hooker for real, though I'd probably do it if it was to get him out of a jam.

Kimberley R.
Woonsocket, R.I.

■ Naaa, we'd never be supported by a woman.

No Colors

□ I just returned from what could have been a perfect Harley Rendezvous '82. It was a perfect crowd, and we even beat the weather man on the predicted rain, for the most part. Derringer and the backup band played their asses off. There were beautiful tit shows and beautiful people to party with.

However, '82 was marred

for me by brutal attacks. I thought we were all in-the-wind American Harley-fuck-in-Davidson riders, trying to prove that we had outgrown the Hollywood stereotype of raping, pillaging fuckers that citizens think we are even without any proof. I have already been through a thankless war, watched my brothers get blown apart, and have also smelled their corpses in the morning sun.

All I want to do now is ride free, build sleds, love my lady, love my brothers and sisters, and party hearty. Life is too short for hassles, and colors create them. (When ever colors appear, fools appear to challenge them, and the wearers feel extra brave. If you really are the best, there is no need to show a high profile.)

Let's all work together to enforce, by polite peer pressure, the "no colors" rule on your ticket at the next rendezvous, and everywhere else we get together to party. The war is over. Let's get out of our uniforms and party hearty!

A Concerned Biker
Hartford, Conn.

Blow-in Cards

□ I just copped the September '82 issue of *Easyriders*. Started thumbing through and bam! There it was. Something I thought I'd never see (and hope I never will again) in *Easyriders*. One of those damned blow-in cards. Those things that, when you're flippin' through a mag, no matter what you're

looking for, usually goes to those cards! Shit, man, don't throw the ads in my face.

Roadent
Birmingham, Ala.

A Booger

□ Whatdafuck? I opened my August '82 *Easyriders* and leafed through it. When I got to page 92 ("Choppershopper"), there's a big black booger with hairs sticking out of it. Whatdafuck? Do you guys pick your noses and wipe them on the pages when you're proofreading the pages (that is if you do proofread them)?

The Professor of Lowness
Monaca, Pa.

■ Proofread? What in the world is proofread?

A Kicker?

□ Gotta question for ya! If I were to buy one of Harley's new XLX Sportsters, could I put a kicker on the beast? I have never given a fuck about an electric starter!

Stroker
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

■ Yes, you have your choice.

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. ■



"Sometimes I think you go out with me just because of my bike."



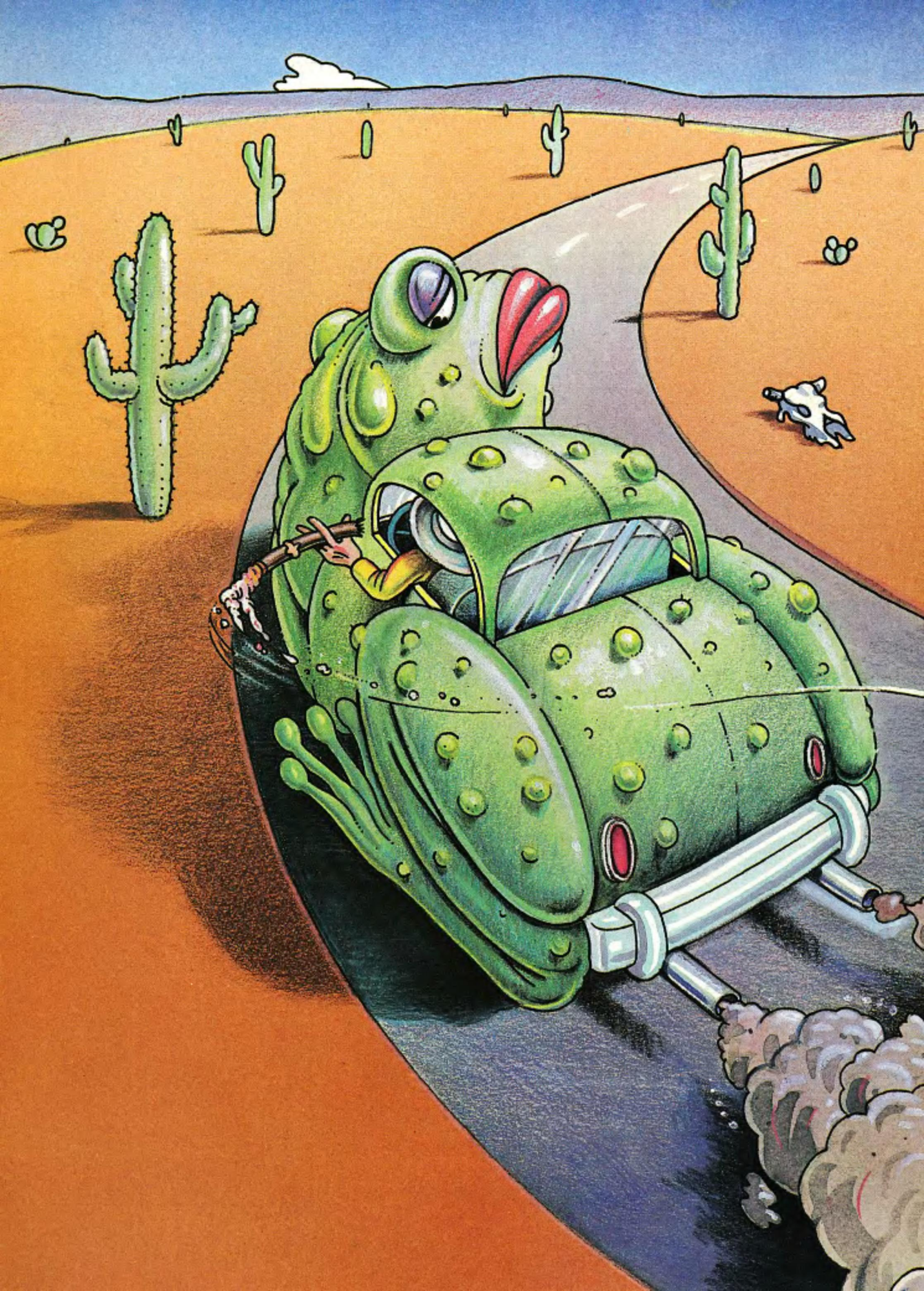
**GIVE YOUR
OL' MAN A
CHRISTMAS
GIFT YOU
BOTH CAN
ENJOY**

**A BLEND OF COLOGNE
THAT IS MADE
FOR BIKERS BY BIKERS**

A COLOGNE THAT BRINGS MAN AND MACHINE TOGETHER. FOUR OUNCES OF COLOGNE WITH GENUINE OIL ADDED, IN A BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTION OF AN OLD HARLEY OIL CAN.

\$11.50 PLUS \$1.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. SEND CASH, MONEY ORDER OR PERSONAL CHECK (ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR CHECKS). CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% TAX.

11 KNUCKLEHEADS
P.O. BOX 32877
SAN JOSE, CA 95152



TOADS OF THE ROAD



When you're out there puttin' on your Hog, there's a whole bunch of animals ya gotta watch out for. There's dogs, of course, and if you're out in the country, the occasional cow or even deer. Back in town one of the most dangerous animals you're liable to have trouble with is the out-of-control rugrat. He don't watch out for cages, much less scoots. But of all the animals that ya either might run into, or get bitten by, the most dangerous by far is the road toad.

What the fuck, you're probably askin', is a road toad? Well, it's an animal that inhabits the streets and highways of the United States, comes in a variety of colors and sizes, and has different habits, depending on how old it is and what sex it happens to be.

One of the most common, and dangerous, of the road toads is the short-with-hat-and-cigar Cadillac road toad. It is almost always seen from behind, and is easy to recognize. To start with, the S-W-H-C Cadillac road toad apparently has no head. Instead, just over the full-width bench seat back, you will see a grey or black hat, settin' squarely up and down in the left side of the seat. Another identifyin' point of this kind of road toad is the eight-inch-long, one-inch-in-diameter cigar that periodically appears out the left side window, scatterin' two inches of ashes into both your carburetor and your eyes. This type of road toad is always found doin' forty-five in the fast lane, and it usually has trouble keepin' the right-side wheels in one lane, makin' passin' a maybe-you-will, maybe-you-won't proposition.

After (and if) you get by the S-W-H-C Cadillac road toad, you might have the bad luck to run into the female of the species. Quite often the elderly female

Continued on page 81

DODGIN' THE RAIN

Those bros who put scooters together and putt in areas like Tucson or Tehachapi or Tumcumcari might as well shine on this readin' material and move on to the photos. 'Cause what we're talkin' about here is ridin' weather, and it ain't bad enough to even snivel about in the dry West and Southwest.

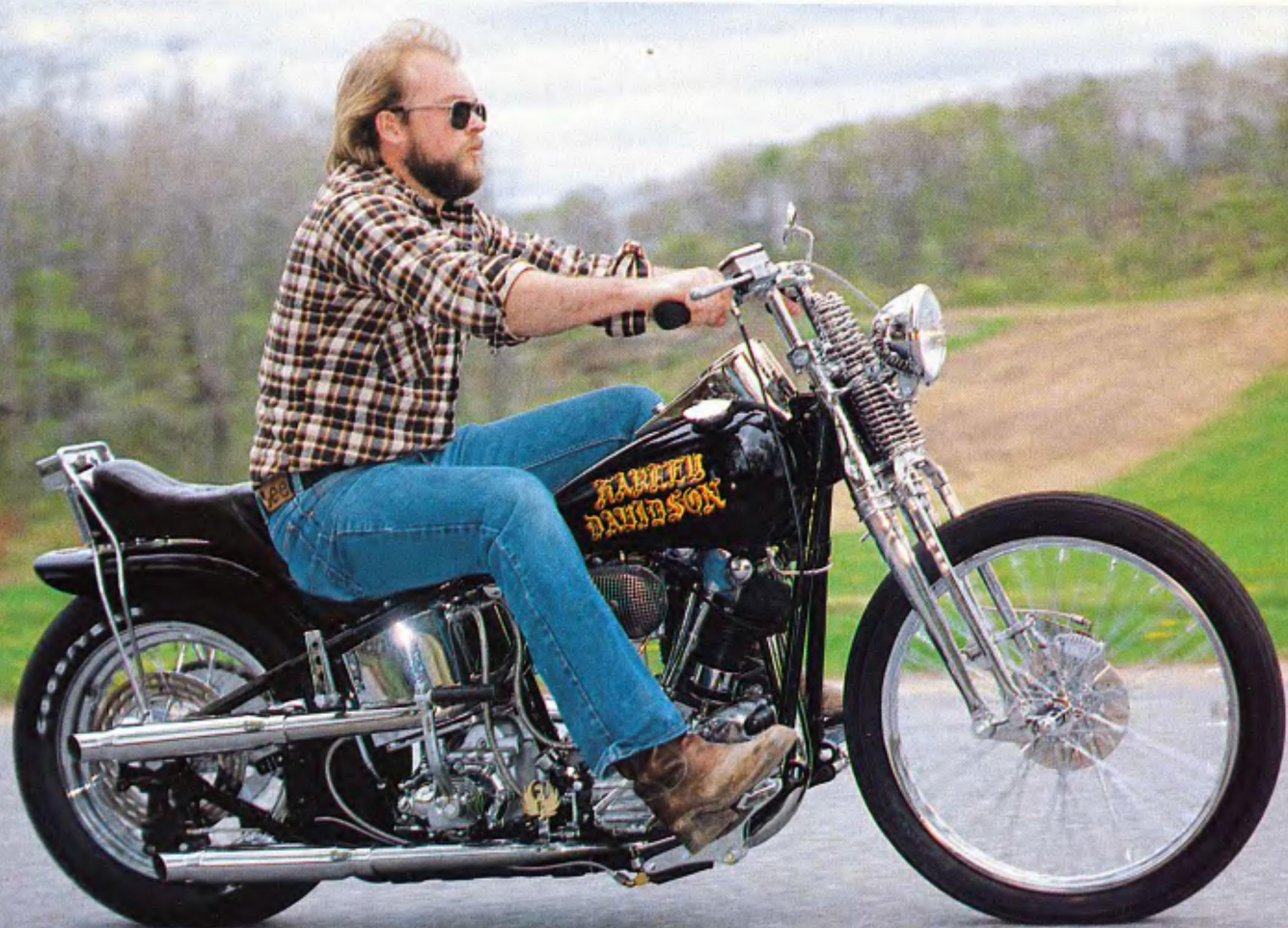
But for us poor East Coast stiffs, there is almost always a big question before the weekend run: *Is it gonna rain?* And when that stuff comes outta the sky in bucketfuls, bros have different ways of dealin' with it. Some hide, others ignore it and ride.





The rat-bike approach goes somethin' like this: If the sled's oily enough, it oughta repel wet stuff like water off a duck's back, and the rider's likely to pick up enough chain grease to keep himself dry as well — so damn the rainstorm and full speed ahead. If you're bucks up, a van is a good portable garage. Just roll the sled in and keep on truckin'. If you ain't, try a lot of patience, a little smoke, and the nearest highway overpass. Myself, I find lousy weather the perfect excuse for stayin' home and doin' nothin'.

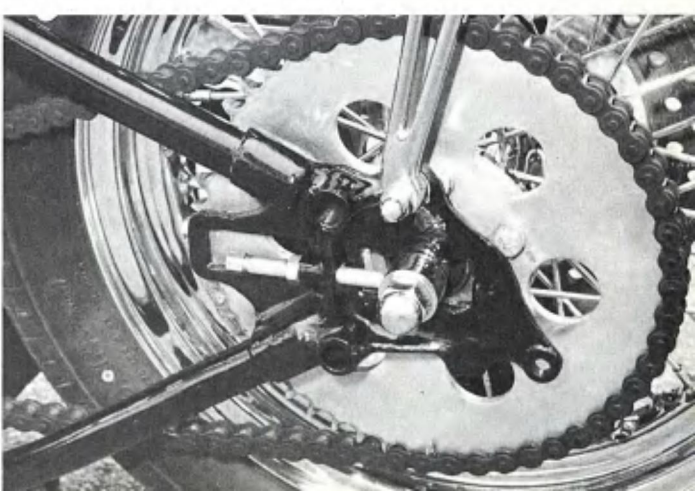
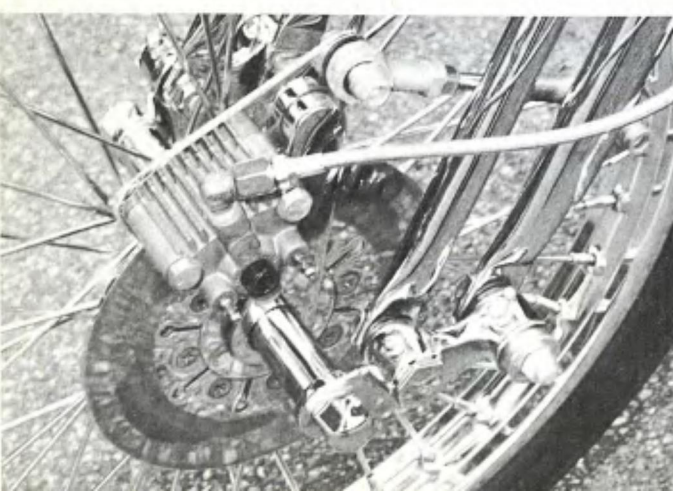
The sled on these pages is another approach. Remember

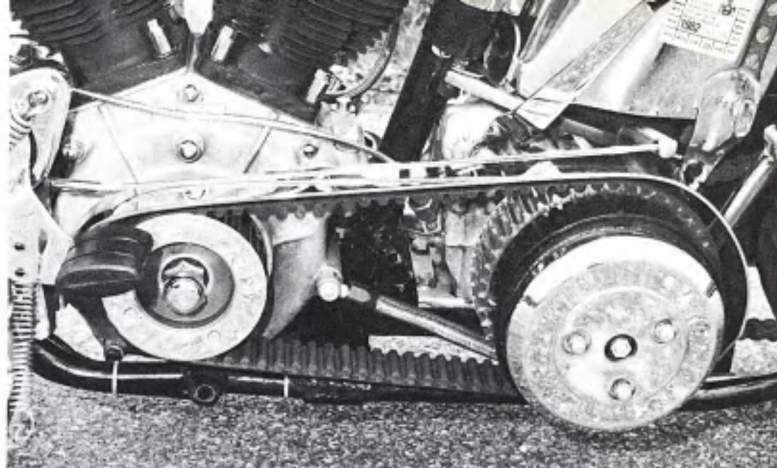
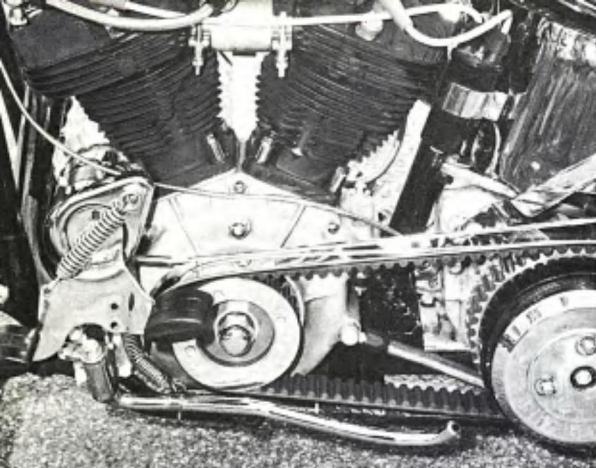




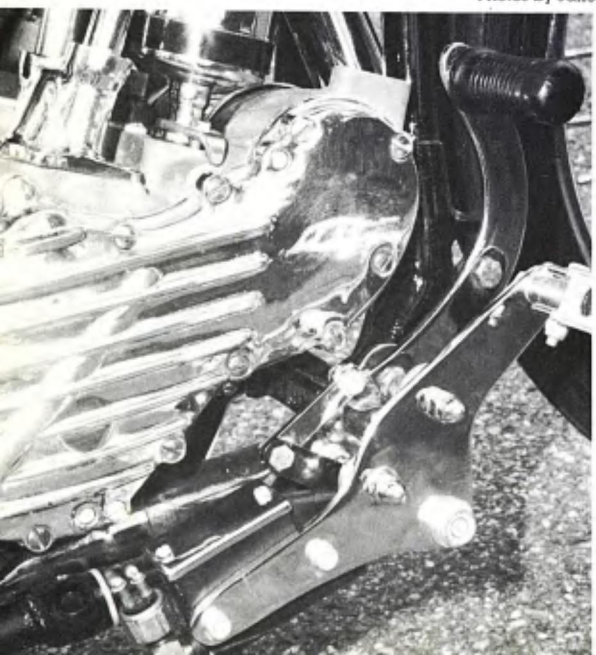
your skinny kid sister who had to run around in the shower stall to get wet? Well, this is sort of the motorcycle equivalent. Gary, the owner and builder, has carefully modified, simplified, and pared down this early knuck to raindrop-dodgin' narrowness. Goin' straight and true down the highway, this big twin is about the last thing on the road to get wet in a cloudburst — except maybe a low-flyin' bat. And when it does finally get soaked, I can think of only two things (both fine, firm, and female) that look better glistening under raindrops. — Ol' Coot

Continued on next page





Photos by Jake



Owner: Gary Pankratz		City: Rochester, N.Y.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1941	
Year and make: 1941 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: EL		Type: rigid	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: a whole lot		Other alterations: all original tabs	
Chroming by: Burns & Binnert		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1941		Risers: Paughco dogbones	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): fatbob rear	
Rebuilder: John Lynch		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: auto advance		Taillight: Knight Light	
Displacement: 84 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S & S stroker		Front pegs: custom mounts	
Balancing: John Lynch		Rear pegs: custom mounts	
Pistons: S & S		Electrics: Bob Shriner	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 3.5 gals.	
Heads: Manfey guides		Oil tank: stock H-D	
Cam(s): Andrews S grind		Oil system: braided lines/gauge	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Primo shroud	
Carb(s): Andrews Super		Seat: Corbin-Gentry	
Air cleaner: Alphabet Ram-Flo		Sissybar: Bob Shriner/owner	
Pipes: Paughco shotguns		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): baloney slice		Material: 1/2-in. steel bar	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1942		Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey shift		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: shiny	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Dave Whipple		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Color: black		Tire: Gdys.	Tire: Gdys.
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: lettering by John Pascucci		Other special modifications: O-ring manifold conversion, pan barrels, leather bob cover	



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Who Could Argue

Motorcycles stand among our most versatile instruments. They serve to measure and define time and distance, to excise boredom and fatigue, elevate mood, calm nerves, and celebrate the spirit. And some even play national anthems.

Listen to the syncopation of a Harley-Davidson at idle and a familiar cadence emerges. *Diddle-ump, diddle-ump, diddle-um-bump-ump, diddle-ump.* A march beat. John Philip Sousa might have had a hand in charting the Harley firing

cycle to haul golf bags to the country club, drop the kids off at school, or keep you warm when it's cold outside. Motorcycles are pure pleasure playthings in a stronger sense than even the most frivolous cars.

Why else would the British sports-car industry be dead while Harley-Davidson soldiers on? Like British sports cars, Harley-Davidson motorcycles are hardly functional or contemporary, they have a long history rich with tradition and well endowed with racing success, they have a hard core of true believers who are uncomfortable with substitutes, and they're even a lot of fun in the right circumstances. But Harley-Davidson lives on, while MG, Triumph, and Austin-Healey have gone belly-up. The key is that motorcycles aren't burdened with a need for functional viability; they only have to make you feel good.

—Car and Driver

Aerodynamics...

How fast, and how far a motorcycle can travel depends not so much on who builds the engine, but on what shape the engine is in. Shape, in this case, refers not to the number of miles since the last tuneup, but the hulk that engine drags through the air.

As the Vetter High Mileage Contest, reported elsewhere, pointed out, at even normal highway speeds most of what your motorcycle does is push you through the air. And as we all know when riding through a headwind, the air pushes back.

Aerodynamics is important to motorcycle performance, perhaps more important than it is to automobiles. Lots of work has been done, but the information is not well known and

the motorcycles we ride every day have not generally benefited from this knowledge.

—Cycle World

Tough Stuff...

Today's example of life's little lessons begins with an incredible streak of bad luck. We destroyed the cover bike in a testing session at the track. Then we went to the desert to photograph enduro bikes and had two flat tires within minutes. (Yeah, I got one but it wasn't my bike and anyway, nails in the desert are hazards against which no precaution avails.) Then the longterm Kawasaki GPz 1100 was stolen from the airport, never mind that the forks were locked, it was parked in plain view, and the incident was so rare (according to the police) that they wouldn't accept a theft report for two days, telling me instead to go and look again.

—Cycle World

Image Problem

It's not a big secret that motorcycles suffer from an image problem with some of the general public. The uninitiated seem to be almost proud of their knee-jerk judgments that motorcyclists are reckless outlaws, and that motorcycles are just dangerous toys.

That's why it's so refreshing to see the motorcycle industry and government work together on an organized campaign to present the practical benefits of motorcycles to John and Martha Q. Public.

—Dealernews

It's Difficult...

One reason it is so difficult to find a good book dealing with motorcycling is because so many bad ones are getting published. About nine out of every ten deserve to be

stocked on a supermarket shelf next to the rolls of Nice 'N' Soft. Most consist of bad advice and erroneous information based on inaccurate, inadequate, or biased research and on invalid assumptions.

—Road Rider

On Laconia...

After several disastrous years back in the '70s the annual Laconia run has worked its way back into the spotlight of motorcycle happenings.

—Road Rider



interval. Who could argue with the status of Harleys as parade bikes?

—Cycle Guide

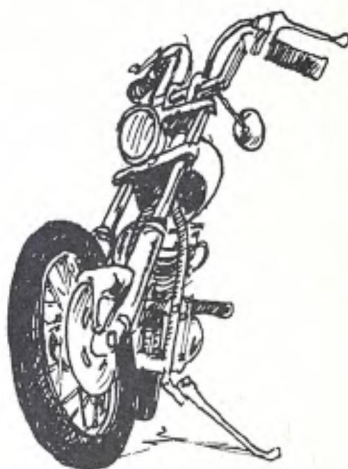
Discrimination

Currently California state employees who use privately owned vehicles for official business can be reimbursed for expenses unless that vehicle is a motorcycle.

—Roger Hull

Feeling Good...

Nobody expects a motor-



Jap Bikes

We made a statement about not running any more Jap Vs. Harley letters. Believing that all bikers are created equal, we at *Supercycle* would like to remain neutral in this matter, but because of the overwhelming response from you, we feel that publishing letters about motorcycle preference and their owners' opinion is as important as the freedom that we all enjoy.

—Supercycle



Redwood Run

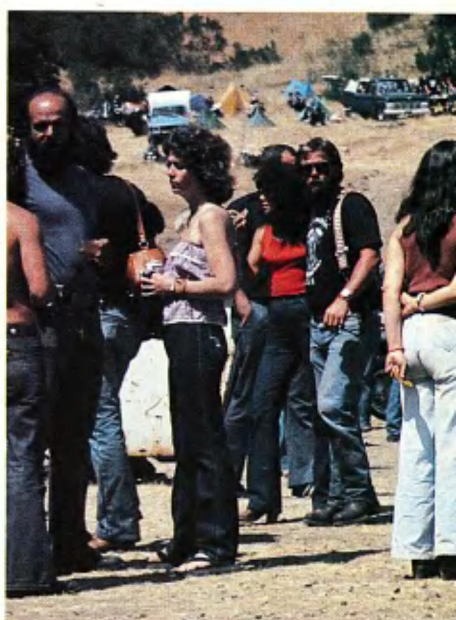
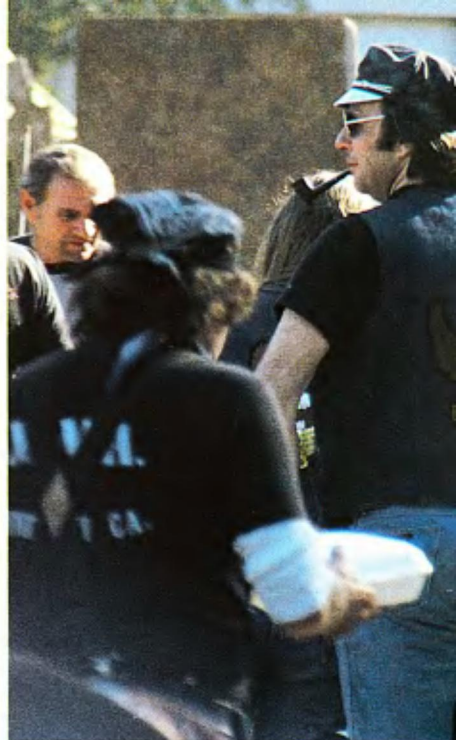
Who says your dealer don't love ya? For the past five years the Northern California Dealer Association has put out, and put on one of the finest runs anywhere. They control the sales of tickets to customers who have supported them throughout the year, limiting tickets to 3,000, at nine clams each. The dealers work their own deals on how many per customer they'll let fly.

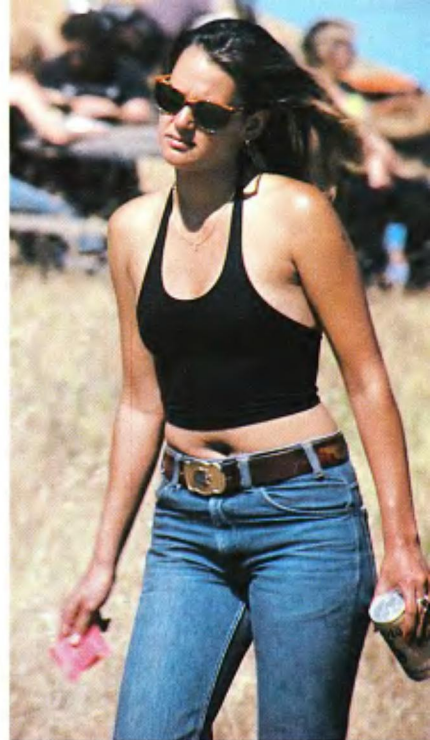
They want to show their appreciation to their customers, and by limiting the total number sold to three thou they figure they can guarantee each recipient one helluva good time. Boy, do they!

They've secured their own little corner of the redwood country. A camping area is provided right next to the Eel River, complete with a view of the biggest trees in the world. There's no problem about having enough of everything, from chow to toilets to a good time. Some good plans, combined with fine execution of those plans, make for a party weekend that will long be remembered.

Most folks meet at their local Harley dealer's on Saturday morning, packed and ready for the ride up Highway 101. What this means is that for the 250-plus miles from the Bay Area, Sacramento, San Jose, Santa Cruz, and points east, and north to the Oregon border, you'll be seeing different packs of righteous American iron, all

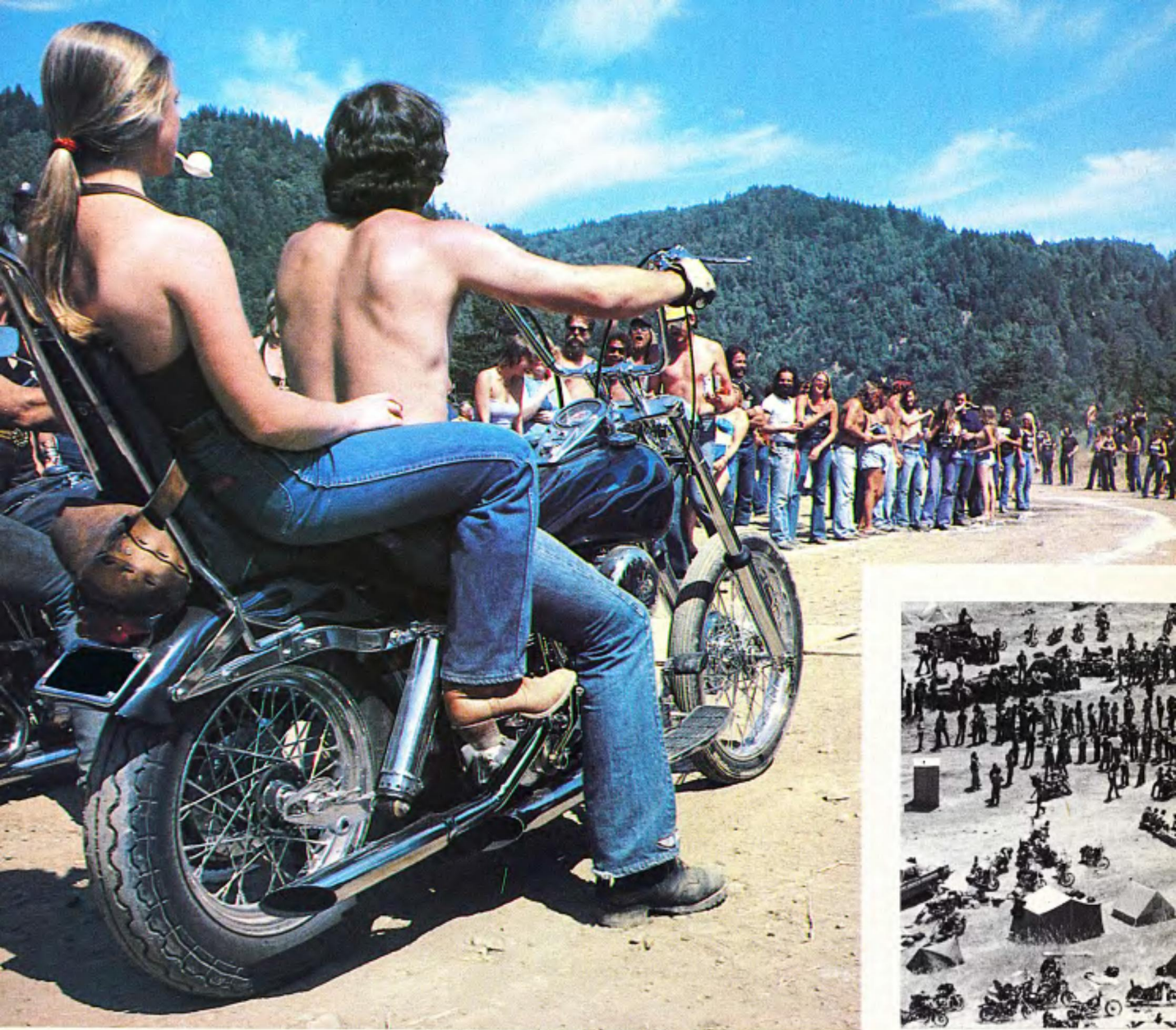


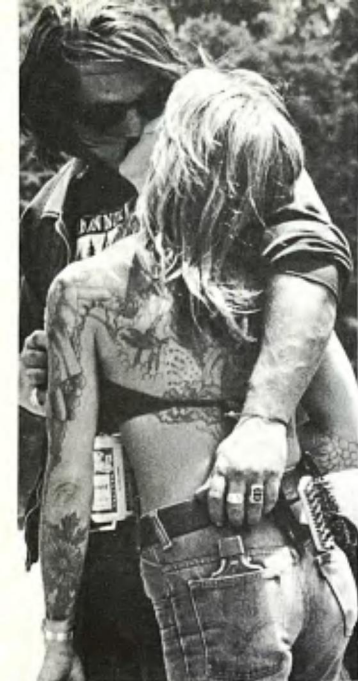




headed for the same spot. Oh, sure, there'll be a few breakdowns. As a run-truck driver part of the way, I can vouch for this. But what the hell can ya do about a flat tire, 'cept to load the scoot and get to a shop before closing time? It's easy to rejoin the group — just stop at the next bar. You're sure to meet up again, or hear that they've just left, and proceed. Whadafuck, breakdowns are part of the ballgame.

On arrival in Garberville, the biggest town around and famous for its contributions to the world of controlled substance cultivation, it's time for another round. Straight to The Celler — a rockin' bar that aims to please. Upon closin' it down at two a.m., we discovered





yet another in a series of flats. Just when ya thought it was knock-out city, it was bike-load time.

Five a.m. is a good time to crash. But eight's a bad time to wake up. Bein' good soldiers, we trekked to the campground, gettin' a red wristband to signify we belonged. This was a good bunch of bros and sisters to belong to.

The day was spent sippin' suds, checkin' bikes, chicks, the bike events, and shirt-gatherin' contests, where a chick tries to round up T-shirts by yankin' 'em off dudes' backs. It looked like a good way to get a fat lip if the guy wasn't the understanding type. No visible problems.

The heat of the day succumbed to the cool of the evening, when the bands came out to break the quiet. Soon tits were on the stage, makin' ya want to get back in the tent for a roll-the-woman. What more could ya want?

Sunday morning the sun rose early, and with it tent teardowns. The scoots were packed and gassed, and the wicks were turned back. Front ends were pointed home, and a great weekend was logged. — Bomber

Fern DOWNTIME ROCK



Janis Joplin

by Ben Doverdahl

You've probably noticed a lot more chicks bookin' down the highways recently. Not packin' behind their ol' men — hell, chicks have always done that — I'm talkin' about chicks haulin' their own butts on their own putts, wild an' free.

Well, in a kinda parallel movement, there's a ton more chicks ridin' the airwaves alone, too. In fact, sometimes lately it seems like everytime I reach out for a brew or a wrench I hear some gal chanting a catchy lick over the tune box.

Ever since I was old enough to figure out that a "Dead Head" wasn't an OD'd junkie at the city morgue, I've had a good deal of difficulty takin' chick rock 'n' rollers seriously. I guess they just didn't fit the mold my sex-obsessed male-chauvinist mind wanted to cram 'em in. I mean, shit, I just couldn't imagine some broad tearin' up a stage with a Strato-caster — singin' pretty folk songs with an accoustic guitar thumpin' out slow chords, yeah — wailin' an anthem like "Born To Be Wild," never.

Well, maybe not never after all. Things are really changing, and the woman who started that change going for me — a chick who epitomizes the rock woman of the 80s — is Chrissy Hynde of the Pretenders. Chrissy, one gal who has really mastered the magic of staying feminine behind an electric ax, embodies the spirit of rock in her music, even though she does kinda remind me of Keith Richard. Oh, well, that's not too bad a knock. I can think of a few thou dudes who wouldn't

mind playin' well enough to remind anyone, of Keith.

Before turning ya on to what's hot in the ranks of today's girl rocker records — an' warnin' ya of a few items that are more hype than anythin' else — I've got to cop to one fact: Out of all the music comin' from all the chicks, the best still comes from one that's dead — Janis Joplin. So before we turn to talkin' about all the new broads on the block that're tryin' to fill that hard-livin' Texas gal's boots, it's only fair to talk a bit about Janis' new album.

That's right, new album. Sure, she's been gone a decade now, but Columbia Records has gone into the vaults and dished up a bitchin' platter of oldies that haven't been previously released called *Farewell Song* the disc covers different periods of her career, with Big Brother And The Holding Company, Full Tilt Boogie, and the Kozmic Blues Band. From the opener, "Tell Mama," recorded live in Toronto in 1970; "Magic Of Love," Detroit, '68; "Raise Your Hand," Frankfurt, West Germany, '69; "Farewell Song," Winterland, San Francisco '68; and a medley of "Amazing Grace/Hi Heel Sneakers," from the Matrix in 1967; this record brings on a flashback ya won't want to miss.

Along with studio cuts that were never put to wax, such goodies as "Harry," "One Night Stand," and "Misery'n" make this a collectors item. Additionally, there are some fine words from Country Joe McDonald on the back cover to put the whole thing up to date.

That said, let's take a look at what the current crop of crooning cuties are offerin' our jaded ears and here-today-gone-tomorrow heads. To start with, we're gonna break this chick rock thing down into categories; all-girl bands playin' their own instruments, women who write music and front bands as singers while maintaining a "group" look, and bands where the lead chick is the group, and the rest just anonymous musicians.

For a truly great record, for all around, pleasin' rock that can be listened to all the time, check out the *Motels* and their hot release, *All Four One*. Led by Martha Davis, a gifted singer and writer, the *Motels* are Marty Jourard, keyboards and sax; Michael Goodroe, bass; Brian Glascock, drums, and Guy Perry, guitar. "So L.A." describes the joint for more smogville newcomers than can be counted, lookin' for somethin' that ain't there; but they want it fast anyway. "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)," "Tragic Surf," "Take The L" and "Forever Mine" are all stories taken from the pages of real life and love. A-plus stuff.

Three other women who rate high are, in order, Joan Jett, Pat Benatar, and last but not least, Girlschool.

Joan Jett and The Blackhearts give up hard-edged rock, if not original. "I Love Rock 'N' Roll" is what she's all about. Old rockers, like "Crimson And Clover," by Tommy James and the Shondells, and the Dave Clark Five's always partyin', "Bits and Pieces," give the rec a little breathing room. Some of her own bits though, like "Nag," can take a hike.

Pat Benatar is a thorough professional in the mold of Linda Ronstadt, but with more creativity — to say nothin' about a helluva body. But that ain't what we're comparing. Maybe later. She's been the leader of women's rock the past few years, consistently putting out one fine rockin' record after another. *Precious Time*, her latest, was released quite a while ago. "Fire And Ice," "Hard To Believe," "Take It Any Way You Want It," "Just Like Me," and "Promises In The Dark," make ya wanta promise the farm.

The best of the all-female bands is Girlschool. They leave out the cutesy shit and go straight for the jugular on their *Hit And Run* effort. They've got the jackets, and it looks like they've got the will to take a putt. Kim McAuliffe, Kelly Johnson, Enid Williams, and Denise Dufort appear to be partyin' chicks who don't take no bullshit. Hard tellin'. Their music borders on the AC/DC scale of loudness equals goodness.

At the opposite end of the scale from the above righteous rockers you have your upbeat, slumber party bands like the Go-Go's. These chicks are knockin' the airwaves flat but, to me, if they were dudes they'd sound just like those old bubblegum kings, The Archies — candy-assed and sanitized for only God knows whose protection. That tune "Vacation" is about to drive me nuts. Why can't they make music that doesn't whine about life, and maybe say something good about a day's work. Shit, I could snivel for hours.

Continued on page 126

Joan Jett

Kim Wilde

Dale Bozzio

Martha Davis

Chrissy Hynde



Gotcha!



All kinds of people ride bikes, right? Righteous bros in the wind on their scoots, college kids packin' books to their next class, racers doin' their thing on flat tracks or up-and-down scramble courses, tourin' folks on super dressers with fairings on the front and trailers in the back. All of 'em are people out there doin' what they like best on bikes. But there's another group that we usually try to forget about: the man with two wheels and a badge.

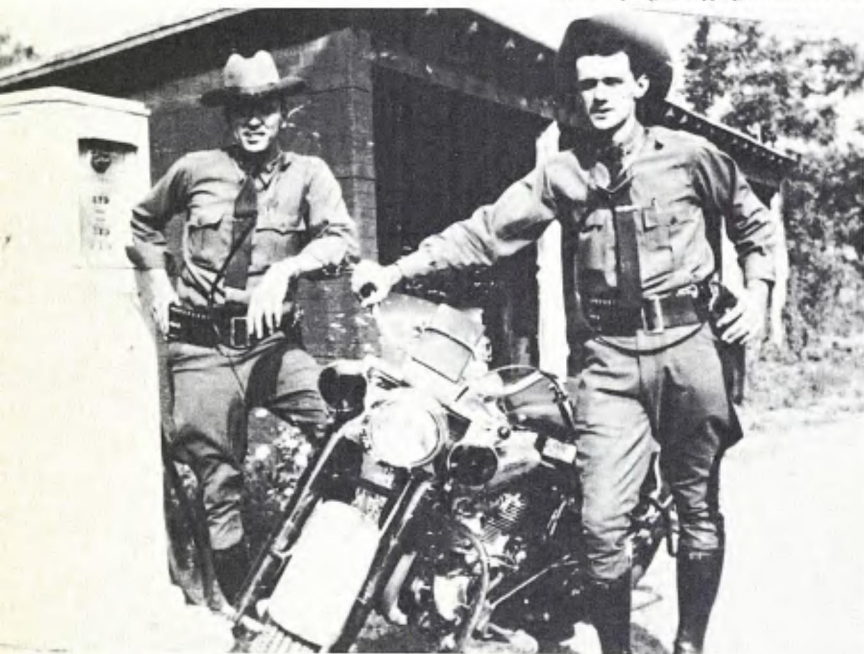
When that red light pops up behind you the language goin' through your head usually gets sort of bad, often with good reason. But that two-wheel lawman who pulled you over has as long a history and tradition as any other group of riders in the country. Almost as soon as the first scoots started comin' out of the factories, police departments were buyin' 'em, puttin' ridin' officers on 'em, and sendin' 'em out to patrol the streets and

—from Chris Hayes, Albany, Ore.

—from Trent R. Cook, Tem Colony, Tex.



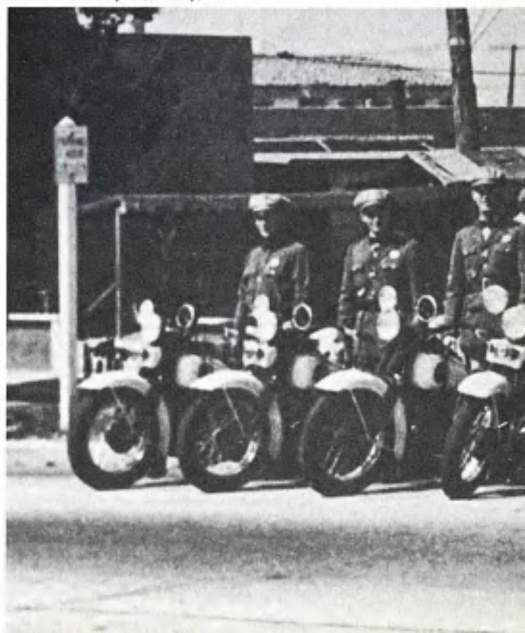
—from Bob Jonigan, Wappingers Falls, New York



—from Rich Mohan, Louisville, Kent.



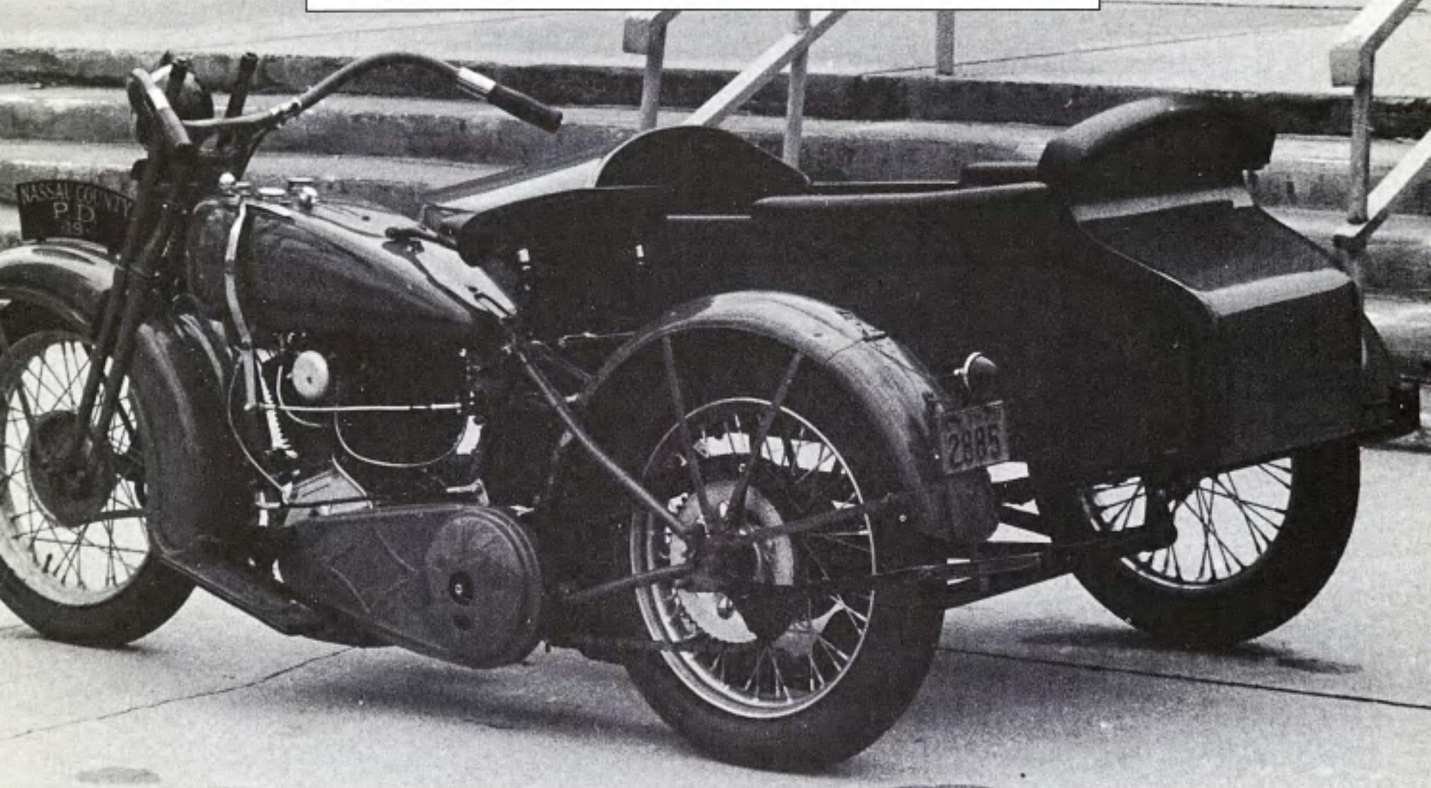
—from Chris Haynes, Albany, Ore.



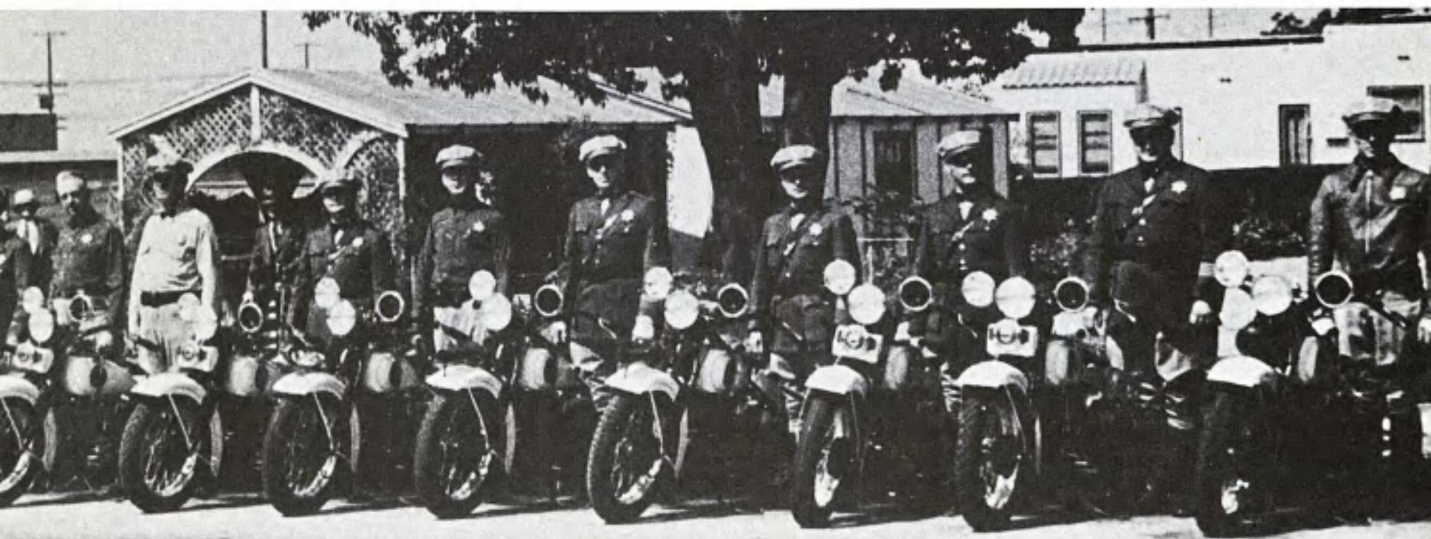
highways — which at the time were not places for anyone lookin' for a comfortable ride. But the cop bike was a natural pursuit vehicle for those roads, many of which were still dirt, simply because it was more maneuverable and quicker on acceleration than the cars of the day. Of course, bikes were also a lot more dangerous, so those cops got a little extra pay.

Back at the turn of the century, when the bad guys (bank-robbin' outlaws, rather than the biker kind) switched from horses to cars, the lawmen traded in their horses, too. But for everything from traffic control, especially when horse-drawn wagons and cars started mixin' on city streets, to chasin' a bunch of bank robbers down a country dirt road, the bike was a perfect replacement for the horse. Of course, it made things pretty rough on people like the Lone Ranger — it's hard to get a scooter to wave its hoofs in the air in time to the William Tell Overture — but before long those cops on scoots started buildin' new traditions of their own. To repeat, bros gettin' in the wind have a lot of history behind them — but so do those two-wheel lawmen, as we're showin' you on these pages.

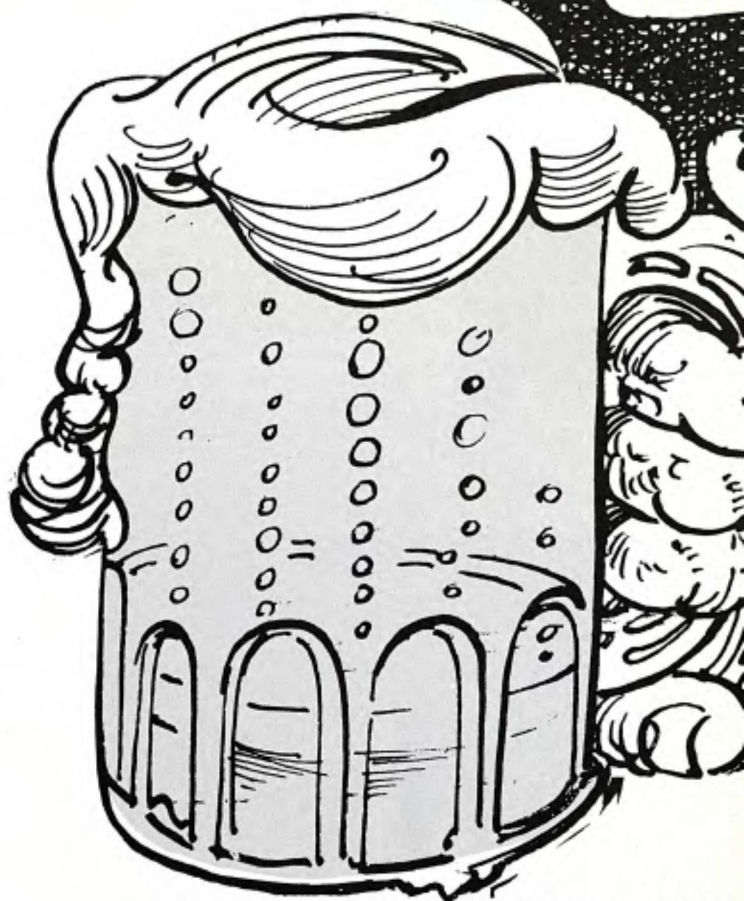
— Hollywood



—from Ron MacNeil, Nassau County, Long Island



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The Coot

by Lucas

The Coot was down. One minute he was buzzing along, listening to the song of the pipes, feeling the shifting of gravity as he leaned into the turns, watching distant objects loom closer, and then disappear behind. The bike had felt good, handlebars just bouncing enough in his hands to tell him of the motion, while the wind held him up in its invisible hands. He was grinning, although he wasn't aware of it, when the road ran out on him.

Some kids had taken down the signs the night before, moved them, but to the natives it didn't matter. They knew of the construction on Route 17, and most of them drove cages. Coot didn't know, and as he swerved to avoid a dog that ran in front of him, he hit the loose gravel, feeling the front wheel get a sideways bite on the earth and go into its final dance.

He had been riding for more than thirty years, so the adrenaline wasn't uncontrolled. He shifted the old Harley down and hit it hard, but the slide was too much. He leaned it, still on the gas, almost got control, but at the last instant the loose dirt got deeper. The whole shot. I'm going over these damn bars, he thought. All systems were on instant overload, his thought patterns were speeded up, awareness increased. He fought the bike, almost pulled it off the ground with sheer effort; but thirty years, a good sled, and luck still couldn't beat eight inches of loose gravel hit at over eighty. He hit and went into the earth hard, his last thoughts on his bike. Once freed of the machine, his numbed body spun through the air

and snapped like a bundle of rags against a tree. The bike did better: it slid, high-sided, and landed in a small field. Coot lay there, knowing no more than his bike did, and bled red while the ride lost its own fluids. He lay, twitching, unaware in the small death, gone far from the cares and the pain.

He awoke in a bed—white, everything was white. He tried to move, but the pain that was where his body used to be wouldn't let him. A nurse walked over, smiled down at him. Young, Jesus, who could trust a nurse so young? "How are you feeling?"

He thought for a moment. "I feel funny, like a toy or something. How—" She silenced him. "The doctor will be right in. You rest." She smiled. "Believe me, you really need it." She shook her head and left.

Doctor! Coot hated them usually, but as he sent out feelers, as he tried to move, he thought that just this once he might really need one. The doctor came in. He's young, too, Coot thought. Hell, is this entire world under thirty? Oh, well, I'm alive. I guess he ain't too bad.

The doctor spoke. "Well, welcome back. Nurse tells me you're a bit confused."

"Might say that. Why don't you tell me what I'm doing here, how long, all the small things I need to know? You ain't got a cigarette, have you?"

"No, I'm afraid not. First, let me tell you that you were in an accident. Do you remember that?"

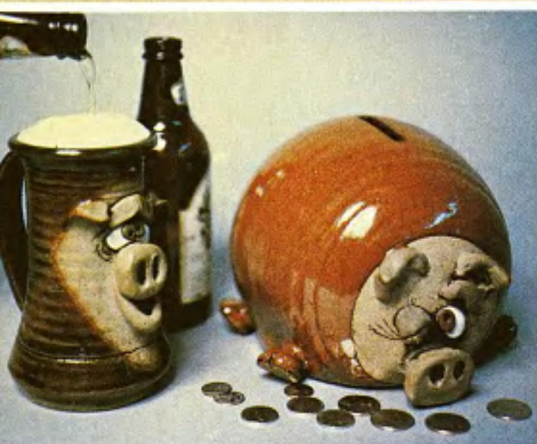
Coot looked into himself for the first time. He found nothing, was upset, alarmed. He raised a hand to his face.

Continued on page 86



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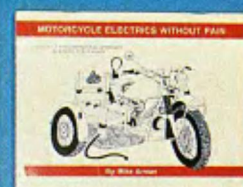
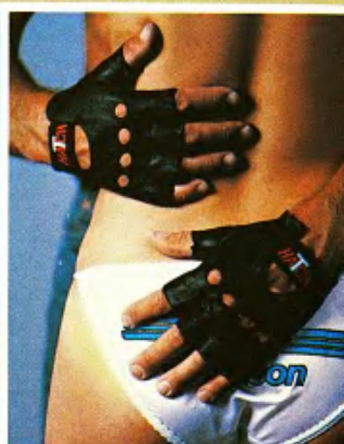


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Piece Pipes Nuthin' close to Grandpa's, but these babies got their own class. Brass only \$19.95. Silver \$19.95. The gift that keeps ya puffin'.

Lighter Case Covers Put yer Bic into one of these bad ass covers and show some class next time ya torch up. Great Gift Idea only \$5.95 ea. Specify A, B, C, D, E.

BOOKS

Motorcycle Electrics Without Pain So yer motorcycle ate its electrics, well that's where this fuckin' book comes in. If ya can follow simple directions, you'll be up and smoken'm again. Only \$8.95. Specify A.

What Fits What Handbooks So ya don't know what it fits well What Fits What will tell ya and get ya runnin' again. Only \$6.95. Specify B.

Custom Cookbook This book definitely won't teach ya how to boil water, but it will give ya information on the modification of frames, forks, brakes, and other running gear for all big twins, 1936 and up. Only \$9.95. Specify C.



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Leather Caps Ride with pride in one of these high quality leather caps. A) Flyers Cap plain \$29.95, B) Chain Cap \$24.95, C) Leather Baseball Cap \$24.95, D) Flyers Cap w/sheepskin \$39.95.
Rebel Without a Cause Let the South ride again with these Hellbound items. A) Black Rebel Cap \$24.95, B) Grey Rebel Cap \$21.95, C) Navy Rebel Cap \$21.95, D) Rebel Wallet \$21.95, E) Rebel Headband \$3.95, F) Rebel Pin \$3.95.

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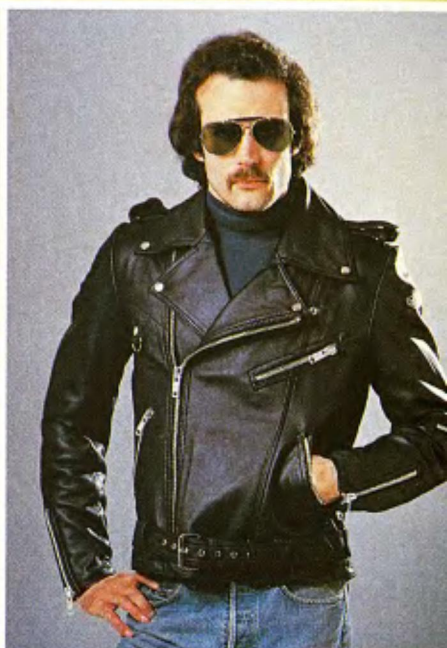


CHRISTMAS IS RIGHT

Hein Gericke Bomber Jacket This beauty is fashioned after the U.S. Air Force jacket and modified for motorcycle riders. Jacket features a mandarin style collar, with a snap on the inside to prevent wind flap. Extra padding on the elbows and shoulders. Full quilted lining keeps the cold out and the warmth in. Elastic cuffs and waist bands insure a warm and snug fit. Sizes 32-48 \$159.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00.

Hein Gericke Long Life Leather Bibs Full length leather covered spandex side panels allow full freedom of movement in all positions and prevent sagging. They feature adjustable shoulder straps and lined unfinished legs that can be trimmed for a custom fit. With full front and rear chest panels, they offer great rough weather protection. Basic black for men in waist sizes 28-36 and both black and sexy red for chicks in dress sizes 6-20 \$189.95.

Hein Gericke Highway Jacket The most popular style of jacket with the Harley crowd. It features an action back for a comfortable riding position. Snaps enable you to ride with the collar open and prevent wind flap. Well padded with fully lined pockets and extra strong zippers. Tradition speaks for itself. Sizes 32-48 \$179.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00.



Hein Gericke Leather Pants These ain't no fuckin' designer jeans, these are biker jeans. We made 'em just like a boot cut levi, same cut with a slight flair so ya can wear yer favorite boots. Size 26-40 \$149.95, 42-46 add \$10.00, 46-48 add \$15.00.

Boots Here they are Bro's, the real ass kicking boots for the right price A) 12" Black oiltan leather, harness strap—unlined, cushioned insole, nitrone oil-resistant sole with tap, walkin heel and snoot toe. Size D 6 1/2-14 only \$64.95. B) Extra high 16" Safety Toe Engineer Boot. Triple rib steel shank, heavy midsole, leather welt, oil resistant nylon cord sole and logger heel. Size D 6-13 only \$64.95.

Hein Gericke Biker Chaps These class ass fuckers were designed by bikers. Fully adjustable front with spandex back section, allows for a snug fit. The lining is ventilated for breathing. The leg zippers have a velcro flap over them to keep rain and cold out. Sizes 26-40 \$139.95, sizes 42-44-46-48 add \$15.00.

SO GIT ON THE STICK

AROUND THE CORNER.

Funtawear Bikini Bottoms So ya want in her shorts huh? Here's yer chance, Big Boy. Show some class'n put one on her ass. Specify 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 only \$3.95.

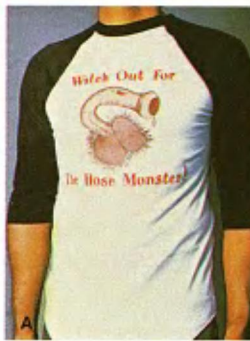
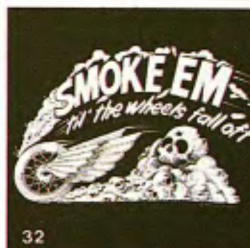
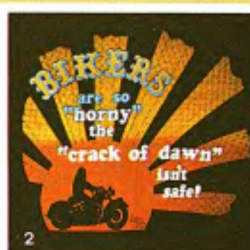
Underwear Great Stockin' Stuffers For him or her, something to keep the party goin'. Underwear that's funtawear. One size fits all 26-38 formfit only \$5.95 ea. Specify 8, 9, 10, 11.

Ladies Top Tell it like it is Sweetheart, all bullshit aside, if them there fuckers know how to read—I don't know what to tell ya. (Warning: Not for women with weak hearts.) Specify size S-M-L-XL Only \$10.95.

Rug Rat T-Shirts Can't have those kids runnin' around with neckties, put 'em in these rags and let 'em show some class. Specify Size and Color S 6-8, M 10-12, or L 14-16. Just \$5.95 ea.

Class Ass T-Shirts These righteous rags make great Xmas gifts. Each has class 2-WHEELERS logo on back. Add one to everybody's collection Specify number and size S-M-L-XL \$7.95.

Baseball Biker Shirt These designs stand tall fer ridin' or just flat ass bar hoppin'. Specify A-B and size S-M-L-XL only \$12.95.



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Tin Scoot A great stockin' stuffer fer yer little nose pickers. Lite up their eyes fer \$3.95.

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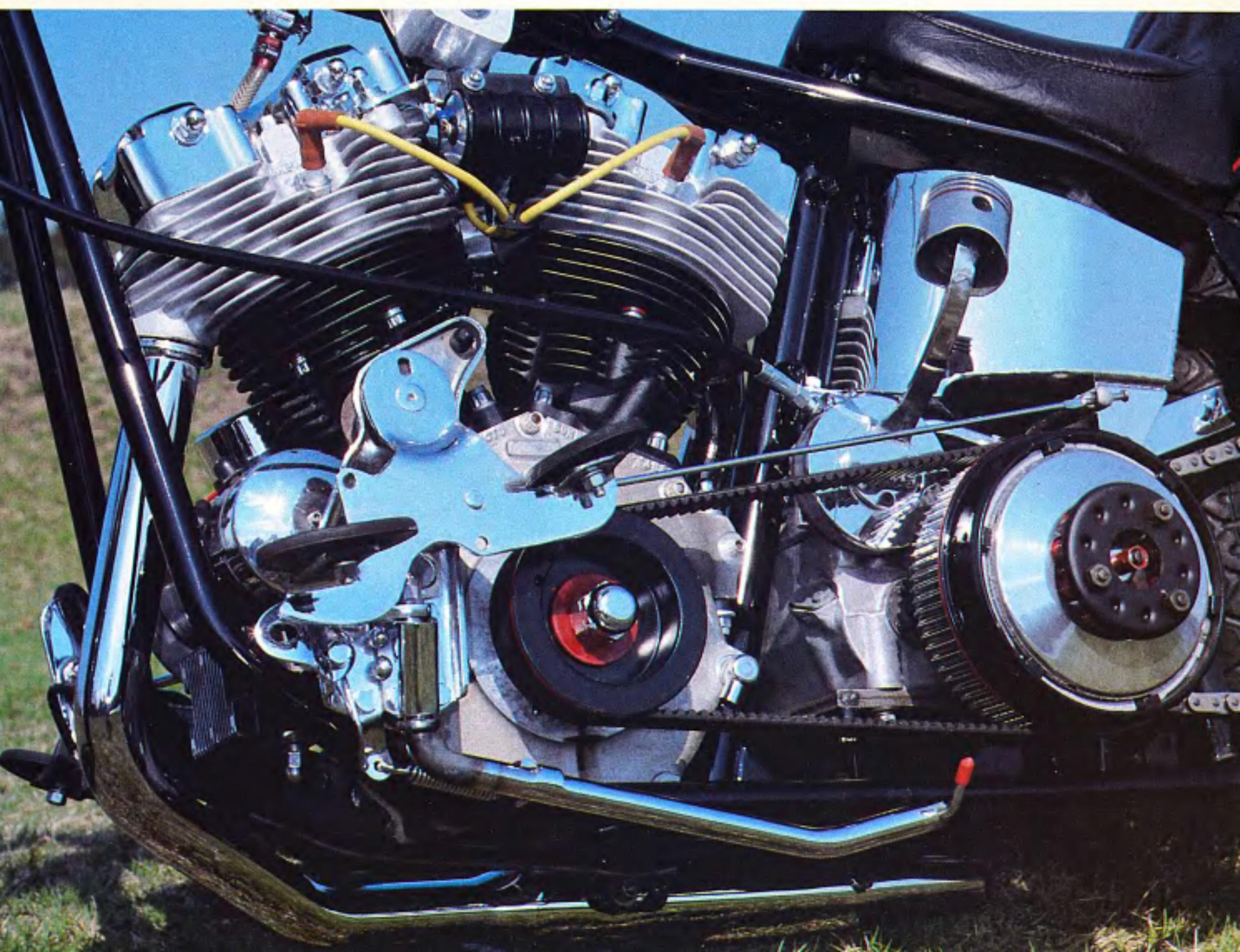
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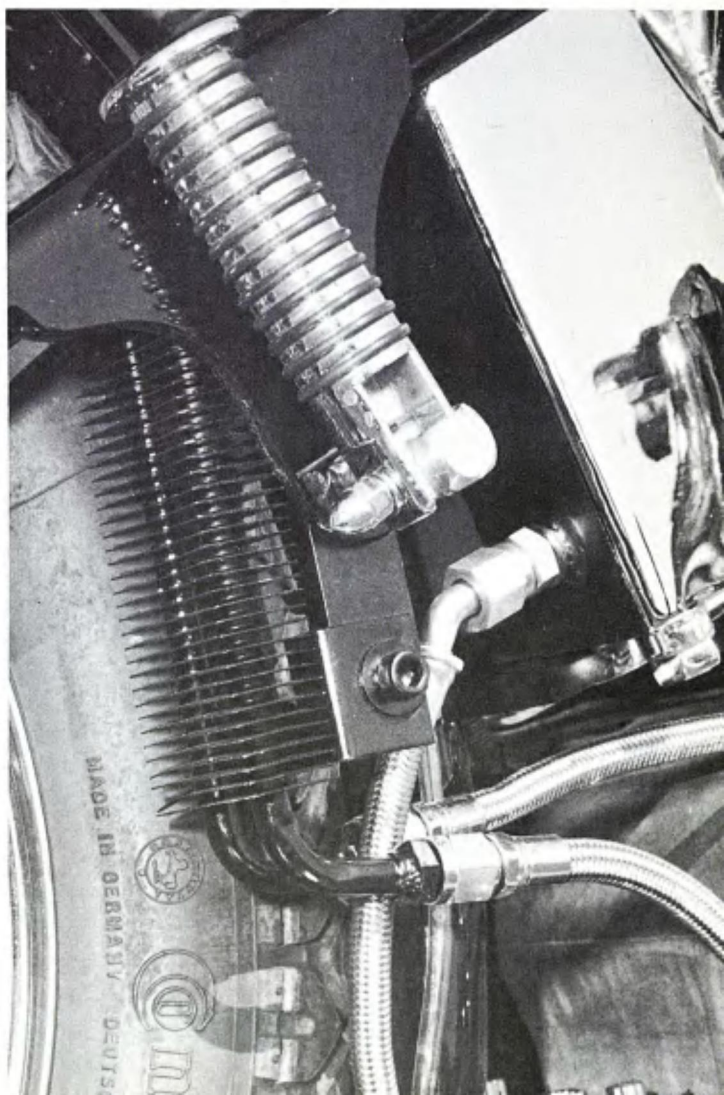
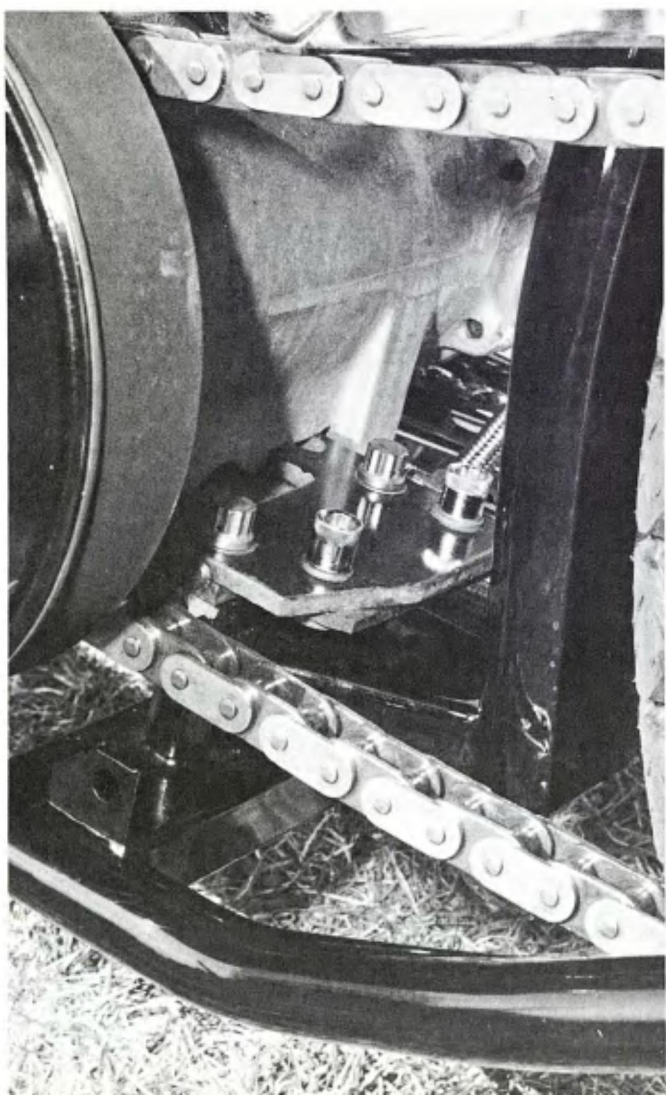
RETURN OF THE JOCKEY SHIFT

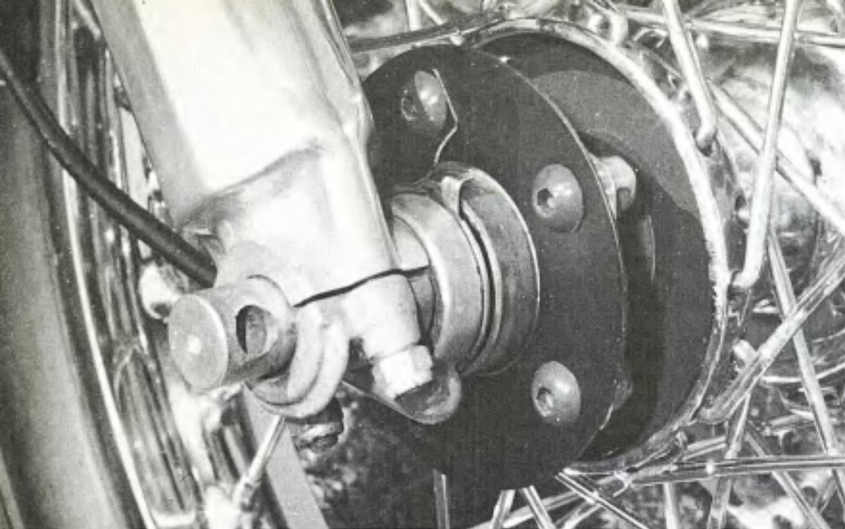
I don't know whether it's dumb luck, blind ambition, tunnel vision, or just coincidence, but so far this season I have photographed three big twins — and all three have been set up with jockey shifts. Now, myself, I'm a hand-clutch, foot-shift man, but I reckon there is some real appeal to the ol' suicide setup.

First of all, it separates big twins, both the Indian and Harley varieties, from all other bikes. I mean, it's hard

to imagine a turbo-charged, computer-controlled, robot-built machine from the land of efficiency, productivity, and the rising sun being shifted by hand and clutched by foot. I can just hear the designers in their cubicles looking at this sled and muttering something like, "Heaven forbid! You actually have to take your hand off the handlebars for a few seconds to operate the shift mechanism?"

The second thing about the jockey

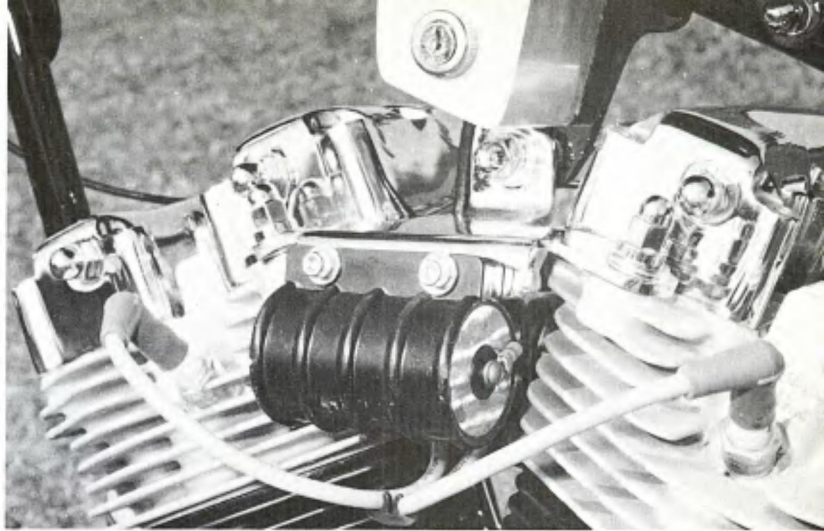




is tradition. In the early days after World War II, it was one of the first orders of business if you were in the process of turnin' a garbage wagon into a bob-job. During that time, the stock setup was the tank shift, whose collection of levers, linkages, and loose tolerances left a lot to be desired when you tried to go from first to second as fast as that nasty little Triumph your bro had brought back from Europe.



Another thing I have to say about the jockey shift: it definitely separates the bros from the lightweights. Doin' the foot-clutch bit, when you have to stop for a red light and then start up again on a steep uphill, is an experience that's right up there with doin' coke with a narc's wife: it's a trip if you don't die doing it. And that little return spring can make life real interesting when it decides to break in the middle of a busy intersection.



But that's enough drivin' outta this mug. The fact is, this hand-shifted scooter is sort of the jockey-top theory applied to a complete motorcycle—simple and strong and no bullshit. And of course, reachin' behind you for each shift has one final advantage: You might just let that mitt linger on the soft female thigh nearby.

— Pervert



Owner: Bob H.		City: Lynn, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: new construction	
Year and make: 1960 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: lost track		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2½ in.	
Time: 8 years since stock		Other alterations: rear peg mounts	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: early Sportster	
Year: 1960		Risers: 4 in.	
Model: pan/shovel		Fender(s): 4/5-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: distributor		Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: rebuilt by owner		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: Lindsdogg/Bedford		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: 7.5:1		Electrics: Action Volt Pak	
Cases: Cal. Products		Gas tank: 3-gal. Sportster	
Heads: G.M.E.		Oil tank: modified Paughco	
Cam(s): Sifton 412		Oil system: shovel pump/cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: open air	
Carb(s): S & S		Seat: Corbin Gentry/re-covered	
Air cleaner: Alphabets		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Cycle Shack		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): one piece with pipes		Material: 3/8-in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1960		Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: jockey ratchet top		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: hub cover	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Mike		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D late model
Painter: Hutchinson Cycle		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: Cont'l.	Tire: Cont'l.
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: Don Hutchinson			
Other special modifications: Thanks to the General, switch box under tank, Andrews coil, allen nuts, counter-sunk rocker boxes.			



Photos by Jake





Heavy-Duty Chick Wins



Photo by Kim Peterson

Gets a Heavy-Metal Giveaway

Kellie Gullledge, wearin' some righteous leathers, took a ride around Hollywood not long ago, packin' behind Dale Siscoe on a '69 pre-AMF Sporty. No big thing, right? Wrong!

The trick was, it was Siscoe's last putt on the Sporty, 'cause the scooter he had built had just become the property of Kellie, thanks to a giveaway set up by L.A. radio station KMET.

The radio people were puttin' on a heavy-metal concert at the famous Hollywood

Palladium, and they were featuring such high-amp groups as England's *Motorhead*, Switzerland's *Krocus*, and America's *Fist*. As a promotional gimmick for the concert, they decided to let the audience pick a Miss Heavy Metal. Her prize? You got it. A heavy-metal scooter — the Sporty they'd bought from Siscoe.

The bands were there, but the real stars of the show were Kellie, who was picked from twenty-five or so sweeties, and the

Sporty. The crowd went wild when it came time to pick the winner, and lookin' at the flicks we took of her, you can see why Kellie came out on top.

When the winner was declared, Siscoe laid one last kiss on the tanks of his scooter, put Kellie on the back, and headed off down Sunset Boulevard. And that was the last we saw of them. Maybe it worked out for all three of 'em.

— Rags

Bikers shafted at Space Shuttle site

"It wasn't quite the same as being considered a real citizen and seeing the landing in person," says Terry Taggart, who saw the second landing of the Space Shuttle on TV in a bar after being turned away from the landing site because he rode up on a bike.

Taggart, who had putted from his home in Missouri to the White Sands (New Mexico) Missile Range just to watch the landing, wasn't the only biker given the shaft

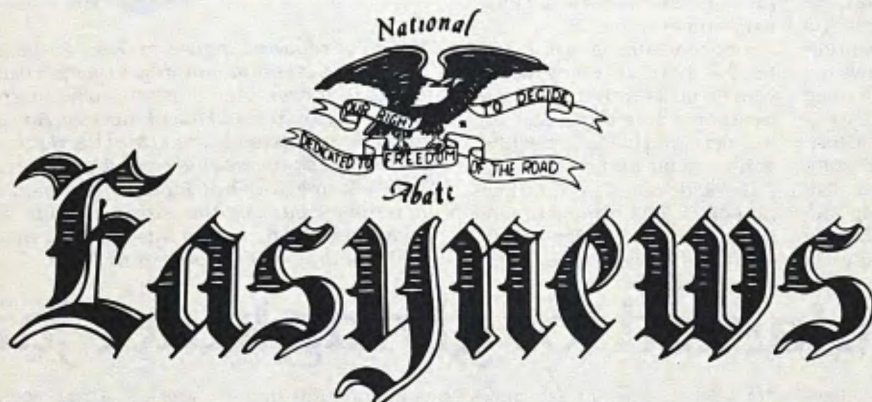
at White Sands — they all were.

"Mile after mile of motor homes, campers, cars and trucks, hot dog vendors, and souvenir hawkers lined the road to the missile range entrance," Taggart says. "A few riders were gathered there exchanging stories of disappointment about how far they had ridden to get there, just to be turned away because of their particular mode of transportation."

Representatives of the American Motor-

cyclist Association tried to get the ban lifted, but were told that base commander Gen. Alan Nord had laid down a "no bikes" rule years ago and wasn't about to change his mind just for this historic occasion.

The AMA recommends that bikers concerned with preventing similar incidents write to Senator John Tower, chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, 210 Russell Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510.



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

How 'bout them road apples?

Lidless states rated safest in nation

Nationwide statistics gathered by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation show, astoundingly enough, that the four safest states to ride a bike in have no statewide mandatory helmet law for adults.

Averaging the number of accidents per 10,000 bike registrations, the number of fatal

accidents per 10,000 registrations, and the number of deaths per 100 accidents, the MSF rated the states from most safe to least safe.

Topping the list were Iowa, no helmet law; Wisconsin, helmets required only for riders under 19; South Dakota, no helmet law; and Kansas,

helmets required only for riders under 18, except within the city limits of some towns that require them for everyone.

One thing most of the safest states have in common is an aggressive motorcycle licensing program. Kansas, for example, uses a modified version of the MSF's Motorcycle Oper-

ator Skill Test, which is credited with reducing bike accidents by 15 percent in states that have adopted it.

In Kansas the driver is tested on shifting, turning, stopping control, and cone weaves. Recently, reacting to the fact that most bike accidents are caused by careless cagers turning in front of bikes, Kansas added two other elements to its test: a quick stop and an evasive swerve.

According to Kansas officials, riders proficient in these emergency maneuvers stand a far better chance of avoiding winding up with their bodies pasted to the pavement and their bikes planted in the back seat of some old lady's Plymouth.

Explaining their tough attitude toward licensing, one Kansas official said, "If you can't do the maneuver on an off-the-street course, on the bike you will be driving, then you shouldn't be driving on the street where you will face real-life situations you're not prepared to handle."

Anti-biker tax bill is introduced

Sometimes it seems that bikers could easily spend half their lives writing protesting letters to politicians. The latest attempt to treat bikers as second-class citizens is a U.S. Senate bill that would drop motorcycles from the list of items for which you can claim an interest deduction on your income tax.

In other words, if this bill, authored by New Mexico Republican Harrison Schmitt, passes, people buying scooters on credit would no longer be able to deduct the interest they pay on that loan. Schmitt's bill would allow deduction of interest on automobiles and houses.

Testifying against the bill before the Senate Finance Committee, the AMA pointed out that 30 percent of all motorcycles sold in the United States are purchased on credit.

"We are concerned that S-2214 would discriminate against an ever-increasing number of consumers who select motorcycles as a transportation option to the automobile," an AMA spokesman said. "Purchasers of automobiles remain eligible for substantial interest deductions... by virtue of choosing a motorcycle as their preferred mode of transportation, motorcyclists would not qualify."

'Sconsin biker declares war on 55mph speed limit

A Wisconsin biker and expert political lobbyist has formed an organization dedicated to removing the second-ugliest landmark, right after mandatory helmet laws, on the highway to biking happiness: the federally mandated 55-mile-per-hour speed limit.

Jim Baxter, a government relations consultant who numbers among his clients the Motorcycle Industry Council and the Wisconsin Motorcycle Dealers Association, calls his group the Citizens' Coalition for Rational Traffic Laws, or CCRTL. (Well, we can't all come up with something catchy.)

According to Baxter, CCRTL will, at first, devote most of its energy to shitcanning the double-nickel by using the legal argument that power to issue this type of regulation is

reserved to the individual states by the Constitution. Also, Baxter notes, logic indicates that the necessity for speed limits can be far better assessed by local officials familiar with conditions on a given stretch of road.

"I ride for the feeling of independence it conveys," Baxter says. "I ride for the sense of grace and swiftness you feel on a country blacktop road. I ride for the camaraderie I enjoy with others who ride."

Independence, grace, swiftness — hard to enjoy when your head is swiveling like a weathervane in a tornado, on full alert for a black-and-white with a radar gun.

If you'd like more information on CCRTL, drop a line to Baxter at 6678 Pertzborn Road, Dane, Wis. 53529.

Ripley's Believe It or Not!



We've reported before on Joan Claybrook's \$120,541 rear-wheel-steering motorcycle, which was an idea so preposterous that even the contractor who built the thing, and took the money, tried to get out of the deal. However, we thought you might be interested to know that the Nadercycle, complete with its six-inches-above-the-ground seat, recently made Ripley's Believe It or Not! What Ripley didn't mention, the real "That's Incredible" part of the story, is that some of the NHTSA eggheads who designed this thing for St. Joan are still on the public payroll — believe it or not.

Judge blasted for giving killer jail time

The attorney for a cager who was sentenced to 90 days in jail for killing a biker is upset because his client's punishment wasn't limited to having his driver's license suspended.

Calling the sentence "simply not rational," the lawyer contends that his client, Arthur H. Hellbusch, 65, is a victim of a district judge's being influenced by public protests against drunken drivers.

The case stemmed from a 1981 accident near Lincoln, Nebraska, in which a car driven by Hellbusch struck a motorcycle, killing the rider, Norman Dale Brown. Hellbusch, who according to police was inebriated at the time, was charged with motor vehicle homicide and convicted by a jury.

District Judge John Brower, acting on a

district attorney's recommendation that he "send a message to the public," sentenced Hellbusch to 90 days in jail, fined him \$10,000, suspended his license for a year, and placed him on 3 years probation.

Appealing to the state supreme court, Hellbusch's attorney said, "All the sentencing judge did in this case, in our view,

was take a barometer of what he perceived to be public opinion and act accordingly."

Noting that Hellbusch is a first offender, the attorney told the high court it would have been more "sensible" for his client to have had only a long license suspension.

That would have sent a hell of a message: Bikers are fair game in Nebraska.

Helmets may cause crash deaths

Recent research indicates that helmets worn in conjunction with visors and scarves may be responsible for many heretofore-unexplained fatal single-vehicle motorcycle crashes.

Research at Frenchay Hospital in Bristol, England, shows that helmets used

with visors, chin guards, and scarves can severely limit oxygen reaching the rider's face, resulting in headaches, dizziness, or blackouts that lead to crashes.

"We noticed that experienced motorcyclists had accidents for no apparent reason," said Dr. Andrew Malins

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.

Uncle Sam gives okay to using bike speed controls

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, after reviewing two federal motor vehicle safety standards bills, has announced that speed-control devices on bikes are okay with Uncle Sam as long as they allow the throttle to close fully when they are disengaged.

The ruling was hailed by the American Motorcyclist Association,

which noted, "The devices can cut down on fatigue and allow riders to pay closer attention to what's happening around them."

Though there are no federal laws against cruise controls, a few individual states may ban them under standards regulating bike modifications or some such. If you're in doubt, check it out.

Share the word with your bros

What's happenin', bro? Been some good runs up in your area recently? Seen something in a local paper or magazine that gives bikes and bikers a bum rap? How about some story that tells the other side, the good stuff.

If you know or have heard

any interesting news about rides and riders, why not send it to us and share it with all the bros and sisters. We can't be everywhere, and we need your help in passing the word.

Send your news to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

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 Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. 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.



Remember T.R. Vanhorne? He's the **biker** who, after he reported that his shop had been ripped off, was **busted and fined \$100** for keeping a stuffed owl without a permit. Well, T.R. appealed his case to the U.S. District Court and won. Saved the \$100. Of course, it cost him about five yards in legal fees.

Michigan has passed a **driver education bill** setting up a tougher licensing test. Riders who fail the test twice, or who are under 18, will have to take an approved "motorcycle safety" class before they can get their license. **Speaking of Michigan**, there are some bros there who really want to make sure their event gets into the mag. The Third Annual S.M.C. Swapmeet will be held at the Marshall Street Armory in Lansing on Feb. 20, 1983. For info, write to S.M.C., 2015 Robinson, Lansing, Mich. 48910. Thanks for the early notice, bros. Now, if you'd only let us know what S.M.C. stands for...

The annual **ABATE of Oregon Fossil Run** attracted over 600 bikers this spring — a tribute to the popularity of the event and the skill of the organizers, considering that the weather was squirrely even by Oregon standards. Equally successful was a **three-county poker run** held in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, for the benefit of the Muscular Dystrophy Association. **ABATE of Georgia** officers met with the state director of highway safety and came away with a pledge for support of a Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week in that state.

A **law requiring** all bikes built since 1968 to have two taillights has apparently died in an Illinois House of Representatives committee. A bill to **increase import duties** on Japanese motorcycles by 10 percent and parts for Japanese bikes by 20 percent has been introduced in Congress. **Virginia has hiked** motorcycle registration fees from \$8 to \$15.

A California state senator has introduced legislation to require the state to reimburse state employees for expenses incurred while using their **bikes on state business**. Currently, employees using their cars, bicycles, or airplanes while on state business are given such payments, but bike riders are not. And finally, an ex-Marine named **Harley Davidson** has been awarded a **Purple Heart** for multiple wounds suffered on the battlefield. Uncle Sam was only a bit slow in cranking out the citation. H.D. was wounded in World War I.

Florida Bike Week a hit

In a gratifying display of togetherness, Governor Bob Graham, **ABATE of Florida**, the **AMA**, and the **Gold Wing Riders Association** united to make Florida's recent Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week a smashing success from one end of the Sunshine State to the other.

Proclaimed by the governor to promote "a greater public awareness of the motorcycle," the week's activities included a two-mile-long procession of more than 300 bikes making a run from Miami to West Palm Beach, the showing of television spots promoting bike awareness to cagers, the distribution of flags bearing the "Be Aware" legend, shopping center displays, maintenance clinics, and various club events.

Renewed effort to kill Alberta helmet law

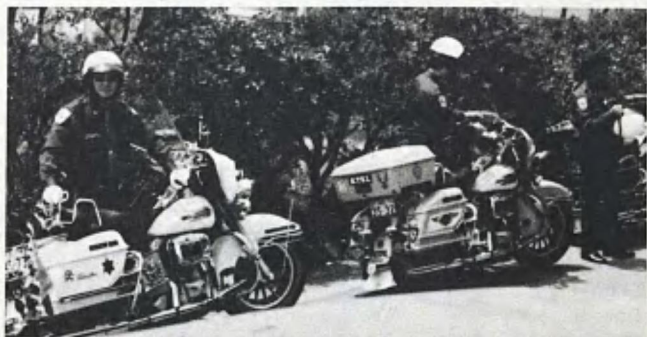
Attempts to have the Alberta, Canada, helmet law declared illegal are still alive.

As you may recall, the Canadian Bikers' Rights Organization originally challenged the law with a test case. In that action, a BRO member charged with riding without a helmet pled not guilty in court. He claimed that the law violated the Canadian Bill of Rights, for not all riders in the country were required to use one.

In that particular case, Provincial Court Judge Ray Thomas ruled for the defendant, James Pennington, calling the helmet law "Big Brother legislation." For a few brief months, Alberta was, unofficial-

ly at least, without a lid law; then the Alberta Court of Appeal overruled Judge Thomas.

Now the BRO is back in court with a new test case and a new legal strategy. In this action, appeal of a conviction of a lidless rider, the BRO's attorneys contend that, under Canadian law, federal legislation takes precedence over provincial legislation. Noting that the federal Health and Welfare Act does not require helmets while the Alberta Traffic Act does, a BRO lawyer, Brian Pickton, says, "The federal act has jurisdiction over safety legislation... we're looking at it in terms of its power to protect the individual's rights."



A Harley-Davidson exhibit will soon be touring major department stores in Japan under the sponsorship of one of Japan's largest newspapers, the Asahi Shimbun. Though Harleys are much lusted after by Japan's hardcore bikers, the price, two to three times what they are in the U.S., has kept Hogs out of the reach of all but the most affluent Tokyo tramps. Beginning next April, however, Japan will eliminate all import duties on foreign bikes, presumably lowering prices by thousands of dollars. According to officials at Asahi Shimbun, the exhibition is designed to reintroduce the big twins to a hungry public that may soon be able to afford to buy them.

Louisiana score: Lids, 10; Freedom, 4

It was a classic confrontation between the ideals of freedom and the practices of the police state. The elected official saw it as an issue of "personal freedom"; the cop asserted that there is no such thing as "absolute freedom."

The antagonists in this little melodrama were Louisiana State Rep. Robert Adley and state police head Bo Garrison. When the dust settled, Garrison had won and Louisiana bikers had lost: they'll be wearing skid lids for at least another year.

At issue was a helmet-law repeal bill introduced into the House Transportation Committee by Adley, who told his fellow legislators that it is irrelevant whether

or not helmets actually afford any protection to riders involved in accidents.

"It ought to be the rider's decision," Adley said. "If the government is so intent on protecting people, it ought to outlaw such things as smoking and drinking."

Also testifying before the committee was Garrison, who took a more totalitarian stance. "We've got to have restraints; you can't yell fire in a crowded theater."

"The only ones who are opposing this bill are those who are working for the government," Adley countered. "And it scares me very, very much to hear the head of the state police tell us there are no absolute freedoms. He's wrong."

Rep. V.J. Bella, author of the mandatory helmet bill, spoke in favor of retaining his brainchild, but disappointed a hearing room full of bikers by not repeating his now-classic 1981 demonstration of the effects of a baseball bat on helmetless and helmeted cabbage heads.

Despite unanimous condemnation of the mandatory helmet law from all the riders testifying in the public hearing part of the committee hearing, the committee voted 10-4 to kill the repeal effort.

Group seeks to stop dumpers

An organization is being formed to push for enforcement of laws prohibiting trucks from dumping parts of dangerous loads, such as sand or gravel, on public roadways.

M.A.U.L. — Motorists Against Uncovered Loads — points out that most states have laws similar to California Vehicle Code Section 23114, which states that no vehicle may be constructed or operated in such a manner as to allow anything to be spilled on a public road or highway, except clear water and feathers from live birds.

According to M.A.U.L. organizers, open trucks loaded with sand and gravel constantly lose parts of their loads at highway speeds, endangering bikers behind them and damaging windshields and paint jobs on both bikes and cars.

"Pressure must be brought to bear on companies and truck drivers to obey the law and prevent serious loss of life and property," the organizers say, noting that one of the methods being considered is a class action suit against companies running uncovered trucks.

For more information, write M.A.U.L., 12240 Idylwild, Felton, Calif. 95018.

Bikers sue tavern and win

Two bros have won a discrimination lawsuit against a Renton, Washington, bar that refused to serve bikers.

In a suit filed against the owners of Bergie's Tavern, the two charged that their civil rights had been violated and their character defamed when they were denied service because of their cutoffs. A King County Superior Court arbitrator awarded each of the plaintiffs \$500.

The suit had its roots in the sale of the It'll Do Tavern, a popular biker bar, to new owners, who renamed it Bergie's and refused to serve bikers.

According to Richard Adams, one of the bikers who brought the suit, many bars in eastern Washington refuse service to bikers. He sees his victory as a way to "let it be known that you can't perform this sort of discrimination and get away with it."

You don't say?

"Ask a motorcyclist why he or she rides, and the bottom-line answer is: it's fun. You feel, hear, smell, touch, and see everything around you... Get behind the wheel of a Ferrari or Porsche and it's exciting, sure. But the essential element is missing: in a word, freedom."

— Joe Costanza, Phoenix Gazette

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Be on the eyeball for unexpected visitors who take up squatters' rights while you foot the bill. (Large suitcases are good clues.) Worse yet, you'll have to arm-wrestle for a meal and sprint to use the shitter. Take precautions, and buy yourself a sign, "Quarantined." Or better yet, take a vacation.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Look out that your main meal isn't humble pie this month. Get your facts straight, and chances are you'll see things more clearly. Otherwise, you may back someone with sharp claws and no sense of humor into a corner. Even worse, you could be the dumb shit who's at fault. So watch that Taurus temper and don't be so stubborn.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

This one has so many ups and downs, you'll need a barf-bag and a bib. Recharging your battery takes up most of your time and keeps your balls bouncing back and forth. At least you won't be bored, but you will have a hard time getting some shuteye. No major problems here, just a minor case of utter confusion and real weirdos.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

This month a mystery unravels, and you become a super sleuth at digging up some sleazy doings. Some very juicy info bends your ears and tempts your wallet. Beware! All is not what it appears to be, as you will soon find out. This one's a real hornet's nest, too hot to handle. Sidestep anything that smells slightly illegal.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

There's the element of luck in your lap, grabbing your goodies. It's a matter of being in the right place at the wrong time. For a change, you benefit by your mistakes, or catch someone in the wrong cookie jar. Either way, it gives you the upper hand in an area you've fumbled earlier. Take care that this doesn't turn out to be a situation comedy!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

You can slide through this one with a smooth financial detour that keeps you one move ahead of the bill collectors. A smart financial transaction now shows you've still got a hold on the strings. Reward yourself

with some extra mattress motion (don't forget your seasick pills), and splurge on that part you've been eyeballing.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

This month it's full speed

ahead and no holds barred. You'll leave partners in a trail of kumquats and a cloud of dust. It's playtime again, and if you can't fix it, you fuck it (or try). If you're up to your ears in nookie and your eyes are start-



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

Sagittarians are energetic, optimistic, and highly sociable personalities. They have the ability to keep everyone around them in an up mood, which is why they are popular people. They don't get hung up on life's hang ups, and can laugh at their own fuckups.

Sagittarians have a strong sense of fair play and are usually sports oriented, although their favorite sport is talking (especially about themselves). They can master most anything that strikes their interest. Interest is the key — otherwise Sagittarians get bored and beat a fast retreat.

Sagittarians are flexible and adapt to change easily. On the other hand, they are overly independent and impulsive, which causes them to miss the forest for the trees. They seldom learn by their mistakes. Instead they learn better ways to make them!

Sagittarians don't have time to be bored for long; they're too busy hopping from one hole to the next.

And if you want to catch up on the latest juicy gossip, spend a night with a Sagittarius. He even blabs while he balls and doesn't stutter or miss a stroke.

As I said before, Sagittarians are prone to accidents because of their impulsiveness. They are also susceptible to broken hips, arms, ribs, and baggy poopy-chutes, not to mention liver problems from a too-rich diet and too much brew.

Famous Sagittarians are: Harpo Marx, Woody Allen, Dick Van Dyke, Boris Karloff, Frank Sinatra, John Mayall, George Segal, Joe DiMaggio, Jane Fonda, and J. Paul Getty.

Sagittarians are lucky, intuitive, and resourceful. They are the ones who are always rescued at the last minute or win the sweepstakes with a ticket casually thrown aside or forgotten. Luck comes to them with little effort.

So grab a Sagittarius and rub his head for luck. Hang onto him, and value his loyalty. He's a good guy (or girl) to have around.

ing to water from the pain of kneecaps thumping you upside the head, try a different approach and enjoy!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Does it seem like trouble is your middle name? Or without bad luck, you wouldn't have any kind at all? Did someone put sand in your Vaseline and rub you the wrong way? Maybe you should take inventory and stop setting up your own road blocks, or shitcan a few associates. Whatever. But stop crying in your beer or learn to roll with the punches, before you get an ulcer.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Happy birthday! This one could be a taste milder than usual, but you can still dust off your party threads. A word of caution: button your lip and steer clear of job-related gossip, unless it directly involves you. This is the time to watch and wait, rather than take action. Don't push your luck. Instead, keep a mellow attitude and take notes.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

On-the-job pressures keep you on edge most of the month and put a dent in your party time. If you burn the candle at both ends, you could pay a high price. Unless you're careful, your health could take a dump and you could develop a new crop of worry warts on your ass. Give your bod a break before it has a breakdown.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Invitations flood your mailbox and your social calendar's full (oops, sorry, wrong magazine!). Party time blasts your bladder and you have more stash and gash than you can handle. On the other hand, if fun and games leave you with drip in your drain, don't be a poor sport. It's just nature's way of saying, "You asshole, you fucked up again!"

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

If home base is starting to get on your case, it's time to come up for air. Get in the wind and take a breather. Be careful that it's not just your eagerness to shun responsibilities that has given you the wanderlust, 'cause coming back to neglected bills will really boggle your mind. Don't forget your hair pie. You might get hungry for a box lunch. ■

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. 90265-0062. We'll even send ya 25 bucks for every one Willie prints.

A bro who had claustrophobia went to a whorehouse and announced to the madam that he had to fuck outside.

She said that was all right, but he'd have to do his thing up on the roof.

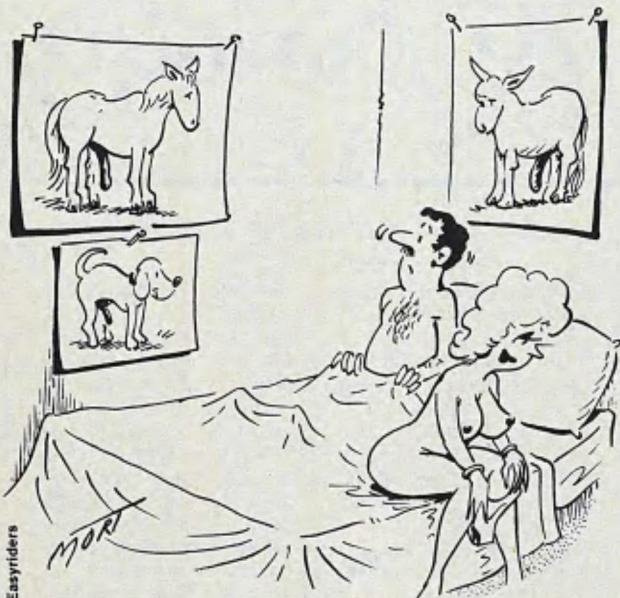
Up there, he was so busy fucking his brains out that he didn't notice they were moving closer and closer to the edge. With one big thrust, they fell over the side and died when they hit the sidewalk, still coupled.

A drunk came along and saw the bodies. He pounded on the whorehouse door until the madam opened it.

"We don't serve drunks here," she shouted.

"I don't want to screw nobody," he answered, "I just wanted to tell you your sign fell down!"

—D.A.
Salem, Ore.



A man rescued a genie from a bottle and was granted one wish as a reward.

"I want to be rock-hard and get plenty of ass for the rest of my life," the man said.

So the genie turned him into a crapper.

—Brian Nelson
Monroe, Mich.

What did one ovary say to the other?

"Did you order any furniture? There's two nuts tryin' to push an organ in here!"

—Pardner
Oklahoma City, Okla.

There was a young girl named Anheuser who said that nothing could surprise her. But Pabst took a chance, found a Schlitz in her pants, and now she is sadder Budweiser.

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.

What do a whore and a brand-new Harley have in common?

You gotta buy 'em before you can ride 'em.

—Duster
Boydton, Va.

An expert on the etiquette of wines and liquors was asked, "What is the correct number of drinks for a person to have at one meal?"

His answer: "Drinks are like tits. One isn't enough, and three are too many."

—Art Snyder
Ripley, Ohio

A rugrat walks up to his ol' man and says, "Dad, why does sis have a split between her legs and I don't?"

The old man thought for a second and said, "Well, son, she had an accident one day and fell on a knife."

"Damn," the rugrat retorted, "Mom musta fallen on a fire ax!"

—Red O'Neil
The Groves, S.C.

**SUGGESTION
BOX**



Easyriders



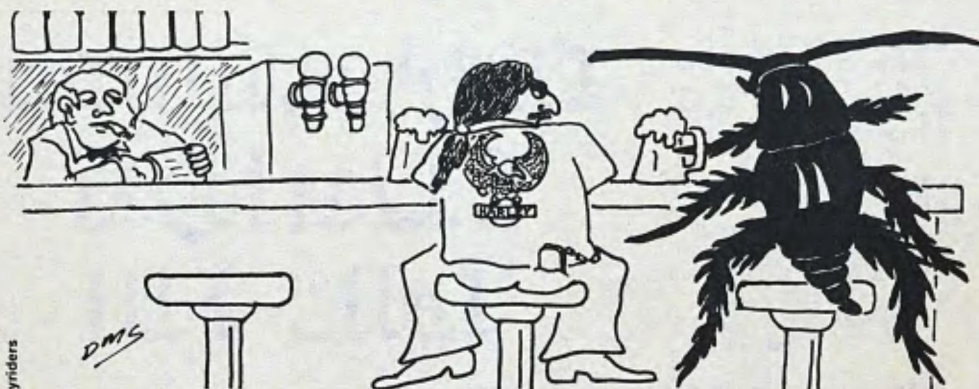
A biker and his chick were going to a masquerade party. She came out of the bedroom wearing only her black hip boots and told her ol' man to hurry and get ready.

He went to the kitchen and came out wearing nothing but a pan tied to his dick.

"Are you going like that?" she cried.

"Hell," he replied, "if you can go as Puss in Boots, I can go as Peter Pan."

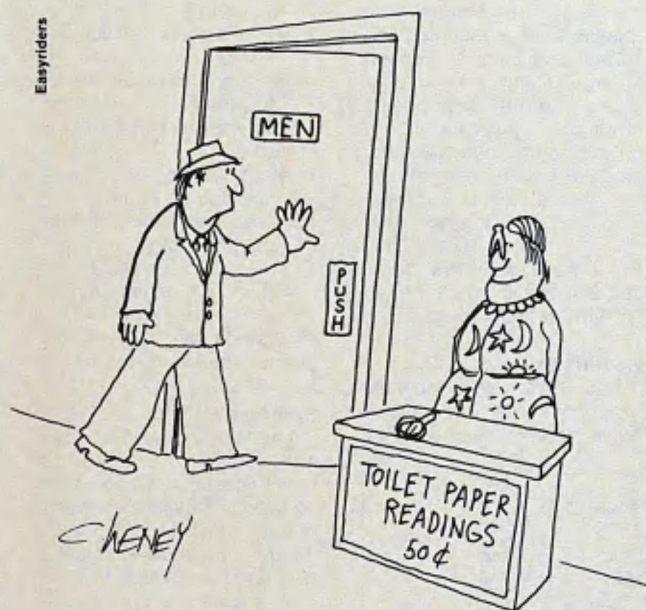
— Fred Fisher
Hurricane Hills, Tenn.



"Damn it! I've been in some awfully filthy bars in my time, but this place. . .!"

Easyriders

Easyriders



What's the difference between a pool table and a woman?

With a pool table, the balls go in and the stick doesn't; with a woman, the stick goes in and the balls don't.

— Mountain Man
San Leandro, Calif.

If God hadn't meant for man to eat pussy, he wouldn't have shaped it like a taco; and if he hadn't meant for woman to eat cock, he wouldn't have made it look like a tamale.

— R. Rustin
Huntsville, Tex.

Why did Snow White get kicked out of Disney World?

'Cause she got caught sitting on Pinocchio's face, saying, "Lie, you bastard, lie!"

— J. Ludwig
Boydton, Va.

Three things can be said for masturbation: (1) You get the fit you want; (2) It's always right at hand; and (3) It's in the mood the same time you are.

— Big Pete
League City Tex.

Every night when the biker finally got his ol' lady into the sack, their rugrat came down with a bad case of hiccups. Finally, he couldn't take any more, so he ordered his ol' lady to take the kid to the doctor and find out what the hell his problem was.

The next day, the doctor told her to tie a red ribbon around his pecker, and the hiccups would go away. That night she tried the red ribbon, and sure enough, the hiccups ended.

Later that night, her ol' man came home from partyin' and passed out cold on top of the bed. After a few minutes, he got the hiccups. His ol' lady took it for a while, but then grabbed a piece of red ribbon, and tied it around his cock. Nothing happened. She tried a white ribbon. Nothing happened. So she tried the last piece of ribbon she had, blue, praying that it would do the trick. And lo and behold, the hiccups stopped and she was able to get back to sleep.

The next morning, the dude awoke and had to take a leak. He walked into the bathroom, whipped it out, and said, "Sheee-it, Sport, I don't know where we were last night or what we did, but whatever it was, we came in first, second, and third!"

— John Campbell
Wayne, Mass.

A mama's boy goes into a bar and meets up with a whore who takes him home.

They go upstairs and are into some heavy foreplay when all of a sudden the mama's boy yells, "Stop! Stop!"

"Why?" asks the whore.

"Mama told me there are teeth between a woman's legs!"

She laughs, drops her drawers, and spreads her legs.

"See," she says, "no teeth!"

"My God! No wonder — look at the shape your gums are in!"

— Ann-Marie
Southington, Conn.

What do they call Ex-Lax in Holland?

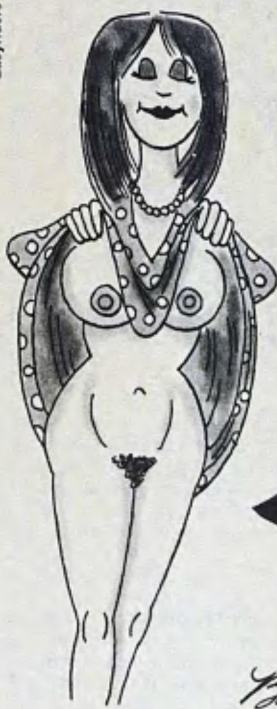
Dutch Cleanser.

— Aloysius
Fort Stanton, N.M.

Did ya hear about the crazy scientist who crossed a rooster with a sleeping pill? He wound up with a cock he couldn't get up.

— P. Gage
Tunipus, R.I.

Easyriders



FIRST CITY
SAVINGS
BANK

NIGHT
DEPOSITS

There was a young biker named Fritz who planted an acre of tits. They came up in the fall, pink nipples and all, and he chewed them all up into bits.

— Big Carl
Demming, N.M.

Good For A Beating

My ol' man took me over his knee and wailed on my ass with his thick, greasy leather belt and it was such a turn-on that I often find myself trying to be real naughty so he'll do it again. The thing is, I'm afraid someday he's gonna throw my butt out instead. What's a cunt gotta do to get asswhipped?

Cruisin' for a bruise
Las Vegas, Nev.

● Try climbin' up on his scoot bareback some day when you're on the rag. Meanwhile, I think I'll go get some of Spider's thick and greasy.

Cat-astrophe

My fucking hound just ate my ol' lady's cat. She dearly loved that little pussy and I dearly love mine. No pussy for my ol' lady means no pussy for me. My dog would bite my dick off quicker than shit if I tried anything with him. What should I do?

Horny Hank
Las Vegas, Nev.

● Spider says you'd have less trouble with a toothless ol' hag like me.

Hairless Rabbit

I have a problem that's minor, but it's driving me apeshit. I recently had some surgery on my neck, and those assholes at the hospital cut off my hair to the point where I look like a recruit right out of boot camp.

Someone told me the solution is to have you send me ten or twelve of those long, kinky hairs that grow between your tits so I can glue them on my head.

White Rabbit
Norfolk, Va.

● I put some out and started 'em crawling in your direction. Keep your eyes peeled.

What Smell?

It is my understanding that your cunt smells like an elephant's asshole. With a pussy that smells so rank, do you find it hard to get Spider to go down on you?

Burnt
North Vancouver, B.C.

● You must be kiddin'. With Spider, I always find it hard.

Scare Tactics

I got this two-year-old kid and every time the little fucker gets in the shitter he's hell to get out, growling and biting and shit like that. So, if

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

you don't think it's cruelty to animals, send me a picture of your ugly hide to chase his scrawny ass out with. I'm getting tired of going to the gas station to shit.

Animal
Mesquite, Tex.

● I only believe in self-abuse, not child abuse.

Simple Answer

Question: If you're so damn ugly, why the hell do you deserve the good, hard, fast lovin' of a Harley rider?

Zoom
Houston, Tex.

● Lots of class bros flat-out dig rat rides.

Jumpy Mutha

My ol' man has big drippy sores on his dick and he said that he got them from you the time he sponsored you in the annual frog jumping contest at Angels Camp. He's so fucking thrilled with his drips that I thought if I put your picture on the ceiling over the bed, he'd think as much of me.

Drip Guzzler
Kingman, Ariz.

● I'd have won the damn contest, too, if I hadn't been carryin' so many loads.

He Ain't Exactly Lyin'

I don't know why you keep bragging about your and Spider's affair, 'cause every

night, as I'm sucking his cock, he constantly swears he's never been to bed with you. So stop your yellow-bellied bullshit. Admit it, I've got what you never had.

Spider's Squeeze
Apple Valley, Calif.

● Who needs a bed? Ain't ya ever heard of makin' the floorboards groan?

Extra Attraction

If you was to dump Spider and come putt with me, This is a sample of the way it would be.

I'd fuck you standing, I'd fuck you lying;

When on a plane, I'd fuck you flying.

If you died, you wouldn't be forgotten —

I'd dig you up and fuck you rotten.

If you rotted away, and couldn't be found,

For old times' sake, I'd fuck the ground!

Justin
Shelton, Tex.

● Sounds lovely. But would you fuck me with Rufus?

Root Hog Or Die

The last time I got loaded and horny I attacked some wild hogs. Now, when I swat flies around my face the warts of my tongue dig out chunks of hide and whiskers. Maybe they were wart hogs, huh?

My problem is, I gotta buncha wild hogs following me around lookin' love struck. What should I do?

Charlie
Mt. Vernon, Ore.

● Open a barbecue stand.

Can't Do It

I'm 17 years old, party like a bitch, love Harleys and bikers, and am always ready for more action. Hogs, drugs, liquor, the open road and, most of all, a good piece of ass are all I live for.

People say I was born to be a biker bitch, but I want more. I want to be a righteous biker. What does it take?

Texas Wild-assed Bitch
Dallas, Tex.

● "Balls," said the queen. "If I had 'em, I'd be king."

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. ■



Fine Tuned

We had a real blowout the other weekend. Me and some bros and the women went to the shop to sip some brew and take a few joints. Things got to really cookin' and me and one of the chicks went into the back to cool down. She got to asking "what's this an' what's that" and soon we were over at the dyno. A few snorts and a half-hour later, I

had her hooked up to the thing. Made a damn interesting chart, if I do say so myself.

How's about you and Spider coming here and letting me chart you for posterity?

Gino
Phoenix, Ariz.

● I already got enough zits on my posterity. Besides, they don't build a dyno big enough to hold my chassis.

Transmission Mainshaft Lengths

	Shaft Out Of Trans	Shaft In Trans From M/Drive Gear
1950-1964.....	11-3/4"	2.388"
1965-1969.....	12"	2.638"
1970-1974.....	12-1/2"	3.138"
1975-Present	12-1/2"	3.138"

1975 and later shaft has a bushing in each end, and the 1974 and earlier pushrod will not fit in the 1975 mainshaft.

Transmission Pushrod Lengths

1938-1964.....	13-1/4"
1965-1969.....	13-5/8"
1970-1974.....	14"
1975-Present	14-1/8"

1975 and later pushrods use a new type of throw-out bearing. This pushrod and throw-out bearing come as a kit from H-D, Part No. 37305-41 or 65 or 70.

Engine Sprocket Shaft Lengths

1930-1954.....	Flat roller shaft for keyway sprocket
1955-1964.....	3-1/2" long Splined and threaded
1965-1969.....	3-3/4" long Splined and threaded
1970-1971.....	4-1/4" long Splined and threaded
1972-Early 1981.....	4-1/4" long Larger dia., no keyway
Late 1981-Present.....	4-1/4" long Different taper

Shaft Charts for Big Twins

Okay, I've got a couple more charts for you. They should help you identify big-twin transmission mainshafts, transmission pushrods, and engine sprocket shafts, using only a tape measure. Just imagine yourself wandering through a swap meet looking to score a tranny or a mainshaft to replace the one that took a shit last time you went down. You spot a tranny mainshaft on a

rag with five or six other mainshafts; you want the right one, don't you? Well, with the aid of this handy chart from Andy Hanson of H/E/S, and a tape measure, you can easily identify the right shaft for your scooter.

These charts aren't too hard to figure out. Look close and you'll pick up a pattern. The 1950-1964 mainshaft is 11 3/4 in. long, right? Well, in 1965 when the factory added

the electric starter, they had to allow a little room for the starter ring, so they added 1/4 in. to the mainshaft and the sprocket shaft to move the primary out for clearance. Still with me? Okay. In 1970, the factory introduced the cone style engine with an alternator, but where did they put the alternator? Between the engine case and the primary chain, requiring another 1/2 in. on

both the mainshaft and the engine sprocket shaft. Do you see where I am coming from? Good. Whenever the factory lengthened one shaft, they had to add the same amount to the other shaft to keep things running straight.

I hope these charts will save you some irritation next time you go looking for a shaft.

— Wrench

Skinner

by Ron Hargrove

The endless ribbon of asphalt. That's what makes all the hassles, all the pain, and even the dark-night glooms of bein' a scooter tramp all worthwhile.

Damn birds, thought Skinner as the noisy things finally roused him from his intoxicated sleep. I oughta waste every fuckin' one of 'em.

He pried one bloodshot eye open and looked at the tumbledown barn in front of him, then rolled over onto his back to see if his panhead, Lucky Seven, was still there. It stood there, watching over its fallen master as it had done many times before. Convinced that everything was okay, Skinner opened his other eye and sat up, only to feel the head-spinning rush of last night's tequila make its final thundering charge into his brain. He braced both his arms behind him to keep the earth from wobbling, and when his own earthquake subsided he stood up, walked over to the barn, and urinated.

Fogged memories of the night before bothered him as he packed his gear and readied his scoot for the ride out. He tried to remember the name of that last bar, but it seemed to remain a few inches out of reach. He knew it had the word *bull* in it. The Red Bull? no, that wasn't it. The Bull's Horns? No, he didn't think so. Buncha-fuckin' Bull? He smiled at the thought of that one. He knew he hadn't bedded down with anyone last night, but he sure would have liked to pork that blonde in the black halter. Or was it blue? No matter. He didn't remember punching anyone, but he checked his knuckles just to be sure.

By now the bike was ready to roll, so Skinner lit up a smoke and tried to remember the way out. He finally decided he must have turned right off the main road to get to the barn. Man, I'm gonna have to get these jeans washed pretty soon or they're gonna sprout something, he thought as he checked the gas. A quarter tank left; time to start looking for a station. The panhead fired on the second kick, as always. Skinner affectionately patted the scoot on the side of the tank and thought how its smooth roundness reminded him of

Continued on page 98



MOTORCYCLE #69

MILESTONES

GYRO-SCOOT:

The less said about this damn thing, the better!

C. 1937



CHICKEN CHARMMAINE

Lookin' at these pictures you'd probably figure — and you'd be right — that Hogs and them that ride 'em have always made Charmaine both hot and wet.

Where you'd be wrong is regardin' the kind of wet — ya see, back toward the end of her jailbait days she teased her older sister's boyfriend into taking her for a ride on his scooter. They putted slowly through town, and she was really diggin' it till they reached the countryside and the dude unleashed the magic in





his right hand and Charmaine started noticin' that all the widely spaced skinny trees were lookin' like one big, wide tree. All of a sudden — to put it in a tasteful and discreet way — she got so scared she pissed herself. More embarrassed than anything else, she just hung on, wet and afraid, too mortified to say anything.

After a few miles, though, she finally lifted one hand off the dude's belt, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered her tale of woe in his ear. Being a true biker, the first chivalrous thought that entered his head was, of course, "gotta check this out." Quicker than you can say "pass the Pampers," his left

hand snaked back and began fondling the wet spot in her shorts. Soon he was laughin' so hard the bugs were shakin' loose from his hair. Finally, Charmaine began to come around and before too long, she had stopped blushing and was laughing as hard as he was.

After a while, they found a small pond where Charmaine could rinse out both her cutoffs and her cutout and, by the time, quite a bit later, she and the bro climbed back out of the bushes and onto the scooter, she was totally cured of her Harleyphobia for all time.

In fact, ya could say she traded an aversion for an addiction, 'cause ever since then her life has been nothin' but

Photos by Mike Henderson



leathers an' boots, bikers an' beer, parties an' putts.

"That's the way I like it," Charmaine says. "That's the way I intend to keep it, an' that's the way it's always gonna be. An' if any of you droolin' lamesters don't like it, you can take your cameras and lights and shove 'em up each other — unless you want me to shove 'em up for ya. In fact, I think I'll . . ."

Okay, lady, cool it, cool it. We're friends. We don't want ya ta change. Shit, we don't even want ya to put yer clothes back on. Honest. Really. Listen, why don'tcha just put down that long-neck you're wavin' around and kinda go over an' lean against the bike for just a few more shots an' we'll . . ." — Spotter



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



It lasted eight years, and regardless of how much influence it will eventually have, or not have, on the future of prison reform, it will go down in history as the longest inmates' rights case in history.

When the decision came, in 1980, it was hailed by inmates and civil libertarians everywhere as a landmark victory for the concepts of single-celling, adequate medical care, doing away with prisoners serving as guards, and a host of other unenlightened views on prisoner punishment and rehabilitation.

The case, of course, was *Ruiz v. Estelle*, a massive totality-of-conditions suit against the Texas Department of Corrections. In his 1980 decision, Judge William Wayne Justice ordered the TDC to eventually house inmates in one-man cells or dormitories providing 60 square feet of floor space for each inmate.

Justice also ordered TDC to bring their facilities into compliance with state fire and safety rules, improve conditions in the Huntsville hospital, submit plans for new prisons to the court for approval prior to building them, and eventually convert their present massive institutions to smaller units housing no more than 500 inmates.

In addition, the judge laid down specific guidelines for the state to follow in such areas as parole and work release programs, the giving of good-time credit, and community corrections programs. The court also appointed a special master, giving him broad powers to ensure that the changes actually come about.

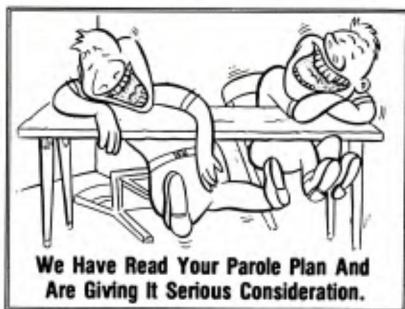
Now, however, many of the gains coming out of the eight-year struggle have been threatened. In a decision that startled most of the legal experts who have been following *Ruiz vs. Estelle* for years, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has struck down or heavily modified many parts of Judge Justice's order.

Some items reversed were the improvements ordered in the parole and work release programs, the Huntsville hospital improvements, the judicial review of new prison

plans, the restructuring of the system into smaller units, and the requirement that the system comply with state fire and safety rules.

The most important part of the original decision, the single-celling requirement, was also reversed. But the court of appeals indicated that single-celling, along with the canceled requirement for 60 square feet of space per inmate, might be reconsidered if improvements in current facilities do not occur within the next year.

In addition, the appeals court severely curtailed the powers of the special master appointed by Judge



—from *The Prison Mirror*, Stillwater, Minn.

Justice and left intact orders requiring TDC to put no more than two inmates in each one-person cell, provide exercise to prisoners in segregation cells, and tape record all disciplinary proceedings.

In reaching its decision the appeals court considered, in part, a factor never before used in deciding whether something is constitutional or unconstitutional: cost.

Noting that Texas would have to spend about \$330 million to conform to Judge Justice's order to eliminate overcrowding, Judge Alvin Rubin, author of the appeals court decision, wrote, "In considering remedies for unconstitutional deprivation, the cost of one proposed remedy in comparison with the cost of the others and the demonstrable need for the remedy should both be considered."

While prisoner rights advocates were reeling from the decision, particularly the judicial consideration

of a cost/benefit ratio, which could imperil dozens of cases nationwide if used as a precedent, Texas officials were understandably jubilant.

"I am delighted," said Governor William P. Clements. "Judge Justice was wrong, and the state's position was right on key issues, such as single-celling of inmates. Single cells for prisoners was an extreme edict, and happily, that is no longer an issue in this case."

According to lawyers on the other side, however, Governor Clements shouldn't be too quick to count his chickens. The court of appeals decision, which was made by a three-judge panel, will be appealed to the full appellate court and, if necessary, to the Supreme Court.

Also, as the inmates' attorney, William B. Turner, is fond of pointing out, the appeals court decision abandoning single-celling is conditional upon substantial improvements in overcrowding being made within a year, and in a system where many one-man cells now hold three inmates, where hundreds of inmates sleep on the floor and still others are housed in tents, change comes very slowly.

"That's the key to the whole decision," Turner says. "The door is still open. A year from now we could be talking single-celling again."

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

Pimping A Prison Site

The Brown County Chain Gang is not, as you might think, a bunch of sweaty cons grading highways at gunpoint. No, indeed. The Brown County Chain Gang is a group of businessmen from Mount Sterling, Illinois, who have banded together to promote their county as the site for the state's proposed new 750-bed, \$50 million prison.

In the past, many communities have fought tooth and nail to avoid having penal institutions located near them, but Reaganomics has changed all that, and the competition for the Illinois institution, expected to employ 425 people at an

Continued on page 114

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

MARY



Due to an error in voting tabulation, we're listing two monthly winners in the 5th Annual Ol' Lady Contest, and here they are:

Marilu

Linda

The runners-up:

Suzie, Lorainne, and Deb

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

NIKKI

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 November 28. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote—on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #114 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

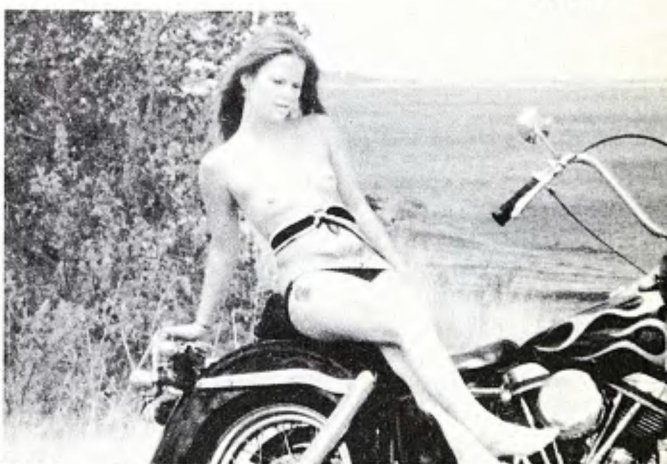
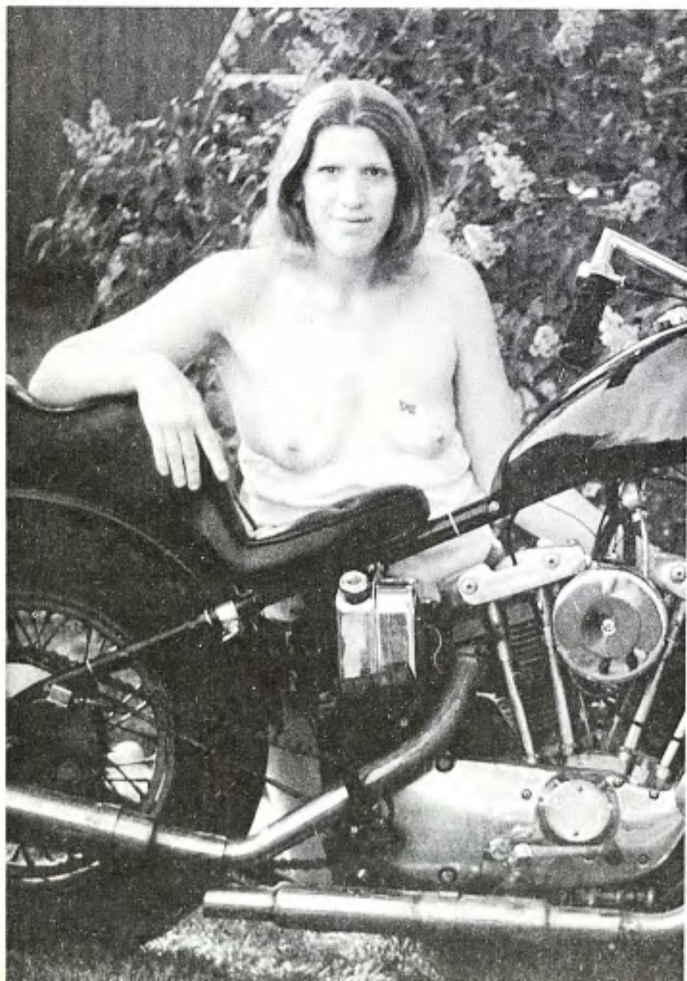




LINDA



LISA



KIM

Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

Model's 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.

STRANGE ENCOUNTER

by Randall B. Dixon

More than once in my life I've wanted to kick myself in the ass for being so bullheaded, but probably never more than I did now. The bros who had taken this run before had warned me. My teardrop gas tank was too small, and the gas stations were too few and far between. But I'd worked for six months putting this chopper together, getting the styling just perfect, making it my own personal dream machine. Now it was time to ride, and I'd be damned if I was going to bolt on a big, ugly tank just to make this run. That was out of the question.

The northwest corner of New Mexico is not what one could call heavily populated. I should have known I was in trouble when I spotted the sign on the gas station door. *Closed; death in the family.* I had planned on gasing up there, but my map said there was another rinky-dink town thirty-five miles down the pike; close I figured, but I was sure I could make it. It would be late when I got there, but since I intended to spend the night in town anyway, it didn't really matter. Camping out under the stars is terrific, but after five days of it I was due for a bed.

Fifteen miles out of town I picked up a slight vibration from the front end and pulled over to the shoulder to check it out. Other than a slightly soft front tire, I couldn't find anything loose. What I did find was a steady leak from the tank's petcock. Normally, it wouldn't have been any big deal: tighten down a nut and all would be well — except that I was already low on gas. I checked the tank and knew I was going to be pushing before I made the next town.

It was dark by the time I got on the road again, and I didn't make it nearly as far as I'd hoped. The soft front tire was getting steadily softer; ten miles from where I'd stopped the first time, the big engine started sputtering, and it died by the time I got to the shoulder. I kicked some dirt, pegged a few rocks at anything that looked close, and swore a blue streak for maybe fifteen minutes. I felt slightly better after that, but the activity had made me a bit thirsty, and I was just digging for the pint of Black Velvet buried in my bedroll when I spotted the approaching headlights of a cage. It was the first I had seen traveling in either direction since I'd left the last town. A flicker of hope arose, or started to, but I brushed it aside with a scowl. I'd been wearing colors too long to expect help from a passing motorist. At best, I figured, I'd be lucky if he didn't swerve at me and my bike.

When it slowed and pulled up to the shoulder twenty yards before it got to me, I tensed and expected a carload of punks to jump out wielding baseball bats and tire irons.

The headlights were too bright for me to see the car clearly; but when the driver's door opened, I heard the crackle of the police-band radio and I lit a cigarette quickly to keep from blowing off another blue streak. Terrific, I thought, as if I ain't got enough problems, enter now the pig. Nothing like grinding out a butt on your face with a boot heel while you're already down in the dirt.

I knew what was coming: I'd seen it all before. The flashlight came on as he approached me out of his headlights' glare. Right in the ol' eyeballs so ya can't see a damn thing — standard procedure. Counterattack, reach to outside cutoff pocket and put on mirror-reflect shades. Never reach inside cutoff; that could get you killed — makes cops do things like grab guns, scream "freeze," and shoot you. Or is that grab guns, shoot you, and scream "freeze"? Whatever, the shade bit does seem to irritate them, and if pulled off very slowly and with precise motions, doesn't get you thrown down on.

Next came the bit with the license and registration, as I had expected. I handed them to him, after taking them, too, from the outside pocket of the cutoff. (They get asked for on a pretty regular basis in the circles I travel in.) This cop was going to drop the hammer any moment now; I knew it was coming. He was being too damn polite and nice. So far, he had called me sir at least twice and that's enough to make anyone nervous. He's thinking no-account, sleazy bastard and he's calling me sir. I'd seen it all before.

As he's checking out the license and registration in the flashlight beam, and keeping one eye on me at the same time, I'm checking him out. He's big and he's in shape. Probably a gym nut, he's got the arms of a weightlifter. I'm

thinking that if he turns mean, I'm going to have my hands full. I also notice he's not dumb. His holster is unsnapped and he's carrying speed loaders for his .357. The guy's been around. The flashlight, all four feet of it, isn't in my eyes anymore, so I remove the shades. I put them back in my pocket as he hands me back my papers.

"Well, sir, what seems to be the problem?" he asked. He kept the light beam on my chest; I was thankful for that.

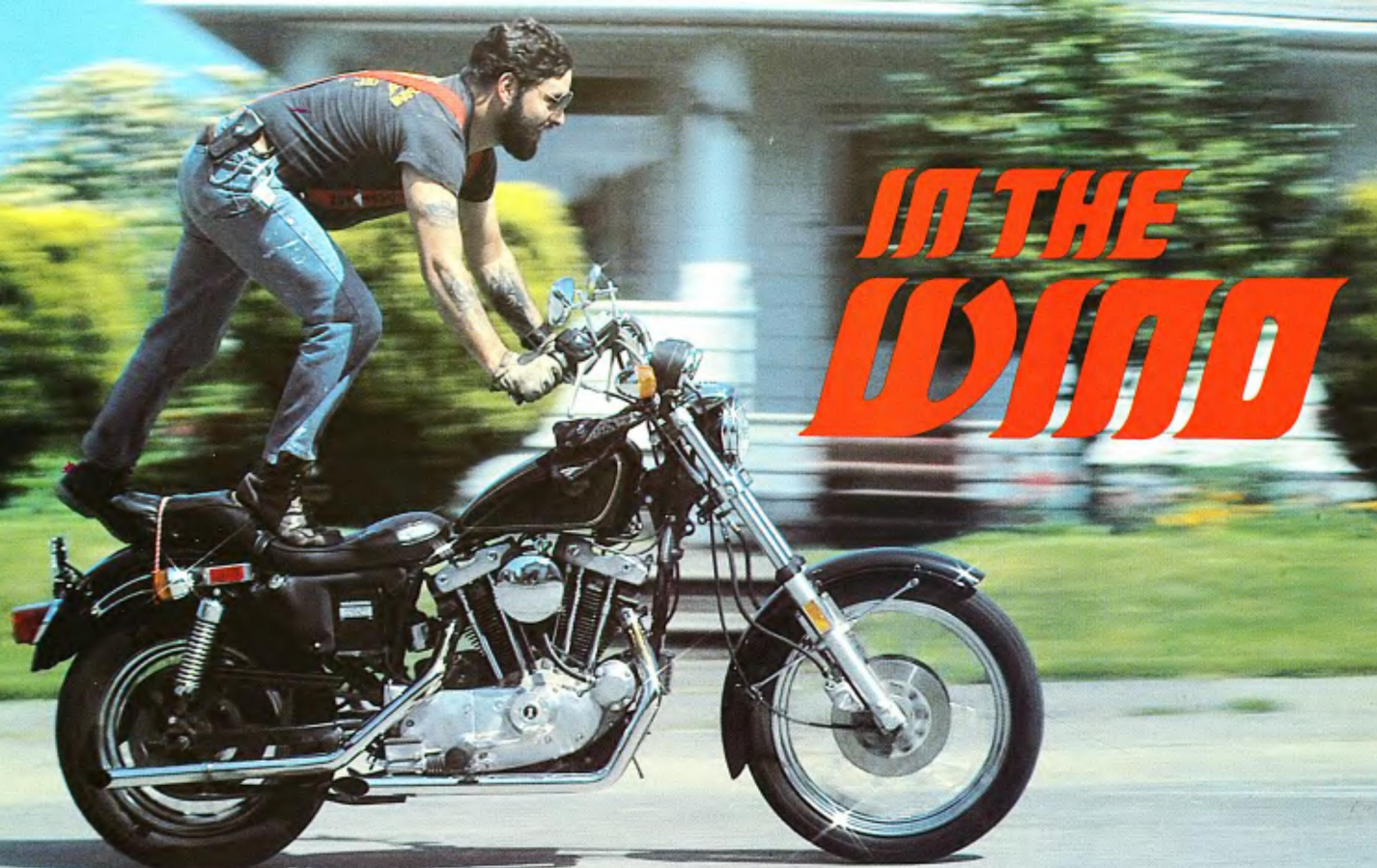
"Ran out of gas, sir," I said, wondering how he'd like it. He glanced at the bike, its fresh paint and chrome gleaming in his headlamps. "I'll bring the car up and get you some," he said. With that, he turned his back and walked back to the cruiser. I stood there stunned. It took nearly three seconds before I had the good sense to close my jaw, which was hanging open

Continued on page 92

“...the slug hit the eight-by-ten-inch picture frame of his wife and kids...demolished the frame...and I thrust back instinctively, the chair tipping over. My ears rang and the very familiar cordite scent of Vietnam filled the air.”







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 Red, Bremerton, Wash.

— from Maureen L. Denegar, Schenectady, N.Y.



— from Chris Dowd, Cincinnati, Ohio





— from Roo, Alpine, Calif.

— from Marc Schaffhausen, St. Paul, Minn.



— from Cyclops, Saratoga, N.Y.



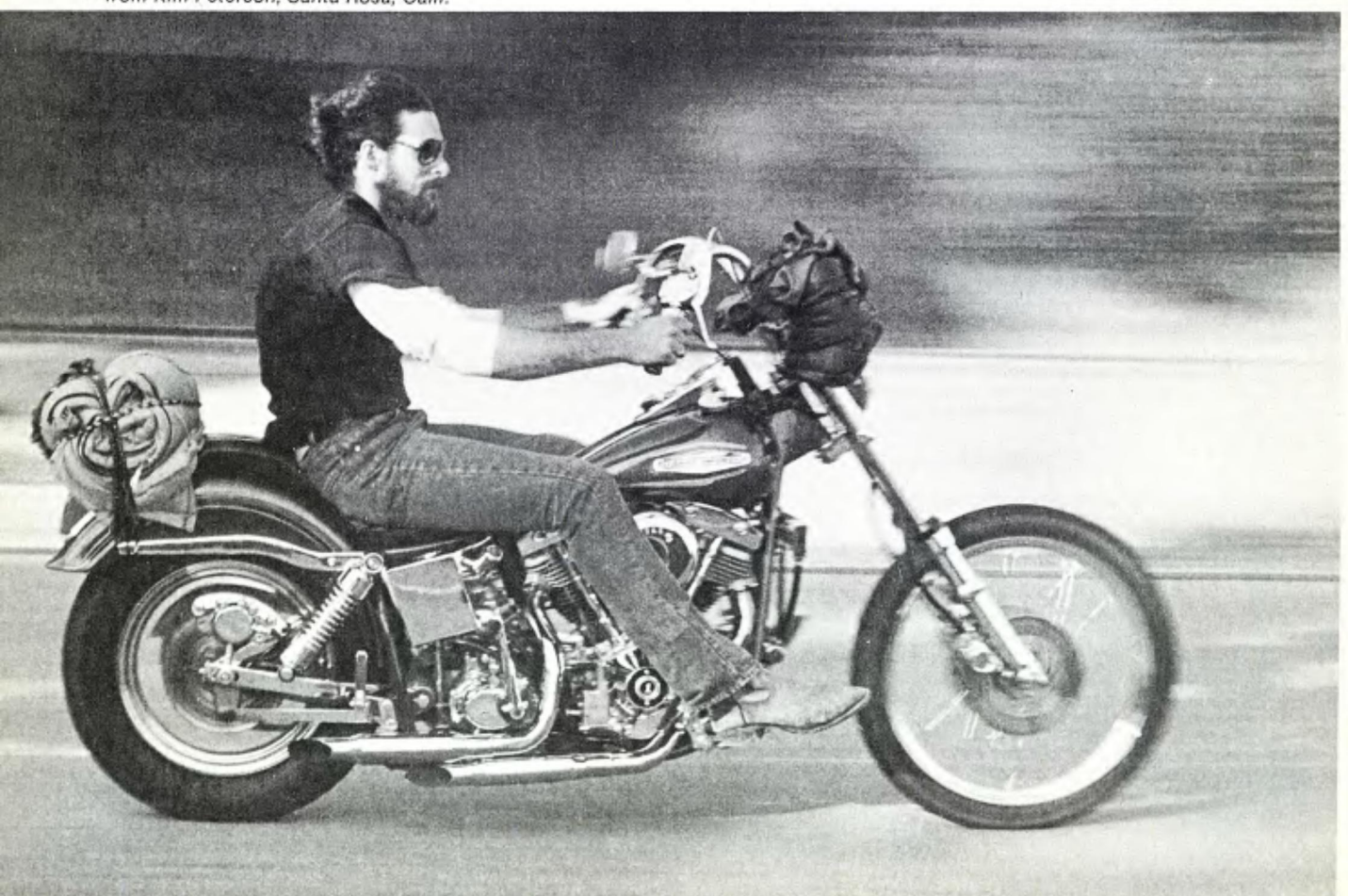


— from Big John, On the road

— from Kim Peterson, Santa Rosa, Calif.



— from Big Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio





— from Cyclops, Saratoga, N.Y.



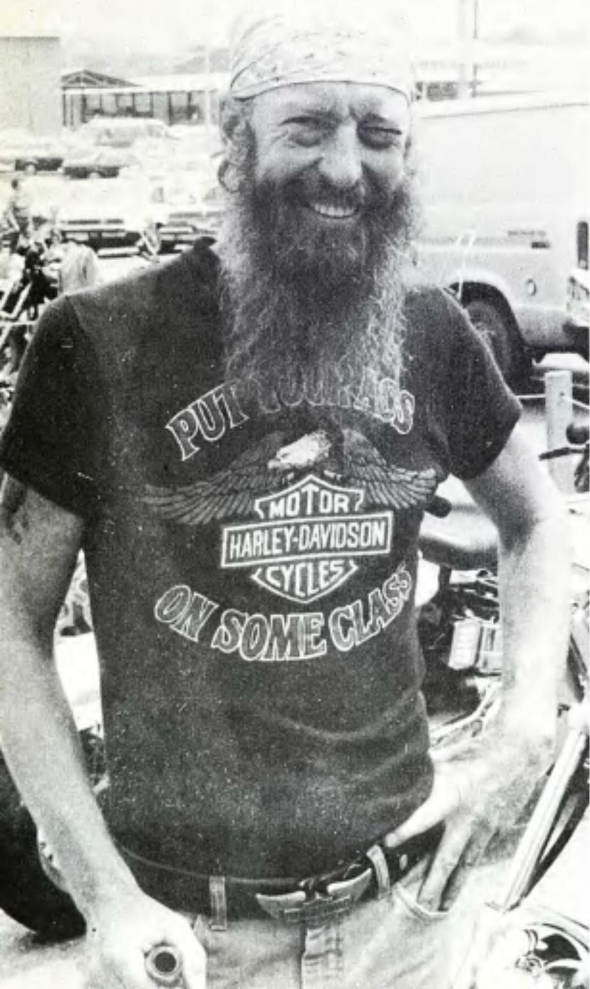
— from Cyclops, Saratoga, N.Y.



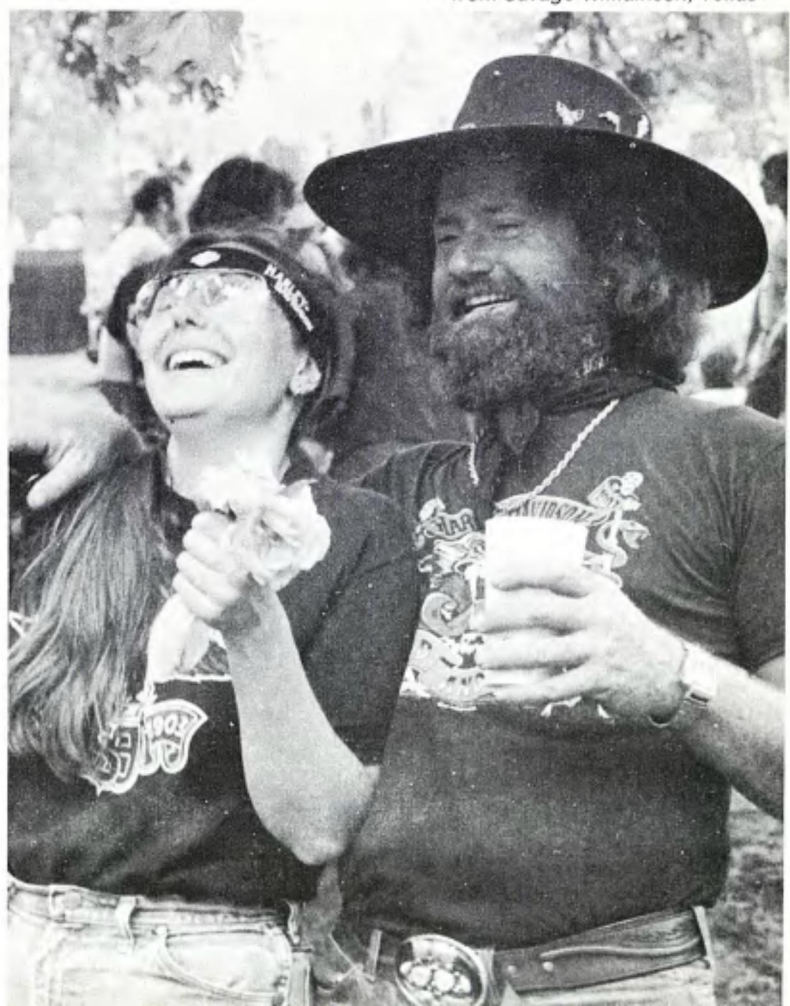
—from Cyclops, Saratoga, N.Y.



—from Big Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Savage Williamson, Texas





— from Dayna, Centerport, N.Y.



— from Mr. Tramp, Fayetteville, N.C.



— from Echo, Tampa, Fla.



— from Jim Otto, Napoleon, Ohio



FINALLY

We were all kickin' back at the studio, Pete was crawlin' around doin' his thing, snappin' flicks of Gerritt's panhead, and Frank was two-steppin' out the back door, mumblin' something 'bout home before six and his ol' lady. So, by elimination, I was left the job of gettin' the tech info and some sorta story 'bout the bike, Gerritt, his lady, or anything else I could dig up.

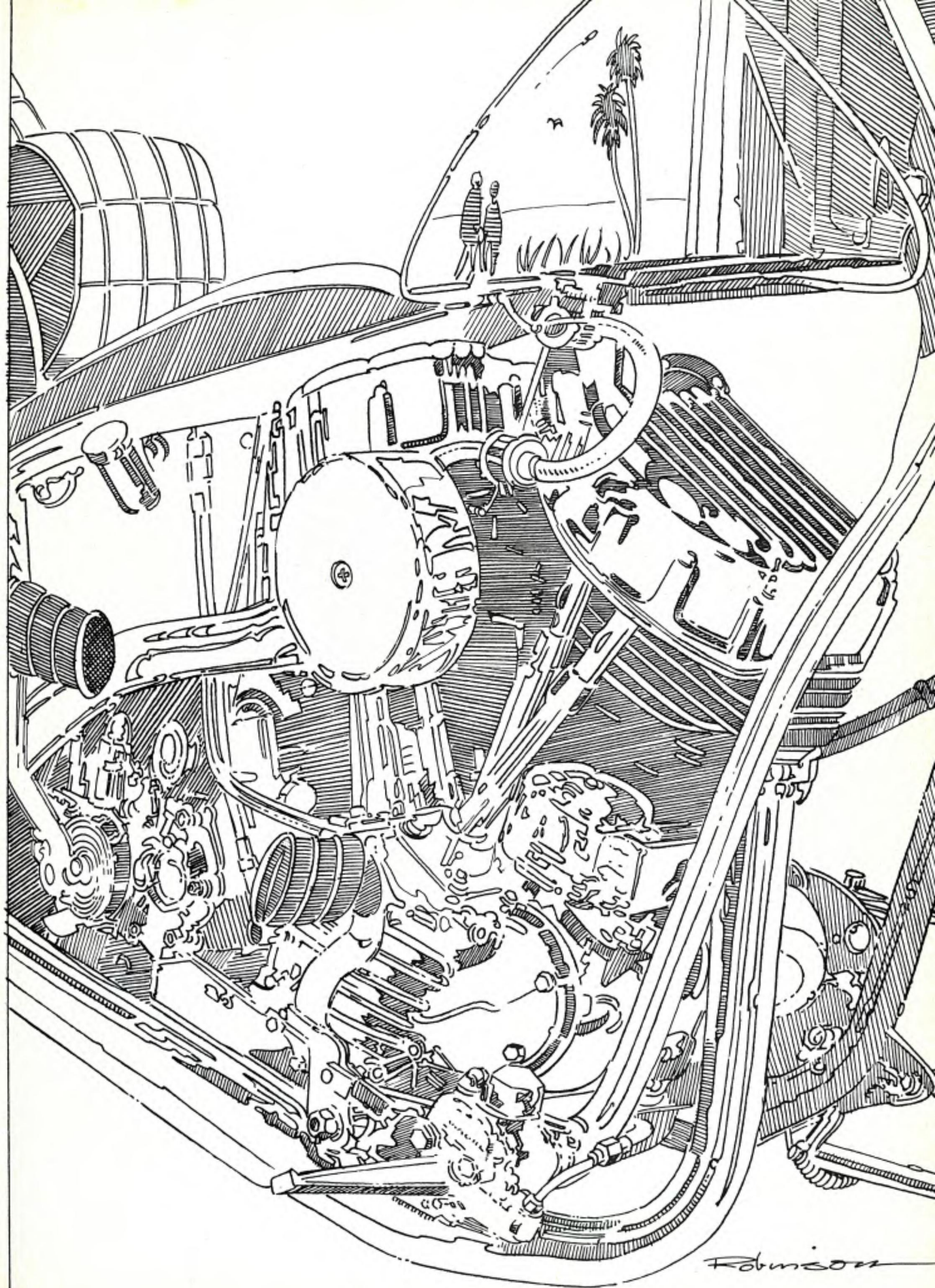


If there's one thing ya can say to be true 'bout scooter tramps without much fear of havin' it shoved back down yer throat, it's that when it comes to discussin' the finer details or some sorta strange tale 'bout their two-wheel love, they're never caught short on words. Sorta like the new grandparent with a snapshot of the little rugrat. First they get ya cornered, then it's hours of ass-borin' stories about how special their grandkid is. So it goes — there's probably a million bikes on the road, but every bike jockey ya meet has got a one-of-a-kind scooter and hours of stories to relate. But not Gerritt.

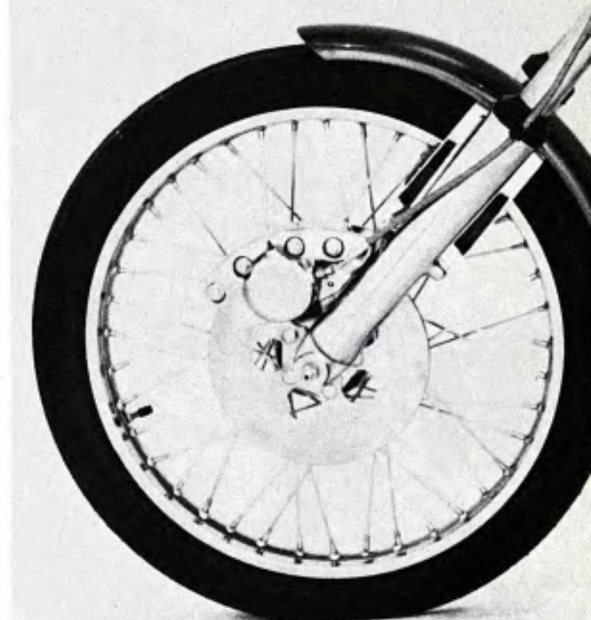
What kind of off-the-cuff experiences can ya relate when, after ownin' your scoot for close to a year, the only ridin's been the couple miles

Continued after two pages of photos





Owner: Gerrittson Burch		City: Newhall, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: McCloskey's Cycle		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1950 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid wishbone	
Value: \$7,500		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: R.D./McCloskey's Cycle		Stretch: none	
Time: forever		Other alterations: straight	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1950		Risers: 6 in. Gary Bang	
Model: FL		Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: McCloskey's Custom Cycle		Headlight: dual squares	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: .020 over		Electrics: 12-volt/refined	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: King Sportster	
Heads: parts cleaned up		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: Doherty filter	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Gary Bang	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Gary Bang/McCloskey's		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): Gary Bang		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1949		Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/McCloskey's	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Calif. Style		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ed/Calif. Style		Rim width: 1 1/2 in.	Rim width: 4 1/2 in.
Color: candy apple blue		Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdysr.
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: Gemini - air brush			
Other special modifications: special thanks to R.D. and the bank			



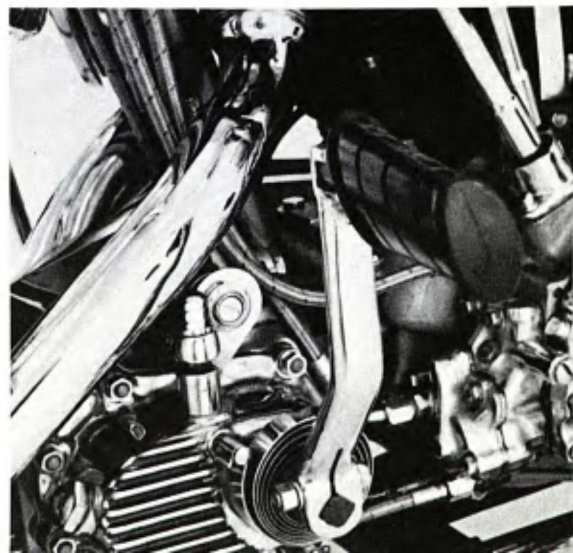
tacked on between the place where the pan was bought and the bike shop where it took up residency for its face lift?

Seems the pan wasn't quite in the excellent state ya see in the pictures back when Gerritt bought it. Fact is, the old pan was hurtin'. The frame had been raked 'bout an inch at the neck, the seat sorta resembled a cut down sofa, and the tanks were pissin' down his leg. So Gerritt putted over to Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle, where he anticipated layin' out a few bucks for some parts and quickly gettin' back on the road.

A new frame, tanks, seat, chrome, pipes, oil tank, front end, sissy bar, fender, handle bars, paint job, and eight months later, Gerritt has gotten his pan back on the street. So the story on his bike is that Gerritt had McCloskey rebuild his putt and after 'bout nearly a year, it's done. Fuckin' wonderful. Stories like this one can really excite ya.

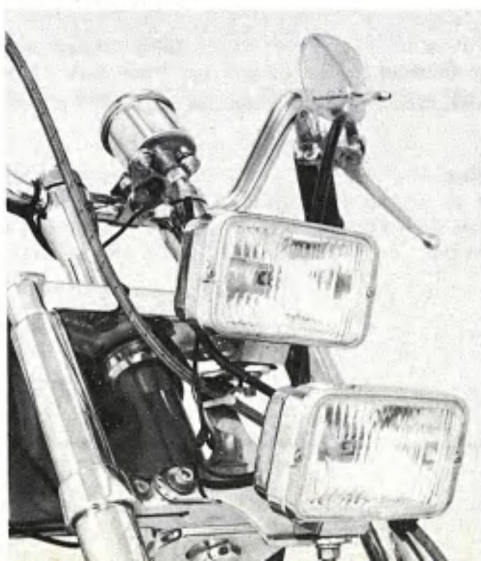
Anyway, check out the detailing in the flicks, and by all means, run down the tech sheet. If I spent the time gettin' it all down, the least ya can do is take a glance at it.

— Axle Brain





Photos by Pete Chiodo



A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Grif**, downed by three punks in a truck. We'll never forget ya, Love and miss ya, Tom and Joanne.

In memory of **Wayne Forbes**, 7/1/82. Ride to the highest cloud and we'll meet you there. Remembered by all your bros. Mike and Eddie, Conn.

In memory of **Doug "Wildman" Campbell**. Loved and missed by us all. We still have your memory until we meet again, bro. Ride free forever, Kenny and all your brothers and friends.

In memory of **"Buffalo" Bob Malark**, gone but never forgotten. Ride high and free, brother. Forever your bros.

In memory of **Craig Downer**, run over by a careless driver. We all pray that someday they will be more aware of us. Rest in peace. Your many friends, who will miss you.



In memory of **"Peter D" Ritter**, a bro from start to finish. You'll be remembered. Ride the wind forever. Tiburon MC.

In memory of **Jerry "Willy" Williams**, 6/22/82, ambushed by a no-good punk. You may be gone, Ace, but will never be forgotten. May the wind be at your back in Harley Heaven. It isn't the same without you, bro, but we will ride together again. J.L., Linda, Johnny, T., Wayne, Banjo, and Carol Lee.

In memory of **Kevin Deel**, who died on his Harley 6/26/82. May you ride forever. We will always remember you, Rondo and friends.

In sweet memory of **Terri Noel Hildreth**, born 2/27/82; died 6/29/82 a silent death that comes in the night. The greatest biker chick ever born. Please wait in Harley Heaven for Mom and Dad. Love always. Bill and Kelly Hildreth and Caine.

In honor and memory of **Richard Alan Vaughan**, who was taken from us 6/4/82. We still love and miss you deeply. Only the good die young. May you ride forever in Harley Heaven. Deb C. and all your bros, friends, and family.

In loving memory of **Animal and Bear** of the Asgard MC. They lived hard and free. They loved and were loved and died too damn young. The wild, riding South will always remember you both. I know you're out there riding Heaven's winds. Love to you both, Kareen.

In memory of **Tony Williams** of Odessa, Tex., 11/4/81. Downed by a bro with a noiseless gun. We miss you very much and think of all the times we rode with the wind in our faces. Ride on! Love ya, Linda and Brandy.

In memory of **Steve "Muck" Lyon**, Brother Muck to all who remember him. He made life easy with his songs. His goal was to ride and make the easy life easier. May he be remembered by all as by us, Darren, R.T., C.W., Chickadee, and Cowboy. Ride on, bro.

In memory of a bro we are all gonna miss, **Gary Willis**; Texas bikers don't forget. We loved you, man. All the bros from East Texas.

In memory of **Jerry**. It takes a very special person to leave such an impression on people's lives as he did. He left behind his wife and kids and a lot of close friends. We all want to thank you, Jerry, for letting us be a part of you and for you being such a special part of us. All your friends and family in Lakeland.

In memory of **Clifford**, 2/18/81, my brother forever. I'm lost now without you. I only wish I had known they were narcs. Someday I'll meet you at that run in the heavens. I love you. Sharon.

In memory of **Steve Cou**. To a great bro who rode hard and wild. You are gone, but still you ride in our hearts. Till we ride in Harley Heaven, we love and miss you. Your bros and friends, Chico, Smooch, Erika, and all your brothers in Hickory, N.C.

In memory of **Mike "Frenchy" Moore**, 10/24/81, Wildcats MC Prez. You lived fast and died too young, my true brother. A part of every run will be lived for you out of my own life and heart. Keep ridin' in the wind. I can hear you, Vice Tramp.

In loving memory of **Larry Carroll**, who rode his scooter to his death 6/27/82. The most beautiful memories in the world cannot be touched. They will always be felt with the heart. I'll always love you, Bobbye.

Murphy: Your memory and warmth shall always be in the hearts and souls of your true friends. You left too soon. You're missed, and never forgotten. Ride hard, fast, and free. Our diehard love. Sugar and the Gang.

In loving memory of **Tony "Woof" Shirlaw**, 6/29/82. You rode to live and lived to ride. We'll miss and love you always. Raise hell in Harley Heaven, where we'll all meet again some day. Sue, Linda, Patty, and your bros, The Outlaws from N.Y.

HEY, LADIES—WHEN THE TIME AND PLACE ARE RIGHT, A KELLEY KWIK-STAND IS THE MOST SATISFYING 8 INCHES YOU CAN WRAP YOUR FINGERS AROUND!

Sure, most of the time it's just plain useless, and you've got lots better things to do with your fingers. BUT—remember the day you set off on a dynamite run and wound up beside the highway, with the sun beating down, trying to find the right combination of fenceposts, rocks, and empty beer cans to leverage the rear wheel up so the ol' man could take the tire to get fixed? And you stayed behind, swatting flies with one hand and keeping the one-wheel bike balanced with the other, cussing every semi that whoosed by?



That's the time we mean—the one time and place when only a Kelley KwikStand will satisfy. Works in seconds, on any stock HD74 swingarm. Give him a Kelley KwikStand for Christmas, and make sure it comes along on every putt. Quick, simple, secure, and effortless—lifts the rear wheel off the ground right now, and provides solid three-point support.

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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.

30-year-old bro, down and out, lonely and sincere, needs an old lady to be waiting with loving arms. Will answer all promptly. Mario James #A-61705, Box 500, Unit 10-6A, Hillsboro, Illinois 62049.

White male, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. I've got some time to do and I can sure use letters from you fine ladies out there. Common ladies drop me a line. Will answer all. Joseph Corcoran #82A139, Box 149, Attica, New York 14011.

Down and in need of letters from ladies, aged 18-80. Blind, crippled, or crazy, send photo! Thanks, Charles Lee Clark #B-023194, B-40, Box 488, Polk City, Fla. 33868.

W/m down with not much time to go. I'm 22 and want to hear from all good-hearted women. Mark Materna #163-641, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140-0069.

I'm a righteous biker and a lonely bro, from the east coast of North Carolina. I need a special lady to share my feelings, someone to help me through this time. I'm 25 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, and 175 lbs. Be sincere; send photos. Darrell Brinkley #78249, Box 500, 1-Bks., Grady, Arkansas 71644.

Downed biker bro, doing a hitch in the slammer, looking for some sincere biker chicks to write to and get to know while I'm down. Hometown: Saugus, Calif. Please send letters and pictures to Michael Sheehan #C46809, Dorm 6322, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Downed bro doing hard time in the middle of redneck country. Could use some scribes and flicks from some righteous biker chicks. Joe Hawkins #081994, RJCI, Box 37, G37, Chattahoochee, Fla. 32324.

Ladies, one blond-haired, blue-eyed outlaw, doing time because someone dropped a big dime, is looking for some fine-looking righteous women, 18-40, who are true and sincere. I need all the love you can give to a bro and am looking for the right one. Please send picture, but not important. Will answer all. Russ Smith #108523, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Attention: thoroughbred ladies only! Can you really take care of a downed bro? If you're one of the few who can, then write to a thoroughbred bro who can take care of you when he becomes emancipated. If you meet the criteria, write and send photos to Jim James, Servello, Bilton Road, Somers, Conn. 06071.

W/m, 20, a lonely bro looking for a righteous woman 18-23 to share thoughts and future with. Will answer all letters. Jeff Paczesny, WCI Oakhill, Box 238-5212 Hwy. M., Oregon, Wis. 53575.

How about cheering up a downed sister? I've been down for about 2 1/2 years, with a little more time to go. I'm 23 years old, with brown hair and eyes. Please, no downed bros, because I won't be able to get your mail. Tamara Karen Walters #150438, BWCI H-1, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

I'm 23 years old, long light brown hair, and lonely as hell. I'm doing some hard time in this hell hole. I need someone to help me do this time with a smile. I've almost given up on life, but I won't give these assholes the satisfaction. Please write! Lori Rae Schultz #150913 BWCI, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

West Coast w/f, 26; East Coast w/f, 27. Met in the middle, captured by the rednecks! Walking shortly. Need some standup bros to help us get back on our feet. Institution sends inmate mail back. Gloria Sween #108296 and Peggy Purcell #113059, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

My socks don't love me anymore, need some mail from possible house meeses. Frank D. Atkinson #C47792, Box 617, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

W/m, 23, brown hair, blue eyes, 160 lbs., Libra, needs a righteous, sincere lady who would like to correspond, to help time pass. All letters answered; will exchange photos. Owen Zipperer #741330, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Any and all mail will be answered. James E. Barry #020844, Box 1100, Mail 1395, Avon Park, Florida 33825, and Albert Brown #208108, Box 1100, Mail 1570, Avon Park, Florida, 33825. Would like to hear from any 1%ers.

Downed bro needs to hear from ladies with heart. Kenny Shirley #124919, Box 56, Elmore, Ala. 36025.

Two bros down for a while and need letters from ladies. All 16 to 35 please write. Will answer. Charles Bittinger #160141; Thomas Keys #156883, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

W/m down and lonely. Southern, in hurting need of any lady who will be genuine from her heart in caring. Lonnie Schooley #29349, I-E-12, Rt. 2, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038-0128.

Hey, ladies, I'm a Hogman thru-and-thru. Got slapped down on a 45. Missing the wind and missing you. Write me, Richard Willoughby #121455, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74311.

Two white males from the city, doing time in the country. Find some time and drop us a line! Will answer all letters. Johnny Czajka #40218, and Sal Mello #42890, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

W/m from the Northwest, downed and lonesome, mellow, outlaw trucker/scooter tramp, 1%er, 34, 5'8", 175 lbs., brown hair, full beard, blue eyes. Sincerely needs letters from lady/ladies for possible lasting relationship (friendship or otherwise). Wanna settle down and have a home when released. Write Don Holmes #C37813, (D), 8229 CMC, Box/A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

No, Cal. scooter tramp doin' time in CRC, So. Calif. Needs mail from women with heart, 25 yrs., 6 ft., 180 lbs., brn. hair. Will be riding, and I do get around. Jeff Kain #C40790, Dorm 32, Box 3535, Norco, Calif. 91760.

Two 22-year-old white Southern bros down with a couple of years and need kites from all you belles out there, and brothers too. Write on! Dewayne Green #108966-Y, and Robert Kelly #107549, 4546 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S. C. 29210.

Need ladies to help this time; two tramps down for long time. Ron Goff, Box C-44596, Dennis Underwood, Box C46661, Represa, Calif. 95671. Send pics and letters.

Downed bro looking for letters and pics from good-looking ladies. Doin' time up north in this hick state pen. Will answer all letters. Mike Wilson #18045, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

Tres Hombres: Three downed bros in Texas. Desire to exchange letters, photos, and visits with sincere bro and sisters, and maintain link with the free world. Tommy Boone #283484 and Frank Boone #295292, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3, Box 59, Roshamon, Tex. 77583; and Willard Boone #304689, Central Unit, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

Two bros locked down, trying to keep up with the world outside. A few flicks and kites would sure keep us going. Frank E. Eddins #291437, Phil A. Clark #326696, Box 38, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed 22-yr.-old outlaw lookin' to meet ladies in the northern Calif. area. So shoot me a kite and a flick and let's see how things work out. Dave Riemer, Box C-14624, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Downed, righteous bro, 27, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, and months to go. Looking for old lady who's got her head together. Write and send pics to Sam Amerson #21000, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

31-year-old outlaw, doing time, needs letters and flicks from any of you sweet young lovelies out there. All answered, 6'2", 220 lbs., brn. hair, brn. eyes. Greg Winchell #C15473, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Down and out and a long way from home. So any letters will put a smile on my face. Bob Henry #062596, Box 747, J-2-S #9, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Bro doing time. Need letters and pix from fine babes, especially hot ones. Looking for friends and lover. I'm 21, 6'1", 170 lbs., blond and blue, and need to hear from you. Bayron Bowman #128817, Rt. 1, Box 17, Capron, Va. 23829.

35-year-old white down but still fighting. All write and all will be answered. David Beard #C45584, CTF-C, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

This is for all my so-called friends, who seem to have forgotten me. Haven't heard from anyone, but dig this: I do not give a fuck! So fuck all of you! Mike Jones #082653, Box 37, Chattahoochee, Fla. 32324, G-dorm.

White bro doin' time on west coast. Am looking for strong lady with open mind and a country heart who likes living free and easy. Drop a line and send a flick! Age doesn't matter; all letters answered. I am 5'11", 195 lbs., long brown hair, brown eyes, mustache and beard, 26 years old. No games, please. Write Tom Dunn, Box B-90545, CTF-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Coming out soon, 6'4", 200 lbs., blond, green, 22 years. Nowhere to go and no one to go there with, so any ideas are fine. Write R. Dorsey #41470, Box 7 2-D-559, Moberly, Missouri 65270.

Downed bro needs mail from foxy ladies. Send pictures; so will I. Jeff Gummere #116459, Box 56, LCI, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Feeling lonely, kinda blue; it will lift my spirits hearing from you. T. M. Phillips #A-86141, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

W/m, 29, righteous bro, paroling soon, needs that special cutie to start new life with. Send letters and photo; will answer all. Paul Creswell, Box 231, Statesville, N. C. 28677.

Down white boy, 20, fair build, brown hair, hazel eyes, needs to hear from ladies who want to party when I parole to So. Calif. William G. Butler Jr. #27506, J-Company Y.T.S., Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Attention, ladies: I'm 22, blond hair, blue eyes, and lonely as hell! Looking for some f-me-all! Please write B. J. Pledger, Box C-23642, Tamal, Calif. 94974. Send photo!

Scooter tramp, out in '83, needs some smut from any of you fine mamas; photos appreciated. Will answer all letters; photos and offers of help upon my release will be answered first. Larry Harrison #C-46016, Box 617, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Two bros doing hard time here in Oz would like to hear from some of you crazy Yank chicks, so brighten our days. Bob Halls and Joe Payne, H.M. Prison, Clouburn, N.S.W., Australia.

W/m in prison without family or friends who care. Would like correspondence from anyone out there in the free world who cares. Billy Millam, Box 7000, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89702-7000.

Downed desperado, 21, blue eyes, red hair, 5'9", 165 lbs. Been down a couple, got a couple more to go. Looking for letters and flicks from righteous chicks! Possible long-time relationship for that special lady. Will answer all! Write to David W. Klein #38616, Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91719.

21-year-old white male, with not much to go, will write all ladies; please send photos. Billy Christian #C-45635, Dorm 70, #11, Box 2210, CCC, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Down, doin' heavy time and my house mouse split the scene. So could you please write to me? Duane Lehman #P-3964, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

31-yr.-old, white male interested in writing all serious-minded people with good conversation. Please send photos. Conrad Lenox #C-39735, Dorm 70, #13, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Two white bros down. The future looks grim but some kites and flicks from some righteous lady 8 to 80, crippled, blind, or crazy would make the present tolerable. Write to Gus Bassett #071745 and Bob Preston #A-072593, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

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You got it — just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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House of Harley 4334 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler

Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 801 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

Flexible Flyers, Inc. 15621 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 348-A, Hot Springs
74 Cycle House Hwy. 7-1, Russellville

CALIFORNIA

Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumaz St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Main St., San Fernando

D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente

Mich. McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park

H-D West 2489 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey

Little Meats Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Oceano

H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael

Janner Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank

Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto

Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah

Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn

J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville

Cycle's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst

Ryder MC Accessories 2997 Monterey Rd., San Jose

Klein's Texaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1601 Truman St., San Francisco

A Able Enterprises 220 A Division St., Pleasanton

Liberty Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne

Custom Cycle Works 19887 Hwy. 94, Dulzura

COLORADO

Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo

Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge

D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction

H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs

Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver

Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora

Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver

Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton

Flatiron H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder

Quality Machine 9550 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge

Joe Dandy's Cycle Emporium 418 Harrison Ave., Leadville

A Righteous Ride 1103 5th St., Greeley

Denver Used MC Parts 1618 Lafayette St., Denver

Brown & Silvey Custom Motorcycle 223 8th St., Colorado Springs

Harley Dewey's 502 Main St., Alamosa

Hawg Wild 4315 S. Lincoln Ave., Loveland

Freedom Wheels MC Shop 321 Main St., Longmont

CONNECTICUT

New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton

Spurlock Cycle Accessories 78 Union St., Rockville

Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgido Plaza 120 Boston Post Rd., Milford

DELAWARE

Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami

FLORIDA (Cont'd)

H-D South 9600 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4867 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale

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Toads of the Road

Continued from page 11

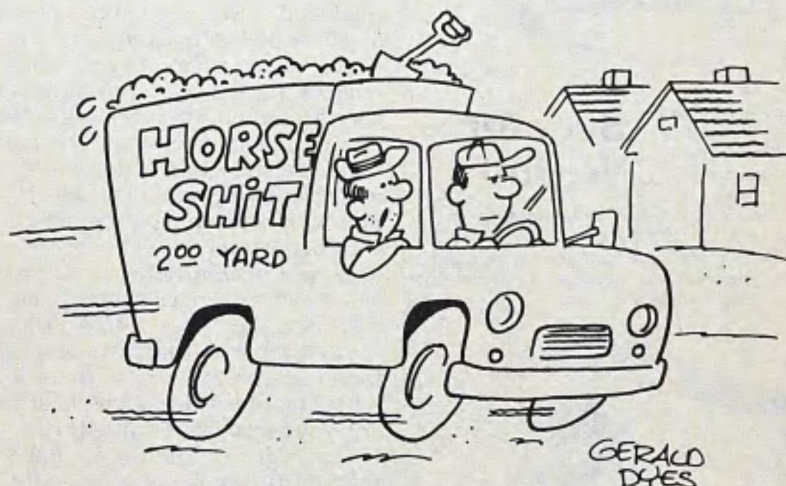
Cadillac road toad will also be wearing a hat, and you probably won't be able to see a head under it, just as with the male; but there are certain differences that clearly distinguish the female from the male. Instead of being grey or black, the hat will probably be covered with flowers, and there's a chance that under it you might spot some hair that's the same shade of blue as the pipe where it comes out of your back cylinder.

The female of the species also has a different way of moving down the road. Whenever traffic is heavy, giving no opportunity for you to get by, her speed will also be about forty-five. However, as soon as she gets into a clear space her speed will increase to at least seventy. She also runs with her left foot resting on the brake pedal just hard enough to keep her brake lights on all the time, so you have no idea when she's gonna slow down — except that she'll always slow from seventy to forty-five as soon as she gets into

a position where you can't pass her. When runnin' in town you have to be especially careful around the elderly female road toad, because she's usually either lookin' for a store or has her eyes peeled for a sale. In either case she's liable to slam her brakes on at any moment (and remember, her brake lights are on all the time so you won't know when she's doin' it) to check out a

store window or an address. At no time does the female road toad ever look in her rearview mirror, so she won't be worried even if there's a diesel truck behind her, and probably won't even notice the bump when something as insignificant (to her) as your motorcycle slides under her rear bumper.

Although she may be somewhat younger than the elderly female



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road toad, there is one type that is even more dangerous: the multiple female road toad. This type of toad is easily identified because it has at least four heads, and careful observation will show you that all of them are talking at once. Because of this, outside distractions, such as traffic signals, screams of anger, and the grinding of metal against the pavement make no impression. Another problem with the multiple female road toad is that it often has no idea of where it is going, and is apt to make sudden turns or stops when it realizes that it is lost. You must use special caution when dealing with multiple female road toads, because there is a sub-species, the young multiple female road toad, which drives no better but can provide you with many interesting hours in the back seat once it notices you alongside it. This younger toad is often turned on by anyone riding a Harley, and you'll only face two dangers from the type. The first is that the critter may be so busy lookin' at you and your scooter that it might run into or over you, and the second is that if you should happen to run across an exceptionally well-developed multiple female road toad of the younger type, say one with six or more heads, you might find yourself suffering from terminal exhaustion before you can escape.

Another extremely dangerous type of road toad that you may run across (or that may run across you) is the teenage toad. For some unknown reason, most of these are male, but females of the species have been spotted occasionally. Because of their much better eyesight, the teenage road toad will undoubtedly spot your bike as soon as you get within a block of it, and when you are spotted you are in immediate danger. The teenage road toad will react to the sight of a Har-



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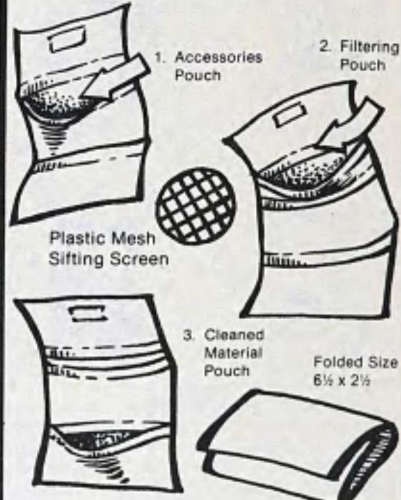
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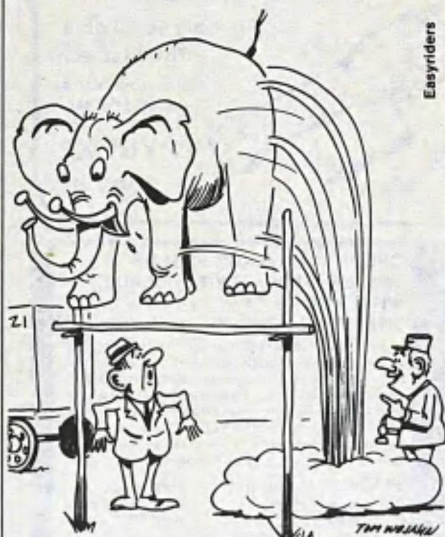
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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ley in one of two ways. It will either be attracted to the machine like a bee to a flower, feeling an irresistible urge to get a closer look at your sled, or it will feel an overwhelming urge to prove that it is faster than you are. In the first case you will often find that the attraction of the teenage road toad toward your bike will result in either its getting so close that it runs into you, or it will be gazing at your scooter with such adoration that it forgets about other toads, and runs into the back of one of them, scattering parts all over the road in front of you. The convinced-it's-faster-than-you road toad is also very dangerous. The smallest problem you are apt to have with this type is that he will spray you with rubber smoke and black too-rich exhaust smoke when he stands on it. The major problem he sometimes presents is that he often attracts the attention of the black-and-white road toad (about which more later).

An offshoot (perhaps a genetic mutation) of the teenage road toad is the *E Pluribus Weeds Roadus Toadus*, more commonly known as the low-rider road toad. This type can be readily identified by the skinny wheels and tires mounted well outboard from the full-size body, fancy artwork in the windows, and fringe of dangling fuzzballs above each window. Many of the species have also grown a pair of large, furry squares, spotted like dice, that hang from the rearview mirror. Another easy-to-spot characteristic of the low-rider road toad is that it never moves at more than twenty miles per hour, and slows to less



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than five for any dip in the road more than 1/4-inch deep. An advanced species of the low-rider road toad has been discovered by scientists. This advanced type displays an unusual movement, which has been associated with the mating dance of road toads of this species, bouncing the front end up and down through a range of travel that may approach two feet. It should also be noted at this point that no low-rider road toad has ever been found to have functional shock absorbers, which makes their motion down the road somewhat erratic. While the low-rider road toad is not as dangerous as some of its brothers, it should be noticed that it does present some specific problems for the biker who comes into contact with it. Already mentioned is the slow rate of speed at which it travels and the constant slowing almost to a stop for any irregularity in the road. Slightly more dangerous, though, is the large cloud of blue oil smoke that often trails the low-rider road toad. It makes visibility extremely bad, often to the point where the following biker cannot see the wine and beer bottles which often drop from the low-rider road toad; and if a road toad of this type is followed at the wrong time of day, that cloud of oil smoke may even be contaminated by an evil-smelling gas, which is emitted because of the low-rider road toad's unusual diet of tacos, burritos, and menudo.

An extremely dangerous type of road toad is often found in the western and southern United States. This is the pickup road toad, and it, too, is easily identified from the rear because of the bright-red condition of its neck. Students of the various varieties of road toads have speculated that this bright-red condition is not any actual coloring of the road toad, but is an inflammation of the skin caused by the constant backward movement of the head while the pickup road toad slugs down vast quantities of beer, without which it cannot move more than a few blocks. The pickup road toad can easily be confused with his bigger brother, the eighteen-wheeler road toad, simply because almost all pickup road toads feel that they should be eighteen-wheelers, and they drive accordingly, convinced that everyone else will get out of their way. Some pickup road toads that have apparently eaten motorcycles have been spotted, and bike remains are seen in the rear of the

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toad, ready to be shit out. One might think that this type is extremely dangerous, but the motorcycle-eating pickup road toad is generally less dangerous than its brothers, although the beer consumption is the same and certain (unnamed) controlled substances are often smoked, snorted, or rubbed in the belly by this type, making its behavior erratic. The two primary dangers from the pickup road toad are bits and pieces (especially empty beer cans) falling from it or blowing out of the flat section at the back of the toad, and the occasional full-fledged red-necked pickup road toad, which can be spotted by the guns mounted on a rack inside the back window. Remember what happened at the end of *Easy Rider*, and beware the full-fledged red-necked pickup road toad!

Finally, we must take a look at the most dangerous of these creatures: the black-and-white road toad! This variety is often found lurking in dark places and on freeway ramps, waiting for its prey — and the biker is a delicacy that it will go to any lengths to capture. When spotted (usually too late), the black-and-white road toad is identified by its siren-like cry, flashing lights, and the sound it makes just as it pounces: "All right, spread 'em, asshole."

Unfortunately, it is becoming almost impossible to avoid the many varieties of road toads found today. However, if you exercise caution, it should be possible for you to ride at least halfway around the block without coming into contact with one. Should you find yourself trapped by a road toad, be extremely careful that you do not let it come into contact with either you or your bike. Remember, you're riding a Hog. And toads carry an infection that is spread by contact. You wouldn't want to end up riding a Wart Hog, would you? — Snooze



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The Coot

Continued from page 30

scratched at the stubble there.

"Doc, I can't remember a thing. Hell, I can't—you tell me." He half sat up, but fell back when the pain became too great.

"You were in a bike accident, out on Route 17. As near as we can tell, you lay there for two days before anyone found you. It's pretty isolated out there. Do you remember what you were doing there? Do you have any friends, relatives, anyone or anything that could be of any help to us?"

Again Coot rubbed his face; his voice shook. "No, nothing, not a thing. Hell, I don't like this. You gotta help me get back. It's all a blank."

"It will all come back. Sometimes it just takes a while. What I want you to do now is rest. Tomorrow we can go into some techniques that may help to restore your memory. Please rest. You really shouldn't be alive after what we found—"

Coot snorted, "Maybe I ain't. With

nothing to remember, it ain't all too thrilling." He finished the sentence in a snore, asleep.

The morning was bright. Coot lay on his bed looking at the walls, at the whiteness of the ceiling, at the curtains. It was early and he moved about, a stranger to himself. He rolled from the bed, fighting the

pain, fighting the urge to call out. His room was small. Must be a really small town, small hospital. He stumbled, dragged his tired legs to a small window and looked out. "Pretty, at least," he muttered, and turned from the window. He passed through a door into a bathroom, looked at the stranger in the mirror. He had grey hair, an unshaven face.



"Well, Commissioner, we've got it narrowed down to six suspects."



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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 Fat; 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).

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He reached up a tired hand to the gold earring that hung in his left ear. A hook in the bathroom held his clothes. He touched the scruffy leather jacket, looked at its old road scars, at the new ones, felt with his fingers in the pocket. A folded twenty was there along with a corkscrew and two joints. He smelled the jacket, smelled the road and the sky, smelled the oil and the engine, the falling snow and the hot sun, the clear nights when, protected by only this and dreams, he had ridden across the state on a whim. A tear rolled down one cheek. "Damn, I've had this thing a long time. Old — I'm getting old." He touched the reality of the jacket, brushed the cracked and creased leather, and shambled back to the bed to wait and remember. The sun moved slowly and he had time to think, to play reawakening memories across the whitened walls of the room. Old, old! The jacket talked first; then came the road, the bikes, and the hordes of dead men, and some still living, who'd forged the legend with him. His mind drifted back through the years.

Scottsdale, in Arizona. The war was over. The warriors of Europe and of Japan, the kings of America, were coming back. As his young war-torn body and mind healed, he discovered the power-madness and freedom of two wheels and an open sky. He and Skipjack bummed around, pulled stakes on a couple of war-surplus bikes, and chased the sun westward into the sea. The old 45 Indian Scout and the Harley sang together in the passes, crooned to the open highway. They were twenty and life was forever. Frisco, the early days, before the songs, before the stories, when a man could kick over an engine and apologize to no one for it. Frisco, where they met Frenchy, Doc, and others who shared the need for speed and wind in the face. He laughed now at the mind-shadows in the sterile room, the short hair, the cuffed pants, the different phrases that passed between men who loved the same sensations. The dreams came faster, the nightmares. Skipjack down under a semi in Mendocino, yelling at Coot not to leave him there to die alone. He wasn't Coot in those days, he had a younger man's name. And Skipjack was dead at twenty-five, his memory alive only in a few of the old road brothers now.

Later, the good years — the women, the rides, the movement. Bigger bikes and the roads still ran on forever. The sadness. Two Shot,

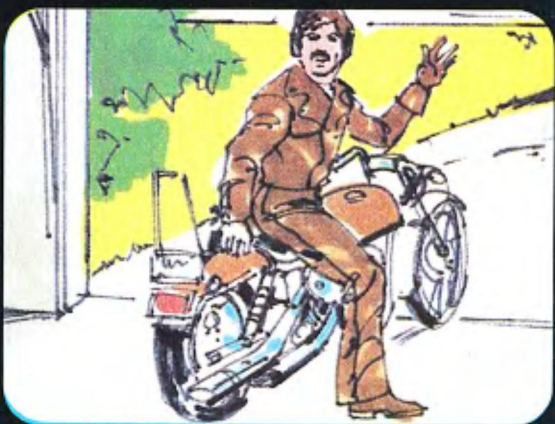
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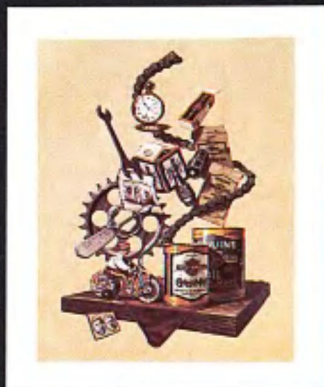


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married, worse for the move, gone into the world from where no one returns. A banker, his three-piece suit a coffin. Two Shot, who had once run in from Oregon in a rain-storm to party with Coot on his birthday. Big Bob, who had turned in a few of the boys for dealing and had left the state in order to survive. Movement, always movement. The Coot remembered. The hair grew longer, the bikes faster, the times better. Faces crowded in on him. He laughed, cried, greeted them all.

His memory was back now. The crash, the bike that had almost taken him over the edge. The chopped panhead he had ridden for the last five years, mostly alone except on Labor Day or Memorial Day runs. The Coot, as he was known in the Bay area, the world's oldest biker. The stories were almost funny — the Coot had been at Hollister, the Coot used to ride for Indian, the Coot taught Kenny Rogers how to ride. He lay alone and pensive, brought up to date in his mad mind-rush. He counted the losses and was afraid that they outweighed the wins.

A drifter, who wore no club colors, saw the Coot's bike as he gassed up for the long run west. It lay in the station, front end twisted, sagging on its stand. He asked the attendant who owned it. "Some old guy over at the hospital. Bent himself up good last week. Don't think he'll use it again."

The drifter thanked him and punched it on west. He had seen that bike before, seen its almost mythical rider, and he had an idea.



"I gave her a chance to get laid,
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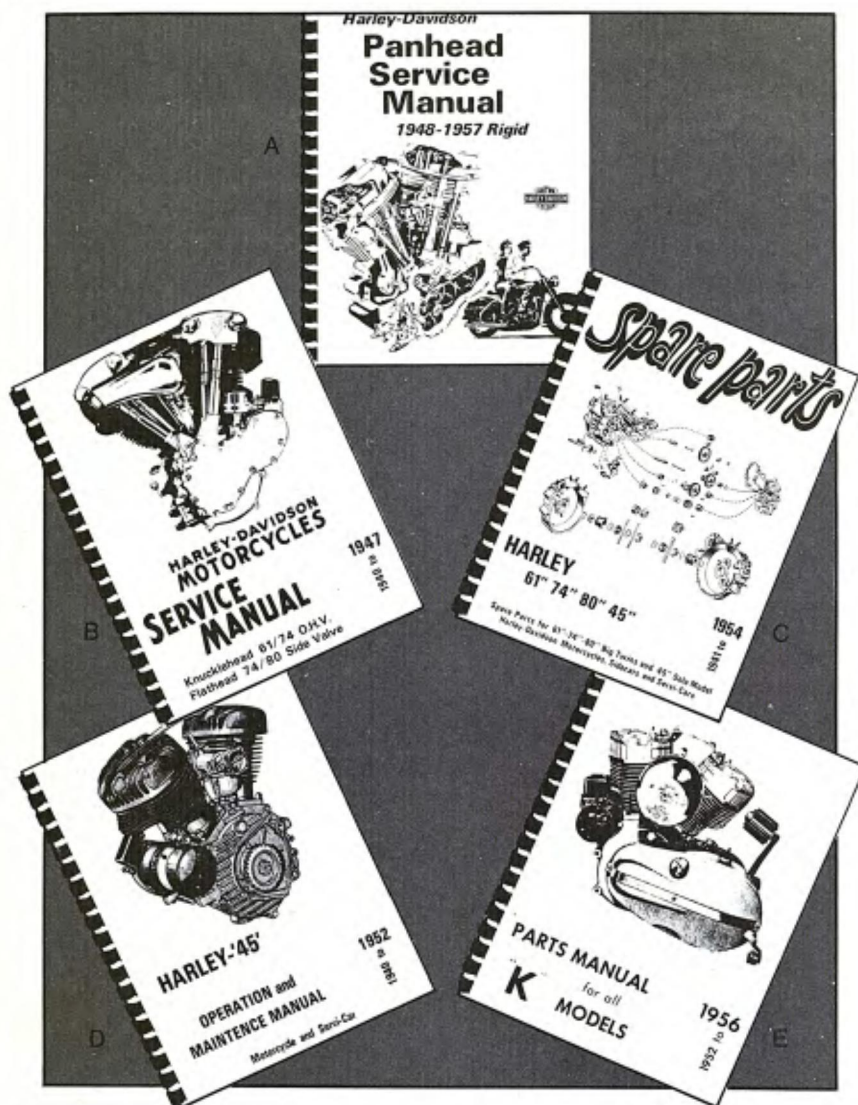
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F	All five		\$70.00	\$80.00	\$100.00		

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He ran into a bunch of bikers heading for a party, put the word to them, and they sent out riders to the faithful. The drifter headed back to the town, to the hospital, to find Coot, to wait.

It was late in the day, sky turning to silver as the doctor prepared to leave Coot for the night. He promised to look into the bike and see how it was, and shook his head in amazement at the old man who vowed that he'd ride again as soon as he could walk. There was thunder in the air, odd for this time of year, and as the doctor looked out into the sky he saw the thunder rounding the corner. A horde pulled up in front of the hospital, colors flying, pipes calling to their wounded brother.

The doctor, who understood, smiled at the horde, at the medicine for the fallen one inside, waved them on past an astounded desk nurse. They stormed into Coot's room, all the brothers who had come to see him. The faithful, the first to arrive. There would be many more.

He lay there and stared at the faces. The faces that hadn't changed since he and Skipjack had fired up and left Scottsdale. He stared at these brothers with their long hair and beards, the skulls, the wings. He laughed at the short hair of his early years and at the outer differences that he knew were all an illusion. They were all there — their spirits were with him in these new brothers. Skipjack, Frenchy, Two Shot before the fall — all the sinners whose glory lit up a dull world. He laughed, the laughter hurting his ribs. "You bastards, you ugly, scruffy bastards. . ."

The wolfpack laughed with him and he thought about the wind. ■



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Strange Encounter

Continued from page 62

like a barn door. He drove the car up and parked it side-by-side with the bike and opened his hood. He uncoiled a tube nearly eight feet long and handed a clamped-off end to me. Following his instructions, I removed the tank cap, loosened the clamp, and filled the small tank with gas. He was explaining, while he held the flashlight, how his cruiser had a special connection on the fuel pump so it could easily assist out-of-gas motorists. I was in a daze, working like a zombie, trying to figure this cop's motive. I'm surprised he didn't nail me on a drug charge, I was acting that dopy.

I thanked him for the gas, called him sir again because he kept doing it to me, and then I remembered the tire. I mentioned it to him, getting guilty pangs. I figured he'd be pissed because I took him for the gas and it hadn't solved the problem.

"Blowout or slow leak?" he asked.

"Slow leak, sir," I said. He was smiling. He made me nervous.

"No problem," he said and went around and opened the trunk. "I've got just the thing." He took out a small air compressor, connected it to the cruiser's battery, set a gauge, and filled the tire to the required pressure. When he finished that, he packed it back in its plastic box and slammed the trunk lid. "Anything else?" he asked, smiling.

"Yeah, check the oil and water!" I mumbled, my brain not quite able to grasp all this in one session. The last time I had been this spacy when sober was when my ex-wife had told me she thought she was pregnant two years after I had had a vasectomy!

"What?" he asked. I snapped out of it somewhat. "Are you a cop or a mobile garage?"

He smiled again. "A little of both," he said. "We see a lot of this kind of thing around here; there's a lot of road and not many service stations. Tell you what. You're about ten miles out of town, my hometown, so I'll follow you in to make sure that tire holds up." He got in the cruiser.

The bike took a bunch of kicking, plus a few words not to be found in Webster's, but then she caught, and the thrill of hearing the engine's powerful roar again seemed to make it all worthwhile. It always does.

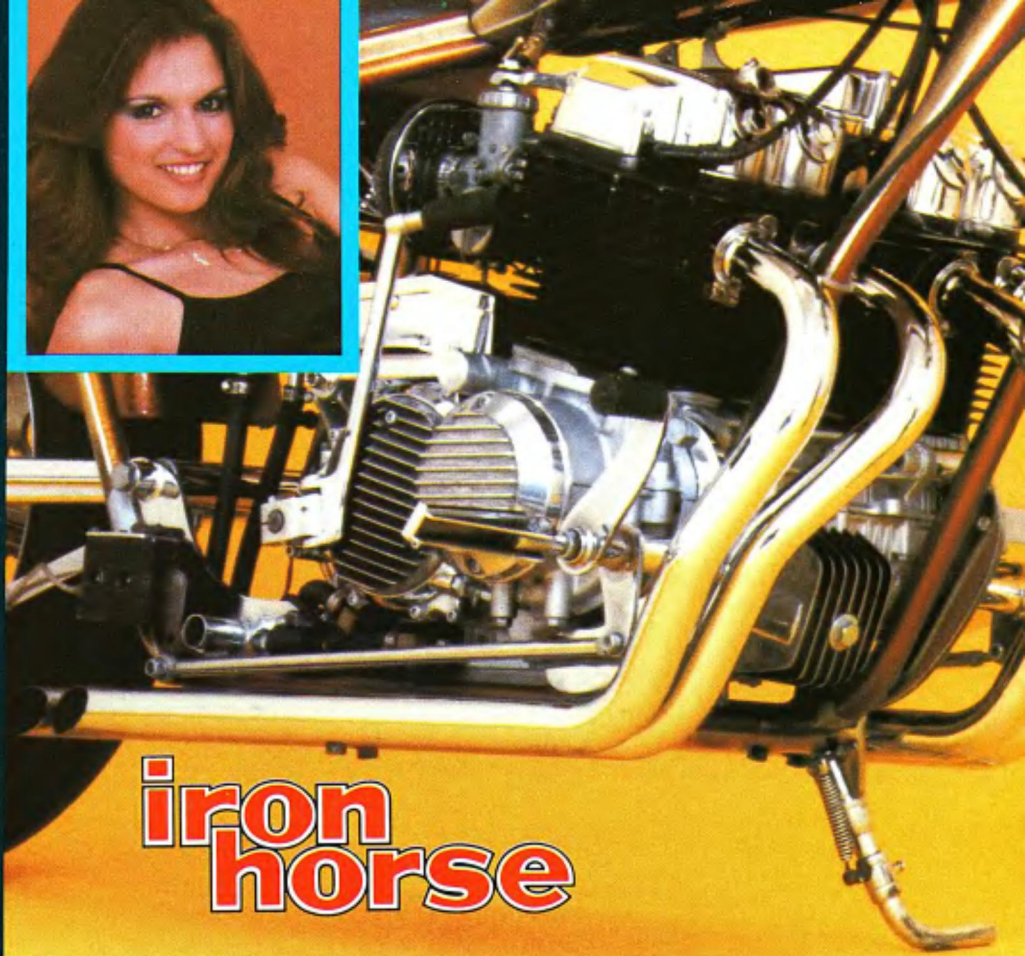
The ride into town was basically uneventful. The cop showed me a garage that could fix the valve-stem leak in the morning and we stood around talking for a few minutes. I

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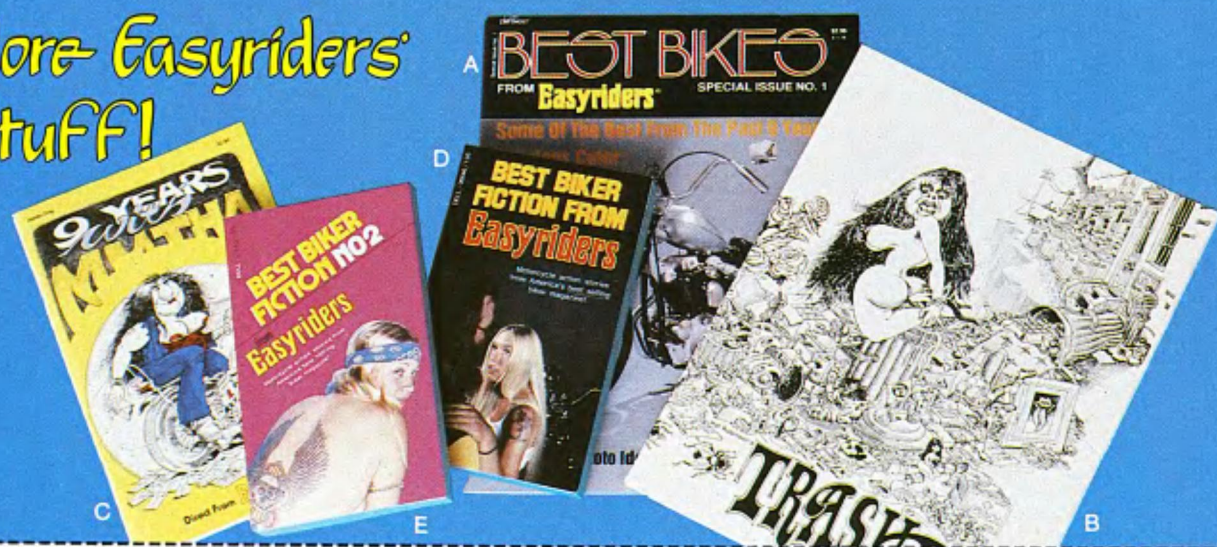
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—The Editors



iron horse

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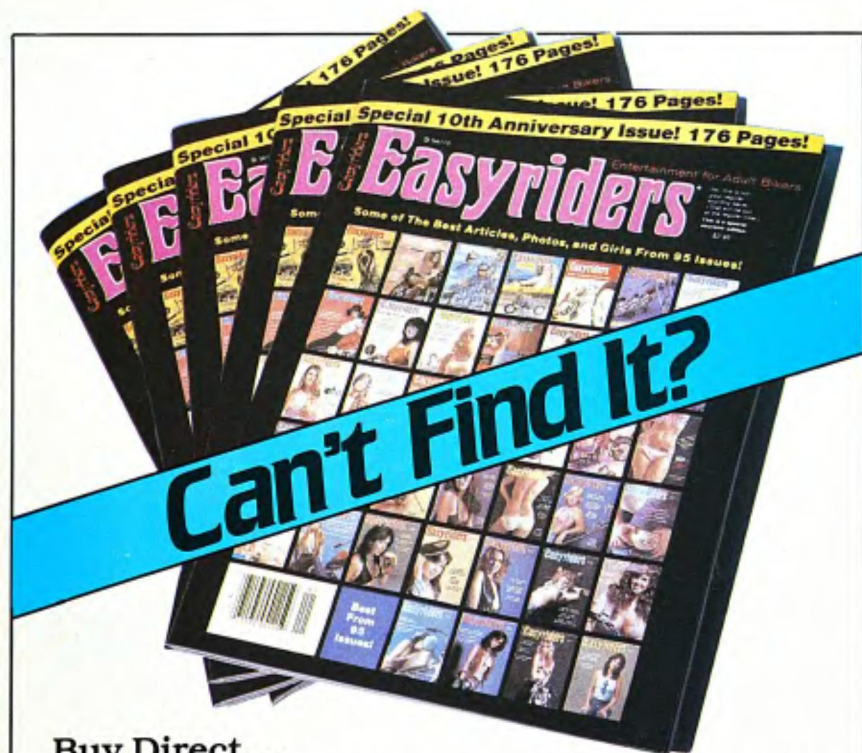
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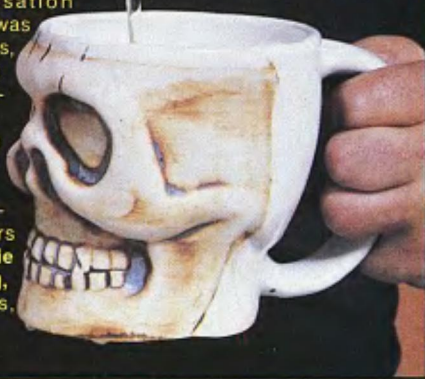
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guess I was trying to think of a way to thank him, without sounding like the moron I felt like. I never was much good at saying thank you, but I figured I owed this cop a big one. I knew that if he hadn't helped, by morning the tire would have been flat and I'd have had to lug it into town, get it fixed, carry it and gas back to the bike, and, if it was still there, mount it back again. That's a lot of walking — bikers aren't the most readily picked up hitchhikers!

I offered to buy him a drink. He declined, but said if I had a real big imagination, there was liquid to be had in his office that some called coffee. I accepted, smiling. I've had some three-day-old coffee, burnt on a campfire all three days, and never once did ol' Black Velvet fail to make it taste as good as mother's best. Just my opinion, of course.

I parked the bike facing outward by habit, in a pitch-black alley about six feet wide between the cop shop and the local barber-keep-America-beautiful joint. I stuffed the pint bottle into my hip pocket and surprised myself by realizing I was actually looking forward to this little chew-the-fat session with the cop. I'd never found many cops I liked; this was the first I had even considered calling friend. Maybe I was slipping, maybe all the years of picking my brain had finally taken a final effect, maybe I was dreaming, maybe it was a setup. . . no, I'd gone over that last bit all the way in. I wasn't a local, he couldn't be setting me up as an informer, I didn't know anybody from around here. Nothing figured. I was useless to him any way it was put together.

I walked into the cop shop, the first time ever without cuffs on and without an armed escort. I felt secure, the first time without a lawyer's phone number on the tip of my tongue. I had decided when I pulled the key out of the bike in the alley that if that sucker is setting me up, then I deserve it because I ain't smart enough to see through his scam. That's another first, because I never felt like that before!

The cop — his name had about twenty letters in it — said to just call him Ski, and that seemed cool. My name was on my cutoff, and he used it without any objections from me. We sat face to face, a four-foot-wide desk separating us, making light conversation. I had come to one conclusion: the coffee was as bad as he had said. After about the third sip, I was about to suggest a peace offering when he said, "I'm off

duty now; what say we put some cure to this poison?" He pulled open a drawer and yanked out a bottle of Jack Daniel's. I busted out laughing and pulled my favorite spirit out of my pocket. We dumped the coffee out and proceeded to get friendly. His only request was that we don't leave the bottles on top of the desk. That seemed cool; I don't grow my pot plants in my mother's rock garden. We'd been in the office about an hour when the shit hit the fan.

We'd been laughing and joking, a lot of it personal, about the differences between us as people, when the slug hit the eight-by-ten-inch picture frame of his wife and kids that was sitting exactly between us. The impact demolished the frame and set it airborne. I thrust back instinctively, the chair tipping over with me to the floor. My ears rang, the very familiar cordite scent of Vietnam filled the air. I could see Ski only from the waist down from where I was on the floor. His hand was resting on his service revolver. Then other sounds began to invade my brain — shouts.

"You never thought I'd get out, did ya, you fuckin' Polack! You thought they'd keep me locked up forever, didn't ya, you fuckin' Polack!"

Ski made some kind of garbled reply: I wasn't really listening. Truth is, I was trying to think of some way to get my mother's little fool out of this world of shit he'd suddenly found himself baptized into. I extricated myself as quietly as possible from the tipped-over chair. He was a big man, as big as Ski, dressed as a logger might be. In his hands was a Remington 30-06 automatic rifle, and he had it pointed at Ski's chest.

"You, ya lowlife long-haired fuckin' hippie, get your filthy ass back in the chair where I can see ya!" he screamed at me. "You, Polack, take out your piece real easy and slide it over to me."

Ski did as he was told, and I didn't need telling twice. I could see this was a personal grudge, and the more I stayed out of it, the better for all. The logger had an evil smirk on his face. He said to me, "You ain't



"Doris, I'm constipated. Take off your clothes and gross the shit out of me."

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That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighthead, Texas — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from — because you never have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed! Each cable is preformed and prelubed — thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
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Add \$1.00 for postage & handling.

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Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

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

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

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too damn choosy who ya pal around with, are you, hippie?"

"Hey, man," I said, "this pig is no pal of mine! He busted me on a dope rap. I'm a prisoner man, not a pal." I could feel Ski's eyes boring into me. I shot a glance at him. He looked away with an expression of distaste on his face, as if to say he expected such a thing out of a guy like me.

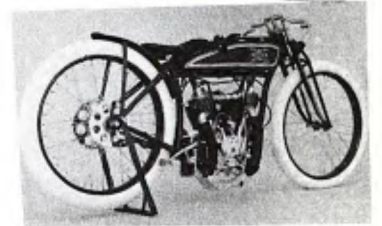
"Then get the fuck out," the logger said, "and forget you were ever here. Consider yourself lucky, hippie. I hate longhairs almost as much as I hate cops, especially Polack cops." He was enjoying this. I made for the door fast. As I went out, I heard him say to Ski, "You and me, we're takin' a ride in your cruiser, and there ain't but one of us comin' back!"

I went into the alley and kicked the big engine into life. I sat straddled on the machine and let the engine idle down to its lowest rpm. It would have been easy right then to do as I was told, ride the hell out of town and forget I was ever here. Too easy, and I learned a long time ago that nothing good comes easy. It would be easy today, but tomorrow and many more to come would haunt me. It was in my make-up. I still remember backing down to a man at the tender age of seventeen. All these years I'd lived with it. Although I said it was out of respect at the time, lying to yourself is the hardest of all. I knew from the beginning that it was because I was scared shitless of him. I didn't need another memory like that to haunt me. Not only that, but as I said, there's damn few cops I could honestly say I liked, to say nothing of sitting down to have a drink with. Because of all the others, this was one who needed to stay on the job. As if that wasn't enough, the logger pissed me off. I certainly ain't into being called hippie, to say nothing of being threatened with a high-powered rifle.

So I sat in the alley, the bike throbbing steadily between my legs. There was a mixture of fear and anger burning inside me. Anger at being treated like dogmeat, fear in remembering the cave-like bore of the 30-06. It was crazy, I thought; what I was planning worked only on TV. Yet, it was all I had going for me at the time. If I pulled it off, I might live to ride another day. If I didn't, I doubted that a simple "Excuse me, sir," would be of much help to me. There wouldn't be a second chance, either. If at first you don't succeed, you die, just as simple as that!

Ski walked into sight across the entrance to the alley. If he heard the

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low throbbing of the engine, he gave no sign. I waited, tense. The 30-06 barrel came into view, a foot behind Ski's back, then the forestock held tightly in a massive paw, and still I waited. The logger came into view; days I waited until light showed between him and the right-hand wall of the alley. It had to be perfect, or he'd just jump back out of the way. One foot of light, then two, and it was now or never!

I snapped on the twin headlights, grabbed all the throttle I could get in one twist, and dumped the

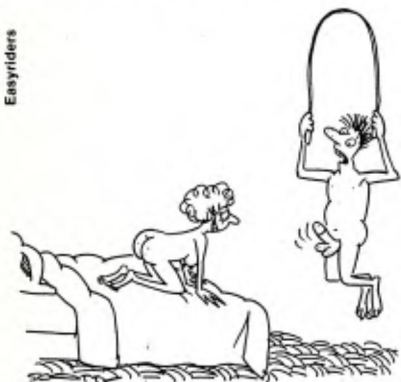
clutch. The engine roared like an angry animal; the rear tire broke loose, throwing gravel all over the alley walls. The element of surprise was mine, as I had prayed. The logger froze and stared at the huge attacking eyes coming at him from the surrounding darkness. Ski lunged out of sight and everything went into slow motion. My ears are my tach, and my ears told me I needed to shift. The rear tire was burning, not getting traction, and the logger had started to move. He began swinging the rifle around to face me, and then I knew I wasn't going to make it! I knew he was going to blow my ass clean off the bike before I reached him. Ski belted something and the logger hesitated, but not long enough. I was dead. The fear in his face changed to an evil grin and I knew he knew he had me, too. I pulled the clutch and stomped the shifter into second, never backing off the throttle. The engine screamed its protest: it had never been abused like this in all the years I'd owned it. I dumped the clutch, the rear tire grabbed, and the front end came off the ground like a stallion pawing the air. The bastard might get me,

but I was going to drive this machine right up his ass!

The logger fucked up. He tried to raise the rifle to his shoulder, instead of using the quick-kill position, firing from the hip, as I had been taught in the Marines. It cost him. At this point, the chain couldn't take the grief I was trying to feed it and it snapped, but that didn't matter because the forward momentum was there, and before the loss of power could reach the rear wheel, I plowed into the logger. The front tire drove into him just above the belt buckle, snapping the bars out of my hands. I went over the bars as the weight of the machine came crashing down on him. The rifle went off, blasting a three-foot muzzle flash into the night.

I hit the street, rolled, and started back toward the logger, but there was no rush. Ski was picking up the rifle and my bike was still pinning its victim like a pro wrestler. He wasn't going anywhere. Ski was madder than hell, ranting and raving about what a damn fool stunt that was, how damn lucky I was to be alive, etc. I just stood there and smiled at him. I guess saying thank you didn't come easy to him, either. ■

Easyriders



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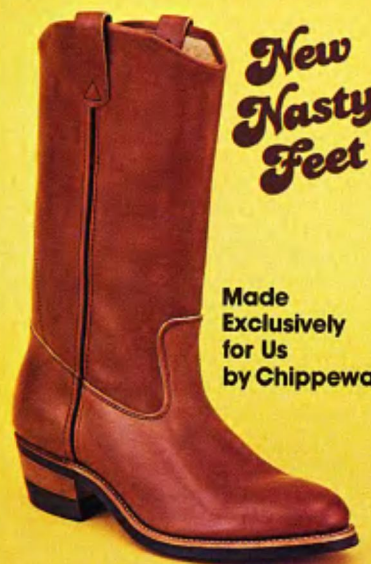
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Skinner

Continued from page 52

the ass of that Mexican chick back in Waco. He blipped the throttle a couple of times, then eased his putt out of the barn and onto the road.

A few minutes later he entered a town; nothing big or special, just a small farming town. He didn't even bother to look for a name. Remembering the tank, he pulled in to a white cinder-block gas station and put Lucky Seven on its side stand.

"Can I help you?" he heard someone ask rather strangely. He turned to see a withered old man squinting at him from the open bay door. The old dude must have been working on a car, because his hands and coveralls were smeared with grease.

"Yeah. Fill 'er up and try not to get any gas on the paint."

The old man started toward the bike, wiping his hands on a rag.

"Oh, yeah, where's your bathroom?" The old man shot Skinner a quizzical look. "Don't worry, I'm not going to rip off anything of yours."

"Around the right side," said the old man as he reached for the pump handle. "Key's inside the door. Put it back when you're through."

Skinner took a good healthy shit,



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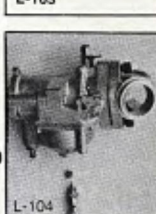
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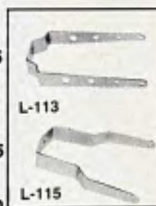
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then washed his hands and dried them on his pants leg. He wet his comb and began getting the tangles out of his hair and beard. Damn, he thought, I sure am gettin' bald fast. Got a few gray ones in there, too. He pulled his bandanna out of his back pocket and tied it around his head. Then he grabbed the restroom key and walked back into the station.

"That'll be three seventy-five for the gas, mister," the old man said.

He paid the man and started toward the scooter, but stopped when he noticed two young boys eyeballing the Harley from their bicycles.

"Nice motorcycle, mister," said the bigger of the two boys.

"Yeah, but it sure would look nicer if you washed some of the grease off of it," said the other.

Skinner smiled, thinking that if that kid were ten years older he might have paid for that comment with a poke in the mouth.

"Do you ride with a gang?"

"Yeah, sometimes."

"Do you get in a lot of fights?"

"I've been in a few."

"Wow," said the smaller boy. "It must be really fun to ride a motorcycle all day and stay out real late and never have to tell anyone where you're going. I bet you get to hang out with a lot of other guys and camp out all the time, too, huh? I bet it's neat to live like that."

Something clicked in Skinner's head. He looked over the two kids with their close cropped hair and neat appearance, standing astride their fairly new bicycles. He remembered something. He sat down on the curb next to the pump and began to talk.

"Yeah, it's a lot of fun. But there's a lot of hassle, too. Like a couple of months ago. Me and some of my buddies were partyin'. We were havin' a ball. Would have partied all



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night, too, if some other guys hadn't started some shit with us. All hell broke loose. The whole place was a madhouse. Broke my knuckles, got my lip busted open, got the hell knocked out of me. But the pain don't matter. You get in there and start swingin' 'cause you have to. It's an unwritten biker law: Fight back or die tryin'. You know the pain will go away in a few days or weeks. You just have to be tough enough to stick it out. Anyway, then the cops came. They thought they were in redneck heaven with so many of us longhairs to hassle. The cop that arrested me had this flashlight about a foot and a half long, and he really did a number on my head with the thing. It still smarts just to think about it." Skinner started to rub his head.

The boys looked at him with wide eyes, but didn't speak or move.

"You guys like fried bologna?"

Both boys nodded.

"Well, that's good. That's about all you get in jail, you know. Fried bologna, water gravy, and biscuits or cornbread; maybe some greens or eggs for breakfast. Three feeds a day, day in and day out." He looked at the boys. "No cake, no pie, no ice cream. They don't even let you have a Coke, just water or black coffee." Skinner could see that statement register on their faces.

"Yeah, fightin' can get pretty rough, too. You know, my nose didn't always signal a right turn like it does now. Bunch of guys jumped me, said they didn't like bikers. Broke my collarbone and four ribs."

Skinner pointed to his forearm. "See that scar there? Some guy thought I was messin' with his girl, so he tried to see what color my insides were. Lucky for me I blocked his knife with my arm. I damn near killed the guy. Knocked the knife out of the way and smashed him in the throat with my other hand. He fell back across a pool table, grabbin' his throat and gaggin' for air with his eyes all bugged out, and I just kept punchin' and punchin' and punchin' till some guys finally managed to pull me off him. My blood was all over. His blood was all over. Probably ruined the felt on the table." Skinner smiled. "Still got his knife, too." He lifted up his pants leg to show the blade tucked into his boot. "Guess I keep it for luck."

Both boys were really wide-eyed now, and the smaller one's mouth was slightly open.

"You like the tattoos?"

Both boys nodded again.

"Think they're tough, huh? Well,

let me tell you what it feels like to get one. First, they shave your skin. Then they put Vaseline on and then they stick a transfer of the tattoo on and rub it down. When they peel it back off, it leaves an outline of the tattoo for the guy to go by. You following me? Good. Then the guy gets out this thing that looks like a cross between a dentist's drill and a sewin' machine and starts goin' over the pattern and colorin' it in. That thing has a bunch of needles that go in and out so fast you can barely see 'em. You guys know what a needle stickin' ya feels like?"

The bigger boy started rubbing his forearm and wincing.

"And you can't let the pain show while the guy's doin' it, either. That would mean you're a sissy. A big sissy. Then, everywhere the needles went in will scab up, and later the scab falls off and leaves the tattoo behind. It's that simple."

Neither boy looked very much interested in getting a tattoo.

"You know what? Sometimes I wish I was like you guys."

They both looked startled.

"Yeah. A nice warm bed, three hot meals a day, color TV, cartoons on Saturday, Thanksgiving dinner, Christmas. It must be nice to have a family. I don't have a family anymore, fellas. My old man kicked my ass out. Said get the hell out and don't come back. I didn't. Lord, that's been twelve or thirteen years ago. Know what I was doin' last Christmas? Washin' dishes in some damn diner in Santa Fe. No gifts, no hugs, no nothin'. Yep, sometimes it's rough to be a biker."

The bigger boy turned to the other. "Come on, Steve, we told Mom we'd come straight home." Steve nodded. "Take it easy, mister."

Skinner waved, and then watched for a few seconds as they rode away. When he stood up and turned around, the old man was staring at him from a few feet away. "I know what you were doin'," the old man said, grinning a little, "and it was



"I asked for joint custody in my divorce. She got the kids and I got the joints."



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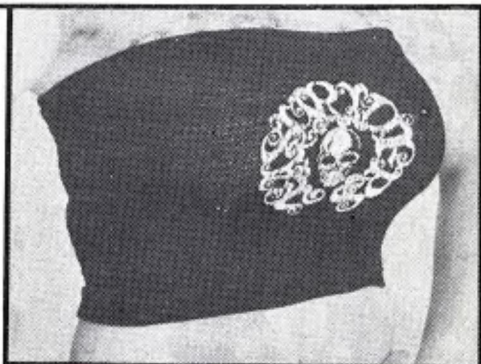
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awful damn decent of you. But if ridin' that thing around and livin' like you do is so damn tough, how come you keep doin' it?"

"That," said Skinner as he pointed to the highway. "That endless ribbon of asphalt right there. That stuff I told them boys was true, man, but that's only part of it. That's not all of it. It's the road, man, the old, open road."

The old man could tell Skinner was reliving a lot of his experiences.

"Hell, there ain't nothin' like ridin' along an old forest road when it's still kinda misty, or when there's a low fog at night and only your head sticks up above it, and every time you hit a dip it's like goin' under water. When you're on a bike you can experience things. You feel the sun on your back. You feel the rain bite into your face. You can smell the musty leaves or the mown grass or the diesel smoke. Hell, you can't experience anything in them closed-up, coffin-like auto cages."

"And the parties, man. Gettin' together with a bunch of dudes and foxes. Gettin' smashed all to hell and ballin' some good-lookin' chick

you've never seen before. Many times as you like. Maybe as many girls as you like. That's livin'.

"And the bullshit about no family. All the bros are family, man. After a while you get to know a lot of bikers, and gettin' back together with them is really somethin' special."

"I can pick up and move any time I want. Just go. No sellin' the house, no change of address cards, no transferrin' checkin' accounts — just split. Move with the seasons: north in the summer, south in the winter. Work a little here, move on.

Work a little there, move on. It's not a bad life, bud. It ain't bad at all."

Skinner swung his leg over Lucky Seven and fired it up.

"To each his own," the old man said. "Me, I wouldn't take all the gold in Fort Knox for this place. Anyway, take care of yourself."

He patted Skinner on the shoulder and started to walk inside.

Skinner watched him for a second, blipped the throttle twice, and headed out.

Now what the hell was the name of that bar? he asked himself. ■



"Gee, my mom always fed us the chicken soup!"

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BACK OFF

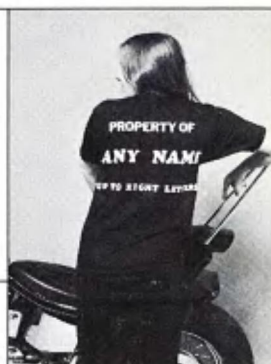
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Two-Wheel Tales

STUCK

We tried to make Sturgis last summer, me 'n' Chuck, but we didn't get no further than Yellowstone. We usually go there every year anyway — as sort of a stopover before Canada — and spend some time with the local kitchen help, soaking our toes and other things in Yellowstone's natural "hot pots." This year we were gonna slide on through to Sturgis, but trouble, in the form of a lady on a Yamaha, caught up with Chuck. After an all-nighter with her in the hot springs, he didn't no way want to jam for South Dakota that next day. So, because he's my partner, and because he had all the spare oil, we holed up in Yellowstone for the short week I had left.

Wasn't a bad substitute for Sturgis: lots of friendly natives and tourists — and most of the competition was a couple hundred miles east being kicked out of Deadwood. So my short vacation got shorter, and one day blurred to the next, and soon it was time for me, at least, to split. I repacked Ol' Betsy, my pan-head, and said my goodbyes to Chuck while he nursed his eighth

hangover of the week. I had two days to make the California coast and I rode out of Yellowstone with a warm sun smiling and good vacation vibes in my head.

The road was fine that first day. I ran south down the Tetons, through Jackson, and down the west side of Wyoming to the back door into Salt Lake City, dodging a pesky thunderstorm. I raced the desert sunset on the long, straight road past the Great Salt Lake and made Bonneville and Wendover around 10 p.m.

I still felt pretty good after gassing up and shootin' the shit with a trucker about everything and nothin', so with a clear, cold desert night hiding my helmetless head, I slid on down I-95 toward Ely, Nevada. Slept in the sage that night, just out of Ely. Nothing but me and the jackrabbits and eleven-billion stars.

With the morning sun came the unmistakable sound of a Harley — no, two Harleys — coming down the road in the distance. It woke me enough to stand and watch as two old Harleys, replete with sidecars,

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

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the good, off-the-wall, unusual

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

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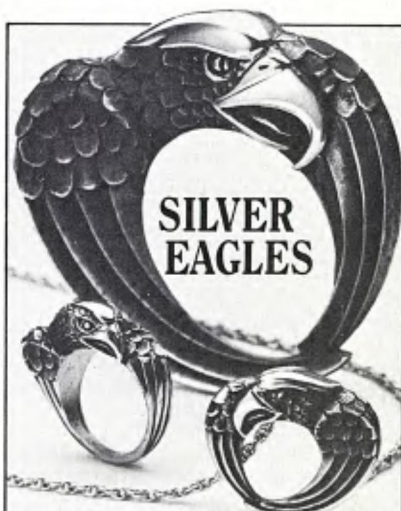
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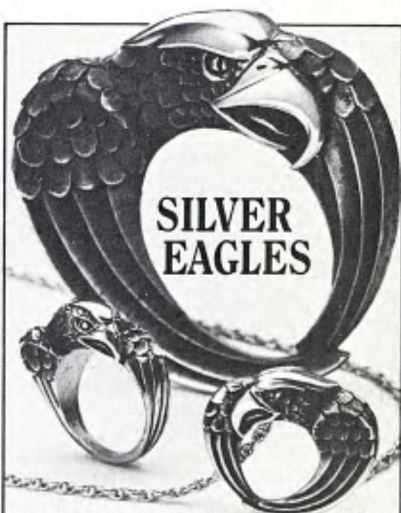
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one bike trailing the other, topped a rise not 100 yards away and cruised serenely past and off over the next hill.

Now, I-95 in central Nevada is not noted for traffic jams. In fact, it rates with me as one of the most untraveled stretches of road I've ever been on. So it was a mite strange to find two vintage Harleys with hacks — piloted by two vintage bikers — sailing through my morning on a road that hadn't seen two cars all night.

An hour later, I caught up with the two old Harley jockeys at a little desert cafe that made up the whole town of Currant. They introduced themselves as John Cameron and Lance Tidwell from Long Beach, California, and they were on the flip-flop from Sturgis, where they'd had, by all accounts, a helluva good time. Had breakfast and enjoyed their characters and stories for a while, then we all headed south again on that long I-95.

Well, I only rode a short way with them, since their steady cruising speed of 50mph was a tad too slow for me. I turned up the wick, waved goodbye, and settled in for some long, hot runnin' in the rising Nevada sun.

Two or three hours later, midday, I'd just gassed up at a dot on the map called "Warm Springs" (for the natural hot springs there) and was pulling up the five-mile grade west of that place when my rear cylinder cut out and I had to pull over just short of the summit. Figured I'd fouled a plug — but I hadn't. After checking over what I could in the 100-degree-plus heat, I turned around and coasted back down that grade to Warm Springs and pulled up under the only tree in town to check out my problem. Shit! I checked everything! Plugs, wires, carburetor, valve adjustment — nothing! Still wouldn't run on anything but my front cylinder. I said

Easyriders



"Oh, all right, I'll go pack your suitcase; but I still think a hospital is pretty expensive just for having a baby!"

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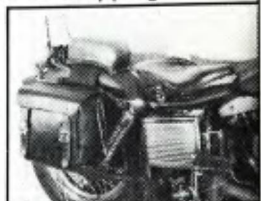
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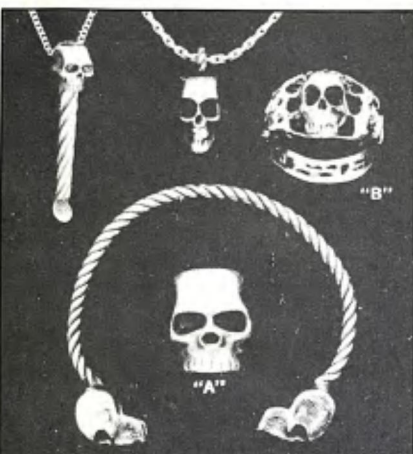
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fuck it for a while and went into the
combo store-cafe-gas station and
bar for a drink.

One hour and three or four drinks
later, I was no closer to figuring out
what was wrong. All of a sudden my
scheming on the lone barmaid for a
place to sleep that night was inter-
rupted by the familiar sound of
those old twin-cam 1926 Harleys
announcing the arrival of
John and Lance.

After two or three more drinks
apiece, my newfound friends volun-
teered to knock heads and see if
they couldn't figure out what the
hell ailed Betsy. We ran through
everything I'd already done, when
John (or Lance?) finally thought he
had an idea of what was wrong.
After rummaging around in his
sidecar for a while, he came back
with one of them old "clicka-clicka"
oil cans, and proceeded to clicka-
clicka a few good squirts of oil into
my rear plug hole. Then, after screw-
ing my plug back in, we threw the
rope I always used to start Chuck's
bike around my triple tree, tied it to
the axle of John's (or Lance's)
sidecar and commenced to drag me
and Betsy down the road. I dumped
the clutch, and, after a few revolu-
tions, damned if she didn't fire up
and start singing her old familiar
song again! Stuck valve was what it
was — and that little shot of oil had
me running again.

Now, I've done more than a little
riding and dealt with my share of
breakdowns. And who knows,
maybe after a few more drinks, or a
night with that there barmaid I
mighta figured it out! But John and
Lance, the two old bros from south-
ern California, had their shit right
together and got me in the wind
just fine that day. Left me with a
memory and a smile, and that's
what it's all about. Thanks, John
and Lance, and oh yeah... I'll trade
you that there fine hawser tow rope
I forgot for a "Booze Fighters"
T-shirt, if y'all have any left. —Lyle



"All right, bitch, put the plug wire back on,
then off the scooter."



MUTHA PATCH

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

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Two-Wheel Tales

Buildin' A Dream

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Now, after all these years that all my friends have been raggin' on me to take it off — for once, I'm going to do it. On this bike! I mean the one I've wanted since I was six and stood on the street corner, waitin' for them big Harleys to come rumblin' up to the stop sign so I could yell, "Do a wheelie!" They would smile and rev the engine up a little as they pulled away, and now and then someone would blow me away by blasting away from the intersection.

It was heavy, and I knew then that this is where I was going to be, so here I am. Sure, I'm worrying about all the shit that's going to be flyin' up under my dash and messin' up the new '57 speedometer I just paid \$130 bucks for. And stuff will be chippin' up the pearl-green, hand-rubbed lacquer paint job on them five-galloners, and the new chrome on my original '50 hydra front end, and the nice paint job on my cylinders — not to mention the front pipe, down tubes, and that precious panhead lower end. All from not runnin' a front fender.

But I'm going to do it because this is the bike, the one that's been back there in my mind for twenty years.

You can't have a dream come true if you don't have a dream.

— Steve Unruh



"If I masturbate, I'll go blind. But if I don't masturbate, I'll go crazy. Life is a bitch."

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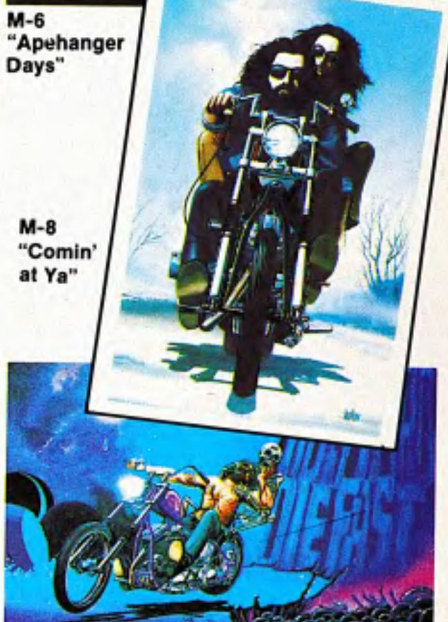
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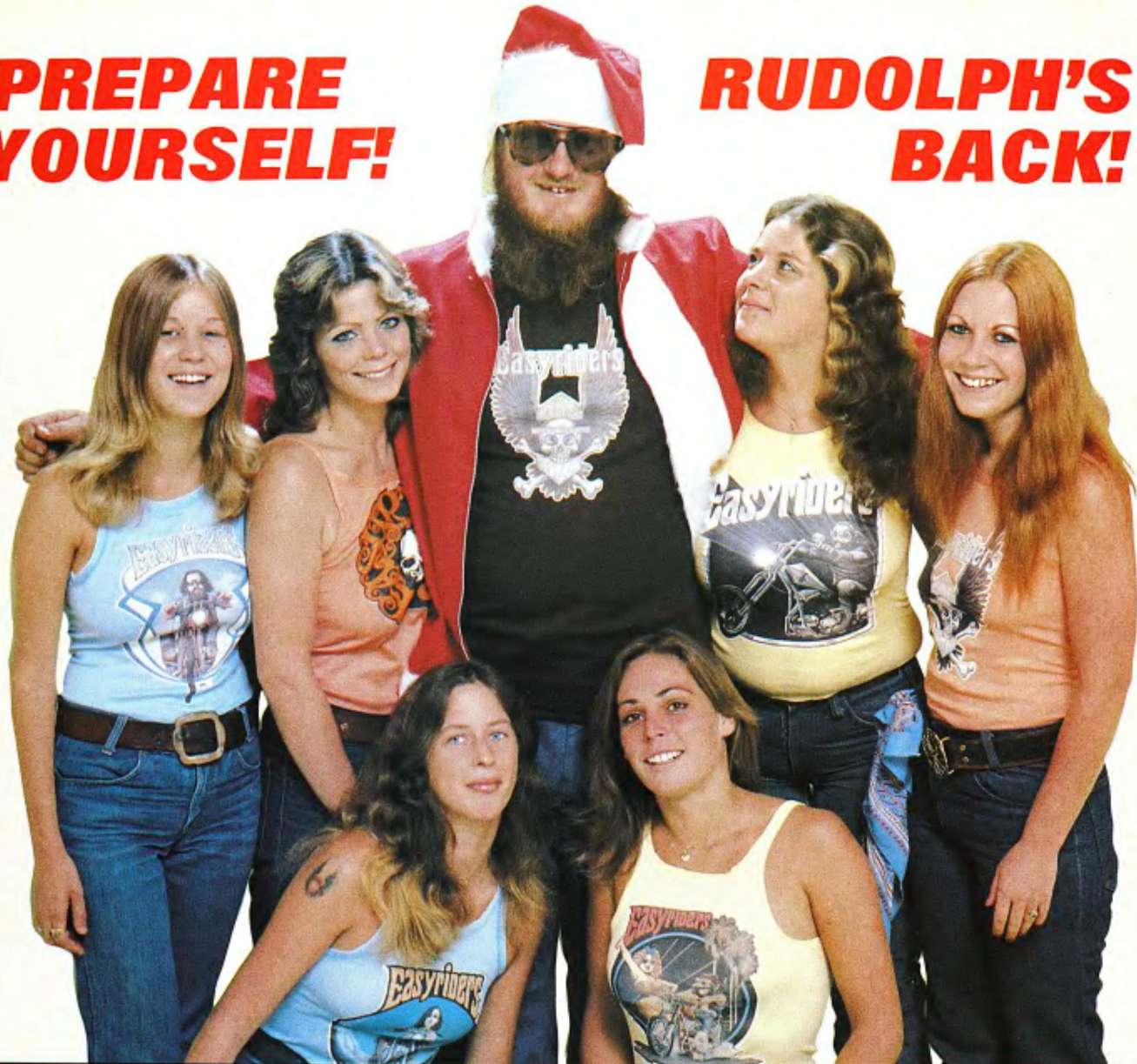
- ☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6 ☐ M-7
☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11
☐ M-12 ☐ M-13



M-12 "Country Style"

PREPARE YOURSELF!

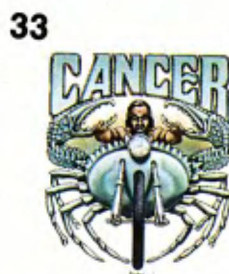
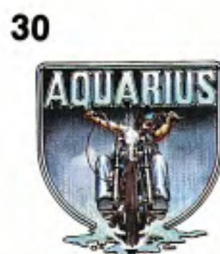
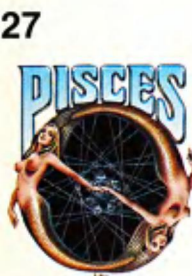
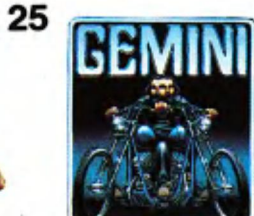
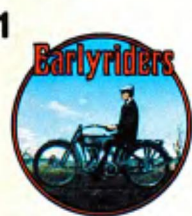
RUDOLPH'S BACK!



**BE A HERO,
GIVE AN OFF-THE-WALL
GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS!**

EASYRIDERS T-Shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs — so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality — just like you'd expect from **EASYRIDERS**.





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.

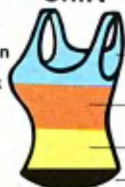
Postage: U.S. only, add 50¢ for each shirt.
Canada add \$1 per shirt. All other countries
add \$4.50 per shirt. Foreign orders: We can
accept only International Money Orders
payable in U.S. funds. Thank you.

Shirt "A"



Gold
Beige
Blue
Brown
Black

Shirt "B"



Blue

Peach

Yellow

— Black

Sizes Petite — Average

Sizes S-M-L-XL

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$7.95 each
Sub Total					
Calif. residents add 6 % sales tax. Plus tax					
Total					

Send your order today to:

T-SHIRTS

Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301
Make all checks and money orders out to
Easyriders
(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

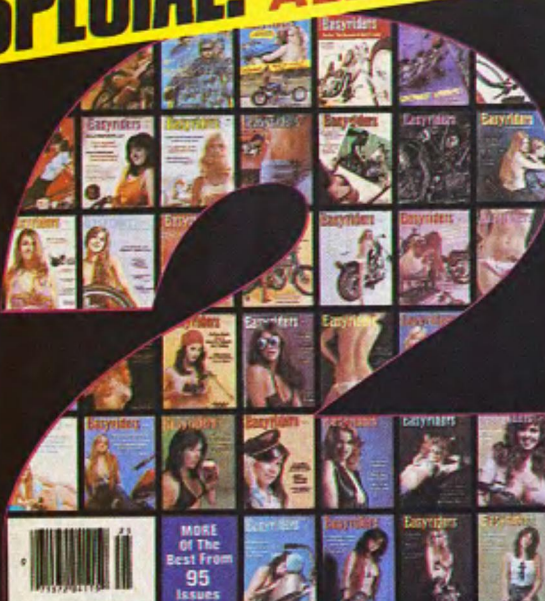
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

SPECIAL! 2nd Edition Of Our Anniversary Issue! **ALL NEW!!!**



Barcode: 0 1577-0111 2

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.

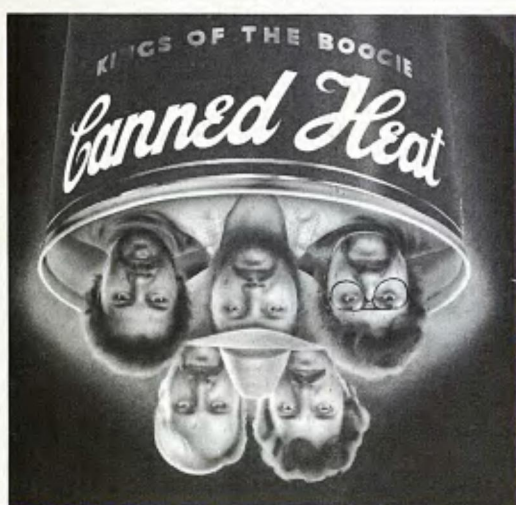
Not to confuse the two, we call it the **EASYRIDERS SPECIAL**. We promise you it's as good as the first.

EASYRIDERS SPECIAL
ON SALE NOW OR BUY DIRECT

from Palsano 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.)



The Biker Boogie Band of the '60s - '70s, is back even bigger in the '80s.

"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.

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 90263.

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)

Beer lovers: Make American and European beers at home. Save money. Complete kits, equipment, supplies. Free details. Duane Imports, Dept. E, P.O. Box C-500, Hershey, Pa. 17033. (116)

45 rider-collector club now in its 2nd year, 2- and 3-wheelers, Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Send \$15 for one-year membership; club newsletter and T-shirt sent to all members. Send to 45 Riders Club, P.O. Box 6044, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (120)

Jennifer's ear-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) 261-1324. (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)

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, romancin', financin', 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)

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. 94966. (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)

House mouse wanted for 28-year-old fun-loving male. Kids okay. Send photo and phone. Ray, Box 6001, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406. (115)

"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)

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)

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)

Oriental ladies want to write you. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727. (115)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (126)

Swap Meet, Nov. 28. Indoors, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. Heated bldg. Beer sales, snack bar. Ninth year. (114)

W/m, 24, 6'3", down for 1 1/2 years, with 6 months to go for Uncle Sam in a foreign land. Back to the world in Feb. '83. Need kites and pics from sexy ladies to help pass the time. All answered. Animal, Box 1594, APO N.Y. 09292. (114)

Lonesome electronic lover: need lady to light up my tubes. Non-Christian heavy drinker and smoker preferred. Send photo, letter. I'll answer all. Cosmic Cowboy, P.O. Box 335, Syracuse, Kan. 67878. (114)

J.R.: Happy birthday 12-4. May all your wishes come true. Love, Little Beaver. (114)

Become someone else. New identity will hide your past. Forget debts, child support, and other problems. Free details. Nu-Way Publishing, Box 919, Dept. 18 (E), Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197. (114)

Chuck: You live, play, and ride hard. Have a happy, hard, and hardy birthday. Your bro, Pete. (114)

Tattooing outfits, practical, modern. For sale (best fuckin' deal). Artist, Box 242-B, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (114)

Alica: You are comporating terminal ignorance. He was refractory, and I remiss. Situation contrite. Judgment remit, reprieve anon. Strange. (114)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker 37, active, intelligent, educated, very independent, good job, nice home in country, an all-round nice guy would like to meet an attractive, tall, slim, large-busted, sweet 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. (115)

Wackey Weed, my friend in Pa., watch out for pickle parts in the rain; ya wouldn't want to get stuck outside. Would very much like to hear from you, so drop me a line. 9190 Tuolumne Dr. #31, Sacramento, Calif. 95826, or call (916) 362-4469. Flower Child. (115)

The flying eagle: Finest laser color reproductions of the ultimate Bald Eagle photograph. Comin' right atcha, screamin', 12x20, \$15. Cards, \$2. Box 10-888, Anchorage, Alaska 99511. (115)

Easysiders collection: Mint condition, in binders, plus subscription to November. Missing issues 2-9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 105. Best offer. Tim (303) 587-4164. (114)

Two brothers doin' time are lookin' for some hot, wet, freaky bitches to correspond and visit with. If you are in the Richmond, Virginia, area come and visit. Send revealing flicks. No muff too tough, no hope without dope. David Dunford #104819, Joe "Snake" Dunford #105124, PCC, State Farm, Va. 23160. (114)

Preacher: Miles and time will never erase our love and Christ-mases '79, '80, '81. Always proud to stand beside you. "A man's word's his bond." Help! Two turtles are hurting me. Hoping for Christmas '82 together. Please contact. I love you, Ray. On the road again. Your ol' lady, Doty. (114)

Bruce: Though we missed our first together, the second will be even better. With you here these next 24 months will go quickly and we'll be back in the U.S.A. Anne, APO N.Y. 09086. (114)

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)

Wanted: Male biker, age 25-35; must have fast, sleek machine, H-D of course, and be willing to relocate. I love pleasing my man, and have all the comforts of home, I am a redhead, 5'9", age 26, 145 pounds, brown eyes, 38-28-38. I enjoy fast and hard machines between my legs. Please send pictures of your scooter and body to Big Red, 3244 Graydon Ave., East Troy, Wis. 53120. Will answer all who write. (114)

Bob and Rose, Arlen, Bob, Buddy, Davey, and all the Redwood Runners: Thanks much, helluva weekend. Kim, Frank, Traci. (114)

The Crawford County chapter of ABATE of Pa. will be having their annual "Toys for Tots" drive from November 15 to December 15. For further information write ABATE, Box 5, Saegertown, Pa. 16433. (114)

Buck: I'm late again! Happy birthday 9-20. Still and 4-ever yours. Jake. (114)

One owner, original condition, 1948 Harley Deluxe 45, excellent, 70,000 miles. Make offer. Roy R., c/o Easysiders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Bikers/Shops: Non-ripoff prices on accessories, leather, patches, T-shirts, etc. \$1 brings list. Carolina Distributors, Box 5757, Greensboro, N.C. 27403. (114)

Lonely w/m inmate wants to hear from sincere ladies 24 to 40. Will answer all letters. Charles Cloud #295947, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (114)

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)

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)

To my one and only, Clutch: You're the best, baby. Grubby and I hope your birthday (1/29) is fantastic, and we wish you 100 more years in the wind. From your No. 1 and No. 2 loves, Grubby and Cindy. (114)

White male, 28, soldier in Korea, desires contact with British ladies who like to ride and party; transfer Germany 2/83. Randy F., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Peter Head and Dick Weed, in Valparaiso. Is it done yet? Waiting in Houston. (114)

Buckles Unlimited, Free estimates. P.O. Box 6640, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934. (114)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips. Expert instruction, tattooed women's photos, 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-B, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (114)

Natalie: I never thought I could be so happy. November second is now twice as nice. I'm yours forever; now it's official. I love you. W.T. (114)

Wanted: Woman 25-30 years old, 5'6"-5'11", blond to light-brown hair, great lower, nice tits, must sew. Must love furry face, great herbs, guns, leather, dirt, and taste of cold beer. Must know kicker from kickstand. Must admire furry footless freaks. Must have grown-up kids or have been fixed. Comfortable with the woods or by a fireplace on a furry rug. Pics and shit to H.P., 295 Elm Way, Cloverdale, Calif. 95425. (114)

Wanted: One female, age 22, to be wife for country boy, age 22. Looking for plain and simple girl who can cook. I am employed at Hughes Aircraft Co. as an electronics tech., average salary \$28,500. I like guns, outdoors, and horses; need girl who likes the same. No drugs or heavy parties. Send resume to J.K. Andrews, P.O. Box 3133, Inglewood, Calif. 90304. (114)

For sale: 1942 knucklehead chopper, ridden almost daily. Can be returned to original with very little effort. Motor and transmission in excellent condition; no mechanical problems anywhere. Photo 52 and sase, Charlie, 4275 Davidcrest, Memphis, Tenn. 38128, (901) 353-1979 after 4:30 weekdays. Anytime weekends. \$3,000. (114)

Still looking for someone special for relationship, not just a fuck. Are you an honest lady, slender, pretty, slightly submissive, no heavy drink or drugs, and ready to settle down? I'm 30, sincere, employed, animal lover, easygoing, and not hard to look at. Photo a must. R. Haines, 1317 N.E. 3 Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304. (114)

Black T-shirts, any five words \$6, plus 30¢ a letter. General's, Box 128, Depew, N.Y. 14043. (114)

Lost and found: I love you and need you more than you know. I'll wait forever for your return. Happy anniversary 9-2-81. Black Rose. (114)

Sandi: Happy birthday, baby, 12-9-51. Still love ya. Born to ride, 1-10-47. (114)

Fat Sam: "Short and sweet." Happy birthday 12/6. Enjoy. Becky. (114)

John: Happy birthday, babe. The boys and I love you. You're the best. Love forever, Tamie, Clint, and Adam. 9-16. (114)

To Devil's Pride MC of Sheboygan, Wis. Thank you all, especially Winger, V.P., and Gypsy, R.C. for a fantastic last impression of Sheboygan, Kathy and Sue. (114)

Ladies, women, girls, what would life be without your tic? Let someone show you true appreciation. Please write before my chain gang years end, soon. Don't worry, I promise an answer. Billy Sewell #209568, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (114)

Clark: I miss you so bad and for all the miles; I love you more than ever. Ride free, babe. Catherine, P.S. Yes, it's me. (114)

Offspring, female type, Kareyn, born May 13, 1965. You must have been a beautiful baby, but where was I then? Same place as now I guess. Murk. (114)

Attention, mushroomer: Sterilized grain jars, 'easy-to-grow kits, 90 species. Supplies. A.R.L., P.O. Box 628, Springfield, Ore. 97477. (114)

Air Borne—shut up! Forgot your name, but not you or our night, July 24, RMC weekend. Must see you again. Barb from New Tripoli (215) 298-2891. (114)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (114)

Bikers: Become X-rated movie star! Requirements: Staying power, willingness to travel. Call Darlene Dawn to learn how. (312) 274-8860. (114)

I'm in Uncle Sam's canoe club, and might make it down to Aussie land sometime. Anybody wanna show me around? Probably fly into some Air Force base. Sure would like to hear from some ladies down there. Write to Jethro, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Sporty owner looking for an ol' lady that's kinda easygoing, but not a space cadet. Must give head. Send picture. Answer all. Write Frank James, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Scooter Trash Dating, P.O. Box 13344, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33733. Send a buck and find out. We match bikers with ol' ladies. (114)

Single w/m truck driver (coast to coast), age 30, would like to correspond with and possibly meet any interested female parties. G. Alexander, 1001 S. Rockwell, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73128. (114)

Caveman: Happy birthday to the best ol' man in the universe. I'm proud to be your lady. I love you. Queenie. (114)

Free: Modern-language, easy-to-read Bibles for any bros doing time. Write Jay Eshbach, Box 6998, Burbank, Calif. 91510. (116)

Chrystal, redheaded, age 18, who called from Okla. and Tenn.: Girl who answered phone no longer with me. Please call again, after 8:00 p.m. or show up at my house, where you are welcome. Charlie Freed, 1005 N. Madison, Robinson, Ill. 62454. (618) 544-8041. (114)

Cheryl, the blonde who called from Indiana in July 1982. I am still single and looking; would like you to call again, collect. (618) 544-8041. Charlie, Freed, 1005 N. Madison, Robinson, Ill. 62454. (114)

White male, 25, seeks correspondence with sincere, understanding ladies to help him through these long lonely nights. Dale Hine #C-90195, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (114)

Wanted: 1953 engine and tranny, or can be in a bike. Must be clear title. Also want to meet some bros and sisters in L.A. and Las Vegas at the end of December. Call Red at (303) 224-3136. (114)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carmelien Bay, Calif. 95711. (114)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (114)

Calling all foxes 18-25: The hunter's doin' a five and dime, so send some flicks and letters too. Only sincere will do. John E. Hargrove Jr. #87857, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (114)

Ladies: To be released in eight months; wish to help relieve anxiety till release; a continued friendship is possible upon release. 25, 6'3", 180, hazel eyes, handsome, and real people. Play music, write poetry, active in sports, and versatile. If you don't have two left hands, let's hear from you. Mark Winston #C-38484, P.O. Box A/CMC, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (114)

Steve, Shelly, or Kim Sanders (or anyone who knows them), mother's maiden name "Bogna": Your scooter tramp father has been looking for you for eighteen years, since K.C. Contact Hugby F. Bear (W.H. Sanders Jr.), 4408 Montgomery, Apt. 110, Albuquerque, N.M. 87101. (114)

Riley: Happy birthday, babe. You'll be in my heart and my eyes forever and ever. All my love all my life. Julie. (114)

Concerned Bikers Association fall bike show and swap meet, November 14, 1982, Metrolina Fairgrounds, Hwy. 21, Charlotte, N.C. For more info: (704) 536-8535 or (704) 827-7440. (114)

Southern female needed for correspondence and possible visits with this 6'3", 200-lb., 30-year-old w/m. Dennis Smith #052971, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (114)

Pretty ladies: This letter is a beautiful love song in the making. If you decide to write back, it could be the most important letter you've ever written. I'm Texas born and Texas bred; I ride a horse as well as my new Sportster. I'm 6'2", 175 lbs., brown hair, beard, and big blue eyes. I run my parents' 400-acre ranch near Dallas. If you've got your shit together, are relocatable, freaky, and want a permanent relationship, then write and send a flick to Troy Allen Todd, P.O. Box 84, Ennis, Tex. 75119. (114)

John "Red" Thomas, Dannemora to Attica. I lost ya there. Write or call please. Dragon, when I wrote, you weren't there. Call Phyllis at (904) 673-2436. (114)

In memory of Animal Bob: Bro, you died the way you wanted, on your knuckle. We'll never forget you. Love forever. Sparrow, Phyllis, Michelle, PJ, and all your friends from Main Street, Daytona. 8-23-81. (114)

Herpes? Information you need. Send \$3 to Health Care, Box 379, Mendota, Minn. 55364. (114)

Jim Cook: Love-U-muchies, and always will. Happy 4th anniversary, 10-13. Your Cookie. (114)

Wanted: open-minded and sincere ladies for correspondence with 33-year-old w/m inmate and possible relationship when I return to the free world. Please send photos and letters to Don McMeen, P.O. Box 69/154-300, London, Ohio 43140-0069. (114)

Ray Porath: Happy birthday, Babes, 12-6-48. You're the best around. Love, Tracey. (114)

Sincere w/f, 21, tall, blonde, Texas lady looking for a righteous man for putting and good times. Send pics and letter to Tacl, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

To Benny, somewhere in Texas: I love you. You are always forgiven. Bub. (114)

Mike B.: Please get in touch. I'm in Orlando, Florida. I love you, Stink. Always, Kathi. (114)

Help! Lonely bro in desperate need of some sweet lines and sexy pics. I'm 28, can't wait; hurry and write before it's too late. Kevin Murtough #78457 K.S.R., La Grange, Ky. 40032. (114)

Wanted: Cylinders for 1957 Harley Sportster XLCH 900cc. Please contact Bill Moses, 2605 Rosedale Pl., Bossier City, La. 71111. (114)

Bongo: Fate has managed to bring us back together after ten years. Thanks for comin' home. Happy birthday 12-9. Love always. Your ol' lady, Marilee, and all our rugrats. (114)

Lonely bro, white and 21, blue-eyed Libra, into music and togetherness, looking for righteous sister, up for adoption. Need kite and flick from sincere foxy lady. I got the time and am looking for your line. Russell Yeager #14680, P.O. Box 607, NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607. (114)

W/m, 39, 185, blond, wants helpmate 25-35 for caring relationship. Have good job, home, and Harley. One kid okay. No dopers, boozers, or head games. Prefer small tits. Rick, P.O. Box 191, St. Helens, Ore. 97051. (115)

Scooter-lovin' white female, 19, 5'5 1/2", 126 lbs., in Europe right now, but will be stateside soon with no particular place to go. Interested in finding scooter-lovin' white male 20-26, easygoing, to ride with upon my return. Love to party and warm weather. Send picture; will do same. Write to Penny, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

To Benny, somewhere in Texas. You didn't have to lie about anything, baby. I would have given you the money to see your son if you had asked. In spite of your lying to me, I still love you; you belong to me. Whenever you want, whenever you are able, come to me. The boy is welcome also. Bob. (114)

Grease: Merry Christmas! The best is yet to come, so long as I straddle your saddle. Love you heaps. Cheeks. (114)

Good ol' lady needed, by quiet, gentle, easygoing biker. Need someone who is tired of partying and games. If you like C&W music, motorcycles, sleeping bags, campfires, and aren't fat, send picture and letter to Lonnie Ryals, 5921 Ridgedale, Houston, Tex. 77039. (114)

Wanted, from anywhere: good-looking, big-titted women. No porkers. Must like to putt and party. I'm ol' lady minded, not hard up, just tired of games. Call (714) 595-2811 or send picture and write to 362 Lombard St., Pomona, Calif. 91768. (114)

Attractive Canadian, w/f, long blond hair, green eyes, 5'5", slim. Looking for a tall, secure, sincere, Harley-riding man. Possible permanent relationship. No game players, or freeloaders. Send pic and letter to Nikl, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Latin-American Taurus, 28, 6', 175 lbs., hazel eyes, black curly hair and beard. Two years down, two to go. Would like to hear from any lady willing to send a photo. Sam Medel #259918, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362. (114)

Bonzi: All I want is to be happy. Get your shit together. I miss you. Lonely. Call Flakey Face. (114)

Rolling papers: Job 1.5, Harley-Davidson, EZ Wider, \$11 per box of 24, 80 brands available. Send \$1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (114)

Harley-Davidson parts. Send size with want list. Skurvy Merv, Box 2774, Alameda, Calif. 94501. (114)

Reno: Happy 27 (12-4). Four months to freedom; I'm waiting. I love you, Kat. (114)

Tired of sending hearts and flowers? Then send ours. Twelve original pen-and-ink all-occasion cards with the biker in mind. Inside of cards are blank, because nobody can say it like you can. \$8 per set, prepaid. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order today to Cards, Box 8, Lincoln City, Ore. 97367. (116)

Fresh Kodak color film—25¢ a roll with discount processing. Any size! To fit any camera! Why keep missing all those great shots of your bros and bikes? Send us \$25, we'll send you certificates for 100 rolls of film. Use 'em as you need 'em. Mansfield Agency, 31220 La Baya, Suite 110, Westlake, Calif. 91362. (118)

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-E136, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (114)

Help! I'm stuck in Greenfield, Wis., originally from W. Va. I'm 5'6", with brown hair and eyes. I have no kids and can't have any. I have no bills, weigh 135 lbs., and I'm 28. At present, I'm desperate for a man with mechanical abilities. I'll worship the man who gets me out of this situation. If you want to take a chance, write Mary Sue, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

All brothers, Two Wheelers MC: I heard from Gypsy Grampa Star Rider, and have found out that the longer he's down the less he hears from his bros and family. He's done a helluva lot for a shitload of you fuckers when you needed it. So get off your asses and write. Clifford Sinclair #286515, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (114)

Ronnie Queltie: You need to call Curt in Fla. (305) 556-6820. (114)

Gretchen: I think you are the best there is. I love you always, Goog. (114)

Fla. gal, 23, dark hair, 5'7", is looking for good Harley man for serious-minded relationship. No cons, K. Sharp, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

\$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. 7147. (114)

Downed bro needs communication with scooter lady for possible friendship or ol' lady. Only loyal chick with heart should write me. Need picture and return address. Stan "Speed" Gross #163079, Kinross Corr. Facility, Kinchloe A.F.B., Mich. 49788. (114)

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

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight it. Join us now, S.S. Action Group, P.O. Box 503, Westland, Mich. 48185. (120)

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Cheryl Carpenter: I love you more than words can say, I thank you for your honesty, support and most of all, loving me. I love you, Sunshine, Rocco Mastermonico, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Rockview). (114)

Billy Jack, Numero Uno Gator, and Lurch: Let me know what's shakin'! I'm stuck up here in the cowpunchin' state of Wyoming. Gotta talk to ya. Write me. Thanks, Sweet Thing, c/o 314 N. Nebraska, Casper, Wyo. 82601. (114)

Chrome photos. Bikes, broods, porn. Any wallet- or snapshot-size photo reproduced on chrome engraving stock. Nasty. Send b&w, color, Polaroid prints (returned unharmed) and \$2.50 each to Photo Metal, Box 134-Z, Claymont, Del. 19703. (114)

Nuclear Survival Gear: Send \$2 for info. Hypertech, 1820 NE 142 St., Penthouse 7, Miami, Fla. 33181. (114)

W/f, 26, w/daughter, warm, easygoing, fun-loving, attractive, looking for easygoing, sincere, gentle, fun-loving Harley man, 28-38, to putt and party with. Michigan area preferred. Photos please. Dianne, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (114)

Shane: Happy 6th anniversary. I'm proud to be your ol' lady. You're the best. I love you, Phyllis. (114)

Generator flashlight, lightweight. Send \$5.50 to R.J. Enterprise, 1025 Ruth Ave., New Castle, Pa. 16101. (114)

Gail Fallon: I need to talk to you really bad, Kevin, Rd. 1, Box 323A, Preston Hollow, N.Y. 12469. (114)

J.B.: Happy birthday, babe. I'm still loving you; haven't changed my mind yet. Hope you still love me too, R.S. (114)

Amputee biker foxes wanted by amateur photographer for sexy poses with scooters. Bros can be in the pics if they find the fox. Model fee paid for bike too. Top bread. Amelotatist Forum, P.O. Box 40988, Garland, Tex. 75040, Att. Ralph Gresham. (114)

Tattoo Woody, down and out for three years, wondering what's happening with all the bros. Hope tattoo business is doing well. Also, I love and miss my loving wife and kids very much. Timothy John Woods (Woody) #304149, 800 So. Victoria, Division 3660, Ventura, Calif. 93009. (114)

Is the world really full of lonely people? Are there any lonesome women in this vast universe? If so, let this lonesome lad hear from you. Write Paul Bristol, Box A-E/Rm. 1318, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (114)

Larsen Leathers (new/used), Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073, (703) 382-4668. (116)

To Ray J., Worcester, Mass.: What the fuck you up to? W.H.D., Seattle. (206) 775-2128. (114)

Wanted: Issues 1 through 17 and issues 24, 25, 30, 57, and 69 of Easyriders. Will pay fair price. Tel (309) 788-5619. (114)

Stop: Captured in redneck country. Could use some mail from serious-minded ladies 25-35. Charlie "Flathead" Warden #288755-A, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (114)

Attention, Doug Curtis: I love you; I need you! You make my life worth living! Love, Laura. (114)

Half-breed Oklahoma Indian, doing time in Texas joint, desires correspondence with sincere ladies. Send photos if possible. No flakes or assholes need reply. Orville Leigh #271460, P.O. Box 38, Huntsville, Tex. 73340. (114)

Wanted: Housemouse. Seeking a good, housebroken, w/f. No children, hardcores, lazy bitches, fannies, or bullshitters, please. Only honest and sincere ladies need reply. Send revealing photo and up-front letter. Harlie, P.O. Box 290, Clarendon Hills, Ill. 60514. (114)

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, Tusculum, Ala. 35674. Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)

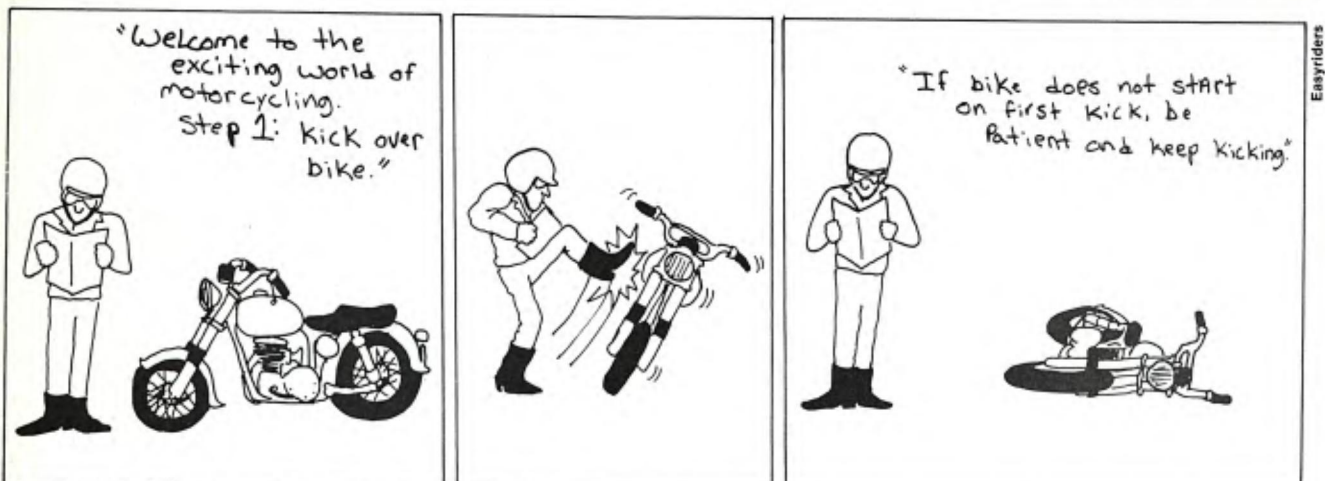
Determined white workers and soldiers: Stand up for race and flag. \$5 for six months news. NDP, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (114)

Insurance, hoags, scoots. Below \$300 yearly. Send \$3 for info. R. Justice, P.O. Box 2228, Fontana, Calif. 92335. (114)

Amputee biker foxes needed to prove they have as much pride as their ol' men. Lots of people want to hear your story and see your pretty face. A chance for national publicity. Amputee Lifestyles, P.O. Box 40256, Garland, Tex. 75040. (114)

Nice-looking, well-educated black male, age 33, 5'7", 150 lbs., incarcerated and marriage minded, seeking correspondence with marriage-minded female only. Must be tall and slender, between the ages of 24 and 40. Race no barrier. Please send photo. Arnold Backstrom, P.O. Box AE, Suite #1372, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (114)

African male, incarcerated, educated, attractive, Aquarius, 32 years young, 6', 165 lbs., wishes to correspond with marriage-minded, dependable, serious female for lasting relationship. No phonies, Race and age irrelevant. Photo requested, please. Sallieu Balogun Thomas, Box A #1382, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (114)





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Lockdown

Continued from page 59

annual payroll of just under \$10 million, has been fierce. Several towns have offered the state free land for the prison, and others have rented billboards and used other forms of advertising to extol their virtues.

Still, none have managed to top the flat-out, balls-to-the-firewall efforts of the Brown County Chain Gang. "Where other communities are looking for a shot in the arm because times are tough," says Chain Gang co-chairman John Oliver, "we're looking for a blood transfusion to save the county."

Apparently, many residents of Brown County agree. A public hearing on the issue drew over half the county's population and featured entertainment by the local high school band. And, on Valentine's Day, the Chain Gang sent both the governor and the state corrections department head a dozen roses. The attached card said: *When you make your decision on a medium-security prison, you'll find not a frown in the county of Brown.*

California Toughens Law

Golden State voters recently approved a \$495 million bond issue to finance new prison construction. And if another measure approved at the same time holds up in court, they're going to need every new cell they can put up.

That measure, Proposition Eight, severely limits the defenses and options currently available to criminal defendants. Among other things it would:

- Toss out the California State Supreme Court's exclusionary rule against introducing evidence that has been obtained illegally.
- Tack an additional five years onto the sentences of repeat offenders in certain specified crimes.
- Eliminate the diminished-capacity defense and sharply curtail the use of the insanity defense.
- Eliminate plea bargaining in major felony cases, including drunken driving.
- Reduce from 21 to 18 the age at which convicted felons are sentenced to adult facilities.
- Allow the prosecution to inform jurors if a trial witness has a criminal record. Though the constitutionality of Prop Eight is currently being tested in the courts, the measure took effect June 9, and at least

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some prosecutors and judges are expected to begin enforcing its provisions without waiting for a high court decision.

Only Killers To Die

The Supreme Court has imposed new restraints on the death penalty by declaring it unconstitutional for states to execute criminals who did not "kill or intend to kill." Previously, some nine states had laws that permitted the death penalty to be imposed on anyone involved in a crime during which a murder occurred, regardless of whether or not they were involved in the killing.

In a 5-4 decision, the high court overturned a Florida decision in which a man who waited in a getaway car while his two accomplices robbed a home and killed the residents was sentenced to death. The decision found unconstitutional the laws in Florida, California, Georgia, Mississippi, Nevada, South Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and Wyoming that permit the death penalty for a participant in a crime during which a murder is committed by someone else.

Time Running Out

"The situation is ripe for executions at a rate approaching more than three per week," says expert Benjamin H. Renshaw III. Where? Iran? Poland? Hardly. Citing figures showing a nationwide death row population of 838 (up 150 since last year) Renshaw, acting head of the Justice Department's statistics division, believes "the United States will witness a spate of executions, beginning in 1983-84, without parallel in this nation since the Depression era."

In making his grim prediction, Renshaw noted that 36 states have imposed death penalty laws "that have passed federal or state constitutional muster" since the end of a Supreme Court ban on the death penalty in 1976.

Continued on next page



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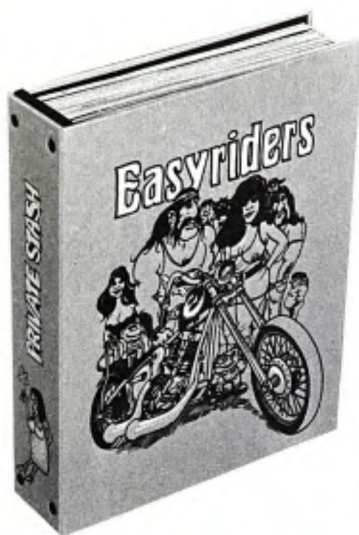
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Crusader Quits

The Rev. Robert Beh, 63, whose courage in standing up for the rights of Walla Walla prisoners locked down for 146 sweltering days in the summer of 1979 won him legions of admirers both within and without the walls, has resigned as the Washington State Penitentiary's Catholic chaplain.

Rev. Beh cited health problems, including a high blood pressure condition aggravated by increasingly severe discipline at the prison, as the reason for his leaving his post after nearly six years.

During the lengthy lockdown following the July 1979 riot at Walla Walla, Rev. Beh acted as the only conduit between the inmates and the outside world. Convinced that the inmates' complaints of brutality that triggered the riot were true, Rev. Beh collected massive evidence, including tape recordings and letters, documenting the fact that guards had beaten prisoners repeatedly and without provocation at Walla Walla. His evidence eventually led to the firing of five guards and the reprimanding of several others.

Another Work Plan

California Attorney General George Deukmejian has become the latest in a growing number of officials who want to see prison industries expanded beyond the usual areas of laundering, license-plate making, and farming.

In a recent speech, Deukmejian, who is currently running for governor of California, suggested that prisoners be put to work making everything from clothing to electronics equipment. Though he acknowledged that labor unions would strongly oppose his plan, the attorney general said he believed such opposition could be overcome.

In addition to providing the state with a profit to balance some of its ever-increasing prison costs, Deukmejian indicated that expanding prison industries would provide substantial numbers of inmates with the opportunity to learn salable skills that would help them to get a job after their release. *Continued*



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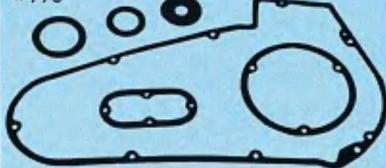
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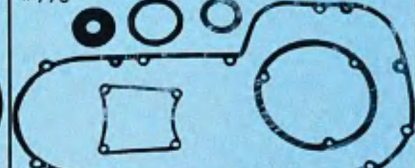
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A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of

\$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

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

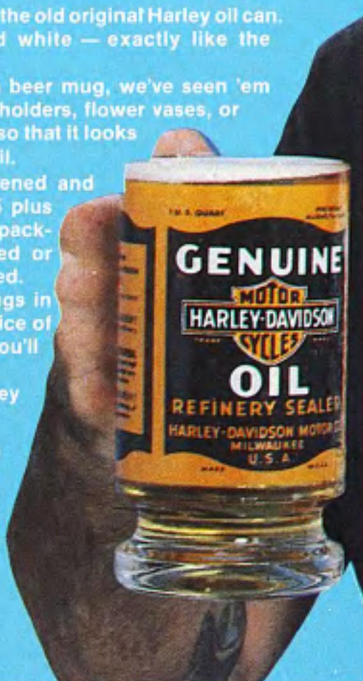
Canadian orders add \$3.50 per mug. Foreign orders add \$13.00 per mug, for postage and handling. All payments outside the U.S. must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



PAISANO PRODUCTS

BOX 1025

AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301



Broken Bill

Despite strong support from the Reagan administration, a bill that would have had the effect of lengthening the sentences of many people convicted of crimes and forcing into jails many people simply accused of crimes has died in Congress.

The bill, a proposed revision of the federal criminal codes, would have severely limited judges' use of probation and abolished the federal parole system. It would also have given judges the authority to use preventive detention against suspects they considered dangerous.

Ironically, despite these severe provisions, the bill died largely because of a filibuster by conservative Republicans, supported by an intense Moral Majority lobbying effort. The conservatives objected to the fact that the bill did not contain a federal death penalty provision. Many liberal congressmen, backed by the American Civil Liberties Union, also objected to the bill on the grounds that a number of its provisions violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the Bill of Rights.

Texas Trusties

Texas Department of Corrections officials have dropped their appeal of a court order barring the use of trustees to supervise other prisoners. According to the terms of an agreement hammered out between officials and Judge William Wayne Justice, inmates will be prohibited from keeping weapons, delivering mail, breaking up fights, and having access to personal files on other inmates. Each of the 19 units in the Texas system must also develop a system to allow inmates who feel these rules are being violated to complain directly to the prison director, bypassing the staff chain of command.

The new policy will be phased in gradually, with full compliance due by January 1, 1985. ■

Bitchin' Buckles



B1
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-2 HONDA
B-3 YAMAHA
B-4 KAWASAKI
B-5 SUZUKI
B-6 H.D.



B7



B8



B9
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-10 HONDA
B-11 KAWASAKI
B-12 H.D.
B-13 SUZUKI
B-14 YAMAHA



B15



B16



B50



B18



B19
SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-20 LOW RIDER
B-21 ELECTRA GLIDE
B-22 FLH
B-23 FX



B24



B25



B28

SAME STYLE AS ABOVE
B-29 H.D.
Send \$1.00 for WW1 & WW2
Authentic Original
Replicas Catalog



B26



B27

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Easyriders



"I can't pee with anybody watching, so I'll have to kill you."

For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

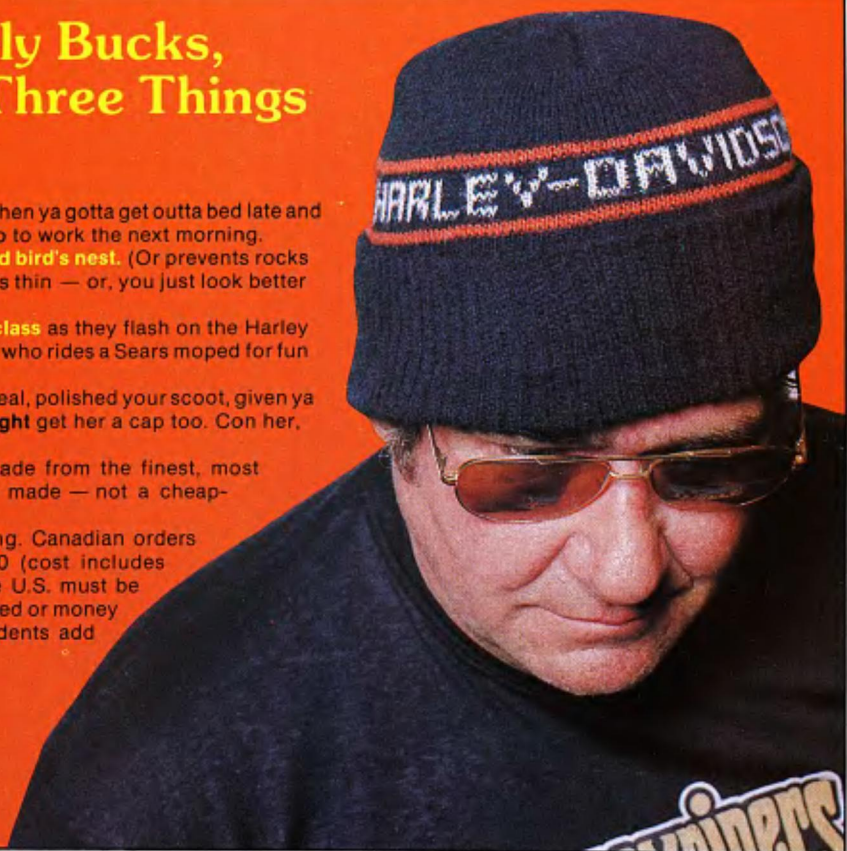
1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest**. (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

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.

As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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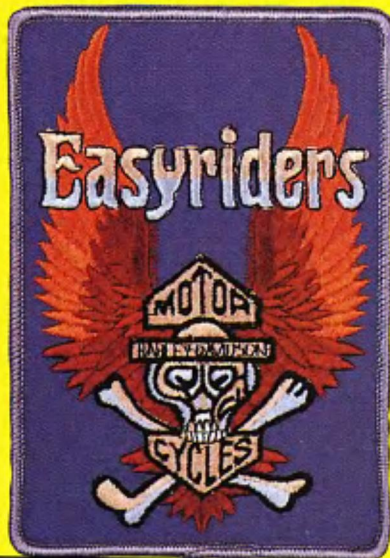
A 

Easyriders' Stuff!



B

C



D



E

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Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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B	Skull lack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00	\$	\$	\$
C	D Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00	\$	\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00	\$	\$	\$
E	Skull Patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00	\$	\$	\$
F	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.							Sub Total \$
							Calif. Tax 6% \$
							Total \$
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Special Fall Issue

Handbook

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\$2.95

Number Thirteen



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ESSENTIALS



A. Black Jammer T-Shirts

What else could you want for you and the ol' lady — quality black shirts with our great logo in bold color. If you want color in your life, here's your chance.

128061	Small	7.95
128062	Medium	7.95
128063	Large	7.95
128064	X-Large	7.95

B. Adjustable Caps

Put yours in somethin' worth wearin'. Here's two great expressions of where it's at. Fully adjustable black caps with our own custom flavor... a big, bold black suede & silver Ride-to-Live patch sittin' above a pair of silver scrambled eggs and a full color Jammer patch watchin' over gold scrambled eggs. One size fits all.

128024	Ride-To-Live Cap	7.75
128025	Jammer Wing Cap	7.75

C. Jammer Tank Tops

A great all-American favorite. White tanks with our bold logo in color. Run it on you or your lady — either way you come out ahead. Break down and buy a few.

128010	Small	5.95
128011	Medium	5.95
128012	Large	5.95
128022	X-Large	5.95

D. Jammer Tube Tops

Fashionable, revealing stretch to fit tube tops for that lady of your liking. They're all black with our logo screened in brilliant color so you won't miss a thing (or two). Fits most any top end in sight.

128021		6.95
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E. Black Underwear

These babies will find a home on most anyone. Choose from a selection of quality garments with moving messages.

128067	Motorcycle Mama	3.50
128071	Scooter Trash	3.50
128072	Bitch	3.50
128073	For Rent	3.50
128077	No Putt No Butt	3.50
128078	Evil, Wicked, Mean, Nasty	3.50
128081	F--- Housework	3.50
128082	P--- Power	3.50
128084	Wild Thing	3.50
128085	Squeeze	3.50
128086	Handle With Care	3.50
128087	Satisfaction Guaranteed	3.50

F./G. Boot 'n Belt Quick Draws

Folding and straight, boot 'n belt. Double edge 440C steel, solid brass bolsters and rivets, virtually indestructible handle. Includes sheath.

F. 13401	3 1/4" Black, 4 1/4" Handle	31.50
G. 13404	4" Blade, 4 1/4" Handle	30.50

H./I. Futura Knives

Ultra-flat and sleek. Hand-crafted rust proof blade that holds a super edge. Sheath not needed.

H. 134011	3 1/4" Blade, 4 1/4" Handle	9.50
I. 134013	2 1/2" Blade, 3 1/2" Handle	8.50

J. Polaris Knife

Folding hunter classic and pocket. Drop point 440C stainless blade, solid nickel/silver bolsters, laminated Pecca wood insert. Sheath not included.

J. 13405	3" Blade, 4 1/2" Handle	33.75
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K. Polaris Sheath

13409	For 13405 Knife	9.50
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L./M./N./O. Titan Knives

A variety of great folders for virtually every necessary application. Individually handcrafted of high-carbon rust proof steel and specially hardened for long and permanent use. Solid brass handles fitted with exotic Pecca wood inserts. Includes sheath.

L. 134018	Boner, 5 1/2" Blade, 6" Handle	33.75
M. 134017	Camper, 4 1/2" Blade, 4 1/2" Handle	31.50
N. 134015	Sport, 4" Blade, 4 1/2" Handle	29.50
O. 134014	Magnum, 2 1/2" Blade, 3" Handle	18.95

P./Q./R. Gargoyles Sportsglasses

Now you can put your eyeballs behind the ultimate sports and sunglasses... Gargoyles. They are bullet-proof! They are scratch-resistant! They weigh but one ounce! They are aerodynamically designed to eliminate wind turbulence while riding! They will make you wonder why you ever wore any other shades. Finally, the lenses are guaranteed for life against cracking & shattering. Soft case/pouch included.

13002	Lunar Gray, Perfect For Sunny Days	40.00
13003	Bronze, Great For Bright & Overcast Days	40.00
13004	Arctic Clear, Ideal For Indoor Work & Play and Night Use	40.00

GLOVES & GOGGLES



A. Sure-Grip Gauntlet Street Gloves

A new cold weather gauntlet made from super-soft pliable leather. Slightly contoured to provide the ultimate in comfort. 10 oz. of fibre fill in back and 7 oz. in palm to give warmth without bulkiness. Reinforced in areas of greatest stress. Velcro wrist strap.

130027	Small	29.50
130028	Medium	29.50
130029	Large	29.50
130030	Extra Large	29.50

B. Lightweight Rider Gloves

An excellent fitting, lightweight and durable glove with a ventilated back that provides an extra measure of comfort. Includes a reinforcing patch between the thumb and forefinger with a contour cut. Black.

130033	Small	23.25
130034	Medium	23.25
130035	Large	23.25
130036	X-Large	23.25

C. Short Finger Leather Gloves

A short finger, all leather riding glove with a scoop back and velcro wrist strap. They're the ultimate answer to cool, blister free riding with maximum feel. These gloves are also a must for nail biters!

130025	Small	17.95
130026	Medium	17.95
130032	Large	17.95
130049	X-Large	17.95

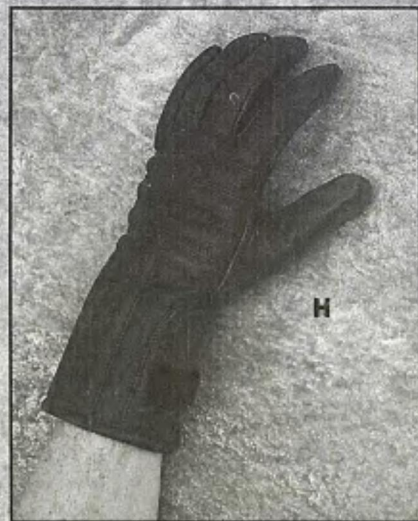
D. Over Your Glasses Goggles

Super deluxe goggles designed to fit over your glasses. Wear your glasses, wear your goggles too! Available with clear or smoke lenses.

130045	Clear	51.50
130046	Smoke	53.50

Replacement Lenses

130047	Clear	11.50
130048	Smoke	13.75



E. Sky Goggles, Modern

A new look... soft, leather-lined.

130019		45.25
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Replacement Lenses

130020	Clear	11.50
130021	Smoke	13.75

F. Climax Goggles

Laminated curved lenses, expandable strap.

130016		51.50
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Replacement Lenses

130017	Clear	13.75
130018	Smoke	15.75

G. Silver Cross Goggles

Soft leather backing, laminated glass, can be used with helmets.

130022		45.25
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Replacement Lenses

130023	Clear	11.50
130024	Smoke	13.75

H. Sleek Gauntlet Street Gloves

The best lookin' form fitting, all-purpose gauntlet glove you'll ever ride with. Made from super-soft, pliable leather, each pair features unlined palms, thin linings on the back with styled pleats, velcro wrist strap and extra reinforcement in stress areas.

130037	Small	28.50
130038	Medium	28.50
130039	Large	28.50
130040	X-Large	28.50

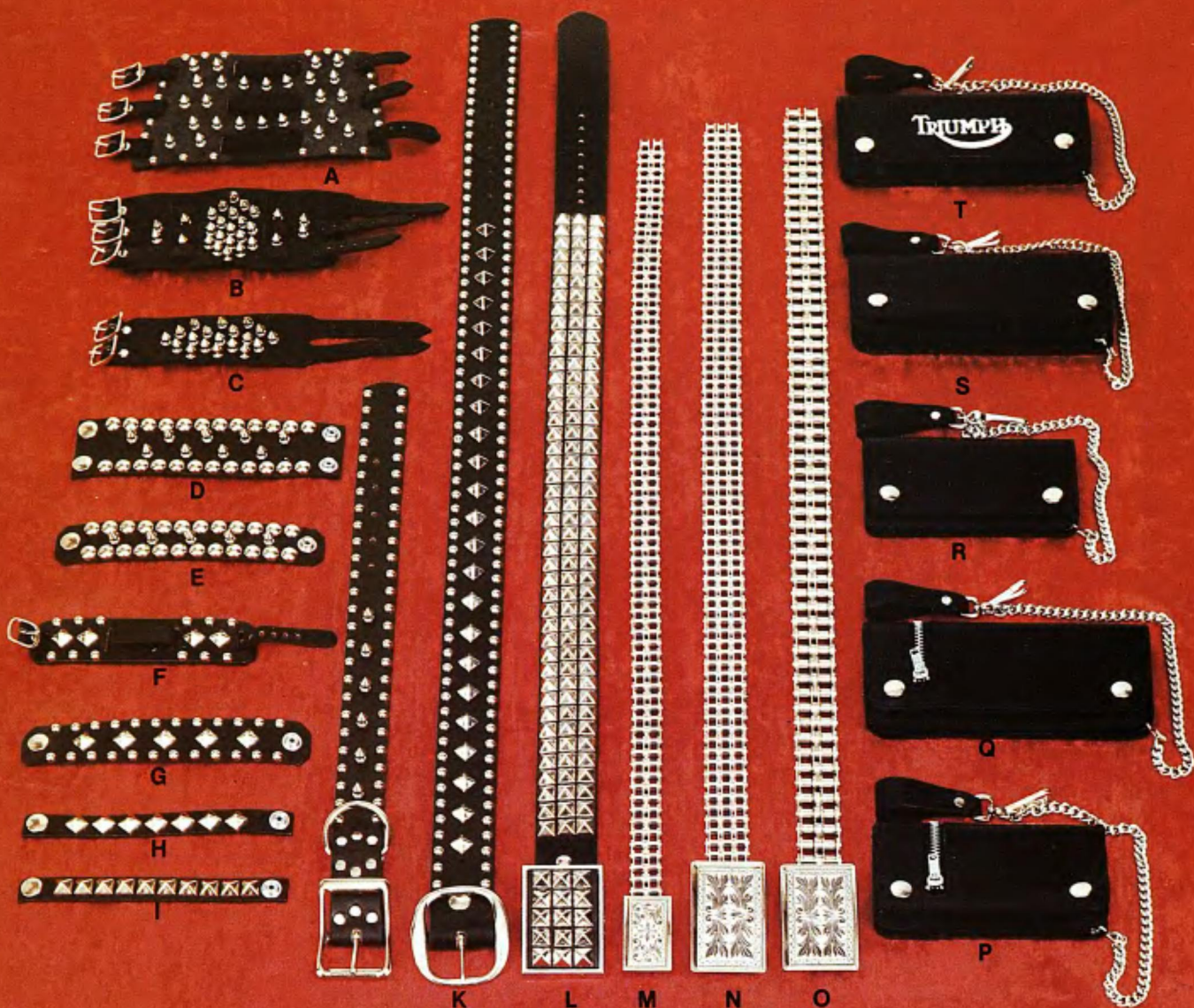


- A. Chaps — One Size Fits All**
 86091 ... Black 140.75
- B. Biker Hats**
 86015 ... Black Plain, Sm 29.95
 86016 ... Black Plain, Med 29.95
 86017 ... Black Plain, Lg 29.95
- C. Stroker Caps — Plain**
 137037 ... Black, Small 27.50
 137038 ... Black, Medium 27.50
 137039 ... Black, Large 27.50
 137040 ... Black, X-Large 27.50
- D. Flyer's Caps**
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 85092 ... Black, Med 34.95
 85093 ... Black, Lg 34.95

- E. Sissy Bar Pack**
 88011 ... Black Plain 29.95
- F. Riveted Stash Bags**
 88029 ... Black Plain 27.95
 88031 ... Black Live To Ride 27.95
- G. Tool Pouches**
 88035 ... Black Plain 22.95
 88044 ... Black Twist 22.95
- H. Black Beauty Bungee Cords**
 51031 ... 18" Two Hook 1.95
 51032 ... 24" Two Hook 2.25
 51033 ... 24" Four Hook 2.50

- I. Split Tank Panel, 1968 & Up**
 88065 ... Black Live To Ride 12.95
- J. All-In-One Tool Knife**
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 134031 ... Tool Knife 23.25
- K. Leather Sheath**
 A great match for your tool knife or similar sized blades.
 87020 ... Sheath 9.95
- L. Two Fold Wallet**
 87052 ... Black Live To Ride 15.95
- M. Super Deluxe Biker Wallets**
 87057 ... Black Plain 19.95
 87058 ... Brown Live To Ride 19.95
 87063 ... Black Live To Ride 19.95

LEATHER & CHROME



A. Viking Wristband		
137023	All Sizes	25.25
B. Gladiator Wristband		
137024	All Sizes	18.95
C. Ol' Lady Wristband		
137025	All Sizes	14.75
D. Avenger Wristbands		
137019	Small	12.75
137020	Medium	12.75
137021	Large	12.75
137022	X-Large	12.75
E. Rocky Wristbands		
137015	Small	8.50
137016	Medium	8.50
137017	Large	8.50
137018	X-Large	8.50
F. Stud Watch Band		
137014	4 Stud Watchband — All Sizes	6.50
G. 5 Stud Wristbands		
137010	Small	4.25
137011	Medium	4.25
137012	Large	4.25
137013	X-Large	4.25
H. 9 Stud Wristbands		
13704	Small	3.25
13705	Medium	3.25
13706	Large	3.25

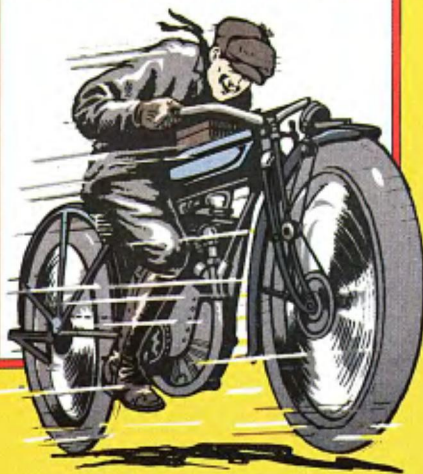
I. 12 Stud Wristbands		
13707	Small	3.25
13708	Medium	3.25
13709	Large	3.25
J. M.F. Dog Collars		
137026	16" — Small	18.95
137027	20" — Medium	18.95
137028	24" — Large	18.95
K. Barbarian Belt		
137029	30-34 — Small	18.95
137030	34-38 — Medium	18.95
137031	38-42 — Large	18.95
137032	42-46 — X-Large	18.95
L. Spartan Belt		
137033	30-34 — Small	28.50
137034	34-38 — Medium	28.50
137035	38-42 — Large	28.50
137036	42-46 — X-Large	28.50
M. Chrome Chain Belt — 3/4"		
Double Row		
13301	28"-30"	31.50
13302	32"-34"	31.50
13303	36"-38"	31.50
13304	38"-40"	32.75

N. Chrome Chain Belt — 1"		
Triple Row		
13305	28"-30"	40.95
13306	32"-34"	40.95
13307	36"-38"	40.95
13308	40"-42"	41.95
13309	42"-44"	43.25
O. Chrome Chain Belt — 1"		
Double Row		
133010	28"-30"	40.95
133011	32"-34"	40.95
133012	36"-38"	40.95
133013	40"-42"	41.95
133014	42"-44"	43.25
P. 4 Pocket Trucker Wallet w/Zipper		
137059		18.95
Q. 6 Pocket Trucker Wallet w/Zipper		
137058		25.25
R. 4 Pocket Trucker Wallet		
137045		15.75
S. 6 Pocket Trucker Wallet		
137050		20.95
T. 6 Pocket Trucker Wallet w/Patch		
137057		23.25



Earlyriders

MOTORCYCLES THROUGH THE YEARS



A DELL/PAISANO BOOK

IN YOUR FAVORITE
BOOKSTORE SOON!

Downtime

Continued from page 24

The Go-Go's at least play their own instruments — one of the reasons it takes 'em forever to get the tracks down in the studio. Kind of reminds me of the Monkeys. "Our Lips Are Sealed," vs. "I'm A Believer." Thirty weight at max. Lightweight cooking oil.

There's a herd of girls on board the same ship as the bubbly Go-Go's. Kim Wilde is the perfect example of having one hit that overrides everything else on the record, makin' ya wonder why ya just plugged down eight bucks. Her "Kids In America" song is catchy as can be, but that about wraps it up on her self-titled bouncing affair.

Another one-song-and-dispose 'em record comes from a strange overseas aggregation, *Bow Wow Wow*. They've got one reasonably decent rocker, "I Want Candy," using a Bo Diddley drum beat, and a thoroughly boring guitar that does a Latin thing that would put red on Santana's face. Thankfully they cut it short by only recording four songs on the mini LP.

Missing Persons scores slightly higher on their shorty, if only because of the tutelage of Frank Zappa. See, the three musicians who make up *Missing Persons* are alumni of Frank's European tours and his *Joe's Garage* album. They are Dale Bozzio, a fox vocalist who sang on "Garage," Terry Bozzio, a percussion, synthesizer specialist who did four world tours in three years with Zappa, and Warren Cucurullo, also a Zappa alumnus. *Persons'* four song entre is boosted by "Words," as in, "What are words for, if no one is listening." Very good question.

Two others notable for their giggle-tunes are *Bonnie Hayes*, from Slash Records, and *Josie Cotton* on Elektra. Hayes' *Good Clean Fun* is directed to younger chicks, or older chicks who still want to be sixteen. "Dum Fun," "Shelly's Boyfriend," and "Coverage," are reasonably listenable.

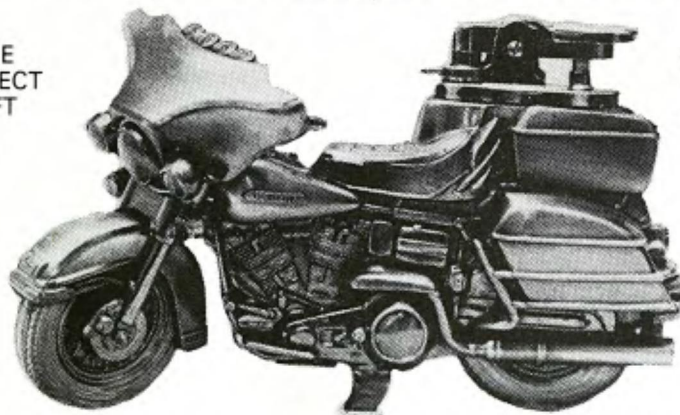
Josie Cotton's *Convertible Music* sports a good band that attempts to duplicate early Elvis Costello. If a sound works, use it, sell it and burn it out. A sparse guitar, flanked by a high pitched, squeaky organ, pushed with clapping percussion or bass gives you pop without power — but fun. Upbeat, but generally forgettable. She's got a good one with "I Need The Night Tonight," and a strange one, "Johnny Are You Queer?"

Havin' talked about the great, the good, and the mediocre, I've got to give an honorable mention to the New Wave moans of *Lydia Lunch* an' her 13.13 album on Slash. It'll take you, among other places, into her private hell of "Suicide Ocean" with the dark plodding rhythms of a desperate junkie. Real downer stuff.

Lookin' back on these scrawls one thing is clear, at least to me. Redneck that I am, I guess I've got to start changin' my opinion about tits an' ass rock — some of the chicks out there doin' it have a musical wingspan as wide as a Harley eagle. ■

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